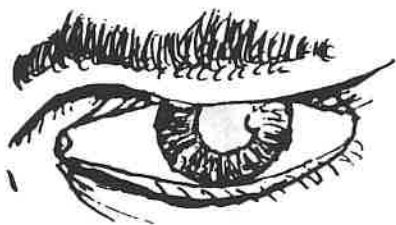
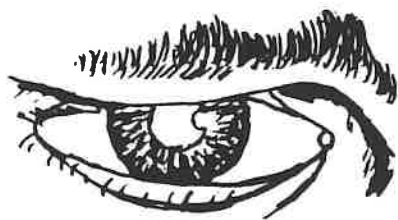


# V I S I O N S

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VOLUME 1

ISSUE 2

MAY 2001

## Dedication

In recognition of and thanks for his long years of devoted service to Central, the *Visions* staff dedicates this issue to Mr. Mike Sullivan. Thanks for everything. We'll miss you.

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## The Way...I Think

too much junk. I have songs... words... emotions...  
I will never sing, I will never write, I will never express.  
ed with too much When thoughts are thought of  
clutter too much thought is bad.  
my mind for thinking. Think about it.  
have Can you read? the way  
I I think? I understand?  
You never did.

I guess that  
everything  
(I have ever

wanted to say)  
is tangled  
in a jumbled

mixed up  
mess of doubt.

I love

you don't

listen to me

anyway,

Give up

before...

It's too late.

You will  
never understand

The Way.

I think...

James Remme  
Grade 12

## **Callous Words**

Callous words are barked at me,  
From abrasive dogs within.  
Zealous pandemoniums,  
Entrenched in wounds found on my skin.

Grotesque fracasés thrash my soul.  
Barrage of nasty, racous words.  
Those who speak them are unmagnanimous,  
Loquacious prowlers always heard.

What is the cause of there antipathy,  
That they beset my tattered life?  
Militate against my existence,  
Misconstrue with sharpened knife.

Who can but fathom sinuous reasons,  
For no peace from the sonorous,  
Screams of unfound retribution,

From the tortured gone before us?

Here I sit emaciated,  
From ardent sophomoric spirits,  
Laughing as they chastise me,  
Pondering if I do deserve it.

Show clemency to me, unworthy.  
Take away my dearth of joy,  
That I might live infallibly,  
Repose, no longer to be toyed.

Keep your virulent temerity,  
Allow me to find quiet respite.  
One day I will reimburse thee.  
That all deserve, they shall soon get it.

Chris Kingston  
Grade 11

## The Birch Tree

There comes a time in all teenagers' lives when they realize that childhood is behind them and they must grow up. Labor day was my time.

My grandparents have owned the same house since they got married. My dad, aunts, and uncles grew up in that house and it has been the setting for almost every holiday family gathering that I have gone to since I was born. Outside the house is a tall birch tree with thick, sturdy branches perfectly placed for climbing. I don't believe that I had ever climbed the birch tree before Labor Day—partly because I was scared and partly because my two older cousins (who are now long gone to college, one engaged) monopolized the privilege. Many years ago, my oldest cousin carved our initials in the birch tree—NB, JB, KK. Labor Day I started wondering if those indentations had survived the weathering after all these years, so finally I climbed the tree.

The initials were still there, faded but visible. Memories came flooding back to me and I could suddenly remember vividly the day that Nate carved the letters as Jeremy and I watched. I recall the feeling of being in awe, knowing that a piece of me was being made permanent in that tree. I knew that I would return years later to see those same marks although I, myself, had changed. And there I was, fulfilling my visions. However, I had always envisioned my self looking at the initials as an adult. It was then that I realized that I would never be a kid again. Catching fire flies, riding bikes until dusk, seeing how I could go on the swings before jumping off, and building forts in the back yard had been sacrificed in the presence of work and school.

From the tree I watched my young cousins in the street, playing a game they invented. I remember feeling what they

were feeling—unbridled joy. They didn't have to worry about work the next day, or the future at all. They lived in the moment and took every blessing life could possibly bestow upon them. I'm sure their laughter echoed off the houses, and their screaming could be heard far down the street. I wondered I one day any of them would be sitting on the same branch, questioning where the time had gone and cherishing the memories that remained with them through the years. I lifted my little cousin up onto my branch and she sat on my lap. I couldn't help wondering if, someday in the future, she would remember sitting on the birch tree with me. She asked where her initials were after I had shown her mine. I told her that I could carve hers right under the KK, and she was very content. Now she will have a piece of permanence in the tree as well.

