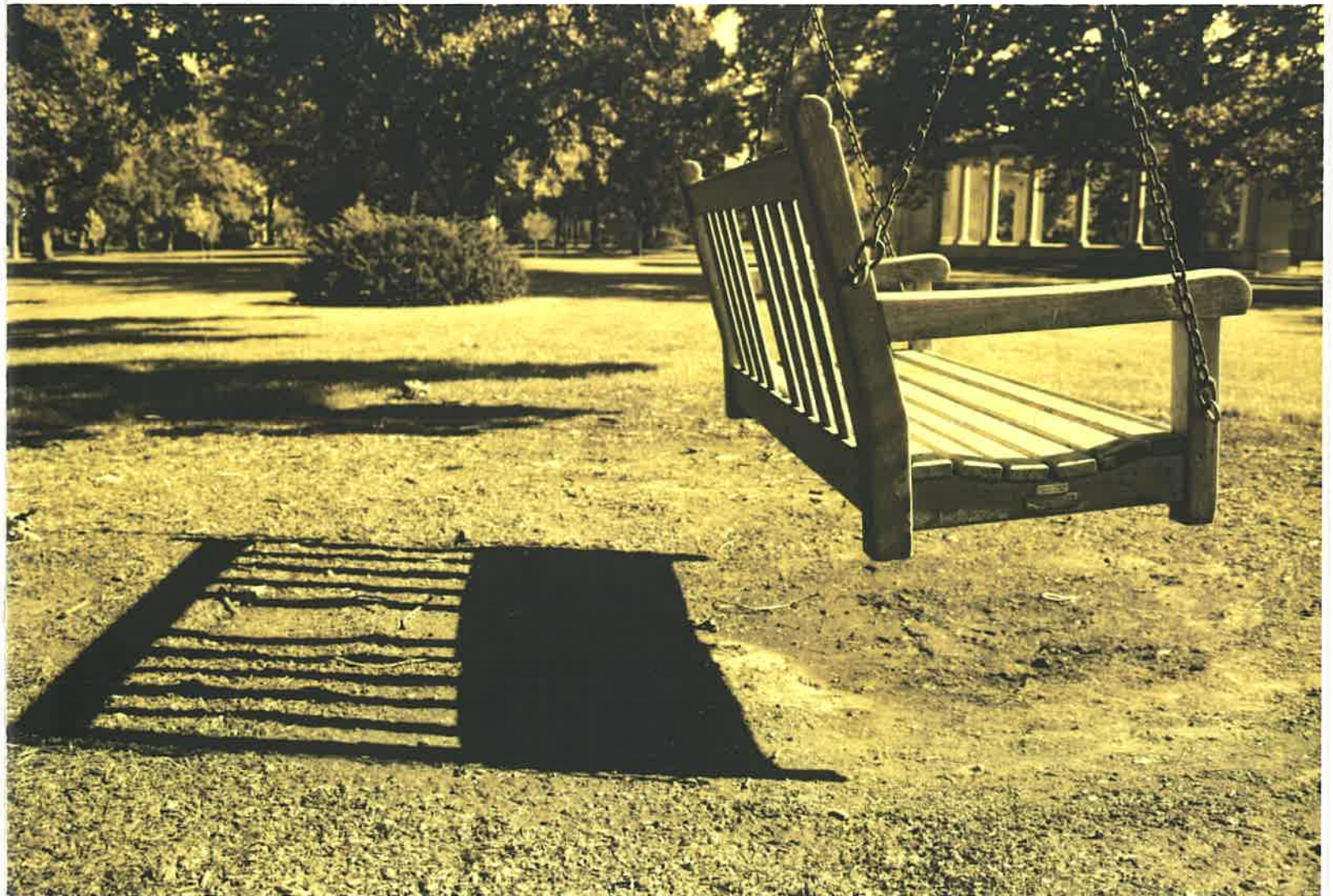


Visions Magazine 2014



Jahzmin Walker '14

VOLUME FOURTEEN

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF VISIONS TO:
MS. JEANNE BURNS

We dedicate this issue of the Visions Magazine to Ms. Jeanne Burns for her constant encouragement and advocacy of the arts within our school. She truly understands that art is a means of self expression, and she has always defended our right to outlet our creativity into pieces that represent our beliefs as students. Each year she goes out of her way to support our needs and our changes in the art department. Coupled with her support is her continuous friendship and approval of our creativity, which provides a safer environment for students to voice their thoughts through art.

Overall, we deeply thank and appreciate Ms. Burns for the role she has played in aiding our ever-growing abilities and potential in our art department!

With much love and thanks,

The Art Department

Meet the Editors & Coffee House Crew!



Bridget Vasques '15
Chief Magazine Editor



Erin Jaibur '15
Magazine Editor



Bridget Sears '15
Magazine Editor



Mia Eliopoulos '15
Magazine Editor &
Coffee House Photographer



James Robinson '16
Coffee House
Tech Director



**Carina
Imbornone '16**
Coffee House
Emcee



Tina Thu '14
Coffee Curator &
Coffee House
Photographer



Jacob Basiliere '16
Coffee House
Emcee



Erick Maldonado '14
Coffee House
Emcee



Nurily's Cintron '14
Coffee House
Emcee

Petrichor

Do you know what it's like to walk outside just moments after a rainstorm?

The clouds, squeezed dry, now meander out of sight.

The striking thing about it,
walking outside just after a rainstorm,

is petrichor:

the smell of dust after rain.

Liquid crystals suspended from leaves drip to the foliage carpeting the ground.

Every sense intensifies,
intermingles.

You hear pavement glisten on the soles of your boots;

You can sense the turn of the drenched earth.

You taste crimson history,
And it smells like forgiveness.

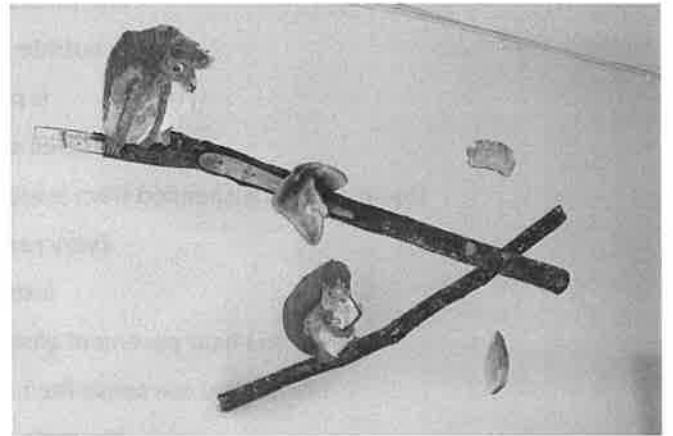
-Genevieve Gigandet '14



Mia Eliopoulous '15



Heaven Chartier '14



Drew Shaheen '14



Drew Shaheen '14



Heaven Chartier '14

A building of stone and concrete
In the midst of an agricultural haven...
She wasn't built for the country.

