

# JANUS

A Collection of Art, Poetry & Prose  
Volume 31, Spring 2021

Lyndon Institute  
Lyndon Center, Vermont





Abby Fillion '23, Watercolor

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# 2021

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Janus was The God of Good of Beginnings.  
His chief in Rome ran east and west,  
where the day begins and ends,  
and had two doors, one young, one old.

These Doors were closed only when Rome was at peace.

In the first 700 years of the city's life, they were closed three times.

Naturally, his month, January, begins a new year.

# Janus

Children love a doorway—they will stand  
For hours it seems, door flung open wide  
Oblivious to draught or reprimand,  
Pleased to be not in nor yet outside,  
But rather so precisely in between  
There's not the least suggestion of intent  
To go or come, thus they achieve the mean  
In the ever-changing world of youth,  
Thresholds fraught with meaning shift and fade,  
Elusive as deceptive dreams of truth  
Dreamt in summer's long and dappled shade;  
Let children keep the doorway while they may,  
To get their balance, before they go away.

– Burt Porter, Retired Faculty



# Janus Dedication



**This year's issue of Janus is dedicated to the memory of Burt Porter, who passed away on New Year's Eve this past December. Burt has a special place in our hearts here at Lyndon Institute, where he spent most of his teaching career. Janus owes its existence in large part to Burt, who helped create the magazine in 1990 and whose title sonnet graces the start of every issue.**

**For three decades, Burt inspired many students with his knowledge, his wisdom, and his sense of humor. He was not only a gifted teacher of language and writing but a skilled practitioner of what he taught, writing poems and songs and sharing them with his students, serving as a model of what a good artist can aspire to.**

**For me personally, Burt was the teacher and writer and musician who inspired me to become all three. He was first a mentor, then a colleague, and in the end, most of all, a dear friend.**

**--David Stahler Jr.**

**1966-1999  
English Teacher  
Burton "Burt" Porter of Glover, Vermont**

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Hailey Lawrence '22, Illustrator

**Dark, Cold, Soul, Night, Angel**  
by Mr. Stahler's Creative Writing Class

Three times now,  
The storm has woven through the valley,  
A shadow on the grass, the trees

A father ushers his children inside.  
It is too dark, too damp  
To play in the rain.

Rain and wind  
Makes nights cold  
Cold and dark  
Fear behold  
Shadows grow  
Deeper and darker  
into the night

The soul. cold and dark  
beaten in the grave  
cold morning storm rises.  
fear lifts from the shadow  
cold, beaten and unloved  
afraid to break the powerful

Laughter rises from her soul  
The thorn of innocence in her side  
A spool of silk as a noose  
for the angel of the shadowed valley.

The rain and wind could not keep me at bay  
But I was too late.  
The garden had been scorched  
Her wings were bound.

The night is dark  
and cold. wind  
and snow flows through the sky.

as daylight arrives  
The wind settles  
and the sun shines on the snow.

I admire her beauty, soft and divine  
But sorrow still burrows deep in my soul  
She's stunning, a starlit angel under a dark sky

But my blood runs cold, my terror still high  
I stare at her hair, black and long  
I want to touch it, but it would make my  
heart break  
She looks at peace, laying on the grass  
And yet I know I can't have her  
For you can't love a body once it's dead

The fear creeps in  
Waiting in the shadows  
Slowly sinking in  
Until the ties are too deep to cut  
The tears fall from her eyes like rain from the clouds  
Her angelic voice breaks with every word  
The pain of life becomes too much to bear  
The promise of beauty and joy once held  
Turns dark leaving nothing but a memory  
She fades further and further away  
Until she is no more.

An early morning star  
Shining faintly above,  
In the early morning sky  
Fading quickly, growing dull

Blink your eyes and it's gone,  
Only the memory of the reminder  
Of the bold and black of night  
Like a sharpie pressed on paper

Like the pupil of your eye  
The one watching that star  
But it disappears and is now  
In your brain, in your heart

You are afraid, cold, tired.  
The knife you hold, pointed at the angel,  
Burning regret into your soul.  
They are no angel, a shadow whose body deceives you.  
A perfect silhouette,  
Complete darkness.

Their only features are two glowing, blue eyes.  
The storm above even fears this creature.  
Your hand drops the knife and you collapse,  
You know what you did,  
And they have come to collect their debt.

Fear is the noose  
That bars you,  
the shadows mirror you.

Yet your soul is alive,  
a raging storm that  
soars in fire and light.

She hangs in the garden.  
Her soul, cold and dark  
no pain, no sorrow.

The noose of loneliness consumes her.  
Hanging alive, grasping for love.  
The shadow of life wiping her tears.

Climbing and climbing your way  
Up that ladder,  
To your destination.

Creating your name, your reputation  
While creeping through the dark valley of the world.  
Like looking in a tunnel, trying to keep your head steady be-  
cause of your fear of heights.

Everyone knows we just keep climbing  
For little to no reason.  
Just working, working another day, slowly putting one foot in  
the grave.  
Then the next.

The deer,  
Throughout the forest it weaves.  
As Father Time watches on,  
He kindles a new light for dawn.  
Guiding the deer away,  
From the shadows of the night.  
Now standing over the horizon of colours,  
Stands, the deer.

A bar of light shows the fear  
of night, a tunnel to the grave.  
The soul on wings of an angel  
unseen by the eye of the father.

Power feasts on the afraid  
it preys as the tiger on the deer.  
A quest of freedom begins anew  
in the gardens first morning.

*Inspired by Kenneth Patchen's "Moon, Sun, Sleep, Birds, Live"*



## The Gift

### An Exercise in Drabbles

By Mr. Stahler's Creative Writing Class

I.

I have the power to create anything I wish, for my mind is my canvas and my thoughts are my brush. For years I have sat at this very desk, conjuring worlds into existence with nothing but a pen and a piece of paper. This was my sanctuary, a place where the shackles of reality cannot restrain me. In this room I have created nations, watched as my heroes have vanquished the evil within. From this desk I have the power to control anyone, for my mind is my canvas and my thoughts are my brush. This is my gift.

--Evan Thorn

II.

It had arrived on the 8th, in an unmarked cardboard box. No stamps, no return address. You had opened it up to find... well, nothing. Nothing but a strange puff of dust that exploded out of the cracks in the cardboard. You hadn't thought much of it at first. Until you felt that pricking under your skin, felt those particles moving through your system.

You had begun to see the dust creeping into your veins. Your eyes were bloodshot and weeping. It wouldn't be long now until that gift was all the way through your system. It wouldn't be long.

--Wilson Krause

III.

The gift was something that I did not expect, it was my wolf Ace. The wolf that helped me. My only companion in this world of magic was Ace. He was with me until the end of my first life and still is. He is burned like me undead. What did this to us gave me magic. I can't control them is this why Ace is with me to share the burden of this. Is he now part of my soul if that is true or not no matter what he is the best gift that I have ever got?

--Jayden Sherman

IV.

It was a gift like no other. It was soft and delicate with tiny toes and tiny fingers, where the nails were so thin you could see through them. It had fuzzy brown hair that was silky smooth.

And a mouth full gum that latched to anything it was given. The gift was loud. It screamed and cried. Yet I held it tightly. All my instincts wanting to protect it. It kept me up at night. Demanding more from me each day. Yet I kept that gift as it was the best gift I've gotten, the gift of a child.

--Jorja McLeod

V.

Sometimes you receive a gift that you never wanted. Full of your worst nightmares. I was given this gift, by my grandfather (who Mum says is off his rocker) while we sat on either side of a smoldering fire. It glowed for us, but gave an extra layer of darkness to the surrounding trees. My gift was a story. Passed down by the generations of people who were cursed by living here. The gift of knowledge, about what to do when I heard the cries from beyond the trees. My uncle spoke. "This is the tale...of the Dungarvon Whooper".

--Colin MacDiarmid

VI.

I shut off the lamp on my nightstand but I could still see it. It didn't emanate any light but even in the pitch black it was there. I thought that if I closed my eyes I would just go to sleep and forget about it. But when I closed my eyes I could still see it. Why did I take it? In hopes to end this curse I switched the lamp back on and went to it. Once in my arms it vibrated from within its core. I placed the small black cat on the comforter and went to bed.

--Alex Hume

VII.

We entered the field through the logging trail in early morning. I wasn't expecting to see much, as we had just gone there the day before and didn't see a thing.

We had set up on the edge of the field, covered by tall, tan grass. The entire time we were there, he gobbled repeatedly, a very good sign. Codey used the slate call to lure the jake in after he popped the hen decoy up in the field. He stood in confusion for a few minutes, out of range, then he came right down the barrel of my gun.

--Kelsi Gorham

### VIII.

The Hero and The Villain had been in a scuffle for years- a dance that wrought carnage where they waltzed, stepping on each other's toes all the while. Unlike other enemies, they had a witty, friendly dynamic; even when attempting to kill each other you could tell there was a bond there. After years, and years of heinous plots, and sexual tension, The Villain decided to send his "enemy" a gift. Wrapped in newspaper was a box, and inside was a large, diamond ring. They had already spent their youth together- who better to share the rest of his life with?

--Lexa Ball

### IX.

James barely noticed the sunny day, engrossed in the latest issue of Captain Hero as he walked along.

"Gimme that," Scott said. The three bullies had been waiting behind the tree.

Not again. James sighed. He'd moved to town last week. No matter which town he moved to, they always found him.

"I'd rather not."

"I didn't ask."

