

LOOK UP

A Red Wolves Write publication

Generously funded by the Indiana University
Women's Philanthropy Leadership Council

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INTRODUCTION

A word after a word after a word is power. In her poem “Spelling,” Margaret Atwood tells us why writing matters--it empowers us. With this in mind, in 2015, faculty at Indiana University East embarked on a project called Red Wolves Write, aimed at taking writing into their local community of Richmond, Indiana. Funded by a grant from Women’s Philanthropy Leadership Council of the Indiana University Foundation, the project paired college students with middle school students, English language learners and senior citizens in the community to read and write together. The goal? To collaborate on writing in various genres that expressed transformative events in their lives.

The project resulted in more than 100 hours of community collaboration/service and culminated in this collection, which represents a selected portion of the total body of writing produced. Over the course of the year-long project, eighth graders produced startlingly vibrant poetry describing adolescent transitions in an unstable world that still holds promise for them. Very young Hispanic writers handcrafted words and pictures of significant images and moments in their lives. And senior members of the community composed works based on memories of coming of age in a very different world, sharing both words and photos.

The title for the collection, *Look Up*, is taken from a poem written by eighth-grader Carson Miller, in which he reminds us of the extent to which digital

technology is monopolizing our lives. The poem urges us to go outside, get away from the screen, look up and notice what's going on all around us. Similarly, this collection lets us glimpse through the eyes of these multi-generational writers at what matters to them – family, trees, faith, soccer, grasshoppers and cabins on the lake. Look up, read, enjoy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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This project was generously funded by the Women's Philanthropy Leadership Council of the Indiana University Foundation.



LOOK UP

Carson Miller

Look up
Most of us don't
We stare too much at the screens of our phones
I imagine at least 4 hours a day
It's no wonder our brains are at a rapid decay
We care more about Black Ops 3
More than the people who put it under the tree
We worry more about gold guns
And less about going outside and having quality fun
So it shouldn't be a surprise that people shoot
 up schools
It's because they think that it's cool
They stare at screens
All day and all night
All those games cause is a constant fight
Now their eyes hurt when they see
Natural light
So instead of texting your friend to see what's up
You should take a chance
And try to
Look
UP

GRASSHOPPERS AND A BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Ken Schomaker

Midmorning and the sun is already hot, but there is a breeze so I'm not sweating yet. My grandmother and I are walking along a gravel road. We're headed for the mailbox, which is at the end of the gravel road about a half mile away. Going to the mailbox has become a daily ritual since my parents dropped me off a week ago. They then went on to the seashore for a vacation, assuring me that the chance to stay on my grandparent's farm would be my vacation, and I wouldn't miss them a bit.

Surprisingly, that's turning out to be true. My grandparents are real sticklers for table manners, but otherwise I'm having a fun time, especially feeding the goats and keeping a pet toad in a box. There is always something to do. Grandma lets me help her make bread, and Grandpa takes me with him in his old Essex when he goes into town to deliver his peach crop. At first, I was a little homesick, but yesterday in the mail I got a postcard from my parents. It was a picture of the Hotel Avalon on the boardwalk at Virginia Beach, where they are staying, and it was addressed to me. I was really excited. So after breakfast this morning when Grandma said, "Time to go to the mailbox, before it gets too hot," and proceeded to put on her straw hat, I was ready. Not

because later might be too hot, but because there just might be another postcard waiting for me.

Now that we're on our way, I'm finding a lot of things which interest me. My grandmother's a spry little woman and walks at a fast pace. For her, I guess, going to the mailbox is simply another chore; for me it is a great adventure. I pretend I'm the Viking explorer, Leif Ericsson—Leif the Lucky, the title of a book I have. An explorer has to be on the lookout for the unusual. I show Grandma a flower that I think is the most beautiful in the world. She tells me it is a Black-Eyed Susan. Next, I stop and study the grasshoppers in the tall weeds along the side of the road. For a while, Grandma is okay with all of this exploring, but the more I lag behind, the more impatient she becomes.

To get me moving she says, "Why don't you run on ahead and see how high the creek is and if any of Hewitt's cows have gotten out." I am about to protest when I realize what a great idea it is. Explorers are supposed to do that sort of thing. So I take off. Where the creek crosses the road isn't far. I'm there in no time. I look. I look hard. The creek is bone dry—like it was yesterday. That leaves the cows to check out. The Hewitt place is a little bit up the road beyond some woods. I notice, "No trespassing" signs and a barbed wire fence, but zero cows on the road. Over my shoulder I shout, "All clear!"

I didn't have to shout. Grandma is right behind me. "We'll have to play that game again," she says with an amused smile.

Hewitt's is a big dairy farm and always seems busy — Mr. Hewitt and his two sons, tall lanky men, are driving tractors and working around the barn, their heads down, never looking up. Passing the farmhouse we spot Mrs. Hewitt on the porch. You can't miss her. As grandma would say, "She's on the plump side." Mrs. Hewitt gives us a loud, "Yoo-hoo," and waves. We wave back, and my grandmother tells her we're going to the mailbox, and on our way home we'll drop in. Mrs. Hewitt is quick to respond that she's made some fresh buttermilk — just for us. I don't particularly like buttermilk, but since we are in for a warm day, a stopover would be nice.

Grandma says, "It's not enough to merely say 'hi' to your neighbor. You have to visit for a while."

I say to myself, That sounds like another rule along with the rules about table manners. I guess there's a rule for everything.

Once the Hewitt place is behind us, I can see the mailbox ahead. Now it's my turn to set the pace. Grandma warns the back of my head that I just got a postcard and it's probably too soon to expect a second one. But that doesn't slow me down. Suddenly, her voice is sharp, "Wait 'til I catch up! There's traffic coming!"

The mailbox is at the "T" where our gravel road meets a paved highway, which I know can be dangerous for walkers. Grandma's worrying too much. I can be trusted. Besides, I don't see anything coming. Then I remember the lid to the mailbox sticks; yesterday, I couldn't get it open. Reluctantly, I

decide I'd better wait after all.

Since it takes a while for Grandma to catch up, I spend the time throwing stones at the grasshoppers. Finally side by side we arrive at the mailbox. She gives the lid a hard jerk. It opens. Why, there's nothing in it. It's completely empty. I stare in disbelief. Grandma pats me on the shoulder. "Maybe tomorrow," she says, "let's have some of that good buttermilk." And we start the log and sure to be boring trip back.

Of course we stop by to visit Mrs. Hewitt. We have to sit inside the house at the kitchen table. The porch isn't screened in. A lot of flies are swarming about on the porch, which I suppose is why we're not sitting there. The kitchen's a bit stuffy. Mrs. Hewitt seems to read my mind. "We've always talked about screening in the porch," she explains, "so we could sit out there on a day like this in mid-August, but Frank and the boys simply haven't been able to find the time."

