

POEMS

drawings



# Young Voices

Puzzles

SHORT  
STORIES



cartoons

NORTH YORK  
HISTORY ROOM



 North York  
Public Library

By: Katherine Szeto



# **Young Voices**

## ***Being Young***

**Works by young readers of the  
North York Public Library celebrating  
International Youth Year 1985**

***Selected by the Young Adult Librarians  
of the North York Public Library***

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COVER DESIGN: Katherine Szeto



## THEY SAY TO ~~STAY~~ FOREVER YOUNG

They say to stay forever young,  
they longingly look back,  
of childhood days are praises sung,  
of the carefree joy that they now lack.

They say that youth has problems few,  
nothing with which to be occupied.  
But youth itself has a different view  
and each small worry is magnified.

Every problem appears as great  
as those that are faced later on in life.  
Those carefree days hold fear and hate;  
instead of the joy, youth sees the strife.

And yet ...

Youth finds much to laugh about  
and youthful dreams are bright.  
A youth can with eagerness try and  
with joy shout,  
and be certain that wrong can  
be made into right.

Thus, they may have told the truth  
when remembering their days of yore,  
for an adult can lose hope  
but never the youth;  
when an adult sees drowning,  
a youth sees the shore.

"Stay forever young?"  
I've thought of both sides and now  
I think the bad is outweighed  
by the good  
and if they could tell me how  
... I would.

*Manjusha Pawagi*

## TOO SHY

The words that mean so much to me  
I find so hard to say.  
I try to tell you kindly  
But you turn and walk away.  
I'd like to say I'm sorry  
That I wouldn't hurt a friend  
But I talk and you don't listen  
So I slowly try again.  
It's times like this that bother me  
'Cause I can't seem to explain  
I hope that you will understand  
I suffer without pain.  
It's those who are so dear to me  
That I find it hard to start  
I try so hard to tell you  
What's deep within my heart.  
So hold my hand and listen  
Bear with me 'til the end  
Don't lose that hope I'm hanging on  
My very special friend.

*Tony Marchese*

## WHAT IS LIFE?

Life is a funny thing  
It's like the heart that slowly ticks away  
It's like an endless beat that goes on and on  
But most of all  
Life is like an endless breath from GOD.

*Pauline Nembhard*



## MY DEDICATION

As I gaze through my window  
To the darkness of the night  
I think of the day  
When at once I'll see light  
I picture a feeling  
Flowing from one to another  
A feeling of love so strong  
As of a child to its mother  
I hear the rings  
Of singing and laughter  
And the voices of praise  
Which follow soon after  
Each and every human  
Who at once has cried  
Respects one another  
With dignity and pride  
All love each other  
And devote their purpose in life  
To help another by reducing  
His troubles and strife  
By realizing it's but a dream  
I lose all the light  
Again I gaze through my window  
To find stars amidst the dark night  
All is hushed  
And perfectly still  
I realize it can be accomplished  
Through a person's will  
I'll long for you  
As I always do  
This poem, oh PEACE,  
I dedicate to you.

*Estee Nussbaum*

## RED

Red is nice  
Red is fun  
Whenever I see it  
I think of the sun  
It also can be hot  
But sometimes it's not

Red reminds me of a nice cool Slush  
Red is a Fruit Roll-up  
I eat for break  
Red is an exciting colour  
That can lead to adventure

Red can be sad  
Like when you cry  
And your face turns red

But mostly  
Red is nice.

*Mark Andrew Romanko*

## YOUTH

Lights flash, music roars,  
Bodies sway, sweat galore  
The beer flows, air is thick  
The dance floor is full, as heels click, clack, click  
As heels click

Sitting down way in the back  
With holey jeans and a knapsack  
His sweater gray, his hair long  
Nails cracked, fingers strong, bony, strong  
Fingers strong

His test he failed, his dad on booze  
Parents divorced, what can he lose  
He takes a pill, his hand does not shake  
It reaches his mouth, his life is at stake, in danger  
At stake, his life is at stake

Lights flash, music roars  
Two eyes have closed, they will open no more  
He swallowed ...

