Visions

Volume 4
Issue 1

Dedication

Miss Shaw, we love you.
For all your work with the art club,
your collaboration with *Visions* in the past,
as well as your uncanny ability to be cool,
we dedicate this issue to you.

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"Don't you ever wonder, sometimes, of sound and vision?"

- David Bowie

"A writer must refuse to allow himself to be transformed into an institution."

- Jean-Paul Sartre

"Writing is seduction."

- Stephen King

"intelligence is intuitive
you needn't learn to love
unless you've been taught
to fear and hate"

- Saul Williams

Water Bottles

Sometimes I feel trapped
I am cornered
For example
They say that when you reuse plastic water bottles they collect germs
All right I believe that
So then I will wash them
Oh no
They say that soap could be blamed for making people fat
Ok so now what am I supposed to do?
I know I could keep on buying water bottles
But what if I am not rich enough to pay $1 every time I want to transport water
What if I have a lucky water bottle I don't want to throw away?
Plus isn't it just plain wasteful to keep throwing water bottles away
What if others don't recycle?
Anyway, do you want to know why soap could possibly make people fat?
In chemistry they say like dissolves like
So in order to clean your greasy dishes
You need a cleaner form of grease
But it is still a form of grease
Then does one bad person dissolve another bad person?
Maybe that is what everyone is waiting for
For the bad to clean itself
But it is still bad
And it still has its adverse effects
So please there will be a separate collection of water bottles
Instead of trash next week
Please leave your bottles out on the sidewalk
You have to do something to help

Stacey Foster
Junior

fighting fiercely
long and hard
so that one day
together
you and I
will be
with miles of
land and sea
between us how
do you feel so near
what smudged lines and
scratched out words
will never show
is exactly what
you need to know
through depths
and darkness
lies love
the truth behind it all

Julia Tredeau
Sophomore

Chrissy's house was fun 'cause her mommy let us pick some of the flowers on the side of the house! Her house is pink! Pink House Big Dog Runny Nose Chrissy Chrissy Chrissy!!!! Sun and Mud, Sun and Mud. We made mud pies, that's probably why my nails are black. Yup, fun sun mud.

"Mommy is hell a bad word?"

Boys at Chrissy's house ride bikes across her driveway across our chalk hearts. Pink Hearts Pink House Hearts!!! They wore baseball hats, Tommy doesn't wear a hat and Daddy doesn't wear a hat. Mommy must not like hats. Hats Hearts Houses! Hats Hearts Houses!! They said hell at us and Chrissy said her daddy says hell and her mommy cries and hell is not a good word but a bad word.

"Mommy?"

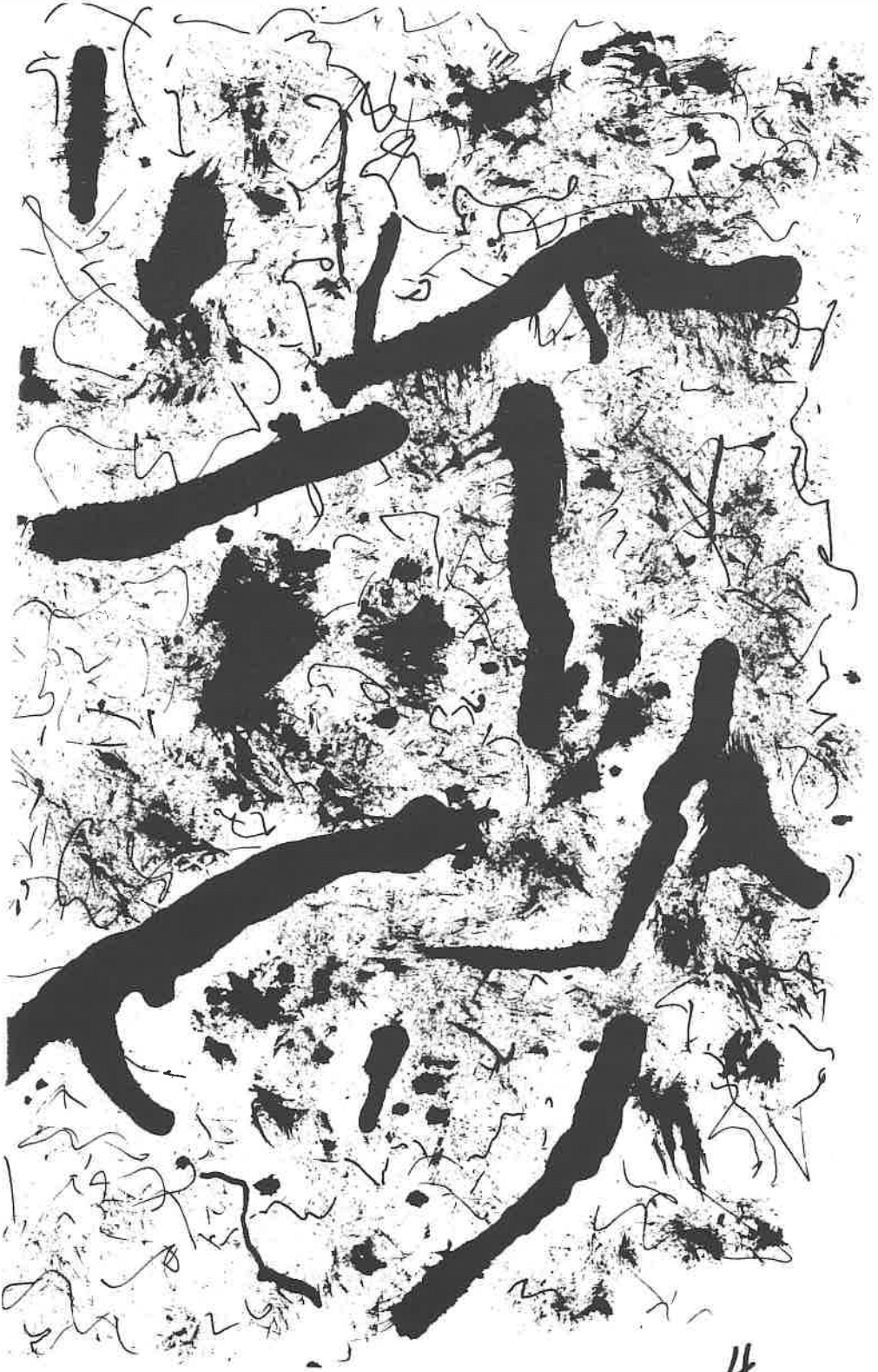
Daddy doesn't say bad words and Mommy only cries when I really want to go play and I don't hang up my clothes and they stay on the floor in my closet and she finds them there and when she finds them she cries and looks at me like she wants to hit me but she doesn't. And then I know how bad I am. Lonnie had to tell the Father how bad she is and when Mommy cries because she can't hit me, because hitting's bad, and looks at me and her eyes are red and she doesn't want me I know I'm bad and she doesn't want me 'cause I'm bad.

"Mommy?"

"Just GET upstairs and take a bath! You're filthy!"

