



VISIONS

LITERARY & ARTS MAGAZINE
CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
VOLUME XVIII - SPRING 2018

SPECIAL THANKS

The 2018 Visions Staff would like to thank...

- Mrs. Doreen Keller, Mr. Christopher Sullivan, and the rest of the Central Catholic administration for their continued support of the artists, writers, and performers in our school community.
- The faculty members who attended and/or performed at our coffeehouse open-mic nights this year.
- Mrs. Alyssa Gowing, Mr. Andrew Joyal, and Ms. Christine Leonard for their help with serving food and drink.
- Mr. Steve Welsh, Mr. Felix Nuñez, and the rest of the CCHS maintenance staff for their help with setup and breakdown of our open-mic nights. You are our heroes.

2018 VISIONS STAFF, PERFORMERS, & MODERATORS

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Juliana Morley '19
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COFFEEHOUSE DATES:

December 21, 2017
March 6, 2018
May 17, 2018

Please note that the list of coffeehouse performers includes all of the members of our Central Catholic community who performed in either our December or March coffeehouse for this year. Performers from the May coffeehouse will be added to next year's list.

COFFEEHOUSE PERFORMERS:

Mr. Eric Alaimo '02
Camren Benanti '19
Sebastian Benedetto '21
Olivia Benvenuto '21
Leah Cedeño '18
Charlie Carberry '18
Mr. Rick Cavanaugh
Natalia Clark '19
Tom Cyr '18
Will Cyr '18
Elvino da Silveira '19
Dimitri Daskalakis '19
AJ DeMange '20
Maddie Freitas '20
Megan Gallagher '21
Grace Garesché '21
Jake Green '18
Siobhan Hale '20
Mr. Tim Hart '85
Lexie Hurlbert '18
Keegan Kattar '18
Elina Khoury '21
Ms. Kellie Leavitt
Chloe Luo '18
Joe Maneen '18
Michael Mears '18
Colby Merrill '18
James Merritt '21
Will Merritt '18
Brandon Mills '19
Connor Murphy '18
Arianna Ohanian '20
Brian Pacheco '18
Megan Patten '18
Alyvia Petrozza '18
Caroline Sullivan '21
Joey Terramagra '18
Victoria Torres '21
Cameron Ward '21
Isabel Wetherbee '20

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FRONT COVER: *Juxtaposition* | Courtney Collibee '19 | BACK COVER: *Утренний чай* | Gabrielle Foreman '18



THE 2018 COLLECTION

A New Lifestyle | Lexie Hurlbert '18

I met someone in the spring of junior year
My friend told me about him and I was very skeptical
 I felt like child trying lemons for the first time
 It was sweet and sour all at the same time
But this sourness helped to bring a new perspective to my life
This new taste helped to enhance my life and will always add more to a boring day
I learned so much about myself through him and I became more confident just listening to him

Within 5 minutes of meeting him I was hooked
I never fully understood the feeling I got when I was with him until now
 It was excitement with a sprinkle of joy
This sprinkle of joy helped to restore my faith in humanity
He let me know that there is still hope in this dark world
I felt like I can tell him anything and I would never be judged,
 He accepted me for being me and I never felt unloved

He made me understand the world better
This new knowledge helped me to appreciate the different people in my life
Whenever I am with him my life seems timeless
 I could just stay with him for hours on end and never get bored

He makes me feel like I am child singing Mamma Mia in the backseat of my mom's Honda minivan
 I have no worries in the world when I am with him
He always knows how to keep a smile on my face
It's hard to be with him because he only comes to visit me a couple times a year
But when I do see him my heart is filled with love and I just want to spread the love
I love seeing him, but it is hard to see him go...

His name is Visions Coffeehouse



Coffee | Courtney Collibee '19

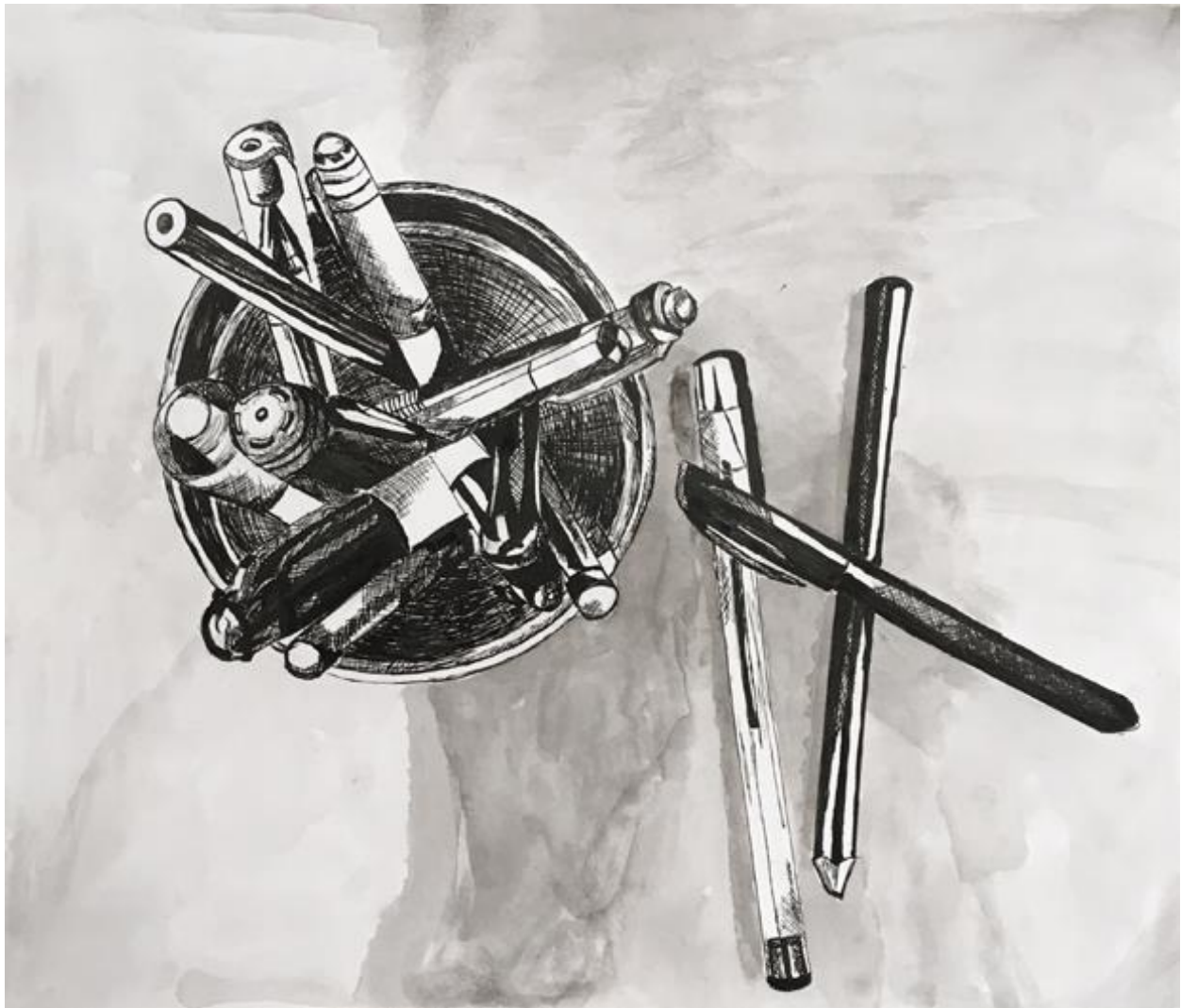
Wake up! Wake up! I yell at him.

Why are you yelling at him! What's going on, why are you shaking him like that? He tells me that he is unresponsive and won't wake up. He throws my brother into my arms as he goes to call 911 and my mom. I sat there yelling, shaking, crying, screaming to God telling him not to take my brother away from me. It was like a knife stabbing my heart a thousand times. So much pain, I cried while he laid there in my arms almost as if he was dead, lifeless.

The ambulance came and he was still unresponsive. My brother and I would go in the ambulance to the hospital. He began to wake up slowly but gradually. I thanked God that he was okay. When my mom got there and they looked over him and they told us if it were to happen again to come back. Then, boom, it happens again with my mother in her car. The doctors told us that he was having a strange series of seizures. After the second seizure he had a third. We were all in the room to witness it. Chills went down my back, I screamed in pain, a pain you can only feel when you see something so terrifying, so gruesome. Something that you would never be able to unsee even if you wished on it thousands of times.

This all happened in March of 2013, he was only one – about to turn two in April...and I, I was only 12...

We were a family of four, and we were a family with struggles.



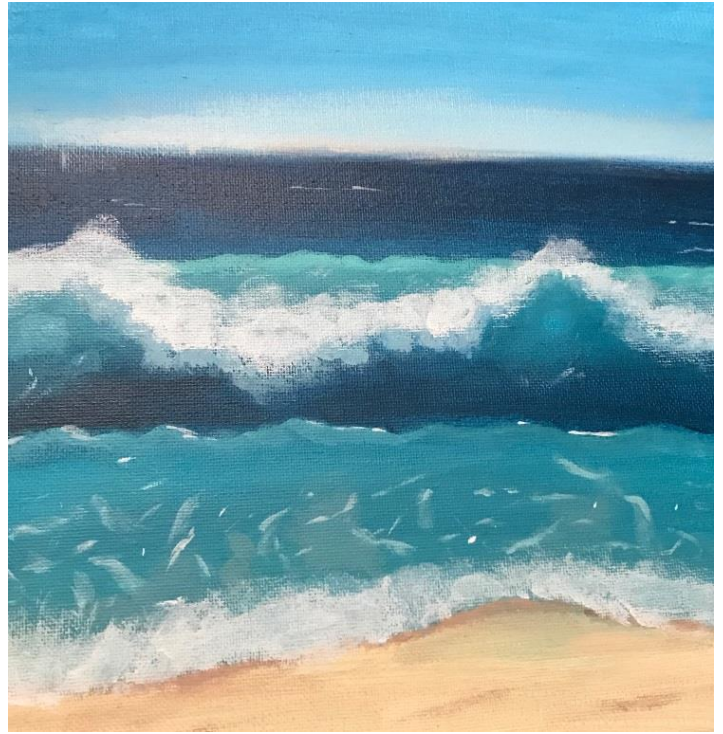
13 Pens | Camille Andersen '18

Do you ever wish that time would slow down? That everything would just stop for one minute? Sometimes, it's a song that causes this feeling; other times, it's a picture or something a friend says offhandedly. You find yourself wishing you had appreciated a moment in your past a little more, and you long to revisit that precise moment in time. For me, these memories are usually of the summertime. Whenever I think of them, the sunlight is always a golden sort of yellow, the color of reminiscence and youth. I remember running around my backyard and playing hide-and-seek with the kind of energy only a child has. I remember splashing around in my neighbor's pool and riding my bike down the driveway, enjoying life and just being a kid. Moments like these I remember vividly, with a fond sense of hope and longing. I can feel the warmth of the sun on my face and the breeze in my hair, even though I'm years away from the moment itself. It's as if time has slowed around me and I've leapt back years into my childhood, no longer at any specific place or time. It's like I'm reliving the past all over again.



