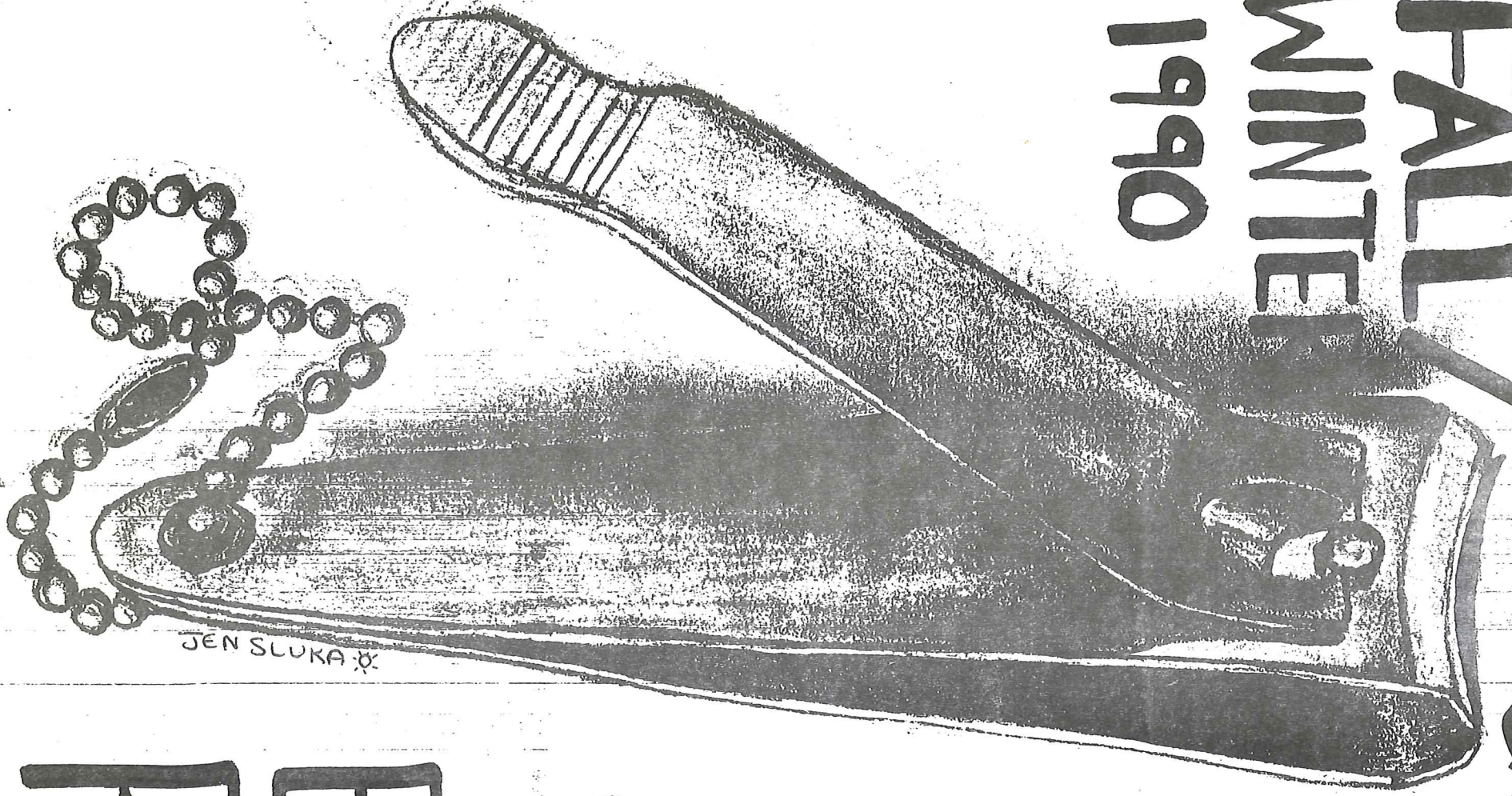


FALL / WINTER 1990

the
CHAPER



JEN SLUKA

THE CLIPPER

Fall/Winter 1990



Allison
Smith

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the Writing Class

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Red Rose

The red rose in the yard
Caught my eye today
The feelings that I felt
Are really hard to say.

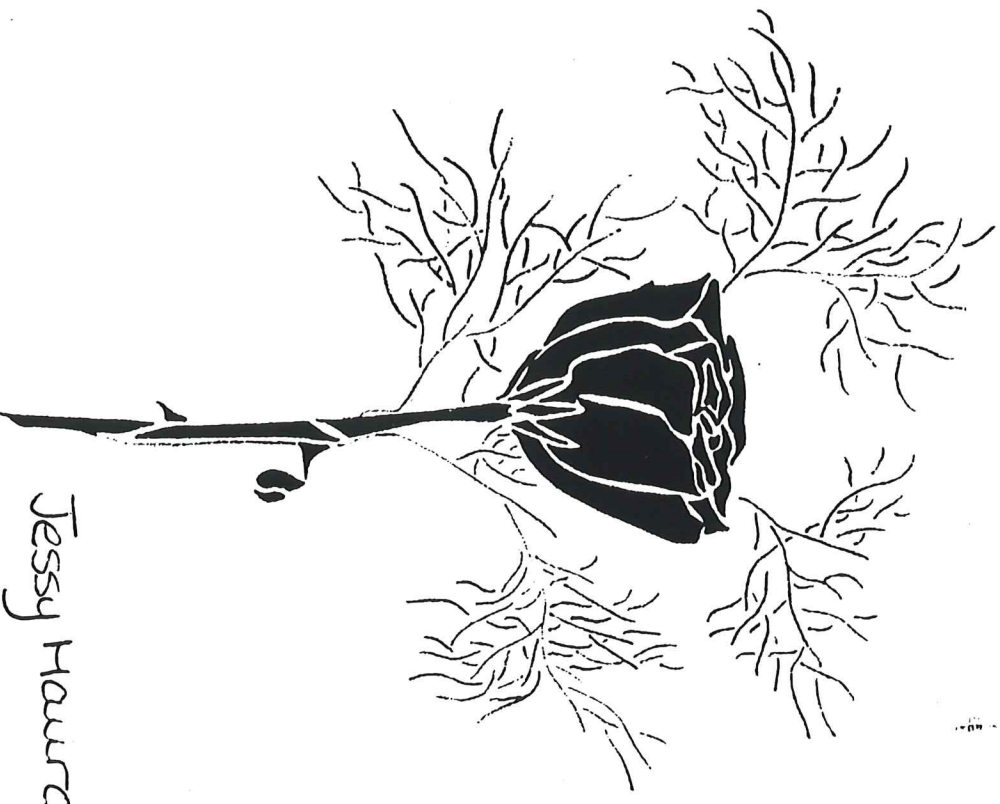
Trying to explain
My thoughts that ran through
Would take up the time
That doesn't matter to you.

I went to pick the rose
Slowly I reached out
Then I felt the pain
My body began to shout.

