

Backstabbers

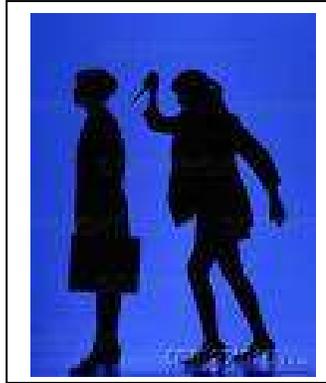
by Sarah Lowe

Friends say no one knows
all the evil things
everyone does.

Most of them stab you
in the back. Sometimes
in the heart, too.

It seems as if they
want to see your pain,
so they will stay

and watch you crumble,
and fall, and stumble.



Earth Will Fall

by Nolen Gloersen

The world is full of famine and fear
With war, the end is near
Soon our doom will come
The hummingbird will lose its hum;
One day the Earth will fall.

Warn your peers
And save your tears
For here comes the end of time
And all the violence and crime
Prepare for when the Earth will fall.

Hold on to life
Put down the knife
Live the days you have left
Continue will the usual theft
But we have time before the Earth will fall.

Gone with the Wind

by Aubrey Del Rio

On a beautiful summer day, the wind blowing through the open window persuades the curtains to dance with it gracefully. As I watch the curtains rise and fall like a butterfly soaring in the air, I notice the wind travel peacefully throughout the room influencing the plants to join the curtain and the wind in the dance as the soothing sound of the wind chimes provides the music they dance to. Outside the window, I notice that my book, the plants, the musical wind chimes and the curtains, are not the only ones that have fallen for the grace of the wind; the trees awoken and sway with the beat.

The peaceful sound is suddenly broken with a high screeching pitch. Someone's crying upstairs. As I arise from my chair, and head towards the stairs in a hurry, I notice the front door is wide open. I pick up my pace as I hear the crying fade as if it was in the far distance and only getting farther while the sound of panicking footsteps takes the place of the cries. I run to the side of the crib and drop down to the floor as I hear the screech of a car speed off. "MY BABY IS GONE, HELP, HELP, SOMEONE HELP ME!" I sat there drowning myself in my tears as the wind comes up to me and brushes my skin. I sat there and thought to myself "my poor baby, it's all my fault, my poor baby."