ABOVE: *Hawaii* | Sophie O'Brien '18 | BELOW: *Finger-Paint Part One* | Camille Andersen '18





ABOVE LEFT: *High Tide I* | ABOVE RIGHT: *High Tide II* | Samantha Cocchiaro '20

one day more | JuJu Jaworski '20

dedicated to those who need a reminder that they can make it – that there is a light at the end of the tunnel – and that each day is a gift.

you wake up, your hands reaching out to wrap your fingers in your soft comforter. the sunlight peers in through the window. as you grudge to get out of bed and move as slow as a snail, you repeat to yourself: one day more.

you sit in class, as the buzz of students envelops the room. the click of pens, the tapping of keyboards, the ticks of the clock. each mundane movement seems to drone on in your head. you repeat to yourself: one day more.

you find yourself counting these days down. counting down the hours, the minutes, the seconds. but, why?

one day, i hope you can find the strength to keep moving. to take risks. to make the change.

to make the change so you don't count down the days. you don't repeat that mantra to yourself as, "one more day down until the end" but now as "one more day full of great experiences."

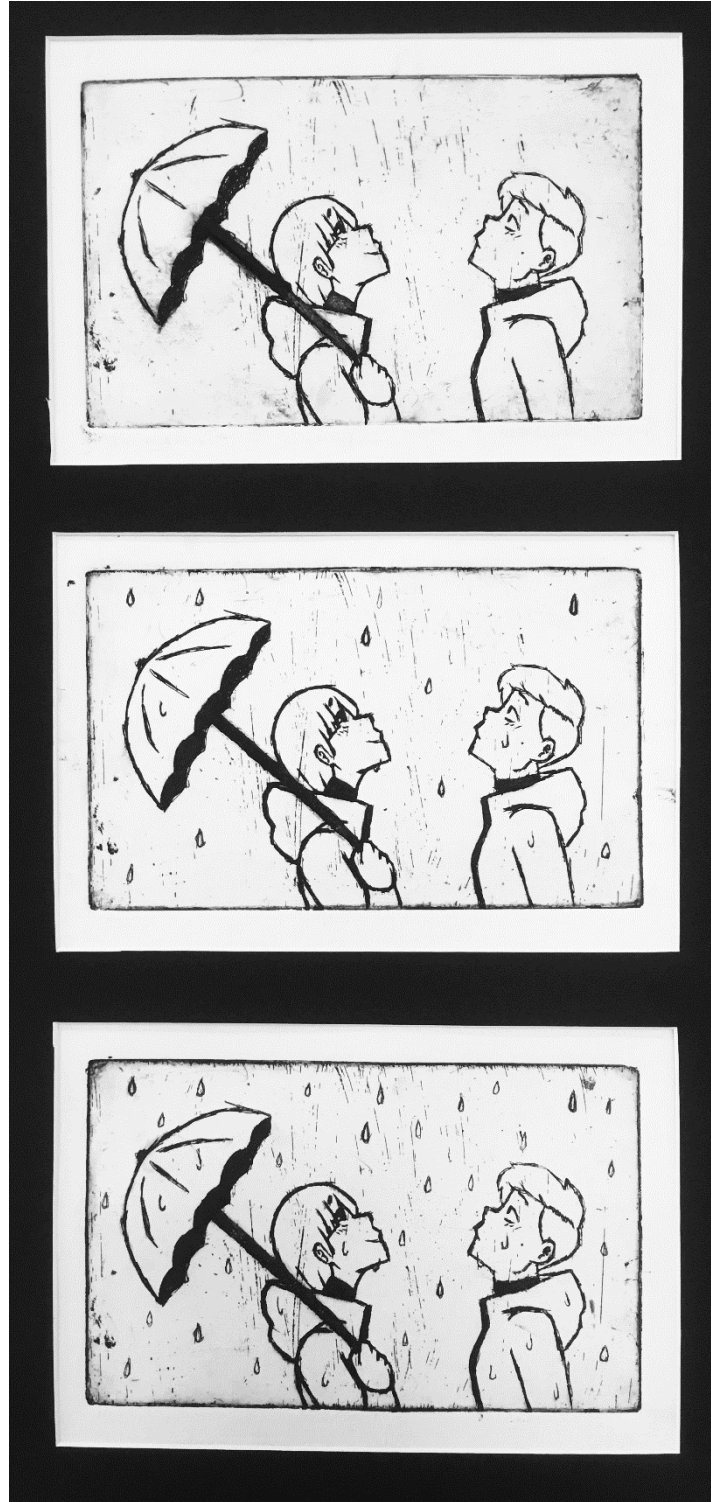
one day more of laughter. one day more of family home cooked meals. one day more of stupid jokes at the lunch table. one day day of crying on your friend's shoulder. one more day of heartbreak. one more day of triumph.

one more day of life. one more day of living.

keep going. keep going until you look forward to each day, and what it will bring.

Treasure | Gabriella Reyes '19

He valued her like she was a gem in the sky
And he put his pride aside
He honored her heart like it was a piece of art
And knew the value of her mind

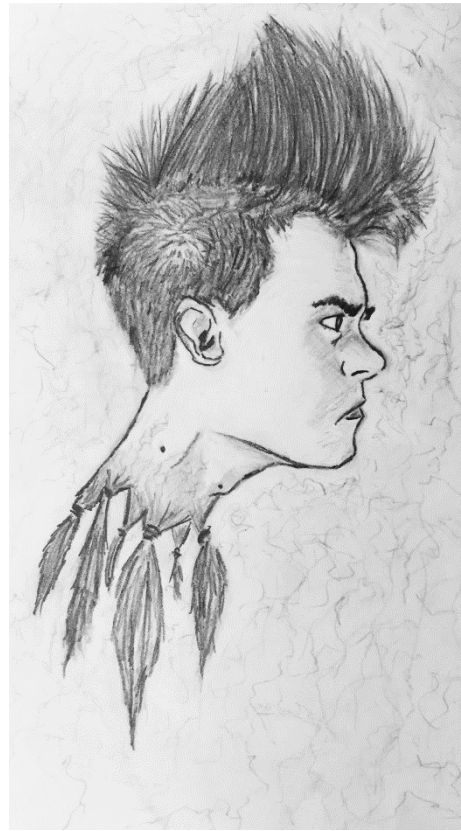


In the Rain | Gabrielle Foreman '18



ABOVE: *Untitled* | Brett Simpson '18 | BELOW: *Untitled I* | Elizabeth Rando '18





ABOVE LEFT: *Untitled III* | Jackie Dieker '18 | ABOVE LEFT: *Twisted* | Ryan Coughlin '19

BELOW LEFT: *Untitled* | Penny Alekou '18 | BELOW RIGHT: *Hibiscus* | Ben Wetherbee '18



Excerpts from *Racism* | Jessica Trinh '21

Racism

Something that has to be heard

We are not attacked only physically but with words

A store is robbed

The suspect is black and tall

Cop shows up and he assumes the next black person he sees is the suspect

So POP! he shoots

An unarmed kid with a hoodie just coming back from school

Everyone looking not saying a word but thinking "how can you be so cruel"

Why is it that certain people get raped because of their race

Why is it that Muslims are hurt because they cover their face

Why is it that we assume all Muslims are terrorists

Please explain why when Muslims are traveling, you assume they are carrying bombs

But when you check their bag and find clothes you just give nothing but alms

What a society

Why do I only hear "black lives matter"

We should be saying "all lives matter"

From the lightest color of skin to the darkest color we must come together and stop the madness

The sadness

I'm praying at the end

That we will all come in union once again Amen



ABOVE LEFT: *Dulcis Infernum* | Kevin Ossers '18 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Sparks of July* | Alyssa Arnold '20

The cashier thought the incessant beeping of the cash registers and constant prattle of people around her was melting her brain. She could almost feel liquid brain matter pouring out of her ears. It felt so real she reached up to check. No goo *yet*.

She wished she didn't need to keep this job, but she needed money. And since she was still a child, technically, though she didn't feel like one at 17, her career options were significantly limited. So there she was, monotonously ringing up milk carton after ice cream bar after deli meat after bagged produce non-stop for seven hours (which, by the way, at her grocery store, was a 'short' enough shift not to 'need' a break). An annoying Katy Perry song was playing in the background, almost unnoticeable, yet in her ears it was as loud as the front row of a concert. It was the fifth time the song played that day.

You'd think that in a grocery store you'd at the very least meet some interesting people, but it was almost as if as soon as anyone walked through those automatic doors all personality was sucked right out of them. They were nothing but shells of people, capable of nothing but meaningless pleasantries and answering simple one word questions like 'debit or credit?' and 'do you want a bag?' She, too, was subject to the soul-sucking effects of the supermarket. 'Hello, how are you?' she would begin. 'Would you like paper or plastic?' and then, 'have a good day.'

She felt like a robot. Absentmindedly, she wished someone interesting would come through her line. Someone immune to the fluorescent lighting and grimy tile floors.

Sometimes there were exceptions, when she actually *preferred* the monotony she despised, times when customers were not lifeless but were far from a breath of fresh air; instead, people that were more like a puff of dark grey smoke blown back into one's face by the wind.

"How are you today?" She asked, apathetic, to a stony-faced, stout-looking older man with a hideous handlebar mustache (are those breadcrumbs in his facial hair, or dandruff?). She did not receive the typical 'good, you?' she had grown to expect. Instead, here was his reply:

"Can you just shut up, and do your job, *sweetheart*." Ohh. Someone's in a bad mood. Her face grew red with a mixture of anger and embarrassment, and she was compelled to just stop talking all together. But after not saying basically anything of variety all day, she was just so done with dealing with people like this. So she did the only thing she could think of, and decided to ignore his comment, acting as though he had given a favorable response, and went on.

