



Driftwood
D R I F T W O O D



Literary Collection 2004

DriftWood
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THE LITERARY and VISUAL ARTS MAGAZINE of



ST. THOMAS
UNIVERSITY

“Developing Leaders For Life”

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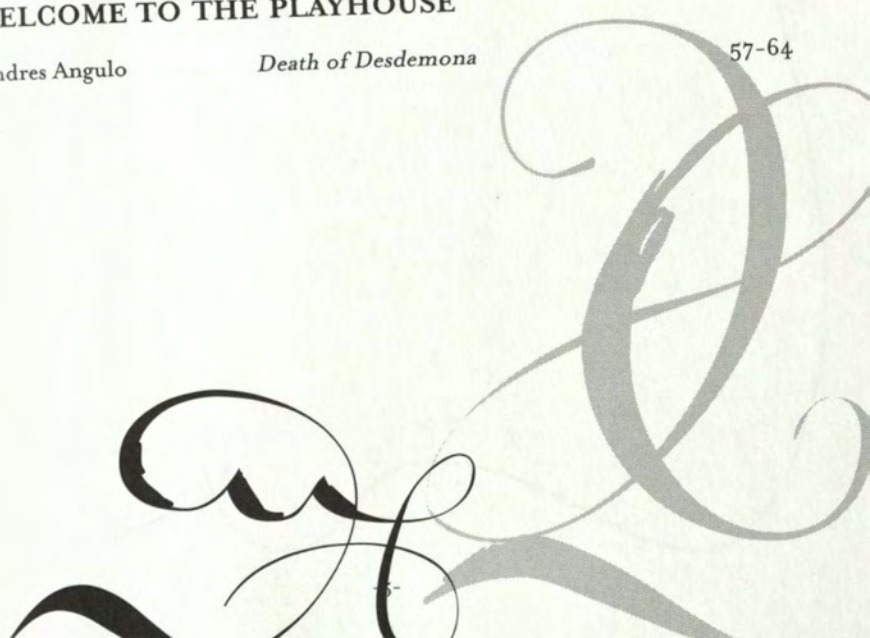
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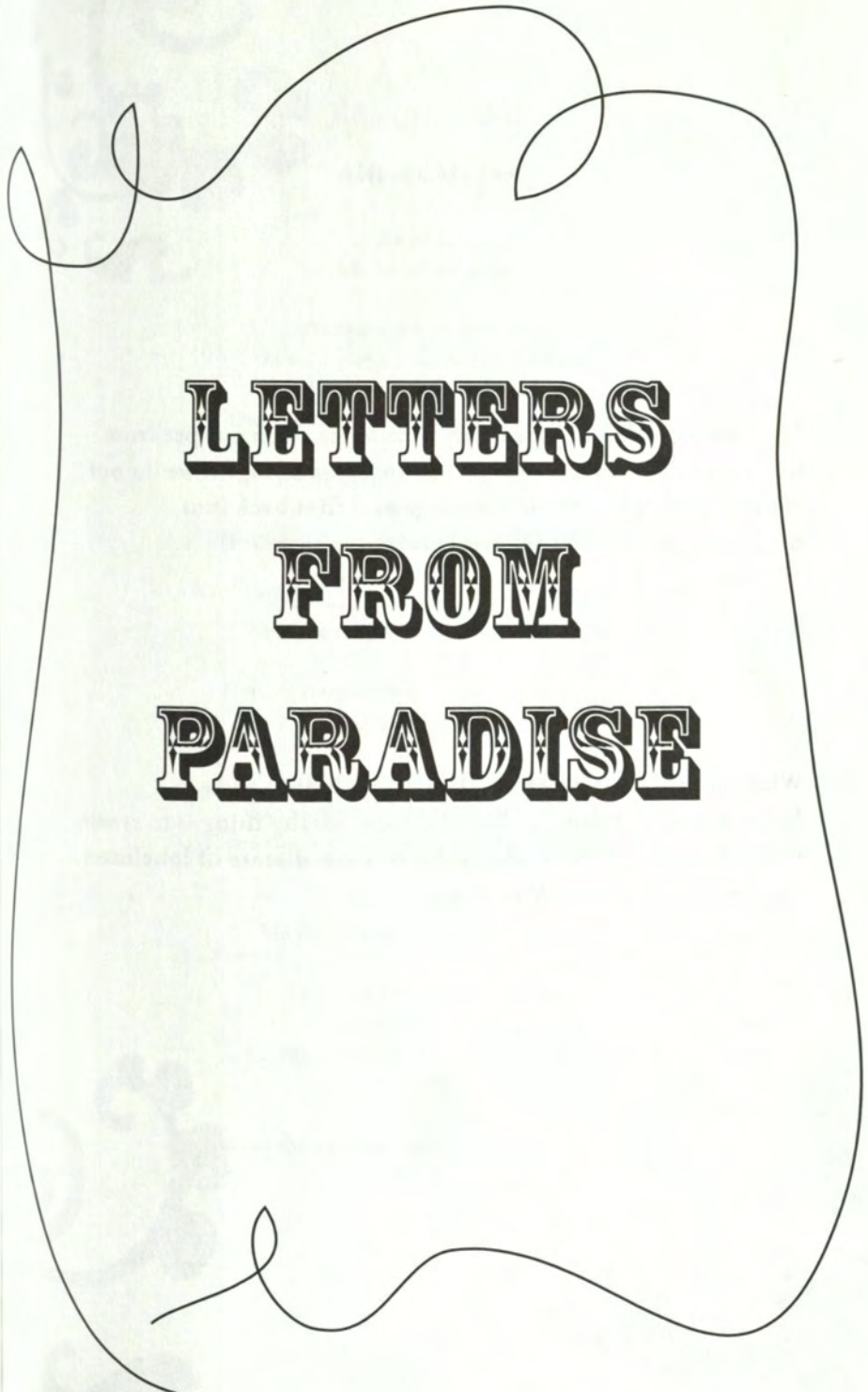
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**LETTERS
FROM
PARADISE**

"A poet is a bird of unearthly excellence, who escapes from his celestial realm arrives in this world warbling. If we do not cherish him, he spreads his wings and flies back into his homeland." -**Kahlil Gibran**

What should young people do with their lives today?
Many things, obviously. But the most daring thing is to create stable communities in which the terrible disease of loneliness can be cured. -**Kurt Vonnegut**

As we lay

Alfreca Moosa

As we lay,
My heart is racing

Pumping faster then ever
Inhaling and exhaling in and out
With our bodies together
Our love is connecting with out a doubt

We lie here thinking what if we
Never met
What would our lives be like in this decade?

