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# Phantasmagoria

2004

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*This magazine is dedicated to the belief that the arts are a necessary and important force in our lives, and to the support of the young artists who bring them to us.*

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cover design by Tom Scalese

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## *A Diverse Garden*

Jenna Haffey

Friends are herbage  
in your garden.  
Your otherwise  
brown garden of life.

Certain plants may flourish  
in their small, secluded pots,  
But reject the entire soil.

Sometimes they don't all blend together.  
Deep reds, waning yellows,  
and tints of blue collide.  
Their colors conflict  
creating a rift in the beautiful concord.

And then there are shrubs  
with piercing thorns  
that prick you  
as you try to tend them.

Others may produce  
lucid, splendid flowers  
that bloom all season long,  
brightening and enhancing  
the quality of life.

Yet obstructing weeds  
can choke the growth  
and with tenderness you must care.  
For the wounded plant  
will shrivel away  
without nourishment.

Perennials  
and annuals that fade away forever.  
Deciduous that yield their leaves when times get  
harsh  
and evergreens.



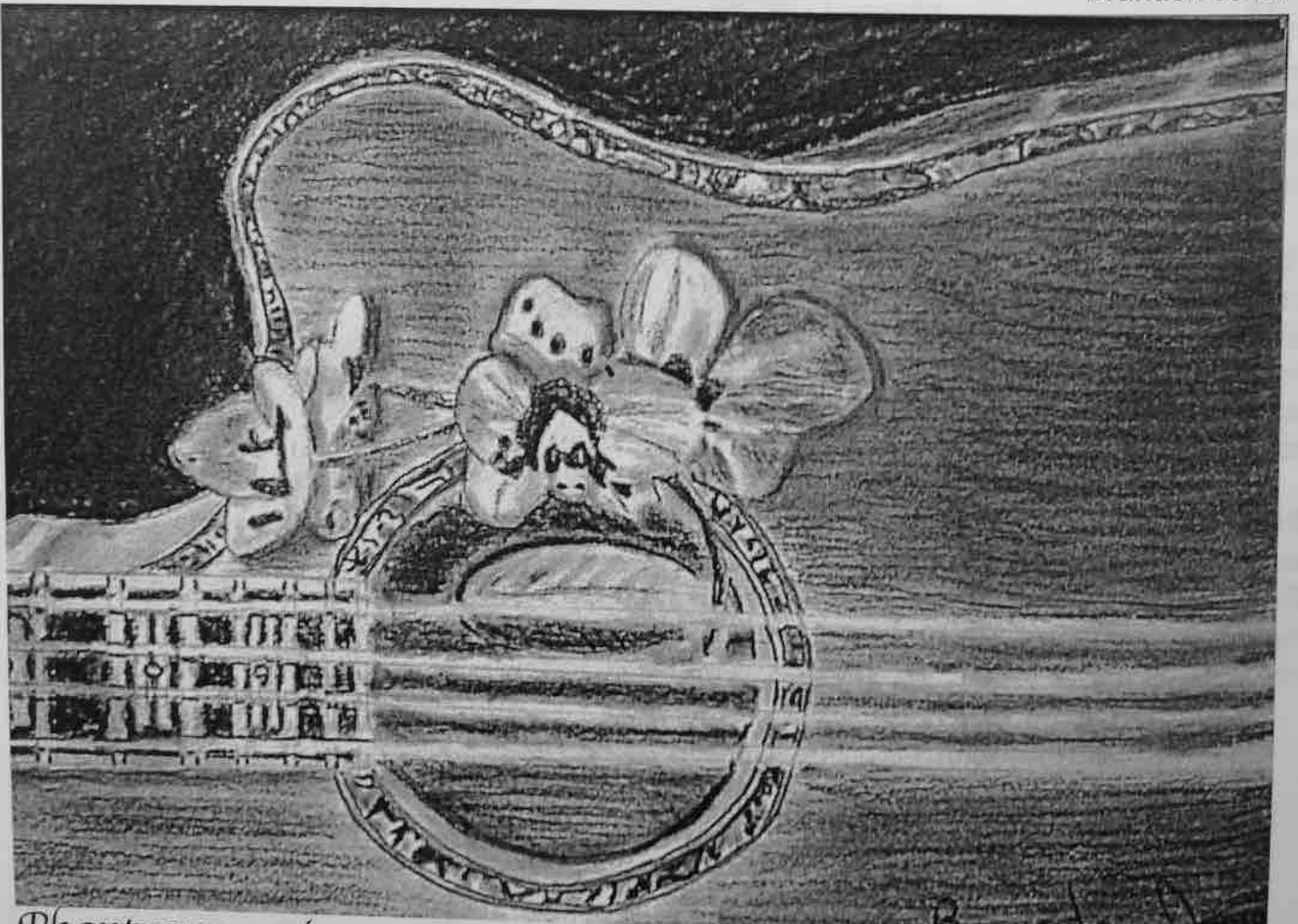
Vicki Choi

## *A Poet of Sound*

Nick Cole

To the morning sun he rises,  
A poet who writes in pens of wood,  
And whose words are spoken in beats.  
Now crossing the room,  
And seating himself behind his nine piece notebook,  
He begins to play, penning his poem of crashes and rolls.  
Writing about his crater-filled walls,  
And the vast sea of dirty clothes.  
On he plays, describing the bedside ash tray  
And the empty house on a summer afternoon.  
On he plays, depicting his worries  
And noting the life he wished he had.  
Yet he catches his troubles with a snare,  
And rides on triplets to a better place.  
So on he plays, drumming out the story of his life,  
To whoever is willing to listen.

Brandon Jones



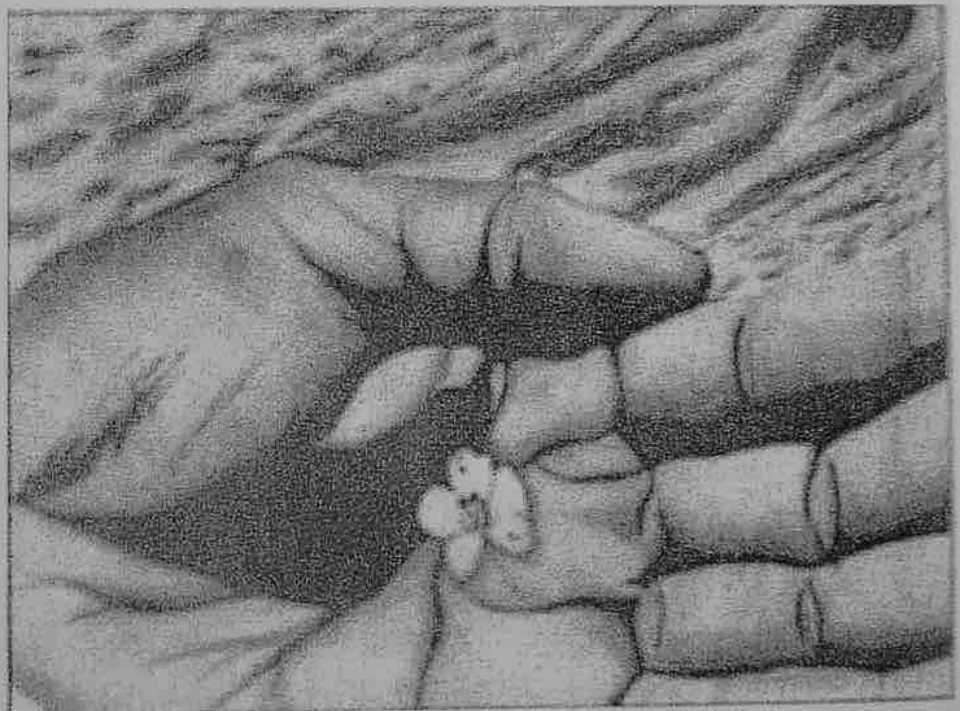
*Phantasmagoria*

## *A Moment of Recollection*

Jordan Hedding

A tense numbing move up my body,  
like a snake ascending my spine.  
Rock music plays loudly, unnoticed.  
My mind a puppet to memory.  
The last scene replays again,  
like a swift spinning reel.  
A day too beautiful for  
Goodbyes.  
Mountains and blue skies rolled as one.  
The sun sweet rays laid upon us,  
as the warmth from his hand  
brought me to life.  
The wind was soft, yet just enough  
to carry sad toned words from my mouth.  
Gripping the newly leathered steering wheel,  
I focus to reality where I'm  
Alone.  
Void of any warmth and security,  
as artificial air blows at my face.  
My memory persuades me to turn the wheel.  
Turn back to a sunny utopia,  
to see his face shine in the warmth.  
But I cannot follow my wish.  
I tell my calloused fingers to hold on,  
though seconds seem like hours, they'll pass.  
The distance will make me strong,  
while it's love that leaves me weak.

