

Visions



Volume 3

Issue 2

The editorial staff dedicates this issue to Ms. Moynihan, who has offered unflagging support and tireless inspiration to each one of our aspiring writers.

It is no overstatement to say you are the reason that we write, and this magazine is forever indebted to you.

“Your vision will become clear only when you look into your heart. Who looks outside, dreams. Who looks inside awakens.”

- Carl Jung

“Language is a virus.”

- William S. Burroughs

“Writing only leads to more writing.”

- Sidonie Gabrielle Colette

“Poems are the rough notations for the music we are.”

- Rumi

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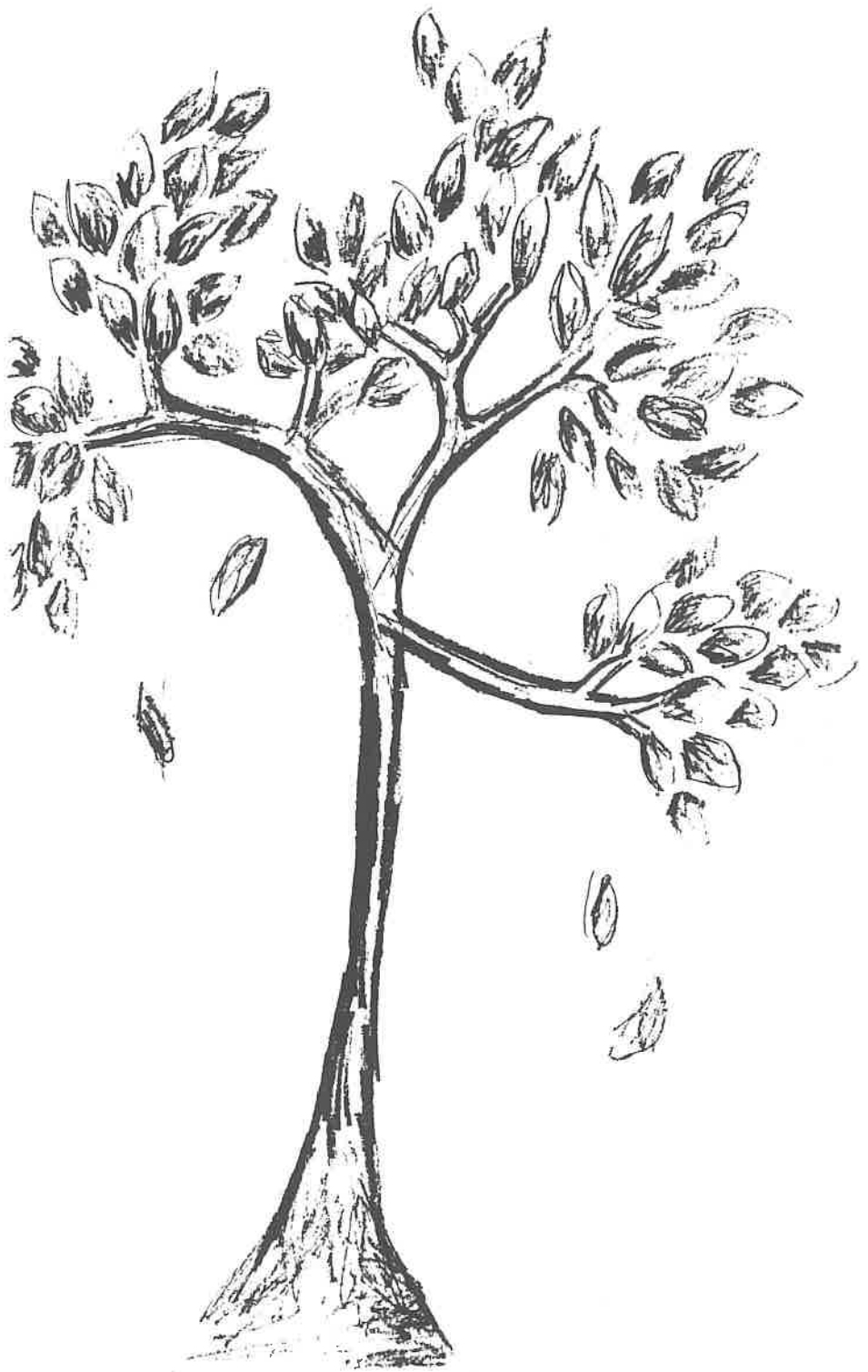
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Thank Ye Kindly, Sir:

- To Mr. DeFillippo and the rest of the administration for supporting our magazine and for their encouragement: Thanks.
- Thanks to all of you who submitted material for us and shared your immense talent, as without your contributions there would be no magazine at all.
- England's Microcreamery in Haverhill for our frequent coffee houses and the lip-smackingly good ice cream.
- Thanks to all those students and staff members who have supported this magazine by reading it. Without you, it would all be pointless.

Extra Super Dupa Thanks 2:

- Ms. Shaw and the art club for donating time and creativity and continual support.
- Mr. Welch for his super-coolness.
- We'd also like to thank ourselves, because we are narcissists.



Tuesday Morning

Mm... Tuesday morning at IHOP, bottomless coffee and fake maple syrup. So many things I see are like pancakes, thin and frail.

The sun looks great. When's the last time I've seen the sun? It has a certain glow that gives rainy day people hope from their cloudy lives. The kind of sun that makes a person stop out of their eyes and look back to see if they still see the light like they did before... before rainy days. I'd step out but I'm waiting for some "bacon and eggs" while trying to prepare a midterm essay, but this pen doesn't feel like writing that.

Of the best men I know, none ever contemplated life's meaning sitting alone in IHOP. And when life gave them the rainy days and cheap pancakes, they stared it down with a beautiful humility I envy.

If others can look at your life with admiration, appreciation and a sort of jealousy you must have been a wonderful person and done something right. And when your day comes no matter how cloudy your life was, the sun will shine like it never has before because you've seen through the maple syrup.

I'm feeling different today, I feel free, released, alive. I don't like everything I do or feel, but somehow today I could do anything and love it. I just realized that no matter how far I think I've come in life, I'm so far away and for once that doesn't scare me. And the sun, I know why the sun is shining today.

Nick Valcourt
Senior Year

Call Me



If one day you feel like crying
Call me
I don't promise to make you laugh
But I can cry with you.
If one day you want to run away
Call me
I don't promise to make you stop
But I can run with you.
If one day you don't want to listen to anyone
Call me
I promise to be there and to keep very quiet.
If one day you call
And there's no answer
Come fast to see me
Maybe I'm the one who needs you.

Jessy Hamawi
Junior Year

A Winter

While the sky dim and dewy
While the sky dim and dewy
Winter radiance frees me
Winter radiance frees me
While the dewy winter sky frees
Me and dim radiance

Like my spirit, the sun fades
Like my spirit, the sun fades
And withers to emptiness
And withers to emptiness
My spirit withers and fades the sun
To like emptiness

For apathy flows within me
For apathy flows within me
Until the winter embraces warmth
Until the winter embraces warmth
For warmth flows within winter
Until the apathy embraces me

Winter embraces dim emptiness
For the dewy sun
While like me - apathy fades to
The radiance and flows within the sky
Until warmth withers my spirit
And winter frees me

Elisabeth Lohmueller
Junior Year



A Hero in Love

Pastel fragility sauntered into my sage infinity
With azure salutations and lavender hellos.
My silver fortress freed me from this grey destiny,
Dancing upon cadmium saturns
Above the frosted skies and jade seas.
Torn between my crimson lust and ebony chaos,
With my navy laughter, I unveiled a charcoal smile,
But turquoise charm and amber fortitude
Forever drowned me in this sapphire fantasy.
My metallic dread was consumed by ivory splendor,
And fuchsia cries echoed in this titanium chasm
Of vermilion desire.