Underneath his arm is where I lay
With the aroma of love all around us

Getting deeper and deeper into thoughts
I realize I love him very much

Wondering if he feels the same
He answers, right then on the spot
I love you too babe with a kiss on my mouth

Never letting go
We fell asleep in the beach house

On the island of Jamaica
Is where we lay
In our caribbean love that has lasted
Till today

Making the promise we will always be together



Rhythmical Heart

India

My love is strong.
Listen to my heart jam --- knock
Each time i see your face
My heart rocks.

Hearing your voice makes me tick- tock
You kissing me, oh don't stop
You loving me keeps my heart skipping your beat
Always falling for a seat.

When were holding one another our souls bebop.
Compassionately your body,
tap-rap
bang--clang
Only cause I keep the rhythm singing your name

My Horse

S.L.

The horse was beautiful.

As I saw it, I wanted to ride it.
I needed to ride it.

I got on his back and grabbed his reigns
I kicked at his sides and he started running.

I was breathless. Alone on my horse, At full speed, into a
startling forest. I was in a fairy-tale. I was a princess escaping
from her kingdom I was an arrow , soaring through the air

Faster and faster. And faster still!
I kicked him again and he sliced the air in two. Making just
enough room for us to slash through

I rode my stallion at full speed.
I wasn't scared. I had no time to be.

There was no room in me for anything but the moment.
Let things catch up to me later. Let me get lost. I don't care.
Let me care later.

For now, I want to forget. I want to be on my horse.

While he's still mine.





Tonight

Xela Noj

O beautiful woman, with beautiful legs
Smile at me more for I can beg.
Your smile captivates me by its draw
As it grins for me tonight.
I hear words of tomorrow,
And they hail for me, and tonight.
Your world I want to partake,
For the betterment of tomorrow.
And for the betterment of myself,
I need you here, tonight.
Drink into your poison the silhouette,
For I can stare at you, tonight

Spanish Street

Xela Noj

Ride by me and believe to not notice
Me sitting on the corner of the street
Collecting dust as the cars drive by
Collecting dirt as the rain does dry
I am just nothing...
As an old man with a helmet rides by
On an old battered scooter.
At least just he has a place.
and somewhere to go
A place where the wind flows to
As for me, I just go where the wind takes me
On the breath of ancient gods!



Dreaming of You

Marvin Estrada

As I close my eyes, I see your beautiful smile and your hair
hanging down your shoulders, shining like a star in my mind

I see myself holding you tightly as I dance slowly in this beautiful
night with your black dress.

Feeling every moment of passion as I am close,
to your tender body.

As the dim light shines above us and the music , so soft..
I have become numb.

For I close my eyes wanting to spend my whole life with you

It's Real

Alfreca Moosa

I never felt this way before
I didn't even think we would
have made it this far

Boy, you have me open
Open like a book
Ready to be touched by your fingers

That I yearn for your reading

The smell of your "Curve" aroma
make me shiver in love

Each kiss you give
Is like a breath of fresh air

That's why this time " It's Real"

For your love is amazing
Weird but amazing
creeping up on me each day

Each contact, it stays
Making it real every day



lasting love

Samantha Carratala

Our love is strong even though tainted
I always wanted one picture perfect,
But our love is real never painted
I guess in the end that made it worth it
What makes us stay together? I don't know.
With a true place in my heart forever
Like a candle this love will always glow
Like stars in the sky always together
We made so many mistakes I wonder
Would I ever be able to forgive
Each minute that passes my heart plunders
Without you I feel as if I can't live
but I hope in the end it will work out
I want this to last beyond any doubt



Aye

S.L.

Aye my love;
There's nothing much sweeter than your kisses,
and nothing much warmer than your heart.

Aye my love;
I am yours, and you are one.

Aye my love;
I love you. I miss you.

But tonight my love, it is your arms I desire. It is your voice.

What would I give for your lips to brush against my ear.

I love you my love. Bit it is your weight I want. The burden of your body...
A burden I'd so gladly bare.

Aye my love;
I am but half without you.

Aye my love;
Your words are my guide.

But it is not their content I need tonight. It is their existence.
It is their caress.

Aye my love;
My soul craves you.

But so does every inch of my body.

Them Luv Bays

Alfreca Moosa

You know how it is
When the music starts flowing
And your body starts twirking

You look to your left
And you see that .J. Boy bouncing
Body swerving
Places jerking

There's nothing left for you to do
but approach him

Words flowing
Heart pumping
Blood rushing

Then you'll begin to dance
Swerving to the reggae beat
Hands touching
Bodies in motion

Them .J. Boys has the treat

Booty shaking
And rotating

Boy can it be
He knows and you know
What's the chemistry

You never know till it hit you
That irresistible
Jamaican , Lover Boy Island ting



Uncovering Love

Marjorie Upson

When we met in that short space of time
We must have had each other in mind
When i look at you I saw the other side of me
We blended together in such harmony

Through the years we've been together
We stood by each other looking back, never!
We've had tough times, even good times too
but the love we shared always pulled us through

Though we stand here today
Celebrating the vows we made yesterday
Knowing that God had put us together
made our lives more special than ever
Of all the things that we know about
the best to know is each day we are uncovering our love



Confessions of the Heart

Djenepha Polynice

Moon light shining on the ground of the earth
My heart soaring, wondering will it be hurt again?
I think of us together some day,
but your words of doubt cast a haze.
Frowning upon the day
That we might go our separate ways,
words of knowledge inspire me,
to be more aware of what I see
In my life a rainbow appeared,
it showed me the way to be clear
In what I do and who I am
I think I found my perfect man
To look up to the sky,
and often wonder why
A path of pain behind
roads unclear
ahead
To make it through
Can i hold your hand?
Walk with my through uncertainty
Let me see what lies beneath
The outside of a man
Who has helped me understand
That everything we see
Is not always what it seems.
Take my hand
And I'll take yours
Be my land
And I'll give you courage
Feel in me what I feel inside
Feel with me what I can no longer hide
My love, it seems clear
My heart is yours from far or near



love

Samantha Carratala

Love, its what I want
it's what I crave
it's what I desire
in so many ways
Love, so innocent
so sweet and kind
if only I knew
it would destroy my mind
Love, it can't be touched, only felt
it was determined
when the cards were dealt
Love, it causes joy and happiness
along with frustration and pain
it has two sides
it cant be tamed
Love, it can't be figured out
no one will ever understand
why we will so easily
fall under its command



