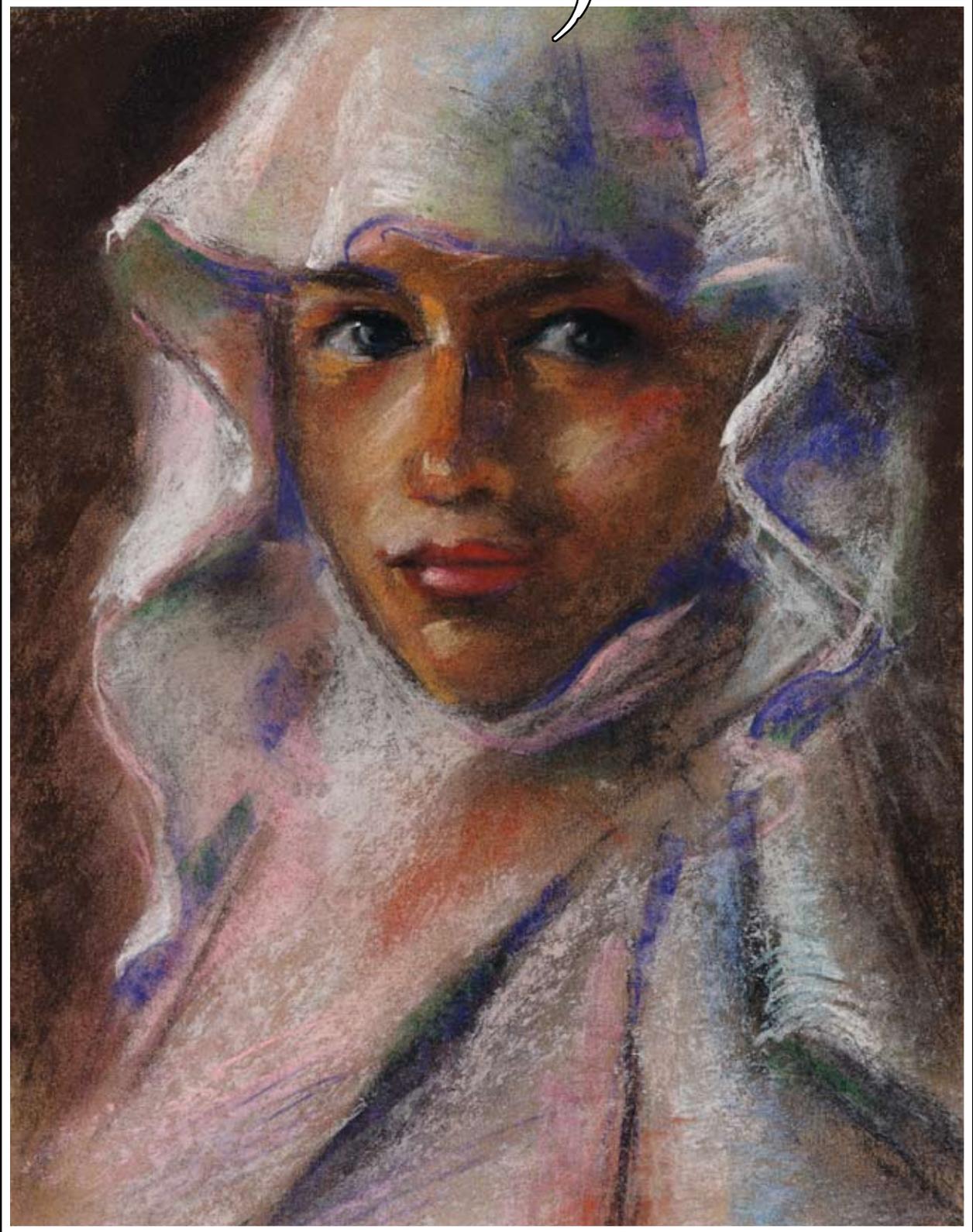


The Quill



2010

The Literary Magazine of St. Ignatius College Preparatory

DEAR READERS,

Saint Ignatius has talent; it fills every corner of the school. *The Quill* is our annual publication that showcases the literary and artistic talent of our diverse student population. Immense creativity and skill go into producing this literary magazine, from the writers, poets and artists who create the works to the editors who select the pieces for publication.

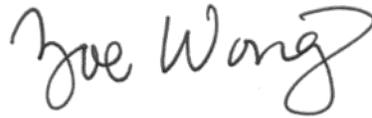
Writers who convey true emotion and beauty through words and images foster empathy and connection, which work in tandem to make us all better human beings. The poetry, short stories, photos, and artwork in this magazine provide a clear image of who we are as a community. They show our best, our worst and our most bizarre qualities. The overall picture provides a snapshot of a group of people who are diverse, intelligent, funny, and unmistakably us.

To many students, the publication of their work in *The Quill* is the beginning of their mark on the world as great writers and artists. We thank everyone for sharing his or her gifts as well as for supporting the members of our own community with each turn of the page.

Sincerely,



Emily Baylor
Editor-in-Chief



Zoe Wong
Editor-in-Chief

The Quill • 2010

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



Published by the English Department
with cooperation from
The Fine Arts Department

Editors-in-Chief

Emily Baylor
Zoe Wong

Production Editor

Christopher Hoo

Art Editors

Amanda Espiritu
Angela Owczarek

Publicity Editors

Lindsey Hoyem
Camille Ong

Editorial Board

Thomas Altmann
Lorena Arriola
Anjalee Behti
Isabella Blasi
Rachel Blomberg
Mira Bollman
Grace Buckingham
Jimmy Callinan
Kate Christian

Filippo D'Asaro
Katie Dobberstein
Brian Fung
Katie Girlich
Sofi Gomez
KC Harris
Megan Hoff
Gregory Josen

Robert Lucchesi
Sophia Melone
Alexander Nash
Luke Pappas
Pierson Racanelli
Bernadette Rabuy
Anna Sheu
Andrew Smith
Cody Warner

Faculty Advisors

Ms. Elizabeth Purcell
Mr. Jim Dekker

Faculty Support

Mr. Carlos Gazulla
Mr. Paul Totah
Ms. Katie Wolf



Untitled • Nathalie Rodriguez-Jarquin '11
Pencil



SAINT IGNATIUS COLLEGE PREPARATORY
2001 37th Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94116-1165
(415) 731-7500

To the S.I. Community:

In her seminal work *To the Lighthouse*, Virginia Woolf describes her protagonist's hesitation as she lifts a brush to a newly prepared canvas: "For a moment it stayed trembling in a painful but exciting ecstasy in the air. Where to begin?—that was the question at what point to make the first mark? One line placed on the canvas committed her to innumerable risks, to frequent and irrevocable decisions... Still the risk must be run" (235).

Whether the individual is a watercolorist, a doodler, an essayist, or a poet, the blank page is clearly an awesome thing! The emptiness of that page represents all possibilities, all potential beauty, all opportunities to share a perspective, an idea, a personal truth. Just as real, however, the artist staring at the blankness must feel hesitant at the possibility of failing to complete an excellent or unique product. In this way beginning a work of art is a test of skill; no one wants a mere approximation of the art imagined. Even more risky, as soon as the artist shapes his insights and values into a work of art, the person confronts the possibility of rejection from an often unpredictable, fickle audience. The very act of creation requires repeated acts of bravery.

Luckily for us, the artists in the S.I. community take seriously their obligation to share their talents. This year hundreds of students from all grade levels overcame their hesitation in favor of participating in the creative process. Contained in this literary magazine, works of intense truth and beauty demonstrate the skill and imagination of the best and bravest of the S.I. family. In spectacular fashion the writers, photographers, and visual artists share what is most important to them and to us. They invite us through their literature and artwork to see more clearly the world in which we live—to celebrate life and to recognize opportunity for change. It does not matter if the poem is this year's award winner or if the artwork appears on the coveted cover spot, each creative endeavor in *The Quill* enriches our lives. To these artists who filled the blank pages, who took the risks, we offer our gratitude.

In addition to those published, the many people who contributed to the production of this year's *Quill* deserve our sincere thanks. The editorial board made this issue of the magazine beautiful through their careful planning and countless hours of work. We also commend the faculty of the English and Fine Arts Departments who train students in skills that enable the artists to succeed in their efforts. Lastly we thank the moderators of *The Quill*, namely Elizabeth Purcell and Jim Dekker who consistently encourage students to strive for excellence.

As you turn the page, prepare to enjoy *The Quill, 2010!*

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kate Denning". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Kate Denning
Chair, English Department

JACKDAW

I resolve
To stop dragging it out
To jump off the cliff of my uncertainty
And fall completely, entirely
Into my future.

I resolve
To revel in philosophies
To feel myself breathe
And to take your hand
As naturally as a branch grows leaves.

I resolve
To live with fire,
With the energy of a cosmic explosion,
But with enough patience
To watch sunflowers' heads turn.

In fifty years
When I shake my snow globe of time
And watch the particles swirl around in my memory,
I want this to be
A time of beauty,

Of cumulonimbus dreams
With my toes in the dirt,

Of taste-testing
And disregard for measuring cups,

Of postcards
Of goose-bumps
Of backward-glancing waves,

Of jackdaw nests
Of dusty boots
And stalks of wheat sewn in my braids,

Of authors and prophets,
Of sacred constellations
And wondering aloud.

Because my life is too long not to be colorful
Too vast not to gaze at the complexities
Too rich not to smell of chocolate
Too lovely not to listen with open ears.

And so I give you this list,
These wealthy-life tips,
So that in fifty years
When I look at your wrinkled eyes
And my worn, cool hands
And the sand at the base of my bed
I'll know
I resolved.

Sophia Melone '10



The Eye • Marisa Bradley '10
Photography

AGE OF LOVE

Teacher of hundreds, aunt of dozens, grandmother of seven, mother of six, wife of one
As vibrant colors of the leaves change, as the snow falls, as the sun shines,
clumps of anonymous clouds overcast my mind and memory—
A lifetime of preciousness and passion
NOW

Ban from the stove

Unable to recognize who stands in front of me

Can't hear on the TV's max volume

Unsure whether I've eaten breakfast

Color blind.

Time inevitably controls me physically and mentally
Has youth snatched all hope and faith?
Never forget, always remember—
My loved ones will never cease
to echo my name.
What's my
name?

Kristie Babasa '10

.45

Noisy stones scream as I buff them against the earth, inching backwards in my stolen Nikes
I can feel my heart stop, then beat twice fast, almost as if making up for the ruined rhythm
The rigid apprehension then leaves me motionless, exhausted by my own immobility
My eyes are locked on his furrowed brow, uneven wrinkles, piercing pupils
Five feet, tense air, a dead stare, and silence separate us
All blood drains to my arms and feet, weighing me down
My hard, flavorless gum sits near the back of my mouth
Short breaths pour into the air in loud, irregular echoes
An extended right arm has never posed such a threat
I can already smell the blood painted on the gravel
I can see it happen, but hope to God it doesn't
My stilts for legs are too scared to shake now
Forgetting the words to my prayers
Our Father, full of grace
Pray for us sinners
Now, and at the
Hour of our
Death

Anjalee Behti '10

DREAMS ARE FAIRYTALES

The sunshine sends the shivers down my spine,
So phony, never phased by the rays as I lift.
The week won't begin without a summer's sense of time,
Love's daydream, I wake up to God's gift.
Day turns to night as dreams fade away,
Only finding peace in the crease of the covers.
An angel's instrumentals of pain start to play,
A simple symphony made from screams of thy lover.
Add some reverb and some bass to the rhythm,
A twist of blessed vocals like a breath of fresh air.
Hope that my kaleidoscope emits clear vision,
A splash of the brass to get from here to there.
To a dream, it would seem life plays on acapella,
For our realities are glass slippers, but our dreams are Cinderella.

Justin Eggleston '12

FOR THE MOTHERLAND

We cross today for what they say
Will drive Franz from the city
We, alone, and what's to be shown
Will surely grant us no pity

Honor and glory is what they were saying
In the telegram that fateful day
I dreamed of battles and heroes and plight,
Little knew I what will be laying
Little knew I, though soon I'd find
Not one of us returns alright.

"Comrades" they call us, "soldiers Red"
Little knew I, 't was because we bled
"Comrades, Soviets, brave men all"
Stalin said we hold his city lest we fall
"Failure is death" they make it so,
"Retreat is treason" traitors die as we know
So, seeing as there's no reason
We'll never retreat, it's known
We are dead men
Caught in this fight all around
Commissars behind, their guns abound
Yet we have none and yet our job:
Storm the hill as a mob

Enemies at our backs, at front our Foes
We must kill to live yet not our enemies
No, shot on sight means "we oppose"
Yet shot on thought entails resent.

We crossed the Volga ten thousand strong
Yet one gun for two men it wouldn't last
And yet we ran since we died fast
Whilst we sang our song with loud and true
If only I could believe this world I knew

With the final skirmish won and silence through the air
The commissar for my company, as empty as I despair
Came to me and quietly said "Comrade we've done it
The City of Steel is finally safe, through our works for life
And our deeds so brave, We have served Stalin to end the
strife"

I thought and thought till finally I said
"Weren't for you, more may be alive"
I shot him dead so that he'd know
What he'd really conveyed
As a member of the Soviet State
I decided it was time he paid

Ten thousand men died that day
I count myself among them
I count the sand and as it may
There's too many for me to say
I count the stars as I do my scars
They will be always

What did I gain what did I lose
Why couldn't I choose?
To live or die like Stalin demands
All I can say is for what it's worth
It was for the Motherland

Ted Niemira '12

IF YOU KNEW

If you knew
Would I still be the star
Who makes nights what they are

If you knew
Could I still hold your hand
When you're falling apart

Could I still fake a smile so the tears in your eyes
Never fall, never fall to the floor
If you knew I was falling for you
Would you let me be more?

Nathaniel Nunez '11

SHADOWED MEMORIES

There are shadows and moonbeams in our life,
Yet we see only that which softly glows.
What man would choose to dwell on shadow and strife?
We look to our friends, and ignore the foes.
Yet cannot knowledge from 'membrance in mist
Be just as insightful and forward led?
For happy memories our minds do twist,
And no asset is it when the thought's dead.
Yet there can arise from less cheerful thinking
Powerful lessons from life you must learn.
For it's from experience of sinking
That for life one may soon begin to yearn.

For it is the rough thoughts that make us strong,
The pleasant are there so we know we belong.

Cori Martin '12

THE FLOWER

All through the seasons the flower stood
like a statue with a great strong hood.

When the sun shone through the blistering clouds
the flower stood straight and came through the crowds.

When the rain fell down and drowned the field,
the flower withered but didn't lose its shield.

When the wind blew all winter long,
its roots held firm and its stem stood strong.

When new stems blossomed through the ground,
it welcomed them to spread all around.

It stood in the ground for many ages,
but one year it just couldn't pass the stages.

When the sun came out and brightened the day,
the stem turned brown and the leaves wouldn't stay.

When the clouds grew heavy and droplets fell,
its stem collapsed and it didn't look well.

