

# *Visions*



*Volume 3*  
*Issue 1*



**“Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.”**  
- Jack London

**“One ought only to write when one leaves a piece of one’s flesh  
in the ink-pot each time one dips his pen.”**  
- Leo Tolstoy

**“The pen is the tongue of the mind.”**  
- Miguel de Cervantes

**“To me, the greatest pleasure of writing is not what it’s about,  
but the music the words make.”**  
- Truman Capote

**We dedicate this issue to last year's editorial staff,  
who had commitment, artistry, and vision that  
enriched this magazine and made all of this  
possible now.**

**We miss you.**

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**The Editorial Staff would like to thank:**

- Ms. Shaw and the art club for donating time and creativity and for sharing their visions with us.
- All those students who shared their talent and submitted a piece to be published.
- Mr. Welch for his unflagging guidance, constant creativity, and, more importantly, sheer coolness.
- Mr. DeFillippo and the rest of the administration for their time and support in the publication of this magazine.
- England's Microcreamery in Haverhill for our upcoming coffee house and the excellent ice cream.
- Finally, to all those students and staff members who have supported this magazine by reading it. Without you, it would all be pointless.

Knock at the door –  
You know you want to;  
See if anyone's home;  
Timidly pry it open  
At a snail's pace,  
Afraid to see what's beyond  
My inflexible shell;  
Sneak a quick look...  
I'm sorry –  
You expecting someone else?  
This is Me;  
I enjoy the finer things in life –  
Cheesy poetry and flannel pj's,  
Chocolate milk and cigarettes,  
Stargazing and late night chats;  
I could be your everything –  
Your extra hour of sleep on a Saturday morning,  
The punch from your cup of coffee,  
Your milk and sugar;  
They tell me I'm blind  
To cling to some big shot like you,  
But, oh contraire, my little *amoureux* –  
Blind I am not!  
I am the fluky damsel who sees you  
For who you truly are,  
But isn't it just my luck  
That the solitary girl who notices you  
Is the one you overlook;  
Take a step back slowly –  
Or two or three,  
As if I might bite you any instant –  
You don't want my rabies;  
Close the door behind you –  
Leave me be,  
Trapped in my shell  
And trapped in Myself.

Elisabeth Lohmueller  
Junior



## An Island

When I woke, the music was still playing and my candle still burning. I sat on the edge, took off my shoes and put my feet in the water. Then I stood up and walked...on the waves, through the stars and past the moon to the other side of the night.

As I moved, I looked to the shore, the sky and the blue beneath me. The ripples rolled over my feet and the moon was ripe, blaring my path. Have you ever looked at the moon? I wonder if it's lonely; I know I would be. I wonder a lot, and that night I must have wondered every wonder possible.... except you. I promised myself I wouldn't think about you. It would spoil my perfect, lonely, starry night.

But, I lied to myself. Within moments I was thinking every thought about you. I would have called you out, but I don't think I would have recognized your voice. It's been that long since we've talked. I wonder if you've changed, I must have.

I turned back to look at my boat, then to an island. That was us, the island. An island can be fun, and you have a great view of the night. On an island you feel like everything you want is right there and everything else is far away and pointless. But you can't stay on an island.

One honest day, when we both understood each other, we walked off the island and began to drift. We're still drifting.

We've never danced, I think you can, and I have a couple times, but we never have. So if you come down, come down on your own and we'll dance.... on the waves, through the stars and past the moon under a boundless sky where our island used to be.

Nicholas Valcourt  
Senior



### Antithesis

I run to you,  
    You turn around  
You turn to me,  
    I step out of bounds.

You say, "I love you,"  
    And I don't reply  
I say, "I love you,"  
    You think it's a lie.

"I want to be with you,  
    Can't you see?"  
"You must be joking;  
    Just let me be!"

You are too mean  
    Why can't I hold your hand?  
I just want to feel you  
    Don't you understand?

You say, "Ya, we fight-  
    So what? Whatever!"  
I say, "Let's talk *now*,  
    Or it'll go on forever."

"None of your friends like me  
    From what you tell."  
"Neither do yours, genius,  
    So go to *hell*!"

You're too complicated,  
I'll never figure you out  
Is there even a future for us?  
There's plenty of room for doubt.

But you overanalyze and  
Blow up each ordeal;  
Worried about each little fight,  
Making me seem as if I don't feel

If I didn't call,  
Would you even care?  
Would you pick up the phone  
To call and see if I were there?

We love each other  
It's pretty plain to see  
Otherwise, there wouldn't  
Be any of this controversy.

But do we connect  
To make one perfect whole?  
Or is it just some tired body  
Living without a soul?

Maybe time will tell  
Or maybe we'll never know  
But one thing I'm sure  
Of now is... it's time for  
Me to go.

Bobby Ringuette  
Junior

## Questions

My life's still young  
But many questions I've had  
Questions that make me laugh  
Questions that made me sad  
I've thought of many questions  
Over and over again  
Answers I've found in books  
Answers I've found in friends  
But there's always one left out  
One you could never get  
Like a curve ball life is throwing at you  
A pitch you could never hit  
So when you try to forget it  
And put it to the side  
Just know it's not leaving  
It's coming along for the ride

Justin Massei  
Junior

## Ode to a Friend

Unfortunately, it is in mere words that I express to you this tribute;  
While the world looks on in silent apathy,  
it is you, my friend, who speaks compassionate volumes with your eyes.  
Your Conviction, a stranger to Fear, wears no mask-  
Your empathy, although subtle, could never be construed as indifference;  
And it is to you that I owe my faith in this thing called Humanity-  
so often perceived without her diadem.

Carolyn Arcabascio  
Junior

## The Mask of the Dark Artist

As the dark artist looked over his work, he grinned. Completely pleased with himself, he looked out the window in his office. It was a late night for the artist and he was the only one left in the building. Just that moment, a janitor opened the door to the dark artist's office.

"Sorry, sir, I did not mean to disturb you," the janitor said quickly. "I thought everyone had gone home."

The dark artist suddenly changed his expression of utter satisfaction and delight to a gloomy expression which made it seem as if the artist had never had a happy moment his entire life.

"You did not disturb me," the dark artist said in a monotone voice. "I get so lonely at times; it is good to have some company. Please sit down." The artist motioned to an empty chair and the janitor took it.

"You must work very hard to be here this late," the janitor said trying to create conversation. "It is past one thirty."

"I rather prefer working at night. It suits my mood."

"Perhaps if you worked during the day, you would not be so lonely," the janitor offered.

"Even if I did work with the others during the day, the people isolate me. They disdain me. I am unwelcome. I am an outcast." The dark artist gave the janitor a look, which displayed the entire world's pain, sorrow, and hatred upon him.

"That sounds horrible, sir. I do not know how you can bear it."

"It is my burden in life. I am forced to take my isolation with all its hardships. Although I hate to admit it, in times of weakness I think of ending my suffering forever."

"I understand completely, sir. You can't be expected to live with such pain. It must be hard living with that sorrow. It must take strength to continue living." The janitor avoided eye contact with the artist.

