

Fingers Made of Sunshine and Silk

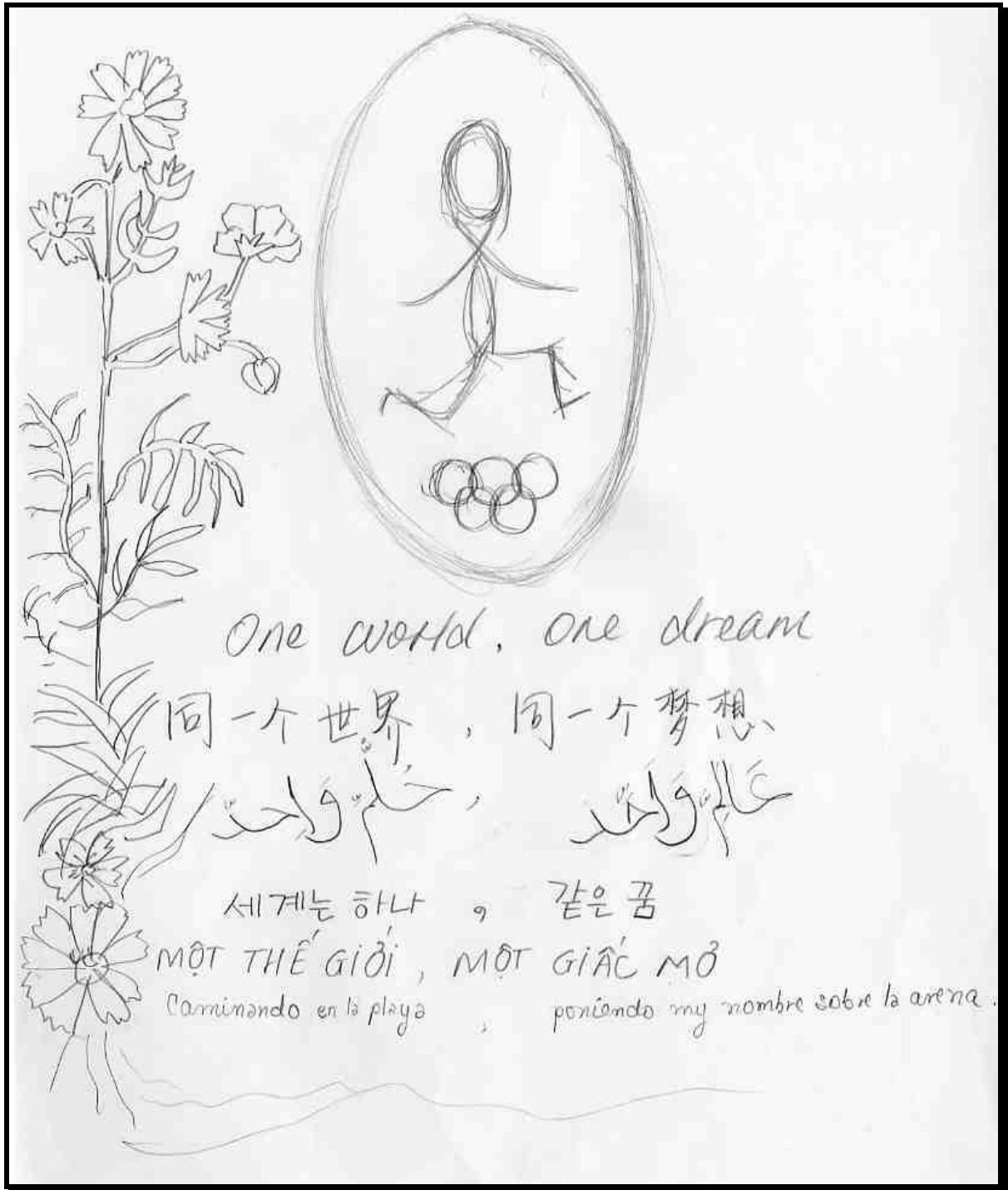
*A Holiday Collection of Creative
Writing and Other Things*

By Students in
the *English Language Program*
at *Kansas State University*
and Their Teachers and Friends

Manhattan, Kansas
December 2007

Introduction

Welcome to our holiday collection, in which you can see the effects of many pencils dancing on paper.



Drawing and concept by Erin and ChengCheng

Section One

Read and Fly

They are beautiful poems. When the paper is in your hands, you will have a warm feeling and be full of love in your heart. You will enjoy it.



Photo by Osamah Ahmed Alhamdan

Your Time

**this is your time
to let your light shine
to take part in a perfect design**

**this is your time
as you submit to your creator's perfect plan
to spread joy in a way that only you can**

**this is your time
to be nothing less than who you are
captivating, fascinating
the crowning touch**

**as a beautiful star
as a rosebud**

**slowly unfolding
surrendered in the light
stretching your petals
fragrance filling the room**

**you are coming alive
in full bloom**

Butter Softening

Sometimes I forget
to put the butter out.

