

# *The Quill*



*The Literary Magazine of St. Ignatius College Preparatory 2009*

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## DEAR READER,

Imagine yourself fifty years from now, reflecting back on your days at SI. What will you remember? In the end, what truly matters? In our lives, there are so many things we are told to remember and so much to learn, and yet, later when we look back on these days, what will we hold dear? What we will hold dearest of all is life itself. And, where is life recorded for us and for posterity?

How many of us have had the experience of reading a passage and seeing ourselves in those words? Words have the ability to capture emotion and truth in a way that speaks to our deepest self. Sometimes literature gives us great joy, while other times it forces our eyes open to that which we do not wish to know. Regardless, it allows us to feel as others feel, and to know what we otherwise could not. Language, culture, and religion may not be universal, but life is. Literature captures the essence of life and records it for those in distant lands and times, so that others can one day know that we have lived.

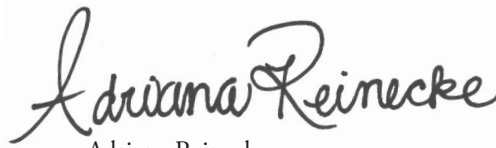
*The Quill* 2009 is the proof that you have lived. Formulas and faces, overnights and grueling practices will fade, but you will always have the essence of your time here at Saint Ignatius College Preparatory recorded in these pages. We would like to think that you will keep this magazine, so that one day it may act as a window to days gone by. Recorded in this issue is nothing more or less than life – the lives of your classmates and yourself.

We would like to invite you to take your time reading and viewing each of the works enclosed. Turn each one over in your mind and allow yourself to feel the life in each. Delve into the beautiful works of your classmates and enjoy!

Your fellow lovers of the pen,



Eli Shikaloff  
*Editor-in-Chief*



Adriana Reinecke  
*Editor-in-Chief*

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**Cover Art:** *Through the Looking Glass* • Christine Hirtzel '09 • Photography

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# The Quill • 2009

The Literary Magazine of St. Ignatius College Preparatory, San Francisco



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*Carole Nickolai, English Department Chair*

To the S.I. Community:

At a recent lecture delivered at San Francisco's Herbst Theater, Azar Nafisi, proclaimed, "Readers of the world unite!" Nafisi, best-selling author of *Reading Lolita in Tehran*, argued that in this time of national and global polarization, we desperately need literature to help us connect with each other. Reading encourages empathy, enabling individuals to understand the perspectives of those whose beliefs are foreign to our everyday lives. According to Nafisi, if our future world is to be a peaceful, pluralist culture of genuine thinking and re-imagining, we must share our stories.

The works enclosed within this issue of *The Quill* reflect St. Ignatius students' contributions to the body of literature Nafisi deems so important. They represent unique experiences and perspectives, providing insight into the hearts and minds of Northern Californian high school students. However, many of the poems attempt to enter into the spirit of someone unfamiliar. Our upper division prize-winning poems reflect the perspectives of Claggart, the maligned antagonist of Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*, and Homeless Jones, an itinerant street-person. Equally thought-provoking, one of our lower-division prize-winners delves into a hidden world of artistry while the other laments the tragedy of the Holocaust. These works reflect our students' ability to enter into the experience of those on the periphery. Ultimately, they reflect SI's theme for this 2008-2009 school year – "How are we with others?" – encouraging care, respect, and appreciation for every unique person regardless of his or her background.

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 inspire me and their students. Without them, this publication would not be possible.

In her lecture, Nafisi stated, "We need literature, a portable world of imagination and memory, to carry with us everywhere." I am sure you will find that this year's copy of *The Quill* provides the perfect medium for your empathetic journeying.

Carole S. Nickolai  
Chair, English Department

EDUCATING THE YOUTH OF THE BAY AREA SINCE 1855

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*Seaside Sunset* • Ally Jones '09  
Photography

## INSPIRATION

I want to write the perfect poem  
One that will grip the minds of my avid readers  
But I don't know where to start  
Nor how to go about that  
So I asked a wise man and he said  
"Don't start writing till you get inspired"  
I looked around for inspiration  
In wine, woman and song  
All three together is heady  
And I went to sleep unsteady  
I woke up with an awful headache  
And inspiration was far away  
Then I went to the wise man  
He said "it's not the end."  
"Keep looking for inspiration  
You'll find aplenty in nature"

So I went searching to the mountains  
And valleys, lakes and oceans  
Until I got tired of searching  
And wandered into a long, deep sleep  
Somehow I couldn't find inspiration  
In all my trials and journeys  
The wise man saw my despair  
And told me not to worry  
"Listen to the sound of traffic  
Inhale some putrid air"  
"Listen to the hum of mosquitoes  
And take in the city smells"  
"Admire the glass spires  
of the sprawling human hive"  
"When you're back in your natural habitat  
Inspiration will find you there"

*Filippo D'Asaro '11*

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## MY GIRL

Hey, Is it love or is it hate?  
My relationship has been like one long date.  
She dresses herself in white with blue stripes,  
yet her personality quickly changes types.  
Sometimes I do her at home, sometimes at school,  
sometimes at night, sometimes in the morning;  
I'll actually do her anytime, anywhere.  
I obsess about her night and day,  
but she can't even think about me.  
I wish she would just leave and rot away,  
instead staying here making me feel crappy,  
killing my social life and making my friends unhappy.  
Know what?  
Screw this, I need a break from homework.

*Norman Chak '11*

## SHAKESPEARE'S TWIST

Shakespeare knew a thing or two,  
About love and destiny,  
He still has us wondering who,  
Deserves our sympathy.

Who are we really rooting for?  
In this world gone mad.  
Don't pick the angel anymore,  
It's more fun to be bad.

*Grace Buckingham '11*

## RISE

I look back as I part ways with the ground  
What a time for this joyful ascension  
I think of the beauty that will be found  
With this new found mental reinvention  
I smile and wave as I rise above friends  
As they stay in lower places than I  
I hope that bad times will come to an end  
And they'll meet me up here when they rise  
Now I fear for when I come crashing down  
I loathe my inevitable descent  
I fear for when my feet touch on the ground  
And when I will wonder where this joy went  
But for now I will sit upon my cloud  
Watching below, smiling, laughing out loud

*Matt Kolhede '09*

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## TRIBUTE TO TOBIAS WOLFF

It is worth noting what Leonard did not remember, given what he did remember. He did not remember his adamant refusal to attend his brother's funeral or the way he had told his congregation his brother deserved death because AID's was a sinner's disease. He did not remember marching into the cool dark chapel to finally recite the oath he had practiced so many times or the pride he felt when he hung the ordination certificate in his office. He did not remember the way he had protected his daughter by refusing to hire the black Youth Minister. Leonard did not remember shouting you're a disgrace to his daughter behind the Italian restaurant dumpster when she told her parents she was pregnant a month before high school graduation. He did not remember leaving his wife at a neighbor's barbeque to attend to a sick call. Leonard did not even remember meeting his wife at Bible College and the feeling of

mystery he felt watching her as he sat down next to her in class, nor did he remember years later lying down in bed next to her after another late night committee meeting and looking at her sleeping form and failing to remember the last time they had made love.

He did remember sitting in the room with bleached white walls in his mother's house reciting bible verses on a Sunday after Church. Leonard remembered watching the children outside the window playing. He remembered adjusting his scratchy collar and longing to tear it off. He remembered children yelling, "Who wants to pitch". *I do, I do* he mouthed to the image of Jesus hanging on the wall. He remembered watching the dust settle around the dead street and secretly practicing hitting the ball in his mind. He remembered the last two children fading away into the dusk. He remembered their shrill laughter but couldn't catch the joke.

*Nicolas Hernandez '09*

## RAIN

Rain, the pitter patter of peaceful precipitation  
The soft sounds  
The cool nights  
The warmth of a home to make it just right

Rain, the water that comes from above  
It fills us with peace and wonder.  
It calms us like a warm fire.  
It gives us certain delight.

Rain, the geyser of the sky  
We often predict your presence,  
We prepare for you with our jackets and umbrellas.  
We watch you perform your spectacle with awe.

Rain, the defeater of droughts  
The creator of that enchanting post-shower smell  
The ultimate comfort music  
The weather that controls all life.

*Matthew Olson '11*

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## SWIMMING IN MY THOUGHTS

“**E** *verybody in the pool in five seconds!*”

My toes curl over the edge of the tiled platform.

“*Four!*”

I pull both sides of my fading blue cap over my ears as I stare at the glistening surface of the swimming pool.

“*Three!*”

The distinct smell of the chlorine fills the air, calming my stress from last period’s psychology test and easing the tension within my body.

“*Two!*”

I tighten the straps of my pink goggles and place the plastic lenses over my eyes.

“*One!*”

My coach’s voice fades into the background as I take a deep breath and plunge into the icy, unheated water. In an instant I am transformed into a fish, naturally gliding through its own habitat. My arms swing rhythmically and my legs kick to a steady one-two beat. Only the splash of the water is audible as it brushes against the side of my face, erasing the sounds of my hectic schedule and temporarily stopping time. During this brief ten-minute warm-up period at the beginning of water polo practice I am completely alone with my thoughts, isolated from the rest of the world.

The silence beneath the waves creates a perfect environment to reflect, to come up with new ideas, or to completely avoid intelligent thinking all together. I begin my first lap, humming my favorite Beatles’ tune in my head and going through the lyrics of the song “All You Need is Love.” I imagine living in the 1960s, a period of social change, war, and funky fashion. My mind travels throughout history as I take each stroke, my fingers skimming the surface of the water. I picture myself sharing a meal with Franklin D. Roosevelt, Charlie Chaplin, and Lorne Michaels, discussing everything from America’s current economic situation to last week’s episode of Saturday Night Live.

The pool wakes my sleep-deprived body, freeing my mind from the confines of textbooks and grade point averages. Each lap gives me the opportunity to grasp and explore stray ideas floating through my mind before they vanish into the dark vacuum of the forgotten. As I approach the wall to complete my first 100 yards, I concentrate on the complexities of the periodic table, noticing that chlorine maintains the cleanliness of the water. I piece together a chemical equation to depict the environment surrounding me, delighted that AP Chemistry is relevant to many aspects of everyday life.

I notice that someone is grabbing my ankle, pulling me back toward the wall. I try to break free as I spin my arms in a desperate attempt to prolong my cherished daily ritual. The swimming pool is my sanctuary, a place where I can escape my younger sister’s booming music. Although the water damages my hair and leads to unflattering tan lines, it rids the clutter within my head, allowing me to take a breathe from the frantic rush of each day to meditate. As I lift my head, I can see the ripples travel across the surface of the pool. Water. It sustains my body physically and mentally, washing away the limits of the mind.

*Jenny Arimoto '09*

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## WELCOME TO AMERICA

Greetings, fellow journeyer  
From a far-off place,  
Come, rest your head here,  
Dress your wounds  
And wash your face.

Greetings fellow journeyer,  
Broken in by years,  
Of tasting at all times  
The cup of despair  
And the bread of tears.

On this day,  
Let go of all your weeping,  
Your gloomy guise forsake;  
The orange aura of sunrise  
Will through your sorrow break.

On this day,  
Rejoice and feast on laughter,  
At this hour, forget past pain;  
Tomorrow, your troubles will return,  
So let not today's rest be in vain.

For we, too, have known hardship.  
We, too, are running the race.  
We, too, fumbled clumsily for our dreams,  
Which led us mysteriously to this place.

We are mayors of Tai-shan,  
A misty village of the East.  
We are ancient Polish lords,  
Oppressed by the Russian Beast,  
We are wily Scottish gamblers,  
Winning a trip across the sea,  
We are Irish freedom fighters,  
Bleeding so the Isle may be free,  
We are Parisian chefs extraordinaire,  
Preparing a succulent platter,  
We are a family fleeing Cuba,  
When the Red Flag made us scatter,  
We are Filipinos escaping invasion,  
Prodded by the Japanese Knife,  
We are Prussians defying turmoil,  
Crusading for a new life.

We are pieces in a puzzle,  
Arranged by some wise Builder,  
Come, fit yourself among us,  
For you are truly meant to be here.

Come friend,  
Welcome to our *bagay*,  
Our *heim*, and our *dom*.  
Welcome to our *casa*,  
Our *doma*, and our 家.  
Welcome to our *accueil*,  
Our *gia đin*, and our *inicio*.

Welcome to our home.

*Michael Reher '10*

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## FARMERS MARKET

Plump Petaluma eggs,  
wine-dark grapes off Napa vines ,  
onion chutney glowing amber,  
a stowaway date and walnut loaf,  
two thick ropes  
of pork and apricot sausages –  
mysterious, heavy,  
cold in their plastic bag.  
Fat wedges of rindy cheeses, oh  
A sharp tang in the air.  
The sun is trapped  
in this sapid jar of hummus.

These are the seeds of promises.  
Zucchini, plump green babies' limbs,  
a bundled band of ginger carrots,  
Strawberries, crimson and succulent,  
as seawashed clams  
and homemade apple pies, sugar-dusted,  
wrapped, waiting  
like secrets to be revealed.

*Alexa Manalansan '09*

## BLUE

He moves in time  
Responding only to cues of mine  
Not of the judges sitting by the ring  
Deducting points on every little thing  
Nor of the spectators in the stands  
Watching for the perfection they demand  
His hooves leave the ground  
He tries his hardest with every leap and bound  
Sheer power suspended in the air  
He jumps the poles with such flare  
With measured strides,  
He willingly to abide  
We clear every fence  
With effortless confidence  
Every person drops their jaw  
We exit the arena, leaving them in awe  
He nickers to his friends waiting to jump the course  
But we receive glares from both girl and horse  
We take home the blue  
He neighs as if he knew  
As the ribbon is placed upon his bridle  
He stands erect like a worshipped idol  
My big bay holds his head high  
His noble face contrasting with the deep blue sky  
Yet dozens of ribbons could not account  
For the selfless love I hold for my mount

*Colleen McFarland '11*

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## ALL FOR THE BEST

Bennie looks around the room and strums her darkly painted finger nails on her grandmother's plush antique chair.

"Darling!" chimes her mother, clack-clacking into the room in shiny patent heels. "Can't you at least *attempt* to be a little festive? What is there to worry about? It's Christmas!" Bennie rolls her eyes and fixes her gaze on a shiny wrapped gift.

"Mom. Just... just stop. Ok?" Bennie's mother stoops down, and rubs a light mark off her shoes.

"He'll get over it sweetie. Just give him time." She kisses Bennie atop her spiky hair and struts out of the room, leaving a trace of cheap perfume and cigarette smoke behind.

Bennie's father enters the room, a sturdy, serious man with no trace of a smile.

"Hello Jennifer. You look... interesting." Bennie grits her teeth and grins widely.

"Oh Daddy. I've told you a thousand times... It's Bennie now." He glares deep into her face for a moment, then grunts and looks away.

"None of that shit tonight Jennifer. I mean it." He takes one look back at her before pulling out his phone and stomping out of the room.

Bennie stretches out on the couch, and watches her grandmother prepare Christmas dinner. Her grandmother notices Bennie's gaze, and wipes her worn hands on a fuzzy towel before leaving the kitchen.

"Bennie! Come over and sit down sweetheart!"

Bennie pulls her heavy body off the couch, listening to her baggy pants swish as they rub against the floor. Sliding into a seat next to her mother, she eyes her extended family outside the kitchen window, piling out of taxis with arms busting with gifts. After a few quick knocks on the door, the room fills with family, food and gifts until a shocked silence fills the room.

"Why Jennifer," Bennie's aunt exclaims, shaking snowflakes out of her graying hair, "You look so... different." As her face grows a shade of deep red, Bennie's father steps in.

"Yeah Jenny, what's going on with you?" His dark eyes pierce hers, and she glares right back.

"I am different." She says, twisting her fingers nervously in her lap. Her father grunts out a laugh and stands up from the table.

"Ain't that a mouthful." He shuffles his feet on the floor before heading outside to the snow.

Bennie's grandmother looks over the awe-struck room and laughs in an attempt to break the silence. "Well

Bennie darling, I think you look wonderful. Now let's eat, shall we?"

Everyone shuffles to their seats, shedding coats and gloves along the way. Bennie's mother begins a prayer, and Bennie steals a quick glance outside to search for her father, seeing nothing but pure white snow. Bennie shovels in a mouthful of burnt yams, and stares down at her plate, hoping to avoid any conversation.

With the stomp of his heavy-heeled boots, Bennie's father re-emerges, forcing the family into silence. He sits down at the table and piles food up onto his plate, glaring at Bennie's bowed head.

"Stop staring at me." Bennie growls, leveling her gaze at her father. He throws his napkin on his dish and gets up from the table. "Kitchen, Jennifer. Now."

Bennie gets up, her palms sweating furiously. On her way up, Bennie head twitches toward the sound of her name.

The walk to the swinging kitchen door seems like miles, and walking in, she sees her father leaning against the marble countertop, his head in his hands.

"Uh... Dad?" she whispers, placing her hand on top of his, "Are you ok?" He flinches at the touch of her hand and pushes her away. He looks up at her with sad eyes and gives a deep sigh.

"Jennifer... Bennie... I want you to leave. I want you out of this house and out of my life."

Bennie sucks in her cheeks and slides down onto the floor, ignoring her father as he walks calmly out the door. It surprises her that what hurts the most is not what he said, but in the calm and almost non-chalance of his voice, the absence of feeling. Sitting on the floor, she flashes back to a time when she and her father got along, when he was proud of the person she was.

This is what she remembered. Happiness. A pumpkin patch. Running through the aisles of plump, orange pumpkins, the endless field of sun and straw. Her father, chasing after her, laughing and scooping her up, higher and higher until she could feel the mist of the autumn sky on her shoulders. "Daddy," she said, grasping a mishaped pumpkin in her pudgy hands "Put me down!" chuckling, her father set her down on the ground, her tiny pink sandals filling with dust as she sprinted down the patch, "Catch me Daddy!" she yelled, running into the street, and towards an oncoming car.

"Jennifer No!" Sprinting into the street, he swooped her up out of the way just in time, and pulled them both on to the sidewalk.

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Holding his little girl in his arms, Jennifer's father sobbed. "Jenny, please, please never do that again. I don't know what I would ever do without you." Four year old Jenny, with all the innocence that only a child can have, looked up at her father and smiled.

"Don't worry Daddy. I'm not going anywhere." Little Jennifer grasped her fathers hand in hers, and the two of them headed home, hand in hand.

Sitting on the cold tile of her grandmother's kitchen, Bennie lifts herself off the floor, and wipes the tears from her eyes. She peers out at her family, laughing and yelling in the way that only a family can.

"They're perfect without me," she whispers, closing the swinging kitchen door. With that, Bennie tip-toes to the front door, smiles back at her family, and walks out into the snow.

