



MONTAGE

2010-2011

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Welcome to the 2010-2011 edition of Montage!

The success of this publication depends on many people; most importantly, it depends upon the poets, writers, artists, and photographers who submit their proudest works. To all of them: Thank you. It depends upon our advisor, Dr. Seufert. For assistance, support, and encouragement: Thank you. It depends upon the wonderful Montage staff. For valued opinions and dedication: Thank you all. It depends upon Steven Varble. For assembling a puzzle of submissions into this beautifully organized magazine: Thank you. And lastly (but certainly not least!), it depends upon Julie Woodward of Main Street Printing. For patience with me throughout the past few months: Thank you.

Working with all of the above awesome people to bring you this year's edition of Montage has been a joy. The Montage staff and I sincerely hope that you enjoy looking at it as much as we enjoyed compiling it. Happy reading!

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War for Love

Demetrius Suggs

What are we fighting to keep
The lies invade my dream
Depriving me of sleep
The pain has overtaken my lungs
And it's hard to breathe
My broken heart is running a mutiny
And it refuses to beat
My pride is non-existent
And I take a knee
Wounded like prisoners of war
I beg and I plead
Your exit results in my life's end

What are we fighting to keep
Where do I begin
This war is to keep your love
I release these shells from my rifle
To kill our problems
I unleash this grenade
To destroy our doubters
I drop this bomb
To blow away any lack of trust
I'm fighting to keep you near
To help me face my fears

Save my dreams
So I can rest with ease
Soothe my pains
So I can breathe
Take control of my heart
And help it beat
Give me all of you
And I will take pride in us
Be my cane
And allow me to stand
Stay in my life
And I will die a happy man

The Mind of a Serial Criminal

Lee Chiles

Jaded and hated feeling deflated I contemplated what was in store

For the present was unpleasant and quite the depressant as any time I encountered before

So...void of all slumber I thought and I wondered under the number of this iron door

As time passed...I looked at my past with crimes amassed against those beyond this floor

Do I regret or fret upon what I have done...or

Become such a mess that I will regress past being depressed to my very core

No...my friend I love what I do in lieu of what I might have to answer for

My time can't equal my crimes...that are so sublime like a rhyme that one adores

I'm insidious and lascivious...I'm lecherous and scurrilous...and I'm about to be out once more

So...leave me alone between iron and stone and let me finish my time...I implore

For there's nothing I love more...It's all I adore...the cruelty...the malice...the gore.

Train to Nowhere

Briana Sevik

“Momma,” Caleb whined, “do I have to go stay with Nana? There are no kids where she lives, plus she has all those cats—Hey, I know! I can stay with Dad!” Caleb looked up hopefully into his mother’s tired, sunken eyes. Margaret laughed lightly at her son and silently shook her head; she knew that if she tried to speak she would break down, just as she had that morning while driving to the train station. Margaret looked at her son, realizing that he was almost her height. She noticed how much he was beginning to look like his father: the bright blue eyes, his deep red hair, and the spattering of freckles across his nose. A quiet moment passed as the mother and son looked awkwardly at each other, both knowing that these could be the final moments they spent together.

Caleb knew that his mother was sick. Although he was not aware of what exactly it was, he knew that his mother didn’t have much longer. As they stood on the platform together, Caleb slid his hand into his mother’s, savoring the short time he had left with her. He felt the smooth coolness of her hand and squeezed tightly, feeling the wedding ring she still wore pressing into his finger. Caleb started to think back to when things were better in his life: when his dad still came home at night, when his mother was beautiful and still had her hair, before all of the shouting and tears began. Selfishly, Caleb thought about how much he wanted these moments back, and silently blamed his mother for ruining it all. He was snapped out of his thoughts when he heard the distant rumble of the train and the wailing horn growing closer.

“Goodbye, sweetheart,” Margaret choked out behind her tears. “I love you.”

“Love you too, Mom,” Caleb replied as he picked up his suitcase and walked swiftly towards the train.

The sounds of the trains were thumping in Caleb’s ears, and he nervously tried to find the correct train. He glanced down at his ticket, and saw that he needed to board the train with the first digits “66,” but he couldn’t read the last one. Caleb asked a train conductor which train he needed, and the man pointed straight ahead to train number “666.”

