

Whole Notes



This is a special electronic edition of Whole Notes, featuring writings and poems by young people. Here is a collection of insight, humor, wonder, and confidence poems and ideas from children and young adults the mind at play. The Editor of Whole Notes, Nancy Peters Hastings, extends a special thanks to the National Endowment for the Arts for funding in part the *Artist-in-the-Schools / Communities* Program, in which many of these pieces were written. Also thanks to the many teachers, administrators, and students who help to make a creative writing workshop possible. Your support is appreciated.

*"How inimitably graceful children are in general--
before they learn to dance."* —**Samuel Taylor Coleridge**
(1772-1834), *English Poet*

About



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Whole Notes: Writings by Young People

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Whole Notes

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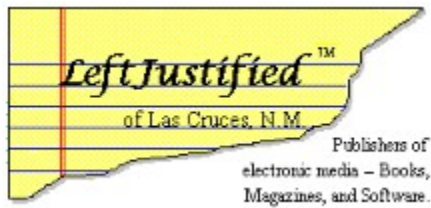
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Whole Notes

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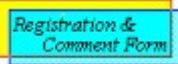
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

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
How to use the Book

These poems and pictures are organized sequentially, just like in a paper book. You may use the PageUp & PageDown keys and the cursor keys to scroll material that is longer than the display window.

  Use the Index keys (or the < and > keys on the keyboard) to page through the poems in order.

 Returns to the "front page" from anywhere.

 Displays a list of reference pages, which you may jump to directly.

 Returns you to the previous screen.

An index of all poems is available by selecting **Whole Notes - Table of Contents** from the menu bar.

For more information on topics, such as printing and using the bookmark system, select **Help-Using Help**.

Technical notes: How this product was prepared

I prepared this edition of Whole Notes from an original paper magazine with text, black and white drawings, and a photo-reproduction of the cover art: Horses. All text was typed in by hand. Drawings and art were scanned in using a *Logitech Scanman 256™*, art enhanced using *Corel Photo-Paint™*. The base system is a *Uniq™ 286, 16mhz*, (circa 1989) with four megabytes of memory and a 91 Mb hard disk. Software employed: *Lotus Ami-Pro™*, word processing and layout; *Microsoft Paintbrush™* for *Windows™*, color, final graphic preparation, and formatting; *Corel Systems Inc. Corel Draw™* and *Corel Photo-Paint™*, original drawings and color; and Help Kit tools from the *Microsoft Windows SDK* for compression and compilation of the final product.

This job would have been a lot easier with some more processor power. Please help me demonstrate that I can make LeftJustified profitable, so that I can afford that power.



Submitting work to LeftJustified

From the editor...

LeftJustified is looking for authors and artists who would like to share their work, in this new electronic medium, with the world. We do not restrict your right to publish elsewhere (we do not control your work), and we pay a 40% royalty to the author for each sale. You may write for more specific information, or you may forward a sample of your work directly.

If you want to do this, I would like to see your work on paper the first time around. If this is not practical, and you would rather send a 3½ inch diskette, then the following formats are preferred:

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	.doc	(Microsoft Word or Word4Windows)
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Be sure to include a brief letter about yourself and your work. Tell me what appeals to you and include any specific ideas about what form the publication might take. I'm counting on your creativity to make the difference in an excellent product!

Work we would like to see...

Have you been doing some writing? Graphic Arts? How about dreaming of a really sweet application that might work through what you see here? We are working to make a point: it's time for *electronic* books and magazines. You are beginning to see these on CD-ROM, but what about smaller works?

Features

We are interested in feature articles of twenty to sixty pages of text on science, technology, art, social issues, history, government, religion, culture... you name it! People are interested. If you are a frustrated journalist, then drop us a letter.

Creative

We would like to see poetry, short stories, essays, graphic portfolios, comics... any other ideas? Give us a try. We won't be trying any full-length novels, but short of that we are willing to try a variety of work. As with features above, we suggest that you have at least twenty pages of textual material to submit.

