

Visions



Spring 2016

Volume 16

Keath Knapp

A Collection of
Art, Photography
and Writing

We appreciate...

Ms. Karen Moynihan

We appreciate you, Ms. Moynihan, for your passionate support of young writers, readers, and thinkers in your career as an educator. For more than thirty years, you have been a teacher, mentor, and friend to your students and colleagues. So, we dedicate this issue of *Visions* to you. Thank you for everything.

Fondly,

The *Visions* Staff

Front cover: Artwork by Kesli Kruzel '18

Back cover: Photography by Aurora Bas '16

Inside back jacket: Photograph by Aurora Bas '16

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Andrew Purdy '16 – Success (an excerpt from a larger essay)

Success is hard to pin down. It is always being evaluated, quantified, and redefined, and yet it always seems to escape perfect classification. It is complex. It is unique. But at the same time, it is all the same. Success can be a paradox. It can be blatant. It can shape the way we feel, think, and act. It can be the pinnacle of our lives, or the downfall of them. It can give us clarity, and it can blind us. Success is the one thing that we as humans have failed to fully and comprehensively understand; in a world that has every phenomenon and idea down to a science, success is the one thing that remains uncertain and is never guaranteed.

Photography by Eric Roderick '17



Keara Farragher '16 – I Can't Explain Myself

'I can't explain *myself*,
myself.

because I'm not

I can't put it more clearly,
'for I can't understand it myself to begin with:

perhaps your feelings may be different,

'Who are you?'

'I think, you ought to tell me

another puzzling question

William Webb '18 – Forged

In fire I was forged
But yet I am brittle

I am dull and blunt to all
But I see wounds gorged by my own blade

I cry and cry at night
But yet my spirit cannot fall

Disease has ravished me
And the plight yet is only small

For I am man and these flaws are my greatest strength





Artwork by Ariana Del Cid '19

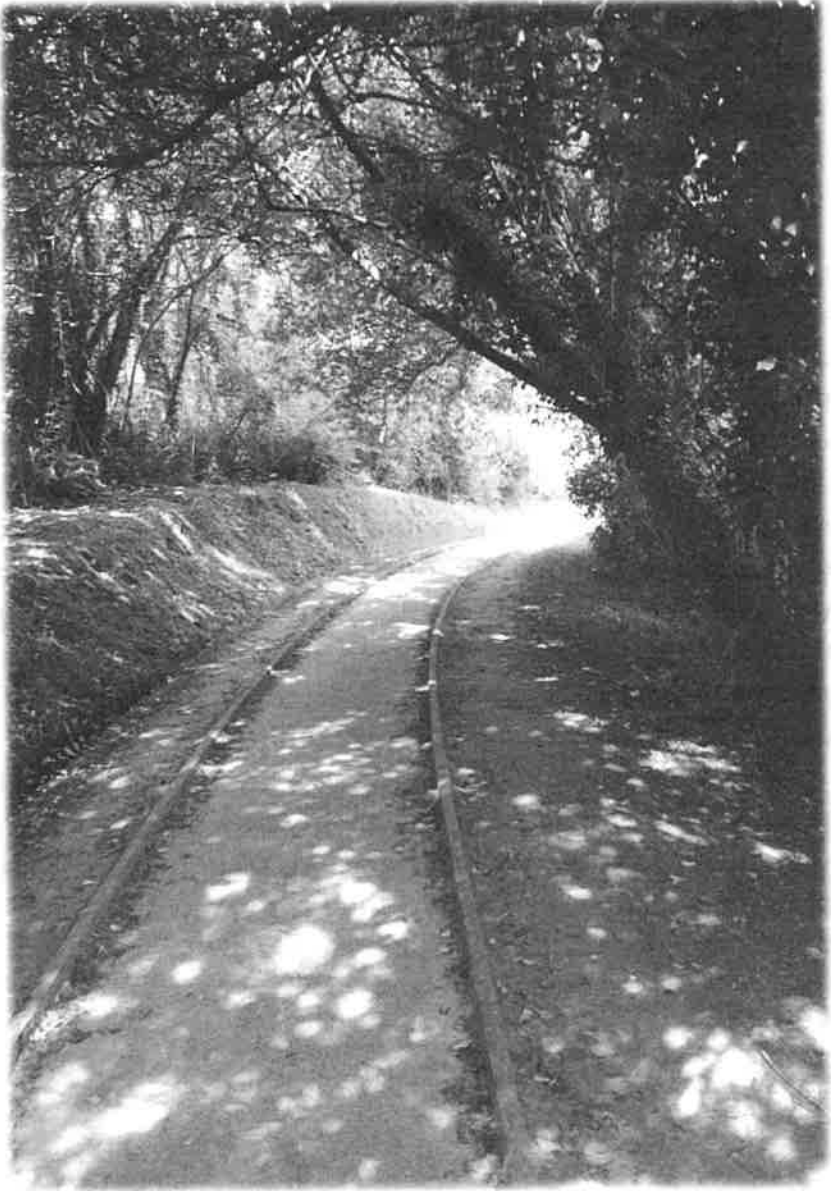
Sophie O'Brien '18 – Broken Wings

You are my eagle. You are my rock. Your smile can light up anyone's day. I've always looked up to you. I wanted to do everything you were doing. I copied every move, every noise, and every laugh. You are my eagle with wings like steal. Nothing could tear you apart. You are invincible.

