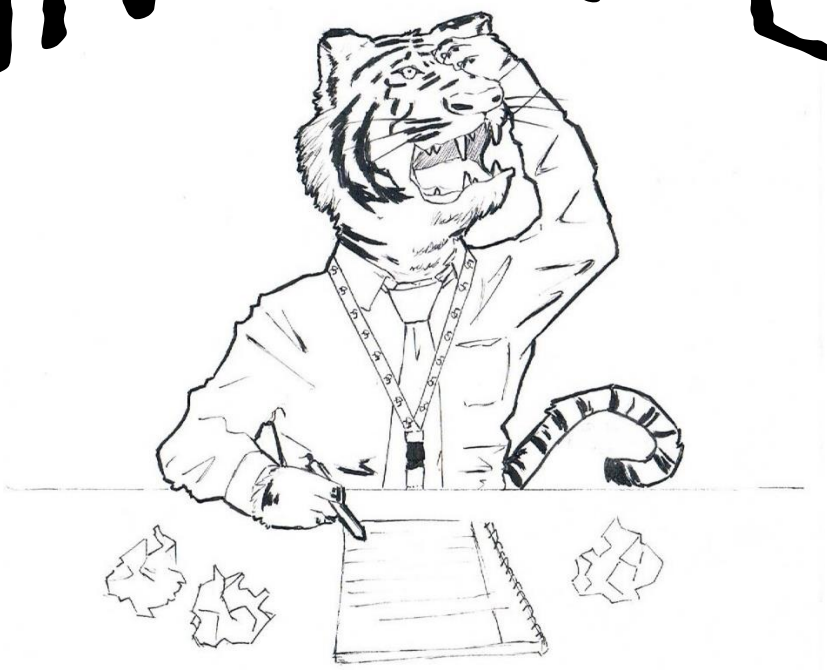
INSCAPE



2019

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT JESUIT
HIGH SCHOOL AND ACADEMY

INSCAPE



"All we have to decide is what to do with
the time that is given us." – J.R.R. Tolkien

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
8400 S. Cambridge Avenue
Detroit, MI 48221

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Phone: (313) 862-5400
Website: www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape
Volume No. 25

Cover Art: Every Cub Has a Story, Alex Koceyan (Digital Art)
Title Page Art: Cub's Block, Deil Fernandez (Ink)

MISSION STATEMENT

Inscape, the literary-art magazine of the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy, is an annual publication that displays the work of the school's talented artists and writers. *Inscape* offers a chance for all passionate students in grades 7 – 12 to express themselves through poetry, short stories, art, and photography. The magazine is a platform for the diverse student body to share their unique inner nature in a way that allows voices to be heard as part of a safe and accepting community in the school. Readers of *Inscape* are exposed to high-quality pieces of literature and art that share new perspectives and inspire creativity.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Mr. Alexander Davidson – Moderator

Jacob Adamic '20
Michael Argenta '20
Andrew Basile '19
Kameron Bloye '19*
Nicholas Blum '19*
Alejandro Borrego '20
Elijah Cate '19
Andy Donovan '21
Gregory Gouvia '21
Lake Henderson '20
Miles Hickman '20
Drake Jones '20
Jake Kuredjian '20
Alexander Lambert '19
Nathan Lichwalla '19*
Peter Loch '19*
Christopher Lujan '20
Henry Mansky '20
Jack Michelini '21
Reed Michelini '19*
Griffin Neary '20
James O'Leary '20
Frank Pastula '19
LaMar Price II '20
Liam Richards '21
Max Rowley '20
Rhasean Scales '19
Justin Smith '19
Miles Smith '21
Brennan Stahl '21
Jeremiah Steen '19
Rudolph Stonisch IV '20
Owen VanderWeele '21
Nguyen Vo '20
Theodore Yaldoo '20

* indicates Senior Editor

SPECIAL THANKS

Mr. Dave Carapellotti
Ms. Amy Ong
The students and staff of U of D Jesuit,
without whom this publication would not be possible

Dear Reader,

Twenty-five years ago, two student editors banded together to gather poetry from their friends in order to create the inaugural issue of *Inscape*. The nine-page magazine, copied and stapled by hand, was truly written by and published for the students of the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy. Since then, the magazine has experienced some amazing growth and development, but the core values remain the same: to create a magazine that is written by and published for our fellow Cubs.

In celebration of this anniversary, this year's issue includes some special features. The cover and title page artwork are from students who participated in a contest to re-create the original cover (below). We tracked down previous moderators of *Inscape* to interview them on their thoughts and feelings about their time with the magazine. This year's themed contest asked students to create work based on time and change.

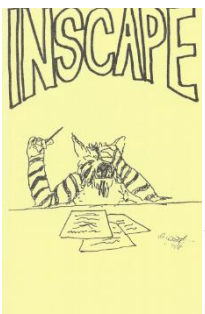
Inscape means the unique inner nature of a person or object as shown in a work of art, especially a poem. This issue is a collection of poetry, short stories, photography, and artwork that gives all readers the ability to see into the minds and hearts of the creative and talented students at our school.

It is a great privilege to present the 2019 edition of *Inscape*.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors (Kameron Bloye, Nicholas Blum, Nathan Lichwalla, Peter Loch, and Reed Michelini)





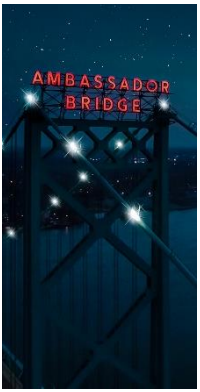


From left to right: artwork from Alex Koceyan '21, Jim Schmitt '96, and Deil Fernandez '20

TABLE OF CONTENTS


13


31



43

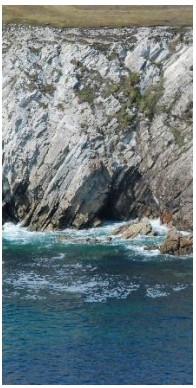

53

MODERATORS LOOKING BACK

Moderator Interviews 8

POETRY

Alone in the Wilderness, Reed Michelini 12
The Passage, Ricardo Peres-da-Silva 14
Bird Nest, Adam Stapleton 15
Be Yourself, Kameron Bloye 16
Forty, Jack Audi 17
Miracle in March, Christopher Lujan 18
Speed, Lawrence Gilliam 19
Live, Gregory Gouvia 20
Je Ne Sais Quoi, Andrew Basile 21
Kaleidoscope, Jack Audi 22
Dying Houseplant, Peter Loch 26
A Lonesome Child, Ricardo Peres-da-Silva 27
Winter Landscape, Charley Conroy 28
The Fist, Nathan Lichwalla 30
Time, Clement Eboigbodin 31
Where Did It Go, Michael Bradshaw 35
Pictures and Pictures, Jacob Adamic 37
unapologetically., Andreas Fields 38
Hercules, Peter Loch 41
art is all we have, Kameron Bloye 42



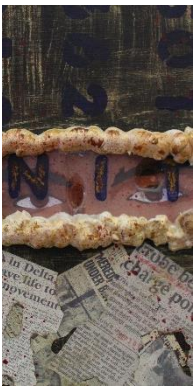
68



75



80



103

Bank of the Oise at Auvers, Nick Blum 44
Maturation, Miles Hickman 45
Change, Jalen Smith 48
Solis Occasum, Brandon Martinez-Eaddy 49
David, Chris Richards 52
The Legend of Sleeping Bear Dunes, Reed Michelini 54
Up North, Aidan Shannon 55
Flags, Jack Michelini 62
A Love Letter to Basketball, James O'Leary 63
Color, Austin Raymond 66
Perspective, Kameron Bloye 70
Winter Glow, Joseph Rosinski 71
Kismet, Peter Loch 75
Blue, Max Marquette 81
Survivor's Guilt, Kameron Bloye 85
Cosmos, Christopher Nosek 86
Where Is Life Taking Me?, Rhasean Scales 86.5
The Sunrise, Colin Hayes 87
Syzygy, Jack Audi 88
Shallow Water, Andrew Basile 89

PROSE

call me up, Andrew Basile 13
An Intriguing Title, Austin Lincoln 23
As Time Moves On, William Canty 29

Psychotic Companions, David Nolan 32
The House with No Doors, Grady Cate 36
East West, Andrew Basile 43
Paragliding, Jackson Vyletel 46
Resurrected Malice, Avery Krick 50
Mistaken Identity, Ryan Hammett 56
In the Summer House, Andrew Basile 64
The Man on the Cliff, Sam Comerford 68
Thin Places, Andrew Basile 72
Tinted Black, Jalen Lewis 74
The Reason I Was Late to School Today, George Bubenko 76
Want Me, Andrew Basile 80
The Black Critique, Andreas Fields 82

ART

Seen, Jeremiah Steen 13
Other Side of the, John Henige 15
Skyline, Levi Cook 19
Sketchy Figures, Deil Fernandez 20
Metaphysical Plane, Jeremiah Steen 34
A Place to Rest, Nathan Comerford 42
Long Apple, Vince Galbo 45
Wash(er) Away Our Sins, Ryan Batcheller 48
Cool Color Portrait, Deil Fernandez 53
An Assortment of Sweets, Keith Jefferson 57
Stolen Motherhood, John Henige 62
Off-White, Asa Allen 70
The Trickster's Trees, Aloysius Kremhelmer 74
The Colosseum, Aidan Charron 75
Rebirth, Jean-Luc Baudeloque 79
RJ, Roderick Hardamon 85
Shaking Hands, Daniel Friedel 86
Drowning, Jason Dykema 88
Unreal, Jeremiah Steen 90

PHOTOGRAPHY

Snow in July, William Piskie 12
Barre Chord, Max Gouin 16
Perspective, Anthony Siewert 22
The High from Up High, Frank Pastula 26
Winter in Alberta, Frank Salzeider 28
Lake Ontario Sunset, Pierre Wegrzyn 31
One Way Plot, Alex Giovanelli 39
Canal River, Burano, Italy, Thomas Leeds 40

Detroit from Above, Thomas Beshke 43
Area of Wonder, Alexander Vecchio 47
Mirror Lake, Matthew Flynn 49
Dr. Wolfe's Hair, Noah Carlson 54
Arid Serenity, Alejandro Borrego 55
Foggy Trees, Rudolph Stonisch IV 58
The Ambassador, Anthony Siewert 61
Liberty Path, Alejandro Borrego 65
CLOSED!!!, LaMar Price II 67
The Tranquil Waters of Keem Bay, John Eads 68
Familiar Waters, Max Rowley 71
Venetian Streets, Matthew Flynn 73
Venice, Italy, Andrew Gilbert 80
Turbulence, Konstantinos Stavropoulos 81
Off the Italian Coast, Jake Kuredjian 84
Presque Isle, Daniel Hawn 87
The Riverbend, Noah Husby 89

CONTEST-THEMED ART

The Commute, Christopher Boesiger 93
Eroding History, Max Rowley 96
Cedar Island Sunset, Matthew Flynn 100
Unity, Jeremiah Steen 103
Stutsmunville Snow, Christopher Boesiger 105
The River Valley, Luke Dajos 106
Waves of Change, Kyle Cronan 107

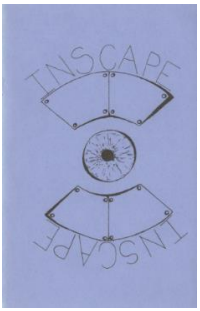
CONTEST-THEMED WRITING

Easier Times, Reed Michelini 95
Average, Drake Jones 96
Indians Simulating Buffalo, Andrew Basile 97
The Wind, Miles Smith 97
An Everlasting Imprint, Justin Smith 98
Past, Present, and Future, Brett Fitzpatrick 101
The Tree, Marcus Ellison 101
Fleeting, James O'Leary 102
The Struggle, Drake Jones 104
Four Seasons, Brennan Stahl 105
Bird Cage, Jalen Smith 106
Composition Seven, Jack Audi 107

HARRIS BURDICK SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

Under the Rug, Grady Cate 109





Mr. Daniel Hill (1994 - 1996)

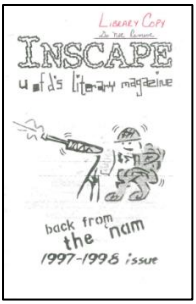
Not many were more involved in the birth of *Inscape* than Mr. Daniel Hill, the very first moderator of the beloved magazine.

Mr. Hill recounts the state of the publication at its beginning: very small and Xeroxed in the school copy room. Mr. Hill also explains that the school was much smaller in 1994 and that submissions primarily were coming from friends of Chris Davidson '95, Sean Murphy '95, and P.J. Jacokes '95, the editors at the time. The expansion towards photography, artwork, and outside publishing has taken it nationwide as one of the most respected magazines in the country. Mr. Hill notes that "clubs can die if there isn't a good moderator that really cares." He also notes a large increase in advertising since the mid-1990s, when the magazine was much less a school-wide effort.

Mr. Hill also identifies the great importance in having a literary magazine in a high school as prestigious as U of D Jesuit, saying that "an English department that claims to be a premier English department… should have a literary magazine that's being published every year."

Reminiscing about the magazine's first issue, which was ridden with typos and accepted everything that was submitted to it, Mr. Hill says that he would never have dreamed of what has happened "when [in 1993] we were stapling Xeroxed papers together in the copy room."





Mrs. Nancy Carapellotti (1997 - 2006)

Nancy Carapellotti began her teaching career at U of D Jesuit in the simmering August of 1997. She went on to establish herself as a favorite amongst students in the English department. Carapellotti taught sophomores and seniors. She was taken aback when two of her senior students approached her about rebooting an old High tradition. In that moment, the school's literary magazine was resurrected. They decided to use the same name, *Inscape.*

The first edition consisted of seven poems that were copied with the U of D Jesuit library copier. Everything was in black and white. The magazine required stapling. As the old saying goes, "Rome was not built in a day." This was certainly the case with Carapellotti's *Inscape.* Mrs. Carapellotti went on to recruit talented students at The High to join her creative crew. By the time 2006 rolled around, Mrs. Carapellotti moved on from The High, and with it, *Inscape.* She had created an empire within the extracurricular activities and clubs. Her fondest memories of *Inscape* were her times with the students, sharing ideas and forming a magazine.

Mrs. Carapellotti insists that *Inscape* is a necessity at U of D Jesuit. She finds it very important that young men are able to have an outlet to be artists. Mrs. Carapellotti was moderator of *Inscape* for 9 years. Her dedication to *Inscape*'s mission and ideals is remarkable. Her hard work is much appreciated and will never be forgotten.





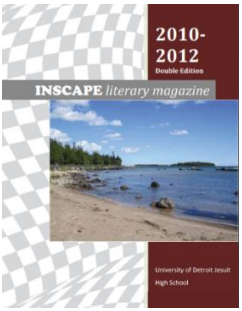
Mrs. Kimberly Redigan (2007 - 2009)

Many students at U of D Jesuit recognize Mrs. Redigan as the teacher for World Religions, as well as Human Dignity and Social Justice. However, many students do not know that she was the *Inscape* moderator during the time around 2007-2009. Before being the moderator for *Inscape,* Mrs. Redigan held a rich background in literature and the arts. She taught AP English, American Literature, and Creative Writing at Holy Redeemer, where she also helped with the school newspaper and a literary art journal.

The humanities have been a very important part of her life, and she believes that "a world without the humanities is no world at all." Especially with all that is going on in this day and age, she says, "The world needs poets more than anything… [Poets are] the prophetic voices, and the arts can say something that politicians can't." Some of the things that she loved the most about *Inscape* were lifting up student art and promoting the writing that students had to offer. In particular, she misses poetry reading in the dark in the library, which she did for two years with *Inscape,* giving students an environment where they can deeply reflect on what they are reading.

She absolutely misses teaching reading and writing, but she still embraces her love for poetry, literature, and art. Mrs. Redigan offers a piece of knowledge: "If we lose the humanities, we have lost our humanity." These words are true and reflect on how important the humanities are to Mrs. Redigan, as well as the impact that she has left on *Inscape*.





Mr. Alexander Davidson (2011 - Present)

Mr. Alexander Davidson is a faculty member in the English department at U of D Jesuit and the current moderator of *Inscape.* He has overseen the magazine for the last 8 years, but this is not his first experience with the literary magazine. Mr. Davidson was on the editorial staff of *Inscape* while a student at The High, eventually becoming editor-in-chief his senior year under Mrs. Carapellotti. At that time, the team consisted of eight students, and they only had enough money to print the cover in color. Everything else was still black and white.

When Mr. Davidson took over as *Inscape* moderator when he returned as a teacher, many things had changed. "When I returned, it was shocking to see everything in color." Mr. Davidson continued to transform the magazine by increasing its staff to a size of thirty or more students each year. However, this doesn't come without a few bumps. "We have a challenging situation here at U of D, since traditionally teenage boys do not like to read and write. When we ask them for their poems and short stories, they do not have any because less and less teenage boys go home and write in a notebook or be creative, but I have confidence that we can change this."

