

A photograph of a dirt path winding through a forest. Sunlight filters through the dense canopy of green and yellowing leaves, creating a dappled light effect on the path. The path is covered with fallen leaves and small twigs. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and natural.

talking sidewalks

voices. faces. stories. souls.

Small group, few words, great meaning.

DeAnthony Smith



Thomas G. Owens

For questions, comments, or to get involved, email talkingsidewalks@gmail.com

Read it online at www.talkingsidewalks.com

To the Reader

At the Shelter in Chapel Hill, there are three of us with 6 university degrees and one prison sentence; there are another three with 6 sentences and one degree.

There are simple stories of tragic accidents, and inchoate stories of meandering descent.

We are divided between White and Black, young and old, urban and rural, erudite and illiterate. The demographics include the obvious, chronic alcoholism and drug abuse; and less obvious, such as a handful of superannuated computer programmers expert in obsolescent systems.

Some of us touch down on the way to new jobs like aircraft refueling; others seem stuck, from despair, from disability, or from I don't know.

The pool of homeless in our town is too small for valid statistics, but too large to go unnoticed.

Here is the seventh sampler of our voices.

Peter S.

Questions

Derrick Coleman

What is it in my past that is holding me back that stops me from moving forward?

I believe it's past hurt that never went away. I turned it into an anger or you can say some type of front to hide true feelings that I can't seem to get out. Every time we as a person get hurt by someone or something we put up a shield so that we are prepared so it doesn't happen again. And that is a hard thing to let go of because we know if we drop the game it's possible for it to happen again.

So how do we move on? Truly?



Thomas G. Owens



Thomas G. Owens

Divorce

Mark Davidson

Oh, one more drink, then I'll say something. Wow, she's working my way, maybe I ought to go over to her. No she won't have anything to do with one such as myself. After hours of debating the thought, my nerve had taken control. I walked calmly over towards her and within that critical moment to speak; Hello babe. Darn, someone else beat me to the punch as delicious as it was. So I went back to my stool and began drowning my sorrows in a bottle that became the love I lacked. Years passed by and the disease progressed. Now in command of my every thought and jealous towards any interruption. Hold me, take me, I'm yours for the taking, don't ever let go. After a forty year relationship, or I should say marriage, divorce is due.

I changed everything around me, people, places, and things, became homeless but free from my disease. Yes, I am divorced from the bottle and it's been eleven months now. I awake each morning thanking God, I don't have to reach for that "bottle of courage" or need that drink today.

Did You Notice?

Jay Harris

Long hair, tight jeans, flashy shoes, soft voice, soft body.

Arched eye brows, high cheek bones, color contacts,

bath and body works.

This is me. I've sat in darkness for you too long.

Did you notice when I cut my hair?

Did you notice the line up I got?

Did you care that I changed for you?

Did you care that I lived for you?

Arguments, fights, singing to myself to dull the pain.

I can't see, there's no light, there's only you.

Why aren't I enough? why won't you love me?

We had it, it's gone.

I see a way out: 10 hour bus ride, rain on the window

or is it my tears?

I'm free.