The room inside of the train that temporarily belonged to Caleb was very small with ugly curtains that reminded him of the ones hanging in the

Von Trapp family's house. There was also a bed that folded into the wall. The boy sat in the room for a while, looking out the window at the passing scenery. He was lost in his thoughts again when there was a sharp rap on the door. Caleb emerged from his room cautiously to meet that same stout man—who was now wearing a very obvious hairpiece instead of his hat—from earlier that told him it was dinner time, and after quickly asking for some directions to the dining car, Caleb sauntered in the direction of the food.

The redheaded boy sitting at the table looked up from his roast beef and potatoes and politely introduced himself as Zac and offered Caleb the seat across from him. Caleb sat down in the cramped booth and was briefly disgusted by the fact that his feet were sticking to the floor. He smelled the food on the plate, quickly lost his appetite, and pushed his serving of food away from him.

“So what did you do to get stuck on here?” Zac asked.

“Oh, I didn't really do anything, I guess. I'm just going to my grandmother's to stay for a while because my mom is really sick,” Caleb replied.

“So your mom didn't want you anymore?” Zac asked.

Horrified, Caleb said, “That's not it at all. My mom just decided this would be best for me.”

Zac looked puzzled, as if this was odd, and continued to eat his dinner in silence.

The loud ding of the intercom turning on startled Caleb and everyone else in the car. There was a faint crackle of static before an extremely deep and raspy voice began giving orders. “Attention: everyone is to fasten their safety belts immediately, as the train will commence warp speed in minus ten seconds. Ten, nine, eight...” the announcement boomed in Caleb's ears and he shot up from his table, spilling his milk, and sprinted toward his room. “I've got to get out of here,” Caleb thought, but before he could reach his room, the train jolted forward. “Okay, now all I have to do is escape out my window before this thing starts moving again,” Caleb muttered to himself as he busted through the doors to his room. As he approached the window, Caleb saw that everything outside was a blur. The train was not standing still, it was moving impossibly fast.

Caleb was absolutely terrified, and rapidly began losing all hope. He didn't understand what he had done to deserve this. Had he not loved his mother enough? Maybe he should have obeyed his father like he was

told. Thoughts were swimming through Caleb's mind, and he began to cry heaving sobs, and suddenly the train was enveloped into an eerie darkness. He glanced around, not knowing whether it was day or night.

Just as quickly as the room turned dark, a huge flash of light shone through the window, where Caleb could see the train emerging from a cave which held a striking resemblance to the mouth of an alligator. He looked back as the train raced further from the cave and on the very top, Caleb could see his grandmother's house. Caleb didn't know where the train was headed, but he knew that it wouldn't be good.

The room started spinning and a deep sickness saturated Caleb's body. He swayed slowly, and was hit over the head with a heavy object.

Caleb awoke under his bed, and figured that it had unfolded and hit him on the head. He got up and glanced out the window, seeing that the train had stopped moving and was parked in what looked like a cave. Caleb left his room and was immediately pushed into a line of boys—all around his age that were slowly shuffling out of the train.

As the boys in front of him neared the door, Caleb felt the unbearable heat hit him like a brick wall. It was finally Caleb's turn to exit the train, and he slowly made his way down the stairs, not wanting to see what was coming next.

Caleb followed the giant game of follow-the-leader through the depths of the cave, his hair and clothes damp from sweat. His limbs all felt heavy, and after what felt like an eternity of walking, the boys came across a cliff, and the stout man Caleb recognized from earlier barked at them to line up on the edge of the cliff. The man approached Caleb, and he noticed something different about him, but he couldn't put his finger on it. The man said through clenched teeth, "So, how's the heat treating you, bastard? Anything I can get for you?"

It hit Caleb what was different; the wig was gone off the man's head. The wig wasn't covering a bald spot, but sharp horns.

"Actually, I kind of want some water," Caleb replied.

The man's face turned red and he snarled, "Well, sometimes we don't get the things we want. You're going to have to deal with your life the way it is."

"But that's not fai—" Caleb began to say, but the man thrust his arms forward and hit his fists against Caleb's chest as hard as a train, pushing Caleb over the edge.

Kissing the Sun

Cameron Oberg

I will kiss the sun
And bring color
To Winter's cheeks,
Her frosty breath
Shatters my turning leaves
And makes Summer shiver,
But I would still
Kiss the Sun
I long to kiss the Sun,
I'm a little growing boy
Waving goodbye to home
And letting frozen arms
Embrace me,
Being caressed by ice
Is making me wiser
Ev'ry day,
But soon,
I will manage to kiss the Sun,
And I truly believe
The Sun will kiss back,
And take me into Spring.



