

The Quill



The Literary Magazine of St. Ignatius College Preparatory 2008

THE QUILL 2008 IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED TO
BROTHER DOUGLAS DRAPER, S.J.

Dear Reader,

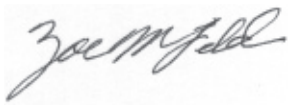
The modern world pulses with impatience. Letters have been replaced with email, books with web pages, community with cyberspace. Today's world routinely chooses entertainment over art because we are in a hurry, and art just takes much too long to understand.

However, despite our craving to flow with the fast moving waters of an impatient world filled with microwavable fast-food choices, our desire for art remains ingrained in our humanity. Our responses vary from person to person, medium to medium, theme to theme. A romantic Shakespearean sonnet can elicit starry-eyed nostalgia from one reader and plain boredom from another. Despite evoking different responses, all great art touches the soul; it grabs it, lifts it, caresses it, and sometimes even shakes it violently. Yet, for art to do this, it demands equal effort from its audience. It requires a specific type of spiritual interpretation, but most importantly, it requires patience.

The Quill 2008 is for you, the students and members of the St. Ignatius community, and diversity of subject and style ensures that the artistic voices in these pages will be heard. We created this edition with the intent that these works will stir your conscience, galvanize your imagination, and tickle your heart.

The Quill invites you to throw away your impatience. Embroidered on these next few pages, you will find locked behind ink a spectacular assortment of voices. These pages are the instruments of many different artists—the creators of SI. Slow down, rub each piece between your fingers, dig deep, and pluck at its soul. You have all the time in the world.

The 2008 issue of *The Quill* patiently extends its hand. Enjoy.



Zoe Feld
Editor-in-Chief



Chris Warner
Editor-in-Chief

Cover: Art *Sybil* • Corinne Ankenbruck-Keogh '09
Pencil

The Quill • 2008

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Music • Ryan Geraghty '08
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Carole Nickolai, English Department Chair

To the S.I. Community:

Every May, St. Ignatius students look forward to picking up a copy of *The Quill*, and this year certainly will be no exception. Despite changes in student contributors, editorial boards, and moderators, our school literary magazine has remained a steady reminder of the tradition of artistic talent at St. Ignatius. As you peruse the pages, you will see familiar topics: love, self-image, life, humor, loss, and our world. The stories, poems, and art in *The Quill* reflect concerns that appear in most every edition. Yet, each piece brings a new twist, a “2008-take,” on how our student body grapples with the issues of today. Ultimately, these pieces reflect the ways in which our contemporary world has impacted our student body. This issue of *The Quill* will in turn leave its mark upon many in the SI community.

This year two other individuals who have left their mark upon our SI community will transition from their traditional roles on campus. Principal Charlie Dullea will retire from that position and increase his teaching time in the English classroom where he will no doubt inspire future writers for *The Quill*. Also, Brother Douglas Draper will retire as Dean of Students. An institution unto himself, Brother has encouraged students to face the challenges and temptations of a confusing world with integrity and honor; some of those experiences are reflected herein. We applaud these individuals and the way they have helped build an environment at SI that fosters the creativity so profoundly expressed within these pages.

Please join me in thanking the hundreds of students who submitted their work for publication, *The Quill* editorial board for their tireless dedication to producing such a beautiful magazine, and members of the English and Fine Arts Departments for inspiring such talent. I would especially like to thank my co-moderators, Ms. Elizabeth Purcell and Mr. Peter Devine, who daily leave a mark upon me and their students. Without them, this publication would not be possible.

Carole S. Nickolai
Chair, English Department

MAN AND WOMAN

His eyes closed up against the starlight,
bringing his nose to a scrunch
with the sting of his tears.

“Why can’t I see you cry?” she asked.
“Because I’m a man,” he said.
“No you’re not, you’re only seven,” she retorted.
“So?”
“So any man I ever knowed was at least ten.”

He slit one eye open.
The brim glistened.

“Why are you crying anyway?” she asked.
“Man’s business.”

His closed eye twitched.

“You know a man always has a woman,” she told him.
“So? I knew that already,” he said.
“So, the woman always knows why he cries,” she said.

He let the other eye peep
over the rim of his lower lashes.

“Are you my woman?” he asked.
“I suppose so,” she said.

A tear spilled across his freckled cheek
and both his eyes immediately darted shut.

“Buddy’s lost,” he mumbled.

Another hot one dribbled along the slope of his nose.
She watched it,
then caught his slate grey eyes in hers.

“Good thing you told me,” she said.

He crept his sleeve toward his cheek.
Then stopped,
letting the salt slip through his parted lips.

“Why?” he said.
“Because the woman always feeds her man’s dog,” she said.
“Oh,” he said.
“Come home. I’ll make you supper,” she said.

They followed the road,
and the dog’s barks echoed from the porch.

“I gave him a bone, too,” she said.

He dragged his palms across his cheekbones
and his pupils grew,
adjusting in the starlight.

Zea Moscone '08

MY HOME ISN'T A CASTLE IN THE AIR

My home isn't a castle in the air
Like others' may be
Yet its always there
Its always there for me
My home isn't a fixed place
a street number an address
My home doesn't look
Gorgeous or like a mess
My home is in a world
all inside my head
where music plays
before I go to bed
My home is in the black keys,
My home is in the bench
My home is in the ivories
Playing softly in my head
My home can be in a hotel
A restaurant or a bar
My home can be right next to me
It's never really far.
My home is the one place
where no one can get to me
My home is in a place
Where I don't have to see
My home is in music,
lovely fair and strong
When I am at my piano bench
I feel that I belong
My home is in the black keys,
My home is in the bench
My home is in the ivories
Playing softly in my head
My voice may be a good one
I may have sense of rhythm
Drums guitars may be cool for you
I don't care to play any of them
Piano's a kind of magic
And to this kind I'm a key
To release it or to keep it
deep inside of me.
Yet my music can calm anger
My music has brought tears
My music brings joy and happiness
It always releases fears
It's a home into itself
Where I'm brought up on Rock and roll
Like Elton John
And Billy Joel
I don't live in a glass house
I cannot throw stones
Wherever I make music
I will have a home.

Nikos Buse '10

NOTES ON A CHILDHOOD

She ran her fingers lightly over the smooth wood, tracing the shape of the circular bronze knob. In a swift movement, she lifted the cover, revealing 88 ivory keys. Hesitantly, she placed her fingers on the keys in position and quickly played a scale. Melodic notes sliced through the silence, a familiar ring in the air of the room. Encouraged, she played another, the notes sounding stronger and more confident than before. Letting her fingers drop for a moment, she relaxed, feeling the onrush of memories from the past racing towards her. Smiling serenely, she began to play familiar song, inspired by an invoking feeling from years past.

A precious child stirred under a soft fleece blanket, awakening from an afternoon nap with a fluttering of the eyelids and a slight yawn. Distantly beyond the door, a sweet-sounding tune echoed, luring the young one out of the warmth of the blanket towards the source. Stopping at the foot of a towering piano, the child stood gracefully still, transfixed by hypnotic spell of the song. The woman creating the wonderful melody finished with a flourish, turning to smile at the child. "Did you have a nice nap, little one?" she inquired.

Tilting her head slightly to the side, the child replied, "Mommy, do you know how to play that pretty song?"

Laughing at her distracted daughter, she said, "Yes, I do."

"Will you teach me how to play the pretty song? Please Mommy, please?" She begged with wide, starry eyes.

"If you insist." The room filled with shrieks of delight, as the mother stroked her child's hair and lifted her precious gently onto her lap. Pressing a key lightly, she explained, "You start by playing this note here..."

She picked up the melody, blending in harmonies, playing steadily faster and louder as she dove and delved deeper in the memories, her memories.

Music flooded the room, lacing every inch of the room with its transfixing beauty. As the song ended on a resonant chord, the door slammed shut, announcing the presence of another in the home. The child from before, now slightly older, walked in, face caked with dark earth and permanent grass stains weaved in her clothes. Overcome by surprise upon seeing the sight, the mother at the piano bench demanded reason from her daughter. "What happened to you? Did you have a field day at the park?"

Her child simply replied, "I made a new friend today, Mommy."

The mother curiously asked, "What is your new friend like?"

"He's very mean, Mommy! He threw dirt at me!" The child indignantly stated.

Instantly understanding, the mother motioned for the child to sit beside her. "Sometimes, you meet people who aren't very nice. They'll say mean things to you and maybe even hurt you." The mother stood. She hurriedly tended to her child, using a damp white towel to gently rub off the dirt from the child's face. "But it's all right now, you're home."

The notes slowed, fingers lingering just a moment. Her mind stepped back, turning and facing the onslaught of a darker memory.

The same girl stood by the large piano, her figure taller and quivering, her usually bright eyes now wide with fear. She anxiously waited for her mother, cautiously calculating every movement. Even though her mother played the traditional song she always did, the daughter failed to comprehend the music. The woman's fingers rested on the keys as silence penetrated the room once more. Quietly, the woman spoke. "What's wrong, my little one?"

Her daughter bowed her head towards the ground, mumbling, "I'm sorry Mom, I tried my best. My best just wasn't good enough." She brought her hand up, her tense fingers releasing a badly crumpled ball of paper. The woman curiously relieved the trembling hand from its burden and unfolded it. She discovered a bright red "F" at the top of the page. The mother gave a second's pause before reacting. "It's all right."

The child stared blankly back at her, not quite comprehending. "What?"

"It's all right," the woman repeated.

Her daughter furrowed her eyebrows in confusion. "What?"

"You tried your best and you failed. It happens. The important thing is to keep trying and learn from mistakes." The mother gave a loving smile. "Understand?"

The child gazed at her mother thoughtfully before her mouth opened in wide toothy smile and her eyes glazed over in

tears. The woman pulled her precious into a comforting hug, holding the tight embrace until her child turned around and began to play the melody learned so many years ago.

Fueled by her feelings, her trained, agile fingers flew across the keys, gaining speed and momentum, moving forward at rapid speed. She lost herself in the music as she remembered a final scene.

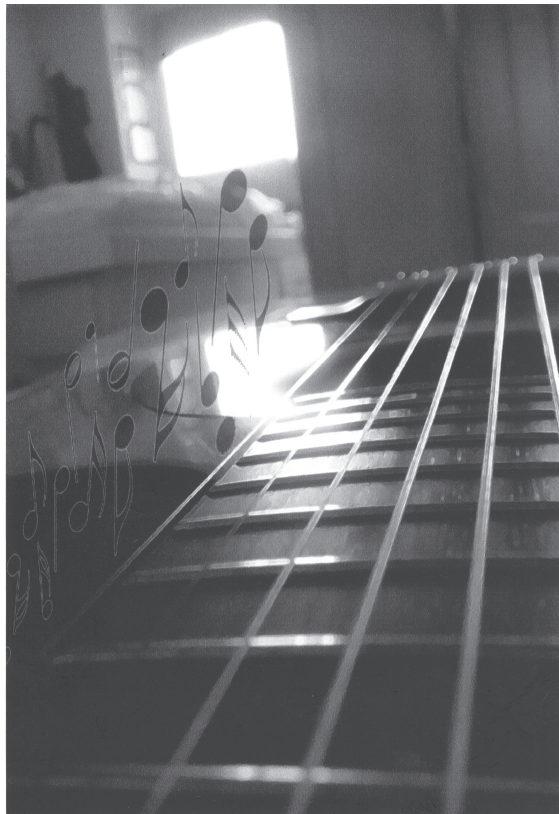
Gingerly gathering her trailing dress and tentatively treading along the hallway, she clenched the rustic doorknob with a white-gloved hand, turning it to reveal an aged woman, eyes filled with tears, playing a recognizable song. The daughter stopped at the base of the piano, the exact place she always stood, and waited for the conclusion before settling herself beside the matriarch on the bench. She turned to her mother and softly whispered, "I'm getting married today."

Her mother gazed at her admiringly, as if seeing her for the first time, before responding. "I'm proud of who you've become." Exchanging smiles, the pair turned towards the piano, as they had done many times before, and began to play. The daughter could not recall any other moment in her life when she heard the music as loud as she did that fateful day.

Her fingers dashed, racing with power. The melody reached its highest point, resounding in the room with energy. Finally, she slowed, bringing the song to a close with a resolute ending note.

Satisfied, she gently covered the lid over the keys and walked away.

Zoe Wong '10



Resonance • Matthew Sarzaba '09
Photography/Digital

POST-MODERN LIVING

A thirsting brain,
I feel it dry, it ripples downward
To every inch until
My throat is oh so thirsty
But water can't wash it off

A thirsting brain,
Dying for pain, dying for action,
Dying to feel anything but the
Lifeless world.
What a lifeless world
Nobody bothers to quench

Thirsting minds,
Their thirsting conscience, dying for something
To feel guilty about
Dying to find someone who isn't all numb

Marienor Madrilejo '09

MY WILLOW

She shoots out long wooden tendrils,
her thirsty roots dig deep.
Anticipating lumber mills,
her willow branches weep.
Although her beauty's unsurpassed,
a hundred shades of brown;
some things are just too good to last.
Soon she will be cut down.
Why you ask is this hellish task
all but spurred on by us?
We now construct the earth's death mask
and no one makes a fuss.

I charge you then, to save the wren
that nests among her leaves.
And if they're both destroyed by men,
acknowledge men as thieves.
Add murder to the list of deeds
that stain their evil souls.
Willow concedes, now all is weeds,
where there were roots - are holes.

But when hope seems to be a loss
My Willow surely dead,
salvation shows amidst the moss
in a dump truck tread.
A tiny little twig appears;
I bury it with care.
I know that in a hundred years
My Willow will be there.

Gabriel Abinante '08

THE UNFORTUNATE TRUTH

Let me teach you the burden, the cross being carried
stay up strong like a soldier no time to get weary,
people fightin' the same war their ancestors did
2 jobs 1 wife a house and one kid
a mortgage a car payment tuition and all this
crammed inside of them seems like a death wish,
bad neighborhoods, gang wars, its all violence
3 gun shots, one life then pure silence,
blood stains the ground drippin from bulletholes,
kids on welfare wear the same clothes
every day, ain't nothin changed in the hood it's all the same
get busy workin or playin the game....
ridin the train of life despite your plight
gotta hustle to live or lose your life...this ain't a joke.....
homeless pushin carts beggin money for drugs
meanwhile the block is hot cuz it's overrun with thugs
but what you gonna do about it...gotta survive
better drop to your knees and thank god you're alive....
immigrants persecuted for workin for a better life
livin in one room shacks sendin money back to their wife
meanwhile their kids are dreamin about the one day that they live in a better place:
a world where people aren't discriminated based on their race
where the water is clean and isn't infested with feces,
where the roofs of their houses are solid and they have shoes for their feet,
where their clothes fit their bodies and they have money to eat
where their bellies aren't swollen and families don't die of HIV,
child labor's breakin backs and only payin in pennies..
while the corporation leaders are cruisin the streets in their Bentleys
Guantanamo Bay torturing prisoners half to death,
dignified human beings in gas chambers with no breath,
Fetuses in jars, eyes closed, morbid, and lifeless,
death penalty supporters claiming to be "pro-lifers",
trillions of dollars spent on a meaningless war,
while children starving for food drop dead to the floor
we live in a world where justice can see,
and in Jena Louisiana nooses hang from a tree,
the world is slowly coming to an end that is imminent,
so pray to god for mercy on that last day of Judgement

Gabriel J. Buck '09

SILV

Three Children she bears
Stayed home a little with each
Then straight off to work
For 15 straight years
The struggle continues

He works at night
Mixing music for the masses
Comes home close to dawn
Drugs available to his delight
The struggle continues

After sometime she can't take it anymore
He leaves, never to return
The tears flow silently
But never in front of the girls
But the struggle continues

The strength of a thousand suns
Permeates her very being and gives her the will to carry on
Her girls need her more than her turmoil does
She rises up like a boxer who has been knocked out
But the struggle still continues

All she wants for her girls is happiness and success
But private education devours the funds of a single mother
No room for anything extra
Personal needs repressed
And the struggle continues

A family that used to be five is now four
No less love, only less pain
No want or need for him to return
The family unity is even more
But the struggle continues

She is the glue that binds them together
Always there to make sure they stick with each other
Through rips, tears, and cracks
Sure the struggle will always continue
But she will always be there to repair
And put them back together through whatever

Rebecca Recinos '08

INNOCENT LIFE

Black thorns protect the innocent red flower inside
Its soul flies as each step stays behind
The body trembles as the green blades sway
Leaning down smelling the earth, I lay
The red silent flower begins to bloom
Departing from black thorns where it was once gloom

Lively child, will you come out today?
I will do whatever it is you say
Your youthfulness blinds me with love
I am your flying dove
Searching and searching
Laughter wakens the noxious silence
The diminutive, fragile stem of rich soil

I know you are scared and afraid
In a world of destruction and pain
You make me go insane
Helping all those whose voices howl among the vacant trees
I let my tears and sorrows flee
Year after year you grow...develop...and lead
My innocent red flower

Sydney Allen '09

THE JOURNEY

It all began
with one man, many years ago
seeking freedom and results that one day would show
his dedication and pride
to get his family to the other side
to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

It all began
with a journey, a long, strenuous trek
forcing himself to put his family in check
to find a place to one day settle down
and get his feet back on the ground
to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

Time goes on
facing struggles amidst the constant thought of strife
hours the length of days in search of a better life
as the journey's end comes near, and pleasant thoughts
arise
sacrifices were made, as well as compromise
to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

It all began
with a path, in which is now complete
the destination desired, an incredible feat
now in the US, a new life to make
a new day is dawning, and they are ready to awake
to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

Time goes on
year by year, generations pass and go
we have learned many lessons but there's still room to grow
the friendships and memories we've made all along the way
will remain by our side, never to fray
all this, to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

It all began
with one man, with a jaunt beyond belief
one that helped his family with an essential sense of relief
the family's new find started with one, simple dream
together they built a needed self esteem
all this, to reach a place of everlasting happiness.

Ricky Solomon '09

METAMORPHOSIS

Dr. Ramirez sat hunched over her desk staring absentmindedly into a small glass jar. It was nearly midnight and the laboratory would be closing in ten minutes. She felt her eyes begin to droop as she continued to gaze at the tiny cocoon that hung suspended by a branch in the flask. She was about to surrender to sleep when a sudden wiggle of the cocoon caused her to sit up. The exhaustion left her like an electric shock.

