



*Visions*



The beautiful part of writing is that you don't have to get it right the first time, unlike, say, a brain surgeon.

- Robert Cromier

Any reviewer who expresses rage and loathing for a novel is preposterous. He or she is like a person who has put on full armour and attacked a hot fudge sundae.

-Kurt Vonnegut

Success and failure are equally disastrous.

-Tennessee Williams

Cover art by **Deirdre Malloy, '05**

## *Dedication*

We dedicate this issue to Brother Ernie Beland for his continuous generosity both within the classroom and without. You dedicate yourself to your students and their success, and we thank you.

## *A Letter From the Editors*

A note about the process:

After sifting through the plethora of submissions we get for each issue, we're always left to ponder how they should all come together. Behind the scenes is the somewhat chaotic method that creates the order you see in the final version. This method, our friends, is the art of process.

Like any piece of good writing, *Visions* goes through many drafts. Like a poem or short story or college essay, our first try usually falls short of where we want it to be. We pick a place for each piece, and through discussion and evaluation, we rearrange the layout many times before finally coming up with an order that seems to work. This order isn't simply a matter of preference for certain pieces over others. Rather, we consider length, style, theme, and the overall feel of a piece before choosing a place for it. While we mix the prose and poetry to maintain variety in the reading experience, we want an issue in which the pieces seem to flow naturally from one to the next. While we can never have a completely seamless issue of *Visions* because pieces come from different writers, coherence ultimately creates the overall impression we want the issue to make.

Our choice for the first and last pieces is always important, too. We like the first to invite the reader to the issue and establish a tone for what follows. The last, on the other hand, needs to provide closure through a lingering impression and to encourage you, our reader, to come back for another serving of *Visions*. (Or another serving of ice cream, so stay tuned for information about our next coffee house!) While these pieces are important by themselves, the beginning and the end don't matter much if everything in between doesn't live up to expectation.

We hope you like reading this issue as much as we have enjoyed the process of putting it all together for you. Enjoy!

Courtney Miller and Urvesh Shelat



This series of charcoal drawings by senior Matt Tropiano demonstrates the importance of process. Each one builds off the one before it and adds something important, and without any of these the final version would not exist as it does.



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*With Much Appreciation*

Many, many thanks to:

you, our reader for your continued support.

Riverside Press in Methuen, MA, for again doing a wonderful job with our printing.

Ms. Shaw, Deidre Malloy and Matt Tropiano for their help with our art work.

and Mr. DeFillippo, for his continued input and support during the process.



## Beauty

What is beauty?

Pretty girl, with soft skin, eyes as blue as the sea at noon

Hair as gold as golden corn

Is she beautiful?

Handsome boy, bright eyes color of sinfully sweet chocolate

Carefully, casually tousled dark hair

Is he beautiful? Maybe handsome?

They say beauty is only skin deep

But don't they also say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder

So how deep into your skin does your beholder have to see

Before he/she realizes that you are beautiful?

Do you have to change how you dress or act for others to see your beauty?

Isn't being an individual beautiful anymore?

This world is confusing, so hypocritical

Telling you one thing, turning around and changing its mind before you find your footing

They expect you to know you are beautiful

But how can you when the only definition of beauty they teach you is so not who or what you are

Let me get this straight though

If I wear my jeans just a little bit tighter

And my red top cut low

Then you'll look at me twice

Tell me that I'm beautiful?

Is that the beauty I want?

Is that the only beauty in me?

Maybe you should look again

Fidelis Wambui, '06

## Empty Skies

Only stars shine in the darkness  
So where have mine gone  
All these countless nights and days  
Too many fights too many mistakes

I don't know how I do this  
I always seem to fall short of expectations  
Each day I'm just another disappointment  
I'm nobody's star

I'm broken  
Can't be fixed  
Too many heartaches, too many tears  
Waiting for my star  
To mend my heart and heal my scars  
To end a life of pain

But many days have come and past  
All I see is rain  
And when the day gives to the night  
I'm left with empty skies

Becky Moran, '06

## Untitled

Black clouds darken the sky  
And raindrops hit the planks  
As the river floods its banks.

The bridge stretches in both directions  
But is confining on both flanks  
As the river floods its banks.

Stepping towards the wooden railing  
From the loud crowd, invisible ranks  
As the river floods its banks.

Water missiles cause water ripples  
While my mind is shooting blanks  
As the river floods its banks.

With one final leap and fall  
I utter my final thanks  
As the river floods its banks.

Zachary Cummings, '05

## Songs of Wind

I like the sound of sky. Going outside free from responsibility, flying free like a bird in the air. I don my cloak of wind and escape. I disappear in to the cool cerulean sky, gently soaring, ebbing and flying, away from school, away from work. I dance in the wind and sing to its music. Can you still hear it? How I wish I could fly forever, over the moon and behind the stars and run away to Neverland. I can't. So I sit in school. I sit at home. My future holds me prisoner where the winds cannot reach me. My old friends the clouds tap on my window. Can Matthew come out to play they ask. He is working my mother says and shoos them away. I try, I try to reach them but alas. They have all gone home to the crimson sky to have supper with the sun. So, fly free young sparrow! Laugh in the breeze an sing your wind songs all day long. You don't know how lucky you are.