I picked a branch off, and it remains in my room as a symbol of my childhood. Although I didn't spend much time in the tree, it stands for every family get-together, every summer day, and every scraped knee and dirty foot: the battle wounds of childhood (both of which I happily endured that day).

As the sun sank behind the trees and the sky grew darker, I had to leave the tree. I could no longer live wishing that I had those days back, but I was left with a happy feeling, knowing that as I descended to reality, those memories would remain forever unchanged, like a carving in a tree. I know that if I ever feel that life gets to be too much, I can always look back on those summer days and recall the carefree emotions of childhood and let the sunshine in to light my way.

Kelly Klemarczyk  
Grade 12



## **Rain**

The soft refreshing rain comes by  
And hits my roof, as I fall asleep.  
It knocks on my roof to tell me:  
God loves us.

Jarrood Curtis  
Grade 9

### **an impulse**

creative writing                   ?  
where to begin                   ?  
anything I create,  
anything pure fresh new  
becomes stale trite tired  
with scrutiny (mine or yours).

my only expression  
is impulse  
and impulse  
is a badly drawn  
disproportionate  
half-erased portrait  
of nothing.  
it takes talent, genius  
for impulse to be beautiful.  
for mere mortals like me  
beauty takes care  
rapt attention, a dozen tries.  
the catharsis then is lost.

putting what I feel  
on paper, in melody, gesture  
means crafting something  
raw, unintelligible.  
take, for example, this poem  
I wrote it for me  
but now I'm revising for you.  
once thought is given  
to anyone else  
it's not mine anymore.  
"the first draft of anything is shit."  
but it's what counts.

after first conception  
it's just lines on paper.

Emily Tredeau  
Grade 11

## **Jesus**

He was a young man  
But of heaven's descent  
His time on this earth  
Brief but well spent

Pushed by a maddening crowd  
He carried His fate  
A crown of thorns upon his head  
He still felt no hate

Mocked and betrayed  
By the people he loved  
He begged their forgiveness  
From heaven above

He gave us new life  
After his final breath  
He saved us from sin  
Through his own death

His arms outstretched on the cross  
His body ripped and torn  
But the love of his heart  
As pure as the day he was born

Gina Salvo and Courtney Nault  
Grade 9

## **The Easy Cure**

(A poem about Robert Smith)

Polar cages scared little boy to heavy tears  
Torn from the unfairness, which would burden him for years  
Escaped to greener hillsides, bearing flowers that he shared  
Until they drowned his only will to care,  
Drowned his will to pull the earth from under him, up there.

Mary's love pulled at the strings within him and without  
In Texas girls were screaming while young Robert dared to shout  
Though he was quite timid, she could see love in his eyes  
With every word he opened her surprise  
With every song he sang from deep down somewhere  
I know that I once saw it in his eyes,  
The love that I once saw inside a father's falling tear.

Silhouettes of sleepy eyes adorn his mellow head  
'An aging youth who often dapples in the white and red  
Though my recollections are from not too long ago  
There are some hidden words that I don't know,  
There are some melodies I haven't sung to  
Through the rest I've listened and I've grown  
But sometimes music fails to paint the picture that one knows.

Tomorrows will soon come and travel on to yesterdays  
And though we all must leave, there is a place where we will stay  
His lips of inspiration will sing to me 'til I die,  
I wonder if he'll ever know I cried  
I often wonder if he's crying with me  
I think that after this war I'll survive  
I'll live as long as I can write the words that set me free.

Marian DiDio  
Grade 12

## **One Fine Monday Evening...**

...I'm down at the Haverhill Citizens' Center washing silverware. It's the weekly meal for the less fortunate, and supper is in full swing. The lively chatter of sixty or seventy people fills the main room.

I use the term "less fortunate" very broadly. Some of the people here are well below the poverty line. Some, particularly the elderly, are lonely and just enjoy talking with a variety of personalities. Others scrape by day to day to make ends meet. All of them could use an hour or two to escape the world and the troubles of the day.

