



Visions

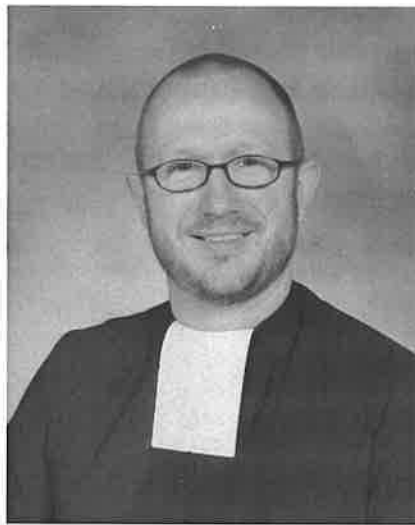
Volume Thirteen

**VISIONS VOLUME 13
IS DEDICATED TO:**

BROTHER BRIAN POULIN

"There are many different kinds of people who consider themselves to be teachers. Some teachers simply show up and do their job; teach the lesson, assign homework, give tests. However, other teachers do things a bit differently.

Some teachers dedicate themselves to their students and genuinely care about their wellbeing. During my junior year, I was fortunate enough to have one of those teachers for my religion class. Brother Brian Poulin goes out of his way every single day to make sure the students at Central Catholic feel comfortable and are expressing themselves in any way they need to. He adamantly encourages us to step out of our comfort zone and stand for what we believe in. I have mostly been known to be a quiet girl, but in his class, I was never afraid or embarrassed to share my thoughts.



Not only does Brother Brian create a comfortable learning environment in the classroom, but he also makes sure to check in with other members of the community, including the art department. He enjoys coming around after school

to observe what the art students have been working on, and that never fails to lead to some intriguing conversations. Running into Brother Brian after school is always a pleasure, and I will miss our conversations next year after graduating. Brother Brian has impacted my life both by being my teacher and by being a person to share my thoughts with. I do not think

anyone deserves a dedication from the Visions magazine more than he does. He is an influential teacher, a mentor to some, and overall an extremely caring and compassionate person. On behalf of the entire art department, I would like to send my deepest gratitude and wish Brother Brian the best of luck for what is to come. We will miss you!"

Catherine Contarino, Chief Editor, 2013

On Behalf of the Visions Crew, we'd like to **thank...**

- **ALL STUDENTS** who made the effort to share a little bit of themselves with us through visual and/or written expression in this magazine and at our coffee house events. Without your bravery the world would be very gray.
- To both the **English** and the **Fine and Performing Arts Departments** for pushing our students to think outside the box and express themselves in a way that helps us all to see the world through a new perspective.
- **Mrs. Keller** and the **Administration** for supporting Visions and allowing us to change our coffee house dates numerous times...sorry about that!
- All **faculty members** who came to our coffee house events. Not only did you support us in our performances, you lead by example through the contribution of your own artistic input.
- The numerous **students outside of the CCHS community** who participated in our coffee house events. We appreciate your support, and especially your talent, which could not be replicated!!!
- **Gabby Taveras** and **Teresa Santana** for keeping the energy so high at our coffee house events, you are both fantastic Emcee's!

I, Ms. Giraffo, would especially like to thank the entire **Visions Crew** who took the initiative to help out and make this magazine possible. I feel very fortunate to be a part of something so special!

A very special thank you goes out to **Catherine Contarino** and **Emily Fitzmeyer** for working so hard to edit and assemble this magazine. Visions was made possible by your hard work and dedication. This kind of creative force is undeniable. I appreciate you both!



Teresa Santana, 2013

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Chief Editor
Attending University of Vermont



Emily Fitzmeyer '13
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Attending Saint Anselm College



Katey Donlan '13
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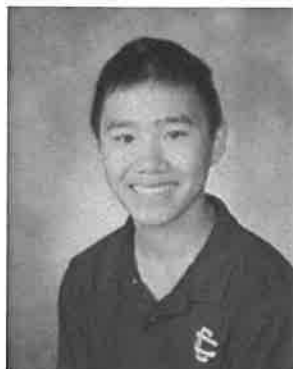
Teresa Santana '13
Coffeehouse Emcee
Attending UMass Lowell



Gabby Taveras '13
Coffeehouse Emcee



Jenny Zhang '14



Jacob Basilere '15



Carina Imbornone '16

If I Could Grant a Wish for You

If I could grant a wish for you,
I would get a thrill or two.

May you enjoy your daily tea
May you always be around for me.

May you always read a great book
May you always stay a fantastic cook.

May you discover new paths on your walks
May you always be there for talks.

May you be there to support my game
May you embrace all the fame.

May you receive a hug each day
May you always remember how to play.

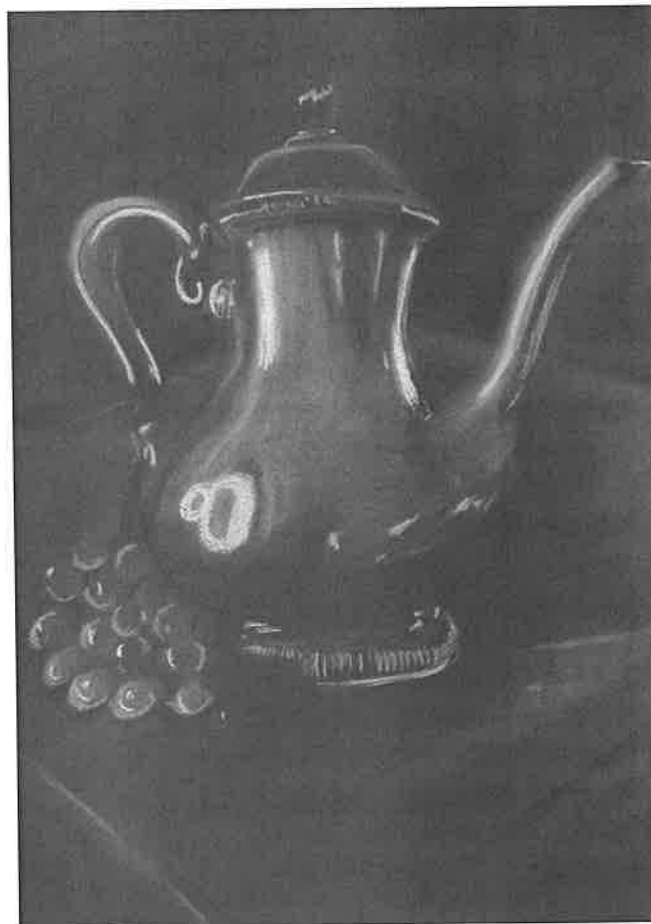
May you have every opportunity to fly
May you always reach for the sky.

May your dreams for us come true
May your thoughts never be blue.

May your memories make you smile
May today bring you here for awhile.

Oh, If I could grant a wish for you,
I would get a thrill or two.

Austin Perry, 2014



Michelle Pabon, 2013

Soil and Stainless Steel

I have two cousins, who are as different as soil and stainless steel.

To one cousin, happiness exists in the purr of a running engine. His realm is all things mechanical, from hydraulics right down to a jammed pencil. We have spent countless hours disassembling broken pocket watches. Some of them weren't even broken at all. He lives in a modern house, filled with the finest conveniences, from the latest *iPhone* to heated bathroom floors. Hands stained black with oil are symbols of a job well done.

The other cousin likes to see his hands stained, too, but with dirt. Everything is right with the world as long as there is soil between his toes. His most complicated tool is an axe. He lives in a simple wooden house, surrounded by immaculate gardens, where he and I prune hedges, water fruit trees in the small orchard, and aerate the ground in the garden. In this beautiful oasis, life abounds wherever his feet touch the ground. He knows the tracks of all the native animals, and his greatest pleasure is to recline in the sunlight, a small stream gurgling behind him. To say he has a green thumb would be an extreme understatement.

They both are great teachers. One happily explains the function of the newest computer software, and shows me how to write in Hypertext Markup Language (the mysterious HTML for those not lucky enough to be related to my cousin.) The other reveals the proper technique for chopping wood and the correct way to graft two trees (it's even more complicated than it sounds, trust me.) One has fun reading an excerpt from *Popular Mechanics*. The other is thrilled seeing a new variety of flower in a seed catalogue.

Both cousins are nearly thirty five, with brawny arms and the most welcoming smiles anyone has ever seen. One has skin tanned from his time in the garden. The other has pale skin, from time spent in the garage on sunny afternoons. Both have favorite channels. For one, the best programs are all on *The Science Channel*. For the other, there is no use tuning in to anything but *HGTV*. One of them spends his spare time browsing through hardware stores. The other prepares to pickle his cucumbers for the coming winter. One brags about his seamless wireless network. The other is proud of one of his perfectly ripe strawberries. While one adds antifreeze, the other changes the position of his potted plants. One has taught me the value of a fluorescent light bulb. The other has taught me the beauty of a freshly grown tomato.

Both are caring. One is devoted to the health of his geraniums, the other to the security of his laptop. Both have pets. One has a playful golden retriever named Buddy, who has a fond affection for shoes. The other has a robotic dog, aptly named Robo-dog. He is probably one of the neatest pets a person could own. They both are always extremely loving and think family is paramount. Due to these traits, they try to impart their varied wisdoms down to the next generation. I am one of this lucky group.

Some of my fondest memories are of hiking trips with one and trips to *The Museum of Science* with the other. All of the diverse adventures I have had with these two characters could not be put to paper. They are simply too numerous. What I can say without a doubt is that the knowledge they have imparted to me will always be my most valued possession.

The choice has been left to me as to whose path I will follow. I think that it will not be one of their paths, but both of theirs, and yet neither of theirs. They represent two separate styles

of life: one of simplicity, and the other of technology. As for me, I hope to mesh these two styles of life together. Access to them both has irrevocably changed me for the better, allowing me to see the world in not just one light, but two. One has revealed to me where humanity is going. The other shows me where we have come from.

Leszek Krol, 2014



Jahzmin Walker, 2014

The Butterfly

Memories are what makes us who we are, but what happens when they disappear?
I watched as you slipped into the hands of dementia, an incredible brain disease.
As a little child, I thought it was just a disease where old people lost their keys.
Little did I know my grandmother was slowly slipping away like sand through my fingers.

I can still feel your soft skin and smell you and even hear your soft soothing voice.
But it is never going to be the same since your spirit is slowly leaving us.
It scares me to know you can't remember what happened five minutes ago or even remember my name.

A little of you is taken each day to this enemy doctors say they can't fix

The future is unknown. Some days you don't recognize me.
Some days you are young, asking where your mom is or Baba.
It gets harder each time to say they aren't here with us anymore.
Each tear seems to fall faster, and I struggle even more to catch it.

The brain deteriorates in the shape of a butterfly.
Each side identical taking both your logic and imagination.
Maybe when you are unresponsive and have no spark in your eyes,
You're free in your mind like a butterfly.

Life is a journey, time is precious and you don't live forever.
I can still hold you close in my arms,
But now it's my turn to be strong as you were for me.
I know someday we'll be together again and we can reminisce those sweet memories.

Alex West, 2015



Jahzmin Walker, 2014

The Clock

The subway station rallied and bustled with an increased confusion, a case of internal turmoil that I had sensed from the moment I entered North Station. Walking down the worn stairs that time had given detail to, a college student ran past. As he quickly traversed the staircase, I noticed that he clutched only a set of papers encased in a folder, entitled "Course 324". The urgency on his face reminded me of my time at Brown, the place I majored in economics. Now, I had landed a job in the financial district. At the time, my parents had been so proud to see that I, Irma, now had the education that they never could procure, as they were immigrant children fleeing Nazi Germany many years ago. They still tell me of their vague and sharp memories, of klezmer music and quiet trips in the back of ramshackle vehicles, avoiding the wasteland their home had become. My parents had eventually settled down in Brookline, a part of Massachusetts near Boston. They have since grown older but the stories never leave their minds.

Walking down, I touched foot with the concrete floor. As I walked in perfect meter, a drum with an automaton for its composer, and my thoughts turned to the frequent rider card in the palm of my hand, enclosed by my fingers. In a habitual process, I slipped the card into the ticket-taking machine and the plexiglass gate opened in front of me. Not astounded by this, I walked into the main atrium of the subway.

Seeing a french-speaking couple utterly confused with the wall map, I introduced myself in an attempt to show the travelers the way to the right train.

"Hello, I don't mean to bother you but do you need help?" I asked.

They looked at each other bewilderedly and I realized that they had no clue as to what I had just said.

"Comment pouvons-nous arriver a la ligne verte?" The lady asked.

I confidently answered, "Tourner a gauche et prendre un virage," and wordlessly thanked my french professeur for teaching directions.

Smiling, the couple thanked me.

There were still a few minutes, so I meandered into the underground coffee shop, stepped up to the counter, and ordered a medium black tea. By the time I paid for the drink and received the branded cup, it was around time to catch the train. Standing on the subway platform, I glanced at the clock above the railway. The digital beast ticked away, a measure of my existence on this world of earth. Its rhythmic keeping was a sort of order and cleanliness to the platform, a minimalist statement on the nature of all things affected with movement and subject to entropy.

From the endless tunnel, first a noise was heard, then the lights of the train were seen, illuminating the steam from an indoor pipe inside the cavernous adit. A wall of steel and plastic soared forward, its stopping always seeming like a miraculous change of identity from a moving wall to a still rock. The doors opened and I walked in, neglecting to take a second sight at the clock.

