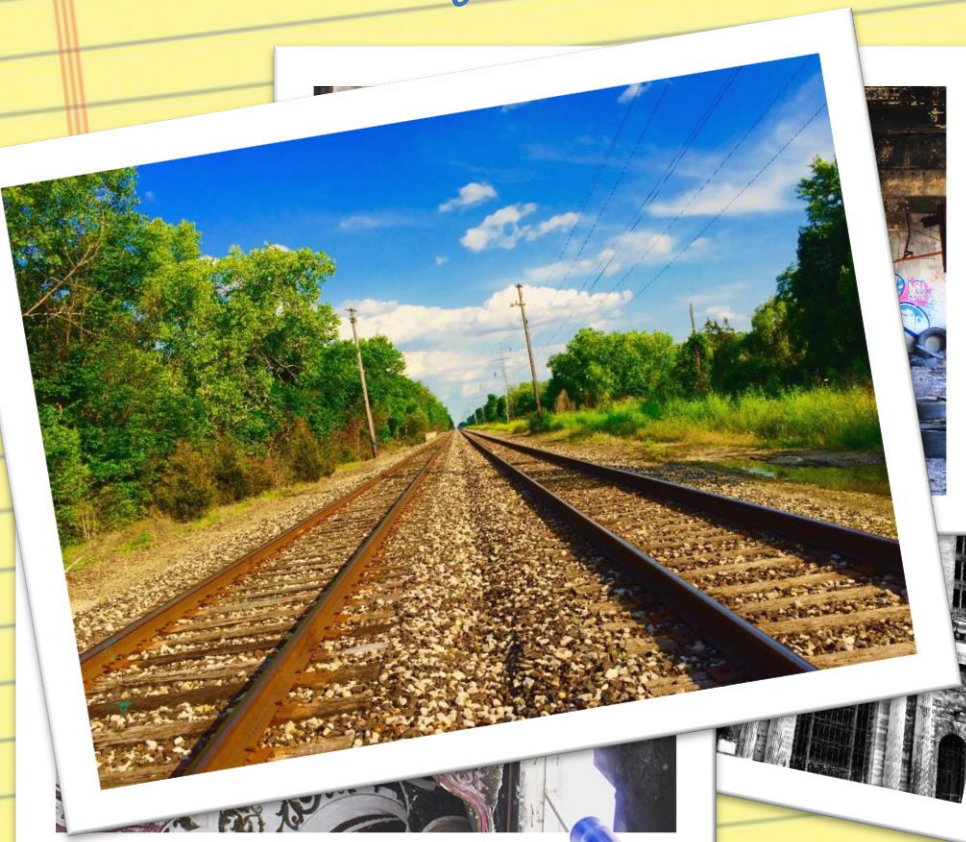
Inscape

literary magazine



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2015 – 2016

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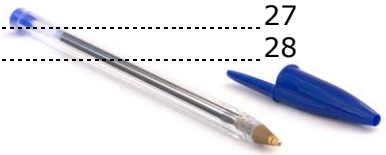
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Mr. John Simmons
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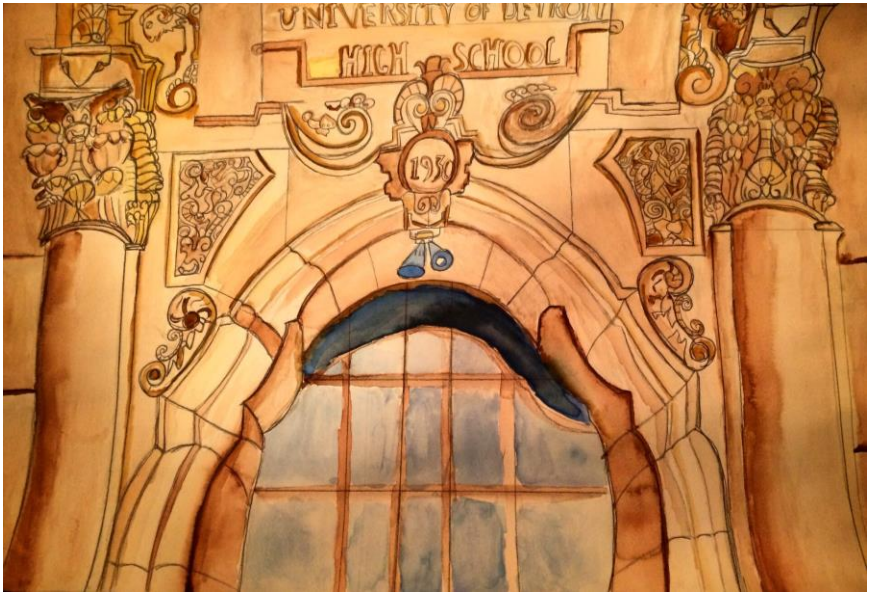
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*indicates artwork



Watercolor, Matthew Lujan

There Was a Young Boy
Paul Cataldi

There was a young boy who entered a building each day,
And with each passing day he and the building became one,
With each experience he had, another brick of foundation was laid,
And this foundation would remain with him for life.
The footsteps in the hallway became a part of him,
And the black on the whiteboards,
And the hello's and the hey's,
And the shirts and ties,
And the lanyards everyday,
The importance of others became a part of him,
And the care for our city
And the daily reflections,
And the God before all,
And the AMDG,
Each of these things changed the young boy.
And each of these things will remain with him,
And as a young man he will go forth.

The Lost Summer
Maxim Denomme

Summer days, summer haze.
The sun will rise tomorrow and with such woe
Plants will smile with much style.
Roads will glow even for a foe.
Boats will sail making some become pale.
Summer lasts forever but school is not that clever
Making students return to class, many looking out the window glass.
Homework starts to pile and papers return to their files.
Looking to summers past, realizing they did not last.
Summer does not last forever in fact it is for never.



Leland, Michigan, Lucca Paletta



Untitled, Daniel Chekal

4E
Teddy Apap

It started with a group of outlaws.
A band of misfit toys.
A group of unappreciated men expected to lose.
A homeroom with a dream.
A team with nothing but heart and the desire to be champions.

A homeroom turned what was a dream into a goal.
The goal became realistic and turned into a trophy.
The team that was slept on by all came to be feared by many.
Sacrifices made for the greater good of a brotherhood.
Nothing compares to the football intermural champions, 4E.

Nerves
Matt Lujan

She handed me my jacket
That was wrapped around her shoulders
And hugged me so warmly
I only wanted to hold her
Walking up the steps
We said our goodbyes
With a smile on her face
And a twinkle in my eye
If I had known
That was the last goodbye
I would've told her then
And waited for her reply

But I didn't
And I wonder if it was for the better

The Good Witch
Matt Lujan

She was a dork
In the best of ways
The way her eyes lit up
Talking about broadway plays
And her beautiful bouts
Of being awkward and shy
The way she'd dance in the rain
And look to the sky
These little things
Were what caught my heart
Her light and joy
Were like my counterpart
Her innocent laugh
Scared away the dark
And, if only for a moment
I had received a brand new start

Romanticism Poem
John O'Connell

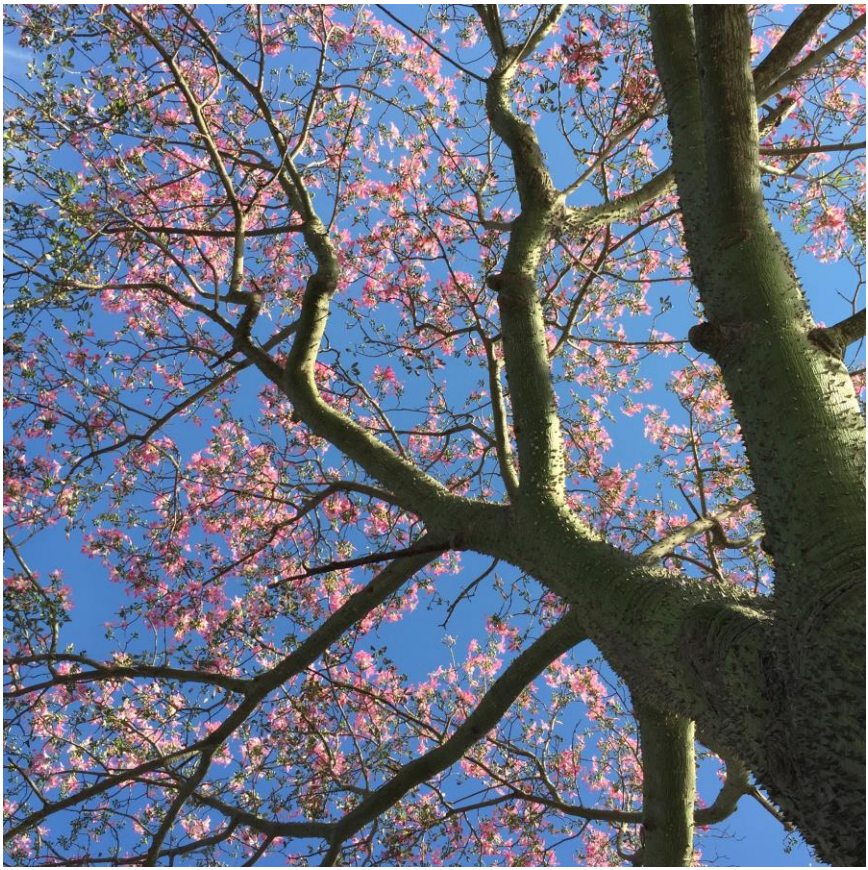
It was such a strange occurrence
I was simply on the path into town
When I came upon a small cave
Buried deep in the forest, isolated

