

When She Speaks

By Noah Schultz

I remember having a crush on my teacher in the second grade.
 She was pretty, smart and a little outside my age range;
 Nonetheless I brought her dandelion flowers and always greeted her with my
 toothless smile.
 Like my smile my heart was still under construction,
 Not fully developed, but yearning for love.
 From what I am told this is normal;
 A natural reaction of the heart due to the proximity of beauty.
 On open house I walked in ready to introduce my mom to her and then I
 seen him,
 Her husband, standing by her side.
 My heart exploded and I started to cry;
 The toothless grin turned to a grimace,
 My bright eyes stared down at dirty carpet squares.
 It was like I picked up the best present under the tree only to find it wasn't
 for me.
 15 years later my whole being has changed along with the target my heart
 has identified as a landing space.
 She is a little older than I am, but ages are numbers not mathematical
 equations;
 Two hearts divided by two lives equals two souls dancing with intimacy,
 And that's the beauty of it, feeling a feeling exempt from the logical writings
 of a race that needs a meaning for everything,
 Some things are best left unexplained.
 Every time she speaks my hands want to reach for a note pad or recorder;
 If she's feeling down I'll give her more than my shoulder,
 You see she is the picture I want to carry in my wallet.
 The present that lies under the tree of my future,
 I want to tear through the packaging paper of the friend zone and open up
 the possibility of her and me.
 Until then I remain mesmerized by her beauty, stunned by her knowledge,
 smiling at her with all teeth, loving her with a mature heart, seeing her as
 the women I want between my two arms.

Loose

by Nestor C.

I live in pain
 I sit amongst the crystal region
 Spit amongst the simple brains
 Waiting for the shame again
 Slide into my spot
 I know not for what I fought
 Instead, I've sought and bought
 Without one answer, I still shot.
 Elliptical visions make incisions in my veins
 Brains of past souls roll on
 I know I gotta stay gone
 It's been much too long
 My weakness is evident still
 I stay strong
 Upon the souls of night
 I wander with no destined sight
 No fright
 I still control the spite
 I smile through this endless plight

Live

By Noah Schultz

Are you going to lie in bed, or live your life?
 You are meant to do more than this.
 Leave your warm blankets for the cold world and start a fire;
 First in your chest, let the flames of your passion illuminate the path to greatness.
 Speak words that cultivate hope;
 First to yourself, if you don't believe them nobody will.
 Cast out your hands and latch onto support;
 Nothing we do in this world is done alone.
 Greatness takes more than two hands to grasp;
 If you are going to make your journey worthwhile assist others in theirs.
 Look to the sky and let your potential shine back at the sun;
 It is time to warm the world with your love.
 Breathe in the fresh air and acknowledge that today is your day;
 It may be a cliché, but live it like your last.
 Let your actions serve as a manifestation of your dreams;
 You were meant to be amazing become congruent with your beliefs.
 Now is your time, today is where it starts;
 It is time to make a difference, use your mind and your heart.



5312 NE 148th Ave.
 Portland, OR 97230

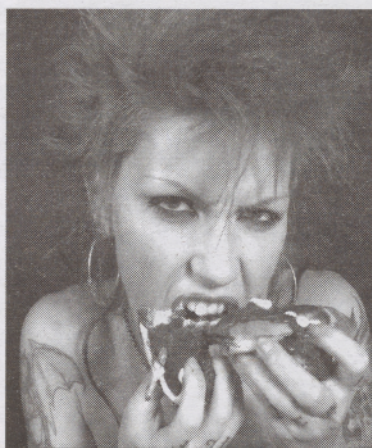
Free career training for persons with disabilities in janitorial and building maintenance

- Requirements:
- Documented proof of disability
 - Proficiency in understanding and speaking English
 - Pass criminal background check
 - Pass drug test

Paid training !!!

Disabilities: Physical, mental health, intellectual,
 developmental, and learning

Questions ? Please Call: (503) 261-1266
 or (800) 874-7917
 email: careers@phcnw.com



VOODOO DOUGHNUT

THE MAGIC IS IN THE HOLE!



22 SW 3RD
 & BURNSIDE
 1501 NE DAVIS

OPEN
24/7!

SUPPORTING STREET
 ROOTS SINCE 2003