When the wind came and attacked its prey,
its roots split open and the flower blew away.

For a long while, the other flowers cried,
for they had witnessed how their friend had died.

But a year later, when spring came around,
a little stem popped from under the ground.

Valerie Chiang '13



Home • Theresa Martin '11
Photography

QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT

noun: a system of two or more objects in which the quantum states of the constituting objects are linked together so that one object can no longer be adequately described without full mention of its counterpart

A hot shower of stars blindfolds my eyes.
Her fingers glide through ruffled tangles of hair.
Her vanilla-lace scent entraps my nose.
My world, condensed in her arms--
Enveloped in her, I cannot be saved.
My heart lunges for her, but is bound by its cage.
Every last muscle aches with passion.
My conscience is slowly devoured by lust
The taste of her lips, the comfort of her embrace--
Where love and a new life should begin.
But my insecurities collapse at her feet.
I reject her invitation to become complete.

David Monticelli '11

THE STAIN

Watch the purple butterflies fly in the orange golden light
While we stand on the ground.
The sun has already set on us
And cast what beauty we possess in shadows.
We can never be as pure or beautiful as them,
Our wings are stained with human nature.
Butterflies don't hate, they aren't jealous nor are they proud.
Butterflies don't harm, they don't discriminate or judge.
But butterflies don't love.
Butterflies can't love.
Not because they don't want to
But because they are not made to.
They just float there in the golden light and give beauty to the imperfection below.

Christen Bertain '12

THROUGH SLANTED EYES

Right Now!

I'm hearing generalizations and seeing insecurities,
tasting bitter stereotypes and smelling simmering irritability.
I'm making my way through the land of freedom and opportunity,
but I'm only feeling a nation's ignorance and callousness.

"Hey chink, open your eyes!"
Why don't you open your eyes?

Prankster youth, sarcastic and sharp, arrogant and American,
nurtured under flippant, culturally accepted racism
They throw taunts over their shoulders, cutting straight to the bone,
laugh it off as a well-played joke, insults sung as an anthem.

"Strike a funny pose! Peace signs! Stretch your eyes out!"

America's sweethearts pull and stretch the shape of their eyes,
jeering and sneering into the camera lens, laughing in fake surprise
Mocking appearances in a culture where appearance is everything,
it's clear how you really feel about people of my ethnicity.

"Geez, why do all Asian people look the same?"
Can we say lack of exposure?

I'm given puddle shallow opinions that there are only slight differences,
commentators broadcasting same skin! Hair! Lack of eyelashes!
I'm given razor edged ridicule oozing from every well meaning charmer,
shadowed reflections in their eyes betray their true character.

"You need to get a sense of humor. You're too sensitive."
Are you kidding me? Is that what you really believe?

I refuse to be the butt of racial slurs, phony bright smile pasted on,
kissing my way up, demure, submissive, and withdrawn
I refuse to silence my opinion of a nation stuffed with double standards,
spewing corrupted minds mouthing ignorant phrases, spiraling downwards.

Right Now!

I hear jokesters flinging out excuses and becoming defensive,
claiming innocence, obliviousness, but they only appear edgy and restive
I hear denial of responsibility, piles of excuses for lack of sensitivity
but I hear no apologies for crushing my pride and dignity.

Amanda Espiritu '10



Miseducation • Anjalee Behti '10
Photography

A NEIGHBORHOOD OF CONTAMINATION: HUNTER'S POINT

Overlooking what used to be the naval shipyard-
Now it is toxic land,
Filled with pollution and contamination.
Each breath I take, my lungs fill up with this poison;
“Cancer-land” is a good name for the place.

Dirt covering the land,
Trucked away because of the harsh lead paint,
Seeping into each particle of living dirt.
Landfill right next to the water,
Polluting more water and land within just seconds.

Run-down, gray building,
Broken windows seen all around.
Used to store automobiles,
Oil running loose,
Escaping to the outside land.

More parks than any other neighborhood;
Holes in the metal fence,
A child loses his basketball,
Wandering down to “Cancer-Land,”
Not the most desirable place to have parks.

New condos being built on this land,
Overlooking a vacant dump.
Cheap leases being offered,
For this contaminated area;
Not knowing what to do with this land.

Federal funds to clean up toxic waste sites,
Jobs of the National Priorities List-
This place seems threatened with hazardous substances;
Superfund without much money,
Not so “super” after all.

Naval Radiological Defense Lab,
Radiation still slowly seeps out.
Animals buried in grass-landfill caught on fire,
Thick smoke making its way to the Neighborhood.
A high percentage of asthma and cancer in Hunter's Point.

Heron's Park close by;
Water filled with Mercury and Lead,
People have to eat the fish to survive,
Poisoning themselves that night.
The air filled with pollution from trucks.

Power plant shut down,
Replanting native plants around the land.
New building built by a community group,
Holding Environmental classes for all-
Maybe there is some hope.

Megan O'Meara '10

“GOOD FENCES MAKE GOOD NEIGHBORS.”

Inspired by the Robert Frost Poem “Mending Wall”

A stone divide, no more than a foot high.
Maintaining peace for two hundred years,
Maybe even more, who am I to know.
A tradition passed on to me by my father
Who learned it from his father and so on.
A tradition liked and loved by all in these parts.
But maybe my neighbor across the way,
Though he comes to me every year at rebuilding time,
Feels differently than I and the rest of us.
I see the way he looks at the little gaps.
“Where do they come from,” he wonders.
Could there be something that doesn't love a wall?
Like a Colt too young to walk straight, he stumbles
With ideas opposed to the beloved lines of demarcation.
Making his case he tells me his apple trees
Will never cross to eat my pinecones.
I reply the way my father did to his kind.
With a sigh of agreement, we go back to our work,
Diligently replacing the fallen stones
To their respective places of rest.
Bending down to pick up a stray stone,
He pauses and observes his worn cut hands.
“You hear about those young fools way out in Hickory County,
Crazy thinking they don't need walls.” I say to him.
But he doesn't respond, just picks up another stone.
But I know he thinks like the rest of the young radicals.
What is the point of doing this every year?
Something there is that doesn't love a wall.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair.
He has no obvious culprit to verify his argument.
No neighborhood children who
Take pleasure in dismantling our work.
He has only the fantasy of believing
The fallen stones are the work of elves.
So each year we go about our duty.
Renewing conversations between us
That we started at a similar time last spring.
Defining the extents of our properties.
Carrying on the work of our fathers before us.
Fueled only by the belief that,
“Good fences make good neighbors.”

Luke Pappas '11

THE MUNI

The Muni bus lines are not that bad kids with rides like to say.
Could they imagine two hours of hell I go through every day?
Well I still have to take the C.Y.O that's just as bad.
But MY tin cans aren't full of friends...just psychos and the mad.
But least you don't have a teen driver swerve you close t'ward dying!
Scary for my iron giant jolts, jerks, yanks while driving.
I get your point...but it is not really like hell on wheels.
In hell you don't have a eight-ton backpack crushing your heels.
Just get your drivers license if the bus it is too much!
Please all that studying on top of school, homework and such?
Enough of this just find a fix to end your problems now.
An end to all Muni problems this is my final vow!
But once sport season does begin and rides they are plenty,
I miss untold good times we had with my old enemy.

Jon Bachmann '12

FAVORITE SONGS

I wanna hold on to you, for as long as I can
I want to feel your love; I wanna hold your hand
It isn't fair that our time is so short
There's so much more that I wanna do and say
So many memories, with me, can you please stay?
I cry because I have hope, the hope of just another day
Hope that this disease, this cancer, will up, leave and go away
I love; dear mom and I wish I only knew
How to show you and tell you
But that concept in me is askew
I think about it a lot and I can't help but wonder
What happens when I need a grandma to handle my kids afraid of thunder?
What about my wedding day? Will I pick the right dress?
What about my husband? Will you approve of him, say yes?
I don't wanna let her down and I don't wanna let you down
I can't let myself drown in the ocean of turmoil and chaos
Sometimes there's nothing you can do, it's scary as hell
The only thing we ever have is the truth
I'm gonna miss you, I'm gonna need you after you're gone
But I'm always gonna keep loving you like the words to our favorite songs

Jordan Boyer '10

A THING CALLED

love
this is a poem about
love
a song about
love
and a story about
love
that revolves around
love
and evolved from
love
john told us
“all you need is
love”
is the greatest thing
love!
but man, sometimes it can hurt
[no] love...
when all you want is
love
and you give so much
love
yes, only so much
love...
only
love
(can triumph).
one
love,
be
love;
be (in) love
fall (in) love
stay (in) love
am (in) love
love.
LOVE!
(sigh) love...
(grin) love
(frustration, SUSPICION) love.
(heartbreak) love?
(my heart's in pieces)

heartbroken—
yes, love.
[it] makes us human
is only a word
connected to a FEELING.
[is PAIN is HARD is POWER is PASSION is BLISS is
FREEDOM is BEAUTY and, and is truth and is letdowns
and is, is...]
more than a feeling, a sensation, an impulse...
more than a word
[it] changes life
[it] gives life
[it] makes life...
so,
love and be loved
hurt and be hurt
hate and so be it, receive hate
reap joy and see joy.
but always, ALWAYS, when all else fails,
love.
the best is (deep breath):
when
love is just
coming down
yes, (sigh) raining down.
when you
want it so bad
NEEDitsoBAD...
love, (sigh) coming down
yes,
pouring down
(because of him)
yes, all is good now.
love is Love is LOVE is...
enough of this.
(repeat)

Cecilia Vollert '11

SINGING THE SONG

Golden Gate Park sings, Her lips chant foreign secrets.
She throws them at me like flames of fire, burning my heart as I listen.
She once played a beautiful song – yes, indeed, a beautiful song perfectly in sync with my breath.
Why that tune disappeared, I do not know;
I beseech her stubborn heart.
She, sullenly shaking her head, shares not.

Her voice clouds the crawling creatures, cackling as she flies into darkness.
The harmonious melody I once heard soon ruptured into discord –
My friends! The ducks at Spreckels Lake, quack, shout for that melodious tune!
The gophers in Lindley Meadow, snuggled in their furrows, only dream to hear that rhyme.
The bison roam aimlessly in the meadow following that distant sound.
Men, women, children, they all come to hear that beautiful song.

The song, I hear not;
I see the mighty trees surround me, guard me, protect me, shelter me.
The morning air burns my nostrils open, the fog still lingering from the evening.
I feel the breeze, the clean air that blankets me from the city.
I taste the sweet mist falling from the sky, falling from the Soul.
I seek sound and song; I am told She refuses to sing again.

The winds blow violently yearning for that special melody;
I wish I knew.
She leans over and whispers “Listen to your heart and sing.”
With great trepidation, I murmur a tune;
the ducks quack a tune,
the gophers beat the rhyme,
the bison bellow a foreign song.
Men, women, children, they dance and sing in joy.
“I hear the song!” “I hear the song!”

Indeed, the song, the song we sing together,
together with life.

Elaine Yan '11

BLACK AND WHITE

Remember
the strange
and bitter fruit
swaying in the southern breeze
Today we wipe the memories of burning flesh
if only to face worse in this single act, this single, final act
The first and last dénouement, though the prize may not be in sight, it's in the sight of
our successors
But first comes this journey, this journey that we make together, as one
We are the last of the strange fruit
but we aren't the last
The fight continues
til color
floods

Closer
ever closer
black and white
painted with shades of red
Color infiltrates the high walls hung with fruit
til blood is the color of skin, and skin has no meaning
Here we stand on the threshold of a new era, destinies inextricably bound, freedom staring
us straight in the face
Then, pain shoots up my back leg, teeth sink deep into raw flesh
dragged back slowly, dreams slip through my fingertips
torn flesh, but heart content
I almost reached
the promised
land

Emily Clark '10

SORT OF

I am becoming sort of
I am becoming more and more unread
The copyright
I am toothpaste
Minty and squeezed out
My hands can only finger pain,
Along the edges of the love
I don't want to be sort of
I want to be a sure.
I am pulsating, beating in bigger and longer waves every time.
I want to be transparent,
But I don't want you to see right past me.
I don't want to call out too loud
If you don't turn around
But I need a pledge of allegiance
To make sure I am not only sort of.

Camille Ong '10



Aura of Ambiguity • Christopher Hoo '10
Photography

MADNESS

“The man has gone mad!” a woman screamed atop the building’s ledge
A lanky corpse that’s face was warped shook violently towards the edge
His nails were long and spotted black and his beard as white as snow
His eyes had bags, he draped in rags, and his shoes he began to throw
The lemmings below that buzzed the street looked up to hear him scream
An awful screech meant to beseech acknowledgement for his esteem
Their faces such horror and their screams of surprise did nothing for his pitiful stare
His toes inched closer towards inevitable torture that lay below down there
“I’ve never seen that man before!” the woman yelled into the phone
Four men in black ran to attack the madman who was alone
But how did she not notice him when he was there every day
Sure to snore outside the door of her office on weekdays
In fact he was passed by thousands of drones walking and talking away
Yet nobody stopped to see his head drop from the loneliness he couldn’t convey
The madness in this man was always there though he may have lived a normal life before
As the madness in Cain came to leave Abel slain, his own brother that he’d abhorred.
The lesson of this story is a simple one that explains the human condition
That each shielded man does not know he can become mad in the given situation
Disappointment and fear and loneliness drove the man to the brink of death
For he was rejected and thus he intended to reject what he’d been blessed
So let us see farther than our eyes have before and listen and be aware
Of the cuts we inflict and the insanity that drips from those wounds caused by those who don’t care.

Samantha Hyland '11

SLEEP, GRACEFUL SLEEP

Sleep, graceful sleep, it brings you just to think
Of many questions like, “Which? What? Where? When?”
You think of past events and try to link
But this weary worn mind is at wits end
Dreams, sweet dreams, bring familiar places
Fond memories, cheerful days, below’d past
Reminiscing the frivolous faces
These vagrant visions disappear too fast
Awake, being awake, a dream deferred
As exhaustion festers, the mind grows weak
Visions of witches and warlocks unblurred
Eyelids drop, paced pulse, final blissful sleep
Even if this hath made sleep seem tranquil
This poem is really just a pasquil

Amanda Lim '12

THE PARDON

Home for the weekend, they rallied at the bar.
Now I'm begging for the pardon.
They came after my brother; there was nothing else I could do.
Now I'm waiting for the pardon.
A few punches later, one of them was down.
Now I'm pleading for the pardon.
The others ran home, but He never got up.
Now I'm hoping for the pardon.
The next week I was in the Hole, and He was in the Ground.
They had rejected my pardon.
A Shame, a Disgrace, a Pity, and a Misfortune,
I really needed that pardon.
Ten years later, the Day finally came.
I sat there praying for a pardon.
Sadistic, Barbaric, Electric, Cruel,
There Is No Hope For My Pardon.
A Jolt, a Jerk, Silence, Darkness,
I only lived for the pardon.