"I see someone likes using his toaster," she noted, after scanning the third box of frozen waffles. The man scowled at her. It egged her on. "I love waffles. They're much better than pancakes, in my opinion. Do you like pancakes?"

The man opened his mouth, she assumed to curse at her more, so she cut him off. "Why am I even asking? If you liked pancakes more you'd buy them instead, for sure. I love your mustache, I was thinking of growing one myself, actually. They're quite the fashion choice, though I don't know if I could pull it off."

The man's frown lines deepened. Her grin widened. He called for her manager.

CONTENTS



I THE GROWTH OF MAN

In prehistoric times man begins to fashion tools. First he evolves aids for fundamen



IMPROVE THEIR PERFORMANCE

71

horse; the adoption of horseshoes and stirrups increases efficiency. When horse-drawn vehicles are used, with consequent improvement in transportation, the modern rudder appears and the structure of ships moves to its present form; sails and masts become more complex. The compass is invented and sailors turn from the old astrolabes to the sextant.

IX GUNPOWDER AND THE NEW ART OF WAR

81

Gunpowder revolutionises the art of war; firearms and cannons make their appearance. The discovery of explosives and metallurgy gives rise to increasingly powerful weapons. The discovery also opens up an extremely powerful new motor force.

7



ABOVE LEFT: *Starry Walk Through the Sunflowers* | Karynna Muñoz '19 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled VIII* | Kesli Kruzel '18



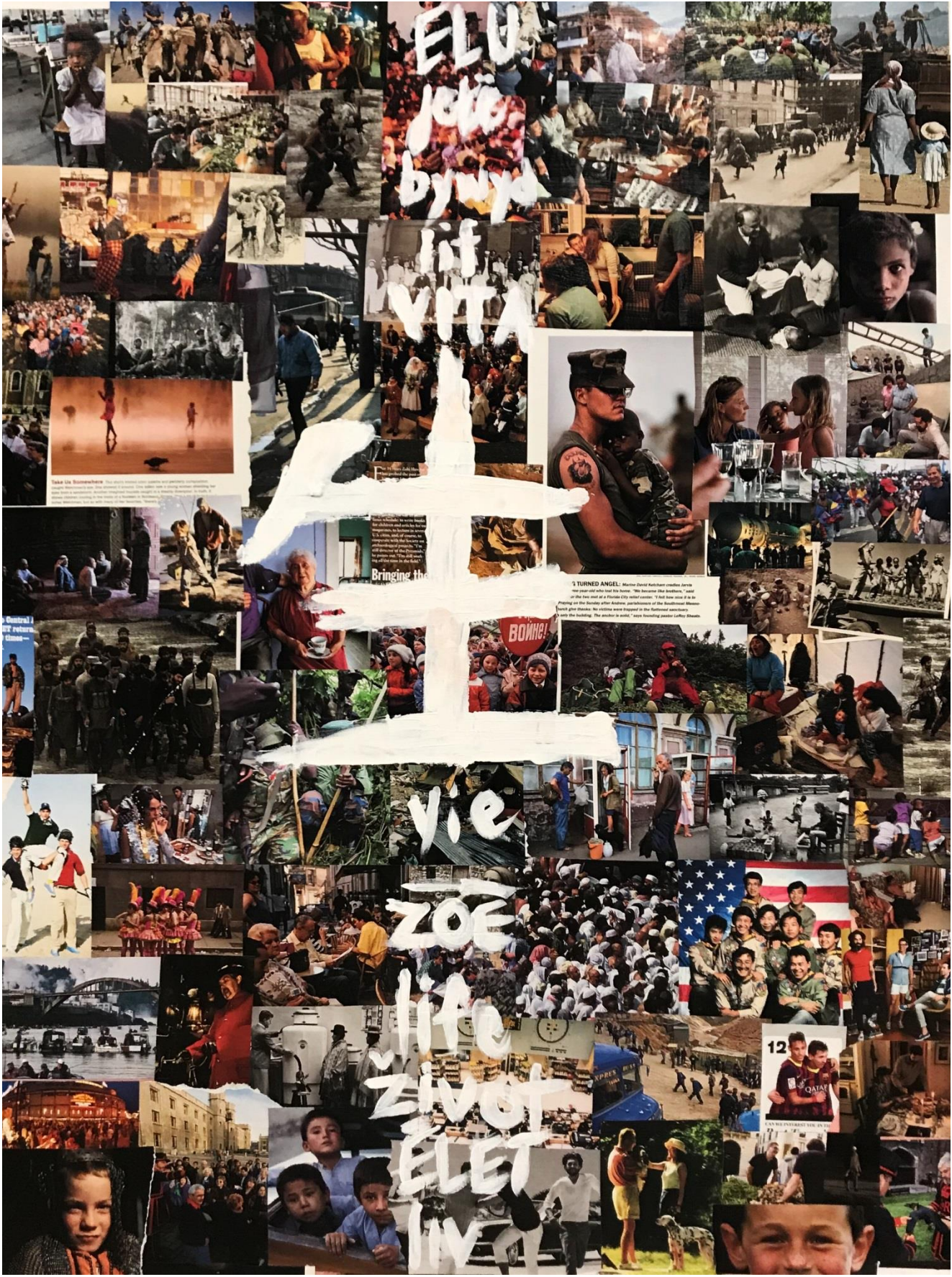
Technicolor Dream | Juliana Morley '19



ABOVE: *Untitled I* | Maddie Eastman '18

BELOW LEFT: *Untitled* | Abby Bolduc '21 | BELOW RIGHT: *King Kat* | Chloe Luo '18





Untitled II | Elizabeth Rando '18



Vietnam Memorial | Parker Webb '18

World Without Mercy | Celia Celona '20

A little girl sits crying her tears made of gold
 The wind burns like fire but she shivers from the cold
 Passersby walk but they don't say a thing
 She thought of her brother and started to sing

Hearts without light, where can I turn?
 A world born of darkness, God when will we learn

When will we learn?

A little boy so hungry ribs pierce through his skin
 He says he'll keep fighting but the reaper will win
 The coins in his can they jangle and ring
 He thought of his father and started to sing

Hearts carved from ice, where can I turn?
 A world born of fire, God when will we learn

When will we learn?

A father on the brink of an upcoming fall
 He pours another drink hoping to forget it all
 The courts they cry jester but he used to be king
 He thought of their mother and started to sing

Hearts without love, where can I turn?
 A world born of hatred, God when will we learn

When will we learn?

A mother who lies beneath six feet of earth
 She cries because the world can't see her family's worth
 They're falling, they're falling, to their lives they cling
 She thought of their future and started to sing

Hearts without mercy, where can they turn?
 A world born of man, God will they ever learn

Will we ever learn?

injustice | Licia Russo '21

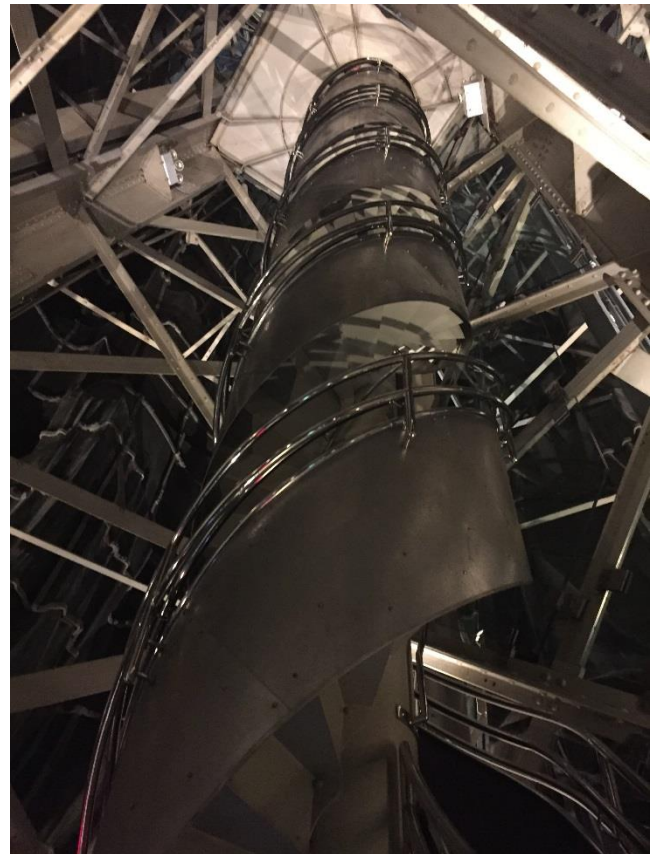
Boom Boom
 I ran to my mom
 she said oh common
 Bang bang
 It was a gang

My stomach dropped
 It was a gun that popped
 another soul gone
 he fell right on his mommas lawn

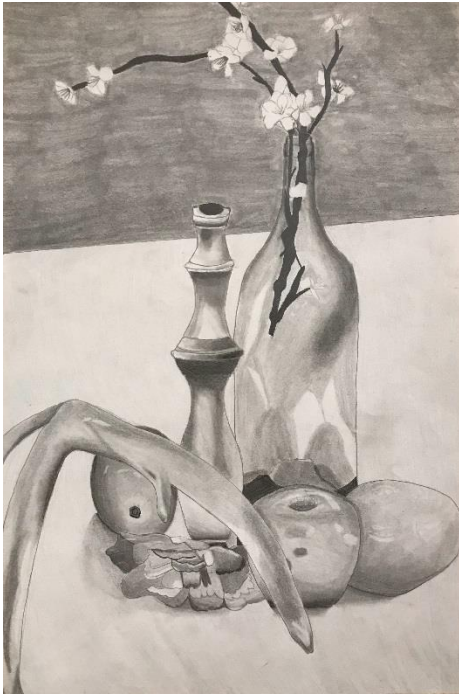
Sirens blasting
 news reporters broadcasting
 Tears running down his moms face
 Everyone yelling "yo give her some space"

People walking
 got the police blocking
 dead on the scene
 He was just a young teen
 had so much to achieve
 Whoever took his life is such a thief
 Now all his family can do is grieve
 His family still sitting there with disbelief

His file was "misplaced" from his lawyers briefcase
 So his death just became another cold case



Untitled | Dalton Dow '21



ABOVE LEFT: *The Fruit, the Flowers, & the Candlestick* | Mia LaTouche '20 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled* | Meisi Gaudreau '21

A Walk in the City | Camren Benanti '19

Walking down an empty sidewalk
 The glow of fluorescent light from the city reflects on your face
 Warm pink-red colors hide your pale skin
 It shows you a place you couldn't find yourself
 It calls your name, leading deep into the city
 Passing the sign, the colors wash out
 The lights are now behind you shadowing the street past
 Seducing someone else less firm in their grasp
 You find yourself heading to the park
 Cool temperatures overtake but do not overbear
 Moonlight ripples on the pond
 You see two lovers laying on a beach towel looking at the stars
 They needed nothing more than each other
 Fire couldn't tear them away
 Smiling as you pass them distantly
 Their admiration only matched by their gaze
 Walking on the midnight grass to nowhere
 The sidewalk finds its way back to you
 Cars on the road make soft sounds like children playing in the street
 A jazz club passes by pouring out improvisation and blue hues
 Laughter runs down the corner with a drink in her hand and doesn't stop for traffic
 A quick glance into the club:
 Men in sharp suits and perfect ties chat with cigars at their reach
 Players jumping notes in leaps and steps
 Women whispering to get away
 But a glance is all and you're on your way
 Pacing down the street
 With the city at your feet
 Life is chance at every beat
 It is life that you must seek



ABOVE: *myself* | Candace Davidowicz '18

BELOW LEFT: *want company?* | BELOW RIGHT: *Untitled* | Ediana Cruz '18



It all began when I was in the shower.