Christina Beddow



## *An Interplanetary Tour*

Steve Maitz

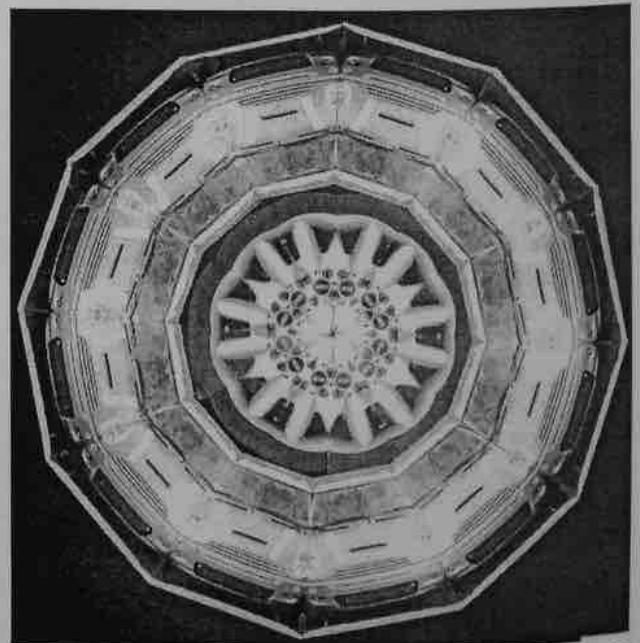
Some refuse to believe they exist--  
I don't  
After 3 years, and still no returned calls  
I stay optimistic

Confrontation is my greatest desire  
I long to take one to my room,  
To show him jazz, Da Vinci, and zoo wildlife  
I take him by the hand and introduce him to the world  
Embracing earth like a child on vacation, he understands he cannot stay forever  
Yet he is unable to go home  
So I accompany him

Cruising the galaxies, on and on we travel  
An interplanetary tour  
Eventually reaching our final destination  
Mars' 12<sup>th</sup> moon  
An arid, crimson valley, empty of any vegetation  
Rocks and craters--  
The only landforms complementing the otherwise boring wasteland

My so-called "desire" now fulfilled, we take the long trip home  
One final journey through the enigmatic frontier of space  
An interplanetary tour  
The final moments we spend before heading our separate paths  
So we may once again both resume our dreams  
To seek what's really out there

Alex Reh



## *Animal Kingdom*

Marina Moser

The maple is a castle,  
Loyal Protectoress to  
its various royal subjects.

Scattered in dusty fields,  
six-legged serfs labor  
amongst knotted roots.

Servants clad in gray tunics  
hastily dust chambers,  
with long wispy tails.

Overlooking his chateau,  
a winged king flies down  
to rest on his twiggy throne.

The kingdom expands  
as foliated arms stretch,  
keeping animals safe.

Amanda Kirkner



1/2

"Aerie Throne"

Amanda Kirkner

Sara Brewer





*You*

Bridget Gordon

You compromised by destiny, with every promise you offered  
me.

No use in dreaming of what the stars ought to bring,  
or what lyrics the wishing well did sing.

The gold at the end of the rainbow is gone;  
the four leaf clover has wilted to three.

Curiosity ate my soul in its peak of childlike simplicity.

But now I'm left with broken, tattered, memories;  
over and done with, bounding towards change.

Everlasting; locked in a world of my own self doubt,  
from your menacing glance.

Ryan Hettler



*Phantasmagoria*

## **Arctic Eyes**

Kate Whitman

In the stone  
of each human head  
lie shimmering, captivating jewels.  
Each gem is engaging;  
the warm glow of brown,  
the stunning vibrancy of green,  
the lightness and complexity of  
hazel,  
yet they lack  
the magic,  
the chill,  
the wild spirit  
held by treasures that are more  
than precious rocks;  
treasures that contain the icy  
depths  
of an ocean.  
The water glistens  
more brightly than any stone,  
even when covered with gray  
clouds  
and waves of fury,  
but still so intense,  
so coldly gorgeous,  
so filled with emotion,  
so intriguing,  
that you dive in headfirst.  
Feel your knees freeze  
while drowning  
in an arctic sea of beauty  
laced with sparkling ice  
more brilliant than the finest crystal.  
After the sweet water,  
has washed all over you,  
chilled to your soul,  
you pull yourself out,  
still enchanted and frostbitten  
by the gaze.

Janice Rubin



*C'est la Vie*

David Dillon

Fishing for the words  
I drop the bomb

My land now breathes chaotic catastrophe  
and she forced it upon me, leaving me still  
leaving me looking up at her window

Walking home; it begins to rain  
Walking home; I can't light my cigarette  
Walking home; nothing goes my way

I step into my apartment exhausted  
and ironically I race to pick up the phone  
"You should know by now," he says,  
"Eh that's life...but I have a plan."

I look at the phone inquisitively,  
"Who is this guy?" I thought, but he intrudes  
"Your feelings will atrophy. They will start again." click

I put the phone down and walk to my mirror  
Looking closely I see past it all  
Underneath the disaster  
Restoration takes stage

Annamarie Ely



**Catch a Zen**  
Will Schaeffer

The Crystal Blue moves in increments,  
Its destination is the Sand  
I bring with me my board  
And behind I leave my worries

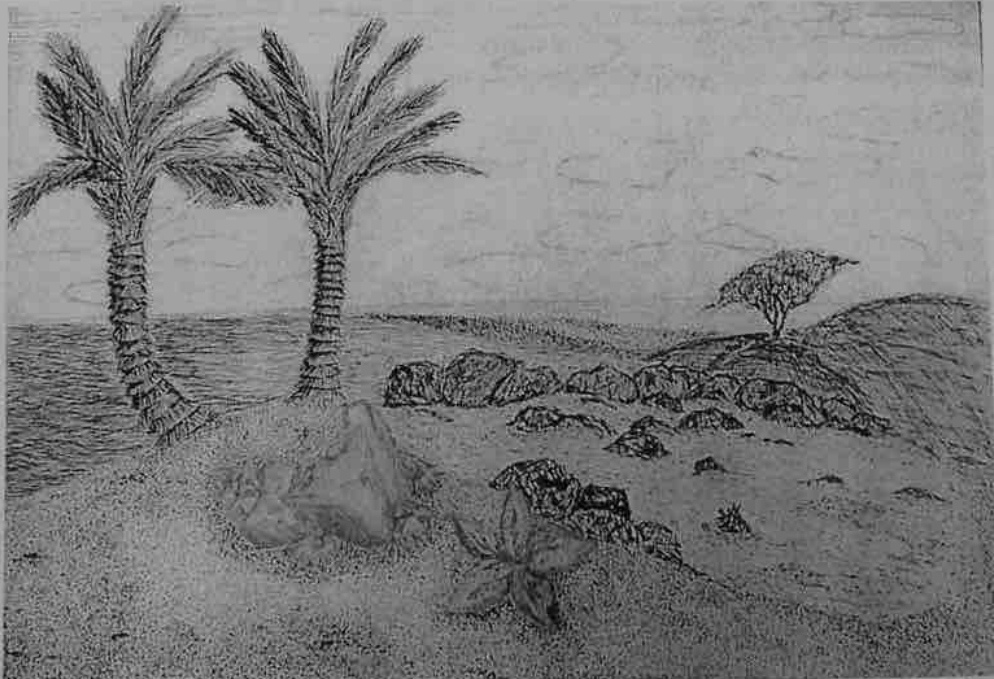
Like a salmon swimming upstream  
I paddle against the tide  
Fighting my desire to move on  
And not give into the wave

I reach my calm zone  
The water flat like concrete  
With the sun beating down on my face  
I begin to feel no worries  
Money, Desires, and greed, all of pennies worth

To some surfing is all about the wave  
But it is realistically only half  
It is the time you spend alone out in the water  
By yourself, calm, and reflective about your own life

But once you catch the wave, like the tide you must return to the shore  
Where we face our worries.

Basha Trzcinska



## ***Called Home Too Soon***

Dan Fedele

It's almost dark.  
I can tell by the gray-blue sky that looms overhead,  
And the swirling wind at my side.  
It's the most uncaring kind you'll ever see.  
The need complicated by the urge to find my way home sets in.  
With each upward glance, the sky continues to darken,  
Seemingly unaffected by my presence below.

With my fingers numb, toes frozen, and feet missing,  
The crunch of the frozen grass  
And crumple of frostbitten greenery is magnified.  
But the beaten path follows me,  
Time to time hindered by the foliage that seeps through,  
As well as a few drops of rain that must have strayed from the group  
In hopes to make it back home before curfew.

My pace quickens.  
The sky above notices my discomfort and blackens even more.  
Suddenly the realization of my being alone knocks me to the ground.  
My eyes water and momentarily my vision is blurred.  
Slender leaves, swept up by the chilled wind fall to the ground  
And shield my fingers from the cold.  
For the first time all my life it seems like I feel warm.  
But home seems farther away now,  
And the ground gets harder and harder with each step.

