

Edison - Fareira High School *Literary Journal*

"Creatively Expressing Ourselves"



Spring, 2012

"Imagine Greatness"

Editorial Note: Spelling and punctuation in the following poem are intentionally unorthodox and are a part of the poet's style.



LOVE AT FiRSt SiGHT

by John Martinez

We all had that one special person come into our lives and make us feel soo alive, everytime u see that person u get soo shy and u sitting here wondering why, then u start picturing that person's face as the clouds up in the sky but when u see that person all u can say is hi and bye,

then u start to blush and your heart beat starts to rush and before U can talk that person starts to walk, then u start to think should u let that person go and let them keep walking away or go check if...

they feel the Same Way,

then u shout that person's name and say hey before u go there something I need u to know, since the day I saw ur face u been the apple of my eye I even think about u when I look up at the sky, I haven't mention how u catch ma attention because I'm shy so all I can say is hi and bye, and everytime I see u smile I just stop and stare for a while, then the feeling grows stronger and I just hope it can last longer,

but before I let u walk away I need to know do u feel the same way?

And all that person has to say is when I see ur face I'm in this special place.

LOVE AT FiRST SiGHT

u never know if it's gonna end right.....

WELCOME to the Edison-Fareira Literary Journal!

Letter from the Editorial Committee

Erica Casanova
Luis Maldonado
Jonathan Rodriguez
Talisha Acevedo
Mr. Cassorla

We hope you enjoy these poems, plays and other works. It's great to have a place to have them printed for everybody to see. Creativity means everything to us. Thank you, Edison!

Introductory Letter by Mr. Frangipani



Mr. John Frangipani

This ***Edison - Fareira Literary Journal*** shows just a small portion of the tremendous talent we have here among our students. Every day, I see how creative our students are -- in writing, painting, music, and more. We are fortunate to have these beautiful souls with us. I hope that you, as fellow students, parents, teachers, administrators and community members -- continue to encourage our youth in their artistic endeavors.

Sincerely,

Mr. John Frangipani
Principal



Ms. Delia
Reveron



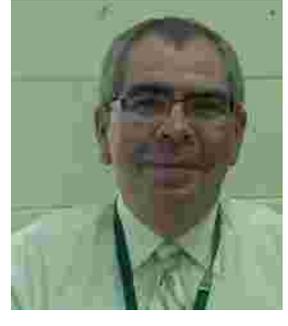
Mr. Alexis Greaves



Ms. Francine
Cooper



Ms. Awilda Ortiz

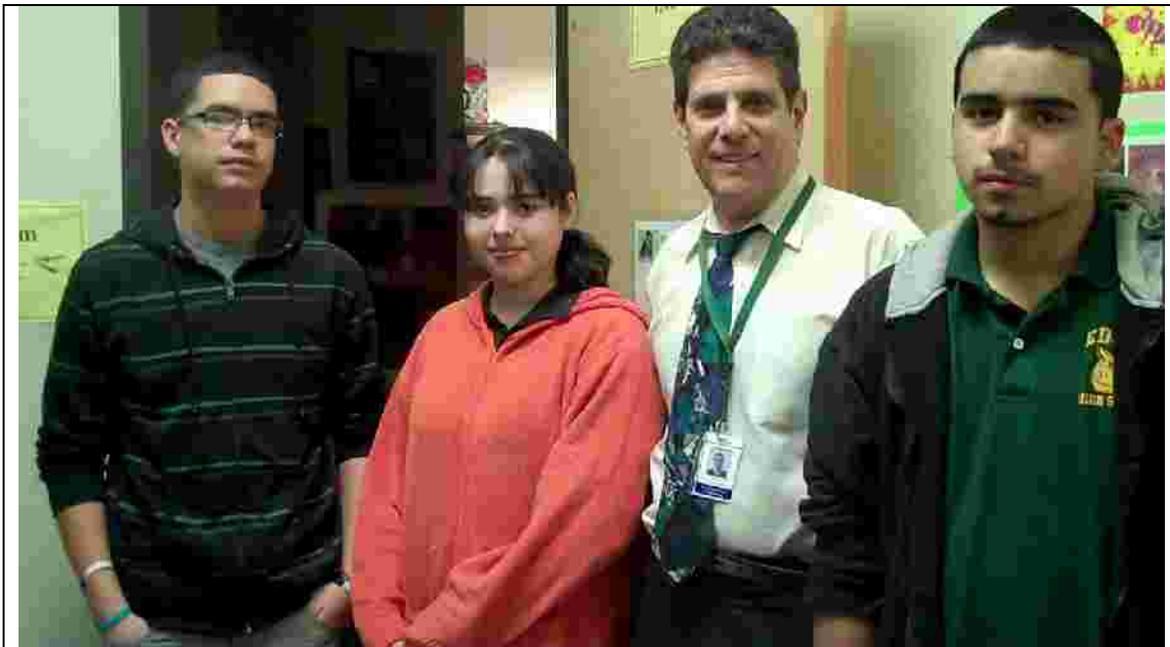


Mr. Edward Koch

Introductory Note by Ms. Whitman

As this Journal demonstrates, we have many talented students in our high school. Their diverse skills deserve exposure, and here we have a fraction of those skills on display. By all means, enjoy their work -- and know that this is but the proverbial tip of the iceberg!