*Nikki Mancini '09*



*Belltower • Christina Balistreri '09*  
Photography

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## A SIGHT TO SEE

Out of the window sits the ocean blue  
This sight like nothing and so very rare.  
Oh, you should see this magnificent hue  
Fog is nothing to compare.  
Why must on this extraordinary day,  
We all be stuck in Geometry?  
There is chitter and chatter like a wave  
He states, "The angle measures thirty-three."  
My eyes are still fixed out the window  
Hoping the day will swiftly pass  
Something casts a shadow  
He says, "See me after this class."  
Ahh, this was such a breathtaking view  
But not worth the trouble I got into

*Erica Yeo '11*

## LEFT AND RIGHT

I left when the time was right  
It was my right to leave  
I write this with my left hand  
I left with a right mind

So I took a left  
When I had the right of way  
But the right turn left me wondering  
What made the left turn right

Was I right in thinking  
That left was not right  
I suppose left will never seem right  
When right is all that's left

*Danny Ferdon '09*

## WHAT IS A TRUE FRIEND?

In the bleakest times, a friend is always there.  
Friendship is an incessant flow of give and take.  
It aspires you to care.  
With a friend, you can always be honest, not fake.

An unflinching friendship will rejuvenate you like a breath of fresh air.  
Bona fide friendships are not easy to make.  
A lost friend is hard to bear.  
It can reconcile your life, for heaven's sake.

Lasting friendships you cannot buy; they take time to grow.  
Yes, true friendship is hard to find.  
Friendship confronts life's highs and lows.  
Friendship embraces a lifetime of loving, caring, and sharing; it's life's defining line.

*Houston Garcia '12*

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## POINTLESS WORK

Busy-Busy-Busy every day,  
Work-Work-Work that's my way.

The job is lame,  
The boss is mean,  
He knows not my name  
Or my senses keen.

The ache and pain,  
In every joint,  
I'm going insane,  
There is no point.

In this world,  
I have no worth,  
Goodbye cruel world,  
I leave this Earth.

Busy-Busy-Busy every day,  
Work-Work-Work that's my way.

*Anthony Ayllon '12*

## AN ICE GUY

When I walked in, I didn't know what to expect. I came in complete, and I came out a wreck. What the heck, I'm usually wiser than that. You have a new girl and I despise her for that. But I've got to improvise because these lies I tell myself aren't helping at all. Used to think so high of myself, but now I'm feeling so small. I thought you were a nice guy, but you were an ice guy, with a heart so cold. You had a hold on me, controlled me, every little thing I did. And God forbid that I let it happen again. I can handle myself although I thought I needed you then. What I need, is a change – I want a new direction. All you wanted was a nude encounter, and I'm above all of that. If that's what you call love, then I don't want none of that. I used to walk with my head up, and I fell flat. Where the hell could my mind have possibly been at? But I'm never gonna let my guard down like I did with you. I can't handle a heartbreak times two, and I choose not to.

*Grace delos Santos '09*

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## THE COURTSHIP (PART I)

His narrow hips swayed confidently as he swaggered down Mason Street. A white sailor's cap covered his dark, close-cropped hair and his Coast Guard badges glinted in the late afternoon sunlight. Even though he held his chin high with a cocky defiance, I knew he saw me. I could feel his unwavering gaze searing into my skin since he started descending the hill on which my house sat. Staring right back at him, I dared him to talk to me, to break the seemingly indestructible barrier that separated us. My eyes narrowed as he advanced closer and closer until...

My best friend, Marie, elbowed me playfully in the side, jerking me suddenly from my reverie "Hey, Jussie," she giggled mischievously. "It's that ugly, skinny sailor again. You know, the one whose sister, Lucy, is a friend of your Aunt Nat."

It was not the first time we had spent a warm Sunday ogling the men of North Beach. Even so, somehow today seemed different. *He* seemed different.

"Look! He's coming this way!" squealed Marie.

I pushed my thick chestnut hair out of my face and straightened up, attempting to look casual. Striding briskly past, he paused briefly to nod at us. In that moment, I felt acutely childish in my knee-high stockings and my mother's red lipstick. Lowering my eyes, I muttered an inaudible greeting to him as my face grew crimson.

After he continued on his way, I looked up just in time to see him glance back over his shoulder and flash me a crooked smile. I looked away, pretending not to see.

\*\*\*\*

Later that week, I sat at Aunt Nat's kitchen table daydreaming while she chattered ceaselessly about the latest neighborhood gossip. With my chin resting lightly in my cupped hand, I twirled my hair absently and thought of that smile. The memory sent pleasant shivers up my spine. Somewhere outside my realm of consciousness, a doorbell rang.

"Oh, Jussie," called Aunt Nat from the doorway, "I forgot to tell you something. I invited my friend Lucy and her brother Mario over for coffee. He just got back from the war and I wanted to welcome him home."

*Lucy? Mario? Wait...*

"Oh. My. GOD!" I shrieked, scrambling out of the kitchen and leaving my aunt to stare confusedly after me. I dashed into the bathroom and shut the door with a loud snap. Peering into the mirror at my wild-eyed reflection, I attempted to compose myself. I pinched my cheeks, smoothed my hair, and daubed a splash of my aunt's perfume behind my ears. Taking a deep breath, I returned to the kitchen.

My aunt studied me suspiciously from where she stood preparing the coffee. "I wondered where you'd went. Listen, can you take this out to my guests?" she asked, holding up a plate of biscotti. "If you're all right, that is."

"Sure," I answered, lifting the tray carefully. I put on my best hostess smile, tossed my hair back, and entered the proverbial lion's den.

*Mario... That's a nice name.*

Mario stood as I entered with a smile, my smile, playing on his lips. We shook hands and our eyes met briefly. It was obvious that he remembered me. After everyone settled comfortably on the couch with their cookies, I politely answered Lucy's questions about myself while watching Mario out of the corner of my eye.

Finally, my aunt appeared with the coffee. I had never been fond of hot drinks, but when Mario offered me a full cup I found that I could not refuse. He deftly mixed a packet of sugar into his brew, and then motioned for me to do the same.

Thinking to impress the skinny sailor, I smiled mysteriously and crooned, "I like my coffee black." With that, I placed the steaming cup to my lips and took a long sip.

As soon as the boiling liquid touched my tongue, I froze. My eyes began to water as my brain screamed at me to spit the coffee out before I scorched my throat. The dizzying pain grew worse, so, unable to withstand it any longer, I turned my head nonchalantly and let the coffee dribble from my mouth into the cup.

Hearing stifled laughter behind me, I spun around to see Mario smirking at me, eyes twinkling. "Hot?" he chuckled, taking the mug.

I nodded, embarrassed, but for once I did not look away.

*Gianna Puccinelli '09*

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## MOTHER

I saw the children suck the milk dry from Mother's ripe breasts, but still she looked with loving eyes  
even as the milk turned to blood

I saw gluttonous monsters on wheels devouring everything in sight, throwing everything up two  
hours later in the giant pit of one man's treasure—and indeed there was treasure

I saw steel giants wading through deep waters, urinating black piss into Gaia's mouth until her saliva  
smelled of the same color,

Then I saw the floodgate to the eyes of her soul released, drowning her, burning once more her  
vibrant skin, mutilated, and sleep deprived now complaining shackles of the Furies blown wide  
open

I saw with the same water, she her children soaked, trimmed, permed her hair, and she content  
decided to keep up with the trend though she clearly had no say

Before my eyes the trim became Bobbed down, and that got so short people called her a fag, and  
that gave way to a shave so that people called her an army boy, and then people burned it off  
because they thought that they could never end

And my eyes continued to follow

Every masterpiece needs a canvas—Michelangelo would be proud

Lips parted, lips parched, baked and sun burnt by portable flame throwers followed by a plastic  
surgery replacement of anything but lips, ignoring the blown kiss and the words reminisced of a  
better place that did exist

Tattooed with stale innocent skulls decorated by metropolises and riddled by poor precincts,  
embalmed by ghost town villages inhabited by cadaverous deathlike victims of death scrounging  
simply for her sweet caress no longer existing

I heard her lungs seizing small tanks of air choking on her brittle, scabbing skin in her throat which  
she bit from the yield of her lips in order to unload the cargo of the vessels and drink, whose power  
to intimate some intimacy they took and blistered and sapped for soil to sit down for five minutes,  
eight hours, twenty plus straight

She remained in silence as they farmed what they stole

But Poseidon in wrath purified as destiny's chartered course

Grandson Apollo ran his race, never holding back and never changing pace

Hades and the Fates collaborated and raised the stake

Wake up the human race

She's trying to let them know that her Real children can't always take the abuse

Can they not hear the wolf's resounding call no longer ringing through the mountains?

Can they not see Her tears, Her grumblings Her shakes?

Can they not give her some tissue if she sneezes if they're annoyed of constant sniffing?

Could they not rub the sunscreen of her own snot to keep Her from metropolitan dehydration?

Even if you can't feel her fever, can you not see the hair falling from Her head

Or any of these things

Can you not see our Mother dying?

*Daniel Tan '09*



*Branded* • Monica Yap '10  
Photography

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## BRaille

He sees no beauty, in the rustle of leaves or the gentle burn of asphalt on callous-ridden feet, as he points and pokes and prods with a yardstick –

He wanders the judgmental corridors of a dark and suffocating city, gnashing his fangs as he tears down buildings with hateful words –

He numbs his hot and angry senses with sex and drugs, rushing searching wanting for a more that doesn't exist –

He shouts hoarsely at a wall of stone, as invisible machetes occasionally strike their mark on the blank face of youth –

He leaves me waiting for a call that never comes, anxious, biting, destructive thoughts forming wisps of anger to suffocate the fading hopes of my murky emptiness –

He flicks his annoyed hand at worries floating above his head and nipping at his ears, desperately crying, "Come back later," while they multiply by the nanosecond –

He throws colored packages with polka-dot bows into the lifeless air; panic wells at the depths of the infinitely growing abyss –

He replies with one singular syllable of nothingness as he crashes head-on into a lifetime of regret and solitude –

He kills with his eyes, the sarcastic pools of light clouded by his unflinching resentment towards all who chisel away at his impenetrable exoskeleton –

He cowers behind the bitter cold walls of his castle, tossing blue laughter past the rubber bars and out the hidden windows –

He collects fortunes from cookies, paving the narrow cobblestone streets of his life, finding solace in the glimmering dreams, hopes, possibilities –

He fantasizes of faraway fields, of roses and daisies and tulips and marigolds and the illusion of a carefree existence –

He shines brightly in the sunset, but when night falls I see his imperfections, his blank persona wrestling with his fiery soul –

I see the counterfeit, the genuine, the rage, the bliss, the armor, the exposed wounds...

So why does he say that I am blind?

*Annie Radsliff '09*

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## LET THE HEART FINISH THE RACE

Sweet beads of sweat roll down Her face,  
Soaking Her shirt, Her shorts, Her soul.  
Her shoes worn down to the sole,  
Carry every day's suffering along the way.

They constantly question Her sanity,  
But they only envy Her strength,  
Her drive, Her passion, and Her love  
For something She always takes for granted.

Dirt, dust, sand, water, and mud,  
Transform Her shoes from white to gray  
Changing the new to old;  
The empty to filled.

Her body releases all stresses,  
Imagination roams freely,  
Hope re-enters the heart,  
And the sadness remains lonely on the trail behind.

Head pounding, breath heaving,  
Limbs dragging, but the finish approaches.  
Let the emotions take control,  
Let the legs rest and the heart finish the race.

*Abby Otto '10*

## HE LOVES ME – HE LOVES ME NOT

“He loves me –  
He loves me not”  
I pluck the last delicate, silky white teardrop –  
I am left with the ruminants of life in my fingers –  
Plucked from life just after bloom –

Now, alone, she is nothing –  
But when decorating a blossom with her sisters –  
Standing tall, attracting the kisses of bumble bees –  
She was something beautiful –

How can something so unique be lost so easily –  
In the whistling of the violent wind –  
Or in a harsh winter's rain –  
Or in the single pluck of a finger –

But now that she has been torn, her simple beauty is forgotten –  
She is without hope for life –  
And now must die alone –

*Rosie Shepherd '10*

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## COURTESY OF A SWAN

Dear Diary,

Something happened today....I was....um...gods! I can't even WRITE it....it sounds that crazy. Okay, I'm just going to get this out...I was raped by a swan. I can hear the asylum doctors pouncing already. Pacifying voices coaxing me, "Come on, Leda, into the nice white room with the padded walls." But I SWEAR! I'm not crazy, and it really happened. Here is the story of my violation, courtesy of a swan.

I had just succeeded in putting to sleep the toga-wearing, sex-crazed, King of Sparta, who also sadly is my husband. While he napped, I brilliantly executed my escape. Managing to slip out of the palace, I furtively strolled across the grounds, and into the forest. Taking the well-trod path, I arrived at my favorite place – a still pool of water. I go there nearly every day, to escape the world-class bunch of fools who clutter the castle, my husband sitting proudly at the top of their social pyramid – the biggest fool of all. Shimmieing out of my dress, I dove into my sanctuary. I floated on my back, enjoying the contrast of the hot sun and the cool water. Daydreaming, I closed my eyes. Without warning, a flailing object hit my body with the force of a bullet. My eyes flew open, and I beheld a swan. It flapped its ethereal, white wings and engulfed my body. Its strangely perfumed scent intoxicated me, and I blacked out. I woke up on the shore of the pool, feeling violated and oddly irritated. Normal girls get raped by dirty old men or drunk knights, but oh no! I get raped by a SWAN! The irony of the situation kills me.

It may strike you as odd that I am more worried about what thing (man or otherwise) rapes me as opposed to the mere fact, that I was raped; however, King Tyndareos has so desensitized me to the whole procedure; I find it more routine now.

Anyway, after the initial shock and indignation had worn off, I slipped my dress back on and hurried back to the castle, hoping that his highness had not yet deigned to crack

open his bloodshot eyes. I made it back in time, and sitting in a satin and laced covered chair, I mulled my situation over in my mind. I had just reached the decision never to disclose this secret to anybody (lest I was dragged off by the nice men in white coats) when Tyndareos waddled into the room. His fat jiggled and danced, giving me the impression that I was staring at an overexcited sea lion. He leered at me in what he thought was an irresistible and seductive manner. I sighed and prepared myself for my "wifely duties"....

Having dealt with the unfortunate excuse for a man, I now sit, writing to you, looking furtively around to make sure no prying eyes read this over my shoulder.

Nine Months Later

Dear Diary,

After nine horrifying months of seeing my perfect teenage body ruined by the intense growing of my belly, I gave birth. During the process, my husband's face swelled with initial pleasure and then contorted into shock. At first he was ecstatic, visualizing the heirs he would receive at my expense, but when I laid two eggs....yes I did just write EGGS, he seemed less enthused. I myself was surprised, until I remembered the swan. My throat went dry and I tensed up, wondering what horrible disfigured things would hatch out of those eggs.

And then they hatched...

Four beautiful babies (later to be named Helen, Clytemnestra, Castor and Pollux) stared up at me. Two of them looked especially godlike. Tyndareos, enthralled by the beauty of his children, just gaped. He soon got over his "egg" children, and started attributing their amazing looks to his "gorgeous self". Smiling along, I nodded, as he puffed out his chest with pride. As I watched the sickeningly self-centered words spew out of his mouth, it hit me. I had not been raped by a swan, but by Zeus, king of all gods.

*Victoria Elias '12*

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## UTOPIA

Carrie believes in Utopia  
Where she is the only one  
with no competition, no rivalries.  
Her Utopia exists only for her  
Without the other six, just her  
a place where she can win, with no Substitutions  
or Timeouts  
Carrie's Utopia is without fear,  
Or Neglect. Or Pain.  
Her Utopia liberates her; it is energizing  
to her Lost soul, it is beckoning.  
This Utopia sets Carrie free  
From responsibility, from excuses, from lies.  
Compensation is absent.  
her Utopia is a place without impoverished dreams  
without tortured hopes, or abandoned smiles

Marie believes in Utopia  
where Time has become extinct  
a place without sincerity.  
She believes in selfishness and not having to share  
Marie believes in a private Sanctuary  
where she is never to blame  
Marie believes in a world, without the scales of  
Truth  
where people flock to her and she pilots herself  
Marie's Utopia is a place without responsibility  
She believes in scrambled truth and

Isolation

With only her.  
Her Utopia lacks worry and a Clock  
Is without anger

And contains only love  
This Utopia clutches abandoned truth  
Concealed lies.

My Utopia does not exist,  
for I believe in Truth  
I learn from the world;  
I do not believe in Eternal joy  
there must be something negative.  
For your Youtopia presents a distorted view of life  
With swirls and balloons and imaginary color  
Youtopia wrings out our fate and leaves it out to dry  
to bubble like a wrinkled raisin  
But in reality, for my Utopia lacks life,  
we are forced to find our own way.  
And knead out our own lumps

Without Utopia we pour out our thoughts  
to reveal our truth  
A spilling of our emotions raises the harsh realities of our  
minds

Youtopia channels ease and lies and simplicity and life  
Into one huge  
Mammoth Monster.  
and It attacks your body  
like an internal bug

Youtopia kills from the inside out  
Corrupting and polluting our lives  
Until we can (if possible) accept reality for what it truly is  
Harsh veracity and not

Utopia, the place without change.

*Kate Christian '11*

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## A TEACHER AND A STUDENT

May I ask you a question. Do you remember?  
Remember what it feels like. Their expression is puzzled.  
To be alive. To be invincible. To want. To need.  
Because I think you have forgotten.  
I think you have forgotten what it means.  
And then you get caught up. And you stop listening.  
You get out your tests and quizzes. You write down the grades.  
But you forget to teach. To believe in what you teach.  
Our thirst for knowledge is gone. We daydream, lost.  
Once, I asked you why? I asked you how the quadratic formula relates to me?  
And you couldn't think of anything. Or rather you gave me a bullshit answer.  
Relate it to me. Make me believe. But the answer was blank, hollow.  
So the next day in class. I stopped listening. I stopped caring.  
And then when I got a C on the test. You said try harder.  
Try harder. Well, what if I can't. What if I can't want to be the best.  
Does your world shatter? Like mine.  
How do I believe in you, when I can't even believe in myself.  
Can I ask a favor? Can I ask you to remember?  
You chose to be a teacher. So teach. Inspire us. Make me believe.

*Janice Boswell '10*

## THE FAIR-FACED MAIDEN

The fair-faced maiden's glossy eyes look upon the brow  
Of him, who cannot stop the angels from falling now.  
Enchanted, they lie, to find each other in one's arms  
As the mischievous gods seek pleasure in wedlocked charms.  
Two hundred nights lift the earth above the bluest sky,  
And idle slumber grants joy for lovers satisfied.  
Time's hours and minutes stop seconds in its tainted tracks  
Until the naked truth creates the fortune blood-black.

The fair-faced maiden's glossy eyes look upon the brow  
Of him, whose fate betrays their ill star-crossed love now.  
Her heart now kindles at the sight of his unmoved face  
That speaks content for memories that cannot erase.  
A black flame burns inside the deepest of her marrow  
As the dark angel winks at love's dolorous arrow.  
For loyal is the half-god he whom she cannot cage,  
Reason cannot keep him there nor love's pleading visage.

The fair-faced maiden's glossy eyes look upon the brow  
Of him, who flings the torch upon the morbid pyre now.

*Marian Manapsal '09*

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## THE WORLD IS AN EVIL PLACE!