Two others occupied the space with me; it was one of those train-cars that, given the right timing and moment, could end up carrying such an unremarkable number of people.

One of the passengers, an old lady with the face of a gentle, traveled soul looked up at me from behind her newspaper. Next to the woman stood an impatient, younger character--he carried a briefcase and was studying the cover of a chemistry journal. From his worn yet formal jacket, khaki pants, and inquisitive expression, I thought he might be some sort of professor. Acting within this inquisitive nature, he glanced pointedly and with a focus upon my entrance, but as soon as the mystery of me entering the car had subsided, he continued to read the magazine.

With the closing of the slide doors, I sat down. My field of vision contained a view of the digital ticker that portrayed every half-minute in the numbers of time. Charging down the curving lines of the rails, I could not help but to think of our vehicle as an eye, following the lines and contours of a charcoal drawing. The windows of the train were only a view into the dark tunnel wall, a scene our eyes interpreted as black.

Two minutes into the commute, the electric fluorescence in the car that had accompanied us vanished; we could see naught, which was an occurrence that plunged me into a disordered anxiety.

"What happened?" I asked with a tremor in my voice.

I could not see my fellow passengers, but now their presence was all that kept me sane.

"The lights, the lights, something happened!" The man enunciated.

"Is there any way into the next car? We shouldn't have to stay here!" I said.

The lady who had been sitting down was positioned close to the train-car's door. I heard the sound of her struggling to open it, but finally, she gave up.

"It must be controlled by the electricity, which isn't here anymore," she said with just a hint of fright.

I suddenly realized that the electric time ticker had also gone out; at this point, the notion of time seemed irrational, unreliable, an inaccurate way to display the complexities of human existence. For all I knew, the seconds ticked by with increased speed one minute and as if they were centuries the next. All measured concepts had given way to our perilous, confused situation.

"You know, it's good that the train didn't stop altogether," the man remarked. "It would have been disastrous to be late going back to work today."

I could not see this man, but I knew that his offhand remark was for the betterment of ourselves, and the mention of something as common and everyday as work schedules calmed me.

"Hopefully the outside doors will open when we arrive." The older lady remarked.

"What's your names? Mine's Irma." I posed the sometimes awkward but fundamental question; I needed the ability to strictly define these two co-passengers in my head with two words.

"Oh dear, I didn't introduce myself. I'm Helen." Now I had a name to put to the older lady's voice.

"My name's Jeff. I'm a chemical engineer over at MIT." I wasn't entirely wrong in

thinking that this man was a chemist.

"Yeah. I do economics over at the financial district. I was just going now home before I went out for dinner today with my friends." I said.

"What restaurant did you plan on going to? I had been a food critic with the New Yorker for a good many years; just now I'm working part-time for the Phoenix," Helen remarked.

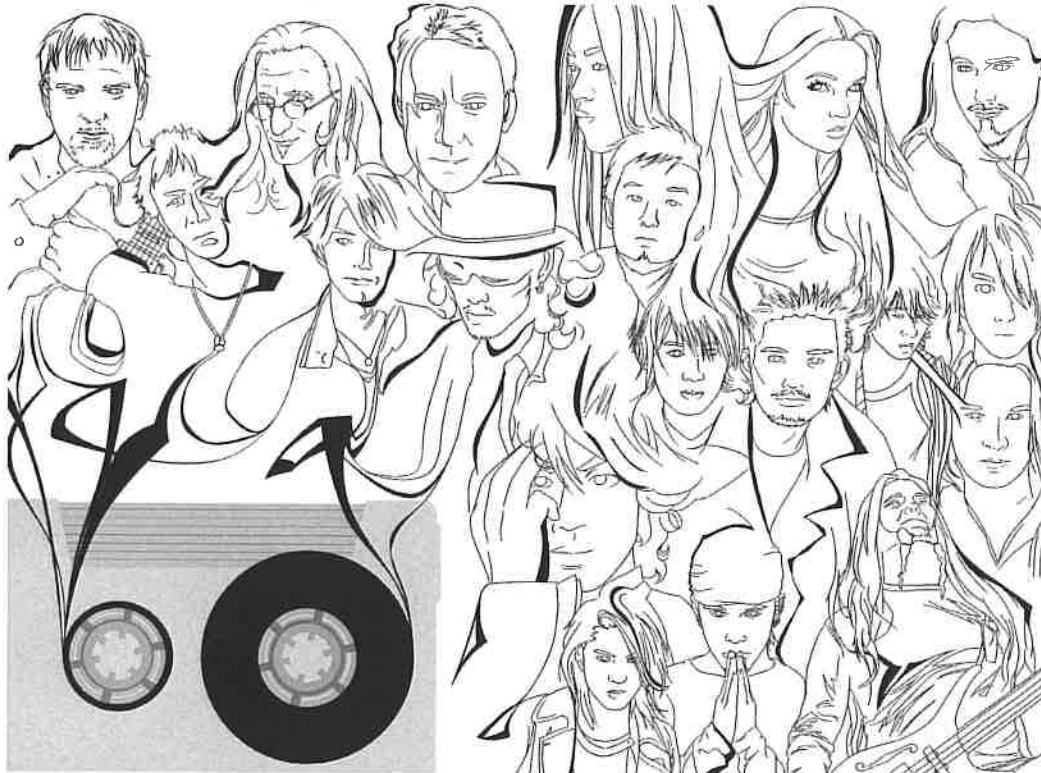
"Oh, we're going for Chinese at Mary Chung's. I love their food." I said.

"That's one of my favorites too," said Jeff.

"I've heard that's the best in the area for real Chinese," Helen told me.

Our conversation went on like this for some time; though the darkness was our oppression, it became our enabler as well; through our new-found togetherness, we waited to see the brightness of the next stop. Through the window, I saw once again the lights, the view of our departure station. The humbling, profound experience of our trip together had seemed illogical to contemplate with any association of time spent, but as we entered the station and the doors opened, into our vision we saw a digital clock face that labeled the number unto our moment: it was five-o-seven, and only a few minutes had been spent in the car. To me, Jeff, and Helen, though, the moment was indefinite; for it was beautiful to bask in our human necessity upon each other, to just communicate, if only for a little while.

Carina Imbornone, 2016



Lauren Krugh, 2013

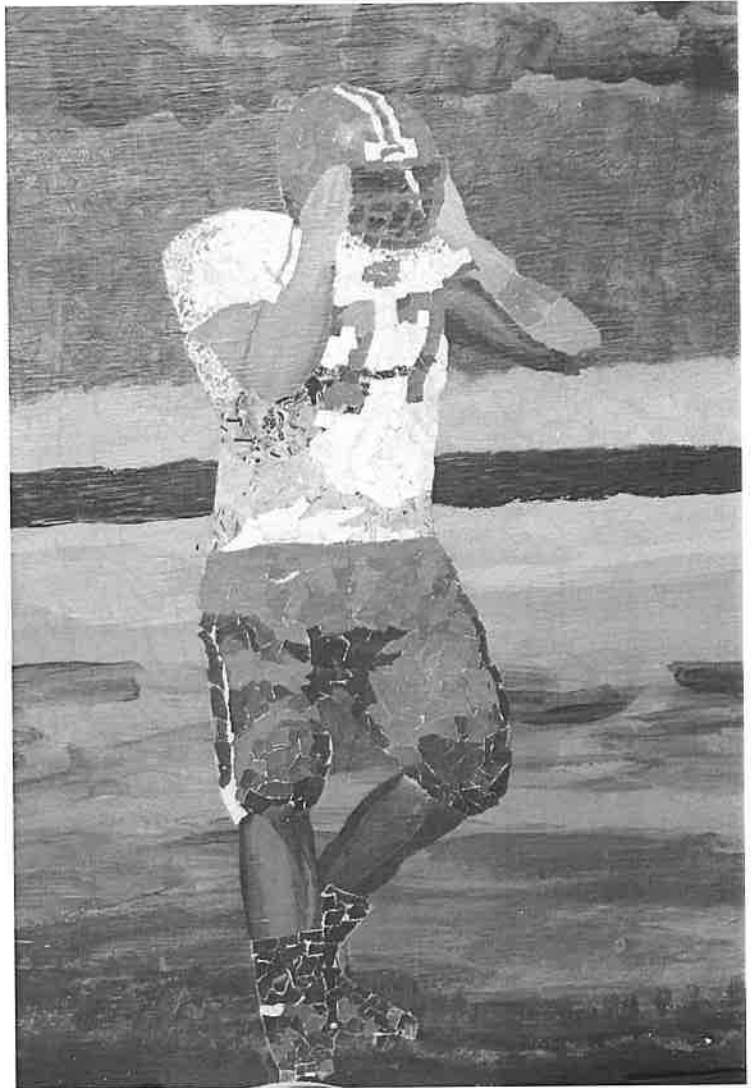
Game Time

I walk into the gymnasium.

I hear...

Balls bouncing on the court,
Sneakers squeaking on the floor,
Whistles blowing in the air,
People shouting at the referees,
Fans clapping when the ball swishes through the net,
A buzzer blowing when time is up,
Teammates shouting plays to use, and
Coaches gasping when calls are unfair-
The sounds of game time.

Austin Perry, 2014



David Veilleux, 2013

My Master's Master Bedroom

I shiver

The house, this room, is
a barren Arctic landscape
without Him here.

I curl up in a ball, trying to shield myself
Against the pain.

That's me, snuggled on the empty bed.

The bed that we once shared.

We; my Master, his wife, and I.

It's only been a few days, but

It's been an eternity, also.

Life has been going on.

Why? Why? Please tell me why!

How could time still go by,

Like nothing ever happened?

The bed has been made, snowy white chenille blanket
Draped across with few folds like a homemade pie crust.

Sunlight filters in from the One window, showering

Light onto the One bed,

Marking yet another day.

I can see from the window as always,

The tall pine of better days

And the part of the house that needs to be painted.

I know why it does, why it's been neglected.

The walls

Have always been gray, but

Have they always been this gray? No.

Now the smoky ash of walls seems darker.

The memories, so many I recall.

From the beginning, as a pup, to now.

And they flood back to me.

Thunder rattled the house,

Tremble, I'm scared. I cry on the floor. My Master picks me up, I'm in the bed.

Safe in his arms, hear the rhythmic breathing of Him and his wife

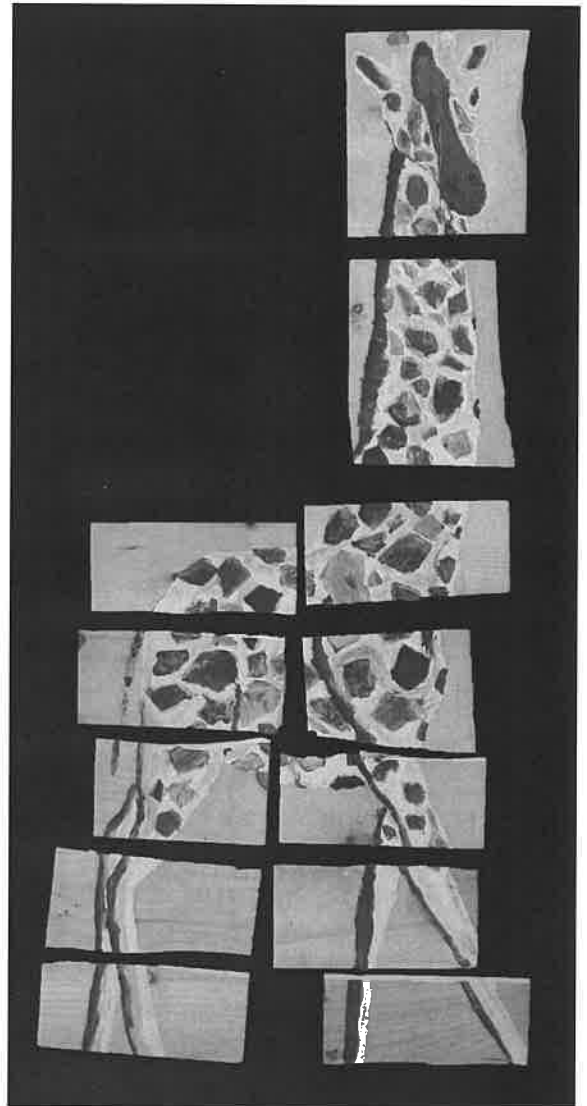
In, Out, In, Out. And I drift to sleep.

I grow. I am tall enough

to leap on the bed now.

It's a game!

Up, down, run around! Up, down, run around!



Drew Shaheen, 2014

*Over and over and over again.
He laughs, the rich sound of a trumpet, refreshing and full.
So does she, a music box sound, musical and sweet.*

*I'm older now. A young adult, no longer a puppy, but not old either.
My Master takes me outside, underneath the pine tree.
It's the two of us.
I love my Master. I love his wife too, but every Dog needs a Person, and every Person needs a
Dog.
I'm his Dog. He is my Person.
He takes a pinecone. Fetch! and I'm off, running
To find it.
It feels sticky in my mouth. I bring it back and He laughs
his trumpet laugh. He pets my head.
So happy, so happy, so happy.
He says Good dog.
We run, just the two of us
around and around.
It's night now. I'm tired and nestle in between my Master and his wife
In bed. I'm content
And dream.*

The memories are bittersweet. I remember when he was here and cherish that.
But now, grief envelopes me, wrapping me in her icy, raw embrace.
The aches and pangs inside me
Won't go away.
Agony grips my heart in his shark-tooth hand,
Wrenches it away,
Squeezing and releasing, cutting it into tiny little pieces.
Can't put back together.

