

INSCAPE

literary magazine

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2014 – 2015

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Michael Peterson
Joshua Piepszowski
Karl Rimelspach
AJ Rowe
Casey Spagnuolo
Alex Wiegel
Jake Zelinski*

* indicates a Senior Team Leader

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* indicates artwork

I Hear Detroit Singing
Tim Johnson

I hear Detroit singing, the glorious songs I hear,
Those of the factory workers, each singing from his assembly line,
The Policemen, singing will keeping us safe late at night,
The construction worker singing what he builds, the cook singing as he cooks,
The teacher's song, the bank teller's on his way to work in the morning,
And the beautiful singing of U of D students while they are working hard in the class room,
Or while they are out on Pledge Detroit, making this great city even more magnificent,
Each singing what belongs to him: Detroit
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs



Detroit Trains, Vincent Rever

Resurrecting Detroit
Luciano Marcon

A long, long time ago...
A settlement was built by the French
It would go through struggles
But would not stop till its desire for greatness was quenched.

Nothing could stop it
For its people would not quit.
Just like Woodward
The people kept moving forward.

There was no doubt a long wait
Quickly though did Detroit get some of the spotlight
And the rewards continued to be great,
Old Détroit was shining bright.

Soon the city wept too many tears.
The city was torn apart one by one
The blood of blacks and white were smeared
Until the city could handle no more and was done.

Thanks to people moving to the suburbs like Bloomfield and Northville
Detroit went from making dough
To hardly having a couple of bills
The city hit its low.

People don't want to say good-bye
So the mighty Spirit of Detroit holds open the gate,
Its heroes wipe away Detroit's tears
And the city starts to rebuild bit by bit…It will be restored to greatness, but we just have to wait.

Falling
Jack Bodien

Steps clacking
Boots clicking
Skis sliding
Chairlift swaying
Eyes surveying
Mind preparing
Lungs inhaling
Mouth exhaling
Pause.
Muscles tensing
Arms pushing
Wind blowing
Adrenaline pumping
Poles planting
Body shifting
Skis carving
Eyes focusing
Legs bending
Ice crackling
Powder swooshing
Pause.
Edges slipping
Balance failing
Heart skipping
Body flailing.
Falling.



Snow
Jack Ploucha

Cold White Flakes Falling
So Unique Yet So Simple
No Two Are The Same



Untitled, Calvin Adam



Untitled, Neil Jain

Escape
Weston Matthews

Endless are the nights of ponder.
When I sat in wonder.
Thoughts.
That came over me at dusk.
Why was I trapped in shadows?
I was no person.
A slave with masters; giants.
But I had the voice.
A voice that said break away.
Run.
Run to what is free.

Realism
Mark Thibault

Life is one giant game
many moves and strategies,
setbacks and losses
life's a game of survival,
you've just got to learn to play



Untitled, Calvin Adam

Tears of Life
Anonymous

In the sky world the people lived and were free. There was no hunger, no cold, and no death.

One day, a young woman from the village journeyed out into the woods searching for flowers to make a nice necklace. The young Abedabun found a body that would not wake. Not knowing what to feel Abedabun began to cry. She cried for seven days and seven nights. Abedabun's tears soaked through the ground to the place that we know as our home.

At the end of the seven days and night Abedabun wrapped the body in deerskin and began to burry it beneath the sky world. Abedabun's hole was too deep and the body fell through. In the tears the body floated and a magical light began to shine and thus the body was given life once more.

The man cried out to Abedabun "Let me up, let me rejoin my people."

Abedabun worried at what the other sky people might do so Abedabun decided that she would make the new world livable for the man. Abedabun raced back to the village where she asked for fire. When asked why, she said, "The fire is to bring light to a world dark and without warmth." The village elders decided that this was just and so they granted her the fire.

With fire in tow Abedabun threw the fire down the hole creating the sun.

The world now had warmth, but was lacking life.

Abedabun called out to the animals offering them the chance to change their names if they were to go live in the new world. Buffalo was the first animal to go down to the new world, but he was angry.