"Would you like to read my latest labor? I just finished it before you walked in."

"I would love to."

The dark artist handed the janitor the work he was so proud of. As the janitor was enraptured with his work, the dark artist let a secret smile slip. He watched as the janitor was completely engulfed in the pain, darkness, and sorrow that he had fabricated.

“That was powerful art.”

With a gloomy look, the dark artist said, “I only put my emotions on paper.”

The janitor stood up. “I have a lot more work to do, sir. It was a pleasure meeting you.” The janitor left quietly, shaken by how much pain one man could bear.

The dark artist put on his most agony ridden face as he shook the man’s hand.

After the janitor left, the dark artist smiled approvingly at himself. He almost could not help keep the smile from shining on his face. The dark artist gathered his things, shut off the lights, and left his office, completely satisfied and content with himself.

“There is a sucker born every minute.” - P.T. Barnum

Andrew Lawrence  
Junior



## Death

Some see it as the end of something amazing  
I see it as the beginning of never-ending happiness  
Children see it as an endless sleep  
I see it as a rest prior to a joyful journey

Some think they will never encounter that person again  
I know that when it is my turn we will reunite  
Some don't know why I feel this way  
But the mystery of God's purpose isn't a mystery to me

Kristina Torres  
Junior

## The Duck

He was gone when I was still young. I cleaned out his apartment, filled packing crates with the strange objects that constituted the sum total of the life of this man of whom I knew nothing. I found a fuzzy stuffed duck in the second to last drawer.

The terrible thing is, I can't even think of the boy's name. I probably couldn't even remember it that night. I've decided in retrospect that he must have possessed an amazing share of physical appeal because my grief certainly wasn't rooted in any kind of deeper emotion. What I do remember is the way I sat there shaking like a leaf after he hung up, full of agony and melodrama and fourteen-year-old hurt, humiliated at the rejection more than despairing the loss. He had a sincere, deep voice. The phone was on a cord that didn't stretch into my bedroom, and so I was in the hallway.

I was crushed; I didn't remember to shut my door. I hiccupped fitfully and put my arms around my knees and sort of rocked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Fourteen-year-old heartbreak consumed me, all of its agonizing drama too much for me to feel.

The next moment never would have happened if not for the fate that it was that Thursday of the one never-ending week I spent at his house every July. The first four days had been a raw awkwardness punctuated by lunches with his girlfriend and phone calls from my boy. He heard me hiccupping – it must have been an awful noise – and the door was open. It seemed a fairly paternal thing to him, that perhaps tears that loud merited a detour on his way to the newspaper.

What's wrong, he asks. Do you have cramps? Do you miss your mom?

I shake my head side to side while I shake from head to toe to front to back, fingering the limp friendship bracelet he'd made for me. I'd made him one too but now I forget how, and I'm not sure why I ever bothered to learn.

He sits next to me. I'm feeling sick, I say. I hate boys.

His back straightens and he stares at my open door. What's wrong? he asks in wary pitch.

No. I'm just sad about the boy on the phone.

Oh. Oh. He says it just like that, quietly and knowingly, with what I recognize as relief.

I tell him, I don't understand what's wrong with me.

And his arm reaches around to my other shoulder, where it holds me. And it's scary how that feels, how much it feels like the way a father is supposed to feel. A view into an alternate reality of a closeness to a man I will never know.

He holds me tight and tells me about all the wonderful men I will meet in my life, and how I am worthy of the very best treatment from the guys. You are smart, beautiful, better than any boy deserves .

And all the while I can't wrap my mind around being in a room with this person, accepting his comfort and reassurance. The man I couldn't have a conversation with for an entire twenty minute dinner. The man I slipped awkwardly by for the past four mornings on my way to the shower. This was a man whose love was so abundant that he didn't mind my dripping nose and teary cheeks. He picked up the stuffed duck he'd put on my bed for my arrival. A sign that he was trying to make me feel welcome and at home, though I hadn't slept with a teddy bear or any other toy for years.

He tickled my chin with it and gave me a kiss with its nose. We sat for a few precious terrifying moments. Like being able to see a bizarre life in which I had made different choices or he had been a different kind of person, a life in which I knew who was sitting next to me.

I'm all right, really, I said. Too quickly. He surely felt equally ill at ease with himself. He got up and went to leave, but he stopped at the door with the duck. Quack, quack, playing with it to make me smile. He lingered there in the door and left. He didn't close it on his way by. I sat there wondering at what I'd just felt with him, a stranger I shared a bathroom with. Then I got up and shut the door. He'd left the duck, and it sat on the floor with me for several hours, strange symbol of someone I didn't want to think of. The next morning would be silent and uncomfortable, and it was. The space was too wide to bridge.

I sighed. The duck went into a crate with a hundred other things I'd found in his room, packaged up and shipped to a self-storage warehouse. To sit on a shelf for however long it took, until enough time passed that it became one more memory I couldn't recall even if I wanted to.

Kathleen Barrett  
Senior

## Why Do?

Why do we try to keep grass green?  
Why do our waists have to be lean?  
Why do we follow others' standards?  
Because what is good for the goose is good for the gander?

Why do people act with violence?  
Why doesn't anyone ask for guidance?  
Why do people make others cry?  
Because someone said an eye for an eye?

Why do bad things continue?  
Why do bad desserts stay on the menu?  
Why do people not even attempt to help fix?  
Because you can't teach an old dog new tricks?

Why do we not understand?  
Why doesn't someone lend a hand?  
Why doesn't someone have an explanation?  
Because God said be patient.

Stacey Foster  
Sophomore

---

In Midsummer dusk,  
Falling deeply  
around, on rustic pines  
and newborn diamonds.  
Bending deeply,  
Reaching into the hollow wind  
Grasping for fleeting Fulfillment.

Ambition aches with red-crimson fire.

Then-

Royal in purple velvet and draping gems.

Night falls, and I am resigned-

but forever Falling

for a Feeling, a Truth, a Reason

Emily Franz  
Junior

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5.6.01, 9:36 pm Mom and I had a talk last night. I'm not really mad, so much. I mean, I don't love her or dad any less. The last thing I want is to turn into some dumb teenager having a clichéd identity crisis. I know that they're my parents, and they don't have to worry about me rebelling now or anything like that. I was a little confused, but not angry that they didn't tell me sooner or anything. I guess I kind of surprised myself. I still had to get Dexter down from the closet and sleep with him (that's the first time he's moved from that shelf since I was a kid), but it's not cause I'm getting all weird or anything, I just kinda needed to.