The world is an evil place!  
Humans hurt,  
Buildings burn,  
Children cry.

Down with the dictator!  
Protest for peace!  
Erase all evil!  
Spread social justice!

Everybody sits in a circle  
Praying for change,  
Chanting calls for equality,  
Never daring to stand up and walk.

I want to save the children who abandon Shakespeare for the Bloods and the Crips - the  
Old Red 'n Blue -  
    But first I need to finish this essay before I can donate my precious time.  
I plan to feed the starving families in Ethiopia, to nourish their skeletal bodies,  
    But first I need to buy a cake to celebrate such a blessed life.  
I will help to plant trees in my neighborhood and conserve electricity,  
But first I need to fill up my tank to drive to Circuit City to buy a new HDTV.  
I intend to protest against the inhumanity of sweatshops, to support the poor laborer's dignity,  
    But first I need to get a new summer outfit so I'm ready for my trip to Hawaii.  
I am going to house the refugees fleeing from the Janjaweed and temporarily escaping death,  
    But first I need to clean the kitchen and pick a new carpet for my trendy bedroom.  
I want to stand up for the voiceless, the anawim,  
But first I need to visit the tanning salon to prepare for the upcoming swimsuit season.

So we all sit in a circle  
Without the right amount of time  
Sitting upon our wads of cash  
Tightly holding onto our plastic existence.

Oh how the world is an evil place!

*Jenny Arimoto '09*



*Passion • Angela Han '11*  
Charcoal

## EN ROUTE TO THE INTERSTATE

My temper flares when the siren's earsplitting wail scatters my thoughts. "Aw shit," I mutter as my '85 El Camino screeches to a halt at the side of the dirt road. I drum my dirty fingernails on the windowsill, studying the cop's reflection in my rearview mirror. A smirk plays at the corner of my lips when the cop takes the time to smooth his bristly mustache before approaching my window.

"License and registration?" he draws, sternly inspecting me over his aviator sunglasses.

"If you can guess the magic word," I offer, my unlit cigarette waving at the edge of my lip. He raises an eyebrow, clearly not amused. I sigh and fight with the glovebox, noting his indifference to the skimpy underwear peeking out from the top of my Levi's. When the glovebox finally opens, I automatically reach for my silver lighter. I'm craving a smoke.

"Uh-uh," the cop chastises. I grumble and flick my cigarette, stained scarlet from my lipstick, into one of many empty cigarette cartons littering the car. I sift through stacks of receipts from the racetrack exploding from the glovebox and uncover my worn leather wallet. I hand the cop my Arizona license and resume the search for that damned registration.

"Catherine?" he asks, a puzzled expression plastered to his face.

"Kat," I correct him in an exasperated tone. I suddenly freeze and curse silently when my wedding band falls from the jaws of the glovebox. We stare at the winking one-carat diamond, as if it were a ticking time bomb. Finally, I find the creased registration papers under a flier for condos in Grand Junction, Colorado. The officer studies the papers with a furrowed brow.

"Now, it says here that you're Catherine Cassidy, but your registration says Catherine Baker," the cop insensitively points out.

"It's Cassidy now," I curtly retort, returning the cop's intense stare. After a long pause, the cop glances around and returns my identification.

"Watch the speed, Kat," the cop murmurs, rubbing the inner corners of his eyes, "Don't let me catch you again."

"Will do," I reply, waving two fingers in a mocking salute, "Take it easy."

I sit slumped over the steering wheel until the patrol car disappears over the wavering horizon. I smile when the engine roars to life, and I ease my car back onto the road. I trek onward toward the interstate, my free hand resting protectively on the black duffel bag in the passenger seat.

*Sloane Viola '09*

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## YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

Sitting on your shoulders  
Chestnut hair  
Tousled by the wind  
Face in the sunshine  
Beaming  
Footprints behind us  
Impressed in the sand

Sunday afternoon  
In the backyard  
Trimming the holly tree  
Watching me from the wooden laddertop  
As I pirouette through the sprinklers  
Mud up to my knees  
Singing a song  
Over the hiss of the hose

Eight years later  
Fathers and their daughters  
Waltz  
On the moonlit piazza  
Your slumped back  
At the empty bar  
Red face  
Bloodshot eyes  
Graying mustache  
We're the first to leave  
For a silent car ride home

Dinner's ready  
Chili with macaroni and cheese  
Your favorite  
Table set  
Salad tossed  
Your seat  
Empty

Watching the game in bed  
Your stare  
Unflinching  
Crooked glasses  
Sliding off your crooked nose  
8:30  
Fast asleep  
I tuck you in  
You'll never know

*Alyson Murphy '09*

## OBSERVATIONS

How do people see the American teen's life?  
The Queen Bee belts a ballad of bawdiness and bitchiness.  
The Jock jokingly boastfully croons of his victories on the field.  
The Nerd chants evaluations of equations he's met during his travels.  
The Gangsters rap with a rousing rhythm of life on the streets of suburbia.  
The Clique shouts spells like witches.  
The Lovers serenade each other while passing the day with PDA.  
The Theatre kids sing.

The Nerds are admonished by the Jocks  
Who are striving to win the attention of the Queen Bee  
Who is followed around by her Clique  
Who mocks the Lovers  
Whom the Gangsters sing about,  
And the Theatre kids are still singing.

Sounds a lot like a movie, doesn't it?  
I hope this isn't how we actually are  
Or how others view us  
From the outside looking in.

*Robby Lucchesi '10*

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## THE CRUEL EXAMINATION

The lights shine bright into your core.  
The interrogation pursues.  
The beating inside simply won't subside.  
You abolish the endless possibilities.  
You decide to live and die on that surface.

You must seize this connection.  
The choice is a mask—  
Unmarked by the shallow hand of society.  
You are composed yet your instinct is swift.  
You must derive your desire from within.  
From the moment you embrace this layer you cannot  
return.

The end of your life has come,  
But do not fear for you are born again.  
The electricity runs through your veins.  
Relate or be shamed forever.

Your heart does not race out of fear but pure ecstasy.  
This new being comes to it's peak.  
You have done nothing wrong.  
Yet you sit here in contempt.  
Why do you sit and accept your fate?  
Because you feel more alive than ever.

*Jacqueline Toboni '10*

## FROM LOSS

Time stood still in that moment,  
When I knew I'd see you no more.

And when they told me what you had done,  
I screamed from the horror, and I fell into numb.

I waited to wake from the nightmare,  
The image branded black on my brain.

Gone from my world forever —  
Your spirit shattered, your face broken,  
Your pain crushing the hearts  
Of those you left who loved.

We remember, we stand in the pile of ash,  
Carrying your memory in our minds.

And though the emptiness  
Drains the energy from my soul,  
I cling to the truth that I loved you,  
And love you do I still. Always.

No matter how strong, no matter how fragile,  
The paradox keeps me whole,  
I wish you a peaceful rest,  
A life of infinite beauty,  
An eternity of hope...

I'll see you again, and I'll hold your promise dear.  
Look on me from heaven as I wander  
Without you down here.

*Sydney West '09*

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## WHATEVER

And this is how the story begins.

Back from the university. Law school, the Ivy League variety. Graduated top of the class. Well, top three actually, but what's the difference in the midst of polite conversation. After Jawsing my way to being one of the biggest sharks in one of the biggest oceans of intellect, I swam back to the pond of simplicity where it all started. I was home, and it was a celebration. Way down South.

In the little tiny minuscule microscopic rural town I was raised in, a town right about south of nowhere, almost north of nothing, nearly west of no one, and just east of no reason, stood a restaurant of respectability, if not class, memory, if not au courant, small city kindness if not big city now. Spent lots of time in the smelly old restaurant. The type of lots you stop putting in your pockets and start putting in a jar. The dinner joint, it's got the scent the polar opposite of a new car smell; not a fresh smell which makes you want to laugh and dance and cry for joy for the future, but that queer memory smell which makes you crumple and cry and drop a snow globe for childhood tenderness gone rotten and thrown away. Like the first time you accidentally walked into grandma's perfume-flavored room after her tearjerker funeral. A handful of name changes for the restaurant over the years. Expect the same tables, same waiters, same microwaved trash, same basket of mints to dive into once you leave. It's the fact that you've changed that brings you to your knees, knowing you'll never hold anything as closely as you once held this urine stain of a restaurant.

On with the story. I had outgrown, outlearned, and outearned my two best friends growing-up, so I brought my two best grown-up friends for this graduation celebration, dragged them all the way from our Ivy-laden pedestal.

Alton and Theo. They had aspired from an early age to be heirs. The two could be summed up in one word: snob. Well, three actually: New York snobs. Four Thousand Two Hundred and Twenty Seven US soldiers have died in vain. But they weren't that kind of vain, they were this kind of vain: excessively proud of or concerned about one's own appearance, qualities, achievements, etc. We walked up to the smelly old restaurant a little something like a this.

O James, Are you taking that meeting with Morrison & Forrester later this week? Don't let them lowball you, James, not a cent. I already took the

meeting They're offering me what I think they would.

No No No What you *thought* they would, James. You really must tune up your grammar God forbid if we were on campus. Whatever.

Is that...? That's a homeless individual, if my Detroit memories serve me right. Looks like it Guys, he'll ask for money, just say you don't have any, okay?

I'll say more than that Seriously, how can you tolerate such an incorrigible, James. In your own neighborhood, no less. I agree James. Perhaps a word from the wise will inspire this man not to dirty the good streets of the nation we've built. Whatever.

He held a cup up to us. No blessed wine in it, even though it was pretty low quality cup (Jesus Style). He asked for coins through a pirate toothless mouth, my two buddies told him to make something better of himself and told him to get a job and told him to go to rehab and told him to make something better of himself and vomited the rest of the silver spoon in mouth trust fund baby Reaganite rhetoric. I didn't say anything. I just walked through the restaurant door, cramming this most forgettable sight into the back of my head like the Nov/Dec '01 Hustler in an overstuffed sock drawer.

Whatever.

So we ate drank laughed. Drank some more, then laughed the bottom of the lungs laugh which keeps rolling until you cry.

Then Billy showed up to bus the table. I'd rather be punched in the stomach than see someone from my childhood just to see if it feels any different.

Jimmy?

Yeah. What's going on, Billy?

(me, sinking in chair, hoping there's a time machine under the table, one that preferably just travels into the future)

Nothin' much man. How 'bout 'urself man? You doin' good?

Excuse me, this is not Jimmy, this is James, and you are a busboy, not a talk show so bus don't talk.

The comment had set a new standard for rude, but Billy was gone, thank God. Whatever.

Out we walked, cheap-wine-stained teeth. Tripping on tied shoe laces. Get it? One of those red siren lights that goes around and around made the street red, made me cover my eyes. Apparently an ambulance had taken the effort to come out from where people have hospitals.

Excuse me, sir, sir, sir, what seems to be the problem?

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Well, this uh, homeless, guy here died. We're not quite sure how or why, or when now that I think about it, but uh, uh, yeah we just got a call about an hour, hour forty five ago.

The guy with the lousy cup and the forgiveness died, passed away, moved on, whatever's politically correct this millisecond. Confronted with death, my two companions and I reflected with the deepest and most profound of insights:

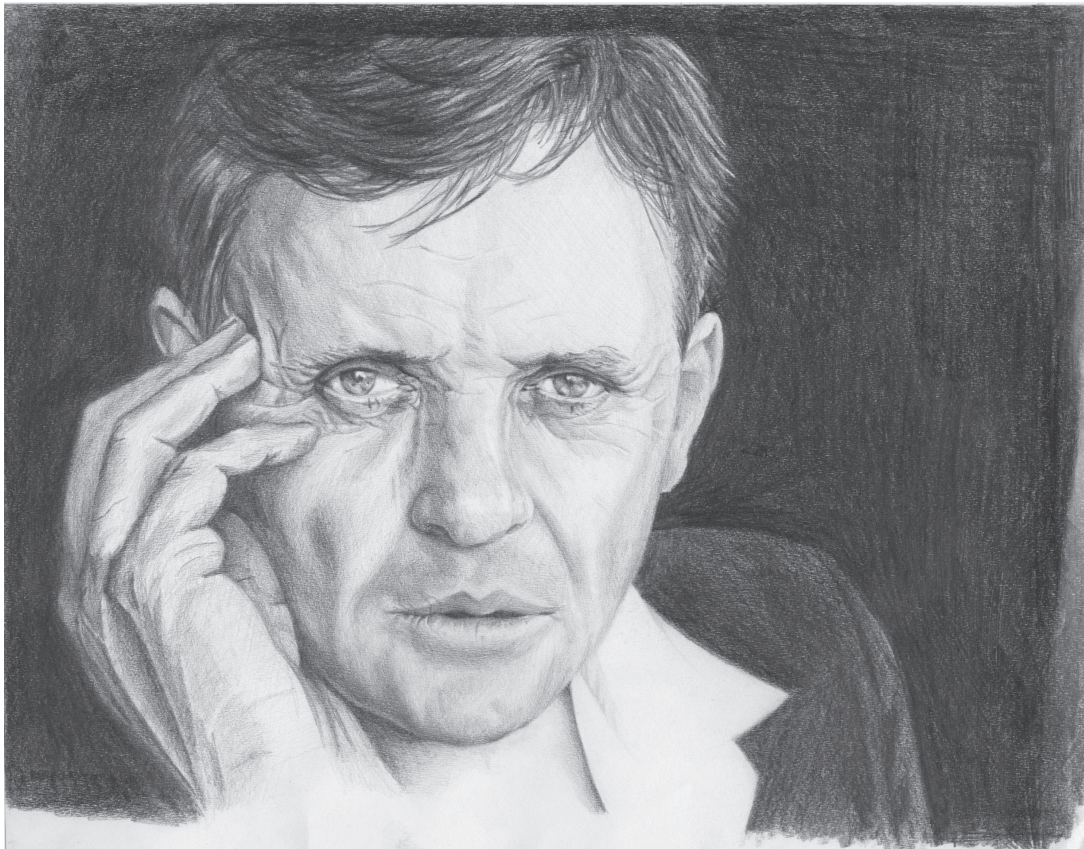
Well, Mr. Homeless Man, ask and it will be given to you.

Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven...all the food-stamps you could imagine...(upstate New York choked pompous laugh between the two of them)

And this is how the story ends.

"Yeah, whatever," James said.

*Will Bennett '09*



*Anthony Hopkins • Corinne Ankenbruck-Keogh '09*  
Pencil

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## THE CHANCE, THE HOPE, THE DREAM

A chance...

The fool's gamble on an unknown fate,  
A chance to leave before it became too late;  
The refugee's desperate escape,  
A chance for more than war and hate to take shape;  
The aristocrat's misfortune,  
A chance to sing a different tune;  
The gangster's emotional trials,  
A chance to overcome all his previous denials;  
The peasant's daring endeavor,  
A chance to find something better.

A hope...

The farmer's unending toil,  
A hope for prosperity on foreign soil;  
The dentist's ambition to save every tooth,  
A hope to help the smile of every youth;  
The sailors scrubbing the deck for the Navy,  
A hope for chicken and mashed potatoes with a side of gravy;  
The chief's mouthwatering meal,  
A hope for four stars to seal the deal;  
The engineer's innovative mind,  
A hope to retire early and then unwind.

A dream...

The family's fear of leaving everything behind,  
A dream to find peace never far from their mind;  
The man's search for a more lucrative occupation,  
A dream for the next generation;  
The woman's refusal to be meek and mild,  
A dream she offers to her child;  
The kid's opportunity to begin something new,  
A dream to learn more than their parents ever knew;  
The people's flight over a distant sea,  
A dream for them finally to be free.

The chance, the hope, the dream...

*Haley Beffel '10*

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## A PLACE OF TIMES PAST

Surely this school, a place of times past  
Has shrunken, has changed?  
Much has happened since the year before last –  
Everything here must have been rearranged.

Under this desk lid  
Used to be a secret area black as coal.  
But now none of my secrets can be hid  
In this graying little hole.

Before, in this chair I would  
Lean casually on the back legs – an easy feat.  
Sitting, now, I know I should  
Find a bigger seat.

This ground map of each state  
Once seemed a work of art, and quite the sight.  
Now the peeling paint job doesn't look so great  
And Michigan's relative size isn't quite right.

This grassy field  
Was once of immeasurable distance.  
But now traversing its distance doesn't even yield  
A drop of sweat or resistance.

And the sky  
Wasn't it bluer?  
The muted sun I spy  
Wasn't its light truer?

No. This place of times past has not changed;  
I know what has been rearranged.

*Meg Byrne '11*

## SANGUINE

The food, no taste.  
The fur, no feel.  
The birds, no sound.  
The ocean, no smell.

But how can this be,  
When I can watch a sunset,  
I can eat the food?  
But that's it, nothing more.

This world has sucked me in,  
Stripped me down,  
Barely able to grasp a breath,  
I wander aimlessly ahead.

No one to say hello.  
Not a soul to give a damn.  
Not a care in the world.  
If only it were so easy.

But listen.  
Taste the words I speak.  
Feel the feelings I tell.  
Smell the emotions I breathe.

Can't you see?  
There is a light,  
I do have sight.  
No one can take that away.

*Jessica Meredith '10*



*Light* • Jackson Foster '10  
Photography

## THOU MIGHTY SCOURGE OF SEASON'L FIRE

Thou mighty scourge of season'l fire  
Who brings the bleak and chilly air,  
Thou turn the trees to summer's pyre  
And blight the earth with darker year.  
The dirge rides forth from creaking bough  
To morn with passing, silent fold.  
In jagged ridge upon the brow  
The tidings wrought in crimson bold:  
"Tis life that sings upon the wind  
And death resides in frozen ground."  
Yet earth doth mark for all our sins  
And reed in dismal chord hath found  
A stallion white to paw the path  
And mind us all of death's chill blast.

*Samuel F. Strelkoff '09*

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## MARLEY-THE-FRESHMAN'S FIRST BRUCE

The yellow goalposts blur in the rolling evening fog as action-figure-sized football players take the field after halftime. The scoreboard at the south end of Kezar Stadium blazes St. Ignatius, 14, Sacred Heart, 7. Balancing awkwardly on a rickety aluminum bench, Marley raises her raspy voice and joins in from the heart of the frenzied red and blue mob: "WE ARE... SI! WE ARE... SI!" She pumps her fist and stomps her Ugg boots in feverish excitement, her dark hair escaping from beneath her new St. Ignatius beanie and tousling in the biting September wind. Under the harsh stadium lights, her red and blue war paint accentuates the golden flecks in her animated green eyes as she scans the enemy phalanx across the field. "Idiot leprechauns," she mutters, "They're not even Irish!"

The boy next to her laughs. Adrenaline surging through her petite frame, Marley peers at him through the corner of her left eye. Her pounding heart threatens to beat out of her chest at the sight of her crush, Ace, and his tanned face, windswept dirty-blond hair, and confident smile. Ace nudges Marley in the rib; "My jersey looks good on you," he brags, his eyes giving her a not-so-subtle once-over. "See that insignia there? That means I'm captain of the freshman team."

