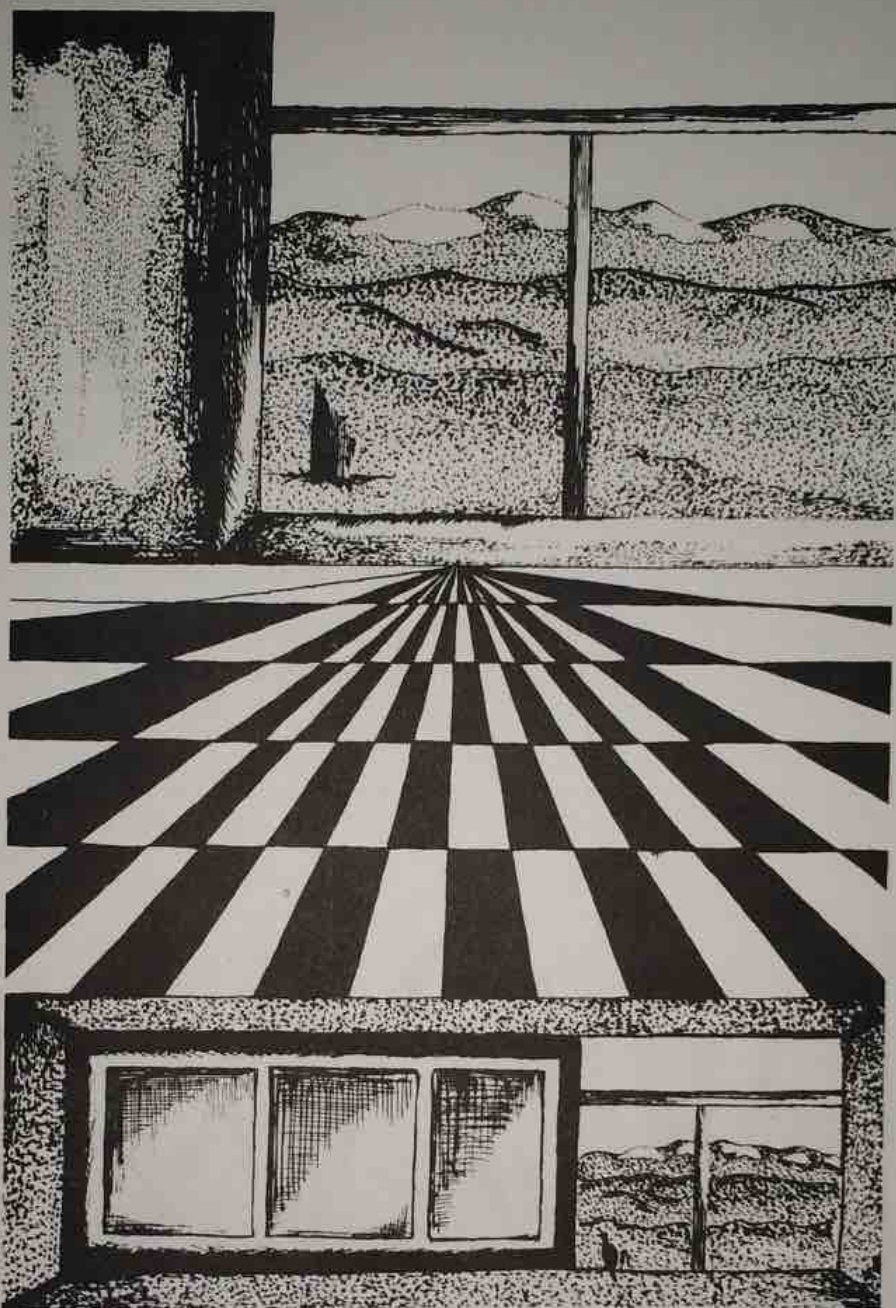




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her movements are smooth,
smooth as a pane of glass.
which when pressed
breaks;
pieces cut your flesh.



