



# *Visions*

← *Volume 5 Issue 2*



We dedicate this issue to Mr. Welch.

He may not like our doing that, but we're doing it anyway. Thank you for all of your help and support through the years. We're all better writers because of you.

Good luck with all that comes your way.



Pooh and Piglet walked slowly after him. And as they walked Piglet said nothing, because he couldn't think of anything, and Pooh said nothing, because he was thinking of a poem. And when he had thought of it he began:

“What shall we do about poor little Tigger?  
If he never eats nothing he'll never get bigger.  
He doesn't like honey and haycorns and thistles  
Because of the taste and because of the bristles.  
And all the good things which an animal likes  
Have the wrong sort of swallow or too many spikes.”

“He's quite big enough anyhow,” said Piglet.

“He isn't *really* very big.”

“Well, he *seems* so.”

Pooh was thoughtful when he heard this, and then he murmured to himself:

But whatever his weight in pounds, shillings, and ounces,  
He always seems bigger because of his bounces.

“And that's the whole poem,” he said. “Do you like it, Piglet?”

“All except the shillings,” said Piglet. “I don't think they ought to be there.”

“They wanted to come in after the pounds,” explained Pooh, “so I let them. It is the best way to write poetry, letting things come.”

“Oh, I didn't know,” said Piglet.

- *The House at Pooh Corner* by A. A. Milne

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Cover Art by Lauren Veale, 2006

## Is This Even a Poem

I wrote something on a napkin.  
One could argue it was a poem although it didn't rhyme,  
personally I thought it was more like a testament.

Quickly.

It flowed smoothly spoke of love  
anger hope desire and all the things I want  
for and I. It was perfect in every  
respect – scholars and romanitcs alike came

To admire it.

(People recognize beauty but really have no idea what it is.)

The words were so exquisitely radiant  
that the people in the diner around me stopped  
to contemplate their meaning but meaning  
is such a trivial endeavor causing  
people to never be content with what they have or  
even the meanings they come up with  
after all why use lots of words to define  
one word (senseless babble) STOP! Stop.

All this happened in a diner. Once  
I had written the words emotion filled  
my being and tears began their arduous  
but necessary journey over my face. Smudged,  
washed away the words were. Sad.

Forever lost.

It could have been a poem about death,  
life, love, trees, hope. But most of all it  
Could have been a poem.

Kevin O'Neill, 2005



## (the) Blooming Rose

It was never quite my intention  
To be lured by the scent or taste  
Of death blooming on the side of hill  
Nor was it by any design (of mine)  
That I found myself intrigued  
By the sight and sound of crashing dreams  
And breaking hearts.

Driving through the heaving maze  
I had spotted this *ob so* bright rose  
So black it seemed to glow and call to me  
I must have noticed life beside it  
With its own gentle blues and hues  
But its appeal was lost (on me)

Standing before the rose  
Feeling comforted by its invading darkness  
I wished to be a part of it  
To slowly inter the blues and hues  
To be as it was  
And as blood dripped from my essence  
Through veins tangled like webs of deception  
And seeped into the ground  
The black rose became even more radiant, vibrant  
And I was no more but a (mere) part of death

Fidelis Wambui, 2006

### #1) Anger

I'm mad.  
Not crabby  
Not upset  
Not that "forget-a-bout it in and hour everything's fine" mad  
But infuriating all over mad.  
Mad that burns deep in your gut like a fireball  
Mad that freezes your face into an icy stare  
Mad that hardens your heart into a trembling fist.

### #2) A Haiku

The saffron fields  
Are alive this day; I sleep  
With my friend field mouse.

### #3) A Haiku series

Morning echoes day  
Bright sunlight like a veil on  
My hair. Haven found!  
The bird, young raven  
Dance in the emerald dream; spring  
opens her arms to dance too  
Scarlet waves glisten  
Sunlight fades down, the sand sleeps  
I look upon my friend  
Wispers among the  
Night tell me in harmony  
I am my own me  
Staring blankly at  
a warm summer sky, warm shadows  
fall gently down; Sleep.