A purpose of life, a reason to live  
Is the happiness of helping, the happiness to give,  
To learn, to teach  
Parenthood, a goal to reach, strive for, reach  
A goal for youth to reach.

*Esty Hendler*



Bridget Bray

Warren O'Neill





## MAKING FRIENDS

The last period bell rang and Lara Cummings breathed a sigh of relief. She followed slowly behind everyone as they dashed to their lockers, shouting at each other happily.

"Yahoo! It's Friday!" Someone yelled as he ran down the hallway. Lara stared after him wistfully, knowing that Fridays were no big deal to her. Neither were the weekends for that matter. She wasn't invited to parties or to go see a movie with anyone. In fact, no one made an effort to befriend her except her lockermate, Jennie. Lara knew at first that when she had moved to California it wouldn't be easy making new friends. Especially at a school where everyone knew each other already. After all, she came from England and spoke in a "funny" accent and was as pale as a ghost compared to everyone else. It was also hard for her to make friends since she was so shy.

Thus, it came as a shock to her when Jennie told her that everyone thought she was a stuck-up snob, acting superior to everyone and ignoring them. Lara had almost laughed. Being shy had always been one of her painful qualities. People always confused it with snobbery.

As she dialed the combination to her locker, Jennie startled her by thumping her on the back.

"Hiya Lara!"

"Hi, Jennie. How are you?" Lara smiled.

"Great! Gosh, I just love your accent! Wish I could talk like that," said Jennie all in one breath.

"You're the only one who seems to like it," Lara said, glad that she could talk to someone.

"Oh, who cares what anyone in this stuffy school thinks about your accent? Lighten up, I love it!"

Lara stacked her books into her locker wishing that everyone else would like her as much as Jennie seemed to. Jennie talked with her a lot during breaks but never seemed further interested otherwise. The girls Jennie hung around with did not seem to care about Lara's presence either.

Lara checked her schoolbag to make sure she had all her homework when Jennie's friends came by.

"Ready to go, Jen?" asked a blonde girl.

"Yep, just a moment. Where are we going today?"

"To Kramer's Soda Shop."

"Okay," said Jennie. She swung her schoolbag on to her shoulder, her eyes meeting Lara's at the same time. Lara quickly shifted her eyes, embarrassed for being caught listening.

"Hey, Lara would you like to come with us?" asked Jennie after a moment's silence.

"Uh, I don't know," Lara flushed, knowing that Jennie was just asking her to be polite. She felt painfully embarrassed and stood there wanting so badly to accept while the other part of her wanted to say no just to keep her pride intact.

"We'd like you to come," said the blonde girl and several others echoed their agreement.

Lara looked at all of them feeling suddenly relieved and happy. "Sure. I'll come," she said with a wide grin.

She was then introduced to everyone and as they walked down the school hall together, Lara felt like she was really part of the school. All her past uncertainties were forgotten, as the blonde girl, whose name was Christine, asked her about her life in England.

*Evelyn David*

### AN UNTITLED CONFUSION

I'm in an everything mood  
I'm going everywhere,  
My mind is all confused  
I am not aware.  
I just can't distinguish  
From depression or boredom to happiness-  
And all the other things I'm feeling  
My thoughts are jumbled- I'm a mess.  
Maybe I'm tired  
or overworked  
or overtired  
with too much  
work.  
But try as hard as I might  
Absolutely nothing is clear,  
I can't understand myself  
Or those who are near.  
I don't know who I am  
Or even what this stranger feels,  
I'm a blob with emotions of  
nothing and everything  
My "self" is spinning on an endless wheel.  
Maybe it's because  
I am so unsure,  
But it's obvious to me  
This confusion has no cure.  
I suppose I'll have to be satisfied  
With living from day to day,  
And hope this everything mood  
Perhaps will go away.

