



VISIONS

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE
CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
VOLUME XVII - SPRING 2017

DEDICATION

The 2017 Visions staff would like to thank Mr. Joseph Welch '90 for his many years as a dedicated moderator of the Visions Literary and Arts Magazine. When Mr. Welch founded Visions in January of 2001, he recognized that the arts are a cornerstone of our identity at Central Catholic. Over the years, the magazine has grown from a humble collection of written work to a celebration of our CCHS family's creativity and many talents. Mr. Welch pioneered the Visions coffeehouse-style release party, giving students a safe and supportive forum in which to share artwork, written work, and musical talents. Visions will always be indebted to the work and commitment of Mr. Joseph Welch. We sincerely hope that this, our eighteenth printing, is a fitting tribute. Thank you for all that you have done and for your continued support of the arts at Central Catholic.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would also like to thank Mr. Christopher Sullivan '81, President of Central Catholic High School, for his enthusiastic support of the arts at Central and particularly for his willingness to make the aspirations of this year's Visions staff a reality. Mr. Sullivan saw the value of having an in-house space for students to share creatively and to perform for their peers. Thank you for all that you do and all that you are to our community.

Special recognition is in order for Mr. Steve Welsh, the Director of Buildings and Grounds for Central Catholic. Mr. Welsh worked tirelessly in helping to prepare our new coffeehouse space. Thank you for all of your hard work, we couldn't have done it without you!

2017 VISIONS STAFF

EDITOR FOR THE ARTS:

Adam Alon '17

LITERARY EDITOR:

Abigail Morse '17

ASSOCIATE EDITOR FOR THE ARTS:

Olivia Dulong '17

EVENTS MANAGER:

Sophie Chingris '17

STAFF:

Emma Beaupre '20

Katie Dankert '18

Andrea Koralishn '18

Lucy Powers '18

Stephanie Torres '17

Alex Vasquez '19

Jordyn Waible '17

FACULTY MODERATORS:

Mr. Matthew Joyal '08

Mr. Mark Svendsen

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Visions Anonymous: Faces-In-Things	4
Visions Anonymous: Six-Word Stories	5
The 2017 Collection	6
<i>Horses in My Head (sane for now)</i> Alyvia Petrozza '18	6
<i>An Adult Hyperbole</i> Kesli Kruzel '18	6
<i>Sonya</i> Caitlin Klauer '17	7
<i>Lost Child</i> Isabel Dawson '17	7
<i>I've Seen You</i> Camren Benanti '19	7
<i>Heavy Lifting</i> Jackie Dieker '18	8
<i>Untitled</i> Sarah Griggs '18	9
<i>A Tasty Treat</i> Gabrielle Foreman '18	9
<i>The Coffee Shop</i> Emma Mearls '18	10
<i>Untitled</i> Julian Mancini '19	10
<i>White Comforter</i> Katie Dankert '18	11
<i>Mrs. Potato Head</i> Caitilin Sheehan '18	11
<i>Depression the Obsessor</i> Caitilin Sheehan '18	11
<i>Seascape</i> Sarah Berube '17	12
<i>Gerald the Tilapia</i> Adam Alon '17	12
<i>Bitter and Cold</i> Alyvia Petrozza '18	12
<i>The Girl with the Long Brown Hair</i> Kiera Bussiere '17	13
<i>Coloring the Images in My Mind; Don't Drink and Drive</i> Alyvia Petrozza '18	13
<i>The Fuddnuddlers</i> Camille Andersen '18	14
<i>Faces</i> Caitlin Klauer '17	14
<i>Big World, Little Man</i> Biorvi Reyes '19	15
Excerpt from <i>Escape to a New World</i> Keeva Coppinger '18	15
<i>Spreading a Change of Love</i> Johanna Bonds '18	16
<i>The Journey</i> Lianna Reyes '17	16
<i>Space Bar</i> Jackie Dieker '18	16
<i>The World Inside My Mind</i> Paige Yamane '19	17
<i>Paranoia</i> Oscar Quinones '19	18
<i>Solace</i> Oscar Quinones '19	18
<i>Freedom</i> Parker Webb '18	19
Excerpt from <i>Fur Coat</i> Molly Sexton '18	19
<i>A Worker's Reflection</i> Jose Arias '18	20
<i>Gloomy tuesdayz</i> Ben Wetherbee '18	20
<i>No Voice</i> Adam Alon '17	21
<i>I Was Raised By</i> Isabel McNeal '19	21
<i>Skittles</i> Caitlin Klauer '17	22
<i>City Reflection</i> Adrian Suci '19	22
<i>Colorful Concentration</i> Leah Cedeño '18	23
<i>College Essay</i> Anonymous '17	23
<i>Emerald</i> Lianna Reyes '17	24
<i>Alice</i> Shelby Romansik '19	25
<i>Lost in Wonderland</i> Kiera Bussiere '17	26
<i>Cherry Pickah</i> Panayota Alekou '18	26

<i>Cinderella Blue</i> Yoangelis Diaz '19	27
<i>Untitled</i> Panayota Alekou '18	27
<i>Gravediggers of No One</i> Kathryn Corcoran '20	27
<i>Through the Glass</i> Julianna Fagan '18	28
<i>Untitled</i> Monica Alvarado '17	28
<i>Lotuses</i> Gina Pantalone '17	29
<i>Untitled</i> Regina Abdelnour '19	29
<i>Snapshot</i> Tanishka Urena '18	29
<i>Becoming Me</i> Alyvia Petrozza '18	30
<i>My Lawrence</i> Manuel Martis '20	30
<i>Good Read</i> Tia Sfier '17	31
<i>Readers Anonymous</i> Tia Sfier '17	31
<i>Being Dominican</i> Gabriella Reyes '19	32
<i>Twins</i> Isabel Dawson '17	32
<i>Untitled</i> Julianna Fagan '18	33
<i>Sometimes</i> Emily Carmichael '17	34
<i>Pretty Please with a Cherry on Top</i> Meghan Manzo '18	35
<i>Sleeepy Head</i> Meghan Manzo '18	35
<i>I Laughed</i> Olivia Dulong '17	36
<i>What Dat Neck Do</i> Camille Andersen '18	36
<i>Night After Night</i> Sophie Chingris '17	37
<i>From Who I Was, To Who I Am</i> Dianna Del Cid '19	37
<i>Untitled</i> Kesli Kruzel '18	38
Faculty Showcase	39
<i>Beetle</i> Mrs. Jenn Chatigny	39
<i>Landscape in Florida</i> Mr. Rick Cavanaugh	40
<i>London, Clear February Day</i> Mr. Matthew Joyal '08	40
<i>Nauset Lighthouse</i> Mr. Rick Cavanaugh	41
<i>Nubble Light</i> Mr. Matthew Joyal '08	41
Senior Spotlight: Susan Elias	42
<i>Fingerprints</i> Ashley Bautista '17	42
<i>Purple Drift</i> Susan Elias '17	42
<i>T. Martin</i> Susan Elias '17	43
<i>A. Diallo</i> Susan Elias '17	43
<i>My View</i> Susan Elias '17	43
<i>Hands Up, Don't Shoot</i> Susan Elias '17	44
<i>Liberty for Some</i> Susan Elias '17	44
<i>Bystanders</i> Susan Elias '17	45
<i>Bleeding Love</i> Susan Elias '17	45
<i>Self-Reflect</i> Susan Elias '17	46
<i>BLM</i> Susan Elias '17	46
<i>Susan</i> Adam Alon '17	46

FRONT COVER: *Minimalist* | Jackie Dieker '18

BACK COVER: *What's For Dinner* | Susan Elias '17

FACES-IN-THINGS

Visions Anonymous: February & March

During the months of February and March, Visions Literary and Arts Magazine collected digital submissions of "Faces-In-Things." The school community was challenged to take a second look at the inanimate objects that they encounter each day. Sometimes they were greeted by a face staring back at them. The results are below and have been published anonymously.



SIX-WORD STORIES

Visions Anonymous: December & January

During the months of December and January, Visions Literary and Arts Magazine collected digital submissions of "Six-Word Stories." The inspiration for six-word stories came courtesy of a legend about Ernest Hemingway. As the story goes, Hemingway was once challenged to tell a story in six words. He came up with this: "For sale: baby shoes, never worn." Submissions have been grouped strategically and published anonymously.

"I can trust you, right Brutus?"

Grandpa's Alzheimer's. He forgets. I remember.

Labels lunch. Still disappears from fridge.

I just want a college acceptance.
I fail to comprehend your mediocrity.

Sorry, repeat. Same old, same old.
Engagement party ended with discarded rings.
He walked out, never looking back.
Ever since that moment, he ran.

Number two, no tomatoes, with coke.

Trust, betrayal, heartbreak, sadness, regret, redemption.

Born. Paycheck. Paycheck. Paycheck. Paycheck. Dead.

"For my next trick..." said Moses.

I wonder what this button does.
A talking doll. No batteries required.
My son, your time has come.
Then, they buried the empty coffin.

I'm pretty good at making these.
Things sound better in my head.
I don't know how to write.

Speech. Facebook. YouTube. Instagram. Twitter. Speechless.

Stand back, this will be epic.

Somebody visited me without my knowing.
Knocks sounded within the vacant walls.
Little feet above the ceiling tiles.
It was darker outside the tomb.

Single monarch looks for sixth wife.