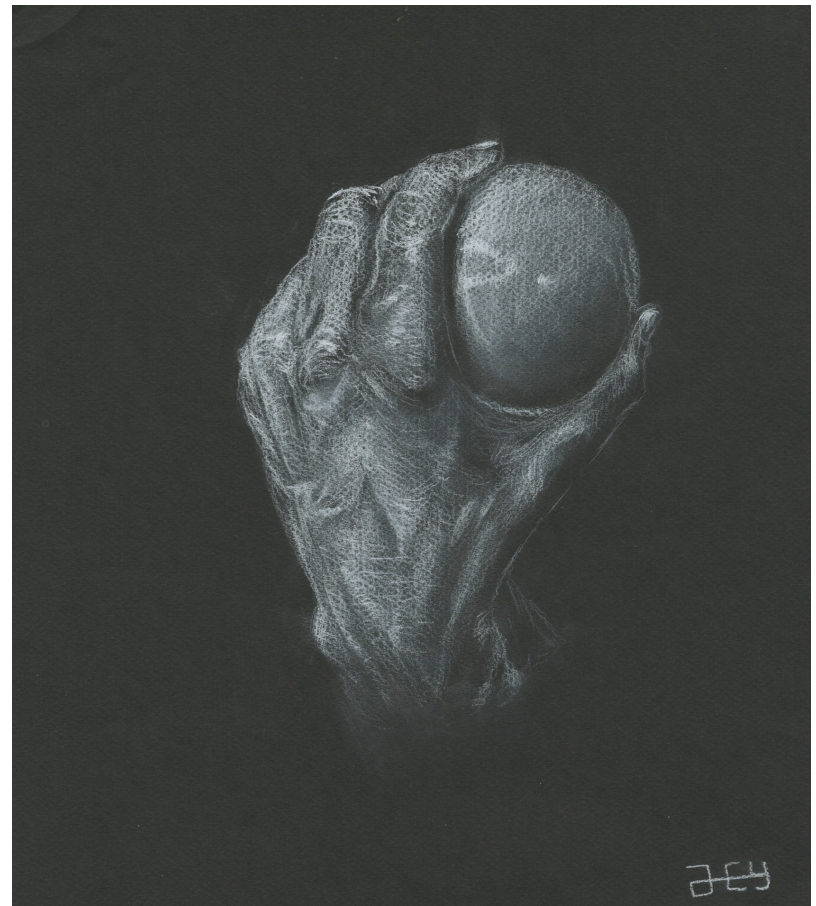
When James got to school, the three boys were carrying him on their shoulders. "Make way for King James!" they cried, grinning in unison.

"Wow, James," the teacher said. "Looks like you have a way with people."

James smiled. "It's a gift."

--Mr. Stahler

You stand on the platform, wrists chained and feet planted heavy. Bars surround you on all sides, an extra measure. You're not scared though, even as they prepare the heavy stones meant to crush you. You are a god amongst mere men. You can hear the chanting, not from the crowd, but from the dark reaches of your own mind. They scream and jeer and thirst for blood. Blood, blood, blood for the blood god. You watch in twisted excitement as the stones drop. All is black for a moment but not long. Don't they know? You can't kill a god.



Victoria Young, '22, White Charcoal

### X.

**Oda a la Felicidad**  
**Escrito por Estrella**

Felicidad.  
El olor de la lluvia,  
el sol brillante.  
Amarillo.  
Todos sienten amarillo,  
el amarillo de una margarita,  
la forma en que besas un primer amor,  
la forma en que das la mano a tus amigos durante una película  
aterradora.  
Felicidad.  
La crujiente de hojas,  
el sabor del helado.  
Naranja.  
Todos sienten naranja,  
la naranja de un palomitas,  
la forma en que te pulsas en un columpio,  
la forma en que te ríes mientras comes en un restaurante.  
Felicidad.  
La sensación de terminar tu programa favorito,  
El sonido de un niño que se ríe.  
Rosa.  
Todos sienten rosa,  
el rosa de las mejillas rosadas,  
la forma en que haces cosquillas a otro,  
la forma en que te vas a dormir sonriendo.  
Amarillo,  
Naranja,  
Rosa.  
Felicidad.

**Ode to Happiness**  
**By Kaidin Aviles**

Happiness.  
The smell of the rain,  
The bright sun.  
Yellow.  
Everyone feels yellow,  
The yellow of a daisy  
The way that you kiss your first love,  
The way that you give your hand to your friend during a scary  
movie.  
Happiness.  
The crunch of leaves,  
The flavor of ice cream.  
Orange.  
Everyone feels orange,  
The orange of popcorn,  
The way you are pushed on a swing,  
The way you laugh while eating at a restaurant.  
Happiness.  
*The sensation of finishing your favorite program,*  
*The sound of a child that is laughing.*  
Pink  
*Everyone feels pink,*  
*The pink of rosy cheeks,*  
*The way that you tickle someone else,*  
*The way that you go to sleep smiling.*  
Yellow.  
Orange.  
Pink.  
Happiness.

**Into The Woods**  
**By Lexa Ball**

On a non-particular day in November,  
a woman traversed a path in the woods.

The snow danced around her in a waltz and  
accumulated on the ground, crunching under her petite feet

When she would take a step. Trees towered over her,  
providing refuge against the rays of sunlight that peeked  
through the branches.

She pulled the knitted scarf around her neck tighter,  
subtly cursing them for blocking the warm light.

November air was crisp, and letting out a shaky breath she  
could see it puff out in front of her.

Chills pranced over her skin, knuckles red  
and desperate to be covered.

Although it was chilly, she supposed that she  
should be grateful that such a beautiful place was where

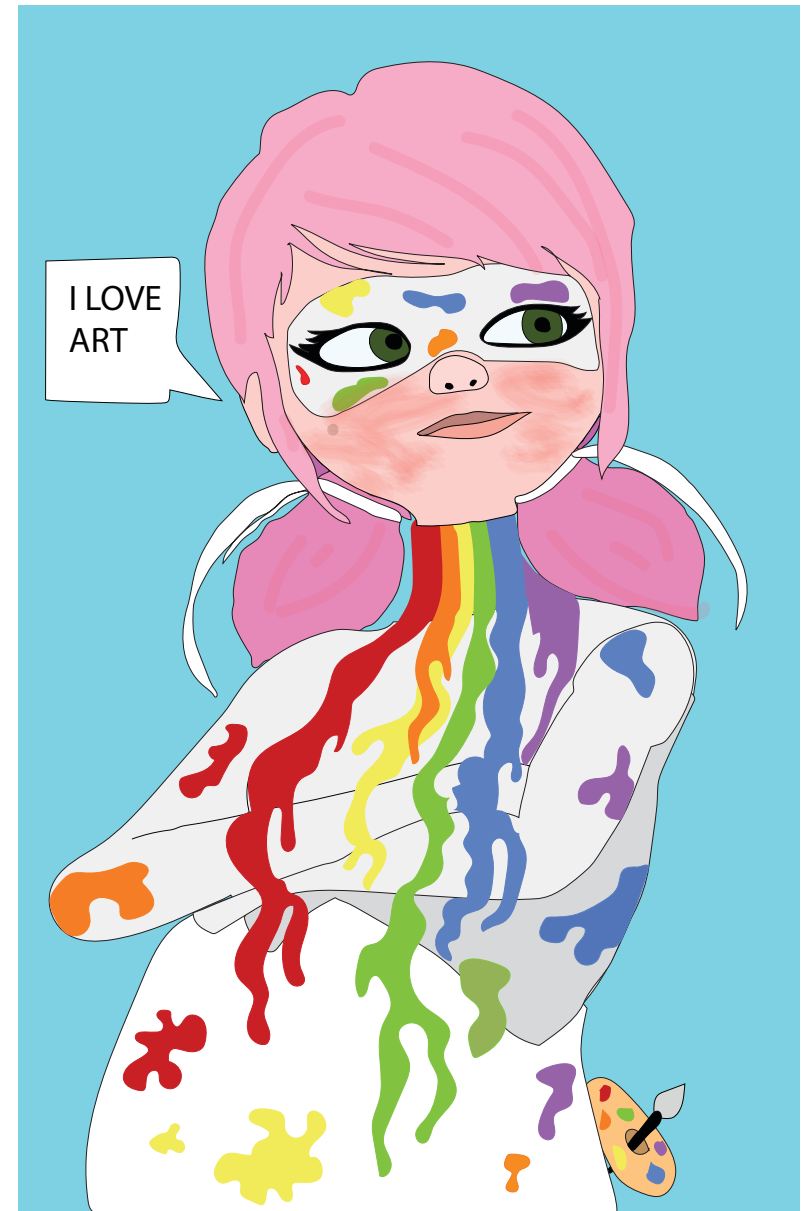
she would depart this life.  
After all, today was the day she was destined to die.



*Grace Pearce, '21, Digital Photography*

## Individual By Lexa Ball

I am an individual,  
A daughter to few, a friend to many others.  
A student, an ally, a stranger.  
On most days I am bliss, a smile on my  
Lips and a pep in my step.  
But behind that facade is something else; a girl who is  
Insecure, angry, and confused.  
I am dangerous- not a bone in this body  
Doesn't long for something more.  
Although that happens to be quite a human thing,  
Doesn't it?  
I am a human who has contemplated  
Their existence more times than I can count,  
Fighting to find my place and who I am.  
In truth, I don't know who I am,  
Or what I really want.  
What I do know is that I want more.  
I want to experience everything I can  
With the time I have left.  
I want to soar in the sky, I want to see  
The world and meet new people.  
I want to observe different cultures firsthand.  
I want to scream from my highest point,  
And feel content crumbling at my lowest.  
I want to live.



Jorja McLeod '21, Illustrator



**Vermont Winter**  
by Mackenzie Bandy

When I think of a blizzard  
I crave the smelly, subzero snow  
I crave the whirling wind chill  
My memories flurry back to when I was a kid  
Trudging through snow as deep as I was tall  
Sledding and ice skating on the icy driveway  
Always reminded to not touch the yellow snow  
Knocking icicles off the roof  
Then eating the icicles  
Building snow forts and Igloos  
Sugar on snow  
Finally going inside  
A red cold nose  
hot chocolate



*Jack Grant, '22, Illustrator*

**Him**  
by Cameron Barney

You feel he is here  
In his signature clothes  
That round pair of glasses  
You see him sitting across from you  
Eating that chicken parmigiana  
Chatting happily with you  
You understand him  
His life, his reality, his feelings  
He understands you  
He is almost a brother to you  
You play sports in the backyard  
Argue occasionally  
Eat dinner together  
You were his light through the dark  
But you realize now  
He isn't truly here  
He isn't in that chair  
With that round pair of glasses  
Eating that chicken parmigiana



*Cameron Barney, '22, Photoshop*

**The Lovely Day**  
**By Cameron Barney**

Take a step through the door,  
This sunny day's got you coming back for more.