The blowing straw didn't halt for her pursed lips,
And the dry heat melted her cold stares.
No one understood where she came from,
All that she was made of, had been through
The country wasn't built for a woman like her.

She had seen more than these fields,
She had seen blocks of pavement go on for miles
Miles longer than these fields
Miles harsher than these fields
With no cushioning soil for your feet to walk upon.

She had seen love turn to hate
Husbands turn to monsters
Morals turn to murders.

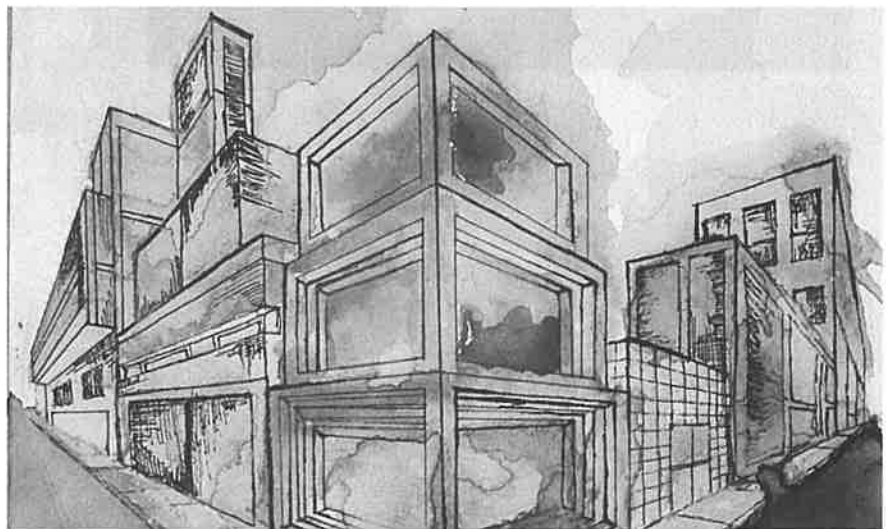
She had watched blood drip into the sewers that lay much too close to home
She had watched blood drip from the veins of those that lay much too close to heart
She had wanted nothing more than to get away...

Get away to this agricultural haven,

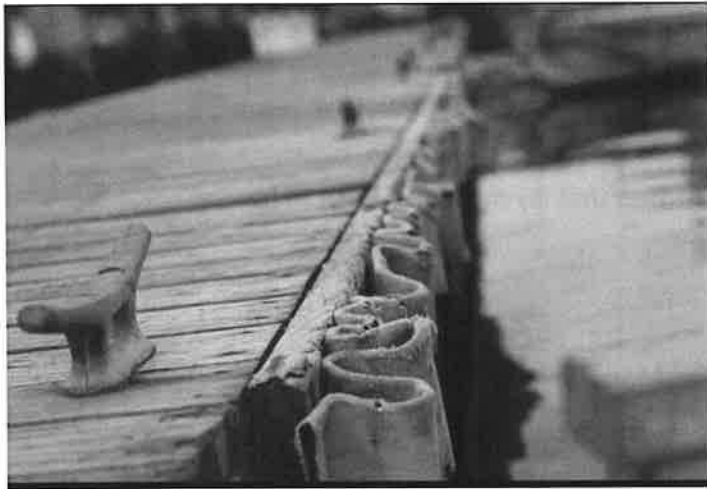
But still, there she stood, on this South Carolina Morning

A building of stone and
concrete
Concrete walls built over time
Not by choice, or so she
claimed
But built by memories
Built by crusting callouses
And salty, stale air

-Emma Carey '15



Rachel Blanchette '14



Elizabeth Hogan '14



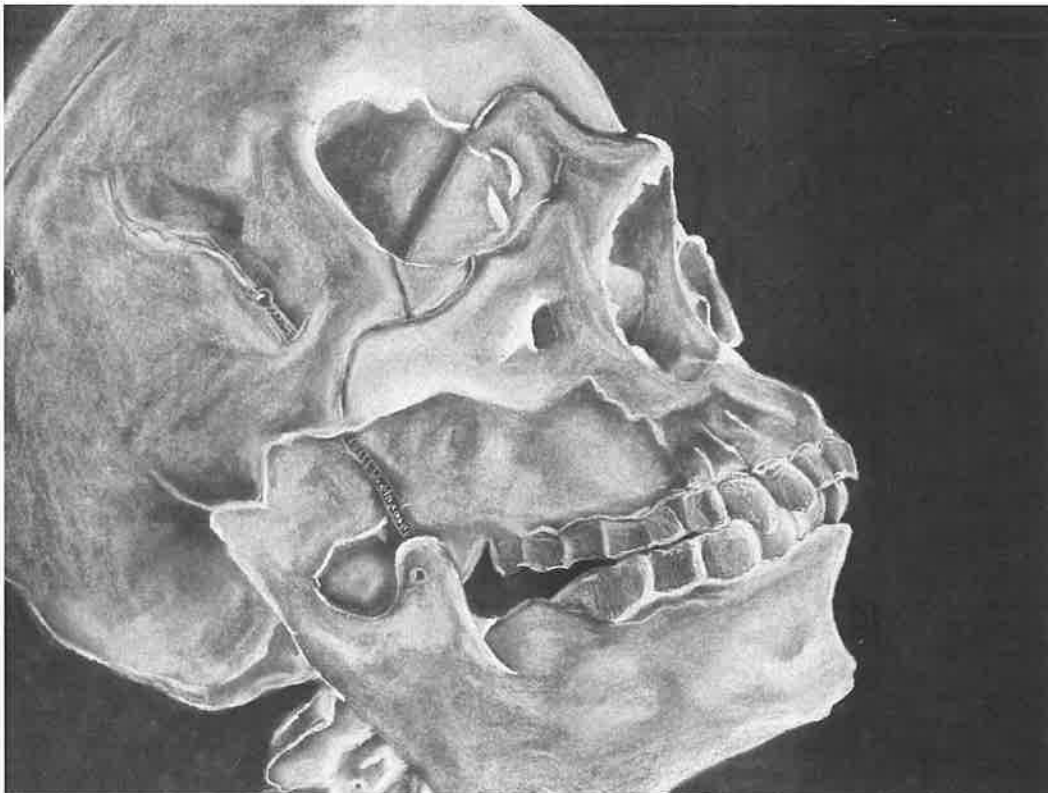
The New Nurses

You look at me
You feel pity
You look at me
You feel sorry

I look at me
I see the broken
I look at me
I see the deflated

You and me can see
But we only see
What we wish to be
What we want to see

-Dawson Merrill '15



Emily Watson '15

Hotel Window

Her son Joseph Jr. had booked her the hotel room, but this time she'd made sure it was a modest one. The last time Frances came to visit he put her up in the most expensive hotel in the city. The lobby glittered with crystal and gold and the concierges, slim and condescending, spoke with lilting French accents. Her room had a pull cord, and when you pulled it a breathless servant would come up and ask you what you wanted before dashing away again to get it. Of course, she never pulled it. Such extravagance left her with guilt that swam oily in her stomach and rested bad-tasting on her tongue. Joseph Jr. made fun of her for it and told her to lighten up, but he still booked her the cheaper hotel room when she asked.