Matt Keleher, 2007

## Indifference

Feeling like nothing; with no purpose whatsoever  
Scarred by the jagged edge of this blade forever  
Not only external, but also internal damage  
No longer able to suppress the ever-growing rage  
Giving up on everything, regardless of value  
Not willing to start over and begin like new  
Through with love, hope, life; through with it all  
Not caring of the magnitude of the pain felt after the fall  
Ready to let go of the life once known  
Oblivious to that love that was never shown  
Never able to be what you desired of me  
Sorry for my inability to please you, I am merely what you see  
Trying to survive in a world that for no one cares  
By now I've become deaf and blind to all the yelling and the stares  
No longer willing to compromise and place the remainder of my  
sanity on the line  
Accepting the fact that a modicum of your love will never be mine  
Time to stop the nonsense, time to stop this pain  
Your presence is now unnecessary; you're driving me insane  
What do you aspire now, after everything I owned I gave to you  
Body, mind and soul you possess; you know this is true  
You destroyed me within; now in this solitude, in peace, let me be  
There's nothing left only fragments, solely pieces, of what was once  
me  
Wishing to close my eyes and make everything vanish, even if it's  
only pretend  
Will all the tears and heartache you caused be justified in the end?

Yurerkis Montas 2006

## Eyes, ears, mouth, and nose

All the words on the papyrus  
Found their way into my iris  
The blink cleared it from sight  
It all went without a fight

Meanwhile  
The eyes never divulged they were void of smell

All the sounds of the innocent contagious hum  
Were drown inside my ear drum  
I covered my ears to reduce the sound to a murmur  
It didn't work so I closed them firmer

Meanwhile  
The ears never divulged they couldn't taste

All the flavors combined in wonderful harmony and around they  
hung  
The parcels satisfied many a tongue  
At this feast seconds were give and thirds dealt  
The flavor was heated and forced to melt

Meanwhile  
The mouth never divulged it couldn't hear

The scents and aromas were spread throughout  
Wafting and floating all the way to my snout  
Tempting and calling me in a certain direction  
Promising dozens of protection

Meanwhile  
The nose never divulged it couldn't see

Stacey Foster, 2005

## Cracked Lips

Cracked lips burn from the salt seeping in between the cracks split  
open by the unmerciful cold  
Mixing with stale blood to form a nightmarish elixir of painful  
memories  
Tears streaming down from eyes emotionally calloused by stories  
untold  
Gut wrenching wails summoned from the destitute caverns of a  
beautifully empty soul

Michael Matta, 2005

## Half Staff

As I passed by a school today  
What met my eyes brought great dismay.  
Our stripes and stars; blue white and red  
Flew half the pole; a sign of dread  
A family grieving? Large scale disaster?  
In thinking these I walked much faster  
To avoid the haunted past.

I could not believe that ghastly sight;  
The sheer thought haunted me that night.  
What could this mean? How will I know?  
And towards what thought will my mind go?  
Tsunami? Earthquake? Volcanic eruption?  
Each new idea brings my mind corruption,  
I fall asleep insane.

O tattered pennant, flap as you will  
But today you send my spine a chill.  
A pang of conscience, your message clear;  
A message that I have to fear.  
A life is gone, or perhaps many  
And could happen as fast as the flip of a penny.  
The vault in the heart's bank lies vacant.

There is not more a disheartening sight  
Than that of Old Glory showing a person's plight.  
So love, fair Earth, for if we would  
Our beloved lives would accumulate good  
And the world is a better place.

Chris Gigliotti, 2008

In loving memory of Andy Nhan, (August 1, 1990—February 20, 2005,) member of the class of 2008. A great friend and devoted Scout. May you remain in our hearts forever.

