# The Quill

The Literary Magazine of St. Ignatius College Preparatory, San Francisco, 2013

The Editorial Board lovingly dedicates *The Quill* 2013 to
Mr. Jim Dekker '68

in grateful appreciation of the gifts and talents he has shared with the SI community since 1972, and especially for the 15 years he has served as moderator of *The Quill*.

Cover Art:
*Hendrix Lives* • Alex Camacho '15 • Pastel


*The Quill* • 2013

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

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with cooperation from
the Fine Arts Department



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# Dear Reader,

Bill Gates once said, "Never before in history has innovation offered promise of so much to so many in so short a time."

Saint Ignatius beats to the rhythm of technology. iPads have replaced textbooks; text-messages have redefined conversations; and games dominate lunchtime. Yet, despite the fast pace of today's society, the beauty and importance of the arts have not been lost on the SI community. Incomparable magic still lives between the lines of a heart-wrenching poem, and well-placed brushstrokes can elicit feelings of melancholy or excitement that become rarer and rarer as the age of technology permeates our school and our lives.

The students of Saint Ignatius have not forgotten the power of the pen, the brush, or the camera. Every section of our student body, from the freshman class to the senior class, has submitted literary and visual works that stimulate the mind and provoke the senses. This year's *Quill* contains the pieces chosen by the editorial board to represent the best and brightest works our school has to offer.

Arthur Miller said, "The person who controls the language controls the soul of the country." SI students have the challenge of balancing the technological world with the artistic and literary ones, and *The Quill* shows that they still recognize the importance of a world apart from iPads, cell phones, and the Internet. For now, we invite you to unplug from technology and to step into the wonderful world of SI's creativity and imagination. We hope you enjoy!

Cheers!

Marie Musumeci
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To the SI Community,

A Jesuit education is an invitation to excellence. We find God in all things; we experience God in all creation; and we celebrate God in each and every gift. You hold in your hands a gift – a gift of the greatness at St. Ignatius College Prep – the imaginative, inspiring and insightful work of student artists. Be astounded – for Jesuit education astounds us with a sense of self, others, and our Creator. In the Ratio Studiorum students presented an end-of-term portfolio to demonstrate mastery: poetry recitals, plays, debates, concerts, and mathematics, language, and science projects. *The Quill* continues the Ignatian tradition of celebrating gifts and giftedness.

In the English curriculum we encourage students to think as individuals and express their unique voice through writing and visual media. In study of literature an Ignatian encounters the best expressions of the human spirit. From Homer to Shakespeare, Milton to Hawthorne, Fitzgerald to O'Neill, Hansberry to Tan – each work in the curriculum draws a student into the larger world ideas, dreams, and visions. In our writing curriculum, each student experiments with diction, form, technique, literary devices, and structures to find an individual voice and identity. With a paint brush, a pen, or a camera, a student can also find form and structure in the chaos of emotions and experiences until one's inner life communicates in a clear, focused, exciting and imaginative way. This is when the goal of intellectual excellence comes into living form, not just a poster motto gathering dust on a bulletin board.

This year's *Quill* is an embarrassment of riches! Students from all four years submitted over 750 original works. *The Quill* editorial board met before school and most second semester lunch periods to select a representative body of poems, short stories, paintings, photographs and drawings. So *The Quill* provides a window not only into the minds and hearts of SI students, but also a window to the world from 21st century Ignatians' perspectives – the hopes, dreams, joys, paradoxes, ironies, sorrows, losses, and questions. We see the heights of passion and the depths of compassion; we hear the shouts of triumph and the silence of loss; we experience consolation and desolation and redemption. Each work calls us to reflect and respond, either through our own meditation on our experiences or our own creative endeavors. This is the beauty of artistic expression: it not only engages – it inspires.

Finally, we congratulate and celebrate the work of *The Quill* editorial board. The board reviewed each submission individually to ensure a cross-section of works that reflect SI now, today, 2013. The layout team also deserves high praise for they have created another work of art in the publication. Finally, the SI community gratefully acknowledges the leadership and inspiration of three outstanding educators: Elizabeth Purcell, Carole Nickolai, and James Dekker. They have worked tirelessly to guide the staff to make this year's *Quill* represent the best of SI for the greater glory of God.

A.M.D.G.

Peter Devine,
English Department Chairperson

# Death of the English Language

Like… Like… Like…
Like when did the English language dye?
Better yet, who killed it?
Can I, um, prosecute them – I mean he or she?
Becuz that's like a serious thing ya know?
It's really despicable how our vernacular haz deteriorated,
I totally hate it.
I would so want to, like make it better if I could.
I think I'd do really good at that.
Everyone else, like there bad speakers.
Uh, it's just, it's just, it's just such a pet peeve of mine.
Yeah, so like –
"OMG, that's such a cute prof pic."
Yeah, so like…
Um, what wuz I seying again?

*Sam Bernstein '14*

*Fleet Week, New York City*• Phoebe Boosalis '13
Photography



# Courage to Dream

The Green Lady called,
Her message traveled far away,
Announcing the land of milk and honey,
She opened her arms in a welcoming bay.

A young man from Ireland,
A daughter from France,
Separate but equal,
Both wanted a chance.

With their futures unknown,
Each packed up a bag,
They dreamed of opportunity-
Of the American flag.

For weeks they traveled,
Braved the perilous sea,
Finally arriving on the island,
Not what they imagined it would be.

In once swift movement,
The silly mark of a pen,
An entire heritage was forgotten-
Redefining all men.

Dropped on a strange planet,
Fear invaded the mind,
Aliens in their own home,
They prayed someone would be kind.

For years they toiled,
Sacrificing every day,
Wanting to pay their passages,
Hoping their children's children could play.

Though we come from many countries,
All have a special name,
We are each the products of courage,
And for that we are the same.

*Samantha Fell '14*

# A Time Spent

I didn't know that my Lois Lane and my kryptonite would be one and the same

Or that my smallest foe would be my harbinger of woe

With a look my walls shook
With a glare my fire flared
With a sound my heart pounds
And then finally a word

That word

Cuts like a sword through every wall and door.

I stand at the rubble thinking of locks and doors and gates and moats and safes and castles and bunkers, dungeons and caves, and places to hide. To escape. To be free. To be trapped.

Then what I find is that I am no longer safe in my mind. And all I seek is that which makes me weak

It's not a path but a journey
Not a lesson but an experience
Not a love but something different
Something more
Something less
Something brighter
Something dimmer

Something

*Ben Abouchar '13*

*Crystal Chandelier* • Mia McSweeney '15
Photography

# Nostalgia

She stands alone, encompassed by darkness.
It takes a moment to clear away the cobwebs
From her mind. Slowly, her memories return,
Still a tad dusty.
As the girl's memories flood back,
She notices that she is not alone.
Thousands of stars materialize
As far as the eye can see,
Serving as twinkling companions.
Suddenly, the darkness comes to life.
It is the moon she stands on,
In all its glistening splendor,
Craters and all,
Aligning with a peculiar blue orb.

This blue orb struck a chord in the girl's mind.
It was a curious object indeed.
She tried to reach out and touch it,
Feel it beneath her fingertips.
But all she felt was darkness,
And an overwhelming sense of nostalgia.

*Madeline McNamara '15*

# Extinction

Once upon a time,
Normality conquered,
Uniqueness perished,
and Change vanished.
Everyone fit in.
No one stood out.
Nothing changed.
Same Ideas.
Same Trends.
Same Lives.
No new thoughts.
No new opinions.
No new advancements.
Stuck in time.
Stuck in place.
Stuck.
Once upon a time,
We all sacrificed uniqueness.
We all sacrificed individuality.
We all conformed,
And humans went extinct.

*Reilly Kearney '14*

# Un Tributo from Your Children

Our ancestors came to this land llena de sueños y inspiración,
they came for freedom from la tierra that they've been treading on,
toiling on,
never seeking rest o recompensa just a life,
so they can justify their strife,
in a land llena de oportunidad.

We hear about el dolor que han sufrido y cuentos de discriminación,
pero sometimes we forget to really listen y no prestamos atención,
y por eso nosotros fall prey to una mala misión.

Why is there una pasión for discriminación, segregación, y separación?
Don't discriminate pero let su amor dominate y su positividad radiate
through the cloud of hate.

Maybe then we can live in peace,
con sus hermanas y hermanos de our world,
let every boy and girl remember,
los cuentos de sus antepasados,
their struggle for freedom, for equality,
hey, they traveled muchos miles,
so let's struggle to make their struggle worthwhile.

No, no me importa el color de su piel o su raza,
It doesn't matter at all; mi casa es su casa.
So whether you've lived here all your life or travelled long and far over rocky rios,
Nosotros somos igual debajo de Dios.

*Victoria Vallecorse '13*



# Erosion Noise

Talismanic light puddles on my map, I huddle in the black of the lost woods.
Flashlight flickers dead. Storm.
I wake to a world shifting, wind sifting through the midnight pines. I am blind.
I stand, arms outstretched to fetch a branch, a landing, a path through the black.
I walk, wind unlocks the trees.
Pine hides grind intertwined, coming alive with erosion noise.
They bend, moan, crack and croak,
bloom together in the orgiastic black.
Nature speaks
and aliens descend among me.
These are deep creeping creatures, feathered and rustling.
Their beaks snap with the shifting wind.
Feet light across the nightscape; they scrape
past my side with the rushing crushing rattling of the battling woods.
They circle me in the recesses of the pines, waiting
curious if I too am a hunter.
Fear runs in sweat and I abandon.
Black wonder blots society
Structure and speech fray
Soles peel apart in the undergrowth—
And the aliens overtake me, recreate me.
Feathers burst forth.
A beak cracks.
Talons tick in time with the tipping wind.
And we fold into the forest
into the bucking black fight.
into the gushing tide of forty nights.
Here we consume houses
topple telephone wires
sprawl over city lights
breathe out the deeper night.
Erosion noise:
the cacophony of a world resetting.
We circle you in the recesses of the pines, knowing,
waiting for your flashlight to flicker dead.

*David Melone '13*

# The Ghost

Staring at the ground, she walks down the street. She forces herself to look up, but the comfort of the sidewalk is too intense. Different shoes shuffle by as the ghosts in them drift on. Walking with a purpose she has forgotten, the current intensifies. She is lost and lives in fear of a path like any other. To cope, she has become lazy and distracted. The distractions help ease the aching and she wonders why. Upon ducking into a solitary coffee house called il Fantasma, about the size of a walk- in closet, she escapes a gust of bone chilling wind. Strolling up to the lone barista, bothered by her presence and disruption of his nap, he slowly gets off his bench. His disheveled clothes, unkempt hair, and scruffy face reflect his jaded attitude. His nametag reads "Hello my name is: Nobody." No more than twenty-three, she wonders what his past secrets are. She empathizes with those weary eyes. He looks exactly how she feels. She orders a tall Vanilla Latté feeling dejected and takes the only seat at the front windowsill facing the street. Feeling the bar stool cushion compress under her weight, she realizes for the first time how truly tired she is, exhausted from an entire day of wasting time. As rush hour pushes on she watches folks blow by in the faintly foggy window. She wonders about the individuals as they walk by. Two men going in opposite directions both engrossed in their smartphones collide into each other without so much as flinching and continue on their way without a word of acknowledgement. She sips her coffee; she makes a face, it has gone cold. Oh well the espresso wasn't strong enough anyway. She stares straight ahead unaware of her surroundings and suddenly feels afraid. A fear that has been dwelling deep within her soul, is now surfacing. The sudden fright triggered by a simple exchange between two complete strangers. She knows her life has become idle, but she feels she can't stop the manifestation of disconnect, disconnection from everything. Glancing at her antique phone, she slides it off the counter. As it hits the dust on the ground, the noise brings her back, but Mr. Nobody doesn't notice. She packs up her stuff, leaving her phone on the ground, and brings the two-thirds empty cup to the front counter. She looks for Nobody but he is nowhere in sight. Where could he have gone? She wonders. She leaves him a tip and opens the door to the street. Startled, she realizes there is no one around. Paranoid she runs up the block. "HELLO?!" She shrieks, still nothing. She looks down at her basic Casio watch, gotten secondhand from a thrift store, but the hands are broken. It stopped at quarter to six. Frantic, she realizes there are no cars around either. Suddenly people begin to appear, flooding the streets. She finds herself abruptly located in front of il Fantasma. She looks for her reflection but she sees nobody.

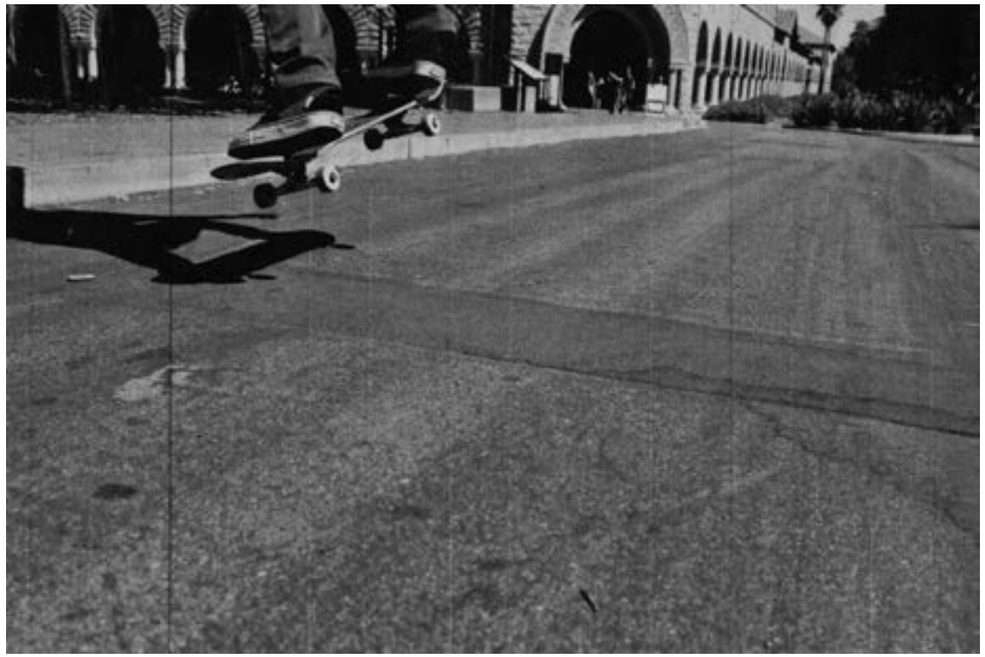
*Caroline Stewart '14*

# Oceans

You
Glisten with the constant
Rolling, uncontrollable tossing of the waves.
Your lapis lazuli reflection
Found nowhere
I refuse to trade
For all the sapphires in this world.
Your underground lairs
Where you teasingly hide
Hold centuries-eroded treasures
Yet to be mine.
I stand at the shore
Of your secrets.

