

The background of the entire cover is a rich, multi-colored starry night sky. The colors transition from deep blues and purples at the top to lighter blues and greens towards the bottom, with a dense field of white and yellow stars. In the lower third of the image, there is a dark silhouette of a person standing inside a van, looking through a telescope. The van is positioned in the center, and the person is on the right side of it. The foreground is dark and indistinct, suggesting a landscape with some vegetation.

TAURUS CANIS

LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE

BRIGHTON HIGH'S 2018 EDITION

Taurus Canis

Literary Arts Magazine 2017/2018 Staff

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Taurus Canis:

(noun) [tawr-uhs kanis]

1. *Latin for "bulldog," one of an English breed of medium-sized, muscular dogs.*
2. *A compilation of creative work representing Brighton High School students of all grade levels and faculty.*

Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Brighton High's 2018 *Taurus Canis Literary Arts Magazine*, our seventh edition.

Carpe Noctem

exclamation

seize the night; enjoy the pleasures of the night

Last year, we tasked the students and staff of BHS to write about carpe diem, or, seize the day. When we had to decide on a theme for this year's magazine, it became evident that we had to go with the alternative, carpe noctem, or seize the night. These two concepts, like yin and yang, come together to form a perfect union. In order to complete the cycle started in 2017, we had to talk about the night.

From the stars to galaxies, to writing about what makes the evening special to themselves, we received an immense amount of support from students and staff for this year's contest theme. The night is shrouded in mystery, which became an appealing detail when reading the entries and simply observing the work that students have completed throughout this year.

We, as the whole of *Taurus Canis*, want to thank everyone for taking time to create and submit their masterpieces to our magazine. Throughout this year, we have worked together as a team to learn to appreciate those who have sent in their literary and visual arts. So, we urge you to enjoy this little homage to the night, formed from the ideas of the students and staff of Brighton High School. Always continue to create, and most importantly, seize the night.

Editors-in-Chief

Sarah Shafi and Samantha Sebestyen

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Path

Dr. Tami Heinonen

I know this path
but its contours still feel new;
wide with hope and wonderment,
closed to shame.

I stumble.
You let me.

It opens with a penchant for -
no -
an expectation of
reflection,
authenticity,
purpose.

I fall.
You let me.

A path to the end
of the end of emptiness,
where awareness dawns
and fear
ceases.

I am there.
You are waiting.

Gone

S.M. Baker

The sun will shine
The snow will fall
It turns out
I hadn't known you at all
A frigid breeze on
A summer day
If I had known
I would have stayed away
You took my happiness
Like you had something to prove
But it was me
The one who had to lose
You were my brother
They say they couldn't tear us apart
But in the end
You
Broke
My
Heart



"Reach", Photo, Samantha Sebestyen

OEDIPUS

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] speak up

[REDACTED]

The man who sees
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] the truth
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Imagine Together

Hailey Hilscher

Imagine life without hatred
No excuses for him to use
America no longer sacred
White supremacists not in our news
No immigrants we shall lose

Imagine life with accepting views
All too easy to close the door
No one forced to lose
Remember freedom is our core
So families do not have to choose

Imagine people being seen as equal
The dollar is the same
Every color allowed a sequel
Minorities not the only blame
Our differences have no shame

Imagine our voices being heard
Not a reason to stand
And no young children being murdered
Simple changes we demand
On our 'said' free speech land

Imagine peace and kindness all around
We are all United
America's beauty finally found
We must stand our ground
This too is sound

A Split Second of Comfort

Allison Falk

Often times, many of us feel lonely.
We feel dissatisfied, not content.
We keep our eyes wide open and alert,
but it's as if we're looking into a dark room.
The night is our friend, because we see something
light up in that dark room.
We see the moon that millions of other
empty people are staring at too.
And at that very moment we feel full hearted.
We feel an untouchable distant connection,
between the glowing object and our gazes.
Knowing other humans feel this way too
as they look at the moon.
In the blink of an eye,
just an external distraction,
we look away from the moon
and snap back to feeling loneliness once more.



"Bee", Acrylic, David Branch



"Whale", Ink, Mikayla Maciak



“Sparkler”, Photograph, Miranda Simchak

Sidewalk Cities

Kayla Mazaitis

Summer was the blisters we got on our fingertips from pressing them into the sizzling asphalt. Summer was our calloused knees scraping against the grainy pavement as we kneeled, etching into the broad, black canvas in front of us with chalk. It was the chalk that will always cement those summer day memories into our minds. The chalk whose dust cracked our skin and settled into the creases of our palms like rubble after an earthquake. It marked our hands for the summer and our minds for our lives.