My grandmother assures her that the kitchen is quite comfortable, and we are eager to sample her delicious buttermilk. At that point, I notice a curious fly has managed to find his way into the room, no doubt from the porch. As Mrs. Hewitt pours our buttermilk, she and Grandma talk about the weather and how dry it's been. Thankfully, I'm not expected to enter into the conversation. After all, I'm only seven. I just sit there watching that serious fly, who keeps buzzing around. The talk between the two women drifts into other things of which I only catch

snippets – mostly having to do with the fruits and vegetables they're putting up for the winter.

The fly is a lot more interesting. I follow his zig-zag flight across the room. He lands on Mrs. Hewitt's nose, and she brushes him away. I wonder how long it will be before Mrs. Hewitt swats him with a fly swatter, which is resting so innocently in her lap. When a second fly appears she suddenly lashes out and nails him in mid-air.

I almost jump off my seat. Did she really get him? I'm looking all around, and then I happen to glance at my, untouched, glass of fresh buttermilk. So that's what has become of him. Good, maybe now I won't have to drink the stuff. But I want to show off a bit, and I say, "Grandma, is it good manners to drink this buttermilk, even if it has a fly in it – and just not say anything?"

My grandmother peers over at me through her bifocals to confirm the basis of my question. "Well," she says, "that would be a very gallant thing to do, but I think it's quite all right to tell Mrs. Hewitt you're sorry that somehow a fly ended up in your buttermilk, and would she please give you another glass. This buttermilk is so good."

Instinctively, I make a face, and Mrs. Hewitt comes to my rescue, "That's okay. Don't worry about it. How would you like to see one of our new calves?"

This time I really do jump off my chair, "Yeah! Can I?"

With that, we go out to the barn. Mr. Hewitt's there. He's busy doing something and doesn't look

up. I'm not sure he's all that glad to see us. "Frank, can you show us the new calf?" asks Mrs. Hewitt. Silently, Mr. Hewitt sets aside the pail he's carrying and motions for us to follow him.

Arriving at a stall that's all boarded up, he announces, "She's in there." I look through the cracks between the boards and even get down on my knees. No calf. Like the mailbox, the stall is empty. Mr. Hewitt notices my puzzled expression, and he looks—he looks over the boards, which means he can see inside the whole stall. "Oh, I guess she's gone out with her mother. You'll have to come back later. Sorry about that."

So much for a great idea. Mrs. Hewitt wants us to return to the house for more talk, but I've walked in a couple of cow-pies, so Grandma declines. Soon, we're on the road again. No postcard, no calf, but there's still plenty of grasshoppers. Did you know they spit tobacco juice?

BALL IS LIFE

Kyle Harty

Ball is life

If I had to choose, the ball, or a life

The ball is life

Although you may want to stab me with a knife

That is because the ball is not your life

I can't do it alone

That's when I call my friends on the phone

I don't need to keep up on the trends

Because all I need are my friends

When I play basketball

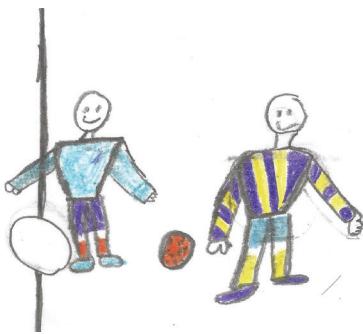
I really do not like to fall

Although it may be funny

I may hurt my tummy

If you ask me about my life

Ball is life



"Soccer", 7th Grade Early College student

POEM

Victor Reyes

LeBron—
They think he's the best
But look at the rest.
Everyone wants him gone.
Surprisingly LeBron.

Fast break, attempt, brick, or block
But no matter what
There's no time on the clock.

LeBron gets worried
When he sees Stephen Curry
Because Curry is a beast
That will feast

SUMMER TIME

Daulton Coates

It's a bummer
Waiting on summer
Stuck in school
So bored you drool

It's so fun
To play in the sun
Tan at the beach
So you don't look like a pale peach

Winning a game with the team
Going to get ice cream
Build a sand castle
That's neat

OUCH!!!
The sand burning your feet.
Sitting in shade under the trees
Make sure to watch out for bees

But wait!
You're still in school
Get up
Wipe off that drool.

BUILDING A LOG CABIN: A BOYHOOD EXPERIENCE

Ted Halsted

Ted Halsted, over the course of his almost 90 years, has lived in 19 communities, but one place, where he has vacationed, has been a treasured part of his life since he was 7-years-old. That place is Lake Louise, also known as Thumb Lake, in Charlevoix County, Michigan, fifty miles south of the Straits of Mackinac.

When he first went there in 1934, he immediately fell in love with Lake Louise. The lake is spring-fed, seven miles in circumference, and surrounded by forested hills. 5500 acres, including all the shoreline of the lake, had just been given to the Methodist churches of Michigan by the Homer family of Eaton Rapids. A non-profit corporation, Lake Louise Christian Community (LLCC), had just been founded to hold and manage the land.

In 1934 there was just one cabin and several farm buildings at the lake. Most of the land was second growth forest that had sprung up in the 25 years since the end of the lumbering era. In his life-time Ted has seen the land return to climax forest. LLCC still owns 2200 acres of the original gift, and the land has been under responsible ecological management for over 75 years. There are three church camps at Lake Louise and 125 cottages on leased sites. "Building a Log Cabin: A Boyhood Experience"

is one of many stories Ted Halsted has to tell about this special place on God's earth.

♦♦♦



In 1939 the trustees of Lake Louise Christian Community (LLCC) voted to let lease holders, who had paid for their leases in

full, obtain free logs for a cabin. Our family had the choice of basswood or elm from the LLCC forestlands and took advantage of this opportunity. In 1937 my parents bought the first cottage lease site on the north side of the lake. Dad, the LLCC land agent, hoped our going to Forest Glen, as the new development was called, would encourage others to lease cabin sites on the north side of the lake.

First, we had to open up a trail from what is now called Stafford Road, over hills and down to our lakeside building site. The mile-long trail utilized old logging trails from the lumbering era that by the 1930s had 25 years of new growth on them. Dad, my older brother Dick (13), and I (10) got a workout with axe and two-man crosscut saw in opening the trail. During summer vacation in 1938 and 1939 we cleaned up our lot, cleared our building site, and constructed concrete piers on which to rest the cabin. All wasn't

work. We fished, hiked, picked blackberries, swam, looked for Petoskey stones, and enjoyed singing around the campfire as day died in the west. My sisters, Heather and Adaline, helped with lot clean-up, but construction was mostly a guy thing, with Dad making the plans and honchoing construction, and Dick and I actively involved every step of the way. None of the work was contracted, other than construction of a field stone fireplace by Clyde Kemp, who was an artist as a stone mason.

There was no electrical work to be done. Power lines didn't come to the north side of the lake for another seven years. There was no plumbing to be accomplished. We didn't have a well. A two-hole outhouse with an eight-foot-deep pit met sanitary needs.

