

Visions

Vol. 6 Issue 1



January 2006

A Letter From the Editors

One Magazine
Over Thirty Pieces
Over Twenty Minds
Thousands of words
One truth

We hope that you enjoy reading *Visions* as much as we enjoyed compiling the work of such talented artists. Like a skilled artisan, a writer can transform a bland piece of paper into a masterpiece, carefully choosing words to evoke emotions and paint pictures. We hope you find this issue to become an experience, drawing from the insights of the artists and also stirring your own emotions. Thank you to everyone who submitted, for you are who truly make this magazine.

-Stephanie Domoracki and Julianne Cargill

Cover art by Chrissy Macoul, Class of 2006

Dedication

We dedicate this issue to Brother Armand Gaudreau, FMS. Those who knew you agree that their lives were blessed in so many ways. The memories of your life teach us to strive to be closer to God and to find the happiness that you found in His embrace. Your presence will always be a part of Central Catholic. Thank you for the time you spent here.

God Is Good

Oh, would
that in his trust I had stood
and acted as I should,
to let him
through me
accomplish more than I could.

Yet there is always hope
for this plank of stubborn wood
to be cut and fashioned
in patience as he would,
for God is good indeed.

Br. Rene D. Roy

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High Up in The ground

We climb mountains, cross seas and oceans
Like birds we soar the sky in man-made crafts
Yet we have unnatural fear of succeeding through our own might
Stepping on others has become the only way of climbing up the ladder
There can be no winner without a loser
Even the universe seems to agree
Carelessly picking one by one to crush and forget
There can be no world powers without the lesser beings
No developed countries without those third world nations
No white supremacy without minorities
We have turned earth into a battleground
Going to war in boardrooms wearing designer suits
Trading in those guns for money
As we buy off other's freedom and free will
Exploiting children, the old &
Anybody who is ignorant is fair game
After all it is Survival of the fittest
We attest our faith to a God only remembered in church
Facts have become the enemy of truth
Using profits to justify destroying lives
Going to war has become a matter of logic
Every evil has become necessary
Declaring its lives we're saving by gunning down a few people
We've become accustomed to the sight
Of hungry teenage girls begging for food to feed their babies
Accustomed to the sights of little boys carrying guns
In a world that is supposed to be so civilized
In a society where love thy neighbor is the Golden Rule
We have become cruel and primitive
Focused on rising higher while we're actually digging ourselves
deeper.

Fidelis Wambui
Class of 2006

Simply not enough

the world just grew too much.
She-
too little.

She clung to her quilts,
wondering Why-

blowing bubbles
and
lying in the grass
and
spinning in circles
and
taking naps
and
eating ice cream
and
catching bugs
and
counting stars
and
giving hugs

were Simply not enough
anymore.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007

Closed For Good

(An assignment completed for Ms. DeSantis's English II class)

After a long, hot day at the beach, my sister and I always looked forward to having something cool to eat or drink. What place better than Dodie's? A small store only a few minutes away from the beach for some ice cream or candy, was always our first choice. Creamsicles, sherbet, popsicles of every kind, hoodies, Italian ice. It was always a tough choice to make. Hurry up and decide, says mom.

We pay the woman, who we assumed owned the store because she was there every time we went there, and headed back for the beach. I attempt to devour my treat before it melts all over my sandy hands in the hot sun, but try to savor every bite at the same time. My sister and I smile at each other with ice cream all over our faces. It was like a ritual. Everyday we were at the beach at about 3 o'clock, for years; we would head over to Dodie's.

The first day we were at the beach one summer when I was just 11 years old, of course I had my heart set on going to Dodie's. I had a craving for at least a single popsicle. My sister and I hurriedly walked over to our favorite store for something good to eat.

Lights out. Boarded up windows. Locked doors. That gray smell. A sign that reads "Closed for good." That's the only thing we saw that day. How could this be, I thought to myself. Am I really seeing this? Dodie's, closed for good. I felt I could see the sign, even with my eyes closed. Feeling as if I'm about to cry, my mother tries to make my sister and I feel better telling us that she'll get us popsicles at the supermarket, or an ice cream cone down the street. It's just not the same.

We'll never know why Dodie's really closed, but one thing is for sure, no store would ever truly replace it. We never even bothered to walk down the street to where Dodie's used to be to see if a new store might have taken its place. Dodie's was closed for good.

Eddie Domoracki
Class of 2008

“I can’t believe he broke up with me,” I sniffled into the phone as I trudged through the kitchen in search of the hot fudge. “I have to get my mind off this, let’s do something tomorrow night.” So, Jeff, my best friend for as long as I could remember, cancelled plans to go to a party the following night in exchange for an endless drive to the tune of “I Will Survive” with the pathetic lump of flesh I had become.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said. “There will be other parties.”

