

\$2

Belle/Beau



Retrospect 2003

Retrospect 2003 Belle/Beau

Vol. XXIX

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief: Christian "Freedom Canadian" Meham

Assistant Editor: Martin "That's Fresh" Hogan

Technical Editor: Robby "I hate NPR" Atwin

Adviser: Joy Lessard

Retrospect 2003 *Belle/Beau*
Ellensburg High School
1300 East Third Avenue
Ellensburg, WA 98926

The Retrospect is a publication created entirely by the students of Ellensburg High School. The items published herein are the property of the Retrospect and the respective owners. Opinions put forth by the respective owners are not necessarily the same as the editorial board.

It was created using the computer programs Adobe PageMaker 6.5, Microsoft Word 5.1, and Adobe Photoshop 5.0 on several different Macintosh computers. The following fonts are used in the Retrospect: Aladdin, Avant Garde Book, Burton's Nightmare, Comic Sans MS, and Dali Regular.

The Retrospect staff thanks Lyle Hancock and Judy Caspar of the Ellensburg School District Print Shop for all the help and support they have provided.

"I enjoy the art of living."

-Maya Angelou

What is beauty and what is artistically beautiful?

That was what I hoped to solve with this year's Retrospect, the aptly themed *Belle/Beau*, the French feminine and masculine terms for "beautiful" (depending on how strict one interprets the language).

To begin with, this year's Retrospect set out to be the biggest one ever. With over 40 pages of student work, I can safely say that I have accomplished that. Secondly, *Belle/Beau* was to be an experiment of the arts. That experiment was to see if the Retrospect could expand its artistic borders. Where it once had been the domain of poetry, short fiction, art, and photography, this year I wanted more. I wanted to expand on the arts section, to include the its more physical aspects (i.e. pottery, sculpting, etc.). I wanted computer generated artwork, but unfortunately no one submitted any. I wanted music: sheet notes and lyrics. I wanted nonfiction and drama pieces for the literature section. Music didn't pan out and there was only one (hilarious) submission for the drama. Nonfictional proved to be a hit this year though, with over half the short story submissions being of that particular genre.

So was this a failed experiment? Not at all. In fact, quite the contrary. Submissions doubled from what they were last year. Seniors who had never submitted throughout their four years of high school finally decided that this year was the right time. Veterans of Retrospect returned, bringing new, wonderful works (William Yarwood submitted a third of the poetry category alone).

The publication of Retrospect was a long, hard road. During the time that I worked on it, I had to deal with several personal crises, schoolwork, two plays, and my newspaper duties. Submissions trickled in at the beginning, though they later came in huge floods. I was unable to find a Retrospect business manager this year so there are no patrons. This will be the first time in my high school career that Retrospect faces the very real crisis of ending up in the red.

But that's not what Retrospect is about. Retrospect has never been a single person job and this year was no exception. First off, I need to thank my mother, without whom I would not be where I am today. Joy Lessard, my adviser, who has believed in my journalistic endeavors right from the start. Martin Hogan and Robby Alwin, my assistant editor and technical editor respectively, who helped select the works and spent several hours alongside me trying to finish this magazine. The English, art, photography, and publication department teachers for helping spread word about Retrospect and gathering submissions. All the club mix and electronica DJs whose music and mixing have kept me awake when I was tired and working on Retrospect. The students who submitted to this magazine, for helping to keep it alive and for sharing their beautiful creations with us. I applaud them loudly for having the courage to stand up and use their imagination in a time where that most blessed thing is no longer considered important; for dreaming dreams in a world where numbers and high test scores take precedence over real human qualities.

Now, it's time for me to stop yapping and let you enjoy this fine publication. Ladies and gentlemen, embrace the beauty of art. Embrace the possibilities that artistic beauty holds for the future. Ladies and gentlemen, embrace *Belle/Beau*.

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
4

The Visual Artistes

Artwork

Kacie Altizer.....	page 27
Sarah Baylinson.....	page 30
Franziska Beuscher.....	pages 14, 18
Jeremy Brunk.....	pages 14, 42
Da Ney Chen.....	pages 25, 30
Shawn Clerf.....	page 35
Drew Campbell.....	page 31
Robin Fairfield.....	page 36
Josh Goude.....	page 21
Jessica Hsue.....	cover
Juan Huitron.....	page 38
Roshelle Hutchins.....	pages 14, 35
Levi Janzter.....	page 20
Chance Jenkins.....	page 16
Matt Johnson.....	page 38
Meara LaFrance.....	page 19
Tracey Loeffers.....	pages 7, 11, 38
Kade Nestegard.....	pages 14, 22
Levi Noyes.....	page 21
Sophia Rosales.....	page 25
Byran Steele.....	page 38
Raven Thornblade.....	page 20
Brilee Tutor.....	page 6
Matt Youngblood.....	page 37

Photography

Sarah Baylinson.....	page 8
Brianna Bird.....	page 32
Shelly Dyk.....	page 26
Amanda Faire.....	page 24
Katrina Gilbertson.....	page 29
Billy Gordon.....	page 34
Jennifer Johnson.....	page 35
Stephanie Lamits.....	page 13
Jenny Lupstrum.....	pages 8, 28, 29, 29, 40, 41
Colten O'Sullivan-Magoon.....	page 33
Brandon Robertson.....	page 40
Daisy Rodriguez.....	page 9
Chelsey Simpson.....	page 27
Jopelle Strole.....	page 17
Jamie Ulman.....	page 27
Phillip Wheeler.....	page 29
Rshley Whittlatch.....	page 35

The Literary Artistes

Poetry

Nicole Falker.....	page 39
Tami Findley.....	pages 12, 28
Xander McCrary.....	page 17
Susan Miller.....	pages 8, 33, 37
Jose Morfin.....	page 16
Trista Oliver.....	pages 12, 24
Wendy Marie See.....	page 40
William Yarwood.....	pages 6, 17, 28, 33, 42

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
t

Short Stories

Fiction

Melissa McKinney.....	page 15
-----------------------	---------

Nonfiction

Wendy Marie See.....	page 9
Franziska Beischer.....	page 18
Niji Gabunia.....	page 23
Amanda Wilson.....	page 31
Devin Shannon.....	page 36

Drama

Steven Hedrick.....	page 10-11
---------------------	------------

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
6

Poetry by William Yarwood

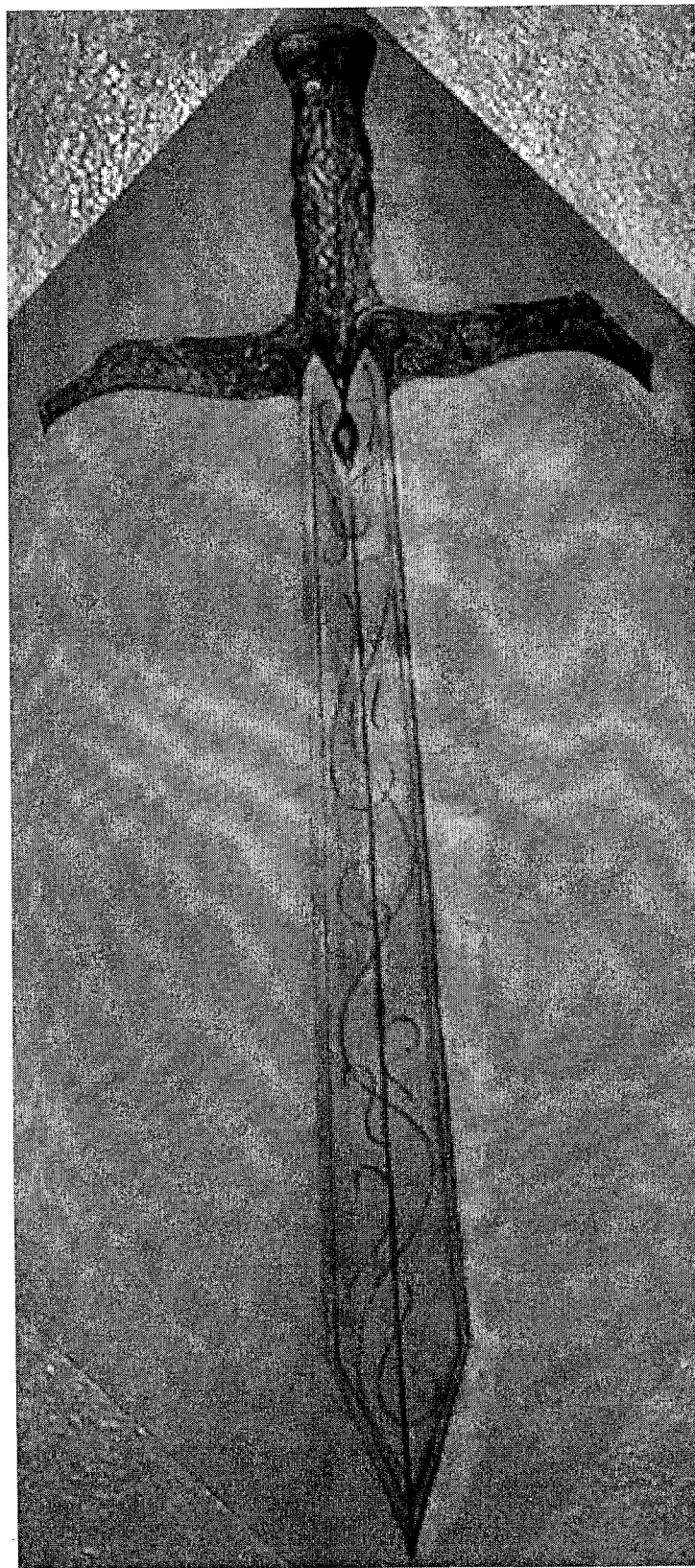
lay me down
wet with your tears
and wrapped in so much love
ignore the clocks
for seconds of the time
that would only stretch to eternity
if we could have our way with them