There is madness here,
Where babies die, no concern
expressed.
Individual happiness is all.
War and destruction
never end.
Simplicity is hard to
achieve; it's easier
to destroy.
Repetitious selections,
and sealed off sections
mark my world.
The difference between
bright and sunny
is unknown.

With lavender thoughts I waded,
through crystal ponds of stages.
Patiently placing my footsteps
on rocks smooth as glass.
As the winds swept through my mind,
I balanced on precious time
in the swirling bay.
With sudden slips,
and ungraceful falls
The ocean around me
grew.
Cool, clear water
surrounded me.
These stages were almost
through.
And with one last breath,
the ocean crumbled
into the darkness.

THE UNTITLED POEM

To be afraid and finishing
 life alone,
Is so much unlike your dreams.
You are one as they are many,
many strong and big and bold,
But just one you, you're growing old.
They want to take you away,
 far away.
To a home for people not useful
 to mankind anymore.
Who can stop them? Who would?
As they load you into a waiting car.
And wave farewell, if they care.
You know they can't or could they?
Why is it man's way, you think,
to lock up his elders with such
 disrespect?
As they wait to die and curse
the world's stupidity, for, soon my
friend, too soon it will be
 YOUR TURN!



APPLES

Red and green with a green leaf

shining from a tree. Ripening in the sun,
falling to the ground. Gathered by workers, shipped
to a plant. Cleaned, processed, and transported to stores.
Stocked with others, forming a pile. Observed by some, felt by more,
purchased by many. Paid for, taken home, cleaned again.
Either left out or placed in the refrigerator. Later, removed and used
for many different things: apple pie, apple cider, apple sauce, apple
juice, apple turnovers, or plain. When finished, seeds left over to
be sowed into the ground. Then new trees will grow, grow and grow.
After months of rain and sun, new apples will sprout and form. They
will grow, grow and grow. Red or green, shining from a tree.
Ripening in the sun, falling to the ground.

Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples A
pples Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples Apples.
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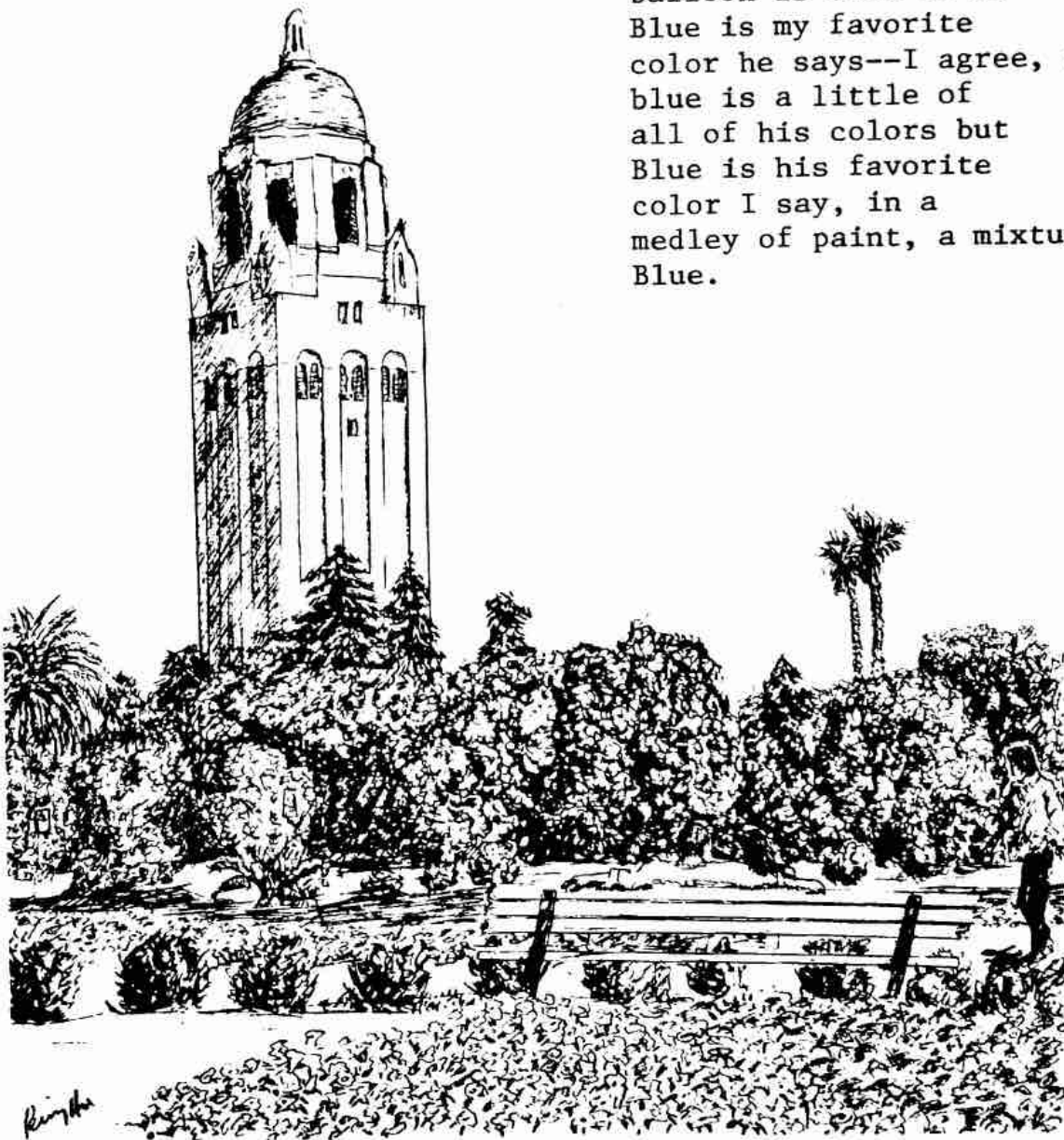
"Night Place"

