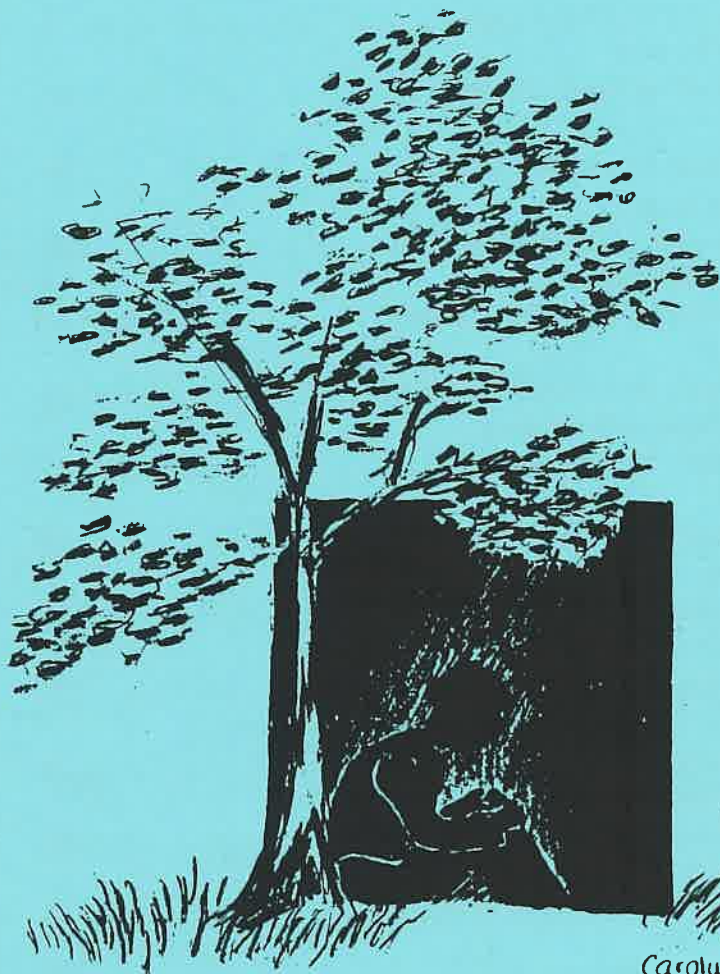


# Visions



*Carolyn Arcobascio*

**Volume 2**

**Issue 1**

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### Untitled

Art by Patrick Lynch

We dedicate this issue of *Visions* to the victims, both living and deceased, of the September 11<sup>th</sup> tragedy.

We hope that someday we as a society will again feel the optimism and hope that have always been a part of the American character.

Editor's note: We will be dedicating the spring issue of *Visions* to Mr. Russ LaCroix. If you would like to contribute, get your submissions in to room 209 by April 12. Also, stay tuned for info about our upcoming coffee house!

