

# Windows Fall 2022



 Aaron Shrum

## Windows Committee

### Students:

Lorenzo Occhialini  
Alexander White

### Faculty:

Melanie Brooks



 Aaron Shrum

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## Untitled



By: Ezra Casalegno

It will be alright. The equipment has been tested. Ron and I have been trained well. It will all go according to plan. Then the next thought came, something that had been haunting me whenever I found myself alone. What if something goes wrong? I crossed to the porthole and looked out over the ocean as the boat gently swayed. The sky was still dark. No. You can't let yourself think like that. Nothing will go wrong. I sat down against the wall and rubbed my eyes. The clock read 6:30. I'd been up since 4:00. I heard Ron's footsteps coming up the stairs to the door of my little room. He knocked.

"Come in," I called.

Ron entered. I'm sure my anxiety was written plainly on my face.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I will be after this is all over." For a few moments, we sat across from each other in silence. Then Ron put his hand on my shoulder.

"I'm scared too, but it's going to be alright." I took a deep breath and nodded. He grabbed my forearm and pulled me off the bed. "Let's go." I grabbed my backpack and trotted down the stairs behind him.

The deck swarmed with bulky men rushing about preparing for the sub's descent, and it stood in sharp contrast to the calm quiet of my room. Soon the towering crane mounted to the front of the ship lowered its hook into the hull. A few minutes later, it reemerged carrying the sleek black submarine.

Half an hour later, Ron and I were in the sub. The sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon, painting the sky with pinks and oranges. I felt some of my tension slip away as my hands glided over the controls. To actually be starting this mission was exhilarating and yet somehow all too familiar. It made me feel like I was just doing another training simulation. Ron and I checked everything one last time, and we gave the thumbs up to the crane control. Slowly and silently, we were gently placed in the water. The submarine purred to life under our experienced fingers.

I flicked a few switches and we began our controlled dive into the ocean depths. The surface of the water above us sparkled with light from the morning sun. It took only a few moments before the light from above faded and it became more difficult to see outside the range of the powerful submersible lights.

"Strange that as the sun rises and the world gets brighter, we sink

and our world gets darker," Ron said.

"That was deep," I responded. For a moment we were quiet, then Ron said,

"Was that your sad attempt at humor?"

I just smirked, although I knew he couldn't see me. The darkness was complete now. A thrill of nervous excitement ran down my spine. Our control panel and the submarine's powerful floodlights were the only sources of light. Of course, I had experienced the pitch blackness from simulations and previous dives, but it was different when I knew how deep we were going. I could feel the thick gloom pressing in from the weight of the vast, dark ocean on all sides.

A full hour had slipped by when a sensor told us that we were approaching the Mariana Trench. I eagerly squinted into the obscurity outside. Without warning, the edge of the trench seemed to rise out of the darkness. It was immense. Although our lights only reached a few hundred feet into the darkness, it was enough to glimpse the enormity of the trench. It gave me the disconcerting impression that our submarine was nothing more than a grain of sand.

Over the next few minutes, an uneasy feeling settled in my stomach. Something felt very wrong. In an attempt to calm myself, I took a deep breath and began checking the dials and gauges on the control board.

"Is something wrong?" Ron asked.

"No... not exactly. I just have this feeling that something... isn't right." He gave me a quizzical expression.

"Hmmm." His eyebrows wrinkled up in concentration as he began examining the gauges and switches as well. After a few minutes of meticulous scrutinizing, neither of us could find anything wrong.

"Everything looks fine," Ron declared.

"Then why do I have this nagging feeling?" I said, my voice rising. Ron looked sharply at me, worry in his eyes.

"Maybe it's just nerves." Ron didn't believe his words any more than I did.

My gaze again shifted outside the window, and this time my heart leaped. The cliff face was no longer in sight as it should have been; there was only dark water.

"Where's the cliff face? We should still be able to see it," I cried out. We gaped at the murky darkness as if straining our eyes could make the cliff appear. Then both sets of eyes fell on the proximity readout. It was frozen. Ron and I gazed in disbelief and horror as, one by one, all the

other gauges froze. Then the whirring of the submarine motor abruptly stopped, and the lights went out. Panic welled up inside me like a vicious snake strangling my insides. We were at the bottom of the sea in what now seemed like nothing more than a fancy bath toy.

We each acted fast, quickly turning on our headlamps and inspecting the control board. I popped open the door underneath the board and hit the reboot button. Nothing happened. I turned on the emergency battery and tried again. Nothing.


“Ron, the backup won’t turn on,” I shouted, voice cracking half-way through. For a few painfully silent moments, my words hung in the air. I could hear the blood pulsing through my ears. We both knew what this meant. There was nothing we could do.

The submarine would sink to the bottom of the trench and never rise again.



 Tyler Weinstein

## Quietly Growing

 By: Tristan Jardinier

Over a decade ago  
my childhood love and I  
carved our initials  
in a birch tree in their yard.  
That tree was later struck  
by lightning  
and saplings now grow  
in the dirt below.  
As a child  
I could not know  
what love was supposed to be.  
I thought it was like  
getting struck by lightning.  
There is a thunderstorm this evening.  
Perfect pearlescent drops  
tremble on city wires  
as spring plays its symphony of patter  
falling through leaves.  
The birch saplings  
cast dappled shadows  
on their porch.  
An earnest painting of streetlight.  
Naive late spring green  
on a thunderous backdrop of purple.  
I was twelve  
the first time I fell in love.  
I know now what I did not then  
that love is quietly growing.



### August in NH

   By: Lorenzo Occhialini

August never feels right in New Hampshire.  
August should be the blaze of glory for the summer  
The shrieking, final cry of humid heat!  
Suddenly, the air is chilled around me,  
Fall rears her head before I can,  
And friends leave to resume their other lives  
before you have a chance to say good-bye.  
The leaves and light die out around me,  
Lazy afternoon plans  
Overtaken by fall labor,  
A world trapped in snow soon to follow.  
What should be a triumphant symphony  
Is instead the quiet, sad song singing  
“Party’s over.  
Go home.”



### Anticipation




   By: Grace Dykstra

I am like tree roots under snow, all intertwined  
Cemented in the ground, cemented in time  
Of summers spent in backyards, memories overgrown  
Like the knotted-up hose, you left there alone  
Yet this time tonight is haunting and new  
Shimmering into ashes, a haze of steel blue  
Falling down fast, wonderland intoxication  
Now chasing through the woodland of anticipation



 Ethan Keller

### In the Shadows

   By: Tyler Jacques

The air around me was cold and tense, the town retreating into the shadows of their houses. Walking by, there were people starving, rib cages could be seen even in their small shirts. One of them, a boy, crawled up to me.

“Please...do you have any food...?”

