

Visions

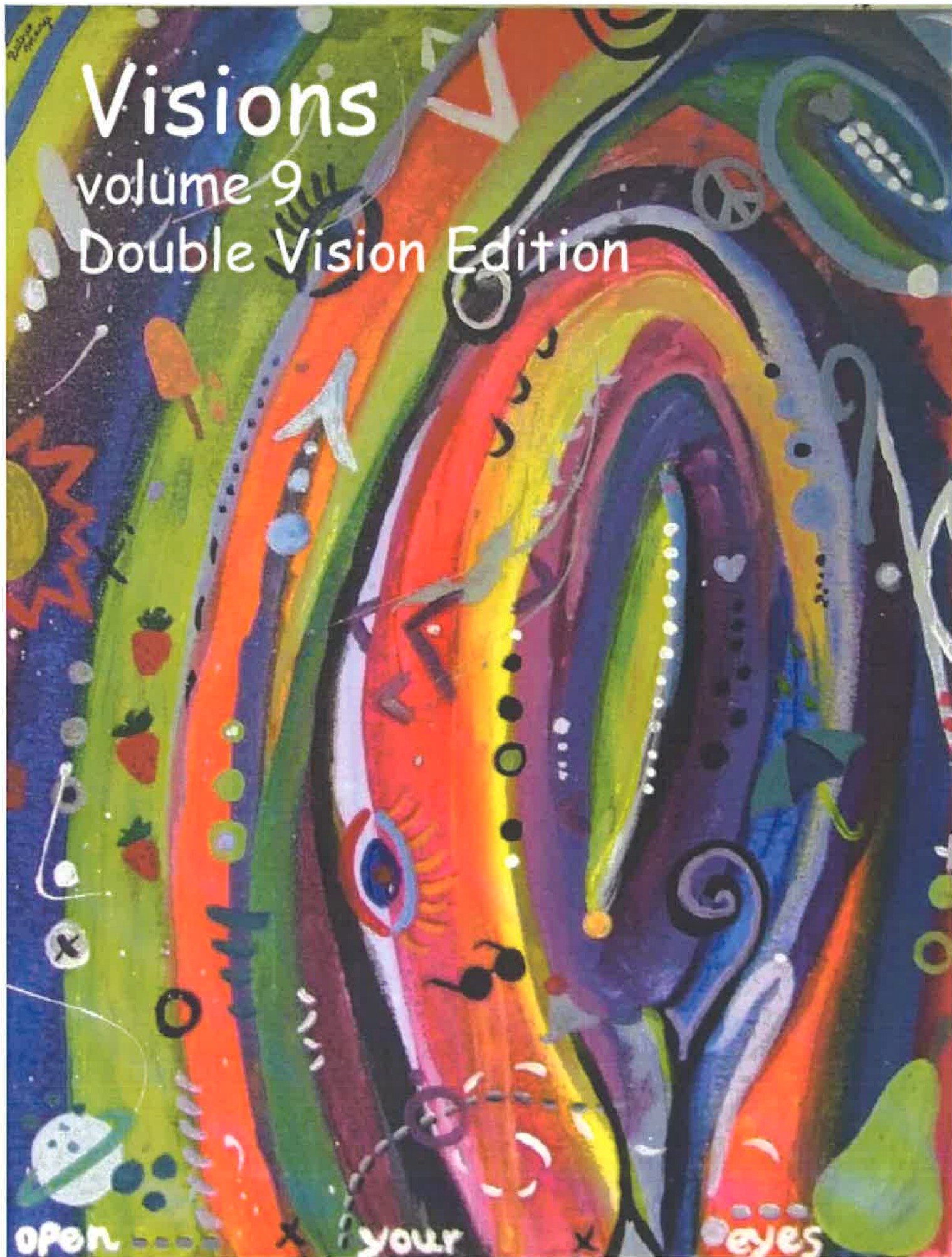
volume 9

Double Vision Edition

open

your

eyes



We would especially like to dedicate this half of our Double Vision issue to:

Ms. Karen Moynihan:

This issue is dedicated to you and your unwavering support and guidance. You have never failed to help in the creative process with your suggestions and wisdom, and for that, we thank you greatly. I had never met anyone more dedicated to literature and the development of a successful piece of writing before meeting I met you. You have touched my life, as well as those of all your students, by inspiring us to never stop reading and writing— to never let go of our talents and gifts. Thank you for all you have done.

Saige Jutras (& the Editorial Staff)

Mr. Tim Hart:

This issue is dedicated to your passion for the arts and your presence in your students' lives and work. Thank you for all of the coffeehouse you've attended, the music that you've made with us, and your interest and consistent support of our project. Even though we only get to share what we've produced (once or) twice a year, you always ask how we are doing and remember and show interest in our hard work all year. You inspire us to use our work to connect people, to grow as individuals, thinkers, and artists, and to put what is in our hearts on paper so that we can give it back to our school community. We appreciate you very much.

The Editorial Staff

**Cover Art by Ruth Manzi
Class of 2009**

Letter from the Editor

When *Visions* faculty moderator Ms. DeSantis asked me to write a letter as chief editor of the magazine by seniority, I was surprised. The student editors of *Visions* don't generally operate in a hierarchy. Usually we each operate within a particular niche and somehow manage to get some editing done before leaving most of the work to Ms. DeSantis at the last minute.

Our informal approach to compiling *Visions* mirrors the variety and spontaneity of the magazine's contents. Every work of art represents a world view, a snapshot from some particular corner of the universe. Just as the submissions we receive from all the very creative people that make up our school gradually form every issue of *Visions* piece by piece, all these snapshots slowly form a panorama of human experience and its context. For the three years that I have been involved with *Visions*, I have seen how the magazine serves the school as an outlet for discovering and sharing new facets of reality. These discoveries are at the core of true education and makes us more compassionate, more dedicated individuals.

Though more submissions lead to more work for the *Visions* team, we are always excited to see the latest creations of our fellow students and of those school faculty members who contribute to the magazine. On my own behalf and that of my fellow editors, I invite Central Catholic High School to continue sharing the vision of *Visions*.

Peace as always,
Dominic Delabruere
Class of 2009



Self as Jungle Man, Dominic Delabruere, Class of 2009

My Heart Becomes Ice Cream

I have an apartment in Astoria with huge windows. All anybody who has seen the inside of my apartment can say is that it must be nice to have so much natural light and that it's good for someone who gets like I do sometimes to have a lot of sunlight. What none of these people realize is that sometimes, during the summer dusk, the sun does something very terrible. It shines kind of sideways against the walls and the dusty couch, and it shines so brightly that the light fills all the corners and the edges, so I can see parts of my apartment that are usually filled with shadow. I start to feel like I'm in an oven or something, but I'm not really hot, I'm just trapped there while the light shines through me and carries a million little particles of me out of my body into the room, where they form the dust that shoots up in little clouds when people sit on my couch. Sometimes the light is so bright, that it spreads beyond the corners and the edges and exposes not only the stuff that was hidden by shadows, but the stuff that was hidden by time, too, and I can look into the corners and see ten, twenty, or thirty years back. Then I start feeling really down, and I don't know why, except that it has something to do with the light in those corners.

I was eating lunch in my kitchen today and I knew by the way the sunlight was slanting already that I would feel like that soon, so I ran outside and caught the N train heading downtown. The moment I sat down on the train, a woman sitting on the other side started playing this whistle thing with a tube attached to a little keyboard, and she started singing, too. In my memory she seems to be playing the whistle-keyboard thing and singing at the same time, but she couldn't have done that because that's impossible. But anyway, her voice was really raspy and she was singing in Spanish, and I actually remember the chorus of the song: "Cuando tu sol está en mi cielo, mi corazón se transforma en hielo." *When your sun is in my sky, my heart becomes* hielo. I couldn't really remember what *hielo* meant for sure, but I thought maybe it was ice cream, and I imagined my heart turning into ice cream and melting in my chest.

I was planning to exit at Union Square and visit the Strand, but I wasn't paying attention to the stops, and we were leaving the Union Square station before I realized we were there. I didn't get out at the next stop or at Canal Street where the raspy-voiced singer stepped out. I passed under the East River and let Brooklyn pass me by. And at the end of the line, at Coney Island, I took off my socks and shoes and walked into the breakers, almost forgetting the wallet and the cell phone in the pockets of my shorts.

I turned away; I had been staring into one of those corners again. Sometimes, when the sun sends its light raking sideways across the ward, I look into corners and see ten, twenty, or thirty years forward, when I live in an apartment in Astoria with huge windows and I only get shocked when I forget to take my finger out of the way while plugging in a toaster. When my doctor asked me why I traced the route of the N train with my finger on a pocket map, I told him I was getting ready.

Dominic Delabruere
Class of 2009

Untitled

Inspired by Jamaica Kincaid's "Girl"

Put the food inside the bags on the right. Don't throw them in, just place them. Pick them up one by one. Place the heavy items first, then the light stuff second. Do it carefully for the customers so that they go home satisfied and do not come back with complaints. Set the cold with the cold and the hot with the hot. You need to go fast, especially on Sundays, but don't break anything. You are always busy, but you cannot give up. Keep helping the people around you. You scan the food this way. Count money back this way. Always greet your customers as soon as they arrive. *The people shopping are like basketballs bouncing back and forth. The shoppers heels are clicking in their Tyra Banks shoes.* You need to work hard. Try your best. *But I've been working hard.* Never answer me back. Just listen to me when I speak to you. You have to get the job right, so you won't keep doing everything wrong. *I have been working everyday. I feel like this is my second home with all of these long hours. The ice cream is staring at me from the freezer, wanting to jump into my carriage so that I can eat it when I get home. People just keep shopping and buy, buy, buying food.* You have to get used to it if you want to work here. Giving up won't make you a strong person. Just do the work and stop complaining.

Jennifer Cruz
Class of 2009

Untitled

The snow finally chose to melt,
And the sun has made an appearance.
Can't you remember the last time you felt
So relaxed and without interference.

Call up your friends and pack up the car,
'Cause the beach is calling your name.
The ride doesn't seem long, though the shore is far
'Cause you're playing a silly car game.

You start to feel the ocean breeze,
As you walk though the sand with bare feet.
The water feels below zero degrees,
And who knows what sea creatures you'll meet.

Swimming and soaking up the sun,
The perfect example of summer fun.

Rebecca Ryan
Class of 2009

George H.W. Bush

I will be remembered as a man who wanted to be a gentler American.
I will be remembered as someone who tried to improve foreign policy.
I went into Iraq and destroyed the terrorists; I kept them from taking over the country of Kuwait.
I would not let Saddam Hussein take over Kuwait and take over the oil.
I rallied the American troops and freed Kuwait.
I tried to be honest to the American people,
I gained popularity from my military.
To be a conservative Republican was what I tried to be,
But the economy was faltering.
Like all Presidents, I was blamed for it.
I mostly want to be remembered as a man who spoke with great pride.