Carolyn Arcabascio & Elisabeth Lohmueller
Junior Year

Ai Luved Ew

Ai luvved ew, butt ew dident luv mee bak.
Ai gayve ew thu kee tew mai hart und ew jus throo et eway.
Ew eckplord du defs uv mai mined end shuverd mai fallts inn mai fayce.
Ai em sumartt. Ai em kewl. Ai em entelujent
az ew ken oviouslee cee.
Ai em jus mizundastude.
Ew lefd mee end Ai steel dew nut no wai.



Joel Perez
Junior Year

We'd grown accustomed to the darkness, so the opening of the vault was a startling experience for all of us. Natural light had been a sort of dreamy myth for all but our oldest, and they've passed on since then, so the only memory we have left of that day is what the children of the vault saw. For a long time that searing light was all we saw, and we fumbled blindly or retreated back into the vault. Those people eventually had to step into the burning sun with us again, though; there was nothing left in the vault. We'd only been forced to open the vault because we'd run out of food. Otherwise, we probably would have kept running from what's left of the surface as long as we could.

Nobody remembers the war. Tales have been passed down through the vault children, but they're not memories. Just constructs. There's a dichotomy between 'thinking' and 'knowing.' We think there was one day when China and America came to blows, and we think there was somebody somewhere who said, "Push the button or we can't fight these people," although even the oldest from the vault have never quite ciphered who through the bog of their thoughts. We don't know those things. We know the landscape that won't bend to our will, the stars that never have an expression, the ever-marching ants and the flies that eat our dead. The flies probably only think they're eating our dead, too.

We know the foraging, the stick-gathering and the hunt. We know day-to-day matters, but we don't know days. They get lost in the mud. The oldest of the vault used to say, "There's always an exception," and we think that too. We remember the day we came out of the vault, the pain that burned our eyes, and the lingering flicker in our vision afterwards. We remember the other day, too. We remember the day they came. The oldest say there used to be tales something like their arrival, but you can't stop to tell tales when you're hunting the dogs, so we forgetful little things had no way to puzzle out the vessel when it came. Fly, maybe, but too large; some select people had managed once to spot a bird, and made the comparison, but it didn't hold. The craft was black metal, polished that it could be a dark mirror if it weren't for its mold. Sharp protrusions implied claws to its sides reaching out. As for the inhabitants, we never had the luck of seeing them, but only emotionless voices emitted from the craft. Perhaps it was a recording and the craft was never manned. It's beyond our lot to know. They announced themselves as 'cleansers,' travelling and exterminating "pests that might one day become threats." Then the broadcast stopped, and it was silent.

Maybe they were monitoring us, or just preparing some device, but we didn't know what they were doing. A jabbering primate just out of the vault wasn't enough to merit a response, it seemed, nor were hundreds, or thousands, or however many were left from the vault, having survived some war over something or other. When jabbering failed, we moved on to lashing out. There hadn't been time to mine since we emerged, and so we could build nothing new of any significance, but we found things left over. A cold rifle here, and there a grenade which was never granted its paltry wish to be detonated in the fracas. Even the assault didn't rouse the craft, though it seemed that the brave few who were willing to forego food to strike the ship were making headway. We saw dents and cracks, and our spirits rose. Nothing arouses a feeling of joy quite as much as the notion of killing the Enemy.

We know the day we emerged from the vault, and we know the day they arrived, but most of all we know the day they left. After all of the fighting, we had been expecting a thunderous backlash to vindicate us, to make us martyrs. But all we received was an announcement one day, and those words we remember. "You are not a threat." And it left. In the dull lunar shine over the craft in motion, the fruits of our labor didn't seem to amount to much. A dent maybe here and a superficial scratch there, but in that horrible natural light, you can't see a little grenade's char. And then it was gone, and we were only looking up at those stars again, a million blank gazes staring back.

I couldn't stand looking up at those stars. I had to bow my head down, but somehow the ants marching to take Gustaffson's body home piece by piece weren't much comfort.

Todd Vandecasteele
Junior Year



Clockwork

What makes you tick,
Mr. Clockwork?
Is it the wrench or screw,
Time or gravity,
Or my little hand
Winding you up
This one last time.

Untitled

The clouds were parched
That June daydream.
I too, begged for rain.

Untitled

Stop.
Drop the potato.
End this madness.
Time is too traditional.
Error is unfortunately human.
Thinking is uncanny.

Elisabeth Lohmueller
Junior Year

The Porter of Hell's Gate

Knock, knock, knock,
and who harken's there?
The sleepless killer's porter
bearing a jug of Ale.

"Carousing till the second cock",
violently swigging alcohol,
his drunkard's laugh and commotion
drags the Thane into the hall.

Drink stretched him out that night,
the porter of Hell's Gate.
Of urine, sleep, and nose-pointing
he sang into the Late.



At the South Entrance, a knocking
on the door of this too cold Hell.
A hearty joke the key-holder told
the night Scotland fell.

Knock, knock, knock,
and who had harkened there?
The thief of Scone's porter
hath vanished into air.

Paul Mueller
Senior Year

Poker

2003 Las Vegas Poker Championship Finals

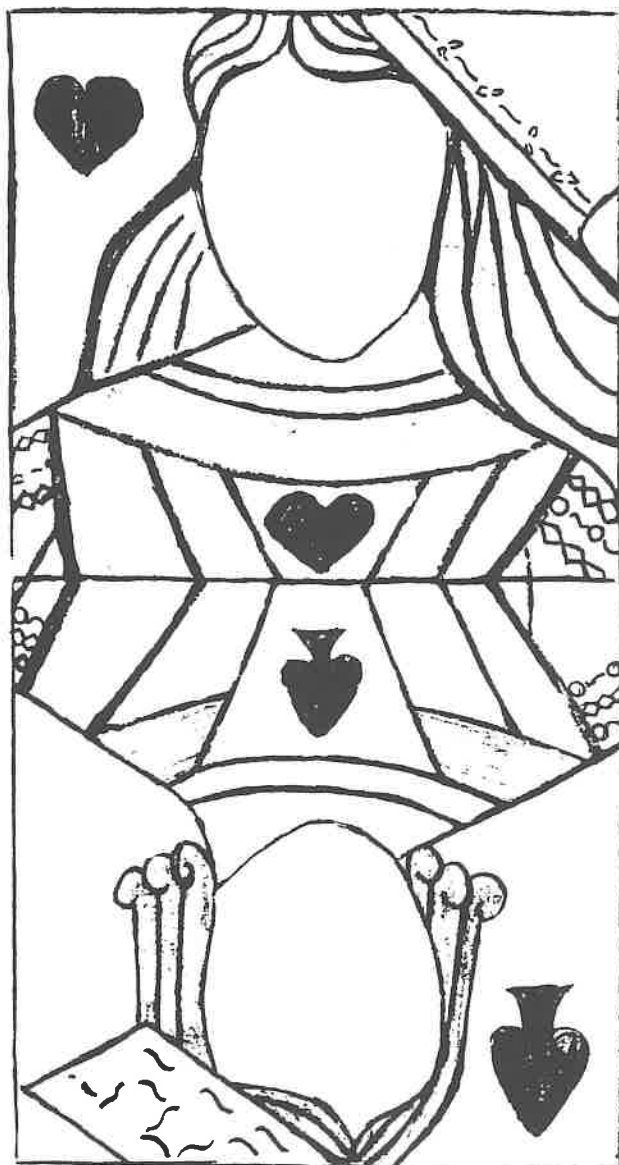
I looked at the table and the pile at chips in front of me. I glanced at the dealer. These tournaments usually take a week or more and dealers hate them. One week of serious gamblers who never tip or get drunk off free drinks to collect their winnings or notice the full house is really two of a kind. The dealer gave me a fake smile that said more than most words. ESPN had been here for two days and now the finals were a big enough deal to bring broadcast of the gala event at three o'clock in the morning on ESPN2.

