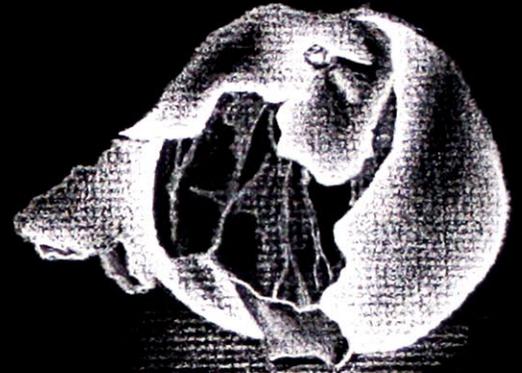
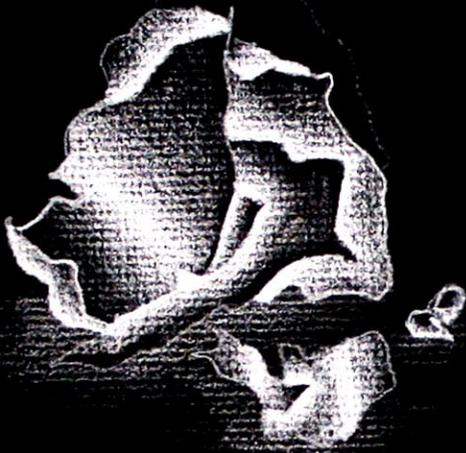
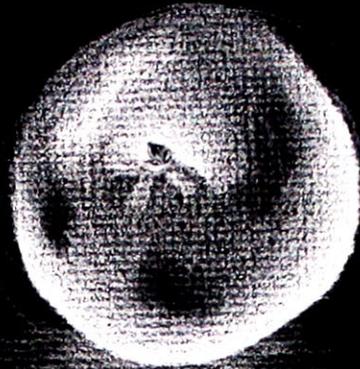




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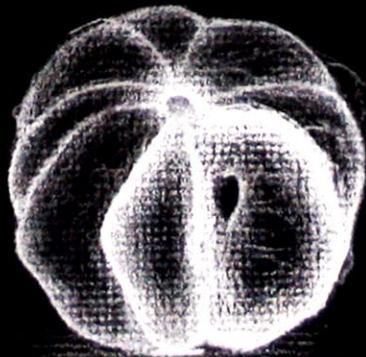
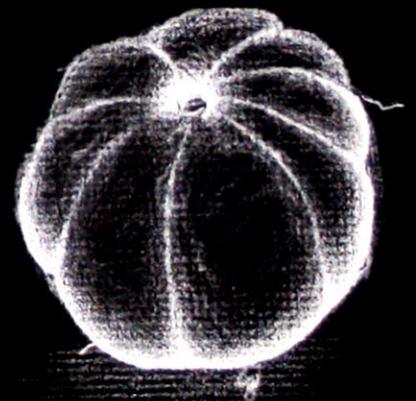
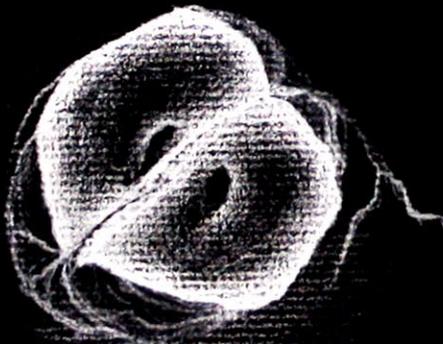
VOLUME 54



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art and literary magazine

# 2008



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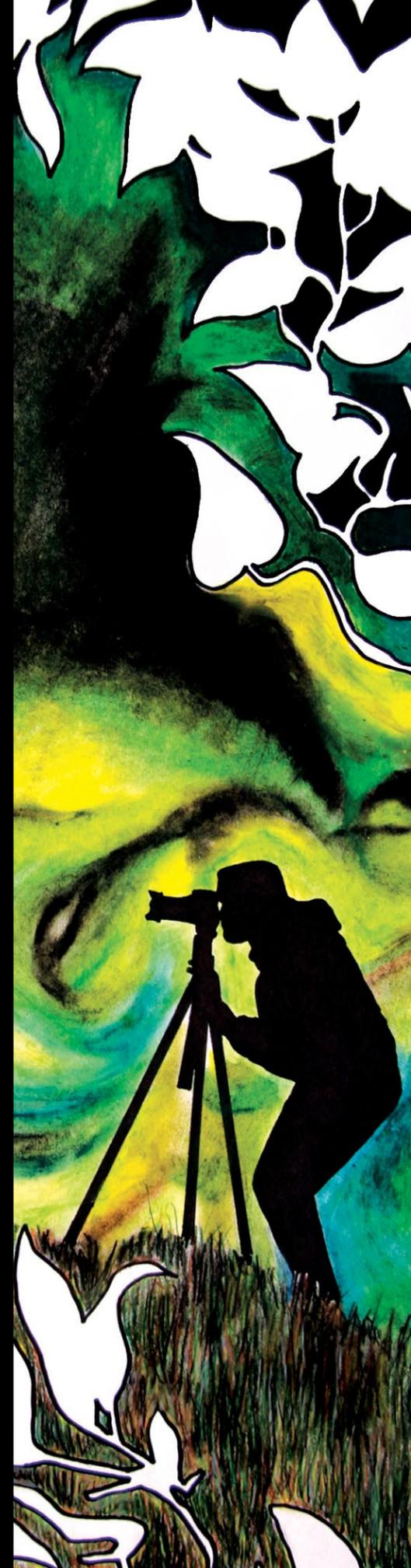
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Jennifer Pinar Yasar



