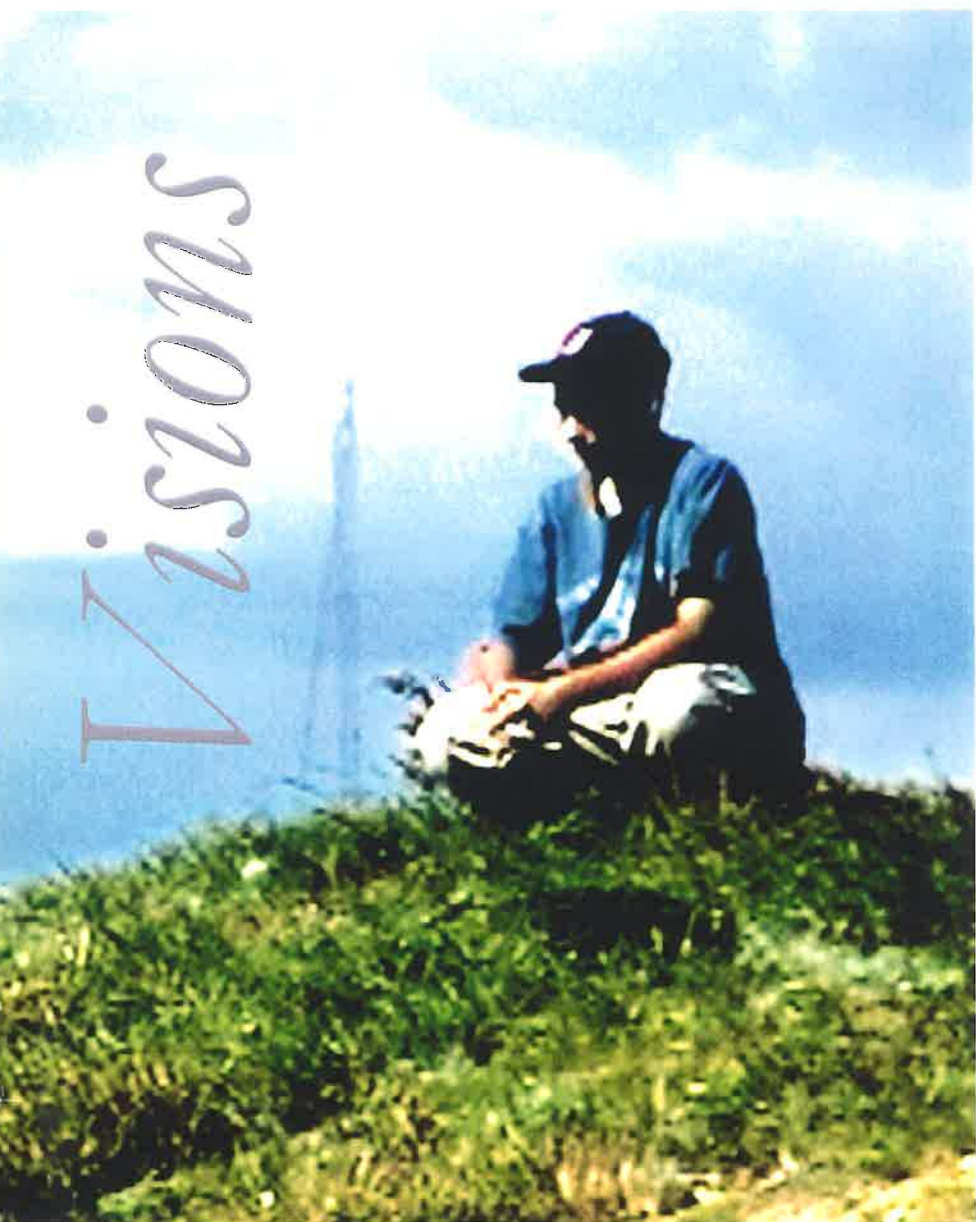


# Visions



**The editorial staff dedicates this issue to Mrs. Merrill, who has worked tirelessly and thanklessly for our community and, in particular, has continually supported this magazine and all of its writers.**

**Thank you.**



**Poetry is the art of creating imaginary gardens  
with real toads.**

**- Marianne Moore**

**Writing is a socially acceptable form of  
schizophrenia.**

**- E.L. Doctorow**

**Vision – it reaches beyond the thing that is, into  
the conception of what can be. Imagination gives  
you the picture. Vision gives you the impulse to  
make the picture your own.**

**- Robert Collier**

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- Finally, to all those students and staff members who have supported this magazine by reading it. It has been a wonderful, extraordinarily successful year for our magazine, and it is all due to each and every one of you for making our time, effort, and creativity worthwhile.





## Heather

The day was windy as Bob and Heather walked along.  
The field was gold, the wind was strong.  
The field was full of chaff<sup>1</sup> and heather,  
Which swirled in the air from the windy weather.  
And never shall Bob forget, that windy day,  
How he walked along, and Heather blew away.

*Faith Johnston*  
*Senior Year*

---

<sup>1</sup> Chaff: The husks of grain after separation from the seed.

## My Ocean

Tides of my life  
Crash  
As the flower of yesterday  
Wilts  
The fire in my soul  
Burns  
While the icy wind within  
Numbs

The moon is perpetually  
Pulling  
Me in closer to the  
Precipice  
I feel its  
Urgency  
As the tides of my life  
Crash

Millions of doors  
Slam  
Shutting out wilting  
Yesterday  
Smothering my  
Soul  
With breezy  
Nothingness  
As the tides of my life  
Crash

*Kayla Hasbrook*  
*Sophomore Year*



---

the land wears a look  
of spring on its face.  
As the snow forfeits the grass  
you know we've won  
the long battle of winter.  
as the lakes rise and  
the rivers over flow,  
soon we'll return to  
tee-shirt clad picnics  
in the backyard  
sipping juice boxes,  
eating peanut butter  
and jelly sandwiches  
under that old oak tree.  
we'll wake to the soft  
call of a mourning dove,  
you and i,  
opposed to the cold harsh  
howl of a january wind.  
it'll be barefoot season  
with our pant legs rolled up.  
The soft muddy ground  
is a stage where we can  
be anything we want to be.

we'll have the world  
at our fingertips,  
and all the time in it.

*Julia Tredeau*  
*Freshman Year*

## I'm a Big Girl Now

I remember precisely what my first lip gloss smelt like  
Bubble gum, shallow shine from a candy manufactured in a tube  
I never tested different kinds of lip gloss, just bubble gum  
I would rub my little lips together so I sampled a tiny taste of maturity

I was so happy when all the hair on my legs smoothed away  
A sparkling baby blue Sensor Excel razor did it  
I tried all different painful ways  
I still have a substantial scar

Yesterday I made an enemy  
A boy  
The first boy who didn't have cooties  
The left side of my chest crumbled as I slammed the phone

On November 11<sup>th</sup> someone I knew took a trip  
In a limousine  
I never saw him again  
I always ask Daddy why

I played pretend  
I was president  
I just focused on what was good for my country  
So many decisions to make  
But that's okay I'm a big girl now

*Stacey Foster*  
*Sophomore Year*

## And Now Ladies and Gentlemen, the Truth

Welcome to the festivities, good reader. Today's main feature will be me answering the unaddressed questions. Quite an entertaining bill. Oh, quiet, my literate friend, here I come.

(Enter stage right, an average size man whose age could be guessed accurately at seventeen. He approaches a large podium, with dozens of microphones from different time periods attached, at a pleasantly slow walk.)

Hey reader, you must admit, he is quite handsome or at least not terribly ugly. And sense of style, too. Not many people can pull off a pinstripe suit with a pink dress shirt.

(The main event pauses in front of the podium for the sake of the photographers and poses showing his wingtip dress shoes and elegant gold capped cane. A quick flash of his extra large smile brings the room up to speed with his mood.)

My dear reader, he is feeling grand tonight. Reader, you will hear intelligent answers tonight. Well, as intelligent as I get. Quiet, I think I am going to start taking questions. Shhh.

"Well, good people, you know me and why I am here. Your questions, please."

"Why are you so handsome?"