## *Dance of Dusk*

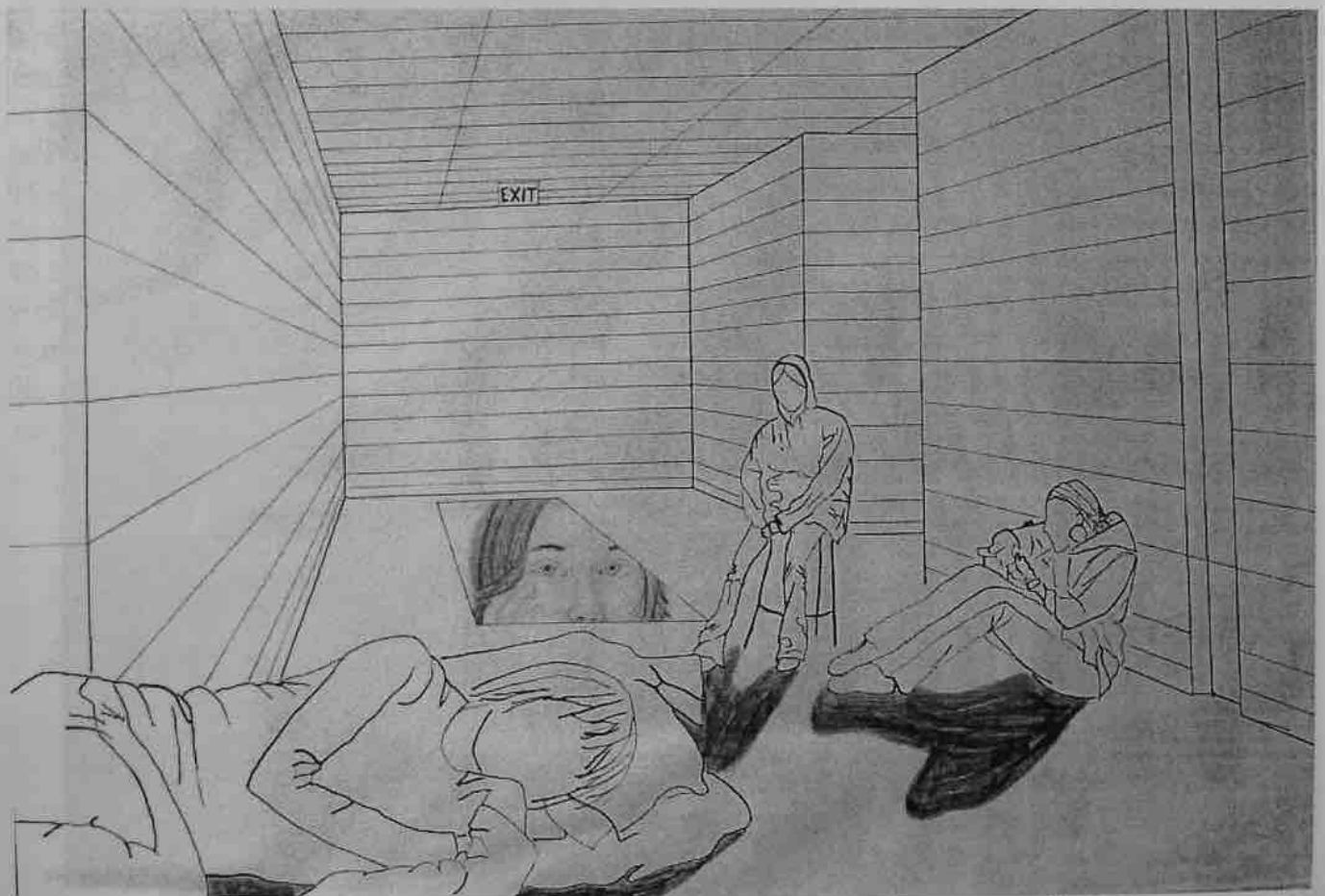
Rob Compton

Shod in little boots of black silk,  
same shade as their rapier's hilt,  
a tunic of dashing yellow  
like the cap of this fellow,  
with breeches as dark as night.

A gay little smile  
as he dances in the aisles  
of iris and rose,  
and spins on lithe toes,  
dancing in dusky light.

The flowers let loose their seeds  
that latch onto the dancer's knees.  
For they know that they must  
place all of their trust  
in this dancer's twirling flight.

Robin Kralik



*Departure from Tinsel Town*

Emma Kline

My tongue glides across the moistened surface,  
Basking in the newfound smoothness.  
A green plastic guard is removed from my mouth and as  
My lips conform to their original shape they  
Crack  
And drops of blood flood the deepened quarries.  
A taste of tarnished metal pervades my mouth  
And I immediately flush my tongue with water  
To cleanse my porcelain beauties of the bloody impurity.  
My lips are flimsy and skate across my gums--  
A friend that has been distant for quite some time.  
My calluses are comforted  
To find that there are no longer jagged rocks daring to rip them apart.  
Slowly, they melt back into my crimson lips  
Relaxed now, my mouth seems to be;  
Relieved of the cuffs that have bound its whitened stones.  
And yet, I still have not seen the end result.  
At last my reflection can be seen and my lips spread into an electric  
grin;  
Last call for Tinsel Town.

Rene Torres

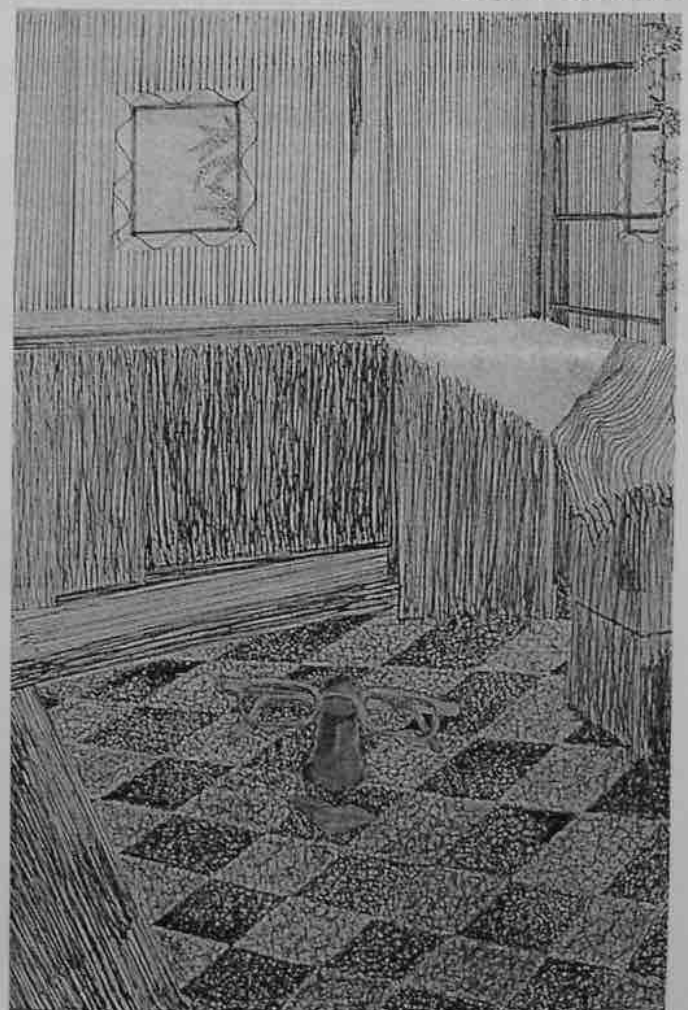


## *Dancer of the Kitchen*

Jordan Hedding

Among silver and copper in a warm room  
doors swing, papers fly, and fire dances  
to the rhythm of anxiety.  
A glass shatters as it hits the checkered tile  
as  
the beat stops,  
and the room stands still.  
Quickly the commotion returns  
the well-known interruption  
dismissed.  
A crowd masses to their trays to collect  
their well sculpted masterpieces.  
Such a long process to be ruined  
In a minute.  
Garnished appropriately, they are taken away  
as the crowd disappears  
through the doors.  
The woman behind the beat catches her  
breath.  
Her chest moves swiftly  
beneath the white linen.  
All buttons perfectly fastened  
and hair pulled into a bun.  
Sweat that glistens on her flushed cheeks  
is quickly wiped away  
with her towel.  
Her petite hand turns the knob as the fire  
fades  
to blue.  
Pots and ladles hang like a curtain  
over her short figure,  
as she feels awkward standing still  
on her stage.

Katie Schwartz





## *Desolation*

Maeve Beer

The bedroom window is sealed shut from disuse.  
It's still littered with miniscule, unwelcome visitors,  
long since passed their prime.

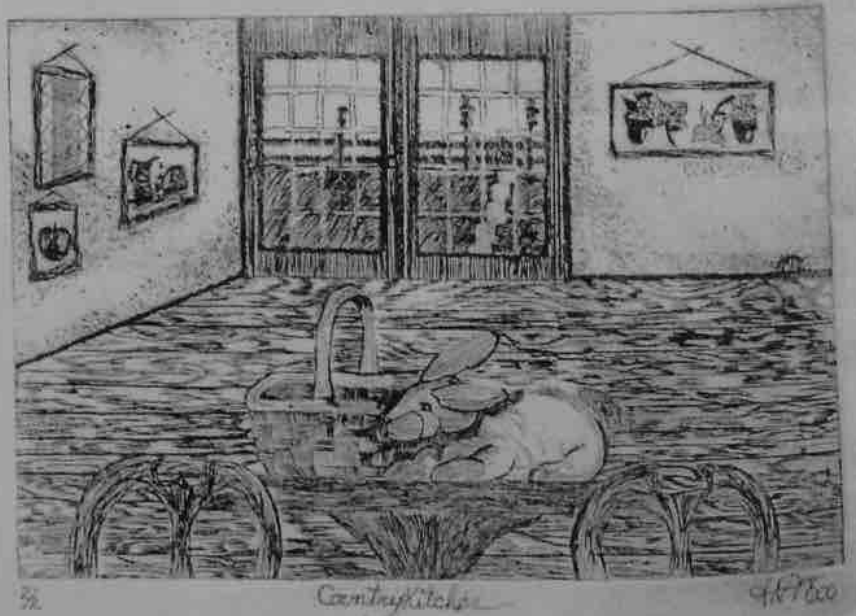
The buttercup walls fade to mustard,  
twilight humming silently in the dark.  
Cracked paint weeps a trail,  
leaving a barren white space.  
Where pictures and posters rested in her younger  
days.  
Its emptiness is brazenly apparent.  
A new wound peeled off aged skin.

Scents of mildew and mothballs  
suffocate the old hardwood floors.  
Ancient pine carved by roving wheels;  
the fractures bleed dust,  
seeping from the floorboards.

The ivory chest of drawers rusted shut;  
enclosing hollowness,  
Shivering under the old wooden mirror  
where reflections have become shadowy and  
obscure.

Each moan of the withered floor,  
Each outcry of every protesting door,  
Echoes within the deserted room;  
Pulsing with the life that used to reside there  
And yearning for its return.

Amber Thompson



*Eraser*

Jason Landis

Overworked, unappreciated, blemished  
In darkness I stand,  
I await the day's first crime.

Suddenly a violent shake,  
A ray of light,  
A figure reaches for my assistance,  
A law has been broken,  
I justice, must right the wrong.

Back and forth the battle wages,  
Every point assessed,  
What will be the outcome, at this point no one  
knows.

Finally, after a vigorous struggle,  
A verdict has been reached,  
Guilty as charged.  
The enemy is put to death so to never be seen  
again.

There is no recognition of victory,  
Darkness awaits me once again,  
Always blemished, but never beaten,  
Crime will never prevail.

