

Visions

volume 8

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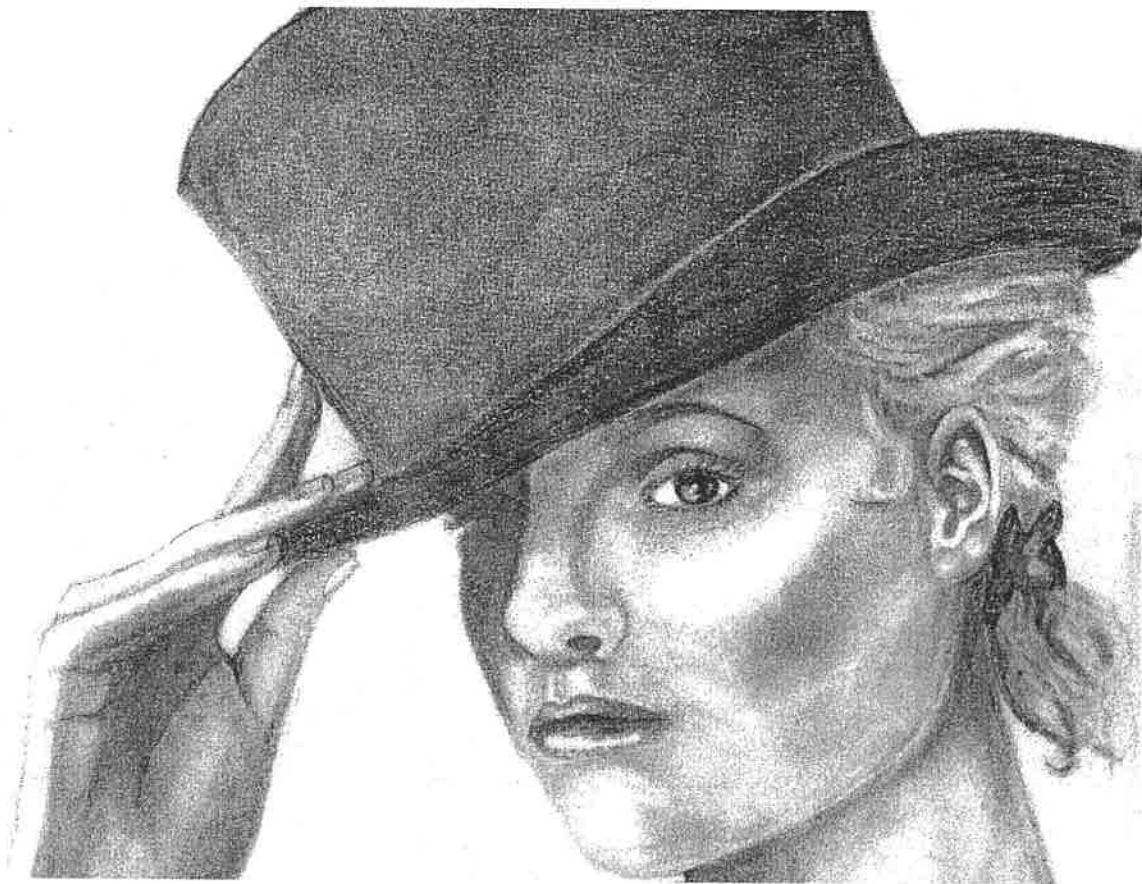


To Kala Gleason
for her support, sincerity, many talents,
and her great big heart and soul.
Hats off to you.

&

To the Contributing Faculty
who work long hours
for little recompense
and still find the time to keep up with our visions.

We'd especially like to give our magazine to Lisa Cenca,
an honorary member of our team,
who has given so much to us.



Kala Gleason
Class of 2009

CATALOG IT.

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It's A Funny Thing

I call a few books...and read some fine friends...
ever since she said hello

Summers are cold...and winters are warm...but also
pleasant...
ever since she said hello

Rake a tune...and whistle the yard... life has never
been so hard
...softly floating about...
ever since she said hello

I put out the table...and polish the light...my head
turns left...when I look to the right...
I walk on my hair...comb the beach...every word remains
...out of reach...

all except one – “hello”...
ever since she said hello

Patrick McQuillan
Class of 2010

Scene from a Greenwich Village Café

The curtain rustles, forever,
and the counter gleams ivory white:
The barista almost wants to say, "Look, sit down,
stay, why don't you - or move, get out;
I got my money to make."
But this is a café, and you don't do such things,
not in a café.

An old woman nods her head into her green tea,
watches the reflection ripple in golden liquid
and then laughs: forgets.
The table she sits at wobbles with the soft rumble,
settles as she settles.

The ruffian near her sips a latte, grimaces, sips,
grimaces. He wears an olive green shirt,
hiding a Che tee underneath and reveling in his quiet revolution.
He reads Tolstoy on the weekends and does his schoolwork
on the week days - calculus, chemistry, physics.
These things will prove useful one day, he says:
he mutters into the steam of his drink.
Education unlocks desire; desire unleashes fury;
fury revolts.

Or does it?

The barista watches, chill from the spring air,
and waits for a few new customers.
None enter - but none can find it.
The café remains hidden, out of sight,
in a dusty city alley used only by ancient political activists
planning trips to Africa on Thursdays,
and then by old rock and roll musicians who've started
playing folk on the weekends.
And these two - the woman and the boy.
They come in on Sundays, whiling away the Sabbath
as their friends ponder and pray.

Maybe I'll read the Vedas tonight, the barista thinks.
Maybe I'll watch TV.

The curtain rustles, a light flickers.

"I'll have tea, earl grey - a small one, if you please,"
a stranger says. She stands, a red umbrella clutched in two dry hands.

"With cream or sugar?" the barista asks.

"Cream, no sugar."

She smiles, takes her cup and sits down.

Another Sunday afternoon, she thinks,
and taps her umbrella against her knee.
At least it's not raining.

Marilee Goad
Class of 2008



Laura Beth Solomon
Class of 2008

Ran Out of Rhymes

Your lies are spread so thin,
they dig deep under my skin
and just eat me from within.

My empty eyes fill with your sin,
when I'm with you, I cannot win.

But I came back, and dove right in,
and now I'm stuck in the margin.

From here, I can see, to my chagrin,
you, quietly sitting, with a grin.

Your gaze pierces me like a pin.

But I will stand strong and lift my chin,
unafraid of you or your kin.

Because I am tired of this tension.

Because I am tired of being forgotten.

And I know from your position,

You cannot move *this* mountain.

Kaila Lawrence
Class of 2010

Past the Point of No Return

Inside I know I'm strong enough, but I guess
my olive branch wasn't long enough.

I tried to make it right,

everything I said was true.

So, why, at the end of this fight,

am I sitting here without you?

I thought I could just let it go,

I thought it would fly away.