The sight, while harsh, didn’t unlock my emotions. While I walked, the whole town seemed to fade away, being replaced by something else. A tall woman only in shadows appeared before me, enticed with nothing but darkness on the side. Straight forward, however, was a single bound of light like a red carpet. I walked toward the woman, her features beautiful, enticing to the human eye. I walked closer. She turned around. Her hair was black, eyes blue with a sleek figure and a white dress. I stood right in front of her, the features went from beautiful to horrifying, her hair transformed into snakes, lurching at my face. Shocked, I stumbled backwards, the woman jumping toward me, only for her to vanish. Somehow, I survived.



## Chasing Neverland



By: Kristin Rocha

I remember it like it was yesterday. It was a dark and airy presence that filled our small home, causing anxiety in me at an early age. The heaviness that weighed on my chest caused my breathing to become rapid and my pulse to accelerate enough to make me dizzy. This was brought on by hearing the constant fighting between my parents and the understanding that this was the end of their marriage. A long-awaited hope that would free me from the pain that was taking me under, hearing the verbal abuse they spewed at one another. My one worry was my younger brother, only nine and innocent. At the age of eleven, I felt the need to protect and shield him from the pains of what was happening and what could occur. While he was sleeping soundly, I watched his chest rise and fall steadily, praying he was having pleasant dreams. I laid down beside him and imagined we were on our way to Neverland, away from the sadness in this home and hoping we never had to grow up.

My brother and I were close in age. We grew up in a time where handheld electronics were not around, giving us the freedom to enjoy the outdoors and use our imagination. Our obsession with Peter Pan turned into a favorite game to play. Frequently, he took on the role of Peter and I of Tinker Bell. We would pretend we could fly and imagine what Neverland would be like if it were a real place. When I think back at Tinker Bell's personality, I remember her being strong, brave, and protective of Peter. She was his friend and shield. During the divorce period, I took on that same role Tinker Bell had. I silently vowed my brother would be protected from this sadness, a sadness which would stir up anxiety in me. He could never feel those emotions I was dealing with or witness what was happening with our mother.

My mother was a functioning alcoholic. She cared for us dearly, but her struggles with the divorce became clear. With every hidden sip, she would drink. I would often catch her drinking during the mornings while getting ready for work. She would hide her alcohol in the linen closet and return to it again after a long day. I would find her asleep on the couch with the television on low so as not to wake us. However, I was awake. I knew that I needed to ensure our lunches were made, our clothing was out for the next day, and her alarm was set. Once those were completed, I would wake her, bring her to bed, and check on my brother, anxious to make sure he was safe. Rest would not come until I knew he was unaware of what was going on. Each day was on repeat, and my motherly instincts

became a priority over him and my mother. I resented that this was my life, but I knew, at that moment, I needed to be the grown-up at this early age. Still, I wished I could fly far away and never have to grow up.

It was summer of 1997; the warmth of the June sun was shining on our pale skin. My brother and I were excited for what summer break would bring. Our mother was working several jobs to support us and we knew we would be spending most of our days at our grandparents' house. We were excited because they always brought us on special day trips and showered us with the same love our mother gave us. We were extremely close to them. They were our second parents, stable and safe. This was our Neverland. A place where we could be kids and I did not feel like I needed to be my brother's shield especially with all the noise surrounding my daily thoughts. That all soon changed when my grandparents sat us down to inform us that our mother made the very brave decision to enter rehab to help with her addiction. She would be gone for much of the summer and we would be living with them. As happy as I was, that feeling of enjoying being a kid quickly vanished and my assumed need to be the motherly figure for my brother came back. In my head, this was my job, and, even though my grandmother was there, I questioned, "How would she know what he needs? Can she protect his innocence from everything going on?"

For weeks, I stressed and worried about whether my mother was adjusting without us. I stayed up late, wondering where I can improve on shielding my brother from this sadness of not having both our parents around. I would write letters to my mother and we would get a call from her once a week. She sounded great, but I was not convinced that it would be okay. Will she come back home better, or would I still need to pick up the pieces? It was not until my grandfather sat me down and told me it was not my responsibility to care for my brother. He kindly hugged me, told me I was brave and that I can be the kid I should be. My brother was growing up well. I needed to trust in my grandparents, and believe in my mother.

Those words hit like a ton of bricks, and I began to sob uncontrollably. The pain was relief for the pent-up emotions that I did not know I was harboring. Those tears and that hug helped my Tinker Bell mentality slowly fade.

That late August, my grandparents informed us they had a surprise. We jumped in the car, anxiously waiting to know where we were going. My brother looked at me with his sweet and curious eyes in wonder. It made his innocence shine through. Arriving at our destination two hours later, we discovered we were picking our mother up from rehab. We both

ran into her arms, crying for joy. We had her back and she looked incredibly healthy! She accomplished something many struggled to do. I knew then that this would be the day that would change things for the better. No longer did I have to worry about the future. With a sigh of relief, I let my protective shield down and allowed myself to enjoy my childhood. My brother will always be my Peter Pan and I his Tinker Bell, but chasing Neverland was now in the past.



 Brianna Lemmon

### The Fellowship

 By: Ethan Keller

A work of fine art  
Formed while we were in England.  
My beloved friends.



### A Friend of the Forest

 By: Eden Grandmont

I went for a walk once through the forest  
as the sun gently rose.  
There were many other ways to spend the dawn,  
but this is what I chose.  
Birds sang and wind hollered,  
filling the otherwise still air.  
The sky an orange and yellow canvas,  
with beauty beyond compare.  
A path in the woods is what I used,  
lined with fresh saplings and brush.  
Old leaves crunch beneath my boots,  
mixing with the dirt into mush.  
The trees stand tall with vibrance,  
Mother Nature's fine art.  
With too many colors to count,  
and no imaginable way to start.  
Time passes, hours even,  
the sky is now painted blue  
as the world begins to wake up  
and prepare to start anew.  
Though I am deep in the forest, I am not lost  
and know my way.  
Backtracking down the makeshift path,  
but I wish I could stay.  
Home comes into view,  
glowing golden under the sun.  
Mother Nature bids farewell  
as the excursion is done.  
Inside the house, I clumsily kick off my boots,  
the laces bound in tight knot.  
The comfort of home soothes my weary feet  
and to my mind comes one thought:  
I want breakfast.



### **Path Yet Found**

✍✍✍ By: Donald Jennings

To live each day with untold fears, of things most wouldn't hear. A life that you could never know, the highs and lows that come and go. Lying to ourselves as time slowly flies by. To dream again is the biggest goal. Grasping as the threads unfold soon you'll see a light may shine, to lead to where you will find, the heart that was lost along this ride. Be still your mind, suppress each thought, control the force to be forgot. The things that stir the raging fire, beneath the deeply subdued desire. Facing what may bring about, the thoughts that keep you lost in doubt. Don't let the demons overcome your own natural wisdom. Inside you hold what you truly need, to overpower what you think could be. Let go of all you think you know, to be led back on the path you must go.



