





Do Not  
Chain  
Bikes to  
Fence

Not Responsible for  
removed or damaged  
bicycles.

NJTPD

We that  
have done  
and thought,  
that have  
thought and done  
must ramble  
and thin out like  
milk spilt on a stone.  
-W.B. Yeats

Spilt  
Milk  
2010

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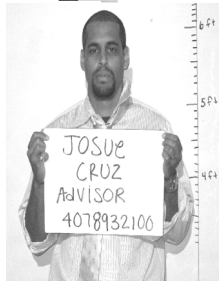
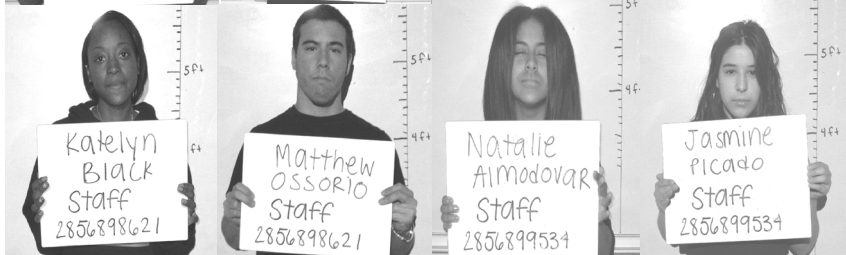
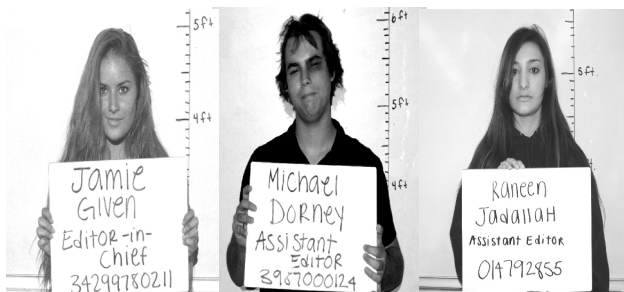
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Cover Photo: Jamie Given

Footers created throughout the  
year in the creative writing class.

# Spilt Milk Staff



**3** IMPORTANT! Distrust the murderous Daisy's light temperance.

# On Shuffle

"Let the drummer kick," he whispers to himself as the Evil Women's hips sway, enchanting his open eyes. She was once a Young Folk, telling him things she had done before. She asks if he knows her story word for word.

"Amber," he says, "launching a thousand ships in my heart."

She smiles from the inside out and wishes she had a Mango Tree. He asks to have her.

"Wasted," she says. She can't see clearly she describes as she wipes her fingers across her eyes.

"Breathe, he says, "Just breathe."

"F@%k my dreams." She says as she slops down in the lawn chair across from him.

"Another day," he says as a coy smile rolls along his lips. She blushes. He pours himself a glass of white wine and she takes a sip before he could bring it to his lips.

"The more things seem to

change, the more things stay the same." She says then she takes a deep breath.

He looks out to the party, a sea of limbs moving at odd angles to a constant "tum, tum," of sound.

"It's a shoreline." He says as he continues to watch the rise and fall, "It goes at half speed."

"Que tengo que hacer?" She says watching him. He looks back at her, she looks away; he exhales with a smile.

"Save that drama for another day." He says as he takes a sip of wine. She cocks her head at him and raises her left eyebrow.

"The world is a ghetto." He recovers, sputtering on the heavy wine, kicking down the wrong side of his throat.

"Smoggy eyed." She nods approvingly, looking at him, trying not to smile.

He puts a hand on her chin.



Daniella de la Riva



Daniella de la Riva

"Girl, keep ya' head up," he says with a tiny smile, barely bold enough to rush the levy's. She blushes slightly and rests her face in his palm.

"In the summer time when the weather is fine." He says. She laughs loudly as she picks her face out of his hand. She sips some more of his wine, lips are, leaving behind a red hue from her faded red lips. She whispers something he can't hear.

"Voodoo Child." She repeats.

"Yea, he chopped a mountain down with the edge of his hand." He answers.

"I got a lot of weed," says a third, stumbling along into their conversation.

"Sapphire and faded jeans," he sings as a strip of pink enlaces his auburn eyes.

"Never know," she says to the first boy, laughing, as the third picks up a stone and pockets it, singing: "Slippin' into darkness."

"Ashes," the first says chuckling.

"Even after all," she says as she watches the stone carrying boy stumble along towards the Tum ,Tum's.

"You know I love you, so and so." He says watching her vacant stare. She looks at him seriously.

"Even after all?" she asks.

"Beggin' you," he says smiling. "Evil Woman." He added with a slight wink.

She leans into him; close enough to smell the wine pirouetting from his mouth. Her heart beats faster than the Tums.

"No such thing." She whispers as she spins on her heel and sways away.

He watches her disappear behind limb after limb.

"Woah, My Woman," he smiles, and takes a sip from the wine glass where a shade of her lips still linger.

