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IM STREAMING THROUGH HIS SHADOW ON THE FLOOR AND MY SOUL IN

VISIONS
VOLUME 11
ISSUE ONLY

Visions Coffeehouse February 2011

Hosted by Cameron Silveri, 2011 & Jake St. Pierre, 2011



MAJOR SNAPS TO JAKE & CAM, THE VISIONS STAFF, UNDERSTUDIES RAMON, PHIL, & ALEX, SPECIAL GUEST MARQUIS VICTOR REPRESENTING ELEVATED THOUGHT PRODUCTIONS, ALL THE FACULTY, STUDENTS, ALUMNI & MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY WHO CAME OUT & HAD FUN WITH US, THE VOICES, THE MUSICIANS, THE READERS AND THE BROWNIE EATERS... THANK YOU!



Bro. Rene
Lance Hill, 2011



Dedication:

Visions would like to dedicate this issue to the one and only Brother Rene Roy. Thanks for both your enthusiasm for the arts, and the immense spirit you bring to this school... oh, and for your Jack Sparrow impressions, too!

Letter from the Editors (Olivia Stanislas, Joy Silvey, Elizabeth Lyons, & Eleni Nikitas):

The four of us who have worked as editors for Visions this year love the arts, but are unfortunately not so good at planning. Thankfully, the lovely Ms. DeSantis put up with our indecisiveness and lack of familiarity with the editing process. With her patience, guidance, and dedication to Visions, we were able to (somehow) finish our work and put together this complicated little magazine.

It seemed like we spent each week planning what we should do, but not actually doing much of anything. But those Tuesday mornings in Mr. Welch's freezing classroom helped us realize the truth in the Taoist idea that in doing nothing, nothing is not done. To our surprise, we really did manage to accomplish a lot! An astounding amount of writing and artwork has finally come together for this magazine. We thank all of the students and faculty who submitted work or encouraged others to submit and share their creativity with us. Without you, there would be no finished publication. Without you, there would be no Visions! We can only hope that you enjoy the product of a year's nothingness that has evidently become a "somethingness." ☺ Thank you for supporting Visions at Central Catholic!



Brianna Tersolo, 2012

MAGAZINE PHILOSOPHY

Everything we create and do is a projection of our being. Each word, each thought, each action both contributes to our identity and is caused by who we are. This rule lends itself well to the areas of art and writing. Through manipulating our senses, we create something that speaks to our very core. We scream our perceptions, desperate to communicate our feelings and emotions. Our eye tells our mouth or hand what to draw, paint, write. Experience and perception combine in the art and writing displayed in this magazine. For the people that contribute, this stack of paper acts as a soapbox and a tool of catharsis. I and others remain thankful for the opportunity I have had for the past four years to speak.

-Liv Stanislas, Ed.

NOTES:

The cover art for these issues was created by Olivia Stanislas (Color Images) and Meghan Caveney (Black and White Images), two of the many talented seniors who are featured in this magazine. Olivia and Meghan have shared often with our little magazine over the past four years, and we wish them the best in all of their future creative endeavors!

Many of the images in this magazine were created in color, and had to be transformed to black and white due to printing costs. These images are not as the artists originally intended them to be, but it was the only way we could include so many different pieces of work. Many of these pieces were inspired by the work of other artists and a variety of mediums were used to create the results.

The Tide

As I reacquaint myself with the seaside, the tide begins to come in. I watch the waves hit the rocks harder and harder and with each crash, the sea beckons me. *Come in*, it says to me, *come in, you're safe now. You're home*. Home, indeed. After nine months in the States, three days of summer vacation, seventeen hours of travel, fifty-three minutes of family greetings, and a steady twenty-seven second walk to the beach, I am finally home. To get here it took a bus, two planes, a taxi, and straight As. I've made it. I'm home.

Most people would tell you my home is in good ol' Salem, New Hampshire—live free or die. Whoopdidoo. Correction: my *house* is in Salem. My *home*, however, sits alongside the Mediterranean Sea, on the southern tip of Greece's Peloponnesian Peninsula in a little village that hardly merits recognition on any Grecian map. *Karavostaci*, the village my mother abandoned in a fit of rebellion at age eighteen, claimed my heart many years ago. I've spent at least a month here every summer since before I can remember and once again, I've returned.

I listen to the waves clocking the shore, crashing against the pebbles, and while the sun slowly sinks, burying itself beneath the salty sea, I lay myself down and wait for the stars to come out and play. Not even a camera could capture the innate beauty and the serenity that this place embodies. Evidently, neither can words.

I find an explosion of stars to the left of the moon and begin to play with my familiar friends. The stars, splattered across the night sky, embrace me and, soon after, I feel a cool touch upon my foot. The tide is still coming in, slowly coaxing me. *Take a swim*, it says with a voice like honey. Pulling me in with conviction, the tide carries me gently and with the sweetest touch, brings me to the sea. Curious, how the waves can beat the pebbles with such great strength, but still manage to hold me with such love, such compassion. I could float here forever, in complete unison with the sea. Out here, I find peace. I find passion. I find purpose.

A moonbeam hits the sea and, at once, I notice my reflection.

Like a rush of lightning, a thought races through my mind. One cannot see her reflection by the shore, for the water is filled with sand and rocks and foam, but as one swims further and further out to sea the water begins to settle and the reflection is as clear as crystal. Maybe, that's kind of how my life is. When I'm all shaken up, I cannot see myself clearly. I can only see the rocks and the sand and the foam and the imperfections. But maybe, if I give the water time to settle, I'll be able to follow the pathways that lie ahead instead of avoid them.

As for now, my plan is to go with the flow, and let the motion of the ocean take me where it may. Admiring the rippled white reflection of the full moon above, I let my summer officially begin. *Feggaraki mou lambro*.*

Eleni Nikitas, Ed., 2011

*Literally, "My little shining moon." These words are the first line of a Greek nursery rhyme, sung to a tune similar to that of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." It was written during the time in which Greece was under Turkish occupation, and when education, especially that of the Christian religion, was prohibited. Greek priest continued to teach students at night in caves, despite the risks. The children would secretly walk to these "night classes" by the light of the moon. They would sing this nursery rhyme as a sort of call to the moon to shine for them on their nightly venture to learn. Relying strictly on the light the moon provided, the children sang and recited for comfort from in the dangers of the night, hoping they would make it safely to the caves that had become their classrooms.

Temporary Bliss

My temporary bliss
Came in all of your
Broad-shouldered glory.
I fell in love between the contours
Of your false,
Tender mentality.

And even with a heart
Bound to a stake by barbed-wire,
I loved you freely
Through all the pain.

Irrationally oblivious
To all of your immoral intentions,
I fell for that temporary bliss.
A kiss,
Too desirable to dismiss
The fear of losing all that I
Fought to keep.

You
Were such a marvel.
Defined structure.
Made my lips mutter,
Heart stutter,
Strong hands that left me to wonder,
Could I ever be yours to be held?

Amusing how I had you,
Or at least you had me,
Tied to a tree,
A thousand of Cupid's arrows
Aiming right at me.

Another clichéd, ironic tragedy.
I didn't even see you coming.
But you know what they say,
Cupid was painted blind.

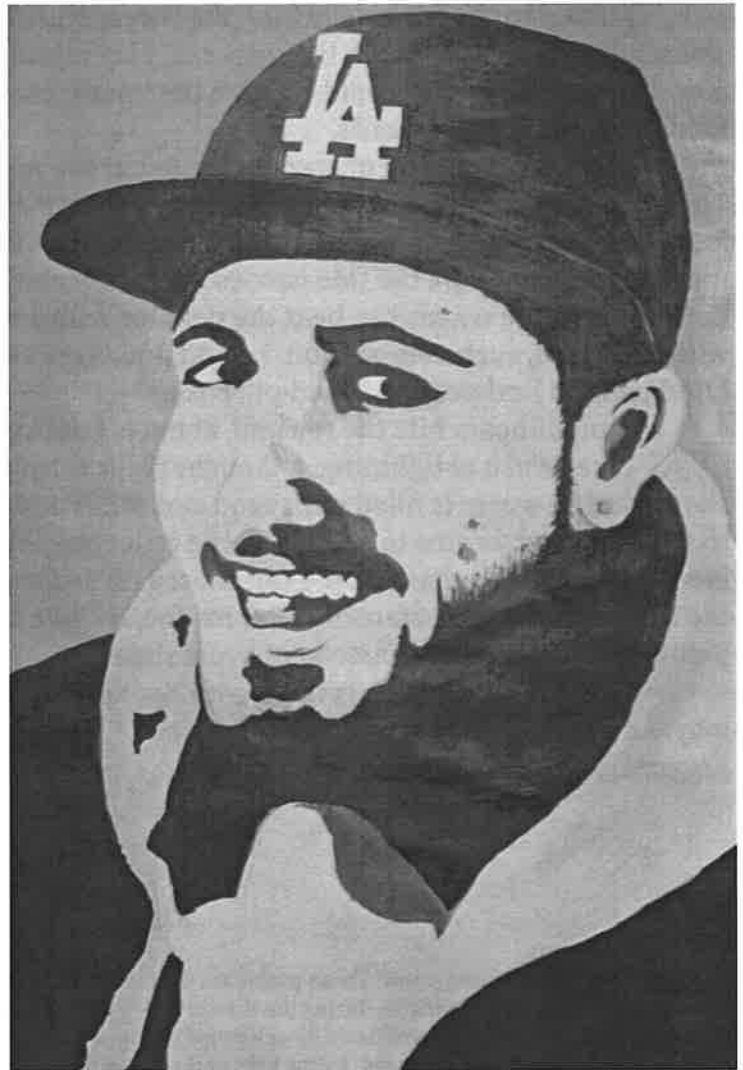
So here I am left
Trying to unwind
The knot in my throat.
Trying to figure out

How there could be
So much darkness
In a lit room.

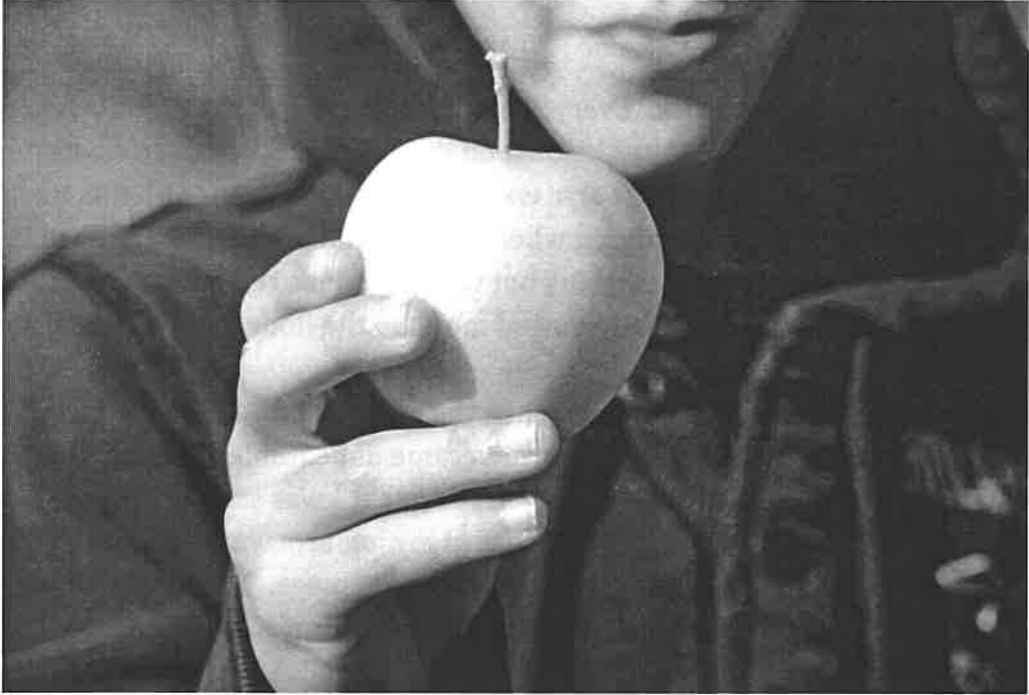
Trying to comfort
A puncture wound.
I searched for some meaning,
Some sort of motive

Obsession and Bliss,
Were all that I found.
These words mean
An absence of sanity
and a moment of extreme happiness.
Webster forgot to add
to both definitions,
Both phenomenons
are usually temporary.