Phyllis Whitman, chair, English Department



Edison-Fareira H.S. Literary Journal Editorial Committee: (left to right) Luis Maldonado, Erica Casanova, Albert Fried-Cassorla, Jonathan Rodriguez

Brief Note from Mr. Cassorla

My special thanks go to all of the sweet spirits who contributed to this *Journal*... which is a distillation of so many magnificent student talents. It was difficult to select works to include, but our editorial committee have lots of help. I thank the administration and many other teachers who have encouraged the development of the arts here at Edison all year-long. Almost all of the students represented here are or have been my students -- and I am PROUD of them! Staff also deserves praise... In particular, Ms. Whitman has been encouraging; Mrs. Finnerty has been especially helpful in providing art work; and Mrs. Diaz in encouraging our poetry and writing sessions in the IMC. Thank you all -- especially our great students -- it has been a wonderful year!

Albert Fried-Cassorla, faculty advisor to the *Literary Journal*, photographer of all unattributed photos

NOTE: Pagination will be off by a few pages, due to layout considerations.

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Short Story



Baseball Player by Digital Art freedigitalphotos.net

THE TERRIBLE LOSS

By Adonis Garcia

One day I woke up thinking what am I going to do after school? Should I watch the football game or go home and fix my bike.

I decided to go home and sleep, so after school that's exactly what I did.

While I was sleeping I was having this amazing dream that I was playing baseball with the Phillies and we were **losing -- two to one.**

So it was up to me. I was batting next. In my head I was like *This pitcher going to strike me out. I hardly know how to play or how I got here.*

Anyway the coach was telling me to focus and pay attention to the ball. So that's what I did. The pitcher threw the ball to brush me back, and I moved quickly away from it, diving into the dirt. Then I got up and I was ready for the next pitch.

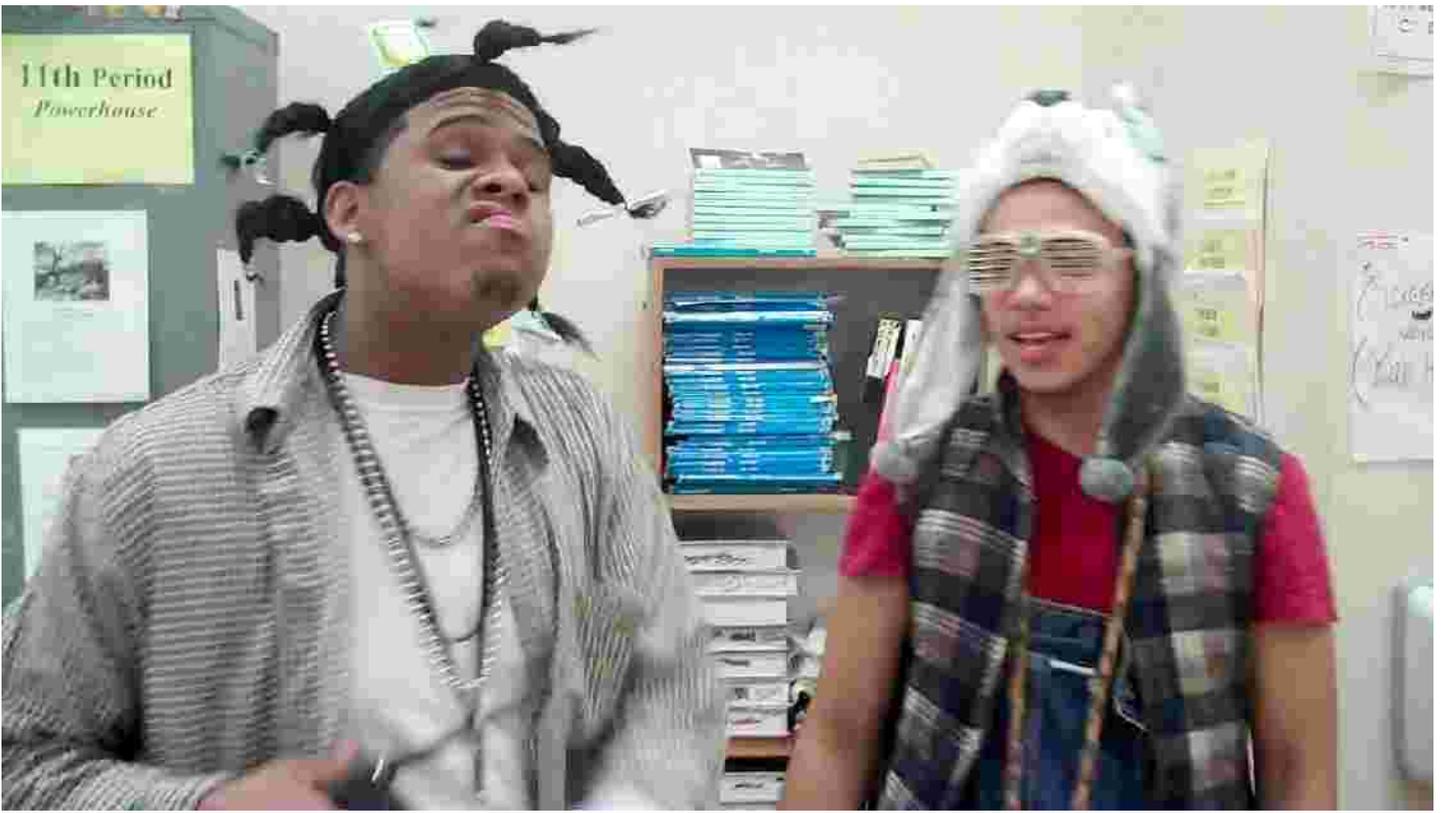
I was scared of the fast ball --- it went 120 mph. I hardly saw the ball pass by. I knew it was a strike because the umpire said STEE-RIKE. The pitcher threw it again -- second strike!