Frances started her business during the worst of the Dust Bowl, when Joseph Jr. was just a baby. He was so hungry all the time that he would wail, all day and night, and the sound would carry across the desert plains and disturb skinny crows from the fence posts. Nothing was growing to feed him with, so she started marketing a homemade cosmetic of her mother's invention — she called it Fabulous Franny's Age-Defying Face Cream and sold it for a few cents to friends and relations, just enough to put food in her son's mouth.

A year later Frances' product was taking off, and she, Joseph Sr., and the baby were getting ready to move out of the dust-choked nightmare called Oklahoma. Everything was packed up when Joseph Sr. got caught outside in

the biggest dust storm anyone had ever seen before or since. If they ever found his body, no one ever told her, because when the storm passed she and Joseph Jr. didn't waste a minute. They hopped on the train, first class, and got out of the Dust Bowl for good. She remembers sitting in her fine compartment, sobbing into her hands and listening to Joseph Jr. babble and suck on crackers, his little eyes marveling at each bite of food that entered his six-toothed mouth.

Today, Frances still dreams of her husband; of the crops that would not grow; of the fine layer of silt that covered everything, even their food. Today, her guilt is worst at fine restaurants, where she still half-expects a silty crunch to accompany each bite.



She had bought the red dress and hat specifically for the occasion of visiting her son, and they make her conspicuous in the blue-and-yellow room. The yellow walls remind her of egg yolks, the curtains of mustard. The drab carpet is blue, the uncomfortable rectangular couch is blue, and, in an unfortunate coincidence, the lining of her fur-collared cape is blue. If she turned it inside-out she could camouflage herself. The window has a white plaster column on one side, incongruous with the rest of the room's plainness; she knows the column is plaster because when she rapped her knuckles on it, it *thunked* weakly and white dust snowed down from the top. Behind her

there's a small table, a lamp, and a cheap reproduction painting that is so ugly she's surprised anyone ever wanted to reproduce it.

From her window high above the street she can see cars speeding and nighthawks shuffling off to their evening destinations. She's never liked the city, but she braves it annually to visit to Joseph Jr., who had called her half an hour ago saying that he would not be able to make it tonight.

"We have tickets to see a show," she protested into the receiver. She'd been having a drink at a small circular table in the hotel bar, holding the tickets and waiting for her son, who was late, when the bartender came over with a phone.

"Mom, I'm so sorry," Joseph Jr. said. "I forgot I had this dinner tonight. You know I would blow it off if I could, Mom, but it's my boss, and..."

Frances swallowed and tightened her grip on the tickets. The more Joseph Jr. talked, the harder she held them, until they folded in on themselves and crumpled in her fist.

"I understand," she found herself saying. "I had a business once. I know what it's like."

"Oh, I knew you would get it," Joseph Jr. breathed. "Again, Mom, I am so sorry. You can count on me for dinner tomorrow night, I swear."

There were a few more excuses before they said their goodbyes and hung up. The bartender came and on silent feet took the phone away. Without

finishing her drink, she left the crumpled tickets on the table and headed back to the elevators. She made it to the eighth floor after what felt like an eternity and walked down a blue-and-yellow hallway back to her room, careful in her high heels. She finds high heels impractical and, even after years of good living, has never quite gotten the hang of them. In Oklahoma, after the dust came, they mostly went barefoot, since no matter what you wore your feet were always going to be dirty.

It was dark when she got back to her room. She sat right down on the uncomfortable blue couch and hasn't moved or taken her eyes from the window since.

She turns her attention from the street below to her reflection in the glass.

Fabulous Franny's Age-Defying Face Cream was never tested by any scientists but she thinks she is proof enough of its effectiveness. Her hair is white but the skin is still tight around her cheekbones and neck, and there are no bags under her eyes. In her red dress and red hat and fur-collared cape, she looks regal and refined, like a woman who's been rich her whole life. Like a woman who has never seen the dust or the empty fields; like a woman who has never known an ungrateful son.

-Miranda Suarez '15





Jahzmin Walker '14



Juliesa Santiago '14



Mia Eliopoulos '15

Guardian Angel

You can't see me in your presence
Nor can you hear me.
But I can see you,
and I hear you.

I watch over you,
guiding you right from wrong.
You know I'm still with you,
just not in person.

When you're feeling down,
I'm there to comfort you.
Although you can't hear me,
you know exactly what I'd say.

I enjoy watching you every day,
cheerful like no other;
yet sad because you're grieving my
loss.
I'm sorry for hurting you.

Just because I'm not here with you,
doesn't mean I'm entirely gone.
I'm still here,
But just as your Guardian Angel.
-Jordyn Waible '17



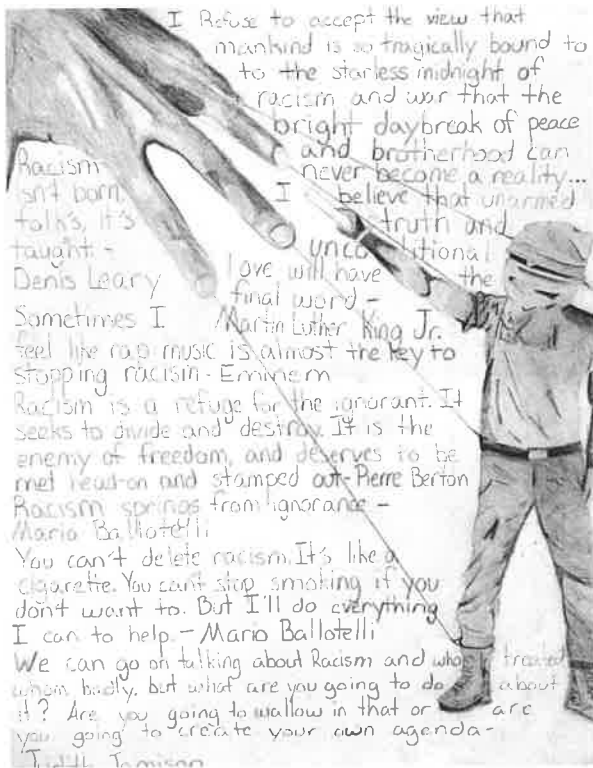
Brian Razzetti '14



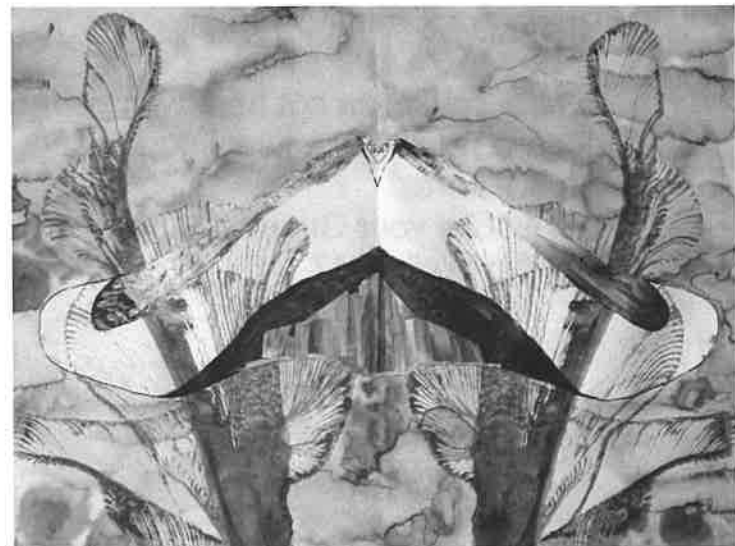
Marisa Sierra '14



Mikayla Gigandet '14



Will LeRette '14



Juliesa Santiago '14

Grey

Consistency he said
Consistency is what makes our ways right
It makes the night seem so trite
Overall I'm alone and beyond-ignorant

I look to him and see my daughter
Standing with her doll in her hands
Tear glands shooting, landing
Is this true? Can you?