### **You Were There**

✍✍✍ By: Leo Amrani

You were there,  
underneath the bleeding sun  
shattered into a million pieces  
begging to the scattered stars  
and the roaring waves,  
to relieve yourself of the pain



 Ethan Keller



## Scandal on the 108

   By: Matt Guerrero

The interstate is scattered with inch deep puddles that vibrate with a rapid wake every so often, and then it lays still before splashing in every direction from the quick rotation of wheels. The matte black hummer switches lanes as if there are other cars in its way, but there aren't. The dark exterior barely sticks out from the beam of the moon in a midnight sky. The interior is just as dark, and the car's interior to match.

"I just want to hang out the roof," she says.

She's slurring her words which doesn't do wonders for his hearing. Her rouge-colored shirt flaps as she sticks her head out the window. He stays silent. The wind from her window wags his unbuttoned black button down and leaves the bare skin underneath cold. He stares at the road ahead even when she sits back down and she begins to look at him.

She tries to be sly and goes to kiss his cheek with smirking lips, but he pulls away. She straightens her back and swings her arms behind her, holding the back of the headrest with both hands. "I'm going to cheat on you. Tonight. I just don't know who with yet," he says.

She blinks and smiles. A real smile this time. She lets out a slight moan, but then reaches for her phone.

"There are the Tonton sisters. I heard they're fun. Well, depending on which one. If you're only going to do one," she tells him.

He rolls his eyes at the suggestion. He has someone in my mind, but he isn't telling her like he usually does.

"What about Alex?" she asks.

"Which one?" he asks.

"Either. She isn't great, but he's amazing. That was a great morning," she replies, reminiscing.

She's only looking at the road ahead now. She scrolls through her following list to try to find a suggestion that will satisfy him. The list is long, but, of course, there are favorites. He wasn't into blondes as much as she was.

"Kate," he says.

"My sister?"

The inside of the hummer is quiet compared to the loud hum of the engine outside. He let out a sly smile knowing she wasn't looking at him. He lowers his face, but his eyes remain forward. She notices. She isn't upset. She's interested in his request since she never saw it coming. Though she knows he can't. He would kill her.

"You know what would happen," she tells him.

"Everything that doesn't happen with you," he replies.

She grimaces at his response because she knows that's the truth. She hates how everything is so simple and how nothing is shocking anymore. She sticks out her tongue and looks in the rear-view mirror. He never uses it, so she has it face her. Just like the mirrors in their apartment.

"So?" he asks.

He breaks his stare at the road and peers over at her. She clears her throat and swings her head left and right to stretch her neck. She pulls a hair tie from her purse and begins to put her hair in a ponytail.

"Ready?" she asks.

His eyes are now quickly shifting back and forth from the road to her. He nods his head when their eyes meet.

"Okay," she says.

She curls her left hand into a fist and gives a slow jab to his neck. She then comes over the top with her right hand, hitting the top of his temple. The car swerves to the left and goes through the barrier. She climbs on top of his lap and pulls out a bobby pin from her shirt pocket. The car rampages through a clearing, now barreling towards the treeline. She begins plucking at his eyes with the pin and blood begins to pour out. She takes off her shirt and ties it around his head to stop the bleeding. She straightens her back, then slaps him across the face.

For a brief moment, she was relieved. She doesn't know if it was the rosé, which coated her breath, that took control of her actions or if it was her intuition. The SUV was only seconds from a fatal crash. She felt good. Cheating became so easy for them; it was soothing knowing that there was finally something they would meet and couldn't cheat on.

You can't cheat death.



## Halloween Costume

   By: Devan Doerr

A Halloween costume;  
Pretend to be something you're not.  
Once a year I get to dress up,  
Once a year I can forget who I am,  
And maybe be an astronaut.  
It's just a costume,  
It's just a costume,  
Why can't it be more than a costume?  
Why is it only for a day,  
This escape from tiring monotony?  
The freeing opportunities to be something I want for once.  
I remember my first death;  
The first time I recognized the alien inside  
In the face of abject misery;  
It was an idea for a costume.  
Nothing more than an extraneous costume.  
I wanted to be an alien,  
But aliens were out of season  
So I had to wait for there to be a reason.  
Once a year the alien may escape without question,  
In private ceremonies it pries its way to the surface,  
But in public eyes the alien shines.  
The eyes don't look or think twice,  
As it's just Halloween-  
It's a costume,  
A costume predicated on unrealized realities.  
So, what do I want to be this year?  
A knight, a witch, a vampire?  
It's just for a day,  
I have to make the most of it.  
Maybe a ghost, a zombie, a wizard?  
October is underway,  
And I'm choked by indecisiveness.  
Thoughts pacing back and forth forever  
Scouring through shattered glass  
Getting ready to perform,  
And selecting my mask.

It's such a struggle to choose a truth,  
To choose an outfit that can assuage and soothe  
And make the most out of silent absolutes.  
But I know what I have to be,  
At least for today  
And for the rest of the year.  
I put on my shirt, my jeans,  
And I look in the mirror;  
I can't tell what looks back, I wish it was clearer.  
Is that a knight, a witch, a vampire?  
Maybe a ghost, a zombie, or a wizard?  
I'm not sure what costume I pulled from the drawer  
In scattered, scathing panic.  
Probably the same one I always adorn-  
I don't know how I manage.  
I continue through the day like it's Halloween;  
No one looks or thinks twice,  
But I appear missing  
As I realize a single day will not suffice.  
Everybody's in their own worlds,  
Some are closer than others,  
Some you're allowed to visit,  
And some are off limits.  
I sit sheltered in mine,  
Where everyday it's Halloween,  
And yet I still pine to orbit towards the sun,  
And let my beautiful planet be seen by everyone.  
Once a year the planets align,  
Allowing me to fall in line.  
The little alien from my planet breaks free,  
But they won't be recognized.  
For it's just a costume.  
It's just a day.  
It's Halloween.





 Tyler Weinstein

### The Wall



By: Danielle Fasquelle

How do I break this wall? I have been using my fists until my knuckles are scrapped raw and bloody. I tried kicking it until my toes turn black and blue. My left baby toe is definitely broken. Finding a rope, I tie it around the wall and begin to pull with every ounce of strength I have, trying to bend it to my will. What is left? Talking to a wall, trying to use reason and logic, just brought me to an emotional state of frustration and anguish at not feeling heard or understood. How do you persuade a wall to lower? If this wall won't accept logic or reason, then there is no possible way to persuade it to move.