In the fall of 1939, Ed Maves, a local farmer and Lake Louise Christian Community caretaker, felled basswoods in the forest behind our cabin site, trimmed off the branches, and dragged the logs down to our building site with a team of horses. His charge for this work was \$25.00. What a bargain for the logs in a cabin we enjoyed for the next seventy-one years!

Before beginning cabin construction, we built rectangular forms in which to pour concrete for the piers on which the cabin would rest. We also made a mixing box in which to mix sand, gravel, Portland cement, and water. Then Dick and I carried pails of water up the bank from the lake, and also pails of sand, gravel, and stones from the beach. With shovel and hoe we mixed concrete in the box, one shovelful

of Portland cement to three shovelfuls of sand and gravel, plus water.

In the summer of 1940, a Model-A Ford truck, from the Pearson sawmill in Boyne Falls, became the first truck on our new trail through the forest. The truck delivered lumber for the floors, roof, window frames, and doors. The bill for the lumber was \$365. The floor and roof boards were "run-of-the-mill"—the diameter of the tree determining the width of the boards. The varying widths made fitting the boards together, for the floors and the roof, a jigsaw puzzle.

I have a fond memory of removing bark from the basswood logs. Dick and I, with a hatchet, notched the bark at the end of each log, and pulled the bark loose in three-inch-wide strips. The bark came off easily—from end to end—in a single strip. What a delight to see the milky white surface of the basswood logs!

All the construction was accomplished with hand tools. We cut each log to its required length with a two-man crosscut saw. Then, lifting the log into place on the cabin wall, we used foot-long log cabin spikes to anchor the log in place.

Instead of notching the logs at the cabin corners so that the logs would be held in place by gravity, Dad placed a vertical trough on each corner pier of the cabin—two planks spiked together at a right angle. As each log was added to the wall, foot-long log cabin spikes were driven through a corner plank into the end of the log. This made the logs secure.

When a log cabin is built today, the logs are typically milled, uniform in shape, grooved, and with insulation in the grooves. We didn't do it that way 75 years ago. We spaced the logs, so that when we placed concrete chinking between the logs, there was a core all the way through.

In 1940 we got all the logs up and a roof on the cabin. Then we waited two years before chinking the cabin (placing mortar in the cracks). This was to give the logs time to dry out. We didn't want to logs to separate from the chinking.

Before troweling in mortar, we put three-inch nails above and below the opening between the logs, placing the nails at six-inch intervals. Then we bent the nails inward. The nails helped hold the mortar in place. Dick and I did most of this work. Dad, as the LLCC land agent, was often off showing lots to prospective lessees.

Construction took a couple of summers during the month we were on vacation. As construction progressed, we camped within the cabin shell. The roof kept us dry, but the un-chinked logs didn't keep out the critters.

When I was 15, I hitchhiked to the lake before the family came. When I opened the kitchen door, inside on the floor was a dead porcupine. The cause of death was obvious. By the dead porcupine were the remains of a heavy aluminum teakettle gouged with teeth marks; also, a small silver-plated disk, all that remained of a sugar bowl that had been part of a Victorian tea service given to my Halsted

grandparents as a wedding present in 1892. What in the world, you probably wonder, was a silver sugar bowl doing in a partially built log cabin?

The previous summer, the family was about to get in the car when my mother remembered she hadn't brought a sugar bowl. She dashed into the house and grabbed the first sugar bowl she saw, the one from the silver tea service on the sideboard in the dining room. At Lake Louise, the sugar bowl provided sweetening for cereal and beverage: but when we returned to our home in southern Michigan, the sugar bowl was left behind.

Big mistake! Before next spring, a porcupine looking for mineral salts and vitamins saw the sugar bowl and the teakettle. Porky pigged out and ingested a poisonous overdose. Teeth marks were all over what remained of the sugar bowl and kettle. No silver and aluminum shavings were on the floor. They had all been swallowed. Result--one consumed sugar bowl, one eaten teakettle, and one dead porcupine.

This wasn't our only porcupine problem. They had nighttime porcupine parties under the cabin. They chomped on the floor joists. One night Dad went outside with a flashlight to shoo the critters away and counted four porcupines. We considered naming our cabin Porcupine Lodge.

Another enduring memory is of our two-hole privy. Friends of ours, Claud and Floss Saterlee, planned to build a bin next door. Dad, to be neighborly, placed our privy near the lot line so the Saterlees could use it until they had one of their

own. The privy was a two-holer with two front doors. However, the Satterlees bought a cabin on the other side of the lake and didn't need to use our two-hole privy. So we never put a partition in the outhouse. More than one guest to the facility wondered, "How come this privy has two doors? When once you come in you sit side by side."

One night after the cabin and outhouse were built, Dick and I got a surprise. We had gone out to the woodpile for firewood for the fireplace. While loading our arms, Dick saw a bright glow coming from a crack in a rotten log. What was the cause, we wondered? We put down the firewood and investigated. With bare hands we scooped out the rotten wood. Astonished, we saw the inside of the log glowing. Excited, we threw handfuls of the phosphorescent stuff into the air. We lined the path to the outhouse with glowing chunks. No one needed a flashlight to go to the outhouse that night! We placed luminous pieces of glowing wood under the collar of Kiki, our white Spitz dog. Kiki was as excited as we were. Like a ghost, Kiki ran and barked in the dark, glowing like a will-o-the-wisp or a humungous firefly.

What caused the rotten wood to glow? The explanation is that it had become infested with a kind of fungus that under certain conditions becomes phosphorescent. When Dick and I broke open the log, the fungus, which had been sleeping peacefully inside the log, woke up with a start and became excited as oxygen wafted in. What a memory I have of that unforgettable surprise--a glowing nighttime

revelation and two boys and a dog dancing in the dark!

I made two important contributions to the construction of the outhouse. I dug the eight-foot-deep pit for it: and I crafted the seat from an eighteen-inch-wide pine plank. When digging the hole, I felt guilty when two feet down the shovel exposed a chipmunk's winter food supply, a bushel of beechnuts. I piled the beechnuts by the hole for the owner to bury elsewhere.

The privy seat was a work of art. I removed two round disks of wood from the clear-grained plank with a keyhole saw, being careful to maintain a beveled angle. Then, with elbow grease, rasp, and sandpaper I sculpted and smoothed the contours, periodically testing the holes for comfort. Imagine my chagrin when I arrived the next summer and discovered that a porcupine had chewed around the holes, leaving jaggedness where once was smoothness. The outhouse never again provided a comfortable place to linger.

In the 1950s, when the cabin acquired plumbing and a bathroom, the outhouse became a storage shed. In 1977 we dismantled it, and my 84-year-old mother delivered the coup de grace by knocking off a siding board with a sledgehammer.

Lake Louise continues to be a magnet, drawing family together from across the nation. One summer all 13 of my parents' grandchildren, plus seven great grandchildren, at various times, came to Lake Louise from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland,

Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Oregon, Virginia, and Wisconsin.

