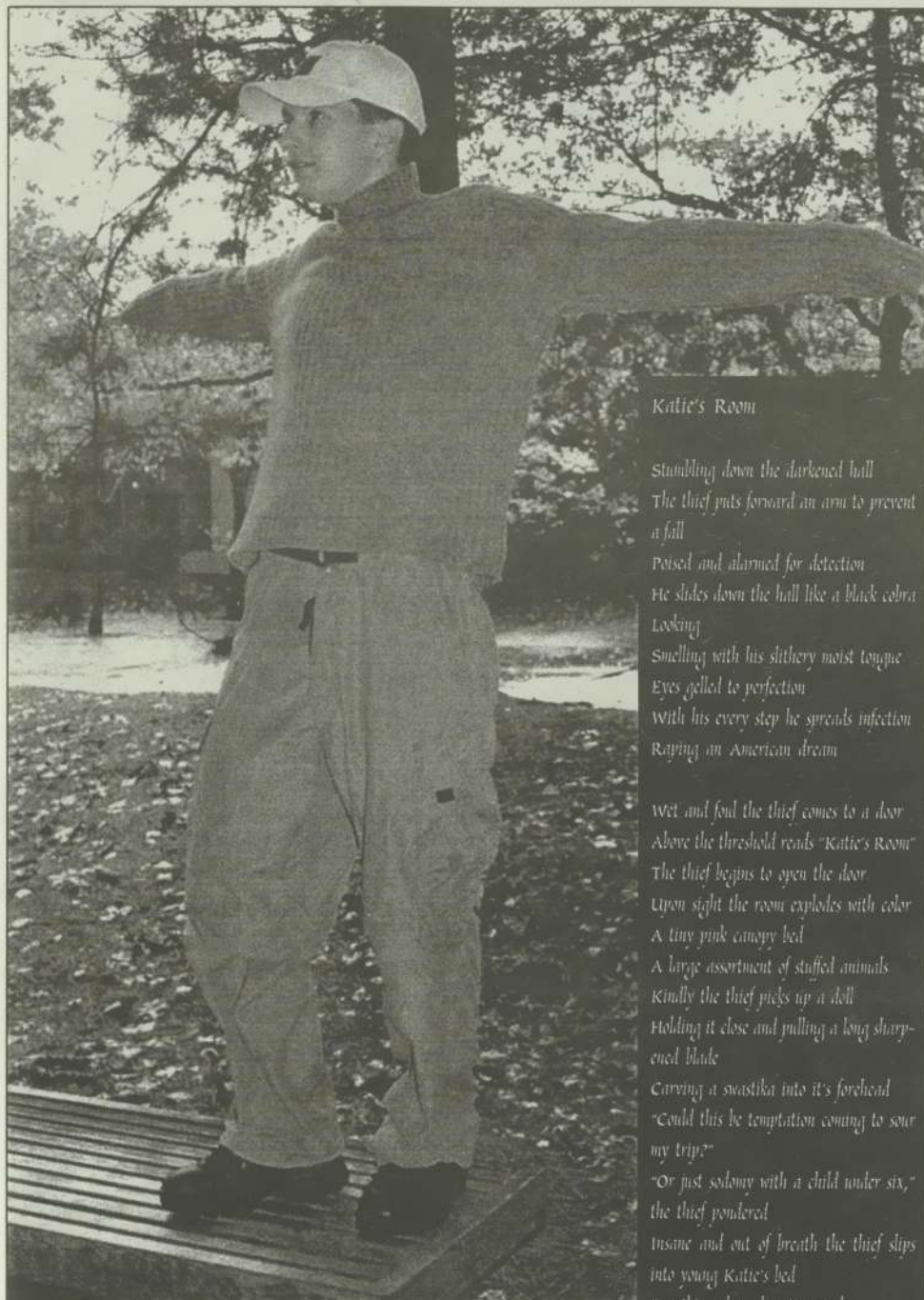


Aspiring poets share talents with Clackamas

Jeremy Samuel's poetry focus on life's anger and pain



SALENA DE LA CRUZ / Clackamas Print

Samuel looks at the world from different perspectives. He admits that his family thinks he's strange for wanting to write poetry, but his mother is proud of his work and that's all he cares about.

SALENA DE LA CRUZ
Sports Co-Editor

Looking at Jeremy Samuel one may not see a poet, but contrary to first impressions he has been writing since he was 11 years old.

Samuel graduated from West Linn High School in 1996. He is 21 years old and lives in Wilsonville.

His parents divorced when he was four years old. His mom then remarried. His real dad died when he was 11. He has a 33 year old brother who lives in Washington and a 34 year old sister who lives in Clackamas. His mom currently resides in West Linn.

His family knows of his poetry talents, but according to him "aren't really into it."

"They think I'm strange, but my mom's proud of me and that's all I really care about," said Samuel.