Excitement. Anticipation. Anxiety. Fear. Dread. Relief.

I am thankful for my life
Life is so good right now.
Last petal: he loves me not.

Curiosity saves the cat with CPR.

Free pet to good home: AirParrot.

Martin. Garner. Brown. Sterling. Castile. Scott.

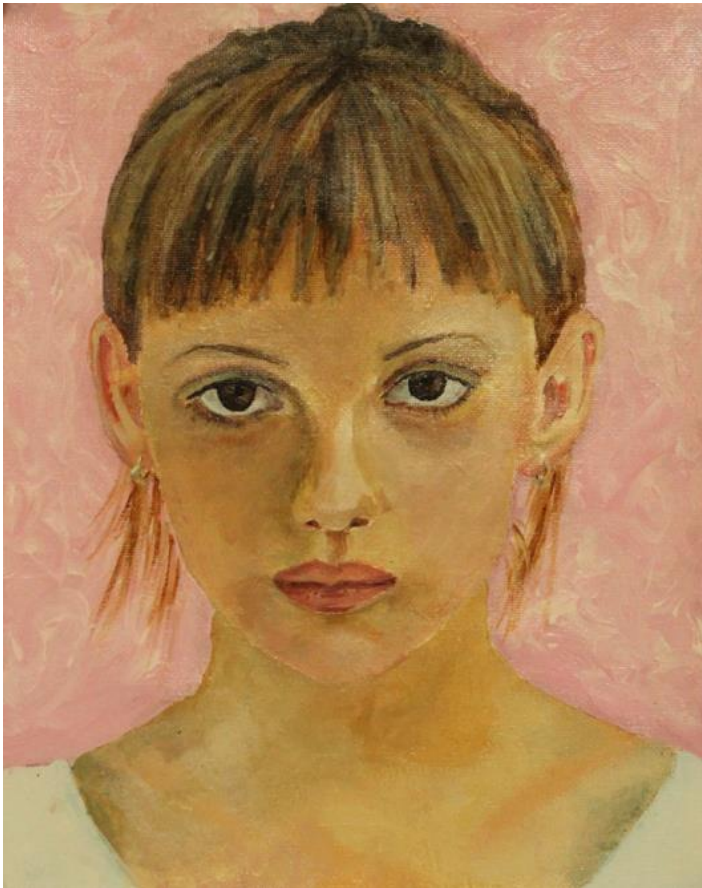
THE 2017 COLLECTION

Horses in My Head (sane for now) | Alyvia Petrozza '18

There is a reason I love writing. I love writing because it gives my mind the ability to form words that I usually cannot when speaking aloud to others. When I speak, I stutter and I mumble my words, and even then I never say everything that I want to say. When I write, however, my mind suddenly becomes fluent in the art of speech within my imagination, and it roams free in the meadows of my mind. I once told my best friend that there is a whole world inside each of us. Every person on earth has their own little world that is different from everyone else's. One person may have deserted grocery stores and dusty skies, while another person has sky-high mountains and steep cliffs that loom over turquoise seas. My world? My world is one big forest. Inside these fog-filled woods is a stampede of wild horses running and running and running, never stopping for even a quick gasp of air. These horses are fast and furious, always racing each other and every once in a while, one of these horses runs right into a tree. This causes my little world to shake and the blue skies start to fall in and collapse inside of me. I love writing because every time I do, I set one of the wild horses free and this helps my little world stay glued together for just a while longer.



An Adult Hyperbole | Kesli Kruzel '18



LEFT: *Sonya* | Caitlin Klauer '17 | RIGHT: *Lost Child* | Isabel Dawson '17

I've Seen You | Camren Benanti '19

I've seen that look before
No one knows your name
You're wanting something more
But after all, it's just the same

I've seen you before
Never having fun
I held out my hand
But then, you were gone
I've seen you before
Running down the hall
I knew you were there
When no one saw at all

You always walk the other way
Missing all the time
I'm not sure what to say
Everything takes a little while



Heavy Lifting | Jackie Dieker '18



ABOVE: *Untitled* | Sarah Griggs '18 | BELOW: *A Tasty Treat* | Gabrielle Foreman '18



The Coffee Shop | Emma Mearls '18

A coffee shop. The owners are a friendly older couple that I rarely see. The aromas of freshly brewed coffee waft through the cozy air, lingering all day long. The high-pitched screech of coffee mugs clanking together, and the coffee machine roars to life once again. The coffee shop itself is small and quaint, but with a large personality. The thick leather on the overstuffed plush couches smiles lazily at you, inviting you to sit down and enjoy your coffee. The tables wobble with age, and if I were to run my fingers over the tabletop, there would be dents, dings, and divots ruining the once smooth surface.

The regular customers seem as if they are in routine, centering the coffee shop as the main focus of their routine. Their personalities reflect the mood of the small coffee shop. The steady flow of costumers and large lines have slowly dwindled down to a slow trickle of customers throughout the years. The bright neon “open” sign blinks in the window, as if to attract more customers the faster and brighter it displays in the dusty windows. To-go cups pile up behind the counters and the waitress yawns while pouring re-fills.

Bright white mugs suffer little chips on the rim. Countertops that were once brand new start to harbor stains and messes. The lights are slightly dimmed, but the cases of pastries and baked goods glow under a bright fluorescent light. All around the coffee shop are small trinkets for sale, anything from postcards to scarves scatter the empty wall and floor space. It seems as if the once spacious and pristine coffee shop has taken on a life of its own, and morphed into a personality the color of oatmeal. I sometimes wonder if people are like this coffee shop. Starting off new and bright, and slowly as time progresses, life dulls them until they are left with just a slow trickle of personality.



Untitled | Julian Mancini '19

White Comforter | Katie Dankert '18

Oh how you caress my cleansed skin
And shield from the monsters
I am entangled, by you
But oh how I love it
You wrap me like the happiest swaddled cherub
Too your lovely self encases me
So a stranger sees no thin body.

I squeeze you, I clench you
Between emotional fingers
But you're light,
and airy
so effects are non-existent

You, a white jungle of linens
A palace where grotesque intruders suffocate
I am hidden, but you expose yourself
Safety, no monsters
Such refreshing comfort

Your luscious fluff beholds
A scent that is mine
Between each fiber

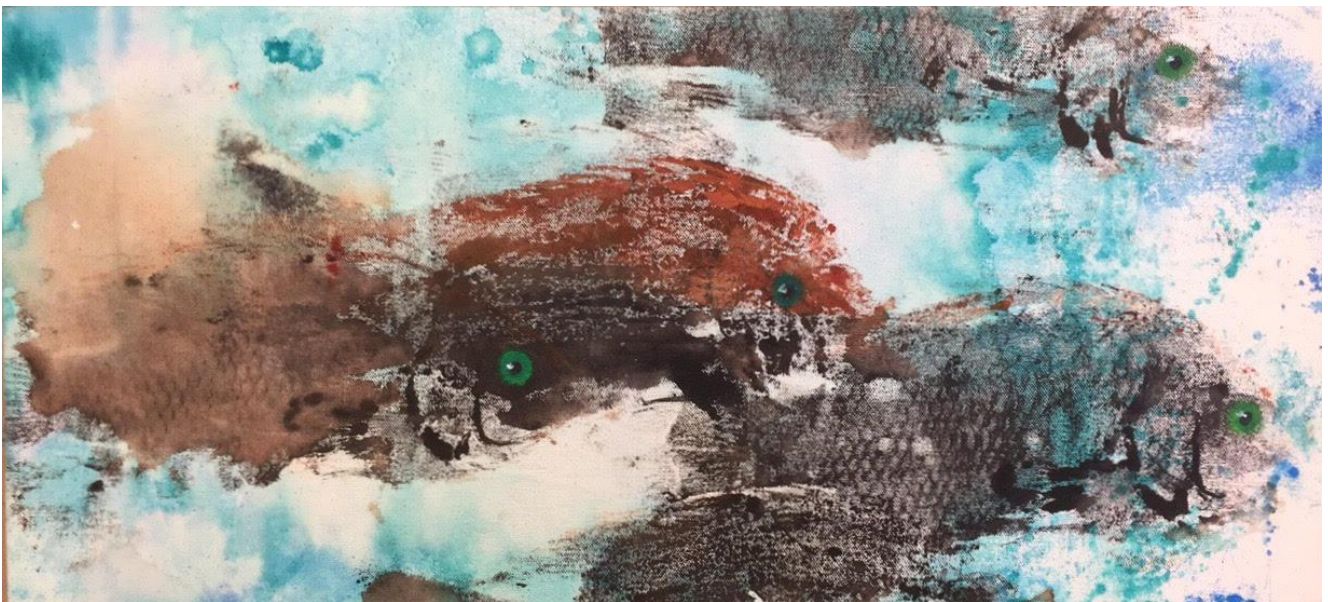
Oh white comforter, never leave me



LEFT: *Mrs. Potato Head* | RIGHT: *Depression the Obsessor* | Caitilin Sheehan '18



ABOVE: *Seascape* | Sarah Berube '17 | BELOW: *Gerald the Tilapia* | Adam Alon '17



Bitter and Cold | Alyvia Petrozza '18

Love is an always-changing feeling and experience all wrapped into one in an incomprehensible manner. It is impossible to describe love in just one way, but today, love is coffee. Love is the coffee you make in the morning that gives you a warm hug with each sip. That is, until your roommate enters your room and kindly offers you a sip of her fancy Starbucks pumpkin spice latte, which, of course, you fall in love with at first taste. This is the moment that you forget all about your morning coffee, which is growing colder by the second. You grab your car keys and speed to the nearest Starbucks to grab a pumpkin spice latte of your own to get you through the day. When you get there, you look at all the tasty options they have and make a mental schedule of which new coffee you will try out for everyday of the following week, and the one following that. As you go throughout your day at work, everyone sees the green and white Styrofoam cup in your hand and states with pure excitement how much they love the pumpkin spice latte. It's only when you get home, late at night, that you remember your abandoned mug of morning brew. You gingerly pick it up and take a slow sip, but immediately cringe at its bitterness; it is no longer providing its usual warm hugs. You take the wretched mug and pour its contents into the sink. Every day for the following days, months and years, you don't even look back at your once well-acquainted morning coffee, you just move forward with that mental schedule of yours and fall in love with a different Starbucks drink every day. Sometimes, love is like that morning coffee. Sometimes, I am that morning coffee.