Mommy's mad at me, Mommy's mad at me. I am so Bad and she Hates me. I said a Bad word and she Hates me. She Hates me! I'm Bad I'm Bad I'm Bad I'm Bad!!
I'm as bad as they tell me at Church
When the Father looks down
And I know He's looking at me
And He says I'm a Sinner
And don't give enough.
I'M SO SORRY JESUS!!!!
PLEASE GOD...GOD BLESS MOMMY
AND DADDY AND TOMMY AND LONNIE AND
GOD PLEASE DON'T HATE ME TOO

Emily Franz
Senior



after this

there's a waterfall on
the roof of the house
and people fall into the pool
wasted, they know not that they
are eating the fish alive
'till they vomit them still squirming
on the side of the street

there's another form in the bed
lying there beside him
she died years ago
with a rope and a stool
she likes to sleep in her old room
and flirt with all the boys
who come to play in her house

flames engulf the city
as drunken bodies
dripping with sweat and mud
riot in the streets until
the stinging in their eyes
makes them fall to the ground
and it all goes black

300 bodies pressed together
into one mass of estrogen and testosterone
the smell is overwhelming
and the music louder than anyone's scream
but the row of kegs slows it all down
to a dulled roar
where the naked snow angels dance

Alissa Holden
Sophomore

[1]*Poetic account of a college fraternity party*

Victory

Their lives were unfazed, their methods unchanging. With grim salutes and determined eyes, how could anyone question their resolve? Their purpose? Clockwork precision coalesced into tick-tocking hearts. Their livery immaculate, their ribbons aligned, they indeed were prepared for the trials ahead. Marching rows in unison, the dogs unleashed.
They had a war to win!

The enemy, that gray mass on the horizon with laughing gestures and sickening smiles, leered to their lands with impunity. The enemy was always there.

Bravely, they marched to battle with rifles leveled, levers drawn back, breaths taken. Only fate or some cruel god of war would decide their Victory here today.

The little boy stared at the marching columns, enchanted. The noise and sound shocked and awed him into silence with its splendor, its revelry. With trepidation, he observed the chaotic conflict.

A sound is heard, the collapse of a still heart, the life drawn from another in this parody. The soldiers ignore the reminder of their mortality, glazed eyes staring at Victory. Victory, the greatest euphoria of them all! Their lives were but pawns to kings and generals, their souls pledged to that bright, waving banner. The trumpeter gives a final call to battle, the last flight of the soldier, marching to Victory and Valhalla.

The boy grins, his eyes bright with amusement. What a joyous spectacle! With trembling hands he swept the wind-up soldiers into a box. Fate had decided, the war was over.

Sean Closs
Senior

Poem I Wrote in One of My Books

He owns this book.
This is the book he took.
Look!
It's his name!
Es su nombre!
We're not sure
Why you have this book.
Give it back.
Now.

Madmen

Madmen
Are
Mad at me
I don't know
Why.

I am not
A Madman~
I think I know why.

Sam Kilsdonk
Sophomore

i. Bedside Whispers
The intimidating mahogany bed board
Bows over her in worship.
A pesky gray strand,
Smooth as the highest string of a violin,
Pokes from her matted head –
Athena's lost thread.

ii. Yarn Intertwined with the Precision of Mid-morning Verse
I read romantic poetry aloud
While she slumbers under a worn afghan
That holds within its fibers all her words
And each steady breath she rasps
To the swaying measure of Sappho.

iii. Infinite Dust, Elapsed Heaven
Dreams and memories fade to subdued chaos,
And what to hope for now –
A wish so small to remain contained
In this stale, shrinking room.
The last is swept away
With the five year old dust on her floor,
As I sort her belongings and cover the furniture.

iv. Gold-plated Reveries
Her locket sleeps in my right pocket.
I rub it when my hands perspire,
And the cool metal quenches my burning fingers.
When I feel confined I lay it on the afghan;
During night quiet,
It listens to my dreams.

Elisabeth Lohmueller
Senior

Flower Power

2120:

He took another drag from his cigarette, which only exacerbated the twitch in his mannerisms, and blew the smoke aside to be absorbed into the amorphous club atmosphere.

"So, okay, fine, fine. So I work for the chlorophyll plant--"

"What does the plant have to do with anything?" All business, skeptical brow, arms folded. The interrogator had an impressive demeanor for his appearance, the same scruffy look of booze and feedback that saturated the world around him.

"Look, I'm--I'm starting at the beginning. It doesn't make sense if you start in the middle. You lose track of things; you miss stuff. Important stuff."

"Fine. I got it. It's going somewhere."

"Yeah, it's going somewhere."

"Get on with it!"

So I work for the plant. It's an okay job; money's all right. I do the grunt work; any job that needs a hazmat suit but no training, I'm there. The place drives you mad, though. Absolutely nuts. Everything about it's fake – signs on the walls with stupid jokes about flower power above grinning idiots in uniform, the way they shake your hand, the spotless sanitized floors. God knows what they shell out for janitors over there. Sometimes I think that's what I should've gone into instead, but you know the crazy thing? Never seen a single janitor there in all my time there. No lie.

Okay! Okay, God, I'll get on with it. Lately I've been having problems. Way it started, first I just got a little less sleep, then less the next night, and so on. Insomnia is a pain. Have you ever been alone at night, lights out, nothing to do, can't get to sleep? There's something out of the corner of your eye--wait, now it's over there. You get the idea. The doctor said something was getting into my head from the work. I don't mean stress or anything, I mean I've been working around the biohazard zones too long.

The suits aren't perfect, you know? Every so often there's a tiny rip here or a pore there, and not enough goes through to really hurt you, but it builds up. He gave me some stuff, but you know doctors. They overmedicate. I picked up some cheap pills called Mor-Sleep instead. I hate stupid names like that.

So, follow me on this. Now I wasn't getting enough sleep, and I was drowsy on top of that. Great deal; damned if you do, damned if you don't. But I'd thrown out the pills by then, and I'd look like a junkie coming in and asking for more, so I just went on with work. I started to doze off on hours, but it was okay. I was smart about it; I mean, I made sure the bosses weren't around or anything when I dozed off. Old Whitehead helped out with that--old guy, but not that old, I guess. Nice guy; didn't do any real technical work, but I really didn't know what exactly he did back then. It didn't matter. Anyway, he kept watch for me sometimes, which really helped, but it wasn't enough. I started dozing off more, and I had to find weirder hiding places. I mean I moved from the closet to medical cabinets. That's when I started hearing people. Not grunts like me or Whitehead, I mean; important people. Managers and executives and the top scientists talking when they thought nobody was around. That's what I'd wake up to.

"*Ewige blumenkraft.*"

"Huh?"

"You know what it means?"

"God, will you stop with the interruptions already? Your brain's all over the place."

"Listen, I said--I said I'm going somewhere with this. *Ewige blumenkraft.*"

"*No,* I don't know. Sounds German. Maybe Dutch."

"Well, anyway, that's what they'd start their conversations with. One would say it, then the other."

"Maybe they're literary buffs. I don't see why else; no contact with Europe since the event."

"Maybe."

They weren't ordinary conversations. Always *ewige blumenkraft, ewige blumenkraft,* then they'd get weirder from there. They'd always talk about things they shouldn't know, like how the company's business relates to some crime family out east in Michigan Enclave, or some issue on the senate floor in the Lone Star Republic. It got weirder as I kept listening. Oblique references to the event – vague ones, like something about what the 'ANZO chapter' did, or how they didn't expect the Hive to the north to turn out like they did. By this time, I was keeping myself awake just to listen in, and it really got scary from there. They started talking more about the event, but this time not *the event,* but *the next event.* Preparations made by the Mormon State elders or things going down at the company HQ in Michigan. These people weren't just company suits; they were in something really deep. I was convinced they ran deep everywhere except the Hive, and I was terrified. When I'd see them walking down the halls, I'd try to nod to them like normal, but I think they knew. I saw the look in their eyes, and I felt eyes on my back whenever I went down into the boiler room or one of the secluded chambers. They were waiting.

I had to do something. I had to break it to the paper, but I needed evidence. Bold evidence, the kind of stuff these guys couldn't get the state censors to black out. I went through all sorts of maps looking up the company libraries. Not just here; everywhere. Los Angeles, Mormon State, Lone Star, the HQ. But I knew it was too late for me to make it through the borders, and I didn't even think I'd make it to the next enclave here in LA, so I knew what I had to do. About this time the doctor had me stop by again, and he gave me more of the pills and some tranquilizers. He administered the first tranquilizer himself, but I tossed all the rest; by this point I couldn't afford a lot of sleep. It was dangerous.