Grinning from ear to ear, she glances down and brushes the cool, silk-like mesh of his red #12 jersey with her fingertips. At the shrill blast of the whistle, Marley jerks back to the game. "Geez, what are we waiting for?! We need to blitz the line backers already!"

Ace's jaw drops. "You know football?"

She shrugs vaguely, "Daddy owns the Niners."

*Natalie Doyle '10*



*Hidden Charm* • Anthony Le '10  
Photography

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## MEMORY BOX

A baby was born  
Bound by blood that was moving from the start,  
I held it in my hands  
And knew it was all my own.  
I gave you life  
Would you give me mine?

We grow older together.  
It faded  
Like a fogged mirror  
The sands of time...  
Rubbed the shine off

I find a box lying on the floor,  
Another relic that I don't remember.

Hesitantly I hold it  
In my gnarled hands.  
Curiosity, a sudden urge,  
I unlock the rusted clasp  
And the memories spill out:

You crawling,  
You eating watermelon,  
Your rope swing.  
My tortoise shell glasses,  
Now yours.  
Grandpa's harmonica  
And how you danced to his tune.

I pack this box up,  
I'm headed for something.  
Fly home to me  
My sweet child.

*Kimmy Bettinger '10*

## INSPIRED BY A DREAM

Somewhere in Time I lost myself,  
My Voice echoing endlessly along  
The empty corridors between  
Oblivion and Infinity

For so long lost in whitest darkness  
I cast myself into Eternity and  
Scattered my Soul to the forsaken Winds,  
Never to reclaim it

Swayed by the fell baying  
Of Samael at the Midday Moon

Time  
Seems to march forward endlessly,  
And I am left standing at the crossroads once again.  
The gears I had once thought rusted and stolid  
Begin to turn...

*Gabrielle Reinecke '09*

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## THE 7 AGES OF A TRUCK DRIVER

All the world's a road,  
And each of us is a car going the down the highway;  
We travel down the road of life,  
Unsure where we are headed,  
Hoping it will lead to greener pastures.  
The truck driver has seven ages.  
First, a baby, falling out into this world,  
Given the chance every American has to get higher from where he started.  
An infant, brought up in the American fashion.  
A student at school:  
Not taking too much interest in reading, writing, or arithmetic,  
He prefers to watch the traffic pass by his bedroom window.  
After parting ways with the place, he knows not what to do with himself.  
He spots an ad in the local paper - an opening as a trucker.  
He writes to the address, applying for a job he desperately needs.  
He has always wanted to take on the open road,  
And would profit from the easy task  
Of roaming across the nation's infrastructure.  
He enjoys the job, sensing the freedom of the open highway  
As an escape from the woes of everyday life.  
He meets a girl, they get married.  
He and his wife build a life for themselves,  
Working for the future, chasing a dream.  
Later, as a middle aged man, he has a family.  
The weight of providing for his children has hindered his happiness.  
He packs his worries into the cargo as he drives.  
He works double shifts, and takes overtime whenever possible.  
As he delivers a shipment of raw meat to a cafeteria in the Midwest,  
He watches the cars drive by, just as he did as a child.  
He wishes he was the man in the sports car,  
The child in the school bus, innocent and free.  
As a withered old wiseman,  
He has seen too much of this world.  
His battered, aged hands know the truck steering wheel all too well.  
The flames of freedom, love, hope;  
Have all but been blown out.  
He comes home after a hard day's work,  
And looks at his children:  
His fuel, his reason to live, to believe.  
The gray old shell,  
Forcing himself out of bed each morning.  
He turns the key in the ignition, and heads towards the warehouse.  
His eyes flutter, his hands slip from the wheel.  
Control is lost, cars swerve.  
The truck flips, the driver crushed.  
At peace once and for all –  
Living and dying on the highway.

*Matt Caracciolo '12*

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## SUNDAY MORNING TEA

I stood on my tip-toes in the kitchen, watching the hot water in my mug cloud brown with tea, blotch darker every time I twisted the little pouch around its boiling circumscribed tomb.

"You're not guiding yourself the right way. Especially when you write about that--crap... Does anyone actually *get* it? Or care? Stop writing, really, and live your goddamn life."

I stared further into my mug: a growing muck of spotted brown before my face. Behind me, the open window gusted rudely at my uncovered back, arching me away from the wall: my solid, faithful, soundless friend through each agonizing moment I stood there rocking back and forth on skinny ankles and staring at my tea. "What do you mean?" It was a half-hearted question.

"*Stop playing dumb*," he hissed--a thick, rasping tone that crept down the nape of my neck, rolling along the narrow curve of my spine. "I am *not* the one who made you like this, when all I ever did was show compassion. I even showed up every day with your favorite goddamn flowers, loving you more than I can express to anyone. I know people like *you*. I know you all. I am *not* the one who made you like this--came with flowers every day, your favorite flowers! You're already--this, *this*--on your own. Did you ever did you ever--*ever!*--think, that maybe I'm getting tired of this?"

My eyes cut upward. I caught a glimpse of myself in the vanity mirror stacked high upon the pile of yard sale junk in the corner. *Jesus*, I thought, *I look so old in here*. The pile was taller than me.

He lurched toward me suddenly; I jerked back, pressing flat against the wall, red blanket draping loosely from my shoulders.

"Babe... No... (He tried to step forward again; my eyes cut over to his, and he didn't move) Honey. I'm sorry. You know I'm... weird--stupid. Bad. Sometimes. Yeah? I'm sorry. Come here."

But I remained still. He shifted his weight uncomfortably up and down, using both hands to flatten the crimson tie against his chest. Long arms extended out to his side, narrow wrists peeking out from a fresh white dress shirt, and as he straightened his back to stand even taller over me he whispered: "When people look at you, they see poetry... Your face and your body and your words speak like poetry, and everyone who meets you can see that." He paused, examining my face. I made no expression. He whispered, "Do you remember, when everyday was like Sunday morning? When--you loved me? Everything made

sense. I mean, damnit, if you could've just--waited, for me. We--I could've done it. Half of me and you is, just, *dead*, without ever really being alive, and rotting--(he lowered his palms to his chest) at the bottom of some--some dumpster, probably, in your blood. How do you even live with yourself anymore?"

*Lover's last philosophical confession.* The dead grey morning light crept from the window behind me, scraping against the rough skin of his cheek and tracing the hollow curves of my outline.

Beneath our feet, the muffled cries of a baby from the apartment below hummed through the ground in a rhythmic, whining cadence. Our eyes locked. A faceless woman sang a wordless murmur of a lullaby, and I kept my eyes leveled with his, still unfeeling, to liberate myself from the unity of that torturous imaginary world carrying on in the nothingness from below us.

Terror flickered across his icy eyes and bore into mine as he stared on with that flat, blue-eyed gaze. The shadows under his eyes looked particularly dark: perhaps the aftermath of another night battling through an all too well-known twilight slump--some wave of lifeless solitude he couldn't seem to ever chase away. Perhaps, like me, he sometimes enjoyed the battle. The fluorescent light above our heads flickered on, off, on and steadied to highlight his high cheekbones and run gracefully down the slender body of the unlit cigarette dangling from his narrow lips. Bold face, sharp features, and exquisitely handsome expressions, yet so discreetly miserable that it took my entire willpower not to stop and ask him what lost spirit he was hoping to enlighten with that lighter in his hand. I wondered if the crisp smell of the sweet evening air was his favorite intoxication, too--I'd never dared to ask--and if he, too, during the untouchable sanctity of childhood, raced to the hills to catch the vanishing seconds of the sky blushing in a show of watered-down vermillion and grey as the sun tucked quietly behind the skyline. Perhaps he, too, wrote dead poetry in his mind as he thought about new and lively beginnings.

With one hand pressing down on my empty stomach, I opened my dry throat, muttering whatever sounds I could remember, not caring whether I could make real words for him to hear. "I've lived... quite a bit, and quite a lot. For my age, anyways. More than most people. I have, had to give up... Without you, and what you did, to leave me helpless. There's more of me, more of me now, even though so much was lost and rebuilt, alone, and so much I'm working on now, still--I'm... I'm not all of the

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time--all together--altogether, I mean, all here. Not always. Not in my head, anyways. I'm not--... I'm just so tired now, and sleep comes so rarely. The bed is always cold." The words hovered wantingly before my face, stuck within the thick air, audibly marking the shame of my presence until I closed my lips again to swallow the sticky nascent thoughts. *Not my words.*

His eyes scanned me. He combed long, thin fingers through his dark hair, honeying his words quickly--but I sipped the bitter tea in a countering feat the moment his voice shattered the glassy silence of the room. "You know I love you. You're beautiful," he said softly.

I pulled the thin blanket closer around my body. *No, though. No.* Closer around my—

*--body pressed with all my weight and a strength beyond me to keep the door shut, but the harder he kicked the more violently I felt the wood in front of my fingers splinter and Oh God the hinges rattled now--he screamed but I couldn't understand any of the words--I reached wildly, blindly through the hot streams surging down my face to find the doorknob, make sure it was locked--the only barrier, only friend, keeping me from his rage--but my hand pulsed with the stabbing fire again and I looked down in horror again and again to make sure--he really had done it, my hand, Oh God--his engagement ring glinted despairingly in the gory swollen mess of blood and bone hinging from my palm and the ring inside my finger now there forever, Oh God no please God--he was still holding the hammer, I heard it and I felt it WHACKing the door--I screamed, my hand was forever useless to shield me--needed to protect my face, couldn't let him, God not to my face--it was his--screamed--he wanted everything--not my life--said let him handle it, give to him because I couldn't--he kicked so hard--door burst open, loud crack--Amazing Grace protect me please--my world went dark—*

"No. There was a time," I said, "Once. When I was beautiful. Tomorrow, tomorrow, I will go--" I looked up at the mirror again. Brown eyes. Big, dark, sad brown eyes--drawn on with heavy pencils and smudged in black. Not blue, like the cold straining melody of the ocean's virgin depths, where even the most gallant wisps of light have never dreamt of skimming; nor green, like the dewy mountainsides dutifully echoing lost lovers' breaths across stretches of labyrinth jungles. Not even a mournful ashen grey nor any solacing sliver of bronze glinted fantastically in the ordinary muddle of Just Brown.

His volatile anger again: "You *can't* leave me, we have so much--"

"For sale?" I interrupted shakily. "My old clothes, some of your old school books... baby shoes, never worn?"

He stepped back, head shaking, stung with the bluntness of the recital. "I'm--so sorry," he mumbled. "All the things I couldn't say--I'm so sorry, I... You've never. God, forgive me. God, Lord, forgive me. Lord." He stared at the lights on the ceiling, bargaining some underhanded prayer to his flickering Fluorescent Light God. "I'm done." And he turned through the room, brusquely opened the kitchen door, and slipped quietly into the damp grey planet outside. Gone. No philosophy to ponder. I said nothing. New dress shoes clicked briskly against the wet staircase, increasingly more muted in descent; some overused lighter-thumb flickflickscratched some flame into a brief existence. Then, done.

I stood, nothing, in the middle of the kitchen, cold Sunday morning tea clasped between bare not-fingers. Fingers that couldn't write, couldn't draw, couldn't create or destroy.

Black kitchen now. One last dizzy glance at the dimming mirror before an unreserved hush seeped vulgarly through the earth. I held my mug out before me, uncurled my useless fingers, let it fall. I didn't watch its ceramic form shatter frailly against black and white tile; chilled droplets sprinkled my naked ankles.

I measured the steps, slow and few, back to my bedroom, wondering why it never felt right for me to be in that little cluttered hollow of the world. It was back to the notebook without pages, wondering what would have happened to those ringing recollections had I left those words to live on quietly in my coat pocket, shifting around their tenses and scrambling their moods without my permission and growing heavier from day to day: I read them only sometimes, at underground Poetry Slams in cities I couldn't leave my heart in, where hunching silhouettes confined themselves to a circus ringlet curtained by tassels of stale cigarette smoke and sour puffs of whiskey-breath that would cannon on through the curtains and up to the stage, where weathered hands would clap against one another and rub chins purposefully under gleaming teeth that would ask, "Who do you write for, young girl, pretty girl, what is in your soul," but I could never bring myself to extend my hand to shakesmilespeak because away from the microphone, my poetry flattened out into the stamp of an ugly, unloveable beast. It was back to the cold white bed sheets--a homemade hospital bed beckoning me to come surrender: rest, breathe, recover and occupy the empty parts of my mind and heart

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with ersatz replicas of relations and elation I cannot now remember, but each night I respectfully abstain from the seductive allurements of immersing my weary bones within the fantastic concoctions of reeling nightmares in my head. It was back to watch the silvery moon drape its velvety hair along the edges of my window pane, thinking too hard again of how I will cure the dark infection seizing the loveliness of my light slumber. I stood slumped beneath my doorway for a few minutes, looking without seeing. Red silk fluttered from my shoulders, heedless of the dusty ground, to pool messily around my feet.

I didn't want to face Monday just yet. *Not ready.* But they would make me go back--the outsiders would call me, need me, love me, beg me. They would always keep bumping me into existence again. *Not ready yet.*

The remnants of my hands guided me back along the hallway to the kitchen, past the puddle of morning tea and up to the window. I leaned my head out, stretching

further and further and the furthest into the black, mild evening rain; I closed my eyes, breathed in sweet air, and let the sky cry for me.

Brown eyes. Cannot shoulder their mellowed sigh. *Do not want to.* Not my language, not my words. *Not mine.* Dark eyes; sad mouth; pale skin. *Not ready.*

And so I stood with my face toward the bleak subduing light of everything beyond me, with the day's past lingering warmly against my bare skin and the tender lullaby of the invisible mother below my feet purring lightly through the floor.

"Never worn." My voice drained down, undisturbed, into the street gutter below.

But I was alone. It was as if I had said nothing.

*Today, perhaps, to be ugly is a fitting thing.*

*Bambi Seltenrich '09*



*Mailboxes* • Cameron Loback '09  
Photography

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## IN MOONLIT SHADOWS AMID THE SWIRLING BLACK

In moonlit shadows amid the swirling black,  
The burbling stream, and frozen rime  
There lingers the soft remembrance of warmth  
A patience lasting the hoarfrost of time.  
The brittle flower, the crackling moss  
The frostbit ivy withered  
In verdant memory vibrancy lingers  
And waits  
    Dove, I hear thy call  
    O Nightingale, thy seductive song

But Oh, what glow hath appeared?  
What rays rest soft on the plane?  
The frozen sea suckles on the radiance  
The feral winter-beast broken and tamed  
The dawn breaks, the petal softens  
Th'eternal night hath ceased  
In verdant day vibrancy leaps  
And sings  
    Dove, I hear thy call  
    O Nightingale, thy seductive song.

In beating time amid the hot, still black  
The warming pulse, the unseen breath  
There lasts a quiet quivering of the core  
A gripping strength that will never rest  
The brightened glow, the spreading fire  
The golden flame renewed  
In verdant spirit vibrancy resumes  
And flies  
    Dove, I gird for thee  
    O Nightingale, at thy feet forever be

*Samuel F. Strelkoff '09*

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## STUDENT WORK

Our homework seeks completing  
Our vocab needs repeating  
The teachers beg for focus  
The seniors wish to choke us.  
We've got lines that need reciting  
Essays, too, that call for writing.  
We have sleep to make up  
But more work we take up  
The stairs they need climbing  
Our miles need timing  
We've more tests to take  
We still need a break  
We have drawings to finish  
And worries to diminish

Talk to me friends  
Look at my face  
Ignore all your worries  
School is no race

Hurry up clock  
Slow not your ticking  
What's outside shows  
Flowers need picking

Come swiftly summer  
Drown me in your light  
Embrace me in your arms  
Rid me of this plight

Fluorescent lights  
Leering walls  
Let me out  
Summer calls

*Cori Martin '12*

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## MY POLITICS

When the white flag goes up,  
And the storm quiets,

The eeriness of the silence is worse.

Your army has left you,  
You've made enemies of them all  
So now you stand  
Alone—  
In body and spirit  
We've lost you to a stronger pull.

Your dictatorship has failed  
Though your intentions valiant.  
Take what little pride you have left—  
And go.

Go off to follow extravagant emerald dreams.  
Go out and celebrate your failures in drunken flurries.  
Go try and assemble a new army if you wish.

But you've already lost  
And no amount of inebriation or delusion  
Will change that.  
So go ahead and fight all you want.  
We've already claimed our victory,  
However bitter.

*Camille Ong '10*

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## IT'S ONLY A BLANKET

It's only a blanket.

A 2 x 1 ½ yard  
faded blue and yellow affair.  
Pilled, frayed—  
a rip here—  
a jam stain there.

Years of dragging  
and dipping  
and ripping  
and re-stitching  
have left its once-downy folds  
bereft of the softness it once knew.

Where once it was perpetually clutched  
in the crook of a child's tender arm,  
It now remains relegated to the shadows of the closet,  
forgotten amidst last year's fashions.

It's only a blanket. Well—a rag, really.

And yet.

That rag was the one thing  
that could soothe my colicky newborn to slumber.  
That rag wiped away many a tear  
after playground scrapes—  
a bully's taunts—  
a friend's rejection.

It fixed the hurts that even I couldn't.

That rag turned an ordinary little girl  
into Wonder Woman  
with a simple tie around the neck.

It transformed a pile of ho-hum couch pillows  
into a secret fortress  
protected from the big bad World outside.

It made our nightly embrace  
even sweeter.

It's only a blanket.

And yet.

*Mary Palazzolo '09*

## THE HEART REIGNS OVER THE SOUL

**"The heart rains** [*over*]  
the sole  
reason  
left unsaid, untouched  
but harmed

**The heart rains** [*over*]  
the whole  
being  
screamed, stormed upon  
but comforted

**The heart rains** [*over*]  
the tied  
swelling  
uninvited, suffocated too  
but alive,"

cried the cloudy Mind.

*Martha Cuenca '09*



*Bacchus* • Greg Davis '12  
Oil Painting

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# THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

## HONORABLE MENTION - LOWER DIVISION

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### HOLOCAUST TIMES

Hatred flies throughout the air,  
It piles on a man's despair.  
The serpent wind knows no bound,  
Chasing and killing without a sound.

A speck of light appears in the distance,  
Alas, a yellow star oppressed without assistance.  
For before me stands a wall o so wide,  
A million corpses forced to abide.

There is no cement to fill the gaps,  
Instead, a nation's tragic collapse.  
The Star of David suffered a great loss,  
Starved and tortured by the crooked cross.

The Monster who claims that he is all knowing,  
Feels that the blood in his veins has stopped flowing.  
The killer's death had long been awaited,  
This thought in the brain cannot be vacated.

The Monster who attacks with no hope of fleeing,  
Is in fact not a monster but our own human being?  
For a beast the punishment is clear,  
But not here, for silence is our biggest fear.

An eternal flame burns in memory,  
Hashoah, why have you left us with this catastrophe?