Wednesday, December 17, 2014

She must be Rapunzel. Her hair is longer than anyone else's I know. It's soft like silk. I'm always wanting to run my fingers through its never tangling strands. Its golden brown color makes everyone envious. She always makes her hair look beautiful. It even looks pretty in a bun she puts no effort in.

I'll never cut it, she tells me. I like it long.

And so do I.

I wish my hair was more like hers. Mine is flat and boring, always getting greasy too easily. It never seems to stay in place. My hair never looks good pulled back from my face. But hers does.

Her hair is just as beautiful as her personality is. Her friends are as numerous as the strands of hair on her head. Every girl either wants to be with her or be her. They're all envious of who she is.

She is like her hair, always attracting attention. In a good way, of course. I wish I was more like her. Outgoing, carefree, attracting attention. But I'm a shy shadow. The one who sits in the back of the room and tries to go unnoticed. Because I'm not as bold as she is. I wish I was more like her, the girl with the long brown hair.

Tuesday, April 25, 2017

She is not Rapunzel. Her hair isn't as long as she wishes. But she likes it. It's wavy like the ocean waves. I always like the way it falls and there's no attempt to fix it. It's a golden brown color with changing highlights; sometimes red, sometimes blond. She doesn't try to make her hair look beautiful. She likes it the way it is.

I used to hate it, she thinks.

I used to. But now I don't.

I no longer wish for my hair to be like anyone else's. Mine can't be easily tamed or styled, always fighting the straightener. It doesn't always stay in place. But it's beautiful in its own way. I love that.

I've come to like it pulled back from my face. Especially when it's in a bun. I never did, but I do now. My friends all say they love my hair. And I do too. It has slowly grown to be something I appreciate.

I am like my hair, carefree like waves. I can be difficult sometimes. In a good way, of course. I'm no longer the shy shadow I used to be. But I've become my own person. The one who is comfortable with who she is and what she can do. I'm no longer envious of the girl with the long brown hair.

His little lies were white, but when he told them, his face turned crimson red. Black took over the breathalyzer tube as he prepared himself to blow out after a long intake of air. The numbers flashed warning yellow as they indicated his lawlessness. Orange was the shade of jumpsuit handed to him in the navy blue and white jail. Whilst imprisoned, he accumulated black and blue all over. The bright blue skies and shining yellow sun took over his vision after two years had gone by; he was as free as the red, white, and blue.

But it wasn't worth it, and it never will be. Don't drink and drive.



ABOVE: *The Fuddnuddlers* | Camille Andersen '18 | BELOW: *Faces* | Caitlin Klauer '17





Big World, Little Man | Biorvi Reyes '19

Excerpt from *Escape to a New World* | Keeva Coppinger '18

I had always wondered what it would be like to live somewhere new, like America. Here I am though, sitting at my window sill, watching the rain drops fall down the window pane like the Nile River, and the clouds moving and tossing around like my hair would in the wind. It always rains here, and there's never anything to do. I want to go do something with my life; I want to live.

I've always wanted to travel the world, see new things, meet new people, and try new foods. The only thing keeping me from doing this is my family, particularly, my parents. They're so glued onto their culture and tradition. It's not like I'm not proud of my culture, I most certainly am, but I do not like the word tradition. They basically choose my life for me, and I have no or little say. They think I am just going to be a housewife. I want to work in a big city, with a lot of bustle and craziness. I don't mind that at all, I just want something new. I've thought about this for a long while now, but I need to do it; I need to run away. I need to see the world, and I need to live.

Spreading a Change of Love | Johanna Bonds '18

The news spilled on television,
The faces of Americans, shocked
Anger, filled many
Joy, filled others
Darkness overcame soon after.
Weariness flooded many.
The question that ran through minds of millions.
"What will happen to our country?"
We were already divided.
Now it was more than ever.
Our cities filled with uproar.
The uproar was loud, like clouds of thunder rumbling in the night.
"How long will the fighting go on for?"
Asked a child.
A child of innocence in the midst of hate, and anger.
Had hopes for the future.
The same goes for millions of immigrant families.
Families with jobs were afraid of the future.
The future of this nation is in the hands of every culture, city, religion, ethnicity of millions.
The question is in all of us, "When will love begin, and hate end?"



LEFT: *The Journey* | Lianna Reyes '17 | RIGHT: *Space Bar* | Jackie Dieker '18



The World Inside My Head | Paige Yamane '19



ABOVE: *Paranoia* | BELOW: *Solace* | Oscar Quinones '19



Freedom | Parker Webb '18

I see the stark embers grow brighter
The heart feels uplifted
I submit to the light
The dark is now relinquished

Love binds all
Even the most frayed of seams

Excerpt from *Fur Coat* | Molly Sexton '18

It's colder today than it's ever been. The snow is starting to pile several inches high on the rooftops. I'd hoped this would be a quick storm, but then again nothing is quick nowadays. Sarah and I live on the top floor of our apartment building so we get to deal with the leaky ceiling. It starts as a couple drops of water every now and again but as the snow continues to fall and seep through the dust covered ceiling; water turns to mud. I never had to worry about leaking ceilings 5 years ago. I had everything then: my car, my job, and my pride. But that was 1926 and we never had to worry about anything. No one did.

A gust of cold air interrupts my thoughts. Sarah looks up from her book and asks me why I haven't bothered to repair the window. It's been broken for nearly a year and I still haven't done anything about it. I lie and tell her I will. She just shakes her head and wraps herself in that fur coat I bought her. I wonder how much it's worth now. I bought it for her on our anniversary. It was last minute and I bought it on credit. I didn't think about how I would have to pay it back. All I thought about was how she would wear it to parties and people would talk about it for days after. That's all people did anyways. Talk.

But not anymore. What would they talk about? How they lost all their savings in the bank? How all the stock they had collapsed one Tuesday? Or would it be worse? Maybe they would talk about how they can't feed their kids. Maybe they don't even have their kids anymore. I'm thankful I don't have to worry about that.

Another gust of wind. I just keep staring at that fur coat. How am I gonna tell her we have to sell it? She never lets it out of her sight. Luckily, she hasn't noticed all the other stuff I've sold. Most of the silverware, one of the radios, and some jewelry. Just enough to get us through the period of chaos after the crash. But there's not much left to sell anymore and we can't afford to keep what we don't need.

It's not just a coat to Sarah. She has others, but they aren't fur. They don't remind her of old times. They don't smell like the champagne we would buy and drink so carelessly. And they aren't soft like the silk sheets were. However, they are enough to keep her warm during these frigid Chicago winters, and that's all that matters. I know how much she loves that coat. She keeps it next to the bed along with old pictures of better days. She's been wearing it every day this month. She wears it and doesn't take it off. And during a time when no one can get a job and the president isn't doing anything to fix all of the problems, how could I blame her for wanting to live in the past?

But times have changed. People have changed. I can't hide reality and I can't fix it. I don't have a job, and chances are that isn't going to change soon. But I can keep a roof over our head for a little longer, and I will make sacrifices to do so. Maybe she'll be angry. Or she will pretend like she didn't hear me. She'll tell me there's other things we can sell. Like the rocking chair, or the painting that hangs over the table. Eventually she'll agree. We will put it back into the box I bought it in and put a sign outside. Someone else who can afford it will love it and wear it with pride like Sarah did. It's not going to be easy to let go, but in time we will forget about the coat. Just like we forgot about the grand piano, the cars, the fancy meals, and the house.

After all, forgetting is what we do best.

My name is Juan and I, along with many others working on this farm, came from Mexico. We all came here for the same reasons, a better future for ourselves and for our families in the land of opportunity and new beginnings. However, times have been hard lately here in New Mexico and across the whole country really. It's been about a year since that big stock market crash that changed everyone's lives. Recently I've gotten word from my *paisanos* near Arizona that some farms are going bankrupt and that I should watch out for that around here. If the farmers here go bankrupt I think I'll try my luck in California. With this dry dusty weather not getting any better I might have to find opportunity somewhere else soon anyway. They also warned me that they are sending us back even if we are legal and that none of us are sure why. They even have the nerve to offer a train back to Mexico. I think that most of us know that they don't want us here so that they can keep more support to help themselves – like *abuelo* used to say, “*cada hombre por su cuenta.*” The elders always knew best.