Looking towards the future, Mr. Davidson wants to continue to "embrace and showcase the talent of our students that do amazing things off the stage or off the court. This is a great place for us to share with the student body the talents of their peers, and we should take pride in being a platform for these students to be themselves."

Alone in the Wilderness
Reed Michelini

Behind one man lies so much land
The crisp mountain air, the fresh breeze
The vast wilderness in the palm of his hand
Standing alone with the trees

He is at the mercy of the wild
Exposed like prey hunted by a predator
To the age of the land, he is a child
Living day by day

Leaving everything behind
Living off the earth
To keep his peace of mind
A man connected with nature, a rebirth

From the high mountains, to the low seas
So much vastness, so much unknown
One man can never be more free
One man can never be more alone



Snow in July, William Piskie (Photography)



Seen, Jeremiah Steen (Acrylic Paint)

call me up
Andrew Basile

Some fresh air, she says, and I get the sense it's the kind of fresh air that can only be found beyond a taxicab window, the kind of stinging breath that pulls and pushes and slips under your skin like this degloving force. Like these tendrils of wind and smoke that threaten to take your whole face, to take your eyes and skin and snip your nose and time your tongue to a different rhythm. A different tempo, only the metronome in my chest and lungs is all off-cue; the pendulum's moving around and I can't think straight, can't look past the coffee table and the half-open window in the kitchen and the fire escape outside, which is looking very tempting right now, more tempting than the cheese I'm knifing up from the platter, the spread I'm buttering over a saltine cracker, dry as the fresh air and the door orbiting closed, or soon to be closed, and that weak croaking voice that says call me up.

The Passage
Ricardo Peres-da-Silva

Early before the birds are out,
Quieting children so they don't shout
Whispering they get off the truck,
This whole situation really sucks.

They do hide behind a tree,
About to be forever free
Just half a mile left to go
They are quiet and keep low.

Man on watch and keeping guard
From working in the junkyard
Rough and tumble was his name
Smuggling humans was his game

At five in the morning he shouts run
So they didn't get hit with the gun
A child behind stumbles and falls
The mother hears her dying calls

Yet looks forward and keeps on going
In the distance sirens blowing
Now they do get to the wall
And climb on over without fall

Mother is so weak and tender
Stumbles and falls on her suspender
Can't get up but works so hard
Seeking freedom she is scarred

Cops come to her in a trance,
She has lost her only chance
Broken from freedom and from son,
This will never be undone.

Bird Nest
Adam Stapleton

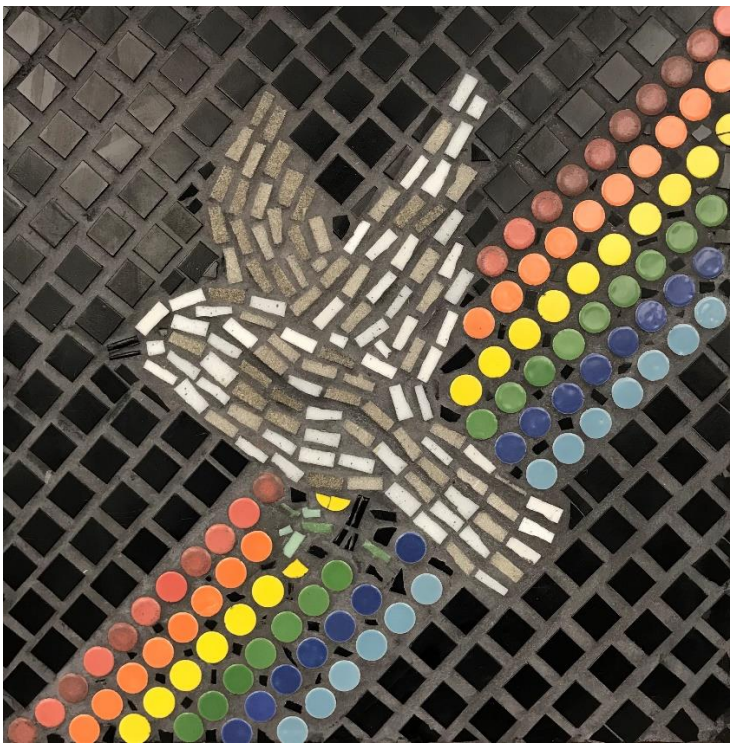
I noticed that Bird Nest right by the window
The young ones, the beautiful naivety they show

Relying on the mother and structure they live
Take and they take, but they never give

Bigger and bigger everyday they grow
Only focused on survival, no weakness they show

Now, they are old enough and ready to fly
A one last moment before they say bye

On that calm Wednesday morning, to leave they ought
Leaving an empty nest and a home to rot



Other Side of the, John Henige (Tile)

Be Yourself
Kameron Bloye

I don’t think I could be someone that
I am not, simply to please someone else
Because if I had to fake being
Someone else for that long, I think I
Would lose a sense of self, maybe
Even deteriorating what I am really worth.
Yet, I do.



Barre Chord, Max Gouin (Photography)

Forty
Jack Audi

Forty kilograms under-eye
Lids closed, with that funny taste in the back of my throat.
My tongue rustles and ignites
a tidal wave coursing down my torso
And through the boundaries of the tissue at the end of my toes.

The smooth bristly surface
pressed against my open pores
with forty droplets of water scintillating skin,
mingling with scraggly hair to form a series of puddles
Like it rained inside

The raining was God
aligning new events for me,
or it was me who created them.
I know I didn't finish my history homework.
What was anything without a date and a place anyways?

My brain orders biceps and triceps
To gyrate the bristles over my face once more,
a much needed exfoliation.
Don't forget to type, type, type today.
What's interacting without that mobile device of yours?

A tendril of brown keratin shears the air,
rifling a droplet to the tawdry tile below.
So, forty minutes, huh? Do I have time?
I rustle my hair more furiously until
my scalp is numb.

The towel finally removed,
Prying open eyelids with both hands
Reveals a startling figure staring back.
But I didn't know it; it had bloodshot eyes
And a noir tint where the forty kilograms had been

Who's there?
And then I knew
I was in the bathroom and it had been forty seconds.

Miracle in March
Christopher Lujan

Time is running out,
The Blue down by two.
Coach calls timeout,
What can they do?

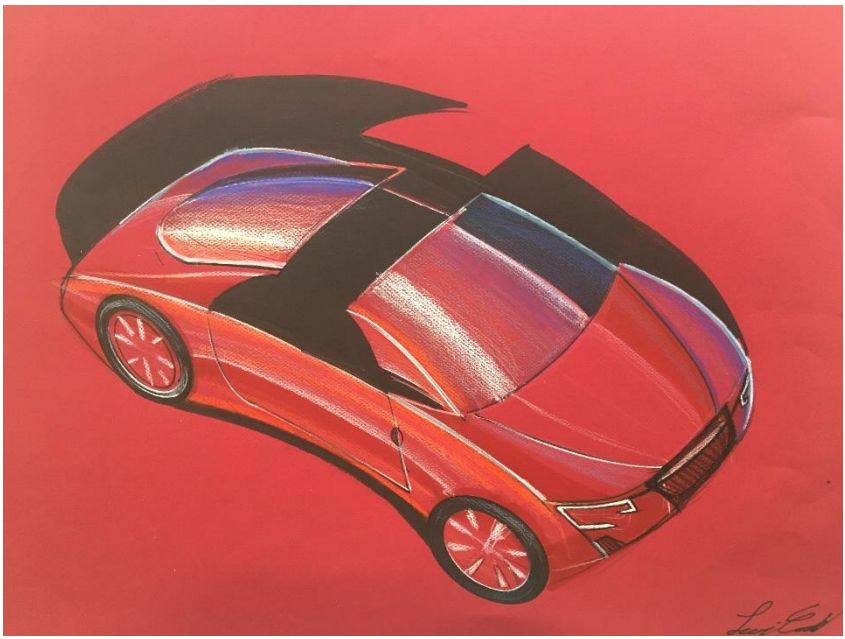
Anticipation fills the air
With the cheers of the black and red.
Will these fans leave happy?
Or will their joy be put to dead.

The Big Blue returns to the court,
Ready to face their fate.
Three seconds left on the clock,
No time left to wait.

Ali pushes the ball up
And kicks it to two with a second on the clock.
Fourteen thousand people all standing up
As Mr. Poole throws up the rock.

Destiny floats before all eyes.
This last shot, all the Wolverines depend on.
Smiles and cheers fill the sea of blue,
As the ball hits nothing but nylon.

The Big Blue dances around the court
While all the red lies in defeat.
A true miracle in March,
Nothing can surpass this incredible feat.



Skyline, Levi Cook (Colored Pencil)

Speed
Lawrence Gilliam

Speed doesn't depend on how long your legs are
Or how quickly your legs move
Or genes passed down
But your confidence
And determination
And mental strength
Makes you run
Spikes definitely help
But your brain helps you more
It's a competition against yourself
You always win a race if you truly believe you can
Speed comes from the heart



Sketchy Figures, Deil Fernandez (Ink and Graphite)

Live
Gregory Gouvia

Live your life
Live to be great
Live to have fun
Live to experience
Live to see brighter days
Never doubt
Never think twice
Live with no regrets

Be unique
Stand out
Do not fear judgement
Be the best you can be
Go experience the world
Meet new people
Try new things
Make your life a story

Je Ne Sais Quoi
Andrew Basile

The French language is a beautiful language.
It speaks with vibrancy, a piquant livingness
that is absent from other tongues.

Take, for example—Crapoter: the act of
smoking a cigarette without inhaling; or
a foolish boy who believes himself a man.

Another—La Doleur Exquise: the pain of
an unrequited love; the happy woe of finding
her face in clouds and empty sketches.

Dépaysement—the abductive strangeness of
bicycling in the south of France; when you are
feeling as if the atoms of your body are out of alignment.

Out of alignment because you are floating
on the words of a tongue that is not yours—
l'Appel du Vide—on words that are falling, always falling.

I'm bicycling in the south of France
when my picnic basket snapped from its niche
and tumbled over the clean pavement.

The picnic I was planning to have,
dirty and ant-eaten—c'est la vie—
as the French say, when small things go wrong.

I dismounted my bike and crouched on the
pavement, when an old man emerged from
the fields. Old eyes, old skin, he knelt beside.

Bon Courage, he said, said to me
like I was a soldier at war instead of
picking shards of Campari from the road.

Take heart, good courage, he said
like I was young and a fool
searching for clouds and empty sketches.

Kaleidoscope
Jack Audi

Ironing the crusts out from their embedded homes,
flicking them away to oblivion.
A kaleidoscope substitutes for the nothingness
underneath a closed eye.

Thinking changes geometric shapes gliding over each lens:
Magenta squares, coarse turquoise dots,
green earless silhouettes of Van Gogh's visage
Detroit clouds drifting to and fro

The head tilts while orange dominates the previous sequences
Lids open to a flashbang of potent white light
The experience was over, but the kaleidoscope sure was an intrigue;
its manipulation was a good trade-off
for vision's resolution.



Perspective, Anthony Siewert (Photography)

An Intriguing Title
Austin Lincoln

Ah, the title got you, didn't it? Don't feel like you got tricked - curiosity is only a natural thing for you humans to have. You may be wondering what this short story is about. Well, to keep it short, this passage has ultimately no meaning. It's wasting your time. It would be best if you read another story that's more intriguing.

A new paragraph has to bring a new idea, right? In this case, you are mistaken, my friend. As I've mentioned before, this passage is meaningless, and it shouldn't be worth reading. It's only a matter of time before you become fully aware that you could be doing something way more productive: taking a walk outside, getting work done, doing chores, or finally talking to your parents about student loans. If you continue to read this, I promise that you will be left with wasted time and disappointment without a good ending.

It's a little odd that you're still reading this despite the many warnings I've given you about wasting your time.

Yet, you stay on task, don't you? It's a little odd that you're still reading this despite the many warnings I've given you about wasting your time. It must be that you're curious, possibly intrigued, on where this is going. I'll admit it; this might be boring, but I want to tell you something.

You may have noticed that I've started to stray away from talking about this passage being ultimately meaningless, and I've started talking about other things and getting off-topic. That's because things change over time, and apparently, the thing changing here is my train of thought. While reading this passage, your curiosity has changed, hasn't it? Instead of thinking about what this story might have for you, it has evolved into a wonder of where this story is going.

After pointing that out, let's analyze your curiosity a bit further. It changes over time, correct? If I were to say that one sentence in this story would change your life, that would turn

your interest into finding that one sentence, not just taking this story as a whole and admiring it. Some people adore a whole book while others look for one little sentence for their homework assignment, completely ruining the reason we have stories in the first place. One may argue that it's the teacher's fault for assigning those specific questions, but another may say it's the student's fault for attending the particular school. If someone wants to continue this argument, they can tell it's the parent's fault for allowing their children to attend school in general.

Nonetheless, this is a passage with an intriguing title and a tendency to severely get off-topic. Maybe you learned something from it. Maybe you realize that this story is wasting your time. Maybe you skipped right past this story and didn't get to read this sentence. Maybe you haven't talked to your parents about student loans yet. Maybe you didn't read that sentence. Maybe you think that this story is too long and you should stop reading it because I've said multiple times that it's useless.

You're still reading. I guess I tell you something else. You could relate this story to everything in the universe if you wanted to. How everyone has a different take on it, but we never fully understand it or comprehend all of it, and some people may skip over it. However, in some way, it may not be controversial.

For example, let's take a red apple and learn about it. Some of you may have just stopped reading as soon as I've said that (which is understandable). That means that certain people skip over learning about what an apple is. Now, you may think apples are tasty, or you may believe that apples are mushy and gross. However, it doesn't stop the fact that there an infinite amount of opinions on apples, yet the world isn't arguing over which idea of an apple is correct. An apple is an example of a died out controversy; It may have been a big issue in an earlier society, but time took this apple and made it minor throughout the many decades or even centuries.

You could relate this story to everything...

Let's take a second example: Drama. Not the theater sort of kind, but the type of drama that takes over a whole

nation like a dark cloud takes over its land on which it will rain, dramatically. Let's say two famous people break up. It would most definitely be a controversial thing, plus it will most definitely be on the news. Everyone would have a different opinion on what they think of their breakup. There may be arguments all over the world about it, yet there are no arguments over why apples are tasty. Drama is an example of a new controversy. It's a new issue that just popped up, and it interests many people, but it can never interest everyone.

…time can take anything without your permission…

Let's take into consideration a third example: Books with a good title but a lousy story. Some people may not read them. Optimists may start to read the book and consider enjoying it, despite their being called to stop reading. Pessimists may read the book and continue only to see that the book ends with a disappointment without a good ending. There wouldn't be any arguments over the book though, as it's not as popular as celebrities and everyone can agree it's a waste of time to read such a thing.

What I'm trying to point out is that time can take anything without your permission and make it old, dead, and something not worth talking about anymore. It can change your opinion on how you view specific material. Then again, history class exists, introducing you to what dead people did and making it sound interesting. So, I guess this theory isn't entirely accurate.

Anything could be taken with that sort of perspective. I don't know where I was going with that, so excuse me as I've gotten off track yet again. Maybe you skipped to the last paragraph of this story to see where this was heading. However, I'm a generous man, and I'm giving you two gifts in return for reading my story, a bunch of wasted time and a twisted view of how your curiosity changes. I'm a man of my word, living up to my promise in the second paragraph. In the eyes of an optimist, one may view this with a third gift, an entertaining way to tell people about their shower thoughts. However, in the eyes of a pessimist, one may consider this with a fourth gift, a disappointment without a good ending.

Everyone has their take on topics with an intriguing title.



The High from Up High, Frank Pastula (Photography)

Dying Houseplant
Peter Loch

Please, houseplant, please don't die
Mother needs something to look at in the morning
The sun needs something to shine its light upon
The soil needs roots to occupy it
The water needs something to soak
I need something to put my crumbs in
Please, houseplant, please don't die
Mother needs something to look at in the morning

A Lonesome Child
Ricardo Peres-da-Silva

A lonesome child stood on high,
Among the creatures that could fly,
He noticed angels singing hymns
And on their backs were golden wings.

Around him was a garden large,
Allowed him to calm and recharge
But in the middle was a snake
Who hissed and moaned and had a cake.

The child was content with fruit,
And heard behind there was a flute
But if he were to touch the cake
The child would the devil retake.

Oh Torture was this bitter charm
That could have left the child in harm,
But wisdom did the child own,
That kept God up upon his throne.

The mother of child was quite sad,
Her child was a happy lad,
But as he was in God's good grace,
He was safe in time and space.

Winter Landscape

after the painting by Mortimer L. Smith (1878)

Charley Conroy

I wake up before the sun,
And decide to head outside.
The day hasn't yet begun,
So the weather I must bide.

The frost nips at my skin.
My hands shake in the cold air.
But to go in now would be sin,
The view isn't in there.

It's strange to see the sun ignite,
Watch night change to day,
But after a cold winter night,
It makes everything feel okay.

The sun has fully risen now,
The deer dart into the wood.
Times like this I wonder how,
Nature can look this good.