- Daniella de la Riva

# Our Endless Staircase

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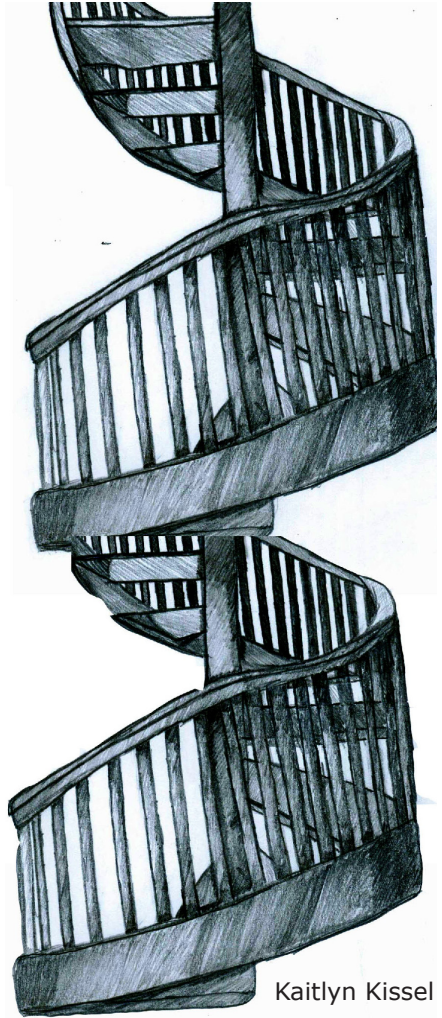
I sometimes glimpse  
The folds  
Of her white dress -  
There she is  
Always one flight away  
But still so far  
For me to catch her eyes

Tense hands grip the railing  
As I round the end of each set  
And rising with my knee  
Is a resolve to step once more

Endless and  
Hopeless, the torment  
Of not being able to feel  
to love  
paints the stairwells black

I skip steps  
With each hint of her smile  
Yet how quickly can  
A fleeting smile  
Change to a bowed head?

Suspended between love  
we falter along and  
Dream of a last  
step



Kaitlyn Kissel

- *Michael Dorney*

# The Crowning of a Beast

Breathe freedom!

Defeat the turbulent storm found in the winding path;  
But with what sword if I'm defenseless,  
Swallowed by a hollow well with anguish as food-

The wind, o restless wind! How dare you spare blazing hearts,  
And let them shatter into the winter waters!  
Flesh and blood roll along the dirt without hesitation,  
As not to burn another second,

To prepare for your unattractive arrival onto the throne.  
Ambitious gold weighs down to the heart to  
metamorphize it to black stone.

In vain, the filthy floor of your existence is kissed, and  
Scalps of deep repentance bathed in mourning water-  
O, glorious shrine! Where have your golden eyes perished?

- *Natalie Almodovar*



Sharon Matamoros

# Workin' Da' Corner

It's been bout two months since my daddy done throw me out da house. Man, I gotta live up in a janitor's closet. It smells like crap up in der. Dey be a rat up in der too. I call him Lacoози, I talk to him sometime, he be my best friend. Chin my otha best friend but he also my baby daddy. He ait. But I gotta get my own money coz he ain't da providin' type. He just be one of dem boys that love you and kiss you but dats it! Man, lovin' ain't gonna feed my belly, woman gotta work! So dats why I stay posted up on da 54 street market. I ain't got nothing. And da only hope round dis hood is dis here Obama mural.

It be nighttime, and cars be driving slow. My next client comin in like ten minutes. Dese mens like dem girls wit big bellies coz dey know dey can't knock dem up, coz we already pregnant. Damn look at me in dese Beyonce heels tryna' look all cute; it makes running from da popos so hard. My life be hard tho I ain't funna gunna lie, it be hard. I ain't got no support, otha than chin, sometimes dem kisses just ain't enough. I can draw tho. You can see my designs sometimes at da corner store. But I ain't going nowhere ain't nobody gonna buy my better den rockawear fashions.

Chin got one though, mhmm he gonna be one of dem mattmaticians. You know addin' and stuff wit dem numbers. He one of dem smart Asians. He always says he gonna take me wit em' when he get dat flow, but I know wassup, yeah. He ain't gonna take me no where, no how. I'ma stay up on dis corner just walkin' and waitin' for dem mens to come, drivin' slow.

All dem be yellin' "Quantasha Johnson, Quantasha Johnson, damn girl you look soo good, how much can I get you for?" Nah, I don't mind tho. I kinna' like it, dem mens make me feel sexy. Chin don't know tho, he sometime ask me how I get dat flow. I just tell em I steal. He don't like dat, he thinks it ain't what ladies 'pose to do. I tol' him "boy, a lady gotta do what a lady gotta do."

One thing ain't nobody get is why I dint get no abortion. Dey be tellin' me "you wouldn't have gotten kicked out of DASH." You know all dem white counselor people. But you know what? Da way I see it is, dat you, Obama, up in dis hood can't be da only thing reppin' hope. I want my baby to have that, which be why I'ma name it Hope. Even if it's a boy! Dat child name gonna be Hope. Coz dat way I got sumtin' to look forward too, otha den my next client. When da baby be born I'ma stop dis tho. I even got off ma fix three months ago. You know it ain't right to do dem lines wit a baby up in you.