*Ashley Miao '16*





*Chum* • Nico Pryor-Alcantar '15
Photography

# Inner-Strength

They can't take away that place high above the sea
Where I'm surrounded by hope and friends and family.

Where the birds sing and dance in their flight
And I am not afraid to raise my voice out of sight
Of those strength leaching lies about who I should be,
And who I am, and what makes me me.

In that place where my free-flying heart
Makes me happy and care-free as a lark,
I don't need my pack with me to fly
Confident as an eagle above the sky

I have never felt so loved and strong
As when I am there, away from the throng,
Who are all battling the same thing as me,
Afraid to take off and just be.

If only we could all reside in that place above the sea,
Always happy and always free.

*Katrina Keating '16*

# Hola

Sighing, I open my eyes, not bothering to scan the harshly written notes in front of me, relying on my concrete muscle memory to give the desired result.

Chewing on the inside of my cheek, I glare enviously at the brass section. Their phones' illuminated screens glare back, pulling the pubescent, socially awkward clarinet players into a world far from this five-hour rehearsal I couldn't escape.

I check my cell screen, careful to conceal it behind the curved, wooden back of my cello, my heart faltering as the neon green numbers of my digital clock click to 10:07PM. Rehearsal was over exactly seven minutes ago; that's another seven minutes I could be studying, or maybe even sleeping.

I warily glance up at the conductor, the seven extra minutes weighing down my morale. She waves us away, realizing that no matter how enthusiastic a student musician may be, a college prep student will kill for a full night's sleep.

Without the slightest hesitation, we run, or in the case of a cellist, precariously hobble, to the band room, packing up our instruments, headed for the nearest exit.

I collapse into the faux-leather, black-stitched back seat of my dad's Ford, mumbling a incompressible "hola."

"Y el abuelo? (And grandpa?)" he responds, turning down my abuelo's infamous jazz CD.

"Hola abuelo, como estas? (Hi grandpa, how are you?)" I ask, groaning with effort as I lean to the front seat and kiss my abuelo's prickly, unshaven cheek. I settle my head on my backpack, laying across the back row. Just as my eyes close, the clock flickers to 10:26PM.

Mechanically, I list off my in my head, "Outline a chapter of US History, English essay I procrastinated on, journal for Religion, study for French test, Physics worksheet..." Trudging up the driveway, the small, white door along the garage wall catches my eye. Inside, I know my abuela sits still, her black headphones arranged in her meticulously bobby-pinned, short, gray hair, watching a soap opera on Univision. After years of living with us, "Happy Birthday," "you a super star," and "congratulations" are my abuela's only swords against the language barrier. Living with our busy family, she spends hours alone with a TV, kitchenette, bed and bathroom. My heart pulls me forward, and I take a seat next to her rocking chair.

She jumps in surprise, her hand reflexively pouncing on her bobby pins, smiling as she rearranges them. I drop my duffle bag, backpack and music bag next to my dirty sneakers, covered in dust, and pebbles from my afternoon jog. Abuela's eyes follow my movements, her lips asking questions and offering cafe con leche.

The digital clock on the microwave reads 11:13PM. Sighing, I dismiss my homework, knowing it can wait an hour.

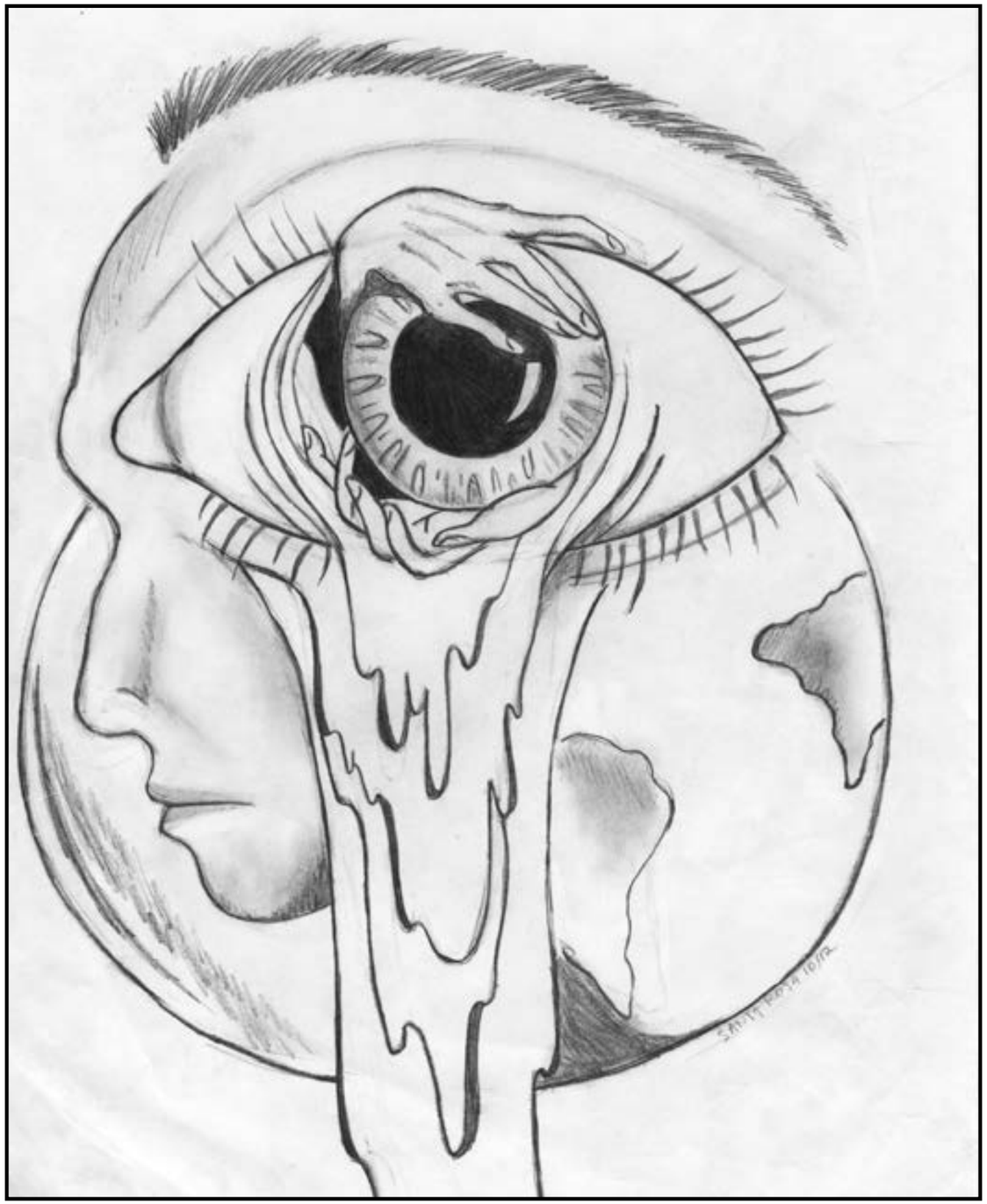
"Hola," I say.

*Briana Megid '13*

# My One True Love

I feel your burning heat against my skin
Your whirring hard drive is sweet symphony
Just seeing you can make me laugh and grin
Oh MacBook, you're the only one for me
I gaze upon your screen too brightly lit
And move my mouse to click the link I love
For hours I could watch you while I sit
Oh Netflix, you're my lovely morning dove
My instant queue a thousand miles long
I'd spend a hundred years watching it play
I don't know why they'd say our love is wrong
But then you freeze and I begin to pray
My browser quits and I begin to groan
My wifi has gone and now I'm alone.

*Megan Gamino '16*



*Eye of the Beholder* • Stephanie Santa Rosa '14
Drawing

# Two Realities

The blast of warm air smacked him in the face when he opened the door. It was one of those days in San Francisco. Dressed in patched-up jeans, a worn-out tank top, and fresh sneakers, he made his way down toward the corner of Golden Gate and Leavenworth with the coins that his mama left on the counter jingling in his pocket. There was exactly $4.07 for breakfast (considering the 75 cents he needed to save for Muni). He walked into the liquor store, knowing exactly what he was gonna get. Two Hostess CupCakes, a bag of Cheetos for later, and a bottle of Sprite. The usual.

He thought about what he was gonna do that day. He didn't want to go to school. There was gonna be an algebra quiz first period and he had no idea what the hell a parabola was. He really wanted to understand, but he just couldn't. After school he had no plans… maybe he'd get drunk with his buds. Damn- he was supposed to go to work! Whatever, Mr. Owens wouldn't care if he didn't show. Screw it. All he had to do was get home before 10:30 so Mama wouldn't get mad.

Seven more minutes until the bus was to arrive. He dug his hands into his pockets and realized that he had some cash leftover from yesterday, so he went back into the store to buy some cigarettes. As he lit one outside, a woman in a pantsuit scowled as she briskly walked by. The bus chugged down the busy street and crawled to a slow stop. As he hopped on, he tossed down the still-burning cigarette amongst the rest of the trash on the street.

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The man opened the door onto his balcony overlooking Valencia Street. It was probably about 80 degrees, perfect weather for someone who grew up in Albuquerque. He jingled Roscoe's collar, bringing the little terrier scampering. They emerged onto the bright street amongst the droves of hipsters. He went into his favorite, fair-trade, eco-friendly coffee shop. The day's special was a blueberry scone. He ordered it "for here" along with his customary vanilla latte.

As he read *The New Yorker*, Roscoe growled at a group of pigeons that came a little too close to his liking. A skateboarding teen drove them away. Someone was playing guitar across the street with a colorful mural in the background. He pulled out his iPhone to snap a picture for Instagram. "My Thursday morning > your Thursday morning! #mission #sanfrancisco."

After we dropped Roscoe off back at the apartment, the 49 rolled up. It was exceptionally crowded. The only available seat was next to some teenage punk. Both of them averted their eyes. A few stops later, they both stood up and disembarked. After walking into his office, the man looked back through the glass doors. The kid stood at the corner trying to light a cigarette, waiting for another bus to come.

*Christopher Jadallah '13*

# Hidden

The happy ones walk by without a care,
But is there sadness that they dare not share?
So they act as if they are all right,
And they keep their feelings hidden.

The perfect ones sit and make it all look easy,
But does the pressure make them queasy?
Or do they worry about their lives
And keep their secrets hidden?

Or is it the misguided ones that are misunderstood
And go home wondering if they could
Be the person they are told they aren't,
That keep their disappointment hidden.

We never know how a person feels
Until we take the time to peel
Back the layers of human lies
Because we never know what is hidden.

*Caitlin Colbert '16*



# The Exchange

To my mothers, my fathers, my aunts and my uncles,
You have paid my passage.
And I am your purpose, your legacy,
Your dream.

From lands foreign and forgotten
You endured great pain.
And I am your healing, your remedy,
Your blossom.

You sailed rigid waters
In search of shining seas.
And I swim in pearls, I dance in gold,
I shine.

Fairytale demons with snakes and hammers
Chased your children and stole their innocence
And I live in solace, concord,
An oasis.

You lost your soul
In frostbitten arms.
And I am warm, sheltered,
Protected.

You were caged like a rat,
Toyed with and charmed.
And I am free, alone,
I wander.

You gave up your treasure:
Your freedom, your love, your hope, your dreams
And I have received it.
Your freedom, your love, your hope, your dreams
And the knowledge that comes,
And I know
That
My passage
Has been paid.

*Connor Carion '14*
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# May the Road Rise Up to Meet You

It's everyone doubled over at the antics of your baby cousin
The tangible anticipation in the air Christmas morning
Your grandma waiting outside the house so you can honk goodbye as you drive away
A little old man swimming in the pool every morning
Curly fries and baseball games
Monkey bars and broken arms
Its' grandad and papa, uncle Tom and uncle Timmy
It's being told you need to stop running in the house or you'll get tripped by Papa's cane
And your only nicknames are mollycat or Molly Malone of Dublin fair city
It's when you realize your Nana's gotten so much slower
And the Christmas tree is plastic this year
And the stockings are barely full
And your uncles bed peeps out from behind the shutter doors just the way he left it
Three years ago
And your baby cousin is in second grade
Your grandma's too tired to wait outside now
And the little old man who swam in the pool was your grandad
The only guy who's ever made you feel like the most special person in the world
And every time you hear that Irish proverb you're reminded of your twelfth birthday
When you put your grandad to rest for the last time
It seems to me sometimes in this life you forget
And have to be reminded harshly
The winds not always at your back
The rain doesn't always fall softly on your fields
And everything changes

*Molly McInerney '15*

# The Devil's Third Degree

She follows me everywhere I go
When I get home from school
But not immediately though

Maybe five minutes of concentration
Then the rest is a sluggish trance
Why do I have no motivation?