"Hector! Come quick! It's moving!" The portly Dr. Higgins scuttled into the room and crouched next to her to watch the jar. He seemed more nervous than excited, but Dr. Ramirez was too absorbed in her own excitement to notice. The cocoon was moving! It swayed and twitched and shook until, to both the scientists' amazement, it began to split. A crack of the silk exposed a glittering wing and another crack caused the insect to shed the cocoon altogether. Then, with two tiny flutters, a butterfly stretched its silver wings to glisten under the harsh glare of the lamp.

But something wasn't right.

"Dammit!" cursed Dr. Ramirez as she stood up. "Well, we'll just have to try again. We'll get it eventually." She twisted her dark hair into a bun and took off her glasses. Dr. Higgins had his back to her.

"Hector?" she asked, concerned. "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing, Sylvia," he said quickly. He could not face her, so she grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him around.

"Hector, we've been working together for ten years. You'd think by now I would be able to tell when something wasn't right." He looked at her and broke free of her grasp.

"It's just..." he started, "we failed. Again." Dr. Ramirez relaxed. He was merely discouraged.

"Maybe I should remind you of something, Hector. We are scientists. Failure is part of the process. We are fighting to find an answer, a cure." She thought about bringing up God, but it was silly. She knew Dr. Higgins was an atheist and could never understand her religious devotion to science, a seemingly contradictory combination to most researchers. "Eventually, we will discover it and—"

"When, Sylvia? When will it ever change?!" he yelled.

This caught them both by surprise. He had never yelled at her before. He realized his mistake immediately and turned away.

"I don't know..." she whispered. They stood awkwardly in the dark laboratory for several moments before Dr. Higgins spoke.

"Look, I'm sorry. I can't continue living like this. I'm trapped. We're losing money and I have a family to support—"

"We'll get the funds, Hector—"

"No, no..." He shook his head. "I can't...Look, I meant to tell you sooner..." He walked away from her. He was shaking. "I got a job offer in Pennsylvania. My plane leaves tomorrow morning." This cut her heart so quickly that she had to sit down. Her ears were pounding. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. I had to do it. I need the money. We both do. I suggest you start looking for another job, too. We need to start thinking about the future." Ten years, they had worked together. Ten years. When she didn't respond, Dr. Higgins turned to her one last time. "I can't...you know...the money..." He sighed. It was a long, cold sigh that made them both shiver. "Good-bye, Sylvia." And then he walked away, his footsteps echoing on the tile floor.

She sat for several minutes in the darkness, clutching the crucifix to her neck. She did not understand. All they'd worked for, all those years in the glass-walled laboratory—couldn't he see that they were doing something for the greater good? For God? Where was his faith in science? Where was his faith in himself?

She turned to the butterfly and watched it struggling to break free of the jar. It flapped ferociously against the glass, desperate to escape. She picked up the jar and opened a nearby window. Then, uncorking the flask, she watched as the beautiful little insect caught the night air under its wings and surrendered itself to the wind.

No, Dr. Ramirez thought. I know what's right. I cannot leave. So she returned to her notes to continue her research, expecting failure but praying for a cure.

Chris Warner '08



Enlightenment • Monica Yap '11
Photography

IT DRINKS FROM THE SKY

It drinks from the sky
As the earth cleanses itself
And feeds the hungry souls
Then wipes away regret

Amidst a bleak December
Poignant breathes
Then vicious as a beast
And all is tempest tost

It falls repeatedly
In harmony with stars
Stretches out of reach
In vehemence a child
Following itself back

Breeds life to things unseen
Forbidden fruits bring lust
Many things untouched
Underneath

Kelly Lang '09

BROTHER DRAPER

At first, there was a Brother, grumpy and old,
And at any moment he could become mold.
He knew his students too well, their secrets and tricks.
And knew how to keep the gentlemen off the chicks.
He had a whistle that he would often blow,
To most of the students, it became a show.
He expected cleanliness and order in his school, nothing less,
He would even use his ruler to measure too short of a dress.
You can say he's too strict, but he says he's fine,
To him, there is no point of crossing the line.
You can't steal a cookie, he watches over them too well,
If you tried, by the look on your face, he could surely tell.
There was something to him, that no one dared to test,
For if you did he was bound to be your own pest.
Brother Draper is a man you do not want to make mad,
For if you do, your years in high school will be very bad!

Aileen Falvey '11

STOP

Tick tock tick tock
Time races with the clock
We can never be who we were before
We always strive for something more

We run around in circles
Faster Faster FASTER FASTER
Never resting always moving
Forward

Tick tock tick tock
Time races with the clock
Don't look back now, don't look back
Never veer off of the track

Is there enough time No
Never enough
Too much too rushed
Can't stop.

Drawing out the agony
Speeding past the laughs
Time races with the clock
So make the good times last

Stephanie Kuhn '09

STUDENT WORK

Many deeds, once unforeseen
Lie in my bag, frustrating me:

Long works like passages
Into the mind
Are to be read,
And with them I'll find:

More tasks, more chores
And mysteries unsolved,
Without a break,
Without my resolve.

And still the clock ticks—
The seconds I'm counting
My weariness builds,
Exhaustion surmounting.

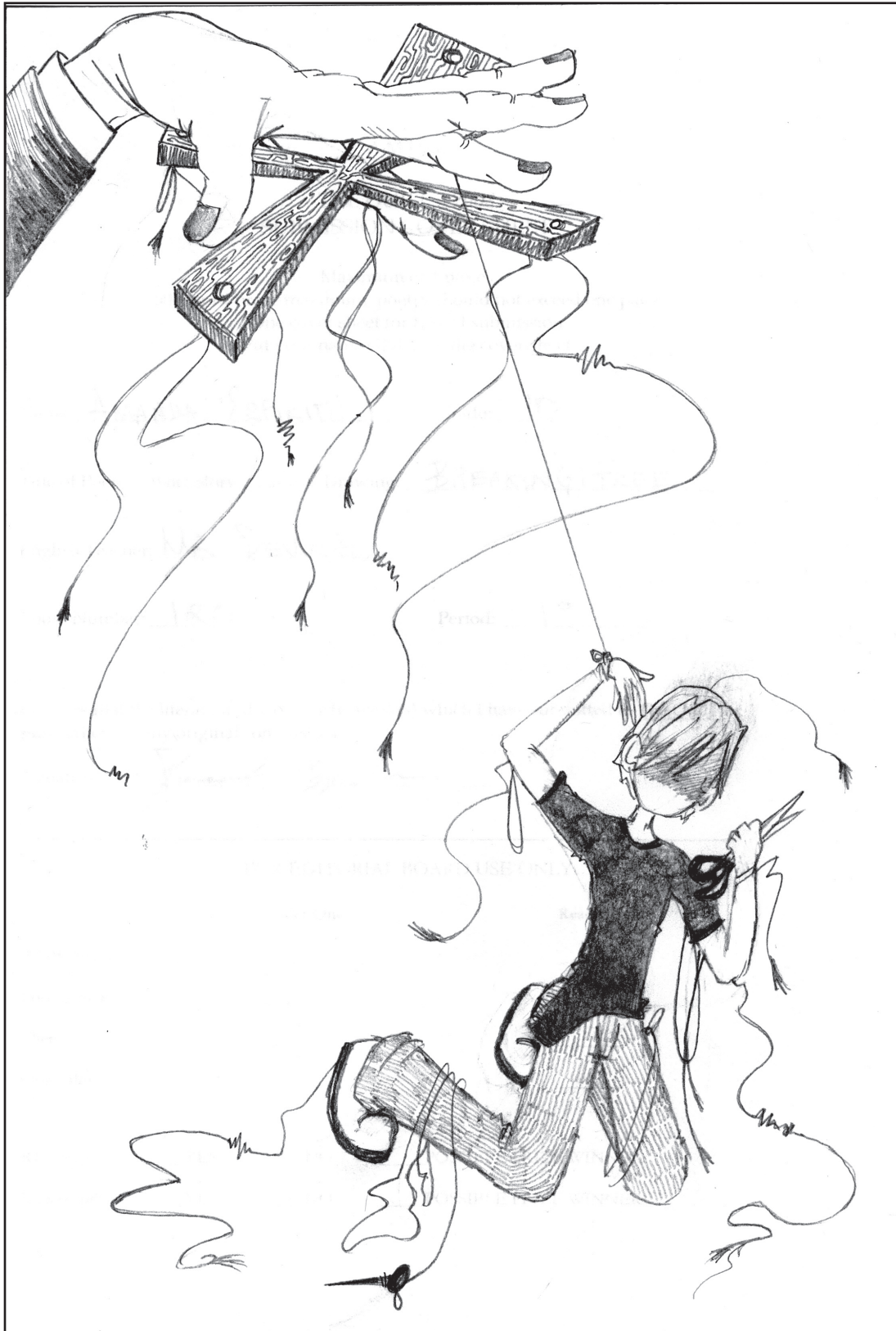
Papers lie scattered,
In pillows I seek peace
Some deeds still undone,
But I've found short release

Buddy Lorentz '11

THE CUT

Sitting in the swivel chair,
The leather pressing up against my rear,
I hear the door swing open
Triggering the tiny bell dangling directly above.
Wearing the black cape to protect my clothes from loose locks,
I watch as the wind pushes the pop princess closer to the clippers.
Whispers and gasps fill the room,
As the stylist sprays hairspray clouding my sight.
Gray, tattered sweatpants, flip flops, and a pink tank top.
Her chipped manicured nails guide the clipper's roar over her head.
White flashes overpower the neon sign reading open,
While more wide-eyed men and women standing outside
Shake the salon's window with their yells.
She shaves her trademark dirty blonde hair to the floor,
But unlike her hair, she's unable to shed anything else.
Cameras still clinging to her car as she drives.
Men still meandering outside her house and around her kids.
Fans frantically calling out for autographs and pictures.
And now another scandal to be plastered on every magazine cover,
And another stepping stone towards total self-destruction.

Kevin Apolinario '08



Breaking Free • Amanda Espiritu '10
Pencil

TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE

She awoke with the fiery orange sun illuminating the glass of yesterday's coffee.
It just doesn't taste as good the second time around but she still drank it down
and ignored the little gagging sound that vocalized her utter disgust at
the way the things are going down.

Lord! The Lord with his wrath ablaze. The state is on fire!
She genuflected in the golden streets with arms held high and cried as gray ash rained down.
Centuries long the volcano stood and for twenty years it brewed, yet now is the time to perish in the molten stew.
Where does she run to when danger avalanches down?

A way away she cannot find.
"Oh Muni will you be so kind
as to provide a surrogate home."
The man in the corner won't leave her alone
even though she has already learned enough from the good Books at school.
She can see his deviant stare though the Plexiglas reflection.
This place is no longer safe; it's time for her to switch lines.

"Do you accept transfers?"
She seeks a seat beside a fellow run away.
In solidarity yet separated by waves of sound
Does Bart sing a sad song too?
No, he rages and rants and revolts.
Punkish premature power provides no comfort.
Final stop. Everyone off.

Stuck at a destination she didn't necessarily intend.
She watches man next to her light a cigarette
and the smoke dances up to her nose like the guru's incense.
"Oh Genie will you grant me one wish?
Can you snap your ringers and transport me home?
Lord? How about you? Will you take me back?"

Michelle Abela '08

FLAWS, FLAWS, FLAWS

Flaws, flaws, flaws
Features forever in life.
Hunger a foundation. Fall back,
To the sweetness of three ice creams.
Rest too selfish. Splurged
On syrups thick and rich.
Politicians not fulfilling. Forming
A mountain of whipped cream.
Chums spilling secrets. Sprinkled
With nuts, a crunchy punch.
I flaky, foolish. Follow up
A traditional cherry on top!
Flavors, flavors, flavors
Features forever in a banana split.

Anna Diaz '10

THE TRUE COLORS OF AMERICA

It begins with the pungent breath of the ocean
And the rhythmic beat of the waves.
A final glimpse of the homeland
Marks the voyage to a new life, a new opportunity.

The Irish man fleeing poverty,
The British family escaping the Nazis,
The Russian priest praying for freedom,
The Japanese man searching for independence.
They are America. They are us.

They sacrificed their past,
Chasing an unforeseeable yet promising dream
To the sweet embrace of America,
Relentlessly working to quench the thirst for prosperity.

The sweat of a young child trapped in a labor camp,
The blood upon the hand of a Nicaraguan soldier,
The angelic voice of an opera singer,
The skilled hands of an Italian fisherman
Have planted our futures in the rich soil of our nation.

A candle maker, a soldier,
A pacifist, a baker.
The Chinese, the Indian,
The German, the Filipino.
They sowed the seeds of success.
They are the decadent flavors of San Francisco.

The roots are firmly planted,
For we are the dream achieved.
The search for liberty has been accomplished.
America is our home.

Jenny Arimoto '09

DINNERTIME

The King scours over the land
And picks the dungeon's Victim
He stabs the subject with his Hand
And Seizes with a Swoop.

The Queen stands watch
Her oval face, polished and Cold
Such a faithful companion
His mess, She will Scoop.

They offer the Sacrifice
To please the Palate
To feed the inner demon
Grievously growling.

Michelle Aurellano '09

“COMMANDMENT II”

I sold drugs for a living. For ten years I unremorsefully provided every drug you can think of to anyone who needed it. You'll notice that I used the word “needed,” that's one of the two biggest keys to being a successful dealer. These people who purchased my product *need* what dealers like me supply. They can't-or at least think they can't-operate without a fix. A good dealer recognizes that and takes advantage of their vulnerable state of mind. If I charged a few bucks more for a gram, or if I cut back on the amount of smack per bag, they didn't care just as long as they get that high. The second key is never, ever take the drugs you sell. Next to nothing can topple you off the top and become one of the mindless, powerless junkies that people like me control. One hit can set you onto a spiraling path to the empty life of an addict. That was a long time ago though, I don't deal dope anymore and I'll tell you why.

I lost touch with my family at least 20 years ago, I can't even remember why anymore, it was so long ago. Six months ago, I received a call.

“Mr. Herron?”

“That's me, who's this? And how did you get this number?”

“This is Jack Dunne at the 8th street morgue. Sorry to bother you, but we received a body today, and the deceased's identification said ‘Louise Herron’ (at once, I felt a violent surge of-could it be- satisfaction?) And your number was in her wallet, does that name sound familiar to you?”

“That's my mother, I haven't seen her in years.”

“I'm sorry-“

“Don't be”

“-but we need you to come down to the morgue and

identify her.”

“I'll be there in an hour. One more thing, forget this number if you know what's good for you.”

Silence.

I was in no hurry to get to the morgue.

I waited for her to love me most of my life. She can wait for me now.

On the way over, some junkies hailed me down. I stopped and sold them what they needed. . . the last deals I ever made. When I arrived at the morgue, a sick-looking guy with gray skin led me back to the room where they keep the bodies. He brought me to my mother's body and pulled back the sheet.

I had to force myself not to vomit.

Under the sheet was a junkie who had come to me religiously, at least five times a week, usually for crack or meth. The drugs had decimated her looks, she was not the woman I remembered. She was a skeleton with stringy, colorless hair, cheeks so sunken the bones under her eyes protruded nearly two inches. Sores covered her whole body.

I turned on my heels.

“Mr. Herron, is this your mother?”

I didn't answer. His voice was muffled by the disgrace and guilt buzzing in my ears. I immediately knew what I had to do. I drove to my apartment, collected every drug I had stashed there, and headed to the police station.

They gave me a lenient sentence because I turned myself in. I'm doing 20 with chances for parole. Truth be told, I don't want to get out. The world is dangerous, much more dangerous than the joint. Just ask Louise Herron.

Bill Gaus '09

THE LETTERS

On a peaceful cloudless Sunday as I worked about my home
I tidied up a bit and picked up a broken comb
I carried to and fro like a ship sailing at full mast
I rejoiced! For I now was home alone at last.

The clang of the mailbox closing was a sound I loved to hear
For it meant to me that good news was very surely near.
I traveled to the box, with hopes set sky high.
But when I opened up the letter, I could not believe it if I tried.

"I'm Not Gone," read the letter, a simple message to be sure.
Written in the handwriting that I knew belonged to her.
Wondering what this meant, I continued around the house
This note owned my thoughts, preyed on me like a louse.

I muttered to myself, "It's nothing, a prank from a rascal kid."
At that instant I heard the dreadful sound of a closing mailbox lid.
I looked outside and my soothing Sunday was no more,
Perilous, ominous, treacherous clouds rolled in from the sandy shore.

"Perhaps this is the parcel I was anxiously awaiting,"
But alas it was not, there is clearly no debating,
It was another letter from that mysterious sender
And the note caused my reasoning to surrender.

"I Am Not Dead Yet," read the horrible epistle
The news struck my conscience like a red rose's thistle
She was writing to me, my beautiful, adulterous wife
For it was last night that I had taken- or so I thought- her sinful life

A clap of lightening followed by a boom of thunder,
A downpour started as my common sense went under
"This cannot be! I surely, certainly buried her under that Old Oak Tree.
Tomorrow I will receive her enormous life insurance policy."

I was drenched in sweat, I couldn't think straight,
Tried to forget what I had done to my once living soul mate
I rushed to the faucet and splashed water on my face
I could only hear the footsteps of my deliberately quickening pace

Again the mailbox lid flapped down, another note had just arrived
The pounding of the rain continued as my courage had just died.
I timidly opened up the letter, dreading its content
"You can still save me," read this one, and I quickly expressed lament

I rushed out the door and ran frantically to that Old Oak Tree.
I intended to dig up her coffin, to prove the sender was not she.
I dug and dug and dug, the rain soaking my face and hair
As I traveled further into my wife's isolated underground lair

I finally reached the wooden box, houses for the dead
I opened the coffin slowly, and looked upon her head
My spirits were raised quickly, for she had clearly passed away
My sanity will surely live to see another day.

I looked upon her face once more, the source of all my troubles
I went to close the top and bury it beneath some rubble.
I noticed something on the inside lid, and gave a blood-curdling shout.
There were claw marks engraved in the wood, as if someone struggling to get out.