Buffalo said to Abedabun, "This world has light and water, but no land for me to run and eat"

Abedabun knew he was right and asked swallow to carry down the oak seed.

Swallow agreed and carried down the seed, the power of the tears allowed the oak to grow tall and strong. The roots grew out far and wide creating the land we now call earth.

In the sky world more people fell into an endless sleep and so as Abedabun did with the other people as she did for the man she wept for seven days filling the lakes and seas in the new world with her tears.

Abedabun looked down at her work from the sky world and decided that it was good, she danced with great pride and joy that she burst into millions of pieces. These pieces are the stars that we see each night. Abedabun looks down upon us smiling at her work each night.

Out in Nature
Michael Gassen

Out in nature,
The day is longer
And many times,
We feel stronger.
To be alone
In such a place,
Fills our souls with grace.
But now,
As the day ends
We must say goodbye
To our woodland friends.



Yellowstone National Park, Ian Wilson



Grand Canyon of Yellowstone, Ian Wilson

Words Heard
Anonymous

Easy
Impossible
Stupid
Essential
Enlightening
Grueling
Empowering
Draining
Life
Prison
Heaven
Hell
School?



Untitled, John Downey

O Teacher My Teacher
John Regis

O Teacher! my Teacher! our fearful course is done,
The kids have weather'd every rack, the grade we sought is won,
The summer is near, the bells I hear, the people all relieving,
While follow eyes the steady lean, the grades grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the desk my Teacher lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Teacher! my Teacher! rise up and hear your students;
Rise up—for you the grade is won—for you the colleges praise,
For you rewards and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the hallways a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Teacher! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the desk,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Teacher does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The grades are achieved safe and sound, its course closed and done,
From fearful course the good grade comes in with object won;
Exalt O students, and praise our teacher!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the desk my Teacher lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The Frog Who Jogs
Karl Rimelspach

One day, while looking through the fog
A man stiffened with morning grog
He saw the most unusual sight
At once he began to write
The man wrote a prologue
About a frog
This frog was in the fog
It seems to have been out on a jog
It stopped its journey on a log
On its way to the bog
It wasn't a pig, but it was a road hog
The man, stricken with confusion
Doubted that it could be proven
That what he saw wasn't a mirage
So he went out to his garage
And called the loony bin
They picked him up in a car made of tin
He was looking pretty pale
Not tan at all
He hasn't been seen since
Nor has he been able to convince
Any of the other girls named Ruth
What he saw might have some truth



Why Hello There!, John Hale

The Boys are Back
Matt Burr and Amir Mashni

No one thought we'd be here,
But then we released J-Smoove.
Now we are winning tons of games,
And are in a pleasant groove

Tommy Gores is really happy
And so is SVG
People filling up the stands
And it really pleases me

Brandon Jennings is playing better
As he leads his team to the top
Moose and Dre are balling
There is no team we can't stop

First we beat the Pacers
Then LeBron and his Cavs
Orlando, New York, Sactown
San Antonio and the Mavs

Hey you Hawks,
You better watch out
We're coming for you in first place
And we are not taking any timeouts

Thoughts of a Teenage Batman
Matt Lujan

Though I stand strong
I am so weak.
I have done wrong.
I fail to speak.

I know my name,
But who am I?
I have a flame,
But I've been so shy.

I'm lost for words
So I just write.
I want my voice to be heard
With power and might.

I've worked so hard
And I still do,
So lift the bar
And inspire anew.

I try to stand
Against what is wrong,
But how will I understand
When society's too strong?

We look to those
With pretty faces,
Lots of money, and expensive clothes.
We see them as graces,

But what of the poor
And the struggling?
The insecure
And the crumbling?

Who will fight for the defenseless
And the bullied?
We cannot use vengeance
And anger fully.

And so I fight
For those in need.
I have some spite
From my past indeed,

But how can I fight
When I still doubt myself?
How do I know I'm right?
How can I ever tell?

And so I laugh at these words
For thinking thoughts so deep.
And I think I've learned
To finally get them to speak.