It wasn’t until later that I realized how much both Jeff and my family have influenced me. Jeff’s selflessness and constant dedication to our friendship showed me that life is impossible without the guidance, support, and love of friends and family, things I have often taken for granted. As a spoiled only child for the first half of my high school career, I never gave a second thought to the kindness of my friends, the time and effort my mother put into parenting, or the countless presents on holidays.

Later that night, when I hung up with Jeff after giving him an in-depth play-by-play of my first high school break-up, I rested my head on my pillow and for the first time, fully understood how lucky I was. The next day, over chicken quesadillas and chocolate cake, he listened even more and assured me that no matter what, he’d always be there for me.

After what felt, at the time, like the most traumatic experience conceivable, I was able to see what really matters: friends and family. I spent so much of my life preoccupied with my own agenda that I didn’t take the time to comprehend how much I was receiving from the people around me, both materialistically and emotionally. Now, I am able to see that my mom didn’t have to drive me to dance class, my grandparents didn’t have to buy me Christmas presents, and Jeff didn’t have to let me cry on his shoulder. Instead, they chose those acts of kindness to express their love, acts that I no longer just expect.

When I was finally able to clear my head of the fog that was my only child syndrome, I was able to appreciate not only the people who have played significant roles in my life for many years, but also the blessing that came into my life only months earlier. While I was sitting in my junior year religion class, my mother was giving birth to an eight pound, wailing baby boy, John Michael. As I entered a pivotal year in my high school career, I was horrified by the idea that after

being the only child in my house for sixteen years, a baby was moving in. Everyone would gawk over the new arrival, making silly faces and babbling like idiots, and I would be long forgotten. I would have never come to see how lucky I really was had it not been for days like those with Jeff after my first break-up. Sure, a new baby brother was a big adjustment, but the help I received from my family and friends, as they listened and advised me, made me realize that John is definitely someone to appreciate. Not every seventeen-year-old trips over “Chicken-Dance Elmo” on their way to the bathroom in the middle of the night, but not every seventeen-year old is greeted by the big smile of a one-year-old after a long day at school, either.

As Jeff and I pulled into my driveway, I sat back and laughed to myself. “Of course,” I thought, “I Will Survive,” but it’s not because of the eventual relief I’ll feel from my first heart-break. It’s because of the love and support of people like Jeff sitting next to me, and the happiness brought into my life by my new baby brother, John.

Nicole Grandinetti
Class of 2006

Music

Music-----

I use the music to escape reality,
run from the real,
hide in the fantasies,
of emotions in tune.

Music-----

I see the music as my gateway,
fall into dreams,
lie in the euphoria,
of feelings made into song.

Music-----

I connect the music to my life,
sing the stories,
realize the link,
of one soul to another.