Winter in Alberta, Frank Salzeider (Photography)

As Time Moves On
William Canty

Imagine being stuck in a place where you only feel helpless. The activities done here seem pointless and repetitive, so they are done poorly. Leaving sounds like the best option, but it is one option that's not given. I have felt that feeling before, and I am still feeling it now. It is the feeling of being pinned against a wall by an opponent five times my size. Every day, the same feeling reached me, and there was no escaping it, nowhere to run. That feeling remained inside of me for so long, and even when I thought I escaped, it was like an inactive volcano suddenly erupting. There was no distraction that kept me from this feeling for too long before it hit me again.

As time moved on, the feeling changed, but not for the better. The activities I once blew off, I wanted to do well, but I still failed. I wanted to take every aspect of my mind and focus it on these activities and yet, like a child in a toy store, my attention was spent on other things. Some distractions that before made me forget my problems were making me forget about what I needed to do. I made my schedule and planned everything out, but no level of organization kept me from falling back down and not getting up. I knew that I needed to focus and work hard, but at the same time, I was telling myself to get distracted and to stop working hard. There was still a part of me that wanted to leave. While I was improving, my mind seemed to stay the same and hold the same values. No matter how much I may have said that I wanted to work harder, my brain would not let me.

As time moves on I am still stuck here, but I am not struggling as bad as before. The tasks are still redundant, and my mind still wants to stop me. Now though, it is as if I have a demon and an angel on my shoulder, and I know which one to listen to now. This place that once seemed to be a meaningless, time waster now seems ever so important. While the tasks will never matter, the path I am being set on does matter, and I cannot wait to reach the end. The mornings are still early, the tasks still unnecessary, and the place makes me want to leave as soon as I arrive. Besides that, I now understand what the lesson being taught is, even though it took too much time.

The Fist
Nathan Lichwalla

The ultimate underdog
A fighter without a chance in hell to win
A city crime ridden, neglected and forgotten
Spirits not yet broken

The fighter wasn't supposed to win the match
Too small and too outmatched
Yet there was grit and determination
Adversity could not hold him at bay

The city wasn't expected to shine again
Too beaten and too neglected
Yet there was grit and determination
Adversity could not hold it at bay

The spirit of a fighter
Resided within a place
Of hopes, dreams, aspirations, and
Hours worked tirelessly no matter the cost
The spirit of a city
Resided within its people
Nameless faces who hoped, dreamed, aspired and
Worked tirelessly no matter the cost

The strength of the fighter
Fists up, strong and sure
A lightning fast punch of power
In your face

The strength of a city
Improving and charging forward
A surge of growth and change
For the world to see

The spirit of the fighter is the spirit of the city
The measure of a fighter, a champion
The measure of a city, a comeback kid
The fist a reminder not to ever underestimate the underdog



Lake Ontario Sunset, Pierre Wegrzyn (Photography)

Time
Clement Eboigbodin

Time
How great thou art
You've governed creation from the beginning
How universal thou art.
Even before creation you were
You determine the beginning and end of everything in the universe
You keep records of the entire universe
You are omnipotent like God.
You give hope to the hopeless
In the midst of trouble
You give people reason to live
You hold the key to the past and future
You guide us through life
Until we reach our end.
I wonder what life will be like without you
The wise increase their knowledge of you
Fools use you as excuse for their failure
Saying I don't have time.

Psychotic Companions
David Nolan

It was the typical room for meetings such as these. It was a room of muted grays washed out by the iridescent lights covering the entire ceiling, almost like the sun itself was taking up the entire ceiling. The room was sparse, with only two wall-length wooden benches bolted into the walls. There was a steel door on one end of the room, through which I guess they threw us both in here.

The man sitting across from me was as calm as they come and showed no expression. His eyes fixated on the point directly in front of him in which there was nothing but gray. He had looked me over when he was first tossed into the cell with eyes just as gray as the walls that surrounded us, and just as empty as the room. There didn't seem to be anything behind his eyes. People always talk about the spark or the life you can see in one's eyes, except for him here was nothing. Same as me. He was a very forgettable man; he was a black man not too tall, and not very short either, but just at the height that is mediocre. He wasn't especially muscular, fat, or skinny, but rather the most average body type in the world. With all of this mediocrity, one thing stood out on the man. His hair. He had hair as red as the flames of a wildfire. It was smooth, long, and pushed over to one side of his head. I had never seen a black man with such interestingly colored hair.

"Is that your natural color?" As I asked, he directed his cold gaze towards me.

"Yes." He said it quite curtly. I couldn't blame him. I do not care for small talk, or really talk in general. I don't feel the need for it. Why talk to people when you can get the same thing out of them through force? Learning the tools of speech is unnecessary. Yet, something about this man made me want to ask more questions.

"What did they throw you in for?" Questioning this man seemed to be the only way to keep a conversation, but then again I hadn't had a lot of practice in that field.

"Couldn't tell you. They just grabbed me off the street, put a bag over my head, and next thing you know I'm in here with you." The tone of his voice gave away no emotion. It was monotone, placid, and seemed unaffected by the injustice that had been committed. He seemed to have no interest in keeping up a conversation, as his eyes hadn't moved since I had asked

him that question. His eyes had stayed fixated on the wall in front of him as well. There was something about him that interested me, something that seemed familiar but also foreign.

A few more hours dragged by until the man with the fiery hair surprised me. He repeated my question back to me, "What do they have you for?" His eyes still never left that spot on the wall, as if they were in an intense staring contest with it.

"They say I murdered someone," I said.

"Did you?" the man asked me, still with no sign of emotion or movement to indicate I had said anything of more importance than "can you tell me the time?"

"Can't say that I did," I said. Of course, it was true I had. This was only the first time they had caught me. I had been killing for years before that, thinking that it could give me some kind of rush or feeling.

He grunted, "So we're both innocent it seems." He took his eyes off the wall and looked side-long at me.

"Guess so. Wouldn't be the first time they detained me without rhyme or reason," I replied to him, seeing if I could get whatever was out of him that I connected with.

"I have to agree with that. This is their eighth time taking me in for a crime I may or may not have committed."

He leaned back against the bench in an attempt to get comfortable, but the action looked forced and awkward for the man, as if he had never done it before. As I was studying him, I realized he hadn't blinked in about ten minutes. Very few people can go that long without blinking. It's almost entirely impossible.

The thought that we were similar in some way kept on surfacing in my mind, and I started to see similarities between the two of us. Finding someone like me could be important.

"You ever killed anything before?" I asked him. I needed to get a bead on what he was like, to see if my hunch was right.

He looked slightly inquisitive by my question and turned his head towards me. "I have killed a few things in my life, yes. Mostly for … research purposes however." His pause was all the evidence I needed. He was the same as me. When I was younger, hunting and capturing small animals was a hobby. I knew he was the same as I. That's all I needed to ask him.

We sat in silence for a long while, until there was the sound of heavy footsteps at the door. The sound of locks clicking open was followed by the footsteps entering the room.

Neither I nor my new friend had turned to see who it was. Neither of us cared because neither of us had the ability to care.

"AA-O-645! Execute order Z-53R!" The man stirred in his seat, got up and stood straight as a plank. He was obviously an AI, which explains the apathy and inability to socialize. He seemed to still have control over his eyes, and he looked over at me, almost confirming the fact we had grown together, as much as a sociopath and an AI unit can.



Metaphysical Plane, Jeremiah Steen (Acrylic Paint)

Where Did It Go
Michael Bradshaw

Have you ever caught that dove
The one that was rare and nobody could find
Or got to the top of that ladder
That no one could ever climb

And if you let go or fall down
It's like you're losing your mind
It feels like that's what happens to me all the time

Happiness is a wet bar of soap so hard to grasp
Or like a car riding smoothly
But you end up in a crash
It's as if you're winning a race
But life wants you to come in last
You have a V8 engine but you're all out of gas

And now your dove is like a crow
It's emailing and texting your phone
Now something new is knocking at your door
It will never leave you alone

If my old dove is now a crow
And life left me with that
I know that things have been reversed
The old happy me is now extremely sad

I awake every morning and look darkness in the face
And know that life is bland
What I used to have I just want to taste
I feel like if I look at my life I would see
I have prioritized darkness above
But now all I want is to get back my dove

The House with No Doors
Grady Cate

Peter Taylor scratched at the faint blue splotch on his arm. It did not itch, but the thought of it being there might just bring questions to the table with his fellow classmates. He sat on his bed, rubbing the bruise as he dressed for his first day in the sixth grade. Standing up, he grabbed a long sleeve shirt to hide what scars he had on his arms and chest, and proceeded to step into his jeans. "Should do fine," Peter thought to himself as he walked out the door of his room. His backpack was slung over his shoulder just as a wet shirt would on a clothesline.

Skidding down the stairs, he went, moving toward the kitchen for breakfast. Since his mom passed, Peter's family meals were seldom and quiet. Usually his dad didn't go to the store to gather ingredients for any meal but instead left Peter to feast for himself. He grabbed a piece of wheat bread and lathered the last bit of this month's peanut butter on it. Folding it, he took a bite and headed out the door.

"Where do you think you're going? You need a ride to school now don't you?" spoke Peter's dad as he took a step out the door.

"Nowhere yet, sir." Peter quickly whipped up a lie in order to save himself from another beating. "Just grabbing my water bottle."

His dad perched himself on the couch, scratching at a stain on his dirty wife-beater. Peter's face turned perturbed, wondering if his shiftless father would ever get up to take him to school. Ever since his mother passed, Peter's dad became a soulless abuser. His love for the sweet bite of bourbon became the one thing he truly cared for in this home. As for his children, they were nothing more than a burden in his life that he was unwilling to carry. Constantly smacking and hitting his children, he would curse in their directions and threaten their lives if they dare tell a soul or leave the property without further notice. The hell of a home Peter was trapped in. The house with no doors.

Pictures and Pictures
Jacob Adamic

Pictures and pictures
Small moments of my life
Carefully selected
Each thought about more than twice

Words carefully picked
To make you
Laugh, smile, or pause
That number below the frame
Is what they're looking for

Has it increased
Has anyone seen
Does anyone realize
The picture's not always as it seems

For a picture gives you a glimpse
And the caption finite details

But if you heard the voice
If you heard the real story in the person

Then you might know
A picture is a moment in time with minute details
And a story is worth much more of your time

unapologetically.
Andreas Fields

I am unapologetically black.
To be frank, however
I think I am more than just black.
I am brown, like the dirt you step on
or spit in.
Brown like the mud you drag your feet through
on a cold rainy day.
Brown like the liquor your uncle
drinks too much of when he says bad things to your
mom.
Brown like the rappers and basketball players you
look up to.
But brown like the slaves you held captive.
My blood is red, like the color you get when
I succeed on my own accord.
Red like a stop sign
halting our progress.
Red like the blood we shed for shame in return.
Red like the sunburn we'll never get.

I am more than that.

I am brown like chocolate almost no one can resist.
Brown like the soil that feeds us.
Brown like tan you get, but the one I'll always have.
But that's just the tip of the iceberg.

My mind is black on the worst days
when every thought is dark.
Or blue when I realize that 11 years wasn't
nearly enough with you.
I wish it were orange and yellow more often
because that's when I'm around you.
Purple when I remember it's still your favorite color
and you're still here to remind me of it.
Red when I think of how hard you work for
nothing in return.
Green because I'm still young with a life ahead of me.

I'm brown like my mom
who can talk to almost anybody.
Brown like my best friend, who's a bit
on the lighter side.
Brown like my sister, who's too
smart for her own good.
Like Stacey and Malcolm,
Huey and Aaliyah
I'm brown like you, who does their best to be
comfortable in their own skin, even when
they're the only one in it.
It's who I am,
unapologetically.



One Way Plot, Alex Giovanelli (Photography)



Canal River, Burano, Italy, Thomas Leeds (Photography)

Hercules
Peter Loch

Zeus and Hera had a little boy
They gave him a flying horse as a toy.
They named the little baby Hercules
But then, Hades stole him with ease.

Hades attempted to turn him mortal
His henchman failed and he still was immortal.
A farmer found Herc on the road
He joined their family, and happiness flowed.

Hercules grew up with the strength of a god
So no one else would join his squad.
Hercules thought he didn't belong
But then his Dad appeared and told him he was wrong.

Hercules vowed to retake his place,
He travelled to Philoctetes to begin the race.
Phil trained him to be a hero,
To be a protector and no longer a zero.

He first saved a damsel in distress
Her name was Meg, the sly mistress.
Hercules immediately fell for her
His love for her would never deter.

Hades crushes Meg under a pillar
But Herc makes a deal with the killer.
His life for the life of his love
For true love can never be gotten rid of.

Hercules saves her life
He no longer knew strife.
His father welcomed him openly to Mt. Olympus
But Hercules wants to follow his own compass.

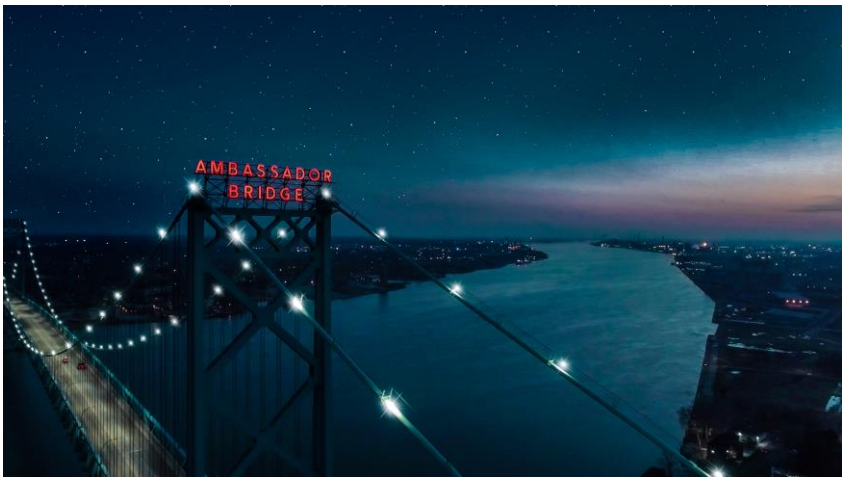
He decided to be like any other Joe
So his love with Meg could grow.

art is all we have
Kameron Bloye

art is personal but not individual.
art is tangible and intangible at the very same time.
it's a constant struggle and an escape.
art can bring us together.
it's both beautiful and horrific,
but most importantly,
it's so unbelievably necessary.



A Place to Rest, Nathan Comerford (Stained Glass)



Detroit from Above, Thomas Beshke (Photography)

East West

after the painting by Kenneth Noland

Andrew Basile

did you forget? the way it goes it goes like this, this as in the pain and fragile fracture that spiders over you like sadness like the sad shattering of glass just a little shatter, a little one the kind of little one where you say, I can put this back together, where you're playing tennis inside, but you can't you can't put it back together, you're playing tennis inside and the racket scissors inward, the strings singing and the vase shattering and that flower of porcelain petals and dust and you're just holding the fragments holding them because there's nothing else you can do but you know you have to do something there's no forgetting how the vase used to be, the bounce of the tennis ball, the sound of cracking that drips down onto the floorboards, that drifts up too because where else is it going to go? and you're left holding the fragments wishing you could go back and hit the tennis ball a different way and it's kind of like that.

Bank of the Oise at Auvers

after the painting by Vincent Van Gogh

Nick Blum

The breeze runs through my hair,
I have not a worry in the air.

Water shines and wrinkles,
It moves gently down the stream,
And all I can do is dream.

The greens, blues, reds, and oranges,
Flash out of my view as time passes by.

We ponder in a peaceful tone
All of our feelings are on loan,
To the beautiful sights we see
That will always be a memory to me.

We dock our canoes along the shore
To see a running wild boar,
We unpack our lunch and talk while we eat
Forgetting the times in the street.

The nature brings me closer
Than my old rolled up poster,
That gives me a vision of this world
And puts me into such a wild whirl.

As the sun begins to set and we head back to home,
We realize the beauty outside of the giant city
Shows how our world is not just gritty.

Maturation
Miles Hickman

There is a dynamic balance needed to hustle and not be hustled
It can sift through your grasp like sand
It can shapeshift and twist and writhe until you don't know what it is
It's a struggle to find the ratio of right and wrong
A trial for the yin and yang of everything

I keep searching and running into dead ends
I keep asking for guidance but none of it works for me
No one knows and it is up to me to find my own truth that I seek
I go out to create my truth and test new things and learn from them
I become my own man



Long Apple, Vince Galbo (Collage)



Paragliding
Jackson Vyletel

The rocks hurt. They actually hurt a lot. They were also extremely cold, kind of wet, and overall not pleasant to sit on. The view of my hiking boots caressed in a lonely patch of grass was calming and was my sole focus at that point. I thought of the way hair looks when you rub it with a balloon. The sweat from my palms certainly wasn't helping me grip onto the dew-soaked stones underneath me, but that was the least of my concerns. It was beautiful in retrospect, but I couldn't get past the drop.

