



THE MAIN INGREDIENT  
a WITS digital anthology



# The Main Ingredient

(Cover photo: "Helena, post war" by Gillian Brase of Grant High School)



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Dear Reader,

We ask the poets, graphic novelists, playwrights, fiction and creative-nonfiction writers who work in the Writers in the Schools program to model the writing life. Many of our students have never met people who place writing at the center of their lives or who spend so much time searching for the right words.

During a WITS residency, students develop a writing habit. As one high school teacher put it, “the students developed a new awareness of the writing process, gained self esteem, and were willing to take more risks in their writing.” For professional writers, writing is revision. Each week WITS writers provide students with eagerly awaited written feedback, along with strategies to help students expand and revise their work.

WITS strengthens the literary communities within schools and beyond. In addition to coordinating 48 residencies and 10 author visits to schools, we coordinated 13 student readings attended by more than 650 people. Along with the digital chapbooks located on our blog W.o.o.t.s ( at <http://literary-arts.org/blogs/>), we publish a yearly print anthology, available for purchase in independent bookstores throughout Portland or for purchase here: <http://www.literary-arts.org/wits/anthology.php>.

This year WITS began providing tickets and transportation for students to attend Portland Arts and Lectures events at the Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall. Seventy-five students from Roosevelt High School attended Isabel Allende’s lecture. Afterward, one student remarked, “I learned that a great story involves the reader, and that good endings leave the audience with something to wonder about.” Another student wrote, “It was great. It was one of the best places I have ever gone. It was really amazing.”

Since WITS began in 1996, we have invested over \$2 million in our partner, Portland Public Schools. Our goal is to build relationships that last and grow over time.

We are committed to providing arts education even in these difficult economic times. Please visit [www.literary-arts.org/donate](http://www.literary-arts.org/donate) if you’d like to help by making a contribution to Writers in the Schools.

Mary Rechner

Writers in the Schools Program Director

# A Silent Scene

*Itarti Mar-Shall, Madison High School*

I need it  
I read it  
You hear nothing  
But the sound says it all  
Your eyes tell me everything I ask  
And who needs words  
When you walk with slumped shoulders  
And a heavy head  
I feed on it  
I lean on it  
It fills the air  
Thick as bricks the sickly scent  
Heavy enough to touch and taste  
Because the look on your face,  
Leaves no space, for misunderstandings  
That neglect brings  
I sing it  
And bring it  
In a stone brief case  
Silence laced with hate and fate  
Take a peek, but don't speak  
The contents are sound sensitive  
Don't be surprised  
How could you have possibly known  
What underlies the silence  
Or the secrets it passes along  
It needs me  
It feeds me  
Everything I want and more  
Enough to haunt me to my core  
It bores, so deep, as to fake sleep

Only to slowly creep, creep, creep  
Back to the surface, it reeks  
When burned in the furnace  
A smell I notice you don't  
And the flames roar high as I cry  
Over the death of my creation  
The forced cremation  
And all this, is just routine  
Because I breathe it  
And bleed it  
My child will be born again  
And again, and again, and again  
And it'll be up to me to read and free  
All the meanings underneath  
The I love and hate you's  
That you didn't know exist  
It'll be up to me, treat it like a child  
Ready to grow up  
And quiet humans all over the spectrum  
Because I'm the only one who truly loves  
The silence in the scene.

# My House

*Maria Phan, Marshall Campus*

When I was born until I was five years old, I lived at my grandparents because my parents had to go to work and they could not take care of me. For me, my grandparents are my second dad and mom. We lived together in a thatched cottage in a small village in Southwest Vietnam. My childhood was connected with the word “poor”, but I think it was the most memorable time in my life because I could live with my wonderful grandparents in a peaceful village. We lived in a village that was very far apart from the city, so we did not have electricity. Instead of using electrical lighting, we used oil lamps. I remember every night; my grandmom sitting under the light of the oil lamp and sewing me a dress. When I think about my childhood, that image always appears in my head, my loving grandmom sewing in the yellow light.

