

# In Your Own Words...

I feel like I am the only one with a heart,  
From the rest of the world, I am miles apart.  
Sometimes I feel like I have to put on a front for everyone.  
Because if I don't, I may be shunned.  
I fall in love, but only to get my heart broken.  
No one would understand, for my words remain unspoken.  
My heart breaks at every mean word said about me.  
No one looks close enough to really see.  
Just how much pain I hide,  
I keep it locked up deep inside.  
It comes out with every tear I shed,  
As I lie awake, tossing in my bed.  
No one listens to what I have to say,  
They just think I can hold off another day.  
Still my words remain unspoken,  
My heart is a porcelain token.  
So fragile and insecure  
The pain they want me to feel for sure.  
Life is not a smooth road.  
It is often a heavy load.  
As much as I think people don't care,  
There are some that will always be there.  
I think sometimes I just build it up in my head,  
And have ignored the nice things people have said.  
It takes only one cruel word to make me believe,  
So I block the sweet things I need to receive.  
All anyone needs is one true friend,  
Some one who knows you, beginning to end.

~Heather M. Brown

## Death

When I enter my peaceful state of mind,  
I dream about soft green fields.  
Nearby is a stream, shimmering in the cascades of blue,  
There is a family having a picnic and the looks on their faces  
Is pure contentment.  
When I dream I am transported into another world,  
Another time, another place,  
I live in a blissful, happy state when I dream.  
I am the only one who can enter this world  
Others may hear about it and I may imagine others entering,  
My world but I am the only one who can live and love,  
My peaceful time.  
The end is drawing near and I hear the angels singing,  
I inhale and all the pain and trauma returns.  
I look one last time at the ones who love me and then I return to  
my peaceful state, never again waking.

~Victoria Murdaugh

## Sweet Dreams

The sound of rain is a sweet lullaby,  
Raindrops are tears that you shed when you cry.  
As crazy as it may very well seem,  
Like an angel's kiss and heaven sent dream.

When the rain begins to fall from the sky,  
Your thoughts begin to wander right on by.  
Listening to rain brings a warm feeling.  
Your heart then begins to start tingling.

Stephanie Regalado  
November 4, 2000

## The Dog Tale

This is a tale, of a heroic deed.  
A tale that is true, it's true as can be.  
One day on a dog drive, things were going good.  
The dogs were running hard, a deer for sure.  
We knew very soon, a deer would jump out.  
Crashing through the woods, we heard something close.  
It was a big ol' deer, with twelve points on top.  
My small partner shouldered his big brown gun,  
and began to fire at the deer very rapidly.  
He emptied his chamber, his barrel glowed red.  
The deer rean by, with a smirk on its face.  
it jumped some train tracks, and went in the woods.  
The dogs were coming, still sounding their call.  
A train's lament sounded, it was close by,  
The black coal monster, was coming down the tracks.  
The dogs would crash into the cold black death.  
The train started passing, no turning back.  
Out came the dogs, headed to meet their doom.  
We knew we had to stop them, those wet dogs.  
We ran towards them, leashes in our hands.  
The odds were against us, they were three to one.  
We hurtled into the dog pack yelling.  
Leashes were popping closed all around us.  
It was a battle talked about in sagas.  
The kind where the good men always prevail.  
No dogs met the grim reaper that day,  
because of me and my friends valiant risk.

-Matthew Mangum