5.6.01, 10:13 pm I was just thinking about something that happened when I was little. I had asked mom how babies were made and how I was born and she told me all of it. The sex part grossed me out, but it was the birth part that bothered me. I imagined mom in agony trying to give birth to me; her red, sweaty, and contorted face was the only thing in my mind for days. I had nightmares sometimes, too. I would wake up in the middle of the night, my screams echoing those of my mother's. The dream was not very detailed, or maybe time has just dulled the memory. It was a sterile, white room like you would find in a hospital room and my dad is holding my mother's hands, keeping her safe as she breathes like a maniac. The doctor is there like a receiver to catch the baby and my mother's face is contorted with pain, but also gripped with determination and confidence. That was what kept me from becoming too upset by the dream. I knew she was ready for it. But there was so much pain in her face, it scared me as a kid. I just remembered that dream again a couple of minutes ago, but then it occurred to me it was all a lie. My mother only had to fill out some paperwork. It's weird to know that some things I believed when I was a kid aren't true at all.

5.7.01, 8:03 am I faked sick today. Or maybe I really am sick, I don't know. I started brushing my teeth this morning, and when I finished, I started staring in the mirror. For the first time I started to realize that I guess I really don't have my dad's nose. Maybe I won't lose my hair like Grandpa. The hint of my mother's green eyes in my hazel ones must have been my imagination. I don't know how long I was there, but dad was calling me, and I wound up over the toilet dry heaving. He heard me and told me to go back to bed.

5.7.01, 8:46 am When I went back to bed, I couldn't find Dexter. I checked the shelf where he's been for so many times, but he was not there. He was not in my bed or on my floor from last night. I just can't find him. I'm not a baby, I mean I haven't slept with him in years and he's hardly moved from the shelf since I was six. But I wanted him. Maybe I wanted to find him more than I actually needed him.

5.7.01, 4:32 pm I thought about the nightmares I used to have as a kid again. I know I don't want to be angry with mom or dad, but I am. Why couldn't they have told me sooner? Even if they couldn't, how could my mom lie to me that I was born that way? She let me worry for years about the pain I caused her, when she

could have told me that there was none. What a selfish thing to do, to save herself a little hurt but let me cry and worry. I don't want to be mad, but I am.

5.8.01, 1:43 am I got up to look for Dexter downstairs and I only got halfway down the stairs when I could see my mother sobbing in the kitchen. I went back upstairs and cried a little myself. I don't want to be angry, and it's really not as big a deal as I'm making it out to be. I'm upset, but not angry or hurt. .

5.8.01, 4:16 am I fell asleep, but I had the dream again and it woke me up. I'm in a delivery room, but it is poorly lit. I stumble around bumping into men in a hurry and am cursed at, I accidentally trip a nurse and she drops a tray of utensils, bloody and used, onto the floor. I see my dad in the corner, facing away and he might be weeping; he is pounding at the wall a little. He glances over his left shoulder but looks back quickly, as if recoiling from a slap in the face. I look over to see what he's so frightened of. I see a team of doctors over my prostrate mother. Her hands are by the side of the bed, but they are anything but limp. The muscles are tightened into bulges and the veins are about to burst. With her left hand she grips the bed tightly, her knuckles completely white. Her upturned right hand is clenched against nothing other than herself, and droplets of blood trickle like sweat out of her rock hard fist on either side, dribbling along the top of her hand. On either side they meet and drip down to the floor. The patter of the droplets kept time on the tiles, and a large puddle of deep red collects them. The puddle grows larger and larger, and suddenly there is blood everywhere. My mother is screaming and I look up. Her face is contorted and sweaty and there is blood all over her contracted body. The doctor is cutting open her exposed stomach, and she is screaming. Her screams pierce my ears and the doctor shudders a little. The doctor's face is seized with horror. He stumbles backward a little and trays clang on the ground and splash the blood around his ankles. It sprays up onto my legs and a sharp tool cuts my calf. The doctor staggers more, and falls against my father. My father doesn't understand and the doctor is so possessed with fear and confusion that he can't speak. My father asks what it is and the doctor vomits, the stink of stomach acids mingling with that of the blood. The colors formed by the chunks of sickly green and pale yellow with the almost black red of the blood nearly drive the doctor to vomit again. My dad is crying hysterically. He doesn't understand, he wants to know why my mother is screaming. He doesn't know, but I do. I know that my mother is screaming and the doctor has passed out cold on the bloody floor because *there is no baby to deliver*. My mother's uterus is empty. My father is crying, my mother is screaming, and there is no baby. She is screaming louder than anything I've ever heard and I have to fight to take my eyes away from the pain and fear on her face.

Brendan Molloy  
Senior





## Some Signals by the Water

I can hear these sounds  
drift in and settle,  
only to be roused again and  
thrown from this poised,  
unstable continuum  
Perpetual paradigm shift,  
weaving the world into quiet  
coffins, not yet nailed shut  
Eventual soft assimilation by color,  
radiant in every aspect  
The grey streaks would rain down  
from subtle needles  
that touched the static-laden skies  
And she would step over  
infinite starless nights  
and guide my gaze onward

A feeling of having done all  
of this before emerges  
The fields were identical  
to the ones in my passive dreams  
I perceive these hands to  
be spiders gripping at the  
wheel on that piercing road  
Thus they become  
and I watched a cascading  
myriad of matrices unfold  
and reveal their fluid language

That concrete maze wound  
around stark, bleached life  
It formed a spiraling mosaic,  
and every night for weeks it  
spoke crestfallen reminders to me  
of how different it was then

I perceive these glitches  
in this no-longer constant  
motion of elastic substance  
Thus they become

Essential, yes, but necessary  
at this moment in time?

Matthew Daly  
Junior

## **Fear**

You try to hide it,  
can't subside it,  
can't restrain it,  
can't debate it.

There's nothing you can do or say,  
when it's down to judgment day.  
All the mortal things are gone,  
but you know that something's wrong.

Down in your heart there is a light;  
when it shines you start to fight.  
Then you reach for something near,  
but nothing can get rid of fear.

Joe Muraco  
Junior

## Wonder Bread

I wonder if he meant "I love you" when he hung up the phone.  
I wonder if he meant to leave me in this world all alone.

I wonder if she knows that my sarcasm is all a joke.  
I wonder if he would have tried not to smoke.

I wonder why she makes every situation a reason to laugh.  
I wonder if he knew she was his better half.

I wonder why they all talk behind my back.  
I wonder if he will be an easy thing to pack.

I wonder if they realize how bitter I've become.  
I wonder if the pain hurt him or if he was just numb.

I wonder if "friends forever" is just another phrase.  
I wonder did he make it home, or is death just a maze?

Amanda Angell  
Senior

## A Musty Bookstore

We're ghosts here  
Age, dripping from endless titles  
boasting false obscurities  
I, through the roots of mine eyes,  
gaze through the holes they've made  
I can see through these walls

He speaks to the locks he's created,  
mechanical in nature,  
dusky and esoteric in their design  
The doors are latched shut,  
but I can still see through  
I let my passive grip penetrate the  
reflective surface, and pull through  
what little I can

Nothing contrasts with me this time  
My tarnished hands turn the page,  
in one fluid motion,  
both melting together,  
both dripping with ink and purity  
"I can do anything, man"  
Baudelaire<sup>1</sup> said  
it is by universal misunderstanding  
that all agree  
But this soft echo,  
plucking fossilized titles from dusty shelves,  
understands but agrees not  
"I saved your voice, sure"

We're all ghosts in this place  
I believe this hardened plate  
of earth has gone quiet  
tonight

And the arrow, let go by a blind man,  
found its niche merely in the immanence, the  
manifestation, but not quite at  
the core

Matthew Daly  
Junior

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867): French poet who was often criticized for obscenity in his works.