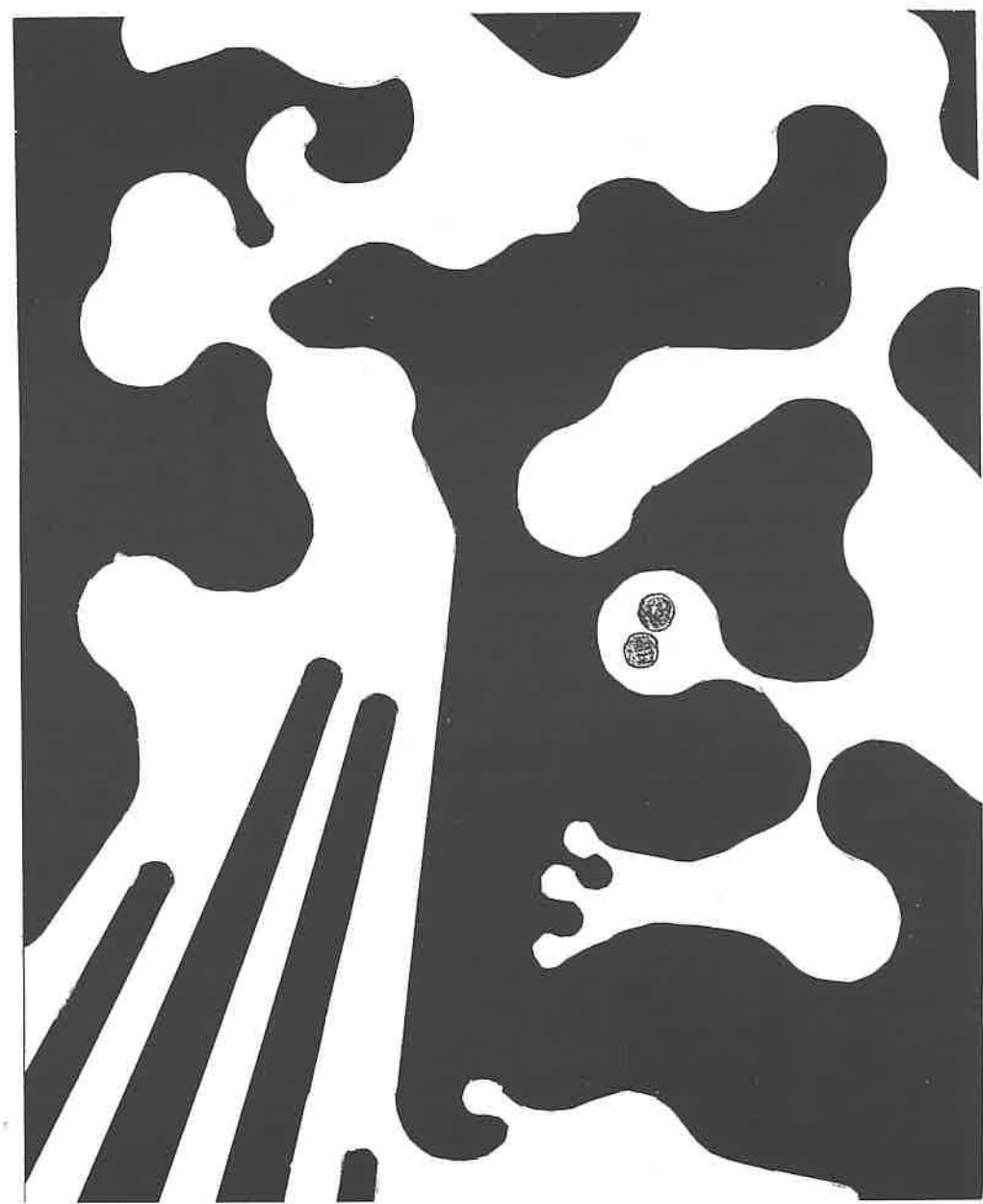
Music-----

I am the music of my life,
live the adventure,
seize the day,
of moments you only live once.

Music-----

I remember the music that makes me
never lose track,
never forget,
of who I truly am.

John Facendola
Class of 2007



Beep

A piercing beeping sound
fills the tense air.

Like the steady rhythm
of a beating drum.

One more beep means
one more second of silent pain.

But one more second to gaze
at his milky white skin.

Now there is only
one continuous sound.

One long green line
dragging his life's memories.

Makes and with their weapons
they charge in.

It is too late for
his skin has turned to ice.

And his hand
has let go of mine.

Forever.

Patricia Letayf
Class of 2007

But A Moment

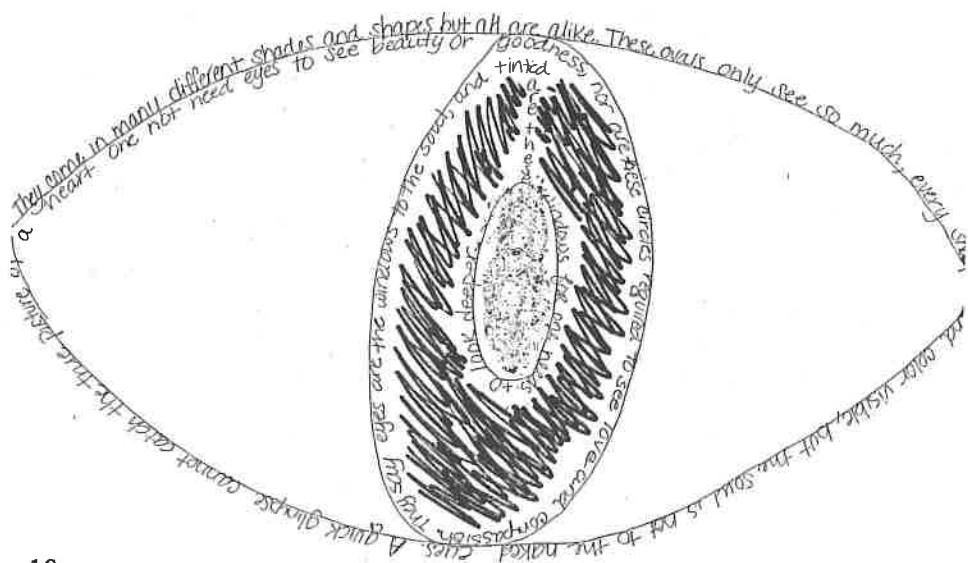
In a moment
Everything has changed.
No one saw it coming
No one ever does.
There one moment
Gone the next
The perfect world we think we have
Shattered
without a reason, without warning.
Time is fleeting leaving nothing to hold on to
Invincible
No longer a concept of reality
but merely an idealistic mindframe.
Everything can be taken
Snatched viciously from our grasp.
No one realizes that this moment
Is all we have
Life is
but a moment.