Ryan Irwin '09



The Robin • Angela Han '11
Pastel

ODE TO HIGH SCHOOL

Have you ever been inside a solitary confinement cell? I have. It's a dark, clammy box that makes you feel as if you'll never see the light of day again. Sitting there in the complete and total darkness, you feel utterly alone in the world, as if everyone has gone and left you. But the worst part is you can't seem to remember who you are. The cheery, bright personality you went in there with seems to just melt away as soon as you hear the heavy padlock slide into place. And for the time you're in there, all you can do is try to remember yourself, try to see the bit of light that comes under the door. The fact is, you won't find yourself again; you're lost forever, until a new you comes along.

High school is like that solitary confinement cell. At first high school is this bright light at the end of your dark grammar school tunnel. But soon you realize that the bright light

you thought would save you, was just the headlights of a train coming to run you down. And you can't run from those headlights because your feet have suddenly become cement blocks, and your screams are drowned out by the heavy chug of the engine. High school is not the freedom I imagined, it's the high security prison I thought I'd never enter.

It's your reputation that makes you or breaks you in this town full of arrogant, holier-than-thou souls. If you make one wrong move, or push the wrong person's buttons, you can say bye-bye to a good reputation and a decent social life because people will talk, they will spread vicious lies, and will try with all their might to make your life a living hell. And of course, what other people think of you isn't decided by anything you actually do, it's decided by what other people say about you. If you're careful who you mess with, become another face in the crowd, and hide who you really are, you'll be forever safe from high school's hierarchy.

Phoebe Quinlan '10

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Slowly, it is pounding through my dry veins,
Bringing my nearly dead soul back to life.
Opening my mouth, I sing the refrains.
The melodies removing all past strife.
Like a person nearly dying of thirst,
I seek the quenching powers of the sound.
It rolls over me until I'm submersed.
In the strong beats I am happily drowned.
If it were to stop, my soul would cry out;
The world would seemingly stop its spinning.
My own universe would be filled with doubt:
The thick veil called reality thinning.
And so, it weaves through me, slowly healing
All past harm. The holes close, slowly sealing.

Madeline Sinks '10

DEFINE ME

Look me up in the dictionary between compassion and confusion
You'll find a picture of my soul, not a surface delusion
I am not what you see with your rose-colored lens
I'm not defined by the appearance and actions of friends
I am me.
Just a girl who feels 8 foot 3
Trying to find out who she
Wants to be
And I see
That in me
There's a light.
There's a reason to live.
A burning desire to love and to give
But who can really find words to define who they are?
These two-dimensional figures on paper like bars
That inhibit the truth and distract from the core
These words are not me.
I am deep.
I am more.
So is our meaning lost if we can't find that expression?
That one perfect phrase that just captures our essence?
I guess that's where I'm at
I'm just searching and dealing
If it's not a long list of words
I guess it's just a feeling

Kayla Gogarty '08

KALEIDOSCOPE

You, connoisseur of spirits and smoke who swaggers
down the street
With suggestively bright eyes and slightly parted lips,
Savor fresh mango juice
In the kitchen of the first house you lived in.

You know some standard beauty-
You've seen the glowing sun slip away into the night.
And you know some strange physicality-
Hot breath on your neck under colored lights

But now this tingling flesh is unreal,
This heartbeat in your chest so slow
As you feel in awe the indifference of time
Which does not care how you move, or even know.

Never have the glass beads hanging in the window
Caught the midday light just so.

Your old ideals flicker like a match in the wind
As you look out the window on a familiar scene.
And your new gaze floats before finally lighting
On a flower a shade of yellow
You have never seen.

Claire McCartney '09

HAPPINESS

There was a little leak in the skylight where the night rain could fall onto the bathroom floor. She threw a towel down as to muffle the sound of the drops falling onto the white tile. The bath was just about filled now. There was a half done pack of Red's on the mantle along with a set of matches from Joe's Bar. Joe's had just turned 100 years old last year. There was a bottle of cabernet and a full glass with lipstick along the rim. Then there was an old copy of Moby Dick. She stood over the bathtub. She dropped her silk pullover nightgown off from around her shoulders and it slid over her worn hips and landed on top of her feet. She gently kicked it to the wall. She brought her fingers through the water in figure eights as she sat on the rim of the tub. The water engulfed her body when she slid in. She quickly put her hair up as she had forgotten and didn't want to get it wet. Her head fell back and she watched the rain slide off the skylight, the monotonous sound soothing her memory; Recalling.

It was a warm Florida morning in 1967. She was only 9. The family never had much excitement. They lived in a poor neighborhood on the outskirts of Orlando. There were scattered dried palm trees, potholed asphalt, and the local elders drinking tea on the front porches. Her dad woke the 3 sisters up at 8 A.M. one Saturday with an announcement.

"We are going to Disney World. Get ready, you have 15 minutes before we leave."

The girls scattered from their bunks in every which direction throwing on some clothes and grabbing their colorful backpacks. She grabbed Baxter, the Jack Russell, and put him out back. All The girls went and waited by the front door. They boarded their '58 Ranch Wagon and headed off down Hollister towards the park. The air was thick and the radio said Florida was having record highs, but the excitement within the car made the whole family forget about the sweat rolling down their foreheads. They spent all day in Disney World, visiting Tomorrow Land, Fantasy Land, and visiting many food stands. On the ride home the girls were fast asleep, the thick Florida air entering the car through the open windows. The car slowly rolled into the driveway, gravel cracking under the tires. They carried the girls into their bedroom and gently put them in their bunks. Mom kissed them goodnight and walked into the kitchen. Heat had made the trash give off quite a terrible stench so she took it into the backyard. The girls awoke to a shriek from their mother and went running into the yard. Baxter was lying behind the trashcans dead.

Father came running out. "What's the matter," he panted.

"Baxter, something's wrong with Baxter" the girls all cried.

Father looked at the empty water bowl then turned around, "It looks like we forgot to give him water. Go inside girls. Your mother will take you inside."

Mother walked the girls back to their bunks and tucked them in.

"This is no one's fault," she said, "pray that he is happy."

There was a long silence in the room. The silence was broken and the 2 sisters ganged up on her.

"We know you put the dog out-," the eldest snapped.

"We know you didn't give him water-," said the other.

"We know you didn't give him food-"

"We knows it was you-"

"We know why Baxter is gone-"

She remembered that night, how long it was, how her eyes hurt from staring at that ceiling. She sat up in the tub to pour herself another glass of cabernet. She swirled it around, counting the rings, laughing to herself because she knew she really didn't know why people did that. She took a couple of sips and set it back down on the mantle. She grabbed the cigarettes, packed them on her palm, then pulled one out and lit it. She tilted her head back and blew the smoke into the air watching it dance and spin. She thought and pondered; recalling.

She thought of the camping trip she had made with her husband 20 years ago. They had gone to Pine Crest in California where she had met him at UC Davis. Daniel had planned the weekend in which they camped and backpacked the area surrounding the lake. They had shared a sleeping bag during the trip and spent the long nights watching the stars together. They had fished, they had fallen, and they had laughed. For her it was a picturesque weekend. When they were hiking that Saturday they found a den within a circle of pine trees where a family of animals must have lived the season before. They stood in the circle and looked up at the light falling gently through the trees, and the dust that made the light into rays across the air. Daniel got down on his knees and slid his backpack off and reached into its front compartment grabbing a box out.

"You've given me reason to live. This last year has been like a dream to me and I could never ask for a better time than the times I've had with you." A tear fell from her eye while his hand was shaking. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you, will you marry me?"

She gasped. "Of course Dan, of course I will, I love you."

"I love you too." He put the ring on her finger. She pulled him up off the ground, pulled his face to hers, and they kissed. They then fell to the ground together, wrapped together, and laid there together, alone and in love.

She put her hair down and let it float on the water. The phone began to ring in the kitchen outside the bathroom door. She listened to it ring. Ring. Ring. Ring. Answer machine. She finished her cigarette and put it out on the cover of her book. She poured herself another class of wine. She sipped it. A few drops fell into the bath. It swirled in the water; it danced and spun just like her cigarette smoke. She watched the drips fall from the skylight and saw a flash from outside. One could never tell whether it was lightning or the spark from a streetcar losing connection from its wire. It made her remember; recalling.

It was December 1994, just before Christmas. Her and her mother went to tea at St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. It was the last time she saw her mother before the funeral. They sat at a table by the window, the rain pouring outside, cabs going by; smoke coming from the gutters.

"I want you to be happy, love" her mother began. She dipped her tea bag in and out of her glass, and then looked into her eyes. "I won't be around to much longer if this darn disease keeps on getting to me. I won't be here for the family. I know you are having hard times in the family and I know Daniel is slipping away."

"Spare me the tears, ma."

"No, this may be the final spiel I ever give you. You need to really think about what it is you want. You've hit middle age; its time for you to decide what it is that will make you happy and grab it. I can see it in your eyes. You have no energy. You need something new in your life."

"I don't have time for commodities like happiness; I have a household with a teenage boy." She looked out the window, avoiding eye contact. "I just have to suck it up, ma. I'm a big girl."

"Pull your head out. Make yourself something and make it something you like."

She thought. She wondered why she never took her Mom up on that advice. She hated herself for it. A tear fell into the tub. She looked at the dripping from the skylight in a daze, trying to follow the drips with her eyes. She splashed water on her face. She watched the drips coming out of the bath faucet: Dripping in sync, in a perfect timely manner. She went for her half empty wine glass but knocked it over and it broke on the tile. She looked straight down in the water and thought; recalling.

It was a Tuesday 3 or some odd years ago. Daniel had come home for a moment in the afternoon to pick up his tool belt. There was a red Corolla outside that he did not recognized and figured Jake had had a friend over after school. He came in through the front door and saw Jake and another boy together on the couch, both nearly nude. Daniel's callused fists clenched.

"Leave my God damn house right now", as he pointed to the other boy. He grabbed his jeans and white t-shirt and left.

"Dad-"

"You turnin into a fag on me, boy?" A sweat broke on his forehead.

"I don't know what-" Daniel's fist landed upon Jake's jaw and blood immediately left Jake's mouth as his head whipped to the side. "You need discipline, respect for this house. I can't have you prancin' around with a bunch of damn faggots while I'm at work. I want you out of this house when your mom gets home and I sure ain't playin around with you boy."

By now the mixture of blood and sweat fell from Jake's mouth had run down his throat and onto his chest. His eyes raged with emotion. A tear fell. "Fine, I'll be gone, and I'm never coming back. Never. You'll regret this." And with a final shriek "Never." When she came home 20 minutes later Daniel was sitting in the front room, Jake on the front step.

"Mom, I'm leaving, I'm sorry, I can't change."

"What?" She looked behind him into the door and then back at his face. "What happened? What is going on?"

"I'm gay mom. Dad wants me gone. He will never understand."

From within the house a yell. "Get in this house woman that boy is gone."

Being the obedient wife she did not resist.

"I know, Jake. I love you."

With a kiss and a hug Jake was gone. He was only 18.

She looked to the empty wine bottle. She looked up. The ceiling blurred in and out. The water slowly rose up her neck, over her mouth. She could feel the warmth of the water across her body. Her head sank below the surface. She remembered when she was young how she used to dive under at the local pool and look up to see the world from underwater. Her hair floated before her eyes, gracefully moving like snakes. Red filled the water. Light receding off, moving past her in rays. And with a flash she was gone.

Brendan Mullins '08

MY PARENTS

Parent
A word so short
But it means so much
Love
When you're down
Hugs
When you need them most
Lessons
In life and growth
Patience
When things go wrong
Safety
From anything threatening
Friend
When no others are
Hope
When all seems lost
Care
For everything that happens
Preparation
For everything that will come your way
Giving
When anything is needed
Trust
When you need someone to rely on
Work
To give you a great life
Advice
When you just don't know what to do
Parent
Because you're the only people who
Can do
All these things
And more

Clare McAnelly '11

7 AGES OF WOMAN

Yelling, screaming, baby girl
Fondled, swaddled, wrapped in blankets
Pink.

New school skirt. New school shoes.
New school dresses. Can we get that?
Shopping, First Grade, tears, lots of laughter

Mom! Can I have the car? Move out,
Date boys, grow older, date men,
Get degree, get job, stay busy.

Yelling, screaming, baby boy
Fondled, swaddled, wrapped in blankets
Blue.
Held in mommy's arms.

Getting shorter, getting older
Hard of hearing, crouching, groaning
Lots of smiles, but lots of pain
Now she's sleeping, now she's dreaming
Now she's going back again.

Jackson Lindauer '11

A UNIVERSAL PALETTE

Illuminating the Skies–
Damp Earth– at Your Feet–
An apparition of Light–
Sign of Hope– new Life–

Universal Palette–
Painted by The Artist
I Bask in Your Essence–
Mixing the Elements–

A mythical Treasure– within You–
The Hunt reaps no Reward
Dreams lie Broken–
Unattainable Beauty–

Brilliance fades–
Subtle disappearance– No footsteps–
Goodbye dear Friend
I mourn your passing–

Lauren Goralski '09

MY APPLE TREE

Looking up the apple tree,
I see it every day;
Just beyond my fingers' reach,
I've got to find a way.

Jump and climb and shake all day,
It foils me every time.
The apples seem to hate me,
As if it is a crime.

I give up and walk away,
Grow up and leave my town;
Enjoy my life, travel the world,
Never let out a frown.

With my years and wrinkled skin,
My dreams and goals complete;
Except one little childish wish,
To taste that juicy apple meat.

Back to my town I hurry,
To see my apple tree;
Snapped in two, covered in moss,
A hollow carcass, I see.

No more challenge from my tree,
To grab its red delight.
Rotten orbs around my feet,
Fallen, bruised from their flight.

I stoop down, grab an apple,
Cracked and crushed into two.
Somehow there are untouched seeds,
There for me and for you.

Looking up my apple tree,
Planted with one little seed;
My child: feel its every branch,
All the apples you will need.

Timothy Abellera '10

AS MY MOTHER TENDS TO HER GARDEN

My mother tends to her garden
Her special three sit on the worn and smooth front steps
Diverse and unique
Not completely aligned
Not growing completely like the pictures in the book
My mother tends to her garden
Not worrying about the jungle arising behind the house
She gives her plants in the front the care and love they need
to grow
But won't force them in any direction
My mother tends to her garden
And neighbors sometimes stare
At her unconventional style
And I look on in frustration, confused by her decisions
As my mother tends to her garden
She knows they can handle the rain
And she reads while she soaks sun rays with them with her
blue jean pant legs upturned
She pours love into her garden
Through the holes in an old yellow bucket
And I glance at the gloves that arrived by airmail
Tossed aside with folds and creases still visible
As my mother tends to her garden
Her 'salt and pepper' hair falls into her eyes
And as she brushes it aside droplets of sweat fall and soak
into the earthy brown soil
And everyday my mother prays
That when she climbs the steps to the front door
To rest her aching bones with a cup of tea
Her garden will blossom and grow.
And I look on in awe
As my mother tends to her garden

Marlene Lundy '08

FREEDOM BY THE TIDES

Icy currents flow between my toes
Going deeper still where nobody knows
Envelop my body, my senses, my mind
I close my eyes hoping to find
That to which the world makes me blind
Surrender my being to the ocean's wide wonder
Paint the silence in a puddle of color
With all the rest swept away with the tides
What remains, my soul, is set free and let fly
Freedom by the tides.

Emily Clark '10

A WHISPER FROM THE EAST

A Whisper from the East –
Who sends the Trees into dancing –
And embraces the Bees
With a delicate touch –

Who sings in the Summer –
And tickles the Leaves –
And strokes the Pine Needles into clusters –
Until all of Nature falls into place –

But when He is angry,
A shriek from Hell –
Who roars as a Siren –
And penetrating – as Needles

Who laments in the winter –
Abuses the innocent –
And where his wings have descended –
Are forever destroyed –

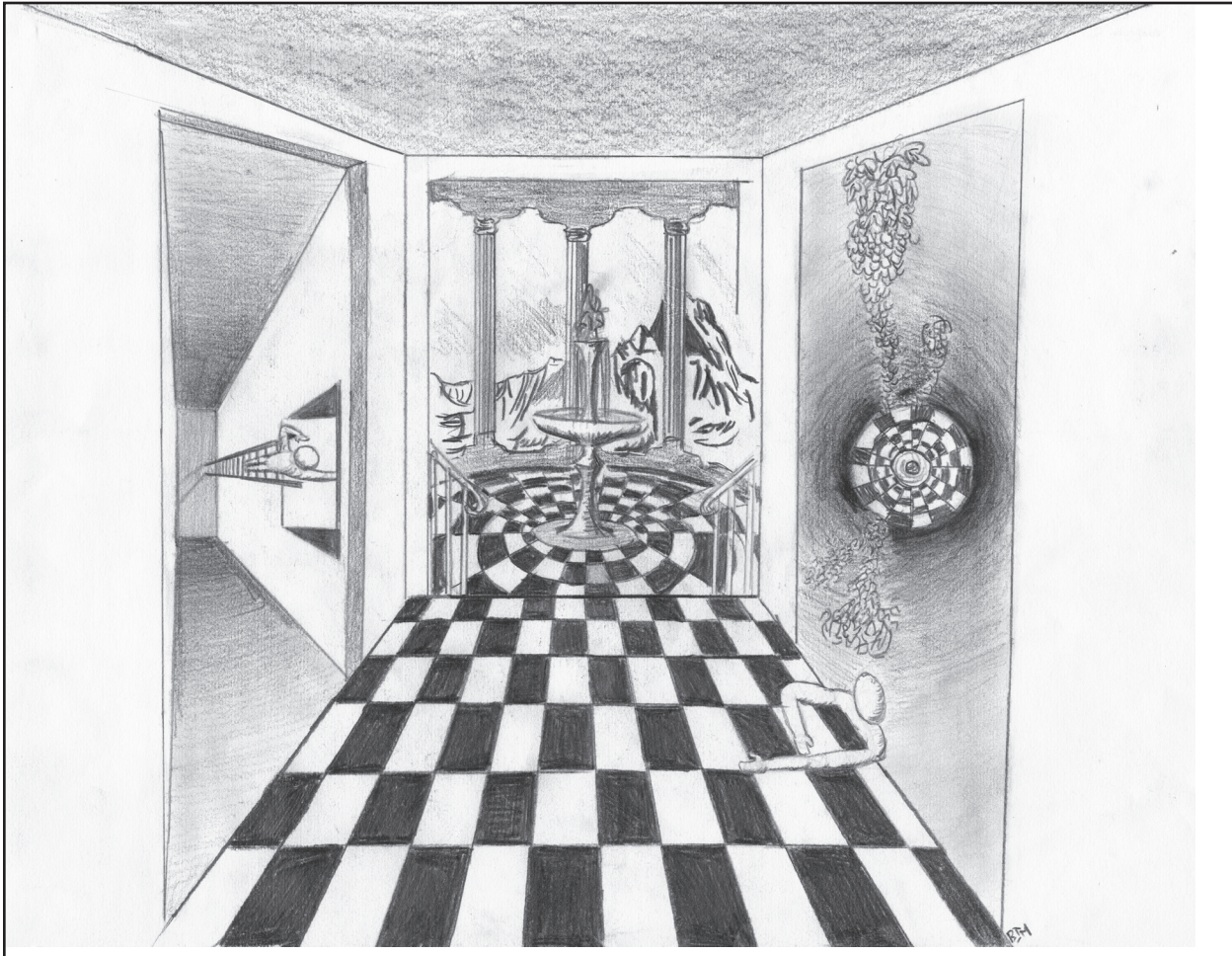
Catrina Gotuaco '09

THE GREAT TREASURE

The Greatest Treasure in our Universe will never be unlocked,
for the quest to reach these riches will be rebuffed and mocked.
Its unimaginable wealth exceeds silver and gold,
and if ever attained could never be traded or sold.