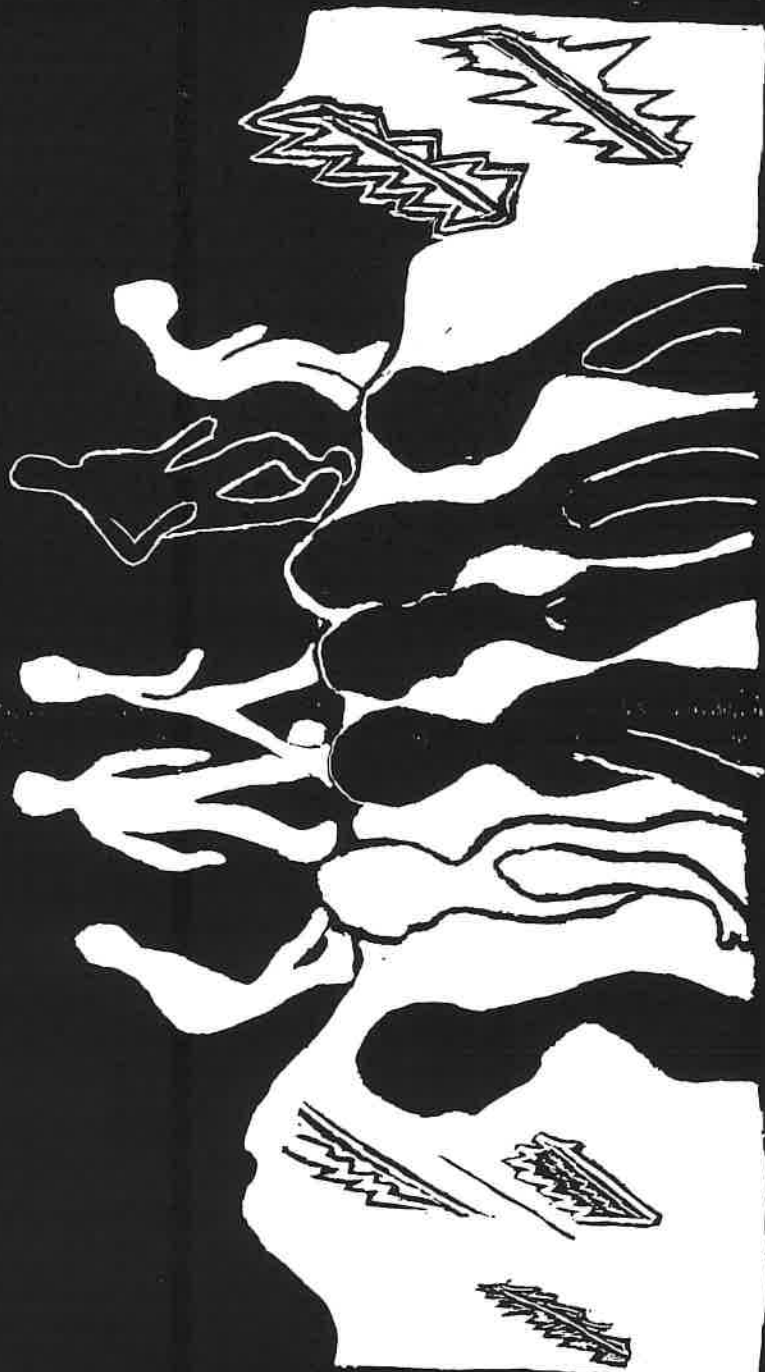
## **Dizzy**

The world is turning, but I remain still.  
My head is spinning faster and faster.  
Trees blur and flowers fade; foliage is abstract.  
Where there was once definition, there is none.  
The cyclone that is my life is gaining force.

I need to move, but my feet will not walk.  
I need to call out, but my lips will not speak.  
I need to concentrate, but my mind wanders.  
I need to see the solutions, but my vision is cloudy.

I want it all, but whiplash is lethal.  
I am dizzy.

**Erin Morin**  
Grade 12



Boris Krasovskiy

## **Pardoned**

I don't quite understand you.  
I don't think I ever have.  
You can't see me.  
But you see more than anyone else.  
You are inside me and an irremovable part of me.  
And that scares me sometimes.  
I often forget.  
You surprise me.  
It's because of you that reality isn't what I think it is.  
That's confusing.  
But comforting too.  
This isn't the way the real world is supposed to be.  
With you there is no real pain.  
Only enlightenment.  
You're so different  
In that you are just like me.  
There is something there.  
Something that defies everything I'm supposed to know.  
Everything anyone is supposed to know.  
I thought I knew what it was.  
But that wasn't it.  
Do you know?  
You're very illogical, you know that?  
You don't know me.  
And yet, you don't care.  
Am I something to you that I can't comprehend?  
We often sit together. Alone.  
Thinking as one person.  
The harmony of these moments while my mind flies free.  
The most beautiful dance.

**Danae K. Fegan**

Grade 12

## Better Judgment

December 17, 2001

Christmas music churned through the tinny stereo. Tired people halfheartedly chased their sticky children, and blank-faced clerks listlessly helped confused travelers from behind thick Plexiglas. I was in the busy maze that makes up the ground floor of New York City's Port Authority, headed home. In midtown's rush-hour traffic I'd missed my bus, so I loitered around Gate 84 waiting for the next one. It wasn't leaving for another hour, so the area was mostly empty when a smiling young man approached me. On his head sat a worn black watch cap, and fingerless navy blue gloves swathed his hands.

He looked at me and quickly babbled something I couldn't understand, though his tone was decidedly polite and sincere. I stared at him, and he smiled even more before trying again.

"I'm sorry, miss. Is this the bus for Boston?"

"Yes, it is."

"See, I need nine dollars eighty-six for my ticket home. Could I borrow nine eighty-six?"

"Uh..."

"When my family picks me up I can get the money to pay you back. Please?"

He didn't make a big show of sounding pitiful, just sincere. My first instinct was to give him the money. Almost immediately, though, I thought of what a classic con it is to beg funds for your ride home. I thought of the last time I came to New York—about a month ago, for Thanksgiving Weekend—and how this really friendly guy hailed a cab for some friends and me. We got in the cab, made our train, and were appreciating his kindness when we realized that sixty dollars were missing. Anecdotal evidence, yes, but I knew the man in front of me now probably didn't need a ride home.

Yet I wanted to give him the money. If I were ever in his supposed situation (which, given my frequent travels and general lack of funds, is pretty likely), I'd want strangers to help me out, to ignore



their experience and just believe me. But it went deeper than that. I wanted to give this man what he asked for not despite my doubts, but because of them. In a world where the KKK has a web page for kids, where novelty T-shirt salesmen profit from tragedy, and where battery-powered coffee stirrers actually exist, faith in humanity is a little hard to come by. This man, with his shabby clothes and charming grin, offered me something precious when he asked for my money. I could buy myself some innocence for the low, low price of nine eighty-six. It was a bargain, really, because if I resisted my first impulse to believe and help him, I'd lost something worth a lot more than ten dollars. I took a soft and crumpled ten-dollar bill from my tattered wallet and handed it to him.

“Thank you, miss. I’ll pay you back when we get to Boston. Oh—how long does the ride take?”

“About four and a half hours.”

“Thanks again. See you on the bus.” He disappeared into the tiled labyrinth. A nice touch, that last question: he knew what he was doing. Now I didn’t have enough cash to get myself home in a pinch, but I didn’t worry. If I needed a few extra dollars for the bus, some sucker would help me out.

### Epilogue

December 18, 2001

He lied.