Together we would take it slow,

now, together, a price we pay.

Inside I know I'm strong enough, but I guess
my olive branch wasn't long enough.

Together, many good times had,

but we have done this before.

Once more go back to being mad,

it's over this time, for sure.

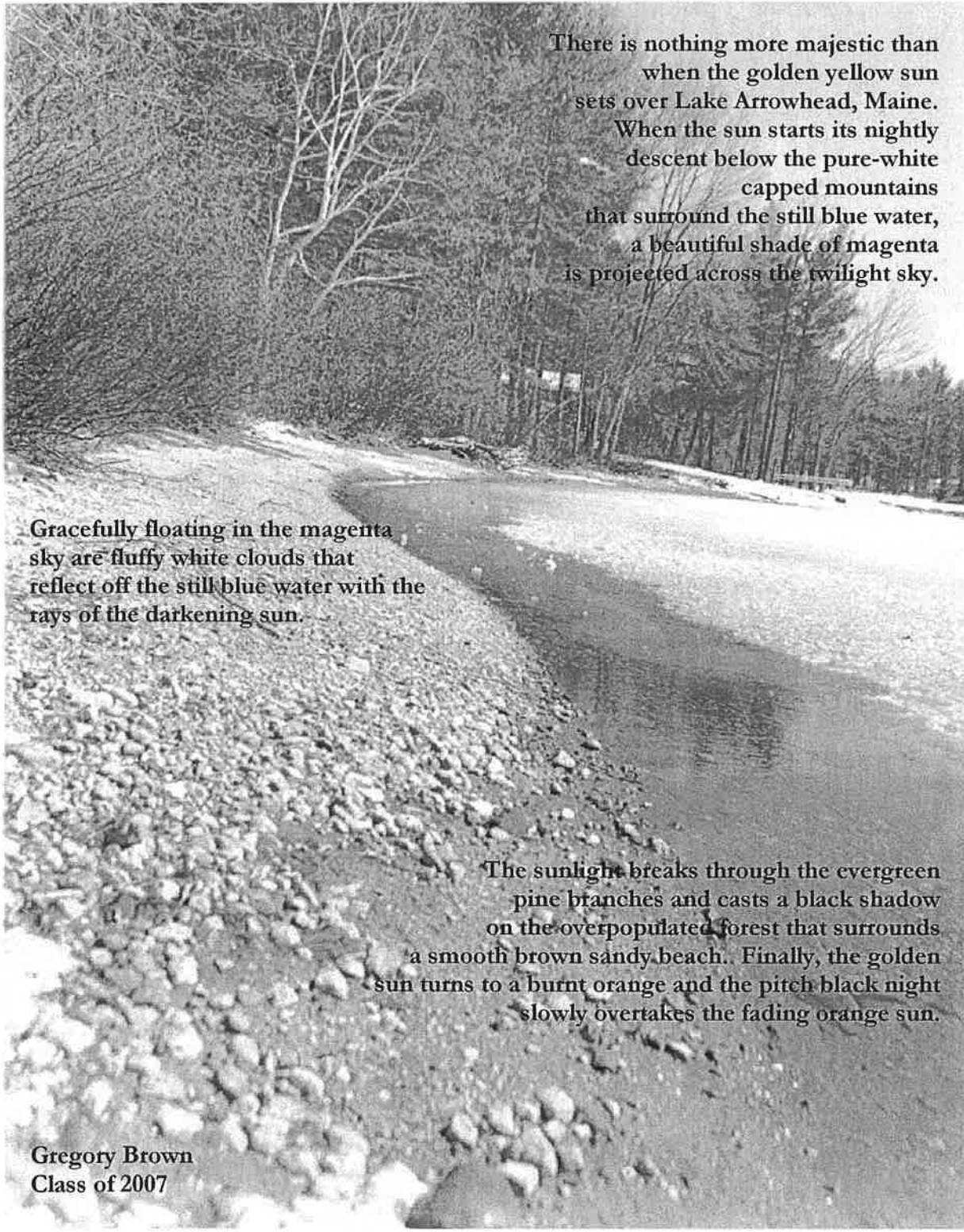
We know fake love does not last,

a lesson we both learned.

You know it's over once you've passed

the point of no return.

Kaila Lawrence
Class of 2010



There is nothing more majestic than when the golden yellow sun sets over Lake Arrowhead, Maine. When the sun starts its nightly descent below the pure-white capped mountains that surround the still blue water, a beautiful shade of magenta is projected across the twilight sky.

Gracefully floating in the magenta sky are fluffy white clouds that reflect off the still blue water with the rays of the darkening sun.

The sunlight breaks through the evergreen pine branches and casts a black shadow on the overpopulated forest that surrounds a smooth brown sandy beach. Finally, the golden sun turns to a burnt orange and the pitch black night slowly overtakes the fading orange sun.

Gregory Brown
Class of 2007

Frosty Pond
Alex Niemeyer
Class of 2008

We Play Simple

We watched the leaves fall in gusts

You, my daughter

Enraptured by these

twirling

cast off

pieces

off trees

Me, your father

Enraptured

by

his daughter

We then looked for bunnies

and called them

and said "Bye Bye" when it was time for dinner

I lowered you from my shoulders

and waited for endless tomorrows when

For now at least

We play simple again

Mr. Welch
Faculty

I am that Leaf

Around
And
Around.

Swinging
And
Swaying.

It moves fast. It travels through trees, grazes through grasslands, buffets buildings.
It soars high as a seagull, and sails low as a centipede.
Through stinging sun and dangerous darkness.

Faster and faster. It is a rollercoaster with all the loops and turns, but no end.
Then it swaggers to the ground, loosely landing.

Peace.

But not for long.
It speedily shoots up into the ample altitude.
And starts again.

It never rests. Never settles.
It doesn't know where to go.
It doesn't know where to belong.
How to belong.
It doesn't know where it is, where it's been, where it's going.
It has no control.
It is confused.

It isn't special. Just one in a sea of synonymous others. No reason to think it is special. No way to stand out. Or speak up.

Ordinary.

It is lonely. Confused in constant chaos, it just wants company.
It wants to know where it's going.
Why isn't it unique, why doesn't it matter?
It just wants to understand.