And I try to inspire
As many as I can
To work for the good of others
And their fellow man.

I still believe
There is good in this world.
The concept is hard to conceive.
To some, it is absurd.

So please, please believe
In all that you are.
Your words, thoughts, and ideas
Can take your character quite far.

Johnny Xavier
John Regis

I went up and down the halls
Here and there by class and break,
Through all hours of the break caring for the grades that were hurt
Do you know why?
My teacher hated me, my friend went to the dogs.
And I turned to the classmates and poured out my
love to them.
Sweet it was to see the students about the halls
on the day of my expulsion,
And hear them murmur their love and sorrow.
But oh, dear God, my hands trembled, scarcely able
To hold to the railing of the new school
When I saw one student behind the lockers
At the door,
Hiding himself, and his grief!



Air Soldier, Brendan Roarty

Toys
Gabriel Bulluck

I picked up my cousin from his day care
And waited in his room as he used the bathroom
I saw the chewed up toys on the ground
I saw the splattered pant on the wall
I saw everything
On the toys, I noticed the teeth marks on the heads
I noticed the permanent smile on all the toys faces
Wondering if the child had a permanent smile while playing with the toy
I looked at the toys and I remembered my own
How they were missing legs and arms from when I would throw them up against the wall
Unaware of what I was doing and not caring about what would happen to the toy
I wished so much to be a child again
For my mind not to be cluttered by the worries of everyday life
To be carefree and happy, playing with my toys

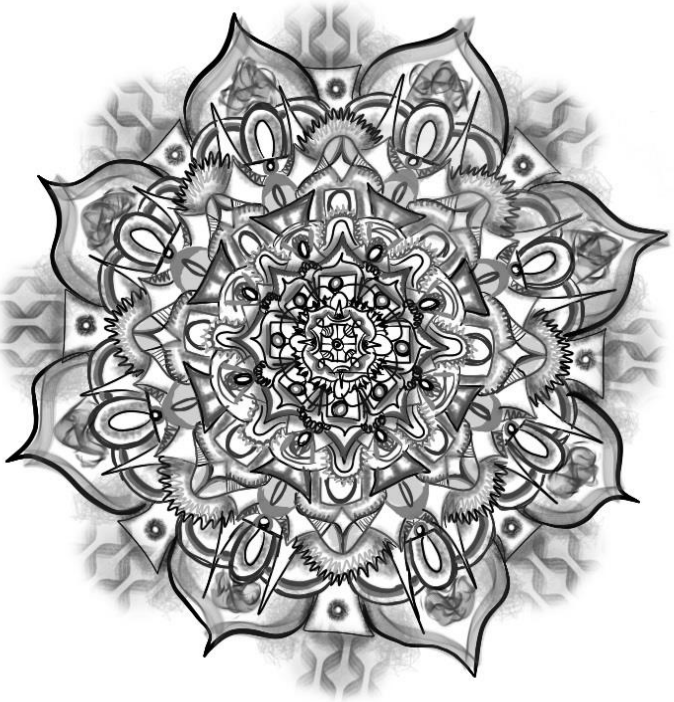
O Teacher, My Teacher!
Zachary Kennedy

O Teacher! My Teacher! our dreaded semester is done, the class has pushed every nerve, yet the lessons we sought have been done, the weekend is near, I hear the school bell cheer, and the students shouting, "WINTER BREAK! WINTER BREAK!"; But O Heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red pen, where on the desk lay my essay, marked with scorn and dread. O grade! my grade! rise up and see the future; Rise up – for my grade is posted for my parents to see and puncture.