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Tom Clarke-Hazlett



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Zoe Holmes

# Opening Comments

The far reaches of the universe offer secrets we will never uncover. We try, deciphering all we can gather with telescopes and satellites and the occasional otherworldly religious movement, but we may never fully comprehend our universe and all it has to offer.

Galaxy is only a microscopic part of this universe, yet its mysteries are likewise boggling. Throughout the year, literary meetings serve as a forum for staff members to discuss writing, debating the meanings and cheering on the syntax of anonymous submissions. Whispers of “who wrote this?” and “was this for the Cornell Club contest? It must be from a junior!” are commonplace, disappearing under the din of one heated literary dispute or another. The truth stays hidden until the final selections for the magazine

are made, at which point published students must own up to authoring the nostalgic account of a visit to Grandma’s and the lost-and-found poetry supposedly transcribed from a glimpse.

While the mystery of authorship is within our grasp, Galaxy bears many secrets we may never penetrate. What leads a group of past Galactites—many of whom shared their artistic and literary expertise long before the current staff were twinkles in their parents’ eyes—to reconnect and sponsor their successors’ efforts? Where will this year’s wordsmiths and artisans find themselves many years from now, and will the memories of Galaxy have faded to a few dusty magazines over time? Where did the other past Galactites end up, the ones who painted our murals and carved their names into our desk? And the future students,

what will they divine from the relics of our literary magazine years? Will they know to look for a pattern in the capital letters of Mr. Gluck’s Hazy TV?

We know now the nature of dark matter and that Pluto is not a planet. But what of Galaxy? Just as time has allowed revelations about the universe to trickle into our pedagogy, the secrets of Galaxy will someday make themselves known. For now, however, we may only look to our star-spangled imaginations.

Please enjoy Galaxy 2008. It’s been fifty-four years in the making, and may have an even longer legacy to follow.

Kate Leonard  
Editor-in-Chief



Keavy Handley-Byrne || *Abuela*

## The knowing of things

Colleen Damerell

She’s asking you if the animals sleep,  
the bees and the rabbits and the mountain lions—

do they? Do they rest their heads down on  
honeycomb pillows, grassy or rocky beds?

She wants to know if they pull close their blankets  
when the sun sets. She wants to know

if the whole earth falls to sleep at the moment  
her cheek drops against the pillowcase.

Yes, you tell her, they do, all of them.  
The bees and the rabbits and the mountain lions

and the great whales and the birds as well—they, too,  
submit to the softness of dreams,

and kiss their children’s foreheads,  
as you now kiss hers (though she isn’t even your child,

just another girl to pull the sheets over and watch  
until her parents come home and pay you for your time).

And whether you are right or not is meaningless to her,  
because in time all things sleep—and this much

you know is true.



Shin Wakabayashi || *Skull Vase*

# Bate the Crying Gulls

*For Jonny*

The core has crumbled,  
Revealed a weakness  
Masked by the strength of  
Poseidon himself.