Now, you're fading fast. First, it took your feet. Your feet are dainty. They are weak. Second, it took your tail. You are losing your balance. You can't walk easily. Third, it took your back. It left you hunched over, not standing tall. I'm worried. Soon the darkness will take your wings away. You'll never feel free again, your soul dissipating. You will never feel the wind glide under your belly. Then, it will take your crown. It will take the top of your head leaving nothing behind. No memory of children playing. No memory of adults laughing. No memory of having children or even your wife's name. Then, it will eat up your heart. Ripping and shredding it, making you mad, then glad, then sad, all in an instant, without reason or warning. The struggle I see in your eyes leaves me with tears in mine.

You are still my eagle. Even though you can't fly and even though you can't remember. You are my rock and my safety. Every time I see your nest, it reminds me of how great you were. Reminds me that you can do anything if you can dream it. Grampy, you are still my invincible bald eagle.

Photograph by Aurora Bas '16



Abigail Morse '17 – What Frees Her

Something about the ocean brought her peace. Maybe the science of inhaling negative ions it produced were a factor. Or maybe it was finally being somewhere different for once, somewhere desolate and uninhabited that calmed her senses. Either way, it had been a *long time* since she has been here. The chaos of everyday life prevented her from such pleasant leisure. It was all deadlines, deadlines, deadlines and oh look, even more deadlines. It was a never ending cycle of expectations. It was all anyone ever revolved themselves around and it was such a suffocating leash... a narrow balance beam she was forced to balance on.

She was sick of it.

It was monotonous and unbearable.

She had been driving along the road one afternoon, mind and eyes quite weary from a day put into school and work. There was so much to think about and plan when she looked at her planner, her scribbles morphing into some foreign language, completely illegible to her fatigued eyes. She gave up the grief of trying to press forth with her plans and decided to leave it all behind before she went insane. So, she treated herself to a break, even if it was just a small one in her ever so busy life. She drove to the one place that wasn't the downtown scene.

She took all the various back roads and detour routes in silence, taking in the few new sights that weren't a part of her everyday routine. A motley of neighborhoods and buildings and parks, transitioning gradually from the conformed suburbia she grew up in, into the outskirts of the sandy beach biome. There

were the familiar, wide roads, decorated in black, snake-like tar lines that covered the small cracks and there was a fine dusting of sand along the sides of the road. Her heart leaped at the acres of marshland to her left, the green straw-like grass swaying in the breeze. The rich, earthy smell seeping into the car. There was the old, grandiose water tower that stood in the distance and she was greeted by the line of sun bleached beach houses and tacky beach business signs, awaiting visitors to fill their lonesome abodes.

With an emaciated sigh, she pulled into a parking spot, body limp against the leather seat for a moment, a bit hesitant to step out. Finally, she then nudged the car door open with a cold shoulder, stepping out into the fervent ocean breeze. It was literally breath-taking; the roaring gusts blockading her lungs for a moment. This was no longer the suburban atmosphere. No, not that stagnant haze of pollution that encumbered her soul. This was the livid battle cry of the ocean.

Amidst her disorient, she closed the obstinate door, hair whipping violently in the wind's vicious warpath. She brought nothing else with her but the clothes on her back and phone in pocket. There the beach was in all its glory, beckoning her presence to approach closer. She took a deep breath for what felt like the first time in years, a series of stressful, embarrassing memories flickering behind her closed eyelids. She was sick of being trapped in her past she couldn't change and it was as if the coastal air understood what she was feeling. She realized the lot was quiet as she took a quick glance. It was still a bit early in the season to be at the beach, but it surprised her nonetheless how barren the area was. It was reserved especially for her and her alone.

Then, her body gave in and she took the first step, engulfing every fiber of her being in this long lost wonder of the

world she missed so much. She took a step on the sugar coated tar, the sand grating underneath her tacky flip flops. With arms crossed over her chest, she tucked her chin into her chest as she walked down the sandy steps and into the desert-like plain. The deafening wind hushed her ears as every impurity was cleansed from her pores and every burden was ripped from her back with its burly claws.

The distant crack and thunder of the waves against the shore eased her tensions, shoulders releasing its contracted hold, her hips breaking into a casual gait. Her paper thin cardigan billowed in the breeze like a triumphant cape, the long lost queen returning to her rightful throne. She trudged through the fine grain until her shoes became a nuisance, spitting sand up behind her legs after every step. With a sudden kick and quick flick of her ankle, a pink flip flop spiraled into the air, accompanied by the other and a gleeful giggle escaping her lips. She swiped up the lonesome pair as she continued toward the bone chilling sea air, not bothered by the ripple of goosebumps on her bare skin.

She stood quietly, eyelids resting over her haggard eyes, licking her lips that were already a tad salty from the sea breeze, and wriggling her toes into the sand. There was no other sound except the crisp fizzle of sea foam blanketing the sandy shore and the gawk of sea gulls wandering the lonely stretch of land. She inhaled deeply, not caring that her hair tickled her nose and delicate features. Her lungs were enlightened by the freshness, pent up fears and stresses and anxieties that intoxicated her body dissipating almost instantaneously.

Soon, she forgot what she was even upset about. Not a single fear left. She stood like this for a while. Maybe it was two minutes, maybe two hours, but it didn't matter. She was in her own world and her own time. This was the portal to her own

freedom, even if she could only visit for this afternoon.