"Just focus on the horizon," is what they told me. I did so, but all that did was show me just how high up I was. Staring at an endless array of mountains doesn't help you forget the fact that you're about to run off of one. Go figure.

My chest was tight, and it was getting tighter. However, I barely noticed this through the intense pain in my right foot. I was late getting up that morning. Too busy watching TV to unlace my boot and remove that gray and white pebble that was wedged in between the rubber insole and the soft inner arch of my foot, creating the perfect concentration of pressure so that it shot pain up my ankle every time I stepped down. Fortunately, this distracted me from the still tightening straps around my torso. I could hear the periodic buzz of the straps closing around my chest, dismissed it as a bee or some other normal sound to make myself feel better. My arms started to feel the need to shoot out, my fingers and toes felt like they were being dipped in cold water, the balls of my feet dug in to the ground, and my neck flexed as my chin twitched upward. Exhale. I forgot to breath. Now a deep pressure threw me into the air from under my arms. I was standing. Like a single word



Area of Wonder, Alexander Vecchio (Photography)

in the middle of a blank page, I stood, alone and in need of some friends. It was so open. So vast. I looked all around me and saw a sea of blue. To my left: blue. Right: blue. Not down. Still not looking down.

He gave me a steady and affirmative tap on the outside of my right shoulder and said something. I nodded. I started hearing bees again. I thought of how weird it was to have bees swarming at 12,000 feet above sea level. This was followed by a second and more mumbled voice. A second nod.

In an instant, I was running, something I didn't have to think about. It was over. It was done. I was done. Thank God.

I opened my eyes and saw, to this day, the most amazing sight I have ever laid eyes on. The richness of the sky in front of me looked like the visual equivalent of tasting a warm fudge brownie you stole from the fresh tray your mom just pulled out of the oven. I ducked on instinct. A cloud. I laughed at this. I just dodged the underside of an actual cloud. Not the fluffy vacant ones you draw with a blue colored pencil in elementary school, but a surprisingly cool, damp, very real one in the sky. I experienced the same feeling of my fingers and toes being dipped in water, but this time warm. It was… I couldn't find an appropriate word. It just was.

No classes to worry about, no homework due, no hockey after school, none of it. The wind caught my chest and felt not like an unbearable weight but like a sort of reassuring hug. Everything had built up to this liberating moment. The very essence of my comfort zone had been savagely torn away, and what was left drifted through the clouds with eyes wide open and palms toward the sun.

Change
Jalen Smith

They’re bringing it back again
Our darkest hour strikes once more
Not a single charge filled
Will there be signs saying “No Negros”
Is this really what we are coming to
The time when one man isn’t equal to the other
Riots will rally in the street
It’s disappointing...
all of this could have been avoided with one charge…
Is this really what we're coming to
If we want change
We’ve got some work to do



Wash(er) Away Our Sins, Ryan Batcheller (Metal and Wood)



Mirror Lake, Matthew Flynn (Photography)

Solis Occasum
Brandon Martinez-Eaddy

I hear your calls through the treetops
The rains collect just like teardrops
Told you once I'll never go
I need the sun it's for my soul
I'll say it twice for satisfaction
I'll stay in line a troop in action
Battered dreams and broken hearts
When I'm needed look to the stars
Look to times before you knew me
When life played out just like a movie
I'll be gone, gone on the moon
Please don't worry, I'll be back soon

Resurrected Malice
Avery Krick

I woke up last night to cop sirens blaring in my ear. I stood up, rubbing my eyes, and walked to the window. The blue and red flashing lights could be seen from here. The cars were parked in front of the forest next to my dorm building. With a slight bit of concern, I managed to convince myself to throw on some shoes and walk to the scene.

Stepping out the door, cold wind pierced my skin. I tucked my hands into my pockets and started to walk. I reached the scene in 5 minutes due to being half-asleep. The first thing that happened was an officer told me to get out of the area in case of danger. He told me to go back to my dorm and lock the door. I asked him what happened, and I did not like the answer.

He said, "It doesn't matter just hurry." Then I demanded to know. He sighed, giving in, and stated, "Five murders with a sixth injured. The killer is still on the loose." My eyes widened at the thought. The most that has ever happened here was some drunk got lost in the forest. I looked over his shoulder to see the scene. He was right. Five people were lying on the ground while one was chained to tree.

It was hard to tell who they were since it was so dark, but as my vision adjusted, I could see that the person chained was my neighbor Jake. I managed to see he was still breathing, but he had a massive cut in his side.

"What's the matter? Do you recognize any of them?" the cop spat out.

"Y-Yes sir. The one chained to the tree. He's my neighbor."

"What about the others?"

"I can't tell through the robes."

It was weird. Five bodies on the ground dressed in red and black robes. I thought it was some sort of cult business, but don't they sacrifice others, not themselves? In addition, why would they do it so close to the public where anyone can see? The officer told me to go back to bed, and that Jake would be in the hospital by morning where they would continue to question me.

That day at the hospital, I walked into Jake's room and saw the massive cut in his side. A doctor walked in, and I asked what the injuries were.

"Well, as you can see, there's a deep wound in his side, but later through an x ray we saw that a single kidney was gone."

I looked at him confused. Just one? I decided not to say anything but kept on thinking. Soon enough my thought processes were intervened when an officer pulled me out into the hallway and sat me down.

"The five victims were all students. We hope you can identify them."

He gave a set of pictures. They were pictures of the victims, but I could only recognize one and guess another.

"This is my friend Jack's girlfriend, Alysa. From what he has told me, she really scared him, and he did not like to be near her. I can only guess that this is a person named Dan. That is because I knew Alysa, and she would always talk about him. What she has told me looks like this picture. Even the tattoo description is the same."

He stood there silent.

"Thank you for your time."

He took the pictures and left. I continued to sit, thinking about the issue at hand. So far, too many things connect. Jake was my neighbor who was friends with Jack. Alysa was Jack's girlfriend who he was generally afraid of, and Alysa always talked about Dan. Now, Jack has been reported as missing.

I could not make out a solution or what might satisfy me. The answer will, but what is the question? Is it who is the murderer or what happened that night? Still thinking, something caught my eye. A person with red stains all over them had just rounded the corner at the end of the hall. I picked my head up and stared, waiting for something to happen. Then it did.

The lights started to flicker. I looked at Jake's room, wondering what would happen if I left him there to go get help. It did not matter. When the light flicked for one second longer than normal, he was gone. Fresh blood covered the room, and Jake was just gone. I looked down the other side of the hall and saw an exit sign. I bolted down as fast as I could. Thoughts were running through my head as adrenaline pumped through my veins. What the hell was going on?! Feet away from the door, the lights went fully out, and I couldn't see anything. I was tackled to the ground by an unknown force, and I tried to claw my way to a door that was now invisible in the dark. Soon, I could not move as something was pinning me to the ground. I could feel a massive hand holding me down as what could be described as claws dug into my back. I held my breath and waited for the worst to come.

David

after the sculpture by Michelangelo (1504)

Chris Richards

When I first saw Michelangelo's David,
I simply could not believe.
The great statue took me years back to the age,
The statue's design was conceived.

Other sculptors despised Michelangelo,
Skilled as he was at his craft.
But their hearts were all too soon filled up with glee,
They knew that he would look daft.

"Abandoned by 'Gostin di Duccio,
Left by Rossellino too.
This flawed chunk of marble will without a doubt,
Be Michelangelo's doom."

The sculptor just looked at the marble,
Knowing this statue would shock.
The rest of the sculptors who gave him such grief,
"They can all come eat my chalk."

Now freed from his great marble prison,
David does nothing but gaze.
Into the distance with headstrong persistence,
The challenge did naught but amaze.

Before me stands David determined,
Ready for some unseen foe.
The critics are likened to David's Goliath,
Knocked down with but one giant blow.



Cool Color Portrait, Deil Fernandez (Watercolor)

The Legend of the Sleeping Bear Dunes
Reed Michelini

A mother and her cubs were threatened by a fire
Forced to cross Lake Michigan when things became dire
They slowly made their way across the lake
And the cubs grew tired and began to ache
The mother bear made it to the land
Waiting for her cubs to arrive, she lay in the sand
The cubs never made it, dying beside one another
But still looking for her cubs remained the mother
For each perished cub emerged an island
The patient mother had succumbed to the highland
The legend of the Sleeping Bear Dunes lives on forever
Telling the tale of the mother and her cubs' endeavor



Dr. Wolfe's Hair, Noah Carlson (Photography)



Arid Serenity, Alejandro Borrego (Photography)

Up North
Aidan Shannon

A pleasant peninsula where we made a summer home
The waves our companion, soothing us, white noise
Walking on the beach finding Petoskey stones
Teenagers and adults feeling like little boys
Danger made it fun, jumping from on high
Running, running, running, over the cliff below
Sun beating down, beneath big bright sky
People watched amazed, at our diving show
Father in a chair, snores bellow through the room
Taking a siesta, much needed and deserved pause
Everything alive, flowers in full bloom
"Up north" operates under different laws
One week and a day, certainly not enough
To relax and take in the beauty and the calm
Our cabin was simple, perhaps a bit rough
But it soothed us all, like a sweet balm

Mistaken Identity
Ryan Hammett

A story straight from today's headlines, Eduardo Olivares, a member and leader of an indigenous tribe from the rural areas of Santiago, Chile has disappeared from his tribal lands!

Tribe members say that Eduardo was last seen driving his tractor down a dirt road outside of the city limits. He did not return to his home at the base of the Andes Mountains in time for dinner, so the local neighbors went out to search for him. Eduardo never misses dinner, especially on beef empanada night, so his family knew something was wrong.

Santiago Police Detective Perro says that the circumstances of Mr. Olivares's disappearance are under investigation. The tribe members disagree and say that Mr. Olivares has been kidnapped and held for ransom. Detective Perro has assured the Chilean citizens that they will do everything they can to locate Mr. Olivares. But will they?

There has been quite a bit of recent, civil unrest between the tribal members and the Chilean government. The tribe has been in existence for hundreds of years and were founding members of Santiago. The politicians and many citizens feel that the tribe is prohibiting the city from growth. Over the past decade, the city of Santiago has experienced a boom in the economy with increases in exportation and tourism. Mining companies and builders are trying to force the indigenous people from the land that they have inhabited for centuries. Ana Olivares, the wife of the missing leader, believes her husband is being held because their family will not surrender their land to the mining company that is searching for undiscovered lithium and copper. She feels the mining company is bribing the police.

The police chief disputes these allegations, saying that the police force would never commit such an atrocity. The police force in Santiago has a reputation of being honest and very respectful of all citizens. Detective Perro promises to investigate both sides of the story, but the main priority is to first locate Mr. Olivares.

Two days have passed, and all are concerned about Mr. Olivares's well-being. His family is praying that he is alive and unharmed. The Olivares family continues to keep the family restaurant operating and the livestock healthy. They live in a



An Assortment of Sweets, Keith Jefferson (Ink)

rudimentary home but have a satellite to watch television. The police have set up a tip line and are offering a CLP $700,000 reward for leads that result in his discovery. They do their best to keep a positive attitude even though the vacuous news reports do not shed any light on the problems that are brewing within the community.

Against the advice of the local police department, the Olivares family has decided to take matters into their own hands. Eduardo's son, Jorge, has decided to set out on horseback in search of his father. Jorge, age 15, is the oldest of Eduardo's six children. Jorge misses the days of riding his horse to school with his younger siblings but understands that he has had to leave schooling behind to help with the household. Ana has asked her son to follow the trails into the Andes that they know so well. She wonders if her husband may have had tractor problems or fled from police and tried to make his way home through the snow-covered tops of the icy mountain range. As skilled as Eduardo is with the trails, she is worried he could have slipped and is injured.

Jorge, covered in his handmade alpaca lined coat and boots, prepares for the arduous journey. The weather in the Andes is mild but the conditions change drastically in the winter along with the altitude. Jorge is an experienced hiker, having traveled many kilometers with his father. This was one of the

few times that he will have ventured out on his own. His mother packed a backpack with essential items, freshly baked empanadas from her wood-burning stove, fresh strawberries, bright cherries, and hearty nuts from the garden out back. Jorge packed a rifle loaded with ammunition in case he came across any jaguars or anacondas. Since food is scarcer this time of year, he knows the animals can be more aggressive. Jorge has grown up with respect for the animals and would only use violence if it meant saving his own life. He secretly left some pesos he had saved for his mother, wrapped in a handkerchief that she had sewn for his father. Jorge truly believed he would find his father and return home safely, but there still a feeling of uneasiness surrounding his thoughts.

Jorge said goodbye to his mother and went outside to retrieve his favorite horse, named Glacier, who was casually grazing the 100 acres of peaceful land that they owned. He stopped for a moment to imagine what life would be like if his family's land was taken over with obtrusive mining trucks and equipment. A chilly wind blew, abruptly snapping him back from his thoughts, and Jorge knew it was time to go.

Back at Detective Perro's office, the investigative search team continued to follow leads. They used helicopters and drones to fly over the area where Mr. Olivares was reportedly last seen. Detective Perro did not understand how this family man, well-respected in his community, could just disappear. All



Foggy Trees, Rudolph Stonisch IV (Photography)

the tips led to a dead end. A new concern was arising as the indigenous people, frustrated and upset that Mr. Olivares was not found, began to retaliate against the police. Detective Perro was worried that if the retaliations escalated, military force would be necessary to quiet the protests.

In the meantime, Jorge Olivares continued his journey in search of his father. He looked for any signs that his father may have been in the remote area of the Andes. Darkness was setting in, and Jorge was getting thirsty, hungry, and tired. He stopped at Cajon del Maipo, a crystal blue gorge, tucked within the alpine mountains. He sat down on a nearby rock and drank some fresh, chilled water that was pouring down from a glacier at the top of the magnificent mountain peak. Jorge recalled the times his father would take him to this exact spot to observe the Andean condors soaring high and swooping down to the serene water's surface to catch unsuspecting trout. It may have been exhaustion, but Jorge believed he could truly see his father's face smiling at him from the water's reflection.

He prayed that today would be the day his father would be found.

Jorge awoke to the clear morning skies and vicuña, a relative of the llama, grazing along the mountainside in search of breakfast. Jorge packed up his few belongings, gave one last glance at the tranquil Cajon del Maipo, and mounted his horse for a new day of searching. He prayed that today would be the day his father would be found.

Meanwhile, the police received a tip from a nearby villager that there was a sighting of a man traveling alone on horseback carrying a rifle and looking disheveled. The police thought this man could be a person of interest and sent out a team of officers to investigate. The police noticed a person in in the distance that fit the description of the suspect. They heard the man was armed and wanted to keep a safe distance until they were prepared to apprehend him. The officers crept closer as the suspect continued in their direction as he made his way along the narrow, craggy, paths that winded around the mountainside. An overzealous police officer spotted the rifle and felt threatened, so he shot off his gun into the air to

warn the suspect to drop the weapon. At that moment, the man abruptly fell to the ground while his horse went racing away and a backpack tumbled down into depths of the mountain floor. The police officers surrounded the man, who was motionless on the cold, rocky ground. The stray bullet that the rookie officer fired had struck the person directly in his heart. He appeared to have tragically died instantly.

Back at Ana Olivares's home, she continued to watch news updates in hope of receiving word about Eduardo. She had not heard from Jorge in several days and was concerned that he had enough food and warm clothes to keep him safe in the treacherous environment. A breaking news story came through the television. The police announced a suspect in the case of Eduardo Olivares's disappearance was shot and killed. Although Eduardo was still missing, they believed the person responsible was no longer a threat to the community. Since his backpack had fallen, the deceased person was not yet identified. They asked that anyone who was aware of a missing person to please contact Detective Perro for possible identification. Ana's heart began to race, and a sickening feeling rose in her stomach. She suspected right away that the person that was killed was Jorge. Ana dropped to the ground, clenching her hands into prayer. Her first born son was killed for no reason. She faced the unimaginable task of identifying her son. Word of Jorge's death spread throughout the indigenous tribe members. They believed Jorge was used as a cover-up for the police kidnapping of Eduardo.

Detective Perro sat at his desk aware that the death of Jorge was a major mistake. He felt uncertain on how to admit to the people that the police were at fault. It would be easier to say the shooting was justified. There were no outside witnesses, and the victim was dead. Small groups of people, local citizens, and indigenous people began joining together together to set up protests. They wanted justice for Jorge and believed criminal charges should be filed against the police officers. Protests were common in Santiago, but Detective Perro knew peaceful protests could quickly turn violent. There were many tourists in the area, and the Detective did not want to see anyone else get hurt. He called in for military support. Military officers loaded the military tank with gallons of water, a high-powered hose, and canisters of tear gas. The tank drove down the streets, releasing tear gas and spraying unruly

groups of people. Everyone started to run, crowds dispersed, and tourists stood in awe taking videos, unaware of what was happening.