The next day, I knew it was time. I stayed after work until everybody else was gone, and then I headed to the depository. The tranquilizers were still kicking in, so it was sort of a haze for me how I got there. I didn't have clearance; I think maybe I got a lockpick somewhere or something. I was sort of staggering when I got in, and I at least remember what I saw there. Mountains of file lockers, reams and reams of paper on chlorophyll catalysis, and--get this--old Whitehead, sweeping a mop

around. I don't know what for; the place was spotless, just like everywhere else, but he was doing it. And you won't believe this next part. What he said to me; I remember that.

I don't know what you expect to find here, Lenny. It's all technical jargon. Plant stuff.

Do you know how the plant works? In general, I mean. Introducing highly protonic elements to destabilize chlorophyll in a controlled reaction.

Do you believe that?

It's technobabble. Science fiction. Absolutely no grounding in reality. You can't get any energy, much less enough to power a city, out of destabilizing chloroplasts. It's gibberish. And do you have any idea how much energy it would have to be to offset the energy used to synthesize the elements and introduce them before they break down?

I don't know. You tell me.

Of course I'm in on it.

We're not going to do anything. People do things. Everything changes. We're people-watchers. Outsiders, you could say.

Aliens? That would be interesting, wouldn't it? Or people from Atlantis, maybe. Or even just Old Europe.

The events? History is made when people's actions converge into an emergent tide. Nobody makes history. At best they can vaguely guide the waves, but nobody knows where they go.

No. You can't blame some evil, self-serving network for your troubles.

Like I said. We're people-watchers.

You don't look so good, Lenny. You should go home.

He was startled out of the story by the feeling of cold steel on his wrists.

"Alright, that's enough. You're under arrest."

"What?!"

The undercover agent rose from his chair, pushing Lenny harshly through a jadedly unsurprised club into the red sky outside, where

numerous military police who had not been there before had performed an appearing act.

"The plant was bombed yesterday. No injuries, no fatalities, but a witness reported seeing a hazmat grunt leaving the premises."

"And you think I did it?!"

"You're clearly unstable, just from that little story. Auditory hallucinations, brain damage from extended exposure to biohazardous material, paranoid delusions..."

"I--I'm innocen--it's a setup! He's shutting me up! Nobody ever gets out of San Joaquin!"

"Calm down, Lenny. We're going to get you all the help you need. Nobody's after you. Nobody's shutting you up."

Uncaring spectators, as was the norm, began to crowd around the arrest as the military police loaded Lenny into the transport. Men and women in business suits, filthy trenchcoats, obscene attire, and one middle-aged man in a chloroplant jumpsuit.

Do you believe that?

Todd Vandecasteele
Senior

i long to be
The 3 AM
Madwoman
and strip
away
my heart's
plastic encasing
and let
poetry
drip
drip
from my
raw fingertips
like the tear-
stained love note
burned and
transformed
into ashen
love dust
by the
would-be
sender
clutching
yellowed photographs
whispering
so many
desperate
"Bring-me-yesterday"s
but instead
i am the
girl who
dreams

Carolyn Arcabascio
Senior

WAR: RIGHT OR WRONG?

We question why there is war?
Is it so we can show off our weapons?
Is it so that others might know just how dangerous we are?
Or is it for freedom?
Do we do it for the rights of the common people?
Is it so that we can walk along the streets without fear?

Is it right to fight?
To kill what God has created so wonderfully?
To take what we have made and use it for battles?
Or is it wrong to want something that is rightfully ours yet it's taken away?
Is it wrong to need the liberty to dress, walk and talk however we desire?
To want to raise children who will not fear the world?

Why do we never do what is right?
Why can't we ever accept that what is expected isn't always the best?
Don't we know that fighting will never solve anything?
There are things worth fighting for
But at what expense are we willing to risk them all?
Our children growing up in a world of fear, of hate and destruction
Is this right?

Who should fight?
Is it the politician convinced that war is the only way?
The leader who wants all the power?
Or the man who only wants to serve his country?
The common parent who wants to protect his children?

Do we really ever believe in our reasons for war?
Is it because we are told that we fight?
Or is it because that is the only course of action?
Do we fight to save our nation?
Or to destroy another?
Do we battle for the freedom?
Or for the power?
No matter the reasons there is still no just course for war.

Fidelis Wambui
Sophomore

EGG

EGG

A red sun rises,
Blood will be shed.
All the world's trouble
Will be hatched from an egg.
Many people die as
The world comes to an end.
But as the night falls,
There is peace again.
The calm air blows,
As the night stands still.
A red moon rises,
Blood has been spilled.

Tan Nguyen
Freshman

Ed

I have a friend,
his name is Ed,
he's really good
at playing dead.

Together one day
he let me see,
he ate some berries
from a tree.

He got tired and
he lay down,
he napped silently
on the ground.

I waited there
I stayed all day
when it got dark
I went away.

The next day
he was still there,
but now there were bugs
crawling everywhere!

I poked him once,
I poked him twice,
I scared away
the coming mice.

I sat down
right next to Ed,
the whole long day
he still played dead.

Home again
at the fall of night,
he was on the news
what a fun delight!

They said he was missing
without a trace,
but I knew where;
I knew the place.

When I returned
he wasn't around
had he got up?
or was he found?

Trying to find him
I hadn't looked far
'till I saw a parade
led by a funny black car.

They lowered him down
deep into the ground
with a marble stone
telling where he's found

But he wasn't dead
at least I think,
the day before
I saw him blink----

Patrick Lynch
Junior

The Inferno of SpongeBobby

Canto IV

...Then, SpongeBob, devoid of both pants and mind, with eyes aglazed and quick to twitch, gestured toward the portal- the halfway point in our miraculous journey. I was afraid that the portal might inflict pain, but I trusted in my holey-jaundiced friend and entered without haste to greet a tickling sensation as I passed through it. Of course, I wanted to laugh, but I knew the journey was one of purpose and importance and I had to be serious. My eyes adjusted to the bright scene before me – a world of aisles filled with a myriad of groceries from Pirate's Booty to chocolate-covered cranberries, and women's Luna bars to Opera's Favorite Chicken Salad in the prepared foods section. Artificial lighting consumed the entirety of the store while the crash of carriages and moaning of the desperate dead filled the elevator music-ridden air. "Master Bob, I beg of you, what is the punishment found here in this place? What hell tormenteth these present here and for what sin?" Quoth he, "Come follow and you will see, young sponge, the error of these shoppers' ways." The newly waxed faux tile flooring made me dizzy and want to vomit profusely on my guide to ease the sharp pain in my head: "That, young sponge, is the first punishment- the dead are forever forced to look down at the sickly entrancing floor which accompanied them up above, and crash into one another as they struggle to look for their grocery items among the millions of aisles that adorn this lovely wing ::A Full, Evil And Hearty Laugh Commences From SpongeBob That Makes Me Shiver:: These poor souls here are present because of the unfortunate selfishness that plagued them during living days. Although the registers' signaling lights were out for a break and the simple "don't-come-here" signs were present on the black rotating belt, these self centered souls took it upon themselves to guilt those hard-working and underpaid cashiers into taking "just one more" customer – unfortunately, a few cashiers were never able to make it on their breaks or even go home, because as soon as he/she took one, a flood of impatients poured in after, culminating in the death innocent workers ::Places Hand On My Shoulder::

Justice must be had, young sponge, and good 'ol Bog And All His Holy Angels And Saints decided this was the best service." Tears collected in the corners of my eyes and I began to weep – not for the souls here, of course, but for those innocents lost in the battle of retail on Earth. "Do not fret, young sponge, but look up to see what other justice is served." As I did, I realized that there was also a front end consisting only of ONE register – the Express Lane of 12 items or less. It occurred to me then, as one who has just triumphed in a cruel four and a quarter hour game of foozeball, that the shoppers were unaware of the 12-item rule and were sent away by the emotionless and uncompassionate humanoid cashier to return their items and begin their search again. Not only that, but the shoppers could not argue for "just one more," for they were muted, except for the ability to moan when they violently crashed into one another in the innumerable aisles. "Of course," Master Bob chimed, reading my thoughts, "the shoppers always forget about the 12 item rule on their repeating journeys throughout the aisles, and thus continue to relive the heartbreaking and utterly annoying experience over and over again for the entirety of their dead lives – which is essentially forever." I then began to appreciate the Word of Bog and understand his amazing creation of these justice rings in hell. As I followed Master SpongeBob, I longed to stay and watch the picture perfect sight and smile in the shoppers' eternal agony...'O damn,' I thought to myself, 'I knew I forgot something,' and I walked through the next portal making a mental note never to forget my camera again.