## Crossing the Event Horizon

We approach the point of no return. The human race is on the brink of the next stage of its evolution; the decisions of ours may affect the world for generations to come. The term *human* should have new meaning to all of us, we as a species. Conquering the atom, unlocking the deoxyribonucleic acid structures within the core of our being, and the creation of artificial intelligence - all this has occurred over the past twenty-five, fifty years. Make no mistake; it is not even a blink of the eye in the life of our species. And now, we have inherited those boons from our forefathers, priceless gifts that could drive us to the pinnacle of immortality, if we could but understand it. After all this, there is but one real frontier left, that of the universe.

It is necessary to note that with the fall of the Cold War, the space programs, led most notably by the United States, Russia, and Japan, have gradually tapered off due to short sighted budget cuts. Their reasons for this concern money, politics, and general apathy. This is an appalling notion, one that should rend at the very soul of us as a species, that we, having come to near total annihilation in thermonuclear war, do not deserve to attain the stars. These bureaucratic monstrosities have limited us to but a fraction of what is possible for us as a whole. The cosmos is ours for the taking; we should not limit ourselves to guilt for others that failed to make the grade. We are the highest evolutionary animals on this planet we occupy. The time has come for a decision; do we give it the final push to evolve into *Homo Sapiens Stellaris*, man of the stars? Do we continue the *status quo*? Or do we regress, into a more "pure" society and abandon our destiny itself? That is what this is, our destiny to expand and claim more worlds, to improve ourselves in every possible way, and to survive. That is what has brought us to this point, the adeptness in survival millions of years of evolution have given us.

You may ask yourself, what of it? Why should we be the ones to sweat and die, so that others may enjoy our labors? Consider this then, that there is a law of unintended consequences, that direct benefits may await in our achievement of true space flight. What is a more noble ideal than the unification of our species? This is but one possible benefit, the shared cry of pride in ourselves that it is we who are here to witness this historic moment, that it is our generation that will be immortalized in history. And it may be that some day, on some distant planet, a person will read in a text book of theirs of the era the human race broke free of its isolation in the corner of the galaxy, and declared in one voice to the universe that "we exist!" It truly must be this way, there cannot be regional or sectional division among our race from that point, the blind idiocies and prejudices we have subjected to each other cannot be held long in a place of infinite vastness such as space.

Again, you may tell us that we should wait, solve the problems of our own world before we expand to others. Truly, this is a great dream but for one fact: true freedom has always accompanied the opening of frontiers, and not from politics. It is the belief that one can control their own life, fight the cruelty of nature itself, and thrive. Unfortunately, that frontier mentality was lost long ago, to be replaced by rapacious greed and ignorance as we squabble amidst ourselves for crumbs. We as a species have reached a standstill in time, we believe that we have

conquered the Earth and that now we should enjoy the fruits of our labors. This is utter folly. We are no closer to understanding ourselves and the rest of the cosmos than we are to ending war, poverty, or disease. Every golden age of a civilization has been accompanied by a steady decline, the shutting of minds to new ideas as old ways become comforting. This leads to isolation, that "we are the only ones who count", "we are the world". And every time this has happened decay has brought them down, those who felt such a way have paid for it with their freedom, their lives, or their dignity.

The attainment of space flight must not be merely a technical matter. There must be a human element to this great saga; Leif Erickson, Marco Polo, and Neil Armstrong did not succeed merely with tools, but with wills so unstoppable that death is merely a passing thought to such as them. The beauty of the void is as infinite as the beauty of the Earth. After all, we are but one planet in all the countless others, a speck of dust to specks of dust. What rational person could not see the utter beauty in the void, the twirling of colors, and the dance of energy across the great fabric of nothingness? What poetry of mere Earth could compare to such a thing? Once again, they are ours for the experiencing. Mere probes or observatories cannot express the true sense of living when you can see such things with your own eyes. It is comparable to reading of tropical oceans or diving amidst the great reefs of the sea, they cannot equate.

Then there is the matter of existence itself. Every few hundred million years, there were great disasters as meteors slammed into the Earth, or seismic disturbances shook the foundations of the dirt beneath us. Eventually, in time, we will face such a disaster again, there have been many near misses as of late, and there is surely an asteroid with our name on it hidden behind the Sun, undetectable until it is far too late. We can be like other great beasts before us, and stoically die as nature takes its course, or we can rebel against the vicious nature of the cosmos that seeks to limit us. The religions of the world, the philosophical musings, and the greatest of denials cannot prevent this from happening. We cannot hide inside shells of our own devising. The only sure killer of ignorance is knowledge, the remedy for the disease.

All of these things are inherently difficult to believe or understand. It must certainly seem as if we are just muddling our ways through the world, but such does not have to be the case. Each of us has a role to play in this mystery, the mystery of life itself, and the quest for true enlightenment.

Sean Closs  
Junior

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Tangled in the lattice of my subconscious,  
Will I be freed from its indelible mystery?  
All my hopes and fears, fused into an insidious mass.  
I have flown too quickly, my fate, my control - vanquished.  
Abruptly tied down by the dreams I had sought.  
I am but a fly trapped in the web of the world.

Susan Mead  
Senior

## Rx

Once upon a time, I asked whether it was better to drop a better to drop a verse or spit  
a curse

Now I ask men to check their vital signs, I play the nurse

The Great Physician in position to heal – the Medical Guide states the remedy explicitly

On the cross, He took infirmity, He can soften your heart and lips pursed

In enmity, He can change your identity quicker than light speed if you would heed the  
Voice that's whispering

I know that you heard but I'm not quite sure if you're listening

Eyes glistening from the tears shed for those who weren't and found themselves burnt  
for not taking Prescription

Our conditions may vary but most fit the "unsaved" description

You can either take your Meds or you don't, man can't live on Bread alone; the Doctor  
speaks words of healing,

Breathing life upon those who humble themselves and not stumble in following His  
directions. He's feeling

Your pain, He suffered for your gain, so question: "Do I say yes and follow in  
obedience?"

If Doctor knows best from experience, should I lend my flesh my credence??"