Old Clothes

Warren Moore

I was raised in the ghettos

You can believe what you was told

My clothes so old with a lot of holes

I can't afford new clothes

So my toes almost froze

Left in a world so cold

I guess I fit in the mold

But I still gained self-control

When life starts to take its toll

I was left in the threshold

Standing up like a pole

Traveling on these crossroads

Where they end no one knows

But I just follow my nose

Mysteries start to unfold

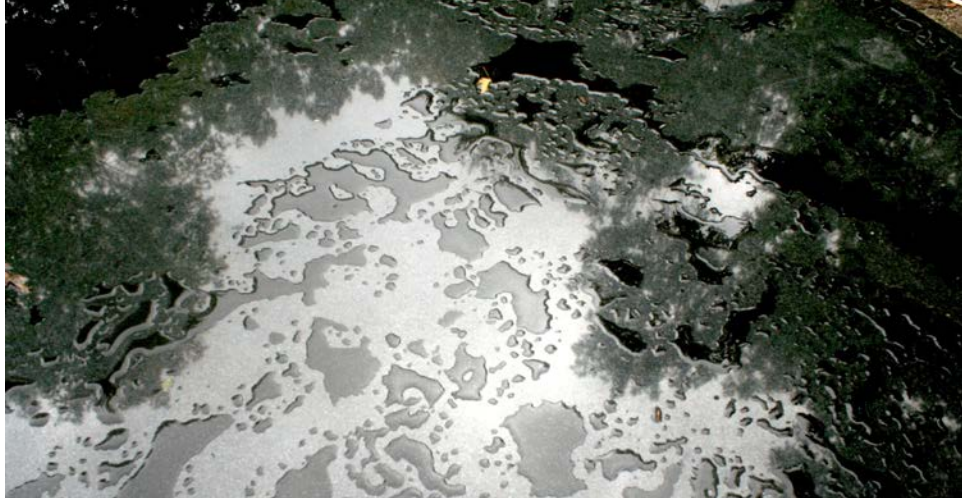
So I found a pot of gold

So I moved out of the ghetto

Look at me now it really shows

I got new clothes

I don't wear nothing old

*Merga***Passion***Amanda*

Passion

It lies in all of us

Sleeping, waiting,

and though unwanted, unbidden it will stir

Open it's jaws and howl

It speaks to us. Guides us, passion rules us all and we obey.

What other choice do we have?

Passion is the source of our finest moments.

The joy of love... the clarity of hatred... and the ecstasy of grief.

It hurts sometimes more than we can bear

If we could live without passion maybe we would know

some kind of peace, but we would be hollow.

Empty rooms, shuttered and dank—

Without passion, we'd be truly dead.

Love*Bobby*

Love is a passion and everlasting.

It's the hope to cope with another, can you imagine?

It's a free falling sensation you feel in your chest.

Its bracing effects feel great, like none of the rest.

Can be explained mentally, but is physically strained,

Remains sane when everything else seems so plain.

It's like clear weather in rain, nothing in vain,

Helps the helpless insane look for better ways.

Love to some can be hard to describe,

But to me it seems like it's something that never dies,

It just strives on never saying goodbye,

But how do you do.

You know love is true

And it always comes in two.



Thomas G. Owens

Broken Traditions

DeAnthony Smith

Another morning
 Another day
 Each man walks
 Down the very same way
 He who stumbled
 Stumbles again
 Mr. Lonely
 Yet has no friend
 She who sells
 Sells some more
 He who preaches
 Yet opens no door
 She who struggles to raise a child
 Still goes clubbing, running wild
 He who smokes
 Continues to choke
 The irresponsible
 Continues to joke
 But a day shall come
 The sun shall rise
 And a man shall stand
 Amongst the clouds
 Routine shall be broken
 Tradition . . . gone
 Millions and billions
 Forever groan

Peanut

Jay Harris

Hey Jay, let's play, let's have some fun.
We can pretend to be astronauts in outer space,
we can use your mom's glass bowl to cover your face.

No Peanut she'll have a fit,
and it's me moron who'll deal with it.

Jay, you're no fun,
hey let's dig a hole,
out in the back yard,
we'll pretend we're trolls.

We've done that already,
you remember?
Look at my leg,
I still got that splinter.

okay how about we be famous musicians?
we'll make our stage here in the kitchen.

Oh that sounds fun,
What will we sing?
oh I don't know what,
we'll think of something.

But first things first,
what will you wear?
ummm... your dads leather coat

I like this look Jay,
you look great!
but stars must eat,
let's eat some cake!
No that's for dinner,
my mom will freak!
We'll just stuff it with tissue, we'll make it look neat.
And while we're at it, let's have some juice.
We'll make it ourselves, go grab some fruit.

Peanut this is fun, you're my bestest friend.

I know this Jay, till the end.



Merga

A Squirrel on UNC's Campus

Derrick Coleman



Darryl Anthony

Chiff chiff chiff, Man oh man what am I gonna do? Winter is just around the corner and I still have no food, wait a minute ha! UNC — tree central. There's bound to be food there.

(Running into another squirrel) "If you are looking for food there's some inside the Big Guy's office inside the building. I think it's the Chancellor, but be careful. Not only is it hard to navigate because of the humans, but if you stir up trouble it'll be a big mess!"
"Thanks for the tip!"