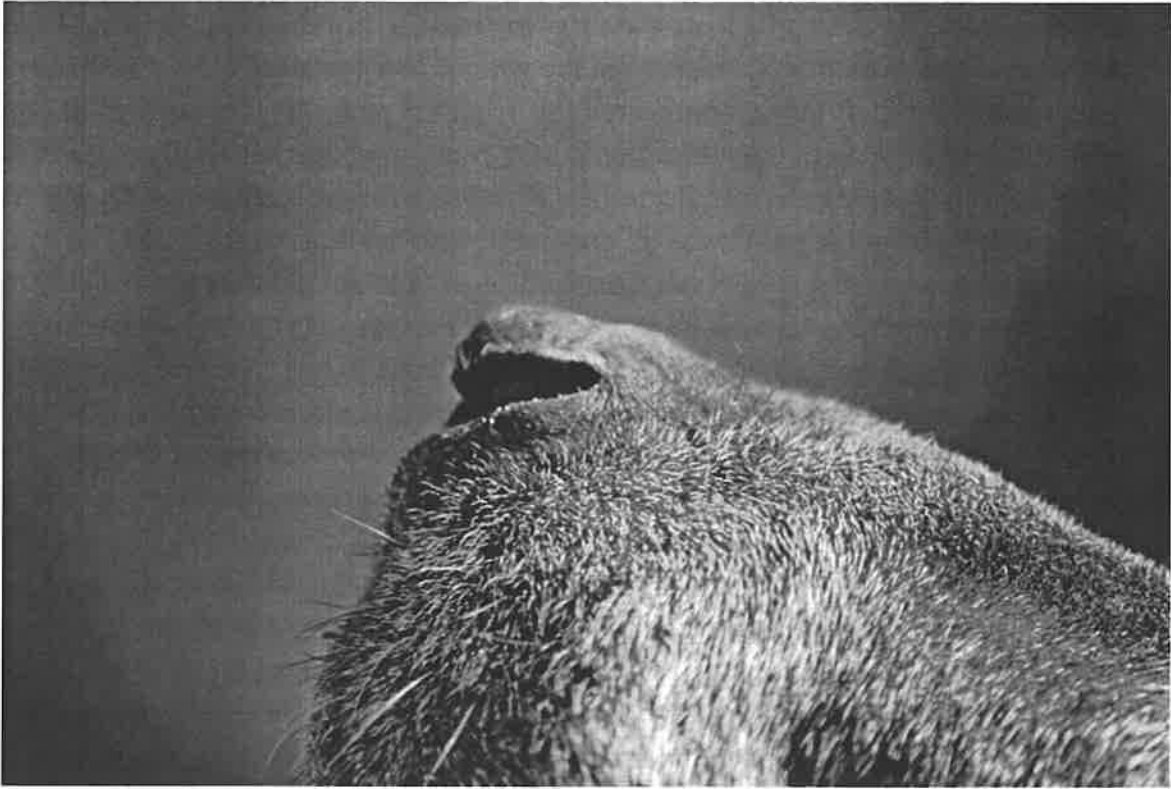
Gabriella Jimenez, Class of 2012



Billy
Danielle Brouder, 2011



Isabelle Kosman, 2012



Isabelle Kosman, 2012

(College Essay)

Each wooden stair hit me like a brick. Everything began moving in slow motion except for my body, which I could not stop from falling. After landing on the cold, hard floor, I tried desperately to lift myself up. It was then that I realized my left arm was not working. When the lights turned on, I glanced down at my left forearm and saw a zigzag where a straight line should have been. I looked up from the gruesome sight and could not see anything but white. As I passed from the conscious to the unconscious, paramedics arrived and cautiously moved me from the floor to the ambulance awaiting me.

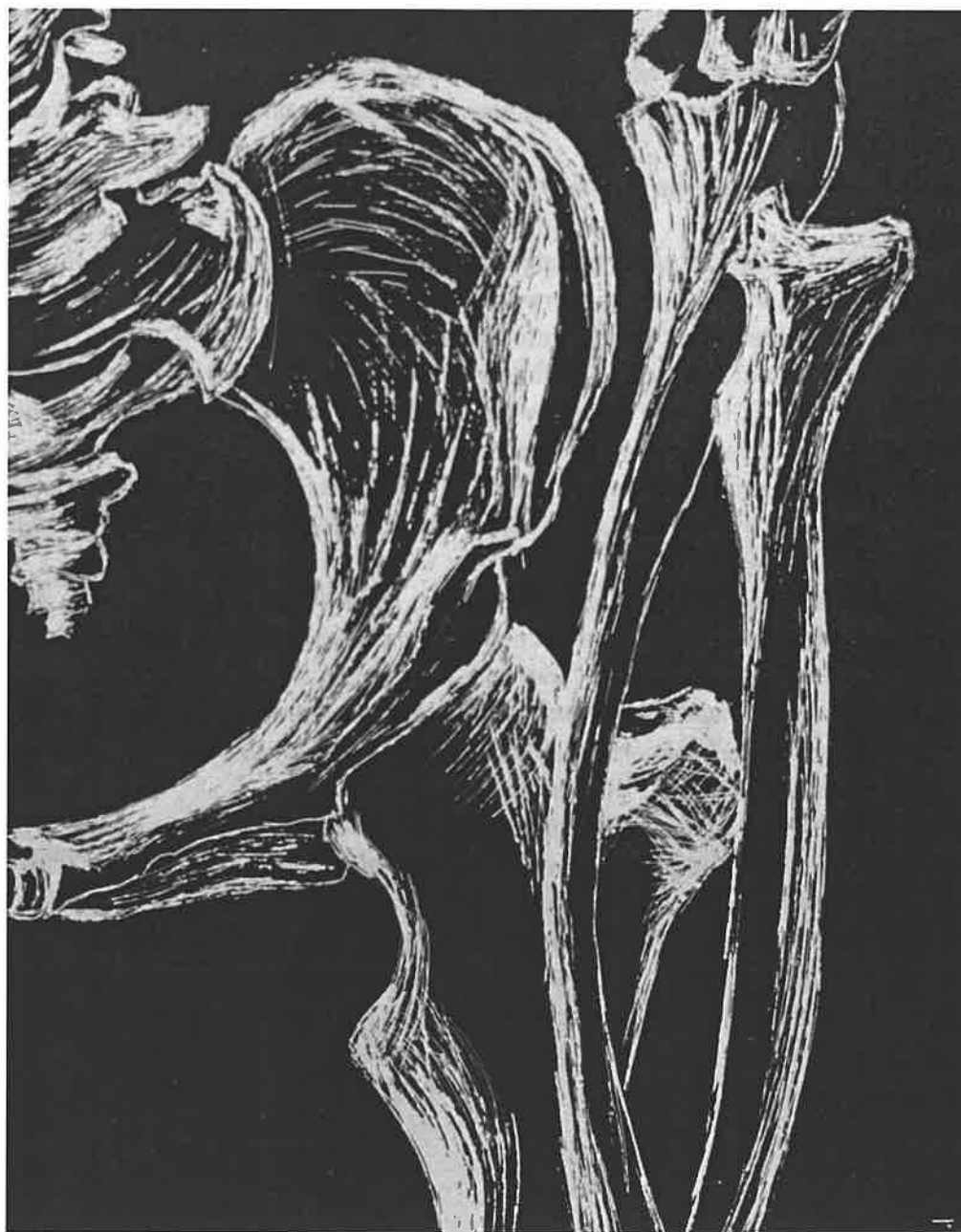
The pain flew into my fifteen year-old body when the ambulance doors flew open. I was rushed into the emergency room as the pain in my arm became unbearable. The only thing the nurses could do for me was to keep checking my vital signs, ensuring that I was staying awake. Unfortunately the fractures on my radius and ulna bones in my left arm were so abnormal that the local doctors were worried that I would be left with permanent damage. The local hospital was not equipped for a trauma like this; there were no orthopedic specialists around during the latest hours. The on-call doctors knew I needed to be transferred to another hospital, and fast. A call was made to Children's Hospital in Boston and their surgeons began preparing for my arrival. After a speedy ambulance ride to Children's Hospital, I was delivered to doctors who immediately prepped me for a closed reduction surgery to correctly realign my fractured bones.

The next morning I woke up in extreme pain, with a large, obnoxiously pink cast cemented onto my left arm, stretching from the tip of my hand to my shoulder. During the tumult of the previous night, the surgeons had asked me which color I wanted for my cast and, in the stupor the pain medications left me in, I requested the brightest pink cast they had. In the coming weeks, I would have to deal with the vibrant pink cast, reminding me that I had no use of my left arm. I was plagued with weekly trips into Boston for appointments with my surgeons. My surgeons knew about the massive amount of pain I was in; they were worried that muscle had been caught in between the damaged bones during my previous procedure. If I did not get the fingers of my injured arm moving in the next few weeks, I would be facing another surgery. My doctors let me know that this next surgery would be much more painful and I would have to live with two large scars on the inside and outside of the skin covering my forearm. Even with this ultimatum, moving the fingers of my left hand was close to impossible; they felt frozen and moving them was almost as painful as breaking my arm in the first place. My fingers were stuck in the fist my surgeons left them in after the closed reduction procedure and another surgery was scheduled for the next week. The doctors dolefully informed me I would have two metal plates inserted in my arm along with sets of screws holding them in place.

Though I was devastated by the doctor's decision, walking by the children with serious illnesses in the orthopedic wing of Children's Hospital made me feel bad for the self-pity I was feeling. How could I be feeling so awful for myself when there were children in wheelchairs that I was walking by weekly, but that I had never noticed because I was too wrapped up in my own sob story? I began to think of how I could cheer up these children with complicated bone diseases that left them in casts and even paralyzed. My efforts started with smiles, grew to conversations, and led to my dream. I

learned much more than I ever thought I could from the months I spent in the orthopedic wing. After many conversations with doctors and residents that brought me back to health, I could not think of anything I would rather do than to fix other children's broken bones as a pediatric orthopedic surgeon. I am forever grateful to the surgeons that fixed my bones. One day, I know I will be the surgeon putting an arm back together for a clumsy teenage girl who has fallen down the stairs.

Schyla Wante, 2011



Cameron Silveri, 2011

Arthur's Café

I eased the door of the café open and stepped inside. A breath of snowy air swirled around my feet and I tapped my boots on the door mat. How many times, I idly wondered, had I sought refuge in this place when my mind was out of order? How many times had I peered into coffee cups looking for answers that never came to me? All the same, I somehow always found myself on this tucked-away little street, staring at the peeling wooden sign above the narrow door. "Arthur's" the place was called; the name was inviting enough. I still did not know who Arthur was, but that didn't matter. Arthur's was a place for lonely people who drifted in from the streets, searching for solidarity in their loneliness, but nothing more, nothing intimate. We were all friendly strangers. At Arthur's, you could enjoy the comforts of familiarity and acquaintance without having any social obligation.

A rotund old man with bushy white eyebrows stood behind the counter on the left. I knew his name was Franz and that his wife had recently passed away, but that was all. He smiled a tired smile as I approached. "How are you?" he asked.

"I've been better and I've been worse," I said simply, pulling out my wallet. I ordered a shot of espresso and waited.

"Business is slow today," he said. I imagined the café's usual crowd of lonely people wandering off, finding love in the streets, and returning to warm houses in pairs.

"I like it when it's quiet here," I said. "Quiet is best for thinking."

"You seem to do a lot of that lately," he laughed. "You've come every day this week."

I paused. Had I? I said, "I have a lot on my mind." He then handed me my cup and I went to sit at a small table in the back that was partially hidden by a potted fern.

White, black. Day, night. Up, down. Why couldn't life's decisions be so clear-cut and obvious all the time? I rubbed my thumb across the side of the cup. It was still too hot to drink. I searched the dark depths of the espresso but found nothing there.

Why did he have to go and ruin a good thing? Why, I wondered, why? I had been so comfortable there by the fire in his arms, the two of us lost in different novels. I had been happy. Why had he felt the need to change? "Let's make it permanent," he said. "Stay with me forever. Marry me."

"Marry you?" I said; his face fell. We looked past each other in opposite directions. Without another word, I stood and left the house. What else could I do? Did he honestly expect me to decide my entire future in one moment, one breath? How could I? How could I?

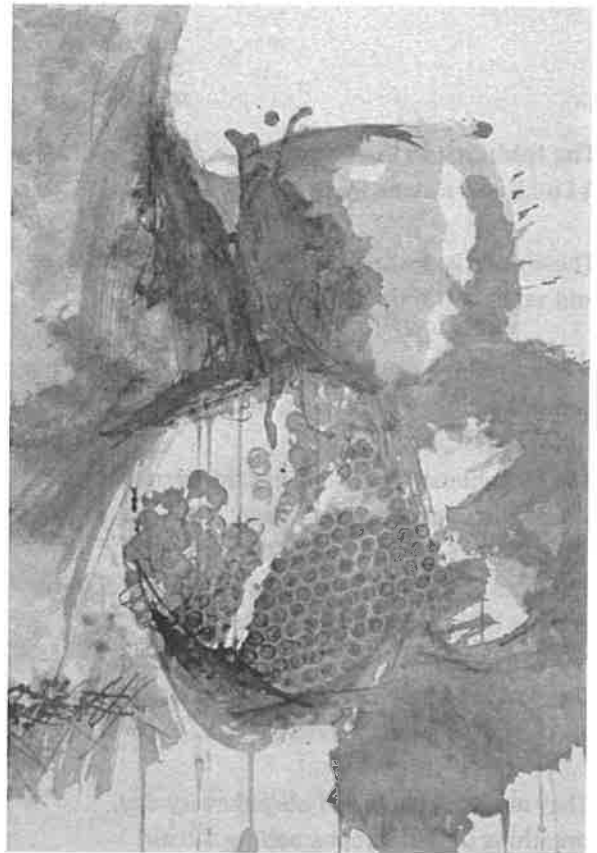
Having time to think at Arthur's did not help me, however, and the more I thought about it, the more unsettled I became. How could I possibly know if I would want to spend my whole life with him? How could I know if I would still love him in ten, twenty, thirty years? And just what was love, anyway?

I laughed at myself, sitting there. "What is love?" I asked the universe. The universe answered me with heavy silence. "I'm a fool," I thought, taking a long drink of my espresso. "I'm a big, fat fool. If the greatest thinkers in the world have tried and failed time and again to define love, how on earth do I expect to get anywhere sitting here? How am I supposed to know?"

