

A painting of a tropical resort scene. In the foreground, a blue swimming pool with white waves is visible. Behind the pool, four white lounge chairs with blue stripes are arranged on a sandy area. In the background, there is a white building with a balcony and a palm tree. The scene is surrounded by lush greenery, including various tropical plants and bushes. The overall style is a soft, painterly aesthetic with a warm, slightly muted color palette.

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Dedication

We dedicate this issue of *Visions* to Mr. Peter O'Sullivan. Coach O's teaching, coaching, and motivation will never be forgotten. His words inspired us to look beyond our limitations and strive to be the best people we could be. His presence will forever be felt in the hearts of his students, his athletes, and his fellow colleagues. Coach O, you will be in our thoughts and prayers for many years to come.

Cover Art: Ellen Scagel, '06

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Red flag

Cold and hard,
I contain
Your warmest wishes,
Your worrisome requests,
Your awaited responses.

With loyalty,
I stand watch and
Await my only confidant,
Trudging to deliver
Through rain and sleet and snow.

Persistent,
I wave my red flag,
Which you silently push down,
Taking only what I have to offer—
Barely taking the time
To notice me.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007

Untitled

I sat there thinking to myself, "My whole life is going to change in five minutes, and nothing is going to be the same." Needless to say, I was nervous. Most men do not experience this until their twenties or thirties and there I was, seventeen years old, waiting to go into the operating room. I could hear everybody frantically running around making the necessary preparations when all of a sudden a nurse came out and told me I could go in. I was in a state of emotional exhaustion. We had prepared for nine long months to get to this day and it seemed like it would never come. I sat down in the chair next to her and reassured her it was going to be alright. After ten minutes, I heard my son's little cry and tears started to roll down my cheek. It was the proudest moment of my life.

The cards were stacked against us, being teen parents, and still are but we've made it through nine months of pregnancy, thirteen hours of labor and the first four months of our son's life. Most teenage boys in my position would have said, "Have a good life," leaving their girlfriends to deal with everything by themselves, but not me. We chose to have this baby, which by no means was easy, especially knowing all the hardships we would have to face but stood strong and overcame them all so far. We are still standing tall against the gradient and are ready to face everything and anything that is thrown our way. I take pride in the fact that I am still here with my girlfriend and son. Every time somebody says to me, "You're a dad?" I look them straight in the eye and say, "Yes, and it's the best feeling in the world."

I am still attending one of the most prestigious high schools in the area, continuing to study hard, while working part-time and dedicating time each week to volunteer at my local library. By no means am I the best student at my school or the most outstanding athlete, but I am a dedicated student, always willing to try my hardest at everything I do. I still plan on following my dream of attending a prestigious college, such as Rivier College so I will be able to eventually provide the absolute best for my son. I'm proud to say I'm still on track with my life goals while at the same time trying to be the best father I can to my beautiful little boy.

Phil Cole
Class of 2006

Ghost Stories
*an excerpt

In Mayo,
close to the border of
Northern Ireland,
where Granny's family house is,
Maeve and I reunite
with the usual high-pitched girlish
exclamations.
God-sisters, we call ourselves,
since my mum is her
godmother.
She, being the taller,
with red hair and sparkling
brown eyes, is the more
vivacious of the two
of us.
We make quite a pair,
L and M.
We
have opted to sleep outside
in a tent.
We're supposed to be slumbering.
Instead we're whispering
ghost stories
under the cover of
the inky, black Irish
night.
Even though these stories are connected to the
dead,
they deal more with the
living.

Our murmurs are about Auntie Mary's funeral
this past spring.

I ask questions and

Maeve answers.

She tells me about Granny's
dazedly moving around the house,
as if haunted by a ghastly phantom,
while muttering,

"It should have been me,"

over and over.

Maeve describes Sinead's

(Mary's daughter)

feverish and pointless ironing of
underclothes,

claiming it had to be done

NOW!

Then Maeve says how the coffin

was left in the house

overnight...

I shiver.

Ghost stories

are ten times more chilling

if they're about real people.

