

THE PAW

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BRIGHT PETALS AND FLITTERS

Songbird

Max Casey

Like a caged bird, I sing my woeful serenade tonight
Not by myself, yet I am alone
Why, with such a spacious cage, do I feel trapped; I ask myself as she
asks with her eyes

There are others, but they wander on the outside,
oblivious to the struggle within,
Never glancing at the silent creature in the corner

I exist only to be fed and kept alive because they feel obligated;
The only thing I can do is sing for them; my owners and my guests
This is how I keep from slipping into dreaded isolation - hanging
precariously by a thread

Everyday is the same
Resisting the constant, lifeless echo that fills my ears; loud dron-
ing, startling yelps, the shouting...

I drown it out with my song

And when days pass and no one comes to visit me at my cage,
I sing so that I may not feel lonely;
when nobody will hold me in their hand,
I wrap myself in my lyric



My patient, tedious tune has brought a unique individual;

she holds the key that frees me from these iron bars

With beautiful plumage and a voice sweet as nectar and ambrosia, she opens the gate and strokes me with gentle compassion

I wish that every moment she could be among me and when she leaves, the yearning grows even stronger

But once she's gone, I return to trilling away to nobody in particular

I do it because it's all I want to do
I do it because it's my song and no one can take it away from me

And when I am old, and the color from my feathers fade,
and I do not greet the sunrise one morning,
I want to be thought of as the bird who sang it's song
without regret or spite

What a sweet little birdie it was...

Drizzy Drake



-Brandon Phillips-



Bubbly

*Diamond
Hearts*

By:

Faniel Santos



“Martians”

Let me go to Mars
And live in the red, red
red
dirt.
Let me explore every nook and cranny,
and give me a planet to myself.
Let me sift though and sigh
the rust,
the red
red
red
dust
until I am covered, head to toe,
my hair and shoes tuned copper.
Like a child:
Smearred with dirt,
Heart fluttering with adventure

Let me feel the warmth of the sun,
Help me build a cabin on the peak of Olympus Mons
And we'll explore every nook and cranny of the red
red
red
planet.
The cold caves, the scorching deserts,
all to ourselves.
Hide and Seek
wherever we please.
We'll track stars and name constellations
of our own.

We'll look back down
on our little blue planet
of Home:
The cities,
the lights,
the people,
the clouds of thoughts and ideas and love never shared
and wonder
why something so beautiful
and unique
could ever
fail
so
miserably.

And the day it implodes
We'll have a beautiful lightshow
from our cabin
dusted in red
red
red

“Headache”

Left frontal
Left frontal.
Left
Frontal
Lobe

Tendrils to my temples
Oily and smooth and black
Until they constrict
And pull
And pulse
Pangs of pain
Throbbing and pounding
Love letters
From my
Left
Frontal
Lobe

No light
No sound
The left
Frontal
Lobe
Wants me all
Alone

-Hayley Leeper

I FOUND A SOMEONE

I found a someone, I thought I knew.
But they just stared back on through.
Into the me that they thought they knew.
Yet we were wrong, we both sang the same song, with
different rhythms, to the wrong tune.
So we split apart, talked like distant acquaintances,
rather than broken hearts.
I found a someone new beneath the old, and in another
year, the old had disappeared under my veil of forget-
fulness.
People come and people go.
I just hope for that someone to know, I never truly did
forget, just let my heart grow a little more for a some-
one I hoped could endure my true face.
Inside I know that it does still show, but it likes to hide
from the light.
I hope someone hears of my sincere words, for some-
one should know.
I am no faker who would use someone as a replacer.
Those whom I loved I still do.
For all those mistakes I have made, stay here with me,
forever.
I do not wish for someone to become one, for that
would surely break the me that I hold hither.