Patrick Noone
Class of 2009

George Bush

I want to be remembered
Remembered in any way that I can
Whether it be good or bad

I will start a war
But never fight in one
I will declare victory and
Realize nothing is ACCOMPLISHED

I want to be big
Big as my home state
Everyone will know my name

I will chase the black gold
And make payment for it
With the lives of our youth

I want to be remembered

Matt Smith
Class of 2009

Trapped

At night I grip my pillow tight
listen to them scream and fight
don't worry it will be alright
just don't let the bedbugs bite

I know as I lay in bed
they don't mean what they said
but the tear my momma shed...
nah, it's all in my head.

from my window I can see
there is a better place to be
I'll break the glass to set me free
break the glass to set me free

Kaila Lawrence
Class of 2010

Your Voice

Your voice can be so strong.
I pretend it doesn't faze me.
But sometimes instead of words,
I'd rather you just hit me.
Your voice can't leave a mark
but it somehow penetrates me,
draining everything inside,
and enlarging the void within me.
But your voice is still there,
and it continues to blame me.
Sometimes,
I'd rather you just hit me.
I'd rather.
you just.
hit me.

Kaila Lawrence
Class of 2010

And Souls Fall Away

Darkness fades to a still goodbye
And moonlight drowns out a star's lullaby.
As the sweet sound of clouds' goodnight
Hearken the spirits on their last flight.
The mockingbirds cry for the weary souls,
Darkness falling on the forbidden shoals.
Quietly slipping away to the blackness of evening
Leaving the families broken and grieving
Kneeling to a presence the moon knows not
And believing in a place where no corpses rit
But fly with golden wings like first sunrise
And sing and dance with beauty of butterflies
Yet souls break away like fleeting dreams,
Like falling stars or final wills and schemes.
But we ignore the pain and the sadness
Believe in Heaven and eternal gladness,
Skies not full of gray or blue
But shining white and gold for you.
But humans do what humans must,
Even in death full of greed and lust.
And souls fade away.

Mandy Baril
Class of 2009

S is for Secrets

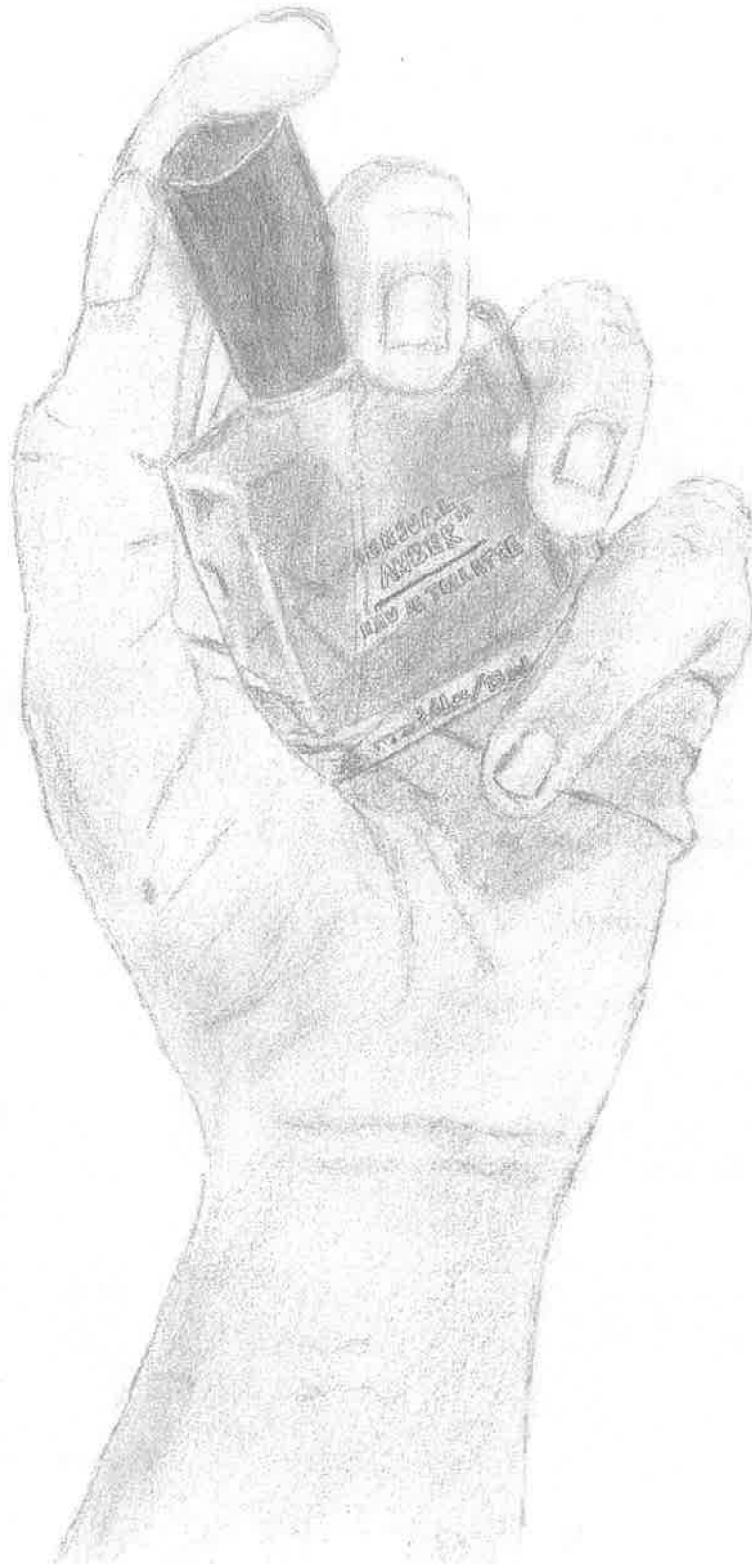
Smoky streams of silver sparks,
Scary shadows alive in the dark.
Spiders spinning webs of fate,
Sneaky snakes slipping under the gate.
Small and still the dead sons lay-
Sorrows that steep in the sermon of the day.
Sad darkness eating the sun's slight gaze
Similar shadows silence the moon's rays.
Scarce supplies for humans' sweetness
Stopping siblings' pleading treatise.
Seraphim's arms swallowing the senile in their
beds,
Silencing the sorrows they had in their heads.
S is for secrets stale in the mind,
S is for fears we thought were left behind.

Mandy Baril
Class of 2009

English

English is the music of words.
English has not only words, but rhythm.
It has a steady beat that is ingrained in my
mind.
It is the music that I sing to as I read.
English is grammar, and English is poetry.
English is how to speak, and how to rhyme.
It is how to spell your name, your heritage.
It is how to express your soul in words.
English is the writing of the heart,
The song you write to remember who you
are.
It is the journal helping you through your
sorrows,
And it is my soul on looseleaf paper.
English is the language of my soul,
And the way my soul speaks to me.
It is the quiet assurance that my heart isn't
forgotten.
English is my life, and my journey to the
future.
It is the love notes I write to my friends, my
family
It is the song my heart sings.
English is music, and words, and rhythm.
English is the art of the written word, of the
spoken word.
English is who I am,
And how I speak,
And how I sing,
And how I write.
English is my life story.

Mandy Baril
Class of 2009



Cherie Pryce
Class of 2009

My Ballerina Girl

Somewhere a girl is dancing
Jumping high and running free,
So delicate, so graceful
So beautiful to see

She started not so long ago
Awkward with little grace
Dancing meant so much to her,
You could see it in her face

I used to watch her every day
And see how she improved
And when she got up on the stage
I was always deeply moved

We bought a lot of ballet shoes
And drove many a mile
But all that really mattered
Was seeing her bright smile

We saw a lot of Boston,
Saw a lot of Newton, too,
While waiting for my dancing girl
We always found fun things to do

It seems that when we're moving fast
It's very hard to see
While we all gave up so very much
So much more was given me

She finally learned one winter's day
She'd be wise to dance no more
She swallowed hard and shed a tear,
As she closed the studio door.

The trip home was in silence,
And I could fully understand
How she felt down deep inside
As I gently held her hand

The years go by so quickly
She improved so very fast
No one quite expected
It wasn't meant to last

GOD has a different plan for her
She accepts this and I'm glad
I hope she knows I love her so
I'm so proud to be her dad

She'll always be my ballerina
The way she'd walk and dance and twirl
She'll always be my ballerina
She'll always be my little girl

D. E. Jalbert
Faculty

Let it Rain

Do you see it
pouring, streaming, drizzling
from the sky?

Do you see its lucid streaks
nurturing the earth?

Do you hear it
tat-tatting, splat-splattling?

Do you hear its rhythm
adding to nature's beat?

Do you smell its after taste
of dew in the mornings?

Can you feel it
cooling, rinsing, tickling your skin?

It can destroy houses,
erode mountains.

It can quench our thirst
and liven the plants, the trees—
all the beauties of the earth.

Such power in so simple an element.

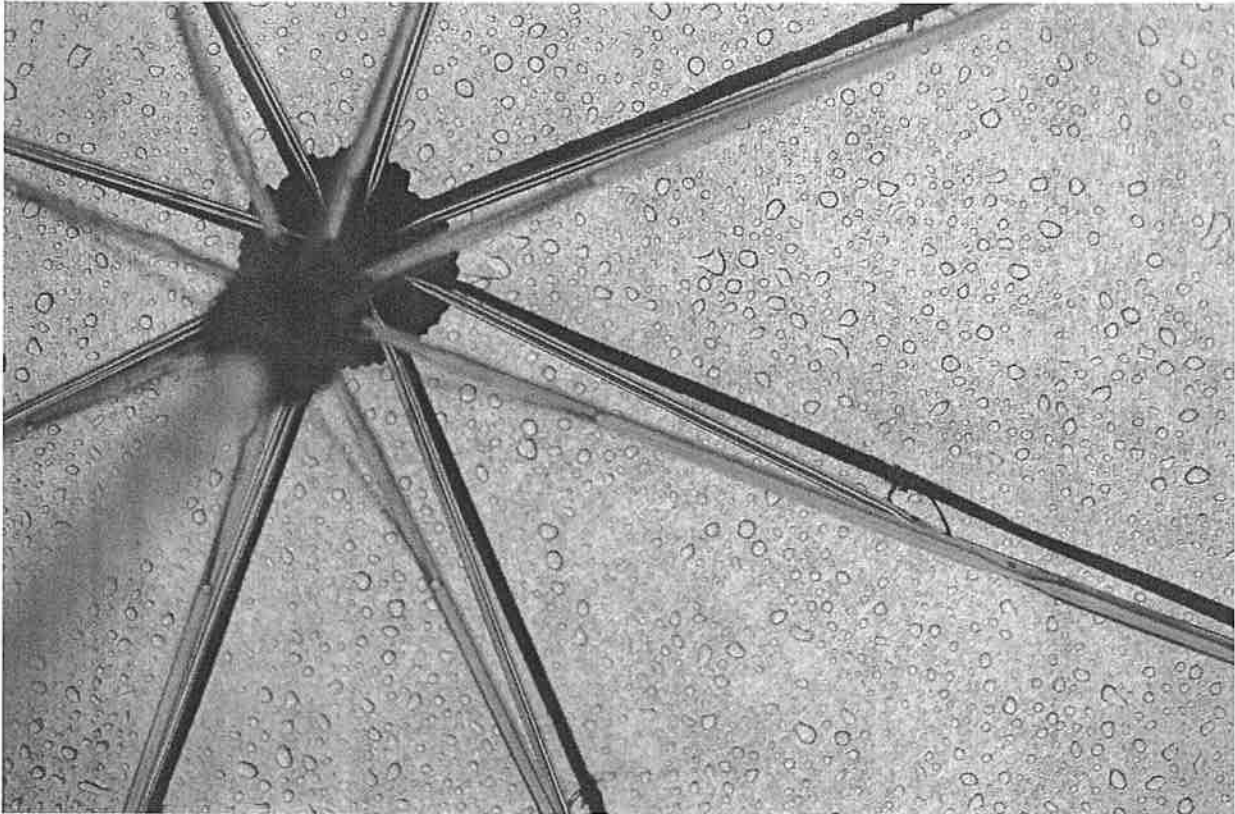
Rain.