*False Winds*

Emma Kline

Your gusts guide me through times of bewilderment  
Whispering into my ears; singing joyous ballads that no one can prove to be true  
I watch you swirl aimlessly, carrying those saplings willing to be held  
Tickling the minds of adolescents, teasing them;  
Watching them reach for that dangling thread that you whisk away at your own  
discretion  
But soon I hear you whistle, howling eve, as you pick up the pace and intensity of  
your  
Exaggerations  
You no longer churn, but rip through the trees,  
Tearing them  
Limb  
From  
Limb  
For they have put forth their perpetual trust in you  
To and fro they sway in your wrath of toxic discomfort  
Believing your murmurs of falsehood was their one mistake  
And your death, causes that of the hearts of those you enveloped  
Having an uncanny ability to sting eyes that were once dry  
Bring nothing but rivers of salt poisoned by acid rain

Sarah Tomlinson



## *Hand in Hand*

David Dillon

Traversing through these halls was never easy  
I remember days in which I couldn't do it alone  
But I walked through those doors like a champ

It's been three years since my last session and it was  
strange  
...to see different therapists with different patients

That was their job though; to help children get better  
Seeing all those determined kids becoming healthy  
Was, for lack of a better word, touching

Then my periphery guided me to the left  
I saw a boy holding himself up

Grotesque and malnourished like a third-world native  
His muscles in temporary dysfunction, the boy had no  
control  
Head tilted and mouth ajar he gazed at me

His eyes screamed,  
"I wish I were you. I wish this never happened to me."

Hi cries were made apparent as he struggled to breathe  
It was strange to see someone become so upset  
When they didn't have the energy to express it...

The straight of his pain made the hairs on my neck stand up  
It's almost as if we were in this together

Jared Goodman



**Hibernation**  
Maeve Beer

I guard the castle all through the night.  
A soldier, looking down on the silence of the  
court,  
Bundled in a burly brown fur coat,  
The pale light reflecting off my black eyes,  
Tired with age and trial.

The ballroom of sleepers in anointed with  
darkness.

A princess falls haphazardly to the side  
While her steadfast hound's head lolls,  
His barks silenced for the night,  
The scar on his paw patched up.  
I look to my own damages.

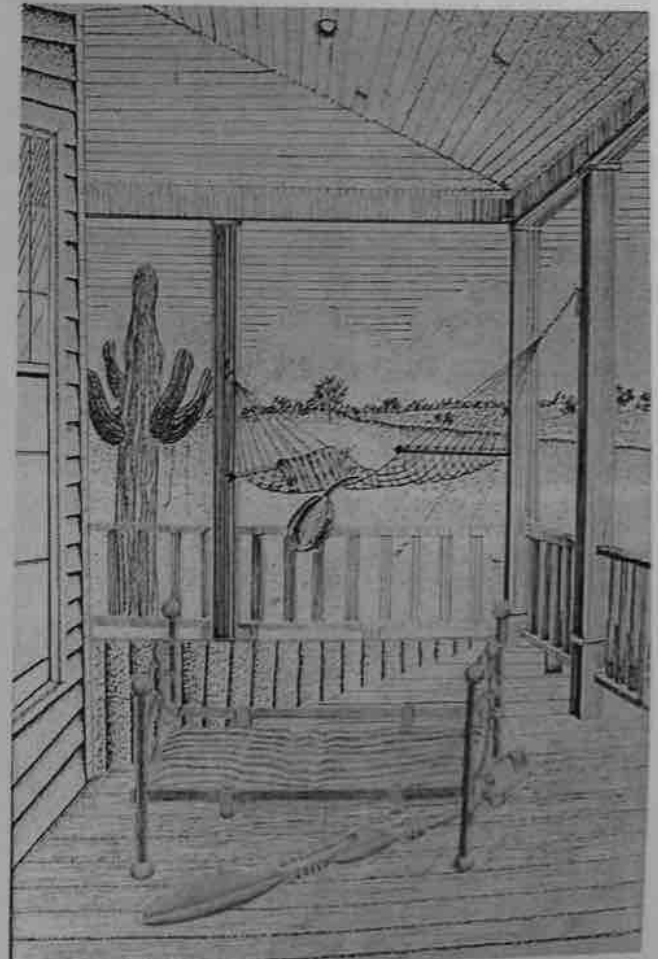
I am bedraggled and torn  
From my long term hibernation,  
Left ear taken off long ago  
In a furious battle to the death with  
A rather plump man, now bald as a potato.

My tiny king rests  
High above in his throne  
Tangled in the blanket of clouds,  
Wearied from his expedition  
Where his stallion rocked him along the plains,  
Now lost to the toss and turn of slumber.

I was removed from his favor for some time,  
Given a position where I  
Could not protect him,  
Could not watch over his sleep,  
Pushed into the dank dungeon beneath the  
castle;

Until released from my incarceration  
And placed as watch guard of the court.  
Ever patient, ever wary;  
An onlooker of sleep.

Ashlee Finan



*Hot Off the Press*

B. Wendell

I was born between the whirling  
presses at midnight.  
Becoming in an instant  
what I am valued for.

Black ink forms  
my new garments of  
letters and punctuation.

By daybreak I sit on a doorstep  
wrapped in a clear blanket,  
my pages  
protected from the dew.

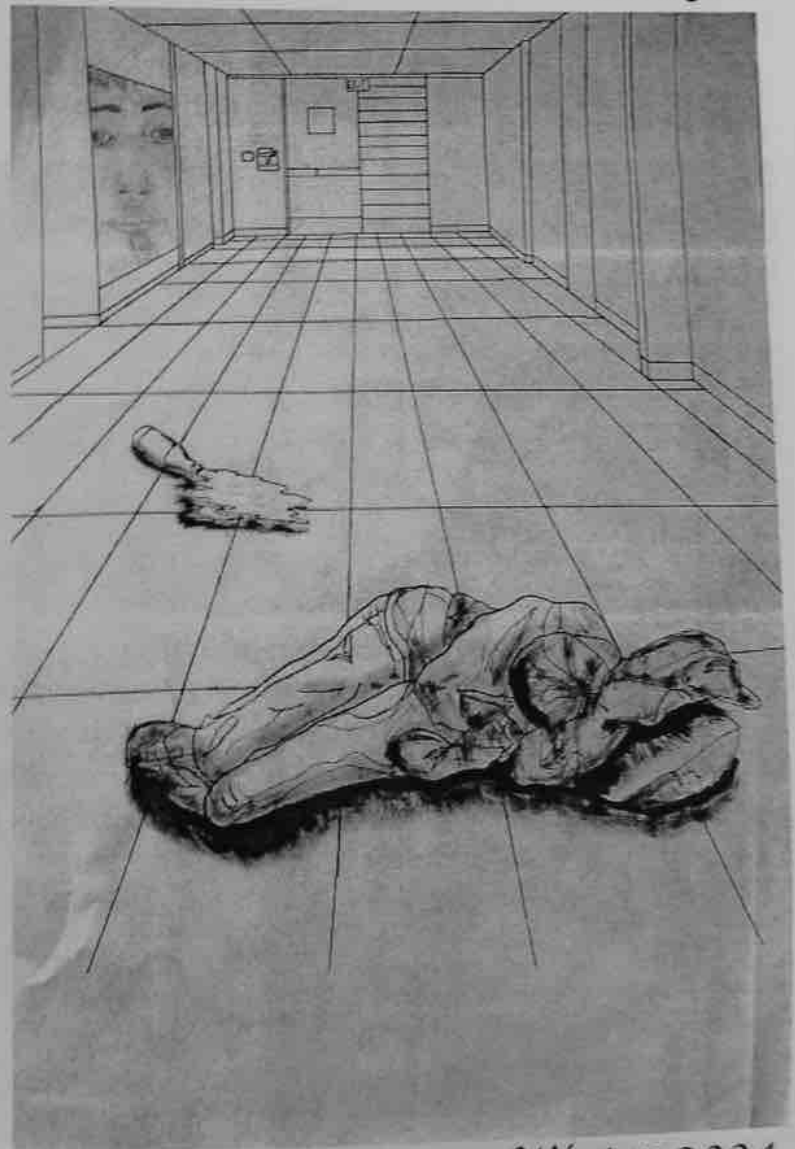
Inside I share my messages,  
enlightening a business man  
with stock quotes,  
a fanatic with  
the past day's baseball scores.

On my pages I bear the weight  
of war.  
The trials of the world are sprawled  
across me in  
full-length pictures.

In mere words,  
I resurrect the colorful lives  
of those who have died  
one last  
time.

My news was once  
urgent and fresh,  
But by nightfall I am only an  
archaic messenger  
of the passing day.

Tom Gregoire



*I am Bonsai*  
Ryan McDonald

Isolated from that which gives me strength,  
You torture me to no end.  
I know not of peace and love,  
But of the harsh reality of hardened steel.

Every day you thrash my being,  
As I stray from what you want.  
"It is my nature"  
I cry out, but no--  
My words fall upon deaf ears.  
Instead, you threaten me at knife point,  
And bound my arms with wire spools.

"Aha!" you cry insidiously  
As you bear down with the knife.  
"You've inspired me once again"

A sharp pain shoots  
Through my core as you cut me through and through.

I fall limp.....

Weeping,  
Oozing from every gouge  
I look up to you.  
"Are you inspired?" I ask,  
"Have you accomplished what you've come to do?"

But without answering,  
You throw your tools down beside me,  
Perhaps as a reminder of what's still to come.  
I look down and see my young bones  
As twisted as the knife wielder's mind.  
I am an image of myself  
Several centuries before its time.

*I am the Best Friend of a Seven Year Old Boy*  
Lauren Wood

I take him to dank and dreary dungeons,  
Battling ferocious knights to save the princess.  
Several leagues under the sea,  
I help him save a squid from a sharp-toothed shark.