~~ *Mistress Mask*



By:

Janiel Santos

Commons

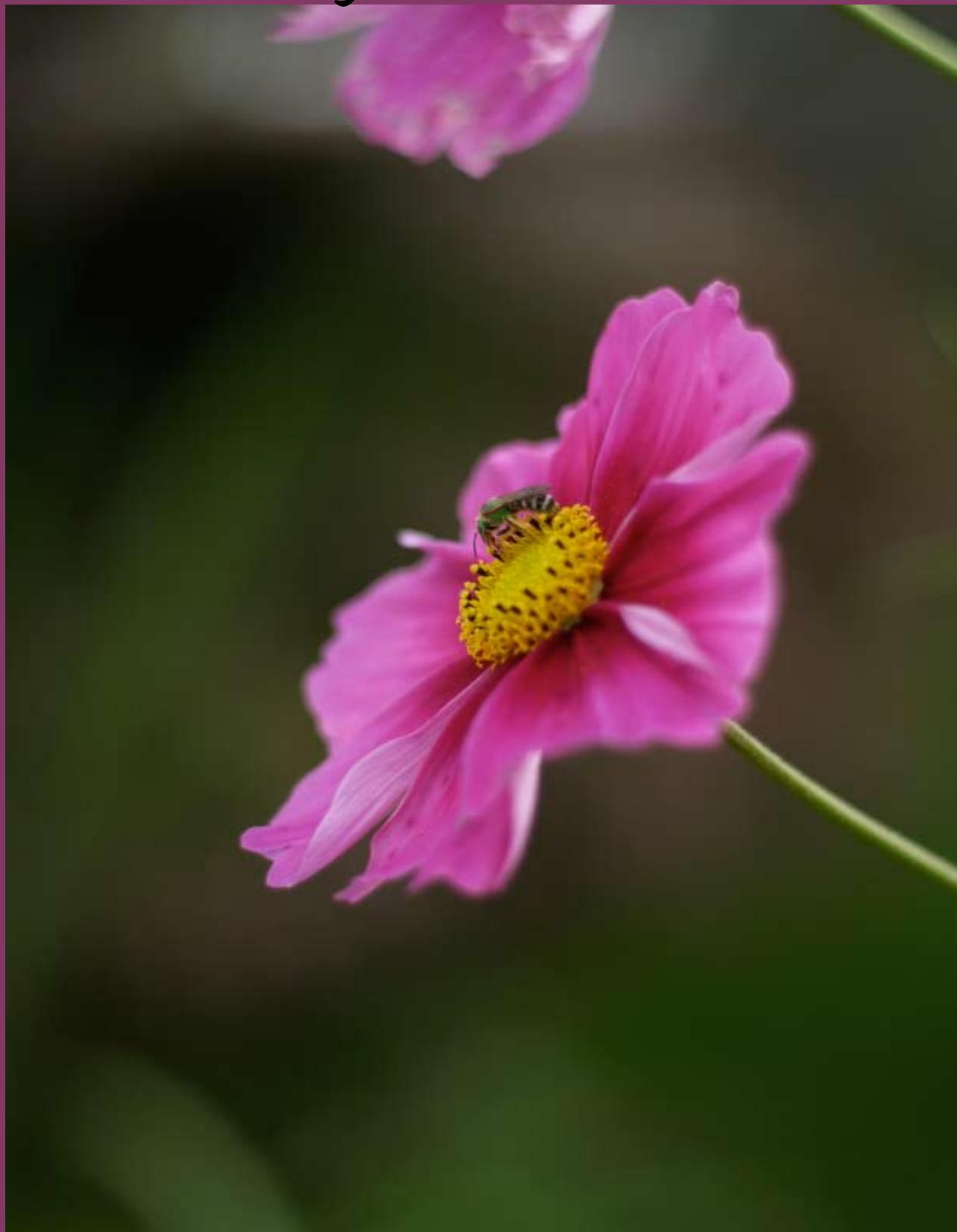


Jennifer Flores



Matt Shepherd

Pretty in Pink 2



Carli Fromius



I < 3 SN



Kathleen Porcello



The Rush

Jacob Friedhoff

A stinging rush of cold mountain air torrents through my lungs as I barrel down the icy slopes. I hear nothing but the wind screeching callously in my ears. A continuous howl of wind equivalent to a wolf's persists while I carry on in flight. All I see is white. It's as if an unrealistically white sheet is covering my eyes.

