



THE PAW

VOLUME 4 ISSUE 4
JUNE 2012



Front and Inside Cover Photo: Carli Fronius

STAFF

Gabby Marderosian

Shivali Kadam

Janiel Santos

Ann Kuan

Jonah Howard

Kat Porcello

Jeremy Dellinger

Advisor: Susan Payne



*Afternoon
Swim*

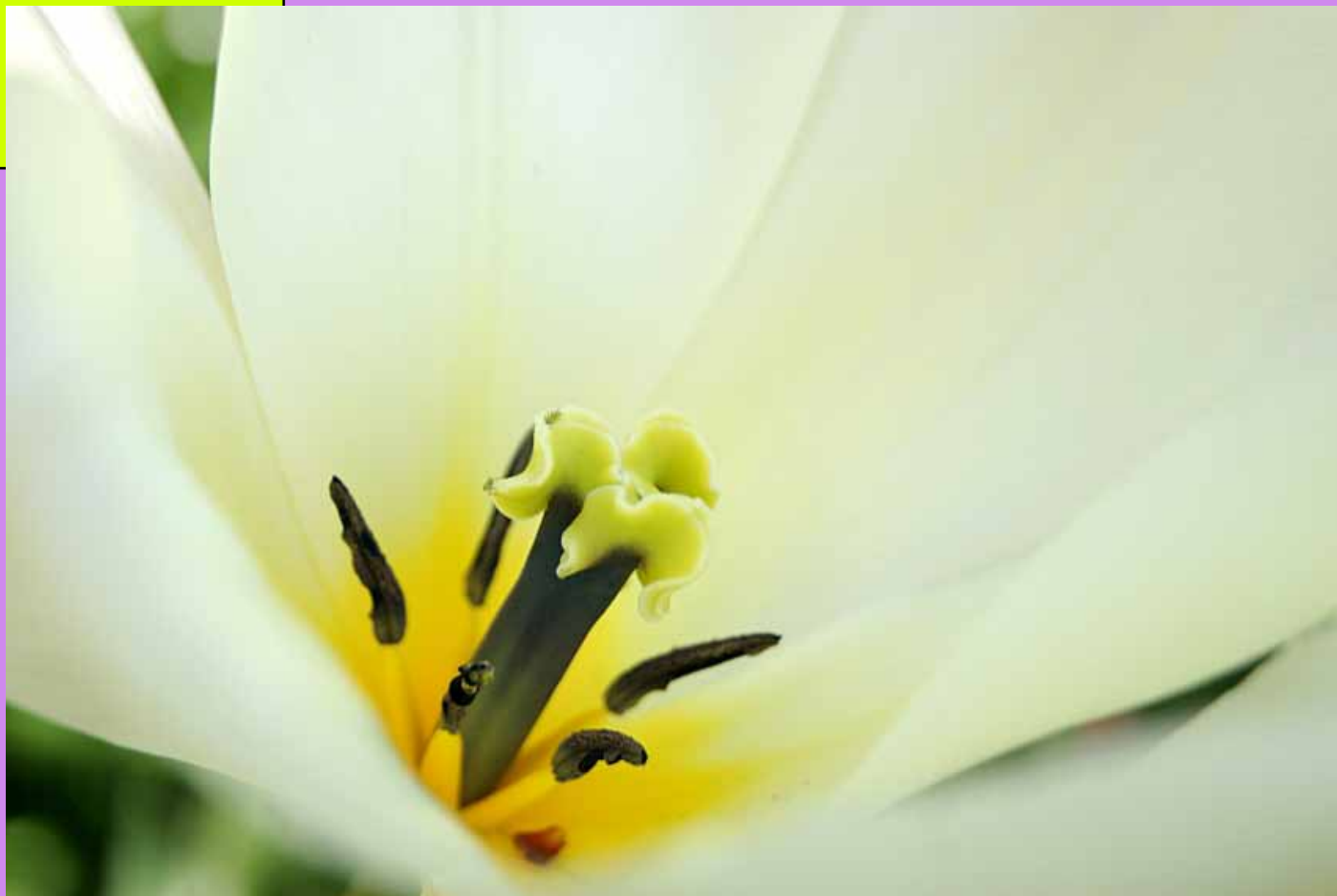
By Audrey Hewitt

Mildewed Thought

By Hayley Leeper

The tension around my heart is released
When I unravel those old and mildewed strings
Of words
that were squeezing
and tight
and made it oh-so hard
to put up any fight
at all.
It's the pen and the paper
In an embrace
The ink is a sigh
Of old
And cold
Words words words
that only sound
right at all
when spilled on the table
and examined
and picked at
and poked through
Some thrown out
and some kept in
In order to pull apart those strings of mildew
So that I can breathe
And be
And maybe
Even heal
And clean up the grime
Left behind
By those ugly strings
Of
thought