Everything started going bad a few months back.
My Master slowed down and I could sense
the pain...an acidic, unpleasant smell wafting off Him.
He and his wife were gone for long periods at a time.
The paint on the house peeling off, erasing layers.
Just like

His hair falling out on his pillow,
Erasing *His* layers.

He came home a few nights
Ago.



Lauren Calder, 2013

I didn't want to see Him weak
like this.
His wife helped Him in bed.
The acidic odor was stronger than ever.
I jumped on the bed and nuzzled underneath
His hand.
He was a pale skeleton,
His skin almost translucent so I could see
The blue veins making blue paths
Across His wrinkled arms.

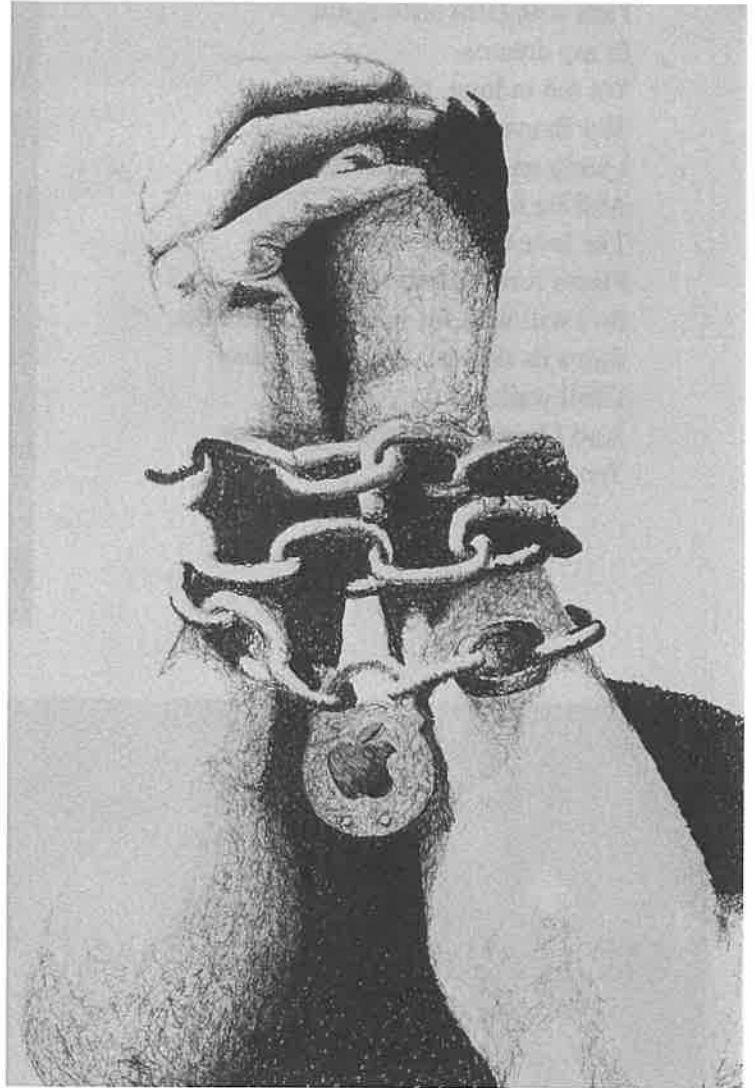
He stroked my head.
I didn't move a muscle, just
Listened
To His fading heartbeat.
Thump.....thump.....
Went his heart.
Thump.
And His hand gently slid off my head.
Thud. On the chenille blanket.
I barked and his wife ran in.
She sank to the bed and became a sad river.
I knew there would be
No more trumpet laughter.
And no more music box laughter.

People came into the room and hugged her.
Then, they wrapped my Master in a sheet.
I whimpered... *What were they doing?*
They looked at me with pity, then
Took Him away.
I howled and cried the whole night.
Where did you take Him?

Today, his wife dressed like night.
She petted me on the head and left.

She hasn't been in the master bedroom
Since my Master died.

So I'm lying on the bed
Alone.
I'm mourning and I know



Phillip Moran, 2013

my ache will eventually fade.
But it will never leave.
I was a lucky dog to have my Master
In the time I did.

Sleep gives me peace
At last.
I am with Him once again
In my dreams.
We run in long, grassy fields,
Sky forever blue.
I jump on Him in blissful joy
And He hugs me.
The love between us
Flows forth and forth.
So I will wait for when my heart too
Stops its *thump... thump... thump.*
I will wait.
And I know He is waiting for me,
Too.

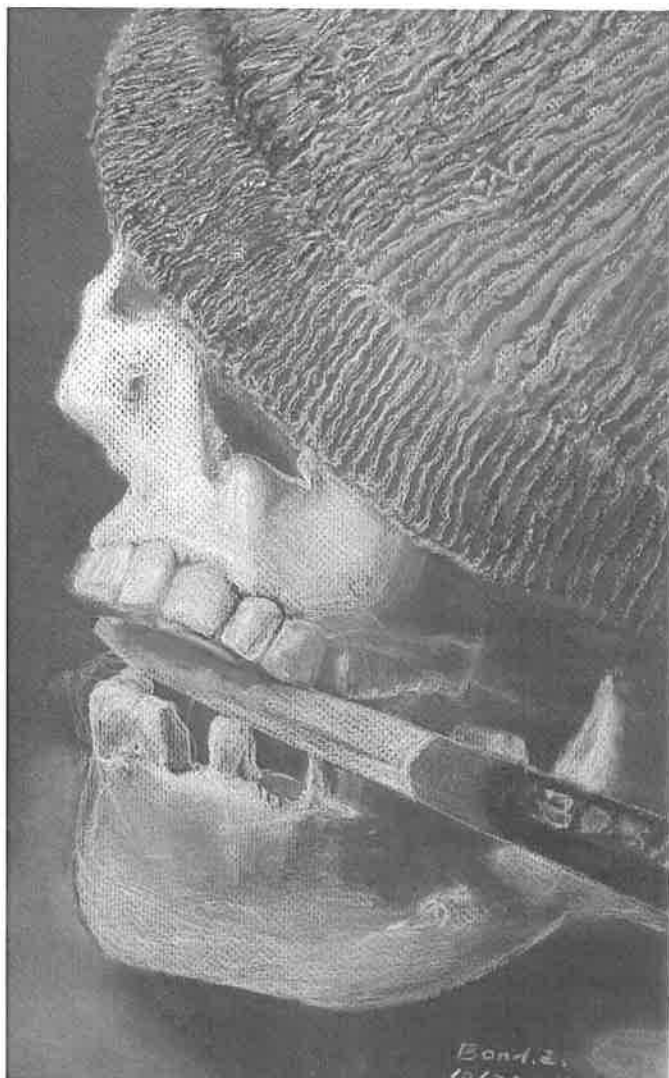
Jen Gaudette, 2015



David Kitchen, 2013



Lauren Krugh, 2013



Bond Zhang, 2014

The Smaller One

They say that poems contain words,
and that light persuades dark.
Open up minuscule holes,
so it can ease it's fingers through.
Trickled down shadows
stretched silently,
feeling significant.

Everything must be a competition.
Between light and dark,
words and paper,
thoughts and actions.
That shadow doesn't look so long anymore.

Belittled by opinions,
these aren't words,
these aren't thoughts.
Only microscopic nothing,
whose true meaning is found in the smaller one,
hidden, yet casting.

Raymond Belanger-Deloge, 2013

Entropy

His clothes were scattered across the floor.
Yesterday's ideas and insights
wrinkled above last week's romances.
Organize,
I must organize, he says to himself,
slipping on what tomorrow might look like.

A microcosm, the room was chaotic,
but only following the natural order
of the universe.

A natural chaos:
two unfamiliar words forced to wed
and become dependent on one another.

Order fell in every way inside the house.
Distant conversations became louder,
His stomach twisted,
but his ears couldn't resist.
He hated these sounds.
But they are only natural,
how it is supposed to be.

His clothes were scattered across the floor.
He didn't like the clutter,
the entangled mess of previous attempts
to hide the chaos.
Staring at the heap, he muttered,
"screw the universe"
and began folding.

Raymond Belanger-Deloge, 2013



Cory Camargo, 2013

Baby on Board

Allison is just getting in the car when she sees it.

Oh, she thinks.

They had bought a minivan in preparation for their little girl, for the promised soccer practices and sleepovers and constant cartings to-and-from school. Of course, they hadn't been able to resist all the normal trappings; there was the cotton candy car seat, a little fold-out TV in the car's ceiling, a wad of toys shoved into the glove compartment in preparation for long trips.

Except they don't need any of it anymore—least of all that plastic yellow sign hanging suction-cupped to the back window.

She throws the driver's door open and swings out, wobbling dangerously for a moment on her high heels, and stomps over to one of the side doors and pulls it open. It glides smoothly, almost without a sound. That's what they paid for, but because of it she can hear her heartbeat all the clearer.

She climbs in. The car still carries that weird untraceable smell that new cars have. She wonders what dealers do to make new cars smell like that, but the thought is interrupted by a nasty *crack, snap* when she slams her head into the fold-out TV. It breaks so quickly that it would be funny if the car hadn't cost so much, and if they had used it even once. It hangs almost grotesquely by twisted red wires, and they remind her of veins.

Oh, she thinks.

Allison is suddenly filled with a terrible energy; she wants to tear the thing out by its roots, throw it to the ground and crush it with her ridiculous high heeled shoes. She wants to cut open the leather seats that still stink like a new purse. She wants to run back into the garage and grab her husband's baseball bat and bash in every single window.

With a little thrill, she wonders if the glass will cut her.

She stumbles out of the car and hobbles as quickly as she can to the garage door, where it takes her three tries to punch in the code. Before the door's even rattled all the way up, she ducks under, and, in what little light there is, goes rooting around in her husband's things.

All of his baseball trophies are in the house. Brandon was MVP in college and was on a fast track to the majors, but then he broke his wrist and became a stock trader instead. He keeps his old gear in here to rot. His bat is sticking rounded-end-up out of a damp cardboard box, and she runs over to grab it.

It feels good in her hands. It feels good to *wield* something. She'd cackle, under different circumstances.

Next to her husband's box is a newer one, filled with pink: a pink mitt, a pink ball, a pink bat, all shrunk to little girl size.

Brandon had been so *excited* when he bought them. "She'll be our little softball queen," he'd said.

The energy is gone quicker than it came. Allison stares at the minivan, shining new and huge and black in front of her.

She puts the bat back in its box.

She wants to sit down. She wants to sit on the cold, oily floor. Who cares about these new clothes? But the terrible energy has been replaced with a feeling that if she sits down, she will never get back up again.

With a struggle, she moves her left leg forward. Then she moves her right leg forward. She'd left the car door open; and knows that if she's not careful, she'll kill the battery, then she'd be late. She throws off her shoes, and in her nylons, scurries, vaulting into the car, she hits her head one last time on the broken TV, claws her way into the backseat and grabs the flimsy plastic sign with a shaking hand.

She pulls. With a *pop*, the suction cup surrenders its grip and Allison's arm flies back, her shoulder cracking painfully. For a moment she can only kneel on that new backseat and stare at the sign. She's sweating and she's sure her hair is mussed. That simply won't do. She smoothes it with painful care and crawls up towards the front. On her way, she closes the side door, dragging it forward and relishing in the heavy, final *slam*. That little effort makes her breathe like she's just medaled in an Olympic triathlon. To think she'd been able to give *birth*.

She finagles her way into the driver's seat, forgetting about her shoes entirely. Thankfully, her brother Ethan walks out through the garage and picks up her shoes for her. The shoes are black, just like her brother's suit and tie, just like the new dress she's wearing, the one she didn't want to stain by sitting down. He doesn't ask her about them, or her hair, or why she's panting.

Instead, he asks, "Ready to go?" He's been doing this thing lately where he looks at her face, checking for any sign of distress. Allison thinks he should stop checking, because it's always going to be there, but she just nods.

He opens the passenger door with a mighty swing. At five, her little brother had been afraid of the dark. Since then, he'd grown into a massive, bearded beast of a man, taller than her by ten inches.

"Brandon will be waiting at the..." Ethan trails off. He doesn't want to say it, so instead he asks, "You want me to drive?"

Allison looks at little sign still in her hand. **BABY ON BOARD!**, it declares.

She wonders if Ethan is still afraid of the dark.

"No," she says.

Miranda Suarez, 2015



Juliesa Santiago, 2014



On a Rainy Day

Jahzmin Walker, 2014

Today the clouds came over my head and led me to believe you were coming

You are the bringer of rain, the slayer of war, the path to believe,

You are the rainbow I see after days like this one

Your colors purpose my haze to a new dispacitation of fields of infinite amount in the inside

The water dropping in by the skin, shivering me like your touch

At the same time cold, yet warm and pleasant to be meaningful in my eyes

The smile you carry is as shiningful as the sun that gives us all light to see with throughout the day.

For all these is what happens when I see the bringer of rain, the rainbow in the aftermath

The colors you have fulfill what has been felt as a hole in my heart.

