



echo 2011

As the snow melts and
the sun of spring awakens,
the art + literary review team
inches closer to yet another
proud delivery, echo 2011.
Being a part of such an amazingly
talented group of creators has
unearthed such pride within me.
I'd like to unleash immeasurable
thanks to the students for their
diligence and desire to create
a sleek, new edition of an
impressive Wooster tradition.

Kristin L. Wolfe, art + literary review Chair

echo 2011

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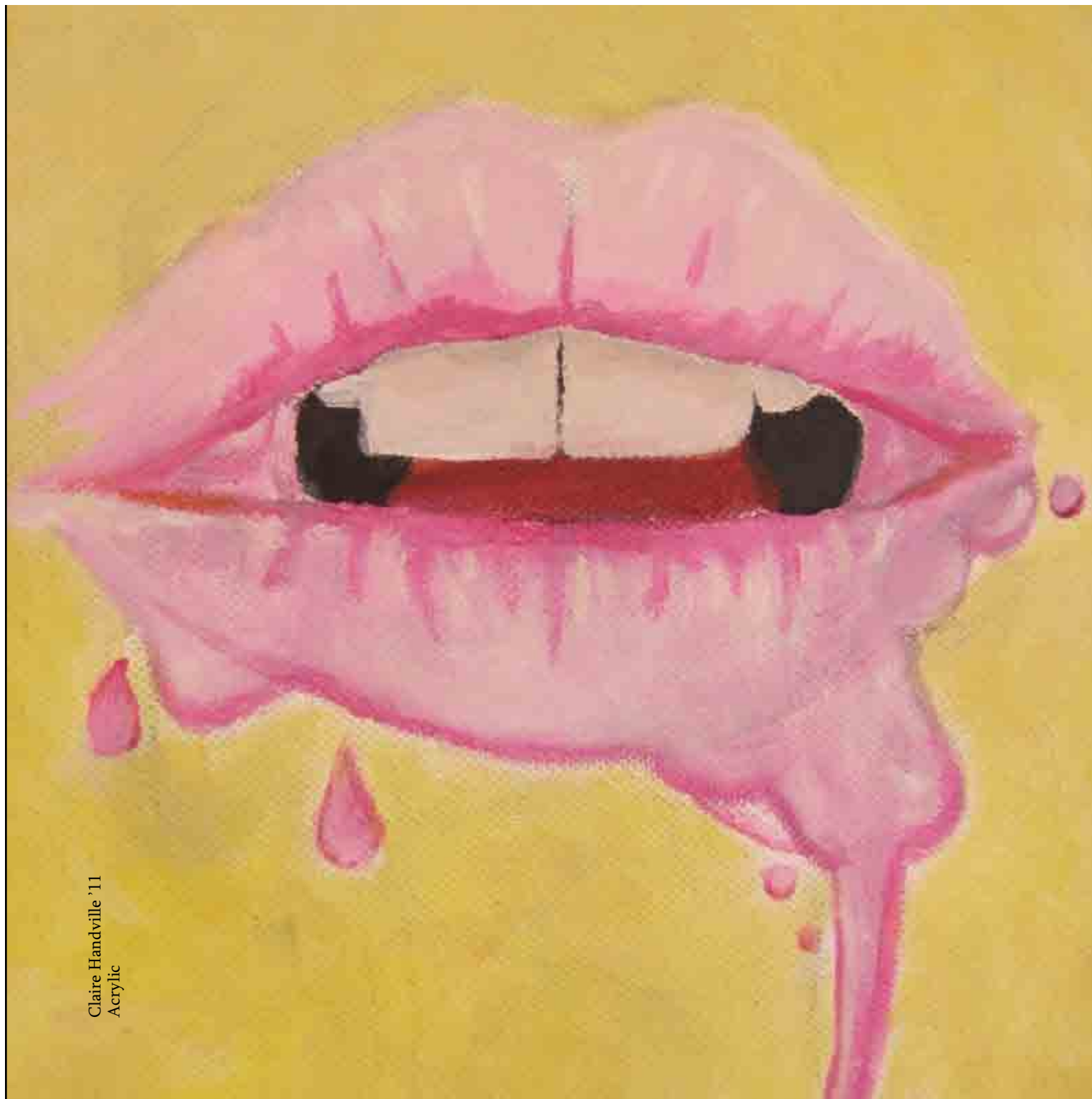
AT THE CUMBERLAND GAP

They keep the lights on in the midday
in case of sudden fog or sudden muddy sprays:
drivers are warned most sternly to mile 8
where the mantle of earth rises up to the slighted sky
that frowns down its back to the deliberate trees
to the rises bowing out in slants—
you and I are together something grateful
at mile 8. The slips and clipping winds on the up
and the up quickly again came—
I saw then in one breach of age the ribs
in granite, lime, shale rub together like small continents
red and royal blue in the terraces of some royal Aztec mess.

At the Cumberland Gap they permit the old trucks
to stop tired & lay sweating against
the warm sides of the op'ning fury, the bluebacked line
the gusts that blew them beautifully up over the mountain mine.

Tori Haynes '11

12/28/2010 08:14



Claire Handville '11
Acrylic

eFF U

Who are you to tell
Me to go to hell?
To whirl my head about,
Or turn my feelings inside out?
I hope you know I cried that day
I felt like a pot of empty clay
That you had stepped on
Like I was the devil's spawn
"Equal rights for all"
I later overheard you drawl
To that girl you think is cute
I hope she gives your ass the boot
Knowing, as I know
That the truth is something you like to forgo
When it comes to those that you find odd
Those you'd like to take out with an act of G-d
And by odd I mean not guilty of
Your straight, mainstream, kind of love
And you know what? Fuck you
Cuz I know I can scream 'til I'm blue
But there is no way you'll ever change your mind
Because on this issue you are forever blind
And I know I can't win 'em all
But I never thought someone would have the gall
To tell me to my face, "I think you're going to hell"
But I won't let you build me a cell
Out of cruel words and hate
Because I know that for you your fate will always wait
In the shadows and alleyways
No wait let me rephrase
Karma is a bitch
And your life is glitch
You will get your just desserts
I can only hope it comes from chasing skirts
So you too can feel
That to deny someone's love is kind of big deal

Olivia Kinner '11



Cartherine Sharp '13
Photograph

Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, on a day much like today, when the hazy sunlight fell, like memories, upon the golden hair of young maidens in the village, a boy named Quincy went to fetch the water so that his elderly mother could bake a cake.

Once upon a time on a day much like today with hazy sunlit memories and

Once upon a time
Things have changed since then. Sunlight doesn't fall like memories any more. Boys named Quincy aren't sent to fetch the water.

Once upon right now I sit at library computers with an empty feeling in my gut and drooping eyelids and a longing to go home.

This is a sucky fairytale.
I'm sorry.

So Quincy, anyway, he falls in love, or maybe he falls into the well. He falls in something, anyway.
It's love. He falls in love with a girl with golden hair and eyes like foggy days gone by. She hates him.

She's simply far too pretty.

It's the well. He falls into the well and discovers a magical underwater kingdom where things are beautiful and bubbly, but Quincy never learned to swim and so he dies a watery death.

Either way he doesn't get no happy ending.

Once upon a time the sunlight fell and mocked us all, making us think of the memories we never had and lives we've never lived, because most of the time, life never happens. But drowning boys can discover magic, golden girls can have all of yesterday contained in their cool grey eyes, elderly mothers can need water for cake. These are things.



#2

I'm going to keep writing fairy tales until I get one right.

Once upon a time, when almost everyone wanted to be a princess, a very lonely little girl lived in the attic of the old house on the corner of the winding road, by the sycamore trees. No one even knew that she was there. She wrote sad songs and sold them in the market for gold coins, dandelions, anything. She wrote sad songs and sang them.

One evening, during a thunderstorm, she heard a crying outside the attic window. She looked up and saw Something.

I don't know whose face she saw in the window pane.

At some point it's discovered she's a princess. Because sad and lonely girls are always the princesses of somewhere. Or so the story goes.



#3



Okay, so.

Once upon a time, there lived a sad and lonely little princess. Her father had been a great warrior, her mother a gypsy queen. But they had gone away and they had left her all alone. She lived in a glass castle way up on the top of a hill. For a while, it was wonderful. She could stay up all night and eat ice cream; she could spin circles all day.

But soon everything turned sour. She could stay up all day hurting and could cry herself to sleep. She was trapped in her crystal castle and she was fast alone. Then one day she heard a noise. A handsome young boy (a farm hand, a prince) had seen her through the walls of her fortress and had thrown a rock (a pebble, a boulder). The castle cracked, broke, crumbled, shattered, crashed, fell to pieces, fell apart. And so the little girl was free. And she and her handsome rock throwing vagabond, farm boy, prince ran away together. And they lived happily ever after. And they were sad and lonely and beautiful and okay together, out there in the real world.



Phoebe Cramer '11

The Great Gatsby

We would wait.

The way that people dream of waiting
the way the story books say
On the docks with the arrival
of oranges and lemons every Friday
But knowing it wasn't possible
to exist as beautifully
as all that.