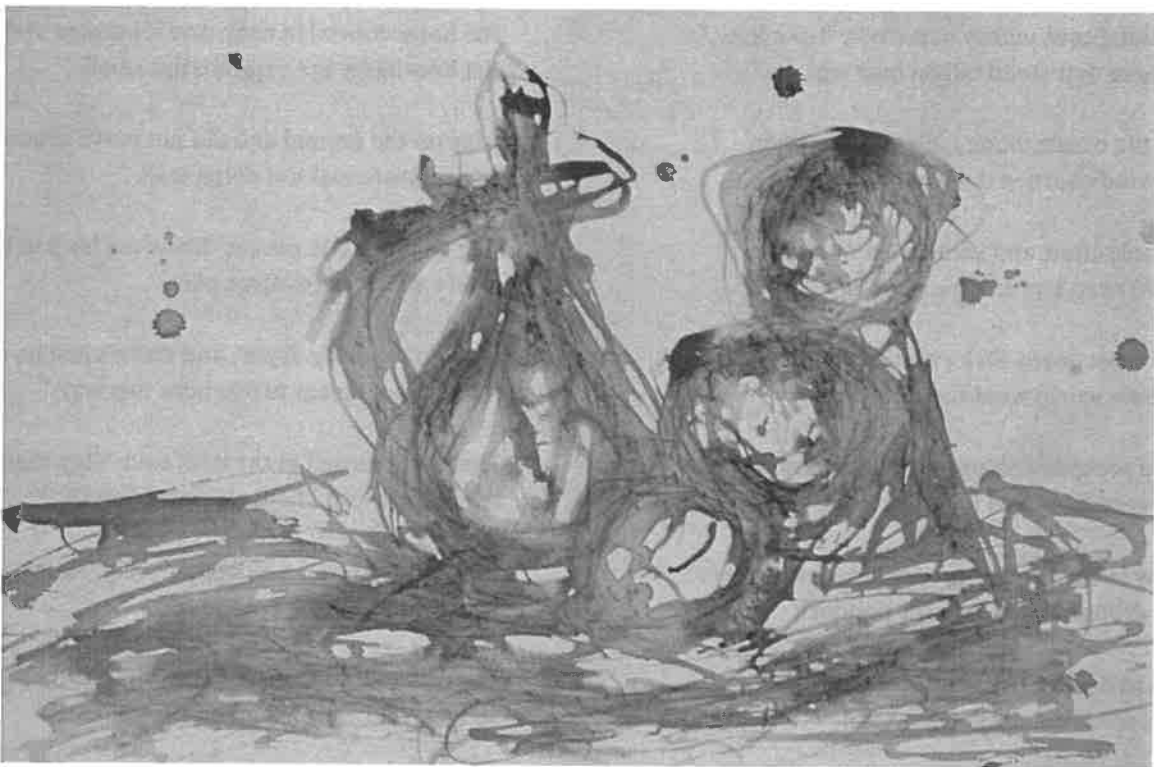
I continued to sit and drink in Arthur's café, for the first time trying my hardest not to think about anything at all.



Still Life
Meghan Caveney, 2011



Still Life
Brittany Janeczek, 2012



Still Life
Amy Whitney-Perry, 2011

The Haddock in the Paddock

A Children's Rhyme Book

There once was a farm, which had lots of charm,
and sat on a cliff by the sea.

A farmer and his wife worked each day of their lives—
at day's end they each had a hot cup of tea.

The farm house was small, but the barn was real tall.
There was even a tiny tool shed.

The farm house was white, quite a beautiful sight,
and the barn was a bright shade of red.

The barn had four walls, and had lots of brown stalls,
and all of the animals lived there.

They ate lots of hay, and played every day,
breathing in that sweet smelling salt air.

There were goats in the barn, their hair became yarn,
and the chickens laid lots of eggs.

A big milking cow, whose name was "How Now,"
And a horse that stood tall on four legs.

One day the ocean, made quite a commotion,
and the wind churned deep in the water.

The animals cried, and some tried to hide.
The storm even scared the sea otter

A funnel went down, Fish swished round and round.
Their whole world went teeter totter.

The wind scooped fish up, some bass and a scup,
and one very mystified haddock

They flew in the air, and dropped here and there,
and one dropped right into the paddock

As quick as a wink, the wind it did shrink.
The wife, she went back to her yarn

The farmer took count, safe were his goats and his
mount,
but there was now a new face in the barn

The haddock had fallen, and was covered in pollen
And lay in a flake of fresh hay

The horse, he was scared, and he only cared
for the strange creature to please go away.

The horse sniffed real close, then got a good dose
that made a tear roll down from his eye

The horse looked real sad, then became very glad,
when the fish told him please not to cry.

"It's not that I'm sad, but you smell really bad,"
said the horse to his newly found friend

"Of the smell, I'm the source," said the fish to the horse
"I'm sorry if my stink does offend."

The horse moved in near, and it became very clear
just how badly the creature did smell.

It lay on the ground and did not move around;
this creature was not doing well.

"Big horse, if you please, throw me back to the seas,
where all of my relatives play.

My skin's quickly dryin', and there's just no denyin'
that I'm not meant to live here this way."

The horse turned to the cow, said, "Hey there, How Now,
tell me how can I help my new friend."

How Now uttered a moo, then said, "Here's what to do,
I have some advice I can lend."

The cow said to the steed, "It's time to do a good deed,
So take your new friend by the tail.

Now run a fast trot, give it all that you've got,
and jump over the paddock fence rail."

The horse bit the tail, and over the fence he did sail,
with the big smelly fish in his mouth

Then he ran with great speed, once he was finally
freed—

Toward the ocean, just a little due south

He ran down the road, past the frog, past the toad,
through swamps, through meadows and fields.

He was cheered by the roosters, who were now all his
boosters,
and the sow's little piggys all squealed.

At the point of near death, he arrived out of breath,
on the sand of a sunny warm beach.

After the two minute mile, the haddock did smile—
salvation was now within reach.

Horse splashed into the water, and (again) scared the
sea otter,
and dropped the big fish in the bay.

The horse stood there sadly, while the fish did swim
gladly,
out to his home, far away.

The horse was unselfish to this smelly old ground fish,
and it made his heart swell in his chest.

He left his warm stall to give a stranger his all,
and he knew he had given his best.

His new friend was gone, it was time to move on,
so he turned and walked out of the bay.

It was finally clear that all life should be dear,
for loving each other is GOD's way.

Copyright Don Jalbert, Faculty



Leah Cabeceiras, 2012



Happy Birthday

Luisanna Crespo, 2012

Excerpt from "His Bucket List"

This was it. I knew it wouldn't be much longer now. My vision was worsening by the day. Breathing became harder by the hour I glanced down at the old wrinkled paper I'd been holding on to for the past two and a half years. There was only one number I had left to cross out. I wasn't quite sure I had enough time left; but I was certainly going to try.

I'd been staring at this paper all day. Still I wasn't sure I was really brave enough to complete this last item on my list. Two and a half years ago, this didn't seem like such a big deal. When I'd written this, I still had time. I don't have time now. I have the present moment – even that may not last long enough – and that was all. I had no guarantees anymore. Time was up. The sand was nearly finished emptying out of the top half of the hour glass. It was now or never.

I chose now. With one last look at the list in front of me, I sighed and picked up the phone. I dialed her number. I had no need to think of the digits; my fingers had the motions memorized. How many times had I called her? How many hours had we spent talking? Still I'd never managed to tell her. The ringing stopped – "...hello?" My brain searched for the "respond" command but faltered for a moment longer than normal. "Hi...it's me..." I responded a beat too late. With just a few words, I had her coming over. How I was going to handle this – I was not yet sure – but I knew it was necessary.

A few minutes later, the knock came on my apartment door. On my way to answer it, I shot a quick glance to the mirror. I'd looked worse. Without missing another beat, I continued to the door and let her in. Her face was no different than I'd remembered; except, maybe, more beautiful.

She came inside and sat in her usual spot – the cozy chair by the window that looked out over the city below. I offered her a drink. I was stalling. Not only was I stalling, I was avoiding making eye contact with her. I needed to relax. She was here. There was no turning back now.

We'd met four years ago while I was on vacation with my parents. We were staying in the summer house on the beach front that my mother had insisted my father buy for her. We'd spent every waking moment together until the end of the summer. After that we stayed in constant communication. That was the last normal summer my family would ever have together.

Just two months after my seventeenth birthday – August 23rd, I'd spent it on the bench – my world changed forever. What was said that day had altered the course of my future permanently. All that had happened since that day led up to this moment. It had set the stage perfectly. The only thing missing now was words; the words I'd been dreading having to say – it all came down to now.

I sat across from her on the loveseat against the wall. She stared at me intently with her sky-blue eyes of crystal, her expression twisting just slightly as her eyes scrutinized my face. I could tell she was searching frantically through the silence between us as she looked for an explanation for my appearance. I remembered she'd had no preparation for this and I was suddenly very sorry for that. I'd given her no warning of what she was about to see. I'd never been the most attractive guy, but certainly never the ugliest either. Not until recently at least. My face was one of a man much different than the one from her memory. Every day I stared at the picture we'd taken the last time we'd been together. I looked no different from when we'd met. That picture had been taken only eight months ago. There had been an extremely drastic change in my appearance since then. My amber eyes were sunken into my face, the skin on my cheeks pulled back against my jawbones. There wasn't much left to the face she'd loved so much. Finally, I broke the silence between us with

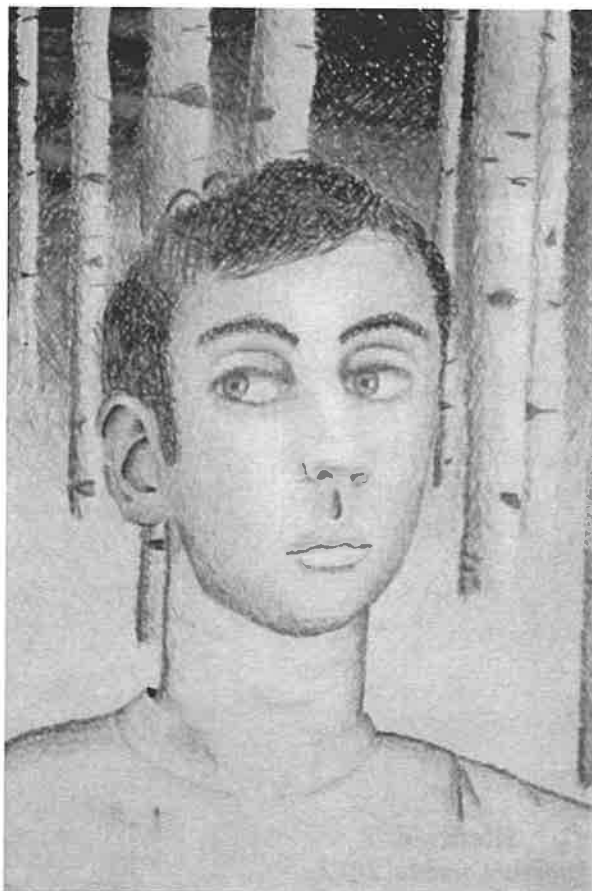
just one word. It was all I could manage. "Lorelai..." It felt like a giant lump was blocking my airways, restricting my vocal chords. Could I really do this? I was suddenly unsure I'd be able.

Her perfect eyes found mine as she tried to decipher what was wrong. As if there was magnetism between us, she leaned forward as I sunk back into the couch. It pained me to see her so worried – to see the lines deepen in her forehead as the moments passed. "What is it, Keith? What's wrong?"

"Lor..." I tried again. "...do you remember the last time we saw each other?" There, I'd finished one sentence at least. "Of course I do," she suddenly picked her purse up from her lap and reached inside it. After just a moment, her hand came back out holding the very picture I had framed by my bed, only it was smaller. "I carry this with me everywhere I go. There's a bigger copy on my nightstand." Her gentle eyes returned to mine and the smallest hint of a smile crossed her perfectly pink lips. "That day was one of the best and happiest of my life." I tried to smile. This took much more energy to do now. "It was a great day for me, too, Lor." A breeze came through the window as I said it; gently blowing her strawberry – blonde curls back from her face. It was nearing dusk and the sunset was reflecting against her perfect features, making her eyes sparkle. She was absolutely beautiful. It was throwing me off, making it hard to concentrate.

After a moment, the wind died down and I regained my focus.

Elizabeth Bradley, 2012



Self-portrait
Karl Appareti, 2011

Silence in the Walls

What beautiful music
The orchestra of silence plays
The conductor is everything
But the passing of the days
The bass section clamors
To make my heart stay
The strings dance to the stillness
Of the sun's morning rays
The beauty of the silence
Isn't that you may be who you want
It's that in all this time thinking

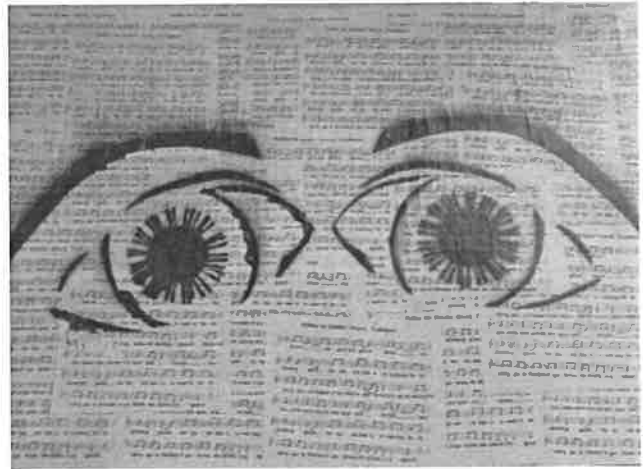
Did you really have a thought?

Nicholas Golden, 2012



Don't look down at my sneakers, see my Beauty
Lance Hill, 2011

Follow the Drinking Gourd
Tamrah Beaudoin, 2011



Silence-d
Andrew Comeau, 2012

Girl, You Amaze Me

I observe the moon
The things surrounding the Truth
These people are nothing but lies
You are nothing but the Truth
Gorgeous in stature
Breath-taking in aroma
Obsessive with that smile
Girl, you amaze me!

I love you with a passion
Beyond vision, air, life, and comprehension
I lose sight of where I am
When your name is being mentioned
Her eyes are as shiny as the sun
Her lips move swiftly
As she thinks about the song she had sung
I am proud of what we have
I am proud of what we have become
I can't seem to get enough
Girl, you amaze me

Chris Del Monte, 2012



Restricted
Brianna Bain, 2012

Le Prologue

She rose to her feet, glancing around the small room that had been her prison cell for six weeks. She had been ill with the worst case of the chills she had faced in her life. The sickness had disallowed her attendance to multiple occasions with great, urbane characters whom she had desired to meet. Still, it had given her a time to rid herself of the damages of the last months. Paris had lost her virgin touch, deflowered by absinthe and starvation. Yet now, in the dark of winter, she was feeling more capable.

She took the cab from La Rue Frontenac to La Centre, paid the kindly Spanish cabby and got out, took a walk of a few feet, and came to a halt. The Seine and snow both glistened in the city light, for the stars were hidden by the clouds. She stepped into the small club just as the band of Bretons began to play a tune that was soft and pulsating in the smoky lounge. Men, young and old, sat at the bar, enjoying their different levels of drunkenness. She saw her acquaintance—for what was Paris *mais un mer de connaissances*—and joined him at the table.

“Bon soir, madameoiselle.” He got up and kissed her hand, with feeling fitting for a man of his past.

“Things are good I suppose, Arthur?”