Now I'm running inside the building, jumpin on top of lockers, staying outta the way, somehow I get tossed across the hall! Geez there's so many feet, how am I ever gonna get food? Hey there's food. This is taking forever. Hey, I catch a break. Finally I find this big door full of nuts.

Thoughts From My Stomach

Jay Harris

Bubble, bubble, I'm in trouble.

I feel like I'm about to double...

Over, my gut,

My gut or is it my butt?

I don't blame myself, I blame peanut chocolate chip cookies, pickles, and bread.

I'm seeing cupcakes dance around in my head.

Salisbury steak, potatoes and cheese,

It's making me sick, I'm weak in the knees.

And to top it all off they've brought snacks to this meeting —

I can't take it no more, my patience is fleeting.

I need to lay down. I cannot think straight —

Like now I want chocolate or raisin rum cake.

This poem is ending, I'm going insane.

I've got nothing but cakes and pies on my brain.

Dear Aquaman,

DeAnthony Smith

What help are you to the man on land?

If he is bullied can you take a stand?

If he's being robbed can you lend a hand?

If the damsel screams will you hear?

If so does it matter if no fish are near?

Dear Aquaman, O Aquaman,

What help are you to the man on land?

How She Make Me Feel

Tasha

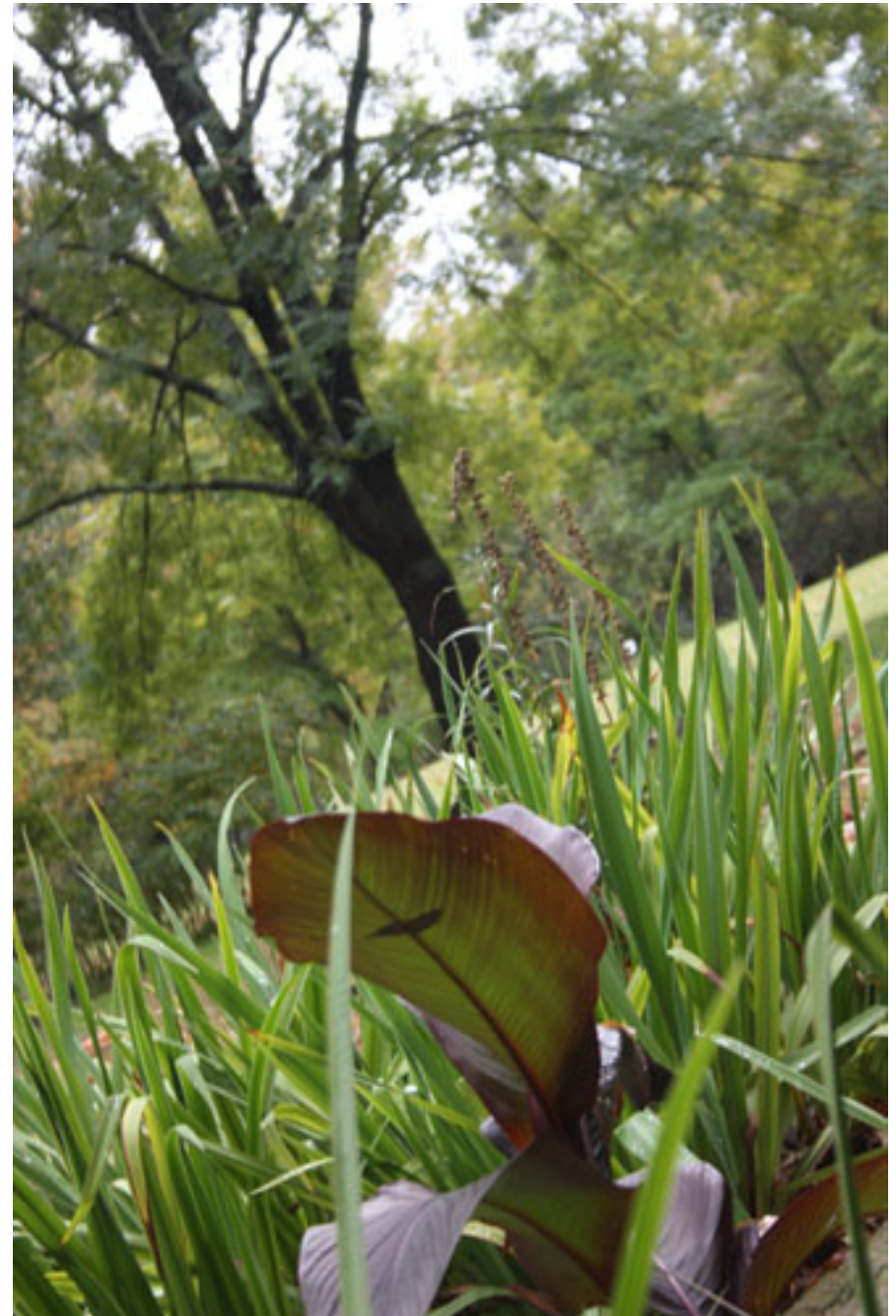
Make me so happy.