My opponent looked across the table and stared straight into my eye in a way that I could never quite manage. First time a woman made it into the finals in the history of the championship. The glare of challenge quickly turned into a smile. She had a way of smiling the made me want to laugh out loud and forget whatever I was doing. She gave one of those smiles and I managed to escape with a smirk and a small slip of thought. She crossed her legs slowly. She was naturally appealing to my most basic manly instinct. Whether she did it consciously or not, she had the ability to crack most gamblers, who stayed stone-faced while gambling. I was not a stone though. I smiled back like the palm tree that bends in the wind.

The dealer dealt the first three cards in front of himself, the style in this casino. I got my one card first and then she got hers. This process was repeated with the dealer only receiving two this time. When the table had been narrowed down to the final two competitors, twelve hands of poker had only resulted in an equal distribution of chips. The perfect set up for a show down. I did not look at the first card I received or the second; I waited for my opponent to pick up her cards before I looked at mine. I slowly scraped my four back teeth against each other. It causes my jaw to bulge and hides the slightest slip of emotion. It was my turn to start the bidding. I looked at my cards. God smiled on his son: a pair of Sevens. I looked across the table not showing any emotion except confidence. I called all in. I was willing to bet everything. The lady across the table nodded slightly and shocked me as she consented to the bet. The showdown would happen. I watched as the dealer flipped the cards in front of him. Five, Jack, Ace, Three, and a Six, nothing helped me.

My opponent smiled at me but not with the laughable smile. It was straight smile that a poker player develops to show no emotion. It is the equivalent to putting a car into cruise control. It is tradition that who ever calls all in shows his cards first. But my confidence was crushed since she bet it all. I pray that she would break tradition and show her cards, but she did nothing look at me and keep her straight smile on. My heart pulsed, my stomach churned, my wrists sweat, and my mind could not concentrate on anything but how much I did not want to flip my cards over. I closed my eyes and turned my cards over. I hope I win.

Andrew Lawrence
Junior Year



D.H.

Shrub Thoughts

Searching for explanations for your negligence
With blind eyes you watch them fall
With a mute voice you offer empty encouragement
With a hardened heart you feel dull pain
The abyss of your emotions is infinite
Your world- violence and apathy fester
Like a parasite sucking the life out of its host
The quest for your salvation is futile
A fortification of ignorance whose strength thwarts the enemy of truth
You lash out with armies of ambiguity
Creating a war of words to perpetuate your childish delusion
Your sword is wielded with other's blood
Yet you act with arrogant partisanship
He threatened your father, so you orphan their children
Is it justice served? Do two wrongs equal might or right?

Susan Mead
Senior Year

Opening up to clean possibility and pregnant with thought
Cheering me on towards inky beginnings
Notions form striking and immaculate as the page before my eyes swimming
Ideals reflections that capture unexplored
Possess me with their outward sincerity.

I so green wishful thinking only in certain terms
Understand absolutes thinly veiled in bashfulness
Guarantees of understood printable triumph
Waiting to emerge blinking in the light of day
Break from the confines of my carelessly guarded inward writer.

Perhaps telling myself quietly so she won't be discouraged
This is becoming even being excellently writerly
The untainted humility questioning self doubting
For its future the faithful conveyance of head to hand
Approaches crazy broken-hearted meaningless.



I and she the deserter trading pride on undelivered goods
Left alone together in wearisome vacancy of phrase
Cast accusatory glances assigning fingers to point blame
Over beautiful nothings that never really were
There for feeler unable to think.

Kathleen Barrett
Senior Year

I Whined in My Pillow

I whined in my pillow...and screamed to the wall...
when I couldn't go

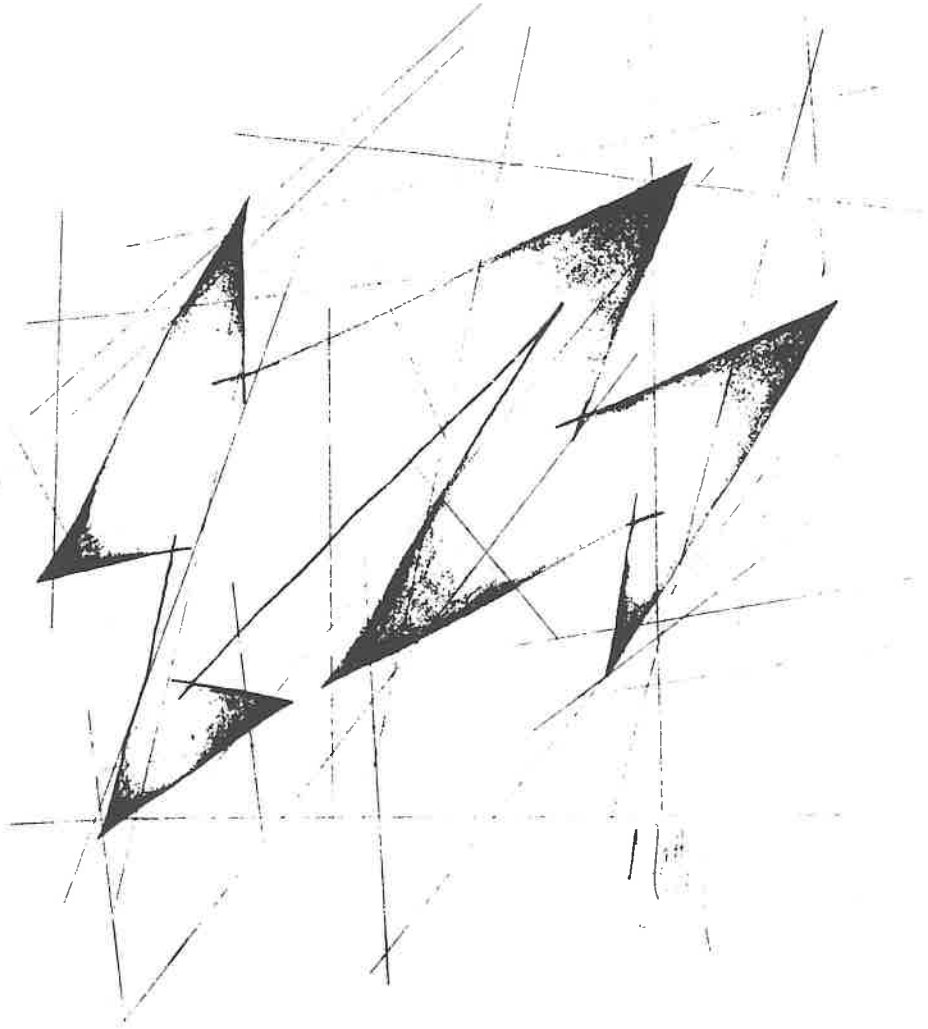
Apologized to the cat...and kicked my friends...lying on
the linoleum...
when I couldn't go