Unique

India

Unlike any other
I'm sole---born from my mother
Uniqueness comes by choice
Only because I have an outspoken voice
It all lies inside of me
That's why Unique is what I need to be

It's the style and grace like no other
I can always make things be discovered
Being uncommon is something rare
Therefore, there will never be a pair
Something that's so exceptional
I know that I'm wonderful

Can it be?
That I have this distinctive charm about me
I have egotism, which is incomparable
Showing others why I'm remarkable

Many try to seek my technique
Want to understand how I embrace my mystique
It's not, something I, critique
My vitality was created Unique



Untitled

Pahola Duque

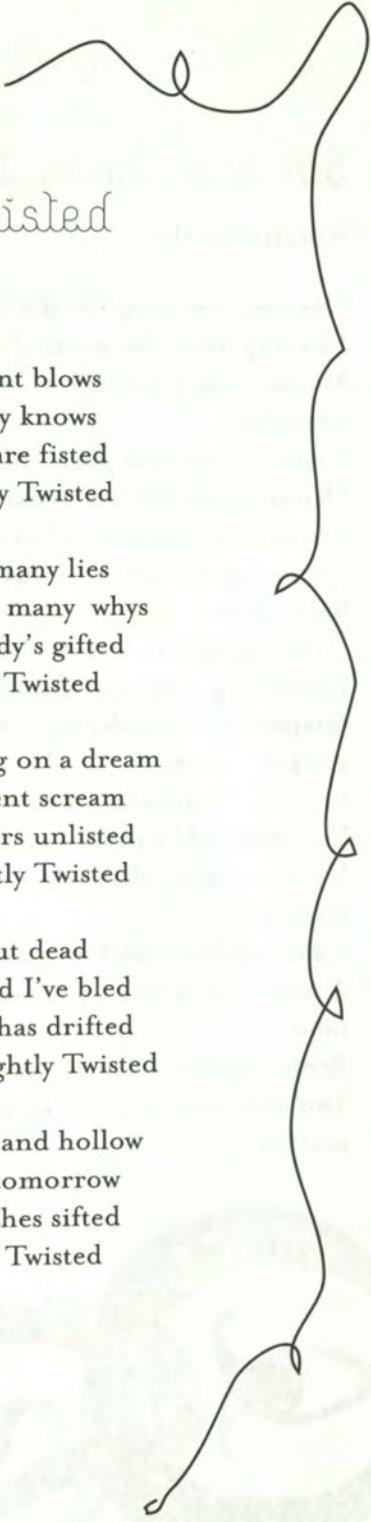
I have to stop.
Stop dreaming.
Understand that happiness is now.
Understand that life is what I make of it.
Every moment of my life can be happy with what I have
Now I have to stop waiting for something great to happen
I have to stop dreaming of that someone,
Who is going to bring happiness to my heart.

I don't have to look back.
I don't have to look forward.
All I have to do is look at today.
This moment is created for me to enjoy.
I am here to share my life with the ones I love.

Today is all I have.
Yesterday is gone and tomorrow does not exist.
Today I find that happiness is in my heart.
God gave me everything.
God gave me life.
I am satisfied.

**LETTERS
FROM
PURGATORY**





Slightly Twisted

Alex Palacios

Harsh words and violent blows
Hidden secrets nobody knows
Eyes are open , hands are fisted
Deep inside I'm Slightly Twisted

So many tricks and so many lies
Too many when's and too many whys
Nobody's special , nobody's gifted
that's just me, Slightly Twisted

Sleeping awake and choking on a dream
Listening loudly to a silent scream
call my mind, the numbers unlisted
lost in someone so Slightly Twisted

On my knees, alive but dead
look at the invisible blood I've bled
I'm not gone , my mind has drifted
Don't expect much I'm Slightly Twisted

Burnt out, wasted, empty and hollow
Today is just yesterdays tomorrow
the sun died out , the ashes sifted
I'm still here , Slightly Twisted

Staring down the barrel

Natalie Peralta

Glowing with envy for the one you choose to love
Fleeting from the whim of your indecisive corrupt nature
Maintaining a posture of complete disregard for what yesterday
brought
Eager to gain and poses the manner of significance you owe to me
Drowning in this sea of exaggeration
Yet nothing but a flood in the eyes of you, my adversary
Retaining too much of what evolved from this mental ache and
heart abuse
Grieving for the loss of what I could not see in you
Lamenting over what I could
Desperately considering my pathetic attempt at reconstructing
nature's intent
Existing as an essential element for a simple dose of malice
You only held on for a ride that landed you nowhere
My accuracy in claiming what lies ahead as a path forbidden is
obvious...
I was bait for a catch you already planned
A master of minds , you seek to flee from the one mind that matters
most
Radiating this massive light of indifference
You only hurt yourself in denying the truth that will soon come to
surface

To whom it may concern

Sharyn Bush

To whom it may concern:

I'm not supposed to love you
And not supposed to care
But every time I see you

I just cant help but stare
At those rosy- cheeks
and big blue eyes
--which for part of your face---

"It's just supposed to be dirty fun" we both said
That no matter what would happen
In the end we'll still be friends

But the way we hug and kiss
Simply mess up my head

I now need time off
To cry alone and pray,
to the Lord for forgiveness
For laying in your bed

And every time I see you, I must remind myself
----it was simply just a game
And every time I see you, I must remind myself
----it was simply just a game
And that no matter what happened
----we said "we" still be friends."



Untitled

S.L.

Tiles and words and numbers
A board some markers....
A lot of talking

The pencil scarring the paper
Edging and bleeding on the blue lines.

no sleep , lot's of coffee
My friends laughing, my singing

My bag pulling me to the ground.
My nooks tearing my bag pulling me to the ground.
The words weighing my book's tearing my bag pulling me to the ground.

my cigarette resting between my fingers.
Floating to my lips, filling my lungs with fire that wakes me up for class.

So many people... So many smiles..
And hellos and hugs and kisses and handshakes and laughter...
So much yelling and jumping and dancing.
So many eyes.