I pricked my little finger
The blood trickled down
It made me think of you
My heart started to pound

Where was all of your love,
In my time of need?
Standing here alone '
I watch my finger bleed.

--Jessy Mauro



Jessy Mauro

Crumbling Stone

Old man was once young
Flying like an eagle
Beneath the fiery sun.

Old man saw through wild eyes
He had hands of a healer
Mind, witty and wise.

Old man could stand on his own
For he was born
With a heart made of stone.

Marching to the beat
Of the calling drum,
He was blind of defeat
But it was sure to come.

His heart always led him
To do the right thing,
Until his mind took over
Then his vanities began to sing.

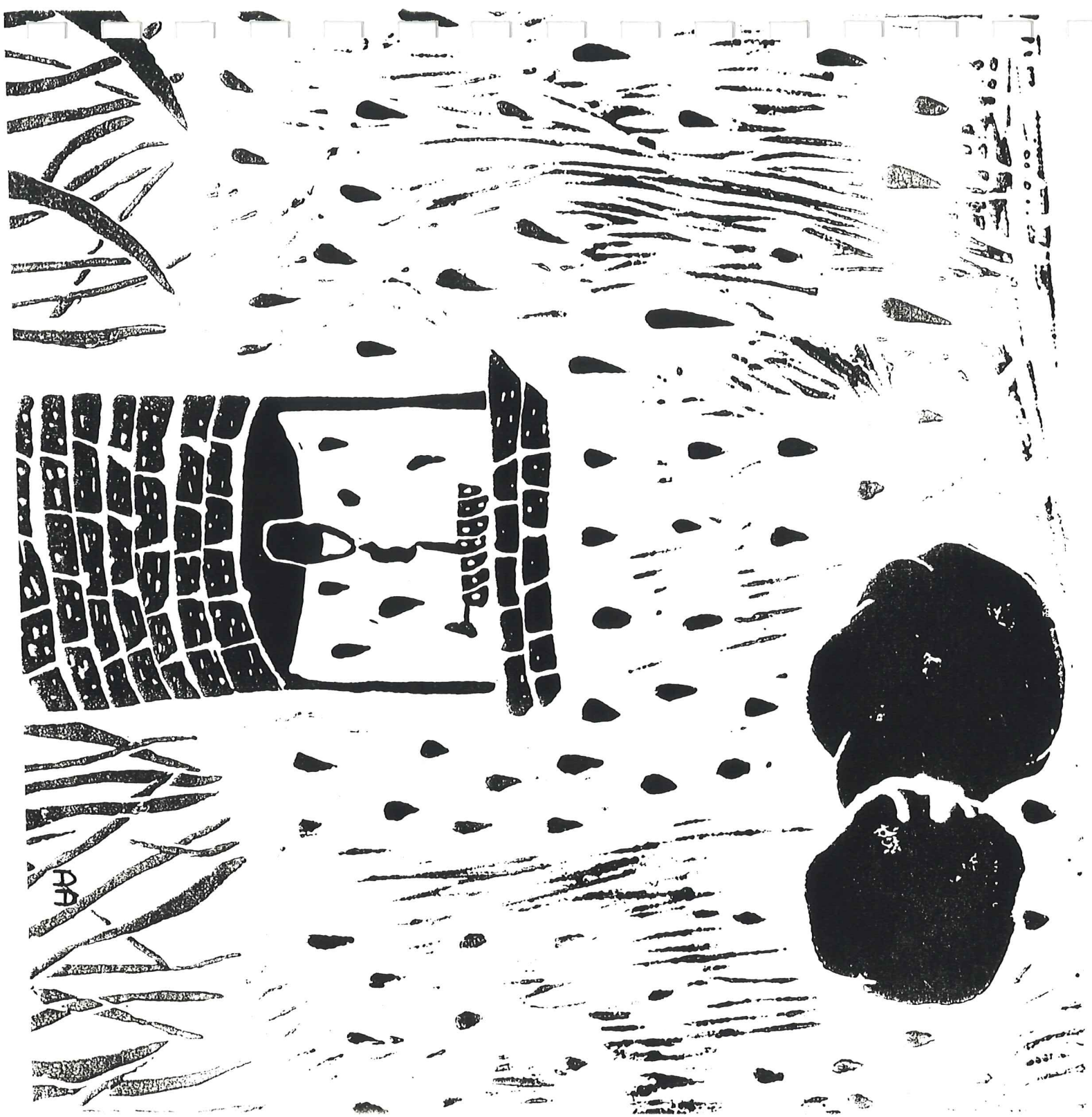
Old man seemed to be
Crawling away from the truth,
Ignorant to the fact
That his heart held youth.

Everyday when he gazed
Into the mirror,
His reflection was becoming
Less and less clearer.

And now he's rich
And everything's a bore,
He steers with his mind
Not his heart anymore.

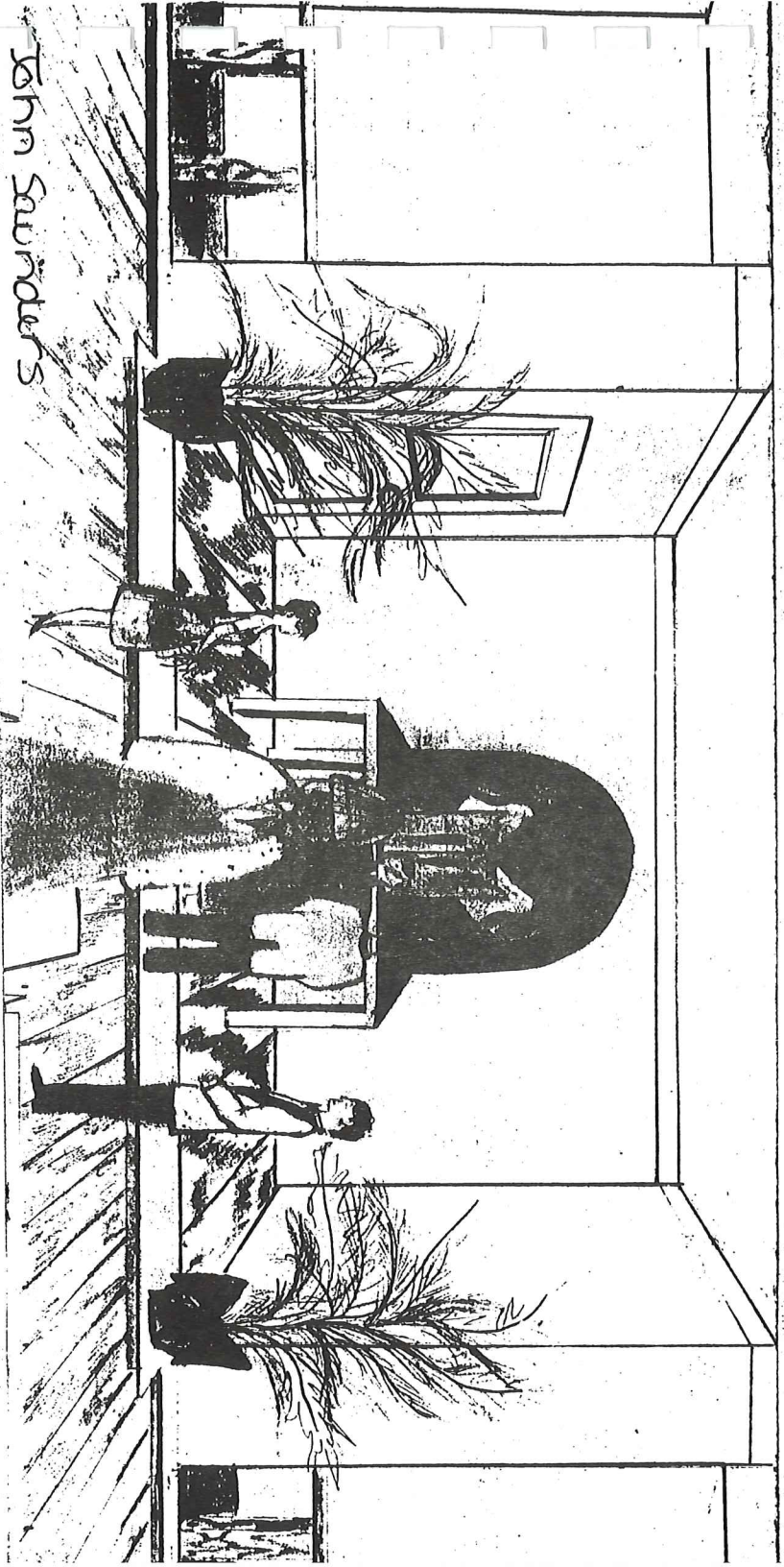
But it was all in the mind
And the mind forgot the heart
Thus his stone was chipped away
And crumbled apart.....

