

# WONDER WORDS

Fall term The Print invited Clackamas Community College student body to submit creative works for a writing contest. Entries were categorized by poetry and flash fiction (201 – 400 words). The entries in each category have been evaluated and 1st place awarded. We here at The Print wish to thank everyone for their submissions and re-print the entries here for your enjoyment. In addition, the first place winners of each category will also be reprinted in the CCC Writers' Club annual book.

POETRY WINNER

## FOREVER FORWARD

~ Joe Ballard

The danger of this place is real.  
Death in this place lives.  
Keeping traditions of ages past,  
Protecting innocent souls to the last,  
Falls now to our youngest  
generations of kids.

Hate we constantly feel. Love we  
don't.  
This desert is evil to your mind,  
Endurance itself, isn't enough to  
survive.  
You can try to understand it but you  
won't.

In an instant things can be better.  
In a flash hope can begin.  
Everything changes with one letter  
from you,  
A simple line of encouragement or  
a few.  
Think that power you have with  
that mighty pen.

Somewhere across the ocean,

somewhere across the sky,  
We jump from planes, with our  
thoughts on the mission.  
No thoughts of dying or nervous  
positions,  
Calm envelope's these men that fly.

Shadows of violence cover the locals.  
Shadows of despair cover us all.  
Steel-rain travels miles, seeking  
people to free.  
You wouldn't believe how quiet 'very  
loud' can be.  
Feeling destruction's fire is  
awakening most of all.

Oblivious of time. Numb to reality  
it seems.  
Lining up the sights and hearing  
your heart race,  
It's just a dog-target you think, as  
sweat pours down your face.  
The end of someone by any means.

Ultimate sacrifice, or ultimate goal?

No one makes you fight in these  
trenches, with esprit de corps.  
They must die for their country, not  
you for yours.  
But you volunteered to sleep in this  
hole.

Listen: this isn't pettiness. And it  
isn't sympathy, my friend  
You must remember that blood got  
us here.

It was hard. It was nasty. It was  
beyond fear.  
So the next time you see them say,  
'Happy Veterans Day... Again.'

### She Enjoys Destruction

~ A.E.

She enjoys destruction.  
Building up structures  
Higher and higher,  
Only to watch it all  
Crash down around her

She enjoys destruction.  
Whispering words  
Of sickly sweet nectar,  
Lies upon lies  
Soon your soul will be  
rotten

She enjoys destruction  
Pulling the puppet strings  
Tighter and tighter,  
Choking all life off and  
Leaving you blue in the face

She enjoys destruction.  
Acting coquettishly,  
Playing your heartstrings  
and  
Giving you love  
Only to pull it away

She enjoys destruction.  
Feeding you all that  
You want to hear,  
Speaking of futures that  
She never plans for

She enjoys destruction.  
Playing the shy card or  
Blatantly lying,  
Cajoling and cuddling and  
Basically being your mate,  
but

She enjoys destruction  
She won't ever listen  
Her heart is of stone  
All love is a game  
Or that's what she thought,  
Because

She enjoyed destruction.  
Until she met someone who  
Became her soul mate,  
Someone perfect and lovely  
but  
Of course she threw it away

She enjoys destruction.  
But not this time.

### The Great Blue Heron

~ Nathaniel Flying Owl

Sunlight sparkles on the surface  
Of the lake and the verdant leaves  
Of the surrounding conifers  
Lightly shudder in a soft breeze  
A heron stands near the shore  
Waiting calmly among the reeds

With an exceptional patience  
The heron at last takes a fish  
And with great haste devours it  
For yet another few minutes  
He remains still and statuesque  
Before lifting off into flight

A brief image of the city,  
A cold world of steel, cracked concrete  
And power-hungry decadence,  
Quickly flashes within my mind  
Where humanity promptly learns  
To overlook its own soul

I observe the great blue heron  
As he flies into the distance  
His wingbeats graceful, archaic  
And genuine serenity  
Lingers here like a mist with me  
Beside the lake, kissed by the breeze

### Soul Syntax

~ Spencer Patterson

A word written on a page is *nothing*  
But a collection of runes  
In a set order and pair.

When one speaks, one *describes* an idea,  
Which then attaches itself at the ankle of  
Reality like the proverbial ball and chain.

There is *no* magic in "PHRASE,"  
Or in "ARTWORK,"  
Or in "SYMPHONY," no.

The rules that *define* the  
Ways we read or write are arbitrary  
And completely incorporeal.

The *only* reason words exist  
Is to feed the insatiability of the  
Perpetually anxious creed of man.

It is the *spoken* word that connects us,  
And the written word that fastens us  
To one particular sense of self.

Languages *bind* the identities of  
Man the creature and Man the machine  
Into one in our minds, separate from fact.

Too bad the word "SELF" is *written* in  
Such ridged, restrictive verse;  
Or we might come to know that there is  
more than one way to write our names.