Lauren Xenakis

Class of 2007

Two Times Seventy-Seven

This day is hers to bask in the arms

OF ANOTHER
OF A LOVER

Who inhales her in as she exhales him out

Stronger than a cigarette on the starriest of nights

HEART BEATING
FEARS FLEETING

When he walked up to her at the most
perfectly imperfect moment and
straightened her heat out with his

GREEN EYES
NAVY TIES

He cares for her with the utmost simple complexity
And knows all there is to know about the art of

FINGER TWISTING
FOREHEAD KISSING

He follows his heart without a map

Whenever he decides,

“Just to call back,
to say I LOVE YOU,”

and doesn't realize that even if his heart was wrong
and it got him lost

He'd walk right into hers, anyway...

SEVEN THOUSAND MEMORIES
SEVEN THOUSAND EXTREMITITES

Of confessions they never thought they'd share
With another...

But now that they have, it's like

HEARTS FLYING
WALLS DYING

In her heart
That have been up since the last
Crash Down
So long ago

But now she knows they'll fully rebuild these walls
With the quickest of slow paces
Stronger this time

Their bond has grown so real
So there
That she can close her eyes at night
And not cry
Over her longing for something to
Fill the hole,
But she can fall asleep peacefully.
And when she wakes from dreaming of him,
She can fall asleep
Again...

Saige Jutras
Class of 2009

#419

quiet explosions
startle the silence of the night
snow melts in the sun but
under the magnet of the moon
flowers rise like zombies
from the shallow graves
of better weather and longer days
before sunburns and photographs
are tucked away with cardboard and twine
in an attic closed by the frozen lock
of winter.

Stephanie Domoracki
Class of 2006

worry pools and wildflowers

(submitted to the Breadloaf Young Writers' Conference 2006)

I would sit in a puddle
to scrawl in the rain,
for I could only write after the storms—
but your half-moon grin
and sunlit disposition
have brought drought
to a field once abundant
with worry pools
and wildflowers.

now, I smile—
with a still hand
and empty pages,
laughing at the dry spell.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007

From Your Pocket to Mine

Freshly planted trees
Surround my building like a solid green wall
Gently swaying in the breeze
Will soon crumble in our fall
With an end to the fight.

The thick marble floor
Masks our black hearts
Rotten to the core
Corrupt before it ever starts
Our deal with the devil.

In secret, I change the books
Erasing all proof
Saving white-collared crooks
And POOF!
Thousands of dollars have vanished.

Yeah, sure,
I could get caught
But the machines will still manufacture
Just hire another without a second thought
You never know, you could be next.

So what if you can't feed your child
Your loss, my gain
With this much cash, I can go wild
The government can't feel your pain
Leave a message, I'll be on the Riviera.

Eddie Domoracki
Class of 2008

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

Love's Enduring Grace

Liquid Red roses planted in concrete hearts
Bloom on life's imperfectly painted canvas
Where blue angels glide through mists unending
Dancing to love's perfect waltz
And as Words unspoken yet felt drop like tears
down
seraphic
faces

Chemical Devils play havoc with minds
While gods tend to tender hearts
Where nature's cruel hand doth brushed and crushed
Yet as cruel as she is, Nature doth bring love's eternal seasons
Summer's dreams falling after spring's kisses
Chase away winters withering colds
As red Roses glow with love's lasting warmth

Fidelis Wambui
Class of 2006

Dreams

Scattered thoughts release fragments of light though the city
mists

Armored dreams move soft to dodge sleeping dragons of
reality

Reality sleeps

Cast away from the harsh grasp of reason and the cold touch of
logic, sprouts of fantasy take root

They grow

Strong in peaceful slumber, a wind of gentle serenity rains
down crystal memories of faith and treason.

The winds turn dark.

Then like a white billowing lion of the summer haze

Veracity rushes forth, with an icy surge of cool water.

Dust and fog clear, and the gray slag of the city lumbers
onward in the ethereal wake

Of dreams.