Gene Weiss





Donna Hegde



John Saunders



COME WITH ME

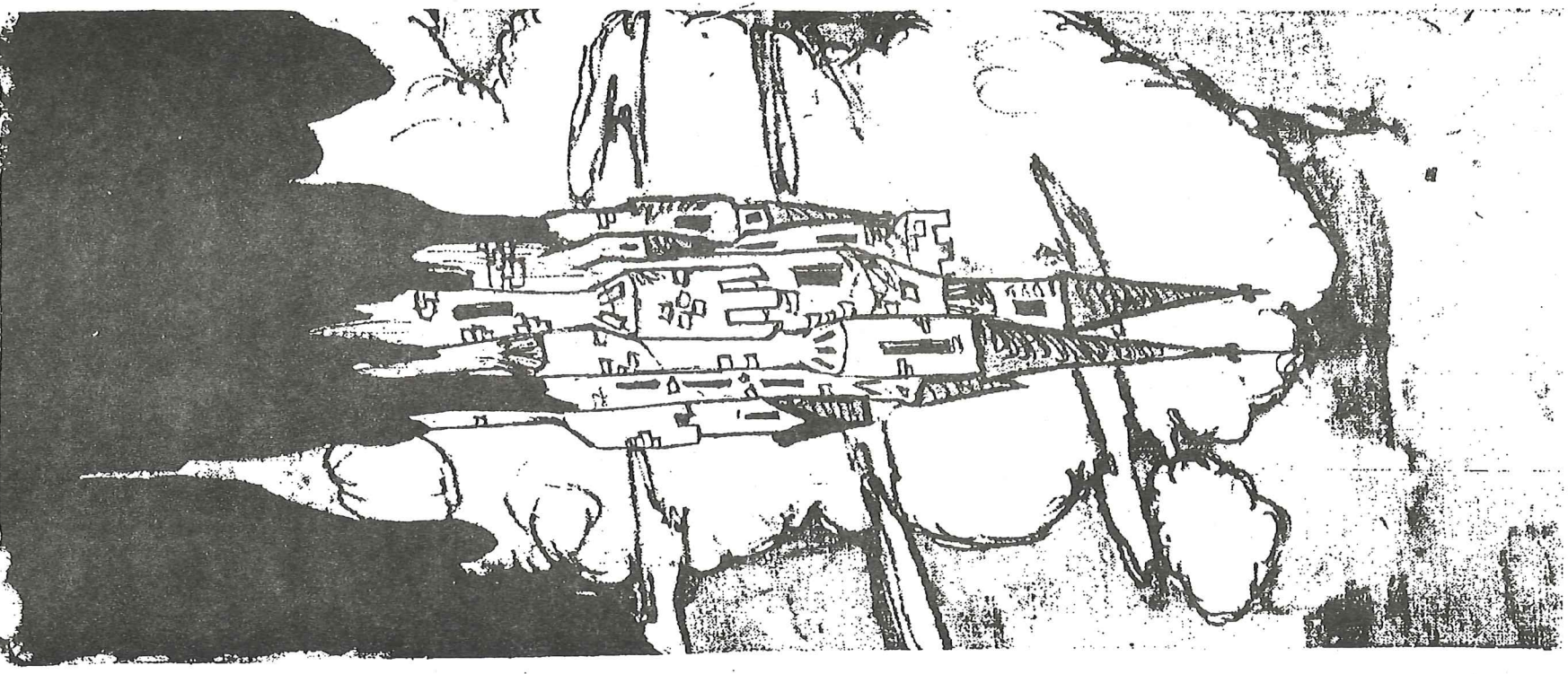
Come, take my hand
We will run
In search of the promised land
We can leave our troubles behind
We will leave our worries for another time
Take my hand, come with me
This fantasy is for us to see
We will run into the night
We will find a place with warming light
We can sleep under the stars-
You on my mind-And me in your arms.

LYNN MCGRATH

DREAMING OF YOU

It's raining
and all I dream of is you
and how you left.
This cold and empty house
is like my heart
without you.
I wish I had
just one more day with you
to tell you
how much I love you.

by Angela Iglay



ACROSS THE SKY

KRIS COLABELLA

The moon is a piece of heaven,
Lighting a world that would otherwise be dark.

The moon's myriad of children,

The stars,

Shine upon the earth

With amusement and glee,

Adding spunk to the night.

The glow of the planets,

So far away,

Give hope of eternal life.