Maybe Chin funna tell his parents dat he gonn be a daddy. Maybe dey'll support. But nah I don't know, dey don't even got enough money to support dem-selves. And Chin, nah he ain't neva gonna tell um. I said it before, he ain't da providin' type. He just be dat romantic type. But what am I gonna do? I love him; you know how dat works.

Well my client Is here, I'll talk to you tomorrow Obama.



*-Daniella de la Riva*

*-Jamie Given*

*- Kelly Goodman*

# Birthday Baking

## Gone Bad

There is sugar, there are eggs,  
Even sprinkles colored red.  
And here I lay, in distress,  
Surrounded by one big mess.

Batter splats are on the floor,  
And even stain the doggy door  
Pots and pan lie everywhere,  
Scattered across tables & chairs

Milk jugs spilt, dripping wet,  
How bad could this possibly get!  
The oven's ablaze, surrounded by smoke,  
I think I heard my mother choke

Frosting & sugar covers the sink,  
Making a mountain of yellowish pink.  
The walls are covered from bottom to top,  
With a stinky, slimy, saffron slop.

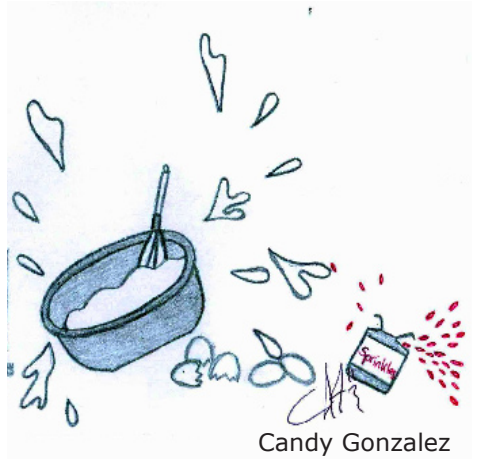
Cupcakes for a special day,  
Now are gone & in disarray  
My sister's party, we have planned,  
Has just gone in the garbage can

In the guck I flip & flop,  
Searching for the long lost mop  
Trying hard to repair,  
The day that's now in despair

For today, my sister Jean,  
Is proudly turning 116  
& we planned celebrate,  
All I had to do was bake!

A simple task I could do,  
At the ripe young age of 92.  
But now I must try my best,  
To clean this up for the guests.

Before Jean walks trough the door,  
This horrid mess must be no more.  
So up I go and begin to mop,  
Until I hear the wretched knock.



In barges Jean,  
Into a kitchen far from clean.  
With me standing there,  
Thinking, Oh this isn't fair.

She dips her head down deep in sorrow,  
How I wish it was tomorrow.  
Then up it snaps, and she starts to scream,  
While her ears are slowly leaking steam.

All at once she grabs my hair,  
& pulls me toward the cellar stairs.  
Down she shoves me, into the hole,  
That's filled with snakes, & rats, & moles.

So here I sit, covered in batter,  
While my teeth begin to chatter.  
For not that many people know,  
That in the cellar it does snow.

Here I will sit for a while,  
Till I'm freed from exile.  
Until Jean turns 128,  
That's how long I'll have to wait.

- *Jessie Browning*

# Home Is Where The Food Is!

Cuban coffee  
Strong like the brown color of my skin.  
Boiled ackee  
yellow as the sunshine that gave it life.  
Sitting down with my family  
over the fresh fried dumplings.  
We converse on different topics  
in espanol y ingles.  
"Lawd dis ya food good eh?"  
speaks my father in that dialect  
"Gracias" says mami,  
and with a heart as warm as the food,  
and a stomach full of culture  
I sit there and see the success of both my people.  
The love is there, we are sure  
coming together in two races.  
Struggles of my ancestors  
as two lovers unite from different places.

- *Katelyn Black*



# A Mind

## In Deep Thought

Walkin' with lion's pride  
Deep within, inside  
There are laws I don't abide  
Crimes I can't help but find  
They say I crossed the line  
My life- I never whine  
Cry? I'm not that kind  
Not my state of mind

Forget the other side  
It isn't hard to seek these haters  
In a small world, it's hard to hide  
When you're wrong, I'm never kind  
Right? I'm doing fine

I think it's bout that time  
Go green like lemon-lime  
Inspiring all of my rhymes  
Effecting the way I shine  
A soldier in the line  
Of duty that I sign  
My life is on the line  
And I'm going to keep marching  
And fighting till' I die  
There's a whole plan made  
And I'm the mastermind

- Angel

"Young Spitta"

Montey



Emily Deng

# Smoke & A Flame

Dilated fear in the eyes of man,  
impulse of the mind, fighting pain and pleasure,  
to find the numbness in the sense.  
Good intentions, used badly as they rattle in a cage  
a pebble of sorts, holding the key of depression  
the ritual seems almost holy. undermining doctors orders  
not paid for in a mischeivous way  
but festering at home under the eyes of loved ones  
the white flame of deaths last breath  
or what they say, these days.  
remedys keeps their melodys in sync  
the tin foil of an industrial society.  
Momento mori

- Robert Jaime



Isabella Geronymo

# Malicious

Faces everywhere.  
Taunting,  
Laughing.  
The smirks,  
Judging.  
The smiles,  
Sickening.  
The whispered words,  
Haunt me.  
They travel fast,  
From mouth to ear,  
At the speed of light.  
Eyes,  
Following,  
Glaring,  
Ignoring.  
The pointing,  
Typical.  
The laughter,  
Unavoidable.  
The emptiness,  
Unforgiving.