Got your Sunday shoes,  
No Monday blues,

The day is bright,  
No clouds in sight.

To feel the lovely breeze,  
Your mind feeling at ease.

Your step is swift,  
You need no lift.

To the one who may,  
God, this is a lovely day.



*Jamie Fenoff, '22, Watercolor with Pen & Ink*

**The Girl in the Mirror**  
**By Mary Bassett**

Sometimes I don't know who she is  
Her eyes are sunken  
Her skin is pale  
It looks like she hasn't slept in weeks  
Sometimes I forget that the girl in the mirror is me  
The girl in the mirror has dry skin and fragile nail beds  
She wasn't always like that  
She use to stand in the mirror and see nothing but a smile as bright as the  
stars  
Her eyes were filled with joy and she couldn't be more pleased with how life  
was  
That girl is still there but her appearances have become less and less  
frequent  
But she's still there and she'll keep fighting until the other girl is gone  
She'll keep fighting until she's back in the mirror  
For good.



Rebecca Young-Allen, '23, Watercolor

**Nothing Better**  
By Mary Bassett

Nothing is better than a warm summer's day in  
The middle of June  
The feeling of the heat on your skin  
The slight buzz that fills your ears  
The laughter of children running through the sprinklers  
The song the birds sing  
Happy as can be  
But it isn't long until the sun will fade and the rain will come  
The clouds will fill the once blue sky  
A chill will replace the heat  
A gloom will cover the town  
The laughter will die down  
And that slight buzz you use to hear will be replaced  
By rain hitting the tin roof  
Although the rain is not to fear  
For when the rain clears and the sun comes back  
A shot of color will be placed in the sky  
And everything will be okay



*Alex Lacoss, '23, Illustrator*

**Butterfly**  
**By Elizabeth Brown**

To be a butterfly,  
Unaware of your own beauty, but sensing everyone's  
Admiration for your colorful wings,  
Gracefully fluttering and gliding throughout the sky,  
Not particularly alone but not dependent

To feel the cool wind while in the hot sun on your wings,  
Like bundling up for winter just to fall back into the snow  
With the warmth on your face and the snow barely felt on your back  
Through your surplus of clothes  
Just enjoying the overwhelming comfort

The comfort bringing unexplainable joy with simply living

Oh, to be a butterfly



*Ainsley Wells, '21, Pen & Ink with Watercolor*

## A Loved Book By Elizabeth Brown

Holding it in your hands, the corner is rough, with small marks along the edges, the corners. The pages in between are wrinkled, not one the same as another, and as you flip through you notice folded corners from times where a proper bookmark was out of sight. You see the lines from where previous readers smoothed out those dog-eared corners but failed to remove what had already been done; as soon as each of those corners are folded over, it will be known where they once were forever. Then, in some places, the corners are ripped off entirely because of that line made in the page from the folding, making the paper vulnerable to tearing, though in a perfectly straight line.

As you flip more, you'll see an occasional bumpiness on either the side, bottom or corner of the pages, from fidgeting fingers, a habit of folding and smoothing repeatedly while reading. In some spots there will be tiny tears from this motion, some bigger than others, and sometimes multiple on the same page.

There are also phrases that have been underlined here and there. Maybe they're from a quote that fascinated someone, maybe from saving the phrase for a school project, like a book report. It could also be another way to save someone's place, in a much more precise checkpoint. A super loved book will have some pages taped to each other, maybe the front and back cover with tape in the place of the spine. It could be duct tape, packing tape, scotch tape, maybe even masking tape, holding the entire book together.

The cover and back will be worn and peeling, and one or two of the inside pages missing or ripped. There will be coloring or wrinkles from spills, maybe from being left in the rain, with some letters and words bolded from getting the ink wet, then sundried, causing the coloring to fade. A loved book is loved for a reason, and spotting one immediately tells you how much you'll love it next.



Alex Lacoss, '23, Illustrator

## Rain

By Elizabeth Brown

Not all rain is amazing; I haven't had a "movie moment" of enjoying being caught in the rain. But I do enjoy watching the rain. Being inside, warm and protected, looking at the drops fall from the sky, seeming to appear out of thin air, and watching them collect in a puddle with a miniscule splash.

Rain gives off a misty, dark growth-like aesthetic to trees and the sky, and buildings as well. It'll dampen and therefore darken rough bricks, or stick individually to somewhat waterproof roofs of steel.

When all is quiet, I can hear as it connects with all sorts of materials and elements, like wood or metal or pavement, making a distinguishable smack. Then there's the significant collection of rain falling through a forest, where there is no longer the individual drop, but a swarm of liquid with no end and no beginning, wetting the trees and their trunks, and the grass, flowers, and animals below.



*Brittany Weber, '22, Scratchboard*



**Chemical Fire**  
**By Oak Clark**

In the first days of winter, on the far edge of town  
Amidst the grime and the snowflakes, an old warehouse burned down  
The flames blazed most cheerily in motley hues  
Oh such a bouquet of reds, greens, golds, and blues!  
They must have been storing some sort of chemicals in there  
But of the employees we saw not hide nor hair  
Which could have been a blessing or a curse, I guess  
Depending on how many of them were trapped in that mess!!!

There were quite a number gathered at the scene  
Each one of us watching as the fire burned timbers clean  
There was a squad of firefighters, fighting that fell fire  
As ineffectual as fleas gnawing at a steel-rimmed tire  
There were others too, such as myself  
Who had no business there any more than would an elf.

There was a young woman in a plaid coat of green  
And on her brow sweat in slick gleaming sheen  
In her hands she fiddled with a box of matches  
And upon her boots were aluminium patches.  
There was bright flame reflected in her eye  
Even when her gaze upon the burning did not lie.  
Truth be told, I found her rather suspicious,  
Though we did talk at length on the uses of fishes  
As she walked away, It could not be unseen,  
Though her hands were very clean,  
sticking out of one pocket was a flask of kerosene!

There was a well-dressed man with a blood-red tie  
A neutral expression and eyes grey as the sky  
He was dressed up so well, so neat, so nice  
But his fine clothes hid a heart far colder than ice.  
In days gone by, many folk have agreed  
That wealth is meant to serve a need  
But he and his ilk have only one solemn creed;  
And that is of the supreme ascendance of greed!  
In times past, this fellow I'd known  
'Til his actions I'd no longer condone  
On that day he struck, and I was right out of luck!

I suppose I'm better off on my own.  
And as the crowd parted for him, as did the Red Sea,  
I gazed long at him, but he did not see me.

At the edge of the crowd was a fellow with a trolley,  
And no one among the company was ever so jolly!  
He offered food in a bun for one-fifty apiece,  
I know not what meat it was, but it seemed heavy with  
grease!  
In that respect, it was not so different from its merchant;  
His hair was gelled in spikes to shame a sea urchin!  
He was quite vocal in telling the virtues of his wares,  
And in truth, he drew more than his share of stares  
He seemed almost feverish, and his ears were most red,  
His apron was stained, and his name tag read "Fred"  
I tried his hot chocolate, I'll admit, and Forsooth!  
No finer drink there ever was for the tarring of a roof!

There was a soldier in the uniform of the Northern military,  
Standing near to the fire, hers was a face made for statuary  
All creases and lines, graven from age and care,  
And never in my life have I ever seen a more ferocious stare!  
When I did espy her, she was giving an impromptu sermon,  
About terrorists, and rabble rousers, and arsonist vermin.  
"When a single building burns," quoth she, "it may not  
seem like much,"  
But it opens the door to violence, vandalism, and other  
nonesuch"  
She went on to prophesy much tragedy and gloom,  
And spoke at length about how a single fire could presage a  
city's doom.  
She talked on of war and violence when a spark bursts into  
flame,  
She talked of cold silence, and asked who'd ask the Dark its  
name.  
I'd have questioned her rhetoric, but she knew Death so  
well,  
And her steel arm and leg told she'd been right down  
through Hell.

## Admiration

By Franchesca Compton-Loesch

Originally written in Spanish, translated to English

Cálidos ojos marrones,  
Labios rojos suaves,  
Sonríe todo el tiempo  
Con purpurina en tus mejillas.  
Te gusta el teatro,  
Cantar y actuar.  
Jugaría a tu princesa  
Si tu seras mi reina.  
Belleza real,  
Y risa mágic,  
Voz suave y dulce,  
Como miel goteando.  
Me das mariposas,  
Y sentimientos que no puedo describir.  
Eres como un sol líquido  
Lavándome.  
Eres burbujas en el verano, y  
Pura felicidad,  
Tu presencia es como fuego,  
Confortante y cálido.  
Tu no me ves,  
Y tal nunca lo harás,  
Pero no me importa  
Admirando desde lejos.

Warm brown eyes,  
Soft red lips,  
Smiles all the time,  
Glitter on your cheeks.  
You like theater,  
To sing and act.  
I'd play your princess  
If you'll be my queen.  
Royal beauty,  
Magical laugh,  
Voice smooth and sweet,  
Like dripping honey.  
You give me butterflies, and  
Feelings I can't describe.  
You're like liquid sunshine  
Washing over me.  
You're bubbles in the summer,  
Pure happiness,  
Your presence is like fire,  
Comforting and warm.  
You don't see me,  
Maybe you never will.  
But I don't mind  
Admiring from afar.

## Angels Fall

By Francesca Compton-Loesch

Have you ever seen an angel fall?  
Their white wings become red,  
Tinged with blood from their broken halos.  
Dresses tear,  
Voices crack,  
Sobs escape.  
It's truly a somber sight,  
And the sound is sickening - the silence,  
Deafening as their hearts fall into pieces in their hands.  
But angels fall sometimes,  
One can only guess why  
Their feathers fall and worlds crumble.  
Alas, it is a part of life, I suppose.  
And there's an odd beauty in the tragedy  
Of an angel falling from heaven.