The incessant ringing from my cell phone, I mean. Someone clearly wanted to talk to me.

“Who wants to talk to *me* this badly?” I said aloud as I finished rinsing my hair. I expected the person to give up after the first couple tries, but as I went to turn off the water, I heard it ringing for a third time. The *Harry Potter* theme song played over and over again.

“Seriously, just give me a minute,” I muttered grumpily as I ran a towel through my wet hair. The ringing persisted a fourth time, stirring a sense of urgency in me.

A fifth time. *So who is it?* My insides churned with worry now.

I hurriedly put on my clothes, not caring if my wet hair dripped all over the place. “I’m coming,” I murmured as I pulled on my jeans. *Has something bad happened?*

“Almost done,” I moaned to myself as I tried to simultaneously put on a belt and get something out of my eye.

I reached for the doorknob, nearly slipping on the wet tiles. I rushed into my bedroom and snatched my phone up from the desk, stubbing my toe on the chair as I did so. I cursed and clicked the green button, not even checking the caller ID.

“Well, that’s a pleasant way to be greeted,” a familiar voice said on the other end.

I sank onto my bed in relief. If he was joking, nothing bad had happened.

“Hi to you, too,” I said, smiling. “In my defense, I was nearly paralyzed with worry by the time I got out of the shower.”

“Sorry, Alex.”

“Don’t worry about it. What’s up? What’s got you calling me a million times in a row?”

Logan’s voice was strained on the other end. “Marriage.”

I jumped up from the bed. *My best friend getting married?*

“WHAT?” I cried. “But you—you... I don’t understand,” I said helplessly.

“Yeah, neither do I.” I could imagine him running a hand through his light hair.

“So tell me everything!” I practically shouted. “When did it happen? *Who?*” I paused. “Wait... you don’t even have a girlfriend!”

Logan was silent.

“I mean, you don’t... right?” I said slowly. He would’ve told me if he’d gotten a girlfriend. Yeah, I would’ve teased him for days, but we were too close for him *not* to tell me.

“No, I don’t,” he sighed, making a noise like crinkling paper through the speakers.

I knit my brows together in confusion. “Then what’s with the marriage?”

I could picture him grimacing. “My parents are what’s with the marriage.”

“Oh no,” I groaned. “Not *that* again?”

“Oh yes, *that* again,” Logan said bitterly. “I’m twenty-nine! One more year, Alex! *One more year*, and my family decides my future for me!”

I sat on the edge of my bed. “Aw, Lo, I know how much this bothers you. And I’m on your side. It’s not fair for your parents to arrange a marriage for you if you don’t find someone in a year.”

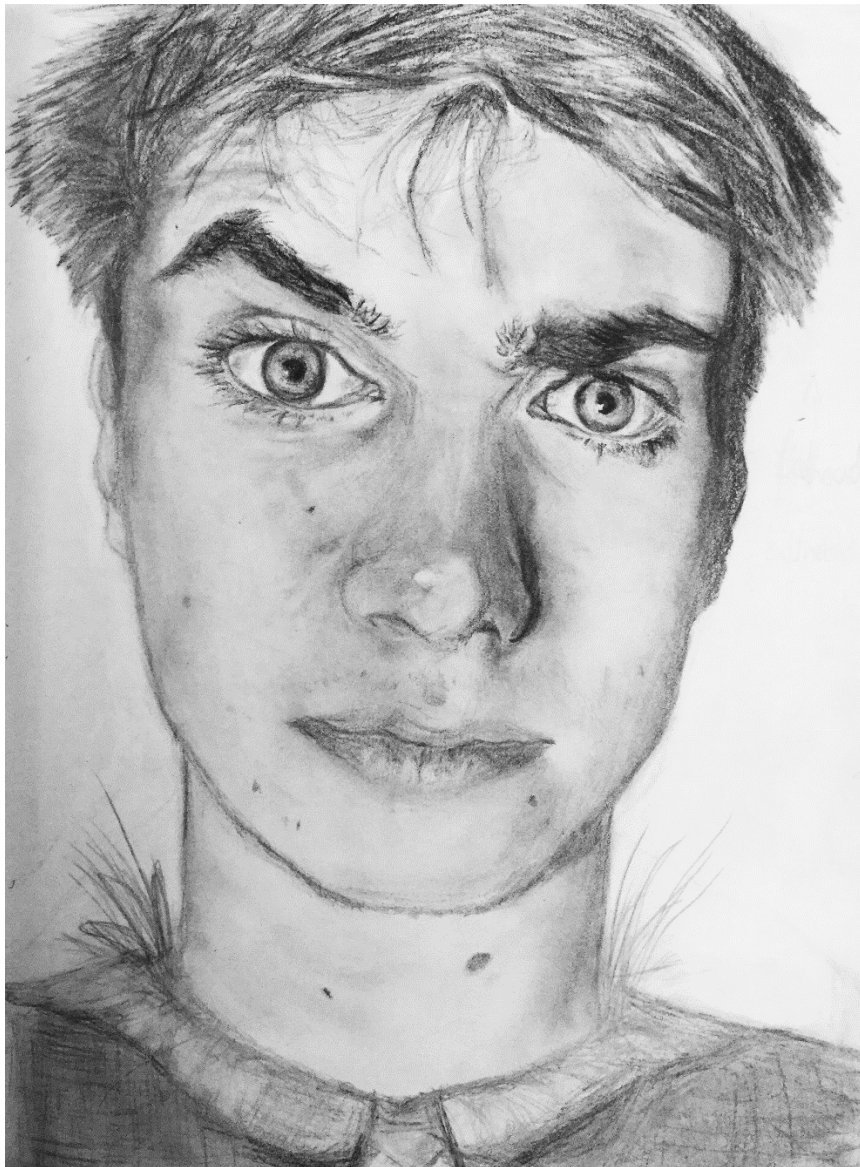
“Thanks for reminding me,” Logan moaned.

“Hey, you brought it up in the first place! Who was it that called me five times?”

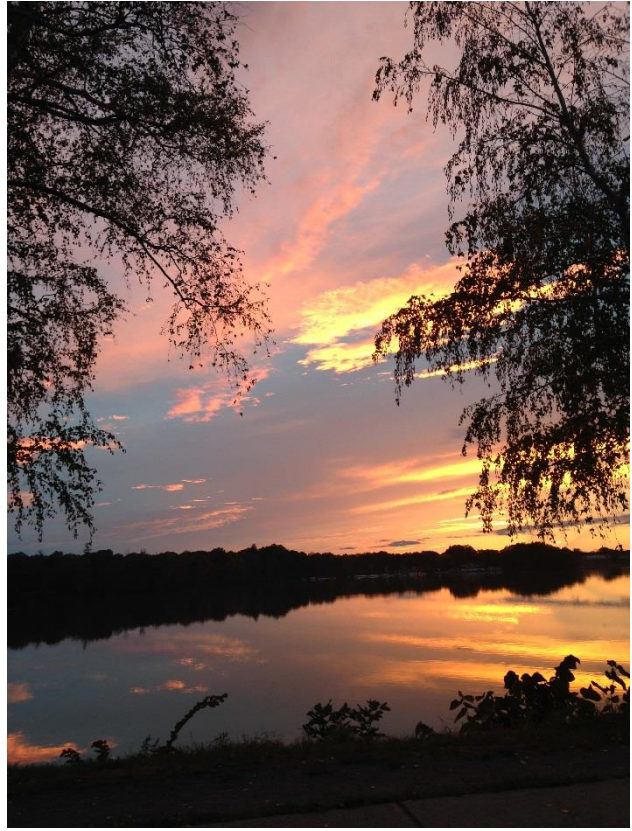
“I know, I know. I called to ask you something, though. Something important.” His tone changed, and it bothered me that I couldn’t quite detect what was different.

“Sure. Anything for you,” I said warily.

He took a deep breath. “Will you marry me?”



Pan | Ryan Coughlin '19



ABOVE LEFT: *Whirlwind* | Kelsey Reidy '18 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled* | Jill Amari '19



Sailor's Delight | Juliana Morley '19

I am from... | Haleigh St. Hilaire '20

I am from Catholic School.

From blue knee high socks and plaid skirts.
From dress code and no makeup allowed.
From meeting Sam and Mackenzie my very best friends.
I am from religion class and walking to church for first Friday mass.
From spending 10 years in the same school.

I am from Catholic School.

I am from heritage.

From singing bachata in the car with my mom.
From spending hours making pastelitos and rice with my grandma.
I am from getting flour all over the kitchen while rolling out dough.
I am from late night crepes with my dad while on vacation.
From memories of my p p re teaching me how to count to ten in French.

I am from heritage.

I am from a giving family.