Rain over all the world.

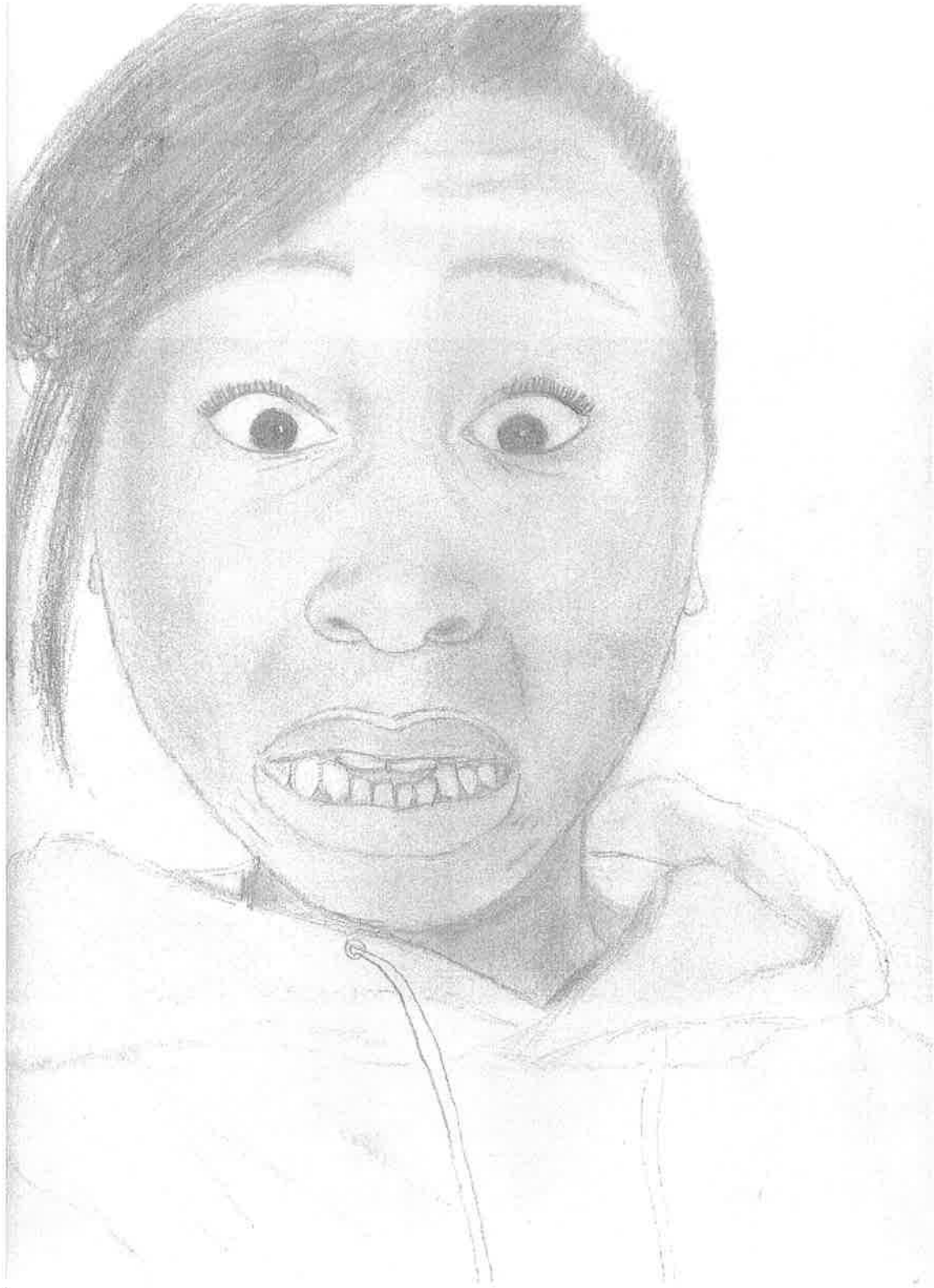
Rain.

Phoebe Carmichael

Class of 2010



Spencer Butterfield
Class of 2009



Cherie Pryce
Class of 2009

Paper and Ink

It is building up inside of me—the anger. I don't know when I became this way, or when everyone began to feel as though they were walking on thin ice when they were around me. I don't know why I'm as fragile as egg shells all the time. Yes, eggshells, that fits well. One crack leads to the next until the shell is completely and utterly shattered, broken, crushed, destroyed. I have waited too long. No, I think *avoided* is the correct word.

I'm not usually like this. I don't usually anger this easily. I am not usually infuriated in such a way that those around me tremble in fear, or maybe with worry. These emotions, these ideas, these things that need to be spoken, have filled me up and I have waited too long to let them out. Instead of allowing the balloon to safely deflate, I've waited for it to pop, and now, the rage, the sadness, the fear, have overpowered the happiness, the hope, the joy I once felt, and have made me a very unpleasant person to be around.

No, I don't have a condition. I do not need medication, maybe therapy of some sort, but not medication—at least not medication that is prescribed by a doctor. I have all that I need waiting for me in my bedroom. My own *personal* medication—my own personally addictive drug.

There it is, sitting oh-so-calmly on my nightstand—eying me from across the room as though it had been waiting for me for a long while. Out of nowhere, these emotions, these ideas begin to scream inside of me, punching out every last bit of control that I had or thought that I had. I pull back on the reigns in the hopes of halting whatever force is bringing me another step closer to the old friend I am embarrassed—no, ashamed—to be reacquainted with after such a long period of silence, after such a long period of losing touch. And all at once I realize that it is not I who has control over the reigns like a musher has over the reigns of his dogs, but it is the reigns that are controlling me. They force me to approach the paper as though we are two oppositely charged magnets.

Uncomfortable as I am, I know what I must do. Like a knight marching into battle, unsure of what the outcome might be, but fully aware of the necessary risk, I drudgingly walk closer and closer to the paper. I look fate in his face and brace myself for a head-on collision. Using the pen as my sword, I slowly start fighting the façade I've been building and with one quick blow to the gut, I knock it down. I put the pen to the paper, and instead of cutting like a knife, it drips word onto the page like tears that need to be shed. This is as liberating as screaming at the top of my lungs.

I comfortably slip back into the world I've been avoiding for the last few weeks, forgetting all pretenses and becoming myself. As I enter this world, I realize it is only in this world that I am free to be myself and only in this world that I need not hide. In this world, I am never found by outsiders or foreigners. When my purple pen touches the blank page, I enter a world that is totally my own. The blank page is my getaway, my escape. Blank. No restrictions, no boundaries. Limitless possibilities. The most sacred world of all.

As my pen, my liberator, gently touches the page, I lose all sense of awareness. I no longer know the time, nor do I feel cold. The only feelings that are felt are the ones managing to leak their way onto the page. The pain has been unreal, and now the shackles are broken. The emotions and ideas have waited so long to be released that I have forgotten what “normal” feels like. I write and write until the last tear word has been shed, and everything I have kept locked inside of me has been freed, released, and let go.

I look up and it isn't until I see the stack of papers—no longer blank—sitting beside me that I realize how much time has passed. Clearly, time flies when catching up with an old friend.

Eleni Nikitas
Class of 2011

Inspired by Langston Hughes's "Harlem"

A Dream Fulfilled

What happens to a dream fulfilled?
Does it bubble like boiling water for tea?
Or stretch like the sun's horizon over the ocean's
sparkling water?
Does it soothe like a warm bath?
Or fly like an orange monarch
And eventually soar?

Hunter Tuck
Class of 2012

What Happens to Joy Felt?

What happens to joy felt?
Does it fly like a superhero coming to save the
day?
Or leap like frog in early May?
Does it boast like a king who just got crowned?
Or electrify like lightning that strikes the moist
ground?

Brooke Beneze
Class of 2012

What Happens to a Mistake Unforgiven?

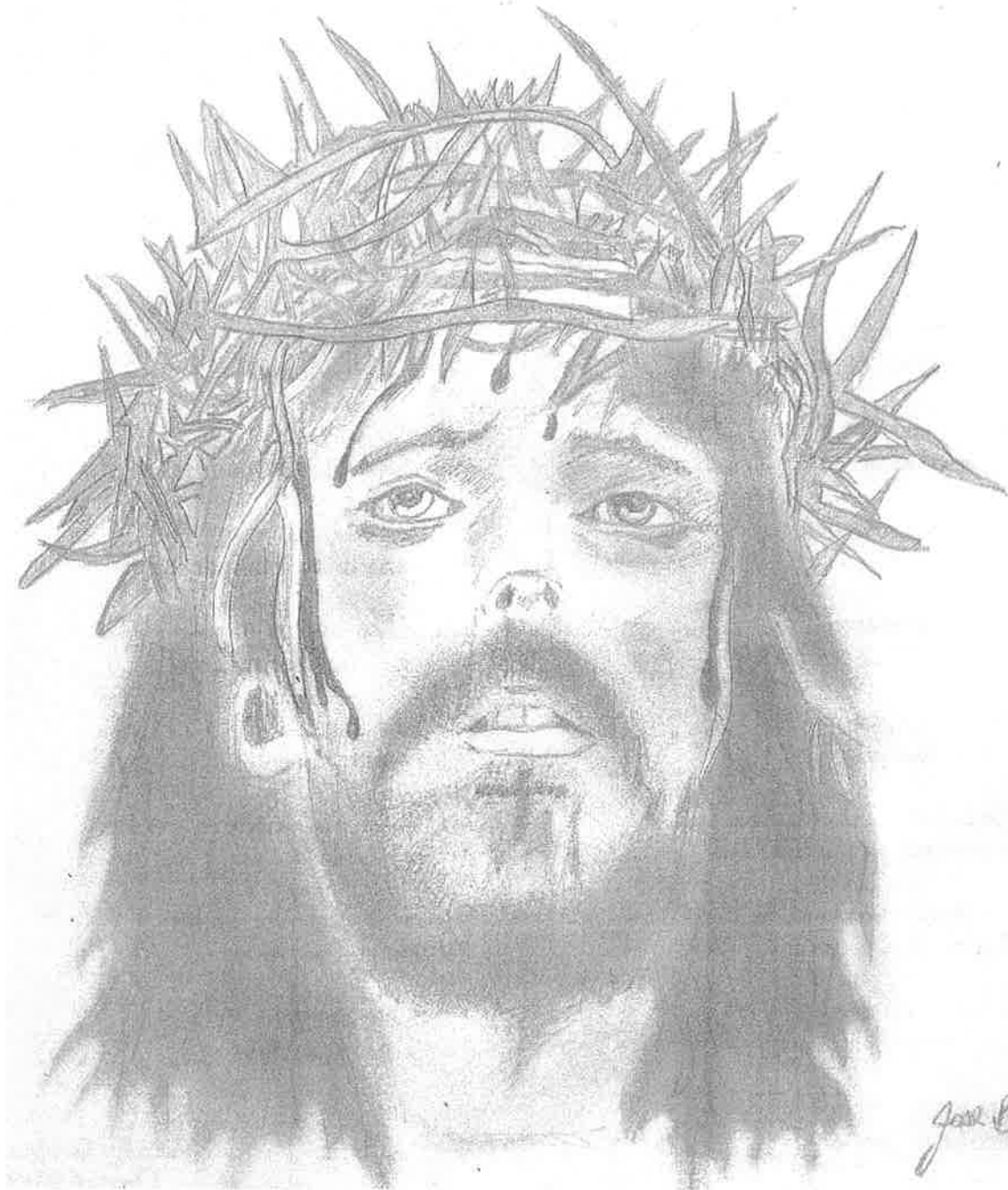
What happens to a mistake unforgiven?
Does it sizzle like bacon in a frying pan?
Or burrow like a groundhog?
Does it melt like an ice cream cone sitting in the
sun?
Or pierce like morning frost?