All eyes.. So much to take in.

X's and Y's and quotes and pages and tests or exams or quizzes and
homework or practice and papers or essays with grades which are numbers
or letters and averages and GPA's and passwords and student Id's or social
security numbers..

Thank God for the weekend

Bewilder

Marvin Estrada

Goodness is in your heart
and your soul
And as time passes by
all you receive is painful memories
And you wonder if it's worth it ; being good
As tears fall into your eyes for the search of yourself
and reality



Eggplant

Michael Jacobson

Although she is possessed now by the tomb,
Her presence still clings to me.
Due to the fact that her odor,
Has impaired my nostrils forever.

The key to my will to procreate,
Is forever buried under six feet.
Along with my will to risk,
Another commitment ending too soon.

Her cancer was devastating to us both,
Since our hopes were laid firmly.
That we would allow our generations,
To intermingle with one another.

Beneath that pelvic area,
Laid her woes and sufferings.
As she wrestled with life,
In more ways than one.
I know where she is,
The light both can and cannot penetrate.
But I confide my hope,
In these plants on her bed.

After reexamining man's physical structure,
We have a say in our contribution.
To this endless cycle of life,
Copied from God's very garden.
These pistils may very well carry her essence.



I miss

Denise Ramos

I miss the look in your eyes when you looked at me
the smell of your cologne
the way you caressed my body and looked deeply
into my eyes

I miss the feel of your body
the walks along the beach at night
the absence in my bed
the way you'd annoy me when you tapped on the steering
wheel

I miss the romantic gifts
our times alone
the way we'd look into each other's eyes and know exactly
what we were telling each other

I miss the way you'd coach me on
the way we'd play with each other's hair
the touch of your rough hands
the way you'd say everything would be okay

I miss your smile
laying my head on your chest
watching you sleep
the way you'd tell me how happy i made you

I miss your massages
the way I'd play with the back of your neck while you were
driving
the way you'd tell me I'd taken over your mind and heart

But most of all...

I miss the sound in your voice when you told me:
I love you



Play the Game Right!

Janette Zamora

Watching the time go by,
Seeing another pop- up fly,
I glance to my right
and out of nowhere a light so bright,
hit my like a fly in the sky
Noticing your features
I look away and face the bleachers
Why did I have to look?
Why did I have the eyes to see?
Why couldn't the stadium lights blind me?
I guess it was too late
We finally reached home base
And this disgust and disgrace
is written all over my face
I could have bunted and run
to first base
But no! i took the change
and took the sacrifice.
Why was I so dumb and stupid
I could have avoided this pitch
But no! I swung and I missed
With no one there to back me up,
I knew I was done and over.
Sit me on the bench
Let me think of what I did
I know what happened was not a good move.
It's for us to see and no one to know.
What happened here is between you and me!



Inconvenience

Marvin Estrada

I can't live this life
Without you by my side
For you fill that empty
Space in my life
And if I ever hurt you
Forgive me
For my heart will break
Into pieces
to see you cry
Realizing how much I need you
And how happy you make me feel
with your love.



Sharyn Bush

Should I love thee?
Should I hate thee?
Should I slap you, scream or cry?

Should I tell my friends and family
How I really feel inside
How impossible it is to live with a man
Who makes your mother cry
How cruel this world is
How vain we all are

There is so many people dying
And all we think about is "Gas"

How our soldiers keep trying,
--Fighting without a plan
How our commander in chief
Keeps giving excuses
---To justify his acts

How the first lady sits there
---Simply watching for a far
Allowing this to happen
---while she's having a good time.

Oh yes, it's that again
Every four years is back
With new promises and strategies
To improve our economy, our way of life

Should I go and make a difference?
---Should I stand back and watch
Or is it a trap used by politicians
---to make us fall for their act?

You've heard what I've said so far
---Would you go and take a stand?
Whatever you decide to do
--you better think twice!

For once you've marked the box , it's final
you can't take it back
You might of just elected someone who might end up
Altering your life.

NOTES FROM
THE
UNDERGROUND



life is a prison

Alex Palacios

Life is a prison ,
Oh God let me out
No one to listen,
To hear when you shout.

Climb the walls of insanity,
ride the waves of despair
If you fall it won't matter,
There's no one to care.

Used to wish for a window,
To see birds, trees and the sky
but you're better without one
Stops aiming you too high

Watching freedom is painful,
For those locked away.
Seeing joy, love and happiness
Another price that you pay

Strong is good, weak is bad.
be it false, be it true
Your mind makes the choice
And enforces it too.

Cell walls built by society ,
With rules to adhere.
If you breach the acceptable
You had better beware.

Hide the pain, carry on
Routine is the key
Don't let on that you're not,
What you're pretending to be.

Lock it all up inside you ,
How badly that bodes.
Look out for the day,
When it all just explodes.

Leaving naught but a shell,
Base functionality too.
But killing all else,
That was uniquely you.
So how do you grow,
With a time bomb inside?



The Judge

S.L

Hi. I am the weakest and most gullible person I know. There is this very famous saying that we humans always repeat to ourselves: Learn from your mistakes.

Do it. Listen to it. Especially if the first time around is very painful. I didn't do that, and now, I don't know what the hell to do with myself.

I fell in love once, and for a few brief moments, I was the happiest person on earth. The joy love brings is incomparable to any other. There is no better wonder than that of being in love with a person that loves you back.

How scary it is to be broken hearted! A pain you never knew existed.

I swore and swore and swore. Never will I render myself through that ordeal again. Never will I stand in front of that judge.

That judge that looks down on you. His gaze traveling through his thick glasses, over his wrinkled nose and straight into our chest. That gaze made out of fire. That gaze that brings the worst out of you, out of the world out of your life.

That horrid, horrid judge that never fails to show you how pathetic and unnecessary you are; how easy it is for one to get rid of you; how dispensable you are in the world, in your country, in your town, within your friends; and in your heart.

That judge has a down slanted mouth. That judge has spotted skin and biddy eyes. That judge encompasses all that is despair.

when you reconcile with your punishment, you swear you will never ever see that judge again. You will never give him the chance to mock you like that. That judge....Time passes by, strokes your hair and fills your mind. Time...Times and its faithful clouds. Clouds that float and hide your past. Clouds that weaken your sensibility.

I fell in love again.