Lyrics by Claudia Cabrera

Senior



Unfeasible Wishes

I want to see the sun  
Revolve around the earth

I want to hold a star  
And touch the eyes of the moon

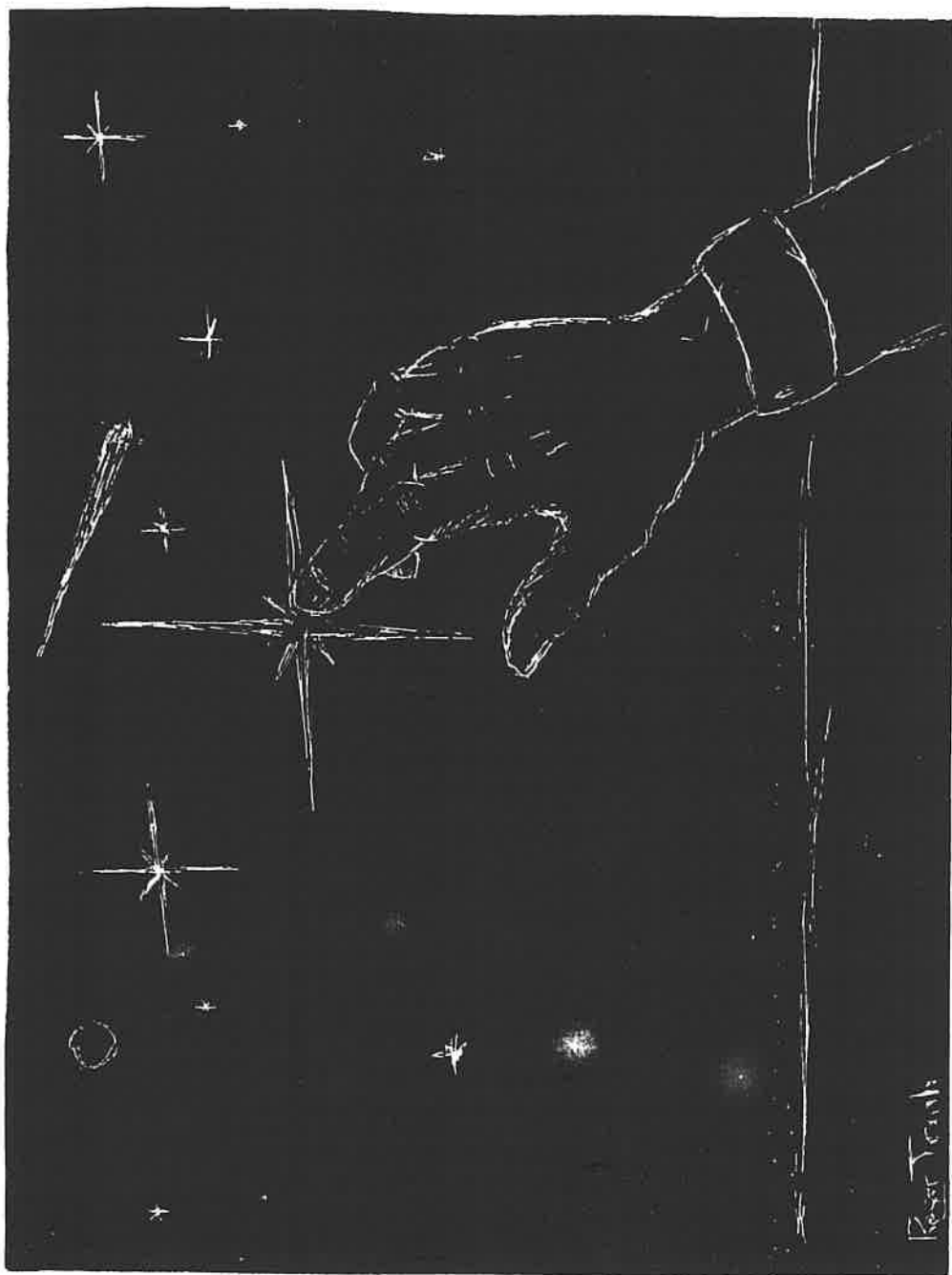
I want to see it rain  
For forty days and forty nights

I want to walk down the streets  
Knowing that hatred and pain are nonexistent

Unfeasible wishes these may be  
Yet in this world it is sadly so

The day I hold a star  
Will come sooner than a day without hate

Hayley Mackay  
Junior



## Day Is Mine

upside down and inside out  
times rhyme with awkward doubt  
'No War' screams my way  
I feel useless to love's parade

twist it this and twist it that  
dance another day, a dreamer's regret  
join the man with his head up high  
innocent clouds burn an abandoned sky

look to the ground without grace  
shouts and thoughts you can't replace  
break it up time after time  
I'll embrace this day is mine

calm hearts dwell unaware  
children weep in blank despair  
unknown to good here or there  
I Refuse to Live My Life in Fear

Nicholas Valcourt  
Senior

## Sisyphus & Hedon<sup>i</sup>

At the wake of the day, he left the auburn air into a diner. A terse glance at its contents revealed to the entering fellow only another individual seated at a booth, looking to be quite content with his lukewarm sandwich, and the proprietor of the establishment. The latter was quickly supplicated for the diner's meager fare, and moments later, the new entry slouched down roughly into a chair at a table, hands and wallet empty.

"Say, fellow!" said the contented man, drawing out his own wallet, which had contents paltry but admissible; "I'm feeling quite generous today. The man over there can have his thin soup or cold bread; how is the price?"

The proprietor gave an irritated glance at the slight to his product before barking out a price and roughly swiping a fistful of that which makes the world go round. As he went back to fetch a bowl of soup, its destination raised a skeptical brow to his benefactor, who momentarily spoke again.

"If you're suspicious, please don't be so. I consider myself a philanthropist, though I have little with which to be one. Your soup is nothing more than my good deed of the day, so to speak."

As the soup was set down before the skeptic, the latter gave out a grunt and tasted it without expression. After an appraisal in silence, he gave his response:

"A philanthropist. Precious few of those these days, and poor ones at that, considering the quality of your good deed."

"I vouch nothing for the soup. But yes, the philanthropic debtor is a dying breed, I fear. Terrible thing. You should have gotten the sandwich; it is at least satisfactory."

"Whatever. If you're such a philanthropist, what are you doing in a waste of space like this place?"

The donor of the soup gave a subdued chuckle at that, as the proprietor quietly took up his pen and notified the bill that the soup had apparently been more costly than it seemed at first.

"What am I doing? What am I not doing? I'm breathing, which feels quite nice, and enjoying the cold tiled ambience. I do believe I'm also feeling quite proud of having paid for another man's soup."

"And every second you sit here idle, taking that deed for granted, someone else in this city goes soupless."

Again the donor chuckled, and then he began to idly amuse himself by folding a napkin in various manners.

"True, true! And what matter is that of mine? Even the lost stranger in the desert has everything he needs, if not to survive, then to make the best of it. Lemons, my friend!"

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<sup>i</sup> Sisyphus: A figure from Greek mythology who was the cruel king of Corinth condemned forever to roll a huge stone up a hill in Hades only to have it roll down again upon nearing the top.

Hedon: From the Greek *Hedone* meaning *pleasure*.

"I see you're quite the philanthropist, then. I should think that to declare oneself concerned with the condition of man would be to become responsible for every wrong one can right."

"Do you subscribe yourself to that responsibility?"

"Though I can do little myself, I take it on."