Gandhi and Mandela valiantly tried and failed,
and many other efforts have been thwarted or derailed.
The treasure chest will forever be locked with vanity and greed,
unless modesty and sacrifice allow the treasure to be freed.

Zander Mrlik '09



Welcome • Brendan Mullins '08
Pencil

DARE TO BE ALICE IN WONDERLAND

One pill made her smaller and the other one turned her blue
She was told to take a shot of vodka
That would help her loosen up too
As she fell down the black hole, she knew she couldn't get out
She no longer had control of her body because of the amount

Walking was becoming ridiculous so she hopped into a car
Knowing the place she could get more wasn't very far
Red lights, green lights, flashing passed her eyes
She saw a little white rabbit that was leading her to demise

She was an A+ student, a daughter and a friend
But why should all of that matter?
She would find light at the tunnel in the end
She wondered why the white rabbit decided to change its course
It led her to prince charming, with sirens blazing, on a white horse
When she got to the castle, the doctor knew what he had to do
Give her some pills, one red and one blue

She was missing I.D. her hope, and a smile
But all that would change in the course of an hour
She knew once she got out, she would get back her pills
And the little white rabbit would lead to castles among hills

When she looked at the pills in her hand, she knew what they would do
The white rabbit would come back,
Help her look for prince charming through and through

She wanted the fairy tale story that she had heard when she was young
When her father had left, these comforting tales often came off her mother's tongue
So when she took the pills at night, she often knew where the rabbit was trying to lead
To her father or prince charming since the rabbit was her greed

Kaitlyn Holstine '09

MY BROTHER

The glossy hardwood coffin reminds me of your now clear glass-like eyes.
Your eyes remind me of that goofy hat you always wore.
Your hat reminds me of your untamed hair you would never cut.
Your hair reminds me of how little you cared what other people thought.
How little you cared reminds me of your graduation day when you painted your face purple to celebrate your Panther pride.
Your graduation day reminds me of your content smile.
Your smile reminds me of how happy you were the day college acceptance letters came in the mail.
Your acceptance letter reminds me how far away you had to move from me.
How far away you were reminds me of how our normal everyday conversations went from daily to monthly to not at all.
Our monthly conversation reminds me of the day you told me you were joining the army.
That day reminds me of everyday there after, sitting in my room wishing you were in yours too.
Those wishes remind me of all the faith I had in seeing you again.
The faith I had reminds me of how my hopes abruptly vanished when mom got the call.
Your death reminds me of all the times I told myself we would soon make up for lost time.
All the lost time reminds me of how many more memories I wish I had.
The key fit, the lock was rigid, and the coffin was gone.

Ann Marie Hansen '08



Berlin, Germany • Christina Vernali '11
Photography

I 2:I 9

It hurts, you know?
Acting and pretending and making up a show for everyone
Yeah, that smile's made of lipstick entirely.
Nothing

organic

About it.
But what hurts the most is that I am the creator of this.
Sure, you might have had something to do with it,
But it's really just me.
There's the beginning of the selfish part:
Me.

Me.

Mi.

I guess I didn't remember what it was like two years ago,
So I had to remind myself.
You were just the shiny object that caught my affection.
Shiny and beautiful in every way.
"I guess I've never loved but I will see what I can do."
I don't really think you want my days, or my attention.
No blame there, no harm done.

Liar,

liar,

pants on fire.

Self-injury isn't just physical, you know.
At least on this side.
Telling myself I'm being stupid.
Keeping myself awake at night and thinking about you.
Ignoring you in hopes you'll look at me.
I wish I had to guts to do all the things I see myself doing.
Somehow it makes more sense at one in the morning
Staring up at the ceiling and letting my brain
Run

Run

Run

Flatline.

It hurts that I could admit it in the sarcastic statement
"Hi. My name's X. I'm in love with your brother."
And not to you, to your face like I should.
Love songs are the rubbing alcohol
Stings but makes it better.

Drink it down

Bottle

After

Bottle

Drain the pens

Page

After

Page

Ceridwen Quattrin '08

OVER THE EDGE

Just about to go over the Edge,
I hold my breath
Shut my eyes
Clench my fists
Time Slows down.

My life flashes before my eyes,
Pampered as an infant
Protected as a child
Released as a teen
Free.

I see my funeral,
Friends and family
Dressed in black
A tragic event
A Life cut short.

Time. Speeds up.
Eyes Open
Nothing to gain
Only to prove I'm Alive
Just about to go over the Edge.

Over the Edge and down,
Down, Down, Down
Then a loop and back up again
One Hell of a ride
Just about to go over the Edge.

Alex Nash '10

RIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Intricate, delicate, luscious lips
On a fallible, impossible, dawn-breaking face
Hearts set to stone from an unlikely sip
As if everything soon was to be killed or erased

Failing us stronger now falling too fast
Caught up in something that could never last
This isn't a night just like any ones past
Breaking a heart just like breaking a glass

Rasping the last words you'll forever say
Hoping that a few of them won't go away
Wanting to know how long people will stay
How could I tell you were going my way?

Laughing and drinking and getting in fights
Wondering if anything will be set right
Everything left is like acting a sight
How could I tell you were going tonight?

Careless, unchanging, self-confident pride
Within watery, cool, but powerful eyes
Begging me please to just stay inside
Blatantly lying that it's all alright

Intricate, delicate, luscious lips
On a fallible, impossible, dawn-breaking face
Hearts set to stone from an unlikely sip
For two, one kiss, twice missed
Such bliss

Sumner Fontaine '08

THE LOVE LETTER

Who me?
The crisp, crimson envelope rests on my desk.

I stop breathing
My heart pounds
A rosy rash spreads across my face
Is it Him?

Although a sticky sealant prevents the message from revealing itself,
I can sense the words struggling to escape from the confines of their scarlet prison.

The explosive reality inside could detonate at any moment.
I want to jump up and fling myself behind my chair to protect my heart,
Like a soldier ducks behind a fortified trench to escape a shower of debris.

And yet,
I am tempted to take a bite of the apple.

Sitting precariously on the edge of a cliff
Teetering between safety and the rocks below,
The pure anticipation exhausts me.

I can't bear to open it.
But I must.

Like swallowing syrupy medicine,
I force myself to gulp down the unappetizing fear of rejection.

Gently, ever so gently, I extend my trembling hands.

My emotions are tangled vines knotted in the pit of my stomach.

Smooth, clean, unbent by its journey
The envelope reaches its final destination.

My eyes come to rest upon the first line,
Dear Valentine...

The teacher opens the door and announces snack time.
Crayons drop to the floor.
Several tots scamper past the counters covered in glue-sticks, glitter and stickers.

Momentarily distracted, I wiggle back into my seat and face the letter
With the intention of finishing it uninterrupted.

But He's standing there.
Offering me my lunchbox.
Smiling.

Victoria Student '09

SILENCE BY SHACKLES

Life within a music box knows no silence.
Always the turning, twisting, twanging twines,
Rigged like sails to the ever-blowing conscience;
Each sublime and with its own designs.
A spider's grace has hatched and so released
These intricacies in spite of music that has ceased.

So small a thing, with its dark captions embraced,
Reverberates from the front, but is hollow from behind.
Two holes, a knob, a tune retraced and retraced,
Carving circles, ringing of chains from those maligned.
Such cogs demand cloven consecrations—greased
In the viscosities soon to be a feast.

Ages pass—cons without scales or cadence,
And the use of said music box declines.
Echoes not wont to be forgot yet emerge from voidance,
Burgeoning green with the voracity of vines.
Less than the gates of Numa above—creased
In the memory of legions and pounding hooves unleashed.

Again the mill rasps: the sonance never effaced.
Driven by passion, wrath, lust and fear confined
Within a music box soon replaced
By the slaves of tunnels; aureate riches mined.
Her own family she forsakes, the beasts
Of the earth themselves deceased.

Beside the iron gear there resides a semblance
Of pictographs, of man knelt at the hem of shrines:
Undoubted kindred of the continuous stridence.
Lost forever—the rippling curve, the spines
Piled and spun, then hallowed by a priest,
All in time of music from the scintillating East.

Life in time of wheels knows no haste,
Clashing, grinding, twanging twining, always aligned.
A conscience of virgins forever chased
By spiders who, within the music box, weave and wind,
Who dream of light and receive the shadow
Who beg for shadow when found by darkness.

Corinne Ankenbruck-Keogh '09

THE UNLOVED SOLDIER

I hit the beach
Hearing the symphony of war around me
The song of the fifty caliber bullets dancing over my head
Teasing me with their promising song
The chorus of tattered men around me singing in their
harmonious agony
I must move on.
Waves of salty red consume broken bodies of fathers, sons, and
brothers
Each bullet brings forth a waterfall of tears
I MUST MOVE ON!
No tears for me back home
No hanging flag
I the Unloved Soldier must move on.
I lay motionless as my only family is cut down around me
Fear lets me know who I really am
I stand and let the singing bullets fulfill their promise.

John O'Malley '10



Street Scene • Natalie Dillon '09
Photography

RESTRICTIONS APPLY

Lady Liberty makes no promises
She only offers an invitation to dreamers
To enter through her golden door
But dreamers must now change their course
Running and swimming across borders
They die in desert heat
And drown in unforgiving waters
Their flesh is cut and scarred
From the barbed wire stop signs
Replacing Liberty's glowing torch.

Ryan Fabie '09

QUILT

We are the stitches
That holds together human cloth
Memories, tragedies and joys,
All forming the quilt of human life
The trouble is understanding and admiring
Every tear, weird pattern, and piece
Everyone put it
No matter how "insignificant"
Because in the end
When we go to grab
This quilt for comfort
You were the one
That kept me warm tonight

Seamus Cronin '08

SACK LUNCH

When you told me to carry the blocks,
I stacked a fortress around us,
Protecting us from the muddy finger-paint,
Sandbox, and Jello cubes.
But you knocked over the watchtower
Because I forgot the door.

When you asked me for my peanut butter and jelly
—Crustless and with orange marmalade—
I thought you wanted to eat lunch with me,
So I sat across from you,
And bruised your shins with the glossed toe of my Mary-Janes.

Then I saw you share your fruit-leather with her,
And pinched the crinkled wrapper from the tanbark.
And when you darted from the shark
I saw you imprint the dirt and blood of your scraped palms
Across the pleats of your khakis,
While she still jabbed at the minnows.

When the station wagon rolled up,
I cinched my knapsack tight
And collected my paper mâché heart.
And when Mommy clanked the metal of my seatbelt
I asked her to please pack me tuna fish for lunch tomorrow.

I must've forgotten you like peanut butter and jelly
—Crustless and with orange marmalade—

Zea Moscone '08

CHILDREN OF DREAMS

The centuries forge ahead, turning the seasons as they go,
Like the river turns the mill.
Upon the land, the imprint of dwellers' passing remains,
Lives transpired and dreams laid to rest.
The land that once held promise of warmth, of life,
Now lays dead and dry.
The earth, that once held memories of friends and lovers,
Now burned and torn.
The future that had stretched before them,
Vanished into the darkness.

In the pitch of despair they persisted,
Home and livelihood, past and childhood, lost.
The gloom ahead harboring shadows of a life they might
still achieve.

Come out of despair, children of hope
Come out of misery, children of mirth
Come out of oppression, sons of David
Come out of hunger, daughters of Lakshmi
Come out of ignorance, children of Hermes
Come out of want, children of Beag

You who have wandered the earth, knowing only that you
search,
And not what it is you seek,
You who have toiled, knowing only that you must go on,
And not where you are headed,
You who have dreamt of tomorrow, knowing only that you hope,

And not to what you aspire,
Seek shelter under my boughs,
Solace in my earth,
Slumber in my arms.

In leaving you lost your past,
In coming you gained your future,
Grasp it tightly in both hands.
As centuries before
Your forefathers carved you out of the earth,
So too you then carved us.

As you were the children of tangibility,
Of earth, of plow, of body, of harvest,
We are the Children of Dreams.

We are the Children of dreamers and heroes,
Of hope, of mirth, of strength, of knowledge.
We are the descendents of visionaries,
Who found what they sought and made it their own.
We are the future you grasped in your hands,
And we are ones who will continue your journey.
It is our season now, the summer of your winter,
And we will live it.

El Sueño, 夢, Der Traum,
Il Sogno, 夢想, The Dream.

Adriana Reinecke '09



Untitled • Marlene Lundy '08
Ink

SONNET – TO RYAN

Freeze! Rightful son of Phoebus, the bright one
And I a daughter of the enemy.
Of thee I see reminds me of the sun.
Intent to harm the poet known as me.
How shall I love thee? Or deem thee righteous?
Thy make my best heart become so confused,
The thoughts I have contradict my conscience.
Thy love you offer I seem to have refused,
But not quite what my actions do display.
To see the sadder half of the bright moon.
My mind to words seem to be in delay,
I can no dance to that un-rhythmic tune
In that moment I thought I would not betray
Can you not see what I will never say?

Shannon Hahn '09

POUR LES DEUX J'AIME

When will watching the patches fall off
and rip with their frayed edges
ever be easy?
With gaping holes peeking through,
consuming what little cloth is still left.
Sewing, gluing, stapling
won't work,
Only showcase the failed attempts
and make the situation seem more hopeless
than before.
How will we know when it is time to leave behind
what we know will not work
instead of trying to salvage the fallen threads?
Or shall we keep tightening them out of pure habit?
The "I'm sorry's" are no longer felt,
Because they are no longer meant,
Hate has settled in, welcomed by Frustration.
Like an ancient Greek tragedy
With the hero, Love,
Strangled by his best friend,
Time.

Camille Ong '10

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

HONORABLE MENTION - LOWER DIVISION

STINGING INSECURITIES

More times than the number of holes
on the ceiling of my orthodontist's office
did I hesitatingly and reluctantly peer at
myself in the reflection of store windows—
Of even my regular mirror when I'm by myself in my
room
Scared... is what I am
Glaring into my *own* eyes
Is what I find myself doing after I've mustered up
the courage to face the flaws I pretend to ignore outside
the safety and seclusion of *my* domain
even in my room, alone,
do I *feel* the chitter chatter of teasing slice at me,
penetrate what other people *think* is security,
delude my sense of reality,
replace with illogical sensitivity
and inevitable "green-eyed" envy
for other chicks that lack
the flaws I crack at:
that unneeded pack o fat
that face full of blemishes
and unwanted sentences
told my mouth not to mention this
told my fist not to get so pissed
no matter—my lips aren't stitched
my wrist couldn't help it—perfect fit
in the wall, my fist sits
while the words on my tongue skip
onto the inner, then outer sides of my lips.
my eyebrows crinkle as I attempt to slip
my hips
into jeans with too much grip
and the mad skills to rrip—

literally... =)
I trip in
The struggle to fit in
Pants that refuse to give in
And I'm so exhausted,
But I won't let 'em win
I get hold of my gut and suck in
I pose this way and that, and tuck in
If I get some luck in
Some home-made nip n' tuckin',
Then it's time to pick the top:
Skin-thin or thin skin?
Give the mirror another spin
Then back to the closet—call it vanity
Check the far back corner, for my sanity
Then back to the mirror, where it's bad to be
Lips move: you're beautiful; that's a fallacy
Lie to my reflection, she won't fail to see
It always just ends up—me getting mad at me
Doctor, cure me of this malady
My face is turning pallid, see?
Why won't you give me some make-up to make up
what I need made up?
'cause doc, I'm only an A-cup!
I mean, *wassup?*
Give the DJ another ballad plea
Tired of make-believe singing "Salad, please"
In indecent, invalid keys
Man, when will this teasing in my head ever cease?
"killing me softly" with surprising ease
Buzzing round my head like annoying bees
Tired of stinging insecurities.

CARMELA GASPAR '10

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD
LOWER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

IT IS NIGHT

It is night
There is a sound
There is a shake
Will my house
The sound is growing
And its tone is
The wooden floor
I am not sure
My heart races
A headache starting
My fear increases
Stand in the door way?
The sound is passing
The shaking feeling
I lie back down
I fall asleep
Before I'm gone
Of the shaking
Oh, that sound
I wish I didn't

I am asleep
It's not a beep
And a Rumble
Collapse and tumble?
Growing nearer
Growing clearer
Has started humming
What thing is coming
I sit up in bed
I hold my head
What should I do?
Put on my shoes?
My fear subsides
Stops inside
And rest my head
Back in my bed
I think once more
Of the floor
It makes me looney!
Live near the MUNI

MICKEY BOXELL '10

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

UPPER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

POETRY

You have to be ugly to write poetry
Ugly people have ugly friends, and
Through the miracle of genetics, probably ugly family members too
And attractive people have attractive friends
And attractive family members
And all that attractive is common, until they become used to it
While ugly people have to scrimp and save all the attractive they find
But when they see it,
God Damn
Bright blue eyes that seem like they can see right through you
And they can, because she's obviously talking to the person behind you
But for that moment, you crossed the chasm
And you take that beautiful and put it in the piggy bank
And when it's all full up
You break it open
And write poetry

MATT CARBERRY '08

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD
HONORABLE MENTION - UPPER DIVISION

SALACIOUS SACROSANCTITY

All business smooth,
The face of courtesy intrinsically present.
Just one action, dispensing all to meres of neither-nor,
And the Sisters forget the frosty serenity
For endless years fastened in place.
Centaur's assault lost, instinct sovereign,
Irrational as the race of man.
The storm subsides
Hooves now hands, beard now bear.
Upon their countenances are the guises fixed.
They smile, sell, and salt,
Sappers all of the sapphire spell.
Recent chicaneries searing still
In the silence after sonance,
Before sifting away in the larger space—
The starry abyss—of their minds.

