

VISIONS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 23 SPRING 2023

ARTS & LITERATURE

SENIOR FEATURES

BENJAMIN HARRINGTON

ERMIS MARTINEZ

SHELAGH MURPHY

PATRICIA PHAM

AVA SHEA

LIZZIE WELCH

AZUL WILSON



ABOUT VISIONS

Literary & Arts Magazine | Coffeehouse

Visions is a literary and arts magazine dedicated to showcasing the artistic and written talents of the Central Catholic community. These pages include works of art, prose, and poetry by students and faculty created throughout the 2022-2023 school year.

Since the founding of the magazine by Mr. Joseph Welch of the English Department in 2001, *Visions* has sponsored Coffeehouse events to give the poets and musicians of our community a safe and supportive place to display their creative talents. As part of our organization's continued evolution, members of this year's *Visions* Coffeehouse staff participated in a variety of workshops to hone their skills in fields such as event planning, hospitality, technical event lighting, and stage management.

2022-2023 Coffeehouse Events:

- December 21, 2022
- March 17, 2023
- May 13, 2023

Thank you to all of our loyal supporters and congratulations to all of our talented creators! The Central Catholic community is richer and more beautiful because of your courage and generosity. *Visions* would also like to extend a special thank you to Mr. Joe Prezioso for capturing these images of our Coffeehouses!









DEDICATION

The Accompanist

The *Visions* staff is proud to dedicate Volume 23 of our magazine to Mr. Rick Cavanaugh of the Science Department in recognition of his twenty years of support for the arts at Central Catholic High School.

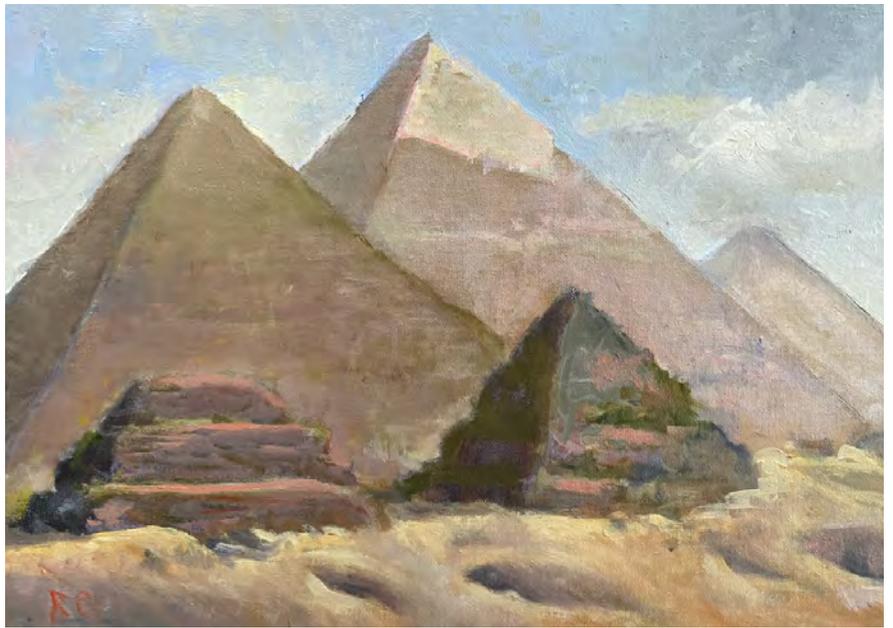
His artworks - often landscape paintings in an impressionistic style - have graced the pages of our magazines, and we are grateful to reproduce just a few more "Cavanaugh's" on the following pages. But there is so much more to Mr. Cavanaugh's legacy at Central Catholic.

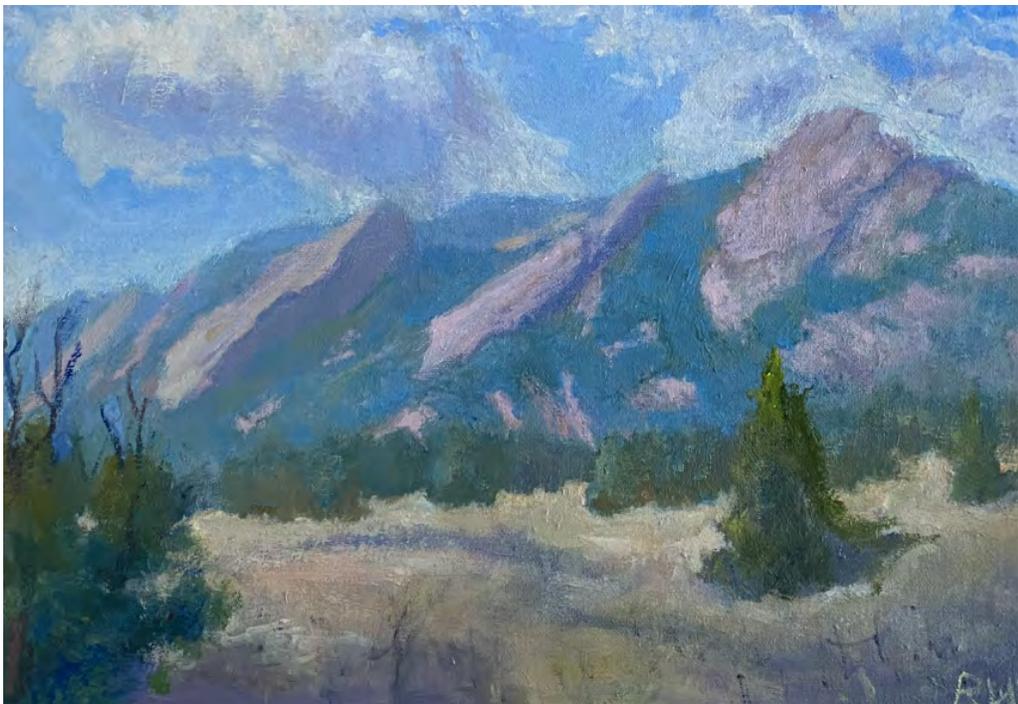
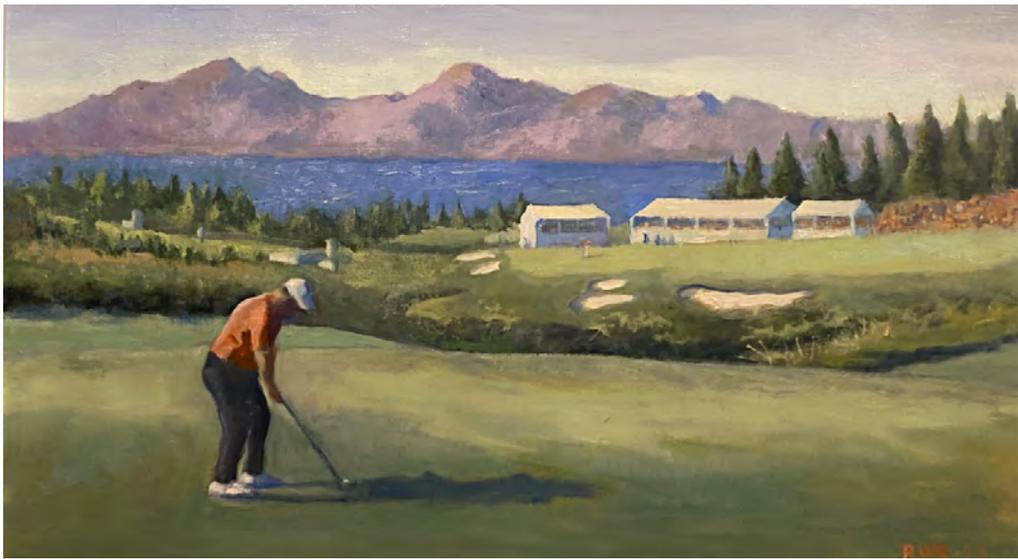
Over the last two decades, he has led and played bass in the Liturgical Band and Chorus. He has been a stalwart member of faculty bands like 5¢ Rebate and the Facultones at various events including several *Visions* Coffeehouses. He has supported the Theatre Guild as a member of the pit band for more than a dozen musicals and by performing onstage as, fittingly, "A Very Tall Man" in their fall 2022 production of *Puffs*.

If you've been lucky enough to look over and see Mr. Cavanaugh playing bass, banjo, guitar, or guitarrón, then you know he believes in you, he's got your back, and it's time to rock. Whether teaching in a science lab, joyfully playing music, offering a quiet word of encouragement, or just saying hello in the halls, he has accompanied all of us on our journeys. He sees the beauty in our world, and he sees us. Mr. Cavanaugh is our accompanist - in every sense of the word.