Raquel Atencio

- *Katy Haralson*

# The Storm



The trees began to sway with the wind,  
The air is warm, filled with mist,  
Carrying the leaves beyond  
The great clouds, that seem to take over;  
The sky slowly surrenders.

The tension in the clouds  
Build ; they're ready to burst.  
Lightening strikes provoking  
The impending rain.

The sound of thunder  
Coming from the dark sky  
Looms over the trees,  
The still, sway with the wind.

- *Raneen Jadallah*

# For Liberty

We received word of the incoming assault with barely any time. The cavalry was not prepared. Nevertheless, the men were armed and organized in under a minute. I steered my horse, Jasmine, in front of the battalion and had her gallop from end to end of the line as I began to speak.

"Gentleman! Today is the day we have all been waiting for! It is the day we have trained for! It is the day so many have died for! Today is our Independence Day!

It is the day we show the world that the stars can change. It is the day we show all that there is something better, there is something mightier, and there is still something noble worth dying for.

Today is the day we stand tall and show the world that we are Americans, that we will never give up, that we will fight to the last breath!

I am proud to look into the eyes of the bravest men, the eyes of men who will go down in history. Patriots, every one of you! And patriots are what patriots do: their civic duty, to themselves, to you, to me, to their country, and accordingly, to the world! That, that, my friends, is what a patriot truly is. He is a person who will lay down his life to lift up his colors!

Men, you have made this nation! This great country of lib-

erty, of justice, and opportunity! It would be, to say the least, the greatest disservice to our fallen brethren, our compatriots, fathers, brothers, sons, mothers, daughters, and sisters, to more than every American, but to every person who ever believed in a free and just world to even suggest surrender, to even suggest anything less than victory!

You have shown courage. You have shown the courage to mount the horse and make the journey, no matter how long or treacherous. You have shown the courage to stand steadfast and keep fighting, no matter how bleak the battle may become. Indeed, you have shown the courage to take the risks, the ones without which progression is impossible, without which life is meaningless.

Gentlemen, it is with the greatest honor that I serve with you today, as we declare, in the chorus of our voices- We shall have liberty, or we shall have death!"

I steered my horse back into position as a roar of triumphant applause erupted from the crowd.

"Hold position, load the guns." I started out into the vast opposition. We had not expected so many at once.

Then again, the unexpected is to be expected in war. "Draw out the canons! "Ready yourselves!" Everyone was ready.

All that was left was the order for the open attack.

"Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!" I commanded the phrase that everyone had heard at least a hundredfold before.

We just kept waiting there, like the gladiators of old in the Roman Coliseum- heroes facing almost certain death. We waited for minutes, or hours, I could not say. It felt like an eternity. The only sounds were our own steady breaths, the distant thumping of drums and the heavy drumming of our own hearts.

I took one deep breath, hoping it would not be my last. Then I let it go in a bellowing command, "FIRRRRRRRRE!"

Even before the word escaped my lips, a hail of lead came flying in both directions. Screams followed. Then sounds of clicking and gunfire and the thud of cannons surrounded me.

A cannon ball came flying a hairs breadth from my right ear, only to slam into the ground. Shrapnel exploded everywhere. One piece flew into Jasmine, right into her veined neck. She gave a whinnying shriek as she leapt into the air. I fell to the ground with the horse on top of me.

I struggled to free myself from the poor creature, just managing to do so before a cascade of can-

nonballs and bullets came flying by. They struck their target. Ten men fell to the ground. Two more were sent flying only to come down completely lifeless. I yelled the first word that came into my head, "Charge!" The order was greeted by a mass of people running and screaming. Swords were drawn, guns fired, cannons sending more metal balls to greet the attack. Dust flew everywhere. Barely anyone could see and I could hardly tell who I was fighting through all the obscurity.

I kept on swinging my bayonet as my rifle was split into two. A British soldier came running at me with a long sword. I thrust my own red colored steel straight in greeting. He screamed, and then was dead. I kicked my sword out of the man and kept on charging. The British must not prevail, they cannot, they will not. I kept on thinking that over and over again.

"Commander, they are retreating!" a man yelled somewhere nearby. Whether by "they" it was the British or Colonists, I could not tell. Nevertheless, I rushed forward with all the energy I had left. "Run you cowards!" I yelled.

I gasped in pain where a bullet struck my leg. Blood came gushing out. I kept on moving though my blue coat was sustaining more and more red by the second.