**Emily Tredeau**  
Grade 12

## Sailing

The rain sings  
Falling, like so many stars  
Like so many dreams of mine  
Gone  
What chance do I have?  
The quiet, the solemnity, is like a blanket  
Suffocating me

I need music

Taking my CD player, I search for something  
To perhaps bring my spirits up  
Hoist me out of this pit  
To give me hope  
Return me to the land of make-believe  
Where dreams never die

But the CD starts playing  
The lost, lonely lament of a fallen spaceman  
Who can't fly

No more happy thoughts...

But then

I feel  
A connection  
A bond  
Empathy for the everlasting end  
Of a dream  
And for the ones who lose it

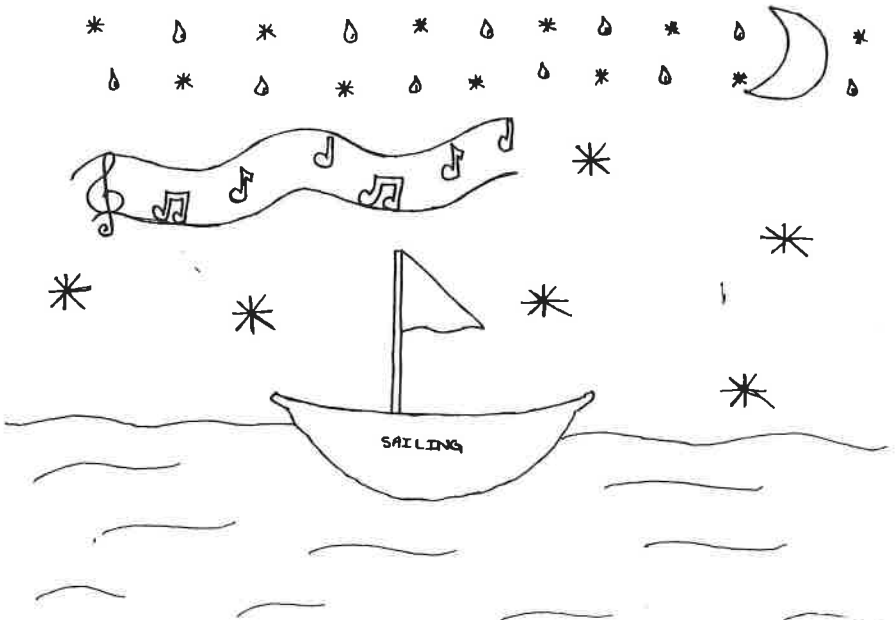
I realize

It's not just me  
A universal emotion  
A common theme  
All of us  
Have lost

But all of us  
Have also won  
At one time or another  
Maybe...

Strange.  
I'm feeling better now.

**Danae K. Fegan**  
Grade 12



## She Never Came

He sucks the water from the bottle covered in icy beads that he holds with a white-knuckled grip. He drank the water like a thirsty dog. The ill words he exchanged with his mother a short while ago slip around in his head like the soap you drop in the shower and can't pick up. Working out for a couple of hours didn't filter his rage as much as he thought it would. His face tenses up and curls into an expression that beams out malice and anger. He sits down on the curb. It's cold like the color gray. He drinks the rest of the water never letting go of the bottle, and never letting go of the expression on his face.

A few hours pass. The street grows darker. The air grows colder. His face grows tired. He looks at his watch. She's over an hour late. She told him on the phone that she was leaving to get him. The house is only ten minutes from where he is. Where is she? He figures it's his punishment. He decides that she intentionally took longer to aggravate him. He decides that she's intentionally irritating him like the single grain of sand that gets into your eye at the beach. The single grain of sand you can't get out. The grain of sand you can't forget.

Another hour, or so, passes. He waits, and she never comes. He thinks about their fight some more, and she never shows up. The scowl in his face fades. He yawns. He sits on the curb and waits. She never comes. She never shows up. It gets later, darker, and colder. He's too tired to show what he's feeling inside. He is angry. Angry like a baby that can't reach the sky. Angry like the addict that wakes up early only to find that he's out of coffee. A car is coming, but it passes. Another car passes. And another. And another. An ambulance speeds by. He removes himself from his icy chair, and drags his feet to the pay-phone. He calls his sister. She picks up. Mom never came to get me, he says. We got in a fight, he says. I

think she's trying to teach me a lesson or something, he complains. Sometimes I really hate her, he mutters with a sigh. The words his sister recites through the phone like the voice on the intercom at the hospital send him away. He can't hear her anymore. Everything is far away. He's not standing there anymore. He goes into complete shock. His body falls to the ground like brown, gold leaves on the trees around him. his body falls fast, but quiet. He's crying so hard he can't breathe. He's crying so hard he can't move. His sisters words had ripped through him like a bullet through a Christmas bulb.

He let the cold rain fall on his face. He didn't move. He just lies there like road-kill, and cries. His sister had to be wrong. What she told him is a lie. It had to be. He can't hear anything but his sisters voice. Clear as the horizon. Loud like the thunder above him.

*"We've been wondering where you were. Mom's gone to the hospital. Her car turned over. They're not sure if she'll make it...Hello?...Are you still there?..."*

She never came, he thought. He never got to see her. He told her he hated her. He hangs on the ground like a weeping-willow. His tears don't stop.

"She never came!" he wails. She never came.