Nature's Ladder

Teresa Marcotte



Beauty in the Rain

Teresa Marcotte



Silent Tigers

Teresa Marcotte

I Fear You

Broken Angel

I fear the way you look at me,
How you see into my soul, only you don't know it yet
I fear the way you know exactly what you want
While I stand here in the darkness, waiting for a call,
A sign, anything to know that something is real.
I fear the thoughts that consume me in my sleep,
Thoughts of you and promises of everything you need.
When the Sun rises again they fade like crisp smoke from the mountains.
I fear the blade of your name that cuts through me, pulsating from my flesh
It towers over me, possesses me
Until there is nothing left.
Mainly I just fear you.

How We Die

Cameron Oberg

This is how we live life
And how we die,
I walk into a room and see what people
Take for granted
Very little things,
Like candles,
They give light
With a tiny flame
And mask big things in shadows
I walk along the streets
And see the faces passing by
Gazes turned towards the ground
Linking arms,
With lovers they half-way know,
Short lives passing me by
And no hello,
This is how we live life
Inconvenient passages of time
Turning the world upside down
Just for us,
This is how we die,

We invent boredom
To make truths insignificant
And again take boredom
For granted,
Blue skies just above our heads
Green grass just beneath our feet
And people meeting eye to eye,
This is what living should be
But this is how unfortunately we die.

Free Time

Courtney Taylor

Free time,
Oh where have you gone?
Into the countless papers I've been working on?
Put into homework of all scads and sorts.
No time to shave, so I'm done wearing shorts.
Dirty clothes fill my closet. There's no time to wash them.
My teeth can't be spotless. There's no time to floss them!

I'm ever so certain my room cannot be
Anything but a catastrophe.
The bathroom's a mess.
The fridge is horrendous.
My bed's never made.
Pile of dishes tremendous.

Where does the time go anyway?
As if it just gets up and runs away.
When will I have more time to play,
And not need a four hour nap every day?

I'm up all night long
Reading, writing and such.
And there's just one thing that I don't like very much.
It's as if there's no absolute reason or rhyme
That everything's due all at the same time!
Someday I'll learn that it's true what they mean
When they say the deadlines aren't as far as they seem.

Not sure what I was thinking when this schedule I took.
Since then, my head has been buried in books.
Not to mention the meetings, the lessons, and classes.
It isn't a wonder that so much time passes
Much quicker than anyone can describe.
If there was only a med. that the doc. could prescribe
That could take away all of the stress college packs
On the students who just want their freakin' time back!

Realization

Cameron Oberg

Realizing doubt
In what one says
And does,
Sighting words
In thoughts that
Run together,
Stumbling and falling,
Into a huge mass,
Sometimes one
Won't know what to say,
With the words
Brought forth by emotions,
Tripping in the attempt
At trial and error,
While rocking
Back and forth
In realization of doubt,
And wading through
The still waters
Of the heart,
To get caught up
In the whirlwinds
Of the brain,
But confusing the two,
Is the mistake of
Heartbreak.



Solitude

Heather Fielden



Northern Lights

Heather Fielden



Tikal, Guatemala

Audra Glenn

My Lady

Cameron Oberg

I look into the night sky,
And see My Lady in her chair
Of pleasant silver,
She smiles at me,
So I kneel on the rocks
And howl my praises of her beauty
Into the frosty night,
My Lady curls up in her shroud of stars
And watches as I pace and beg
To attend her crescent throne,
But all she does is watch,
And all I do is obsess.

False

Anonymous

Words fall from your lips

Dusty old before they were young

Blown easily one way or the other

Who knows which way

Your lips

Move, or where your words

Fall.

Tears

Cameron Oberg

The sky cries
For the loss of
Someone's own,
It sheds tears
While something hurts,
The clouds grow grey
To cover up the rain
That pours down the faces
Of the strong,
The sky cries,
It mourns
To help heal
The broken,
The sky cries
And hopes,
That it will shed
All our tears.

Seasons of Friends

Broken Angel

Seasons change as our hearts do,

From a sunny breeze in the day to a cold Winter's night.

The breeze retells the story over and over to any forgotten fool who will
Listen.