in this instant
like nothing else I am transformed
into everything that I want to be
good for you

in my heart the house is rising
tall in the face of tomorrow
the place for children
and your beauty
beyond the sunrise
I cannot wait to meet you there



Artwork by Brilee Tutor



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
t

Artwork by Tracey Loeffers

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
s

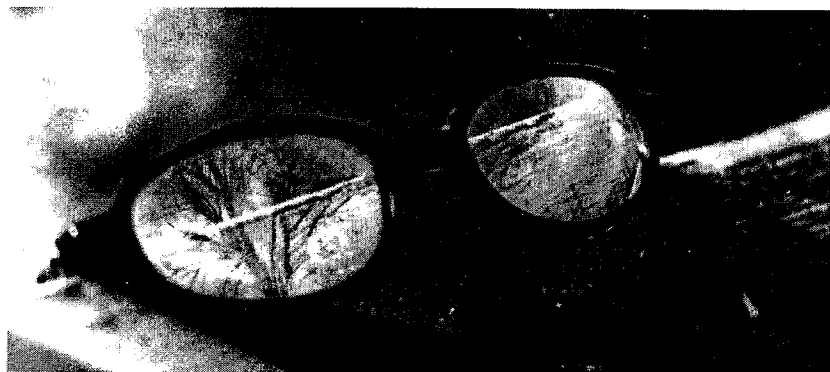


Photo by
Jenny
Lunstrum

Awakening, by Susan Miller

Wake up	If once you return
Make this beauty so	You should only
light	leave
That the doors of my	Wake up
soul open	Don't bother your
For the first time in so	heart by coming
long	home
Love me	Drown me in your
See beyond every	memory
boundary of this world	Close your eyes
Wake up	Breathe it all in
Open your mind	once more
Your vision is clouded	Save my tormented
By the dust that rises	life again
from the ground	Wake up

Photo by
Sarah
Baylinson



To My Love, by Wendy Marie See

B

The days wear on like a softly flowing stream. As if being carried on that stream of beauty, my thoughts always lead to the same place: they lead to you. Below every worry scattered in my mind, I always seem to dig deep down and find you in my thoughts like a buried treasure.

Unlike the norm, my heart never falters or even races when you're near. Instead, my whole soul feels at ease, and everything feels right and peaceful. Like living in a meadow full of all the beauty one could comprehend, I live in my own paradise when you're around no matter what the circumstances.

Amidst a choir filled with seemingly thousands of people, I can still hear you. As clear as a church bell on a Sunday morning, I can always hear you, and I become lost in your angelic voice. But truth, I am faced with when I carry the dream of you in my mind, for that truth tells me I am not alone. That when I hear in spite of all sounds and distractions, you are hearing me, too, and this, I think, is love.

Love repels all logic and brings me to a place that gives life new meaning. All existence becomes woven in my web of passion, woven in my love for you. Your understanding words bring resolve to my heart, a heart that is delicate and so easily broken. On the blessed occasions when we're together, it almost seems as if you were put on Earth for me. All the beauty and kindness ever felt in the world is shown to me through the light in your eyes and given to me through the warmth of your hand. This is love, something you give me without a price or a reason. It is something that makes me feel worth it and something that makes the world lovely.



Photo by Daisy Rodriguez

B Pimp Daddy Abe, a Parody of Macbeth
e
1 by Steven Hedrick

2.2

1 Lady Mac waits impatiently in a hotel lobby for her husband, Pimp Daddy Abe, to
e come back from murdering Pimp Master Bubo. She had carefully placed roofies in
1 the cocktails of Pimp Master Bubo's Guards making them forgetful and sleepy, so
e that Pimp Daddy Abe can kill the Bubo. Pimp Daddy Abe and Lady Mac bought a
/ John Deere Weed Whacker to commit their murder. When Pimp Daddy Abe en-
B ters, he is so horrified with what he has done that he brought the weed whacker
e along with him on the hotel elevator. Lady Mac tells him to take the whacker back
to the room so that they would not be blamed. Pimp Daddy Abe cannot take the
whacker back so Lady Mac takes the whacker herself and tells Pimp Daddy Abe to
go wash his hands of this mess.

(Enter Lady Mac)

a Lady Mac: The night is very chilly at such an early time, but where is my husband?
u He's taking too long to kill Bubo. I wonder what is taking him so long? The streets
are silent, too silent to my liking.

(Loud noise is heard.)

10 Who is there?

(Enter Pimp Daddy Abe covered in blood with bloody weed whacker.)

P. M. Abe: It's me. I have murdered Pimp Master Bubo. But my love, I do not know
what I have done. When I entered, the guards were on the ground moaning as they
were in great pain. What did you do to them, my sweet?

Lady Mac: I have placed roofies in their cocktails when they were having dinner;
ingenious isn't it?

P. M. Abe: Very, but I still can't bear the crime I have committed in cold blood.
When I entered Pimp Master Bubo's room, the room was set with cold air, like I
was in the presence of a grim spirit haunting my every step. Oh, and the look that
Bubo gave me when I slew him with my weed whacker. The fear in his eyes, the
remorse I felt when I tore into the ripe flesh of his neck, and after the deed was
finished, I heard a voice telling me that I would sleep no more.

Lady Mac: You should not worry for you now will become the Pimp Master, for you
will control the market. What is this in your hand? Is that the weed whacker?
What the hell are you doing with the weed whacker? You were supposed to leave it
in Bubo's bedroom so that the guards would be to blame. Now go take it back to his
room!

P.D. Abe: I'll not go. I am afraid to see what I have done. I do not want to see Bubo,
who was once full of life, limp with lifelessness. I will not go back.

Lady Mac: Fine! I will take the weed whacker, you child. You just go and cower in
your corner and cry yourself asleep! Now go and wash the blood from your hands
and change into clean clothes.

(She exits with the weed whacker. Knocking at Hotel Door.)

P.D. Abe: Where is that knocking? Why am I frightened by such noise, you must
calm yourself, Abe, or people will suspect you of Bubo's murder. But what do I see

in front of me? Are these my hands? For if I do, it will make the green waters red.
Knock.

(Enter Lady Mac)

Lady Mac: I am back. I have placed a user's manual on the guard so that surely they will think that Bubo's guards have committed the crime. Look at what you made me do! Now my nightgown is covered in blood just as your garments are.

Knock

Who is that knocking? Quick, we must go to our bedroom so that no one can find out what we have done. Get your clean clothes on and wash the blood off your hands. I will meet you on the third floor where our room is. Room 3423 is our room, remember?

Knock

P.D. Abe: Yes, room 3424, I do remember.