Bobby Ringuette
Senior

It's 3 A.M.

and You rolledover onto my arm
it's asleep, again. (you won't wake up either)
all I want is a bit of room, some Sleep to savor the Waking
but, then what next? Waking to savor the Sleep?
it's funny how that goes. isn't it.
I know the sound, you breathing completely oblivious to me
(I scribble this down, more on the sheets than the paper.
Oh well.)
aside from Breath there is only the Silence
aside from that...
?
it's like that opium rush, You know the one.
maybe that's all that's left in the air
maybe that's all that's left anywhere
maybe that's all that matters.
the sweet and lingering smoke (well... not really)
but that air, the *je ne sais quoi*
that's what it is
the Air
I wonder if it remembers
if it saw (uh oh)
I wonder.
hmm... so if you take away the Sound and the Silence
that's all you have
Memories that linger like Smoke Dust (hmm, I'm in the mood for some incense now)
but, will it ever settle?
Ah!
nirvana

Urvesh Shelat
Junior

True Happiness

I have grown to understand that humans can be unappreciative
That though God gave us everything, we still want more
That even though God gave us the very breath we breathe
We still forsake him
His love is ours for the taking
Yet we throw it back in his face
Isn't it a wonder that he still loves us?
Even though we abuse and destroy his creations,
He still comes to our rescue
If we only comprehended the value of the
Grass so green or the majestic birds in the sky
Then maybe we'd come to find the meaning of life
If we only loved one another and stopped hurting each other
Then maybe we'd know true happiness
It is beyond my understanding why we take everything for granted
Seemingly the only important thing is money nowadays
But I remember that 'God made man, man made
money, money made man mad'
For it is only in God we find true happiness.

Fidelis Wambui
Sophomore

Ave Piaculum

Last night I said goodbye
And this time for good.
I had to break off this mutual impasse,
This deleterious symbiotic relationship,
A prolonged role and mere angle of time.

I'll admit I was a bit concerned
Leaving him a note on the grimy coffee table.
It was there we would talk.
I would pull my knees against my chest,
Securely wrap my arms around my legs,
And he would listen.
And he would understand.

But tonight he'll find the note
And maybe noiselessly cry over the impromptu finale.

"Dear Piaculum," he'll read -
"The pathos you wrought was alluring but opaque,
And I can no longer maintain any worth
With you constantly mauling my posterior, causing me to cry out.

Do you remember we fell in love
Amid early morning hours and bits of
Consciousness and careless dreams.
I pretended to be you, cloaked in dark shadows,
Scrabbling around but still laughing at your fleeting amusement.

It was naivety, at best,
And I assure you my disposition is now miles away,
Overlooking a great edifice with only the
Horizon staring back at me, where your face once did.

Do you remember the late night phone calls,
Scattered embers along the desolate highway,
Acoustics of all the love letters.
You ravaged me, and I cannot deny
My compliance to your witchery.

With my constant dejection you wrote a poem,
And I signed my name to the bottom of the page
While your eyes remained downcast,
Tracing the silhouette of my pen
In the afternoon sun.

I never grasped your elation in sorrow,
The delirium you encountered in my ever-falling graces.
Even in the beginning, your game, if one can call it a game,
Was only in your vainglory.

It is this reason alone why I am leaving you,
Though I realize the affliction I am inciting -
An abandonment you solicit so desperately.

And I urge you to seek consolations.
My dearest Piaculum, iron cage of my body,
Tell of your privations, and open the chasm of your soul
Where I once lurked.

It is my greatest conviction that you will find another mode of empathy,
Another disposable supplier for your parasitic desires
If only for a transient moment."

Elisabeth Lohmueller
Senior

The Inquisitor

Call me a demon, a heretic, a blasphemer, all of these I have heard and more. I do not subscribe to your thoughts, your feelings; I do not follow your path of supposed righteousness. Am I damned? Perhaps, but is knowledge damnation, and ignorance bliss? I call to question your motives, your faith in the benevolent universe, and your special relationship with existence. Do you practice what you preach; do the sins of your fathers weigh against you? Do you sleep easier at night ...

Trusting to your Creator?

Stop! Why do you flee from my questioning, why do you condemn me so? For am I naught but a man, a creature of flesh and blood? Do I not bleed by you, stand by you, and suffer as we each suffer in turn? "Surely," you say, "surely there must be more to life than life?" I concur; life is not just about base pleasures, but the highest pinnacles of moral evolution. Can I not have morals; must I base my life on a book? "But, it brings hope and joy to the downtrodden!" Yes, I suppose it does, but so does free thought. Can you feed a man on an idea? Can you breathe an ideal? Do you live life to learn, or to ...

Follow?

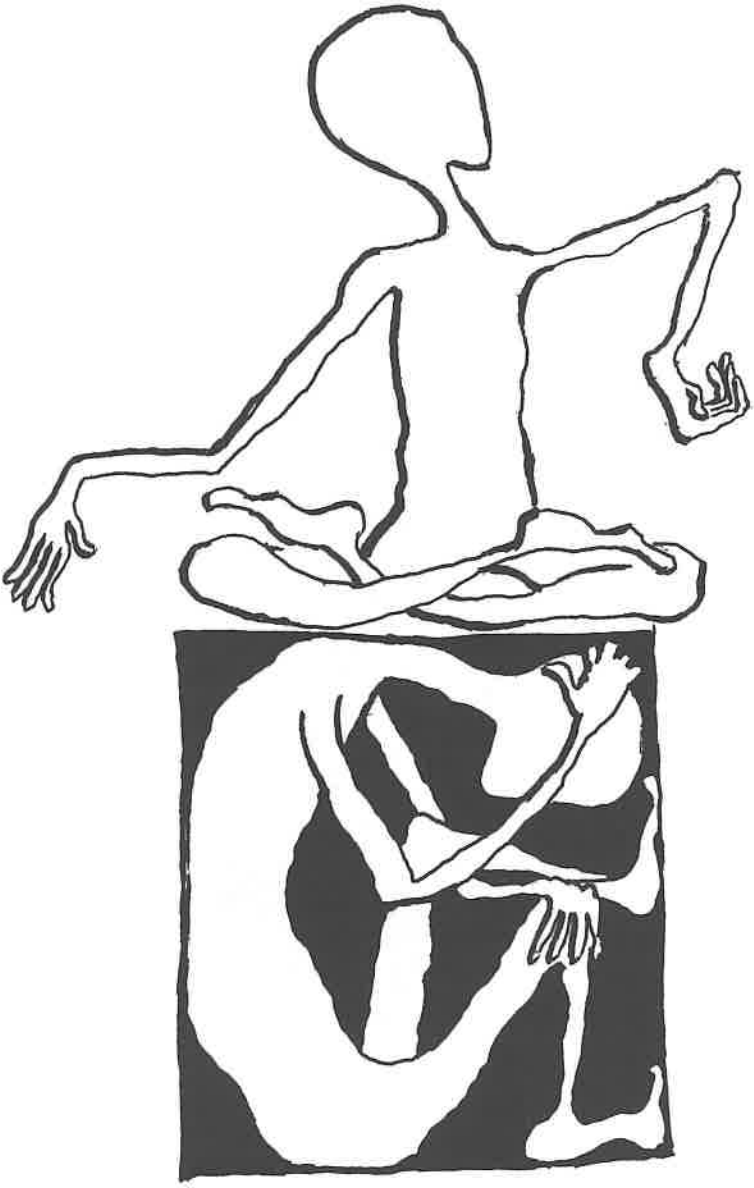
How dare I question God? There is no God I can see, no God I can feel. I envy you your certainty with the universe, that there is a guiding hand molding our forms. I see mankind as stronger than that. Perhaps God exists, who am I to say? I admit my fallacies, but as Patrick Henry said "I follow but one lamp, and that is the lamp of experience." I do not have the words of a holy man to guide me, the backings of a class or three. Ah, but who is the inquisitor now, I say? Do I interrogate you, or do you interrogate ...

