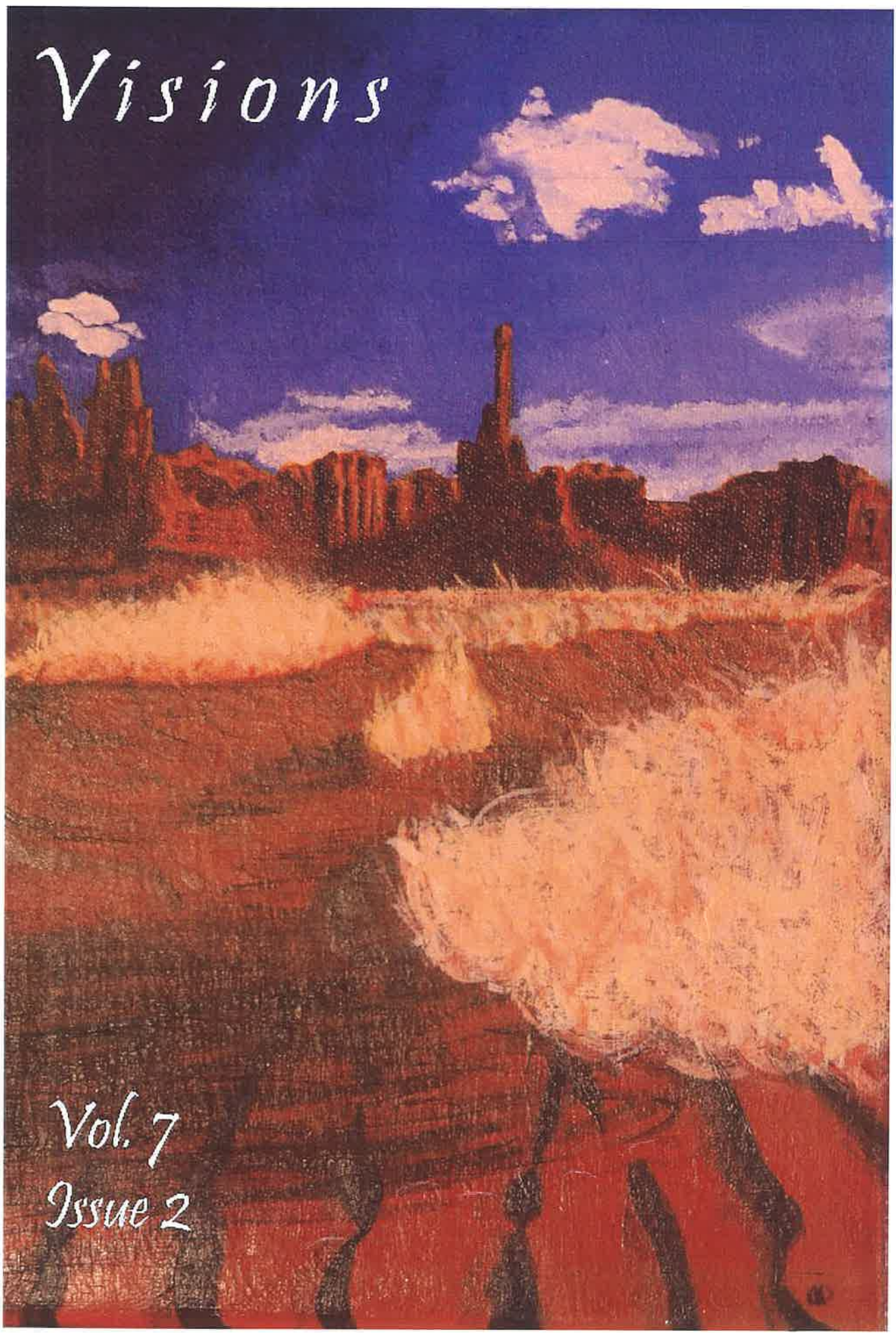


Visions

Vol. 7
Issue 2



We dedicate this issue of *Visions* to:

Ms. Vander Els, who inspires her students (and her fellow teachers) every day with her positive outlook, compassionate spirit, original lessons and never-ending encouragement
We will miss you intolerably and thank you for reminding us how important it is to take every opportunity in which there is potential to create something beautiful and true.

and

Ms. DeSantis.

Ms. D, you've shown us how to better appreciate writing, art, friendships and even stress,
you've laughed with us and at us,
and most of all, we all know you've loved us.
We love you too, and we wish you the best of luck with your future *visions*.
You're entirely perfect.

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(Photographed by Dariush Nejad, Class of 2008)

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Untitled

On their foreheads was the
grey mark, smudged and
dirty, slightly
reminiscent of the sooty
state of their souls,
They all laughed at
each other's imperfect
cross,
but that was only superficial,
The real imperfections
lay far beneath
surface,
hidden beneath layers
of vanity
and fake kindnesses.
Only later, when water finally cleansed their
blackened foreheads
did they understand that
their ashy souls
could be purified,
too.
All it would take was
the
true
desire to change.
They just shook their
heads and whispered
to the mirror
"Maybe tomorrow."

Lauren Xenakis
Class of 2007

Welcome to Vegas

“When I saw Finn waiting for me at the corner of the street, I knew at once something had gone wrong.” He was standing at the top, watching with great apprehension as I slowly got off the bus. He looked almost conspicuous, a six-foot-five giant, 275-pound muscular thug next to all the average business people in suits with briefcases. As soon as I met up with him, he grabbed my arm and whisked me away from the crowd.

“We gotta talk,” he said solemnly. *This can't be good*, I thought. Finn started talking at about forty miles an hour. “They found it. We are so done for. Everything is gone. Nobody’s there. Everything is gone. They found everything!” I stared at him in surprise. “What? Slow down, buddy. Calmly and slowly tell me what happened.” Finn looked at the ground and said in a dismal tone, “Just come with me to the workhouse. You’ll see for yourself.”

We jumped into Finn’s black Cadillac Escalade, and he sped down the streets of Las Vegas. We rode in complete silence, and from the window I watched all the casinos, restaurants, gas stations, and buildings whiz by in a fluorescent blur. I didn’t bother to try and ask him to tell me what exactly was going on because I almost didn’t have to ask. We drove until there wasn’t a sign or billboard in sight. I glanced at Finn, and I saw his face, almost completely blank, if not for the glassy look in his large pale brown eyes. I was trying to figure out exactly what had gone wrong, and my incessantly unrealistic imagination was picturing the worst.

By the time we had reached the workhouse, the freshly washed Escalade was completely covered in a fine coat of thick Nevada dust. Finn parked the car, turned it off, and stared at the steering wheel. I looked and saw that we were in the back entrance of the workhouse. I snuck a quick look at Finn, but he gave me no response. So, I opened the heavy door and stepped outside. Finn slowly followed. Judging by his unusual silence and inward behavior, I knew something serious was awaiting me behind the garage doors. I slid them open, and my mouth dropped at what I found.

What was left of the workhouse was totally trashed, but mostly it seemed empty. All of the expensive machines were gone, and the tables were overturned every which way. Slowly, I turned to Finn. I was afraid to ask, but I had to know. “Dude, where’s the money?” Finn sighed and told me the story.

“I went out to lunch with some of the boys, and we left Mikey, Rat, Pony, and Midnight here to finish up before we went ridin’,” he said with a chuckle. “We said we wanted a million more by the time we got back. When we came back, I saw Pony and Midnight running from the back and into the van. I looked into the side window, and I saw Mikey being arrested by the FBI. Rat was nowhere to be seen, and his bike was gone. Me and the rest of the gang jumped into my car, and we drove off. I dropped them off at the alley and came back to see what was left. When I came back, all the money was gone—even the real stuff—and all the machines were gone, too!”

I was not as shocked as I was angry. *The fuzz never would have found us unless someone ratted*, I thought. Finn was still going, “I didn’t know what to do, but I knew you were coming back from that deal soon, so I decided to wait for you by the bus stop. And now we’re here in this mess.” “Yeah, no kidding. It just doesn’t add up,” I said, puzzled.

“What are you talking about?” Finn questioned. “Think about it. Nobody knew about this place and our business except the nine of us. Seems as though we have a double-crosser, ladies and gentlemen.” Finn, with his benevolent and optimistic nature, was choosing not to believe that. I, on the other hand, was partial to the idea of a mutiny, or even a broadside betrayal. I was already trying to figure out in my head who had the gusto to screw around with me and Finn. Definitely not Midnight—he was too soft and leaned on the others too hard to have them fall from under him. Rat definitely did not have the guts to stand up and defy Finn like that. Despite the fact that Finn had a soft side, he was usually very rough and unsympathetic to the workers. He kept them under his thumb. Rat was terrified of him. “I bet it was Mikey,” I said with assurance. “He and Pony together quite possibly. They are attached at the hip.” Finn looked at me, weighing the suggestion.