I was getting mad, and so was the team, because it was the World Series and the last inning. If I hit the ball and bring Howard home then we win.

So the pitcher threw the ball, and I hit it. I was so happy, but the umpire said "FOUL!!" So I got into place. The pitcher threw a curve ball. I hit it -- it was going and going and going into center field.

I was running thinking I got a home run, but the outfielder caught it and we lost. I was very disappointed and BOOM.

I woke up...



Above: Seniors Abigail Castro (l.) and Abraham Cruz mug on Senior Whacky Day

Success - Part I
by Bronte Devoe



If I had to look at what will make me successful, I would say it will be having great health, a good education and a great deal of money. If I can accomplish these goals, I will be one happy dude.

My health comes first, because if I am not healthy, I cannot go to school and get an education. My parents always help me stay healthy by taking me to the doctor and watching my diet and exercise.

I want to graduate from high school, so I can have a good start in life. It might be hard to graduate, because I cannot read so well yet. However, I will work hard at improving my reading. Making a lot of money is also important, because I want to buy a great house. That way, my friends will want to spend time at my house.

In conclusion, having health, a good education and lots of money will make me a success in life.



Checkerboard Scene by Eduardo Juarez

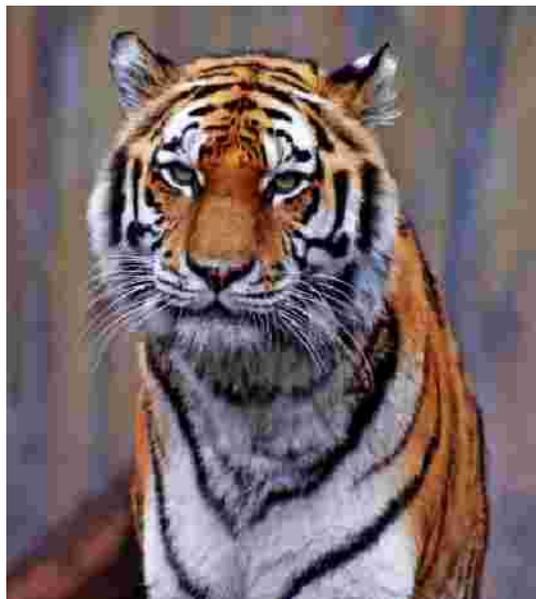
Success, Part 2: Life After College by Bronte Devoe

I would like to go to a two year college. I really don't want to go, but nowadays I think it's best that you do go, so you can get a great job.



Disco by Daniel Danillo, courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net

I am going to go to college for business. With my business degree, I am going to open up night clubs all over the world -- some with live tigers.



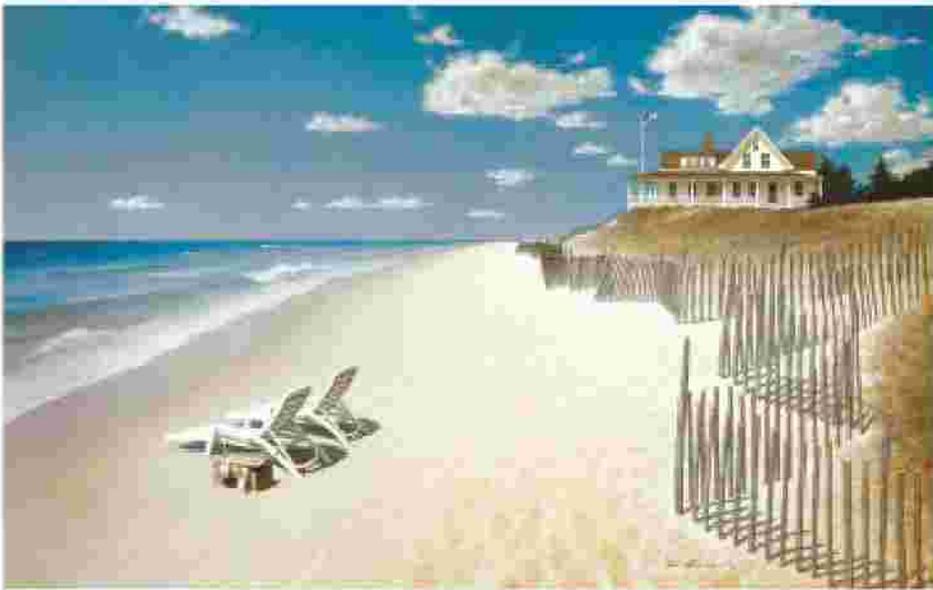
Tiger by Rasmus Thomsenv, courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net

Then, after I get on my feet, I am going to start on my 32 kids. I don't really know why I

want 32 kids, but I do. When I am about 55 years old, I am going to open up hotels all over the world.

Later, when I am about 75, I am just going to my beach house with my 28 wives and I will leave the business for my 32 kids to run. My religion allows me to have more than one wife. That's my life after college. I hope it comes true.

Here is a picture of my future beach house.



I hope you can join me!