Briana Woods-Conklin
Class of 2006

I should have taken the chance

I see you walking down the hall
walking as if you don't see me at all
looking this way that way
trying to hide your face
you finally walk past
and then you looked back
but I'm already gone
you waited too long
your chance was there, but you didn't take it
you wish you met me and now you regret it

Sabrina Sanchez
Class of 2008



My Uncles Who Sway
(An assignment for Ms. DeSantis's English II class)

Every 24th of December my family and I go to my uncle's house to celebrate Christmas Eve. I love spending that time with my family. It's one of the few times I get to see them. My family has many different characters: short, tall, wide and small. I don't even mind seeing my uncles who sway like trees in the wind when they get too thirsty. When I was younger, celebrating the excitement of Santa Claus coming the next morning was amazing to me. As it got later and later my cousins and I would discuss what we could have possibly gotten. It always seemed magical how a large man could come not only in my house but come down my chimney and leave me gifts for simply being young it seemed. I guess I loved not knowing.

Tyler Bradley
Class of 2008

Untitled

such mystery;
the way mountains pillar the patterned quilt –
skies
thumbtacks five trillion miles away spin webs –
constellations
paper moons pull seas over the sands of time –
tides
moats guarding ancient cities evaporate –
deserts
earth too precious for Hell explodes to the surface –
volcanoes.
i have the *soul of a sailor*
but the *sense of a banker*
and as my heart swells and bursts
from these sights my eyes drink dry,
i realize there is no way to explain
the truth in such beauty.

Stephanie Domoracki
Class of 2006

Autumn Storm

Wind and rain, fierce through the night,
you are not helping to preserve
the turning leaves desperately clinging to the branches
whose nakedness so recently, it seems,
was covered with eagerly awaited green.
You untimely hasten the dreaded barrenness
which for too long exposes trunk, branch and twig.
Why can't you allow the Fall colors to linger
like the slowly descending ball of golden fire
as it patiently sinks behind the mountains,
casting an electric glow
on dull yellow, reds and maroons,
igniting a burnt-orange fire?
You shred the quilted color with wanton abandon
while your woeful wail repeatedly resounds like the curfew siren
eager to announce the end of summer.
You rush the pace of winter's coming sleep
when rest the days of the shortened light
and drone the choirs of the elongated night.
When you subside, you leave a gray fog blanket to cling to the
darkness
and hold the color of day in extended bondage.
Had I my way, the green would stay,
but if it must yield to change,
then let the colors prolong their time
and, perhaps, never fall.
But no, again I am forced to yield a stubborn will to a higher law,
for as the welcome dawn can only follow the setting sun,
the young leaves of spring can only follow
the shearing of the branches.

Br. Rene D. Roy



Dreams

I see her there within my dreams
Leaning against a wall dressed all in black
Her raven like hair blowing with the wind
Flowing across her perfect face
The moonlight shines down upon her
Her pale skin is set glow
Never was there such a radiant maiden
Perhaps she is the lost Lenore
Hello!
I call out to her
My voice echoing through time
And there I am beside her
She smiles and wraps her arms round mine
"I thought I would never see you"
She says through the tears
"I won't ever leave you again."
I hear myself reply
And I look deep into her eyes
Those beautiful eyes outlined in shades of blue
And we stand there embracing
As though time itself were to stop
And then it is over
Then it is morning and I remember it was only a dream
But even so my pulse will race
At least once a night
In my dreams

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

Limber

(An assignment for Ms. DeSantis's English II class)

What better else to be doing on a hot, red day than riding bikes in the sun? Me and my friends enjoying another summer day. But this is no ordinary summer day. Not another day of street football or loitering on someone's front stairs. Not today. Today we have a purpose. Today our taste buds are yearning for something sweet. Something refreshing.

My friend, Tommy, he's on my baseball team. One day he came to practice with a cup of some sort of slush. Well, that's at least what we thought. Whatcha got there Tommy? Limber, he answers.

Limber, a type of Spanish slush that has a flavor which explodes in your mouth like a firecracker. Well, that's at least that's what I heard. We all, of course, ask for a taste.

