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Galaxy

.art & literary
magazine.

2006
Volume 52



hong lin, kate cragg & lyla fujiwara | holding the galaxy
Watercolor & sharpie

Brighton High School
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<http://www.bcsd.org/galaxy>

Galaxy selects the finest poetry, prose, art, and photography by Brighton High School students for its annual magazine. All students interested in submitting work or joining staff are welcome.



meg gilley | baby's hands
Photography

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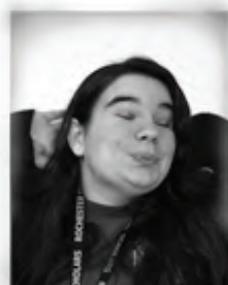
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meg premo | milk
Photography

ART





{ EDITORS ¹² ^ }



Galaxy editors are a colorful bunch who display a myriad of talents. **DEBRA BURGER**, the fabulous club Advisor, has had first-hand experience with the crazy shenanigans of co-Editors-In-Chief **LAUREN WEISS** and **LYLA FUJIWARA**. Lyla leads her Art Editors, **KATE CRAGG** and **LEILA EHRENBERG** with an iron fist. Lauren oversees her own rogue band of Literary Editors, which includes such greats as **SARAH WINSBERG**, **COURTNEY MORRISSEY**, and **NATE PARKER**. And what would we do without our very own **REBECCA SCHACHTER**, secretary and treasurer extraordinaire?

Now, sometimes the Submissions run dry. That's when we call on the all-star team, the artistic **LINDA YU**, always optimistic **NICK DONOVAN**, and the lovable **KATE LEONARD**. Coming to us this year is **DAN EHRENBERG**, our brand spankin' new web editor.

Not pictured is our emergency layout spring chicken, **RACHELLE JENNINGS**. She eats pancakes for dinner and those could cost you the race. 🍳

*editors listed left to right, top to bottom





Staff...

the wonderful people that come to all those meetings:

ARIANNA MAYER
AKAI VUKMAN
MARGO BLEVINS
KAREN KAMINSKY
COLLEEN DAMERELL
JESSICA MAYER

BELLA VISHNEVSKY
SAHAR MASSACHI
SHANA KRISILOFF
JENNI MILTON
PATRICK METCALF
COREY HOFFMAN
ALEX BOTHNER

And without further adieu, our featured presentation...

5

ying xu | yue
Pencil



Dear Readers,

You hold in your hands a copy of *Galaxy 2006*. Perhaps it is shiny and new, just off the vending table, or perhaps it has been decaying on the shelf in the *Galaxy* office for some thirty-odd years. Yet, whatever shape this collection of student-created art and literature is in, you ought to know a bit about how it came into your hands.

The students of Brighton High School work from fall to spring to bring you this magazine. Every Sunday night, *Galaxy*-lovers meet at a student's house to read and discuss pieces of writing that the authors hope to publish. All students are welcome, regardless of literary background. One of *Galaxy*'s literary editors leads the meeting by calling on people to read and comment on pieces. Packed onto couches like sardines (and often spilling onto the floor) amidst heaps of chips and cookies, students discuss the merits and flaws of each piece and suggest improvements.

Hopefully, the students' comments will guide the author in revising the piece. These comments are especially important, for we editors of *Galaxy* do not change what the author writes because we believe in the creative expression and artistic rights of our writers.

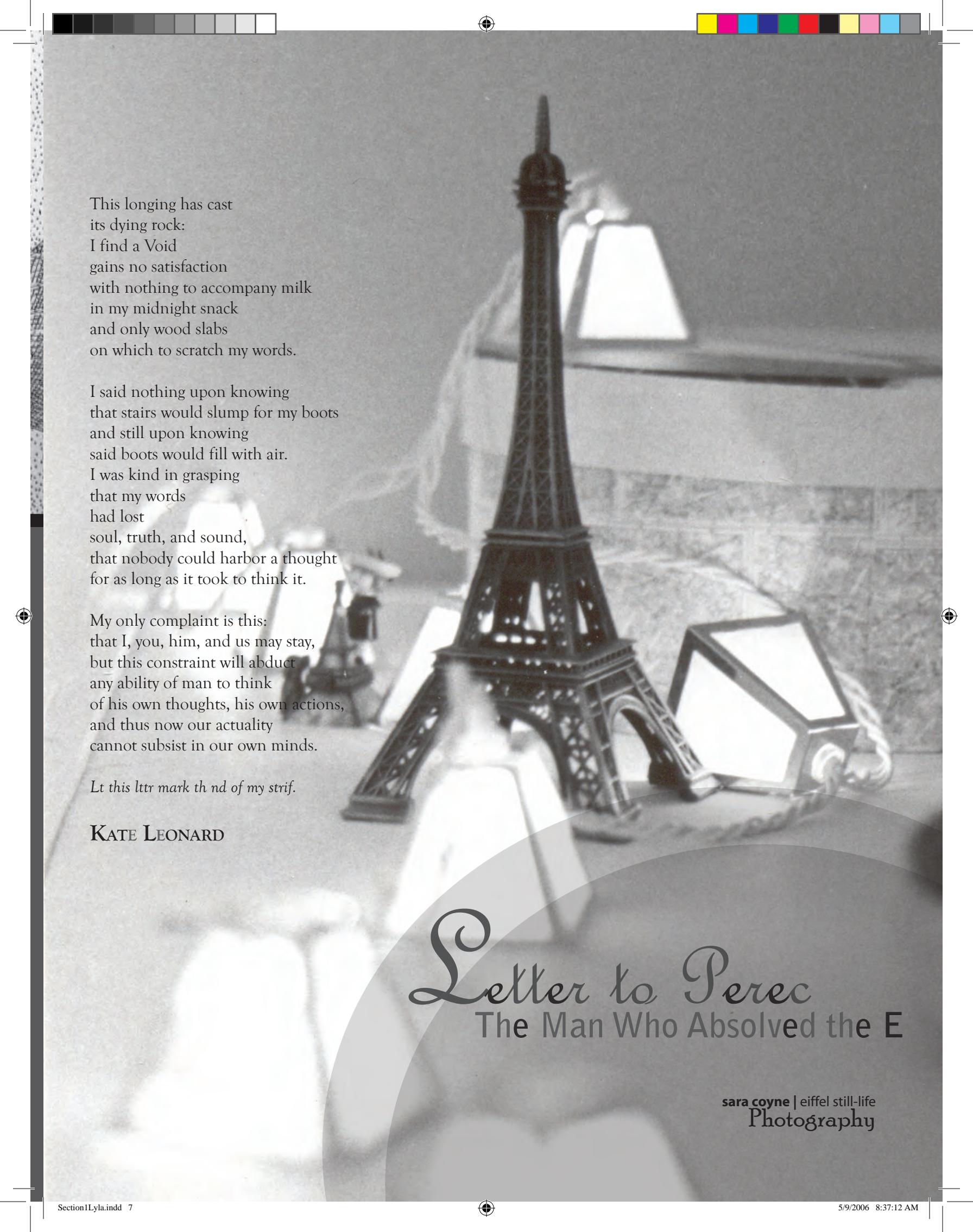
In February, the editors compile the latest revisions of the pieces. Students who attend at least half of the meetings may vote on whether each submission should be in the magazine. When the votes are split evenly, the editors decide whether to include a piece. The number of pieces selected varies from year to year. (This issue has 27.)

Once the pieces are chosen, the layout editors can begin the grueling work of designing each page of the magazine. Using a program called InDesign, they couple each piece of literature with a complementary piece of student art. Then, we ship the files of the magazine to the printer. What comes back is a stack of boxes, each containing many issues of the lovely creation you now hold in your hands.

I hope that you enjoy *Galaxy 2006* from cover to cover.

With sincere thanks,

Lauren M. Weiss
Literary Editor-in-Chief



This longing has cast
its dying rock:
I find a Void
gains no satisfaction
with nothing to accompany milk
in my midnight snack
and only wood slabs
on which to scratch my words.

I said nothing upon knowing
that stairs would slump for my boots
and still upon knowing
said boots would fill with air.
I was kind in grasping
that my words
had lost
soul, truth, and sound,
that nobody could harbor a thought
for as long as it took to think it.

My only complaint is this:
that I, you, him, and us may stay,
but this constraint will abduct
any ability of man to think
of his own thoughts, his own actions,
and thus now our actuality
cannot subsist in our own minds.

Lt this ltrr mark th nd of my strif.

KATE LEONARD

Letter to Perec

The Man Who Absolved the E

sara coyne | eiffel still-life
Photography

twenty-
sixty

hong lin | squang
White Colored Pencil



After the first contact lens
slips into place,
while the other floats
in its cool little tub,
half-perfect leaves rustle
outside the window.
In the mirror,
purple skin bulges
below my eyes,
and my hair is a brown cloud
in one eye, in the other,
a tangle of dark, individual threads.