*Steven Galerkin '11*

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# THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

## LOWER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

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### IN THE HOLLOW HE LIVES

In the hollow he lives  
where the acoustics vibrate  
Underneath the arc,  
His niche in the space  
between the seams  
The strings fence him in  
The wood sanded smooth by loving hands  
shields him from the rain  
In it and from it  
are all  
his aspirations, his experiences—  
and with skill and the nimblest of fingers he tells  
His story  
In it he feels the safest he's ever felt  
Refuged from the indifferent world  
It gives him a place to call his own:  
To take pride in  
and work on  
who will neither  
judge nor betray,  
never disappoint  
Where he can keep his heart  
preventing him from blowing away  
like  
leaves in the wind  
It is the rock upon which he builds his world  
It is his mountain,  
The cure for every ailment  
  
and the fingers search for the sound of his being.

*Lorraine Arriola '11*

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# THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

## UPPER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

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### HEY SAILOR

Hey sailor, standing shirtless on the deck  
Thy muscles ripple and my feeling swells  
On land, I would nuzzle a wench's neck  
At sea, I risk the depth of Dante's hells

With soft yearning crave I sweet Billy Budd  
Thou art too wholesome for this seamen's glance  
I the serpent must draw this angel's blood  
I must pierce the Son with my rigid lance

I shall entrust his fate to starry Vere  
This man must be punished to sate my lust  
So twisted odd depraved and even queer  
The sailor's fist comes to me with a thrust

The angel must hang; the angel must burn  
For all my love this young angel has spurned

*Nicolas Hernandez '09*

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# THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

## HONORABLE MENTION - UPPER DIVISION

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### HOME SWEET HOME

Oscar throws on his black leather coat  
And his beanie.  
He heads out after dark, escaping the yelling  
To his spot on the freeway  
And goes down under the overpass.

He breaks out his spray cans  
And gets to work,  
Carefully adding a shadow to outline the letters.

He takes his time,  
Putting on the finishing touches  
And reluctantly heads back home,  
Hoping the madness has ceased.

Homeless Jones  
After a long day of pan-handling  
Walks under the overpass  
And lies down for bed.

He gazes at the wall  
A tear slides down his cheek.

What a beautiful job he mutters,  
As he takes another swig.  
He closely examines the intricacy of the graffiti  
And mumbles, my home is now complete.

Santino pulls over on the freeway  
His Ferrari's front-left tire flat,  
He goes to kick the tire  
And off flies his Zelli loafer,  
Sailing through the air like Charlie Brown.

Going under the freeway to retrieve his shoe,  
He looks at the wall in disgust.  
Why deface public property like this?  
No one cares about VIVA LA RAZA....

From the shadows lurks Jones,  
An empty bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand  
He bops Santino over the head,  
How dare you step foot in my house.  
Stumbling to his feet,  
Santino runs away, just wanting to go home.

*Vince Eberle-Reesink '09*

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## B.B

The line snaked out the door  
A wait like the DMV and kids cutting  
made it too much to bear for the weak at heart  
Enticing smells of cheddar and mozzarella cheese becoming one entity  
had some mouths watering  
while the chowderheads gasped for air  
The magnificent masterpiece created by the overflowing chili and bubbling cheese  
would make the director of any art museum jealous  
Coupled with a cookie and a snapple  
a perfect meal had been created  
But Oh No, Anne was motioning me over  
I was stuck in the middle between two loves  
This would be the most difficult decision of the day

Seventeen napkins and a full stomach later  
Convinced me the right decision had been made

*Ryan Dennison '09*

## A VENERATION PYRETIC

A  
A Veneration Pyretic  
Fruitless riots of a restless heart,  
My chthonic self shedding with dusty shudders  
C  
Such earthy bristles and savage grins:  
The guise of thrice-faced Enodia.  
Propriety's persistent presence presents  
S  
Crepitations among crepuscular vistas.  
Ubiquitous rebukes from tacit mouths  
Conjure wrathful cyclonic rages wrought  
Ph  
In sibilant steams of hushed, phatic springs.  
Anesidora damned, foresight bereft,  
Yet still crave naught but  
L  
The perpetuance of this panegyric;  
Wont not, want not, to truckle,  
"Thou art a little soul bearing about a corpse."

*Corinne Ankenbruck-Keogh '09*

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## FLUFFY

Once upon a time  
A man made a cloud  
Of his fluffy creation  
He was so proud

It grew and it shrank  
Into new shapes and forms  
Each miniscule droplet  
Making up a great swarm

Beginning to float  
To rise and to glide  
Hovering far up above  
It started to fly

Its white misty form  
Soared higher and higher  
And within its mind  
It began to desire

It said its goodbyes  
Drifting farther away  
Despite his architect's cries  
The cloud would not stay

Miles and miles  
The young cloud was blown  
On a journey to find  
A home to call its own

From it flowed a great power  
Causing floods and delays  
Until it finally stopped  
At the mouth of our bay

It floated and glided  
Over land, over sea  
Until settling right over  
My city and me

The cloud had succeeded  
And took a long rest  
Laying comfortably over  
Its home in the West

He blankets the coastline  
Chilling us to the bone  
But without his cool fog  
It would not feel like home

*Mickey Boxell '10*

## A TIRED GIRL AND A COMFY BED

I hear my bed singing a Siren song, luring surrender to the calm, frothy sea of white  
My adolescence drowns beneath her blankets of snow  
Tick tock becomes a second heartbeat that sleep cannot come without  
Sprawled out and floating on her soothing waves towards the days end  
Her feathered pillows nestle me in, smelling of fresh laundry and coconut shampoo  
A flutter of soft lips kiss me goodnight with promises of sweet dreams and a new day tomorrow  
I sink into the deep end of subconscious

I hear the night echoed in daydreams and déjàvu  
But the choir of angels in my imagination sing a more powerful and mysterious lullaby  
Vivid colors, passionate emotions, and haunting darkness awake me in a cold sweat  
But her steady tides and warm embrace have me quickly drifting back into the calm, dark waters  
Until tomorrow, I am begotten by the song of perfect harmony- a tired girl and a comfy bed.

*Emily Clark '10*

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## IT WAS ONLY A SHORT WHILE AGO

It was only a short while ago,  
In the city by the bay.  
The fog swept in, as you may know,  
And took her faithful friend away.

It was only a short while ago,  
When her friend bore the bitter burden.  
And the sorrow she felt you can never know,  
Because her heart was so deeply hurting.

It was only a short while ago,  
When she acted with deep desperation.  
And now she weeps with sorrowful woe,  
And pleads for emancipation.

It was only a short while ago,  
When her friend departed, depressed and down-trodden.  
And now she sits on the floor as a memory,  
Only to be forgotten.

It was only a short while ago,  
In the city by the bay.  
The fog swept in, as you may know,  
And took her faithful friend away.

*Marise Thadani '09*

## MY PORTALS OF CLARITY

My Portals of Clarity lie beside me,  
always ready to assist my perception  
at a moments' notice —

Meaningless to those who don't understand,  
they melt away all of the imperfection  
that only I can observe,  
and like the jeweled sun breaking through a  
coverlet of winter clouds, all becomes lucid.

*Garrett Beaman '10*

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## IN THE ABSENCE OF GUILT

“At least your parents care.” *Yeah, too much.*  
“You were born on third base.” *Remind me again; I dare you.*

“There are starving children in Africa.” *What do you expect me to do, FedEx my leftovers?*

Guilt. I wish I could cite some childhood trauma to justify my indifference, but unfortunately, my childhood was perfectly imperfect. It was neither a fairytale nor the premise of a Lifetime movie. No major upheavals, nothing spectacular, just your run of the mill...childhood. I ate some hot dogs, rode a bike, and broke an arm. The memories will last a lifetime. *Note to self; confess to Pastor Dan: I lie.* Nope, nope, nope, bland as a cucumber.

Oh. My. God. Memory uploading, give me a second here...Okay, true story, when I was five years old, I scared a poor little puppy with Snappers!

What are Snappers? You know! Snappers! They come in a little box, little white paper maché things with powder in them. You throw them down on the ground and they...you know...snap. Remembering? There it is; there's that look of recognition I love so much.

So, I was playing in the park with my friend Elizabeth – a blond haired, blue eyed, completely insignificant, conniving, manipulative...Evil. Toddler. Genius. – and as our mothers gossiped on a bench, sipping out of a flask – don't worry, it was just Chardonnay – we snuck down the hill and wandered into the dog park. And there was this guy, right? And he was smelly and greasy and wearing dirty, torn Converse and smoking a homemade cigarette. And he saw us and he started like giggling and stuff and he had Snappers, dun dun dun. And he had this skinny puppy – a cute itty bitty ball of fur – with big floppy ears and a lime green collar that dangled off his neck, weighing his whole head down so that he never really even looked up at us.

You with me?

Things were said, Elizabeth and I inhaled, we coughed and sputtered and then coughed some more, Snappers wound up in my palm, and the next thing you know,

I'm dropping them like Skittles. I hate Skittles. Let me be very clear on this point: If you give me Skittles, I will chuck them at your face! Okay? Good. So, I was throwing these things down hard. I mean, five years olds don't usually exhibit such anger. But man, the noise - the *Pop! Pop! Pop!* – riled me up, you know? Remember when you were a kid and the silliest, stupidest, weirdest things got you all excited and you would rock back and forth on the balls of your feet like your life was about to change? But it never did? It was like that! I just kept dropping them and dropping them, and all the while, I knew that this little puppy was freaking out. He shivered like mad, shaking on account of the fact that he was startled and terrified and confused all at once – and that's just too many emotions for a brand new puppy to take in.

He was–

something was seriously wrong.

Anyway, anyway, anyway, he squeaked and squeaked, not old enough to really bark yet, and I. Just. Didn't. Care. I just kept hurtling them down with this American Psycho style grin as this poor pup had an honest to God epileptic fit. I don't know; it was adrenaline or euphoria or something. I'm telling you: it was like I was drugged. But my friend, when the Snappers ran out and I looked down at my pathetic, empty, sweaty hand...things got weird. My head fogged up and my eyes went stiff and I got skittish and my movements felt heavy and everything I had ever done, from my sinful birth up until that very moment, just seemed so terribly, terribly wrong. I was suddenly unnatural. I think that's guilt. I think I felt guilty. I mean, of course I did, right? I ain't no sadist...sadist? Masochist?...Sadist. I ain't no sadist. I cried like crying was going out of style, no joke. More than anything, quite honestly, I remember wiping my nose in these long, slow, sweeping strokes, wrist to elbow, and the snot just sitting there, glistening. And when my nose dried up and the sobs subsided into annoying hiccups, the guilt was gone. For good. *Note to self; confess to Pastor Dan: I lie...a lot.* There's my childhood trauma. That poor animal...

“Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been...six months since my last confession.” *More like six years! Note to self; confess to Pastor McDonald: I lied to Pastor Dan.*

Katie Belden '09

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## I, THE FIDDLE

I, the Fiddle have no task.  
Sitting on a stool reciting  
Songs. I have no purpose, only  
Existence.  
I am useless without others. To yield  
My strings to those who wish to  
Play me. The Irishman's cheery chant, The Italian's  
sweet melody, The Pole's hopeful prayer, The  
Frenchman's glorious ode, The Croat's reaching  
cry, The Russian's grateful polka  
all speak through me.  
Nevertheless, these songs tell the tale  
of their struggles past and present.  
From far and wide do they come to play.  
Yet, as I sit in this quiet, dormant  
Corner my varnish fades. No longer  
Am I played.  
Those from the isles of Angel and Ellis have  
passed on as well have their hopeful legacies.  
But Why?  
Their struggles, their achievements.  
I am their voice, their song, their first love.  
I am, Was them.  
As we forget those who played my strings so near,  
We forget those who held their promise dear.

*Stewart Goossens '10*

## WHEN THERE ISN'T ALWAYS A SECOND ROAD

When there isn't always a second road,  
No twisted, hidden path,  
The longer route holds dust to fill.  
The eyes sting, no turning back.  
What light is left to linger?  
A strong, united hope for the future  
Where equality and freedom will reign.  
If the difference is color,  
A different race,  
All living together as one nation,  
Forgetting to love in one's haste.  
Don't stay the rock in the road.  
Be the wind that sweeps above.  
Never weigh down someone's load.  
Become the person you dream of.

*Nicole Wong '12*

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## CHANGE IN THE WIND

Four score and seven years ago  
Honest Abe freed the slaves  
And ended that Dark Hour  
Of Brother versus Brother.

Now we have a man  
Taking the seat of old Abe  
Who might have been a slave  
If it weren't for that Change in the Wind.

Out with the old order  
In with the new times  
That Hour of Darkness is up  
It's his time to shine.

Shine not only for himself, but for all of us  
Show the bigots, the racists, the doubters  
That the color of the skin  
Does not make the man.

We used to think it did  
Though we hate to admit it  
A time of unrelenting hatred  
A black mark in our history books.

Then that Doctor  
Martin Luther King Junior  
Told us he had a Dream.  
A Dream he never saw become reality.

A Dream that is coming true.  
Where we see the color of the skin  
Does not make the man.  
The man makes the man.

It doesn't matter what race we are.  
Black, White, Asian, Latino, Whatever  
We're all running in the same race.  
The Human Race.

*Alex Nash '10*



*Generation X: Brains Not Included* • Amanda Espiritu '10  
Pencil

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## CATCHING FIREFLIES

A tiny glint, a fleeting glow – each one softly sparkles in the warm night air as we run through the meadow with our empty strawberry jam jars clutched firmly in our tiny hands. Behind us, the festive music of the carnival and its bright neon lights have transformed our little farming town into a brilliant spectacle of fireworks, spinning Ferris wheels and fun – filled exuberance. The lingering smell of cotton candy and popcorn seems to silently spread over the entire field so that even as we run farther and farther into the meadow, we can never fully escape the festive atmosphere. Even our dresses contain traces of the carnival; chocolate stains blot the white oxford cloth from where our ice cream cones melted faster than we could eat them. Draped around each of our necks is an assortment of daisy chains that we spent the afternoon making while our mothers finished collecting blackberries to make a new preserves for the winter.

Giggling hysterically, Jane and I run wildly through the tall grass, our fingers trying unsuccessfully to coax the tiny fireflies into our empty jars. This has become our yearly ritual; every summer after the carnival, mother and Aunt Elizabeth give us the empty preserve jars that they used to make pies for the pie eating contest so that we might go and catch fireflies in the meadow behind the carnival. We've never actually caught one, but our twelve year old determination leads us to believe that this will be the summer. Plus we have good luck on our side. Yesterday, Jane's brother, Sam smacked the casing right off a baseball – everyone knows that is an omen.

"I'm going to catch mine before you!" I holler back at Jane as I run towards the twinkling lights. It always amazes me how the tiny specks of light seem to dance in and out of the navy night sky – a thousand pinpricks of light that even the stars envy – making the entire meadow sparkle.

"You just wait!" answers Jane. "After all, it was my brother who smacked the casing off that baseball yesterday. And I know where the secret hidden place is where they all live!"

"Liar! How would you know where they all live?"

"Grandpa told me this afternoon. He said that in the woods over by the church there is an old redwood tree with a hole in the trunk where they all live. He said it's like magic when you're there! Come on, Annie, we should go!"

"Oh, I don't know Jane. Usually Grandpa just says that stuff to stir up our imagination so that we will go outside and play."

Embarrassment floods over Jane's face as I say this. "Well okay, if you think it's too childish, we won't go.

We'll just stay here in the boring old meadow... trying to catch a few fireflies... when we could see thousands of them at once..." her voice trails off longingly as she says this.

"Fine." I respond, somewhat annoyed by the fact that she has managed yet again to convince me to join her on one of her ridiculous escapades. But before I even finish the sentence, Jane grabs my hand and scampers quickly towards the old woods behind the church. Behind us, the clanging chords of the festival music softly give way to the peaceful melodies of the chirping night crickets. As we quietly enter the serene, statuesque trees, the moon sheds a soft glow on the forest floor, tracing a silvery path among the dark leaves. A faint illumination emanates from an aged redwood several feet beyond us.

"There it is!" whispers Jane. "I told you! Come on!" Holding her skirt so as not to rustle the underbrush, she carefully tiptoes towards the gleaming light. Beneath the enormous trunk there is a carved opening just big enough for us to slide through. What lies above us is purely mesmerizing. Thousands of tiny balls of light weave rapidly but softly among each other. The entire tree seems transformed into a glistening beacon of awe – inspiring light. At that moment, I feel as though every fairy – tale and fantasy story are not just figments of childhood imagination, but tales of reality for which the mind endlessly searches, but continuously misses because of their subtlety.

"Jane," I whisper, so quietly that I barely breathe her name. "I fear that there will be a day when we won't want to come back here anymore because we feel too grown up for such things. That would be awful – to forget the magic."

"Don't be silly, Annie. We'll always want to come back. It will be our secret tradition – like catching fireflies – we will always come back together each summer, even when we're all grown up."

"Promise?"

"Always."

\*\*\*

That summer came and passed four years ago. Every summer after that one, Jane and I went to visit the "Firefly Tree" on the last night of the carnival. Next week, the carnival will roll into our tiny town and park itself in the square for seven days. On the last night, as tradition, I will go visit the "Firefly Tree," only this time Jane will not come with me. Had she waited only a few weeks, perhaps she would have remembered the magic of that special place and not made that fateful choice. But I will go and she will be there in my mind – a thousand tiny sparks of light in the soft darkness of my memory.

*Laura West '09*

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## EMPATHY

A strange, old myth if you ask me.

I.

You are not an addict.  
You do not surrender to substances.  
Nor have you ever lost control.  
Absurd!

II.

You are not a radical.  
You have never even come close to a gun.  
Nor have you ever discriminated against those of opposing views.  
Ridiculous!

III.

You are not a child.  
You have never played when it is time to work.  
Nor have you ever let your mind wander somewhere else.  
Crazy!

IV.

You are not a rebel.  
You do not pack your bags when the answer is "No."  
Nor have you ever forgotten to say "Thank you" as you run off with your parents' money.  
Risible!

V.

You are not a murderer.  
You have never soaked yourself in another's blood.  
Nor have you ever insulted someone before.  
Monstrous!

VI.

You are not an adulterer.  
You do not slyly sneak around.  
Nor have you ever lied to someone in the hopes of protecting him.  
Asinine!

VII.

You are not a burglar.  
You have never snatched someone else's property.  
Nor have you ever taken more than you put in.  
Batty!

VIII.

You are not a liar.  
You do not fool people to get what you want.  
Nor have you ever passed on a rumor whispered to your ear.  
Ludicrous!

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IX.  
You are not a master.  
You have never desired a hold over others.  
Nor have you ever yearned to be the center of attention.  
Mad!

X.  
You are not a billionaire.  
You do not constantly look for luxuries.  
Nor have you ever looked at wants as needs.  
Brainless!

Now, I repeat.  
How can you possibly understand?