Drop of Sun



Audrey Hewitt



Portraits of a Friend

Katy Larson



EARACHE

there is liquid in my ears.
perhaps it is nothing,
nothing more than
an accumulation of
the condensation from
your condescending words.

oh, how it aches.

there is liquid in my ears
and it has rendered me
utterly deaf
to hear
anything other
than
you

I AM A FIXTURE

I am a fixture.

I am a body
whose frigid fingers
feel the nape of your neck.

I am a picture
that is only seen
(and never heard),
that makes the space prettier
with my paralyzed presence.

I am a pair of eyes that reflect
light,

I am a pair of ears that hold your
voice,

I am a nose that pulls your sweet
scent from the air
and in doing so,
I make you real.

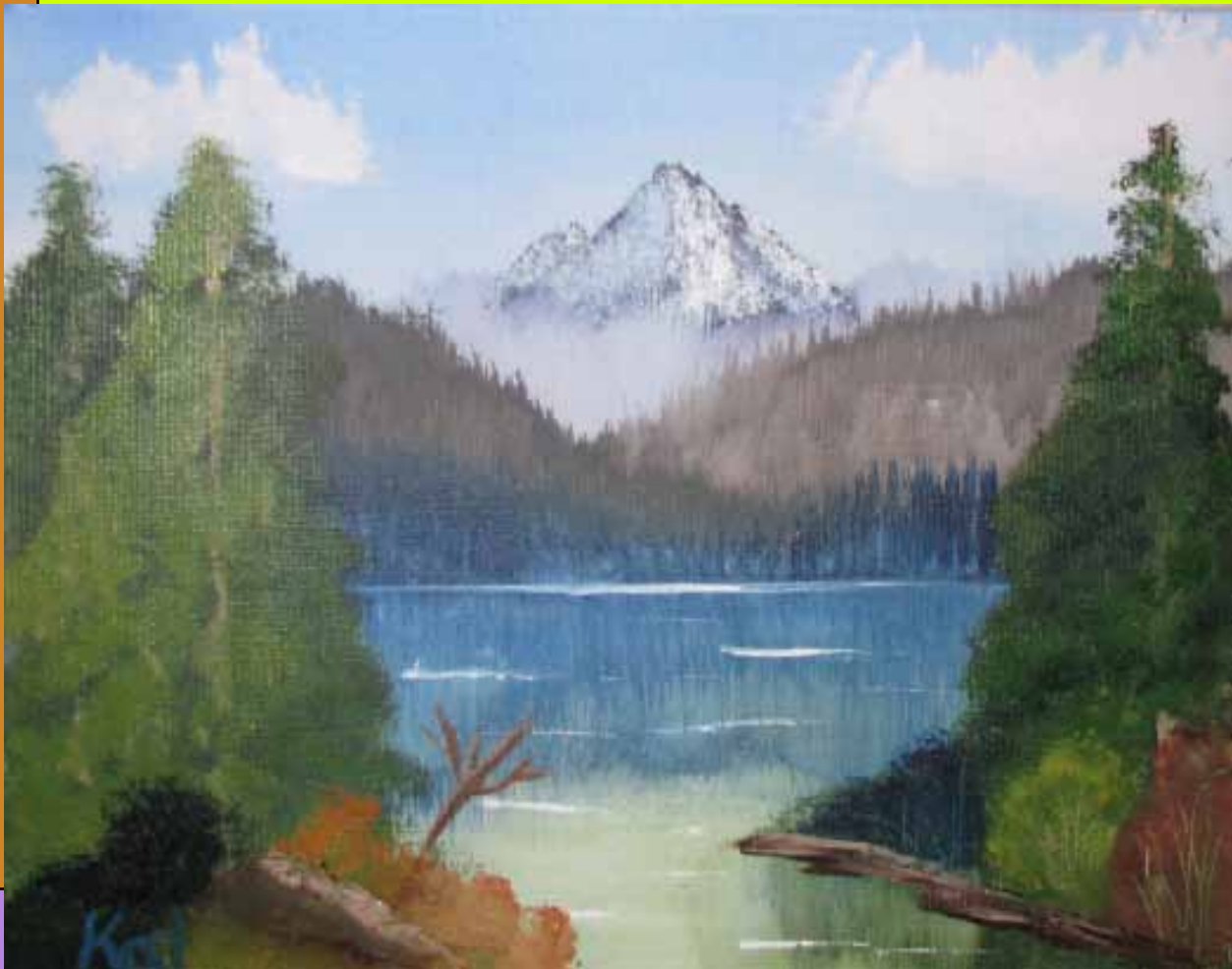
But I am not.