*Niki Kemeny*

### LOVE

Love is like a waterfall,  
That flows and flows and flows,

Love is like a flower,  
That grows and grows and grows,

Love is like the wind,  
That blows and blows and blows.

*Susan Puddy*

### MUSIC

I lie down  
on the cool surface  
let the sun touch my face  
and push the button.  
Out of the headphones,  
A noise,  
like a flutter  
soars  
like a wave  
engulfing me as it passes.  
A moment, a song, a melody,  
Nothing more.  
This is music.

*Risa Schwartz*

### TIME

"Time will heal all wounds" they say,  
"For pain is not eternal."  
But time and time and time again,  
I've proved this phrase unsuitable.  
Tears I've held splatter like rain,  
Love I'll never give again.

*Jennifer McMurphy*

## BURN OUT

"Hi, my name is Blacky, I don't have a last name, --- well I do but right now I don't want you to know it! I can't do this!" I turned my back on my audience.

Mr. Fisher, the head of Alcoholics Anonymous got out of his seat and approached me. "Blacky," he said, "You don't have to hide, you're among friends. Nobody is going to laugh at you or throw things at you. Nothing will happen; you're among friends."

I turned around to face my audience once more. Everybody was waiting for me to speak. I thought to myself, "It can't be too bad to talk about it. Mr. Fisher?"

"Yes Blacky."

"Where do I start?"

"From the beginning."

"O.K. here goes nothing. --- Hi, my name is Blacky. I'm an alcoholic. It all started when I was fourteen years old. I'm sixteen right now. My old man used to drive me nuts. You've got to be this, you've got to be that, is what he would always say. One day I told him to shove it. He broke a bottle over my head. The blood gushed out of the side of my head. My mother fainted but my father couldn't care less. I grabbed my stuff and got out of the house and I haven't seen my father or my mother since that night. I looked for a job but I couldn't find one. That was when the drinking started. First I drank only occasionally then I started to drink a lot. Soon I was nothing more than a drunk. Two weeks later a gang came down an alley in which I was sleeping. They stopped and a girl, about my age, approached me. She and someone else helped me to my feet."

"You alright?" she asked.

"Ya, I guess so," I replied.

"Then she asked me what my name was. I told her it was Blacky. I asked her name and she said it was Sheila. To make a long story short the gang adopted me and a year later I became their leader. The gang's name is the Barbarians. I am still with them. Sheila, who is now my girlfriend sent me here because she knows that I am an alcoholic. I didn't know it before, or maybe I just didn't want to admit that I was an alcoholic. But I'm admitting it now. --- I am an alcoholic and I'd like to keep coming to these sessions. Thank you for listening to me!"

Mr. Fisher got up. "What do you think about this young man staying with us folks?" Everybody started cheering. "I guess you stay with us Blacky."

"All right."

"Blacky?"

"Yes!"

"Do you know what alcohol does to you?"

"Yes I do. It poisons your body and wrecks your liver and other parts of your body."

"Thank you Blacky. Welcome to Alcoholics Anonymous."

*Jason Ross*



## EXPECTATIONS

Why must you bother and fuss?  
Just leave me alone  
Give me some peace  
So that I can at least think for a while.

I'm sorry I'm this  
and not simply that  
I'm sorry I can't be the way  
you really want.  
But you see, it's so hard to  
please the whole world  
especially when all you want is to be yourself.  
But since you've stuck labels  
and headlines on me, it's hard  
to find and know  
who I really am.

And I ask, really, who am I?  
Can you answer that?

I take your silence for a no,  
I'm sorry if it was  
meant to be a yes,  
but I can't read your mind, nobody can,  
so I'd really appreciate it if you  
didn't expect me to.

I'm sorry I do this  
and I'm sorry I can't do that  
But that's the way I am, that's me,  
can't you see?