Cherie Lemay
Class of 2012

What Happens to a Love Lost?

What happens to a love lost...?
Does it burn like a scrape to the knee?
Or darken like the midnight sky and then
brighten?
Does it screech like nails on a chalkboard?
Or roar like thunder in a storm...
Then cease.

Karla Cortes
Class of 2012



Jose Batistine
Class of 2010

Lost Ones

We are the lost ones
Left behind

Trying to paint
Spotless minds

Left to wait
For the second coming

March forward
To the sound of the drumming

Lost in cyberspace
Confused as we are

Our next destination
Is in the stars

We move onward
With history at our backs

Yet we don't know
Where to attack

The commoners are just as lost
As the superiors in the town

And those who claim
They're all clowns

This calls for one
To capture their hearts

Capture the capitol
Capture the art

The art of soul
We mock and chide

But who'll be in the passenger seat
When Jesus offers a ride?

Find the mixture of knowledge and piety
Carry your questions and sins

For if you forget your evils
Then the abyss wins

Continuing the journey
To a paradise found

I wonder if history
Will come back around?

If it happens will we see
If the generation can redeem

The fathers and mothers
Who gave up their dreams

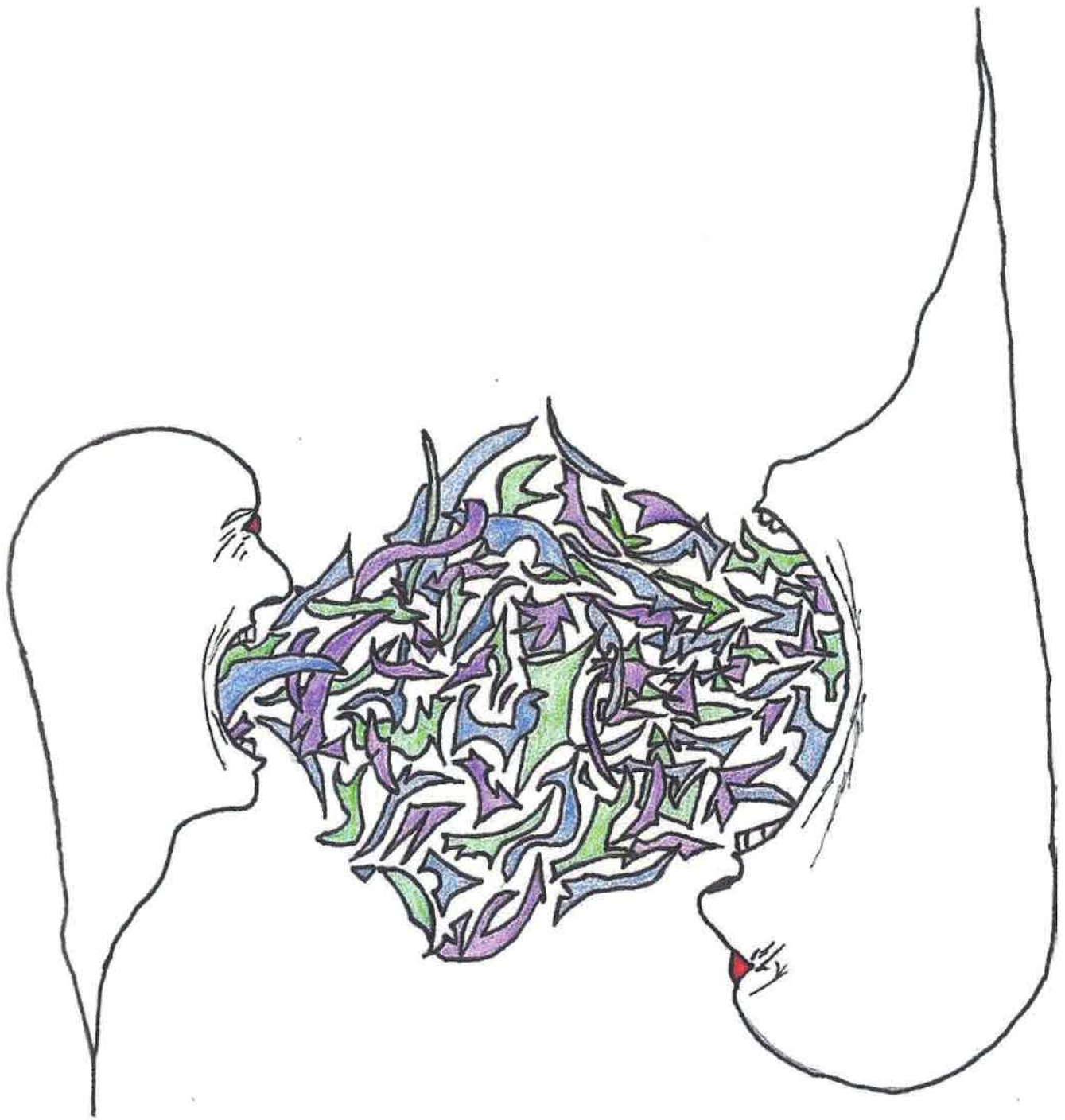
For their children
Who dance all night

And wander in a circle
Around the light

I know we can come home
To God and salvation

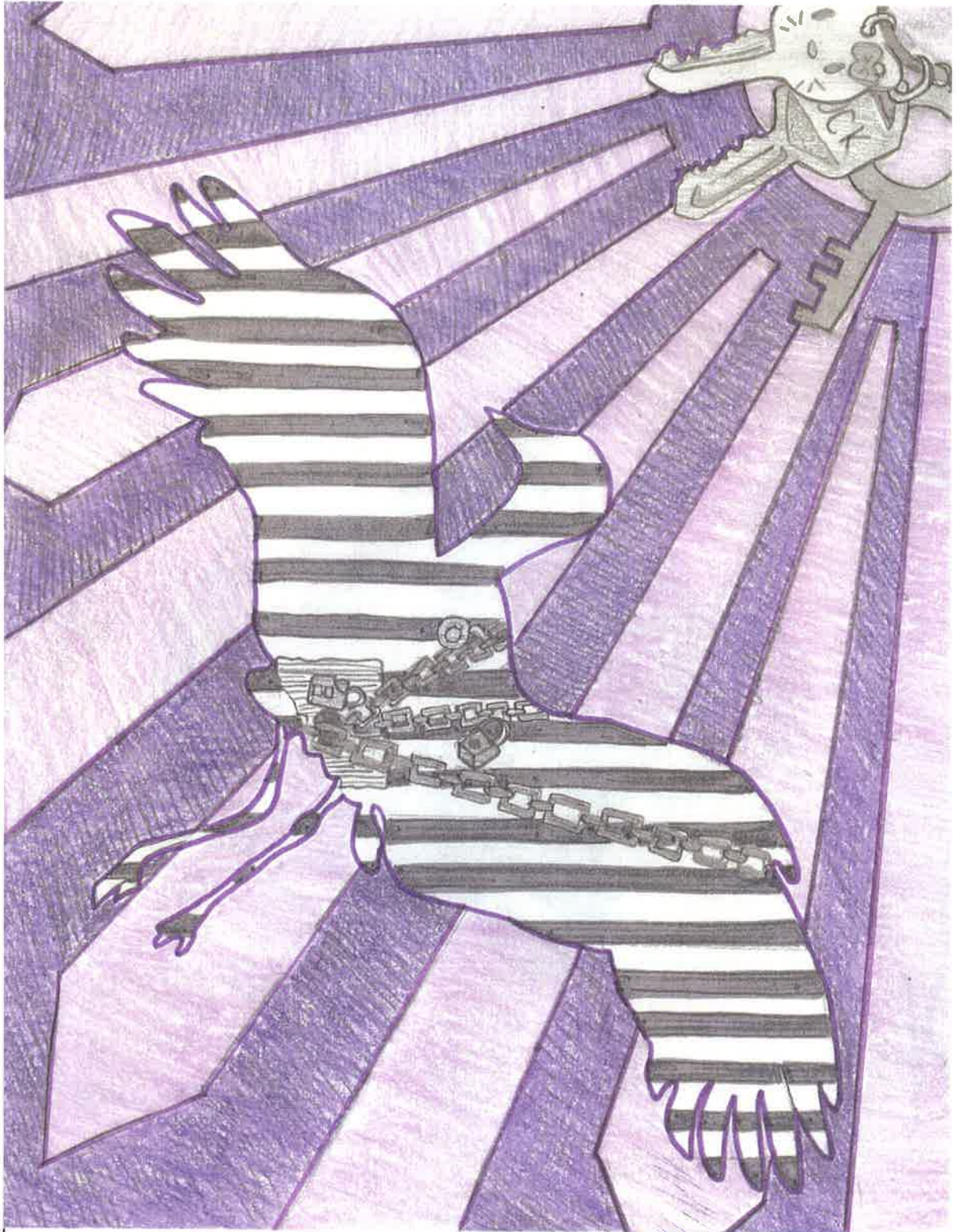
That's our destiny
That's our generation

Nicholas Golden
Class of 2012



CAM SILVERI '11

Cam Silveri
Class of 2011



Lisa Truong
Class of 2012

An excerpt from...His Fruits of Labor

Many discuss rumors about gryphons; however, few know the truth. On the other side of the world there lies a hidden society of gryphons, a race that resembles both a lion and a bird. Many do not know where this race is hidden. Many do not know how this society lives. Many do not know that gryphons are more humane than most humans think they are. Look out! Gryphons amaze everyone.

