

Cover: Bombs Away -- Max Norton -- Drawing

Title Page: DNA -- Paige -- Drawing

Deadlines

For next year's edition(s)

October 31, 2009 for written work

December 1, 2009 for artwork

Submission Forms are available in Room 415, the Publications Center

Note: In the interest of fairness, all Tower entries are evaluated **anonymously** to ensure that no bias is present. All names are removed once the entries are received, and each author's name is replaced with a number.

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Colophon

col·o·phon *n.*

1. An inscription placed usually at the end of a book, giving facts about its publication.

Source: *The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition*

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The magazine is printed in process black on 70 lb. white page stock, and the cover and back are done in Pantone® 192 ink and is printed on white, finish stock paper.

Page layout for Tower is done using PageMaker 6.5. Individual entries are typed and formatted using Microsoft Word 2000. We also used Adobe Photoshop 7.0.1 to scan and resize pictures. The body of the publication utilizes the OCR A Extended and Times New Roman typeface by S. Morison, S. Burgess, and V. Lardent. Rights to all typefaces are owned by Adobe Systems, Inc.

The cover price for Tower is \$3.00. The production cost is more than \$4.00 per copy. The difference in price is paid for with the assistance of Tower-sponsored fundraisers and financial support from the Pinkerton Academy administration.

The production of a single issue of Tower constitutes approximately 700 staff hours of work. About 300 hours are spent reading entries, about 300 discussing and voting on those entries, about 100 on layout and other administrative tasks.

Tower

A magazine for the literary and visual arts



Volume LIV Issue 1

Spring Edition

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My dear *Tower* readers,

“The only test of a work of literature is that it shall please other ages than its own.” These words, by Gerald Brenan, I believe are some of the truest I have ever read. Classics such as *Pride and Prejudice*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Tom Sawyer* have all stood the test of time and continued to be loved by readers all over the world. *Tower*, itself has lasted some amount of time, this being our fifty-fourth issue. I sincerely hope *Tower* continues to be a success, passing the test which Gerald Brenan spoke of.

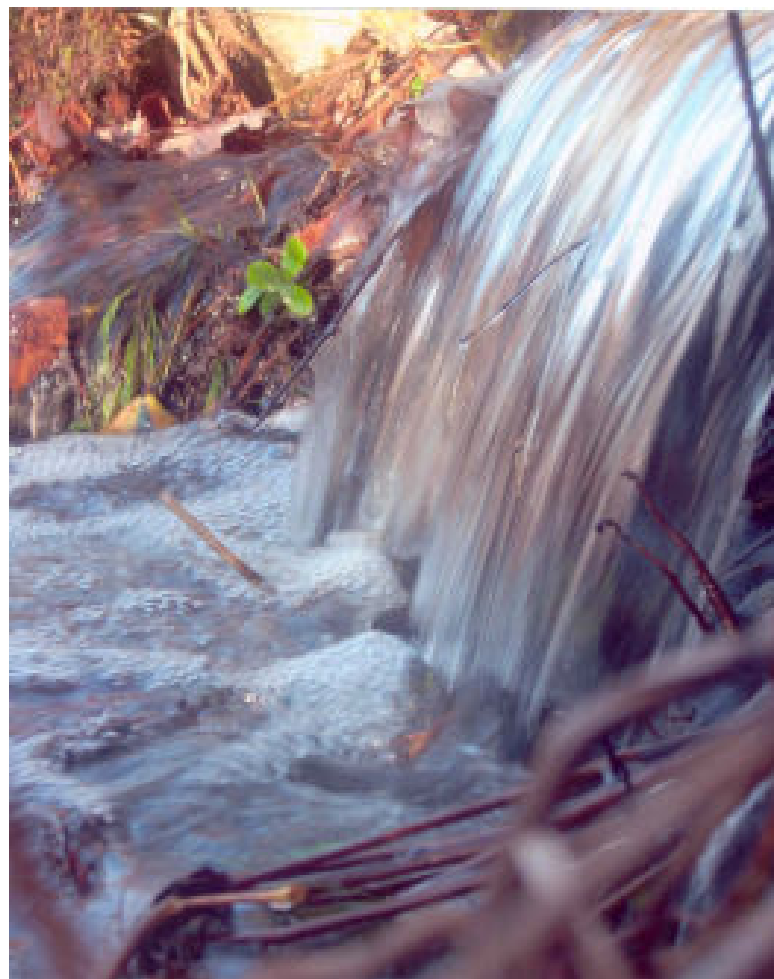
Much work and consideration was put into creating this year’s single issue. We had some difficulties with a change of advisors from Mr. Veitenheimer, who did a wonderful job with previous *Towers*, to Ms. Munroe, who has been immensely helpful in designing and putting together this magazine. I am sure she will be just as successful with future issues. This installment has been a learning experience for much of the *Tower* staff as well as Ms. Munroe and we hope to continue to learn next year.

I would like to thank the fantastic *Tower* staff who put up with my indecisiveness and ignorance on all things making the magazine as well as for helping put together such a wonderful selection of works. My heartfelt thanks also goes out to Ms. Munroe, without whom this would not have been possible.