Wanna comb my hair when it's nappy;

She let me know what's really happenin',

That's my baby, never do her shady

Cause she my number one lady.



Darryl Anthony

Six-Word Stories

Literary legend has it that Ernest Hemingway was once posed a challenge by his colleagues: write a complete story in only six words. His response — “For Sale: Baby shoes, never worn” — has been celebrated as some of his best work, and has inspired numerous other literary figures to try their hand at the six-word craft. Collected here are some of the stunning “six-worders” composed by the writers of Talking Sidewalks.

I'm getting sick of this shit.

John Allen

You're supposed to be my friend...

Quincy Thomas

Always drunk. Will she ever stop?

Hearts full of corruption. Still hope.

Riding the fast lane so slow.

Derrick Coleman

Anger, frustration, aggravation, sideline, bench warmer.

Figure eight with no skates = NASCAR.

Red eyes. Split sides. Great friends.

Aquaman: “We can use the whales!”

DeAnthony Smith

Good man lost; tried too hard.

Darryl Anthony

Baby it's not you, it's me.

What's that smell? Oh, it's grandpa.

Chris Estrada

Mental Health for What It's Worth

Two heads are better (unless schizophrenic).

Paranoia used wisely is called wisdom.

I watched television and survived... barely

Einstein couldn't remE(=mc2)ber his home address.

Not every single crazy thought is...

Something for everybody usually means nothing

Exceptional minds like water flow seaward.

A sewer will never flow uphill.

You like these? Seek professional help!!

Been there, done that, still standing.

The tide absconded with his sandcastle..

Six word stories? Hard to Do.

Keith B. Morgan

“What I See...”

A Collection of Views from Franklin Street



Thomas G. Owens

People walking down the street hiding behind masks pretending to be someone or something they aren't. Hiding their fear and their sadness and their anger. Nobody out there is who they say they are. I see people walking around like robots maintaining a life that isn't theirs. All their dreams and goals forgotten as they strive for a future already programmed in their heads. Robots and no longer people.

This is what I see!

Amanda

I see people content with their life on the outside, but hurt on the inside. A town that's on top of the world in NC. That what I see when I look on the downtown streets.

Tasha

When I look around I see...different kinds of freedom and self-defenses. A line of buildings on one side and cars four feet away and in between you have us, the population. All crowded and crammed together making our way to various locations all with different purposes. Some sad, some mad, some in between and ones off to the side. A woman stands and awaits the light to turn green. She has intelligence, looks to be very graceful, but covers it up with make-up and puts herself out there because of pain and hurt she dealt with in her past and possibly everyday life. A man walks past me and greets me but the face tells his story as if he was hiding something and would look to be sneaky and possibly dangerous. A woman walks by and you can tell by looking at her entire body and face that she is a hardcore partier by night, but by day she fights herself because she's trapped in her own world and doesn't know how to become free.

Derrick Coleman

Here I sit on the park bench at University Baptist Church. Feeling like a whale out of water, a beach with no sand and a rain drop with no place to land.

Suddenly I think about God who gives me all these emotions

The wind picks up and God allows his emotions upon me.

This is good and in time only gets better

Never do I stop and think about everything that occupies my space.

Seems to me that space is already occupied.

Thomas G. Owens

People waiting for the bus, a tree, grace.