Your Ideas

Have I thought of everything? Of course not. Chances are good that you have an idea that has not occurred to me. Why not give it a go; let me know. The only thing it will cost you is some time.

Tom Kindig is
Editor and Principal of
LeftJustified PublikTM

The Deep Rainbow

As it glows and glistens
the colors are like my life
lasting only a short while
 this deep rainbow
 reveals my world

Jessica Contreras
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

The Old Tree

That lonely old tree
bent all the way down to the ground
sometimes I know how it feels

Inez Dawson
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

Gazing Into the Night

As I gaze into the night
seeing countless stars
so bright and deep
my empty self
is filled with joy.

Christle Edwards
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

Hands

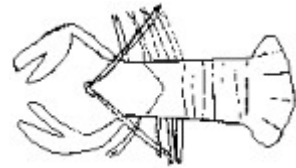
Always moving and changing
the course of my life
harsh and heavy
the fathers hands
filled with drink
they hurt and warm
filled with love
they stroke and caress.
smooth and lovely
the mother's hands
protected from harm
soothing the hurts
with love
seeing and knowing
your loves hands
caressing with love
and feeling the hurt
for and with you
shielding and calling
God's hands
protecting from evil
and guiding toward
heaven.

Dana Schultz
grade 8
Seward St. John, Nebraska

Lobster

By the time I saw him, his goose was cooked,
I knew by the way he looked.
His mighty claw was trussed and bound,
His snapping eyes were glazed and round.
That fateful bait in a wooden cage,
Had doomed him to butter sauce with sage.
The heartless cook just threw him in,
Though Mr. Lobster was free from sin.
He passed away in the boiling pot,
My uncle likes his taste a lot.

Christine Evens
grade 8
Glendale, Wisconsin



If Words Were Real

If words were real, every time
I would open a book
I would be swept away into a
magical kingdom;

I could have tea with Alice
or help slay the Jabberwock;
I could fly to Never-Never Land
and fight pirates beside Peter Pan.
(Pete and I are much the same, you know,
neither of us will grow up.)

If words were real, every time
you read a beautiful poem
you could run through that field of flowers
or watch that sunset;
or watch the highwayman be shot down,
returning for his true love.

If words were real,
I'd pay Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn a visit.
I'd bring Peter Pan along.
My, what a party that would be.

Brian Boye
grade 11
Gresham, Nebraska



Dylan, Turkey

Riding in a native boat
Riotous reeds shove with the wind
River plants create chaotic mazes

The land has been raised like a tent
Olive trees strain to keep their grip
An elegant palace placed in a crag
Coronation columns dangle from the roof of a lycian
tomb

The façade remains
Dead Kings fade
Stone beds unoccupied

The helicopter pop of the small boat stops
I am looking for the people I will not find
Listen to the music closely
It won't play long

Seth Camillo
grade 10
Iowa City, Iowa

Dreams

The wind dreams of someday resting
Though it knows that someday is far, far away.
The mountains dream of never being tamed
By those who take their beauty for granted.
The morning dreams of becoming the day
To bring to all the light of time that never ceases.
The evening dreams of becoming the night
To bring mystery and quiet to the world.
The stream on the mountain dreams of never being spoiled
And taking away the purity of nature.
The trees on the mountain dream of living long lives,
Of watching over the hills and valleys
The valleys dream of staying beautiful
To compliment the height of the hills:
Nature dreams of providing awe
To those who have eyes to appreciate it.

Angie Heiden
grade 12
York, Nebraska

The Gateway to Death

The Gateway to Death
is Boredom and Anger.
Life can be
like a big shiny dagger
ready to slice you away.

Ishmael Torres
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

Purr

A cat's purr never ends.
A friend's love never ends.

Amanda James
age 5
Charlotte, North Carolina



A Calm Sea

how gentle
could
a person
ever be,
if you don't
know, go
down to that
soft calm
sea

Rafael Duran
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

Within

Look inside a person
And see what you can find.
You open his outer shell and
There's another one inside.
Inside that shell there is another,
and inside that one a fourth,
Inside that shell there is no other,
Revealing one's true self.