He grabs my face and all I see
Is grey

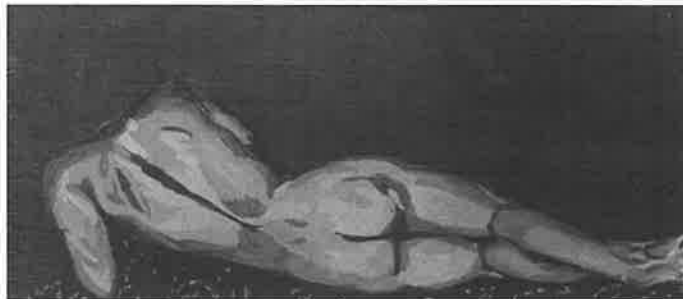
Grey like the sky
Like his knuckles into my eye
I ask the Heavens why
Could this man hurt me?
I would die
For him

His snarling nostrils inflate
His veins debate
Explosion
Concentrate I say.
Concentrate.

I can get out of h-

Then black.
Black

The distant tiny footsteps approach.
I'm already gone...
-Jahzmin Walker '14



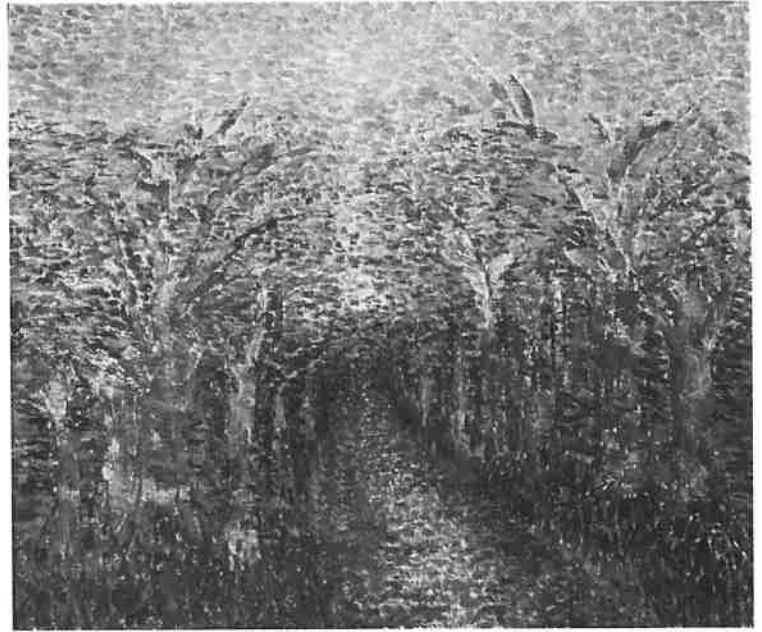
Erick Maldonado '14



*Strum of the guitar kisses the temperate
air with melodic strophes of folk and
rock while the autumnal leaves
drift and dance the flamenco
across dusty gravel - glint of majesty
from Somali vendor's traditional
headdress decorated with jewels*

*Cracking and shattering cries of
a clumsy milk bottle on the earth
send out transparent sparkling confetti.
A young child sprints across dirt lot
replete with gaiety and innocence,
as workers haul infant evergreens onto
cinder block pedestals*

*Corn and Pumpkin sit dormant on
plastic
tables draped in thanksgiving
tablecloths
textured like sandpaper and relegated to
the elements. Red and blue canopies
contort and cave in the lethargic biting
breeze- rippling hair of passing woman
with two bags, sunglasses, and a yipping
chihuahua*



Bond Zhang '15



Andy Lin '14

*Car tire gravel crunch awakens sparrows
perched on irrigation post sending aloft
twenty downy wings, as dahlias bloom their
eulogies in water filled vases, buckets;
gossamer sheen of morning fog floats
through off hidden bogs, dampening
car windows, mirrors, headlights with
faint and mystical dew*

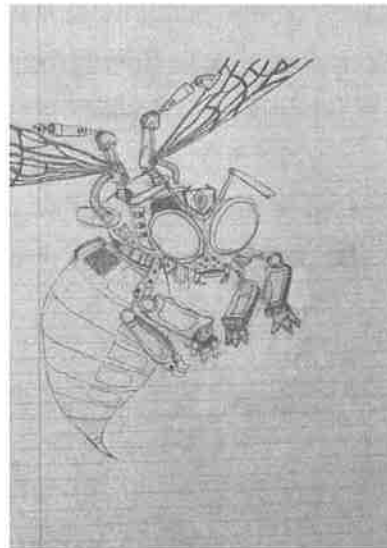
*Vendor tents fall into piles and exit
in vans, in cars, in SUVs.*

*The sun nears equilibrium in the cloudless sky -
engines purr and roar out, away from the dying
melodies of the guitar and microphone.
dirt lays bespeckled by tire and foot, as
the dust dances unseen in the autumn
wind.*

-Stefan Specian '14



Alexa Benanti '14



Cameron Manning '14

The Greatest

When the Greek gods looked over your creation, Zeus made sure he tripped so that he would spill an extra amount of brains and beauty. He hid the salt and pepper shakers to be sure one hundred percent of you was sweet. Your eyes are colored with a pinch of the greatest soil beneath the grass, only to make them as innocent as a boy who waits for Santa Claus all night. Your hair was slowly and carefully grown like the garden outside of Hermia's modern day house on a perfect midsummer night. Many people think that this is impossible; that you could just be a figment of my imagination.

But this is real. You... my dear are real.

Your heart was perfectly carved like the statue of David. Your soul was generated by the greatest energy around Mother Nature. Not made, but created. You are as pure as the perfection of a baby's peaceful breath while she sleeps. Mother Nature herself finds you to be flawless; you are the reason I now know what the definition of perfection is. Your mind was given the greatest of imagination, like the intricate ceilings of a historical catholic church. The greatest, most beautiful words that are worthy of escaping your lips are as mesmerizing as Shakespeare's iambic pentameter. The only scents that are allowed the opportunity to flow through your nostrils are as delicate as a calm flower flowing in the breeze of a warm spring morning.