As I'm looking down at my hands in this dry intense heat I can't help but feel tired. My right hand rests on my overalls and my left hand holds my cigar. My eyes start to wander off towards a train passing by, and my mind begins to wander as well. I've been in this country for about 15 years. I came here to make a future for myself and eventually start my own family but as I look down at my worn hands and see my graying hair through the reflection of a nearby window I realize that my time has passed and that I'm not living the life that I hoped for. The thought of returning back to Mexico becomes an option as I take another glance around and intently watch the train leave heading south. As I watch the train, I get up from the crate I was resting on, put out my cigar, and get back to work.



Gloomy tuesdayz | Ben Wetherbee '18



No Voice | Adam Alon '17

I Was Raised By | Isabel McNeal '19

A boy who made me feel as if I were impossible to love.
Who I let in time and time again,
Just for him to go again.

Leaving me with nothing.
No closure.
The only thing that I was left with was the pain,
The excruciating pain.

The type of pain that makes you feel like your heart is breaking into pieces.
The type of pain that makes you feel nauseous,
Sick to your stomach because this time you thought it would be different.

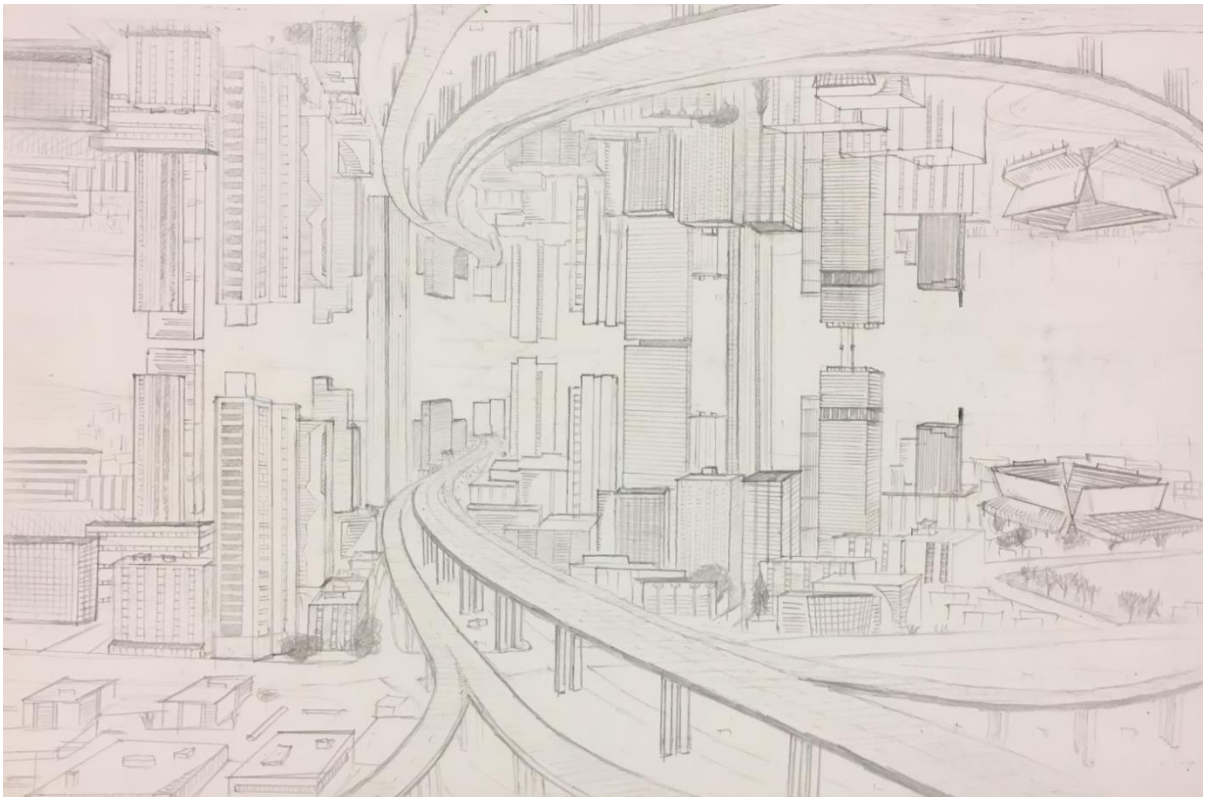
See, I was raised by this pain.
The pain in my heart,
The doubts in my mind that I would ever be enough for someone,
The hate I had created for myself because of how naïve I was.

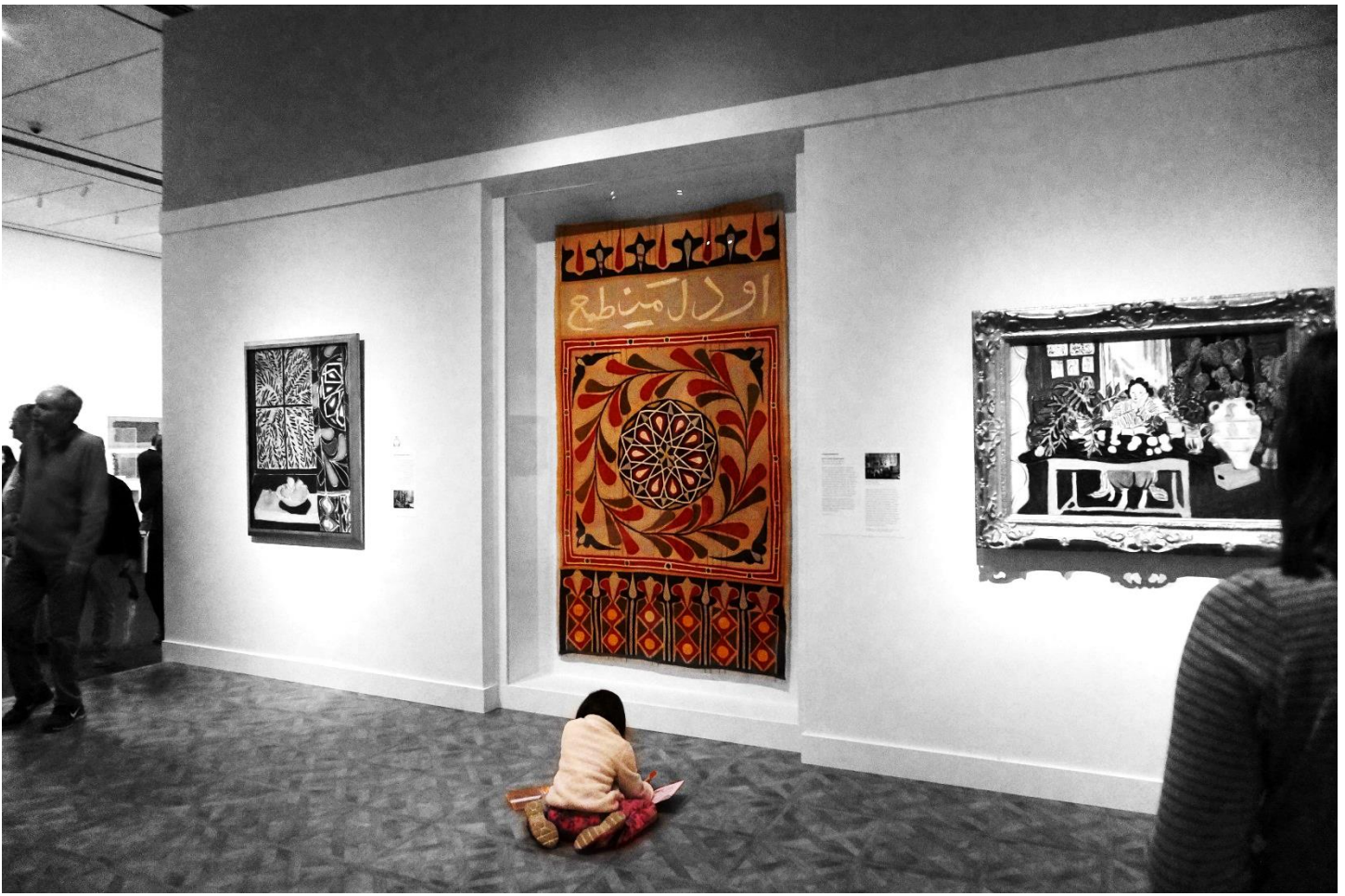
A boy who made me feel as if I were impossible to love.
Who I let in time and time again,
Just for him to go again,
Raised me.

Raised me to have trust issues,
Not just with those around me but with myself.
Raised me to never get too close,
Raised me to stay up in the middle of the night questioning why I was never enough,
And raised me into not knowing how to let anyone else in.



ABOVE: *Skittles* | Caitlin Klauer '17 | BELOW: *City Reflection* | Adrian Suciu '19





Colorful Concentration | Leah Cedeño '18

College Essay | Anonymous '17

When people hear the term plastic surgery, breast enhancements and face lifting usually come to mind. However, the way I see it, plastic surgery should be emphasized more for victims of war and physical abuse who want to become integrated in society again. Living in Lebanon helped me develop this opinion because of the separation in society: some people put so much money and effort in an attempt to look younger, and others struggle to have a normal life because their war scars are stigmatized by society. My goal is to help both: I want to help heal war victims' injuries, as well as create a community, not of body shaming, but of character over appearance, so that both can prosper.