Matt Keleher

Class of 2007

Any Victim to a Liar

When you take a love
And add a lie
This is the last time
I will say goodbye.
You deny and then ignore
Oh how I deserved
So much more.

I won't show the pain that remains
It's all too hard to explain.
For when you lie,
What do you gain?
Only a stain,
Left to your name.

Each statement from your mouth
Was a patch to your quilt.
One day you'll feel nothing
Only the guilt.
And you're pride will weep
Like a plant that wilts.

How many times can I forgive
And forget?
For whenever I do,
I feel regret.
But I can no longer retrogress.

Oh if only the world
Was exempt from lies,
Then we'd see nights
Where no one could cry
And longer days
Where no one would die.

Kristen Tenaglia
Class of 2008
(An assignment for Ms. Ward's English II class.)

Surfer Boy

I watched him from afar. I was like a spy on a mission. I memorized his routine.

I loved the way he looked. Not too muscular but solid. He was like a bear, big and strong. His eyes were emeralds that dazzled me.

He passes by me each day. He was summer. He lifted his surfboard above his head. I closed my eyes and dreamed. I am the surfboard.

My eyes followed him to the water. I breathed in the blue smell of the water. His arms drove his boards out to sea like a paddlewheel on a ferry. I watched him as he waited for the perfect wave. He looked like a tiger ready to pounce on his prey.

My heart thumping, thumping, thumping. It raced as his board danced over the wave. Hanging ten, he rode through the wave's curl.

I had to make sure he noticed me. Great wave I shouted. Speckles of sea salt glittered his body. His board still attached to him like a puppy on a leash.

Say, aren't you the girl from the slides? I see you each day. I quivered as my toes gripped the sand to keep me from falling.

I gave him a necklace of seashells. I made it myself I told him. He asked me to put it around his neck.

He leaned over and kissed me. His kiss was a tidal wave but I did not drown. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale.

This was better than life. There is nothing like a first kiss.

Chessie Leone
Class of 2008

Untitled

I sit and stare and
Wait, carelessly
Tapping my fingers,
Drumming an ingrained
Tune into the arm of
My chair.
My throat swells, to
Cough, but, I, I try
Hard to resist.
To break such a
Deafening silence,
To disturb such a
Tense calm,
I don't think so.
Far off, there is a
Twitching, a long drawn out
Struggle over in the
Corner of the blanched room.
Yet little can be done to
Save either party, as humming
Turns to static noise, rustling in
The air, heavy but high.
Finally, all ceases; the battle ends,
And pale, starchy yellow light
Begins to slowly
Illuminate the deadened corner.
Opposite me there is a tapping,
A ticking, rapping, clicking,
Painfully jagged sound,
Seemingly staccato
Amongst the muffled

Breathing.
She is taking her time.
I say to myself, making
A conscious effort not to
Say it aloud. Out loud,
With all the other mumbles
Now audible throughout the room.
The unidentified sound persists,
And my mind wanders down
A path of endless possibilities:
A clock, typing on a keyboard...
A mute person locked in a
Closet somewhere attempting
Morse code... no, that can't
Be it...
A click, a painful creak,
And a door opens.
"Here she is," this time
Aloud, as eyes go from
Me to her.
"Well?" Nothing, but
A quiet smile swept
Slowly across her face.
"Good," is all I say
As we leave from
Yet another thrilling
Adventure towards the
Future.

Nicole J. Mailloux
Class of 2007

The Sadness of a Siren

There is an island where no one goes
It was there that three sisters were born
From them the siren song now flows
Yet for one her heart is torn

They sang unto the ages
In harmony and evanescence
Entrancing the hearts of many mages
Who fell victim to their unnerving presence

Yet one began to question
Whether they loved her for her song
Or the curse upon it was their reason
For this answer her heart did long

Of what happened next no one knows
For you see that's as far as the story goes

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

From Daughter to Dad

The problem comes before me
That perfection is the key,
I'm reminded everyday of
What values I must hold,
The ones that are impossible
For ones as young as me.

You tell me not to be aware of those
Of those who distract you from what's true,
You say "Those boys speak of nonsense
And will only bring trouble to you,"
But trouble to me is not the truth
It's the loss that you're afraid of.