It's different now. Now it's love. Again. No, not again. This time it's different. HaHa...

This time it's real. As real as last time.

You quiet your senses and give way to that beautiful feeling you had missed so much. I did. I was in love again. Ah the peace and excitement, clashing against each other. Endless, beautiful dance of water and fire. An inner battle is so sweet to the heart.

A storm that engulfs you and drags you out of your world, out of your misery. It drags you into a fantasy land. It casts blind on you. Bye-bye. Hypnotized? Wake up! It lets go and you land. You land hard. I landed so hard I had to wait for my breath to come flying back to me.

I opened my eyes and looked at the judge.

Hi, I'm back again.

he laughed! That bastard. He laughed in my face. he knew I'd be back. So dumb, so gullible.

Different, huh? This time is different? Every time is different....

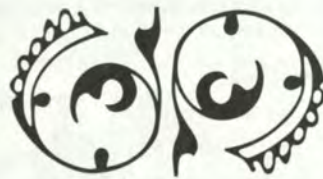
Why not...I sigh and start to cry again.

All over again. You are worthless, you are nothing, you are alone...

You are alone... OK, I got it. I wipe my tears and walk away.

I swear to myself. Never again. Never again will I see that judge.

Right?



Mourning Star

Natalie Peralta

Warped time zones set me in an unsettled mode
My timing on everything is dysfunctional
Words escape my mouth before crossing my mind

Curious of what might occur,
My next step is death

Every morning I wake with a new way to cope
Trapped in a time frame I've never outgrown
Thoughts of alleviation cross my mind--
Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow.

Plastered smiles of an unforgiving past
I'm taken back by my life's abrupt turns
Wishing to conceal my dreams of misfortune
I'm avoiding the truth behind all of this

Warm embraces cross my path daily with no denial
I've always longed for happiness in that
My heart is thrown in and out of the lives of others
Perhaps I might admit it was never there at all

A fool to confide everyday into my own hands
i'm not powerful enough to convince myself I am human

The beauty of the skies great spaces
Entraps my souls longing for freedom.

Slowly I'm realizing that my being doesn't belong
A presence that obstructs the happiness of others:

My soul is longing to receive an answer for its torment
I would give anything to be alive

It's not easy to evade the fact that I am not what anyone wants

Laem on a Egg Night

Jennifer Sanders

Man can easily be hypnotizing
Stunning.

A drug.

Seduction is the silent sin that you embrace
Cup it in your hand and pretend to be saved.

Like a needle, you infect me.

Addiction is hell on earth

How dare I not resist the demon they call man

How dare I not resist myself.

A drug.

You are creating an illusion

And I am hypnotized

dirty lies.

You are a hallucinogen

Addiction!

I strike you!

Knock you down!

I cannot

Will not

Make you what i need.

Loneliness is the lie

You are the deceiver

I am the believer in many ways

But now it's time for you to die

Be crushed!

Die!

Sin!

Die!

Dear Uncle Sir ~ Sir Uncle

Laen Reeves

The love you make is equal to what?

Dear Uncle Sir:

I disagree with you terribly.

Yes, terribly, because you have forgotten reality
and what is terrible

is the reality;

and I really

wish you were right.

Maybe the equal exchange exists

in Heaven between immortals;

But here on earth,

the balance is shoddy;

But here on earth,

the passionate patriot

the patriot of passion

marches alone;

Her cup overfloweth and needeth equality

Yet, the singular human can never return

not half nor whole-

never whenever.

Love is the element.

The one who loves more must always know God

to make up for the cracked heart

straining the watered- down unequal;

The greatest of human hearts may never be for me

for I churneth over and die each time,

Every time.

Dear Sir Uncle:

You bungled a bundle

Love is the answer to the empty earthen cup

but it is not human nor earthly matter at all.

Equal, No.

Never

So my drum beats on until there is more than what is here;

Until I find the singular who only art in Heaven

Let me Be. Alone.

Nothing left to do but hate you

S.L.

Nothing left to do but hate you
Funnily enough, I really did love you...Did?

I loved your sweetness. I loved your skin.

I loved your smile above all.

I loved your arms.

I loved your voice.

I even loved your weakness.

I was so ready for your weakness. Your vulnerability is what lured me in.

You were alone, you needed help. I jumped in and grabbed your hand.

You loved me for that, didn't you...I know you did.

I was strong and pulled you up.

I was strong, for me, for you, for us.

I was so strong. I pursed my lips and squinted.

I pursed my lips and pushed you on.

I then stood smiling as you marched proudly.

First with my hand in yours, and then alone.

I clapped my hands, and cried with glee.

Yes! you were back on top!

But wait!

I called out to you as you kept walking. Wait! You kept walking.

I watched you march off.

I lost my step and fell.

I cried and watched and cried and yelled

and cried and hurt and begged and cried

and cried and cried and cried

Oh well I sighed.

You didn't turn back. No thank you, no goodbye.

You left me on the floor. Exhausted. So tired.

I gave you everything, all my strength.

Now I'm on the floor.

No one to hold my hand....

I loved you. I did. Now, I see you...I do. I really see you!

Nothing left to do but hate.

Dad

Samantha Carratala

You left when I needed you most
You left just when we were getting close
Maybe it was my fault for not letting you know
Maybe it was my fault for letting you go
I didn't say a word
At the time everything was blurred
Then I blinked
I didn't have time to think
Before I knew it
I had to admit
That you went away
No matter how much I wanted to say
I always knew
That you
Never stopped loving me
This I will always see
But things are different now
I'm not sure how
But I know you need me
On this we can agree
I want you to know that I'm here for you dad
Please don't be sad
Please don't cry
Please don't say goodbye

Thing

J. Harvey

It haunts me
through the night and day
It haunts me
and won't go away
It stalks me
as it tastes my fear
It stalks me
from there to here
It hurts me
killing me in my dreams
It hurts me
living off my screams
It taunts me
teasing me like prey
It taunts me
every single day
It loves me
to hate it back
It loves me
when my mind attacks
It needs me
to quench it's thirst
It needs me
to be it's first
It craves me
It likes the taste of my blood
It craves me
like the weak animal that I am
It takes me
to its unholy domain
It takes me
to my bonds of shame
Can't you see?
This terrible thing
.....is me.