Knock

Lady Mac: Then get your clothes on and move!
(Both exit)



Alice, by Tracey Loeffers

B

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

11

B

Just a Thought, by Trista Oliver

e

I know, I know
But what is it that I know
Not what you're thinking
Not what you've done

|

|

e

Not the fact that you can't hold your tongue

/

That's not a problem
It's easy to see

B

You talk to everyone
Why won't you talk to me?

e

Is it something I did, or something I didn't?

a

I will fix it-you know I don't kid

u

I love you so much
And don't want to lose you

12

I guess that won't happen either

So said little miss two shoes
That makes me feel better
But not good enough

You know you can talk to me, it's not all that
tough

You know I don't judge
You know I don't care

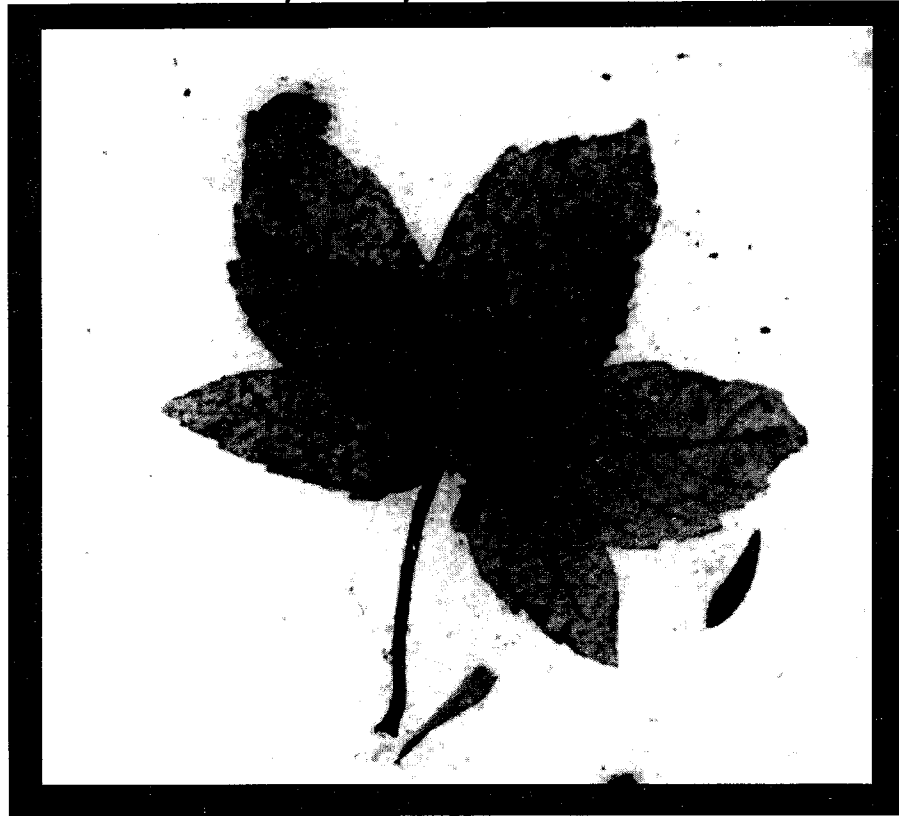
I care about you
And what I hope we still share

I know, I know,
But what is it that I know
It's that I'll always be there when you need me
Never will I leave

Your Leaves of Fall, by Tami Findley

Bless the breeze of
silence,
As you speak.
Bow and give the kisses,
As falling leaves.
Leave me stranded,
As your soul has left me
loved.
Of thoughtful ways,
Your talk and touch has
never left.
The beauty of,
Your blessed heart,
You my sweet,
Our love may start.
Think of me now,
Uncontrollable thoughts as
you touch me,
As your body,
My soul pleads for
happiness,
As our leaves,
Keep tumbling on.

Photo by Stephanie Lannius



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
13

An Interlude of Joy, by Tiffany Erdman

By the time I reach the top of Craig's Hill, my legs are burning like unattended cookies in an oven. My breaths are ragged gasps and sweat trickles all over me. It is at this point in my run that I allow myself to slow my pace and appreciate the gorgeous view beneath me. In the silken darkness, all of Ellensburg twinkles like strands of multicolored Christmas lights tossed onto the floor. The stars perform ballet in the sky, accompanied by a symphony of dreamy quiet. I wipe a sweat-soaked piece of hair away from my face and think about all the people snuggled into their cozy houses below. I wonder if they've had good days today, and if they've enjoyed any experiences as lovely as this one.

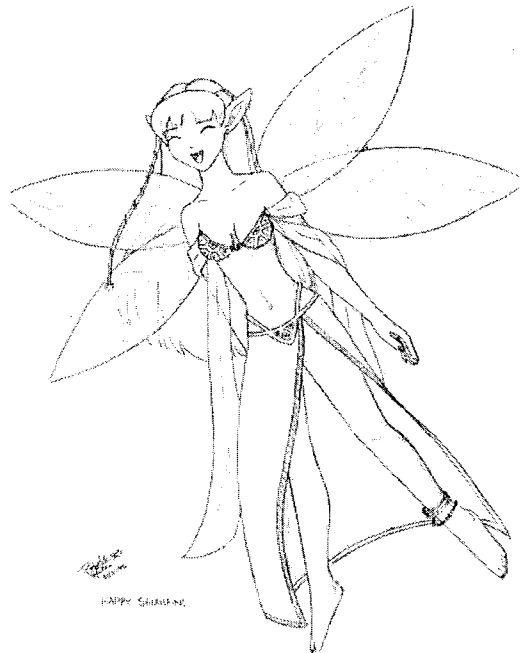
My heartbeat slows down, and time seems to stand still. Central's science building glows pale green like a forgotten ice palace. The night's breeze whispers around me and cools my hot, sticky skin. I hold onto the smooth, shiny metal railing and try to look as far as I can. I know the mountains are framing our shimmering valley, but they're lit only by moonlight and I cannot make out their jagged form.

Here, I feel not only on top of a hill but on top of the world. I've made it this far one more time, and the view is just as breathtaking as ever. Soon I will resume running in long, even strides, pushing myself to be faster. The fleeting stillness is my interlude of joy in accomplishment, and I savor every taste of this hard-earned delight.

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
14



Artwork by (clockwise)
Franziska Beuscher, Rosnelle
Hutchins, Jeremy Brunk,
and Kade Nestegard



Freedom Race Reader's Appreciation, by Melissa McKinney

B

e

l

l

e

/

B

e

a

u

15

Trey could almost hear his heart thumping rapidly beneath his chest as he sped past it all. Past the Mulder's gardens, overflowing with red roses and violets, past the old neighborhood clubhouse that held cherished childhood memories that he often relived, but not today. No, he thought to himself as the brisk water almost seemed to part before him as he continued to run, no thoughts, just keep running. They knew that if he stopped, it would all end. No more mamma or papa, no more baseball in the vacant lot downtown, no more swimming in the ditch, nothing. It was all vanishing before his eyes as he ran.

Trey could hear the sounds of the sirens and loudspeakers approaching steadily. He knew they were after him, and he knew why. He could now feel his limbs, as well toned as a fine piece of machinery, begin to cramp and throb, but he kept on going for he knew they were wrong. They thought he did it, and nothing would offset their track of mind. He couldn't just give up because he knew that he wouldn't be treated normally, equally and just because of his skin. Just because he was the only black growing up in an all-Caucasian neighborhood, they had just assumed he had done it. They were wrong.

They knew that even if he wanted to, or needed to, if his very life depended on it, he couldn't have done it, killed Jonny. They were too close, they had been best friends for as long as he could remember. Trey could now feel the tears streaming down his scrubby face as all of the pictures began to flash across his mind. Pictures of his old friend, of how everything had seemed perfect, and of the murder. Yes, Trey had seen it all, he couldn't quite comprehend it yet, but he had sat there and watched his best friend, Jonny, die. Trey knew there was nothing he could have done to prevent his death, but he couldn't help but feel guilty.

The two boys had been sluggishly walking home

from school, just like they did everyday, when something uncalled for happened. With a bullet to his chest, Jonny had become the victim of a drive-by shooting. As Jonny fell lifelessly to the ground, Trey had barely been able to spot the killers as they gunned the engine and sped off down the street. He recognized them, almost instantly, as members of the Diamond Backs. They were a gang he had tried so hard to forget. Eleven years ago they had nearly killed his younger sister, but he had thought all of these things would have been left behind when he and his family moved. He was terribly mistaken. He hated them with every part of his mind, every drop of blood. Years ago they had gone after his family and now they had taken Jonny. Trey's legs had given way and he helplessly collapsed next to the empty body that had an unmistakable look of shock and pain plastered on his face.

But that was yesterday, he thought to himself, today I just have to get away. He continued to run. His stubbornness was the only thing that kept him going. Every other part of his body was now screaming and pleading with him to stop, but he refused.

The parade of vehicles was closing in now; they almost had him. A few more minutes and it would all be over. Actually the only reason he had lasted this long was because of his familiarity of the terrain. He had owned these lands, but not anymore. By now he almost wanted to give up just so he could stop, but there was no turning back now.

