

The Tenth Muse



Science Park High School

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The Tenth Muse

“I have measured out my life with coffee spoons.”

T.S. Eliot

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Mr. Presuto

The Tenth Muse is dedicated to Jancey Taveras.
May you wear a crown of ivy in the near future.

Controlling Fate

By Mr. Townsend

The distant stars that shine above my head
Produce in me an all-consuming joy,
But I know darkness can proceed to dread,
Eclipsing that which it seeks to destroy.
For like a mirror that reflects some source,
I give back all the feelings I receive,
As each reflection shapes and guides my course,
Determining the things I can achieve.
Yet like a ship that sways upon the sea
And struggles to regain a stable state,
I see success is shaped to some degree
By both my actions and the will of fate.
Until I put this knowledge to good use,
The heavens abound with ready-made excuse.

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The Poet

By Marian Calle

The steady words that others could unfold
From parted lips of his did not protrude.
Complacent feelings his heart would not hold,
Unlike the rest untroubled multitude.
With earnest effort, he did try to write
And searched amidst a sea of florid words,
But empty pages issued from his plight;
He drowned and left his wild thoughts unheard.
When struggling for words (his honesty),
How difficult it was to not feel hurt!
With misery alone for company,
All joyous phrases from his mind avert.
A poet's curse: to hold unwritten pain,
Until the time, when he can write again.

Feel the Change

By Michelle Fernandes

The weather changes as the days go by,
The leaves on trees they seem to fall on down.
Fall has come; I can see it in the sky.
The leaves are changing to yellow and brown.
Winter brings the coldest weather indeed,
We wish for the sun to bring out its rays;
The children enjoy the snow, it's agreed,
And for a day off of school they do praise.
The beautiful flowers bloom in the spring,
The warmer weather begins to arrive,
How lovely those blue birds and jays do sing,
And the bees fly around building their hive.
Beaches, parties, and the heat of the sun,
The summer is so wonderful and fun!

Slipping Days

By Laurence Sockwell

New life emerges from a wintry hell,
The winds make room for mounting rising sun.
Spring blooms and gives no place for cold to dwell,
Through bitter cold, a summer's will (will) be done.
A piercing sun ablaze invades the day,
To craft a scene of nature's warm display.
When August's burning cusp begins the end,
The times were made of gold but now have gone.
The death of sweet relief to sullen hearts
As days of lore draw near, sweet life's withdrawn.
The season's set the gentle age ashore,
As Winter rears its ugly head once more.
It's sad that times of bliss refuse to stay,
Distressed to say goodbye to greater days.

51

By Fatimah Tareen

He asked, “Fatimah, why are you still leaving?”
I looked back as though him I could not see.
I asked him, “Why are you therefore deceiving?”
You should already know, you set me free.
I never told you to change who you were,
Never asked you for more than I could give,
And now I’m moving on, no doubt you’ve heard,
It’s time I go and find a way to live.
They say the line between the two is thin,
But I have always found a way to cross;
There’s nothing wrong with pride, it’s just a sin,
I gained a lot, but you have faced a loss.
It’s funny how much pain your love can bring;
My deck of cards no longer holds a king.

The Unending

By Zachary Smith

How is daylight upon the winter snow?
We live in times of unending mending.
Come and ride the wave of eternal flow,
Search the skies for frozen tree of rending.
Life is good when perched upon the river,
Golden basin of short life lasts always;
Sweet smells of old will be delivered
Unless you end up in the hallow hallways.
Alone we walk into the scary past,
Like a stream of raging water we live,
Endlessly strong dome of air is very vast,
Now we go to see the shining sun give.
This is the way of the eternal earth,
You will come with me and see the rebirth.

Moving Forward

By Stacey Pereira

All of the twists and turns, when will they end?

A thought that never fails to be in mind.

Just when we planned the things to so amend,

You left me standing very far behind.

It just makes matters worse for you and me;

My heart is on your sleeve like it's a trend,

And to think that once you did have the key,

It frightens that I now have to pretend.