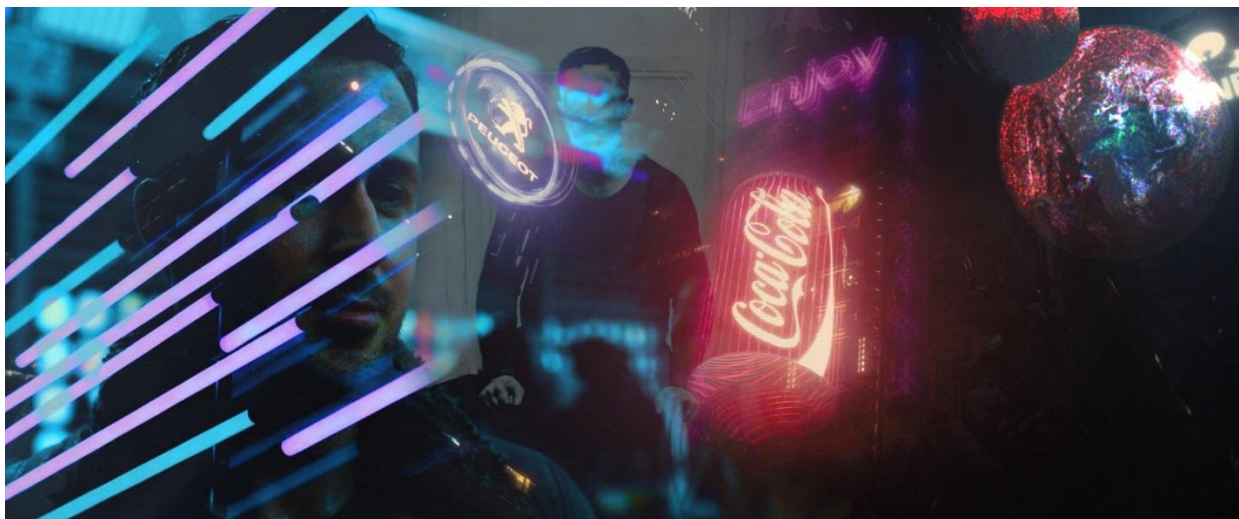
From donating time and supplies to the MSPCA whenever we can.
From cleaning the Lawrence common with my aunt on Earth Day.
I am from spending my summer working with little kids in summer school.
From raising money and awareness for the American Cancer Society.
From rallying my middle school to put together 50 boxes for our troops.

I am from a giving family.

I am from Cerebral Palsy.

From years of leg braces and physical, speech and occupational therapy.
I am from the doctors saying I will never walk like a "normal kid," let alone run, jump, and dance.
I am from defying all of those odds.
From being able to jump rope on Main Street USA.
From dancing since I was four and learning to riding a bike.

I am from Cerebral Palsy.



Untitled | Angie Pagan '19



ABOVE: *We're All Mad Here* | BELOW: *Look Closer* | Meghan Manzo '18



Change | Gabriella Reyes '19

They always want me to change

Like if my personality is too much to obtain
And my culture is too much to restrain
And they laugh at my pain
Because my struggle is too much for them to handle
And they think it's nothing but a scandal

As I seek opportunities I'm judged by my background
And told I'm a let down

And when I try to change,
They tell me that I'm strange

And I feel locked in a cage
but you know what,

They always want me to change

Journey | Gabriella Reyes '19

Slavery

Held down by shackles.

Split **families**.

My ancestors **breaking their backs** for a country,
A country that didn't appreciate their hard work.
Their damn hard work.

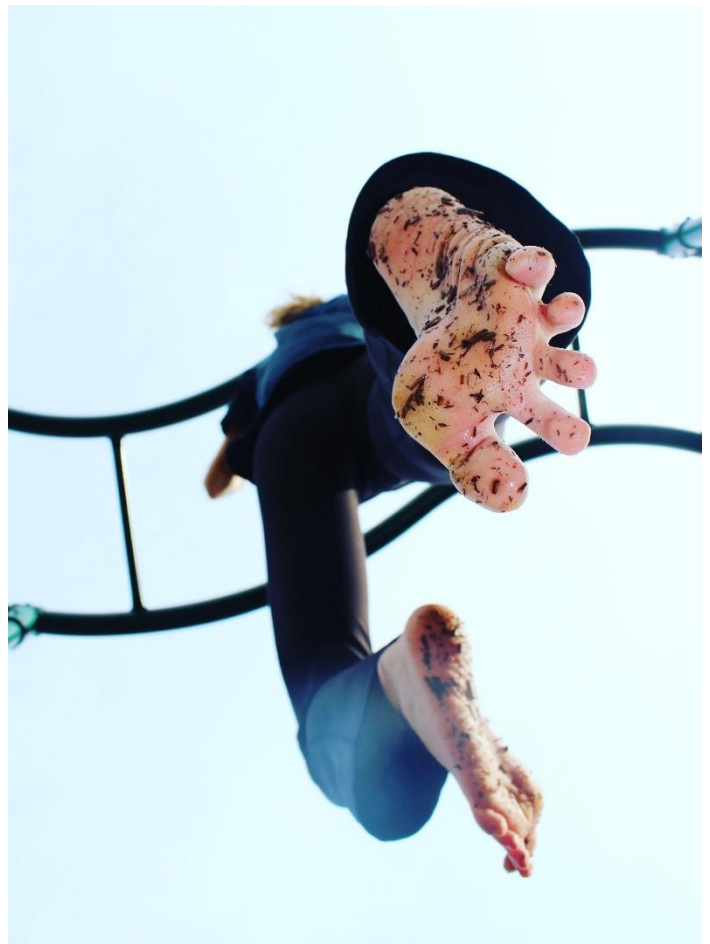
Hearts aching **for their America**.
America.

Freedom locked away in a box.

Key stored away and they claim it's the lord's way.
Screams shadowed by big dreams.

It's a **constant theme**,

But we black people **remain a team**.



ABOVE LEFT: *Painapple* | Gabrielle Foreman '18 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Flumadiddle* | Katie Dankert '18



Untitled II | Maddie Eastman '18

graduation | JuJu Jaworski '20

dedicated to high school seniors

we tap away at school desks, scroll online for hours, eat away at the time. we dream of being far away from our small town—making something of ourselves. we dream of campus green and endless opportunities. we dream of acceptance letters and diplomas. of caps and gowns.

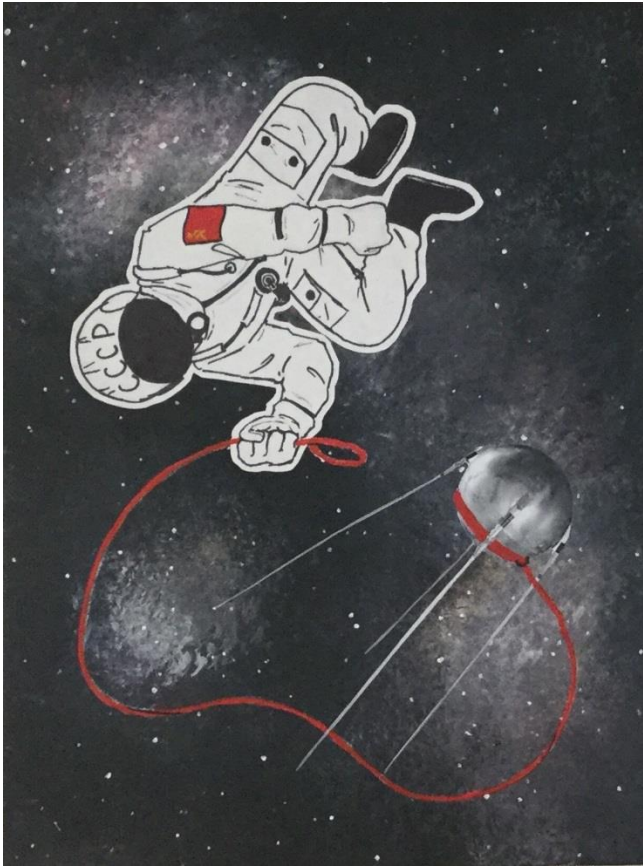
but no one tells us what it's like when you can't walk downstairs to have your mom help you with a math problem. or what it's like when there isn't a home cooked meal sitting on your dinner table. or when you aren't able to dance with your dad in the kitchen. or when your younger sibling isn't there for you to joke around with. or what it's like when you can't talk for hours with your best friend in your backyard. or when you can't go on a long walk with your dog down your block.

we dream of time flying, leaving home. but when we finally get to where we always wanted to be, all we want is to be back.

suddenly we're desperate for a hug from our parents. for a laugh with a sibling. for the warm feeling of our bed.

we're desperate to see the nightlight in the corner of our room. to hear our dog's little bark, the best alarm in the morning. every little sense of home. the place we've been dying to get out of.

live in this moment.
embrace everything.
one day you'll miss it.



ABOVE LEFT: *Привет, Спутник!* | Gabrielle Foreman '18 | ABOVE RIGHT: *Distortion* | Chloe Luo '18

BELOW: *Untitled IX* | Kesli Kruzel '18



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.

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: COLBY MERRILL

Lost in Space, Lost in Mind | Colby Merrill '18

Dedicated to All Those Who Live with Mental Illness, May You Know Peace

Today I was traveling in an unnatural orbit looking down upon my great blue sphere. I saw the white fluff that whispered of hidden sunlight. Out here I have no fluff. Only the unforgiving abyss that is my vision. Seeing the green down there is like opening my eyes for the very first time. I long for the smell of the deep green pines and sweet maple. To hear the rush of a warm summer breeze and the crashing blue on the horizon. But all is lost up here. No noise can penetrate this darkness. This environment is made to silence and not to survive. Surrounded and immersed by the harrowing darkness, I gaze upon the glistening of the gods every moment of my existence, for there is no sky to shield my unattended retinas.

I think, lost in sanity. How privileged a person can be when living a life of organization on their sphere. I wish for them to never know what life away from their mind would do. I am stuck. Stranded up over my dizzying, dazzling blue sphere, unreachable from my new and seemingly unconquerable path. Up here, there's often nothing to see but your own thoughts swirling around you like a satellite around Earth. And at the turn of the head lays forever. Simple and suffering. Tranquil and terrifying.

And now the Great Fire comes into view. It burns like a tortured mind, dazed and fatigued from the constant blaze. The Fire burns through all of the life and then keeps on burning. How can one endure this screaming Fire? A shiver runs down my spine as I think of its awesome power. Blinded with instability, how can one think while hell is in view? How can so many conform to it, when for others it is the reason for their obscured perceptions? Yet still, the cold, freezing flame burns outwards, to all whom it can grip.