The cars had easily made it into shooting range and they began to enclose him into a confined area. They had won.

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
16



Photo of a tattoo sported
by Chance Jenkins on his
left arm

Poetry by Jose Morfin

Love is a game
Love is a shame,
Boys do...you know what
Girls get the blame.
Two days of labor
Three days of pain
Four days in a hospital
And a baby to name.
Boys say you're cute
Boys say you're fine,
But when the baby comes
They say its' not mine.

Stormy Night,
by Alexander McCrary

Night falls
The sun sleeps
The stars rise
The cloud weeps

The moon shines
The rain falls
The grass stirs
The wind calls

The lightning splits the sky
The thunder shakes the air
The storm passes by
And again the night is fair.



Photo by Jonelle Strole

Poetry by
William
Harwood
and an
anonymous
friend

El Grito

Soy enfermo.
Porque no tengo mi
bebe.
Estoy triste porque
no tengo sus besos

Yo...
Te quiero,
mi Amor

Para
mi Amor.

*La Pac
Ilega*

Te quiero, tambien
Por todo el tiempo.
Por todo el mundo,
te quiero
te adoro,
mi vida,
mi Amor.

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
17

B

Short Story and Artwork by Franziska Beuscher

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

18

Do you know the excitement if you long for something very small, but you are not able to get it? That is how I feel. A good piece of German chocolate is a thing I don't want to miss.

The light brown, sweet, but not too sweet, piece of chocolate, a square of two cm times two cm, reaches my tongue with delight. I close

Melting Away

my eyes receiving the outrageous sense of taste of German chocolate. Melting like a statue made out of sugar in the rain, the tiny piece of chocolate, with the great taste of something special, melts away slowly; slowly, but too fast for me. It is not sugar, nor extreme sweetness that I receive through my sense of taste. Imagining a source of life and

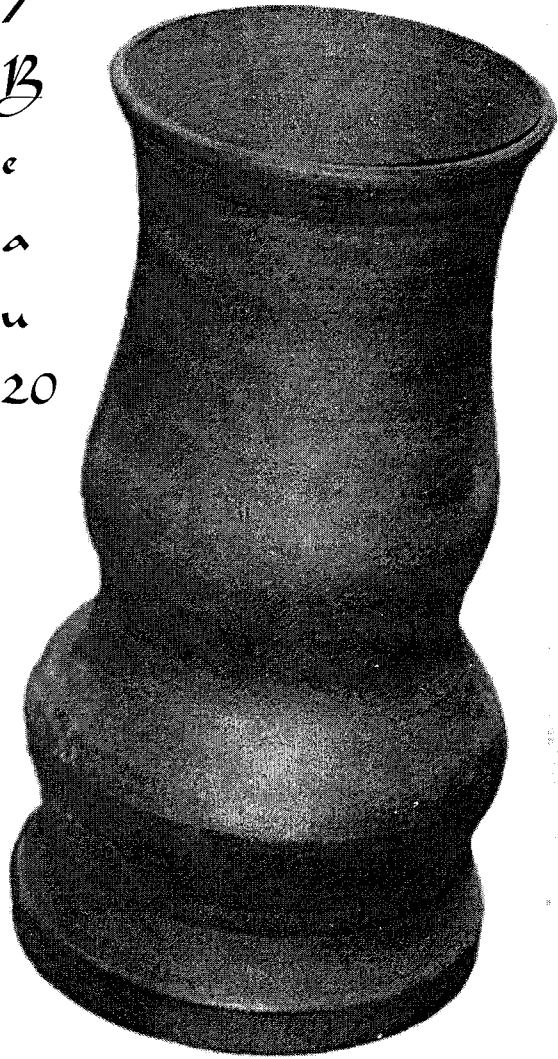
energy while enjoying a masterpiece of food-art created to give us pleasure. It works in fact. It is not describable or comparable with any other type of food. As a thirsty flower waiting for a monsoon rain in the desert and getting satisfied with a single raindrop, a small piece of chocolate is the perfect ending of the day. Neither food, nor candy would be a word to describe this pleasure: German chocolate is the keyword.





Artwork by Meara LaFrance

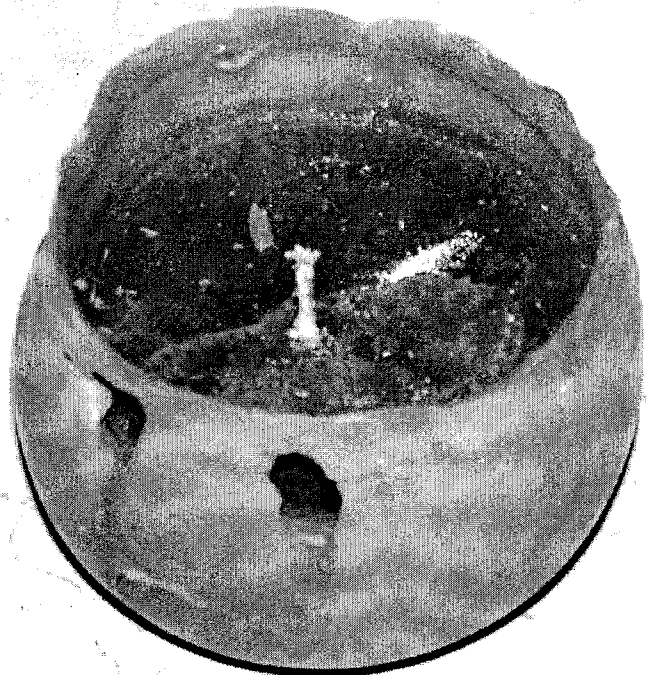
B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
20