“Well, sure they are. Deux absinthes s’il vous plait. Merci.”

The waitress took down his order.

She eyed his visage.

“Truly, you are?”

“As much as I can be. These days, I admit I almost yearn for home. Ol’ Paris has me in a permanent tizzy, it would appear. Enough about me, do tell, comment ça va—is your ill condition gone?”

“If it weren’t, would I be here? It would serve only to make it worse, in more ways than one.”

“How so? You’ve not turned to the chemist, have you, Clarice? Merci beaucoup.”

The absinthe the waitress had brought tasted bitter.

“Even the absinthe loses its touch.”

“Well?”

“It’s nothing to trouble yourself over Arthur—truly, though, I must be away. I’ve arranged to take a train tomorrow to a resort in the Alps.”

"Of course, of course. I suppose it is also my time to depart and return stateside, anyway. The war's been over for—Bonne Dieu—six years now."

The lights dimmed as the band prepared for its next song.

"Things could've been so different, Clarice."

"My cab is outside, I must be away."

"Will you write?"

"If I remember, bien sur."

Arthur stood and kissed her cheek. It was cold on his absinthe doused lips.

"Au revoir."

She walked away, and over her shoulder, she spoke.

"Good night, Arthur."

Nicholas Golden, 2012



Meghan Kelley, 2012

Bus Trip

I want to tell you about one night during my family vacation in South Kihei, Maui, Hawaii. After the initial days of relaxation and delight, my sister Jill and I became bored. That town is so familiar; we've been going there for so long. With only a crude understanding of the bus system we decided it would be a good idea to ditch the parents and explore. Apparently, there was a Salvation Army on the other side of the island in Kahului that we could visit.

We almost got on the wrong bus a couple times, I'll admit it. But once we paid the fare and took our seats, we were pretty pleased. Our biggest mistake was heading out so late – it'd be totally dark soon.

I pulled my copy of the bus system from my bag and eyed the arrival times.

"Jill? The last bus is at ten."

"Are you serious?" she said.

I showed her. "We're only going to have 45 minutes, if that, to explore."

Jill sighed and retied her sneakers. I refolded the schedule and tapped it against my knee.

The sky was even darker when we reached Kahului. I saw that most of the stores were closed. We'd forgotten it was Sunday. We asked a jogger where the Salvation Army was and he shrugged. "There's a mall over there," he pointed. "But I don't know if there's a Salvation Army."

Jill and I left in the direction he pointed. My dad *had* mentioned a huge mall on this side of the island after all. After a few minutes' walk we came to a mostly-closed strip mall called Maui Mall. There was no way that it was what my dad or the jogger was talking about but we didn't know where the real one was.

It was cold that night. Well, cold for Hawaii. Let's just say that it couldn't stop a New Englander like me from going to Baskin Robins – the only store open in the strip mall – for ice cream. I ordered mint chocolate chip and tried to be cheerful despite the way our plans were unfolding.

We ducked into Long's Drugstore just for the heck of it and Jill bought a cup of chai tea. It wasn't half bad for a drink dispensed from a machine. We wandered down the sidewalk again in search of something entertaining.

I felt uneasiness cover me like a sticky film. Jill and I somehow had made our way to the edge of the city, where it gave way to a dilapidated suburb and the only places of interest were the strip mall and a few fast food places. The streets were deserted and the nighttime air promised rain.

"EB?" Jill said my nickname. "There it is."

The Salvation Army sat on a dark corner of the streets Creepy and Creepier. The walls of ugly cement, splattered with graffiti seemed to leer at me. The one working street light flickered.

"Is it closed?" I said.

"Look through the windows," she replied. Through the yellow tinted windows, I saw a dining hall and a few people cleaning up for the night. "It's a *soup kitchen*." She laughed.

I slapped a palm to my forehead and half-sighed, half-giggled.

"Take a picture! This is priceless," she ran over to the sign. I complied, shaking my head. We couldn't stop laughing at the sheer ridiculousness. Our adventure just *would* get foiled in every way.

Jill and I made it back to our side of the island without any more incidents. When I began brushing my teeth that night I realized - even though we didn't get to explore, go to the mall, shop at Salvation Army or really do *anything* fun, I'd had a good time. I couldn't understand. I'd been worried and chilly most of the night, why was I cheerful? And then I realized. It was Jill. Jill and I may be 9 years apart, but people mistake us for twins. We may be half-sisters but I don't half-love her. During the school year I can't spend the time with my sister that I really should. I'd forgotten how just being around her was a good time. I stared at my reflection in the bathroom mirror, lost in thought until Jill shuffled in. She gave me a questioning look, punched me in the arm and grabbed her toothbrush. I smiled.

Elizabeth Lyons, Ed., 2011



Map of Reality
Brittany Janeczek, 2012

Reincarnation Blues

I died and went to heaven like a thousand times before
And floated through the clouds till I was standing at his door
I was praying he'd accept my age old proposition
To cease this long commute- obtain a permanent position

"Come in and have a seat" he offered with a frown
"Your reputation in my creation is quickly going down"
"I gave you free will and you chose a common way"
"Until you prove your worth to me you know you cannot stay"
"I must send you back to earth with a chance at retribution"
"A time to rid your soul of a thickening pollution"

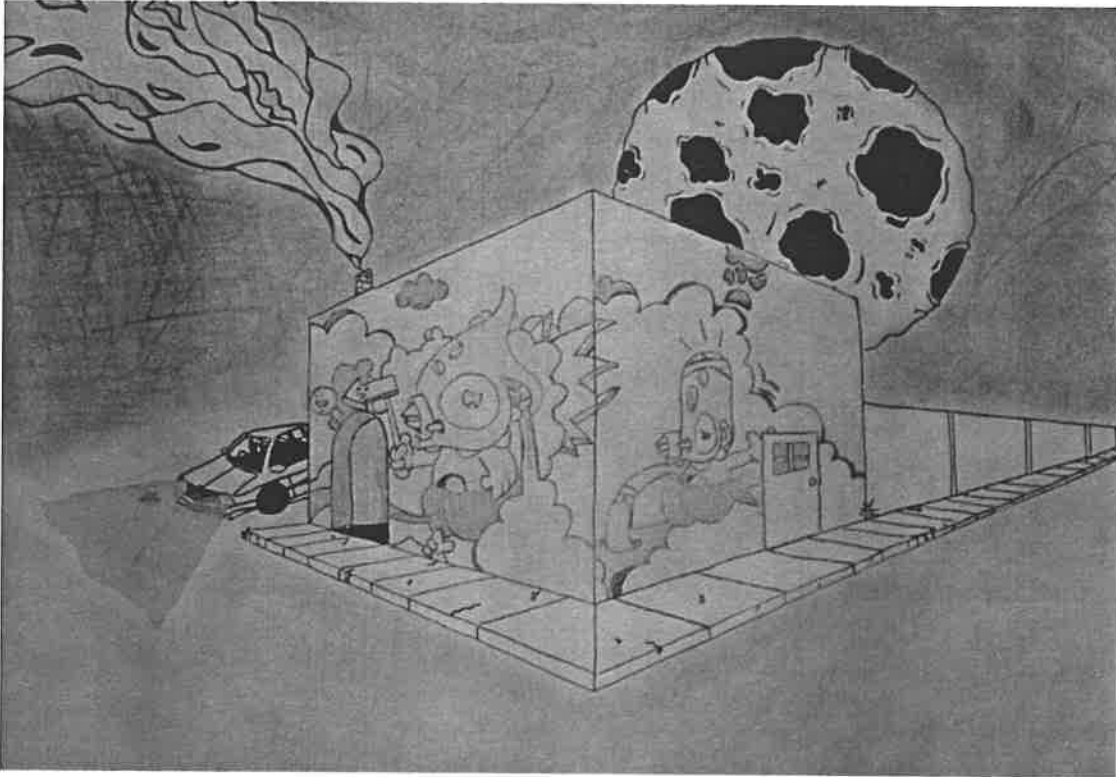
In a moment I'll be born into a world anew
And I'll live not knowing of my past or those who I've lived through
But how can I ever become something that I ain't?
Will eternity be long enough to learn to be a saint?

Mr. Cavanaugh, Faculty

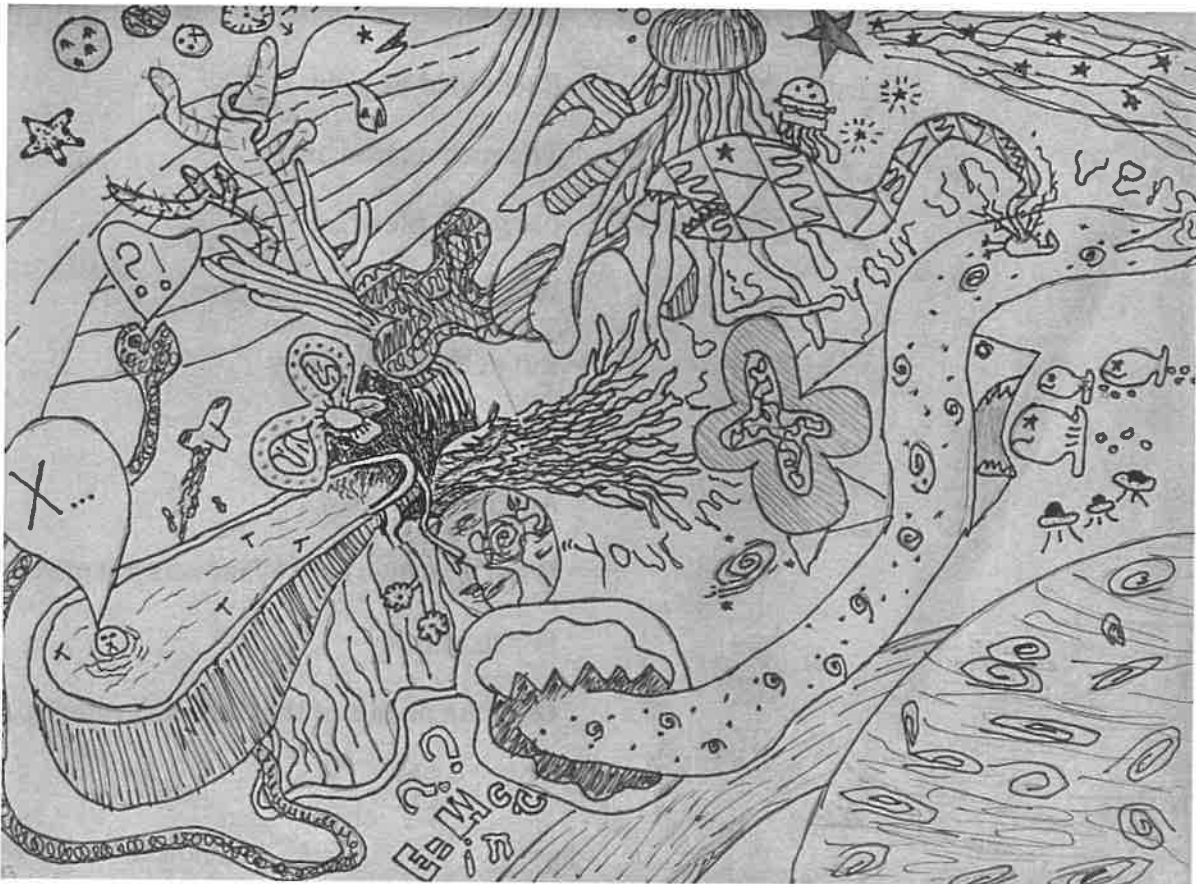
The Breaking Point

I can't remember a life outside this cold box of flashing lights.
My hearing doesn't fail me as again I'm read my last rights.
No longer am I able to complain.
My only companion now is my pain.
No medication, not even sedation can help me get away from here.
I'm stranded, but drowning on an island of fear.
Scars on my body and a hole in my head, I wonder if I'm better off dead.
The angel of death is at my door.
I can't win this fight anymore.
The door swings open as my panic explodes.
My breath leaves my lungs as my world erodes.
I hear my name asked as a question.
As I wait for immaculate intercession,
A beacon seems to be coming near.
On my face, one last tear.
A pink ribbon crossed once over,
A symbol with more meaning than any four-leafed clover.
Just as I am surrendering, unable to cope,
What comes to me, but a symbol of hope.

Rosalie O'Brien, 2012



Christian Seidler, 2014



Alex George, 2012

Una Flor...

Encadenada por dolor

A tocar sus espinas

Sangrando voy...

Qué belleza que de la naturaleza,

Pero a la misma vez

Te atrae su condena

Atrapada estoy...

¿Cuál fue mi prisa? ¿Cuál fue mi error?

Por lo cual ahora

Solo quedan los pétalos de tu adiós...

A Rose...

Enchained by pain

To touch its thorns

I begin to bleed...

What a beauty nature gives,

But at the same time,

Its fate attracts me

And I am trapped...

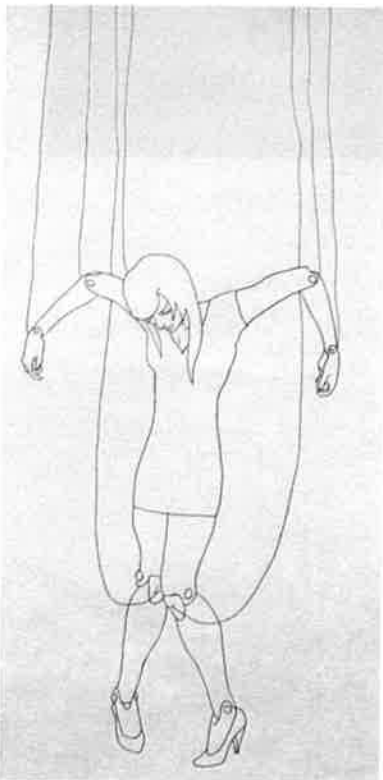
What was my rush? What was my mistake?

