

# VISIONS

volume 4 issue 2

little piece of me, the past; is the picture that I cannot see. And then, I'll look at it,  
everything that makes you smile a lot. In life, do yourself a favor, make a good  
and light of a few shadows. More is in place, shadows make us feel, they keep away

The editorial staff dedicates this issue of  
*Visions* to Mr. DeFillippo

You have played a vital role in the process since the magazine's conception, and we owe you our sincerest gratitude for your support and encouragement.

## *Table of Contents*

The Creature	
Joel Perez.....	1
Median	
Keith Martin.....	3
In Love, In a Dream	
Megan Berg.....	4
Untitled	
Alissa Holden.....	5
Why?	
Mike Fraser.....	6
An Interview with Saint Peter	
Stacey Foster.....	7
Red Everywhere	
Matt Maguire.....	9
A Souvenir	
Allee Wyrwa.....	10
The Downtown Park (Part II)	
Andrew Lawrence.....	11
When We Meet Again	
Megan Berg.....	13

Janust	
Bobby Ringuette.....	14
Globe	
Emily Franz.....	17
Power	
Matthew Navien.....	18
Untitled	
Andrea Wagner.....	20
Another Stupid Poem About Love (for lack of a better title)	
Courtney Miller.....	21
The Mannequin	
Christiann Unger.....	22
Untitled	
Ryan Bennett.....	23
Everything is Black	
Kevin O'Neil.....	24
Untitled	
Andrea Wagner.....	25
Untitled	
Erin Michaud.....	26

Pelican Bay	
Todd Vandecasteele.....	27
In My Words	
Andrew Lawrence.....	32
Untitled	
Yurerkis Montas.....	33
Kitty	
Tan Nguyen.....	33
Come to Life / Untitled	
Tan Nguyen.....	34
“Time Flies” (or, I like creative writing because I can use slang AND personal pronouns)	
Mrs. Merrill.....	35
Untitled	
Matthew Daly.....	38
Finding Music	
Carolyn Arcabascio.....	40
Scintilla	
Elisabeth Lohmueller.....	41
Reflections Of Self	
Allee Wyrwa.....	42

I Love You, Haiku	
Kevin O'Neil.....	43
Untitled	
Zacharay Cummings.....	44
59E BO3	
Stacey Foster.....	45
Untitled	
Ryan Bennett.....	46
Curse of the Forsaken / Key of Eternity	
John Kulesza.....	47
Blue Eyes Ultimate Dragon	
John Kulesza.....	48
Success	
Noelia Bare.....	49
Brownies	
Keith Martin.....	51

Cover art done by:  
Mike Oullette  
'04

The most pathetic person in the world is someone who has sight, but has no vision.

- Hellen Keller

Writing allows just the proper recipes of truth, life, reality as you are able to eat, drink, and digest without hyperventilating and flopping like a dead fish in your bed.

- Ray Bradbury

To create one's own world in any of the arts takes courage.

- Georgia O'Keefe

## *The Creature*

He lowered his head toward the bottom of the bed. His little eyes squinted through the darkness. His chest heaved up and down as a cold sweat trickled down his nose onto the cold, wooden floor. In his mind, he saw a red eyes piercing through his soul and terrifying him, chilling his bones to the marrow. Slowly, he inched closer and closer to the foot of his bed. Amidst the box of old baseball cards and dirty socks, he imagined a world of darkness and fear. The mere thought sent chills throughout his body. He let out a low gasp; the very air in his lungs was sucked out of him. Mustering enough courage, he peeked under the bed. Just then, a large hand grasped him. The hand reeked of sewer juice and toilet scum and felt slimy, like weeds at the bottom of a murky, muddy pond. He heard distant laughs as the hand clenched his throat, preventing him from breathing. He tried to break free, but to no avail. He felt the presence of a huge, dark creature behind him, breathing heavily on his back, making his little neck hairs stand on end. The creature loosened its grip and he let out a piercing scream. He thrashed at the creature with all of his might. Grabbing the creature by its hand, he kicked fearlessly, trying to protect his life.

The lights flashed on. The small boy suddenly kicked the air. The creature had vanished.

“What is it honey?” the boy’s mother asked.

“I...I...” The boy was in shock – clutching his pillow, his eyes opened wide. After a night of relentless battle, the creature disappeared.

“Now just calm down, darling. It was just a bad dream. Come here baby.” She took the little boy in her arms, and gently rocked him.

“But Momma, it was here. I saw it, Momma, I swear.”





"I'm sure you did, baby, but it's gone now," she assured him. "Everything's gonna be ok." The boy fell into a deep sleep in the warm bosom of his mother. She put him back in his bed, kissed him on his forehead, turned off the lights and closed the door.

Laughing could be heard from underneath the bed. A low, growling laugh. The boy quickly opened his eyes. The creature had returned.

*Joel Perez*  
*'04*



## *Median*

Whoa.

you know, she knew, you did  
exactly what he did, while it did, what they did  
and they all did, simply, what they, did, nothing  
more than what it looks, on its crystalline surface  
that, unreachable, ungiving, unrelinquishing, unpenetrable, cover  
stopping one, from being many  
good, isn't it?

it's really good, if I can figure out what it means

doubtful. haha, just kidding

(that was part of the poem)

that's not the whole poem?

poem of yours, poem of mine

tell me the rest

was that part of it?

I'll try, but, if you think about it

the rest, is exactly what is said, precipitating what is done, foretelling

the controllable, inevitable future

make sense? it should, silly Bernard

come on, it's just words, what confuses you about words?

ahhh I'm confused! where does the poem end, and where does

regular talking start?

good question...I don't really know

WAIT, yes I do

right, now.

*Keith Martin*

'05



## *In Love, In a Dream*

I did not fall in love with you when we first met, and how could I? I didn't know you; you didn't know me.

But last night I had a dream...of you and I. And I fell in love under that same starlight and oak tree where we first met.

I woke up in a sweat and worried myself back to that oak tree, but you were nowhere in sight.

I fell asleep and back in love...with you under the fading vanilla moon that I could taste slipping away with every kiss.

And when this morning came, I awoke and you were there to help me up. But I was not in love with you then, and how could I be? I do not know you; you do not know me.