I look around the kitchen, and I see a fabulous group of people: the volunteers. Every week, they come from a hard, long Monday to work here. The volunteers receive no award but a few words of thanks. For them, it is more than enough.

My favorite group of volunteers is the Perrys: a twelve-year old boy, Aaron, his mother, and his grandmother. They are here long before me and long after me. Mere words cannot

describe their commitment to this task. They are simply the best people I know here, and that is saying a lot at this gathering of many good hearts. God must make a family like this for every community.

There is another good group out at the tables. Many stereotypes about the less fortunate are proved wrong here. There has never been a violent incident in the three years I've been coming here, and only a few arguments. Our "guests" are some of the most polite and gracious people I have ever met.

A question I sometimes ask myself is, "Why do I keep coming back? There are a million other things I could do with this time." I always answer myself, "How many of those places can you see the same grateful faces, the same smiling eyes? Where else can you see God in others?"

Mathew Nabien

## **Vernal Thoughts**

The winter had been treacherous;  
The worst I could remember.  
The snow had been around so long;  
Since the very first week of December.

But finally after weeks of white  
The snow began to melt.  
We were anxious to escape  
The winter Mother Nature had dealt.

As the sun began to warm the Earth  
And we bade farewell to the snow,  
The world started to awaken,  
And new life began to grow.

The birds started to build their nests  
For their families in the trees.  
They started to sing their happy songs  
And lifted their voices into the breeze.

The world was filled with beautiful colors  
As the flowers started to bloom.  
They seemed to bring the bees to life  
And they started to fly and zoom.

The sun rose so high in the sky;  
There was not a cloud up above.  
Children awaited the end of school  
And the air was filled with love.



Another winter season ends,  
Another spring begins.  
And out will come all the beauty  
That the world holds deep within.

Brigid McKernan  
Grade 9

## **Is There An Answer**

I thought you would see,  
Believe everything was fine;  
Come home and just be  
A normal family,  
Sometimes-even divine.  
But you won't.  
You can't.  
Because IT came back.  
I don't want to tell you,  
But if I don't, something will you lack.  
People cannot say;  
They do not know why,  
Or what or how-  
Things just happen.  
I believed everything was fine  
And wanted you to see –  
She was better.  
Maybe to make things easier  
Because you weren't there.  
But now it's harder for me;  
All my hopes disappeared  
Into thin air...  
Is it just life or is there an answer to why?

Caitlin McDonald  
Grade 12

## **Why Oh White Winged Whippoorwill**

Why oh white winged whippoorwill,  
Why my life do you torment?  
Have I done that you despise?  
Where has gone my sweet protection?  
Be that as it may.

Have I not but done,  
Done the deeds that you have wrought?  
Why upon me send your fury?  
Is unspoken sin the blame?  
Be that as it may.

Then why keep hidden reasons,  
Down neath shields of comforting lies?  
Why burden me with weight of world,  
Does thou see my soul has bent?  
Is it buried under curtains,  
Sewn thick with glories ever praised?  
Be that as it may.

Try do I to right the wrongs,  
Sent upon my weary soul.  
Always do I question.  
Am I worthy in your eyes?  
Can one recall the image,  
If the image hath not yet been called?  
Be that as it may.

Keep within your awful fury.

Ever scorching with the flames.  
Breaking down my every season.  
Ending of my life for certain.  
And from heaven, fall or falled.  
Be that as it may.

As I stand my wings unfurled,  
But you say 'do not fly until,  
All before you goes and flies.  
Only then will you I raise.'  
Be that as it may.

Fore I go with all my throngs,  
Might that I could have one scrimmage?  
And last the battle, fight and fought.  
Be that as it may.  
Last that battle fight and fought,  
As to someday reach my goal.  
Fight and fought and finally won.

Chris Kingston  
Grade 11

## The Shadows

The shadows have fallen long ago. All around is black, imperceptible and daunting. I felt my heart beat...so hard, so fast...not of fear or worry but of desire...waiting, wanting the rush. Slowing my breathing, I force my heart to calm itself and listen; I hear the slow, almost rhythmic breathing of the two soldiers at my sides. Lying in the grass, the blades bite uncomfortably at my skin but comfort must be lost for soon the battle will begin.