LIZZIE WELCH '23

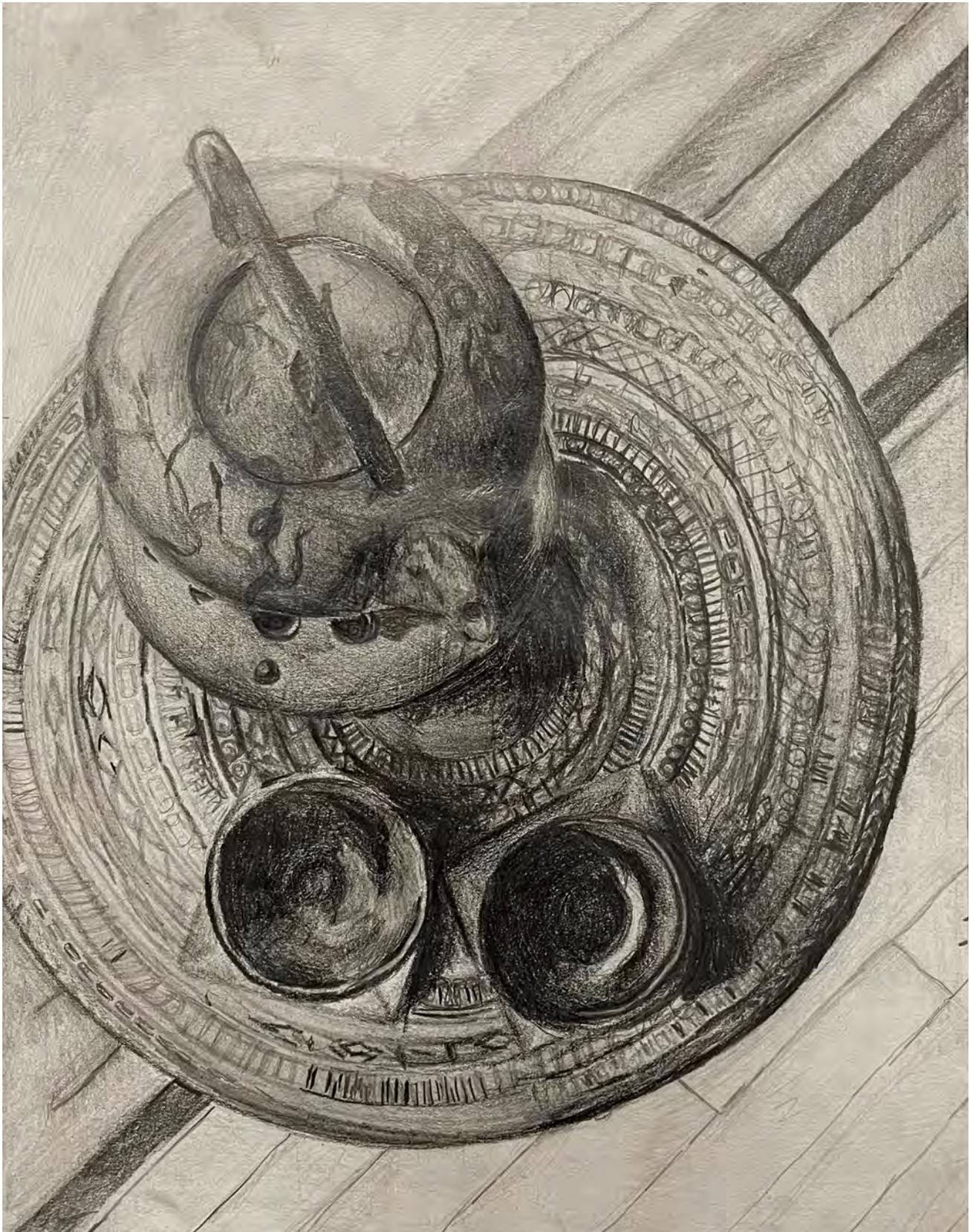
ALTYANAH PAUL '23

Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time
There was a little girl
About nine
She was slowly realizing the world
Wasn't so divine
Mama started putting emphasis
On the small things
Like the way I talk and appearances
Once upon a time
The little girl grew to be twelve
Life started to reveal
That history isn't so pretty
That her being in misery
Would make some of your grandpappy's giddy
But for her she still believes the laws would protect her
The odds stacked against her
Saw that all the things she's identified with
Could possibly be the cause of pain
As she struggled to regain
A standing

Once upon a time a little girl realized in her white colored walls
She was a stain that couldn't be removed

A little girl realizing she's been sheltered in an opaque castle
A little girl realizing she was black
A little girl realizing she was a woman
A little girl realizing who she was
A little girl realizing she wasn't a little girl



AZUL WILSON '23

ALEXIS MARTOS '25

Two People, Two Faiths, Two Moons

Coming from a Sicilian family, I had so many uncles that I could never keep track of. With Italians in particular, they were especially terrible at coming up with unique names for their children. In my extended family alone, I knew six Johns, three Michaels, simply way too many Roberts, and most importantly enough, four Anthonys. The Anthony on my father's side, which is nearly microscopic compared to my moms, is agnostic. I would usually get annoyed when he talked about religion, because of how he tended to belittle any form of spirituality. In contrast, two out of the three Anthonys on my moms side were Roman Catholics who would gladly preach about God, yet would scoff at donating any of the money they made from their successful landscaping companies and would rather go golfing than go to church. It would come to no surprise that the uncle I had the most respect for was the 4th Anthony I knew. Like the two other Catholic Anthonys on my mother's side of my family, not to be confused with the Anthony on my father's side, he was a pious God-fearing Catholic. The difference between him and the other two Anthonys was this man practiced what he preached religiously. While I myself may not be so religious, the way he modeled the love of Christ that he loved to preach about made me admire his integrity. He would never hesitate to cough up crisp 20, 50, or even 100 dollar bills when a woven basket would be passed around church pews. He would buy gifts at Christmas and anonymously donate them. It's true that most of his generosity that I witnessed with my own eyes came in the form of cold hard cash, but at this point he was well past his retirement. There was one act of kindness that he performed that cemented my admiration for him. One of the other two Catholic Anthonys that I had known had a son. Over a decade ago, he sat his father, still named Anthony, down and told him he was gay. Like the incredible good, loving, Jesus-following Catholic he was, he disowned him. My mother told me this story last year, and I still remember audibly scoffing in disgust. I would often think to myself 'how could you disown your own son' or 'how could you say you're a practicing Catholic and still choose to spit in your own child's face?' Luckily, the Anthony that I have thoroughly praised took him in. He got him on his feet, helped him into college, and acted like the father figure he desperately needed. To me, this was the ultimate display of love, to both his nephew and to God. It is important to mention that my favorite Anthony is an old "off-the-boat" Sicilian. He was even older than the Anthony who kicked out his own son. Yet, he put aside his scriptures to care for his nephew. I've been in Catholic school for four years now, and I've been taught time and time again in religion class that by showing your love for others, familial or otherwise, you express your love for God. I admire him so much not just because he acted like a proper Christian, or the fact he was an incredible uncle, but because he wasn't hypocritical. In all of the Abrahamic religions, you're supposed to live by the word of God, not die by it. He was a man who had the right to say he was a child of Christ.

Coming from a Sicilian family, I would always call any of my mother's or my grandmother's (well, my Nonna's) friends auntie. Even if it was my first time seeing them, they'd still be dubbed "auntie". There was, however, one of my mother's friends who told me, very politely,

not to call her auntie. She said it made her feel too old. So I called her by her name, Nora. Unlike any of my uncle Anthonys, she wasn't agnostic or Catholic. In fact, she never practiced any monotheistic religions. Instead, she sent her prayers to polytheistic gods. Ever since I was young, I've always found her peculiar. Even though she prayed to the stars, she always kept her feet on the ground. Literally. She didn't wear shoes. Unless she had to go shopping or somewhere rocky, she would go barefoot for a majority of the day. She would always talk about auras, spirits, energy (not the electron kind), and other pagan beliefs that I could never seem to wrap my head around. She was certainly an odd one, yet she had a heart of gold. Her and my uncle had the same heart, yet wildly different lives. While he would kneel in church pews, and pray the rosary, she would burn incense and make small shrines. He would partake in the Eucharist and drink wine, while she refused to touch alcohol. He was affluent, even though he came to the States in the 70s speaking no English to provide for his 8 siblings. He acquired wealth over time with honest work. She, on the other hand, was poorer. She was dealt a bad hand of cards. Still, she gave up what little money she had to help those in need. Like my old uncle Anthony, I admired her. Nora was honest, charitable, and kind. One of the Catholic uncle Anthonys that I had, neither the one who disowned his son nor the one with a good heart, would always talk about how all pagans are conspirators with Satan and how they would burn in hell. I would call myself a Catholic. I don't regularly attend church, but I'm about to be confirmed. I don't pray that often, but when I do, I am sincere. I don't have a heart as good as my uncle Anthony or as my not-auntie Nora. Nonetheless, my judgment is clear, and God would never send a woman like her to hell.