Try your hardest,
That's what you say
And that's exactly what I do,
But when you see my outcome
It is unacceptable to you.

I'll show you my bright shining light
And I'll do what's real in my heart,
It's not that I can't be what you want,
But it's my perfection
It's my life,
One day you'll see
I want, I have to be me.

Lauren DeNicola
Class of 2008

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

The Iceberg Incident
(an assignment for Ms. Ward's Drama I class)

[*singing*] "And isn't it ironic, don't you think? It's like rain on your wedding day..."

Ugh! You know what this song reminds me of? Well let me fill you in. There once was this girl who loved to sing. Belting it out in her room, in the shower, you know the deal. She has been an aspiring actor for as long as she could remember. Yes, you guessed it. This girl is *me* [*hand to chest, proudly*].

On one clear February day last year I was driving my car when the usual urge to "sing out Louise" hit me. [*sit down*] I flipped on the radio, fumbled with the stations a bit [*gesture*], and found Alanis Morissette's "Isn't It Ironic" – [*pause*] the perfect belt song.

Just when I was getting into the song, just when I instinctively found myself doing the Mariah Carey hand thing [*gesture*] on all the riffs, just when I was thinking [*stand up, loud and excited*] Randy, Paula, Simon get ready 'cuz here comes the next American Idol... [*pause, sarcastically*] a snow plow thinks it might be fun to attempt turning in front of me wicked fast. Um yeah... last time I checked snow plows were not dainty! Not cool Mr. Snow Plow, hmm let's turn into the path of an oncoming vehicle [*roll eyes*].

Wait it gets worse! [*gesture*] As the plow completed its turn, an enormous piece of ice fell out onto the road, completely obstructing my path. With about .07 seconds to react I thought [*look up, pray*] "I hope it's just a large pile of snow, rather than solid ice." But as I approached the mysterious mass I discovered, much to my horror, that it was in fact ICE!

Oh god... [*British accent, point front, yelling*] ICEBERG DEAD AHEAD! That's right, it was an iceberg and my poor Jetta was forced to play the helpless role of the Titanic. [*gesture*] My car hurled over the ice, scraping, scratching, and

screeching. What else could I do? Well, I was less than a mile away from my destination, so I decided to keep on trucking. [pause] That is when every warning light on my dashboard went off. [yelling] BEEP, BOOP, DING DING DING! Ahh, my dashboard was a rainbow of festive colors!

[relaxing a bit] I finally get there. Oh yeah, I almost forgot to tell you. I was on my way to an audition! So I jump out of my car to assess the damage. [bend down stage left] Half of my grill was completely missing. Since when did I know what a grill was? Anyway, then I noticed this red fluid dripping from my car, staining the white snow. My Jetta [pause, yelling] it was bleeding! Oh my poor baby!

[relax] So I did what any responsible teenager would do [pause, hyper] I called my mommy in a desperate panic! [relax] Eventually the mechanic came and towed my car away. [sarcastically] Great, my only shred of independence taken away from me. So my mom had to drive me home and before you ask, yes I felt like a high school freshman again.

[sit down] Turns out I nailed the audition and I got a part in the show. When it all comes down to it, I guess the singing, the plow, the ice block, well... it was all worth it. So to go back to Alanis's question, if you ask me, yes, it *is* pretty darn *ironic*.

Kelly Buck
Class of 2006

Night

Twilight blooms this summer's night
And all the world observes
As nature spreads a quiet arm
And loving touch unfurls
The stars are dipped with morning dew
The moon is dripping light
Upon a world so gently ebbing
Through a peaceful night
The rabbit on a lone hill top
A sentry in the gloom
Guard's warren, family, hearth and home
Beneath the gibbous moon.
And thought the demons of the wood
Would hunt till early dawn,
A pleasant wave of nature's pride
Would carry concord on.
Alas! A dawn, a curtain drawn
Ore' spectacle of night
Though never fear, shed not a tear,
As owl takes to flight,
For back we'll be, as you shall see
For it would not be right,
To not give you the encore that
We give you every night.