Thus I realize that it's time to move on,

Although you will be etched into my mind;

It's just something that has to be foregone

Since all the pieces there were intertwined.

In the end, it is time to say goodbye,

For I have never learned how to deny.

Forlorn

By Dwight Bembry

Quick smiles and laughs so hide my selfish face
That friends of mine just don't know who I am.
So if I may die, I'll leave with no trace,
Like my existence was some complex sham.
Stop journeys to origins kept unknown,
Refused all offerings sweet, sincere;
Only I would try to leave all alone,
And force your heart through love's austere.
Arrogant, stubborn and far from home,
I've ripped the roots of my family tree;
At an age so young, I'm left to roam,
A place of silence all alone but me.
I feel my soul bereft and mind askew,
I promise that it's not because of you.

My Light

By Ashley Berry

My heart was numb; my soul was in dark blue,
I seemed to have emotions that were bleak.
I lost it in a war, I never knew
That love would take the life I always seek.
At love's first glance, you were an empty corpse,
Your smile then filled the room with all false joy;
When I emerged from darkness through a time warp,
Love swept me up again to play and toy.
I never knew that I would lose my head
To someone who would let my spirit shine,
And freely love without being misled,
So love would not betray my heart this time.
And so I give my heart and soul to you,
In hope that you forever will be true.

The Climb

By Francis Nunez

If I can teach one thing before I die,
If ever I can put words in your heart,
I'd say without expecting a reply
That love is something like a work of art.
It baffles me how one can be so blind,
How people play it like it is a game.
The only game in love is of the mind,
It has no rules, no prize, no given name.
A massive paradox in vivid form,
Confusion at its best without a doubt.
Timeless, timely, so cold and yet so warm,
That's why it's something you can't live without.
To love and not to lose would be a crime.
There is no wondrous view without a climb.

A River Flows in You

By Bhriana Smith

This life is like an endless river bed,
At times the tides are low and others high.
Raindrops resemble tears that we have shed,
And dried up beds are when we've said goodbye.
Reflections on the surface oh so clear
Show both the times we love and times we hate.
The river flow is endless, yet so dear
We must learn love before it is too late.
There are some things we'll never understand,
And there are memories we can't forget
Just as the waves wash footprints from the sand,
And so will time wash away our regrets.
But to yourself you always must be true,
For in this life, the river flows in you.

Time the Thief

By Jennifer Castano

Till death do us part was his solemn swear
Given the chance to nurse bundles of joy;
After he was the soul of my prayers,
My life served him and my two baby boys.
Life afterward was great as I recall.
My passion burned like a great forest fire;
All was well until one dreadful nightfall;
To get my spouse well was my desire.
Forbidden cries became the strength of me.
The clouds yet darkened with sorrow and grief;
The heavens heard my incredible plea,
To know he's safe was my only relief.
Love takes time for granted while most in pain
Curses the life of my children in vain.

Optical Illusion

By Alexandra Melara

The yellow sun does shine in a blue sky,
Yet all I've ever known is its kind heat.
Behind the clouds the yellow sun is shy,
I've only ever known its warmth so sweet.
I feel a range of colors, shades and hues.
You do not know how lucky I would be,
To see the world, its vibrance as you do,
To see the miracle of day you see.
You do not know what I would give to say,
With eyes wide open and my head held high,
That I could also see the splendid day,
That my eyes serve for more than just to cry.
But do not pity me because I'm blind,
For I know more than you will ever find.

Brick

By Thaddeu Henriques

Hey hey, my rock n' roll will never die,
The voices of the people grow in size.
The emotions of adults as do they cry
Force us to come together as they lie.
The fear in their eyes shows that they are scared:
The new item of the generation.
What was new is now old, what's new is dared:
The awe of controversial creation.
Of voices, drums, a bass, and a guitar,
The adults of the world remove a voice.
Oh dread society that bears the scar,
The children of the world have made a choice.
For end of chaos they constantly pray,
Hey hey, my rock n' roll is here to stay.