## At The Park

No one else is here

Take my hand

We can dance

*Slowly*

I feel the strength of the evening take hold

I am yours

*Completely*

Falling in love without fear

Can you hear the sound of my heart beating

*Constantly*

I tremble at your touch, your breath, your kiss

And as you kiss me

*Softly*

The breeze passes through my hair

You are never too far from my heart

*Honestly*

Your words are my thoughts

Watch the night unfold

*Carefully*

I trace the outline of your soul with my own

I could never hurt you

*Purposefully*

Your face reaches mine

And our thoughts collide

*Harmoniously*

We lie in silence

Megan Berg, 2005

## A New Wave Dictionary

Attitudow N. When your outlook on life casts a silhouette about you

Disasterpiece N. A catastrophe so perfect that is a piece of art

Fateplication N. When everything is extremely out of your hands destiny has doubled

Fictionary N. A book containing the best works of make believe

Fivegive V. The step after forgiving when everything goes back to normal

Flukeology N. The science of making things happen by accident/luck

Hearaguage N. The act of both hearing and speaking simultaneously

Lucktune N. Very good word meaning your fortunate to be lucky

Slobrupt Adj. A natural oxymoron meaning something slow that goes by fast

Stacey Foster, 2005



## Poetic conversion

### Sinner to God:

Lord you say that you care for me,  
But then why do you abandon me?  
How can you smile on others,  
While you never look twice at me?  
I feel like a small flower  
Or a caterpillar in a cocoon  
So many others are so much happier than me  
So much more beautiful,  
While I am forsaken waiting to bloom  
Sitting in my cocoon alone.

### God to Sinner:

My child, how can you blame me  
For problems you yourself caused?  
A flower must first be a bud to bloom  
And a caterpillar must become a cocoon before it can soar  
As a butterfly  
Soon you too will change into a thing that will be admired  
But to say you are abandoned hurts me so  
You focus on the flowers that have already bloomed  
While many others have not even begun to sprout their first leaves  
But know that caterpillar or butterfly you are always beautiful to me.

Matt Keleher, 2007

## **The death of tomorrows**

They die one by one  
Barely living long enough before they are killed  
Guns, hunger, misery strangling their life forces till they give in  
How can they survive?  
We give them nothing but images of better lives  
Which slowly fade as reality takes over  
Yet we wonder why tomorrow's leaders are just the kin of today's  
No one willing to help  
Everyday angels with broken wings and broken smiles  
Long forgotten by people too consumed with themselves to worry  
of any one else  
Babies born, babies killed  
But still we go on living as if they matter not.

Fidelis Wambui 2006

## I Can't Put a Title on This

Four short years ago  
We thought it would never end  
Yet here we are now  
Rounding the final bend  
I don't want to go  
I don't want to leave  
And I don't know about you  
But I think its getting hard to breathe  
But we gotta keep our chins up  
And we gotta hold our heads high  
We gotta keep on walking steady  
But not before we break down and cry  
We've had good times and bad times  
Laid memory upon memory  
But let's ensure that all this time spent  
Not become ancient history  
I'm friends with you  
You're friends with me  
And in years to come, I hope  
Friends we forever be

Zachary Cummings, 2005

## Falling

They call it *falling* for someone for a reason  
It hurts  
It's the skinning your knee for older people  
Without smiley Band-Aids  
Cause you could be walking to a destination  
Admiring the scenery  
Then your foot slides out from underneath you  
Whoosh  
You have all this glorious time in the air  
It feels like it's so long  
You feel like you could read a novel  
It feels like it's so long  
Then you hit the bottom  
Boom  
And you can tell that will hurt tomorrow  
Ouch  
Or you could be running around in mayhem trying to avoid being  
late  
And someone trips you  
They purposely put their foot out there to make you fall  
How rude  
And this time you more of slowly slip sink and slide  
But you're not safe at first  
More like called out at home plate on a gut wrenching play reviewed  
by all umpires  
When the tie really goes to the runner  
And now your uniform has the dirt on the pants because of the  
slide  
A smudge  
Or you could be hiking with items piled up in your hands and an  
object blocks the path  
And you stumble on it  
For a minute you think you can hold your balance  
Then you wobble  
You are falling backward and your arms are circling backwards

Like a grounded airplane  
And instead of taking off for the cerulean blue sky or maintaining  
your balance  
Plop  
All your items are in the air as your hands have let go of them to try  
to break your fall  
It doesn't work  
You still fall just as hard and ungracefully  
On your butt bone this time  
So no matter how entertaining the fall was for those around you  
How long you feel you've defied the laws of gravity  
Or how you should be safe instead of out  
It all hurts just the same