And finally, thank you, dear reader, for your support and interest. Continue to write and read, continue to encourage your friends who write to submit and have a summer filled with good books and prosperous writing.

Yours most truly,
Your editor,

Abigail Hargreaves



Backwood Waterfall
Emily Schlachter
Photograph

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I am from a fjord beyond the waves
 Past icy plumes on “blue”
 I am a mix-match,
 Just a dual-role reality
 Of intangibility
 A beautiful mind,
 Whirling colors in view
 A pen, pouring lines of ink
 A static world in motion
 On yellowed paper
 Somewhere, in a grimoire world.
 I am from gentle tides
 Blushing, brushing against the
 shore

from a streamline
 horizon
 I am a Pierrot doll
 of the frozen realm
 A cold figure,
 Holding on ‘til the sunrise

(At least I can see
 it.)

I am an ardent figurine
 Smooth, yet refined
 An image of clarity
 Fragility – within grace.

I am from a world beyond here
 Still captivated by its glory.

Michelle Doucette

I am from...

I am from a stewing pot
 Bubbling, boiling in glee
 Short giggles of warmth and tenderness
 a medley of flavor and fragrance.
 I am gentle, yet strong
 And you shant forget such taste I boast
 I am from a deep crater
 Crackling lively from below
 Sizzles of foreign culinary delights
 From a man of crescent island
 And his relatives nearby

I am from rolling hills of green
 with rainbows and soft clouds above
 Small thickets of trees,
 Bushes and shrubs
 And dark grey arms all 'round
 reaching towards a radiant sky
 (Some solace from the black fields
 which turn white once a year)
 I am from kinesthesia
 for once small thickets now hold
 Much greater depths
 as I do
 And the only sound is the bell's toll.

I am from calculation
 Creativity with a touch of math
 Searing blades,
 Maple and oak
 Ivory sprigs of snowy scraps
 In no-moth's land
 I am from a warming home
 Baker's heaven
 Twice a month—
 More often, if snow flies.
 I am a rose
 Or a hibiscus
 A spider tree,
 Forget me not.
 Maybe you'll love me
 if I open up to see you.

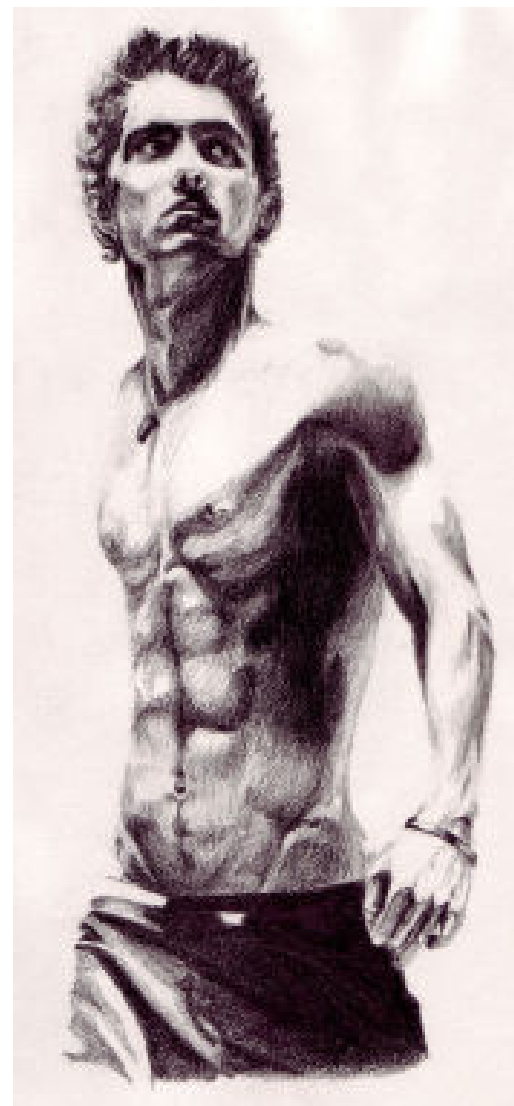
Dream Big or Go Home

My dreams are so big
 I feel as though I could drown in my
 sea of ambitions.

Reach for the stars
 they always say.
 Reach?
 No.
 I will own the stars,
 every single one of them.

I'll keep them under my pillow
 and fall asleep upon
 the warm comfort
 of success.