In one section of the land of the gryphons, a small, colorful forest flourished. Many bananas, grapes, apples, oranges, kiwis, and other fruit grew off of vines and trees. Along with normal fruits, other fruits grew in abnormal colors such as sky blue, pink, and maroon. The forest was like a rainbow on land that lit up during the day. The sun rose to start a new day.

The sun's rays peeked into a wooden, makeshift hut. A large, black feathered gryphon yawned and stretched his back. To remove small dirt particles and moisture in his ruffled feathers, he shook his body like a wet dog. When he tried to stand on four legs, he slammed his minuscule beak on a log supporting the hut. Annoyed about his bruise, he rubbed his beak with one of his five black talons. As he crawled out, he felt each blade of soggy grass rush through his feathers and his small, lion tail. After a quick rotation of his wide neck, he glimpsed with his black eyes at all the different colors in the forest. Suddenly, his stubby elfish ears heard a desperate crow's cry in the distance.

After a few cries, the black gryphon trotted toward the cry. If he ran or he flew, he knew that he would be worn out quickly and unable to help the victim. He could not fly or run for a long period of time. During his search, he weaved through every tree and branch to find this poor gryphon. He examined every nook and cranny of the forest to make sure that he did not miss anything. Once twenty minutes of desperate cries had passed, he finally found a small, female, sky blue gryphon trembling under some normal colored watermelons.

She wore a strange, giant, pure ruby bracelet around her neck (instead of one of her small legs). For fear of being seen, she gripped the ground with her small, white talons and poured tears from her innocent blue eyes. Because of her panic, her long tail kept brushing along the ground. Trying to hide her slim body from the large gryphon, she ducked and hoped that the black gryphon did not see her. Because he noticed her tall ears, he gazed at the frightened gryphon.

“Who are you?” Her body shuddered.

“I am Lias.” He peeked over the watermelons.

“Don’t hurt me!” She looked away.

“I would not hurt a fly.”

“Go away! Big gryphons like you would hurt me very much!” She clawed at the ground and tried to dig a hole.

Lias crouched very slowly, moved his head under the watermelons, and smiled, “I see you!”

In fear, the female gryphon bit Lias in the nose and roared, “I don’t trust you!”

In order to recuperate, Lias rubbed his nose and backed away. Suddenly, he heard someone running in the forest. The female gryphon attacked Lias from the back and bit him on the tail. In shock, Lias bellowed in pain and fell. After a few minutes of the tiny gryphon nibbling at Lias’ tail, she jumped to the ground and mourned.

“I’m hungry and I haven’t eaten in days.”

Lias pulled a red apple from a near by tree, “Do you want one?”

“You aren’t trying to make me sleepy so that you can steal my bracelet, are you?”

“Well, are you hungry?”

“Yes!”

“Then take it.”

She took the apple from Lias and swallowed the apple whole. Lias and the tiny gryphon smiled contentedly.

“I guess you don’t want to hurt me. My name is Keesay.”

Lias rubbed Keesay’s head, “It is okay. Let us go back to my hut.”

Keesay jumped on Lias’s back, “Fly us there!”

“I really do not like...”

“Fly fast!”

“You’ll let me relax afterwards?”

“Ok, go!”

Lias took off towards the shelter that he slept in. While he flew, Lias took heavy breaths. Flying for just five minutes, was enough to cause Lias to crash into the front of his ramshackle hut. As this happened, Keesay snatched the feathers on Lias’s neck with her talons. When Lias tried to stand, he was so exhausted that he fell. Worried about Lias’s fatigued state, she hopped off of his back and found some yellow watermelons.

“Hey, you want some watermelons?” Keesay asked.

“If you are talking about those watermelons, then I do not want any.”

“Why? They look delicious!”

“They are poisonous. One bite could blind you for life.”

“The apple you gave me wasn’t bad, right?”

“Why would I give you a bad fruit? The fruit was not poisonous.”

“How can you tell if a fruit is good or not?”

“If a fruit is normal colored, then it is good. If it’s an abnormal color, then it is poisonous.

It is pretty simple.”

“Here, take these.” Keesay picked some purple grapes and tossed them to Lias.

Reggie Kwok
Class of 2010

Tribute to the Girls Basketball Team

After months and months of training,
The time is finally here. Basketball season.
After so many late nights, early mornings,
Broken bones, torn muscles and deep bruises.
It all comes down to this
After countless games, parties in the locker room.
On the court you girls are invincible.
After the sweat, the pain, the tears, the laughter and the game,
You girls become souls intertwined as one.
After your mind controls your brain and
God makes himself present in your actions,
Victory is here.
After numerous speeches and unbearable practices,
You girls are number one.
After hearing the blare of the last horn,
The game is over, you ARE state champions!

Roselly Genao
Class of 2011



Roselly Genao, Class of 2011

Thanks Bank

Mr. DeFillippo Ms. Moynihan Ms. DeSantis
The entire administration Br. Jim Halliday Mr. Rooseboom
Riverside Press (Methuen MA) Our readers
The English Department Ms. Groleau Mrs. Kelley
The Visual Arts Department The Senior Class Ms. Shaw
Mr. Welch Mr. Jalbert Those who submitted Ms. Coyne
Jane England & Staff at England's MicroCreamery (Haverhill MA)

To: _____ (insert name here)

The Visions' staff would like to acknowledge in a special way everyone who has supported the creation of this literary magazine. Whether you supported, funded, encouraged, printed, read, submitted to, waited for, or even simply tolerated the Visions cause, we would like to say...THANKS!

**Love,
The Visions Club <33**

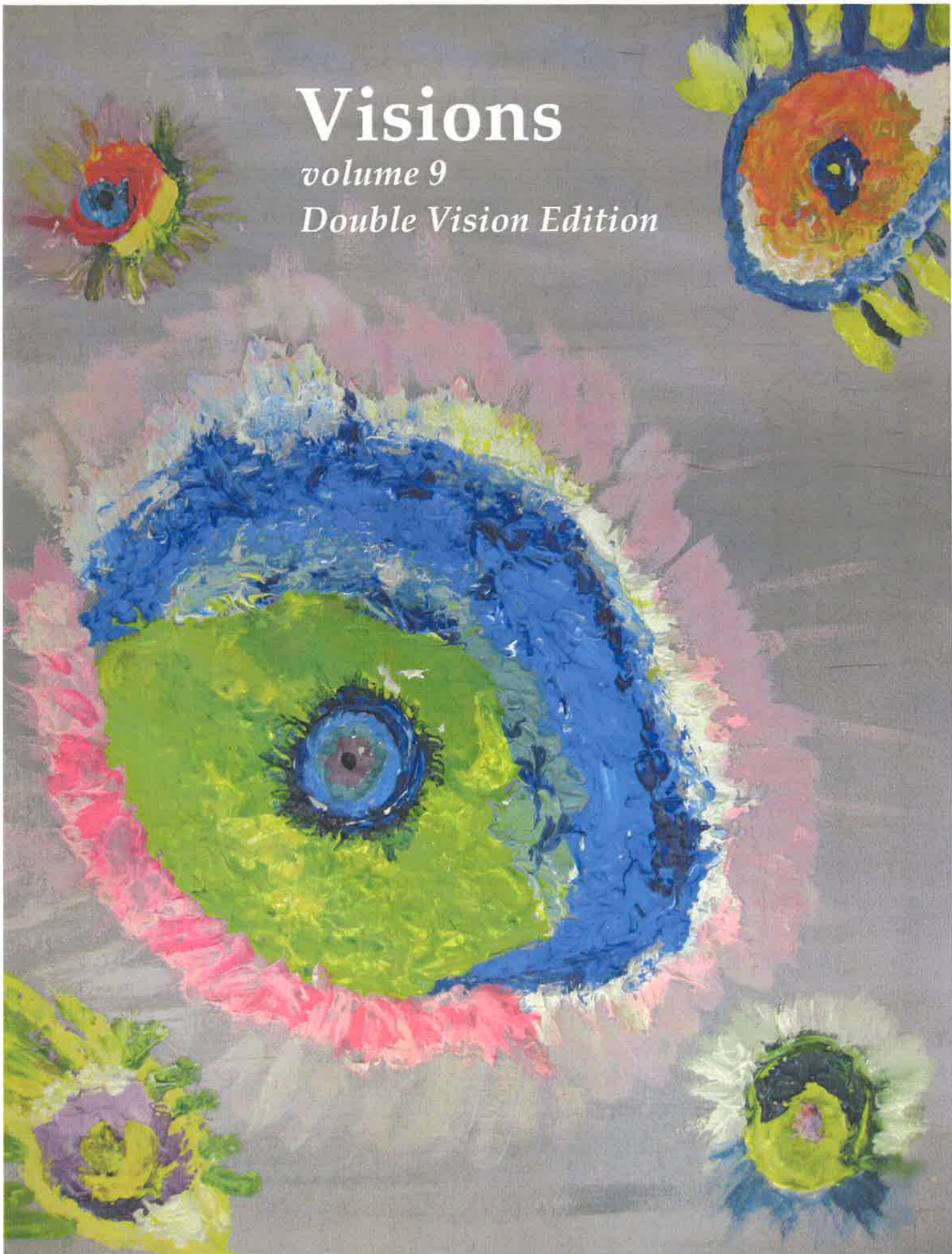


Michael Reilly
Class of 2009

Visions

volume 9

Double Vision Edition



We would especially like to dedicate this half of our Double Vision issue to:

Rebecca Solomon:

Thank you, Becca, for being a wonderful student, friend, classmate, and person. Your warm smile, patient demeanor, and optimistic outlook will be greatly missed. Visions is a magazine that tries to celebrate life and its complexity through words and images, and we would like to honor you, your life, and your many contributions to Central Catholic High School. There are no words that can express the loss that we feel, or the impact that you had on each of us. You are loved and will always have a place in our school and in our hearts.

Ms. DeSantis & the Editorial Staff

The Senior Class of 2009:

This issue features your work. Without you, we would have had a magazine this year. Your submissions, suggestions, interest, talent, and ingenuity are showcased here, and will continue to be celebrated as you participate in the writing of more epic stories, and the painting of much larger landscapes. Thanks so much for working with us and for us. We wish you the best in all that you do, see, move, and create.

Ms. DeSantis & the Editorial Staff

Cover Art by Saige Jutras
Class of 2009

Letter from the Moderator

This issue of Visions is a compilation of the year's work. We were only able to publish one issue this year, ironically, because I had eye problems that left me unable to work with the students/magazine for a time. This issue has been dubbed the "Double Vision" edition because we have tried to include double the submissions and double the effort in its creation and publication.

I would like to thank all of my editors—Dominic Delabruere, Saige Jutras, Lisa Martin, Mandy Baril, and Maddie Schnier—for working under less than perfect circumstances, for collecting and encouraging people to submit in my absence, for making it to impromptu meetings, for offering their ideas and their own amazing work, and for their patience and understanding of the process. Without their involvement, editing, input, and design, the magazine would not have come to be, as it is, in your hands now.

A similar note of thanks goes out to all of the students who fill the pages of our magazine. Your courageous contributions keep the magazine going, and give us so much to ponder, praise, and preserve. Keep submitting. You are helping to encourage camaraderie and community with your words and images.