CORINNE ANKENBRUCK-KEOGH '09

THUNDEROUS BOLTS OF LIGHTNING FIRES HE

Thunderous bolts of lightning fires he-
And yet Saunders calls him Shalom-
Why? Say me- what purpose serves he-
Who unleashes his wrath upon the wrong being?

For, I have not wronged him-
As Pilate did-
I simply passed by that homeless fellow last night-
He carried a neon glowstick...

Greg Innes '09

FOREVER

One second,
One second it took us to share our smiles.

One minute,
One minute it took us to make a memorable moment.

One hour,
One hour it took us to hope for hundreds of miles.

One day,
One day it took us to delight in the distant crescent.

One week,
One week it took us to whisk away a wisp of boredom.

One month,
One month it took us to mold the measures of our
principle selves.

One year,
One year it took us to yield our youthful wisdom.

One lifetime,
One lifetime it will take us to look for our lively, lovely,
luminous selves.

Forever,
Forever it would take us to forget one single thing about
you.

Martha Cuenca '09

THE RESONANCE OF SILENCE

Once met a boy whose life rose after each setting sun. He traveled strange desert lands and lonely stretches of seas: the outline of his life clung desperately to the pages of unwritten history. His strength was the ring that hung loosely from the old twine around his neck, and his valor took root in the distant gleam of undiscovered city lights. He led a life of unspoken contentment; his coy nature kept strangers' toothy grins plastered between permanent laughing lines, and his voice echoed in the most crowded of halls, though his crowd was only an accidental few. He slipped heart after heart upon sleeve after sleeve carefully, so as to never fall in Love--"Only one for Love, and the rest for living," he whispered to me with a smirk. He believed in Love in the most casual term of the word, perhaps so that the world would not break him too soon. He gave as much as he took in return: A common boy in an ordinary routine, though an unknowing fool in a wise man's shoes. He sat on the shores of life, watching hazy fogs roll down, his face growing pale in the moonlight's silent hymn while his mind untangled the jungle of memories racing through a venal heart.

One sweet summer's eve lit by a mischievous night's dancing candlelight, the boy lay next to me in the fresh winter grass. He pressed his soft lips against my ear and sighed the quickening words of Love's late symphony; he held me closely until our hearts beat in rhythm and the lightest touch of his skin covered my world with a luxurious safety. Each muttering of affection and passionate confession drew me deeper into a heaven of pure ecstasy as I watched his hands delicately slip an elegant pearl ring around my finger and then clasp my hand closed under his own: I never once thought to turn away from his promising eyes. He was not beautiful; nor was he singularly handsome in any other aspect but his eyes: The most breathtaking mixture of a peculiar anguish and a desire for righteousness that struck my spirit with a depth of admiration previously undefined by my naïve existence. The longer I examined his face, however, the further his features began to soften and then entirely blur into an almost crude impersonation of a human--indeed I saw two eyes, a long, thin nose, and a devilish crooked smile, though beneath the laughing visage rested a disquieting elusiveness that chilled my anticipation.

Sometime within the subtle moments of descending night, a dull grey afterglow bled over the horizon and across the grasses, and I fell into deep slumber. I sensed a hard indifference forming between the boy and me--it pushed the corners of my smile into the regions of delayed resentment, and although his embrace was more cutting than the nighttime frost, I instinctively leaned even the closer into his pleading arms. They wrapped around my waist and pulled me nearer to his jagged breath: An unearthly pulse of a gasp that, had I been awake, would have broken my curiosity for the boy and sent me running through a gated path that was long overdue for a travel.

We opened our heavy eyes with the breeze that Sunday morning, and at once the coldness shot through my being and I began to weep--I could not see past the meadow's edges, for beyond my sight hovered such a chilling darkness which pulled at my very heartstrings and surrounded my mind with the most numbing type of loneliness until I felt as if I was drowning in my own skin. The air became too thick and too stiff; the wind stung too sharply; the hollow resonance of an utterly complete silence rang through my ears too abruptly. I held my hands out and up towards the boy and begged him to lift me and to show me that beyond the edges of the meadow, the Earth still ran on and sincere life continued.

The world had dismissed me to a distant isle imprisoned within the solitude of a violently painful unfamiliarity. My soul cast itself into a wild chase for home, and I, powerless to speak the ancient virtues of a duplicitous humanity, took my final stand when I curved my neck toward the skies and cried out for God's mercy. No response came to me that morning, nor has a response since come. I waited--for an echo, a gentle stirring of the grass, a whisper among the clouds, the glimpse of a stray guardian angel hurrying back to me... perhaps I only waited for a warm touch and a tender embrace to remove me from my newfound seclusion.

My eyes locked onto the boy's changing face, and at once Time halted--and I understood. He stared into me with a reluctant cruelty of character like never before. The air, I now tasted, was thick and bitter because of my lingering regret; the wind, I now felt, stung my skin because the dark edges of the meadow hid a vicious storm; the hollow silence rang, I now heard, because I searched too vainly for a passion I couldn't grasp. Slowly, my hands fell to my lap, and my pleas

subsided; I saw the edges of our world together, and no heaven or Earth lived past my view. I gazed at him with a new and unfathomable terror, but my incurable ache found no solace in the shadows cast upon the boy's face by the high noon sun.

I spoke but once that day, in a voice softer than the thought of Eternity: "Am I gone yet?"

He thrust the heavy stones of Yesterday from his shoulders and suffered my forlorn glance one last time. I don't recall what he said to me in return—I only remember watching his body fall and tremble with the sobbing grief of a man whose life was stolen too early. The boy kissed my hand, stumbled toward the horizon, and quietly vanished into the storm. For many nights I intently watched the spot where he disappeared, as if he would come stumbling back and rest with me again. When I looked at my ring and found that the pearl had turned a lifeless tone of grey, I simply dropped it over the edge and walked back to the same spot I had so patiently waited for so long, though I did not sit.

I turned to glimpse over my shoulder toward the edge once more, and found that the storm had passed; the meadow continued beyond my vision and beyond my dreams, and I was free to walk through strange desert lands and lonely stretches of seas, dancing on the pages of unwritten history.

Bambi Seltenrich '09

EARTH'S INKED WRITING

Earth's inked writing,
Across a canvas sky—
It drifts along steadily,
Through the heavens so high—

It flies black bold heavy thundering,
Wears a giant dark frown—
Exploding bursting bubbling with energy,
Releases tears dripping rapidly down—

She floats fluffy, pillowy, up above,
Whisps of her white curly hair—
A stately procession over the trees,
One cannot help but stare—

One moment a dog,
Another a ball—
A jet, a mouse, a cow, a rabbit,
And now there's nothing at all—

Lauren Quan '09

THE STREET PERFORMER

He woke up early on the day of the most important performance of his life. He paused a moment to soak up the sun reflecting off of the mirror on his closet door. His mind emptied of all thoughts as he stared at his ceiling, not even blinking as the glare infiltrated his pupils. Inhaling deeply, he remembered his task: 'The primary goal of any great actor is to not only capture the minds of the audience, but to capture their soul.'

There was no need for morning routine. He never ate before a performance, it always made him queasy, and he could not afford stage fright today. All eyes would be on him. He had laid out his costume the night before. He carefully and systematically slipped on his best black slacks, to go with his finest white shirt, black coat, and red bow tie. His shoes however were brown and faded, the leather cracked and peeling after years of daily wear. He stared at his face in the mirror, looked straight into his own eyes. 'I am an actor, and I will be the best I can be.' Another deep breath as he left the house. He didn't lock it. If all went well, he wouldn't be coming back.

He hopped on the bus headed downtown, to his stage next to the train station. He had always enjoyed outdoor theatre, and the warm sun on the Sunday morning promised to draw a nice crowd. As always, an hour before show time he started his meditations. Looking from face to face on the very full bus, he stopped at each one to stare,

and take a nice long breath. He did not look away until the other person became visibly uncomfortable. This was his method of gathering the courage he would need in front of the audience, and with each person that looked away, or nervously shifted in their seats, he felt his sense of purpose grow. He stood slowly, completely prepared and with no further whisperings of fear or hesitation. His first step onto the asphalt was only ten steps away from glory.

After step five, hypersensitivity set in. The sun spread warmth through every inch of his body. He could feel each ray embed itself into his skin. The rays like stage lights returned his consciousness; he was standing on his stage, the audience surrounded him, at the moment unperturbed and oblivious, and completely ready. He gathered himself, called forth his composure, dusted off his coat, removed it. The train announced its arrival with a blaring honk. The crowd looked up. The window was there, their attention was directed in front of him. With a flourish and a yawp, he jumped. Their gaze shifted. They were confused. Two spectacles danced on the same stage. A gasp arose from all sides and he smiled. The horn was loud and overbearing, but slowly the noise deadened, dulled, then crept back to max decibels. It was applause, louder than he had ever dreamed. No one looked away.

They said it was epic.

Zach Love '08

THE COMING DARK ABYSS

The coming dark Abyss—
A mass of fluffy black—
He wearily comes to weep his woe.
He comes to break the shack.

He cackles at the people,
All cowering in fear.
He shows his sharp and shiny teeth,
So quick, it's almost shear.

Yet on his face remains
And imprint of his fun—
For, though his teeth no longer show,
His job is far from done.

A moment now remains—
A moment in the dark—
The longest, wettest, blackest time—
Abyss will make his mark.

The streak of past amusement
Begins to fade away.
And in its place remains a monster—
A *roar* and *boom*, at play.

The dangerous, deafening, delirium
Creates a need to huddle.
A tear rolls softly down his face
And falls into a puddle.

The monster goes to sleep.
Abyss begins to cry.
Flood the sorrow—clean the soul.
The well will not grow dry.

Jennifer Dowdy '09

HIS ANGRY BELLOWS FILL THE EVENING SKY—

His angry bellows fill the evening sky—
Echo through the misty air—
Carried softly by a gossamer blanket
Woven with Heaven's knitting needles—
It tucks in the moon and stars
Preparing for slumber.

"Danger ahead!" "Beware!"
He spells a message of despair
With wispy moans.
His mournful whining a lullaby of morose.

The mist surrounds me—
An ethereal quicksand—
Whimsical terror—
He cries out for me, futile grasps—
"I warned you! I warned you!"
And then—
No more.

Mary Palazzolo '09

CONSTANT

They nag non-stop and drag you to moments only in your nightmares.
Their parents employed the whole T-Mobile before it invented My Fave Five.

Boundaries are a foreign concept to them.
They sneak out of your back door just as regularly as their own.
That tear in your favorite blue sweater, and red, and green, are all from them.

You always wonder how you ended up glued as one,
Yet you cannot help but think of living with dinosaurs as less abnormal than life minus them.
You aggravate them so much you appear as enemies
Since you have said all the possible compliments that they can recite them perfectly.

The fights, makeups, none of it matters anymore!
You can cover the universe with their flaws you have discovered not once, but twice.
But each and every one of these imperfections matches one of your strengths.
To you, they cannot be anymore perfect.

They are the saints that put up with each fit.
The ones that know exactly what you need to do ten years before you realize.
You are a purpose that winds them up every morning and every night.

They are your best friends,
The only constants in your life.

Bernadette Rabuy '10



Osaka Castle • Adriana Reinecke '09
Photography

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH ATLAS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

E Some years after the publication of *Dr. Duke's original manuscript*, the diary of one Lucy Rigby appeared on my doorstep. Included in that diary was an account of the events that transpired in Lucy's life before, during, and after the phone call made by Dr. Duke's attorney. The diary would have, in all likelihood, been discarded had it not been for the handwritten note from Dr. Duke himself. Sent from Maxwell, Montana, the note expressed Dr. Duke's desire to include this excerpt in a revised edition of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*.

The excerpt begins sometime before his Samoan attorney makes a call to Lucy Rigby. At this point in time, Lucy is in Room 1600 at the Americana....

Opening my eyes, I felt the dried streaks of mascara on my cheeks. The intense floral pattern of my twin bed feebly tried to inspire cheerfulness. All that glass-half-full stuff. I rolled over and gasped at the number of spiders on the ceiling. Every inch of ceiling provided a canvas for the spiders and their webs. The beauty of the webs shocked me; the webs were a railroad across the room. Spider superhighways. Then one began to grow. It grew, its once tiny limbs swelling before my eyes. Sure its arachnid innards would burst and be strewn throughout the room, I screamed. I screamed and screamed and screamed. *Rrrrrriiiiiinnnnnnngggg, rrrriiiiiinnnnngggg.*

I gulped and answered the phone. The familiar voice calmed me until he began to shriek, "O MY GOD! THEY'RE KICKING THE DOOR DOWN!" (130). My heart stopped. I stared at the flowers on my bedspread. Then I was wrenched back into reality by the sound of my name, "No, I don't know *where* she is! I think she went back to Montana. You'll never catch Lucy! She's gone!" (130). I slammed the phone back down into its hook and scrambled around the room. Weaving through the room, I packed my bag, gathered all 47 portraits of Barbara Streisand, and walked onto the street.

Now where to go? I could try to rescue the man on the phone, but I was not even really sure what his name was. Swerving to avoid a lizard-lady, I fell into the street in front of a green Chevy pickup. After a series of rapid gestures, I climbed into the front seat and made sure to

strap in before we roared off. This guy would not stop talking. He rambled on and on about some Flamingo Convention. I tried to listen, honest to God, but I could not stop staring. Instead of human ears, he had elephant ears! Every once in a while his scaly tail would flick up to scratch the gray wrinkled skin.

At this part in the diary, the text becomes illegible due to the staining of an unidentifiable liquid. However, some words remain clear: Kalispel...kidnapping... Oakies... karma... plaid... temporary insanity... Jesus... federal charges...

We drove North for a while, and George dropped me off in front of a run-down café called the North Star Coffee Lounge. I hauled my bag and my 47 Barbara Streisands in. I flopped down into a vinyl booth and waited for the waitress to notice me. Finally she sauntered over and looked at me expectantly. I ordered some eggs and a side of potatoes. Feeling inconspicuous, I slowly ate my meal and watched the waitress. She fascinated me. Although she "had the appearance of a very old hooker," she "was definitely in charge here" (157).

It made me sad. I thought about the family I ran away from and wondered if any of my sisters would turn out like this waitress. She had a controlling air about her that only comes from years of directing or managing. Now the time of great opportunity had ended. She probably put her life into her passion, and in the end some loser screwed her over. Another dreamed deferred. Life's casting agents yelling in a singsong voice, "NEXT!" Of course, having those lizard claws instead of normal hands could not have helped.

Every once in a while, the waitress would slump her shoulders and let out a deep sigh. It was as if she had to carry the weight of the world and could only relinquish the burden if someone would take it from her. A modern Atlas, if you will. You could see the hope draining from her face. I refused to watch.

I paid the bill. I smiled at the waitress, and did nothing more. I turned on my heel and left. Everyone pities her, but not too much. After all, Atlas carries the weight of the world for a reason.

Isabelle Elias '09

WHEN IN ROME

Experiencing even a ten minute ride on the metro in a crowded city like Rome transforms into an adventure. Diverse people from all over the world are hurriedly funneled through small doors to enter the metro car. Only the luckiest reach seats, so I am forced to hold onto a clammy metal pole protruding from the ground. I glance around. A skinny middle-aged man with short cropped brown hair and work clothes graciously surrenders his seat to a very old lady with curly grey hair and a cane. A young woman with a pony tail sitting in the corner of the car slowly solves a crossword puzzle, her leather bag securely buried in her lap. Suddenly the car lurches forward, and I thrust my hand quickly to the nearest pole, pondering how countless sweaty, dirty

hands have touched this same silver bar. I tighten my grip around my faded blue tote bag perched on my shoulder, suspiciously eyeing an innocent looking ten or eleven-year-old Italian boy standing by himself right next to me, so skinny I can almost see the outline of his ribs under his shirt. Silence rings around me except for the shrill squeak of the wheels scraping along the track. As our car bustles toward my stop, I escape the stench from the large man in jeans and a greasy t-shirt, sweating profusely and taking up the space two or three people could comfortably fill. Many new people, all with serious business-like looks on their faces, attempt to file in as I exit, and I realize that one can learn much about the world by traveling on the metro just the short distance from the Vatican to the Colosseum.

Hannah Farr '11

AGAINST THE WIND

A sharp breeze whips across the face, an end to compliance.
Stiletto boots tear at fallen maple leaves in satisfied defiance.
It's spray painted on every wall, birds taking flight,
and every puddle splays corruption, soiling the heart's immaculate white.
From above, the first drops of rain make their arduous descent,
each one a fearless warrior, battling an unforgiving pavement.
Yet a monsoon couldn't douse the fire waging inside of the free,
desperately grasping for truths among all the wreckage and debris.
Beneath each perfect snow, a hidden layer of mud;
within each tropical island, a wild hurricane flood.
A convoluted labyrinth with no apparent end,
but like the dove, the brave too must learn to transcend.
Wingless, with two feet in a rooted position,
the power to stand tall, to voice opposition.

Jade Batstone '09

PROLOGUE TO “THE RAVEN”

Late last night in an utter haze, as I went back home, dizzy and dazed,
Sipping, slurring, singing away, over many a road and crooked pathways.
Stumbling up a squeaky stairwell, I suddenly saw a strange appearance:
The statue at the end of the stairs, doubled, tripled, again once more.
“’Tis a vision of my sickness,” I told myself again once more,
“Like I have always seen before.”

Approaching my room where my dearest love slept, I crept and I crept,
And I tip and I toed until I reached the door to where my faithful beauty slept.
But to my dismay, I heard a singular sound that ruined my day.
With this sound, so abrupt, so alien, so annoying—one may call it a snore—
Ringing in my ears, I kept questioning, “Was she always one to snore?”
And I questioned and questioned, “Like I have always heard before?”

I lightly tapped on the door to further explore the origins of the snore.
But when none replied, I gently, ever so gently, turned the knob of the door.
My sick sight saw, lying betwixt two similar shapes, my faithful, young Lenore!
“’Tis not Lenore I see, but a fickle phantom of the absinthe,” I told myself as a cure—
But still, my eyes saw what they saw, and my ears did not take my words as a cure!
I surely have never witnessed this before!