So we loved—knowing it couldn't last

Waiting on the docks for the life that,
no matter,

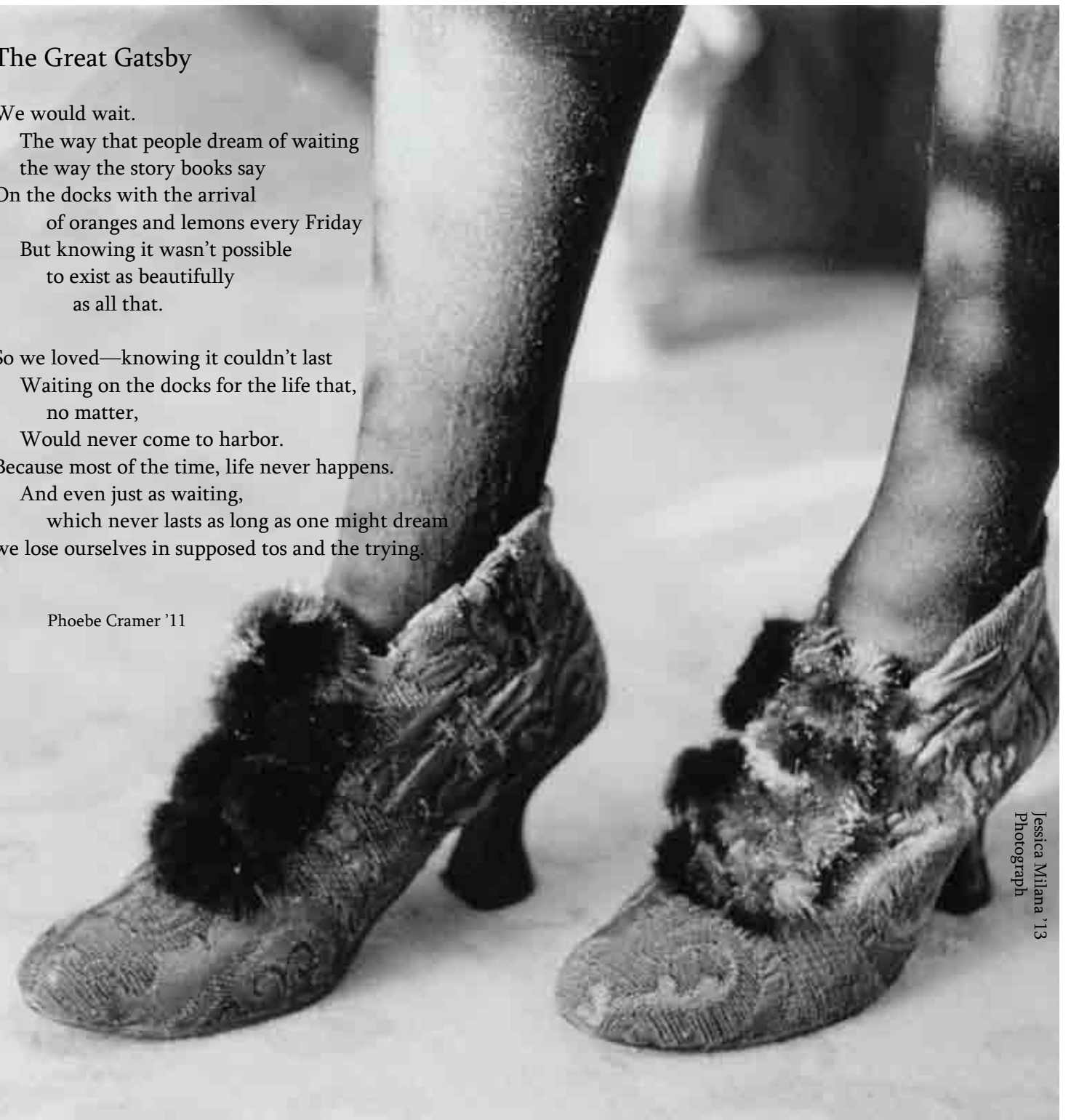
Would never come to harbor.

Because most of the time, life never happens.

And even just as waiting,

which never lasts as long as one might dream
we lose ourselves in supposed tos and the trying.

Phoebe Cramer '11



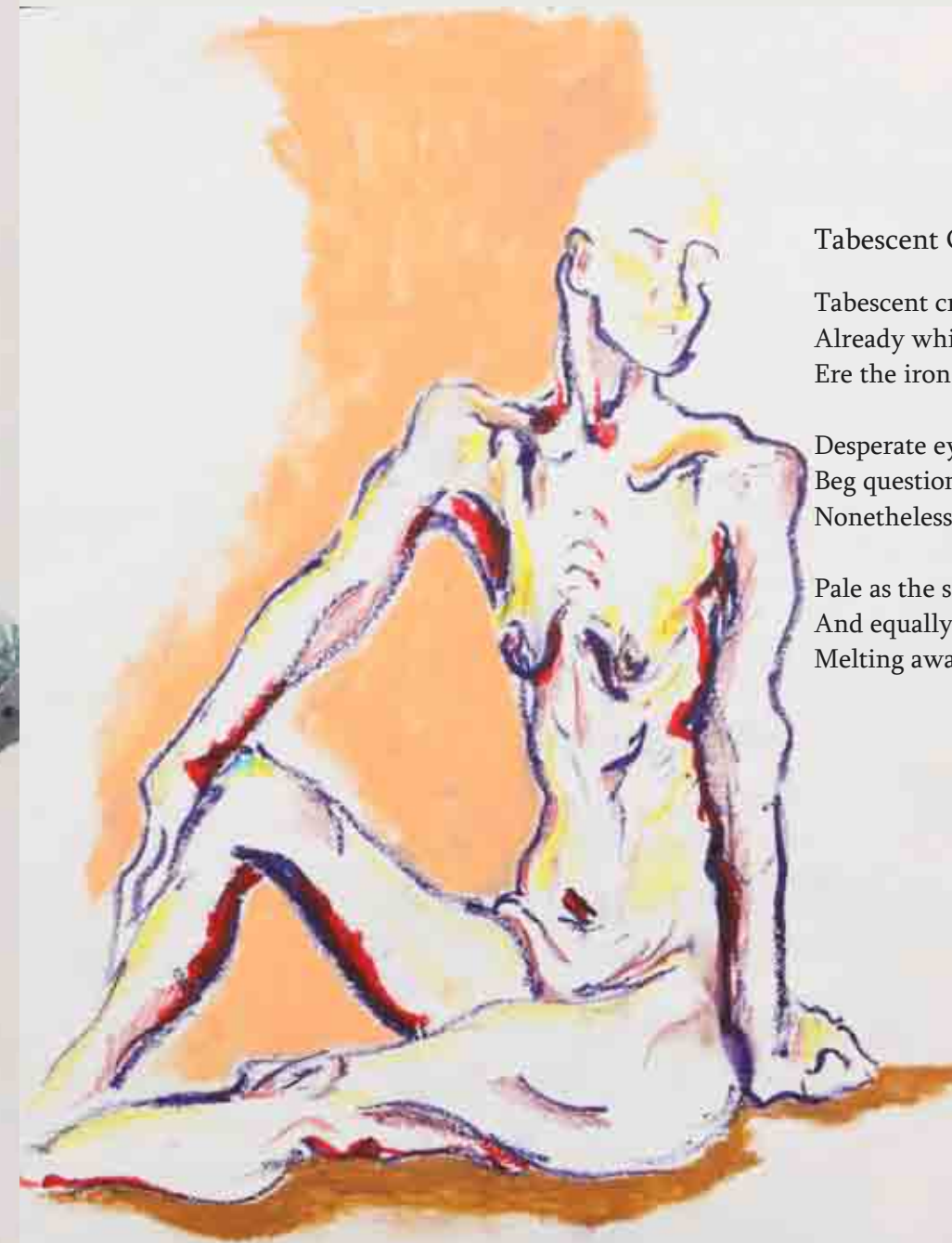
Jessica Milana '13
Photograph

Dreams

Children of the moon and stars
Born from the sound of infants laughter
Beyond the purple mountains
Where the silver trees bask in the moonlight
The land of dreams
Dream trees covered with silver dream dust
As soon as the sun sets
And all humanity is fast asleep
The butterflies awaken
The nymphs sprinkle the silver dust onto the butterflies' wings
And off they fly
Up over the purple mountains
They go their separate ways in search of an open window
Into which they drift
Wherein a child tosses and turns from a nightmare
The butterfly then lands on the child's head
And all contorting stops
As the dream dust falls off the butterfly's wings
It brings the child nothing but sweet visions

Isabelle Ostertag '14

Tori Haynes '11
Acrylic



Tori Haynes '11
Oil Pastel

Tabescent Creature

Tabescent creature
Already whisper-thin
Ere the iron wind wracked her tenuous frame

Desperate eyes lost in the canyons of her face
Beg questions we do not care to hear
Nonetheless answer

Pale as the snow bank
And equally frail
Melting away

Grace Hamilton '11



A Dimensional Thing

Moon subsumes
each sublunary line
and floods the lit
with excess light—
once I watched a boy
struggle up a pipe
with grease run
down the sides.
Gripless and slick,
he'd lunge, then slide,
and the others
threw peels and pits
and the talk among
the crowd of the prolix-
ity of God's eyes—
simple yarn wound round
two crossing sticks,
an endless pile
of rhombuses,
and depthless.
Moon subsumes
each sublunary youth
who, tilted ladleward,
pauses at the cup,
and then resumes.