Me?

Do not get me wrong; we are kin, you and I. We share the same air; walk the same Earth. Can I not love, fear, hate? Ah, but now *I* am the confessor, the subject to be studied. Pin me down, label me, spread my wings under metal spikes. Do not however, pin down my right to ...

Think.

Sean Closs
Senior



Silly Thoughts May Follow

I am officially declaring this sentence a Prepostistic sentence, full of all the things all right thinking critics would classify as belonging to such a school.

Now I officially declare this sentence a Post-Prepostistic sentence...because, well...because it comes after the one before.

A scholarly sounding thesis and five eight-part books of criticism will follow.

Devoid of anything interesting to say, many great authors, and worthless critics will dredge up this tired old chestnut to make print. It's all about seeing oneself look semi-intelligent now and again.

Understanding School Lunch Mathematics

I was sure—as I'm sure we're all sometimes sure—
that I was most certainly—well,
at least temporarily—deluded during the time I shared with them.

Oh dear. I hope that makes sense, or you might not believe the rest.

Mike Swiniarski
Senior

Nancy Duop & the Large Ogre Boy: A Children's Story

In the great land of the Stubblefield Mountains, there was a small village nestled in the valley between the mountains of Fudge and Fubble. Inside the village lived simple people enjoying their simple days, skipping and frolicking.

But some of the small people did not skip and some of the small people did not frolic. The little children of the village never frolicked, they never skipped. Not one did except for little Nancy Duop. Nancy skipped and frolicked. The older villagers laughed and smiled as little Nancy skipped and frolicked, for she was the first little girl to skip and frolic.

The other children did not understand why little Nancy skipped and frolicked. They were all large ogre-looking children who could not skip and could not frolic. The ogre children looked at Nancy, jealous at the simple ease with which she skipped and frolicked.

One large Ogre boy in particular hated the skipping and the frolicking. "I hate the skipping and the frolicking," he said. He was an ogre. He watched as little Nancy walked to school, skipping and frolicking. He watched as she sat in class reading the evil books the rotten teacher assigned. He watched Nancy skip and frolic with the teacher as they walked to the library. "The two are so small and happy with their skipping and frolicking," he said. The large Ogre boy wanted to crush their skipping legs, destroy their frolicking kneecaps. All the other ogre children followed the large Ogre boy's lead and hated Nancy Duop.

Nancy never minded. She only cared to skip and frolic and read the books that the teacher assigned. She stayed in the library a lot. She read like a quiet girl and left happy, skipping and frolicking all the way home. The large Ogre boy had other plans for her.

"Enough of happy little Nancy Duop skipping and frolicking. I must stop the skip, kill the frolic." But the large Ogre boy simply could not do the job himself. He was not sinister enough. He needed help.

So that night, he climbed Fubble Mountain in search of the Obly. The Obly was a horrible beast. Every happy person in the village was scared of the Obly and his massive sinister chin. All good skipping and

frolicking people in town warned their children of the evil and sinister Obly. But the large Ogre boy was a truly ogre-ish boy. He distrusted his skipping and frolicking parents. He climbed the mountain Fubble in search of the Obly.

He entered a wide cave where the always sinister Obly lived. The sinister Obly saw the large Ogre boy. The large Ogre boy revealed his hatred of little Nancy Duop and her skipping and frolicking ways. The Obly only nodded sinisterly stroking his massive chin. The large Orge boy panicked and got worried. The Obly was truly sinister. What if the large Orge boy was not sinister enough for him? "She skips and frolics with the teacher," he said.

"She skips and frolics with the teacher and reads?" The Obly spoke for the first time. The Obly and the large Ogre boy began to plot and they plotted a plan – sinister plan at that.

Little Nancy Duop would go to the library and the large Orge boy would gather the other ogre children and they would distract the teacher with troubling screams of pain. With the distraction in place, the Obly would go into library and unleash the HOLY TERROR on little Nancy Duop.

The next day, Nancy Duop skipped and frolicked to school eager to get the reading assignment from the teacher. The large Ogre boy watched behind her, delighted to know that he would help rid little Nancy of her skipping and frolicking. The school day began and ended and the assignment was given. The teacher and Nancy Duop skipped and frolicked to the entrance of the library where they would part and the teacher would have to turn back to watch the ogre children at play. The other ogre children were prepared. Little Nancy Duop entered the library and cries of Bloody Murder began. The teacher covered her ears in fright and began tending to the ogre children whose cries grew worse. The ogre children were great at following directions and they were eager to please the large Ogre boy, for they too hated Nancy for her skipping and frolicking. Then, the large Ogre boy saw the Obly crawling into the back window of the library with the HOLY TERROR covered in a black blanket tucked under his massive chin.

The Obly walked around the shelves of books preparing to unleash the HOLY TERROR in the library and end little Nancy's skipping and frolicking. But he stopped and smelled the air in the library. Hanging in the air was not the dirty odor of books, but the delightful smell of toast. Oh, the joy of toast. The delightful butter and warm bread smell made the Obly's mouth water. He followed the scent and found little Nancy Duop reading a tiny book and snacking on a small bit of toast. The Obly only wanted to nibble a small taste of buttery goodness and crumbly nicety.

He thought hard of his plan to release the HOLY TERROR but his head was so full of the warm scent of toast. He thought of his sinister plan and his promise to rid Nancy of her skipping and frolicking. He cared nothing for them. He only wanted toast, a small bit of crumbly toast.

Little Nancy Duop looked up and smiled. "Would you like some toast?" she asked. The Obly set the HOLY TERROR on the floor and took the offered piece of toast. The Obly became less sinister with every bite and decided not to unleash the HOLY TERROR on Nancy Duop, giver of toast, skipper, and frolicker. He finished the delicious toast and went outside to calm the screams of Bloody Murder.

The Obly invited all the ogre children inside the library and little Nancy Duop gave them all a bit of toast and the ogre children became a little smaller and less ogre-ish. They all left the library skipping and frolicking. Toast heals all wounds.

Andrew Lawrence
Senior

&crowds...