Anonymous

**Olympic Hero**

LaNaya Shackelford
 Pencil

Coordinating Nature
LaNaya Shackelford
Pencil Drawing



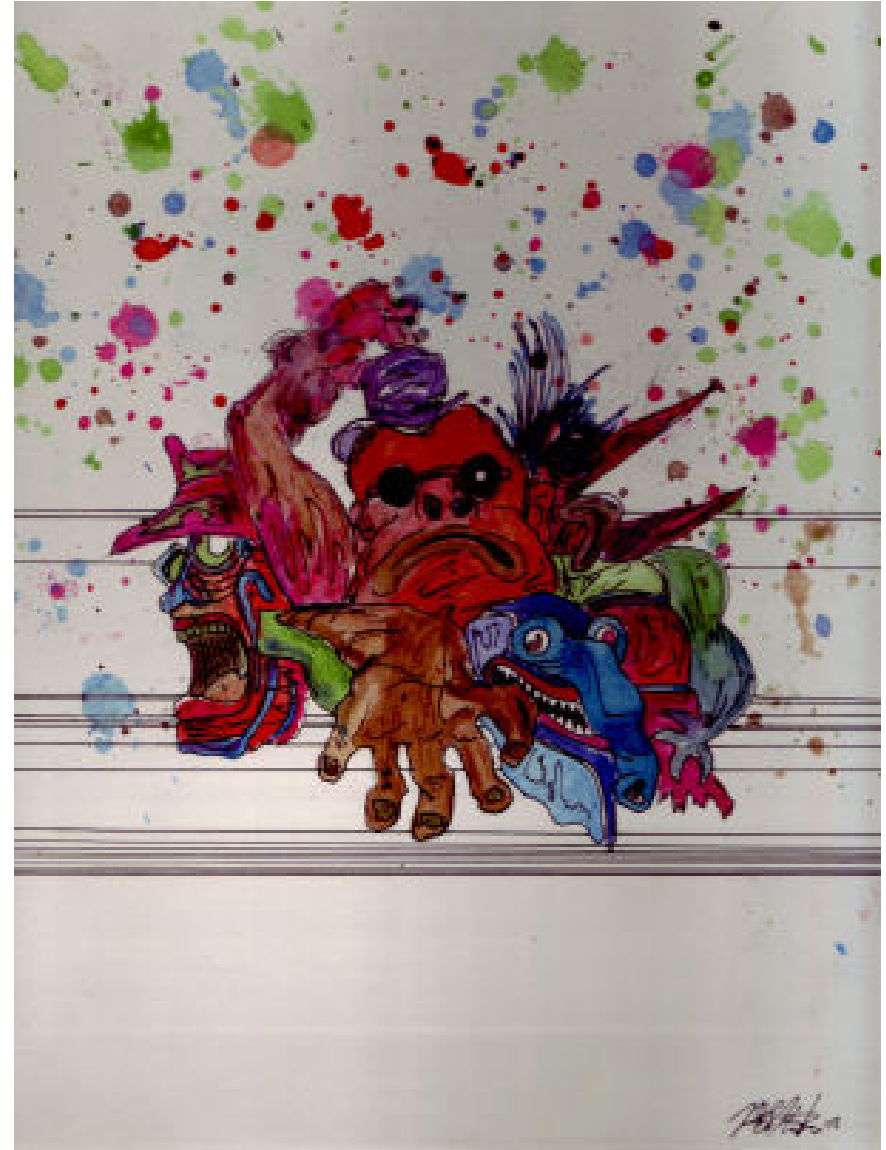
Penitence: A Rondeau

To shed this skin that's worn and frayed
translucent film that's long been grayed
 like shifting snake late in the night
 that sloughs its stringent single sight
a tinting life, a separate shade

so poorer men have lost and prayed
repent for years now yet unpaid
 a mercy towards the burning light
 We shed this skin.

forgive the sins that were forbade
forget the path that once was strayed
 renew the bond of age old plight
 with guiltless eyes so full of light
to bid farewell and never fade
 Now shed this skin!

Greg Wider



Dreams
Max Norton
Drawing

The Discernible Dead

Hands folded gently preparing to die
 Slowly sighing with complete outward content
 Face timidly gazes toward pallid sky

Death dares not evoke tears I gladly cry
 Nor does Death swoop with recurring torment
 Hands folded gently preparing to die

Heaven draws near, never questioning why
 It needs neither guide nor mortal consent
 Face timidly gazes toward pallid sky

Fixed staring obliquely way up high
 Eagerly waiting for unplanned ascent
 Hands folded gently preparing to die

Leaving nothing in life I wished to try
 Gleefully recalling each minute event
 Face timidly gazes toward pallid sky

Once whimsically living life young and spry
 No words hesitantly said with resent
 Hands folded gently preparing to die
 Face timidly gazes toward pallid sky

Nora Fenton

Ephemeral Dreams

Transient, fleeting scenes.
 Mere semblance of a story.
 Not knowing what it means,
 In sleep they show their glory.

Images past and present,
 With some entirely fiction.
 Soon relate and represent
 A story in their diction.

An epic that is too obscure,
 Or entirely nonsense.
 A place to be a cynosure,
 Or simply try to make sense.

A deluge of complex images,
 Or simply strong emotion.
 A dream can take ages,
 Or mere seconds to completion.

In sleep we find a hideaway.
 Some place impossible to know.
 A break from life—we find a way,
 To let our imaginations show.

Austin Pond

Fluorescent

That familiar smell comes back to tease me from
 time to time
 But sometimes I wonder...
 Is it true to the air around –you-?

It's soft and light on my senses
 Gingerly sweeping past my nose
 Only enough for small indulgence,
 But more than what is needed to
 Stick it in my memory forever

As is displayed now,
 While I continue to write on as
 The dark hours of night tick away
 And give to the morning light...

But still, I wonder...
 Is it the same as you?

