



# 2005 VAGUEST NOTION

**SOUTHERN  
WESLEYAN  
UNIVERSITY**

**907 WESLEYAN DRIVE  
CENTRAL, SC 29630**

# Blushing Leaf

the blushing leaf falls to the ground  
as season comes to close  
with it...love - that wretched thing  
that so often captivates our souls  
finite time beckons

life without love the way to go  
walking the fine line between happiness and sorrow  
finally cut off from the lifesource... peacefully falling....  
the blushing leaf falls to the ground  
as season comes to close

Jess Neal

# The Vaguest Notion 2005

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## **Policy**

It is the policy of *The Vaguest Notion* to accept literary and artistic submissions from students and faculty of Southern Wesleyan University. Each piece is presented to the staff without identification of its author or artist, and the staff subsequently votes on which works will be accepted for publication. Selection of literary pieces is based on subject, literary merit, and the staff's personal tastes. Selection of art and photography is based upon parallel criteria.

## **Colophon**

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# out in the open

out in the open  
on show for all to see  
move here  
do this  
all the commands  
all the calls  
to be perfect, to do anything – Everything  
just to get away  
to dive into a world  
where all is butterflies and candy  
swimming freely  
secluded  
free in my own existence  
each breath growing shorter  
they cease  
all is real again  
out in the open  
on show for all to see

**Looy Eubanks**



# This Is

The pieces all seem to fit  
Not pushed  
Not forced  
But not falling apart  
They all fit together  
In a way that could only mean one thing:  
This is real

I can't fight it  
I can't hide it  
I can't deny it  
But I never want to lose it  
This is it

Scary  
Beautiful  
Amazing  
Nerve-racking  
Anxious  
Peaceful  
Caring  
Passionate  
Innocent  
Speechless  
All together wonderful  
This is

How I ever went without it  
Baffles me  
How I never saw it coming  
Shocks me  
How I thought I already had it  
Humors me  
Beyond my wildest dreams  
This is

Two people  
Desperate for God  
Walking on a narrow path  
Who bumped right into each other  
And got up smiling  
This is us

Oh how wonderful it remains.

**Alicia Long**

# Have You Ever

Have you ever seen a sunset  
from a stranded stretch of beach.  
The clear blue water with an orange-red glow,  
and sand more white than bleach.

Have you ever climbed a mountain  
that's capped with sheets of snow,  
and took a look at the world around  
miles down below.

Have you ever smelled a flower  
a vibrant, luscious rose,  
and got a tingle down your back  
from the dew that touched your nose.

Have you ever thought of heaven  
or been there in a dream  
with angel wings and clouds of white  
and beauty so serene.

Well I go there when you're near me  
I feel this when we're close  
My hear skips beats, my eyes grow wide  
I know I need you most.

**Annie Tabler**

# My Dearest Love

My Dearest Love,

I lay awake, stars dance above me.  
I long for your love,  
Your touch,  
Your gentle whispers.  
I dream of Sunday afternoon picnics,  
Early morning breakfasts on the porch,  
Evening walks under the sunset  
Hand in hand.  
When will it be  
That I can see into  
The depths of your soul?  
Time.  
I wait.  
Patiently.  
Precious one, I pray,  
I pray that you will find me.

**Stephanie Widenhouse**

# Settler's Lane

The Chimes Echo  
The clock ticks  
Requesting time play  
    a part—  
Shoes at the door  
Flowers in the window  
Suggesting hand made hospitality...  
She sings  
    unmetered melody  
While  
He strums  
    unrhymed chords  
Waltzing the dream  
They defy the chimes,  
    and the clock—  
Simply a metronome.  
All part of the dance.

**Ashley Joiner**



# Over Grandma's Head

I stood alone day after day  
In the middle of a Kansas field  
Westerly winds-my branches sway  
Knowing now what day would yield

On the best days they would come  
Hand in hand - running in the grass  
Sometimes three or two - now only one  
What happened to their fun-loving past

Many years have past since the days when  
Tire swings became airplanes - I am now sad  
Seasons have changed time and again  
I long to hear little boys' laughter, "Over Grandma's Head"

**Brett Crisp**

# The Mountains

The mountains are the best place to relax because they are peaceful, and they reveal God's miracles in the earth. I feel the warmth of the sun around me, and I feel the morning breeze flowing through my hair. I always remember the peace and grace of God when I am in the mountains, whether I am alone or with my family. The sound of light rain falling on the leaves of the trees is like God talking to the earth.