Stacey Foster, 2005

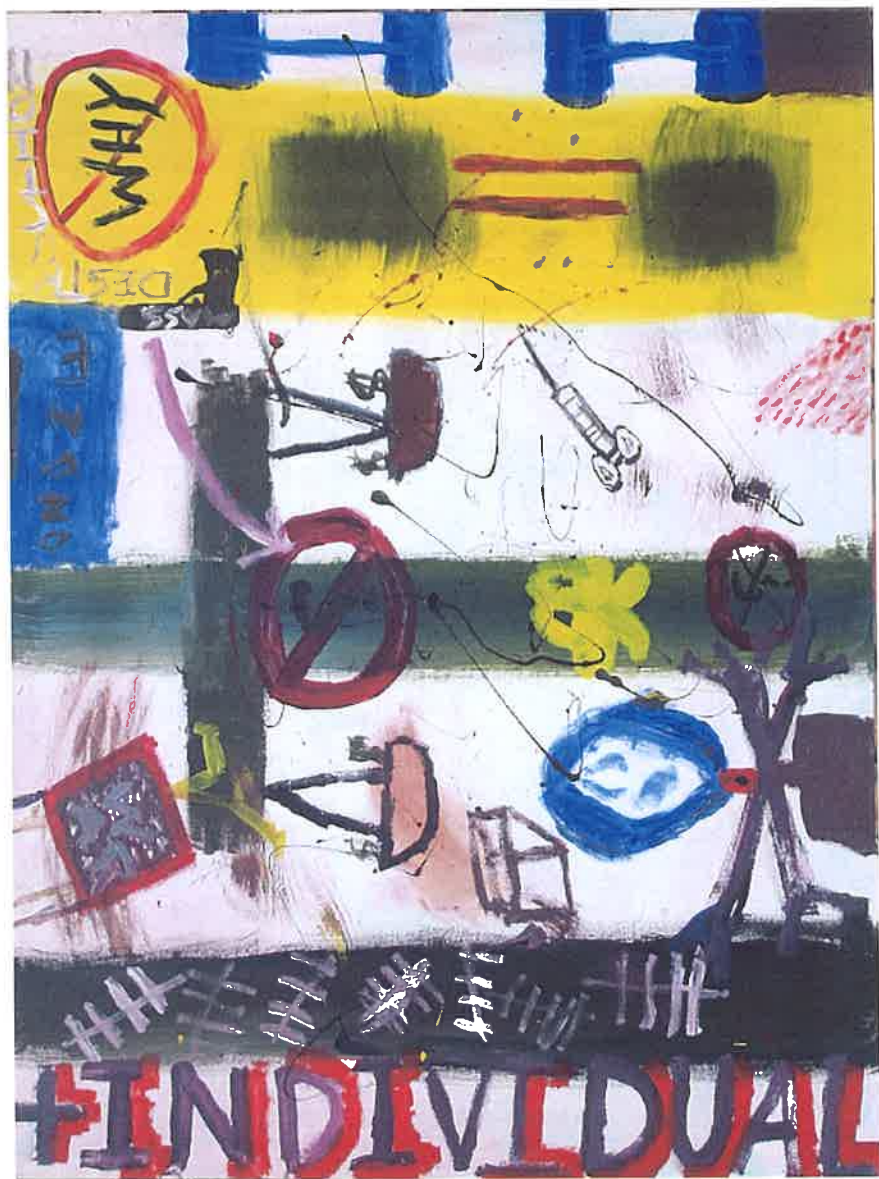
## October 3<sup>rd</sup>

It was a calm cold evening on October third  
The leaves turned colors then returned to earth  
The colors were louder than the songs we heard  
From the stubborn birds who never seem to learn

A chill passed through by a gust of wind  
Sending shivers up my spine and a forceful cringe  
I pulled the blanket up past my chin  
Watching as the squirrels started to turn in

Thoughts enter my mind about the strife  
With the things that get in the way of life  
Pointless little fears that invade my mind  
I leave my porch, possibly, for the last time

Michael Matta, 2005



## On We...Boredom

On we go far, far away  
On we go to the ocean  
On we go forth from this day  
On we go on vacation  
And now finally today  
We'll have some good ole' fun  
And then we can all say:  
"So long, good-bye boredom"

Zachary Cummings, 2005



## Peculiarities of Emily Dickinson

Delusional and dark you seem-  
You write then hide your poems  
By your window-you sit- Emily-  
You're still- Curiosity roams.