Her eyes gradually opened, retinas enriched in a pleasurable hues of blues. Quietly, she reached for her phone and earbuds, popping them into her ears and playing a song she held dear to her heart. She drowned herself in the first few seconds, the twang and hum of instruments playing in unison accompanied by the luxury of sea sounds muffled in the background.

It was something that took her over, as if the unity of instruments and juxtaposed voices in the song conducted her body. Her arms stretched first from the side to over her head, limbs and fingertips extended out like flowers blossoming in the spring. Her foot pointed out in the small mounds of sand and her chin tilted back. Suddenly, the wind began to curve around her body from her invitation, a cue to begin their elegant ballroom waltz.

The hypnotic tune guided each movement, as if every bend and curve and stretch were the key to releasing the good feelings trapped within her body. She inhaled deeply, mouthing the lyrics like an alleviating prayer. With a flick of one leg outwards, she spun in a clumsy circle, unveiling her own inner ballerina. The breeze pushed and pulled, cradling her body to balance her, a steadfast partner in her state of liberation.

Her feet pointed and arched with the rise of melodies and instrumentation, a light twirl and abrupt bending of her knees as the sound decreased, rolling her knees and twirling upon the sand.

A sudden rush was released. A sudden craving to *move*.

Her body was languid and pliable as she stretched her limbs, mingling with the salty sea air in their passionate ballet duet, the calciferous taste pleasant on her tongue. Everything in

that moment felt so free yet guided, the beach and music her puppeteer.

A spin, a kick, a twirl, a flick, a roll, all in graceful fashion.

Her toes carved and inscribed their own written language into the grainy, damp sand, a pleasant chill running up her spine. But it wasn't only on her feet, it was her feet, her legs, her arms and hands, coated in the sugary grain, skin enveloped in a gelid sensation.

Her slender claws dug into the earth as she crawled, not afraid to get a little dirty as she lifted two handfuls. She ascended back up, sprinkling the particles among her, approaching closer towards the sea. The breeze intensified, so frigid, yet still so subtly congenial. The sea spit droplets of water upon her skin, and soon enough, a forceful spray of the foamy, sandy mixture slapped her legs. She gasped and giggled in delight from the ocean's playful bite, kicking up a maelstrom of splashes, scrunching her nose when some of it hit her face.

Before she knew it, the sun was setting. A forceful gust of air combed by her body, directing her where to look. The sun simmered and boiled in a golden, orange glow on the horizon. She paused for a moment as she turned to face it, eyes transfixed on such a glorious sight.

How lucky she was to be a part of something so simple yet beautiful like this. She reflected a moment, grinning foolishly to herself. She felt revitalized, enlightened, in fact. Her hair dripped with salty water, the long strands curling into soft, thin tendrils, clothes sopping wet and skin rejuvenated by the coarse sand and salts upon it.

It all freed her.

And in that moment, she never wanted to leave.



Photography by Elizabeth Demers '16

William Webb '18 – A Day to Remember

I sit there in the summer sun, basking in its incandescent rays. The slight breeze cooling my sweat laden brow. I slowly reach forward on the creaking wooden chair. My hand meeting the slim neck of my worn guitar.

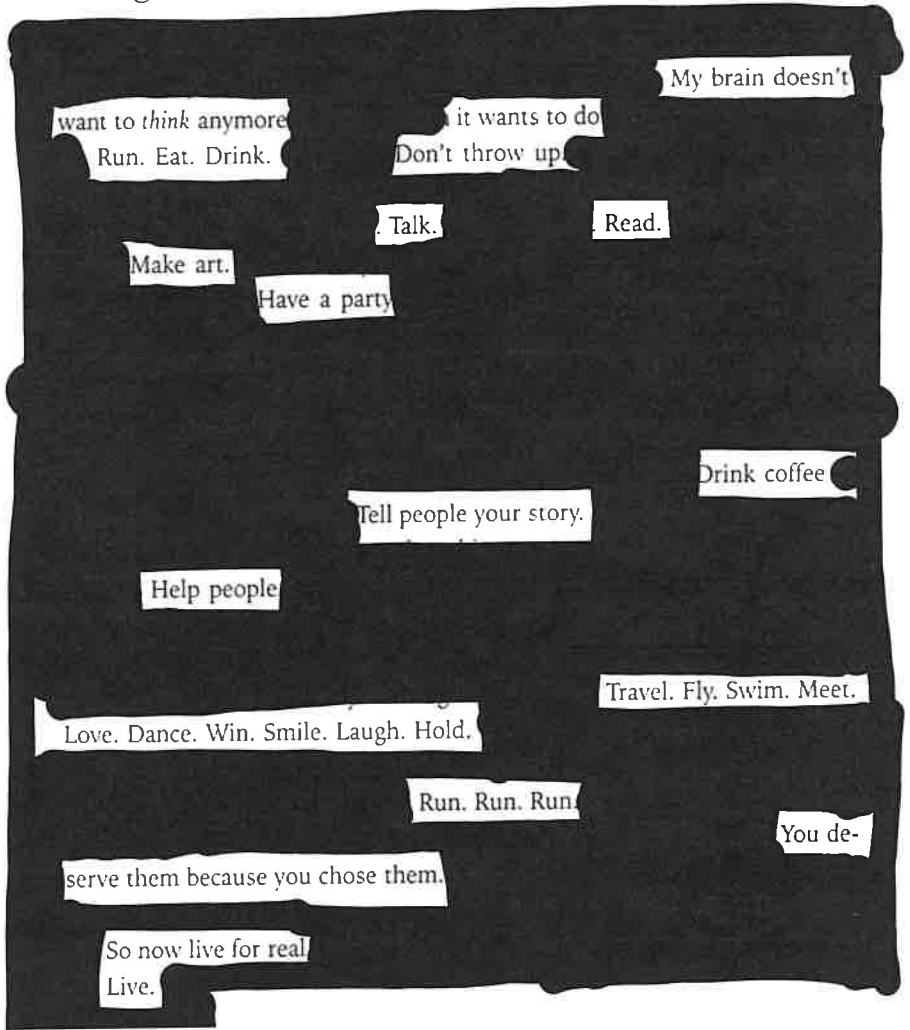
The singsong chirps of morning's birds were replaced by the bright warm tone of the acoustic guitar. As I played further my level of relaxation transformed into pure bliss bringing my heart to a steady confident beat. My hands moving in unison to create a colorful textile of sound.