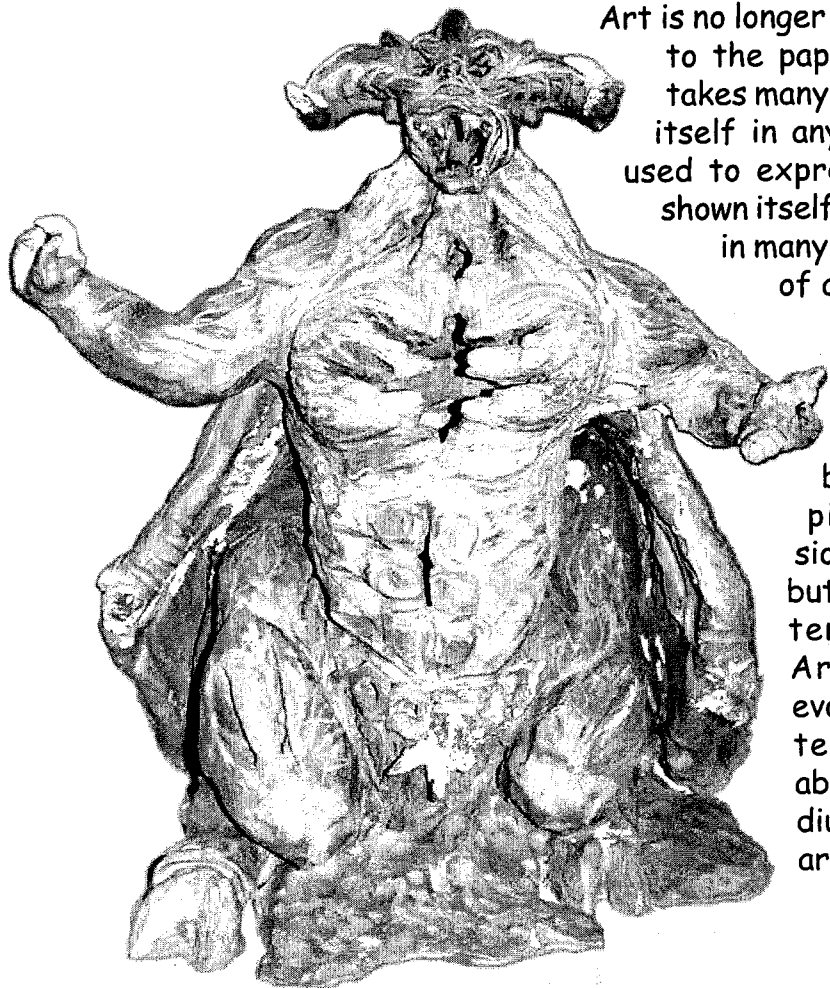


Pottery by
Levi Zanter



Candles by
Raven Thornblade





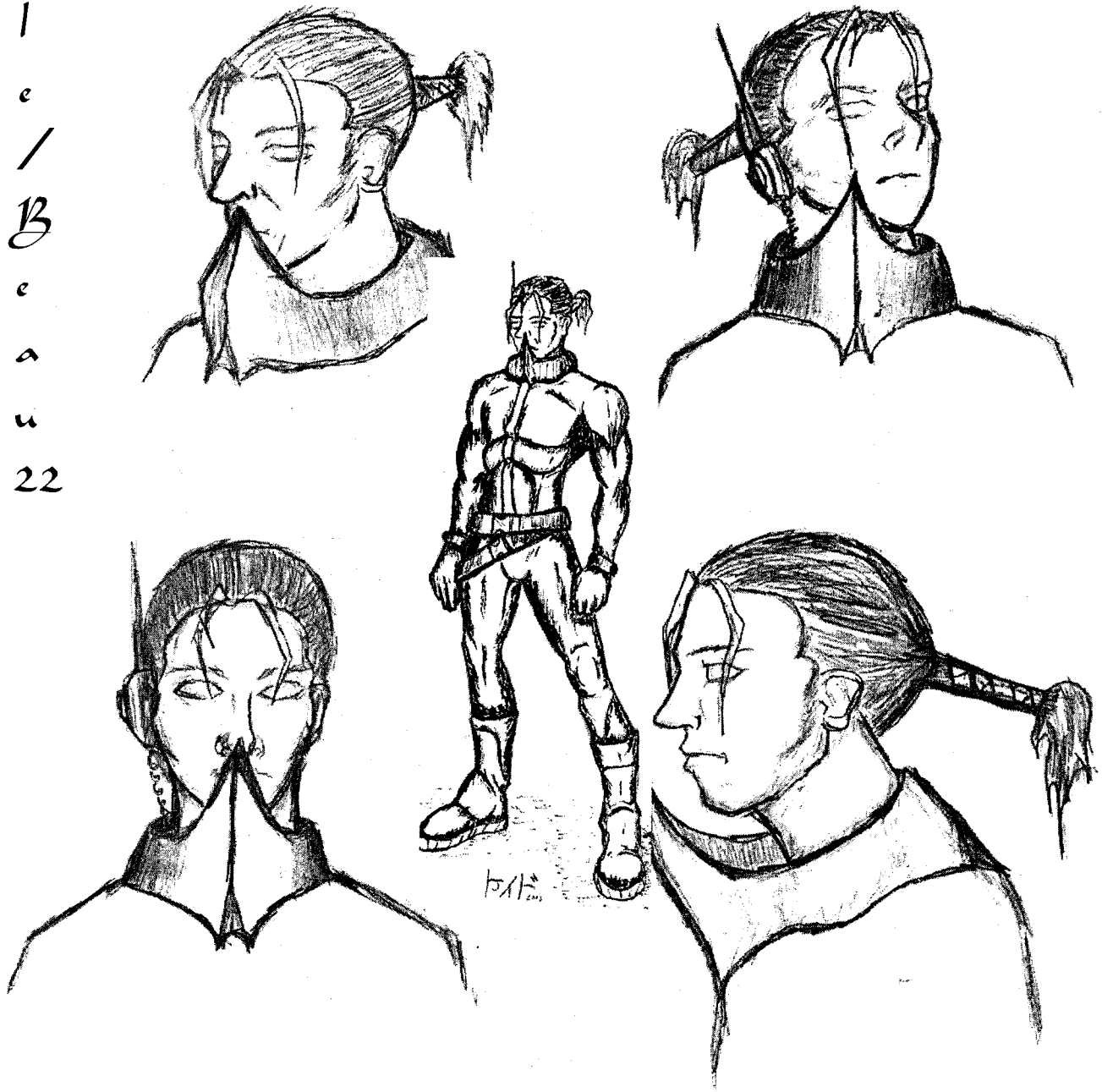
Art is no longer not just restricted to the paper and canvas. It takes many forms, manifesting itself in anything that can be used to express itself. It has shown itself throughout history in many forms: the pottery of ancient Greece, the statues of the Roman Empire, the frescos of the Renaissance, the beautifully colored pieces of Impressionism. All these are but a trifle of the extent of art genres. Art continues to evolve to this day with technology bringing about entirely new mediums and outlets for artistic expression.

B
e
|
|
e
/
B
e
a
u
21

Sculptures by Josh Goudge (above) and Levi Noyes (below)



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
22



Artwork by Kade Nestegard

A Day of Snow, by Nini Gabunia

As I zip down the fluffy, sparkly snow, the crisp air whistles past my ears, and makes my eyes squint just a little. I have forgotten my goggles once again, and now I am paying the price. Through my three pairs of socks, one of which are thick wool-my grandpa strongly insisted-I still can't seem to keep the harsh mid-winter air from surrounding my ice-cold toes. Somewhere in the distance, my friend, in her marshmallow-like down coat, which seems to be almost suffocating, attempts to wave at me through the milky fog.

It's six o'clock, and already dark on a Friday night, and in what seems forever, I have no homework. A slight smile, which some may interpret as a sly look, comes over me. As I open my mouth and am just about to yell to my friend, a snowboarder whips past me, barely missing the shiny tip of my freshly-waxed Burton board. I start to sway a little, trying to hold my balance, but unluckily fall on the ice, which feels like very hard cement. I mumble a word to myself-which normally wouldn't exist in my vocabulary-and wipe a tear rolling down my red, scratchy cheek. My gloves are so fluffy that

I just end up rubbing it all over my cheek, but I get up and try to act like my fall was nothing, and keep gliding down the long, foresty hill.

A long set of bright lights, like a million fireflies, glow in the distance. My eyes have finally adjusted to the bits of frozen snow that have been constantly embedded in my dark brown eyes all day. As soon as I reach what seems like the end of a long, tiring journey, I am finally within talking distance of my friend. I give her a hug, and can feel her bubble-like coat swell up and then back down, like a pie out of a hot oven lets out steam when it's poked.

I have gotten through yet another day of snowboarding. I feel like I have accomplished so much, and feel carefree. My entire body smiles, and you can tell from the sparkle in my eyes. As I crawl into the large, silver truck, I lazily take off my snowboots, and am overcome by the smell of caramel from the Cracker Jack box right behind my head. I rest my head back on the warm leather seat, take off my fleece beanie, and indulge. What a delight.

B

e

l

l

e

/

B

e

a

u

23

B

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

24

Just Life, by Trista Oliver

Spring, summer, winter, fall
 You know about them
 You've seen them all
 You know spring represents showers, love, and rebirth of
 all the greens
 Summer is hot, humid, and gives most people a burn that
 stings
 Fall is dry, breezy, and the decider of when the greens
 shall go
 Winter brings up the rear
 But also brings to us a new year
 It is the season of hibernations, and messy, cold fun;
 Brought on by the pure white snow
 One thing in common, these four seasons share
 They each share feelings and bring special people who
 care
 Some are just friends
 Good supporters to lean on
 Others are about mates
 Lovers we depend on
 In between these two are the best you see
 The closet ones we trust to the highest degree
 Although it is a mix of family and friends
 Your closest friends can be your family and our family
 your friends
 At any given moment
 Our lives are such a thrilling ride
 From birth till the day we die
 People you meet
 Things you've done
 Things you've done with those people you meet
 Even when things are on a rocky edge, don't ever say
 never
 Because if you do, your dreads might never go away
 So those people in the middle the ones that mean the
 most
 Lean and depend on them more
 And then make a toast
 A toast to what each season bring
 Spring, summer, winter, fall