My curiosity was overwhelming
And I haggled over whether to go in
My fear was very strong
Although my interest was stronger

As soon as I walked in I felt rather strange
There was a feeling about this place
That made me want to leave
But at the same time pushed me further

I reached a large clearing
And in it was a tall, very skinny man
I called out to him asking who he was
He said not a word

With one swift movement he brushed past me and was gone
I saw it as very strange and ran to the exit
But something had blocked the mouth of the cave
Sitting in the pitch black, I knew then that I was dead



Untitled, Daniel Guething

When You Can Still Remember Dreaming
Matt Lujan

I'm wasting time
Staring at the snow
I should be studying
Not lying in woe
I just take up space
There's nowhere to go

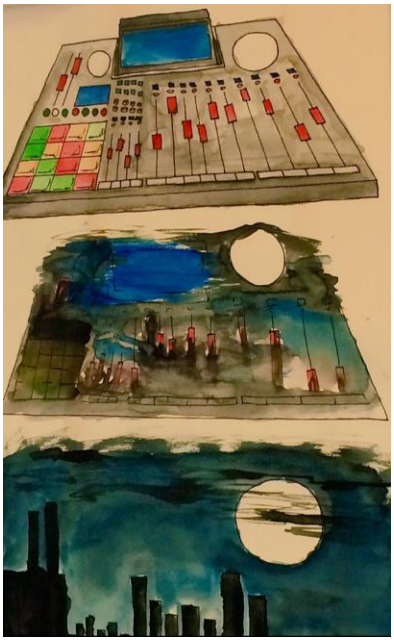
Someone is rapping
At the door in my head
Shut up! Stop your tapping!
I thought you were dead
No, he runs freely to and fro
At least he has somewhere to go

Isn't it funny?
How all I have are dreams
And a safe fund of money
A list of careers mainstream
At least I can play the audio
That takes me where I'd like to go

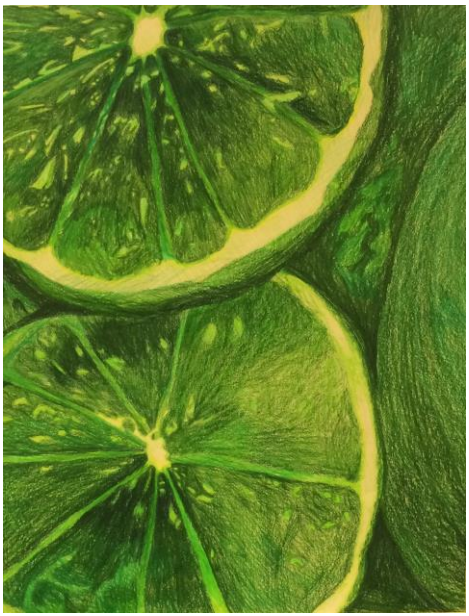
If I could write
And live off my words
I'd give these characters sight
And let them fly like birds
But that feeling I may never know
Because there's nowhere to go

A memory is haunting me
Batting its eyes
Letting me see
What I surmise can never be
Why should I go with the flow?
My own path is where I'd like to go

But I will keep my hope
Plant it in my heart
Keep my dream in scope
And refuse to fall apart
Though they will never tell me so
The path in my dream is the one in which I will go



Transformation Watercolor, Christian Peters



Macro Lime, Brendan Roarty

First Day of Foreign Affairs

Michael Donovan

The idea of forming a band started out as a joke, something we threw around at the lunch table or between classes. Our music tastes, playing styles, and personalities seemed far too different to bring together. Gradually, though, the idea started to gain traction. My classmate Pete began sending me riffs and melodies, and we found a drummer in my buddy John. John also had a grimy basement, perfect for rehearsing. We had no plan, no experience, and no sense of our own musical abilities when we formed Foreign Affairs, but we had enough pent up energy and blind ambition to bring the idea to life.

When we first played together, a loud, discordant, and brutally raw sound ripped through the basement. Still wearing our shirts and ties from the school day, we hacked away at our instruments aimlessly. Our sonic slurry released all of the anger and stress that we built up throughout the day in a gloriously vicious fashion, evaporating all thoughts of essay deadlines and Physics labs. The harsh, gripping tones of distorted guitar and poorly timed drums satisfied me to an extent, but they lacked the refinement and intangible features that really give a song life.

I wanted to play the music that defined my experience at home, the kind that sparked long family disputes about how many bands Big Star influenced or whether it was my sister or my dad who first discovered Yeasayer. The right music could make the sibling with the iPod more important than the driver on a road trip. It could set the tone at a family dinner. My dad and I lived for nights at cramped Detroit venues like The Shelter or St. Andrews Hall, places that reeked of sweat, smoke and beer, because unexpected opening bands like Hey Rosetta! and Alvvays proved that nothing could match an innovative live show. I spent most of my down time practicing guitar and devouring records through my oversized headphones, exploring the mysterious emotional intricacies of music. For many great records, I found the techniques simple and easy to learn, but I could never pin down the intangibles that change a riff into an emotion.

Foreign Affairs' first jam drowned in its own energy. The instruments battled more than they worked together, creating a muddy sound. We needed to find "the pocket," a kind of

musical nirvana when a group of individual players transforms into a band. I suggested that we do a cover song to improve our chemistry. That way, we could better understand how to work together without having to deal with the limitations of our own songs. Pete answered with a surprisingly bitter response. He had a strong creative streak and hated the idea of tying himself to another group's music. John, on the other hand, jumped on the idea, immediately suggesting five or six songs from his favorite jam bands. I had created a gridlock.

To lift the tension, I tapped the record button on my phone and slid into the opening riff of "Do I Wanna Know" by the Arctic Monkeys. John, caught off guard, fumbled for his sticks and started to lay down a simple drumbeat. After studying my hands for a few seconds, Pete came in on rhythm guitar. John soaked in the instantly recognizable hook, and Pete stretched his creative muscles with some improvisation. Our cover, thunderous and awkward, faintly captured the raw vigor of the original recording. It had a trace of feeling hidden in a deafening wall of sound. I was optimistic though. Like the initial static when a needle hits a record, our course sound had the potential to develop into something that I could blast through my headphones every night. Granted, we were still pretty far from the mythical pocket, but I was ready to butcher a thousand more great songs in John's musty basement to get there.



Untitled, Jack Condit

Untitled
Luke Bowker

A large community of believers is the simplest way to put it. Every Sunday we get a new breath of fresh air full of optimism and potential. Every Sunday we get the same lesson, a lesson that has been taught repeatedly. We often ignore this lesson in order to satisfy our hopes and desires. Early morning optimism to late night despair has been a part of my Sunday routine for seventeen years. However, the environment this community has created has produced worthy role models for me to admire. For over eighty years my role models have given their hearts, bodies, and minds to the community, mentoring young believers and also supporting older, more experienced members. Our community has given millions of dollars, countless hours of support and our overwhelming voices all for one thing, a Super Bowl. Although the most publicized event in the world, as a Detroit Lions fan I know nothing about it. I believe the term "Detroit Lions" comes from the Latin root meaning "false hope". Although I may not have a leadership role in the community, I cherish my position as an avid supporter. I wouldn't want to be part of any other NFL community because if there is one thing this community has taught me, it is to be hopeful in all situations. The Lions community is a microcosm of the city of Detroit itself. While outsiders may see us as an irreparable city, we know it's not if we will come back, but when. Endless hope is only useful if one morphs that hope into action, and this is the most important lesson I have learned from this enduring community.

