



Western Washington University  
Western CEDAR

---

WWU Honors Program Senior Projects

WWU Graduate and Undergraduate Scholarship

---

Winter 2001

## Life Through My Eyes

Heather Nicole Casler  
*Western Washington University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://cedar.wvu.edu/wwu\\_honors](https://cedar.wvu.edu/wwu_honors)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Higher Education Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Casler, Heather Nicole, "Life Through My Eyes" (2001). *WWU Honors Program Senior Projects*. 148.  
[https://cedar.wvu.edu/wwu\\_honors/148](https://cedar.wvu.edu/wwu_honors/148)

This Project is brought to you for free and open access by the WWU Graduate and Undergraduate Scholarship at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in WWU Honors Program Senior Projects by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact [westerncedar@wwu.edu](mailto:westerncedar@wwu.edu).

# *Life Through My Eyes*

*A Collection of Poetry  
By  
Heather Nicole Casler*

*Western Washington University  
Honors Program Senior Project  
Winter Quarter 2001*



## ***HONORS THESIS***

**In presenting this Honors paper in partial requirements for a bachelor's degree at Western Washington University, I agree that the library shall make its copies freely available for inspection. I further agree that extensive copying of this thesis is allowable only for scholarly purposes. It is understood that any publication of this thesis for commercial purposes or for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.**

Signature [Handwritten Signature]

Date 7-13-01

## *A Verdict*

*Smoke abounds, crime all around  
All types of races, no smiles on faces  
Looting and riots, because of the bigots  
Justice miscarried, Mayor is harried  
Nobody realizes what's going on  
Till all the good people in L.A. are gone.*

*Killed by the fighters,  
Fighting for justice  
Because of the bigots,  
Who say they've discussed it  
Behind a closed door for days and days  
Brewing their plot with their racist ways  
And when everything's  
Been said and done,  
The police were acquitted,  
And justice... not done.*

*Listen*

*"Not that day, I can't"  
she cries*

*"The day of finals?  
Oh no."*

*I do not understand  
I speak to her  
And try to make her  
LISTEN!*

*I say*

*"It does not matter.  
Grades are not important.  
They never have been.  
In this life, you will  
Do*

*What you want to do  
If you truly wish it.*

*For if you act  
With your heart  
Your  
PAST*

*Does not matter.  
Not at all.*

*You must be who you were  
Meant  
To be.*

*And nothing can stand  
In your way."*

*She looks at me  
With eyes of steel.  
Not cold, but unmovable.  
She will not*

*LISTEN!*  
*And will never understand.*  
*Trapped in the cold*  
*She is*  
*And does not even*  
*Know it.*  
*I weep for her.*  
*For her life.*  
*It is not me she won't*  
*Listen to.*  
*It is her dreams.*  
*They cry out as they*  
*Continue to be ignored*  
*And crushed.*  
*The sound is so sad*  
*To my ears.*  
*She cannot hear them.*  
*She won't LISTEN!*  
*And now they are gone.*

*A Rainy Night On Cornwall*

*Through the twin metronomes  
Sweeping before my eyes  
I see flashes of light  
Houses, cars, vacant lots  
Calmly discussing  
The state of the country  
Or some such trivial thing  
Suddenly, a small shape  
Leaps from the darkness  
I point, yelling stop  
At the moment he brakes  
We watch as the opposite car  
Is also stalled by its  
Driver's compassion  
And we all watch together  
Hearts beating fast with fear  
For the brave creature  
Scurrying through the opaque  
Beams of two threats  
And just as we begin to  
Slow our hearts and  
Speed our cars  
To their destinations  
The small raccoon  
Disappears into the darkness again*

## *Memories*

*A whispered thought,  
A lover's glance  
The world is still  
Filled with romance.  
A baby's laugh,  
A bird at dawn  
The things that keep  
You smiling on  
Day by day  
And year by year  
We remember the things  
That we hold dear  
And when we no longer  
Can remember,  
We become sad  
But there's hope yet  
For memories that time  
Takes away from us,  
Time will never forget.*



## *Whispers of Los Cabos*

### *1*

*Wind in my hair as I descend  
The long staircase towards earth again*

*Bright sun making me squint  
As the long walk to the terminal begins*

*Standing in line to gain admittance  
I fidget and sigh with excited impatience*