Saddan Genao, 2013

Bye

A wise man once said to never say never but say "good byes"
But what is a good bye and how do I perform one in your dreary eyes
You are more than the path I want to go by,
You are the one in my heart that makes it beat so fast
Yet, at the same time so slow that any moment seems like the best I have ever had.
Best not say good bye because how can I with you, better have I with hope of your presence
some day after today.
All that would be left are the memories,
The times shared and enjoyed with laugh and all that resides with it
No tears this day, because there is going to be another chance
"See ya later"

Saddan Genao, 2013



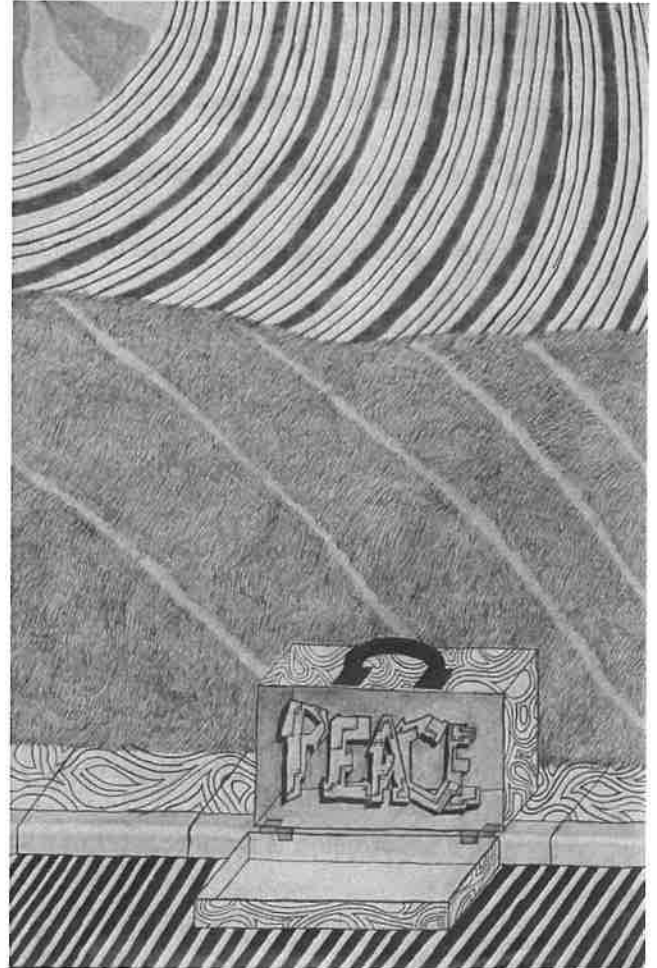
Wen Cai, 2013

Ponder of Life

I fancy about life the way no one else has,
Walking down the path where the end may come or
it may never unfold
Life is abundant of its own skills and reminisces
epithets
Wherever they are.

The clock keeps on ticking, no faster and no
slower,
While the heart can do both and still be safe,
Moving are the hands going on an infinite circular
lane
Where you end up where the beginning is.

Saddan Genao, 2013



Alex Dube, 2013

Watermelon

I ran into the local Newburyport Market Basket in a rush. I told my mom that I would run in and grab some items she needed for the guest she was having over that night. Meanwhile, she went to the store next door in the plaza doing some last minute errands. When I stepped inside, I clunked my boots on the ground to get rid of the massive amounts of snow that had accumulated on them. The warm heat of the store wrapped around me like a blanket.

I hurried and tried to grab the few items I needed so I could get out of the store and home as quickly as possible on this late March snow storm in New England. As I was scrambling through the aisles, I finally reached the produce section. I needed to buy two plump tomatoes for my mom to use for dinner that night. As I was getting them, the back of the store caught my eye. There were prepackaged sliced watermelon halves sitting on the shelf. I stopped and stared at them. I almost let out a little laugh at the sight of it.

Watermelon is nothing short of a summer delicacy. It is a symbol of the summer season, sunny days, and good times. For as long as I can remember, when we made the trips up to our lake house, we never seemed to leave without two of the best watermelons we could find. My brother, Owen, and I would help my mom grocery shop before we would head up to Maine. The first thing we would do when we entered the same Newburyport Market Basket was go to the huge crate of watermelons in the back right corner of the store. We would go through all of them it seemed until we found the two that were best suitable. We had a series of tests that we would perform on them before we picked the right one. First we would go through them all and find the one that had the biggest yellow spot on it. Our mother told us that the ones with the biggest

yellow spot on the bottom meant that they were sitting on the ground the longest and were the ripest. Then we would knock on them to see which one had the hollowest sound of them all. Once the prerequisites were met, we would each carry one and make the trek to the front of the store where the cash registers were located.

When the fruits made their journey to Maine, and it was finally time to cut open the watermelons on those hot summer days, they were never a disappointment. In my family we make competitions out of everything, especially my brother and I, and watermelon was no exception to that. When the melon was first cut open it was always a race to see who could get the two ends. We called them the bowls. Who ever were the lucky two to receive the melon bowls would always get a spoon and sit across from each other at the picnic table and see who could eat their bowl the fastest. The bowl was never complete until there was zero pink left on the rind. It seemed as if my brother and I were always the two squaring off at the picnic table with the melon race underway.

The rest of the watermelon would be cut up into triangles and put on this one huge plastic serving tray and taken to the dock. We all would lie on the dock on our stomachs with our heads and necks over the edge eating our delicious afternoon snacks. The juices would run down our arms and drip into the lake. After we were done the next thing to follow was always a dip in the lake to rinse the sticky sweet juices off of ourselves.

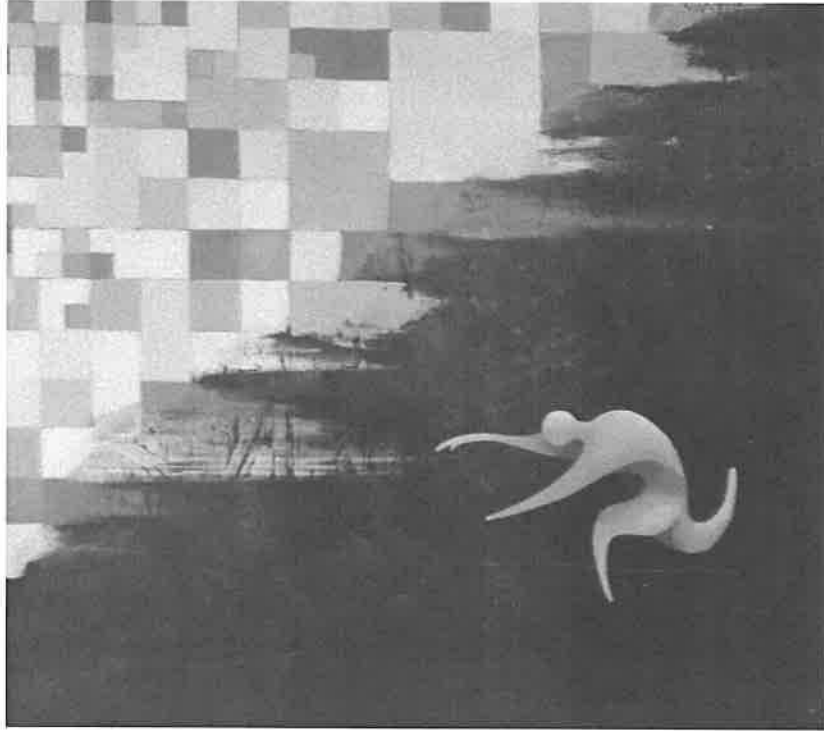
There was still one game that the watermelon had left to provide. My brother and I would go and cut the pink-less rinds up and stand on the porch and see how far we could throw them into the dense woods. When our parents would tell us to stop, we would go on about how we were helping feed the animals, and that they always told us to not waste a single piece of our

food and we were just doing as they told. This was a game that I have played numerous times and have still yet to win; however, when Owen asks if I want to, without a hesitation I always agree.

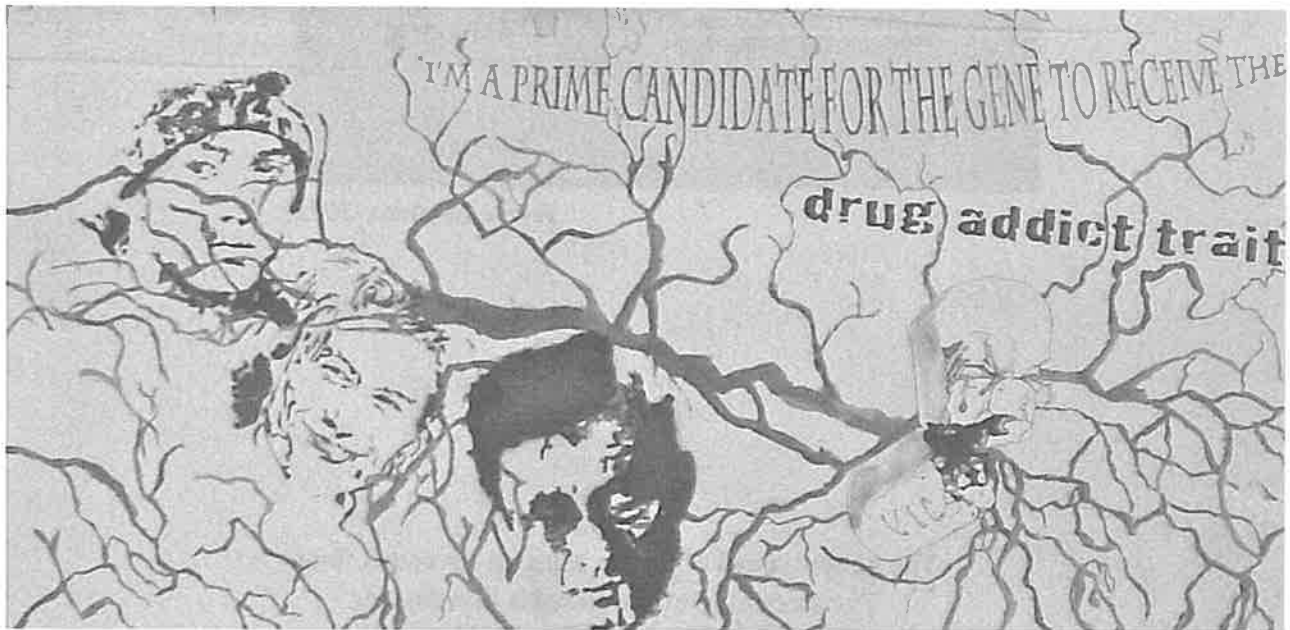
Standing in the grocery store with my parka and boots on I realized that such a basic piece of fruit yielded so many memories. Just looking at the fruit, a smile crept across my face thinking of the future months and the summer days to be spent with my brother at the lake. Owen went off to school this August in Rhode Island and my contact with him has been minimal. A few stray texts and the holiday weekends are for the most part the extent of our communication right now. However, I know that when we get up to the lake house up in Maine, it will be like he always lived down the hall, and went to school a few miles away.

A watermelon, such a simple fruit, just goes to show one the simplicity of having an unforgettable summer's day, and what little things can tie two people together. As I stood there I was tempted to buy the packaged precut watermelon, but decided against it. There was something inside me that said that the only way to eat one is was the way that I knew of, in Maine with my brother, and anything short would be a disappointment. I just carried on looking for my tomatoes, thinking about the tantalizing thoughts of a summers day and the memories yet to be made.

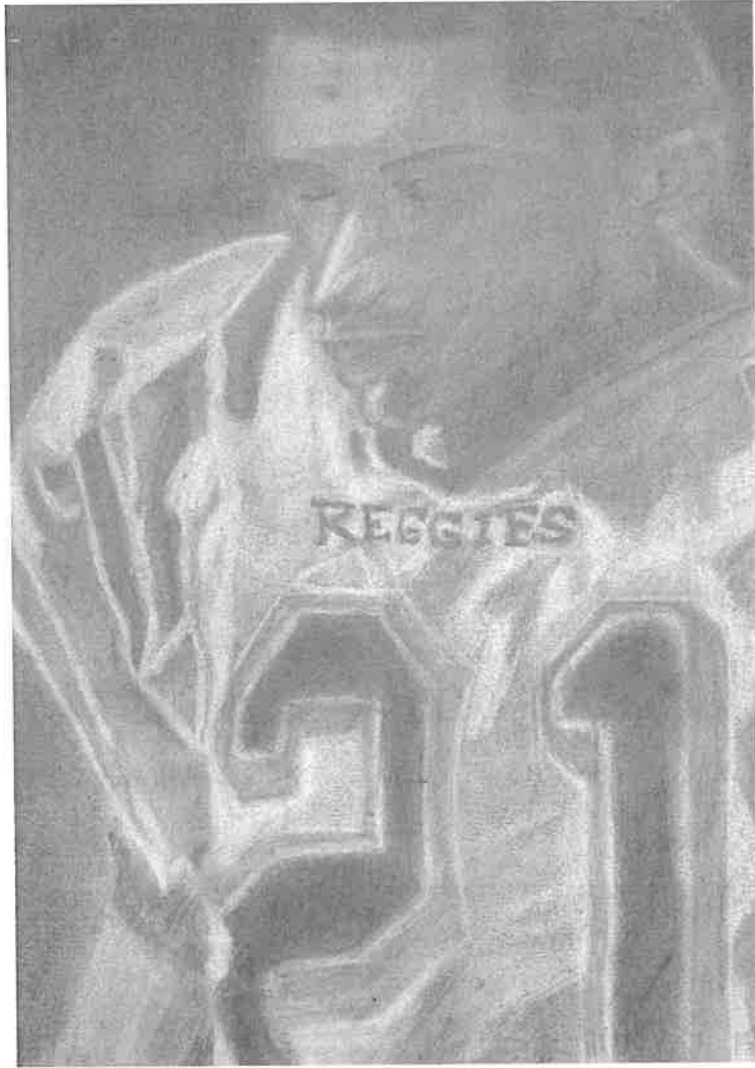
Trudy Lynch, 2015



Mike Bickley, 2014



Jon Schnier, 2013



Teresa Santana, 2013

My Sport

The hollow sound of rubber soles on a wooden floor.