Ana Drummond, '23, Watercolor

## Windows to the Soul By Franchesca Compton-Loesch

They say that the eyes are the windows to the soul,  
That you can see someone's life story in their pupils.  
Every laugh is visible in the sparkles in their eyes,  
And every tear is hidden in the valleys of their iris.  
But art is the true window;  
Perfectly capturing every emotion,  
Every thought and memory,  
Laying in plain sight.  
Smiles reside in the splashes of colour.  
Beauty exists between each stanza.  
Pain is expressed with every note.  
A moment captured in the indent of a paragraph.  
The gentleness of a stroke,  
The emotion in the bass -  
Someone's entire heart poured out,  
The contents soaked into their creation.  
"Hopeful Bird" December 21, 2019  
She was like hope.  
Hope was like a bird.  
Try to catch it,  
It'd only fly farther away.  
But sit and wait for it,  
Patient and loving,  
And it'll come back when it's ready,  
And sit in the palm of your hand.



I was a radical.  
— Sylvia Rivera, speaking about her experience in the Stonewall Riot on  
June 28,  
1969.  
By Franchesca Compton-Loesch

I was a radical,  
A revolutionist.  
I am still a revolutionist.  
I am glad I was in the Stonewall Riot.  
I remember when someone threw a molotov cocktail,  
I thought,  
My God,  
The revolution is here.  
The revolution is finally here!”



Haley Wenzel, '24, Illustrator

**Your God**  
**By Katlyn Cornelius**

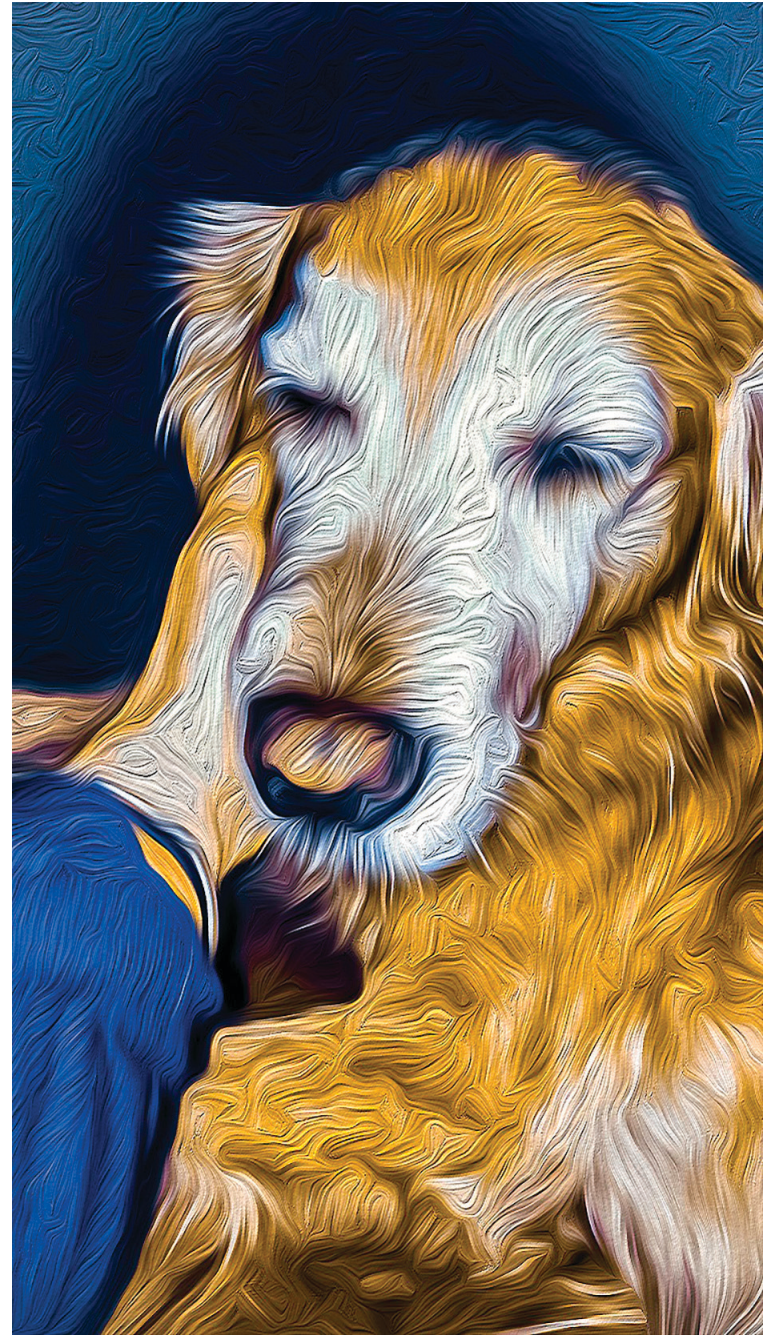
The god you know  
Is not like mine  
No, you have not faced  
The betrayal I have  
His eyes, blood red  
His fingers like tiger claws.  
His children once loved him  
And now they all flee  
From a soul so cold  
It freezes your body.  
You would expect an angel  
To be beautiful and good  
But instead he stands tall,  
A black shadow of fear  
That puts thorns through your heart  
And knives in your back.  
No, your god is not like mine  
And you should be grateful  
For I'd never wish another  
To suffer in these chains.



## The Canine

By Katelyn Cornelius

Fur of black and gray  
Eyes bright like a raging flame  
Teeth glisten, sharp and intimidating  
Feet pummel the ground like angry fists  
Trying to break through to the center of the earth  
Slobber drips, down, down  
It hits the grass silently, but seems so loud  
Ears pin back against a fuzzy skull  
Agitated and aggressive  
I run, but it runs faster  
A hot fan of breath against my legs  
'It's gaining" I think  
But there is only so far I can bound  
Only so long I can narrowly escape  
Those unforgiving jaws



Jennifer Hockridge, '21, Digital Photography  
& Photoshop

**My House is On Fire**  
**By Catherine Fiske**

My house is on fire,  
But all I can do is  
Wipe the table and set our plates.

I can try to rearrange my fresh roses  
Set up on her favorite  
Windowsill,

Or I can sweep the floors that  
Only miss the way  
Her feet  
Danced across them.

Still, nothing I do will replace  
The way you used to see this place.

My house is on fire.

And although I want to forever live  
In it, it will never truly  
Be mine.



*Ariana Lewis, '21, Digital Photography*



**Four Feet and the Light**  
By Catherine Fiske

I'm giving up hope  
that I'll find the light that has quickly  
Slipped out of my reach.  
It's nowhere near where it used to be  
And it's not tossed under my bed  
Not tucked behind the baskets  
Certainly not hidden somewhere in the back of my head  
Trust me,  
I've checked.

That's when two feet swept across my little shop's floor  
Soon to become four  
Even if I didn't know it at the time.  
I glanced upon and observed  
What I had been missing out on for most of my life  
You're eyes and that light.  
The light I thought would be  
Forever out of my mind.



Rebecca Young-Allen, '23, Oil Painting with Palette Knife

**The Untouchable**  
**By Kelsi Gorham**

Looking up there,  
At the seemingly  
Never ending big,  
Black, starry sky,  
Makes me think  
Of all the  
Past happenings,  
And what could have been.

I know,  
That up there,  
It's untouchable.  
Everyone looks  
Like the grass  
Is greener on the other side.  
Yet hey can never reach it.  
It remains untouched,  
Like the beautiful, mysterious  
Water of Fiji.  
It's the untouchable.



**Ode to Ice Cream**  
By Toby Ham

Ice cream  
So smooth and so cold  
Like snow in my mouth  
Like an iceberg  
Of milk

The flavors  
Are different  
More varied and diverse  
Than the jungle  
A rainforest of color  
And flavor

Mi mouth is an ocean  
My tongue, the Titanic  
And this ice cream  
The iceberg  
That sank it

Chocolate  
Like rich earth  
The dark flavor  
And sweet night

Vanilla  
Like light from the stars  
Like foam from the sea  
Clouds of sugar

Strawberry  
The fruit of the sun  
With cold and soft passion  
Like love

Finally  
The lake of cream  
Disappeared, sweet and smooth  
Like air in the night  
Of Winter

**-Oda a Helado--**  
-escrito por Rafa / Toby Ham

Helado  
Tan suave y tan frío  
Como nieve en mi boca  
Como un Tempano  
de leche

Los sabores  
son diferentes  
más variado y diverso  
que la jungla  
una selva de color  
y sabor

Mi boca es un mar  
Mi lengua, el Titánico  
Y esto helado  
El Tempano  
que lo hundió

Chocolate  
como tierra rica  
El sabor de oscuro  
Y noche dulce

Vainilla  
como luz de las estrellas  
como espuma del mar  
nubes de azúcar

Fresa  
la fruta del sol  
con pasión frío y suave  
como amor

Por fin  
El lago de crema  
desapareció, dulce y suave  
como aire en una noche  
de invierno



10/26

By Alex Hume

Under the late afternoon sun  
The golden rays make it all clearer to see  
The scars on my knuckles  
On my chest and shin  
The gold and green glow of my eyes  
The red and blond highlights in my beard and roots  
All these little things that those passing by never see

All the things they'll never know  
That the late golden sun will never show.  
How far I have come from who I was  
All the lives I've left behind  
And all the stupid things I've done.