**Tim Michitson**

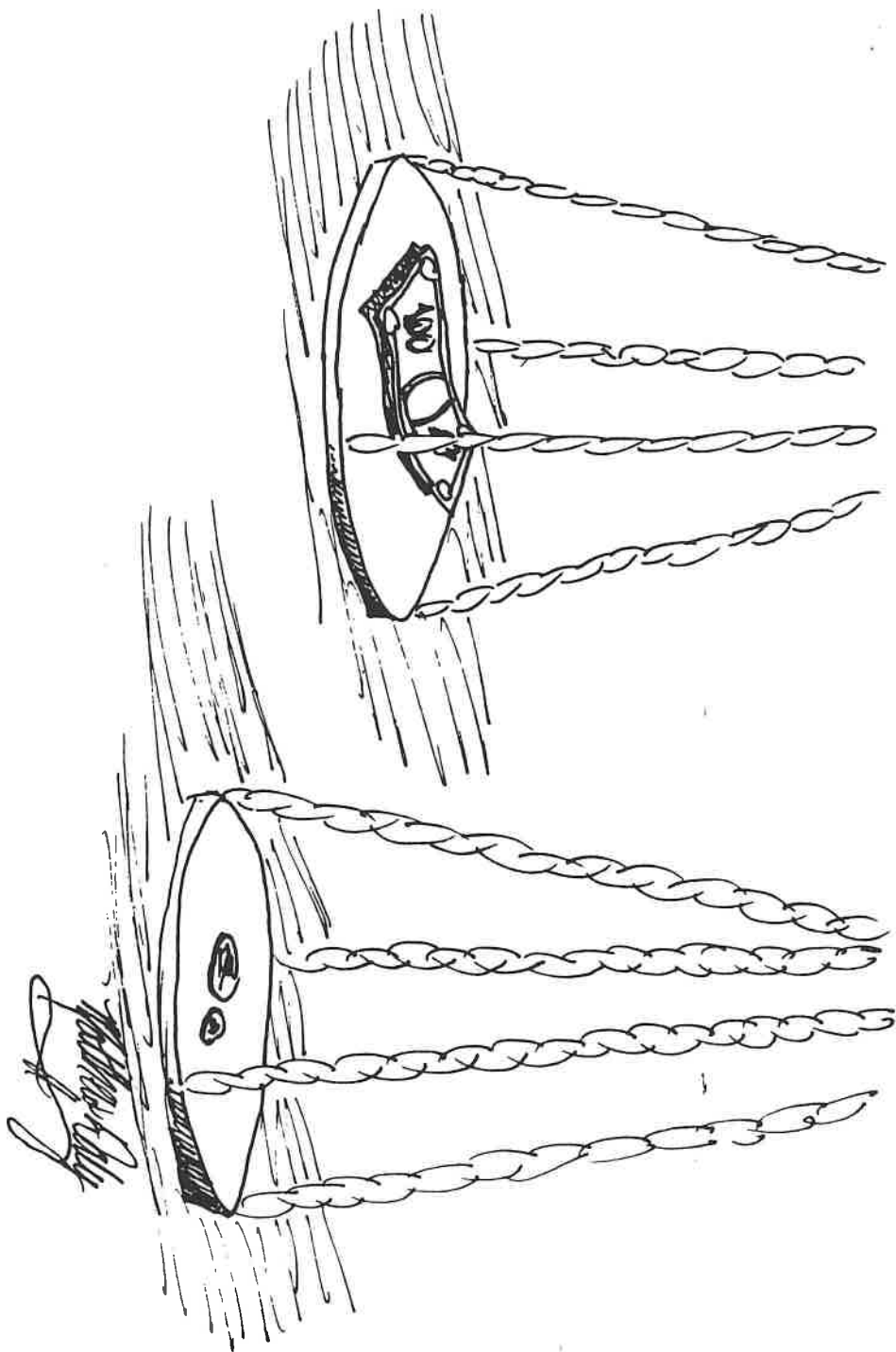
Grade 10

## **THE BRAIN DISEASE**

Poverty is a brain disease  
A disease with no demographic  
It strikes the white, the black, the wealthy, and the unfortunate  
It is a silent disease that creeps up on you,  
You're oblivious to its presence

A disease that has no eyes  
It's blind to the truth  
It strikes whenever and whoever  
It does not matter your skin tone  
Because this disease goes farther than skin, flesh, and bone  
The poorest can be rich and the richest can be poor  
But those who are happy never ask for more.

**Christian Tavares**  
Grade 11



## Living

The sadness and loneliness  
That shine through your eyes  
Pierce my soul  
Like a storm cloud in the sky

I wonder how your world must be  
Desolate and lonely, sad as can be  
How did you get this way  
Who could be so thoughtless and cruel

If only I could shed some light  
On your pain  
Show that living conquers all pain  
Let you see that not all in this world  
Ends in remorse

Living is a gift  
Greater than all  
For if life wasn't there  
Then neither would love

Love is a spirit  
That keeps us alive  
For love is worth loving  
And life is worth living

**Amanda Aufiero**  
Grade 11



## **Pleasure Spiked With Pain**

Like kerosene to a fire,  
Your love was my desire.  
You filled me with brightness intensity and life,  
Now all I feel is an endless strife.  
You burnt my skin and got straight to my heart,  
Leaving nothing but ashes and a girl torn apart.