Matt Keleher
Class of 2007

Sports to Fans

Here, I pray with my teammates.
Me not alone.
Like birds in a flock,
Hoping for the security of home.
Preparing for our big game,
Our hearts pounding with excitement
Like a roaring flame.

Preparation, pre-game, and practice drills,
With the pressures of winning beginning to mount.
A week of talk and anticipation.
The stands are filled,
The clicks click down.
Our palms begin to sweat
The need to win feels like a threat.

The importance of winning begins to build,
Society will have it no other way.
The game has not yet started,
Yet our emotions are filled
With confidence and fear.
The excitement is overwhelming
And a loss will only shed a tear.

The game is over now,
And our destiny's complete.
A victory brings the fans to their feet.
Happy to fulfill their goals,
Another game is complete.
What happened to kids having fun?
When it's all about who won

Chelsey Guselli
Class of 2008

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

1411

Dearest Emily Dickinson-
It has come to Our - attention-
That a Decade before your - Chariot - came to call-
The only pigment to - Grace - the clothes you donned-
Was not pigment at All!
Alabaster - and - Achromatic-
That of Innocence and light-
A simple and Beautiful Color-
But what is Wrong with every Other?

Dusty brown-
Like gingerbread baked for - Tiny - children-
Deep scarlet-
Like lipstick you Never wore-
Candy pink-
Like flowers in your Beloved garden-
Pale purple-
Like the heather you've yet to See-
Golden yellow-
Like the Honey's Pedigree-
Salty blue-
Like the sea that Brings your Summer ship-
Or - Grassy green-
Like the narrow Fellows you fear to Meet!

You may be Nobody-
But even They- should wear bright colors
Sometimes- as we Must say!
Yours in sorrow -
the Rest of the Rainbow.

Erica Martin
Class of 2008

#115

sailboats puncture the horizon
in the red sky of the morning
thick black clouds creep toward the invisible line
ready, aim, fire – they taunt
water lily lifeboats spin
in the whirling hurricane currents
and are swept away into messes of wood and rust
thick air shackles our lungs
breathing deeply the last scent of destruction
before we are swept below the surface.

Stephanie Domoracki
Class of 2006

escape

I carry the cumbersome kayak over a tree stump,
the stepping stones and the patio
and I slide it into
the smooth water
i put my life jacket on
and clamber into the kayak
being careful not to tip it over
I balance the weight quickly
feeling the blue kayak
sway

from

side

to

side
using the paddle to propel myself
deeper into the clear lake
I feel the wakes as they force me back
towards the sandy beach
the water is beginning to show its strength
pushing, pulling
I use all the energy I can summon to fight
and bring my kayak away
from the rough shore to the vast

Open
Water

finally

I am away from the shore
out far deeper than before
the water looks **black** around me
I feel the lake surrender to my rapid, rhythmic rowing
I glimpse a small fish under the water's glassy surface
I hear the sound of the early birds

everything seems perfect
unflawed by motor boats or racing jet skis
as I glide effortlessly towards shore
I pause to breathe in the perfect day
feeling it seep into my heart and soul
wishing to hold onto this feeling
for just a moment longer
but
it slips away like sand through my fingers

Alexa Ippolito
Class of 2008

Trees

The trees watched her,
the grief-stricken little scrap
of a girl that she was.
They knew her well,
having stood sentinel over
her house since her birth—
even before then.
They had centuries of wisdom
behind them.
The trees had watched Native
American squaws bemoaning
the braves dead at the
hands of the white man,
the farmer's daughter weeping
over a lost chance, and
now this young girl,
crying to the heavens
begging a "God" to
help her.
The trees were silent.
They knew.
The girl had turned to
Nature to find the
comfort that her world lacked.
Walking back and forth,
her body stiff with fear—
not just the cold as a
human would think—
the girl pleaded.
The trees called to her,
softly,
only in a whisper,
to offer the needed solace.