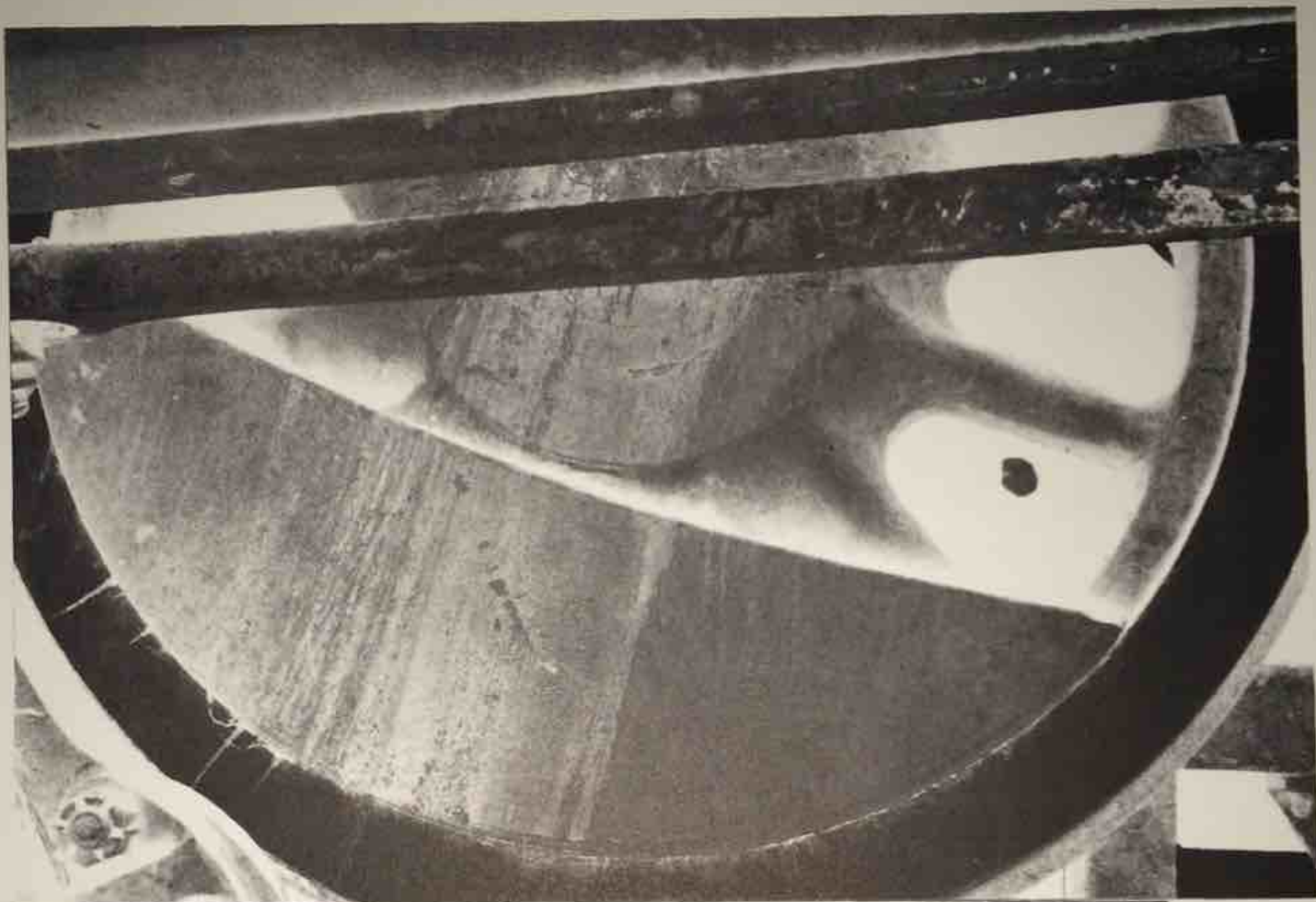
I want to fall asleep
On a bed of fresh green leaves
In the middle of a forest
With a gap above me
Between the trees
I can look through when I wake
And see the stars
Looking down at me.