The Maze

Noah Zielinski

I open the book
All I see are lines
Words all bundled together
It's hard to see what the word is. Where the word is
Focus Focus
My eyes get heavy it's hard to keep them open
Major headaches
It's a huge struggle to stay awake
Push through
Keep on reading
I just want to fall asleep. Pain.
Some days I don't open up a book
I still see bunch of lines
Need relief. Glasses.
The glasses look like sunglasses
But they are not.
When I put them on they help me see
Colored lenses. Clarity.
Through these filters I can finally find my way through the maze,
Irlen
This is called Irlen
It's a form a dyslexia
The real name for it is Scotopic Sensitivity Syndrome
I have very sensitive eyes to lights
This is Irlen





The One Sketch, Nicholas Pez



Badlands National Park, Ian Wilson

The Way You Rock My Gypsy Soul
Leonard Froehlich

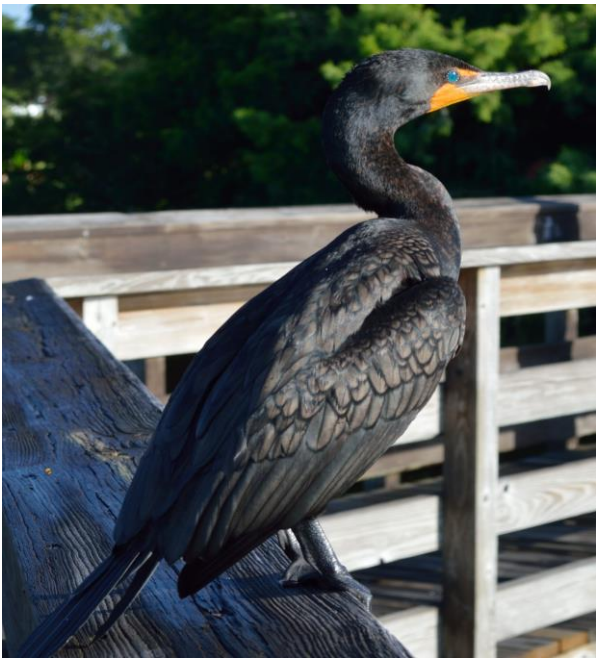
The way you move
The way you dance
You hold my mind in a trance
You trick me so
That I don't know
If you and I should sway so low
You take control
And burn my coal
The way you rock my gypsy soul

Sounds of Life
Ian Kennedy

Hear the sounds of a newborn
Though crying they are adorned
So fragile they do not scorn
Only love

Her the sounds of marriage
Some express disparage
But most have the courage
To share everything with someone else

Hear the sounds of death
Where you have your last breaths
And hopefully you use them wisely



Bird, Nathan Archambeau



Tire Swing, Vincent Rever

Alley on 23rd Street
Frankie Andreu

They sat, begged, waited
By the alley on 23rd street
Sat on the wall they lined up
Rattling the half-filled cup
The grocery carts right around the corner
Years passed with no change
The same still at that spot
By the alley on 23rd street
Sitting, begging, waiting



Untitled, Kyle Delaney



Grand Teton National Park, Ian Wilson

Nothing Good Can Last
Nicholas Arceci

Nothing good can last
A once free bird has fallen
A mine has run dry
The toys we all know
Will break over time
The leaves turn brown,
And die on the ground
Nothing gold can stay
Nothing good can last



Caribbean Waters, John Hale

Lend a Hand
Gabriel Bulluck

If you see someone lost,
Lend a hand
If someone drops their books,
Lend a hand
If someone forgot a pencil,
Lend a hand
If someone's feeling down,
Pick them up
If someone's being stupid,
Let them know
If someone's struggling,
Help them out
Because that's what men for others do.

The Cold Winter's Night
Matt Lujan

He left the house while the festivities continued on without him. He needed to get out. This feeling inside his heart refused to be ignored. He laced up his heavy snow boots, donned his toggle coat and cap, and walked out into the cold winter night. Street lamps lit the virgin snow in a bright, iridescent shine on each and every lawn on his street. He loved to admire the beauty of the snow. It helped him think.

He was a deep thinker. He thought about everything, often in an overly philosophical way. Lately, this new, fiery emotion was consuming him. He was just a young man. Not even a college graduate. He was at a loss. He wasn't sure if he just desperately wanted to love someone, or if he was utterly depressed and lonely. The cold air blew snow across his view. He thought about how the twisted snow in the air reflected the swirling feelings in his heart and mind. He thought that he had loved a girl. She was beautiful. His heart always melted when she laughed. Or when she smiled her beautiful radiant smile. Or whenever her eyes twinkled.