I bring his Legos to life,  
Square and stiff plastic men brawl with filthy pirates.  
I make an aged TV box a space command center,  
Keeping his astronauts on track to the moon.

I amuse him in his secret fort;  
Bringing shadow puppets of monsters to life  
Animating their long claws and strong bodies  
As they destruct a town of anatomically correct beings.

I am his best friend.  
I am his imagination.

Briana Hegarty





*An Independence Remembrance*  
Marina Moser

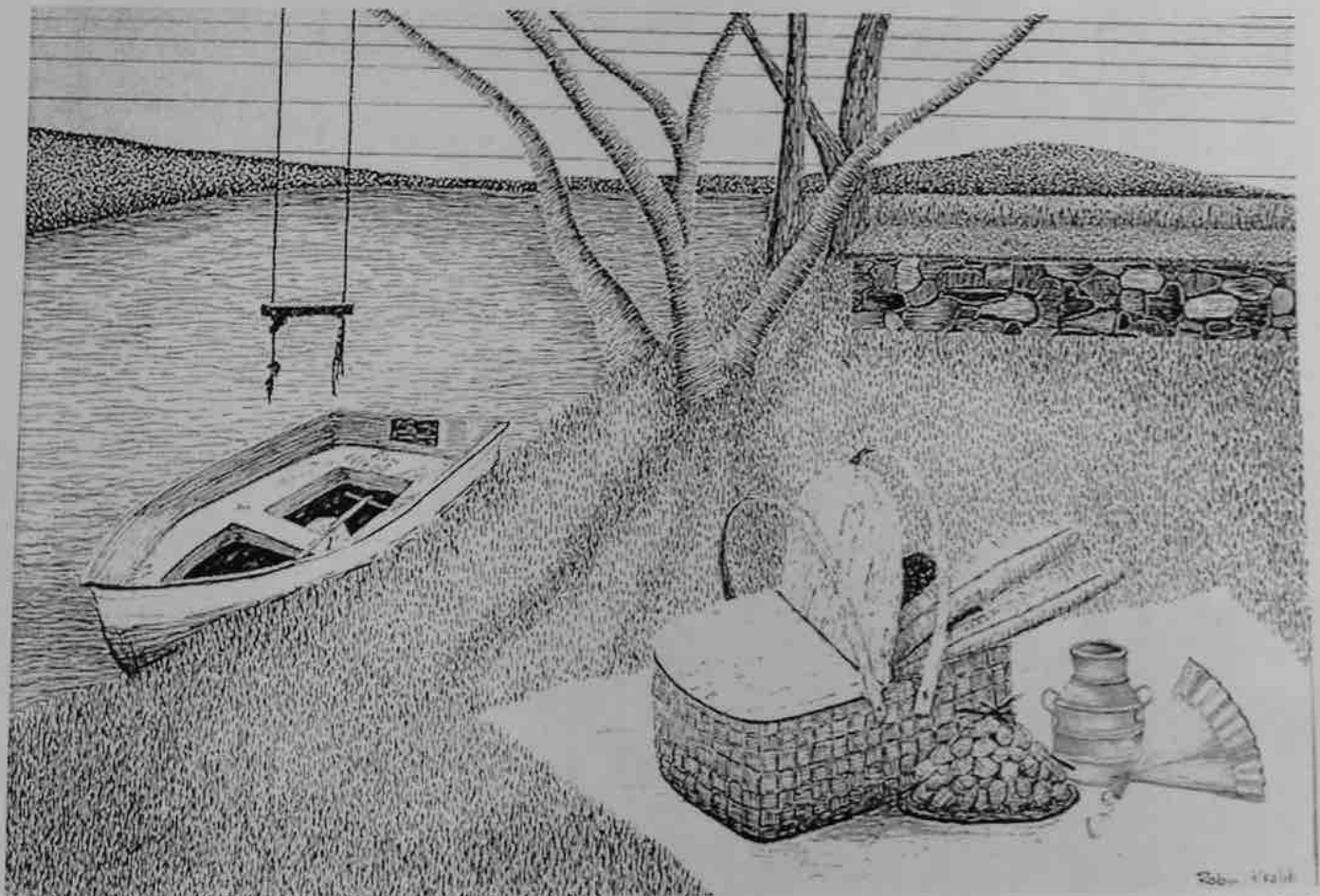
Formaldehyde preserves my memories,  
Pickled pictures, photographs of life.  
Daily events now just cryptic stories,  
Retrieving a childhood that was aloof.

Peering at a wilted picnic portrait,  
I recall tasting tartly tomatoes.  
The reminiscence of the summer heat,  
Were Barbeque chips of tan potatoes.

Molasses ribs suntan upon the grill.  
My parents sip sangria with Aunt Jean  
Not knowing time had past, the years unseen.  
Green tea is iced; I shiver with a chill.

Bright firecrackers dissipate my thoughts.  
My innocence of platelets now unclots.

Robin Kralik



***Just another Bum***

Kristen Kelly

Creeping past a decrepit bus stop,  
Held victim to the city's impure rain  
An aged, faded man--  
Camouflaged by dirt and trash against a worn shop,  
Waits for his grimy ride,  
Tossing cigarette butt aside.

Among tousled newspapers and lonely sighs,  
Smoke intertwines with damp, musty odors  
That fuse and rise from the pavement in weighted stirs,  
Underneath pendulous skies,  
Drifting towards him to coalesce,  
Wafting into his soul to rest.

All ideas I've ever possessed,  
Of what it's like to be forgotten,  
And losing all you've ever been,  
Sweep into an imagistic protest,  
Transfiguring into the man before me--  
Lee Corrigan but he's got no ID.

A passerby throws some change,  
His toll to pay,  
To forgive himself for walking away,  
Fading past cars and cabs that rearrange,  
But he'll put it towards the warmth you get from a  
needle--  
While his mind goes idle.

Car's jumping, green light,  
But I find acceleration won't purify my conscience,  
I can't erase him from the street since--  
He stands in such blatant defeat  
And so I commit the average person's sin--  
Flicking eyes away and in an almost hum,  
I mutter, "Just another bum".

Briana Hegarty

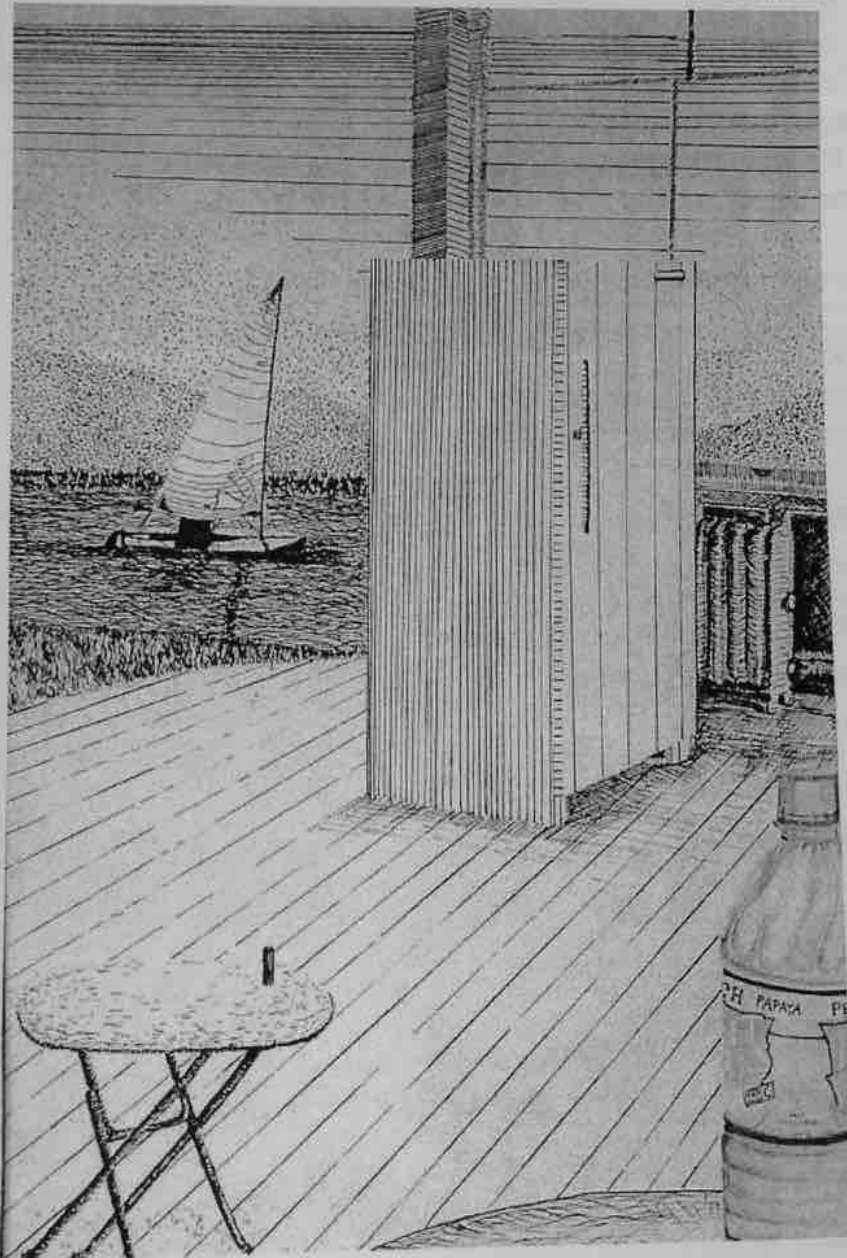


*Loss of Simplicity*

Bridget Gordon

I looked at him and wondered what he'd be,  
when the tides of time would wash away simplicity.  
I wondered when his eyes would lose their gentle gaze.  
The world would breed confusion creating a misty haze.  
If his dreams would heal his broken heart one day,  
or if lost wishes could breed all of his dismay.  
No more empty promises, no more elated laughter.  
Childhood dreamer, happiness seeker, undying perplexity  
in the smile of the little boy who exists only in forgotten time.