We were barefoot architects with blueprint minds—careless and free—constructing elaborate sidewalk cities and convoluting roads that we rolled down on Razor scooters and tread across wearing sandals. We often ventured alone, but when we happened to cross paths, we greeted each other with gap-toothed grins curving our sun-kissed lips. We stopped at shops, exchanging snail shells for bird feathers and refilled at gas stations, sipping sticky soda out of glass bottles.

The grown-ups told us it was make-believe, but they never understood; they never could. We built a community from the chalk, one so tight-knit, no stray threads escaped. The chalk was our lives, our adventure, our neighborhood, our world.



“Untitled”, Photo, Sydney Maillous

Connection

Megan Gackler

I never did hold this light oh so dear
I hold it now; my laugh, my yes!
I hear it now, as you tell what you've heard.
No claim did I profess before,
nor is it shame I feel;
but knowing now of you I'm one
it makes me feel real.
Spending time misunderstood,
though those who know do try. I lie
then off to the peace we never could buy
it's where we celebrate; though shown will be
their love. It's not that they don't leave us free
but they may never know.
Here I am myself and more.
You give me wings to fly.

Child

Seth Krpichak

Go forward into the brilliant light

Do not fear you ever darkening ride

Break free from the shackles of endless night

Take that fearful step into a new fight

Swing you sinner for hope bares its pride

Go forward into the brilliant light

Feral claws and razor bladed teeth bite

Hope shining, crushing your tormenting stride

Break free from the shackles of endless night

Run from the never ending waves of fright

Make haste and take up the fight against its stride

Go forward into the brilliant light

Die fear, die death for you face hopes true blight

Shattering and cracking from the outside

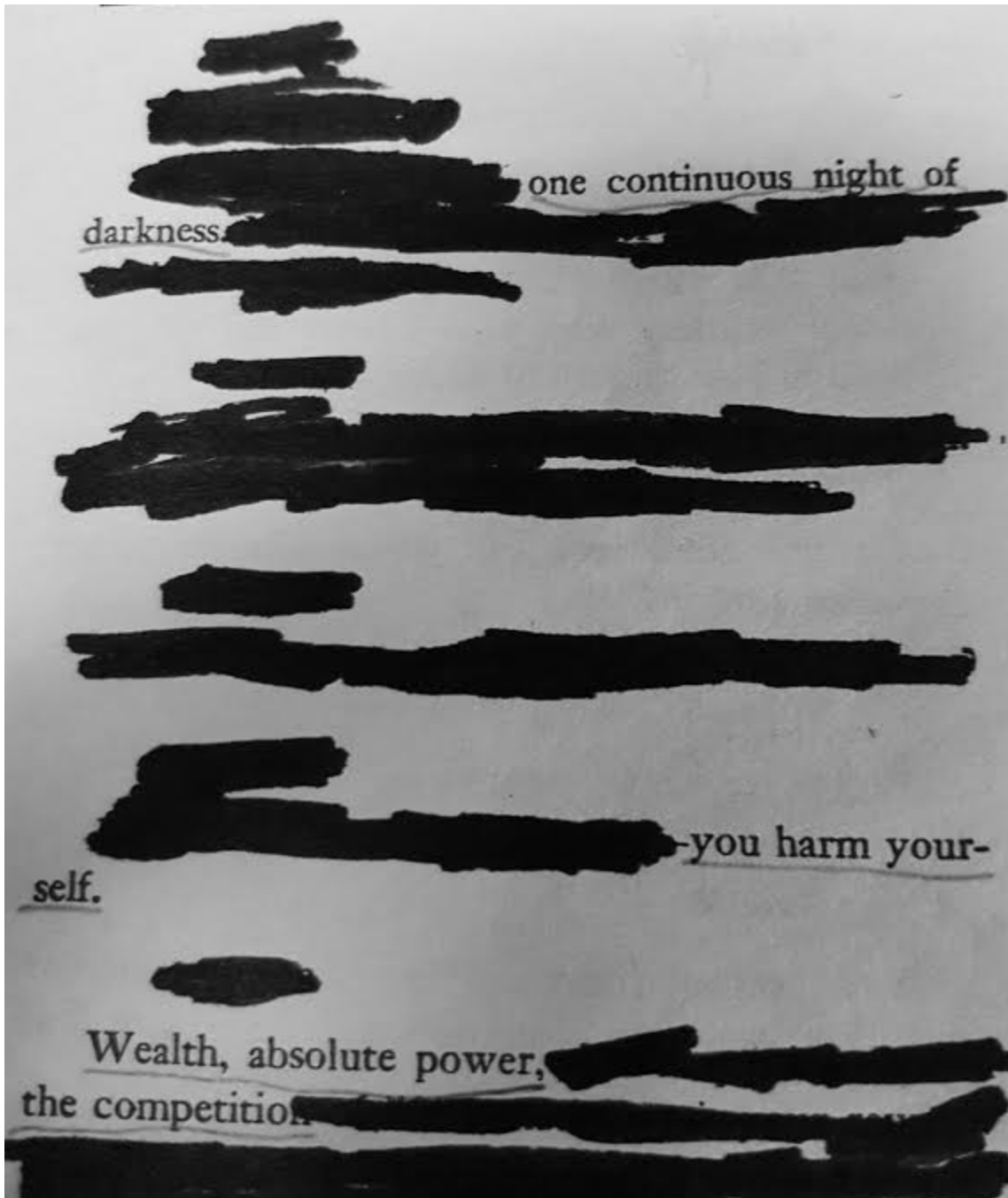
Break free from the shackles of endless night