Although most people experience the hardships of poverty and crime, Beirut's stories are always the ones that impact me the most. Despite the fact that I often visited it, I had a completely different perspective once I started living there after I turned ten. Some examples include repeatedly having to witness victims of war and physical and emotional abuse begging for money on the streets because they do not get enough medical attention. Due to the chaotic and corrupt government, the country never recovered from its civil war and the economy has suffered from it. The following experience there led me to establish a decision about my career. One day, my mom and I were stuck in a traffic jam, when a boy came up to our car and begged for anything we had to spare. My mom, being compassionate, asked him why he was begging. He told us his parents were victims of the civil war so ashamed of their war scars that they could not appear in public. In this moment, I became aware of the conservative ideas about physical appearance in my society with its narrow view of beauty, and I realized that sometimes people were outcasts in society simply because of their looks. I was disheartened when I saw a child, my age, forced to switch roles by supporting his parents instead of going to school. This brief encounter had a lasting effect on me, and I started thinking about my role in society, especially how to be a useful and responsible citizen. I concluded that I have a responsibility to study, not only for myself but for my community, even if that means breaking a number of boundaries.

(cont.)

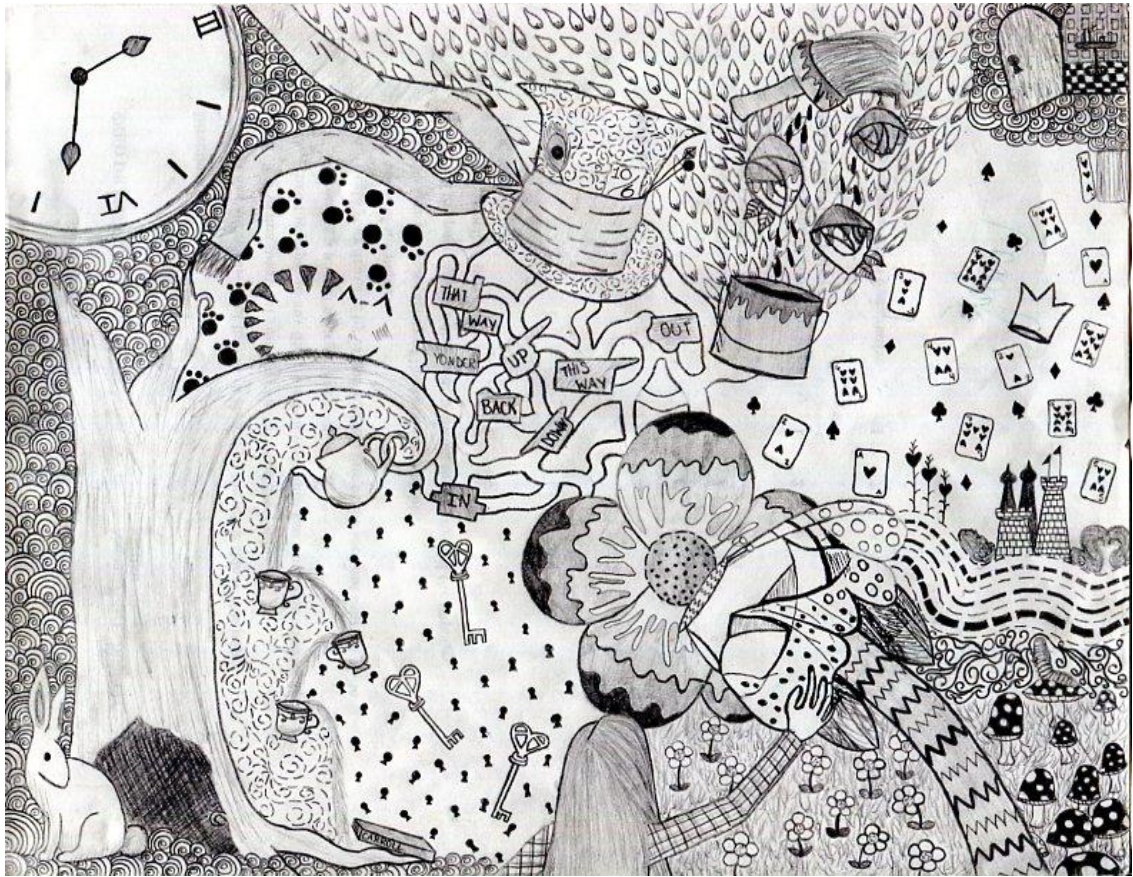
In my culture, many women are discouraged from pursuing a college degree, let alone becoming a doctor; I intend to do both by majoring in the STEM field. In fact, I will become the first woman in my extended family to attend college. I am not afraid to break these boundaries because I view getting an education and using it to improve my society is my civic responsibility. I see myself as a plastic surgeon not for superficial reasons, but for more meaningful ones, such as helping the traumatized war victims. It's important to me that I give back to my community, so I aspire to join organizations such as the United Nations and Doctors Without Borders to facilitate my pursuits. Although it will challenge cultural beliefs and boundaries, I will be helping scarred people integrate themselves back into the social world by healing them physically as well as changing the talk of my society. My ambition is to help them boost their self-confidence in order for them to step out of their shadow and embrace the opportunities the world has to offer: starting in my home country, Lebanon.



Emerald | Lianna Reyes '17



Alice | Shelby Romansik '19



ABOVE: *Lost in Wonderland* | Kiera Bussiere '17 | BELOW: *Cherry Pickah* | Panayota Alekou '18





LEFT: *Cinderella Blue* | Yoangelis Diaz '19 | RIGHT: *Untitled* | Panayota Alekou '18

Gravediggers of No One | Kathryn Corcoran '20

The three brothers stood alone that day
 The clouds too weary as they hung
 above the trees
 For the they lay delayed
 They shielded the cumbersome casket
 Of No One.

No One lived alone
 He feasted on the memories
 Of late family
 But the tide of memory came to pass for No One
 And his empty life came to sleep quietly
 In the place where all men are promised to lay.

The three brothers came that morn.
 The preacher asked a favor to lift the tarnished wood
 As they lay to rest No One in his stained grey breaches.
 For nobody could claim they knew No One.
 He sat upon the final branch on the family scotch
 His existence but a mystery to those on the block.
 His inheritance lay barren as the fields that grew the barley
 In the empty town along the sea.

No One's glass had spilled forth nothing to recall
 As the three brothers
 Both alike in fortitude and father
 Lifted the pit shovels, shoulder-over
 Ripping a rift in the only mother
 No One ever knew as recent as the day.
 He slumbered as lumber, in his forever bed he stayed
 In the dreary town by the bay.
 No One's life lay in a matchbox,
 A leather shoe, an ivory comb
 They sat with him in his place.

They stood alone before his casket
 Lined with cheap cotton
 The three brothers, I mean.
 The preacher promised a nickel to each
 in exchange for a soul to witness
 To say farewell to No One
 Never missed, none to claim
 A legacy unspoken.

The brothers walked briskly to the pub
 Once the whole affair was done.
 They passed their nickels over the bar mahogany night
 And lifted up their beers in a toast to No One's untold life.
 The drinks smelt of thyme and yeast
 A scent much less clear to them
 Than to the unknown man on timber lay
 In a coffin by the sea.

Through the Glass | Julianna Fagan '18

On the outside there is pain.
It's where the streets are filled with empty dreams and stomachs.
It's where refrigerator boxes become houses
And a single slice of bread becomes breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

On the inside there is joy.
It's where you spend your sleep filled nights in silk sheets.
It's where flowers sit in vases
And magazines are filled with the many things you
want and could have.

On the outside there is no security.
It's where banks are closed and dads can't afford to pay the bills, so they leave.
It's where moms have to tell their eight children to "wait 5 more minutes"
On a meal that may not be coming at all.

On the inside there is comfort.
It's where you wear the newest styles.
It's where you come home from a long day at work
And you take a warm shower and read a book with some tea.

But I'm in the middle.
I am the transparent divide between pain and stability.