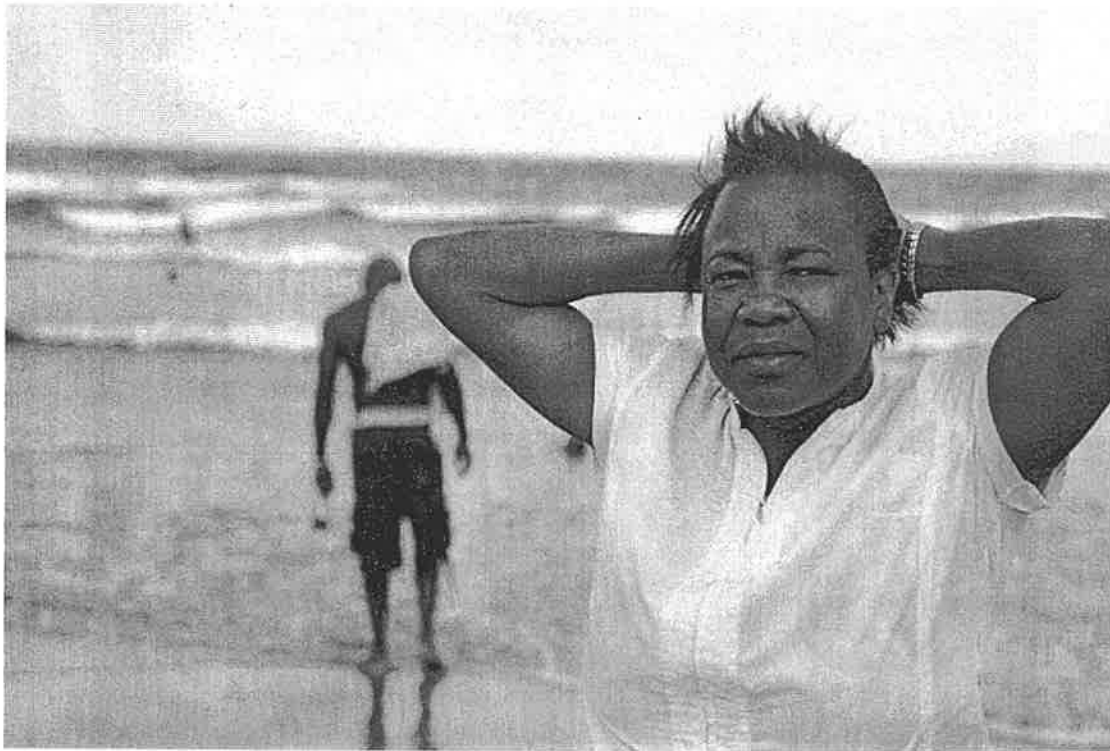
I watch a leaf fall to the ground.
Again, it is taken away by the wind.
Kidnapped by confusion.
I think,
I am that leaf.

Kate Conwell
Class of 2010

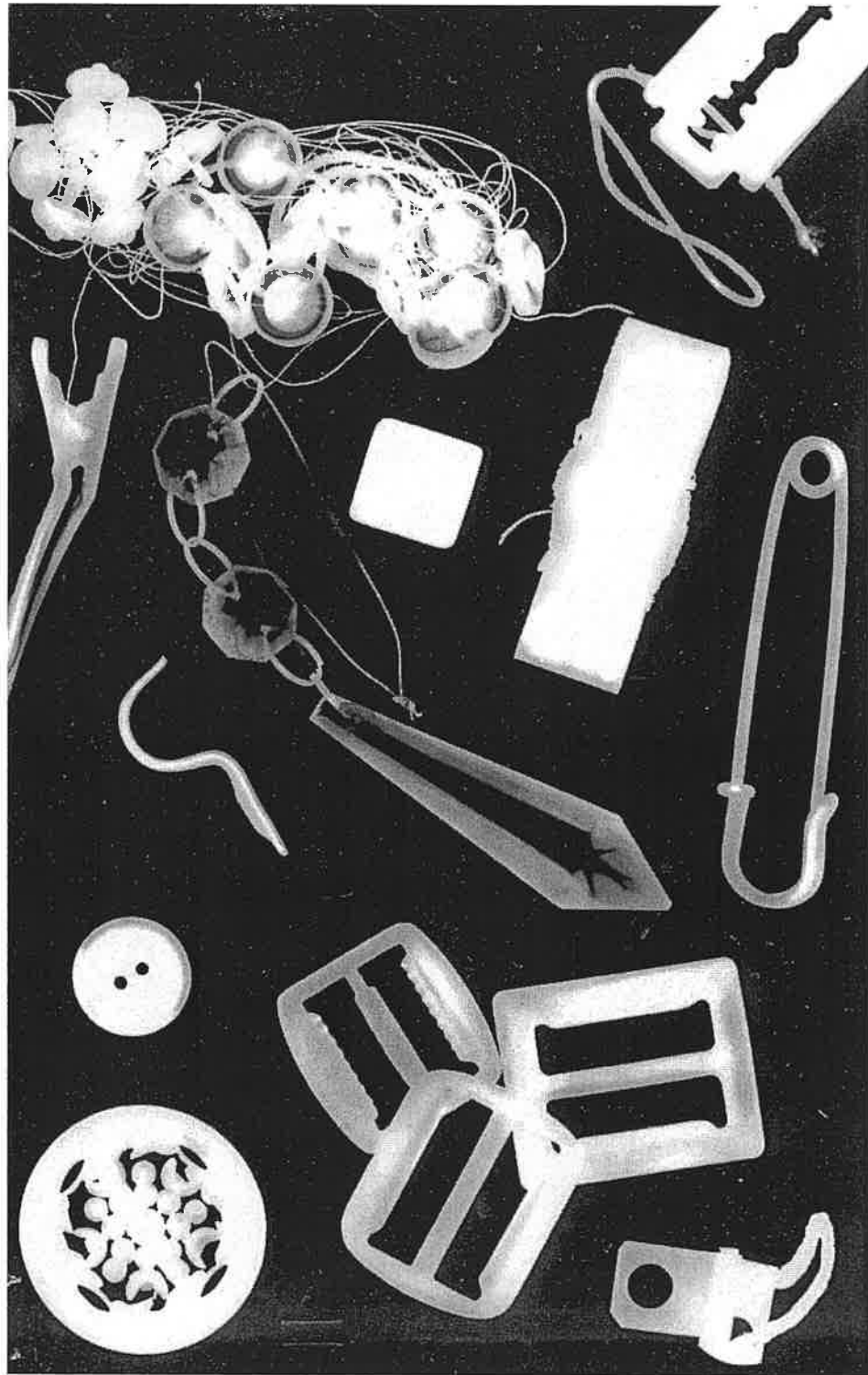
Silence

Silent like when a baby rests in a mother's arms.
Silent like the rain that pours onto the warm dirt before sunrise.
It is in silence that my heart wishes to remain.
 Silent from the struggles
 Silent from the people
 Silent from the world
It is in silence that my heart wishes to speak
 Silently it wishes to be strong
 Silently it wishes to be confident
 Silently it wishes to be free
It is in silence that my heart wishes to let you know how I feel—
 Like when a baby rests in a mother's arms
And like when the rain pours onto the warm dirt before sunrise.