The screaming of the crowd is like thunder.

Shiny glass, black metal and a white net.

A quilt of colored jerseys; blue and white, red and maroon.

Focus, effort, using skills.

Coach's strategies, our teamwork-This is **Basketball!**

Austin Perry, 2014



Chris Gomez, 2013



Christina Gemmell, 2016



Chris Gomez, 2013

Jillian Wright, 2014



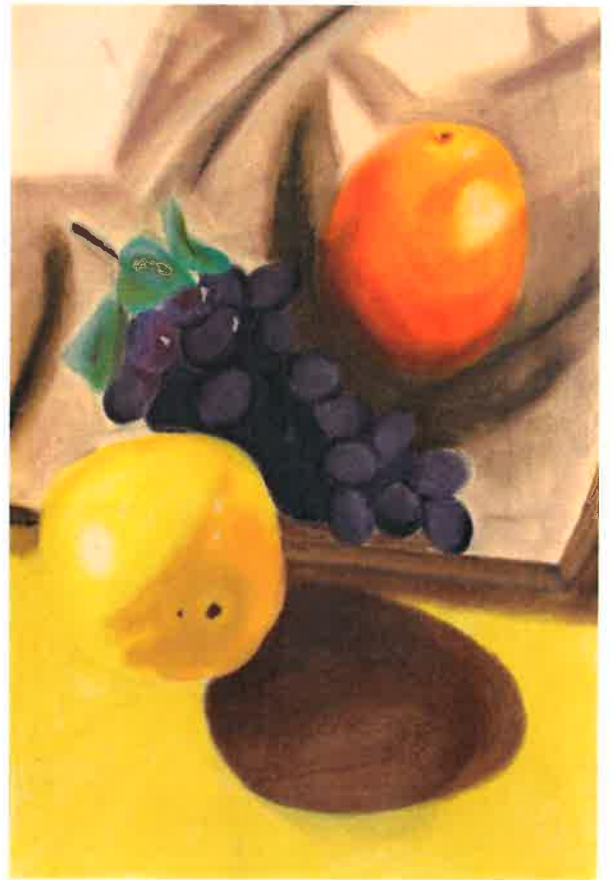
Tina Thu, 2014

Mike Bickley, 2014





David Kitchen, 2013



Catherine Contarino, 2013



Maurice Aguiler, 2013



TJ Caveney, 2014



Lauren Krugh, 2013



Wen (Emma) Cai, 2013

The Butterfly

Memories are what makes us who we are, but what happens when they disappear?
I watched as you slipped into the hands of dementia, an incredible brain disease.
As a little child, I thought it was just a disease where old people lost their keys.
Little did I know my grandmother was slowly slipping away like sand through my fingers.

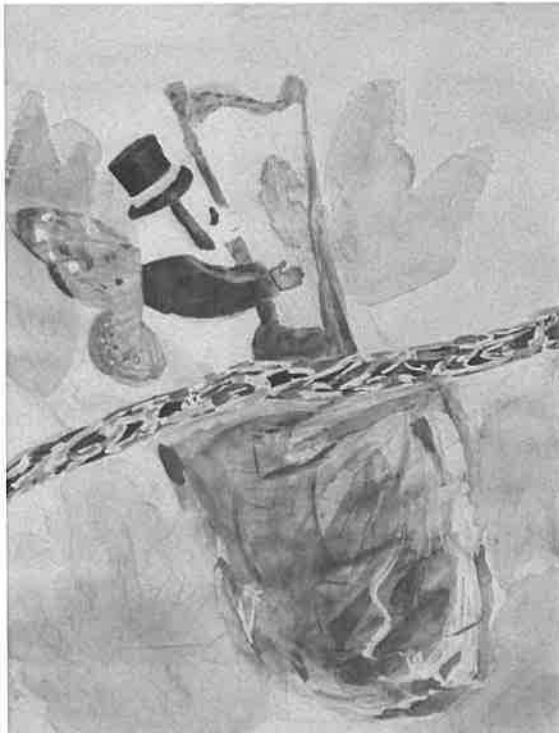
I can still feel your soft skin and smell you and even hear your soft soothing voice.
But it is never going to be the same since your spirit is slowly leaving us.
It scares me to know you can't remember what happened five minutes ago or even remember my name.
A little of you is taken each day to this enemy doctors say they can't fix

The future is unknown. Some days you don't recognize me.
Some days you are young, asking where your mom is or Baba.
It gets harder each time to say they aren't here with us anymore.
Each tear seems to fall faster, and I struggle even more to catch it.

The brain deteriorates in the shape of a butterfly.
Each side identical taking both your logic and imagination.
Maybe when you are unresponsive and have no spark in your eyes,
You're free in your mind like a butterfly.

Life is a journey, time is precious and you don't live forever.
I can still hold you close in my arms,
But now it's my turn to be strong as you were for me.
I know someday we'll be together again and we can reminisce those sweet memories.

Alex West, 2015



Drew Shaheen, 2014



Anthony Crespo, 2014



Matt Benson, 2014



Michelle Pabon, 2013



Heaven Chartier, 2014

Without You

You're Mocking me? After all that we've been through you're
mocking me?!

FINE! Fine...why don't you just...just give it back

The joy I invested in you...

the happiness I threw towards you...

and the love that I BESTOWED on to...you?!

And *Honey* don't Forget the tears you stole from me

and the pieces of my heart that you still have

they Do not belong to you because I deserve better than you

And no longer will I give you my time

No longer will my desires consist of "you" and "I"

This "WE" will become you, and I

TWO separate beings never to cross loves path again

because no longer will I suffer for you

I will rise and forget you

I will conquer without you

I will succeed on my own

I will lock you out and the key

shall be forged with the memory you have spurned me with

so that I am no longer tempted

to open it.

And honey do not be surprised when the day comes

and you just can't forget about me

because I was the best thing that ever happened to you

...but by then

we'll be nothing but a foggy distant memory

never to be relived again

And just like the sun rises to end each and every dark night

I am going to rise and forget -This dark night-

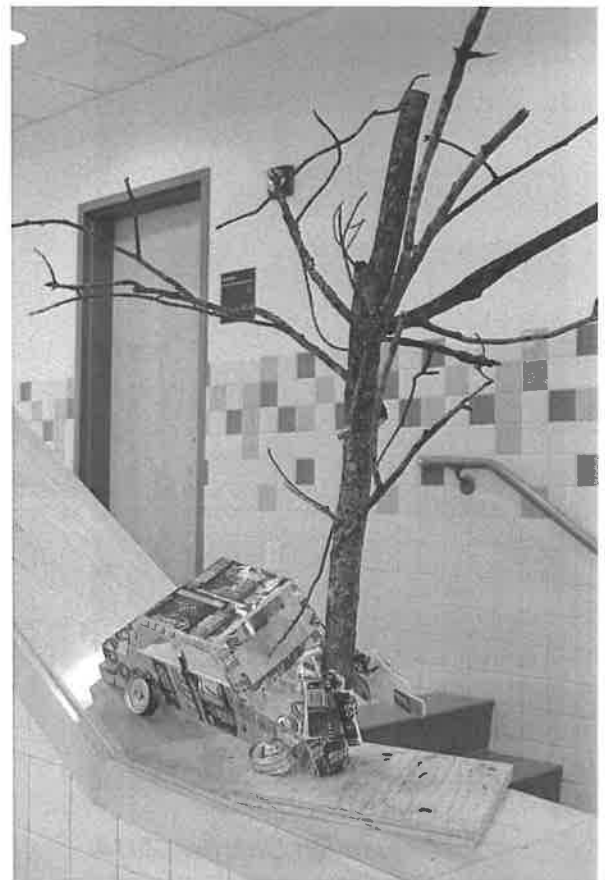
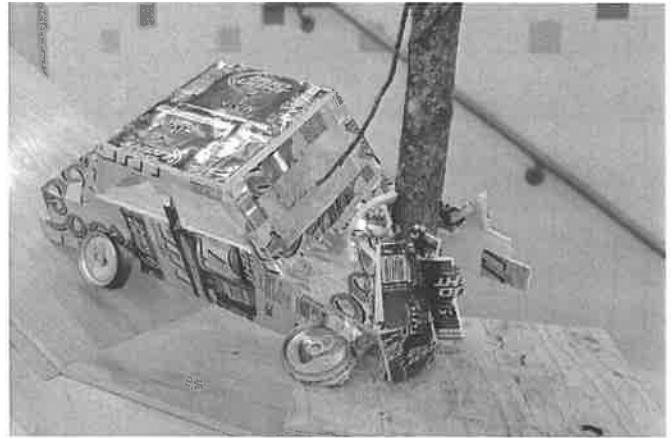
I am going to sing and Forget -This Dark night-

I am going to live and forget -This dark night-

I AM GOING TO LOVE

without you.