"Then such a burden you have on your shoulders!" laughed the man in the booth, now clearly fashioning a paper airplane out of the napkin. "For every life that loses its spark in the nearby slum are you at fault. Pause here to eat or there to sleep, and you lose those precious moments when one can brighten another's life. You paint your life with the brushes of others; you mean nothing but in relation to them. Collect too few of your sparkling altruisms and what are you but a pile of carbon?"

The other collected himself and continued his soup, though the jeers of his counterpart produced an ember of anger in his eye.

"Why have we been placed here on this Earth? To maximize the good in the world is a noble goal; I am within my limits, of course, but to sacrifice my own happiness to plant its seeds in many other lives would be the ideal in my reach."

"Nonsense! Let the poor wretches starve, for food or shelter or affection. They have their own lifeline; they have their brains! We are neurons, friend. Synapse shocks and meandering pathways in the head! The outside world means nothing; it is the fact that we perceive it that carries any meaning to us. Therefore to change our perceptions from the inside is all we need to do to change our station. Solipsism<sup>ii</sup> is failure; you cannot think yourself a millionaire. But you can think yourself a blissful person even in a hurricane. If you wish to build happiness in the world, start with yourself before you bother with others, and in the meantime let them sink into what fate has for them; it is their fault for losing sight of the game!"

The dour man at the table finished his soup as he listened to the tirade, and with every word, his collectedness seemed more of a strain. His attempt to keep his cool was also complicated by the now partly derisive laughter of his enemy in debate. The last straw was when the latter launched his paper airplane, sailing by the other and just barely missing him; as it curved through the air, he rose with a highlighted vein on his forehead and struck its creator squarely in the face, before the proprietor stepped between them and irately broke them up.

The launcher of the airplane raised a hand to his nose and drew it back stained slightly red. He looked upon his assailant, even so, with a silent, mocking satisfaction, a look met with utter disdain. As time passed, the two countenances gave way to apathy, and the assailant sighed and rose to leave, while the other drew his wallet out to pay both bills before leaving himself, stepping over the airplane, which had since fallen from flight.

Todd Vandecasteele  
Junior

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<sup>ii</sup> Solipsism: The theory that the self is the only thing that can be known and/or verified.

## Ba (Grandmother)

She was the sleeping statue  
That never left  
She woke to sleep  
Her eyes glazed over  
In calm chaos  
Every move agitated  
The creaky aching joints  
That made up her life  
She drawled when she spoke  
As if anything but monotony  
Would be too much  
Her bed was her prison  
And her throne alike  
What few times she left  
She was near that clanky stick  
Her ball and chain  
And royal scepter  
And everything in between  
Then there came  
That fateful day  
Misery incarnate manifested itself  
In a tumbling motion  
Down the stairs  
Like a falling star  
That shattered at the end of its journey  
Leaving a wake of sorrow  
And shards of pain

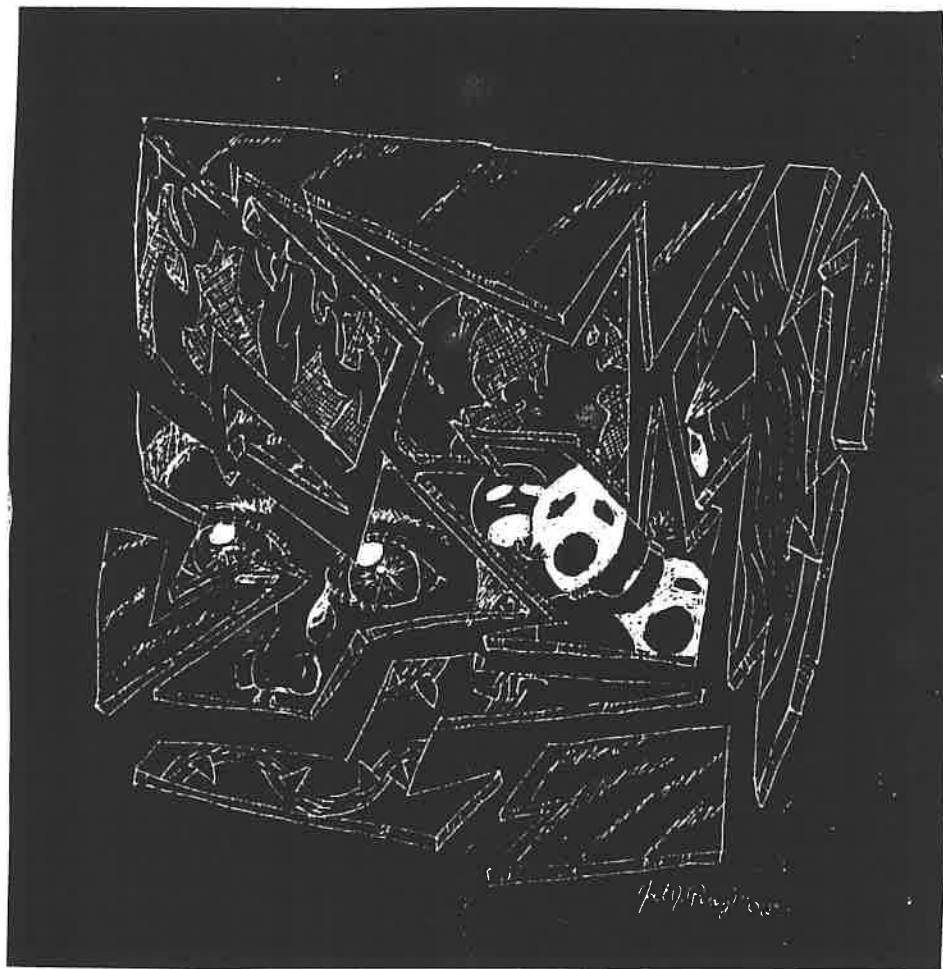
Urvesh Shelat  
Sophomore

## Mirrors

Glass upon jagged ferocity  
Heaven upon vicious Hell  
Tangibility upon vacancy  
Behold the shadows of fair clarity  
The pressure upon sweet glass  
Thy features writhe  
Skin threaded upon smooth surface  
Thy malicious tone, thy malignant rays  
Reflection pooled a hatred's bay  
Sight wretched by new venomous glance  
Eye twists upon omnipotent power  
Upon bludgeoned edge  
Fate's vine of thorns, pure taste of wrath  
They forsaken mirage shall tighten its lash  
Thy decrepit shell eternally succumbed  
To stumble upon frail surface  
To splice upon thy chain.