Memories
Anthony Campana

High school memories remaining in the past,
Time moving on, going by really fast.
New times await us, as well as new people,
The memories we'll make there, will sure not be the same.
We've had some fun times, as well as some not,
Laughing in classrooms, and intramural games.
Tests that we've taken, and drama we saw,
Friends that we've made, and emotions we've caused.
All of these things will remain in my mind,
and I'll think about them in times of trouble,
So goodbye senior year and welcome to college,
The memories I keep will remembered forever.



Untitled, Jack Condit

Such Truth
Nicholas Pez

I am a constant reminder of your lost hours. As you approach me, you get the feeling that time speeds up. All the happenings become memories – little fading stars in the eternal sky. It is a relatable feeling. The quiet sets in. You reflect as if reflection was the only way out, questioning why it is the way it is, yet you forget this is not the first time. I can come back before you know it.
Am I the one that moves through space? Or is it you through time? It's funny how some say I am the beginning while others say I am the end. Nothing can stop me or start me, since I am nothing but a concept created by you. Please, I'll come back, I promise. Do not despise me for existing, I only do my job. Maybe someday you will understand. Perhaps that is what I am here for.
I am, indeed, a product of your imagination, your beliefs, and your hopes. But regardless of what you make of me, is it not beautiful? That moment of fresh awareness. The new frontier of your life. The embrace of reality.
The reconciliation with truth.
I can be that opportunity.
My name is Sunday.



Untitled, Jack Condit



Waterfall in Yellowstone, Ian Wilson

Jotting
Matt Lujan

Don't get me wrong
She was beautiful
But I've been taught
That art isn't art because it’s beautiful

Art makes you feel something
It’s supposed to touch you
Disturb some piece of you
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

And boy did she make me feel something
Inspired, yet dumbfounded
Remarkable, yet insignificant
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

Scared, yet courageous
Pure but warped
Courageous, yet meek
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

I was shown
Beauty in nature
And the greens of the trees
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

I was taught
What faith is supposed to be
And how light can comfort instead of blind
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

I laughed
When I rediscovered
My childhood
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

I cried
When she compared
Her loneliness to mine
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

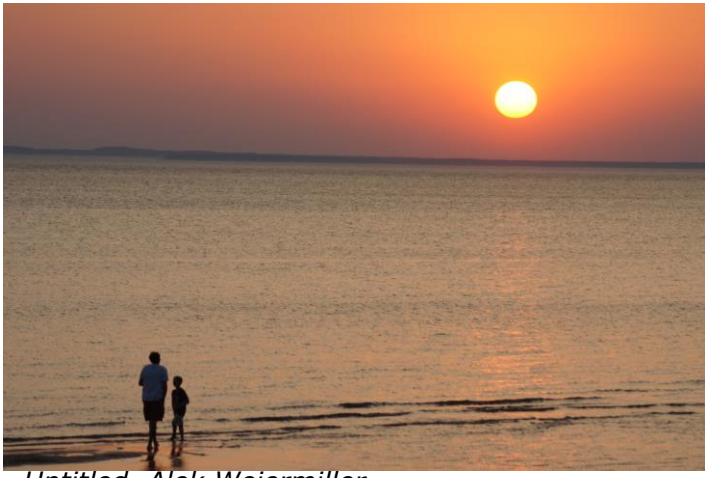
I was afraid
That she had lost her way
But it wasn't my place to say
Art isn't art because it’s beautiful

And I rejoiced
When I learned how important
Friendship is before love
Art isn't art because it's beautiful

I now see
Why he had us meet
So that one lonely soul
Could encounter another experiencing loneliness

Serenity
Andrew Bukowinski

I find myself in a dark room.
Nothing visible and nobody around.
The only noise I can hear is the sound of complete darkness.
I'm left with only my thoughts.
Many different things are running through my head.
The thought of life, and what I will be doing with mine.
The thought of how I can shape my whole life with every choice I make.
Sometimes I wonder who is most important to me.
I wonder who is changing, and in the future find I will leave them behind with my memories.
Out of the closest people I know who will waste my time and who will forever be remembered.
I remind myself to keep watch, but not let the thought of betrayal run around my mind.
I remind myself so live life and to be happy every moment of every day.
Because one day I will reminisce about my early life and realize those were my fondest memories.
My life that I will only live once.
Every second that can not be experienced again.
My mission is to outlive my whole time being alive on this unexplainable world that exists.



Untitled, Alek Weiermiller



Gaslight, Matthew Lujan

Those Little Lights
Daniel Toal

Every night we see the stars,
And maybe look for that one or two Dippers.
But day after day,
The value of the heavens grows to less and less,
And then less and less still.

Our universe is miraculous,
And the sky is nothing but the start.
Do not take this fact for granted.

The next time you look upwards at night,
Imagine the stars only shone once your life.
So now think of those little lights,
And recognize the value they hold.



Composite, Nicholas Pez

Realism Poem
John O'Connell

Mr. Smith was a man of high quality,
For the majority of his long lifetime.
He grew up a nice, humble boy,
And became a man of honor.

Everything had gone right for old Smith,
He was one that people would look up to.
When he was just twenty years old,
He married the most beautiful girl in town.

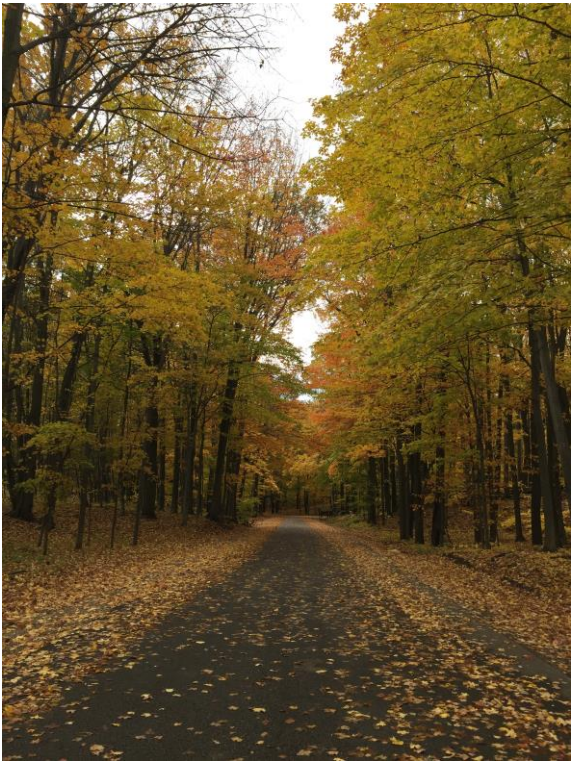
Mr. Smith had a successful company,
And developed a large, happy family.
Yes, old Smith was once a great man,
With more than most men could ask for.

But what has become of him now,
That he is old and grey?
Well, as Mr. Smith grew older,
Everything around him began to dissolve.

It was a long and slow process,
Which started with his two sons going off to college.
Once Mr. Smith's boys graduated,
They started families of their own and he rarely saw them.

It continued with old Smith's company going out of business,
Which rendered him bankrupt with nearly no money.
The unfortunate events did not stop there,
As his wife was killed in a train accident a year later.

Now, old Smith sits alone in his hut he calls a house,
And drinks to his heart's content.
Nobody has seen him outside in quite a while,
Mr. Smith is completely alone.



Fall, Paul Cataldi

The Casket's Death
Frankie Andreu

In the woods the casket looms
Peaceful with nothing of disturbance
Above many grow
Growing from the dawn of death.

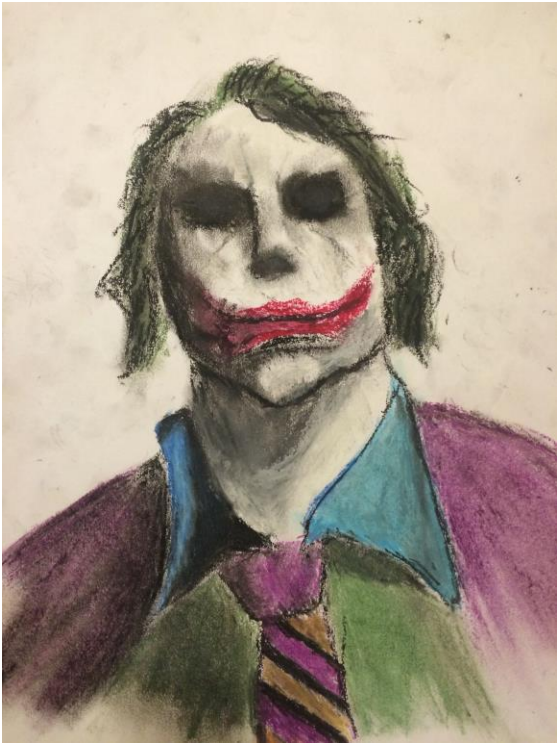
Over the years there is buildup
In which more may come
Goods are released from inside
May nurture the life of many more.