Katie Dobberstein '11

THEY SENT ME UPSTATE

Dear brother,

They sent me upstate
Where the roses are red and the violets are blue
And they pile the bodies on the soft morning dew

They sent me upstate
Where the elm and the oak
Are framed by the spiraling sickening smoke

They sent me upstate
Where the rivers are clear
And your closest friend is your incessant fear

They sent me upstate
Where the birds soar in the sky
They sent me to Belzec and here I will die

Matt Nikovits '12

FROM MY ROOM ON THE UPSTAIRS FLOOR

Right now, she walks,
Gut forward, hip jutting out,
Compensating for the spiraling spine, easing the pain beyond the help of puncture,
But solved by the magic Motrin.

Right now, he sleeps,
Snoring between the weather and afternoon soap opera,
High volume penetrating through the thick layers of rugs, floor runners, sheetrock,
Oblivious to the sharp whistle of the steaming kettle.

She eats,
Scattered treats stuffed in mislabeled boxes of all shapes and sizes,
Crunchy crackers and cookies, salty and savory, remedial replacements supported by supplements,
Stove no longer sizzling at noon.

He tends,
Fertilizing the leafy growing green jungle,
Working, wading in weeds and tall blades, flowers overshadowed by a stunted lemon tree,
The only path of slight cracking concrete hugging the house wall.

He says, she says,
Clear yet stumbling dialect repeating, louder with each TIME,
Lost in translation, unheard, recalling memories unknown, faces and places unseen,
Logic straddling sides, tradition versus capitalism and modern medicine.

The windows slam shut,
Covered by nets, never dusted,
Temperature upstairs defying the natural laws, suffocating, trapping the oily scent of herbs and sweat,
Deflecting leeching bugs.

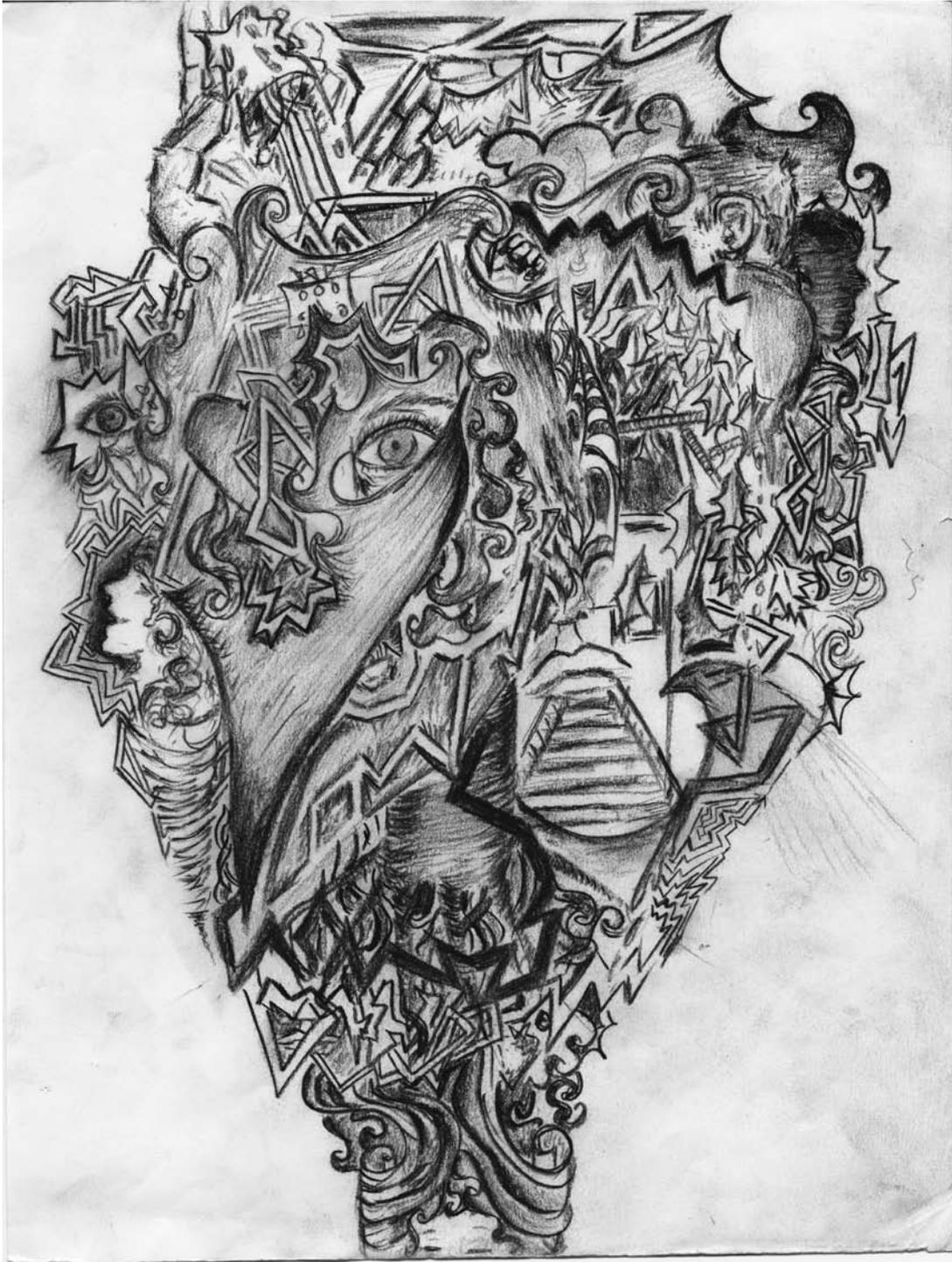
We carry,
Old World traditions of filial piety observed,
Manipulated, criticized by outsiders, misunderstood because they don't think like us, don't see or feel,
They don't live here.

Zoe Wong '10

THE TWELVE MONTHS

January brings
frigid wind running rampant
over barren trees
 February sun
 pokes its head out, sees shadows,
 scurries back in fright
March signals a change;
snow melts in patches, the world
begins to warm up
 April tulips grow
 up on grassy fields and our
 imagination
May flowers, gracef'ly
budding joy, celebrating
brand-new blooming life
 June introduces
 summer excitement; airplanes
 clutter the whole sky
July brings the heat;
find relief from red-hot ground
in white clouds, blue sky
 August, longing to
 bask in more relaxation
 'fore school keeps it out
September trees catch,
are consumed brilliantly by,
the fires of change
 October ground grows
 more and more muddled with browned
 crunched and crushed dead leaves
November descends.
Chills, frost, follow like shadows
halted by thresholds
 December: winter.
 First true snow sprinkling pine trees;
 picturesque season.

Meg Summa '12



Madness • Nikki Narváez '10
Pencil

ILY <3

I.

I saw the minds of my generation lose their individuality to the savage of abbreviated words and smiley faces stripping away the power of words
Who choose to sit in a dark room staring at illusions of beauty while the sun sets behind the cement walls that block out the fresh air
Who prefer the simple option of a message of a few words to the dialing a mere seven digits to hear the sound of a real voice
Who lost the power to communicate to a false ideal of hundreds of friends by the clicking of a button
Who feel a stronger connection to the prime time protagonists than the people who they pass everyday of their lives
Who feel that constant need to be connected, dreading the reality of the a walking into a dead zone
Who feed on the words of the twisted fabrications that idealize the lives of a complete stranger
Who shove a spoon down their throat to reach the paradise of size zero perfection
Who have forgotten the meaning of what a letter in the mail once meant, asking why bother, ever heard of e-mail?
Who say ummm... like... duhhh more than they ever utter thank you and I love you to those who surround them
Who find pleasure in a world where they can reach the highest level of achievement by sitting in chairs and only moving their fingers destroying virtual evils while a homeless man huddles in a doorway a block away
Who believe in the possibility of an eharmony romance that is built from a "true" chemistry match derived from a database formula for love
Who know that meaning of lol, brb, and ttyl more than they understand AZT, ARV, and TAC, the keys to preventing the death of millions of orphaned Africans battling AIDS
Who wish for the stardom of a Hollywood celebrity rather than the Nobel Peace Prize winners revolutionizing the world
Who have perfected the art of hiding a phone from the teacher who has the false hope that someone in the class is actually paying attention
Who can recognize the McDonald's M from a mile way yet they can't even recognize the symbol of blindness in the a novel they read on Sparknotes

II.

Machines, manipulating the children of the world into dollar signs and perfect consumers
Machines, diminishing the relationship between a mother and daughter to a few sporadic texts, which inconveniently interrupt the busy life of a teenager
Machines, covering and obscuring the joy of Mother Nature and finding a way to put a price on the sun
Machines, whose fiber optic web wraps the world tighter and tighter every day, squeezing out the last breath of the personal connection
Machines, calling, texting, and buzzing during the silence of the funeral of our parents' parents
Machines, echoing the ring tone of *Dead and Gone* as the postman delivers the mail, if there is any these days
Machine, challenging every establishment that tries to question the power of the new age, calling it out-dated, old, and archaic

Brooke Carter '10

WEEDING

Unseen, bitter, colossal,
Cold pushes.
Wet bullets
Hit us from all sides
As our aching muscles arms flex and our fingers fight the freeze, tightening
Their grips on our picks.
The blurry cold pushes hair in face and hoods off heads.
Concrete curtained skies.
White wisps here and there, like smoke frozen in the heavens.

Skinny six-inch shafts of grass
—The six footers of their kind—
Colonize, rest, and settle in a barrio not their own—
Like our dead, urban metal in once breathing green carpets.
Except they deem less obvious. With their verdant physique, they cheat us. Deceit in leafy stature.
We play hide and seek and I seek
These liars.
I dismantle their foundation because I won't stand
to see missionaries stand on Native Americans' soil.
Plus, it's getting chilly and the bus patiently waits for scuffling feet
shuffling adobe mud, Nikes and chucks impatient for their seats.

I scream blusters to their base with the blows of my pick, rake out the roots, dodge backward hits.
Job well done when they say it's over.
It's over.

Carmela Gaspar '10

7/8/76 – DEAR DIARY

I was on duty, and I took a stroll.
And soon to my dismay, I found a bell.
In two, it lay on ground, not as a whole.
It split right down the middle when it fell.
I saw its writing, at which I did look,
Though it was not of much use now, this plaque.
And yes, I heard of this bell in a book.
It rang for justice but would always crack.
Proclaiming “liberty throughout . . . the land
And unto all . . . inhabitants thereof,”
It rang not sound but symbols, and the brand
Was taken from the verse of God above.
Indeed, I would have liked to hear them sing,
“From every mountainside, let freedom ring.”

Nick Lawrie '12



Strength • Nathalie Rodriguez-Jarquin '11
Pencil

LJFE, HAIKU-ED

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|
| 1 | Gurgle, gurgle, burp!
Watch the shapes hanging up;
There's poop in my pants | | |
| 2 | Crawling on the floor.
"Mama, papa, googooba!
NO NO NO NO NO!" | 3 | I love my preschool –
I go potty by myself!
Nice Velcro sneakers |
| 3 | Gurgling on the floor.
"Mama, papa, googooba!
NO NO NO NO NO!" | 4 | That's MY plastic truck!
You can play with blocksinstead.
I don't want nap time. |
| 4 | Gurgling on the floor.
"Mama, papa, googooba!
NO NO NO NO NO!" | 5 | 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Kindergarten is so fun!
Mommy says I'm smart! |
| 5 | Gurgling on the floor.
"Mama, papa, googooba!
NO NO NO NO NO!" | 6 | I can write my name:
M-Y space N-A-M-E
1 + 1 is 2 |
| 6 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 7 | I keep growing, I'm
Getting smarter every day:
Multiplication |
| 7 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 8 | Awkward stage is here.
Everyone says it will pass
Growing out and up |
| 8 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 9 | 4th grade is awesome!
I have lots of friends with me
and I know most things. |
| 9 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 10 | Focus on my look!
Mom! I need that new, cute top!
Boys boys boys boys boys |
| 10 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 11 | Freshman in high school.
Where'd my grammar school
friends go?
I want to fit in. |
| 11 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 12 | Livin' the good life.
Everything's great: Sweet Sixteen
Party with my friends. |
| 12 | I have no front teeth.
I'll show you mine, show me yours.
Wanna play with me? | 13 | Freedom. School. Friendships.
I've come so far in knowledge:
Such maturity. |
| 13 | Lip gloss is poppin' –
Bar Mitzvah every week.
Drop it like it's hot | 14 | Stab girls in the back. |
| 14 | Freshman in high school.
Where'd my grammar school
friends go?
I want to fit in. | 15 | Now the party's on
Getting in the groove of
things
Stab girls in the back. |
| 15 | Freshman in high school.
Where'd my grammar school
friends go?
I want to fit in. | 16 | Sweet Sixteen
Party with my friends. |
| 16 | Freshman in high school.
Where'd my grammar school
friends go?
I want to fit in. | 17 | |

Juliet Knox '10

THEY CAN'T BOTHER ME

The tree pokes its head out of the ground,
And the weeds come,
But the tree grows higher, above the weeds.

The weeds do not bother me.

Rains come,
And mud tries to suffocate the tree,
But again, it grows higher, above the mud.

The mud does not bother me.

A plastic bag flies by,
And hooks on young, fragile branches,
But the branches grow stronger, and the tree grows higher.

The garbage plastic bag does not bother me.

A storm comes,
And strikes the tree's branches.
Roots rip from the ground,
And the tree falters,
Unable to find its strength to grow higher.

But then fresh, green leaves sprout,
And new, moist bark grows.
And the tree grows higher,
Higher than it ever has before,
Above the weeds and garbage and storms.

And I see the tree,
So beautiful and free.

They can't bother me.

Chloe Doherty '10

THE SWING SET

Today the sun shines bright
In New Orleans of 2005
As Mama makes a swing set,
Waiting for her boys to arrive.

Here comes a little breeze
That blows a towel off the tree.
Mama leaves it on the ground
And watches a bird fly free.

The swing set's made of cherry wood
And it's for her little boys
Because today it is their birthday
And they deserve a new toy.

The Southern winds play some more
And tip the paint can over.
Mama picks it back up
And spies a lucky clover.

She thinks of how fast her boys grow up
And who they'll grow up to be
Sammy's grown up quiet and shy
While Tommy's wild and free.

As the tree leaves rattle overhead
Mama whispers to the sea,
"If any tragedy befalls my little boys,
It would be the death of me."

It's just as the thunder hits
That her boys come running home
Wind clashes overhead
And strike down their lovely sea home.

Mama hugs her boys with one arm
And holds the swing set with the other.
She protects her little boys
As in comes another souther.

"Mama, save us!" her little boys cry
As tears of God rain down.
Mama smiles at her little boys
As water rises from the ground.

"Mama, save us!" her little boys cry
As the swing set starts to crack.
Mama's eyes go wide in fright.
The sky above goes black.

"Mama, save us!" her little boys cry
As Zeus throws his mighty bolt
And hits the swing set at the crack
And Mama's heart then revolts.

She cries out in panic
And in her frenzy lets go
Of the little boys she held so dear
The little boys she loved so.