Ilia Paulino, 2013



Mikayla Gigandet, 2014

"With great power comes great responsibility." - Spiderman



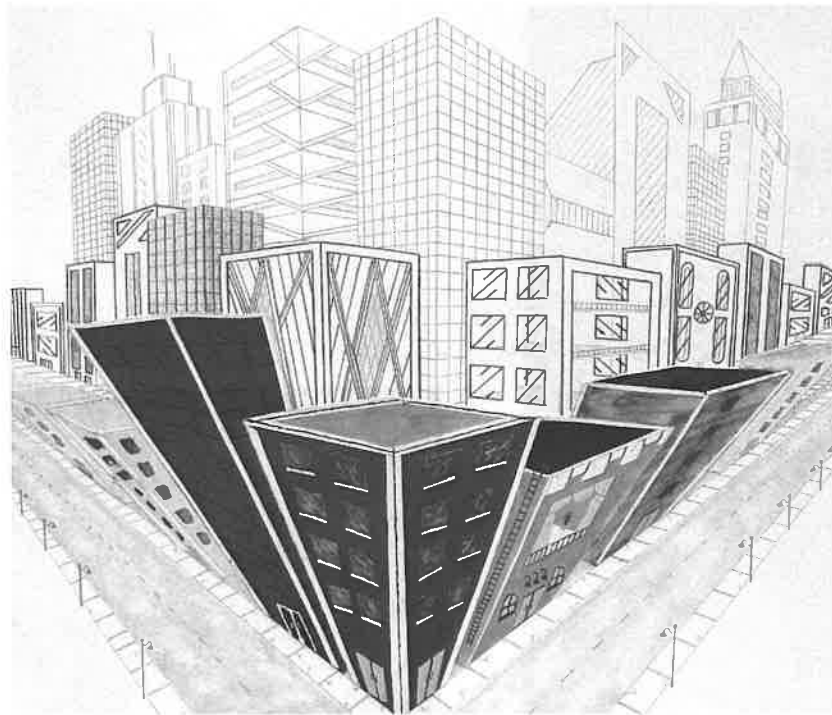
Cory Camargo, 2013



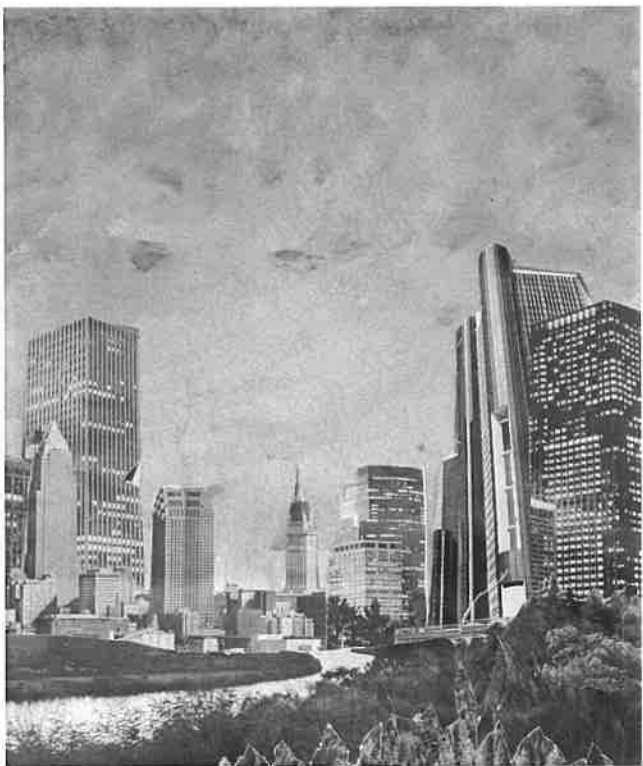
Marcus Jimenez, 2015



David Veilleux, 2013



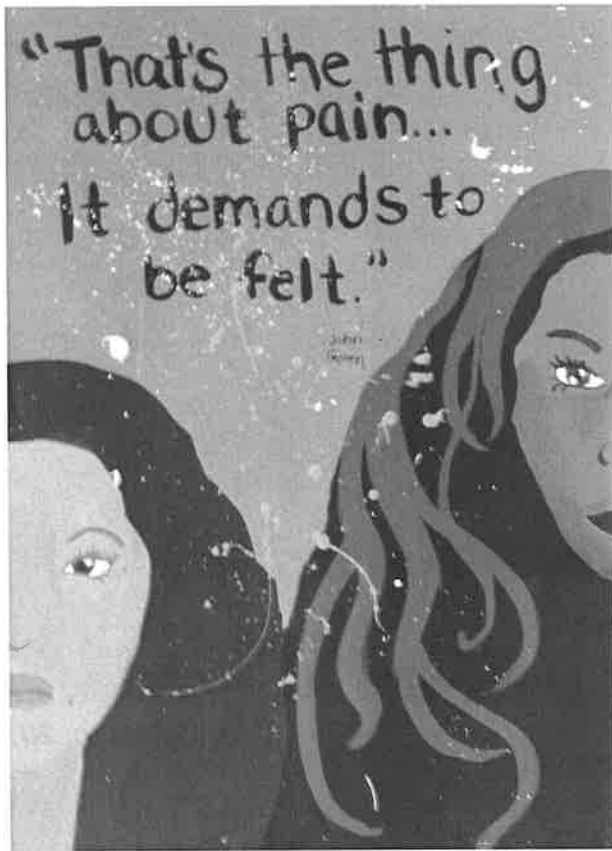
David Kitchen, 2013



Phillip Moran, 2013



David Kitchen, 2013



Alexa Benanti, 2014



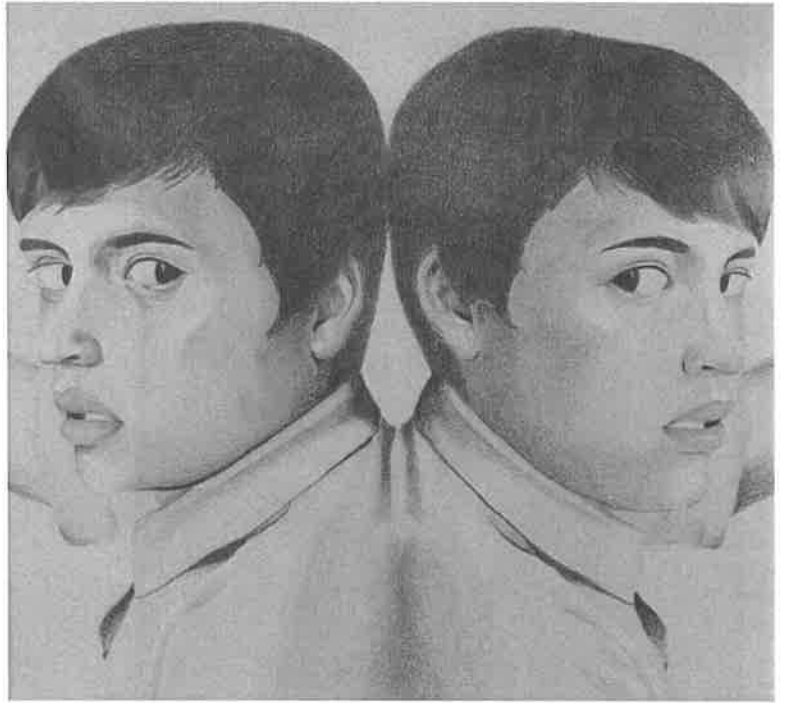
Rachel Blanchette, 2014



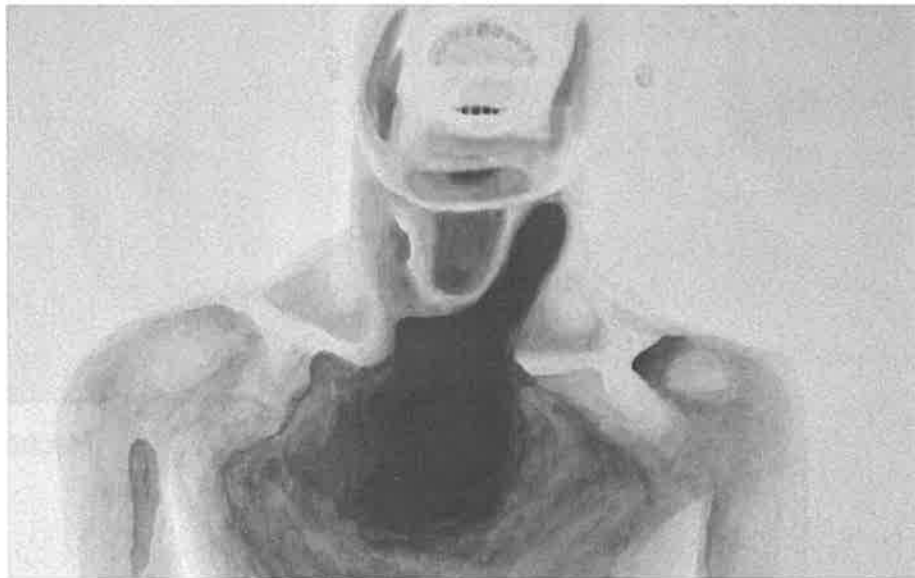
David Kitchen, 2013



Peter Graziano, 2016



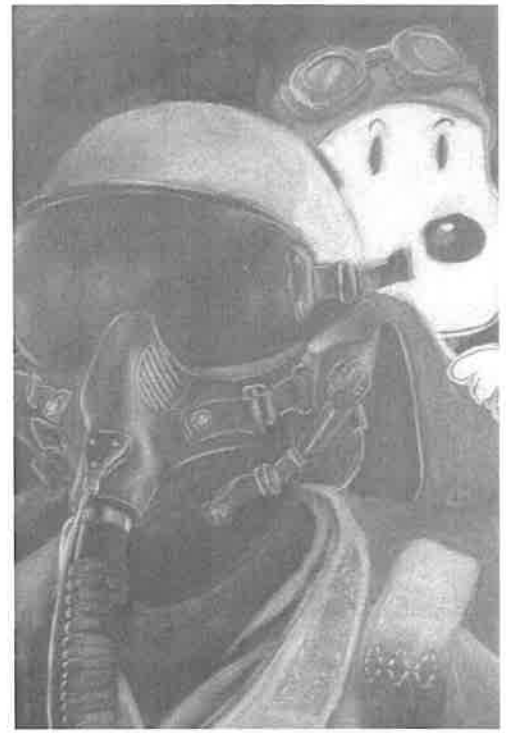
Cory Camargo, 2013



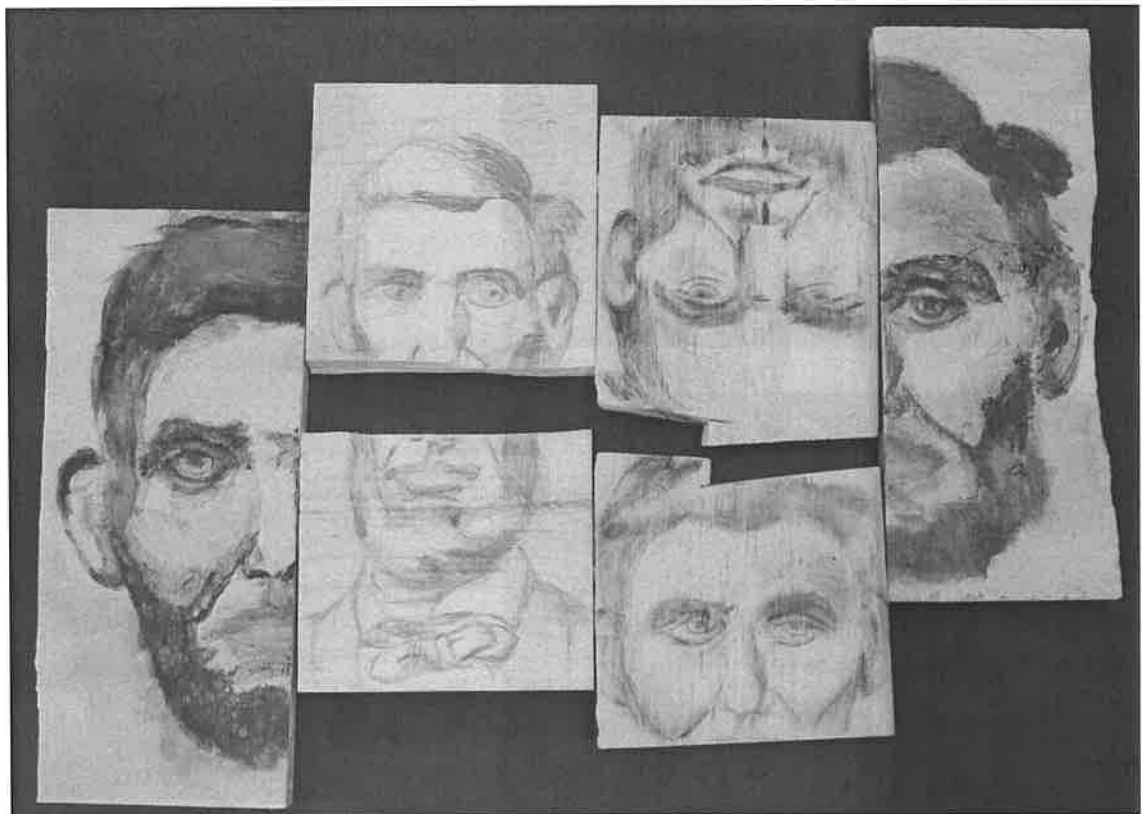
TJ Caveney, 2014



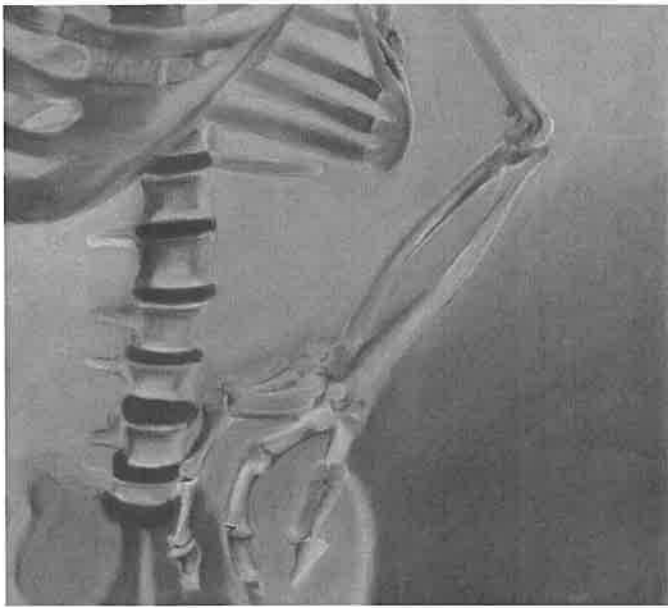
Bond Zhang, 2014



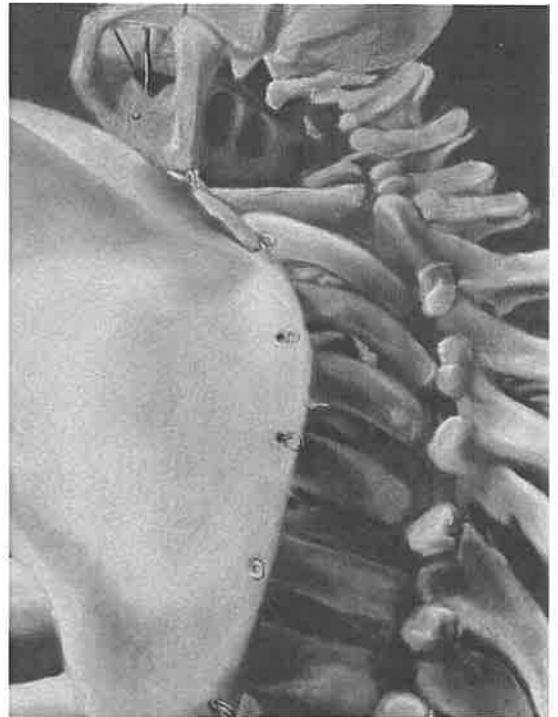
Sean Cote, 2013



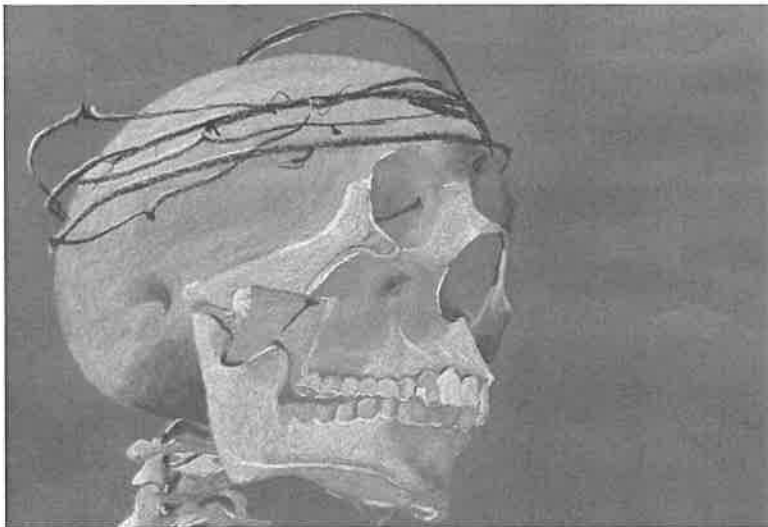
Carina Imbornone, 2016



Michelle Pabon, 2013



Mike Bickley, 2014



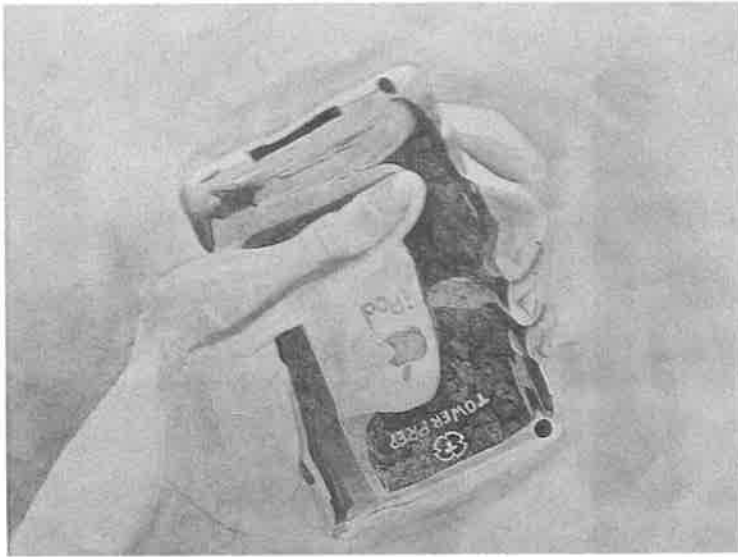
David Veilleux, 2013



Catherine Contarino, 2013



Mikayla Gigandet, 2014



Matt Bonanno, 2014



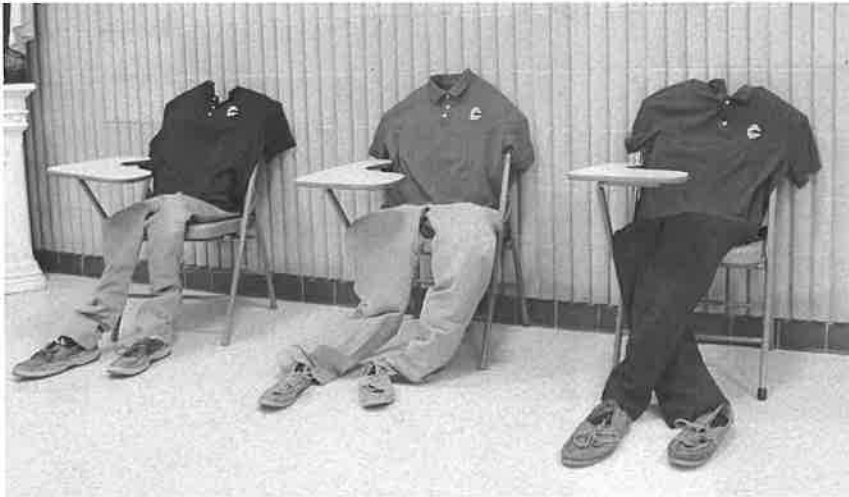
Andrew Clark, 2014



Katie Gemmell, 2013



Bond Zhang, 2014



Mike Cui, 2014



Matt Benson, 2014



Liam Curry, 2014



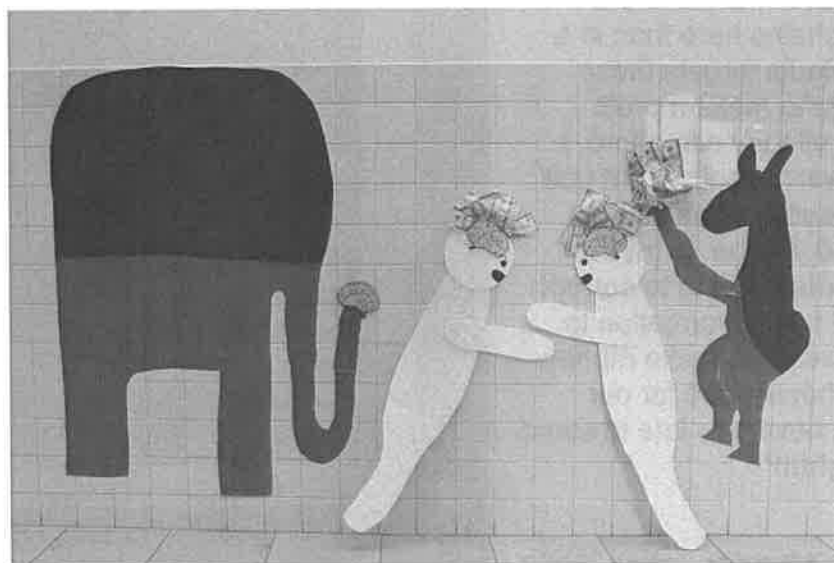
Sean Watson, 2013



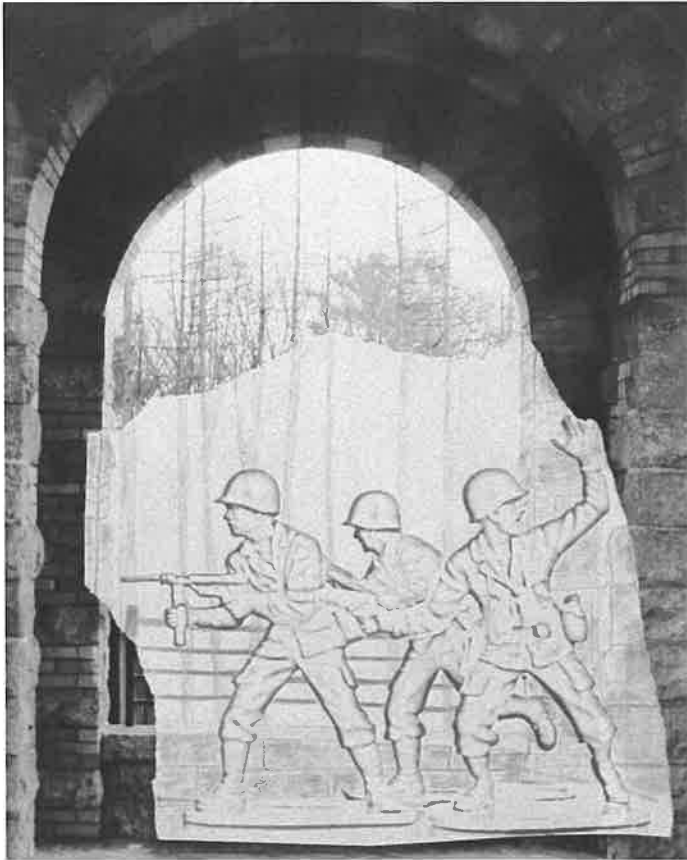
Drew Shaheen, 2014



Tina Thu, 2014



Briana Lynch, 2013



Rachel Blanchette, 2014

“Coming from a very populated, poor city, I have realized that there are more fast food chains here than in a wealthy town. Media targets these cities and people to make a profit because that is all they can afford. I wanted the viewer to realize that fast food is not as healthy or as safe as the media claims it to be. In my opinion, the media is trying to corrupt our society with false information to benefit themselves and make money, regardless of what is good for our community. It is never too late to stand up for what’s right!!!”

Michelle Pabon, 2013



Untitled

Sitting besides the pond of "Walden",
I see the "Lonely planet" with a few blossom.
"The sky is gray", and the "Twilight" is diverging,
glowing in the reminiscence that has "gone with the wind".

This is the "Tuesday with Morrie",
my friend who lives in "the house on Mango street".
Behind the picture of a "old man and the sea",
I recall the flowing memories filled with our dreams.

We first met each other in "the veldt" of "1848"
where life could depend on nothing but one's fate.
He looked at my raggedy jacket when I turned around.
It was borrowed from my neighbor "Ethan Frome".

people named us the undefeated hunters,
But I saw myself as a persistent dreamer.
Under the flickering "flags of our fathers",
we targeted at "the mocking bird" and pulled the triggers.

He saw me as a "catcher in the rye".
I snapped his hat and threw it to the sky.
We started heading back when the sun began to rise.
Marching across the savanna in a "streetcar named desire"

"Our town" was blazing like a "thousand splendid suns".
All the "little women" were rejuvenated and young.
The bonfire was lit for "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde",
who found "the lost symbol" in "the jungle" without light.

It was the symbol of death, the symbol of eternity,
the grievous affliction and the heavenly felicity,
through which revealed the meaning
of "The Unbearable Lightness of Being".