My heart races as as I reach for my electric. My fingers tremble as the quiet hiss of the amp reaches my ear. Within seconds I make her roar and scream with her indistinguishable dark tone. The plectrum slips from my skillful hand only to be replaced by another. With every note I play I feel invincible as nothing can stop me

I play riff after riff for hours until my hand rips open, ending my session in a bittersweet fashion. I slump down and close my eyes only to hear the rhythmic pounding of my heart echo through my head. I drift into a deep repose and remain there till darkness.

I awake to the pastel colored sunset and light a crackling fire, starting the beginning of the end of the day.

Keara Farragher '16 – Live



Katherine Fitzpatrick '16 – They Tell You Once You're Born

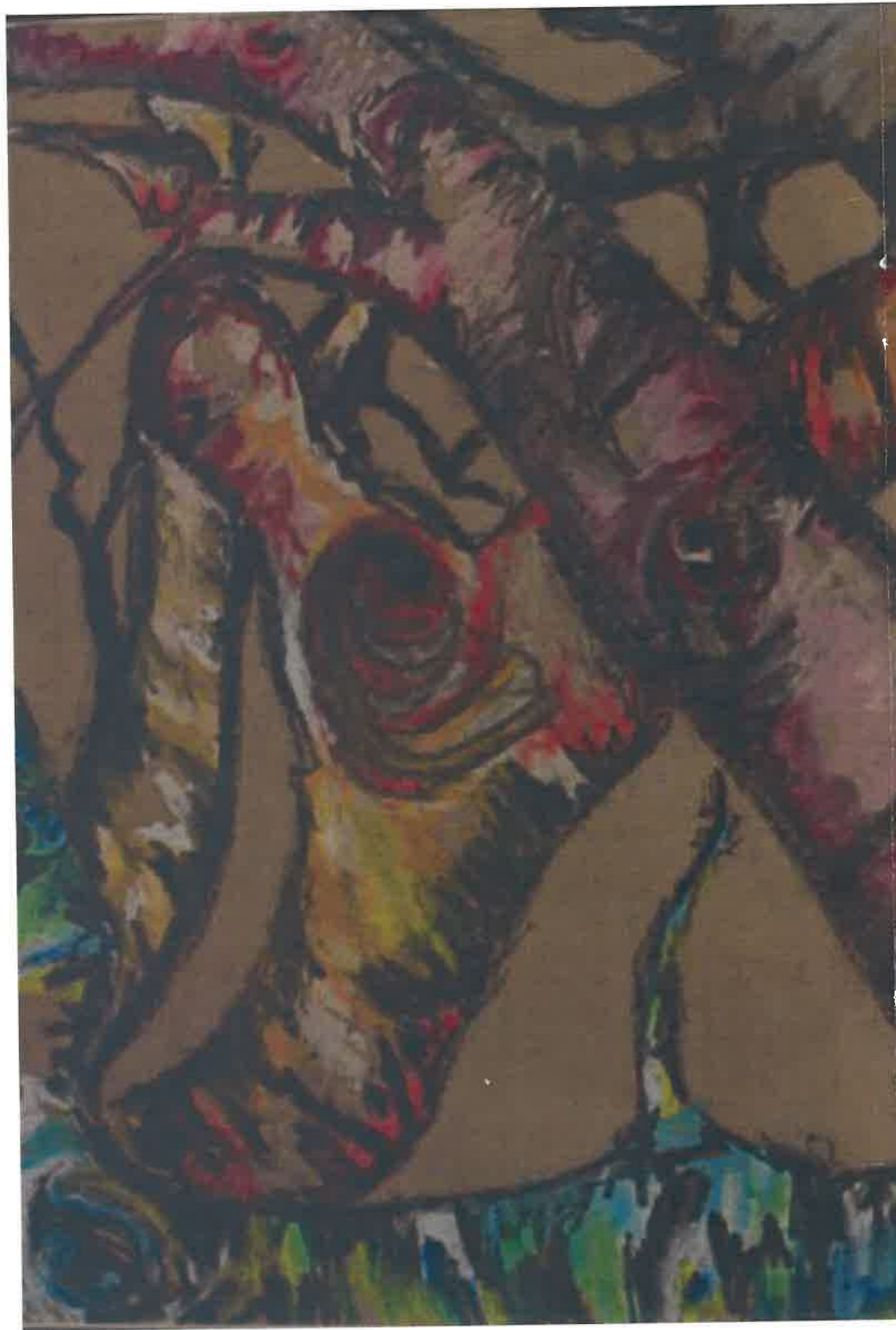
They tell you since you're born that you can fly
"Keep trying, keep trying!"
But they don't know why
The wind, the sun glare, the long way down
They question why we don't get up off the ground
Trials and tribulations cause us to falter
But we can never admit it, for we should be stronger
Not to let down our youthful supporters
We jump over and over, ignoring the bruises
Trying again and again for the fans of our youth,
We hope that one day, we can successfully fly the coup