Coming from a Sicilian family, I was always taught many superstitions. For example, 3 people could never make a bed. It was terribly unlucky. And, when you ate soft boiled eggs, you had to eat all of it, then crush the shell. This, in direct contrast to the number of people who could supposedly make a bed, was very, very, very, lucky. My grandmother (No, my Nonna. To call her grandmother and not Nonna was far too formal and feels wrong on my tongue) taught me these superstitions and many more like them. I never believed in them, but then again I'm also the same girl who refuses to sleep in front of a mirror in fear I let demons into my home. Still, I was very much the type of person to need to see something to believe it. But, there is one tradition that I think may very well be true. My kind hearted uncle Anthony and my sorta-auntie Nora were born in different years, in different months, and on different days. They had different zodiac signs, both of the Western and Eastern variety, and were seemingly very different people. However, I once read about a superstition that involved the phases of the moon. If two people share the same moon, then they would share the same heart. Some take this to be romantic, but I like to believe it means you have the same character. So I went online and I entered both their birthdays into one of those programs that would show your moon from the day you were born. I did myself first, and I got a waning crescent moon (which looks like the typical slim crescent a child would draw). I kept thinking about my uncle and Nora. Such different people. And what I found didn't surprise me. Such two different people, with two different religions...

Who had the same two moons.



ABIGAIL BROWN '23
Hiding (Maisy Part II)



AVA SHEA '23



BRADY BARRY '25

El casus belli de la Guerra del Asiento

El nueve de abril, mil setecientos treinta y uno,
Robert Jenkins tuvo el tiempo inoportuno.
Un británico sin duda,
También era de una banda contrabandista y cruda.
Mientras navegó en el mar Caribe,
Jenkins tomó azúcar española que no fue libre.
El marino de la balandra española de San Antonio sospechó su delito,
Por lo tanto, Juan Leon Fandiño se registró su barco adscrito.
Los españoles lo mandaron al quinto pino
Y no se cayeron del nino
Cuando Jenkins se confesó a su fechoría,
Fandiño lo hizo una auriclectomía.
En otras palabras, Fandiño lo agarró,
Y cortó su oreja con mucho enfado.
Mientras Fandiño lo hacía, lo decía en breve:
“Ve,
y di a tu rey
que lo miso le haré
si a lo mismo se atreve”
Cuando Jenkins regresó a Bretaña,
No hay ninguna reacción hasta su comparencia contra España.
Su testimonio fue crucial en el empujón
Y el *casus belli* fue *oído* en toda la nación
Como resultado, Bretaña declaró la Guerra del Asiento,
Pero, en ese momento, Jenkins no estuvo contento,
Por sin su oreja, ¡no tenía aliento!

AALYAH SOTO '23

(opposite)



SATVI MAHESH '26



SHEA MONTAGUE '24
Box of Donuts

DELIA SULLIVAN '23

Peach Picking



ABIGAIL BROWN '23

Stephanie's Village Pancake House





HELENA BERNIER '23

Temporary fulfillments
For is that all we truly are?
As we ponder in the thought of what we may become,
We pull towards the reality of returning numb

Temporary fulfillments
For is that all we genuinely are?
As we drift into the daze of the moon,
We are reminded that we simply aren't meant to bloom

Temporary fulfillments
For is that all we actually are?
As we tend to each other like water to seeds,
We are only fulfilling our temporary needs

Temporary fulfillments
For is that all we really are?
As the time comes for us to stray,
We finally need to say

“goodbye, my friend. The time has come for this connection, to end.”

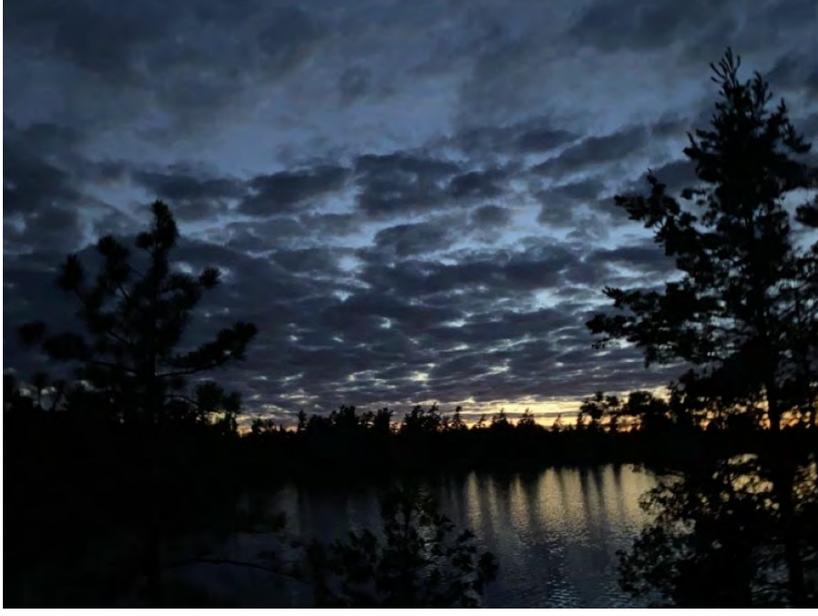
AMANDA MONTMINY '25

Temporary Fulfillments

SYDNEY BERARD '25

LAURA BENNETT '26

Good Night Today





ELENI KLARAKIS '25

Bees & Flowers



MONIQUE GONZALEZ-TELLEZ '23

AALIYAH VELOZ '26

Change with Love

I've grown up as a young woman
Who is aware of the faults of my nation
I grew up with a unit, a family
Who taught me all about my obligation
To question, to speak, to express
What I know best
And that is to love.
So why can't we the people learn to love?

Why did I seek to hide what made me, me
Why did I have to stay in silence,
Silent in rooms of utter chaos.
I wasn't taught this violence.
I was confused when I was told to "shut up"
This frustration is why we need to shout out
Is this who we are as a nation?

I want to express what I know best,
I want to love all who didn't get a voice
Who didn't have a choice,
Women who are worn out and stressed;
Show them that change will soon come
We are not "clueless" we are not "dumb"
With love we will obtain a change.

We won't forget our history,
We won't forget what made us who we are
I have hope we will be the bright stars,
Who shine light on this hurt world.
We the people will make a difference
With this love we can have what's ours.

AALYAH SOTO '23

(opposite)



HANNAH HARRINGTON '26

DELIA SULLIVAN '23

Shoes in a Stairwell



ARTURO ROSADO TAVERAS '25

And here I stand in a room full of blind men,
and a man named Timothy.
The time was 2:12 PM.
The sun was out, shining on the ceiling piece.
And I called out to Timothy, as I had a question.

“Timothy, why does everyone in this room read textbooks
and eat fine platter as they discuss Harold’s business” I asked.

Timothy responded, without a moment to think,
“Because we must keep ourselves in fine shape.
As the best of the best, we hone ourselves to keep our place.”

Years pass, and Timothy’s followers diversified the room.
It was a room of blind people, all in Timothy’s womb.
The ceiling piece still shined, and the sun was still out.
But now, in the future, the people munched on trout.

Without a doubt, the room felt different.
The changes were minimal,
but somehow felt so incredibly large.
I couldn’t shake the paint of *deja vú* from my head.

ISABELLE FARDIN '23

Little Dark Age

She has flourished into a flower that has bled,
Far along from a sprout who desired protection from the soil bed
Petals soft and bright deceives the eye,
Ahead a winter that shall let it die
Long and frigid, suffocating warmth of the nurturer -
Became the saddened time and loss of his little girl
A youth decaying, making way for the adolescence,
The rigid years of painful processes
He yearns to cradle her a last time.

She yearns for comforting care,
To comb through the knots in her golden hair
A lively childhood fading, the sparkle left behind -
Became her little dark age and purpose she must find
Reclusive and damaging, closing off a child's love -
Ahead a guilt that will break the flight of a dove
Feathers wilted and thin breaks the strength,
Far along the ability to atone and bring back a love's length
She has flourished into a flower that has bled.



ALLIANA ICART '25

CONNOR CHASE '25

Trapped

Are you really trapped if it is all you have known for your whole life?
A box is only uncomfortable if you can't fit.
When this space is all you've ever known you start to believe that's all there is.

Maybe it's not a box.

Perhaps it's a cage.

For all to see me...
Ogle at me...
Be entertained by me.

Regardless, perhaps it was I who put myself here.
That's what I've heard.
That I chose to be trapped.
That this pain was a choice.

I've never known a place where I can fit.
In the box I'm trapped.
In the cage I'm a pet.

If I leave the box what awaits me is a cage.
If I leave the cage, will I just find another box that I'll be uncomfortable in?
Is what lies beyond truly better than this?
If all I have is boxes and cages then why bother trying to escape.
A constant craving, longing, yearning for a respite from this hell.