It causes problems, you see
She lives in me for hours
Hard to resist like the fruit from the tree

It possibly affects the whole nation,
Not just me
We call her Procrastination
The devil's third degree

*Kareen Shamshikh '15*



# A Long Way from Home

Battered feet match the battered ground
Swollen, cracked, tired,
Hopeful

They travel over dirt roads
Empty stomachs
Struggling shops
And find other battered feet
Also searching
In trash piles
And wallets that aren't their own
For something
That will get them through the day

They stumble upon a pair of feet
That aren't battered
They are wrapped in black leather
Shiny and new

The leather tells them
They don't have to be battered anymore
They have opportunities
That wait for them
School
Money
Food
A new life

A life without battered feet and aching hearts
A life without empty stomachs and empty faces

Blind joy overcomes them
They follow the fresh leather
To the life they have been promised
Where they can make money
And send it to their families
So they won't have battered feet
So they wont have aching hearts and empty stomachs

Only, the feet become more battered
Instead of the money and school, the leather leads them to lies
Lies about their new house and new life
That instead is something unlike any hardship they ever suffered before

The battered feet once battered with determination
Are now battered with hopelessness
Hopeless that anyone will rescue them
They are worthless
Unwanted
Undesired

Only sought out by customers
Who hurt them
Use them
Pay them
Leave them

The battered feet curl in horror
At the day they wake up to
The shameful life they slave at
No money
No hope
No family
No help

But they will wait
Because late at night
When the last man has left their room
And pain's blanket wraps its needles tightly around
The battered feet pray

They pray that someone finds them
That someone remembers their battered feet
Among many others
That their footprints maybe
Are still in the dirt of their road
Back home
Where they followed the leather
And the lies
To where they are now
A very long way from home

*Madeleine Maxwell '15*

*Light in Gibraltar* • Will Green '13
Photography

# Roots

I am a child of the Americas,
an olive skin Elinida raised as a Californian.
I am a U.S Spartan,
a product of grueling labor and many cultural wars.
A middle class American with peasant roots: ambitious roots that tilled the Earth.
Though I only speak English for I do not know Greek, the passion of the Greek people burns in my veins.
Greek is in my blood, in my roots.
It radiates throughout my skin, bulges from my nose:
the language of apricots and olives.
Oils from the land drip into my history filling my bloodline with the dirt and sweat of agricultural labor and the birth of democracy.
I bleed from this decent: the fortitude of my ancestors making me who I am.
Immigration officers from Ellis Island tried to change who I was but relinquished after seeing my family's conviction and strength.
My last name Vlahos: a Nomad, Gypsy, Shepard - I am on a journey of self-discovery.
We are leaders moving from one land to the next enriching lives and searching for the land of opportunity.
I am full-blooded Greek; no other country resides within me.
I am pure. Liberty made me.
My language is English. I was born in America, the land of fortune.
I am the new chapter to history.

*Andrea Vlahos '14*

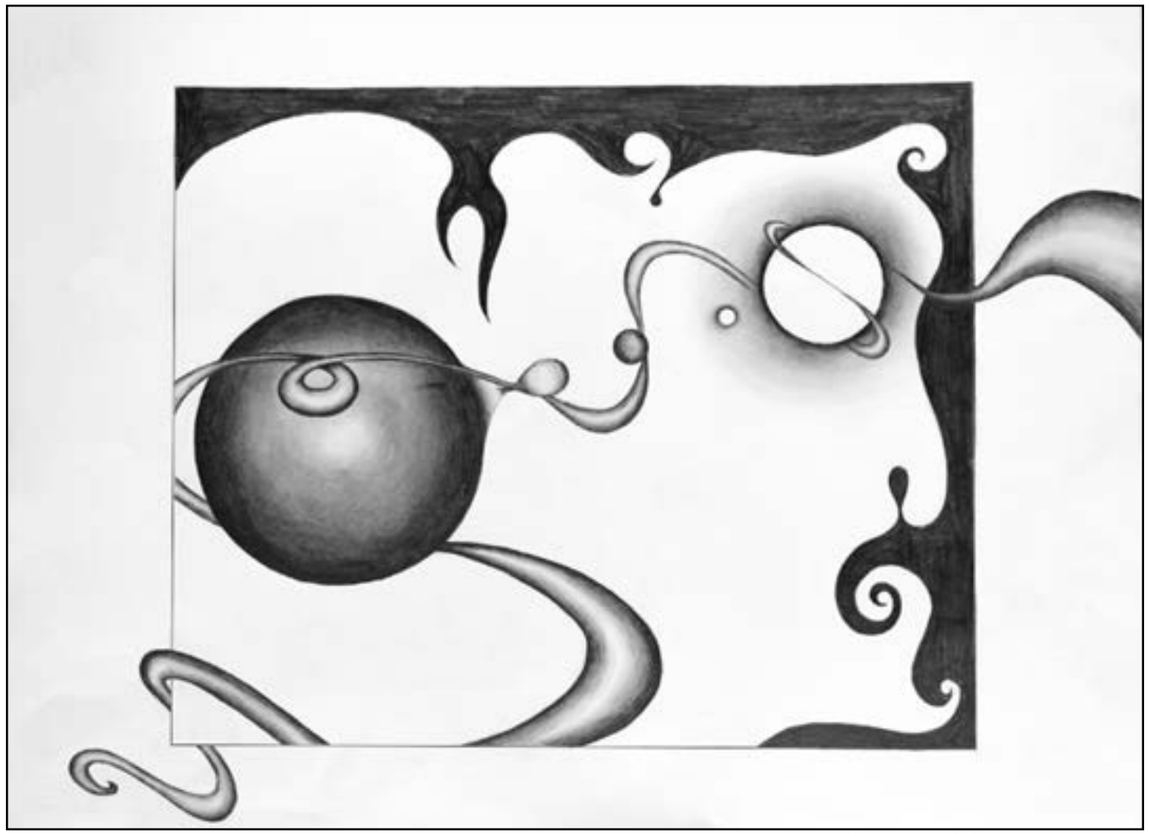


# Significance

Hold out your hand, Daddy.
Close your eyes--
Magic, magic, tada!
I open my eyes
Along with the afternoon sunlight comes
the sight of a little yellow post-it
so small in the palm of my hand.
On it is scrawled:
"Daddy, you are number one!"
I look up into her shining, expectant eyes
In them I see the future.

She's all grown up now
Leaving home today.
The post-it is old and creased
In my wallet.
She's packing her bags,
Looking for her things.
I tell her,
Wait.
Close your eyes--
She's holding her hands out
Patiently, eagerly.
I pause, hesitating.
Magic, magic, tada!
A pair of keys are dropped
Into her waiting hands.
Keys to the future,
The road ahead of her.
Her eyes are bright and sparkling.
Daddy,
You are number one.

*Jennifer Gao '16*



*Distant Reality* • Madelynne Long '15
Drawing

# Wrench Your Worries Away

Down to the clock
Last minutes tick by,
Hair in your face,
Stress in mind's eye

If all you tasted was fear on your lips
Is it salty? Or sweet?
Tastes something like this

Long nights and no sleep
Like a good looking faucet with one tiny leak
Porcelain and pretty,
Cracked up inside
Breaking, but still drawn to oblige

They call it weapons of the spirit
What keeps me going
When all things are slowing
And worries are growing
And symptoms are showing

And then --
Slowing...
And crying
And blinking
And fearing
And weeping

Then sweeping...
All of your problems under a mat
Under the rug, pushed all the way back

Then thinking...
That maybe in one tiny week
Will your troubles be gone?
Will you patch up this leak?

Wrench your worries away
Tighter, twist them shut
Capture them in the toolbox to stay
With the strings of stress all cut

*Jacqueline Boland '14*

# Of Feelings, Fire, and Chocolate Jam

Walk along the knife's edge, spattered with chocolate jam
Used to bolster the heart's fragmentary door jambs
The body before you is naught but a sham
Please piece back together my truest "I AM"

Jam it all in but it just will not fit
Say, "that's what she said"; cue laughing fit
But you don't understand, understand not one bit
That the hellfire called "PASSION" has already been lit

The jam that I'm in-I'm in over my head
Stinging warmth, smolder hot, toasting chocolate topped bread
So now, come along, let us lie in your bed
The truest deep sleep only comes when you're dead

The chocolate, forbidden; will I take a bite?
It has failed, it's no use, I cannot feel alright
You sit there and laugh, lacking eyes, lacking sight
Maybe now, by the torches, may you see the light

To whom you belong is no real question
No human can be someone else's possession
Perhaps, if I ask, you will make a concession
Tell me "NO," serve me right, teach me one last cruel lesson.

This, like the jam, is a true oddity
Something there, something real, but it should not be.
I can't find the end, not for you or for me
There's a lock on my heart and I've swallowed the key.

You sit there and laugh; my feelings you mock
But you can't understand, understand why I balk.
So now, come along, there's no time for small talk
For along the knife's edge are we fated to walk.

*Mikayla Lim '14*

# A Grand Cathedral

Welcome to the cathedral,
Its granite columns reach into the sky like the tower of Babel.
Its tranquility and peace is ever-present.
At night, candles cast dim but beautiful lights above our heads.
Visitors and worshipers can be found exploring to truly discover their inner self.
A force of great power flows through the air as your gaze works its way around the cathedral.
This place teaches hope to all those who listen.
Welcome to Yosemite.

*Will Green '13*



# I Hear Yosemite Singing

I hear Yosemite singing, the chimes of nature climbing up the granite rocks.
Wind whistles through every leaf, through every branch of the mighty, untouched trees.
Lonely lakes sit, abandoned by their glacial ancestors,
And the surrounding mountains laugh at the insignificance of these placid bodies of water.
Harsh mountaintops show the few unfortunate scars of civilization,
Roads cut into the natural cathedrals as a knife cuts into the skin of an endangered species.
I hear silence as I tread, alone, up the tedious trails, finally able to think.
I hear easiness swing in and out of the stars that illuminate the entrancing night sky.
Thoughts become words that dissipate into the absent air,
Only to spread to the ears of the mighty bears and deer that call this sacred place their home.
I hear the choirs of the mountaintops!
The sopranos of the birds and the basses of the wolves crash together in the harmony of the ecosystem.
I hear my aria, weak, yet peaceful, just after the crescendo of the thunderstorms.
I retreat into the comfort of my own mind.
I hear Yosemite singing in its humbling silence.

*Catherine Summa '14*

*And it was good...* • Diego Hyndman '14
Photography

# Walking By

Drown yourself in sorrow
Wallow for a while
Yesterday, today, tomorrow
Apply the simple smile.

Better to do that than to hear
a million people ask
Why your head is clear
Why you don't have on the mask.

Just a small fleck of white
Tells people you're okay
And it's much more polite
Than saying, “Go away.”

When someone says hello to you
Do they expect a long reply?
Do they see your conversation through?
Do they stop to ask you why?

Or do they expect a shallow "good"
To escape your lying lips
Wondering "Should I stay or could
I venture from the scripts?"

Alas, they walk along
Yesterday today tomorrow.
They leave all alone
To drown yourself in sorrow.

*Julia Brunner ’15*

# The Quill

Selected juniors and some seniors
All gather in a room.
They judge people’s works of art
At least that’s what I presume.
It’s said that everyone’s a critic,
And I assume that saying’s true,
So a beautiful work of art
A 16 year old could misconstrue.

What qualifies these children
To criticize your art,
To castigate your poetry,
To rip your words apart.
To discredit aspiring authors,
To deal an unceasing pain,
To disparage your masterpiece,
To deny it with disdain?

If I wrote about racial equality,
These readers would be moved—
Perhaps I’ll write about women’s rights:
That would surely be approved!
BUT if I choose to write about
What’s inside my heart and mind
Some 16 year old will deem
That my work is to be declined.

*Jason Lock ’13*



# The Curse of Tara*

Flaming emerald mounds like beasts
Preening under purple skies
Broken magic, silent grief
Stares still as a severed eye

These sacred island sanctuaries
Known as fairy forts
Now pieces of past history
Glow beneath a vision scorched

Risen from enchanted soil
Breathed to life by beating stone
Lines in hands creased in time’s coil
We’re descendants of magic unknown

Ancient lands pulse through our veins
A past forgotten still remains
But myth has met her match, they say
The daunting M3 motorway

New creatures wreak the hills we wrecked
Metal beasts screeching man’s plight
Headlights burn, their dull eyes etched
With blazed indifference of blind sight

The pride of man burns through our land
Snaking through time’s mystery
The curse cries from our killing hands
We’re blind to truths we cannot see.

*Lily McMahon ’14*

**In 2010, the Irish government opened the M3 motorway through the hills of Tara, destroying an ancient fairy fort, a mound of land believed to be the home of pre-Celtic mythical creatures. The recent desecration of such sacred sites has incited fears that a curse will befall Ireland.*

# In All the Empty Sky

In all the empty sky
There isn't room for me
A single little person
Bound to earth and sea

Of all my grand desires
I fear I want this most
Of all my darkest failures
None could even come close

Perhaps if I tried harder
Or maybe if I tried less
Although it pains to say it
I really must confess

In all the empty sky
There isn't room for me
But sometimes just the wish
Can feel most heavenly

*Julien Ishibashi '14*

*Serene* • Julia Ryan '13
Photography

# Shattered Illusions

Fantasies
Staring into the night sky
Watching the stars twinkling up high
Feeling a warm summer breeze
Hearing the noise of rustling leaves
Drifting away to a world at peace

Nightmares
Dreams shattered
Hopes devoured
Darkness settling within
Thoughts of caving in
Escaping from a narrow place
Running from a hollow space
Closer
Footsteps
Closer
Shadows
Closer

Reality
A little mix between the two
One side is bright, the other full of gloom
We live the life we choose
If we give up, we only succeed to lose
Memories will last
Times will pass
We will be shaken
But our spirit will only strengthen
Our stories with form
And be told to the children yet to be born.