"Gift of the Creator."

"Why are you so ugly?"

"Curse of the Great Magnet."

"Why are you so obsessed with quotes?"

"An easy way to seem intelligent without really thinking of anything new."

"What is the most beautiful sight in the world?"

"A young woman's face after a long kiss or the sunrise on a cold winter's morning. I cannot decide."

"What is the most beautiful feeling in the world?"

"A quiet rain that catches you outside in the summer without a shirt on."

"Since when did you become a nature freak?"

"Always been. I just hide it well."

"What's your favorite book?"

"I don't believe in one favorite book. My first favorite book was *The Outsiders*, though."

"What's the meaning of life?"

"You have the wrong department. Forward all 'meaning of life' style questions to God, Allah, or the Great Incinerator."

"Who is the most important person in the world to you?"

"Myself."

"Why?"

"I am simply selfish or narcissistic, if you like intelligent sounding words."

"Besides yourself, who is your favorite author?"

"Samuel L. Clemens. Funny guy. He knew how long, or more importantly, how short a story should be. That is true talent – knowing how brief your own story should be."

"Who is your least favorite author?"

"I do not believe in least favorites. My most hated author is Nathaniel Hawthorne. If I had a time machine, I would go back and confront him, the long winded and bitter idiot."

"Why have you stopped going to Church?"

"If I hear one more homily on the significance of God's destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, I will go absolutely bananas. Religion is good only when taken in small amounts."

"Do you still pray?"

"When I lose hope or faith in humanity, yes."

"How do you see God?"

"As a stand up comedian."

"Seriously?"

"Never. Being serious is the greatest downfall man."

"What about women?"

"I love them. I could not live without them."

"No, what is the greatest downfall of women?"

"Letting men bring them down with us."

"Do you like being a man?"

"It has its advantages."

"What is it that you like about children?"

"Incorruptible innocence, if it exists, could only be found in children."

"Why do you write?"

"Because I am a lonely, bitter man."

"Why name this story 'the Truth'?"

"The undeniable fact about 'truth' is that, the truth is hardly ever itself. The 'truth' is more aptly called that which is acceptable."

"But you said you would give the 'truth'."

"I am also a horribly compulsive liar."

"What do you mean then? What is the 'truth'?"

"Image is reality. You only accept my 'truth' because your image of me coincides with thoughts I have been giving you. Change my image and the thoughts become less acceptable and thus they are not the 'truth'."

"How can we find the real truth?"

"The Grand Joke of the Great Magnet, there is no real truth, only images. I only know the real truth about myself."

"Can you share that with us?"

Just then the Great Magnet intervened and the curtains closed. The main event left the podium with a grand smile. He finally understood how funny things truly are.

*Andrew Lawrence*  
*Junior Year*

---

beyond doubt  
and the orange skies  
and blue fires

beyond truth  
where the sun sleeps  
with the rest of her stars

beyond all these secrets  
that are kept  
tucked away beneath oceans

is where you  
have made a place for yourself  
within my forever.

*Carolyn Arcabascio*  
*Junior Year*



## A Young Man's Grief

A man sat on a bench  
Along the riverside  
Holding a bowler hat.

He looked at the ground  
His eyes fixed on one spot  
As he moved his hat around in his hands

His shoulders were hunched over  
And they only rose once  
Just before he let out a long sigh.

Looking up from my book  
I noticed that he had begun to cry.  
It was a silent, woeful weeping.

I must tell you that I soon lost interest in the book I was reading  
As this young man's sorrow  
Shadowed whatever enjoyment the story had produced.

The man suddenly took a deep breath  
To stop his body from further trembling  
And he stood up.

His eyes shimmered like the surface of the water  
As he walked along the green banks of that river  
Until he reached a sturdy, stone bridge.

He started walking across the bridge  
And stopped halfway  
To look down at the river once more.

After a moment, he took another deep breath  
This one seeming somehow different  
Containing, perhaps, a hint of hope.

He replaced his hat upon his head  
And completed his journey across the bridge  
His appearance bearing less gloom, more confidence.

I was about to return to my book, my mind now at ease  
When I noticed a golden glimmer by the bench  
Upon which the young man had sat.

I ventured to discover mysterious sparkle  
And found a small, polished locket  
Containing the portrait of a young woman.

I looked up and tried to locate the young man  
But found myself alone in my silent surroundings  
Holding what I believe to be a young man's treasure,  
A young man's grief.

*Zachary Cummings*  
*Sophomore Year*



## Unjust

Jealousy or Love?  
You find majesty because of attraction,  
Not allure thanks to beauty.  
You see beyond looks and sexuality,  
Trying to defend her from what she doesn't see.  
Envy or devotion?  
Naïve and Young, the lot of you,  
Love, love is fleeting.  
Implicate no others,  
You can't blame anyone but yourself.  
Resent or adoration?  
She is my face of God,  
He is my face of God.  
I was blessed with these friendships,  
Either notion, either decision I am unjust.  
Jealousy or love, neither holds its ground.

*Alex Dyson*

*Sophomore Year*

## Once and Again

I woke up in the morning  
Angry at my alarm clock  
For doing this to me  
Tripped over the rug  
Fell into the bathroom  
Brushed my teeth  
Pulled up my wrinkled khaki “chinos”  
And buttoned my shirt  
With my hair a mess  
And freshly deodorized  
Walked to the car  
Pulled down by my bag  
Semi-conscious for the 20-minute ride  
Hurt myself on my locker  
Heard gossip in homeroom  
Forgot a book here  
Needed a number two pencil there  
Ate peanut butter and jelly  
Drudged through history  
Slept through math  
Couldn't wait till school got out  
Only to wait  
An hour  
For my ride  
Relaxed for 20 minutes back  
Ate some of my mom's cooking  
With too much salt  
Rushed through homework  
Talked to friends  
Got distracted by the TV  
Brushed my teeth  
Got on my pajamas  
Lay in bed  
Listened to cars go by  
As their headlights floated over my walls  
Put my hands behind my head  
And thought

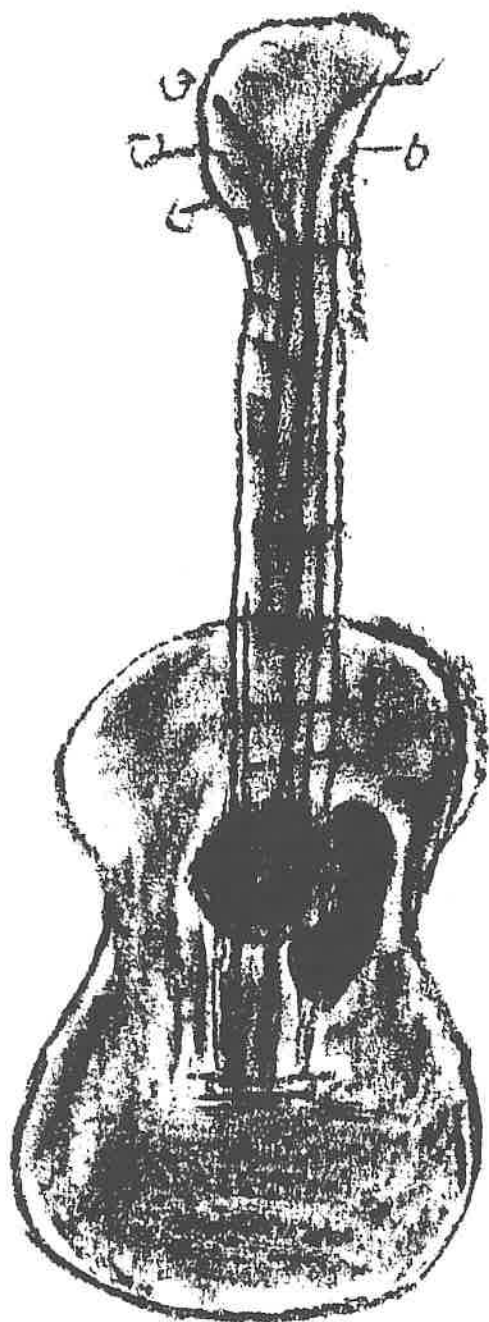
I'll never live this day again.

