



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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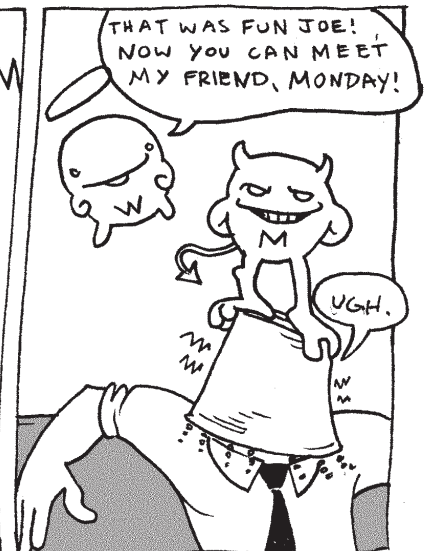
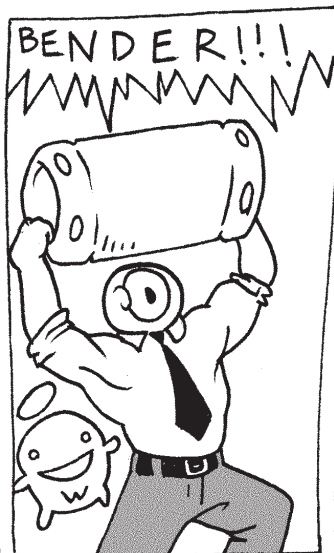


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JOE
CORNEA



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bboy

become the message you were meant to carry
smell the smooth surface with your finger tips
let the beauty surge through you
then explode in brilliance
and flare

Made in the image of a god

...as though I were carefully painted
im only nineteen years old
but my soul can not be tainted
i'm focused on my goals
yet boarder line insane
dominating duals breaking all the rules
i attack life with the fury of a hurricane
i believe in everything
and yet nothing to me is real
it's not an earth quake hitting you
that's my energy you feel
my skin is unbreakable
and my will is made of granite
i may be nineteen
but im the king of this planet

College Love

Ten minutes of boiling devotion,
fueled by urges and by lust
She conquered my soul, as I
forfeit my love and my trust

And against all beautiful women,
which none would be the winner
Could ever dream of stealing my heart,
from my mac and cheese dinner

Poetry

By Eric Wong

His Mortal Paradox

He wonders what it would be like to die.
Would the world continue on without him?
He does not want the world to stop and sigh.
He does not want people's lives to dim.
But how ironic to think that would be
When he has touched so many in countless ways.
Without his presence, his smile lovingly,
You wonder what would change about your days.
His love has made all the difference to you.
But he thinks he doesn't matter in the end.
Over and over you tell him that's not true.
Where would you be without him as a friend?
He thinks himself to be insignificant.
The world would stop. But that is not his want.

Is It Possible?

Is it possible
To know
That someone you've just met
Could be
The person that for now
Brings you joy

Can it be
That someone
Just doesn't know
That he's the one
Who can make
All your wildest dreams come true

Poetry

By Joanna Licata

The Kiss

Kiss me
Right on my soft cold lips
Over by the flowers
Next to the gate
Could you stay awhile longer
Hold me closer
Even through the storm
Veiled in the soft mist of rain



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