Wen (Emma) Cai, 2013



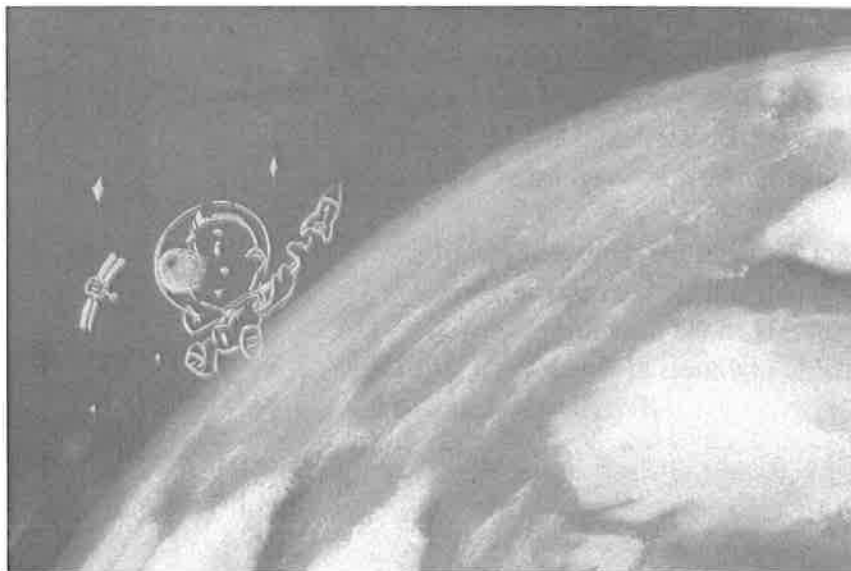
Untitled

I atom you to a mob
You are not to think, speak, or act differently
You are not to feel incoherently, or speak metaphorically
You are literal to the bone, with every cell and every tone
You are not to listen but speak aloud
You are nobody when everyone's around
Classified as nothing other but a freak
No you are not weird or unique
Everything you feel has no meaning to life
Malice is within every contemplation of your decisions
You survive every obstacle everyone defeats
There is no code, and no your not outside the box
Because within every whisper, and scripture that you provide
There is nothing you can subside
Every inferior emotion has been experienced
Every mention of what you do is nothing but plain
You are boring as of your organism
You are sad as of your irony
There is no such thing as tyranny
Forget your creation and how you were made
you were man-made and then created
Drink heavily on the weekends that blur
Result numbness on the highs your occur
You are everything that surrounds you
Who are you?

Anonymous



Sean Cote, 2013



Sean Cote, 2013

1950's Anglo-Saxon Wife

I was living for you
My religion was seeing you satisfied
Under the crimson sun
I left you crucified in the morning of our casual
routine
I was a non-believer when I met you
You baptized me with what was a lie
I wasn't living for you I was living a lie
I was living what was nothing of what I thought
would be profound
Satanized me with your regulations
Lies that spilled out your mouth was the scripture to
my prayers
I felt your spirit die day by day of what was holy
You infected me like leprosy on a Sunday morning
Never felt good enough, I was a sinner with no
healing in your almighty presence
I judged but I never betrayed
Under this covenant I should have never behaved
Give me this day to your daily lies
Hail me to the ground as I struggle from your fullness
of grace
Blessed sexism and it's manmade course
Now at the hour of my death I buried my corpse
Anonymous



Renee LeRette, 2013

You Played Me

My body is a slave to the rhythm of your love
You manipulate the strings of my heart as they make sound
Under your violin of sorrows I weep as you leave me
I go a cappella as you deceive me
Leave me burden under the symphony of sympathy
of guilt and shame and anger
How can I ever saxophone, or play the trombone when you are my quire
I give you one more chance to trumpet the blues of our love
How can I ever make music when you are my sire
Every note you made for me was to conspire
Now I am bittersweet as the piano
Hardened like a guitar with no strings
Abandoned like an xylophone
I now dance with no music
I rock to silence
Defeating our love without purpose without a sound
Was a note that has never been found

Anonymous



Matt Benson, 2014



David Kitchen, 2013

Never Again

I sometimes sit and think about the things I will never do again. Never again will I wipe the sleep from my eyes to see your blurry figure beside me. Never again will I stand in the dark, my bones rattling as the cold winds bite at me and I wait for you to inhale that last puff of smoke. Never again will I sit in that basement, my foot tapping against the hard cement floor as I watch you indulge in your passion. Never again will I wonder why I was never as important as that passion.