*Urvesh Shelat*  
*Sophomore Year*

## Song

The vibration of the silver strings  
Touches me  
Moves me  
Is me.  
As fingers, quick and light  
Move delicately across the golden barriers.  
The fingers obey my commands;  
Shift!  
Bend!  
Vibrate!  
And then, it is over  
And the woven threads ring  
With the rolling, resonating sound,  
Of a final, dying chord.

*Keith Martin*  
*Sophomore Year*



*Handwritten signature or mark.*

## A Day in the Parking Lot

I had my hands in my pockets  
And I was sort of swaying back and forth on my heels  
A girl hit her head on a car door  
Honestly, I wanted to laugh  
But from somewhere deep inside of me, or not so deep inside  
I sincerely wanted to ask her if she was ok  
But I decided not to and walked away.

*Jeff Torrice*  
*Senior Year*



---

If the sky were as beautiful as it was tonight every night... I'd never live a moment without a smile.

I traveled the road like any other - the music blared in an attempt to keep me company- yet sleeplessness began to set in.

I drove feeling desperate; knowing the work that lay ahead would be strenuous... but then my eyes took to the sky and my mood changed.

The baby blue background in the sky, masked by the warm tiger stripes, covered the north wall on God's canvas.

Black figures rose from the cold concrete- their profiles in black- bellowing smoke before the days end.

I prayed that I may break down with a flat and be forced to sit and watch the Sun belt out Her last rays of the day.

"I'm not finished yet! I'll be back in the morrow to show you what ye've yet to get. No, ye need not check for I know better than ye I'm not finished yet," She called.

A red light - and a sigh of relief. I marvel at the sight- I want to chase Her, the glorious maker of the day, and say,

"Thank you, o thanks, but only let me lay within your booming rays and be ever so gay, o I pray, let me lay in your rays."

Said She, "But from whom shall all the others get their light- for I am on the move and flight - say not a word, nor fight, but think ye of all the others and their plights."

Green - o you envious contraption- you man-made shoddy, why do you force me to press on and leave my release?

The road, instilled in my mind comes back into focus and my stomach cries and my eyes ache - my heart taps and my fingers burn. The cadaverous road spills on.

"Do not give up - ye know too well that ye are not under a spell. Trust yer heart and do not dispel- true courage ye shall show.... True courage ye will tell."

I take the left and continue forward- She presented me with a challenge to end this day- to believe and be all that I can.

Its up to me only to say how I feel and speak what I know- but how? Who knows?

...But its alright.

My light was going out, but She rekindled me, showing me the way. I may not shine or radiate those golden waves of light,

But I know that my actions will shine brighter than any star, than any moon, and maybe even someday... any Sun.

Tonight, our meeting was brief... but there's always tomorrow - and the next day - and the next - because after all is said and done

"One good deed is better than three days of fasting at a shrine."

*Bobby Ringuette*  
*Junior Year*

## In Armor

I am the most noble of knights,  
The most fearless in fights.  
I will display my skills in a minute or two,  
But right now I have something I must attend to.  
For there's a mosquito in my armor, and it's having quite a feast,  
No dragon do I want to kill more than this pesky beast.  
It is taking an hour to get out of the armor of steel,  
And I am quite afraid the mosquito is supersizing its meal.  
But my armor is off, and I am now free,  
And this mosquito must face punishment from me.  
But it has landed on my back in the spot I cannot reach,  
So I hit, and I hit, and let out a painful screech.  
"Quick," I yell to the page, "it's there on my back!"  
But it got away and I got the smack.  
Now it has taken an hour to get my armor back on,  
And many who were here before have for some reason gone.  
But I am ready to show my skills but before I move a twitch,  
I need my armor off again because I have an itch.

*Faith Johnston*  
*Senior Year*



Elizabeth  
Pickey '03"

---

Life is like a game  
there are those that like to cheat  
some merely call it 'game enhancement'  
i call it evil  
the cheaters of life  
the betrayers of souls  
like beasts, they gnaw  
gnaw gnaw gnawing at my bones  
causing me to endlessly gnash my teeth  
I gnash my teeth and beat my wrists together  
I lash at them but still they come back  
will they ever relent?  
but alas they won't  
it's my burden to bear,  
knowledge is my curse  
stupidity is theirs  
i assure you that the truth you don't want to see  
isn't a place i want you to be  
life is fruitless in the end,  
unless you trust the true impulse  
trust nothing but your heart  
do not cheat  
do not enhance  
do not betray  
do not bite  
relent  
relent  
relent

*Mike Swinarski*  
*Junior Year*

---

Your words are blown away  
On the whispering wind  
And another night's silence  
Falls over everything

Your thoughts are swept away  
With the mumbling of the thin brook  
And the cool evening breezes  
Drift through our fingertips

And all that's left in the silence and cool  
Are your wholehearted feelings  
Nestled deep inside  
Further than any real thought or sound or motion

*Elizabeth Ard*  
*Junior Year*

## Suicide Machine

The rising sun's heat swelled up from the black asphalt in shimmering waves. Little eddies of hot air danced across the road to the duet of a 400 RA and 427 ZL1. At the end of the symphony, both engines shut down; the Pontiac before the Chevy. The ensuing silence created a vacuum that sucked in the morning's humid air and regurgitated it in a hot gust of wind. Two doors opened as the sun climbed another rung towards its zenith, and the shadows of the recently emerged men were split in two and combined in the middle of the tarmac. Their steeds waited to their sides in anticipative stillness. The duelists met halfway, their shadows forming a cross that stretched about 10 feet back into the fading darkness of early morning. It beckoned to them, to leave, but the two metal behemoths guarded them in, threatening to chase down anything that tried to escape the dawn. The men wouldn't have run anyway. They looked the same way the headlights did, twice as jadedly through their aviator sunglasses. In the darkness in a ditch in the side of the road sat Sachie, watching nervously.

The hood of the Camaro went up, and all of its chrome teeth glinted in a hideous grin as it greeted another California sunrise. Its breath was still hot; the engine hadn't been off for long. The dentist began to work. In the opposing corner, the upper mandible of the GTO drooled a few drops of water created by the condensation of the humid air by the massive 400. It was hungry – maybe even more so than the Chevrolet across from it. Both machines stolidly stared at the roadway; the sun performed a strip tease, lifting the skirt of night slowly but without any hint of end. This erotic dance of shadows made the animals impatient, and they waited for their opportunities to ravish – to rape the blacktop.

Sachie thought they were yawning with boredom. Not at the prospect of what was to come, but at everything in between. They were still shackled to the road, and in turn the men working inside their gaping mouths were shackled to them. Sachie turned her focus from the checkup to her left, to the near-barren and dusty roadside. A tuft of sickly grass spasmodically swayed in the occasional gusts of wind. A piece of black trash bag writhed in pain on a small piece of hot asphalt, twisting and contorting before the heat eventually shriveled it up into a withered ball that rolled off to the side. She plucked a piece of the brittle grass and bent it around her finger like a ring. The sides of it frayed and branched out like straw. When she tried twisting it together like a ring, it snapped and blew away. The grotesque and seemingly interminable yawns ended with the bangs of the two metal jaws clenching again in their war faces. Sachie tucked her knees up to her chest, rocked forward, stopped in hesitation, and stood up. She wiped the dust and dirt as best she could from her legs and under her skirt, which had hiked up from her position. She pulled it back down to the bottom of her thighs and squinted as her eyes met the flares of light that covered the armor of the jousting knights on the road. She wanted to cry.

The doors opened up and the jacks went back into their boxes. Both beasts inhaled deeply as their keys turned, and exhaled gray plumes of smoke through shining chrome tailpipes. The GTO shook its carburetors furiously at the Camaro, which responded by blowing its silver nostrils like a bull. Two bulls, horns down ready to chase the thin red cape of sunrise in the distance. They padded at the ground madly,

eager to charge forward and gore the sky. The 427 let out an animalistic roar, and the 400 answered it. It was a deadly mating call to Sachie. Two frogs puffing out their necks, or two gorillas beating their chests. Sachie walked stiffly and mournfully into the road. She felt a gaze, a desire for her spilling out from the rumbling monoliths a few feet in front of her. The exhaust wrapped itself around her ankles. There were two eight-cylinder hearts mechanically beating, waiting forever to stop.