I am told that you were created in the likeness of something that is The Greatest. If that something is said to be the greatest.. What does that make me?

-Nurilyns Cintron '14



Erick Maldonado '14

"Dreams"

*The difficult thing about a dream
Is that it demands to be achieved
Its a life long challenge
Like salmon up a stream*

*Failure is a loose thread
That will unravel the sweater in
your head
But failure does not mean your
dreams are dead*

*It's hard to succeed
In a world that always asks for
more
But how often do we slow our
pace
And look back on where we were
before?
Because a dream is progress
Never regression
We can't see how far we've come
Without a moment of reflection
-Aisling McEleney '16*



Tina Thu '14

Balance Beam

Adrenaline races through my body; I am ready. **Smile at the judges, salute.** The anxiety I had moments before dissipates as I mount the balance beam. When I perform on that four-inch wide apparatus, my mind enters a state of complete clarity and my only focus is my present task.

Most gymnasts shudder at the very mention of the beam. I don't. Why? Perhaps it's the intensity of the situation that appeals to me; it could be the rush that I get from competition. It feels as if there is so much at stake and as if I have everything to lose, because one wobble, one fall, even one minor mistake could ruin the entire meet for me. And yet, that sensation does not sway me. Rather, I can stare the beam in the face, daring it to make me shake. **Stay clean, squeeze, stick.**

Maybe the methodical execution of each element of my routines is what compels me to appreciate the beam. Precision is my ultimate goal. The flow of acrobatic skills and dance comes quite naturally as I try to achieve eye-catching elegance and poise. **Chin up and snap. Lift and stretch.** Attention to detail is paramount at a time like this, because no flexed foot, bent knee, or balance check is overlooked by the judges.

It's not that I don't feel the pressure of competing; I certainly do. However, I believe I respond to it differently as a result of my attitude. Each time I perform my routine, I see it as an opportunity to showcase my strength, flexibility and everything I have worked towards. **Make them watch. Make them remember you.** All the hard work I put in during practice -the endless repetitions of drills and skills, strength training, endurance, fine tuning of choreography and perfecting techniques- is for this moment.

Performing on beam makes me conscious of my existence in one place at one time. I am aware of my surroundings, but it is only me and the beam. Nothing else is significant. I am present in that moment only. For one minute and thirty seconds, the stress I feel from the rest of my life is non-existent, nothing can touch me. My mind and body are in sync. I wish that I could have that tranquility, that ability just *to be* in my day to day routine. I'd like to achieve the same unexplainable sense of self I have while I am on the balance beam in other aspects of my life, but for now I am grateful to have at least a short period of near-perfect serenity.

Breathe. Power. Land strong. Finish.

-Genevieve Gigandet '14



Bridget Sears '15



Bridget Vasquez '15



Mia Eliopoulos '15





Jeanmerli Gonzalez '15



Jahzmin Walker '14



-Mike- Junfu Cui '14



Juliesa Santiago '14



TJ Caveney '14



Mikayla Gigandet '14



Rachel Blanchette '14



Matt Bonnanno '14



Will Laboy '14



Mike Bickley '14



Erick Maldonado '14



Tina Thu '14

HEAR NONE

COVER YOUR EARS, SON
DON'T LISTEN TO YOURSELF THINK
EVIL ALWAYS LURKS

SEE NOTHING

CLOSE YOUR EYES, DAUGHTER
YOU SHALL SEE THIS WORLD NAKED
EVIL ALWAYS LURKS

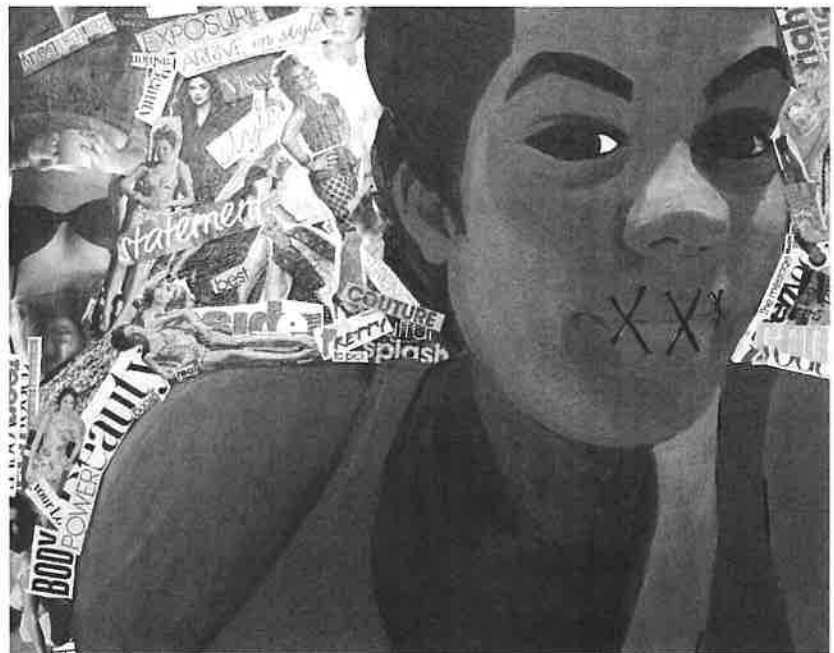
NO SPEAKING

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, ANGEL
WORDS TWIST YOU OUT OF YOUR WAY
EVIL ALWAYS LURKS



Bridget Vasques '15

-JAHZMIN WALKER '14



Jeanmerli Gonzalez '15

Jane and the Temple of Broom

Another foggy, rain drenched night in Scotland is exactly what I come home to, again. Every year, I journey out past the Far East to countries ancient and majestic, and every year, I return to a dreary night and a grubby household. Hopefully, my new, fledgling maid, Jane Adrins, will have done better than the ones I have had in the past. While I unlock the wrought iron gate, I notice how the windows shine brighter than usual with the glow of dying candles inside. My gait quickens as I steel myself for the horrors inside, but the windows give me hope for a slightly sanitary home. I begin to open the carved, mahogany door and listen for any hurried steps or frightened whispers. Here comes the moment of truth.

As I walk into my house for the first time in so many months, I notice a lack of hustle and bustle inside the home. My first thought was that the cook must have turned in early and the maid was cleaning some remote part of the mansion, but as I wandered around I came upon a startling discovery! Rounding the corner I heard a sharp intake of breath. All of a sudden I get a clear view of my maid stumbling to hide my personal journal. As I stroll towards this intruder in my private study, her face deepens into scarlet like the apples ripening in September. Jane starts stammering, "I am s-s-so sor-r-r-ry sir! Plea-se-se don't dismiss me, I rely on this job. I will do anyth-th-thing." I never even considered her curiosity a reason for dismissal and explained this to her very clearly. The doleful girl could barely contain her sobs of relief after she realized she would

continue being my housekeeper. But as I helped return objects to their proper locations, it dawned on me that the best cure for curiosity was to quench its thirst for knowledge.