That secluded world, up above,

So near and so far

That we can see, but not touch,

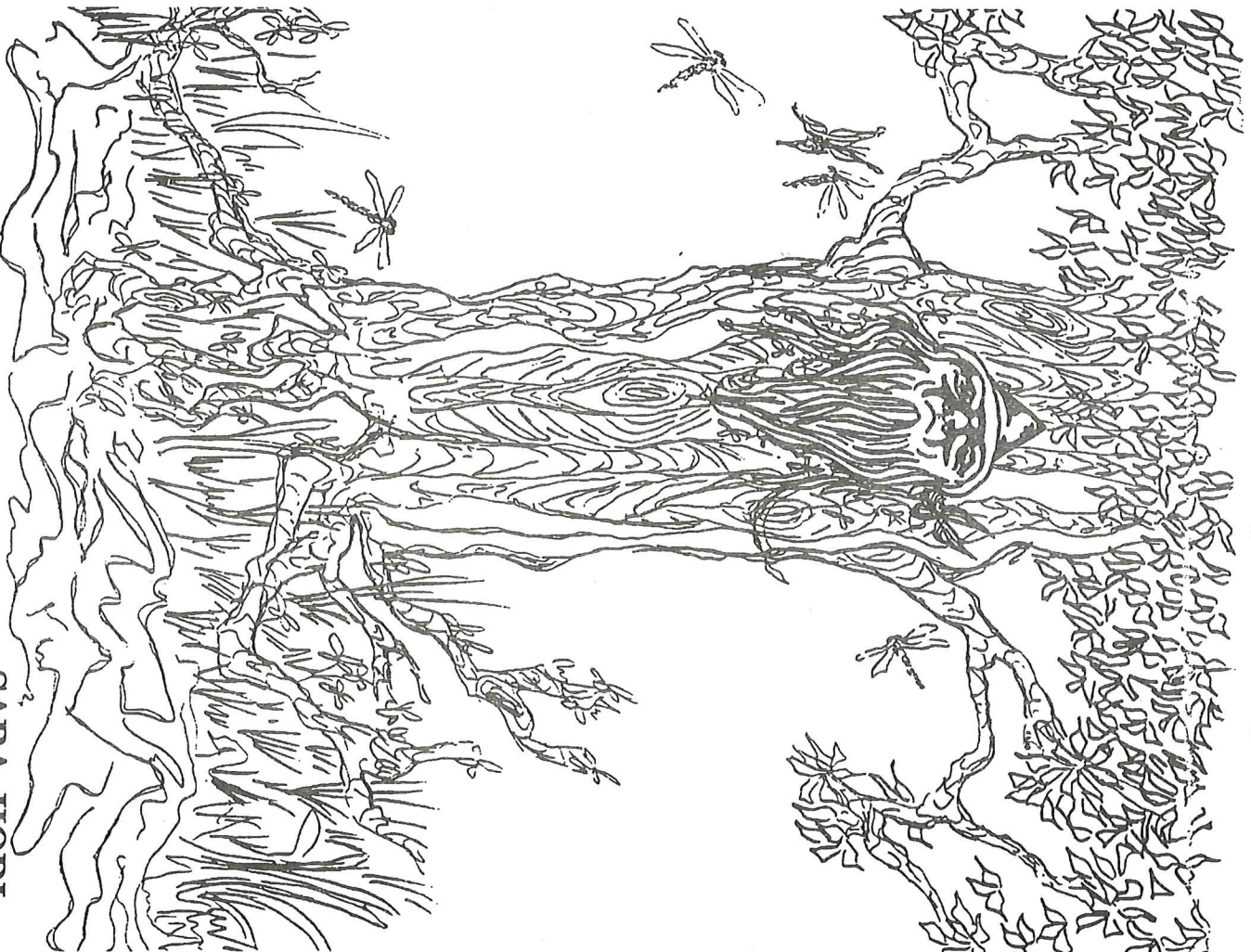
Adds mystery to the universe

And amazement to the miracle of life.

could not do a thing to help him. I could not move. It was as if some unseen force was wrestling with him, and winning. All of a sudden, a wave of black darkness rushed by and I felt damp, freezing air all around me, even though it was the middle of the summer. The darkness engulfed the man, and he shrieked, as if in incredible pain. I had no feeling left in my body. Whatever it was was trying to get a hold of me also. I fought to regain my senses, but it seemed hopeless. That is the last thing I remember before waking up by the rock, perhaps hours later.

The man was never seen again. It was as if the darkness had just swallowed him. Many of those who come here to visit consider this story just a part of the legend, created to give this place a mysterious air and attract visitors, but I know what I saw.

by Jess Soltys



-SARA HODL



SARA HOOL

MY MIRROR

When I look
At you
I see my
Future.
Your pureness
Shows every
Fault, Detail.
I see
Myself
In you.
You are
My mirror.

Elizabeth Dinklage

CHERISH THESE
OUR REMNANTS OF LIFE

People of this age,
An age of suffering.

This is our life
That we are forced to live.
Hold no thoughts in vain
Just believe in an age past.
Our forefathers, these men of men
They created a world of hate.

Then you'll see
We are dying faster,
Soon you'll know
There is no longer laughter,
In the minds of all.

For what we have taken
From the children
May forever be lost.

Just open up and see,
These crimes aren't known
Only by me.

You all know,
Yet I believe,
There can be no hope.
But for generations to come,
And people to see,
We're not the people we meant to be.

This is our question.
Now, what is your answer?
Is it an eternity of disgrace?

Scott Lipman

Until Now

I was gazing out the window of my bedroom. Behold, the full moon set in the middle of a million stars. Soon I was strolling down my street to get some fresh air, gaping at the golden sphere until the end, when I reached the boardwalk. Again I found myself staring, now watching the sea's every move. The roaring tubes reaching maximum height and then collapsing and crashing on the soft white sand below.

Step by step, down the wooden stairs to get a closer look. Dredging, hollowing out the sand directly beneath my feet, leaving a hole behind as I walk and move closer to the water's edge, which hugs the shore. The water droplets glisten in the moon's yellow, casting light, turning them into glitters of gold fluttering in the air. The waves thunderclap against the jetty rock synthesizing more spurts of gold glitter. Beauty! Breathtaking... So near home.

--Christa Huss

A Pair of Eyes Are Locked

Red, delicate petals overlap each other
Love crossed over above one another
Passion on the run, just at play
Black lace, maybe another day
A burst of bloom,
an aroma tune.
The fires blazing,
and two pairs of eyes are locked.

--Christa Huss

WHITE CHRISTMAS

White Christmas!
Profile of the bare trees.
Nature surrounding me has gone to sleep.
It doesn't snow every day!

Tiny red faces
Crowded at the window
Piling on clothes
And watching the snow fall
Silently.

One by one,
By and by,
Frolicking
Playing in the snow,
Nothing can touch me
But the soft white flakes.

Snow angels;
Must be perfect,
So must the snowmen,
Perhaps he'll turn into Frosty!
Little children throw their snowballs at passersby.

Look out!
A gigantic snowball fight!
Screech!
Cars skid around icy corners,
Roads encased,
As if you are driving in a tunnel.

Perfect for sledding,
Set down my sled,
Get a running start,
Jump! And slide gracefully
Down mountains of snow.
Try not to lose control.
Frozen fingers
And toes

And ears.
Nothing a roaring fire and a steaming mug of hot chocolate
Cannot cure.