Our cottage was very old and small. It did not have three or four bedrooms, a modern kitchen, or an automatic garage door. My cottage was made from mud, straw, and coconut leaves. In the house, we had a living room (it was also the bedroom for three people in my family), a kitchen and we also used it like a garage. That's it! That was my home! My house was very simple and for me, it was the most comfortable place in the world. Our cottage was surrounded by a bamboo fence and a garden where my grandparents grew every kind of fruit and vegetable such as mangoes, plum trees, durian trees, pepper, salad, onion, garlic, etc. We did not use our money for buying food. Every morning, I went to the garden and watered the plants with my granddad. When I was in the garden, I could feel the fresh air of early morning, I could see the dew on the rose leaves, I could hear the sound of gentle wind mixed with the buzz of bees and I smelled the ripe durians on the trees mixed with the scent of the flowers. I could even taste the first watermelon of the harvest. The garden was like a maze with every kind of aroma, and every time that I went to that maze, I was lost. We also had a pond in the garden. When the lotuses bloomed, we cut them and used their pistil to make tea. My hometown is very famous for this kind of tea. Every summer, the smell of lotuses spread throughout the entire village because summer is the time that lotuses bloomed.

There was a small canal in front of my house, a branch of a large river. Because we had a lot of canals in my hometown, the main transportation was small boats. We used boats to go to the fields, markets, or visit each other. When I was a child, I loved to sit on the boat with my grandparents and go fishing on the river. We always caught a lot of fish. Thanks to the river, our harvest always had good crops because the fecundity of the water fertilized our fields. Every afternoon I slept on a hammock strung between two coconut trees. I loved to lie on that hammock and enjoy the cool breeze that came from the river and I every time I slept, I could hear the sound of flute from very far away. The village was full of scents, and melodious sounds.

There are only two seasons in my country: sunny season and rainy season. Sunny season is from January to May and rainy season is from June to December. I remember in the sunny season, all of the ponds and small canals were dry. Outside the fields, the ground was arid and split. The sunny season was also time for a possible drought. We did not have enough water to use so we had to use water from the river. It was very hot, the kind of hot can give you a headache and make your throat very dry. Even in the heat, my friends and I had a great time together swimming and playing at the river. The cool water dispelled the tiredness from our bodies. One day, when I was playing with my friends, I saw black clouds arrive on a strong wind. Wow! The rainy season was starting. I ran back home and the raindrops began to fall. Rain brought back green to the fields. It restored our ponds, and canals. Everything started to grow. Every night, frogs and toads hopped into my house. These kinds of animals were not strange to me because I had to see them every rainy season. I was very happy because everything had the vitality again after a long dry season. My grandmother used a lot of containers to collect the rainwater because she wanted to save it for the next dry season. For me, rainy season was much better than the sunny season because I could play in the rain all the time.

Although I left my village long time ago, every memory that I used to have about it is still there. Although I lived in a lot of places, I still cannot find any place that is more beautiful than my village. The village connected with my childhood brought to me every happiness and sadness. I remember everything that I had there with my friends and I can not tell you how fun it was. I want to say thank you to my grandparents who took care of me and let me live in that wonderful place. I hope that I can return to Vietnam someday to visit my grandparents and my beautiful village.

# The Song of an Instrument

*Ben Fillinger, Roosevelt High School*

The note releases from  
within carries through the  
room,  
As I'm playing I release  
not just a song but an  
expression,  
An expression played from  
my trombone,  
When it's heard I'm  
expressing not my talents,  
but the emotion in my heart.  
Although I've revealed that  
I'm down and I'm blue,  
I use this to bring up  
the sad sad song of  
and instrument.

## She Will Live Forever

*Laurel Montoy, Roosevelt SEIS*

(Original written in Spanish)

The rain hit the rooftop like millions of bullets. Thunder and lightning struck. It made me jump. There was something different about the night. It was something I could not explain. The cold of the night came in through the open door where my sister Claudia was standing, looking outside.

I yelled at her from where I stood.

“Claudia, close the door and start cleaning up.”

We were in my grandmother’s house that awful day of May. She had just died. My two sisters Claudia and Alex and I were alone in her house cleaning it. My mother was with my Aunt Julia only a block away. Claudia stayed at the door, stiff. I told her again to start cleaning. Alex washed dishes in the sink and I was washing down the dining room table with a wet cloth.

“Claudia, are you listening to me? Come on and start sweeping” I said looking at her with devil eyes. “Wait until mom gets here, then you’ll see.”

As soon as I said that lightening hit the house across the street. Then Claudia looked at me first, then at Alex. Her eyes were strange, they scared me. I asked her what was happening.