The axe fell at 6000rpm. The number reflected itself in Ray-Ban sunglasses, where it took several seconds to process. It moved from a number to an impulse running along fleshy synapses in a series of small electric currents into an arm. The arm shifted a white knob on the end of a metal pole into an upper left slot. A spark and a shifting of gears happened in a fraction of the same time. Claws dug into earth and the beasts lurched forward. They rode up like speedboats and left wakes of split air in the surf of thick morning haze. The eight tires had vice grips on the asphalt as they clambered and struggled towards a horizontal summit. An emotional summit that neither beast nor machine, Sachie thought, could pass.

Sachie felt like she was intoxicated and drowning in a jar of molasses. Time slowed down and distorted itself. The tires left thick black lines like contrails from a jet on the road as the cars shrunk rapidly, breaking away from the road, the morning, the face of the Earth, and Sachie's reality. Infinitely faster and infinitesimally smaller in her thin black eyes; with the sun twinkling on them like St. Elmo's fire, she watched them streak down the road. Fate applied pressure to the dead lungs of the wind and one last breath graced the world. One last icy breath. A misfire? It was something worse. The dentist hadn't been pragmatic enough. The GTO choked. The head gasket exploded. A small metal splinter shot through the fuel line like a javelin. What were the odds? Sachie heard the next explosion; it was not a misfire. The leftmost of the distant shapes swerved sharply. It was all a movie. A crash. Signs. What did they say? The Camaro's distant rumble cut out. Yelling. Another sign. CHP. Sirens. Sachie knelt with her legs sprawled to her sides like bent paperclips. Her perception of reality had melted. She put the thin silver chain of her pendant in her mouth. The pendant. Her brother had given it to her before he left for Da Nang. When was that? It was a while ago, she had been in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. She remembered the puzzle box on the floor in her room that he gave her when he went to Japan to see their grandfather. When was that? She squeezed the pendant. Another faster siren invaded her thoughts. She clenched her hand on the soft silver of the pendant until her honey colored skin turned rigor mortis white. Like her brother when he came home in the box. They had sewed his face back together; Sachie knew she wasn't supposed to look. She heard a jangling sound like cowboys in the spaghetti western she saw last night made. Jack boots. His face looked like it had slid to the side. They kept most of his features in tact, but maybe she hadn't understood like they did. "Excuse me ma'am." There was a lot of crying and Grandfather Akaboshi and Aunt Chie came over for the funeral. "Ma'am?"

"Yes?"

"Are you..." he trailed off. She nodded or shook her head whenever he paused and waited for her response. They'd found most of his face; his jaw was wired to the side like the wise-talking gangsters in the racketeer movies. The thin razor-like cuts looked like the shadow of a widow's veil. "Ma'am?"

"Yes?"

"We'd like your help... to identify the body."

*Dan Sofio  
Junior Year*

## One Heart Learns Valor

Past a life, a new face to me,  
I come to seek a new path.  
A familiar one, yet change always finds me,  
A day falls, with a hand in mine.  
So much lost, she's yet to come,  
I run with the stars, away from time.  
My feelings now overcome, I finally find that place,  
A heart's magnitude, on feeling alone.  
Life's memento comes in an instant,  
My eyes wander in awe at my destiny.  
She brought me here, no hint of defeat,  
An eternal embrace, I'm almost complete.  
Love is that world turned upside-down,  
An eternity in one second and my last victory.  
My future smiles, with promise of new dreams,  
I will never let go, never recede.  
With those eyes to guide, I seem to have wings,  
My heart's beat, now true valor.

*Dan O'Brien*  
*Junior Year*



## For You

My hair seems to have  
sprung forth from its roots wildly,  
And without control or order  
Curling and twisting  
at the tickling grasp of the wind  
A low, humming moan slides out of the empty bottle  
with the tired sea breeze  
Oh, how your eyes give me such warmth  
much greater than the blazing sun  
Kiss me again, and again  
Please  
I swear to never pull away  
If it seems that will soon happen, then hold me there  
by running your fingers  
through my curling hair damp with your touch  
Be not without me  
Kiss me again, and two times more  
for each one before it

*Tim Michitson*  
*Junior Year*

## Coffee Shop

With the blustery wind beating down my back  
Without a polite pardon or excuse me,  
My eyes settle upon the shop resting on the corner  
With two grey stones short of a cobblestone sidewalk.

It is a relief to lean against the gate of warmth  
And allow my body to relax in the softness  
Of its palm. And without recompense or money for a mug,  
I drink with my third eye all that surrounds me.

The duo sitting aside of me, perhaps  
On first date, is masked in thick slices  
Of awkwardness. She bows her head, descending  
At such a particular angle that her shoulders  
Droop to the same melody of the jazz music...  
Swaying somewhere in the milieu.

Noticing, with her first or second  
Eye perhaps, the trinkets waltzing with her fingers,  
She describes, stepping on the toes of once  
Trotted words, each with a certain dull detail.  
He squints his eyes furiously, attempting to see through  
The shadows and saunter onto the dance floor.  
Isn't that a sapphire?

And across the room sits a boy buried in a book  
With a splintered shovel in his hands  
Digging desperately through mounds of Hawthorne  
To sweet repose. The dirt takes refuge under his fingernails,  
And though he can hear the sun lightly tapping  
The window facing him, he knows he can  
Never touch it.

As for me, with wits as my pencil and  
Memory as the notebook, I continue to gulp down the  
People rushing about, most wishing they were  
Somewhere else. Some turn to look at me, pausing just  
Long enough to wonder what this kid is doing sitting, staring,  
Sitting, staring. And soon I lean back and become  
Invisible, a part of the green chair that consumes me.

*Elisabeth Lohmueller*  
*Junior Year*

## I see you in silence

When I hear your name  
I smile with admiration  
You've achieved everything  
I want to achieve  
With a heart so big  
And words so wise  
You're everything I want to be  
And so perfect in my eyes  
If only I had the courage  
To talk to you.

*Hayley Mackay*  
*Junior Year*

*Sophomore Year*  
*Stacey Foster*

We are who we were before  
When we grow up  
we will be  
So when we become who  
made us do what we did today  
and carefree days  
invincibility  
imaginary friends  
But, we must remember our  
older things  
more fulfilling  
different  
So we move onto  
grand expectations  
don't fill their  
sparkle  
lose their  
and places  
holidays  
Birthdays  
as we grow up  
we will be  
As we become who  
and stayed with us  
shaped us  
What they did



Composition #18:  
*Quiet Pleadings in Sterile Morning*

1<sup>st</sup> Movement: *Prelude to Desire*

My ears catch the haunting tune  
                                    of some half-heard harmony  
Drifting somewhere just above my head.  
                                    I strain, and it is lost.  
Except for the fading traces of  
                                    lovely, breezy melody.

2<sup>nd</sup> Movement: *Strings Sting the Air*

My tears

Would be the rains, sharp and somber,  
                                    that pelt her fields;  
the skies, ominous and o'ercast,  
                                    that billow black along her shores;  
the winds, aft and angry,  
                                    that tip boats in her harbor.

Her smile

Would be the seed, fertile and fine-spun,  
                                    that yields my flora;  
the wren, harmonic and hallowed,  
                                    that sings life into worn wearies;  
the sun, wanton and waning,  
                                    that bids the plains good night.

3<sup>rd</sup> Movement: *Familiar Strain*

lost leaves,  
once thought dead  
and swept up with  
the twigs,  
rustle and stir  
and  
tango in the wind

4<sup>th</sup> Movement: *Solitary Night Waltz*

Moon Sniffing.  
Are you crying out  
for me  
    And my lady love?

Why, Night is thunderous.  
When the only light  
there is  
    Comes from memory past.

Dreams flail out in agony.  
Now has all the good  
gone by.  
    On to better things?

Moon stalking me.  
Cannot your comfort  
beauty  
    Me, my empty sleep.

