

HUMANSYSTEM

by Naoko Shinozaki

I was wondering
why human loves human.

I was thinking
why I love my friends.

One of my friends,
she is beautiful: beady eyes, sweet lips like cherries,
long eyelashes, and loose cheeks.
She smiles as a spring fairy --

But! She hates to cook.
She can't cook even macaroni and cheese.

Another of my friends,
he is funny: he makes me laugh all the time.
He can recover soon although he is depressed,
and he never is cross with anybody --

However! He often forgets our
appointments.
Although I'm very mad about his behavior,
he doesn't remember it next day.

My best friend,
he is smart; when he studies,
he withdraws in his shell to concentrate.
He always gets good grades --

But! He snores VERY loudly when he sleeps.
I don't want to travel with him.

I was thinking of my friends:
I noticed no one is perfect!
Each human has a different heart, good points, weak
points --
that's why we love and we are loved.

If a real perfect human exists as God,
can you love him?

Sayo

by Joshua Carlsen

Since you've been gone
every night
I lay alone
on beds made of sand,
waves crash forever
ticking away time's clock.
I remember every moment
your body met mine.
Waves coming together
gently surrounding each
other.
Foreign murmurs escaping
from your delicate lips
as our bodies united.
Your hands speaking
words you did not know
until our minds
felt only one thing.
With your body now absent
but your presence still
felt.
I look into night's canvas,
brush my fingers
along your silhouette
cast from moon's light.
I wait for your touch,
listen for your voice,
anticipate when ocean
will bring us together.

Again

by Kevin Jean

Unfortunate shoe
Flesh-toned walnut soul
Line the weary heels following
in tow
Stepping over gums and sod
one after the other
Snails laughing at us because
we aren't from around here
Who is from this transient
prison
Confining us to single file
subsistence
With all our days cloned
Going through the motions
one more time
Growth wrought with emotions
one more time
Our cycle of predictable
implosion
is what it must be
Just as we read this
So we confine ourselves
to the places that aren't home

ACCUSATIONS

by Cindy Rodriguez

he lies quietly
wanting to ask
yet my prone posture
next to him in bed
says otherwise
says "I don't want to
talk"
not about that
not now

my body fragments
mind breaking
I am sand as I listen
our problems remain
the sand flows
under water away
from the bridge

the talking gets harder
and the dock further
away I wonder
what he will do when I'm
out of sight



Writers' Club Contest

Deadline: February 20

Students and staff of Clackamas Community College are invited to submit their writings in the Writer's Club Contest. Submit up to three poems, one fiction essay and one piece of nonfiction. Winners will receive cash prizes and certificates.

Submit four copies of each entry with SSI number and title to Allen Widerberg in M253 or Rita Dale in S132. Include a cover page for each entry including:

Title
Social Security Number
Category
Name
Address
Phone Number