Matthew Keleher, '06

## Spring

When spring comes again  
and darkness rises from the sky  
I'll climb upon her wings  
and sway to the music  
she whispers into the wind.

We'll watch a slowly rising sun  
appear above newly dew soaked grass,  
and feel the air become warm  
and tinted with the musical scent  
of the bloomed petals of the earth.

Morning glories will attract  
the flickering hum of swift hummingbirds  
that the cat waits so patiently for,  
then the sky will dull over drifting clouds.

But not before the sun parts  
in a spectacle of color,  
filling the sky with glittering sparkles  
and not long after, birds will retire  
to their awaiting nests.

Frogs will croak and crickets will chirp  
to the sight of the moonlight,  
as the cold howl of a lonely wolf  
echoes across a sleeping world.

The screech owl will find  
a wandering field mouse  
that he'll swoop down upon,  
and take off into a desolate sky...

And as with all things,  
a new beginning  
and end.

Alexandra Coakley

## Untitled

Many parents will often recall moments of their children's free time spent watching various family oriented films. My parents have often recalled that I not only watched those films frequently, but usually recited the movie from seeing it so often, as if it were my obsession to know every word of the screenplay. Of course, at that time I had no idea that my ample cinematic curiosity would blossom later in life as an obsession. In the past few years, I have slowly realized that films were not just a pleasure to watch, but a pleasure to be involved with. It is true that my interest in watching movies has been with me for some time, but it is only recent that I am more fascinated in the factors that compose a film.

It is this passion of mine that draws me into the campus known as Emerson College. Not only is it a liberal arts college with a sensational reputation, it's also located in the heart of the arts district of Boston, a city that I've loved going to ever since I was a child. Coming from a small town, I feel anxious to be part of something much bigger, and not just a college. Life in the city would be an exciting change of pace, and it would be that rush of adrenaline that would push my ambitions and creativity into the next level.

In the past few months, I have been trying to write plays and/or screenplays, both for my own pleasure and for practice. Also, I've taken time to see as many movies as possible, to get an idea of what writers and directors do to make their work so distinctive and attractive to audiences. I've attempted to prepare myself academically as well, taking a theater class freshman and junior year, an art class, and a history, literature, and film class, both my senior year. It's my hope that these experiences along with my extracurricular activities will be advantageous for me as I take the next step in my academic career.

Emerson is an impressive college located in a very impressive city, and nothing would make me happier than being part of it. Film is an entire world to be discovered, and I anxiously await to see how my upbringing and my hobbies will contribute to anything I create or learn about beyond this point. I hope to bring my many successes, failures, and career ambitions to Emerson, so they may mix with everything that will surround me, just as the many cultures and ethnicities have harmoniously mixed in Boston.

Matt Maguire, '05

## **Water, Water**

Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink,  
Water, water, everywhere clogging up the sinks.  
Water, water, everywhere, as far as the eye can see,  
Water, water, everywhere, I'm drowning in the...  
Glub... Glub... Glub...

Matthew Bourque, '08

## The Quiver of Life

Fourteen brazen-tipped arrows  
Lie in an iron quiver  
Eagerly awaiting their turn in the next volley.

A myriad of targets lie in two piles, the used and unused.  
Targets are constantly added and taken.  
When inevitably struck by an arrow of death, it joins the pile of the worn-out  
And a new target is placed in that spot from the unused pile.  
We begin again as an arrow of life is nocked, aimed, and released continually  
Until it hits its mark on the new target.

In the time between the striking of life and death arrows  
Nine of the twelve remaining may strike, released by angels,  
Some more than others. These nine arrows  
Mark friendship, jealousy, envy, joy, sorrow, anger, pain, love, and hate.

Two of the remaining three strike more than one target at once.  
The first, war, usually chases hate, envy or death.  
The second is peace, which follows war or life.

The final arrow has never struck any target.  
The final arrow can only be released by One.  
The One Man whose target has been hit by the life arrow  
Not once, but twice. This arrow belongs to the Son of Man  
And cannot be fired until the last unused target has been struck by the arrow of  
life.

The final arrow,  
When fired, will bring with it an entire volley of death arrows.  
After striking, the Bowman will separate the Useful targets from the Useless.  
The useful targets will be rebuilt, repainted and recovered  
And will follow Him to glory.  
The useless will be burned and destroyed.

The final arrow, which can only be fired by the Son of Man,  
Is the arrow of Kingdom of God.

Chris Gigliotti, '08



## The Ballad of Pompous Patrick

Pompous Patrick had a large head,  
And on his head was hair,  
It was a curly mop of red,  
Its messiness was rare.

Now in the town of Boringville,  
There were two candidates,  
And one somehow fell very ill,  
On the morn' of the big debates.

Pompous Patrick was elected,  
To the mayor's chair,  
And a cabinet he selected,  
In his stuffy, pompous air.

He paraded through the city,  
The crowd had raised a cheer,  
Pat was not a slight bit gritty,  
So he lead from the rear.