Yet, he was disgusted by himself. She had a boyfriend. He tried so hard to forget her. He figured that he should just be a gentleman and move on, but he couldn't. The little things that she never even noticed about herself were the things that kept making him fall harder and harder for her. He also hated himself because he felt that he was loving with his eyes. Whenever he admired her physical beauty, something in his mind called him a bad man. He tried so hard to build a good friendship with her. And at a point, it seemed that he had. But

for one day, she played and joked with him. The next, she was quiet and reserved toward him.

He had always been a hopeless romantic. Where other men cared about sexual appeal, he cared about who a girl was on the inside. People often complained that he was too emotional, or too brooding at times. It was in those moments that he questioned himself for his true personality and why it felt like he couldn't begin to understand his prison of a mind.

The snow continued to freeze his face, but he didn't notice. He was lost in thought, once again. He often wasted his nights reading, especially quotes. He'd spend hours searching books just to find a quote that described exactly how he felt. He hated himself for trying to please everyone. He hated that he always tried to see the best in people, even when he knew the world was a damn cold place. He hated that he still loved every girl that broke his heart. Maybe he wanted to find someone to love him, because he couldn't love himself.

He stopped to look up at the sky. If was a clear night.The stars were all shining so radiantly bright against the dark blue heavens. He loved to ponder the thought that the one he was meant to be with was still out there, in that great big world. He had so much to give. He often thought about all the things he'd love to do to make the right person happy. He'd especially love to lay under the stars with her. Just to lay in the warmth and serenity of a summer's night in blissful silence with the one he loved. He wanted more than anything a real, passionate, long-lasting relationship with someone he truly loved.

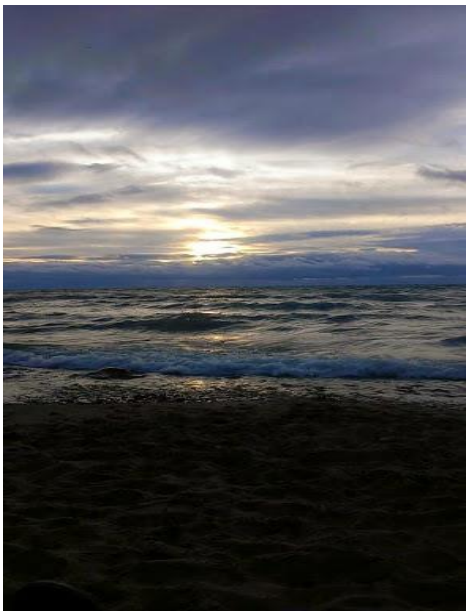
He found himself standing all alone in the middle of a snow-covered street. He didn't know where he was or where he was headed. He just knew that he was all alone. All alone with nothing but the cold whistle of the cold wind on the cold winter night. He stood all alone in that street. He was alone, but he didn't want to be.



Icicle, Nathan Archambeau

The Candle
Grant Lehmkuhl

The candle burns with the light of the sun
And illuminates the room
And with it the men, sleeping in the bunks that line the walls
Ready to fight if the time comes
The king, the king! They shout with ardor
The tyrant has tricked us!
These shouts come from the loudness of the scarred and beaten boots
That sit next to the empty bunk
And the rest of the boots that sit next to the bunks up and down the room
Where the candle now comes to rest as its owner does the same
For the fighting is almost over, and these are soldiers who have seen
More than they supposed they would
When they signed to serve their notion of a country
And as the candle grows old and faint
The soldiers become clearer and clearer
Like the slaves they once spat at
But not for much longer
For darkness reigns