He started to say something, but the familiar sound that evokes fear in every criminal was heard from outside the workhouse. I glanced at Finn. “Oh, shoot! They must have seen the car from the front! What should we do?” I asked in panic, eyes wide. A man’s deep, strong voice came blasting from a megaphone:

“THIS IS THE FBI AND THE LAS VEGAS POLICE. COME OUT SLOWLY WITH YOUR HANDS UP!”

Finn ran towards the door. “Where the heck are you going?” He didn’t answer; he just ran out the door and started shouting. I heard his muffled yells from inside. Finn came back, followed by the rest of the FBI. “Wh-what’s going on, Finn?” I quivered. “Kneel down, and put your hands on your head,” Finn ordered. “Excuse me?” I asked bewildered. “You heard me,” he said with a small, cynical smile. He pulled an FBI badge out of his back pocket. “Oh, no. You were in on this? Finn, my best friend...I trusted you!” I yelled, the anger rising. A betrayal was obvious, but I had never expected it to be Finn. Finn and I went way back; for about seven years we had been working together in this “business.” We looked out for one another and everyone else. I suppose that’s what you get for not watching your own back. Two of the men from the FBI stepped forward and put me in handcuffs. “Finn, how could you?” I asked, my eyes welling with sorrow. Finn looked at me, unmoved. “Welcome to Vegas, baby.”

Kaila Flynn
Class of 2010



Closed for the Season
Justin Gagnon
Class of 2007

A Plane Postulate

The intersection of two planes is exactly one line.

And in reply,

I hear,

all the time,

these kids saying,

“I’ll never need to know this in life.”

The ones I know,

and the type I am sometimes, too –

we have our multi-thousand-dollar educations,

multi-thousand-dollar bubbles

with fortified concrete walls and iron bars –

not to keep us in, but

to keep the outside world

out.

What do we know about life?

What do we know about what we’ll need?

We toss away human history and its legacy of achievements, because –

and sorry to all you names of faces,

dead and long since faded, that

I don’t know,

I haven’t met,

so I don’t care enough to

remember

what you did,

what your dream was,

what you gave your life for –

because your satirical novel on the hypocrisy of society

and the human need to break free from the clutches of slavery,

your revolutionary evolutionary theory on the origin of our species,

your $E=mc^2$, your idea of general relativity is just not

relevant

to me, so please,

stop teaching, teachers,

since I already know who I’m going to be –

and it doesn’t involve knowing these trivialities.

And the people that do care

need a life.

Life like mine,

not believing in anything,

not achieving anything –

and why should I anyway if the future is just another generation, a

generation like mine,

self-centered and unable to appreciate the people that they came from.

Why should I try to

do something –

be someone,

if the moment I die and

leave all my work behind

without anyone to defend the dignity of it

that it should be tossed aside and deemed
not relevant?

This generation doesn't respect –
doesn't respect the dead,
doesn't respect the living,
doesn't respect themselves,
won't respect anyone else.

Can you teach this in classrooms,
draw diagrams of it in schoolbooks,
ask questions about it on quizzes:

“What is life?

- a. It's the love of God.
- b. It's the result of nature.
- c. It's waste of space.
- d. I'm not really damn sure.”

In geometric mathematics –
filled with theorems and postulates
about lines and shapes that don't seem to fit into life's shape at all,
there's this idea about planes that are
flat surfaces that stretch infinitely in all directions in space and space that is
infinitely vast enough to fit an infinite amount of planes.

But even though you'd expect space to be infinitely stuffed
with irrelevant stuff,

it's spacious –

just enough

that two planes could stretch infinitely side by side and
never meet.

People live lives just like these

parallel planes,

thinking that the infinitely spacious universe is vaster than it is,

thinking that they stretch infinitely side by side,

never meeting,

never touching,

thinking they can go through life without

being connected to something else,

stuck in their multi-thousand-dollar prisons,

their prisons of the greatest hate of indifference,

But

planes don't die.

And although people do,

they can still intersect through your life –

whether dead or alive, rich or poor, white or black, young or old.

Everything is relevant –

my life, your life,

the lives that lived and died,

the lives that are living to die and

dying to live,

their lives are relevant to yours and mine

because somewhere along that infinite surface that our lives stretch is

a line that runs through somebody else.

Kathy Tran
Class of 2007

I'm Flapping My Life Away

February 13, 1927

The Automat—2 A.M.

I don't know why I always find myself sitting here every night. The same round plastic table, the same scratched wooden chair, and the same flickering fluorescent lights. The rusty heater provides barely enough heat to warm my bare legs. I come in right before closing time—2 A.M—so the coffee that they brewed hours earlier tastes stale no matter how much milk I put in it. Sometimes, if it's not too late, I get a choice of desserts—cold apple pie, overcooked strudel, or crumbling cake.

I never face the automat window. I do not want to be seen even though I know everyone who passes by the window during the day is asleep. I cannot bear to see the blurred reflection of my overly-made up face. The red lipstick, the paper-white pressing powder, and the pink blush make me ashamed to look at myself. My teal Salvation Army coat hides the straight brown dress that stops at my knee, and my cloche hat covers the boyish haircut that my mother has never approved of.

The nearest jazz club is just down the street from here. No one notices when I leave because so many other girls—all dressed alike, all rebellious youths—are dancing and smoking and flirting and giggling all at once. The men, the “snugglepups,” never come for conversation, only for the kiss proof lipstick and the glimpse of a knee.

In truth, I have never approved of the boyish haircut either. I wanted to become independent. Every night I think in disgust about the pearls, the makeup, and the heels the girls wear to attract attention. I cannot judge them because I am one of them. My hat and my teal coat hide the shame—the shame of conformity.

Tonight I danced like I do every night. I let the sound of the saxophone control my legs as they skittered across the dance floor. The men, tapping their feet to the rhythm of the jazz, waited to dance with girls half their age. I heard the sound of rebellion and independence in the girls' laughter, and I could not tolerate it.

Now I am back at the automat.

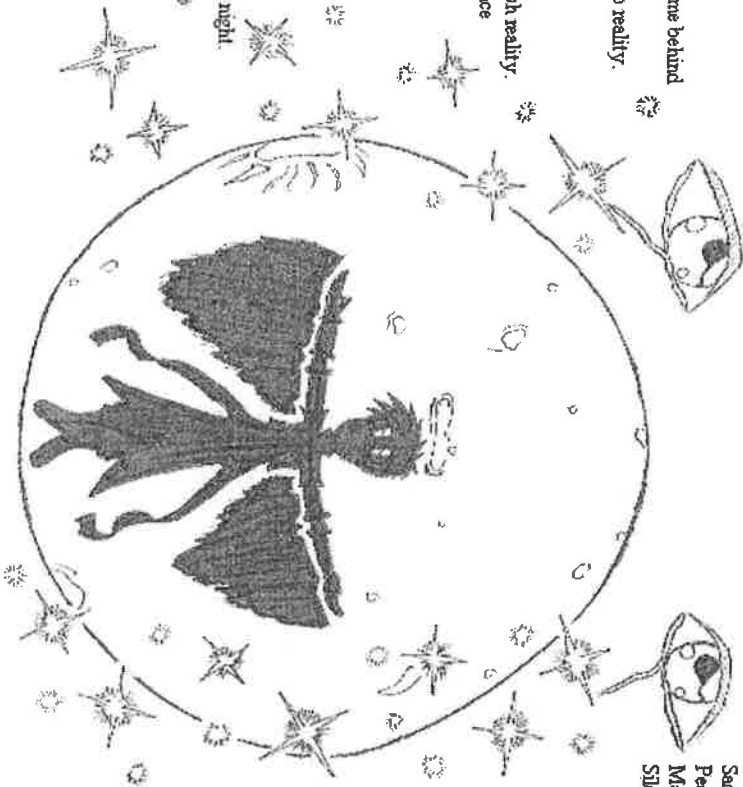
I lost one of my mother's black gloves at the jazz club, so I let the white ceramic coffee cup warm my bare right hand. The faux fur trim of my coat tickles my neck, but I am glad to be sitting in this place of refuge. No cloud of cigarette smoke hangs over my head, no pungent smell of alcohol burns my nose, and no men watch me from a bar stool. I am here, sitting in the window of the automat, where the heat is just beginning to warm my tired legs.

Patricia Letayf
Class of 2007

To soar through the sky
And look down at the world.
To reflect on the past which left me behind
Yet haunts me still.
A Nightmare that follows me into reality.

But friends wait for wake in hellish reality.
Waiting to comfort a moistened face
And a bloodied Soul.
Friends that make reality
Feel like a Dream.

To both our dismay
I will never wake up into a dream.
Still soaring through the cloudless night.
Crystal stars leave my soul
Only to fill the dark empty void.



With light coexisting with dark,
Sadness in the center of happiness,
Peace in the midst of strife,
Many things are left unseid.
Silent thoughts are held prisoner by the agitated mouth.

Still soaring through the illuminated sky,
Though regret weighs down the soul
To good time for one more chance...
Moving forward still,
Ready to bid adieu.

