INSCAPE



Inscape
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Inscape is a word coined by the English poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, borrowed by us, and perhaps best illustrated in the following stanza:

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies dráw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name:
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves--goes itself; myself it speaks and spells;
Crying Whát I dó is me: for that I came.
-Gerard Manley Hopkins

I Am The Folkman

Can see the people peeking through their windows,
Peek and smirk is all they ever do.
Never trying to change their life or World about.
What's to do, Want you to.
Have they taken this too far?
And who am I?
The guy with a guitar.
People don't listen when they got something to say.
Think and talk is far too much for you.
Always trying to hide in stretched shadows,
What to say, What to do
Have we taken them too far?
And who am I?
Just a guy with a guitar.
All the kids constantly outside drinking
Drink and smoke is the coolest thing to do
All these changes running past my face
How to dream, something new.
Asking who they are
And who I am
    I'm the guy with the guitar...

Chris Davidson '95

Flow

Look life in the eye
And see the song that can't be heard
And laugh at it for its uniqueness
Or praise it for its oneness
Or admire it for its presence
As if it were the girl of your dreams
Take its hand in yours
And be happy
For it may last forever
Or for only a second.

Paul Jacokes '95

He's so frustrated
He feels unfulfilled
He always wants more--
    But he's always doing his best
He doesn't think he stacks up
There's always someone better
                smarter
                cooler
He feels like a nothing,
    So inconsequential
He does some amazing stuff,
    But it just doesn't matter to him

The boy thinks he failed--
    'Cause of stuff beyond his reach
It's not his fault, he refuses to believe
But takes it in stride and swallows the pain
The pain that eats a cancerous hole in his gut
Until there's nothing left but hate
Hate and fear and hope
But most of all disappointment.

Matt Sayes '94

Green Access

5 points do look
at me, while the book
of souls lies open on my desk.

Green Access hangs
over the "no!" man.
The straw in the metal
scares me. I close my eyes
and run away.

Mike Ellison '94

In a small corner
He laughs at life
Why have you done this to me
I never hurt anyone
I just minded
My own business
Why would you treat me this way
Tell me what was it I did
Star of David once saved me
Now my star betrays me
I'm just a number
I'm just a number
I'm just a number

Sean Murphy '95

Seeking

I drop from my hands all that I have;
The trinkets fall to the floor

So that my hands will be free to search
For something else; something more.

But these wondrous things that I so seek;
What they are I do not know

Nor why I seek them, nor where they're found
Where the wind guides me I'll go.

Although my life I may spend in search
Of things I'm never to find;

A greater grief, in my belief:
To live the life I've left behind.

Joe Guernsey '95

Walls

The Universal Being, wholeness, the roof,
is held by four walls of absolute truth.

They have a pact to stay equal and symmetrical,
avoiding obliteration of the balance, a *miracle*.

A miracle only given by God, Our Lord, alone;
Walls, roof, a Being, a *Home*.

Inside, emotions, visions danced within mind,
unknowing entrance, no where to find.

Walls, brilliant, life-like colors almost can feel,
transparent glass flashing life's events so real.

Suddenly one wall lies, frightful memories, disrupts peace,
enclosing rapidly, time pressing forth, disregarding cease.

All three walls come to aid, balancing their trust;
rebellious ones stop from others walls' begging, a must.

Walls indescribable, no definite form,
but few things remain constant, which are considered norm.

Power exemplified in corner glassed wall,
an authoritative controlling force above all.

Life's *influences* of God Almighty, family, friends, so dear,
are oppositely embedded in screened wall #2, too clear.

Memories of past, present, and soon to come,
crystalline #3 projects covert emotions of that someone.

Crowningly, *Love*'s lost riches entombed in an abandoned heart,
discavered, given to all, captors furlough,
generously life's living to its fullest overcoming such ramparts,
past episodes, premonitions, forgotten; *Life* is now as I speak....
not mirrored in number cuatro (four).

Gustavo Sasis '94

Jazz

I am as unsure as the notes that he plays
Hard then slow, Fast then soft
Never quite sure of how I began or how I
Ended--just confident that what I am--what I was
Is Beautiful

Chris Northcross '94

So far as a man thinks, he is free.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

What can I wear?
Where can I go?
If I do not think,
I will never know.

Does this pair of pants
Go with this shirt?
May I go outside
and play in the dirt?