Too hard to spread
on toast for breakfast
it can go
for a quick melt
in my microwave.

My mother
doesn't have
a microwave.
"Never had one
never want one."

And sometimes she forgets
to put the butter out.

She takes a
blue and white saucer
and puts on it
three thin pats
cut from the hard stick
then gently places
the saucer on top of her
just poured cup of tea.

The steam slowly
softens the butter
though not as slowly
as one might think.

And then
my mother
sits down,
carefully butters her bread
adds her favorite jam
(homemade black raspberry)
and with tea
sweetened to perfection
(a tablespoon of honey)
quietly eats it.

She proudly showed me
her technique
for butter softening
one morning
and together we had
toast and tea.

Since then
my microwave
sits idle
more
and
more.

Ann L. Carter
Jan. 2001

Mohammed alrabia

Another beautiful day,,
yet with a lonely rose
I wait and no more to say,,
it's a one thing I've chose
Happiness I want for thee,,
if only the stars could agree
Inside of me .. feeling s grows like a small tree ..
Just come and see.. how beautiful became the tree

Fire is what the heart seeks..
Require a kiss on the cheeks..
When thee looks at my eyes..
For thay I melt like the ice..

And I gave you the lines.. of my heart.. so keep it right !
Don't be frighten.. if you saw me dying.
I'll fall with a big smile .. like a happy childe

People think I'm a "stupido".. doing what I have to do
In life, passion guides me. A lot of sin's for one revenge
Walking away is what I always do,,
But the steps keeps ending up with you,,

By my friend Saeed.

Metamorphosis

to be free
to be me
to let go
to be transformed from head to toe
and not afraid to let it show

but I scream
I cry
feeling helpless
feeling denied
locked in
walls closing in
consumed with rage
like a wounded animal trapped in a cage

then I saw your light
pure white
penetrating into my darkest night
stronger than my strongest fight
and the chains broke
and I awoke
to a brand new day

searing hot wax
but I am held
molded
loved
rage, fear, envy
stripped away
true beauty revealed
unveiled, here to stay

raw
unashamed
filled with awe
unafraid
to face sorrow
ready to follow
ready to fly

Leslie Hanson

New Way

Into the wood across the brook
Into the village over the hillock

My way, new way
Which I took yesterday and take today

Where dandelions bloom, magpies fly,
Maidens pass, and winds rise

My way is always a new way
Also today...and also tomorrow...

새로운 길

내를 건너서 숲으로,
고개를 건너서 마을로.

어제도 가고 오늘도 갈
나의길, 새로운길.

미동레가 피고 까치가 날고
아가씨가 지나고 바람이 일고.

나의 길은 언제나 새로운길
오늘도, 내일도.

내를 건너서 숲으로,
고개를 건너서 마을로.

This poem was composed in Korean by Eunju Lee earlier this year in a Korean literature class at her university. This semester she translated it into English, consulting by e-mail with her Korean professor to try to maintain the same style and phrasing appropriate to the period.

Canh Le

Confident versus confidential

A young boy coming back from school said to his dad: “Today, I had a quiz in which the question asked about differences between CONFIDENT and CONFIDENTIAL. Could you please give me a simple answer?”

After a short moment, the father said: “You are my son. I am confident about that. Your friend next door is also my son, but that is confidential”.

A Special Note to my Mother

by Vilelmina Romero

Your words touch my life,
but your presence is always with me,
all the time you have sweet words for me.

I love you with special care.
When I talk to you ,you always share
something with me.

I always enjoy your presence,
You always have a good heart.
You are a treasure for me.
Thank you, Mom, each day for
what you mean to me.

You are always so sweet and special that
no words can describe more than your
presence.

From a long distance your love is always

appreciated and this is the time I express my
gratitude.

Your picture evokes tender feeling for me.

Your love is always faithful through the changes in
life.

You are beautiful like a bouquet of flowers that I
hold in my heart.

You are a special friend with a special touch of love.

You have a heart that understand,

Your words never hurt others.

I love you eternally.

On Worn-Out Images

David Murphy

Sometimes through fields,
sometimes through alleys,
a black Victorian coach trots,
its driver hunched like a tired Spaniard,
a buggy whip in one hand, the reins in the other,
a black cloth like a whirlwind around his body.
And the horses, the carriage: black too.
They clip-clop to orphan the people who are passing.

The colorful, fleshy thought of Death, of moths
fluttering to bare lightbulbs, of a barefoot
man before a flickering fire—these images
and their brothers and sisters are family to me,
dear to my heart, as enduring in my mind as
framed photographs. When I see them scrawled
again and again, I want to kiss their pretty heads,
pull the covers up to their chins,
and set their canes within easy reach.
I'll tell them I'll see them in the morning;
it will be another bright day.