*Megan Berg*  
'05



AH

*Alissa Holder*  
'06



## *Why?*

You broke my heart and left it on the floor  
I hate you for all the pain you caused  
You're out of my life and out the door  
When you left me here my life was paused  
I wasn't in such a happy mood despite  
The fact that our future is over now  
You were my sweetheart my little snow white  
My life seemed to change and I don't know how  
If I could only make you understand  
I don't know when or where we went all wrong  
You made this seem like it was all planned  
I always wanted to make you a song  
It's in the garbage can with all your things  
And still as always the mocking bird sings

*Mike Fraser*

'07



## *An Interview with Saint Peter*

Gee, they are right about heaven being such a bright pure shade of white  
I can testify to it  
I can also tell you that the deli lines in supermarkets  
adopted a celestial concept  
'Cause I am standing in line with a number to be interviewed by Saint Peter  
There are so many different reactions by all of us here  
Some are praying  
Others are thinking of those good old pat answers  
to any question in an interview  
Me?  
Well, I am just taking it all in  
Whatever he will ask me  
my whole life has hopefully prepared me for in some way, right?  
Can't change anything right now in the minutes before the interview  
Number 76  
Right here  
Come with me  
Ok, now I can admit I am a little nervous  
Creeeaak a huge ornate door opens  
You'd think in heaven everything would be perfect, no creaking  
But actually it is far from that  
It's kind of a little dusty too  
Saint Peter sits in a chair that looks like a throne  
Contrary to the popular belief of an old man  
with a long white beard and a staff with keys  
This Saint Peter is dressed in a business suit,  
a man well groomed about in his 40s  
With tons of technical equipment all around him  
"Okay let's get this done fast," he says  
"I want a quick summary of what you did in your life that supports where  
you want to go up or down"  
"Ummmm..."



The one time in my life when the cat's got my tongue  
I obviously want to go up  
And that in itself is kinda selfish  
I can't really come out and tell Saint Peter that  
I must get points off for every sinful thing I reference  
Be careful  
Don't mess up  
I never thought that school would be the best preparation for the afterlife  
I hated tests kinda like what this is now  
Hate is bad you can't hate things and get into heaven  
Now I think I will take the approach  
to let him know I am aware of what I did  
And hopefully, if he is having a good day, he will think  
Ok, at least you are honest you can go up  
I contemplate asking if I can get back to him about this question  
Maybe use my time to write up a résumé or something  
It seems time would help me perfect what I want to say  
How I want to make my life look to him  
Let's face it I didn't found a charity or cure aids or anything  
I just did the normal stuff you know  
Chores, donating to charities  
But as I think about the question more I realize  
I have some things that support my going up or down  
All these options run through my head  
Then without ever even having a chance to say a word  
Saint Peter says, "Have a good afterlife"  
And presses a button

*Stacey Foster*

'05



## *Red Everywhere*

Red everywhere  
First a lot, then a little  
The pools flowing back to their sources  
The quiet, disfigured bodies  
Wrapped around the dashboard  
There is movement now  
First a little, then a lot  
Bones snapping and cracking back into place  
The red is almost gone  
They lurch back, moving like rag dolls  
Shaking in their little seats  
The once mangled container is expanding now  
Into its original shape  
And it moves further and further from that pole  
The former lifeless bodies have twisted expressions  
The look of a criminal before a verdict  
This expression fades into relaxed smiles  
And then we see the source of the relaxation.  
Third bottle, down so fast  
Second bottle, not as fast  
First bottle, not as fast  
And now the driver grips the wheel  
As the road darkly stretches beyond  
And the passenger asks, "How 'bout a drink?"

*Matt Maguire*

'05





*A Souvenir*



*Allee Wyrwa*  
'07



## *The Downtown Park (Part II)*

I had walked a few blocks until my hands started to go numb. I was kind of familiar with the area. My grandmother had lived in Manchester until she died. Now my brother lived downtown three blocks from her top floor apartment. I stuffed my hands in my pockets and felt the half a candy bar. I took it out not to finish the chocolate, but to look at the wrapper. Before I left, Linda Jean wrote her name and number on it.

I lit a cigarette and walked along side the mills that lined the Merrimack River. The smoke felt warm and whole like Thanksgiving dinner. I decided it would be best to call David, my brother. I knew there was a payphone outside a bank two blocks away, where David worked as a teller. When I got there, I took out my change from the magazine and candy bar. The phone rang a few times.

"Hello?" It was a woman's voice.

"Hello, this is James. I'm looking for David."

"Hold on a second." There were voices in the background, but I couldn't make out what they were saying.

"James, what's happening?" It was David's voice. It was always too loud for the situation. It sounded like he was screaming.

"Hey David, I know it's late..."

"Late? It's only one o'clock. What's up?"

"Man, I need a place to crash."

"Where are you?" he asked. "I'm not going down to Salem to pick you up."

"No," I said, "I'm in Manchester across from the bank."

"All right, James, you can crash for the night. But give me some time to, um, clean up." He laughed softly. "Meet me in the



park where we used to go as kids, the bench closest to the front. I'll be there in a few." He hung up.

I started to walk to the park which was only a few streets over down by the river. The cold was freezing my face, and I picked up my pace and started jogging. When I got there, I was completely out of breath. The two huge lion statues that marked the entrance looked down at me, gasping for breath.

I walked into the park and collapsed on the first bench there. I was lying there on the bench half asleep. I leapt up as David touched my shoulder.

"Hey, remember playing on those lions?" he asked.

"What? What time is it?" I was still asleep a little.

"Remember these lions, James? Grandma would bring us here. I must have been six and that would make you five. We would climb on them and pretend to ride them. Grandma would watch us play and smoke." It had gotten colder during my nap. David wasn't wearing a jacket. "Do you remember?"

"No," I said, "I don't remember."

"You were probably too young. It doesn't matter anyway."

I looked at David standing in the cold. I should have said something important. If I could go back, I know what I would say. I would say that it was important. Memories are all we can keep. Memories are how people stay important, stay immortal. But I was tired, so I just walked to David's parked car in the street and hopped into the passenger seat.

I put my frozen hand up to the heater and cranked it. My brother turned on the radio and the weather came on. It was supposed to snow overnight. I glanced at the sky, but couldn't find a cloud.

*Andrew Lawrence*

'04



## *When We Meet Again*

When we meet again, I know it will be perfect. There will be white and crystal. Nobody but you. And me. I will never take my eyes off of you when we meet again. The anticipation of your arrival will be great. Every star that ever shined, every moon that ever shone, every sun that ever gave life will be here in this room. A thousand yesterdays will make themselves present. Reminding us of the uncountable forevers that kept us hoping, kept us waiting, kept us alive. When we meet again, I know it will be perfect. The air will be delicately scented with our future. I will see a thousand tomorrows in your eyes and will not blink until the last tomorrow is seen. We will become the center of the universe, holding everything together. Every winter that we ever spent apart, every October that we missed, every summer that was ever wasted, will become the longest, most heavenly year we will know. And when the sun sets, we will stop and look around us. The world will turn slowly for us. I know it will be perfect when we meet again.

