

DAYDREAMS



CHRONICLES OF A WORDLESS WRITER

The pen sits on the desk
untouched for ages.
The pages lay scattered
on the cold wooden floor,
and the held captive words
are so dense that they intoxicate
the very air I breathe.

~ Amanda DiCapo

I PLAY WITH WORDS

I play with words, I set them free
I take many trips with them
Into the past, and on the wings of fantasy
I change them, erase them
and constantly rearrange them.

I play with words, I set them free,
I use them as weapons
and for armor to hide behind.
I can use them to make the cripple walk
and to take away the darkness from the blind.

I play with words, I set them free
I let them run on and on,
or I can stop them without notice.
I use them up relentlessly.
I abuse them. I hear them
and I feel what it is I see, written down in front of me.

I play with words, I set them free
and because words are such a great part of me,
I save them up, I write them down
and at times, I have them in my head just spinning around.
Words are all I can give you
They're all I have to leave
So, I play with words, and I'll always set them free.

~ Linda Barrett

DOMINO EFFECT

Thrills come with bills,
which leads to a drink,
nine shots of liquor requires a shrink,
shrinks lead to confession,
which leads to a mess.
Hear this, my darling,
madness is best.

~ Amanda DiCapo

BLINK

There's this horrible feeling
That lingers around.
It's the wheel that keeps spinning
Bound to cover more ground.
You can shout in the wind
But it won't hang around.
So what is the use
Of believing in sound
When no one takes the time to think.

There's a thick liquid darkness
That's consuming me.
It's surrounding you too;
You just choose not to see.
You can try to avoid it,
But eventually
Your eyes will be ripped open
And sooner or later
All who are floating will sink.

Hey, everyone, look
At your great Uncle Sam.
And he's promising peace,
But look what's in his hands
It's a bomb. It's exploding
For oil and land,
And the children are dying
In a war amongst sand.
And the shed blood stains it all pink

I am nothing great,
A mere mortal man.
And there's so many things
That I don't understand.
Would I be out of line
To ask for your hand?

I'd have it in writing
Autographed by a man,
But it would just be a big waste of ink.

~ Clay E. Young

WHAT DREAMS MEAN TO ME

Dreams are very important to me, both the dreams I dream at night and the dreams I have in the waking world.

When I was in high school, I had a book that would tell me what my dreams meant. I would write down my dreams right when I woke up, before I forgot them, and then try to figure them out. In my book I could look up different words and there would be an explanation what it meant to be dreaming about these things. If I, for example, had a dream where I was swimming, I would look up the word "swim" and read about what it means to be dreaming that you're swimming.

Nowadays I do not use that book very often. Instead I try to think about why I have the dreams that I have. If I, for example, dream about my family a lot one night, I think to myself that it is probably because I miss them. Then I try to do something about the problem. If I am dreaming about my family I might give them a call that day or write them a long email, so that I will not miss them as much.

It is not every day that I remember what I have been dreaming about at night. I usually remember my dreams if I wake up to my alarm clock, because then I am often in the middle of a dream when I wake up. I think it is amazing that according to science, we dream every night, even if we do not remember the dreams. It is interesting how the body deals with everything we experience during the day in the dreams.

Besides the dreams I have at night, I also daydream a lot during the day. It is important for me to always have dreams or goals in life that I am working on reaching. When I have a goal that I want to reach, I am happy and it helps me to make the right choices in life. I have always been a person who daydreams a lot, but since I started studying pedagogy at the university, having goals in life have become even more important. Nowadays I always

make up both long-term and short-term goals for everything I do in life. I work on reaching my goals every day.

As time passes I might change my goals and make them higher or lower depending on what I need. I have noticed that I love the way it feels to reach a goal or fulfill a dream that I have had for a long time in my life. That is why I always have a few goals that I am working on reaching. A lot of my dreams or goals are simple things that are not very hard to reach. I might put up a goal to save some money each week and then go on a trip to a place that I have always wanted to visit. If I succeed and go on the trip, it feels like a little victory to me that I managed to reach my goal. The victory makes me motivated to work on reaching my other goals.

One goal that I have right now in my life is, for example, to be able to work out five times each week. Another goal is to save money for vacation. My goal is to have enough money at the end of the year to be able to go on a trip to North Carolina.

My goals in life seem to change pretty often. The important thing is to keep dreaming and setting goals, even though I might not reach them all. As long as I reach most of them, and the most important ones, then I am happy.

~ Jennifer Karlsson

LINES

Lines, lines, everywhere are lines
Perpendicular, straight, parallel's fine
They're used up and down on crossways and signs
Very confusing! They mess with my mind.

Perpendicular lines we see everyday
Four square on the playground with children at play
Parallel lines never touch all day
I see yellow lines striped along the roadway.

Lines, lines, everywhere are lines
Perpendicular, straight, parallel's fine
They're used up and down on crossways and signs
Very confusing! They mess with my mind.

~ Live Oaks ABLE Class
Kim Backer
Samantha Naylor
San Pol
Kathleen Reid

IF I

If I could capture happiness,
If I could capture love,
If I could catch a rainbow
Or sunshine from above,
I'd wrap them up and save them
Until I found someone who needed them.
I'd search for someone who
Had only known sadness,
Never a smile had they seen,
I'd give them all the happiness and let them build their
dream.
I'd look until I found
A person full of hate,
I'd give them the love I'd captured,
And pray my gesture didn't come too late.

If I could choose a person,
To give a rainbow to,
I'd choose a blind one,
Whose life in darkness was lived,
So, he could see just once, what beauty God has to give.
With the sunshine I had captured
I'd spread it far and near,
For a tiny smile from someone I love
Or someone I hold dear
I'm tired of spreading tears.

~ Linda Barrett

FREEDOM IS...

Freedom is...
the birds
in the sky
through the clouds
way up high.

Freedom is...
every little tear
that we cry
when we have
to say goodbye.

Freedom is...
the love
I share
with you
and all
the things
we can do.

Freedom is...
what we will
feel
when all
our dreams
become real.

Freedom is ...
in our hearts
to stay
that no one
can ever
take away.

Freedom is...
all of ours
today, tomorrow

and every day.

So, listen, my friend,
stand proud
and tall
and always
remember
Freedom is...
IN US ALL!!

~ Denise Baas

MY LIFE AS A SIDEWALK

My life as a sidewalk is very hard and awkward. I am found near most of the city streets and many people walk all over me. I sometimes feel the rain fall, and it's uncomfortable because it feels like millions of tiny stones hitting me. On hot days, the sun dries me, and I feel the warm vapors through the process.

Winter is the roughest season of all. It is very cold and the wet snowfall is often freezing. I can become very slippery and dangerous to pedestrians. To prevent people from falling, salt is thrown on me to thaw any icy spots. Actually, I like the way the salt feels and tastes. However, by the end of winter, I have cracks and scrapes from all the damages caused by the salt and snow shovels.

I feel that I am used and abused most often in the summer. I can feel the pressure of people walking in all directions. In addition, I experience the different textures and weights of the bicycle tires. Thus, I often feel sore and achy when the day ends. You often find trash and debris tucked in my crevasses, which makes me look and feel unattractive. I would feel better if people would care for me as they do their own lawn.

In conclusion, my life as a sidewalk is not everything it's cracked up to be. People walk all over me, pollute me with things that are not so pretty, and use me for things other than walking. It's not so easy being me, but I could be a street.

~ Tami R. Ballas