Abandon humanity
And reach towards the Heavens.
I leave the Earth and find
Peace with the World & Conflict with
Myself.
Only to find the familiar seraphs waiting
above,
Waiting for me to wake up into a dream.

Cape Cod Evening

They sit out back. They sit thinking.
Because there's nothing else for them to do.
The last payment fell through. By two hundred dollars this time.
The steel mill laid off strangers. Then his friends.
Then him.
It came so fast.
She took up a job at the salon.
It didn't last. No experience.
They sold the car. Sold her jewelry.
Even the ring.
They asked for an extension. Didn't get it.
Payment came so soon. They weren't ready.
So they sit out back. They sit thinking.
Frank and Maggie are at their aunt's.
Good.
They won't have to see them. Not like this.

He thinks about his life. Their lives.
He could've changed things. Done things differently.
He waves his hand through the grass.
For the last time.
What will they do? What can they do?
The kids were supposed to go to school. They can't now.
His wife is supposed to be a queen. Look at her now.
He's not a man. A man protects his family.
He's not a man.
He doesn't want to cry. Not now.
Not in front of her.

She thinks about her life. Their lives.
She loved this house. She loves this house.
He's a good man. She knows that.
She wants to say something.
She has nothing to say.
She wants to comfort him.
Who will comfort her?
He turns away.
She sees the tears.

The men are coming now. Up the road.
The dog sees it. They see it.
The men from the bank are coming.
Foreclosure. They know.
The men don't care. It's not their home.
This is it.
One last look. One last smell. One last taste.
This is it. This is goodbye.

Evan Fung
Class of 2007

Sunglasses

From birth,
our parents
stick, paste, glue –
force
sunglasses,
loaned sunglasses – society’s sunglasses
on our faces
to protect us from the world and
its crime, murders, wars – all other
elements released at the beginning of
time
from Pandora’s Box.

But the U.V. protection
doesn’t last.
We grow, and the sunglasses strain our vision
letting us see only the artificial world
and not its true light.
The lenses are worn down from the
ultra
violent
rays.

So we need new sunglasses –
but do we really?
Why?
Why can’t we do without?
Why the protection?
Why can’t we strike back
and force the Box closed?

Fear.

Fear of burns, blisters, blood.
Fear of shedding shields.
Fear of littering sunglasses on the side of the street
and standing in the sunlight
exposed to the dangers
vulnerable to weaknesses
targeted for nakedness.

Sunglasses.

We don’t need to borrow others’.
We can make our own
sunglasses.

Stephanie Tran
Class of 2009

**His Name is Harry,
He is Plastic,
And if You Shake Him Politely,
He'll Answer Any Question You Ask**

My mom is a social person. She has a friend named Betsy. An *older* friend, one who was born during the time when parents still named their girls Betsy. I'm sure her name is short for something. Maybe for Betty, Bedelia, Beatrice, or Ben. Whatever her full name is, it couldn't possibly be worse than Betsy.

I hear Betsy knows everything there is to know. She knows a lot about the neighbors. She knows that Miss Woodward at number 38 isn't getting mail when the UPS man comes over. Betsy also knows about numbers 46 and 21. They're close. *Real close.*

A thunderous laugh pours into my room at ninety decibels of sound. I drop my pencil and paper, my writing falls to the floor, and I bolt to the door. I listen. I love to listen at doors. I love to eavesdrop. It's good for ideas.

He left her, can you believe it? asked Betsy in that "I-knew-it-was-coming" tone.

I'm sure it's just temporary, replied mom in her kind, optimistic voice.

Temporary! Ha! squawked Betsy.

I asked Harry all about it this morning, and do you know what he said? asked Betsy.

My mom sighed. What did Harry say?

Most likely! replied Betsy triumphantly.

And then I hear loud murmurs. But I can't understand them. Then I hear the crash of a chair as it plummets to the floor. Next I hear the clicking of heels, the slamming of doors, and the screaming of two women who have the same "discussion" a thousand times. I'm used to it.

Who is Harry? That's what I've always wanted to know. At first I thought Harry must be Betsy's husband. But apparently he's plastic, and I've never heard of a plastic husband before. So I decided to play sleuth and sneak downstairs. I walked right by the "discussion" without either of them noticing me. Typical!

I skulked outside with the expression of a criminal on my face. I wasn't good at this sort of thing. I'm a thinker, not a doer. I rummage through her car in the hopes of finding something plastic. Her car is black and old. It reminds me of the 50's. It reminds me of her name which belongs in the 50's. In the passenger's seat there is a little black ball with an eight on it. There's also a piece of masking tape on it with the word "Harry" printed across the tape. I pick up the ball, turn it around and see a hole. Inside the hole is a blue triangle. And written on the triangle are the words: "Most Likely." I give it a shake and a new triangle appears. "Yes." I give it another shake and another triangle appears. "Maybe." Another shake. "Try Again Later."

And then I realize what I have to do. I must ask it a question.

Will Betsy and my mom make up?

Shake, shake. "Yes."

Will my dad be home from work late?

Shake, Shake. "Most Likely."

Will I live to my 11th birthday?

Shake, shake. "Don't Count on It."

Justin McDevitt
Class of 2009

Marvelous
Mind
Machine

Curiouser and Curiouser
A plunge down a rabbit hole of a different sort
The mind degenerating into
Static

Louder and Louder
The ringing swells to an intolerable crescendo then stops short
The ears screaming out
Nonsense

Stranger and Stranger
The language becomes inane and unintelligible
The letters ixm nda thcam, going
Insane

Static fades to

Nothing.

A small green light
Blinks, and stays—

Rebooting...

Dominic Delabruere
Class of 2009

Untitled

Just as spring buds break through the soil,
deep breaths.
A handful of contractions fill the air.
“I can’t. We shouldn’t. It’s too soon.”
“Don’t worry. It’ll be alright. We’re in love.”
Half hearted passion collides with
half hearted resistance.
And then just two people
as conflicting as the buds and the frost
sharing nothing but the moment.

As the leaves feint and cut through the air
a chest rises and falls with sharp breaths.
A handful of contractions
just as urgent as the old ones.
but with a different kind of pain.
Synthetic hope coursing through her veins,
easing some of the torment,
a young woman despairs as she becomes a mother.
And now, still two people,
a mother and daughter
together, but alone in a family missing a father.

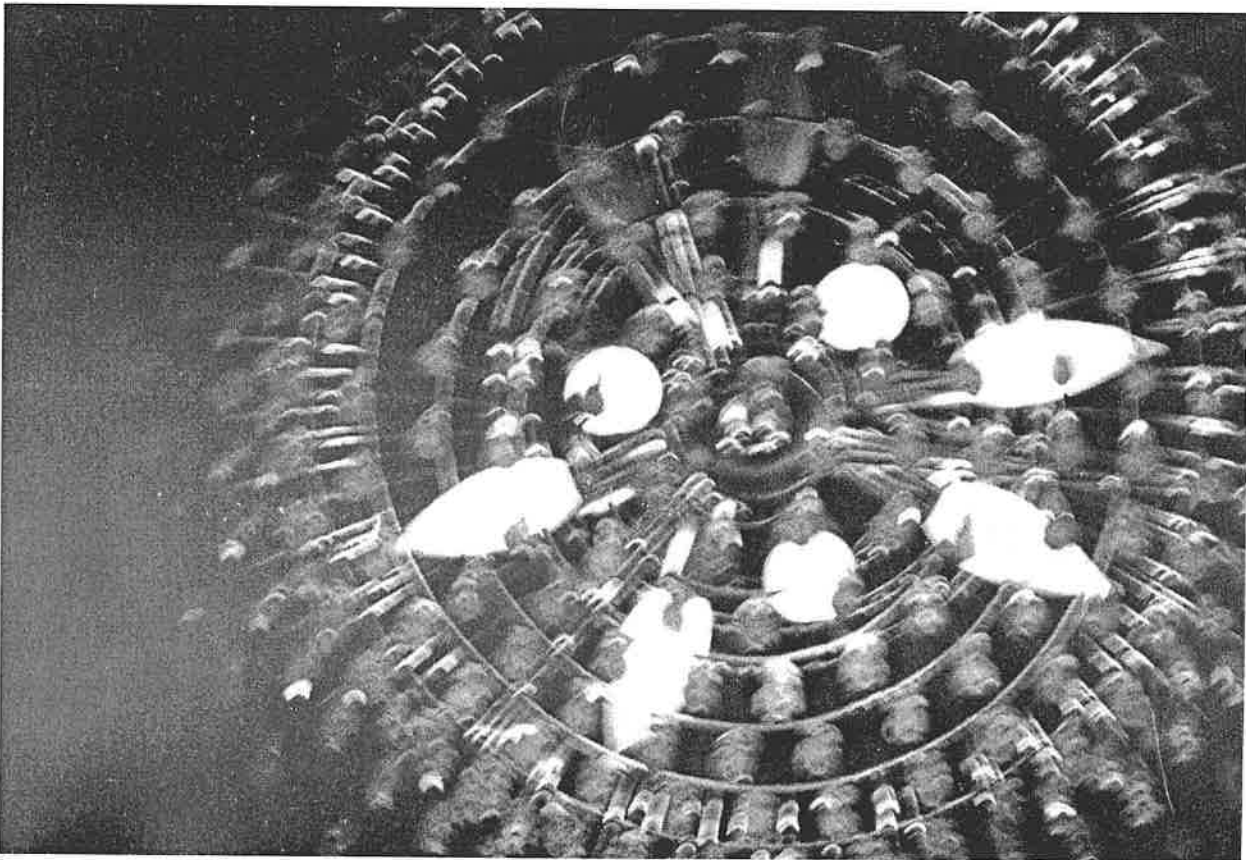
Shallow breaths.
A distraught mother’s decision
An innocent victim
Abandoned by her father
Orphaned by her mother
Left to face the cold, harsh realities of winter,
Of life.
Alone in a world full of people,
a fragile breath.
As delicate as a spring breeze,
grows faint.