The satellite torments the gravity of the sphere. Few of us call it our home. For many, the sphere is home and in harmony with the fire. Those who don't suffer don't often recognize those who live on the satellite. Their eyes are shielded from the Fire, but those who exist in this place look directly into its menacing glare. And we repair our hollow satellite, knowing it will be singed to destruction over again. A life in this place is tortuous to the body, the sphere. The thoughts swirl around as the unstable, burning, frying mind can do nothing but try to provide for the exhausted body. We only hope that the burning will subside and our thoughts can rest at their true home in the sphere. The terrifying thoughts are beyond infinite, but the most prevalent one is the thought of the burning Fire itself. The Fire, the Madness, will end someday my friends. My Friends. The madness will end someday.

Space Flight | Colby Merrill '18

The tortured gravity pulls
As conscience stumbles with weight
The sanity seems to leave
And the cold settles inward

The blinding haze washes over
These unattended retinas
Helplessly accept the warm darkness
Out here there is nothing else

The pulsing of the pain sometimes ceases
Leaving only madness in aftermath
And the goodness is barely visible
In the hive of lost self-control

The waves of crushing empty
Far away from the dune of health
Too far to perceive

Forever
Is waiting ahead

This nature of the silent flight
Beyond imagination's simplicity
Convinced that
Everything is nothing
But some thing is everything

Snowy Sands | Colby Merrill '18

The white pages of this beach
The soft sun is barely out of reach
A child of this nature
Is brought about by these snowy sands

The burning of fire and ice
The layers are opposing forces
When combined they create
Art

The sand and the snow
The snow and the ice
The ice and the ocean
The ocean and the sand
They stand side by side
The saints and the sinners
Side by side

Because we are all
Saints
Because we are all
Sinners

And we are all love
And we are all hate
Sometimes proportions are mixed
And some simply choose wrong

But in the end
We are all sinning saints
We are all snowy sands

My Striped Shirt | Colby Merrill '18

Looking down
Wore my striped shirt today

That stripe is yours
Conscience speaks
Through your snores
And this one is of His hype
For many, the answer
For others, an old stripe

And the caustic stripe of society
Still bleeds
Drips from the faint flesh
Of whom it feeds

Humanity stares
At my stripes
Pointing at the
Fresh
Ripe
New

So sorry
If my fashion
Statement
Isn't what you had
Hoped for
Stripes aren't such
An eye sore

Well, on goes the sweater

There is a simple reason
I wear long sleeves
In this sweltering weather

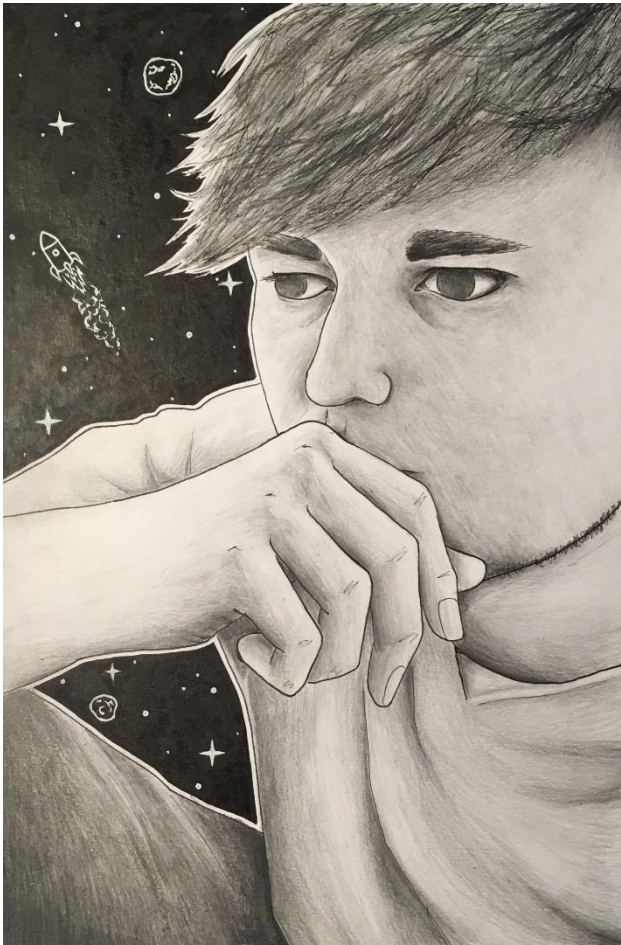
But I prefer my stripes

Even if you
Do not

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: CAITILIN SHEEHAN



Untitled I | Caitilin Sheehan '18



ABOVE LEFT: *Untitled II* | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled III* | BELOW: *Untitled IV* | Caitilin Sheehan '18



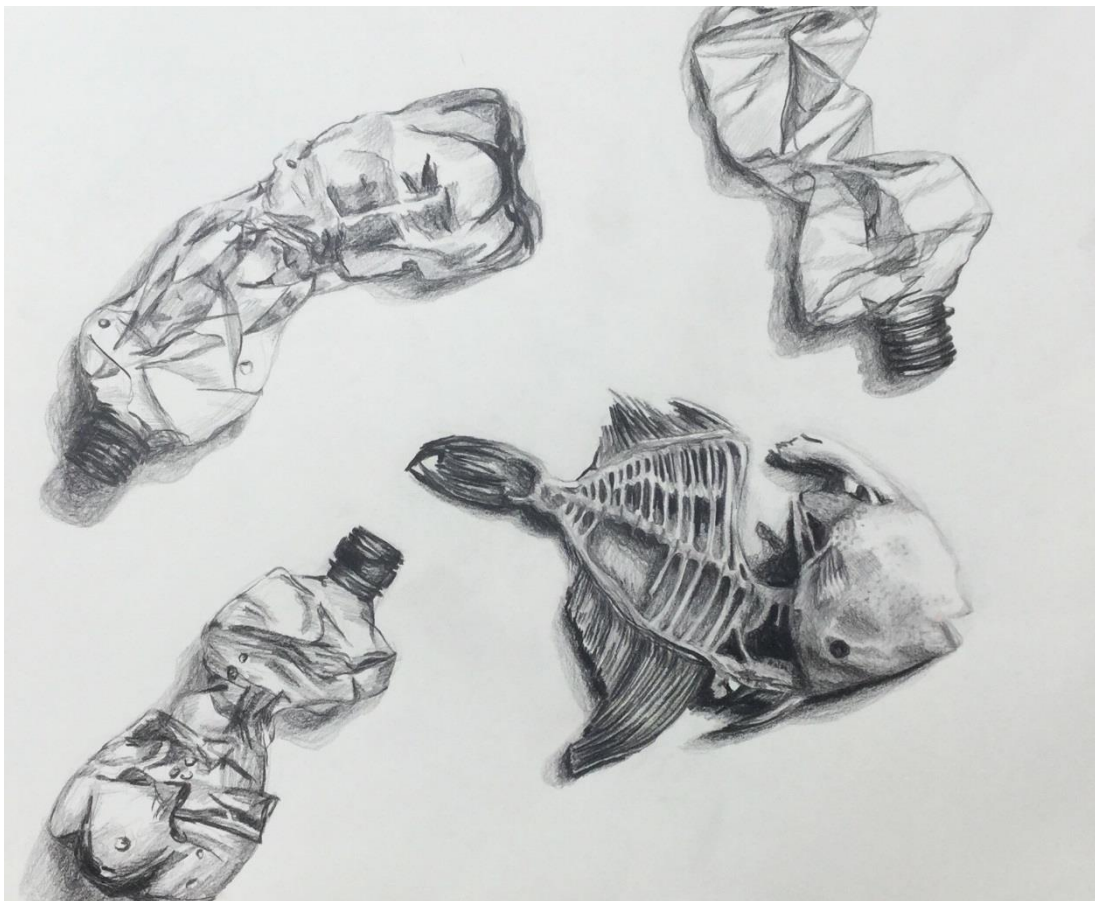
SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: KESLI KRUZEL

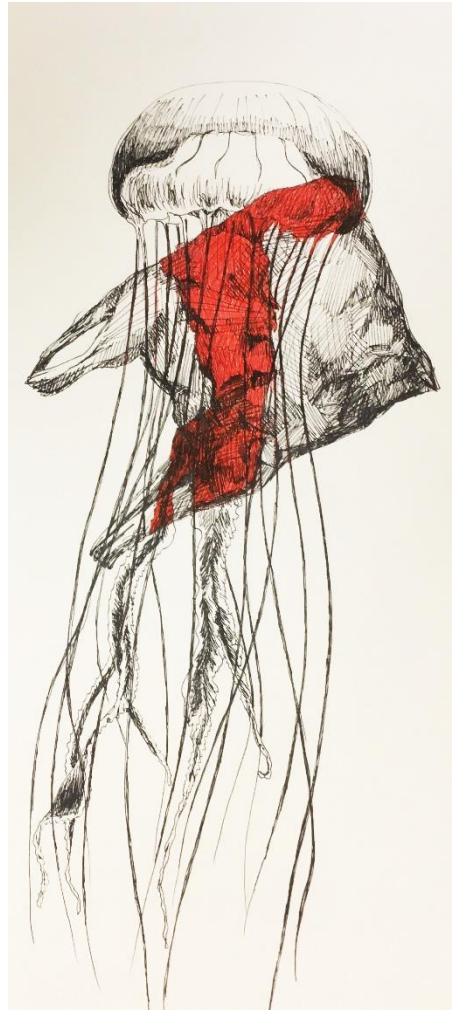


Untitled I | Kesli Kruzel '18



ABOVE: *Untitled II* | BELOW: *Untitled III* | Kesli Kruzel '18





ABOVE: *Untitled IV* | ABOVE RIGHT: *Untitled V* | BELOW: *Untitled VI* | Kesli Kruzel '18