Tom Gregoir

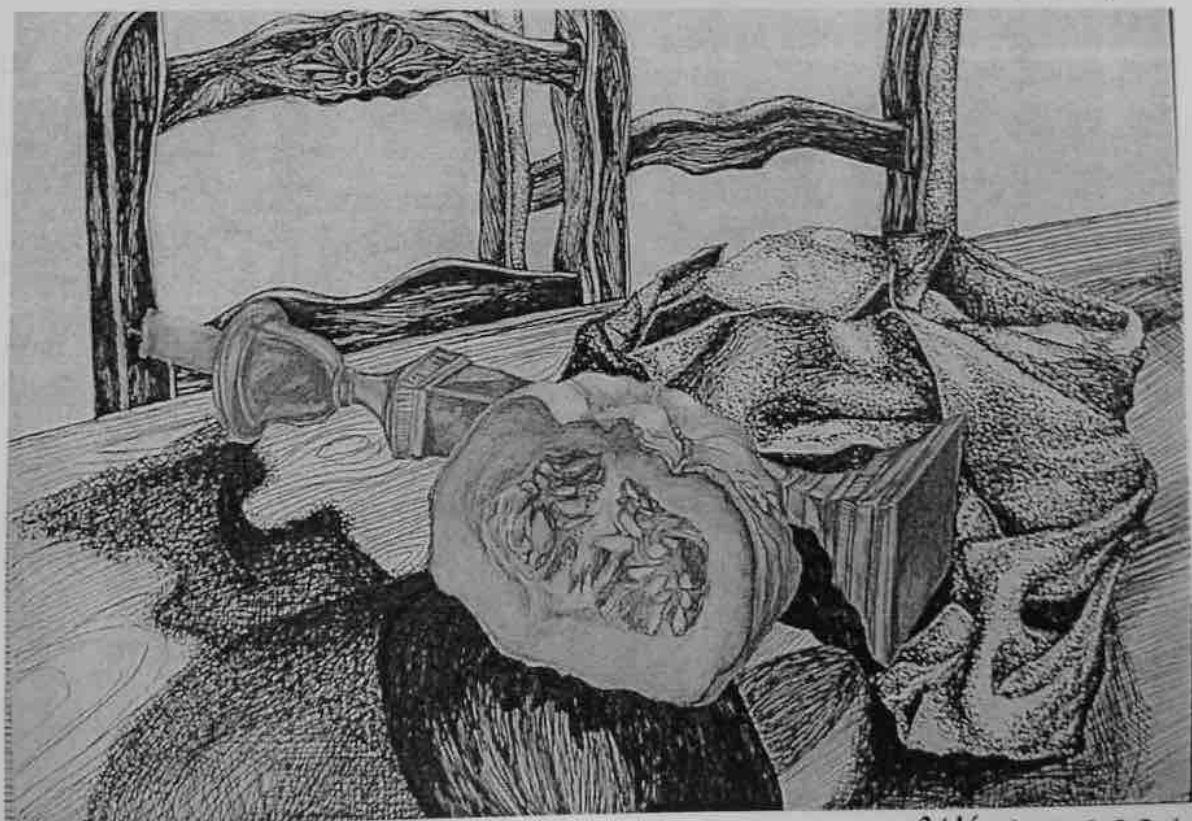


*Love and Loss of Appetite*

Nick Cole

Love, like a soup of pain and pleasure,  
Is spooned into the bowels of human beings.  
Life's finest delicacy,  
Yet its most deadly poison.  
Still, we dip our spoons into our meal,  
Slurping the beautiful hurt.  
Fearing pain, knowing it could come,  
But living for the moments of satisfaction,  
Which is why we risk our hearts,  
Driven by our need to find our hunger.  
The more we desire, the more we take in,  
Until in the pit of our stomachs, it becomes too much,  
And the pain outweighs the pleasure,  
So the love we once cherished is gone,  
Out through the mouth that first welcomed it in.

Alyssa Lyons



***Made In China***  
Kate Whitman

Safe, protected, admired,  
shielded in a crystal palace.  
Rarely am I approached by others,  
who fear they may shatter my world.  
I observe commoners down below,  
not privileged enough  
to be part of my set,  
never mixing with me and my cabinet  
of which I'm the supreme ruler.  
The cabinet's plainest members  
are the soldiers,  
their blood slurped by giants.  
Everyone else is beautiful and proper,  
trimmed with gold and ornate flowers,  
polished and shining with pride,  
for our set is one of the finest  
from Asia.  
On rare occasions, I leave  
my fragile home,  
performing grueling tasks  
of commoners,  
serving my enormous masters;  
I let them eat cake.  
When my noble deed is completed,  
I'm handled with the best of care,  
returned to my delicate home,  
proud of my seldom, yet important,  
contribution to the table.

***Prison of Addiction***

Mike Gruccio

Why do I need this?  
Why am I here?  
Smoke fills the air, seers deep in my mind  
I'm locked in this hell, I must be free of this nightmare

My body begins to break free from its cell  
I must keep running from them  
Pretending they're gone  
Yet without looking back  
I feel them  
Their gaze stings into my skin  
Needles piercing my veins

The crack in the pavement  
Grows ever larger  
As I jump to avoid  
Falling back to the night  
Sweat falls like rocks down my face  
My whole body shakes

But now, I see light  
It burns in my eyes  
Comforting smiles wait in the light  
Pushing me closer to them with their cheers

A fence stops me cold  
My hands tremble once more  
My skin white  
My eyes red  
I climb  
Out of my hell

I'm so tired now  
So tired of climbing

Annmarie Ely



Winter 2004

*Nature's Test*

Dan Marino

As my fellow travelers shred the forest's silence,  
As their shrieks and chatter fill the midday air,  
As they laugh with civilized delight,  
I tune my ears and listen.

As my weighted back screams in supplication,  
As its heavy load pushes cruelly down,  
As it cracks and groans for a soothing rest,  
I fill my lungs and breathe.

As the burning sun looses its heat upon me,  
As heaven pulls away its shading clouds,  
As the shining glare pierces my sight,  
I open my eyes and gaze.

As the jagged rocks poke their way through my soles,  
As the uneven land conspires against my steps,  
As the slippery moss endeavors to slide my feet,  
I step forward and walk.

As my companions tire of their fun,  
As my body's muscles stretch, and yearn for more,  
As the sun hides behind the soft clouds,  
As the ground gives way to my feet,  
I sit down and rest

*One Dance*  
Amanda Edgar

I focus on the steady beats of the music  
as I dance along my pathway.

I'm not sure what to expect with my every move,  
but I chose my steps carefully  
so I don't lose my rhythm.

I pirouette through growing experiences,  
hoping that I'll become  
more balanced and graceful.

The music quickens and I expedite my steps.  
I must maintain a steady concentration  
so I don't slip.

Because one wrong move can destroy  
my only performance.

Sara Brewer





## ***Power Chord Casserole***

Brook Runyon

We step into the studio  
The squeal of tuning equipment is biting into my brain like a Hessian chewing on  
a side  
of rump roast  
We each take our places  
And pick up our instruments  
The session begins

Everything is going as planned  
It always starts that way

Feedback buzzes through the air like mosquitoes at a barbeque  
There is going to be a mishap  
There always is

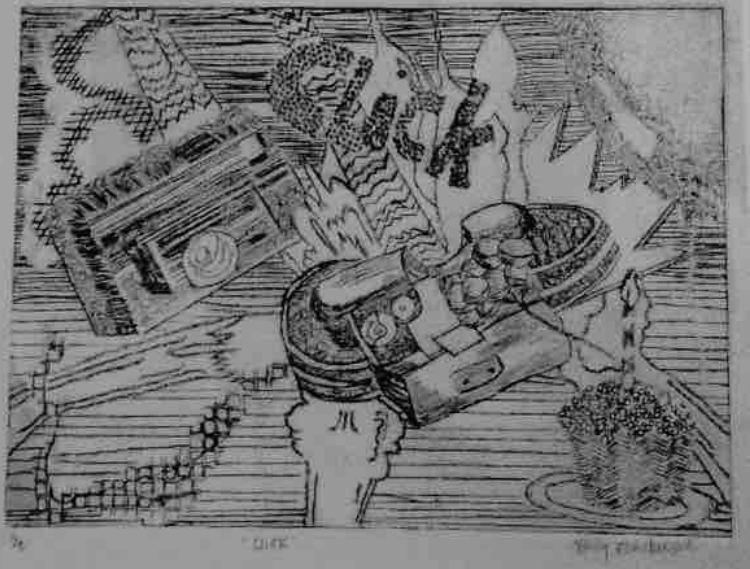
Then the lead vocalist strikes a sour note  
And blows his speakers

Everyone drops their instruments  
I can't stand one more conflict  
We can't even have a simple show anymore

I run out of the studio  
The sounds of screaming band members and equipment being thrown across the  
room  
trails behind me

And the hunger that drove me to the stage in the first place lingers in my belly  
Screeching like a hot mike

Emily Eichelberger



*Rainy Road Home*  
Caitlyn Keckeissen

Tires drizzling on a grainy road,  
Backwash from ahead muddling my sight,  
As gray as sleep, clouds obfuscate sun's light,  
Which did the loss of my eyes' light forebode.  
Desolation settles in my heart,  
Like rain absorbed into the mossy ground.  
Now, by the stifling clouds, the sun is bound  
As love is when two souls are kept apart.

But mem'ries of the past ease saddened eyes  
As I recall the joy your presence gave.  
Anticipating our next meeting laves  
Away the tear-filled eyes and rain-filled skies.  
And as I turn the road, the sun imparts  
To me clear vision and a lighter heart.