*Megan Berg*

'05



## Janust

Emotions of August begin to flow-  
I'm going to see you tonight and boy, is it going to be grand.  
Memories bounce with joyful laughter inside my head,  
And the butterflies are beginning a windstorm in my stomach.  
With anticipation spilling,  
I ring the doorbell and look away too excited to stand still,  
And then you appear- the door opens  
And I'm welcomed with a nostalgic embrace,  
And even if I tried my damndest not to smile, it never would've  
worked.  
I missed you so much.  
We ship and shop at the local hang-around  
On this Sunday night; semi-deserted,  
And I'm remembering all of your quirks:  
How each time you finish a sentence  
A smile never ceases to find its way to your face,  
Your eyes and their excited look  
When you speak of a pastime  
Or think a thought worth thirty pennies.  
We finish our liquid mind racers,  
And then we're off to see an Old Friend-  
A tree  
By a rock  
On a hill  
With a tower  
And a view of twinkling man-made stars-  
The Spot.  
Many a day and night we spent here together  
With the breezes blowing to cool us

Or that big open oven in the sky to warm us.  
O, those picnic days and mosquito trio nights!  
But it's cold now  
And there's neither the sun nor those damn mosquitoes-  
Just you and me  
Here  
Together  
At The Spot.  
Awkward stares and pauses ensue,  
So I move closer and our foreheads rest on one another-  
I begin screaming my thoughts in my head,  
Believing that they will somehow osmos their way into your mind;  
'I've missed you so much!  
I just want to kiss you, but I know it's not right.  
This isn't fair- I simply care about you to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  degree is all.'  
Or if not that,  
Then I pray that I'll be able to read yours.  
"Your forehead's warm," I laugh-  
Maybe I *can* read your mind  
Because you smile and agree.  
I tell you of my mind reading wishes,  
Then you challenge me to test my skills  
And translate what's going on in that head of yours...  
"I know what you said,"  
You back away, smiling-  
"So what did I say?"  
"This-"  
And I walk towards you and I give you the biggest hug-  
Since August,  
'Friends' has been stressed and I understand why,  
But I do have my weaknesses...  
Friends.



We take a brisk walk and chat about the p, the p, and the f,  
And then we find ourselves back at The Spot  
Looking at those man-made stars.  
The sight is gorgeous- a reflecting pool for the sky.  
"Which one is your favorite?" you ask.  
I point to the highest one that is rotating-  
"You can see everything that way."  
You pick yours, but you like mine better.  
I take off my glasses and stare at the stars again;  
They are all foggy now- no definition.  
::beat::  
Then I prepare myself to ask you...  
A deep breath  
But you've gone on to a different topic-  
A deep breath  
But I tweak and become too nervous.  
A deep breath  
"Would it be uncalled for or a bad idea to ask if I could steal a kiss?"  
"It would be a bad idea."  
You give your reasons and say that being a friend is all you can offer  
now.  
I feel like a child whose mother is calmly explaining  
That if I touch that hot stove, I may get burned.  
I understand, but I wish I didn't have to-  
I look at the reflected stars, then down at my hands where my  
glasses lie –  
I put them on and look out once more...  
Everything is clearer now- I can see where one light ends...  
And another begins.  
I guess what I realized tonight was that  
Memories are really only meant to be remembered... not reenacted.  
But it's cold January now, and my nose is running.

*Bobby Ringuette*

'04

## *Globe*

I walk from room to room, in flannel pajamas  
that transport me ten years back,  
years back, it's years, it's yesterday, it's eons.....

the ancient globe in the study  
sits in a quiet peace, at war with perhaps  
a few pieces of dust that escaped the vacuum....

But it should be burning,  
It should be burning in its solid brass stand  
It should ignite my polished wooden desk  
and the fire should spread from curtain to wall  
to ceiling, to floorboards and the hand woven rugs of my  
grandmother

This silent house should burn down  
And with it, this silent town  
that belies itself with every flag  
that flies...and every globe that lies

*Emily Franz*  
'04



## *Power*

I walk out onto the stage, past the cameras, past the lights, to the podium. The microphones rise to meet me as I gaze out over the sea of faces below. All the faces watching, waiting. Waiting for my words of wisdom and power. Looking for leadership, for guidance, for security. Willing, subconsciously at least, to give me control.

As I speak, I talk to two audiences. The first, the masses, I sway with the tone of my voice, the expression of my face, the gestures of my hand. I hypnotize them, draw them into my fold. Any actor can put this group under his thumb, and I'm no exception. It's pleasing to watch them, so willing to be lead like sheep from place to place, so willing to believe and follow. For them, it is so easy to follow, so easy not to question, not to wonder...

The second group, the alert ones, is difficult. They see past the actor and try to see the man. This is the group I must convince, people like myself with the will and ability to gain power. Never do I reach the top alone, always I must have allies. With determination, cunning, and patience, the alert too I shall bend to my will, make them as devoted to me as the masses.

I enjoy this. Why do we seek power? It's an addiction, an insatiable thirst for the pleasure of control. I ride a wave, a wave engulfing all in its path, a wave with all the force of the elements and as little mercy.

A wave that bends to my will and mine alone.

I relish the challenge of the opposition. Few and weak as they are, they raise a great voice. They label me evil itself, connect me with every horror and abomination. Long and patiently do I bear their stings. But the stings only make me stronger, for as they stamp these labels on me they undo the chains of decent conduct that have held me back. With the people behind me, there is no atrocity, no

treachery I can't commit. My opponents will be right about me, about the evil of which I am capable. Small comfort as they and all they hold dear perishes in the billowing flame that is my power. And by this I shall only increase my control, as the people stand back in awe and terror of my deeds.

But...

I know what absolute power really is. Men like Napoleon, Hitler, and Hussein thought they knew what power was. Forth went their servants and their armies to conquer. And for a while power flowed to them, fanning the flames, slaking and yet spurring their vampire's thirst. And then the power took them, turned on them like a ravenous wolf as the ruler became the ruled. Down into ashes they fell, to be swept away by the tides that resist such power.

Throw it down, tear it away, give it up, be done with it forever. I will not let the power rule me. I know what absolute power is, as did Cincinnatus, Diocletian, and Washington.

Self-control.

Rule thyself, or be ruled.