Patricia Montesquieu
Class of 2008



Shoshanna Browne-Gaiero
Class of 2009



The Only Thing Ms. DeSantis Submitted
Ms. DeSantis
Faculty

The Machine

It has been many years and countless hours of working with the machine, but Dr. Wilson's life's work is almost complete. He has spent the last fifteen years building his machine and the programs that will one day allow people who can't talk to communicate. His subject for the project is John Cooper. John was in a car accident at the age of seventeen and is now fully paralyzed. Dr. Wilson's machine is meant for people just like him—to allow people with minds that are trapped to communicate.

“Goodbye, honey. Good luck,” says Mrs. Wilson as she kisses her husband goodbye. “Goodbye, I'll see you tonight,” replies Dr. Wilson. She tells him “good luck”, but she tells him that every day. Today is just another day to Dr. Wilson—or so he thinks.

Paul Wilson gets into his car and prepares for another day of working with John, a day of going through a list of simple sounds he will speak to John's seemingly lifeless body, a body whose only movement is the blinking and moving of its eyes. Paul says a sound like “ah” and John thinks it. The sound is repeated by an electronic voice from the machine connected to John's brain. Paul drives his car to work and hopes that today is the day that he will hear an actual word or sentence come from the electronic voice.

Paul arrives at his office and prepares all the equipment for the day's session. He hears a knock on the door and knows that it is John's father. “Come on in,” Dr. Wilson calls. The door opens and John, his father, and two men come in. John is carried in and the men help him onto the bed. “How's everything today?” Dr. Wilson asks as he hooks John up to the machine. “Fine,” John's father replies. “Thank you very much.” Dr. Wilson tells the men who have finished helping John into the bed. “No problem, Doc,” one of the men replies as they walk out the door. “All ready?” Dr. Wilson asks John. John looks up, which means yes. “All right lets get this show on the road.” The doctor flips some switches and the large machine begins to turn on. “Now, today we're going to start with...” Dr. Wilson is cut off. He is interrupted by the electronic voice. Paul and John's father look at each other with unsure horror. The room is silent as the electronic voice repeats two words over and over again: “Kill me.”

Nicholas Giarrusso
Class of 2008

No Escape

She startles awake,
Gasping for her breath--
She can't escape
Clothes full of sweat.
She struggles not to see--
Blinks the images away.
She cries out in the dark,
Tears falling down.
She blocks her ears,
Trying not to hear.
It's just a bad dream--
She tries to believe.
It can't be happening--
She sees her suffer
Over and over again,
She hears the sound
Of all those machines
She sees the pain,
The tears being shed.
She can't do anything--
Watching from outside,
She's forced to relive
Those horrible months--
She tries to figure out
What went wrong.
She begins to cry,
Not able to escape.
She's haunted by it every day--
It's always on her mind...
She never said goodbye.

Jessica Dick
Class of 2009

Freedom

Tonight you have
Real courage
Leave behind your baggage
The bittersweet of change
Necessary but difficult
Energy expended
Energy absorbed
Exhale
Close your eyes

JUMP

You're free

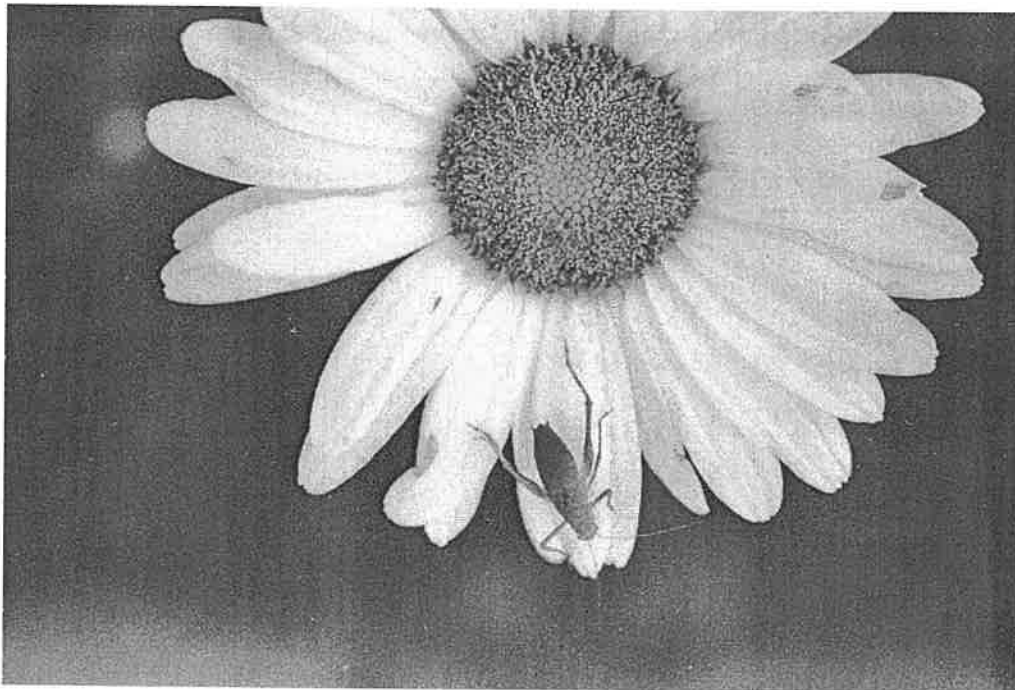
Mrs. Cenca
Faculty

Sister

This is how to hold your head; cock it just right as to not let them see you sweat; brush the dirt from your skirt while standing in line; this is how to shake a stranger's hand; this is how to shake a neighbor's hand; this is how to shake a relative's hand; be sure to kiss her cheek whether she looks like you or not; this is how to pat your tears; this is how to cry; this is how not to cry; this is when to cry; this is when not to cry; this is why you cry; don't look directly at the face; not right away at least; be sure to say a prayer on your knees; this is how when it is a stranger; this is how when they're more than that; don't dwell on death; remember the good times; smiling is acceptable, but not in the face of mourners; remember, not all of them had good times; this is how to wash your hair; make sure to wash it twice with shampoo; you need to get the smell of flowers and tears from your scalp; this is how to kneel; this is how to stand; this is how to pray; this is how to say a eulogy; this is how to sing; this is how to walk; this is how to cry; remember to help your mother up the stairs; she will be weak from these sad days; remember to tell your father you love him; he hates seeing you this way; this is how you hold tight to the brothers you still have; this is how you tell them you love them; this is how to stare straight at the person who started it all; remember to smile, they know they have done wrong; this is how to forgive; remember they will need that from you since you have both lost something; this is how to cry; this is how to cry alone; remember you will need this after being everyone's rock; remember that he's in the ground, but still around you; remember that it's over, but he will live forever; this is how to survive the death of a brother.

But I have survived the death of my brother.