All gone, he says, and shows us the empty cup. My mother sells them out of my house for a quarter. Just a quarter. That was a while ago though. Three or four days. Now we yearn for a taste. Now we are about to get one.

So we began the ride. Not far. Down my street and to the right about a mile down. Not far. We ride all chatting and imagining what the first bite a limber would be like. Will it be sour like a Monday morning? Or sweet like the first bite of a summer watermelon?

We finally arrive. Tommy is not home. He's at the local corner store with his sister. His mother answers the door. She speaks no English. We simply say Limber and she sends us a kind smile. She disappears into the darkness and emerges with three cups of limber. We give her a dollar and she disappears into the house.

Limber. My friends dig in right away. But I wait. I want to wait until I get home because it would be a challenge trying to eat it and ride my bike at the same time. My friends finish and we are almost home. Then it falls. Crashes to the ground like an atomic bomb. My friends react as if they have just seen a ghost. I stare blankly. I bet limber isn't sweet-tasting at all. I bet it is sour. Yes. Sour like a Monday morning.

Football, one of my friends suggests as he tosses me the ball.
Yes, I say, football.

Corey Toscano
Class of 2008

Beauty

The beauty in the ocean
Is in its crashing waves.
The beauty in the lion
Is in the courage that makes him brave.

The beauty in the earth we feel
Provides things with their health.
The beauty in the woods we see
Provides animals with their stealth.

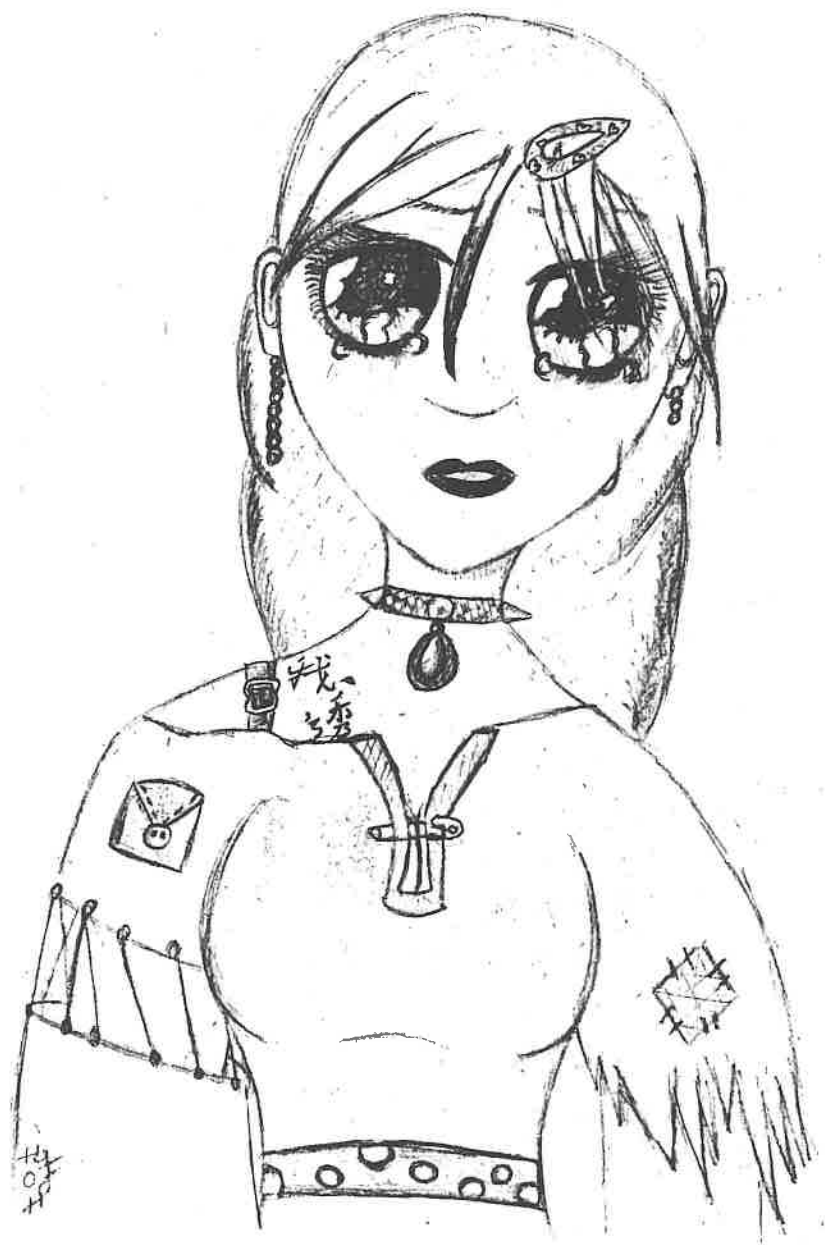
Even the beauty that's in us all
Can be found deep within.
If you can see my true beauty,
You are my greatest friend.