Casey Devanney '17 – Spider on the Wall

“I am the spider on the wall
I know every secret big or small
They call me the fool
They call me the lame
But I know every whisper to their name
So when the time comes when I am done
Reveal all your secrets, I will for fun
I am the spider on the wall
I am the one who brought your downfall”



Photography by Jessica Xiang, '17

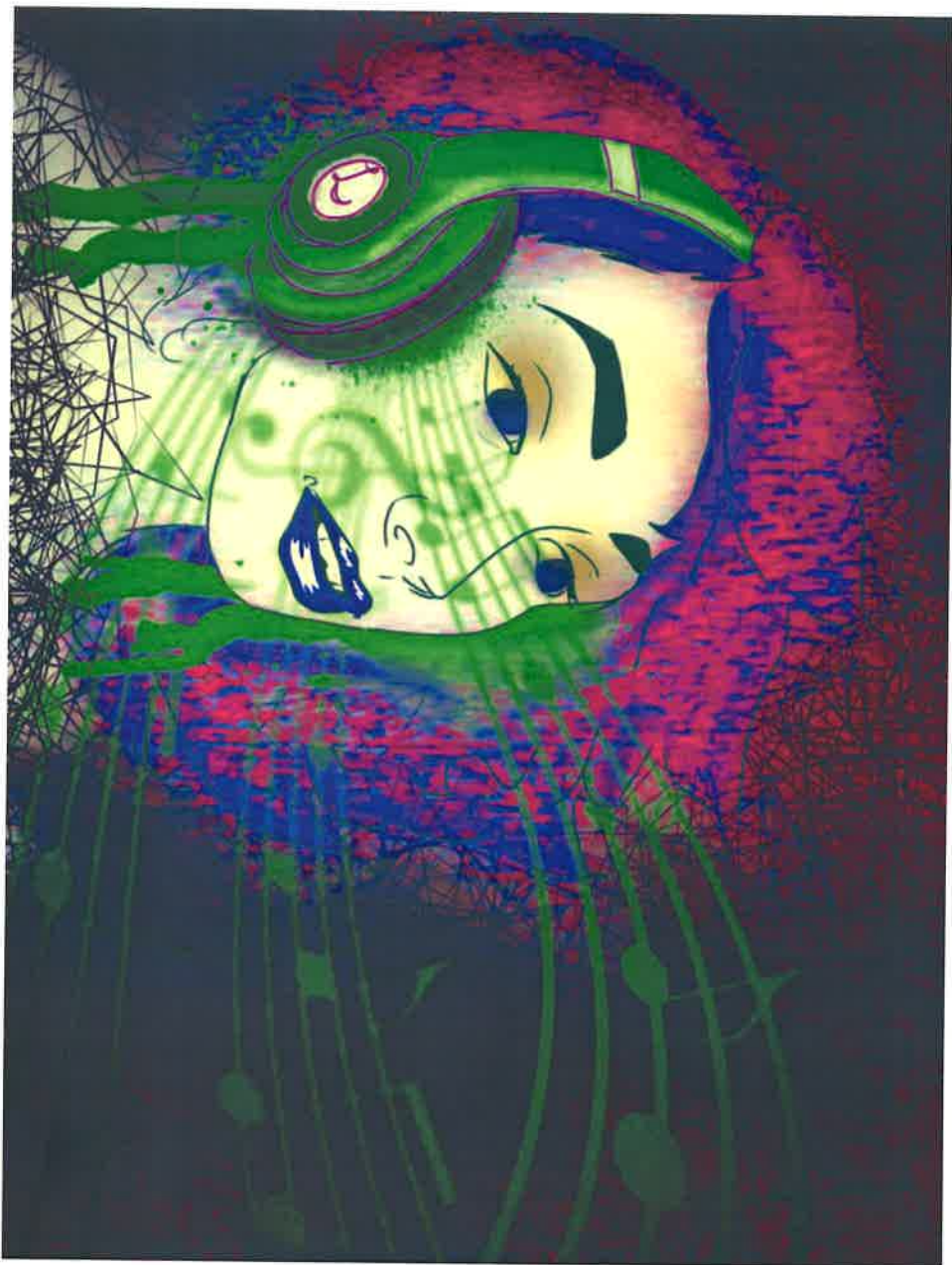




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Art by Grogan Ardizzoni, '17

Meghan Dunbar and Elise Flammia '17 – The Concrete Jungle

It is a party under the moon
Illuminated by stars and streetlights
Shining down rays of inspiration

On the dreamers and the doers
The world leaders and the artists

It is the product of old school glamour and the newest modern
trends
The epitome of diversity
Suburban dreamers, native achievers
Writers, students, politicians, stockbrokers

