

Sometimes

Sometimes I wish for change--
to have an adventure in life.
Then “sometimes” changes into “always”.
I wait impatiently for a sign, a signal,
just one hint--
and I will pounce on it like a panther.

Sometimes I contemplate what will happen
when the Great Clock ticks its last second.
My death mocking me—
that I have achieved nothing in life.
Then “sometimes” changes into “always”.
I would not be able to bear
having cold, welcoming death embracing me
without having done something...anything!!

Sometimes I just want to give up—
just discard everything I have strived for
into the fiery pit of nothingness.
But *that* “sometimes” has never changed into an “always”.
Just before it is about to,
hope and courage flow through me.
A savior voice rumbles in my mind,
“Never give up!”

Sometimes the savior voice vanishes,
leaving no trace that could prove it ever existed—
except that I know that it is real.
I work harder and harder,
until I question things again.
The same laborious, vicious cycle
starts anew.

This time though,
I have realized something—

Perhaps...I should not wait for a sign.
Perhaps...the ever-changing, complex path I call life
is not waiting for a sign—
it's waiting for me.

Jake Gehrke

Dear Mom,

You are the friend who has never let me down,
You know what to say and when to say it,
You find the gold that shimmers within me,
You would sacrifice yourself for my being, and I know it,
You dedicate your time to ensure I succeed,
I can trust you with my deepest secrets,
You helped me through my most laborious problems,
You assisted me with my most arduous work,
You love to see my blazing smile,
You take me where I need to be,
I know you want the best for me,
Even if that means not seeing me for awhile,
But I will always come back to visit you,
I don't know where I would be without you.
I treasure every moment we have together.
I love you!!!

Madi Jorgensen

Grandpa

"Rebecca, wake up honey," my mother had whispered. Those simple words told me what happened. They were sprinkled with tears and topped with sorrow. I did not need it spelled out word-by-word. It wouldn't have made anything better. In fact, it probably would have been worse.

I had known it would happen. I just wouldn't let myself believe that it would be then. I lay there in my bed, not moving, afraid that if I did, the river would break free of my eyelids. Slowly, so slowly, I slid out of bed. In a daze, I left my home behind and trudged up the hill that led to my grandparents' house. There was no point in knocking, so I pushed open the creaking door.

There he was, the man who had caused all of this pain. I had refused to think of him that way, though. There was no cold body to be thrown into merciless flames. There was only my grandfather, my best friend.

"I'm here, Grandpa!" I had yelled. Though, I knew deep down, there would be no answer. "I've brought you your coffee."

Grandpa loved his coffee. Doctors told him time and time again that it wasn't good for him at his age, but of course, he didn't listen. Since, again, I had gotten no answer, I sat down to rest in his favorite recliner. While I was sitting there, I must have fallen asleep because I found myself suddenly sitting in Grandpa's old fishing boat.

He was sitting there with me. We were surrounded by clear, cool, lake water. A chilly breeze rattled my bones. Grandpa sat there as if there wasn't a care in the world, a fishing pole resting in his hands. In mine, there was a beat-up mug filled with hot, steaming coffee.

"You better drink up, you don't want it to turn cold," Grandpa laughed.

"I'm warming my hands!" I snapped back. The words just popping out of my mouth as if by their own accord.

Then my vision changed. The sound of an electric saw rang through the air. I could taste sawdust on my tongue. I remembered...Grandpa and I were building a tree house! That was last summer before he fell ill. After I realized what was

happening, more memories flooded into me.

It was as if Grandpa's recliner was stuffed with our memories together, and they were stuffing me. All of the times that Grandpa and I had spent together were seeping in. I gladly welcomed each one with new enthusiasm. The holes that had been growing inside of me, without me even knowing, were slowly being filled. These memories, precious memories, made me whole.

Rebecca Lamp

A Girl's Best Friend

Through my eleven years of life, I've had a magnificent companion. She has short, black hair and round, brown eyes like a teddy bear. She has a diamond on her chest that gleams like the night sky.

Through the chilly, brisk winters, we made trails in the fluffy white snow, and went sledding quite often. After a tiring day of walking up the sledding hills, we would have sleepovers almost every night, and I would whisper secrets lightly in her ear.

In the spring, we would pick neon-yellow dandelions until the sun went to sleep and the moon smiled upon us with significance.

The days grew longer, and it was soon summertime. My best friend and I would go to our backyard garden and eat plum, red, cherry tomatoes until we felt ill. We also played with an old, striped tennis ball for hours until my mom would howl at us to come inside.

In the autumn, fiery red, yellow, and orange leaves danced and twirled around us, as we accompanied them in their grand fall recital. We would jump, dance, and plie to the music of fall: chirping crickets, rustling branches, and the wind blowing gently on our faces.

I was born in February of 1999, and she was born in July of the same year. She is the most unique individual that I have ever known. Porsche is the thing that makes me want to smile in the morning. Porsche loves everyone she is introduced to. Everyday when I come home, she is elated! Her eyes light up with her usual sparkle.

I love her more than anything else in the world. Sometimes though, I forget she's a dog. After all, she is a girl's best friend.

Sarah Verzal

IN THE LIGHT OF DARKNESS

In the realm of a never-ending immortal twilight,

There are no stars.

The moon shows no light.

The world is black.

The world is Evil.

In the center of Earth's continual darkness,

-or was a black purgatory more accurate?-

There is one precious crescent of light.

A delicate rose breaks through the black, waterless earth.

It is dying... pleading for sunlight,

for sunlight does not come.

No Hope.

An invisible tear falls from the midnight sky,

Mother Earth weeps for the rose.

As the tear breaks against the crisp, crackling leaves of the rose,

the rose regains all strength lost.

After minutes... she grows,

Brilliant crimson-colored petals sprout.

The rose's miraculous outlook forms its own light.

The world may still be evil,

but one precious crescent of light can change EVERYTHING.

For life is a treasure of great quality.

Darien Florek

Me and My Bro

Me and my bro
Away we go
We have a bad day
We want to escape from home,
When we want a safe place
To the magical club house we go.

Me and my bro
To the future we go
Robots shoot us
Up from the ground,
To the Star Ship
Where we save clones all around.

Me and my bro
To the rainforest we go
Where natives attack
Hidden in the trees
Layers of leaves
Filled with butterflies, birds, and bees.

Me and my bro
To prehistoric times we go
Deep inside a cave we see
Dinosaur races
Wanting to evolve
We look outside
And see dragon traces

Me and my bro
To the castle we go
Knights in armor
So brave and bold
Jousting for gold

Me and my bro
To the ocean we go
Battling the harsh seas
That clash rocks like thunder
Where horrid pirates plunder.

Me and my bro
Back home we go
To the club house
Where we safely arrive--
Our imagination thrives
Me and my bro.

Brock Schroeder