However, there are some things I believe will never stop. Like the way my eyes seem to silently search for you whenever I find myself near that place. Or the way everything seems to slow down and that numbing sensation kicks in after hearing the beginning chords of that song. Or even how you somehow still appear in my thoughts, months after you ceased to exist.

Existence is relative. I might exist to one person but not to another.

Do we exist to each other?

The answer to that question is quite simple: never again.

Catherine Contarino, 2013

Sickness

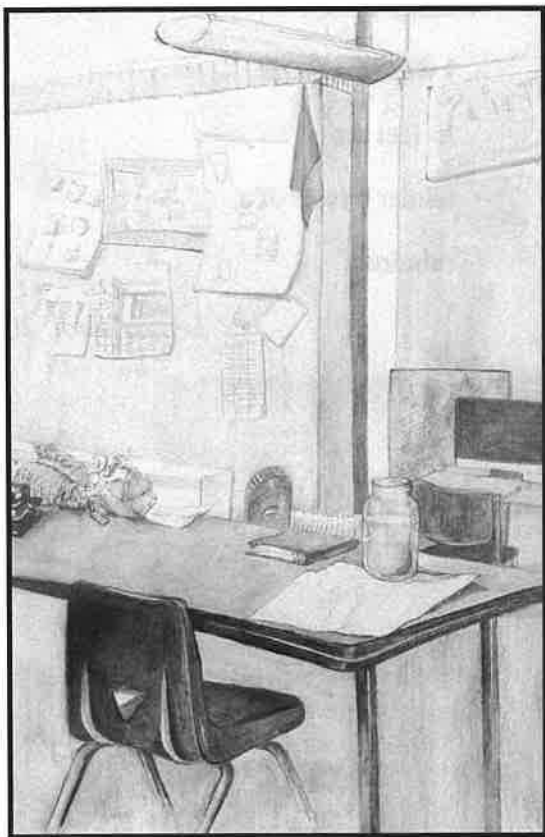
She stood on the side walk on that dreary rainy day, resembling an alabaster statue. Her skin sickly and bordering on translucent, her hair long and shiny but thinning, her eyes greying in the overcast morning light and flicking back and forth watching the world. She was in such a state that even the few minutes of merely standing there was taxing. Her breath stuttered into her lungs and offered little relief to the almost constant starved feeling of her stomach. The black fabric of her leggings did nothing to hide the fact that her legs were shaking. She had no immune system left. Her frail body had been too weak to handle the donation. She had been told that she might be sickly for a little while, she might be weakened, but she knew. She felt the truth inside her heart. She had always been healthy, always strong. And now, rather than resent her sudden fragility, she felt accepting and very calm. There was no coming back from this. Her legs and arms were losing their muscle tone, which she tried to prevent with protein shakes and exercise, but her body rejected both attempts to rebuild itself. She had been praying, *god if it's in me, I need more time*, but she saw no improvement. Finally standing in the cold autumn air became too much for her. She was forced to sit down on the concrete. She comforted herself knowing that the missing part of her, which her body so craved, was being used to save someone else. Her resolve had not faltered, she had no regrets, she just never imagined her actions taken to save a life would cost her own. When rain finally joined the wind and cold the girl laid down on the side walk shivering. She saw someone come running to her from across the street and yell to her. But they came too late, she was already leaving. She felt a hand slide into hers and she felt warmth for the first time in weeks. Quietly she raised her head and whispered “welcome home”. Not too long after she said that, the world faded away, glimmering at the edges. A deep even voice spoke, saying to her “welcome home.”

Emily Fitzmeyer, 2013

Ode to a Pen

Oh, the pen.
The object standing
between me
and completion.
I need to take
you and use your
skills to fill this
paper with imagination.

You always sit and
stare at me.
Knowing,
I should use you.
Laying on
my desk,
uncapped,
waiting for
my inspiration.



Wen (Emma) Cai, 2013

Alas, I have
my inspiration,
what I lack
is motivation.
You are always
at the ready
Unlike
myself.
You are always
prepared.
Unlike
myself.
You are always
determined.
Unlike
myself.

Both I
and the world
need more
of your
noble
qualities.
Diligence.
Patience.
Adeptness.

Abby Giarrosso, 2014

Ode to a Raindrop

You, raindrop,
are the making
of the silver lining.

You are the benefit
of a stormy day.

I wish to turn
my face upward,
and feel your
soft caresses.

In the sun,
your glimmering light
is like a thousand sunsets
wrapped in one. You
are a rainbow.

The violent jets
of a sprinkler
are nothing compared
to your gentle embrace,
a tear from
Heaven.

I want your
grace, your sweet
music, to be
heard by all.

I want everyone
to feel the
tender power of a
raindrop.

Leszek Krol, 2014



Teresa Santana, 2013

I Am From a Tree of Ironsides

I am from the land of marching armies
From jungle mountains to jungle shore
From hamburger hill

I am from the virgins of war
For they never wanted any
I am from the seven seas
From their only passage of freedom

I am from the delectable fruits of addiction
For good people make very bad mistakes
I'm from the government thieves
From well dressed apple snatchers
For they got caught

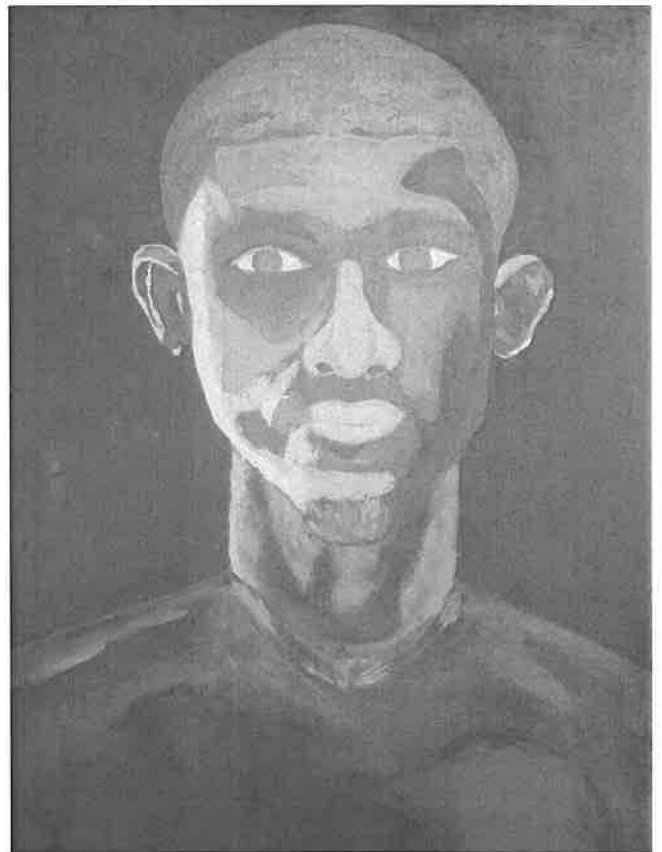
I am from the cries of the innocent
From a temporary home
I'm from crisp government checks
From profit to greed
From the thin lines in between

I am from dark nightmare infested tunnels
From the shadows before the light at the end
I'm from a battle between God and Satan
From places where right and wrong were
never taught
I'm from warm dry sunshine beating back
thick shadows
From nature religion and thought
For I respect forces that have no explanation

I'm from the helpless and crippled
From waiting and frustration
From being born into hate
From love finding me on year 2
From a permanent home on year 3

I'm from love and nurture
From a tree that cleans the mud off its leaves
I'm from a crisp snap and brisk dusty wind
From a tree that sheds its diseased branches
I'm from new life
For my tree has saved mine
I'm from a branch who's scars have healed
but will always be seen
I'm from the Live Oak Tree...
Resilient and strong

Jacob Basiliere, 2015



Chris Gomez, 2013

**“What do you do when
your foundation falls apart?”**

When everything is lost
or wrong
or taken from you
I wonder, what is there to do?

When you have become empty
or numb
or damaged
I wonder, who do you turn to?

I would have turned to you
and then we would have kissed.
I would have turned to you
but now you don't exist.

You are like a fairytale
or a myth
or a lie
I wonder, were you ever the truth?

And now it's just me in my bed
in my head
in the sky
I cannot help but wonder why.

I thought I could not go on
without you being mine.
I thought I could not go on
but it turns out I'm just fine.

Catherine Contarino, 2013



I Lay on My Blanket

I lay on my blanket
staring through shaded eyes
at the blue-naked sky.
An airy baptism,
the wind,
rushes over my body top
like ocean receding low tide.
The moon's antithesis,
that fire ball star,
plays on dancing grass,
shimmers in ripples.

I look up.

Tree-leave lily pads
connected in veined branches
deep-sigh and weep in pear hue.

Star's treasure touch.

A sea gulls in the distance
when I inhale the Merrimack
and slip home in the breezing rush.

I am five again.

A boy in the stick-twigs of earth,
with light freckling through open sky spaces
and pastel snowflakes fluttering in swirl.
Where breathing excites
and feet fly and hands wave,
an open-mouthed smile falls free,
a boy skip-runs in spring.

Browning knees and blushed face.

Wind kisses the run-river follows straight to
his face.

Pawed friends swish-trot in the shallows,
laughing with their teeth at the gay day and
their boy companion.

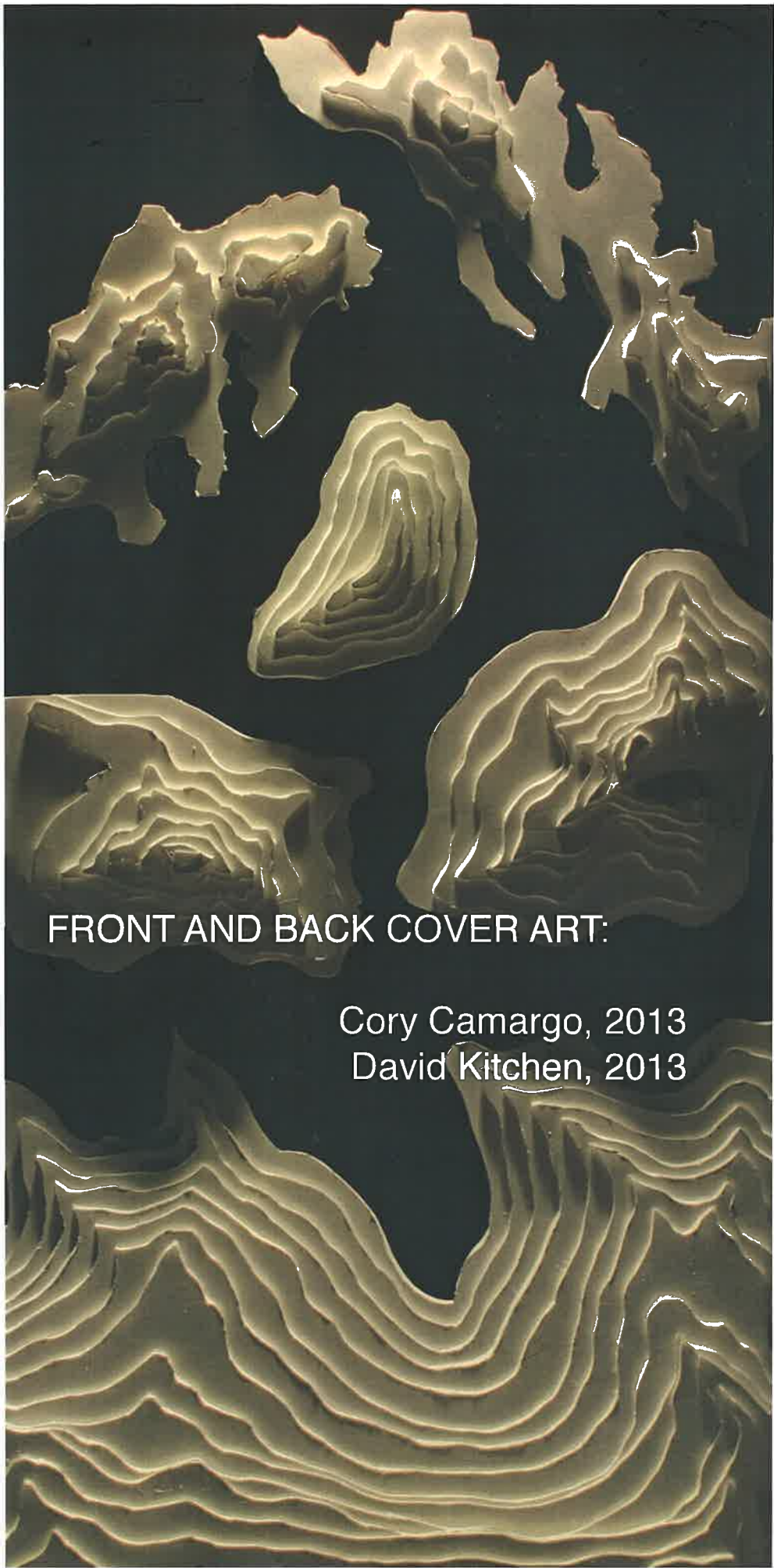
He is fire-wild and free running unbridled and
head first into me
on this blanket where the wind rush blows.
My eyes sleep with that same open-mouthed
smile

falling free.

Bobby Ringuette, English Dept.

VISIONS COFFEEHOUSE 2013





FRONT AND BACK COVER ART:

Cory Camargo, 2013
David Kitchen, 2013