SARAH WINSBERG



Chessboard

SHANA KRISILOFF

Sir Mallory gazed out over the battleground. Simon and Timothy were whispering to each other as the sun began to rise. The wind was soft as it rustled past his stiff armor, making Jesut step backwards restlessly. Sir Mallory pulled on his reins to steady him. They had been standing in formation for a good fifteen minutes, since the Queen had sent her bishop to wake them with a word from the Lord. The King was ill and she was the force behind the fight.

Sir Mallory looked over the formation – eleven of the greatest warriors were gathered to protect their king and kingdom. A flush of pride washed over him as Turrét caught his eye at the end of the line.

His trance was broken by the rustle of heavy fabric. The Queen emerged from her purple tent as the sun peaked over the far off mountains. She wore white armor crafted specially for her, and a long sword hung at her side.

“Good morning, men!” She boomed, her white teeth sparkling in the early wash of sunlight, “Are you ready for a war?” She was met with yells of enthusiasm. The foot soldiers lined up in front cheered and jumped into the air. They were mostly new. Ronald, Tom, Patrick and Peter had been lost in the last encounter with the foe that gathered

menacingly at the far end of the black and white field.

“We are the hope of our king! We are the hope of our kingdom! Let us show our people what we are capable of!” The Queen smiled and made a signal in the air. Understanding it, every fighter began the short walk to the battle line to get in proper formation yet again. Turrét hoisted four quivers of arrows onto his back and used his longbow as walking stick. Sir Ververs appeared next to Sir Mallory. “The day is ripe for slaughter,” he said in a quiet voice. Sir Mallory took in the wind, the fog, the dark and light pieces of

Sir Mallory looked over the formation – eleven of the greatest warriors were gathered to protect their king and kingdom.

land, “let us hope it is not our blood that spills,” he answered.

The Queen mounted her white stallion and smiled at Sir Mallory, “The king will be out shortly. The Bishops are inside making sure he is able stand. He refused to sit this one out, of course.” She shook her head. “One day he won’t survive.” As she murmured this, her face darkened with pain. Sir Mallory and Sir Ververs, not sure how to respond to the troubled Queen, bowed their heads. She spurred her horse toward the formation that was slowly gathering and took her place on a white square of land.

The two knights followed her and reined in their horses in position. Turrét and Asher, the two archers, climbed onto their own horses, which came to them as they swung the quivers off of their backs. They fastened them tightly to their saddles, securing them for speed. The Bishops came on their white horses, leading the King’s horse. The King’s face was pale, and sweat was constantly dripping from his brow. But his face was set; his jaw was strong and hard. He was ready.

Sir Mallory watched the foot soldiers stretch in front of him. He leaned down and wished Simon and Timothy good luck. They smiled and wished him the same.

Soon the entire company was ready, standing at attention. The king coughed once or twice, and then all was quiet.

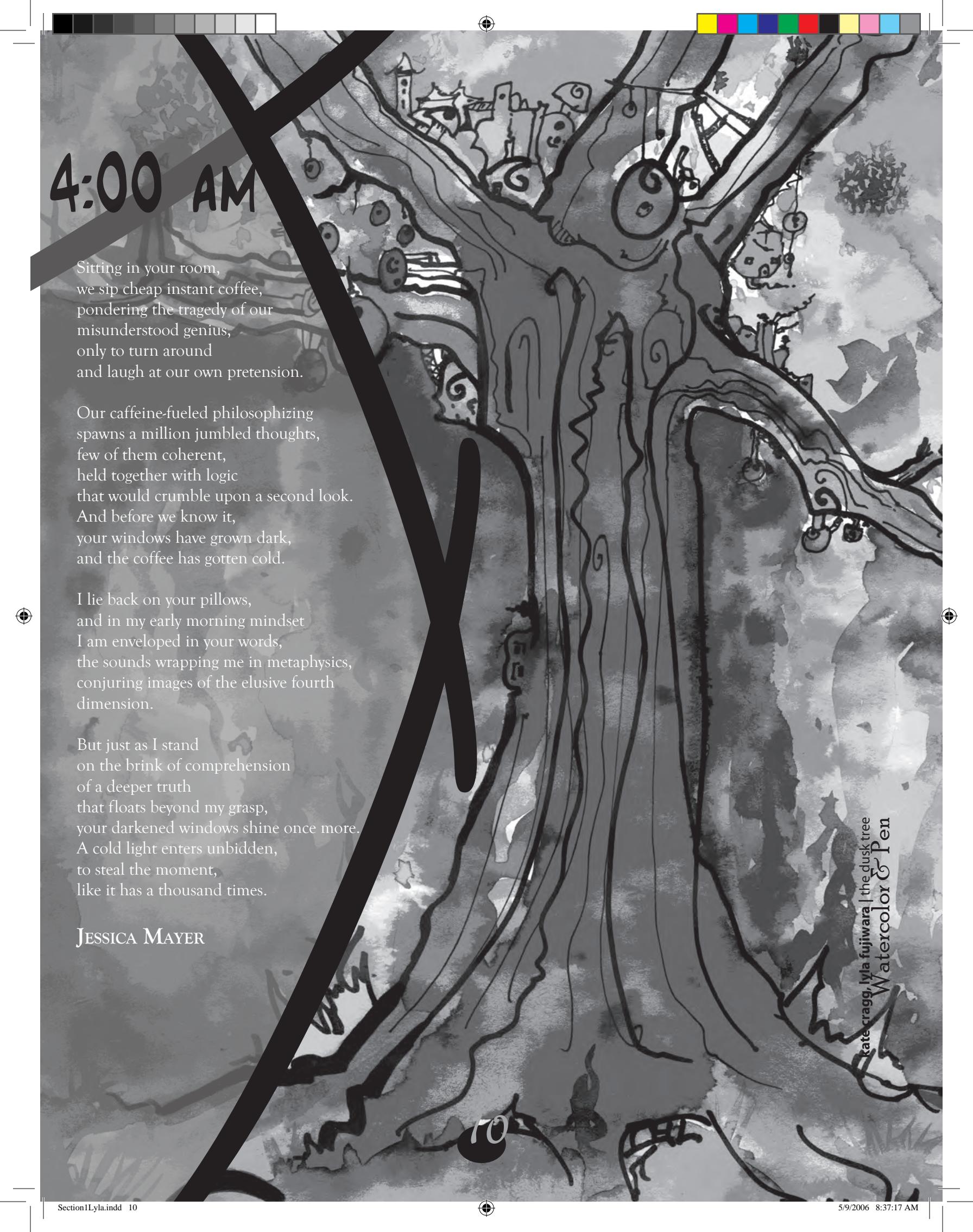
As the sun rose higher, they could see the opposing troop on the other side of the battleground. Their armor was dark.

“Remember,” Timothy was saying in a low voice to Simon as the wind picked up and huge clouds began to stretch over the battlefield, “always stay in the light. If you step into the shadows, you will be taken and you will never return.”

Sir Mallory looked out at the enemy, recognizing a few faces from only weeks before. Suddenly, a glint caught his eye from the other side of the field. The Queen unsheathed her sword in response and steadied both her horse and her hand.

“TO GLORY!” she screamed, and lifted the shining blade high in the air.

kate cragg | sumi-e horse
Watercolor



4:00 AM

Sitting in your room,
we sip cheap instant coffee,
pondering the tragedy of our
misunderstood genius,
only to turn around
and laugh at our own pretension.

Our caffeine-fueled philosophizing
spawns a million jumbled thoughts,
few of them coherent,
held together with logic
that would crumble upon a second look.
And before we know it,
your windows have grown dark,
and the coffee has gotten cold.

I lie back on your pillows,
and in my early morning mindset
I am enveloped in your words,
the sounds wrapping me in metaphysics,
conjuring images of the elusive fourth
dimension.

But just as I stand
on the brink of comprehension
of a deeper truth
that floats beyond my grasp,
your darkened windows shine once more.
A cold light enters unbidden,
to steal the moment,
like it has a thousand times.

JESSICA MAYER

Kate Cragg, Lyla Fujiwara | the dusk tree
Watercolor & Pen



frosh

a stem changing insult-
a four letter word
that happens to have five letters

the sensation of having a stamp on your forehead
in letters big and red
(just like the shirts of those older, bigger
better, stronger, prettier, smarter
people that, by some unhappy accident,
are three years older than me)

marveling at the gorgeously
primitive logic
of senior girls
(they have suffered, so now I
have to)
and anticipating the day
when
I will claim my right
to think this way
or to go up stairs without
stammering apologies
and trying to shrink into
nothing

because I am many things,
like a vh1 addict, and a soprano,
and a little bit scared but terribly excited,
and full of hope for finding my math class
or maybe even something like
happiness?

there are many things ahead of me
and I am many things
but right now what I am
is a
frosh.
tgif.