Merga



Thomas G. Owens

Occupy (Fill-in-the-Blank)

Keith B. Morgan

I for one have got to say: “Well, at last!”

What we have here is nothing new (I heard a wise man once say). Since the beginning, when man first decided he MUST have a leader, a king to rule over him, all leaders (governments) have at one point finally TAKEN too much (i.e. everything they can get).

History is the proof. Not one system, method, or government has ever existed without eventually becoming top heavy with the must-haves. All systems have and will fall and topple into themselves when the base of with-outs rise up.

This puffing breeze you hear now is but the gathering strength of a hurricane which will (perhaps) blow away these parasites. “Let them eat cake” was heard once. Now dirty hungry “parasites” cut off the heads of the problem.

Occupy Me

Thomas G. Owens

Well, let’s see. Will you occupy me? You are your own one percent and with me—we are two. Start eating peanut butter and jelly as many a poor person and occupy me. Everyone wants to see change but they look for the silver—and some even beg for it. They sit on benches and occupy space by begging for change. That’s the one percent I don’t want too many of. I would rather occupy space at the Home Depot begging for work than occupy some one else’s pocketbook. That’s the money they have. What they do with it, it’s up to them. We need to occupy our own backyard. Then we can occupy me.

Rich People Are Tasty

Karl Marks

Rich People are tasty
 Delicately marbled flesh,
 Tender from lack of labor,
 Slowly grilled, to bring out the flavor.
 I hear their cries from hell,
 Greed and avarice,
 It made them this way.
 Feed the poor,
 meatloaf, sausage, bacon!
 Fight hunger.
 Like durian,
 Once you get past the smell
 You have it licked.

Who needs loaves and fishes,
 We have billionaires a plenty.

Dan River

Jesse Daniel

The image in my mind is a river. A river that covers many years of getting used to but never really, as a good book, comes to any end. Always somewhat of a new image whether muddy or crystal clear running at a torrential speed. Says when temperatures run 90 degrees Dan River can be a very refreshing feeling from the heat. It seems everything else, clothes wear out, people pass on, but Dan River keeps a swift current and depending on weather overflows into business areas and it seems no matter what always someone is reported to have drowned. Mother nature never ceases to amaze one. The seasons change, the Dan River changes, but is still there, swiftly flowing, but never ends, although dams have been built and roads have passed over.



Jesse Daniel

So many choices in the box...

Derrick Coleman

Born a Damned Soul

Richard Lambert

Ok where do I start? I see a lot of inserts about peoples lives so I guess maybe now is my turn. But I have to warn you this is not a story for the faint-hearted to read and by no means a call for self-pity. But it is a way, I guess I can say: here are the pages, I am an open book — read away. Well, here goes nothing...

I look around everyday and see kids and babies out with their moms and dads and I think to myself what it must feel like because I never had the pleasure of having both mine there. Why? You might ask. Because my dad decided to leave my mom eight months pregnant with me for other women. Yeah I said women. That must have done something to my mom inside that I can not fix because she holds it against me still today. I was born with ADHD for those of you who do not know what that means it is called Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder. My mom after I was born found my father Larry Mercer. “Note” I said father, not Dad. Anyway, I had my father Larry taking care of me like I was his son from the age of about six months till about 5. Now, it was not all a skip through the preverbial park as people say, brace yourself.

I was raped by Larry’s dad Luther when I was three. I did not tell anyone about it at the time because I did not know that what he had done was wrong until around five. It happened to one of my friends. I went to my mom and dad and told them what happened to me. But Luther was on his death bed. Karma you might say gave him a small nudge because he was a very healthy man before touching me. He got sick after that.

Well, of course that set my mom’s mind to work and I lost the best man I have ever known in my life. My mom moved us from our home in north Florida back to our home town. That is when my life completely went to shit. My mom became an abusive alcoholic so when she went to the bottle all the things that went wrong in her life were taken out on me. I just kinda turned bitter inside against the world. I still have my grandmother though bless her soul she was there for me through it all good and bad. When I was about six I went to foster care. Let me tell you that was the roller coaster ride straight through hell. I was beaten and raped 3 more times while there, which completely screwed my head up even more than my mom giving me away to foster service. Finally, I came back home at around 13. Broken feeling, completely alone and used like an old dish rag. I tried to kill myself a few times when I first came back to my mom, feeling like why am I here? She does not want me anyway. But someone had other plans for me cause here I am still today.