Annamarie Ely



*Whispered Identity*

Bridget Gordon

A hint of blush whispered across her cheek.  
The hidden simple pleasures stowed beneath her skin,  
lies and sacred deception, personality snatchers.  
Wiped her brow of the troubles,  
only to reveal a reflection.  
A glance in the mirror uncovered the face of a stranger.  
She'd buried her truth and bound it in mystery.  
No one knew her anymore.  
A flutter, a teardrop, glistening dew.  
The makeup was smudged;  
Her life was gone.  
She'd let it slip away.  
Entangled her dreams with a preoccupied stare,  
but she furrowed her brow,  
And took one more gulp of fresh morning air.  
In that moment she rose her face to the sun,  
and fell to the frost bitten earth.  
Shadows became reality and the truth encased the lies.  
She kissed her fingertips, and blew away her wish,  
and herself.

Collin Hertzler



*Sammy*  
Amanda Edgar

The yellow bus screeched  
Like a cawing crow as it halted.  
This daily ritual signaled my return  
And I was once again welcomed by  
Two, warm, brown eyes.  
I smiled as I reached to stroke  
Her soft graying muzzle.  
A cold, damp, nose nuzzled my cheek.  
While walking up my driveway  
I was followed by a feeble wagging tail.  
She never failed to greet me.

The yellow bus screeched  
Like a cawing crow as it halted  
I eagerly climbed down the steps,  
Anxious to approach the excited panting.

My driveway was deserted.  
I spun in search  
For that cheerful wagging tail.  
I became panicked as I walked  
Along the endless pavement.

Upon opening the door;  
My grandparents,  
Eyes filled with tiny pools of grief.  
My mother's tear stained face.

An eerie silence  
An empty food bowl.  
A lonely leash.  
An abandoned bone.  
A deserted collar.  
Those eyes had grown too old.

The yellow bus screeched  
Like a cawing crow as it halted.  
I slowly sauntered up the driveway  
Alone.  
I pulled back the heavy door and walked into my house  
Choking back tears,  
I accepted that the routine would only continue  
Through my memories.

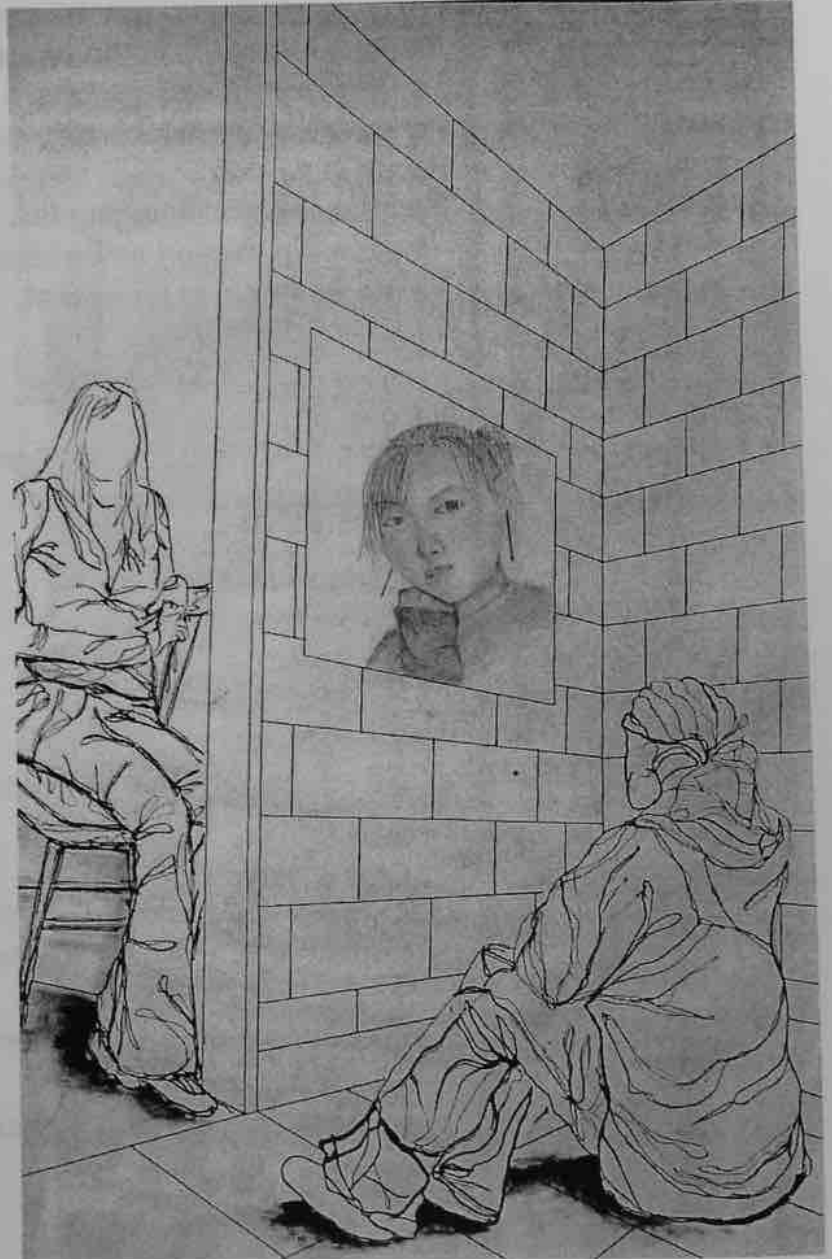
**Shotgun**  
Dan Marino

Jailed, convicted of manslaughter  
I stand rigidly still  
My fellow inmates stand as still as I  
Our warden comes soon,  
His keys jangling cheerfully at his waist

He grabs my throat with his burly hands  
And pulls me out of my cell  
Still clutching my gullet  
My captor splits me open  
Fills me with metallic death  
I am snapped back  
Fully aware of my imminent duty

My sentence is not unjust  
My accusations are not false  
But why does no one seal away  
The man who guides my shots

Viki Choi



**Storm Front**

Bridget Wendell

His chameleon eyes shift with his moods.

Billowing cumulous clouds roll in;  
ominous gray patches  
covering his irises.

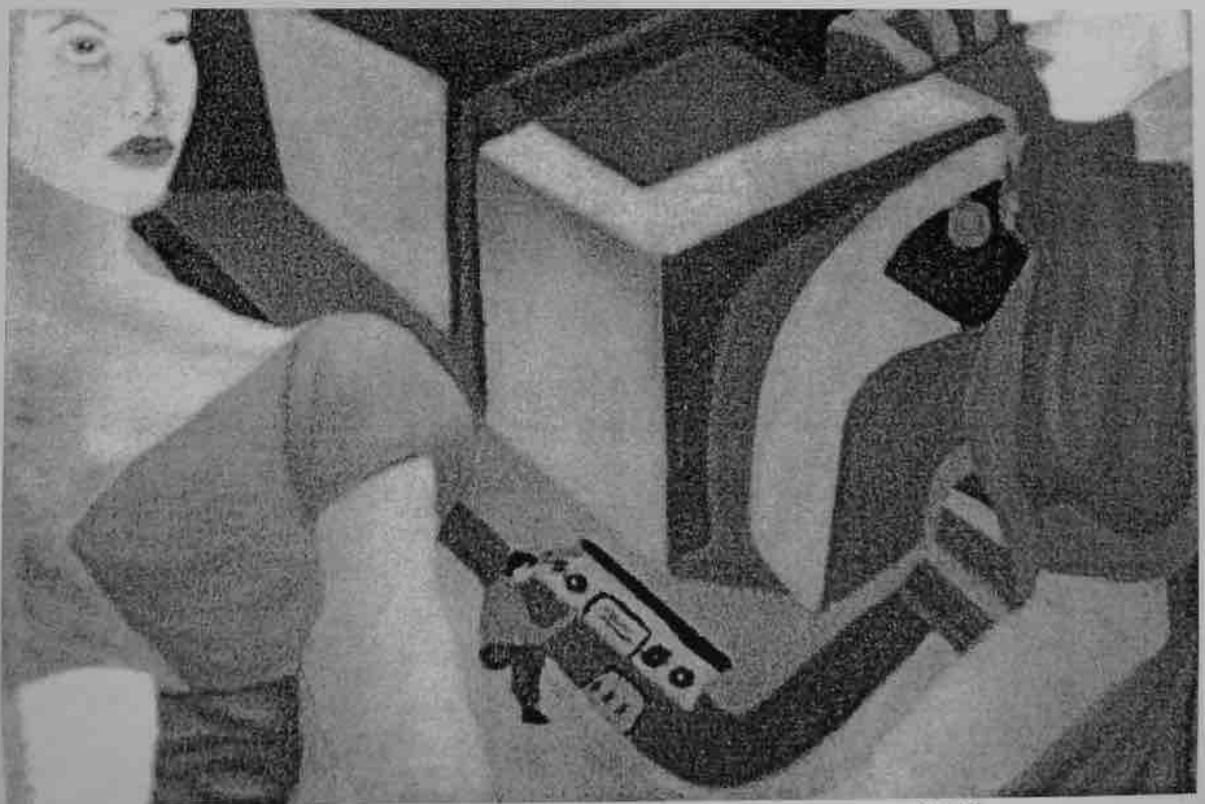
The storm front is coming.  
Its chill encompasses me.  
Cold lines on a  
hardened face.

The silence is charged  
with snapping energy.

Then it breaks,  
his anger bends to fit into words,  
as the power of a thunderstorm  
is confined to raindrops.

Soon the clouds dissipate,  
his mind purged by the passing shower.  
The gray in his eyes  
is slowly replaced by  
patches of blue sky.

Christina Beddow



*Trapped*

Jess Van Dusen

Chained to this dungeon.  
The bleak colors of black and grays  
Are all I see.  
Bleeding from the deep wounds  
That cover my arms and legs.  
Screaming to be heard,  
But a faint echo is all I grasp.  
I am alone and forgotten.