Go child and be free of the cruel worlds sight

Fly away and stop this joyless genocide

Go forward into the brilliant light

Break free from the shackles of endless night



“Money”, Found Poem, Max Wonschik

My Fantasy of Us

Jessy Boughner

Early morning recovery of daydreams
consisting of you. The hazy creation
made in my mind slowly slipping away like your
fingertips from my cheek. I live for this
unconsciousness, for it is the only
time I reside with you. I have begun to
despise the mornings, for everytime I
wake, the past memory of our lips
becomes reality and it reminds me about
the mere fact that I've been kissing
anyone but you. Our love was the alarm
clock to my day, making me crave sunrise.
But now my only fixation are the stars and
how the moon compliments the sky so
nicely and how somewhere out there I
know you're looking here too.



“Winter Fortress”, Photo, Lillian Haggerty

Whispers of the Mind

Mackenzie Bradbear

Whispers of the mind.
A domestic storm came,
feeding fretful complaining,
recaution sweeping across the
pavement.
Unseen.
Deliberate.
Worthless.
Angrily threatened if I dare
to draw the bolts.
God!
God!
Hush!
He growled.



"Cathedral", Foam Acrylic, Lindsey Whiteside

Rugby

Jacob Caurdy

At first glance,
a field full of idiots.

At first glance,
a disorganized chaotic mess.

At first glance,
yelling, collisions, madness.

Clean off your blinding naivety,
then you begin to see the chess match.

You may notice the field,
the boundaries of the battle,
dictating the dance.

The idiots correlate to form the components,
of a collective conscious.

The chaos molds into a magnificent multiplicity
of moves from either mind.

Yelling becomes commands.
Collisions become calculations.

Madness becomes serenity.

Physical poetry at its finest.



"Ominous Moon", Photo, Grace Park

Vast

Anonymous

This vast loneliness
swallows me and drowns my dreams,
this vast loneliness
leaves me shivering in fear,
forgets me among the deep.



“Untitled”, Digital Art, Mary Fogg-Liedel

Night

Erica Cislo

Silence boomed through the night
Scrambling through the night mice went
Children sleeping still through the silent night
Children dreamed
Houses sit still
No movement was seen
The sound of parents snoring was only heard
So silent you can hear a pin drop
Houses creaked as the wind hits the side
Ground crackled
Branches hit the windows
Leaves crack as animals run
Wolves howled at the full moon
Owl stood on branches
Moonlight shined through the window
Stars lit in the sky
It's a clear night
No clouds could be seen
The sky lit up
Hours turned into minutes, minutes into seconds
Children awakening
Morning sunrise birds chirped

Hate to See You Go

A monologue by: Tyler Klueger

Our narrator, RYAN, 25, is wearing a tuxedo, and his hair is mildly unkempt. He stands at the podium of the church he and his sister were baptized in. The air is dry, and there is an uncomfortable mood in the hall. He is giving the eulogy at his twin sister Andrea's funeral.

When we were fifteen, Andrea and I wrote out the eulogies we thought we'd want read at our funerals. We each wrote our own, putting down what we hoped we'd achieve in the coming decades of our lives. I kept Andrea's, because she told me she wanted to use it as motivation to make sure she got all that she wanted out of life. She said if I ever had to read it out loud, she didn't want to be thought of as a liar.