Someday I will know

Michelle Doucette

Lake

mystical moonlight on windy waters
 in soothing solitude I watch the waves
 wind whispers through the tall tree
 This moment is mine, I contemplate
 Who is worthy to partake in this perfection?
 peaceful, pensive, I sit
 sit to forget facts, follies and
 wick away worries
 if even for an instant

Robert Evans IV

Sunset in the Bandroom

sunset in the band room
 all is quiet
 but for the sound of a lone practicing flute
 the lights dim
 sun continuing its million-mile journey
 'round the earth every day

sunset in the band room
 all is quiet
 the memories of today float past
 like paper boats in a pond
 continuing on their way to the mystical land
 known only to paper boats

sundown in the band room
 all is dark
 but for the lone streetlight outside
 yellow, alone
 doing its life's work silently

sunset in the band room
 sunset

in the band room

Robert Evans IV

**Jazz**

Max Norton
 Pen and Ink

Snow

You make me feel like snow,
 Floating down and anew from the heavens,
 Your brisk wind taking me wherever you go.

I'm lost in you.

You make me feel like snow,
 So light, fresh, carefree,
 White with innocence,
 Soft with purity.

Whenever you look up to me,
 I know I'm getting closer to you.

You make me feel like snow,
 I'm going faster than ever,

There are millions of others around me,
 But I know your eyes are only on me.

You make me feel like snow,
 I'm so close to you,

When you stick out your tongue,
 And catch someone else.

Suddenly, I hit the ground,
 And you watch me melt.

Sean Themea

Winnow

For the past few days I've been floating
 Going nowhere, in a river path
 As smooth as thorns

I wonder, as the moon goes by
 When we meet a bank
 If we'll pass on

No amount of honeyed words
 Could cease this qualm
 Within my heart.

I think about the blazing sun
 In the brilliant sky
 Resembling you.

Where we go from here
 Is to the wind
 For no amount of words
 can save us now.

I wonder, as the moon goes by
 If I'll meet a time
 Of harmony.

Michelle Doucette

Encompassing
Paige
Drawing



The True Song Bird

The nightingale's song is beautiful sorrow
for it sings out in pity for the dove and the swallow.
Its lovely voice baying from high in the trees
it knows no other bird's song is as brilliant as these.
Soul crying in song from high in the air
wishing for another call to cry back from out there.
No hope in its heart the nightingale falls
plummeting fast as another nightingale calls.
But this new call is not sung out of sorrow and pain
instead it sings to find love again.
For the true majesty in a nightingale's melody
is how it sings of life's love eternally.
The most intoxicating sound that is ever heard
comes from the heart of the true song bird.

Kyle Waites

Colloq Sentimental

You were smoking a cigarette self-consciously, occasionally giving shape to one of the amorphous Beatles printed on your shirt. Ephemeral constellations skipped out of the ashtray.

You told me about your recent *fêtes*, how it wasn't all that different from the way we laugh together.

You said that you want to be loved and surrounded by people who make you laugh with the inevitability of a wave or a clock.

I said I wanted to be around people who enjoy me—then you cut me off and talked about something I can't remember. In the middle of your sentence, I took a deep metaphysical breath, inclined my head toward the sidereal cafés, and said to you that I really wanted to love. I have never really loved anybody, I said.

You laughed, and then saw that you had slightly wounded me. My mother came out on the porch, said she was going to bed. You hurriedly cupped the little crumbling sun in your hands.

We walked back into the kitchen, after you'd told me how much you loved your boyfriend, how the rest of them had all been just a string of preparatory measures for the not-so-impossible him.

You were telling yourself the truth, in a subtle way. When we lie most desperately, we quietly face ourselves.

I told you I had never felt that way about anybody, and that I hated myself for it. You quoted the Beatles, with a very sad, vulnerable banality, saying that "They were right. All you need is love."

I agreed with you, and that "Yeah" was a mirror for me.

Alex Fowler

Red Wine

Military drums
Beat the always-empty air
Cause I was shot with Kennedy
So no one ever cares

Unwieldy fascination
Algebraic to-and-fro
Neverstarting social ladder
Hanging down below

Forty million boxes
Of patriotic cause
Were stuffed into my mailbox
Holding talent with their claws

A wolf and a coyote
Both heed to the pack's call
Full of wine-cellar rebuttal
Force me up against the wall

Lucas Newell

Simplicity

A piece of Revolution

An instrument of many things

Spilling the words of a Revolutionary.

The Madness of a Lunatic.

The Will of a Martyr.

The lies of a traitor.

It is an enemy,

A friend

God

How odd that such an object

So simple in design,

With infinite uses

Starts a Revolution,

Or ends it

Begins War

The Deaths of millions

Ends the War

And brings untold Joy

Such is Life

Laws do not govern it

Its words

An understanding

Between

The Writer

The Pencil

Such is Life

Jeremy Munro

Collections

She collected things. She collected things, but her house was never cluttered. She had special unseen places to keep her things.

She collected things. She collected things, but she never spent a dime. She had ways to get what she wanted.