I cursed the fish...and fed my mom...pacing
from the telegator to the refrigivision
when I couldn't go

I binged on Drew Carey...stared at cookies and cream...feeling the air...but is it a
dream?... windexed the carpet...and vacuumed the door...then I spoke to the plans
...and created my friends

For tomorrow...
when I couldn't go

Keith Martin
Sophomore Year



Across the Street

The woman was frail as a whisper. She sat in her chair, her loathsome companion. She had been confined to it for years. Her hands rested on her lap, which was draped in a pastel pink and green crocheted blanket. They were a web of folds and wrinkles, veins thick and visible. She imagined if she listened closely enough every time she moved her fingers, she would hear a noise from deep within her joints, maybe that of an old rusted and abandoned gate swinging lazily on its hinges. She remembered her hands were different once. Dainty and porcelain. Traces of blue veins only adding to the overall delicacy and beauty of her skin. For some age is a marvel, a crystal looking glass of wisdom and nostalgia – for her it was a monster, creeping up on her from the dark, wrapping itself around her world, and she could do nothing but sit and feel the effects of the unperceivable beast.

Early that morning she had asked the nurse to wheel her over to a particular part of the room. Everything about the room was stale. From the stiff, uninviting sheets to the plain, overbearing walls to the yellow, thin air. Everything about it weighed her down, a quiet and accepted suffocation. She was positioned near the window, not directly in front of it since her eyes had become too sensitive to light. She missed the sun. But she requested to be positioned at such an angle that would allow her to see a view of the playground across the street.

Having no reason but to endure and anticipating nothing but still more hours, she closed her eyes and drowned herself in a life across the street. She breathed it all in, crisp and clear and blue. She felt the cold air inside her chest, a heartbreakingly refreshing sensation. She opened her eyes and was sitting on a swing. She gripped the metal chains on either side of her with a child's dimpled hands, smooth as an ivory petal. The cold sent a metallic zing along the inside of her palms, and she withdrew her hands in shock, only to immediately bring them back, holding on tighter this time. She began to go through the motions of swinging her legs. Forwards, backwards, forwards, backwards. It was easier each time. With each pump she was higher. Higher. The cold wind was sharp against her face and she smiled fiercely and gritted her teeth. Tears of stinging, dried-out eyes and tears on uncontained exhilaration mingled and spilled forth down her cheek with each forward swing. She was living. She was winning.

The wooden base and supports briefly left the ground behind with each determined demand the rang from deep within the little girl. Higher. Higher! The sky was within her grasp, and her voice was suddenly caught in her throat, overtaken by an invigorating jumble of fear and danger and thrill surging through her tiny body. She released her left hand's grip and reached up and twirled the clouds through her fingers. She was ready. The timing and the altitude were perfect, and she did not want to push her luck. Forwards, backwards, three more times. She counted half to herself, half out loud, keeping her eyes fixed on her landing point.

One...(so high). Two...(so free). Thrrree...(so alive). And she let go and she was flying and even when her feet reached the ground she did not come down.

The nurse left the door of the stale room open for her. People found it strange to see her sitting by the window, awake but eyes closed, smiling so contentedly, but not too strange, taking into consideration her age and the condition of her mind. She could hear fragments of pitied whispers. "In her own little world..." they observed

in passing. Their words hit her hard, because maybe she was. But she felt that if nothing else she was at least still in *this* world, still existing for now at least. But time was her own. Years were her own. And right then she was content to close her eyes and get lost in the years and breathe in deeply the air from Across the Street.

Carolyn Arcabascio
Junior Year



A Kiss From The Moon

Eyes closed -
waiting.
I raise my face
reaching with my chin
for a kiss from the moon.

The silver man
embraces me
his solid arms encircle
my waist and he takes me
away..... to his home of vast starscapes

He adorns my hair with
strands of diamonds.
I am immersed in light
cool and delicate...intricate detailed love

Together – our bodies caressed
with night's wet mist.
Our tears mingle and fall- becoming
crystals of Luminous light

a monument of pain
of passion
of the lone light of darkness

Emily Franz
Junior Year



WIKON VSCA

Shadow's Playground

I took your hand and led the way to a place where shadows played. As the sunset and the leaves danced around, I threw my instincts to the ground. And with that you drew me near, it was hard to believe I was actually there. But as you placed your hands upon my thighs, your existence then was hard to deny. You passionately looked into my eyes; my feelings as well were hard to hide. As you tightened your warm embrace, your hand gently caressed my face. Then you slowly whispered, "What do you want?" and with those words my heart almost stopped. For I knew what I wanted to do, I looked up and said, "All I want is you." Although we both wished that dream could come true, we knew in our hearts it could not be pursued. So I looked into your eyes one last time, and tried to cover the pain inside. I took your hand and led you away, as tears brought me forth to the light of day.

Jacquie Fricano
Freshman Year

Snow Angels

Right before the snow falls
If you listen very close
You'll hear music,
The song of angels
They're playing for you
They're playing for us
They're playing to ease the pain
The pain of another year gone by
The pain felt when something is left unsaid
Or when the moment passes you by...
And if you listen a little more there's something else there too
The voices of little children
Singing...Humming...Laughing
The children who were so fortunate as to relish in the kingdom of the sky
While we mourned their departure
And they laugh...and we cry...
We know not what they do
Why everything is 'so'
So we think, and reflect, and consider
And try to appreciate the snow...



Kayla Hasbrook
Sophomore Year

Saturn

The moon is bursting
Out of its shell
And suburbia
Has drowned out the stars
But I gaze into the black metal darkness
And in these halos
I see how small I am

Urvesh Shelat
Sophomore Year

Although it wasn't intended this way,
your touch was so close.
Tender
Closer than you wanted it,
and to me it felt closer than I ever thought possible.
I would love to believe
that this touch is what ended us
Or even better, what started us.
But I know
that it is what forestalled our beginning,
ended the possible magic
of the chemicals between us,
of which I was the only one to truly acknowledge.
And this touch
burned every remembrance from our minds.
You were blind
to the beautiful sight that was
you and I.
And it didn't just fade,
it died slowly before my eyes,
drowning me in thoughts
of you
and your touch
that I silently hope to feel once more.



Kara Messenger
Sophomore Year

Right On Time

Haven't gotten quite there honey.
I'll most likely be there someday,
'Cause now I have to go.
Out of time
Out of season
I just want to be more near.
Try to get there when I can,
and when I am, I'll be waiting here for you.
In another world now,
The sun's still in my eyes
Hurry, it burns
I'm squinting just for you.
Now where have you gone?