You were the rose with the invisible thorns,  
I got too close,  
Fell in love with your beauty,  
And got hurt in return.  
As the blood from your thorn trickled down my  
finger,  
Like the tears trickled down my face,  
It left a scar of memories to linger,  
You were gone without a trace.

As a flower in the sun I grew to your light,  
You left me to suffer like the call of the night.  
I was your porcelain doll waiting to break,  
You were my giver but my heart you did take.  
Like a broken record you'll be calling my name,  
But it's no use,  
The feeling is gone,  
It has burnt out like a flame.

So play your song,  
But I won't go along,  
I refuse to sing back.  
Have anything you want,  
But my love you'll forever lack.

**Kristen Tsaklis**  
Grade 9

## Leaving

The words I've wanted to say for so long cannot be contained anymore. The thoughts that I've been thinking refuse to stay where they are. Everything has brought me to this; to write. The cold air, the dark night, the unforgettable faces and the moody winds have taken control of my mind.

When you can't take it anymore, you need to leave. I've dreamed about it day and night, thousands of moments lost thinking about what to do. But are they really lost? For in those moments my humanity is protected. Without these guarding times of salvation I would cease to smile, to laugh or cry without the hope of some day giving chase to the wind.

It's all in a movie, a picture and in a face; the sign that my time for wonder has prolonged itself too long, and it is my turn to go. Where?, I don't know. How?, I can only guess. It doesn't matter the place, as long as it's not here. I simply want to feel the pains in my head falling off my back, and the wind pulling time out of my hair. I would rather run and only find dust then stay and hold rocks, because dust is all we are, and all we could ever be. But don't think that dust is nothing. Without it, what would I chase?

In this dust, wherever I find it, will be silenced memories of those who have gone before. The untold stories, the forgotten or even the unknown are mine to find. They could be my teachers, and I could just be more dust in the wind. I'll never know if I don't leave.

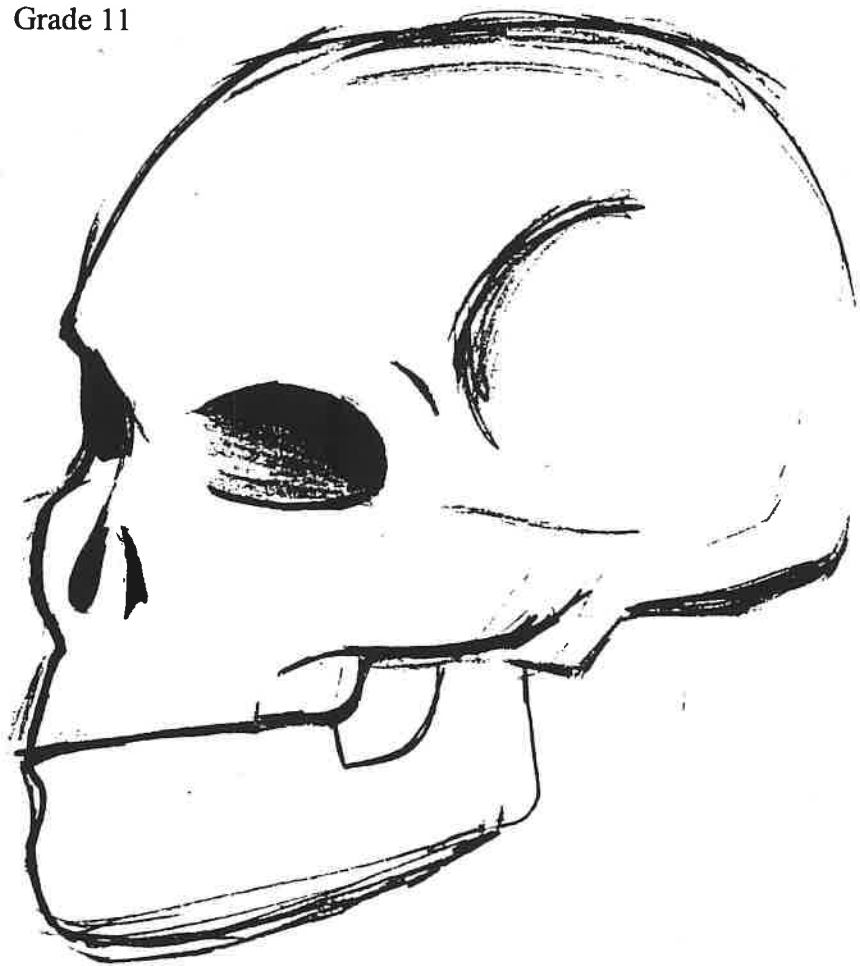
And it won't be because I have no love, or because I can't take the pain. It will be because I hear the call of the souls lost in the openness they once ventured into.

Now I go, with the weight of memories on my back. Lost loves, frozen moments, speechless seconds and late nights all become my power, not to get there, just to go.

So...Good-bye night, Good-bye friends, Good-bye Love! I'll be back, I just need to lose myself and find the way back home. Tell everyone I'm feeling fine. I'm gone. Goodnight.