He shifts uncomfortably, pulling an old piece of paper from his pocket.

She was much better with words than I could ever hope to be, so here are a few things she wanted you all to know:

He clears his throat quietly and reads from her eulogy.

"Andrea Richardson was a gold medalist in gymnastics, had great arms, and looked better at 83 than most women look at 30. She was married to Matthew Broderick from 2010 until their inevitable Hollywood divorce in 2014. She wrote three books of short stories (each dedicated to one of her different dogs), had two beautiful children, and died from being smothered by caramel".

There is some hesitant laughter from those in attendance. He winces.

I know some of that was ridiculous, like Andrea, but some of it was real. She was a wonderful gymnast, starting in elementary school and continuing past high school graduation. She also was a truly talented writer, and our parents still have some of her old rough drafts from various projects kept in their hope chest. And yes, she even had a slightly over-obsessive crush on Matthew Broderick. I wish I could tell you how she looked at 83, but she was taken from us so young and-

He chokes, and a wave of anger overtakes him as his face flushes red.

And it isn't fair because she might actually have had the chance to do all those things if that damn boyfriend of hers would have used his pretty little head and stopped to call 9-1-1! If he had any semblance of a soul, my sister would still be here and I wouldn't be breaking my promise to her by reading a eulogy that's not true! She could've done all of those things if-

Stops himself, voice shaking, and he fights to control it.

I loved Andrea. I would give anything on Earth if it meant that she could still be here. I swear I see her sometimes, doing handstands in our parents' house. It's been ten years since we wrote our eulogies, but one thing she wrote is still as true today as it was then.

He reads from her eulogy, fighting back tears and trying to talk through the lump in his throat.

"She was loved by everyone who met her, and they are all so terribly sorry to see her go."

Poems Must

Todd Day

If I could fix things with a poem,
I'd cultivate land and I'd grow 'em.
I'd share them all after I'd sow 'em,
but I can't fix things with a poem.

If I could change minds with a poem.
I'd draw up all kinds and I'd show 'em
to stubborn fools, you all know 'em.
But I can't change minds with a poem.

If I could heal hearts with a poem,
I'd pull them apart and I'd bow 'em,
bend back into shape and then sew 'em.
But I can't heal hearts with a poem.

If I could feed souls with a poem,
I'd fill up soup bowls and then throw 'em
toward heaven, to rain down below 'em.
But I can't feed souls with a poem.

If I still believed that a poem
didn't heal, fix or feed, I'd forgo 'em.
But they do just that so we owe 'em.

Keep sharing, keep sharing your poem.