*Kaila Lee '15*

# Precipice

Weightless bliss of words that please
A silent crack on frozen seas
Far from the ground, wrapped in relief
The ignorance of ecstasy

Time's victim, breaths of ease do pall
The emptiness when silence calls
Grasp for old words on pedestals
But wisps of air can't break the fall

Crashing currents, mind's creation
Crush old conceptions of elation
Torn up by an infatuation
Tears fall without an explanation

Clutching what does not exist
When blown by outside influence
We're faced with the perpetual risk
Of falling from a precipice

*Lily McMahon '14*

# Hope

A whimper in the darkness
A soft whispered plea
The smallest smidgen of brightness
Or a hint of a dream

Just one tiny thought and then–
I am there

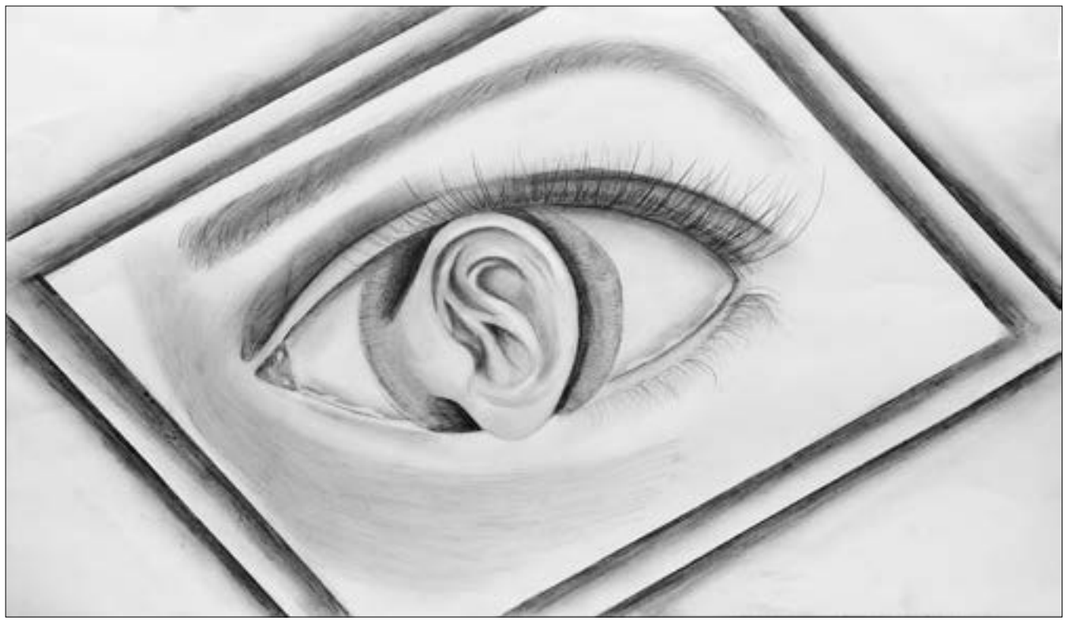
For you I will morph myself–
human, beast, or object
For you I will give myself–
warmth, courage, wisdom

Let me straighten your back
So long bent from despair
Let me focus your eyes
Weary of sights beyond compare
Let me clothe you in obstinate armor
Give you a staff to walk with and wield
For I am with you always
And walk steadily by your heels

I come at the slightest call
And my gifts I give to all
As you sink into darkness I offer a rope
For you called and gave me my name:
Hope

*Ella Nicolson '14*





*Synesthesia*• Jazzi Sullivan '15
Drawing

# The Trouble With Mirrors

Why so sad?
It's only your reflection
Are your clothes wrinkled?
Are there flaws in your complexion?

Why do you bother?
Do you really have to care?
Does your very life depend
On one rebellious lock of hair?

Mirrors show us one perspective
But friends show us another
The thing that makes us what we are
Is how we view each other.

When your close friends look at you
Do you think they see your shoes?
Do they judge the emblem on your shirt
or the five pounds you can't lose?

True friends see the deeper you
The one you try to hide.
So next time you look into the mirror
Dare to look inside.

*Gina Bruni '15*

# Where is the Justice?

Their dreams were cut short. Children they could never raise, respect from workers they had never gained, approval from their families they yearned so deeply for; their empty wedding rings were painful reminders of everything they couldn't have.

All because he loved a man.

All because she wanted a wife.

Young orphans who grew desperate for parents and loving homes were kept away from needful couples...all because they were two of the same?

America, the Land of the Free,

Had crippled its people with words of hate and left them bound in chains of pure anger and disapproval, casting out their very people and families all because they were too stubborn to understand that not everyone had the same ideals as them.

After all, only man and woman were meant to be married, were meant to love and cherish each other for the rest of their years; anyone who dared to step out from that holy union was to be persecuted and blamed for their sins.

But when did loving someone ever become a sin?

Tell me, America, if this land grants equality for all, then why can those two innocent men not be blessed in holy matrimony like the straight couple down the street who scream bloody murder to each other while their children are home? Where is the justice in that?

Why do only nine states permit two people of the same gender be given this right, when love in any shape and form should be accepted and nurtured for how special such an occurrence is, instead of being labeled as disgusting and unlawful? People roll their eyes and spit in the direction of two people who truly love eachother, and speak horrible lies of how "awful" it was to see "their" kind on the street.

Why, America, have your people become so cruel to each other?

Why does someone's gender have to matter more than his or her pursuit of happiness? Explain to me why you would allow two people who hated each other to get married, yet ignore the couple who prayed for the day that the church would open its doors for them? Why have their inalienable rights been removed because they are gay?

Even if it's just a piece of paper that doesn't mean more than their passion, I'm tired of waiting for the day when two people will be able to unite without having others-who know nothing of their struggle-vote against their right for a better life.

Just as Martin Luther King Jr. once said so proudly, "We have learned to soar the sky like birds, and we have learned to swim the sea like fish...and yet we are unable to walk the earth as brothers and sisters." Well my brothers and sisters, as the future generation, if we do not make a change...then who will?

*Sarah Abughrib '15*

# Halfway

They say I've gone halfway mad.
And I swear it's not the least bit true.
But then again they say I'm in denial
When it all comes down to you.

You're the first thing that I think about
As I wake and sleep at night.
But if you've heard the rumors:
My priorities just aren't right.

And so you see just why I ask,
"Whose place is it to tell?"
If it should make me halfway sane,
Love doesn't work so well.

*Tyler Brown '15*

# It's Not So Far Away

Let me take you to a place where you will never be alone,
Where angels watch over you day and night.
I can guide you to the place if you need some directions.
It is far above the clouds, way up in the sky.

Though the journey may by long
And the pathway may be tough,
The pain will be finished after that.
It will all be gone and peace you will find.

In this place above the clouds, there are people.
People just like you, just like you.
They understand how you feel
And they understand your pain.

But I lied to you a little, I am quite sorry about that.
The place I told you about, it really isn't that far away,
It is right around the corner.
And the people, they are everyone you meet.

There are angels all around you everywhere, can't you see?
They are watching.
They are waiting.
But most importantly,
They see.

These angels, these people,
They see your pain, your struggles
And they come with care, joy, and love
To pick you back up when you start to fall.

*Kayla Compton '15*

# A Saving Act

Watching the clock
Feeling the pulse of every second
A piece of time

Dreading tomorrow morning
Sitting in the isolated corner
Seeing everyone laughing
Living in the moment
Like a movie

A still picture
A memory pinned on the wall, forgotten
Where in the midst of this happiness was my happiness?

Losing faith, hope
Giving up
Turning in every direction only to be a victim
To glaring eyes

One hand
Fingers stretched outward, inviting
Kindness breaking the ice
Pulling me up, embracing me
Tikkum Olom
The definition of friendship.

*Kaila Lee '15*

*Untitled* • Gwendolyn Mohler '13
Photography

# Metallic Symphony

As I walk up the stairs,
From the vibrating subway
A large man in the blue overalls
Carrying a box, catches my eyes.

With one careless misstep
The man drops his box.
And as metal rods roll down the stairs,
I stop, in surprise,
To witness the event.

Each clang different, each ting unique
But all filing into my mental song page
Coming together to form
A metallic symphony
As the florescent light reflected,
Dances across the tiled walls.

But the song ends abruptly,
No time for an applause
As a suited man on his cellphone
Yells at the composer, in the blue overalls
Upset at the fact.
The man with the phone
Could not hear.

*Sean McCaffrey '13*



# Nursery Rhymes—Behind the Scenes

*Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water*
Too bad they didn't know the water was polluted
And the watermelon they ate at their picnic had been grown in pesticides.

*Hickory Dickory Dock. The mouse ran up the clock*
Chewed through the wood, made a new family, and infested the house,
But who are we to kill another being?

*Baa baa black sheep have you any wool*
Even after the wolves stripped you of everything you own,
Ate your children, and then spat them out on the streets?

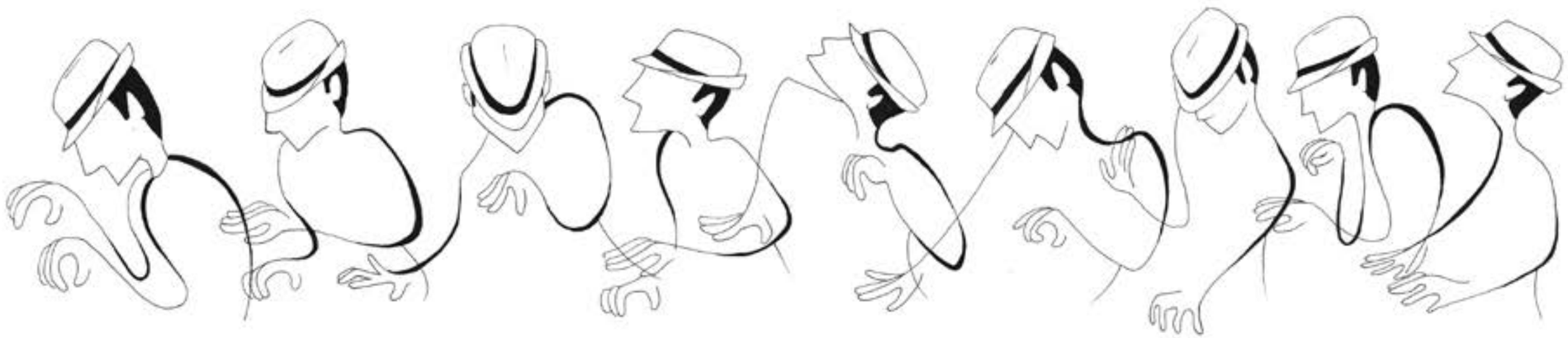
*Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are*
And have we reached your surface yet
And reaped you of your energy?

*Little Jack Horner sat in the corner*
For probably doing something worse than his name.
But don't worry, he got away with it. Again.

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.*
Then he got sued for trespassing and litter
Because the rich owners of that land need all the money they can get.

*Little Bo Peep lost her sheep*
*And along came a spider who sat right beside her*
*And the cow jumped over the moon.*
*Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.*

*Kelsey Quan '13*



*The Piano Guy* • Julie Olsen '14
Drawing

## Black & White

Black white black white
B♭ D G A
Notes on the page.
A quarter, an eighth, a dotted sixteenth
Each exactly positioned
On a line, in a space, between bars.
Holding a defined place,
Filling a specific role.

Fingers trace patterns on the page
Once, twice, again, again
Aiming for harmonic perfection.
Tugging, stretching each black dot.

The notes begin to fly
Dancing off the page and into a world of color.
Emotion, expression, imperfection.
The Music takes its first breath.
Its heart stutters to a start.

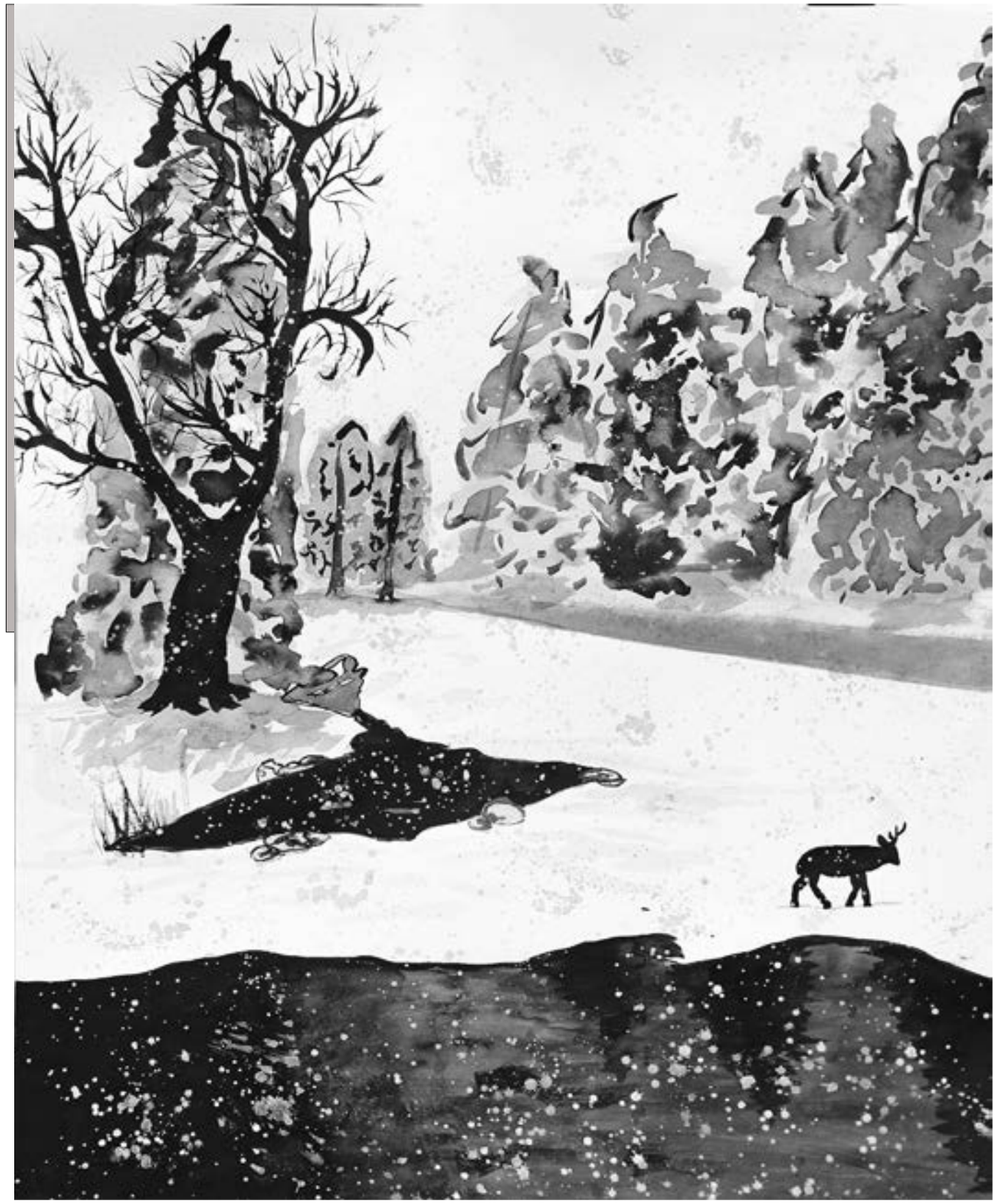
Sound fills the room
Plunging,
Purple,
Rising,
Red,
Growing,
Green,
Building,
Blue,
Rest.
White,
Rest.