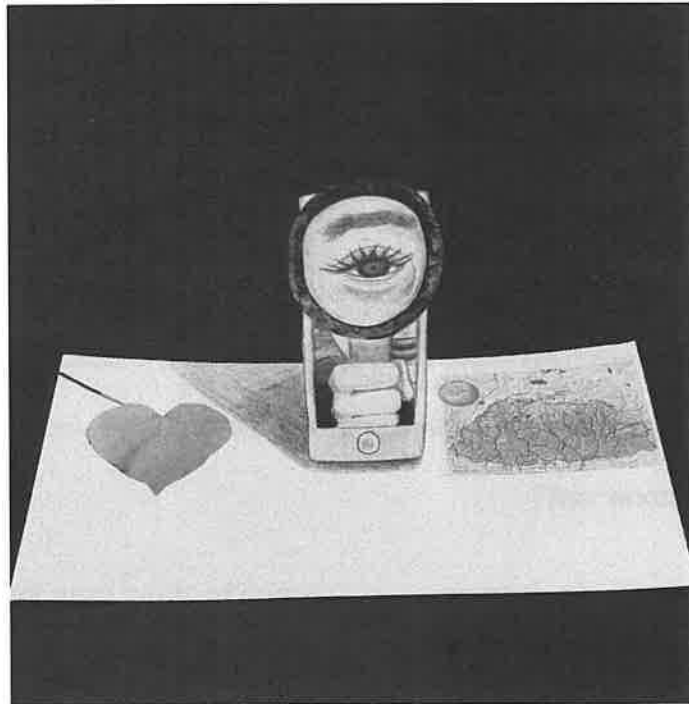
In a sudden moment of decisiveness, I told Jane we were going to visit my clandestine library. She opened her mouth to question my sanity since I always stated that the library was restricted to anyone not named Sahmis in the past, but immediately she shut it and did not waste what may be her only chance to peruse the yellowed pages of archaic manuscripts. As we descended the staircase to the dank basement, the click-clack of shoes on stone echoed throughout the descent. The noise coupled with the dark pressing on all sides led to the impression of an eerie night in one of those new-fangled terror novels. At long last, Jane and I arrived at a solid, cobblestone wall.

Jane turned to me with a bewildered look on her face, "How on God's green Earth are we going to continue? This wall is solid and I see no openings nearby." Though doubt was coming off her body in waves I could almost feel against my skin, I began my ritual of breaching the barrier. The reasoning behind building a staircase that leads to an enclosed box is that I believe one must be able to think outside of the "box" in order to gain access to my hidden library. First I remove a tile from the floor and bring out a sledgehammer, also known as the "key". Then I begin to pound on the wall with the strength of thousands of Gods until a crack appears. I continue to wail on the structure until it collapses in a pile of rubble. How else would one break through a solid stone wall?

As Jane grows in courage to stand from the corner she hid in during my episode, she strides through the newly created entrance and then almost faints in shock. The

sight of rows upon rows of leather bindings and tattered pages coupled with the hundreds of antiquities I collected may be a wee bit overwhelming for such a young woman like Jane. Once she is breathing normally again, she can't help but ask, "Why did you collect all these artifacts and books, Mr. Jones?" After a slight pause, I decide to tell her the truth, "Jane, all of these artifacts I collected whilst travelling the globe in search of adventures. I wished to learn and experience the world's great mysteries. I want to share knowledge with all the young'uns in today's world so they may learn from them and journey and create their own memories." She nods politely and begins to peruse the titles of the books. Though young and carefree now, she will come to realize the importance of what she is reading at this moment. The knowledge gained and experiences learned will lead to new passions for the world around you, and books are only the start for this young explorer.

-Dawson Shyne '16



Andy Lin '14

DEMON

HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A DEMON ?
FROM UNDER THE CRACKS OF THE EARTH HE CAME AND DRAGGED
ME INSIDE TWIRLING AROUND HIS TWISTED WORLD OF LIES.

I FELL FOR IT.

HIS LIPS SAID ONE THING , BUT

HIS EYES GAVE ME MIX SIGNALS.

HIS BODY GAVE ME PLEASURE, BUT

HIS ACTIONS GAVE ME PAIN.

I WAS TRYING TO FIND MYSELF, BUT I WAS TOO BUSY TRYING TO
FIGURE HIM OUT.

TRYING TO SEE WHO HE WAS BECAUSE I WAS LOST IN HIS WORLD.

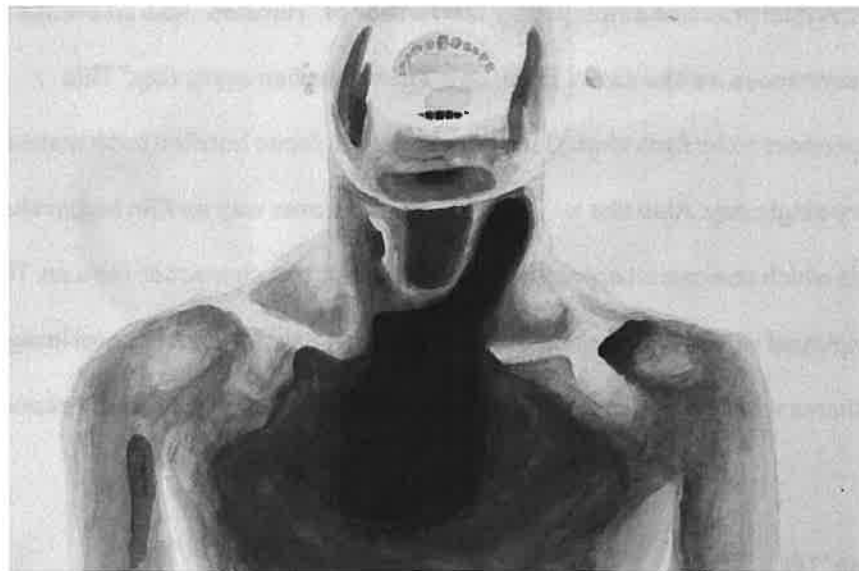
ALL I HAD BEEN SEEING WAS DARKNESS

AND EVERY TIME I WOULD GET CLOSER TO HIM I WOULD FEEL PAIN

AND FIRE INSIDE OF ME. UNTIL THEN I REALIZE THAT I HAD FALLEN

IN LOVE WITH A DEMON.

-SAMANTHA DHALIWAL '16



TJ Caveney '14

Hurdles

Graphical stories and novels convey much deeper feelings and interpretations of an idea to a reader. In "Hurdles" by Derek Kirk Kim, the use of many comic techniques help to heighten the reader's understanding of the story. The title immediately utilizes a technique. The word *Hurdles* is written staggered and appears as though they represent hurdles. These hurdles are both the physical hurdles that the character jumps over in track and the societal hurdles placed in front of him by racism and prejudice prevalent among American culture. The title is only the beginning of these techniques. The color palette used by Kim is not diverse. Black and white shades are only used because they may be meant to represent the stark contrast between races. The color palette really makes a reader notice the bleak nature of the story as well. Another technique applied by Kim is the close-ups of the coach's face. These create a feeling of being cornered by the coach. It shows how the main character may feel when faced with the hurdles of racism from his coach. A final practice employed by the author of "Hurdles" was to create the first and last sentences as the same. Both say "I jump hurdles every day." This statement represents the fact that the main character faces hurdles both mentally and physically every single day. Also the way he ended it the same way as Kim began the story creates a circle which one can interpret as the track that the character runs on. These techniques employed within the graphic story, "Hurdles", help to illustrate an image of the author's theme within a reader's mind and contribute to the overall understanding of the work.