It's no use.  
Without any hope of escape  
Panic and depression set in.

I get dizzy.  
Collapsing to the cold blood struck floor,  
rocking back and forth  
in between sobs,  
I beg and plea to  
Be released from this dark prison  
That is my mind.

Amanda Kirkner



*The Inevitable*

Jessica Goldstein

Heavy eyes open from their deep sleep,  
Blurred image slowly begin to come as one.  
On the edge of the metallic blue comforter,  
sits a pale woman.  
Her hazel eyes blood shot,  
with dark half moons formed under them.  
Tears roll slowly down her face,  
glimmering in the sunlight from the open window.  
In her quivering voice,  
she begins to tell the story,  
of the heartache her husband felt the night before.  
The race to the hospital,  
running every red light.  
Reaching the hospital just in time.  
Lonely hours, hoping for only good news.  
Worrying what life would be like,  
without her true love.  
How she will have to break the news to her daughter,  
who now sits in front of her,  
motionless, waiting for an answer.  
An answer to that inevitable question,  
when their quick acting does not work.

Brandon Jones





*Rubber Band*

Marina Moser

I lie here dormant,  
Reclining in a mysterious cave.  
Suddenly, like the rock removed from the sepulcher,  
A crane reaches for me; I am entangled.  
Hooks pull at my body.  
Pressure of my cracking joints  
Is released once again, as I resist the force.

I am slicing through stale air.  
I am the weapon of Robin of Nottingham.  
Hitting flesh, I covet a supportive tree limb,  
But cold rawhide resists me.

The smooth fibrous floor seduces me,  
With its wondrous flavor of gravity.  
In adoration, I embrace the cool ground beneath me.  
Once again I relax in meditation,  
Yet I peer above me, eyeing another crane.

Wiggling fangs contort my shapeless sinew,  
This time the claw is smaller and lighter.  
I am directed around a gathering of diversely vivid tubes.  
Starched and fitted robes match their majestic hues.

In wonderment, I touch their wax-scented garments.  
In fear, I inquire a sense of acceptance.  
They readjust their formation, permitting me to come  
closer.  
I feel secure with these regal figures.  
Hugging them snugly, I absorb their power.  
Among kings, I am their vigilant fortress.  
They are reunited in my thin beige arms.

*Time*  
Ryan McDonald

Guided by destiny,  
My existence is a voyage  
Through a wooded path.  
To my back lies  
A road scarred by times of war,  
While ahead,  
An unwinding path  
Beckons to have its soil upturned by my soles.  
For countless steps I've carried  
The knapsack of elderly fears  
And sipped from the canteen of young ambitions  
As I ventured alone,  
Further into the heart of the wood.

Monotonously, I walk,  
Held to the road by the great pines  
Stretching their swaying fingers high into  
The night sky.  
Their broad arms  
Block my view of the world  
And send me blindly into  
The moonlit fog ahead.

I dare not digress  
For I know why I'm here.  
I was put here to carry,  
To sip,  
And most importantly  
To walk through the haze-cloaked path ahead.

Never once have I known what to expect  
On the far side of the fog;  
But I don't care.  
I live for the moment  
And have no intentions of ever turning back.

*Trapped*

Jess Van Dusen

Chained to this dungeon.  
The bleak colors of black and grays  
Are all I see.  
Bleeding from the deep wounds  
That cover my arms and legs.  
Screaming to be heard,  
But a faint echo is all I grasp.  
I am alone and forgotten.

It's no use.  
Without any hope of escape  
Panic and depression set in.

I get dizzy.  
Collapsing to the cold blood struck floor,  
rocking back and forth  
in between sobs,  
I beg and plea to  
Be released from this dark prison  
That is my mind.

Amanda Kirkner



## *Wait*

Jessica Keller

The way the clock malevolently grins  
reminds me of the patience that I lack.  
I fear this is a battle I can't win.  
My only choice remains to just sit back.  
The irritating tick-tock fuels the flame.  
Molasses hands refuse their timeless dance  
and mock my inability to train  
myself to understand time's slow advance.  
Yet soon enough the torment will conclude  
and all my thoughts of rage will cease to be.  
My eyes, fixed on the clock, become unglued.  
Brass chimes proclaiming my sweet victory.  
For all the hindrances this world creates,  
nothing is more tedious than the wait.

Collin Hertzler



### **The Project**

Jessica Goldstein

Drawing table sits in the corner,  
screaming out like a softball field  
full of demanding fans.

Stepping into the batters box,  
there the panic begins.

A tightening in the chest,  
left arm begins to tingle,  
slowly all the feelings dreain.

With pencil in hand  
each stroke of that heavy bat  
has made no contact,  
only strikes and if I were lucky  
maybe a foul.

I tighten my grip  
so, contact can be made.  
Blank sheets lay ahead  
like fast pitches that have been  
whizzing past my head.

Time was called  
a glance over my shoulder  
parents, like a major league scouts  
watching to see if I strike out.

My hands begin to curl to fists  
My teeth begin to clench.

Each up at bat, will only tell  
if I make it to the big leagues.

If I could, I would make the field  
only to still hear, the noise  
of the expecting fans  
Calling out from the corner.

*An Unpredictable Trip*

Jason Landis

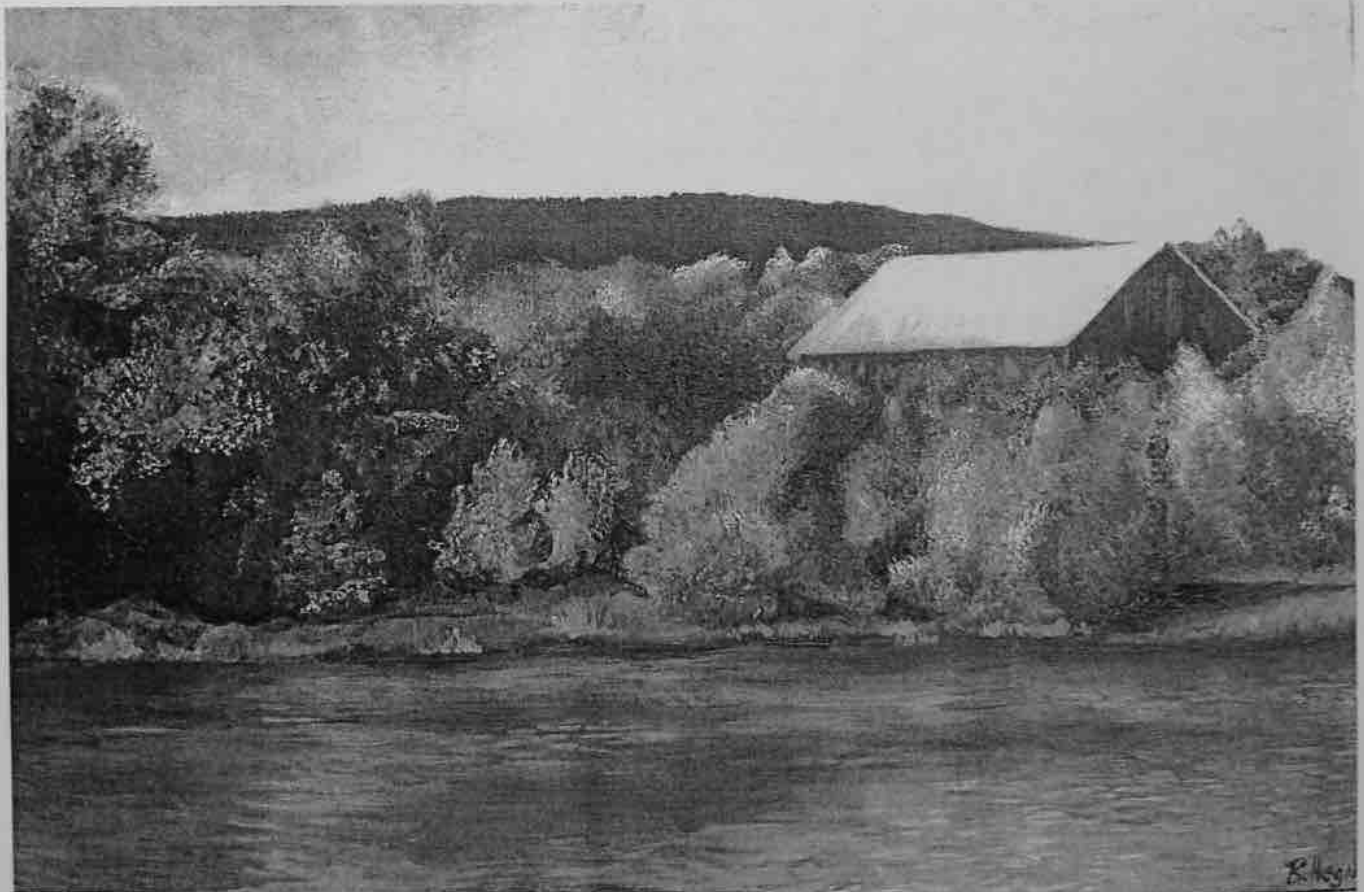
A maple leaf in early autumn falls,  
Its lowly flutters toward the ground below.  
Suddenly the almighty wind god calls,  
The leaf is cast upward by a mighty blow.

The people below glare, knowing they'll never soar,  
In nature only things with wings are meant to fly.  
So why the exception, a magnificent tour,  
Shifting and veering, the leaf glides like a kite in the sky.

Suddenly, and unexpected break in the breeze,  
The once proud leaf curls up like a wounded hen.  
The descending leaf gets caught in the trees,  
A trip that has traveled only moments upon its end.

The leaf wonders when the next gust will be  
sounded,  
It must wait an unclear time, for now the leaf lie  
grounded.

Brianna Hegarty



*Phantasmagoria*



**Fall 2004**

**Designs by  
Tom Scalse**