There are some things about me  
that I don't like at all, I agree  
But I'm trying my best, really I am,  
to change for the better  
and be the best me I can.

It isn't easy, have you ever tried?  
You want me this way,  
she wants me that way  
and he likes the other.  
But what about me, doesn't  
what I like count?  
Obviously not.

So I'm sorry I can't  
and I won't  
and I don't  
And I'm sorry I should  
and I will  
and wish and I -

Wait.  
No, I'm not sorry at all.  
Because that is me,  
and it's the way I want to be.

*Erika Loughran*

## TRAPPED

As a youth I stand with others  
As a person I stand alone....

Alone, I face the world up front  
I am a sword and spear  
My protective rock surrounds me  
Sealed with dry and salty tears  
There is an abyss within my soul  
Filled with memories never forgotten  
or forgiven  
Just anger, hatred and pain  
It's my only wound that's in my heart  
Which makes my kindness lame.

Alone, I face the world up front  
With a tear stained sword within me  
I am like a victim inside a web  
Trapped upon a desolate thread  
I talk to no one, not even myself  
My feelings are sealed, vacuumed,  
Replaced by lies and deceit  
Because I am a reflection  
Of a prison in our world.

Alone, I face the world up front  
My sword, my tears and I.....

*Teresa Cheung*

You will never hear  
The whispers of grief  
I utter  
When I stare  
Into the cold darkness  
And silently curse  
The vast oblivion  
I've fallen into.  
You will never see  
The path my numerous tears have  
woven  
For now  
I have become a puppet  
To fate  
And its consequences.

You will never know  
The circling fear  
That screams in my brain  
And the desperate search  
For that last piece  
To the complex puzzle  
Of my existence.....

*Cherry Nery*

## YOUTHFUL QUESTIONS

When I get to Heaven, there are a lot of questions I intend to ask, like...

...what goes with an orange cotton skirt?  
...what is the difference between love and hate?  
...if the carton says 2% milk then what's the rest of it?  
...when do "kids" become "adults"? When they turn 18?  
...what else can you give dads on Father's day other than socks and ties?  
...what is the answer to that silly puzzle (I couldn't figure it out) that wasn't included in the back of the magazine?  
...why do friends seem to "grow apart"?  
...what's going on with the Canadian dollar?  
...why do some people refuse to listen to me?  
...how can there be "humid, parched" land (actually read in a geography text)?  
...why can my opinions of people change in two seconds?  
...why do people open the mailbox once again after they have mailed a letter?  
...exactly what is a clean room?  
...why must I always mess up at the worst possible time?  
...am I the only one not in spikes and leather or suede and cashmere?  
...do I really want to know?  
...why am I here anyway?

*S.J. McCabe*

## LISTEN

Listen  
to us  
the adults of tomorrow.  
We have so much to say: a world of insights...  
if only you would respond to our voices.  
True, we are young  
yet...  
peace is an issue foremost on our agenda  
as we continuously strive to have  
our thoughts acknowledged.  
We are the key to the future, the foundation of an age  
yet to come.  
So, listen carefully  
do not shut us out or turn away  
But listen.  
Our dreams, goals, and aspirations  
will make your time spent  
truly worthwhile.

*Madhu DasGupta*

## PEACE

So quiet and subtle,  
Grass growing, birds flying, the sun shining bright.  
It gives me such a satisfying feeling inside.  
No anger or fighting,  
The world is filled with calmness and tranquility.  
The way a person's life should be.

*Annie Trapunsky*

## A WORLD VISION

A trumpet sounds  
at break of day,  
it summons and  
one must obey.  
'Tis an occasion:  
to let the sport begin.

Into the stadium  
they march  
proudly past  
the cheering crowd  
who have come to watch  
Nations and athletes united.