A Gem

By Kafele Sennon-Grant

Radiant beauty every day I pass,
A gem my hands are not worthy to touch.
Instead I gaze behind the thickest glass
That my fears and doubts have caused as such.
When I do see you, I am with such fear,
So deathly cold that I could lose my breath.
Your lethal beauty I require so near,
Or my soul will have an untimely death.
The friendship we shared has lasted for years,
Yet I have always asked for so much more.
This longing has produced such idle tears
I don't know what the future has in store
You and I, I and you, have always been.
Friendships end. So that new ones may begin.

Perpetual Remembrance

By Mark Rivera

If the time comes when I must say adieu
Before I am remembered on this earth,
I pray a part of me is left for you,
And hope that I have proven my great worth.
May the angels take me into the sky
When I have fulfilled my given duty;
I will happily kiss this world good-bye,
And forever leave its awful beauty.
But a determined mind is what I need
To surely show I have lived and lived well,
This is my chance to plant my undying seed,
So generations may forever dwell.
Carpe Diem until your days are done,
Memento Mori, live not just for fun.

Lost In Here

By Elijah Avery

The mind evermore in that aimless drift
To witness endless possibilities,
To marvel at how intentions they do shift,
Desires once strong, now disabilities.
Ponder not the debaucheries of all,
Of men and women, poisoned with thoughts to shun,
The needs of man lost in destiny's fall,
Walking down the void path into Fate's gun.
Challenge the loss and thoughts which makes us ill,
Refuse broken tears from dreams gone amiss.
Now we shall only stop at our will,
No more is hope thrown in the dark abyss.
And how shall our innocence defend
Against the time when childhood will end?

I Wish We Would Win

By Amir Gilliam

One of these days my team will get a win.

We played four games; too bad we lost them all.

The last four weeks, the worst my life has been,

Now I am looking forward to baseball.

This Saturday we play a school that's weak,

A school that is so very, very bad.

If we win this game, it's our season's peak.

After the game, I'm not the one that's mad.

After them the teams we play get really good,

Who knows maybe we will still win a game.

If I could steal a win for us I would

And bring the team from the bottom up to fame.

When it's done I hope I get to college,

If I do I gain more free knowledge.

Never Forgotten

By Isabel Andaluz

As I recall the memories we shared,
Like the time where we played in the white snow,
I remember the way you truly cared,
And how you taught me everything I know.
I cannot believe that you went away,
You said that you would always protect me,
I always thought you would be here to stay,
But now I guess that you are truly free.
Free from all the pain and hurt of this place,
I hope that you are happy where you are,
I wish to have a chance to see your face,
Although you are not here, you are not far.
Wish I could know why we had to part,
Father, you will always be in my heart.

Dear Beloved Strife

By Evelyn Diaz

Give me a reason to believe in you,
In all your lies and disappointing woes,
My state of grief covets a gaudy hue,
A lively world is what I do propose.
Although I clench to this nomadic tune,
My heart, my soul, drains out a lucid mood,
I only wish that I could be so soon,
A careless soul, a soul away for good.
And yet I clung to you sweet words of love,
But you delude me with your senseless tales,
I gave my love and everything thereof,
I hate you now; my love now slowly fades.
Never will I dismiss your foolish lie,
And tears that fell when lovers say goodbye.

Beloved

By Tuawn Floyd

A passion followed by a long desire,
A will, a fight, heart open like a pore.
Now you feel like you can't go much higher,
Driven to points where there is nothing more.
The pain is soon followed by the good times,
Sharing things of your past you'd never tell.
The stealing of my heart became a crime,
I was the beast and she the beauty belle.
Love is something that is very complex,
Coming together, united as one,
You wonder what will happen to you next,
A feeling that it will never be done.
What I know is that my love is so true.
My life would not be the same without you.