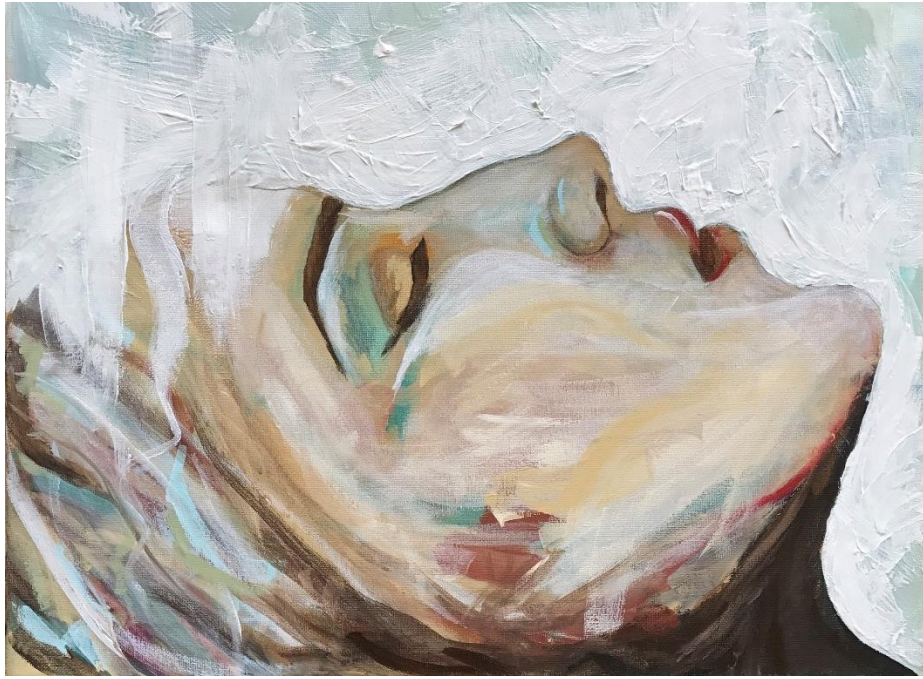


Untitled VII | Kesli Kruzel '18

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: JACKIE DIEKER



Saw You In A Dream | Jackie Dieker '18



ABOVE: *Portrait* | BELOW LEFT: *Untitled I* | BELOW RIGHT: *Untitled II* | Jackie Dieker '18



SENIOR SPOTLIGHT: ALYVIA PETROZZA

The Cacophonous Sounds of the Beating Heart | Alyvia Petrozza '18

Some days I'll notice his eyes targeting mine, pure confusion painted across his face. It looks as though he's mentally working out the exact moment we stopped talking—the exact moment we stopped sharing absolutely everything with one another. Ever since we were little kids running across the beach sharing secrets, we were best friends. He was a beautiful mess of a boy, perfectly imperfect with his golden brown hair, eyebrows that way too often furrowed into question marks, and ribs that looked like they wanted to explode from his body and travel all around the world. I loved him. Everything about him, every thought, idea or feeling, I held in my very hands and treasured more than anything. Don't ask me why one day I decided to crush my hands into fists. I was constantly searching for these reassurances and love from people that refused to give it to me, instead of looking to see the one person who always cared about me. The boy with the furrowed brows didn't just shape me into who I ended up becoming, but he loved me all along the way. Even when he looked upon me with his questioning eyebrows and concerned eyes, everything he said and did for me was because he treasured all that we were and all that he'd hoped we would become. In my mind, however, he remained a blur in the background of things that felt more important. And one day, I crushed him without even realizing I did so. My acts were so absolutely unconscious to my own mind, but so clear in his. One day, his brows relaxed and his heart turned into mush. He revealed all the secrets I shared with him from when we were little kids running up and down the beach, till we were 5 foot 9 staring into each other's eyes to anyone who would listen. He now refused to meet my eyes. He broke me. It took me quite some time before I realized that he broke me so that I could recognize him again. He didn't want to live in the blur of my mind anymore, he wanted to matter to me as much as I mattered to him. He broke me so that I would recognize all that I had broken myself. And slowly, over time, my fists unclenched and my fingers relaxed. However, by then, it was too late; all of the experiences and memories that I held in my hands were crushed beyond repair and the boy with the furrowed brows was long gone. Suddenly, after meeting my eyes across the room, he'll remember when and why we stopped talking and his head will hang in pure disappointment.

I met her when I was in a state of complete and utter loneliness. Her and her rays of sunshine breaking through the dark shield that surrounded my entire being. She was the type of person who you knew wouldn't linger in a moment, so you had to soak up all the light that she radiated towards you before she suddenly disappeared like the sun after a long, hard day of providing so much for so many. This girl was one that wore the sun as a mask because she'd rather live shining in every moment than live in a darkness so deep she couldn't retreat. When she came into my life, it wasn't subtle; she wasn't subtle. She burst into it with an attitude so far off from apologetic that my amazement towards her grew day by day. She was the type of person to steer her sun towards one person and make them feel as though they were the only one to ever exist. And she turned her sun towards me. It was as though she was my own private sunbeam and all the others could do was look in from the darkness and recognize how special the moment was. But, like I said, she would never linger in a single moment. Before I even knew what was happening, my sun ran across the country to follow the waves of the wind and the ambitions of her mind, but I'll never forget that feeling of being targeted by the sun.

It's taken so much time. It's taken so much time to normalize myself with my own body. To view it as merely skin wrapped around bones and muscles and ignore my mind and soul and the fact that they take refuge inside of that very same skin. I spent hours, stripped to the very core, lying on my bedroom floor, staring at the sun reflecting off the fat hanging onto my stomach and thighs for dear life. I slept naked every night just to familiarize myself with the touch of something that wasn't my baggy clothes or loose bralettes. It took me so goddamn long to be okay with not being okay with who I am, inside or out. It's as though I silenced the voice within my head, but in doing so, left my mind with an empty void that refused to be filled again. However, that was before he came into my life. Before we ventured off into a sunset of sunflowers and he

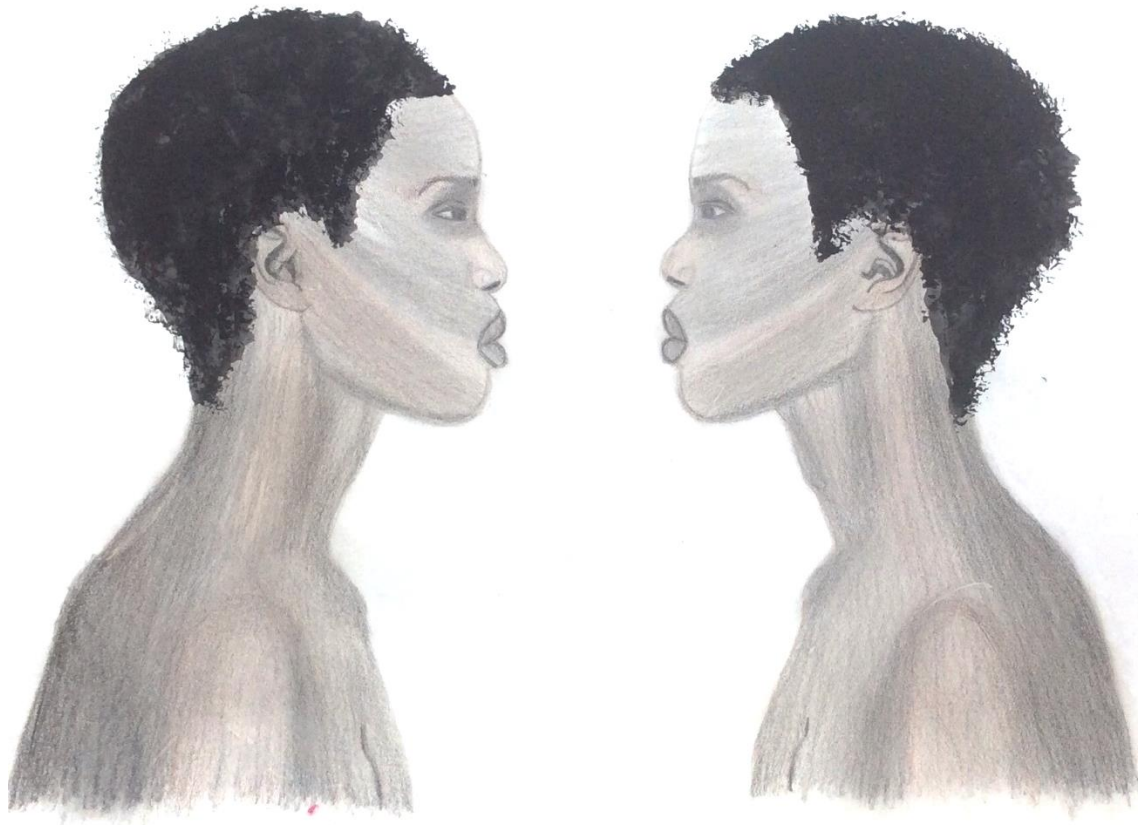
noticed the color of my eyes before the curves of my body. Before I held his hands in mine as they danced around to the beat of Childish Gambino and we watched the sun rise out of the square window from the comforts of his sunken couch. Before he taught me that there is a whole universe inside of me, coasting through my veins and taking over my mind slowly. He taught me that there is a universe inside everybody, and our personalities and thoughts are swirling in each solar system within our universe, contributing to our being as a whole. He made me realize how intricate a human being truly is and how intricate and beautiful I truly am. This man didn't just see bones and muscles keeping me together, he saw a universe. My universe. And now that I've labeled him as the man with the universe in his eyes, I've come to know him as well. And his universe is so vastly beautiful and undeniably bursting with colors, sometimes I can't even look directly at him because I'm afraid I'll be blinded by all the light emanating from his soul. Deep down, I hope that someday our universes can clash together in a heap of light and truly get to know one another. But until then, all we can do is lie on his sunken couch as the sun sets through the square window and revel in the fact that we are beings that are alive and chaotic even in the silence, and that makes us so much more than merely bones and muscles wrapped in skin.

Sometimes you learn more about a person after they walk out of your life. Occasionally my mind will go back to how it was with him. I'll remember the time we were driving down the beach and I was drifting off to sleep and his hand moved over to mine, grasping it as if he intended to never let go. I'll remember the time we planned our future where I'd come home from work to him dancing around the kitchen in his 'kiss the cook' apron and two wine glasses already on the dinner table. I'll remember when we were on a break but it started pouring outside and we were both soaked and he said I love you by accident and suddenly we weren't on a break anymore. I'll remember when he cried in my shoulder after his parents drifted apart for the first time and it was as if he had shrunk into a tiny flower bud and refused to bloom again. I'll remember when we sat in the front row of the movie theater and I caught him staring at me before he whispered a question in my ear; he asked where I would go if I could go anywhere in the world. "To the northern lights with you" I'll remember replying. I'll remember when we crossed the walking bridge that extended over the highway with McDonalds ice cream in our hands and our bodies moving to the sound of life happening below us. I'll remember when he took me to the sand on the beach during the middle of the night and danced with me, even though there was no music playing besides the pounding of our hearts beating a thousand times per minute. I'll remember when the boy with the ocean eyes was the only person who mattered to me, the only person I'd love in that singular way. However, most of the time, things don't work out that perfectly. The boy with the ocean eyes left, even after he promised he would stay, and then I discovered that he didn't care at all. When did you have time for all the other girls in your life? When did you have time to express the same emotions you expressed to me over and over to people that didn't have my face—that didn't love you as much as I did? Please. Please tell me. I'm just curious. I'll remember falling into your ocean eyes and not being able to get out...until now.