The pain shapes it differently every time but it is still there.

The change in leaves is unforeseen, or maybe we are just too wrapped up
in

Everything to notice.

We have fallen from reality into a place that is forever changing,

Or maybe that's how it is meant to be.



Thinking of You

Heather Fielden



Scream

Heather Fielden



Norwegian Escape

Teresa Marcotte



Veggie Delight

Teresa Marcotte

Family Photos

Lauren A. Beauchamp

It looked, Sam had always thought, like a house that ought to be full of people, full to bursting at the seams, with boys roughhousing in the backyard and girls having tea parties under the maples in the front yard. It used to be a house like that, the neighbors said. Sam didn't know. He hadn't lived around here back then. He just knew what the house was like now. Quiet. Only a middle-aged couple lived there. Only Karl Noble and his wife, Beth, still trying to hold on to the family farm for their sons.

And Sam. But Sam didn't really belong to this place. He was only the hired help. Oh, they treated him like he was family. Beth especially. But he knew better. He knew he didn't belong. His photo didn't hang on the wall in the family room.

Sam pushed his hands in the back pockets of his faded jeans and stared lazily at the photographs hanging there, taking up an entire wall of the family room. He knew each of the pictures almost as well as Beth did. She never tired of pointing them out and sharing little stories of each person. Most people didn't pay her all that much attention. But Sam did. He watched her point to the pictures of her children, and wondered if his mother ever did the same thing. Did she ever pull out a faded shot of his college graduation, or the shot he'd sent her years ago, of him in his dress uniform? Did she ever show it to friends, and say with pride, "This is Sam." He doubted it. She'd only been too glad to see him leave home. She didn't care.

Beth walked in and stood behind him. "Dinner will be ready soon, Sam."

He nodded.

She patted his shoulder.

He cleared his throat. "You sure have a lot of pictures." He wanted to hear the stories the photos told Beth again. He wanted to hear about the Noble family, and imagine for a moment that it was his own.

Beth smiled and nodded to the one in the center. It was an 8x10 family portrait, professionally taken. "That's the last family picture we ever had taken. It was the summer before Ben started college. My, that was seventeen years ago now! Doesn't he look so young and handsome? Kate's

sixteen there. You know, that was the summer she and Joe fell in love. Will and Jake were twelve. Just boys! Oh, they were such a handful, you wouldn't believe. And look at Mellie. Look at those curls. She must have been seven. And Davey...He was just a baby. Four years old." She wiped a tear from her eye and tried to laugh away the nostalgia.

Sam wished he could have known them as she did. He had never met her sons. He knew her daughters from church, but he didn't have the roots and the history in the community that this family did. He would always be an outsider here.

"There's Kate's wedding picture." It was directly to the left of the family portrait. The red-headed bride in a long white dress smiled up at the dark-haired groom. Even Sam could see the love in the couple's eyes. "She and Joe were high school sweethearts if ever there was such a thing. She was just twenty-one when they got married. He was two years older. They're still just that happy together."

She didn't point out the photo just to the right of the family portrait. She just stared pensively and then moved on. Sam didn't mention the omission. That wound was still too fresh for the family. That photo had been taken just last year, of twenty-one-year-old Mellie and her fiancé, Mark Smithson. A formal engagement photo, two people staring lovingly at each other. Only you could tell it wasn't just a pose. He didn't blame Beth for not wanting to talk about it. Mark had been killed last week while serving in Iraq. Mellie was devastated. They all were.

"This is the most recent one of Kate and Joe and their family. I had to take down the one that just had Jeremy and Sarah, not that I have one with Joshua in it, too. You never know, though. This might not be the last time I have to change pictures." Sarah looked like her mother. Jeremy looked like his father. It was too soon to tell who Joshua looked like. At least Sam thought so. "Don't you think that Joshua looks so much like Karl? Something about the eyes," Beth interrupted his thoughts. He nodded, even though all infants looked about the same to him.

Beth was silent then, her eyes focused on the four photos hanging in a row directly above the others. Each photo was the same size, the same frame, the same pose, the same steely-eyed gaze. Only the uniforms were different. But each was uniquely special to Beth. These were her sons.