BETH HYLAND

ashley fuino | girl with backpack
Photography



Ambiguity

LEILA EHRENBERG

Its physical manifestation is relatively simple. It starts at some imperceptible point on my forearm, slowly curving, a subtle paleness creeping into its equation. From there it blossoms, arches, transforms itself. Bands of some strange sinew span its width every so often, giving it structure, a certain asymmetrical balance. It ends its journey at my wrist where it sprouts a small, curved outgrowth before mysteriously disappearing. The lines that used to span my wrist bow toward it, the physiological victor. In a word, it is beautiful.

There are variations and permutations, but that's essentially the gist of their questions, no matter how much subtlety they cloak it with. My lips always have some trouble letting out the words, the lines I've memorized after all this.

"I um... I punched a window."
Usually that's about as far as I go. There are people who still hang on to their pre-conceived notion of a suicide attempt, and some who sprout theories of rage or insanity in their minds. In any case, everybody thinks of something to add on to my sparse response. Really, we all just want another story.

itself into one vague, reddish event. Here is what I know: It wasn't self-infliction. It wasn't an accident. It wasn't a fit of wild rage.

The invariable response to my explanation is some expression of pain, an ouch or a wince, as if physical pain were the worst part of the ordeal. For me, maybe the worst part is that for one instant my motives were foreign, alien. Or maybe it's that knowing that for a single moment I existed and my body was not mine. The spot of memory that was erased will always exist somewhere in the cosmos, an inch from being within my grasp.



carol kim | skaters
Photography

There is an element of macabre amusement I've come to get from watching someone alter his face ever so slightly at the sight of my forearm. It's really not all that grotesque now. Like everything else, it has faded with time but still clings to existence, providing curiosity or perhaps a hint of empty concern from passersby. However, there is nobody who would let that pitiful look go unexplained and unjustified. And so it is that I am forced to play my role in this unauthored one-act play.

"Geez, that looks nasty. How'd it happen?"

On that September morning in sixth grade, I did in fact ball up my fist and, with a fair amount of force, propel it through the storm door that partitioned the house and the garage. Somehow, though, I can't swallow that explanation. The continuous, unbroken thread of memories that keeps me sane stumbled that day. I remember the moment before my fist went into motion, the way my brain was like a scale zeroing itself. I remember the sound, almost like a crass set of chimes, of the knife-like glass shards clattering to the cement ground. Everything else smudges

No, the worst part is I really don't know. Please don't tell anyone.

EVOLUTION

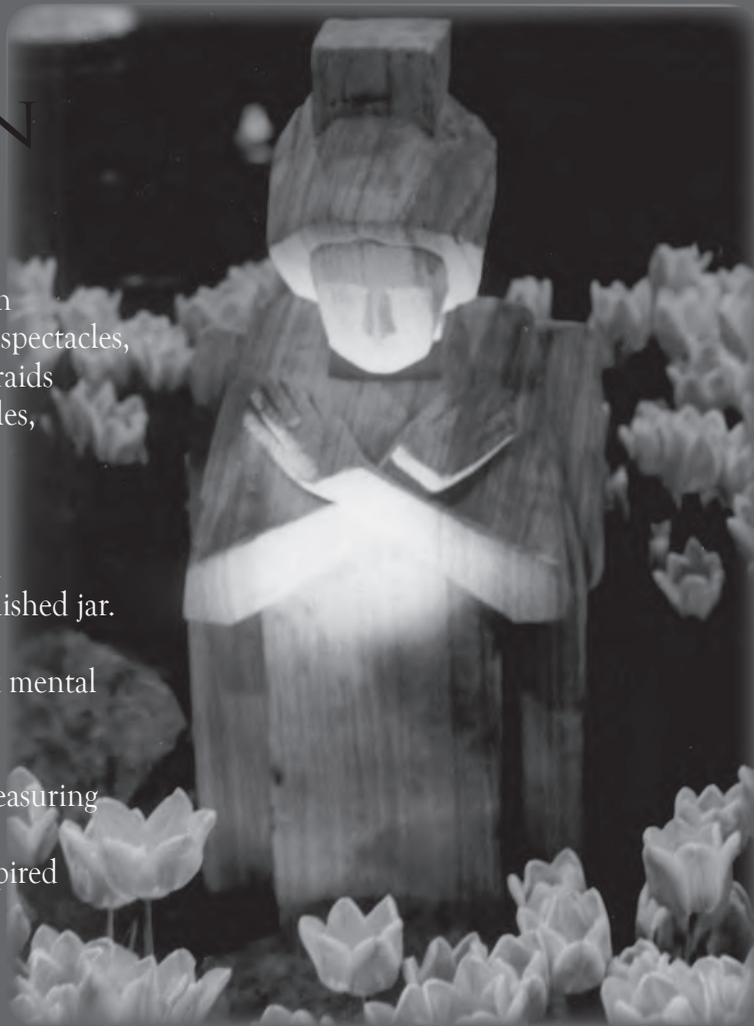
There was never a moment when the infant with the large, round spectacles, flowered stretch pants, untidy braids discovered there were certain rules, certain patterns to be followed and began to list the things she ought not do, to collect her mistakes like small translucent marbles in a well-polished jar.

No epiphany began the complex mental tabulations of goodwill, of income and expenditure, and the careful weighing and measuring of the joke that fell flat or small conversation that transpired without error.

She has advanced, she feels, grown more complex, grasping only now the intricacies of the sudden surge of guilt and remorse flooding hotly across the face, the unrelenting throb of blood behind the forehead, the desperate desire for silence.

Crawling from the leafy tangle of one jungle, she escapes into the towering, expanding sprawl of what she chooses to build for herself.

SARAH WINSBERG



meg gilley | statue and tulips
Photography

Across the Bay

A skeleton of white buildings
stretches its batwing bridges
across
the
fog
and
water
to where I stand, here, on greener shores,
where waves tumble unrestrained
against the rocks.

“Isn’t the city beautiful?” you ask,
wrinkles creasing at the corners of your eyes.
I am silent in teenage protest.
These hills, cloaked with clouds that unfurl over oceans,
are beautiful,
more majestic than your jumbled Lego city.

You left your heart in San Francisco
and expect me to reclaim it, but I am not at home
in that wasteland of bones - your bones.

The bay pushes the city
away
from
the
land,
creating an expanse
of blue uncertainty we call
the generation gap.

Sun glints off your white towers
- perhaps they are beautiful after all -
but they are small compared to

the mounds poised to
dive into the sea, the redwoods,
the future
veiled in fog.

LAUREN WEISS

Maria Antonia

The night is cold.
I huddle in the dark, away from the death
that awaits me.
It was something I didn't want:
To be queen. To be her, in the mirror there.
But here I am, awaiting the sharp blade:
expecting it to slice through the throat
that once sang to my children.

Do you know what it is like?
To watch your husband,
though you hated him so,
pass your window
on the way to his end?
Seated high, even in death he rules
over the jeering crowd.
The penniless crowd.
The breadless crowd.
As I watch my husband, I fear for myself.
I am to meet his end.
I am to join him.
I am to join God.

And, yet.

The morning is here, and so are my prayers.
A mother's last words to her children
are scrawled on scrap.
My dress is pure and clean.
Through the jeering crowd.
The penniless crowd.
The breadless crowd.
Onto the scaffold I climb:
"Monsieur, je demande votre pardon."

And as I listen to the world
As it rises to a heartbreaking crescendo -

SHANA KRISLOFF

shana krisloff | onion
Photography

Misconstrued

KATE CRAGG

“Requesting the Docking Commander of Spaceport A7584II, the Floating Satellite Zahan.”

“Transferring, please hold a moment!”

“Jizbriel!”

“I told you to call me Commander, but yes.”

“You’re a charade of a Commander, you miserable bastard. It’s Alder.”

“I knew who it was. Go ahead, I haven’t got all day for old comrades.” He chuckled and waved on an aide.

“I’ve got updates for you. That Class IV threat we’ve been tracking?” Instantly the Commander sat up.

“You’ve got the basics already, right? She’s about 5’6”, wavy brown hair, olive complexion? I know that doesn’t get you very far. Recently I got some hot reports she’s in your area. Here’s the thing, she’s been trying some new genetic modification drug, so her eyes will look unfocused, she might have that slippery feeling you get when the auras go out of whack from the drugs. You know what I’m talking about, Jizbriel?”

“Yeah, I got you-”

“Jizbriel, one more thing. Just... keep your eyes open, don’t mess around and make damn sure your guards do the same. I hear terrible reports of the slaughter once she’s visited an area. I don’t want to have to bring your body home to your folks, either.”