*Matthew Navien*

'04





*Andrea Wagner*  
'05

*Another Stupid Poem About Love  
(for lack of a better title)*

he has to  
    wander  
        lost  
beneath the thin gauze of his haunting dreams  
and  
    explore  
the fantastic imaginings he sees as reality  
in order to find himself  
    before he can begin to imagine  
        loving me.

and I  
    well,  
    I will stroll away my time  
        with my own Phantoms of what-may-be  
passing up chances  
to break f r e e  
of the chains of misery and contempt  
that I let him hold over me,  
    until I'm finished ostracizing myself  
        or maybe  
just until he loves me.

*Courtney Miller*  
'05



## *The Mannequin*

Her perfect complexion is silky,  
Her eyebrows a perfect arc,  
Her fingers a hardened plaster,  
Her clean skin without a mark.

She wants to be just like us  
So she can walk and play,  
It is too bad for her,  
Her purpose is for display.

She secretly watches the customers shop,  
She is motionless for just yet,  
She tries to reach you while you walk,  
Hoping you'll take her as your pet.

She cries when no one's looking  
Away from the windows keep --  
Watch out for those mannequins  
They may hunt you while you sleep!

*Christiann Unger*  
'05





*Ryan Bennett*  
'04

## *Everything is Black*

If everything were black I wouldn't

Be able to see your

Face

Lips

Hair

Ears

Skin

If everything were black your

Eyes would be my guiding light,

In your voice I'd find comfort,

And your heart beat would be the

Song that sings me to sleep.

If everything were black then

Everything would be as black as night

With the hope of a new day.

Everything is black because

You are not with me.

Everything is black and I

Live to hear you laugh again.

*Kevin O'Neil*

'07





*Andrea Wagner*  
'05



## *Untitled*

I miss the free summer nights  
after the sun goes down,  
and there's that cool breeze in the air  
and you can just lay down in the backyard  
and listen to Tommy Lee.  
Just put your headphones on and get lost in  
the stars,  
watch a comet fly through the sky and watch  
it burn and explode into a million little  
pieces...the fragments of your life.  
Watch them fall from the sky and die on  
their way to the ground.  
Your life is exploding now,  
the pieces of you tumble back to Earth  
and fall on your chest in the shape of a child  
yeah, you lie there stretched out before the  
sky with a kid in your heart, a smile on your face,  
and summer on your mind.

*Erin Michaud*  
'05



## *Pelican Bay*

Federico Vance in cellblock D has written the perfect manifesto. Vance has been put to death for conspiracy to murder and advocating the overthrow of the government, six months after the events at Pelican Bay. Investigations are confoundingly inconclusive; that even one slip of paper could make the rounds in a dedicated Security Housing Unit, let alone slip through the cracks into the mainstream prisoner population, is absurd. The FBI scrambles to crack the case. They have not recovered the manifesto.

"I don't get it," said Agent Fitcher. "It's all messed up, Ted. It doesn't make sense."

Fitcher and Warren hurried down the corridors of Pelican Bay, through the throngs of guards, police, fellow investigators. While the crackdown resulting from the event had bloated California's already substantial prison population, Pelican Bay had been shut down for legal quarantine until the manifesto could be tracked, the methods discovered. Fitcher grit his teeth, muttered to himself as he roughly crammed a document into a folder pocket, staccato jabs until he got it in straight.

"Six priors. Petty larceny, breaking and entering, trafficking in stolen goods, confidence games, and one count of murder, apparently to get the mob off his back for the cons. One day he up and writes a manifesto on looseleaf paper, starts a riot, all the prisoners fight the guards to the death except Vance. No living witnesses who can even testify that he wrote anything at all except Vance himself, and he refused to describe it in his trial. Guy totally clammed up. Ted, tell me something."

"Mhm?"

"You're a deranged criminal; you want to overthrow the

government. You write a piece on it so brilliant an entire penitentiary is cleaned out. Even the pickpockets, the tax dodges, they all go in for it. You stand trial for inciting the riot; prosecution asks you how you did it. What do you do?"

"I think I see where you're going with this, Steve."

"You tell them everything you remember from that stupid scrap of paper. You tell them where it is; it goes in the court record. Everybody hears that thing and goes nuts, and you get your revolution. But he clammed up."

The two agents came to a stop at the door to the Warden's Office. As Fitcher grumbled and continued to file through his documents for one in particular, Warren raised on his feet, peered in the window, and observed the warden conferring with a man in a dark blue suit.

"Looks like he's busy for the moment. So what are you saying, Steve? You think this guy wasn't alone?"

"It just doesn't work that he acted alone. He didn't have the experience, the motive. The behavior doesn't fit. I don't know who did this. Maybe some other prisoner wrote it and had Vance take the fall for it—but then why was Vance the only one who didn't fight to the end, and why did he do it? Maybe somebody planted it on him, but why didn't he talk? Maybe there wasn't any manifesto. He sees a riot, thinks to himself, 'I can take credit for this, make a big name for myself.' But get lethal injection for it?"

"So what do you think happened here?"

"I don't know what happened. No clue. But I know we're not dealing with some lucky crackpot here. Or if we are, Vance wasn't that crackpot."

As Fitcher drew out the file he'd sought, Warren looked up and stepped aside as the warden's door opened, and the man in the suit stepped out. He gave a terse nod to the two agents; "Gentlemen," he said, and then was off, and in his former place in

the warden's office was the FBI, the warden already up to greet them with hand outstretched.

"Ah, Agent Fitcher," first handshake, "and Agent Warren," second. "Right on time. I hope I can be of help; I'm afraid I don't quite understand what happened here."

"Well, that's fine, Mr. Burton; don't worry about that. That's our job," said Fitcher.

The warden laughed, the good-natured chuckle that acknowledges a joke without truly applauding it. "Of course, Agent Fitcher, of course. Please, sit down."

Fitcher and Warren sat down.

"Tell me what you know," said Fitcher, "about Federico Vance."

The warden shook his head, as he began sifting through the papers on his desk. "You know, I never like getting asked vague questions like that. I always feel like I leave something out, and of course I had little personal experience with Vance. He was down in solitary, after all."

Warren said, "Anything you can tell us would be well appreciated."

"Yes. Well, I've requested some reports from the guards on Vance's behavior. He was a... ah, here they are." The warden drew a few papers out from the mess on his desk, and tapped them upright against the desk to straighten them. "Here they are. You can have these; I have other copies. For the other agencies, you know."

Fitcher nodded and reached forward to accept the reports, beginning to scan them as the warden continued.

"Surprisingly friendly, but your average thief. He was in for minor offenses before; the inmates didn't really know him that well. They knew him, that is, but he didn't stand out; just another guy that'd barter for cigarettes. He talked to the guards a lot, or a couple particular guards anyway; stayed out of the others' way. Jameson

and Kelly; they've switched careers into low-level central intelligence since. They say it was primarily small talk, nothing personal, but a lot of it."