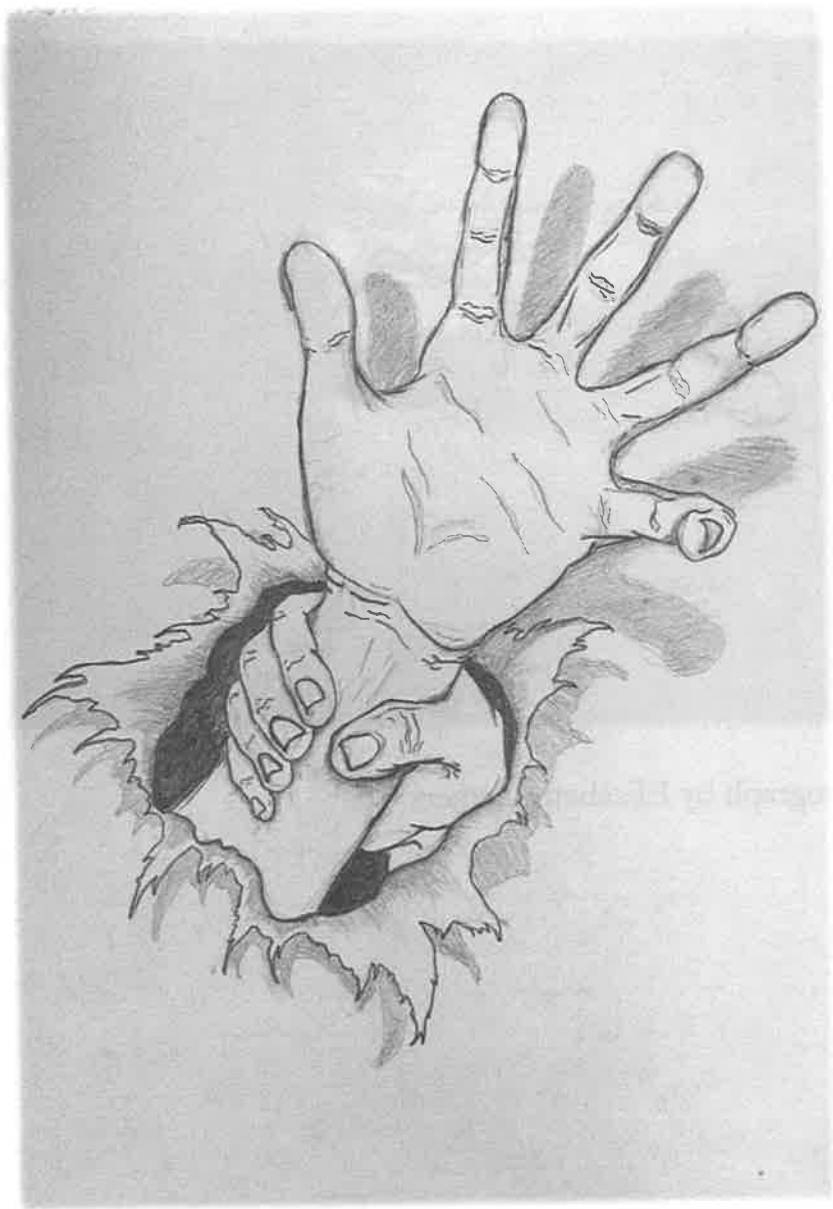
It is where dreams come to life
Like a match to a fire
The atmosphere, the aura
Igniting new beginnings and promises of tomorrow
From the ashes of yesterday's tragedy

It is ever changing and expanding
A transformation
From a dreamer to a doer
From a construction to an edifice
From an alien to a native

It is the City that never sleeps
The only place I want to be

Maggie Hurley '18 -- Those with Nothing Cannot Lose

“fear contributes to hate
they say
and maybe it’s true
because when i look at you
i tremble
but i’m not sure if it’s from
fear
or hate
or maybe even both.
all i know
is that you may say
you want peace
but what you really want is war
and if it’s a war you want
then a war you shall get.
but be prepared to lose.”
-those with nothing cannot lose



Under Pressure by Benjamin Weatherbee '18



Photograph by Elizabeth Demers '16

William Webb '18 – The Splash and the Smash

I hear the splash, swish, and slap of the paddle on the water. I feel the boat, a yak of sort, sway in the placid lake. My throat is sandpaper from the toil of the hard day. My soft baby hands earning blisters from gripping my one and only lifeline that is my hindrance, my means of movement and the only thing that can stop me.

I taste the cool mist in the air mingling with the crimson beads of blood leaking from my dry cracked lips. The sensation of elation overcomes me. I am happy at last. I am at home.

I hasten and hurry in a euphoric hunt to explore to the end of the shore. My heavy arms propelled by pure wonderment and ecstasy.

Alas, I have found a pearl, an isle filled with mystery tucked in the watery expanse. I turn and make way. I chug and churn with all my strength and land on a rocky shelf. I turn and leave my vessel with the shelf breaking and sending a knee into it's stony face.

I scream as my knee fractures and fragments as fragile ceramic does when dropped. The echoes reach far but no aid has come. I return to the yak with my face sullen and knee swollen

This has not been a joyous day but it has been a great trauma indeed. My body cannot continue but my mind only wants to drift.



Photography by Jessica Xiang '18

Kailee Deabay '17 – Your Window

Black on white and white on black
Monotone and boring, your life seems to lack
Trapped in repeating, repeating, repeating
The same motions, purpose is fleeting
The pristine white and then shadows of stairs
Seem to simply glare
Right back at you.

Round and round your thoughts seem to go
Nothing to do, so all of them flow
Trapped in mind and by the maze of stairs
Sit in a corner and pull your hair
Then, color.

Out of the corner of your eye
Is a window, aimed at the sky
The image is blurred and far away,
But the sight of that window convinces you to stay
Sane.

