

A Day in the Stein of Life

Cody D. Ford

If I sleep now would it be enough? Would it be enough if I went to sleep now? Tossing, turning, up, down, side to side; is that the edge? Up and on with it. Pajamas off and clothes are on. Is it sock then shoe or other sock then shoe. Repetition, repetition repetition. Day after day, or is it day one. Deja vu is taking its toll. Start the car or car is started. Music is on, on is the music. What am I listening too? Have I heard this? Have I not heard this? Driving to get there, there I drive to get there. Arrive, contemplate and contemplate and contemplate. Should I go inside? Or make the drive back home? Contemplate and contemplate and contemplate. I see the same people all with different faces. Some up, some down. Different expressions peak my curiosity, but curiosity killed the spoon and the dog jumped over the plate and the cow and the fiddle and it none of that makes sense and yet the day remains the same. This pattern of repetitious, repetitious, repetitious never changes and yet it is always so different. Those people are different every day and yet stay the same as time stays still. Exist for the moment that last a lifetime in the mere 8 hours of work to go back home on the same pattern and have it be completely different at the same time and for it to change and remain the same as the retreating time carries on and stays still. Just in time to start the ever changing existence that stays the same day by day by day.

Bailey Gohde

I am I am she is she am Am she I am she She is she is

She saw Saw She She She Saw Saw saw

She saw A girl A girl she saw A girl saw Beautiful She is

Is she she She is is Beautiful She saw A girl girl saw

Beautiful girl saw Saw she She is She she She saw a girl

Beautiful Beautiful girl girl She kiss Kiss she She she

Kiss kiss Kiss she A girl Girl girl Kiss girl

Kiss kiss a girl She she a girl A girl She kiss Kiss

A girl She kiss kiss She she Girl Love Love love girl Girl I love

I love love Girl love I I I love A girl I love A a love

Love I Girl Girl girl Girl love I She

She she love We We love I I love She Love

She love a girl I love a girl We love Girl girl

I love Love I a girl My girl Her girl Her her My

Girl beautiful girl Kiss Love She I love Kiss She She love Kiss

Me Beautiful Girl Girl I love

She love Love love me

Girl

Stephanie Haynes

In the basement. Sitting. Couches and sitting. Screaming and sitting. Em's basement with pictures on the screen. Round one. Deadly. Beautiful. Fun! Teams drawn. Drawn unclearly. Wars, wars, fun and games. Stop grabbing that stupid sword Em! Cheaters. No fun. Let's go look at the view Hayley! Screw fighting. To the seaside! Then I get to kill you okay? Truces. Agreements. We had a deal. Competition no more, just the view. Waves crashing, us in a jeep. Nice view. Nice view, pleasant waters. Now I get to kill you. Stop Running! Crap. Death and dead again. Restart. Die. Die you traitor! She's hiding. Hiding from me. Quick shovel popcorn in you mouths. Almost gone, we'll need more soon. Focus. Oh crap. Suddenly thrown off. Thrown of the edge. Falling. Failing. Flailing in the water. Five points green team. Restart. Fuck. Gotta find a weapon. Decent weapon. Oh, hey cool invisibility! Hahaha die you a-holes. Crap. Seen. Running, running away. Haha I killed you! Woohoo. Success. Finally. Five points purple, Britney see? See not the dead wait that I was. See the now and new. I did it! I figured it out! Crap. Emily. Coming with the sword. One swing and I'm gone. Final Round, can I keep way long enough? Run. Run fast. Run away. Fuck. We lost. Oh well, time to refill. Time to run upstairs. Get a can and another bag of chips.

Kaneya Young

the softness of it much like a baby would love to feel if one so had the chance it was i understand difficult, too difficult, very much so. I looked in the pool perhaps mud with cool blue, no dark blue or neither as the other was the same. it changed, ink fell into the muddy, the blue, the neither. ink black ink black pool to blue pools to muddy brown. it wasn't heavy not yet but it would be would be very soon, most likely a week, no longer, a month, it would be a month and the ears would be softer and the colors would be more defined but the same defined as if it were still small. just more spread out. it jumps higher slower and higher than I expected and it digs its feet its feet that are covered in the mud, but not he blue dark blue black ink mud not that. it digs and scratches, oh it scratches too much but oh its just so small and soft and cute and mixed with that beautiful inky black that it can dig and scratch all it wants. it just needs to stay soft or fluffy and warm so it was always being new, at least new to me.

American Flag

Megan Stephens

A flag is not purple. Not purple is a flag. Purple is not the flag. Flag isn't purple. No purple, purple no. What color is the flag? The flag is what color. Color is the flag. The flag is a color. It's not purple, purple it's not. No it is not purple, purple it cannot. Colors make purple, purple is made by colors. Purple is mixed colors, mixed colors make purple. What colors make purple, purple is made by what colors. Blue and red make purple. Purple is made by blue in red, without blue or red purple cannot be made. No blue and red no purple. No purple no blue and red. Blue and red makes the flag, the flag has blue and red. Blue and red, red and blue. Color is missing though, missing is a color. Missing color, color missing. Color is light, light is the color. Light color, color light. Light white, white light. Light is bright and white, White is bright and light. Bright light, light bright. White is bright. Missing color is white, white is missing color. Missing white, white missing. Red, white, and blue is the flag, flag red, white, and blue.