For that today

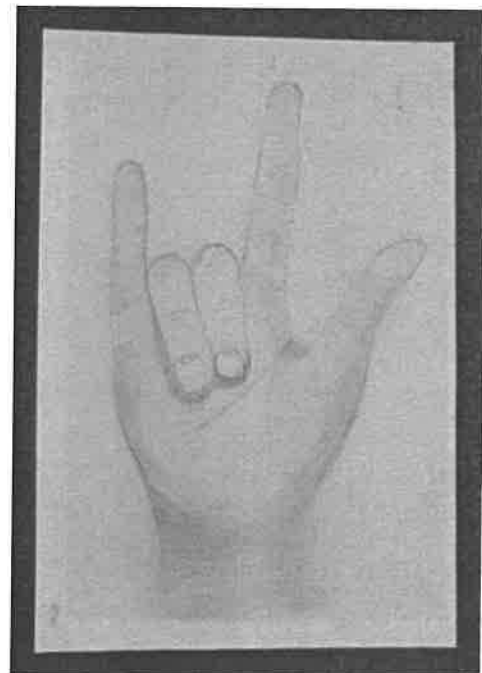
Only the pedals of that farewell remain...



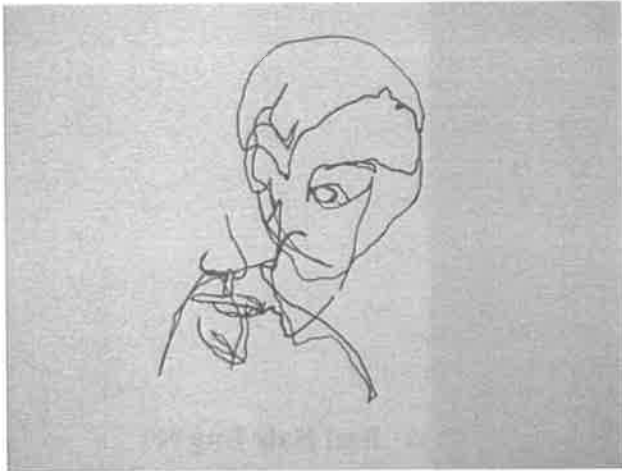
Bad Hair Day
Courtney Wilson, 2012



Self-portrait
Brittany Janeczek, 2012

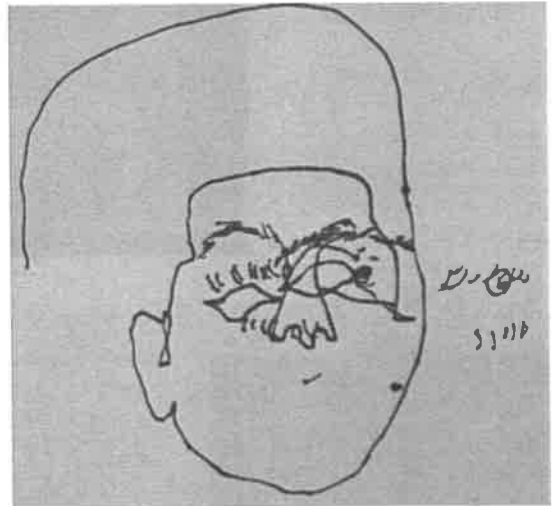


I Love You
Tamrah Beaudoin, 2011



Blind Contour Self-portrait
Meghan Caveney, 2011

Blind Contour Self-Portrait
Simon Dellea, 2011



Blind Contour Self-portrait
Simon Dellea, 2011



Tyler Andrade, 2014



Eleni Nikitas, Ed., 2011



Olivia Stanislas, Ed., 2011



Conquering Cancer
Courtney Wilson, 2012



Cameron Silveri, 2011



Rock, Paper, Scissors...SHOOT
Brittany Janeczek, 2012

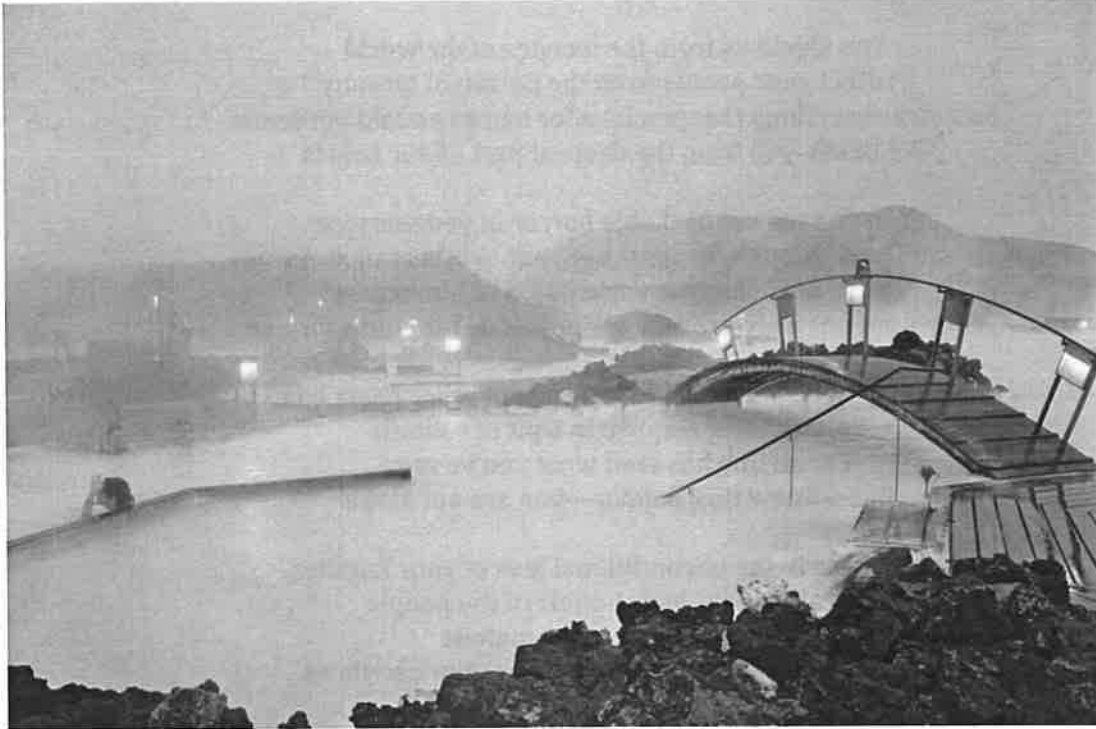


Big Fish
Joseph Helfrich, 2011

All in the Family
Andrew Comeau, 2012



Katelyn Connerty, 2011



When nostalgia meets absence.

Away, she thinks she can escape finding happiness in the depths of solitude. She has traveled far and her feet sore at the heel, cracked and dry. Away, she use to think that leaving this place to find another was the only thing that she knew and felt was right. This longing she had kept aching in her heart, the desires unsaid; the early morning wake-ups when everyone lay asleep. Her spirit was free, an avid wanderer. It was at night the nostalgia would creep into her soul and pick at the thoughts in her head. At sea, she felt lost and estranged from what she normally could comprehend as she journeyed to Bermuda. There she found her soul, ever clearer, ever tangible and that's where it all began. She lay awake and watched the world breathe through the swelling of the New York City streets. The night crept easily as the lost ones found their way out in the San Franciscan dark. The sky remained a barrier for the ocean as Florida always welcomed her every year. In the materialistic Hollywood she found herself untouched by the damage, escaping but finding its hidden wounds. To the past of travels where cups of coffee and beignets in New Orleans was original, where Alabama was surely "sweet home," and the rocking chairs in North Carolina kept her secret peace and comfort. To the times she could not speak because she did not want to, to the times she remained silent just because. She was in search of her soul, her desire-her longing. For she traveled to be lost, and she found her way in the depths of the mysterious land of Iceland. Where day met night immediately and secrets were now sounded out. Where she found what she was missing, she is nostalgic for this is what she thought she lost. Lost no longer, but not looking into the future, she has one journey left. Good-byes she always found so painful, this one ripped at her heart. It's days, and the yearning ache never finds its way to stop. She has been on a constant melancholy journey to find herself, find the desire that has been longing in her soul. She thinks she has it. She thinks she found it. But what she thinks, what is real, and what is imaginary is still a game nostalgia plays. Incomplete she feels without, but with she feels the same. The unveiling still remains, finding more pieces that she longs to hold onto. The mystery still plays the same games.

Katelyn Connerty, 2011

Honor

You shield us from the menace of the world
Protect your people from the poison of tyranny
Sacrifice everything that you love for names you do not know
We thank you from the deepest part of our hearts

You've seen unspeakable horror in your service
Suffered through the losses of your brothers in arms
You've seen the true wickedness of humankind
Yet we cannot truly express our gratitude for your sacrifice

You may not come home to a parade or a marching band
You may feel trapped in a pit of solitude
For no one has seen what you've seen
But—Know this, Soldier—you are not alone.

For you have the unconditional love of your families
The unconditional support of the people
We honor you in the highest
We can never thank you enough for your sacrifices.

God bless you.

Cameron Leary, 2013



Andrew Dubé, 2011

"The subject of this composition is two gas-masked men on a mounted machine gun. They are spray painted on a camouflage painted background. I think this is important because although the camouflage helps the soldiers stay hidden from their enemies, the rest of the world is still aware of their presence and actions, which is why they stand out in white. I made this piece to help the public become more aware of foreign, and even our own military activity."

The Day I'll Die

The day I'll die
The shame will disappear
And the stars, a miracle in having them
 In front of your small aesthetic eyes.

The day I'll die
The stars would like to be your cousins
And your cousins, the uncaring satellites.

The day I'll die
The roses will explode over the population
 With their small and lovely smell
And their beauty will not be determined.

The day I'll die
The "Orquídas" will be the most
 Beautiful flowers in the universe.
They will fall down from the sky,
And in the graveyard
You'll see my tombstone full
 Of the "Orquídas," and the shine of the
 flowers
Will determine our minds and Hearts.

Saddan Genao, 2013

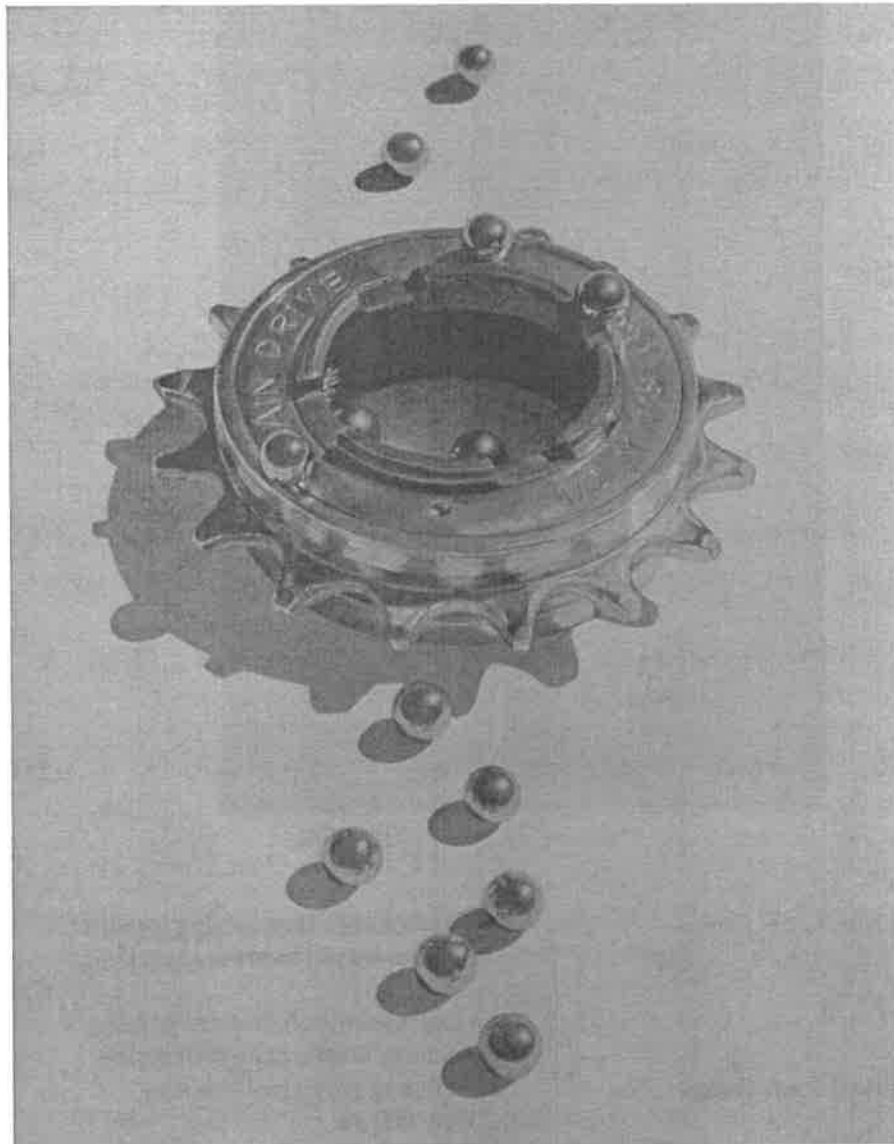


Olivia Stanislas, Ed., 2011

Beauty

It is
Deeper than the outer shell
That secures the core of my essence,
Eternally yielding fruit in every season,
It resides by streams of
Living, breathing, refreshing waters
That flow through our veins,
It is
The driving force behind the matters of the
heart
That wildly seeps through our pores,
And into
The building blocks
That shapes us into who we are,
We define it
We create it
We are its... conception.
We turn a blind eye to it
As society deprives our true sight,
It is
More than a mere word
Forget the dictionary
Forget the magazines
No one can tell us how beautiful we are,
It's more than our "exterior"
Relies
Neither on pride nor
Arrogance,
It is
Black, white, brown, red, yellow,
Has every array of color in the spectrum,
It is

Constricted by society's
Narrow vision,
So it tugs at the bars of confinement
As it grasp for its life
And amidst the adversity,
It still hopes for those willing
To release it,
To its complete existence,
It is
Unique
Unparalleled
Unbiased
Natural
And not forced
And can never be recreated,
But always open to change,
It lives inside each of us, waiting to sprout
And blossom into all different shapes and sizes,
It is
Individual
Precious
Worth more than a thousand words
Timeless
Effortless
Appreciated
A path that has no end
Its definition:
It has none
Because beauty simply
Is
What it was meant
And it desires to
Be



Meghan Caveney, 2011

Make-Up

I am a determined architect
Building cities brick by brick
Fortifying the walls within

I am an eager artist:
Shaping thoughts into reality
Re-Molding the spent world into perfection

I am a devoted farmer:
Watering seeds deep in the dirt
Harvesting crops day after day

I am a wide-eyed pioneer:
Unveiling the flesh of an untouched world
Breathing in blessed brilliance

I am a delusive magician
Inexplicably shifting perceptions
Disappearing with a swift blink

I am a determined architect:
Building cities brick by brick
Fortifying the walls within

Briana Lynch, 2013

Cameron Silveri, 2011



Aftermath

I live without regret
I live without care

And now without a you
Without you I am brought all these things

I regret I lost you
I care that I'm without you

I see you without me
And it doesn't feel right

I know my idea wasn't so bright
Because without you I'm lost in the night

You were my Guiding Star
But now you are covered
Lost and out of sight

My life has turned into a desert
Unclear and ever changing

These words that I string together
Are the ways I express myself

I express myself, but never fully
Because words cannot describe
How and why I feel this way
Why is it so
Unique?