Identical

By Maria Grillo

Gina saw the car coming. She desperately tried to hit the brakes but no matter how hard she stepped on them, the car wouldn't slow down. She dodged the incoming car by steering drastically to the right. She tried to avoid the bridge, but her attempt failed. The Subaru hit the road barrier and smashed against the bridge. The great impulse lunged Gina forward and smashed her head against the steering wheel. Gina's vision became blurry, and she soon lost consciousness.

* * *

Gina woke up in a hospital room. The lights were dimmed and all she could see was a small amount of sunlight peaking through the window shades. She could hear a conversation through the thick framed doors.

"So you have absolutely no photographs of Gina?" This was an unfamiliar voice for Gina.

"She never allowed us to take pictures. And she made us burn all of the ones we actually got of her. I'm sorry doctor." This was Tom's voice, one she knew very well. After all, he was her husband.

"Okay sir. Then, the only thing we could actually do is use one of her sister's. She is after all her twin, no?" Gina didn't understand what the doctor meant by this, and she was beginning to get worried.

"I suppose, though, they don't look much alike."

"It's the only way Mr. Simmons. Don't worry. Everything will be okay." The doctor tried to calm down Tom. By Tom's voice, it didn't seem to be working.

“Okay Dr. Williams. I thank you for all of your help.”

Gina tried to scream Tom’s name but the pain in her stomach stopped her. She was unable to move. Her eyes closed as she heard the hospital door open.

“Gina, sweetheart. It’s all going to be okay. I promise you. I love you so much Gina. Everything is going to be okay...” Tom’s voice trailed off to a low cry.

Tom kissed Gina softly on the cheek and left the hospital room. Soon after, a set of doctors and nurses took Gina into another room. All Gina could see was a red light above the door. Just like the ones that alert people there is surgery being performed.

After being placed down on another bed, Gina was set unconscious, and the doctors began surgery.

* * *

Gina awoke to her husband’s voice. She felt his hands stroke her hair as he whispered “I love you” into her ear. His voice was so comforting, she adored it and could differentiate it from anyone’s voice.

It took all her strength, but Gina was able to whisper “I love you.” Tom’s eyes brightened and a smile appeared on his face. He kissed Gina passionately and then broke the news to Gina.

“Gina, sweetheart I’m going to start off by telling you how great you look now.” This befuddled Gina. He continued, “When you were on your way back from work while crossing the bridge, your breaks stopped working. The Subaru slipped on a patch of black ice and went out of control. I’m guessing there was a car coming your way and you tried to dodge it. The Subaru hit the side of the bridge and a huge collision occurred. You were stuck between the metal of the van. Your whole body was

cut up and distorted. The only way for there to be no scars was plastic surgery. They asked for pictures of you, so they could leave you like before. I explained to the doctor we had none of you. They ended up using some of Karra since she is your twin sister and all.” Tom looked at Gina trying to decipher her reaction.

“So you mean to say, I’m skinny, like Karra?” Gina was almost speechless to Tom’s words.

“Yes. And I must say, you look amazing!” Tom tried to cheer Gina up. Gina was now completely speechless.

Gina was always envious of her sister’s great looks. Karra was the Beverly Hills kind: skinny, blonde and tan. Gina was quite the opposite. Though she was as blond as Karra, she was massively on the heavy side and had terrible skin. All of this was too much for Gina to take in, she had to take a nap.

“I’m sorry Tom, I think I need some rest. I love you,” Gina spoke as she motioned Tom out the door.

“No problem Gina. Call for me if you need anything, I’ll be right outside,” Tom said as he closed the door behind him.

* * *

Gina awoke befuddled. There was no way she was skinny and beautiful now. She was always the outcast. Fortunately for her, Tom had fallen in love with her. Tom was the high school jock. He was the first many knew that didn’t care about aesthetics. Gina was greatly fond of that characteristic. She hated pretty boys who were ego maniacs. Reminiscing about her high school years put Gina to sleep. She only awoke when the doctors came into her room and told her it was time for her to go home. Turns out, Gina had slept through most of three days, awaking only when it was time for her to eat.