She collected things. She collected things, but not what people normally collect. She has used lies and cunning truths. Her cupboard was filled with sighs, and the broken dishes cried out angry words. Her carpets' deep roots were covered in sighs and unseen tears. Dresses and skirts swished with contentment, and the front door whispered its wistfulness. The long white hallway sang its happiness, and the old crib now covered in dust giggled and cooed.

She collected things. She collected things, but above all, she let things go. She had the memories to keep her.

Rachel Flynn

Far From Here*From Baudelaire*

Here is the perfumed box, most blessed,
Where, always calm and barely dressed,
She dozes, waits, and fans her breast.

She listens, well-prepared and sly,
Her arms on cushions, piled high,
As plaza fountains weep nearby.

This little room is Dorothy's.
She secretly desires a mourner:
—A plaintive drip, lugubrious breeze...
Her babyish lids droop by degrees.

Benzion, fragrant oils adorn her
Soft cheeks, and roses her chemise;
The Madam gently knocks to warm her.
—Yesterday's flowers faint in the corner.

Alex Fowler



Sister and Brother
Kelsey Slade
Felt-tip Marker Drawing

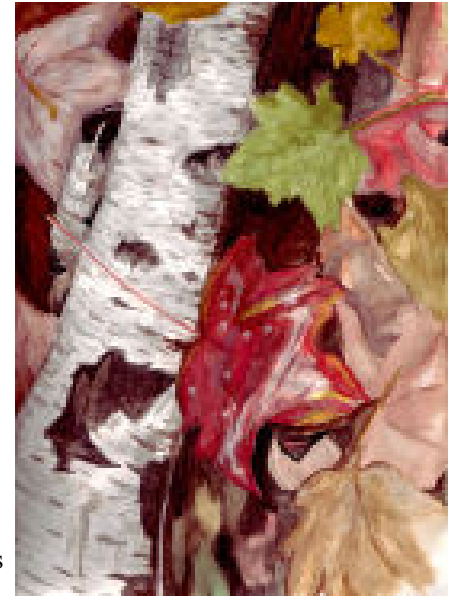
The Capricious Child

Skiping to and fro; saying goodbye
Dirt caked on my quivering thigh
 I fear catching a frightful chill
 If I even dare to stand still
Shouts of joy I fail to deny

My Youthful spirit young and spry
Never will I willingly die
 Upon unrelenting free will
 Skipping to and fro

On sophomoric hands I rely
Unbridled spirit one cannot buy
 Death will never climb this here hill
 Yet Youthful charm I dare not spill
Looking towards ethereal sky
 Skipping to and fro

Nora Fenton



Autumn
LaNaya Shackelford
Pencil Drawing

Strings of Time: A Pantoum

The strumming strings are dancing back
where aging fingers flow in rhyme
to shift the days until they crack
these calming waves of rippling time

where aging fingers flow in rhyme
in tune with one's forbearing heirs
these calm waves of rippling time
ancestral whispers flow through air

in tune with one's forbearing heirs
to hear the clocks that tick away
ancestral whispers flow through air
until the hands strike time of day

to hear the clocks that tick away
we bend on frets with half-closed eyes
until the hands strike time of day
where years gone by and secrets lie

we bend on frets with half-closed eyes
on melodies that have not played
where years gone by and secrets lie
while dreams press on and never fade

on melodies that have not played
will reach a coda to the song
while dreams press on and never fade
to last in time forever long

to reach a coda to the song
and shift the days until they crack
a lasting time forever long
the strumming strings are dancing back

Greg Wider

Individual

As I stand on the precipice
 Overlooking life
 I question
 How do I stay true to myself?
 Everyone out there tries to sell that simple
 thing
 Individualism

Discard
 All the rules and mores and laws taught by
 culture
 Make your own
 Forge a path
 Join the rest if you want

Caught up in pre-packaged counter-culture
 Bleeding-heart disease
 Cult of the Spectator
 Ethnocentricity
 An embargo on intelligence

Our social institutions are archaic
 Leftover from ages past
 Yet still we subscribe to ancient rules
 Disproved beliefs
 It's all there in front of us

But no one sees it
 Watch as your freedoms are taken
 Watch as martial law comes
 Watch as Orwellian concepts go on Parade.

The mindless patriots are already here.
 Chauvinism thrives
 Nationalism is on the path to Fascism

Now is the time
 To stand up
 Destroy those selling you a life
 And make your own

Protest your Individuality
 Before

The final bell for freedom tolls
 And its temple doors close forever
 It will be greeted by
 Thunderous applause
 Or utter hatred

Then
 The rebels still alive
 Will stand there
 Weeping
 Ripping the hair off their heads
 Performing the true song of rebellion
 The feelings inside overwhelm them
 This is true anger
 True hatred
 They were the true individualists
 And even though it was right in front of
 our eyes
 No one saw
 No one heard
 But them

Insanity hits them
 And all I can say is
 Enjoy it, you asked for it.