Let yourself go
Be who you are and what you set out to be

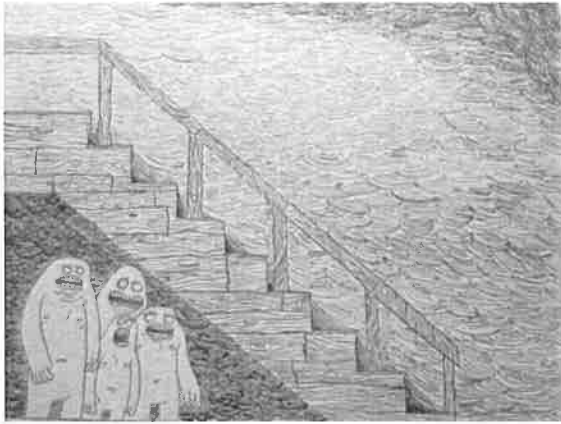
Don't care what people around you think
"Because if they mind they don't matter,
If they matter they don't mind."

You have one life, one chance each day and night
No other will be the same

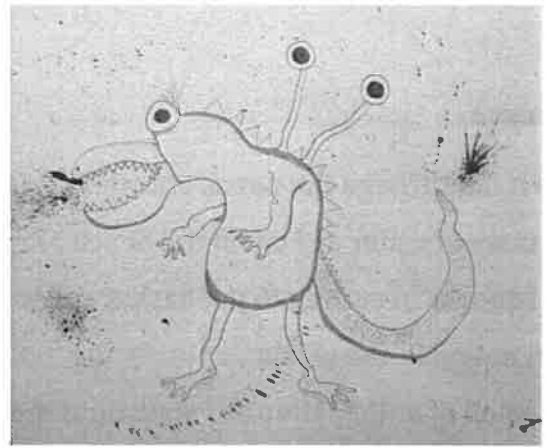
Even clones are different
No one else will ever be you

No matter how hard they try
You are what you believe you are

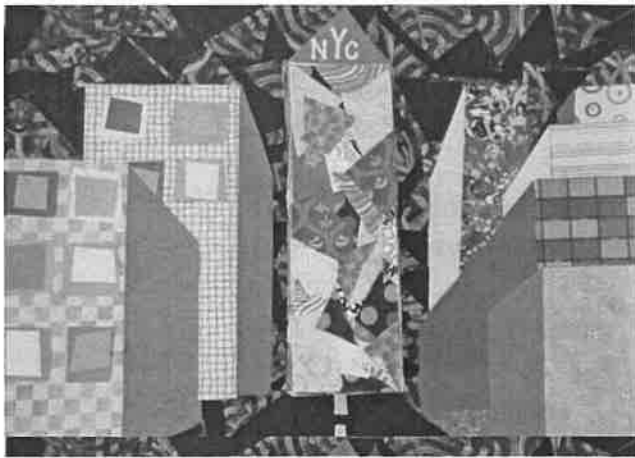
Carlos Almonte, 2014



People Under the Stairs
Tyler Lannon, 2011



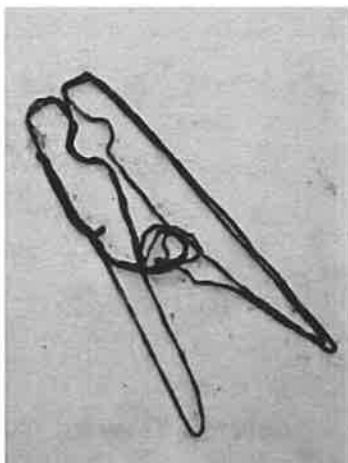
Nicholas Laorenza, 2011



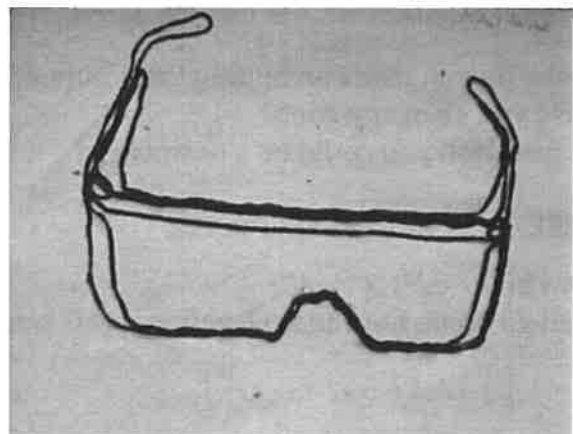
Times Square
Olivia Dello Russo, 2014



A Night in Paris
Makaela Delucca, 2014



Mikayla Gigandet, 2014



Michael Polizzotti, 2014

5 Senses

I see it fall through the net as effortlessly as leaves fall from a tree
The taste of water as I sit on the bench after playing as hard as I could
The squeaks of cutting to the basket and the whistles of referees give me excitement like no other sound in the world
The smell of anticipation as I walk onto the court ready to start my game
The touch of the ball leaving my fingertips as I shoot a perfect shot

Lucas Hammel, 2013

Victory

I fail at life and this is well-known
But this will be my victory

Before it's time, I replay in my head your inspirational words of doubt
No one believes in me and that's fine because I hardly believe in myself

I'm on the mat and it's finally time

Ready...Set...Go

As I leap into a brawl with the opposite sex, I have a tight headlock and the referee begins to count

1...why do you insist on humiliating yourself?
2...are you even any good?
3...I just wish you could be a normal girl

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPPPPPP!

Now I believe...
I shall go home now and tell you that this was my victory.

Gabriela Taveras, 2013

Mirrored Poem

I am a child
Always speaking
But never heard

I am an Arab
My people once held their heads high
Now they stare at their feet in shame

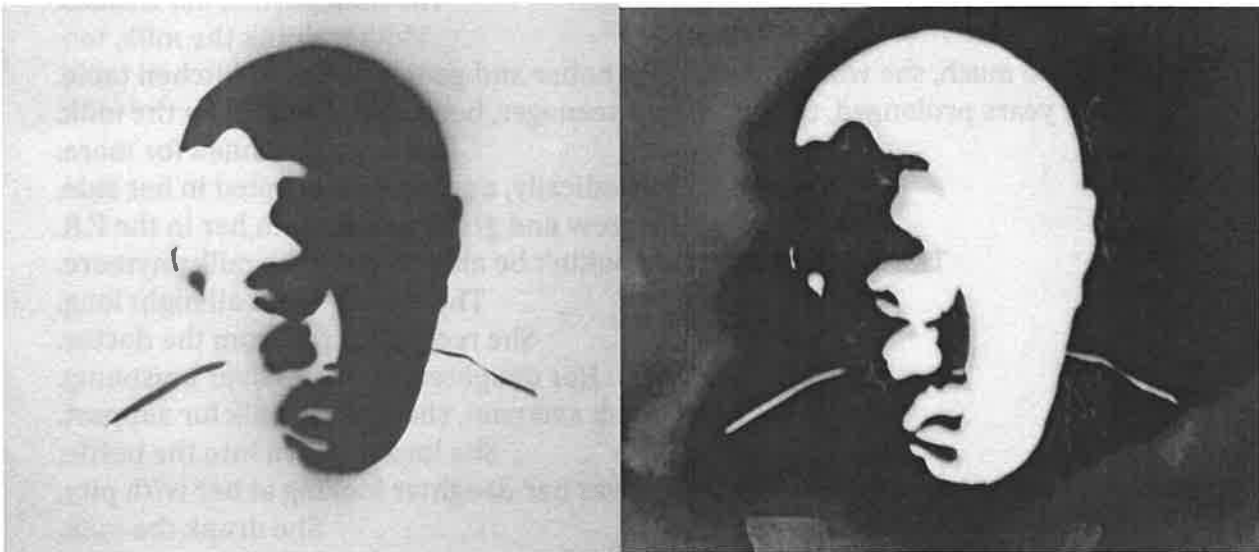
I am an outcast
Fighting to be seen
But remaining in the shadows

I am a student
Learning to better my future
A future that remains clouded beyond my sight

I am a survivor
Though the troubles of a kid are unknown to others
They are there

I am a child
Always speaking
Never heard

Trey Nassar, 2013



Matthew

Danielle Brouder, 2011

New Thought, on Old Tradition

Perhaps so young, perhaps so brash
Oh being immortal, mortal mash
Eternal mistakes, forever resonated
Forever hated
Perhaps eternally sorry, forever seeking forgiveness
But bound by regret, for his mess
Wings of white, once among the greats
Wings of regret-filled darkness, now the greatest of the infamous
Face like no other, once shown above all others
An aged face, sadness deeper than all others, now masked in moonlight's kiss
Perhaps once so proud, once with reason
Now forever mournful, perhaps one in need of forgiveness
Perhaps they sing of praise and glory, once among the highest of the exulted
Now singing of remorse and forgiveness
Pain eternal, remorse momentary?

Ramon Vicenty, 2012

Crystal

The mother gave her daughter her first bottle.
She drank it, and the baby's face cringed in disgust.
Yet, she drank on.
Her motherly dependence had started to wilt.
The milk burned her insides.
Mother drank the milk, too.
When she had too much, she would scream and holler and go to bed on the kitchen table.
As the years prolonged, the girl, now a teenager, became dependent on the milk.
Her brain screamed for more.
Periodically, a sharp pain erupted in her side.
The pain grew and grew, ending with her in the E.R.
The doc' told her she wouldn't be able to drink the milk anymore.
The mother wept all night long.
She received a call from the doctor.
Her daughter died from liver poisoning.
To ease the heartbreak and pain, she had the milk for support.
She looked down into the bottle,
All she could see was her daughter looking at her with pity.
She drank the milk.
The same one that killed her daughter.

Jeremy Garneau, 2012

Sun, Set; Moon, Rise

From atop, I watch.
Leaves rustling next to me
In the wind.

The sky glows orange,
Red sun sinks behind the
Background houses.

Purple fades to gray,
Orange turns to blue, glimmers
Appear, too.

The moon now in the sky.

Morrgan Sweeney-Charlton, 2013



Christian Seidler, 2014

Erick Maldonado, 2014



Dream or Not a Dream

My mind a twisted trap
As gnarled as a tree.
Oh, who would envy me?
Ensnare my thoughts and dreams,
A shadow is seldom as it seems,
As they trap my silent screams,
I finally remember my dreams.
I wake with a terrible fright,
of the monster that gave me a fight.
He has many a dreadful lair,
For he goes by the name
NIGHTMARE.

Haley Baril, 2011

I Am Clearly Insane

I am clearly insane:
Mind wanders with behind thoughts of everything.
Lives life as two people.

I have danced:
The only sweat that feels good.
It releases the tension within.

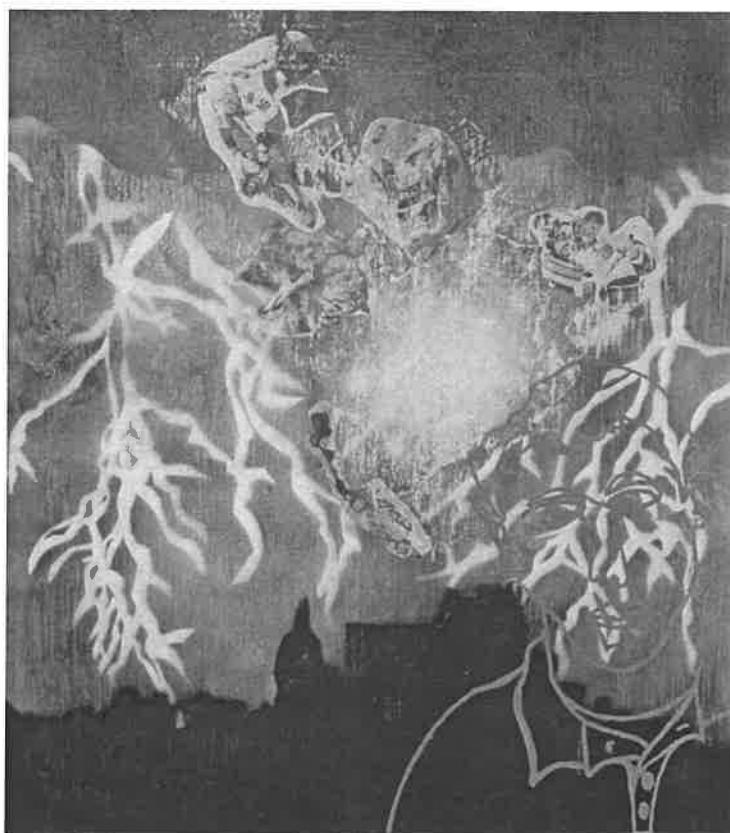
I have written:
Being descriptive in the words of third person.
Always in silence and words emerge.

I have loved:
There's always been the way I felt.
Just wondered if they were mutual.

I have cared:
Moments these eyes have seen.
Emotions are developed from them.

I am clearly insane:
Mind wanders with behind thoughts of everything.
Lives life as two people.

Teresa Santana, 2013



Head- Strong
George Barton, 2011

The Faith

I am a strong Catholic:
As strong as a solid rock.
The rock my faith was built upon.

