

Tim Johnson: a poet of the modern age

This is the first in a series of profiles of student artists and writers.

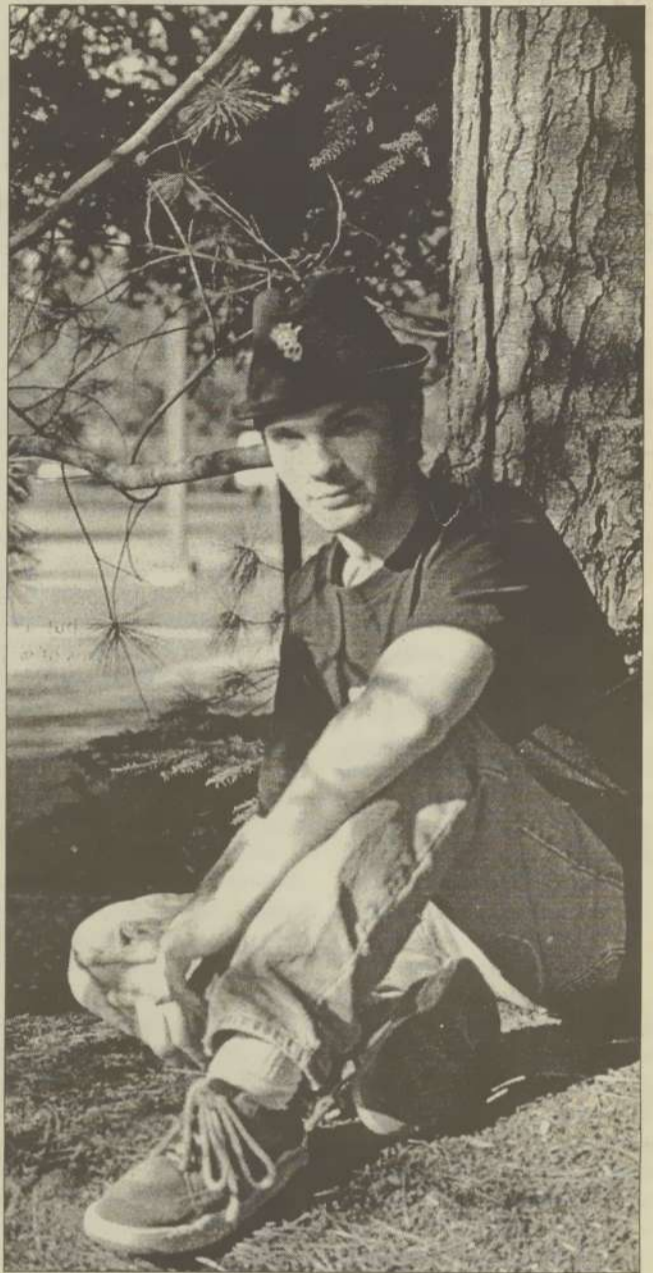
I have been writing since I was about twelve years old. However, the inspiration to start even earlier. I used to live on the other side of nowhere, about eighty miles northeast of Redding, California. The drive home from my hangout after school was long, and to entertain myself and my sister, my father used to recite poems by Robert Frost and e e cummings.

From then on, the seed was planted. I began listening to bands like The Eagles and Simon and Garfunkel, deriving inspiration from their lyrics.

I began writing seriously when I was about sixteen. I wrote about three pages of utter garbage every day and have since, thank the maker, lost it. However, as I matured, so did my writing. I have only in the last couple of years been

able to write poems I am proud of. The first poem, "The Unnamed," is a more cynical poem of mine. It is meant to portray the every day person you pass on the street and never know.

The second poem, "The Coming of the Fall" was greatly inspired by T.S. Eliot's poem "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" (which, by the way, I believe to be the greatest poem ever written).



AMY PARRISH / Clackamas Print

Tim Johnson, a Clackamas student, has been writing poetry since grade school, and cites such varied influences as the Eagles and Robert Frost.

The Unnamed

These thoughts are left unspoken,
And so I go,
Untitled
Like an anonymous poem;
still feeling incomplete.

And I would chase the sun in my attempt to find its meaning;
I would walk between the rain singing sidewalk songs of silence.

And so I go,
Untitled...
To an unknown destination down a forgotten avenue.

And I would stand before you as a child without a savior;
I would stand here, seen as naked in the eyes of all that is holy.

These dreams are left unnamed,
And as I go,
Untitled...
Leaving only a sentence, drifting to mumble; in

its beauty it is incomplete.

And I would be forgotten like each rain drop that has fallen.
All that is remembered is the fact that it has rained.

Puddles dry to become untitled.

The coming of the fall

The old man sat in silence for awhile.

His face obscured in pipesmoke,
His aggression was neither frown nor smile

But like that of the dead. And when he spoke,

I felt as if a thousand tiny pins were poking out from within my skin,
For his face became translucent, like smoked glass.
And his voice grew weak and thin,
Like a child's frightened whisper.

"This is the last day of my last summer," he said.

"And I did not miss the rain,
I can only hope to see the winter come again,
And should I live that long,
I pray that I shall have the strength to walk outside.

Covering the familiar scenery with a shred of perfection.

Pray with me now,
Pray that I shall see winter once more..."

And I stood there for a while.

Unsure of how to speak or of what to say,
He saved me from my disturbed silence

By raising his hands.
At first, I thought that he would pray.

But instead, he covered his face to stifle cries.

I was glad I couldn't see his eyes just then,
I was glad I couldn't see his eyes.



TIMOTHY A. BELL / Clackamas Print

This sculpture, donated by C.E. Minchin, was blown down a hill next to the Community Center Monday by the fierce winds of our recent storm.

Domestic violence exhibit on display

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voice to those who were unwillingly silenced.

The exhibit is able to be housed temporarily at Clackamas now that the idea, proposed by Ida Flippo has received funding through teaching excellence. There is a small fee for printing the handouts that Flippo hopes to release with the exhibit, but it is being paid through the fund.

Flippo feels that domestic violence is a very important part of American culture that is not always acknowledged. That is why she was determined to bring the exhibit to Clackamas.

"They are such devastating instances, and the overall effect is very powerful," she commented. The overall effect should also make us conscious that domestic violence touches everybody. Even Ida Flippo knows one of the women represented by her figures.

"One of the Oregon woman represented was my husband's co-worker's wife," said Flippo. "He was a police officer who was having marriage difficulties, so he murdered his wife, then shot himself."

Even if none of the names of these women are familiar, they will likely leave a lasting impression. A guestbook will be set up near the exhibit so people can write about how they were impacted by the figures of women that represent more than just the spaces they occupy.

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Leadership conference held at Clackamas

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a dance. The teachers and instructors met and discussed workshops for the future and different ways of improving curriculum development and activities for all OLI sites.

"It is a totally different aspect that I enjoy," mentioned a Clackamas student, Sophie Perez, about mentors now being a major part of OLI. She is a mentor now and says that when she was enrolled in the program

herself that there were no mentors.

This year Perez had taken on an immense role in organizing the retreat.

"It is really stressful and my first time organizing something like this," remarked Perez. "I'm really nervous, because I'm not sure how it's going to turn out."

Many Latino students showed up for the retreat. Ontario had 100% attendance with Portland next in line with 50% attendance, York said. More students

showed up at the dance than the daytime program due to scheduled conflicts, but over all they had an excellent turn out.

"It went really well," Perez said, referring to how all the OLI members had only communicated through e-mail up until this retreat. "Now I can put faces to names."

Next year Clackamas will not host the retreat, but one will be held. Other mentors around the state are now excited about organizing next year's retreat.