*Sarah Mulchand '14*

## A Cellist's Fantasy

The hair of the bow strikes the metal string ringing a melancholy E flat throughout the empty concert hall.
Hugging the instrument like an extension of my body,
I weave through the forest of music,
Ignoring the sweat forming at the top of my forehead and the blisters hardening the tips of my fingers.
The cello's slender body gracefully sways with me in perfect tempo like a volcano brewing,
Waiting to explode.
It produces a vibrato so sweet and rich I can almost taste each note's flavor coming alive off the crinkled paper.
In a great fortissimo, the cello hits the climax like lava bursting and stretching to the skies,
And after calming the storm,
I end the piece on a dark and empty open string with my eyes shut and heart racing like a hummingbird.
A deafening silence fills the hall once again.

*Rachel Yan '14*



*Quiet Snowfall* • Morgan Sommer ’16
Painting



# The Gerald Dohrmann ’34 Poetry Award

LOWER DIVISION – HONORABLE MENTION

## Breath of Grass

dark night
stormy night
sky thunders
wind strips
trees fly
figure stands
forest soaked
spray of sky
boots sink
trudge silently
dirt road
quickened pace
slick ground
inhale fresh
pine needles
viscous fog
disappear
pale face
lips frozen shut
wet hair stuck
eerie stillness
steps
violent wind
hood blown off
mysterious icy
blue eyes revealed
cracking branches
hurried
long staircase
quiescent assent
wind and rain whistle
fogged hearing and vision
destination
field of flat
stones stretched
cemetery
grave
breath caught
frozen in throat
frozen in air
choked
bewildered fall
red hot cheeks
eyes wide
fall
roaring silence
cascading hair
breath of grass

*Deedee Anderson ’15*

# The Gerald Dohrmann '34 Poetry Award

LOWER DIVISION – PRIZE WINNER

## Everyday

Good morning, my dear.
Have the pleasing lullabies of mocking birds
Awakened you from this endless slumber?
Or have the slithering worms and snakes
Tickled at your feet and hands while you dreamt?
Have the cracks of your nest given you
Enough room to bathe in sunlight?
Or has the soil continued to separate your
Decaying beauty from my gaze?
Good afternoon, my dear.
Please shut your ears, someone of your
Status should not listen to the cries of a lonesome man.
Your clothes still linger with the scent of perfume and makeup,
For I am a fool who finds comfort in these empty items.
All remains catch dust and I do nothing but long for your presence,
Because this is all I have left.
Pictures of your youth grace our bedroom, and I can still
Hear your voice playing melodies of euphoria throughout
Our creaky apartment.
I have missed you, my luminescent light.
Good night, my dear.
Until tomorrow.

*Sarah Abughrib '15*



# The Gerald Dohrmann '34 Poetry Award

UPPER DIVISION – PRIZE WINNER

## ICE in the Desert

Right now I see a wall
A fence
Looped with the violent spikes of barbed wire
A defense
A seemingly mile-high barrier of concrete and stone

Right now I see anger
Fear and desperate measures
Uncle Sam laughing at his genius-
Ha! They'll never get in!

Right now I see Americans
Up in arms in Arizona, California
Grabbing arms in Texas
Taking the long arm of the law into their own arms and hands
Law-abiding citizens:
We'll protect and defend, and then redirect and amend
Those tortilla-loving, border-crossing, anchor baby-making, job-taking
Pesky
Immigrants

So they go east, they cross where they can
And guess what? They die on the way
Abandoned by cayotes
In the vast Chihuahuan Desert
They shrivel
Like raisins in the harsh desert sun
Collapse
In exhaustion
Wilt like a weeds
Fall from bullets fired from who knows where
A cártel? La patrulla? The minuet men perhaps?

Right now I see ignorance
And reform run amiss
And racism, nativism and vi-o-lence

Great start!
To that comprehensive
Border protection intensive
Counteroffensive
Less expensive
Immigration reform

*Kathleen Robbins '13*

# The Gerald Dohrmann '34 Poetry Award

UPPER DIVISION – HONORABLE MENTION

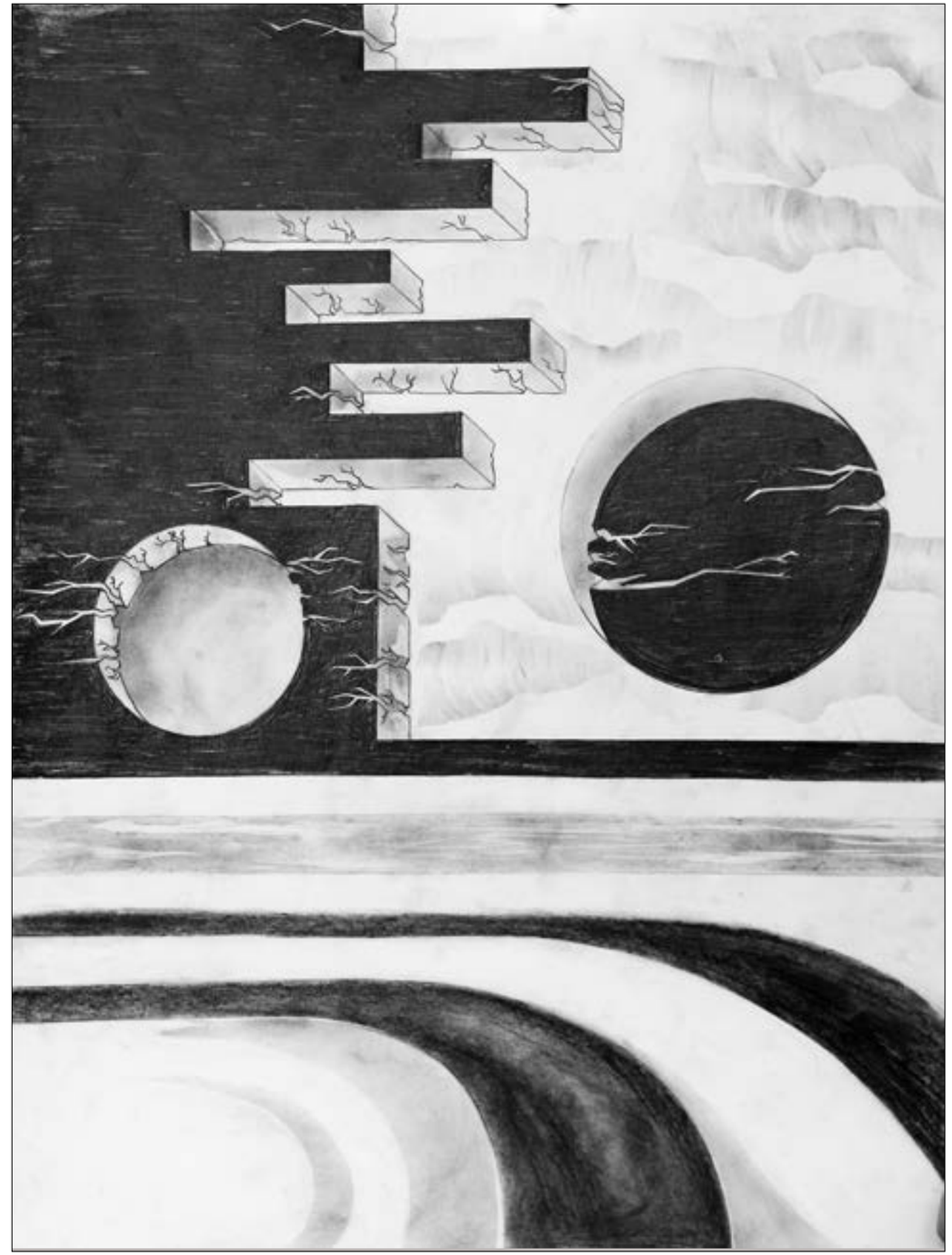
## Schizophrenia

A stranger cackles into her ear
She whirls around but no one is here
She clutches her head in silence so loud
Alone in a room but envisions a crowd
A trick of the mind, a nightmare illusion
A foreign commander of newfound confusion
Poisonous words and whispers so vicious
She tries to ignore its sick, twisted wishes
For freedom she begs and she cries and she pleas.
The voice just laughs as she sinks to her knees.
A maze of the mind, an invisible cage...
Shame for a girl of such a young age.

Robbed of her control,
her sanity,
  her choice.

She curses her chains.
She's now trapped by
the voice.

*Tatyana Diaz '13*



*Untitled* • Bobby Singer '15
Drawing

# The Circus

Come one come all to the circus for a reprieve
For one last show on this fine summer's eve
Come see little magic tricks and animals dance
Hideous women and tightropers prance

Come seek the horrors in the dead of night
Walk through the house of wonders and fright
Feast your eyes on the best of the best
The strongest man on earth is put to the test

A contortionist bends every part of her body
A volunteer steps for the magician to disembody
We dazzle you with your wildest dreams
There is nothing we can't do so it seems

But be wary my friends and my foe
For here we will find a nightmare to sow
Wander too far or stay for too long
I can't promise how soon you'll be along

But for one night take off your load
And watch our lovely circus acts unfold

*Danielle Fernandes '15*

# Confessions of Death

One should not fear the inevitable.
Death is a path—one all must take.
Live a life worth living,
And soon the grey clouds of this dampened world part.
Then all turns to white shores and silver linings.
Do not mourn those who have passed,
But rather pity those who forsake themselves on this good Earth.
Death is just another path of life—one all must take.

*Liam Bischoff '15*



# Escape

I read
And I am immersed in a world that is not my own,
A world of imagination that has become overgrown.
Escape one life and live another in which I can do any deed.

I turn the pages colored like bone
To discover conflicts and experiences that I may loan,
I read.

I get lost in the plot so intricately sewn
Wander the streets of a place with mystery and the unknown
Escape one life and live another in which I can do any deed.

It is my life that I postpone
To explore another that has more to be known
I read

Here I can sit regally on the throne of a king overthrown
Or live a life and make mistakes I can later condone,
Escape one life and live another in which I can do any deed.

I can be someone who even the stars he has outshone
Or find adventure in a place where the wind has not yet blown.
I read.

Then I put away the world, for in my heart it has grown.
And I find myself sitting in the quiet, alone.
So later, I read
To escape one life and live another in which I can do any deed.

*Regina Cusing '16*

# Faith

Faith is a thing of fire
That rests in the heart,
It whispers you the hopeful truth,
And is always burning.

And even during the brutal fight, faith is still there;
And though the fight rages on,
That fire will not go out
That fire that kept the soldiers fighting on.

I've felt the fire in the scariest of places,
And at the highest peak;
Yet, never, when near,
Did it ask a piece of kindle from me.

*Megan Gamble '15*

# Tornadoes

Her movements were as graceful and feared as a lion's roar
She wore a beautiful Mexican dress that seemed to have endless layers
She was feared like none other by those who saw her dance
As she spun like a top
She brought an excitement that none could match to those who followed her
As she danced she created an electric storm
And created devastation
Her movements destroyed cities
In the blink of an eye
The whistle she created brought terror to all
As they hid underground

*Sara O'Halloran '16*

*Icarus*• Kelsey Quan '13
Painting



# The SI "Jock"

He is a student at SI,
Known for his touchdowns and bright blue eyes.

Straight A's until the very end,
Super smart with the perfect girlfriend.

Cruising around in his BMW,
Sperrys and Nikes are his favorite shoes.

Parties on the weekend,
Rocking all the latest trends.

Has more than one CCS ring,
Plays basketball in the winter and lacrosse in the spring.

I guess you could call him a tri-athlete,
His graduation will be bittersweet.

He's in the 200 hour service club,
And his father is the owner of one of the biggest Irish pubs.

Personality sweeter than ice cream,
I'm pretty sure he has sugar running in his bloodstream.

Loved by all adults,
Respectful and never utters insults.

Full ride to Stanford University,
God why can't that be me?