Submersion

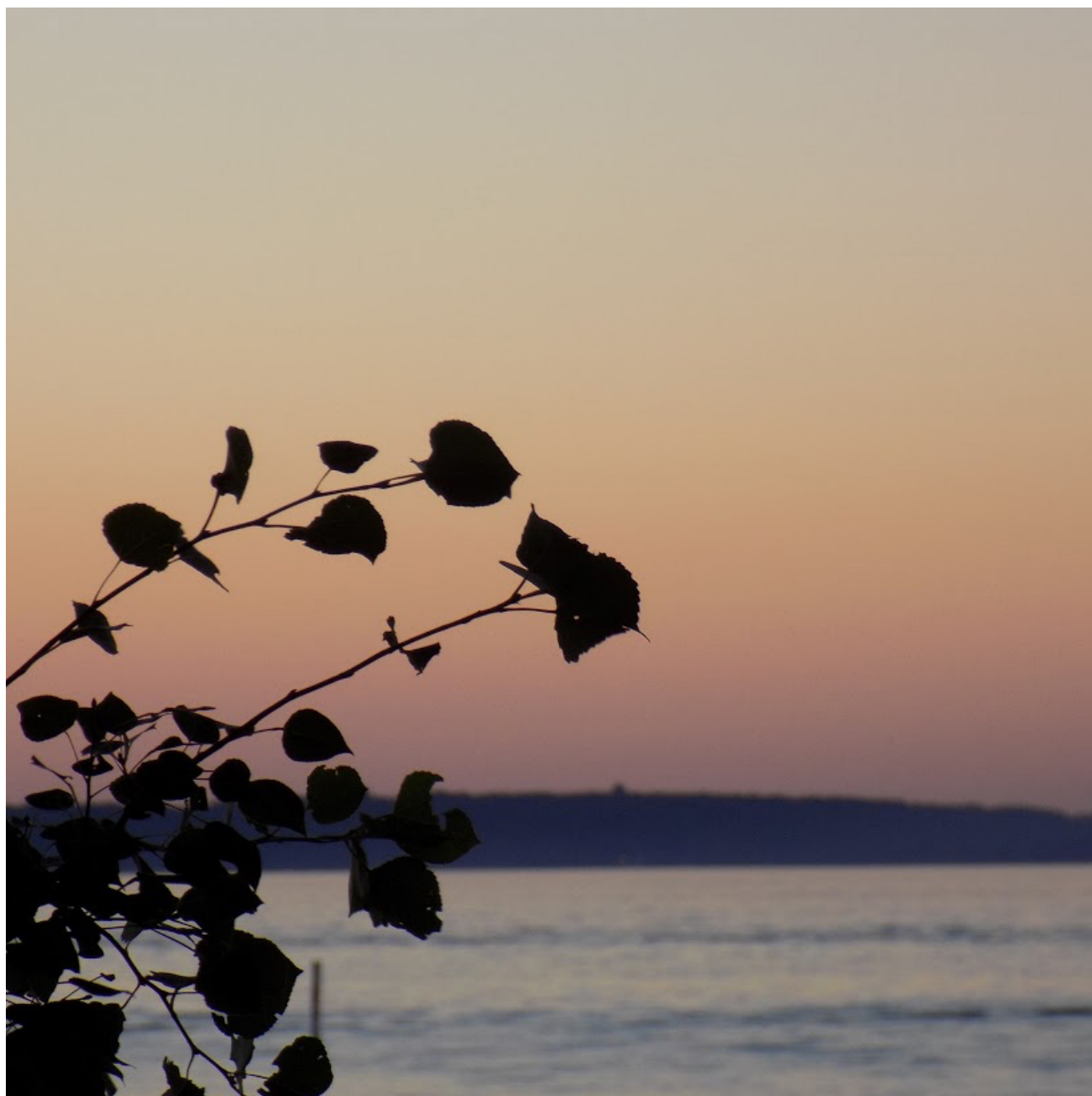
Grace Allardice

Honeyed sun shines down,
seeping between the fingers
of a weary oak.
Autumn air makes her shiver
as she braces for her sleep.

The Boogeyman

Lauren MacLean

Let them drown
In a pool of brown
Crimson tears
Knowing full well, that their peers
Can't help them
What's the problem?
Let them dream
Only to hear them scream
At the nightmare
They can't escape even if they dare
Few try, but let them run
Right into your trap, and you can quickly be done
Done with them
And their insolence, stupidity and dumb
Idiotic nature
Once they're gone, no one seems to care
cuz I'm doin' em a favor, like lurin' bees away for a hungry bear
Oh hun
You think I'm nice, feeding one
But I'm starving another
Of their home and harvesting their anger
Just to chuck it at the next on looker
Who couldn't keep their mouth shut and begins to stutter
Words of my existence
Oh look at that! It just so happens
That by reading this you'll be next
I'll find you through this text
I have your mind
Occupied
And cornered in a haze of nitrous oxide
Now sleep, my sheep. Oh why so petrified?
Just sleep, and dream
A little dream
Tonight.



"Untitled", Photo, Miranda Simchak



“New York”, Photo, McKenna Martin

The Little, Red Guitar

Parker Garman

The little, red guitar with the orange and yellow flames sat horizontally on my dresser against the wall since before my memory began. At the age of four, the melody of 80's ballads carried us both downstairs to the kitchen to play along. At age eight, the little red guitar took a vacation as it ventured on a six week cruise overseas through a luxury UPS box until it found its way back onto my dresser in Britain.

At age ten, the little, red guitar suffered a tragic and career-ending injury, as a toddling younger sister finished her cartwheel on the tender neck of the guitar, splitting it off swiftly. Its strings snapped and frayed sporadically like a torn down spider web. Splintered wood littered the scene, along with chips of crimson red flamed paint.

The little, red guitar with the orange and yellow flames no longer accompanies me to the melodious 80's ballads. Its strings no longer ring, chords no longer play, and melodies no longer sing. Yet the little, red guitar still remains on my dresser up against the wall.

Have You Ever Seen Her?

Heather DeRuiter

Have you ever seen her?

With her long hair the color of fire,

With her eyes of darkest jewels?

She often stops and rests here,

Whenever dusk is near.

Have you ever seen her?

With her nails painted pitch,

With her paper - pale skin?

She often stares out over the ledge,

Whenever no one is looking at the edge.