They did not ask for an explanation,
they only cared to help.
Suddenly she turned, heading
towards a swing set—
her childhood.
Right away the trees knew.
When you are lost—
floating alone in a sea
of confusion—
you need to go back to your
roots.

Lauren Xenakis
Class of 2007

Hickory Ave.

She laid roses on his grave
Red-like the faint outline of lipstick
She pressed on his whiskered cheek every morning
His brown bag lunch
Crunched in his left hand
And a pack of cigarettes in his right
Good bye my love
He would say
Wait
she would respond
As her hand would move
To wipe away
the sundae cherry smudge
on his face
his chin would dart away
You can't take it back
He would say with a wink
And he and his smirk
Would walk down the gravel path
She watching his bouncy gait
Round the bend of Hickory Ave.
Her days she would spend amongst
The dust of the nooks
The threads of her quilts
And the aromas of her oven
All the while waiting
For his return
With a soft yet rhythmic rapping
On the sandy colored wood

He would wait for her answer
Like two kids on a first date
His same smirk would greet her
And a kiss
Now
you can have it back
I hope you didn't wait too long.
She looked at his grave,
Her fingers tracing
Michael John Talcott
And she waited,
The red lipstick moist on her lips
From the tears rolling down her cheek
I will wait forever
She whispered
And watched him
Round the bend of Hickory Ave.

Julianne Cargill
Class of 2006

The Isle of Dreams

I speak to you know of a place
A place that no longer exists
And yet through this blur of time and space
Its memory still persists

I speak to you now of a city
A city born of dreams
Set aglow by ancient secrets
Where nothing is quite as it seems

I speak to you now of a people
Of mages strong and proud
Whose only failing was too much pride
Which fell upon them like a shroud

So hear my words, listen and see
Lest your fate be the same as we

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

From a Beating Heart to Another

Beat, beat, beat goes my heart
It's like a hammer inside my soul
Blood for oil
So much trouble and toil
It blackens this poor heart like a piece of coal.

Beat, beat, beat goes the drum
The battle goes on and on
I grow old and weary
And even teary
How many are dead and gone?

Beat, beat, beat goes the fist on the podium
He wants action and he wants it fast
Does he really care?
That we are still over there
How much time has gone past?

Beat, beat, beat goes the sound of footsteps
Protestors are at his door
People are dying
We are left crying
And all he does is ignore.

Beat, beat, beat goes the sound of my heart
I am looking for an end
It won't be soon
Like a song out of tune
My heart will never mend.

Pat McGettrick
Class of 2008

Rags to Riches...

“In all things, use moderation!” he said.
A few months have passed and he no longer
Is there, lying in wake, praying to God that
He makes no mistakes.
No matter how much money I make,
It’s a wonder how much others take.

When you come from a place where rags
Are all you have, your mentality’s panacea
Is Money. It becomes something you long for,
A dream that is so tangible that you can taste
The smell of it. You always hear the words of the wise,
Admonishing you to not obsess and view it as a prize.

But how can you not, when all you have is rags?
Time passes, you’re older now. God seems to have
Answered your prayer, because the money comes at
You left and right. You go all around and the money
Just follows you. People stare with looks of acceptance,
With all this money you have, you can buy penance.

A car, a plane, a boat, some fame, almost anything that
You didn’t have with all them rags. But something
Happens to your character. You aren’t thankful
Anymore, acting like you’re supposed to have
All this money. The people who helped you get here
Become the “Gold Diggers,” and not your peers.

You act as if you're all alone with just you and your
Money... And then you see, a person with the
Same old rags sittin' on the side of the road,
Waiting for the bus. You expect to see a
Look of desperation, a look of hopeless death.
But instead, he smiles and waves and you see his breath.

“In all things use Moderation...” he says, as he
Steps onto the bus. Everything becomes cloudy
And you wake up. Same old rags, same ugly
Apartment. You look down at your hands and
Realize that you have all that you need, your wishes.
And that what you consider rags is actually your riches.