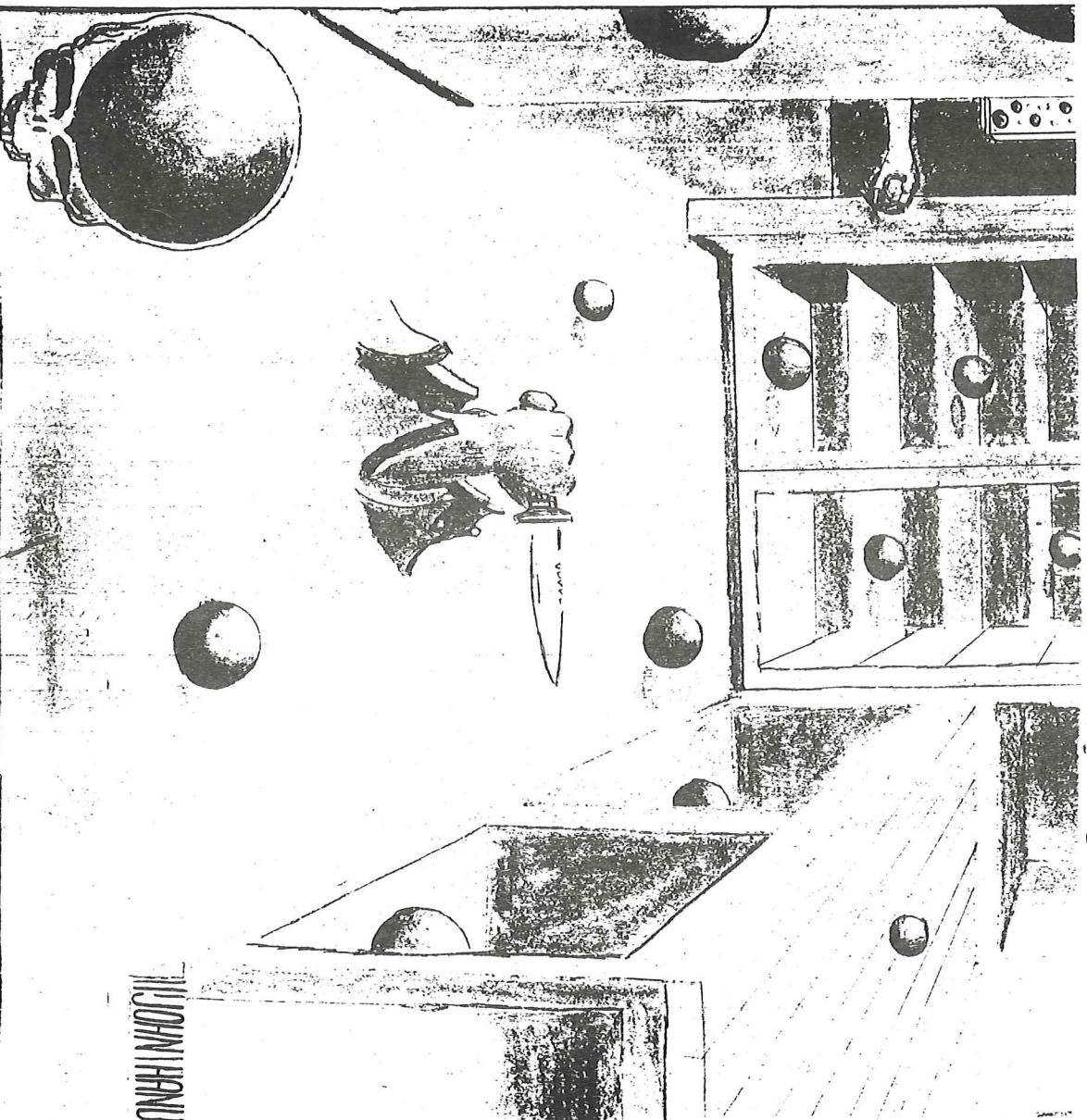
Writing Class collaborative poem
edited by Jess Soltys

the only things that were on were horror movies. This was something I did not need after getting the wits scared out of me. Then I figured out why there was so many horror movies because it was getting closer to HALLOWEEN!

I just went upstairs and went to sleep and figured if I did the noises would go away. But to my surprise they got louder and louder. So I got the magic covers and pulled them over my head, and that was the last thing I remember. The next thing I remember is me in my room just awaking from a disastrous night's sleep. I got curious so I asked my middle-aged parents what was making the noises. They told me that it was the house settling.

Now that I felt like a total fool, now I comprehended what was making those horrible noises. The house settles when the cold weather comes and when the old clinker of a heater is turned on. This sure proves that your imagination can run wild when you are home alone for the first time.

Kyle Kacicz

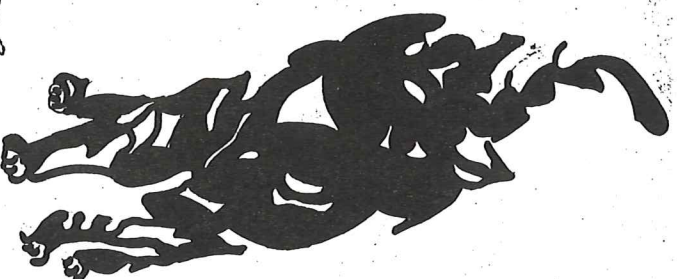


JOHN HANUSEK

NAMELESS

Don't tell me your name.
 (you are nameless)
Don't show me you face.
 (it is just one in the crowd)
 Promise me nothing.
 (and there's nothing to break)
Except my heart, that's restless....
 (hopeless, helpless)
 Don't shed a tear.
(and you won't need a shoulder to cry on)
 Don't tell me you love me.
 (love? there's no such thing)
 Don't put your arms around me.
(so I won't miss them when they're not)
 Walk away.
 Don't look back.
 Don't watch me go.
 (in case it's forever)
 Don't remember me.
(you don't even know my name)
 I'll never tell.
 (I'm nameless)