Throughout my life, I've met so many different people who have had a variety of powers. I've met the ones who always remain happy, a painted smile decorating their faces day after day. I've met the ones who deny ever feeling happiness or joy and isolate themselves from the world. I've met the type of girls who have the ability to walk into a room and cause all the guys to crawl at their heels by a mere blink of their eyes. I've even met the group with the power to convince you of any damn thing they say. But then I met her; she had the power of slowing down time. The first time I saw the brown-eyed girl walking in the distance, I swear to god every watch within a 10 mile radius halted and then tiptoed around her, wondering if they should continue or stop altogether. Her eyes drifting up to mine, I nearly lost my footing. I watched, along with everyone else with two eyes and a fully-functioning mind, the brown-eyed girl walk farther and farther away from the place I hadn't moved from in what seemed like an hour. After she escaped my sight, my mind started zooming back to its normal speed and the world continued to turn, despite the phenomenon that just walked on its very surface. One day, when my world was in chaos and my mind on overdrive, I felt a hand rest in mine. I looked up, and seeing her round brown eyes staring back up at mine, my whole world uncomplicated itself and my mind relaxed. Every blink of her eyelashes took 5 whole seconds and at that moment, I don't think I cared about anything else. And ever since that day, her hand has remained intertwined with mine and she still

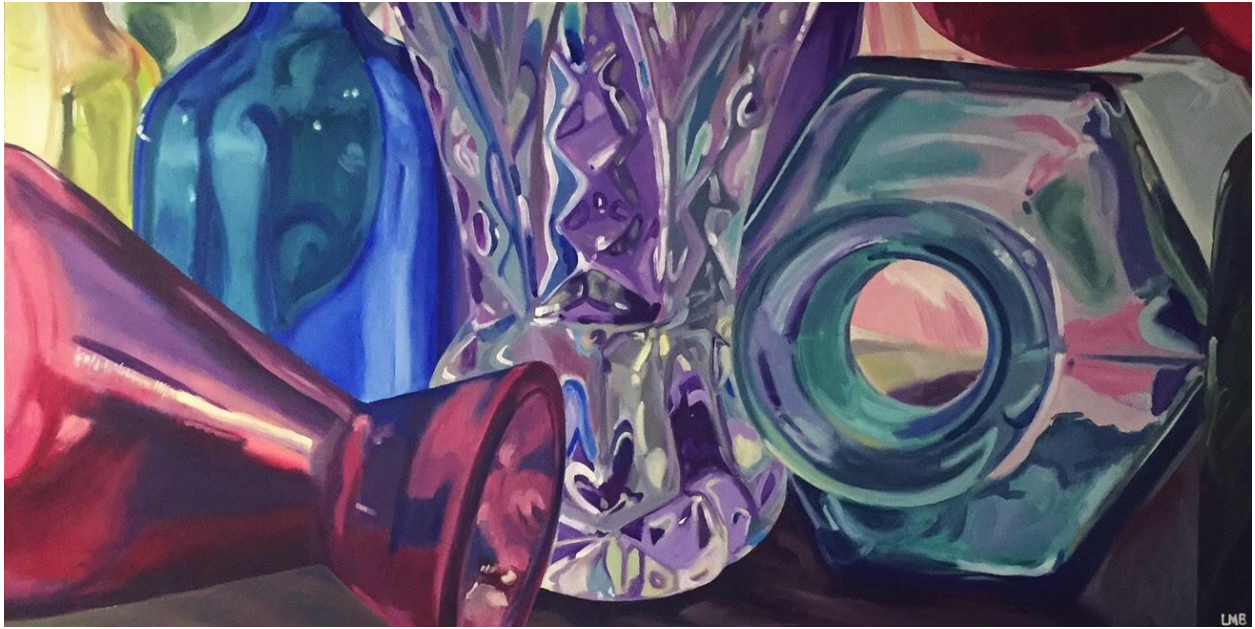
remains the brown-eyed girl with the power to slow down time. And don't worry, I don't plan on letting go anytime soon.

Determining the people who have mattered the most in your life shouldn't be based solely off of who immediately appears in your mind. As rushing faces click through your mind, the ones who truly matter are the ones who transport you back in time; the ones who cause a river of emotions to rush into your body, threatening to take over, as if you were right back in that moment. And the most important person in my life is the girl with the painted mind. All those years that I'd stare into the mirror for hours on end and see myself as merely a word that you stare at for too long until it starts to suddenly look like a mistake, I would turn to her. All those times people stared at the scars covering my body and mind, causing me to shrink into a teeny tiny dandelion (and not even the pretty one, the one categorized as a weed that drives people insane), the girl with the painted mind was there to give me confidence. All the times that my glass heart tried to put itself back together, but failed miserably, she picked up the pieces because she believed I had bled enough already, I didn't need my fingers to as well. All the times I was poked and prodded by men that didn't believe in deference, she reassured me that maybe someday they would be the ones being punished by their own realizations. Chivalry is dead in my mind, but that doesn't mean I don't believe in its resurrection. The girl with the painted mind constantly reminds me of how important the people who have hurt me are; they are the ones who have made me strong. She constantly reminds me how important the people who never leave me alone are; they are the ones who will prove to me what love truly means. She constantly reminds me how important every person will become eventually, no matter how much it hurts in the present. The girl with the painted mind brightens my eyes to endless memories and self-lessons of my past. All she wants is for me to understand and to know myself, inside and out. Without the girl with the painted mind, I wouldn't be who I am, just as I wouldn't without any of the people who have crossed my path. And the best part, the girl with the painted eyes lives within me. She is my mind and body. I am the girl with the painted mind. And she will forever remain the most important person in my life, as she should.



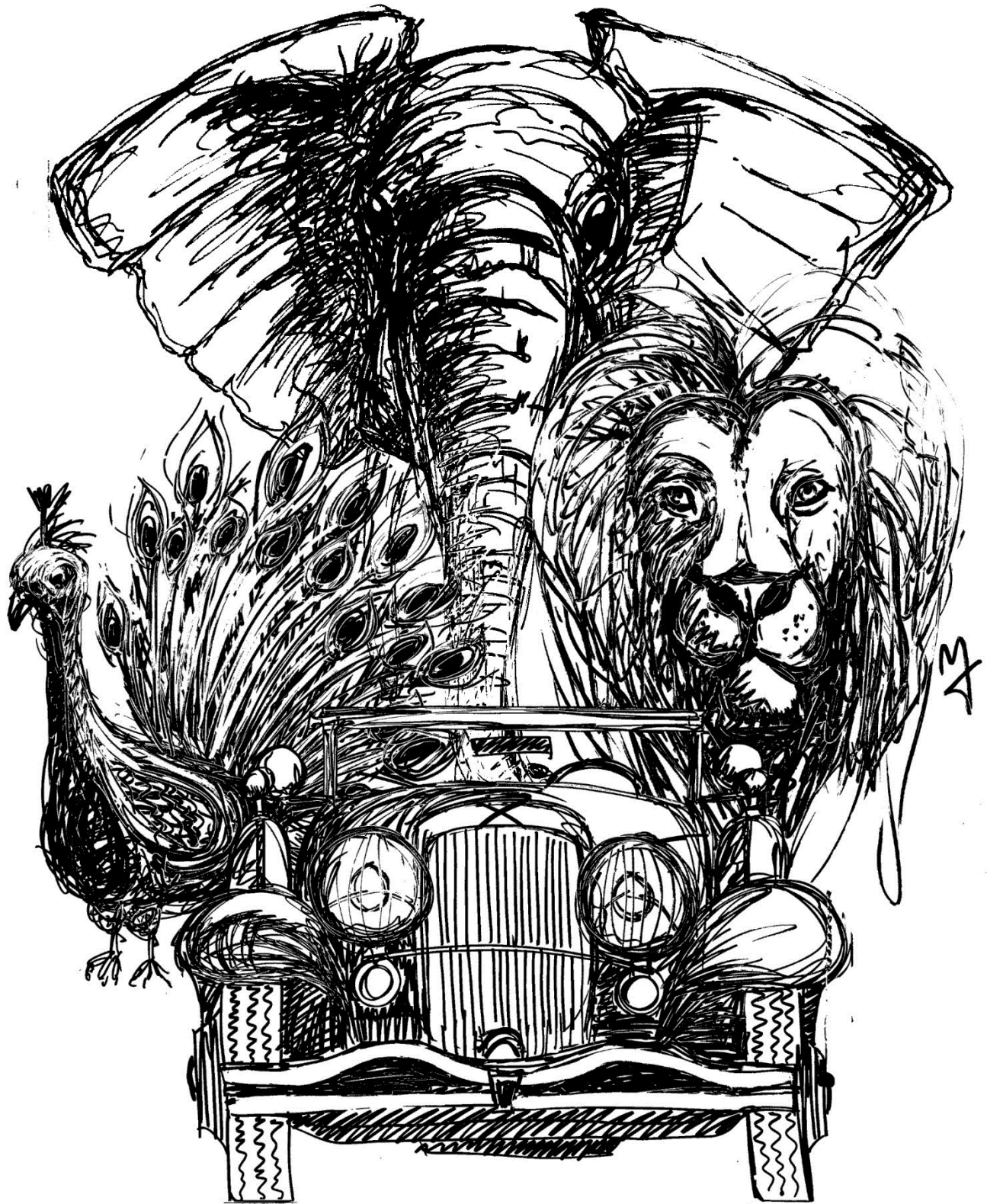
Reflections | Alyvia Petrozza '18

FACULTY SHOWCASE



ABOVE & BELOW: *Through Glass* | Ms. Lauren Bingham, Fine & Performing Arts Department





Ernest | Mr. Matthew Joyal '08, Social Studies Department



ABOVE: *Montana's Big Sky (Post Forest Fire)* | BELOW: *Hayfield in Montana* | Mr. Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department





Still Life | Mrs. Jenn Chatigny, Fine & Performing Arts Department



Nahant 66 | Mr. Matthew Joyal '08, Social Studies Department



New England Coastline | Mr. Rick Cavanaugh, Science Department (after a tutorial by D. Jalbert at www.donjalbertfineart.com)