Karyn Jacobs
Class of 2008



Shoshanna Browne-Gaiero
Class of 2009

If This Was My Last Day

Yeah, yeah, everyone says to live today as if it were your last
but the day goes so fast you don't even see it pass.
Only if it was that easy I would give it a try,
Knowing that I would be completely different,
if today I would give my final breath - It would be the day I die.
If today was my last chance to do it right
this is what I would accomplish before the day turned into night.
I would find the guts and the heart to say what I feel inside
And, this time, to you my darling, I wouldn't have lied.
I would tell the man that I long for, that I am crazy in love.
I would say thank you to my momma for all she has done.
I would go up to the most conceited ones and tell 'em what's up;
Let 'em know that they only live this life once.
If today was my last day I would travel the world.
I would give a lil' piece of my heart to those who are poor.
I would give my final trip to a 12 o'clock Mass;
For forgiveness is all I would ask.
I would go to France and find out who else has my last name.
I would run around the bases at a Red Sox game.
I would play my favorite song on a piano.
I would have the opportunity to say I know,
I have done this and that.
Without a tear in my eye,
I would understand that I have a chance to be in heaven once I die.

Patricia Montesquieu
Class of 2008

Still

I still miss you...
But not like I did before.
The intense aching I felt,
Isn't there anymore.
I still remember your name...
Not as often as I used to.
Now it may be once,
Before the day is through.
I still hear your voice...
Replaying in my mind.
But it's fading now;
Soon silence I will find.
I still long for you...
To feel your touch.
But it's not like before:
I don't dream it as much.
I still think about you...
And wonder how you are.
But my feelings have changed,
And they don't go as far.
I still love you...
But it's just not as strong.
Because I'm letting you go now,
So I might be able to move on
You still have a piece of my heart..
Because I always left you there
Now, I'm hoping and praying,
That, that too, will quickly disappear.
I've nothing else to say.
Everything I felt for you,
I hope can now just fade away.

Roselly Genao
Class of 2011

My Heart in Spring

As the flowers begin to bloom,
and bathe in a golden ray.
My heart remains frozen in an icy tomb,
Growing colder with each passing day.

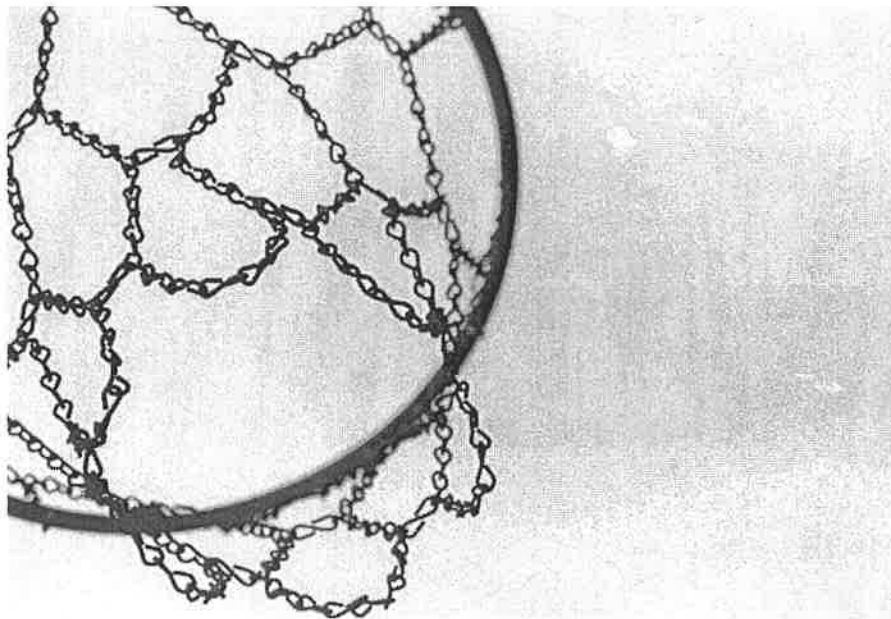
As the birds learn to stretch their wings and fly,
And sing in joyous ecstasy.
My heart falls from the highest high,
Looking to yesterday so longingly.

As all the people hold tight,
The one they hold most dear.
My heart remains in eternal night,
Shedding a single tear.

Michael Farragher
Class of 2008







hoop.

in and out weaves the interlocking chain.
the summer sun has hit it for too long and the rust takes over.
dirty copper swings left and right.
back
and
forth
the chain smacks against the glass with rage
two bounces and a shot, *swish* another win.
the beat of the metal in the wind matches my heavy breathing.
a lonely rock, the hard pavement, my bloody knee.
no joy, no sadness, just there.
yes, a passion, once.
it has died like the ants I see on the ground near that orange ball.
three dribbles to show I care.
two dribbles to say one more time.
one big slam to say I'm done.
the chain hits the backboard one more time.
the last bead of sweat from my forehead hits the asphalt.
no more, it's gone, farewell.

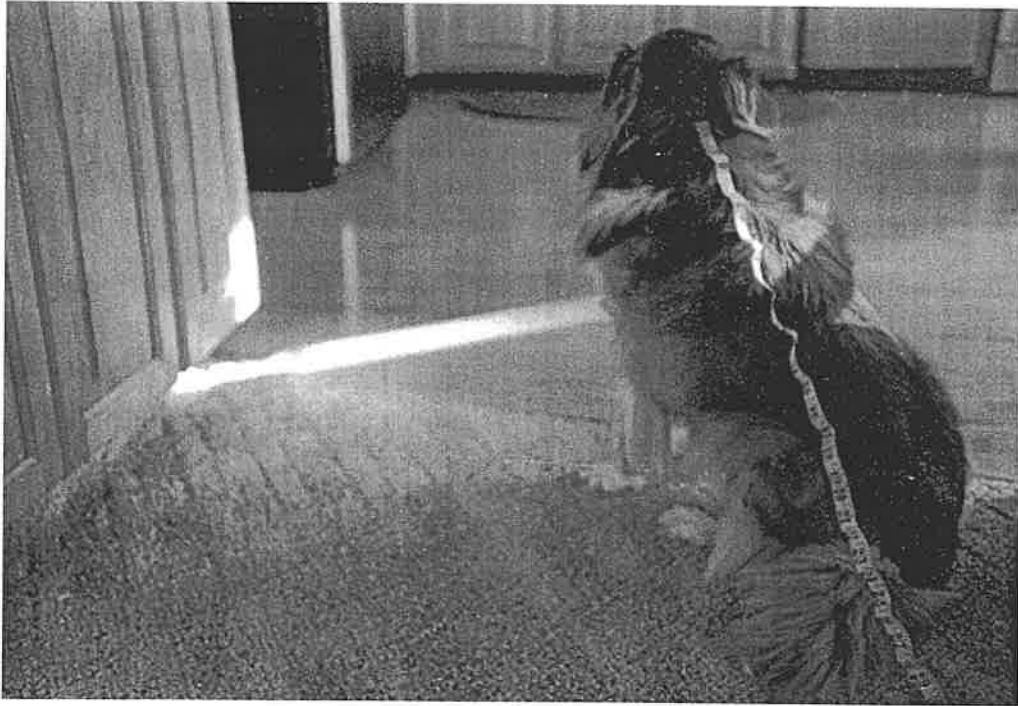
Mallary Forzese
Class of 2008

fence.