Cryptic- you ponder of your death-  
Your mood- it directly contrasts  
With your white- Pure pearl- gauze garments-  
It's a wonder you don't don Black.

Yet at a moment's notice-  
Juvenile Joy runs through your quill-  
It is springtime- Nature is gay and you-  
Dress up- a Trinket fits the bill.

From the window- a Freezing breeze-  
In a room- too scant by cubits  
Your hair- Plaited- firmly it rests-  
You are Unaffected by Winds.

Crystal Barrick, 2007

## The Bliss of Ignorance

In a heartbeat,  
A friend can come and go.  
In a heartbeat,  
A game is won or lost.  
In a heartbeat,  
A test is aced or failed.  
In a heartbeat,  
A job is done or blown;  
In a heartbeat...

In the blink of an eye,  
A child is being born.  
In the blink of an eye,  
A joke is being told.  
In the blink of an eye,  
An injury is being nursed.  
In the blink of an eye,  
A book is being read;  
In the blink of an eye...

With each breath we take,  
A cure is being found.  
With each breath we take,  
In innovation is being dreamt.  
With each breath we take,  
A prayer is being offered.  
With each breath we take,  
A tear rolls off a cheek;  
With each breath we take...

It doesn't matter to us,  
How much we pollute the air.  
It doesn't matter to us,  
With whom we wage war.  
It doesn't matter to us,  
If a baby isn't given a chance to live.  
It doesn't matter to us,

Why the world is corrupt;  
It doesn't matter to us...

We give little regard to time,  
To the world,  
To others  
To ourselves...

But those are the things that really matter.

Chris Gigliotti, 2008

## Untitled

Blinking

If they say eyes are the windows of the soul

Then what are eyelashes?

Silent sweepers of semblances aside

The tears are then

Salty spheres seeking shelter

I can see your emotions in the

Shining surfaces surrounding your special spirit

Don't ever blink for too long

It would seem a sacrilege stealing this sagacious safety

I feel when stay in your eyes

Stacey Foster, 2005

## A Poem Not About Snowflakes

They fall outside my window.  
I can't help thinking  
About their descent.  
Conceived of a Force large and grand,  
High and mighty,  
Never fully perceived.  
They are born,  
They fall toward Earth,  
Toward Reality,  
Toward Destiny.  
They fall toward Earth,  
But they fall slowly, hesitantly,  
Gracefully.  
They fall,  
Though not alone.  
They fall, with the company of others  
That follow the same path.  
Soon, they all settle  
Above, below, around, near, with  
Each other.  
They form a foundation for  
Those who will later fall and settle.  
Time soon comes  
When the Cycle must be completed.  
Time soon comes  
For their hardened but delicate shells to melt away.  
Their Spirits remain  
To make one last journey.  
They float toward Heaven  
But they float slowly, hesitantly,  
Gracefully.  
They float,  
Though not alone,  
To where they began,  
Where they wait,  
And where they watch.



## Untitled

Green is gold, he tells me –  
The rapture he finds in a leaf  
Frees him from the death that surrounds –  
Though when this too dies, he is broken.  
That I repair his shattered heart becomes eminent,  
And as I stitch back the pieces through a pumpkin patch,  
He tells me cynically that death does not leave so easily,  
Which induces me to a furious bout of gardening  
And reduces the soil to a dirty brown-green  
In which I see all of his suffering.  
I remember that once too I was young,  
But there was no one there to repair my heart,  
Save the earthworms' precious toil.

Marilee Goad, 2008

## Observation Time

Silently moving  
Continuously whirling around  
Always going the *right* way...never left  
Why is that?

Never in a hurry,  
The irritating constant motion  
Leaves us frantic  
Attempting to catch up

You've seen it all  
Beel there all along  
Sometimes cajoling and comforting  
However, seemingly running away

We use you and abuse you  
Yet you never seem to care  
Through the thick and the thin  
You remain...relentless, no, eternal

I wish I could decode the messages  
Your hints every hour in your elegant expression  
If I had one guess this is what it would be...