-Dawson Shyne '16

Chameleon

I.

I want to be an astronaut.

A geologist, a firefighting librarian, a part-time secret agent.

I want adventures; I want to help people.

"You can be anything you want," I've been told.

II.

You don't have the grades to go to med school or space.

You need a stable job, secure path, sensible career, steady income.

"You can be anything you want,

-just not *that*."

III.

Now I am contortionist.

Twist my bones

to fit in the box built for me:

my coffin, where childhood dreams surrender to unyielding practicality.

IV.

Somehow those old aspirations

have escaped me, lost their appeal;

immature, impractical, impossible.

No option but conformity: is that safety?

V.

Alas I am Chameleon,

blending when I must.

Chameleon does not control his color.

Is it not the same for me?

VI.

Perhaps it is not.

I refuse to live life

Unfulfilled

blind and deaf.

For I am not, in fact, Chameleon;

But Human.

-Genevieve Gigandet '14



Lexi Lowrie '17

Tissue

The stream trickles

In puddles

At your feet

Undecided leaves

Fall into the

Busy street

You're melting

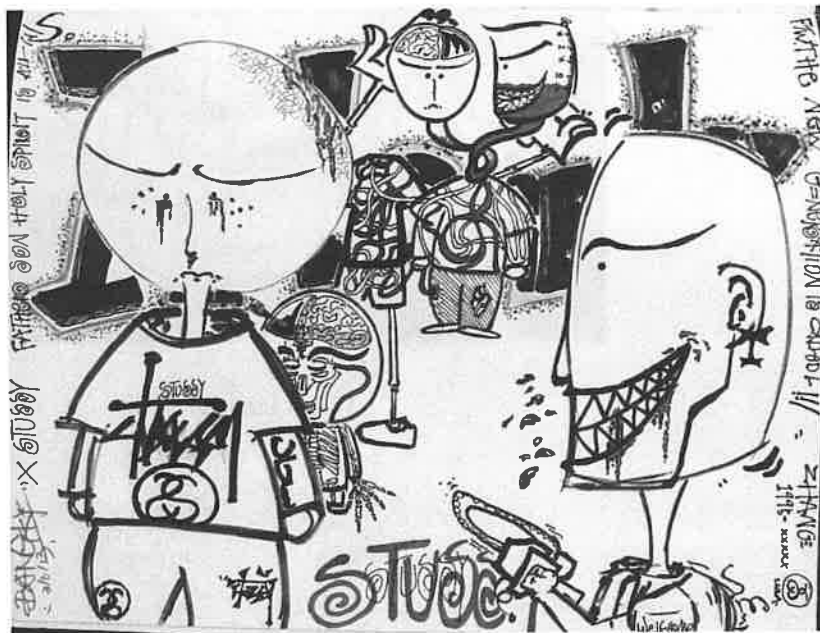
Melting into the white

Puddle of fire-lit clouds

Crumbling like soft tender meat



Marcus Jimenez '15



-Bond- Huaibang Zhang '15

You're meat

Meat stripped away

With a violent pull

Hung upside down

To rot

Only to become that

Large pile of extremities



Liam Curry '14

What are you?
Nothing.
Who are you?
Something.
What makes you?
Indescribable proteins
Just made to keep building
Building that river
Puddle, you are
Lightning meets the

Trees meat, sparking
The inevitable heat
Fire

The fire in your blue eyes
Like the ocean
As the sun rises
Fire

Don't spite me
I know the evil is inside of you
Because the evil is rot
And you.
Are the piece of meat.
-Jahzmin Walker '14



Those Around Me

I walk through the glass doors like I'm entering a fish tank
Trapped by those around me.
In ten minutes I see people staring and talking
Immediately I swallow the pain to put on a happy face for those around
me
It tastes bitter and painful as it goes down my throat
I put on this mask
I care about those around me
I put on this mask
I don't want my friends to worry
I put on this mask
So I can hide my pain and fear from those around me

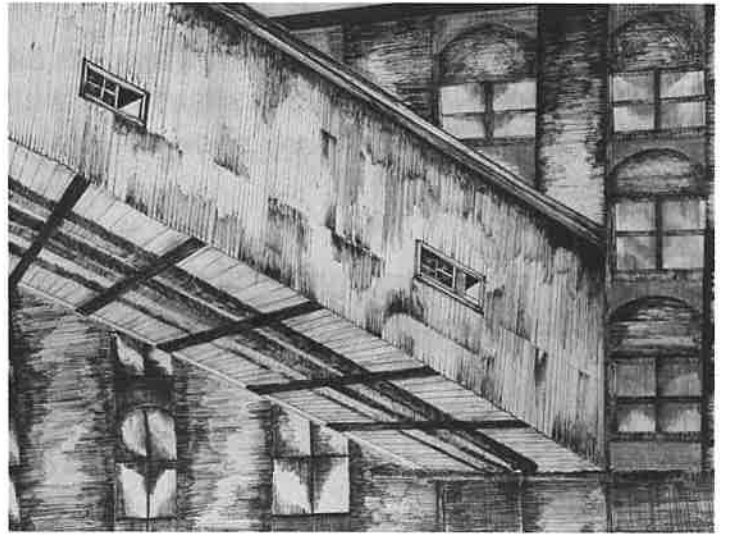
I fear the silence
I fear the loneliness
I talk and I try to be someone I'm not so people won't leave me
But it's those who truly love me where I can be myself
It's those who love me who see that look on my face
And know I'm dying inside
It's those around me who care about me
But it's those who surround me that have no idea
-Jamie Robinson '16



Christina Greco '14



Rachel Blanchette '14



Tina Thu '14



Matt Benson '14

Mannequin

I'm in the mall
laid-back and free spirited
that is until I get caught
by their cold, dead, unblinking eyes,
peering into my soul with uncanny eagerness.
their hollow essence looks to invade my mind
taking control of my body
and trapping me in its cold plastic sarcophagus
unable to scream or cry for help.
cursed to see my kin come and leave as they wish
unable to close my eyes, I silently cry without tears
as my impostor takes my place among my family.
-Jacob Basiliere '15



Eric Castrucci '15

Scenic Phenomenon: The Path of Art

*Walking into time
Falling into originality
Mother lost her prime
Inevitable fatality*

*Falling into originality
Look at the dazed stars
Inevitable fatality
Master of the arts*

*Look at the dazed stars
They are designed for you
Master of the arts
Painting what you do*

*They are designed for you
The way you sway
Painting what you do
I, confused, go your way*