NADALY SOTO '24

(opposite)

ADDY PLOUFFE '26

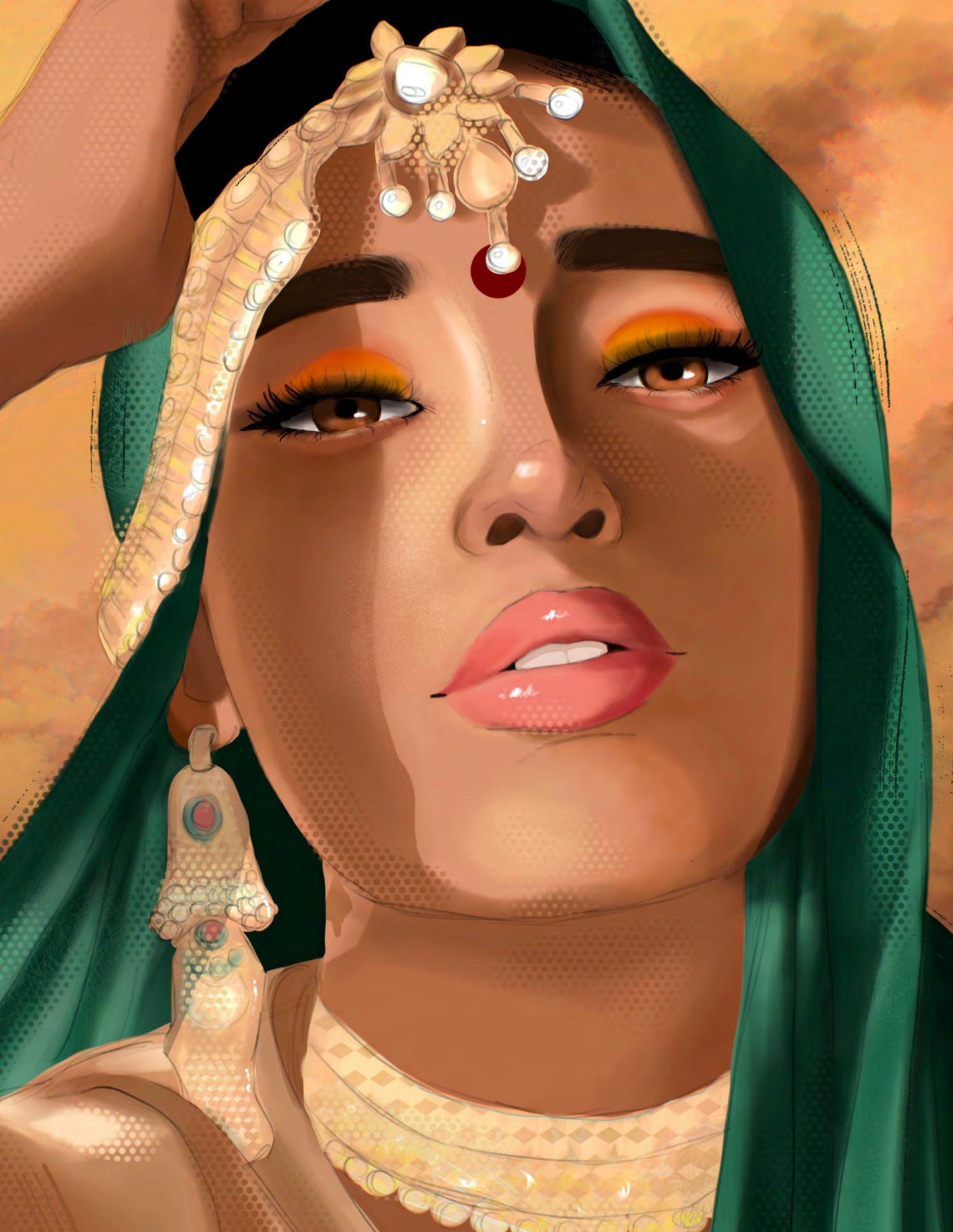
There She Lay

Walking, wondering what I will find in this night,
I stop when I see her laying in the light,
Her beauty undefined with spots of black,
Her cloak a color of clean soft white.

I watched and admired her beauty there,
All draped in emerald green like a lady fair,
Now I must keep traversing these woods,
I wish to see her again but I do not know where.

SATVI MAHESH '26

(opposite)



ROSE MULLER '26

The Mesquite Tree

From every spring,
To every fall,
The mesquite tree begins to grow,
Starting thin and small.

Soon winter arrives,
Breezy and cold.
The wind digs up its roots,
But the mesquite stays strong, I'm told.

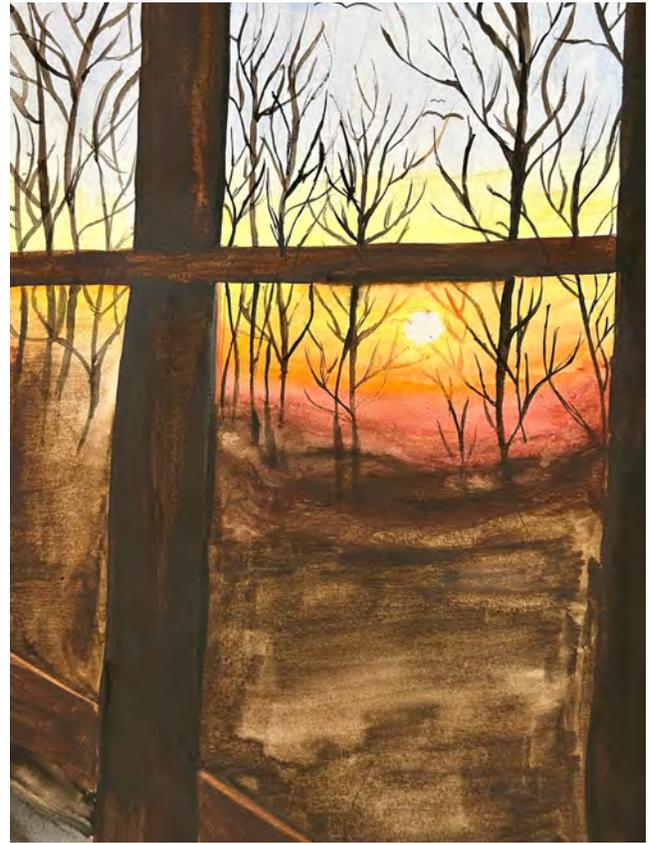
Although most roots detach,
It's the tree's nature to never give in.
Starting over from even a small sliver of root,
Slowly recovering, each time a new beginning.

From then on,
The mesquite tree shall always be known,
As strong, fearless, and hopeful.
It knows never to weep its swaying leaves,
Hanging low and moeful.

One day we'll go back there,
And you'll never recognize that tree.
When you see it's the biggest, strongest of them all,
And for that very reason
It inspires me.

I've never known something as strong,
As this mesquite tree, that's true.
Apart from someone,
And that someone is you!

Love you Mom!



DELIA SULLIVAN '23

Evening View (reference photo and watercolor)

"Rosa Parks on the bus"



SATVI MAHESH '26

Rosa Parks on the Bus



MR. MATT JOYAL

Fairmont Copley Plaza

NICOLE GONZALEZ-TELLEZ '26

Freshmen to Freshmen

Welcome Class

Of 2026

Is the message you've been waiting to hear
And the message that the envelope
Dressed in red and blue
Brought quietly to you
More than a year ago
Is the message plastered on signs
During Welcome Night
Said time and time again from ambassadors who look like small adults
Spoken through the mic by admin who make it seem
Like the words get easier to say each year
Hand delivered to us
By the homeroom teachers
As they begin the long year
Going over how to use a lock
Answering questions of schedules
Asking icebreakers meant to break the silence
And explaining how we now fit in here
As the rest of the school screams and shouts

Welcome Class

Of 2026

You're our freshmen now

You're in for a ride

Class of 2026

The teachers say while covering grueling, complex, and easy lessons
With confusing, simple, and fun explanations
The schedule says while engraving itself into your mind
The upperclassmen say while shouting and taunting at the pep rallies
And pushing their way through floods of new kids who don't know anything they do
The freshmen tell each other while friendships bloom and enemies too,
Wondering if those labels will even stay true

Stories sing the words with bubbling joy,
Stories of laughter and hate
Journeys and adventures
You never thought you'd make
And while the thrilling-terrifying whirlwind engulfs you from all around
All anyone can say is
You're in for a ride
Class of 2026

Good Luck
Class of 2026
Says the administration and admissions departments
While they scurry around setting up the next Welcome Night
Say the counselors as they walk you through
That simple green course selection sheet
With barely any, but so many options to select from
And was probably overthought more than it should've been
Say the teachers preparing the final lessons and tests
And the first ones they'll be teaching soon
Say the freshmen to each other
As we take our place up on the balconies of the Horseshoe
Thinking of what's beyond
And watching the new class come flooding in
New freshmen who shake at the knees and jitter with joy
Who are now the main focus
Of almost every adult at school
Who are trying to get hundreds of kids
To understand the way we all work
And help them join the family
That's been going and growing for decades at a time
And as the school year ends
And summer rolls in
There's one new thing we shout
As we leave such a year behind
Welcome Class
Of 2027
You're in for quite a ride.



