

# Students Write...

Coordinator: MARY HAIR\*

## Teacher

You were an Impulse.  
A wild, unique impulse that  
struck about three hours after I  
met you.  
I can smile when I think of you.  
We were the most alike,  
But it was our Differences  
that drove us apart.  
You were my Plato, I was your pupil.  
Perhaps that was your downfall,  
trying to teach me more than I  
was capable, or willing,  
to learn.  
We weren't meant for anything serious,  
just a Utilitarian Relationship  
that enabled me to sort out  
My emotions,  
My beliefs,  
And to discover that there are  
Rules  
to loving a person:  
And I thank you for that.

—KAREN SIMMONS, Senior 1969, Glen Oaks  
High School, Baton Rouge, La.

## Your Skin Is Your Protection (But You're Still Vulnerable)

Yea, Baby! When you're walking  
Down your street and your good neighbor Sam  
Accidentally drops a vegetable from  
Three stories up—  
It hurts.

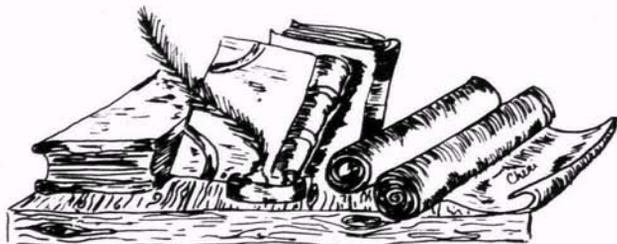
The little kids on your block  
Always call you "bunky" and make faces at you  
And tie chains across your path—  
It hurts.

When your wife always wants  
To sleep at night and avoids looking into your  
eyes,  
You know that love is gone and—  
It hurts.

You can hide in your armor-plated skin,  
Ugly on the outside, but deep down within your  
center  
You cry, 'cause—  
It hurts.

When you're raked up with the rest of the leaves,  
And the fires of hell burn all around you,  
And you know that's all, brother—  
It hurts.

—DAVID MCINTYRE, Senior 1968, Glen Oaks  
High School, Baton Rouge, La.



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## The Seesaw

"Respect, respect,"  
our parents demand.  
"Earn, earn our respect,"  
we reply.  
"Bow down, bow low,"  
they order.  
"Why, why?"  
we ask.  
"Ideals, ideals,"  
they preach.  
"Examples, examples,"  
we beg.  
And the seesaw tilts again.

—ANN DE MONTLUZIN, Senior, Baton Rouge High School, Baton Rouge, La.

## Oriental Bazaar

Once I was transplanted  
To a never-never land,  
A world of beauty and form.  
I saw  
exquisite faces on statuettes,  
glorious feather-flowers in quiet bloom  
rarities of brass, gold, marble, and ivory,  
delicately hand-painted curiosities,  
and three-dimensional pictures.

I was outside  
looking in.  
I was inside  
looking out.  
Darkness all around.  
And yet, through reality's glass  
I saw

someone trapped between two worlds,  
someone struggling,  
fighting against both.

That someone was me.

—JEANNIE LIN, Senior 1970, Glen Oaks High School, Baton Rouge, La.



## Untitled

You pronounced life a game, a dream,  
a jest, a shadow without meaning.  
I loved: God . . . a man . . . and some others . . .  
I laughed: my head, thrown back.  
I cried: my heart ached, my eyes burned with  
tears.  
I smelled my favorite perfume in cold air,  
I soared, and danced and dreamed to music;  
Bit into a cold, sweet apple, read a book,  
Held a baby; kissed.  
And I walked in the rain  
I was hungry. I talked to a keen mind  
I saw death.  
I lived,  
And pronounced you a lie.

—AGNES JACKSON, Senior 1969, Glen Oaks High School, Baton Rouge, La.



## They

"They" tell us to love,  
(but "they" kill others whose beliefs are  
different).  
"They" say that this is the land of the free,  
(but we are enslaved in green fatigues).  
"They" say we're too young to vote,  
(but old enough to die in rice paddies).  
"They" say we have freedom of speech,  
(but don't protest about Vietnam).  
When will we become "they"?

—RANDY WALKER, Senior 1970, Glen Oaks High School, Baton Rouge, La.

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