As I bask in this new found light  
I am ready to carry on  
To live freely and love myself a little better



*Jessica Hubbard, '23, Oil Painting with Palette Knife*

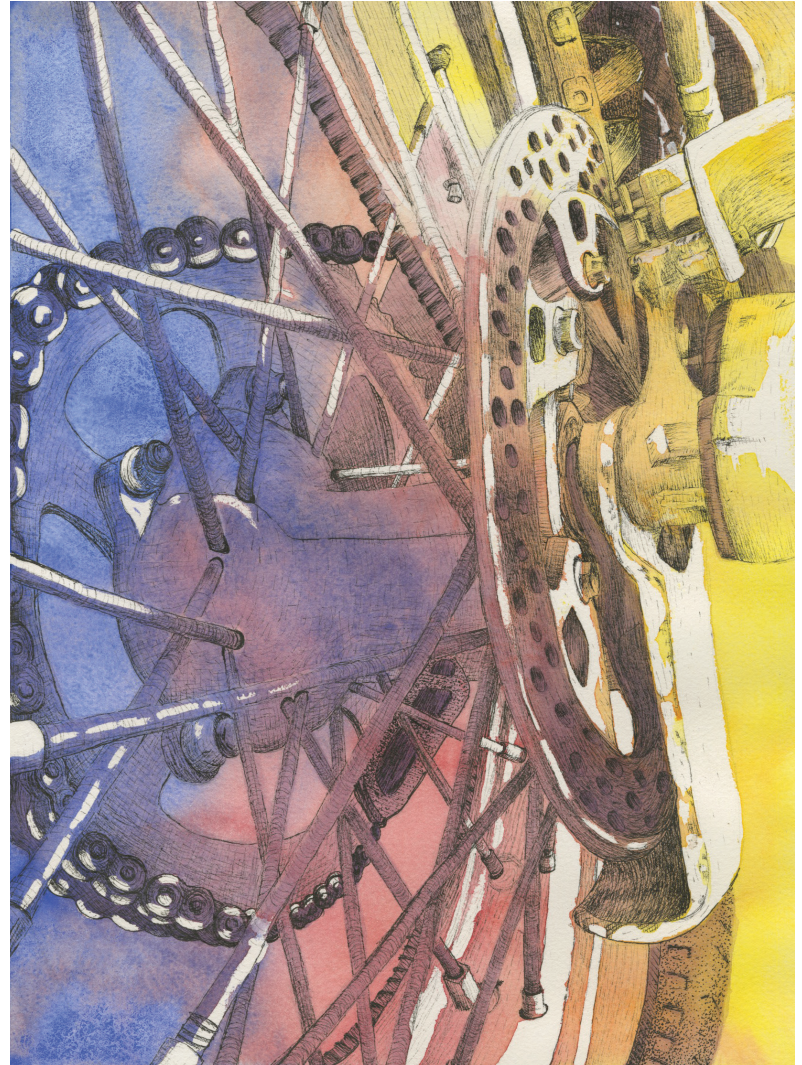
**P' Town**  
By Alex Hume

Is it fried chicken or fried dough?  
I don't know.  
It's hard to tell through the low tide  
and cigarette smoke.

Bare, sunkist skin flashes past,  
along with brilliant fabrics.  
Song and jubilant voices  
cut through the hot and heavy air.

Above lovers watch from beach house balconies.  
Stunning art hangs in studio windows.  
Something a bit more beautiful catches my eye;  
a broad set of bare tan shoulders,  
and the steele blue of a closely shaven jaw.  
His black hanky led my eyes to wonder.

Dazed, I was lost at sea  
Amongst the crowd  
I followed the flow  
Queens heckle tourists  
While cameras flash  
Where shall I go next?  
I am too shy for the beach  
A speedo? I'm not that brave  
I think I'll settle for lunch on a bench  
To watch the summer long parade  
From my quiet little spot in the shade.



Victoria Young, '22, Watercolor

**Cruel Winter**  
**By Alex Hume**

This evening delivers her ice cold,  
Her red lips now bruised and deathly pale.  
Frost on her delicate skin looks like mold.  
Her limbs are tangled and terribly frail.

She smells sweet like she did just yesterday.  
Tonight I stand with her under lamp light.  
Even though it is cold, she will decay.  
Only if I could save her from her plight.

Only if I hadn't been so late!  
I could see her bright smile again.  
I know you cannot escape fate.  
Even from here she smells sweet as champagne.

Blowing in the wind, she holds her stiff pose;  
Winter has taken my beautiful rose.



**After Work**  
**By Alex Hume**

The grass gets awful tall here  
This time of year  
It bristles past your shins  
and grabs at your shirt tail  
Erupting into a mob of whispers  
every time the wind sweeps through the  
Deepening inlets below

Though so far from town  
we return to the blonde fields  
Right above the churning coast  
To dance and play with childhood's ghost

That childhood is not mine  
Nor is it yours  
But we share it more and more  
In hopes lessen the weight  
Of the worlds that we carry

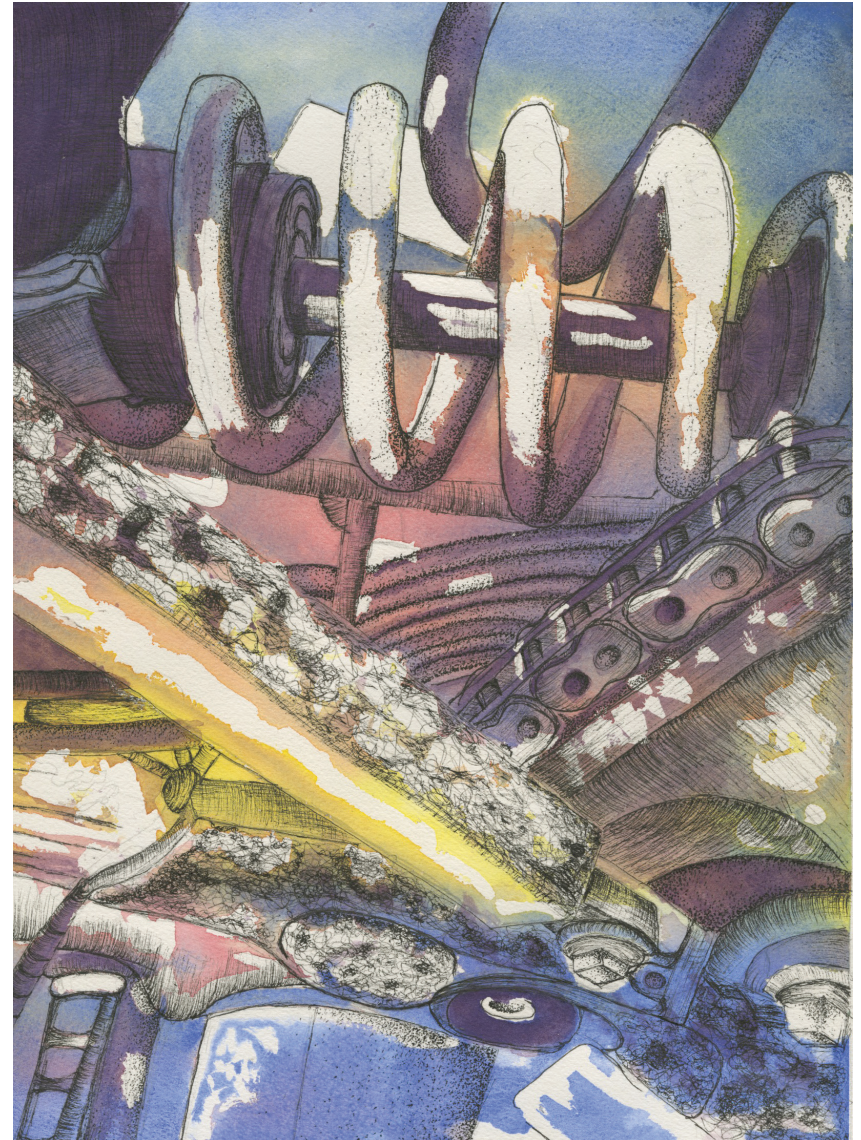
Did you see that? I wish I had.  
But you always believe me  
Always up for the journey  
Even if it's to the same old place  
Every time is the first for us.

Damp and humid we jaunt  
Down the sandy trail along the cliff  
When you turn to me and laugh  
I forget that this will never last.



**To A Typewriter**  
**By Wilson Krause**

Clickety clack,  
Clickety clack,  
Go the keys, then a loud shunk  
As the carriage shifts back, raising up  
The paper for a new line.  
For a hundred years, nothing got printed  
If not for a typewriter. Then, the computer  
And poof!  
Obsolete.  
Everything is revolutionary  
Until it's suddenly not.  
The carriage of history  
Shifting the world up  
For a new line to be written.



*Hannah Demers, '22, Watercolor and Pen & Ink*



**That Feeling**  
**By Wilson Krause**

Sometimes, you get that  
Feeling  
In your gut. Your brain.  
You can't really feel things in your heart.  
Not physically.  
But that feeling,  
It's like jazz, or a brilliant idea  
For a new story.  
It's the feeling that there's something to do  
A reason to get up in the morning  
And see where it goes.  
It's not something that you can't live without.  
You can do just fine.  
But it makes things better.



## Definitions

By Wilson Krause

Moon -

The sun's meek, pale sister  
Echoing his radiance,  
Changing the world  
In her own small ways.

Sun -

The jubilant hero,  
Basking in his own glory  
Shining upon everything, because  
It is all he knows how to do.

Sleep -

The silhouette of death,  
The razor's edge between being  
And unbeing.  
It restores, it soothes,  
And it almost always ends.

Birds -

Singers, travelers, harbingers,  
Making their way across the sky,  
Spots of brown and black and white against  
The great blue canvas.  
So many unique, individual beings  
Like us.

Live -

To be and to feel  
To hold and to lose  
Work, play, rejoice, suffer.  
The greatest gift in the universe.  
To live.



Lunamay Waterman, '22, Scratchboard

**Coal-Powered**  
**By Wilson Krause**

In Nineteen Twenty-One  
The United States Air Force,  
Aces from the skies of France,  
Rained bombs from the skies.  
Not on those German bastards.  
They'd already been whopped.  
They flew out,  
Harding's orders,  
Down to West Virginia.  
Throwing out those leftover gas canisters and shells  
Onto the heads of coal miners.

After operators' justice  
Shot down Smilin' Sid  
On the courthouse steps,  
The union, ever beaten down,  
Evicted, murdered, extorted,  
Marched.  
They went to Blair Mountain,  
An ordinary hill,  
Outdated hunting rifles in hand,  
Some of them wearing their tin bowls  
From the war.

The sheriff had machine guns  
All along the ridgeline.  
The same old lineup,  
Charging the trenches again.  
Only this time,  
It wasn't the Germans on the other side.  
Because they had no ill will towards the Germans.  
Those coal-mining men had a real foe.

The bombs came down, the guns pitter-pattered  
Like rain on the leaky rooftops of the miserable shacks  
They were allowed.  
With a hundred dead, they gave up and gave in.  
And went back to work.  
Or to prison.