*"I am precious, do not bide me...I will always be here..."*

Kelly Buck, 2006



## Untitled

A few months ago I met you, not knowing what was in store for me  
I'm not exactly sure if it was fate or that thing called destiny

All I remember is that the sound of your voice sent an immediate  
feeling of warmth all over my body

I forgot about everything around me and was enveloped in endless  
ecstasy

I wish I were able to explain all the things that are going on inside of  
me

Words are insufficient, they only underestimate this, and to explain  
they lack ability

It's so easy for you to make me smile and from my face wipe the  
sadness away

I've been waiting for someone like you all this time so I hope that in  
my life you decide to stay

You've got me to the point where I confuse night with day

To keep you happy, I will go out of my way

I'm so blinded by this emotion that I believe every single word you  
say

That one of us doesn't end up hurt is for what I pray

Only time will tell where this will lead now

We can't let this fade away, we've got to make it work somehow

Yurerkis Montas, 2006

## The Forgotten City

Secrets of an ancient place,  
Call out to me in the night.  
Memories of a forgotten race,  
Haunt my awakened sight.

Visions of a mighty city.  
A city that rose above the sea.  
Of a people my soul now yearns for,  
For their city now ceases to be.

The buildings they were like pearls  
Shining with the morning sun  
Gleaming with the palest moon  
And I've only just begun

Long ago the city rose  
Rings of might did encircle  
Three of earth and two of water  
The earth and sea appose

'Twas here that the secrets lay  
Hidden, keeping the dark at bay  
'Twas here that mighty Atlas slept  
Until that ancient fateful day

And so the Heavens were as fire  
And the very Earth cried out  
And so the people, an ocean wept  
For the Titan Atlas no longer slept.

And the city was torn asunder  
As it sank beneath the waves  
Until all that remained was open water  
Even now unto these present days.

John Kulesza, 2007

## On poetry

When I can't decide what to write about  
and that evil thing called Writer's Block kicks in,  
I turn to poetry for inspiration  
hoping someone else's words will evoke emotions  
or spark an idea.  
But instead of being inspired  
I become discouraged as I read pieces I wish I had written,  
or read work four times better than mine own.  
And I wonder if maybe  
I'm just not cut out to be a writer.  
I wonder if maybe  
my words have deceived me.

Courtney Miller, 2005

## Stop It!

You're missing the point and it's  
*suffocating* me

Will you just forget about what you physically see  
and look a little deeper

Can't you HEAR it?

The screaming, the pleading for help  
for someone to at least listen

No...

You nod your head

f

a

l

l

i

n

g

for my clever guide

go ahead applaud me for my talents,

maybe I'm a better actress than you think

Kelly Buck, 2006

## Lost, Dirty Bread

There was a familiar way about this day. It felt right. It felt like it was a good day that was happening all over again. It was indescribable. The sun was out and shining already. I had never seen the day so bright. Well except for that time before. The clouds were wispy and feathered. The fields were filled with daisies and hay. I looked out over the fences and saw the horse that was always there for me. I never rode. I just fed the animals and cooked the meals. Everybody has their own chores to do each day. I stay inside and do housework. If I'm lucky, I get to go outside and do a project or two over the course of the summer and even the fall. But in the fall, it is my sole job to tend to the cornstalks and the pumpkins. They get so orange and perfect. *These days, however, when the breeze is the only sign of life, I get my chores done quickly and watch the pretty horses run in the fields.* The fences need repairs and the chicken coop needs more chickens and more eggs. I barely make it to the store. If I'm lucky, I get out of the farm about once a month. Twice for Christmas and four times for the bizarre. The curtains need mending and the jeans need to be ironed flat. What is the point of ironing pants that will get dirty and pressed awkwardly in the fields the next day? I wonder. The horse is still out there; free.

I cracked another egg into the large, flat black frying pan. The grease was already spilling all over the eggs and sausage. The ham and toast was already finished and in the oven to stay warm until the rest of the house decided that it was the start of the day. *I always knew that the day was beginning. I never slept much. When the stars started to become a light sensation of a pastel blue that eventually blended into the new sky, I knew it was day.* The eggs were done. I was done. The orange juice was on the table with the orange margarine. I was done. I didn't need to eat. Sunday was a day of fasting for my own personal reasons. I never much liked to eat on the Lord's day when there were many who were starving. It was my own little way, I suppose.