“Yes. Alder...Thanks. Next time you’re around, I owe you one.”

“See you around-” His new intern cut off the call. Jizbriel sat back from his short bout of furious note taking and scowled.

In the scheme of things, it really wasn’t much more. Alder hadn’t even specified what “in his area” meant. He would have to pull together all the guards in the station to spot something so subtle. But if it meant he took out the Class IV threat, some ambiguities would be overcome. He felt a small tingling of excitement and fear. He had a shot.

Chaos wasn’t necessarily a bad thing if you gave in to change. Merz appreciated every way she had unsorted his life. He always had the feeling that the air around her undulated, shifted and faded, slipping in

and out of focus more even as he tried to pin it down. It was this that had first made him melt when he’d met Alleriel. They were both preparing to give up parts of their lives and join the crew of a space trading ship. It was one of the riskiest ways to get out of debt.

She and Merz got tangled up in the ship corridor’s airspace tunnel and emerged a few hours later, sweaty and gazing at the other, high phrases and plans running through their heads. He had never minded the distance from humanity. Her hair unfurled and its cascading brown waves tickled his chest. Their breath was cold in the tiny cabin, but they passed hydrogen clouds, blood red, of incredible beauty.

Alleriel padded down the left wing of the ship and spoke briefly to the navigator. Grudgingly he told her they were near a spaceport and were also low on fuel. Ever since she and Merz had inherited control of the ship, the crew was reticent and surly. It had been four months since their last sojourn to anything near humanity, and only a few weeks since the former Captain’s accident. They seemed to blame the latter on *her*. She took this with patience, and figured a good rest from deep space would stop their scapegoating. The wounds were still raw. But dammit! She had been nothing but kind.

Merz could scream at the red nebulas winking at him from the screen. He kicked the generator panel savagely and a pack fell from above to land at his feet. The Captain’s tool pack. He looked around the bridge feeling the loss anew. The beaten-up old console, that was now his, echoing with ghosts of rough laughter. A wash of tight grief assaulted him for a moment as he remembered the Captain, gruff as he had been, hardened by years of low-income trading runs. How an old space dog who’d been at this for decades had just ended up asphyxiated on a ship with fully functioning life support was beyond his reckoning. Space took people without concern for experience.

Merz looked at her coldly. The first time he had done this she had laughed at him, but he had gotten better and perfected his art, till he was sure that when she looked at him next, she would see true, callous indifference in his eyes and be frightened. Run away, and be safe. His throat tightened as Alleriel swirled, dancing in his mind’s eye, and the waves of panic rose. He couldn’t let her keep up this life; it would

kill her like it had killed their Captain. The decision, once chaotic and furly in his mind alongside the tangled grief, solidified as he gazed, transfixed and almost numbed, at the soft glow of her bare shoulders, reflected on the window among the cold stars. He felt it like a punch in the gut as he concluded that there was only one choice.

Deep space had seemed at first like the frightening void early pioneers described it as. Like those on the tiny tubs crossing the Atlantic, the skies were chillingly vast and dwarfing. They swallowed hopes, lives, even galaxies. How did one miniscule light compare to that great nothingness? Alleriel sat in the engine room watching the fury of the spinning circles and gears and zipping mechanical parts moving in and out like the motion of teeth chomping. She sat and stared at these whirring shiny metal parts for a few hours, and by comparison the emptiness outside seemed tiny.

The ship was late. Everything was going wrong. Since they were so off-schedule and low on fuel, they had radioed ahead, and the guards had already agreed to let them land privately on the port, far from the High Command station. The inspections would be minimal. The guards who were Merz's friends felt a sort of responsibility to do the occasional favor for struggling space traders.

As they approached the Station, they were hailed by the Docking Command, a minor disturbance. One of the Telespotters had noticed a dangerous generator asphiosynthesis key hanging off the east wing, and recommended they land immediately. An open Official Dock was nearest, and the Communications lady kindly offered it to them. The people having seen this generator key were anxious, since there was a small chance of the defect starting a chain reaction that would end inevitably in the ship exploding.

Commander Jizbriel had always felt it his duty to personally oversee ships encountering this kind of mishap. He had noticed a pattern of Captains usually being ignorant of the danger it posed. He didn't want to let a simple lack of knowledge go unchecked when trade was bad as it was. They could do with a few less trading ships blowing up in exchange for a few minutes of his time. He strode out, intending to do his good deed, and go back to trying to find the threat.

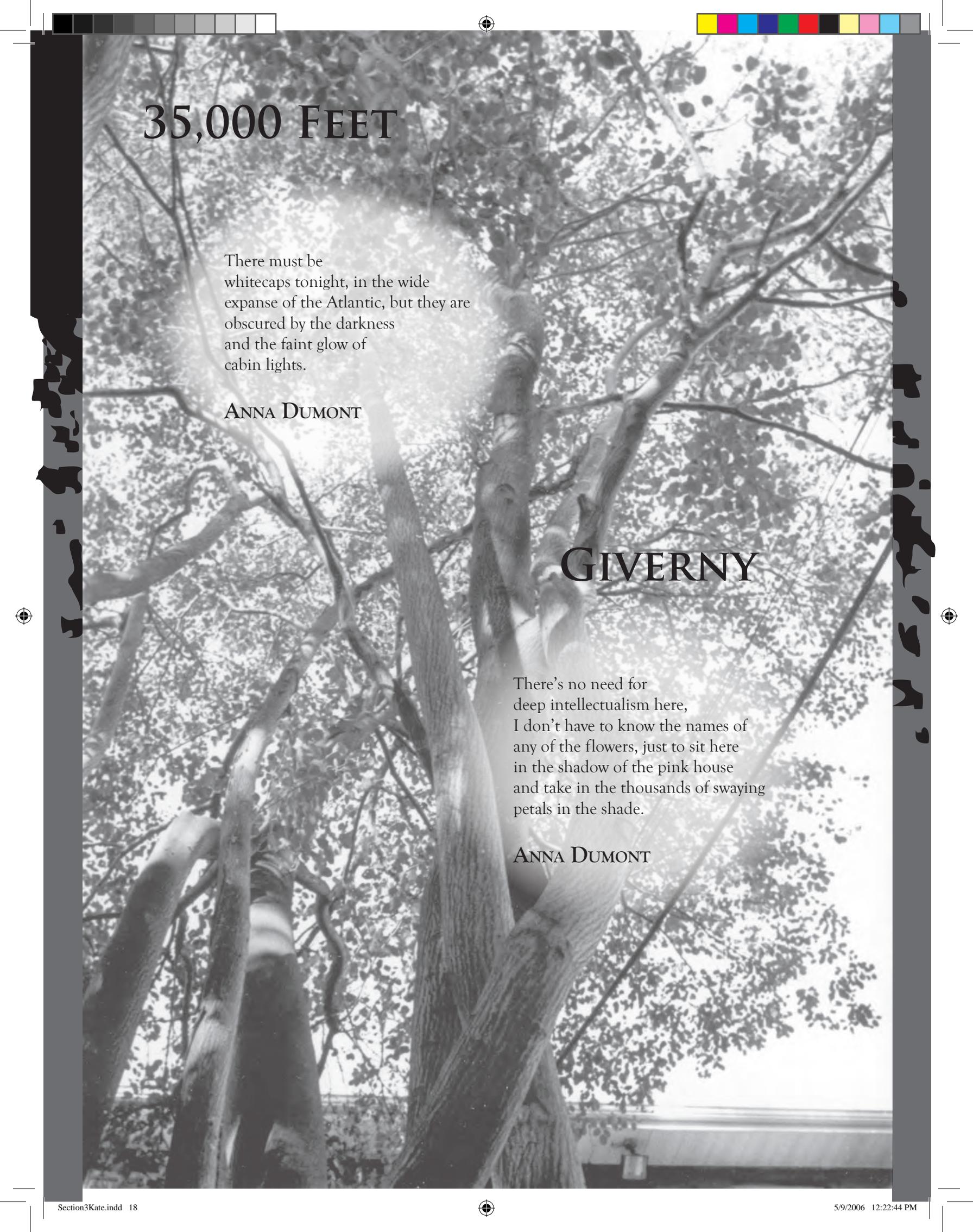
Alleriel, now commander, stepped off the ship and presented herself to the official in front of her,

quickly saluting him. She stumbled past him. Spaceport Commander Jizbriel was frozen stiff, rooted to the spot, as he saw her. He felt a twinge in his hands where his scar was, a microtremble.