**Nicholas Valcourt**

Grade 11



*Nicholas*



## **Your eyes**

Your eyes they shine the beautiful emerald green  
I could stare into your eyes for all time and always be happy  
When I'm sad I look in your eyes and see your love  
My sadness become no more  
Your eyes so beautiful each time I see them my heart skips a beat  
My tongue becomes tied and I can't speak  
Your beautiful eyes bring me the closest to heaven I have ever been  
I put my hands on your cheek look into your eyes  
I become lost in your beauty and I don't want to be found  
The light in your eyes could pierce any darkness  
They cause me to say something I so rarely say  
Everytime I see you I say I love you and mean it  
Everytime I see them I fall in love all over again  
If I could only have one thing in this world  
It would be that I am able to see your eyes and see your true beauty  
inside  
Your eyes of beautiful emerald green  
Make me say I love you and I only want one thing in my life you  
and...  
Your eyes

**Nathan Therrien**  
Grade 11

**Supposedly A Tribute To You (My Love)**

Next to you, of  
course i behave madly  
giggles and Smiles all  
happily wonderful and  
drunk at the taste of  
the salt on your flesh  
which my tongue glides over  
whenever I sing syllables  
of sweet devotion.

**Megan K. Bass**  
Grade 12

## **Boy**

A little girl who knew everything  
She was sad but she was in love  
Always counting! 1 month, 2 months, 3 months  
Some day she said

A little boy who knew nothing  
Some one must love me out there he said  
Always thinking! Where, Where, and Where  
Some day he said

**Kristina M. Torres**  
Grade 10

## My Own Little Glimpse

It was a clear, crisp morning. The sun had just started to peak above the ever so green mountains. The soft rays of the morning sun dazzled the damp dew ground with rays of colors. A musty light fog was still present but was slowly drifting back into the woods. Flowers began to wake as their soft, silky pedals reached out for the sun like a child reaches for cookies that are just out of reach on the counter. Splashes of red, orange, and blue lit up the sky and would have awed anyone present. The warmth of the sun was more comforting than a mother's hug. It's just simply amazing when you watch a sun rise in the old Vermont Mountains.

As life around me began to wake, I lost that sensation that was just inside of me. It's a feeling you can't feel around other people. You must be by yourself to appreciate it. As my friends began to meet by the teen club I realized that this was my last day here, ever. I couldn't believe that I would never see these people ever again. I cherished the last hours and in a heartbeat I heard the two words that I dreaded to hear: "Let's go." I said my final farewells to people I knew and I also shared a few wordless tears.

I remember getting in the car. As I started to drive away I felt like I was leaving home. Just then did I realize how beautiful this place really was. Dreary thoughts were filling my head. I couldn't find the words to describe how I felt as I left this place. All I remember is how the trees were as crowded as people in New York City and how time seemed to fly by. I wanted to go back, I felt as if I didn't have enough time to say my good-byes. Memories of that week inundated my mind on my ride home but thinking about all those times made me miserable.

As I came back into my old creaky, doleful house I felt empty inside. I no longer had the warmth that made me feel like God was personally putting his hands on my shoulder. I no longer could see the soft painted sky that lightened my day. I could no longer smell the

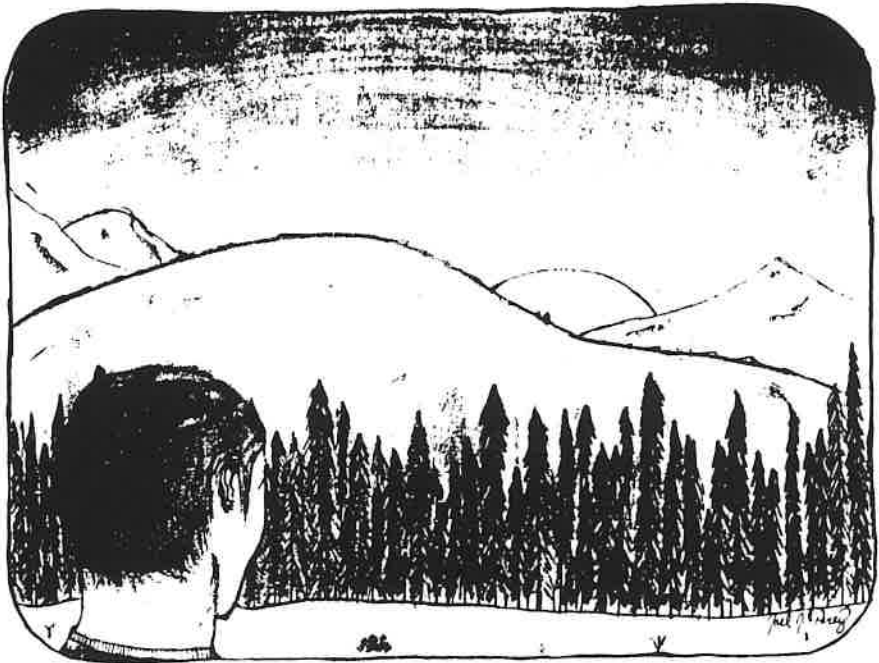


musty pine air that surrounded me. I felt as if I had left my whole self, back in the place where everything just seemed to be perfect. The atmosphere of that place would soften the hearts of even the coldest people.

Later that day, on my first night back I looked in the sky and wondered how this place captured me in so many ways. Then I realized what happened on my final day in Vermont. That morning I had experienced my own little glimpse of heaven.

**Jarrold Curtis**

Grade 10



## My Favorite Place

Starry nights with shooting stars  
Out in the sticks, yet I still see cars  
This is my favorite place.