by Jess Soltys



Gina Reme

MALEFICENCE

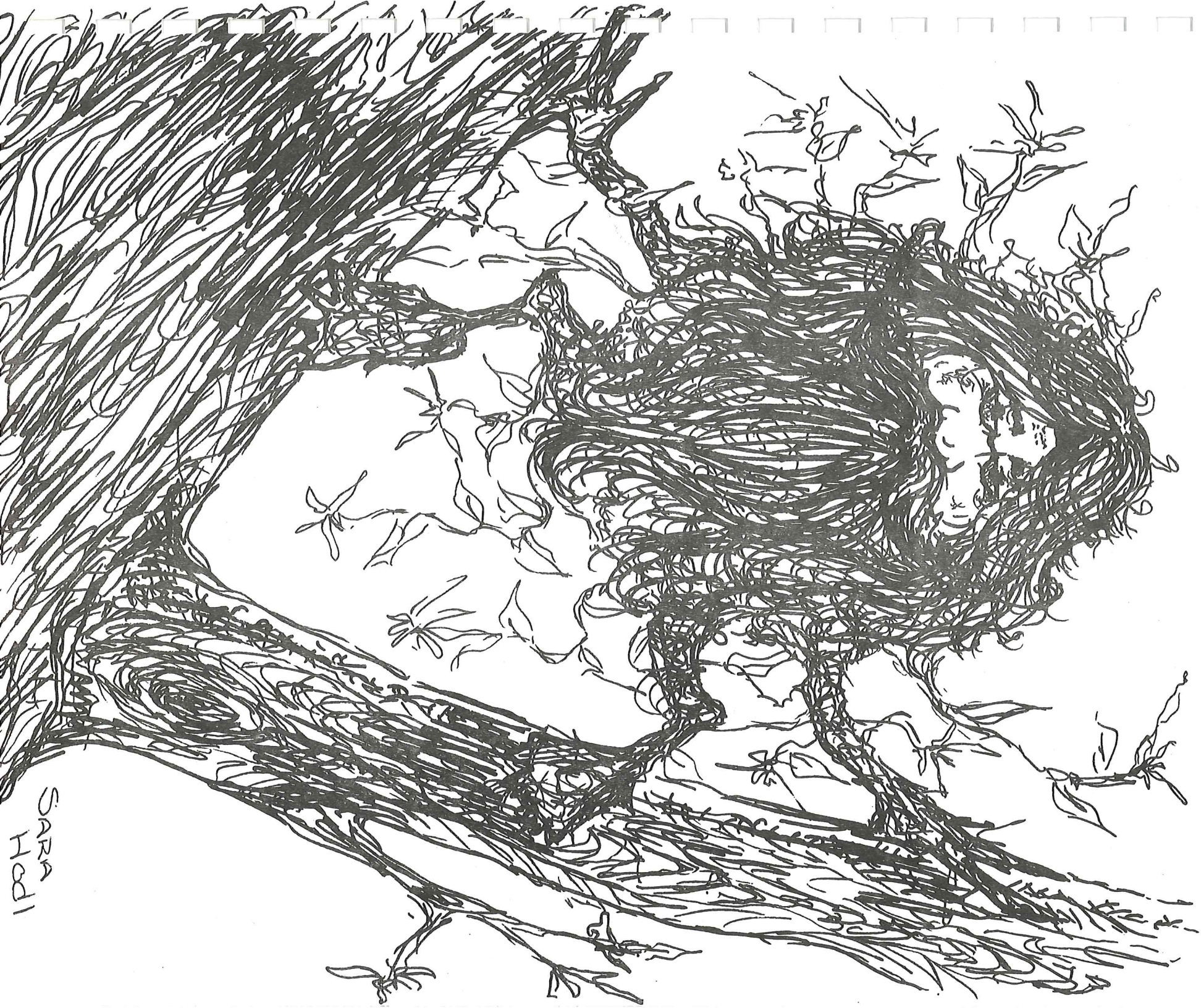
Vile, a water snake that slithers past in the grass, hissing and winding around a victim, then destroying it. But even more vile is his mind. His words are coiling, cool, adaptable to any climate, even the hatred and heat of an argument. His eyes never blink and they'll never cry. He laughs and fangs appear, showing the venom that is his most blessed, used weapon. Commonly, the double-daggered tongue will speak, and it's I who coil, prepared to strike.

Yet, he doesn't ever inflict harm on me. His words, they do not pierce my skin, my mind. I'm immune. He's the defenseless one. I take his neck, and he wants to escape, but can't. For once, he's not the triumphant one. I let him go, just for the amusement of watching him sink off into his private hole, the one he, for himself, created. Well, he'll be out again when he needs a victim. All beasts are that way. They resurface when their own void consumes them.

I know quietly, he'll come out of hiding when he senses I've left. I also realize he has to travel farther, out of his private domain, because it is now inane. Kind of evil, he is. By the time he reaches a suitable quarry, he'll be swelled with venom and dreams of death; but under my eyes, every innocent will survive. He will not choke it, crush it, poison it, or drag it away. He will not play on others' weaknesses, because I have discovered his.

Let him starve, or waste away. He'll die or change.
And then the swamp will be cleansed of one more demon.

-Jennifer Dunne

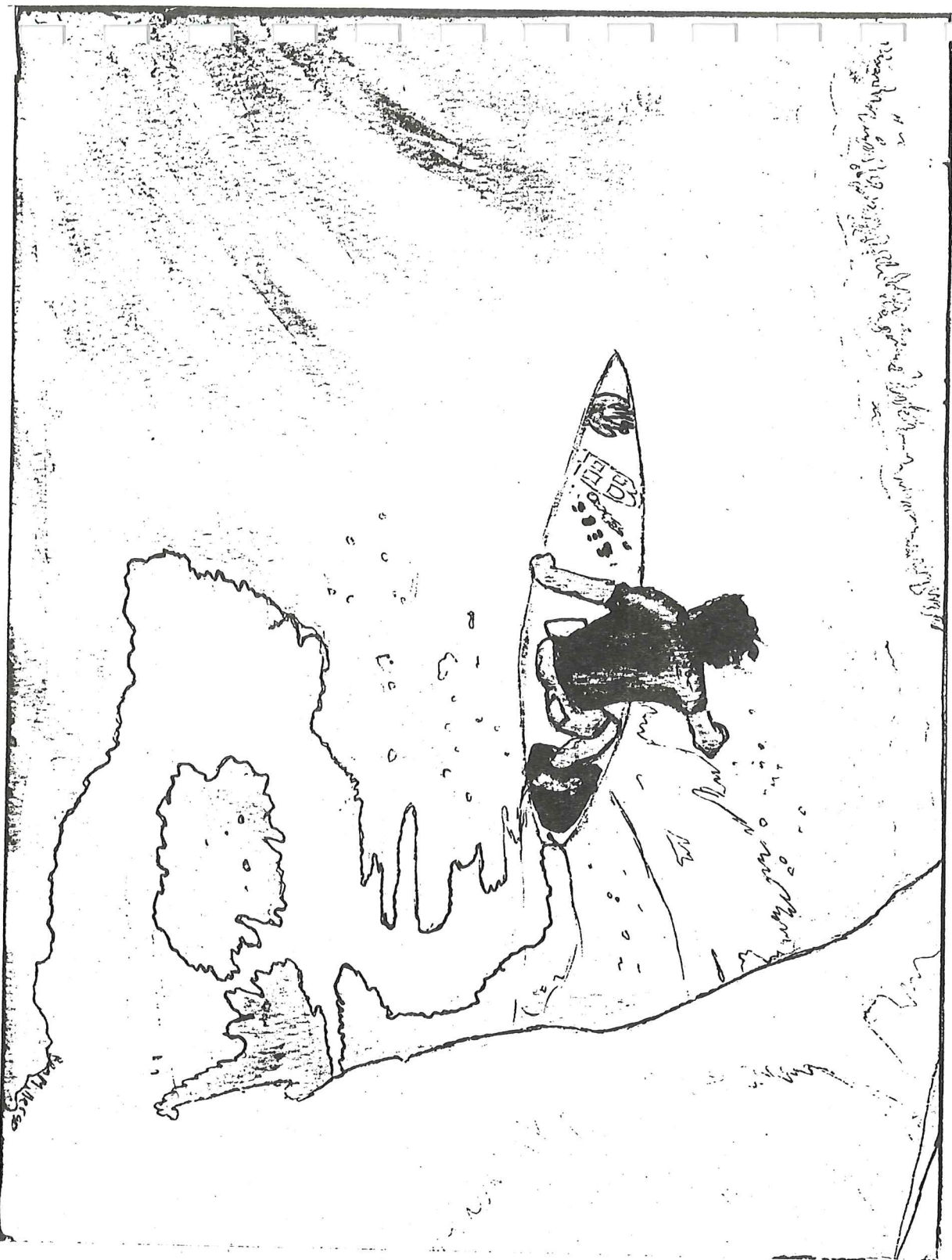


SARA
HODI

reached out and caught me.