In the market she wandered, numb, till she found herself at an Old-Chinois shop and got given a fortune cookie, since they felt sorry for her, looking so lost. *If you love the bird, let it fly free.* Alleriel's thoughts were muddy at she looked up at the simulated night sky's thunderous neon lights of the crowded spaceport market. Something on her face had felt damp all day and she couldn't place it. Here were the multitudes she thought she'd missed so; the market overflowed with people, exotic goods, human contact. It was bare.

Jizbriel gave the command as soon as she left. He felt a deep regret that the entire ship had to be compromised. His sources said there had been a crew. They had found a most peculiar time to rediscover their loyalty, and there had been one of them near her every time his marksmen tried to eliminate her on the station.

The ship departed. Silent streaks of red and orange spread over the inky black.



35,000 FEET

There must be
whitecaps tonight, in the wide
expanse of the Atlantic, but they are
obscured by the darkness
and the faint glow of
cabin lights.

ANNA DUMONT

GIVERNY

There's no need for
deep intellectualism here,
I don't have to know the names of
any of the flowers, just to sit here
in the shadow of the pink house
and take in the thousands of swaying
petals in the shade.

ANNA DUMONT









The Mind of a Writer



You're/judging/me/right/now/aren't/you?
Is/the/punctuation/right?
Where/are/the/commas?
Why/are/there/no/spaces?

Why/are/there/so/many/questions?

What/is/the/meaning/of/this-
Is/it/sympathetic?
Cruel?
Self-conscious?
Could/it/even/be/judgmental?

Judgmental/to/the/editors-
Of/the/fellow/writers-

And/what/made/me/do/this?
I'm/scared-
Scared/of/being/judged-
Scared/of/failure-
Scared/of/your/pen-
Scratching/through/the/paper/with/a/vengeance
Red/bleeding/through/this/skin/of/my/creativity-
Modeling/an/ancient/Roman/phalanx-
Marching/crushing/destroying-

So/kill/my/creativity-
Kill/my/ideas-
Kill/my/thoughts/and/my/style-
Kill/the/life/that/sits/in/front/of/you-
Because/I/realize/that/in/the/end

I create for myself.

SHANA KRISILOFF

ying xu | sleepless
Pencil

I woke today to the image of your hand gripping the couch in your darkened living room, the only light coming from the TV screen, a movie we started watching. From my bed I can see your hand beside your bare hip, clutching the fabric of a soft family cushion trying in vain to stifle the urgent calls to pleasure that I greedily draw from you.

I did nothing today. Upon waking I fixated on that image. I lay in bed for almost two hours I think, I don't really know, I'm a terrible judge of time and distance.

interrupted weddings, maternity tests, paternity tests, kidnappings and comas, all punctured by your hand brushing the hair away from my cheek. More bad acting and then, a line of kisses running from my shoulder where a bra strap has slipped loose, up to my neck and finally, urgently, deeply to parted lips.

I took a long shower to wash away the sweat you raised from my skin. Standing, staring at dated pink tiles, lukewarm water poured over me, giving no second thought to my body as it explored thoroughly

as I wait for these images to fade like the marks still on my neck and chest.

I want to talk to you, but more, I want you to talk to me. I have nothing to say; I'm not even thinking in words or ideas just... images, memories. I am sitting at my window listening to music that has no lyrics; I feel comfortable listening to it; it matches my brain's own lack of syllables.

Tomorrow...I don't know about tomorrow, maybe you'll call me, although I know you probably won't. We might talk, though, and



I would hear the phone ring from my tousled bed with its twisted sheets and stiffen, then mentally slap myself for hoping to hear my mother's footsteps coming up the stairs to enter my room—"It's for you"—then pretend to treat the lack of tread as a blessing and roll over one last time.

That scene, as well as many others, never quite left me as I stumbled disconnected through my lonely life. I did eventually get out of bed but merely shifted to the big chair in front of my TV. I sat, sinking ever farther into the leather, and witnessed an endless stream of scheming women, backstabbing,

charted territory before continuing its head-first dive toward a grate of tiny black holes. Where it will end up after it passes through the cold steel, I have only a slightly better idea than it does.

Back in the chair. That box of ever-changing pixels, electricity and technology that I will never understand, serves only as a temporary distraction from the motion behind my eyes, stealing my attention with fuzzy, bad-quality frames of tender touches and bare shoulders flickering across the screen. I slouch, starting to decay

I will pretend I am whole, complete with a thought pattern, and I will be happy. Maybe we will spend the night together and maybe I will have fun but now, tonight, in this moment, I prepare to turn off the light above my head. I attempt to abandon the hope that is subtly, stubbornly there, though I will deny it if you ask, that you might appear at my window as I sit here writing and...well, my day has come full circle—I see you grip.

The light is off now but I can still see, just barely by the glow of the TV, the light from the movie we have long since stopped watching.



julia kurz | stop
Photography



Annihilation Violates

Annihilation violates the virgin order,
the joint conquest of pain and anarchy.
Her orgasms cause oragenies,
and the table collapses under the weight.
Thrown aside like a rag doll,
civilization is left panting and sore,
licking the remnants off her ruined face.

NICK GREENLEAF



ravdeep jaidka | swings
Photography

Study

These late, late hours
drive like a bolt through my head
as the sun begins to rise.
The civilizations jumble
in a hectic dance
through my mind,
stopping for no question,
giving me no answer.
The dawn of civilization
is illuminated by the
dawn outside my window.
The fall of Rome is simulated
by my head against the pillow.

SHANA KRISILOFF





I Think I Have a Fever

REBECCA SCHACHTER

Here's the thing: I'm never really sick, and I hate that. Yup, that's right. I want to be sick, really sick. Well, not *really* sick. Not knock-down-drag-out-puking-coughing-sneezing sick. But it would be nice to have a fever for once. Just once, I'd like to be validated. I'd like to feel like I have a fever and genuinely have one. I'd like to be able to stay home sick without having to lie about it, too. Yeah, that'd be good for once.

You know how it is. "Keep your child home if he has a fever." "We send students home if they have fevers." Yada yada yada. That's it; a fever's just about the only way to get out of school. Well, that and lice. But anyhow, the point is that, when you are a school-aged person living in a house with other school-aged people and, more importantly, *parents* of school-aged people, it also becomes the only measure of sickness in general. The logic goes something like this:

You can only stay home from school if you have a fever (or are actively vomiting all over things). You don't have a fever. Therefore, you can't stay home from school. And, as if that weren't quite enough, it continues. You stay home from school if you are sick. If you don't have a fever, you can't stay home from school. Therefore, and this is the part that really kills me, if you don't have a fever, you're not, in fact, sick at all.

Well, you know what? I have something to say about that!

I have been slighted, I and all the other school-goers whose temperature can't deign to rise above the obligatory 98.6° when we feel ill. I have been slighted, and I have something to say. I mean, think about it. It's almost discrimination. (What shall I call it? "Temperturism," perhaps, or maybe just "Fever Bias.") But moreover, it's just downright depressing.

Here's how it usually goes. I'll be sitting at my computer, doing my homework like the responsible student I am, when suddenly things begin to go wrong. My head starts to swirl a bit, becoming heavier as time passes. My hands get cold, maybe a little stiff, to the point that my typing becomes an illegible tangle of typos ("Teh batttle fo Yroktow nwas..."). And then, finally, the crushing blow: My face begins to feel warm. (If there is, perhaps, a difficult test or a looming deadline scheduled for classes tomorrow, it is clearly irrelevant.) Instinctively, I'll put my hand to my forehead, knowing full well that I absolutely cannot take my own temperature with any degree of correctness. Still, it will feel warm. It always does.

So, I trudge obliging down the hall to find a thermometer – or perhaps my mother. I locate my mom, and she repeats the procedure. Of course, it's not very reassuring that she begins to say, "Nope, not warm at all," before her hand even *reaches* my head. (Perhaps she's been through this a few times before, but my determination to have a fever knows no bounds. By this point, I honestly believe I can

will my temperature to rise – I just haven't gotten it right yet.)

In defiance (and procrastination – the typos beckon) I go over to the closet and rummage around for a thermometer. I stick it rebelliously into my mouth, as far in as it can go, on the theory that the back of my mouth is somehow warmer than the front. There is then an interval in which I give myself an even greater headache by trying to read the numbers as they go up, but in fact simply crossing my eyes to no avail. Then, finally, gravely, it beeps. I remove it tremulously, and read the numbers. 97.7°. "Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!" I cry, or something else equally eloquent. I jab at the buttons to wipe the screen clear, shove the thermometer back in the box, and toss it into the closet. I then storm out of the room. (looking daggers at my dad and his "cold-blooded" genes).

Now, that's just too much. It would be one thing if I just didn't have a fever. That would be okay, I suppose. You can't always have a fever. But for my temperature to be *below* normal when I so deserve to have a raging fire behind my forehead? No, that's just too much indeed.