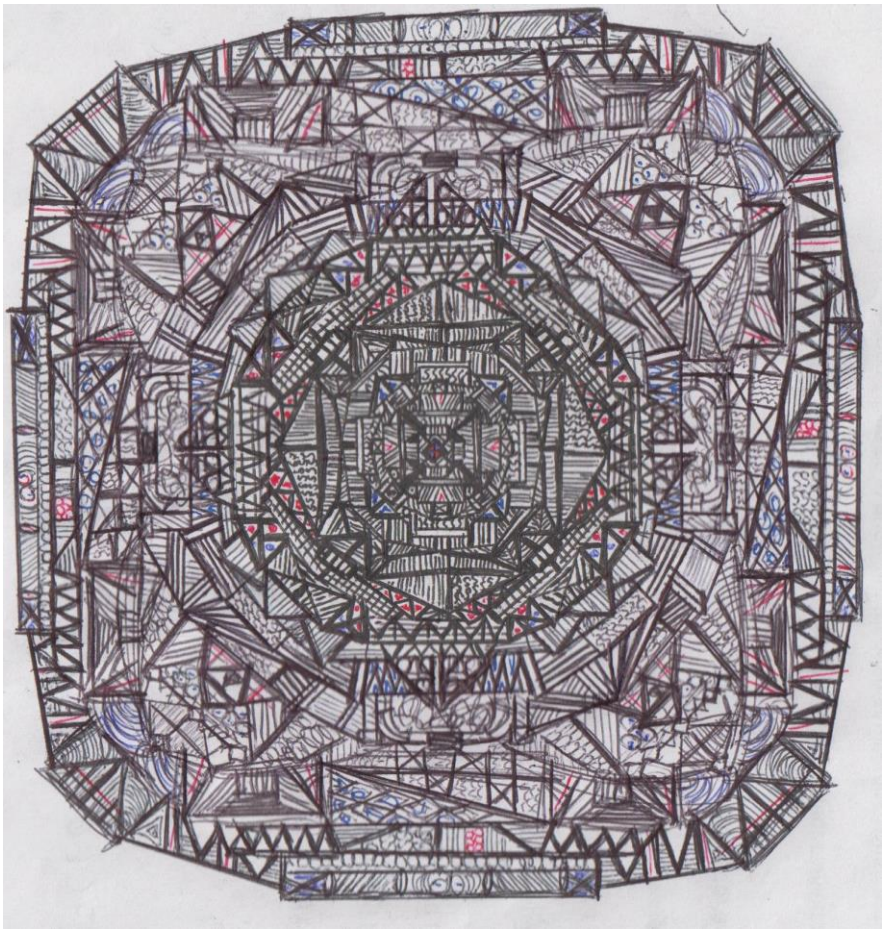
Untitled, Calvin Adam

Ol' Glimmer
Weston Matthews

Ol' Glimmer!
Most beautiful
I admire you so
I think I shall sit at the dock
and watch your sparkle,
that is so brightly lit
under the summer rays.
So beautiful that
Nature's animals cling to you
like the child to mother.
I shall gaze upon your reflection,
of the clouds and sky
that hovers about you,
glancing at your beauty.
Ol' Glimmer!
So dazzling
that even the sun itself
reaches down to caress you.
Ol' Glimmer!
Most beautiful
How I love you so.

A Student Said, Who is Sheri?
Sean Schaefer

A student said, Who is Sheri? asking it with glossy eyes;
How could Mr. Davidson answer him?.... Sheri is so many things.
Sheri is bae. The one that comes before anyone else.
Sheri is a sister of AXΩ. A sister under the Panhellic association.
Sheri is a teacher. An educator for her admiring students.
Sheri is a wife. A companion to a lucky man.
Sheri is a symbol of admiration. Admired by U of D students all around.
Loved among sophomores and among freshmen.
Sheri is love, Sheri is life.



Untitled, Liam Conlan

Realization
Joshua Duffy

As I traveled up and down the corridors
and realized that part of me had died here a year before
through all the friendship I had bestowed
I had only been awarded with a simple code
one which had brought me to the thought
that this was not to be as it ought
I remembered the hatred and embraced the antagonists
who had once considered me a powerful protagonist
I looked at all the old faces,
and did not feel a glimmer of hatred
I remembered the old life and smiled,
thinking this would not need to be reconciled



Lahaina, Maui, Ian Wilson

She Says
Daniel Toal

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, She says.
For if we walk by faith and not by sight,
She says our path will never be led astray.
And if we manage to bear the hard times of this land,
She says we will have eternal happiness that's all according to His plan.