Everyone in the house awoke. No one said a word. None were needed. A Sunday again. No words until the evening. I wished that I had the power to enforce this unto my siblings. I sat down in the

rocking chair that my mother rocked me in and remembered the sameness of this day. Sundays were good days.

All of the boys and girls were done with breakfast. I cleared the table and spilled the margarine all over the floor. Sometimes, I just get nervous for no apparent reason. I become rushed and frantic. I found the towel that I had always used for my occasional spills and soaked up the mess. I could hear the boys harassing the girls upstairs. I only hoped that they would behave for my own sake in church. I had a towel in my hand and walked upstairs. My apron was still on. The breeze was still on.

The girls were in their room brushing each others' hair. Braids and ribbons. Bows and curls. A child's hair always has an innocent amount of curl to it. At the sight of my apron and dirty towel. They giggled and left the room. I sat in the bed that used to be mine. And remembered and imagined what it would have been like to be still here playing with hair and cutting blue ribbons for Sunday mornings. There was never a Sunday morning when I didn't sit here and just wonder puzzled. What happened? Where did all of these Sundays come from? The more each Sunday came, the more each Sunday went. Away forever. I picked up the ribbons and scissors. I needed the scissors to snip a few loose strings on the boys shirts and socks.

I had my scissors in hand and I was ready to cut and cut. My boys are just messy. Pure dirt and oil. They only wore their stockings on Sunday and by now, there was some fraying taking place. I had a million pairs of black socks on my lap and heard a million little feet slapping against the cold wood floor. Boys are a funny thing. Tag is a funny thing. Running and hitting each other means fun and laughter to boys. Putting their black stockings on again means that Sunday has begun. I have begun.

During the week, I am constantly working and repairing items for everyone. I never have time to think or question what I have to do for this family. But Sundays, I have the whole day to just wonder and reflect. I am 17 and sister to 7 boys and 9 girls. Our mother died only two years ago. No one ever talks about her. I will admit

that I do miss her. At times, I miss her just for the sake of my own newly duties. I wish that I could still be a child. She was what I am now. The only being that keeps me sane is that free horse beyond the fences. Without that horse, I would never be able to go on everyday and make three meals and sweat and pin myself with needles.

I stuck myself with the needle that was sewing the socks. All done. One last stitch. I called the boys in and had them put their socks on again. Their shoes were shined and ties were straight. They were my little gentlemen; only on Sundays. I smiled and put on my shawl. Church is a funny thing. I see the entire town on the Lord's day and they just stare. Girls that I used to be best friends with, shy away from me. I have become an adult unwillingly and long for friends. I am alone and I walk out the door.

The path is loosely traveled. The brightness of the girls' dresses begins to fade with the dust. The dust lands on their pretty little ribbons and bows. I roll my eyes. Why does the Lord's day have to involve getting dressed up, only to get ruined?

We sat down in the second pew. The whole row was taken. I never much cared for paying attention to the priest. I paid attention enough before when I was just a girl; another sister to everyone, not a mother. Now, I think about my life. I am letting myself go. In more ways than one. No one ever asks about my day. And what is there to ask about? How did I like cooking for 17 people? How did I like deciding who had to go without the bread that I spent my afternoons baking? How did I like mending socks constantly? For Sundays? I just simply hated to do all of this. I have no choice. There is no other way. I only wish that my mother was alive only to break my burden. And for no other reason. She was brutal, but she took care of us.

The beans were on the coal stove. Beans and beef jerky. Dinner was never too fancy. I was never too fancy. The boys were playing with jacks and the girls were playing with their dolls. I made those dolls. I bought those jacks. For Christmas, I wanted to order a china doll for the girls to share from the Sears catalog. I always get excited when thinking about childhood toys and dolls. I feel like I am giving

myself a childhood as well.