At home, Ana Olivares prayed for peace and that Eduardo would return. At the police station, Detective Perro stared out into the town square, distraught at the division of his city. For a moment, both Ana Olivares and Detective Perro shared the same thought. What does violence accomplish? An innocent person was dead, another man missing, townspeople and tribe members were being arrested, and the once trusted police force that is supposed to protect the people is under scrutiny. Violence never solves a problem; it only makes one side feel like a winner at the expense of others.



The Ambassador, Anthony Siewert (Photography)

Flags
Jack Michelini

The flags that flap and whip in the wind for
countless countries and innumerable nations
stand still among the sky, atop their tall poles,
being watched by the whole world.



Stolen Motherhood, John Henige (Charcoal)

A Love Letter to Basketball
James O'Leary

Basketball is a beautiful art form
That is truly like no other
In the pure joy it brings me
In the euphoric rush that it causes in my senses
It is the one addiction
It is the one obsession
That I simply cannot shake.

There is no better melody than
The sound of a basketball perfectly
Hitting nothing but net
SWOOSH.
SWOOSH.
SWOOSH.
To my ears, it is the one true sound of flawlessness
More so than any Mozart
More so than any Beethoven.

There is no feeling quite
Like shooting in an empty gym
At an obscene hour of the night
Polishing my craft
In the hopes of someday
Reaching that next level
Reaching something better

Basketball is more than just a sport
Basketball is a way of life
Basketball teaches me
To always strive for better
To always go that extra mile
Because in the end
We are all but players in a game
A game of trials and tribulations
A game that is both painful and joyful
A game that all we can really do is play
Play well
Or
Play poorly
All we can do is play

To Basketball, With Love



In the Summer House

after the painting by George Tooker

Andrew Basile

In the summer house, and we came down the dirt trail to the creek, the gulch running through bent trees. The moonlight flitted over the underbrush like something alive, something vivid and lonely and dancing between the trees. Dancing is always best when done alone, she would say. Alone you are not afraid of judging eyes. And I think there was wisdom to this, now that I'm older. At the time, I just wanted her to dance with me. I could hear the music in my head as we climbed across the stream, the walls of the ravine. The way the light pooled in the mud, her skin looked like terracotta, those turquoise scale eyes and the blonde spooling hair, colorless as I saw it. We passed to a clearing, and the color came back in damp summer strokes, although her hair was still deeply colorless. Her skin was white then, and I wanted to ask her to dance. I didn't though. I was afraid that my hands would skim through her. She seemed a reflection or a ghost in that moment. These days, I would take my chances anyway, but in those days dancing was a soulful act. Like marriage. Equal in weight and sincerity. Marriage isn't as soulful as that. Soulful is the way her clothes bleached in the moonlight, so white and clear that she might as well be naked. I don't know. At the time, it all felt dreamlike. Like a nocturne, a fairy vision that graces down in the moonlight, powder and stardust and reverie. A dream. But you get older, I get older, and it's the realest thing that's ever happened to me, this dream. I don't know if she ever got older. A part of me thinks she did, a part



Liberty Path, Alejandro Borrego (Photography)

of me knows she didn't. The dream though, it carries with me. It wouldn't surprise me to wake up sleeping in that clearing. We were walking from the clearing, and the gulch had wound around the trees to meet us. There were concrete chunks sprouting from the slopes, the walls that had narrowed and tilted. She asked me where the concrete came from, and I told her that I didn't know. They were like pieces of a bridge or a road, these great hulking shards. She looked to me and smiled. Her legs pushed up the concrete monoliths, and my stomach butterflied. This motion that mobiled in my chest, a flutter of crush, nerves, excitement. She looked like Atlas in that moment, leaned up against the rock. She looked like Atlas, holding up everything in the world, the trees and the gulch stream and the sequined sky. It was all her, all her, and I just wanted to hide my face. I don't know what it was. Modesty. Embarrassment. We tend to look away in the most important moments, those moments we wish we would've seen. I've been thinking, and I think they're the most important moments because they're the moments we miss. I hope that makes sense. I don't think I missed anything that night. The real essence of what happened, I don't think anything escaped me. Maybe dancing. Maybe a lot of things actually. What I'm trying to say is this. I was seventeen and going off to college and I wasn't ever coming back. And she was holding the whole world on her shoulders. I had this floating shakiness in my stomach. Like the feeling you get the first time you have sex. Sex is too clean of a word for what sex is. I hadn't had sex yet; I was seventeen and I wanted to dance and we were staying in the summer house, and we came down the dirt trail to the creek.

Color
Austin Raymond

Voicing my opinions
on man's differences
and my internal dispositions
on coloration and race

defining your culture
and how you were raised
But to me it's mental pain
without central aim
but to bite

Racism
not settled not alright
is there a way to slight this plight
and fight
for our rights?

Blacks
enslaved and bludgeoned
for hundreds
of years, many tears
shed

Enslavement
impossible to elude
not even viewed, as people
forced nude
sodomized and screwed

just because of darker skin
rich melanin
our kin
were put through hell
so much woe to tell

And still exists now
Minorities
blacks and browns
frowned
upon, looked down upon
just because of skin
it doesn't sense
Hence

having black skin, being dark
is not for the faint of heart
Internally I feel like we're the strongest
battling for the longest
time, I feel
like a warrior
but I don't want to be seen for just my color
but for the content of my character



CLOSED!!!, LaMar Price II (Photography)



The Tranquil Waters of Keem Bay, John Eads (Photography)

The Man on the Cliff
Sam Comerford

The briny smell of the sea permeated the nostrils of the man on the cliff. He'd been standing in the same spot for nearly an hour, unmoving, like the stones that made up his platform. The grey sky reflected the man's expressionless face. His stoic form could've been mistaken for a dead tree, wavering in the wind, but never moving its roots. The precipice was the man's thinking place. The convulsing stillness of the ocean lulled him into the deeper recesses of his mind, a dark, warm place that felt nearly as safe as the womb. Getting there was perilous. His memories made up a thick, toxic cloud that surrounded his sanctum. It hung around, like a delinquent outside a store that never moved nor aged. He had no gas mask to wear into the mist - his didn't fit anymore. He had to bear the burning air in his lungs. He had to bear the weight of his gear and his mistakes, only in his mind could he get rid of them.

The man bent down and picked up a stone. It wasn't too heavy, about 5 pounds. It looked reminiscent of a disc, the product of millions of years of pressure and sediment, shaped by the constant lashing of the waves below. He held the magnificent artifact in his hand. It was born before time, before man and his machines and wars. The man, in a flash of unprecedented motion, threw the stone. It twirled in the air like a grenade. Its parabolic

path brought it closer and closer to the tumultuous waves and jagged rock below.

Whoomp.

The rock disappeared into the ocean. The sound carried back to the man, and he breathed out quickly. The sound of a mortar. The man instinctively dove to the ground and held his head, waiting for his spine to be severed in a quick, destructive blow.

None came.

The man stood up, shaking as if he was cold. The salty smell of the ocean soured into a much more familiar one. Blood. Viscera. Memories. His friends called out to him from the mist, groaning, screaming, and choking out his name. It was all vivid again, his shoes filled with mud, his eyes filled with tears, his ears filled with screams.

His heart full of fear.

His friends' calls became louder, accompanied now with a cacophony of bullets from a machine gun and his heartbeat to match it.

He screamed, shattering the loud serenity of the cliffside. He fell to his knees, eyes stinging with tears that should have stayed in the past.

In the man's house, his uniform sat on display. Medals for bravery, honor, and sacrifice. He had received them with a smile. His bravery had saved nobody. His honor meant nothing. His sacrifices were in vain. The metals from his gun tore men apart. Few really were men. Most were boys, dying with the word "mother" on their lips. He had thought them cowards at the time. Fools, even. On the cliff, however, he understood them. He knew them better than his own friends. They shared a common, primal fear, fear from the time that the rock was born.

A draft letter sat on the table. Uncle Sam called for the man to come back to Europe to avenge his fellows.

The man could not. He could not get up, much less go to the new war. He could not hate the Germans anymore; he sympathized with the patriotic rush to death that he and his companions experienced. He knew that he was not strong enough to extinguish the life of another ever again.

There was one exception.

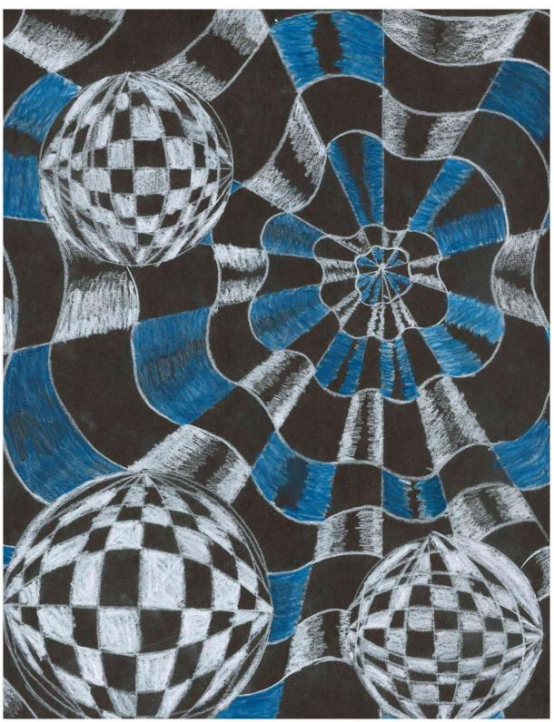
Standing up, in a signal of defiance to the metal gods of war, the man followed the rock.

Perspective
Kameron Bloye

He had everything in the minds
Of those with less, but
Nothing in his own. But that's just
How it is, right?

He lives every day, naïve to
His own privilege, stagnant,
Waiting for more. It's
Always more, and never less.

But for his peer, who has
Very little, nothing is everything.
He lives every day, naïve to his
Own deficiency. Hoping for more?
Sure. But expecting less? Always.
Just how it is. Perspective.



Off-White, Asa Allen (Colored Pencil)



Familiar Waters, Max Rowley (Photography)

Winter Glow

Bob Ross, Twentieth Century, oil on canvas

Joseph Rosinski

A winter's sunset I sit in my shack,
In my winter cottage, I'm glad I came back.
I peek outside and what do I see?
A dying day, a sunset among trees.
The outside's sky gets darker, while also bright,
For the blue brings beauty before the night.
It lights up the evening through shades of orange and pink,
Setting a trap of elegance, to deceive, to hoodwink.
I step outside to admire its glory,
Leaving my home, my territory.
Instead of the wonders I admired through my window,
The soft pink clouds and the white snow pillow,
I'm given a chill in my spine in the brisk dry air,
A big surprise, an astounding scare.
Although it looked like autumn, it was still winter,
Explaining why, the weather outside was bitter.
Now I reside again in this tiny cottage of mine,
To admire the beauties from indoors, calling them sublime.

Thin Places
Andrew Basile

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

We're sitting in the lobby of the Warwick Arms hotel, about an hour north of London. It has bijou rooms and matchbox walls, banisters that run with creaks, floorboards peeling from their nails. A quaint vibe, ripped from the pages of Shirley Jackson, that small-town uncanniness. We're studying abroad, the four of us, huddled around a knee-height coffee table and swapping ghost stories. We can sense the ambience—we're feeding into it.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I say.

It's true. I'm a realist, a skeptic. Pragmatic to the core. Sometimes, like all teenagers, I think I know everything. The world is simple, logical, the daisy-chain of physical causes. The spiritual otherworld, it's a figment. Ghosts included.

We're talking late. Moonlight slots through louvered windows, splinters across the floor in panes of white. We're talking about ourselves, the literature we've studied. And we're talking about ghost stories.

You can tell a lot about a person by the stories they tell, the ghosts they're afraid of, the spirits they believe. It's my turn to tell a story. I lean in, conjure my deepest voice. I sound my memory for a spooky anecdote, a chilling fact.

"There's a legend in Celtic folklore," I say, "places where spirits linger with the living, where our reality thins into metaphysics."

Thin Places, they're called, where the gap narrows between real and spiritual. It's a connection between the two, an epiphany of truth, emotional salience, mortality. Wordsworth writes "that in this moment there is life and food for future years." That in every Thin Place, there is a wealth of truth, a replenishment of spirit.

I wake up the next morning, slouched in a bus-seat. Breakfast comes back to me, the seven-fifteen trudge from my room to the bus. I'm on four hours of sleep, but I'm excited too. My inner-English geek is pushing up his glasses, fastening his pocket protector, grabbing for the nearest paperback.

I can see Tintern Abbey in the distance, its stonework ribs rising from the Welsh countryside.

I come to Tintern following Wordsworth's lines. But I find a different kind of truth, a poignancy in the way the rain

slips between stone arches, how the flowers sprout from split cobbles. I find that there is a world beyond me that I don't understand. Tintern Abbey is a postcard from the other-side, a snapshot of ephemeral physicality. It's a couple crumbling lines on the back: "See you soon," "Savor your time," "Make the most of your trip!" It's a Thin Place.

I think of Tintern Abbey, and, like a postcard, it's a reminder. It's a reminder to cherish these moments, to invigorate life, a reminder of the spiritual, always pressing in. I think of Wordsworth, his message, and I know he's right. The Thin Places I've experienced have nourished my perspective. They've taught me to look beyond for a spiritual truth. They've taught me that the world speaks in the language of emotion, not the algebra of logic. They've taught me that I don't know everything but to appreciate what I do know.

I think about my Thin Places every day. I think about that conversation too, in the hotel lobby, about the ghost story I told. It's a story I knew, a factual recount of a documented thought. It wasn't a story. There weren't any questions, any fears. There wasn't any unknown because I didn't want any unknown.

If I could go back, I would tell a different story. I would tell the story of four friends sitting in a hotel lobby. They spot phantom footsteps, an apparition in the window. There's a knock on the door, and they pull close. They're scared. Together, they sneak to the door. Together, they turn the handle. Together, they open it. Who knows what's outside?



Venetian Streets, Matthew Flynn (Photography)

Tinted Black
Jalen Lewis

Black is what I am, but it is not who I am. It is what I identify as, but it is not what I should be called. Based on my hairstyle, are you afraid? Based on my speech, are you surprised? Based on my intellect, are you confused? Based on my success, are you intimidated? Do these feelings make you want to bring me down? You never see beneath the color of my skin, only the outer layer. Black… but am I fully? No, a slight tint of European, German in fact. For some of our ancestry is the same, you still have trouble of referring to me by my name.



The Trickster's Trees, Aloysius Kremhelmer (Charcoal)



The Colosseum, Aidan Charron (Acrylic Paint)

Kismet

after the painting by Roman Kryzanowsky

Peter Loch

She is alone,
But that is her choice.
She has struggled for this.
It is real,
independence.
There is hope in the future,
But the hardest part
has yet to come.
She knows this,
Yet she isn't fazed by it
Because she is her own person.
Her eyes gaze off in the distance
As she slunks down to the floor
With a sense of regret for the past
But optimism still prevails
For she sees what is most important
her destiny

The Reason I Was Late to School Today

George Bubenko

My day started off normally with my mom flipping on the blinding LED lights. I quietly hissed as they woke me from a comfortable sleep. As I struggled to get out of bed, I thought of the day ahead. A test. A quiz. Boring classes to top it all off. I sighed and thanked my mom as I finished my last bite of the wonderful breakfast that she prepared, and I looked solemnly at my car that would take me to school.

However, I was only interested in the donuts.

I had developed a wonderful yet slightly unhealthy habit of picking up a donut and coffee every Friday. As I got in my car, I thought about what donut I would get today. I thought about a glazed twist, but I decided that I would take my favorite: the wonderful lemon donut. It was a filled donut with lemon curd inside and a delicious lemony frosting on top. I went up Fort Street to south-east Detroit where my favorite bakery of all time was. It had been there ever since my childhood, and my mom took me there for a nice tasty treat on occasion.

By the time I arrived, it was 7:03 AM. Good timing, I guess, because they opened at 7:00 AM. I walked in, the patrons smiled at me, and I smiled back. Since there were a few people ahead of me, I looked around the charming store and saw my options. There was a hot-dog wheel slowly turning with two lonely hotdogs on it. The old baker was in a good mood, because customers would eat the best pastries around. There was a sweet-potato pie and small lemon pies for one. A meringue pie with its white top and brown edges waited patiently for someone to order it. However, I was only interested in the donuts.

I eyed the donuts. I was in luck; one of the bakers just brought out a fresh tray of a dozen lemon donuts. He went back into the kitchen when I saw a car drive into the parking lot. There was a man inside who was wearing a "Make America Great Again" hat while his son pushed him out the door. I was surprised by his appearance, as this was quite out of place, but I thought more of my donut. I turned back to face the counter

and display case when I heard tapping outside. The elderly gentleman was blind. One of the bakers went and helped him into the store and sat him down on the opposite counter near the slow turning hot dogs.

A minute later, another car pulled up, and out stepped an elderly African-American gentleman who wore a hat that said "Democrats cleaning up Republican messes since 1933" and who carried a blind person's cane. The same attendant went to help him into the store as well and sat him next to the first man. I was intrigued as I never seen these two men before.

I heard one of them say, "Ron, is that you?"

