

Monster Truck Love

By junior Omar Caldwell

I love you girl and there is nothing,
Nothing that anyone can do to change that.
Others may hate that we are together but
Their insignificant hating is like the cars
Lined up in a monster truck arena.
And our love is the MONSTER TRUCK

We crush all of love's problems with
Unmatched ease. The things that they
Throw at us are like the broken down cars
On our arena of destruction called destiny.
Those who really care applaud us through it all
Because our love is the MONSTER TRUCK.

We may fall while trying to do an outrageous
Stunt or coming through the hardest difficulties;
But we can always rebuild our relationship.
Our wheels may pop off at times but we can
Still keep trudging till we no more remain.
Our love is the MONSTER TRUCK.

Locker

By senior Elizabeth Buehler

Tightly shut, leaving no room for harm
Safe behind the closed door
Filled with memories from the pictures
Spilling onto the tile, bursting at the hinges

I will keep you safe in my closet of love.
Others can judge, but your lovely ears will hear none;
Others can stare, but your innocent eyes will never know--
My hard shell can block out them all.
We can confide in one another,
Closed off from the world.
You and me, together without interruption
Locked in love, in harmony...
My love, you will be forever mine.

Filing Cabinet Love

By senior Krysta Chirino

Love has to be accessible;
Through metal and captivity

It can be opened up when needed
And rudely shut when not.

A box of incredible darkness,
Yet light shines bright
At certain occasions
Of chance, of want and of need.

Secrets can be hidden within,
As well as information, memories, birth certificates and taxes,
Which may collect dust
And evoke a doom of encasement.

A filing cabinet holds
What can be so vital.
Yet it contains what can be ignored and later, left behind.
Inevitably it is cleaned out, organized or thrown away.

So documents within
Become so paper thin.
They can tear, burn and crust.

Love. It proves to be so weak and brittle.

Clam Love

By senior Drue Allen

Love is the clam

In the sea of our life.

It sits there like a slab of ham,

Waiting for us to bring it to life.

Like an enigma it is hard to crack,

And when trapped? Inside everything could go black.

Consumed by it everything could go wrong,

Unless you hear that wondrous song.

A melody that opens to reveal the pearl,

Beauty so great, lights up your world.

This wondrous joy, not hate,

Can happen to every one us.

But if we fail the clam will break

And turn into dust.