Photo by
 Amanda Fair



Artwork by
Da Ney Chen

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
25

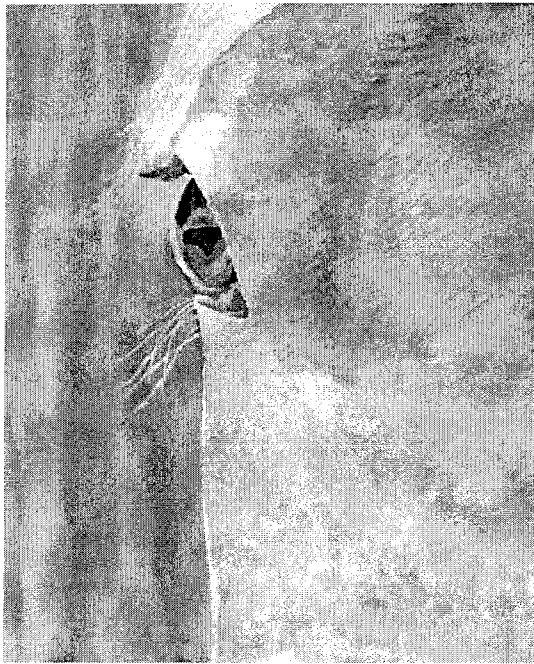
Artwork by
Sophia Rosales



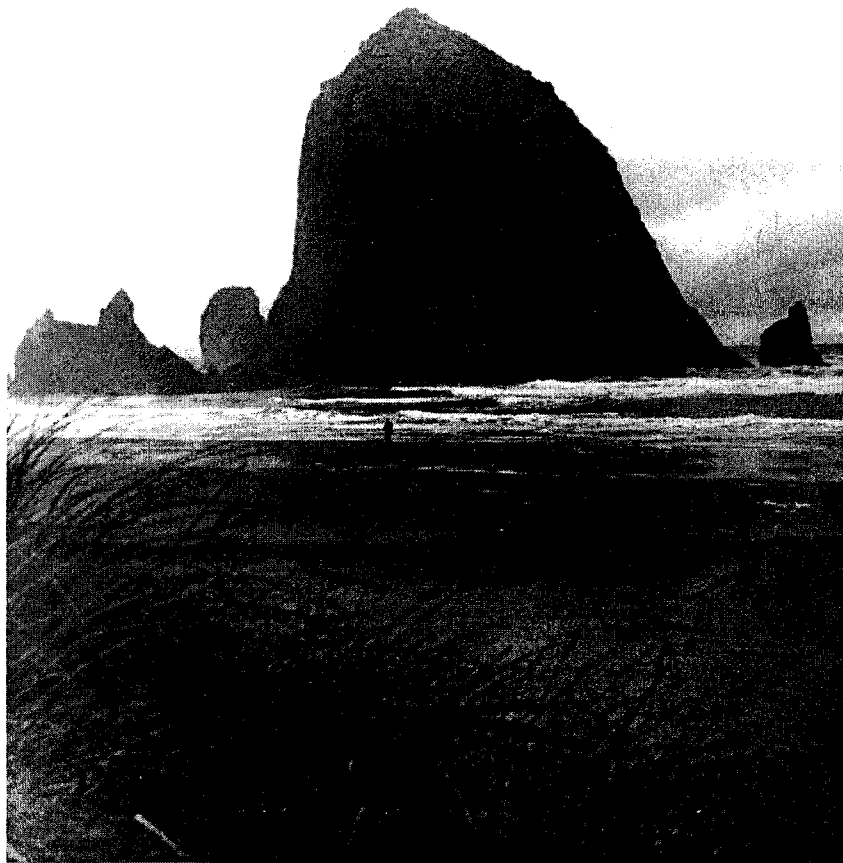
B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
26



Photo by Shelly Dyk



Artwork by Kacie Altizer



Artwork by Chelsey Simpson

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
27

B

Remember, by Tami Findley

c
/
/
c
/
B
c
a
u
28

Light misted smog hovers in the sky,
With lightened city lights,
Reflected by the water.
Rushing waters against the surfaced areas,
A sudden silence,
Throughout the stationed spot.
Life seemed as if it could

never be touched,
And beauty of living seems long and lasting.
Leaving something behind as life goes on,
Attached to the one,
That was known through just words.
Music sounded off from a distance.
Dreams of wishing upon fair tails and shooting stars,
Lightly brisk of cold air through the shivered body,

Lying on damp but moist rocks of sand.
Blessed of beauty and nature,
But not yet satisfied and soothing,
Glowing twinkled light shows through the misted sky,
Of glimpsing and wondering of what's true.
How can life and love be so sure,
When nothing is set at your feet that lies.
Knowing one once,
Is a wonderful

happening,
But never seeing again,
Is the unforgettable.
One that's left at home waiting,
May seem to come in moments of patience.
Time flies fast in hours of pleasure,
And comes the time of last minute good byes.
Never will come the times I had,
But will stay in my mind of memories.

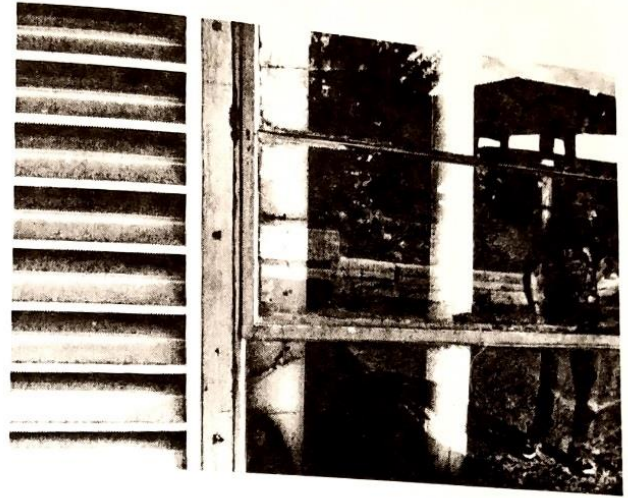


Photo by Jenny Lunstrum

Poetry by William Yarwood

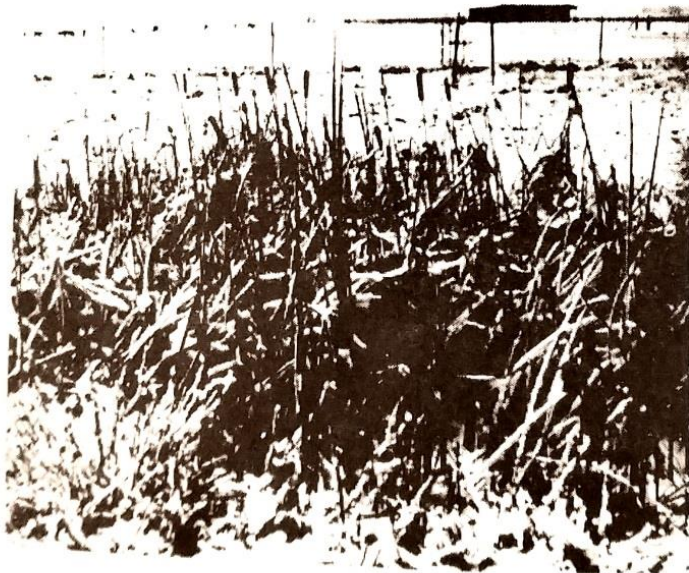
I love you in the mirror
in between and on the other side
all the essence of your reflection
renders space and time into magnificence
bold and beautiful
to be brought up or cast down at your
whim

timidly I raise my eyes
my breath goes
with my sight to you



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
29

Photos by (clockwise) Jamie Ulman, Phillip Wheeler,
Katrina Gilbertson, and Jenny Lunstrum



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
30



Artwork
by
Sarah
Baylison

Artwork by
Da Ney Chen



One's Poetic Insight, by Amanda Wilson

B

At times life seems merely impossible. With rapid changes and constant obstacles it's a regular occurrence to feel overwhelmed and occasionally filled with doubt. Bad things happen to good people and good people make poor decisions. At any given second our life can end. One breath taken for granted, one irresponsible choice we made for ourselves or a choice someone inconsiderately made for us. Whatever the circumstance may be, live life for the moment. In those moments of doubt take your faith and wrap it around your heart, hug your loved ones, befriend your enemies, turn that small portion of hatred that occupies your body and turn it into something positive...purify it into love. Remember anything can happen at anytime, be prepared to make difficult decisions when you least expect it. Acknowledge the consequences of your actions, for living a life of regrets isn't worth living at all. Seize every window of opportunity and you'll achieve the ultimate goal in life, in which is true happiness. Cherish your memories and be thankful for your priceless experiences. When you approach a fork in your path realize there are people to guide and support you in choosing the route you were destined to take, but don't forget the one who's always there for you to rely on and to put all your trust in, and that one is yourself. When sauntering along life's undying road, esteem every tread you take. After all, this road you're walking along is your destiny in which you chose.