Feeling hopeless, my eyes desperately dart around seeking, searching. Suddenly, a flash of color catches my eye, and I spot the dull and dented toolbox, seemingly forgotten in the dark corner. Coming closer to it, I can see the spots of rust from years of neglect. As I grab the sides to open it, I notice it is more jagged and rough than my throbbing knuckles. The lid creaks and moans loudly, the way I imagine an abandoned house might call for its dwellers. Gasping with surprise, I notice the tools inside. Dusty and clunky from years of disuse, but completely sufficient in what I need to tear this wall down. I grab the hammer and begin clubbing holes into this once impenetrable wall. I turn this hammer around, same tool, two uses, and one by one begin to claw out the nails. As I use my tools,

methodically and with the purpose they were created for, this immortal object slowly begins to crumple around me.

The wall is nothing but ash and debris surrounding me, covering the ground I stand on. I do not panic though; I know how to get out now. I look for more tools and find the broom and trash can. As I clean up the mess of a barrier gone, I realize that I didn't have to bloody my hands or damage my feet. I didn't have to overwhelm myself to the point of frustration and hopelessness. These lasting injuries that I did to myself could have been avoided had I just remembered to take a step back and remember the tools that I have been given to break through any obstacle or barrier that comes in my path.



 Emma Galonski

## The Boss's Orders

   By: Matt Guerrero

He climbed to the top of the wired fence of the festival venue, the only way in. Darienne was in his second year of private investigating. His current lead is the bassist of a locally loved band. Initially, he tried the peaceful route by telling the venue manager he was a private investigator and asked if he could film.

“We don’t want you here. Leave now and don’t come back,” the manager told him. To Darienne that meant one thing: don’t get caught.

After landing the six-foot drop, he picked up the backpack he had thrown over beforehand. He was hidden behind one of the stages off to the side. Plus, no one could hear a body hitting the ground over “Budapest” being played by George Ezra.

Darienne’s boss gave him fewer details about his lead than usual. He had three pictures of the man to see what he looked like, and just some information about the venue. Darienne’s boss rarely tells him why they are being investigated. Never. But this time, he did.

“There is intel that he’s involved in a big money laundering scandal. This one’s important so I need you to be clean. Get in, don’t be seen, and get as much footage as possible,” Darienne’s boss prompted.

The venue was perfect for getting footage. The festival was in a flat grassland with hills surrounding the entire thing. Darienne’s original plan was to set up on top of one of the hills, but there is nowhere to hide up there. No trees, no bushes, no rocks, no nothing. Even the grass was too short to lie in with a ghillie suit. Fortunately, the festival was packed, so hiding in plain sight became an easy alternative.

Darienne found cover on the side of the same stage he fell behind. He could peek out just enough to set up his camera that was between the stage and behind some food trucks which he paid no mind to. The curtain was closed for the stage where his target was supposed to be playing. He waited and lounged unseen from any security or festival goers. He checked his watch that showed it was just past 7 PM. The concert was going to be two and a half hours long and would start any minute.

The music coming from the general speakers was cut and a bel-lowing drum roll grabbed the attention of the attendees. Darienne peeped out to see the curtains open and the band standing front and center, and the stage became illuminated by the flashing lights. The bassist was just off to the right of the lead vocalists, and Darienne could see that his bass had a short wire to an extension cord that laid at his feet. It couldn’t be

more perfect. Darienne aligned his camera directly at the bassist, and then scooped back to his cover behind the stage.

After 15 minutes of the show, everything was flawless. Darienne could just sit back and get the most footage he had ever gotten while working as a PI for his biggest job. Though he wasn’t particularly fond of the house and rock music that blared within the wired fencing, he relished how flawless the situation he had found himself in was.

While unwinding, Darienne began to think about being a private investigator. To him, it wasn’t all that exciting, but when he talks about it to his friends or family, they drool over the stories he tells. In actuality, it’s lonely. He gets bored, and most of the time his jobs are often because of petty rich people. Of course, his boss never told him that, but Darienne could tell. Darienne thought how weird it would be to have a private investigator watch you. To be constantly filmed and have no recollection of it. It seemed terrifying. He thought about the people he investigated previously and wondered how many of them ended up being arrested. He couldn’t shake a strange feeling of paranoia.

As time passed, the sun set and it turned dark out. The flood lights came on. The iridescent lights constantly lit up the stage in explosions of deep reds and blues. The band closed out their show with an epic crescendo of melodic bellows of different instruments. The curtains closed and the audience erupted into screams and hollers. Darienne packed his things up, and once again got over the fence while it was still loud enough for no one to hear his fall. The cries for an encore grew fainter as Darienne made his walk away from the event.

I could see Darienne smiling from ear to ear the whole walk back to his truck. He knew he was in for something big. I knew that he was in for something bigger. He was probably thinking he was going to get that raise that he had been working so long for. I watched his truck turn on the road that left the venue from my camera lens. I packed up my things into my backpack and made my descent down the hill that hid behind the spot Darienne was just staged at.

I was sent to investigate Darienne. I was hired by his doctors. They told me he was having more and more vivid hallucinations of a “boss” who would send him on missions to do what I do, private investigating. His doctors said he had stopped taking his medicine for schizophrenia, and they needed evidence so the state would allow them to send him to a mental health ward. This was probably the biggest investigation I ever had, and the funny thing was that Darienne was being a better investigator than me.

### The Lighthouse

   By: Grace Dykstra

Whimsy  
Pretty mystery  
Did you miss me  
Like I missed you  
Windchimes  
Dusty attic light  
Enigmatic plight  
Like ice split through  
Breakdown  
Cold tile floor  
We've been here before  
Frothing swells view  
Whispers  
The storm is over  
One year older  
The offing still blue  
So I'm going home  
To all I've ever loved  
Even if its frozen  
Whimsy my sea my God  
Whimsy  
Pretty Mystery  
Did you miss me  
I missed you



### But I Stayed

   By: Vitor Barbieri

Read some Shakespeare in the patio  
then later listened to jazz on my stereo  
Ate some pepperoni pizza I just made  
I wanted to leave home, but I stayed.  
Hooked up with my old college roommate  
who ate dinner with me, like a first date  
He couldn't stay because it was getting late  
I wanted to leave home, but I stayed.  
I grab my keys and head to the door,  
but I stopped as soon as I got to the door  
My head told me to stay,  
but my heart told me to go.  
It was like I was their doll to play  
It was like they were messing with my soul  
I want to leave, why won't they let me leave?  
Why won't they let me be?  
I was, in autumn, a falling leaf  
Why won't they let me be?  
All I wanted was to leave...but I stayed.