Of course, my temperature, personally, is always below normal, so it's not that much of a shock. 97.7° is no surprise to me. But really, adding insult to injury like that! And here's another problem with it. Say I have a slight fever; say it's up by about a degree. Where does that put me? You guessed it: 98.6°. Try explaining to someone



that you have a fever of 98.6°. They'll look at you like you're from outer space. (It's kind of funny, actually, but only the first hundred or so times.)

So what all this adds up to is that I can probably count on one hand the number of times I have had a genuine fever as recognized by the medical community—that is to say, by my parents. Which means that, for the most part, my parents

don't believe me if I say I'm too sick to go to school. Now, back when we were young and carefree with the relative innocence of middle school ("Tra la la, this won't go on my transcript!"), there was but one reasonable response to this: To lie, to lie through my teeth. I'd add to the list of symptoms until I had them convinced that if I even stepped out of *bed* I'd crackle into a million tiny pieces. It didn't always work—in fact, it almost never worked—but it was always worth a shot. Now, though, in the throes of junior year, well, if you miss a day and your

timing is off, you could be making it up for weeks, even months! It's a headache unto itself. So, sad as it is, I often find myself going off to school voluntarily, even when I am convinced beyond all doubt that I have a fever.

Still, though. Just once I would like to be vindicated. I would like to ask my mom if I have a fever and I would like her to put her hand to my forehead only to snatch it away, burned by the sizzling heat and shout, "Yes! Yes, by god, you do have a fever!" That's all I want, really. It's not so much to ask.



stephanie northwood | swinging disk
Photography





MECHANIZATION SYNTHESIS

Clicking and clacking, I smile.

A human behind me prods the words
on the page into the way he needs.

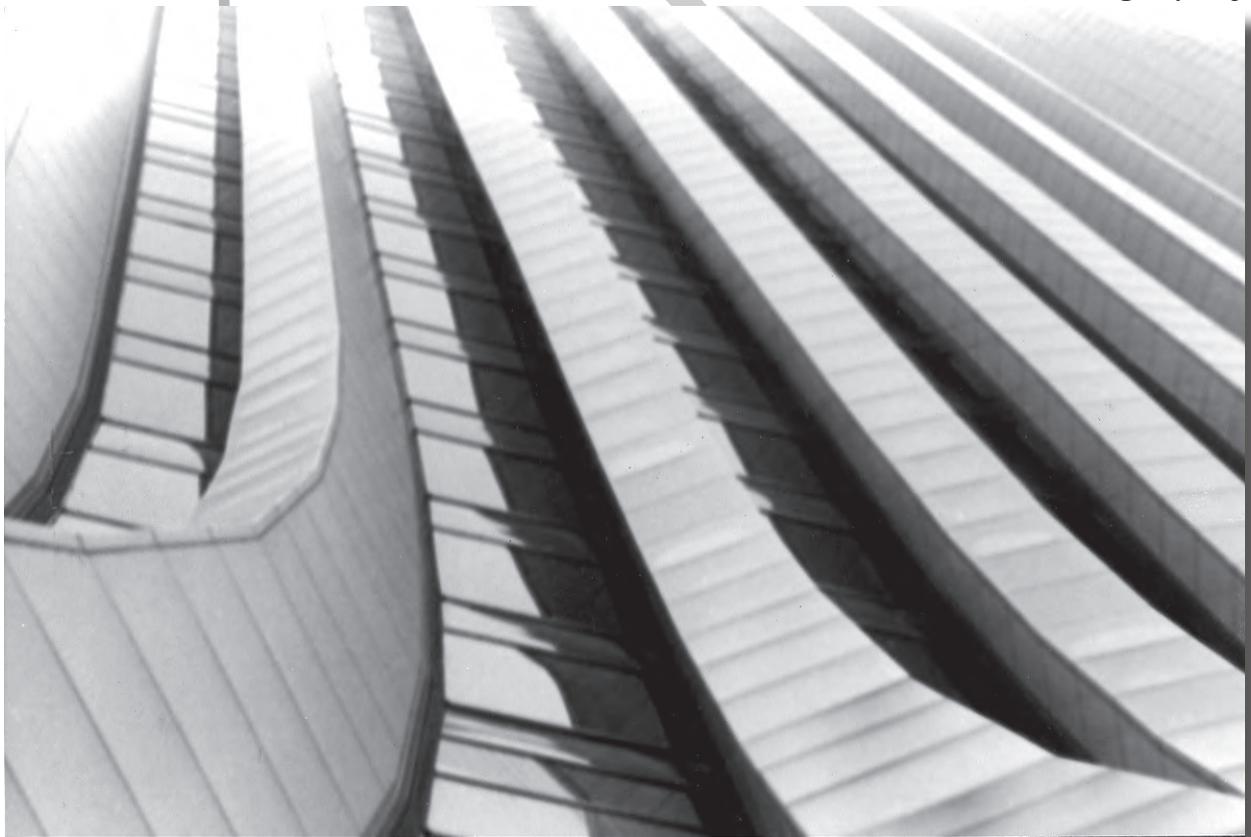
There is no process, no formula for words,
No common denominator to express
feelings, emotions, descriptions.

My smile broadens, clacking and clicking.

The human doesn't even know the difference
between himself and me.

NATHAN PARKER

emmett butler | chase
Photography



DAVID SCHWARTZ

Turquoise scarves flapped in the eastern wind as the painted girl, displaying innocent features and childlike hues, let her naked feet make contact with the sands. Grains circled about her, clinging to the cloth that hung from her protruding stomach. The young girl bit her lip and trudged on.

The border of chaos and despair met civilization in a metamorphosis of sand to pavement. While a nearby artist illustrated brick coffee shops, the girl's tangled eyelashes shivered in the urban breeze, hiding the strange grey eyes that were muddy with a mystic past and cloudy with a corrupted future. Reluctantly, she looked down at a display nestled in the strands of shriveled cloth that armored her rotund belly. 2:43.

Lifeless fingers tucked a wisp of hair back into the helmet of cloth and pastel. The girl eyed a single crowded café, shielded with glass windowpanes. She wobbled toward it, wrestling the eastern winds and punishing the pavement with her putrid feet.

The brown-haired shop owner spun from the counter and made eye contact with the paradoxical grey eyes of the girl. Her scarves proved her figure to be fat, yet she was beautiful in the face. His clean hands pulled back the chair, inviting her to sit.

She looked toward the ground with disgust. A single drop of sweat swam down her swan-like face and fell into the abyss behind her cotton restraint. The numbers met her shifting eyes. 1:21.

The worried shopkeeper trotted to her side. The weak palm placed affectionately on her shoulder suddenly dented the mess of cloth.

The doors opened with the new wind.

Her irate eyes met his, having shed their innocence. The girl's quivering body pulled itself from him cogently, yet she still yearned for the man to stroke her young face. Silently, she turned and coughed with the faintest of air. The grey in her eyes lightened; the superimposed furrows were erased.

With a creak, the glass doors won the natural battle, pushed back the breeze, and shut with a slight slam.

He was walking back to her. The obese girl hastily evaded his eyesight and read the display. The coffee shop owner put another hand on her slouching shoulder, his mouth open but hesitant. As his bulging irises connected with the grey in her large, almond eyes, he realized she was not the same. Therein laid the secret, and yet the compassion.

"Destiny," she whispered as he alertly looked at the display she left uncovered. 0:02.

In that instant, she watched him run, almost in slow motion. Her arms stretched outward in a futile attempt to tug it off her bare chest, now visibly concave without protection from the mess of scarves. The grey, dull eyes stared at the inhabitants of the room as her heart beat in time with the strange drum she struggled to detach.

The shop owner's feet tapped the wretched flooring for a last time and the cracking doors swung open with the fury of the elements, only to leave the unknowledgeable eastern wind vulnerable to the blast.

Pastel Gale

New Mask

Gaping eye sockets
framed by golden sequins
over a splinter mouth,
Mardi Gras feathers arrayed
like a peacock's tail on
smoky ebony smoother than any face -

you're hiding again:
a new mask, but I can still see the hand
that holds its delicate handle.

LAUREN WEISS





Play me a sad one, Mr. Barista

The songs here are in Spanish.
Acoustic chords wind past flowered skirts and
through the nicked, wooden legs of chairs that teeter
beneath the tables. I know that he doesn't come here
for the bagels.

He sits, reading the only newspaper section that
the cigarette-smoking college students haven't
smuggled onto the patio, to fan themselves with while
discussing Chopin's *Prelude*. His pants are too short,
and meek, woolen socks wink beneath the cuffs.

Crumbs flutter down his lapel as he thumbs through
the Wal-Mart ads, comparing the price of paper towels
with how things were in the good old days. The song
now is a slow one, and his foot tries to catch it as the
coffee drinkers navigate the aisle, knocking his head
with their elbows.