City Hall was all corrupt now,  
The citizens could see,  
And at the center, they'd allow,  
Pompous Pat-e-rick would be.

Angry townsfolk took up arms,  
Against their very town,  
They destroyed Pat's 'tater farms,  
And tore his statue down.

They ran him up a flagpole,  
On a hangman's knot,  
That was the townsfolk's only goal:  
That he went to the family plot.

Pompous Patrick lay in state,  
And reeked of importance,  
A mayor's job was not a mate,  
It was a false romance.

Mayor Patrick had a crooked side,  
This we know was true,  
And if he's sad about his tide  
Then I say, let him be blue.  
Matthew Joyal, '08

## My Girl

There was no room for you little girl. When you came, you interrupted the greatest love affair between a mother and her son.

Where did you belong? Somehow you knew.

So when I asked you to sleep, you slept like an angel. And when I asked you to play, you played for hours with nothing more than two wooden spoons, while I ran to keep up with your brother's frenzied life of couch leaps and toilet water cocktails.

You simply and willingly became book-pressed into Matthew's world of roses and thorns always smiling never asking for a single shard of attention. And because of your ease, you fell into your father's arms and grew up there; laughing and singing and belonging to him.

Once a woman asked your name and you said, "Princess." How true, Daddy's princess.

But then it happened. Freud did not let me down. He promised this saddened mother that you would run back to me. We stood together in the kitchen listening to Matt obsessing, about his gel spiked hair, in the mirror for hours. We giggled secretly.

But the real moment happened, ironically, while shopping. Rows and rows and racks and racks of bras! Each in turn, we fashioned polka-dotted, leopard-skinned and fluffy pink pom-pommed bras. We crumpled to the floor in heaps of laughter, bras flying everywhere, finally emerging with the first bra. A stretchy comfy white sports bra.

Each laugh, each hug, each moment together reading "Little Women" erasing years of mother's guilt, filling the space with the new relationship that has finally come.

Only to discover that you belonged, all along, right in my heart—one that is big enough for all of us, pressed into each other, a garden.

Mrs. L Cenca

**Are you beautiful?  
I'm black, I'm beautiful**

It's that clear, that simple  
Doesn't matter how you look at me  
The magnitude, you couldn't conceive  
I'm not beautiful because I'm black  
My skin, as proud as I am of the color,  
Is not what makes me beautiful  
It is everything I am  
Everything that I believe in  
Every little gift and talent I have  
Every little imperfection, every fault makes me who I am  
If I tried any harder I couldn't be more beautiful  
Do you think you're beautiful?  
Are you black and beautiful?  
White and beautiful?  
Yellow, gold, green, colors of the rainbow and beautiful?  
Does it really matter what color your skin is?  
The question is, are you beautiful?

Fidelis Wambui, '06

## A Special Kind of Pact

Among the many boys and girls,  
Who have come into my life,  
One special kid still has my heart,  
In my thoughts is where he's stayed.

He waltzed into my life at nine,  
For many years that's where he stayed.  
Laughing, sharing, playing,  
Growing closer year by year.

In middle school, something changed,  
So we made ourselves a pact.  
To always love each other,  
Which was easy for us to do.

That year he got some courage,  
With it, he asked me to go steady.  
I accept without a second thought,  
The best decision of my life.

That next year was extra special,  
Filled with secrets, smiles, and some love.  
We grew close together then,  
We became inseparable.

Everything was always perfect,  
We were such a stunning match.  
People said we'd last forever,  
And I grew to want that too.

Sunny days, they come and go,  
But this one was so different.  
His mother made a bad mistake,  
Out of their car his body flew.

It seemed she had been drinking,  
And the punishment was huge.  
She lost her only loving son,  
I lost my first true love.

Today he would be seventeen,  
A senior in high school.  
He'd be at the top of his class,  
He was always very smart.  
Instead he's buried six feet down,

At way too young an age.  
He could be here still today,  
If that drink had not been drunk.

Today I feel him here with me,  
Watching my every move.  
He'll never break out special pact,  
So I know I'm always loved and safe.

J. Fedolfi

In memory of Jaeson McDevins who passed away too young. You are not forgotten.

### **For the First Time**

For the first time in my life  
I have experience true love.

Just one kiss

And I know I am safe in his arms.

Just one look

And I know he is the one.

Just one touch

And I know everything will be alright.

Tuyen Nguyen, '07

## Room

White. Color gleams in scintillating lack as an unfinished, ambivalent smell pervades every edge of the polygon-shaped creation of pseudo-organization. Ortiz and Reese peer intensely from their glossy prison, glaring at all who dare to disturb their frozen moment of athletic prowess. Their concentration seems to stem from bitterness, a constant and disturbing distance between the plastered wall and the soft curves of a field brazen with quick-witted strength.

Patterned against an expanse of dark blue, delicate yellow diamonds line the path to a different set of eyes. Smiles appear with the allusive quality that one finds within faces of a past so different from the present. Younger chins and callow expressions unite in an identical conviction: life never stops moving.