"Yes," replied the other. "I am so happy that you could meet on such short notice."

"Yeah, Bill, anything. How are the kids?"

"Well, Ron, Zach is getting a C in English…"

I was so distracted that the old baker had to ask for me twice. Snapping out of my daze, I told him that I wanted a lemon donut, but I was curious. I could see that they were blind. Sure, they both had southern accents, but man, they were the most unlikely of friends to be talking to each other!

I was so intrigued that I had to ask the old baker, "Do you know these two?"

He said, "I sure do. I have had the pleasure of knowing these two gentleman for the last 20 years."

"20 years!" I was in complete disbelief.

"Yes, these two have come in every Friday morning just to talk and share a donut. Legend has it that their sons met in college and became friends well after they were blind - Okay, now hold on - I will be right with you in a moment."

…but man, they were the most unlikely of friends to be talking to each other!

The two men talked about everything from their stagnating medical conditions to the stereotypical evil in-laws. I caught "Same here", "Same as last week", and "Some things never change". I was so engrossed in their conversation that the baker said, "Hey! Do you want me to finish the story or not?"

"Yes, please," I eagerly said, hoping to get to the bottom of this strange sight.

"Also," the baker continued, "it's rude to eavesdrop."

"Sorry, I meant no harm," I said quickly.

"So their boys used to come here after a night on the town and decided to drop off these two crazy people. Especially that one." He pointed to the one in the "Make America Great Again Hat". "They used to come at different times despite prodding, but then one day, the stars aligned and both were in here at the same time. They sat in silence for a while, but then to spark some conversation, we asked about their kids. They soon perked up, and they began to gradually talk about this coincidence, now brought to light. One thing led to another, and soon they became great friends who come here all the time to eat and talk. Sometimes, there were rough spots, but nothing that couldn't be eased with good food and some sweetness."

"Do they know each other's political views?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," he replied. "They do regularly complain about how the country is not as they remember it. They also seem to make fun of whatever candidate is running, somewhat like the two elderly Muppets. Really, even if they did, it wouldn't matter. Even for their differences in views, they are quite similar."

After the story, I had the strangest inkling that something wasn't right. I checked the time, and to my horror it was 7:46 AM! I hadn't eaten my donut, and I was going to be late for school. I thanked the baker for the donut and bolted, knowing that I would still have another 20-25 minutes to get to school.

"So, what was your hold up this morning?" the receptionist asked at the SAO.

I quickly ran through all the lies I could give - traffic jam, car malfunction - but I ultimately decided that I would tell the whole story.

"Well… and that's why I was late to school today," I finished.

"I see. A very peculiar circumstance to be sure, but not one to grant you an excused late," she replied without an ounce of empathy in her voice. "Now, hurry to class before it's an absence."

The clock read 8:14 AM. I bolted to my class.

With my donut, I ran past the classes in session around me. With my first class in the science building, I saw my 2nd period teacher gesturing about how atoms bonded, and as I arrived to my room, I saw that my 1st period teacher called on a student who is generally reserved and as I walked in, the teacher smiled at the right answer. Everyone was coming together for a greater good, despite however apart they were. I took a moment to reflect on and solace in the fact there is good in the world. That opposites could attract and be happy together.



Rebirth, Jean-Luc Baudeloque (Ink and Graphite)



Venice, Italy, Andrew Gilbert (Photography)

Want Me
Andrew Basile

with the kind of boxspring loneliness that jumps up from cheap sofas, polyester carpets, the melancholy that dribbles down your face in estuary steps, when your nose is the isthmus between two eddy eyes, your lips are prime real-estate and the prices are low, so low that you can reach down from the bed into the carpet and the boxsprings and you can blind yourself with two fingers and you can almost almost almost find them, find me, because—in theory—it's a buyer's market. But it's not, and that fact follows me when I come out from the floorboards like some kind of roach, when my back hurts from sleeping on the ground and I walk down two streets at the same time and, anyways, I don't want you.

Blue
Max Marquette

Sparkling, shining in the light,
The crystal clear water is blue and bright.
Colorful fish dart in and out of jagged rocks,
As the blue water gently splashes against the docks.
Sparkling, shining water reflects the bright blue sky,
As gentle rays glide smoothly by.
Dolphins splash and dance in the waves,
As the crystal blue water swirls through underwater caves.
Colorful reefs sway with the tide,
In the deep blue sea where eels like to hide.
Sparkling, shining looking bright,
Shining blue turns to black in the night.



Turbulence, Konstantinos Stavropoulos (Photography)

The Black Critique
Andreas Fields

"Why do you talk so white?"
"You always act so white."
"Why do you always listen to white music?"

These comments perpetuated my adolescence growing up in Detroit and attending an all-black K-8 school in Southfield. As a kid, I was a constant book reader and the best student in class, getting all As on my report cards semester after semester. It was not lost on me that I was somewhat nerdy, but I didn't pay it any mind. I always talked with proper grammar and avoided slang. My spelling was impeccable and by all accounts I was a stand up kid. To me, that was just the way I was raised, and there was nothing wrong with it.

Before I dive deeper, let me offer a disclaimer: In no way is this meant to generalize black people as being a certain way, nor is it meant to criticize the black race as a whole and make it seem like they are unaccepting of others because of their differences. This is purely based on my experiences.

However, this meant I was up for constant criticism from my classmates and the occasional family member. While it was never meant to be anything more than playful, reflecting on it now makes me see underlying problems in the mindset of the black community and with black masculinity as a whole.

As can be inferred, I was never the most athletic kid by any means and much rather preferred to do anything else besides play sports or spend time outside. I was always reminded by my family how irregular this was for a boy my age and that I should be outside playing or that I should pick up a sport like basketball or football. Truth be told, I've never been interested in things like that and have always been content with my own interests. However, it seems that this was lost on my family. Whether it was buying me footballs or bikes, I was just plain and simple never interested in what my family wanted me to be. When they were watching Lions games on TV, I was reading *Goosebumps* or figuring out how my desktop computer worked. In hindsight, I think this caused a disconnect between me and my family. While I love them, I can't help but think they see me as different, uninterested in activities that all boys should partake in and uncompromising to the pursuits of boys in general. It just wasn't me.

I always felt different around not just my family but also other black kids. I was dissimilar from so many of them, and it was glaringly obvious. I wasn't interested in what other black kids seemingly were. I was always criticized for the way I talked. While I never took serious offense, I couldn't help but think that for some reason I wasn't what a black person was "supposed to be." Because I didn't behave like everyone else, that means I was fair game for criticism? I just wished I could have been seen as the same with minor differences. Even my choices in music were critiqued. I'll be the first to admit I love rock music. My grandad instilled a lifelong appreciation in me of classical music. Madonna may as well have been a second coming if you ask me. But this just meant my tastes were open to dissection from others. Whenever I would describe my musical preferences to other black people, a confused look showed on their faces, followed by an endearing if indifferent smile. It got to a point where I felt more ashamed I had differing preferences than seemingly everyone else.

It's things like this that have made me think, What is the big deal with the fact that I'm somewhat different from those around me? Surely, we're all resistant around things that are uncertain to us, but it got the point that I was always critiqued by people who looked just like me. As I've grappled with this question, I am continually judged to this day. At my job nearly all my coworkers are young, black people within five years of my own age. To me, it seems that many of them have gone to stereotyping me as bougie, stuck up, conceited or cocky because of personality traits I thought had long stopped mattering in someone's character assessment. It appears that because I speak in a certain way and attend a private school that I have a certain air that rubs people - specifically black people - the wrong way. I'm as black as any other black person out there, so why do others see it differently?

I've attended summer camp in southwest Michigan since 2012, where I'm almost always the only black person at camp (with the exception of my brother). When I'm at camp, people don't treat me any differently than anyone else there, and it comforts me to not feel like my identity and personality are under scrutiny. I've never felt bad there that I'm a bit of a metalhead, or that I seriously value peace and quiet or time inside.

For whatever reason, it seems like who I am is not who so many black people want me to be. The black community has

largely ostracized those who are different within their own demographic. Whether it's mixed race people or kids like me who can't see without glasses or ride a bike, who've read books hundreds of pages long or made PowerPoint presentations for fun. There's too many instances when black people who are seen as different are thought of as less black than others. Blackness is being boiled down to your personality but shouldn't. Why am I less black than someone who knows Jay-Z or Migos's whole back catalogue? Why are my speech and music taste in some way indicative of how black I am, as if something existed? I am as black as black can be, and there's nothing about me or any other black person that makes them any more or any less.



Off the Italian Coast, Jake Kuredjian (Photography)



RJ, Roderick Hardamon (Watercolor)

Survivor's Guilt
Kameron Bloye

Why did he think
That the world was
Out to get him
When it was really he
That was out to get himself?
On the other hand,
Why was it he that
Set out to betray himself
When the world was
Doing enough betraying on its own?
Or was it betrayal at all?
Perhaps that's not even the point.

Cosmos
Christopher Nosek

Take me out to the cosmos,
Where the sun always shines.

Where the planets are spinning from the dark to the light.

Out there in the cosmos,
the horizon is clear.

Where the stars all light up and there is no vision of fear.

Just take me away.
I want to go today.

Out there into the silence and away from the violence.

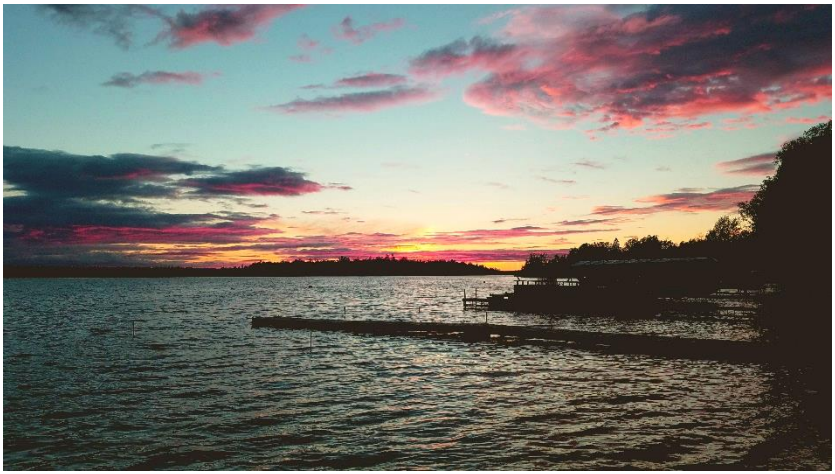
Where I can dream
With my mind and I as one team.
Take me away,
But not just for today.
I want to find true peace.
Where it's just the cosmos and me.



Shaking Hands, Daniel Friedel (Wood, Metal, and String)

Where Is Life Taking Me?
Rhasean Scales

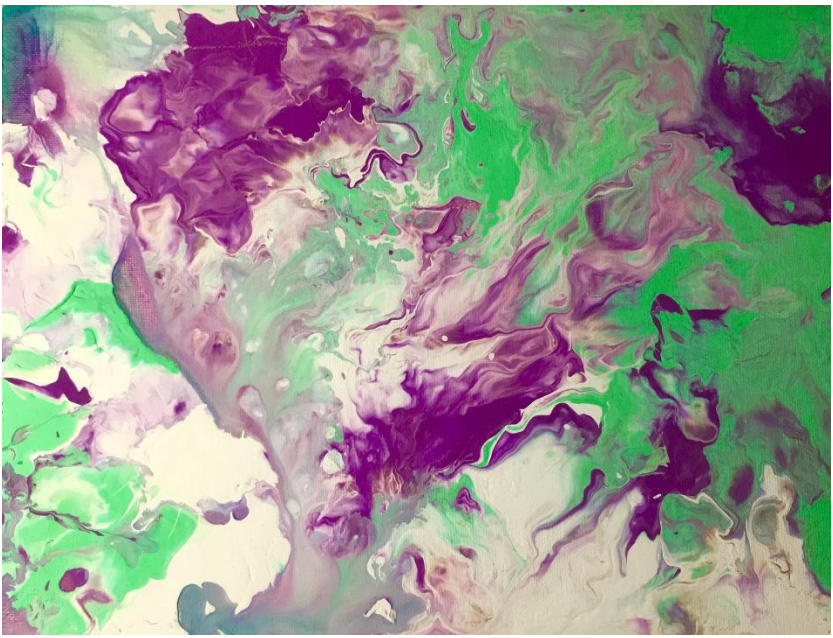
Where is life taking me?
Life was dragging me away, but
We went through a period where
My first words were no and yes.
We went through a period where
I first rode a bike without training wheels.
We went through a period where
I stepped foot in my high school as a scared freshman.
Now, where is life taking me?
Where will I go after high school?
Life has taken me so many places,
But I don't know where it's taking me now.
If I want to find out, I have to let life take its course.



Presque Isle, Daniel Hawn (Photography)

The Sunrise
Colin Hayes

Looking out over the hills, the sun begins to rise
But before it can fully rise, it stops
I set out to investigate what might be wrong,
As more time passes, the sun still doesn't rise
The world sets out in panic,
Nobody knows what's going on
Only later do I realize
That it wasn't the sun all along



Drowning, Jason Dykema (Acrylic Paint)

Syzygy
Jack Audi

And for a fleeting frame,
the lights flicker in a
syncopated rhythm
inside my chest cavity

A spike in the graph,
an outlier that raises the
average: It transcends

What seems authentic
The planets align in syzygy
Eclipsing darkness
Stopping what spins

in constant orbit and hovers
for just a moment.

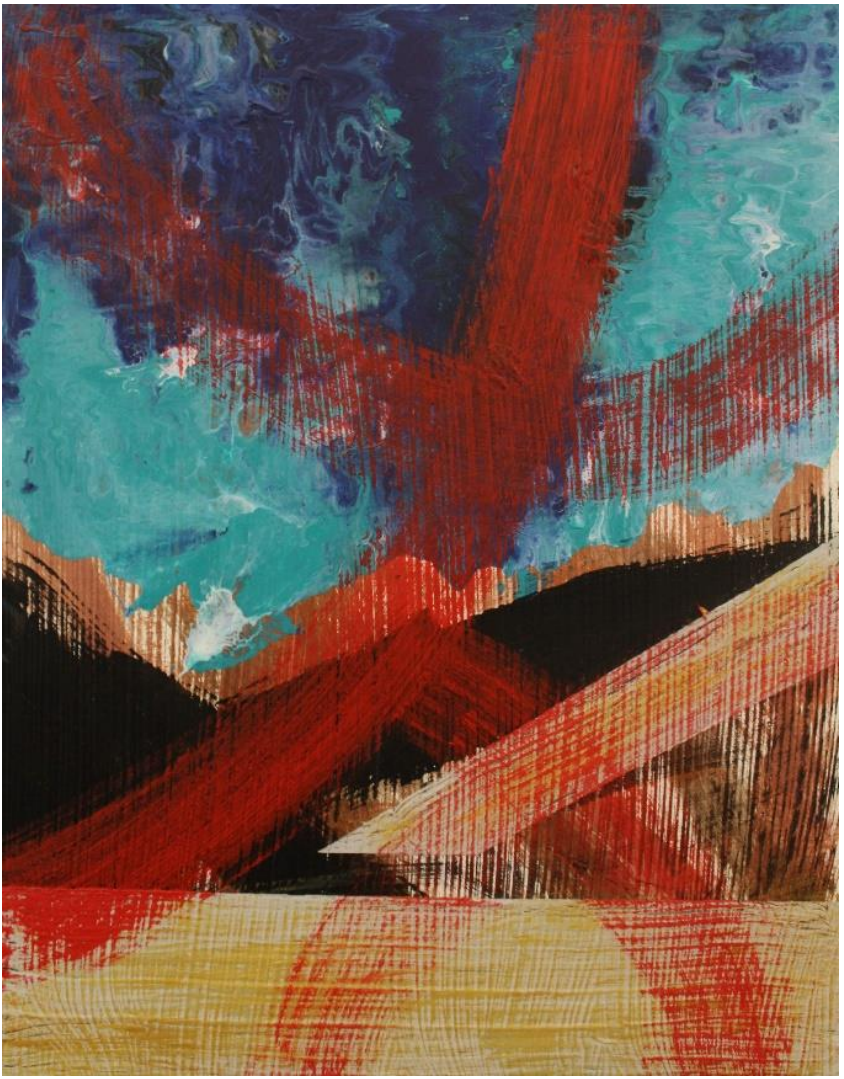
Then the world spins forth…

Shallow Water
Andrew Basile

Heraclitus, that obscure and lamentable Greek, he says that
"No man ever steps in the same river twice."
My father and I, we were fording the banks
when he turned to me, shirtsleeves rolled,
pant legs knotted, the water tracing his navel,
and he said, "Watch, we are all philosophers
when the currents pass us by and the river
is narrower than we remember."
He dove then deep into the water,
deeper than my toes could touch, than
creek-floor or riverbed or the little wake
he left behind, trailing in sidespin eddies.
And he rose again from the water,
with a clam clenched in his palm.
"Yours," he said, "to open and live
and may you find a pearl inside."
I took the clam and pried it apart,
and I saw the nacre sphere in its base.
But the water was flowing faster now,
and my father said we must keep moving.