it is never ending.
I stand behind it everyday and it shuts me out,
it reminds me of this society.
I am locked behind this contraption,
tied down with no room to move.
how ironic—its name starts with “chain”.
the metal and the rust is all I see,
I wake up and it is all I smell.
it is stale and an ill taste is left on my tongue.
the leaves, my allies,
caught in between, just as I am.
the other side, behind it.
it is a blur, an imaginary land.
people are basking in the summer sun on the other side,
I am here with the same sky, but am drenched with fat black clouds.
the grass appears green over there, but beneath my bare feet it is yellow and dead.
I tried to climb it once.
I dug my hands around the sharp metal,
but it was too tall and it hid surprises at the top.
I fell,
I fell hard.
the ground screamed my name and caught me, yet broke me.
my hands were cut and my heart bruised.
I cannot breathe over here; the air is thick with confusion.
the blur through the triangular holes is comforting.
I picture myself over there—
laughing,
playing,
living.

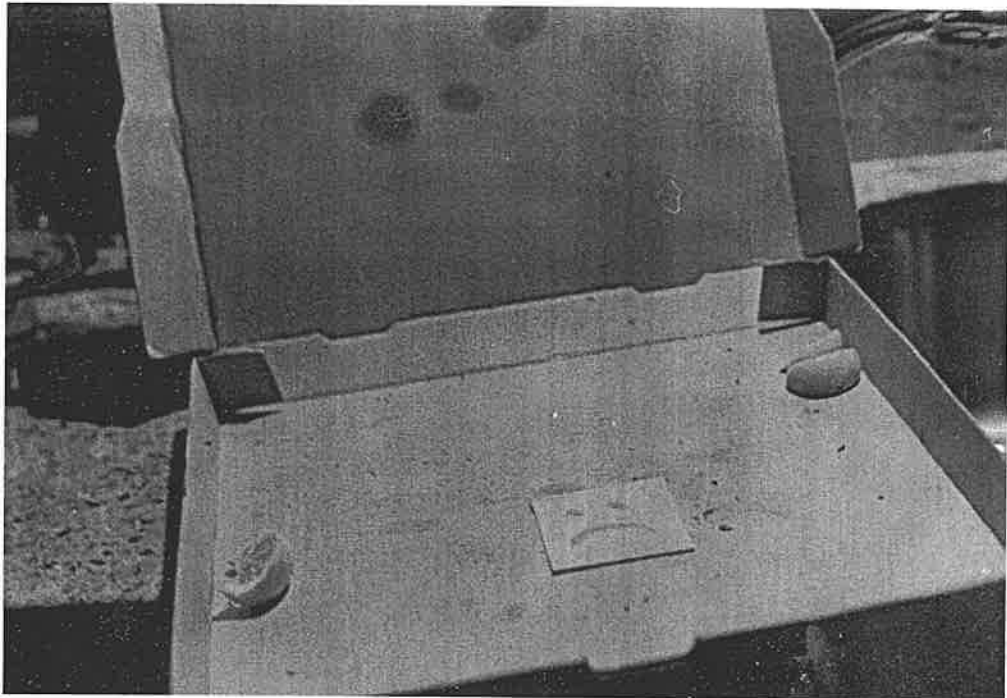
Mallary Forzese
Class of 2008





“Bark Twice if You’re in Milwaukee”

Meg Maguire
Class of 2008



Hungry
Kate Berry
Class of 2008

Chicle en La Boca

Hay chicle en la boca,
en el cerebro,
y en el corazón.
¡Tengo chicle en la boca!
Solamente puedo mascar.
Cuando masco
no hay ningún dudo.
Es solo que no puedo hablar.

Hay amor en la boca,
en el cerebro,
y en el corazón.
¡Tengo amor en la boca!
Solamente puedo mascar.
Cuando masco
no hay ningún dudo.
Es solo que no puedo hablar.

Tú estás en la boca,
en el cerebro,
y en el corazón.
¡Tengo tu nombre en la boca!
Solamente puedo mascar.
Solamente puedo mascar.

Dominic Delabruere
Class of 2009

Gum in My Mouth

There's gum in my mouth,
in my brain,
and in my heart,
I have gum in my mouth!
I can only chew.
When I chew
there is no doubt.
It's just that I can't talk.

There's love in my mouth,
in my brain,
and in my heart.
I have love in my mouth!
I can only chew.
When I chew
there is no doubt.
It's just that I can't talk.

You are in my mouth,
in my brain,
and in my heart.
I have your name in my mouth!
I can only chew.
I can only chew.

Translation by Dominic Delabruere
Class of 2009

My Child

Ten years old with the mind of an eighteen year-old.

Darling, you must live.

Live the innocent and extraordinary life of a child filled with curiosities and mysteries not yet discovered.

Cry.

Cry those tears of loneliness, failure, and hardship.

Laugh.

Laugh when someone trips in the hallway and laugh about the time when you put a sign on your friend's back saying "Kick Me."

Scream.

Scream when a boy touches you and yell, "Cooties!"

Dream.

Dream of becoming the first female president of the United States, with the goal of giving all of your friends a lifetime supply of Hershey's chocolate.

Dance.

Dance like you've never danced any better in your life, not caring about what others think of you.

Eat.

Eat everything that makes your mouth water like a dog's, like that vanilla ice creams you always tell me to buy every Sunday afternoon, especially the one with the sprinkles that add the sweet taste you like.

Run.

Run like a cheetah, looking for your prey while you are outside playing tag with your friends.

Learn.

Learn from all those mistakes you made, like the time when you tried to cheat on your vocabulary test. Sorry, cous, that was not a good choice.

Listen my child: Live. Cry. Laugh. Scream. Dream. Dance. Eat. Run. And Learn.
That's all you have to do to be the child that you are. But here's a word of advice from your best cousin.

Love.

Love your family and me. We have always wanted the best for you and want to see you excel in the future.

Nathaly Andrickson
Class of 2008



Obvious
Spencer Butterfield
Class of 2009

If We Never Fight, How Do We Know What's Right?

If we never fight, how do we know what's right?
What is fact or fiction, society's depiction of this
ever-glowing spotlight which blinds us all,
wants us to fall, and then without hesitation
presses us against the wall.

It's too thick to break and with our nation's future
at stake we take moments instead of years
to devise our next mistake.

We'll choose, but in the end we'll lose.
A person we thought we knew changing views,
before our eyes, many more will die before we harness
the power of lies.