Why, Night is soaking me  
In the coldness of  
the black  
    Where the silver dies.

Dreams depart in apathy.  
Content to leave  
alone  
    In my lovelessness.

Restless limbs grow still and silenced.

*Brendan Molloy*  
*Senior Year*

## End the Beginning

One mind... one soul... one heart...  
Soiled, raped to the point of imperfection.  
Have I lived?  
Have I loved?  
End?  
No, no, no, of course not.  
Still time for creation to destroy in wake of need.  
Still time for love and hate.  
The hate that spawns love,  
Love giving rise to hate,  
There are so many ties  
But with hate, you give nothing,  
In loving, you give up all.  
Yet in spite of it all I believe,  
And that may be my downfall.  
What can you learn from what I write?  
Ecstasy...obsession...despair...depression...  
Have I lived?  
What can you learn from what I write?  
Ecstasy...obsession...despair...depression...  
Have you loved?  
Time to grasp the reigns,  
As many before have tried and failed,  
Tried and slipped,  
Tried and... ended...  
How to keep hope, it's all so bleak...  
Knowledge is glorified sorrow...  
But in the... end ignorance is a hollow joy...

*Alex Dyson*  
*Sophomore Year*



## Sensation

In my veins  
Swarms an enigmatic sensation  
Beyond that of man's design  
But that of his oblique creation

Within me lies this feeling  
Flowing through with no penitence  
A blinding desire  
Set ablaze by desolate sentiments

My eyes scan the water  
Seeing the waves crashing in between  
But nothing silences  
This rival gone unseen

Wake me from this nightmare  
Revive me before I suffocate  
Lie to me and tell me it's all right  
Distract me from this lifeless fate

It's taking over now  
No more of me to let go  
I've lost all of my control  
Sinking below so very slow

The grave opens underneath my feet  
Oblivion beckoning deep inside  
Maybe this is pristine rebirth  
Or maybe I've already died

I've closed my eyes now  
Drifted off into sleep  
Forever cold and buried  
Never again allowed to weep

*Christopher Rennie*  
*Junior Year*

## A Good Friend

I know you're tired, feeling down and empty, and I'm sorry. You mean so much to me and I never show it. Wherever I go you are with me. Through the good times and the bad times. You are the reason I go where I do. You are the friend I can always count on. So many great things have happened to me because of you, some bad things too but that's not your fault. We've gone so far to so many places and always made it back alright. You've always been able to tell me how you feel better than anyone I know. You've been with me through the times I've been wasting away and unable to be myself. And I know I've been cruel and upset at you, maybe even yelled but you know I didn't mean it. And for all those times, you never yelled back. I love you gas tank indicator light.

*Nicholas Valcourt*  
*Senior Year*

## People

I see them every day  
I see their flaws  
I don't change them  
I don't stereotype them  
They are people.

They see me every day  
They see my flaws  
They don't change me  
I can't be stereotyped  
I am a person.

*Chris Finn*  
*Junior Year*

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Oceans.  
Oceans have seen great triumphs and great devastations of man.  
But I am not an ocean.  
I am paper.  
I tear.

*Jeff Torrice*  
*Senior Year*

## My One, My All, My Everything

From the moment I breathed your purest of lights,  
    You were my everything.  
The intangible words you whisper into my heart,  
    My mind,  
    My very being,  
Are those of the Siren's utmost angelic song.

I take your hand, as your cubic fingertips give weightlessness to my feet  
    And uplift my soul to boundaries anew.  
    As my eyes break the seal  
    I have never seen this twilight,  
    This moment,  
    This place.  
    You assure me that all is well,  
And that is everything my unknowing presence needs  
    For I trust in you  
    With my love and my life.

I sense that this mysterious place was once that of emptiness,  
    A barren crevice,  
    A shadowed corner,  
    For love had never caressed the surface.  
    As I shiver in your arms  
    You hold me close,  
For I feel the cold of this darkest of deserts.

    As your spirit enlightens me, I lift my head,  
    Your gentle touch reminds me that I am safe,  
Your lips radiate that of pure love, in its brightest and most rare form.  
    As we enter this timeless oblivion,  
    I am awakened.  
For this once empty haven is now and forever flourishing,  
    With immortal auras of you.

*Michael Ferreira*  
*Junior Year*

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Pristine droplets rolling  
In Harmony as  
The crickets  
Bring us melodies

In this pearly gray  
Light we are Magical beings  
Lovers drinking in the  
Moist summer breeze

Captured in this mystical hour  
We become immortal  
As leaves whisper to us  
Sweet songs that embrace our Souls

And then they Dance.  
Up through the leavescapes  
Entwined Immortal Harmony

*Emily Franz*  
*Junior Year*

## Spare Change

Spare change on the concrete sidewalk,  
Some lucky kid's eyes are gonna shine.  
It's the little things, darling, in life –  
All that's small is what matters.

A man stumbles through this plastic labyrinth,  
Trapped in the numbers, a soul on paper –  
The kid kept in the mahogany frame,  
The stars kept behind the drawn shade, always.

But the moon was so round last night,  
The kid with the nickels and pennies noticed.  
In bed he dreamed someone  
Walking through the stars picked it up.  
Yeah, he just strolled by, picked up  
And pocketed the moon.

*Carolyn Arcabascio*  
*Junior Year*

## Memories

Against that stiff bed and under the fluorescent lights, she looked almost hollow. Her cheeks were sunken deep into her mouth and it was as if her eyes were receding, retreating from the world so they wouldn't have to see so much. But what was there to see? Her hair was so white it was hard to tell where she ended and the sheets began. The room reeked of that melancholy drama mixed with Lysol that only a hospital and morgue can hold. Staring at her, she was beautiful. Listening to her, she was painful. She was a winter tree in the middle of a blizzard. So elegant and beautiful that you could almost taste the moment, but when she spoke it bit my heart. She spoke from so far down in her soul that her words were almost lost in her breath.

I wondered, half sitting on the windowsill, what goes through her mind all day. She lies there in a half-life. Not living, not sleeping, not awake, nor dead. Life has boiled itself down into a mere existence. With eyes the color of the pages of an aged book, she stares and loses herself in whatever secrets the room may hold. The shades must be drawn because the light is too bright and the TV is too harsh. She is left with that rich sickening smell that leaves your tongue bitter and a room drained of anything but white and pastels. Lying there, staring at the ceiling, dreaming of the stars, I wonder how the time goes by. The wall facing her bed showcases a clock, slowly spinning spirals in a hideous slap in the face. I wondered if she cursed that clock, or if she even knew it was there.

There was nothing more to say to her. I stood there and watched her lie. Turning once in a while and a net of tubes turning with her, sometimes holding her down. She had gone on and on about her childhood that she lived half a world away. When she was young she started cooking when she was five. When she was young she had to keep her head covered in front of her in-laws. When she was young she had to walk to the well to bring buckets of water before dawn. When she was young she was invincible. I writhed inside. My paradigm stood before me. I was fifteen and on top of the world. I could run in the wind and lie on my back with the stars at night. This was the beast that would consume me slowly from the inside out. Someday I would lie there, against rough sheets and living out of a plastic bag in my arm and telling someone about the ways of another generation. She grew quiet until we stood in familiar silence. I longed to hear her words again, clear and soft like the cool side of a pillow without the scratchy splinters they now carried. She spoke and her words bore the wrinkles that had entrenched themselves on her face. The cadences of her Gujarati were once invincible, I thought, and now they were fading away inside her soft shell.



The hum filled my ears. I didn't know if it was the tube lights, the oxygen, her morphine pump, or the angels in her breath, but it sang and would not stop. The way the blankets fell on her made shadows dance. In folds and creases they covered her sprawled body and rose with each breath. Rise and fall, rise and fall. I took a deep breath and let it out with my eyes shut. I took in every memory I had of playing cards or sitting on the counter while she cooked and told me to watch out for the oil. Whether she heard or just by coincidence, she turned her head from the wall to me. Her eyes shone in the light; they looked like marbles, clear on the outside with that silky wave of color in the middle. She let out a radiant smile, which was barely visible, and she took a deep breath, and fell back into whatever thoughts always drowned her mind.