I will tell all of you running away from stuff does not make it any better. I know from experience. I have been to 7 of our 51 states and it was all still right there, like a scar you might say, or that ratty rotten next door kid that never seems to go away. I came back to Florida about 2008 after being in New York. But in 2008 I met the Angel that is still a part of my life today: my fiancée DeAnn and my 2 sons Matthew and Jessie. They became my life and a ray of sunshine that ran the Darkness away. But it is still there on the outside of the light trying to come back in. I just look at them — my family, my wife and kids — and keep myself from letting the Darkness rush back in to grab me and pull me away again. I still have a hard time with it but I have a family now. And even though I have them and life is great I look at my past and realize that deep down inside that I am an eternally Damned Soul.

Leaving — Arriving

Keith B. Morgan

Tall trees which reach Heaven's heights, with canopies full of green. Golden shafts poured down the sound of birds flittering melodies in, out, all around. Crystal brooks with laughing waters, so cool to feet ablaze from the summer's baking of rich, fragrant, plowed furrows.

Laughter of friends near or far or not even seen — yet fully felt all the same. Even asleep, playing games only imaginations can bring to the having.

Enveloped with invisible blankets of belonging, shared one with another, one size fits all. Full of the completion that comes with simply being whom the heart calls clearly. Whole, all, one yet many. Each knowing their perfect puzzle's place. Home —

Then —

Arriving into strangeness, cold faces mirroring empty hearts. Each alone, caring each only for their only owns'. Silence — stillness — voices muted, echoing into nothingness. Naked in the freezing blasts of caringless gales. Darnkess surrounding a single, tiny flame, flickering bravely against the empty void.

The move from my childhood town to another that offered only a monetary reward to parents struggling in a world of materials.

I was eight —

I still miss it.



Darryl Anthony



Jesse Daniel

Paths for my Feet

DeAnthony Smith

I grabbed two outfits and placed them in a backpack
 Just two outfits, no tent, no napsack.
 Dirt and pavement became the paths for my feet,
 Soup kitchens and churches the places I'd eat.
 I became invisible even to some of my friends,
 My heart became wounded and refused to mend.
 My eyes became dry from the shedding of tears,
 Which only brought more gestures from all of my peers.
 Then a week from the day I packed that pack,
 I sat in a car, hands behind my back.
 Later, in a cell, I refused to speak,
 My hope so dim I refused to eat.
 After a week I was released,
 Dirt and pavement again the paths for my feet.

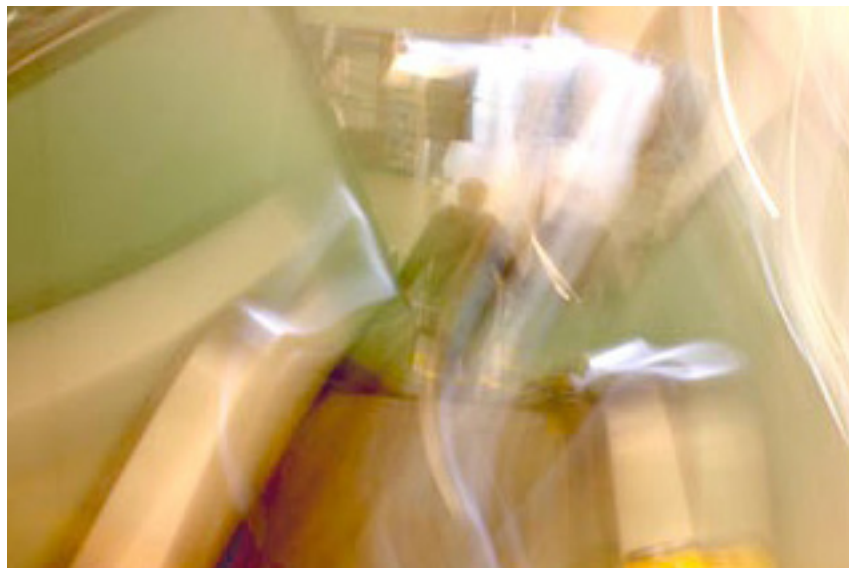
Slipped, tripped, stumbled, but never fell.