In 2005, the ashes of Marcy, my beloved partner and mate for 52 years, were lovingly committed to the soil in Lake Louise Memorial Garden. One day my ashes will join hers there.

The log cabin I helped build as a boy is no more. It was torn down in 2012. In its place is a new log cabin that is still in the family. The view from the front picture window is still Spirit Mountain. The sun shining on Lake Louise still reflects acres of diamonds. The dining table is still the century-old table with self-storing leaves that can expand to accommodate fourteen. We dine in the same century-old oak chairs. In the evening we gather by the hearth of the same masterfully crafted fieldstone fireplace to tell stories and sing the old songs. The old log cabin is gone, but its spirit lives on in the new cabin, enshrining memories old and new. I look forward to seeing infants rocked to sleep again in the same rocking chair that once rocked me to sleep on the lap of my mother and grandmother.

Lake Louise is a precious legacy, a place where God has spoken to many. It was at a campfire in the Lake Louise Methodist Camp bowl that I committed my life to Christian ministry, to do whatever God wanted me to do and go wherever God would have me go. The journey has been a blessing, and the journey continues, celebrating our traditions, values, hopes, and dreams.

SOCIETY

Heaven Stephens

Society isn't great.
It gives young children
An unrealistic expectation.
Shaping their bodies with waist trainers,
Diets
And make-up.
Nobody shows who they truly are.
They want us to be nothing more than a
Fake,
Plastic,
Original Barbie.
But if we let people
BE different,
BE confident
BE who they really are,
And let them stand out in a world,
Where everyone's the same,
Then maybe
Others will too.
And when you BE different
BE yourself
BE who you truly are,
The world can change
Just one person at a time,
Then Society can become what every person desires,
Accepting,
Caring,

Loving,
And society
Will be so very much better.
However;
Society cannot change
on its own.
It needs a voice...
And that voice
Starts with you.

CHIPS

David Wysong

Classic sour cream and cheddar
Chip dream just keeps getting better
The couch is where I take my seat
With my favorite flavors to eat

I can't stand things that are spicy
But salt and vinegar suits me nicely
Some smell them and drop
But it's a duo that can't be stopped

Some say BBQ is a bust
But it's the only one I trust
Whenever I'm having bad days
I always turn to Lays

Sour cream and onion are cool
Especially when Chill'n by the pool
I love eating them with my dad
One of the best I've ever had

“I AM” POEM

Braylin Larsh

I am tough and energetic
I wonder where I will go
I hear cars down the street
I see my dead brother in heaven
I want to get through rough times
I am tough and energetic

I pretend I am strong
I feel my bright future
I touch my dreams at night
I worry for my sister
I cry for the dead ones in my family
I am nice and energetic

I understand nothing is easy
I say get through it
I dream of my happy future
I hope I get that future
I am sad, but energetic.

Even though
I'm energetic
There is
sadness in
My life

THE SUNSHINE CAFÉ

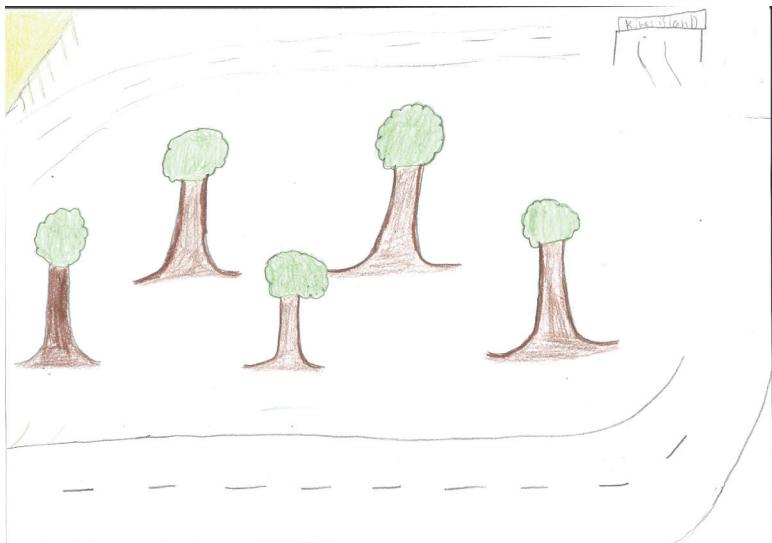
Barbara Ach

The Sunshine Café is a small café that sits on U.S. Route 40, just inside the Richmond city limits. The food was always good, and my husband and I were always treated well by the friendly staff and fellow patrons. The atmosphere was relaxed and, although the dining room was often filled with smoke, we always found it easy to sit down and, for a time, forget our worries and just enjoy where we were and who we were with.

My husband, Robert, he was Bobby to me, and I frequented the café throughout much of our marriage. There wasn't really a pattern to our going, we just went whenever the desire hit us. We lived in a quiet neighborhood within walking distance of the café. Bobby and I went out to eat very frequently. Our favorites were, Olive Garden and the Sunshine Café. Wherever my husband and I went we always enjoyed one another's company. When we went to the Sunshine Café, Bobby always got a Manhattan and what I got depended on my mood. It was always enjoyable; any excuse to go out with my family was good enough for me.

Robert and I were married for sixty-seven years. Any time spent with Bobby was relaxing, although not everything was perfect, while I was with Bobby I was happy. Whether we were going boating on the Ohio River, working in the garden, attending

one of our son's sporting events, or enjoying a meal in the little café, I was glad to be with him.



"King's Island", 7th Grade Early College student

NEVERLAND

Hannah Trotter

The place where you never grow up,
Where you can live without adults,
Where you can be what you want,
And you don't have to deal with society,
Go on wonderful adventures,
Where you can fly freely through the air,
And to get there you fly in the sky,
To the second star to the right,
Not many people go,
But if you do you never want to leave,
But only if you're me you get to see the sky,
So come with me to Neverland

ÜTOPYA

Dasia Smith

It is a place of joy
With no worries or cares
Every girl, Every boy
Everyone wants to be there

You may live freely
We all are perfect
You plan your destiny
We all are accepted

Everything there is ideal
Everyone is polite and fair
It is all part of a perfect real
You can feel the love and care

Hope is not just a want
It is a future waiting to happen
Desires aren't there to haunt
Everything it there for a reason

You only feel the good emotions
You know not only pain
Life is like a roller coaster
But only from the little kid place

The sound that rings is laughter
As amazing as it seems

It's like a fairytale ever after
This world is but a dream

It is a place of wonder
But it's a fictional happy place.
Nothing should drag you under
But people make that idea change

All these things are lies
This world we cannot achieve
Your dreams will pass you by
But it doesn't hurt to believe



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REMEMBER

Celeste Stubblefield

Remember the times
When you were little & sad
You forgot about your mom
You forgot about your dad
 You hide behind it all
 While everything passes by
Time flies
& lies die
You grow mature
But a flame's still burning
You lose some
You gain things
You've had it rough
But doesn't mean you change things
Walk around like everything's fine
But deep down inside
You just want to cry
I remember those times
Going through rough times
& feeling lost inside
I've had those before
Actually all the time
But, I haven't given up
That's why I hide my cries
Because through the worst times
I was taught to find the bright side

Always remember
You get a lesson out of everything
One day
You'll be like me
Try to smile through it all
Because a ship can't sink
Unless a hole lets in the sea.