PATRICIA PHAM '23



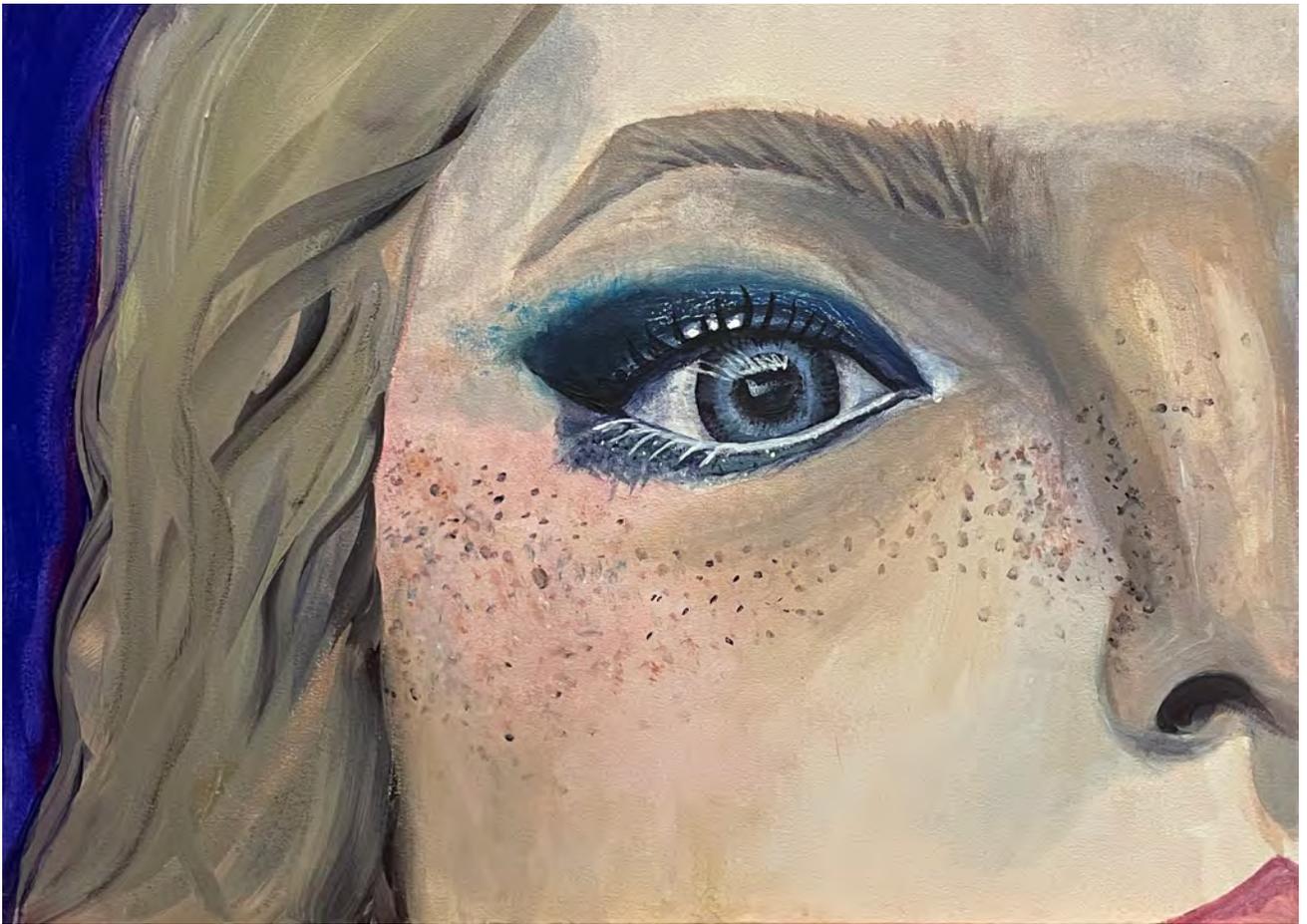
NADALY SOTO '24

MARIA MUNTEAN '26
Just Playing



MEGAN MWATHE '25





AALYAH SOTO '23

BRADY BARRY '25

Oda al alma gemela

Tus ojos son las ventanas a las almas,
cuando estoy contigo - siempre me calmas. Eres la más única,
como la seda púnica.
Tu presencia es el sol de mi mañana,
un refugio en el bosque: una cabaña.
Mi amor para ti es como la flor,
pero sobrevivirá en medio de temblor.
Siempre que estoy en un tiempo de necesidad,
tu ayuda es de la máxima profundidad.
Te amo, cariño, y siempre te amaré,
y aun si me odias, no te dejaré.

MCKENNA DEVANNEY '26

Come Home Big Brother

One of the first things I ever saw,
Was the lit up face of my brother,
The twinkle in his eyes when he first laid an eye,
On me.

Walking in his room with a desire,
Only hoping he would retire,
To the magical land we created,
And have fun together before our time was up,
He would leave with his friends,
With me behind waiting till he comes home.

Only for me to be fast asleep by then,
But my arms were stuck round his leg when he tried to leave for school,
My Mom yelling for me to let him loose from my grip,
So again I wait for him to get home.

Then comes the day I dreaded the most,
He would leave in the morning as always,
Only this time he wouldn't come home for months,
And I would have to live without him for a couple months.

But then the holidays came around,
My spirits high,
Knowing I would see my best friend once I got home,
The day took what felt like

Years. I ran into my house,
Sprinted up to his room,
Leaping into his arms,
Not leaving his side all night.

But the cycle had to continue,
Not forever,
Just for 3 long years,
Until the present, when I see him each day.



SYDNEY BERARD '25



MONIQUE GONZALEZ-TELLEZ '23

MATTHEW PERRAULT '26

Excerpts from *The Tales of Bobby & Jimmy*

from "Little Jimmy Attacks"

So Little Jimmy formulated a plan. He was going to go to recess with cups of hot chocolate, and dump it on the jerks. But when he went to dump the chocolate, it wasn't there. While he wasn't looking, all the hot chocolate was drunk by Jimmy's friend Jeff. His only friend Jeff. The jerks laughed at him and left to go eat chips with the weird circus guy. Jimmy was really angry so he threw a snowball at the jerks. They were not pleased, and it started a war of snow.

from "Bobby and Jimmy Go to Space"

Bobby and Jimmy were hanging around cleaning their room when Jimmy found a sandwich underneath his bed. He ate it. He had an epiphany. He decided to eat the highest quality of food, French Fry Monarch, from their headquarters on the moon. They needed a spaceship so they built one out of Mrs. Jimmy's mac and cheese for Jimmy and one made of dirty plastic, an old lawnmower, and used rusty batteries for Bobby. Then they flew to the moon and ate French Fry Monarch. After they finished they went to go use the swing set outside the fast food place, but Bobby swung too fast, fell off the swing, broke free from the moon's gravity, flew into the sun, and died.

from "Jimmy Plays God"

Jimmy was sad and alone. He couldn't go back to being only friends with Jeff. He could've used the genie, but not this time. The genie served Bobby, and when he died, the genie left for Mexico. Jimmy also lost a bet to the bullies and had to spend a night with the weird circus guy. It was not pleasant. So he went to Bobby's house and found his old trash spaceship and fiddled with it to make it a trash time machine. Then he went back in time to stop Bobby's death.

from "Time Help"

Jimmy was hanging around when Bobby came in and he decided to show Bobby the time machine. When they went in however, Bobby leaned back and his thousands of condiment packets in his pocket exploded. It fried the controls and made the machine explode, sending them into different time periods. Jimmy went to the future when earth did not exist. Bobby went to the past and got stepped on by a T. Rex. In the future, the moon people were dying because the dome around the moon that kept the oxygen in popped. It was so simple even Jimmy was able to fix it.

NADALY SOTO '24



We have come such a long way from where we began

Yet we still have far to go

We work as hard as we can to challenge, and fight, and Roe through rivers of strife

We stand on the backs of the brave women that came before us

They give us the strength to stand up for our rights

But they would be saddened to hear about how their daughters and granddaughters

No longer have a say

About how girls are made to Wade through waters of struggle

Because of a decision the government made for them

If we Roe through the rivers together

Someday we may never have to Wade again

SOPHIA DEFILLIPPO '26

Roe Through Rivers, Wade Through Waters

Do you watch over me?
Are you proud of what I have become?
Do you still brag about your granddaughter,
to your friends at the diner?