I am apprehensive; situations like this are always risky. The feeling is mystical; consequently, fear makes itself known as I break into an icy sweat. Suddenly, there is no snow under my board, and now I am literally flying, but destined to crash. An eternity passes: the world goes dead and all is silent. With a crushing pressure, my face sinks into the snow. Numbness dominates every aspect of my body, for I cannot feel my face nor breathe the dry air, but the only thing that exists to me is a ringing in my ears like the aftershock of a grenade that went off next to my head. My body is numb, and my mind is in a daze.

I repeat two words to myself: "Must. Survive." I attempt to dig each individual limb out of its freezing shackles, but the result is ineffectual, as I am unable to free them. After repeating my motto verbatim several more times, I take a deep breath and rip my arms, legs, and head out of their icy prison. My eyesight slowly returns, and I catch a glimpse of a blurry red spot on the horizon gliding closer and closer.

Darkness overtakes me, and the next thing I remember is being shaken awake. "Are you all right?" A warm voice questions. I crack open my swollen purple lips and groan. Heat surrounds me, and I slip away into a deep sleep. My eyes reopen, and there I am staring at my bedroom ceiling, realizing it was all a dream.

Crystalline Sunbeams



Stacy Nymman

ARABIC IS IMPORTANT

Hanaa Masalmeh

Ever since I was young, Arabic has always been an integral part of my identity, and it is only fitting that one of my earliest memories is of my mother hanging up alphabet stencils on my wall so that it would be the first thing I saw when I woke up, and the last thing I saw before my mind drifted to whatever it was that five-year-olds dream about.

And, as if I could ever forget, my mother would always remind me of how useful Arabic would be for speaking to relatives. "Imagine," my mother would say "how awful it would be to need a translator to speak with your own grandmother." And, as an afterthought, she would add: "And you do realize that people don't treat you the same when you know how to speak their language?" And so I lived in constant awareness of how important it was to learn Arabic, and learn it well.

Every day, my mother would sit me down and teach me Raamiz and Reem (the Arabic equivalent of Dick and Jane, Spot being omitted because of the Arab cultural aversion to dogs) did at the zoo, what they bought in the store, and how they always did their homework. So much did Arabic occupy my daily life that I distinctly remember my mother saying, as she let the water run in the faucet, that she wanted me to speak Arabic "as effortlessly as the flow of water." To this day, her metaphor often comes to mind whenever I see a bathtub, sink, or other water-related paraphernalia.

My mom's need for us to learn Arabic was in part the reason for our first visit to Syria. I still remember the bus route home from the preschool I attended, the look of the classroom, even the raven hair and pale complexion of my young (and unbelievably strict) teacher. I learned there one of the most important lessons of my life: that the way you speak is the way you are remembered. And the way I spoke was more than memorable: I had no way to pronounce the seventh letter of the Arabic alphabet, which therefore rendered it impossible for me to pronounce such basic words as "bread," "tent," and devastatingly enough, "uncle."

I floundered when speaking; my point, however trivial, would be lost to my bizarre efforts to pronounce the word correctly. After months of struggle, I finally learned how to pronounce the letter. But, more than seven years later, in my third visit to Syria, some witty relative with a far-reaching memory would undoubtedly pull out the tale of my pronounciational butchering of the alphabet. And, this was the Arabic alphabet, in which there are twenty-eight letters instead of twenty-six. My entire repertoire of perfectly pronounced letters (twenty-seven out of twenty-eight, a 96%) was being ignored for the one paltry letter.

