

# 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 immitably graceful children are in general—  
before they learn to dance.”*

*—Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
(1772-1834), English Poet*

*Whole Notes*

*Using this book*

*LeftJustified*



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## *Whole Notes: Writings by Young People*

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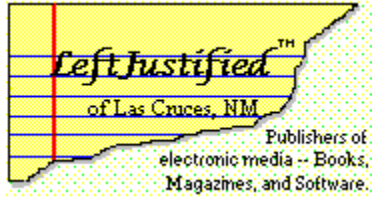
## ***Whole Notes***

This is an electronic edition of ***Whole Notes***, a publication of Whole Notes Press, Las Cruces, New Mexico. By special arrangement, LeftJustified offers this collection in the electronic medium.

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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...***

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	.sam	(Ami-pro),
	.rtf	(Microsoft Rich Text Format),
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for graphics —	.bmp	(Windows Bitmap)
	.pcx	(Windows Paintbrush)
	.cdr	(Corel draw)
	.tif	

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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 Publik<sup>TM</sup>

## **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**

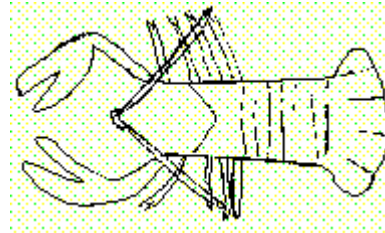
Always moving and changing  
the course of my life  
harsh and heavy  
the fathers hands  
filled with drink  
they hurt and warm  
filled with love  
they stroke and caress.  
smooth and lovely  
the mother's hands  
protected from harm  
soothing the hurts  
with love  
seeing and knowing  
your loves 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**

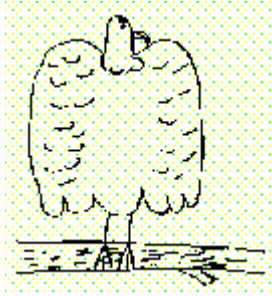
It stands there,  
tall and majestic,  
leaning to one side.  
The solitary barn,  
forgotten.

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



