

## Eileen Wu - Sig 1 Side A <mark>12/</mark>02/2015 08:13:00

Once paralyzed by helplessness, I, determined to regain what power I have left, remember No one saves us but ourselves

BRITTANY TRINH

Let the sun press its heat Drown me in my sweat At least you pull me from the shadows Work hard, it's all that's left If not, my light, I will be weak The flower will droop its head I planted myself away to bloom Too old to grow anew

### CARLOS INIGUEZ







It's not what you know It's who you know, but maybe The what leads to who

#### DIMITRI KOUFAKIS

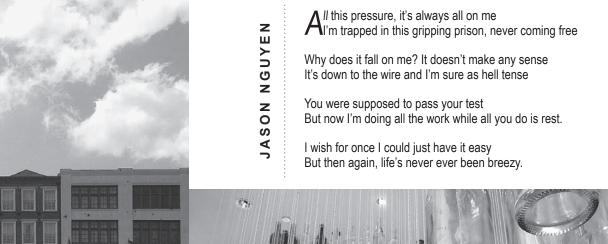
.... 4 ....



Do what you want to accomplish, do it today. Because if tomorrow never comes, you'll regret a day.

SANDEEP KAUR





# Eileen Wu - Sig 1 Side B 12/02/2015 08:13:00

and he knows music is the cure. head begameb sid lead of sad he's never been so sure young and unafraid all he's got is his dream head in the clouds he's packing up his things lonely highways

**RODDRINSKEE JOHNSON** 

Think clearly that night. But something clicked right then and we weren't meant to

But it was slurred... And the word wasn't strawberry "Strawberry, I love you, you can't keep falling like this"

Number bottle of bliss we were on...but I Said something that sounded much along the lines of

Struggle to recall which number bottle of bliss we were on

Acoustic strums echo, stanzas resonate, darkness remains still,

t was late and I struggle to recall which

You can't keep falling like this Strawberry



when I get there. So as I walk, I will dance to this beat of drums and destination. I might not see it right now, but I know it will be there I know they're there. As I walk this path, I know I will get to my As I walk through the night. I hear the beat of drums. I hear the voices of crickets. I hear various noises. I can't see them, but

.... 2 ....

The beat of noise. crickets. JOHNNY LADINO

SHAN

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## BRIDGES

## SAMI ATASSI

#### Hear

how she speaks, with all the waves. crashing on shores, receding back to the source where you heard her voice. where you hear a whisper, a dream, a breath.

## Taste what's bitter,

what's sweeter than honey and sap, what's more cool, hot, and salty than the transcending breaths of yours and hers.

.... 6 ....

## Feel

See, who you are, far away, what's called your Self, to find nothing two people's hands, hesitating complete without your body and what you sense is You, to embrace one another where space is left void, beauty where their hands should be filled and love. with his, with hers.

Smell that scent old, older than time, fixed between locks as wild as flailing foxtails, where stardust collects, where rosewater pours out in air.

anew.



TJON

ALEX

**e**very day i wake up to a bunch of smiling faces every day is different, everyone living at different paces sometimes i prefer to stay inside instead of going out to play minutes turn to hours, i look back yet on another wasted day these days are happy until i turn to look back these days are sad when i'm confronted with the fact time seems so plentiful when we have so much to look ahead until it flies by when we reminisce as i'm slowly put down for bed

.... 3 ....