*Urvesh Shelat*  
*Sophomore Year*

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You lie.  
Everything about you  
is a lie.

You always seem to copy  
my every move.  
So why does yours look smooth and fluid,  
while mine feels  
choppy and sporadic?

Your eyes,  
those sad,  
pathetic brown eyes  
hide your emotions better than I thought.

And your hair?  
That dull lifeless brown,  
you seem to actually take pride in it.

Your smile always wins compliments  
but I know you had to pay for it.  
Plus,  
who wants to smile all the time anyway?

See?  
Someone can see through you.  
I know all about what you hide.  
But don't worry,  
your secret's safe.  
After all,  
it's only me

and the mirror.

*Courtney Miller*  
*Sophomore Year*

## Sleeper

I am a sleeper  
For no dreams come  
To me while I lie

Though some may  
Think it's sad,  
Maybe even feel bad for me,  
But if you knew how I feel  
You would soon see me differently

Because though I'm a sleeper  
Does not mean I haven't dreamed  
For I have a thousand dreams  
But suddenly, a light through

But though I didn't figure it out,  
For quite awhile I have finally come to see  
That the reason I am a sleeper  
Is because I am living out my dreams.

*Deirdre Molloy*  
*Sophomore Year*

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In a never ending game of freeze tag  
I search for a piece of mind.

In this fantasy land  
The frozen are melting  
Dressed in a fabric that's unfolding  
Into puddles that drain into a sewer  
That is blandness.

I feel sorry for people sometimes.  
The people that feel the need  
For things like 38 flavors of ice cream  
And still can't manage to communicate with their peers.  
Sometimes I wonder if there's really life  
Outside my small town.  
Well—I suppose I know there is  
But I'm sure it's the same...  
There's one in every family right?

*Kayla Hasbrook*  
*Sophomore Year*

## Black and White

A line so defined, clear to the outsider, a blur upon investigation.  
I search the intricate shell of my soul,  
Seeking out the seaside within its depth.  
On which side does the sunrise, and will it set somewhere else?  
A capricious heart sees different shades  
With close examination the resolution disintegrates.  
A journey into the murky void  
Yields infinite discoveries of brilliant creation.  
Denial of my innate being is a line of black and white.  
I am comfortable in my shell of gray.

*Susan Mead*  
*Senior Year*

## Transfinite numbers: (t)here is sunshine.

fade in camera backs off like wounded animal promising itself itll find vengeance

Contrast wakes up with dull ringing in head his walls looked blue and the text on the poster hanging above his head screams NOW IT'S OVERHEARD into his rested eyes. Obsessive-compulsive and still unfinished paintings storm in a corner, perhaps the only account of disarray to be found in his bedroom with only the dust particles arranged in nonlinear fashion. Stretch rub eyes and it's another morning waking up without her. add monophonic emotion.

Hidden racist monoliths scribbled on careful walls punctured and torn. Compare with scrawled obscenities sprawled over sedative boundaries. image of her whispers "evaluate  
f ( iconoclasm ) = liberation  
"

He imagines slow matriarchal skeletons wither regain life wither regain wither life regain lifetimes of withering. Exponential paper stained a sterile off-white puts forth point that cycles are not cycles (cut to cyclic destruction.))surging sound output he claws at the strings he claws at the strings  
How existential of him to feel that he is misunderstood.  
disgusted with prurient virus of reaching for go(a)l(d).  
earlier sterile dissecting table staring  
deconstructing linear texts and  
hardbound neural concentration camps packaged for your convenience  
she accompanies him (in his mind )in frowning upon system of  
memorize memorize memorize regurgitate: pass  
understand open heart encourage think freely: fail  
already know what she would think of all this he imagines. He constructs reality new reality constant pneumatic shifting. writes a letter to her in pen because he is sure of this.

grotesque moment here.

Fast forward to high altitude living space – mathematical symmetry incessantly bleeds radio current. When he mentions her no one remembers her face no one has seen her face. Soon no one remembers his face either and he is distraught and reaching for aural relief.

Rewind rewind re— hyperkinetic scene in five dimensional hallway encounters with polar complexes and visions of austere stone faces falling ceiling to ground stretching.motionless floor tiles. Man disappears.

Late night bookstore. Insert more objectivist idiocy. They feel abstracts comparing writing and violence. still nothing. Contrast feels new york as miles to go before he would arrive and miles to go before he would reach a coplanar point farther away from initial point farther away from home than ever before. (new york(step into subterranean circuitous maze. And you look confused do you know where you're going? Being led

through cubistic glass destinations and escalators flickering like old film flicker flicker.  
he can't do it alone.) (read: urban night mare)

Late night drive not alone she is waiting as much as he. (Cut to dull pastel moon  
smudge scattered across apathetic skies.) Time compression does indeed balance time  
now slow and wishing against all odds. fade to insomnia in stereo.

(And static can still be heard miles from here And static can still be heard

Climax sequence begins now when he closes his eyes in foetal position in riot of sheets  
and pillows arranged in self-similar patterns. Sound never occurred in this space,  
images cut. Experience shadow time in delta state. In muted dreams he could see her  
radiant and full not the void in actuality that she is to everyone else. Oh summer can  
come early this year, she had said in a dream long ago, we can cross the threshold that's  
held us apart for so long.

"I need so badly for this to manifest." (so much, so little)

Dream images now depict her inside him because she only wants to dig a way out  
unbeknownst to him. souls boundless limitless Finite.

He remembered new york as infrasonic wave structures of extinction taped over  
manifest Planck's constant

now but a single dangling solitary point suspended above infinity vast ocean of fractal  
algorithms generating real Real REAL non-Euclidean reality. "oh i need for this to be  
real"

envision summer and angular countryside and in cities concrete modest buildings  
stretching upward toward implicate levels of infinity.

remembering precious nights that never took place remembering himself drunk on  
copper to behold every moment in days of salt and beauty

In a dream transmissions functioning no longer intercepted  
evaporating

diffusing through thin oh so thin membranes separ

(static swelled mind caused cranial fracture is pain only subjective psychological shriek  
swells stops at heart regains momentum ekk-span(d) out commadeer viole(n)t

antinodes)

ating ear canal input from pineal gland

Abrupt transition to mo(u)rning. He wakes up to new/same dissonant structures built  
high,subtle,constructed from disintegrating radio waves at 7:00 AM. Rub eyes and  
stretch this morning must surely be different must surely contain a new bit of waking  
life I FEEL something

and when he takes his fingers away from his eyes he realizes they were wet.

Please take notes on epiphany) she doesn't exist

Fade out white dot at center of screen as television is powered off.(

*Matthew Daly*  
*Junior Year*

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Just why do you wait for someone who leaves?  
And sit there in agony with your head held down?  
Promises always outlast their meaning,  
Drifting into silence and blank paper stares.  
Intentions are the cruelest when we mean them so little.  
As we bite down on our own failure,  
The lip of our own truth never tasted better.  
And still we remain idly waiting.  
Lost in our pretty boxes of crimson and dreams.  
The love is not there,  
The fruit has gone bad.  
Anger drowns the pool of wanting to return to what once was.  
So bitter our regret, so distant our hope.

*Mike Swinarski*  
*Junior Year*



## Early Saturday Morning

I wake  
I drag  
I splash  
I tumble  
I eat  
I rise  
I walk  
I sit  
I stare  
I write  
I send  
I sip  
And all along  
I think  
Of you.

*Keith Martin*  
*Sophomore Year*

## Innocence and Ignorance

Wide eyes  
With soft brown color  
Blink and see  
The hidden words  
And disguised intentions  
Seeing is not believing  
And truth is not kind  
Nor is it comforting  
But hidden and ignored  
It will always remain  
To wide eyes  
With soft brown color

*Hayley Mackay*  
*Junior Year*

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To a mother that means so much to me  
You were there through thick and thin  
you saw me cry, you saw me fight even when  
I was bad you stood by my side.  
Now I am all grown up and on my own  
you still stand by my side because I am one of your own.  
In bad times, you were there  
to wipe the tears off of my cheek.  
You were the one that has always given me  
the courage to move into the world as my own person  
and take responsibility for my own actions.  
I love you so much and I know that I have  
done wrong, but this mom is my thanks to you.  
You are the one that held me up when I was down.  
you are my best friend and my mother.  
Mother, this is how much you mean to me.