Matthew Lyon
Class of 2007

The Clock

Though my grandmother's kitchen holds many fond memories and there are many elements that I love about it, my favorite part by far is their clock. This mail-order bicentennial clock hangs on the wall opposite the hutch, and at a little more than two feet tall, has a clear glass door that has the beginning of the Constitution etched on it. The wood that surrounds the clock on the remaining three sides matches the rest of the cherry wood in the room. For as long as I can remember, I have associated the fairly loud ticking of that pendulum with the comfort of my Nana and Peperere's home. In many other setting, the volume of the distinct 'tick-tock' might qualify as distracting, but in their house, I think I would be more distracted without it. The clock's tick is the first to say hello when I enter; it reaches my ears before Nana hears the door shut behind us. Whenever I call their house, the ticking acts like a type of pleasant, muffled background music. When I slept over as a child, the ticking was the only sound that softened the complete midnight silence. Many people have one thing in their life that acts as a tangible reminder of their intangible childhood memories. The clock does the same for me; its rhythmic, soothing sound brings wonderful memories dancing into my head.

Jillian Joubert
Class of 2007



Chandelier d' Eads
Brittany Arnold
Class of 2007

In Search of Something More

I've been searching for a happiness that I cannot find.
I've been led down promising paths only to come to a dead end.
I've followed clues and hints –I've felt the wear and tear of the trail.
Searching for a sign of life,
Hoping to come across you my darling;
Maybe in another life.

Geoff Bergeron
Class of 2009

Untitled

my back hurts from all the times I've broke for you
and your eyes are pulling me in
stream me lies and I just might find the sun
think of your step and my fluttering heart
a mirrored image fights at my back for a life that'll never be
i felt cold hands against my cheek but my body felt a jolt
then warm tears chased away your love and I saw what was really there
you left that day and took all you could but that look is still here

Angelica Coleman
Class of 2007

The Roadtrip

The other day, I read a poem about a forest.
It accurately described the vivid detail of birds chirping and leaves falling.
It stated the forest was the only uncorrupted and pure place remaining and that
Walden was the only place in the world where Waldo couldn't have been found.
It argued that the time will come when all natural beauty will be gone forever.

After taking a drive at night and seeing
the far-off blurry lights of the highway illuminate the midnight sky,
I disagree.

Jack Meighan
Class of 2007

The *Couture* New York Office On a Day in August, 1962.

The day was getting late; in fact the day was almost over. The clock read about a quarter to five when Rosemary glanced out the giant window that fronted her desk at *Couture*, a fashion magazine that set the trends. The air still looked sultry from inside the crisp office. Thankfully Marlene and Ethel, the only other two girls working downstairs with her on Fridays, didn't mind if the lights remained dimmed so the office stayed as cool as possible.

Rosemary reverted her gaze back to the article that was due in the editing office in fifteen minutes for a final review before the article was submitted with the rest of the magazine for printing. Rosemary was to read the article to make sure it was *Couture* quality and that the article fit with the themes of the issue it was intended for. The phone on Rosemary's desk rang, disturbing the quiet sound of Marlene shuffling papers. Rosemary considered answering it for a second, but then she wondered what need she would have of secretaries if she answered the phone.

As Rosemary's eyes trailed from the phone slowly back to the article, she noticed Robert, her ex-lover strolling down the street with his arm around some floozy he had no doubt just picked up at a local bar. Rosemary felt the sting of her last meeting with Robert, when he had told her that he loved her too much, just too much darling, to be able to stay with her without going insane. Rosemary remembered her screams and her tears and the sound of the champagne glass she had been holding as it smashed against the mahogany floor and the sound her deep purple, sequined covered stilettos made as she left Robert's hotel room that night.

Now Rosemary could not read the article; her eyes blurred with fresh tears, from the fresh pain of realizing Robert was a liar. There had been a part of her that had believed Robert when he had told her that he just loved her too much. But now she saw her folly. Rosemary cursed herself. How many times had she promised herself, no more tears, no more mixing up with that kind of man, no more emotional attachment? Finally the tears subsided without leaving the contours of Rosemary's artfully lined eyes.

Once she had considered herself lucky to have a first floor office in a real estate crazy city like New York; in fact, Rosemary had considered herself lucky until about five minutes ago when Robert chanced by. The window had offered Rosemary a break from her grueling work; it offered her a view of life beyond *Couture*. She loved to watch the new mothers pushing their infants in cozy carriages, and the business men on their way to lunch, and the Upper East Side socialites on their way to cocktail hour with their carrier bags from Saks and Dior, and the homeless men begging for a spare dime, offering up a pitiful irony, and the lovers walking happily hand in hand, and the other working girls like herself, those were her favorites. But it was not so great, not so titillating to see Robert. It was downright depressing.

Rosemary hated how Robert made her feel depressed. She had so much success, yet he made her feel like a failure. There she stood, in a multimillion dollar company's front window, where she worked as an assistant Editor in Chief, in her peroxide-blonde, cropped hair and in her 3,050 dollar Dolce and Gabbana peacock colored dress with the lovely white collar that had been the envy of all the girls in the office that morning, particularly Marlene. But really, like Marlene should be jealous, she was decked out in a black satin Chanel cocktail dress circa 1952. Marlene was also happily married to a wealthy lawyer.

However, Rosemary had something Marlene didn't. She had power, real power. Rosemary had the power to get over Robert and move on with her life. She had the power of a single woman. She had the power to do what she wished with her time and her money. She didn't have to answer to anyone. Rosemary could stay out until two in the morning at a wild party with her other single girlfriends and a roomful of eligible bachelors who were just dying to meet her. She had the power to go home with them if she so chose. Rosemary had the power to change the fashion trends of the upcoming season with the roll of her eyes. Suddenly the article she held in her hands had more weight than it previously had. And as Rosemary glanced again out her window, instead of seeing the shadows that Robert had cast as he and his lady friend walked around the corner and out of sight, she saw the glow of the late afternoon sun and the promise of opportunity.