Caitlin Routhier  
Junior

$$3x - 2x(5 + 9) = -800$$





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Will your mind always be open  
Will your words always be true  
And will you not forsake me  
As all the others do

Will your heart always be open  
Will your burdens be only few  
And will you have the strength  
To do what you have to do

Will your body remain agile  
Will your hands always be skilled  
And will you stay warm  
When the winter air gets chilled

Will your eyes always rest easy  
Will your mind be set at peace  
And will you remain sturdy  
When all help for you does cease

Will your children stand beside you  
Will your enemies be few  
Will you always keep your visions  
And still remain just you

Will your mistakes be forgiven  
Will your questions be only few  
And will you take the answers  
And believe them to be true

Will your quest soon be over  
Will your ideas be many and renew  
And will you stay humble  
And not let prosperity ruin you

Will your dreams bring you places  
Will your fears chase you far  
And will you always remember to me you are a star

Lyrics by Maxann Aldrich  
Senior

## My Best Day

Goth death black  
bloodness death  
Goth black blood dark  
dead  
black goth dead black  
death black blood  
blackness dead goth  
dead blood dead  
black blood  
RAINBOW!!! tee hee hee  
black dead goth  
bloodness dead black death  
black badness death black...

dead

Sean Lebrun  
Junior

## The Day I Met You

The day I met you  
It started out just like all the others  
I went through my routine and daily schedule  
School went by just as slowly and I made it home  
I began to get ready

The day I met you  
I was very nervous while getting dressed - would you like it  
I combed my hair and while brushing I tried to picture you  
I shaved and put on cologne still thinking about you  
I was physically ready but emotionally wrecked - why am I so nervous

The day I met you  
I couldn't figure it out  
I had butterflies in my stomach something I never had before  
I never felt this way - what is making it different  
I have talked to you many times before but still the feeling is there

The day I met you  
I tried to picture you and your beauty  
I had many ideas of what you looked like  
Your voice was soft and comforting like a cool breeze on a hot summer's day  
I couldn't stop thinking about you and I didn't want to stop

The day I met you  
I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around  
It was my first time seeing you - I turned so slowly  
I tried to form words but nothing came out - I was speechless  
My heart beat faster and my jaw dropped

The day I met you  
Your hair was soft and smooth  
Your skin was like a fine silk  
Your eyes were beautiful and welcoming  
Your smile was beyond any beauty I had seen before

The day I met you  
Your beauty could only be described as heavenly  
It was something I never could imagine  
Your laugh was like a well played melody  
I felt your beauty like it was the warmth of a fire during a bad snowstorm

The day I met you  
We had a wonderful time together  
But our time soon grew to a close  
I never wanted to leave you and still don't  
Before we separated you gave me a kiss

The day I met you  
I want you back now just to hold in my arms  
One more time just one more kiss  
I would give it all up for you for one reason  
I love you

Nathan Therrien  
Senior

## Tell Me Why

Tell me why it should be different,  
That I should believe everything about you.  
Because you really mean it? I've heard it all before.  
Because you've never felt the way you feel about me?  
It's only possible there's only me.

So because you promise,  
I am supposed to believe?  
Do I even know you that well?  
What makes your promises different from those before you?

I'd like to know why you have such little respect for me?  
That you think I would be so naïve as to accept all you say.  
You say you're different, and do you think you are the only one?  
Where would I be if I were to listen each time someone said just  
How different they were.

You can keep talking, and I'll never know whether or not you're lying.  
You've all tried to explain, and you've all wasted my time trying.

Natalie Loaiza  
Junior

## India When I Was Four

Stopped  
The red light holds us back  
In the still air  
The rusty cigarette smell of the cab driver  
Is painfully apparent  
A knock on the window  
The driver shifts uncertainly  
My naïve ear  
Deciphers the strange tongue  
*Please, can you give me some money?*  
*I'm really hungry*  
My small eyes meet the beggar woman's  
Mom opens her purse  
And starts to pull out a few rupees  
Flash.  
Red is green, here  
is there  
running footsteps  
try to  
keep  
up  
full sprint  
for  
mere  
sustenance  
too fast  
too  
hungry  
too exhausted  
The chase is over.  
The driver looks back to see if we are still followed  
And casually lights another fag  
Takes a complacent drag  
And then we are there  
Pile out  
Reservations, we can't be late  
Bombay Palace  
Five Star Cuisine

Urvesh Shelat  
Sophomore

## The Death of Mr. Moey

Nobody liked Mr. Moey. And it was fair to say that Mr. Moey didn't like anybody. He drove a Rolls Royce and stuck up his nose at the world. He hated his job. Driving through the streets of Lawrence everyday made him nervous. He despised the people he drove by. He didn't trust the security guard in the parking lot so he hired his own guard. Mr. Moey didn't trust anybody. He lived alone in a wealthy suburb north of Boston. A million dollar mansion to himself. His family money tied up in grants. Money invested that meant nothing to him. He hated the people who got his family's money the most.

The Mansion was on the hill. His day was timed to the second. At six he awoke every morning. By six ten he was showered and dressed, a skill developed over time. He read the paper by himself and ate breakfast by six thirty. Shortly after he ventured to the garage where his Rolls Royce awaited him. He pulled up to the school by seven and was in his room correcting papers by seven ten. His door was locked until seven fifty when he let in students for homeroom.

He wasn't the best teacher. He used his classroom to show off his Harvard education, which never became what he had wanted. He once reprimanded a student by making him stand against the wall for an entire day because he mispronounced a word only once. The only reason he didn't give his students more work was because it would give him more work. He graded on his own curve. No one person had ever gotten above a B+ in his class. It was his passion to make students sweat. He got back at the world. After a full day of torturing students, Mr. Moey finished his corrections and was out the door at the click of four. It was the same time everyday.

But one day that Mr. Moey never made it home. It was the day before Christmas recess. Mr. Moey despised it because all the students and other teachers left right at two. He was alone in the school. The janitors had turned off the heat. If it had been any other teacher, the janitors would have stayed. But since it was Moey, they didn't want to waste their time just to give him heat. Moey preferred it. It reminded him of his quiet house on the hill. His heart was cold, but his human reaction made him burn a candle to try and heat the small room.

He was in the middle of grading projects when the windows blew open. A cold wind blew in, and the blizzard outside made the candles flicker but they didn't go out. He yelled at the students that weren't there for not closing the window. He got up to close the window and when he turned around, he saw a big black bird. He backed up in fear into the piles of projects. In his old age the weight of the projects kept him down. In his attempt to free himself, he knocked over the candle. The fire burned through the night, but since the building was made mostly of concrete it was confined only to room two hundred and nine.

Nobody noticed that Moey was missing. It is really a lie to call him missing. If anyone knew of his fate, he wouldn't have been missed. It was two weeks before the fire was discovered... His Rolls Royce was missing from the parking lot. And his personal guard was never found. There was no one to care to look. They rebuilt the room and teachers moved in and out. The only thing salvaged from the room was the clock. Frozen in time to three fifty nine. Many attempts to repair the clock over the years have failed. It is sealed at the time when Moey met his fate just before his last day ended.

Jeffrey Spinney  
Junior



## The Daydream

She sits frozen on the edge of her bed, staring vacantly into emptiness, swallowed by the utter darkness that fills the room.

(Sunlight bathing even the farthest recesses of her chamber, she paces in bittersweet anticipation, eyes intent on the view beyond her window.)

She consciously controls her breathing - a ritual not unknown or unfamiliar to her - as she takes in slow, steady breaths.