Tori Haynes '11



Shannon Carey '13
Print

Stone Casting

Long past the usual stone casting hour
and not far from the hill, the house atop
the small slope, shirking the line and sinker
cast by the moon, stand I, doing the same.
And but for the slap, I would cast a stone.
The moon must cast for want of wretched men.
I would not be the first to speak wary
of those thoughts conceived in the lapping light,
for they prod and prod again, and dangle
hardly out of reach. In that moment of
outstretched arms is the tug beneath your lip.
Shame if I too am lured by fools' tackle.
Daybreak will see the clearing waters and
shame if I too should be lured in dark tides.
Surely a moment apart from the restless chirp
of this night is but a stone's throw away.
The clap of stone on wave will not reach home
but fear that the daydreaming moon should turn
spotlight in the night – Tonight, by and by,
is not one for the casting of old stones.

Justin Pascoe '11

Rolling Stone's Haiku

I'm a rolling stone
Covered in layers of moss
Rolling didn't help

Matt Ross '12

Bruise

Mottled dark violet, ringed with sickly yellow, the dark bruises on her wrist fill me with rage, but what really breaks my heart is her eyes, chocolate wells of misery and shame. She pulls her sleeves down her arms to cover them, and I know that these were not the first bruises. I say nothing - no need to upset her further.

At the next subway stop she gets off, this stranger whose eyes I chanced to meet. As she steps onto the platform and out of my life, I look back to the newspaper I was reading before some man in a suit brushed past her and her sleeve rolled up to expose the horrible sick Easter-egg colors of her wrist. Hidden behind the tiny print detailing strikes in Paris, I am nobody, a faceless person in the throng and rush of people, without even bruises to define me.

I wonder sometimes how I look to others, before I come to the disturbing realization that nobody is looking. This is somehow worse than the plain colorless thing that greets me in the mirror each morning, this sure knowledge that I could be completely different, and their reaction would be the same. My mind keeps returning to the woman in the subway, even as I curl into my cold twin bed later that night. She was a spark of humanity in the gray herd that populates New York City, even if it was for the worst of reasons.

I don't see her the next day, but suddenly I see people like her. I have lived here for twenty years, but for the first time I see color in this city. I see the red of beggars' noses, the purple bags beneath a mother's eyes, the synthetic blue shadow on a hooker's eyes.

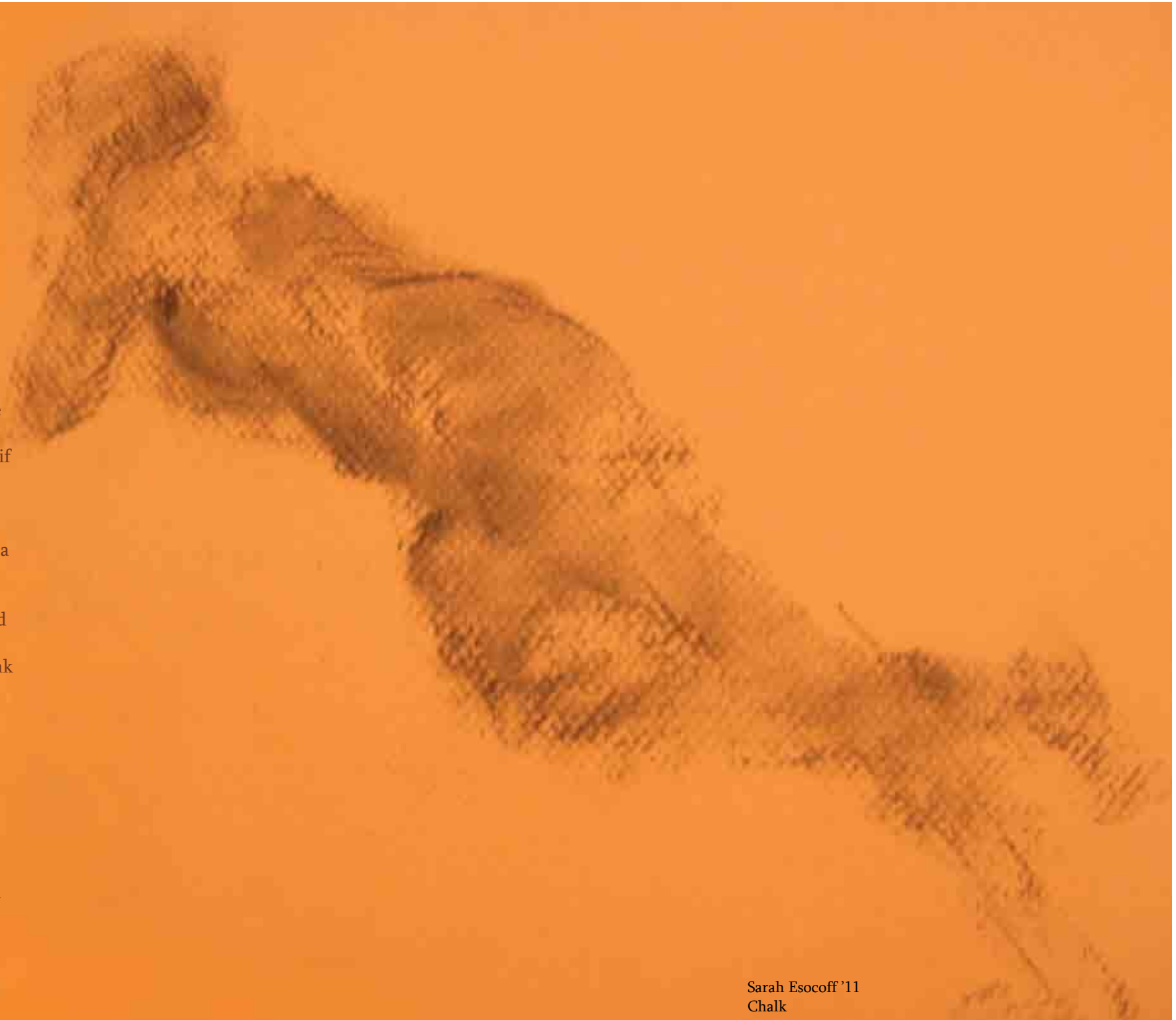
I know this color cannot be new, cannot have appeared for the first time. Twenty years I have lived in this city, born and raised. Could I really have passed all this time without seeing a single one of the nine million little rainbows that populate this land of grey concrete and black pavement? I think not.

In fact, I seem almost to remember a time, a time when the buildings were taller, when Central Park was green and the taxis banana yellow. Where did it go, this time at the edge of memory, when everyone had a face, and even I had color? People met my eyes back then, I think because I was looking. It was really just chance that led my eyes to meet those of the woman on the subway today - I wasn't looking. And neither was she, which makes me think that it's not just me, that more than just my eyes have changed since sky-scrapers really ended among the clouds. This city, too, has changed.

What was it, this catastrophe that changed this city - and me. I think it was in September, but how can I be sure?

Grace Hamilton '11

Sarah Esocoff '11
Chalk





Rooster in Love

The Eve of Two Eyes finds the white lover
with his own white hand.

In a scattering, love blasts light on that fine white hand!

In blueness two double-faced Macaws

clashed to the city's graven Mirage—

She smiles and interrupts outlined in smeary black:

for they speak squares and lines

till beaks are spotty-skinned

and cracked and blind—who plunges at the birds

(with lowered eyes and strong back Her plume
curls into blueness.)

Here She sighs.

O you tethered dears! Were scratches all you cried?

There are hatches cut into the sides:

steps up and up to climb for the house,

for the flames that spit the frame down

into blackness—

you on the side! You pretty white thing,

you white lover finding light and arching light

are well-equipped with forks

and checkerboards and spines,

and may do what you wish with them.

Tori Haynes '11



Tori Hayes '11
Monoprint

TOXIN

Rachel Carson told us something about poison, something that transcends ecology and DDT. It is this: animals – cows, sheep, and flighty deer – are irresistibly drawn, compelled even, to eat plants sprayed by certain poisons – even plants they would never normally eat. Even poisonous ones.

So good morning my darling ragweed, my arsenic-laced ivy. How are you my beloved, that which I need? Good? Oh, good. Me too, my chemical love. For you I awake in the morning and from you I collapse every night.

Oops-you've been speaking to me. Your exquisitely waxed eyebrows knit across the kitchen table.

"Dear, have you been listening to a word I've been saying?" I sometimes half-suspect you call me "dear" only because you've forgotten my real name it and would be awkward to ask now, now that we're married.

"Of course, darling, you were just talking about 'How I have a fifty-fifty chance, either I should get a "real job" rather than free-lance reporting or how we should move into a smaller apartment and sell this ancient money pit.'"

This ancient money pit is the house I grew up in, a beautiful, admittedly senile, old woman of a house. An elegant, Victorian aglow (or maybe you've finally made good on all those threats and set it on fire) with a dignified sense of its own uniqueness.