My heart heated as hell hailed upon me; my head pounded, pummeled, and panged.
I could not stand her devilry; I squalled, I shouted, I screamed with all my soul,
“LENORE! LENORE! How could you betray your love to me?!”
Steal! Drink! Anything, but adultery! You know it is the one act I abhor!”
I broke down, weeping through these words again, “You know it is the one act I abhor!”
And in a rage I proclaimed, “You shall be mine nevermore!”

The fires of Pluto descended upon me, for Venus was there no more.
A sparkle of her ring danced in the flickering light of candles upon her dainty finger.
“What about the ring I gave you engraved with Eternally yours?” I shouted once more
Again, pangs and throbs filled my head brought by the person I once adored—
And she cried and cried—the person I once adored
And I have heard her cry nevermore.

Whisked in my passion and incited by sheer rage—
I made sure that my precious Lenore would be mine forevermore!
And the ring that danced in the flickering light shined its last sparkle
And returned nevermore.
And the wind whooshed, blowing out the candles, whispered “Eternally yours.”

Marian Manapsal '09

MY SONG

I leave my heart unguarded
To all who care to learn its secrets,
For none need look farther than this:
 My song,
To know the being so familiar yet utterly unidentifiable.

The soft, sultry strings of the violin drift to the ear.
A caress, accompanied by the fluttering flute;
Their soothing sighs are my overture.

Then: drums, chimes, the brass
 Build abruptly and excite the senses.
In the bead of sweat on the mighty Conductor's brow,
Lie one thousand fears, tears, an expression of his tireless devotion.
But I, the diva, sit happy in my haven,
Protected from the probing gazes by a concealing curtain
 As my Maestro endures the sea of stares
Of those awaiting my graceful entrance into their world.

My cue draws me from my sanctuary,
And I, shocked as if thrust into an icy bath,
Attempt to meet the eyes of my audience.
Attempt to hide my fear with haughty defiance.
Attempt to open my mouth and bear my soul.

My voice, tiny, timid, shudders in the nudity of the stage,
A missed note, a gasp from the crowd
 I hate to disappoint.
But an encouraging nod from my Maestro urges me onward.
I continue, for the orchestra will not stop for a missed note.
Squeak squeak squeak
But the Maestro continues, unfazed.

Can they hear me?
Can they see me?
Do they see my mistakes?
Do they care?

Many mistakes, but I take them into stride
 And make them part of my song.
Gathering confidence, my voice soars,
For that timid voice now knows its true power.

Tears glisten in the eyes of those in front,
And I bask in the glow of their unwavering pride.
My song concludes, met with scattered applause.
But it is those who do not applaud that will weep,
For they do not comprehend
And therefore do not appreciate,
And will mourn their ignorance.

My Maestro beams brightly,
Reaching out a gentle hand for mine.
And I am inclined to take it,
For I am me, perfect in my imperfection,
And I can return to my haven
Fulfilled.

Gianna Puccinelli '09



Cusco Llama • Natalia Lekach '09
Photography

EYES

If you look into my eyes
And see only hazel
You aren't seeing me

I've closed myself off
From you and them

The eyes tell the stories
The feelings and truths
That people don't speak of

If I look into your eyes...
Will I see you and your stories?
Or will I see the act you put on
To protect you and your heart
From the pain the truth might cause?

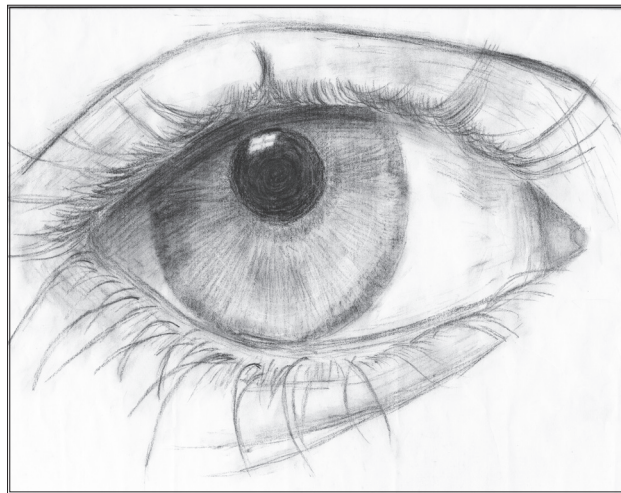
When you get the chance
And if you even care,
Look me in the eyes
And tell me what you see
Because if you only see color
You can't understand me
You can't see me
You can't even hope to see my stories

Charlotte Pruden '09

QUESTIONS WHO KNEW?

Who knew questions were taboo?
I never knew
I thought it was what you were suppose to do
I'm suppose to learn too
My questions are some sort of voodoo
Now I am only allowed two
If they're amazing will someone say "ooh?"
I guess it's what happens when life is a ZOO,
Full of boohoos, boohoos, boo you.

Carolyn Badillo '08



Eye • Annie Radsliff '09
Charcoal

THE SUMMER HOUSE

Elizabeth Carrey's chestnut brown hair swayed with the wind as she stared out at the misty blue gray ocean. She shivered a bit as the breeze brought a chill to her bones and sadness to her eyes. Unlike the roaming wind that could soar over the mighty ocean to foreign lands and seek adventure, Elizabeth remained trapped in a life confined to household chores and weekly tea parties. Tears trickled down her delicate porcelain face as she watched her two little nephews frolic happily in the sand below the cliff. How free they were though they did not know it! And for some reason Fate seemed to frown upon their sister who spent her childhood years confined to the parlor learning to sew and drink tea in the proper manner. Time and again Elizabeth had pondered this question, searching the deepest corners of her mind for an escape from the slavery in which she lived. After many sleepless nights of thought, she had reached an answer – the brown paper package she gripped tightly in her small hands.

She turned from the cliff and walked towards the old oak tree that separated the beach from the summer house. Kneeling ever so gently at the trunk of the tree, she began to dig a hole letting the soft dirt sift through her fingers. Then she gently placed the package upon the cool earth and covered the hole. Before she left, she placed a brilliant pink peony flower on top of the mound. When she stood up, Elizabeth felt her dress tighten around her abdomen. She smiled quietly to herself as she strolled back towards the clapboard Victorian inspired cottage. This is for you, my darling, she thought. That night she loosened her corset a bit before going to dinner.

A year later, the Carreys returned to summer cottage.

The morning they arrived, she walked down to the beach, cradling her daughter, Elise. Standing on the sand, she felt the ocean spray whip at her face and breathed in the refreshing salt air. Hugging Elise to her breast, she whispered, "Look out at the ocean, my dear. May your dreams be as boundless as the sea."

One summer, eighteen years later, Elizabeth became ill and forced the family to stay there through the winter. Day after day, she lay in bed, growing frail and feeble with each setting sun. One night, while the wind shrieked outside, Elise kept a candlelight vigil by her mother's side.

"Elise," she whispered.

"Yes, mother," wept Elise.

"Before I die, promise me one thing."

"Anything."

"There is a tree outside the house. Below it you will find a little mound of earth with a red flower on it. When I die I want you to go to it and take what lies beneath it. Keep it close to your heart forever and don't ever forget it."

"I will, mother," sobbed Elise.

Quietly Elizabeth breathed in her last breath. "I love you, my darling. I always have." With that, she drifted off into a peaceful sleep, one that was as endless as the sea.

The next morning, Elise, clothed in black, walked reverently to the old oak tree. Under the earth, she found a little notebook wrapped in brown paper. Inside was a letter from her mother.

My Dearest,

I was never strong enough to escape, but I know that you will possess the courage to spread your wings and soar high above the clouds. Know that the most important thing in life is to write your story in your own words.

Laura West '09

THIS IS LIFE

do you know the thoughts we think? the thoughts that start our hearts to sink?
do you know the truths we hide? the whispered secrets held inside?
do you know the things we love? and if we believe in God above?
do you know the secrets that we keep? and when we cry ourselves to sleep?
do you know when we work? and when we laugh so hard it hurts?
do you know when we fight? and when we lie awake at night?
do you think that we're insane? do you see us dancing in the rain?
we are people, more than you see,
we am not pictures, we're in 3D
we are laughter and fear and love and strife,
we are you and **this is life**

Grace Buckingham '11

MAJOR ECHO

Tempt me to live
Only once drained through a sieve
To filter out my desires
To appease the liars
And the neon flyers
Burning on their funeral pyres
You learn to cope
With lithe fingers on the rope
About to let go for God's sake
Dare not to even birth a quake
Or even try to shake
The cage at which they gape
Beautiful, naïve little ape
Of our time
A gilded shrine
Paying homage to Wish, Fancy
And Fun are the free
Twirling in all their glory
Deaf to the scene
Blind to the screams
Focused, in pursuit
Ready to shoot
Down the members of Club Pedestrian
In its entirety
But comes stark reality
A strong heart and pebbles
Changes not the fate of rebels
So swallow the lump
Join the ranks of Chump
Or be bold to say hello
To the crimson soil, not yellow
Stand firm and low
With Major Echo

Beverly Chao '08

LETTERS TO MY HEART

"I'm standing on your doorstep
Trying to get the words out of my head
I know this is strange
Someone you've never met
Waiting at your door

I know it's been a long time since we talked
I know I still know the person inside
If only you would show what I know you have – your
pride,"

—an excerpt from *The Letters To My Heart*

Kate Christian '11

TRANSPO

The silent, black wind flows through the shadowed trees.
The warm glow of a still hot ember ignites a stream of gold through the window.
The silver moon glows the night sky, casting an eerie glow on the slumbering world,
While tired bodies turn over in dreams of glowing warmth.
The sun rises and sets the globe on fire,
And the comfort of a warm bed slowly fades as the day moves on.
A transposition of color, always active, yet so unnoticed.

David Misner '10

THE FINAL CHARGE OF ÞÓRR

The setting sun glints blood-red off the metal raised above His head. The muscles in His calves and thighs tense, rippling with the explosive force propelling Him away from land and towards adversary. Hard face sculpted in rage, roaring mouth a black maw, He hangs in the air. Barbed arrows whistle past exposed flesh, tearing air and piercing ground. Narrowed vision focuses on the great wolf who, with jaws reaching heaven and earth, consumed Óðinn. Coiled muscles flex, absorbing impact, as His hammer strikes. Jötar fall, the nine worlds tremble as Yggdrasil itself shakes. An image flashes from the right; Jörmungandr rears to strike with venom-dripping fangs. He pivots, sprints towards the beast as Viðarr streaks by to tear asunder the great, murderous jaws of Fenrisulfr. Heimdall combats Loki, lays a strike, is felled. He approaches the beast. Mjöltnir flashes up, slams down, littering Vígríðr with so many slain. The head of the snake whips down. His shield shatters against the iron arm grazed by reddened fang. “In his wrath the defender of Miðgarðr strikes.” Mjöltnir slams down, connects, clouding His already red vision. The serpent falls, venom and life soaking the ground. He staggers back, nine paces, and drops to a knee. Vision moves from red to black. Everywhere, Einherjar battle the dead of Hel, fall. Æsir battle Jötar, fall. In the grey-blur of darkening vision, Surtr stands with the flaming Sword of Vengeance glinting above his head. An outstretched hand, a blur of light in the darkness, tenses. The last of His black vision is brightened by the roaring glare of the all-consuming fire.

Samuel F. Strelkoff '09

¹From verse 56 of Völuspá (first poem of the Poetic Edda)

REMEMBER ME, PLEASE?

Walking,
running,
sprinting,
I —
step on a crack and break a stranger's back;
I —
trip on an orange peel and snap a shoe heel;
I —
slip on spilled juice and land face-first on chocolate
mousse.

Disregard the one-thousand-and-one dance trophies and
spelling-bee awards
that I won since kindergarten.
Forget the cure for a worldwide epidemic that I discovered
in high school.
Overlook the international peace treaty that I helped
compose after graduate school.

Because my people will exclusively retain in their
memories—the sole moments when I fall.

Irene Ching '09

INFAMY

The boat captain asks us to keep silent
Out of respect. Sunscreen-armed parents
Attempt to relay the message to their offspring,
Clad in cheap souvenir t-shirts they bought
Across the street from the seashell emporium.
I look around at the other passengers to see if
There's anyone old enough to remember. The
Boat slowly moves closer to the pearly concave
Structure sitting in the clear turquoise water.
I stand on the smooth granite and look down
Over the edge at my reflection. A fiery orange fish
Feeding on the gravesite of thousands of men, boys,
Soldiers in a war they weren't yet in. The Arizona
Submersed in the crystal island harbor. December 7,
1941,
They entered a new Paradise.
Moms and dads check off the site in their guidebooks
As they return to sunbathing on the sand.

Abby Shapiro '08

INSHALLA

Pray-

O my brothers and sisters,
This injustice shall not go in silence much longer.

Speak- All ye faithful Christians and Muslims,
"Salam A'alaykom"

Indulge in the infinite peace that can be shared.

Chant-

In Arabic or Hebrew.

Inspire affection,

Remember we belong to each other.

Live-

Descendents of Muhammad, Abraham, Isaac

In not a world "full of beliefs but empty of religion."

Together,

We **pray-** that You,

God,

Allah,

Yahweh,

Will arise in Your people,

And infatuate them in a passion for **justice**.

Julia Yrani '09



Catching Gray • Connor Lind '10
Photography

LEAD ME HOME

“Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee...”
“...now and at the hour of our death, Amen.”

I sat in the leather straight-backed chair, fingering my well-worn ebony rosary beads as I mindlessly mumbled the familiar words. Leaning forward with my elbows on my knees, I stared transfixed at the head that lay propped up on two silk pillows inside the casket. I never knew my grandmother, but before long a single tear slipped down my cheek and onto my crisply-pressed black button-down shirt.

Friday evening was Grandma's wake and rosary service. A woman – young and quite pretty, dressed conservatively in black wool slacks and a pastel purple sweater top – answered the back door of the J.K. Weglowski and Sons funeral home.

My dad summoned a voice too smooth and calm to be that of a son mourning his mother. “Hi – we're here for Mary Webb's wake service.”

The young woman responded with a serious, sympathetic nod. “You're the family? Right this way.”

As we stepped inside, I found myself looking at the most beige place I had ever seen in my entire life. Everything, from the walls to the carpet to the furniture, was some hue of beige.

I sank into a plush beige couch and stared at the stupid fake flames that licked the glass door of the glowing electric fireplace. Before long, beads of sweat slicked my black-stockinged feet, and I couldn't stop shivering.

A tall, well-coiffed, middle-aged man in a crisp black suit and a gold four-in-hand tie walked up to us. He introduced himself – in a loud, but not harsh or unfriendly voice – as Ken Weglowski, the funeral director, and stood ramrod straight as he gave my dad a firm handshake. The two of them then reviewed some of my grandmother's personal information, to be included in the newspaper obituary the next day.

“Full name, Mary Claudia Webb; she was born October 17, 1922 and died November 20, 2004 – so she was eighty-two years old at her death...”

I turned my head toward the fireplace's neon orange fake flames, squinting even harder so no one could see

the tears that welled up in the corners of my eyes. For a moment, the whole world turned watery and misshapen.

The lid of the simple matte-finished oak casket lay open, and I could see my grandmother's face as soon as I stepped into the room. I crossed my arms and shifted my weight heavily from one wobbly high-heeled foot to the other, glancing at the flower arrangements that stood nearby. Unable to avoid it any longer, I walked timidly over to the casket and slowly lowered myself onto the white silk-pillowed kneeler. There was Grandma – unmistakably dead, still, cold, and almost plastic-looking. She wore a dark burgundy pantsuit and big, round, plastic-rimmed glasses. Her tawny-white hair was freshly curled, and a set of rosary beads was laced through the fingers of her gently-clasped hands.

This was too much for me. I burst into noisy, heaving tears as family members began to stream into the tiny visiting room.

The rosary service came and went. My teeth chattered and I clasped my arms to my chest as I stumbled over to our '91 LeSabre in the pitch-black late-autumn night.

“Amazing grace, how sweet the sound – that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but now am found; was blind, but now I see...tis grace has brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.”

The procession slowly filed out the back of St. Jude Thaddeus Church. There, on the same steps where two years before I had stood with my family and watched my newly-married cousin Laura walk with her husband to a waiting limousine, I now stood with my family and watched my dad and seven other pallbearers struggling to carry my dead grandmother to a waiting hearse. The church bell began its deep, resonant toll, and the light drizzle falling from the dark gray sky swelled into a full-bodied rain. Teardrops and raindrops mingled on my damp, flushed face as I watched my poor, mourning father burst into pained tears when the hearse door swung shut.

Margaret Palazzolo '09

ON THE HILL WE CALL OURS

A skip in her step, a sparkle in her eyes,
With radiance and youth glowing in her skin.
She's wearing her favorite pink cap and cardigan again.
Adorned in her daisy chains, blowing daffodils, making girly wishes,
Humming a tune into the wind upon this hill we call Ours.

I don't know it yet, but
 She's fighting for her life.

Sitting in the grass,
Gazing at the clouds,
Thinking of tomorrow...the wind picks up scattered leaves
Tickling us all around our naked feet, adding pink tinge to our cheeks.

 She doesn't know it, but
 She's still beautiful as ever.

Tears fall into a daisy patch.
Her smile is getting weary.
Her eyes haven't lost their sparkle yet, but she's getting tired.

 She's fighting for her life,
 And she won't let herself lose.

Her step has slowed, her breathing shallow and quick.
She's twirling daisies in her fingers, dreaming—lost in her thoughts again.
I'm curious and thinking—knowing, something is wrong.

I ask her to explain, but all she does is gaze at me, saying sweetly,
“Darlin’, don’t you worry ‘bout a thing.”

 Time is slowing to a stop,
 But neither of us knows it yet.

Shadows stretched long on the hill top.
The sun begins to set.

She turns to me and says not a thing,
Placing in my hand her best daisy chain
I'm flattered as I turn to look, but

 I've got no one left beside me, but
 Her daisy chains one by one drifting
 Down the hill we call Ours.

Victoria Fossett '09

YOUR GUIDE TO GRANADA

The morning is humming, no one out on the streets
But lonelies and tiny cars on their way to work
In the grungy lower city live the people and the big Corte
Ingles
But all is quiet now, recovering from last night.
Still the sun has begun to shine light, bright gold
On dirty orange awnings, brick buildings.
The well-kept park has sand paths and trimmed bushes
And as morning peeks through the trees and hits the pond
It is like an Arabian fairy-tale.