*Emily Reyes '15*

# Sunrise

Darkness
Envelopes the land
Nothing stirs.
A small light peers shyly
From behind a rock
And ever so slowly it begins to
rise up.
The light grows and
Bursts from its hiding place
A glimmering shower of brightness
Light sweeps over the darkness
Fighting and pushing it back
Into the farthest recesses
Behind rocks and caves
The darkness relents
As life erupts into action.
Birds sing praises to the light
Defeating the abyss for now
The world hums softly into action
And begins anew

*Camille Rumberger '16*

# You are...

beautiful. courageous. shy. lovable. insecure. confident. talkative. honest. wise. hard-working. dependable. brave. quiet. proud. passionate. eloquent. loyal. intelligent. charming. indecisive. generous. creative. spontaneous. focused. ambitious. spirited. friendly. sensitive. unpredictable. cheerful. clever. sweet. outgoing. faithful. motivating. trustworthy. encouraging. determined.

You are unique.

You are you and there is no one who can take that away from you.
You may not find yourself perfect but no one is.

Love yourself for who you are because in the end the only person who matters is you.
And one day someone will come who loves you for who you are.
Nothing more, nothing less.
Don't put on an act and hide who you are.
Be confident and be free and show the world what you're made of.
The thing that matters most in this world is your happiness so do whatever you need to do to make that happen and everything else will come with it.

Life can be rough at times but be strong because you can make it through everything and anything.
Embrace the world around you and live happily.
Do what makes you feel alive and what makes you feel free.
That's what you should do the rest of your life.

Smile. Why? Because it's a new day and with it we can start anew.

Make a difference. Change a life. Show someone how much they are loved.
Because then someone might do the same for you in return.
You are unique and that's the way it's meant to be.
Forget about what people think of you because it will make you a hundred times happier.
Never sacrifice who you are because someone else doesn't like it.

Have no worries and you will shine even brighter than before.
Give someone a smile because you never know what they are feeling.
Things get better and life moves on.
It might not happen in a day but the storm doesn't last forever.
Do something, anything because you never know where it can take you.
We all have a purpose in life and we are all meant for great things.

Live. Laugh. Love. and Smile. And everything else will fall perfectly into place.

*Kayla Compton '15*



# Feste's Song: SI's Edition

Maya [sings.]
Newly accepted, naïve girl,
But freshman life will steal my sleep,
New best friend, let's give it a twirl,
So time goes on, I must keep up.

Round two gives time to find my nook,
But sophomore life will steal my sleep,
Surprise attack! Gotta hit the books,
So time goes on, I must keep up.

Third time's the charm maybe I'll rest,
But junior life will steal my sleep,
New boy makes heart race in my chest,
So time goes on, I must keep up.

Not all the fun is here to stay,
But senior life will steal my sleep,
All hell breaks loose; I'm lost at bay,
So time goes on, I must keep up.

Finally free to fly away,
But college life will steal my sleep,
I cannot repeat the same play,
Entering the unknown, I'm all grown up.
[Exit to new life]

*Maya Sommer '13*

# Late Work

My eyes are tired
The books are still open,
My brain is wired
But cannot be woken.
The desk lamp bright
My attention thin,
On this unsettled night
I just cannot win!
Eyelids are drooping
But forced to stay open,
While others are sleeping
My whines stay unspoken.
While I stare at a page
The clock says eleven,
But I cannot engage
In this homework again.

So polos turn to pajamas
And pages to pillows
While my mind numbs up
To my own thoughts and billows.

I am now in the blackness
Of slumber, not dream
Where the stress is nowhere
At all to be seen?

What is this place?
No homework is here,
Or tryouts or teachers
Or rules to adhere.

I like the sleep.
The sleep is nice.
The sleep has no gossip,
Or laws, or advice.

But sunlight crept through the window,
And I bolted upright,
For a new day had begun,
A more terrifying fright.

*Claire Fenerty '16*

# Popularity

The eraser of identities
Authenticity at its scarcity
Everyone is compared you see
In this hypocritical world of heresy

Our true beliefs do not matter
Our mental and physical demeanors left broken and shattered
We gorge ourselves on its sweet taste
Yet for fear of enlargement we quickly regurgitate with haste
We work so hard to be cut and toned
We work until we eventually break every bone
Keep our grades up so that our parents stay satisfied
But don't study too much, for "try-hards" are despised

Boys should have absolutely no emotion
For crying is weakness and causes grand commotion
Girls, prince charming is a fallacy
For every guy will use you up until your dry, forever marring your sexuality
And don't even think about saving the nude
Lest you want to be labeled a prude

There is no value in integrity or complexity
Only desire a fun time, looking for the next ecstasy
So relax and sit up
Take this drink and down that cup
Don't worry about health and safety
You aren't cool if you don't take these

You also have to be friends with everyone you see…
…Well, except for her, she used to date me
Hopefully you can run, jump, catch and throw
Better than anyone else you know
Or at least sing, dance and act
As a future movie star landing a recording contract

Are we blind to the system?
Or do we simply choose not to listen
Can we release the pressure and change for the better?
Or is every generation doomed to this torture forever?
I call for a revolution!
To end all disparity
And finally achieve pure and absolute liberty
From the evil known as popularity

*Max Schaum '14*

# Ocean Eyes

Ocean Eyes,
Please don't cry
Welling up with tears so bright
Look up and they catch the light
Ocean Eyes, I'll make it right.

Ocean Eyes,
Please don't weep
Sobbing from a place so deep
For promises she didn't keep
Ocean Eyes, go back to sleep.

Ocean Eyes,
Please don't fret
Wallowing in your regret
Your eyes are tired, your pillow's wet
Ocean Eyes, try to forget.

*Gina Bruni '15*



# The World As We See It

Is the world coming to an end?
Newspapers headlines screaming about tragedies,
Another war,
Another murder,
Another government full of corruption,
Another scandal,
Another reason to doubt the human race.
In a downward spiral we go.
The end is near

But I look at the stars,
How they sparkle every night,
Beautiful light amid the darkness.
Hope beyond the depression.

I feel the smooth ocean waves,
Who will never stop greeting the shore,
No matter how many times the shore sends them back,
Unconditional love.

I listen to the song of the bees buzzing,
Their efforts creating iridescent flowers,
Beauty at the hands of perseverance.

I watch the falling rain,
Washing away the impurities,
Starting clean again,
A new chance given freely.

I talk with the small child,
Who looks back with innocent eyes,
Who sees the rainbow after the storm
Who has the future in her hands,
Who makes me believe that the world has a chance.

*Trish Hoy '16*

# Chesterfield

The Nike Air Force Ones hanging on the telephone wire.
The sidewalk held stories that no one wanted to hear, or remember.
Broken shopping cart where Cybelles used to be,
Upside down with one wheel missing.

Rats ran in steam over manhole covers.
The subway sounds on 47th street.
Juice Crew's graffiti mostly gone now.

The only street light flickered on and off.
More light glistened from the candles in the makeshift memorial.
Light shined behind the Virgin Mary and the Jesus candles from the dollar store.

Chesterfield Park, swallowed up aspirations from those who dared to dream.
Basketball, a way of life, a few even immortalized.
Every Friday night, a tournament put on by Cybelles.
I could still hear the sound of Air Jordans leaving marks on the court,
and the sound of Matt Rivers dunking over Eric Williams.

Musk filled the air.
Reminiscent of the smell of the tire factory
30 years ago before the Miller family sold it off.
Wonder where they went.
Probably living in some high rise apartment in Manhattan overlooking the Hudson River.
Good for them.

The echoes of Al Green played from Auntie Sherie's house.
Wasn't really my aunt, that was just what I heard everyone call her.
She played "Let's Stay Together" about 50 times in one day.
Crazy relationship problems? Probably.
I never bothered to ask.

Ed in the window playing his jazz records.
His favorite, "Bird n Diz."
Worshipped that album like Ms. King worshipped the bible.
Ms. King would always tell us that salvation laid between those pages.
"You need God in your life!"
She said this a little too much.

Chesterfield.
I love my town.
Everyone else looks down on it.
It's the town that everyone is afraid to end up in if you fall asleep on the 34 bus.
But, dammit, I still love it.

Something so beautiful about this place.
Something gritty, yet comforting.
No one sees the beauty if they're not from here.
Everyone just sees our town on the news for crime stories.
Sometimes it angers me, but I just let it go.

Everyone is gone now.
It's crazy what a little rock could do to a community.
One day, maybe, things will recover and I'll get to see more of Ms. King and Auntie Sherie.
But for now I can only hope.

*Michael Schurr '13*



# Silence

**Sleeping**
The silence fills the darkness
With a constant noiseless sound.
A tired heart,
Softly drumming,
Lapping up against the night's shores.
At peace.

**Cold**
The silence holds
A reluctant presence.
The songs and laughs,
Fading slowly,
Departing to a far off place.
Empty.

**Sharp**
The silence lurks behind
As a thief in the night.
The memories,
Returning swiftly,
Closing in on their kill.
Guilty.

**Tense**
The silence strains itself
In oppression of needed words.
Nervous hands,
Twitching often,
As pressure lays siege to the truth.
Restless.

**Knowing**
The silence settles comfortably
As it warms the hearts of the wise.
Gentle eyes,
Gazing outward,
As the silence finds its home.
At peace.

*Nick Solari '16*

# The Back of the Bus

Much like canned sardines
Hoards of people shuffle through
Shoved against windows

Desolate faces
A case of the Monday blues
Not a smile in sight

Drowsy man, loud snores
Dreaming of his wife back home
Waiting with dinner

A fresh, new, paint job
Crimson seats so bright they could
outshine the North Star

These seats are so cold
An Eskimo toilet seat
Shivers that turn heads

A weird smell back here
That hobo there looks guilty
Like he just farted

*Ryan Szeto '14*

# The Night of Every Shade

I learned to love the night of every shade.
From infant shadows clinging to my side,
To ancient phantoms, weathered, torn, and frayed.

Those youngest taught me how to run and hide.
In contest, fear is vital to succeed.
In comfort, only death leaves satisfied.

The adolescents let their sorrows breed;
I knew no better so I followed suit.
Of anger, pity sowed the wicked seed.

My elders felt my pains less absolute.
Once well-known woes, I learned to love the same..
A blossom cannot grow without the root.

And as the stillness fled and morning came,
A fire baptism consumed my shame.

*Julien Ishibashi '14*

# Midweek Game

They wait like red, blue, and khaki bullets
In a box marked SI.
Loaded onto a bus, they're lined up in a 50 round magazine
And delivered to a foreign locker room, a dark chamber
Where they wait in silence for the words that trigger the fire – Time to go...
They shoot out onto the field to "soar with the eagles"
"Find the mark"
"Get stuck in"

*Joe Pappas '13*

*Tahoe Air* • Neil Moore '13
Photography

# Chewing Gum

I am tasteful, so I hear.
People chew on me and spit me out like a decrepit old hag.
Some consider me beautiful, something that should be enjoyed.
Others see me as something they can manipulate and stick into their enemy's hair.
I can be any color really, somewhat like the sky during the Aurora Borealis.
You can buy me for a nickel, penny, or dime, and I can be used at anytime.
Some like to inflate me like a big hot air balloon,
Only to have me burst mid-way and explode onto their precious little faces.
They cry and claw to get me off, but I latch on tightly, chuckling as I wreak havoc.
How would you like to be blown up?
It makes my insides churn, and sometimes I wish to vomit!
But I can't because I have no mouth, like a child's unfinished drawing of a face.
The worst is when I am chewed on because I have to endure the sounds of their white serrated teeth crunching, clanking, and grinding like a broken machine.
I want to scream out in pain for it feels as if a thousand knives are being thrust into me.
My colored blood oozes from me like a stream down the throats of the great beasts.
They gulp down my blood like vampires and when their bellies rumble with satisfaction, the beasts spit me out of their pink torture factory onto whatever they please.
The fall is long and frightening.
My short, painful life flashes before my mind as I hit the cold concrete with a silent thud.
I lie there close to death waiting for the killing blow.
Here it comes, I tell myself, as I glance up hoping for one last look at the beautiful sky
SQUISH!!

*Jack Bernabei '15*

# Love Letter from a Tombstone to a Painting

Dear Painting,
All I see is sadness.
Mothers weeping
Fathers sinking onto their knees in despair
But you,
you bring beauty into my life.
Painting, you can make my most tragic being into a masterpiece.
You can turn death into a meaningful thing in life when, in reality, it's not.
It's just death.
You're here one moment and then the next you're not.

I'm in the business of sadness and death
But you make things timeless.
You make people remember who you are and wonder at your beauty.
So Painting maybe you can make your beauty rub off on me a little bit, because God knows I need some beauty in my life.
So that's why I love you.
You are everything I will never be and everything I love.

I know I can't compete with your past lovers.
Van Gogh, Picasso, Monet.
They all caressed you with their love laced paintbrushes.
They created universes on your white skin.
They dressed you in the colors of red hot rage and the pale pink of a first love.
They gave you jewels of pure light that caught the eyes of your soon-to-be lovers.
With the universe, the gowns, and the jewels you soon caught the eye of all the world.
You are a smiling temptress and you offer them that white skin of yours to do whatever they want with it.
But they don't know.
They don't know that your true lover is beauty and you use those starving artists to feed your hungry blank skin.
In their eyes you are all perfection.
And that's why I love you.
Because even though you are not perfection you are the closest thing to it that I have ever seen.

So painting, when the end of the world has come and I am crumbled on the ground, remember me.
Remember me in that infinite beauty of yours and when you think of me don't think of my ugliness.
Think of the love I give you, and how through that love, I am not so ugly anymore.