DeAnthony Smith

Reasons for Wanting to Be the Father that my Disease Stole From Me:

Mark Davidson

The most important reason is that now with fifteen months of sobriety, all the pain and shame rises from my deepest inner-self — I drank to cover up the loss. Remembering the love shared, time spent together and the bond that was broken, twenty plus years. So now as I trudge the path of light, the darkness left behind is only a reminder of the way it was. Today, I can honestly feel comfortable in my own skin and no longer hear that urge for a drink. Faith is the action part that keeps me from returning to my darkness and hope that my continued sobriety is what brings us back together. I can't change the past, but the sober future, with God's help, and the blessings of a regained relationship with family are here and now, as long as I stay in the day. So yeah, I feel my two sons would happily invite me back into their lives, but only sober and sincere.



Thomas G. Owens



Merga

Full Flight From Reality

Mark Davidson

Being consumed in full flight from reality, and the pain from the loss of two of life's most beautiful gifts has sparked a newfound path and journey to regain such loss. The necessity for the consumption on a daily basis just to calm the tremors or dilute the truth of the matter. I hated myself, for this loss was predicted some twenty years ago, and until that small glimmer of hope fell upon me here in Chapel Hill, I was doomed to repeat the cycle. I was stuck on the cycle so to say. Something inside far greater than I had to take over or my disease won. You see, my disease wants me dead but will settle for me alone, but today there's hope, and faith is what keeps me from returning to my darkness. Until I accepted my condition, the "if" in life becomes still from death. I will see my two sons again.

Parents

Darryl Anthony

I'm still learning about my parents. I was never truly raised by them, at least that's what I tell myself. I lived with them till I was 10, then I went to various placements and group homes. For a long time I held a grudge, thinking that I was in those places because they didn't want to deal with me growing up. And that's when I lost touch with actually knowing who my parents are as people. Sure I know what they do for a living and where they live and the fact that I'm free to visit anytime I want, but I don't know who they are.

My dad's a big country fan, but I found him listening to Denty's Child the other day. Never in my life have I ever seen him listen to anything other than country or Eric Clapton. I know he's a technology buff, into video games and computers more than I am, but maybe that's because he's got money for it. My mom is still the same, but a lot less hard on me than when I was a child. She's been watching the same soap operas since before I was born. The only video games she plays are Free Cell and Solitaire. I help her with gardening and other stuff, but it's more about getting along then getting to know her.

In reality, every time I see my parents, I can see them getting older, physically and mentally. Say like when you meet someone's parents, you see them as they are, not as how they once were to get where they are now. But in any case, I know my parents' background and it was a lot worse than what I am going through. They came off the streets and gave up alcohol and drugs to become successful people in society. You would never guess that they made bad decisions before I was born, unless they tell you. But if they do, they'll say they're still working on themselves.

I Pledge...

Kenny Shafer

I pledge allegiance to my son, for many reasons. 1st, without him my lungs would not fill with air, my heart would cease to beat, and I would not exist. 2nd, he gives me strength to conquer many obstacles of every day life. 3rd, knowing the more I succeed the better his life will be which gives me an endless source of inspiration. And finally, he teaches me that failures as a father are going to happen, the key is to do the best I can and not repeat my failures. My son Christopher Brooks Shafer, you truly are my lifeline, my heart, and my existence.

...Allegiance

Derrick Coleman

I pledge allegiance to my Lord Jesus Christ, because without Him I wouldn't be able to do things I do today. Everyday I mess up and fall, but because of His Grace and Mercy I'm still here. I get to live through a whole nother year. All my life has been a struggle but He always found a way to keep me alive even when I didn't believe. I used to think He was a lie until one day I almost died. I got high off pills and smoked a laced blunt. I could truly say my life was going to be a dump, but I held on because it wasn't my time but then I became homeless with less than a dime. I only wish I could change the past but instead I go towards the future without driving too fast. Here's an example of His grace and mercy. One day I was walking back from UNC Campus to the shelter. A squirrel had fallen from a tree right in front of me. It was laying there on its last breath while I stood in shock. I ran over, picked it up, and hugged it because I was hurt (Heart). I prayed and asked Lord Jesus to save the squirrel's life and He did. The squirrel leaped out of my arms a brand new creature as if it didn't even fall, which led me to believe JESUS LOVES ALL!!!