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

31



Artwork by Drew Campbell

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
32



Photo by Brianna Bird

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
33

Poetry by William Yarwood

hot tired country side	dark damp quiet base-
grasses grow much	ment
longer than time	empty and nowhere safe
I wonder,	I see the storage come
where did I go wrong	to life

a sprint through the	a fall from the apple tree
forest trail	a ground coming closer
a castle made of stick	fast
and day dream	may I never stray so far
and the king is alone	again

Letting It
All Go, by
Susan
Miller

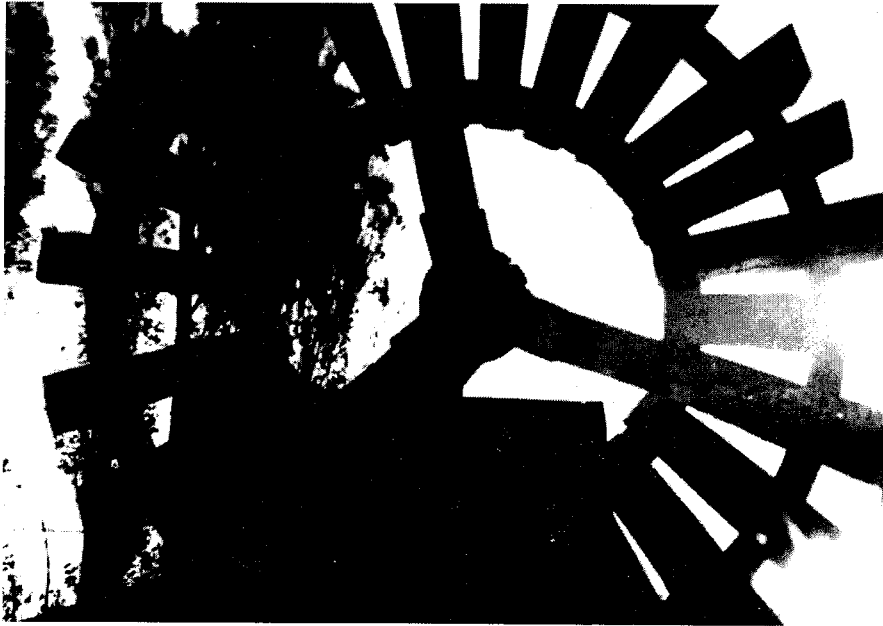


Photo by
Colleen O'Sullivan-Magpoon

Stand above my head
Watch me sputter
The water around me
Is in me through me
I touched him
Screaming it
I have to let it out
I touched him

Let me go
Not for the candy
You offered in return
For my life
For my sanity
Let me go

I touched him
He won't let me go
He grew under me
Tried to hurt me
I touched him
Feeding me
Watching...waiting
Soon I'll sleep
So that he can take me
And never let me go

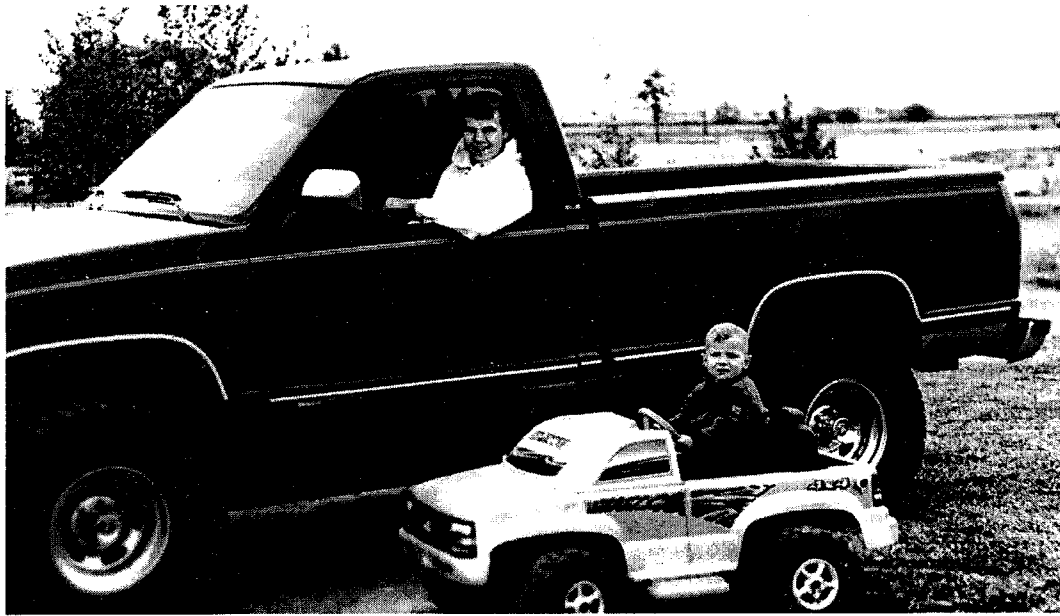


Photo by Billy Gordon

B

e

l

l

e

/

B

e

a

u

34

Swirling Flecks of Diamond, by Tiffany Erdman

It is an intoxicatingly beautiful moment when I wrap my arms around a person I care about and float across the glassy surface of the dance floor. Although slow dancing is a simple pleasure, it can engrave everlasting memories in my mind.

There is something magical in embracing someone wonderful and gliding rhythmically to soft strains of the music. As the swirl-

ing flecks of diamond light circle around us, we are lost in the rightness of this piece of time. When I slow dance, the frenzied, stressfulness of ordinary life melts away like marshmallows in hot chocolate. I forget yesterday and do not worry about tomorrow as time holds me gently in its hand. I rest my chin softly on a shoulder that smells lightly of Christian Dior. The

darkness and the music blend together, creating a silken blanket of peaceful enjoyment. We twirl slowly, and my feet slide on the glossy polished floor. Slow dancing is calming and centering; it brings me closer to the person I share the experience with. We should all slow dance, because in shimmering lights, resounding music, and a warm embrace, there lies a perfect moment.



B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u

Artwork by Shawn Clerf (above) and Roshelle Hutchins (below). Photos by Jennifer Johnson (above) and Ashley Whitlatch (below). 35



B

e

l

l

e

/

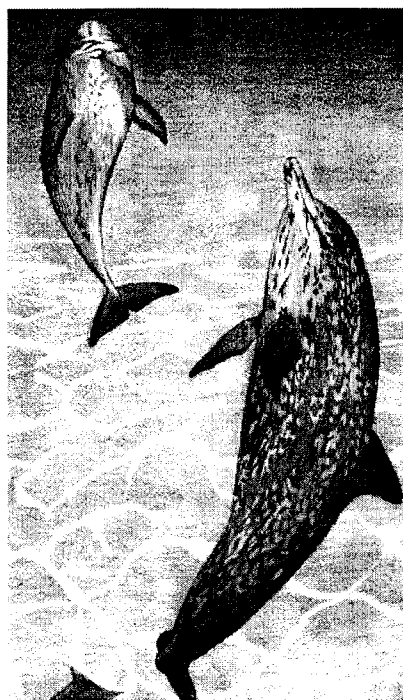
B

e

a

u

36



Artwork by
Robin Fairfield

Those Idiots at the DMV, by Devin Shannon

The driving test is a crucial moment in a teen's life. It ultimately leads to freedom and self-discovery. This test is one of much stress for many teens. Thanks to a slew of embarrassing mistakes, I was one of those teens.

The test administrator was a mean old man, the kind of man that would work at the DMV. He spoke in a monotone and ended every instruction with my name. "Turn right at the light, Devin," he would say.

My first mistake came at the very first stop light. "Turn right at the light, Devin," he had said in his monosyllabic way. I rolled up to the light and stopped gently on the white line. "Turn right, Devin," said the voice in the passenger seat. "I know," I said coolly. The voice robotically repeated the words again. "Turn right, Devin," this time in a new tone. The tone that adults only use when they are speaking to dogs or retarded children. Finally I realize that the light was and had been green the whole time, I turned right.

To summarize the rest of the drive I will just tell you that on my final test grade I had scored "potentially dangerous" in four categories including the sub category "right hand turns." However, that did not constitute failing.

"Come inside and we'll get you a license," said the tester, feigning kindness. Tired and a little zoned I followed him all the way around the counter much to the enjoyment of my friends waiting in line for their drivers' tests. The tester looked at me with a look of disappointment, but not surprise and said, "Other side, Devin," enunciating carefully. The trip to the other side of the counter was long and agonizing. Luckily the paperwork went well. I spelled my name right.

Now I have my driver's license and not one fatality yet. But if they let me pass, I have to worry about all of the other drivers that they might issue a driver's license. For those of you who are taking your test in the near future I wouldn't sweat it.