Well, why can't I go
to the party tonight?!
Why isn't ANYTHING
I ever say right?!

If there is a problem
to solving a task,
To get the right answer,
I must always ask.

These people make ALL
the decisions for me.
As long as I let them,
I'll never be free.

Corey Alexander '94

Envy is ignorance; imitation is suicide.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

Oppression.
Ha! This means nothing to me.
I shall become my enemy
And lose what I am.
I am accepted,
But I am not accepted?
Color is my only difference.
We live the same.
We are the same,
But we are different.
I cannot be this.
I shall regress,
But I am not accepted?
This is my tree,
But a fallen leaf cannot
Climb back on to the branch.
What have I done?

Patrick Middleton '94

Thoughts come and go, like wind
that zips through and through.
Oh why, oh why do I feel this way about my life.
I struggle with my fears and I tussle with my goals.
I seem to start out losing, but here I am fighting.
Here I am fighting the Never Ending Battle.
Unto myself I do no harm, but yet unto others my fallen
tears, fall like rocks onto their hearts and minds.
My desire is not to hurt them, but it does not always work
this way in the Never Ending Battle.
My goal is not to win this Battle, but to tie, that is
what my goal is. Another goal is to find a life time ally
who will be by my side and help heal my wounds, and help defend
my castle on high.

Jason Griswold '94

Human brain not yet obsolete

I have a spelling checker,
It came with my PC;
It plainly marks four my revue
Mistakes I can knot sea.
I ran this poem threw it,
I'm sure your please too no.
Its letter perfect in it's wait,
My checker tolled me sew.

Jason Ingraham '94

The old man knew that it would soon be the time to depart. It was going to be hard, but he looked forward to the new world awaiting him. A tear fell. He looked around and saw a world on the verge of death. As the younger members of his tribe looked over him, he thought about all he had seen. White was surely not the color of purity. The color of purity was that of the land, the overwhelming desert, the calm fields, the great waters. The old man lived his life respecting the land. What else could form him from the dust that was his ancestors? What else could chose so suddenly to reclaim him? But he looked around and could no longer fear this Earth that had created him. The God Earth has been conquered. Conquered by the color white. The God Earth has been reshaped and dictated. Reshaped by the color white. He saw his Mother being stabbed by every sidewalk, every gas station, every supermarket. He saw his Mother being raped by every factory, every automobile. He felt the pain in his heart and in his stomach. He felt it killing him. He knew why he was dying. His Mother had been killed. And though the man was old, he knew that he was still in the womb of his Mother Earth. As he closed his eyes, anticipating the glorious reunion with his beloved Mother, he said goodbye to a world that never would know the love of its Mother, and that never could know how it felt to be her child.

Tony Crachiola '94

In the woods is perpetual youth.
-Ralph Waldo Emerson

He could see a lot from there.

He could see a little green caterpillar, one with little spiked hairs all over it, the same kind he used to run home to show Mom and then keep in a jar in his room until it died a week later. He could see it inching its way across the branch, and for a second he reached to knock it off, but he thought about it and decided not to.

He could see a squirrel down below, the same bushy brown kind that he used to chase around his backyard, and then, in later years, would turn his face away from in revulsion at as he passed them meshed with road. He pulled an acorn off a nearby branch, and he tossed it, too, but his aim had withered away with his eyesight, so he missed.

He could see the scratches on his knee and the dried blood speckled with bark inside its thin grooves, the same kind of scratch he always got when he swung his leg over the thick branch, the same kind he would have Mom clean up and then put the stinging stuff inside, but he didn't care.

He could see the ladder down below, too, but he didn't remember using it. He could only remember pulling on his cap extra tight, lacing up his sneakers even tighter, and throwing both arms around the first branch so he could then try to get a foothold so he could move on up to the next one.

He could see from up there more than he'd seen in a long time, and he saw something new everywhere he looked, but what he couldn't see was himself, how the years showed on his face, how his glasses made his eyes look as though they were being magnified, how his hearing aid protruded from his ear. He never thought of himself as old, or as aging, but it was getting harder to deny his years.

He hung on to the visions of his former self, to the ageless eternity around him. That's what he wanted to see, and that's the last thing he saw before closing his eyes and taking one last nap.

Matt Pernack '94

Any student 7th through 12th grade is welcome to contribute their poems, short stories, essays, or black and white sketches to Inscape. We need your support to get this magazine off the ground!