# MMH Winter '06

## By wickedobsessed

Submitted: March 19, 2006
Updated: March 19, 2006

*Poems and stories written in the MMH writing workshop with Emily.*

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**Mourning Pages**

**Raul Aportela**

By Yero (Eric)

Raul Aportela

Acting, waiting, wishing

That was my uncles life.

Trying, creating, wishing,

That was my uncles life.

Hoping, praying, still wishing,

That was my uncles life.

A man born in Cuba,

That was my uncles life.


A man with divorced parents,

That was my uncles life.


A man acting and hoping,

That was my uncles life.


Trying to make something out of nothing,

That was my uncles life.


Dying of an unknown disease,

That was my uncles death.


Acting, waiting, wishing,

That was my uncles life.

# 2 - Slowly, Slowly, Slowly, STOP.

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**Slowly, Slowly, Slowly, STOP.**

*By Yero A.K.A. Eric E*

*ARTIST COMMENT: Do not steal; I apologize for the lack of apostrophes but they made random characters so bear with me I do know how to spell with grammar but my Apple won't save in Word only in HTML and HTML apparently can't do apostrophes. Sorry!*

The porch swung, alone and abandoned.

Chipped white paint hangs on chains, swinging

slowly, slowly, slowly, STOP.

A girl sits in the swing, alone and abandoned.

Chipped nail polish amd smeared makeup, swinging

slowly, slowly, slowly, STOP.

The girl leaves, alone and abandoned.

Empty swing hangs on chains, swinging

slowly, slowly, slowly STOP.


A man takes her place, alone and abandoned.

Weaknesses shown, all his courage gone, swinging

slowly, slowly, slowly STOP.


The man leaves, alone and abandoned.

Lonely, sad little swing, swinging

slowly, slowly, slowly STOP.

# 3 - The Mirror's Intervention

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**The Mirror's Intervention**

by Yero AKA Eric E Don't steal!

I looked in the mirror/the mirror looked at me/my eyes began to change/back to what they/really looked like.

As I watched/the mirror talked/Why, it said/ have you done/ this to yourself?

This isn't the real/you, it continued,/it's just a fake./I ask you again, why did you do this?

The last time you/looked at me/you seemed a good kid/got good grades,/were nice and cheerful.

What is with all/the disguise?/The faded black t-shirt,/the dark jeans,/the gloves?

Why do you wear/these boots?/the white powder/the eyeliner/why, why, why?

You were so nice/so friendly/you were creative/in a good way/and you left your wrists alone.

This isnt the kid/who used to go/in this room/now you never/sleep, just sneak out.

Why all the drugs?/Why all the fake depressions, lies and/all of your mean/friends?

Your old friends/they cared/the mirror said/your new ones just care about being cool.

Youve been avoiding me/I noticed./Did you think I was/going to let you go!/I want to save you.

I looked back/at the mirror/realizing what/he said. It/was so true.

I cried and/cried, and beat/my wall. I/couldnt stand/it anymore.

There, there/said the mirror/You'll be fine./Just listen to/me, ill help.

*Please excuse the lack of apostrophes, it's all because of TextEdit saving. Sorry!*