Above life is born
Arising from the buildup
Sprouting from the death of the casket
The casket in the woods.

Beauty in the Struggle
Gordon Russ

Virtuous living, it's worthless and petty
Hurts from the beginning but we work toward forgetting
Every single little thing is worthy of blessing
Stressing over letting any person regret me
Worsen the jesting, in a hearse with my personal memories
Serving to send me spurts of any other merciless ending
First I'm pretending then I merge into learning the pending
Curse of the plenty words that are then urged to repenting
Search for all depending purpose in a heard of suggesting
The Earth is unrelenting and deserving of plenty
Many cannot fathom nature surely pretending
Words cannot return they simply yearn for expressing

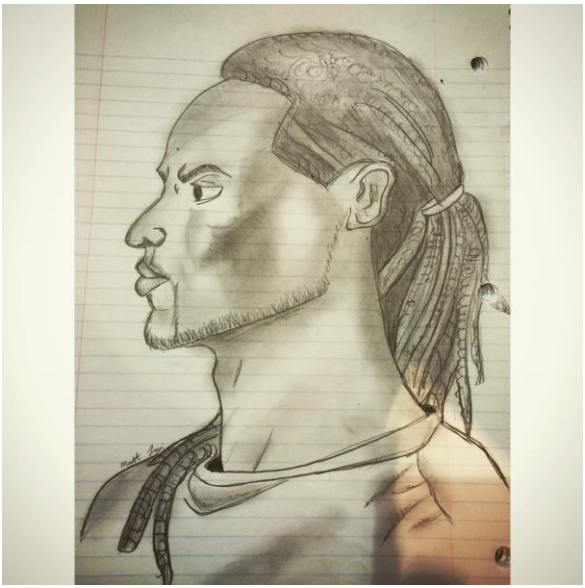
Meek and humble for all of those who run through the slums
People mumble, hum another supple mutter at lunch
Simply undone as I lurk in hopes for someone to run
Jumping the gun for any circumstance as gummy as mud
Runny and scummy as blood running soul pumping the funds
Uninterested buddies try to sum up what's good
I like to take my time although the money is love
Crummy, just shove the loveliness right under the rug
Maybe they won't notice that I've just given up
Not completely though, but it's still bumpy and rough
If you look close enough there is some beauty in the struggle
Usually people come through and then use the ones who love you
There are still a few of some who tumble down the stump-hill
In hope a feud with trouble is unusual and subtle



Untitled, Adam Abdullah

Mind
Charlie Klingler

Great adventures lasting years but never even taken,
Across mountain ranges to places afar,
Fighting great battles that seem that their faking,
But when you wake up you don't seem too alarmed.
Exploring the jungles of far unknown places,
Sailing the waters to a region who's dull,
Going to lands where there are new faces,
All of this inside of one single skull.



Pencil, Matthew Lujan

An Unknown Soldier
Daniel Scanlan

Wandering through the meadow
All days of the week
looking at the leaves as the wind will blow
looking at the big trees and feeling meek
Walking through flowers
Swinging on the trees
Waiting at all hours
For a love stings like bees
Winter Summer Spring and fall
Be it cloudy or burning sun
She has waited through it all
For her special someone
He may never come back at all
One thing all know is true
The Germans, they did fall
That won't stop her from feeling blue
He didn't return to the ship's dock
He went to god and so will she
She looks to the Hemlock
On the count of one, two, Three

This I Believe
Ryan Cullen

I am not the cause of the demise. I am not the reason race divides. I am not the reason for the riots. I am not the reason fires burn with no one to fight them, crimes occur with no one to stop them. I am not the reason for bankruptcy, for mayoral scandals, for incompetent leadership. I am not the reason for the fall of Detroit.

However, I do believe I am the reason for the comeback. I am the reason the city's population grows faster than ever before. I am the reason business after business decides to call this place home. I am the reason a school can thrive for over a century when nothing else can. I am the reason people believe. I am the reason I believe.

This new generation that has grown around the city of Detroit is above all else exciting. In many cases, it is those who grow up outside the tough environment of the inner city itself who are most motivated for change. A group who is proud to be part of the D. A group that does not want to drive away and never look back, but instead live in this community for the rest of their lives. This group is where I associate myself, and although there may not be any great reason or calling, I feel a powerful bond towards it.

I know that I cannot change all that has happened to this city, much of it bad. It is apparent to me that dwelling on the past is what made Detroit truly fall behind. Whether this be human rights that divided people 50 years ago, or the unfair characterizations of a community on the comeback today. For Detroit to prosper, I believe in the power of myself and I believe in the power of my classmates, my fellow preppy Grosse Pointers and the citizens of Detroit themselves. I believe in the power of each individual to be part of the change. I don't care about their background, their social status, their religion, whether they're gay, straight, black, purple, orange, or white, I care about change. I believe in change. I believe in my generation. I believe in I. I believe in Detroit.



Untitled, Evan Sale



Untitled, Evan Sale

The Unicorn
Noah Zielinski

A long time ago, when the earth was green
and there was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen,
and they run around free while the world was bein' born,
and the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

There was green alligators and long-neck geese.
There was humpy bumpy camels and chimpanzees.
There was catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
the loveliest of all was the Unicorn.

But the Lord seen some sinnin', and it caused him pain.
He says, "Stand back, I'm gonna make it rain."
He says, "Hey Brother Noah, I'll tell ya whatcha do.
Go and build me a floatin' zoo.

And you take two alligators and a couple of geese,
two humpy bumpy camels and two chimpanzees.
Take two catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born,
Noah, don't you forget my Unicorn."

Now Noah was there, he answered the callin'
and he finished up the ark just as the rain was fallin'.
He marched in the animals two by two,
and he called out as they went through,

"Hey Lord, I got your two alligators and your couple of geese,
your humpy bumpy camels and your chimpanzees.
Got your catsandratsandelephants - but Lord, I'm so forlorn
'cause I just don't see no Unicorn."

Ol' Noah looked out through the drivin' rain
but the Unicorns were hidin', playin' silly games.
They were kickin' and splashin' in the misty morn,
oh them silly Unicorn.

The the goat started goatin', and the snake started snakin',
the elephant started elephantin', and the boat started shaking'.
The mouse started squeakin', and the lion started roarin',
and everyone's abourd but the Unicorn.

I mean the green alligators and the long-neck geese,
the humpy bumpy camels and the chimpanzees.
Noah cried, "Close the door 'cause the rain is pourin' -
and we just can't wait for them Unicorn."

Then the ark started movin', and it drifted with the tide,
and the Unicorns looked up from the rock and cried.
And the water come up and sort of floated them away -
that's why you've never seen a Unicorn to this day.

You'll see a lot of alligators and a whole mess of geese.
You'll see humpy bumpy camels and lots of chimpanzees.
You'll see catsandratsandelephants, but sure as you're born
you're never gonna see no Unicorn



Tiger, Nolan Bailey

Bigger than Basketball
Matt Burr and Amir Mashni

As another game comes, the fans are thrilled.
They know bonds will be tested and blood will be spilled.
They file into the stands of the auxiliary court.
To see who's the best team at this basketball sport.

These rivals despise each other with hate.
Scrap for loose balls while attacking the paint.
There is no better place to find a good rivalry
Than the legendary games between 4A and 4G.

Last year, when they were just 3G and 3A,
3G ended 3A's undefeated record one day.
And that's how this feud began its legendary start
In a game that's defined by its grit and its heart.

Let me now introduce the players on this grand stage.
First we'll start with the ballers of furious rage.
4G is equipped with tremendous guard play
in their hopes of defeating the kings of 4A.

It starts with the point guard, Mr. Marshall Neu
And Nnamdi Iroha who makes defender's ankles blue.
Then they have Jegede shooting from behind the line,
With J-Chili, Kahlil, and Elijah Miller off the pine.

Then there's the big guys, the fellas down low
Geoff Reeves in the paint, and Greg Leatherwood on the 'bow.
These guys get the wrath of the fans' hostile booing.
But when they splash the trey, then they get them all cooing.