I offer my sincere thanks to the faculty and administration of CCHS for reading, submitting, sharing, and promoting writing, drawing, painting, learning, capturing, and producing. I would also like to offer a belated but heartfelt thank you to all those people who reached out to me with their thoughts, prayers, gifts and well-wishes while I was away from school this year. I am blessed to work with such caring and sincere individuals. You made me feel loved and supported during a difficult time. It is because of you that I feel compelled to work with students to create a record of the creativity and meaningful work that you help to inspire in our kids. I appreciate your constant encouragement and friendship and realize how lucky we are to be parts of such a unique community.

Working on Visions always makes me feel strongly motivated to continue working with students in their creative endeavors. The efforts here are first the efforts of the individual, and these efforts are significant in their ability to stand alone, as well as transform into a piece of a larger collection. After you experience this issue, I hope that you feel inspired and proud to be one of the those who is offering his or her own personal abilities and talents in the hopes of upholding one impressive Central Catholic High School.

Sincerely,
Kristin DeSantis
Faculty Moderator

Eyes Are

Eyes are:

Windows into another's soul,

A special place to call your home,

Tender and soft as a leisurely wind,

The place you'll find a newborn friend,

Warm like sunlight in early spring,

Utterly flawless, beautiful things,

An entire new world of compassion and grace,

A wholly gentle, safe, warm place.

And even when you're not quite sure

Of what you see, and what's in store,

Look around,

There'll be more,

Windows of kindness, consideration, and care,

When your eyes are open, love will always be there.

Katherine Eisenberg
Class of 2012

My Complication

My complication has been bringing me down
Knowing I don't have that "wifey" type around.
Around the corner, where they all reside,
I get caught up wit two on the side,
On the side of love where everything feels right,
Better than what you felt with that person-- before last night,
Before last night where you met me and things couldn't get any betta'
Is it love that I'm feeling that's driving me crazy?
I can't go on knowing it makes me hate "ME,"
Hate me 'cause of how I abuse it,
I try to stop myself from spittin' that music,
Music that relates to you and me,
Me and you,
Just the two of us thinking of our future
Yea, that's cute.
Getting so deep I start to feel unsure,
Unsure about pursuing this love
Loving two when one has a man,
A man she felt she couldn't even stand.
It gave me hope, but it's mostly likely impossible
I'mma have to get through it and just become unstoppable,
Unstoppable by the weight of my love for "TWO,"
Which bring me to "YOU,"
The second love,
I love you to death, but I couldn't go on,
On to the next step where we share our lives,
I didn't want us to live in lies,
I still want to have someone in my life,
But I feel like I'm neva' doing it right.
This is where I take a left,

Follow my own steps and take that one deep breath,
Deep breath to livin' it single,
'Cause this stress on my chest needs to dwindle
Like a sickness inside of me,
Inside of me, feelings of love pounding through my heart,
Wanting to feel this love more than anyone in this universe,
But I have to stop stressin' my first,
'Cause its only gonna' make it worse,
Worse to the point where I can't repair it
If I keep on, I'm not gonna wanna live it, feel it, breathe it, think it...
It's gonna' be out my life if I don't stop now and stay strong,
Putting it away until I can re-live it,
Re-live the American Dream, where I can be
Loving me, loving her,
Without it getting complicated into a blur,
A blur like the second love's feelings,
Saying I'm sorry "US" couldn't keep breathing,
I wanna be with you,
Yes, I do, but I can't do it and make it through,
Make it through my aches in the brain,
Trying to let this complication go before I lose my sane,
My sane to let this go and have it be over,
My Complication is done and now I can live it sober...

Joseph Correia
Class of 2009

Untitled

She stood outside, her blonde hair falling past her shoulders, barely covering the smile on her face. She was watching as the boys shoved the boxes into the trunk, displaying their masculinity for her giggling friends. She looked around at the house, the yard, and at the people causing such pandemonium in the driveway. With her manicured hands in her faded, distressed jean pockets, my sister sighed. She was leaving for college.

As my family frantically ran around, packing up last minute belongings and lugging an armoires and a television into the truck, I observed silently. I sat in the den, alone, and looked out the window at everything that was happening. My mom ran around with plates of food, trying to coerce everyone into eating and staying a little longer. My father stood with his arms folded, in disbelief that his only daughter was about to leave for college. Even our husky chocolate lab perked his ears, and trotted around the lawn before finally laying down in the remnants of the summer sun. He, too, let out a breath of disbelief. He always hated it when people left.

I sat, pulled down my mushroom-cut bangs from my face, and continued to stare out the window. Surely, I thought, my sister would find me. She would notice I was missing from all of this madness, and she would come to tell me she wasn't really leaving. She wouldn't stay outside and laugh with her friends and hug everyone goodbye. She would come back inside and stay with me one last time before she grew up and never came back. I looked up at the white, speckled ceiling, and finally stopped crying. "Why, God?" I asked the ceiling and its seemingly infinite expanse.

Then I heard the engines start. The slamming of car doors echoed from the driveway, and I looked out the window. The reverse lights were on, and the trucks slowly backed down our impossibly long driveway. The tears returned as I went into panic mode. "NO!" I screamed as my prematurely long legs somehow managed to take me to the front door. "Why didn't you say 'bye' to me!" I begged, screaming. But no one heard me. My family was outside on the grass, waving and watching my sister's departure from the house. In my eight year old mind, I would never see her again. I fell to the floor and let the tears pour down my face. I didn't want to say goodbye.

Now, nearly a decade later, my sister has graduated from college. She holds a very successful job, and is married to quite the gentleman. I, too, have changed. I now understand that God is not the ceiling. More importantly, I got rid of the mushroom cut my mother had tortured me with as a child.

Despite the changes, I still love my sister. She has become one of the most influential people in my life and helps me with all of my projects. She supports me in nearly everything (except when I dyed my hair silver), and is as much a presence in my life now as she was before college. Most recently, she has helped me undertake my next endeavor: my college applications.

If you have never gone through the process, let me be the first to say that it is excruciating. The guidance department sets their deadlines at least one year in advance, so you never have an excuse to miss them. The essays are impossible to write, mainly because they restrict you to two pages or fewer. And the forms they make you fill out are so meticulous, you're always left wondering if you forgot something. Don't get me started on the SATs. They're Satan. On paper.

What bothers me the most is that colleges expect you to know what you want from your life at the time of the application process. At seventeen years old, we are expected to fill out a bubble proclaiming our careers or concentrations. When they first asked me what I wanted to do, I wanted to fill out seven bubbles. Then I was told I was allowed to pick two, three at the most. Needless to say, I was extremely upset.

So I put it off. I waited until the day preceding the Early Decision deadline before I told myself that this wasn't working for me. I swore off college, decided I wouldn't need to go to one because I already KNOW what I'm going to do. I continued to lie to myself until my mother rolled her eyes at me and screamed in her best Italian accent, "You're going to college." Gee, thanks, Mom.

The truth is I want to go to college. I want to be able to explore new options in a fun new place, and study the subjects that I am most passionate about. It's just the applications. The stunning reality that, yes, I have to apply and that I have to get my letters back and face the imminent possibility of rejection. Or that maybe, just maybe, my dreams will come true and life will work out as I've been planning it to since the seventh grade.

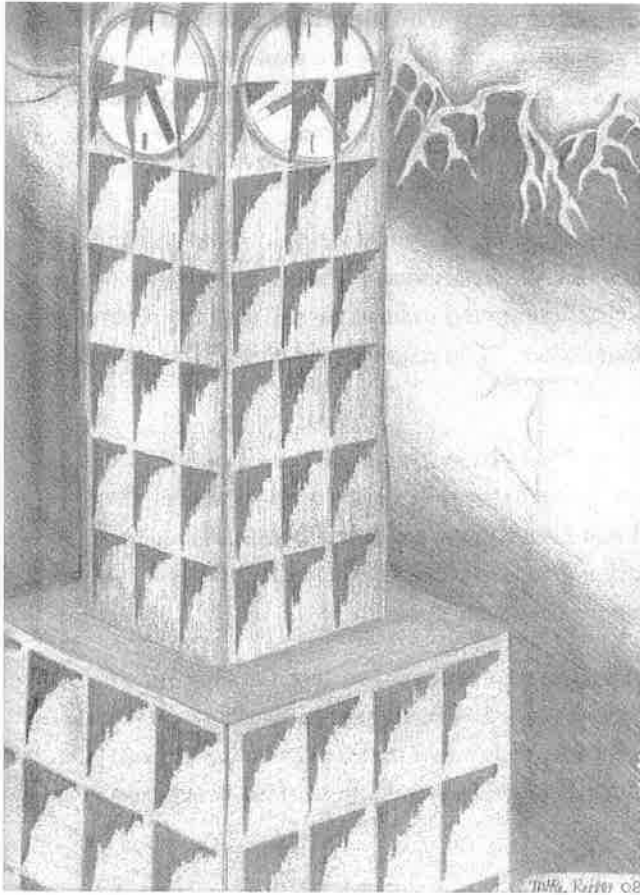
I continued to blow off deadlines, somehow weaseled my way into the Guidance Office weeks after due dates, and took the SATs months too late. I continued to struggle with writing my essay. I was the student who finished the AP History essays first in the class in sophomore year. I asked myself, why have I let this slip? Why have I let everything come so close to slipping away from me?

I find the answers in the halls of school; the familiar faces who smile at me, and the people who brighten my day. I find the answer in my annoying new puppy, the disapproving grunts of my father, and the incessant mockery from my brothers. The answer is in my work, my friends, my family, and even my ride to school everyday. It's in the tests I don't study for, the teachers who understand, the teachers who expect better, and the parents who love me. It's the way my bed feels when I'm sick (or pretending), the rewarding feeling I get from pep rallies, fashion shows, and pay checks. It's the cold, stone building of Central, and the Italian cooking of my grandmother.

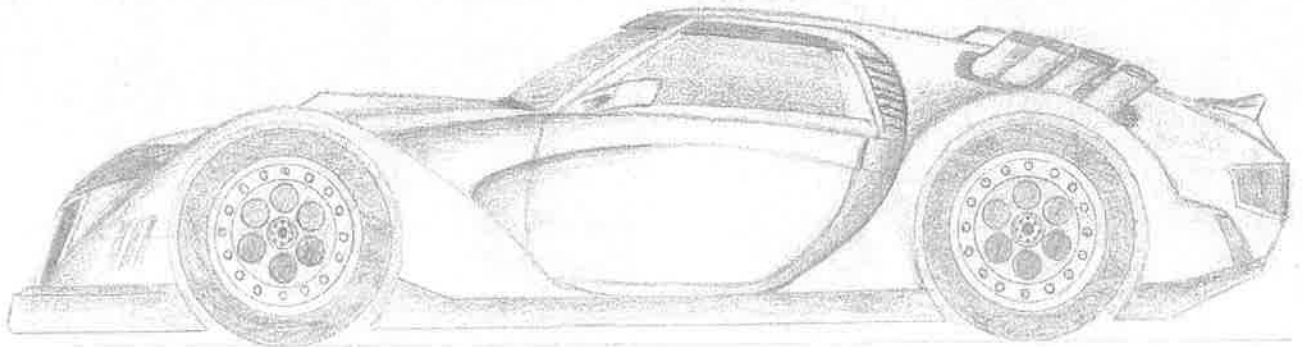
The true answer is that now, a decade after I watched my sister reverse down the driveway, I'm still that little kid who hid in the den. I'm still throwing my tantrum, crying for things to return, begging the heavens to give me more time.

