

If You Only Knew

By Jonathan Bashioum

There you are over there,
smiling and laughing that way.
And here I am,
by myself, lonely and not sure what to say.

We have talked before.
I know you, but do you know me?
I've sat and watched you from a distance,
my heart still asks how this can be.

I still remember the first time I saw you.
Oh, how my heart flew,
but, you still don't know of my love.
If you only knew.

If you only knew how you break my heart,
with your carefree attitude and unsuspecting smile.
That smile, that smile. How it brightens my day.
I should tell you, I just might wait a while.

If you only knew.
If only I knew what to say.
You have no idea how lonesome I am.
In my heart I have to tell you today.

If you only knew what you put me through,
how many nights have I stayed up thinking of you.
I still get nervous in your company.
What should I say? What should I do?

If only I knew.
Do I keep dreaming, or let my heart do the talking.
Perhaps I should turn and walk away.
I'm still sitting here and thinking, just thinking.



Jonathan Bashioum is a 16 year old junior. He was born in North Carolina and has moved here from Kentucky. His preferred activities are hunting, soccer, shooting, singing, and playing guitar. He plans on attending Belmont College and majoring in music, but doesn't have any plans after that.

Fell on Black Days

By Darren Yannacci

The sun falls into the horizon,
As a fiendish dark starts rising.
Then the blanket of night stretches across
the land,
Putting dark where sunlight once spanned.
How is it that light and dark exist so close,
living hand in hand?

This situation that it creates is such a mysterious thing.
Maybe it's because one without the other would become nothing.
Without light, dark would be nothing to fear,
And light without dark, it would never be held so dear.
Unlike the setting sun, we don't know if the diminishing of our light is near.
For if we knew this, death would be nothing to fear.



Darren Yannacci is a senior at Bentworth High School. He is a four year starter with the high school basketball team, and a one year starter on the football team. He is also a member of the National Honor Society, Academic League and Varsity Club.

He loves playing basketball in the summer, cheering on the Steelers in the fall and lifting weights all year around. After high school, he plans to attend Penn State University and major in either engineering or physics.

Disgruntled

By Sarah Swango

Do not talk to me like you know me;
You don't.
Do not pretend to understand me;
You never will.
Do not act like you're my friend;
You're not.
Do not expect respect from me;
You haven't earned it.
Do not try to be high than me;
You will fall.
Do not think that I am weak;
I am strong.
Do not attempt to constrain me;
I will break free.
Do not say that I can't do it;
I will.

Sarah Swango is an 18 year old senior at Bentworth High School. She grew up, and currently lives, in Bentleyville with her parents and younger sister. She is a black belt in karate, and emergency medical technician and a cashier at a local grocery store. She is also a member of her local chapter of FBLA. She plans to attend Indiana University of Pennsylvania in the fall to major and minor in four different foreign languages. She is undecided as to what to do with her degrees, but it is possible she may become a high school foreign language teacher, or a translator for the government.



What is Love?

Love is comfort, safety and caring.
Love is desire, smiling and sharing.
Love is the warm arms I wrap around you.
Love is the kiss I give to only you.
Love is longing; it finds open doors.
Love is a shoulder to cry on and more.
Love is the twinkle deep in your eyes.

Love is endless, as are the skies.
Love eases sadness, and takes away pain.
Love brings gladness, and dries up the rain.
Love is there when you stumble, and picks you up when you are down.
Love will take your whole life and turn it around.
Love is the rose that is a gift from me.
Love is the sunset we both long to see.
Love is a walk on the beach, and toes in the sand.
Love is the way that I hold your hand.
Love is how my heart beats for you.
Love is the warmth I feel is so true.
Love always lives, and shall never die.
Love is the truth, and can never lie.
Love is the strong feeling that we should all trust.
Love never falters, for love is always just.
So what is love, and where does it start?
Love is the feeling that begins in your heart.



J.T. Savaren is the son of Willaim and Adrian Savaren. J.T., whose full name is John Thermer Savaren, was 11 years old when the Savarens adopted him. J.T. has two brothers and two sisters and is the middle child. J.T. loves playing guitar, writing songs and singing. He has been in two bands. J.T. also loves riding anything with

wheels and a motor -- quads, dirt bikes, etc. He is also an actor who loves to perform on stage and was in several plays during his high school career. J.T. hopes to do a little professional acting in the future, but he is open to whatever the world will bring.

By J.T. Savaren