"Mama, Mama!" her little boys cry
But to no avail
As the flood of New Orleans
Swallows up their wails.

Mama reaches out
To save her little boys
As behind her the swing set splits
And with it all her joys.

But the Southern winds are still at play
And as Mama reaches out
They take the water of the flood
And throw it all about.

So in the end, Mama lost
All that she had cherished.
And lived as the reason why
Both her children perished.

Kelsey Quan '13

LIFE'S INSTRUCTIONS

1. Watch the sunrise and sunset
2. Blow bubbles, not smoke rings
3. Don't be a know-it-all
4. Sing in the shower
5. Visit your dentist and floss
6. Smile at everyone in your path
7. Accept all baked goods
8. Spend your Saturdays outdoors
9. Be a shoulder to cry on
10. Go out and exercise, regularly
11. Have a budget and stick to it
12. Take pictures of all around you
13. Make art and hang it on the wall
14. Don't harass your body
15. Really do your spring cleaning
16. Have faith in others
17. Find a good book and read it
18. Forgive and forget the past
19. Respect everyone, even if they're wrong
20. Have a journal and write in it, regularly
21. Remember where you came from
22. Have a good cry, regularly
23. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth
24. Don't be afraid to express yourself
25. Don't judge, and be open
26. Cleanup after yourself
27. Always make your bed
28. Work at a soup-kitchen
29. Fall in love, marry for love
30. Make someone's day, regularly
31. Give out compliments
32. Practice good hygiene
33. Have a good work ethic
34. Say "please" and "thank you"
35. Take time to smell the flowers
36. Lend a hand to the homeless
37. Keep your promises
38. Make new friends and keep them
39. Return borrowed pens
40. Give hugs, regularly
41. Take a walk in the park
42. Think before you speak
43. Be kind to the earth and mother nature
44. Be bold and daring, with caution
45. Stop using electronics as much
46. Laugh at your mistakes
47. Never mix plaid with stripes
48. Try to refrain from gossiping
49. Don't procrastinate
50. Spend some time alone, regularly

The chance of a lifetime.
Embrace it and don't look back.
Take a deep breath,
And enjoy the ride.

Katherine Santillan '11



Alone on a Staircase • Kelsey Krook '11
Photography



Jose Luis - Casa de Milagros Orphanage, Peru • Annie Dillon '11
Photography

WHAT WILL HAPPEN

My eyes burn with passionate satisfaction
Along my mind wrapped in omnipresent distraction
As you pass this way
My voice is speechless, without words to say
The strut
Oh, my gut
Gurgles and sways
The back of my eyes is filled with a certain haze
Inhibition
With a quick decision
I decide to make my choice
To find my voice
Yet my natural instinct seems to prevent
Me, from entering this event
The Present
Soon the Future
May it defer?
Shall I concur?
Noooo!!!
This cannot be not so!!!
What has passed cannot last
Nor recur
The writing on the wall
To leave the Past behind, I shall
I'll take this opportunity to shine
Suddenly, with that whoosh bam quickness and glorious inspiration
Within the recesses of liquid contemplation
Near shadowy confrontation
Heartthrob everywhere
Slow eventual wear and tear
I take that step
I can't be inept
Inhale exhale of deep anxiety
Finally, eventually, ultimately, suddenly
...
To you girl
With no intention to push or shove
As I float upon this vertigo swirl
I express my love

Christopher Abrigo-Mendoza '12

PCFCA

I run, I roam, I recognize
The fog, the foam, the feeling.
Trees so tall, hills so green
The ocean, blue-green, vast.
The sleepy town, hustle and bustle
The grainy, gritty sand, the sharp, shrill seagulls
The breezy bluffs, the serene valleys
The bizarre, murky haze
The Mazzeti's Bakery, the Safeway
The Walgreens, the 24 Hour Fitness
The Manor Music, the McDonalds
The beach, the sea.
I watch the riptide
grabbing the unsuspecting seagull
I sit on the cliff
Overlooking the endless water
This is my kingdom, my territory
From the dazzling, gleaming water
To the curious, intriguing fog.
This is Pacifica, my Pacifica.

Yvette Bea '13

THE CALL OF THE PIPER

I'd been sitting in the citadel
For 11 short years
On the edge of the mountains
Lined with fog and with fear
I took the road by the valley
Hypnotized, I went west
I had hoped that it all
Would work out for the best

I'm nothing but a child
Who followed the sound
Of the rat catcher's pipe
And we're not to be found
Staggering through the forest
Seeing nothing but black
I heard the call of the Piper
And I'm not coming back

He led us from Hamelin
To this cave where we stay
We'll go to the river
To make the rats go away
The ones who fell back
The lame and the deaf
Were lucky enough
To stay behind when we left

Matthew Caracciolo '12

FELL THROUGH THE CRACKS

There's something I want to tell you
But I can't find the words
They were there a minute ago
But I've forgotten what I was getting towards
If I had remembered my notebook
I could've written it down
If I had only remembered
I could've told you when you came around

It was such a fine poem
You would've loved it I'm sure
Now writer's block is plaguing me
If I could only find the cure
It was rich, it was flowing
It was dirty yet pure
It repulsed and disgusted
Yet was full of allure

It was epic and haunting
Neither right nor wrong
It belonged with the classics
Where the hell has it gone?
It could rest with the art
That no one has written
And I'll grasp at this loss
With which I've been smitten

Matthew Caracciolo '12

INVINCIBLE

Oh, how invincible I feel.
How youth can inspire you to soar.
Youth is such a catalyst for foolishness.
Is foolishness just an incorrigible youth in disguise?
Foolishness sometimes impairs the wisdom of youth.
Sometimes life is relentless, even for the young.
Life can be squandered or it can be celebrated.
Can I beat the odds?
I can, because I am invincible.

Houston Garcia '12

M-O-R-P-H-I-N-3

“What’s your pain level?” I wriggle under the starched sheets, lying still as the shock of pain radiates through my body.

“About a seven,” I grunt.

“I’ll get you some more.”

I put my head back on the pillow. The tears stream down my cheeks. As I pity myself more, the sobs grow stronger, stronger, stronger....until I am forced to stop, only because the cries pain my ravaged body. I can’t be upset without causing myself more pain. It is a vicious cycle laced with self-hate for allowing myself to feel this way when I know I will recover...when I know others aren’t so lucky.

I should try to get some rest. At this place—this place is saving you-- night and day hold no meaning. Nurses run about taking blood tests and administering medicine at all odd hours of darkness. I have to sleep flat on my back, totally static, for fear of aggravating the demon within me. The other occupant of my room, an infant, torments my already tattered sleep with strangled cries.

Oh, I should not be left alone with only my thoughts to keep me company.

Only when I am able to delve into other people’s (fictional or otherwise) lives do I experience relief. I must ask the nurse to get my laptop so I can continue watching House. How ironic.

“Here we are!” the plump nurse calls cheerfully as she walks through the door. Wipe that smug smile off your face and give me the drugs! I watch, my arm outstretched, my lifeline exposed, as she slips the syringe out of the sterile plastic bag. She pushes the knob up until liquid dribbles from the top. Tap, tap, tap. The deathly bubbles disappear. She unscrews and unlocks various apparatus until the needle is attached to my line. Swoosh. With one slow, steady movement the liquid travels up the tube and into my arm. Immediately, vines of uncomfortable heat slither up my back towards my neck. The muscles tighten and I feel as if I am sinking into the bed. It is difficult to breathe as the vines tighten around my throat. I can almost taste the powerful painkiller.

My body relaxes as the drug distributes through my bloodstream. The nurse returns ten minutes later to check on my pain. “About the same,” I mutter. It’s always about the same.

Rena Kolhede '12



Solitude • Gregory Joson '10
Photography

SPLASH!

A bee dive bombs into a pool
Frantically flapping its wings
Help!
It struggles to stay afloat
& keep
its wings dry
Its spastic flutterings
Send out ripples
that hypnotize the
observer laying poolside on a sizzling summer day
It is a futile battle—
Just one little bee trying to defeat the Principles of Nature
According to the Laws of Science
It will weaken & it will succumb
However with one gentle scoop
the observer rescues the bee from:
the pool, Fate, naysayers, pessimism.
And it dries off in the sun.

Kimmy Bettinger '10

SPARKLE AND FADE

The camera flashes sparkle like a sky of twinkling stars,
That supernova in a second and then disappear.
The ones who face them, lavish themselves with Rolexes and cars
But they still face that fear.
The fear that they themselves will burn out much before their time.
Even though they seem to have it all
The insecurity rules their minds
And makes them fade and fall.
The goal is immortality,
Which very few attain.
Their job is distorting reality
But that's what they call fame.

Christen Bertain '12

THE MADNESS OF SADNESS

The next step in the staircase vanishes,
The chair collapses underneath you,
And with a sudden jolt, you fall.
Flung from the heavens to the earth below,
Wind pushing and rushing past your face.
Your stomach rising up into your throat during
A seemingly endless plunge
Until you land in a sea.
A sea so dark and deep that you are
Utterly alone and afraid.
The coldness of the water surrounds your vulnerable skin
Pushing against your body until
you surrender and let it in.
A faceless monster,
Its tentacles coiling around your fragile heart and yanking it out
Squeezing out the life and the love;
Your last drops of happiness.
Then it clutches your body
Closing around it so tightly
Air rushing out of your trembling mouth
Until you can't breathe.
Big, fat droplets of tears slowly cascading from your eyes to the ground
Until you are withered and bone-dry.
Life has escaped you
And you have escaped life.
The monster keeps you there, drifting
Under the sea
Where no one can find or rescue you.
Any thoughts of leaving are hushed.
Every night, the monster shows you
The remains of your mangled heart
Your rivers of tears
The wind from your lungs
So that again, you are reminded of the sharp pain of the the monster's wrath...
So that again, every night, you stay.

Tatyana Diaz '13

BEHIND THE PANED GLASS

A rattle of plates falling into place on their shelves,
a muffled rush of water from behind white plaster walls,
a soft scurrying of mice within the keyboard,
a mechanical punching of words, l-e-t-t-e-r b-y l-e-t-t-e-r,
onto a screen as empty of meaning as the mind that battles to focus on it.

Sudden movement behind the screen pulls the strained eyes upward
to penetrate the paned glass barrier between two universes;
above an invisible hand bends the feeble limbs of a redwood,
below the ground shifts, banishing the beetles from their homes,
straight ahead sheets of oak leaves rain down,
swiftly traversing through pane after pane,
caught up in the downward current until disappearing completely.
Moments pass and the hand gently releases the redwood's limbs,
the beetles take in the landscape of their new surroundings,
and the oak leaves settle on altered ground.

The scene begins and ends to the quiet symphony of voices, clanking
silverware, shutting doors,
and running water of the untouched universe in front of the paned glass.
Now void of the motion that caught the eye's attention,
the world behind the barrier no longer holds the promise of distraction,
and the eye rudely releases the beauty of an eternally shifting universe
from its gaze,
only to fall back on the fixed screen of words stumbling into existence
l-e-t-t-e-r b-y l-e-t-t-e-r.

Caroline Barrack '10



Washing Teacups • Anthony Le '10
Photography

KILLING ME SOFTLY

She chats ignorantly at recess
Not knowing the damage she can cause
To the awkward sophomore with many thoughts
Who dwells on the pain his peers seem to applause

She sits at lunch blissfully unaware
What does she know about love?
His damaged heart may just tear!
But her voice is the release of a dove.

But she stomps down all over his feelings
As if he were some lowly street beggar
Deserving of some abusive beatings
But she can't scar him with a crowbar

Because she has a different status
They will never be together
But crying over her is ridiculous
Because tomorrow will be better.

Kevin Hallisy '12



Schloss (Palace) Bückeberg • Natalia Hess '10
Photography



Untitled • Tessa van Bergen '11
Photography

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

ROLE MODELS

Whistler, Canada

He, some friends and I living together in a rented house

We play Risk

Me versus them

He blows all competition away, clearly the superior strategist

I admire his bravery and courage

We play football

He and I versus everyone else

We dominate due to his swiftness, coordination, and precision

I admire his skill and deftness

6 years later

Half Moon Bay, California

Me alone

Waiting, waiting, waiting

For him to return

I stare at the Risk box

Reminiscing on our times together

Baghdad, Iraq

Him alone

Fighting, Fighting, Fighting

For his life

He stares at his gun

Reminiscing on his life back home

I want to be like him

Skilled in every way

Brave enough to fight for my country

He wants to be like me

Happy every day

Normal enough to achieve a safe life

Secret dreams and admirations

Prancing through our minds freely

Like butterflies on a sunny day

But never able to be fully expressed

Carlo Izzo '13

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

LOWER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

LA ESPILCE ETIN

Sublunary
A time that is very
Quiescent and opalescent
The lake
Placid and pacific
Prepossessing girl don't take
What is fake
Or what isn't terrific
Behind these star-studded eyes
Don't contrive lies
Here, this person steadfastly tries
And possesses many universal whys
I don't mean to make your mind tick
Nor assert acidic assumptions
Nor pray prerequisite presumption
Nor look loopy lunatic
As I hide beneath the dock morning shadows
Wait hidden within the lakeshore reeds
In claustrophobic narrow
Weigh to the possibilities, the time to bind
I wonder when the eclipse would finally shine
Simultaneously, the stars spiral within a line
Spontaneous fear is not the sign
Discern
Learn
And interpret what stardust was left behind
Acknowledge and see to it that I am kind
No means of a forceful-offensive-delinquent-astronomical time
Please don't mind
If sometimes I'm a coward with a sword
Not rush forward attack enemy
I'd rather withdraw and defend
The love I'd rather send
For I know the rival fears Gethsemane
This I empathically feel
Still
If the wind blows forward
Toward starboard
The presence of the two of us
It just was

Christopher Abrigo-Mendoza '12

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

UPPER DIVISION PRIZE WINNER

WE

We believed in histories that never were
Eating apples with our godless tongues—
Tongues that knew the texture of other tongues
And profane words
And hymns on Sundays
And so on
And so forth

Adults dined on our insecurities
And scrutinized what our lives seemed to be
Or were supposed to be
As portrayed by FOX news each night
On televisions that looked the same as the next
Just like each house
And each lawn
And each nameless day laborer
That pushed motor-scissors across it
Each family would smell that fresh cut grass every morning
Put on a smile, and thank Julio or Carlos
Though that would never be the worker's name
We could just assume
Like everything else
That it was the same

We smoked banana peels wrapped in rice paper
Those who did not were on our black lists of conformists
And somewhere deep inside each of us
We attached ourselves to a dirty idolization of
Joseph McCarthy
In the way we persecuted them
Some of us secretly hated the irony
Secretly hated us
And the fact that we only had the capacity to be
Us
Not you or I
Not he or she.
And so on
And so forth.