Surf's Up

Only lies lie in the way of Love
Do you feel?
Ask your self the question,
Forward and concise,
Are you free?
Today I was happier than I've ever been,
It's true.
Life's a bummer, it's a drag.
Love is real, yeah that's true too.

The Spectacle

I care what you want,
Or what you are at all,
And I feel nothing.
They're watching me,
What do I become?
Do I hear?
Do I reach?
Do I save?
Do I feel?
And do they know me at all?
Or do they care at all?
Less Loss Loose Lost
I care what you want in a strange little way,

Or I care what you aren't in a strange little way,
And I feel.

In The Maya¹

We are all in The Maya
Whether we believe or not.
The world is an illusion
That we pull over our eyes.
We see what we want.
Love is an excuse,
With which we try to prove our existence.
But there are deeper things
To love and relationships;
The sharing of truth
And information.
We connect with God.

Toy Box

Cat lays, arms open, unable to embrace.
Monkey lies beside her. Silly
Giraffe's neck wire broke, so sad.
Bunny hasn't gone hopping in a while.
With chipped glass eyes
and frayed yarn smiles,
I spend my childhood.
I'm almost broke.
I want to stay rich forever.



Julia Tredeau
Freshman Year

¹ In Hinduism, there is a belief that the world around us that we see is all just an illusion, called The Maya.

Pygmies & Peanut Butter

Or: *Why the Hell Can't I Write a Funny Poem?*

*O Creativity, You Elusive Spirit,
Deign Me Worthy of Your Graces.*

Pages and pages of abandoned wreckage of thought.

The Quest?
To write the fabled Silly Poem.

My heart wants nothing more
Than to inspire giddiness
to induce giggles
to entertain
to delight
to set flight.

And what could it take?
A rhyme scheme
A clever premise
A quirky title

Or is it mere Talent?
(Ah, Talent! You've betrayed me once again!)

Why must I labor hours,
only to birth more (pseudo-) Intellectual garbage?

I buy my one-way train ticket for Fantasy Land
and end up somewhere outside of Dayton.

Come on! All the best ones can do it!
Only mediocre poets don't know how to have fun!

What's a funny word?
a clever phrase?
Something unattainable, dammit.

No, wait!
Pygmies and Peanut Butter!

... but what to do ...

Sure, it's funny, but what to follow?
Nothing.

Oh, wait, something:

clenched teeth
broken pencils
Big Fat Scribbles

(Oh, look, kids!
There's one now!)

Why can't I write one of these things?

A silly poem.

Should be easy.

So why have I re-carpeted the floor with chunks of my hair?

Ack.

I may as well give up.
Silly poems are stupid anyway.

It's just *too* easy to write, that's all.

I'm above it. (I tell myself.)

Let someone else "entertain and delight."

(What a lying sack of potatoes.)

And so I leave my already cluttered notebook
with pages and pages of wreckage of thought.

But every so often, my
thoughts return to the
one unachievable –



The heist left unhoisted in my life of crime
The stone left unturned in my mental manhunt
The prayer left unanswered by the writer's god:

Whimsy for Whimsy's Sake.

Silly rabbit, Trix are for kids.

Brendan Molloy
Senior Year

Everything You Need to Know

Some wear their regret like a ball and chain, I suggest you wear your heart like a crown.

Don't jump in if you can't swim.

You can't swim if you never jump in.

think about it... that'll mess with your head

Clichés are useless.

Wear sandals, frequently.

Try a little tenderness.

All you need is love.

Don't sleep all night, you'll never see you the moon.

Peanuts aren't nuts.

Try to be someone you're not, because no one's perfect.

Never stop.

Nick Valcourt
Senior Year

This is Not About You

This poem is not about you
I swear it's not!
If it was,
I would be saying how utterly repulsive
And vile your existence truly is.
But that would be if this was about you...
But it's not.
Go ahead, stop reading this and check your mirror...
..... Do you look perfect again?
Of course, because you are the epitome of perfection...*right?*
Go ahead, and keep on polluting the air with your words
Of never-ending stupidity and superficiality.
It's okay, since your "friends" are endless...*right?*
Go ahead, and live in your delusions that I want to be you,
Since your little world is so safe and perfect
Except for that miniscule problem of failing grades.
But who needs intelligence?
Especially if you're part of a big group...*right?*
TERRIFIC!
But of course, I'm not saying these things
So this cannot possibly be about you.

Staci Alleca
Junior Year



Central Catholic

I will always cherish high school
you make new friends
that weren't there before
friends who wear burgundy
and evergreen
and maize
and chambray blue
and walk with you
through the halls that are never
empty
with the rows of lockers
and the students who own them
hustling and bustling
with books and smiles
and in class listening to
teachers who
touch you
in forty-five minutes
with lessons on numbers
and nouns
and Nixon
all the while
St. Marcellan Champagnat
prays for us

Stacey Foster
Sophomore Year

The arms of a man chosen
By a being of divine power
Are outstretched in front of a sea
Of unknowing worshippers
Who don't even lift a suspicious eyebrow
Because the righteous man before them
Will unveil their salvation
His rosary is his weapon
And with each bead held between his fingers
He mutters a prayer
That drips from his tongue like poison
While they all look on adoringly
Because his face is masked
By the refracted colors
Of sunlight passing through stained glass

Carolyn Arcabascio
Junior Year



It was a breezy summer night, just you and me. We were walking around the city, here and there, to any place that came to mind. We came to the river, which was actually following us the whole time, but was now in better view without the tall buildings and stores standing high and hiding it. We leaned on the fence over the edge, looking down at the water, and talked.

After some time, we sat on a park bench that was a few feet away from where we were standing. There was a silence. We both looked up at the sky. It was a clear night, the stars sparkling bright over our small existence. I saw the clouds. They were beautifully frozen in the sky. But the moon looked lonely, and instead of standing still with the clouds blowing across it, like the sight you were seeing, it was running across the sky. It wouldn't stop, as if chasing something never reachable.

I was the moon that night.

And I asked you, do you see what I see, but your reply was no. You saw the moon ordinarily, stationed in the sky and shining over our heads. In your eyes, the clouds were blowing over the moon as the warm breeze blew our hair and touched our faces. I tried several times, concentrating and focusing, trying to see what you were seeing. For a moment I thought I had it, but the opposite image emerged again. What you saw is what most people see, but I was at the other end of the sight, the illusion.

It was almost as if what we were seeing were the opposite images of an optical illusion: the two of us, sitting there on that cold metal bench, looking at the very same sight, but seeing two totally different things.

I wondered about it later that night, and it was a rather sad thought. But it was okay then, we appreciated each other. Friends. Maybe best friends- I was never sure, and I always wished upon those same stars for more. That night meant much more to me than to you. It was always that way.

Things have changed. I have grown. That night has a new meaning to me now. As much as I wish for something better, the way it is now is the way it is supposed to be. We are different. We see different things. The things that we both see, we see completely differently. But I will always remember the times we were the same. Feeling the same breeze, looking at the same sky, wishing on the same stars.

Kara Messenger
Sophomore Year

I Was a Man

I wear my construction boots, I wear my blue jeans,
I wear my white socks, I am a man.

I drink my coffee, I drink my beer,
I drink my whiskey, I am a man.

I go to my job, I go to the bar,
I go to AA, I am a man.

I lose my job, I lose my family,
I lose my life, I was a man.