*Bernadette Rabuy '10*



*Sleeping Lion* • Andrew Ontono '09  
Photography

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## THE GUARDIAN

There is only one tree in the open space  
At the top of the hill a bench sits beneath it  
Only one bench for so many thoughts  
Thoughts of men and women, young and old

At the top of the hill a bench sits beneath it  
Weathered and worn, polished and cracked  
Thoughts of men and women, young and old  
Wedge into its edges and flowing through its planks

Weathered and worn, polished and cracked  
It sits and watches and sometimes weeps  
Wedge into its edges and flowing through its planks  
Dreams escape its limbs and run into the earth

It sits and it watches and sometimes weeps  
And the tree's roots run deep, deep enough to feel  
Dreams escape its limbs and run into the earth  
Pulsing through the ground and stirring up the wind

And the tree's roots run deep, deep enough to feel  
Absorbing the sweat and tears and the years that go by  
Pulsing through the ground and stirring up the wind  
They nourish the earth and allow things to grow

Shepherd of the hills, it sits and it waits  
Only one bench for so many thoughts  
The Guardian of the earth and everything in it  
There is only one tree in the open space

*Rehana Lerandean '09*

## LET GO

She walks through the crowd of people.  
Shoved from side to side, she moves.  
Heat transfers from body to body.

Escape

Reaching to breathe  
Swallowing air like it's her last breath  
Chest heaving up and down

"You're not as strong as you say you are"

She sits there  
Water caresses her lip  
Knuckles white as the ceramic edge they grasp

Release

Eyes closed, toes curled over the edge  
Her blood pulses through her veins  
Arms spread out like wings

Submerge

The pain doesn't overcome the relief  
Water plugs her ears, plugs her nose  
Her mind is clear

"What were you waiting for?"

The surface stings every part of her  
She opens her eyes  
The water rolls down her face

Beautiful

Pulling her up, arms wide open  
Seeing her as she is  
All of that aside

Escape.Release.Submerge.Beautiful.Breakdown

*Teresa Cariño '09*

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## RIPTIDE

Kelsey was the lukeist girl in calss,  
She had the boy frenid,  
She had the graeds.  
Kelsey was cpatian of the Vloley Blal Taem,  
She was head chereledaer,  
She had a brhoter who plyaed larcose at Hokpnis.  
Kelsey was a graet frenid to evreydoby.  
I'm teilling you tihs becuase  
We were all shocked to hear,  
That graet Kelsey G from Mills,  
Had comimtetd suicide,  
On an overdose of pills.

*John Butler '09*

## THE WIND

Sound and silence, electricity flowing through the air  
Blowing, floating, hovering, whisking the air in tiny circles, rustling the leaves, lifting the litter in the street  
The hairs on my arms stand at attention, dancing like a little kid begging to play

Unrequited whispers,  
Murmur.  
No need to search, I hide in the depths of infinity. No origin, no home, no fear.

Adolescent innocence ensnares my mind and entangles my hair in the movement of the trees.  
A pocket full of mumbles, caught in a hurricane driven to far away kingdoms where other worries lie.

The whole of creation feeling the chill deep in the core  
Whooshing wildly, without wondering, wisdom's wings, carrying ever onward as a single constant between  
here and there.  
Rose flush left on the cheeks of Eve.

God's breath over humankind, loud and piercing in its stillness  
Beckons, merely beckons, to fill the merciless minute

*Lauren Kase '10*

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## BOOMERANG

I know how much you enjoy the fun of  
a boomerang. In the morning you take  
your dog to the park where we fell in love.  
He'll fetch the boomerang, feeling no ache.  
When you get home you'll sit on the couch  
and carve a new boomerang, until you  
realize you're confused, alone, and a grouch.  
Now we're done and I just wish that you knew  
that as the boomerang kept you amused  
I hated being the one who would hang  
at your side. Your ignorance left me bruised  
'cause you treated me like a boomerang.  
You'd throw me out, and as you would expect  
I returned. Not this time, you're incorrect.

*Jessica Bernstein '09*

## DAILY EXHAUSTION

Disillusioned dreaming, interrupted by an irritating ring  
at a time when the birds don't sing.  
I rise from rest as a weary wanderer who traveled too many places through a world of dreams.  
Large dark trash bags unattended the night before now sag under my half opened eyes.  
As rain hits my face to wash away the disguise of tears without cries, I wake up.

But wasn't I awake a moment ago or was that a dream too?

I step out of the shower and steam billows out, evaporating into thin air.  
My bodily aches and pains hit me with the cold breeze of reality.  
I'm suddenly dry as I dress myself in uniform with the rest of the world.  
The clock ticks past time as I try to control the things I can't.

I hurry out the door and fall off the edge of the earth to float in space. Still Dreaming?

*Aaron Gallagher '11*

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## HE KNOWS, SHE KNOWS

**They had both taken note of the other's masterfully constructed façade.**

He noticed that some days the set of her shoulders would be wound tight and poised straighter than he would have thought was comfortable. Her eyes never seemed to take in what or who was around her.

She noticed that he was Always in a Hurry. And though his stride never deviated from His Self-Assured Strut, his arms tended to swing erratically and his eyes shifted fearfully Every Single Week.

**Now, a day later, their eyes met briefly and they acknowledged each other with guarded looks.**

He recalled being unsure of opening up from the very start and still found himself reeling from the fact that he had gone through with something. Dreaded were any choices, which to him seemed like many lengths of yarn looping through one another on a hooked needle. The pattern tightened around him with every flicker of his eyes as his fear mounted, and he continued to put off making decisions and trying to face his fears and emotions yet again.

She recalled that there had been Too Many Things to focus on and Talking Openly seemed the only way to relieve the pressure. The pressure to Stand Out and yet Fit In was overwhelming, and she remembered feeling A Sense of Hopelessness when everything began to seem Contradictory. Her Fear churned constantly beneath The Surface and threatened to overwhelm her completely. She knew instinctively that she wouldn't regain Equilibrium again.

**They both remembered secrets they had confessed to one another in a moment of weakness.**

She had said she felt that she was all alone in the world, a place that had been cold and unforgiving since the beginning of her memory. Turmoil spanning all her life, she could only recall herself silently screaming for some scrap of hope, some replacement to cure her of her addictions and which would act like an overpowering command to snuff out her entire span of memory in one swoop.

He had said that ignoring the pressure to Choose had made it even more suffocating, so much so that he couldn't really feel much else. It was getting to the point that he Couldn't Feel Anything. A Haze settled over the rest of his emotions and His Mind was a blank.

He cried out for Deliverance From The Monotony and ached to feel some Spark of Emotion or twinge of physical Pain.

**They found they understood each other:**

Chalky drugs and burning alcohol were her salvation after each stormy fight with the rest of the world. They dulled her senses and blotted her awareness of the darkness inside that threatened to yank her off her pinnacle of sanity and down into oblivion.

The Manifestations of his Choices were etched on his arms, Bloody and Thin. Each attempt to recover his feelings was obvious in the increasingly close-set patterns that continued to spiral aimlessly as His Lack of Emotion and Indecisiveness continued.

**They both had a way to blot out all sense of reality.**

**Both were trying to find an escape.**

*Amanda Espiritu '10*

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## MUSSEL ROCK: PLATES SHIFTING BENEATH MY FEET

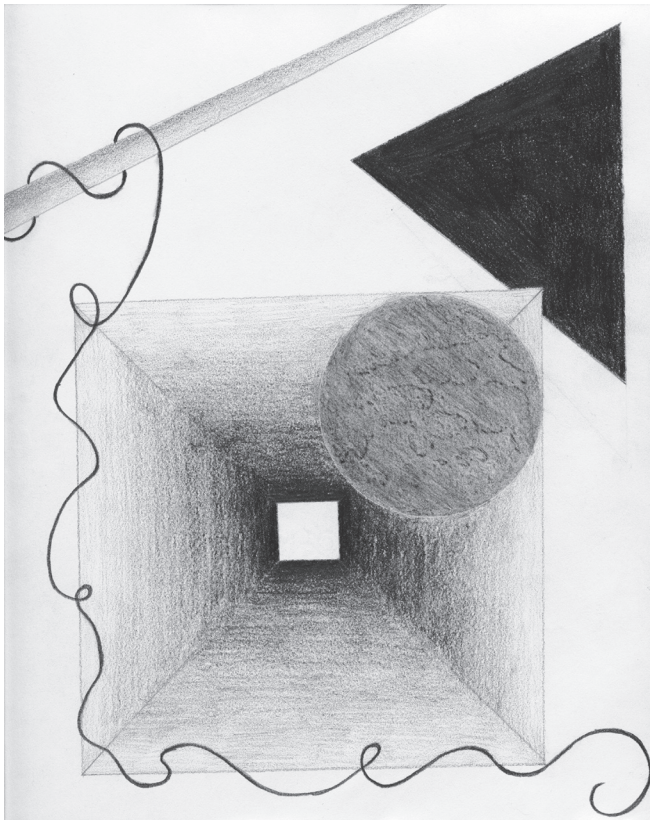
As he stands on his native shores, gazing upon the Pacific Ocean, the man observes the work of ancient forces. Waves clash with land in gentle ferocity, pounding once mighty boulders to mere pebbles. Non-natives encroach, soil loosens, and the land erodes, returning to the ocean. His eyes are drawn to an everlasting monument of such forces. Mussel Rock, a geological horse, jets through the ocean's surface, evidence of the union between tectonic plates.

As he stares at this protrusion of displaced rock, he begins to recognize how plates of such magnitude have shifted within himself his entire life. He feels how each individual movement of these plates have shaped his being and continue to until his core burns out. His plates have diverged, as in a normal fault, examples of times in which he had grown distant from a person, an attitude, a feeling within himself. Sometimes they acted as a reserve fault, converging upon each other bringing a collision and

causing subversion, creating new times and existences. But like the state which he calls home, the man finds himself victim to the movements of a strike-slip fault, in which plates within him move against each other. Times of indecision and hardship are ever present between such plates. Inner earthquakes that have caused inevitable damage and change in his development. Moments that created much friction and instability. The divorce of his parents, the death of his father, times of doubt on how to live, what to do to live, and whether to live at all. Each tremor has sent fissures through his mantle, some stretching to his very core...

A gentle breeze drizzles him with fine ocean mist, washing away grievances he felt. He always relied on nature as an escape, a sanctuary, from things past, things long shaken within.

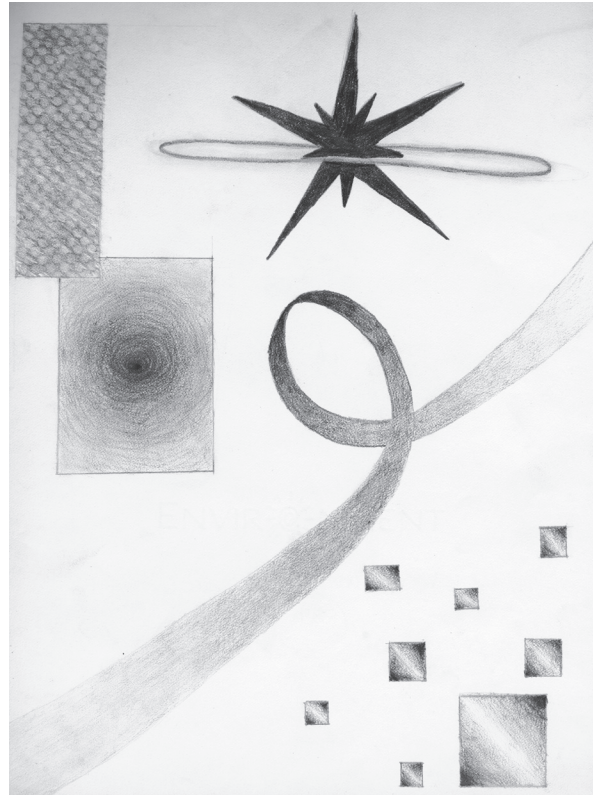
*Kevin Keller '09*



*Untitled • Madeleine Welte '11*  
Pencil

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*Untitled* • Madeleine Welte '11  
Pencil



## REVOLUTION

Import a princess, a modern 18th century girl, a social problem  
Who expects sympathy from everyone, but has no empathy for others  
Who only thinks about her own problems, her own issues, herself  
Who talks to her mother the way she treats everyone else, for they are below the nobility: peasants in her kingdom  
Who would rather sit by herself in a lavish, lonely palace with the only comfort of her  
own heart, swelling with stupid, selfish pride, rapidly pulsing with “pity me,” “love me,” “envy me,”  
Who claims that nobody cares, but refuses to lower the draw bridge so one can get across the moat that surrounds her  
royal tower, her ego, herself  
Who is rich in her own mind, but poor when it comes to social interaction  
Who does not want to rule democratically, but as a monarch  
Who imposes her inconsiderate, incontrovertible, inconvenient, incriminate regime  
Who is a symbol to the “poor” of everything that they hate about royalty  
Who would shriek, “Let them eat cake!” while I think, where is my guillotine?  
Who has lived at Versailles for far too long, and soon: a rise of rage, a revolution forcing her out of power  
Who frustrates me to the point of infuriation, so that when I see her, the first thing that comes to mind is: *I'm fed up! J'en*  
*ai mar! That's it! Ca y'est! I'm done*  
Whom I indict  
Who will soon experience an uprising because of her extravagance, her selfishness, herself  
Whom I impeach  
Who will soon realize that her own narcissism has caused her demise  
Whom I eradicate  
Who might soon have the final words, “Pardon me, monsieur, I did not mean to do it,”  
Whom I execute.

*Jennifer Dowdy '09*

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## FORGOTTEN ROMANCE

The joy of the day dissipates in a glance  
The constant reminder of the lost chance  
Wanting to fall back into the trance  
Of the old, forgotten romance

The sun sets, blazing the sky with red  
As I drown in the tears that I have shed  
I hope and wait for me to be dead  
As I sit the days reminiscing over all I never said

Everyday is spent the same way  
A tear leads my mind astray  
Bringing up the pain of my soul as I decay  
For the moments pass despite how I pray

The love I felt is long gone  
And I fear there will never be a new dawn  
I now choose to be ever withdrawn  
As I pass the days in a constant yawn

How can one live with such a pain  
Always standing in the rain  
How will I ever be able to regain  
The simple pleasure of the mundane

Not a second ticks without the chime  
Pulling me back to the present time  
The memories recall the dreadful crime  
That stole the beauty of the sublime

I lay in darkness, all alone  
Finding no warmth in my home  
Memories fade of the love once known  
Which now rots below a stone

*Brooke Carter '10*

## THE CROSS

At dusk we start to climb our favorite trail,  
Although it's dark we do not need a light,  
We've traveled this path often without fail,  
To seek a beauty only found at night.

We crowd onto the cliff and find a place,  
Some lay, some sit, to see the silent sky,  
We wonder at the glory of God's grace,  
And raise our voices up to Him most high.

Though awestruck by the stars shining above,  
We slowly draw our thoughts back to the ground,  
But still we feel the goodness of God's love,  
Beneath the cross our renewed faith is found.

As we descend back to our mortal lives,  
We hope and pray this peace of ours survives.

*Stephanie Kuhn '09*

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## ON THE QUESTION OF RACE

They ask me to write down my race  
and I think  
and think and consider  
writing down the truth  
and having my answer read

I have a dark man  
eating fruit  
with a child upon his lap  
inside this body

I have a young woman  
traveling far from her home  
for a beauty pageant  
inside this body

I have a family  
splitting in two  
during a war  
inside this body

I have a woman  
in the hospital dying  
of lung cancer  
inside this body

I have a boy  
leading a household  
supporting his family  
inside this body

I have a man working for his family  
but not seeing them  
inside this body

They ask me to write down my race  
and I think  
and think and consider  
writing down the truth  
and having my answer read

I have a ship full  
of people  
arriving and unloading  
inside this body

I have a girl striving  
to do her best  
sports and singing  
with busy parents  
inside this body

I have a woman  
baking cookies  
with sweet smells  
drifting upward  
inside this body

I have a woman with  
striking silver hair  
and a man that  
many look up to  
I have an alcoholic  
living life to the fullest  
despite many hardships  
inside this body

I have my Uncle Max  
my grandma Pruden and  
my mother's cookies  
German sour cream twists,  
Russian tea cookies,  
spicy curry

I have my  
father's music  
and my mother's  
voice

I have all these  
secrets, stories, and songs  
just under the surface  
waiting for ascent  
I have a quilt of thoughts  
and voices  
centering around those  
that have been lost  
inside this body

But I stop  
and simply write down

WHITE

*Andrea Pruden '12*

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## QUITE FORGETTABLE

This morning, I woke up at 6:47 AM and promptly rose out of my bed at 6:50 AM. From then on, I commenced my daily thirteen and two-quarter steps into the shower, whereupon I undressed and lathered in a mixture of soap and water for eleven minutes and twenty two seconds.

In the next ten minutes, I put on the clothes that I had picked out yesterday night at 11:01 PM and walked two steps to the sink, where I brush my teeth up, down, all of which consist of vigorous circles, for forty-one strokes on each side of my mouth. I do not eat breakfast.

After a two minute fix on a sleek bun, I put on my black heels and take my knapsack, which carries my organizer, floss, a book, a gold letter opener, a blue pen, a black pen, and a red pencil. I leave my apartment at 7:32 AM, walk down to the bus stop, and stay on the bus for thirty two minutes to arrive at my building.

When I get off the bus on this particular foggy morning, I step in someone's littered chewed gum. The gum is on my right heel. I walk to work despite the fact that this pink foreign entity slows me down approximately three seconds behind, completely throwing off my arrival of 8:15 to 8:16. I must be on time.

Despite this horrid obstacle on my way to work, I arrive just when my digital watch reads two seconds from 8:16. I sigh, for I know I can make up those thrown-off fifty-eight seconds. By now, I focus on making up those fifty-eight seconds while I quickly calculate how much faster I need to do work, and I conclude that I need to

work four seconds faster per task. I work at this four-seconds-faster pace, which throws my schedule off even more. But that crimson entity remains on my mind.

I leave my work four minutes earlier at 4:26 PM, whereupon I exit the building and walk towards the bus stop. I do not know what to do with myself with these four minutes. For the next minute and a half, I walk on the gravel instead of the side walk, just to give myself a little craziness for today, as suggested in the last meeting.

My attention is drawn to the stickiness of the pink entity. I stop, take off my shoe, and scrape the entity off with gold letter opener, which I notice had an auburn stain at the tip. I discard the gum and put on my right heel. After that gum-scraping incident, which took approximately two and a half minutes, I am on the original schedule once again.

I walk to the bus stop, whereupon I take the 28 on my thirty-two minute ride home. I arrive at my apartment at 5:32 PM. I put my knapsack down on the floor, check my mail, and eat dinner all by 6:45 PM. I leave my apartment for my important meeting at 7:30 PM. I return promptly at 9:00 PM, take my medicine, and enter my sleep by 9:47 PM.

*Dear Diary, Today is out of the ordinary. Sincerely,  
Cassey*

*Marian Manapsal '09*



*Krakow Gate* • Connor Lind '10  
Photography

## LOBOS CREEK

Feet stripped, imprinted  
upon the rock-strewn sand  
like a faint dusk shadow  
of a coyote's hoof.

Stubbed against a fallen branch  
the sharp twig pierces  
a thin sheaf of skin  
of my battered, bloodied sole.

Deep oval eyes gawk the terrain  
like an owl gaping keenly for its mice  
ahead, a colossal forest  
of naked trunks and famished roots.