*A stamp of my passport and I walk through  
To gather my bags and discover what to do*

*A tense test of nerves as I press the button  
But a green light appears and my worry's for nothing*

*Hotel employees cry from all sides  
But we pass straight past and are then outside*

*Boarding the van with our bags thrown on top  
I now worry for safety from the driver who prefers not to stop*

*We pass desert and cactus, poverty and wealth  
Broken down buildings and spas for your health*

*And then the van does stop and we alight  
Take our bags, check in, and prepare for the night  
And all the world suddenly seems quite alright*

*Leaving the comfort of my five star excess  
I walk down the street in American dress*

*The vendors and hawkers all flock nearby  
With their pushing and prodding, crying "buy buy buy!"*

*Amidst the exploding commercialism here  
I also see poverty that would cause many tears*

*Mothers on blankets along the dusty road  
And children selling Chiclets in their mother's tow*

*The ironic contrast seems to escape  
The locals who smile, seeming unable to hate*

*I purchase gifts for my friends and myself  
Doing a terrible job bartering, but perhaps that's a help*

*Streets filled with life, so easy to enjoy  
Bars with six-hour happy hours where girl always meets boy*

*The traffic is crazy, horns honking like dog barks  
And when a taxi is needed, no matter where it parks*

*Dust mixed with silver and Chiclets and beer  
Shops and restaurants, hotels and piers  
Invisible people serving guests who appear once a year*

*Packing my sack I choose necessary items  
Sunscreen, a book, CD player, gum*

*Down to the pier we trek with our possessions  
Over-preparing for our short hour-long session*

*Boarding the boat that will carry away  
Our bodies and money on this hot sunny day*

*Packed like sardines being watched by huge pelicans  
The engine sputters to life and our journey begins*

*Twenty faces stare down at a blue rectangle of glass  
Oohing and ahing at each fish we pass*

*A history and geography lesson in the middle of Spring Break  
Is delivered through a thick accent that reminds, tips he'll take*

*Passing by sealion colonies that bark like dogs  
That bark like horns and float like logs*

*Pulling up close to the burning sand  
We each splash into the ocean, helped by a hand*

*Finally aground on the isolated beach  
After sightings, rocking, and boaters that teach  
On Playa D'Amour relaxation is reached*

*Night breeze carrying scents of flowers unknown  
Strolling along in a short, pretty gown*

*We hear the soft music before it appears  
Then rounding a corner we know we are here*

*Waiters in white shirts, black pants, aprons  
One pulls my chair and then pushes it in*

*The lighting is soft, an ambient glow  
Through the open ceiling stars shine down on diners below*

*A fine selection of Italian cuisine  
In this Mexican town with beaches pristine*

*As we dine on our food and each other's eyes  
We are serenaded sweetly in Mexican guise*

*We watch as at a nearby table of four  
Coffee is made with alcohol that flames as it pours*

*Completing our meal of lasagna and beauty  
We leave a fine tip, for each man did his duty*

*Strolling away we know we won't forget  
The finest Italian food we ever could get  
From this Mexican place named for Romeo and Juliet*

## *My Darling Ben*

*I could not write a poem for you.  
It seems the Muse has quit my pen.  
My words seem small and trite  
Compared to the feeling within.  
For how can I express a love more  
Beautiful than the world has seen  
With simple human words that try  
But aren't enough for the love to be seen.  
You are my moon, my stars, my sun.  
You are my breath of life.  
And no mortal words could e'er describe  
My joy at becoming your wife.  
There are no words yet thought by man  
That would do this feeling justice.  
So therefore I cannot describe, but  
Only ask you to believe it just is.  
A life apart from you  
Is unthinkable to me.  
All troubles depart from my soul  
With a simple touch by thee.  
And did I tell you yet today  
How much I truly care?  
If I have not, forgive me, and  
Be assured the thought is always there.  
The day of your birth will ever remain  
My favorite day of the year.  
For this is the day that my grief went away,  
When the angels brought you here.  
I could not write a poem for you,  
Though I tried with all my might.  
Therefore, my simple birthday wish I give:*

*For you to enjoy this night.  
I fear my pockets are empty these days,  
So present have I none,  
Only my pledge to love you still  
When all memory of mankind is gone.*