(in)(ex)cite;
drawing (
referring back
to& delineating → (space, no~time)
)
from WITHIN
[read: theft.steal, common,]

ampers& and/either/or shift in motion (constant)
creation is destruction is change ok?

words fading to fuzz and subdued thingness chanting OM
& dancing with shimmering flashes of lightning while
the far~off thunderclaps keep time and rhythm/
alarm& tension (too powerful) = the nature of the dithering aesthetic

(l'anarchie concrète)(le mot concret):
youiyou (few) → only... appreciate, venture to love
a) words for what they are
b) freedom for what it is
a) & not what they symbol[(eyes) with eyes we dig our heels into happenings,
with our vulnerability we experience...]
b) & not what we are told (it means)(to do, to say, to be...)
(t)here's a (w)hole... inthesky)
i've seen this in my dreams
& now it's real.

a word and an individual
a word (&)(,) an individual.

nesh(a)(e)ma;la pensèe concrete(
nothingness.

we are [we(')re]
we are all (but mere) catalysts

"Efficient, organized, derived. a single definition towering above you, yet surrounding you with dissonance is not possible. (but after some time, you feel like an untuned radio.)

sound of dirt, strange distortions, impure/irregular, not of this time. LAWLESSNESS. a seemingly flat surface and you realize it on its way from the transmitter as it curves inward;

we are so much & yet
we are fixed to so
little;; . ;

I stand (... "lovesong" by thecure plays inthebackground while I thinkaboutgod-)& we stare. The sky is crowded in windswept mists and density; rivers become introspective and find themselves in varying states of confusion, and their bridges above stretch over them & yawn.
their bridges climb to the gaping heavens that are holes in a torn sheet of paper that "i" scribble on that is one(1) of a pair of twin black holes that are your smiling pupils.

abandoned buildings are no longer abandoned
once you notice them.

panic. "no doubt you've already woken somebody up in your state of alarm." breath, soul, wind. crawl towards something, anything, inside, mend, repair, escape, debris, possibilities. potentiality, a dialogue. a living, breathing order;
i'm fascinated, but outside.

my hands were shaking → when i closed the book...

this ghost's fingerprints are obscured beneath a song that bob dylan sang (his voice cracked in my car); i had no time, i dug my time, i dug my hands into my pockets & breathed because the night was devoid (of stars)
but (even now) i still thank them for
dying& giving me light

and you will find your mountains and live there
with your goats and
you will build three(3)-story skyscrapers of mud
and accept death as something
just as beautiful as life you will
take to the streets and proclaim the words you only thought you would never use

breath(e). air. panic. The notebook... and the explosion overhea(r)d.

(cre)(eman)ation. "it grows under our hands."

Matthew Daly
Senior

Silence; candled, paint-fumed air
Yearning as for old days gone
Frustration; still yet weary dawn
If anxious here than why not there?

Fool Fool! Hoodwinked again!
Sloth and glutton, wasting, waning.
Arise, awake! You dreamer taming,
Lo, the pilled pillow, Eden-fruited friend.

Not just my body nor just the mind
Twixt woven together a treasure there I find.
Again part I in search of something other.
Discipline, walk forth, yielding inner sister and brother.

Mr. Boutin
Teacher

Intoxicated with your love potion
A confession revealed of my devotion
words spoken
slurred
painful
My body shakes
I am fearful
My mentality is on a brief vacation
Rejection from you I'm clearly facing
emotions felt
cherished
embraced
My vision impaired
as my mind raced
And in my tears, suffocating, drowning
My heart for you will never stop pounding

Ashley Brooks
Senior

Life

Answers to questions people always seem to seek
For the reasons you will notice as I lyrically speak
Life is unexplainable mystery
With a combination of joy and guaranteed misery
It isn't a paragraph with an opening scene
But an everlasting novel with a realistic theme
The victorious are the ones who practice their wisdom the quickest
It's a society invented for the survival of the fittest
With determination we shouldn't let our spirits die
But have the strongest witness the power of "I"
We live in a world controlled by pollution
A revolution, lacking a permanent solution
Children suffering from diseases without a panacea
Shedding tears that are painful when one sees
Prejudiced people hating the opposite race
Slapping them with cruel ordeals across the face
While illnesses cause the elderly to become deceased
After doctors fight with enemies that can't be ceased
Unwanted pregnancies leading to a great massacre
A teen aborts a child to redeem freedom for the benefit of her
A life anxiously waiting for its arrival on Earth
When unexpectedly death replaces its birth
The ambitious pursue more than what they can achieve
A form of heist leaving the victim in grief
When two collapse to see a perspective clear
The differences cause tension above the atmosphere
The drugs and alcohol become criminal factors
As they make the innocent lifeless actors
Men playing their girls from day to night
Believing polygamy is a primitive human right
It is then when we are succumbed with threats
As the questions of life emerge in our heads
And at the end we realize our enemy was once our friend
We try to stop the memories but they play again
Only one thing is certain about our daily strife
God will struggle with us on our will to survive

Isis Ortiz
Junior

Plaster Memories

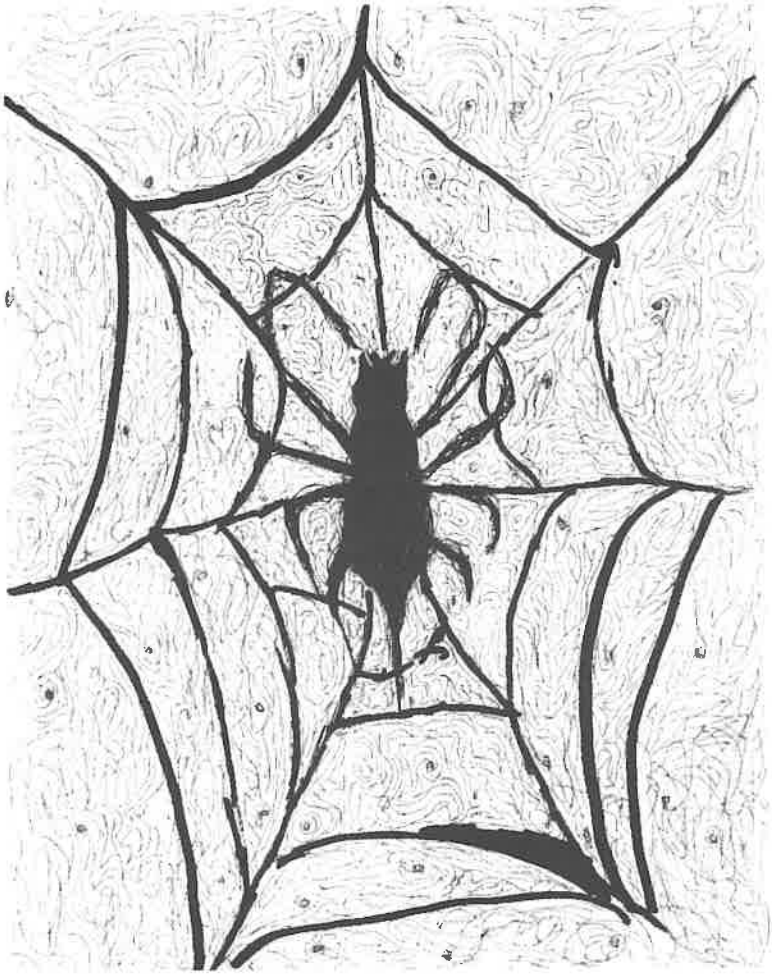
If walls could talk
I wonder what they would say
the stories – would they tell,
or keep them locked away in the smooth vaults of plaster
covered with paint?