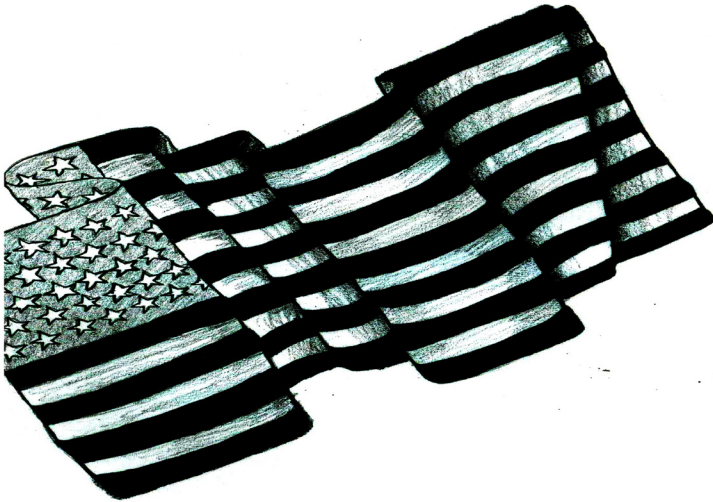
Then, as suddenly as it had begun, all the noise abruptly ceased, so suddenly, for a panicked second I thought I had been killed. Then the dust started to clear, and I saw the horrid calamity. Hundreds of bodies lay piled in heaps on the ground. Only a few were moving. There was no sound save for the distant thudding of occasional cannon fire, and the occasional cry, as another life was snuffed out. It all felt like a distant dream, a nightmare.

I closed my eyes for a long time hoping that when I opened them I would find myself lying in bed, covered in soft sheets. When I eventually opened them

the tragedy was still there. I clutched at my chest and fainted.

When I awoke I found myself in a warm room lying in a bed. Warily I looked around. I was in the infirmary. A shadow in the corner of the tent saw me stir. It was a nurse draped in a white robe holding a waxed candle. "He is awake, get him some water." A man walked steadily over to the bed. "What ...?" I started, but was cut off. "Quiet, Commander Jamison, you need your rest," the soldier whispered in a kind voice. "We won, sir. We won." I closed my eyes, and before I knew it, was fast asleep.

*- Mitchell Rosenstein*



Emily Deng

# DEATH

You are the force that overshadows human creation  
Like the thunder that governs and puts  
Dark clouds over the firmament  
You disturb the pulse of eternity  
And cause people to doubt the existence of God

You avoid the slow passage of time.  
Impatient  
Your tracks pursue endlessly  
Eradicating anyone and everything on your path  
Silently compressing the creation you  
By a hair's breadth Created.

No one can elude you  
Your silence is equivalent to the  
Shadows that provides you company  
Yet you and your potency can overcome all  
And obliterate a whole entire nation  
Without even a teardrop

You have no time for favors  
Mercy does not subsist in you  
Your itinerary is sketched  
With no potential of modification  
You are defined by your  
Lack of sympathy  
Even to the ones  
Worthy

- *Stacy Cassens*



Daniella de la Riva

# Love's Laudanum

I surrender to your war of covet.  
Your patience subdues my bullets.  
Your pleading waves of temptation crash  
Against my wall of insecurities.

Your growl comes with the bite of a wolf.  
Your blanket of sensitivities keep me warm.  
Your romantic whispers,  
Provide lyrics for our congealed heartbeats.

Along with the sun, my heart sets.  
As the moon rises, my desire grows.  
Your hands, rough as labor in hell,  
In your embrace I find my heaven.

My sweet angel of restriction;  
We ate the forbidden fruit of addiction.

- *Jamie Given*



Isabella Geronimo

# Senseless

Change of scenery, change of face  
Yet persistent smile seems somewhat haunting.  
Unshakeable this image  
Of interlaced fingers.  
Taunting, this feeling of doubt.  
I left my heart on the table  
For you to decide,  
Your lack of confidence makes you hesitant,  
Like a first time driver running a red light.  
And so the weeping willow has been hung dry.  
Words will never have meaning  
If all they do is cross your mind.  
Your actions make me skeptical,  
Of if you feel the same nervous butterflies.  
Yet one glimpse my way assures me of your  
intent.  
Until the next day when you simply pass me by.  
So to this senseless sensation  
I must say goodbye.



Jamie Given

*-Jasmine Picado*

# Defying the Beauty

How sweet the color of death  
Is burning like a fire  
Roaring like a storm

The last breath of the  
mighty oak  
Is a grown of defeat  
As it falls into its unwanted

Yet the evergreen sings  
Laughing at the sleeping oak  
For it still blooms

Its leaves have defied the beauty  
The wonderful fire does not  
resonate from its leaves  
How cruel is the evergreen

Clinging to life  
Not wanting to taste  
the sweet grief  
To mourn and let it's soul weep