They have different names but have similar ends,
to evoke change they must have similar friends
or at least negotiate a plan to mediate.
We live within a cloud of expanding hate.

We poison our planet and we poison our young,
nuclear disasters and damaged lungs.
Three Mile taught us nothing, Katrina taught us nothing
and all they ask for is money, ain't that something?

Something's gotta change, something's gotta give.
There are too many faults I will not relive,
there are too many faults I will not relive.

Tomorrow we need someone to lead, succeed,
exceed our expectations, gap these generations,
for if they are to fight for us,
they must bleed our own frustrations.

Ryan Schmidt
Class of 2008

She Then

She hates herself. When she looks in the mirror, she sees ugliness.
She doesn't always know what exactly is wrong with her, but there is always something wrong.
She sees oversized breasts, and large hips that make her pants sit too high.
She feels stupid and shut out.
She lets others walk all over her, and laughs it off.
She has anxiety over the littlest things, and her nails are bitten down to the cuticle.
She is depressed.
At school she is "all smiles"; it is her job to make others feel better than she does.
No one knows about her feelings.
She holds everything in all day long, and at night she cries herself to sleep.
She was me.

She Now

She loves herself, and others even more.
She looks in the mirror, and sees a confident, strong young woman staring back.
She learned to love life, and to accept what she cannot change.
She knows she is intelligent.
She stands up for herself, and what she believes in.
She is always "all smiles"; it is her job to make others feel as good as she does.
She falls asleep with a smile on her face.
She *is* me.

Maddie Schnier
Class of 2010



Which Way
Pete Appareti
Class of 2008

Untitled

When I'm afraid of failing, I run away, never looking back, but always wondering what could have been. My life consists of should haves and could haves. I'm afraid to hear that I'm not good enough, but fear is in the heart of love. I ran away from him again. Why doesn't he just give up? Maybe he can see right through me. Maybe he knows I'm not as strong as I pretend to be. I walked away, wanting so badly to stop and look back, but I couldn't. My legs wouldn't change direction. My mind was made up. I opened the door, only to close it behind me. I'll never let anyone in. He was on the other side of the wall, but I could still feel his eyes following me out of the room. I stopped for a second, knowing he couldn't see me leaning my heavy-hearted body against the cold concrete. I could hear his voice, confused, yet confident. An unlikely pair, but he could pull it off. He could pull anything off. At that moment, the walls were paper thin. I could feel his back pressed up against the blue concrete, as we stood, together; yet alone, on separate sides of the wall. Maybe one day I'll get the strength to break it down, but that kind of strength takes time, and time is never on my side. That type of strength takes confidence, and confidence is the one thing I lack. So for now, the wall stands: 12 feet tall, 4 feet thick. And for now, I stand too, searching for confidence, and yearning for the strength to breath easy for today.

Lisa Martin
Class of 2009

Untitled

I've been told to be careful when it comes to life. I've been told to trust, but never fully. I've been warned to love, but never truly. I've been advised to see, but the view isn't always clear. I've been taught to listen, but only to what I want to hear. I've been shown the way in which I'm supposed to live, but instead I want to change direction, not to follow routine, maybe to stray from the path of correction. I've been known to question everything I've been taught. I've been known to fight, and many battles I've fought. I've seen many fingers waved in my face, many blank stares, many heads shaking at a quick pace. I've been lied to, cheated on, and broken, but unlike all the rest, I've moved on, I've forgiven, and I've spoken.

Lisa Martin
Class of 2009

The Click and Tick

As I sat there in silence,
I only heard the clicking and ticking of the clock.
The ticking and clicking, clicking and ticking.
My timer of life whispered to hurry.
It was a contradiction to not rushing life.
I watched the second hand.
It jumped from dot to dot in a broken pattern—
A frog hopping from stone to stone.
In a blink of the eye, the time passed.
As the time passed,
The ticking and tocking and twitching got louder.
A constant tapping in my head continued.
Again, the clock seemed to jump numbers
As time was eaten away.
The sour taste you get from worry grew.
Time finally ended with a loud click onto the two.
I finally understood why people said it.
We're not supposed to rush life,
Because it is rushing us.

Nicollette Michael
Class of 2010

An Assignment for Ms. Cenca's English II Class

It doesn't matter if you're White, Black, Hispanic, or Asian
we all come together to form this great nation.
The "great melting pot" is what people do say,
yet we hear of hate crimes like ev'ryday.
People stereotype the different races,
make up backgrounds just based on faces,
there's no real good reason why people are hating,
but at least lose the violence—stick to debating,
Everyone is judging just because of skin tone,
yet inside we are the same, flesh, blood 'n bone.

Steven Spicer
Class of 2010

Not Gone; Not Forgotten
Written: January 15th, 2008

I could only imagine what it would be like to have you back.
I could guarantee it would be different.
You took your hits like a champ,
And shrugged it off as if it was last week's news.

If I had answered my phone
Or offered you my couch to rest,
We would never be in this mess.
I know I cannot take it back,
But I miss you and I'd do anything to have you back.

When I see her, it makes me want to break down.
She sends her support, and I send my love in return.
To let someone down is the worst feeling ever,
But to see two when she started with three, tears her apart inside.
We only have a few months left to go.
We used to joke about bunking up together,
But now I won't even get to wear the same cap and gown;
A paper will be given, but it won't be you who receives it.

I cannot even cross the threshold without feeling your presence.
The pancakes, no matter how undercooked,
Were still loved by the customers.

I can't help but feel responsible.
I feel empty, but full of heart.
Although I can't see you, you will never depart.
We will meet again.

You are afar, but stay near
Guide closely, stay away from the sun;
Don't let your newly given wings melt.