## The Valentine's Day Blunder

   By: Jared Anderson

Cars honked at me as I tried to find a parking spot in the brightly lit city, blaring their horns as if I was a deer slowly walking across the road. All I could think to myself was “Why didn’t I plan this better?” I should’ve known that everyone was going to be in Boston for Valentine’s Day. That question kept repeating in my mind as all I could think about was how I was late for my first Valentine’s Day date. The streets were packed with cars, every parking spot filled, people walking down the narrow streets as if it was an airport right before the holidays. Anxiety rushed through my head like a mental avalanche as my date waited in the restaurant. I wondered what she was thinking, did she think I left her? Little did I know at the time, this was only the first issue of the night that could’ve been avoided with proper planning.

The day started out perfectly, my date and I both getting dressed at my house, trying to look our best for each other. I was wearing a thin, dark gray, wool sweater with a pair of gray pants she picked out, and she was wearing a short black dress I picked out for her with black high heels and a gold rose necklace. I threw on my large, blue, puffy winter jacket, and we left my house. As soon as we walked outside, my eyes started to water as a strong gust of wind immediately hit our faces. The orangish purple colors of the sunset reflected off her aviator sunglasses as we walked to my car. Mountains of snow lined the side of the road, and every step we took there was a crunch from the road salt. Already shaking from the weather, we got into my car and blasted the heater with relief.

We drove roughly an hour to Boston with light traffic, and, as soon as we got into the city, the problems slowly unfolded. Every parking area was completely packed, lined with cars like sardines in a can. I decided to drop her off at the restaurant to save our table while I tried to find parking. After driving around for what felt like an eternity, I finally found a parking garage. I drove up the endless hills of the inside of the garage. Even here, every parking spot was filled. I thought I had found one but, when I slowly pulled in, a small car was there. I let out a sigh of relief as I found an open spot near the top of the garage. I then left the car and started my descent down the garage and walked towards the restaurant. Every step I took through the streets felt like I had cinder blocks tied to my legs, struggling to walk in the nearly negative weather. My nose was red as an apple, my eyes watered more with every blast of wind that hit my face, and my whole body shaking as if I was outside for hours when it had only been a

mere five minutes. Once I got to the restaurant, I sat down with my date. Finally being in the restaurant felt like I just had a ton of bricks taken off my chest and I was finally able to breathe. As soon as I caught my breath, I said to her, “I’m so sorry, I couldn’t find parking anywhere.”

She looked at me with relief and said “I was worried that everyone here thought I got stood up on Valentine’s Day!” I laughed. The smell of her flower-scented perfume calmed me.

After we enjoyed our dinner, we reluctantly trudged back to the parking garage in the pitch-black night, the only lighting being that of cars racing by. Once again, we got into the car and blasted the heater. I felt so relieved knowing we were about to be home under warm blankets until she told me, “I think I left my purse at the restaurant.”

I lowered my head in annoyance and let out a deep sigh. I thought that maybe I could drive in front of the restaurant and she could run in; looking out the window and seeing the streets filled with cars bumper to bumper saw that idea quickly leave my mind. I had to walk through the cold there and back again. After walking back and forth four times in total, I once again arrived at my car and sat back down. I looked over to see her smiling wide, filled with glee that I found it. I gave her a big hug, still shivering from the cold, and we finally left the city and ended the night. Even though we had a great night at the restaurant, I can’t help but think it could’ve been better. This unfortunate series of events has shined a light in my life on how I need to be more prepared. Had I taken the right preparations, we wouldn’t have had an issue finding parking, walking back and forth to the restaurant, and dealt with the cold better.



## Sacrificio/Sacrifice



By: Cesia Isolina Mendez Garcia

Mi sacrificio comienza entre las ocho y las doce, cuando mi ser duerme y mi interior se rompe. Mi sacrificio no tiene fin pero tiene nombre, y es un ser el cual ama hablar con la noche.

El sacrificio de quererlo va más allá de los límites, donde el reloj no interrumpe y continúa la efeméride. Entre la razón y el engaño, me he mentido a mi misma y he escogido sin reproche lo que mi alma más quería.

El sacrificio de verlo requiere de valor, pues con sus ojos rasgados, el desviste mi interior. Sin duda alguna este sacrificio es el peor, pues la cobardía aquí no tiene color.

El sacrificio de creerle estremece mis entrañas, pues sus ojos mienten pero su corazón no me engaña.

Y es así como día a día mi sacrificio crece, esperando en él un cambio, que mi interior apetece. Pero sin duda alguna mi sacrificio más grande es quererlo sin reproche, donde a pesar de sus faltas mi ser lo quiere y extraña cada noche.



My sacrifice begins between eight and twelve o'clock, when my being sleeps and my interior breaks. My sacrifice has no end but it has a name, and it is a being who loves to talk to the night.

The sacrifice of loving him goes beyond the limits, where the clock does not interrupt and continues the ephemeris. Between reason and deceit, I have lied to myself and have chosen without reproach what my soul most wanted.

The sacrifice of seeing him requires courage, for with his slitted eyes, he undresses my inner self. Undoubtedly this sacrifice is the worst, for cowardice here has no color.

The sacrifice of believing him shakes my insides, for his eyes lie, but his heart does not deceive me.

And this, how day by day my sacrifice grows, hoping for a change in him, which my inner self craves. But without a doubt my greatest sacrifice is to love him without reproach, where in spite of his faults my being loves him and misses him every night.



## Ignorance is Bliss, May 25th, 2014



By: Heather Cleveland

I'm not fond of this.

What happened to ignorance is bliss?

Keep telling me to have fun,

When all I think of is this gun.

My mind doesn't understand.

Why is it so hard to be my man?

I've never had to explain myself so much.

But I'm stupid, so I don't mind the rough.

I love you with all my heart.

But where's the part where we sprout?

Together,

As if we were meant for forever.



 Ashley Soto

## Untitled



By: Jack Marotta

I was nine when I first heard the story. I can recall sitting on the rug with my sister looking up at my grandfather as he told us. You could tell by the way he spoke he'd told the story countless times. My sister and I were both young, very young, and didn't fully understand the context or meaning behind his words. The one thing we could latch onto though was the way he spoke them. He was very animated, using a lot of hand gestures and flapping his arms. My grandfather was getting quite old, but telling this story seemed to rejuvenate him, a breath of life into an otherwise quiet and docile old man. He smiled at us as he talked, sometimes even visibly holding back laughter. My sister and I were invested in his long-winded story, nodding along as he went. He finally got to the story's big punchline and burst out laughing. Despite not understanding why what he said was funny, I joined in on the laughter, more so because of my grandfather's goofy wheezing laugh.