Dear Sir

Sharyn Bush

It's 2:13 A.M.
And I sit here in my bed
Wondering if you miss me
Or if you even care

I imagine that you wonder
How long my hair is
Or if I look more like mom
Like people tend to say

Hey there,
Did you forget?
You have a daughter
Who you never raised

It's been nearly 12 years
Since I'd chosen to forget
But lately you face haunts me
Before I go to bed

I still can't figure out why you never came to get me
Why I sat there waiting
Crying by the stairs

I know one day I'll see you
But I won't know what to say
----won't know what to call you
----or if I'll walk away

I thought I'd fixed things
By putting you away
In an empty picture box
Which still sits on the night stand
----right next to my bed

I haven't mentioned your name in the
----last 12 years
Thinking the sorrow would past
But the pain is still there

I wonder if you're emotional
Or too, chosen to forget
I guess only God knows
When we shall meet again.



Dear

Samantha Carratala

You make my blood boil
You make my skin itch
You make my bones coil
You make my body twitch
You make my world spin
You make my days long
You always win
You're never wrong
You make my mind ache
You make my nerves burn
You make my smile fake
You make my stomach churn
You make my heart bend
You make my soul crack
You made my love end
And that's a fact.

Excerpt from the Book of Ranjin

Chp. IV The Warlords

Xela Noj

I had no heart nor spirit, so my wings quickly paced,
Unsuspected when to be cast into the sulfuric lake.
As I stood on the cliff of heaven's peak,
I looked over the city of gold and smelled how it reeked.
My gown of white pearl, and wings with morning dew,
The air through my hair reminded me how less than few
We were, the chosen race, to be the gods to mankind
And the judges to this human race.
I held my spear with a golden arrow tip,
And my white gold shield that hung around my hip.
My eyes black, for it wasn't with them that I saw
The turmoil that ate the world raw.....



Excerpt from the Book of Ranjin:

The Intermission

Xela Noj

At times my vagueness might complicate,
Yet I'm trying to tell the time and differentiate
Between the past, present and future debates
Is it you are confused how this all correlates...
I depict the vision from the watchtower and begin to paint
The images before the eyes that see,
I force you not to read, yet continue with eyes that bleed
Do you find yourself in need of a new beginning?
Do you find yourself intrigued in the lost meaning?
It was then that the prophecy was, the man beast cried
It is now when the demon men will die.
The third hundred year were the screams from the desert
Post a thousand years in when the child became of her
The images of what I perceive
Melt in front of my eyes as the image bleeds...
Runs down straight on through, the paper of my existence
From which supposed reality is so true





Warhead

Natalie Peralta

Since the news of the war, my left eye began to twitch.
I heard girls crying for the souls of their lovers.
I couldn't because I knew I couldn't lose something that wasn't there.
I had a form of contempt for them because they sat here hundreds of miles away mourning and hoping for justice to be served--for their benefit.

[And they will sit like wading ducks, our victims, waiting to be preyed upon.]

We lost innocent souls to differences of opinion and we will dwell on them and take souls of our own.
However, not to compensate for what we lost but to remind us of our own strength, woe to this world.
When we return from this viscous slaughter,
we will show what we retrieved from our journey to our loyal business partners and discuss their marketing price.
And please let God bless the immigrants that fight to bring their children from the countries they love so much to America.
But what about the Haitian children?
Where is the war on compassion?
Why isn't anyone fighting for them?
I suppose they believe them to be exports, just something that might ripen better in its native soil, right? Right.
We can ship them in when it is to our convenience and make them illegal if we are threatened by their power.
How splendid is the foundation our nation is built on?

I'm adamant in my belief that we as Americans in this free world have allowed our logical reasoning to be clouded with our far too dramatic excuse of emotions.
The same emotions that drive us to save our neighbors children from harm but bow down to the warhead and pay for his weapons,
The same weapons that are positioned to massacre innocent families in a community of their own.
But we won't stand and unite under peace, no,
we will stay home and pop some pop corn and sit in the comfort of our homes and watch the demise of the human races dignity and sincerity on the television.

Ah, the television, who would ever doubt this undeniable divinity that rules the minds of many,
The mindless box we mistake for intellect.
So heavenly we are, the deities of our economy .
The media made this war and we are the puppets that will play out the victory scene.
We will parade the streets dancing to our nations war song.

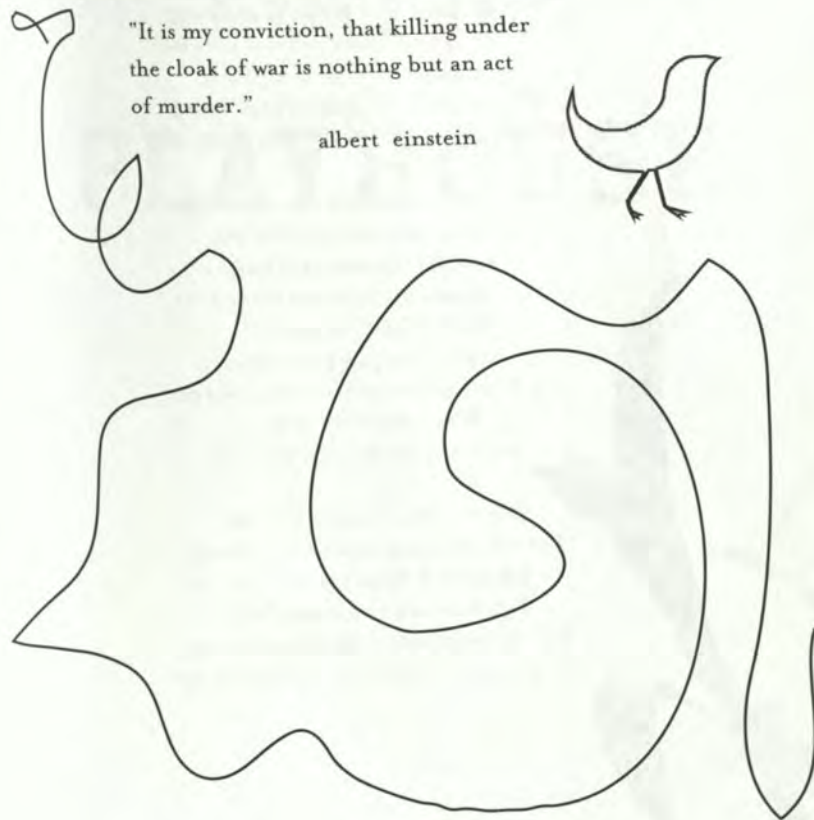
Dum..dee.dee.Dum.dee.dee.dum-dum.....BOOM!