What is treason?  
Is it fighting the coal bosses?  
Or is it throwing poison gas on working men?

Those coal-powered courts knew their answer.  
Everything was coal-powered in West Virginia.



*Lunamay Waterman, '22, Acrylic Painting, Second Place  
Young American Creative Patriotic Art Contest*

**The Maple Tree**  
**By Colin MacDiarmid**

The tall stock of wood  
With leaves of a deep red.  
She does not tower,  
But it is close to you and me.

Her hands are outstretched,  
Allowing us to play along.  
She stands through every storm,  
Just to show us that she won't budge.

It is why we love her.  
Not for the sweet sugar she gives,  
N'or for the shade we kiss under.  
We love her because she gives us hope.

The memory of where we are from.  
The joy she brings with her care.  
The constant reminder of who we be,  
The persistent love of the Maple Tree.



**A Happy Hell**  
By Colin MacDiarmid

Burning brighter for you still  
The flames of my internal hell.  
Because they know  
For you, my gates fell.

Making my hell brighter  
They turn a crimson red,  
Bringing a glow to my soul  
For you are always in my head.

Even the sun cannot compare  
Because even she has to rest.  
But these flames burn eternally  
Because they know you are the best.



Molly Smith, '24, Acrylic Painting

**Mrs. Miramichi and St. Lawrence**  
**By Colin MacDiarmid**

A gust of wind blows the trees.  
The forefront of our work  
Our lives  
Our culture,  
Swoops in.

This small clearing  
In which our hopes flow  
Ever so blue.  
Gives birth to us  
Pushing us down stream to grow.

She taught us how to work.  
However she can get upset at us.  
When she cries out of anguish  
She brings a respected terror to us.  
We now know we have done wrong to her.

Yet even when her anger flows  
St. Lawrence knows how to calm her  
Once again giving us a beautiful scene.  
She gave birth to our city  
And all the men in it.



**Love**  
**By Aidan McClintock**

Just fear me,  
Love me,  
Do as I say and  
I will be your slave.

These words stick with you.  
They ring in your ears  
And occupy your thoughts.  
You know it's unhealthy  
But still,

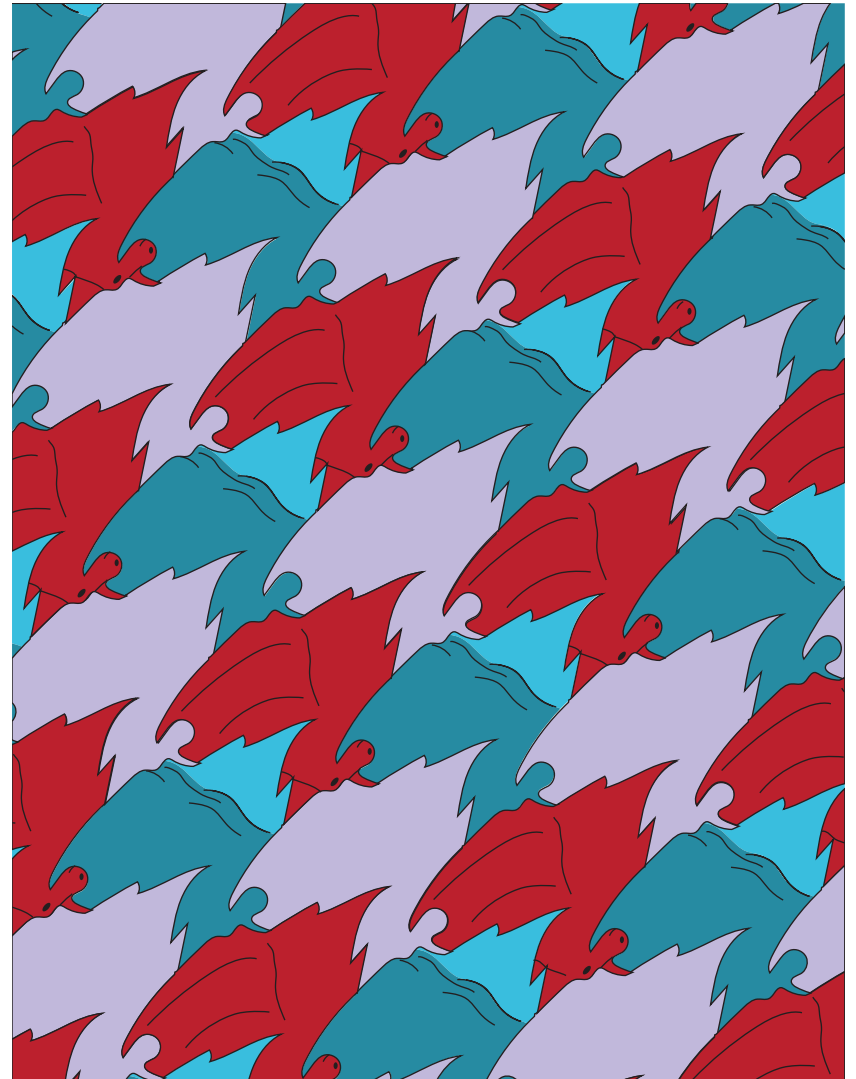
It makes your heart flutter.  
It's again that you're reminded  
Of winding paths,  
Swirling fabrics,  
And unimaginable adventure.



*Jennifer Hockridge, '21, Digital Photography  
& Photoshop*

**Creature**  
**By Aidan McClintock**

It's standing there  
In the treeline, only noticeable if you spot  
the reflection of moonlight on its eyes.  
It's tall and gangly, you can see  
the knots of joints through its skin;  
skin that's ashen and pulled taut as if  
it's a spandex suit rather than its own flesh.  
You know, as you stare into its eyes,  
that that is not its skin. That is not its body.  
You know as its mouth opens in an animalistic  
and pointed-tooth grin, that it is not human.  
At least not anymore.  
You know as it crouches down,  
its body of bone and stolen forms contorting so unnaturally,  
that you were not meant to see this.  
You were never meant to know how it bends  
and shifts in the shadows and the tall grass.  
What you do know, it isn't hard to figure out,  
is that this is a predator.  
What you know, as it launches itself forward  
on all four with surprising agility, that you are its prey.  
What you know as you stumble  
through the field towards the safety of  
your porch light that seems so far away,  
is that you never stood a chance.



Holly Nunn, '22, Illustrator



**Lonely**  
By Jorja McLeod

She walks in silence.  
Through the crowd .  
So many people.  
But no one to love.  
No one to hold.  
And no one to have.  
So many people.  
Yet she was alone.

Passing time.  
She sits in silence.  
A full room.  
So many people.  
So many souls.  
Yet nowhere to go.



**Winter's Breath**  
By Jorja McLeod

Winter air hits your face  
Snowflakes fall amongst the trees  
Footprints gone without a trace  
Waiting for it to cease  
Silent nights here to waste

Never ending nights alone  
Cold and dark til the spring  
Sitting there like a stone  
Winter's breath is suppressing  
Freezing you to the bone.

The end is near  
Time to stand and be strong  
No more fear  
It's all gone.



**Ode to Dogs**  
**William Mitchell, Jr.**

Oh dog, you are man's best friend.  
You will be loyal until the day you die.

You are here to make us happy when we are sad.  
You are here to celebrate and play when we are happy.

Oh dog, I see your soft and fluffy coat.  
I feel your wet nose and your wet tongue all over my face.

You never judge us and you love us unconditionally.  
In your eyes we are perfect.

Oh dog, thank you for being so kind and playful.  
But also thank you for protecting me with your life.

Your cuddles, kisses and attention that we receive from you warm  
our hearts.  
And even when you are old, we still feel your love the first day you  
arrived in our home.

Oh dog, thank you for all you have done.  
We do not deserve you.

**Ode a los Perros**  
**William Mitchell, Jr.**

Oh Perro, eres el mejor amigo de los hombres.  
Tú serás leal(loyal) hasta(until) el día de su muerte.

Tú estás aquí para hacernos felices cuando estamos tristes.  
Y tú estás aquí para celebrar y jugar cuando estamos felices.

Oh Perro, veo tu suave y peludo(fluffy) pelaje(coat).  
Siento tu nariz mojada(wet) y tu lengua mojada en todos partes de  
mi cara(face).

Tú nunca nos juzgas(judge us) y nos amas incondicionalmente(u  
conditionally).  
En tus ojos, nosotros somos perfectos.

Oh perro, gracias por ser tan amable y juguetón(playful).  
Pero también, gracias por protegerme con tu vida.

Tus abrazos(cuddles), besos, y atención que recibimos de tu,  
calienta nuestros corazones.  
Y incluso(even) cuando tú eres vieja, todavía sentimos(we still  
feel) tu amor como el primer día que tú llegaste a casa.  
Oh perro, gracias por todo que haces.  
No te merecemos(deserve).