A MEMOIR

Evelyn "Gigi" Haggard

My name is Gigi Haggard.

I am 73-years-old.

I was born in Richmond, Indiana.

I have lived here all my life.

My favorite animal is a dog.

I have always been around dogs, and I have always loved them.

My favorite food is pizza.

Coke is my favorite drink.

I love scary movies.

My favorite TV show is Law and Order

My family consists of myself, my younger brother Andy, my older sister Edna, my mother Nannie, and my father Nathan.

My parents are both from Richmond, so our family has a long history of living here.

I graduated from Richmond High School in 1960.

After graduation, I wanted to go into the Air Force.

My father did not want me to join the military, so he bought me a car.

My first car was a green Studebaker.

I spent three and a half years as a nurse's aide at Reid Hospital.

During that time, I trained to be an ER nurse.

I worked in that department for two years.

That is when I met my future husband, Phil.

I was introduced to him through his brother.

Our first date was at their house.
We played cards and danced.
I wore a blue dress.
Two months later, Phil picked me up from work and proposed;
I told him I would think about it.
The next day he showed me the ring again, I said yes.
We were engaged for one month.
We got married at my house.
I have three kids: Scott, Robin, and Star.
Scott died three years ago from diabetic problems.
Phil died in 1972 from the same problems.
After my second child, I became very depressed.
I took 60 pills. The doctor pumped my stomach.
I spent four months at Larue Hospital in Indianapolis.
I was diagnosed with Parkinson's 10 years ago.
I like living here, but I don't get to see my grandson
or my dogs anymore, because of my daughter, Robin.
I miss my dog, Lady.
I got Lady from an animal shelter in Dayton, where
my sister Edna lives.

*Note from Gigi: "Thank you, Hannah, for coming to visit
me. I enjoy my time with you."*

MY LIVES

Andy Santiago

My old life,
based on sorrow,
hearing Mom cry,
dad never showed

I went to school,
and for the first time,
I realized I didn't fit in
with the crowd
and so I cried

Momma said "I love you,"
and as I looked into her eyes,
I saw a future,
and it looked bright

Now I stand in front of all these people,
I have never met,
talking my new old life
when I'm living a new one

So now I realized,
that people do care,
even if the ones that left
aren't even here,

So now that I stand,

even if I'm still being lifted
I'm glad that I can share this poem,
with those who truly care.

I am stressed.
throughout my life,
I felt nobody cared,
about my life

Homework and more work,
my imagination is due to procrastination,
just like this poem.

All just random words,
just like my life,
so unpredictable

I wake up in the morning,
mom and dad screaming,
I walk out of my house,
never to come back

If I come back,
to this old life,
my imagination would be gone,
just like my life

ALL I EVER WANTED

Elizabeth VandeVord

All I ever wanted was your body
Pressed against mine
Your soft snores drown out
Those negative voices in my head
That take over my whole being

All I ever wanted was your heart
To beat rapidly on top of mine
For your arms to clench onto me tightly
As we lay in bed

All I ever wanted was to share a bed
With you
In the most cuddly ways possible

We take what we have for granted...
We always do
But all I ever wanted was you

VIETNAM

Joe Garrett

I was born in the southern part of Kentucky. After my birth, I only lived there for a few months before my parents decided to uproot and go north. We took a weekend drive, just heading north, but staying along the Ohio border in Indiana. As they were travelling to a place unknown, I started crying, because I was hungry, so they pulled over in this town, Richmond. They stopped at a local store and got some baby food, since I had already eaten all of mine. We had been driving for a while my parents also got something to eat. The people were so nice and the food was great (we went back several times even when I started getting older.) My parents and I drove around Richmond, Indiana for a while and my parents just loved it! They stayed at a motel and started to wonder if they wanted to live here. It would be great because there was family who lived close in Ohio and there would likely be everything we needed in the years to come.

Our weekend trip turned into a weeklong adventure, looking for a new home to settle into. My parents had lost all hope before they finally found a two bedroom ranch house. It sat on several acres of land and was just perfect. Now, our family wasn't the richest in the world, and this place was expensive, even back then, but we had just enough. Within the following month we moved everything we owned,

which included a dog and a cat named Tom Cat. Once we came to Richmond we never moved anywhere else, and I am still here kicking butt at 79-years-old. This is the story of my young childhood, but I'd like to tell you about the most important thing in my life.

I am not one to talk much about my youth, but when I was younger I was in the Korean War. I have seen things that I wish upon no one. This was a great learning, teaching, and eye-opening part of my life. It showed me what really goes on out in the world, and it has gotten even worse today. I think that the world as we know it will no longer exist if we keep up with the terror and destruction in the world today. I'm going to start at the beginning of this story. I volunteered to go to Korea, because I didn't want to be drafted. This was a terrible time in our country, but I knew what I had to do, so I signed up.

I spent 4 years, 3 months, and 13 days there. If you were to ask anyone who was over there, they would all be able to tell you exactly, down to the day, how long they were in. It was a traumatic time. One of the worst things I remember were the winters. The coldest it ever got was 43 degrees below zero. To keep warm at night, I would have to wear everything I owned. When I was woken up in the morning there was frost around my mouth from my breathing. The buildings you lived in, were called "huts." The hut had as many as 50 men living in it. The only warmth came from a kerosene heater in the middle of the room. Sometimes they would have to bring the tanks inside, out of the cold, because the kerosene inside of

them would turn to gel and become worthless.

The most terrible thing I saw were the native children. They were so sweet. Most of them were without their parents because of the war. I saved money to buy candy from the army commissary and gave it to the Korean children. This made them so happy, and helped them to hate us less. One of my favorite memories is of their smiles and laughter when I performed magic tricks for them. One of the most difficult things I had to do was leave the children behind, for a life I couldn't guarantee.

These are memories of my life. I am not going to go on, but I do want this memoir to be an example. Be the best that you can be. Don't worry about what anyone says or thinks. Do your best, every day. Stay full and healthy. I am now 79-years-old and live in a retirement home where the only joys in life are going down to the cafeteria and listening to Elvis. People don't come to visit when you are in a place like this. So go have fun, be the person who goes above and beyond. Be someone who is extraordinary, so that someday someone remembers you and will come visit you. I've lived a full life, and I hope that you do, too.