She started to the left and repeated the words she had told Sam many times before. Words Sam liked to imagine the lips of his own mother forming. "These are my boys. I'm so proud of all of them. Karl and I both are." She pointed to the photograph farthest to the left. "That's Ben. He's a

doctor with the Army. And Will and Jake are Marines, like their father. The three of them have been over in the Middle East since 2002. Davey wanted to be different from his brothers, so he joined the Air Force right out of high school. He's serving his first tour of duty overseas right now." Beth swallowed hard. "I haven't had all of my boys at home since 9/11, Sam.

"But you know all about that, don't you? You were a soldier, too."

He could only nod. He knew about being a soldier. But he didn't know about having a mother who longed for her son to come home. He didn't know what it was to long to see a brother again. But he did know about being on foreign soil and wanting nothing more than to go home. Only he had never had a home waiting for him. Beth's sons didn't know how lucky they were. He'd trade places with them if he could. Even if it meant going back over there.

The timer on the oven beeped and Beth hurried out of the room. Sam was still staring at the pictures. They all looked like they belonged to each other. All those kids had their father's deep blue eyes. Ben, Davey, and Mellie had sandy curls. Will and Jake had brown hair so dark it was almost black. And Kate was a redhead like her mother. He had heard which features of each child belonged to which branch of the family. He knew that Will had a nose like his uncle Marvin's, and that Grandma Noble had curls like Mellie's. He knew that Beth's grandfather had that space between his front teeth, just like Davey.

No one had ever told Sam who he looked like. He only knew that he didn't look like his mother. He'd asked his mother once, when he was eight years old, if he looked like his father. "You'd better not," she'd snapped at him. He had never asked again. But he still wondered sometimes. Had his father had his broad shoulders? That goofy cowlick on the back of his neck? His nose? His eyes? His smile? He'd never even seen a picture of his father. His mother had burned all the pictures when she was pregnant with Sam, and his father had disappeared from their lives. Sam didn't even know his father's name. She'd given him her maiden name.

His grandfather wasn't happy about that, she'd told him. But Sam had never met his grandfather, either. He died when Sam was five. He still hadn't forgiven Sam's mother. His grandma passed away when he was eight. He met her once. He didn't look anything like her, either. His mother was the only family he had left, and she didn't want to see him. They hadn't spoken since he joined the military.

Did she even know? Sam wondered. Had she read the letter he wrote her, right after he got shipped back home? He liked to believe that she

hadn't read it. It was easier than believing she hadn't cared that he was wounded. But that was just the way it was. And feeling sorry for himself sure didn't make it any easier.

The faces of Beth's boys smiled at him, looking crisp and perfect in their dress uniforms. They just didn't know how lucky they were. One day, Sam swore to himself, one day he would have a wall of pictures like this. One day he'd have a place of his own, a place where he belonged. And right there in the center of the wall, where everyone would see, he'd hang family photographs. A wedding picture. Hospital shots of newborn children. And one day, as a gray-haired old man, he'd tell anyone who'd listen the stories that his pictures told him. One day. If dreams could come true. But right now, it was time for dinner.

The Midnight Sun

Cameron Oberg

Lying awake at night
Wondering what's going on,
Eyes wide open
But they only see ink,

Lying awake at night
My mind is racing
Hearing the strangest sounds,
In the dark,

Walking with the blackness
Searching for the cats 9 lives,
Candles light themselves
Awakening the night,

Walking with the blackness
Shadows shirk from life
As brightness dims the light
On what we know,

Wonders and fantasies
Drain life from desire,
As nightmares seek out the soul
With a scream,
Then the night is as welcomed
As the sun is yearned for.

FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE

Audra Glenn

The little boy said with a tear in his eye
Where is the sunshine that was up in the sky?
Mama answered with a hopeful smile,
Only God knows the answer, my child.
God has a plan and I know for sure.
Please don't feel sad, He'll send the right cure.
Suddenly the little boy giggled out loud
As a cooling breeze blew away the darkened cloud.
There in its place appeared a rainbow so bright.
It was truly an incredible, heartwarming sight.
A promise that God had made a long time ago
Decorated the sky with a colorful glow.
Mama, he said, God is painting the sky!
Then the little boy pointed to the rainbow so high.
Mama whispered, God has special brushes to make it so large.
The rainbow helps us remember who is always in charge.
The little boy reached out to take Mama's hand
As the sunshine began to cover this land.
Mama always knows, the little boy thought with love,
As they walked hand in hand, enjoying the rainbow above.