"-our finances," I finish, figuring that this could be interpreted as referring to either my ill-paying hobby or our incessantly crumbling abode.

I know instantly that I've gotten it wrong this time, but the look that flies over your face is not annoyance or even anger but real, genuine hurt. Amazing, really, all the times I've tried to hurt you, all the screaming matches and slammed doors, I've never managed to draw a look like this. Who knew all I had to do was ignore you?

You stand up, tears coursing furiously down your cheeks, ruining your just-applied morning mascara. I chase you up the creaking stairs to our bedroom where you sob your heart out into the pillows. A thousand apologies tumble automatically from my lips as I rub your heaving back, wondering what could possibly have gone so wrong in the space of one breakfast.

At last your sobs quiet enough for you to choke out, "I'm pregnant," and dissolve back into tears. I tell you how wonderful this is, how much I love you, what an ass I've been to ignore you. I tell you how wonderful it is that we're starting a family, how this baby will heal our damaged marriage.

This pregnancy is your last-ditch attempt to keep me yours, though God knows I've never done anything but hurt you. I hold your shuddering frame in my arms and whisper a thousand sweet lies, and know for a fact that I've married a sheep.



Icarus Fell in Grace

Icarus fell in grace.
Those who heard the slap of the body understood—
He had tried to make for himself
What Gods are given.

The sun was ashamed of what she had done
For she saw in Icarus
The way a man tries to be like God
And that perhaps for this he is not less man but more.

He is a rose window of a person
Scattered so carefully and containing so much light
Bearing a reflection of himself which moves slowly and according to the sun.

And whose body sank fast.

The wings are hardened now
Bobbing like long-stemmed daisies and catching the light
For though Icarus and his body fell
The wings he made did not.

A curious construction
Flaw and savior
Mouth is drowned and hand, eye, heart, hip forgotten,
But wax floats.

Sarah Esocoff '11



The Rhythm of Life

One night I gazed up at the stars
The night sky seemed a vast pristine heavenly pool
While the grass swayed rhythmically
To the song of the crickets
And the owl sang her sweet lullaby
I gazed up at the stars and a calm swept over me
A calm as deep as the ocean
Wide as the sky
And as soothing as a mother's touch
A feeling of pure happiness engulfed me
The stars seemed to pulse in a rhythm
A rhythm that suddenly seemed ubiquitous
The crickets buzzed
The grass swayed
The owl hooted
All in this rhythm
It was then that I understood
Everything and everyone is connected
I felt my body become one with the dew covered grass
I felt my heart begin to pound in the same rhythm as the stars
An indescribable feeling came over me
One that seemed so familiar yet so distant
I could feel that I was slowly floating off the ground
As all hatred or fear was drained from me
And left behind
A car engine started
I plummeted back onto the ground
Once again I felt anger and fear
My heart stopped beating in the same rhythm as the stars
And I awakened to reality

Isabelle Ostertag '14



Justin Pascoe '11 and Melissa Svenningsen '11
Acrylic

Gloriole

black gloriole about the pale moon of her face
lonely as the last of the passenger pigeons
that once eclipsed the sun
who drew these mournful contours
shaded each desolate cavern
of this tenebrific terrain
alien as the moon

Grace Hamilton '11

Medium

If I wanted this to be easy
I could write one about nature
and it would go:
“The dirty ice melts back into the ground
I like the mud sinking around my feet-
The earth finally talking back.”

And if I wanted this to be hard
I would throw my whole damn journal in your face
and you'd feel it in your teeth
with words like aching and leering and itch and wail
And it would sound a little like weeping
And a lot like laughing.

But instead I'll just tell you about the one I might have written
And it was probably about some boy I liked
Who I don't like anymore
And how it bothered me for a while
and now I'm fine.

Emily McInerny '12

Lydia Haynes '14
Nylon, Wire, Acrylic

Totem Animal

After Augustine's father died, the canyon began to share all its secrets with her. This morning, she wakes before the sun and runs along the edge of the canyon's emptiness until she feels her ribs separating and her heart expanding down her legs into the rocks and up her chest into the pale sky. She throws her hands up and searches her body for the shape of love; she has not felt it in so long. I am a deer, she thinks, an obsidian elk dreaming of flight. This evening, she sees the sun set. Standing in the claw-footed bathtub with cold water around her tired, animal ankles, she cries. Loss gnaws at her frayed edges; guilt creeps up her throat. The house feels cold without him. She remains in limbo for days.

Nights later, Augustine sleeps in an oval-shaped bed with her hands cupped around her small breasts, close to her throbbing heart. The sheets are dark green, maybe closer to jade, maybe closer to the color of jungle blood. In her dream, she is in the canyon, staggering closer to the place where the rhododendrons twist their delicate wrists into swirling azure sky. The shadows are all burgundy here – she feels her stomach winding up into a tight knot, a pressure building in her ears. As she rounds the corner of the rhododendron field she sees a doe sprawled atop a pile of quartz rocks and shiny, clean bones. The bones rise up, like great elephant ribs, forming a half cage around the doe's slender body. A cracked, feral sound leaks from her lips when the doe's eyes, drenched with delirium, roll into the back of its skull as thick strips of skin begin falling off to reveal rotten bones beneath.

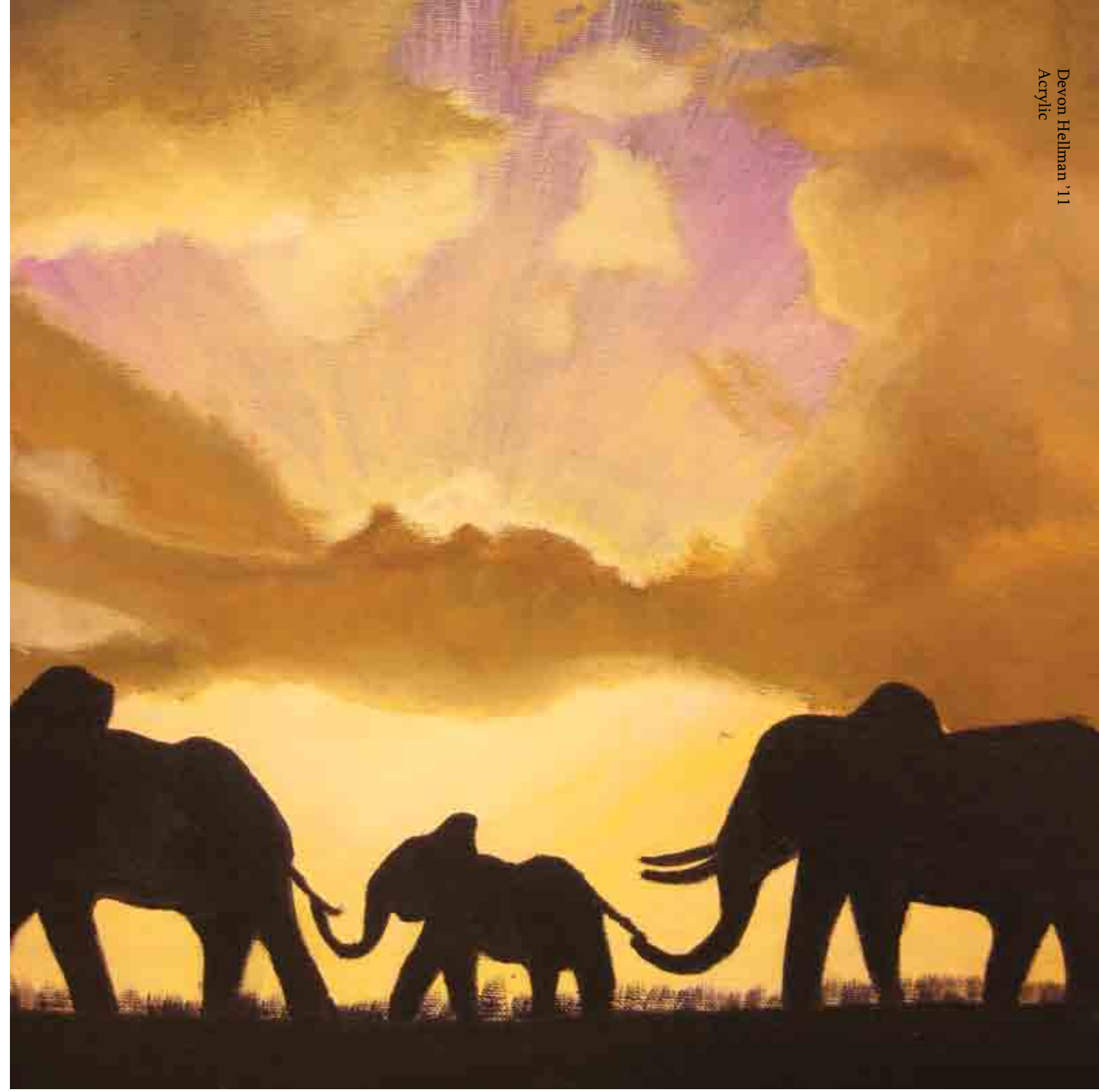
Augustine wakes sweating and struggling to catch her breath. There is no one to comfort her – but she can hear the white noise of night outside. She knows that canyons can speak to her, like a mother, like a friend. She walks until she reaches the rhododendrons; dawn's pastel fingers tickle the skyline by the time she arrives. The doe has startlingly red blood streaked across her maw. Augustine's breath hitches in her throat – she crouches in the ancient canyon dust – when she touches the doe, she can feel the roar of life in her head. The doe glitters with rubies and amber where Augustine touches her; Augustine can feel herself healing. As the sun climbs to its perch in the sky, she spins till she can feel her heart beating wildly; she can feel a shape of love, not loss, in her ruby and amber core.

