

# Rhapsody

"A Potpourri of The Arts"



## "Remember Me"

I'm the kid that you laughed at,  
The kid that you jeered.  
The kid you called different  
And utterly weird.  
The one that you thought of  
A jester or clown,  
The one you avoided,  
And always put down.  
The boy who wrote music,  
But not very well.  
Who sent to you letters of love  
In the mail.  
The kid with a love and an eye  
For your charm.  
I took your hard feelings  
As quite an alarm.  
A poet who died, because people  
Are cruel,  
Seeing his love as the deadliest tool.  
The dreamer who cried although nobody heard,  
When all that he needed was  
One friendly word.

R.C. Carlisle



## "Wonderland"

What a wonder wonderland would be  
Singing flowers, dancing trees  
Talk to the animals, sing with bees  
Doing, being, what you please.

What a spectacular place  
Trails to follow, rabbits to chase  
Let your imagination race  
Youth again you can taste.

Leave all doubts at the gate.  
Take a chance, don't hesitate  
Like the rabbit you'll be late.

Look for yourself, dare to see  
Wild, curious, laughing, free  
Far from dull reality  
Take my hand and come with me.

First stop, meet the Chesire cat  
More fun waiting after that  
Share tea with the man of hats  
Sit where once the rabbit sat.

This is really just the start  
Next we'll meet the Queen of Hearts  
See shuffling of the guards  
Bet you've never talked with cards.

For a final giant surprise  
Eat a mushroom and change size  
Time escaped, we realized  
Now we must say goodbye.

If you need to laugh again  
You've taken all the you can  
Knock at the gate, take my hand  
Journey back to Wonderland.

Julia Singer

## Untitled

I was sitting on a Mountain and looking down into the plain.  
Above my head, miles above, flew swirling clouds of mist and space.  
The Heavens were silent, peaceful, but watching.  
I felt alone in the midst of all my height  
But even in this dark moment, this depression of my mind and body.  
My soul is still here above the plain, herewith the clouds of the sky.  
And not below, sitting beside the man that sits below upon the plain.

E. C. Palacios

## "Dreams"

Stand alone on the docks  
Just beyond the beach  
Try to touch the moonlight  
That's just beyond your reach

Stand alone in a meadow  
In which the children run  
Try to count the blades of grass  
Each and every one

Why would I give you such a task  
Tried by only fools  
When every thing you've ever learned  
Proves these against the rules

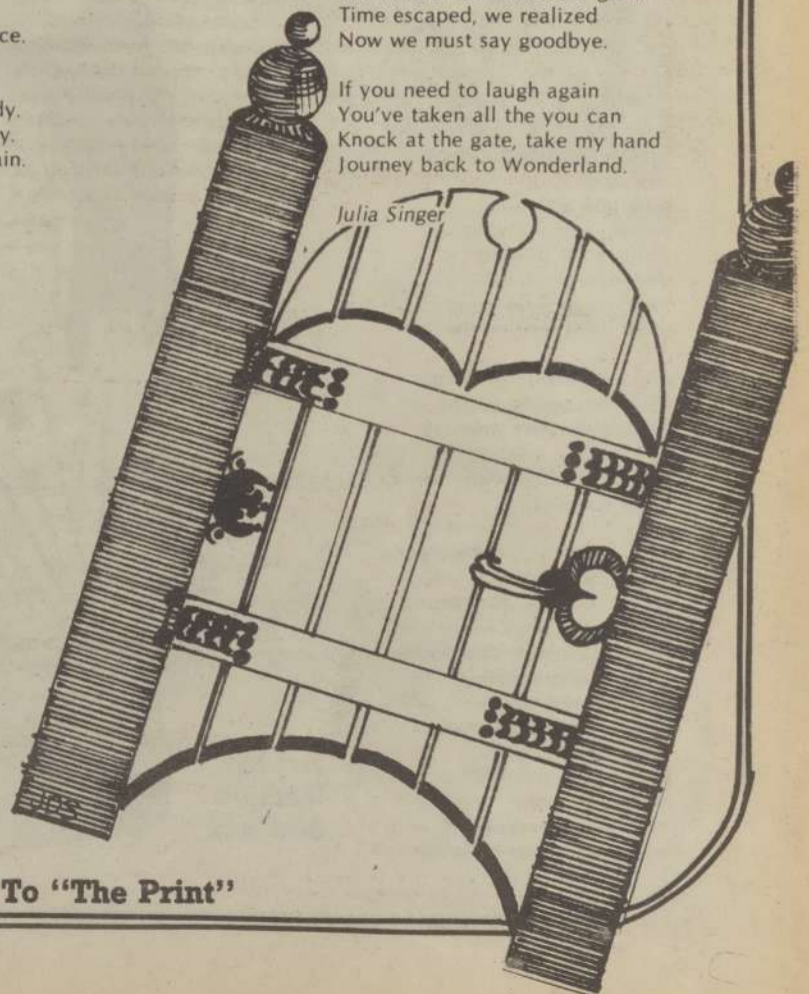
This is how I see my life  
And this is what it means  
I know my goals seem out of reach  
But that's why they're called dreams

R.C. Carlisle

## "Dads"

Dads are like  
An oak tree  
That stands tall  
And proud,  
And is strong and  
Brave,  
Able to hold up to  
Anything  
That would present  
Itself in their path.  
They represent pride  
For being the longest  
To survive.  
To stand straight in  
A field all alone.  
That is what Dads are for.

Jennifer Singer



A Literary Supplement To "The Print"