The Riverbend, Noah Husby (Photography)



Unreal, Jeremiah Steen (Acrylic Paint)

CONTEST THEME:
TIME AND CHANGE

In the fall of the 1993-94 school year, a handful of dedicated students banded together to create the first issue of *Inscape.* A lot has changed since 1994, yet some things remain the same. 25 years later, this student-run publication continues to serve as a platform for writers and artists at The High to share their talent. In celebration of this anniversary, the *Inscape* editorial staff chose to dedicate a section of this issue to the theme of time and change. This year's themed contest asked current Cubs to reflect on the past, present, and future and to look closely at the element of change, personal or otherwise.

The following pages offer the poetry, prose, artwork, and photography from those U of D Jesuit students who accepted this year's challenge. Their writing and art is a reflection of how far we have come and how far we still have yet to go.

The writer and artist whose themed submissions had the highest average evaluation score from the editorial staff were selected to be this year's featured artist and featured writer.

BEST THEMED ART



Christopher Boesiger
Artist of "The Commute"

Biography
Christopher is a senior at U of D Jesuit. He grew up in Grosse Pointe Shores and attended Our Lady Star of the Sea for elementary school. At The High, Chris is a star player on the varsity lacrosse team. Outside of school, he is well known for his love of music. Chris not only admires music, but he also creates his own.

Inspiration
Chris loves to be in nature and outdoors. When he sees something cool, he takes a picture of it. Chris insists that he tries to find the beauty in simple and ordinary things.



The Commute, Christopher Boesiger (Photography)

BEST THEMED WRITING



Reed Michelini
Author of "Easier Times"

Biography
Reed Michelini is currently a senior at U of D Jesuit. At U of D, Reed is a co-chair in the Student Senate, a member of the Ignatian Service Corps, and a Senior Editor of *Inscape*. Reed is best described as creative and revolutionary in his thoughts and ideas. Outside of school, Reed makes music with his band, *The Benders*. He uses his band to project his appreciation for music and let his creativity flow. Music has played a large role in his life, and it is something that he hopes to pursue in the future.

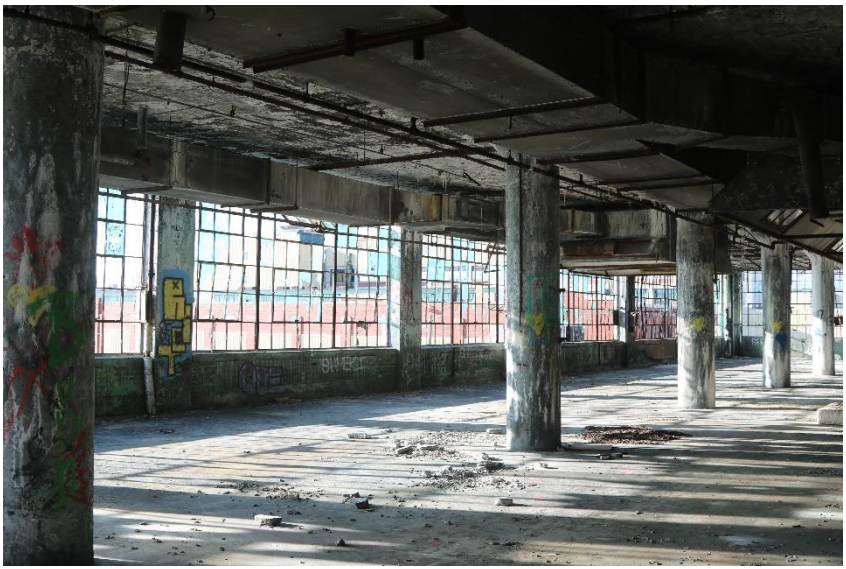
Inspiration
Reed's inspiration for this piece came from the music that he listens to. Listening to music from the 60s and 70s while he was writing the piece, Reed was "greatly inspired by the artists and their overall message." Reed was able to relate the messages from the music heard in the 60s to what the world is going through today. He was inspired by the overall call for peace and a call to unite. He was able to put a modern twist on the messages in order to relate them to our times today. Reed said that "if it wasn't for music, I wouldn't be the writer or person that I am today."

Easier Times
Reed Michelini

What happened to the easier times?
When artists changed an entire generation
When the world was changed by music and rhymes
Impacting an entire nation

Our world is now full of confusion
And our nation is divided
Full of corrupt officials and collusion
Something must be done, I have decided

We must come together and unite
The solution is calling to us like a mourning dove
And the only way to stop the fight
Is to spread peace, unity, and love



Eroding History, Max Rowley (Photography)

Average
Drake Jones

Fully grown, reflecting on how you lived
Your experiences, choices, and moments all coalesce as one
Whether you stood out in the crowd or stayed hidden
Or decided to speak up or leave your voice a murmur,
Maybe you decided to not take a risk
Or you did and wonder was it worth it
Either one is true,
But what about the middle men
Those who change life up once or thrice
Have they wasted their life or lived it just right
What are these to be called
Is it normalcy?
Or averageness?
Has there been satisfaction in this state of living
Am I currently satisfied with my life?
How does one know if they lived to the fullest
TRULY

Indians Simulating Buffalo

after the painting by Frederic Remington

Andrew Basile

Stay low, he says, with eyes that do not speak
ears that hear and whisper for the columns of smoke
the tents and horses and the drumbeat shoe-steps
to be taken far away. The old western trick,
the work of hunters to hunker down on horses' backs
so that stallion become buffalo. To clothe in canvas
a throbbing fist, a patchwork skin, a cold blood of
vigilance that promises, not survival, not the sparking
renaissance, the phoenix born over desert land, but only
the vague continuation of existence. A sublimation that
says, in hardened wordless terms, "we are all cowboys,"
even when we ride over mesaed land, over city streets
and breathless time. Even when we drape in furs and
bison hide, and when we rise, rifle in hand, to slay the
buffalo, to skin its hide and scalpel meat from its bones.
We are all cowboys, he says, with eyes that do not speak
eyes that look at skin and blood and trailing smoke
And know that we are Indians too, riding barren land,
Indians simulating buffalo.

The Wind

Miles Smith

At first is quiet
It starts weak and faint
It is hard to notice it
Which is no complaint.

The wind grows into a beast
The gusts sound like screams
It hits like waves from the northeast
Like from our scary dreams.

Then it becomes old
It leaves like the moon
and leaves you cold
But may see you soon.

An Everlasting Imprint
Justin Smith

The best feeling is knowing someone always has your back. Despite my selfless, irresponsible actions, I always knew there would still be someone right by my side. My grandfather. From seizing the effect he had on my father, to always hearing about how invested he was in my sports, to weekly dinners at fancy restaurants, I knew he was always going to be there for me. At the age of four, I experienced something I barely remember but will never forget. A vital piece to the puzzle disappeared. Within the blink of an eye, something that meant so much to me was gone. But this story isn't about my grandfather's heartbreaking death; it's about what he left behind.

It all started on June 27, 2004. What seemed like a normal day took an unexpected turn. Our whole family was seated at the long, glossed, maple wood table for dinner, waiting for one person. A supposed few minutes in the bathroom turned into fifteen when my dad finally got up from his chair to check on my grandfather. No one was really worried, and we thought little of it as we were all enjoying our food. A few minutes later, my dad yelled down to us in a hasty voice exclaiming, "HELP, HELP, SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE." Our whole family froze; my mother quickly ran upstairs to my father to check on the issue. In the process, my grandmother ran to her landline in the kitchen and started to call emergency services. Leaving me at the long, glossed, maple, wood table sitting alone and in shock. A bad, straining feeling came over me that left me paralyzed in my seat. I didn't know what to do other than just sit and think. My parents began yelling back and forth, and my mother eventually broke into tears, stating that my grandfather was completely unresponsive and seemed extremely ill. My head began to spin, and echoing sirens began to close in from the background.

Soon enough, two cop cars and one ambulance pulled in front of the house. In the matter of minutes, my grandfather was then wheeled out to the ambulance. For the first time in thirty minutes, I moved from my chair, broke my trance, and ran into my mom's car where we raced behind the speeding ambulance heading to Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak. As my grandfather was carted into a room, we were required to sit in the cold waiting room. Silence filled the air of the lobby, as we

awaited news. The nurse walked over to my mom with a look of sympathy and told her that my grandfather had an erratic heart-attack and fell into cardiac arrest until his heart completely stopped functioning. There was no known cause for the heart-attack, which made the situation a whole lot worse and confusing. Everything happened so quickly, without notice. I wondered how something so bad could happen to someone who's so good.

His funeral was beautiful. Hundreds of people showed up, all wearing my grandfather's favorite color, royal blue. The spring tulips and roses were just blooming, and the grass was a vibrant green. For a funeral, the place looked like it was filled with liveliness and color. We all gathered around my grandfather's casket and reminisced about all of the good times we had, stating our love for him. My father's memoir touched everyone in the audience. He talked about his loyalty and endless love towards his family and his special connection with me. After my father's recollections, the funeral concluded. Everyone slowly started to filter out until it was just my father, grandmother, and I. I went up to my grandfather and put my hand on his chest. I said one final Our Father, asking for God's blessing.

"Our father, who art in heaven… but deliver us from evil. Amen."

After I finished the prayer, I noticed something weird. I started to feel thumping coming from my grandfather's chest. I thought I was going crazy until something happened that I will never forget. My mind went into a daze, and flashbacks of great times with my grandfather kept running through my mind, almost as if I were in a movie. I noticed how his presence just made me so happy and realized the positive effect he had on others. He was always kind and put others before himself. He was the perfect role model and someone everyone should aspire to be.

Still to this day, I aspire to be just like my grandfather. Although he might not be here right by my side, I still remember him every day. Ever since my grandfather's death, I could easily say that I'm a changed person. He molded not only me, but the ones around him, and guided them to love your family and put others before yourself. Another interesting thing I learned from my grandfather is how much one person can make a difference in other people's lives. Everyone he talked to respected him and loved his presence. This shows

me that I can have drastic effects on people's lives and I should always be willing to help others out.

Looking back to the bleachers and nice dinners, it will always hurt having someone that was always there for me not be there anymore. Six years later, and my grandfather is still in my life, just not in a physical way. I know he is watching me from somewhere, wanting me to do the best I can.

Most people generalize fatalities as a terrible thing that everyone wants to forget and move on from. My grandfather's death was one of the worst moments I have ever experienced, yet it came with many valuable lessons that push me to be a better person. My grandfather will always be someone I look up to. His actions left an everlasting imprint on me that will always remind me of the type of person I want to be.



Cedar Island Sunset, Matthew Flynn (Photography)

Past, Present, and Future
Brett Fitzpatrick

We know the past
It is what makes us
We live in the Present
This is what defines us

Worrying about the future
Is what people do
Why do we do this?
When all we can control is the present

Live in the present
It is all you can control
The past is lived
The future is unknown

Take a deep breath
Breathe in through the nose
Breathe out through the mouth
Today is the Present.

The Tree
Marcus Ellison

A tree in the summer
Strong, big and healthy
Nesting birds and full of life
Thriving in the environment
A tree in the spring
Changing so slightly
Leaves slowly falling
Like raindrops on a window
A tree in the fall
Calmly losing leaves
Beginning to fade away
Like a weakening flower
A tree in the winter
The tree has gone bare
It is entirely covered in white
Slowly waiting for summer

Fleeting
James O'Leary

Time is fleeting
Like a fresh snowfall
Rapidly softening
Against the ebony pavement
On a radiant December morn.

Time is fleeting
Like a summer breeze
Swiftly coursing through your hair
As you walk along the northern shore of Lake Michigan
On a lovely Fourth of July weekend.

Time is fleeting
Like a leaf's appearance
On a September evening
As it begins to change from
Dark Evergreen to a sweet Autumnal Orange

Time is fleeting
Oh, Time is fleeting
All of the beautiful moments in life
Come and go ever so quickly
Right before our very eyes
Indeed, time is fleeting



Unity, Jeremiah Steen (Mixed Media)

The Struggle
Drake Jones

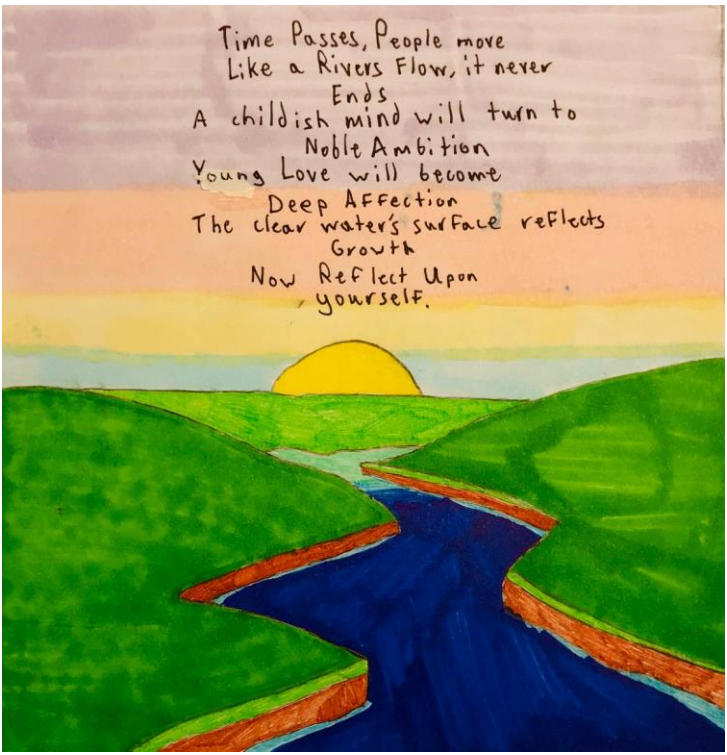
2019 and what has changed
Determining if it's become a good or bad thing
For blacks
Let's go refer to opinions and facts
Looking at the changes of this generation
How it has help mend or break our nation
Slavery abolished decades ago and segregation passed
But a black man is still beaten in the streets
And feel constantly harassed
Sometimes by the police
Run, boy, run
Because a crack after the trigger and it's all but done
Some people use our culture to gain publicity
And forget that we're affected by the history
Of constant trauma it is almost a cliché
So we find salvation looking to God and pray
Because thanks to people like Jermaine
Our intuition tells there will be better days
While we use our voices to change lives
And try to connect with one another but that will take time
Soon though our stories will be able to fully align



Stutsmunville Snow, Christopher Boesiger (Photography)

Four Seasons
Brennan Stahl

Summer, in the presence of laughs and smiles
Summer, in the absence of cares and stress
Summer weather and carelessness begin to fade
Summer is no more
Autumn, in the presence of excitement and old faces
Autumn, in the absence of carelessness and more work
Autumn weather and excitement quickly fades
Autumn is finished
Winter, in the presence of snow and stress
Winter, in the absence joy and free time
Winter weather and stress quickly fades
Winter is terminated
Spring, in the presence of anticipation and outdoors
Spring, in the absence of boredom and drabness
Spring weather and anticipation quickly fades
Spring is vanquished
All this change just to relapse and start again
No real progress



The River Valley, Luke Dajos (Ink)

Bird Cage
Jalen Smith

The bird was once free
Soaring over the ground
It once could be
In a place never found

Now the bird is roped
Trapped in a cage
It loses all hope
Of ever being the same

It longs for the past
Where it could soar free
But its freedom could not last
For it was not meant to be

Composition Seven
Jack Audi

Swirling circles, changing radii,
Unravelling at the seams.
And the pieces in ash eloping and folding and twisting
In uncertain certainty; all in its right place.

Forever liminal;
searching the depths of the delta
Only to find that it opens into the ocean's expanse,
where waves go up and down and up again.

Swimming yet shriveling
in plight - head and shoulders
above and below. Twin peaks
Submerging and reemerging improved

Shades of domineering blue fluctuate like the tides
and the waves must go like all things.
But as for now,
I've finally learned to float.



Waves of Change, Kyle Cronan (Photography)

HARRIS BURDICK SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER



Grady Cate
Author of "Under the Rug"

Biography
Grady Cate is a freshman at U of D Jesuit. Given his vivid imagination and creativity, Grady has always had a passion for reading and writing. His favorite novel is *Bomb*, written by Steve Sheinkin, a novel about the creation of the first atomic bomb. His favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe. Grady is also a member of the JV football team. "Under the Rug," Grady's winning submission this past fall's Harris Burdick Short Story Contest, was his first *Inscape* entry.

Inspiration
Grady chose his specific Harris Burdick scenario because it did not have a lot of detail and was not very specific. The text and image were vague and intriguing, which invited Grady to use his creativity to write a truly unique piece of work without limiting where his imagination would take him. Because the prompt was ambiguous, a lot was open to interpretation, so he could make the story dark, scary, ironic, or mysterious. Grady's idea of a lonely man encouraged him to have a dark feeling to the story. Grady truly finds joy in writing and the creative process, and he enjoyed his opportunity to share his passion with the U of D Jesuit community.