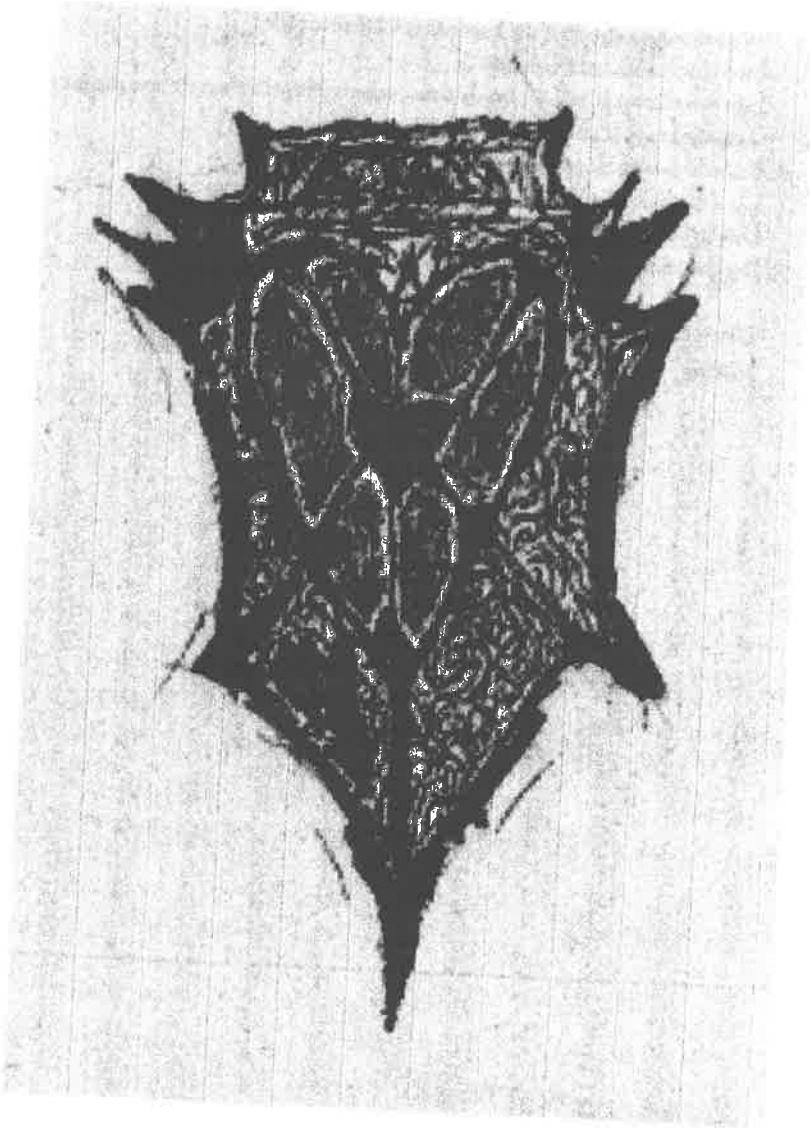
I bet they laugh at the closet
infamous for its skeletons,
smirk to themselves, aware of the silent yet deadly information
they so graciously
conceal.

Tear them down.
Wait for their invisible layers to fall away
and show what you've been searching for.
All you have to do is put your ear to the wall
to hear the hushed giggle
and soft whisperings
of memories etched in plaster.

I'll snap a photo of your memory
and hide it safe in my shelves
so no one else will steal it,
but so I won't forget.
I'll frame the traces of your smell
still on my clothes from last night
and tuck them away in a drawer
for a rainy day.

Courtney Miller
Junior





Ryan Bennett
4A 9/18/03

41

Silence rests on an armchair by the moonlit window
Smoking a cigarette in that milky light
Never has she seemed so full, so alive
As when she lets the mists rise from her
Watching as the still air breezes fold it into silk
Into thickness, into release
Into whatever it is that feeds time, whatever it is that drives moments
Yes, that is it, it must be
For when else does the moon stand so still
Or a moment linger so long
But to savor silence resting on an armchair
By the moonlit window

Urvesh Shelat
Junior

Why am I here? There's something more than all of this. Something that ties us together, the bonds that carry us to the next world. We will follow each other over the bridge to the something more. Few understand. I know they all don't understand why they are here. To make bonds here, cherish everyone. 'Cause we all follow each other over the bridge. One by one we will go. Someday, faraway. Alone or hand-in-hand we will go. Someday, faraway. We will go.

Hold my hand, so I don't have to go alone.

Alissa Holden
Sophomore

Mundane of Monday

Pain
And anguish
Lots of it
No, wait
Not pain
Disappointment
Forlorn sadness
Better? Seems worse
Like failing
Falling
Or fooling
Yourself
Into thinking you're good at something, well
You're not
Good at anything, really
Except maybe bombing
Destroying what is good
And constant
And always
It hurts you know
These pangs
Of, whatever they are
You, can't shove it off
Toss it away
Or hide it
Under that ragged, torn rug, dusty and encompassing
No, that's truly, not the way to go about it
Face it they say
Toughen up, they say
Sure, but what do they know?
Do they know, say, themselves?
Or you?
I doubt it.
They are, after all, just people
...like you.

Keith Martin
Junior

Return to You

It's been so long since I've held you last,
Dark lonely nights thinking of nothing but the past.
Being away has been tearing me apart;
I feel as though I have a hole in my heart.

Dreams of us being tender and warm,
Lying next to each other, kissing and more –
There were also some dreams when I woke up in tears;
They're the reincarnation of all my fears.

I wish so much that I were with you;
Though right now there's nothing I can do.
But think about all the things I miss,
And the very last time you gave me a kiss.

I miss the smell of your dark long hair;
I miss your eyes and their loving glare.
I miss your lips, so sweet and full
And your smile that's more than beautiful.

All these things and so much more
Make my life worth living for;
Though you say that may not be,
You're missing all the things I see.

Things no words can ever describe,
They're the feelings I have inside;
I know you have those feelings too,
Those feelings of a love that's true.

I can't wait to be home again,
To be able to see all my friends,
To go back to the things I knew,
And most of all, to return to you.

Giuseppe Di Marca
Senior

The Midnight Train (Part I)

I was riding the midnight train, outbound from Boston. I usually love riding on trains late at night. The lights inside and the black windows allow my mind to settle and I can be at ease. Winter's cold had come early but snow had yet to fall. My collar bone was sore, so I thought it might start up pretty soon. The trolley car came by, and I bought some crummy magazine, the kind that publishes stupid stories with characters like David and Linda. Linda would be madly in love with David, but David would be hell bent on avenging the murder of his brother, or something like that. You know cheesy kid's stuff. I opened to page 53. The story was called *Loneliness on a Saturday Night (Part 8).* I couldn't stop thinking about what kind of elitist would publish an eight part story. As if people loved his work so much, they bought the magazine just to hear what would happen to his David. Actually in this story, the character's name was Sean. I guess in an earlier episode he had broken up with his Linda, Penny in this story. In these stories the characters' names mean nothing because they all follow the same plot. The story was all about Sean looking back on the past. The more I read the angrier I got. I couldn't even read a silly magazine story without being bombarded with a phony writer's stupidity.

I opened the window and threw the magazine out. Some lady behind me made a protest but I didn't care to listen. I reached in my pocket and munched on a candy bar I had bought along with the magazine.

A girl who was sitting across the aisle from me came and sat in my row. I didn't notice. I was too distracted by the chocolate. She leaned her head toward me and spoke in a soft voice. "Why did you do a thing like that?" she asked.

"What?" I asked.

She leaned across the seat between us. "That magazine, why'd you throw it out the window like that?"

"Oh that." I wrapped the rest of my chocolate into its foil. "I, um, was reading some story and it..." I was going to say its stupidity insulted my intelligence and it angered me because that kind of trash was published, but I didn't want to come off as crazy so I let my voice fade away.

"And you threw it out the window?"

"Well, yeah." I wanted to say more, something intelligent, but her eyes had me boxed in. My mind was failing me so my voice went into auto pilot. "What's ya name?"

"Linda Jean." She smiled shyly as if I had made a joke, but if I did I didn't know it.

"Well, Linda, I am James Linger but everyone calls me J.D. Just like the drink." She didn't laugh. I don't blame her. That kind of thing is only funny to alcoholics and phony teenage drinkers.