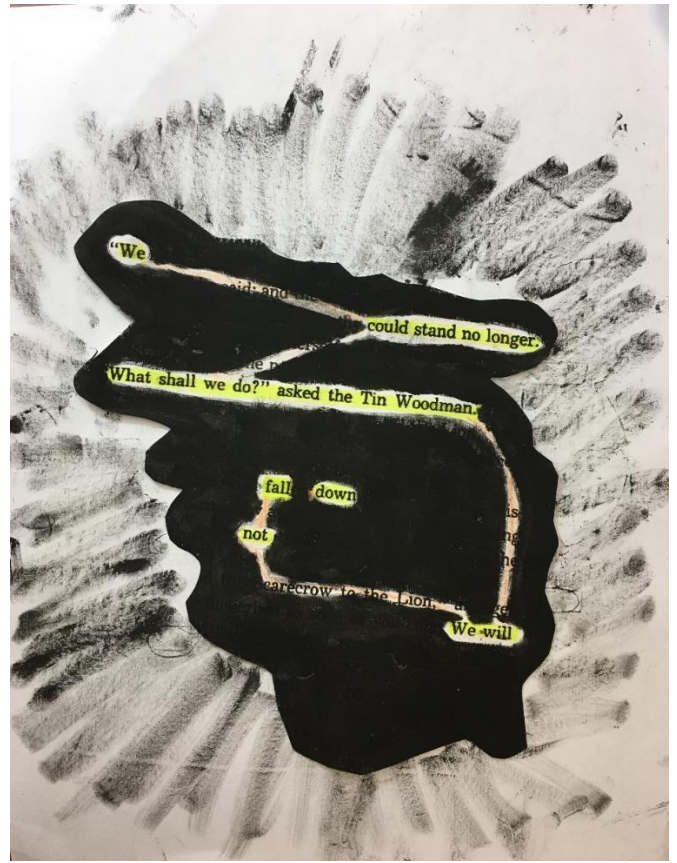
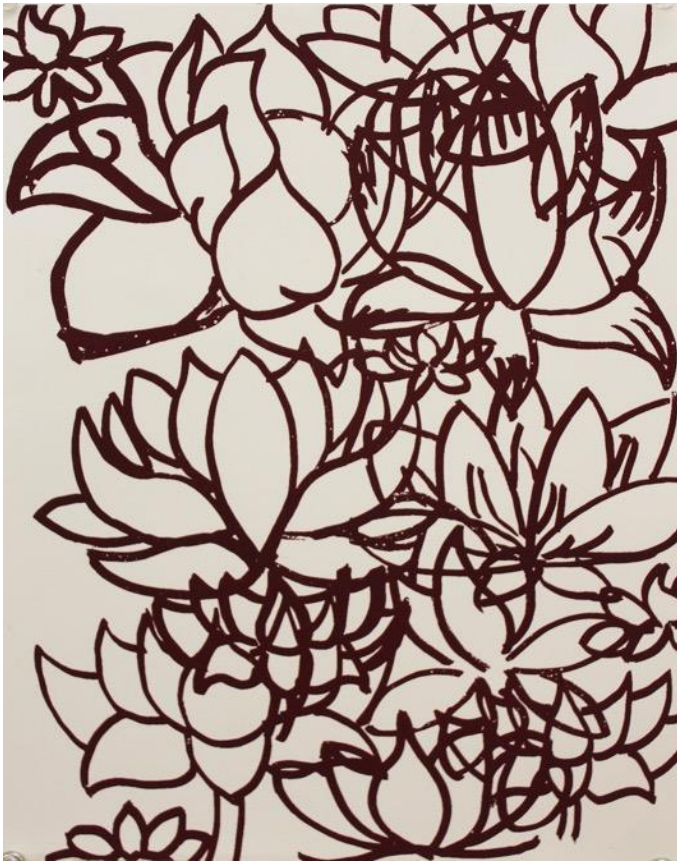
The inside is where I see a woman in a fur coat that shows her beauty and money.
And the outside is where I see a boy holding his dog's fur for warmth.
The inside is where I see a woman come in with keys to her new car.
And on the outside I see a mother who sold her car to try and feed her kid.

The inside is where you would go out and watch movies for fun.
And the outside is where you would go see movies to forget.
The inside is where having a death in the family is tragedy.
And the outside is where a death in the family might be enough to keep you alive.

And at the end of the day those on the inside look through me,
And tell me how happy they are that they are not on the other side.



Untitled | Monica Alvarado '17



LEFT: *Lotuses* | Gina Pantalone '17 | RIGHT: *Untitled* | Regina Abdelnour '19

Snapshot | Tanishka Urena '18

Life is like Photography,
 you capture each occasion of life
 The lens are the eyes,
 and see only what you want it to see.

The camera is you and you control YOUR life
 A camera comes in many diversities
 some older than others ready to be let go,
 some blurrier than others not witnessing the preeminent image.

The memory card is your mind
 remembering every exact moment of your life
 The delete button is your option to forget,
 and move on to a new image.

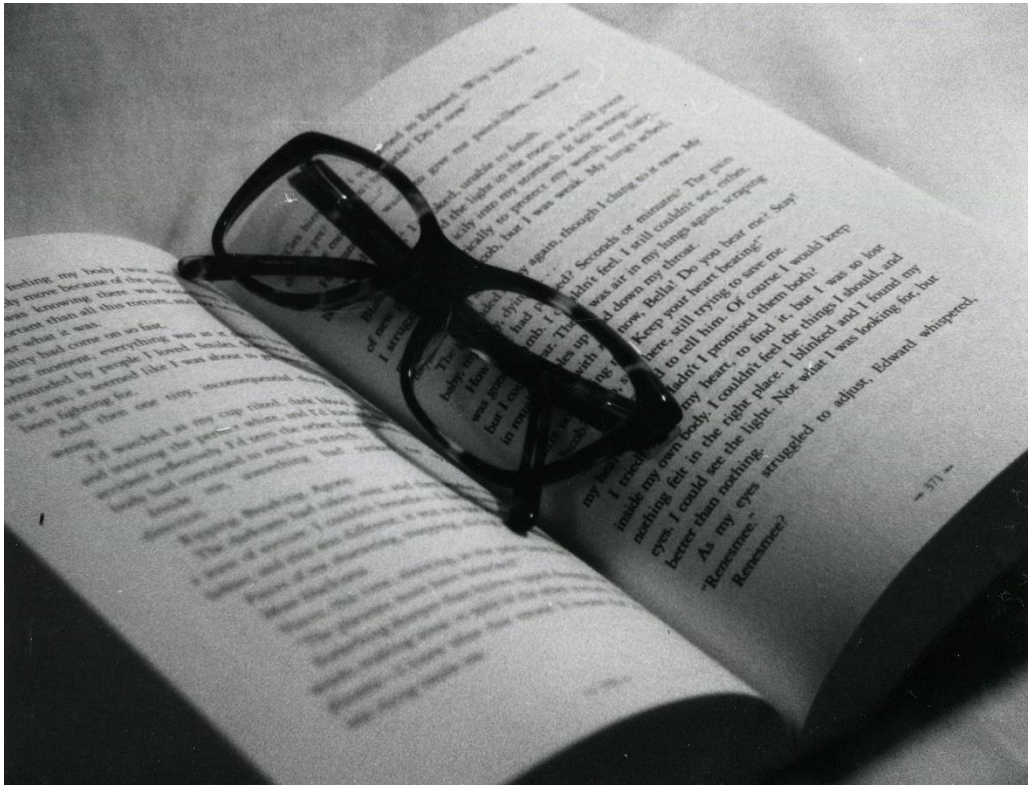
The LCD display is your way to thwart the negative and fixate on the positive.
 The photo gallery is your scrapbook
 brimming with pictures that are not to be forgotten
 starting from the beginning of your life to the very end.

Becoming Me | Alyvia Petrozza '18

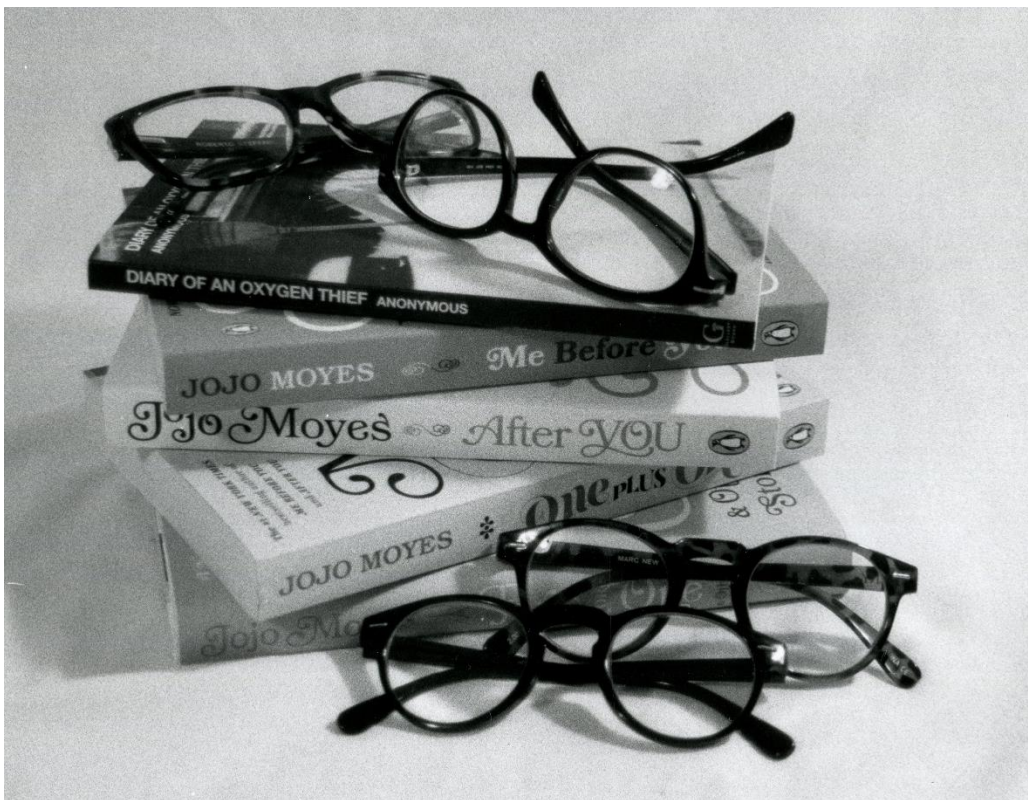
I've spent all my life observing in the background, waiting for my future to unravel before my eyes. I've looked timidly over the shoulders of beautiful writers with beautiful words pouring from them on paper like raindrops on pavement. My soul yearns to admire their capabilities of forming these beautiful words into dark, emotional pieces of writing that can leave a body immobile as the mind attempts to interpret the brilliance of the piece. My whole life has been spent as this body, merely admiring the work of those experienced people who seem to be touched with fire. Recently, however, whenever I do look over my own shoulder out of simple curiosity, observant eyes, just as my own, seem to be intently mesmerized by my own work. And so I write and write and write, and as I do so, accumulating people gather at the edge of my heels, necks extended. I have become whom I've always longed to be: bare and wholly, me.