Warren nodded, eyes scanning the office idly. "Anything else you know? What were the B&E offenses?"

"Simple things. Convenience stores, once a sporting goods store for some reason. Nothing on the level of breaking something out of solitary."

"I see."

Fitcher looked up from the reports, stood, shook Burton's hand again. "Thank you, Mr. Burton. I believe we have all that we'll need from you at this time."

"Any time, Agent Fitcher, Agent Warren."

The two agents stepped out of the warden's office, and Fitcher bid his colleague into a room adjacent, normally for procedural purposes negated by the emptying of Pelican Bay.

He spoke in a hush. "You heard what he said."

"Didn't hear anything particularly useful, Steve."

"I think we heard plenty. Run-of-the-mill history; 'nothing on the level of solitary.' Out of all the guards, he talks to the two who go to the CIA."

"Steve, you're not suggesting—"

"A probe won't do us any good. You know how the CIA works. Ted, do we have any men in their offices?"

"It's not my department."

"But you know somebody who does know. Get me through to them. If we have to ransack 'em to get to the bottom of this, we will. Find a fall guy."

"Do you really think this is wise, sir?"

"Vance didn't do it alone."

"No... no, Vance didn't do it alone."

And in the warden's office, he lifted the headset from his

ears, shut off the feed from the hidden microphone, picked the phone back up. "Just like you said they would. They want to pin it on you, sir... black ops, sir? Isn't that a bit much between departments? Well, yes, sir. It's not my job. Thank you.

Seven years later, over four hundred FBI and CIA officials had been indicted for their actions against offices of the United States government. Massive protests were sparked. While the departments were under review, the U.S. suffered its first biological attack.

Federico Vance's manifesto was never found.

*Todd Vandecasteele*  
'04



## *In My Words*

I am the poet who died in the gutter.  
You can see it branded on my forehead  
Or read it on my tombstone.

My collection will never be published  
Nor my poems read to a group.  
Even as I sit here,  
I will never read you my best work.

My greatest poems are etched in  
paint with cracked yellow nails  
next to a grimy broken urinal.

My favorite pen scratching the words  
into the little deodorant cakes that  
turn the running water blue.

My finest prose violently ejected from  
my stomach, plastered to the still water  
on the bottom of the toilet.

My most intelligent footnotes cut off  
my nails and left on the rim of  
the sink or pressed into the carpet.

I am the poet who died in the gutter.  
You can see it on my forehead  
Or read it on my tombstone.

*Andrew Lawrence*  
'04



## Untitled

I'm tired of you and everything you sav...  
This same cycle repeats itself everyday...  
I don't wanna look at you and your words have to hear...  
This is getting to me, rolling down my cheek I can feel a tear...  
Nothing I do is ever good enough for you...  
You want me to be your exact image, you know it's true...  
I'm sorry but I can't obey you this time...  
This life I'm starting to live is mine...  
Why are you trying to take away the smile on my face?...  
Don't you understand that I need some space?...  
You say that you want what's "best" for me...  
But I need to breathe, can't you see?...  
The fact that I don't have my own life, I've come to realize...  
I need some freedom to be me, can't you see it in my eyes?...  
You think of me as the villain in this story, but I'm not...  
You were once a youth and made mistakes too, or have you forgot?...  
I'm sick of putting on a front and being strong...  
Can't you see that what you're doing to me is wrong?...

Yurerkis Montas  
'06





## *Come to Life*

I wish I could see you again.  
I want to hear your beautiful voice.  
I want to be with you, but it's not my choice.  
Just one more time I'd like to see your face.  
And reel the warm love in our embrace.  
But your face is expressionless and your body is cold.  
You bitterly leave me with no one to hold.  
The only time I see you is in my dreams.  
And perhaps you are not as real as you seem...  
There's something strange about you. What is it that I find?  
You're like an image that can't escape my mind.  
You're a picture hiding in time, but why couldn't you come to  
LIFE?...

*Tan Nguyen*  
'07



## *“Time Flies”*

*(or, I like creative writing because I can use slang  
AND personal pronouns)*

We all know that time flies...it's a timeless and tired adage that's as true today as when Aristotle first bemoaned the behavior of his children. But lately that saying, quoted ad nauseam, has become so fixed in my thoughts that I confess to being a bit fanciful.

Ask someone to describe the visual that comes to mind when you say “time is flying” and you get a whole host of predictable images:

Some conjure up the gods and see Helios streaking across the sky with his chariot, blazing sunshine in his wake.

Others see the “baby New Year” and “Father Time” of some long-forgotten stop-animation Christmas special of their youth (it's nice to know that even the more literal among us can wrap their minds around this one).

For me, it's a blunt-nosed, fleet-winged purple creature that's the perfect cross between a pokemon and Figment, the dragon from EPCOT.

As all the well informed know, pokemon evolve and have powers. *Figmentmon*, as I call him, has undoubtedly changed shapes over the years (as we all do) ... and his “attack”? Figment dust: the all-powerful sprinkling of time-interfering “stuff” that speeds up and slows down the passage of time.



In my mind's eye I can see *Figmentmon* racing through my days with his special brand of "figment dust," hovering in that mystery world above our heads that usually exists only in B-movies. He plays with time like Gepetto plays with his creations...

He dances his way through "special" moments...the puppet strains and pushes at its strings, reaching awkwardly with greedy fingers and a complete lack of grace. These are those freeze-framed, out-of-body occasions that drift into a life and you KNOW that they're worth holding onto. You can feel it when they're happening...you know that you must savor them, sure that there's a memory worth making. And yet, they're gone in a flash. Recitals, opening nights, big games, proms, graduations, weddings, births, anniversaries...they're the Kodak moments that fill up the photo albums in our minds...Figment dust.

He "hangs up" other moments...the puppet hangs slack from its strings as the clock struggles to drag its hands up the back side of the "6." We've all wool-gathered and/or grocery-listed our way through the moments when the seats get harder and the "whatever it is you're waiting for" seems to take forever to arrive or to finish. This is *Figmentmon* at his playful. Sure, he's messin' with your head, but he's not dangerous...it's just Figment dust.

Dangerous *Figmentmon* is so subtle and cunning a creature that the effect of his liberal use of figment dust sneaks up on you...usually when you hit one of those "big" birthdays that come long after you've stopped having parties with tablecloths adorned with princesses or cowboys.