Papers scatter the brown M&M desk, pleading hopelessly to be found, collected, and made perpendicularly certain of their purpose. Encryptions of lead, ink, and fluorescence amalgamate until identity ends up lost. Markers dry erase themselves onto the smoothness of a white board. Here, a black mamba looks brilliantly, but indirectly upon their fading reminders of items deemed too important to be forgotten.

Amidst all the chaos, a stolid figure stands alone. Never swaying, his three toes combine in the strikingly slender façade of a PVC pipe, noticed only because night has stricken it with metallic obscurity. His senses heightened by the dearth of eyes, the figure's most recognizable feature is that of a rectangular-shaped head of remarkable mobility. As long as one gently gestures, the figure will move up, down, back, front, even circular. Some of the lost papers gain meaning upon the face of the figure, as symbols etched upon the worn wrinkles signal for various positions of F sharp, B flat, and an octave above C. The mysterious figure does not smile or frown, because it realizes the pulchritude of sound he helps create. Such an archetype of meaning gives hope to the chaos of the room; a smooth black lighthouse in the confusion of light.

Keith Martin, '05

## Letter from a Dead Soldier to His Desert Child

These flowers on the wall are red,  
Stained with soldiers' blood.  
Did you think you'd escape this  
Nightmare of war, sunken softly  
Into the skin of all witnesses,  
The child's face is spilled with tears  
And here you sit, alive still -  
But it's not your fault, darling -  
Murmurs of joy from your family.  
So kill me tenderly in a poppy field  
I want my ashes scattered here.  
I want the children to be cared for -  
Doubtfully, your eyes are blank  
No one cares for this dead soldier  
Rotten and turning yellow, I  
Am pale with the love of  
Another heart - a child  
Of grace, you gave me hope in this -  
A field of poppies crying for you  
Forgive my words, they do you  
Injustice; you're worth more.  
You, a joyous goddess in the desert,  
Tracing the sands of your ancestors  
Those ashes of yesteryear  
So beautiful and coarse together  
My heart is yours, my child  
Give me your hand, we will walk  
This road to my own death and yours -  
We'll pave the way for the others  
You are my little prince, my love  
Find me wrapped up in your arms  
Still clinging to your hand after we are  
Both dead and cast away.  
Away we'll be together, joined by sand  
A desert of lost hope and love  
You are my goddess, my Arabian night  
Child, you have given me the only hope  
The only faith I've had in my entire life  
For this, I have but one wish -  
For you to be happy and well,  
For you and yours to find satisfaction;  
To find your last breath,  
Your inner peace  
Before we, together,  
Are taken slowly



Before Anubis takes us now;  
This bullet of death,  
This eternal blood we bleed –  
Tears of grace,  
Your youth cut so very short.  
Hold my hand, together we'll die  
Fading into the darkness,  
My vision now blurring  
As a light takes you, your pureness  
Up and away,  
I am dead now, but you, my child,  
You were saved.

Marilee Goad

## Untitled

The thunder rolled through the thick air  
As long licks of lightning lit the sky.  
While wide leaves waved in the whispering wind  
A rivulet of rain ran down the ridge of his nose  
Still he stood, silently staring skyward  
Scrutinizing the steady celestial signs  
Carefully contemplating the continuous constellations  
With graceful gazes turned towards the green globe  
Indeed, in all their infinite illuminations  
Are housed the heroic hopes of humanity.

Zachary Cummings, '05

## Untitled (College Essay)

*What interest or activity has been especially meaningful to you? Why?*

This last Thanksgiving found me working. It was strange to see so many visitors at the nursing home; usually there are none. For a moment I felt relieved. At least for that one day, I thought, the ill and dying patients would have some company. But that relief was soon dispelled. The patients with no visitors were only that much more lonely and jealous of the others, and the visitors that were there seemed impatient and eager to leave. As we prepared for dinner, a woman came to the kitchen and asked us to deliver her father decaf coffee instead of regular, hoping her father would fall asleep so she and her family could leave. Before I had the words to express my disgust she thanked me and left.

My position as a dietary aide gives me an interesting view into the microcosm of the nursing home. Working in the kitchen detaches me from the residents, so I never gain a real sense of familiarity with them. But that distance also prevents me from becoming jaded. The nurses, out of necessity, have to create an emotional barrier that I have never developed. Those that are often in contact with the patients know never to let their guard down, but I have never built mine up. Vivid and intense are my experiences each time I see a resident who is sick, gripped by Alzheimer's, or close to death.

These encounters with the dying never fail to leave a deep, raw impression. I tell myself, "This is just to help pay for school. I'm just a damned dietary aide. Put the milk on the tray. There. Done. I'm only seventeen. That won't be me. Or Mom. Or Dad." But despite what I tell myself the fact remains that someday, it could be. I've have begun to think extensively about what the future holds for my loved ones and me. Few people ever gain this proximity to the dynamic of dying, and as scary as it may be, seeing what I have has made me appreciate and understand the aging around me. My own grandmother has begun to forget certain names and faces, and although it is too early to say whether it is simply aging or something more ominous, I am prepared for the worst. I have not given up hope, but I understand how lucky she has been thus far in her life. In my world-view youth, health, and lucidity are no longer givens, and that has only strengthened my appreciation when my family and I are blessed with them.