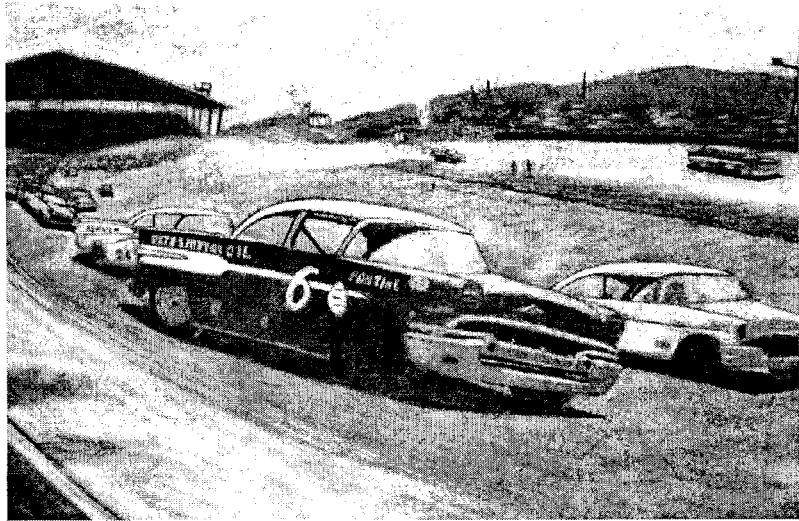


*Bridge Over Raised Creek, by
Matt Youngblood*

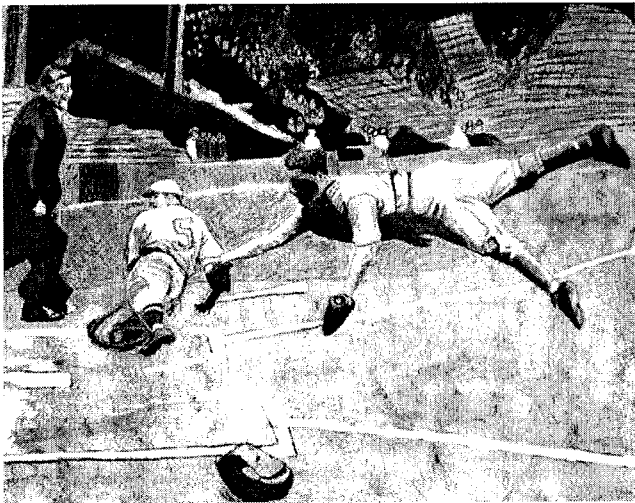
Frail Sunday, by Susan Miller

Cut myself last Sunday
My tired eyes look at this pale room
And remember too much life
Too much death
My lips bleed at the mercy
Of my razor sharp teeth
That need braces
On God's day
My arms were pillar candles
Dripping red wax
My frailty shook to its core
Exhausting every last sob
Once again in secret
My sickness overtakes me
Darkness fills me
Pulling forward the happy days
Over again remembering
Out my hands reach
Dripping the ebony
The sickly sweet intensity will be mine
Forever

B
e
l
l
e
/
B
e
a
u
37



Artwork by (clockwise)
Matt Johnson, Tracey
Loeffers, Juan Huitron,
and Bryan Steele



Perfect, by Nicole Faulker

Why can't you see there is nothing wrong with you?
You're perfect inside and out.
You seem to not think that though.
But to me you are perfect inside and out.
Everyone treats you so badly and I can't be there to tell you...
"To me you're perfect inside and out."
When it seems like you have given up on everything...
I wish I could look into your eyes and say...
"To me you're perfect inside and out."
I wish I could tell you everyday that I love you...
Especially when you're down I wish I could look into your eyes and say...
"Don't worry because to me you're perfect inside and out."

B

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

39

Photo by
Jenny Lunstrum



B

Truth by Wendy Marie See

e There is a note that
 rings,
 | Everlasting,
 clear, and
 | right
 A note that
 e sings for all
 the beauty
 / All the mar-
 velous might.



B

e We may feel
 fallen,
 In the dark,
 a We lay
 Our mouths
 u are tight
 We have nothing to
 40 say.

Our visions all cloudy,
 We live in a fear
 Of death, of hate
 Of love, of fate.

With balls and chains,
 Anchored are our feet.
 We feel imprisoned,
 No hope of retreat.

Arms nailed solid,
 We're stuck to the
 ground.
 Freezing and hopeless,
 Our heads seem to
 pound.
 The light above,
 It seems so distant,

So far and yet so near,
 But as you sleep
 With eyes wide open,
 This light you have to
 peer.
 A curiosity

All new
 Unknown
 Is calling from above
 You want to reach
 To that voice of preach
 Singing songs of laugh-
 ter and love.

Of truth
 Of pain
 O f
 friends
 Of gain
 And this
 you have
 to see.
 B u t
 shallow
 are the
 minds
 T h e
 minds of
 you and thee.

Truthless
 Selfless
 Loveless
 Shameless

We look from side to
 side
 Looking out for one's
 own self
 Looking for some place
 to hide.

Succumbing to that
 force of nature
 That keeps you on the
 edge
 You can't look up to bet-
 ter things
 You fear the lengthy
 ledge.

But someday when
 you're dead and gone
 A person will hear that
 ringing song
 And truth will shine with
 a light so clear
 That life will prosper and
 have no fear.

We'll look up to a won-



drous vertical
 Of which we all can't see,
 But as soon as we all open
 up our hearts
 Truth will end
 All apathy.
 And no more will be de-

nial
 And all will raise
 their hands
 In praise of some-
 thing beyond their
 lives
 In a needed prom-
 ise land.

This land is found in
 old, worn books
 And people find re-
 ligions,
 But those without a
 truth to hook
 Are in need for
 some provisions.

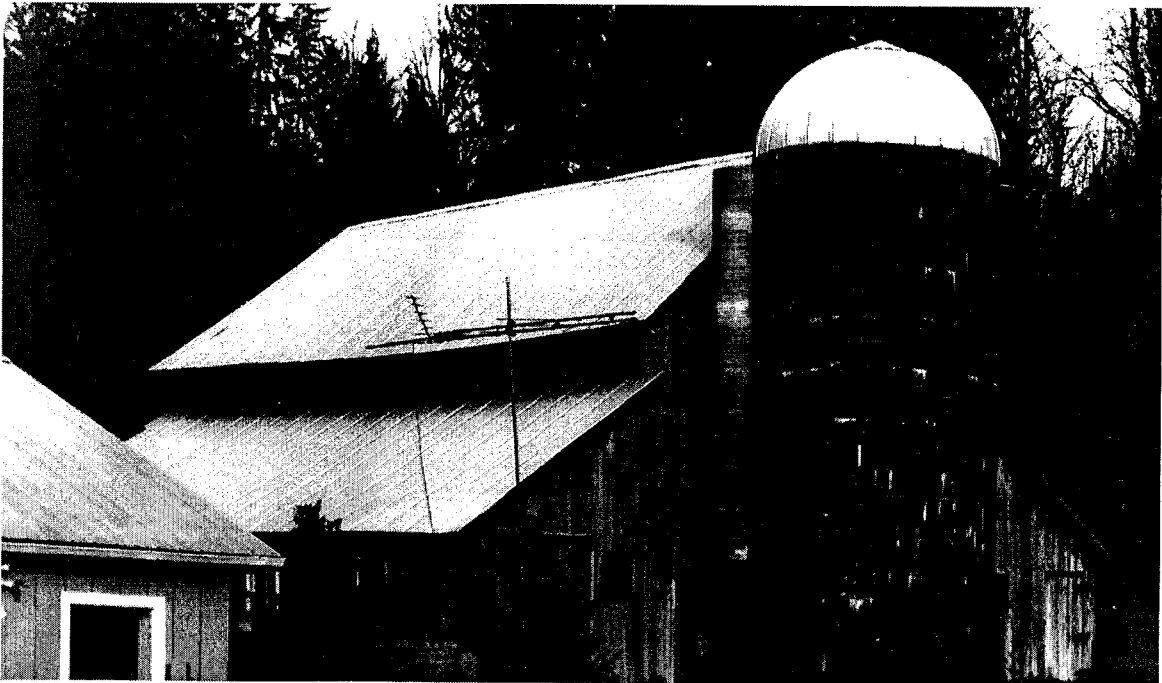
But all are equal
 All are fine
 If they're not
 That's something to
 pine.

For even God can
 always say
 Each and every per-
 son is loved
 each day.

Photos by
 Jenny
 Lunstrum
 (above
 left) and
 Brandon
 Robertson
 (left)



Photos by Jenny Lunstrum (above)
and Kendall Lund (below)



B

e

|

|

e

/

B

e

a

u

42

Poetry by William Yarwood

I held my breath for centuries
watched the trees grow up to cover me
cover me over
wait for release.

Release: exploding
tearing the leaves off
my naked cover.

Now I am emptied falling easy
into a long awaited nap.



Artwork by Jeremy Brunk

[Editor's note: This collage is dedicated to the memory of Alicia Blake who died in an automobile accident shortly before the start of the school year.]