My Lawrence | Manuel Martis '20



ABOVE: *Good Read* | BELOW: *Readers Anonymous* | Tia Sfier '17



Being Dominican | Gabriella Reyes '19

I am a Dominican:

caramel like a Hershey chocolate,
but brave like my ancestors from The Hispaniola.

I've been robbed:

Columbus came and stole away my culture through my generosity.
Giving him the red cloak caused confusion as he took away my land.

I've been a victim of discrimination:

Spick was what they called me.
A racial slur that "defined" me.

I've been a dancer:

Through my journey dancing to the beat of music was how I got through.
Merengue, bachata, salsa, palos, you name it, they couldn't take away all our culture.

I am Dominican:

Caramel like a Hershey chocolate,
but brave like my ancestors from The Hispaniola.



Twins | Isabel Dawson '17



Untitled | Julianna Fagan '18

BEFORE:

The worst part about the way you're living
Is that it only reminds me of when you won't be.
"Don't think that way"
They say,
But optimism is hard sometimes.

As the world is born again this spring,
I find myself worrying more
About the phone ringing,
Or my mom coming home in tears,
But pessimism is hard sometimes.

Ten years is a long time
To live longer than they thought,
But I can feel your final moments
Like chains tugging at my feet
And ignoring it is hard sometimes.

The longer this goes,
The thinner you get.
People tend to go tight-lipped
When I tell them that,
Because being supportive is hard sometimes.

But Andrea, wait!
"Maybe there's a chance"
I think, hopeful for tomorrow.
If not hope, then what do we have?
Because acceptance is hard sometimes.

I love when people
Mix up our names by accident.
It makes me feel closer to you.
Two different shoes get tied together,
But walking in yours is hard sometimes.

Crossword puzzles remind me of you
As little things like that should.
I know you enjoyed that kind of stuff.
You taught me pure simplicity,
Because complexity is hard sometimes.

I think "the toughest soul I know"
When I think about you.
I think of the bravest heart
And the strongest mind,
Because being sick is hard sometimes.

And you're the best aunt, always
But knowing you're going is hard sometimes.

AFTER:

The hardest part about watching you fight your illness was
Knowing that you would soon leave me.
"Don't think that way," they'd say,
But optimism is hard sometimes.

Ten years is a long time to live longer than they thought,
But I could feel your final moments
Like chains tugging at my feet
And ignoring it was hard sometimes.

The longer it went,
The thinner you got.
People tended to go tight-lipped when I told them that,
Because being supportive is hard sometimes.

We'll see you again soon,
We say, hopeful for tomorrow.
If not hope, what do we have?
Because acceptance is hard sometimes.

I love when people mix up our names by accident.
It makes me feel closer to you.
Two different shoes get tied together.
But walking in yours is hard sometimes.

Word Search puzzles remind me of you, as the little things should.
I know you enjoyed that kind of stuff.
You taught me pure simplicity,
Because complexity is hard sometimes.

I think "the toughest soul I know" when I think about you.
You had the bravest heart, and the strongest mind,
Because being sick is hard sometimes.

And you're the best aunt, always,
And I know it's for the better,
But knowing you're gone will be hard sometimes.



ABOVE: *Pretty Please with a Cherry on Top* | BELOW: *Sleeepy Head* | Meghan Manzo '18



I Laughed | Olivia Dulong '17

They told me it was contagious.

"I want to bottle it up."

I laughed,

They told me it took up the whole room.

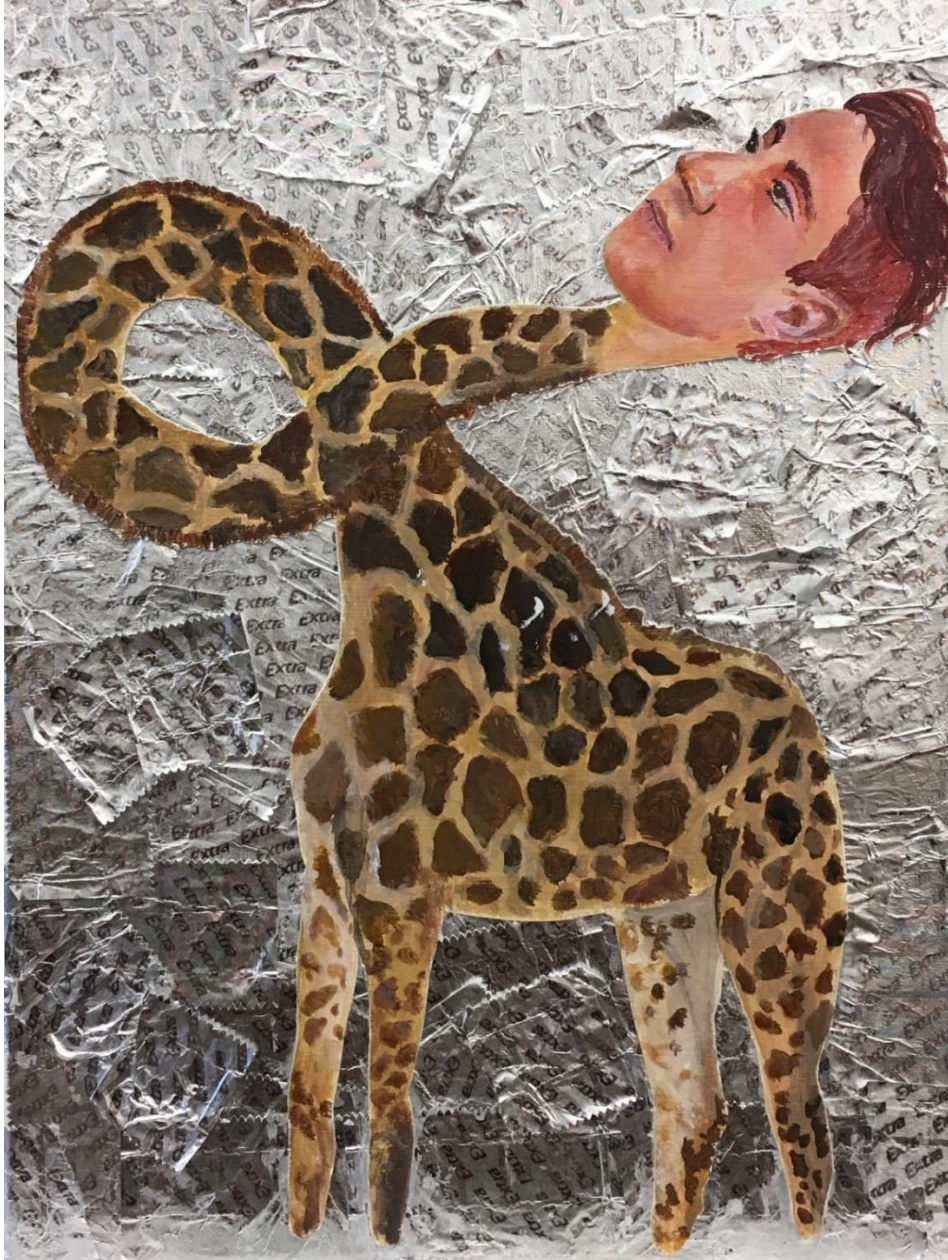
"Let me record it so I can play it when I'm sad."

and I laughed,

They told me they could hear it through the walls.

"You can hear it, it comes from your toes."

and I laughed.



What Dat Neck Do | Camille Andersen '18

Night after night
I dreamt a dreadful dream-
A nightmare.

It began a strain,
A hindrance,
Like a ball and chain
Until it abruptly stopped.

Night after night
Fear filled my body.
As I walked,
The shadow marched
Closely behind.

When I stopped
The shadow paused
While the twilight slowly ticked away
Behind him.

I tried moving my feet
One after another
But my legs
Weighed
A thousand pounds each.

Each and every hair stood up on the back of my neck
When I felt a man's
Quiet, warm
Breath
Tickled down my back
He transmitted
Terrible, ominous, malicious
Shivers
Up and down my body
And whispered into my ear-
A long annoying alarm
To relieve me
And always woke me up.

I am from the frosty air of early September
Wearing my white buttoned-down shirt,
Plaid skirt
Walking out the front steps
"On my way to learn something new!"

I am from the sisterhood of cookies
Wearing our brown sashes sprinkled
With small, shiny pins,
From the shoulder across our hearts
With dignity and respect

I am from the warm salted scent
Of carne asada,
Outside a sunny afternoon
Surrounded by friends and family
Talking about the past and life ahead

Birthday parties
Where stringy cartoon piñatas
Surrounded by hungry children,
And fearful parents
"Be careful when they swing!"