(She can scarcely conceal her anxious delight, her breathing as light as her heart.)

The screech of the tires and the blare of the horn are blades piercing her soul as he pulls into the driveway.

(She perceives the faint, yet distinctive clapping of a horse's approaching hooves, like music to her soul, as her gallant knight crosses the drawbridge.)

Her heart stops, but she is not startled. She shuts her eyes tightly, separating herself from reality. She had known he was coming.

(In her moment of ecstasy, her heart skips a beat. She had long since been awaiting his arrival! And her eyes dance in eager expectancy.)

She stands limply in front of the mirror, and slowly, mechanically brushes her bangs across her forehead, hiding the souvenir bruises.

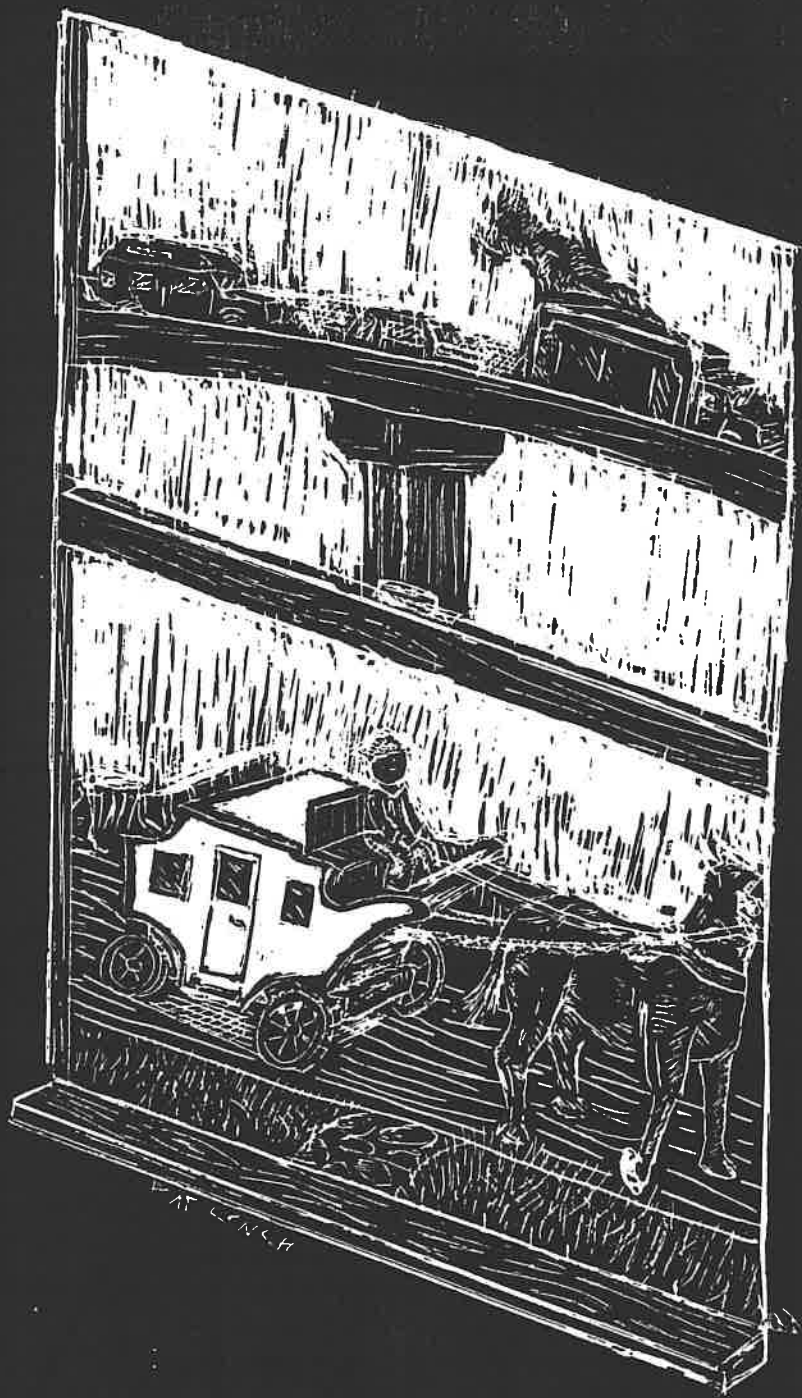
(She hesitates but a moment to glance at her reflection, and brushes the flowing blonde locks away from her flawlessly gentle complexion, so that they cascade down her back.)

She numbly makes her way to meet him at the door, where he takes her arms and places them around his torso. She feels the hot breath against her cheek as he commands in a fierce hiss that he is the only one for her. And for her, hope had long since been abandoned. Ever since she had accepted her fate - her damnation to live in hell.

(Not being able to bear another second's delay, she dashes like a child down the seemingly endless spiraling staircase to embrace him at the gate. She feels the light breath against her cheek as he whispers to her, and her alone, the contents of his heart. And she gracefully transcends to another level as she recognizes that this is her destiny - her blessing of living in...)

She gets in the car, its sleek black exterior her knight's only armor. The sound of a steed's cantor nothing but the engulfing roar of the engine. And as he turns to her and grins, he floors the gas and they tear down the road into the distance, where the sun has already set.

Carolyn Arcabascio  
Junior



## The Editorial Staff

**Brendan Molloy, Editor.** A resident of Methuen, MA, Brendan is a regular in such Central groups as the Chorus, the Theatre Guild, and the Passport Club. While most of his spare time is taken up watching movies, his hobbies also include reading, writing, singing, and skiing.

**Susan Mead, Assistant Editor.** Susan Mead is from North Andover, and is now a senior. Other than being co-editor of Visions, she has run cross country for 4 years and dances 5 days a week at North Andover School of Dance. She is really excited about this issue of Visions so you should be too!

**Carolyn Arcabascio, Assistant Editor.** Carolyn Arcabascio is a junior from Salem, NH. An aspiring artist, writer, and rebel, she is involved in Art Club, Stage Crew, and Amnesty International.

## Associate Staff

**Matthew Daly.** Matthew Daly of Junior year is from Methuen and enjoys writing, painting, reading, and solving the world's problems over a cup of green tea. He is involved with the Advisory Board of Amnesty International, the Art Club, Theatre Guild, et cetera.

**Elisabeth Lohmueller.** A junior at Central, Elisabeth is an avid creative writer. She plays the piano and participates in Chorus and the Theatre Guild.

**Urvesh Mahesh Shelat.** Urvesh is from Lowell. In addition to helping with Visions he does Mock Trial and Stage Crew among other things. He says the only thing he likes better than Visions is having a rhyming name.

**Amanda Aufiero.** Amanda is a resident of Methuen. She participates in the Ski Club, Passport Club, Teachers of the Future, and is looking forward to Project Rebuild. She enjoys writing and being outdoors.

**Maxann Aldrich.** Maxann hopes that one day she will be famous for her writing. She writes songs, poems, short stories, and commentaries. Her ideal job would include having her own column for Cosmopolitan magazine.