Tom came in the room. It surprised Gina how Tom could lift her, she had forgotten about the fact that she was 200 pounds lighter now. The ride home was awkward at first. Gina was lost to her surroundings, as she trapped in a hospital room for ten straight days. Then Tom began talking to her about the kids and the house.

“The kids miss you so much. Nick has been asking to see you for days. Becca was so worried. She really missed you. Ohh, and your sister helped out a lot these past days. She cleaned out everything. And she has been taking care of the bills that were due this week. I was so lost without you Gina.”

“You let her into our bank accounts?” Gina thought. Karra was never one to trust with money, especially with Gina’s money.

The rest of the way home, Tom just asked Gina questions about how she was feeling. He was always the type to worry.

Gina found the house quite strange. It was so big compared to the tiny white room she was secluded in.

“Aunty Karra!” Nick shrieked at the sight of Gina.

“No sweetie, its mommy.” Gina tried to explain to him.

“You don’t look like mommy. You look pretty,” Nick giggled. His statement irritated Gina slightly but she knew it was true.

Gina walked into the house and it all seemed so strange. The scent was odd. It smelled fruitier. The furniture was completely re-arranged. It was like walking into a completely new house.

“Did you do something to the house sweetheart?” Gina asked Tom, knowing but dreading his response.

“Karra re-decorated. Doesn’t it look great?” Tom replied with a foolish smile on his face.

“Yeah. I’ll be sure to thank her.” Gina didn’t know what was going on. Karra seemed to have invaded her life.

“Mom?” Becca questioned. She was confused at the sight of her.

“It is me, believe it or not,” Gina smiled.

“Mom! I missed you so much! Wow! You look great! Just like aunt Karra!” Becca was extremely excited. Gina had to admit, she loved seeing her like this. Ever since Becca turned fifteen, she had become quite anti-social towards her parents. All she did was spend her time texting and IMing her friends.

“Yeah, me neither,” Gina forced a smile. Tom noticed.

“Becca, Nick, would you mind heading upstairs for a little bit, I want to talk to your mom alone.” The kids did what they were told and raced upstairs.

“Is everything okay Gina? You seem a little down. Do you need some sleep?”

“No I’m fine. I just never thought I would end up looking like Karra. No one knows me!” Gina was trying quite hard not to cry but it was hard for her not to shed a couple tears. She always dreamt of living life in Kara’s shoes. She had it all except beauty, and everyone seemed to love a beautiful woman. They treated them different, with more respect.

“I’m sorry Gina. It was all we could do. I didn’t think it would end up like this. I love you.” Tom always wanted to lighten up the mood by throwing in an “I love you.”

“I love you,” smirked Gina as she leaned in to give him a kiss.

* * *

Gina was not used to her new size zero body. It was every woman's dream, going from a size twenty-two to a size zero in the time span of ten days. Gina had no clothes that fit her so she had to take some of her daughters. Even Becca's clothes were slightly loose on her.

While rummaging through Becca's closet, Gina realized that Becca had stocked in many new clothes, many which were designer made. Still looking through Becca's clothes, she realized that none of the ones that were in her wardrobe had been bought by Gina. They were all new. This infuriated Gina. She knew that Karra had bought all of these for Becca. Although she was most certain, she was never one to make accusations so she told herself that she would talk to Becca and or Karra when they got home. It was strange thinking that only after ten days, her house was Karra's "home." But there was no other way of thinking about it. Karra had helped out her family when Gina couldn't.

Gina went through all the clothes and decided to wear a Bebe sweat suit. She figured that's the most casual wear she could use to go shopping for some clothes of her own.

As she headed for the stairs, she saw the bathroom door open. Open doors never brought her attention, but suddenly, Gina had a sense of curiosity as if Karra had brought along any of her toiletries and cosmetics into the house. Gina didn't know what to expect, it seemed to her that Karra had made herself well at home. She slowly walked down the long hallway, and went inside the bathroom.