My friend Conan recently asked if I found my work rewarding. The phrasing of the question struck me. Rewarding? No, it couldn't be. In many ways I had just fallen into that job because of its location and my need to earn money. Then what I found when I began working was something worse than an ill-paying or inconvenient job. Nothing about it made me feel good, and I saw some of the most difficult things I had ever come across. Where could there be a reward in that? But as I thought, I began to come to an understanding. I cannot explain the meaning I have extracted from what I have seen at work, nor can I quantify or qualify it. When I try to describe the particular effect of my work, I end up with inexact explanations. But I think I can come close: I have learned to see death. I have learned to love life.

## Untitled

"Hi mom!" Anderson cried distractingly. The distraction resulted in the bumping of a little girl with pigtails. "Mom you almost *killed* her!" Anderson exaggerated. Exaggeration gave him power. Plus it helped since he was already formulating a poem about her. He just needed some input from her. "Are you okay?" Anderson asked. "Anderson I did not almost *kill* her!" his mother clarified sternly. She really wasn't hurt at all but she was shy so she appeared shifty and intimidated by this unknown teenager. So yes and a shuffle away with her first grade class was all she left him with.

First day on the managerial position. Nothing really prepared him for this. Someone bumped into him forcefully pushing him with no apology. He then vaguely recalled the poem he wrote about his mother bumping a little girl. He made it about how you could bump into your future sister in law and just say excuse me-if that, people don't even say that much anymore. I was funny how the future comes unknowingly in the present. I was a bad poem though.

Well managing wasn't all it was cracked up to be, so teaching the new routine. It is 7:35 and homeroom was beginning. Just before the bell rang her late a little girl in pigtails brushed past him.

Stacey Foster, '05

## Untitled

My father moved out today.

Took his things and piled them into the bed of a pick-up truck and drove off.

My father packed his clothing, his books,  
pens and paper, and his dignity;  
packed his coffee mugs and chandelier and left his frustration after trying for  
twenty-one years.

He packed his duties as a father (but some fell out along the way)  
and brought them with him from the house to the apartment.  
He took his love and left the hallways echoing with emptiness.

Drove off to a new woman and new children and a new life  
that terrified me.

Took off in the wrong direction and left me lost and confused in unfamiliar terri-  
tory.

He drove off with my childhood in the bed of the pick-up,  
sealed with clear packaging tape in a cardboard box.

Drove off with my confidence in people and left me with the timid trepidation  
that I would embody  
whenever I remembered painful memories around my mother.

At first I found him  
in the smell on the pillowcases in my mother's room,  
in the forgotten belts and unwanted clothes hangers hanging in his old closet.  
I found his shadow in the mirrors and his reflection on my window.

Then I found his absence.

My father purged himself from the house.  
The walls became numbingly bare  
the pillowcases smelled like musty sheets  
the closet filled with my mother's things and the hallways soon echoed  
with the sounds of the ceaseless television.

Now,  
the only reminder that my father once lived here  
is the extreme emptiness that settles upon my house,  
and my heart,  
at night.

Courtney Miller, '05

## Untitled

Almost free.  
Tears are chambers of fears;  
The crystal droplets hold what it is I've seen.  
As pain fills my soul, my emotions—  
    My fear, my loneliness, my anger—  
Slide down m cheeks,  
Pass my lips  
And fall somewhere on the ground  
Which I walk on.

Erin Michaud, '05

## The Infamous Clock

The clock strikes again,  
Moving no quicker than the slowest sloth,  
Beating in silence with eyes half shut,  
Expecting, hoping, but knowing the end result.  
However, it could be a surprise.

Dig the shovel into the diert,  
Desperately looking for a seed,  
Something to plant, something to keep.

Tick, it moves.  
The pendulum swinging over-head,  
Weighing, pulling down.

The crashing of waves on the sand,  
Scattering sweet shells.  
Maybe one was set here for you.  
Bend over, feel the pearl.  
It's something to plan, something for you.

## Imagine...

Running through quicksand,  
Throwing a feather far,  
Walking on pure water,  
And drawing a picture of nothing at all.

Treading quickly backwards,  
Going through thick matter,  
Light absorbing darkness,  
With a soft flower feeling Fall.

Impossible, improbable  
Unnatural, unreal,  
Only in the eyes of the mind

Lina Josephson, '08

## Love Is

Love is a blessing  
A divine interaction

Love is exciting  
Energizing the soul

Love is motivational  
Provoking integrity

Love is spontaneous  
Coming without warning

Love is guiding  
Giving meaning to each day

Love is understanding  
Accepting faults and appreciating differences

Love is comforting  
A heart-warming pleasure

Love is contagious  
Consuming all that it encounters

Love is completing  
The missing puzzle piece

Love is sustaining  
Nourishing every victim

Love is enduring  
Through and throughout

Paul Jacobs, '05



## Love Is Not

Love is not blind  
A focused endeavor

Love is not controllable  
A strong-willed rebel

Love is not expecting  
Only desiring

Love is not jealous  
Only wishful

Love is not satisfied  
Always learning, always yearning

Love is not deserved  
An unearned blessing

Love is not a gift  
A reaction

Love is not temporary  
An eternal bliss

Love is not limited  
Physical, emotional, spiritual, and plentiful

Love is not defined  
And unimaginable force  
Limited by words  
And insulted by this poem