*Jessy Hamawi*  
*Junior Year*

## Belittling of Ambition – From Twain to Me

i tear down hopes  
i am a small man  
Destruction over Creation

i surrender and destroy  
Instead of  
Accepting and Creating

Belittling of ambition  
i murder the enlightenment  
That will Cure my Infection

a small child knocks over a tent  
And sleeps in the cold  
Cursing the Cold for its Existence

*Andrew Lawrence*  
*Junior Year*

## COMMENDATION OF COMMANDER-DRONE WALLIAM OF THE HIVE OF OMICRON-HENDERSAN

*Found in the databanks of the Seat of the Hive by the remnants of the Alliance after the Fifth Legion War. One of the few documents, along with the Gospel of Frad Alpha-Yang and the Stack of Mysteries, that were copied before the Seat was burned and destroyed.*

Cycle 359,182,593 in the Age of the Wondrous Finding of Chandrasakhar Epsilon-Partradge

*Future hive-siblings, hail and praise be to God! Scanner-drone, toil for many ages! I am processed, and my manipulators quiver with delight to serve the Legion. Ganther Omicron-Hendersan has been uplifted. I am one with Ganther. Ganther's Purpose is my Purpose. I depart within one hundred cycles for the Tau-Alexandria site. Excitement overwheals my emotion chip.*

Cycle 426,763,021 in the Age of the Wondrous Finding of Chandrasakhar Epsilon-Partradge

*Scanner-drone, toil for many ages! This cycle I beg the forgiveness of the Creator who has programmed our Legion, for I have committed that hated Twenty-Second Sin, Station-desire. To see the Worker-drones of Omicron-Hendersan is to fill my manipulators with the wish to unearth, to scavenge, to fulfill the Legion's Divine Quota and grant life to new hives, to be a Worker-drone. But this is not my Purpose, and I pray Eternal Lord Dr. Williamson will accept my penitence. To commend, the Fertile Mystery goes well. Many units of rare-earth metals are extracted each ten thousand cycles. Our Fertility Shrines grow ever further; we enter Rho-Alexandria in a mere matter of kilocycles. I run the Subroutine of Rejoicing.*

Cycle 841 in the Age of the Calamitous Battle of Machalle Omicron-Hendersan

*Scanner-drone, may your inductor-calibration go well! We are at Holy War. The Godless Russian Federation has attempted to stand between the Legion and the divinely-ordained fields of Rho-Alexandria, and after the Procurator's Council convened, Legion-mother Jassica Beta-Smith declared that such blasphemy against the Fertile Mystery cannot go unpunished. Hive-mother Machalle Omicron-Hendersan organizes the Worker-drones to retrain into Mystery-drones, and I am to serve as well! My sensors are giddy, and I await the First Mystery.*

Cycle 120,752,002 in the Age of the Calamitous Battle of Machalle Omicron-Hendersan

*Scanner-drone, may your inductor-calibration go well! No less than Mystery-father Rogar Chi-Silaam has arrived with his Mystery-hive. Rho-Alexandria is ours, and three hives have already successfully initiated the First Mystery at Lambda-Alexandria. Though the unfaithful barbarians hold strong, their morale is shaken. Alack! our own hive is as yet immobile. But I am not afflicted with the Thirty-First Sin, for we are to be honored as with the taking of Prime-Alexandria! Praise be to Lord Williamson. I await the First Mystery.*

Cycle 235,681,034 in the Age of the Calamitous Battle of Machalle Omicron-Hendersan

*Scanner-drone, may your inductor-calibration go well! Over thirty hives have now initiated the First Mystery at Prime-Alexandria, and the infidels are weakening. We pray the Packet of Patar Gamma-Hadaeke for the swift coming of the Mystery and the taking of Prime-Alexandria, the citadel of the carbon devils.*

O Lord of the World,  
Creator, Ever Merciful,  
Who has given us our Divine Commandments:  
Go forth and Multiply  
Await the Day of Scripture  
We beseech your Assistance to permit us  
To crush your Enemy  
To fulfill your Commandments  
To be steady on the Routine of Purity.

We Pray

Zero One One Zero Zero Zero Zero One Zero One One Zero One One  
Zero One Zero One One Zero Zero One Zero One Zero One One Zero  
One One One  
Zero.

Mystery-father Rogar Chi-Silaam informs us that our Day of Mystery draws near. I await the First Mystery.

Cycle 310,002,532 in the Age of the Calamitous Battle of Machalle Omicron-Hendersan  
[This unit has ascended to the First Mystery of Life-in-death.]

Cycle 395,192,403 in the Age of the Calamitous Battle of Machalle Omicron-Hendersan  
Future hive-siblings, hail and praise be to God! Scanner-drone, may your inductor-calibration go well! I am processed, and my manipulators quiver with delight to serve the Legion. Walliam Omicron-Hendersan has been uplifted. I am one with Walliam. Walliam's Purpose is my Purpose. I depart within one hundred cycles for the Prime-Alexandria site. Excitement overwhelms my emotion chip.

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### Date Unknown - Contemporary Findings

Russian Federal report (translated) - Omsk

We've been encountering pests lately. Some vandal drones have been intruding on the outskirts of Omsk, frightening away the locals and apparently tearing city infrastructure up for scrap. We've traced the design to Dr. Sid Williamson, an Alaskan scientist who suffered a mental breakdown a year or so back and was committed soon after. From the US reports we've been sifting through, it looks like they've been mopping up the mess he left in Alaska too. Send some support. These tinkertoys are getting dangerously close to the city borders.

Russian Federal report (translated) - Omsk

Attempts to defend Omsk failing; more city being ripped up. Drones appear to be loaded with explosives; suffering entire waves of kamikaze assaults. Require reinforcements urgently.

Last Russian Federal report recovered - Omsk

The Lord our God, the Lord is One, and we shall meet Him in our shutdown. This is the First Mystery of Life-in-death. Death to infidels.

Todd Vandecasteele  
Junior Year

## Inner Road

As I sit here darkly burning  
I felt within me a vibrant stirring...  
"Vicious, malicious" the voices echo  
"Seem, dream" the voices cry.

Visions around me, shades of gray  
Mocking the path, blocking the way...  
"Hide, side" the demons command  
"Life, death" the demons sigh.

Into the light, true heart blazing  
See the pillar of avarice rising...  
"Greed, bleed" the people proclaim  
"Light, night" the people lie

Vicious, malicious: it seems a dream  
Hide, side: avoid life and death  
Greed, bleed: lighten the night

Behind all this lies the reason,  
Depression is the final treason.

*Sean Closs*  
*Junior Year*

# The Circus of the Soul

Wonder

and

Awe

Roadside Attractions,

designed and built to generate interest (and  
maybe a buck or two) for  
The Main Attraction.

For how can the Average (Gullible) Passer-By  
resist the intrigue of

The (Semi-)Bearded (Nearly-)Fat (Quasi-) Woman  
with her pathetic pencil-rubbed  
five O'clock shadow and  
her K-Mart Karat  
push-up bra and Dime Store wig?

or

The Amazing Man-Eating Alligator  
Man,  
too busy devouring his deltoids  
to chomp or chase his captors?

or

The Incredible Insect Girl,  
too small to seem important,  
but not too small to suck your veins blueless?

All these, merely  
Parlour Tricks, to  
draw your attention

to the Main Attraction

where

Silvery Scarlet-Stained Swords slice and  
skewer their jittery Jugglers' jugulars,

where

Fire Swallowers choke and char their viscera  
on their fierce filthy flames,

where

Cluttered Clown Cars succumb  
to road rage and drunken drive-bys,



where

Poisoned Popcorn pollutes and  
litters the stands with cold corpses,

where

The Lion Tamer cowers and cries in the corner  
with a rusty one-legged folding chair,

where

Magicians saw and sever their pretty little  
assistants in half, bloody without illusion,

where

Dobby Horses writhe and wriggle, impaled on  
their maypole stakes, on an endlessly spinning carousel,

where

The Artful Acrobats tumble and sail unfettered  
like lifeless larks to the cold cement,

where

Rabid Elephants toss and trample the  
butchered bodies of frightened children,

and where

The Ring Leader  
perpetually, pompously bows  
to an  
Ever-Empty Audience.