All assembled  
under mentors' watchful eyes  
competitors strive towards perfection  
testing mettle, strength, skill and drive  
For Victory and Glory,  
Honour and Pride.  
Matched in friendly competition  
They discover excellence  
Above all else  
Before the world's eyes.

Here by their example  
do they show the world  
how to love:  
victors and vanquished alike embrace  
rejoicing in a common glory  
a spirit illuminated,  
which blazes as brightly  
as a flame in the night,  
in hearts and minds alike.  
May all join hands someday,  
and sing, harmonious;  
with single-minded determination  
dreams become realities.

This they vow  
one promise,  
never to break:  
to continue the struggle for  
universal peace and love  
and never to let the world forget why.  
There is always this hope:  
that the flame in the spirit never die.

*Libby Wong*

## DULL CLASS

I look at the people in my class,  
Sarah's surely dreaming,  
staring through a pane of glass,  
happy with what she's seeing.

Her eyes are big and glassy,  
not noticing the snow,  
dreaming of another place,  
where she's always wanted to go.

Suddenly a loud voice yells,  
"Sarah don't just sit there,  
good marks don't grow on trees you know,  
So with me, you'll have to bear."

"We're learning to work with fractions,  
so give this one a try,  
number two on page sixty-eight,  
go ahead and multiply."

Sarah looks at us, pleads with us,  
to tell her what to say,  
but no one dares look at her,  
she's on her own today.

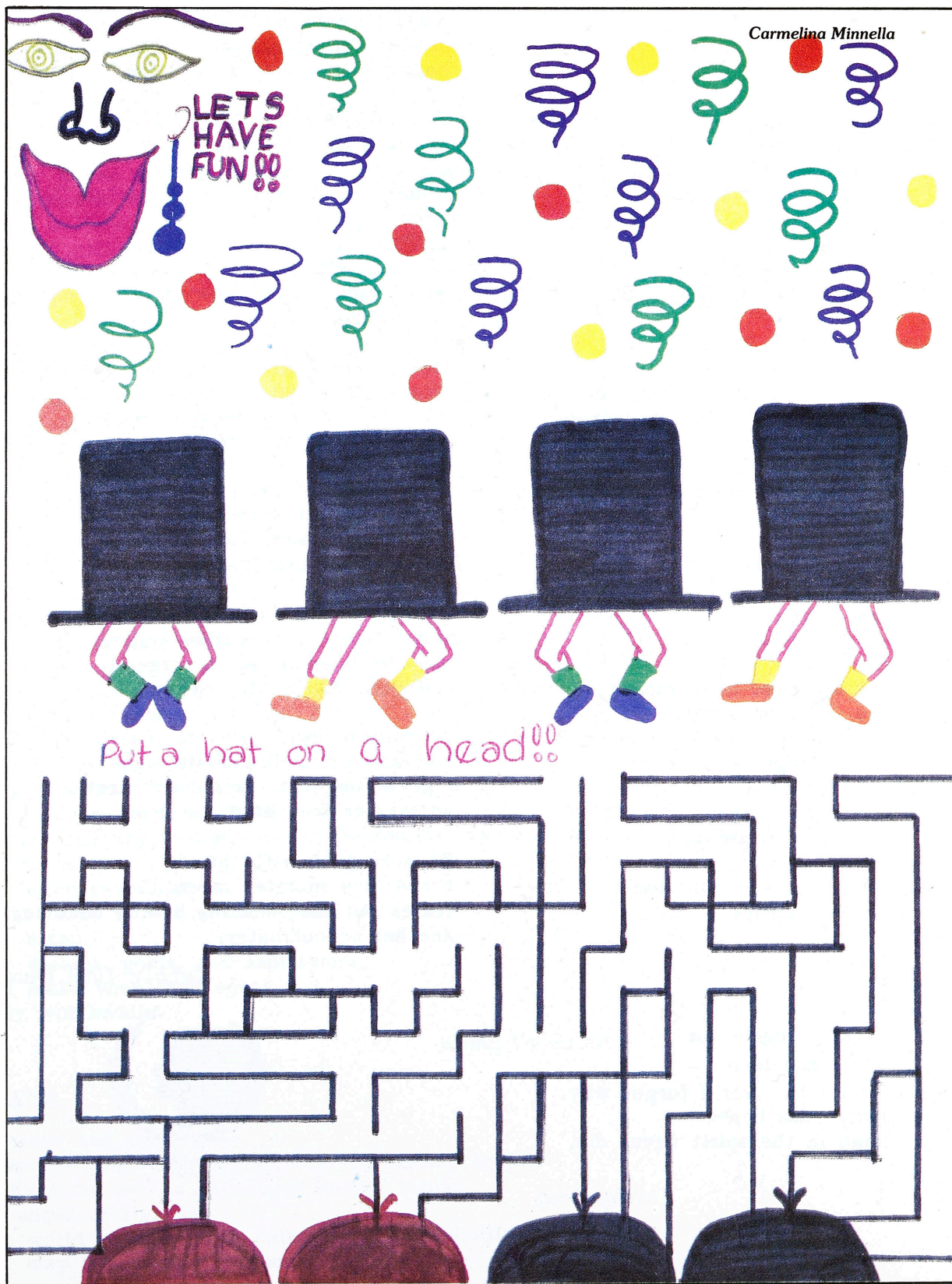
So Sarah looks back at the teacher,  
and lets out a tentative smile,  
but the teacher just ignores it,  
and yells for a little while.