A portrait of oak after lotus,  
mossy green and pale amber,  
lupine after sand dunes,  
stale violet and frothy brown

Palms behind my ear flaps  
alert as a deer, I pause in hiatus.  
Warblers and swallows sing  
resonating throughout my lobes

Hidden behind the wood,  
the sharp tangy whiff  
of the pallid coyote bush  
secretes from the deep murky run.

At last, a slender creek surfaces  
choked between non-native  
hoards of English Ivy, Cape and  
gluttonous Eucalyptus.

Native flowering currants,  
Yarrow and bee plant,  
Struggle to survive  
in their home of Lobos Creek

*Alexa Manalansan '09*

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## SKALDIC HRYNHENDA

*hasýndhra  
mâne lle skóld  
wêl ed scáel  
bræk-bründh  
en ræd-eôrla*

speak  
though you regret  
the lilt of love  
burnt bleak  
in raw winds

*ed wridâðh  
pæmn lyn pæðhe  
flód-yton svíne  
ýldra hafâd  
æse hynn*

of reality  
truths and feeling  
forge the blade  
forever drifting  
to eternity

*Corinne Ankenbruck-Keogh '09*



*Eye of Equus* • Colleen McFarland '10  
Photography

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## WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAS AN ODE TO OUR IMMIGRANT ANCESTORS

Grandmother did it hurt...  
When you fell down from heaven?  
Because you're an angel, beautiful, sent from up above but I see the broken smile, the broken  
halo---that *still* shines--but tilts and sways and whines, a rusty door hinge. On the way here,  
You left the visions of sick potatoes behind, constructed your *own* black hole to blacken your  
once starved hole of a stomach into oblivion, out of mind, out of sight. No matter the lone 20  
dollar bill, the insufficient pair of suitcases.  
Your head listlessly floated among the clouds, creamy dreams of only golden sunshine stained  
in fusion horizons.  
In a trance if for but only a second.  
You did not know. Seven long years heavy on your shoulders and bound to your feet, before  
you would be free.  
In America.

Who knew a Korean-Chink could read through those eyes, could speak her mind? Now  
immortal in your *own* words as I flip through crisp, type-written pages.

You missed England and your other nine, or ten, or eleven siblings.  
And so You still sent back money- as much as you can, no matter how. Opened a bar, sold that  
boot-legged Moonshine, even made cigars.

A mafia mobster, a political activist.  
A butcher, a nurse.  
You don't surprise me. With that hard head. That determined mind. Of Yours. A dancer, You  
tiptoed ever so gracefully, sometimes stomped and raved passionately, side to side. Skipping.  
Place to place. Fleeting. On the move. The confines of Castro too constricting. "Captive of  
crazy marriage" headlined on the newspaper used to cover the tiles while you cut Robling's  
mane. But you escaped to Canada. All the while, you yearned for Copenhagen and Quezon  
City.  
You, however, will still grow at the roots of my black hair, throb in every pulsing beat, speak  
through my tongue. Refuge in me.  
Thank you.

*Carmela Paula Gaspar '10*

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## THE AGE OF THE WOMAN

Man may have seven ages, but the woman  
Has many; depending on the lifetime.  
First, the child arrives in this world, like a  
Lovely little disaster; an unstoppable force  
That takes the world by storm.  
Next, comes the wonder stage:  
Where everything is sacred in her  
Sparkling eyes, and her days are filled  
With a quiet peace.  
Every flower, every bee, every  
Tear that is shed is special and will be  
Remembered forever.  
All too soon, the age of the  
Starry-eyed child turns into the age of the  
Moonlit lover.  
Where only a name can switch her sharp mind  
To a daydream.  
Where she flutters through her day  
Like a leaf  
Doing the dance of autumn.  
Before she can stop to catch her breath,  
Motherhood has cloaked her soul  
In a tight embrace  
With a cloth made of blood, sweat,  
Tears, and a love that consumes her  
Entirely.  
And suddenly she knows.  
Collecting little bits  
From each stage  
Blurring them together into one  
Giant smear  
Until she is so full of the wisdom of the ages  
Her eyes begin to sparkle  
Like they did so many years ago  
And when she has passed on  
All of her love and can hold no more  
She can sit back  
For the first time  
And remember.

*Deanna Beaman '12*

## CHOOSE

Love or Hate  
Good or Bad  
Right or Wrong  
Yin and Yang  
You must choose  
One  
Or the other  
  
Is there a balance?  
May I choose both?  
Shall we bargain?  
  
No, choose  
One  
One chance  
One choice  
One life  
  
What is Love?  
You decide.  
What is Hate?  
Your desire.  
What is Right?  
Your choice.  
What is Wrong?  
Everything.  
  
I choose both.  
You may not.  
I will not choose.

Have you decided?  
Yes

*Elaine Yan '11*

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## WHERE ARE YOU?

Your cousin patrols the deserts of a foreign land  
With an empty heart, firearm in hand.  
Your father tells stories at a church basement meeting  
And doesn't dare question why his heart is still beating.  
Your brother is far away now, tripping hard on some acid  
His lonely heart remains ignored and his mind is turning placid.  
Your love is at an old friend's house, drunk girls around him falling  
His heart knows only its own desires and he wonders why you're not calling.  
You think of all these strong men now, focus on their locations,  
Because should you look to your own heart for answers

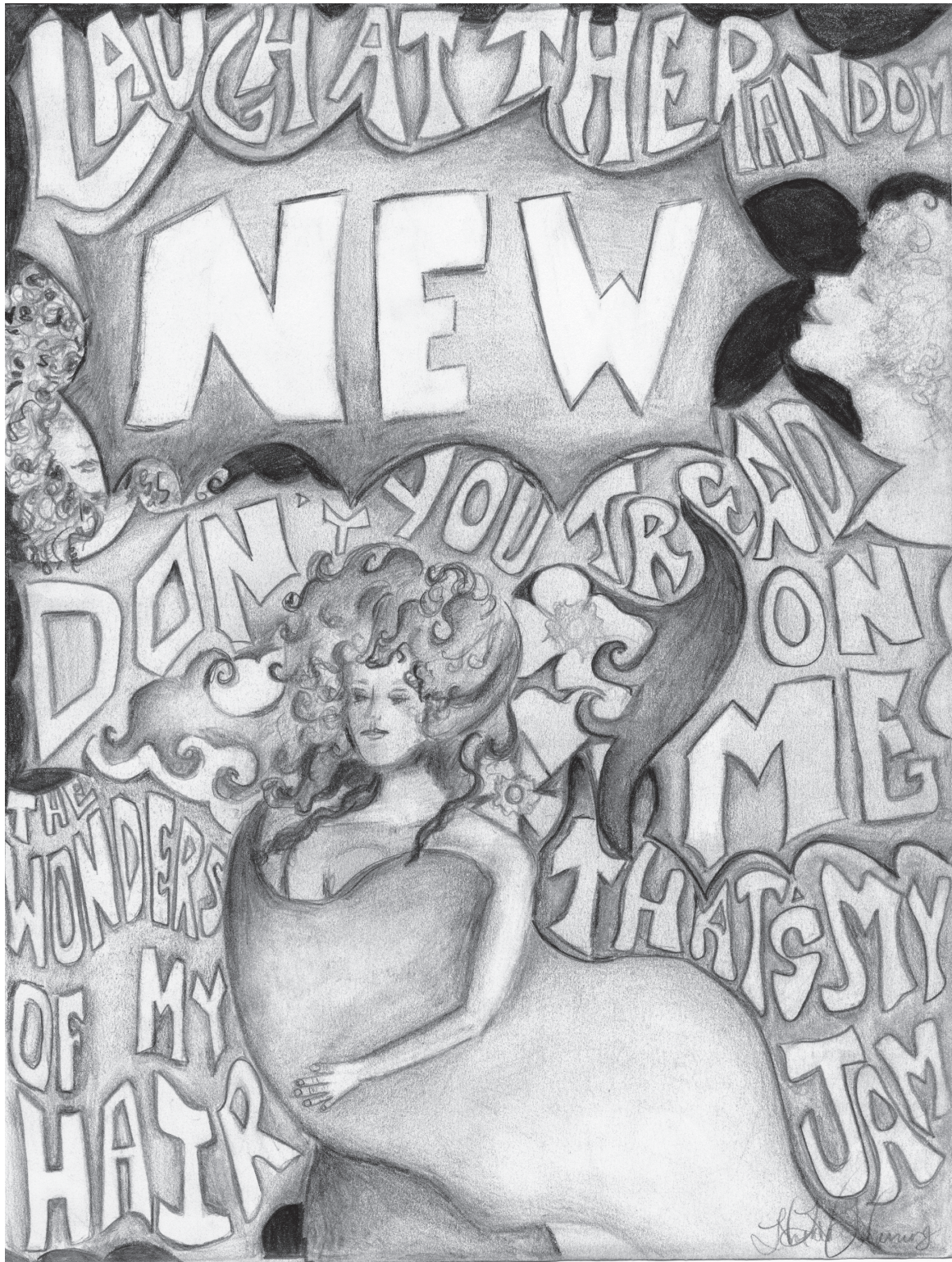
You'd find that it long ago left you for some far away, lonesome reservation.

*Claire McCartney '09*

## FAMILY TIES

He yells at Her then She shrieks back  
Shaking in fear, a Boy cowers in his seat  
Truth She speaks yet He senses her attack  
He springs to His feet, stares, continues to eat.  
Quarreling yet again and the Boy tunes out  
Twisted from drink He attempts a swing  
Still as a tree She stays but out the Boy shouts  
Thud! Her face greets a wide wing.  
Sprawled papers with scribbled names  
A Man gently explains the way to Her  
The Boy hopes She and He will stay one and the same  
Confused, the Boy's mind's a blur.  
They didn't work out, they weren't a perfect pair  
Happy, the Boy is, not to be His heir.

*Trevor Burke '11*



*Hair* • Nikki Narvaéz '10  
Pencil

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## THE CONFORMIST ON CONFORMITY

### (NOVEMBER 5TH, 2008)

Good evening. Nice to see you all tonight, looking fabulously similar to each other. I was recently asked by a brash young man – one of them – “What’s so great about being a conformist, acting the same as everyone else?” First of all, it’s not an act: conformity is a way of life, and a gosh darned good one, at that. And so I’m addressing you all, in order to reinforce our shared values. Perhaps most important, as conformists, no one makes fun of us. We always wear the right hat. We avoid bowel problems caused by exotic ethnic foods. We never have to decide who to vote for; where politics are concerned, forget the need for a majority – all votes are unanimous. And we never, ever get lost because we always take the same route to work. Occasionally, coming home may be challenging, since all the houses in our neighborhoods are identical, painted a nice jubilant shade of black, with white interiors.

Getting dressed in the morning is a simple task for us – black and white always match. We’d never want to be like them – the non-conformists in all of their dreadful non-conformity. Look at their haircuts. They can style it however they want. There goes a buzz cut. How out of style is that mohawk? People shouldn’t be allowed to spike their hair like the devil. Don’t they know that the mullet is THE only way to wear hair – business in the front, party in the back. And we conformists DO know how to party.

A typical evening begins with a shower at 6, ending at 6:15, brushing teeth from 6:15 to 6:16, exactly. Putting on casual evening attire, which for men should take up until 6:25, and for women, till 7. We all like to wear black slacks, white socks, comfortable black blazers with nice, white button-down shirts, finished off by a stylish English top hat – black, of course. And the ladies wear – you guessed it, the little black dress. Or off-black if the evening is particularly formal. And who says that we only dress in two colors? Of the blacks, there is no end to the different shades: midnight, basic, funeral, licorice, eclipse, charcoal, and pitch. As for the whites, there’s wedding-day, paper, snowy, blizzard, arctic, ocean foam, and white-out. Leaving our 2.5 children with the sitter, we depart our beautifully average American homes in moderately priced four-door sedans, those only sold in midnight black and wedding-day white. Parties usually are held in large auditoriums. The evening gets kicked off at eight o’clock sharp with a wild game of bingo. Background

music is typically a bumpin’ classical selection, perhaps by Mozart or Bach, my homies. At nine, the party really gets going, when the non-alcoholic fruit punch is brought out, along with the good old H<sub>2</sub>O. Then the square dancing begins, and we go crazy making those perfect squares, over and over again. I can’t think of a better way to spend my Saturday evening. Naturally, we’re home by 10:30, and asleep by 10:50. Intercourse, of course, is out of the question, reserved for anniversaries and procreation only. No hanky-panky!

Now look at those non-conformists – providing a constant source of entertainment for us. How silly they are, thinking for themselves. It must be exhausting. All those opinions. And they travel. Everywhere. Wherever their hearts desire! And when they travel, there’s always the chance that they will meet --foreigners-- people not only different from us, but different from the different people! Foreigners with foreign children! And foreign cars! And disgusting foreign customs like café au lait. Europe’s only contribution to world culture is the French Fry. We like those. With salt.

And then the non-conformists have that horrendous rainbow of a wardrobe. They actually wear and do whatever makes them happy without even caring what others think! Crazy! Without them, there wouldn’t be any arguments – world peace – think about it. Not to mention that THEY were the ones responsible for the War of Independence – throwing all that tea in Boston Harbor – how savage. And then the Civil War – what good did it do? Nothing has changed. Well, kind of, sort of nothing. Of course, that recent election, that was, well, somewhat of a new thing. Who’s got a paper? Let me see that-- oh my God, I can’t believe it – Yes he did! Well, maybe some things change. But not my mullet.

Wait a second – why am I standing up here all alone speaking to all of you sitting down there, facing me with that identical expression on your faces? Why aren’t I sitting down there facing the stage? Why am I the only one facing North? Oh. This is awkward. I guess I’m --somewhat-- different from the rest of you...I’ll be leaving now. Good evening.

*Max Zeff ’10*

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## THE CHILD IN THE MIRROR

I look up at the mirror staring at this hideous outline  
So many imperfections that not even plastic could fix  
Dr. 90210 remains on TiVo  
“A” boobs, I think I’ll upgrade to “D’s”  
Brunette hair, see you later, let’s try bottled blonde  
As for these eyes, I’m thinking green

Standing there I clench my stomach  
Saying goodbye to the steak and potato dinner  
I hover over the toilet  
Gasping for breath  
My chest falling with each finger down my throat

I’ll tell you what I really want:  
I want a perfect body  
The kind guys turn heads for  
I want to be like the girls on Cosmo  
Straight white teeth and flawless skin  
I want to be surrounded by friends  
Catering to me like a queen bee  
I want to date the football player  
Go to the parties  
Live the life

I watch you in the distance  
With your innocuous smile, and perfect eyelashes  
Not a single hair is out of place  
You are beyond perfection  
You have the car, the boyfriend, the body, and the intelligence

I continue to stare in the mirror  
Frizzy hair that no products could tame  
Railroad tracks line my mouth  
Mosquito bites on my chest  
A grotesque gut  
I pat my face dry

Look at me:  
After all the lies I believed  
It’s finally kicking in  
I’m starting to lose who I used to be

*Sydney Allen ’09*

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## STUCK TO MY SHOE

I listen to my common sense;  
I plot a course away from here  
And tie my laces, taught and tense.  
Determined pace, tread hard and clear.

But something's sticking to my soul:  
My memories that glue like gum,  
And as I step, I feel the pull  
Of wishes I can't overcome.

I try to skip so joy will lift  
The second thoughts out of my moves,  
But as I jump I feel the shift  
As hard regrets roll in my shoes.

I move along at brilliant speed.  
These little rocks should be ignored.  
So to my pain, I pay no heed  
Until my feet are red and sore.

But now I have no choice. I stop.  
I find a seat and catch my breath,  
Pull off my shoes, roll down my socks.  
My battered sole, it needs a rest.

I curve my neck to look inside  
For sticks that poke and stones that hurt.  
I find that on the underside  
the sticky gum is mixed with dirt.

You've morphed into a muddled mess,  
A ground-in grainy little glop,  
And to both glee and great distress,  
I just can't seem to pull you off.

*Sophia Melone '10*

## THE MOON AND ME

Sweet moonlight  
Cleanse me  
As I bathe in tears  
Can I be like the willow?  
Proud and tall in its foundations,  
but bending willingly to offer his shade

Can I be like the stars?  
Making their light only for others

Wild moonlight  
Fill me  
Sate the insatiable  
Return to me my moon spirit

Will I be like the fog?  
Smothering  
enigmatically suppressing  
Blanketing  
Softening the falls  
of us all

Will I be like the earth?  
Fertile to those who care for it well  
Poor for those who  
harm it

Gentle Moonlight  
Unveil me  
Shall I be like the wind?  
Blowing wherever  
she pleases  
Lifting leaves off the ground  
stirring them about

Wise moonlight  
Share with me your secret.  
May I be like you?  
Satisfied with the light of others  
Glowing the more brightly because of it  
Patiently awaiting when you can make light of  
your own.

*Lorraine Arriola '10*

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## SWEET PEACHES

Fred Barnes had turned forty-eight that spring and his dirty brown hair was starting to thin on top. His midsection had begun to hang over his belt and he felt a twinge in his throwing arm from his football days. But today, he felt his blood running warm and he nervously paced up and down the porch. He pulled the wicker chair to the front of the porch and sat down. He took off his jacket and laid it on the back of his chair. The chair creaked as he sat down and put his feet up on the railing. Fred reached up to loosen his tie then pulled out a Carolina Rose and snipped off the end. He reached forward and struck a match on the porch railing. He put the cigar in his mouth and bringing the match to the tip, he drew in breath to ignite it. He pulled off his panama and began to slowly fan himself, watching the smoke rise and curl away.

"Charlene honey, is that sweet tea ready yet?" he hollered into the house.

Charlene scurried out and set the sweet tea on the table next to Fred's chair.

"Why don't you go change and then come on out here and keep me company," Fred said as if to no one in particular.

"I'll be out in a jiffy," she said and scurried back inside.

Today had been good, but he was tired. He cleared his throat loudly and spit into the weeds near the porch. Fred remembered how Mr. Colburn's daughter had gently swayed to the music at church and the way her dress had hugged her body. But thoughts of Mr. Colburn's poker habits and the twenty-seven dollars he owed him slowly crept into his mind. Best dealt with tomorrow, Fred thought as he sipped the sweet tea and let the cool liquid

run down his parched throat. Today had already had enough excitement. He loosened his tie some more and remembered the preparations for the picnic, which had turned out even better than last year's what with the special entertainment and all. They had really done a great job.

Rex, Fred's bluetick hound, walked up to the porch and lay down.

"You tired too boy?" Fred whispered to the hound.

Charlene walked out wearing a flowered housedress and a white apron tinged red by the dying rays of the sun and sat next to him.

"Did you put the jar of peaches away in the ice box?" Fred asked as his mind wandered back to the events of the afternoon.

"Yes sir," Charlene said.

"Did you have a good time at the picnic? I think we really put on a good show for ya'll."

"I s'ppose," she said flatly.

Fred let the words hang in the air, giving her a chance to take them back. Fred turned his face toward the horizon and the red rays reflected onto his face, darkening his features, except his eyes, which caught the light and gleamed with the eagerness of a young man. Fred hadn't been so satisfied since he had been twenty. He twisted his wedding ring and wiped his damp hands on the legs of his trousers.

"The mosquitoes are really biting, I think I'll go inside," Charlene said as she slowly disappeared into the house.