I've been a persistent supporter:
I've encouraged Thomas to keep his faith.
I reasoned it out with Logic.

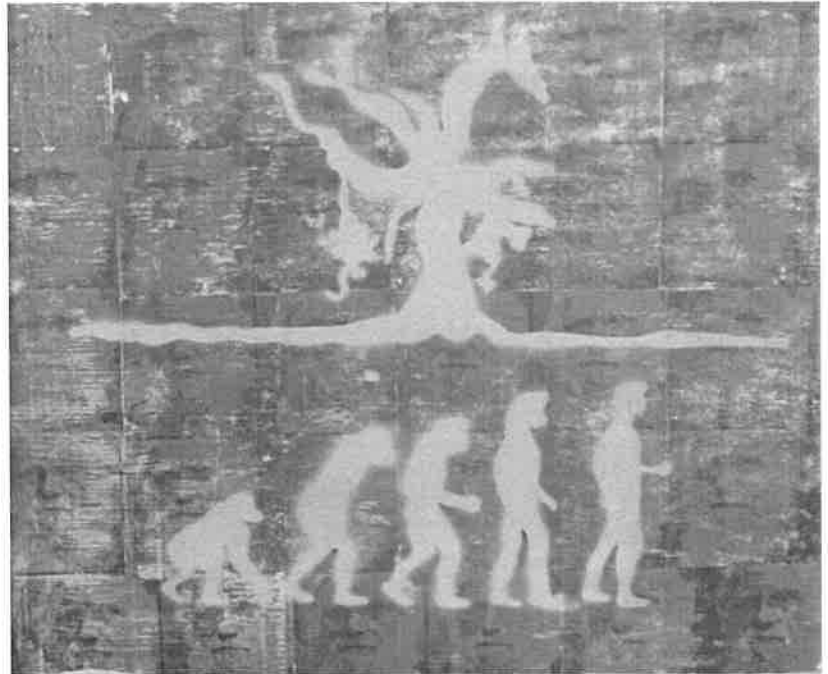
I've been ignored:
Ignored for my insignificant views,
Lost like a child in the dark.

I've been out-of-date:
Society says I'm stale,
My rock is growing old.

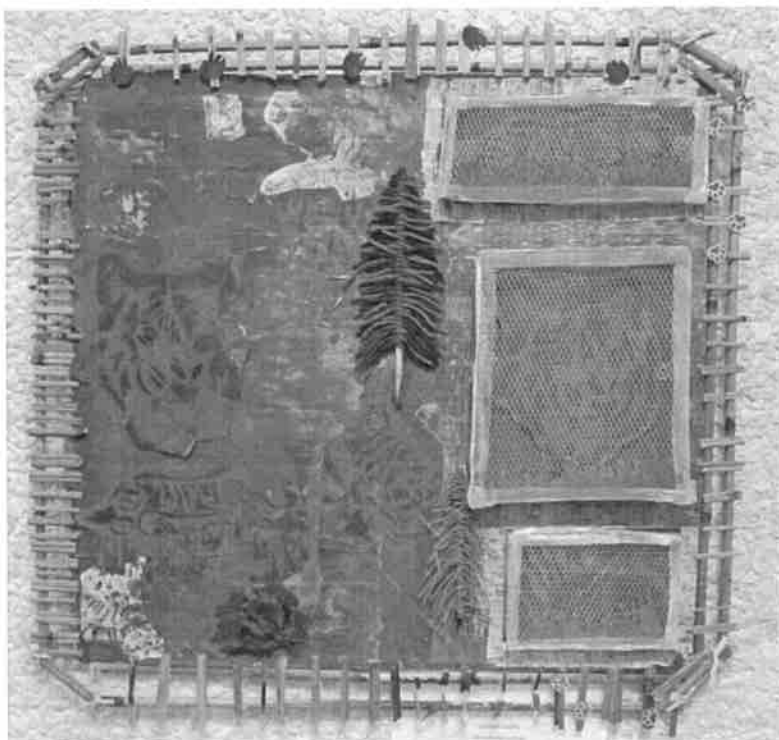
I've been a fighting victim:
Shouts blown through my ears,
Eyes of disapproval all around me.

I am a Catholic:
As strong as a solid rock
The rock my faith was built upon.

Brian Silvey, 2013



Monkeys on a Tree
Joseph Greenwood, 2011



“Layered behind images of tigers, the stenciled graffiti trees are the witnesses of the crimes against nature. While hunters may get away with hunting these beautiful creatures, the trees witness the sinful destruction the hunters cause.”

Christina Aiello, 2011

Things They See
Christina Aiello, 2011



The Storyteller
Morgan Allen, 2011

“In the human interaction project, I chose to create a prehistoric atmosphere and focus on the importance of storytelling. Telling stories has been an important part of human history because, with stories, we have taught lessons, imagined alternate realities, and shown our individuality. As time has passed, the art of storytelling has changed from oral tradition to books to movies, but the essence of storytelling will never be lost.”

Morgan Allen, 2011

The Ocean

It is a big blue creature whose body reaches far,
A monster who sometimes takes helpless captives.
It has curly hair, with ships and boats as bobby pins,
With legs that stretch for miles and miles.
It has eyes full of sand like when you wake up in the morning,
And a voice that soothes as it calls to you.
It has freckles of land scattered on its face,
And rough hands that can pull you in with no mercy.
It is full of treasures just waiting to be discovered,
And a stomach full of diverse organisms just waiting to be interacted with.
It can be cold like a snow day without hats, gloves, and jackets,
Or hot like leather car seats after sitting in a parking lot on a sunny day.
It can have beautiful red hair with the pink and blonde highlights of a sunset,
Or it will dye its hair solid black when it is feeling stormy.

It is the ocean and it is beautiful.

Maria Strangie, 2013

Cancer

Never saw it coming, nor did my family.
It brought so much fear into our house.
It came along so slowly,
And quiet like a mouse.
It can leave you lost and broken.
It can take you as you are.
If you can overcome it,
You will shine just like a star.
It takes away all comfort,
And brings uncertainty.
After taking all one can take,
It leaves your body empty.
I think about it every day.
It's a huge part of my life.
In fact, it means a lot to me—
It's inside my father's wife.
The one I call my mother, she is a soldier.
She commands our household, like a general
in Iraq.
I can always look up to her,
And I know she has my back.
She keeps on moving every day.
Evading obstacles in her way.
The main one that could actually end her
days,
I have described in several ways.

Matthew Halaby, 2013

A World

Imagine a world without suffering
Imagine a world without pain
Although it would be perfect
We would have nothing to attain

Without all of the hardships
That we face everyday
Our lives would be self-centered
And lack excitement, to our dismay

Sometimes we need to feel the suffering
Sometimes we need to feel the pain
Even when we forgive and forget
These are things that will always remain

We should all be moving forward
No matter what mistakes we have made
As long as we learn from the past
The future should not make us afraid

If we never had suffering
If we never had pain
We would never have the experience
To share with others and gain

It should be our goal to end inequality
And to spread peace through the worldly community
We can each make a decision to make this a reality
And, only then, can we finally live in harmony.

Sarah Jones, 2013

What happens to a joy felt?
Does it thunder like a gunshot?
Or evaporate like water?
Does it pour like molasses?
Or crystalize like glass
And then shatter?

Tyler Haddad, 2014



Spaceship

Thomas Caveney, 2014

What happens to a victory won?
Does it shine like a summer sunset?
Or burst like a balloon?
Does it crash like the ocean waves?
Does it tingle like sleeping legs?
Or rush like a train
And finally stop?

Austin Perry, 2014

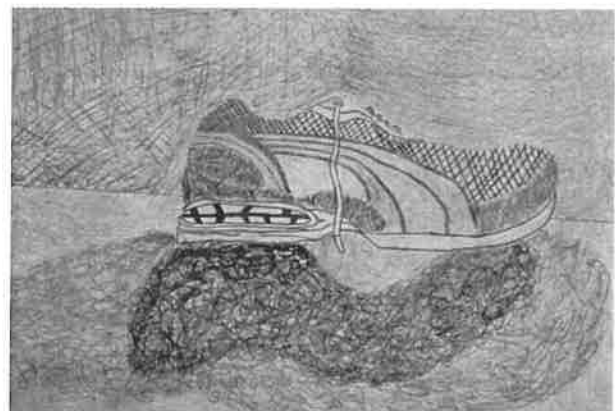


Libya

Michael Pitts, 2014

What happens to a friendship fading?
Does it drop like the leaves of Autumn?
Or plummet like a waterfall?
Does it crumple like tissue paper?
Or loosen like a band-aid
And finally let go?

Hannah Maurer, 2014



Still-Life

Corey Lopez, 2014

Me, Myself and I

I am now a part of the young and the restless:
I say how I feel and don't always think first,
And my name means independent, Lisa.

I'm a double-sided sister:
I'm a young and stupid sister to my sister,
But I'm a best friend to my brother.

I'm a student:
I'm a hard worker at Central,
And I wake up happy knowing where my
life can go from here

I'm a child:
My parents are protective of their youngest.
I have this weight on my shoulders that I
can't always handle.

I'm the definition of different:
I think outside the box and let my
imagination run wild.
I need to prove I'm right even when I'm
wrong

I am now part of the young and the restless:
I say how I feel and don't always think first,
And my name means independent, Lisa.

Lisa Piccolomini, 2013

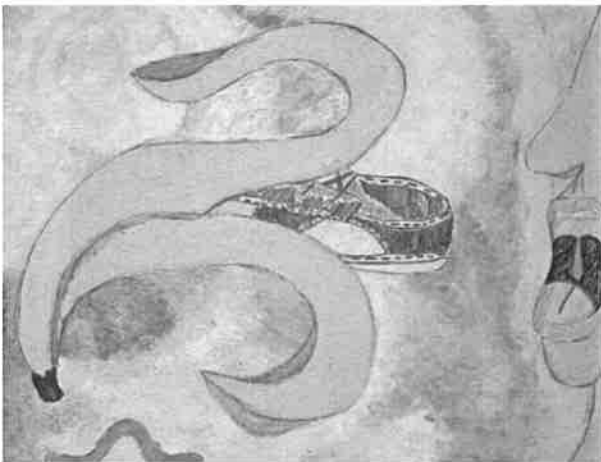


Self-portrait
Joseph Greenwood, 2011

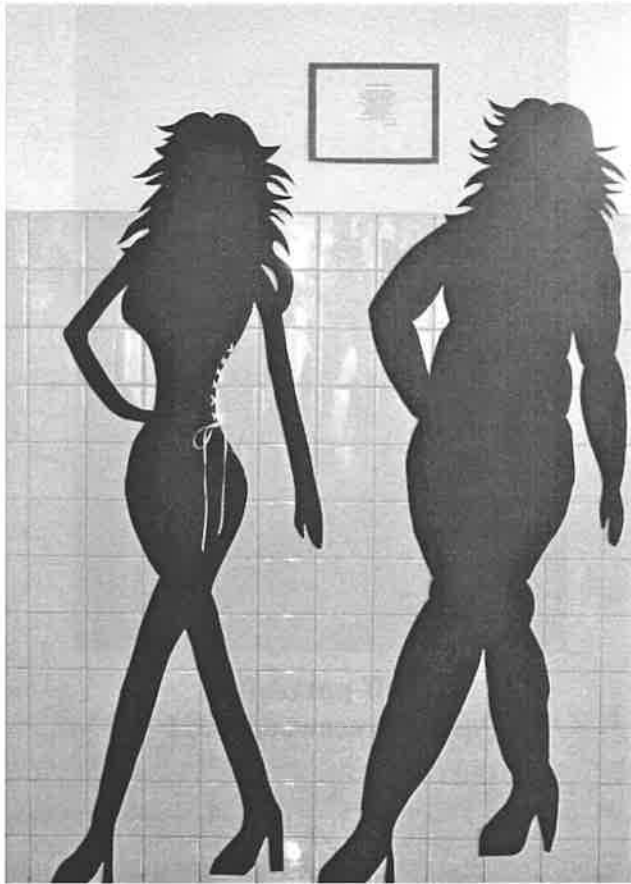
Groundation

What I did wasn't very good.
It wasn't good at all.
I'm sitting in my room just staring at the wall.
Can't go downstairs, can't go outside.
Folding clothes all day—all you can smell is Tide.
I want to leave, I want to go.
But all I can do is hope time isn't too slow.
I'm sorry for what I did.
Can't you see I didn't know?
That a car, nowadays, slips in snow.

Brandon Spring, 2013



Chiquita
Erick Maldonado, 2014



Brianna Tersolo, 2012

We're all beautiful.

Being fake isn't being pretty
You're beautiful in every
color and size.
To find out how a girl feels
about herself,
You just need to look into
her eyes.
Constricted by the media,
There's only one way you
should look.
They try to tell you how to
act,
How to dress, what to
cook.
Remember, you are
beautiful,
Big, small, white, black or
blue.
Just love yourself,
Because no one's more
important than you.

Brianna Tersolo, 2012



Brianna Bain, 2012



Brianna Bain, 2012



I, the Tiger
Courtney Wilson, 2012



Christina Aiello, 2011

I hate math.
I try each new problem in my homework,
and I can't do a single one.
Timmy comes over,
and helps me,
and after a few minutes it all makes sense,
and I feel
ridiculous.
Timmy never gets frustrated like I do.
We balance each other out.
I'm crazy and easily angered,
with my flaming red hair, and
Timmy
is as quiet as the woods,
after a heavy snowfall,
when all the animals are asleep,
and warm,
in their beds.
Timmy makes my anger fly out the window
whenever I fly off the handle.
Without Timmy,
I'm a table missing a leg.

Sarah Lynch, Class of 2012

Each
year my
mom makes us a
take a photo on the beach
in Maine for
a Christmas card. I don't
feel very Christmassy in August,
but my mom is always in the Christmas
spirit, and Timmy
just goes along with it like he
does with everything else. We stand on the
beach with the tide rolling in and smiles plastered
across our faces as
we wait to hear the "click" of the
camera. Each of these summers goes by, and
all of these Christmas cards sit in their frames placed neatly
by the window.
Each one with
Timmy, not one
of them the same.