Hiking trails and fishing are some activities that relax me. When I go hiking in the mountains in Table Rock or the Great Smoky Mountains, I smell the wild flowers and tree bark along the trail. The stress disappears as I walk down the trail to the pond to go fishing. I see animals such as snakes, rabbits, and birds flying in the sky. Fishing relaxes me to the point where I am worry-free from problems that are in the world. While fishing, I love to drink Pepsi and eat boiled peanuts, and it reminds me that God is in control of everything in the world.

The mountains are a beautiful place to get away from the world's issues that occur in every day life. When I go to the mountains, I go because of the peaceful feelings and the joyous sounds that show the glory of God in the earth.

**BJ Entrekin**

# My Special Friend

When I think of her, I feel a smile coming on; and my heart is strangely warm. I have loved my special friend for a long time, almost from the moment we met. She came into my life some years ago when she was but an eight-week-old puppy, and I, depressed, disillusioned, and middle-aged. To say that we both needed love and companionship is an understatement: she, from being taken abruptly from her mom and two brothers; I, trying to overcome an episode of debilitating depression. Yet, somehow, through our maze of darkness, we both were able to draw comfort and unconditional love from one another. Now, almost thirteen years later, having weathered many changes and crises together, we are closer than ever. I consider Daisy my third child and look forward to growing older with her by my side.

**Carolyn Bradish**

# Women's Rights

Women had no rights back then,  
Or so we are often told.  
Back in the "Bible days"  
Women could not be bold.  
They could not make decisions  
Or even own any gold.

But stop, think—what if  
Tamar had merely waited  
For what she would never get  
From Judah, whom she baited?

What if Rahab had not looked  
Outside the city wall  
Those fateful days just before  
God made Jericho fall?

And what if Ruth had chosen  
To stay behind in Moab  
And not follow Naomi  
To find true love with Boaz?

If Bathsheba had not bathed  
Upon the roof one sunny morn,  
She would not have sinned; but  
Solomon would not have been  
born.

Mary, a fine young bride-to-be,  
Could have chosen to deny  
Her baby a chance to life.  
Instead, she let Him live to die.

None of them were perfect,  
None were fit in the eyes of the  
Law,  
But God chose them anyway  
Because He can work through  
all.

He chose them specially  
For the family tree of His Son.

**Amanda Link**

**27**

# The Girl of my Heart

Beauty and passion sweep over her face.  
I want to take her to a different place.  
A place we can go and sit for a while.  
So I can see her dazzling smile.

We'll lie on our backs and look at the skies,  
Not caring about the rest of our lives.  
We'll lay there and watch the clouds up above.  
I'll think of her touch, as soft as a dove.

Her beauty it shines so much like the sun.  
I wait for the day that our lives will be one.  
The angels in heaven must always sigh;  
For her voice is so beautiful that I almost cry.

Her eyes are like gemstones of the rarest kind.  
When she is near, no words can I find.  
Our hearts beat the rhythm and our feet keep the beat.  
And the dancing, the dancing, it is so sweet.

We lay there together and watch the sun set.  
No one more special have I ever met.  
As the sun sets, the day turns to night.  
I realize my burdens have all taken flight.

Sadly enough, we must now part.  
For my special girl lives in my heart.  
Only in dreams do we ever meet.  
But no other moments with these can compete.

What her name is, I'll never know.  
But our love for each other, watch how it grows.  
So now every night I sleep with a grin.  
For maybe, just maybe, I'll see her again.

**Joshua Householder**

# Walk With Me

Walk once again with me  
Through the meadow and the trees

Sing to me like you once did  
In the parks of Magdalen

Walk once again with me  
The joy of living in God's creation

Walk once again with me  
Through the meadow and the trees

**Amber May**





# Black Frost a.k.a Frost Bite

I shiver here in this lonesome crescent of earth  
My means are blurred by the sub-zero in my chest  
My heart turns cold and bitter from the storms that devour me

I put myself here in this realm of icy confusion  
The darkness comforts me as I give into the dark numbness  
Left dwelling with the demons I have made, I grow weak

I crumble in this valley of mine  
I sleep to the song of sorrow never to awaken  
I die

**Matt Anthony**



keeping the city in constant illumination. Buildings, at one time cold and hard, now wink at the crowds from their lofty heights. From the street, the harbor can be seen, brimming with tankers and cruisers, each trimmed brighter than a Christmas tree. Every now and again boats sail in, looking more like miniature floating cities than sailing vessels. The cars still whizzing by are now accompanied by bright lights that shine into the eyes of the public, and reflect off the department store windows. No stars are seen in the darkness of the sky; too far away to compete with the powerful wattage exuded by the artificial lights, stars simply fade into the illuminant halo.