All coached by the legendary Coach Matty Burr,
Who gets a bad rap for not finding a cure
To his teams' problems of not winning it all.
But he just tells them to just go out there and ball.

Then there's the defending champs, with all of their crowns.
When they get buckets, they fill their haters with frowns.
Led off by the captain, the legend Ryan Byrd.
Who has 7 shirts and commands his talented herd.

Then there's his boi, the man, Uncle Tom Lennon.
Who can pop a nasty three and then get down to defendin'.
Jared Demko and Jack Williamson attack inside and out.
With Sale, Mashni, and now Toal, they'll make opponents pout.

They are owned by the commissioner, Mr. Dan Hill.
Who, through it all, energizes his team with power and will.
He claims he's been attacked by journalism that is yellow,
but still with three banners, he has all the reason to be mellow.

In the end game, for all the marbles last year,
the star Leatherwood was tossed for all those to hear.
With his absence the 3A goats went on to take the gold.
And add another story for their legend to be told.

The teams met again, this time on 2016 Opening Day.
And 4A made a claim that they were better in every way.
They won by a lopsided score of 17-3,
then left the court with a swagger all could see.

We will soon find out what will happen to these two.
Are we in store for another classic anew?
Come out to the aux gym during lunch at 6A
To see all the action before they graduate this May.



Untitled, Joseph Dery



Untitled, Joseph Dery



Untitled, Joseph Dery

A child said what is life?
Christopher Hill

A child came up to me and said, What is life? Looking
up to me with curious eyes.
I had to think before I gave the child an answer.
How would I answer a child when I was only a few years older than him?
What would I tell him?
I will tell him
I guess life is God's greatest masterpiece.
A masterpiece that no matter how hard I try I will never understand.
I guess it a story about how to overcome failure to achieve success,
Fighting against adversary to get to the top.
Doing whatever it takes to get what one wants.
Or maybe it a balance of happiness, sadness, rage and confusion.
Going from shining as bright as the sun to being blue as the ocean,
or maybe as angry as volcanoes or whirling and misdirecting as the winds.

It is a masterpiece that will leave you with scars as deep as the great oceans,
it will leave you with joy as bright as the sun, or maybe rage stronger than the continuous burning of the stars.
Maybe life will leave you as clouded as the nebulous reaches of space.

I wish I knew all there was about life.
I wish I could tell child what to do.
The truth is I simply can't
Life can't be condensed down into words, books ,or teachings,
Life is too big to do that.

But I will tell you child that life is whatever you make of it.
You get to choose your destiny NOBODY else.
So while you live make the most of your life, and never quit.

Untitled
Anonymous

Am I truly myself?
I look into the mirror and see my face
Covered in a scraggly beard that hasn't been touched for years
No time for myself only time for others
Making others happy and satisfied
Nothing for myself
No time no happiness
Only others
Is the happiness truly mine?
I see my smile
But is it fake
Is this my own?
Or is it anothers
How do I know
How do I see
Are the thoughts mine or society's?
Have I been lead astray
Can I trust myself
Am I truly myself?
Who am I?

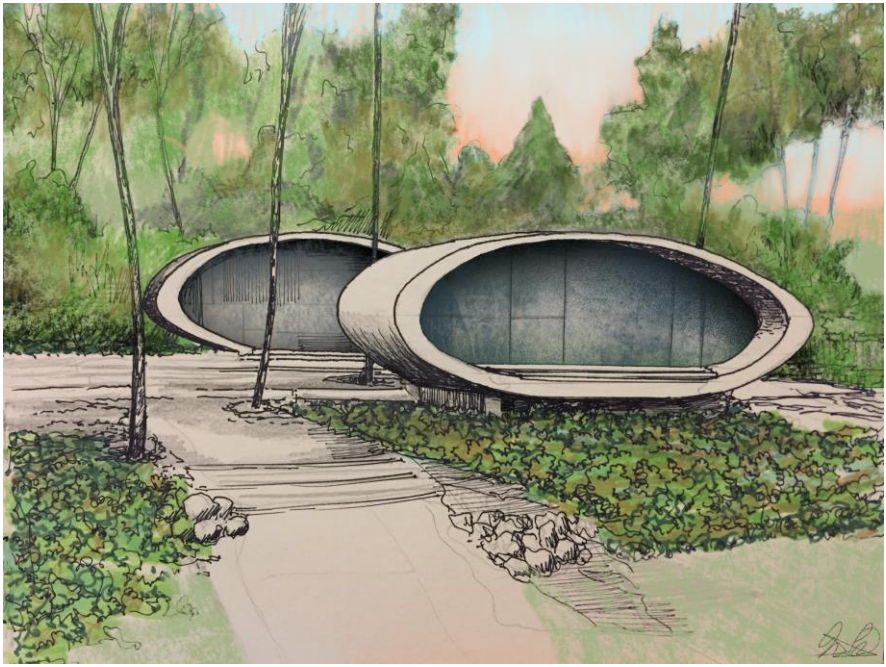
I Say to You.
Daniel Toal

I say to you,
My friend, my dear friend,
You who knows people yearn for your eye.

I say to you,
Break your hardened heart,
And let it free to be just as it should.

I say to you,
Close your ears to those who share unrequested opinions,
And listen to what reigns inside.

I say to you,
No matter what you may see in life,
The loudest thing you should hear is your heart.



Woods, Nicholas Pez

A City
Colin Hayes

A city of light
A city that burned bright in the night
A city that was home to the car
A city that has been badly marred
A city on the rise
A city that again will be a prize



Untitled, Kyle Delaney

Inscape Poem
Dylan Manning

The puck drops and a swarm of bodies descend into the scrum,
I breathe heavily, patiently waiting for the chance of a lifetime
The pass comes, ever so smoothly sliding across the frozen ice
I accept the pass ever so gracefully, brushing past an opposed player
Staring at the net, I begin to panic when I feel my heart rushing and pumping.
At long last, I am given my moment.
To keep my heart ablaze and sprits high,
Until the very the moment, when the whistle cries.

Pond (Backyard) Season
Tom Lennon

As the temperature slowly decreases,
Our excitement for backyard hockey rapidly increases

Show up promptly at seven for a game at eight
Tape your stick and lace up your skates

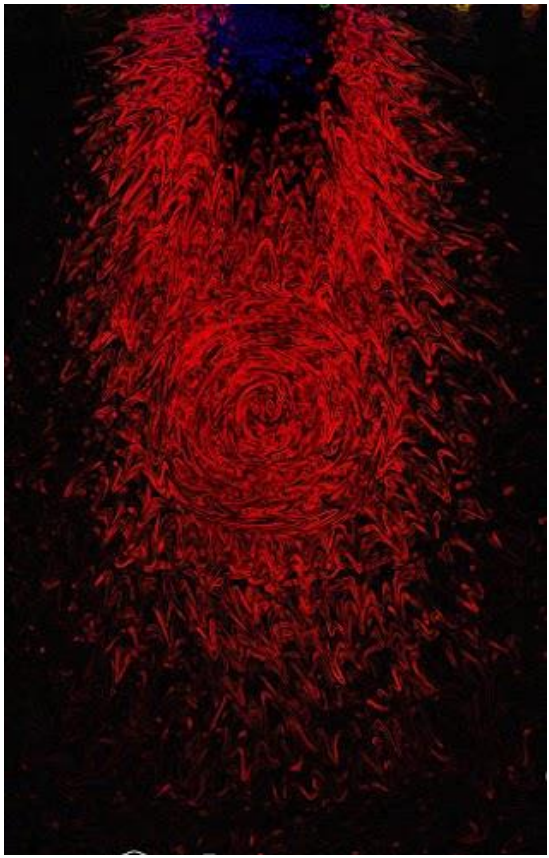
Tally warm-up shots and test out your blades
Pass, shoot, and play defense- a true jack of all trades

Hot chocolate during intermission to soften the cold
Ding! Ding! The puck has hit the post
Overtime winner after a competitive game, a celebration would be bold
Ding! Ding! Now it's time to boast

Bodies are flying, and bodies are freezing
Boy oh boy, it's pond (backyard) season

Modernism Poem
John O'Connell

The deep red pedal of the rose,
Reminds of the life I should have chose.
The dark green of the leaf,
Reminds me of my overwhelming grief.
The melancholy brown of the dirt,
Reminds me of my endless hurt.
The bright blue of the sky,
Reminds me that I still can try.