Spanish chords mingle with the clattering plates.
Students sling trombones and violins over their
shoulders,
counting quarters to match the rising price of biscotti.
There he sits, foot tapping, socks winking, swallowing
his muted bliss. And though it is the middle of the day
and his lunch break is almost over, he leans back and
closes his eyes, knowing that five minutes are five
minutes
only if you're in a rush.

COURTNEY MORRISSEY



Hurricane

margo blevins | pier
Photography

SARAH WINSBERG

When my grandmother laughed, she bared her teeth, yellowed and rotting from years of cigarettes. Her voice was loud and harsh like a gale of wind, and it got louder after her hearing started to go. She was easily angered, too, and her sudden howls were unpredictable—the time my sister asked whether she’d ever tried Indian food, the time I gave her a few jellybeans. She played Mah Jongg with intense concentration, yelling in frustration when her tremor knocked the little tiles to the floor.

Last September, she blew into Rochester on a Boeing 727, the last winds of a hurricane chasing its tail. She’d weathered the storm in her office, leaving her trailer near the coast in Port St. Lucie to face the winds alone, but now the power and water were gone, and she needed a place to stay for a week or two. I first saw her that trip as she made her way up the steps to the kitchen, clutching at the railing. She greeted my sister and me as usual, smearing lipstick on our cheeks as she hugged us, and I escaped upstairs as soon as I could.

She was alone a lot that week since we were all variously occupied with school, work, and everything else. It wasn’t at all like her usual visits, with their carefully planned outings and long

communal breakfasts. Instead, I’d come home to find her asleep in front of a blaring television, her hearing aid lying next to the sink. Sometimes, she’d sit in front of the house on a lawn chair smoking a cigarette. My mother didn’t like her smoking in the house.

I found her one day at the kitchen table reading a newspaper, and I sat down with a fat textbook and a sheet of loose-leaf. I smiled a little in greeting. It was hard to think of some bit of conversation that wouldn’t sound ridiculous after being repeated several times so she’d understand it. My pencil scratched quietly at the paper.

The telephone, perched silently on the wall, suddenly awoke from its slumber. An unfamiliar voice asked for Sue. I knew this was the doctor, still in Florida, who’d promised to visit my grandmother’s trailer and tell her whether she’d have a place to return to when the power came back on. I gave her the phone.

She listened for a minute and thanked the doctor, and when she hung up, she told me the trailer had been pronounced mostly all right. “What a relief,” she said, her voice nasal as always. “What a load off my mind,” she repeated, and I knew it was true, but still I saw her tremor shivering through her fingers up into her arms. Her trailer stood

steadfast, only miles from the shore, and the one next to it lay on its back like a turtle, and the one next to that was a wreck of cracked glass and dented metal.

In a minute her size-four heels were clattering on the wooden floor, and then somehow she was in my arms. Her head, feathered with downy hair, trembled on my shoulder. “Oh God,” she said. She was very small, less than five feet tall, and her bones were right next to her skin. I wondered how, with her hearing trouble and her limping and her tremor, this fragile woman managed to keep a job as a secretary, how she could live all alone in Port St. Lucie when a little trailer my parents had bought her was all that kept her from cracking into a thousand pieces.

“Oh God,” said my grandmother in her little flowered dress. “Oh God, oh God, oh God.” A raindrop made its way down the soft ridges of her cheek, and I brushed it away with awkward fingers. My grandmother leaned further, resting all the weight of her small frame against me.

In Florida, the smooth, solid raindrops that were hurled to the ground had given way to the steady drip of water droplets from the rooftops. The last threatening winds slipped into the sea.



adam goodman | zoning out
Colored pencil



BINARY CODE

unpreventable by **modern man** himself,
the flaw of his thought;
a certain catastrophic crisis.

seducing eyes to gaze,
while lessons amble on;
dropping pens and staring.

no longer showing the way out,

now, capturing attention;
when we need to leave we're drawn
back in.

unpredictable is this
technological death;
the aberration of the familiar
red light.

one, zero, one, zero, zero.

on, off, on, off, off.
the non-cyclic changes
of its binary disease.

i pack my bag and leave,
but stop for a **moment**—
just to stare at the
flickering exit sign.

DAVID SCHWARTZ



Terminal

Lyla Fujiwara

He woke up slowly, consciousness muddling with dreams and the buzzing green pinpricks that developed into electric lamps. They were the only lights, harsh. For a moment there were only those buzzing lanterns and a trail of spittle that clung to his cheek and the brown corduroy.

Corduroy.

His spine gave an audible crack as his head shot up. Amber eyes met his.

“Morning.”

“Ethan?” He looked at the face, drinking it in. “W-Where did you go?”

“I’ve just been waiting for you to wake up.” Their hands found one another. It was a familiar gesture but nevertheless Alex felt a great weight lifted and his throat twisted in a knot. Vision grew watery and Alex tried to ignore the annoying pressure growing behind his eyes. The mind works in curious ways and Alex was reminded of a man in a plaid shirt and jeans.

He was the king of a small patch of Adirondack land. Back in the stuffy Kodak cubicles, he worked to the metronome of a clock. But by some miracle of his Ford Explorer and a paid vacation he had deserted that tyranny and found his own pine patch. In a fit of pride and fishing poles, he had taken his heir, who by the cruel hand of genetics was a bit too short and a bit too pale, for a rite of passage. The glorious pink goliath of a fish lay beneath them but something had gone terribly wrong.

margo blevens | helena
Photography

“This is how you skin a salmon! Stop that!” He retracted his large paws from the small shuddering hands he was trying to guide. With a look of disgust he shook his mane of grey hair and turned away from his now sobbing protégé. He tried futilely to count to ten, and then to twenty when that didn’t work. “Goddamn it Alex it’s just a fish, stop acting like a friggin’ girl!”

“You all right? You’re acting a bit strange.” Alex chose to wordlessly lean his cheek against the corduroy rather than to talk. “You can’t go back to sleep again. Our train might be coming soon.” In response the passage rumbled and a line of metal sped into the station. Alex blinked, finally tearing his gaze from the jacket. It was surprisingly clean for a subway station, probably one of the safer, better funded stops near Newbury. “Do you have the tickets?” He asked as he stared at an overhang pointing towards the unfamiliar Noitan Racnier Terminal.

“Somewhere. There was a bit of a confusion.”

“Mmm...?” A woman was looking up at the sign, squinting as if looking at a sunset. Her brow furrowed as she meandered towards

the subway car. A few other grey people also made their way towards the train. It must have been late. Everyone seemed tired, shuffling off to a grim destination. Alex wondered how long he’d stayed up. Was last night the Coldplay concert? He checked his watch. 3:15 am. “It’s late.”

“Let’s try this train, then.” said Ethan.

“Is it going to the right place?”

“One of.” Never retracting his hand, Ethan stood and helped Alex to his feet. Pins and needles shot up Alex’s leg, as he leaned gratefully on Ethan as Ethan had so many times leaned on him. He stared hard at the jacket as they walked, not paying much attention to his buzzing feet.

“Are we going to your apartment?” Ethan smiled and ran a large hand through Alex’s hair in an almost maternal fashion. Alex felt the overwhelming urge to kiss him but stopped. A little boy was staring at them, a mixed expression of confusion and arrogance on his square face. Alex realized with a blush how public they were being. Resenting his red face he held onto Ethan even tighter.

“I think I better find someone who runs the train. Just stay here.”

“But” Ethan had already gently removed Alex’s hands and was heading towards the front of the train. Alex looked sheepishly back at the boy, who was still staring at him.

"Are you lost?" He asked, seeing the absence of a parent. The boy couldn't be older than six.

"Who are you? Who's he?" asked the boy, completely ignoring the previous question. He was pointing towards Ethan who was banging on a window near the end of the train.

"I'm Alex and he's my..." Ethan started hitting the train even more frantically, a look of desperation on his face. Alex looked back at the boy's square, expectant face "His name is Ethan. A-anyway, where are your parents?" Before the boy could answer Ethan jogged up between them.

"I think I got the conductor's attention."

"Don't tire yourself out," Alex whispered feeling a sense of déjà vu. "That boy, I think he's lost his parents." Alex turned around but the boy had already got on the train. In fact the door was shutting with a long harsh gasp. "H-hey!"

"Don't worry about the boy," said Ethan.

"But he was alone!"

"He'll be all right," said Ethan.

Alex looked at his watch.

"It's three-fifteen. Where are his parents?"

The door was opening again. An annoyed and tired man, with a toad-like chin was framed in the subway door.

"What is the problem, sir?"

"We don't have the right tickets." Ethan said, stepping between Alex and the man.