As we talked, she started picking lint off her blouse. I was paying attention to what she said but occasionally my hearing was overwhelmed by my other senses. Her fingernails were painted red and she smelled of baby powder, a great smell. I snapped out of it as she mentioned that she was getting off at Manchester. I intended to get off at Salem and thumb a ride home from there.

"I get off at Manchester, too." I tried to be casual.

"Oh, you live in the city?" she asked.

"No, I'm waiting there for a connection north. I'm going to Concord to visit my grandpa." I hate lying, but sometimes it's easier to lie than to be embarrassed. Plus, I can be pretty good at it.

We talked for a while, past my stop in Salem. I read somewhere that it's not what you're like, but *what you like* that really matters. If that's true I was getting on great with Linda. I hadn't talked to anyone in a while and it felt good to meet someone who wasn't a complete parasite.

The train slowed to a stop at the Manchester station. I helped Linda with her bag and walked off the train with her. I can be a real gentleman sometimes. We said goodbye at the ticket counter and she walked off. She looked very pretty in the cold.

I put on my red hunting hat. The night was getting colder, but it hadn't started snowing, yet.

Andrew Lawrence
Senior

Revealing All Inner Negligence

The thrum of the rain is getting annoying
It used to be so melodic
It is falling carelessly all around
My mind isn't thinking anything I necessarily need to remember
Just periodically, like the explosion of the rain on the windshield
I think of something remarkable
Wouldn't you like to know what it is?
Well so would I, but I can't hold onto it
My thoughts are running like the rain that hastily flows away up my windshield
Upward that is unusual
At times I ponder these inane things and treat them like they are special signs just for me
The feeling this event evokes from me at the moment is that
If I hold on and don't break like the rain did on my windshield, then I won't have to go upward to heaven just yet
Because I hear the sirens coming closer now
The rain must have caused me to lose control of my car somehow
I saw your face in the first witness on the scene
I overheard myself murmuring but what I really mean
I am one-fourth angry for the things you never let me do
At that time all I was thinking was how unfair, how could you?
One-fourth despondent about the life I am leaving tonight
Sometimes you can do everything possible and it doesn't come out right
One-fourth nervous about what is to come next
When a year brings changes I won't be there to expect
One-fourth sorry for anything wrong I ever carried out
Life cannot be lived like that; it's not what it's all about
But overall I am just tremendously grateful for all you ever did for me
How was it that I couldn't see?
Until now
As the images of the world wane
And all I can do is look up into the rain

Stacey Foster
Junior

Rapunzel's Night

These white sheets
twisted embrace

My window is the
path through yearnings
take, and
then they catch the wind
and fly~

Sometimes
forgotten by
and known not why
my eyes let go.

They take the form of leaves,
changing Lifting dusk like dawn~

I spurn
These white sheets' embrace
and follow my
window's portal.

The night that steals
my sense of time
dusk like dawn forever to follow~

Will I catch the face of the wind?

Emily Franz
Senior

Legacy 1

Starting at age 5
Compulsory deeds made with the half-hearted hands of a negligent child
I wanted, I wanted
Less of a neurotic life style.
Bowing my hands down to you in honor of respect.
My head is held higher than yours.
Hypocrisy roamed like if the mutiny of WWIII had started.
-though postponed because of rain
The obscene ways treating others who are unlike your fictitious virtues you model yourself by.
Preaching, teaching all you know about life or so you say
Apollo-God of music-soothed my way and told me as an aphorist to calm down
Everything's gonna be all right
Everything's gonna be all right
Bob Marley words controlled my mind
She once embraced me with her captivating songs which lulled me to sleep.
Rock-a-bye Baby
WAT! WAT!
That don't happen no more – Her rigorism grew with every step she took
Poco a Poco
Remorseless she was contemplating her past theorem of life.
Her testimony stands as this: "Do it my way and that's the only option!"
Proposing every day of every second how my life compared to hers would be DIFFERENT
I asked, "Different good, Different bad?"
Mi pregunta was answered
No more was it "i" before "e" except after "c"!
Yeah, I'm young, but illiterate –I am not!
Trying to pacify my irate being.
You with your drinking and thinking it are OK to drive.
I feel like if I am the authority you are the child slowly moving to find out where you're at.
No one else is living this way.

Family?—I question if there is any.
Blood is thicker than water – Yeah, so what?
But only to someone's convenience
Ignorant faces from every angle of the octangular image
My icon was all the truth you ever spoke.
Notions of a change sparked me – Why do we need change?
The infraction between us was much more than a simple tear.
I was breaking down – You infiltrated me with all your nonsense.
I didn't listen.
You indulged with jokes –But I cried.
You sunk me with all your precious gifts.
Thought that you would replace those lost years—then guarantee a spot in my life and my heart?
No –I screamed
For once you'll listen to me. I have things to say,
No more is it your way
I'm talking whether you like it or not
Yeah, I might be juvenile, adolescent and in some occasions inexperienced ~
~But I have—What do you call those things?
A brain!!! Or in bigger words a garganuous mentality
I do have thoughts and feelings.
You made me promises and sooner or later you'd forget
Why, are there other important beings?
Your perfectionism needs perfecting and your prophecy of what this world is like is unreal.
I began to realize that trust is an issue here.
But let me say one last thing—Yeah something that you need to hear.
Before I blow out the candles
I wish for you to love me!
Yeah the way I see on T.V. hold me tight and cuddle on a warm, cozy seat.
But its OK I'll let it go.
That was the day I turned six~~~ AND NOW I'M ALL MATURE!!

Noelia G. Bare
Senior

Albert Camus walks into a bar…

I saw your hands (col-
lapse)& fold away in(to)
urban disorder

I saw modern (col-
lections) that lacked emotion,
lacked love& chaos

I saw dearths of (col-
umns) swallow& sigh without
regard for your li(f)(v)e(s)

Matthew Daly
Senior

We owe much gratitude to:

Mr. DeFillippo and the administration. You make the magazine possible.

Our loyal submitters and all the newcomers as well. Keep it real, kids.

England's Microcreamery in Haverhill for allowing us to celebrate our artistic endeavors with rad ice-cream.

All the readers – students, staff, faculty, and everyone else. You keep *Visions* alive.

Mr. Welch for putting up with us. You've been swell. ☺

Riverside Printing of Methuen for your services and cooperation in helping us make our magazine what it is today.

Further Instruction:

We all enjoyed this latest issue –
We laughed, we cried, we shared a tissue.
And now we inquire
If it's your desire
To submit; if you don't, we will miss you.

We welcome poems, art, prose, essays, and such.
Don't make it too short – don't make it too much.
Three pages max is our cup o' tea.
There isn't a cost – there isn't a fee.

All that we ask is original work –
Saved to a disk – or we'll go berserk.
Deliver creations to room 209
Or send via email – that'll be fine.
Visions@centralcatholic.net --
Email it there, and you'll be all set.

Be bold, but not mean.
Don't swear, keep it clean.
Visions is fun for all girls and boys.
It makes me so glad, I say words like "Humzois!"

Sincerely,
Your humble editors

Biographical Blurbs

Carolyn Arcabascio – writes, draws, and really likes french fries.

Matthew Daly – enjoys not getting hungup on the functional fixedness of typewriters and currently adores the writings of Guy Debord, Anthony Burgess, and Søren Kierkegaard.

Elisabeth Lohmueller – likes knitting, writing, singing, and other such modes of creation.

Courtney Miller – stage crew, writing and collecting random cow memorabilia are among her favorite things to do. She also enjoys making random things out of junk and chocolate chip cookies.

Urvesh Shelat – aside from his esteemed position in the student council, Urvesh's hobbies include writing and visiting local senior citizens.

Publicity Staff: Emily Franz, Alissa Holden, Andrew Lawrence, Bobby Ringuette, Julia Tredeau