Colleen Bourque
Class of 2008

Untitled

She looks out the window
into the expanse of the night
Confused her hand cannot
break through the pane
transparent and transient
blurred by the shield of haze
her breath makes on the smoothness
of the hour glass slowly thinning
with each speck drifting in the wind
of the outside kept awake by the movement
that She can't touch
her skin feels worn
the wrinkles adding weight
but her time She has spent
She crawls under the quilt
pieced together
with once nimble hands
and wonders when the night
will pass

Julianne Cargill
Class of 2006



Untitled

With the jilted tongues of jaded passion
Seraphim screech at my window
As the cold air envelops my being
Penetrating every bone to its core
Numbing the marrow
All whilst it palms the beat
Which drives my person
To follow the drone of time

With such alacrity
The chill rushes over the nerves
Like a wave crashing down on the rocky shore
Washing out all trace of feeling
Leaving behind but an eerie calm
Amidst such devastation

With the air of a predator closing in on its prey
The icy darkness circles the flame
Crippling its light
Giving way to trembling asphyxiation
Exhausting the struggle, and
Extinguishing the internal blaze
All the while
Igniting
The End

Nicole J. Mailloux
Class of 2007

We Are
Amongst You

We are amongst you all the time
This is one thing I know as well as night
For we are everywhere within your sight.

We are easy to pick out of a crowd you see
For we are the ones that wear just a little too much black
You think it strange the way we dress and gawk as we pass by
But we are not the ones walking in a suit and tie.

We are more interesting than most of you will ever grasp
It is no surprise to you of this I am sure
For we are the artists and authors of our age
Writing and drawing page by page
And going where most would fear to tread.

We are the ones who walk a different path
A road less traveled one might say
To a distant and forgotten world
Where skeletal hands do come unfurled.

We are the ones who wear just a little too much black
We are the ones who wear our sunglasses far too long
And we are the ones who sing a different song

I am sure you have seen us
For we are amongst you.

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

A New Language Spoken

(An assignment for Ms. DeSantis's English II class)

When we arrived in the U.S.A, we knew that a difficult task awaited us. Learning a new language has always been a touchy thing. My mother, sisters, brother, and I were locked in the house. We didn't want to go out. We were afraid of the language. We didn't want to be persecuted by it. Bored in the house, tired of always waking up and admiring four walls, I decided to go out, no matter what. When I got out, it was like I had been released from a prison. I felt the fresh air on my face as a parachutist in space. My English was very poor and I couldn't even make a sentence; even listening was pretty hard for all of us.

After a month, my two younger sisters and I went to the boys and girls' club and got members' cards. There, we met a kind woman, Lisa Smith, who volunteered to teach us English. After a few months, our English became better, better, and better. We weren't ashamed anymore to speak English. I felt like I was reconnected to the world. From that moment on, a lot of doors opened: friendship, understanding, and other things like that. It was then that I began a new life.

Mukena Mbiye
Class of 2008

Rwanda People Push Out of the Congo
(An assignment for Ms. DeSantis's English II class)