Your window is precious, and yours to keep
To fight off unwanted thoughts as they continue to seep
Into your mind and the lonely staircase.
Your window is hope

William Webb '18 – Unattainable

Of the times I think of,
Only a few but many times.
I have brought the sun from the earth and scorched the
world,
I have moved mountains and parted seas.
But yet I am so powerless over my kin,
I cannot determine the minds of eyes.
That is a power I will never have.



Still Life by Benjamin Weatherbee '18



Photograph by Sarah Trim '17

Monica Alvarado '17 – In a Father's Eyes
A Story Inspired by Harry Mark Petrakis's "The Wooing of
Ariadne"

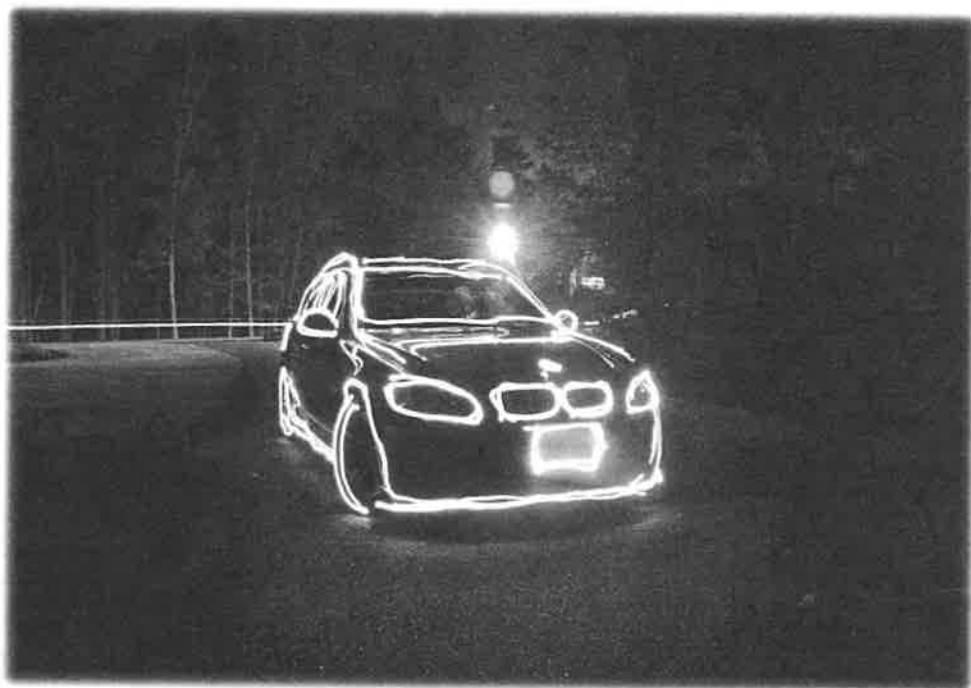
Since the day that Marko Palmas, a Greek neighbor in our town, came into my grocery store, I knew he would have quite a tough fight for my daughter Ariadne's hand. At first impression, I thought he was a very bold man for not giving up on her after all the nasty things that she did to him, from striking him in the eye, to using her venomous words, to ultimately throwing dishes at him. Even after I told him that she wouldn't be good for him, due to the fact that she has scared away all her possible suitors before, he still lingered. I knew that by the look in his eye, and his manner of speech to her, he loved her no matter what she did to him. When the day came that my resistant daughter had a showdown with Mr. Palmas at our Greek church with our priest, her uncle and I, we were all left in awe. To our surprise, she finally submitted into letting him call on her the next day, after hearing his speech of his love for her. From what Marko said about her being the love of his life, to falling for her from the moment he saw her, to even expressing that he still adores her through her flaws and even after the vicious actions she's committed against him. I knew then, that my daughter all along had been waiting and testing for the right man to valiantly fight for her. She evaluated those who were worthy, based on her worst moments and behavior that she would express to them. She wanted to see which man would accept her and be there at her worst, instead of running away. As a result, it turned out to finally be Marko.

Now after all this trial and error from both my daughter and now her betrothed Markos, I've seen their relationship

blossom into something beautiful. In the beginning, my daughter acquired a new attitude that was less aggressive in finally giving him a chance to win her heart. It was rough to start from all the commotion that happened before, but now they are inseparable. My daughter has truly found her perfect suitor. She now can't stop talking about him. She went from not wanting to talk to about him, to now not being able to close her mouth to actually take a breath. She truly has transformed in my eyes. She loves him and truly knows what he too is like at his worst. Both of them have their qualities that make them perfect for each other. Since he's started courting her, my daughter has had a sparkling brightness that shines all around her. Both of them show signs that they are utterly in love. In my eyes they've gotten to know each other quite well, that they never keep secrets, and are always laughing and smiling. I've never seen my daughter so blissful.