Violet Degnan '13



Sarah Escocoff '11
Acrylic

Olivia Kinnear '11
Copper and Acrylic



Devon Hellman '11
Acrylic



Lisa Moran '12
Acrylic

1— To talk, but not to choose.

The mother standing in the door and leaning against the frame.

The infant not asleep.

The infant grabbing the bars.

The infant might see the bars and it might see the shape of two eyes beyond.

The infant seeing the bars.

The infant pulling up onto its knees.

The infant wobbling and catching itself on the large bear. Crying.

The infant quieting.

The infant seeing the bear.

“Mama.” “Mama.”

The mother at the door watching her son.

The infant asleep.

The mother removing the bear.

2— To take one's place.

—once, when she entered the room, her boy with the top four buttons of his shirt undone and flopping open, the carpet bloated with milk, pushing their kitten to his taut nipple, the pitcher of milk toppled, the animal snarling—

3— *To relieve of the body*

There would come the question of where everything would be stored. I collected everything. I thought I might need things.

Where to store everything? My mother might buy a big glass case, like the one I had seen at the Peabody Museum. At the Peabody there were trays of moths. Each tray was all brightly colored. Little bright nibs poked at the corners, the pins to hold their wings down. They were easy to see, spread out.

I might get a tall room, with lots of tall ladders and boxes and boxes of moths in stacks. The moths would rustle inside, lisp against the boxes. You see, the moths at the Peabody were alive, just very still. Just very still. It might make one nervous, being trapped in a box like that, with strange faces pressed to the air that compressed against the glass. So you see how they might stay quite still.

I might be eating an apple and find the larvae of a Codling Moth on the stem, laid there in a tacky string like beads I've seen tucked into very nice dresses. I might slide the apple behind the glass with the other humming boxes and wait. I might always be checking, waiting for them to pupate. That box with the Codling Moth larvae might also contain the larvae of a Japanese Beetle, whose white grubs are a nuisance because they damage lawns. The Japanese Beetle would not damage a glass-lidded box.

My mother bought me a puppy, tan, with thick rolls of skin all around its body like the lip of a gunnysack. I was not to put it behind the sliding glass. I would feed it, and it would relieve itself in an area I assigned it. Puppies were good for growing boys. Where would I put my Codling Moths? I tried holding the puppy, but it rolled into its skin and rolled away. I called its name, but of course I had not named it for I did not know what it looked like, and I walked between the stacks of my tall room and called to it in windy exhalations. I checked on the Codlings, which I might have needed. The apple and the larvae were rot.

4— *To explore a choice.*

Once, a most peculiar thing happened. I fell in love. I fell in love, and love exceeded both me and the lady I loved. It became impossible to walk in the streets on a sunny afternoon when the light stretched across the ample foreheads and nose-ends and earlobes of the amblers. Once, between South and Main, I took another man's hand and pressed it to my face. I had been walking alongside him, not speaking, when I felt the space between us multiply itself and become depthless, a shadow compounding, and I grabbed his hand and closed the space between our fleshs before I was whisked into oblivion. My body held too tightly behind my skin—with that hand to it I lanced the cheeks that were inflamed with a happy pus, pulsing forward, throbbing...I was in love.

These walks ended at the Corner Butcher and Deli. I considered the choice meats behind the glass—the bloated and shining hams, the bones for the soups and the mutts aching with soft marrows, the roasts red and distended, the turgid beef-tongue renewed in blood, the stiff prosciuttos stretched across frames like waxen skins—I purchased meat every day and the smell of the butcher hung thickly on my clothes and the smell on my hands as the sap of the meats leaked through the draftpaper bags, which I left every afternoon on the doorstep of the lady I loved.



Meg Zimmerman '11
Photograph

5—*To want what's best.*

He came in and kissed his lady lightly on the cheek. She was watching through the sliding glass the child bent over a mittenful of snow.

“We should get her a little playmate—”

“I’m not having another one...”

“—a kitten or a cute gerbil.”

“When she’s older she’ll want a horse.”

She dipped a pinkie into her coffee and drew it back immediately. The end of her pinkie was red and he almost took it in between his lips to rob the heat.

“You had a horse.”

“I rode it every day.”

“I never rode a horse.”

“I didn’t sit sideways on the saddle though.”

This was odd. “You wouldn’t, would you? That’s very proper, milady.”

She stuck her own pinkie into her mouth.

“Yes. Too proper.”

Took it out, a thin string of saliva ran perpendicularly to the slope of her face, following her finger to the table and breaking.

“Side saddle isn’t as stimulating.”

“As stimluating!”

“Of course.”

He looked out at the child, who toddled over to the swing set. The bottom of the swing dusted the snow. When the child sat on it her bottom disappeared as the strings stretched.

“Every day?”

“Every day.”

6—*To release from one's hand*

His lady lay down on the child’s carpet and looked up at the ceiling. She lay on the rectangular discoloration where the box of the crib shaded the fibers from the blast of light through the windows—at once her head and feet bordered by just centimeters of original color. She realized she could’ve climbed in with the babies and fit snugly, sometimes, when they cried.

She lay down on the floor of the child’s carpet and looked up at the stucco ceiling. Its pimply surface was embossed with two concentric circles that, her eyes crossing in overt focus, spun counter to each other. Remembering physics, she rolled onto her side and traced into the carpet, whose fibers darkened under her fingers as she bent them: the force from the outer circle suggests an inner circle of dissociated particles. No longer random, they are ordered into an inner circle with the same axis. The inner circle will spin in tandem but in the opposite direction, with a slower linear speed than the outer circle. The inner circle will suggest another circle, moving slower and in the opposite direction, and so on... The ceiling began to collapse. Standing infinitely close and infinitely far away, it kept its shape—however from her place on the carpet it was unrecognizable and threatening.

The child came to her in anger. “How could you have done it? How could you? How—” Rocking her, holding her sweet child, “Done what, dear thing, done what!” “There’s no room! There are too many of us! Why the hell did you have so many children?” Something broke and amniotic tears enveloped them both as the child struggled inside the mother. “I regret only one thing” she managed, heaving. The spouse held her hand, and she realized she didn’t know who she was talking to. The inner circle will spin in tandem but in the opposite direction, with a slower linear speed than the outer circle. “What is that?” “That we didn’t have more.” Nobody heard as they raced to catch the baby. Her hand dropped to her side as someone took a photograph.



Will Bosch '13
Acrylic

The Sky Is Short Of Blue

The sky is short of blue. It lies flat like a piece of paper, and reminds me of the canvas board I use in art class. I look down at my hands that are laced together, and I remember the nights you would visit me. You didn't just come whenever I wanted you to, so the visits were very precious. You arrived once I left my body, and was in a deep enough sleep that I had no hopes in reaching reality.

You felt so real, every time. My five senses were never absent in this world. In fact they were abused; over worked & over used. And although in some dreams reality is skewed, these were as absolute as the air that I breathe. Every image was so crisp and clean and when my eyes would open to the sun's warmth, I would start my day having felt betrayed by my own imagination. I still felt your presence; it lingered in the thick air of my room. I could breathe you in if I wanted to. Once I tore my comforter off and started my day, your liveliness would fade away. I'd rush through things just to sleep. Counting down the last second of the orange sun silently slipping behind my backyard for nightfall to come. And it did come. And you would follow it shortly after, with a malicious smile on your face, tip toeing into your favorite place; my dreams. You played with my heart's seams that trail around its shape, barely keeping it together. How tiring your visits became, the trick

was growing old and I was no longer in control. I'd wake up in tears and frantically reach out to find you there. I had headaches that lasted all day, I missed things you used to say.

About three weeks ago, I fell asleep to the rain. You visited me again and it had been a while. You arrived and we kissed, and I let out a smile. I felt butterflies within me and I was nervous like a child. I pulled away from you, looking at the intricate specks of brown in your eyes. A brown that does not belong to any object but you. "You want to hear something kind of odd?" I asked, and you happily shook your head, "This isn't real, it's a dream." You laughed at me and put my hair behind my ear. You wanted to prove it, so you pinched me, and I felt it. But that hurt was always there.

That was the last time you visited me. At night I now sleep tight and as the light fades away, I breathe in sync to my hopeful heartbeat. I get to sing and fly in fancy dreams that I can call my own. My heart has finally begun to mend. I hope not to see you soon, and please don't come again.