It comes in the form of the salt that has peppered your parents' hair... turning the former Tuesday den mother and Saturday kick-



the-can-coordinator into grandparents, who talk of retirement and time-shares in Aruba. Figment dust.

It comes in the night into bedrooms decorated with dinosaurs and planets... and sprinkles over bodies that once quickened the womb and now head out the door for adventure. It turns toddlers with Legos into schoolboys with backpacks...it turns good-night rocking into chin-bumping hugs...it turns Eskimo kisses and great big hugs into "please don't kiss me in front of the guys" goodbyes. Figment dust.

It's at those moments, when you're at one of those birthday parties, and you're left alone to clean up your own birthday cake (the kind WITHOUT candles, thank you very much) that it hits you: time really does fly! You've got a mind full of photo albums and arms full of growing children, and it's all a little overwhelming. *Is this it?* How much of this figment dust is already in my wake? How much is left in the can?

And you wonder... Does ACME Co. sell something you could use to catch this guy?

*Mrs. Merrill*  
*Teacher*



## *Untitled*

Dear Money,

This has gone far enough. I want out of this relationship. It is not symbiotic, nor is it beneficial for me. In all honesty, I'm beginning to think that it never was.

Money, I'm tired of you trying to exercise so much control over my life (and everyone else's, for that matter). I'm an individual and therefore need room in which to breathe. I have needs as a human being, as obvious as this may sound, but you cannot satisfy them.

To be frank, Money, I want nothing to do with you. You may provide temporary satisfaction (not happiness, mind you) for many people, but I've also seen how much despair you've induced. You have caused wars. You have been an important factor in the perpetuation of government, a form of tyranny with which I strongly disagree. You've allowed for so many people to be taken advantage of, be it in the form of a worker not being compensated for overtime hours or a 12 year-old girl being forced to sew together a pair of sneakers in a sweatshop. You represent all that is dominant, coercive, and violent in this world. You disgust me.

I tire of seeing you everywhere. When I open a book, your heinous signature is carefully awaiting me on the back cover. When I open my wallet, there are economic survival tickets (read: dollar bills) present, but I know that this wallet is filled to its despicable leather brim with blood. You have words such as "united," "great," "trust," and "God" written all over you, but you are none of these. You are murder.

Yet I know that it's damn near impossible to escape you. Perhaps I'm bettering myself by trying to sever this "connection" with you, but what of everyone else? You've become the foundation



upon which this world is built. To do away with you would be to do away with society as we know it. People have become mere commodities. Citizen? Consumer? Is there a difference?

Money, you are inherently dehumanizing. However, your game of dominance has backfired on you – you are merely a tool used by we humans for our own dehumanization. But, rather than being a result of this process, you are catalyst. You have allowed human kind to deny its own nature. What else in this world will you undo and ultimately destroy? I'm afraid it is by no exaggeration that I say you are the ruin of my own kind.

I hope you are contented, because I am certainly not.

*Matthew Daly*

'04





## *Scintilla*

A nothing  
A white nothing  
Virgin  
And a mirror

Black type on white,  
Nigrescent figures that carry  
Weight like  
Ants carry crumbs

Or fallen soldiers  
Strapped to untiring backs

Incisive words  
I cover now,  
Inch onto the page  
Innocently peer at the reader

I am still  
As a porcelain doll  
Basking in lamplight

White skin on white  
Exposed yet unperceivable  
The second beginning

The sole mark  
The soul mark  
Brown eyes  
And affection

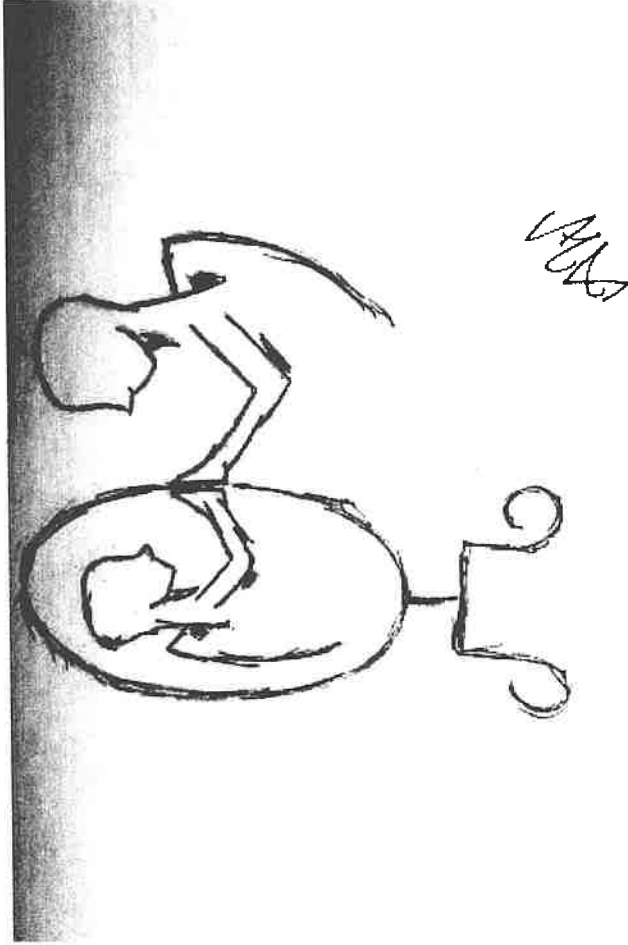
And me, smiling nonexistent expression,  
Me, placing my hands behind my head,  
Closing my eyes to sleep

*Elisabeth Lohmueller*  
'04





*Reflections of Self*



*Allee Wyrwa*  
*'07*

## *I Love You, Haiku*

Bless you, how are you  
Guess what I love you, Haiku  
Now I'm through thank you.

*Kevin O'Neil*  
'07



## *Untitled*

The vibrant embers that flickered vibrant colors  
Have faded into dark charred ashes  
Once covering the earthen floor  
In all their spectacular radiance  
Upon which stood mighty sturdy structures  
They too now lie in ruins  
In darkness  
Warmth and light have fallen into cold night  
And left behind the grey smoke of good gone by  
Now there remains  
Nothing  
But charred remains  
Of possibility and promise  
Scorched by their own  
Fiery passions

I can only shed a tear  
And watch as it falls  
Into black oblivion

*Zachary Cummings*  
'05



## 59E BO3

The night's black drove my car along the mundane and calming highway. I had nothing on my mind. If I were to construct my own heaven, that state of nothingness was what I would have asked for – no obligations, everything as simple as possible, me, car, road. All that existed in that world was in front of me. The road that led me appeared invisible in the dark except for the periodic bright yellow dashes that smudged into the illusion of one yellow line to infinity.