Not believing in the relief  
That comes from sleep

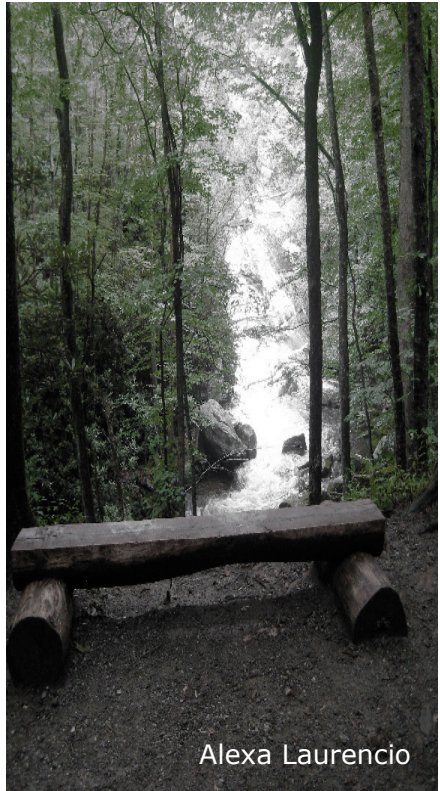
Only the great oak sees  
The meaning of the sleep  
Without ever tasting  
the nectar of grief  
How can the evergreen ever see

This mighty oak groaning in defeat  
Resigning to the sleep  
Is burning so sweet

Till time ends and the world is gone  
This sleep will be the precipice  
Upon which the oak will

Watch the poor sad evergreen  
Fearful of the sleep  
clinging to life  
Never once  
brushing with defeat

Never once living



Alexa Laurencio

- *Glynnne*

*Harrell*

# A Change of Heart

Adapted from the film “Shindler’s List”

Oskar Schindler made good on his promise to his blonde haired lover with two horses ready within the hour. Being the most well known enamelware factory business owner in Krakow, he had his share of high level contacts. They found their horses waiting for them downstairs from Schindler’s apartment. They mounted. As they rode towards the Krakow countryside, they saw signs advertising the liquidation of the ghetto in Krakow that was going to occur that morning. Schindler, a member of the National Socialist German Workers’ Party, suggested to his lover that they go watch the liquidation of those Jew rats. They agreed with the rest of the German citizens with the idea that unless a Jew was working under a German, he or she was a threat to German security. They were untrustworthy and proud. They needed to be separated or removed before they infected Germany with their sickness. She agreed, but before they went she wanted to stop first at the local bakery for an Apfelstrudel for breakfast.

It was about mid-afternoon when the lovers reached the hill. They had been laughing and smiling all the way up, anxious to see the spectacle of the German might over the Jew. They stopped their horses on the top and instantly saw that they were not mistaken. The first sound that caught Schindler’s attention was a gunshot, followed by shouts. Schindler watched silently as the carnage and the screams turned the ghetto into Hell and Death. Straight ahead, a German SS soldier pointed a pistol at three Jewish men who were standing in a line. Three times he shot, and three bodies fell to the ground. To the left, two German soldiers were chasing after five Jewish women. Upset and tired, they decided to resolve the situation by taking out their rifles and selectively shooting the women. Three of them fell down as they ran. The other two that turned around to see the source of the noise were shot

in the forehead. Schindler gasped at the brutality with which a German SS soldier dragged a young man through the street and shot him twice in the head. A volley of machine gun fire was directed to doorways, windows and scurrying Jews. There were screams. There were tears. Pools of blood soaked the cobblestone streets of the ghetto. The noises were erratic but similar: gunshots, screams, weeping, raised German voices, pounding of wood, the roar of engines, the pounding of feet on the ground, yelps, supplications, bodies slamming onto the cold, hard cobblestone. Gray clouds settled over the town; the sun was hidden from view.

As he witnessed the degradation and utter sinfulness of man, Schindler felt fine. The use of excessive force on the entire Jewish population in the ghetto was justified. What had probably occurred was that a few rabble rousing Jews or some screaming women annoyed the officers with their pleas. Perhaps some of the Jewish men had gotten physical and this scene of retaliation was the result. The Germans were in the right. Let the Jews suffer, he thought to himself. At this moment, Schindler watched the onslaught detached, as an outside spectator until out of the corner of a building Schindler saw her. A little girl in a red coat.

He could not turn away from the child. The richness and intensity of her coat captivated him. In that moment, Schindler found someone he could relate to and a source of indignation. In horror, he watched as the resilient child walked innocently down the streets of the ghetto. She walked past the bodies being shot being shot next to her, near Jews in ragged shirts and the SS in black uniforms, the streams of blood flowing through the streets, the screaming of women and men and of cars and of death itself.

It appeared to Schindler that all of her faculties and all of her attention were being drawn towards one goal: escape. Glass shattered near her; she did not seem to notice. Schindler gripped the reins of his horse until his knuckles turned white. He inhaled deeply, his eyes mesmerized by the coat's vibrant shade of red: the color of roses, blood, wine, apples, fire, a battered woman's face, embarrassment, sacrifice and courage. The next second, the girl in the red coat had disappeared. Schindler arched his head, but he could not see her.