Have you ever seen her?

With her dress of abyss and blood,

With her tulip red shoes?

She often gazes at the field,

Whenever no one is there to make her yield.

Have you ever seen her?

With her sharp teeth,

With her gleaming stare?

She often stalks the street,

Whenever there is no one to hear her feet.

Have you ever seen her,

The demon who hunts the living?

Because if you have...



“Rainbow Rose”, Photo, S.M. Baker

Dreams

Spencer Crompton

Under the roots of one twisted tree
the last bud from the multitude of bluebells
clouded those steps with a lilac mist

Night Seeker

Rachaelle Baxter

The days turn to night, nights to days
and my heart remains unchanged.

The relentless thud beating brutally inside my chest.
I hear your voice....
breath shortens
my chest tightens
the world fades slowly into an oblivion.

Oblivion where the interchangeable
mingles with the impossible.
Moon winks at stars and gives the sun a break.
Normalcy is boring, tides don't need to come in.

Reality is only perception.
Skin feels from the inside out,
turning emotions like a knife's edge
cutting into nothingness but bleeding into everything....
Everything that feels wrong transfixed into right.

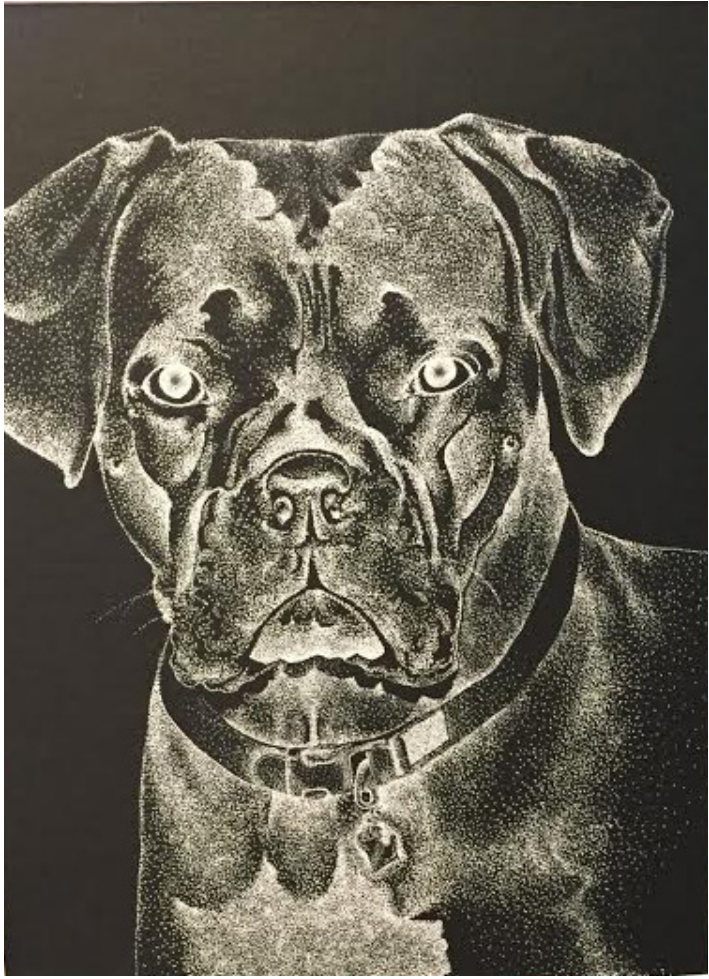
Juxtaposition seeks comparison

Seeks desire
Seeks action
Seeks Earth

Seeks the orbit of the axis of my soul which rotates, opposition of compromise.
Opposite of contention, aligned with retribution and redemption.

Safety seeks solace behind the lines of straight and narrow,
that no longer make a predetermined path but a blank canvas...

full of freedom.



"Dog", Ink, Phil Leahy



"Untitled", Ink, Zoe Silver



"Clyde", Ink, Sarah Shafi



“Lake Josephine”, Photo, Jaclyn Burr

Ducks

Alanna Sanchez

What is the world to a baby duck? As little as newborn snowflakes, just as soft. If you touch a snowflake of course it melts, but if you hold a baby duck it does not melt away in your warm, or cold, hands. A baby duck is Yellow, like the walls of my childhood room. I picked the paint for my bedroom because I thought of Yellow as a happy colour, and maybe seeing the bright, noisy hue everyday would make me happy throughout the day. Instead throughout the long dragging years the colour mocked me. Coming home from school it seemed to taunt me “Why aren’t you happy? Yellow is happy, you are not supposed to be Grey. Be Yellow.” I now hate the colour yellow. It is the tone of shame and sickness, the word alone sounds like an incurable disease. On the other hand, I believe the sun soaked dye on a baby duck is innocence. The tiny thing couldn’t possibly do any sorts of harm. A shaken seed from a dandelion, cannot do any damage. A baby duck in a new environment cannot do any harm, it is young, it is Yellow. Yellow is innocence. Its little legs can go anywhere and not have been there before. It’s short wings are there for balance and show, he has no use for them, because he has no desire to go, because where is wanting to go when everything around you is new.