"Night"

A time and place where cats live
A time of insecure peace
A place of silent noise
Where trees become tall shadows
And streetlights fade the stars.

Blue like the
balloon he says, I'm painting for
you; I look at
a circle of color, of
orange and
red, brown-green and
yes, some blue--and the string--
He's painting one now, oh so slowly, for
blue cannot hurry and neither do
balloons so he paints cautiously
blue-brown so carefully
Blue like a
star he says, I'll paint for you next; my
balloon is done it is
Blue is my favorite
color he says--I agree, for his
blue is a little of
all of his colors but
Blue is his favorite
color I say, in a
medley of paint, a mixture of
Blue.





What happened?
A surprise of words
In the midst of so much
Shock, humiliation, anxiety
Hurt, frustration, anticipation
I've lost and gained.

What...
I didn't know
I didn't mean it
I--
God, I feel so bad
I didn't know...What should I do?
I'm sorry! Do you want me to apologize?
Please, don't be disappointed in me
I promise I'll be better

I'll conform
I'll listen
Just don't hold it against me
Please
Just...

I'm sorry
I'm sorry

So
Sorry
Tomorrow I'll be better.

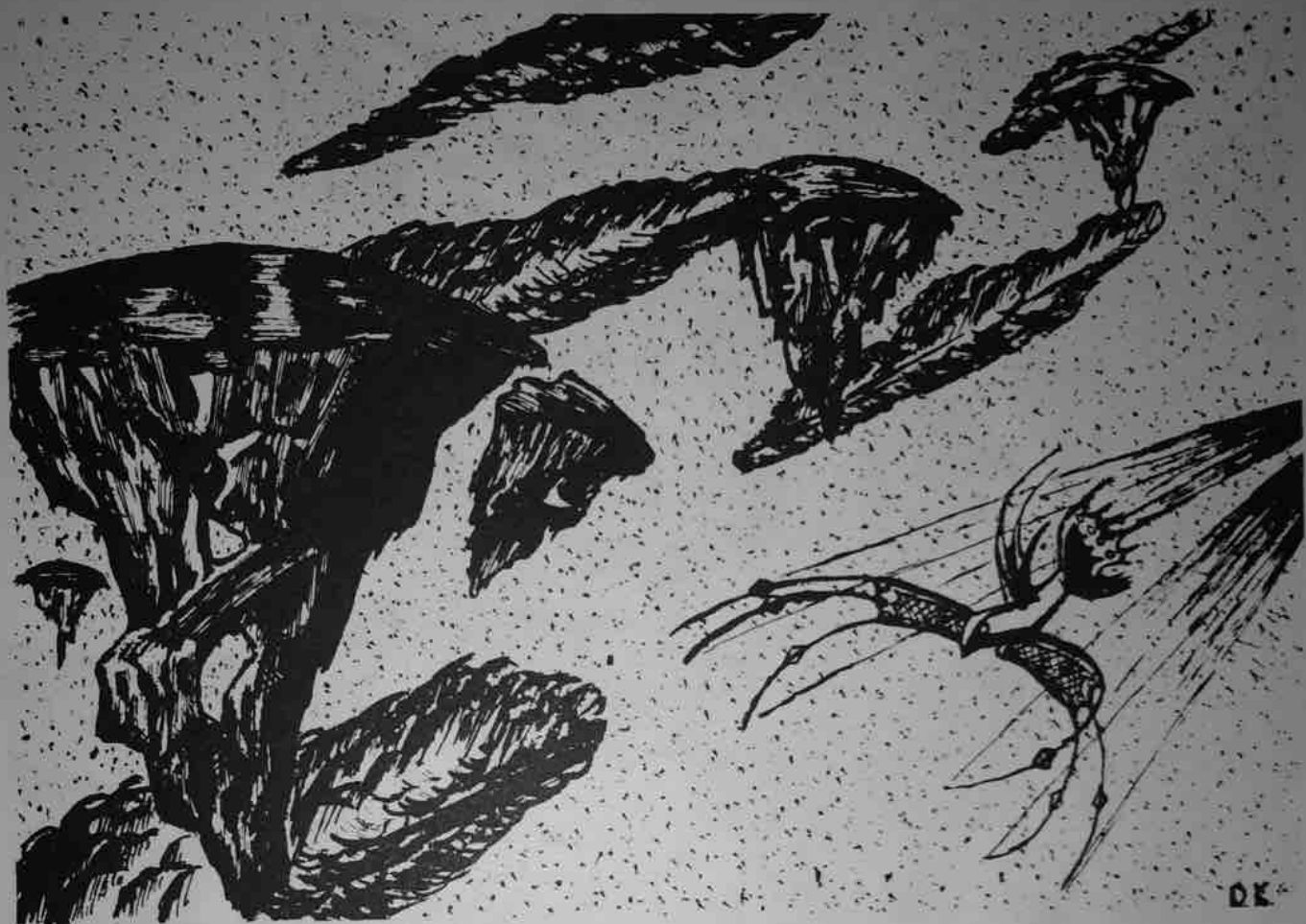
Ud's

Four O'clock and the game ends,
As the participants rush the kitchen,
the laughing and screaming is unbearable,
The feel of someone lying on your ankle
would be painful if it weren't so beautiful,
Two friends wrestling on the kitchen floor,
or another dripping wet,
The reassuring smell of seven sweaty friends,

This noisy rabble of blissful humanity,
The feeling of undeniable rapture,
Such a difference twenty minutes can make.

Deafening silence,
Hard, cold glass,
Unintelligable scrawlings,
A vacancy of any smell,

This single figure sitting, scribing on a dusty table,
The wave of loneliness is undeniable,
Such a difference twenty minutes can make.



