

The Rebel Yell Poetry Page

Up Thru the Sky

I begin to talk,
Talk to a friend about you.
The magnificent, unbelievable
Story I know.
He gestured with a warm smile
And chills start to quiver my spine.
The beautiful,
Generous,
Colorful life you have handed
Us all...
Is now known
for me...
It is mine
Mine which I will share, nurture,
And be kind.
In high wind with shapeful trees
I will blow gently,
And hopefully flow to your
presence
Up thru the sky.

Lori Kolpien

The Most Perfect Gift...Thrown Away...

Eyes met and it was understood
No words were needed to say what was felt
Love was in the air, yet still unsure
friendship first shared, so strong, so pure

Every single day God made,
a wish to see those eyes again prevailed
a heartbeat skips as the wish comes true
Could this be real, could it be you?

Love was the gift I gave to you
the nineteenth Spring of your life
A gift of friendship, and of love
never to give up without a fight

Three moons have gone,
you cherished it so,
And then you tell me
it's time to let go?

The gift I gave still stands
for you,
A gift of love, a gift so true.

Anonymous



Bachelor Poet

The eternal bachelor finds
every woman perfect, unmarred.

View them as the poet.
Blank pages hold no limit
Until the first stroke of the
Pen or time's revelations
Reveal flaws placed by
Poets on blank pages.

Sunday morning holds
no illusion. Images
Fade and reality reigns
Prince of mourning.
Actors breaking character,
Liars breaking
Promises or hearts?

The careless hand spills
Ink or blood, and
Feathers lay broken on the ground.

Brandon Mahoney



Reality

True madness hides in sanity.
This sanctity we call
Reality
With all our laws and orders
that produce passivity
and conformity,
Here lies chaos.
It is difficult to believe and easy to deny
That our worlds of Perfection
amount to a Lie.

Nancy Vega

What does it all mean?

The heart dies many times in life
why share it with the world?
Love and pain share a personal trust
They need no voice

When the word says nothing
why speak at all?
Everyone suffers
At least flying solo mutates strife
into hollow happiness

Johnny K, Lewless

Remember This Kiss

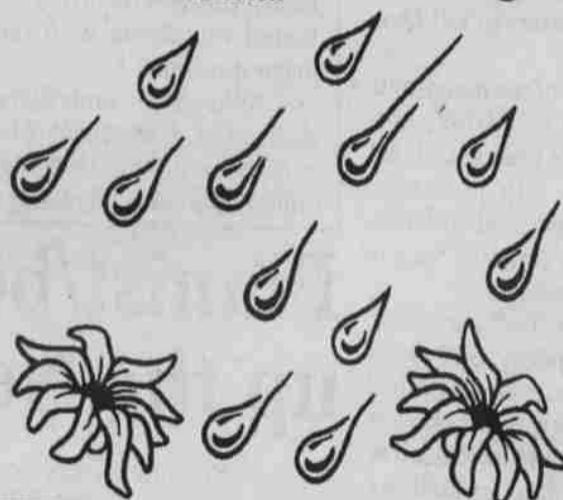
Wearing the flesh
I longed for,
my old friend
and love,
my change of tears
and I
met, and found
that our deepest marrow
steamed again,
and hissed
at the prospect
of a kiss.
Will succumbed to wishing,
and I was undone
by the hard-won
pieces of the memory
and by
the angel whetted sweetness
of her tongue.
The flavor of her bones
sustained the past,
but the lisp of her pulse
begged
to preserve the rest.
So, I left where I was
for other loves,
and slipped between two natures
so quick with change
guided by the glow
of a body
still lit with desire.

Mike Walker

Departmental Recording

Hello, if you think you're going to lose your
Sanity,
Wait till you fall asleep;
Then it will only be a dream.

William Holt



To myself

When did you realize that
you were scared?
Was it when you found out
that you were your only best Friend?
When you found out that
you could only depend on yourself?
Or when you found out that
Friends can only betray you.
When you realized it was
all too easy to give yourself away,
or when you did?
When you realized that selling
yourself was only short lived happiness,
or when you did.
Were you scared when you
woke up and found there's ways
to lose your innocence
or when you did.
When did you learn that
the sun is not always warm
and the stars are not always bright.
And that the same fears
that chase you in the day
will terrify you at night.
When did you learn that
school was only a place
that did not prepare you for life.
The world was a
jagged edge that cut you
like a knife.
Where did it go, the love you
had was suddenly gone.
Sleepless nights you would spend
Anxiously waiting to see dawn.

Starr Davis

Silent Melody

Soft as a whisper it calls in the night
Sprightly it bounces from the dark to the light
Singing a song with no words to hear
Lovers alone lend it an ear

Sleeping realms unfold their bounteous sweets
Ripened and ready for sumptuous feasts
Soft and warm as it slides through the trees
Striking earth's orchestral strings
Heralding loudly and ever so proudly
It's time for the rites of spring.

Shawn Black



PUMP

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rope and Africa.

In addition to a full concert schedule, Bates is a body builder, and attributes his success as a pianist to his love of these two seemingly incompatible activities.

"Bodybuilding taught me discipline which I channeled back into my music," Bates

said. "It's a very important aspect of life to learn discipline and seek out what you want and work to achieve it."

Tickets range from \$10 to \$20 with discounts to students, seniors and military and can be purchased at the Performing Arts Center Box Office.

THRILL

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originally was in theater and writing fiction, but after she reached a certain plateau in the theater, and many people told her she had an incredibly visual style in her writing, she moved on to television and film.

She was accepted into the American Film Institute's (AFI) "Directing Workshop for Wom-

en" and made a short film about a doctor who had lost touch with being a caring human being titled *The Doctor* (not to be mistaken with feature film *The Doctor* starring William Hurt) with Richard Massur and Lukas Haas. Even at this stage, Eliasberg was interested in "tell(ing) stories about the way the world is." She said the AFI experience has a lot to do with her success.

"If somebody has the confidence that you should be a director, that's what you need to

get started," she said.

She was one of the first women to direct such TV action shows as "Miami Vice" and "Wiseguy" before making her debut as a director on the silver screen with *Past Midnight*.

"To make a wonderful movie, because film is such a powerful medium and because it can speak to people in such a deep way, to know that you can affect people on that level is really exciting," she said. "It is the most exciting thing in the world I think."



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