David Santos ~To thy love of mine~

*As I stood there,
A watch upon thy dreary eye,
And glared,
Thinking there is not a more beautiful sight,
Yet who am I to compare thee to a summers day?
Not even Shakespeare could,
Yet, thy beauty is worth the price to pay,
So compare you to a summer day I would,*

*So a smile as rich as a summer sun,
And a kiss as sweet as lemonade juice,
Thou who make my life adventurous and fun,
Never will I let you loose.
Now as my poem comes to its end,
I hope to god you'll never part,
And just try to understand,
That each wondrous day is a beautiful start.*



Running Blind-Folded By Emily Fernandez



What happens when you
fall in love very quickly & you
don't know
what's
later in store
for you?

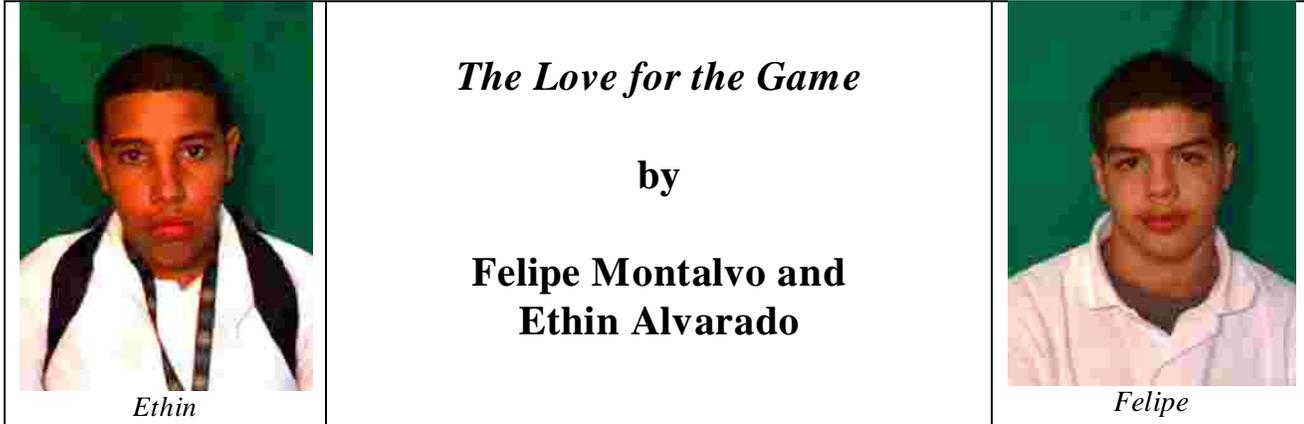


It's like running
a race blind-folded and
all you do is just
run straight.

You never know about
that car or gate in front of you
--just that you want to
overcome
any obstacle
thrown
at
you.



Bearded Man by Eduardo Juarez



*Baseball by Danilo Rizzuti
image courtesy freedigitalphotos.net*

The Love for the Game

Do you ever wonder why baseball players play the game so much and work so hard at it? Well, different players play it for different reasons. But what people don't realize is that it all ends up being *for the same reason*. The reason is because of their love of the game.

Playing this sport gives people hope -- it gives people another chance. And it also gets them off the streets. These reasons are why most people play baseball.

For example, famous Yankees pitcher Jim Bouton once said: "You see, you spend a good piece of your life gripping a baseball, and in the end it turns out that it was the other way around all the time." ~ Jim Bouton, *Ball Four*, 1970." ¹

To explain why people play baseball is like explaining hope. To give players hope is like giving them another life. The hope they feel isn't like every other hope -- it's even more powerful than that. The hope they feel gives them the purpose to try harder every day. It also helps them perform and use their talent with great passion. That is one reason why baseball players play the sport -- for hope that comes from the love of the game.

The second reason why players love the game is because it gives them another chance. Like, if a player messes up in life, his or her choices of action in baseball can change that. If a player has a short temper, baseball can fix that. It can change it by being able to keep your head in the game and even to clear it. So when it does that, all the bad energy will go away. Give a person a second chance, and they will be doing great things -- and that is what baseball will do. This is why second chances make baseball players so great.

¹ <http://www.quotegarden.com/baseball.html>



*Louisville Slugger by Chuck Felix
image courtesy freedigitalphotos.net*

The last but not least reason why baseball players have such love for the game is because it keeps them out of the streets. If it weren't for baseball, they would just be all running around

the streets. And keeping them in the street will force them to make bad choices. Without baseball, it will be like destroying people's lives. Take it away from them, and then they will start to make some messed up choices. See, with baseball around, it keeps them out of the streets. That's why people have so much love for the game -- because it didn't take them to the wrong road.

To sum up, the baseball players love the game because of hope, second chances, and to keeping them on the right path. Hope -- it gives the energy to do what they do the best. The second chances help them to redeem themselves. Also, keeping them out the streets can save their lives, and prevent the bad choices they could have made. So this is why baseball players love the game so much.

By: Felipe Montalvo and Ethin Avarado

Sources Cited

<http://www.quote garden.com/baseball.html>



Car Crash Arguers by Eduardo Juarez



Imani Howell *Explosive*

Imani Howell blessing the mike again,
blowing up the mike with talent, like it was made of nitrous oxygen,

yea thought I was gone -- well go and tell a friend.
Imani ain't leaving this city till its relevant, hah

so go on and get your weight up or treat it
like your birthday and go on and stack your cake up,
because I stay with the good times
but these aren't happy days so imma kick it
with these good rhymes

And yes I'm done for the moment --

if you're looking for your mind --
people, I've already blown it.