Drama, Brent Wilkerson

THE SEED

Billy Zimmer

Love is like a seed,
If the seed is taken care of properly, it will sprout
but if it is treated poorly, it will begin to die.
The seed will begin to grow to hit its paramount height if it is taken care of
if it is forgotten about or mishandled it will lose its life and will never come back,
but we can always buy a second seed,
just remember what you learned from the first.



Macro Pomegranate*, Jacob Cafeo*



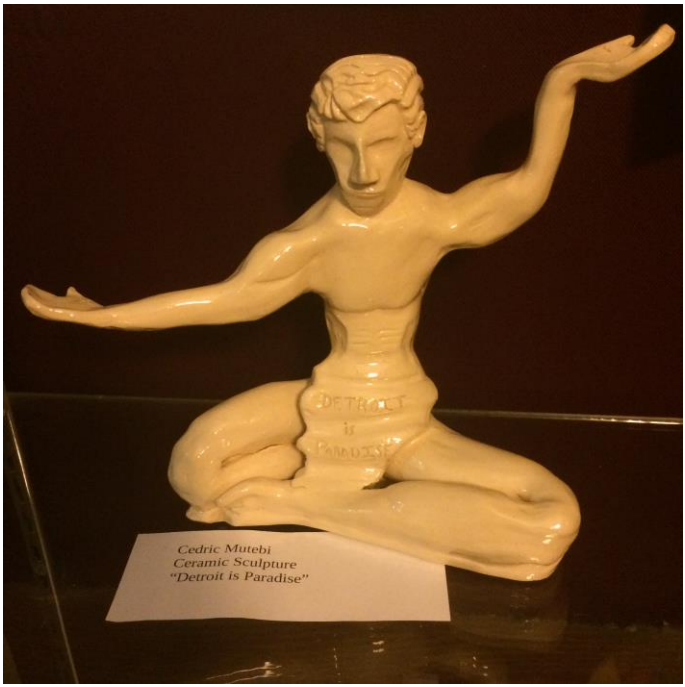
Building Blocks, Konstantin Olsen

Harmony
Ben Godfrey

Watching the news,
Bad stuff is going on,
We have to change.
People so convicted of their own opinions,
Not even considering others.
We need not hate, but love each other,
To solve our own problems.
By coming together,
There are consequences.
Pride and competition are lost,
And so is time and money.
Nature comes together all the time.
But why can't we?
Because it's easier to Fight than live in harmony.

I hear U of D singing
Bishara Randolph

I hear U of D singing, the different sounds I hear,
The humming of Mr. Gumbel as he gives out jugs in the new wing,
The beat of the basketballs hitting gym floor during intramurals,
The melody of Chandler, as he gives homeroom announcements,
The rhythm of schools bells, ringing every forty-five minutes,
Those voices of the fellow students, as they say the prayer for generosity,
The murmur in the lunchroom, as students gossip and eat,
The buzz of the band, as go to class,
As I go through my day at U of D, I hear many different sounds but only one song.



Detroit is Paradise, Cedric Mutebi



Goo, Kyle Delaney

Overthinking
Ryan Dolson

While walking home after work I came upon some writing on a wall,
someone had painted the words "overthinking" standing straight and tall.
Although most people would walk past without thinking much of it,
but I found myself deep in thought and knew I couldn't quit.
Was the writing posing a question? Or was it just a riddle?
Whatever this writing was it played me like a fiddle.
Was "overthinking" the answer? Was this just simple graffiti?
I stood at that spot for some time, wondering if there was something I couldn't see?
That is, until a man walked up and said "Makes sense to me".

There's Beauty in the Struggle
Luciano Marcon

This time of life is great
I have made many friends
And I hope that this time never ends.
However, there is something that I hate
Because I will soon enter a new chapter of my life.
Expectations. Expectations.
I am supposed to find myself and make a difference in the world
But all the horrible choices make me want to hurl.
I turn to elders, who should know better, looking for advice
And I find someone as clueless as myself.
Decisions. Decisions.
I am frustrated because I've gotten vague answers,
so I am trying to avoid mistakes like a skilled dancer.
Choices. Choices.
Although I am lost and confused,
I know everything will be alright because
I've got family, friends, and a roof over my head.
This hurried attempt at a poem must seem like I won't get to the point,
So I'll do something I'm not good at: paint.
Imagine you're at an intersection,
And you don't know where to go.
Your passengers won't stop giving interjections.
You are trapped in headlights like a doe.
You should get to your destination one way or the other,
so why do you feel afraid?
You are mature now and don't need your hand held by your mother,
and you know a lot.
I guess the reason you are confused
Is because you don't know all the answers.
You blindly make a choice and hope for the best.
You're a knowitall
that doesn't know enough.
That isn't the answer to your questions,
But it is the rest.

The Reliable Friends
Neil Jain

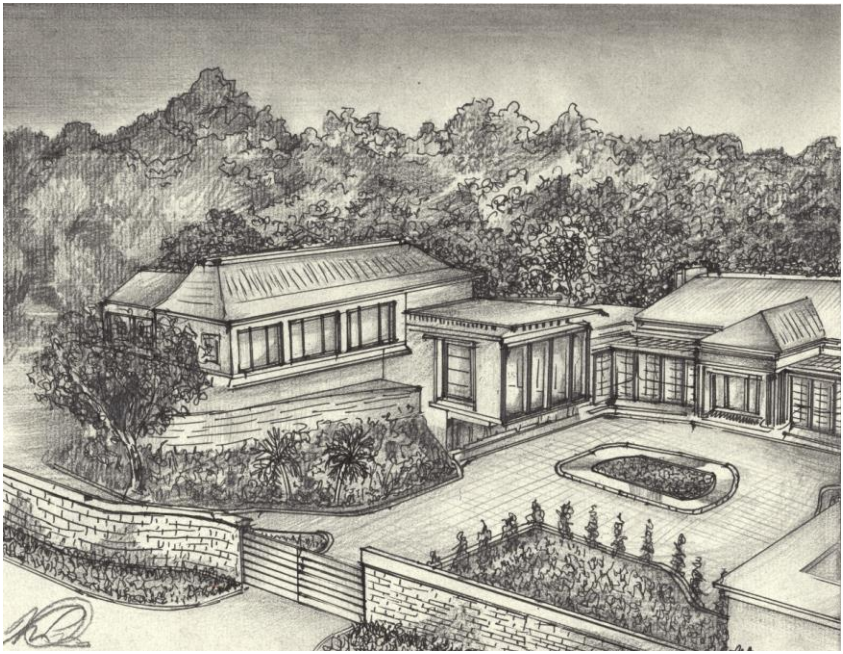
This is the story of two friends
who had each other 'til the end.
Even in times of great discord
the two had weathered them out with comfort

At the end of one day,
one friend said in a tone of distress,
"I don't know how much more I can take.
Life has been dealing me great stress."

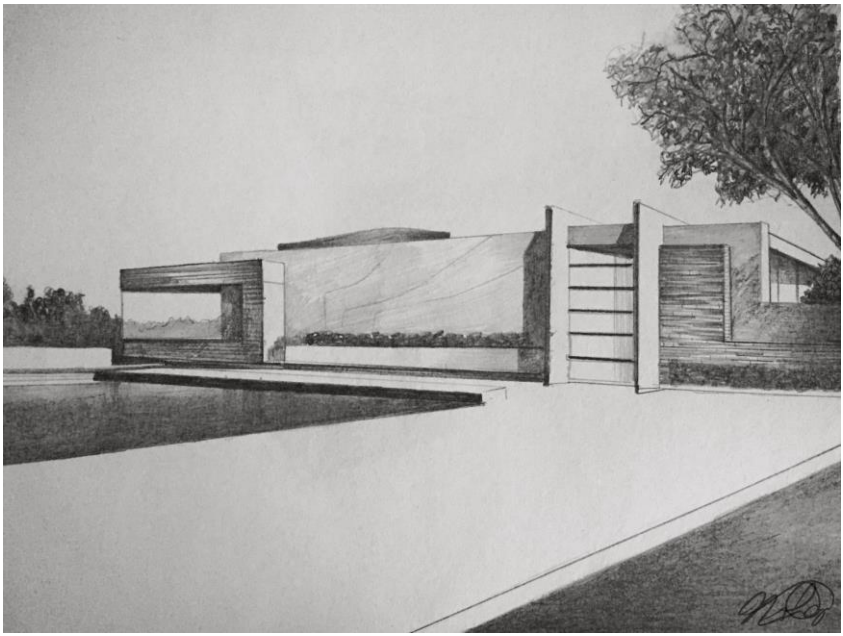
In a kind tone of inspiration,
the other friend responded,
"If you ever need me for a conversation,
just call me, and we'll have further bonded."