"When did the subway start using tickets?" Alex whispered, but Ethan wasn't listening to him as he produced two tickets from his pocket. Both small and white, one had a large blue strip at the top,

while the other had an orange.

"Those are the right tickets," said the man, giving them not so much as a glance.

"You don't understand; we need to go together."

"Hold out your hands."

Thoroughly perplexed, Alex watched Ethan thrust out his hand and meekly followed suit.

"Why don't we just buy another ticket?" Alex whispered again. Ethan gave him a pained glance.

"Well that's the reason right there." said the man, tapping Ethan's ring finger.

"How about this?" Ethan said, pulling his black hair out of the way and pointing to his neck. The man eyed the chain with a bored expression.

"Alex, show him your watch." Too confused to be embarrassed, Alex pulled back his sleeve, revealing the Rolex. Hazily he remembered Ethan giving it to him on his twenty-fifth birthday. He had been too worried about his apartment and his parents coming to visit to notice anything. He remembered going to the Socks game, and how Ethan had slipped him the unwrapped velvet box during the ninth inning. Alex had opened the box and their eyes had met. With the crack of a bat, the crowd roared and thousands of fans rose from their seats.

"That's very nice sir, but I'm afraid." Ethan moved forward with an almost menacing step, "they aren't what he's looking for."

"Who the hell cares what he's looking for!" said Ethan, he voice rising, "Who the hell made that whole thing up? This is the wrong damn ticket!"

Normally Alex would have

stopped Ethan, put a gentle hand on his shoulder and pulled him back, but something had just dropped in his stomach. A horrid sense of dread was spreading through his innards as he stared at the watch, frozen at 3:15.

"I'm sorry, sir, you were the ones who made the rules, not us. I don't understand it either."

Alex remembered. *Clean white sheets, a corduroy jacket draped over the chair, an empty hospital bed. This has to be a dream.* Ethan was yelling, almost screaming in the background but everything was muted. Everything but the watch was gone, like when he had gotten the phone call. *This, this-*

"This can't- this isn't going to happen!" shouted Ethan. The toad-like man's hand was obscured, and looked as if it were pushing some buttons.

"We're already behind schedule sir," said the man, not meeting Ethan's eyes. "Your friend needs to get on or he never will be able to."

"Ethan," said Alex. His hands had found Ethan's shoulders fitting perfectly into the dip like they always had. He grabbed on to the corduroy. "Ethan!" *This is your shoulder and you're wearing your jacket. I didn't throw it away, I never took off the watch.*

"I." They kissed like they were crying. There was a gasp of air behind them, and then Ethan was gently letting Alex go. "N-not this, t-take anything else!" Alex stammered, feebly grasping for the jacket. With more force than he'd had for months, Ethan was pushing him through the doorway— "I lo-!"

The door closed.

PHOTOGRAPHY

In eighth grade technology, we learned that contrast was one of the seven design principles. We made photo composition journals, and I did contrast in content:
magazine searches yielded
a soldier with plastic flowers sprouting from the barrel of his gun.

They were pink, and I also thought it made for nice contrast in color, the rosy hues against so many shades of brown.

(Somehow I got an A, but I think it was the plastic report cover more than anything else.)

Three years later, I didn't know much more about photography. I didn't know the vocabulary for the feeling, but I wished my camera had a wide-angle lens that summer. Only with such a focal length could I have captured the background.

In sweltering heat and exhaustion, we tumbled from the bus and crawled en masse from the parking lot.

"Informacyjny," the sign offered outside a small wooden booth: in front of looming forest we digested another word of Polish.

The building was dark, and gently framed a bright pink t-shirt, white shorts, flowered cap, brown hair tucked through the band and into a long ponytail.

She had to be at least six, but her hands were tiny, almost too small. They overflowed with puppy, all paws and small red tongue, which she offered cheerfully to us, not understanding our enthusiastic greetings, given in relief, in gratitude for respite.

He was passed around to coos and awws, and after moments of persistent gesture, we learned that his name was Jackie.

If I knew more about photography, if I had taken the picture from the right angle, or maybe if I just had a better camera, you would be able to see the whole sign, or perhaps even the beginnings of the stone monuments, the roughly hewn shadow train tracks. But as it is, there is just a girl and her dog.

(I am the only one who knows that the sign read: "Treblinka.")

REBECCA SCHACHTER

Iyla Fujiwara | clothespins on a line
Photography



We ran across the beach,
me in my first two-piece swimsuit,
and him like Peter Pan
with his green eyes and the sand
glittering on his shoulders like fairy dust.

We skipped down to the water's edge,
sixteen each and too old to play,
and dug our fingers into the wet sand,
shaping fine-grained mud
into towers and walls.

Then we spun in circles
until we couldn't laugh any more.
We buried each other in the beach,
handful by handful,
until we were only two heads
and the waves drew closer.

Later, we stood and walked toward the water.
Our hands entwined as gulls
swooped overhead like tangled kites.
The waves kissed the shoreline
with their teasing lips.
Dark and cool, they swept over our
feet, legs, hips—

When we came back to shore,
our turreted walls had fallen.

Sarah Winsberg

The Tide Comes In



jonathan graziano | flipping out
Photography



A Parting Word

Let's pretend for a minute that someone says "Galaxy". What comes to mind? A little over four years ago I would have instantly envisioned the splash of multicolored stars you might find in a physics textbook. It was the beginning of my freshman year and a few friends and I were at Frosh Night, looking at what clubs the school had to offer.

Tables were crammed together in the school hallway, often overflowing with candy in an attempt to attract the hordes of excited freshman. Their ploy worked; we looked at each table, signing too many club emailing lists and eating too many snickers. Sometime during the night I stopped at a small booth labeled "Galaxy." Galaxy? A picturesque image of stars and space dust popped into my head.

Besides the cryptic name the booth was pretty normal. There was the same handwritten sign, the same slightly intimidating group of upperclassmen. The only major difference was that instead of candy, the table was covered in magazines. I starred at one of them with a large rainbow bird on the cover. The upperclassman manning the table smiled, "We're an art and literary magazine" she said, answering the question that had been dwelling on the tip of my tongue. "We have weekly meetings where we critique student work and we also host a lot of other activities throughout the year. Feel free to look through," she said, motioning at the magazine. Intrigued, I picked it up, thumbing through the pages. "If you want one, they're free with a one dollar donation." I left the table clutching the four most recent issues.

Over the next four years I've seen four more magazines produced (including the one you now hold in your hands). But Galaxy goes far beyond being just a magazine or just a collection of stars. Galaxy is a pile of wet shoes huddling by a screen door. It's putting off that AP American outline for just a few more hours, a steaming pot of apple cider, and inordinate amounts of seating crammed into your living room. Occasionally it's white tablecloths, drenched in the warm glow of plastic candles, and someone reading impromptu poetry off of a napkin. It's been Christmas lights draped over a piano and homeroom in the quiet cafeteria. It's debates about "what makes good writing", and frantically running around ESSPA. It's InDesign, random references to Buffy, egg drop soup, and a Springfest booth nestled between a Science Olympiad table selling cotton candy and another selling class shirts. There, sitting behind a familiar handwritten sign, an editor reassures a student that the magazines are in fact free, with a small one dollar donation. Maybe this is where you came in? In that case, thanks for the dollar.

However you came into the possession of this magazine, I hope you're one step closer to defining Galaxy for yourself. From all the editors, and myself,

We truly hope you enjoyed this year's edition of *Galaxy*,

Lyla M. Fujiwara
Art Editor-in-Chief



ilana finkelstein | afternoon nap
Photography



Stars

Barbara Peters
The Crerand Family
The Schachter Family
Anonymous

Super Novas

The Blevens Family
Anonymous

Special thanks to:

Dr. Manaseri
Mrs. Hackett
Mr. Hall
Mr. Pacatte
Mrs. D'Ambra
And all the families that hosted
Galaxy meetings

Galaxy is Brighton High School's award-winning art and literary magazine. *Galaxy* is not only a magazine; it is a forum where students can get feedback on their literary and visual works of art. It promotes excellence in art and writing through constructive criticism. *Galaxy* accepts submissions from all students. Submissions are turned into the *Galaxy* office (room 177). The art and literary editors then choose three pieces to be discussed anonymously at the weekly meeting, which take place on Sundays from 7-9 p.m. Meetings are held from September through February at students' homes. Locations are posted on the *Galaxy* web site (www.bcsd.org/galaxy) and announced on Brighton High School's *Morning Show*. Students who have had work discussed at these meetings have the opportunity to turn in revised versions of their work at any time before March. Those who have attended ten or more meetings get the opportunity to vote on the pieces they would like to see published. The magazine is then designed and printed for distribution in late May. *Galaxy* also hosts many other events throughout the year such as poetry cafes and the annual Soiree in March.

Thanks to you