I set the table. No one helps me to prepare dinner. The plates are cracked and chipped and stained. I promise myself that they will get replaced as soon as the bowls are bought. The bread is cooling off, the beans are simmering. I finish setting the table and throw a slab of pork fat into the bean pot. For Flavor. My eyes brighten. I remember that I had seen shoots of chives by the corner of the house. I run out to pick them. Chives and beef jerky. I smiled, for no other was a more resourceful cook. Then I walked into the kitchen and frowned. The bread was gone. I tossed the chives onto my cutting board and pulled off my apron.

I said prayer. Everyone bowed their heads on queue. One moment of silence. I heard a stomach turn. Amen. The boys grabbed the beef with their forks and the girls waited. I wish that my boys would learn ladies first. I forgot that my bread was missing. I went to reach for the basket and then remembered that it was gone. I exhaled loudly. Everyone paused and looked at me. They must enjoy seeing me this upset over bread. I got up and made everyone stand. No one will eat until I find the bread. Understand?

I went up to the children's rooms. I look under pillows and sheets. Under beds and clothes. Maybe in the dresser. No, probably in the closet. I hit my head twice on the boys' hanging airplane. I tripped over a teddy bear. Toys are stupid I told myself. A little crumb on the floor caught my attention. Next, the entire loaf of bread. It had been on the floor in the corner in plain view. My face turned red.

The bread was brushed off. The boys confessed to stealing the bread for a midnight snack. My father had come home in the midst of my campaigning and told the boys to hide the bread better next time. I gave the bread to the girls. I looked down at my meal that I had cooked. Cold beans, dry jerky, wilting chives, lost, dirty bread. Tomorrow, dinner will be different. Every penny that I have saved will go to a sugar-cured ham and nice green beans. Mashed potatoes, corn bread, even butter. No beef jerky or brown beans. I smiled because no one would suspect such a surprise. The girls had finished their bread and washed it down with water. Milk tomorrow.



Chilled milk.

I went about my usual chores and cleaned the dishes. Well, I broke one and dropped three glasses. I tell you, I watched those glasses fall and smiled. The children rushed into the kitchen to see what had happened. They looked at my face and down at the floor. I smiled and told them to leave. The glass didn't matter. Nothing mattered. I was gone. The meal was gone. Nothing matters. It will just be three less glasses that I have to wash tomorrow. I smiled again. I held out a plate and let go. Crash. The fragments scattered across the floor like liquid.

Ceramics were suppose to break in huge pieces, not small ones according to the old lady at the fair. That was a crock. I hated the fair and I hated the ladies who ran the scam. Pottery for 3 cents. Please. I should have just saved for something real nice in the Sears catalog. But I was desperate for plates and even tried to talk down the price. I suppose they laughed inside when I asked. Their faces stayed bright and they gave it to me for 3 cents none the less. Those bizarres were a robbery. I can't complain too much however. I manage to make quite a profit at the bizarre.

I would like to say that I gain five times as much as I spent to make my pies. But that is an annual event. Lord, I wish that I could make and sell my pies all the time. Pies are not for everyday. People don't care to buy pies just for the sake of having them. Pies mean the Christmas bizarre. Sometimes I will bake a nice apple pie just because. I take pride in coming in first place since I was 10 in the pie contest. What's my secret? No secret. No secrets, no added sugars.

I sat down across from my mess on the floor. My apron was damp and my dress was soaked through. What a beautiful day. The Lord really knew how to bless the people who followed him. He blessed them with broken plates, soiled aprons, and lost, dirty bread. I knew that tomorrow was to be the same. Who was I trying to fool? There would be no special dinner. There would be no sugar-cured ham or mashed potatoes because there was no money to be spent. I have saved nothing. I cannot bake pies. There were only 4 children in the house, two girls and two boys. What happened to all of those black

socks that I had sewn? I certainly did not go to no damn bizarre to get those cheap plates. There was no horse. It was not even Sunday. I brought my apron tighter around my waist.

Megan Berg, 2005

## **An Editor's Comment on Life**

When she asked me about revision,  
I asked her if she could revise her life—  
She sadly shook her head.

Marilee Goad, 2008

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of you as a student, as a writer, and as a person,  
and I will miss you both very much.  
Godspeed.

Mr. Joseph Welch, Moderator











Submit, eh?