There! Far in the shadows...a glimmer of light...a flash of steel...the battle has begun. Rising out of the grass, the Triad lunges into the shadows. Slides of shadows...raging red eyes...enemies all around, a trap for us. Drawing my steel I once again feel whole, the cold silver metal's weight in my hand becoming not a tool but an extension of my own arm. The steel catches the light and seems to push back the shadows that attempt to envelop us. For the first time I see the scores of enemies that surround our position—too many, even for us—but if we shall fall many more of them will go before we do. We must protect them at all costs; they can't know this danger is on the edge waiting to destroy everything they hold dear.

So we begin combat, a beautiful and ever flowing dance of ages long forgotten. The clangs of steel and screams of pain become the band for this dangerous beauty. One advances toward me wielding a battle-axe, too heavy and clumsy of a weapon to assault one in this waltz. It swings high aiming for my head; as I duck and slide to the side I swing gracefully into its underarm ripping flesh and breaking bone. Contact and the band plays on. I don't hear the demon's screams as I flow from one step into the next, cleanly removing its head, ending all screams of pain. I continue my dance, tiring slowly and faltering slightly earning me minor cuts, as the enemy seems never to end. I sense the dance of my companions as they remove the creatures from their weaves in time.

Suddenly the dance slows until it seems to end... the remaining retreat with the raging infernos they once had in their eyes now burning nothing but coals. I sheath my steel and turn slowly to see the eyes of my friends, my brothers, slightly bleeding yet smiling still. Scanning the area we find the corpses of those whose dance faltered at one step or another. Then it comes, and no warning all are the looks of horror on the faces of my companions as I feel the spear ripping through the skin on my back and snapping my spine. I could see and feel my life force slowly oozing out as the black and crimson blade tears with speed and anger through my abdomen. Today is a good day for me to die. Live, Protect, Serve, Survive, and when it is time Die. Our code. Our lives, but I know that my weave will continue and my soul shall survive, for our legacy that is left shall be spoken of for ages.

Nathan Palmer  
Grade 11

## Upon Being Asked About Love

I was asked 'what is love'  
By a person who thus sought,  
And felt such a question better directed  
To those who know more  
Than they do not,  
But he asked me about it  
What I thought

What I thought:

Webster says affection; Hewson, blindness.  
I myself tired for only a word; deemed it hopeless  
Love is not just passion, nor necessity.  
Yes, a warmth, but not without honesty.  
Possibly a devotion to understanding,  
With the comfort of a trust in feeling?  
That just doesn't make sense.  
Or does it?  
Love is everything able to be described by nothing.

Yes, I was asked about love,  
And I thought this quite absurd.  
Yet I stumble and believe I have found it  
In a word:  
Eternity

Eric S. Landers  
Grade 12

## **Elements**

Earth, wind, fire, sea  
Each of these elements alive in me  
I feel the earth as I stand on the ground  
I hear the wind as it pushes my hair round  
The fire burns deep in our hearts,  
Never to leave us, Never to part  
The sea enraptures with its tumultuous wave,  
The current pulling deeper, deeper, into the sea.  
I hold firm to the ground, but it slips through my toes  
The fire in my heart is the strongest of those  
Keeping me strong in whichever way  
The wind might blow, or sea might tug, or earth might tremor  
and move.

**Erin Phaneuf  
Grade 11**



## The Trance

I remember being in the trance. Oh, yes, I remember everything. Heavenly sunlight, piercing through the minuscule holes in the worn shades of the rustic-looking window, was gently massaging my facial pores as if they were porcelain. All I could hear, at first, was the monotonous ticking of the ridiculous cuckoo clock that was hung directly above my head. After that it was the urbane shrink's soft pleasant voice counting down, counting backwards to be precise. The leather couch I was sprawled upon, as instructed, was firm and elegantly shaped, mapping out exactly the contours of the human spine. I felt incredibly comfortable, as was necessary, I gathered, for such a procedure to work properly. My reluctance to go through with the experimental procedure was of no surprise to the good doctor. He was persistent in convincing me to laboriously recite my favorite nursery rhyme. I, with a amount of reluctance, went along with it. As soon I was in deep relaxation, he carefully insisted that I close my eyes. My fear was too overwhelming. I sat up, arms folded in a tight and firm position while my entire body was shaking. Upon this, he approached me from his brown leather chair to comfort me. I refused. Right away, he painstakingly reminded me it would be the only way to seize the very root of my disturbance. So, trembling with fear, I carefully laid back and slowly closed my eyes. The doctor began his backwards counting, and I fell innocently into a deep, dark trance.