*The way you sway
Leaves crunch in your core
I, confused, go your way
Eager to explore*

*Leaves crunch in your core
I succumb to your whim
Eager to explore
Sly eyes eat my limbs*

*I succumb to your whim
I'm on my knees
Sly eyes eat my limbs
"Have mercy," I beg and plead*

*I'm on my knees
Eyes closed
"Have mercy," I beg and plead
I feel disposed*

*Eyes closed
Psychedelic forest
I feel disposed
The endless darkness sings a chorus*

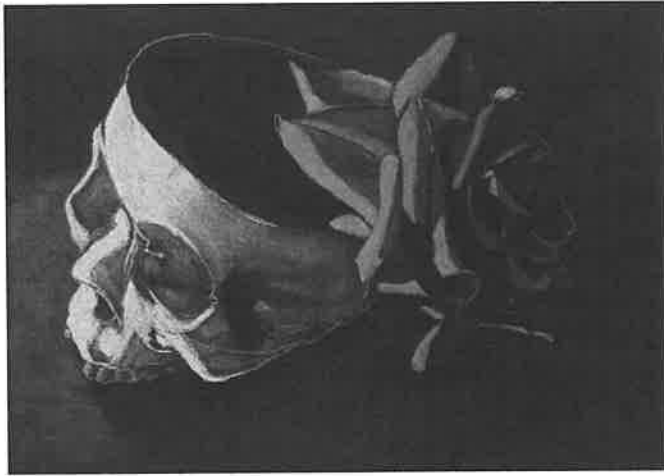
*Psychedelic forest
In a painting
The endless darkness sings a chorus
Closure is gaining*

*In a painting
I see the light
Closure is gaining
I gain my sight*

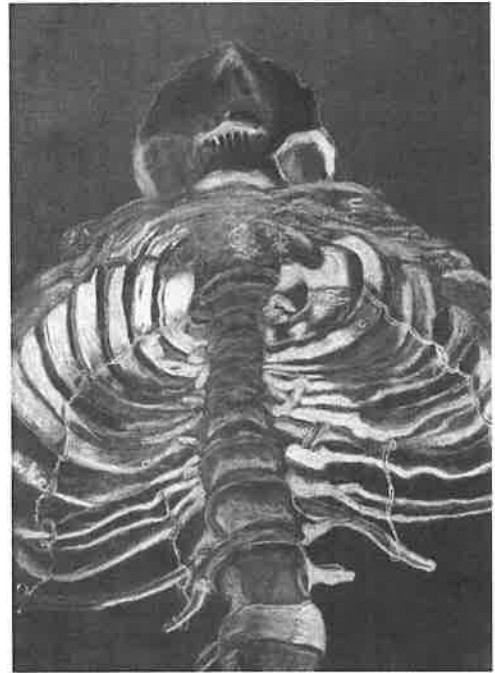
*I see the light
And reach my zen
I gain my sight
And look again.
-Jahzmin Walker '14*



Jahzmin Walker '14



Tony Wang '15



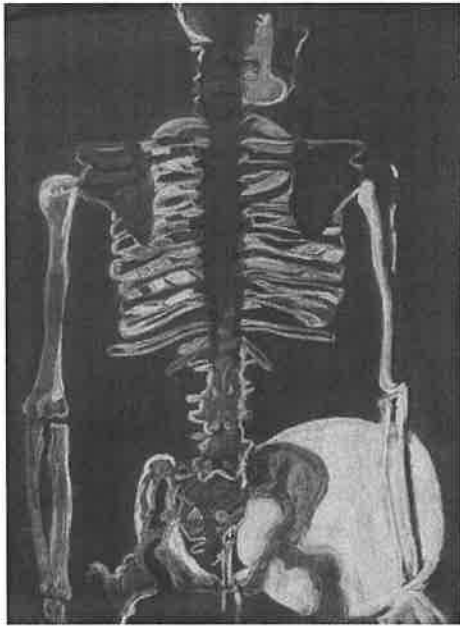
Emma Bolduc '15



Marisa Sierra '14



Paul Salibe '14



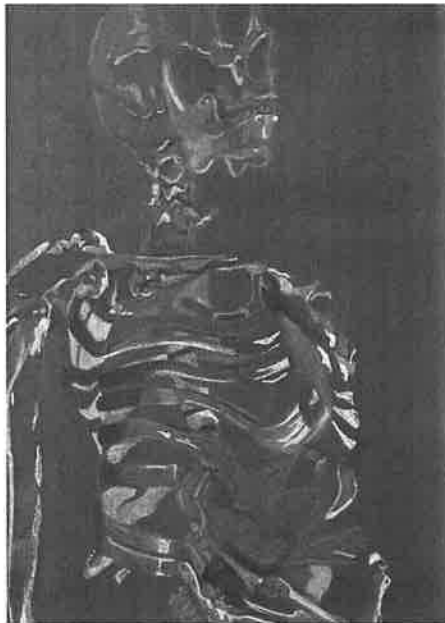
Chantall Ontivero '15



Jeanmerli Gonzalez '15



Makaela DeLucca '14



Alex August '15



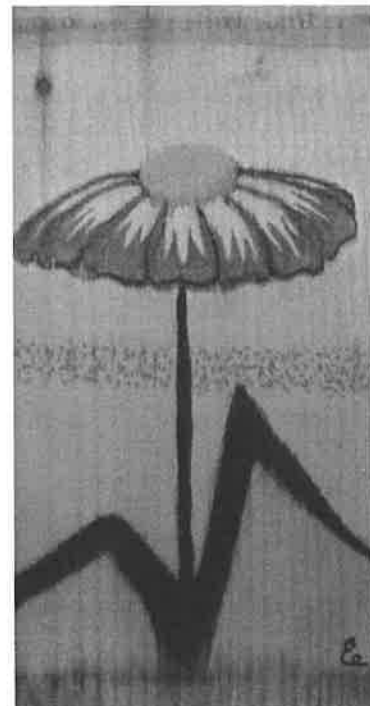
-Lily- Li Rong '14

To the Beach

An old man
would often call out in the twine-like
hours when all suspended on a thread
my bare feet running on sand
when rusted gates, endless fields
of my imagination I flew past to the beach;
past the watered-down streets,
the magnificent ones that were about to float away
paint speckled off the siding in the beach house style
my orange-tint bicycle chain, having nearly broken away,
dangles from the gears, my feet pedaling to the sands, songful
when I hear the old man
sing out in the hazy hours, hear his voice stride
sweetened and even, calling out to the crane birds
my bicycle, a metal mess I adore
rides past, glides past the wizened man,
my tires imprinting the shore.
-Carina Imbornone '16



Jillian Wright '14



Elizabeth Demers '16



Stephanie Sauvageau '14



Robbie Zipper '15



Tara Chastain '15



Marcus Jimenez '15



Chantall Ontivero '15



Bridget Vasques '15



-Bob- Jiayang Mei '15



Alex Ward '15



-Tracy- Tianya Li '14



Visions Coffee House 2014!



Autograph here!



Mikayla Gigandet '14