I am from a traditional family
But I wasn't traditional
"A sweet 16 isn't the same as a Quince"
The luxury of having a ball gown dress
Once put on, as if made just for you
Crowns, heels,
It is the beauty of feeling the age
Of empowerment

I am from Central Catholic
The long hallways,
the steep stairways,
The hardships
The teachers who look upon you
With kind eyes and potential
"Don't say that you can't do something
because you can do anything
if you set your mind to it"

As each day goes by
I am a puzzle being put together
By myself
And with the influence of others
Piece by piece I am molded
Shifted
Broken
And built back anew

From the little girl
Who is finally growing up



Untitled | Kesli Kruzel '18



Beetle | Mrs. Jenn Chatigny, Fine & Performing Arts Department



Landscape in Florida | Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department



London, Clear February Day | Matthew Joyal '08, Social Studies Department



Nauset Lighthouse | Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department



Nubble Light | Matthew Joyal '08, Social Studies Department

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: SUSAN ELIAS

Each year, Visions Literary and Arts Magazine identifies one or more graduating seniors who has created a body of written or visual work of substantial weight and quality. This body of work often functions as a social commentary, an homage, or a thematic collection. This year's spotlight as well as photographs of the artist have been presented on the following pages.

ARTIST STATEMENT

I chose to explore the Black Lives Matter Movement and police brutality. A major act of the movement is fighting for justice for the many African-American lives that were wrongfully taken. I also wanted to be a part of shining light on the injustices that are still relevant in our world today. I chose to portray a common pull-over scene gone wrong and two pieces where an item was mistaken for a gun in cases such as Trayvon Martin and Amadou Diallo.



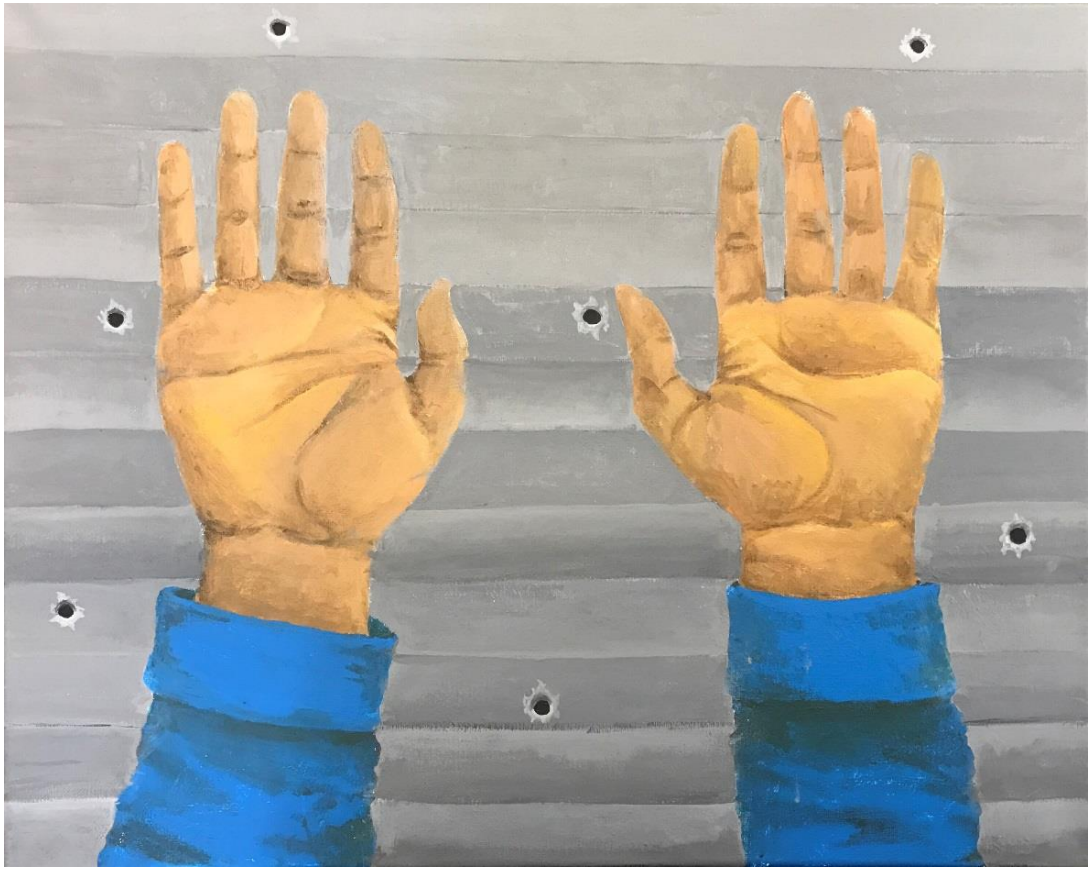
ABOVE: *Fingerprints* | Ashley Bautista '17 | BELOW: *Purple Drift* | Susan Elias '17





ABOVE LEFT: *T. Martin* | ABOVE RIGHT: *A. Diallo* | BELOW: *My View* | Susan Elias '17

NOT ALL BLACKS ARE
CRIMINALS.
NOT ALL COPS ARE
KILLERS.
DONT APPLY THE
ACTIONS OF SOME
TO ALL.



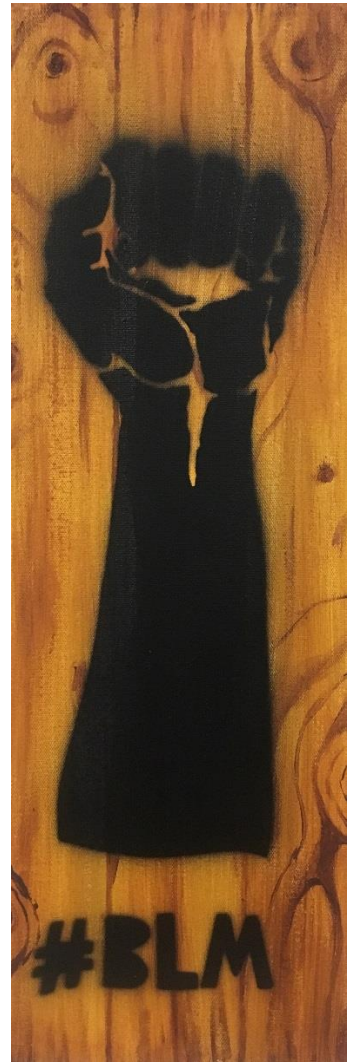
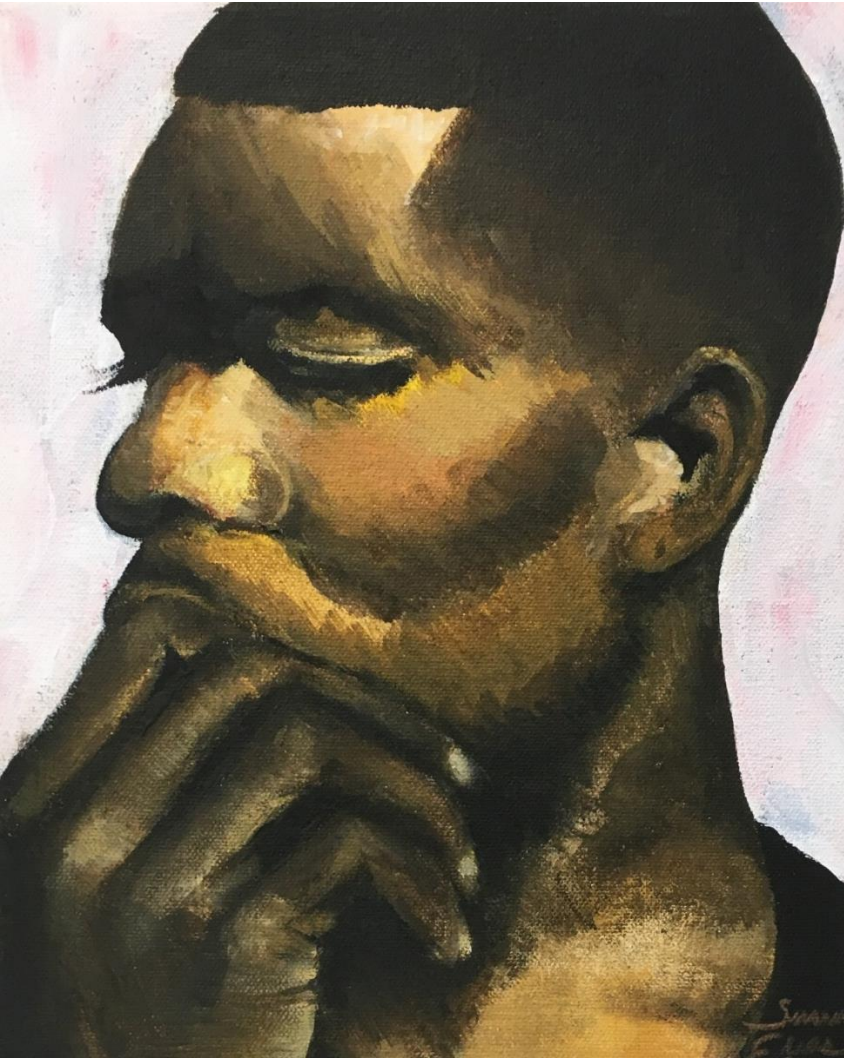
ABOVE: *Hands Up, Don't Shoot* | BELOW: *Liberty Justice for Some* | Susan Elias '17





ABOVE: *Bystanders* | BELOW: *Bleeding Love* | Susan Elias '17





ABOVE LEFT: *Self-Reflect* | ABOVE RIGHT: *BLM* | Susan Elias '17 | BELOW: *Susan* | Adam Alon '17