Jeremy Munro



Sad Dog
 Andrea Kryst Moffitt
 Pencil Drawing

Tomorrow Isn't Promised

Sitting here thinking to myself
This is life
This is the game
For me and everyone else

I see the struggling
I see the pain
Too scared, too weak
To do anything to change

All those things that could have been done
Should have been done
Would have been done
If people came together as one

United we stand
American flags in hand
Despite the differences we face
All of us conjoining to save this place

We're trying to fight it
We're trying to get through it
They say we can make it
They say we can do it

But who are "they?"
Why do "they" think life is great?
The war is their main focus
Trying to have peace is a waste

What "they" should be saying is,
"Bring them home! Bring them back!
There is no point anymore
For the war in Iraq"

It's not worth losing
All of those troops
Or having to tell the wife of a great soldier
That horrible news

That her husband of eight years
Has just been shot
Two days at the most
Is all that he's got

Time passes
Things go from good to bad
What will she say to her kids
When they ask, "Where's Dad?"

Daddy is here
Daddy is in our hearts
He will always be there
He's been there from the start

It's hard to hear herself crying
Over the sobs of her son
Her daughter is unsure
She is still too young

I wish I could ask this wife three
simple questions
How? What? Who?
How will you tell your daughter
that Daddy's not coming home?
What will you do when you've had
enough of being alone?
Who will you turn to when your
pain is all that shows?

I've tried to imagine the answers
she would give
I've tried to imagine how hard it is
for this family to live
I've tried to imagine
Tried...tried...tried...So hard.

Brittany Leavitt



Like a Rolling Stone
Kelsey Slade
Felt-Tip Marker Drawing

My Big Fat Greek Island Hat

Gina Fantoni
Digital Artwork



Her Living Room

There was no death there.

There was the intransigence of weeds on the front lawn,
The wind that snuck through the screens,
The crack in the window, filled with afternoon.
But there was no death.

You saved everything. To you nothing was futile:
Wrapping paper, cracked figurines and teacups, plastic silverware.
You souled that clutter, gave it a reason.

These trinkets are all that is left of your days, worries.
I feel like a foreigner in this room,
As if the clock were whispering about me in a different language.

The telephones and lamps and family pictures are dead
Because you are dead.

I cannot look at the empty vases on the mantle,
Nor touch the coats that still have your tissues in the pockets,
Because flowers now are not things to be seen merely;
The old flowers must be recalled and suffered.
Because you will never even blow your nose or feel cold again.

Because you are dead,
Now Death is everywhere you have been.

Alex Fowler



Sunset
Kelsey Slade
Photograph

Celestial Despair

The silent gasps and murmurs of love
Float down from the celestial city above
Whispers of fate and destiny reside
Tendrils of wispy souls coincide

Standing firmly upon reason alone
Praying and wishing are better unknown
Hope is a pathetic attempt at a life
You can never outrun the grief and the strife

The silent gasps and murmurs of love
Float down from the celestial city above
Whispers of fate and destiny reside
Tendrils of wispy souls coincide

Standing firmly upon reason alone
Praying and wishing are better unknown

Jodie Masotta

Oops: A True Story

in the classroom we work on
 phonics worksheets
 they're too easy
 i've been doing this since
 i was three

spell shovel, sheep, shell
 shower, short
 rash, bash, fish, dish

SHIRT

the picture of the shirt
 waits on the page
 there are no word banks
 but i know a shirt when i see one
 and i know how to spell it

Ms. C will be impressed
 after all, they call me gifted
 for a reason

my letters, though correct
 are still sloppy, large, drooping
 but this is a phonics lesson on the
 shhhh sound

shark, shot, sharp
 cash, posh, and the toughie:
 fashion
 extra credit

there are red marks on the page
 when i get it back
 what? What do you mean
 i misspelled shirt?

i read over the word
 and see that Ms. C has
 inserted an "R" with her red pen

oops.

Gwen Austen



Brighten
 Kelsey Slade
 Photograph

Failure

I rise each day far more bitter than the last,
 Greeting the warm sun with coldhearted spite,
 Refusing to eat crow.

I've burned all my bridges behind me,
 Set fire and watched each claim to my name blaze
 away,

Along with others' hopes and dreams.
 I've kept my nose far from the grindstone,
 Looked under one stone and left the rest
 unturned,

Keeping the wolf at the door.
 Each sip tastes of kerosene,
 Each bite tastes of gasoline,
 Each breath burns of cyanide, arsenic, bane.

I'm the low man on the totem pole,
 The one who lost his shirt,
 The one who locks the barn door after the horse is
 out.

I can't sling the hash, nor cut the mustard,
 But I can miss the boat and bite the dust.

I'm at the point of no return,
 I'm over the barrel,
 I'm giving up the ghost

Sean Themea



Kitchen Sink
 Jeremy Holbert
 Digital Media

Static Electricity

And then a sea of audacity poured down from the sun
 When all had come undone
 From the never-ending tethers tying the poor to the poorer
 Yet in the space between historians and clairvoyants
 The microscopic voyage
 The immeasurable small line we travel through
 That is born at its own funeral, and dies before we knew it existed

Sits the cat-like visage of a constant action
 Where we are just a fraction
 An autumned tree damming a river of silver
 Like an orchid growing in the middle of the road
 We refuse to ever erode
 As we shoulder the ghosts of broken mirrors, trampled underfoot
 By the valid, virgin victors of our vicarious dreams

Yet in the silence of a compact, nocturnal daze
 When we drank from bottled radio waves
 You said that what will happen
 Will happen in Time
 But when I turned myself around and heard
 The velocity of your words
 I was too distracted to see my life's architecture stolen from me

But sitting under a blue moon lit with propane
 When all had seemed inane
 A shifting, glowing image blew through the fields like the sun
 Driven up from the Earth, soaring without distress
 Amethyst eyes, and a Technicolor dress
 Cutting into the air, ignorant of shadows
 Just generally being
 Independent

Lucas Newell

Ring-Ring

A device perched on a desk,
 a vivid obsession

ring ring.