Thereupon Sarah tries to listen,  
and lets out a few little sighs,  
I guess she just can't concentrate,  
no matter how hard she tries.

Because poor little Sarah,  
bored five minutes later,  
stares out the window, having become,  
another school hater.

*Debbie Lynn Brumer*





## OSCILLATION

A traffic light changes.  
A car rushes by.  
A bomb goes off.  
See the car fly.  
    And a clock ticks.  
People stand demonstrating.  
No one seems to care.  
A bomb goes off.  
There are bodies everywhere.  
    And a pendulum swings.  
A political convention.  
A sea of posters and heads.  
A pistol shot rings.  
And the President's dead.  
    An alarm goes off.  
Missile testing.  
It's all in fun.  
One little slip.  
And the world is gone.  
    And a clock ticks.  
    And a pendulum swings.  
    An alarm goes off.  
    No one sees a thing.

*Hadassah Lustig*

## GROWING UP

Rosy cheeks and smiling faces,  
Playing tag, and running races,  
Always finding time for more,  
The child of six or five or four.  
  
Schooling begins, a time for new friends,  
Notebooks and teachers, also new trends.  
Gaining knowledge just for fun,  
Soon work and play both become one.  
  
Studying hard, High School begins;  
Looking for jobs, some losses, some wins.  
Almost grown up, yet young in truth,  
That time in life one remembers as youth.

*Joy DasGupta*

## "A DEAREST MOTHER"

Mother you were always there when times were bad,  
You always cheered me up when I was sad,  
You made the hurt go with your tender kiss,  
You held me close at night, and that I do miss.

You'd cut my hair when I was young,  
Even though it wasn't any fun,  
You'd give me baths almost every night,  
Me the stubborn one always put up a fight.

You always tried to teach me wrong from right,  
But I always had my own view of sight,  
I always left when the going got rough,  
In my mind I thought you were tough.

I was wrong one more time,  
Then I led a life of crime,  
I realize now that I broke your heart,  
And inside me, it's tearing me apart.

I've never said I love you,  
Yet it's something I've always wanted to do,  
Even though we are miles apart,  
I'll love you forever mom deep in my heart.