Hello Future

DeAnthony Smith

Hello, Future guy.

Don't freak out, but right now you're talking to yourself or I'm talking to myself, but I'm you so... Anyway, today is August 17, 2011. You are staying at the IFC community house and today was not the best day of your life. But thank God it wasn't the worst either. You woke up pissed off for no reason. You didn't eat much for lunch. You rode your bike 30 minutes up MLK Blvd. to the DSS only to find out that your ERT card was not where your caseworker said it was (at DSS). Your bike tire exploded on the way back which later caused you to miss dinner because you're used to timing bike rides and not walking time.

But the good news is that if you're reading this it is August 17, 2019 and you're probably having fun doing animation, making movies and video games and stuff. Hope things are going well with the house and all and keep saving for that Porsche if you haven't changed your mind.



Jesse Daniel

Something to Look Forward to

Darryl Anthony

You know, having something to look forward to is the basis for all life. The basic is waking up each day. The rest ranges from whatever each individual desires. My desire is to have my own place. In Alabama, I was doing alright. I had shelter, a van, a job, people at the job who I think genuinely liked me. My gramps was tough and old and stuck in the old ways, so he kicked me out. I kindly refused offers from my co-workers to room with them (I wish I had accepted, but I didn't) and I quit. I quit because my best and only friend that I grew up with dangled a carrot in front of me. A chance to have our own place. So I drove a thousand miles and took a vacation I guess. What happened next was that I unknowingly aided him in multiple B+E's by driving him to the Pawn Shop. He went to jail, I went to jail. He saved himself by giving my name. So I'm stuck on probation, because I've never been in trouble before. I have to say that really sucks that someone could do that, so I have renewed the trust in my parents. I've never asked for help before, but it's actually nice to look forward to something I want and can achieve with assistance. All anyone needs to move forward to their goal is to work hard and keep that mindset. If I waver in the journey towards my goal, I will go off course. And the best thing I have found that will keep the spirits up is optimism. Without optimism, the freshness of life, the heart of it is darkened and moody.

And after all, the sun arose.

Keith B. Morgan

Inspiration

Darryl Anthony

I have always wanted to inspire people, whether or not I can focus on one way to do it. I want to be successful, and have people look up to me. I want to work with children and inspire them to make the right choices. I could go on and on about how I want to inspire people. But what makes people want to be inspired? What makes people want to inspire others? My opinion is that inspiration is hope. I'm homeless and I am inspired and inspiring. I have a kind heart, so I want to help others. My hope is that while I'm inspiring others, I'm inspiring myself to rise from the ashes and lead a successful life. I have always wanted to be a part of something bigger that thinks outside of the box. I am now part of three groups. I am part of CEF, TWB, and JobLink's computer workshop. I am putting myself out in the community helping others. A lifetime ago (well a few months ago) I was introverted and would rather pass time in a corner with a book. Now I have people on my side who I can call out and say, "Hey how have you been? It's great to see you." And they return the gesture. And the thing is, is that I really see that it's heartfelt.

Dreams

Johnny McCarthy

Last dreams awaken, new possibilities arise. Stop hitting the snooze button of life, if you want dreams to come true be careful not to oversleep. Dreams are like stars. You may never touch them, but if you follow them, they will lead you to your destiny.



Thomas G. Owens

What If

TM

What if the world had peace, in every nation
 What if the things that hurt you, made you happy
 What if evil did not exist
 What if food was free
 What if you ruled the world
 What if you could choose to be a boy or girl
 What if you did not have to mourn
 What if you could choose to be born
 What if, what if you could write a poem
 What if

For questions, comments, or to get involved, email talkingsidewalks@gmail.com

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In Memory



Regina Ann Terese Futrell
1967 — 2012

“She was a mom to every child she knew, and a sister to every friend she had... We all have different but fond memories of Regina and her strong, warm hugs, her shy giggle, and her deep unconditional love will live on in the hearts of everyone who knew her.”

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