Do you miss me at all?
Were you with me when I turned 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14?
I wish you were at my birthday,
but you left us in March.

Do you protect me?
Do you look down on me from heaven?
Did you see my first field hockey game,
and how my jersey went from JV 9 to varsity 10?

Do you remember me?
You left almost five years ago.
I remember your handwriting,
and how you would never finish your e's,

I can still picture the calendar,
left on the cold kitchen counter.
My 10th birthday was circled,
and you left a small note.

Do you remember what you wrote?
Because it made my mother cry.
The pen you used was black,
and the tip seemed to be, dry.

The words had so much meaning,
that was only visible to certain eyes.
And I know the note was yours,
because the e's,

Were unfinished.

JULIA SMIDA '26

Unfinished



MR. MARC PELLETIER



MRS. LAUREN ROESER

Nubble at Sunset



MARIA MUNTEAN '26

Beyond What You See

My brain's the seed
My nerves' the roots
My skin's the branches
My anxiety's the leaves

My heart is the apple dangling from the twisted twigs

The sun is my school
The rain is my peers
It rains and rains, the roots drown
The sun shines bright but there's no canopy
From left to right wind comes in
Leaves swarm me entirely
The apple falls
The apple screams
The apple bleeds
Onto roots grow a white rose
The flower touched
The flower plucked
The flower struck
The flower gave up
Petals' white seeps a deep crimson
Happy birthday Carnation
My sweet white carnation

KENNY EZEOKÉ '23

The Tree Who Cowers

MONIQUE GONZALEZ-TELLEZ '23

As Bianca arranged her flowers, she overheard some commotion outside. Curious to see what was going on, she laid down the extra flowers she had in her hand on the countertop, exited the back bar, and approached the big window. Since the flower shop was originally a bar, before it closed down, the windows were big enough for Bee to look out of. Today she was able to see that the store in front of hers was seeing some activity after also being closed down for a while.

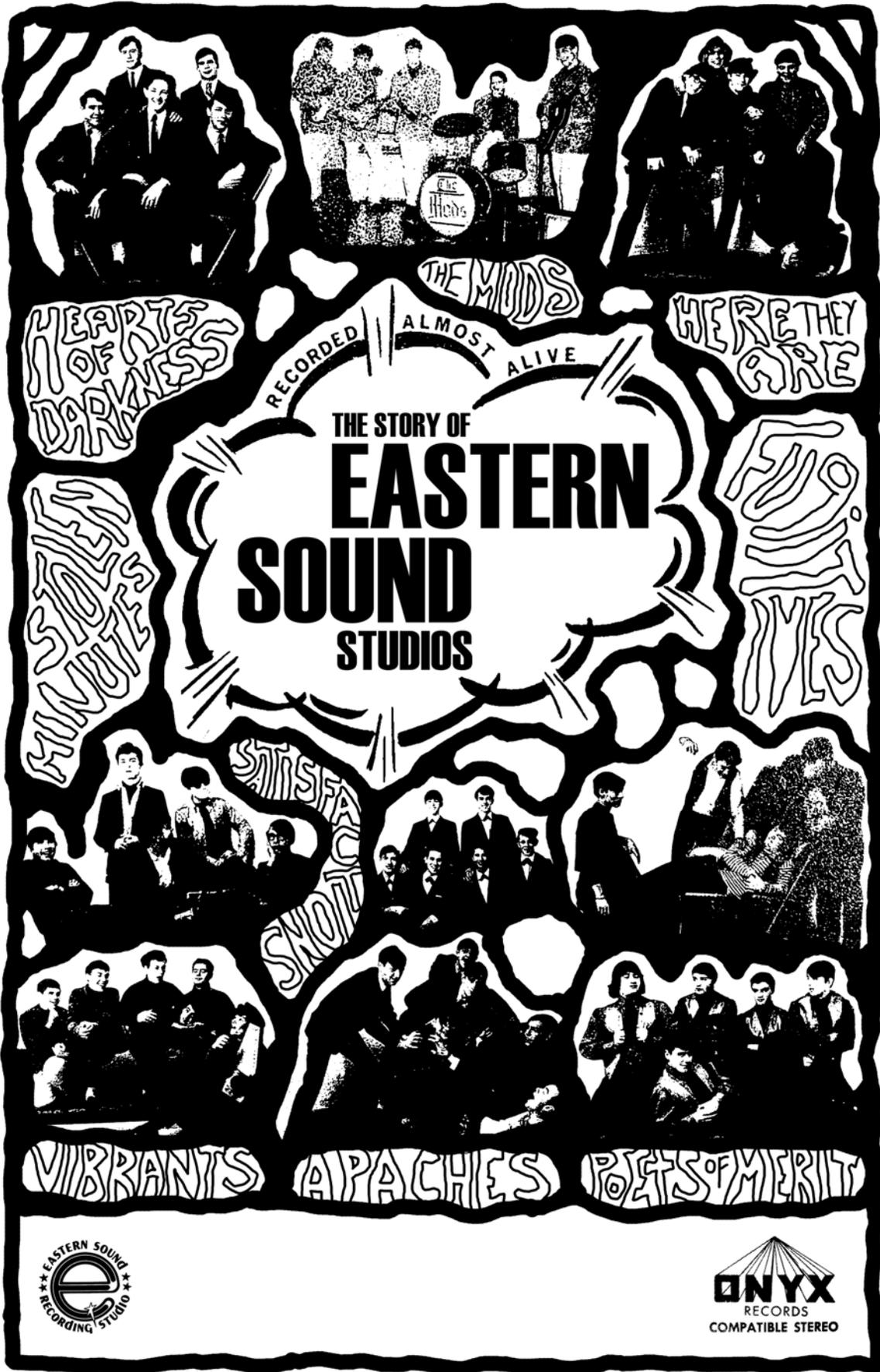
Outside the store were a U-Haul truck that was being unloaded, and a young woman was talking to who looked like they were the driver. She looked like she was Bee's age (23), or perhaps a little older with the way she carried herself at the moment. The woman, from what Bee could see from her angle, was a black woman with a side shaved short hair afro, her curls done in a corkscrew style, dyed in a maroon color. She had black heels with neon pink bows, a long blue skirt that reached her ankles, a light blue sleeveless crop top, and a wide belt that went around her waist. Her nails were painted black, and she had two big gold hoop earrings on each side of her ears. This lady radiated confidence and held herself in such a way that she had to be the new owner of the building. With all those moving boxes and the way she held herself when talking with the driver, she must be starting her own business.

All of this reminds Bee of when she opened her flower shop, but she wasn't as calm and collected as New Business Lady is. No, she had been so filled with anxiety that when the moving truck eventually came, she nearly burst into tears right then and there. It was embarrassing to say the least, especially having your U-Haul truck driver awkwardly comfort you as the anxiety-tears rolled away.

Bee shook her head at the memory and instead thought that perhaps, to show a gesture of kindness and a good attitude, she should show up and offer New Business Lady a bouquet. It could definitely be a nice addition to the scenery and Bee knows all about what kinds of flowers and scenery. So she untied her green flower apron, slipped out of her sneakers and went to work.