I awoke in my own bed, in my own home. My white and freshly washed sheets, along with enormous white pillows covered with beautifully stitched rose emblems that slightly irritated my porcelain-like skin, and even my old, worn-out, beloved doll, with its red matted hair accompanied by freckles, button eyes, a neatly stitched smile, and a blue and white dress

with its share of rips and tears, were all there. And then there was the room. The room was exactly as I remembered it. Its white painted walls with the occasional preschool paintings of a horse or Santa Claus, the cold wooden floor, the large brown polished wooden chair in the far left hand corner with all my stuffed animals organized in a pyramid-like structure, the beautiful window to my left with its amazingly crafted wooden window frame displaying wondrous designs of roses, flower stems and petals, my two white, paint-coated doors, one the closet and the other the bedroom door for others to enter and exit, and finally my towering brown dresser directly to the right of my bed completed the image. Heavenly sunlight burst through the wide open window. I basked in its glow as I turned to look at my lovely collection of stuffed animals. There was something peculiar about them. It seemed as if their button sewn eyes stared back at me with an intense fear. It was as if they knew what, if anything, was going to happen and were all too familiar with its horrors.

As I gazed upon the beauty of my room, I slowly realized it wasn't my room at all, or at least how I fully remembered it. The painted walls changed from a bright angelic white color to a thin and faded black. Holes, which seemed unnatural and to be caused by great force, were now present the wall. My doll was no longer sporting a smile—its eye was hanging out and large black marks seemed to cover its small body. Then, the sunlight became dimmer by the second, until the whole room was blanketed by darkness. Everything was camouflaged, or rather infused, with the darkness. Everything was a shapeless, formless void. It was all the delicate human eye could take. No light was present; not even our precious earthly satellite shone. I grasped my innocent doll firmly to my chest as I heard a distant and undistinguishable voice coming from outside of the bedroom door, which was

now emitting a small amount light from its bottom crack. A sudden chill then fell over the room. The indistinguishable voice was suddenly growing in volume and becoming overbearing. I mustered enough strength to slip out of my comfortable bed and investigate. As I ventured through the emptiness of the room, feeling the ice cold wooden planks on my bare feet, the bedroom door ferociously swung open with an incredible force, and, without a hint of warning, the light that had been seeping through the small bottom crack of the door instantly blinded me, freezing me in place. My feet were encased in some sort of mold from which I couldn't escape. My small body was paralyzed. The overbearing voice was now louder and incoherent. All of a sudden ,there was an enormous shadow blocking the doorway—I could finally see somewhat because it had partially blocked the blinding light. My state was the same, frozen in place as the shadow began to advance on me for some reason. I would tried to move, but I could not budge. All I could do was stare blankly and try to capture the image of my room, which I now remembered fully, faded in the blinding light.

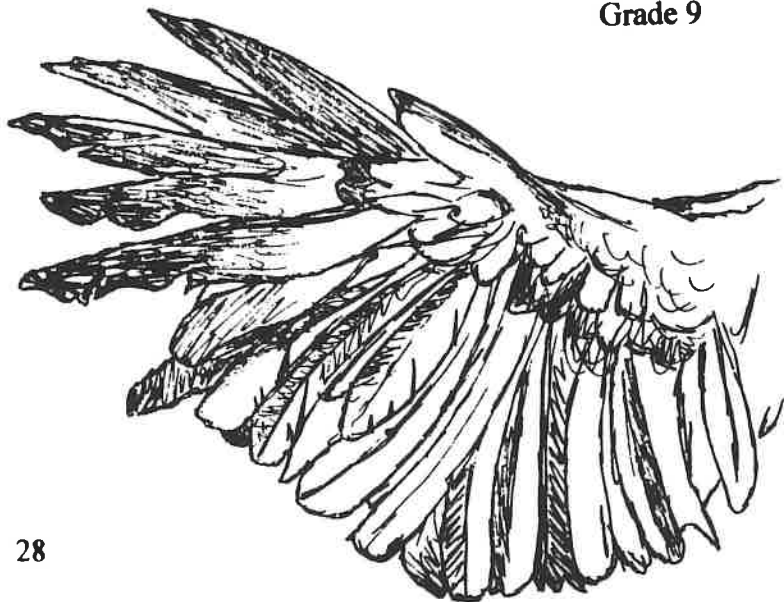
I remember being in the trance. Oh, yes, I remember everything. I remember everything, now. And I wish I never had. I wish I never had.