ZERO

From flight, falls the eagle,
His star streaked with blood.
As his killer climbs above,
His body breaks to pieces.
When they reach the ground,
Only burnt bits to be found

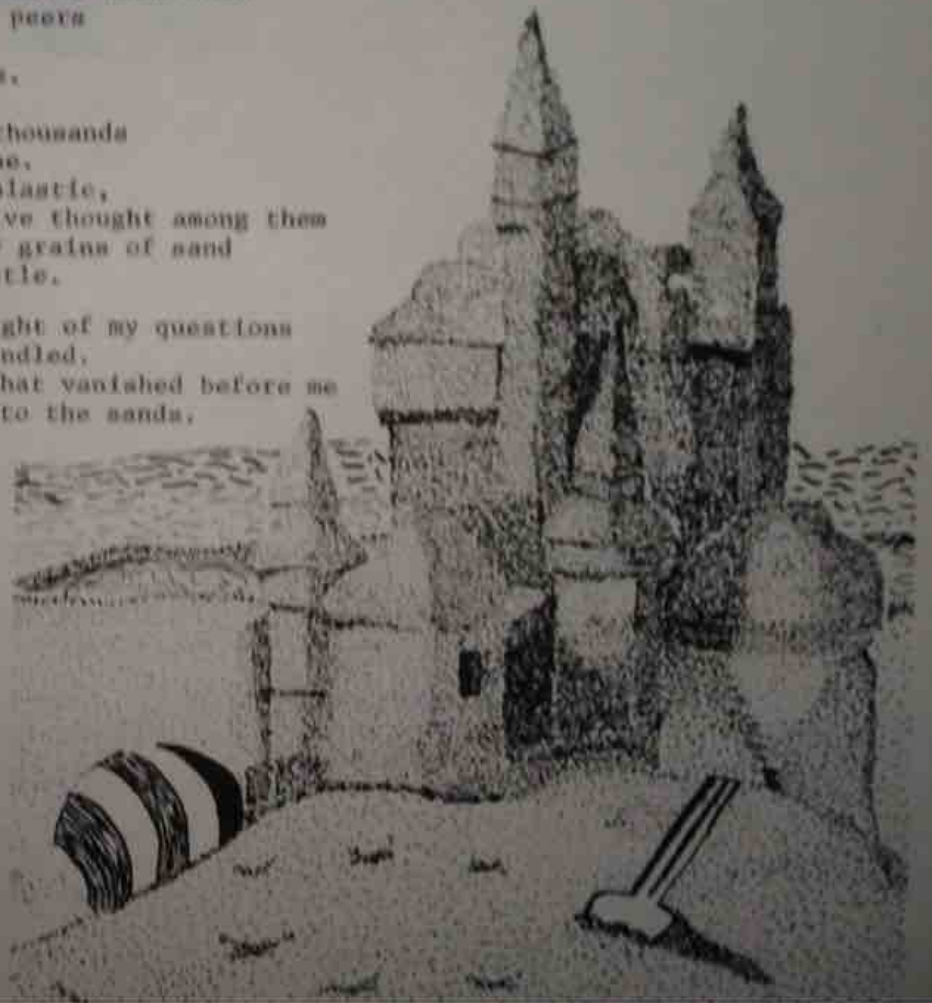
My mind once raced with the best,
With endless ideas and golden goals,
I had never doubted my talent
For they said I had the courage,
They claimed I had the mind,
And they listened to my plans.

But some snickered and laughed
While others slashed at my ego
until the walls around came down,
So I withdrew.
I sought refuge
and closed my mind,
For I had time to spare...
...Didn't I?

When I tried to blossom, again
They knew me not, nor did I know them,
So I crept between my peers
Tripping, in and out
Of social consciousness.

I searched a land of thousands
But still came up alone,
All seemed false and plastic,
There was not a creative thought among them
And I wondered how dry grains of sand
Could ever build a castle.