The sun rose
Just like it did the day before
And the day before that
There was an urge to escape
So I turned away from the We
Long since forgotten
Among these gated communes

Breaking, running
Away
Into the city
Beyond the yawning suburban hills
That we all knew as our childhood
And sometimes as the place of our conception
Trapping generations of adolescents
In that silly suburb that they loathed
Since their conception
And so on
And so forth

Here, no one's story was much different than the next
So run
Chase the individual story
I ran off to finally be
To be me
Finally
I soon found I knew nothing beyond
Our ways
Nothing beyond us
And our lives
And what we did
The suburban hillsides that ensnared our ignorance of
anything but ritual

I gazed at the failures in my hands
The pyrophoric dreams
Returning to the callused embrace of the houses
And our mother's reprimands
And Chinese-American take-out
Each family stuffing the lining of their stomachs
And feeling their bile secrete
At this very hour
Returning to the We
Cursing the wombs of our mothers
And the semen of our fathers
We cursed them for perpetuating
Generations
And Generations
And so on
And so forth
From sunrise to sunset

We could not escape each other.

David Monticelli '11

THE GERALD DOHRMANN '34 POETRY AWARD

HONORABLE MENTION - UPPER DIVISION

UNTITLED

Kiana held a beat up water bottle to the sky, its plastic roughed and edges brown from kickin' it round our concrete school yard
"Look, Carmela, it's sunshine in a bottle."

Lemonade air, lighter than liquid, in a bottle.

We thought we could bottle up everything then.

The leaf bugs, the lady bugs, the blackish blue bulbs that looked like berries on our side wire fence—

Even the tiny flowers,

Fairies not bigger than the tips of our fingers, crossing their dark violet tips of legs and wings and arms,

White-haired head down, with high, yellow-orange crowns of pollen

I hoarded them with pride like I hoarded basketball battle wound bruises

In the small mysterious holes of our yard,

We stewed up poison, love potion, and remedy concoctions

With the mud we made (see, we'd run to the water fountains and let them run, sometimes remembering to "save some for the fishies," sometimes not)

and with the bed of leaves that the fairies slept on:

circular, hard green feed for our ravenous magic

With the bushes' sticks

and the ants that trafficked recess snack crumbs along the earthquake cracks in the concrete that held their dusty dirt apartments

—We'd dig them up, of course, to see the ants dance

—we'd flood them up, of course, to see the ants

dance

Occasional beetle, mad and charging

Occasional needle

And cigarette butt

We marveled at the taller fence too. Fresh, lime green vines

Leaf luscious, not hard like the side fence's blades, and larger, like the size of our six-year old hands

Green and bustling insect activity seemed to go on forever into the sky,

from our stand point—

A forest of leaves instead of trees on a giant, vertical plane.

There were more leaf bugs on it than fairies, though.

All good—they were our patients and our butterflies. Our products for dissection when the earthworm started looking too nasty.

Round caterpillars and scary, hairy, sharp-looking ones slinked about too, once in awhile.

Stretching out and pulling in

yellow, black, white stripes

like a broken segment of a tribal-patterned bracelet

inching away from you

"You broke me so you can't have me back just yet," it seemed to say.

The fairy flowers seemed to say that too, a couple of grades later.

The side fence had multiple receding hairlines by the time I graduated,

spots where dark violet used to show

and hard, green leaves used to grow.

even the tall wire fence held no more curly vines

by freshman year summer. They told me that it was all torn down because a new one was needed. "The metal was too old and rusty."

Amazing,

We thought we could bottle up everything then.

Carmela Gaspar '10



The Fence • Christine Fraher '13
Photography



El Salvador • Nikki Narváez '10
Mixed Mediums

INTERNATIONAL ORANGE

Sickening saccharine smiles utter candy coated condolences,
Through red luscious lips, coated with a false sense of security,
Lull their prey to sleep, puts them at ease, before she bites,
He smiles, says it's ok, shoves his feelings to a dank dark corner in the depths of his soul,
Cries his eyes out as the freezing raindrops pelt his already clammy skin,
As mascara runs down her cheeks, smears her cover up, destroys the foundation of her confidence,
Lost in an ocean of false promises, little white lies, and a Bermuda triangle,
Where their internal compasses gyrate wildly, vary with the alignment of the stars,
And the airplanes of their innocent souls spin out of control, pulled towards the lure of the waves by
the only natural constant,
Sirens calling out, crying out in the night, a twinkle of light, a flare of hope,
A flare of romance, searing the soul with the memories of what once was,
Salt stings old wounds, as water chokes her throat; she drowns in a sea of emotions,
He ties his feelings to the tarmac, knotting his freedom down, scared to get shot down,
She paints her nails international orange,
He sits on the ramp and waits for another flight,
She wants attention,
He doesn't care where he goes, as long as it's away from there.
He taxis to the threshold, the tipping point, waiting for action, watching for the right signals,
She stares at the phone, jumping every time it whispers its monochromatic melody,
He makes the decision,
She makes the call,
Full military power, full speed ahead,
The dial tone idles on, and the answering machine reads like a death sentence,
The disembodied voice she hears on the other end makes her spine tingle,
A flutter in her stomach, a tremor in her shoulders, she can't contain her emotions,
Her mind goes into overdrive, 190, 200, VR, gear up,
Leave this world of white sand beaches behind.

Mike McDonald '10

THE WORLD IS...

The world is a blank page and I am a pen.
I get to choose which color I am.
I get to choose what design I draw.

When I am angry, the world is red.
The world is an unfair place.
The world is full with red, broken, and empty pens.
The world is filled with cruel designs and twisted words.
The world is angry, the world is red.

When I am happy, the world is purple.
The world is filled with smiley faces.
With sweet smelling flowers, with ice cream sundaes.
The world is filled with pens ready to change the designs of the world.
The world is happy, the world is purple.

When I am sad, the world is blue.
The world is full of empty, run-out pens
The world is full of disappointment, of worthless packages.
Small envelopes, of empty promises.
The world is sad, the world is blue.

When I am hopeful, the world is green.
The world is full of blooming flowers.
The world is full of newborn babies, of fresh starts.
Of Pink Pearl Erasers ready for anything.
The world is hopeful, the world is green.

The world is a blank page and I am a pen.
I get to choose which color I am.
I get to choose what design I draw.

Annie Matthews '12

A CONTEMPORARY FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time,
My legs kicked for you and for air
As the ocean almost wiped me out clear.

Once upon a time,
I would sit on your shoulders
Ruling the kingdom as queen.

Once upon a time,
You were that perfect push
So I could bike without creating a scene.

Once upon a time,
Your arm dragged me around court
So no center could ever seem too mean.

Once upon a time,
You blinked,
Blind to the sorrow soaking my eyes,
The hopelessness holding my head down.

Not sequins, nor beads, nor pearls,
I sit slipping on your fading sweatshirts,
Thinking, hoping, dreaming
Of the day when you will reach out your hand
Before the frustration and pain collapse on my shoulders.

I imagine the cotton as your embrace.
My.
Happily.
Ever.
After.

Bernadette Rabuy '10

INDIFFERENT WORK

I've got the alarm to shake
The shower to take
The eggs to fry
The shoes to tie
The lunch to make
The books to take
The hour to wait
As I ride in late
The excuses to fake
The rules to break,
I forgot:
The test to fail
The chorus to wail

The love of the warm, radiant sun
Fills the cool, sea-scented air
As I tread the soft green – my field of dreams.

Victory or defeat –
joy, my game, is captured.
But sorrow slowly creeps
as I saunter off the pitch – my home.

Joe Pappas '13

MUST I REMEMBER?

I immediately hear the wind howling, the phone ringing, his fist banging, and our tears falling. That night father pleads for us to let him in.

He says, "I just want my family back. I love you, mija. I'll change."

I beg him to go away.

He yells, "Mijo, Daddy needs you!"

Brother, only eight years old, squeezes me tighter.

Father screams, "Let me see my children!"

Beneath tears mother responds, "You're scaring them. Please, stop!"

This was years ago, yet it seems like just yesterday.

Do I choose to forget?

Must I remember?

Compartemos la misma sangre – we come from the same blood.

We cannot abandon the truth.

We must face it – we are family.

Naomi Fierro '11



Clouds Beneath the Broken Glass • Emilee Goo '10
Photography

“CHANGES” OF OUR TIME

Are we growing, or aging, throughout time's embrace
Do we change for the better, or just to save face.
Will anything come, from this age of progress
Or will we allow old troubles regress.

Like trees in the wind, out in nature's hall
Are we covering leaves, before they do fall
With ornamentation, with color and hue
This leads not to change, it's only untrue.

Painting the old, to make it look new,
Covering everything, not just a few
What have we gained, in century's time
What new ideas, have cut down on crime?

Rather, we, must embark with all haste
Have progress be progress, and not go to waste
For only small things, change in the good
While the worst deeds repeat, which in no way should

Will ideas about humans be rock-set in stone,
Or can we stop discrimination all on our own
Whether the hate comes against black or white
Or against homosexuals, it just isn't right.

People are people, the best aren't one kind
The people who think that are foolishly blind.
Why then, I implore, has change not come through
Everyone needs it, even us too.

For discrimination, no matter how small
Has a part, in most of us all
We need to work, to end it right here
Before discrimination, will kill what is dear.

Conor Cannon '12

ON THE EDGE OF THE CONTINENT

Eyes close.
Darkness engulfs the mind.
Wandering aimlessly through the resistant sand,
Stumbling along the unformed path
Into the uncertain future,
Clinging to Faith in a distant leader.
Thunder gathers between the ears,
Building and subsiding, growing ever louder;
Shifting sand underfoot hardens,
Refusing to cushion the foot's every step,
Forcing it to stand on its own;
Spray suddenly slaps the unprepared face;
Overwhelming thunder rolls in,
Expelling all unwanted thoughts;
The dark mind shrinks in fear of the unknown.
Eyes open. CRASH!
Delicate white foam slams violently into the earth.
Always on the edge, desperate to get in, quick to pull back,
Destined to remain a mystery.
Changing, yet permanent;
Predictable, yet unreliable;
Familiar, yet distant;
A mother, a destroyer;
A field of stone stretching into forever.

Caroline Barrack '10

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE

What are you going to do with your life?

Go to college. Get a degree. Pay the rent. Get a job. Raise a family.

I'm going to be the world's best video game player

A Swiss cheese maker

Hopefully not a beggar

Or an Olympian

How about a God? Why not

I'll be a stunt devil

A collector of pebbles

The first on Mars

Eat candy bars

Drive cars

A Pie eating contest winner

Perhaps a sinner

I want to be a sumo wrestler

Food taster

Salesman of turkey basters

Bus driver

Skydiver

Celebrity

Royalty

Best whistler

Best kisser

Its really funny, actually, that none of these job descriptions are available in the newspaper currently.

Alyson Wong '12



Anticipating Tiger • Alicia Quilici '11
Photography

HEAVEN

There might not be cotton candy clouds,
Cherubic angels with downy soft white wings,
Endless, embracing sunlight,
Or perfectly soft rain.

An awesome and towering Monty Python-esque God
Is not waiting to make
All of your decisions for you
In Morgan Freeman's voice.

This isn't the place without taxes,
APUSH outlines, parallel parking, ignorance,
Overpriced movie theater food, activity schedules, pop-ups,
And disappointment.

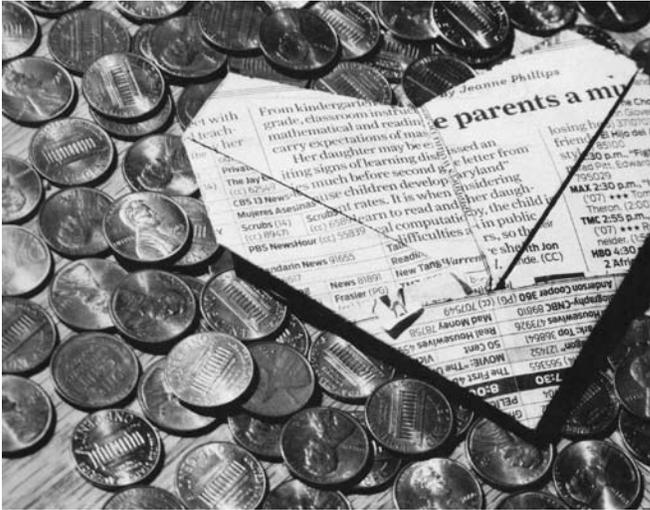
It's not carefree, innocent, guileless,
Perfect or sinless.

But

It is griefless
And you will be with God

Because Heaven
Is everyone you've ever loved in one place without leaving forever.

Meg Byrne '11



Two Cents • Monica Yap '11
Photography

REALIZATION IN CONVERSATION

It makes the silence become so loud
And causes uproars in a crowd
It makes my pupils widen with realization
And causes the collapse in modern civilization
In only the way your voice can
When conversation sparks between you and me

We make all kinds of noise and commotion
With the expression of thoughts and emotion
Speaking words with an articulate tongue
Until all is said and the last note was sung
Only to realize it's just begun and it won't stop

An endless conversation tempting me to always stay
Shower me in the objectives and perspectives of your way
Talk that leads to certain elation
Surely touching the points of innocent frustration
As it inspires me to delve into my own imagination
And share with you the releases of my bondage

Craving for more, I hang on to every single word
Daring me to explore the depths of your mind
Pushing me to know the meaning, the daily grind
Going past all controversy and entering where conservatives don't go
Knowing with you, I can let it all flow

Simple attraction to the mental expression
Helping me to realize the need for contemplation
Seeing the connection between sword and pen grips
Letting my blood pulse as the ink drips

Reyna Vitug '13

RESTLESS TRANQUILITY

The rain lashed against the windows and the violent winds shook the tiny house, drowning out a small child's cries. No more than a minute ago had a stranger's insistent pounding added on to the chaos of nature threatening to knock down the small, wooden front door.

From the inside of a simple-looking bedroom, a man gently rose out of bed, careful to not wake his young wife. The woman stirred beneath the covers, but merely rolled onto her side and continued sleeping. Sweeping his dark, long hair out of his eyes, the man couldn't have been any older than twenty-four. He padded down the dark hallway, pausing in front of a door that stood slightly ajar. The door, like everything else in the house, looked quite plain. Only a pink sign bearing the name ADDY in gold lettering distinguished itself from the dark wood.

The young man pushed the door open and walked to a crib near the opposite wall. A girl, no more than a year old, stared up at the shadowy ceiling. She had stopped crying by now. The man adjusted the pale pink blanket on his daughter and turned around to leave the bedroom.

Now that the storm had slowed down its restless assault on the house, the stranger's knocks could be heard louder.

"It's one in the morning. Go away." The young man muttered through the front door, sleep still evident in his voice.

"Jackie, come on, ya can't make me stay out in the rain all night, can ya?" A muffled voice came from the other side of the door.

"Damian?" Full awareness seemed to come to the young man now. Without any further questions, Jackie unlocked the door and swung it open. His eyes taking a few seconds to adjust to the dense darkness outside, Jackie

found himself facing his younger brother.

