

## Tease

Come and crawl inside my head,  
Share the thoughts the soul is fed,  
Walk the mind, the paths of trust,  
View the love, the hate, the lust,  
Frolic in the maze insane,  
Touch intelligence within the brain,  
Pick the flowers above the skies,  
Hear echoes of truths and lies,  
Dance and play with what the Sandman brings,  
The hopes and nightmares in which he flings.  
Sail the seas of memories lost,  
The waves that crash among the thoughts,  
I'm drowning you within my sleep,  
Become the tears as I weep,  
Feel the pain within us all,  
Experience energy before the fall,  
Yes, come and crawl inside my head,  
Similar we are when skins are shed,  
The same ocean, our minds are crushed,  
Deep inside, fears are hushed,  
Watch as actions clog the drain,  
Pictures of moments, put into frames,  
Too much at once, feel reality slide,  
No laws, restrictions, rules to abide,  
Step inside, entry free,  
Hold nothing back in order to see...

—Mary Williams

## Azurite and Chrysocolla

Azurite and Chrysocolla  
Emerald and royal;  
blue and green  
Dance without direction  
over the deep hollow of the  
gray and black that lies  
undereath.  
Stumbled across on the other  
side of the universe.  
Oh the natural wonders that  
are just given to us--  
Given to us as gifts  
From an unknown presence  
that delivers to us  
precious gems of the universe  
Like jewelry used to beautify  
The minerals of our earth  
Tell us the answers to our  
mysterious past.

—Holly Wilensky

## A Closet Full of Dreams

By Lisa Furukawa

I don't know if it was because I had something against kindergarten or not, but I often used to hide under tables. I also dwelt in cupboards and futon closets. My grandmother believed this affected my health and was the cause of my missing a half year of kindergarten. My grandmother's Buddhist shrine in her cupboard didn't seem to affect her health, but there was a candy box on the altar which definitely affected by grandfather's.

My little cousin, Maho, spent all of a hundred yen (which she had been saving for two months) in order to buy a sweet toffee-like candy called "Milky" for my grandfather. He had a sweet tooth, and it made him very sad when, during his illness, his doctor told him he needed a strict diet. The "Milky" candy box Maho gave him was one of his most prized possessions, which my grandmother later placed on the altar to keep his picture company after his death.

He used to hide under tables with me. In the dark, he read books he had written about the lifestyles of ants (he was an entomologist) or taught me how to juggle. We would start laughing for no reason at all, and my grandmother would stoop down, glare at us, and accuse my grandfather of being a fool.

Crickets always sang in his house. His pets chirped from a wooden cage, and he told me they were very talented because they had their heart in their music. They had soul--just like he did. He used to make the out-of-tune piano sing, while he wailed out hymns and Steven Foster songs in jumbled English. My grandmother used to start cleaning the house when he played because she believed pianos should be used for proper things like sonatas and scales.

When I was in second grade, my grandmother made me practice writing kanji until my knuckles would begin to hurt. It used to make me impatient when the symbols took so much time to perfect, and my grandmother's beautiful flower garden (which was a heavenly playground), invited me to come out and play. One time, when my grandmother left my side for a moment, I ran into the tatami room and hid in a

futon closet. When she came back, she searched, but could not find me. He knew where I was. My grandfather climbed into the closet and showed me these little pictures of a river, a field, a man and others. Then, on a sheet of paper, he drew symbols that represented these. They were all little pictures. I could not help smiling, running back to my desk, and inspecting my tablature again.

I was always sick with a fever or measles, but I didn't mind missing school. I vaguely remember my parents' distressed expressions, and my father mumbling to me to hang on in the heights of delirium and close encounters with death. But I can never forget how my grandfather sat by my side and sang to me soothing Japanese songs about dragonflies or rain. He told me not to leave because there were many more stories to be heard, songs to be sung, flowers to inspect, and new pictures to be formed.

On August 8, 1988, I was sitting by his side in a white-washed hospital room holding his hand. I was singing under my breath, and I wanted to tell him about the book I had just read and the piece I had just learned how to play. I was singing about dragonflies in the sunset when his spirit reached out of the square window across the orange-streaked sky, the city lights, and the Tokyo tower.

Every morning I take a little time to practice calligraphy at the desk in my closet. The pictures fascinate me as I try to perfect my art. While grinding my stone against water to make paint, I sit silently in meditation, remembering the notes I had studied for my English test or the beautiful passage in my new concerto. And I think of my grandfather. I think about his vivacious spirit, full of smiles and laughter that never left his childhood, and the immense love and respect he had for all life. As I paint the symbol "dream," I carry the dreams he gave to me to grasp everything that is my soul and to never let it go.

First place winner in high school English essay contest

## Voo Doo Goddess of Money Doll

The voo doo goddess is like traveling  
the road of death in a desert.  
Swarms of dust swirl behind  
me.  
Barren roads converge to pull me towards  
the fiery red glow like  
sunsets over the raging ocean.  
Snakes whisper my name  
Beckoning me to venture down a black  
torturous path.

—Amy Grandis