But what comes when the valley gets too deep,
Or I want to open my eyes and see the world around me?
Is it wrong to ask for happiness I want now, or to even question the good book as a shroud of lies?

She says I'll be turned away from the gates when the moment comes to meet my maker,
And sent to a place where I'm always too close to the fire.
She asked for me to abandon who I am,
But what more can I be than what I am?



Midway Geyser Basin, Ian Wilson

A Love Poem…
Anonymous

To my love:
The glow you emanate into my life is unlike any other.
You make me smile.
You make me cry.
You bring out the best in me.
You bring out the worst in me.
You are me.
I am you.
If only we could spend the whole day together,
Every day of our lives.
Society tells me no.
My mother wants me to end this.
She doesn't understand.
What we have is real.
So what if you take precedence over all my other obligations?
For whatever mood I find myself in,
You're always there for me to see.
So thank you, my dearest Netflix, for being there for me.
Ily.

Happiness
Tim Johnson

A person's favorite emotion is happiness,
And also his hardest emotion to keep,
He can start out happy,
But only for a minute,
Then happiness subsides to anger,
Just as a dream of Heaven can sink to a nightmare of Hell,
So Day goes to Night,
Nothing shiny and golden can keep from becoming rusted and pale.



The Little House, Nicholas Pez

The Flipside
Luciano Marcon

A Coyne flips,
Twisting and twisting until it takes a hit.

The Coyne is heads up,
Life is good.

The Coyne is tails up,
Life is still good.

The Coyne is flipped,
It twists and twists until it is about to fall into the hand,
Yet a hand takes the Coyne for its time is done.
The hand calls the Coyne into its bank to live amongst the other coins.

It is not a time to threat,
For the Coyne has spent years doing the will of the hand.
While one may tear,
It is important to keep in mind that the Coyne is always with us.



Yellowstone National Park, Ian Wilson

A Leap of Faith
Kiernan Bloye

A leap of faith,
Pushing the poles into the snow,
A steep free fall,
Cutting the skis into the powder.

An obstacle course,
Avoiding ice, trees, and people,
A joy ride,
Cruising free of inhibition.

A break in action,
Waiting to get back onto the lift,
A long ride up,
Awaiting the next chance to fly.



Grand Canyon of Yellowstone, Ian Wilson

Mockery
Grant Lehmkuhl

The men mock the child
Who cannot do what they can
On an ordinary child's back
Whereon such tasks were never meant to be placed
But the child does not faze
The child does not back down, the child faces the tasks
The tasks presented to the child
Are not daunting to him as he runs the gauntlet
Swinging axes, locked doors
Roaring lions, trapped floors
The axes they swing, the child is too short
The doors so cleverly locked, the child is too smart
The lions they roar, but become complacent with the child
The floors they drop, but the child hangs on
For this child is the smartest child
This child is the One.

One Mind
Derek Greening

One Mind for the Cub's pride
One Mind for the times we cry
One Mind gotta stay alive...I will survive
One Mind for the city streets
One Mind for the hip hop beats
One Mind oh I do believe
One Mind is all we need

Flat Roof, Nicholas Pez



Arizona Sunset, Vincent Rever

Chasing a Dream
Thomas Lennon

Chasing a dream
Chasing a dream that seems impossible
Chasing a dream that seems unlikely
Chasing a dream that requires hardwork
Chasing a dream that requires support
Chasing a dream that requires perseverance
Chasing a dream that requires late nights and early mornings
Hopefully, by the time it's all said and done, it isn't a dream anymore