"I think the peaches are gonna taste real sweet this year," he said out loud, his words lingering in the still air. Nothing like a little elbow grease and the blood of that boy we hanged to make a peach sweet.

*Nicolas Hernandez '09*

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## ECHO

1, 2, 3, 4  
Passé, relevé, foot back on the floor  
My internal clock  
Tick-Tock  
Repetition never ending  
1...2, 3, 1...2, 3  
What's this?  
Modification?  
Variation?  
No,  
Waltz.  
Must escape  
Be free, be me  
Organic, unconstrained, alive  
Here's my chance  
Perform my own dance  
Get ready  
Get set  
Release  
But...  
1, 2, 3, 4  
Saut, Chassé, Grand jeté  
I can't stop staring in the mirror,  
My reflection pool  
A Narcissist?  
No  
An Echo

*Katie Dobberstein '11*

## RESISTANCE

First they ruled us.  
Over night they controlled us.  
Word spread,  
We ran.

Resistance

Armed they selected.  
Helplessly we were neglected.  
They charged,  
We hide.

Resistance

They still killed and fought.  
Getting vengeance was never in our thoughts.  
They hated,  
We lived

Resistance  
Our Revenge is to live

\* Inspired from the movie *Defiance*

*Rachel Hinds '11*



*The Beauty in Life* • Joseph Dowbenko '10  
Photography

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## NIGHT OF THE EREMITES

In a dark, empty room  
At the edge of the woods, by the valley near the shore  
Line

I Smile, Laugh aloud, Giggles tickling in my chest.  
Only to have it Slap! Slap! Slap! Back round in my face  
Do you hear the                      s i l e n c e .  
It tends to do that. It likes to dance in my ears.

Listen. Listen LOUDLY.  
Lis-ten. Shh—

Listening for Your laugh to come up the weathered steps  
To come join, comfort, and  
Smooth away the shivers under my weathered skin.  
Laugh. Laugh lovingly like you do  
With me  
And scare Darkness  
A              W                      A                      Y

From this place perhaps another day?  
Once you have found me here in this place you know so well. Find me! Hiding like I always do.  
In a dark, empty room  
At the edge of the woods, by the valley near the shore  
Line

To break the eerie quiet, so familiar to me  
As IT enshrouds me in a foggy way into my brain.  
Where I find all our memories stored away  
In the picture                      h  
FRA                                      c  
MES                                      a  
                                                 e

In the boxes stored high where I cannot yet r  
Far enough! Fingers outstretched, clumsy in this ever persistent cold and dank.

So we can laugh like you always did. When your cheeks became pink peonies, teeth like pearls  
Mama never let you wear.  
Not that I am sad, but waiting rather patiently (not fidgety anymore, silly) with my chin  
In my hands like I always do,  
Remembering things: You laughing like I love. At everything, our pains, school girls again  
And be ourselves, as eremites (like crabs under the sand)

Together, here at home, again.

*Victoria Fossett '09*

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## IRELAND REMEMBERED

Once a place of joy and love  
Your beauty surpasses any I have seen  
I remember you as a place to be free  
My life then happier than ever it has been

The grass, the hills, my family  
The parties, the fun, the simplicity  
Never again will it be the same  
For the things I loved have gone or changed

My family different, incomplete  
Childhood lost, a great defeat  
Your hills, your grass have ever altered  
The vision, the dreams all truly faltered

I wish to believe you remain unchanged  
Yet in reality, nothing can or will ever be the same.

*Emily Lynch '10*

## INSIGHT

with it i reprove-  
thine Eye which hath forsaken me.  
the exile for dear lady behooves.

for in the loneliest of lonely hours,  
tragedy awaits as the nights fall-  
for in my sleep i always see

her and It, an indwelling effigy!

and so my fine, fine friend,  
in my memory, all color's taken-  
you remain in my thoughts as charred ruins.

*Dominique Chagniot '11*

## THE NEXT GENERATION

Wars haunt sleeping dreams  
Gangs torture neighborhoods  
Clothes stitched with slavery  
Why can't pure water fill the vase?

Bombs drop and bullets fly  
A child soldier dies needlessly in combat  
After the Holocaust we swore "never again"  
Why then Cambodia, Rwanda, and Darfur?

A homeless human begs for a glance  
Innocent children struggle to beat cancer  
Unemployed seek hope in the economic storm  
Why do dreams slip through worn out hands?

Why do I ask these questions?  
We do not have to formulate answers.  
We only have time to take action.  
For it is our world.  
And we are the next generation.

*Claire Collins '10*

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## 9-I-I

While children whimpered in line, the missiles were mounted by a mine.  
Victims convened with box cutters, capsicum and maybe a gun.  
Martyrs were circumscribed by strangers they hate. They knew their fate.  
Crazed faces tormented and tortured them. Allah's work must be done.  
Folks wailed, they hollered, they blubbered; lives were utterly undone.  
The phones cried 9-1-1.

Annihilation struck in seconds that somber morn, while the concrete was torn.  
One minute, managers in meeting with coffee, eating a bun,  
The next, the tower tomb tumbled, like a cracker, it crumbled.  
The thousands were frenetic, trying to descend, trying to run.  
Terror pushed some to jump into the abyss, while trying to run.  
The phones cried 9-1-1.

The five sided building bore a hole; then the heroes blasted into a knoll.  
Shock and chaos spread through the streets. There was soot by the ton.  
Choking on vapor, they thought, who conceived this heinous caper?  
The strong green lady sieged by smoke, a nebula covered the sun.  
Looking out on the horizon, murderous fog smothered the sun.  
The phones cried 9-1-1.

*Jessica Serrato '10*



*Twisted* • Andrew Godin '10  
Pencil

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## CONCAVE MIRROR

I watch as my stomach stretches one more time,  
Watch as the breath I breathe there one more time  
Goes out, goes in, my pain crouches beneath it.

Concave mirror, I can see myself.  
Finally, I've made it, got the blue ribbon now.  
Because I can see it, I can see me.  
I can see my heartache's behind me.

*And I'm just a wisp of golden wind or  
Sprinkles, Glitter, flying thin  
And I'm sure my bones would tell me  
If they could how I'm another failure  
A truly, sadly, utter failure.  
So I check my concave mirror  
One more time and my eyes tell me that  
I'm doing just fine  
But my heart yells at my brain and I  
Can't do anything, its bothering me  
Bothering me that*

### **I'm still here.**

I wanna be music, wanna be a blue jay  
Want these aches to just go away.  
Because I don't need them, I don't want them.  
I'm not reckless, I'm confined and  
Maybe I'm a silly little girl inside  
But no one wants to see what's on the inside, anyway.  
Anyway do they?

I want to go somewhere warm right now  
Where my thin coat of skin could melt away and somehow  
I'd be forever part of this and  
Forget the way the cold holds me hostage.

I know it's been a year since such a silent year,  
But its never going to leave me standing here  
Without a memory, without a feeling

Concave mirrors don't give healing.

*Emily Gray '09*

## CONSCIENTIOUS

The boat hacks through remaining ice  
as the glaciers drip and disappear.  
Plastic cuts through the water, making ripples,  
disturbing the peace:  
one of many signs that humans now inhabit this planet.

God's image  
Versus  
God's creation.

We slice and we slink and we spear  
until the sphere bleeds carbon dioxide and smog.

Mud was once pure  
the trees fully clothed  
the air safe to drink  
and the water safe to breathe.  
And now we sit  
stuffed up to our noses  
but our eyes still look out  
lingering, watching, waiting.  
And full of natural dominance we will  
toss the bill to our children – our busboys –  
to clear the table and pay.

The salmon don't leap like they used to  
the polar bears squat  
lingering, watching, waiting  
while solid ground cracks beneath them.  
Yet the days still get shorter  
and the nights still get darker  
and still we determine the fate of those in the distance.

*Adrienne Arnold '09*

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## THE GIRL WITH GOLDEN SKIN

There was music and dancing. She held a conical hat and twirled it around as her dainty feet lightly stepped to the high-pitched vibratos of the village's traditional ensemble playing behind her. She had raven hair and golden skin. I clapped and stared at the way her slender body moved underneath the sheer white silk dress. I wanted these moments to last forever, these nights where the warmth of firelight and music replaced the lullaby of the artillery. No talk of enemy patrols or death counts. Just simple people basking in rich traditions. I offered her a purple flower and she put it behind her ear. I promised to come back if she would wait for me.

The wild purple myrtle is the most beautiful of the central highlands. It is a symbol of dreams, fantasy, playfulness, and fidelity. In the evenings, she visited the grassy field where the purple flower grew. Each day for nearly two years, she stood there yearning for her love who was fighting a war that never should have come. And while she stands, she holds a myrtle in her hand. When the star-shaped purple darkened to violet under the setting sun, she would kiss it and return home.

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The first lieutenant crouched, watching the same sunset, glowing like the smoldering cigarette butt in his mouth. Earlier that day, his platoon chased two snipers into a village where they sought refuge. The villagers refused to give them up. Frustrated beyond mercy, he radioed for a barrage on the hamlet. He finished smoking the rest of the pack before the wails ceased and the earth stood still.

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Thunder could not have made that boom. Nor could cicadas have made that whistle. The girl with golden skin waited for a flash but realized with dread the impending horror. It sounded too loud, too bass. Scarcely had she reached the main trail to the village when the first fiery explosion lit up the lines of woven houses. A bright billowing ball of fire outlined her own house in the distance. She took not more than three steps further before it too erupted in smoke and flame. Motionless from shock and fear, she stared at the destruction, overwhelmed by its needlessness.

There was no more music.

\*\*\*

How lucky I felt to be able to return home. How wretched I felt when I arrived. It all sickened me: the charred bodies floating in the river, the stench that overcame the rice paddies' perfume, the blackened craters where families once lived and children played and a girl danced. In wartime, how many soldiers can boast of safely returning home to their loved ones? But death did not come to the soldier at war. It came to the young girl who awaited her sweetheart. Beside the bodies of the old lay the bodies of the young. Where was her body? The girl with golden skin, who never knew her land in peace.

I walked to the field of purple flowers and picked one up to hold in my hand. In the evenings, she would visit the field, yearning for her love. The purple myrtle is the most beautiful flower in the central highlands. Purple is the color of dreams and fantasy. It is also the color of sorrow.

*Anthony Le '10*

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## TODAY'S WOMAN

Nails  
Done from the magazine  
Bright colors for spring  
Dark reds for winter  
Pastels for summer  
Solids for fall  
Skin  
Softer than velvet  
Tan from the salon  
Flawless, no scars  
No bruises  
No birthmarks, flawless  
Hair  
Clean from her salon shampoo  
Soft from the newest conditioner  
Curled on Monday  
Straight on Tuesday  
Wednesday pulled back in a bun  
Thursday tight in a braid  
Down with the perfect waves on Friday  
Grasped in a pony tail on Saturday  
Sunday clipped just right  
Looking in the mirror she puts on the layers  
Lotion to keep her skin smooth  
Conceal to hide the scars she does not have  
Foundation to even her color  
Powder to make her face look fresh  
Blush to bring out her cheekbones  
But don't forget about the details  
Eyeliner to sexify the eyes  
Eye shadow to compliment her eyes  
Mascara to elongate her lashes  
Lip-gloss to pump her lips  
She grabs for her push up bra  
Her lowest cut shirt

Her shorts that don't allow her to breathe  
Her stiletto shoes that kill her feet  
Her brand name purse  
Her Mercedes keys  
She runs down stairs  
She grabs an apple  
Anything else would give her pounds  
She looks at me  
She stands straight  
5'8", but 5'9" with her shoes  
She stands in front of me  
Her skin so thin I can see where her bones meet  
I can see her ribs  
I can see her hips  
Her eyes sunken in  
Her fingers long and frail  
Her ankles on the verge of breaking trying to support the  
little weight she has  
I look at the apple in her hand,  
I know she won't eat it.  
Her hair thin from the curling iron's heat  
Dry from straightening so much  
Her clothes looking for something to hold on to  
Her belt keeping her shorts on  
She pulls out a cigarette from her Louis Vuitton purse  
She puts it to her lips  
And more than ever I can see what the nicotine has done  
Under her tan make up I can still see her gray  
pigmentation  
Under her pink lip-gloss I can still see her purple lips  
And all I can think  
As I stare at her is  
Thank you society,  
Thank you for creating this idea of the beautiful woman  
Thank you for slowly killing my sister.

*Camille Bermudez '09*

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## BON VOYAGE

Life is like an airport.

Okay.

So I know what you're thinking:

Another life metaphor that I don't need—

No one's gonna tell me what my life is like.

Either that,

Or you're thinking:

There's no way life is like an airport.

Well, at least in this suitcase,

There's no way it's "like a box of chocolates"...

Life is like an airport.

People fly in and out,

Sometimes in a hurry and sometimes too early

And sometimes

Right on time.

Life is like an airport.

We've all got baggage; luggage

That we don't want to carry,

And sometimes I want to ask, "Then why'd you pack so much?"

But it's okay because in an airport,

You've got the world at your finger tips—

Only you almost always have to wait in line.

Oh, what it actually takes to say you're "worldly."

Boarding pass, returning pass, ticket pass, passports,

And "Would all passengers please clear from the isles and find their seats as we commence take-off."

It's all terminal terminology we'd rather have less than terminal.

Life is like an airport.

It's welcoming to some, and abandoning to others.

At times there are in-between moments,

Because we all have to make lay-overs at some points in our lives.

And sometimes it's a standstill, and "delayed due to unexpected weather conditions,"

Leaving you to find uneasy rest among plastic cloned, cold, grey, connected-chair benches that very much resemble the angry weather outside which put you in this uncomfortable situation in the first place...wishing you were home.

Life is like an airport,

And as I watch a nervous new mother strolling her crying baby to the nearest restroom,

And a business man in his professional pinstripe suit drop his suitcase scattering pie charts and diagrams all over the floor, unsuccessfully trying to keep his temper while a costumer is screaming numbers in his ear,

And a guy running to kiss his girlfriend because he hasn't seen her for three weeks and is trying very hard not to give away that he is going to propose to her tonight over a candlelit dinner at the fanciest restaurant in town,

I realize

That life is like an airport because it is the only location vitality itself seems to land and take off,

In all of its turbulence and clear skies.

*Kirsten Tocchini '10*

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## IN VENERATION OF THE WISE OLD SEQUOIA

Long live the wise old Sequoia,  
Who bears rich lineage—  
Of which my soul belongs to.

Oh united *Spirit*, do not cease to produce happiness and love—  
You are my source of hope, protection, and guidance.

Never brittle or weak against the forceful blows of Mother Nature,  
The many branches and leaves of all ages,  
Dance and sway in unison against the gusts of wind.

Through the downpour of the cloud's tears—  
You grow and rise above the sorrows.  
Through incessant shots of violent frozen bullets,  
You endure the pain and your heart remains tender.  
Through the piercing bolts of thunder—  
You stay prominently poised,  
While maintaining an immense level of vigor.  
Despite all the terrible calamities of the cycle of life,  
The infusion of yellow and orange light always arrives.

The preservation of the roots, branches, and leaves—  
Keeps the unit integral.  
Possessing legacies of strength and vitality,  
Its prudence flows from roots to its leaves and branches.  
Majestic, pure, and steadfast—  
Its everlasting grace will never be slashed.

*Kristie Babasa '10*

## FATHERS

Fathers fortify you with love.  
Always a bit rugged, but humane.  
Temperate in his ways with you.  
His silent dilemma of memories lost.  
Everyday trying to assimilate how fast time goes.  
Remembering momentous times with unbridled feelings.  
Still wishing for that lithe, little hand in his.

*Houston Garcia '12*

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## LEAVES

Freeze-frame one point in time  
Freeze-frame an emotion in time.  
Be an innocent little child one foot from landing in a pile of colorful leaves  
Feel that excitement, anticipation, and joy.  
Every decision.  
Every turning point.  
Every journey.  
Every ending in your life is simply you,  
Suspended one foot in the air  
Less than a breath away from landing in  
The comfort of crisp autumn leaves.

*Shannon Hahn '09*



*Loopiness* • Trinity Leonard '09  
Pencil

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## HIDING

When there is hope here  
I will open my eyes  
When there is nothing to fear  
No war, no hate, no lies

When peace rings out  
I will uncover my ears  
When there is no room for doubt  
No sadness, no pain to hear

When everything goes as planned  
I will open my heart wide  
When all things bad are banned  
No deception, no egotistic pride

But how will I see  
If my head is under the sand?  
How will I hear  
If I refuse to take a stand?  
How will I love  
If I won't let my heart expand?

So I think I will  
Stand up and fight  
Because doing nothing  
Is never right

*Cherokee McAnelly '11*

## THAT DAY

The perfect day, I have to say, begins again with you.  
I stutter for words, my mind in blurs, because our love is true.  
We dance in the open, our binds never broken, and in our minds it's just us.  
Untouched by time, no words to rhyme, I feel our bodies touch.  
Our essence is shown, your presence alone, fills my heart to its peak.  
I want to say, it'll be okay, but my words only fall weak.  
For the sun is setting, never forgetting, the lips on your cheek I lay,  
The light is fading, my ride is waiting, I'll never forget that day.

*Dominic Esteban '11*

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## WHAT'S A POET TO DO?

What's a poet to do?  
Everything is at least on its second time through.  
Since all is so trite,  
what's a poet left with to write!  
How can I make a name for myself,  
when all people today talk about is a melting ice shelf?  
Frost, Hughes, and yes Milton- you too,  
have left nothing for this damn poet to do!  
Whenever I happen to have a revelation,  
I learn someone else has already used it for inspiration.  
I try and I try to think of something new  
but all my efforts do is make my brain feel like goo.  
I cannot understand why I continue to try  
to describe these great thoughts inside my mind's eye.  
All my literary endeavors leave me under duress  
because another poet has already taken my success.  
Some old dead guy always beats my best shot.  
I know history has room for me. I only need one spot!  
I really don't take up that much space,  
I just don't want to leave life a lonely disgrace.  
Even a little blip would be just fine,  
Thanks history, that would be really divine.  
See what you've left me with history!  
Why I won't be in your tomes is no longer a mystery,  
I have to resort to rhyming lame words;  
Like fine with divine and nerds with thirds.  
No poet got anywhere with such words I guarantee.  
History, you're dead to me!

Wait. Dead. I...don't...care,  
what others have done, I swear.  
Who cares what some stiff wrote two hundred years ago?  
Oh I can already feel my imagination starting to grow!  
Why did I let myself be shackled by dead lit-ra-ture guys?  
I can't remember but now it is time for my goodbyes.  
Dickinson, you're crazy.  
Whitman, it's only a stupid daisy!  
Poe, you and Dickinson could share a room in the loony bin.  
Cummings, it's okay to capitalize things, it's not a sin.  
Shakespeare, sonnets aren't the only form of poetry. You knew that right?  
Thoreau, government is really all right.  
Phew. No poets to bother me as far as my blue eyes can see.  
Now I can finally sit down and write some poetry.

*Jake Lindstrom '10*

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*El Callejón Español* • Christina Balistreri '09  
Photography