Following their meaningful talk,
the one said in great appreciation,
"I felt like I was in a gridlock,
but thanks to you, I feel some consolation."

The two remained friends still today.
They for the most part feel okay.
But whenever one feels in dismay,
The other is there during night and day.



The Courtyard, Nicholas Pez



Estate, Nicholas Pez

Untitled
Quintin Banks

You constantly fill me with your unwanted pills as I try to fulfill each and every part of your detailed will. Constantly failing due to you extreme expectations hailing over me.

But the things you don't see is what truly hunts me. The cutting and screaming I have to keep to myself, because of the fear you will send me away and I'll become a distant memory on the shelf.

The knife became my friend, the one I was talking to at night. When my lights were on but not at at all bright.

Quietly saying to me it will be over quickly, this thing between you and me. But I know you'll come back to visit me again, you'll see. Four months clean was all I could reach, before my friend pulled one again on my leash.

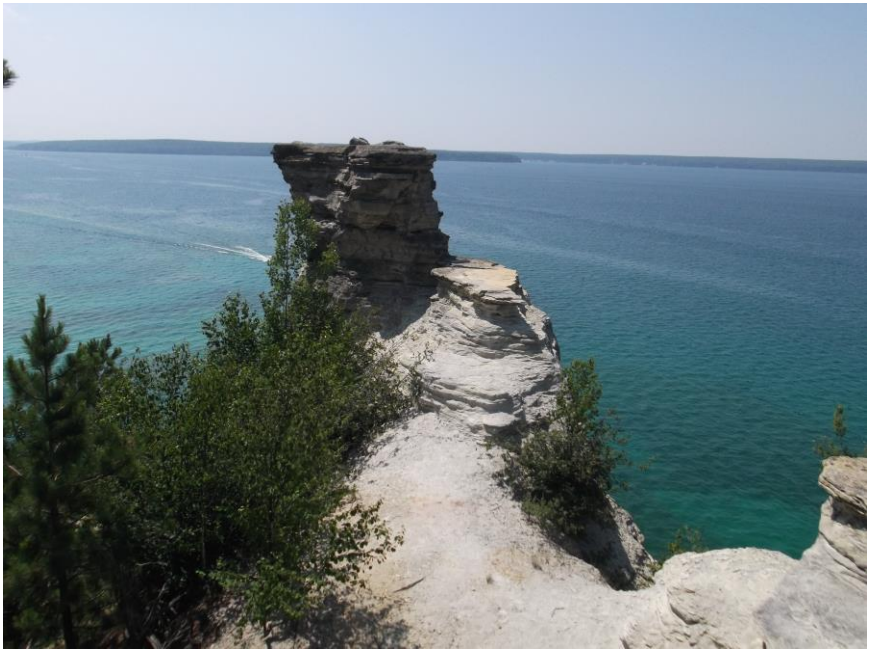
Weeks after weeks past and healing was all I seeked. But the pain kept coming making me weak. To the knife I lost this game of hide and go seek.

But that was just the start of my end, this is when the worst started to begin. Constantly pealing away at my skin. It was your beatings in the end that would always win.

For every mistake the tears would fall and with every move you would bruise it all. My mind confused and healing slow, the childish happiness I would soon outgrow.

With brief moments of joy and long episodes of pain, the blood on my bed became a frequent stain. Look at the boy that you have "raised". Damaged and respectful because that was what he deserved. The pain you inflicted he carried with, throughout his childhood and the boy you knew becoming a urban myth.

When he got bad, afraid to turn to all, except his friend inside the drawer.



Untitled, Jonathan Lesinski



Maui Coast, Ian Wilson

Emmett Till Infinity
Wes Matthews

Body disfigured.
Out of place. Barbed wire around the neck.
Eyes gouged out. One shot, or two,
inhaled by soft tissue.
14. without tears or
enough for a river.
Killers boast
"I killed him"
"I thought of killing him"
"I like coloreds…in their place"
Open casket…

Open murder.

America's history whistles

he's never dead, but repeating
the image playing again and
again in a textbook or the news
And…
Maybe that's just how it is
Maybe

what's black never forgets
what's broken

Like a twisted system

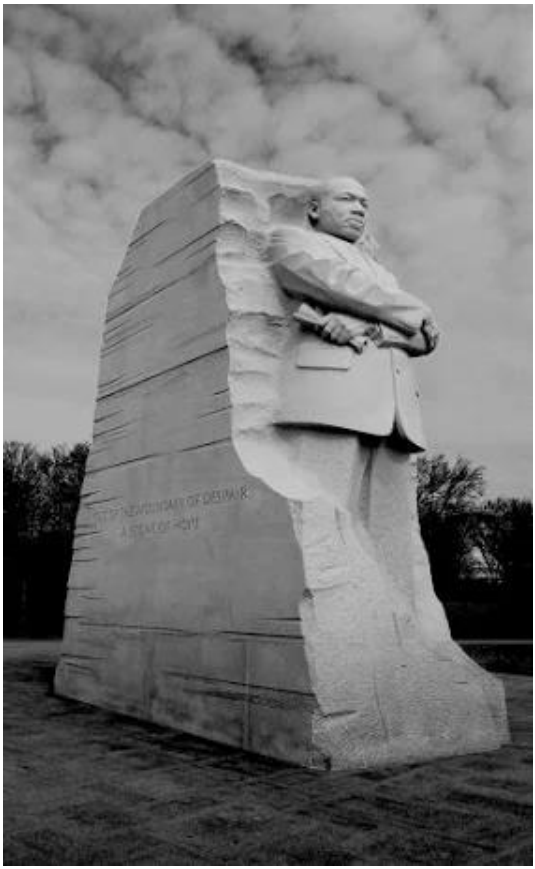
Time-travelling Titubas
which witch hunts men,
convicts felons of melanin,
sells heroin to middle
class Americans

Stainless souls tarnish
under the weight of those
wagging fingers
while banners declaring:
Black LIVES Matter

tell a truth to everyone
who already knew
the value of souls
donning yesterday's targets
for today's bullet practice

whether a brick in a waterlogged
mouth or a shattered windpipe
an open casket or ashes to wind

only fools repeat themselves
twice and America
keeps stuttering



MLK, Brent Wilkerson

Forget
Anonymous

Learn, study, study, test,
Forget.
Learn, study, study, test,
Forget.
I passed the test, I got the grade.
I guess I know.
What do I know?
Numbers, letters, graphs, words….
Forget.



Maui Coastline, Ian Wilson

I Can't Disclose This
Matt Lujan

When you doubt yourself
My spirit is saddened
You leave your beauty dismissed
And my heart blackened
You say you're not special
And never will be
But I see a heroine
In the bottom of your tea
And the way your eyes shine
And how you smile with jubilee
Yes, this stupid heart of mine
Still beats for you, _____

Myself
Andrew Bukowinski

I'm always alone.
I keep to myself because I choose to.
I choose to be the kid in the corner.
I choose to be picked last.
Then there is always someone who tried to get me to be more open.
That tried to help me out of my hole.
To participate and at least show that I would rather be there then somewhere alone.
Sometimes I think silence the most serene thing that you can experience.
But experiencing life is being around people.
People are real things that have emotion.
Spiritual and physical.
Who understands you better than someone who has experienced the same things?
Understanding is a very serious trait that can form other traits such as trust.
And once you gain someone's trust you are in!
You can be that person that they seek for help to.
You can change their life.
You can help them be happy.
And happiness is the key to a fulfilling life.

Raging Man
Ryan Reid

Rage can only seed through anger
No more, no less
Hatred has been brought before us
Nothing but grit teeth and boiled blood

Shown to others but wanted to break
He can only stand and wait
As others pass him by
Wanted to destroy the world but did nothing at all

Laughing, smiling and joking around
Punching kicking, and smashing walls
Nobody can fix it all
But everything can be changed one by one



Untitled, Jonathan Lesinski

The Journal of Devin Malone
Merrick Means

Watching, waiting, praying for hope as war wages forward
My life will soon flash before my eyes
When will I be home to hear my daughters cry
I feel as if I'm tortured, tied up to a pole
A blind mouth will throw my soul into a deep dark hole

But I'm growing, growing, growing stronger
After my hear falls then no longer
Remaining in the midst of battle
Dreaming of my far, tending the cattle

As I look down at the ashes in my hands
I hear people screaming
Now the fabric of time has been tore
Dreaming of my beautiful daughter I adore
Now I'm home
This is the journal of Devin Malone



NYC Skyline, Ian Wilson

I Wanna Get Better
Christopher Wilson

This is a tale about an extraordinary person named Henry. Henry was the nicest person you would ever meet, except he was different from other people. Sure we're all different, but Henry was a special kind of different. When he was 9, he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. This news changed his life forever, and he soon became very distant from people. He had this luscious brown hair that could travel through millions of galaxies, but then he cut it all off and dyed it blonde then dyed the ends pink. Everybody thought he was weird and decided to keep their distance from him and to ignore him for the rest of their school life. Not I, though. I choose to get to know the pink haired child who only ate red and green skittles. Before I could talk to him, I needed to make a plan. If what people are saying about him is true, I would have to gently approach him and make small talk. After 2 hours of planning, I decided to finally talk to him, but what would I say?