Under the Rug
Grady Cate

The evening array of the dark violet sky and orange clouds slowly shifted to the darkness of the night. Children made their way inside as parents called them in for the day, and families began to head in for their supper. Mr. Sanders sat next to the window, drinking his scotch as he read the paper. Late nights, he spent alone nowadays, gulping away the guilt and sadness that the passing of his beloved wife left him with. The thought of work tomorrow made him crestfallen with what his life has become. With a moan, Mr. Sanders stood from his chair and began to head for the stairs. Usually on work nights, he would be in bed by now, fast asleep dreaming of better times, but tonight he stayed up unusually late. He stopped before the second step, looking around his living room as if something was there that he was not seeing. An uneasy feeling entered his body. *What is going on here?* he asked himself, stepping down to enter the living room once again. He walked slowly, adjusting his glasses back to their original spot on his nose. Abruptly, he was stopped in his tracks by the crashing of a lamp behind him. He spun around with lightning fast speed to examine the noise, only to be greeted by an abnormal bump in the carpet. The bump protruded like a hill of grey grass, staring right back at Mr. Sanders. With great fear, he cried out in terror at the mysterious lump that lay under the rug.

Mr. Sanders stood over the sink, taking another Zyprexa, even though he just took one. *This must be an illusion. For sure. I must be seeing things. It's all in my head! s*creamed his subconscious, or what was left of it. He sat on the toilet seat, letting the events sink in. *Twas but a bump. Nothing else. The psychiatrist said this would happen.* Mr. Sanders wasn't convinced. He grabbed the plunger and headed downstairs quietly, worrying that the sound might draw attention to whatever lay below the carpet. With silent steps, he creeped down into the living room, peeking around the corner to get a glimpse of the room before turning with rapid movement to face the bump. There it lay in the same spot as it was before, patiently waiting for his arrival. He shook his head, suddenly mad at himself for worrying so much about such a ridiculous thing. Slapping his head hard, he walked up to bed, repeating the line, "It's just a hallucination. Stupid me! Stupid me! Stupid me!"

Weeks passed without another thought of the bump to even cross his mind. Mr. Sanders woke up every morning and showered, taking his Zyprexa then heading out for work. He came back, ate, and relaxed in his living room, reading the paper until he went to bed. This normal routine came to a stop though after he lost his job.

He came home early that day, slamming the door vigorously behind him, almost breaking the hinges off completely. He raced straight to his liquor cabinet, downing a bottle of Patrón tequila in three gulps. He reached down for another bottle, backing away into his recliner where he spent his nights reading the paper. Fluttering the paper in his hands, he sat back with an exhausted exhale. He read and reread segments of the paper, trying to let the bad news that just plagued his heart fade into the back of his mind. Drinking glass after glass, he sat back and drank away the issues of the day.

…he yelled, picking up his chair and … striking it down…

An eye glanced over to the bump in the rug. A wave of anger hit Mr. Sanders right in the face. At this time, almost anything abstract or out of place was going to set him off. But not this. He forced his eyes away, straining his eyes to read the words on the paper. Another glance at it. And another. His heart pounded hard, for the bump's presence there was just enough to anger him. Mr. Sanders slammed the paper into the ground, kicking over the footrest, letting out a gut-wrenching scream.

"Damn you, stupid bump!" he yelled, picking up his chair and throwing it over his back before striking it down on the carpeted hill. His hands thrusted the chair up and down on the bump.

Whack. Whack. Whack.

His foul language plagued the air as he bashed the bump into itself, leaving divots in the bump. Mr. Sanders stopped, breathing heavily as he threw the chair down to the ground, tightly gripping his hair in the grasps of his hands. He ran off, moving into the kitchen to grab the phone. His hand dropped down, pointing at the sticky note that was left on the counter with a list of numbers. *Dr. Engano (Psychiatrist) Phone Number,* read the note. He entered the ten-digit number,

shaking as he moved it to his ear. Rings stopped and started, but no answer. He called again. Five rings and a voicemail. He swore under his breath, slamming the phone back into its holster.

It is not real; the bump is not real. It's all made up in your head. It's a hallucination! he reminded himself, fighting his subconscious in disbelief. His body fell to the carpet, curling into a ball as he began to whimper. How could such a small artifact in his life be so hard hitting? Crying, Mr. Sanders lied down next to the bump and drifted into deep sleep.

The scintillating light of the sun in Mr. Sanders's face rudely awakened him. He fell asleep face down on the carpet, dreaming of escaping this life that very quickly fell apart. He sat up, rubbing his eyes and stretching his arms out, yawning as he stood up from his makeshift bed for the night. What a terrible night it was. Without any answer from the psychiatrist, he sat alone in his home, fighting the hallucination of the wicked entity that lived under that rug. This morning was different; it was worse.

His eyes wandered around the room, recapping his night. Lifting himself up from his seat on the ground, he began to move all objects back into their original spots. He flipped the chair back onto its legs, moved the footrest in front of it, and picked up the paper from the ground. He sat down, scratching his neck and staring down at the bump with intense focus. He came to realize this was no longer a hallucination. The object sitting in front of him was more than real. It was in his home, under his carpet, taunting him.

"What is it that you want with me? Why do you do this to me? You were here and gone two weeks ago. Two weeks and you come back," he said to the bump, gritting his teeth and holding back tears. The bump under the rug had no answer for him. It lay there, watching Mr. Sanders break down and become unstable. He stood up from his chair, kneeling down beside it. He cried, pushing away tears with his hands.

It is not real … It's all made up in your head.

"What are you? I must figure out," he said, slowly feeling his way around the bump. His fingers began to press deep onto the soft, grey carpet, slowly turning from deep

pressing to scratches. His mind became eager to find the object that he dreaded so much. His fingernails began to slowly claw at the carpet, making gut-wrenching sounds as they clipped and bent against the tough inner surface. He ripped the carpet out from the wooden floor, fighting to peel it off and see. As he was uncovering the carpet, two electrical waves of energy hit him in the back, sending him forward and knocking him out.

Officer Keen sat in the shotgun seat of his partner's police car, fidgeting with his sunglasses while the other officers entered the suspect's house. He had just recently bought a new pair at the Sunglass Hut in the mall. He sat, playing around with them before the call came over the radio.

"Dispatch, this is Officer Ainsley, suspect is down in the living room, over." Static followed as Officer Keen began to look out his window, watching Officer Ainsley bring the target out of the doorway. He lay limp in Ainsley's hands, knocked out completely by whatever hit him. The suspect's body was thrown into the back of a SWAT van that pulled out of the driveway and into the street. Ainsley stepped into the car.

"No need for investigation on this case. He was caught in the act," said Ainsley.

"What do you mean?"

"When he didn't answer the door, we barged in, guns in hand. We made our way to the kitchen before stopping dead in our tracks; then we turned left into the living room and caught him pulling her out of the carpet."

"He was pulling who out of the carpet?"

"His wife. The man was schizophrenic. He came home one night off his medication, went a little crazy, and killed her. Neighbors called in the next night about a man stuffing a corpse in the floor of his home. The allegations weren't wrong."

"Huh." Keen sat back in his seat, disturbed by the story. Ainsley nodded at his phone.

"Looks like there's a new donut shop down the road. How about we celebrate our first bust as a team, eh?"

Keen nodded, chuckling as they rode off.

SENIOR EDITOR BIOGRAPHIES



This being my second year on *Inscape*, I have truly been able to see not only the importance but also the necessity of having a literary magazine. Mr. Davidson has been able to foster an environment that promotes creativity for all members of the editorial staff, and this contagious feeling of originality and imagination has found its way into the entire student body. The growth of the magazine is indicative of its importance in offering a place for students to express themselves through art and literature. My time on the editorial staff has also taught me about the processes that go into making any piece of published art. The revising, collaboration, and lay out processes have all been great learning experiences that I will be able to take into other aspects of my life. *Inscape* has allowed me to form friendships that I otherwise never would have made, and I will be forever thankful that I was able to be a part of such a special group.
- Kameron Bloye



Over the past three years of my life, I have learned many valuable skills and lessons that will last with me forever. *Inscape* has been a big part of my journey, as it has taught me to become a leader, a great team player, and a better writer. Having the opportunity to create such an astonishing magazine each year has been a blessing, along with having my art and poetry published, and being able to create a platform for fellow students at my school to share their creative and artistic abilities. I cannot express what an honor it has been to work with Kam, Pete, Reed, and Nate this year, and I would like to thank all of the students who are on staff and submitted to the magazine over the years who made this possible. Most importantly, thank you to our moderator Mr. Davidson for all of the hard work, time, and effort he has put in. None of this would be possible without you. Thank you. - Nicholas Blum



I chose to be a member of *Inscape* to give students a platform for their voice and creativity to be heard. Through writing and helping to create the school's literary magazine, I developed a new skill and love for writing that I have never had before. I have been a member of *Inscape* for two years and always enjoy taking photos and writing poems for the magazine. My favorite part about *Inscape* during my two years on staff is the idea of bringing students of all ages together, from the bonding events where staff members got to know one another better through fun and challenging events, to the school as a whole all converging their creativity and voices in the form of art and writing. I find that from art and creativity, I learn more about people and see a side and perspective about them I have never seen before. I am very grateful for it. This magazine has done and taught me a lot, and I cannot thank Mr. Davidson enough! - Nathan Lichwalla



It has been a great pleasure of mine to be a member of *Inscape* for the last three years. To have an opportunity to branch out and try something new is something I'll always be grateful for. *Inscape* has allowed me to grow and mature as a writer. It also showed me that I had an ability that I never saw in myself. It has given me some of my fondest memories throughout high school, and I will carry those with me forever. I can't thank Mr. Davidson enough for being a great role model for me and giving me the chance to be a leader in this year's edition. *Inscape* is something that I will always cherish and will miss dearly in the years to come.
– Peter Loch



Having been an active member in *Inscape* for three years, I have been able to see the club grow, as well as see myself mature through the club. *Inscape* is amazing because of the fact that it gives students an outlet and a platform to display their love for art and writing. Through *Inscape*, I have created bonds with fellow peers of mine, as well as learned more about them through their writing. It is also through my writing that I have learned more about myself and who I am as a writer. My favorite memory from *Inscape* has to be winning the Inscape Olympics in 2018. I am forever grateful for the opportunities that *Inscape* has given me, and it is something I will miss dearly after graduation. - Reed Michelini

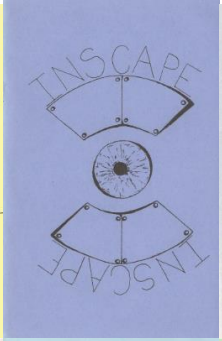
GET PUBLISHED IN NEXT YEAR'S *INSCAPE*

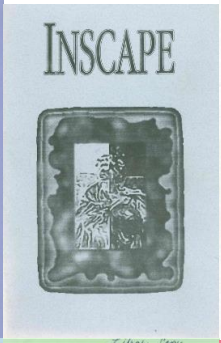
Submissions are accepted during the first semester of every academic school year and can be uploaded to the *Inscape* group page on myUofDJesuit or through the magazine's webpage at www.uofdjesuit.org/Inscape. We accept poetry, short stories, art, and photography from current 7th – 12th grade U of D Jesuit students. Editorial staff members review all electronic submissions and evaluate the writing and art based on originality, technique, purpose, appeal, theme, etc. Accepted pieces are published in the annual magazine each spring with slight editing as needed.

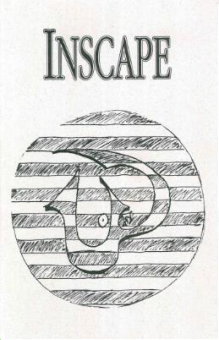
AUTHOR/ARTIST INDEX

Adamic, Jacob 37
Allen, Asa 70
Audi, Jack 17, 22, 88, 107
Basile, Andrew 13, 21, 43, 64, 72, 80, 89, 97
Batcheller, Ryan 48
Baudeloque, Jean-Luc 79
Beshke, Thomas 43
Bloye, Kameron 16, 42, 70, 85
Blum, Nick 44
Boesiger, Christopher 93, 105
Borrego, Alejandro 55, 65
Bradshaw, Michael 35
Bubenko, George 76
Canty, William 29
Carlson, Noah 54
Cate, Grady 36, 109
Charron, Aidan 75
Comerford, Nathan 42
Comerford, Sam 68
Conroy, Charley 28
Cook, Levi 19
Cronan, Kyle 107
Dajos, Luke 106
Dykema, Jason 88
Eads, John 68
Eboigbodin, Clement 31
Ellison, Marcus 101
Fernandez, Deil 1, 20, 53
Fields, Andreas 38, 82
Fitzpatrick, Brett 101
Flynn, Matthew 49, 73, 100
Friedel, Daniel 86
Galbo, Vince 45
Gilbert, Andrew 80
Gilliam, Lawrence 19
Giovanelli, Alex 39
Gouin, Max 16
Gouvia, Gregory 20
Hammett, Ryan 56
Hardamon, Roderick 85
Hawn, Daniel 87
Hayes, Colin 87
Henige, John 15, 62
Hickman, Miles 45
Husby, Noah 89
Jefferson, Keith 57
Jones, Drake 96, 104
Kremhelmer, Aloysius 74
Krick, Avery 50
Kuredjian, Jake 84
Leeds, Thomas 40
Lewis, Jalen 74
Lichwalla, Nathan 30
Lincoln, Austin 23
Loch, Peter 26, 41, 75
Lujan, Christopher 18
Marquette, Max 81
Martinez-Eaddy, Brandon 49
Michelini, Jack 62
Michelini, Reed 12, 54, 95
Nolan, David 32
Nosek, Christopher 86
O'Leary, James 63, 102
Pastula, Frank 26
Peres-da-Silva, Ricardo 14, 27
Piskie, William 12
Price II, LaMar 67
Raymond, Austin 66
Richards, Chris 52
Rosinski, Joseph 71
Rowley, Max 71, 96
Salzeider, Frank 28
Scales, Rhasean 86.5
Shannon, Aidan 55
Siewert, Anthony 22, 61
Smith, Jalen 48, 106
Smith, Justin 98
Smith, Miles 97
Stahl, Brennan 105
Stapleton, Adam 15
Stavropoulos, Konstantinos 81
Steen, Jeremiah 13, 34, 90, 103
Stonisch IV, Rudolph 58
Vecchio, Alexander 47
Vyletel, Jackson 46
Wegrzyn, Pierre 31


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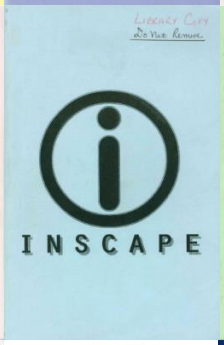

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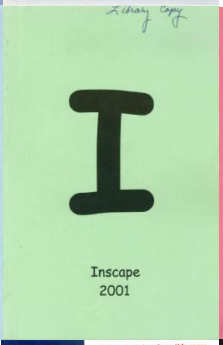

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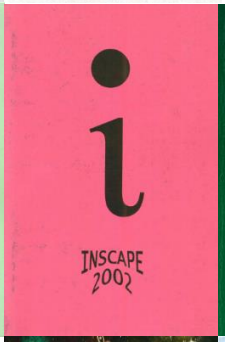

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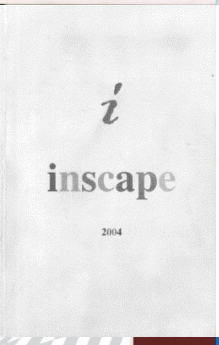

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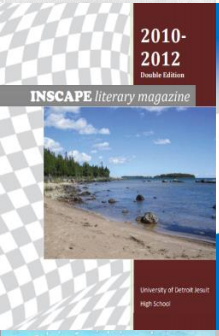

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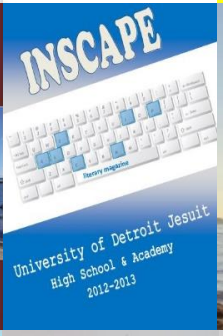

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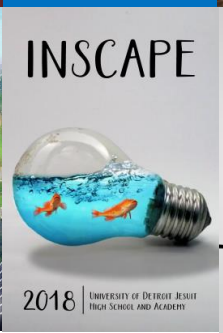

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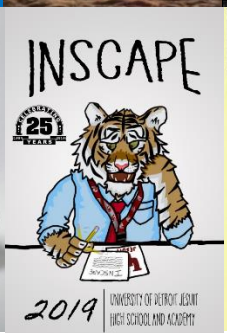

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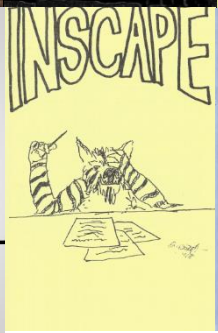

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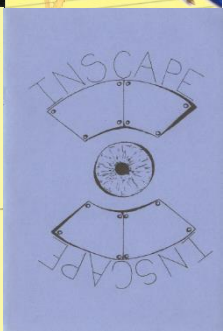

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