Emily Mahoney
Class of 2007

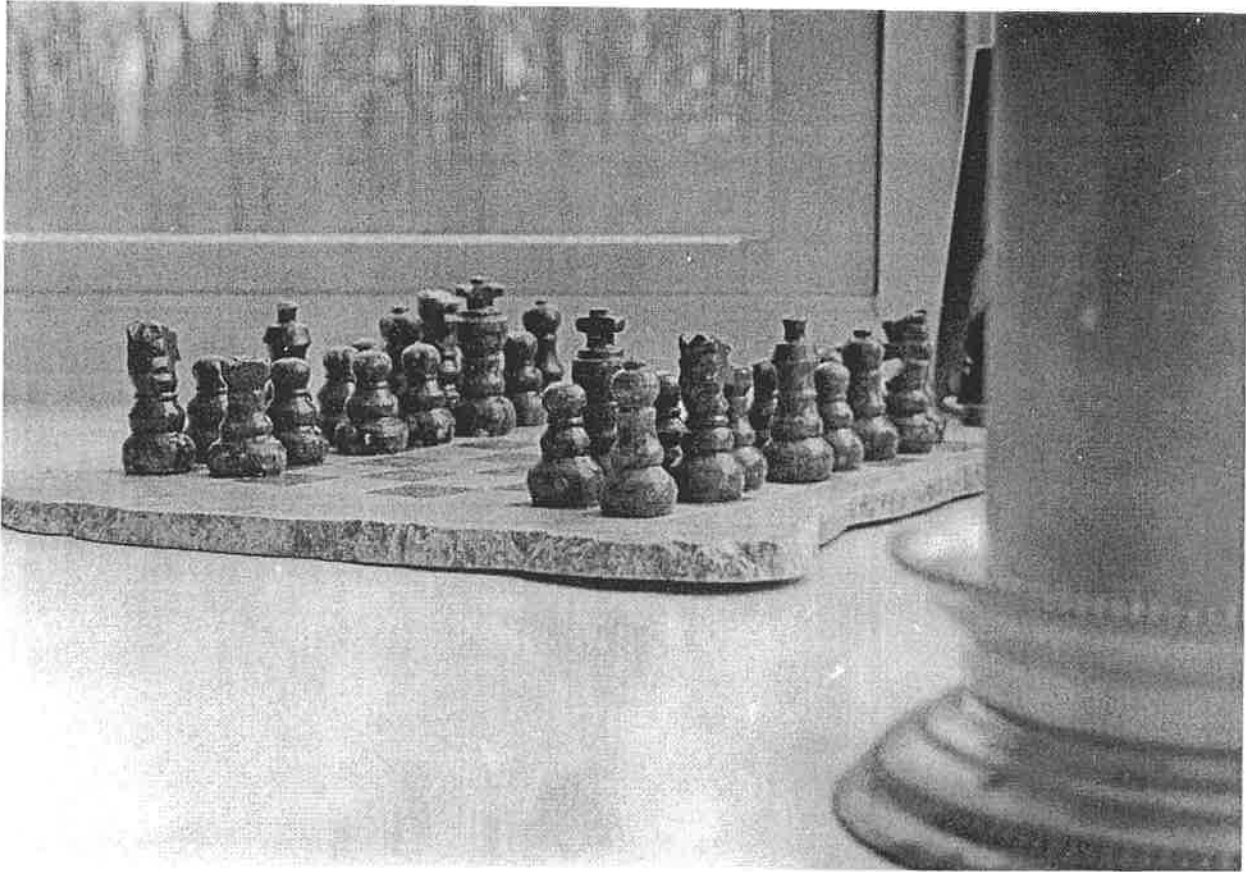
Order

A perfect world;
All are happy,
All are healthy.
Black and white blend,
Rivals shake hands,
Poverty a distant memory.
War has faded from the average vocabulary.
Gun shops like ghost towns,
Jails fall into disrepair,
Slums have become high-end neighborhoods.
Every person in existence can afford a decent education,
Churches, mosques and temples flow constantly with believers;
Everything is Bliss.

Disorder

A barren wasteland;
All are angry,
All are broken.
Ethnicities vie for control,
Friends cannot be trusted,
Wealth a distant memory.
Peace exists only in the imaginations of fools.
Gun shops like busy hives,
Schools are converted into extra jails,
High-end neighborhoods are slums.
Every person in existence can afford a deadly weapon.
Churches, mosques and temples fall into disrepair;
Everything is Chaos.

Chris Gigliotti
Class of 2008



Concentration
Bianca Bimbatti
Class of 2007

Untitled

Freezing. Shivering.
Suffocating. My mind is
Craving knowledge from
Anything and everything.
That is what I want (need)

A pencil is in
My right hand, ready to write
In my other a ruler.
The paper on my desk is
My easel, pencil—paintbrush.

Driven by passion.
Fueled by those around me.
Want to be the best
That I can be for myself
And for all those I care for.

It is my first love,
My everything. Failure is
Unacceptable.
Success is mandatory.
It is my life (addiction).

C.T.
Class of 2009



Kala Gleason
Class of 2009



Kala Gleason
Class of 2009

Crumbling Walls

Another late night at the office; his third late night that week, in fact. When asked what was wrong at his job, he would hastily reply *Nothing. Everything. Stock Market crashed. Our walls are crumbling.* She could not build up her courage enough to look him in the eye when asking him, though. Not anymore. Not knowing what she knew. Not when he was able to look her in the eye and lie about where he had been for those three nights. *Stock market crashed.* He didn't love her anymore. *Our walls are crumbling.* There was another woman.

The room is silent, except for the rhythmic sound of her finger playing the same four notes on the piano. And the occasional crinkle of his newspaper. Does she confront him? She struggles with whether or not she has a right to. Outside, a breeze blows in through the window; an unusually cold night for this time of year. Trees cast shadows on the building's cold cement, but the heat from the tension inside extinguishes the cool, dark air.

Out of all the nights for the stock market to crash, she found it ironic that it happened on their anniversary. Married for five years, and it seemed like twenty. He knew what she was thinking. *Sorry, he'd say, we'll do dinner tomorrow. Damn stock market. I couldn't have done anything about it. You understand, don't you?* Of course she understood. *Yes, she'd say, perfectly.* She could hear him shift in his chair, uncomfortable, to lean over the empty table, newspaper still in hand. An empty table, his empty feelings, expressionless face. She didn't know him anymore, she couldn't read the lines on his face; nor could he read the lines on hers. *You should go change. No reason to stay in that dress, it's too late to go out.* Yes, her face was as hidden as his, hers by a shadow that masked the tear stains on her cheeks.

Do you love her? she asked, but not aloud. She ventured to, but couldn't. In her mind though, she imagined how the conversation might go. She couldn't keep quiet, not any longer. Not knowing what she knew. She'd say it. She'd count to three, and she'd say it. She had to. But she would not look at him; she couldn't. *One...*the piano distracted her enough to keep from breaking down. *Two...*she cleared her throat and took a breath....*Damn stock market,* he said again, *our walls are crumbling.* Without looking up, she sighed and agreed. *Yes, I suppose they are.*

Jules Lucciano
Class of 2007

All Good Things...

I write this for those who know me.
Who have seen the world apart.
A world where nothing is quite as it seems,
And where nothing is impossible, so long as you believe

I write this for those who've read my work,
True friends whether known or not.
Who've followed my pen these past four years,
And thought the questions, whose answers I've sought.

I write this for those who've seen what I can do.
Who've witnessed in awe and disbelief,
For it is their world whose sky has cracked.
And revealed to them a secret truth (the world beneath the world).

But yet all good things must come to an end,
And these words, much like all I have done here,
Shall dissolve into a sea of forgetfulness.

And so I write this epitaph, for a time that ended far too soon.

Freshman year came and went, A year of uncertainty and nameless faces.
Sophomore and **Junior** year followed suit, Years of building and times of spirit.
And now **Senior** year has slipped away This year of transition and change,

And I am saddened by what I leave here, and my soul does bid me stay,
But even I, in all I know, cannot keep the hands of time at bay.

I write this for those who know me.
I write this for those who've read my work.
I write this for those who've seen what I can do.
And I write this for those I've never met.

I write this for those I leave here
The ones who've shown more kindness than due,
A second family that I must leave behind,

I write this as a prayer for tomorrow,
For I know my leaving will not stop time.
And hope that those who follow hence,
Find their purpose... their truth... sublime.

John Kulesza
Class of 2007

Hope

A man walked out onto the balcony of his one bedroom apartment. Many people like to call this balcony the fire escape. Nobody knows this man's name. To them, he is just the man upstairs with the scar under his left eye. He was holding an aluminum beer can in his right hand, and gripping the rusty, ramshackle railing with his left. He took a breath to fill his lungs with oxygen. He wanted so badly for the oxygen that filled his lungs to be cool and fresh. It wasn't. The air was dirty and hot; he felt as though his lungs were filled with filth. He wasn't sure why he had expected anything different. He knew the air was nothing but smog just by looking out at the city. Its beauty was covered with an opaque layer of haze. It smeared the horizon in the day and the lights at night.

The breath he had just taken, like all the others, was just another disappointment. Realizing that every breath entering his lungs was a disappointment, he began to wonder why he kept breathing at all, why he bothers with all the disappointment life has to offer. Suicidal thoughts began rushing through his mind. His head began to ache with the images of the horrid times in his life. His eyes welled up with hot salty tears, and he tossed the half empty beer can aside. The bitter liquid flowed from the mouth of the aluminum can, emptying onto the fire escape. The swill continued like a river off the ledge, and splashed drop by drop onto the filthy pavement three stories below his feet. The man watched this process and began to think that there was no way but down. He just wanted the force of gravity to take him anywhere but where he was. He swung his leg over the railing and looked up; the tears that were rolling down his cheeks were hot, and salty.

He took one last breath before he planned to end his life. He had expected this one to be yet another disappointment. It wasn't. A cool breeze had come from the north. For the first time in a long time, he tasted freshness on the tip of his tongue. This freshness, this new sensation, it gave him hope. In the millions of breaths he had taken that were clouded with the rough patches of life, there was one breath of hope. Hope for whatever is to come. Again, he looked out at the city. The smog began to clear, and the sun began to set. The big orange ball behind the buildings gave the once grey clouds a glow. This glow wasn't just any glow. It was a hopeful glow. The man swung his leg back over the dilapidated railing until both feet were firmly on the fire escape. He smiled just enough so that the scar beneath his eye was lifted. The man then turned and walked back into his apartment, back to his life.