One Saturday, the day after a major storm in the area, police found an abandoned vehicle on the side of the road. The car was left running with the headlights on and the radio blasting. They were unable to find registration or insurance inside the vehicle, and no one was inside. Investigation is still going on as to whose car it is and to where that person went.

--Jessy Mauro



Ben Miller

MOONRISE

The moon rose over the ocean.
The waves of the sea gently caressed the sands.
But the waves of reality and reason violently

Crashed,
And broke in my head,
Rocking my mind.
Flashes of realization struck painfully,
Like lightening.
Memories set to music danced,

Fell,
And shattered.
They were never meant to dance.
Clouds unveiled the moon,
And the mystery unfolded.
This was real.

-Jess Soltys

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

Clash of thunder, it sounds as though the sky will
Crumble to the ground and smash the earth with force.
The high pitch of the vampire bats as they swarm overhead
Seeming as though they are going to attack at any moment.
The shrieks and cries of the cold wind

That blows past my ear.
The cold gusts that freeze my head
And send a shiver down my back.

The moon seems to be laughing,
But in an evil, cynical, death-like manner.
The night is chilling to the bone;
You can hear the call of the crickets,
As they wait for help.

The sound of my own voice as I howl at the night sky
In a fit of rage and fear and anger.
I will feast tonight!

-Jennifer Manger

THE ROOM

sinking into the deep, soft leather couch
surrounded by the aroma of simmering spaghetti sauce
And closets full of moth balls
Meditating on the quiet hum of the radiator
Interrupted only by the clickety-clack of tumbling blocks
Sepia photos staring down as the eyes of judgement
Jesus forever dying for us on the wall
As His mother unendingly blesses all who enter this haven.

by Tara McDonald

Amazing Trip

The diamonds are floating around your head.
You're starting to feel like you're dead again.

A prince all full of delicate lace.
Is coming to take you to outer space.

And even though you've decided not to go.
It's too late now, you've fallen too low.

The humming, humming of your head.
The cravings for a bed.
The spinning, spinning of your mind.
Has left you with nothing to find.

Sooner of later the guilt fades away.
You can only pray it won't turn to day.

You've drowned inside the tunnel of love.
It's time to leave, but you can't get enough.

The shattering, shattering of your dreams.
Nothing appears to be what it seems.
The screaming, screaming of silent tears.
Has drowned inside all your lost fears.

The medley of chiming bells.
Has let you know you've been sent to hell.

But you don't care; you never did anything wrong.
Your only mistake was making your trip too long.

Michele Levenelm

Hugo

Winds blowing fiercely against the bolted down houses.
Waves roaring, crashing on the shore, eroding the beaches.
Board walks ruined, smashed into pieces by the breaking
swells. Walls of water two stories high, Wow it's a bad one.
Swirling, whipping, wind, beating against the rattling
shutters.
Rain pounding like steel, wasting away the land.
Water flooding, racing through the streets like a rushing
river.
And nothing left but destruction.

---Christa Huss

Squished

I was walking along on a summer's day
I come across to my dismay
A yellow smear in the cement
A flower was squished on the sidewalk pavement
I bent down to get a closer look
It was stomped to the ground, in a shape of a hook
a dandelion use to stand strong and tall
but now not standing at all
It looked as though it was weeping in sorrow
Cause it can't soak in the sun of tomorrow

---Christa Huss

Beating Free

I feel like a deer racing through an open field. As if it
was being chased by a predator, but I am not the victim
because I am still. It is just my heart that is beating free.

---Christa Huss

SOMEONE SPECIAL

As the grass grows and never fades, the seeds are planted and the trees remain. So is the grief that lingers on after the death of someone special. The memory left behind is engulfed in pain and despair as a flame engulfs its object.

The grief, anguish, and pain for some may be temporary, but for me it was not temporary. When I was five years old, the death of my father closed me off from the outside world and sent my mind into a desolate shell. A dark cold, shell of silence and loneliness. A shell of no return. The pain that went through my being, I can remember so well, as if it happened yesterday. The sorrow that seems as if it will last forever, is as vivid as my life now.

I grew up a fatherless child, living with my dear mother, but feeling that a part of me was missing. A part that was lost forever. The true reality had not yet occurred, this special person in my life was taken away, and I would never see him again.

It is said that time can heal all wounds, but this I found not to be true. Over the years my mind had to push all the painful thoughts away. My life changed completely. My attitude changed towards the world around me. I now look at the world with a different outlook. I feel life is not just living day to day, but it is reaching goals, such as college, and a career. I feel I have to make my father proud of me even though he is not here. And so my life goes on without him, remembering and missing the times when I would go out with him, and ride around in his huge truck. And the times when I was young and would lean on his chest, feeling a sense of being wanted, of being secure, and above all of being loved. His memory will stay with me forever.

Now I think I finally understand. He is gone forever never to return again, just as we create the future and the past is lost forever. Yet, the pain did not go with him.

by Tashara Austin

The Red Rose

A red rose, the open sky, the moon over the barren land. I saw you through the corner of my eye. I felt your presence in my hands.

Through that rose I saw the world in a different point of view. It made me stop and think of love and so I thought of you.

But now the rose was aging in these loveless years. The open sky was closing, the moon no longer appeared. The hands that once felt your incredible presence were now held over my heart. My heart was shrinking, my mind was crying, I couldn't stand our love apart.

The red rose slowly wilted away, the sky closed up forever. The land no longer flourished like it used to and my hands fiercely clinched together.

Through that rose I saw a world so pure you wouldn't believe. And when it died, so did I. I wanted the love that I felt to quickly leave.

The sky, the land, and the rose will surely never be the same. But all I do is think of love and I will surely think of you forever.

--Kathryn Kennedy

This poem was mailed within a letter to Christa Huss from Stan Czolba, who is stationed in Saudi Arabia. He also wrote of how greatly he appreciated the support of her letter. To break up a rough day, servicemen and women really enjoy a letter from back home.