Besides seeing the sights, one must also sample some of the best food on earth. New York City's hot pastrami on rye adds flavor to the journey. The crisp rye bread compliments the tanginess of the hot pastrami to offer a meal fit for a king. The famous New York hot dog is also a "must have." This large juicy frank topped with hot mustard and sauerkraut is a New York classic, and it is impossible to forget the Greek gyro, hand baked and filled with fresh meats and cheese, this sandwich will barrage your mouth with flavors able to satisfy the most fastidious eater.

Traveling down the streets of China Town, cultural richness is seen in every facet of the ambience. Little open air markets wedged into every nook and cranny display colorful arrangements of fruits and vegetables that would rival the most vivid masterpiece. Aromas drift out from nearby oriental restaurants, the mouth-watering smells compelling you to stop and taste the fare of China. Although small and cramped in size, this small section of town gives the visitor a concentrated dose of an incredible country. A short distance from there, Little Italy offers a lavish portion of Italian culture and cuisine right here in America. Tourists walking along these winding streets are captivated by the Italian delicatessens filled with every culinary delight imaginable. The heavy scent of garlic and the smell of sweet and hot sausage fill the air, flowing out into the narrow streets and drawing hungry bystanders into their fragrant doorways. Little Italy holds a dense population of Italians. The meat and cheese hung in the windows of tiny markets all along the boulevard attest to this European cultural presence. Old Italian men standing on the street corners add to the unique environment by bringing the presence of old world Italy to this modern city.

The streets of New York City are overflowing with the "flavor" of diverse cultures, coupled with the spirit of the American people. Inundated with the color and attitude of every country in the world, the sights, the smells, and sounds of this great city evidence themselves daily. All that it takes to experience them is to go and join in the ever growing, ever changing life of New York City.

**Michael F. Sutton**

# New York City Streets

Walking down the streets of this great city we are immediately engulfed by the constancy of action. The flash of neon lights, the energetic dancing of street musicians, and the continual dashing of car after car, all create an atmosphere of verve and vigor. Vendors noisily flaunt their wares in the faces of the public, asking all to come and taste, or come and see. Taxies whiz by at the speed of light, oblivious to all but their destinations, breaking for no one in this race for the day, as buses sluggishly plow their way down Main Street. On the other end of the spectrum, carriages glide smoothly along, hurried for nothing as they lazily make their way down the street, accompanied by the murmuring of their passengers. The traffic, like a continuous rope, never reaches its end; it only pauses from time to time to let others join in the monotony.

Sidewalks flat and straight stretch out as far as the eye can see, ending only where another begins to crisscross the entire city. Tall buildings surround you in a metallic forest, casting shadows on the road, their windows enticing all who pass by to gaze at the treasures they hold. People gather around them to stare with hungry eyes at the opulent wares displayed in lavish settings; they shop vicariously, watching people browse through the intriguing selections, purchasing their last find. As far as the eye can see buildings rise up out of the ground, towering over the streets, their walls mounting high above the crowds. From time to time a police siren will break into the dream, fading quickly away, drowned out by the overpowering roar of the public. As if to accompany this recital of life, the horns of cars, the screech of brakes, and the ever resounding shouts and laughter of this great multitude provide a charged tone, each individual adding a note to the symphony.

Down the aisles of this cultural supercenter, business men rush to work, talking hurriedly on cell phones. Aristocratic pedestrians, making eye contact with no one, float by in a cloud of rich opulence and success, while beggars flitting from shadow to shadow are hardly seen as they search the ground for lost coins dropped by the more affluent. Along the edge of Central Park, local vagrants of the city gather together like a convention for the homeless, begging for the sympathy of those who pass by.

In the morning the city is bustling along, trying to wake up and start the long day's work. Tourists, rubbing the sleep from their eyes, pile into taxis, buses and anything else with four wheels, each looking forward to a day filled with new discoveries. The business elite, gulping down coffee, sit in their limousines reviewing the day's presentations, while a few feet beneath the street, the New York City subway rockets its way through the underground highway.