1999

## *My Mother's Struggle*

*A quickly jotted email appears on my screen  
From a mother whose face for eight months I haven't seen  
"Just wanted to let you know..."  
Is the usual occasion  
For this short note appraising me  
Of the latest occurrences  
"The cats are fine, the lizard is sick..."  
How she handles it all is an amazing trick  
I imagine her days, full from dawn to dusk  
Running here, running there, doing all that she must  
A husband leaving on frequent business trips  
A teenage son with thoughts of girls' lips and hips  
A dog, three cats, an iguana, virtual zoo  
A fulltime job and housecleaning to do  
I often think of my mother's struggle  
How I never really helped  
She always does things for the rest of us  
But hardly at all for herself  
Yet feeling sad for her plight in life  
Is not the correct thing to think  
For despite what the rest of us choose to believe  
My mother's struggle is her strength*

## *Hum of Technology*

*Hum of technology  
Surrounds my thoughts  
Voices murmuring over homework*

*Glaring screen  
In front of my eyes  
Artificial colors, artificial worlds*

*Dark grey background  
Fake white paper above  
Letters slowly materialize as I type*

*Hum of technology  
Invades my thoughts  
Voice in my head murmuring*

*www dot com  
Control c, control v  
What happened to turning a page?*

*I send my thoughts  
Through email  
To my friend sitting 5 feet away*

*Hum of technology  
Brings us together  
While ensuring we stay apart*

*Flat, square faces  
Filling the room  
Friendly, round faces hide behind them*



*Three emails a day  
I send to my Mom  
But weeks since I heard her voice*

*Hum of technology  
Is it truly progress  
To lose our humanity to machines?*

2001

## *Living With Honor*

*Going through high school  
Or college or more,  
You can't avoid the labels.  
They surround you.  
They overpower or empower you  
Depending on if they apply.  
Honors Program  
Honor Roll  
Honor Society  
Honor Chords  
Honor Graduate  
But what do they mean?  
If they do not apply,  
Are you a lesser human being?  
If they do apply,  
Does that make you a good person?  
Honor: is it gained  
Through obedience to teachers?  
Adherence to syllabi?  
Avoiding procrastination?  
When schooling is over  
And you've moved on in life,  
Will pieces of paper that say  
Honor on them matter?  
Or will you measure your success  
Not by Graduation with Honors,  
But by living with Honor?  
Honor exists within us all  
And can never be granted  
On a piece of paper  
By an institution.*

*We can all tell those who only  
Received Honors  
From those who live with Honor  
Each and every day.*

2001

*Leaves Falling Like Rain*

*The hill standing watch over  
This institution of knowledge  
Is speckled yellow and red  
Amidst its ever-present green.*

*The carpet of bricks and grass  
Creeping throughout the buildings  
Has become a thick and soft  
Crackling carpet of leaves.*

*This unseasonal weather of sun  
Is deceptive in its beauty.  
Reminding us of what's to come  
Are the leaves falling like rain.*

*Golden leaves falling like rain,  
Bouncing off sunbeams on their way down,  
Blown by the breeze as they tumble  
To protect and blanket the ground.*

*The omen of seasons changing  
Rustles beneath our feet,  
The promise of Winter's arrival  
And the evidence of Summer's defeat.*

## *Live Your Life*

*Change can be scary  
If you don't think you're ready  
And everything's moving too fast  
You spend so much time making decisions  
About life while meantime  
Life has passed  
Plans and progressions  
Clog up your mind  
And you don't quite remember  
The goal  
You keep pushing and pushing  
Trying to get there  
Trying to get where?  
You don't know  
And meantime while you're  
Pushing and planning  
To make your life perfect one day  
Your life is being lived around you  
And you don't even realize it's late  
Remember to smell the roses  
And the cheesecake and hot dogs, too  
For while you are planning  
What your life will be like  
Your life is happening to you  
Take time to love your loved ones  
Enjoy a sunset or three  
Swim in the ocean and run up a hill  
Don't wait until your life is "complete"  
Always strive for more  
But only within yourself  
Be content with what you have*

*But never with who you are  
You can always love stronger  
You can always be more caring  
You can always learn new things  
So live your life as it's happening  
And enjoy what the future brings*

1998