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Wherever Life Takes You



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Submit your poetry and visual art to:

on trying
to be

who you

ARE

and

who you

AREN'T

Archiving. *Your black and white thoughts.*
The theories, you had about yourself,
You saw the future
and saw it fit to be.

Sampling. *A sip, of the American life.*

A bold flavor bursting with green,
with floral notes of hedonism.
A developing taste, which you have warmed up to
and planned to swim in.

Forgetting. *Your true past, your Palestinian mother.*

A smooth flavor, eroding with emotion,
with acidic zests of guilt.
An innate flavor, which was locked on the tongue of your brain.

Individualistic. *This American sip. The sense of "I."*

Pluralistic. *This Arabic tea. The sense of "we."*

Twisted because you are confused. You latched on tight,
onto the concrete, you succeed and salute yourself.

Yet suddenly. A summer later.

A visit back to the Palestinian olive tree,
your 20 year old tongue bleeds on your mother's walls, drained and dehydrated.
Parched. You cannot decide between the two.

by Faris Habayeb

Words on the Go 638 North St. Lafayette , IN 47901 Check guidelines at: wordsgo@hotmail.com or <http://gocitybus.com/wordsonthego/> Volume 2, Edition 1