The evening brings with it a dynamic transformation. Instead of winding down after a tiring day, city night life is just starting to pick up. The city lights come alive, each twinkling with individual brilliance,

# White Flame a.k.a Son Light

You lift me.  
Your rays of mercy consume my dark despair.  
Your peace melts away the bitter.

In your persistence, you find what you alone can see.  
You lift me from this broken death.  
And give this shell new residence.

You dismiss the sleep from my mind's eye.  
Your blood kills the demons I made.  
You live.

**Matt Anthony**

Through the Meadow I did run  
And up the hill into the shade  
Of the aging oak that stood  
A sentry to the creaking porch  
Of the dark and dismal house  
That I have since avoided

And there I sat in shade and awe  
Of the dismal, dark abode  
The white-washed shutters  
And green tin roof  
Stood faded over time

The sun shone brightly on the meadow  
And the sun shone brightly on the hill  
But never was there a ray of light  
That shone on the dark dwelling

Above my head, beneath the leaves  
Hung a rope all tattered and torn  
The frayed split end  
Swung gently in the wind  
A reminder of joys now gone

No child's laughter now echoed  
Down the hill and through the meadow  
No screams or shouts of games played  
Now danced beneath the sun

The child forever silenced  
By a bottle's spiteful rage.

**Heather Gantt**

## Yet

Do I know you,  
Yet?

Do I know me,  
Yet?

How will I know?

It isn't the right time; patience

Waiting, I am master over you

I don't mind you like so many others do,  
but I just need to know you have good things in store for  
me

Keep waiting too

I need to know you are waiting too

I know nothing

**Lauren Hughey**



# Explaining The Bad

I don't deserve your kindness.  
I'll accept your soft words  
and good deeds as an  
accident or fleeting chance.  
But I wouldn't dare expect  
someone like you to love me.

**I've been a bad girl who has  
been desperately hiding  
dark thoughts  
and deep secrets that are  
unforgivable to the human  
heart.  
I am supposed to suffer  
alone.**

I don't deserve your love.  
I'll accept your displays of  
affection and adoration as a  
mere blind act.  
But I couldn't possibly expect  
someone like you  
to love me.

**I've been a bad girl who has  
been desperately hiding  
dark thoughts  
and deep secrets that are  
unforgivable to the human  
heart.  
I am supposed to suffer  
alone.**

When will I be convinced  
that the bad girl is really a  
good girl who hides behind

her dark thoughts and deep  
secrets in an effort to save  
her soul?

**I've been a bad girl who has  
been desperately hiding  
dark thoughts  
and deep secrets that are  
unforgivable to the human  
heart.  
I am supposed to suffer  
alone.**

When will I begin to seek  
what I want and feel  
deserving simply because I  
am a human being who  
attempts to survive?

When will I cease to consider  
your love as an accident, a  
blind act, or an attempt for a  
token?

I don't know.  
My soul still aches with the  
promise of healing.  
I am not ready to reveal the  
secrets that hide the good girl  
deep within.

The bad girl remains on  
guard undeserving of your  
love.

**Amy Towles**

Passion produces sweet moisture  
Covering soft warm skin  
What is the longing beneath the surface?  
What is this devouring desire?  
Escaping release  
Embracing recapture  
Moving to a mutual rhythm  
Waves move all around  
Waves pulling down  
Drowning  
Surroundings leave and are no more  
Soft touch slows  
Breaking away, learning to breath anew

**Looy Eubanks**



## The Watch

An old Waltham pocket watch sat in a pawn shop glass counter in Peterborough, England. Made in 1909, it hadn't been used much in a good while. Pocket watches were now lighter and smaller, and wristwatches had been made light and reliable as well. There wasn't much use for this old American timepiece.

An American soldier walked in that pawn shop one day, and began to look around at the various pieces of merchandise in the store. He wore an Eighth Air Force patch on his shoulder and a 351<sup>st</sup> bomb group patch too. By the looks of him, he was in his late twenties. He wasn't a pilot; he was ground crew, and worked in the radio shack out at the end of the runway at Polebrook airbase. His attention landed on the old Waltham pocket watch in the far corner of the glass case. The soldier asked to see it, and the broker took it out and handed it to him. It was a heavy watch and, at about three inches across, it was fairly big too. But the soldier liked something about that old watch, so he bought it.

The town wasn't far from the base; it was a small British town. So, the soldier walked to a bus stop and waited for the bus to come by. As he waited, he took out the watch and started to set it. Just then, some other guys from his outfit came along down the street. When they recognized him, they started in to see what he'd been up to.