UNTITLED

Caden Anderson

In this world of difference
We live in day by day
The stories in our footprints
I shall be the first to say
We have lost all sense

How are we to live
With fear of rival cults
Our crimes our faults
Can be used like a shiv
And stab at us until we give

We oppose it with all our might
But we know it's a useless fight
Everyone knows the strife
And how it can impact our lives

But then we open up
We admit our lives are rough
We seek a friend, a crew, a club
And then we have truly won

HELP

Hailie Mullins

John Bennet
Ronald Wolfe
Andrew Luster
Ariel Castro
Donald Evans
Bill Cosby
Willie McGee
Pamela Smart

Now, what do all of these people have in common?
They were all convicted of rape, abuse, or both
Now, you may be thinking
“What does some 13 year-old girl know about rape
or abuse?”
Well, while I haven’t personally been raped or
abused in any way,
It could happen at any time
Did you know that every 107 seconds another
American is sexually assaulted?
And each year there are about 293,000 victims of
sexual assault
And 98% of rapists
Will never go to prison
Think about it
These people get violated in their most intimate
places

But no one seems to care
Think about it
I know I do
I think about how I can't walk around in short shorts
Or a low cut top
Without getting cat-called
Or being called a tramp
I think about how this society that we live in is so
screwed up.
That when a rape victim
Has the courage
To speak up
And take their case to court
All they say is
"You shouldn't have let your cleavage show"
Or
"Don't wear such revealing clothes"
Or,
"Sorry. Our men have no self-control. There's nothing
we can do"
Well let me tell you something
It has been clinically proven
That that's some bull crap
Who doesn't have the common sense
To know that no
Means no
That stop
Means stop
That whenever somebody tells you they've been
raped
They need help

SMILE VS. HAPPINESS

Lylith Powell

You wake up and put one on.

It is a daily action.

You keep up with it to make sure no one sees
a change

You don't let it fall for you fear that someone will
question you on why your default setting is having a
malfunction.

Switch on.

Switch off.

When it is and when it is not convenient.

But wait.

There is something that runs deeper than your
programming.

Something that is more than the movement of a
switch.

It is a chemical reaction held in your brain to make
you feel emotion.

It is something on the inside and not an outside facial
expression.

It isn't default. It is real.

VACATIONS AND TRAINS

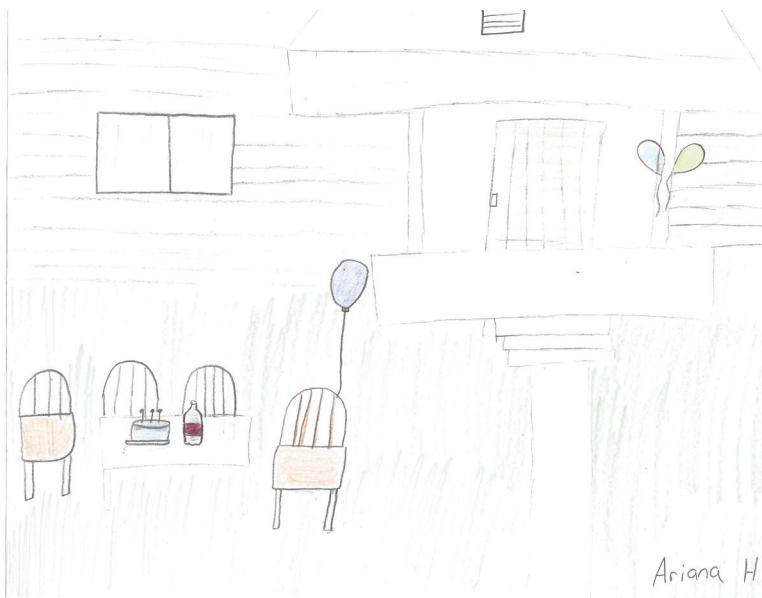
Juanita Summers

Vacations were always the highlight of my summer. From the time I could remember, my family and I were always going on vacations to Crooked Lake. Crooked Lake is a lake in northern Indiana. Hollywood Landing was a general store that had rooms available to rent and my family and I would go every summer. I remember the smell of the air, the sight of the sunset, the feeling of the sun's warm rays, beating down on me. I remember just about everything there is to remember about those vacations. From the times my father sent me down to the general store to buy myself a coke and him a cigar, so he could smoke it while he was fishing, to the time I ended up with sun poisoning.

In my later life, I remember the days my husband would bring home a new piece of his collection. My husband collected trains, and he had a lot of them. I still remember our house; we had a train that went all around the house. He cut holes in some of the walls just so his trains could get through. My husband was a collector, and I am one too. I collect Coca-Cola memorabilia. Whenever my family members find something new for me they bring it in. One of my nurses made me a puzzle, and I have it hanging up on my wall.

Times like these are the ones that have made a lasting impression on me because I was spending time

with my family. I remember swimming in every part of that lake with my siblings, we had a very fun time. Moments like these are why I can look back on life and smile.



By Ariana, 7th Grade Early College student

NETWORKS VS. HOMEWORK

ZaKyra Fox-Holland, Jayla Potter,
Lylith Powell, & J'naya Thompson

I'm running off the bus
I'm bringing home A+

I go onto the gram,
You know I got to spam
I post a pic it's popping
They see me and they stopping

Now I go post a Tweet
My eyebrows they're on fleek

These females they are bitter
Stalking on my Twitter

Clearing all my apps
Then I send some snaps
But homework's due tonight
I got to get it right

Momma told me work when I get home
I got to leave these apps alone

I have a D
Then she says I got three

It ain't meant to be
Just wait and you will see

Cause now I got an A
Forever it will stay

HOME

James Dunn

I remember the dew on the ground, soft little droplets of water placed so perfectly on each leaf, each blade of grass; sometimes surrounded by pillows of soft, cool, foggy air. The kind of air that almost feels tranquil and refreshing at the same time. I feel the warm, summer sun on my face and smell the fresh air of the mountains; the grass, budding trees, the unforgettable scent of freshly sprouted wild flowers, all floating around on a whisper of wind, a light springtime breeze. A breeze that would gently blow through Jan's hair as we sat and talked. It isn't the conversation, but the companionship that put us in perspective with the natural surroundings that we have grown to love. This is my special place; a reminder of my childhood home, my loving family, a place where I feel warm and wanted. Home is where your heart longs to be; this is my home.

WHO WE ARE TODAY

Abby Hanson

My homework
Was to write a poem.
The poem is
About who I am
And where I'm from.

I am from
One place,
And that's where
I was born.

I don't know
Who I am
As a person.
For a stranger
Is me.

I was told
To write
About something
I care dearly
For.
But what I care so deeply
For
Is hard to
Describe.

They are
Quirky and strange.
They live and they breathe like
Everyone else.
They are
My friends
And family
Who I
So care about.

They stay who
They are
Even when
We change.
My friends and
Family who are
So dear to
Me
Make me
The me
You see
Today.