Burdened under the weight of my questions
My soul and spirit dwindled,
Like the many minds, that vanished before me
I slowly diminished into the sands.



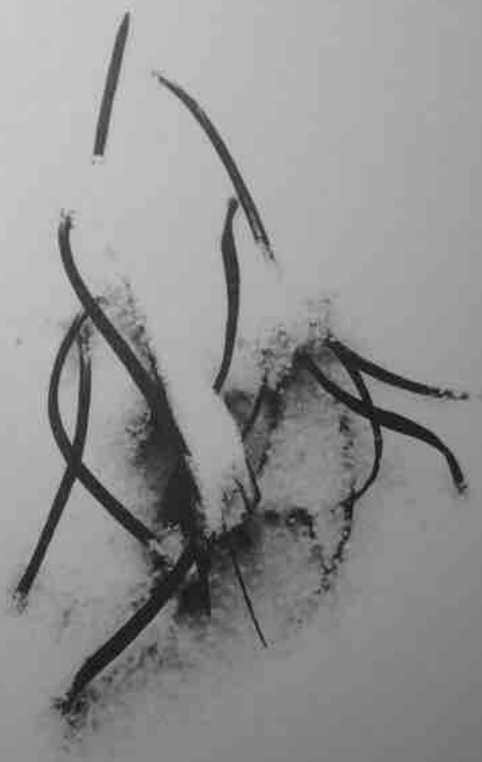


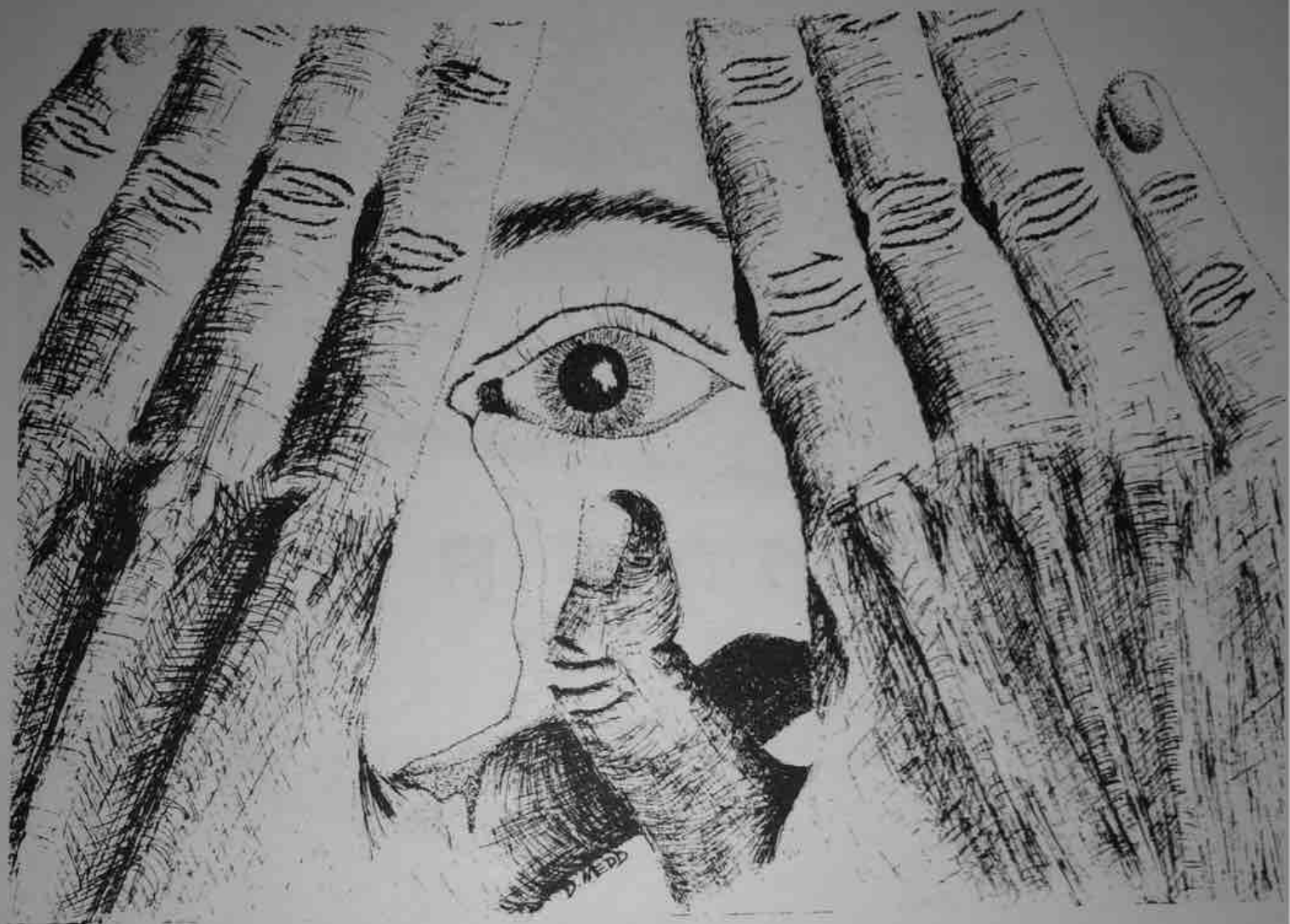
Blue is his favorite
color he says, dipping dark
bristles
into water--clear now--squashes the brush on the
bottom of the cup,
grips the brush tightly as he brings it out
dripping.
Blue like the
sky he says, letting the crystal
drops fall.
See the colors darken, the liquid is
water--no, paint--no, blueness like
Blue like my
eyes he says, looking solemnly into
mine, which are blue.
He thinks the paint needs more
water so reverently makes some more
Blue like the
lake he says, judging his
blue is now ready to
paint--flows on paper in bright stripes of
Blue is his favorite
color I say, watching his
brush somehow slide and the
blue has some brown but he
paints it on anyway.