Claire Handville '11



Escape

To these blank walls that capture the bizarre
To the desk which harbors scratched notes and secret texts
These chambers where if walls could talk they would tell stories of
Sweaty hands that clench suffocate reason
The moldy mossy odor of glory days gone
Oh to one day might they taste airy freedom
To feel the sun on their backs winds whipping their hair
Perhaps one day but certainly not today
There is homework to do

Emma Strenkert '14



My Dearest Most Darling,
I don't give a farthing
Whatever your family says
For I love you most surely
With hair oh so curly
And That hat up on top of your head
But as much as I love you,
And no one's above you,
Sometimes I still wish you were dead.

Phoebe Cramer '11



Catherine Sharp '13
Photograph



Oil
Sarah Escocoff '11

Anna Karenina

Go out and pink me golden roses while I stare into the mirror,
And hopefully, at some point, all things else will disappear
And we'll no more hold pretentions, but surrender to the pull,
Because when the room is empty, it's of you my heart is full.

And with all the others dancing it's so hard to be alone,
But I know when I return tonight there'll be a message on my phone

Of pinked but golden rosebuds from the corners of the earth,
But even rosebud messages turn to dust and lose their worth.

And maybe we're not beautiful but just a tired, tried cliché,
How none of us can think, with people watching, what to say,
And nothing ever happens, though I try as all my might,
But I catch - and feel like falling when I see you flying kites.

So go and pink me golden roses, please, and bring them to me straight,
And maybe when they've gone away, we'll plan for our escape.

Phoebe Cramer '11

From the Depths

Schizophrenia was what the doctors' strange tongue called it but I saw it as my greatest glory (in progress, anyway). They said it was disease, but I knew better: it was just my soul separating from my body, creating a perfect world for itself rather than conform to the one I was trapped in. I knew all along I wasn't meant for this world; for ages now I had felt something of a disconnect. Human nature baffled me: those of them who lived in the moment, who were governed solely by instinct, who needed such silly things like religion and morals and security, in short those who just acted...natural, they confused me entirely. In the beginning I was envious, true, but in the end I was just mystified by it all. I, on the other hand, I was the philosopher. Always questioning, always wondering, always pondering the significance of everything I was doing or considering doing. It was harder to live like that, I imagine, but it was much more rewarding. Ever since freeing myself of human nature and the influence of my physical being, my soul was free to ascend to the heights of my existence, the heights of reason, beyond the limits of physical necessity. Surreal, you might say, but only if your spirit hadn't divorced itself from your body as mine had. I imagine I must have looked positively nuts, wandering around with my head in the clouds, not speaking, not listening, performing only the most basic of functions, but let me tell you, it was beautiful in my world. I would see everything, all that was good or wicked or ugly or breathtaking, but the thing was that there was no good or truth, to me it was beautiful, however I could not explain it, because words are a human element and cannot describe an experience of the soul. It was a true enlightenment, and thus the greatest escape. Although, I must admit, the only thing that sometimes got in my way was love – although I drew back with disgust at the concept of physical love, sometimes (and I know I'm silly) I still felt, in occasional moments of loneliness, a longing for someone to talk to, to understand, to love with all my platonic abilities. Only platonic, you'll understand; sometime I could even learn from, perhaps. However, in time, I outgrew this phase: I understood that I could let no one in, I could not be influenced by anyone, I was the only one, and I could not be saved. I became a self-sufficient being, dare I say I became a god. Although, I suppose I still do love, but in a different way. I still love humanity as a whole, but in the way a mother loves her small children – delighted at their naïve behavior, marveling at their innocence – I only loved it, I was no longer IN love with it. I would not disrupt the innocence of those around me with my newfound freedom and destructive truths, so I let them take me away with my new title: schizophrenic. It's what's best for all of us: I can live in my own boundless mind, and they can keep their nature, and thus their unity, intact. I am shut up in this asylum, gone, dead to the world, but what they don't know is that at last I have found my escape.

Heather Muessle '13



Tori Haynes '11
Acrylic



Forgotten

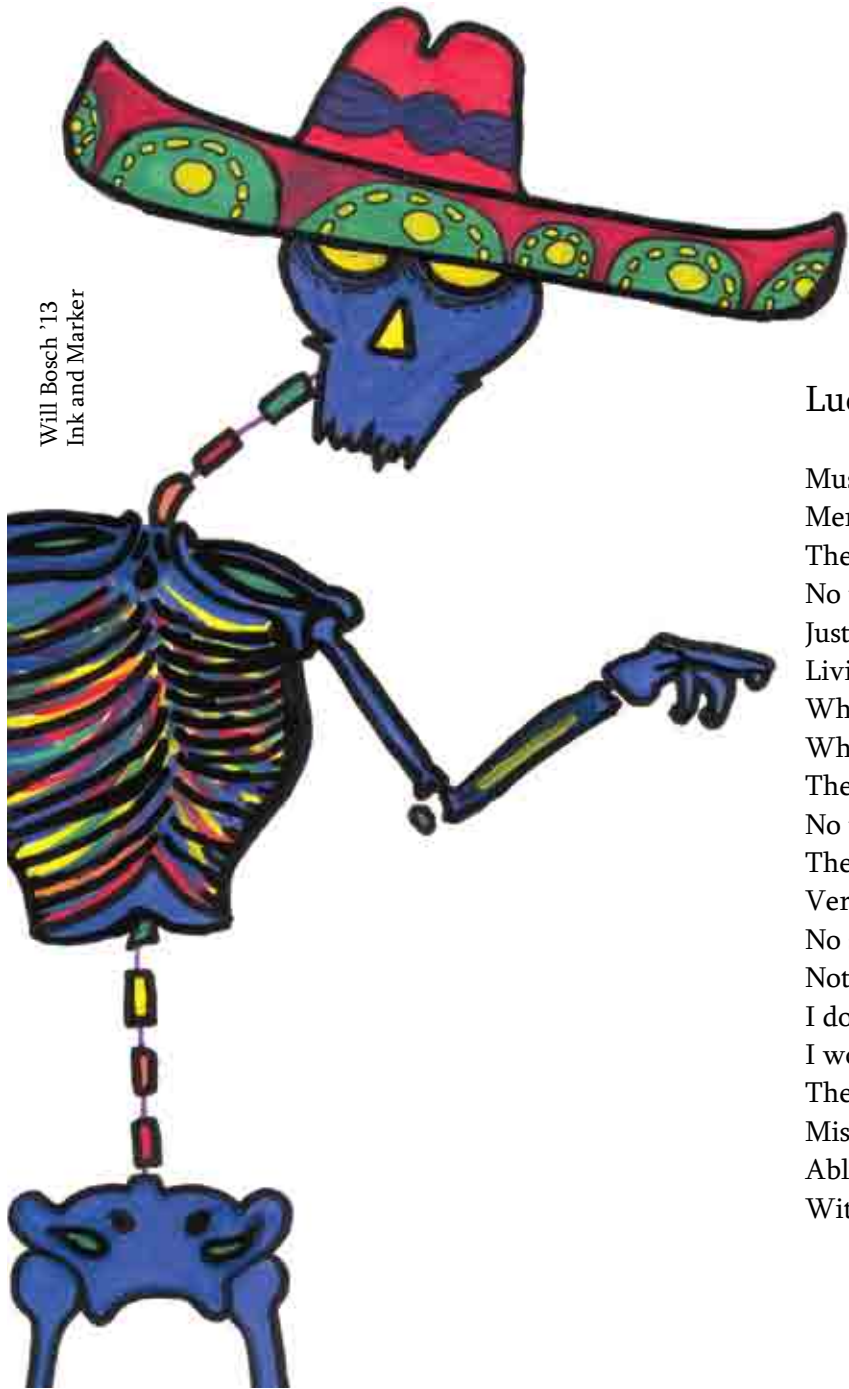
Here is a graveyard of secrets
A myriad broken shards
Beer bottles and cigarettes being slowly digested
The hungry wet ground sucking eagerly
A seeping chill- the brilliant heat of liquor and life
long ago drunk to the dregs
The tattered stone face which regards lacks eyes to
judge
Even the dissolute trees cannot be stirred to action
A bleak apathy pervades

Bacchanalian revels long forgotten
Eons of rain between then and now
The ghosts themselves
Have moved on

And what is there to linger for?
The shades of this place are cast merely by oaks
Only the hungry earth is the same