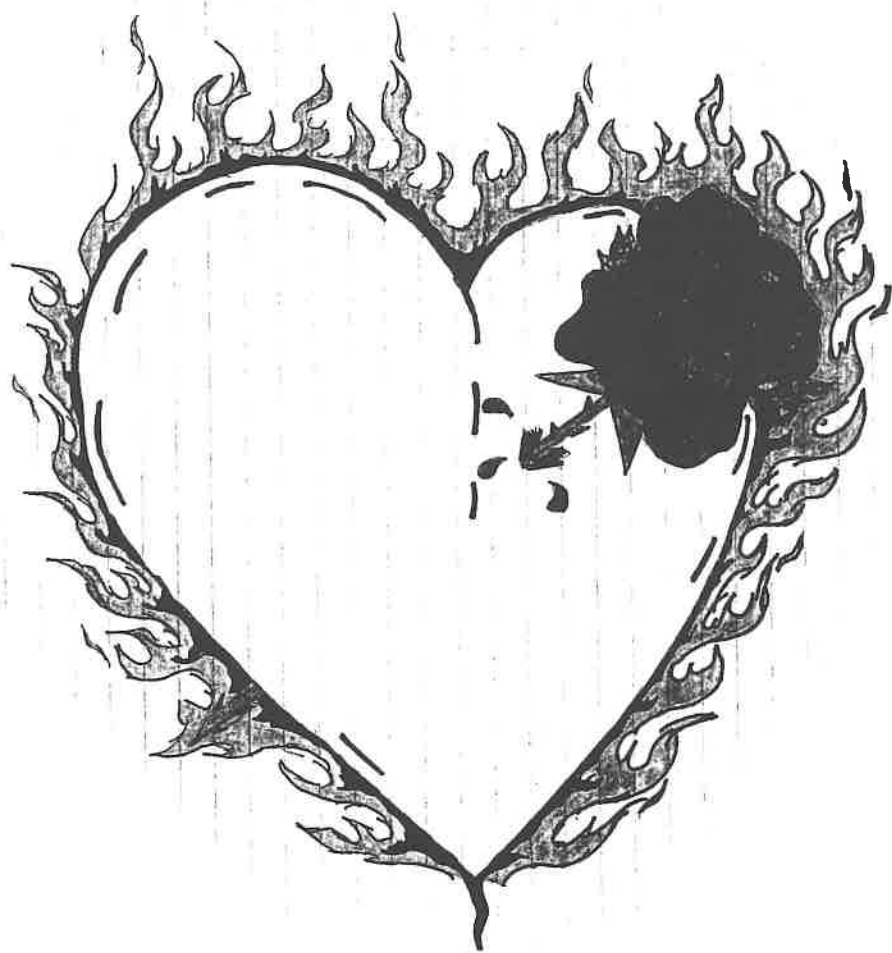
Laurent Kabila entered and took over the Congo after Mobutu's death. Mobutu was president of the Congo since 1965. He was powerful like a lion. His way to look, his character, and his reaction scared a lot of people; that's why he was respected by everybody. Unfortunately, his time came and he left his country without a president, a leader. Before his death, he had a rival, Kabila, helped by Rwandan army to face Mobutu. After Kabila's take over, the Rwandan people thought they could live in the Congo as they wanted. They were wrong. Kabila said to them: you have to now go back to your country. We helped you get this country, so it is ours too, said the Rwandan people.

Kabila got angry and started to push the Rwandan people out of his country. Stubborn as they were, the people refused to go. He sent the army to conquer the Congo. At that time, people couldn't get out of their houses, including my family and I. A kind of crisis entered the country. Electricity and water were shut off. We were obligated to cook all fish and meats. We were eating breakfast at noon. Dinner, we sometimes forgot. Especially by my younger sisters and I. We spent our time playing soccer. One day, during the afternoon, my sisters, my cousin, and I were hanging out in front of the house. Suddenly we heard

Booommm. Craaaaaaaaaaaa!

We hustled in the house in fear. Closed the main door. Locked it and closed all of the windows. All of the shades went down. We got together in the living room and started to pray. After weeks, the region was much better. Water came back in some areas of the region. The Rwandan army accepted that they had to go back to their country after a lot of Rwanda people died. Finally, life restarted as before.

Mukena Mbiye
Class of 2008



015.

medical terms mean nothing
i deal in absolutes
“he’s dying” or “she’ll live”
it’s all it takes for me to turn my back to you
when drugs pump through veins
and replace our human blood
inarticulate bodies fall without wings
like planes from the sky
that crash without sound
pilots, buried underground
bodies dead, but souls alive, no doubt
inject yourself with two of this
and call me in the morning
we’ll discuss the symptoms
of my hypocritical prognosis
and bask in the dry heat
of one thousand flaming turbines

Stephanie Domoracki
Class of 2006

Untitled

She lived to tell a story
A story of her love
Of her tears and their taste
Of the promises she broke
Of the lives she witnessed
The smiles and the shame

She lived to tell a story
Of the life she dreamed
The man and her child
The times that past
Her failures and her pride

She lived to tell a story
But no one wanted to listen

She was just another voice
That ruined someone's silence.

Julianne Cargill
Class of 2006

No Answer

Amidst the hustle of a city street
Filled with people who are rushing to work
Pushing their way through the masses
Not caring about those next to them
Stands a girl.
No one offers a smile, a kind word
As they hurry past simply as if
She is not there.
She ponders if this is the life she will acquire.
A working woman, too busy to stop and observe
The beauty of life
Who fails to notice the people around her
Instead wrapped up in the monetary value of life.
As someone bumps into her, averting their eyes
She whispers, "Is this all there is?"
But no one answers; they are all too busy to hear.