“Don’t you see that?” She asked. Her eyes were opened wide. She looked first at me, then at Alex.

“What is it? What did you see?” I asked getting closer to her and looking outside.

“It was grandmother,” she said looking outside again and pointing to a wooden chair. The chair was covered in rain.

“She was sitting there, looking at me with sad eyes.”

# Flying to Love

*Verenice Mendoza, Marshall High School*

This is how I see my life:  
It's really colorful.  
My life is sometimes complex,  
I am four people at the same time.

I sometimes spread my wings  
and think I can do a lot of things at once:  
be a student,  
a mom,  
girlfriend,  
and sister.

To be a student I have to work on homework  
plus other work to complete my credits.  
To be a mom  
I have to stay awake  
in the middle of the night  
when my daughter is sick.  
To be a girlfriend is to care,  
to be there for my boyfriend  
when he needs me.  
And to be a sister  
is to be careful  
with what I do  
since they might follow in my steps.

Sometimes when I  
do  
get overwhelmed  
I must close up my wings

and start to think inside them  
to just focus on  
one  
thing  
at  
a  
time.

The darkness inside my wings  
makes me fall into depression  
and cry.  
Sometimes I think I have failed  
life.

But as I slowly  
and carefully  
open my wings  
I see  
a little twinkle of light  
and my wings become wide open  
I see  
my boyfriend and daughter  
with their arms open  
I know  
as long as I have  
them  
I can fly  
to love—

## Remember Rays of Sun

*Kristyn Ramirez, Lincoln High School*

If I could be somewhere else, I would be in a park. A park on a sunny day, with a blanket and all the friends that could come and hang out. Play the guitar, drink soda, eat good snacks and share good memories with each other. Dance around like we just don't care, talk about the new, use each other as pillows, and have not a care in the world. Tell secrets, tell dreams, and tell funny things. Play games. Make a fire once the sun has set. Roast marshmallows, roast hot dogs, roast anything that we liked. Look at the stars and create shapes. Have a contest to find the big and little dipper. Try for a chance to see a shooting star. Leave the hangout, now more memories added to your mind, more remember that? Remember when...oh! That one time. Hang out downtown. Buy more food or expensive candy. Make the guys uncomfortable bringing them into Victoria's Secret. Hang out on the fourth floor until security kicks us out. Truth or dare Hang at the waterfront, looking at the water, thinking of how we'll never jump in. Look for people who we recognize, call them over to join the memories we're creating.

# The Golden Rope

*Etete Vitoria, Franklin High School*

Claire: What was that?!

Sarah: Hi there.

Claire: WHAT!? Did I actually just hear someone speak?

Sarah: Whoa, touchy sorry.

Claire: Why are you here?!

Sarah: I don't know.

Claire: What do you mean you don't know?!

Sarah: I don't know why I am here.

Claire: Do you know who I am!? Or where you are?!

Sarah: No...

Claire: Well your in my theater and you need to get out.

Sarah: Well uh what if I don't want to?

Claire: Well who are you at least? Your clearly not famous other wise I would have seen you at some amazing party.

Sarah: I am Sarah...

Claire: Oh sorry, did I say I cared who you were?

Sarah: Well uhh...

Claire: No shush! I didn't ask you.

Sarah: Oh wow, okay clearly someone here has issues.

Claire: Excuse me? Did you just say I have "issues"?!

Sarah: So what if I did!

Claire: Do you know who I am?!

Sarah: We just went over this! NO I don't know who you are!

Claire: Well I am Claire. Just Claire. No last name.

Sarah: Wow okay Claaaaaaaire, whatever. You realize your standing on a table with a golden rope around your neck right?

Claire: Yes, of course I knew that? Do I look stupid to you? Its something called rehearsing!

Sarah: By yourself?

Claire: Yes! I am rehearsing for my soliloquy.

Sarah: Wow well aren't you special.

Claire: Yeah, actually I am. I play a suicidal girl.

Sarah: Okay yeah, see you are crazy.

Claire: Okay you know what? You need to leave now.

continued...

(The Golden Rope, cont.)

Sarah: Fine, show me the door since this is your theater.

\*Claire removes the gold rope from her neck and jumps off the table\*

Sarah: WHOA look?!