It seems ridiculous, yet what would we do if, instead of telling someone to sit, we substituted a "sh" sound and told them to do something infinitely more embarrassing, awkward, and inappropriate? Luckily, at that age, any inappropriate slips of the tongue would have been dismissed as "cute," not uncouth.

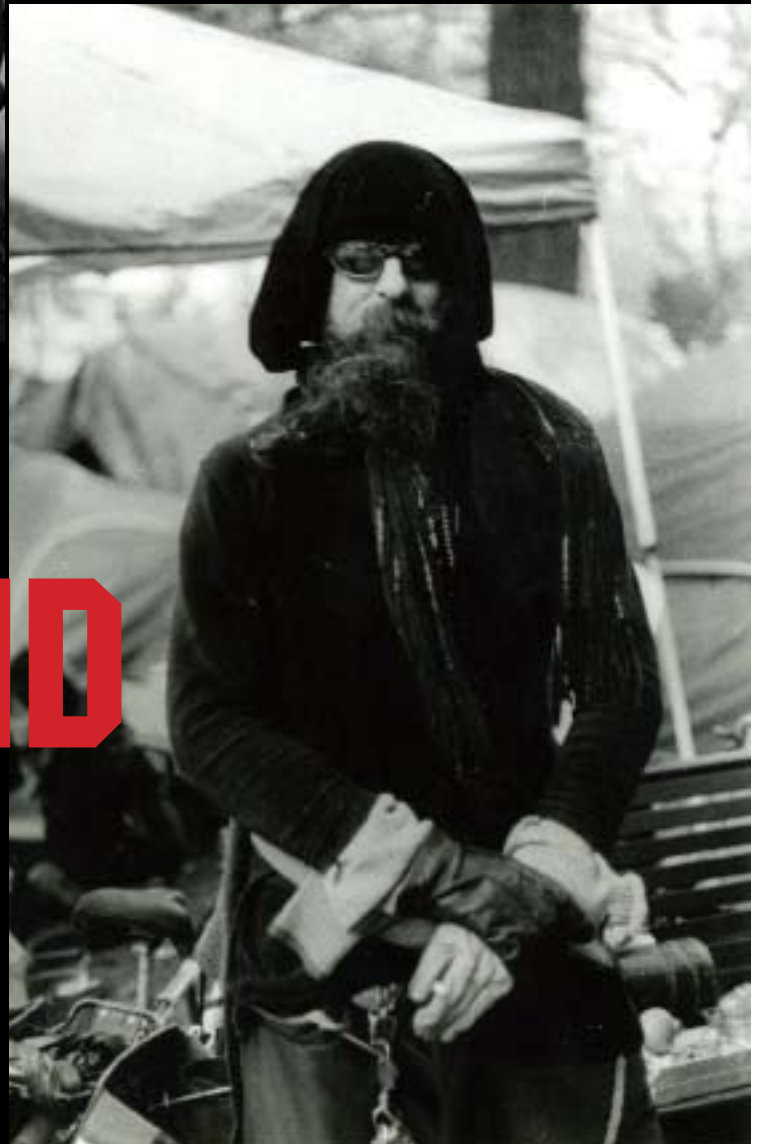
When my mom taught me Arabic, she not only instilled in me the importance of pronunciation and communication, but also how these things affect the image we project on people. This lesson has not only ingrained itself in my mind, but in my mother's mind as well, to the point where, whenever she recounts my story, she uses the words "scandal" and "horrendous."

And it is a horrendous scandal, by all means. To portray oneself as ignorant and inarticulate (even at the age of four or five) is not an image easily removed. If the tongue is a whip, then I lashed myself at every wrong pronunciation, and though time heals most wounds, it thankfully does not erase the lessons we learn from our injuries. And, just like the alphabet stencils that my mother hung on the wall of my room so many years ago, it is burned indelibly onto the back of my mind.

OCCUPY



BY KELLY **SKOGLUND**



PORTLAND