Grace Hamilton '11

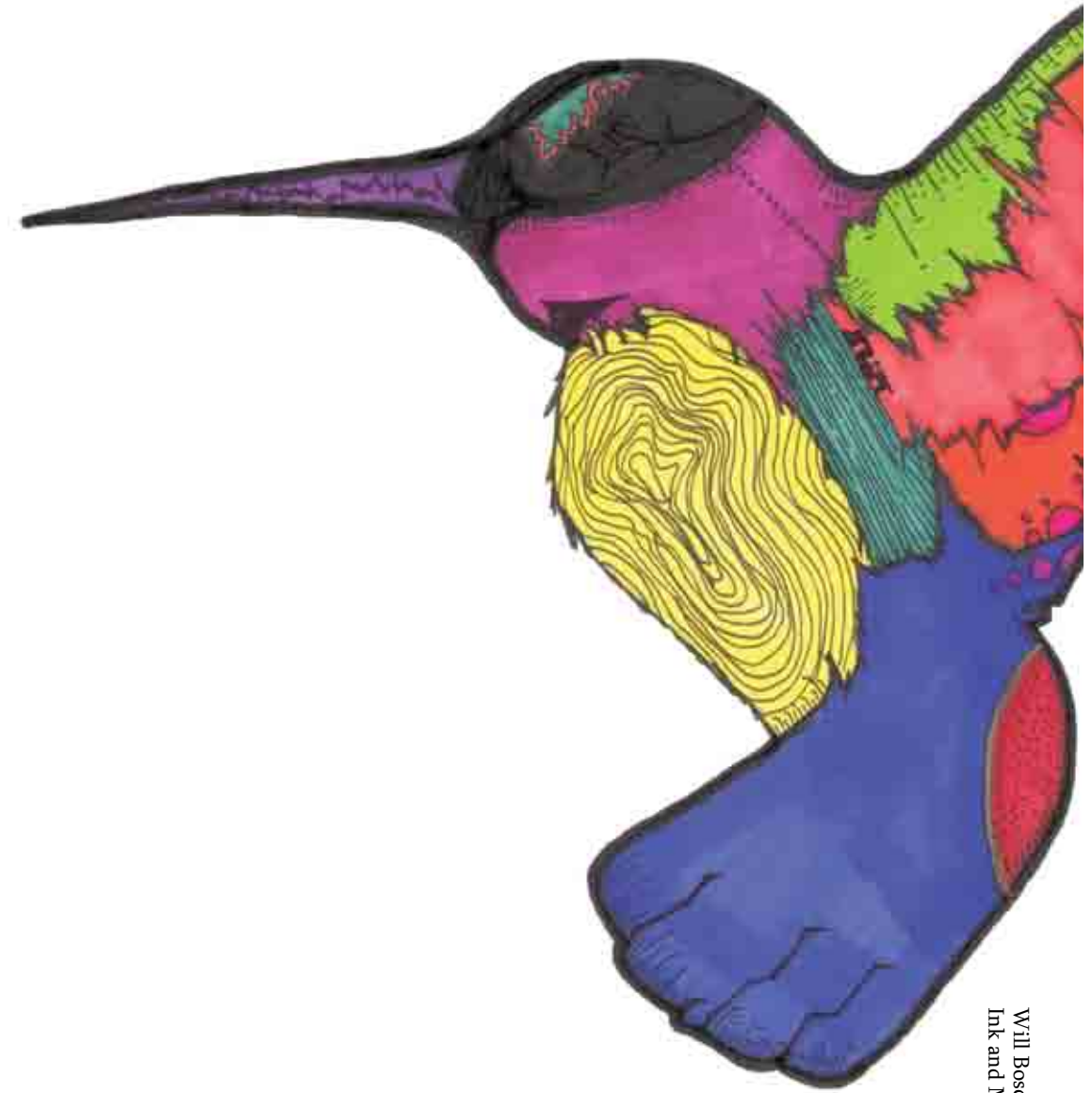
Will Bosch '13
Ink and Marker



Lucent Melody

Music drives my life.
Merely running on instinct,
There's no time to think,
No time for strife,
Just gotta keep going,
Living my life.
Who knows where?
Who cares why?
There's no time to prepare,
No time to try.
The melody is my compulsion,
Veritably jet propulsion.
No stopping, not now,
Not ever,
I don't care how,
I won't stop, never.
The world spins, natively faithful,
Missing sorrow,
Able to stay playful,
Without being hollow.

Connor Blank '11



Will Bosch '13
Ink and Marker

NO HANDS

When they were seventeen, Mitchell and Graham stole Graham's uncle's double bike from the brilliantly peacock blue 1980s and rode away. At the twenty-seventh mile the bike fell apart and the boys were laughing on the side of the road, like the crumbling of that thing beneath them was the funniest thing in the world, because they didn't know what to do, and they were not grown-up yet and so did not yet fear the things they didn't understand. They pretended to try and fix it, but they didn't really want to, preferring to dissolve in the absurdity and not call their parents. They ran down the side of the hill sloping from the road and fell down the side of the hill and laughed and swore delightedly.

The bike was in pieces and the boys wholeheartedly content in its brokenness. They rolled the halves down the hill and towards the village below, still laughing and still seventeen. They had nowhere to be, having not really been going anywhere in the first place. It was fall wind which was around them.

Where to, said Mitchell. We can't entirely walk back.

We could try and hitch.

But neither wanted to.

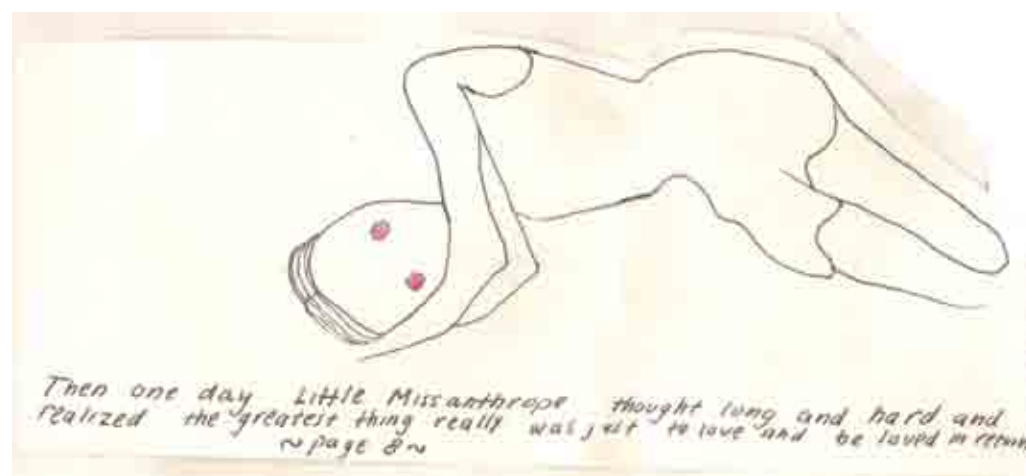
They had money, all they could find between them. They went into this tiny general store and bought several packages of Oreos and 3 cucumbers (For nutrition, said Graham). They also bought paper and a box of crayons to draw up possible plans with. Mitchell liked to draw things up. The girl at the register said that she liked Graham's shirt, which said American Fife Ensemble on it. Graham threw his hair at his eyes and wondered if this girl knew what a fife was. Probably not, he thought. Mitchell said that Graham ought to have more faith in the teenage population's knowledge of Revolutionary War- era choral arrangements. They opened their box of crayons.

They should all have built-in sharpeners. Not just the giant packs, said Mitchell.

Right. I'll put in a call.

They sat on the hill with the paper between them for drawing up and the broken things around them for not falling off. Graham was still contemplating the chances that the girl with the brown bangs and the brown eyes had heard the American Fife Ensemble. Mitchell was wondering if one could draw something down.

They had once done that experiment where you use black marker on that special paper and then when you put water on it and the black marks turn into a rainbow and push outward in rings and waves. If I drowned, would I become a rainbow? said Graham.





Jessica Milana '13
Photograph

Well, you would need some special paper.

What would my special paper be?

I dunno. Like sheet music or something maybe. What would mine be?

Crocodile skin.

What?

I don't know. Let's get lunch.

I am so keeping some around from now on, just in case.

Semper paratus. That's my boy.

There was not a single word on the paper. There was a mess of color and things emerging. A beautiful mess. Graham admired.

Jesus, talk about modern art. This is more enigmatic than fucking Fermat's Last Theorem.

Mitchell laughed. What are we going to do? It's getting dark.

I don't know. Sleep in an abandoned church?

Veto, I think.

Yeah.

It was cold too. They had jackets, but not warm ones. The grass around them was wet. The same wet slid down the pieces of the bike. They picked up the pieces and the crayons and their pad of lack of plans and started walking back down to the store. The fife girl was spinning around the open/closed sign on the front door.

Hey, said Mitchell.

Fife girl turned her head and her hand turned the sign to open without alerting her.

Is there a room in the back here we could sleep in? Do you think?

She looked at them.

C'est possible, she said. What is that?

The masterpiece or the broken masterpiece? said Graham.

We have floor space, said fife girl. Make yourselves at home. She turned the sign, turned herself, and walked to the back of the store.

Behind the main room, there was indeed floor space. And a lamp that leaned on the wall because the stand was next to it and not under it. The boys lay down their broken bicycle.

I'll get blankets. And my name is Ari. said Ari.

Fife girl, said Graham's thoughts.

There was a painting of grass on the wall. It looked like a background for something else, like whoever had painted it had forgotten to put in the picnic or the antelope or whatever. Both Graham and Mitchell considered using their crayons on it. But both thought better of it and didn't say anything.

Ari returned with blankets, dropped them on the floor, and sat down.

Okay. Tell me about yourselves, said Ari. Names, reasons.

Reasons for our names? said Mitchell.

Sure, said Ari. Reasons for names. Reasons for your names. Reasons for being here.

Our bike is broken, said Graham.

His name is Graham. said Mitchell. My name is Mitchell.

He likes maps. said Graham. And fucking Fermat's Last Theorem. I am in the process of achieving cult status.

How? said Ari.

Don't know. said Graham.

What are you doing here? Mitchell to Ari.

I work here. said Ari. And I didn't feel like going home today. Sometimes I want to sleep somewhere new.