Claire: Stop freaking out.. What?

Sarah: The rope is being pulled up insanely fast!

Claire: Oh uh....

Sarah: What was that?

Claire: I don't know...

Sarah: What do YOU mean you don't know!?

Claire: I don't know okay!!

Sarah: This is your theater! What do YOU mean!?!

Claire: I MEAN, I came here to rehearse by myself.

Sarah: Okay? We went over this early for your solilo-something or whatever.

Claire: It's soliloquy. It means before you just showed up here, I was the only one here. My dad has the keys to all the doors, they lock automatically when closed. Unless opened with the keys or from the tech room outside of the theater.

Sarah: WHAT?! You realized you could have died right? That person could have pulled that rope while you were rehearsing. AND NOW WERE LOCKED IN HERE!?

Claire: Oh...snap.

Sarah: That's right "oh snap"! We aren't the only ones here anymore... are we?

Claire: UGH! This is my theater! This isn't supposed to happen to celebrities like me!

Sarah: Great thanks a lot bimbo, we are locked in your huge stupid theatre with a person trying to kill us!

Claire: Why would they kill you? Last I checked you weren't the famous one.

Sarah: Yep, we're dead.

# Just a Thin Fragile Sheet

*Kristin Acker, Roosevelt High School*

Just a thin fragile sheet

A barrier for eternal light strained by human compulsion

From a sweet dimple glowing from an illuminated smile

To a tear-stained cheek flushed and pale

A barrier for eternal light stained by human compulsion

Through the human eye we see

To a tear-stained cheek flushed and pale

With the heart we interpret

Through the human eye we see

From a simple cut tracing your veins

With the heart we interpret

To a gashing crimson line thrashing mortal connection

Holding your soul and being

From a sweet dimple glowing from an illuminated smile

Holding you together

Just a thin fragile sheet

## Algo Extraño

*Rocio Valencia, Roosevelt SEIS*

Era una un día como cualquier otro. Era un viernes en la noche. El cielo brillaba de obscuro y las estrellas parecían como un vidrio estrellado. Ya eran como las nueve de la noche. Mis padres habían acabado de discutir, yo me había ido a mi cuarto en ese momento pues no quería escucharlos pelear. Al ratito tendí mi cama y me puse a rezar un Padre Nuestro. Yo estaba cansada pues había tenido un día largo y cansado. Mientras acababa de decir la última frase, vi un niño vestido de blanco. En ese momento sentí un escalofrío en todo mi cuerpo. No me podía mover y ni tampoco hablar. Yo estaba mirando a ese niño de ojos cafés, cabello castaño quien también me miraba fijamente a los ojos. No sabía que hacer o decir. Cerré mis ojos una vez y los volví a abrir y aun estaba allí. Me parecía mentira. Era como Dios en niño pequeño. Tenía el cabello corto que le llegaban a los ojos. Sus ojos seguían fijados a los míos.

## Something Strange

It was a day like any other day. It was Friday night. The sky was so dark it shone and the stars looked like shattered glass. It was about nine at night. My parents had just finished arguing and I had gone to my room because I didn't want to hear them fight anymore. Then I made my bed and I began to pray The Lord's Prayer. I was tired. I had had a long and tedious day. I had just finished saying the last phrase of the prayer when I saw a small boy dressed in white. I felt a chill go up and down my body. I could not move or talk. I was looking at that boy, his eyes were brown, his hair was reddish-brown. He looked at me too, straight into my eyes. I didn't know what to do or say. I closed my eyes once and opened them again and he was still there. It seemed so unreal. It was like God had appeared in the form of a small boy. His hair was cut short, bangs down to his eyes. He kept staring.

# Misunderstood

*Lisa Greenfield, Marshall High School*

In a busy town square  
we danced years ago,  
longing for the desert:  
destination.