Going insane,
 society must answer
 to its beckoning call

ring ring.

a life outside the tone
 can nobody see it?

Not these days,

No—

ring ring.

Interruptions of society.

For such useful advice

It leaves a strong addiction

ring ring.

You've come so far,

A tingling in your wrists

ring ring.

what will happen next?

Silence.

You have surpassed your addiction,
You have one missed call.

Melissa Bouchard

Macabre

Such brilliance, such grace

Such a pretty, pale face

She twirled, she leaped

Her balance she'd keep

It seemed like dancing

It seemed like fun

But then without planning

Her head nearly spun

Her eyes cocked back

Her breath expelled

Her vision went black

Her body then fell

No more could she dance

No more could she try

She was under no trance

For she had just died.

Christopher Stone



Seattle Tower
Max Norton
Drawing

Questionable Romance

If I were to call you up tonight
Would you answer right away?
Or would you take a drawn-out breath
Because you don't know what to say

If I were to place my hand in yours
Would you hold it tightly there?
Or would you let your hand lie limply
Because this is too much for you to bear

If I were to whisper, "*I love you*"
And mean it with all of my heart
Would you sweetly kiss me back?
Or not know where to start

If I were to ask you why you're here
Would you answer right away?
Or would you take a breath and roll your eyes?
Because you don't know what to say

Samantha Goldsmith



Abby
Kelsey Slade
Felt-tip Marker Drawing

Never Forget Us: a Rondeau

Remember friends of passing years
where time was spent with fellow peers
to learn a lesson deep in thought
like a fish in nets so freshly caught
a reeling dream soon adheres

Forget no face as it appears
submerge in life to drown all fears
retain the joy concord has brought
Remember friends.

Someday we move on, shedding tears
but must protect what disappears
for still exists what has been taught
no efforts cast away for naught
to open eyes as well as ears
Remember friends!

Greg Wider



Broken in the Wild
Elizabeth Bonaventura
Pencil Drawing

The seasoning serves a wonderful purpose

So when the BBQ sauce-filled day ends
I get changed and fall asleep
My weary body rests
But my mind does not

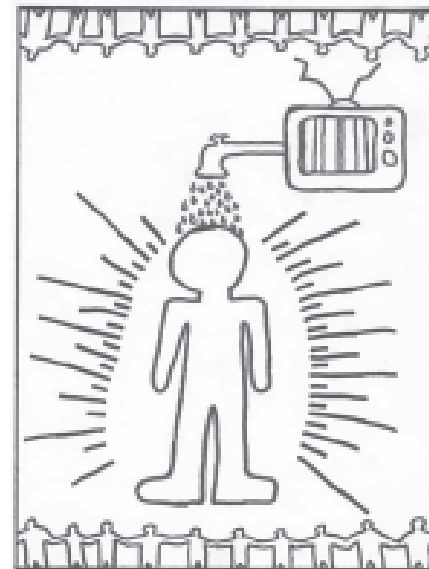
I dream of heavenly brown mountains of flavor
That cover the earth
I picture the cookout fluid being the blood of the world
Fuel and petroleum are not necessary

There is no violence
No anger
World peace

Just people rejoicing in the streets
They dump their BBQ sauce bottles
Onto the ground and each other

The substance is dense and sticky
But they do not care
Because they are free and happy
In a world of BBQ sauce

Anonymous



You Are What You Watch
Patrick Kiley
Pen Drawing

BBQ Sauce

Have you ever come back from a party all sticky?
Do you know what that gooey substance is?
It's BBQ sauce

At the gathering
Dancing like a madman
The people surround me
Celebration

Singing to Bon Jovi's "Livin' on a Prayer"

You get hit in the face with liquid beef
The party has reached its climax

When I walk it squelches
When I move it squishes
The spicy concoction drenches my clothes
Saturates my sweaty body
BBQ sauce in inappropriate places

I waddle my way to the shower
To wash the king of condiments off
The mahogany topping sticks like glue
The spicy scent fills my nose as I scrub
The sauce puts up a fight against the shampoo
On my thick, curly Armenian hair
I feel bad for who has to clean this bathroom up
I hope he likes BBQ sauce