Friends that last 'till forever and a day  
Where I run, laugh, and everything goes my way  
This is my favorite place.

The quiet glisten of a glowing moon on my calming lake  
While I come back from skinny dipping—O for Heaven's sake  
This is my favorite place.

Different days delightfully drip  
Bending slightly, but they won't trip  
This is my favorite place.

Nature walks and long, nighttime talks  
Crackling fire, I will never tire  
This is my favorite place.

All eyes on all, watching waiting—Who will be king of the raft?  
I push, you push, enduringly we struggle. We both go and  
they laughed.  
This is my favorite place.

Why, the time seems so short and our memories so long  
Hell, tomorrow's a puzzle, the present is now, and the past is my  
song  
This is my favorite place.

**Bobby Ringuette**

Grade 10

## Invisible

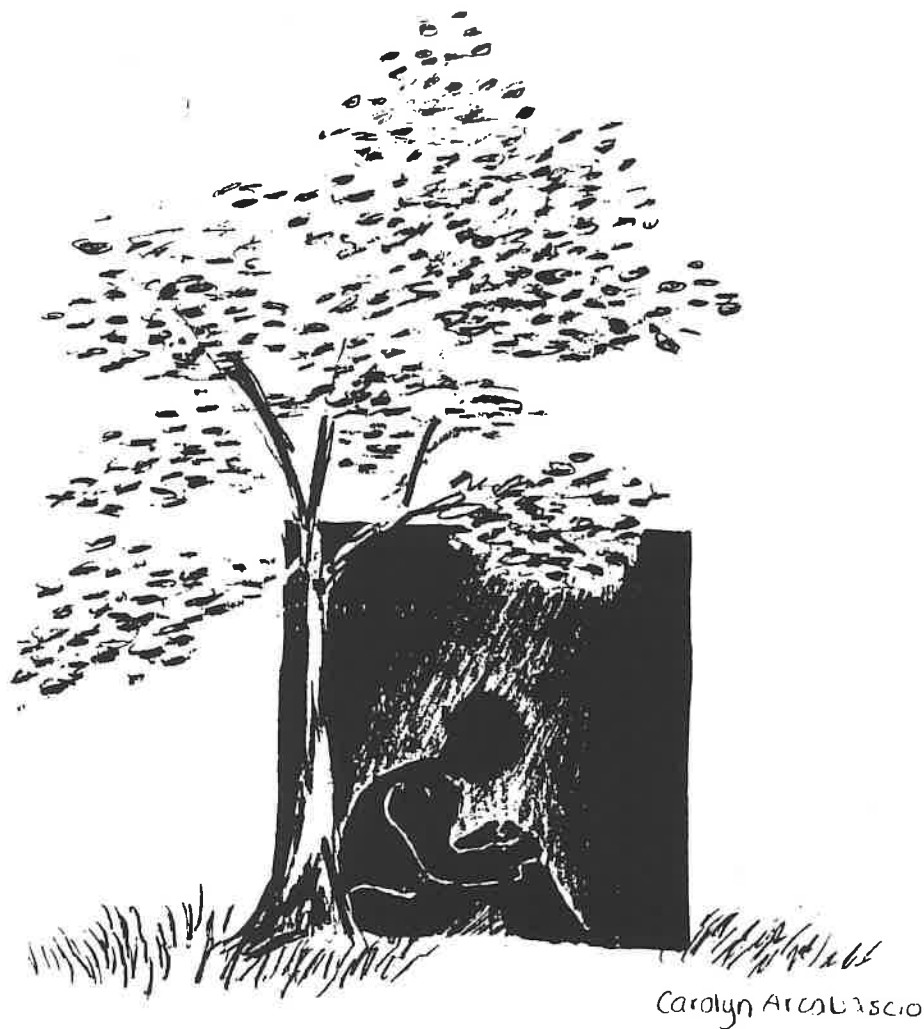
He walks down the street. Just a shadow in the trees. No one can see. Their eyes see through him. They see through his soul. Not into it, but through it. He's like the icy air around us. People forget he's there. Sometimes they'll feel it. Cold. But they all forget. Sometimes they see him when he least expects it. They come into his shadow, and into his world. The sticks and stones flip and twirl. Then he's gone again. Just like that. He closes his eyes and he's just a shadow. He moves with the wind. No longer a boy, but a blur you see in the corner of your eye. When they turn to look, nothing is there. Nothing out of the ordinary. Just the plain and simple.

He sits in the background of things. Sometimes he speaks. None of them hear. Even when he wants to be seen, heard, and felt, none of them react. He becomes completely invisible. It's a curse to him. He can't control it. They control it at times, though. They invade his territory. Becoming a virus that eats away at everything around him, they break through the cloak he wears. Just before they get him, right before he loses the race, he gets away. He escapes once more. That's the only time he can ever control it. He knows this. It doesn't help at all. He can't bear being merely a shadow, or the blur in the corner of someone's eye.