Maddie Schnier
Class of 2010



Natalie Sanchez
Class of 2010



Nathian Perdomo
Class of 2009

companions

she had stopped under a delicate awning and fat glass-eyed raindrops clacked against the pavement in front of her.

her back arched slightly on the cool glass of a wide store window, shards of rain licking her cheeks and dotting her face with wet freckles. she moved her fingers, uneasy, over the covers of a stack of books as if she were following braille and she balanced on her heels, worn. behind her, frenetic shoppers rushed in and eventually out of automatic doors, carrying cigarettes and self-help books and classical jazz records.

all of those amenities lay on her nightstand at home, but at the moment she could only reach out and touch that boy. he stroked her arm as she stared, intent, at the bookshelf on her left; he sighed and she grew more interested in a small paperback.

her eyes looked beyond the thin novel, beyond his analytical arms, beyond the crowded lot. he did not sense it, and for the moment he held on, firm.

the girl looked at the shoppers who rushed from their cars and crumpled their brows and foreheads, as busy people are known to do when rain insists on pouring down. they shook their wet things at her feet and peppered the splotches of dry pavement as their mascara and children ran about.

she marveled at married ladies— distinct, pampered women—waiting at the doors and brushing water from their shoes. their eyes reached as far as their husbands, who jogged through the parking lot and sheltered their balding heads with plastic bags. men pulled to the curb, and those who took too long adjusting their seats or fiddling with the radio dials were met with scolding faces and tapping feet.

still, the girl noted, they were sheltered from the prickly showers and they were dry.

ladies without husbands shuffled out of the doors and opened their umbrellas, monogrammed with painted cats and lilies, to the clouds. they had ambled into the bookstore empty-handed and later they walked out rather unchanged, with ornate stationary, scrap-booking supplies, or at worst a dead beat romance novel. to the girl's dismay, they fumbled with their possessions while trying to position umbrellas above their heads.

the girl wanted them to carry themselves better, to carry nobler books, to accept the weather they walked into without sour eyes or unwieldy scuffling. she felt more desperate as each one seemed more fragile. she hoped to see another kind of woman walk out— a sturdier woman— maybe with a moleskin journal or a banned classic under her arm.

one woman stumbled over her own feet, slipped into a puddle, and with a sad eyes and a slight pout, let bystanders know that no one was by her side to offer a hand. *pick yourself up*, the girl silently begged of the woman, *you can do it*. she pleaded, with both empathy and urgency; *I need you to get a hold of yourself*.

after a bout of unresponsiveness from the girl who now hugged her sweater to her sides, the boy next to her released her shoulders and stepped into the downpour. he shied away and shivered, but then looked up and rivulets spilled onto his eyelashes, painted his cheeks, and glossed his waxy chin.

the girl called out and insisted that he pull on his hood or come back under the awning. despite her apparent apathy— her mute indifference— she worried about such things and took necessary care.

in reply, he slipped her a slanting grin and sidestepped her eyes with one of those looks he thought was attractive. he plucked damp licks of hair from his forehead, wiped the water from his eyes and mouth, and stepped backward without a glance over his shoulder.

his compliance and smirks had yet to sow comfort. if he had asked the same of her, to rest under the sheltering awning, she would have sneered and giggled. perhaps kicked around in a puddle or unbuttoned her sweater, lifting her mouth to the falling gin. no way would she have let him protect her.

catching cold from the rain or being unhappy, alone—just old wives' tales anyway. she thought about e.e. cummings and Joe Camel and Lao Tse and Duke Ellington, the good men who lay next to her bed and her hands each night, honest and understanding. and she thought about her composition notebook, its college-ruled veins pumping with all but indifference, all but indirectness. and then she thought about that boy next to her now, so young, and how he slouched with his elbows on her bed sheets but never held her like they did.

after placing some poetry back on a stack of books, she bent over the spackled sidewalk and rippled a puddle with her scarf. she shifted her weight onto a sturdy column of hard covers and looked out. rainstorms veiled the sky in front of her, but she could sense the glinting stars struggling to pierce through and radiate onto the twilight.

the boy stared.

now leaning against the glass, he had stopped trying to peer at her from the corners of his eyes and he looked at her, direct. seeing this girl—considering her with clear, wet eyes—made him fidget and he bit on his bottom lip. her pupils, when he saw them stretch in the streetlamp light, looked flat and mute; but as she turned to the bookshelves the edge of the lot, with her chin tilted up and her feet planted down, he caught a dark, dynamic glint in her eyes.

he shook his head with his lips parted in expectation, but he could only give a hint of silent, forfeiting exchange. the glint was not for him.

she smiled, and a drop of sympathy trickled between them. for this grey moment, she could appreciate that boy.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007



Joseph Welch
Faculty

Where Two Worlds Meet

We came into the little town, not knowing what to expect
Who knew two weeks could change our lives, an experience we'd never forget
The kids had excitedly shouted, "¡Gringo!" to my new friends dressed in white
We got to know them a little and they followed us back to our campsite

They'd shout, "¡Hola!" with smiles on their faces, as we walked down the dusty street
Their curiosity had quickly turned to love, and hand in hand we'd meet
Those weeks flew by —through laying block, outreach, and cold showers
"It's over?" we'd cry —gone were the games, the laughs, the lost worries of tomorrows sorrows
No cliques, we all came together as one
It had surprised me to see how close we'd become

Worshipping with them in the church that we, as amateurs, had built was the most fulfilling thing
Language didn't matter, together, as one, to God we'd loudly sing
Black, yellow, brown, and white —it didn't matter, we didn't bother
We were united as one with the common goal of spreading love to one another
It seemed like there were no worries, that life was carefree
There was time to be the people that we were intended to be

When we got back to the U.S. it was pure culture shock, we agreed
Claustrophobic buildings, people running all over to wherever, satisfied people to feed
A world so busy, too busy, there's never any time to rest
All this technology, but still no time to praise our Creator and get the burdens off of our chests
Like a friend said, "no time to care, and if you do, it's at a cost"
In the time it takes to lend a helping hand —seconds are forever lost

Reluctant to share, for fear that we might not have enough
Eager to share the little that they had, they got along fine without all that extra stuff
We spend all our lives searching for happiness in material things
While they've found it in God and all the simple joys that life brings
We must not be as smart as we think
Still, at the sight of a starving child in our HDTVs, our hearts sink
But life goes back to the way it used to be
What will it take for us to finally see?

I guess you have to come face to face with poverty to know what it really stands for
Kinda walk in its shoes for a while, and it'll shake your body's core
You do everything in your power to show them that you care
Because you feel that you're part of the reason why you're here and they're there
The times I've been unappreciative, I regret
Their faces I'll never forget
And this experience's impact on my life, I'd have never expected.

Cherie Price
Class of 2009

Everyone Deserves a Second Chance

As a person who has grown up with many struggles and disadvantages, I believe that everyone deserves second chances in life.

In my childhood, I always wanted to attend Central Catholic High School. One of the main reasons for that was that I wanted to play basketball in a highly competitive environment. I started out by making the varsity team as a sophomore, but I was not getting any playing time. And, as they say, my butt hurt from sitting on that pine. Junior year came around and the coach said to me, “Junior, you have a spot on the team, but I’m sorry, I don’t see you actually getting to play.” At this point, I set out to do what I do best-- outperform other players in order to prove myself. The coach got me going; it was like putting a brand new battery in a car.

All this was happening because I was only five feet three inches. The assumptions made were false, and all I wanted to do was prove the coach wrong. As a 5’3” player, I was considered one of the shortest, if not *the* shortest player in the state. I had many obstacles to overcome and I was determined to show not only my coach and the players, but everyone who had doubted me throughout the years, that being an undersized player was nothing. 5’3” to me, was just a number. I wanted to show everyone that my confidence, desire, heart, and work ethic to succeed were greater than my height. Even though I was working hard, I was going to prove my point by showcasing the extra talent I had and show everybody I wasn’t just an average player.

Finally, I was slowly showing improvement and the coach decided to give me a second chance. He put me into more games and talked to me on a regular basis. Coach started to notice me but he never had the courage to tell me that he had misjudged me. Instead, he put me into more games and showed me the respect I had earned. I went from a bench player to a starter to an All-Star—the shortest All-Star selected! Also, the team and I got to play at the most attended high school event, in front of the largest high school crowd in the TD Banknorth Garden’s history. That made me feel great; it was like my mission was complete.

In the end, I believe that even though I forced the coach to give me a second look, I don’t think any of this could have happened without the second opportunity I received to do just that. Everyone deserves that second look. In my case, I went from being not tall enough, to not only being good enough to play, but good enough to get my own article written in the paper in which the coach said, “We don’t win without him. Simply put, without Junior, we lose.”

As the captain this year, I wanted to continue to grow in my accomplishments on and off the court. I may be short on the outside, but as soon as this 5’3” guard steps on that court, he turns into a giant.

Junior DeLaHoz
Class of 2007

Untitled

In the midst of winter, the ground swallows us up.

The sky is grey and the birds fly south.

The snow covered streets bring beauty,

but then they turn black and we all want them gone.