Kristie Lund
grade 8
Omaha, Nebraska

My Recipe for a 50 Pound Catfish

1 can of stinkbait
1 hook
1 weight
1 fishing pole & reel
1 swivel
1 lifetime of patience

Eric White
grade 7
Beaver Crossing, Nebraska

The Cat

I am the King of Affection.
Everybody loves me.
I rub against them and give
them free hugs.
As my foot extends toward plump
fingers I am filled with thoughts of love.

I am also the King of Curiosity.
They say curiosity kills the cat,
but I am not dead.
I am well alive, anxious and ambitious.



As my body fits the curve of a human's
I ask for love back.
I speak to them with my eyes,
purrs, and body.
They understand and give me
a rub on the tummy, behind my
ears, or under my chin.

I am the King of Affection and Curiosity.

Michelle Bridges
grade 9
Seward St. John, Nebraska

Growing Up

Blooming flowers
Tangle their stems
Entwining them all together
Just as we blossom
Into adulthood
Binding our hearts
With our shared faith
Heritage and experiences

Kelly Jean Harrington
grade 11
Saginaw, Michigan



The Sky is Changing Like the Sea

The Sky is changing like the sea.
It rages during a storm
And then it's at peace with all below.
And though a bird may fly alone,
A feeling of serenity permeates the air.
He interrupts the still solitude
To replace it with his magnificence,
Only along the sea.

Alyssa Wood
grade 10
Canton, New York

The Solitary Barn

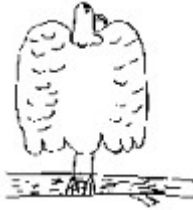
It stands there,
tall and majestic,
leaning to one side.
The solitary barn,
forgotten.

There used to be a house here,
with a family full of joy and love,
But a tornado took the house and one of the children;
so they left,
to hide from the pain and memories.

The children loved the barn;
it was their friend.
They had no money to buy toys,
so the barn was their kingdom,
their one escape from reality.

This barn has so much sorrow;
it has also seen its share of happiness.
If it could talk, Oh!
The stories it could tell!
But it can't,
and won't.
Tomorrow, they will tear it down.

Brian Boye
grade 11
Gresham, Nebraska



Hawk

In a clearing, where the sky is blue
Runs a small, furry brown shrew.
Small, but larger than a thimble,
Small, and very, very nimble.
Upon the clearing, below the blue
Runs the small, furry brown shrew.

Nimble shrew,
Below the blue.

Above the clearing where the sky is blue,
Looking for a small, furry brown shrew,
Soars a great big, red-tailed hawk.
He sees the shrew upon a rock,
Starts to dive from up in the blue,
And almost catches the furry brown shrew.

From up in the blue,
Almost gets the shrew.

In a second the shrew is off the rock,
And three feet behind him is the hawk.
The hawk chases him towards the river.
There is a boy with bow and quiver.
The hawk charges, full speed ahead,
and strikes him on his upper forehead.

Charges full speed ahead,
Strikes his upper forehead.

Meanwhile the shrew is running,
And after him the hawk's still coming.
The forest is getting thicker still,
And the hawk's wondering if he's going to kill
The nimble brown shrew,
from below the blue.

Nimble shrew,

Below the blue.

The hawk thinks of a good trick,
And turns around and flies back quick
To the clearing where the sky is blue,
And waits for the small, brown shrew.
Out of the forest the shrew comes running,
And after him another shrew is coming.

The shrew comes running;
Another shrew is coming.

They go strait to the rock,
And don't even look for the hawk.
Starts to dive from up in the blue,
And catches the small brown shrew.
Now the hawk's feeding greedily
Then he flies away happily.

From up in the blue,
gets the two.



Ben Frede
grade 4
Lincoln, Nebraska

Nature

How I love the majestic sun
And the magic of its light.
How I love the feminine moon,
The moon that glows at night.

And as I ponder the magnificent sea
The rippling waves, they call to me.
And though the years have come and gone
Nature still sings its flowing song.