Paul Jacobs, '05

## ....a Sunday Night

So here I am, thinking about you  
And there you are, doing whatever you do  
We didn't spend the day together  
We didn't even spend the past hour together  
Yet you are fresh in my eyes  
I can't believe this dream  
This dream which is so young and early  
Like the onset of the night before Christmas

I have so much to tell you  
Pouring out of my lips is pure truth  
And when I look at you.,  
Pouring out of your eyes is radiance  
Amazement is energy  
You give that energy

But how could I be so fortunate? I wonder  
Maybe it is just a dream, completely unreal  
No  
You are real, completely real  
And I am undeniably real when with you  
Thank you  
Go back to doing whatever you do  
On a Sunday night

Megan Berg, '05

## Untitled (College Essay)

When I walked into the Emergency Room at Lawrence General Hospital for the first time last summer, I did not know what to think. With nervous hands and uncertain eyes, I walked through the white walled corridors of the ER, looking for the person I was assigned to shadow that evening. Among those present that night was a large, red-bearded man named Dr. Danesh. A pleasant individual, Dr. Danesh would be the first doctor I would spend the twilight hours with, in LGH's Shadow-a-Professional program.

The program was simple. Spend one six-hour time slot a week trailing a particular genre of medical professional around while they do their job. I went into the program with the prediction that I would encounter doctors of a special breed, and patients of variety. I did not foresee the lasting effect those people would have upon me, those brief nights of rubbing alcohol and cafeteria soup.

There were many minor cases. A toddler with nursemaid's elbow, a young Spanish boy that ran into a window, and a Peter Pan like child whose Captain Hook of a little brother decided a golf club to the head would be cathartic, comprised a few of the many easy, super-glue fix ups for the ER medical staff.

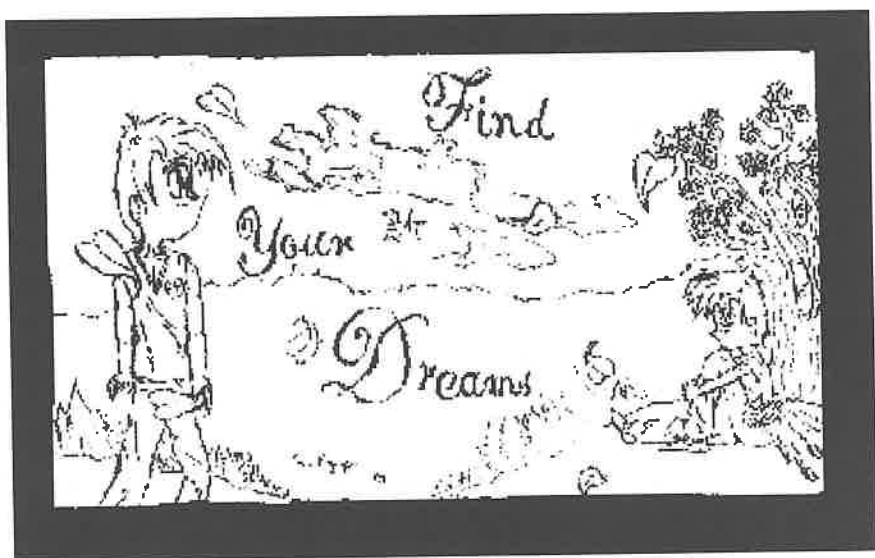
Then came the unusual patients. From the way a thin female doctor from Cambridge handled a middle aged man with a bullet in his groin, to the way a pale reticent doctor refused X-Rays to a man that demanded them (advice from a crooked lawyer), I gathered the personality of a doctor. From the varying degrees of intellect, caution, humor, and exhaustion, I found that although they may not be perfect, they always managed to adapt to a situation. Through their acceptance of the unexpected, the multifarious collection of MDs taught me a lot more than how to stitch up a wound, tap the spinal chord, and puncture an abscess.

While shadowing a medical history guru of a doctor, a call came to the Emergency Room. I caught the words: Trauma Arrest Alert. Daunted and puzzled, I did not have to wait long until I saw the ambulance scream up to the glass door. Four EMTs rushed in, wheeling an obese white male on an uncomfortable black bed. As white coats filled the room, I watched the intensity of the situation play out before me. Fell off a beam, cardiac arrest, half-hour of CPR, escaped from the mouths of the EMTs. I heard the beating of my own heart. Please don't die, you don't deserve to die, no one deserves to die, my mind repeated in grinding monotony. For a few minutes, time sat still. Then, as the nurses stopped pushing upon his stomach, stopped putting needles into his skin, stopped their small talk, realization hit me. Dead. Dead like my grandfather had been. Dead like my aunt and father had nearly been. Every time I look at my father, standing in his green sweat suit, teasing me about my love interests, I thank those who thought quickly enough to save him. When they did made his heart beat again. They did not only save his life – they saved mine.