Then the duck’s golden glow disappears because he is old now and he has seen everything where he is at. He cannot be that tint anymore because he is not innocent. He has seen, and heard, and done many things. He has shed his Yellow for Grey, a blank slate. His short wings are no longer for show but for flight and to go, and so he goes. There is nothing here for him, he has a desire to go.

As I cover up the sickening illness, I watch as it sinks into the wall, I don’t think I’ll ever gaze on it again. The Grey blanket covers up the Yellow, and tells it goodnight. It sweeps through the radiant valley, eagerly eating up anything it comes across. The valley of old was being burnt away but an ongoing flame of new. It reaches the bottom corner of the last square splotch of the once beloved valley. It is the last baby duck feather. The flame wavers, undecided. Yellow is the colour of crime and false times. Yet, in my youth it was the colour of innocence. The flame stops, and burns out, and spares the small patch of purity. It can be hidden, covered, with my bed or a dresser. A buried treasure in a cave to find in later years. No one has to know it is still there.



“Owl”, Ink, Sam Fecker

Dear Best Friend

A Monologue by: Lexi Yates

Our narrator, EMILY JONES, is a seventeen year old senior in high school. She has long, brown hair, she's about 5'6" and she has an average body type. Emily is a very loving and outgoing girl with many friends. She is also very athletic; she is on the cheerleading team and the cross country team. Her best friend, ALLIE, passed away in a car crash two years ago. EMILY sits in her cold, quiet bedroom, thinking of all of the things that she wished she could have said to Allie before it was too late.

EMILY

Have you ever lost a best friend? It's something that no one should ever have to experience. It is, in fact, the worst thing in the entire world. I lost my best friend, Allie, in a car crash exactly two years ago. On December 25, 2004, My life forever changed. There are so many things that I wish I could have told her, but I never got the chance to. I hate living everyday, thinking that there was something that I could have done to prevent this car crash, even though I know there wasn't.

EMILY sits in her room reminiscing about all of the fun times her and Allie had together.

EMILY(cont.)

I think I know what I'm going to do! I'm going to write a letter to Allie. I know she'll never see it, but it will help me get all of my feelings out and hopefully help me feel better. I've always been told that writing letters helps a lot, especially when you have bottled up emotions that you need to let out.

EMILY opens her desk drawer and grabs out a notebook and a purple pen.

EMILY(cont.)

I'm going to use my favorite purple pen. Purple was Allie's favorite color. Hmm. What should my letter say?

Beat.

I got it!

Beat.

EMILY

Dear Allie, it has been exactly two years since you passed away in that horrible car crash. Not a day goes by that I don't think about you and all of the memories that we made in our ten years of friendship. Where do I even start?

Beat.

Oh, I know! I remember exactly how we met when we were five. It was the first day of kindergarten. No one knew each other yet, so we just sat there in complete and utter silence, waiting for the teacher to start talking. I saw you sitting all by yourself at a table, so I went over and sat with you. I asked your name and one thing led to another and look where we are now: best friends. Well, we were best friends. But who says your best friend has to be alive to be considered a best friend? We have done everything together, whether it was shopping, going to see movies, going on lunch dates, or gossiping about boys. I miss all of the crazy adventures that we went on together.

EMILY sits in her room, staring off into space. It finally hit her that Allie is gone.

EMILY(cont.)

You're...gone. You're really gone. My best friend is gone! You didn't deserve this. None of us did. What did you do to deserve that car crash? And what did I do to deserve to lose my best friend? I can't write anymore right now. I'll talk to you later, Allie. Sincerely...

Beat.

Emily.

EMILY looks up at her ceiling, forcing herself not to cry.