*Peggy Chalinor*



## ONLY A CHILD CAN HEAR A RAGDOLL CRY

Nothing I told her  
Could change the sadness  
In Sally's eyes  
The day I hugged her  
And gave her to Mom.  
Sally, my ragdoll  
Who'd grown up with me  
Who'd laughed with me on my good days  
And cried with me on my bad  
Had listened with a look of wonder  
To all my dreams  
Not knowing she wasn't to be a part of them.  
"My baby's growing up"  
Said Mom  
Sally tightly in her arms  
"But I'll keep this part of her close"  
And she hung onto my hand  
Until it slipped away.  
And I could not look back  
For she was crying  
And tears that should have been  
In my eyes  
Were left behind  
In Sally's.

Swept up in the fever  
Of a life so fresh  
That filled my mind  
And filled my days  
I never did look back.  
But security was young  
And still fragile enough  
To break  
When a night grew strange.  
While, outside, fallen leaves  
Brushed against my window  
A ragdoll laughed in my dreams  
And I woke to unfamiliar shadows.  
And a voice on the phone that night  
Faltered  
And broke;  
It could have been my own.

Seasons marked the time  
And I hardly noticed  
The snows of winter disappearing  
Until a single phone call  
Shattered the dam  
My mind had built  
And let a year without my mother  
Flood back upon me  
Like a torrent  
That had continued building

Behind a forgotten restraint.  
The soothing voice that said  
"I'm coming to see my baby again"  
Rang in my ears  
Day after day  
Until the long-awaited moment  
When I ran into her arms.

A week is too damned short  
And cannot hold all the words  
That hearts pour out to one another  
When pierced by a dagger  
Called Absence.  
And words, in turn  
Run out long before emotions  
Cease their want to be heard  
And can only be repeated  
As they were the day we said goodbye.

"So just one more hug  
And I'm so proud of you  
And I love you and  
Oh- I almost forgot"  
And she took Sally from her bag  
And gave her back to me  
And the last shattered pieces of the dam  
Fell away.  
"It looked so sad without you"  
And she brushed the tears from my cheeks  
With a tenderness forgotten  
And I wished to God she wouldn't go.  
Words could say no more  
And I hung onto her hand  
Until it slipped away.  
The lights of the airport swam together  
Wherever I looked  
But Sally only stared after her  
Through toy eyes that were now  
Empty of expression  
For only a child  
Can hear a ragdoll cry.

*Sheila Strong*

## A YOUNGSTER'S IMAGINATION

Two old witches lay side by side  
Their cruel black mouths were open wide.  
When I walked closer they were no more --  
But two garbage bags near a shabby door.  
It was not simply a hallucination,  
It was merely imagination!

A big bear scatters his little friends,  
A squirrel scampers from  
approaching fiends.  
But as we look up in the sky,  
We see they're really clouds up high.  
It was not the fault of the elevation,  
'Cause all it took was imagination!

Three old hags were to be seen,  
Their gnarled limbs were oh, so clean.  
Three bare branches of a tree,  
Now looked sadly down on me,  
Waiting for spring with trepidation.  
All it takes is imagination!

On a roof, a man stood erect,  
His working suit was brightly checked  
Pulling, pulling at a brick --  
But now he looks quite thick ...  
The chimney stood in its usual place,  
And the workman was without a face,  
As he worked at his solitary occupation.  
All it had taken was imagination!

Fluttering happily in carefree flight,  
Seeking adventure to pass the night.  
The little bird flies far and wide,  
Learning things from shifting tides  
And wandering winds that come its way.  
Fancy has caught and captured this day!  
A child that wants to run and jump  
Can fly much farther, without a bump  
Than a bird in full-feather,  
Frantically flapping his full-grown wings.  
It is not merely some elevation,  
It's simply a youngster's imagination!

*Esther Berkowitz*

*and*

*Devora Dena Blau*

## WHAT ATTRACTS YOUTH?

Blinding light glares and  
casts a neon pink green orange  
glow  
upon sidewalks still wet  
from the short afternoon  
rainstorm.

Heels of gold black brown  
splash carefully through the  
lump sum humidity  
that lies in the path  
of the crowd.