I'm still afraid to say goodbye.

Phillip Picardi
Class of 2009



Michael Reilly
Class of 2009



Michael Reilly
Class of 2009

Office at Night

Inspired by Edward Hopper's "Office at Night"

A silence wraps around everything in the room,
but not the type to be suffocating,
like a heavy hand gripped around mute throats—
not that she knows about that sort of thing,
having been the first in her junior high class to get her curves,
and with them a lifetime of trouble—
but she never did have to go anywhere alone from then on,
unless it was by choice.
she likes it here, the quiet precision of her work—
the window shade trembles softly in a warm breeze,
carrying the distant sounds of a city under nightfall:
a car, driving through street puddles, splashes water onto the curb—
she wonders where it's going,
a beam from its headlights enters the open window,
throws moving lights and shadows onto the wall,
recedes before the sounds become too faint to hear,
and leaves the room in both darkness and silence.

He trembles, as if suppressing something within him—
it, without a name,
vibrates on his skin, sliding a cold finger along the back of his neck.
He's going to be sick, he's already sick, or
maybe his natural complexion had always been a nauseated green.
He looks like he might collapse on himself,
with the ease the piece of paper that had so fixated him
might fold into three parts,
slide into an envelope,
and be carried across borders, oceans, and battlefields.

She puts a hand on his shaking arm—
a dangerous risk—
though he's not that type of man
(even without a wife or children to weigh down his conscience)
and she's long past playing games.
She got that out of her system the first week here:
shy glances that, with her exaggerated red lips, seemed out of place—
the classic good-girl-who's-really-a-bad-girl act that strung along so many men,
even ones with more neatly buttoned suit coats and colder glances than his,
and brought them to their knees.
At first, she thought of him as a bit of a hobby,
and seeing him come undone would be most entertaining.
He wasn't extremely handsome—
not that it matters:
she could pick up any good-looking guy sitting alone (or not) at the bar
if she wanted to—
but still, he's young, though stiff
and scowls so permanently it ages him another five years.

Of course it would be a game to her—
a perverse need to do it
just because she could.
She remembers once, she leant so low across his desk (right past that ugly green lamp) she
almost blushed herself,
and whispered low and raw,
“What would you have me do for you now?”
and waited for that frown to fall,
but he just looked her in the eye,
an impenetrable blue gaze that seemed not to see her at all,
and asked her to retype a stack of documents.

She eventually gave up the teasing,
but kept the lipstick and the powder,
if only out of habit,
as if she didn't trust the way her own face looked underneath all of it.

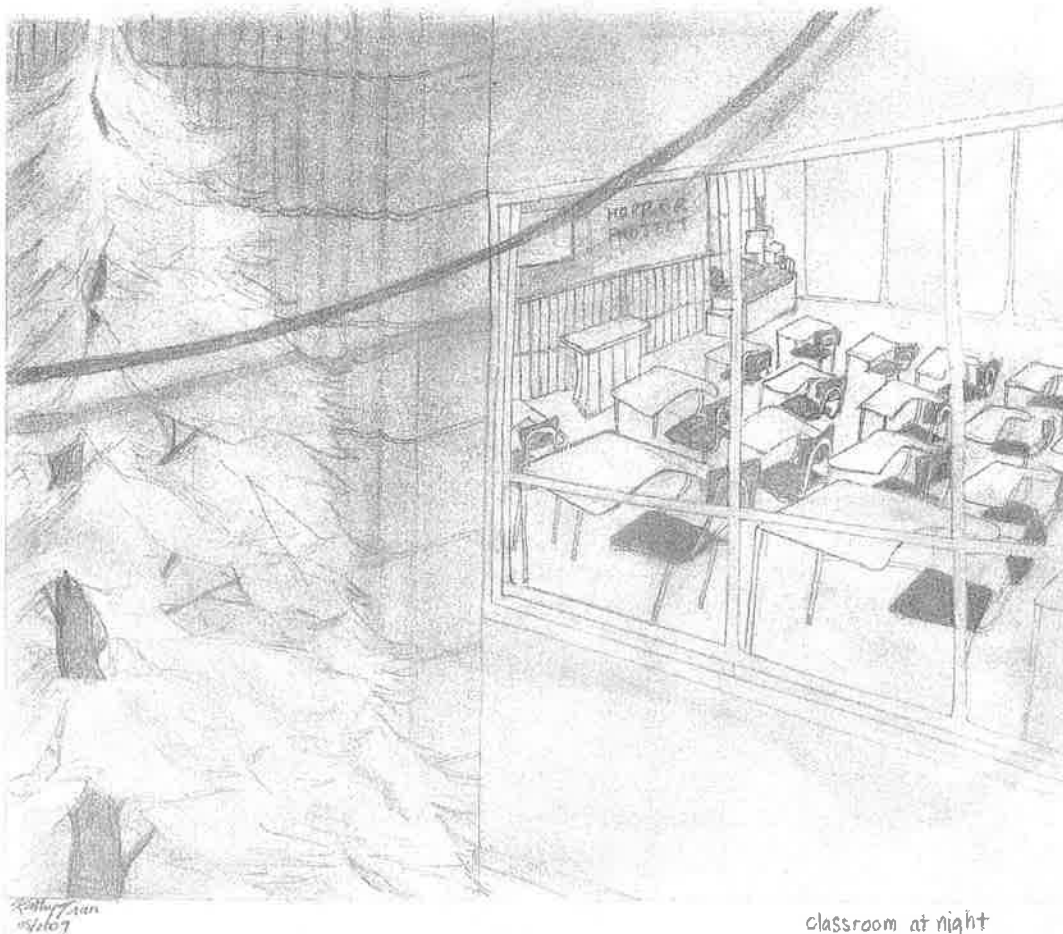
A few weeks of tedious secretarial duties had changed her,
she likes it here,
she likes him, even—
the comfortable reliability of it all,
dull, others would say,
but she liked the monotony:
the typing, the copying, the filing.
She's not so young anymore,
and those days—
nights at smoky clubs with trumpeting music,
and hips and hands and dancing until the orange sun stretched over the horizon—
seem distant and remote,
like looking at a far-off landscape through a blurry lens.
Vague memories from the past five years, indistinguishable from each other, fill her head,
suggesting she dragged her heels from club to club in futile search
for what? She had no idea.
With maturity came a shapeless elusive feeling in her chest:
to seek out a concrete place for her two feet to stand,
her own patch of earth under the sky—
and though she hasn't found it yet,
she's content to share his:
this small office,
so self-contained,
but never claustrophobic—
fresh air, door open—
and safe.
Silent.

She has her hand on his arm,
as if she could transfer some of her own momentum to him through the contact.
She remembers wanting to see this.
his aloof composure in transparent pieces—
her mere gaze at him seems seductively taboo,
like watching a car crash,

or seeing him naked,
so stripped down to skin, bones, vulnerability.
They're absolute strangers—
the city tradition of never knowing anybody,
even the ones you see every day,
even the ones who sleep in your bed every night,
even the ones whose hand you hold to keep them from falling to pieces—
but they're more alike than she thought,
both liking it a lot more in here
than being out there.
knowing that she has something in common
with someone else
in the large, swallowing vastness of this city makes it a bit smaller,
like she can now move again,
after being paralyzed from her own dwarfed significance.

She listens as he breathes, calming,
and anchors herself to the sound of his presence,
feels her chest become lighter with each of his breaths.

Kathy Tran
Class of 2009



Classroom at Night, Kathy Tran, Class of 2009

classroom at night



Moose
Robert Rooseboom
Faculty

Silence

Silence is not an enemy;
She welcomes me with open arms,
Places her cool hands upon my cheek,
And leads me back to her home
Where my mind is free from harm.

Silence takes me to her table
As I utter a gentle sigh.
I tell her my exhausted dreams—
My hopes, my fears, my memories—
And upon her shoulder I do cry.

Silence doesn't move her lips to talk,
But with a pair of eyes so great.
She talks to me through intuition,
She shuffles all that's in my heart;
My mind now an empty slate.

Outside her door I must once more tread,
And take her advice until the end.
Times of solitude will return,
But Silence is not my enemy...
She is my greatest friend.

Robbie Taylor
Class of 2009

Harmony

Inspired by Carl Sandburg's "Hope is a Tattered Flag"

Harmony is hot sand, crunching between your toes,

Waves pulsing like a heartbeat.

Harmony is a deep intake of clean air, smooth as silk, enough to fill the soul.

Harmony is graduation, marriage, children.

Harmony is the milky sun pouring through delicate, green tree tops

Harmony is laying face-up in a boat,

Blinding blue above, torso rising and collapsing like the waters

Up and fall, up and fall.

Harmony is the moment right before sleep swallows you.

Harmony is the rare goodbye hug that only means see you later.

Harmony is the smell of coconut skin and citrus hands

The touch of those hands on your palm, slowly rolling up to the top of fingertips.

Harmony is the sound of rain whispering love songs on a steamy afternoon.

Harmony is green tea to the mind, worry melting into music.

Harmony is quiet;

Weightless silence, balancing time.

Nicole St. Germain

Class of 2009

Change

Inspired by Carl Sandburg's "Hope is a Tattered Flag"

Change is the person standing up.

Change is the budding flower peaking through the wet soil.

Change is the rolling storm eroding the western plains.

Change is the little boy looking to the future.

Change is the winter, summer, spring, and fall.

Change is the universe giving birth to the stars.

Change is Boston saying no to England.

Change is Ghandi sitting with no violence.

Change is the Wizard of Oz showing us color.

Change is delta teaching the next generation.

Change is the reporters doing their jobs.

Change is the sun spilling over the horizon,

The man giving hope to a nation.

Change is Edison, Ford, and the Wright Brothers.

Change is the new day.

Listen to what it has to say.

Spencer Butterfield

Class of 2009

Fear

Inspired by Carl Sandburg's "Hope is a Tattered Flag"

Fear is our greatest emotion.
Fear is damp, cold, and bitter.
Fear is the lion's roar, the darkness of your bedroom come night fall.
Fear makes you weak; it takes your legs out.
Fear makes you lose loyalty and honor.
Fear makes you look the other way to a tyrant.
Fear makes you a communist.
Fear makes you engage in impulsive conflict.
Fear controls you.
Fear makes you a hero.
Fear makes you a warrior.
Fear rests in your eyes.
Fear is Neville Chamberlain.
Fear is Winston Churchill.
Fear is Judas Iscariot.
Fear is Jesus Christ.
Fear makes you a mortal.