MRS. JENN CHATIGNY



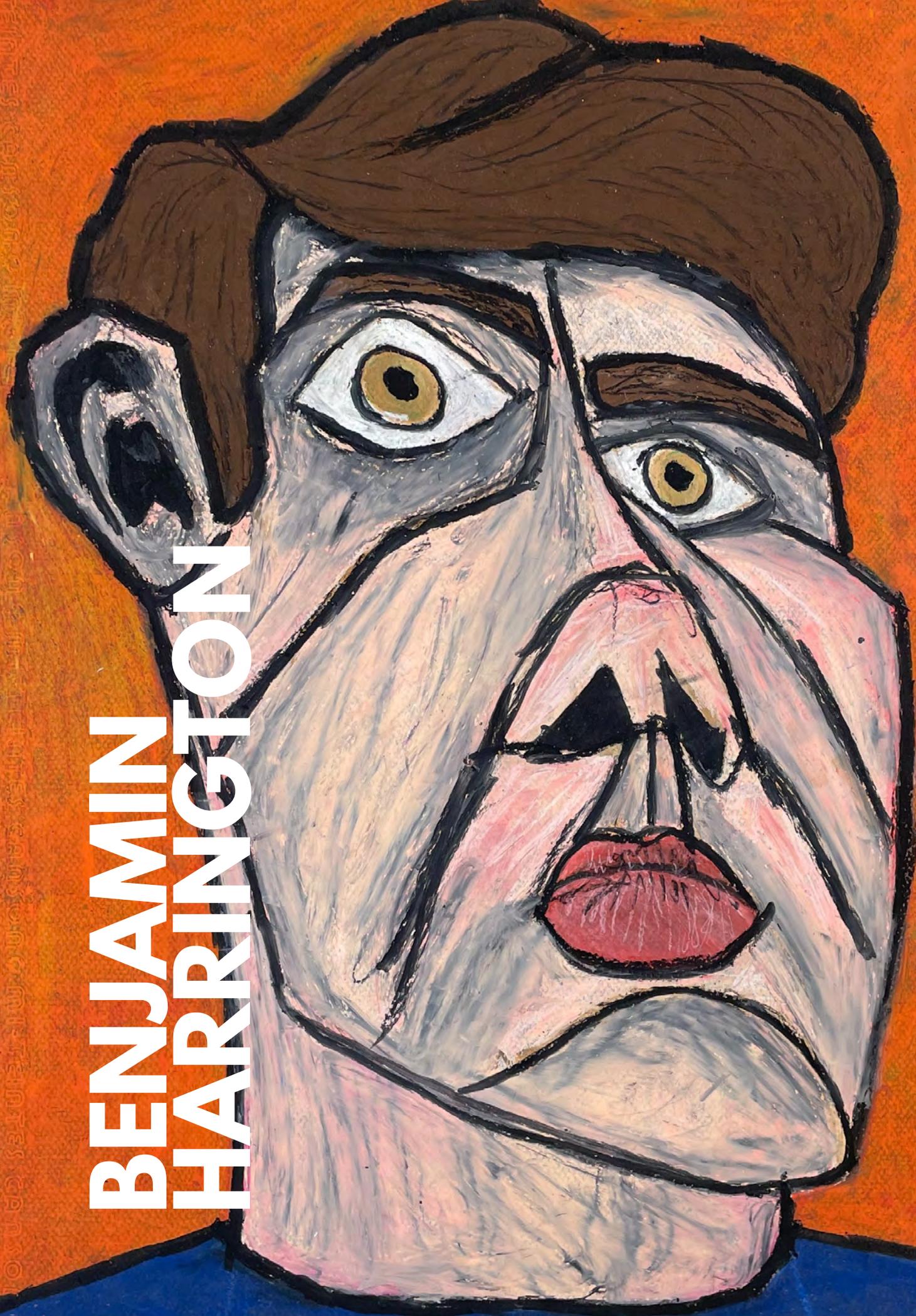


MR. MATT JOYAL

Documentary Poster Concept for Recorded Almost Alive: The Story of Eastern Sound Studios

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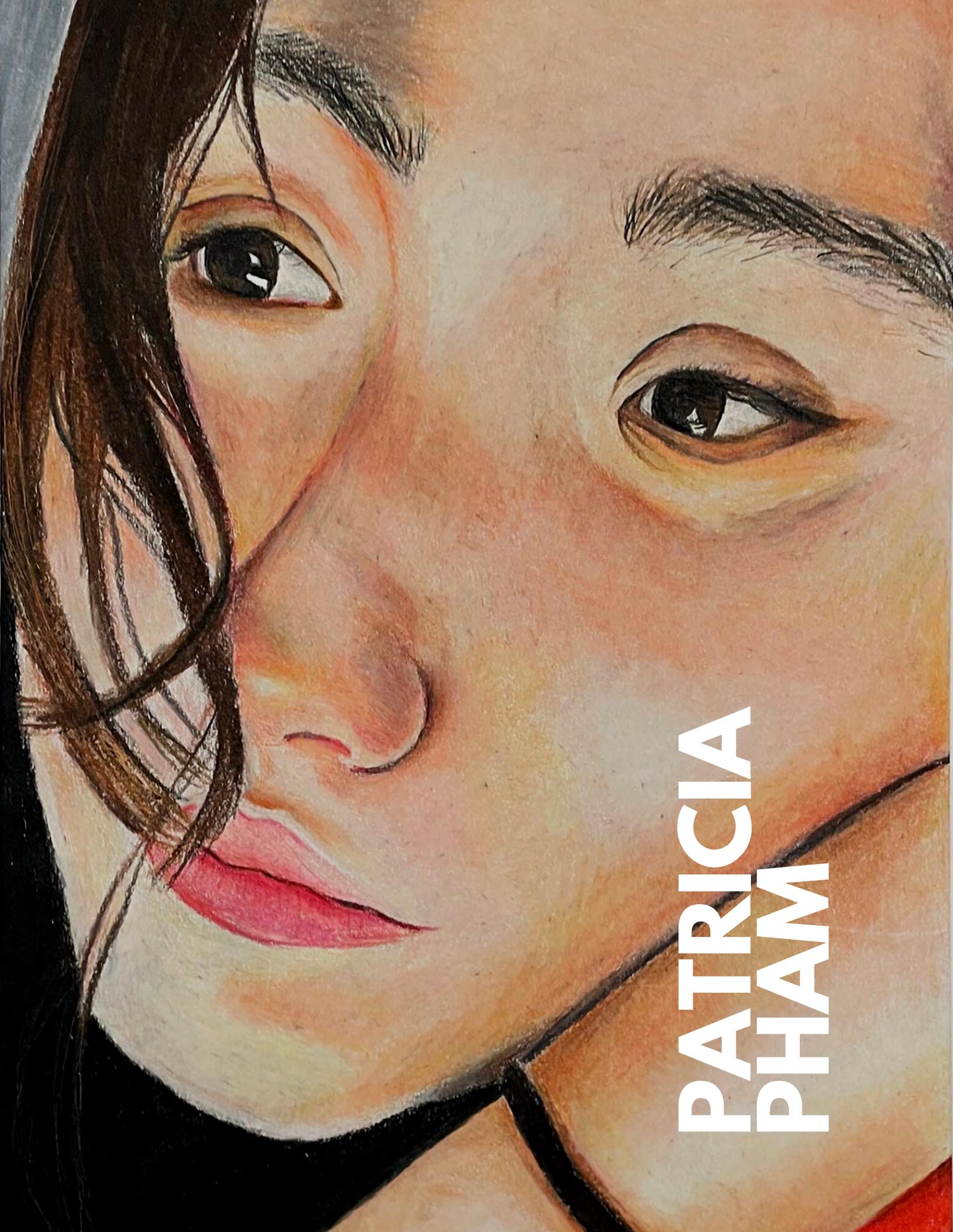
ERMIS MARTINEZ