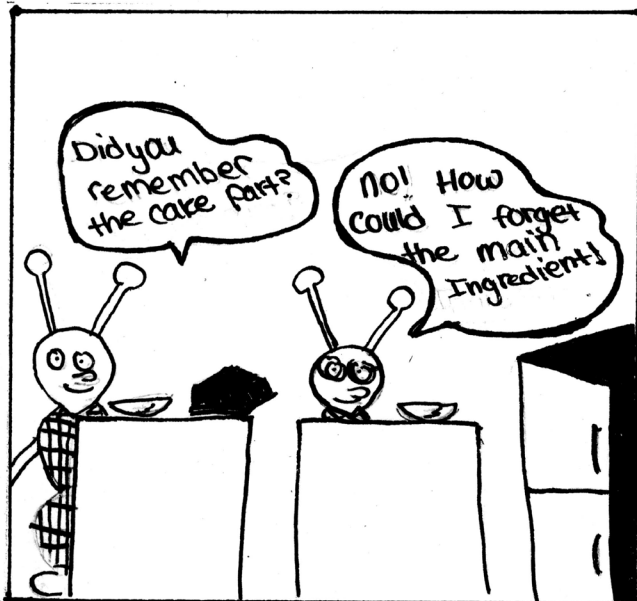
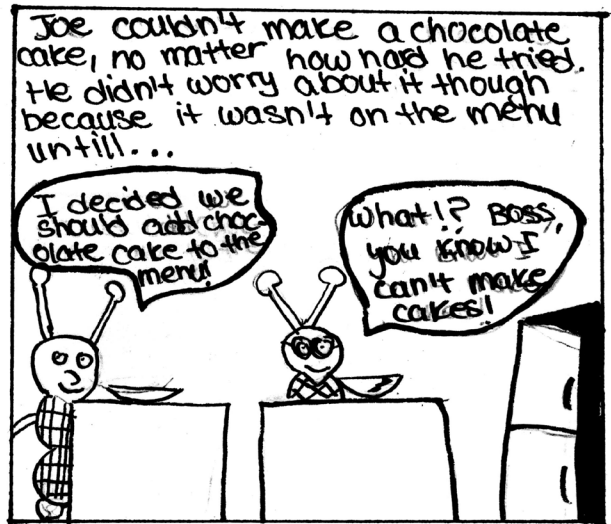
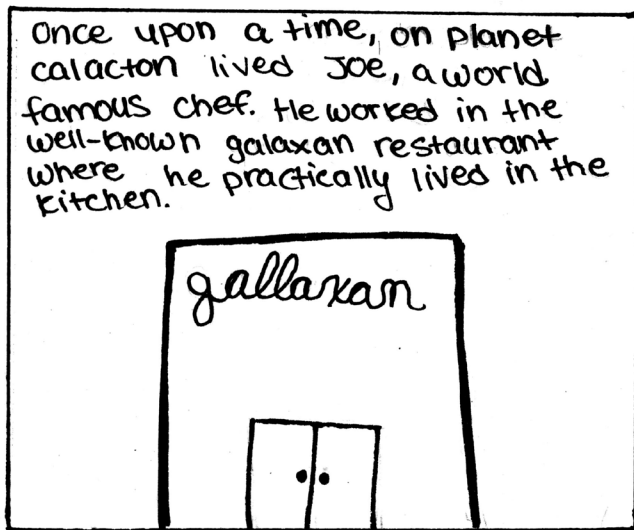
Now, watching townspeople shop,  
glances of disgust, no pity—  
longing for a new home.

Traveling together,  
horses trot, pulling a caravan  
full of world heirlooms.  
Wandering is the truth to us.

We set up our tents and booths,  
magic occupies the inside.  
For a moment, this is home.  
We are seen as beggars—  
all we ask is understanding.  
We are a culture of nomads.  
Music plays,  
food is passed around.  
The world is our dinner table.

# The happenings of Calacton

by Kaitlym Kornberg



## At the End of the Day

*Karen Leon, Roosevelt S&S*

At the end of the day my eyes shrink driving me to sleep. My legs feel like they have been running all over the world but for some reason I can still drag myself when my Mami shouts my name. Her voice blasts in my ears leaving a ringing noise with her eardrum busting voice. So I am most rudely interrupted and forced to see what she wants even if I have to get there crawling. The distance it takes me to reach my demanding mother is only about two yards but it seems like a never ending path. At the end all that effort turns into an insignificant pile of poop because she doesn't say anything or even gives me a glare as if I was too ugly for her to give me a friendly stare. I hold in the need to yell, the need to express my anger and my stress but I now I can't, not with my Mami because it would end up with a guaranteed face turning slap.

Before this all ends catastrophic for me I decide to crawl back into bed and wait for the sun to peek out of the darkness and overflow my life with light and the start of a new day to shine.