P.J. Healy  
Grade 12

## Angel's Lament

I threw away your wings  
Just to see what was beyond you  
One more moment  
Barricade of silence for a brief moment  
And all I can feel is this crimson wave  
Moving like a storm again  
I don't want to feel this  
Because all I can feel is this animosity  
And the only things between us now  
Are a few strands of angel hair  
And a few words  
That neither of us can remember  
One more lifetime of healing silence  
For a crimson moment  
And I can't stand to feel these overwhelming waves  
Passing like a storm again

Matthew Daly  
Grade 9



## **Salvation**

I was floating all alone  
looking for a place to drown

until I saw you standing there  
calling to me from the ground

I swam to you, you ran away  
forcing me ashore

I ran to you, you flew away  
I loved watching you soar

I dreamed of life up in the air  
a life I never knew

I never had the strength to fly  
until you pulled me with you

when you took me by the hand  
you gave me something to believe

you pulled me from the ocean  
you gave me air to breathe

my strength, my angel  
you helped me face the truth

I never knew that while I suffered  
angels suffered too

James Remmes  
Grade 12

**they don't want to be**

- A romantic mercenary–  
with crumbling armor
- A selfless hero–  
with waning strength
- A fearless rebel–  
hiding alone
- A nurturing mother–  
with too little time
- A wandering fairy–  
with melting magic
- A savior of the people–  
destroying himself
- An inspired leader–  
with crippling doubts
- A passionate poet–  
with muses all fled
- A seeker of truth–  
who no longer cares

And yet, children want to grow up.

Emily Tredeau  
Grade 11

## Down

Why is your face a great big smile?  
I hear you're different from me,  
But I really don't see much difference.  
They say your brain is broken.  
It doesn't work like mine.

But you like music.  
You play the harp and find that one chord that takes you to  
heaven.

You play the piano and hit that key combo  
While your voice carries your proclamation of your love of  
life.  
Your eyes fly skyward, praising the God who gave you your  
ears.

I look up there, too.  
Maybe I can see what you see.

You hide under the table.  
Things can be very scary can't they?  
I get scared, too.  
The other kids wonder why you're under there.  
Aren't they frightened sometimes?  
I wish I could fit under the table.  
We'd be scared together.

You were asked what you were thinking about.  
"Monsters," you said,  
"I want God to bless the monsters."  
I remember monsters.

Friendly monsters, grumpy monsters, fluffy monsters, bald  
monsters.

I like monsters, too.

I thought my hands were small.

Yours are smaller.

I hold it while I escort you to your happy family.

You smile at me and I wonder

If you wonder

What I am thinking, too.

For my little buddy, Andrew,

Danae K. Fegan

Grade 11



## **“Talk To You”**

I talk to you  
Every night and day,  
But you have not yet replied  
But I still talk to you

I have never  
Seen your face,  
And I have never  
Heard your voice,  
But I still talk to you

I confide  
Everything in you,  
But you say  
Not a word.  
I always try  
To be everything you want,  
But you say  
Not a word,  
You just give me  
What I need

I cry to you,  
But you have never  
Given me a hug.  
I sung to you,  
But you never  
Give applause

Many people ask:  
How do I know you're there?

Why do I waste my time?  
What is the whole purpose?  
What do I get in return?

I just say...

Why don't you try it and see?