Marisa Mandabach
age 10
Santa Monica, California

Secrets

The secret of love is to give and you shall receive.
The secret of friendship is to give more than you take.

Christine Mueri
grade 7
Seward St. John, Nebraska

Bluebird

There's a bluebird
sitting in the tree.
There's a bluebird
fluttering its wings.
There's a bluebird
singing, come fly with me,
come fly, come fly
with me!

Hamilton Young Ward
age 7, grade 2
Birmingham, Alabama

Empty Place

Summer speaks in breezes
and the night blows free
and wild,
and everywhere our footsteps walk,
we face the darkness like a child.

Knowledge falls into our grasp,
like it did when we were young.
And as we see the way we are,
we realize what we've done.

Nothing; Silence,
will ever cure
our steady darkened glance
for all we know is helplessness
as we fall into its trance.

And if we walked
away from there,
the cold and empty place,
my heart would cry out for Silence,
but it's you that I'd embrace.

Kristine Ayers
freshman
University of Nebraska-Kearney

On the Other Side of the Window

On the other side of the window
an old lady sits quietly knitting a sweater.
She wipes a tear from her cheek.
I wonder why.
She looks across the hall.
A picture hangs of her and her husband
on their wedding day.
He must be dead said a gloomy voice
in my mind.
The old lady who bakes a batch of cookies
for me has been depressed for so long.
That day I left her alone.
I told my mother later what I saw
on the other side of the window.

Jasmine Castro
grade 6
Brooklyn, New York

Peace

Peace is a cool breeze,
A gentle wave,
A piece of smooth silk,
A unity of being together.

Lynne M. O'Hara
grade 7
Blue Bell, Pennsylvania

Magic

I will make magic
Whether through words or action
I will make all nations equal
I will make the world peaceful with no conflicts
I will make rain so that all could have food
I will make the Chicago Cubs win every World Series
But there is no way I could make this magic.
God can make this magic and if it is his will
He will make it.

So This is Wrigley Field

As you sit alone at the ballpark,
you imagine the crowd cheering
the home team on to victory, your
favorite player making a spectacular
catch, saving the game, the smell
of hotdogs & popcorn throughout
the stadium.

So this is Wrigley Field, home of
the Cubs. A Tuesday afternoon,
April. Listening to the game, like
a boy or girl waiting for a present.
The rush that overcomes you when
they hit a home run. Finally you
leave, but you hear: You're Here!

Bradley J. Long
Grade 8
Seward St. John, Nebraska

Paintings Are Voices

Paintings are voices
That are hidden inside
A musical valley
Where all the notes glide.

Whoosh! Through the air
A magical notion
That touches the heart
In a feathery motion.

Paintings are tunes
Of imagination
Sung by artists
With inspiration.

Paintings are poems
That brighten the air
With endless verses
And lines so fair.

Kenneth Sack
grade 6
Roselle Park, New Jersey

Music Everywhere

Music, music everywhere,
Is it in the air?
If it isn't, that's not fair.
Is music in a hare?

Can we keep music
In our pocket?

I have a locket.
I'll keep it there.

Victoria Dwight
age 7
Pickering, Ontario
Canada



Hands

My hands, working on homework,
petting my cat, B.C.,
fingers running up and down the clarinet
while practising scales.
Busy hands, but not tired.
Hands ready to take on another task.

My father's hands, tired from work
using them all day to check people's teeth.
Tired, but always willing to play catch
with my brother, or take my dog for a walk.
Clean hands, large hands, strong hands, fatherly hands.

My mother's hands, small hands
cleaning the house and cleaning
people's teeth as a dental hygienist.
Hands used for playing games and
hands that are nice to hold when I'm sad or scared.

Hands tell a story, show character, show love.
Shaking hands with others tell of their lives.

Jill Kruse
grade 9
Seward St. John, Nebraska



Original drawing by

Angie Heiden, a senior at
Centennial High School,
Utica, Nebraska

Allen Vaughn
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Charlotte Hardin
age 9
Magnolia, Texas