“Winter”, Photo, McKenna Martin

No Better Feeling

Tyler Hart

Torch Lake. The see-through blue glisten of the water is carved through with the 32-foot sharpened knife with “BAJA” stickered on the side. The sand so white it looks like Mom took Clorox to it. But there is no place as calming. When you find the right spot to drop the anchor it can be as quiet as a library. Or if you’re in the mood to party like an uncivilized animal, make your way to the south end.

When I was younger we would anchor the speed boat in the north end. The first to jump in would win. I was always first. Pencil diving into the cool, crisp, crystal clear water on a hot summer day, slicing through the water like a pair of scissors and not stopping until the pads of your feet hit the white, sponge-like feeling of the sand.



“Lake”, Photo, Miranda Simchak



“Meerkat”, Acrylic, Joseph Tabaka



“Coil Pot”, Clay, Mikayla Maciak



“Necklace”, Metal, Maddie Princinsky

Everyone

Carly Appleton

Everyone I know has iPhones or Samsungs in their hands
But in not so far off lands,
People live in squalor
Begging for a dollar

Everyone I know wears shoes of well known brands
But in not so far off lands,
People live in areas that are crude
Begging for food

Everyone I know worries about getting it and tanned
But in not so far off lands,
People live in places they're afraid to think
Begging for a drink



“Untitled”, Chalk Pastel, Emma Allardice

Influential Affect

Jessy Boughner

I am a graffiti wall, impacted by others' art.



"Graffiti", Clay, Megan Delcamp



"Untitled", Clay, Miranda Simchak

An Amalgamate of a Name

Anonymous

My name is an oxymoron. Not in the traditional sense, but in the way that the two halves are at the opposite ends of a spectrum. One half is carefree, popular, and when called has half the heads in school turn. The other is an unwieldy, awkward burden to any substitute teacher, and needs to spell itself out every single time. The middle happens to be of the kind occasionally attached to tertiary characters and therefore stays out of this mess entirely.

The dilemma can be attributed almost entirely to my parents, two people who chose a first name based on a meaning rather than where it was placed in the list of the top twenty baby names. They chose to take my father's last name out of tradition, or conformity, which in itself is another literary term. Irony. Irony because in a town that is saturated with 'Browns' and 'Smiths', my mother's maiden name would've been much more inconspicuous.

But in reality, despite the minor grating annoyances of carrying around a name that weighs three pounds when most everyone else's weighs one, I wouldn't give up my name for anything. Not because of the arbitrary nature of changing one's name in marriage, although I doubt I'll ever be married, or the sense of self, although that is a small portion. It's because my name is crammed full of people and listless memories, cramped and crushed slowly into some sort of deranged sedimentary rock. In other words, it's not the person, it's the gum stuck in that person's hair and the random two year old business cards in that person's coat pockets.

You see, I can't give up my name because of how it sounds with a first generation Italian accent. I can't tear it off because it's the foundation for all those rickety dusty nicknames hiding up in the eaves, all dripping with nostalgia. If I cut out my name with a children's pair of blunted scissors, I cut off all the strings attached, one by one. Birthday cards, memories, entire limbs of the family tree. All gone.

My first name still isn't all that my parents made it out to be. There's more people with my name in the United States than the number of hours Phil Connors spends trapped in Punxsutawney. And my last name is still a bit too cumbersome for my tastes. But when that name is scrawled across an envelope with wobbly cursive letters, or a dusty, three year old voicemail from your grandma ends with it, you can't help but feel slightly taller knowing that they're talking about your name. They're talking about you.

Taurus Canis 2018 Contest

“Carpe Noctem”

For this year’s *Taurus Canis* competition, we challenged students to tell us what the Latin expression meant to them. Through written word and artistic expression, students reflected upon the meaning of the phrase and created something to be admired. Winners will receive a cash prize for their written or artistic contributions.



“Choking on Stars”, Pencil, Amanda Webster

This Year’s Winners for Art and Writing:

“Choking on Stars” Amanda Webster

“Carpe Noctem” Megan Delcamp (Cover Design)

“Carpe Noctem” Megan Delcamp

Honorable Mentions:

“A Split Second of Comfort” Allison Falk

“Carpe Noctem” Julianne Levoska

“Night” S.M. Baker

Carpe Noctem

Megan Delcamp

You only get one chance in life.
That's right, there's only one.

You can take and spend it well
or in recluse you can shun.

And as time goes, and fades your dreams,
there are two directions you can run...

Either triumph and seize the night
or fall with nothing done.

So with your chance to conquer fate,
go chase the setting sun.



“Carpe Noctem”, Acrylic, Megan Delcamp



"Carpe Noctem", Multimedia, Julianne Levoska

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