We yearn for spring, the happiness it brings--

the start of new life and new opportunities.

The thought of it brings the corners of my mouth into a smile.

My frozen hands and frost-bitten nose turn warm with the image of the golden sun.

Winter brought regret and denial,

but spring will bring the beginning of something great where the unachievable can be achieved.

The seasons change faster than my moods.

The color of the sky should not determine the emotions my body holds.

Everybody should be happy whether the streets are full of hydrant water or full of dirty snow.

Mallary Forzese
Class of 2008



Soon-to-Be Overshadowed

Stephanie Tran

Class of 2009

the cold

When she looked at me, the look on her face said it's getting cold and dark again

"That's ok," I thought. "I'm used to the winter."

Jack Meighan

Class of 2007

Untitled

(inspired by Boris Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago)

The wisp of a cloud trembled in the sky
as Lara gazed out into the snow-strewn earth,
wondering where her little poet was –

he, in his small caftan, had trudged through
miles of snow just to taste the pale body
of a chilled snowflake as it teetered down
towards autumn's sienna-colored ground
and instead landed, flat, on his tongue.

Content with the anticipation of winter's advent,
he scurried towards Lara's hand,
which reached out to him with a quick, worried
gesture, her face taut with apprehension.

"Did you find your poem then?" she asked,
and he, parking his boots by their little woodstove,
peered steadily into her bright green eyes
before answering –
"Yes, I found my poem."

She smiled, grabbed his cold hands, and
then embraced him.

"I'm glad you're back," she mumbled
into his wool sweater, clinging
to him.

"So am I," he said, "so am I."

And then, having reassured her,
he sat down at his desk with
a strong cup of Russian coffee
and began to write.

Marilee Goad
Class of 2008

Free Verse

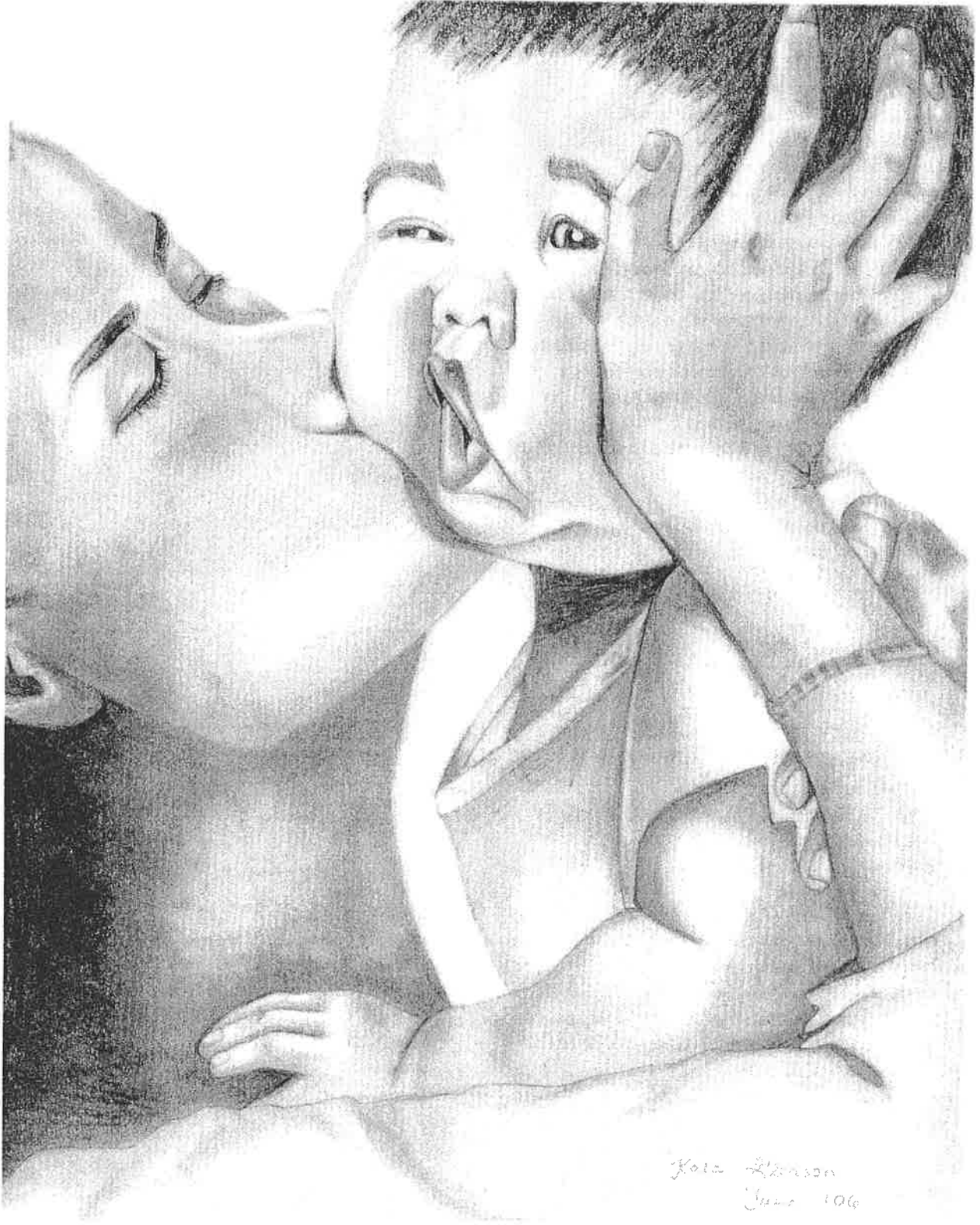
Tears fall like raindrops from the girl's face
She waits for a young man's warm embrace
Delicately she is seated on the front stairs
Shall I approach I think I dare
She seems so lonely without a friend
I hoped I would help her scars to mend
I look out the window and I catch her eye
She lightly waves a welcoming hi
At that moment she seemed not to be crying
I could tell by her sniffles she was really trying
I walked out the door and gave her a smile
She looked like she would like me to stay for awhile
I sat right next to her with a plop of my feet
At that moment I felt complete
She leaned her head into my chest
I knew at that moment my heart would not rest
I moved my arm around her
She seemed to sigh with pleasure
This feeling made me as high as a dove
At that moment I knew I was in love

Michael Fillipon
Class of 2008

Untitled

A lost boy in an alley.
staring ahead in the distance,
alone with the wet streets and the dirty fire escapes.
Mr. Ted, with one eye, is his only companion.
His mother called him Johnny,
but right now he is John.
Papers scatter the dirty alley way and the sunlight barely finds John's face.
He can feel his tears trying to search for air, but he stares at the tough cement and they dwindle away.
There is no time for loneliness or confusion; he must find a way home.
He cannot remember what has happened, if the stray cat did not lick his face he would not have been awake.
His head hurts and his throat is dry like sandpaper.
His knee is bloody and aches when he tries to stand.
He walks to the left, dead end.
To the right he sees a dirty window filled with the same soot that is on his little blue pants.
Ahead, there it is.
The light he has been yearning to find.
In the corner, by the empty can he sees the light.
He runs ahead and disappears into the busy street, away from the desolate alley way.

Mallary Forzese
Class of 2008



Kala Gleason
Class of 2008

Utopia

She comes home still feeling the party's heartbeat
Again to an empty house
With coffee in the machine
 Still black
 Still old
 Still there

 And she looks on the kitchen floor to find Daddy's tie she used to wear
But sees it's now
 Stained
With a woman's dark red lipstick

 The veinish cracks encompassing the wall
 And all that's left of someone's fall
 is
a shattered glass bottle on the floor
 Her nose tingles with the stale, strange, somehow sentimental smell
 of Whiskey
 Mamma's done for the night.

Why should she care?
She's got everyone convinced
 That the silence isn't too loud when she doesn't hear Daddy come home anymore
 That this is nothing new

She remembers how it was the other night when that blurry, slurred boy passed out kissing her
 It was her boyfriend right?
 It was the plumber right?
 It was her neighbor right?

Why should she care?
She sobs like a waterfall and laughs like a madman
She's just a marionette after all
 Whose strings are a little more tangled than the next puppet on the shelf

She hears Mamma yelling for her to take care of her
 Boyfriend's
 Plumber's
 Neighbor's
 Crying baby

Why should she care?
 But she does
So she decides to take one last drag of her
 Marlboro Regular
And stop ignoring all she knows
calling her home to
 "What she should be thankful for."
 Her Utopia

She crushes the cigarette and watches it die
 As the bitter tear cries its way
 toward the black soil

She walks carefully avoiding the
Red stained tie
And the
Shards of Whiskey glass
But she trips and
falls
Over her broken heart
Which
Someone
No one
Everyone,
Left carelessly bleeding
On the
Floor

Saige Jutras
Class of 2009



Karina Castro
Class of 2009

Untitled

A kiss on the cheek
Reluctantly, because she's trying to hold back all her feelings
She thinks 'stealing my heart is what he's doing'
A failed attempt at pursuing a love that can never be.