Only eighteen years old, Damian looked as though he had already lived a longer life than his older brother. Soaking and disheveled, bent over slightly but still considerably tall, Damian swayed where he stood. The dark, wet hair plastered over his face couldn't conceal the pleading expression in Damian's eyes as he looked up at his brother.

Seconds passed in which Jackie and Damian stared blankly at each other, and the rain rolled off Damian's leather jacket, landing in a puddle around his feet.

"So ya gunna lemme in or what?" Damian grinned. Jackie had just registered the fact that his brother's speech was slurred. "Promise I ain't gunna wake no one up."

Jackie considered his brother for a moment. The sadness Jackie felt rose inside of him at the sight of his drunken brother was undeniable- there was also a relative lack of surprise.

"Again?" Jackie sighed as he stepped aside to let his brother in. Damian stumbled through the threshold, the soles of his shoes slipping on the smooth floor.

The storm was picking up speed again, and Jackie moved quickly to shut the door. Disguising his look of disappointment, Jackie wheeled around to see Damian standing, seemingly disoriented, in the middle of the living room.

Jackie strode over to his brother, grabbed him by the shoulders, and directed him to the sofa. Thanking the rumbling storm for blocking out the sound of Damian's carelessly loud voice, Jackie turned to his kid brother and, in a voice full of forced calm, said, "So- tell me, where've you been tonight?"

Erika Hidalgo '11

THE CLIFF'S EDGE

Hesitant, unsure
Standing at the cliff's edge
What will happen next
Two paths
One leads to happiness
The other to regret
But which is which
Curling my toes over the side
Standing still
Caught between
What if I tell him
I could lose him forever
Or gain him for eternity
What if I stay quiet
Let life take its course
Stay friends, no more
Would I feel remorse
Would it be enough
Just to be friends
I pick up one foot
Dangling it over the edge
Gazing into the misty depths
Only to snatch it back
What if I choose wrong
But, oh, what if I choose right
What delights and joys are waiting
Beyond the edge
Is it worth the risk
Is he worth the risk
Definitely
I take a deep breath
And gaze straight ahead
My heart sings as I
Leap

Shannon Lindstrom '12

A GIRL IN DEVELOPMENT

She who guides to integrity
Directs steps towards education
Discerns discipline spreads peace
Brings harmony of economy.
Determines us to dare and to decide
Discloses treasure troves
Detects talents deliberately
Designs dreams despite destiny.
Inside that emotional lady
Is a rational hardworking leader
Delighted when empowered
Comprehensive when distressed
Nothing dives beyond the lives.
Educated mostly for motherhood
Eradicates strongly citizenhood
Humanizing a dehumanized society
Defending an offended property.
Smart minds ,brave spirits
They tolerate and mediate
Devote themselves to develop
With a classic clap for climax.

Ghislaine Duhujinema '10

THE CONNECTION

a snowman
at the bottom of the hill
is formed from a mound
for the snow is sloppy

the little snowman builder
working hard
to form three round balls
for the traditional snowman
packing the snow in his small gloves
which fit his small hands

it is cold
but the little snowman builder
has not yet completed
his masterpiece

this is something
only the creator of
a snow being
understands
for you cannot leave
a snowman unfinished
incomplete
undone

no matter
how cold it is
how uncompactable the snow
how late it is becoming
it is the snowman maker's job
to complete his masterpiece
for a work unfinished
might as well not have been started

this was understood
this bond between snowman creator
and snowman
was understood
fully and completely
by this young one

for when we are young
we tend to comprehend the simple ideas
of life

Kathleen Robbins '13

SONNET IN MOTION

Waves crashing onto the shore, water flow,
Brisk breeze, nickel bags basking in solar heat.
Ocean spray, just chillin', sand on our clothes,
Our eyelids heavy, with some funky beats.
Falling in abyss, seeing through the dark,
Sunday's to relax, never ending sleep.
Washed away within dreams by Noah's Ark,
Two by two's and a pair of funky beats.
Two lions, a simultaneous roar,
Tigers, powerful, stand up from their seats.
Looking back on the beach, as eagles soar,
Back to reality and funky beats.
Listen to the vibes, sounds to the ceiling,
Spent hours trying to get this feeling.

Tyler Kung '12

HE WHO CARES

He grips the earth with gnarled hands;
A solitary figure from a clandestine land,
His face, desolate, no beast nor man;
For only the needles dare understand.

Wherever the wind howls, he will be there;
Lying beneath life's lambasting glare,
Fashioning tales, oh so eager to share;
He won't reveal, nobody cares.

Connor Armstrong '12

THE UNTOLD BEAUTY

Tell her she's beautiful. Tell her tonight,
Because tomorrow may be far too late.
Tonight is the right night to hold her tight
And whisper in her ear your love is fate.
I see she's tied together with a smile,
Laced up so tightly she can't even speak.
The words have not been spoken in a while.
Once they leave your lips, her own self will leak.
Beauty isn't skinny, nor is it fat.
It is not white, nor black, nor either side.
Beauty is not busty, curvy, nor flat.
Beauty is so much more than the outside.
Tell her she's beautiful. Tell her right here.
The way she'll feel is worth your fear.

Morgan Kessell '12



The Light • Kelsey Krook '11
Photograph

HAROLD

An awkwardly green miniature bus-like contraption stared back at me from a car brochure. I was appalled. My parents had just presented this monstrosity as the perfect new car for our family. In horror my equally dismayed sister tried to explain the implications of such a horrific choice of vehicle to our oblivious parents. Anyone could see that this baby bus only belonged in the junkyard.

This was five years ago.

Our beloved car, christened Harold, sits jauntily on our driveway. He grew on all of us and now promises refuge, happiness, comfort, and, of course, a ride. Starting as my mother's car, Harold then passed into my sister's ownership. With the change of hands, Harold experienced a makeover in the form of a "Jesus Rocks" air freshener, scattered pens, assorted clothes, a box of Puffins cereal, and mardi gras beads.

My freshman year at SI arrived, and my sister and Harold were charged to drive me to school. At first those rides merely freed me from the dreaded Marin Bus; however, they came to mean much more.

Already close, my sister and I became not only sisters, but also best friends. Mornings in Harold comprised of half sleeping as we fought to stay awake with the aid of coffee candies. We frantically finished last minute homework and attempted to earn a wave from passing motorcyclists. Once we arrived at school, my sister inevitably squeezed into a ludicrously tiny parking place, as I yelled at her, stopping her from scratching any bumpers.

School and sports came and went, and we returned, exhausted, to Harold. Off-key and loud, we sang to our favorite songs while dancing in our seats. We devoured trail mix, cereal, and the occasional burrito or Gene's sandwich as we complained about the various tortures we had withstood in our respective practices. Within Harold's secure walls, we voiced secrets. He never told, and neither did we. Harold made everything better, happier, and more exciting.

Now Harold sits in the driveway; he is our most faithful car. My sister has left for college. Harold, gawky as ever, sits cheerfully, assuring me of my sister's return, and awaiting my chance to drive him.

Victoria Elias '12

JAR

I've got this pounding, beating, screaming thing.
Some call it a heart, I think.
But I've got an inkling
That its just a lump of blood and muscle.
Chambers of tissue
That keep it all flowing.

Some say that I should be
Feeling some pain in there
Right about now, right at the moment
That you drop my wrist
And leave muddy tracks on my bones,
My white glittery bones,
As you sashay to the exit.

But, see, I did something wise
Something ever so clever.
I took that beating thing,
And put it in a pickle jar,
And I stuffed in shreds of paper
From one of those crispy day planners with the
inspirational quotes in the margins
And made a little nest for the lump.

Now it sits in pleasant monotony,
Muffled in absorbent security.
So my glittery bones and I,
We clatter along,
The jar under our arm,
And wonder what you mean when you ask,
"What's with the jar?"

Sophia Melone '10

PERCEPTION POINT

My straight hair contains what my curls cannot
Energy, passion-my wild heart
Each unruly tendril frizzes in protest
Angry at being forced into a conventional conformity
My buoyant ringlets are my advocates
The girl who runs breathless across a verdant meadow
The girl who dances in the mirror
The girl who sings off key just because she can
But that girl finds it easier to be the other girl
So she picks up her mask and yanks it through her
livelihood
Sucking the breath out of it
Until only dead hair surrounds me
But a perfect girl...

Janice Boswell '10

IF YOU CAN'T SAY SOMETHING
NICE: A PANTOUM OF THE
HIGH SCHOOL EXPERIENCE

We used to learn
If you can't say something nice
Then don't say anything at all
Now we learn

If you can't say something nice
Then come sit with me and we can gossip about people
Now we learn
Steven hooked up with Emily

Then come sit with me and we can gossip about people
Carly said that behind my back?
Steven hooked up with Emily
The hall fills with whispers and lies

Carly said that behind my back?
Gene must be gay
The hall fills with whispers and lies
Jenny is anorexic

Gene must be gay
Then don't say anything at all
Jenny is anorexic
We used to learn

Rosie Shepherd '10

* A *pantoum* is a Malay verse form consisting of an indefinite number of quatrains with the second and fourth lines of each quatrain repeated as the first and third lines of the following one (*Webster's New Universal Unabridged Dictionary*).

AN HOUR IN MY POCKET

Footprints.

“One night I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord...”

I closed my eyes as I walked along the shore of the beach, remembering the story. I first read it in second grade, when my teacher painted my foot pink and made a print on the paper with the story. (Who knew that the poem was a famous piece of prose commonly found on bookmarks?) I tried to imagine God carrying me on the beach, but couldn't, the nerves of my feet tingling as I gingerly trod across a rocky patch of ground.

My sense of sight gone, I focused on the voice of the ocean, its roar not quite like thunder, but not as calm as cumulus clouds, either. The waves swirled around me like Van Gough's *Starry Night*, traveling in all directions, filling the canvas. I opened my eyes, my pupils staggering to adjust. Diamonds and sapphires glinted as the sun danced on the water. I watched as the deep blue at the horizon transformed into an opaque green, washing up white foam on the shore; the cycle of the currents. I contemplated how many other shores these waters touched, the worlds they connected under a common life source.

I heard shuffling movements up ahead and decided to investigate. Three mounds of dirt surrounded a deep hole. A young boy stood inside the hole, hard at work with his shovel. I silently admired his impressive energy and progress. I paced a few yards further and sat down under the towering reddish-brown cliffs of chert, wrinkling my nose as the stench of rotting kelp assailed my nose. I looked at the vast landscape of tiny pebbles surrounding me. Scooping up a handful, I observed the color palette resting on my palm: shades of gray, amber, robin-egg blue. I flashed back to my childhood and my brief stint as a rock collector. Curious, I continued to dig deeper into the infinitely-covered ground, until suddenly, I found a jewel: a tiny, salmon-colored pebble, about the size of my pinky. I held it up between my index finger and thumb, turning it over and over, fascinated its texture and color.

“Eureka!” the boy shouted behind me.

Only in California.

Zoe Wong '10



Autumn Moon • Megan Lau '13
Watercolor

LEAD BUBBLES OF HOPE

Brilliant minds wasting away under the flickering fluorescence,
Trapped in paper prisons serving an unending term of superficial sentences,
Asinine articles, and a flood of functions so esoteric the mind spins in centripetal motion,
Doing no work, thoughts flying and ideas vying for contention, from the limits of integration to the limits of human endurance,
Minutes pass quickly, but hours trickle by, filled with quotients, and quotas, and QED,
While the prisoners stare at millions of numbered circles and bubble their dreams away.

Thousands of pencils disintegrate to dust and deplete the world's supply of graphite, and intelligence,
Scrawling cat scratch essays on ethics and English out like a sweatshop,
While erasers squeal like little pink pigs, and the ends of pens lie chewed like jerky,
That is too tough to eat, to beat this, to get a 2400, a 36, a 5,
Numbers that control our very lives, counting down till we discover our future lies not within the margins of conformity but in the real world,
Where creativity counts more than countless concepts long forgotten,
Where there's a lot more at stake than one-quarter point,
Where time is the best teacher,
But it kills all its pupils.

The clock counts down the days,
Numbers the seconds left for us to change our minds, change our ways,
Change our answers, change the system, choose a point and leave our orbit,
Let go of the crushing force that binds us, blinds us, like molecules packed tightly together, our half lives measured in microseconds,
It's only a matter of time before we decay.

A virtual image of life seen through the distorted lens of high school, it's only a matter of time before the real image is uncovered,
Upside down,
Facedown,
Pencils down.

Mike McDonald '10

EYES LIKE THOSE

Two deep pools of blue, the bottom out of view
Keep me swimming until my lungs lose all their air. I've
swam too far I should turn around, it's the only thing
to do but never have I seen such blue and to this I
can swear.

Like a noble at a ball they seem to ask me to dance
Feet swirling on beat, too much for me, they chase
each other around Yet their beauty and confidence
make me take a chance So together we dance without
our feet touching the ground

I have a feeling no one's looked deep before in the
ruins of those two oceans, they're all too afraid But
deep down in the dark there is treasure And if I can
be brave there is a fortune to be made

People never look each other in the eyes, these days
But with eyes like those I can't look away

Sophia Held '12

AN INCONVENIENT MESS

Mr. Martin, the janitor, stops dead at the S.I. Common's entrance, wide-eyed and open-jawed at the aftermath of fourth period lunch. Refuse-littered tables snake haphazardly across the room. A five-foot wide puddle of soda blocks the path into the kitchen. A textbook's cover holds on by a thread avoiding the fate of the book's pages scattered across the room. A pool of chocolate milk surrounding a toppled-over milk carton slowly and steadily drips off a table's edge onto the floor. A tipped box partially containing thousands of white spoons opens onto cascaded plastic utensils crushed into shards on the floor. The opened door of the microwave reveals two forgotten cookies burnt to the core still smoking slightly. The hot water dispenser quietly hisses its boiling contents into a dissipating cloud. Mr. Martin can only ask himself one question, "Where do I begin?"

Peter Doyle '12

DISTRICT 10: HUNTER'S POINT

Abundance. A thriving wasteland of junk.
A generous perfume of sickly sweet toxicity.
Dreamy clouds of pasty white coiling into the smoke of a misty sky.
Lead painted roots dig deep into the soil
Spreading their insidious seed
Decaying death into the dirt
A hazardous warning to the overlooking dwellings
An abyss.
Brimming with the think stumps of ancient construction.

Simmering fumes lurk below the façade of a fertile grassy lawn.
Girls in pink dresses run breathless through the tangle of tall lemon vine
The thump of a basketball plays an echoing beat on the craggy cement of the court
A dog's piercing bitter bark cuts through the effervescent smog
Life continually draws its rough congested breath

Janice Boswell '10

HOURLASS

Right now
I feel trapped in an
Hour glass
constantly flipped
upside down
Time slips through my
Fingers
I descend with the
Minutes, Seconds, Hours
that surround me and past me
Without my recollection
Helplessly I pound
on the walls of the Hour Glass
to no avail
Wait! Wait! Stop!
I need more Time
Time doesn't wait for anyone
Slow down!
I want to enjoy every
Minute, Second, Hour
I reach the lip and fall
into the future.