I wake up. Everything is silent as if there were no living things. I am alarmed by the awkward silence so as I get up. It seems like I'm a super star in a movie getting played in slow motion. I carefully inspect my surroundings. There are no signs of anyone's presence. I shout from the tip of my lungs.

"Mami! Papi! Arturo! Magy! Somebody please answer me!"

There is no answer except for my own echo that's swiped away by the force of the wind. The force tries pulling me into it but I hold on to my old rigid door. It isn't long before I fly into the wind like a leaf falling from a tree in mid-October.

## Questions

*Marina Harrington, Franklin High School*

I can see the warm yellow lights shining at me from down the street. As it oozes out the windows, the leaves of the rhododendron section it off like a cookie cutter laying out delicious little morsels to be baked. Nearing my lovely, tiny little home, I can feel blankets protectively hugging my tired shoulders, hear a voice calling me “kid”. I can feel my whole house saying, “Drink this and tell me where you’ve been,”.

...

The cold seeps through my clothes. On the bus my warm skin had slept peacefully, but now it is being roused, beaten, blindfolded, and marched away to dark rooms where bad things happen. My little sister is skipping, and the echo of her steps reverberating off the darkness rips my skull open. Ever since she was brown, she has had uncanny ability for making bad situations worse, a skill she has been exercising in full swing tonight. My eyes throb in their sockets, and the few yards left to go could quite possibly be an entire ocean. When I get home, I know there will be questions. Questions and furrowed eyebrows. In truth, my blistered consciousness cannot answer any more questions.

# Untitled

*LaDawn Guyman, Franklin High School*

One, a young person stealing  
Two, wants One to steal  
Three, does not want One to steal

Three

I don't think this is a good idea at all.

Two

Just do it.

One

Okay. How?

Three

You don't!

Two

You'll take it for a test drive and then pull out your box cutter and make the sales guy get out of the car.

One

I didn't bring my box cutter today!

Two

The one day we actually need it.

Three

We don't need it!

Two

Do too!

Three

This is such a bad idea. Do you know how much those cars cost? Plus you'd be killing someone so it'd be attempted murder.

One

I'm not killing anyone... just threatening him with my keys.

Three

Still it's pretty much the same thing.

Two

Keys won't scare anyone!

One

It's all I have.

Three

You don't NEED anything. C'mon guys. They're gonna know something is up when they see us across the street looking at the dealership and arguing.

continued...

(Untitled)

One

Maybe you're right.

Two

No! He's completely wrong. How would they even know?

Three

They aren't stupid. Did you even shower today?

One

No...

Three

Then, if you look like shit, and smell worse than you look, why would they let you test drive a large white with all black interior brand new 2010 Escalade with a sunroof?!

Two

Because they're stupid.

One

Do I really look and smell bad?

Three

Yes!

Two

No!

One

I thought I looked pleasant.

Three

No, you look ridiculous. There's no way they'd believe you could buy that car.

One

Well, because I can't buy that car.

Two

No, you can take it.

One

No, YOU can take it. I don't want it anymore.

Three

Thank you!

## Water Bottle

*Graham Gordon, Cleveland High School*

The blue tinted water bottle sailed through the air in a perfect arc towards the green dumpster. Kyle dived towards it, unable to accept the fact that he might not be able to refill it for use in fifth period. He remembered when he had first shelled out a dollar for the blue tinted bottle, and how much joy the fresh water had brought him on the hot summer day. Then, only minutes later, his friends had decided to use it for target practice.

His outstretched hands grasped for the spinning object that was quickly approaching the limits of his reach. At the last moment, he felt the smooth, cold plastic smack against his palm, instantly telling his nerve reflexes to close his hand. Kyle's fingers caressed the bottle, holding it tightly so that he would never let it leave him again. Out of nowhere, the chill of the murky puddle enveloped the front side of his body, as he face planted on the side of the street. He looked up to his right hand, still clutching the blue tinted water bottle. To his dismay, the bottle was quickly filling with the muddy water. As he walked away, the bottle from which he would never again drink lay filled in the murky puddle.