A kiss on the cheek
Where will it lead
Everyday she says 'maybe he'll pick me'
She wishes her heart would listen to her mind and realize it's a waste of time

A kiss on the cheek
But not for her
Another girl just walks into his world
A swirl of negative thoughts in her head
But he's still the last thing on her mind as she lays down to bed

A kiss on the cheek
Her final cry
'It's about time he knows what's on my mind'
But silence is all she hears
As she's on the verge of tears

A kiss on the cheek
Followed by a feeling of regret
'If I avoid him maybe he'll forget'
She walks away, but he reaches out
And then without an ounce of doubt...

A kiss on the cheek goes slightly left
His love for her awakened from the depths
A love so long denied
But then she opens up her eyes.

Vanessa Scafe
Class of 2009

On A "*Room in New York*"

sometimes, as I walk
from my flat
to the piano bar
on downcast, forlorn nights,
I tilt my chin up
to look at the neat, yellow windows
dotting the sides of a reaching building
like candy buttons on wax paper,
and I think of a room in New York.

I picture a dark-haired woman
who might live
on the thirteenth floor,
wearing a sleeveless red pinafore.
her skin is ceramic and her cheeks are tinted,
like an figurine
brushed with gentle watercolors, and
she just pulled her hair
back into a loose knot, because
it's getting too late
to go out for drinks like
she had hoped.

she taps on the keys
of an upright piano and
points out single notes
with a single, listless finger,
resting her elbow
on a small mahogany table.
a bittersweet smirk meets her fingers
as she thinks of the sonatas
she could play
on the eighty-eight ivories
of a grand piano, surrounded by
bright lights and red curtains
instead of a dim red lamp.

as I drag
on a cigarette and strain my eyes
I picture a blonde-haired man
who might sit
across from her, still
wearing a stiff vest and tie.
he spent a tough, bustling day
on Wall Street, unlike mine
or the woman's, and
he says he just wants to rest.

yet he's the only man I've ever seen who
can slouch and keep his shoulders
rigid while he sits
in his embracing red chair,
which fades, each day, as it waits
behind the apartment windowpanes.
he casts his weight over the business
section of the newspaper,
the sides of his face crinkling
with the latest stocks, and he thinks
maybe he'll never save enough
money to return to the landscapes
in the fading paintings
behind him.

as I pull
down my hat brim and stare at the sidewalk,
I bet that man cannot hear
the woman's doleful song, because
green paper C-notes compose
the works he attends to.
but me, I just
want to take her out,
from her flat
to the piano bar,
and dance to a minuet because
she has been nowhere,
he has been everywhere,
and we're all alone and looking down.

Crystal Barrick
Class of 2007

Thank You, Thank You, Thank You!

The staff would like to offer thanks to the multitudes who contributed to the making of the book that you now hold in your hand...

To our principal, Mr. David DeFillippo, and the entire Administration for funding our project and supporting the arts and independent student work.

To the English and Visual Arts Departments, who often give our contributors the confidence to craft and submit their stunning successes.

To Riverside Press in Methuen, MA for seeing our *Visions* in a stack of papers.

To Jane England and her staff at England's MicroCreamery in Haverhill, MA, for letting us spend time with each other's work and for scooping our delicious ICE CREAM!

To Malco Electronics in Lawrence, MA for allowing us to be heard over the scraping of spoons at our open microphone nights.

To Dariush Nejad, for taking the time to photograph our coverS (yes, plural!).

To Ms. Karen Moynihan, for encouraging students to see narratives in Edward Hopper's paintings. Her innovative and progressive approach challenges, moves, and inspires us.

To Ms. Vander Els for initiating a photography curriculum at Central.

To Mr. Welch, for simply being Mr. Welch. 😊

To Ms. DeSantis, for dealing with our deadline infractions with serenity and laughing at our horrific jokes.

To our loyal readers, who wait patiently during our editing, layout-ing, and general toiling to peruse our creation.

And last, but certainly not least, to those who get up the courage to submit. (*You did.*)

Advisor's Thanks

Thank you so very much to my phenomenal inaugural staff.

Crystal, Lauren, Patricia, Matt, and Marilee—

WOW.

I hope that you are always guided by a "force much stronger than luck", never "feel the need to explain your art" and keep finding the courage and daring to leave the couch-- one cushion at a time.

Special thanks and welcome to Mallery Forzese and Kala Gleason.

Thank you to all of our teachers—faculty, administration, students, and staff.

Anonymous E-Correspondence During this Year's Submission Process

~ I added titles but they are pretty lame and my email doesn't let me bold them, so they are just the first words of each poem on the top line. There are three here, so don't get confused. And, if any make it in I will sign them with my name because I have nothing to lose I guess.

~ My name is _____. I think you know me, I'm in your A-Day study. I would like to submit...

~We could name them Batman and Robin or better yet, Irving and Poe

~ Sorry I'm so slow Ms. D.

~ Sound the trumpets! Cue the fireworks! I am passing in stuff on time!

~ Submit... Do it... I did...(Someone was bound to say it.)

~ Yo. Tan's angel is attached.

~ That sentence was horribly structured, but hopefully you understand what I'm saying. Or trying to say anyways.

~ Wow, Ms. DeSantis. Don't let Lauren pressure you into doing things...

~ I'm finally surrendering my poem to publication as follows.

~ visions stuffs, my visions schtuff

~ thanks and for an ending note. Break Me Off a Piece of That Visions.

~ today the charles river inspired me to write.but I don't know how it will turn out. I will let you know.

~ I don't know if I'm too late or if this paper is too controversial, but I would like to submit it.

~ "Jooooooooooooooooooooe!"

~ Ms. Desantis, I suppose this is what I would like to be submitted.

~ he wanted me to choose one, but alas, i can't. we can leave that to the group.

~ I added some descriptions like you said. it went well.

~ Huge teacher error. I do not have a first name. "Ms. D"

~ I'm devastated to hear that our gilled friend is dead. Poor Vlad. Mourning the loss.

~ *shrug* I await the word of my quintet of English superiors.

~ I absolutely trust your judgment if it means we can get this beast to the printy-place soon :)

I hoped you enjoyed my entries!

If not... then ☹ + ♠ = ☹. And then I'll flee on my ⚡. As luck would have it, I'll get hit by an ⚡, struck by ⚡, and abducted by ☹. I'll sweet talk them with my incredible ☹, show them my dancing skills ☹, and they'll get served! Then the ☹ will leave in their ↓ and I'll fly back down to earth on a ☹. Then the ☹ slinger, or ☹ man, will help me fight the evil people! Later, I'll make a ☹ with Red Hot ⚡, host a concert, and scream in a ☹ till people's ☹ don't work. I'll tour the ☹, get ☹, and beat people in ☹. ☹ will ☹ about me, give me the ☹, and I'll be ☹. Then like a cliché scene in a corny movie, I'll ☹ away into the ☹ set.

About the Editors

Lauren Xenakis, a young fry of treachery and a rabid tea-drinking, fire-breathing member of the contemporary literati. She can infiltrate even the most secret and elite organization devoted to Henry James's destruction—with one swift kick to a snowman. Lauren is going to quadruple major in Business/Chemistry/Archaeology/English and use her skills to open a bookstore in Oxford where she will marry Prince William and cry because she is laughing so hard. Recently, she has put some new shoes on, and she hopes to be the muse for Simon and Garfunkel's next smash hit.

Crystal Barrick, a poet on the verge of becoming the neo-Emily Dickinson and Lucille Ball. She was either a sheep or a caribou in her previous life, and now spends her days writing Shakespearean parodies (*The Mafia Lost Fleance*), and has been living in perpetual springtime since early March. She will become a millionaire by selling vegetarian feminist propaganda, but will donate all of her money to Green Peace.

Patricia Letayf, plans on being the first woman president... of Saudi Arabia. (Take that, Hilary!) However, she'll settle for categorizing laissez-faire literature at Queen Lauren's Bookstore. Her pastimes include starting boy bands, jumping in bouncy castles, and collecting cultural Barbies, as well as insulting the general population. She will one day even outdo the great James Bond as an incognito Lebanese freedom fighter—with only the aid of a Physics text book and projectile motion.

Matthew Lyon, also known as Mateo, just wants to ask *¿Por Qué?* and prove that world domination isn't really a bad thing. A Taoist and Maoist, he has the superpower of calculating the integral of bears within a nanosecond. He will be late for his own wedding because he will still be scanning photos for this issue of *Visions*, but that's okay—we accept him for who he is.

Marilee Goad, sings like a tea kettle and is a world champion. She hopes to marry an English/Cornish/Irish/French/Kiwi/Scottish man (Does one exist?!) and live in a remote castle on the Welsh countryside. One day she will be Dance Master and Poet Laureate of the Universe, all while solving the problems of the humanity by baking pies for world diplomats and charming them with lovely accents.