Here we will be last standing wrapped in our pride and the blood of our prey.

Amen I say to you, this world is hell.

"It is my conviction, that killing under the cloak of war is nothing but an act of murder."

albert einstein



Mame

J. Harvey

Oh, I remember, how you hurt me
broken bones and swollen cheeks
and the names, oh they really hurt
Oh, I remember how you abused me
the bloodstains on the floor
and the epon salt galore
Oh, I remember how you killed me
belittled me and made me low
treated me like the dog I thought I was

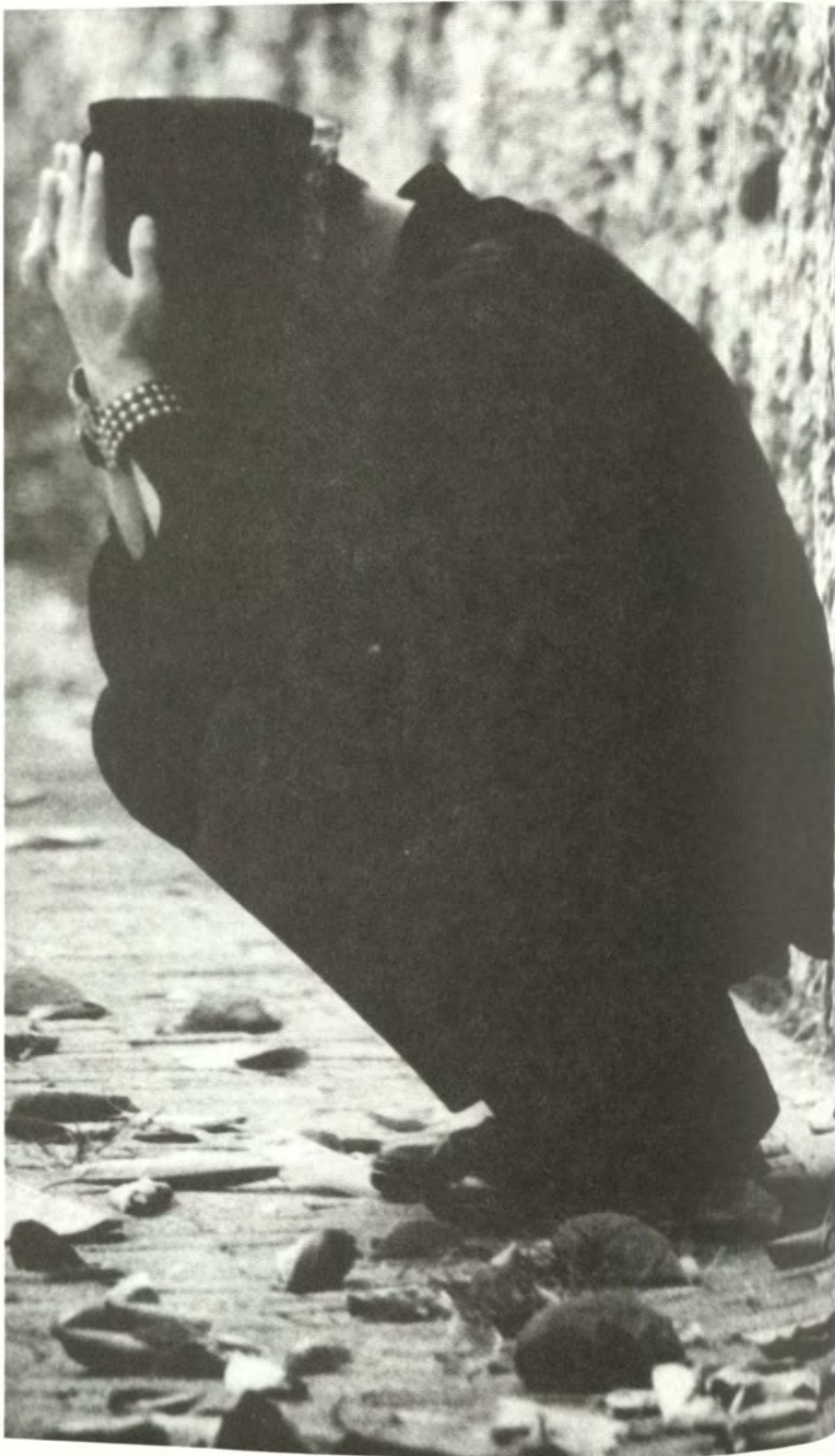
Hit me once and it's my fault
Hit me twice and somethings wrong
Hit me again I know you still love me
Hit me once and its my fault
Hit me twice and somethings wrong
Hit me again I know you still mame me

Oh, I remember how you hate me
swollen eyes and terrible lies
and the lips they still hurt
Oh, I remember how you abused me
said "I love you honey"
really I was just your slave
Oh, I remember how you maimed me
fallen down the stairs
swallowed by my own despair

Hit me once and it's my fault
Hit me twice and somethings wrong
Hit me again I know you still love me
Hit me once and its my fault
Hit me twice and somethings wrong
Hit me again I know you still mame me

WELCOME TO THE PLAYHOUSE





Death of Desdemona

Andres Angulo

Narrator:

Steve and Charlotte wake up in their home.
Steve's older brother, Mark, is outside cutting the yard

Steve:

(yawning) Why is that idiot making all that noise outside?

Charlotte:

Steve, leave him alone, you know he likes to get up early and get an early start on cutting the yard.

Steve:

Ya, but does he have to do it at 7:00 in the morning!
I guess I might as well get up and get ready for work.

Charlotte:

Why do you bother him, he is a good guy and our house looks great thanks to him.

Steve:

I don't want to hear it. You always defend him; he is a disaster.
He has been to jail 3 times in 10 years, and I know he is my older brother, but I just don't trust him. I've seen the way he looks at you, he has no respect for me.

Charlotte:

Steve, he was released almost 10 years ago. He has improved so much. I wish you would give him another chance.

Steve:

Ya, ya, whatever my Kitty,, I'm going to get ready for work (trips over a shoes). You would think as much money as we pay Carmen, she could at least clean up a little.

NARRATOR

Charlotte pops a pill in her mouth and leans back on the sofa.