I am,
simply,
a fixture.

-Shivali Kadam

Tribute to Bob Ross

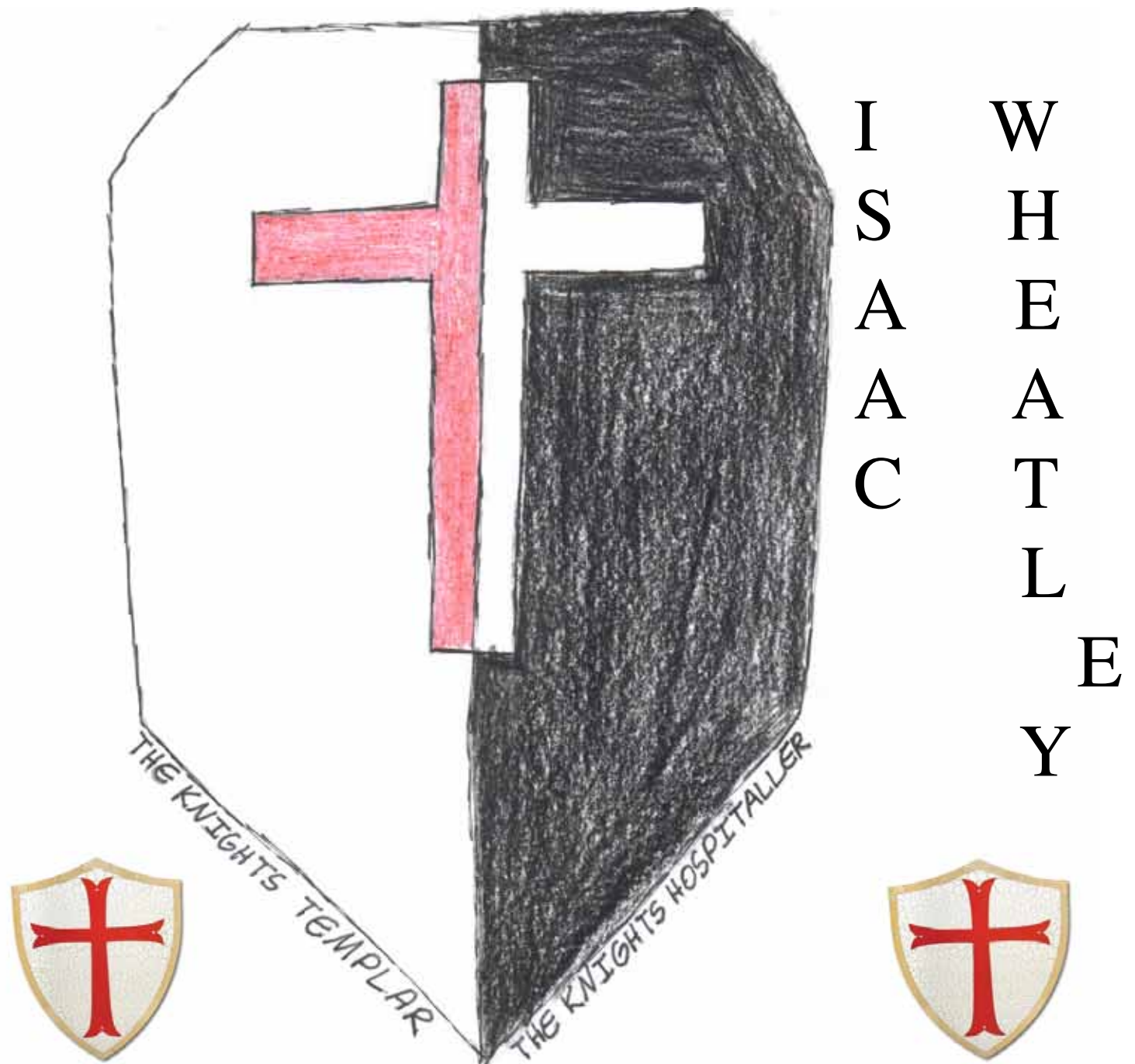
Kat Porcello



The Timberwolves Theory

Friend let me tell you a story, regarding the Timber-wolf Glory. Before any game, OUR team is sane, for their tactics aren't plain, and won't be lame. Their efforts gain is exemplifying Tualatin's name, through the Timber-wolves' fame, even in the rain; forcing The Tigard Tigers to savor with strain, inflicting pain. It's OUR blood of crimson that gives us the gear for our hearts of black to incite OUR enemies with fear. OUR mere presence on the field tempts OUR enemies to yield. We'll give them 'a good chase, because we ARE the Timber-wolf race. We're full of smite, always ready to fight, most feared in the night, inducing T'wolf spite; but most IMPORTANTLY we do TEAMWORK right with OUR cheerleaders might, showing the crowd who's teams' mottos are right. All of which to contract Tigard with a lamentable condition: OUR tradition, in addition to OUR tuition, were we succeed to lead, while fulfilling every student's educational need. Hail, Hail Tualatin, champions of the best. Hail to Tualatin, where the Timber-wolves ready and rest.

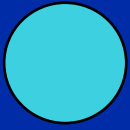
Kris Dube



“Be without fear in the face of your enemies.
Be brave and upright that God may love thee.
Speak the truth always, even if it leads to
your death. Safeguard the helpless and do no
wrong. That is your oath.”

Balian 12-Century AD

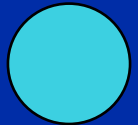
from *Kingdom of Heaven* (movie)



Never Again Alice

Once I get lyrical
I can't seem to find a way
to stop myself
Or to lock myself
Away, and put my thoughts high up
On a shelf
But I can't
And I throw myself
Into the words
And the pen onto paper
And I get lost in the curls of the syllables
That float
And flow
Through my brain
It's insane
to think I can keep up
with these fast-paced words
Which help my describe the rusted and lonely world
Within me
This madness
And sadness
Pent up with no release
With no relief
And no belief
That it would ever end
Until pen
touches paper

in a lover's embrace
And my hand goes on without me
I worry it may fly
off the page
But it stays
And it says
What I have for so long needed to say
To find a new way
With flow
and rhyme
To describe
That what I need is to find a way
to let these words out