Her jaw dropped when she opened the shower curtains. Clothes were hanging about, and none belonged to Becca or herself. Gina had used the expression "make yourself at home" towards her sister many times, but this time, she had taken it to an extreme.

“Hello? Anyone home?” Karra’s voice startled Gina. This was perfect. Gina would be able to yell at her sister without anyone noticing. She darted out the bathroom and raced down the stairs.

“Karra? What have you done to my family and my house?” Gina was enraged.

“Wow Gina, you look great. Nice outfit. What is it you were saying?” Karra was always one to play dumb.

“My house! My family! Why did you try to change everything?”

“What are you talking about? All I did was make some changes while you were gone,” Karra loved playing innocent. When the sisters were young, Karra would exercise this talent of hers quite often. Gina found it repulsive.

“Oh don’t play dumb with me. All your stuff is lying around as if this were your house! And you have the nerve to ask what I’m talking about?” Gina could not control her anger.

“Listen. I was here for your family when you were lying on a hospital bed. You are so lucky you are actually alive. This could have been m-”

“This could have been what? Your family? I knew it!”

“No! That’s not what I meant!” Karra hissed.

“Then what *did* you mean?”

“You know what. Yes, you’re right. Yes. Ever since we were in high school, I’ve loved Tom. I was always the pretty one! I was the one all the guys wanted. But the one guy I always wanted, Tom, he wanted *you*. I don’t even know what he saw in you. You were the ugly geek with no friends. I was the one he was supposed to marry. He was supposed to be *mine*. I would have been such a great mom.”

These words hurt Gina so badly. She began tearing up. Her own sister, saying such things. Despite her ignorance towards Gina's feelings, Karra couldn't help but reach out her arms and ask for forgiveness. As soon as Gina was about to accept the hug, she saw a glistening object in her handbag. She walked away from Karra and walked towards her bag.

When she opened the bag, she was surprised to find what was shinning in the light: a knife.

"What were you going to do with this?" Gina demanded an explanation.

"Nothing. I recall it's none of your business," Karra was hiding something.

"You... You... I can't believe it! You wanted my family this badly?" Gina knew.

"I'm sorry Gina. You weren't supposed to li-" Gina cut her off again.

"I wasn't supposed to live? You?! You were the one that cut the breaks! What is wrong with you?" Gina couldn't control herself. She aimlessly threw a punch and hit Karra right on the nose. Karra raced to her bag and took out the knife.

* * *

"My god sweetheart, did you hear about Karra?" Tom was worried about her. He didn't want to remind her what had occurred.

"No, what happened to her?" She played dumb.

"Someone stabbed her in the heart!"

"My god! Who would do such a thing?" Karra asked, trying hard not to reveal her smile.

Catching Love

By Francis Nunez

The water was extra clear and bright the day Aetos met his destiny. It was the sort of calm that sent chills down your spine and worry through your veins. It was the sort of calm that meant something absolutely life altering was just about to take place, but to Aetos, it was just another boring fishing day in Chios, Greece.

“Home,” Belted Aetos sarcastically, throwing the net into the water and watching it disappear. “A boat is not home, it is prison.”

He let his eyes wander back onto the port, following everyone’s movement as they dragged a catch to market or ran carelessly with friends. He let out a sigh of boredom.

“That...is home,” he said eyes still on the port-shore. Aetos’ father was the owner of one of the most prestigious fish markets in town. He has caught all of his own fish with one small boat his entire life, but when his son was old enough, he passed the torch and responsibility onto him. Aetos was only nineteen, and his feeble mind was not ready or willing to partake in such important business.

The sun shone in his face, mocking him playfully and reminding him of all the things he’d much rather be doing. Then, a distant face caught his immediate attention. He stood up attentively, and following her movement with his eyes that nearly made him lose balance. He had been watching this same girl for months, but never had the courage to speak to her. His productive fishing day was officially in ruins at that very moment. He headed back to the dock to chase, and eventually woo the girl who had his heart with just a glance.