Some people think they can never make a difference. They look at their hands and wonder how such weak entities can accomplish anything in a world so big,

where they seem so insignificant. To such people, I say, you can always do something of significance: you simply have to try.

Keith Martin, '05



## Tag

The heads together

Siamese twins

“Bubble gum bubble gum in a dish how many pieces do you wish?”

7

Yes

I wasn't

“It”

I preferred running away from who I thought I didn't want to be

The sound and sight of my light up sneakers thundering against the pavement

With “it” close behind

Thank goodness

Goals grabbed my touch

But I thought I felt something on my back just then too

Stacey Foster, '05

## Untitled

Not with my eyes but with my heart  
I gaze up in silent wonder  
Upon this twinkling piece of art,  
This masterpiece I stand under.

O, so bright on darkened canvas  
So many pinpricks, crisp and clear.  
Graceful orbs hanging above us;  
The more I look the more appear.

But on the distant horizon  
There radiates the darkest glow,  
The light of man's intervention.  
Where, oh where, did all the stars go?

'Tis my fright that in the future  
Our light is destined to blur.

Zachary Cummings, '05

## Thoughts Upon My Retirement: The Road That Brought Me Here. (College Essay)

Thank you everyone for being here with me this evening. This night is ostensibly a night to recognize my career accomplishments on the occasion of my retirement. But none of it would be possible without the people in my life who mean the most to me. I would like to take a moment to acknowledge my wonderful wife who has been my constant support and best friend. I want to thank my children for providing the inspiration for whatever modest achievements I have had and who provided endless joy after long hours in the office. And I'd like to thank all my friends and co-workers who have worked alongside me and helped me become the man I am today.

To tell you the truth I'm not big on giving speeches about the successes I've had in the past. I'm not a man who relives memories or spends much time thinking about the past. However, tonight is special, and special nights are the result of a myriad of special moments that occur along the way. So now is my chance to look back on the road that brought me here. I thank you in advance for your patience.

Whatever I've accomplished emanated from a desire instilled in me in my earliest years by my parents. They gave me the desire to do my best and strive to make my small corner of the world better.

I had no say in the selection of my parents. I was simply the beneficiary of a gift from God. And for this I am eternally grateful.

There is one decision, however, for which I can take full ownership. That was the selection of the college I chose to attend. At the time it seemed like a very important decision. But it is only now that I fully comprehend how momentous a decision it truly was.

The college years. These critical years molded and shaped me into someone who wanted to take the business world by storm. Each professor, each class, each roommate taught me lessons about life that I carried with me into the world of business. As I wrestled with vexing business dilemmas, dealt with personnel problems, and made career path decisions, I constantly called upon the experiences I had in college. The group case studies introduced me to the notion of teamwork and more importantly that nothing is impossible if you are willing to share the credit. Simply put, without the four years spent at my alma mater I would never have enjoyed the successes enumerated by so many generous people earlier tonight.

So, tonight is not merely a celebration of business successes or the accumulated value of paychecks. It is a night to celebrate family, friends, business associates and fellow alumni who have made me the content *old* man I am today.

John Sullivan, '05

## Remembrance

The memory of your face has grown faded over the years  
Your distinct features gradually blur with every attempt of recollection  
The delicate curves of your face are slowly erasing themselves from my memory  
Along with your passionate, chocolate brown eyes, and silky blonde hair  
Forcing me to accede to my indomitable forgetfulness  
I long for the lucid picture of your angelic countenance  
Instead of the outline of your presence, leaving me destitute  
I ache for the night we shall meet again in my dreams  
Transforming the memory of your appearance into tangible reality.

Kelly Buck, '06



## Knights of the condition of the air

We were nobles  
Yet not Knoble enough to have in our court this thing called central air conditioning  
No we had the un-central air conditioning  
And so the thrice months of summer heat had arrived  
The quest for installing the window air conditioners had commenced  
No longer the days of blistering heat that force beads of perspiration on upper lips, no  
Gone forever would be the lethargy that heat held on us  
This cumbersome device promised super silent, energy efficient, space saving, cool as a cucumber air for your home  
Yet all lies  
And somehow it was also engineered to never balance on a tiny ten-inch sill. Only leaving it curved forever  
The hoist proved to be the most eventful part  
The servants Heave Ho's and Ow Oh's echo throughout the stadium  
Then came the insulating  
Because the enemy, heated air, could never infiltrate the presence of cool air  
And then came the insulating  
Gallant little scraps of foam wedged every which way  
Now comes the insulating  
Sometimes the brave knight sir duck tape man's best friend was summoned to cover every single solitary bead of light that came through the window graced with the presence of this here air conditioner  
But what's this  
Once the omnipotent supply of electric current is harnessed into the device the cold air is not rushing forth  
The neeing neeing neeing of the device only produces a whirlwind of air  
As if to say  
You do not enjoy this air you have now?  
Foo try this bit of new air  
The fair maiden comments there is no aftertaste of cold to the air  
A thorough examination of the device by the blacksmith reveals the problem  
Oh there is that blessed air  
After all that hard manual slave labor all it takes it the push of the "cool" button