Michael Tinney  
Grade 12

## My Hero

Everyone always thinks of heroes as these big, famous people who have worked miracles. To me, a hero is someone who has done something that resembles a miracle – but, that miracle is something that will forever change a person's inner world. My hero is my father. With his little life lessons, helpings, and guidance, my father forever changed my life. For as long as I can remember, my dad would always help me with my homework. Last year I struggled with algebra, but he was always there to lend a helping hand. Even when he didn't know the answers, he would always try his best to help me any way he could.

The same was true with life. Even when he didn't have the answers to the things that happened, he would always try his best to help me in any way.

My father was one of the easiest people I could talk to. I'm sure that no one ever realized that I talked to my dad about things that everyone else never heard me say. My dad knew that I always had a dream to play basketball, but I never thought I was good enough. On summer nights, he would always help me with my shooting and skills. Never did he put me down and tell me I wasn't good enough. He would always tell me my strong points and help me with the things I couldn't do. When no one else believed in me, he did. My dad never gave up on me or my dreams. For example, when I started playing softball, he knew how badly I wanted to be a pitcher and would always help me with my throwing and never said that he didn't have the time to help. When it came time for my dance performances, he would always joke around about having to go. I knew he was kidding and it bothered me every time. But, never did it bother me when I got to see that proud look on his face when I had done a good job.

All through my life, I saw my father show signs of anger towards certain people, but never did I see him actually show that he hated someone. I knew that he was trying to set an

just throw it around aimlessly. My father taught me so much about life and I will never forget anything. I always saw him in a different way than other people did. Everyone knew how impatient he was and would always make fun of him for it. To me, it was an outward sign that sometimes you don't want to deal with things in life. I always thought that sometimes the things he did were just to show me life lessons.

I would always talk to my dad about how unfair life is, and never did he tell me too bad or I don't care. Instead he was more like a best friend and listened to me and everything I had to say. My opinions and views were important to him and he never turned away when I had a point to make. Many times he would joke around and act like he didn't care, but I always knew that he really did. Like all other parent-child relationships, ours wasn't perfect. At times it was far from it. However, he never stopped loving me, teaching me yet another lesson.

Now he is gone and I cannot talk to him about how hard and unfair life is, about my hopes and dreams, learn another lesson from him, or have him help me with something I'm struggling with. Now the journey down the path of life is mine and mine alone to take. I have other family and friends to help me, but I will never find a friend or family member that could possibly be the same person and mean the same thing that my father did to me. I feel as if seven years have passed instead of only seven months since my father passed away, and it has been the longest time of my life. The worse part is that I will have to wait even longer until I see him again. As long as I know that I won't have to wait until I see him again to follow my hopes and dreams, and live the lessons he taught me, I can follow that path of my life a little easier.

Alyssa Walworth  
Grade 9

## **If You Were Here**

If only you were here with me  
In my arms I'd hold you tight  
I'd keep you in my warm embrace  
Every day and every night

I'd kiss you on your lips, so soft  
As a petal of a red, red rose  
I dare not speak for us alone  
Would feel bliss, with our eyes kept closed.

Like heaven it would feel tonight  
Because I love you so  
I'd whisper sweet somethings in your ear,  
Like the wind that calmly blows.

I love you more than life itself  
I'd give up everything for you  
I'd do this and much, much more  
To show my love is true.

Giuseppe Di Marca  
Grade 9

## Lessons

“What did you learn today?”

I was asked earlier this evening.

Just a simple question?

Well,

Think to yourself

Where did you go today? What did you see?

Did you learn any lessons?

You must have watched the news this morning

Or traveled to a few destinations,

What did you observe?

I noticed

That the sun, is nothing less than

Breathtaking at 5:30 A.M.

And there is an unexplainable feeling in the air

While the rest of the house is sleeping.

But how many times have I learned that before,

And just, never paid attention.

I also felt a lot better after eating a decent breakfast

Getting to work on time for once kept the day fairly pleasant

And don't I love the satisfaction of...

Actually doing my homework.

I've always known how it felt to complete such menial tasks

How often I forget what I've learned

Maybe it's time I lack.

Something makes me want to sleep just a little later,

Watch one more tv show

And hey, a candy bar at 9:30 will be fine,

I'm way too busy for breakfast.

C'mon, who am I fooling.

**You, too**

We know what we are doing.