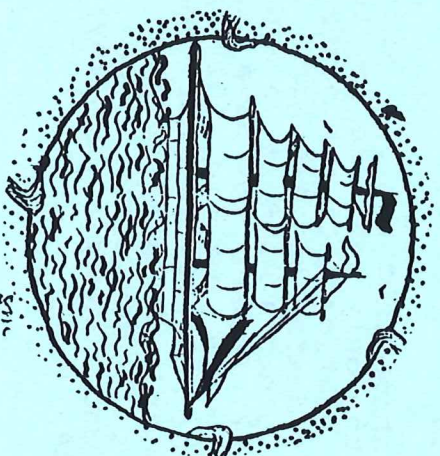
Never Win

Going away for just awhile
I wonder what you will do
Are you glad? Do you miss me?
the way that I miss you

Words are said, things are done
most is out of anger
Feelings hurt, consideration lost
I can't hold on much longer

As time goes by my life falls apart
as I watch my love leave me
She is gone forever, out of my life
and our love is just a memory

Now I go searching, probably in vain
for a love that will never die
But each time I do, I never win
I wonder why I even try.



THE WAITING GAME

Just a few days ago (November 8, 1990), President Bush made the announcement that two hundred thousand more troops would be sent over to Saudi Arabia to play the "waiting game" with Saddam Hussein. There are many aspects of this "game" that need to be examined. First of all, why are we there? Then the question of what action or lack of action must be taken. And finally, the aspects that must be taken into account when making this decision.

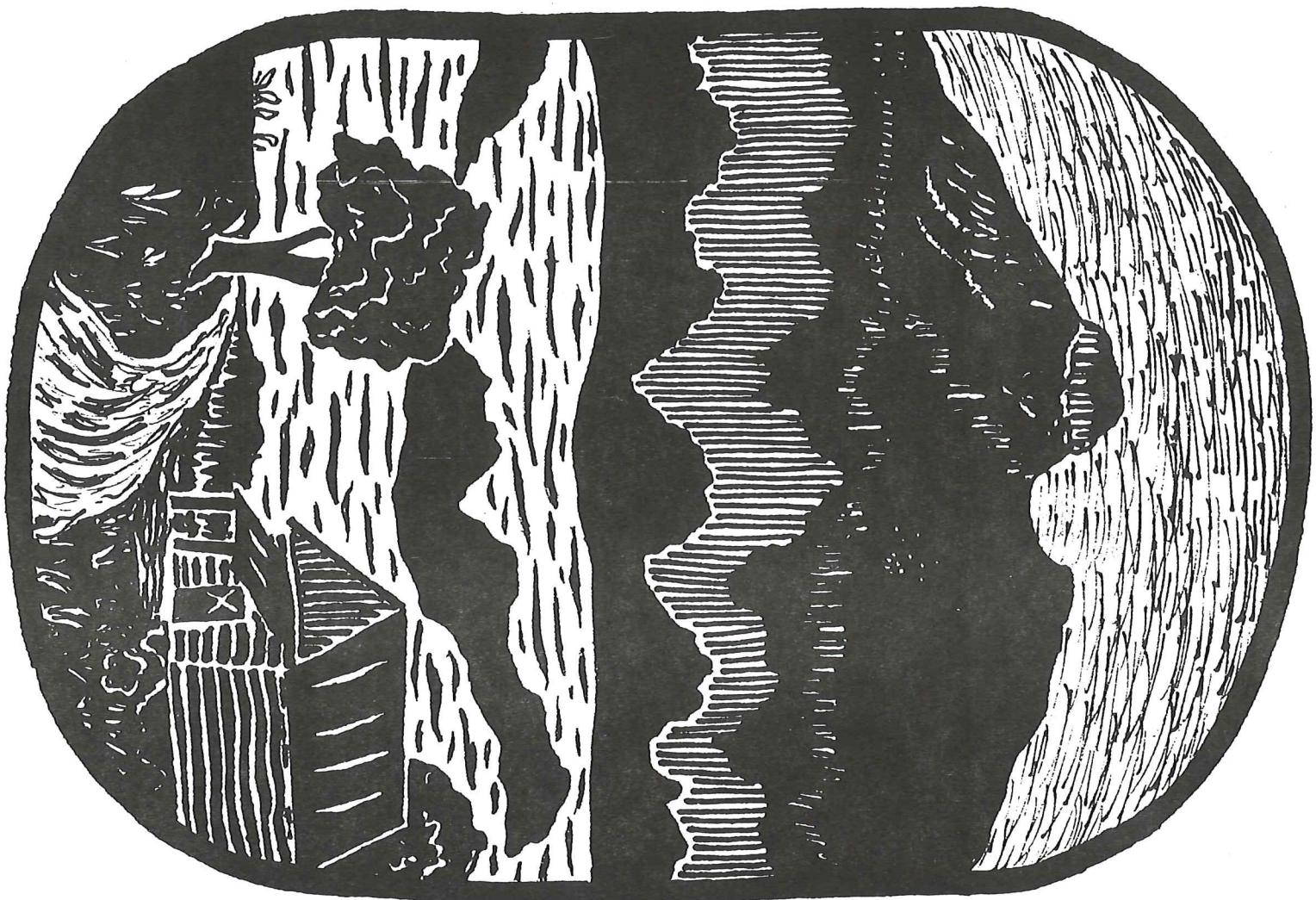
According to the United States government, our troops are involved in the conflict over Kuwait in order to protect our interests in the Saudi Arabian oil fields. Supposedly the U.S. would not be able to function without this large supply of oil. However, just a few days ago the governments of the United States and Saudi Arabia signed an agreement stating that the United States would supply oil to all of the countries currently being supplied by Saudi Arabia in the event of a full scale conflict. If the United States has enough oil to compensate for the loss of all the oil from Saudi Arabia, why are we really in the Middle East? The answer is greed. Is this greed worth risking the lives of our young soldiers? The answer to this question must be a resounding "NO"!

Some are saying we should just go in and bomb all of the military bases in Kuwait and Iraq. This they say would eliminate the whole mess. There are flaws in this proposal that need to be examined. For example the use of American and other foreign hostages as "human shields." Hostages that have been released have come back and told reporters that they were kept at different strategic locations throughout Kuwait. Although the United States has a strict policy that does not allow the use of compromise for hostages, we should not go in and kill our own people.

Proponents of the above bombing proposal have often cited the raids on Panama and Libya as successes in the use of quick and destructive raids. There is one important fact that these people tend to overlook. In the raid of Panama, the United States lost soldiers. This fact proves that this bombing solution is not as simple as some would have us believe. Hussein also has a larger army and chemical weapons which the leaders of the other two raids did not possess. Hussein has also had almost four months to prepare for this raid. If the United States was going to bomb Iraq, the time has passed.

As the evidence shows, the crisis in the Middle East is not cut and dry. There are many factors that need to be considered. For now the answer seems to be to wait and pray that all of our American troops come back homes to their families safely.

-Heidi Gamer



JEN SLUKA