Daylight savings time had been a couple of days ago, so I yawned violently, still not adjusted to the change. The car was basically driving itself; I was only periodically giving it slight adjustments to stay on the course home that it probably knew better than I. The oncoming car's headlights coupled with the streetlights acted like strobe lights in my own personal club on the move. The only sounds reaching my ears were the Star Wars jump-into-hyper-speed sounds of the other cars whizzing past me as I dutifully did the speed limit in the first lane.

I pretended to race with one car in the second lane. It proved to be a narrow race. As soon as I was behind the car, I caught up and then fell behind. But I was always able to catch up due to the highway phenomenon of beautiful in sync speeds. But this car seemed to be waiting for me, like it had something to say. Once, when I was behind in the race, I read the license plate: Massachusetts 59E BO3. Ha, I thought to myself, I should write a poem about this car, its license plate rhymes. The next image I saw as I caught up with the car proved further inspiration for my poem. The person driving, a man probably in his late forties, had Band-Aids covering every square inch of his face that wasn't hair or eyes. This newly discovered fact turned me into a rubberneck as I was taken by a tidal wave of surprise. I hadn't expected to see a man with Band-Aids, the symbol of hurt and injury. I felt bad because I didn't know what had



happened, and I couldn't imagine a pleasant scenario that would have called for Band-Aids like this man had.

I immediately started inventing an experience this man could have gone through that would have resulted in his present condition. A fight at a bar, a car accident, a knife fight while on duty in Iraq. The possibilities were endless, but the truth was finite. I will never know because my exit off the highway caused me to end the race with 59E BO3.

Because of this experience I am now a people watcher. I look at couples driving, are they fighting about what he did last night, are they married, children? My mind also wanders so far as to include the possibility that I have met these people before. How many times might I have passed them at the mall or in the grocery line at the supermarket? Would I ever meet them in the future? Could these people be my in-laws, my boss? Every time I drive on the highway it's like reading a new book. These people that I see, that I don't even know anything about, become the protagonists of my mind's fancy. I wonder if there is anyone out there like me. In how many stories is the girl in 4644 TNN the star?

*Stacey Foster*  
'05



*Ryan Bennett*  
'04



## *Curse of the Forsaken*

Time is unforgiving  
It holds both wrong and right  
Deep within its shadows  
In everlasting night

I seek what is sought not by most  
To walk there in the dawn  
I dare not walk by day  
But fly swiftly through the darkest night

To me the moon is my star  
For I do not walk the waking world  
Awakening me from my slumber  
My bony hands do come unfurled

Through this spell I have seen  
Seen the many ages  
Lived in darkness evermore  
In a life forever in between

My people are forlorn  
Forsaken to the night  
Forgotten to the ages  
Cursed by blood and light

We seek to be apart  
One people united under blood  
In union with the waking world

Yet heed my words  
And listen well  
Here rests a truth for me to tell  
Of one fate that entombs us all  
"The Curse of the Forsaken"

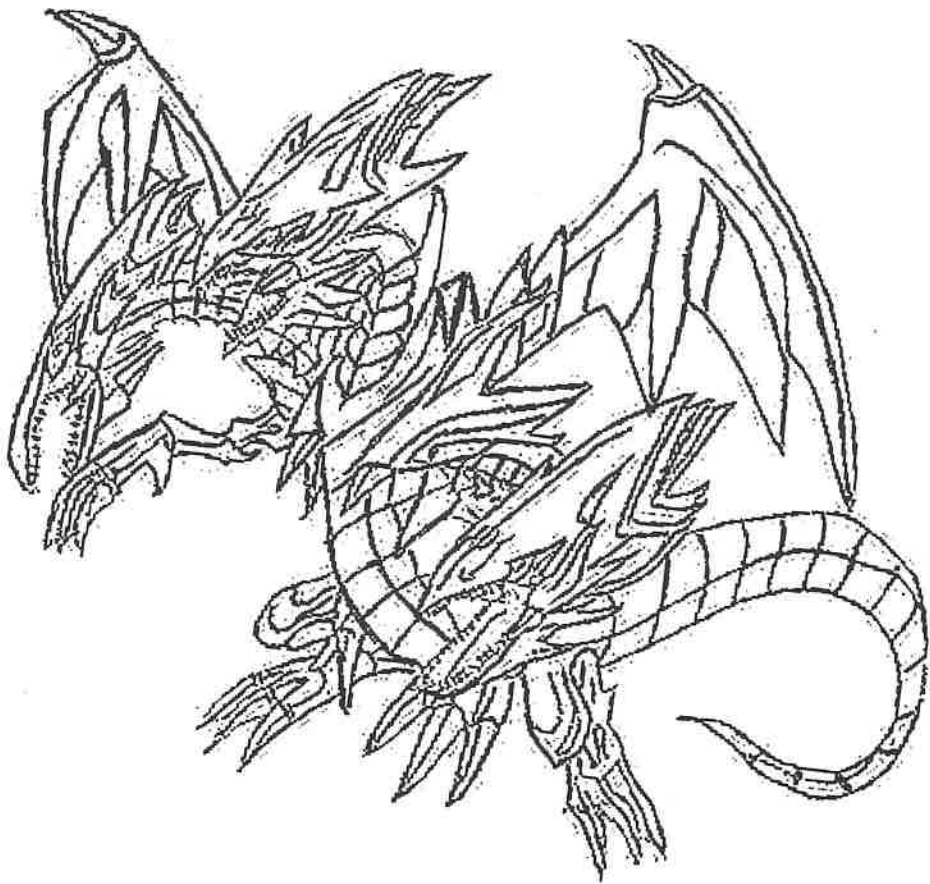
*John Kulesza*  
'07



*Key Of Eternity*



*Blue Eyes Ultimate Dragon*



*John Kulesza*  
'07



## Success

People thought I was going to make it  
Wanted to get a free ride  
But taking a step into the wilderness  
I protest because I see the world with an unperfected eye  
I see the tall who rise above and crumble down  
only to find themselves where they had once started.  
They never took the extra step to figure out their own problems.  
Trying to sing songs telling us how we should solve ours.  
Oh, I would love to take the minds of the ignorant  
and spread it over my PB&J  
Can't complain because it was them who fooled themselves  
trying to make a mark on this world with no pen and paper.  
But I got mine, sure enough.  
Been writing since the day you told me to stop.  
But ya'll still want to know who I am and what I hide.  
Well, let me get a little poetic

*I am the wind on your face of which you embrace. I am your flower that emulates the true hours spent by candlelight and harmony sung by R&B; Groups of melodies and tunes too deeply penetrated in the minds of those who once were Jazz legends.*

But as you can see they ain't nobody like me  
'Cause I am who I am and I be who I be  
There ain't no controversy about me, cause I split my rhymes in two  
and I hand some to you.  
To get a little taste of what my mind can do  
This ain't no test 'cause I've already passed  
Proved to you that I'm the best and that I can last,  
but you still need some convincing  
Doubts you have and have had about my success,  
but contemplating you were whether or not it was necessary  
for you to mimic my style and way of dress  
'Cause you wanted to be the best of the best  
Don't know if it was jealousy or envy that led you to believe  
that to be good you had to be just like me  
Be your own person, don't be a front!  
Fake is what got you to believe that to make it in this world  
you had to be a certain breed!