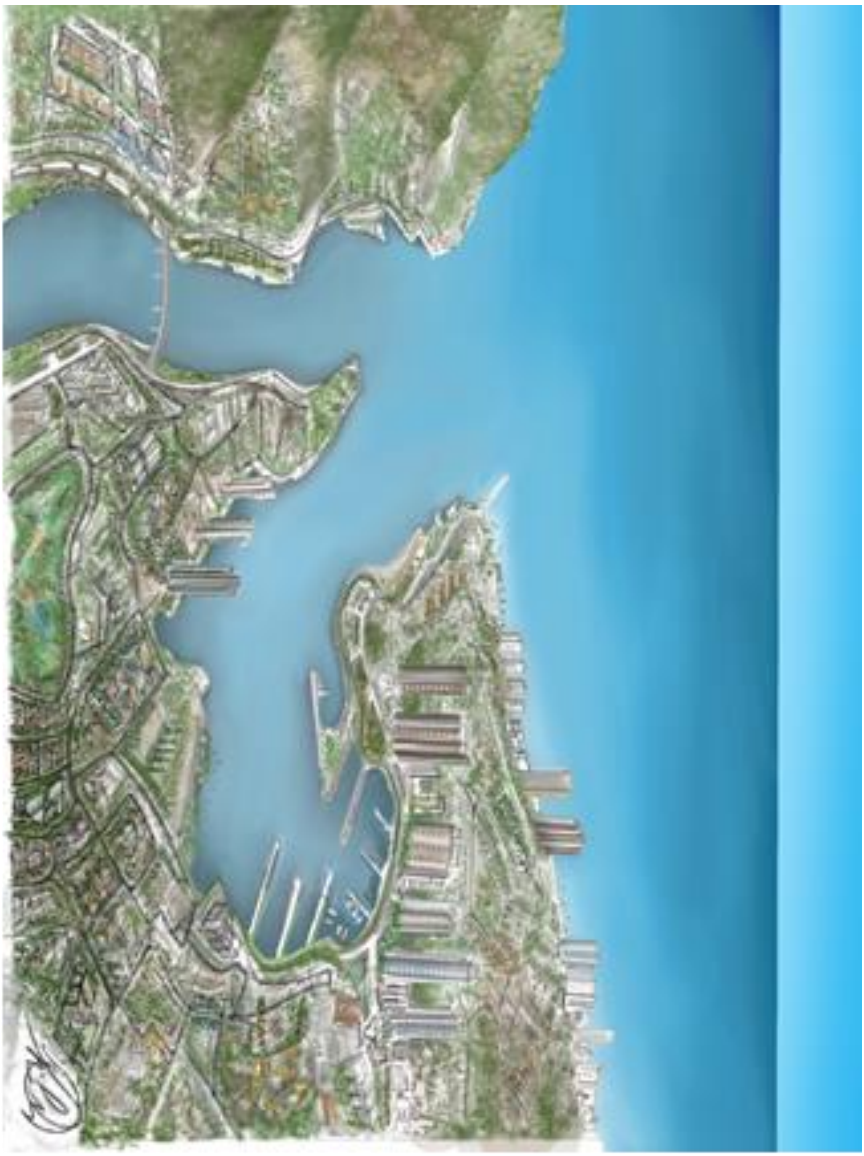
Bees, Nathan Archambeau

Seasonal Transitions
Maxim Denomme

Snow falling,
Critters crawling,
Birds migrate,
Bears hibernate,
Keep in mind
The sun won't shine.

Snow glistening,
Children listening,
Plows scraping,
Clouds escaping,
Sun shines through,
Oh! What a view!

Spring is coming,
Birds are humming,
Children cheer,
But with no fear,
For winter is gone,
And spring has come along.



The Settlement, Nicholas Pez

Procrastinating Teens
Charlie Bonser

Due tomorrow, do tomorrow
Tonight, they'll do other things with no sorrow
When the bell rings
They'll put away their things
School, eat, sleep
Doing homework would be such a leap
Tick, tock
There goes the clock
When its time for bed, they lay down their heads
Little thought will be given to the work they didn't do
Whatever, sleep is good for you
An hour before, no problem
Adults and teachers can't stop them



Untitled, Alex Wiegel

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