Briana Woods-Conklin
Class of 2006

Untitled

(Submitted to the Breadloaf Young Writer's Conference 2006)

thank you, blank page
for being so understanding.
maybe you had other intentions,
maybe you
sought to be math homework,
strived to be a grocery list,
yearned to be a captainless parchment plane,
wanted to be seen by more than
one pair of eyes.
but you are, instead
filled with my existence,
the recipient
of all that I wanted to say
but could only scrawl
on your painstakingly straight lines.
you see, Mister Paper
(may I call you Mister Paper?)
you emit not a word while I'm speaking,
you bear no facial expressions that would deter my monologues,
you cannot reject anything I write.

no,
not anything
I
write
say
feel
can be
rejected.
you allow me to tell what
He wouldn't understand,
She wouldn't hear,
They wouldn't like.
you pass no judgment
because you were, indeed,
uncorrupt,
unbiased,
empty,
blank
before I marked you.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007

College Essay

I promise you: I am not my mother. The way I look at it, there is no beginning to unwind the knot bonding a Mother and Daughter. She is my loyal friend, my despised enemy, my mirror. She is the woman I promise myself I will never become, but strive to emulate; who taught me to tie the ribbons of my shaggy shoes when I was four, and to shave my legs when I was fourteen. I judge her much too harshly, but hey, she judges me right back. Quite possibly, I have created the most complicated, yet beautiful relationship of my life with this woman I call “Mom,” who has shaped me into the person I am today.

Of course she *loves* me but she doesn't *like* me because I remind her too much of herself. Independence, confidence, and strength: my mother's greatest threats. We're complete opposites but we're one in the same. I love drinking orange juice straight from the carton on my familiar ride to school; she loves sipping hot tea from a generous mug while rushing to work. I find excuses to hop into elevators and sing Billy Joel tunes; she belts out The Carpenters in her messy mini-van. She's taught me that a hug can never be too long; snowmen are made to be knocked down, and to unconsciously smile whenever I see chubby, careless children chomping on ice cream. Such idiosyncrasies seem insignificant, but, ah, this is the good stuff.

Telling my mother how her values are instilled in me is barely enough. Besides, she'd rather notice them herself. Because of my mother, I am open-minded, but bound to my moral beliefs. Everything I do in life is out of my passion, but worry about the well-being of others. However, at times, I am encouraged to be a “little more selfish.” I have goals, but I'm gregarious and spontaneous when surrounded by friends. I don't need a boyfriend, but I need to hear ‘I love you’ from a sincere heart. I'm a hard worker, but I'm easy-going when the time is right. I'm independent but I don't hesitate to ask when I need help. I am expected to make adult decisions while trying to be “a kid.” I attempt to show my mother that I know who I am, but in my mind I mature every day. And sometimes my eyes have to rain if I'm going to grow.

We expect different things from our mothers, but it's taken me so long to appreciate what she needs from me: a familiar friendship. She's not a taxi, chef, ATM, or personal maid. She's just a good mother. I couldn't imagine a world without mothers, as it's one I don't want to face. When we lose our mothers we lose our childhood, whether we're nine or seventy-nine. I know this is why my mother is straightforward and real. She wants me to value a relationship she had to let go of much too

soon. My personality is a reflection of our relationship, saturated with contradictions while creating quite a beautiful mess.

The way I slammed the door in her face, claiming I'd never speak to her again. The way she defended me when I least expected. The day I laughed when she sang, danced and told stories. The day she forgave me. The way I still found excuses to follow her into the bathroom, plop on the vanity, and watch her apply thick, black eyeliner. The way she knows to find her leather boots in my closet. The way we're still both growing up. She has no idea who I am, yet knows me completely. The day I walked toward her closed bedroom door to ask her to tie the sapphire ribbon in my low ponytail, and overheard her crying. This was the time I realized my mother was human, and the moment I loved her even more.

Stephanie Caruso
Class of 2006

The Man who Sees Angels

In the little old house
Out by Revere,
I visit Mr. Hampstead,
Retired veteran
And professional dreamer,
Who tells me
As I pass him his mail,
“God never did
Make an angel as pretty as you.”
I blush
And confess my lack of faith
In any god,
But he smiles and continues,
“Oh, not you,
Just the little blue jay on that tree
Over there.”
I follow the raised finger
To an old oak
And a curiously-shaped branch
Where the bird
Sits motionless, awaiting my
Withstanding speech,
Praise to add upon Mr. Hampstead’s.
But I cannot speak,
A whole neighborhood’s mail lost
From my mind,
Poured out on the wonders of
Nature and
Its greatest admirer, dear
Mr. Hampstead –
The man who sees angels
Dance on trees
Where I see only the blue jay
And me.

Marilee Goad
Class of 2008

☺The Thank You Page☺

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