## **My Room**

I woke this morning with anger rolling through my body like a flash flood, and I was afraid.

The sun filtered through the curtains with harsh and clear illumination like the eyes of an angry relative.

On these blank walls
I have hung pictures
of Tahitian maidens,
whose calm and innocent faces
survey the proceedings below them
with unchanging knowledge
and all that they need at hand.

The dark water pursues me and I am tired, seized by a strange paralysis as in a dream. I know that low place waits that I cannot see out of or above. This tour is the only escape, only by not leaving can I be free.

The big red chair is covered with books, papers, clothing, towels and my knapsack: the accumulation of haste.

The heater whirs like the conversation

## **VOLUNTEER TUTORS**

Be a volunteer tutor and touch a child's life! Help at-risk youth succeed in school by volunteering with Catholic Community Service's Youth Tutoring Program. Tutor elementary, middle and high school youth living in low-income public housing communities. 7 tutoring centers located in northeast, central, southeast and southwest Seattle. Centers are managed by qualified teaching staff and are equipped with lots of learning resources. Tutor 2 hours a week for 6 months. (You do not need to be Catholic to volunteer). Initial orientation/training will be provided.

For more info, call Anna at 328-5659

of a monotonous but faithful friend.
On the upholstered bench
my cat
washes her black and gold fur
with her confident pink tongue.

DOELHAYSTOO DOELEA YNTSOO DOETRYAH BOU

-Elizebeth Romero

## Hungry

They say there is no magic, or they say the Magic's gone away. But I say

when my stomach aches for bread I know there is bread somewhere.

If I cannot buy bread I can make my own.

If I cannot bake I have friends who will feed me bread, share yeast starter and some flour to get me going again.

I say that when my lungs ache for air, I know it exists— I have only to open doors, or clear the block in my throat, or just remind myself to stop and breathe.

And I say when I look up at stars an empty space within my chest expands and reaches out for something I have not found for sale yet. If I never find a friend to share it, never find the door to open, if still waiting never brings it—
I'll just have to make my own.

-Anitra Freeman