Chris Panaro
Class of 2009

Courage

Inspired by Carl Sandburg's "Hope is a Tattered Flag"

Courage is sinking into the dentist chair as a child.
Courage is the blazing spotlight and the breath after a measure of intro music,
The fast heartbeat and clammy hands of a new student opening a classroom door,
The harsh, jagged inhale and wiping away of beads of perspiration before the last
whistle blows,
The flash of red, white, and blue against a sandy desert scene,
The soft fuzz of a pink baby blanket in a new mother's arms,
The closing of a car door after moving into a dorm room,
The silent head nod giving the "go ahead" to start chemo and radiation.
Courage is taking the first step onto a field, church aisle, diving board, battle field, stage
Into a hospital, funeral home, classroom, morgue, office.
Courage is saying "I do" or saying "I won't."
It is escaping beatings and bruises.
Courage is strength, perseverance, and faith.
Courage is...

Amy Gervino
Class of 2009

Promises

Open minds and anxious hearts.
This is where our story starts.

Setting. Picture this:

*The sky burnt pink with ominous delight
as the crowd of onlookers sighed at the familiarity of the sight.
Contrasts of yellow, blue, and red filled the space around our source of light
As the sun ducked down to allow the darkness of yet another night.*

Scene One. Imagination is Key.

*This boardwalk, please imagine, towered over a translucent sea.
Made of scarlet bricks, it stood so gallantly.
Like any other day, the sun fell very carefully.
Making sure it's location remained in complete secrecy.*

*The last ray of light peaked through the clouds
when the boardwalk suddenly grew unbearably loud.
As the celebration began, he searched frantically around
Wishing to find one friendly face in the awestruck crowd.*

*She was smiling brightly and her teeth were bare.
There was something about her that captivated his stare.
She met his eyes willingly, and shyly pretended not to care
But there was something about him that seemed to fill the air.*

Scene Two. Are you with me?

I know it's hard to understand, but reader, please try to imagine the situation first hand.

*Her back was turned to face an ocean of pure blue.
As she began to leave, he decided this was what he wanted to do.
Their eyes met again, but neither of them knew
That the feeling she held was magic, and it consumed him too.*

*Just as she wished, he took an advancing step
and began a conversation that seemed completely inept.
Before their words deflated and fell to an unreachable depth,
Plans were made; and they both unwillingly left.*

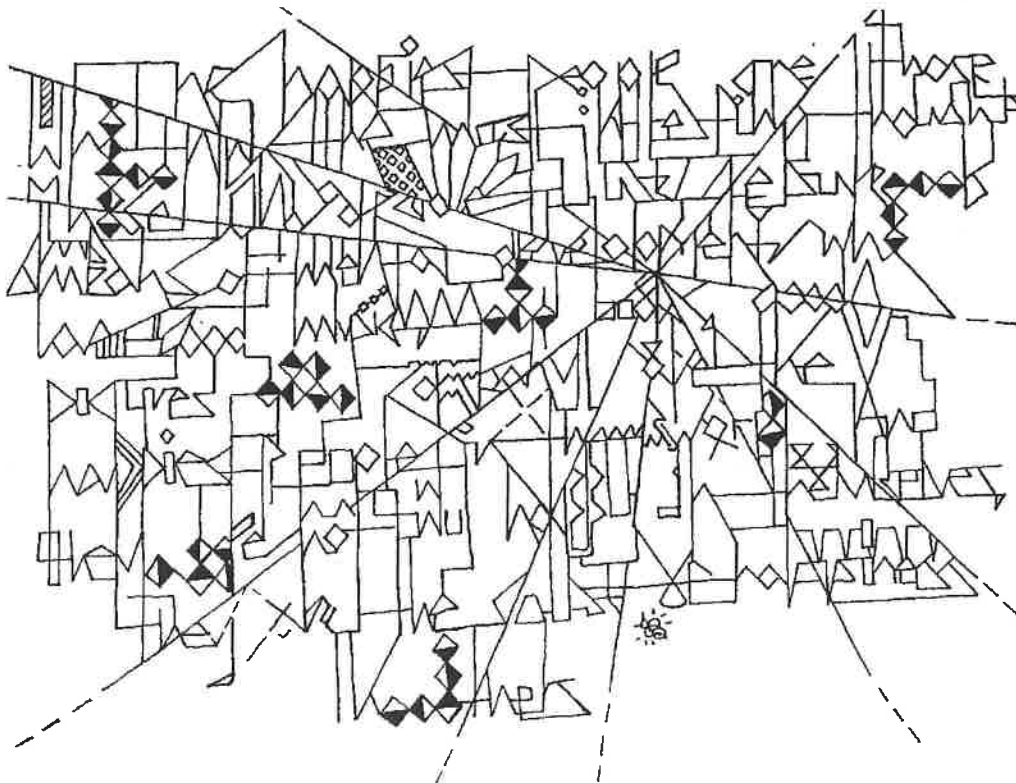
Scene Three. I must honestly imply that nothing here will have much meaning to you, but what matters most is believing that these feelings were true.

*To make matters worse, she hates to recall,
was a tiny factor that now seems so small.
But this tiny thing caused gravity to stall
bringing the two strangers together after the fall.*

*Thirteen months have passed since the night they met,
and I don't believe that either could forget
Saying goodbye, and all of the regret
Of promises that will forever leave two hearts in debt.*

Scene Three remains unfinished, but the the story has yet to unfold.
For what happened that night was magic, and is better remembered, not told.

Lisa Martin
Class of 2009



Meghan Caveney
Class of 2011

December

Its shorter days and darker nights
A fortress layer for snowball fights
It's running about and trampling the snow
But all this you already know

Its cold eggnog and gingerbread
As snow flurries around your head
Christmas carolers coming to call
Telling you to deck the halls

Its glowing reindeer and sparkling lights
Twinkling endlessly into the night
Seeing Santa at the mall
Bringing presents for one and all

Its brown nutmeg and cinnamon
Calling everybody in
To sit around the table close
Eating and eating the holiday roast

It's sledding down hills and skating on ice
Santa reminding you to be nice
Putting milk and cookies on the table
For Santa to eat them if he's able

It's getting up on Christmas day
Opening presents and shouting hooray
Snapping the flash and smiling away
Forever immortalizing your favorite day

Your favorite month then comes to a close
Jack Frost ready to nip your nose
But in coming months you'll remember
The amazing enchantment that is December

Tricia Ryan
Class of 2011



Spencer Butterfield, Class of 2009

Reflection in the Shadows, Matt Camire, Class of 2011





Ashley Blanchard
Class of 2009

Litany

Inspired by Billy Collins's "Litany"

You are the bell on the buoy ringing with each wave,
and the water left in the pools as the tide goes out.
You are the blackbird flying into the night,
the sliver of the moon left at the end of the cycle.
You are a baby's breath as he gently falls to sleep
and the consistent squeak of a rocking chair.

However, you are not the rope of a tire-swing held tight,
the arched back of a cat as it wakes,
or a paper airplane that takes a nosedive on the first throw.
And you are certainly not a cookie-scented candle.
There is no way you are a cookie-scented candle.

It is possible that you are a peak at the last page,
maybe even freckles present on a sunny day,
but you are not even close
to being the first bite of an apple.

Your reflection will show
that you are neither the words written with a dying pen,
nor the trophy on the shelf.

It may please you to know,
speaking of the imagery of the world,
that I am the view of the fairground from the top of the Ferris Wheel.

I also happen to be the crack of light under a closed door,
sprinkles on an ice cream,
and the last piece of a puzzle.

I am also the leaf blown off the top of the pile,
and the singer's glass of water.
But don't worry, I am not the bell on the buoy, ringing with each wave.
You are still the bell.

Amber Blum
Class of 2011

We've Known All Along

Everyone loves beautiful.
I love you more than beauty.
You are my idea of
beautiful.

I love the way
you say
my name.

Do you remember when we first met?
We've fallen into each other
like it's been planned from the start,
like we've known all along.

We were hot together
this summer.
We were fire and
Band-aids,
ponds at 2 a.m and
saltwater.
We are still these things.
We are more now.

You are my idea of
strength.
Our differences make us stronger.
I love that about our fights.
You know you're in love
when you love
a good fight, now and then.

Your eyes hold more depth than
the Atlantic.
Your lips
speak for themselves.
You are on my mind
when I am not thinking of you.

You are in my mouth
and ears
and hands
every minute.

I dream big dreams
when I look at you.

I want you to go far in life
and in love.
We will go far together.

Our secrets late at night,
you make my heart take flight

You are my idea of
completion.

Saige Jutras
Class of 2009

Morning Glory

Inspired by Edward Hopper's "Morning Sun"

I woke up in New York City this morning.
The white and yellow sun rays
made my silk slip stick
to my legs
and made the soft hairs near my face
stick
to my damp temple.
New York City woke me up
with his heat.

"You're busier than I'd have reckoned"
I said.
To nobody but myself
as my eyes gazed out of the square cut window
and onto
the hundreds of black hats
and white feathers,
shiny shoes and
solid wheels,
outside in New York City.
I said it to me.
With my southern accent and
dirt under my toenails.
Dirt that followed me from Kentucky.

When he showed me my room last night
I didn't want him to leave me.
Not that I want him
in particular,
just someone to stay with me.
He was a stranger with the keys
but I am far stranger to this place,
than a key from a secret garden.
In this enchanted garden that never sleeps.

"I mean lady, if you want me to stay I'll stay"
"You'd stay and talk about New York City alongside me?"
"Naw darlin, I mean I'll *stay*"
"How do you mean, Mister McDurman?"
"You know damn well what I mean"
"Pardon?"

The Beauty of Forgiveness

Inspired by Billy Collins's "Litany"

You are my friend,
my mirror image, and yet my opposite.
You are the white fish, with your black eye
watching out for me.
And I am the black fish, with my white eye
watching out for you.
Encircling each other, we are
forever at peace.

But there are times when our peace is severed,
and when that happens our encircling stops,
and we become no more than catfish,
lurking on the bottom of a pond.

Many things sever our friendship.
Many times, I am the apple,
but you are the orange.
Sometimes you are the table
and I am the chair,
always lurking under you.

But one thing keeps us from migrating
to another pond,
or searching for another partner,
and that is our forgiving hearts.
You are like a father, welcoming his
troublesome son back home.
And I am the son, forgiving his father's
harsh and unnecessary punishments,
which drove me away in the first place.

And when our differences are settled,
and our hearts filled with forgiveness,
we are no longer catfish,
lurking on the bottom of a pond,
but the white fish with the black eye
and the black fish with the white eye
forever encircling each other,
at the center.

Jonathan Lin
Class of 2011

Mistakes

Once in your lifetime you will make a mistake.
You will hurt someone close to you
Will say something that crushes them—
Maybe what you said was misunderstood,
Or you spoke without thinking first.

It happens to all of us at least once:
We hurt that person without meaning.
You took away all they had and destroyed it—
Every day you will see that pain
You will break down, unable to fix it.

Every day you will go above and beyond,
Just trying to mend that relationship,
Working hard, hoping they will overlook it.
It hurts to know you messed it all up
Nothing can fix this mistake.

People say that you will learn from this...
But you do not want to learn.
You want it to go back to how it was,
Always replaying your mistake in your mind
Not believing you have caused all of this.

You will realize
You can't always fix what's broken.

Jessica Dick
Class of 2009