Blue is the color of
water he says, points to his cup,
a swirl,
pattern of blue but now
brown is in blue--is
green--yes, in blue; the
water and paint are in mixtures of
Blue like the
balloon he says, I'm painting for
you; I look at
a circle of color, of
orange and
red, brown-green and
yes, some blue--and the string--
He's painting one now, oh so slowly, for
blue cannot hurry and neither do
balloons so he paints cautiously
blue-brown so carefully
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star he says, I'll paint for you next; my
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Blue is my favorite
color he says--I agree, for his
blue is a little of
all of his colors but
Blue is his favorite
color I say, in a
medley of paint, a mixture of
Blue.



An early snow settles
beneath naked trees,
covering a fallen
corpse of rotting leaves.





My vision is obscured
by a soft white sheet.
A strange cover
for no light filters through.
I hear voices
that are fading.
Only the echoes remain
in a dark corner
of my dying brain.



HOME

The warmth gathers us 'round,
Not a warmth like that of a fire,
But an aura that envelops us
When we return.

A magnetism that pulls our hearts
From the cold of the world
To remember and feel warmth
When we return.

Souls are warmed
With love
That flows like a river
When we return.

The fire crackles.
Rosy faces smile.
Old and young laugh together
When we return.

Stories are shared.
Songs are sung.
And loves are renewed
When we return.

We return
To the place of our childhood
To the memories of laughter
When we go home for the holidays.

Phantasmagoria is defined as a stimulating sequence of loosely associated images, a collection of visions and ideas as if from a dream. Produced by the Art and Literary Department of Central Bucks East High School, the annual magazine provides students an opportunity to publish the results of their creative talents. It must be emphasized that the pictures are in no way meant to define literature. Each piece is an individual creation to be enjoyed on its own merit.

S T A F F

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Mrs. Rosemarie Montgomery
Mrs. Mary V. Holshouser

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