Years later, I tried telling my grandfather's story myself. I was indoctrinated into a new friend group in middle school. The three other boys had already been friends, but I got to know them and they invited me over for a sleepover. We spent the night eating junk food and sharing stories. There was a lull in conversation during our late night and they asked if I had any good stories to tell. Of course, my mind went to my grandfather and the story he told me back when I was nine. I tried to retell the story based on what I remembered. The boys were attentive and listened, but by the end I could tell I was losing them. I finished with my grandpa's old zinger, and the boys all collectively just stared at me, concerned. Not knowing why, I asked what the problem was. I was met by an overwhelming silence. The boy whose house we were sleeping at got up and left the room. Before I knew it, my mom had picked me up and we were driving home.



## Leader



By: Lorenzo Occhialini

I remember the first time I was told I'd be a great leader,  
A random school day that I happened to have P.E.  
I can't remember what I did -  
Being the teacher's pet?  
Letting someone go first?  
Saying something smart I stole from TV?  
"Someday, you're gonna be a great leader."  
The words she said sounded like fake praise as they slushed around my  
mind,  
Seeping into every crevice.  
I was barely ten.  
How could I become a leader?  
But as I got older, I got used to doing the things other people wouldn't do:  
Stepping up when others stepped down,  
Making friends with the friendless,  
Pushing others to do better with my helping hands.  
But when the days come that I realize  
I can't help myself as I do others,  
When I feel as directionless as those I guide,  
A simple question shakes my core:  
Was I destined to be a leader  
or am I forced to become one?





DEVIATION FROM THE NORM WILL  
BE PUNISHED



UNLESS IT IS EXPLOITABLE

 Elliott Beninati

### Freedom and Justice

 By: Alex Deedy

Let it fall with no wings to shed surely, they will die  
they never existed though we made them up in hard times  
Fear tore them apart  
Those with power made them stuck and the evil amongst us kept them  
from advancing  
A simple thing that kills or puts those with different melanin from the  
supremacies in chains  
So where have they gone  
We're no longer in those times  
Is there ever going to be a day where freedom and justice get to take their  
place in our nation and have it as equals to all  
Is this dream too much just because you don't believe or because you  
couldn't achieve  
I see my dream as a flawless fix for a nation that is supposed to be united,  
free, and have justice for all  
Because in peace we stand so strong, but cowardly, we riot on taking 3  
steps back into the wrong  
We prolong the future by distancing from the past  
I stand for my dream  
I will fight in peace  
But I will never let you tell me that freedom and justice aren't meant for  
you and me



## Green Eyes

✍✍✍ By: Alexia Moore

Hey Green Eyes,

Did you know that, even when your pupils were as small as pins and guilt rested on your face, you were still the most beautiful girl I had ever seen? Did you know that the sound of your voice could bring me to tears and that it has more recently than ever?

You left your lighter in my bag. I still have it sitting on the table by my window in case, one day, you materialize again and need a cigarette. I've lost my head just as much as you lost your life. Was it predetermined that this would happen? Do you remember the first time we met? I'm sorry I kinda forced you to be my friend, but I guess it worked out, didn't it? At the time, it made perfect sense to talk to you until you acknowledged me, and you're still the only thing in my life that has made perfect sense.

It amazes me how I could go from looking into your green eyes, filled with life, joy, and wonder, to only remembering them. How I could touch your skin, see your freckles, twirl your hair in my fingers, only for you to one day be enclosed in a box the size of something you would put your jewelry in. We may be unique in life, but I guess we all burn the same. However, I'm also a firm believer that not everyone's ashes hold the same weight.

It's been a while since I've talked to you, or, better said, since I have gotten a response. Not that you could help it anyway, but I'm still going to keep writing to you. Calling out your name until my voice is no more. I will think about that box you sit in and be mad about it for you. I will celebrate your birthday every year, use the lipstick you gave me sparingly, and, most importantly, remind the world that you existed, even if many were never blessed with the chance to meet you.

That's what best friends are for, right?



## Ode to a Good Friend

✍✍✍ By: Rebecca Bentley

Every day I ask why  
I had to say goodbye  
Every day I ask why  
I lost a dear friend  
Every day I am glad  
To look back on the  
good times we had  
Now that you're gone  
I am so sad  
But I know you're in heaven  
Looking down  
On your face there is no frown  
Every day I ask why  
You are up in the sky  
Rocking on your guitar  
With the beautiful sounds heard afar  
Even though I am sad I am also glad  
That I call you my friend  
Which will never end



 Ashley Soto

## The School Fight

 By: Cassidy Tomeo

It was the beginning of the second school semester and with the ground wet with snow and ice, it was to be expected no one would be out, especially early in the hour. But, at seven o'clock on the dot, there was a group of kids standing in the freezing cold temperatures. There was a center to the mass that held nothing but two angsty teenage boys, both standing as if ready to fight with the group of kids silently watching them. No one had a clue about what started the fight, but all that they knew was that Matthias Merdock was going to kill Wren Lee Hooligan, that his blood would be the only warmth on the pavement that day.

After all, with a boy like Matthias, who was about six feet and five inches, weighed a whopping two hundred and three pounds, and had a mean punch to him, it was a no brainer, especially against someone like Wren. Wren was only a height of five feet and eight inches and had a lean figure to his body. He looked puny in comparison to Matthias, and it didn't help that he only weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. It was a seventy-five-pound difference that could easily kill someone if they were in a wrestling match.

The wind whipped in between the individual students and the silence was suffocating as everyone waited to see who would throw the first punch. They all had their bets on Wren to throw the first punch, but, before they could even blink, Matthias threw his fist into Wren's ribcage and the boy fell to the ground like a brick wall. Matthias angrily stomped over to Wren and someone in the crowd pleaded that someone had to save the boy, but no one raised a single finger nor did they breathe a single breath of air. Instead, Matthias threw his foot down onto Wren's chest and a terrible cracking was heard. Everyone gasped as they watched the onslaught, Matthias continually slamming his heavy foot into Wren's windpipe. Someone in the crowd let out a heart wrenching sob that was deafening to the ears nearby.

Just as Matthias went in for another kick, a shrill scream was let out, and everyone, even Matthias, whipped their head to the horrible sound. There stood, at the entrance of the school, a teacher who was holding their hands over their mouth with a look of disgust on their face. "What is going on her- NO! What is- Matthias! Matthias Merdock! Come over here right now!"

The wind whipped hard at the teacher's command as the teacher tried to put themselves together. They watched as the students parted like

the Red Sea, trying to avoid Matthias. Matthias got closer and closer to the teacher; the teacher clenched their hands in anticipation as a cold sweat trickled down the back of their neck. They mindlessly chewed the right corner of their mouth, wondering what to say.

Would a "Go to the principal's office?" work? Or demanding that he leave the school premises? The teacher didn't know what their next step was as Matthias was only a step away from them. They gulped as they stared at him harshly. They gathered all their courage and coughed lightly into their hand, wishing that the other teachers didn't force them to see about the commotion.