I'M A BELIEVER

Kush Patel

I'm a believer
I know
That space is in my future

In my free time
I chill in space
I can see stars,
Constellations,
And the great big white moon

I know I can do it
But I have to
Try my hardest
Put in my all
Put in the work
I know I can do it
I will go to space

I'm a believer
I'm a dreamer
I can see the future
I dream of outer space
And I know that I can do it

My favorite cousin in my family is my younger one her name is Elizabeth but everyone calls her liz, she is 2 years younger than me so when were younger I would always tell her what to do. One of my favorite things about her is she always has something crazy to say and always is happy and fun to hang out with. My favorite memory with her is when we would play outside we would come up with diffrent things to do, one time we stayed outside in the rain because we got locked out and we were soaked, another one is when we were in the pool in our backyard every day in the summer we would be out there and do fun things when we got out we would eat soupe

Vanya

Now that my family and I moved out I don't get to spend a lot of time with my cousin but every now and then we go to their house. Liz and I are older now so we don't really play anymore. We usually watch scary videos together and she spends the night sometimes, she is like my younger sister and I really like the bond that we have.

2.

Vanya

By Vanya, 7th Grade Early College student

21 YEARS SERVING GOD

Kathryn Holm

Traveling from America
To South Korea
Gave me such insight.
In 1959, I made the journey
With my husband and two-year-old daughter.

We met a young boy
Who had one arm.
With the other, he had picked up a grenade
Unknowing of what it was.
To this day, I still hear from him.

He learned English quickly,
Acted as our translator
And became like a family member.
One of my sons has his name
As a middle name.

I had two sons while there.
The people thought
I was a wonderful woman.
At the time, sons were valued
More than daughters.

Twenty-one years I spent there,
As a missionary,
Serving what I felt God had called me to do.
Change is hard,
But that experience was fulfilling.

STRESS

Victoria Garcia

It's another sleepless night,
I'm having an internal fight
And here I sit alone.
All this work makes me want to groan.
I just want to crawl into bed
And feel all my worries disappear from my head,
But I sit here looking at the page
It makes me feel like I'm in a cage.
I'm trapped in this endless work,
It's driving me berserk.
I can't wait until all of this is done
So I can just go out and have fun.

CAMILLE LOSCHIAVO

Francie Wentz

Hours are passed, people are met,
Events will happen.
We remember memories, shed tears,
Will eventually be laughing.
Words are said, things are heard,
Many things transpire.
Through countless events,
There will always be that one we admire.

From a young age, you find someone
You look up to.
It can be someone famous or
A person in life you run into.
But, there is never someone that quite
Means the same
As that one person at birth,
Who gave you your name.

From a young age
You taught me to listen, eat, and talk;
It was with your help that I began to walk.
As I grow older,
many things you continued to teach.
And through life's obstacles,
I knew where my mother could be reached.

Always there, to console me, advise me,
And yes, upon my errors too,
you would chastise me.
Loving and caring,
also understanding,
You knew of my potential,
were always so demanding.

Life has taught me many things,
I've seen many faces,
But you are one of those people,
nothing or anyone replaces.
Seven years this December,
you have been gone,
But my memories of you
are stronger than ever.

I love you, Mom.

SUCCESS

Nakala Bennett

Success is a peace of mind

Success can take lots of time

Success is key

Success is within me

I strive for success

I always do my best

Success is key

Success is within me

Success isn't given,

It's earned

You have to go get it

Get in the mindset and get with it

Success will soon become a part of your life so

give it a try

RICH SQUARE NEIGHBORHOOD

Lois Jordan

A red brick Meetinghouse (Quaker church) stands on a slight hill near the end of a wooded country road in southern Henry County, Indiana. Interstate 70, a heavily-traveled highway, passes by just on the northern edge of the church grounds. The Meetinghouse was the heart of a rural community, settled in the 1820s and '30s by Quakers (the Religious Society of Friends), from North

Carolina, Virginia, and New Jersey. They wanted to raise their families in land free of slavery. The oldest settler, Jeremiah Parker, was given the privilege of naming the new Friends Meeting and chose to name it Rich Square, after the Meeting he left in Northampton County, North Carolina. The first Meetinghouse was made of logs, followed by two frame buildings (both lost in fires) and last of all the brick building, built in 1895.

According to Daniel Newby, son of one of the settlers, the values these hardy pioneers sought to live by were: taking care of their own poor,



RICH SQUARE FRIENDS CHURCH

discouraging reckless dealings, shunning places of diversion, opposition to lawsuits, prompt payment of debts and taxes, settling their own disagreements, relieving those in distress, and encouraging education. They took special pride in their stand against human slavery and their conscientious principles against shedding human blood. Every Sunday and Wednesday they met for worship in the Meetinghouse. In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the Quakers also built and conducted a school nearby.

The community was knit together around the Meetinghouse and the school, and the rural culture in which neighbors helped each other with farm tasks, sharing tools and labor. Most of the farms on nearby roads were owned by Quaker families. Their school welcomed other neighborhood children. Several of the boys and girls walked to school, joining classmates on the way; some rode horseback, a shed on the school grounds providing shelter for the horses during the day; some were brought to school in horse drawn vehicles. The children worked at their lessons and enjoyed playing seasonal games in the yard during recesses - blind man's bluff, handy over, red rover, fox and geese in the snow and other games that enlivened their times together. A pump in the yard with one tin cup provided drinking water. Activities in the neighborhood centered on the places of worship and education. Families cared about their neighbors, helping each other in times of illness, births, marriages and deaths and shared seasonal activities. Many experiences and memories were held

in common.

The last year of classes in the Rich Square school was 1929, the year I was born. Hearing the stories of the school days of my parents and aunts and uncles and the close friendships they made, I was always sorry I didn't have the opportunity to be a Rich Square School student. By now the edges of the neighborhood were fraying. Cars provided easy means for going farther afield, the older generation of Quakers were gone, some young people left for college or work and didn't come back, and families moved away. And yet, a few farms remained in Quaker hands and the basic community lived on. Friendships still centered on the Rich Square Meetinghouse, but the school house was gone, replaced by the township system of education. We children attended school in the village of Lewisville, and the edges of our lives were expanding into the community of Henry County and beyond.

An only child, I was very close to my parents, Clyde and Frances Harned. My father usually had a second job to boost the income from our 80-acre farm, but most of his hours were spent working at home. Family life for us three meant lots of togetherness. I enjoyed hours of playing by myself, but I was always happy when friends and cousins who lived in the neighborhood, and cousins who visited from Richmond, only thirty miles away, came to play. We roamed the neighborhood on our bicycles, played monopoly, carom, and croquet. On summer nights we played "slips" out in the dark yard, or cops and

robbers, Quaker children though we were. It was always an adventure to play in the haymow of our big barn, swinging on a rope, walking along the high rafters with sweet smelling hay below to cushion a fall. Often we explored our eight-acre woods. Our parents thought it quite safe to let us walk or bike down the gravel roads by ourselves. Friends lived in all the houses, and cars were not so fast as today's cars.