Preston Carmichael
Class of 2008

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

The Rose

Never was there a rose such as this
Once in sight yet now amiss

Its beauty is renowned far and wide
But none can compare to the radiance inside

For from this rose now blooms the light
Fighting back the thorns and night

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

[Ancestor's] Footprints

I sit still under clear blue skies
Internalizing the sweet sound of nature
As the wind blows, whispering life's secrets
I try to grasp the meaning
Delving into the unknown, eyes wide shut
Following tangled roots and fallen leaves
I try to retrace steps I'm sure ancestors walked
Blindly I follow, stepping on footsteps like stepping stones
across great rivers,
Through mazes that hum with timeless knowledge
Always carefully staying on ancestors' path
Though instinct urges me to turn right
Or maybe go back and find my own path
Different from others, unknown and unraveled
I rush forward lest I start learning from history
Carelessly brushing away life's pesky little lessons
As ancestors had believed, I believe also
That history offers lessons only in defense
That life's experience is the best teacher
As long as mine are the experiences
I embrace no truth but rather create my own
Rationalizing the path I take, the mistakes I make
Realizing not the complications my actions cause
Acknowledging naught my erroneous course
I follow compasses, misreading directions
Though morality's and wisdom's arrow points another road
Different from that which I adhere to so diligently
I refrain from listening to the wind's gentle persuasions
Urging me to learn lessons long taught
Imploring me to remember mistakes ancestors made
But blindly I follow on, knowing that others trail behind
And unlike Frost so long ago
I took not the road less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference

From Iraq to Our Home

We are the ones
Who some do admire
Who put up with the satire
And watch those who listen to liars
Our country says united
But we are all divided

What we do is help those in need
Who suffer from their ruler's greed
We listen to their call for peace
But peace cannot happen without war
So this is what the fighting is for

We aren't the ones seen
On a cover of a magazine
Unless we do something wrong
It's then that we hear their hateful songs
Being sung by anyone who wants to be the minority
But in reality, they join in like a sorority

Support and hope
Is our only antidote
So keep us in your prayers
And make your decisions fair
So before you put up your signs
Think of us who are on the front lines

Joana Paolino
Class of 2008

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

I'm Not a Poet, I Just Write Poetry

I suppose anyone can write poetry
If they stop to take the time
To understand what they're trying to say

Any time someone describes the ocean
A kiss, a friend, a frown
They're creating a small poem of sorts

But it seems not all pens touch the paper
All ideas are not written
Or even spoken aloud

But I sit here writing this poem
Legs folded beneath me
Diligent in my work

Is it this that makes me a poet
Or am I simply a girl
Dabbling in the art of words

For I suppose anyone can write poetry
But to be a poet
You have to do more than understand the poems
More than write them
You have to live them

Erica Bryant
Class of 2006

Untitled

The walking stick had been
Gregory's –
lined and worn with the
years
of his endless solitude,
the stick
reposed on his son's desk,
animating
sparse office conversation and
uplifting
a digression of silent sorrow to
memory –
where the sun wandered over
to the beaten
path of his father's untimely
passing
and remembered the lulling
whispers
of the early riser's footsteps
echoing
into dawn and retreating
much
the same – quiet and forlorn,
and now,
in the embers of bright sky,
irretrievably

gone.

Marilee Goad
Class of 2008

☆ The Thank You Page ☆

We would like to say a sincere “Thank You” to everyone who made this issue of *Visions* possible:

- ❖ To Riverside Press in Methuen, MA, for their wonderful work in printing our magazine.
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- ❖ To the English Department of CCHS, for encouraging students to write honestly and to share their writings with others.
- ❖ And finally, to you, our readers, for giving the artist a chance to be seen, heard, and appreciated.

A special note to our readers:

Thank you to all who submitted pieces to our magazine. Unfortunately, due to limitations in both time ⌚ and space 📖, we are not able to print everything we receive, but we hope that the works printed here reflect the talents of our community and encourage young writers ✍️ and artists 🎨 to submit in the future. Don't forget to email your submissions to visions@centralcatholic.net, or stop by room 303 with a disk 💾 and a hard copy 📁.

We will see you in the fall.

Mr. Welch