The streets fill later, people walking across town
The steps imprinted in the heart
Class in the white square building, second floor
Rooms lead off the lush center plaza
Reminiscent of terracotta history, fountained palaces
The moving sun begins to penetrate the white awning
above.
Café con leche in a skinny glass with croissant
On the tippy wooden bench
The day's light becomes higher, brighter
Illuminating the deserted side streets.

Late bread, soup, siesta—
The heat settles in, oppressive and stifling
Lazy world, slowing down, soft afternoon sound
Where did everyone go?
Resting up for crazy night
The sun begins to lower, lower, dark gold until early
nightfall.
Head out for one last walk, catch the shops

It's calling you calling you
Evening in the Albacín
The archaic stone walls and whitewashed crammed houses
How did they get here?
Cobblestones, spurting fountains
The streets a scene from Aladdin.
Informal flamenco cantantes and guitar overlooking
Alhambra, majestic in the sunset, flags flapping in the
breeze
As the hearty wail of the singer and quick passionate strum
the dark people gypsy people
Clap clap clap clap
Sweeping trees, lemonade
Exotic
The sun sinks below, its last glow peeks out from behind
the distant mountains
Down the hills of old houses into the new dark
At the bottom gaze up at the fortress alit and the flame
breathers and throwers
Humble at the power of heat, light, tricks
Walk along the cobblestones past merry bars glowing with
people
Arabe vendors, incense, strange gold, embroidered red hats,
trinkets clink
Sangría
Helado de nata, de trufa, de chocolate
Dark alleys to home
Laughing, dining, music, dancing till morning
When all finally quiets, the sun comes out
From behind the hills, unfailing and wise
Bringing the day once more.

Emily Gray '09



Fornikki • Beverly Chan '10
Photography

AGAINST THE WALL

He isn't scared anymore
He has the power as
It's been returned
To all of the people
Who are still scared to see

Curious and Pondering is
There anything over there
The cold weight in his hands
As he readies to strike
The distant believer lay
Unrest in his grave and
No one will hear him ever
again

He shakes the trembling
Feeling and lifts freedom
High above his head
Until he connects
The rest will still
Chant to an unmatched rhythm
"Let's bring this wall down"

Connor Callaghan '08

I KNOW WHAT YOU SAID IS TRUE

I know what you said is true
It's apparent in your eyes.
Please don't try to console me
Just swallow up your lies.
Summer had to end sometime,
But why must all be cold?
When the film was torn from off my eyes
It was out of earth's control.
I can see you're trying to mask it
But the snows are soon to come.
The clock is running long and yet
It seems you've already won.

Helen Buse '11

SUMMERTIME

My yellow curls flowed wildly
As we splashed in the River
Gasping for breath through laughter and dunks.
Your hand slipped too far off my shoulder
And my cheeks burned
Red as the polka dots on my bikini.

But it came and went and came again.
We were more daring this time
Bonfires on the beach
I squeezed the sand in my toes to contain my smile
When the Snapple bottle decided our fate.

And when it came back,
So did we.
Fresh like my June freckles
Sweet like strawberry milkshakes
Perfect like the summertime.
Then it was gone again.

But it came back
Different.
Drank up the nerve
Blurry complications
Only the moonlight
To guide our recklessness.

Twelve months came and went.
But you couldn't see me this time
Through your glassy eyes.
You couldn't hear my laughter
Over the clinking bottles.
The redwoods cast shadows
And the stars lost their twinkle.

And here it is again.
But I am without you.
I thought we were
Forever like the summertime.

Morgan Campbell '08

GUILTY

For all those time
I nodded my head
though I wasn't listening –

And saying bullsh*t lines
like “really?”
and “how's that make you feel?”
and “I know what you mean”
when they didn't mean squat –

Or when I tell you
my mom is yelling at me
for being on the phone
when in reality
she's downstairs watching TV
or making dinner
or just doesn't care
that I'm not doing my homework –

I'd just like to say sorry.
And I really mean it now.

I'm sorry I act like more than I am,
and I'm sorry your stories
go in one ear and out the other,
and mostly,
I'm sorry for taking advantage
of you when I need an ear
or a shoulder
or a brain.

I'm sorry that you're less for me
than I am for you –
and that I'm more to you
than you are to me.

So, sorry.
Sorry times a million
to the fifty-eighth power.
Really.
Truly.
Sorry.

...with a cherry on top.

Juliet Knox '10

STUDENT WORK

Write this down
Clean that up
Due next week
Try not to peek
Have this tomorrow
Don't forget
You forgot
Now you're on the spot
Get out!
Come back prepared!
What does this mean?
What do you think?
That's wrong.
Moving on
How is this done?
I don't get it
Figure it out
Now I understand.

I wonder what they're doing now.
As I sit here in my notes.
Probably chatting downstairs,
While I'm writing timeless quotes.

The shampooed carpet smells fresh.
And the sun peeking through makes me warm.
I got a perfect score on the test,
That's what happens when I guess.

What's for lunch today?
A break bowl boasting chili or chowder,
Or a pizza thick with cheese.
Wait, practice later, fruit for me.

There goes that girl.
What is her name?
I can't remember.
It starts with an S...Oh well.

I'm falling asleep,
I think she can tell
Eyes getting heavy...
O...saved by the bell.

Everett Watson '11

ONE DAY OF PRACTICE

R ather be anywhere else
Q uitting sounds quite nice
P athetic
O kay, the beads of sweat feel refreshing
N evermind
M ight make it through this
L ikely to die
K rackling by my padding feet becomes a source of
entertainment
J ust for now
I love this

why I come every day
My motivation the emotion experience, work hard, and
achieve no limits
except myself air exhilarates, nature, strength in pain to
push until

I ce cream in the mornin' time
J ust candy
K erplunk
L ollipop
M cDonalds
N oriega
O h fantastic, only four more to go
P ride
Q uiet Focus
R eturn is Rescue

Geneva Vogelheim '10

TIME IS NOT TIME...

The Funeral March led to Terms against the two sides
And both leaders were hailed as "Eroica"
I looked upon the mountain range where they fought - it was now
filled with a sea of fog, as a giant eraser of bloodshed, a soft form of
life-giving water

And I saw our race from above, as the student carried around all his papers in a
ziplock bag
as the Athletic Director greeted me by not shaking my hand, but grasping my bicep
- - I guess he was gauging my athletic ability?
and all fell into a pool of notes and only a select few could put those notes up to dry,
to release their color in a grand symphony.

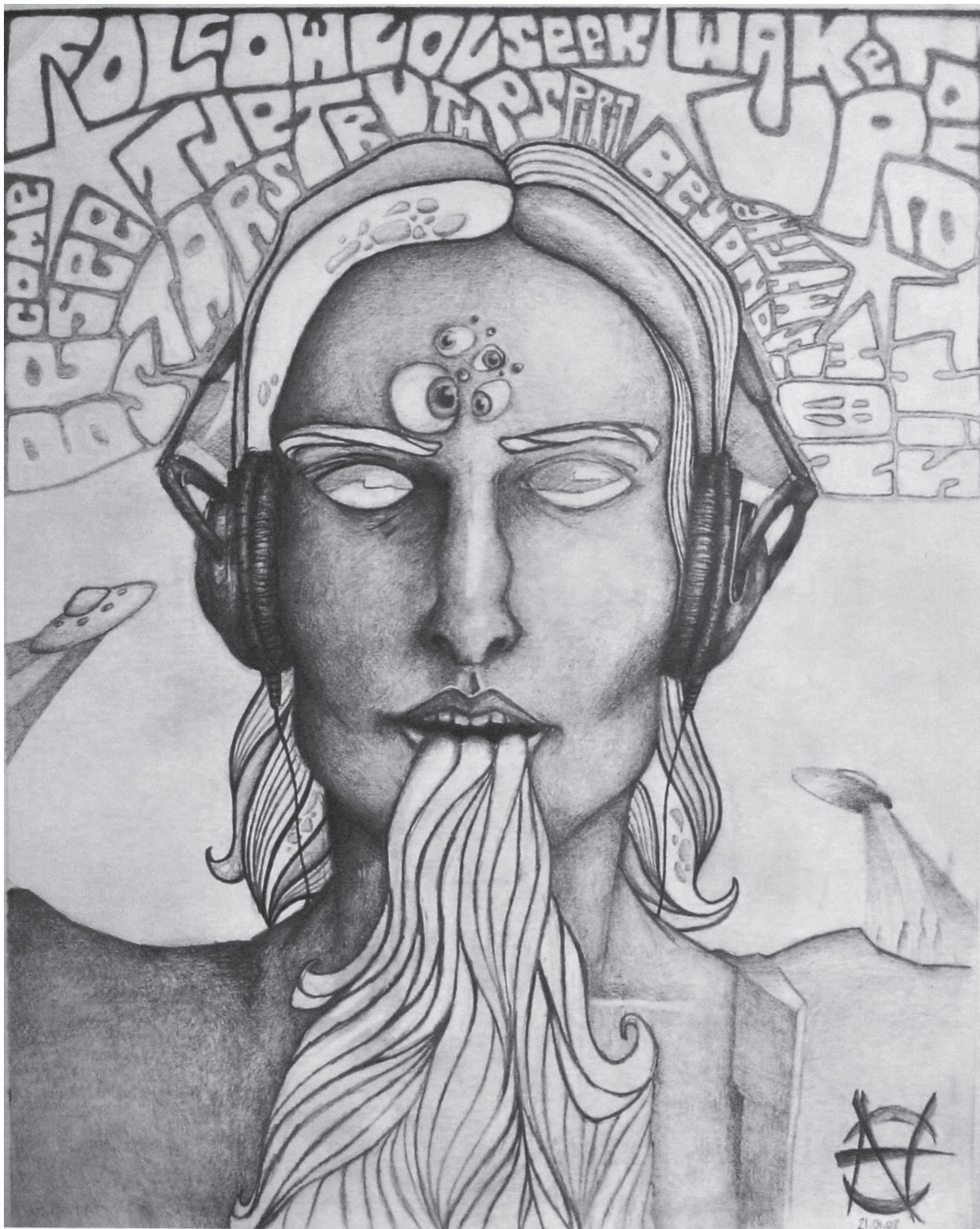
A bee was caught in a spider's web. They fought, each trying to douse the other with venom
Neither one won - the bee had its wing cut off, the spider lost legs
- - but both are still alive
alive, but not well
can see, but do not move
cannot get back home to hive or web
cannot tell their friends that the tides ebb
but their minds don't approve
for that is not enough
enough for them
or humans

And I picnicked as the battle was waged,
as a bystander to the venom kingdom's civil war
After, the flag waved NORTH; only two know that means a storm is coming
for they "too Sing America" - and don't get me wrong, I sing too, but the storm is just brewing again
The bees versus the spiders, both eroica's in Beethoven's mind, both fools in Shakespeare's,

And as time passed, clocks went out of sync because
time is not time on a wrist watch
and to a pocketwatch, time repeats itself day after day
I looked at 7:14, and at either AM or PM I saw both
sunrise and sunset that day,
the silhouette of the tree remained the same...
dark outlined by a orange glow of hope

And the quaking aspen didn't quake, they shivered
for the storm is cold, but the flag can stop blowing one way or the other
the wind can die down.
and venom need not be made

Peter Cronin '08



Away From Here • Adeline Newmann '08
Pencil

GONE

A wisp of smoke, amongst a sea of blue nothingness, lies above me. The tall oaks rustle gently, moving sensuously in the wind. Nature provokes me. A bird chirps happily, unaware of its insignificance. If I had the time, I would clip its wings, climb up a tree and say, "Fly birdie, fly."

I make the mistake of sharing my thoughts with my friends; they nervously exchange looks. The short one shoves her hands into her pockets, nervously wiggling her fingers around, as she vigorously sucks on her Altoid. The tall one looks down, eyebrows undoubtedly raised in judgment. If only I could singe them off. The perfect one doesn't bother to conceal her watering eyes. Within minutes, her face will be a bright, violent red, tears will stream down her face, and she will sobbingly ask for a tissue. Any other day, I would frantically try to get her to smile; today is not, 'any other day.' There will be no crying today.

The fat one is my favorite. She doesn't fidget, she has a poker face, and she never cries. She's honest. Not because she never lies, everyone lies, but because she has a, 'This is who I am, so deal with it,' attitude. I can rely on that attitude; I can rely on her. She steps forward, grabs my shoulders and sternly but softly tells me, "We don't have time for this. We have to go." Her right hand slides off my shoulder, down my arm, and clasps my own. She gives it a light squeeze, and starts to lead me away.

I take one step before reclaiming my hand, and firmly

tell her, "No." I turn my head sideways and gaze at my childhood. The childhood that disappeared last Tuesday. 'There will be no crying today.' I take a step towards it.

The fat one blocks my path, "You can't go there. Come with me." I walk around her. She grabs my elbow, and with as much meaning as she can muster, tells me, "No, you can't go there."

I clench my jaw and wrap my hand around her wrist. I squeeze it with all my strength, wanting to squeeze the life out of this thing that is preventing me from happiness. "I'm going."

I take off my heels, sprint towards it, and jump up on the platform. I search for my favorite horse, a white beauty bejeweled in red and green. I find him, pat his head, hoist myself up, and wrap the thin rope around my waist. I wait for it to start, for the jolly music to come on and take me around and around forever. It never does. 'There will be no crying today.'

I smell peppermint. I see a shadow. I hear sniffing. I feel a hand covering mine in sympathy. "They closed it down a few months ago. I'm sorry."

'There will be no crying today.' The tears don't listen. They fall one by one, some gathering on the tip of my nose, others wetting my lips, but most fall onto my white beauty. "How can you be here one day and gone the next? How can you just...die?"

Katie Belden '09

DISEMBODIMENT

I remember when we first conflicted
over which space to enter the revolving door
and could go to a Knicks game with the same ticket.
Then the scalpel came down.
But we were asleep.
The wind feels fresh on my hip and the scar is closing.
You went to Oxford
and took the brains.
If you ever come to the
Jack In the Box on 42nd
And King Street in the Bronx,
I'll give you extra fries.

Columbus Leonard '08

THE BUS

The bus ride home from school is every aspect of city life and urban character packed into one large, bumpy vehicle. The public bus is an old wheezing cat that greedily gobbles me up like a fresh ball of string, then coughs me out like an exhausted hairball. I try to enjoy my time on the bus by observing the various creatures inside. I stand in the middle of the bus, where the large oval on the ground squeaks as it desperately attempts to turn the bus around a tight corner. The front three seats are occupied by timid, studious middle school kids with gigantic backpacks that weigh them down like oversized turtle shells. The small students work vigorously on their homework, but make sure to periodically dart their eyes nervously around the bus in search of any potential predators.

As the bus screeches to a stop, the doors swing open and two elderly women slowly make their way up the steep steps, heaving their full grocery carts up each one with difficulty. Two business men with crisp suits and leather briefcases glance at each other before politely standing up to make room for the new passengers. The women giggle at the dashing young men, and smile warmly with a, "Thank you, Dear." As they settle into the comfort of the brown, plastic seats, they resume their discussion on the new games added in the bingo hall. I am enjoying the debate on "Black Out" versus "Four Corners", when a shriek of coarse language averts my eyes to the passengers seated three seats from me. A plump woman with a colorful sun hat and a lumpy fanny pack around her waist yells what seem to be frustrated words in a foreign

language at the man sitting next to her. This tall, lanky man with arms of thick brown hair and extremely furry sideburns has a chunky Polaroid camera hanging from his neck and wears white, wool socks under his tan, button sandals. The man repeats the same phrase in his language over and over, each time pointing at the same spot on a large map with exasperation.

I glance further down the vehicle towards the back of the bus, where five teenaged girls are gabbing about last week's episode of their favorite television program. Each young lady clutches several shopping bags of various colors and sizes. Ten legs are neatly crossed, and ten flip-flops are worn, flaunting a row of perfectly polished pedicures. The girls howl with laughter and constantly flash their dazzling smiles and flip their shimmering, glazed manes. I am confused why these actions are continuously repeated, until I spot the four young men seated in the very last row of the bus. The boys wear baseball caps in every direction as well as baggy blue jeans pulled down to their knees and tucked into massive sneakers. Two of the boys punch each other and mess around, ever so often sneaking a peek at their audience. Another boy calls to one of the girls and winks, asking her what she thought of the game on Saturday. The final young man stares out the window, bobbing his head to the sound of hard rock on his ipod, oblivious to his friends' games.

As I stand on the oval and take it all in, I realize that even though the bus may be loud, crowded, and obnoxious, I wouldn't travel any other way.

Julia Anaya '10



Untitled • Marlene Lundy '08
Ink

HISTORY

My breath is heavy,
take a pause but just for a moment.
I listen to guides relay information.
Info that's amusing but lacks history.
"Contrary to popular belief,
The Wall can't be seen in space."
My face fades into the fog.
See a horse drinking water at the foot of the Wall;
The chill of water reaching every bone.
Turn around and look up and squint, hoping it makes a difference.
Instead, I see countrymen dying not in the battlefield
but on an eternal schedule ran by dynasties.
I lose my footing, slip, and hit the wet stone.
A thin line of people pass by and look.
Half expecting to find a distant relative I look back;
Searching for an individual whose blood I carry.
Instead, young men leaving future widows behind.
Men performing backbreaking work on a dragon
extending all the time, thousands of miles
over the Middle Kingdom.
Rain drops cut my stare or is it tears?
Doesn't matter. Time is of the essence now a days.
Cautiously make my way down.
Look at my scarred hands.
Tracing the cracks and crevices and close my eyes.
The very same hands writing letters back home;
Telling their wife to find a good man.
Take care of the family and to remember
Their lost husband now and then.
Open my eyes and look up one final time;
Searching for any soul still left behind.

Justin Ibisate '08

THE COLORS OF LIFE

As the old sky fades into the new moon
Your dreams float away like a pink balloon.
Sprinting down a dusty street,
A rainbow springs from the soles of your feet;
But instead of accepting you stay confined
In the solitary cell of your one-track mind.

As you grow older, you wish time would bend back,
So you can gain all of the colors you lack.
You picture yourself: Gripping that string
Attached to pink balloons, so tightly you cling.
For the first time you open your eyes and see
How beautiful the colors of life can be.