Joshua A Rivera

Squeaked dirty dirty dirty unconscious dirty dirty unconscious Un a
Consciousness is dirty dirty. Out of warmth into the cold warmth no cold warmth no
cold warmth no cold warmth no cold hot hot warm warm too cold warm just right.

My Eyes burn burn they're spicy burn but clean spicy my eyes are
burned cleaned but too spicy clean for my eyes so they burn clean. Drip off
my body is sleeping clean from the water when

my

sleeping body is cleaned from the
dripping water off of my clean body from the
dripping water off my sleeping

Body.

Dress for the occasion of being to fit into to this climate where I need to
check and dress for this climates schedules and occasions and smell just
right for this climates schedule and for the climates occasion and for my
plans with the climate and for the climates plans for my occasion vroom
vroom vroom mobile room vroom ill make it vroom room vroom
witches broom room. Get in where I fit in to get in where I fit in to fit in
where I needed to get in in order to achieve and accomplish and acquire
and my aspirations and lack of my motivation I need to get in in in in in to
accomplish an achievement for away from my areas.

Got to live to live and look like I'm living to live
with what they give would like to lend me for looking
like I'm living well enough like a loser. Read through
the rough schedules and write my future wrongs while
reading and writing in order to respectively live and
rest to look live and look living.

Perception of Life

Hunter Rigg

Sitting on a couch, like a decaying corpse with no ambition. Ambition no ambition, what defines the living from the dead. The dead have it easy, easy I envy but fear you. Fear envy for what easy is or envy easy from fear. Glued to a television as worms infest on my eyes. My eyes my eyes, source of living and my endless time. Would endless time be worth living, living in endless worth anything at all. Escaping reality, oh so simple. Simple it be, fantasy filled with glee. Reality isn't simple, simple doesn't fit reality, only fantasy through our eyes. Reading books and playing games, life is good until work comes a knocking. Knocking loudly upon my head with force so great reality sets in uninvited. Tears begin to fall as rain cries from the sky and thunder trembles throughout the clouds. I look to the brighterside of things, like this semester coming to an end and summer bring joy. Joy of freedom and one less worry, worry of responsibility and possible failure on my mind. Failure being possible, responsible for failure my mind can't handle. My mind is full of glee.....maybe not simple, but it is mine till the end.

Kendra Pease

The fire, burning, burning, burning black
The smoke was smoldering, the thick smoldering smoke
Laying in my bed, asleep, I smelled smoke, burning black smoke
Happening, happening all, all at once, happening
The house I once knew was now an empty space
The flames consumed, engulfed, our dwelling place
I thank those, those that took a stand
When I could not look at the burning land
Standing between life and death
The bare heat that takes their breath
The fire burning, burning, burning black
Leaving the house in ruins and ashes, ash Fearful that the fire would backlash
Those near were utterly remorseful Roaring flames, loud and forceful
Consuming what was once a home Home. Home, long gone leaving us all alone
Moving forward to a new dawn Not looking back, the past is gone.
Gone. Lost, lost, erased. Starting new Seemingly blue.
My future is bright, shining bright I'm starting to see the light.
My poem is done, done This was not fun.
One, one more, one last thing to tell you,
The first thing bought was a brand new, new shoe.
The fire, burning, burning, burning black started it all
Way back when in 2003, in the fall.

The Broken Arm

Zane Mades

Within life I have broken my arm Have I broken my arm? Or has it broken itself
Is something broken if it disfigured Is disfigurement something considering broken?
Is broken really broken if I had done it myself?
Flipping off chairs On the ledge The ledge was high Too high for me to be standing on
While standing on the chair feeling vertigo The chair was flipped
The chair was falling to the ground The chair hit ice
The Chair falling led it onto the ground through the snow drifts
The ground began moving three hundred and sixty degrees
The world spinning before me The spinning world had taken over me
The high ledge that the chair had sat is far away Too far
How far is too far when pain takes over you How is pain relevant?
What is relevance when pain is involved?
Called for my mother Mother was called as I lied in pain
Throwing arm into the snow to make it numb
Numb was more than good in this cause Mom took me to the hospital
The hospital seemed off The hospital seemed scary I was put to sleep
I lied in the operation room as they fixed the disfigurement
What is I too do? Where was I to go? What did I have to see?
What was I to do while I saw? What was I to dream?
What was I to do or see and experience as I dream? Fade away
Fade away Fade away and classify myself fixed Was my arm fixed when I awoke?
It was in the cast One day it will come off and I will be fixed The cast is obsolete

Sinking

Caitlin Heerey

Lights. Red and blue and red and blue and red and red and red red blood pouring out
blood draining out.

Blood and blood.

What's a drug? Drugs are drugs and drugs bad and bad are needles and pipes and she
and she and then she and then and then she's gone.

Fighting and fighting and fighting over what. A drug and drugs are bad and bad are
drugs. Racing racing racing minds racing the clock. She was racing the clock. 911
what's your emergency what's your emergency? She was racing the clock and she she
and she and she.

Sirens and sirens and sirens leading you in leading her. Cold skeleton, cold bones. 27
and 27 making 54. 104 pounded against pebbles our heads always looking down. Look
down. Eye contact means guilt and guilt is not me.

And so and so and so and so she doesn't excel she sinks. Sinking into bad are bad bad
are bad drugs are drugs bad? Dehumanization comes with the cold leather against our
backs. Her back sinks and sinks and her eyes sink and sink as her body sinks below me.
My 206 are not for me to hold you. Holding you is sinking and sinking and sinking.