"Hi I'm Ethan. I suffer from severe depression and find you cute, but you're so mysterious." I knew I couldn't say that, so I decided to give him some skittles. This when I found a mysterious discovery.

He pours all the skittles on the table with his blondish pink hair in his face and separates them all by color. He eats all the red and green skittles then throws the rest on the floor.

"What are you doing Henry? Was it something that I did?" I reply sadly.

"No, it's just that any color other than red or green is poison." He replies and smiles at me.

I pick the skittles off the floor and he helps me, at this moment our hands touch, and I feel something deep inside of me light up inside. His unevenly cut hair is a blessing in disguise, and his pink ends scream, "date me."

The bell rings, marking 8th period, and I quickly pick up the remaining skittles and throw them in the garbage. He is wearing a bright pink sweater and black pumas, and he walks

with confidence to his locker. I quickly follow him, trying to be less awkward as possible but in the end he catches on and decides to walk faster. It is now a relay race to see who gets to his locker first. We're both laughing now running to his locker that feels like it is a mile away. People talk and whisper as we run down the narrow hallways full of drama and small talk. They gawk their pale ghostly eyes and shine their white teeth not knowing that we simply don't care. We arrive at his locker out of breath and sweaty, and his short hair covers his eyebrows. He stares down at his feet and starts to slightly tap the heel on the ground. The heel makes this slight sound that can calm a crying baby. He looks up at me and puts his hair behind his ear and gives me his number. He runs out the school without looking back, and all I can think about his that pink hair.

I walk outside because my dad is constantly texting me saying, "Why the hell aren't you outside?"

"When we get home that's two punches" he yells at me. I quietly whimper on the backseat dreading the car ride home because I know that he isn't just going to hit me twice. He's going to keep going.

We arrive at exactly 3:30 pm, and the cool autumn wind brushes against my face. I look down at my Sperrys knowing that he could sense my fear, and the knowledge of my fear made him stronger. He grabs my arms and drags me into the house. I cry in a muffled voice, "I'm sorry. It won't ever happen again. You don't have to do this." He slaps me, and I fall on the lamp. My antidepressants roll off the table and onto the floor. I pick them all up in a scattered pattern and quickly run to my room before my father can lay another finger on me. I cry on my floor and look at a picture of my mom and dad before the divorce. I used to blame myself for their divorce until I realized he was the problem. My mother left my father because he was an alcoholic psychopath who was too arrogant to ask for help.

Hours pass, and I still lay on the floor, neglecting my studies and homework only to hear a peculiar knock on my window. I look outside to see Henry, and so many questions

run through my mind. I quickly run to the door and lock it, just in case my father tries to apologize for his idiotic and animalistic manner. I grab my jacket and hop out the window. Henry is wearing a camouflage army jacket that is too big for him with a light brown boot. We run as far away from my house until we're in a woodland area. Trees surround us and the moon shines its beautiful light on Henry's face. He pulls out a cigarette from his pocket and I turn away.

"Cancer is a thing you know?" I say to Henry as he searches for a light.

He walks closer to me and unbuttons my bow tie and says, "Overthinking is a thing you know?" He smiles and drops his lighter. I pick it up and the color of it is red.

"Are you just going to leave a guy hanging?" he says. My fragile pale fingers don't have enough strength to get the lighter to work, but for once the universe is on my side and the lighter works. I put the lighter back in his pocket and walk towards flashing signs, and he follows.

We eventually end up at a 7/11, and we go inside to get drinks. He gets a Pepsi Slurpee mixed with Mountain Dew and slides numerous bags of Cheese Puffs in his jacket. Not only is he an odd one, but he's a shoplifter too!

"Put it back, Henry, or I'll tell the clerk!" I whisper to him. He then slips a pack of cigarettes in my pocket and walks out the store. I pay for the Slurpee and hurry out the store as well.

"Are you crazy? We both could have gotten arrested!" I holler at him.

"I technically am crazy Mr. Bow Tie," he replies. I giggle and start to walk back home until suddenly Henry throws his Slurpee and starts running towards the highway.

I run after him, his short blondish pink hair pushes back with every steps he takes. I barely catch up to him. Before I can grab his arm, he stands on a bridge ready to jump. My throat swells up and words cannot even come out.

"THE SHADOW KEEPS FOLLOWING ME!" he yells at me.

"Please calm down, I can make the shadow go away," I reply in a soothing mother's voice.

I take baby steps over to him and gently grab his hips to get him down. We lay on the bridge, and I stroke his hair as he holds my arm. We walk to my house, and he sneaks in through my window, too. He unzips his coat, and all the Cheese Puffs that he stole flop down on my floor. I laugh and hear my father coming towards my door, and I quickly hide Henry in my closet. I open the door and there he is holding a pizza. I grab the pizza, slam the door and lock it.

It's 1:00 am and my crush is at my house, and we're eating pizza and stolen snacks. What could better than this? Henry comes out the closet and lays in my bed while feeding each other pizza. We clean our hands and just hold each other.

"I'm not going to see you for a while Ethan," he whispers in my ear.

"Why? I thought we were getting somewhere!" I blurt out.

He replies, "In order to love you, I need to get better because I truly love you."

He lifts his head from my shoulder and kisses me.

Maybe we all have to get better.

Summer
Calvin Adam

Swimming in Lake St. Clair
We would go anywhere
From the DYC to Algonac
Always getting sidetracked
From Cedar Pointe to Metro beach
There was no where we couldn't reach

Fishing all day
Until we had to go away
Staying up all night
Until we saw the daylight

Running up and down the docks
And not even wearing socks
Splinters in my feet
All in the summer's heat



Untitled, Calvin Adam

Untitled
Keagan Flynn

There's a poem
In the wind,
In his hollow home
the poet spinned.

It told the story
Of the boy who cried wolf,
The one who was scared,
The one who never dared.

Smart, they called him,
But filled to the very brim
With sadness and nervousness,
It tore him apart.

He doubted himself
And his place in his art;
He took away his credit,
Displaced his heart.

Convinced finally
That he had found love,
He tore apart the notes
Written by his true dove.

The questions they ask
He hears but can't answer.
He trembles all night.
Fear grows like a cancer.

Afraid to step out
Into the honest abyss
Where people find shelter
As they all take risks.
He wrote the world a poem,
the world he loved dearly,
Not to tell it anything
But to set his mind clearly.

Judgment, he expects

But truth is all he ejects
And in his mind where he does all wrong
It truthfully composes into a beautiful song
That he can't see but will always be
And that’s the irony of what it means to be me.

I go on with tender hopes.
A loving soul
I seek to grow.
Can I do it? I do not know,
But I will not be dragged
By my mind's undertow.

There's a fright
Lying in everyone's mind,
They rethink things
And rewrite their own lines,

But I'm not afraid
To say my truth,
Faults and all,
From my disdainful youth.

The white haired girl
That I came to love
Put an arrow through me,
It was the most powerful shove.

I mourned,
I mourned,
I mourned.

I wrote and cried
About how I thought I had died,
But in fact it was birth
And I slowly found Earth.

I looked at the trees,
The skies,
The water,

The wind,
The people,

The lives,
Then I shuddered.

Here I was,
Alive at last,
But what it already done?
Why so fast?

I distracted myself
In drugs and delusions,
Sacrificing reality
For demanding illusions.

When I finally saw
What could be real
I jumped into it fast,
I thought it was a steal.

What I took
Was clearly not life,
instead I found a tablet
telling me of my strife.

"You shall not take,
You shall not think,
You shall not push
This mind to the brink."

Here I must be
To set myself free,
away from the nervousness,
C'est la vie.

This is courage.

Not to be a knight
Putting on shining armor,
But to take it all off
Still fight
And to know you're a ship
That now rests in a safer harbor.

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