She must not die, he thought. She will not die, not while he was able to act. Without acknowledging his mistress, Schindler urged his horse forward with the strength that comes from indignation. Her shouts and cries blended with the deafening shots of machine guns and pistols. He dismounted his horse and ran towards where he last saw the girl in the red coat. She was walking towards an alleyway. He ran out to meet her, shouting. She stopped suddenly, and then turned to face him. Schindler noticed that her eyes were of the darkest brown, full of light. Her hair was in curls, almost down to her ears. He bent down and asked her, in German:

"What's your name, sweetheart? Why are you walking around here for?" She gave a response, but it was in Hebrew. Schindler could not comprehend a word. It was futile to communicate, separated by this cultural barrier. He shook his head, noticing what a beautiful child she was. He smiled at her and she smiled back. Suddenly, Schindler heard voices shouting near the entrance to the alley. Six SS soldiers were running towards the pair, some shouting, some using whistles to detain them. The girl in the red coat hid behind Schindler, holding his pant legs with her tiny hands. He could feel her shaking slightly behind him. He swallowed and tried to think of a good excuse that would buy the child time. As they

pointed their rifles at Schindler, a man wearing much regalia walked up towards him and spoke:

"What are you doing here? Where is the Jew child that my men saw they saw you talking to?" He shouted to Schindler in German.

"She's right behind me. And she is not a Jew; she is my daughter. What is your name, sir?" Schindler asked in a condescending tone.

"SS-Sturmbannfuher Amon Goth. What is your name?"

Schindler, Oskar. I am a manager of a factory in Krakow that manufactures enamelware for your superiors and those that can afford it."

"Are you a member of the Nazi party, Herr Schindler?"

"I am" Schindler admitted. He pulled out his membership card and gave it to Goth. Goth noted that Schindler had donated 50,000 reichmarks to the regional director of the Nazi party in Krakow. He handed the card back to Schindler.

"Let's go, men. He's one of us." Goth's men began to leave. He looked Schindler in the face and said: "She has the look of a Jew. Don't think I didn't notice, Herr Schindler. How can you call yourself a German if you help a Jew dog? You don't belong in the Fatherland." He spit on the ground, then walked away. The girl in the red coat blew him a raspberry, but Goth ignored it. He knew they would find her again before the day was over and have her killed. Herr Schindler was preventing the inevitable. It was useless and pathetic.

Schindler turned to face the child and brought himself down to her eyelevel. He kissed her on the top of her head and signaled with his head towards the alley exit. She grabbed his hand, and then ran into a house. Schindler didn't see her body again until much later, a red coat in a pile of bodies being led to the incinerator.

- Matthew Ossorio

25 Important intuition, construct  
- obliterate.

# To Scar a Star

What would it take  
To put scars upon stars

Reaching too far,  
Tendrils of rain  
Whipping longing fingers

Ground-up  
Clouds would fall to me  
And winds of shattered  
Ice would leak  
Through my skin

Comets would gust  
Falling, gravitated  
To my frozen blood  
Which would drip  
Up, to the sun

Moonlight would grace  
My flattered face  
In silhouetted spirals  
Of silver solace

I would  
Reach farther  
Farther  
Sinking softer  
Heart beat harder

Then my solitary finger  
Would scrape the sides  
Traveling across  
On a burning path  
Back to nothing

I would scar  
A star. But for only a moment  
As it would wisp  
Away . . .



Alexa Laurencio

- *Michael Dorney*

26 Nonsense? An insidious black  
tune.

# Dried Hiccups



Daniella de la Riva

O you, the silk unravels  
There I go off the side,  
Slipping on glazed streets  
Coated by heats mirage.  
Multi-colored beads  
Wash up on us and burn. Hot  
With what we are missing.

"Why won't you get up?"  
I can't, I sit in the alley,  
The stench keeps me tethered.  
"Do you know anything?"  
I know the Earth is hungry. It's fuming.  
Don't you see its yearning smoke rise  
From the eyes of its minions?

"Who is there?"  
Thousands. There is always someone  
Coming. Streets never lie lonely,  
Instead, they exist in a constant  
crunch.

"Do you believe in anything?"  
Heavy words that bring  
soft actions. Hiccups  
"Hunk Hunk." Tortured throats writhe.  
Bloated belief,  
It's one last renegade release  
gasping for relief.

"How are you so far lost?"  
Fire Sermons have kidnapped me.  
Suffering is inevitable. Not  
Even the ceasing of want can  
Keep this hungry hell at bay.

"Why be angry?"  
"Lights have gone out! Fireworks  
Have ceased. From the inside  
It was eaten and consumed.  
Light pods fell and rained  
up on this Earth."  
Bluffing Hope  
Cashed out, leaving levy's dry. Banging  
Are the bells, and no one hears  
For him.

- Daniella de la Riva

# Timbered Love

There's always a line to cross right? I mean where's the line separating pride and fear? Is it common sense or just plain stupidity? Why should the heart be followed if it always leads you into the same wall. What's that wall got that the heart doesn't? Sure the heart is running at it's full speed, but if it's as strong as we make it out to be, why does the heart break instead of the wall?

That damn wall. Standing so tall and confident. And all the bricks placed perfectly together. Perfectly together? Think what made you run into that wall. You're either running to get far, far away from it or you think your running with it. But yet once you get to that wall its like SMACK! Then surprisingly there you are sitting isolated, with a sharp pain.