Recently, Marko surprised Ariadne with two Greek agape symbol necklaces which mean love in Greek. It's a tradition for those that are in love, to each get one and wear them close to their hearts so they are forever bonded in exultance and peace. In my opinion, his gesture was very admirable. From that moment on, a few days later, I pulled him aside and said thank you so much for making my daughter so content that jokingly I said, "You can go right ahead and marry her now, I give you my blessing!" After I said that, we chuckled and then talked about Ariadne. I told him how much she loves him and how she has become so radiant because of him. She truly is glad that he fought for her heart. As we talked about her, he told me that one day he hopes to make her his wife since he too, is deeply in love with her. He told me he feels like they were meant to be: that their souls merged together from the moment they met. Every time he is with her, his heart stops, and thinks to himself that he

is the luckiest man in the world to have her. Our conversation lasted hours. Near the end, I noticed him getting a bit anxious. By the look in his eyes, I knew what question he was about to crack open. Finally, when he got the nerve, he fretfully said, "Well sir... I was actually going to talk to you tonight about taking your daughter's hand in marriage. So since we have this on our plate now... may I ask for your permission and blessing for your daughter's hand? I love her with all my heart and know how much she means to you; I promise to never hurt her or do her wrong. She's the reason I breathe, and I want to spend the rest of my life going through it with her." Then, processing his words, I thought of my daughter and how happy this gentleman has illuminated her life. In response, I slowly said, "Yes you may Marko, make her the happiest bride to be, and me the proudest father-in-law to call you my yiós. (Son in Greek). May our Greek Gods sanctify this holy union of everlasting true love forever."



Photography by Paul Blythe '17

Acknowledgments

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**Thank you to Riverside Press, Methuen, and to Mr. Chuck Putney
for both our printed and digital copies.*

** And a special thank you to you, our audience! We hope you've
enjoyed this year's issue!*

Stay tuned for information about our open mic release night!



Photography by Jessica Xiang '18

Staff Credits

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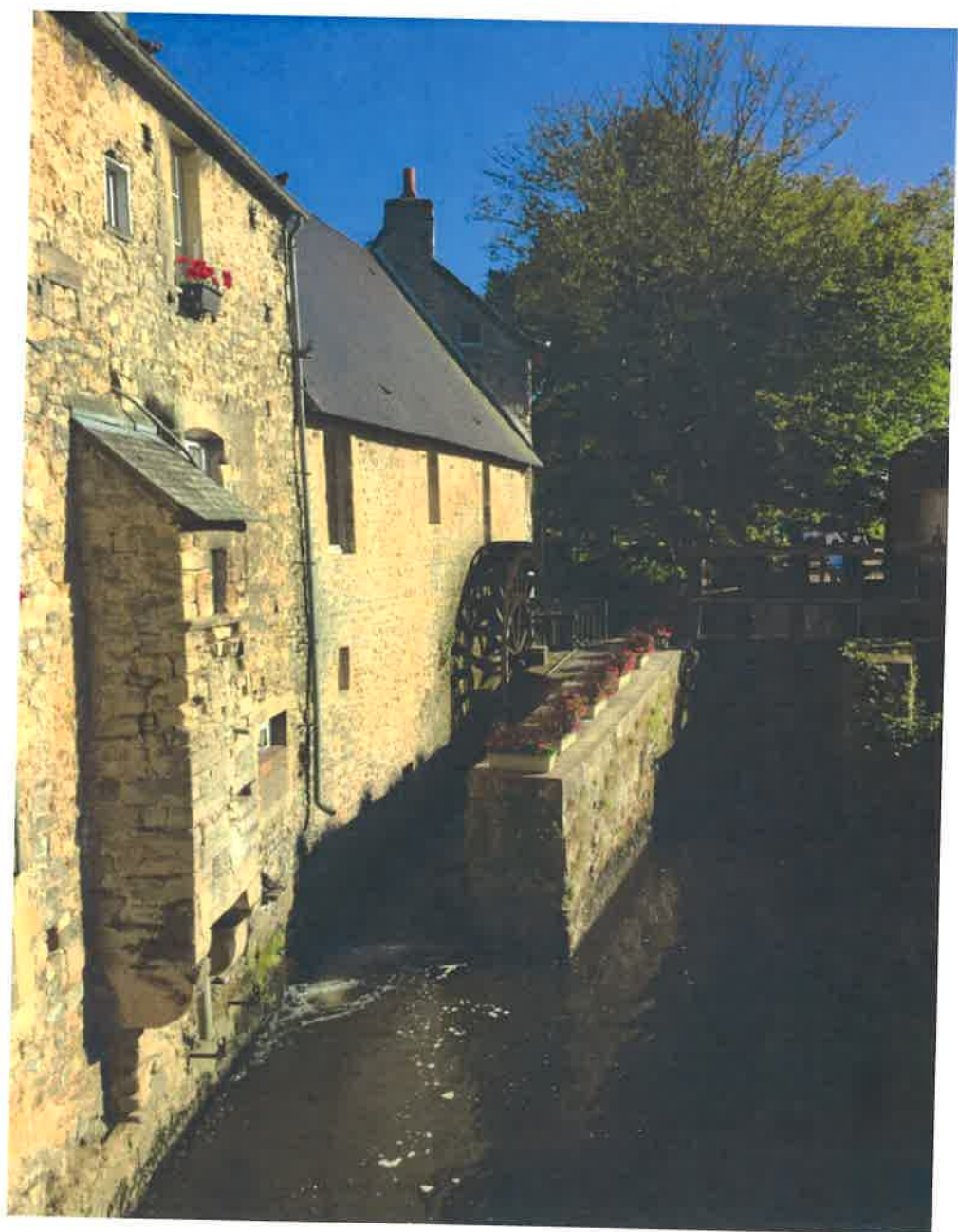
Katherine Fitzpatrick '16

Staff

Keara Farragher '16

Carina Imbornone '16

Moderated by Mr. Joseph Welch '90





We remember...

Avery Nault and the Nault family

An Old Irish Blessing

*May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.*