Andrew Lawrence
Junior Year



The Gap

I atone for measures unlike you
Respiration contorted beneath thine own
Plastered to immobility
Molded to repel noxious shadow
Leave, be-gone this your formal shell
Separation is necessary
Spine faced opposite's notice
Where shall you wander?
Shall you starve life's tragedies?
There deepens no overcome
Wear your tears, pray towards masochism
I speak nothing of your existence
Grain restless for ocean
Fear fate's failure to whisk away
Shackles ferocity withdrawal freedom's sweet kiss
I equate emptiness with you
I further our sickly precipice
To flee
To follow
To no avail you gain
I only quicken
Sweet vision repressed
Lost among self pity
I apologize, ripe full from departure
Alas your restraint glorifies eternity
Infidelity to another
Liberation of my lack-luster old

Caitlin Routhier
Junior Year

Charlie, a Boy of Six

Charlie, a boy of six, wandered the streets for loose change. His dusty blonde hair peeked through holes in his tattered winter hat. His grimy faced was adorned by an amusing front teeth-missing smile.

"Have ya got any thpare change mithter?" he asked a wealthy-looking man on the street. The man acted as if Charlie were invisible and kept walking, chattering quickly on his cell phone. Charlie was used to that. The city was a dark and cold place for such a small boy.

His cheeks were brick red from the cold. The cold scratched and stung Charlie on his ears and nose. It was cold, very cold. One of the coldest winters for Charlie.

Then came hope. From the corner of Charlie's eye he saw a shiny object wedged between the street and the curb. Dreams flooded his head.

He dreamt of this day. The day where all of his troubles would be carried away by luck. He dreamed of fame, fortune, and most of all warmth. He took off is grubby green gloves and ran greedily toward the shiny object. He reached down and what was it?...

A gum wrapper! Yes, a gum wrapper. There were no angels singing "Halleluiah," or flowery meadows with golden rays of warm and happy sunshine. Nope! Just broken dreams and cold asphalt. Charlie was used to failing. "Oh well, life goeths on."

Charlie, a boy of six, got up, dusted himself off, and continued roaming the streets, searching for more shiny glimmers of hope.

Joel Perez
Junior Year



Dinner

I rode my bike up the hill that day not knowing, not caring, where I would end up or when. The only thing I knew was that I had to get away. Heart pounding, feet pushing, peddling. "Faster, faster," I will myself up this never-ending hill, until I see an end. Down the road to the gates of the deserted baseball park - alone - down the connector as the wind pushes my hair out of its way. Where to go, where to go. I stop dead and listen... silence, so thick you can swim in it. Drop the bike. The swing set with its rusted red metal watches the nothingness of the park pass it by until summer when the games start up again. I accompany it and smile, slowly starting to swing and I remind myself of an elderly person - 'easy does it.' After momentum has picked, I notice my surroundings: blue sky, the kind you see once every 100 years and the clouds so perfectly arranged without arrangement. The sky is like God's canvas and the clouds a part of His beautiful masterpiece. The pale green grass fades into a brown mess near the dugouts. Colored trees jump out at me with deep reds and fiery oranges. I look to the sky to see a metallic bird flying to the sun leaving a trail of clouds in its wake. The pigeons are gone, the cars far away, the children in their houses... it's so quiet.

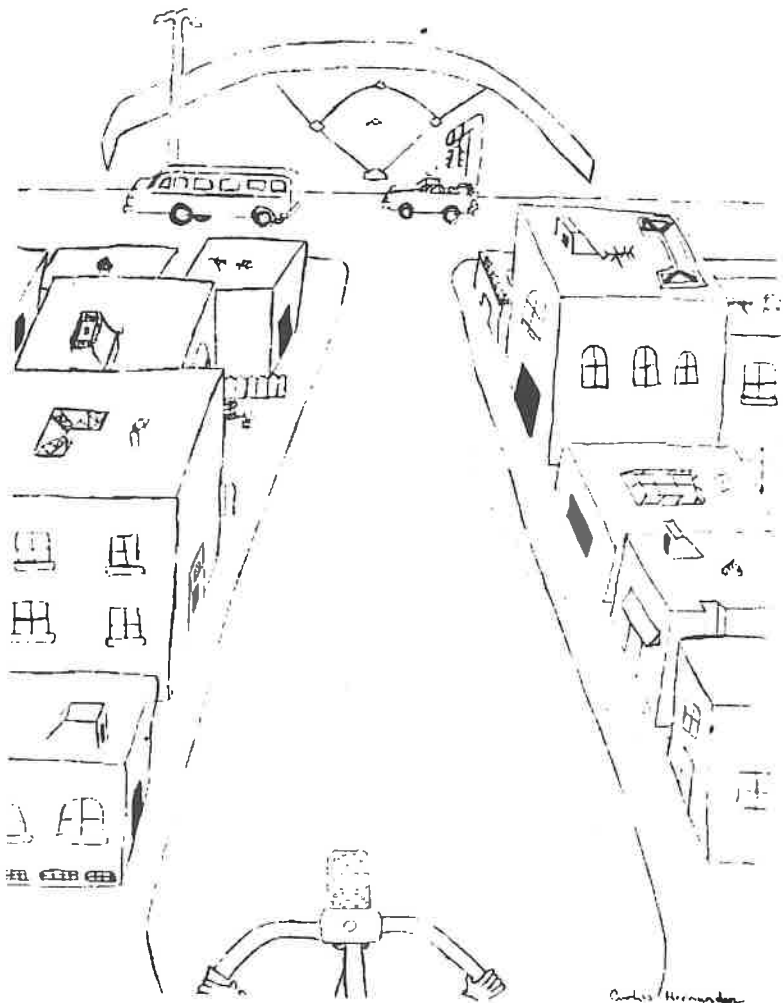
Everything is in the here and now, just like me. I've had my problems, like the birds facing the cold, so I come up with a solution- fly south and be happy. With time, the clouds steadily move in slow motion, out of sight, like my past- you know it happened, but you can't see it. You know you can't look back to move forward. Like the leaves and the trees, some of my old habits can die hard, but eventually "spring" up again with new life. How great it is to see my life depicted in nature.

I leave my swinging and return to my bike. It missed me while I was gone and hated just lying there abandoned on the ground without a rider. Across the park I see the tennis courts- a great game! I go to it to find a sad and disappointing scene- the fenced nets are knocked over. The wood supporters no longer do their job and the ground is graffiti-ed with blues and blacks. Broken glass and fallen leaves cover the sight disturbed only by the wind and my stable feet. "Should I help this situation?" I wonder. I don't know why, but I put one of the nets upright. There was really no point because no one was going to be playing there... ever. Maybe to make it more presentable? More inviting? Well, whatever I was trying to do, I did it because it could be done. Kind of like the men who went to the moon...

I decide that its time to leave, time to move on to bigger and better things, time to see and experience, time to laugh and cry, time to listen and speak, time to win and lose, time to feel pain and happiness, time to share and time to love...

...Besides, dinner should be ready right about now and if I don't get home soon, Mom will be angry.