Held Captive

Teresa Marcotte



Curiosity

Teresa Marcotte



After The Rain...Mexico Village

Audra Glenn

Six Shades of Grey

Broken Angel

You say you don't have the answers to what I've been wondering about.

And that's ok because neither do I.

You say that you don't know how to help, and that's ok because neither do I.

We're lost in a world of madness and conflict,

I have my way of doing things and you have yours.

Who's to say that either one is right?

I know to most, yours is, but mine makes sense to me.

It's not a right or a wrong answer anymore, just six shades of grey.

I don't want you to have all the answers, just be my friend.

Everything will work out in time.

That Deaf Girl

Laney Mesick

Going out in this world as if she was just born

Amazes her eyes; the silence struck her as if she

Just became “that deaf girl”

Always been the girl who never had a clue on what just happened.

She signs beautifully as if she just created a new version of the Mona Lisa

Nobody ‘hears’ her hands

Nobody cares to learn about her world.

A teacher just told a joke

Their heads all bobbing up and down

Mouths wide open, teeth shining as if they were at the dentist

She sees herself in the corner crying to herself

Because no one wants to ‘hear’ her hands

She’s the girl everyone makes fun of

She’s the girl who quietly hides as everyone stabs her behind her back

Because no one wants to take the time to get to know her and

Her hands

When she walks, she thinks she’ll fall

The ground is not steady enough for her to balance on this world

But she strongly gets back up

Faces the hearing people

Smiling.

She's the girl that everyone points at but her

Pride in Deaf culture

Kept her alive.

The Serpent's Revenge

Lee Chiles

The serpent was scolded and cast away
With its belly to the ground
In the garden it could no longer stay
For a new home, must be found

Thus, not too far from the sword
The serpent found a place
And burrowed in to please the Lord
With a grin upon its face

Coiled there, it schemed and planned
Laying its eggs of hate
Against all humans now so damned
That shall fall beneath its wake

From within this den new serpents hatched
To bring the world their sins
Each one cold and quite detached
With fangs prepared for men

Come forth my brethren
The serpent hissed
Commanding these young seven
That lay before its midst

Slowly, they slithered hence
Before the serpent's gaze
And it wasn't long, somewhere whence
The serpent found their names

The first I shall call Luxuria
Your poison is desire
Infecting all before you
With temptations of your fire

Then next will be Gula, Avaritia, and Invidia
Your poisons are excess
To corrupt men's lives and every soul
So they, from light digress

You my child will be Acedia
Your poison is despair
From your fangs comes great demise
In doubting what is fair

The sixth shall be called Ira
Your poison is from hate
In striking all your victims
You shall surely seal their fate

Last, you shall be Superbia
Your poison is of pride
The greatest of all your siblings
From which not one may hide

Now go from here and live your lives
And carry out my wishes
Making sure that no one dies
Without your interventions

So, long ago they left their burrow
To poison all of men
Bringing forth untold sorrows
From their seven deadly sins

Silent Speakers

Cameron Oberg

I wish to hear the minds
Of the ones who don't speak
I wish to know what they would say
When pushed into submission
With instigated care,
What does one think as they are caving in
Retreating into their own head,
To safety,
These are the ones that don't know
That actions are louder than words,
But will soon find out,
Incubated by the instigators
That won't stay silent and think,
I wish I could hear the thoughts
Of these thinkers,
The ones that don't speak
Even as they fall into the crevice
They create in their minds,
So they can fall into safety when pushed,
Until their boundaries break
They don't say a word,
Even after that they still stay silent

As they draw their most thoughtful
Weapon and destroy,
I wish I could hear their thoughts
As they find that actions
Speak louder than words
And the thoughts of the speakers
As they turn silent,
Because they finally heard
The silent ones speak,
Bang.

Photograph of Child Sitting in Tub

Laney Mesick

The Haitian boy holds
his knees, playing in the dirt
as if his castle was built out of sand.

He's skinny like an electric wire.

Skipping,
in a landfill of trash down in
a valley that's ten miles away from
the nearest town.

He finds a metal tin tub with
just enough soap lying face down
on top of a broken desk.
He puts the water in that looks yellow as
he crouches like a ball to fit in.

He starts dreaming with a
shattered smile creeping
over him,
he sits there hopeless
wishing he had
a family to watch over him.

He knows what he wants
and thinks
about what it would be like
to live in a home
with the feeling of love watching
him play in the sand.

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MacMurray

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