Molly Smith, '24, Oil Painting with  
Palette Knife

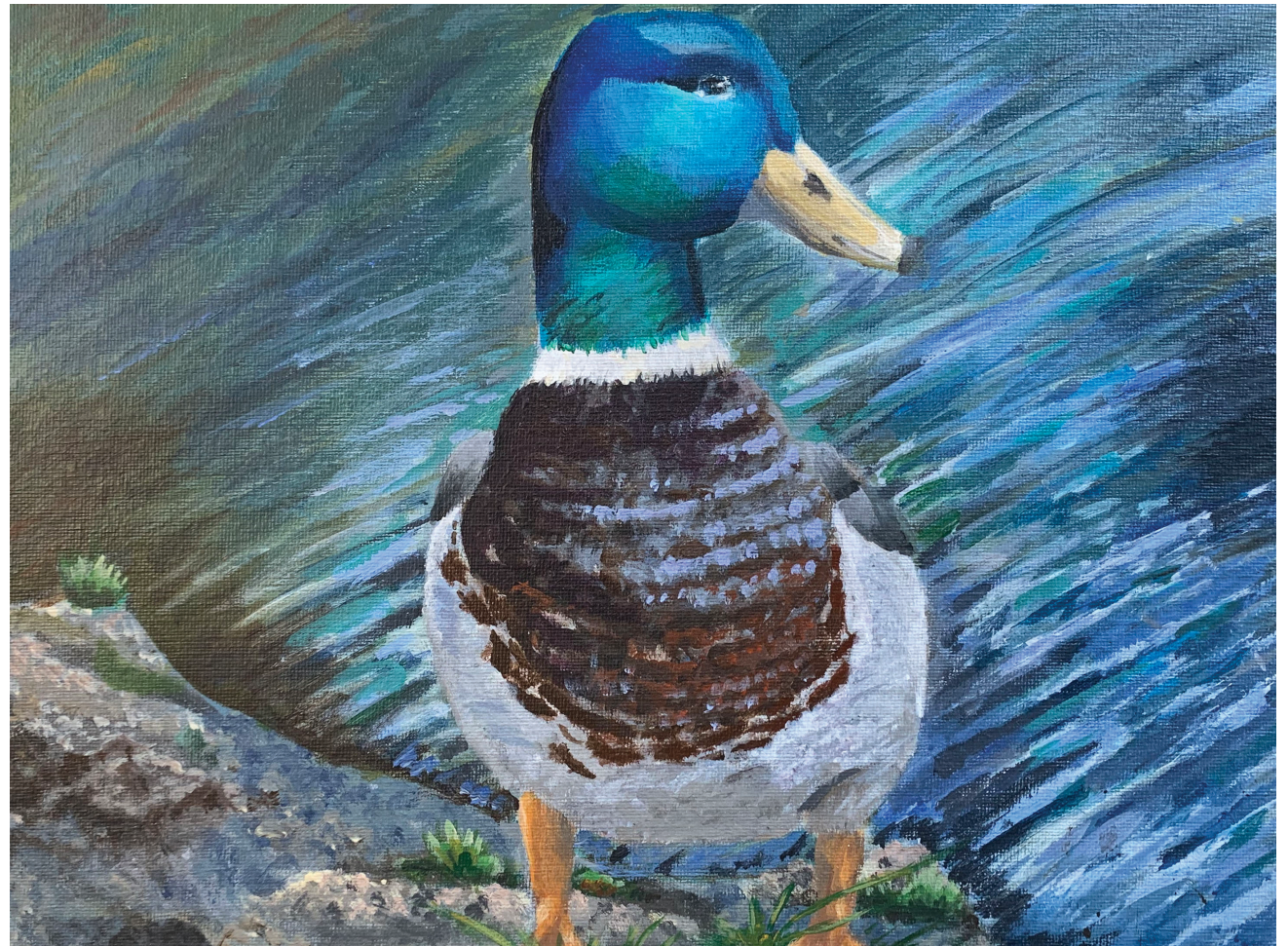
**The Beautiful Days  
By Celine Riendeau**

The twinkle  
in your eye  
My stomach flutters  
Each and every time  
We see each other,  
The only time  
We feel complete  
when we're together  
Laying in the bed of his truck  
Watching the sun  
Set below the trees  
Listening  
To the birds chirp  
And the frogs croak  
Talking about  
What life will bring  
Hoping it  
Will all come true  
Happy with everything  
that we've got  
Through thick  
And thin  
We'll be there  
For each other  
Till the end.



**Maci**  
**By Celine Riendeau**

I run my fingertips  
through her soft black coat  
It glistens in the sun  
Her light brown eyes  
Shine through the sun  
I look in her eyes  
Our souls meet  
I throw the toy  
She bolts like lightning  
On a cold stormy night  
She leaves, I follow.  
I feel her but can no longer see  
I feel her heartbeat  
The touch of her fur  
But she's gone  
In the wind.



**The Last Flame**  
By Jayden Sherman

The last flame that burns that lives is dying  
It was the first flame that brought life  
As such this flame shall bring death  
But it is not the flame's fault  
It is just the time that it burns away life  
And leave nothing but ash,  
This ash is the ash of life  
The ash that will renew the cycle  
So don't keep the flame burning  
Making the world in a state of half death  
Let it burn as it should  
Don't stomp it out as it would keep the world barren  
Let it die peacefully  
As this flame is the last now but the first tomorrow



**Forgetting is Remembrance**  
By Jayden Sherman

Forgetting is worse than death  
As it does not mean you're gone  
It means that nobody cared to remember  
You or what you did.  
It means that you are truly all alone,  
Like a city that was full of people  
They all left and you're all that's left.  
You can still look for them, your memories  
Are still there, just hidden from the normal view.

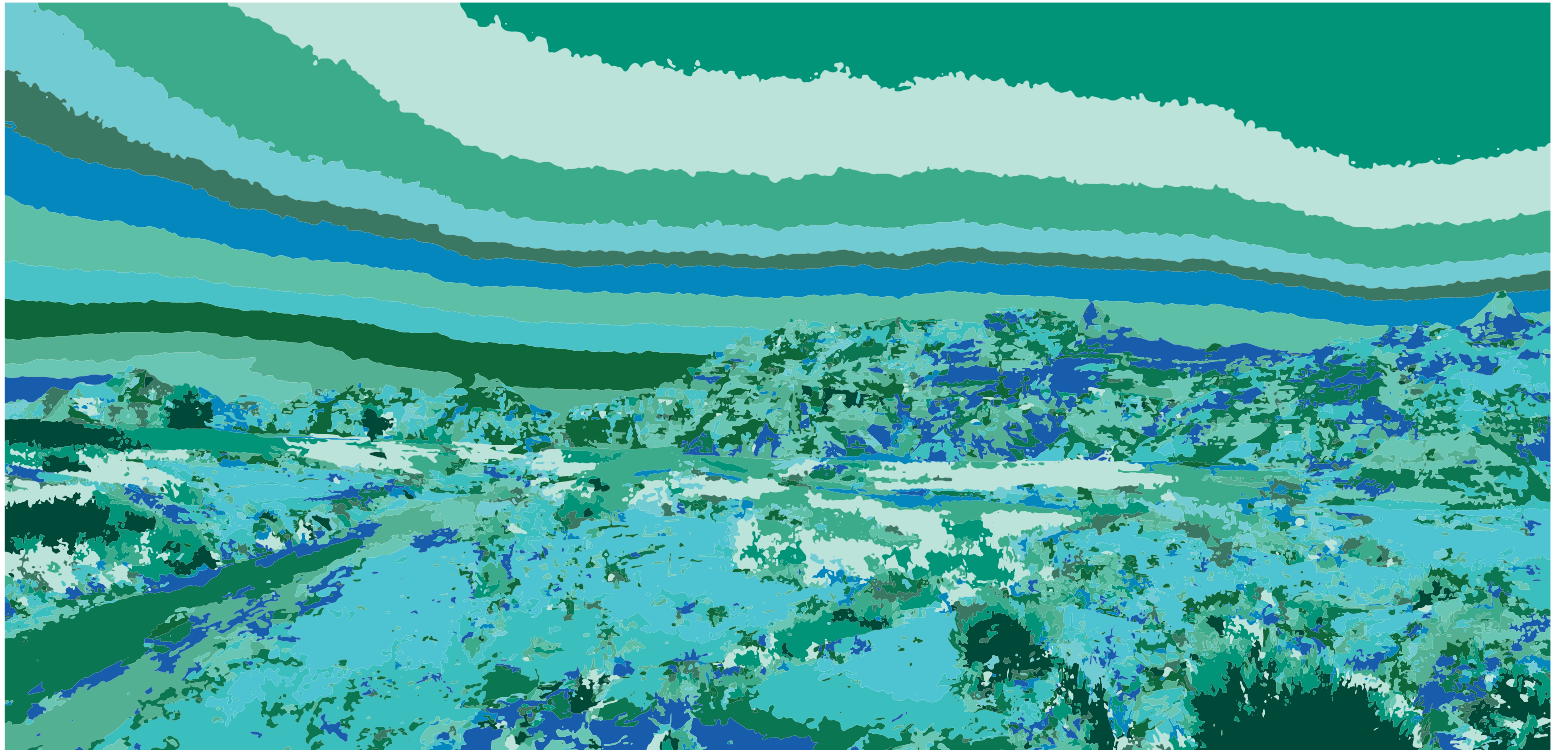
Remembrance is why we forget  
It is the power to find those you lost  
In the city of your mind  
Bring them back where they belong  
It might make you sad  
But don't cry because it's over,  
Smile because it happened.  
The city of your mind is yours.  
Make it a happy place for your sake.  
It is the one thing that you  
Can truly make your own in this world.



Jorja McLeod, '21, Watercolor

**Atlantic Coastline**  
**By Travis Talbot**

Unbelievable wind.  
Ripping, tearing; she laughed at it.  
Relentless surf.  
Seamless, foaming; I stared at it.  
Murky sky.  
Grey and white ghosts; they called to me.  
Salty air.  
Wet and bitter; it challenged me.  
Hungry sea.  
Tugging, sucking; I fought against it  
Comforting shore.  
Stable and safe; I stayed with it.



*Jack Grant, '22, Illustrator*



**Bean Brook**  
By Travis Talbot

Your water flows with gentle ease,  
When Summer blesses a cooling breeze.  
You invite me in with a gentle smile,  
Through my town you wind more than a mile.  
The air is thick and heavy with heat,  
You offer relief for my tired feet.

With anticipation I await your cooling embrace,  
Instead your water offers a slap in the face!  
Like stabbing needles of icy fire,  
I thought you were a relief! Instead a liar!  
Bean Brook as a child you mocked and fooled me,  
I thought you were my friend who cooled me.  
Throbbing, purple toes you gave me instead,  
I think I will skip stones off your head!  
You still offer me company now that I am older,  
Not in the Spring when your waters rage bolder.  
But still in the summer's heat and weight,  
Your coolness refreshes until the day is late.  
You whisper softly, "come rest by me now,"  
And you wash away worries, though I don't know how.  
Like all relationships, ours waxes and wanes.  
Thank you Bean Brook for taking my pains.



*Evan Fix, '21, Digital Photography*

**Tomorrow and Today**  
By Travis Talbot

If Tomorrow didn't know about Today,  
Would it always follow anyway?