# Inside Outside

*Motiah Schwartz, Wilson High School*

Inside, the carpet is soft on my feet  
Outside, the grass sways in the wind  
Inside, my dog runs around the floor  
Outside, a raccoon chases a bird  
Inside, the lamps burn nice and bright  
Outside, the sun shines a pretty golden-yellow  
Inside, the sink leaks drips of water  
Outside, the rain patters lightly on the ground  
Inside, the toys are a mess on the floor  
Outside, the weeds tangle with the flowers  
And this is my home.  
Music plays,  
food is passed around.  
The world is our dinner table.

## Contrast

*Tucker Woodbridge, Lincoln High School*

I pulled up to department more stoked then ever. My friends are waiting for me there, their eager faces match my excitement. When the department finally opened I didn't even have to pay because I had a free pass. To warm up I beat my friend at a game of skate on a nollie big spin then headed over to the ledges. While there I landed a steezy noselide first try and a fakie switch 5-0. The day just kept getting better and by the end I had learned 4 new tricks.

When I finally pulled up to department I was super late because I missed my bus and had to walk. My free pass was really tattered and the grouchy guy at the desk almost didn't take it. My water logged board hardly had any pop left and it had a few pressure cracks. I hardly beat Kyle on the sketchiest nollie big spin I've ever seen and I bailed really badly while trying to get a fakie switch 5-0. This made it challenging for me to skate for the rest of the day.

# Playdough

*Ellen Anderson, Madison High School*

I am fresh from the microwave; my soft warmth fills your hands as you knead me on the counter. Add a pinch of flour just in case. Now it's time for the glitter. You break off a piece and mold it in your hands. I'm perfect. I'm not sticky or too salty. You know that there won't be a residue left on your hands. You can smell the salt as you continue to mix me. Picture the children sticking out their tongues as they regret their decision to put me in their mouth. I am better than the store bought kind, more forgiving. I am the perfect batch of Playdough. Lump free and ready to be given to children. You squish me into a zip-lock bag and squeeze out the air. Careful not to trap condensation, you leave the bag open and let me cool.

The time has come for us to go our separate ways. Closing the bag you open the refrigerator and place me on the bottom self. As you close the door I feel the cold seeping into my being. I wait patiently for my time to come; the time for me to shine. As I sit in the cold dark refrigerator I slowly begin to slow down. The cold seeps into my Playdough being until I am no longer warm, but chilled to my center. Every time the door opens light floods in with a waft of warm air and I think this is it, it's my time to shine, but every time I am wrong. A hand reaches in and grabs the play dough sitting next to me. The door closes and I am left alone. Another day goes by and then it really is my time to shine. A hand reaches in and picks me up. I can feel its warmth through my zip-lock bag. As my seal is broken the sweet aroma of Playdough is released into the air. I am as soft as ever and ready for the chill to leave my body. The pair of hands divides me into eight equal blobs and sets each one on a tray with toys, like potato mashers. Now it is time to wait, there is nothing for me to do but sit there and wait. I can almost imagine the warmth of small hands molding their fingers into me; cutting me up with scissors and rolling me out flat.

It's no longer my time to shine. I have been dismantled and strewn across the table. I am infested with germs from children playing with me all day long. There is nothing left for me to look forward to. Soon I find myself once again in complete darkness at the bottom of the trash can. All I can do now is remember my moment in the spot light.

# My Bed Poem

*Alex Zantoso, Lincoln High School*

It's where I dream

Taking most of my thoughts,

Expanding them, living them

In a different life.

A place to rest, let your body

Reenergize, so you can keep

Existing. Windows surrounding

You, letting in a warm breeze, the

Feeling makes your skin

Moisturized and keeps your

Smile bright.

When you wake up you can

Just wake up slow, relax and realize

Your life is a canvas to make

Your dreams become reality.

# Things That Bug Me

*Viet Nguyen, Marshall Campus*

Being bothered by other people when I am working  
Walking or eating alone  
Talking to drunk people  
Watching young people talking back to the elders  
Being in a crowded room on a hot day  
Being confused by what my friends are talking about  
Having bad grades  
Being judged by other people  
Forgetting things that I am supposed to do  
Eating American foods  
Forgetting my glasses at home when I need them  
Speaking English with my family and my Vietnamese friends  
Hearing people lie  
Listening to rap music  
Having a toothache  
Not finishing what I plan to do  
Talking in front of many people  
Being asked about my feelings  
Not knowing how to end this poem  
Not being a part in the WITS program anymore.





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