Claire Collins '10

MY LIFE

Part 4: High School and Goals

Heard songs about beer and sex
Tried to make my muscles flex
Got into fights with my mom
And looked forward to prom
Taught myself to shave
Hoped to be a man; unlike my dad who was never brave
Things like slavery changed my life
And Hitler who killed little kids with a knife
Teachers helped me define what a man is
Unlike my Dad who left his kids
At Saint Ignatius I hope to learn
To show all people concern
And above all
I hope I show my kids how to play ball
And I hope to make their childhood
Better than my Dad could

Khalid Al-Rayess '12

FEAR

Fear is the epitome of everyman's truth. The opiate of the crowds the sensible
Sensation when a man is trapped when a man is dazed. The only way out is
through a man's mind
A coup de'etat that rises from the soul and reigns down cataclysmic changes
Manifesting adversities that could break a man but also make a man
A life a new, rising from the ashes
The second coming of the perceptive perspectives in the mind

Jacques Beauvoir '11

THE SLEEPER

Silence permeates the room. The lack of sound becomes a noise unto itself, stifling the room with an oppressive heaviness. A single weak light shines in the corner, its feeble glow not reaching the opposite walls. The surrounding darkness seems an encroaching force, testing its boundaries for any sign of weakness.

Within the light lies a single bed, unadorned with any individual belongings. The sheets a bland white, the blanket a drab grey, the sleeper wearing a nightshirt faded black, so worn as to be blue. The light flickers precariously and the darkness seems to hold its breath in apprehension, wondering if its time has come. But the moment passes, and the darkness settles back into place. It can wait, bide its time. It knows with full certainty that its time will come. The light will die. It is inevitable, unavoidable. Imminent.

Within the darkness lies a chair, a closet, some

bookshelves. The walls are littered with photos of times long since past: a man at his wedding; a student at his graduation; a child at his birthday, surrounded by friends. Within the darkness they are dusty, neglected. Forgotten.

The sleeper's eyes flick around wildly behind their lids, excited in the last throes of life. For a moment, it seems almost as if the sleeper might awake and rise out of bed, his eyes bright and wild with the vigor of youth. But they soon come to a rest, sinking back into the lines of the sleeper's sunken face.

Again the light flickers. From the sleeper escapes a hardly audible gasp. His body tight like a coiled spring. Tension. And then... nothing. The sleeper returns to sleep, a slumber much deeper than the one before. His chest no longer rises with the constant intake of breath. A fly alights on his face. Waits. Flies off. The light dies. The room is engulfed by the darkness. Silence permeates the room.

Joel Graycar '12



Blue Footed • Chantal Gish '13
Photography

EVERY GIRL'S PROBLEM

You're hideous, you're ugly, you're ridiculous
That's what I think of you
Why do you have to get up in my face
You fat retched blob you have no shape
No matter how hard I try, I just can't fix you
It's like you're seeking vengeance against me
Why wont you ever cooperate
I've looked through every magazine and you'll never look as good as the images I see there
I try to decorate you or style you; you always disappoint
Are you mad at me for saying this, because it's the truth
Why should you be, without me you wouldn't be here
I know you're mad; I can always tell
You always look huge, but today you're especially robust
If you're so upset then go away or I'll make you
I try to brush you away, but you always manage to come back more untamed and wrathful then before
Why can't you be thin and beautiful instead of voluptuous and thick
You know people call you the beast, wooly mammoth, and Chewbacca for a reason
Your unruly appearance makes me look bad
I don't know why I've let this problem grow to this extent
That's it; this situation can be solved with a simple phone call
I'm going under the knife; I'm getting a haircut.

Emily Lynch '11

THE CENTURY

The base of the mountain up my eyes gaze
All ways would work, but I find the best route
I take a deep breath and my shoulders raise
Although I am scared, I haven't a doubt

The steep, intense grade causes me to slip
The rocks and the grit grind into my knee
Exhausted and parched I feel the sweat drip
I wonder if this mountain is for me

No longer alone, God is by my side
Taking in the blue sky and the brisk air
The green grass swaying like the ocean tide
Continuing on, I am almost there

The climb, difficult, I want to quit
I do not give up, I can conquer it.

Kate Bettinger '12

THE PINK PANDA

I'm thinking of you today, Amanda. Thinking of you playing poker with my cousin while we all spoke about our day and ate veggie burgers. The burgers were repulsive, dry little things, though I suppose that is because I am a carnivorous being.

I remember my cousin Beth sitting on that old, rough, and slightly broken bench in your rusty, old fashioned trailer that you loved dearly. Beth was seventeen and you were nineteen, only a few years older but the difference seemed like a million years. Your dull, pastel pink, spiky hair suited your porcelain complexion; though, your strained teeth (from the years of smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee) almost ruin your doll-like beauty. "Amanda the Pink Panda" I called you. Not that you were fat. In fact, you were so rail thin that Beth could run her warm hand along your side and feel your frail ribs sticking out. She would count them: one, two, three, four; I would always drift away, the words became a song letting my mind wander and my body follow.

The way your mouth moved intrigued me. The words danced out, weaving together a beautiful tapestry. Your body soaked up every story, the ink drying instantly. Amanda, your neck and arms are covered in tattoos, each revealing a new story. Leaping off your skin, the tattoos mingle with one another like guests at a cocktail party. The stars on your neck chat with flowers on your wrist, and a

clarinet on your arm converses with a coiled snake on your protruding clavicle.

My mother disapproved of your lifestyle, stating that tattoos and piercings (of which you had too many to count) on a person meant unreliability and distrust in character. Beth, being seven years older than I, dragged me along anyway. Amanda, Beth loved you; you just didn't know it.

As I danced outside, frolicking through the wildflowers and smashing the blades of grass that held lingering morning dew, you taught Beth. Aware now of what those afternoons held for my cousin, I understand why my mother disapproved. I was naive, but you were nineteen and Beth was seventeen; did you love her, Amanda?

I can still see you passing out the cards, hear you explain (for the hundredth time) the rules of poker, knowing without a doubt that I would forget them the next time (but you were sweet about it.) Amanda the Pink Panda, I smell the disgusting veggie burgers and grin. I still devour cow meat like there is no tomorrow, but I took a page out of your stories. At nineteen, I got a nose piercing and two tattoos: one on the back of my neck and one on the back of my wrist. Beth glances at my markings and smiles, but my mother is repulsed; thank you, Amanda.

Laura Shannon '10



Sunlight Reflecting on the Stream • Tara Fallahee '13
Photography

WE GOT EACH OTHER

George and Lennie were just a pair
Of best friends with hope to share
With little money but a big dream
The only option was to work as a team
George was smart and quick-witted so he took the lead
Especially when it came to fleeing Weed
Lennie just wanted to touch the girl's soft dress of red
But they were forced to flee when the accusation of rape spread
Lennie, a little slower in the head but oh so strong
Sometimes didn't understand when he had done wrong
He didn't always realize what he'd gotten them into
And multiple times they had to start anew

When times were grim during the Great Depression
Lennie always turned to his obsession
Of tending the rabbits and livin'
Off the fatta' the lan'
George told him how it was gonna be
When they had their own little ranch and were finally happy
We witness their dreams, their courage, and their hope
But it is having each other that truly helps them cope
A better life is what they strive for
Because a place to call home would open the door
To the life they had long dreamed of and hoped would come true
The "little guys" needed a break which was long overdue

With the "best-laid plans of mice and men"
We must learn what to do when
These plans so often go awry
Like George and Lennie, on each other we must rely
At the ranch their dream which
Might have been achieved faced a major glitch
Lennie is invited to touch the soft hair of Curley's wife
As she tries to get away he panics, covers her mouth, and takes her life
All their hopes began to crash
Because Lennie killed her, they must dash
Away from the ranch in an attempt to save
Lennie from a far too-early-dug grave

The tragedy is that their quest for a homestead
Ends with George shooting Lennie in the head
George's motivation for killing came from the heart
They shared a truly beautiful friendship from the start
They looked after each other through thick and thin
It's hard not to wonder what could have been

Erin Geraghty '12

AKA ADDICT

Why am I here?
I want to know,
Do I drown myself in beer
Or suffocate in blow.
Do not criticize
I have no problem,
Only in your eyes
I am this golem.
Maybe I do
And I need your power,
To help me fight through
Help me climb this tower.
Now I see
The deceit in my lies,
The painful sea
Swelling in your eyes.
I am sick,
My name is ADDICT.

Anthony Ayllon '12

THOUGHT

I'm thinking up a title
To this piece of work
I've just recently finished, just recently done.
I'm not sure if it's how I'd end it,
With an ending, final bit,
Or let that one last labored line
Linger on for later times.
To finish a present story is a temporary,
For the ending is contemporary.
To the beginning of a fresh new stroke
Of a letter on a line, which must orderly be wrote
Upon a paper or a screen
And producing stories, from which can be gleaned
A meaning, unripe and new,
Of a message that needs not to be true.
It is sad and strange but indeed unique
To realize our morals need not be so bleak
As one simple lesson scrawled and spoken
And that living and learning just in one way,
Is not the right method to live out the day
With thought and creation unbridled and new,
Flowing without restrictions, but without them in lieu,
Is the thought that dreams may finally be true.

John Carpentier '12

A FAIRY TALE ENDING

What if dreams became our realities,
and realities, our dreams?
A life full of precious perfections
with stress-filled dreams?
Would we still long to sleep,
to fall unconscious and let our minds wander?
Or would we stay awake for hours on end,
enjoying perfection?

If dreams were realities, every wish would be granted.
Every prayer, answered.
Every dream, fulfilled.
The result: a Fairy Tale.

However,

Life isn't perfection. And perfection isn't life.
Therefore, we dream. To get away. To create a goal.
To fantasize and pretend there will be a happily ever
after.
Creating a place where there isn't a need to "fit in."

However,

If this dream became a reality.
It wouldn't be life.
It'd be a fairy tale ending.
A dream.

But there's no such thing.

Tiffany Nguyen '12

THE REALITY OF TRUTH

How can one see the defining lines
When those lines lie perceptibly obscured
As embodied in denotation of reality
The greatest semantics argument yet heard

For what is truth but that which lies in faith
The faith of the beholder's certainty
If fiction in heart and mind ring true
That point of view then holds authenticity

In this truth is the wonder of instant love based
The greatest endeavors it inspires
But woefully so, blind truth lends its ears
To malevolent thoughts and wanton desires

Hatred, persecution, lies, all encompassing
Dominate reality in the corrupted mind
Fraud and belief intertwine disharmoniously
If ignorance dangles truth on a puppet's line

Yet the false faces of any generation fail
In light of hopes and dreams held true
By those whose glistening truths we live for
And the promise of grandeur and joy to pursue

For the real foundations of truth, it would seem
Are as the certainties of life in the comfort of a dream

Jackson Foster '10

RECIPE FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM

DIRECTIONS: Stir continuously until all ingredients have become one, be patient because a lifetime of stirring sometimes isn't fun. It would be wise to obtain a good pair of shoes to wear, so try to convince Maria Anunciacao D'Cunha to let you borrow a pair.

NOTE: The biggest pot you can find will be fine, and just know this recipe may take up to one lifetime.

INGREDIENTS:

1/2 cup Resilience

Please retrieve from May Cecilia Galavan whose red hair and towering stature never dampened her unquenchable thirst for education.

3 tablespoons Luck

Please retrieve from James Lucey who continually maintained a job as well as a family of fourteen.

4 cups Hope

Please retrieve from Tsuruyo Arita who arrived on the shores of America to meet a stranger who would become her husband.

1 cup Hard Work

Please retrieve from Maria Rafaela Soberanes who hand paved the road to a better life for her children.

2 tablespoons Spirit

Please retrieve from Josephine Brown O'Connor who dressed as a beggar and begged for amusement, only to meet her future husband behind the door of a house she pranked.

1 tablespoon Necessity

Please retrieve from Dora Quijada who fled her beloved El Salvador for fear of rape or worse by Guerilla armies.

1/2 cup Love

Please retrieve from Charles Edwin Lawrence

who continued to love his wife, even though his family disowned him for it.

2 cups Dedication

Please retrieve from John Jacob Dreibelbis whose years of hard work as an indentured servant finally paid off when he was given 1200 acres of land.

1 cup Intelligence

Please retrieve from Arpaxat Setrakian whose intellect led him to become the chief controller of raisin prices for the world.

1 cup Adaptivity

Please retrieve from Ilze Smits Reese who at the age of nine was put into an American school knowing only the most basic English, and by the end of two months could speak English fluently.

3 cups Perseverance

Please retrieve from Jagdish Chadha who became a man without a country and spent a decade battling the government for justice.

31 cups of Strength

Please retrieve one cup from each immigrant of each student in Ms. Purcell's seventh period class.

****Be sure to have at least 1 Blessed Egg handy. Can be found through John Brimstein.***

WHEN DONE:

Share with any and all you can think of and pass the recipe right along.

Colleen McFarland '11

ROOTS

What if I told you I hated my best friend?

Would you judge me?
Would you agree?

How bad would it be if I hated all the people I had to say
'I love you' to?
Or if I just hated having to say it.

Right intentions coming out of
The left-side door.

What if the strongest love I've ever felt
Was for strangers?
The less names to remember, the better.

But nice girls don't say bad things.
Nice girls only do them behind a mirror.
Nice people only say mean things
If it's followed by a smile.
You don't call a baby nice.
But that's what you call her world.

I'm blinded,
Disgusted by intentions
Projected on faces
Clear as Braille.

Would you send me to a doctor
To put away the feelings.
To a home
That cures my brand of disease.
No need— I'm self-medicated.

Every bad thought costs.
The guilts add up, and I find myself paying in
Smiles
Friendship
"I Love You."
All in the name of Nice.

Or would you call it human
And cry with me

Because you're just that nice.

Camille Ong '10

TWISTED SENSE OF LOVE

Sloppy mud under her feet
Squeezing and churning as she trudges forward
The pools of light, reflecting off the sharp, unripe jade greenery—temporarily blinding
her—
He laughs, sliding past her and pillowing the grime under his feet
They walk in silence, dodging the swamp-like crevices that dare light to breach their
surface
The mud, sticky and gripping, pulls them towards it—begging for one unlucky victim to
lose their footing—
The fresh leaves, smeared in a film of dirt, reflect rays of smoggy light, beautifully
diseased.
She stops, admiring the wriggling life hidden beneath the lime green leaves
He plows into her, laughing as they grab the vaporous air for support
The sludge under their feet provides little traction
The green leaves watch helplessly while attempting to bathe in the dimming light
He smiles at her silhouette as they steady each other,
forcefully pausing as two stout, rusty-looking men stomp past,
cutting at the ground with their mush-crust-ed combat boots they hunch and pull their feet
loose from the envious abyss of mashed ground below.
The immediate world laughs at their ignorance.
She turns to meet his gaze, eroding her shield of uncertainty.
They walk quickly, sticking to the earth like bugs on tape.