Would It continue in Today's shadow,  
Or maybe bid Today "Adieu"?

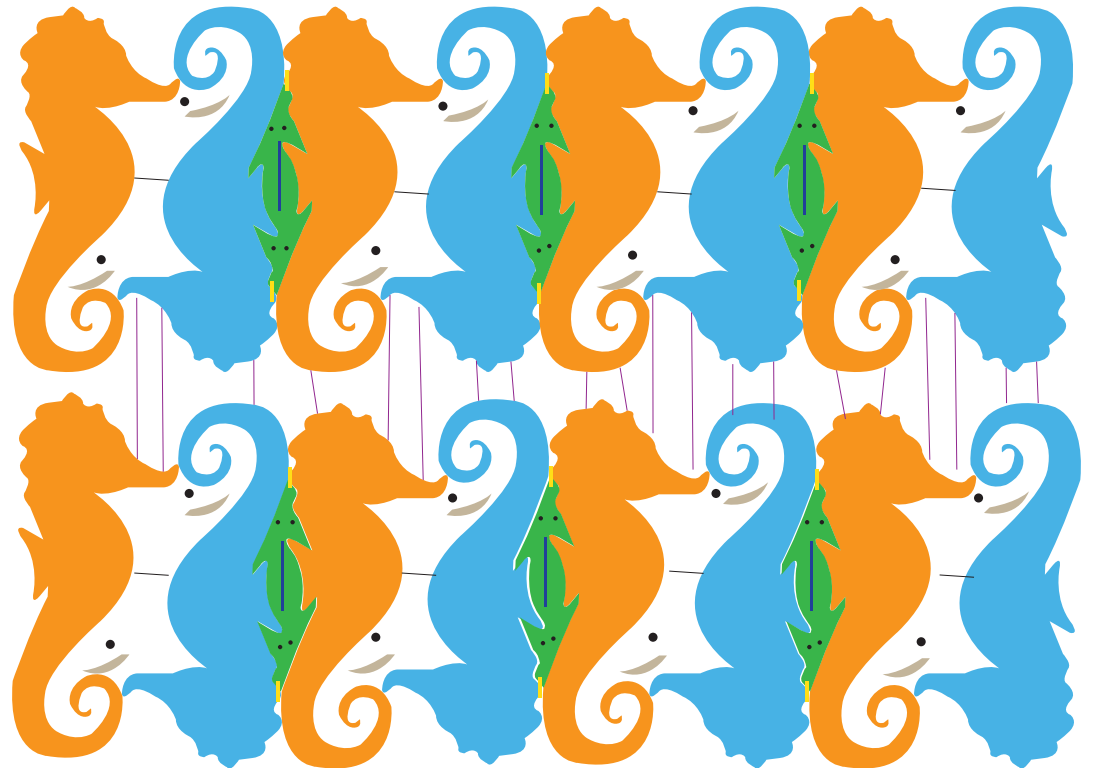
With freedom not to always follow,  
Could tomorrow fly free as a swallow?

Would it be reckless and without line?  
Tragic and lost, but never behind?

Would Tomorrow be a better day  
If Today didn't have so much to say?

Or would Tomorrow simply be no more  
If Today didn't tell It what's in store?

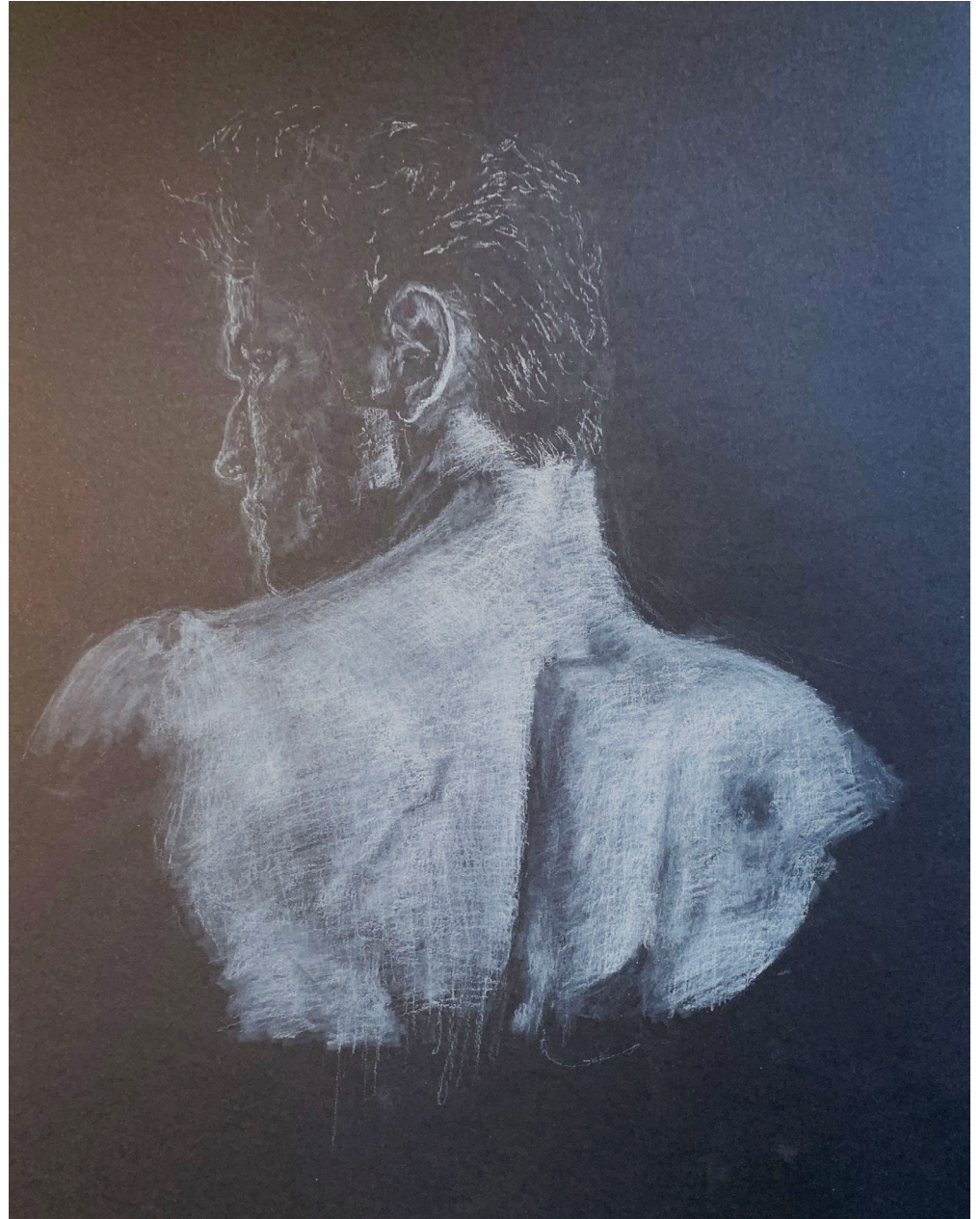
No. Today must first have Its day  
For Tomorrow to know what it may say.



Hailey Lawrence, '24, Illustrator

**The Flaws of My Being**  
**By Evan Thorn**

Determination unwavered.  
Creativity unmeasured,  
And yet something is missing.  
Described as a boy without a passion,  
How wrong could they be?  
How could it be so hard to see?  
Struggling with motivation,  
They feel there is no light at the end,  
Only failure.  
They feel inadequate,  
Unable.  
Appearance shadowed in insecurity,  
Mistakes shrugged off with excuses.  
Actions left unperformed.



**The Nature of Dying**  
**By Evan Thorn**

I gaze upon my lifeless body, bloody and tattered,  
The rocks from the explosion still raining around me.  
There was nothing I could have done.  
The dust clears.  
The sun beats down on the rugged, rocky landscape.  
The gunshots still pierce the air.  
The shouts of fellow soldiers still call loud in my ears.  
Explosions echo through the ravine.  
I step back, taking in the scene.  
How normal this was to me.  
I watch as another rocket soars through the air,  
Colliding with a tank.  
I grit my teeth, but I feel nothing.  
I roam the field, watching as allies and hostiles fall alike.  
I hear the muffled call for a ceasefire  
cut off by a gunshot and the impact of another rocket.  
I watch in silence as the rest of my squad is whittled down.  
This is it, there is no more.  
I have died in a war I didn't know who I was fighting for.



## The Perfect Cat By Evan Thorn

It's been two days.  
You left us after sixteen years,  
Moving beyond, ascending into the heavens.  
I will always cherish what you were to me,  
You were the perfect cat.  
I daresay everything to me.  
A strange, small fuzzy being, you were.  
Always getting into everything,  
Peeing on everything in your path.  
Having the ability to shout "NO!" when being picked up.  
Jet black fur blending into the darkness,  
Your eyes illuminating in the abyss.  
A beautiful round jade.  
The trouble maker you were,  
Made for the perfect personality.  
I stand here at eighteen years,  
Wondering,  
What will life look like without you?  
How can I go about not seeing you?  
But I know you're there, you always are.  
When I visit you next,  
Will you visit me?



## Wrinkles By Austin Wheeler

I don't know much about the future,  
all I know is that when I get older  
I will have wrinkles that fill the corners of my face,  
showing I have lived many, many lifetimes.  
With every contracted crease,  
a smile will come.  
I will be proud  
of the memoir etched in tiny fissures upon my face.  
Or will I?  
Something so immense entails,  
in an expiring world  
where a wrinkle has to be earned.  
Has to be preserved through time.  
My wrinkles need to mean something,  
to manifest something much deeper  
than an old man in the mirror.  
But how?  
Especially now.  
In a time where tomorrow isn't promised.  
Everything is so different  
and the "new normality"  
doesn't seem to disappear.  
But I won't give up  
because I am still here.  
I am still here hoping and dreaming,  
waiting for the day that I can smile  
at my wrinkles in the mirror.



Brooke Diebolt, '21, Pen & Ink



Ellery Norwood '23, Oil Painting, Best of Show  
Junior Duck Stamp Competition 2021



Ellery Norwood '23, Oil Painting