Aetos docked, and soon realized he had no plan as to how he would reel his love interest in, or even how to find her. There was only one boat docked and

calling his attention: *La Glika Onira* which means The Sweet Dream in Greek. La Glika Onira was large and extravagant with large colorful sails signifying wealth and good fortune. Aetos quickly realized it was an aristocratic boat party and that he stuck out like a sore thumb. However, he was optimistic and continued on. Besides, the boat had sailed, there was no way to go but onward.

Aetos searched the entire boat, armed with just a vague memory of a linen blue dress and white ruffled collar. At last, he found her, sitting gracefully at a table in the grand deck. Aetos stared blankly. His eyesight sharpened, his heart skipped a beat. To mesmerized to be embarrassed by his dirty, fish smelling clothing, he sat across from her in the table.

He stared into her brown eyes, memorizing exactly where every strand of light hit them, making them shine with more intensity. He stuttered, then paused, then stuttered again. She stared back at him, confused but still friendly and gently said hello. Breathless, he opened his mouth to reply but was quickly cut off by a male voice saying “Mila, my dear wife.” His emphasis on the word *wife* made it clear that the girl of his dreams was to remain only the girl of his dreams forever. She was married.

The entire boat party looked at him and laughed. Because he was such a good swimmer, Aetos thought it best to jump out of the boat and swim back to the shore which was relatively close. All who watched from the dock and knew him were not impressed or afraid, except for one person watching from the very tip of the dock. The person was another fellow fisherman, and sensed something had gone terribly wrong. One minute passed, then two, then three, and Aetos had still not come up. Below the surface, ten feet away from air, aetos’ shirt was caught on a wire from the dock. The fisherman had waited long enough, and jumped in the water to save him.

Aetos was too weak to panic any longer; the lack of oxygen was making him lightheaded. Right before he closed his eyes for what he thought would be forever, he saw a shadow swimming toward him. "Poseidon has come to take me away," he said slowly in his head. Then, he closed his eyes.

A blank mind...a sharp sting in his chest...and finally, an exasperated breathe. Aetos opened his eyes in a panic. A stream of light blinded him temporarily, and then, the shadow of the fisherman who saved him blocked the sunlight. Aetos adjusted his sight to the view.

"Are you okay?" she said. Silk blond hair and the sky blue eyes of a goddess led Aetos to a state of shock, confusion, and utter fascination.

"Am I Dead? Are you the goddess leading me to eternity?" The fisherman chuckled happily. She ringed her shirt and extended her hand to help Aetos up.

"No," she said shyly. "I've been watching you fish for quite some time now. I guess I was destined to save you today." She looked at him lovingly.

"Yeah," replied Aetos. "I guess you were."

The Darker Side

By Zasha Montalvo

Her love so pure, she gives to him in all.
Her love so passionate; it must be right.
She feels like he will catch her every fall
And rise above the worries of her sight.
She yells, she fights to make him really see,
The pain that he has caused to her thus far.
Instead, she gains a heart that isn't free,
A wounded soul that makes her go bizarre.
He completely blinds her with all his lies,
With his pretend "I love you" and his treats.
A show he puts on with his vast disguise,
He sees the love she gives, but still he cheats.
So I will say the hottest love ends cold,
Waiting is a secret he must unfold.

Homecoming

By Laurence Sockwell

I was only going home,
a simple journey to a darker place
became a scene of twisted steel and mangled flesh—
a carnal disaster of which nightmares are made.

I saw myself plunged into the wreckage of my being,
projected outward as if I were a piece of art.

The mad painter,
splashing hues of red, white and black upon my canvas,
laughed as he prepared my seat eternally;
he was not the devil I knew.

My grip loosened as I tried to shield myself.

However, I could only manage to crawl from the wreck,
dragging limply across the fragments of my mistake—
my shattered window and my own dislodged bones.

I then saw the California sun.

It was not yellow today, but white,
and it drowned out a scene of anguish beside me—
a heavenly guardian in argument for my life.

But it was a fight I was fated to lose;
I was already on my way home.