He began writing poetry as an assignment.

"It was a class assignment and

we had to write about something we liked." "After that I saw my gift," he said.

It began as a hobby and has turned into a favorite pastime.

"I want to affect the public," said Samuel.

Most of his poems include feelings of anger and pain.

"Most people can relate to the anger and pain in my poetry," he said.

He is currently enrolled in Diane Averill's English 106-01 class: Poetry. He also has hopes of enrolling in a creative writing course next term.

His favorite poet is Arthur Rimbaud.

In his spare time he plays roller hockey on a team.

When asked if he had a favorite poem from his works he said, "I'm a writer, I'm too critical of my s--t. ; don't think I have a good one."

Samuel will continue writing poetry in the future.

"I want to work and write and play music," said Samuel.

Katie's Room

Stumbling down the darkened hall
The thief puts forward an arm to prevent
a fall
Poised and alarmed for detection
He slides down the hall like a black cobra
Looking
Smelling with his slithery moist tongue
Eyes gelled to perfection
With his every step he spreads infection
Raping an American dream

Wet and foul the thief comes to a door
Above the threshold reads "Katie's Room"
The thief begins to open the door
Upon sight the room explodes with color
A tiny pink canopy bed
A large assortment of stuffed animals
Kindly the thief picks up a doll
Holding it close and pulling a long sharp-
ened blade
Curving a swastika into it's forehead
"Could this be temptation coming to sour
my trip?"

"Or just sodomy with a child under six,"
the thief pondered
In and out of breath the thief slips
into young Katie's bed
Breathing down her tiny neck
Soiling her innocence in a show of disre-
spect

As the thief begins to make her unclean
Katie sleeps, off in a blue clouded dream

Then in a small instance
Swiftly, but gently the thief gets out of bed
Wasting time, he could find himself dead
Replacing his blade and making a path
for the door

He turns to young Katie sleeping; he
couldn't even hear a snore
Blowing a kiss of certain foul
Slowly slithering back down the hall
He opens the creaky window
Shrieks of metal roam down the hall
The thief long and friendly exits the home
Evaporating back into a hole in the night
He'll be back

But tonight it's all right
-Jeremy Samuel

Writer's personal note-

"I tried to put myself in a scene where I'm a father and pictured the worst thing that could happen to my daughter. It was a strange man coming into my home and hurting her."

Justin Flores concentrates on music

SALENA DE LA CRUZ
Sports Co-Editor

Justin Flores has taken his talent in poetry and turned it toward his love of music.

Flores graduated from West Linn High School in 1999. He is 18 years old.

Flores currently lives in West Linn with his mom, dad and 15 year old brother. He likes to share his poetry with his family on occasion.

"I'm kind of to myself with poetry, every once in awhile I'll let my mom read it. I don't let my dad read it because a lot of it is about him," said Flores.

He began writing poetry about four years ago.

"I began writing poetry because I was really antisocial so I started keeping a journal," said Flores.

He writes poems, but incorporates them into songs. He kept a journal to help him through life.

"It hasn't been really full of poetry, but like music and songs," he said.

He's currently enrolled in Diane Averill's Poetry class English 106-01. This is his first instructional poetry class.

His favorite poet is Robert Frost. Flores would like to continue writing songs through poetry.

He has started to form a band in which he will play the guitar.

"If I can take it [poetry] anywhere, I want to take it into music," said Flores.

He believes kids listen through songs.

"The youth of America is America's strongest voice," added Flores.



SALENA DE LA CRUZ / Clackamas Print

Flores, a recent high school graduate, wrote poetry because of his antisocial nature. Most of his poems are about his father.

Secrets Told

Verse 1: Too bad it's come too soon, secrets told,
you lose a friend
Mellow days and too soon nights, shows an
end to this begin
I've loved the moments that I've been
Cherished the times when I'm with my friends
The desolate attempts the heal-hearted try
As I start to cry
The sun turns black, as I stare with my eyes

Chorus: Find a way to make it last
Strike the memories from the past
Shut your mouth and look what I've done
If traded for money there would be none
So find a way and bring it back
And make the day where nothing lacks

Verse 2: I'm so sad to see it go
Find a way to bring it back
Find a way without the cost
I've waited long, I've waited for
A second chance to open the door
The rainy days the moments of despair
Wants me to believe that I don't care

Chorus: Find a way the roads are soft
Bring back the memories that have been lost
Shut your mouth and seize the way
Live life like today's the day
So find a way and bring it back
And make the day where nothing lacks

-Justin Flores

Writer's personal note-

"I remember actually sitting in my room, just feeling like nothing was ever going to happen that was going to benefit my life. It's the worst feeling. Just endless thoughts of hopelessness and unreal desire; I came to this place in my mind where I kept hearing myself say it was all going to be ok, live life like today's the day. So that's when I started writing this song."