Stacey Foster, '05

## Untitled (College Essay)

It was a frigid winter day when my mom began discussing the idea of hosting two underprivileged children from Belarus over the summer. The Chernobyl Children Project, a group dedicated to bringing sick children to the United States for treatment, sponsored this undertaking. My parents and I were huddled in the living room in our rather chilly house, while I tried to envision two Belarusian children and I frolicking in the heat. I was not enthusiastic, to say the least, about the idea which my mom had stumbled upon while reading the newspaper. I'm an only child, and used to my own personal space and privacy. I admit, I am mildly spoiled, but I was brought up with an appreciation of what I was lucky enough to possess. Another family session followed, and I reluctantly agreed to share my life with two others for a month. As the winter months waned and spring began to emerge, a large manila envelope arrived with the histories and pictures of the two nine-year-old girls we would be hosting. Immediately after seeing their nervous smiles, my heart softened and I began to realize that these two girls were in fact real, and desperate for help.

As the date of their arrival loomed closer, I began to actually look forward to meeting them. They came on a night in late June, walking through gaping doors into a large room. A circle of nervous, but compassionate families surrounded the children. I was the first to spot our two girls, identifying them with their pictures. When we hugged them in greeting, they seemed so small and vulnerable. In fact, they were so exhausted from the twenty-four hour trip that they could barely stand. We guided them to a corner and found out a little about their lives in Belarus with the help of an interpreter. I couldn't help but smile as Tamara's eyes continually met mine in shy, tentative glances. On the car ride home, Dasha immediately fell asleep after receiving her stuffed animal, her head resting on my shoulder. I was tentative, unsure of myself and this strange person with her head leaning softly on me. Her snoring didn't even wake Tamara, who was sleeping soundly on Dasha's other side.

The days passed quickly. We were the busiest we ever have been, taking them to the hospital for various medical treatments. During the second week of their stay we traveled to the beach for a week, where I held their excited hands as they observed the ocean for the first time. The look in their eyes as they absorbed the beautiful sight of the vast ocean will always be etched in my memory.

As they visited hospitals I was reminded of their physical maladies. I knew that not only would parting be difficult, but also if their health failed once they were back in Belarus I would be heartbroken. Heartbreak was not preferable, as I was distracted with my own life. After just a few short days, however, I had done the unthinkable: I loved them.

During their month in America we did every activity imaginable. The two girls toured Boston more than they probably cared to, played mini golf, went swimming almost every day, attended multiple cookouts, went to a baseball game, and spent many hours with me and my friends (yes, frolicking in the sun). The multitude of activities, unfortunately, drained the month quickly away. From the first day they arrived they called me sister and made sure I received at least one kiss every hour. It was hard to contain my love for them. I had never loved any-

one with as much passion as I loved Tamara and Dasha. Their liveliness and their enthusiastic outlook on life altered my entire mindset. I began to appreciate even more what I had: not just possessions, but my loving family and friends, and my identity as an American. I became more expressive in my emotions, and less withdrawn. I learned to enjoy myself while being woken up with my eyelids pried open or my feet mercilessly tickled. I could feel myself changing, and it was not hard to realize that the girls were having a drastic impact on me.

The day before they left we began helping them to pack their many acquired belongings during their stay in America. While my mom went downstairs to retrieve a needed item, Tamara hugged me and said in her much improved English, "I love". I immediately began crying, and soon Tamara and Dasha formed a tight circle and joined me in my tears. The last night we sat together on the couch and played cards one last time. I couldn't stop looking at them, knowing they'd be gone forever in just a few short hours.

In the car to the church where we would see them for the last time, everyone seemed to sniffle. I was reflecting on the impact my parents and I made on their young lives, and the impact they made on ours. I had become an authentic big sister, one of my genuine childhood wishes. Dasha and Tamara clung to me as we said our last goodbye. I couldn't stop the steady flow of tears, and neither could any of the other thirty or so families saying goodbye to their own "children". Finally my parents and I hugged each other as Tamara's face, then Dasha's peered at us as the bus moved slowly away. I felt strangely empty, void of an essential component. I could feel the passion swirling around me, inside me. What would happen to them? Would they be happy and healthy? Would they always remember me?

Recently, my family received word from Belarus that Tamara has a serious brain tumor. The pain that I felt when I heard this new was incomparable to the sadness I felt at their departure. My little sister, the one I played tennis with, swam with, laughed with, cried with, was dying. Currently, my family and I are desperately attempting to bring Tamara back to the United States for treatment. Even as I cry from the grief, I'm still thankful for the experience of loving Tamara. She taught me to open my heart, to embrace the unknown with compassion and sincerity.

I know that I will always remember Tamara and Dasha. They helped me to discover a new part of myself that I had never seen before. The continuing emotional roller coaster is exhausting, yet satisfying in knowing that we gave two girls the happiest month of their lives. My life had a powerful meaning to two small girls, and that made me look at my surroundings in a different perspective. My family and friends were not just there, they were precious gifts. My comfortable house and plentiful food were invaluable privileges. And the love of two Russian girls a half a world away was a true gift from God.

Julie Fiorilla, '05



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