Bobby Ringuette
Junior Year



Carlos Hernandez

Have It Your Way

Driving up to the window, he begins to see past the pathetic guise of their propaganda, past the golden gateway of deceit and king of pain. The plush leather interior of his BMW is transformed into the stark cold metal of his cell. The annoying woman's voice emitted from his radio becomes squeals filling his eardrums, pleading for mercy, mercy from a preordained fate. Poked and prodded, tortured ruthlessly from his day of birth. He can hear the laughter and the one next to him falls, unable to move its deformed legs. He turns to help but is greeted only by the cattle prod; deeply piercing his tender skin. Blood oozes and drips to the hard cement floor. His own, undistinguishable from all that has come before. He looks up to see the conveyor belt slowly churning towards the death machine. There is no way out. No path but the one that has already been chosen. What God would make a life such as this? Who would permit a life of confinement, lacking all that is necessary to survive? What makes me so different, he wonders, my body? My tail? No, it must be my soul, for I would never kill my fellow creatures for their flesh. What happened to humanity? What happened to compassion? He feels his feet abruptly hit the turning rubber path, the smell of death enters his nose and he can feel the fear in the air. His wounds continue to puss and panic fills his heart.

Blubbbb..... Blubb..... A pool of his life-giving fluid gathers around him. So this is what life is all about? Smoke fills his lungs and a buzzing sounds as innocent lives are extinguished. He becomes disoriented as the putrid smell of rotting carcasses envelops the air. He enters the chamber and finally understands that this is the end. This is what he has waited his whole miserable life for. With one last desperate cry he closes his eyes to meet his fate.

BEEEEEP! BEEEEEEEEEP!

Startled he opens his eyes to see a headset and a shiny smile.

"Super-size it?"

"Excuse me?"

"Would you like to super-size your order, sir?"

Susan Mead
Senior Year

A Different Person

The quietness is screaming
I'm deafened by the sound
The city lights are gleaming
But no one is around
I look up to the sky
A smokey resin coats the air
So many people walking by
But no one knows I'm there
No one glances in my direction
No one cares how I feel
I take a look at my reflection
It all seems so unreal
Much to my astonishment as I turn to see my fate
I'm wearing a disguise...of a person that I hate

Kayla Hasbrook
Sophomore Year

Egg Yokes

“I want to write a story about real life.”

Judy placed the shiny, slightly overlarge eggbeater into the ceramic slate-colored bowl, feeling the weight of the plump daffodil egg yokes buckle underneath her feeble strength. With considerable effort of mind, she began to slowly rotate her wrist clockwise stirring the whites and yellows into a sticky, droopy mess. A sudden reminder to stir from the elbow – not the wrist – temporarily jogged her rhythm.

“What for?” Judy asked her son. She pulled the beater out of the bowl, then tapped it several times against the hard ceramic edge, dislodging some goopy yolk from in between the stringy silvery bars. She laid the beater carefully down on a faded pear-patterned dishwashing rag draped over the edge of the blue-tiled countertop.

“People read in order to escape their lives, Emmett,” she said, reaching forward a tired and wiry hand to brush his grass-textured fawn hair behind his freckled ear. “That is the core of great fiction.”

He stared back at her with strong eyes (that she often bragged to her girlfriends as the shade of cold lilac), seeming to consider this pronouncement. “I suppose. Maybe,” he shrugged, giving a fond half-grin. “I mean I want to write about beauty.”

“But you do that already.”

He regarded her, observing the wrinkles that framed and hugged her mouth like a doting four-year-old, the carefully applied fine dust of makeup filling those gentle cracks, the small spot of coal eyeliner at the outside of her eye that ventured a pinch further than her fading jade eyes could detect, the oversized freckle kissed on at birth on the left side of her nose.

“No,” he shook his head. “I mean real beauty.”

“Meaning what?”

“Meaning not the kind of grandiose, airbrushed, poeticized beauty that I’m drenched in in art. The real beauty of life is just enough for me.”

“I haven’t seen much real-life beauty lately.”

Emmett paused. He considered the way the leaves on the poplars out back fluttered silently and burst in the wind, the way the air fizzed and rustled all around you when you listened, the way colors seemed like new, vibrant, trenchant discoveries when waking up at eleven on a June morning, the wave of emotion from your stomach that

swept like a flood over your whole tired body with just a simple unanticipated “thank you.”

“Maybe that’s why I should write it,” he said.

Judy smiled, kissed his forehead, and Emmett shortly closed his eyes to listen to the gentle, purposeful swishing of the broken egg yokes in his mother’s bowl.

Brendan Molloy
Senior Year



Transfinite Numbers: A Prologue

Hollowed husks of what formerly existed
They now scrape against abstract matter as spiders
They crawl
and deceptively scatter before my illumination

Hallowed violet, storming in from
the disjointed mosaic edges
We walk, our burning surroundings
slowly, subtly becoming apprehensive
The reflective surface extended much farther than
I had anticipated -- I could not see
where it met its finite boundaries
Curiosity only floated us so far, as there
was barely any space for us to stand

That night, I lay by celestial borders,
wrinkled and emerging in their fractal essence,
and intercepted waves that were
dilapidated and ridden with feedback
and fragmented static
at first
but they soon began to clear
to reveal hidden logarithms of
amorphous truths

I was not used to hearing them after
so long

Decoded, yet still ephemeral
I now dance around the circle,
remembering and
penetrating to a higher dimensionality,
yet still not entirely familiar
with these gestures and unspecified words

Venus said you can keep
whatever it was that you borrowed
from her

Matthew Daly
Junior Year

Shooting Star

I looked up from where I was lying on the ground just in time to see a shooting star. A smile spread slowly across my face as I marveled in the beauty that never failed to amaze me. The dark baseball field was my favorite place to be on clear summer nights. When I gazed into the sky I felt as though I could see heaven's curtains hiding just beyond the Milky Way.

The grass tickled my neck, a feeling that I had come to love. I wasn't alone when I was in the field, the grass hugged me close and whispered in my ears with its movements in the breeze. The stars watched over me safely and the crickets played a never-ending symphony. Fireflies faintly glimmered all around me, as though tiny fairies were dancing about the air with miniature lanterns. The tensions of the day would ease out of my body and flit away in the breeze. I was left with the feeling of floating and ecstasy. It was bliss.

I came here all the time, to this secret enchanted place. Sometimes I would come here to clear my head, sometimes to just be alone. Sometimes I came here to cry. My tears would roll silently down my cheeks, but they never lasted long. The slight summer's breeze would caress my face and gently dry my tears. The crickets chirped on in sympathy, their symphony now sorrow filled and slow at the face of my sadness. I would lie down, press my back into the earthy blanket below me and stare at the stars hoping for a glimpse of heaven.

There was no other place better than the field when I wanted to be alone. If I closed my eyes and sat there, I was completely engulfed in my surroundings. I could faintly see the outlines of the millions of stars behind my closed eyelids. The crickets' music, once soft in the background, now filled my ears loudly. The grass swallowed me and I felt so small.

The breeze carried knowledge with it. On occasion I would be lost in thought when it would whisper to me. *Listen* it said. *You are only one person in this huge world.* Tidbits of valuable advice floated freely around, and if I didn't listen close enough I would miss them. *Always believe, never lose hope.* It wouldn't come if I was waiting for it, but I was always prepared. *Heaven is just a step away.* Sometimes I wondered where the advice came from. Were the words whisked away from someone's mouth after they were said? I could imagine that, my loving breeze carrying words just for me. Was the advice hidden in my mind, triggered and released by the peacefulness? Sometimes I wondered if it was God talking to me. Maybe He stood at the curtains of heaven that I could see and watched over me, whispering soothing words for me to hear.