Sarah Lynch, Class of 2012

Tim got into UPenn.
Early decision.
Early deciding
where Tim will be without me.
I feel bad
that I want him to stay.
His dream is coming true,
but my heart is breaking,
I see Tim every day,
and we are best friends.
When he leaves I'll be here,
alone
When Tim is gone he won't come back.
I'll look out the window,
and his car won't be there.
He'll go off and do something great,
and he'll do it without me
I'm sad
he's going, but it's okay.
I know he'll always be
My Timmy.

My Timmy
with his blonde hair and hazel eyes and six-and-a-half
feet of height.
My Timmy
who is smart and funny.
My brother Timmy
whose smile makes the world seem

Perfect.

Sarah Lynch, Class of 2012

Homemade pizza smells good,
with the snow falling
on the other side of the window,
and Timmy is the composer
of a beautiful symphony of food.
I love the nights when our parents
work,
and Timmy and I get to eat what we
want.
We take turns making dinner.
On Timmy's nights,
it's always something good.
Baked Mac-n-Cheese,
Grilled chicken,
Pizza.
On my night,
it's always pancakes,
but Timmy doesn't mind.
Banana pancakes are his favorite kind.

Sarah Lynch, Class of 2012

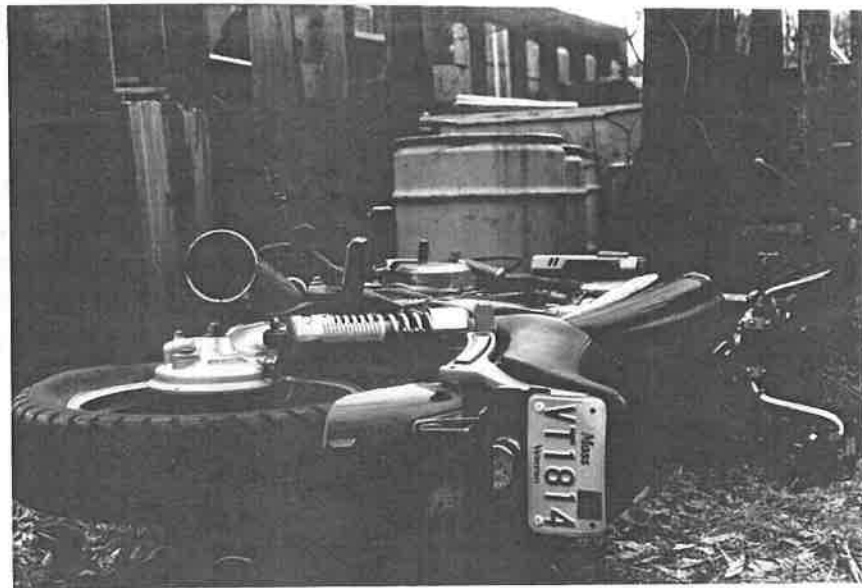


Creature of the Night

Model: Kerri Liss

Corey Liss, 2011

VT1814
Jana Winfield, 2011



defeat

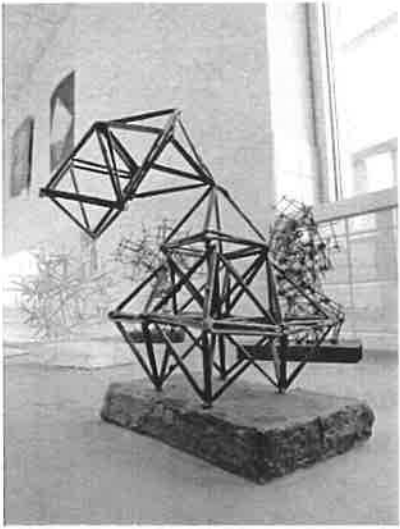
sticky tar smell;
an endless booming, slamming serenade
echoes my footsteps:
waking me up, lulling me back to that conscious slumber.
hammers and calloused hands;
the beautifully blinding orange
marking my memory.
Elton John on the radio
bringing back memories I never really had.
sound waves fade
as warm rain makes paper soggy,
sticking to my shoes.
it's falling apart; don't try to stick it back together.
it is a battle fought
when the war is
over.

Nina Misra, 2011

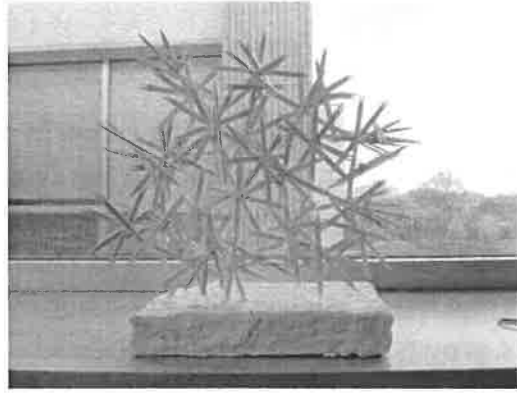
trying times

a city of paper high rises
delineates itself
from man made forests.
unfiltered imperfection:
sweet smoke, bright eyes,
trying times,
but at least we're trying.
old records with pictures of John Lennon
and Twiggy on the covers;
crooning and beckoning: All You Need Is Love.
old records of nostalgia play as I am
sitting on my grandfather's knee,
this is America, I tell him.

Nina Misra, 2011



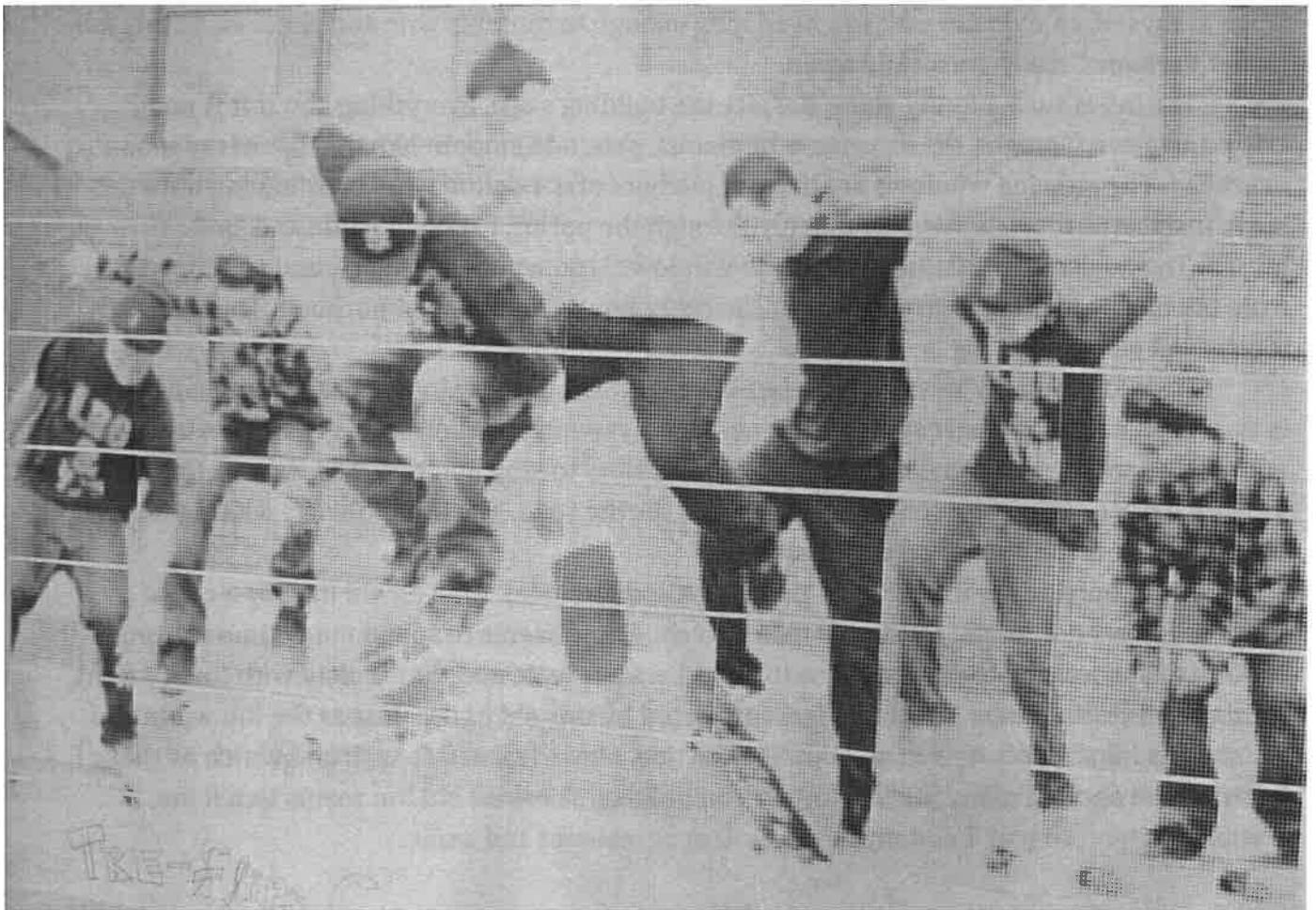
Toothpick Sculpture
Ryan Sullivan, 2011



Toothpick Sculpture
Victoria Guzkiewicz, 2011



Toothpick Sculpture
Meredith Hopkins, 2011



Tre-Flips Galore
Andrew DiBasio, 2011

Seaside Inn

A story inspired by Edward Hopper's *Room for Tourists*

For thirty years, the inn has remained practically the same. Every summer I am greeted by the same white face of the house, the same green trim, and the same painted sign out front. "Rooms for Tourists" the sign says with fading letters. In all this time, I have passed the inn and never stepped inside. There has never been any need. As long as I have visited this seaside town, I have stayed with relatives and friends—first with my sister-in-law until she passed away, and now with her generous, grown children.

Year by year I pass the old inn, always standing on the outside, peering in. The wide window out front, now half-hidden by an awning of olive green, strikes me as a portal to another era. If I touch the smooth glass, I feel certain I will melt through the window and find myself in another time. The parlor behind the window reminds me of an insect preserved in amber—a fossil, a crystallized example of life. The interior is charmingly old-fashioned. The shape of the side table and its position beside the old piano remind me much of my childhood home. *Perhaps, if I could just get inside*—the idea of traveling back there catches me. I then laugh at myself, an old man who has lived long enough to bury his wife and children. Is this full-circle? Perhaps I really am a child again.

The inn is such a funny place; despite the building's age, everything about it is neat, crisp, and clean. Tonight, the exterior is luminous, pale, and smooth like the disc of the moon overhead. The glowing windows are like full pitchers of dandelion wine overflowing onto the lawn. Inside, the tourists swim drunkenly through the parlor. I stand outside and smile to myself. The golden light issuing from these windows is so warm, so cheery, and so different from the murky night that crouches over the other houses in the neighborhood. The inn really is a special place.

I would never say so to anyone, but I'm sure this house is alive. It has a personality, and is as much a part of my past as an old friend. These yawning windows, sleepy and heavy-lidded with their dark awnings, invite young and old travelers to stop and rest. The curious travelers hesitate a day or two, then strike out once again for the road. The inn is always waiting for them with the same contented expression.

I wait outside the inn with my memories and fantasies. Am I an old man or a child? I suppose it does not matter. As an old man or a child, one seems to spend much time waiting—waiting to die, waiting to grow up. The inn and I always wait, and that is okay with me. Tonight, waiting and resting seem just fine; I feel comforted by this old house. Just as the inn waits and watches its inhabitants flow in and out like the tide, I have learned to wait and watch as those I love come in and out of my life like tourists on holiday. The wise old inn seems to tell me, "People are temporary." I nod my head in silent agreement and smile.

Joy Silvey, Ed., 2011

MASSIVE Thank You's to:

- *Our cover artists, Olivia Stanislas & Meghan Cavency- thanks for introducing us so masterfully.*
- *The creative geniuses who have work featured in this issue. You are visionaries.*
- *Dr. McCue for all of the appreciation you taught us to have for film, detail, art, beauty, and complexity. Your teaching changed how we looked at history and ourselves. You will be greatly missed at CCHS.*
- *Ms. Giraffe for directing us towards some amazing artwork, and for all of the students whom you inspired this year—it has been awesome learning with you, and we can't believe all you've helped us accomplish in one year! Central is lucky to have you.*
- *Ms. Groleau for all of the work you've done with the art program. Thanks for the beautiful photographs and the students you've helped develop.*
- *Mrs. Brown for your direction of the Fine Arts Department, and for all of the original student submissions you helped us get our hands on!*
- *Ms. Moynihan, for helping us to find our own voices and for spending two years teaching us.*
- *Mr. Welch, for starting this lovely magazine 11 years ago and putting up with our nonsense every Tuesday morning.*
- *Mr. Cowie & Ms. Sullivan for getting more students involved.*
- *Br. Jim Halliday for helping us schedule.*
- *Ms. Keller and the Administration for supporting our work and making sure we have the means to keep our magazines printing and our coffeehouses brewing.*
- *Cam Silveri and Jake St. Pierre, for hosting our coffeehouses with such flair. Way to adlib.*
- *Marquis Victor and ETP for inspiring us for the 2nd year in a row!*
- *Steve Prud'homme & Riverside Press for putting us together again.*
- *Mr. Nunez and the Maintenance Staff for seating us, staying late for us, and making us loud.*
- *Cindy Parnagian & The Party Connection, Inc. for all of our yummy coffeehouse treats.*
- *Mr. Blackman, Mr. Jalbert, Mr. Cavanaugh, and Mr. Alaimo—you rock!*
- *The Guidance Department for letting us use the big table.*
- *Everyone who showed up to the coffeehouses and workshops. We appreciate your creativity, musical talent, snapping, and laughter.*
- *Ms. DeSantis. Without your humor, "serious" deadlines, hard work, food, time, and boundless patience, we would have been completely lost during this process. We truly appreciate you. Thanks for a wonderful year :)*

Ms. DeSantis would like to thank her talented staff, for another year of good times and good reads.

OLIVIA STANISLAS, JOY SILVEY, ELENI NIKITAS & ELIZABETH LYONS

You four will go far. Have a blast. I'll miss you. Please write. (Get it?)