Planning by graur razvan ionut Image courtesy freedigitalphotos.net

Look to the Future

by

Jonathan Rodriguez

Look to the future -- detach from the people, go start anew this time

Look to the future -- love like it'll be the last person -- forever -- no more entry

Look to the future -- have the star life -- learn from others, take it in

Look to the future -- be proud of yourself, no more lies, no more disguise

Look to the future -- love the unloved, solve the unsolved, be someone's favorite -- stop living for yourself

Look to the future -- be the person you dream to be -- stop fantasizing

Look to the *it-only-gets-brighter-from-here-on-out* -- detach from the past

Look to the future



Dragon Statue in Night Sky by Kangshutters, courtesy freedigitalphotos.net
http://www.freedigitalphotos.net/images/view_photog.php?photogid=3021

A World Unknown

by Erica Casanova

Chapter 1

It was a dark night, and the fog was all over the place. No one was out, and all I could hear was the sound of my footsteps and the sound of my breathing as I walked down the alleyway that leads to my block.

It was 11:30 pm, and I just got back from my best friend's boyfriend's party. He was turning 21, and she was only 18, but they love one another -- so the age difference didn't matter much to me. As I hit the end of the alley, I heard extra foot steps behind me, and I didn't want to look back.

I didn't want to just stop because who knows what was behind?... Was it a guy with a gun....a monster with big scary eyes who is all slimy?.... I bent down to "tie" my shoes and peeped to the corner of my eyes only to see nothing there. So I stood up in confusion, and when I turned around, I saw the most horrid thing with big eyes staring at me and long arms and stretched out to take me. I yelled! Just then I heard the voice of my boyfriend. I opened my eyes and I let out a big sigh of relief.

My boyfriend's name is Francisco, but his nickname is Frankie, and we have been together for seven months. Things had been going fine (thank god), and our families are really close to each other. Frankie looked at me with that particular face he uses. I knew for sure I was going to hear it, and right then he opened his mouth and said to me: "WHY IN THE WORLD ARE YOU OUT ALONE?!!.... It's late and you should be home...No one told you to go out at night and party. What if there was a killer on the loose?"

Right there, I stopped him and smiled my cute little smile that always made him stop complaining and let me slide. But this time was a "no-go," because all he did was look at me with the eyes that had scared me in the first place. I looked down and I said I was sorry. He took my hand and started to walk me home, and man, I didn't want to let go of his hand.

As we hit the corner of my block there was some weird-looking person and an animal with red scales on my front steps. And it was just looking at me. So Frankie walked towards it. The man STOOD up and was wearing some type of robe and had a pointy hat with a cane-like thing and an animal that looked like a dragon.

Frankie and I froze in shock. The man walked up to us, knelt down and said: " My Queen and my King, it is a great honor to be at your service at this moment. But I do not have the time to explain at this time -- please come with me."

He then turned his back to us and called his dragon. And then he told us to get on its back. I looked at Frankie, and he looked at me, and then the dragon-like animal said: "Your highness and majesty you must hurry! We are running out of time!" We hopped on the back of the dragon, and he took off into the sky. He kept going higher and higher, and at some point the dragon took a deep breath and let out a fireball and we went RIGHT THROUGH IT. And as I opened my eyes, Frankie and I were looking at smoke rising from the crops below. The people were scared and running about, the skies were gray and dull, and then we set our eyes on a HUGE castle that had cracks in it and was dark. WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE WE?!?!?!?!?

Chapter 2

As we rode on the back of the dragon, I couldn't help but to ask "Where in the world are we?" When I asked, the dragon landed and disappeared into a ball that the man was holding.

And then the man replied “You're home.” That left me in complete shock. *Why* is it my home? *How* is this home? *When* did it become my home? All those questions were running through my head.

Frankie was a bit confused and asked a question that made the man stutter. He asked “Excuse me, sir, but you and your dragon keep calling us King and Queen -- do you mind explaining that to us?” The man didn't know how to reply to us, and he didn't know if he should say anything. But he did give us a set of clothing that just popped up right after he slammed his cane on the ground. So I was guessing: *He's a wizard.*

The man looked around and said “ When you get a chance, please change into that, you clothes might attra-" But before he could finish, these men in armor surrounded us and pinned down Frankie and me. The men dragged us and put us in a cellar that was so cold and dark and had hay all over it. Frankie put his arm around me and kept me close; that way I wouldn't be cold. I couldn't believe this was happening -- my mother should be freaking out by now, and so should Frankie's mother. I looked up at Frankie who was looking around the place trying to find a way out, but I could tell from his expression that so far he had found none. He looked down at me, kissed me and told me that everything is all right. I wanted to tell him that it wasn't okay, but I saw that saying that would make him even more worried then he already was.



Green looking witch-like creature by Victor Haddick freedigitalphotos.net

As we sat there Frankie asked me if I was okay, and I said I was so that it would be all right. But then he said to me “I'm sorry.” I didn't know what he meant by that so I asked “What do you mean you're sorry?” He looked at me and said “I don't know, but in me I feel as though I was wrong about something.” I couldn't just say it was okay, because he would still be sorry for nothing so I leaned in and kissed him and told him: “Never feel sorry for something that you never even did. You make it seem like we are going to die. Soon enough they will have to find out that this is a mistake and let us go, okay?” And then he looked at me, and then he hugged me tighter than he ever did before.