I never brought anyone with me to my enchanted place. I selfishly kept the sweet beauty all to myself. Somehow I felt as though everything was mine; I had discovered it. The nature here knew me. The trees would rustle my name in their branches as I walked by. The rolling grass conformed to my body like a mattress when I lay on it. The crickets played my favorite melody. The stars winked at me. God talked to me. I would stay until the night grew old and the breeze turned chilly as if warning me to go home. I never walked on the way home. I danced, quietly, in the stillness.

Courtney Miller
Sophomore Year

Last in the Trade

Through cold, rain
wind and miles
away from my loved
my hands built
the glow above
the cities around
But with my son
It must be different

he won't be me
I'm the last in line
He's got to escape
from the blaze
never like me
Broken in body
Bitter in mind
He'll get away

For all I've built
And all I've known
Won't let my son
Be the same
I've got to be
The last in the trade

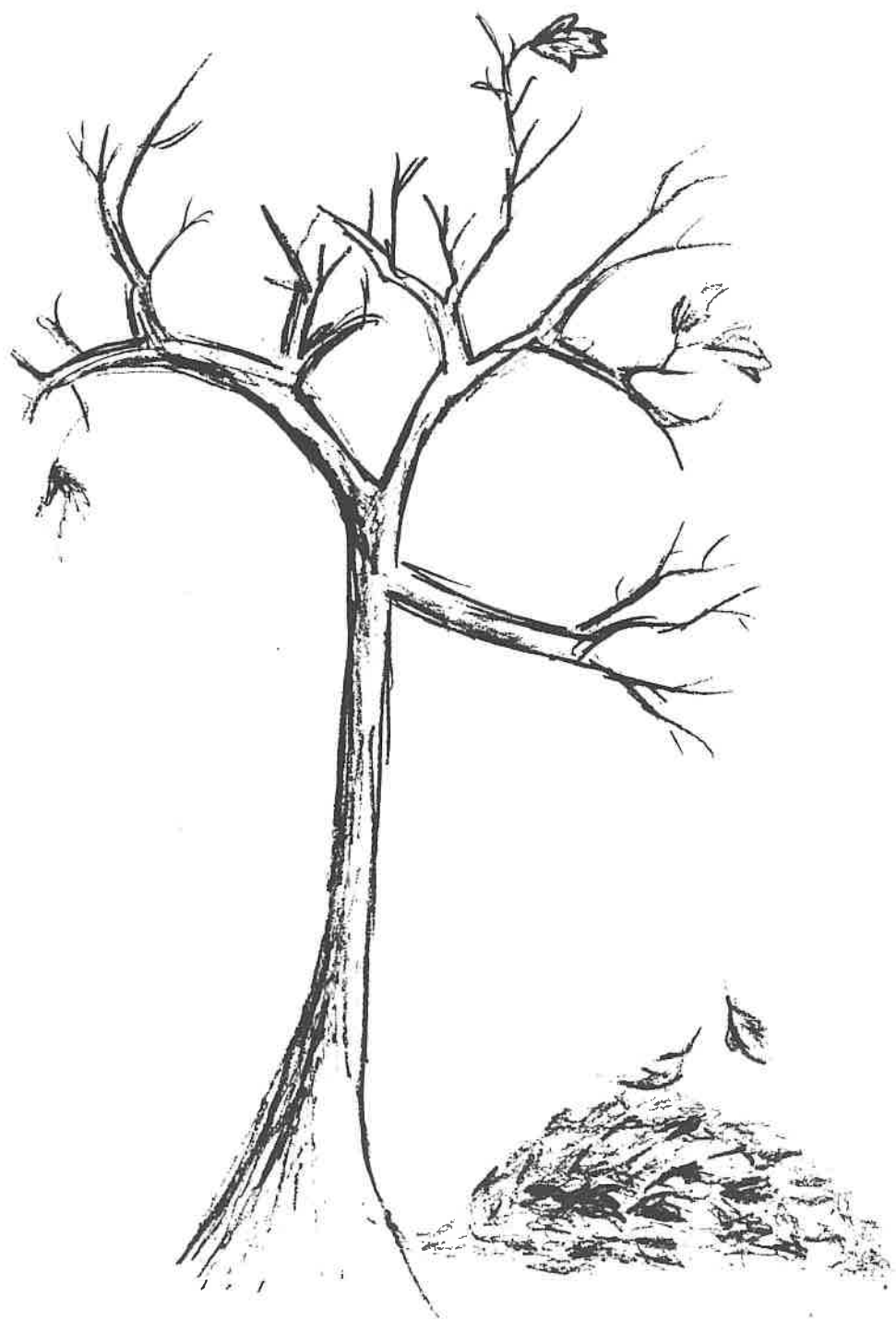
Bill Anderson
Senior Year



Breath of winter

looking
out the window:
the voiceless breeze
rubs its numbing cold
against the bare boned
branches
of the exposed tree.
The tree calls to me,
beckoning with skeletal fingers
come hither.
It doesn't want to be
alone.
To die another unknown death
only acknowledged with
a
fleeting
glance.
Screaming now
in silent agony
as the cold breath of winter
sucks the last bit of life
from its body.
Alone.
Becoming just another piece
of What Had Been.

Courtney Miller
Sophomore Year



The Editorial Staff

Brendan Molloy, Senior Editor. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1995 for his work *Piggy, Piggy, Here Comes the Piggy: Or The Life of Niels Bohr*, Brendan has since assumed an alter ego with which he can pursue his lifelong dream of marrying Martha Plimpton. His role as editor-in-chief is not so much an expression of his love of writing as it is an attempt to excise the visions of sugar plums that haunt him nightly. Please don't call him Shirley.

Susan Mead, Senior Editor. A former CandyLand champ, Susan now spends her time reminiscing about the good ol' days, drinking pina colodas, and getting caught in the rain. What's up with yoga anyway? She dreams of a day when everyone can enjoy a breakfast of starfish and coffee, maple syrup and jam, butterscotch clouds, a tangerine, but please no ham.

Carolyn Arcabascio, Assistant Editor. Carolyn's biography was belatedly submitted due to the fact that all attempts to allow witty blurbs to percolate were, alas, in vain. She is just glad her name is not Martha Plimpton. Indeed.

Associate Staff

Matthew Daly. Born the heir to an intergalactic empire, Matthew was stolen at birth and abandoned by gypsies, and then raised by wolves. Well, no, he only acts that way.

Elisabeth Lohmueller. Crikey! Look at the size of her!

Urvesh Shelat. When Urvesh was a little wee one growing up back in old country (Lowell), he had to walk two miles up hill both ways knee deep in yams and chewing gum paying a nickel just to learn one letter a day. Thus his career began.

Amanda Aufiero. Hatched in Forest Lake in 1985, Amanda has faithfully lived there ever since. For fun, she enjoys croaking out Billy Joel's "River of Dreams" in the middle of the night and diving off other people's docks into the lake.

Maxann Aldrich. In lieu of a bio, Maxann urges the readers to beware of squirrels. You can't be friends with a squirrel. A squirrel is just a rat with a cuter outfit.

