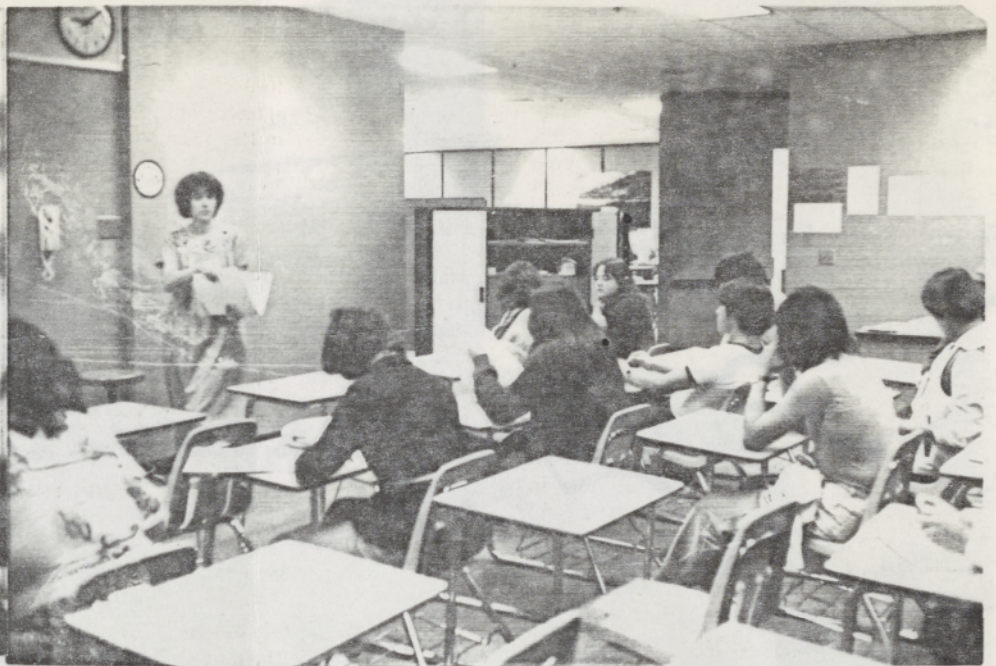




MAGIC CARPET

As I was sitting one day
 thinking of money and the things it
 can buy,
 there came a carpet out of the sky.
 It rested at my feet. How plush it looked!
 Drawn to it, I gently walked upon it
 and made myself comfortable.
 Softly it rose, balanced on the air.
 I was soon flying high, wind through my
 hair.
 I looked down upon the Temple of Venus
 and the sea of love that surrounds,
 passed over the Valley of Death
 and the putrid cloud that hung in the
 air.
 Quickly I passed over the mountains of
 evil,
 too close to heaven for demons to
 dare,
 and landed in a meadow of
 happiness,
 but I was the only one there..
 I stayed a while, then,
 resumed my journey through the air.
 Magic was the feeling, tingling all around
 jagged cliffs, twisted trees, and
 some white sand.
 Frankincense and myrrh lingered around.
 It came to rest in a faraway land,
 a paradise refuge, peace to the mind,
 aromatic wine to sip, blue seas to
 wade in,
 time to be alone where
 feelings don't exist and time is still.
 My magic carpet waits, but
 I will stay a while.

Althea Liberty



ENGLISH IV Class, Karen Howard, Energizer

A TIME FOR REFLECTION

There have been times when I've felt
 lonely here at school, in the dorm.
 But it really isn't very bad, for there are
 lots of people around to make friends with
 quite easily. There's hardly anyone who
 wouldn't talk if you try to make friends.
 My first year, there was no one from my
 home place and I got very lonely--but
 I stayed out of trouble and started to
 get my head straightened out. I did some
 interesting things all by myself too.
 So really, being lonely isn't all that bad
 and can't hurt you - unless you let it.

LEARNING TO LISTEN

When I was about - well, in Kinder-
 garden, I used to not listen to in-
 structions. I used to think, "Well, I
 don't have to."

We used to live 10-15 miles from our
 town. One time I didn't listen to my
 teacher when she told me to tell the
 bus driver I had to get off at my uncle's
 house to stay the night there. What
 happened was that I got off at my house
 and had to stay the whole night by
 myself. AND WAS I SCARED!

I was about seven then. But after that
 I learned to listen to instructions.

"A thought doesn't have much meaning
 until it is written or spoken." - Harry
 Reasoner.

CONFUSION

So many thoughts
 So many problems
 Where am I to turn
 without being such a problem?

I don't know
 and I don't care,
 But yet someone somewhere
 knows i'm there.

Times I wish I were never here
 Hard times and low times
 always seem to be near.

I guess it's all a part of life
 Don't know whether or not to show
 all my strife.

If only life weren't so hard
 I could be there and back
 without ever being scarred.

I look around and what do I see?
 other people with problems
 Just like me!

by Lydia Haskie