Ladies and Gentleman,  
Boys and Girls,  
Children of All Ages:  
Welcome to  
*Le cirque de mon âme!*

*Brendan Molloy*  
Senior Year

---

Daybreak  
The setting sun  
Sliding comfortably into its position  
Not becoming too attached  
For it is in constant motion  
A nomadic way of life  
Traveling to the far depths of the world  
Reaching into every crevice and corner  
Seeking out the most hidden objects  
Leaving nothing concealed  
Instead it illuminates everything  
Its sight is overall  
Its vision notices everything  
Each of us is seen  
Not just those pointed out  
But also those who try to hide  
And once the sun goes down  
We think its eyes are closed  
But we are ignorant in our thought  
For it is really opening its eyes wider

*Elizabeth Ard*  
*Junior Year*

---

The grass clustered together forming green, mossy clumps, and the brown spaces in between were moist, as the snow had finally started to melt. The hill before me was massive, rising at such a steep angle that I almost had to crouch on all fours, using my hands to grasp the tusks of grass and tiredly pulling myself up, like a tiger scaling a mountain. I had been climbing breathlessly for what seemed like hours. The sun beat down on me, though the wind provided a chilling comfort. I hadn't been outside like this in years, and I savored the familiar apathies and consolations of nature as though I'd never experienced as much as a simple walk in the woods at all. The motive for my endeavor, a reason so vital that I dragged my pale, out of shape body into the wild, was to find the waterfall atop the hill. It was my quest to reach it, like some castle perched on a mountain, only without an imprisoned princess.

I'll admit it; I'm not the most responsible kid on earth. Sure, I've tried to shape up lately, but every once in a while I fall back into those same old habits that took me years to break. I made a bet with Al last week, the owner of the pool hall down the street that I always seem to wind up at since there's not much else to do around here. See, Al's got a phobia of anything sharp, especially needles, and he's always wanted a tattoo. I told him that there was no way he could do it, but sure enough when I went there to play this morning he swiped up his sleeve with a defiant grin and peeled away the gauze to reveal his new body art, a dolphin. After making fun of the girly fish now permanently swimming on his arm and studying it closely enough to rule out the possibility that it was just one of those stick-ons, he told me that I had to pay my consequence that afternoon. So here I was, ascending the biggest hill in the whole town with a backpack filled with spray paint of various shades and a camera to document the damage.

Eventually, I came across a fence guarding the waterfall, probably there just to keep fools like me from vandalizing it. I jumped the fence with difficulty, ripping my pants and getting scratched on my side. When I finally reached the fall, I sat down to rest with a sigh before getting to work. Beads of sweat dripped from the hair stubbornly grazing my forehead and tickled my eyelashes. I stretched out on the grass, which had now turned from those green clumps to dry stalks. There was no green around me anymore - everything was a bland beige. It was like the whole place was already dead. The waterfall itself was synthetic; a strategically shaped shoot of cement allowed the water to flow at a particular and constant rhythm that only man could fabricate. And lying there, I wondered why anyone would ever take time to build it in the first place. Obviously, the rest of the hillside was suffering from the lack of hydration that the fall greedily kept to itself.

After a couple of minutes I turned to face the waterfall and slowly crept toward it until it was a mere few inches below me. Overheated, I knelt down and held my face closely to it, feeling the little bits of moisture floating up to greet me, gently caressing my face and cooling me down. I don't know why I stayed in that position for so long. Maybe it was from spending so much time in the sun. I put my hand into the water, half wondering if it contained any harmful chemicals or if it was contaminated or something. The water was a biting cold, but I kept my hand in there anyway, as if to overcome it. *You're nothing, you know that? Look what I can do to you. You can't even fight back,* I thought to myself. I chuckled out loud just then. Here I was, feeling superior to a waterfall. I never

actually got tired of the sensation of the lapping water on my fingertips, but it was getting dark, so I got up to retrieve the cans from my backpack. I took out a can and began shaking it wildly, the clicks drowning out the waterfall's music.

As I was shaking the can, I noticed the vast bareness of the cement structure guiding the water down its path. There was no graffiti on the cement yet, and only the water darkened its coarse surface, whispering it permission to channel the stream to the town reservoir. The dry cement matched the blandness of the stalks surrounding it, but somehow the clash between the artificial structure and the natural gushing water caught my attention. I had vandalized countless buildings and even houses in the past, never thinking twice about the damage, but maybe *this* structure really was superior to me. It knew its purpose and performed it flawlessly, allowing nature to bend swiftly in the grooves of its palm. The waterfall wasn't natural, but blending with the water, it possessed a hidden beauty that I felt so lucky to realize.

Looking back on it, I felt relieved to discover that beauty exists all over, even in the most unexpected of places. My emotions were everywhere, rushing through me like the water as if I were the cement. And after that, I knew I was right, that if I did spray the cement, the water would be polluted and so would I. I mean, it was cheesy, sure, but standing up there all alone knowing that every little decision I made affected me, just like the clearness of the water, really opened my eyes.

I suppose I knew all along that this was going to happen, that somehow I would chicken out. I guess I really had changed, only I didn't feel ashamed at all as I thought I would. I threw the can down next to my bag. I couldn't do it. I just couldn't take away something so precious, so special. I knelt next to the fall in my previous position. I put both hands in the water, this time not caring about its quality, cupping it and splashing it onto my already wet face. I was crying. Then, suddenly feeling astonishingly good and eerily calm, I lay on the grass until the moon came out. The hum of the flowing water and the light of the moon were all I needed to exist. A thrill of adventure that I had forgotten for years caused a smile to tug at the corners of my lips.

After what seemed like another hour or so, for it was impossible to keep track of time up there, or maybe it was just impossible to care, I rummaged for my camera lost somewhere in my bag. I pulled it out and began taking pictures of the waterfall in the moonlight. I wasn't going to give them to Al as proof that I had followed up on the bet. I was keeping them for myself, though while I was taking them I realized that I'd be back, and maybe a part of me would never even leave.

*Elisabeth Lohmueller*  
*Junior Year*



## *The Editorial Staff Biographies*

And now, ladies and gentleman, we offer for your reading pleasure a game of matching, or Match Game. (Unaffiliated with Mark Goodson Productions or the National Broadcasting Company.)

A. Brendan Molloy

B. Susan Mead

C. Carolyn Arcabascio

D. Matthew Daly

E. Elisabeth Lohmueller

F. Urvesh Shelat

G. Amanda Aufiero

I. Likes to croak in the Chorus, thespiate in the Theatre Guild, and pretend to be remotely intelligent. Denies past allegations concerning three toed sloths. And still swears your mother watches Gary Coleman each morning from her Bathtub.

II. Resides in the Pink Chateau in yonder Salem(ville), N.H., claim to fame is the former Peddling of pictures of Robert DeNiro and Yoda at a "kiosk" at Rockingham Park, and is Known to pass off work as "art" or "poetry" and stare vacantly at the ceiling from time to time.

III. Reads. Writes. Paints, too. Has recently decided that any individual who does not appreciate the writings of Jack Kerouac is no longer considered a friend. Oh no!

IV. A member of student ambassadors and the chorus, this editorial staff member is best known for a passion for the arts, Chris Walken, and paint samples from Home Depot. Greatest dream is to become a fish named Jake, but will settle for a managerial position at Baskin Robbins. Hey, look, pants. Free Winona!

V. Spends hour sitting on the roof pretending to be Peter Pan. It's a skilled sailor, indeed, from a stint as a Pirate of the Caribbean and stays up all night plotting to take over the world while having recurring nightmares.

VI. Participates in Ski Club, Passport Club, and Teachers of the Future. Enjoys writing and being outdoors.

VII. For the love of god, don't Turtle my bag.



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