He moves in the wind like a blur in the sun. Some days he stops caring. Some days he can be seen. At times he is no longer invisible, but there in the thick of things just as much as the rest of them. Some days he even talks, and they hear him. They scan him down. They look right into his eyes. Something familiar about him. Something that dances on the tip of their tongue, teasing like the itch you can't find. He has the face that you think you know from a New Year's party, or from just passing by. They find out that he's there everyday. Just like them, but they can't recall a day when he was there. They can't recall ever seeing him. They'll think about this for

days, but they forget. Just like that, as if he's a child's favorite toy, they forget where they put him. Just like that, as if to make their minds confused and annoyed, he is once again the invisible boy.

**Tim Michitson**  
Grade 10



## Satisfaction

I am self conscious, to the heart. I am lying in this moonlight trying to compose my thoughts. There is too much in this head to come out neatly, and all I can hear is a song singing your name.

They're messy - my thoughts. So dry, blunt, brusque and overwhelmingly random. They all find a way to concern me for a moment or two, and then bother me the rest of my day.

I would tell you what I am thinking about right now, but I find it more humorous for your vain human nature to let you believe that you are on my mind. And you are, somewhere. If I tried hard enough I could find the right words to tell you how I feel, but nothing would ever satisfy me.

I am upset at myself - at my thoughts. Doesn't it annoy you how your consciousness won't let painful moments leave you? Of course it does, you've never said so, but I can tell.

I bet you wonder who you are now. Great, anyways, back to me.

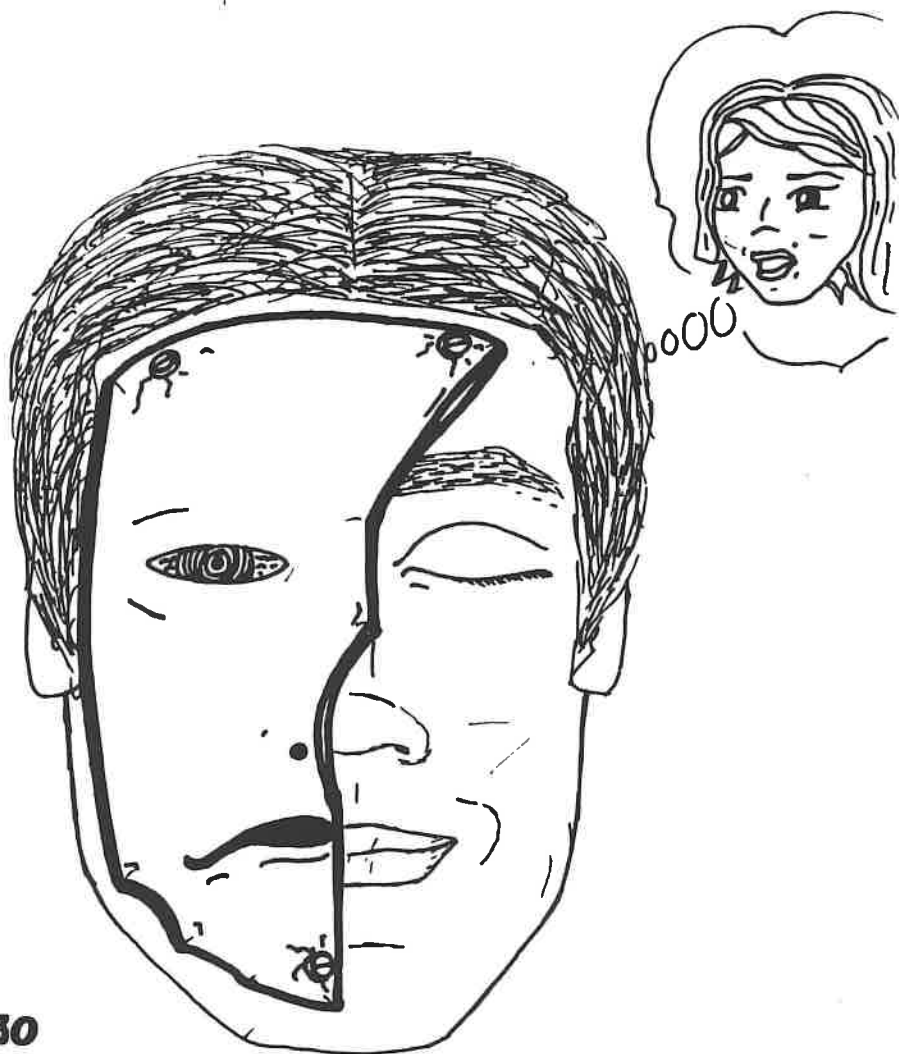
I am stupid for not letting myself let go. I can't let go of ideas, memories, and your smile. It's cruel (your smile), how it is careless in who it looks upon. Smiles like yours should be illegal, I told you I was random.

I can't understand myself. With all the thoughts inside my head, I can't say one gratifying line because it would break as soon as I dropped it. In front of you words are dumb anyways.

It wouldn't even matter if I was happy with a single thing I thought because truly, deeply, honestly and sincerely, everything about anything I think about has a little too much of you in it.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.

**Nicholas Valcourt**  
Grade 11



## *Visions Staff*

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Amanda Aufiero  
Amy Anselmi

Special thanks to Ms. Shaw for coordinating the artwork for the magazine. Thank you so much!!

*Some final thoughts...*

What all men are really after is  
some form, or perhaps only some formula,  
of peace.

Joseph Conrad

Mankind must remember that peace is not God's  
gift to his creatures; peace is our gift to each other.

Elie Wiesel

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