"You're suspended from any football practices and games."

As the teacher commanded their voice to not waver, they could see Matthias' face glow red like an erupting volcano, and, before Matthias could even think to throw a punch at the teacher, a student let out a shout. "You're not fighting them! You're fighting me!"

The voice was Wren's as he struggled to stand, but he stood nevertheless and wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. He glared at Matthias. A spark of electricity ran between the two and the atmosphere turned toxic.

"So!? Come here to fight me!"

Wren let out a battle cry after his last statement, and he ran towards Matthias with all his might. His left hand was pulled back, ready to make contact. Wren's blood was running wild; there was a certain look in his eyes. Not once did he falter due to the pain in his ribs, his throat, or his overall aching body.

Many of the students looked at him in amazement as if they were looking at a god. They all held their breath in anticipation, but the outcome was already set when Wren had decided to become the personal punching bag for Matthias after watching Matthias get abused by his own father.

It was just any other day and Wren was going home. Matthias lived not too far from him, so it wasn't a shocker to Wren when he saw the boy in his neighborhood. Matthias' father held Matthias by the scruff of his neck and was beating him mercilessly with a leather belt that was begging to leave welts. Wren never knew what caused Matthias' father to act that way, but it didn't matter to him. He was already in motion and shouting at Mr. Merdock to drop Matthias and he did. After that, Wren became Matthias' punching bag.

Wren knew what he did by confronting the boy's father and what destiny lay in front of him. It didn't matter if it all meant that he would be saving someone, someone who long ago saved him.

So, he stood in front of the teacher and took the full assault while the teacher ran inside to call for help.

It was too late when help did come. The group of students had dissipated, Matthias was gone, and Wren was nothing but a dead body on the ground. His once pale face now covered with blood, his once stormy eyes now closed forever, and his once orange hair now caked in blood and dirt.



### **Anxiety**



By: Michelle Procter

I am angry and I want to scream.  
I can't even let it all out.  
I want to throw things and break them.  
My body is tight and my hands are shaking.  
I am filled with frustration, and I can't express it  
When I think about it my eyes well up with water.  
I take a deep breath, it doesn't help.  
I can feel the tears pouring down my face, there is nothing I can do to stop it.  
I feel tense and anxious.  
Nothing ever goes my way.  
It's not fair, life is not fair.  
But it's not life that hurt me, it was you.  
Why do I allow you to make me feel this way?  
You have traumatized me.  
You have taken control over my emotions.  
You make me uneasy and you are dangerous.  
I am scared, I fear you.  
Give me my life back.



### **Afraid**



By: Hilary Nicole Emmons

I am not afraid that I am going to start a fight.  
I am not afraid that I am going to always be too much for everyone.  
I am not afraid that nobody is going to ever stay.  
I am not afraid that I don't know how to be myself.  
I am not afraid of losing everyone.  
I am not afraid of not being a good enough mother.  
I am not afraid of being lost forever.  
I am not afraid of failing at school.  
I am not afraid to fall when I can always get back up and start over.  
I am not afraid to manifest something better.  
I am not afraid of him hurting me anymore.  
I am not afraid of his lies anymore.  
I am not afraid of letting go of my shame, guilt and envy for my peers who had better than I did.  
I am not afraid of being what God created me to be.  
I am not afraid of letting go of the anger.  
I am not afraid of being myself.  
I am not afraid of rejection.  
I am not afraid of being in nature.  
I am a sunflower that stands taller than the tallest tower.  
I am not afraid to fight for my castle.  
I am not afraid to tell someone to leave my circle.  
I am not afraid to stand up for myself.  
I am not afraid of the words they called me.  
I am not afraid to feel the pain.  
I am not afraid to reflect on the pain.  
I am not afraid to speak my truth.  
I am not afraid of being.  
I am not afraid of waiting for what I have been.  
I am not afraid to let go.





 Emma Galonski

## A Thousand Words

   By: Eden Grandmont

The brightness of the morning sun. A gentle cool breeze. The aroma of salty air. Yes, it feels like this is going to be a fine morning. I stretch my stiff limbs, hearing them crackle and pop before letting them drop back down to the soft surface of the covers. I rub the sleepiness out of my eyes and open them slowly, all while blinking rapidly to adjust to the glaring, angled brightness. Blue fills my vision, exactly how my ceiling is when I wake up, but something is different... and much brighter. I don't recall there being clouds on my ceiling. Maybe my eyes are still adjusting. I pull myself upright and swing my legs over the side of the bed, ready to stand up and stretch my legs. Immediately, I pull my legs back upwards onto the bed. My eyes open fully, startled by the coldness and wetness of my feet. At this time, I see what's different: deep blue water extends as far as the eye can see.

For a few moments, I am motionless, completely unsure of how to react to the bizarreness of the situation. I do not recall being near water last night and certainly did not push my bed into the ocean myself. No rational thoughts come to my mind as anxiety takes over. My breathing speeds up substantially, and my hands begin to shake. I'll be fine, I think. I just need to get the stress out. And I do this in the only way that makes sense at this moment: a long, terrified shriek, one that penetrates the sound of gentle waves and wind. It hurts my throat, but only for a moment, and the strain ends just as abruptly as it began. The ocean responds with its usual soft noises.

Something else responds. It isn't the ocean's sloshes this time. It sounds like a call, some sort of holler as I have just demonstrated, only significantly deeper in pitch. A chill goes down my spine. Fueled by curiosity, I survey the area, eager to see what could be out there, but nothing appears, not until ripples begin to appear in the water. I'm startled as they gradually become larger, the water splashes steadily, then more vigorously. I carefully peer down the side of my bed, now moist with mist. Something is down below the surface and it is getting larger. Waves begin to form and the bed rocks back and forth. I grip the frame firmly and close my eyes, waiting for the waters to calm.

Thankfully, it does not take long for the waves to subside, and, although the sheets and myself are drenched, we are still afloat. When I'm

sure it's all over, I open my eyes, and I am greeted by an unexpected sight. Before me towers a sea turtle, which is nearly as large as a blue whale, I imagine. What's more odd, a sapling appears to be on the peak of its great shell, scaled up as the turtle is, so it's more like a tree. The eyes on the sides of its head fixate on me, and it stops moving after the fact.

"What?" This is the only way I can think of responding to a sight as bizarre as a scenario like this. Inspecting the turtle's form, it doesn't appear to be artificial in any way.

"Who are you?" A feminine voice calmly booms, causing more small ripples in the water. I look around once more, but can only see the ocean and sky aside from the turtle. My mind races as the dreamlike state of wherever I am becomes more apparent. Once more, I turn to face the turtle. It blinks slowly, not breaking its gaze. This can't be real.