After awhile, one guard came in and pulled me out of the cell and left Frankie there. I tried to get away and run back to Frankie, but the guard had a pretty good grip on me. All I could do is struggle and try to get away, while he pulled me farther and farther away from the cell and Frankie. And my heart sank. ***Where is he taking me??? Is he going to kill me???? No I need my head!!! Oh someone, please tell me this is a dream!!***

Note: This story continues and is quite interesting. If you would like the entire story sent to you via email, send a request to Mr. Cassorla at alfriedcassorla@philasd.org.

Fun
by Selena Casiano

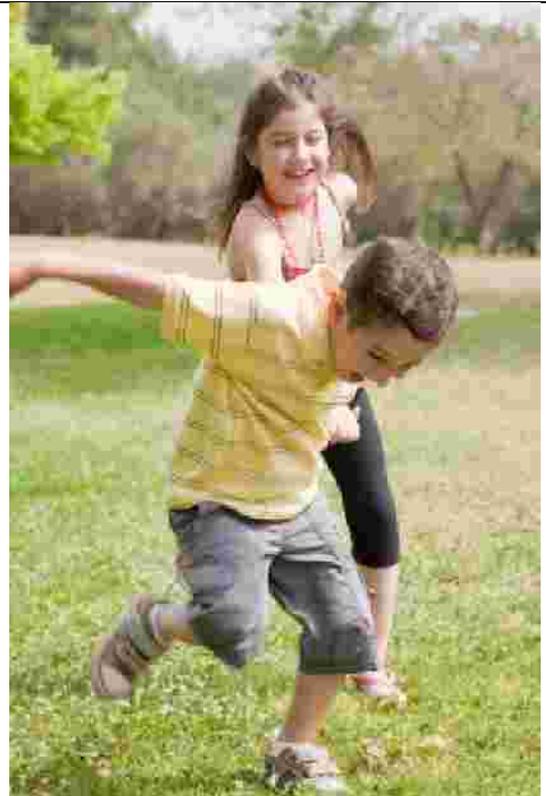
The art of winning is hard to master
so many things are filled with laughter

Having fun won't bring disaster --
run and smell the world

Hear the sound of laughter
see the kids chase squirrels
look and see the world

So many thing are full of laughter
you don't have to be a winner to master

A lot of laughter
can change all disasters



Brother Pulling His Sister by Photostock Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.



As I Rise

**A rap by
Eugene Vann**



I realize when I open my eyes
I see people doing good and bad
sometimes I look at the dirty streets --
it makes me sad, and mad

We, the people, can do good in the world,
I love showing love to the people I love.
I love doing good, and I would like the hood to be good

I love money, cars, and sneaks, and houses,
clothes but not no life down low

I like walking in the street with my boys
looking at beautiful girls with nice pearls
and nice clothes & me and my boys laugh
and walk with the flow

I want to live the good life
I must kill this rap because I'm tired
of livin' a hood life
When I get older, I want to live the good life,
I want to be paid in full

Always think, and do your work in school.
I listen to Nas: "If I Ruled the World"
Nas is really wise.
I look up to the sky and say "The world is MINE!!"

4 Poems
by Luis Maldonado



<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Dear Heather</i></p> <p>You mean the world to me, A life with no compare. The way you smile And the flip of your hair. You changed dramatically You can do better Go back to the old you, My beautiful Heather</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Perfect</i></p> <p>You lived a full life, So happy and loud. You were never doubtful Confident and proud A beautiful soul So cheery -- never weary... A perfect person Always carrying your dignity</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Poor Soul</i></p> <p>I write poems of love Though I'm filled with hate. I've lied several times I am a person you cannot relate. Reaching the breaking point Slowly but surely Leaving myself To live this life so poorly</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>A Thousand Steps</i></p> <p>I stay a thousand steps behind your shadow. Waiting for the right moment to be part of the bigger picture. A world's best secret is one that no one cares for. Hidden from others.</p>



Poem
Gelica Rodriguez



Loving couple looking at each other by photostock
Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Love, the sweetest thing

by

Gelica Rodriguez

Love, the sweetest thing
You can show it emotionally
Or in a ring
Love and share
You always care
Happy to be
Happy you are
Loving each other
Both near and far
Wherever you are

I will always love you.

Y



Poem Example
Herbert Graham



World Peace by digitalart Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Peace Poem

by
Herbert Graham

I say we need more Peace in the world
and people look at me and say...

"This word you speak of...
we have never heard"

and i say, Peace is very Silk and Smooth,
but they tell me nowadays all we depend on

is our angry mood.



Talisha Acevedo



My Descriptive Essay On
Alexander Acevedo
My most unforgettable person
by Talisha Acevedo

His name is Alexander, but we called him many names. He had no children. My uncle Alex was 33 years old. We call him Alex and Big Al. He was so funny, he'd make you fall over yourself.

My uncle had jokes for days, I'll tell you. He was like my second father. I was always with him. He was a loving person and always wanted to help.

My uncle Alex was about 6'1", and he was a big guy. He would hug you, and you'd feel like you couldn't breathe. I called them bear hugs -- oh how I miss them!