and find something to put back in
the space they leave
But the vacuum behind them
Sucks them back
And what I lack
is a door to keep them out forever
And they can never weight me
harm me and drag me
With the help of gravity
Back down that rabbit-hole
Of hate
Where I am forced to wait
for a cure
And am too tired of life
for even a simple act
of malice
against my own flesh.
Never again, Alice.



Hayley Leeper

Dante at the Park



Chris Neese

Environmental Tangent

Here's a bit of environmental philosophy, if any of you care to hear it. (And the sad fact is: most people don't care enough, which explains why Mother Nature is such a wreck, but anyway...)

So today, I was outside cleaning off the lawn chairs, getting ready for summer. There were some really tough spots on it, so I went inside to grab a household spray cleaner.

But then I stopped and thought, Isn't it a bit absurd to spray chemicals outside? The water hose will carry the runoff away and poison the grass, which will poison the soil, the bugs, and maybe even the birds and squirrels.

And then I wondered at myself, Why is it that I'm appalled at the thought of using chemicals outside, but don't give it a second thought when I'm using them inside? Isn't it basically the same thing? In our homes, the chemicals wash down the drain, go to the sewers, and eventually reach the ocean; so it's the exact same thing, only on a larger scale.

Now, like most people, I don't automatically think twice about the damage I do every day to the Earth. We all forget that, even though most Americans don't live on farms nowadays, we still live off the Earth.

Perhaps it's easy to forget this, since most people rarely get outside to commune with nature (heck, seems like we rarely talk face-to-face either), but the truth is that everything we do has an impact that can either come around to bite us and our future generations, or pave the way for a healthy future.

This is why I put down the bottle and used good-old-fashioned elbow grease to clean those chairs off instead.

I ask this of you and me – please, be more aware of your impact on the environment!

Also, have a great summer and I hope you can spend many hours outside enjoying nature!

The Earth beneath your feet thanks you for listening to my tangent. <3

~ PurePiglet



Leaves
by Kyle Smith

Pop Art



By Jennifer Flores

The Robin



Audrey Hewitt