And thousands upon billions of  
bright shining stars  
twinkle mercilessly glaring  
brightly

From shops and restaurants  
that share the roadway  
with cruising metallic  
monsters  
iron extensions of human  
flesh endangering all  
that exists.

And the smiles  
and river-like laughter  
that echo briefly  
then die away casually  
are only replaced by the  
language of cars  
and stars.

Busy bright night life.

*Tobey Schwartz*

## A WANDERING

The sun blessed the beach with its golden glow  
And as I walked I felt the warm sand  
Beneath my tired feet  
And the intensive gleam upon my face.

I could hear the energy of the ocean,  
And feel its loneliness within.  
A sandpiper beckoning to another,  
Was motioning secretive games.

As I stopped to watch,  
I frightened the innocent birds away.  
I saw them escape to a distant place --  
Which they only knew.

The powdery clouds accented  
The abstract blue sky.  
And from them,

I search for -- an echo.  
But I discover nothing I desire  
Each desperate step I take,  
Seems only to fall heavily  
pushing me forward.  
The birds seem to laugh as I  
search onward.  
I turn away.  
Suddenly,  
My steps are no longer a chore.  
My spirit is free until --  
The twilight falls  
And my path  
Dimly  
Fades  
Away.

*Stephanie Gallant*

## THE DANCER

Clad in my tights, leotard and leg warmers  
I head toward my love  
The empty, worn down studio with its wooden floor  
has a familiar smell which greets me  
when I walk through the door.

Alone, I see my reflection in the mirror  
as she stares back at me.  
Tall and slim, hair pulled back tightly  
in the familiar dancer's bun.  
I raise my arm forward  
And she does too  
As I start to dance to the rhythm in my head.

Graceful arm movements  
Flowing body  
Arched back

The solitude which surrounds me becomes my partner  
Lifting me up above the clouds.  
The soft thump of my pointe shoes  
Inspires me to keep going  
Even through the pain in my feet.

Slowly, my movements become slower  
Until once again I see myself staring back  
As I come back down from my protected little world  
Which only I know about and live in  
To face reality  
When I look around the empty  
Now darkened studio.

*Livia Wong*

## THE NEW GENERATION

We are young  
we are strong  
we are full of life  
we have many days to go  
before our gates are closed  
we are in good health  
we are free to run wild  
we are children of God  
we have one mind one heart one soul  
we love, hate and destroy  
we are needed  
our hands are helpful to the soil of the earth  
for life to grow  
we are what we make of ourselves  
from the starting of our lives to the very end  
we are the new generation.

*Angilee Solomon*

## GOALS 1985

Come!  
Let us stand together  
Together all at once  
To put aside our differences  
That cause hate, not love.

Come!  
Let us smile together  
Together all at once  
So we can forget the anger  
That causes war, not peace.

Come!  
Let us work together  
Together all at once  
To only look at strengths  
That build, not destroy.

Come!  
Let us join together  
Together all at once  
Let's make our youth year  
A special, peaceful one!

*Gigi Hsueh*

## SILENT SURRENDER

The leaves shifted.  
A bird sang.  
Faint voices heard.  
A car whizzed by.  
A child cried.  
Another played.  
I sat and wrote  
my self away.  
I knew not why  
I felt alone  
when all this noise  
I heard from home.  
And though I felt this way  
I wanted to stay  
and enjoy  
the leaves shifting,  
the bird singing,  
the faint voices heard,  
the car whizzing by,  
the child crying  
the other playing  
for all this noise  
was life living.

*Luisa Esposito*

## SOCIETY

Rushing: the city  
a huge mass of steel and cement  
in which people  
run constantly without pausing  
as time pushes steadily on through the years  
ignoring the fleeting lives  
continuing down narrow  
paths of hurry:  
a rushing life  
where a man  
can die  
before realizing he  
ever lived

*Joanna Birenbaum*



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