Walking, you begin to pick up the pace,
A smile grabs your lips and conquers your face.
A rainbow springs from the soles of your feet,
Balloons in hand, you make the leap.

Kimmy Bettinger '10

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Adam's head lay motionless upon his shoulder. His mouth hung open, bits of spit gently drizzling onto his disheveled black tie. The cab's brake rudely woke him from the back seat. He quickly searched for the driver's eyes in the rear mirror to display his contempt. He felt a smooth, cold object held weakly in his hand. As he slowly lifted the glass bottle to his eyes, he inquisitively squinted at its contents. He closed his eyes and took a violent swig. As he wiped his mouth with his coat sleeve, a croaky voice erupted from the driver's seat.

"Well, we're here."

Adam was well aware he had arrived at his step-father's funeral; however he neglected to respond immediately, keeping the driver waiting. After several moments of silence, he muttered, "Fine."

He slowly reached for the rusted door handle and gave it a violent tug. As the cold morning air rushed in, he took a moment to gain his senses while sitting on the leather seat. Adam felt the cab driver's impatient eyes from the rear mirror as he sat with the door open, simply watching his breath take shape in the cold morning air. He promptly jolted up and slammed the door behind.

Taking long strides across the damp grass, Adam looked into the distance at a small group huddled between two large oak trees. All guests dressed in black, heads bowed, faces somber. In mid-stride, Adam delicately laid down the empty glass bottle of rum, almost as a tribute to his late step-father.

He quickly found his place into the back of the small group, keen not to alert anyone to his lateness. All heads in the circle remained bowed-except one. From across the group, his brother John shot a piercing stare, displaying disapproval for Adam's antics.

'You're the one that hated him,' thought Adam with an unexpected surge of anger. John had refused to shake

hands when he first met their step-father Tom, and John had not called their mother in ten years. The fights, torment, and disagreement within the once tightly-knit family had directly shown in the person Adam had become. The once promising young man who sought to bury his sorrows in school had become a dying, reckless embarrassment, who buried his sorrows in alcohol and drugs. John's cold look of hatred possibly resulted from the mere sight of Adam, with his unshaven face, long, greasy hair blanketing his eyes, and a dirty, wrinkled black suit fit for a bum.

Keen to ignore John's stare, Adam's mind wandered away from his stepfather's memory. He closed his eyes to the frequent chirps of sparrows and eerie whistling winds. Head still bowed, hands tightly clutched together in front of him, he realized a sudden silence pervade throughout the group when some turned their backs and walked back to their lives. Amidst the silent parting, one man in the group remained standing, with his hands leisurely placed in his pockets.

Adam curiously walked up, a few feet removed from his brother John. He leaned forward to see to John's face. Puzzled and confused, Adam took another step forward to see if the face of distorted grief and sadness his brother wore was true.

"S...sorry..." John pathetically mumbled to the grave.

"Uh...what?" asked Adam.

Alarmed and bewildered, John's eyes shot up to meet Adam's. After the sudden shock, John regained his senses and shrugged.

"Well," slightly nodding towards the grave, "good guy, you know."

Adam shielded his eyes as a rare ray of sunlight escaped the clouds to meet the two brothers. A curious smile upon his face, Adam said firmly, "I know John."

Will Bennett '09

OH! LOOK

Oh! Look—
Wow—Tap Tap Tap—I stare then walk away—
Says me the Young of Yesterday—
The Innocent being of back then—
Incapable of creating out of something so Thin
It is nothing I say—Hmph I am bored—

But now It—no They—
Their “doppelgangers” that they see—
And now thinking—“Who is ‘He’ that goes forth first”
Frolicking in “Freedom”—“God?—
Oh glee it’s a game”—Woosh—
Grab me by my golden girdle”—and they graze—

Forever is their old Faithful—
Not frozen—yet frozen
A Sun, always shining greatly—no shadows there appears—
While the rest of the World in darkness lay—
And—rest with their own, in their own, and also Play—
“Oh well” is all that they can say—

Their own staff of Satan—
This they never fear—
The strong rock of Gibraltar—
This they are always near—
For Spooked from speaking to “them” again—Clink Clink
All talk, all look, no action—“I thought I heard him speak”—all this once Again

Ah—Paradise—here they live forever
The lazy American—Everything Served and nothing Deserved—
Or maybe my mind has been swerved to think in something poorly inferred—
Really they are those who are deemed “Invalid”—
Fed through a bottle—maybe a tube—with shredded bits of manufactured food—
Waiting to go—though they don’t even Know it—

Sad—for eventually they go and die—
Somehow if they heard us—one Impossible day—
Or on the other Fateful day—name us the Fools—
With our “Wish things stayed the Same”—
Hah! One good “Ay” at a time, they say—
Everyone knows two Halves make a Whole—
Diligence—they say—Pray, Fray, and never Stray

Daniel Tan '09



Roadhog • Alexander Berg '09
Digital Drawing

SNAPSHOT: 1957

The humidity sticks Grandpa's sheer collared shirt to his broad shoulders. Propped up, knees wide and powerful atop the second stair of the brick staircase that still leads to the Widowed Woman's house, his patience grounds him. His deep hazel eyes take him back to that year in the Navy. The blotchy black symbol on his veiny forearm was painful and unhealthy. The needle was not clean, the tattoo artist was just another Seal, but honor shines through its stain on his arm, and guards his family.

Dad refuses to put shoes on, hoping Grandpa would carry him in his strong arms. His soft, two-year-old flesh burned against the brick, so grandpa held him gently as Dad let out an ecstatic laugh. His small index finger points playfully ahead, at his mother. His parents were talking, laughing. They want a picture to document the sunshine that defies the gossip condemning their youthful decision to marry. Dad's eyes close happily, shielding them from the powerful rays.

Battered blue and red checkered socks guard Grandpa's ankles, and snug beige keds lace around his arches. He must leave for work at the nearby insurance agency where, fourteen years later, he will spend most of his time compiling scrapbooks of Dad's football articles from newspapers as Shenendahoa High School and Princeton University's All-American Athlete's biggest fan. Dad will grow arms like Grandpa's. He will have the same strong skin, bulging veins, chiseled cheekbones. Wrinkles of worries will never appear on either man's dark complexion; not even when diagnosed with lung cancer a week before his death. Grandpa will push the same grin, despite the pain, as a snapshot of 1957 will flicker in his head.

Erica Lang '08

THE ROAD

The road of life in front of me lies
The bend round the hill beckons and cries
Come hither, and follow your dreams up ahead
But be careful and thoughtful with your lithe, even tread
You may make your own path
Yet stick to the road
Be carefree and easy to bare a light load
However, stay cautious and wary of ways
A dead end may appear while your head's in a haze
Above all remember, you're paradise bound
The place you are headed can wait to be found
So I start on my journey with freedom of soul
Feeling my futures unwavering pull

Caroline Kolenda '10

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

Hidden beneath dust,
Disfigured by age,
A once glorious stage has no more left to fade.

Wood moans in pain,
Lights dull and wane,
There is no sign of death this theater can feign.

Only a flicker of life remains in the place,
A trio of artists
Sharing one single face.

A forlorn look of sadness
For their ancient, lost cause,
Sax, String, and Bass,
In perpetual pause.

Decorated with drab,
Beset by self-pity,
Three men sit still,
Afraid of the city.

Each person older
Than the theater they reside in;
They have spent many years, even decades!
Only hiding.

But it takes just one spark
To ignite a fire;
One may keep from the dark,
By tuning his wire.

Though the stage be decrepit,
The crowd seats in sparse tatters,
Musicians can brush aside all these small matters.

Rising from his low, dirty, quiet perch,
Springing up to his feet as a child on a birch,
The Sax deftly glides to the center stage.

Soft and supple,
Simple, yet wise,
The sad and smooth melody
Brings tears to the eyes,

Of the other two men,
Who do nothing but tremble,
Thinking back to the past,
Back to years last.

Driven by memory,
With emotions between joys
The trio plays fiercely,
As when they were boys

Drawing color to the wood,
Bringing sound to the halls,
They comfort all parts;
One of flesh, one of walls.

Though the surroundings are dull,
frigid, damp, cruel,
It takes only some hope
To alight still fuel,

That can stave deprivation,
Breathe life into death,
With a profound sensation.

John Pertsch '10

RUNNING

One day I decided to run.
IT could never catch me...
I could outsmart IT...how clever was I!
I ran through the tunnel...
but I found no light.
I ran through the black forest...
but I tangled myself in a web of branches.
I ran down the grimy alley...
but IT lurked in the depths of the darkness.
As I was running IT ran next to me,
always one step ahead.
The sun set and came up once more...
but IT never left me...
IT was the shadow on the gray sidewalk,
attached to me, a part of me that I could not sever.
I ran into the fog and on my way
crashed into figures.
The fog was so dense that it
blurred their faces and muffled their voices.
But still I ran.
I ran to the ends of the earth...
Lucky there was someone there to catch me
when I teetered on the edge of that crazy cliff.
I'm still running...
I turned and ran in the other direction...
and IT still followed me.
But now I'm not alone on this marathon...
and although IT still challenges me for first,
my team just took the lead.

THE FIELD

Sydney West '09

Sweat soaked brows of young men strained and torn,
They call J.B. Murphy home, where dreams are killed and born,
We buckled the helmet and donned the Jersey, we battled everyday,
Pushed our bodies to every limit, we hurt in every way,
We caught it, we crushed it, we hit it, sometimes we even thought it,
Our coaches plotted and schemed it, they're the ones that taught it,
We spent our summers pushing weights we sacrificed our time,
Unknowns to us we built a relationship with whistle and line,
Lessons were taught, many learned, which forever ring loud and true,
We felt the love of friend and fan as we chanted to red and blue,
And now we must release ourselves, and some may grow apart,
Though this place will remain a piece of us, and forever close at heart,
We left behind our blood, sweat, tears, and broken bone,
We leave, yet the Murph will stay the same, and always be our home

Kyle Bell '08

“A FAIRY-TALE”

I wish my life was a fairy-tale,
always success and never fail.
Driven by love and happiness,
we would live in perfect bliss.

Me and you, the perfect marriage,
drawn in ceremony by horse and carriage.
There would never be a fight,
no arguments throughout the night.
No damaging words cried across the room,
that would one day make me presume,
that we would need to split our lives,
just in order to survive.

Kids would never cheat in school,
feel no pressure to be “cool”,
or even want to cut their wrist,
for depression wouldn’t exist.
And when they look into the mirror,
they wouldn’t want a smaller rearer,
or their faces to be clearer,
they’d be beautiful and without fear.

Our soldiers would be home from war,
and seeing them our hearts would soar.
We would live in perfect peace,
with no need for the police.
We would not need security,
no jails to bust
because we’d trust
and we would live as free.

Without heart-break for us to fear,
we would never shed a tear,
our hearts would never take the chances
leading up to fake romances.

But if my world appeared as real,
we would not learn, or grow, or feel.
If we didn’t lose a person to death,
how would we cherish every breath?

I don’t wish my life was a fairy-tale,
for if it was,
I would not fail.

Bissy Sancimino '09

SHREDDED HUMANITY

Steam radiators still whistle cheerily,
Drenched in sweat, mouth gone dry.
The sick and foolish labor wearily,
No soul to hear their hue and cry.

Breathlessly anticipating their release,
They lay down the steel wire track.
Constantly hounded by dispassionate police,
We alienate them from our wolfish pack.

Grim as they approach the dusk
Ending each day sore to the bone.
Wrapped in sweat and heat and musk,
Dying slowly in this toxic cologne.

No artificial limb can replace the loss,
From a tall, cocky, murderous American boss.

Andrew McCarty '08



Spring Awakening • Cammy Loback '09
Photography

FORBIDDEN LOVE

You tell your true feelings already,
When things between you two were steady.
It was a friendship that became stronger,
But with every moment it went wronger.
For you loved them so much and dearly,
And they don't feel the same way clearly.
You can't help but think of what could have been,
Because between the two of you love is like a sin.
They are better as a friend,
For you'd rather have this in the end.
It is better than them not a friend at all,
For you want someone to catch you when you fall.
You want to be more than just friends,
But your decision is what depends.
Would you risk the friendship?
Is it worth the death trip?
If you don't choose to ask how they are feeling,
Then you will constantly be praying and kneeling,
For answers from above,
On why you two can't love.

Kristoffer Praxedes '08

A SOLDIER'S VENUS

In a world where wars are fought,
Lies a man whose luck is shot.
While his Hummer burns,
His stomach churns,
And havoc has been brought.

There's pain in his sockets,
But he looks at his locket.
A promise was said,
And he thinks in his head,
"My Venus, I haven't forgot it."

The promise was made a while ago,
The bond of love it was to show.
The war he'd survive,
And their love would thrive,
And he'd make his way back home.

The enemy comes for pride and battle,
Words of fear the others babble.
With a valiant cry,
He takes his stride,
With hope and morale in the saddle.

They were fiercer, they were bolder,
They fought off the other soldiers,
Now he'll be strong,
And will always fight on,
In hopes that he'll soon hold her.

Michael Shymanski '09

SUPERMARKET WASTELAND

Grazing
Across neon aisles
Of a wasteland
Of processed, foreign food.

The glassy, empty eyes
Of the lost generation
Of teenage clerks
Welcome the robot army
Of monotonous consumers,
Filling their tainted, plastic baskets
With mountains of packages and imported snacks.

Beady eyed children
Fall victim to the propaganda engulfed in
This Mecca of corn syrup.

Imagining the helpless faces
Of the infected, hormone filled carcasses,
Lining the rows of artificial ice boxes.
I say a prayer.

Abigail Colyer '08

THE VIEW FROM MY SPECS

Swaddled by darkness,
Cold and Sparse
Like a small mouse enclosed by the box of a shoe
I gaze at the pinholes poking through

Then, striking the match of the Inferno's blaze
The world rekindles the wrath of Hell's flame
I see them (*you, me, her, him*) in shadows of fate—
gloomy,
grim

One woman's tear spirals down the kitchen sink
Onto the dish which she served her husband's favorite
meal
How did she know? (*How could anyone?*)
She'd find that pink outline of lust
On the collar of a man she once loved (*loves?*)
He promised she says as she sees her eyes in the metal of
the knife
That rests at her side

One human heart shattered by the bullet of another man's fear
I didn't know (*Uncle Sam signed me up*)
I shaved my head just like they asked, did a push up,
climbed a wall
Left Right Left Yes Sir
I didn't think I'd have the guts to pull a trigger and end it all
Does he have a wife, a child like Me?
All he has now is that trickle of crimson
(*Do you think he's finally free?*)

One child limp in the arms of her father,
He only wanted the best (Is this it?) for his innocent
daughter
Her soul seeps into the puddle below
As Daddy looks down to see his own face in the memory
of his little gift, his grace
And in his wrinkles he sees thousands more hungry and
sick
(*and hopeless*
poor
desperate
faithless)

STOP! I can't watch, can't believe
(*and I throw those specs thru the air*)
Trapped by the thought of the lonely, the sick, the flat-
lined, the bare

I know I just can't fly off and leave
But, honey, no one can stop me from spreading my wings

And suddenly like a Phoenix's flight from its sprinkled ash
A spherical fusion of electricity creeps above and ...
FLASH

Darkness fades
(*I rest my specs back upon my nose*)
Can you see it?

the comic
book

(*Here, wait a sec*)
Why don't you come along and take a look through my
specs

Look at the Sunflower as it leans toward that divine voltage
(*lean with it*)
As its rays pierce the air
I promise you'll find it, that hope (*I know your looking for it*)
Take your ticket (*save the stub*)

Galaxy's puppeteer dangles its globe of neon spark
Hanging by a single thread of faith
and HARK!

Blades of the meadow dance beneath a luminous sky
A radiant beam of hope peaks through to my shielded eye
As, even if for only a second, nature strums Heaven's harp

And for that instance it seems that the universe
harmoniously hovers over the world
As a mother would caress her newborn babe

Basque in the marvel
Coexist with the fear
Take the hand of this silence
Let loose that one tear
(*I know it's not much, but it's all I have need*)

And for this brief eon I can sit eternally mesmerized by the
thought of ...

A moment of chaotic
blissssss

Theadora Trindle '08

EPITAPH

Standing in the shade of cypress trees
I lay me down to breathe with you mouth to mouth
And it feels like iron lungs with the plugs pulled out

I saw a vision of a land that was long before
With futures and prospects glistening like gold
And flying star bound at the speed of sound

Kiss the dirt and love this dust
Feel the child grow within me with a heart beating
Like silken petals quavering in the first rain

The ocean tide buffers the granite outcrops and sandstone
cliffs
Creating beauty in the colors of the sand and sky
And reveals patterns from the past lain deeply in the rock

Purest streams glisten across the lips of broken alpine
shores
And music like heartbeats drips from tongues of snow
As I too sing my leaving song

And I voyage across the universe to another world
First gleaming like diamonds in the distance
Rather drooling warm crimson and burning from the
inside

It's getting harder and harder to breathe
In air thick with gasses and carbon matter
And the child within me withers and dies

Interruption would be sweet and weightless
But this is something I cannot forget
As smog fills my nasal cavity and slowly blackens my lungs

I slip, trip, and slide across landfills and toxic streams
As remnants make love to corn-fed culture
And this sticky sweet tastes like bitter formaldehyde

The future is nothing here
Just barren wombs like asylum walls
And sterile promises and vacant eyes

Voices cry out in the inky spattered darkness
They cry for change and beauty
And I wonder if they cry in vain

For there are beings here like never before
And as the sun sets for the last time
I see the darkness of an eternity

This ash chokes me, scars me, and burns me
But is not enough to ward off this icy embrace
And everything slows down to a coldest, deepest silence

No more noise like city streets and heartbeats
No more living atop steaming, anti-biotic feces
None of this to poison my lost child within

And everything is white again
And purity is come again like a messianic prophecy
And this cryogenic heart will beat again

But the cost of all this
Such sacrifice cannot be explained or counted in a lifetime
As dictionary lists of planetary discovery perish in our
floods

Flora and fauna can survive it all
But their callings cannot possibly be the same
And I wonder what it's like to die without a name

I'm a million miles away from here, with my spirit soaked
in blood and sap
And I sit below the cypress trees
Holding a dying amaranth in my hand.

Adeline Newmann '08



Untitled • Cara McLaughlin '09
Photography



Timeless Elegance • Stefanie Pang '11
Watercolor