*Alyssa Urroz '16*

*A Night in the City* • Julie Olsen '14
Drawing

# Conquering the Beast

The world is sleeping, but not I,
On the water I start to fly.
Through fog that hangs like a misty veil,
With silent strokes, we swiftly sail.

Faster, faster, faster!
We must move together.

Moving forward, straight as an arrow,
My arms work hard and my eyes narrow.
At the pull of the oars, the boat shoots away,
Leaving behind the dock, we are underway.

Faster, faster, faster!
There is no feeling quite like this.

Dew drops dwell briefly on oars in the night,
Dancing and dazzling in the growing light.
The water churns and excitement rises,
Ever chasing the grandest of prizes.

Faster, faster, faster!
We move like the wind.

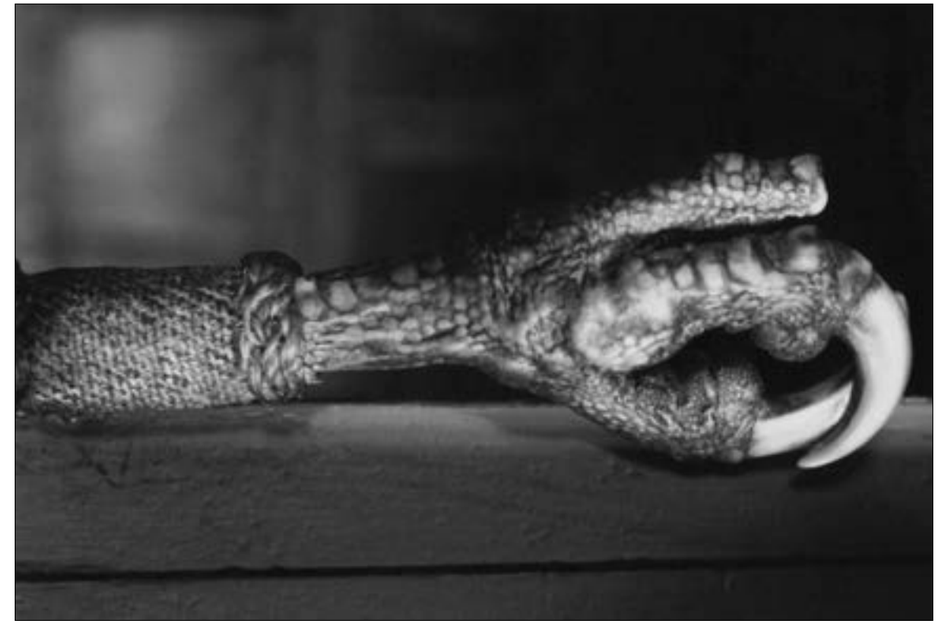
The wind yells while blowing,
Fighting against it, no sign of slowing.
Aligned in order, eight move as one,
Silent strokes that flash in the sun.

Faster, faster, faster!
No one can catch us now.

Closer and closer to the finish we race,
Determination etched on every face.
This time is sacred in the shell,
The night whispers secrets I'll never tell.

*Will Marshall '14*





*Talon* • Caitlyn Cournale '15
Photography

# Broccoli

As I wait in line I dream of food,
Something yummy to uplift my mood,
The time passes by as kids get their plates.
I need my food now!  I just can't wait!
I arrive at the front after hours of waiting.
A great plate of food is all that I'm craving.
I grab a dish, the smell reaches up to me,
But what do I see, a plate of broccoli!
I think back to the lunches that used to be,
Pizza and chicken but never veggies!
I wonder what happened to cause such a travesty,
To cause the chefs of SI to serve kids broccoli!
As I regretfully pay for an unworthy dish,
I see a sign on the wall that fulfills my last wish.
Chili bread bowls on Friday!  The crowds will amass!
But until then I'm stuck with just broccoli and gas.

*Nate Nickolai '15*

# Ants

This is the story of Ada, who was quite an unusual ant. While her colony searched for bits of food, Ada searched for bits of knowledge. Every moment, her giant-sized mind soaked in the world around her. Against colony rules, she often sneaked outside at night to climb the blue snapdragons by the Human House and gaze at the stars. Oh, how she wondered what they were! She knew, however, that she must keep her adventurous spirit a secret, for curiosity was strictly banned within the colony. If any ant were to discover her inquisitive nature, she would be disgraced. Unfortunately, Ada's curiosity raged so fiercely, her skin glowed golden hues, while all other ants had skins of grey-blue. To avoid detection, each night as she wondered at the stars, Ada covered herself with blue snapdragon dye. Every day as she pretended to enjoy discussing crumbs with the colony, she was secretly on the lookout for another ant who shared her golden skin. But after many failures, Ada concluded that she was the only ant who held a spark of curiosity, and she discontinued her search.

One night, she perched on her beloved snapdragons and stared up at the sky, and noticed a strange, red star that stood out from the others, blinking on and off as it followed some invisible path. As her captivated gaze followed it across the sky, Ada grew increasingly aware of her heartbeat, pulsing in sync with the blinking of the odd red star. With each powerful throb that shuddered throughout her tiny exoskeleton, Ada's mind pushed out further than ever before.

Suddenly, she grabbed a bead of dew and threw it on herself with the force of a thousand whispers. Stunned, she watched as the grey-blue dye streamed off her, revealing her true self underneath. As her golden glow stain the cold night air around her, from the corner of her eye Ada noticed another light. Startled, she turned and found herself face-to-face with another ant, glowing the same amber hues that she did. Time stood still as the two gazed into each other's eyes, their minds rippling far beyond the fabric of the universe.

The other ant laughed softly. "I've been searching my whole life for another golden ant. Why haven't I found you?"

Ada glanced at the dye that dripped down into the darkness below.

"I… I made myself like everyone else," she uttered quietly.

Startled, the other ant twitched his antennae.

"So did I…" he breathed. "I've been dying myself with the snapdragons every night when I come to see the stars… It wasn't until I saw this strange red star that I realized…"

A few feet away, a young boy got out of bed and wandered over to his window, his curious thoughts keeping him awake. His golden eyes hungrily drank in the night as he looked into the garden, when he noticed two tiny golden specks where the snapdragons were. His mind seeped outwards, wondering what they were.

*Julie Olsen '14*

*Butterfly in Bloom* • Angelina Hue '16
Painting



# Ballet Work

I've got corrections in my head
I feel so brain-dead
My posture is up
My butt is tucked
My stomach is flat
I can't look fat
I've got to lift my leg high
So flexed is my thigh
My arms are gentle
The work is so mental
I've got steps to know
A blister on my toe
The pain I must hide
To keep my self-pride
I've got timing to perfect
Transitions to connect
Pirouettes to land
So many demands
All the while
I must smile
There's much to manage
And with no arch no advantage.

Dance, you are my fire,
My passion,
Melt away my troubles
As I begin to move.

Show me, mirror,
What I can do
Let me amaze myself
And shatter my insecurities.

Challenge, come at me
Discipline, let your cold sweat
Pour over me
To soothe my burning muscles.

Capture me, music,
And my body will surrender
As my soul is set free.

*Valerie Kau '16*

# Golden Eyes

They came with golden eyes,
Hoping to live a dream,
From across the border,
In waves from overseas,
English, Russian, Irish, Lebanese,
Crammed like animals into ship hulls,
Stripped of their humanity,
But driven by bravery,
And the weak stayed home.

They came for America,
Promises of hope and freedom,
For themselves and their children,
And when they arrived,
They landed in poverty-ridden ghettos.

They struggled forward,
Brimming with determination,
An inextinguishable flame,
Oppressed, but not defeated,
Bruised, but not broken.

And through their toils,
They settled in the dream land,
Splashing their heritages,
Fusing their cultures,
Coming together,
To form one America.

*Katie Spence '14*

# Through the Storm

A jet of green and a freckled face,
Swirled around the stormy place.
He was a builder that could build things from the ground up,
But he often found his chances to end abrupt.
He felt like an outcast sad and alone,
Until a light through the darkness finally shone.
He broke through the storm and made his way,
Doing his best to keep the darkness at bay.
He started fresh, full, and anew,
And he would see each challenge through.
Although he would trip and maybe jump the gun,
He got back on his feet and took off at a run.
He did not look back, for he knew there was sadness,
But instead looked ahead to joy and gladness.
While moving forward, he remembered those who had helped,
And was sure to be there if someone cried or yelped.
He hopes to make sure no one will suffer again,
And will be sure to fight for justice.  Amen.

*Vincent McGovern '15*

*Seven Sisters* • Caitlyn Cournale '15
Photography



# Cristeros 1926

Only feel strong with a gun in your hand
And honey you're so bitter
They swung children from their necks
Every bomb was a firework of God
Announcing the soldiers' favor with the heavens
Our king was saved
But was he really the empire?
Drowned the women in the fountain's
Water crying rainstorms into beautiful hair
Sacked temple halls
Trampled enemy belief with clicking beetle boot
Smashed icons and screamed victory to the heavens
Marching automatons in duplicate dress
School boys skipping to the beat of death's grim band
Every drink of glory was sour with animosity
But what did they do to make us hate?
The sun that rose was ripe with blood
Forced our duplicity down the tender throats of the young
Their little mouths like raw slashes
Blistered with a acidic mistrust
Faces were puzzles
Put in every piece wrong
Out of frustration breaking ones that didn't fit
Climbed up chimneys to the sky
Coughing on smoke
Hacking up tar and lung
Every flower smelled like the corpse whose grave it grew over
Doctors diagnosed us with terminal life
Without remorse
Patriotism fluttering in our hearts
We killed everyone

*Annabella Lynch '16*

# A Lonely Sun

My thoughts are a twilight
My eyes, a wandering moon
My oceans surge in peaks and troughs
As peach as afternoon

My mind is a handsome midnight
A sweet dark ripe with fear
I am a rustle in the wind
Whenever you draw near

My spirit is a silver promise
Embracing the sturdy ground
Across the barren plains of red
Prowling like a hound

My dreams are a hungry fire
Dying to meet the light
I search the world, a lonely sun
Trying to chase the night

*Julien Ishibashi '14*

# Two Stars

There was once a little boy
who was excited, playful, and curious.
Being unsure of what twinkled in the skies,
made him very furious.

Dark blue nights he'd wonder
why the golden stars would grow and shrink.
Those little lights in another world,
they'd almost seem to blink.

The sleepy bulbs of the heavens
would appear to be breathing,
and along with their lustrous glow,
they'd always be gleaming.

Years passed and the skies were still the boy's devotion
Until a kind girl came into his life,
and shook his mind out of motion.

Her eyes were the most beautiful stars he'd seen.
They'd twinkle, gleam, and glow.
Immediately he was enchanted
and his love would quickly grow.

Never did he consider whether they could be together.
He'd found stars close to home,
And he'd remain in love forever.

*Pedro Sandoval '15*

# The Heavenly Ocean

The waves crash against the wet sand,
And the sun sets above the tranquil water.
People are getting ready to leave now,
But I decide to stay and watch.
I move up to the small waves with white foam,
And slowly walk along the shore.
I find many types of shells and rocks,
As well as little creatures scattering about.
A white sailboat floats alongside me,
And seems to block out the sun's red-orange light.
I watch a seagull fly level to the water,
And disappear under the abyss of blue.
The waves rhythmically engulf my feet,
And I realize how refreshing the water is.
I look behind me at the rising moon,
When a large wave knocks me over.
I fall on the sand and sit in panic,
But realize that I am in no danger.
For an odd reason, I do not stand,
and feel at peace in the cool water.
I look up at the beautiful and clear sky,
And see the moon, stars, and sun.
As I gaze in awe above me,
I feel protected and watched over.
It is at this moment on the beach
That I feel God's presence in my life.

*Walter Dutra '15*



# The Odd Room

I'm in the odd room,
the dark room,
the light room:
I'm in the room where only sunlight and shadows play.

Here I can hear the shouts from the street
Here I can hear children's laughter as they meet
But they can't find me
Because

I'm in the odd room,
the fortress room,
the prison room:
I'm in the room where only useless things stay.

Here I'll be safe when death comes a'knocking;
Here I can keep my soul safe from mocking;
But I cannot long hide away
Because

Here in this odd room,
This silent room,
This sound room,
The walls are windows and windows

Break.

*Ella Nicolson '14*

*Quinta de Regaleira, Sintra, Portugal* • Rachel Yan '14
Photography

# Silence and Tears

When we first parted ways years ago,
Nobody could have guessed, nobody would know

The cold of the morning, it tried to foretell
The pain of the moment, the heat of this hell.

Your voice, it still lingers, the way that you talked.
Your features enchant me, in beauty you walked.

The way you reminded me of starry skies,
With all but a glance, a small peek of your eyes.

My heart used to fly, as light as a feather.
I was hoping that you and I might end up together.

I try to forget you, let you leave my mind.
But I just can't stop thinking, with love I am blind.

I tried to convince me that it wasn't so bad.
But after all, you were the best that I've had.

I want you to be happy, but I want it too
And I don't see that  happening, if not with you.
And so if we met, after all these long years,
I only see us together, in silence and tears.

*Eoin Lyons '15*

# The Old Man's Death

He discovers himself beside the shore.
He thinks he was here before,
But wind has eroded the land.
A single pair of snorkels, a mouthpiece, a mask,
Lies on the soft smooth sand.
He slips on the snorkel
Although his feet are sore
And walks to the crashing waves
Like an owl returning home at daylight
He feels the cool gentle current
The calm waters feel different
A sense of relaxation, he didn't feel before
He plunges his head below the watery atmosphere
A whole new world appears
Sea creatures swim about, a tortoise swims by,
He reaches out to feel the leathery back and tough shell.
His legs ache for adventure.
He swims near the rocks admiring the life. The colorful coral,
Waving anemone, scuttling crabs, disappearing eels.
He kicks into the tide, down as far as he can go.
He sees a pod of dolphins swim by, he tries to reach them. A beam
Of sunlight shines through the clear blue water.
He swims along on the back of a dolphin.