"I'm a human, I guess," I say, loudly enough for the turtle to hear. It simply stares in response. A sigh leaves my lungs. A speaking turtle would be outrageous, wouldn't it? As it turns out-

"Who are you?" The voice repeats the question, emphasizing that last word. Once again, no possible source is visible. It has to be the turtle... right? I think for a moment.

"My name is River," I shout with an unsteady tone. The turtle closes its eyes again, seeming to be deep in thought as I am. A conversation with a sea turtle is not an activity I ever expected to partake in. "Are-" The turtle's eyes open at once, continuing its ever-lasting stare. I feel a lump in my throat. "Are you God?"

"What is God?" There is little hesitation before this response. "I am me as you are you. I am whatever you believe I am." This answer brings up a thousand more questions, but something tells me that pressing this being for answers wouldn't be the greatest decision. Maybe I should be more direct.

"I need help getting home. Can you take me there?" Its eyes close once more, this time for longer.

"You have wasted much needed time," it says, "but I will oblige for your sake." At once, its two great paddles lift into the air, leaving downpours of aqua as they rise. "Hold on." I tilt my head, preparing for another question from it, but instead am met with a deafening splash, as the paddles swiftly meet the water's surface once more, creating a wave so massive that it nearly covers the turtle's eyes from view. I crawl to the end of the bed, gripping the frame as tightly as I can. The bed rapidly jerks

as it is picked up by the largest billow I've ever seen. Salty wind blasts through me, causing a blanket to be lost in the water. Despite the great wave's noise, the voice is heard once again.

"Keep holding tight," it says. "You will make it home, but are out of time right now. I will cherish our encounter with warm fondness." This doesn't make any sense.

"I am out of time? What do you-



 Brianna Lemmon

### Jericho



By: Tristan Jardinier

Last winter  
my mother left a plant  
on a windowsill  
on her three-season porch.  
When her plants die  
she says that  
she doesn't know what happened.  
I know.  
This spring  
I cleared the wreckage from her porch.  
Tendrils that had reached for warmth  
shriveled against the window glass  
Petrified.  
I found survivors.  
Tiny little fragile things.  
I put them in a pot on my bookcase  
next to a space heater.  
I said  
Hello, Jericho  
I know.



### Stronger



By: Michelle Procter

I am independent and strong  
Strong enough that I don't need you  
You left me here alone  
Alone and confused  
Confused about you and I  
I see it now  
Now we are done  
Done with all the crying  
Crying over nothing  
Nothing can fix me inside  
Inside I am hurt  
Hurt because of you  
You don't get it  
It made me stronger  
Stronger than I ever imagined  
Imagined I would be stuck  
Stuck on you  
You made me see  
See what I actually deserve  
Deserve to be happy  
Happy and strong  
Strong and independent



## Graveyard Palimpsest



By: Devan Doerr

Wandering and salvaging  
To find something that works,  
Grinding gears  
For years and years  
In a hope to alleviate this curse.  
To fill a hole that isn't there,  
To make itself whole  
And to seek repair,  
To adjust the bolts and wear new plating  
To veneer over the parts that are decaying.  
Reimagining itself from the ground up.  
Made of barely fitting parts  
But no matter what,  
It still falls apart.  
It still falls apart.  
It's a graveyard palimpsest afterall.  
Reusing and covering up.  
A graveyard palimpsest  
Formed from machines that gave up.  
An amalgamation of scrap metal,  
An autonomous automaton  
Self sustaining as that's its goal,  
A delineation of its parts; they define the whole.  
Scarpering from scalding horror,  
It builds itself from what it can find,  
A scavenger-  
A palimpsest,  
A walking graveyard of its own design.  
Building over what no longer functions,  
Desperately trying to turn those gears,  
Something's stuck or unaligned  
A machine is met with fear.  
Cover and patch the holes,  
Tighten and replace the screws  
No matter the toll,  
Just keep going until it works like new.  
The same frame

The same name  
And it works again.  
But it never resides,  
Something's chronically awry within the frame,  
It needs to outsource to finally fix it,  
But will they still see it?  
The rust that lies under layers upon layers;  
Will they know it's a graveyard palimpsest?  
Can they tell?  
Do they note?  
Do they know?  
Build over-  
Start over,  
Restart and use old parts-  
No; don't let them see  
This embarrassing display,  
The palimpsest that lost its way.  
They can still see the original frame,  
They know its blueprints and know its name.  
The layers of scrap are visible and read like a book;  
They can see the chapters and the paths it took.  
No matter how much it tries to disguise its former iterations,  
The parts give it away and give way to lamentations.  
Even if it were to change its fuel,  
And change its oil to something new,  
To change its model and restructure its frame,  
To find new parts and take a new name;  
It all feels like such a waste.  
For you can tell by the look on their face,  
That they know.  
I'm a graveyard palimpsest.





## Artist Paints 28 Foot Mandala on Driveway

✍✍✍ By: Katie Kinnane

Local artist and activist, Katie Kinnane, painted a 28 foot mandala on her driveway, at her home in Hollis, New Hampshire. The artist says the painting started out as a doodle with a chalk marker in early March, “I was bored, wanted to be outside and the sun had warmed the driveway; it just took off from there.” The project took six months to complete, she often painted as the sun went down and at night with mason jar torches due to the summer heat.

Once the artist realized the original doodle remained intact after a rainstorm, Kinnane made her own chalk paint mixture in hopes to make the piece large enough to be seen by passing planes. “Our property is on the Nashua Airport flight path. I’m curious to see the level of detail planes can or cannot see from that height.”

The mandala is just the latest piece of a large permaculture project she has planned for the property. “It’s big, but only a small portion of the bigger plan. The property itself is my largest canvas so far.” Kinnane, who is also an advocate for mental health, is often seen outside experimenting with different landscaping styles including wattle fencing, vertical gardening, unique wood stacking, chainsaw carving and hugelkultur techniques, to name a few. “I’m a big fan of gardening, artistic expression and music therapy. It’s important to have these outlets, especially right now.”

The title of the mandala is “Humbling Ants.” Kinnane drew inspiration for the piece observing ants in the crack of the driveway and while listening to a song by the rock band Puscifer, titled “Humbling River.” “The song is about community and overcoming obstacles. The ants have enormous obstacles to overcome daily; that persistence is admirable and humbling.” As an activist, Kinnane said she spent a good portion of time thinking about the current political divide while painting. “No matter what we do to try to get relief we still are unable to cross the river to a more peaceful existence; or in the case of the mandala, the crack in the driveway.”



 Katie Kinnane



Congratulations,  
Fall Class of 2022!

Lorenzo Occhialini  
Alexander White

Proof