



Yaowaree Leavell

# Rosa Parks

By Samuel Williams

The year was 1955  
And the south was divided by segregation;  
The civil rights movement was very much alive  
And it was in need of some vigorous stimulation.

The momentous event occurred in Montgomery, Alabama  
And no one could imagine its true magnitude;  
The actions of one little lady who was caught up in a system  
That was both wicked and rude.

Rosa parks was as tired as tired can be.  
She was hurting from her head to her feet,  
Yet she would change our nation's history  
For refusing to give up her bus seat.

For refusing she was put in a cell,  
Fingerprinted and put in jail.  
Still those who gathered to pay her bail  
Knew she had rung the right alarm bell.

Rosa parks didn't want confrontation,  
All she wanted was some old fashioned respect.  
But when she got the nation's attention  
She stood firm and stuck out her neck.

The civil rights movement would last much longer,  
But Rosa's stance helped broaden the fight.  
Thanks to one little tired lady  
Who sat down because she knew she was right.

# On Call

By Sarah Mike

Light flits through the curtain, and I catch a glimpse of  
all that I have lost.

Standing at this window, I watch them passing by,  
those twenty-somethings with their perfect families,  
well slept eyes, hair neatly braided with not a drop of  
silver to be found.

I see their wedding rings, their baby carriages, their  
smiles, and their freshly pressed suits.

Down the long corridor where the florescent sun never  
sleeps and where the only constant on the menu is  
morphine, a mirror shows me all that I have gained.  
Even in this 36th hour, I am free. Hair a mess,  
wrinkled coat, lack of sleep—this is the stuff of my  
dreams.

There is one more patient to see, one last note to write,  
one last order, and thankfully many more long nights  
of this calling.

# True Love

By Angela Guzmán

Dear Lover. . .  
I apologize for neglecting to tell you that you are the inspiration  
behind the sun rise each morning  
Gently encouraging it to set sweetly at night  
Leaving for me a trail of hues to illuminate my path back to you  
It seems this seed of love has grown slowly  
Carefully  
Contemplating which season to blossom  
Only to retreat again into the solitude of the soil's womb  
Leaving fragrant petals for us to cherish until it blooms again  
Our passive encounters of divine origins  
Led us blindly down two pebble trails that merged into one path  
We named it Love  
In honor of those who blazed the trail before  
Bequeathing clues secretly hidden beneath each pebble  
Encircling our names into the barks of trees  
My hand guided by yours  
It seems. . .  
That again I neglected to tell you that your touch excites my  
heart to beat  
Faster then slower  
Simultaneously  
I withdraw instinctively  
But you patiently guide your fingers through mine  
Drawing me near  
Eyes interlocked. . . all doubts disappear  
I forget to breathe  
You inflate my lungs for me  
As we float down this path that many have partaken  
Declaring our destiny  
Etching our names into history  
As two people who unknowingly  
Ascended into the land of purity  
Choosing to live amongst the stars with those  
Who were blessed to find true love



Luis Bolaños

# Service Learning

By José E. Rodríguez M.D.

*For Nicaragua*

Hundreds of patients  
Essential primary care  
Million-pede

Pool dueling monkeys  
Tortillas and beans  
Running

Mis-priced missed flights  
Direct to miami  
Welcome home