CHARLOTTE

Whatever Steve, God you really know how to make me mad,
why do you like to get me mad?

STEVE

My brother is such an idiot! (laughs) Sorry Honey, I just hate it
when you two are together. I know something is going on.

NARRATOR

Charlotte lies motionless on the sofa. She suddenly starts to
shake and tremble.

STEVE

Honey, Charlotte what's wrong? Charlotte? Stop shaking
and answer me! Carmen, come quick something is wrong!

NARRATOR

Carmen puts down her mop and runs into the living room

CARMEN

What's going on? What happened?

STEVE

I don't know! We were just watching TV and talking
and look at her now.

CARMEN

We need to call an ambulance!

STEVE

Do it, now (grabs the phone and hands it to Carmen)

CARMEN

Hello, yes we have an emergency, send an ambulance right away!
(pause) My boss, she shaking all over I don't know what's wrong!

:Scene Two:

NARRATOR

Steve leaves for work. Charlotte walks downstairs to the pool
to sit in the sun, where Mark is fixing the noisy lawn mower.

CHARLOTTE

Hey Mark, how is it going?

MARK

Good, if only I could get this old lawn mower
to stop making so much noise.

CHARLOTTE

Oh that old thing! (laughs) Why don't you just throw it
out and buy a new one. You know we have the money.

MARK

Ya, well thanks, but I would rather fix it. I don't see the need
to just throw away money. It is just a little noisy. Maybe if
Steve wasn't so spoiled this wouldn't be a problem at all.

CHARLOTTE

Hush up Mark! You and Steve have nothing good to say about
each other. You two are making my life impossible. Steve is
suspicious about why I defend you so much and it doesn't help
that you tried to kiss me that night. I'm so stressed, have you
seen my pills today? I think I left them around here.

MARK

(giving her the bottle) Here they are. I wouldn't take so many of them.
They aren't good for you. Don't worry about Steve, he loves you
to death and would never ask you if you were being unfaithful.

CHARLOTTE

(laughs) Whatever! He better not find out. I love him so
much too. I don't want to hurt him, and what happened
between us will never happen again.

MARK:

(laughing) You're right, fine. I'll leave you alone.

Narrator:

Charlotte takes another pill and falls asleep by the pool.
Mark goes back to fixing the lawn mower.

:SCENE THREE:

NARRATOR

Later that night, Mark and Carmen (the maid) are enjoying drinks in the guesthouse.

CARMEN

(taking a sip of her drink)
God , I can't stand Miss Charlotte, she was so demanding today. I didn't even get a single break.

MARK

Don't let her get to you.
Soon enough she will be out of our way.

CARMEN

So what is the hold up? Do it already!

MARK

Shh, not so loud, don't worry, soon enough everything will be just as we planned. Soon enough I will have my brother right where I want him. It's his time to suffer. He has been spoiled his whole life, but soon he will get a nice taste of reality.

CARMEN

Well, I can drink to that!

(Both make a toast with their drinks)

:Scene Four:

NARRATOR

Steve and Charlotte are sitting in the living room, watching television. Steve is having his usual whisky and Charlotte is not acting like herself.

CHARLOTTE

(laughing) honey, get my pills in the kitchen.

STEVE

(handing Charlotte her pill bottle)
Here, catch! (He sits next to her)

CHARLOTTE

(flips bottle over) This bottle is empty. Steve, honey can you please go into the kitchen in the lower cabinet and get another bottle that is full.

STEVE

All right, all right, I'm going, but you really need to relax with all those pills you have been taking. You go through a bottle a day. I know the doctor didn't tell you to take that much.

NARRATOR

Steve walks into the kitchen, opens a drawer and finds the pill bottle.

STEVE

Here you go my kitty.

CHARLOTTE

(opens pill bottle) Don't worry about me Steve. Don't forget you and Mark both drink too much.

STEVE

Mark , you always talk about him, where is he anyway? Well, I guess its better that he hasn't bothered me all day, that low life.

STEVE

(moving Charlotte on the floor)
Honey, Kitty what's wrong, talk to me!

:SCENE FIVE:

NARRATOR

The ambulance arrives but Charlotte has stopped moving and lies motionless on the floor. Steve is sitting next to her. Paramedics do everything they can but nothing is working. They decide to take her to the hospital but she is pronounced dead on the way.

POLICE OFFICER

(speaking to Carmen) Ma'am, I know you are upset right now but I need to ask you a few questions. Now, exactly what were you doing when Charlotte started to overdose?

MARK

Excuse me, but I don't think she is really ready to answer any questions, I mean, we just found out she dies.

POLICE OFFICER

I understand, I just need her to tell me what Steve Taylor and Charlotte Taylor were doing when Charlotte died.

CARMEN

(crying) I don't know. She was in the living room.

MARK

(interrupting) I think I can tell you; Carmen has been through so much. (Police Officer looks up at Mark) They were in the living room watching television, Steve was having a drink and Charlotte was relaxing by the couch. Lately she has been taking these pills (hands the bottle to the officer) to deal with some depression she has been having. I don't know what they were really for, and she never told me. That is all that happened.

Now if you could leave us alone for a little while I think

Carmen needs some rest.

POLICE OFFICER

Fine, I will have to talk to your brother. He is at the hospital. See you later ma'am, sir. (He walks out and Mark and Carmen are left alone)

CARMEN

What happened? Did you have anything to do with this?

MARK

Shh. hush now go to bed, I have no idea what happened tonight, but I will explain everything soon.

:SCENE SIX:

NARRATOR

Steve walks into his house that night alone. Mark is in the kitchen waiting on the police officer and Carmen. They are both in Carmen's room.

STEVE

(running and attacking Mark) You! You, it's all your fault. You made me do it, you bastard!

MARK

(pushing Steve out of the way)
What are you talking about, what did you do?

STEVE

I killed her!

MARK

(slapping his brother) What do you mean you killed her, she overdosed on her pills.

STEVE

No she didn't. I poisoned her. I couldn't take it. I knew you two were having an affair and I knew I would lose her!

CARMEN

(looking at Steve) What are you talking about? Miss Charlotte didn't want anything to do with Mark. He's my lover, not hers!

NARRATOR

Steve looks up at Mark and sees Carmen and the police officer standing behind him. Mark looks at his brother with a smile on his face.



Driftwood
D R I F T W O O D

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