But why is it you feel it in your stomach? While hitting the wall did your heart relocate? I'm not quite sure it did. But yet you still feel the emptiness in your gut. As if all the butterflies just died. Yet wait, wait just a minute, your legs are feeling weak, as if they forgot their purpose and function. Is that where some pieces might of fallen? But then, a million images run through your head like a movie. Remembering the pushes on swings, drinking lemon aide, or playing in a booth. Is it possible for pieces to fall... up? And then in your ears, you hear his laugh, that very same laugh that kept you going, yes that's where my heart is. But, what's this, water, on my

face? My eyes, are glistening? Is it because I can finally see what made me so blind? Then it gets blurry, and drop. Another tear. There's my heart.

Of course, like always what I think is so right, turns out to be so wrong. Because on the left side of my chest I hear beats, I feel jumps. Then why? If it's broken why is it still beating? Then it came to me, my heart isn't broken. I am. My stomach, legs, mind, ears, eyes all got thrown off. But what now?

Get up.

I went to walk away from the wall when I turned to look at it. I went up to touch it. Solid. Am I ever going to get over this wall? In very fine print I read four words. Does he love you? Sharp pain again. But this time I'm not quite sure where. Looking around I see he's long gone. I wasn't good enough for him? Did I run too fast, or too slow?

Start walking.

There's his footprints. Those same big peanut shaped footprints. Remember when you'd always step in them, just to prove you were literally every step of the way behind him? Remember that laugh and quick kiss he gave you after you told him that? Look over to the left. There's that tree where you grabbed his keys and wrote your initials and while you turned around to say "look!" he quickly carved in forever under it.

I should go find him. But what if I do find him, and I want to run again? I wanted him to follow the first time and he didn't. Should I hold his hand this time? No because once you grab something you gotta let it go. I'm not sure I'm can handle letting go again.

So I take one last look at the tree, and the forever, and I walk away. Wipe my tears and walk away. Well that was easy wasn't it? Its not forgetting that hurts, or remembering it either. Because no matter how hard you say you forgot about him, if he made an impact on your life, he's unforgettable. It's when you remember all the reasons why you wanted to forget. Then realizing all the reasons why you still remember, by far have a greater value to you, then why you wanted to forget.

So you turn back to the tree. All there is left is a stump and an apple. In the apple there were four seeds. Four seeds? Four words? Does he love you? The tree was gone and it hurt, the initials and the forever were gone. But yet right in front of you there was potential to grow another tree right next to the stump.

Why are you hesitating? Is it because you have to be patient and not only wait and watch this new tree to grow, but you also have to tend it, water it, make sure its getting what it needs in order for it to grow. Or maybe that's it! You're doing this on your own. Trying to grow something new all on your own. Will he see the growth? Will he come and help? Or will he wait and test

me tell after the tree has grown, then write his initials? Will he ever come back? Did he see me walk away and wipe my tears? Did he cut down the tree?

I dug a hole.

What if another guy comes along to help?

I put one seed in.

Will I tell him no? Or accept the offer?

Two seeds.

What if he sees the other guy helping and thinks I moved on?

Three seeds.

Does he love me?

Last seed.

I patted down the soil and added water. I ate the remains of the apple so my stomach didn't feel empty, I sat down on the stump to give my weak legs a break, stopped listening and closed my eyes. I didn't feel broken just incomplete. I guess I wasn't the heart. I was half of it. If it was created by two, one person cant completely fix it. So I'll wait for the other half to see if our broken pieces still fit perfectly together. Perfectly together? Like a wall? Hmm. But for the mean time, I'll sit on this stump, making sure our new beginning has a story, before it ends.

- *Jamie Given*

# Tarsus

We will run. The devil  
wind heaves in us all  
manifested in the dark, dry clouds.  
We weep and it will rain soon.

There is no chance  
that I will go where I'm told  
like a recalcitrant child holding  
on to insolence. I will not arrive  
and we will run. Selah.

We leave moments  
in our wake, churned up  
by a loose keel. Moments behind  
us collecting in miniature whirlpools,  
taking from us what we were  
once to become.

A crack of lightning! We shudder.  
We will run. The clouds  
build up behind us,  
chasing us from the towns  
we've been to. Scared by the sky,  
I consider

A sail too full  
to hold. The very breath of God  
laid in contradiction to its' purpose.  
If from clay, now to mud? Selah.

The night runs with us.  
The wind kicks in anger. The same  
that lies in the eyes of my companions.  
A look to chastise and  
blame, to divert the weight  
and say "It is because of you!  
I always knew it was you."

Of course we run. From  
your angry words  
to the cacophonous thunder. Selah.

A break of light in the storm. The myth  
of an answered prayer soothes. Waves  
wash over our wake; the moments  
when we once we were clear are tossed  
and drown. I feel short of breath.

My stride slows and I wonder,  
"How long can I keep this pace?"  
we see no land. Am I the storm



They will throw me overboard to join  
the moments of what I was to become.  
The very fire that rained down  
on Gomorrah was welcomed. The work  
rewarded. I fear the weight  
will keep me under.

"If they are to survive, I must  
jump." The messiah will mimic me.  
My feet on the rail, the hungry  
sea waiting, and your will  
done. Selah. Selah. Selah

- Josue Cruz

Worthless rainbow, bashing heaven,  
reeking moon.

Gruesome heaven: the  
ancient fright.



Jamie Given

## COLOPHON

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