"Hey, Ted, where you been the last couple of hours?"

"Oh, just walking around, I gest. Why, where ya'll been?"

"That pub down that street - they got some good food, actually!"

"Well, we all know that's why you went there, don't we?" chuckled Ted.

The bus pulled up and they all piled in, back to Polebrook. The ride back was pretty quiet. Most of the guys just sat and looked out the windows at the English countryside. Ted set and set his watch since he hadn't gotten a chance before. As he set the watch, his thoughts went back to his family back home in Carolina, and the time he'd spent away from them so far. It's funny how things link up so fast in thought, from a watch to family. As he sat, they neared the base, and the nearer the base, the better the bunk in the barracks sounded. They made it back to Polebrook and went to bed.

The days passed and the watch moved little from where Ted had put it. Occasionally he'd pick it up and look at it a while, and even more seldom he'd carry it with him. It was too heavy to carry around much; it'd pull the pants right off of you if you didn't tighten your belt. But every once in a while he'd carry it over to the radio shack in his pocket.

Living in the shadow of perfection and being expected to attain that level was one of the most trying experiences of my life. Mark Twain was never more on target than when he said, "Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example." Sarah has moved on to another school, and while I still am occasionally submitted to details of her picture-perfect life, I am more confident in my own. I may not be perfect, but I am wholly myself. I no longer compare myself to perfection to judge my worth. I know, instead, that my worth comes from who I am.

## Liz Crouse

# Perfectly Annoying

People without outward signs of problems or defects are highly irritating. The perfection they emanate is nauseating, probably because human beings were never intended to reach such a state. The aspartame-sweetness of such a person is enough to send chills down anyone's back. Unfortunately, I lived in close proximity to such a person for many years. Her name was Sarah Barron.

Sarah Barron was undeniably practically perfect in every way. She was intelligent, funny, academically gifted, a born athlete, and a natural beauty. To top it all off, she had a heart full of compassion, kindness, and sensitivity. All of these facets of her sublimity made her wildly popular. She made me sick.

Sarah was in my class for the majority of my elementary and middle school years. While I could almost handle Sarah's faultlessness at school, it was almost too much to hear it discussed at home. However, few days went by during which this did not occur. Mr. Barron worked with my father. This ensured that I would have my grades compared with hers, my performances critiqued alongside hers, and my mistakes compared to her spotless record. In fact, Sarah still has the record for most Christian Character awards at our school. (I think the voting was rigged.)

I was desperate to prove that I could beat Sarah at something, so I put all of my energy into an impressive science fair project. I waited anxiously to see what the results of the judging would be. To my jubilation, I discovered that I had placed in the top three, and Sarah had not. In addition, I was to advance to the regional level. This was something that even Sarah had not done before! I thought I had finally triumphed over my adversary, proving that imperfect people could make their own way in the world.

Unfortunately, this dream was short lived. Sarah still maintained popularity and perfection. Although I had beaten her once, I discovered that it would be impossible to best her in everything. I resigned myself to several more years of torment and agitation. My father still discussed Sarah's achievements at home while I gnashed my teeth in despair.

One day a flight of B-17s was coming back to the field from a mission, and shot off flares. The flares meant there were wounded on board the bombers, but the first one that was coming in was on fire. Ted had been out checking the field, but he was back in the shack now. The bomber passed over the radio shack and cut power, but the fire was pretty bad. There was an explosion just after that. There wasn't much left of the plane or crew when the fire crew arrived.

Ted and the other soldier in the shack had stepped out after the explosion, and when they got back, they saw that the big clock on the wall of the shack had been knocked off by the blast. The rest of the fleet soon began to land after the first plane had been cleaned off the field. That evening, after the landings, the field was patched, the wounded were taken to the infirmary, and the able went back to work. That night few ate much at mess, and then the base went to bed.

The next morning, Ted and others were trying to figure out some way to tell time in the radio shack, and they weren't having much success. Before they walked out to the shack, Ted turned to pick up his Waltham pocket watch, the same as the day before, but this time he had a use for it! So, he hollered at the others.

"Hey, I got the clock's replacement here!"

"What is it, Ted?" asked one.

"My pocket watch - it will do for now, and besides, it's about as heavy as that wall clock, anyhow!"