He loved to cook. My favorite dish was breakfast. He would make eggs with pepper, onion, tomato and ham on toasted bread with mayo. My siblings and I would go to his house and play all types of board games with him. He had many, but our favorite one was Tetris on Play Station 2.

My uncle died in 2008. He committed suicide. I don't know why... But I wish I could have changed his mind -- because not only was he my uncle; he was like a father to me. I never knew how much it would hurt me to lose someone so close to me until my uncle took his life.

It's been 2 years and I think about him everyday. I miss him dearly. He brought joy to my life and he always lifted my spirit when it was down. I love you, Tio Alex -- I just want you to know that.



Anthony DeJesus as a crazed pirate DJ in an improv in Mr. Cassorla's Theater Class



Art work by Lee Torres



Jakob Hadden

WHO I AM

Who I am is not important to you,
but for me it's a lot.

Who I am... I am the kid who always knows what to say to people,
who can help someone
when they're down.

I am the kid who you call a nerd -- well, guess what?
I am -- so what?

Who I am; I'm a kid with many talents,
I am the kid who you say can't play sports,
because you put me down all the time.

Well that's the old me. Who I am -- I am JAKOB.



Poem
Felipe Montalvo

Be Yourself

*Why should you worry about what
people
Think about you?
People try so hard to be someone
They're not, but what they will never
Figure out is who they
Really are. They can never
Understand why they think
the way They do
They're not and growing up like that
You won't ever live life like that
So why not be yourself?
They won't understand who
They truly are inside*

*People are so afraid of showing
Their true colors only because
They are just scared of being judged
But what they should
Be scared of is being someone
You're not and growing up like that
You won't ever live life like that
So why not be yourself?
By: Felipe Montalvo*



Young Friends Forming A Circle by photostock Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Why We Should Not Compare Ourselves to Others

by Yolanda Campbell



In our culture a lot of times people try to make us compare ourselves with others. People say: "You should be like your mother" ; "You must be the best of your class," etc., and this is not always the best way of thinking.

There are many reasons to change this way of thinking and begin to compare ourselves only with ourselves. This is the way it should be, and in this paper I will discuss some of the most important reasons for this.

The first reason to avoid comparing yourself with others is that there will always be someone better than you. It doesn't matter in which aspect, but it is always true. Therefore, you could feel inferior to others and maybe without a real reason. For example, you could be a great student and get all A's, but there can be another student that is an A+ student.

The second reason not to do this kind of comparison is that you will always find someone worse than you; but as opposed to the first reason, this can make you feel better than the others, and this feeling can turn into a horrible pride. For example, if you are the second best student of your class, and one day the very best student leaves the school, you will then be the best one -- although you are still only as good as you were before.

These two reasons leads us to a third one: If you want to be better than the others, you don't need to improve yourself; you only have to make the others look bad. If I want to be the leader of the group, but you are the leader now, what I need to do is to make you look like a traitor or stupid, and then I can take your place. Then I will appear better than you.

A fourth reason to stop comparing ourselves is that the one who compares him/herself with others is judging, and this doesn't help us develop as human beings. Nobody knows the internal reality of the other; nobody knows his/her story and his/her most deep intentions, and when we judge it's harder to accept the others.

The last but most important reason to avoid comparing ourselves with others is that when we do, we can be tempted to copy them -- to do the same things, and to act and think like them. The problem with this is that if we copy someone, we will never know who we really are and what we really want, and then we will never grow spiritually.

For all of these reasons and because we are unique, we should not compare ourselves with others, only with ourselves. The only comparison pattern that we really have is our

consciousness. So, if we use this pattern we will not feel less or more than others; we will not try to make others look bad; we will not judge so much; and we will accept ourselves as we really are. In other words, we will live happier lives.

At War
By Yesenia Pimentel

Soldiers should determine how many years they want to fight a war.

You must be asking why? Here are some answers: They have a life, kids to go home to, husbands and wives to love and to spend quality time with.



They shouldn't have to sign a contract and have the army basically own them; and then be told that they can only go back home after about five years of being at war.

I say this because I know. My brother Joshua was one of the most spirited people that you could ever meet. He would always make me laugh with the goofiest things he would randomly do, always keeping that awesome smile on his face that would always make my day.

It all changed when he made the biggest mistake of his life -- one that also affected mine, when he went to war. I mean I do understand that he chose to fight for his people, but I didn't want him to go. We were too close, but he was grown and old enough to make his own decisions. So, he chose to leave.

After six years of fighting at war, the day finally came when I could see him again. They kept him for so long there that I thought I would never get to see him ever again. The day came when I got to see my curly-top-headed brother at the airport. There was one big problem -- he came back a changed man. It was as if the brother I once had was left behind at war; he was never the same -- his smiles, his jokes, his crazy self, I missed it all.

I just wouldn't like for this to happen to anyone else's brother; it's not a good feeling at all.

Poem
Kenia Freytes



Young Couple Arguing by photoslock Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

We should not fight.
By Kenia Freytes

The more we argue
The worse it will get
Soon we will lose sight of
Each other -- that we cannot let.

The longer we stay
The more we hurt
The less tears shown
Within ourselves and toward
one another -- we are at war

How will we leave it—
a closed door
We are both scared
Of what the outcome may be

Lose the sight of love
That we can't see

I want to say for whatever it
Is worth *I am sorry, I love you*

You are my smile, my everything
I don't want to let you go
Just really want you to hold
Close and tight

Hear your heartbeat and
say we should not fight.