Can't nobody tell you what you need to do except you.  
But again listen to those rhythmic beats  
because they'll keep you focused and on your feet  
Thought and Dreams will bring more stress to your acts of innocence  
Cause ain't nobody innocent here,  
we all done something throughout the years.  
Perfecting the lives of others while we leave ours behind.  
You say you can't put God first now, but who are we kidding.  
There's no reason to be living, if we don't spend time giving  
Of ourselves and each other  
To our mothers and our fathers  
As we ponder, we lose valuable time  
Can't understand why I don't make decisions that reflect who I am  
But I have to make those mistakes as you do too  
'Cause we, we are only man, woman, NO humans  
And my fears are the same as yours, And my dreams are too  
But it's how you pursue those goals  
and what you want your purpose in life to be  
That makes you the person that truly succeeds.

*Noelia G. Bare*

'04



## ***Brownies***

Love is a batch of brownies  
Wait, don't argue just yet  
Here me out, let me tell you  
Why love, is like brownies  
Somebody makes brownies  
And sure, it really matters who makes the brownies  
But, that really doesn't have much to do with love  
Birth that is, it has nothing to do with the search and achievement of love  
Love, comes after  
After melting the chocolate  
Mixing in the huge globules of eggs  
Measuring carefully the sugar, milk, etc  
Maybe even a little processed brownie mix,  
For the less talented  
Either way  
They all go into that oven  
Burned, hardened, completely and totally  
Changed, by the course of a heartened experience (heated, that is)  
Each one comes out  
After cutting carefully into personally denoted squares of size and merit  
And then, it's love  
For it becomes a search, for its baker and other consumers  
Of that perfect brownie, with the crispy appearing surface with no  
imperfections of rupture or...  
Well, you know what a good brownie looks like  
Or, do you?  
For, many times that ideal brownie, turns out to be too soft  
Or worse, too hard, not mixed well  
And so, you try again  
This time, going for the opposite



Thinking you've learned, you've gained some knowledge from your past  
mistake  
Hah  
Sure you have, as you bite into a baked good that belongs in a bad chemistry  
experiment  
Ah, wait a minute  
Here's something, divine, it's the first good taste  
Nothing bad at all, but then again  
Nothing special  
And you go on in life  
Thinking, nothing can beat this brownie  
Until at some bakesale, some picnic, some bakery in the autumn mountains  
of New Hampshire  
You bite into, something better  
Something, you never thought would ever be found  
For, years of deprivation of good brownies have left you bitter, alone, with a  
bad aftertaste  
You, Mr. Store-bought, or Vending Machine, Man of the Brownie  
Have actually, tasted the best brownie in the entire world  
Forget those around you who claim to have found better brownies, moister,  
richer, chocolater brownies  
You've found your brownie  
Your brownie, it sounds, rather nice, doesn't it?  
Well, good sir or ma'am that's because it is  
After all these years of wrong and confusion and undeserved artery cloggage  
(Stupid Aunt Bertie)  
You finally got what you've been waiting for  
What you've been living for  
What you've, been born for  
And just as you wash that delectable chocolately goodness down with some milk  
Some other poor sap or sappet  
Eats his first brownie, and the upset stomachs, are just beginning for him.

*Keith Martin*

'05





*Thanks, y'all...*

The editorial staff extends its gratitude to:

Our readers and submitters. Needless to say, *Visions* exists for, and because of, you.

The administration and faculty of Central Catholic.  
For...well...administrating and faculty-ing.

England's Microcreamery in Haverhill for magically transforming their humble ice-cream shop into a *Visions*™ coffeehouse just for us. :o)

Riverside Printing of Methuen. You helped us transcend the boundaries and tyranny of Xerox machines.

Keith Wiley for allowing the *Visions* staff to use his illustrations as the page numbers for this issue. For all those interested, here's the website:  
<http://www.unm.edu/~keithw/mindWanderings.html>

And, of course, to Mr. Welch. You keep things interesting. You keep things flowing. You rock.

*And now, ladies and gentlemen...the Staff.*

Carolyn Arcabascio – still writes, still draws, still really likes french fries.

Matthew Daly – is currently fascinated with the indigenous music of Eastern Europe and the cultural implications of pop art and post-modernism.

Elisabeth Lohmueller – likes knitting, writing, singing, and other such modes of creation.

*AND...*

Courtney Miller, Urvesh Shelat, Emily Franz, Alissa Holden, Andrew Lawrence, Bobby Ringuette, Julia Tredeau

## FAQ's

Q: Where, oh, where do I bring my submissions?

A: Bring submissions to room 209 before or after school. Or, for the technologically inclined, send submissions to [visions@centralcatholic.net](mailto:visions@centralcatholic.net).

Q: Is it cool if I write something mean or offensive?

A: Nope. It ain't cool. Use your best judgment when submitting.

Q: What drives the *Visions* staff insane?

A: Not backing up your submission on floppy disk.

Q: Can my submission be, like, way long?

A: Three pages max is glorious. More than that...not so much.

Q: I hear you guys are taking artwork now. Would you be so kind as to elaborate on the medium?

A: Why, surely. Black and white ink or sharpie sketches are supreme. Pencil no look pretty when copied.

Q: Why should I take precious time to submit to the high school mag anyhow?

A: Because it's FUN!!! Seriously. Let your voice be heard and your talents be recognized.

Q: Coffee what? Micro Who? What's this coffeehouse stuff all about anyway?

A: Coming to an England's Microcreamery in a Haverhill near you, *Visions* submitters and non-submitters alike get together and read their poetry or stories, play music, or just listen and chill. Stay tuned to the announcements for further info...



...away, to meet a woman I called; often after someone put me in the past is a tiny  
...world where I could be a man, you say, in better. I should feel for you, when  
...the days of your life, but I must be the way to the past, just walking in the m