So they wound up the watch and took it out to the shack. For the next mission they had the Waltham out in the shack and launched the flight by its time. It wasn't a temporary replacement, either; it served until Ted came home, an entire year. The watch may have been heavy, and it had had little use and been neglected for years. But there on that airfield, it found its purpose: to launch B-17 Flying Fortresses against Nazi controlled Europe. It served well in that year, but then it went dormant for a long while again. For years it sat in disuse on a bookshelf in Ted's house. But one day, Ted picked it up again, and he walked over and gave it to his grandson so that he could tell his grandchildren that this old watch launched B-17s in World War II.

The watch is mine now. I am that grandson. That old Waltham watch means a great deal to me because it was my granddad's for many years, because he carried it when overseas protecting this country, and because of the wonderful grandfather he is to me.

**Tyler Bruce**

# The Cross

From up here on this mountain, I can clearly see  
All the things in my life, and where it used to be.  
It wasn't always pretty; it wasn't always well.  
To be brutally honest, I was headed straight for Hell.

On Sunday mornings, right there I would sit  
And "listen" to things from my little pit.  
I thought I was holy, my life was so fine.  
I don't like to say it, I was living a lie.

But as I kept digging, the deeper I went.  
I dug and I dug 'til my energy was spent.  
And then one day as I looked around,  
I realized my life had only gone down.

So there in the darkness I sat and I thought.  
It was dark, wet, and lonely; I was distraught.  
I sat there for days and nights upon end.  
From my position I would not bend.

Until that one day when I cried out for help.  
I was so weak, it was more like a yelp.  
Then someone knelt down and reached for my hand.  
He pulled me out and set me on land.

As I looked and I saw who pulled me out,  
My body was shocked; I let out a shout.  
A burden was lifted from my soul that day.  
And from that moment, it stayed away.

The man only smiled and gave something a toss.  
I knelt and I cried as I picked up the cross.  
"I bore this for you," He said with a smile.  
So I took up the cross and followed a while.

Nothing defines nothing protects  
Only what I choose to direct

So out of control  
And lost without peace

It's said I was formed  
And knitted complete

So why am I?

Out of control  
And lost without peace

Tattered and torn  
And popped at all seams

Frustrated and tired  
I want to give in

I can't find that joy  
Or peace from within

**Julie Tabler**

# Butterfly

Between you and me,  
Ultimately you'll see,  
Together we can be,  
Totally free.  
Exactly what I mean,  
Roughly you'll see.  
Forgetting your past,  
Leaving your present with me,  
Yours truly

**Brian Donlon**



The cross was quite heavy, the splinters dug in.  
But I only cared about talking with Him.  
Before He could leave, I fell and I cried.  
He gave me help, and He gave me my life.

He told me He'd give me all that I need.  
I followed his life; his word I did heed.  
The Spirit came in, and the darkness went out.  
And with all that I had, I let out a shout.

It wasn't easy, but it had to be done.  
I held the cross tight, and I started to run.  
Many a challenge I came across,  
But in the cross I put all of my trust.

That which first caused me much bloodshed and grief,  
Now gave me comfort, safety, and relief.  
When it seemed that I could no longer go on,  
Jesus came down and He helped me along.

I followed the path that He laid aside.  
Though fighting of Satan, I tried to keep stride.  
Before I knew it, the race had been run.  
A few more steps, and I would be done.

So I took that old cross and I laid it out straight.  
And it formed a bridge to God's holy gate.  
I took one more look back and said my goodbyes.  
Then I started forward with tears in my eyes.

From that dark pit, I had come a long way.  
And now here in Heaven forever I'll stay.  
To God be the glory; great things He has done.  
I give Him the glory, for through Him I won.

**Joshua Householder**



# Raindrop

Simple,  
That's me.  
I'm clear  
And innocent.  
I fall from heaven  
And hit the dry earth.  
But as I continue my descent  
I become engulfed by fresh air.  
Still I fall to the unknown below.  
My membrane can be broken easily  
By a finger's gentle fragile touch.  
It hit the rigid surface underneath.  
My body spreads delicately  
As I embrace dry soil  
With my purity.

**Dee Chappell**

# It's more than OK

Some dance a pitter-pat, but I dance a boogie-woogie  
Some sing a la-la, la, la, but I sing a whoodie-woo  
Some laugh a he, he, heee, but I laugh a wah-haaa, da-haa  
I could never dance a pitter-pat,  
sing a la-la, la, la, or laugh a he, he, hee  
Good, so I'll live in my own way  
No use being a pattern; I'm fighting those patterns  
Besides, I can boogie-woogie all over you!

**Lauren Hughey**