*Justin Lee '15*



# Hold It In

Night spent in the back seat
Looking out at the night sky go by
Bring it on I can hold it in
Put it under the bed I can forget about it
Hide it under a rug I can walk around it
Put it in the attic it'll still be there waiting
Waiting for the day I crack
When I will awake from my daydream
Then I'll scream
My seams will break
I won't be ignored, stored away
I will become a force, not a course of remorse
Then I won't be able to be chained down
I'll leave this small town
There's a plane with my name on it
But for now I can hold it on
For now I'll sit here quietly

*Ella Chatfield-Stiehler '15*

*The Lotus Pond* • Madeleine Joson '13
Drawing

*Gloomy Day in Budapest* • Raquel "Rocky" Soto '13
Photography

# The Final Race

The day was hot. The air was humid and sweltering, and her clothing stuck to her like a fly stuck in honey. Sweat poured down her face, stinging her eyes. The sun beat down on her with such force it felt like it was trying to physically push her down. The asphalt was like an oven, and she felt like she was being baked alive. The road wound on, endless and infinite. Why was she doing this to herself?

"Fatty Patty! I bet she could eat a whole person! Look at her! She's the size of a house!" She could hear the laughter of her enemies. Thin, pretty girls with stiff, ironed shirts and pearls decorating their ears. Perfect pictures of innocence, yet the essence of pure evil. Every day she had to deal with their tormenting. Until one day, she decided to give them something to talk about. She vowed to herself that no matter what, she would one day triumph over them.

Everyday she would run. She would race her enemies and the day she beat them would be the day she would be free from them. She still hadn't beaten them yet.

Her legs hurt. She felt like she was running on hot coals. Her body ached, her throat begged for water, and her chest heaved with the effort to keep breathing. Her feet shuffled and her knees knocked together. She wanted to quit. She wanted badly to turn around, to stop the pain and the suffering. She bent down, her hands on her knees, her back arched in exertion. If she gave up now, she would be letting them win, again. The mean girls, her daily enemies and tormenters, would be victorious over her once more. Did she want that to happen?

"No!" She screamed the word aloud, scaring herself with the authority and determination in her voice. She was tired of the teasing and the bullying. She wanted to be free. She wanted to be free from the fear she experienced every time she walked into school. She wanted to feel beautiful for once in her life.

She picked herself up and she closed her eyes. She put one foot in front of the other, and slowly picked her way along the road.

"You can't do it! You're going too slow! How do you ever expect to win when your grandmother can outrun you?" The voices echoed in her head, filling her thoughts, causing her doubt.

"You CAN do it! Keep going! Don't give up! You're doing great!" Her own voice drowned out the voices of the tormentors. She kept going. She was strong, she was beautiful, she was invincible. She ran until she could no longer hear anything but the sound of her own voice, encouraging her, cheering her on. She gasped for air and she ran across the finish line. She beat her tormentors. She was finally free.

*Barbara Alberts '15*

# Song

anx•i•e•ty
a thought rang out in the dark
ness of my head
what if
the rest followed
like a storm of locusts
my hands shook and my knees quaked
in fear
in terror
of the voices inside my head
switch the music on
turn the volume up
to drown out my mind
the notes are tranquilizers
the lyrics smother the worries
with a woolen blanket
i cannot think
nor feel
i am inhuman
like the devil
controlled by someone else's words
all that is left
is a song

*Sarah Boliek '15*

# The Women

I am Rochel.
Hitler's soldiers shot my seven siblings into a grave.
But spared by the Grand plan,
I am a fleeing Polish slave.
Escaping to the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Shackled; death rides my shoulders. He tried so hard to catch up to me.
A young husband lifts me, along with steel intrepidity,
The fruits of our tomorrow will branch forth from my tree.
Speaking Yiddish out of context, I hear it is a dying tongue,
But I hope someday it warms the lips of my strapping Jewish son.
Wandering to a promised land because my people wear a larger nose;
A cut down name, a freyheyt lullaby, and my ripped panty hose.

I am Cherie.
I learn to tease a perfect beehive. Later channel Jackie O; queen of style.
My four kids become artists, strum guitar, and cruise The Valley free,
while I practice my new role as a 1960s Barbie.
Long legs met her Ken in a small Nebraska town;
Flushed rouge cheeks said soft "I-do's" in my mother's wedding gown.
A Gorgeous Miss, fresh out of father's home,
to one that I could design.
Diamond jewelry flowed from Mister's paychecks; I ate each grape straight from the vine.
I will lose my oldest son to a drunk driver when he's hardly twenty-three,
but I've raised my kids as artists, and they'll live for liberty.
Awaiting occasional visits from the remaining three,
Alone in a Hollywood palace that my Ken-doll bought for me.

I am Eve.
I wear only flowers in my hair and I roam my Eden brave.
Here there's no such thing as having siblings shot into a grave.
There's no such thing as one drunk driver flattening the pieces of my heart.
My children are all safe and sleeping sound; I lend them nightlight with my moon.
Their dreams are strung among the constellations; the Lord's indigo lagoon.
On my arms, a velvet canopy where sunset birds rest, singing sweetly.
And I pray:
Breathe strength into my lips and my childbearing hips. Into my
glowing, supple skin.
Our lives are pieces of dust blowing in the wind.
I am an immigrant from heaven; my native language is my pride.
My sustenance: the women's stories rooted inside.

I am the descendant.
Freckles of an unexplored Ireland traipse my face.
My bones have never broken easily. Never been frail.
An ancient Polish woman's heart heats my internal fireplace.
I have always been tall,
Grandma's little artist; always loved to dress up dolls.
Barbie's slight, plastic nose would have helped her survive while
Rochel's family was robbed of being alive.
I hear her voice sobbing: "Thrive daughter! Thrive child, thrive!"

Like a finely woven homage strikes her Yiddish melody,
Rochel died safe in her Eden; she now sits with Eve and sings to me:
"Babeleh, stand strong upon the branches of my tree."

*Sydney Bradley '14*



# Why Not Me?

If some are born great, why not me?
Couldn't I have some greater destiny?
Sometimes I feel that this life's not for me.
There's more, so much more, that I can be.
When some men speak, the earth quakes.
From mountains and valleys to rivers and lakes.
Even time stands still and bends its knee,
For greatness is more than the eye can see.
"Veni, Vidi, Vici." "Tear down this wall!"
Only great men cause empires to rise or fall.
It's past time for the next great one to appear,
As to whom it will be, that still isn't clear.
So why not me? Sam, a man from San Rafael.
It could be, but alas, only time will tell.

*Sam Bernstein '14*

*Captain America* and *Spider Man*• Adrienne Tina '13
Drawing

# A Gift

The stage calls,
Basking in the blazing lights,
Demanding the fickle eyes of the audience,
Sizzling with jittery anticipation.
The silence is electrifying,
Tugging at the edges of the atmosphere,
Stretching it taut.
Tension.
Before the first note sounds,
Before the first word speaks,

a breath.

Uniting each individual into a single cohesive being,
Single sparkling stars forming a brilliant constellation,
Thinking, moving, breathing in harmony.
Together, we weave a transcendent mirage
With fleeting power inextricably tied to a moment.
To the audience we present this gift:
Built from our labor,
Sculpted by our emotion.

*Sarah Mulchand '14*

# Sailing Work

I've got to check the stays
The main to raise
Lines are tight
Set course right
Then the sail to trim
The water to skim
I've got the boat to steer
The gusts to fear
I've got the jib to skirt
The crew won't work
The wind to watch
I've got holes to patch
Then starts to win
And races to begin

Spray on me, sea spray
Breathe on me, breeze
Rock gently, waves
And revive me, seas

Boat, carry me away
Bob high and low
Let me drift along
Away from the world I know

Shine brightly, sun
Warm my back with your
Fiery embrace and
Let me escape once more

Wind, water, watchful sky
Salt, spray, sweeping sun
Float on high, sink down low
When I'm lonely it's to you I run

*Isabel de la Torre '16*



# Behind the Sugar

I live in a house of cookies and candies, of sugar-coated lies,
And when smiling faces venture too close I cut them down to size.

But not just like that—oh, no.

First, I'll butter you with compliments,
I'll make you think you're great—like I really like you—but wait—
I'll smile and I'll laugh with you
I'll tell you everything you want to hear
until you hold me dear;
I will make my place in your heart
And you'll never want to leave
Because I give you everything you need…
And then I'll tear you apart.

But it's not just that—no…

First, when I see you coming towards me
With that smile on your face, my heart will skip a beat
Because I can hardly believe that you'd want to talk to me.
And when I give you flowers
And everything your heart desires,
It's because I pray that you'll reciprocate—
Not the gifts, but the feelings that came with.
I'm smiling and I'm laughing because I like you—I really do—
But why should you like me?

Because behind these doors of gingerbread
Is the world I live in, painted red
And the window frames of candy cane
Are only there to block out the pain
Of the stories I've told and the tales I wove
As I shy away from the big bad wolf
That personifies my every fear
That they don't really want me here
And the only reason they really smile
Is to cleverly mask their own guile
When they think they got the best of me

Which is why you must go, you see?

*Kelsey Quan '13*

# The Vacuum

Society is a vacuum.
Its job is to keep the floor clean
By sucking up anything that interrupts the sea of white carpet.
It is quite good at its job.
Today, there is some dirt.
Dirt is no match for the vacuum.
Dirt is unknown.
Dirt is from the outside
And therefore does not belong inside.
Dirt is no match for the vacuum.
The Dirt is gone.

Society is a vacuum.
Its job is to keep the floor clean
By sucking up anything that interrupts the sea of white carpet.
It is quite good at its job.
Today, there are some wrappers.
Wrappers are no match for the vacuum.
Wrappers are unwanted.
Wrappers only cover something desirable before it is thrown away,
And therefore it need not be regarded.
Wrappers are no match for the vacuum.
The Wrappers are gone.

Society is a vacuum.
Its job is to keep the floor clean
By sucking up anything that interrupts the sea of white carpet.
It is quite good at its job.
Today, there is a red thread.
Thread is no match for the vacuum.
Thread is unusual.
Thread falls away from many other threads of a red sweater,
And therefore it stands out against the solid white carpet.
Thread is no match for the vacuum.
The Thread is gone.

Society is a vacuum.
Its job is to keep the floor clean
By sucking up anything that interrupts the sea of white carpet.
It is quite good at its job.
But if the plug was pulled out of the socket,
Over time,
The carpet would be covered with
Dirt,
Wrappers,
Threads.
It would be beautiful.

*Julie Olsen '14*

*The Great Wall* • Madeleine Joson '13
Photography

# You Gotta be Fresh

"You have to be the best," they say.
You have to be perfect in every way.
You have to play the trumpet and bassoon.
You have to hang with your friends, but be home soon.
You have to be on the varsity.
You have to get all A's and not one C.
You have to wear the newest shoes.
But like your luck, money you tend to lose.

Your hair must be cut just right.
You must hold in your anger and never fight.
You must always have a smile on your face.
You must be first in every race.
You have to be caught up on all the shows.
You have to know the lyrics everyone else knows.
Your room must be clean and you must always be kind.
Even when you want to scream, "Kiss my behind!"

You have to do service after school.
Even when you're nervous you must stay "cool."
You have to be unique but not too different.
You have to swim upstream, but fall with the current.
You have to have friends, but not too many.
You have to spend, yet save every penny.
You have to forgive without forgiveness.
You have to be healthy with an illness.

You have to dream, but not too big.
Your shovel is broken, but you have to dig.

*Sierra Lucey '14*



# Problems

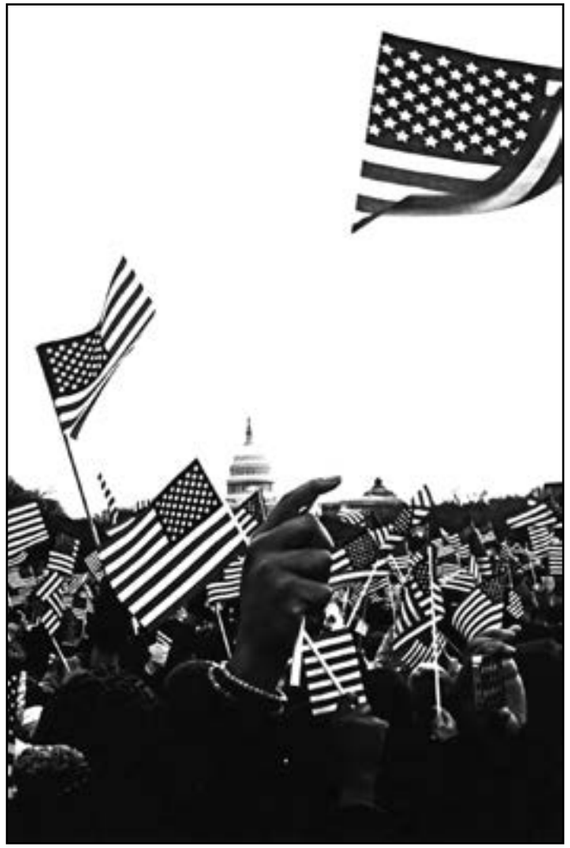
The president of Iran wants to start a nuclear war
More and more uprisings are happening in the Middle East
Obesity is at an all-time high in America
And your Facebook status isn't updated

Third world countries are struggling to gain order
Too many people are uneducated, illiterate
Gun issues in America still aren't resolved
And the Super Bowl is on

The possibility of global warming increases every day
Poverty continues to escalate throughout the world
Racism still thrives
And you can't find your charger

Tell me
Of everything above,
Which did you think about today?

*Samantha Perez '15*



*Inauguration* • Courtney Carter '13
Photography

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