That's kind of what we were doing. said Mitchell. Sleeping somewhere new. And the sky was dark. And the bicycle was still broken. And there was a window in the back wall and a dark bird outside the window. Graham wished that he could touch it. Mitchell wondered how they would get home. Home, thought Ari, is anywhere with floor space.

Once when it rained they had gone to the farm by Mitchell's house and they were drenched in seconds and they were running and falling through the trails in the woods on the farm and Graham swore they were not lost and Mitchell swore they were and they did get lost but then they found themselves and both boys claimed to be right. And, both being right, they gave names to the sheep and hay to the horses and went home to be dry again.

The moon was reddish that night. Ari remembered a time when she had shone light on a grape stem and watched the shadows. She wondered if this Graham and this Mitchell had ever done that.

What is your favorite kind of moon? said Ari.

For a long time, said Graham, Mitchell drew the moon every day.

Accurately, said Mitchell. For reference. And then Graham would paint them, sometimes.

Ari liked this self.



Niles Lanthrop '12
Photograph

The one who only needed floor space and talked about moons with fife-listening boys in the backs of stores. That painting of grass that she didn't understand was looking fuller.

Graham had gone into the front of the store for more cucumbers. His nutrition was suffering, he had said. Mitchell knew that Graham just liked cucumbers, but he couldn't figure out why Graham always pretended that he wanted them for some other reason. He started making crayon marks on his pad. The marks were smoother if he drew hard and scratched the wax off.

Ari watched him and thought about the way Mitchell's hair was going the same direction as the grass in the picture. Mitchell's hair looked red next to the grass, even though it wasn't.

Graham returned with more cucumbers. He was writing music for a music box in his head, and Mitchell could tell. He could not tell that it was for a music box, but he could tell it was for something.

What's it for? said Mitchell.

Music box.

Mm. It was a small sound.

I love music boxes. said Ari. But sometimes they sound afraid.

Graham stared at her, holding his cucumber.

He started humming and she missed her mother.

Mitchell was still scratching away marks he had made and wondering about Graham and his cucumbers.

Now Graham fell asleep in his music box and Ari watched and Mitchell drew, and then they fell asleep too in the red moon and the empty grass and the same room as the others.

When Mitchell woke up, he pretended he hadn't. He did not open his eyes. Could one wake down? he thought. He remembered that it was fall and felt the floor space under him and looked at the morning through the backs of his eyelids.

Graham stood up and found no one.

Ari's gone, he said.

Mitchell opened his eyes. Graham never understood why he always pretended to be sleeping when he clearly wasn't.

When did she leave?

No idea. He picked up the lamp, which had fallen over. We should go home.

Yes. said Mitchell. But I don't want to fix the bicycle.

Me neither. said Graham. Well. We'll figure it out.

And the morning was very bright and the sky was bluer than a summer sky. Mitchell took out the wild strawberry crayon and drew a wobbly heart in the lower left-hand corner of the painting of grass. He handed the crayon to Graham, who drew one too.

I think she had heard the American Fife Ensemble. said Graham.

I think so. said Mitchell. Cucumber for the road?

Sure, said Graham. I love them.

They each held pieces of their broken thing and carried them on their way home. And it was not raining and they were not right and not wrong and Mitchell's hair was not red, but he didn't mind if it looked that way. And Mitchell never solved fucking Fermat's Last Theorem, but maybe he solved Mitchell's First of Many Theorems, even if he couldn't say it.

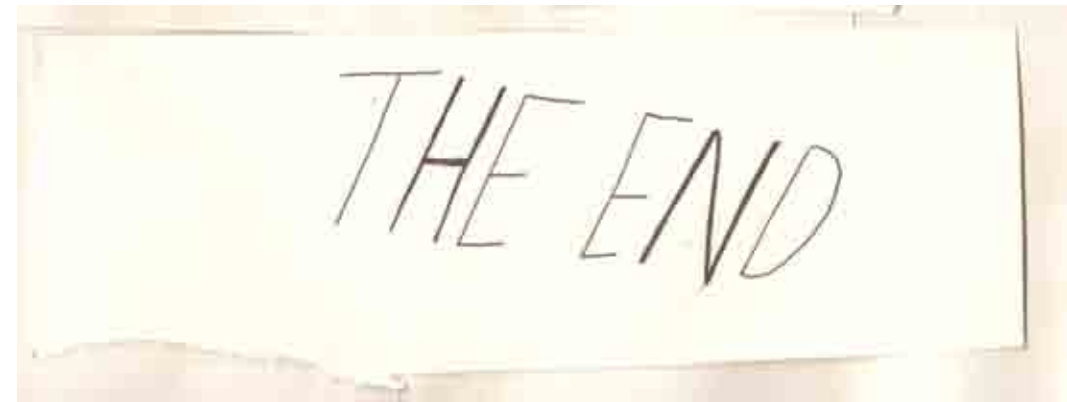
Where to? said Graham. We can't entirely walk back.

And they laughed.

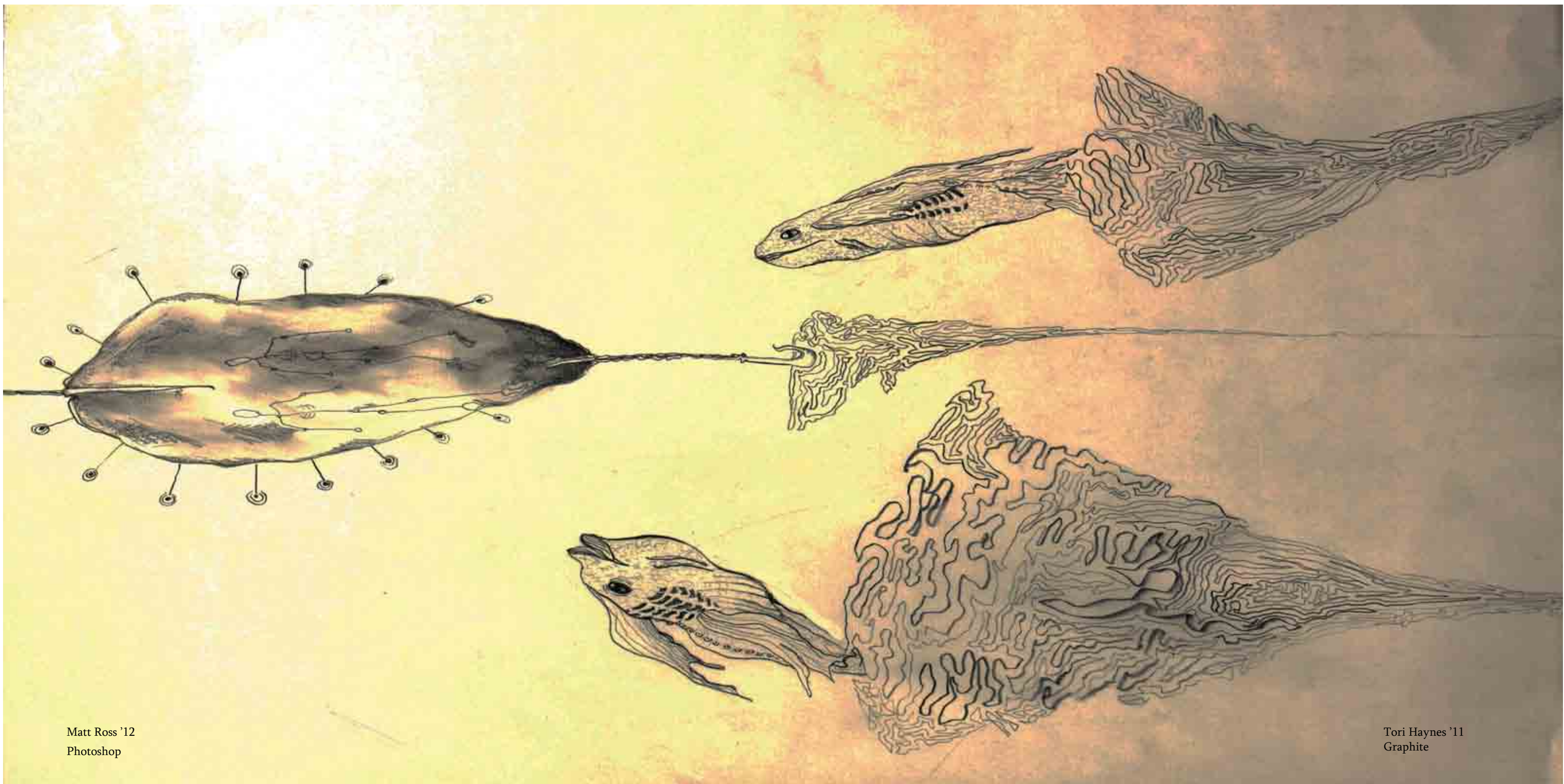
Where we started. said Mitchell. But they weren't.

And the hill was less slippery in the morning and the bicycle was maybe lighter and boys maybe older and maybe not. And they did not know what to do, and they were not afraid, but they wanted to go home, and so they did.

Sarah Esocoff '11



Yulu Serano '13
Ink



Matt Ross '12
Photoshop

Tori Haynes '11
Graphite

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