David Murphy

Blue

Along Malaysia's white sand lies a cerulean ocean,
blue until the water touches the blue sky.

Endless blue: water speared by luminous scales of fish blue;
shoreline women stating fashion, blue silk against brown skin;

and the wiry blue line on the fishing reel: long-sleeve, thin
white shirt, rod held swaying over water on a cobalt night.

Along beaches, at restaurants, folks hawk blue,
so even the paper lanterns glowing yellow seem sapphire.

Night and day stumble blue, snagged between purple and green,
and the sun moon tides roll between cerulean and steel-grey blue,

their waves flecked with white foam,
and even that white tinged ultramarine.

The Day the Al Matar Family Fed Us

Fried chicken with special spices
Lots of fried chicken
Grape leaves rolled individually
Dozens and dozens of these
Chicken and rice, chicken and rice
A never-ending giant pan of "Kapsa"
Thick slices of potato
garnishing the grape leaves
Did I mention the grape leaves?
A delicious salad filled another pan
And a deep collection of vegetables yet another
Did I mention the grape leaves?

"My family and I wish to express
our profound gratitude for all that
you, our teachers, do to help
us in our learning of
the English language."

A sincere gesture, a simple statement
We teachers eating with glee
Smiling, talking, positive sounds
Optimism ruling the day
Carrying the feeling into our
afternoon classes
Happy teachers, happy students

A Thanksgiving Day echo
Remembering what's most important
Human relationships, living well
And did I mention the grape leaves?

Nature is Always Hungry

A car is parked there;
its wheels are under leaves.
The natural world is
consuming the metal shape.
Grey steel melds with oak;
a late Autumn breeze blows.
Flakes of paint, flakes of snow
falling through the air.
"Where did I leave my keys?,"
asks the owner, five days later.
"Where did I leave my car?,"
asks the owner, five weeks later.

A Visit From Arthur Short Bull

Soft-spoken grace
The audience warms to his words
An artist explaining a new world

Filling the chalk-board with wind-horses
Our names etched along each of their manes
Millions of buffaloes are no longer here
That's why the animal's majesty evokes sorrow

Porcupine quills were once used for beading
"We lost the wars after we changed to round
beads," he suggests

The Ogala band of the Lakota Sioux, horse-riders
Grant Short Bull fought against, then for the U.S.
Sorting out the ancestral story
Bridging the past with the present

A spirit trying to become a human
That's any child until age five
So do not correct or punish them

A wise man predicted
the coming of white, black, and yellow people
In a vision ending with red people living in boxes
These four colors are important

One early morning in December
The trees were bare and the air was cold
Blue is for the sky and green is the earth

IGNITE: A Six Step, Rapid Problem-Solving Process

1. Identify a problem.
2. **Get** the facts.
3. **Numerate** options.
4. **Imagine** consequences.
5. **Take** the best option.
6. **Elaborate** a plan.

Items on this page were composed by Robb Scott

Just Test Yourself

1. What's the most beautiful drive you've ever taken?
2. How will our culture change in the next 100 years?
3. What quality do you think is most important in a marriage?
4. If you had only five more years to live, would you change anything about your life?
5. If you could rename yourself, what name would you choose?

Name: **Yuan Wei-fan**

F: Yuan Wei-fan

L: Lavinia

F: Hello, long time no see, how have you been?

L: So far so good, just a little tired.

F: Tired? Why I thought ELP is pretty easy? Isn't it?

L: Yeah. Kind of, you know I put a lot effort in it; I want to pass it as soon as possible. And I do work at the same time.

F: Then I can understand, I know that ELP is not really hard, but if you want to do well in it you really need to study. Where do you work by the way?

L: I work in the Derby dining center. And how are your classes?

F: Oh, my classes are hard and too many tests all the time. But, still under control.

L: Sounds good. How is your girlfriend?

F: Oh. We broke up 3 days ago.

L: Sorry about that.

F: That's alright, things happen. We just stay faraway of each other and recently I notice that we don't have any common language any more.

L: That's true, anyway good luck.

F: Thanks. Right. Do you go to the Rec. center often?

L: Sometimes, and Friday night.

F: Were you there when Han Leeway twisted his ankle?

L: Yeah I was there at that time. And Han seemed in so much pain that time. How long do you think it will take for his recovery, since you major in kinesiology?

F: To be honest, I don't know. But it's not too bad because he can walk. I think he really needs a rest.

L: Right.

F: How do you like exercise?

L: That is a good question; I like exercise because it makes me look good and healthier.

F: That is good, you know exercise is the best pill for heart disease.

L: Really? I don't know much about that!

F: Yes. Exercise can help us to live longer, so take some time to do that.

L: Ok. Exercise for a longer life.

F: Here you go.

F: Alright, my class will start in 5 minutes so I'd better go; it's nice to talk to you.

L: Ok. Take it easy and talk to you later.

F: Ok. See you.

L: Bye.