Sunflower by anat_tikker Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

For Another Day
by Kevin Feliciano

I once saw a flower on the ground
Swaying in the light breeze
Looking up not towards the sun,
But straight up to the sky.

Then I began to think thoroughly
Why don't I sway in the breeze
Or look up to the sky all day?

Why was I chosen to walk and breathe...
A question for another day.

I see many different people out there
Each with a different future than the last
Formed by the hands of labor and truth
Destroyed by the acts of laziness and greed
Then I started to wander through my mind
Asking myself the same questions over and over:

What is my future going to turn out to be?
Will it be fruitful and rewarding to me?
Or is it something that's out of my control.

An answer for another day, I guess.
A decision to be made.



Keyshla Rivera, Poetess, Actress, Thinker



Night In The City by Againststar Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Sky Y

You are so beautiful and blue.
I've never seen such beauty,

You're amazing & a great view.
I enjoy sitting in my room
Watching you turn dark,
I love the way you sparkle
And are surrounded by stars.

- Keyshla Rivera Y



Poem Example

Ronaldo Moya



Flowers Heart by metru Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Just to Let You Know

Just to let you know you're the one i want. Just
to let you know your the one i dream about. Just
to let you know, i need you in my life. Just to let
you know, I am nothing with out you. Just to let
you know, i can't breathe without you. Just to let
you know, i'll give you the world. Just to let you
know -- i want it all back. .Just to let you
know...

i love you. by ronaldo moya



Her Best Friend
by Cassandra Gonzalez



Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net. *Depressed Young Woman* by photostock

She cries, but nobody sees her tears
He holds her hand so innocently --
cannot realize

It is for him
She sits here now and cries

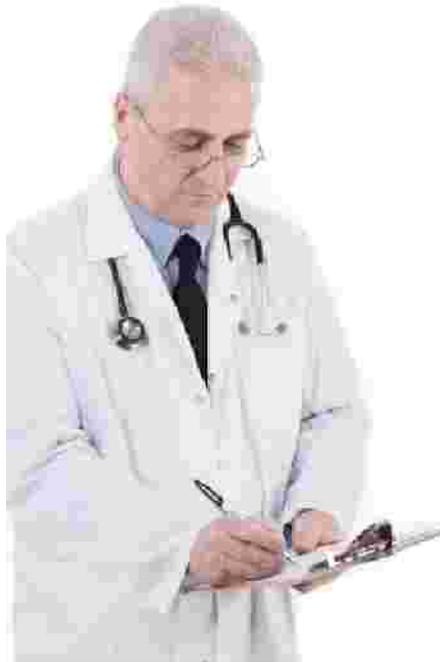
When her face suddenly looks saddened, he replaces
her smile without a clue

It is for him she is upset --
For she cannot speak what's true.
Being with him means the world to her
Yet it hurts her beyond words too

For she silently longs to say the words:
"I am in love with you."



Why?
by Shawn Perez



Portrait Of Senior Doctor Writing Reports
Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Why do people with good hearts die?

Why do people cry?

Why are doctors doctors if they are not going to take care of you?

Why do people with bad hearts stay alive?

But as I sit here, and as my mind talks to me, it asks:

Why are some questions never

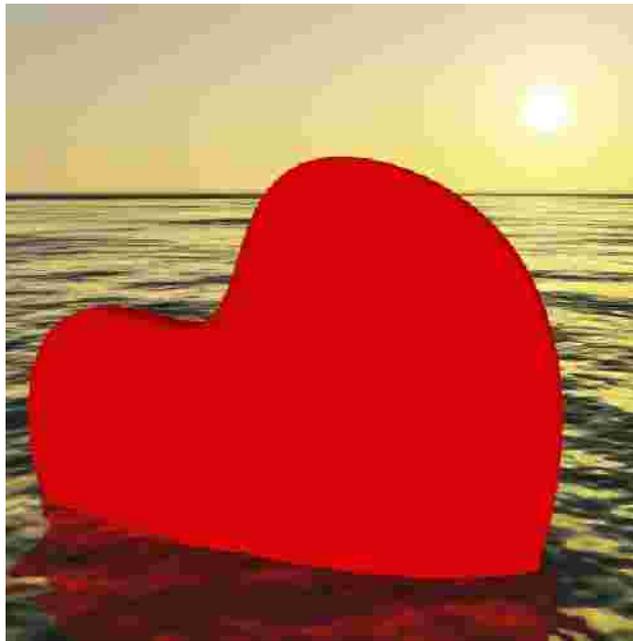
answered?

Why?



I gave you something

by Tatiana Cuevas



Heart Sinking Into Sea by Stuart Miles Photo courtesy of freedigitalphotos.net.

Being a billionaire
having everything you can ever want
the enjoyment, when everyone would stare

It's doing the most dangerous stunt
risking it all
just to get it taken away
being homeless
having nothing
practically hopeless --

all because i gave you something



Jasmine Colon

WHITE OUT

You break my heart
you act a fool
you think I'll be stuck on you
but I am not and all I do is just
cover you up in my mind
like White Out

BY: JASMINE COLON



Eduardo Juarez's mural of "El Vejigante," a Puerto Rican folkloric character, outside the IMC (library)



Mrs. Finnerty, center, Art Instructor. Her students created all of the art work displayed in this book! Left: Armando Ojeda Right: Eduardo Juarez.

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"Creatively Expressing Ourselves"