It's been drilled into our heads all of our lives  
How to do things the right way  
We even tell each other how to act right  
I've given enough advice on break-ups and dieting and  
parenting for a degree  
And so have you  
But none of us can practice even half of what we preach  
We'd probably be near perfect  
But none of us can judge  
We are all the same  
If you would put into use even one lesson you learned today  
I think you would be surprised at the changes  
I know I would  
Man, if I could actually put my big feet on the floor  
And open my crusty eyes when my alarm went off...  
I would be a changed person  
But I won't  
I've learned that.  
So when posed the question of what I learned,  
I feel I must re-think  
I "learned" plenty of things today,  
Probably more than I can remember  
What will I do with that knowledge is a much better quandry.  
Books are useless if never read  
The news is pointless if never watched  
So what good are the lessons repeatedly learned  
If we're not even willing to be taught?

Alyson Hayward  
Grade 12

## **Where Has It Gone**

Where has it gone?  
I can't seem to find it.  
I've searched high and low,  
Asked many people but they  
All say something different.  
Things have changed,  
Places have changed,  
People have changed.  
I don't know where else to look.  
I've looked through the books, magazines,  
Newspapers—it's not seen through these.  
I look around outside  
The seasons keep changing  
The only continuity I've found  
Is among the age old stars  
Burning with the brightness of  
Time.

**Carolynne Sott  
Grade 12**



## The Wind Song

Here I find myself again, out chasing the wind. I'm following a road I've never seen, but I know where it leads. There is a presence here that will not let me go home because I don't want to. It keeps me out here while kids are riding their hot wheels. I pump out the miles from my soul.

This is the place where my rage turns into spirit that guides me as I ride. Out here, it doesn't matter how long it will take me to get to the place where I want to be, and what keeps me going is that I know I'll be there one day. This is the place where my only fear is myself. When I'm finished, I want to leave knowing that I beat myself. The fire in my heart is all the fuel I need to go on.

I'm here because I can never write the perfect song for her, and I can never forget what he said to me that day, whether he meant it or not. If I stopped, I would die knowing I took the shortcut. I'm here because my dreams are. I want to be like the man on TV, but I know when I get there that it will have nothing to do with him. I'm here creating my own legacy that I'll only let myself know. The wind sings the song for me and I follow her along. My story is about one, selfish maybe. But no one ever expected me to do anything more; they stare with disgust and say my life is a waste. Well, I say, your life is a waste if you've never heard the wind song. If they want to have something to show for the pain, then I give myself. Stronger by myself, smarter by myself, and better by myself. I keep on turning so that I am more than myself, more than you. I keep on going because the time is short and the nights are long.

My peace comes in a flash when I conquer the suffering I've created. I may never reach that place I want to be, but I will build my life getting there. So until then, I'll keep chasing the wind.

Nick Valcourt  
Grade 10

## Summer Mornings

God how I miss  
Those summer morns—

When raiding sun  
Crept slowly  
Over Playskool porch  
Greeting my man and me.

Where I watched him  
Strain his outstretched palms  
To push the object of ice-cream green  
Toward targets known only  
To himself.

Where I watched him,  
Reckless,  
Roll belly-over-ball, and  
Resolute,  
Struggle upward,  
Rocking forward onto soles,  
Then backward onto heels,  
Setting aglow his magic shoes.

Where I watched him,  
Dauntless,  
Aim locked-on eyes  
And tucked-in chin,  
At a breeze-blown enemy,  
While lifting all the while  
A little soccer leg  
And losing in the process

A delicate pre-school balance,

Where I watched him fall back stunned  
And start to cry  
    But change his mind,  
    Recouping,  
When he heard me clap  
    And "yeah" his try.

Where I watched him,  
    Regrouping,  
Catch his breath,  
And following infant pause,  
    Turn a hurtful frown  
    Into an ear-wide, dimpled smile,  
To acknowledge my apt applause.

God how I miss those special summer thrills,  
When my heart was never empty  
And my porch was always filled.

Mr. Warren Hayes  
English Department

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The staff wishes to thank Br. Long, Mr. DeFillippo, and Ms. Burns for their continuing support and encouragement.

Special thanks also to Project Recycle.



Cover art by Nathan Palmer.

Art on page 28 by Emily Tredeau.