Michelle Poimboeuf '10

WHAT IF

What would happen if I were you, and you were me?
Would I still be able to climb the apple tree?
Or would that be you, pretending to be me,
Climbing up that apple tree?

What if the day sky were black instead of blue?
The color of night, would it be new?
When would come the morning dew?
Would the number three still come after two?

What if down were up, and up were down?
Where would be our little town?
How would one wear her new gown?
Would a smile turn into a frown?

But the world's not like that, everything in place;
Two eyes, a nose, and a smile on every face.
Everybody has their own taste.
So you should be pleased, if that's the case!

Kelsey Quan '13

ENTITLED

Entitled to rights
To liberty and such,
Entitled to doctors
To food and much
More to recount
To muster
To say
But rights aren't entitled
When things fall astray;
When there're wars
To be won
And much more
To be done,
Entitled means nothing –
It won't help you
Or heal you
Or bring you condolence;
When money can't give
The repentance for
Sorrows
That sit by your bedside,
Calling your name –
All in vain;
But it can't be heard now
No it's lost,
Intertwined
In the flowing of life
And the moving of time;
Oh, it's wild to think
That you once were entitled,
But at least you know that
You're entitled to think this.

Shannon Foster '12

ROSES

Glorious velvet swirls
Caressed in the palms of bright-eyed girls

Dancing in the sun,
While spring has just begun.

Waiting in the flower bed
Just as winter has fled.

Poking up are many a head
Yellow, pink, orange, and red.

Delicate to the touch.
Careful, don't water too much.

In the rich soil they grow,
Giving off an iridescent glow.

What a way to celebrate
A special anniversary or first date.

So many things to say
For weddings, birthdays, and Valentine's Day.

Celebrations galore
Left with a note, "Je t'adore!"

Emma Thordsen '12

SEEKER

In searching for you I found myself
Huddled beneath the trains
I looked for you and found you there,
Surprised to see your heart again.

When searching for the best of you
I found someone for whom I was not looking
Her faith had withered, her mind abused
The wounds from her thoughts lay in the sun,
slowly cooking.

I asked you if you could help me
On my search for the sought
Your dark side chased you away,
And soon about me you forgot.

You forgot that you were the prize,
I only looked for you
But that's a lie, for regarding prizes,
I really needed two.

You were the second goal,
Yet I knew to seek you first.
I could only find goal number one
When the second goal I had traversed.

With this mentality I seek for the two of us
I can only find you when I have found myself,
But you are the required key for the discovery of me
And you hide stealthily on a high shelf.

So on I go without a map
Looking not for one, for two,
One in body, one in mind
Searching for me and you.

Kate Christian '11

MONDAY

I always wake to the dawn of the sun.
From comfort's warmth my weary body drags,
Thoughts of my endeavors haven't begun.
Stillness fades from the quiet streets, no lags.
As I eat my bagel my mind is blank.
Can I learn with eyes flowers unbloomed?
At this coarse hour thoughts my mind won't make.
Can't comprehend that endlessness looms.
Mother yelling, a candle beneath me,
Grandfather ticks time is short chaos reigns.
Cars rush by side-by-side screeching angrily.
Lightning through the door, bell thunder bangs.
We start this early hour at whose behest,
When sun overhead for sure ace this test.

Nico Tomei '12

BACK WHEN YOU WERE GOOD.

I remember the first day I kissed Sophie Smith. It was afterschool on the third Wednesday of freshmen year and she had just eaten a chocolate ice cream cone and sandwich from Gene's. Her lips tasted like cookies and when she put her hands around my neck, I could smell her papaya shampoo that she used.

I loved the way she had to stand on her tippy-toes to kiss me.

I loved the way she would laugh at all my jokes, even when they weren't funny.

I loved the way we skipped going to the Grove and instead hung out at her house, watching reruns of SVU on her TV.

I loved the way she would always steal my food off my plate whenever we went to restaurants, and when I'd ask if she wanted any, she'd say "no," but secretly she did.

I loved the way her cheeks would flush after lacrosse practice, and her neck would be all sweaty.

I loved the way that when she introduced me to her dad she got kinda nervous, and sputtered a little, as if she couldn't get her words out right.

I loved the way during sophomore formal she wore a really hot red dress with a pair of demure shoes.

I loved the way she wore my Varsity jacket, which was two times her size on windy days.

I loved the way she dressed, usually in a green polo, a grey skirt, and a pair of her dad's old Nikes.

I loved her size-11 feet, and how she always complained about them.

I loved the way she wore the necklace I gave her that had a W for Will.

I loved the way she wanted to go further and further and I didn't even have to push her.

I loved the way that after things were getting heated she would stop, straighten out her shirt, and say, "I have to wait for marriage."

I loved the way she didn't keep her promise.

I loved the way after sex she would whisper into my ear that she loved me.

I loved the way we decided to go to the same college. We were both going to go to SF State and then transfer, maybe to UCSD.

I even love the way she broke up with me. We'd been dating two years, six months, five days. She came up to me one day after Water Polo and my hair was all wet and she had been eating a jolly rancher, and I could tell because her lips and tongue were artificial cherry red. She said, "I think we need to take a break."

I dropped my wet towel and looked at her, astonished.

"Did I do something wrong?"

“No. I just, I just think we need a break.”

“From what?”

“From us. From you and me. It’s like I’m Willandsophie now, not Sophie. I’ll always care about you, Will, you do know that.”

I love the way she made me feel, like my heart had been ripped from its seams.

I love the way the next day I saw her at school, talking to Ben Morrell (I always hated crew cats—they were so arrogant with their little matching bags and mandex—no self respecting bro would wear spandex willingly),

I had to clear my throat.

Boys don’t cry.

Even when the person they’re supposed to be in love with is flirting with someone else.

Even when they remember what their girlfriend, I mean, ex-girlfriend used to be like. Back when she was good.

Camille Vinogradov '12



Untitled • Sarah Park '10
Photography

RITES OF PASSAGE

Based on the poem by Sharon Olds

As the guests arrive at my daughter's party
they gather in the living room -
little women, women in first grade
with petite fingers and toes.
Barbies in hand, they stand around
sharing doll clothes, shoes, and purses.
I don't want this doll. It's fat.
A doll is flung to the side.
One says to the other
How much do you weigh? 50 pounds. I weigh 40. So?
They eye each other, seeing themselves
huge in the other's pupils. They share whispers,
a room of small self-conscious housewives,
they fold their arms and roll their eyes.
I'm skinnier than you, a 40 says to a 50,
the mirror, hanging on the wall behind them.
My daughter, her hair smooth
and her skin soft as the first day I
held her in my arms, speaks up as the host,
exposing the gap where her two front teeth
were, just one day before.
We all weigh less than Suzy Marks,
she says in her soft, sweet voice. The other
women agree, as they scan each other's bodies,
they relax and get down to
playing Barbies, celebrating my daughter's life.

Rosie Shepherd '10

SHE QUIT

In front of the cameras, she took off her face
Showed all her scars; put the world in its place
Her life wasn't perfect and her world was in pieces
Although she tried, she couldn't get rid of the creases
She wiped off her make-up and took off her clothes
And the rest of the world seemingly froze
Behind her appearance and under her work
A real person appeared, not some bitch in a skirt
She was beautiful then, but not like before
In front of them stood a girl, not a whore
They expected bravado, confidence, and a diet
Instead they got fear, insecurity and quiet
All was silent as she turned our way,
Took up her things and walked away.

Andrea Pruden '12

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is the fruit of every man's ambition
Upon us it's the greatest gift God bestowed
Knowledge is ever lasting, outlasting that of any manifestation
Its strength unwavering, it's use unparalleled
Knowledge strikes fear into those who take sovereignty
To those who strip men of their right to be a man
But, gives those oppressed the hope and tenacity
Transcend above the conformities of life
To have an eternal bedlam of knowledge in their mind
The ability to embrace the chaos and to diminish the confusion
Shall create bliss in their life
Knowledge is the fruit of every man's ambition
The greatest gift God bestowed upon us
Utilize it, embrace it, loathe it, reject it

Jacques Beauvoir '11



Teetering • Anthony Le '10
Photography

ESSENTIAL AS WATER

W aits for the push of a button
H istorical fossil that dumbfounded scientists
A nswer to life's pains
T eaches lessons that textbooks lack

M y chicken noodle soup
U nderstands more than a family
S afe haven to harbor my thoughts
I ndescribable emotions that mute therapists
C ures aches better than Tylenol

M elodic beat synchs my thoughts
E scape from life's personal hell
A bolishes useless worries
N ourishes the poor in spirit
S peaks for the mind

T he only reason for my sanity
O riginal, meaningful, universal

M y prescribed stress reliever
E ssential as water

Stephanie Darden '12

RAIN

To dance in the rain
is a certain kind of pain
but not in a way
that you could say
It troubles the mind
and works out our behind
Although in the morning
we are not mourning

Hold up our umbrella
don't bruise your patella
enjoy the life that you know
eat some cookie dough
breathe in the scent
that you don't resent
don't worry 'bout lightening
(honestly it's not that frightening)

Rain makes us think
hopefully, without a shrink
we ponder our past
hope our futures will last
remember being a kid
when your mom would forbid
you from destroying the house
or killing a mouse

Remember that day
when we grew up
and we wanted to say
just shut up
and we realized
that idealized
stories are not real
and that our lives were not ideal

The world holds us at rapture
as we begin to capture
A picture that is worth
a thousand words.

Andrea Pruden '12



Ruth Magalee - Ancopacha, Peru • Annie Dillon '11
Photography



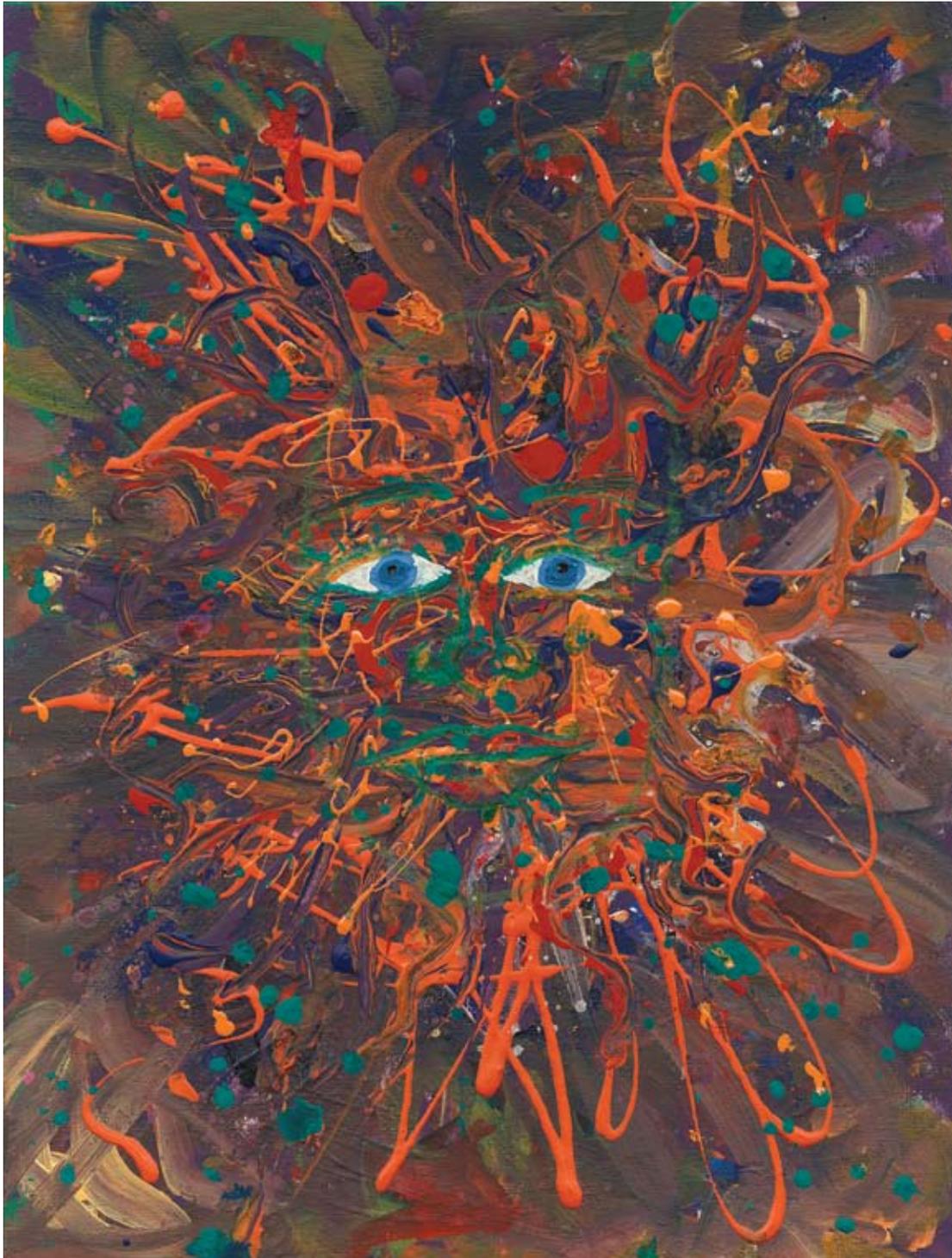
The Woodpecker's Pantry • Kate Christian '11
Photography

BLUEBERRY WAFFLES

We killed time
in the slow-motion of midmorning;
gripping it with four entwined hands
while it writhed under our fingers,
squirming in suffocation.
Then we made blueberry waffles
with the waffle iron found
under your Christmas tree
two winters ago; pressing it shut
until steam curled out, snaking
about the edges. You filled each
square indent with syrup.
I covered mine with jam.
Then we ate quietly on the porch
swing while the mist rose
and juice gathered in the berries.
You pushed the swing
with the toe of your rubber boots,
which were thick
under your flowing nightgown.
It issued a self satisfied
crack, like it was relieved
to get some exercise;
to stretch the chains
that hung it taut from the ceiling.
We left our remains on a porcelain plate
to appease the birds
who had chattered around
us while we breakfasted,
as if planning an attack.
Brushing our teeth; you sitting
on the toilet, me leaning
against the sink in the stark
white bathroom. I stared
at you and realized we had worn
each other's faces today
and when you sighed
my lungs expanded;
I kept your breath in my pocket.
Although the mist did rise,
the clouds
hung low as if they were eavesdropping;

curious about the whispers
of our world. At dusk
we opened a jar of peaches
and sat on the peeling porch steps.
You smiled into my ear
and rubbed juice off your chin;
sticky but sweet.
Sometime late in the night
You woke me
with hushed excitement
so vivid, it was almost tangible.
I felt it myself when you led
me down to the lake, looking up
to see that the clouds had parted
for the night sky,
and we pushed
the canoe into the water, our feet
skipping nimbly
over the wooden sides. It rocked
gently, then calmed as we drifted
into the patient night.
The chilled stars were in no hurry
and neither were we.

David Monticelli '11



Jealousy Reigns • Amanda Espiritu '10
Paint