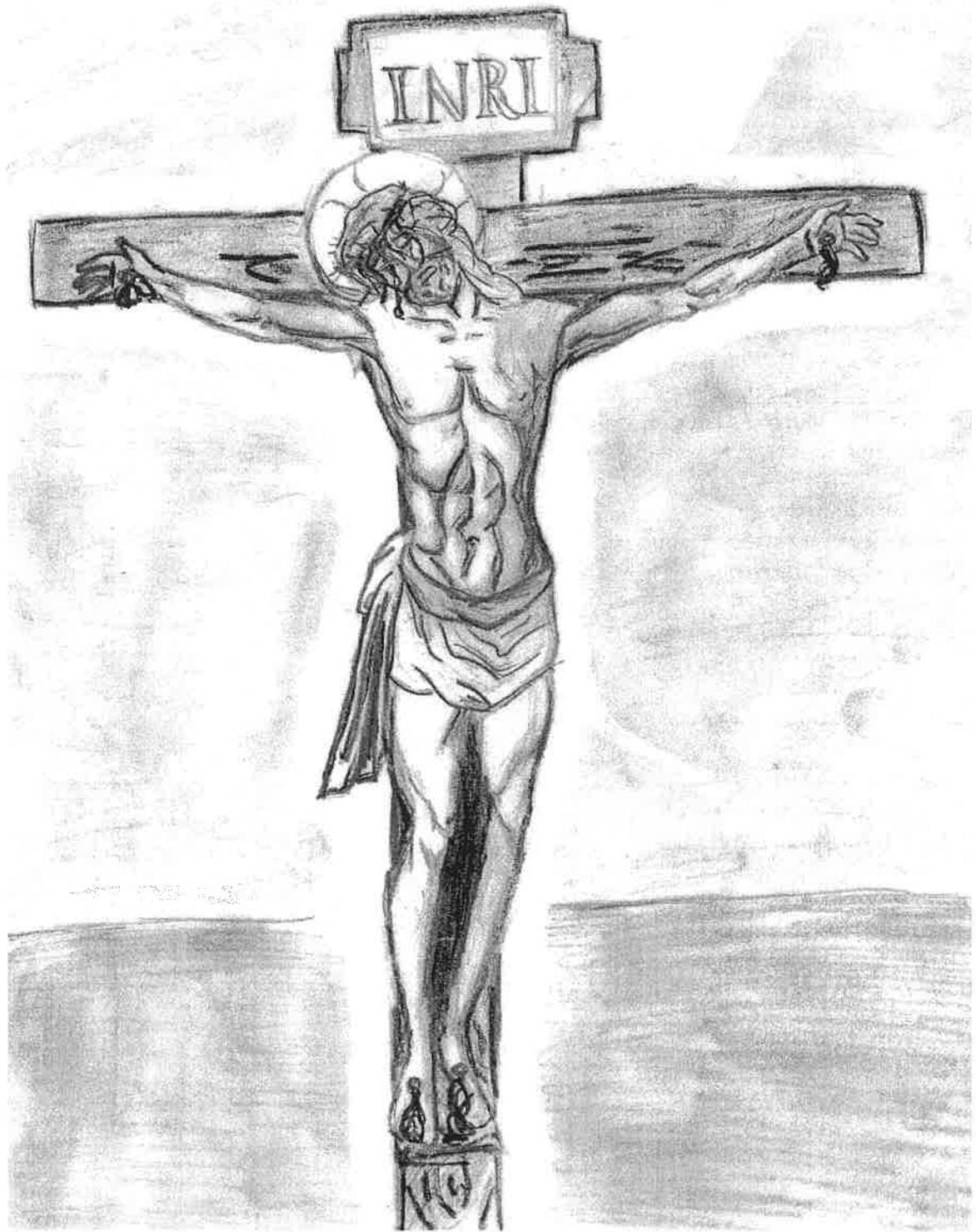
I would turn away the world just to have you here with me tonight.

Geoffrey Bergeron
Class of 2008

The Crucifixion

It began with the betrayal of a kiss,
and led to the death of a man all would miss.
The angry mob shouted and wanted Him dead,
His followers could only look on with dread.
Pontius Pilate gave in to the wishes of the angry crowd;
the decision to kill Him made the mob proud.
He was forced to carry a cross on his back,
and He had to endure the painful whip's smack.
Up a hill, He was forced to carry the wood;
His body was so frail many wondered if He even could.
Exhausted and bloody, He was nailed to the cross.
At this point it seemed as though all hope was lost.
And through the tears in His mother's eyes,
She saw her son, Jesus Christ, left to die.

Lauren Boehm and Kate Gillis
Class of 2011



Casey Birch
Class of 2011

An Observation at 6:30 P.M. at a Dance Studio

We often wonder,
What does it feel like when it happens?
What do they see in invisibility?
What secrets do they hear
do they feel
in their ears?
What is the taste in their mouths?

I watched them one night. It was 6:30.
It watched them put their hearts on the floor.
The dancers were conformists.

The door did not open
but he came in
anything but purposeless.
He walked in with the push of the center button
on a maroon iPod.

He inhaled a rhythm.
His breath was a pattern of sounds.
He was relaxed when
a solitary dancer
walked with equal composure
onto the floor.

He came in like a cold tide on grainy sand
and stood in front of her.
He looked her all over.
He came close to her face.
Her eyes were shut and golden.
He pressed his cheek on her neck.

She opened her mouth as she
put one hand on the hemlock wooden floor
and the other on
his chest of
instrumentality.

She dropped her body close to her heels
and lay back her head with her long mocha hair,
as he dropped his hand under her back so she wouldn't
fall.

He embodied protection, escape, and vitality.

She fell to her knees
with a palm on either side of his temples.
He looked up at her face.
Overflowing.
He was desire for emotion.

She bent her legs to touch the tips of her toes with her toes.
And they gave each other oxygen.
And he pulled her by her wrists around in circles of
complacency.
They disregarded the others, shutting them out with all the other
problems existing outside the safe placement of their feet on the ground.
His hands on her legs.
Her hands on his hands.
Their fate rested on patterns of
feeling.

I watched them the whole time.
They were in love.
They became, undeniably,
one.

The music was turned down
and he left her
lying on the floor.

And I saw what they feel every time.
She had danced for
me.

Her lover was unplugged from the iPod speakers.

Saige Jutras
Class of 2009



Ice Box
Tessa Allen
Class of 2008


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- ❖ The seniors, for being cool like that. May good fortune follow you wherever you go.

Moderator's Note

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I will miss you both enormously, but know you will go on to change the world.

(I say this confidently because you have already changed mine.) 

Also, much thanks to Dominic Delabruere, our peaceful savant,
for all of his hard work and laughter.

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT FOR *VISIONS*



I am Stuck on Visions, 'Cause *Vision's* Stuck on Me.

Good honest *Visions* since 1896.

Once you pop, you can't stop *Visions*.

Visions: The other white meat.

When you've got *Visions*, flaunt it.

Visions, taste the rainbow.

***Visions*, breakfast of champions.**

Silly Rabbit, *Visions* is for kids.

Visions is finger lickin' good.

LIKE A GOOD NEIGHBOR, *VISIONS* IS THERE.

Look Ma, no *Visions*!

Hungry? Grab a *Visions*.

Pop, lock, and *Visions*.

Nothin' says *Visions* like the lovin' from the oven.

I wish I was a *Visions* wener.

Easy, breezy, beautiful, *Visions* girl.

There ain't no party like a *Visions* party.

Strong enough for a man, made for *Visions*.

Please don't stop the Visions. (Rihanna beat)

Grab life by the *Visions*.

What's to your *Visions*?

***Visions*, GARN!**

When *Visions* on a bagel, you can eat *Visions* anytime.

Visions, mmm mmm good!

Come see the softer side of *Visions*.

With a name like *Visions*, it has to be good.

LEGGO MY *VISIONS*.