A Sunday School Class at Richsquare
c. 1937

Every Sunday, families gathered at the Meetinghouse. They met to worship, to study the Bible, to enjoy being together, sometimes to enjoy a "pitch-in" meal on special occasions. My

best friend, Janet Johnson, was nearly always there and our parents let us sit together during worship unless we got the giggles. We were not made to feel ashamed of our small disturbances -our mothers just quietly moved one of us between the grownups. Sunday school teachers and pastors told us stories about God and Jesus and people. They helped us see how biblical truths applied to our lives: be kind, be generous, treat others as you would like to be

treated, love God and your neighbor. It didn't seem complicated. During my early school years we children accepted the foundation of faith provided by the adults. It was the base from which we would build our own faith in all the years that followed.

Rich Square neighborhood was never insulated from the world, but sought to be a positive influence on the lives of others in many ways. In the first half of the 19th century some of the families were a part of the Underground Railroad that ran through the area, helping escaped slaves move north. During the Civil War, twenty-six young men in the neighborhood fought for the Union, following their conscience and their testimony against slavery. In the years immediately following the war Rich Square, along with other Quaker Meetings, took up collections to help the freed men and women get started in a new life. During World Wars I and II, Rich Square Friends, endeavoring to be true to their understanding of their belief in peace, found themselves on different sides -some conscientiously holding fast to the testimony against the violence of war, and some conscientiously supporting the war effort as a testimony against tyranny. Through the years Friends became teachers, ran for county offices, or the state legislature and in many ways worked for the welfare of their neighbors.

One member, Mildred White, was called into mission work, and taught school in Ramallah, Palestine, most of the years between 1922 and 1954. She kept in close touch with the folks at home. Rich Square Friends knew that "love your neighbor" had

no barriers of distance. Other visitors brought news from time to time of Friends work in Kenya, Jamaica, in Oklahoma with native Americans, and elsewhere. Friends included the needs of people in places beyond their own community in their church budget.

Rich Square had close ties with Earlham College, the Quaker college in Richmond, Indiana. Several of the teachers in the days of the Rich Square School were educated at Earlham, and some of the students from Rich Square went to Earlham for their college education. An example of how this enriched the community is how music came to the neighborhood. Mable S. Johnson, a member of the Meeting, learned to play the piano at Earlham. In the early days, there was no music during Quaker worship, as it was deemed frivolous and distracting; but in the late 19th century, young people began singing in their homes and eventually asked their elders to let them have music in the Meetinghouse. Eventually, the elders agreed, at first reluctantly, and a pump organ was brought in to be used only during Sunday school. In a few years, it was replaced with a piano. Mable taught my mother, Frances, to play the piano in the early 1920s. My friend, Janet, my cousin Dorothy, and I began piano lessons during elementary school years. Music thus became a welcome part of both Sunday school and worship.

When we married, my husband and I chose to build our home in the Rich Square community, on five acres, just around the corner from the Meetinghouse. Our three children, Karen, Janet, and

Phillip, grew up in the neighborhood. Several cousins lived nearby as well as other children. The children enlivened the neighborhood with their activities. For a time, the girls “published” a newsletter, asking families for news, then printing it and distributing the newsletter for, I think, a penny a copy. Another time the children worked together to put on a “circus” and invited the families to pay for tickets to see the wonders. The money went to Riley Hospital for children in Indianapolis. They did odd jobs to earn money to buy a teepee -a real one -that had to be sent from California to Richmond by bus. My husband cut slender trees from the woods to fashion poles for the teepee. When it was raised in our back yard, the boys and girls took turns staying overnight in it. Most of the children rode the same bus to the school in Lewisville.

During the 1960s when the country was going through the struggle for Civil Rights our neighborhood seemed strangely quiet and immune from the turmoil. We watched TV, appalled at the violence directed against fellow citizens. Then New Castle Friends Meeting provided an opportunity for us to make some small, but meaningful contribution to the struggle. For four summers our family, with the support of Rich Square, joined New Castle families in hosting inner city, African-American children from Chicago. We shared our home with Petrina and Flora for two summers, then Maxie and Loretta for one summer each. We put our belief in equality into action just by including these girls in our daily family

work and fun and neighborhood activities.

By the 1990s, most of the latest generation of children had left the neighborhood and that spelled the demise of the closeness of a rural community centered on the Quaker Meetinghouse. The Meeting was discontinued in the year 2000. In November of that year, neighbors and interested friends/Friends filled the Meetinghouse on a day set aside to celebrate the years of its life and influence.

Today none of the farms in the neighborhood are in Quaker hands and the Meetinghouse stands empty most of the time. The grounds are kept mowed and every so often someone is buried there, or their ashes scattered, among their ancestors. The Meetinghouse itself is in good shape, thanks to a group of descendants of the early families who formed a corporation to preserve and care for it. It is on the State and National Registry of Historic Places and is available for weddings, family reunions, and other celebrations, though not used as often as we had hoped. Its future at this point is uncertain. Whatever the fate of the Meetinghouse, I nevertheless believe that the values of their faith, love, peace, equality, integrity, and simplicity that Rich Square families endeavored to live by continue to touch people's lives wherever their descendants make their homes, and help make their neighborhoods, better, kinder places.

THIS IS MY STRUGGLE

Braxton Adams

It's real...

the struggle...

life seems unfair we battle our hearts,
when it unravels and tears.

We lose ones we love, ones dear to our hearts.

The journey in life can be hard from the start.

We all have supports, who reach out their hands.
sometimes we fall; our body can no longer stand.

The struggle...

We battle emotions that we keep deep within,
afraid to express, afraid to lose friends.

We keep our distance, we hide in the crowd,
sometimes we scream in silence, afraid to cry out.

The struggle...

Our inner emotions do not make us weak,
sometimes the battle is complicated, unable to speak.
There are times we laugh and times we cry.

Angels are among us, together we fly.

This is my struggle...

INSANE IN THE MEMBRANE

Darian Belcher

Clouds

Purple clouds surround my mind

With thoughts of joy

Floating

Shimmering in the sun

Sounds of screaming

Fill my head

As ballerinas dance

to the screams

Those heinous women

Death is on the agenda

Not really sure why

But it's calming

The sweet release

Makes my life seem even sweeter

I sit and stare

At walls of beige

Padded walls

A locked door is the only moving object

Other than myself

Strait jackets

Strap my arms

To my side
For what have I done to deserve this
I cannot recollect

And because of the clouds
And because of the screams
I am locked in a cage
Of my own mind
It is horrifying

I guess that's what insanity foes to you
Being sane would be nice
Life is a dream
Is what they tell me
To stay calm

But it's ok
None of this matters anymore
I'm just dying to get out of here
To get out of my mind
Because I'm surrounded by clouds