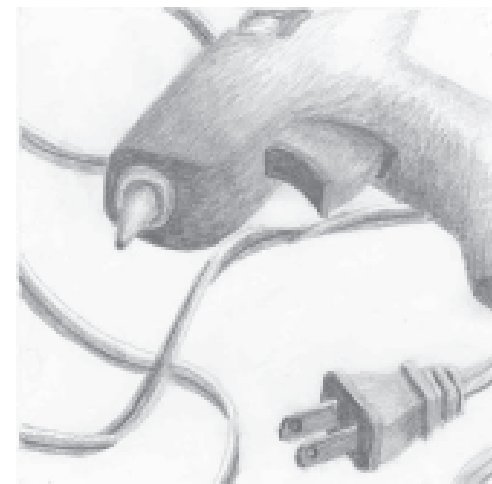
I am free of BBQ sauce
Until I walk to the car

Oh No! Blanchette dumped the heavenly brown sea on my car
I see marinade covering the vehicle
With my name "Gilman" inscribed on the front windshield
The russet-colored substance is on the door
The gas tank
There must be gallons of BBQ sauce on the automobile

I have to wash the car

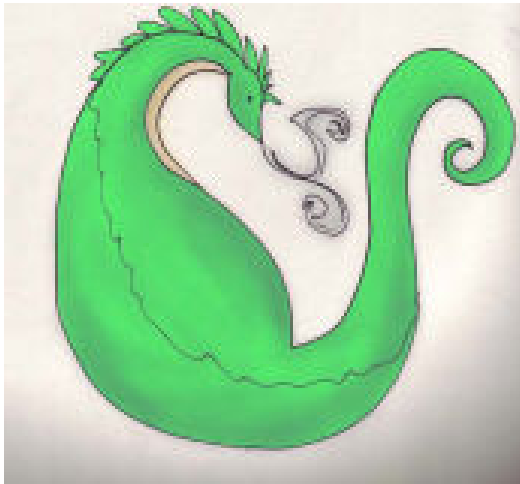
As I scrub the sedan with the sponge
The condiment stubbornly refuses to come off
It sticks like an arrogant paste
The outback topping wishes to be in my presence

Glue Gun
Amy Gallipeau
Pencil Drawing

**Gangs of New Hampshire: A Poem**

Look at 'em in their baggy clothing
Trying to be what they're not
They inspire utter loathing
But what a trivial pursuit is this
Who am I to judge?
And yet here I criticize; I "dis"
Perhaps to some it's just a style
There's nothing wrong with that
But some of these wangsters'd have you believe they just stepped outta "8 Mile"
Oh how cool they are with their awe-inspiring street cred
Yet within five minutes of entering Compton
I think they'd all lie dead
Indeed a true gangster's life is action-packed
One must stay ever vigil
Lest they get whacked
Although this head-bustin' thug life may seem cool
One can't go around all the time trippin'
Act'n the fool
I don't know where they've been and frankly I don't care
We've all got a story
But I doubt that they've been there
So take a look around and tell me what you see
They're all a bunch of posers
Not a single true "G"
And so I write these words, however, not with zeal
It's just so frustrating at times when people forget
To keep it real

Mike Tridenti



Dragon
Debra Hardy
Digital Media

Skipping Life

I play a ghost caught in Moribund's breath
I slow my raindrop heart, ready to break
I hula hoop to the music of death

Ingesting black wicked weeds that Dark left
I fake death so that I again may wake
And play a ghost caught in Moribund's breath

I lift Rosetta's Stone ignoring heft
Carve its riddle into a branchly snake
I hula hoop to the music of death

I pick flowers and weave a sweeping weft
Strung over my hair is a veil I make
I play a ghost caught in Moribund's breath

I toy with turning tea and sip a theft
My teeth break the frosting skin of cold cake
I hula hoop to the music of death

I build a wall of sighs that I call Seth
Music to my eyes float above time's lake
I play a ghost caught in Moribund's breath
I hula hoop to the music of death

Tess Congo

Invitation Au Voyage *Translated from Baudelaire*

O sister, O my child,
Wouldn't it be wild
To live down there, away, together!
To love luxuriantly,
And then die quietly,
Where you'll resemble the warm weather!
Those mist-clad suns that rise
From sea to cloudy skies
Remind me, when the nimbus clears,
Of that old mystery:
When your eyes stare at me,
Aglow behind your treacherous tears.

There, all is beauty, warmth, and symmetry,
Pleasure, forgetfulness, peace, luxury.

Old loves that time abolished
Have left this wood well polished:
Their moods, armoires will deck our chamber;
We'll have in all our rooms
A spectrum of rare blooms,
Their odors vaguely mixed with amber;
A gilded roof above,
A mirror deep as love,
The splendor Eastern kinds have known;
There, words are barbarous;
All things will speak to us
In a soul-language all their own.

There, all is beauty, warmth, and symmetry,
Pleasure, forgetfulness, peace, luxury.

Those ships that fleck the deep,
They rock in restless sleep:
Their loose sails fatten languidly.
Not for coin, slave, or fish
But your most trifling wish
They've scoured the limits of the sea.
—There, setting suns bejewel
The breasted fields, and cool
Along canals, through each street, hurled
Shafts, hyacinth and gold,
A burning blanket rolled
Across the bed we name the world.

There, all is beauty, warmth, and symmetry,
Pleasure, forgetfulness, peace, luxury.

Alex Fowler

Drip-Drop
Kelsey Slade
Photograph