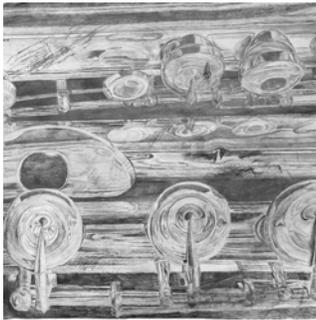
SHELLAGH MURPHY



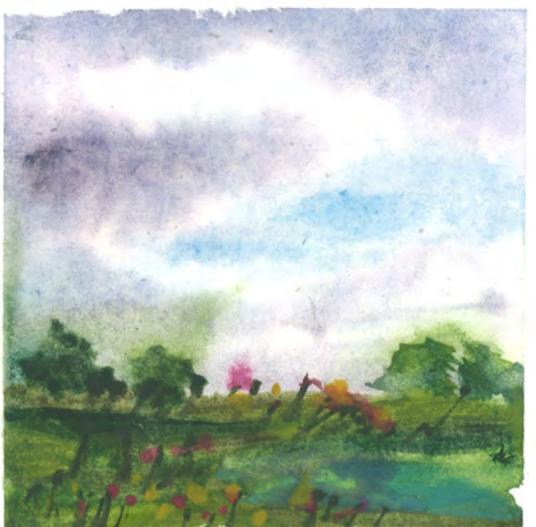




**PATRICIA
PHAM**

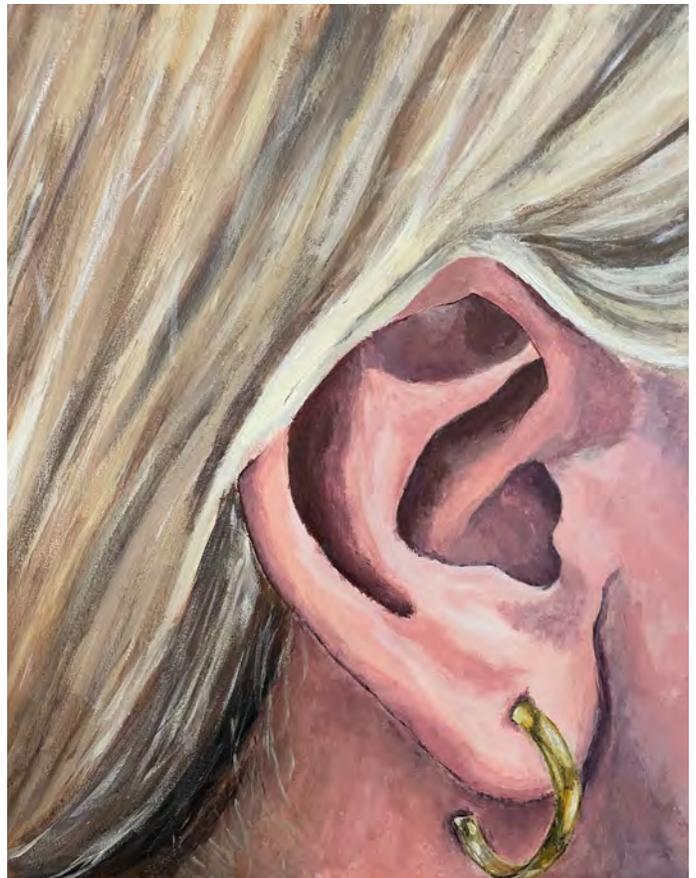






AVA SHEA

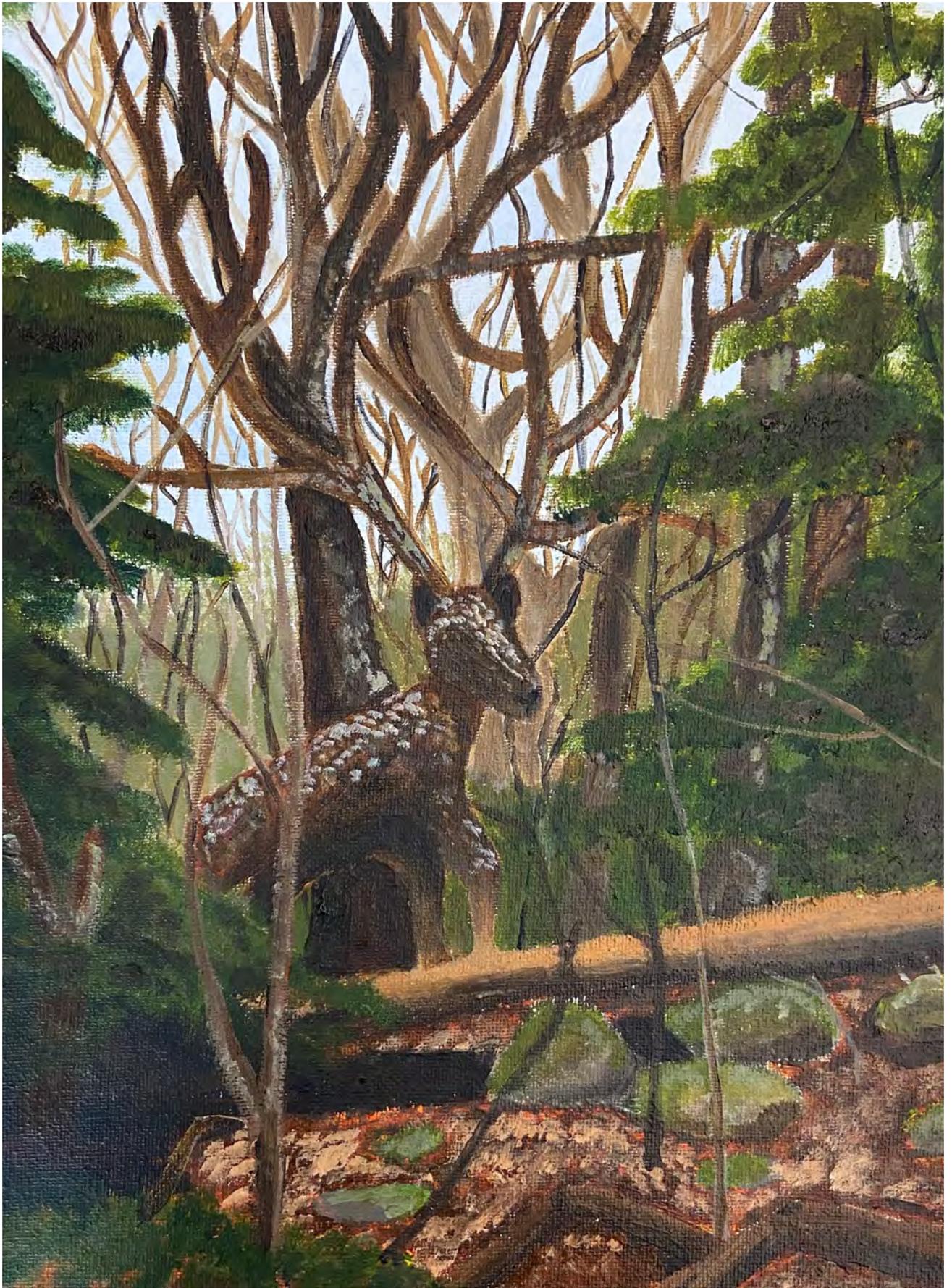




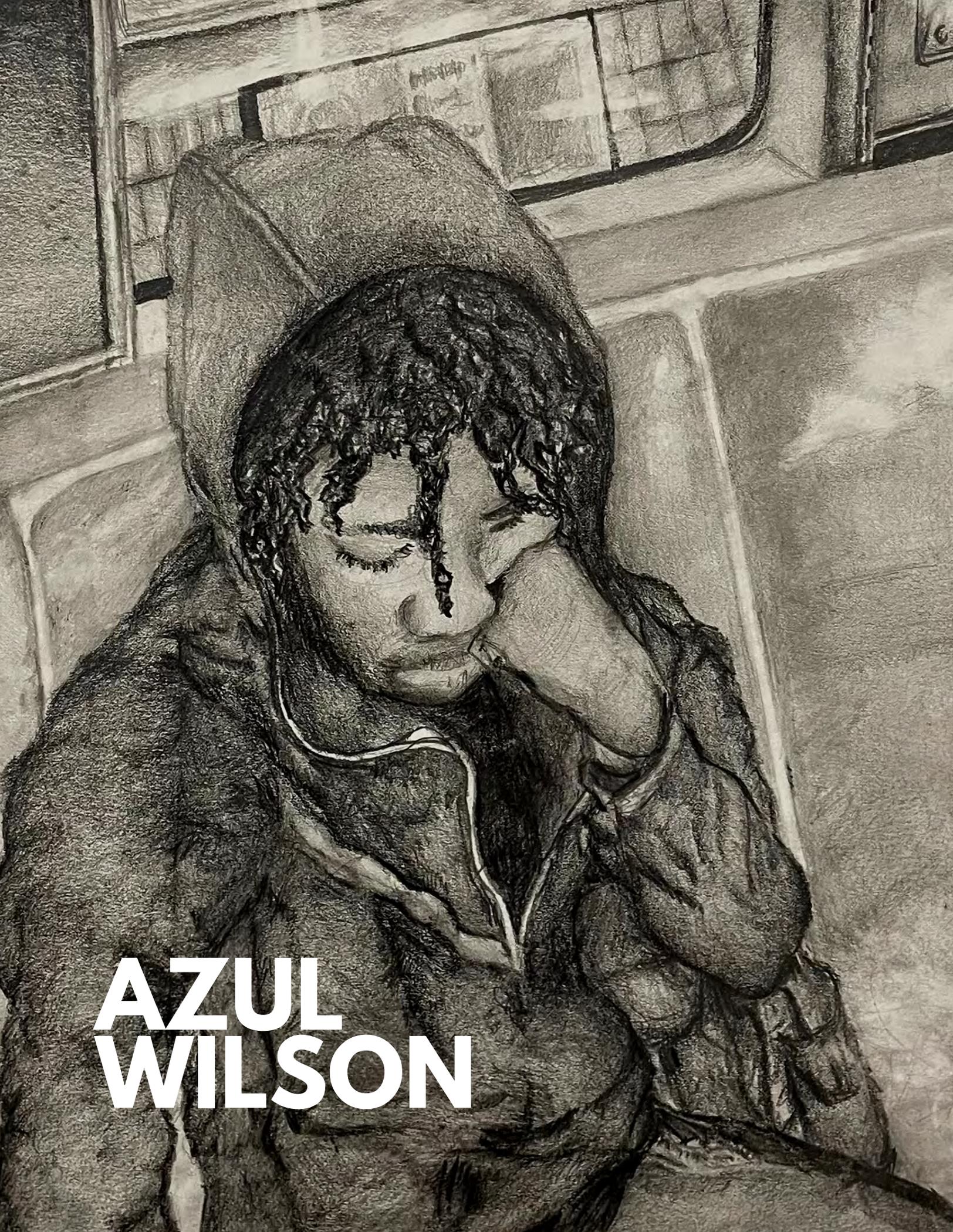
LIZZIE WELCH











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**Please note that the performers from the Visions Coffeehouse held on May 13, 2023 may not be included in the list on the previous page due to our print schedule.*



back cover:
helena bernier '23

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