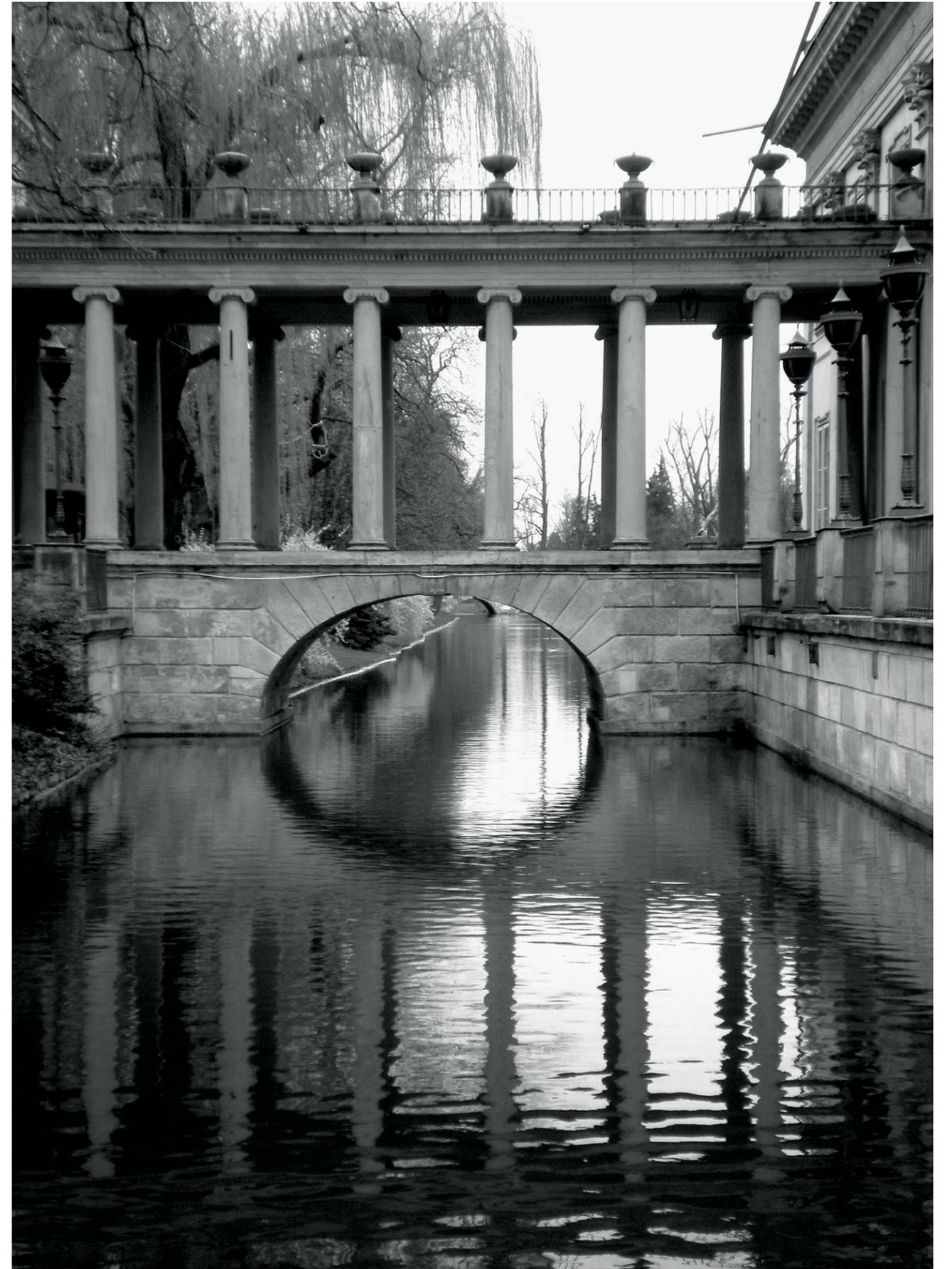
The sea has sunk,  
Through the crust, past  
the other side.

No more high tide.  
No more low tide.  
Silent shores bate  
The crying gulls.

And now mother moon  
Has no one to pull,  
Closer and closer.

All that remain are  
The columns of salt;  
A glimpse of what was,  
Now columns of salt.

Frankie DiCiaccio



Jingwen Hu | *Bridge at Wawel*



Bella Vishnevsky || *Long Way Down*

# Stuck Inside of Richmond with the Rochester Blues

Arianna Mayer

It's like a headache when it starts, but the straining behind her eyes and not quite into her sinuses just won't stop increasing even after the fourth Advil. She keeps on reading, though, because it's an APUSH outline and it's due tomorrow, and if she was going to be picky about her comfort level she should have done it a week ago. She's just about to finish up the ratification of the constitution when, BAM! The straining turns to shoving, and she shuts her eyes to block out the sensation, and when she opens them, suddenly she's not at her desk anymore.

She's lying on the ground, and when she goes to stand up she trips

over the hem of her dress—a dress she's sure she wasn't wearing before. Soft blue with a burnt orange trim, it's really quite attractive if you're into corsets—and not the fake, costume shop variety, the real ones that lace up and take the size of your internal organs down six inches. She finally manages to stand up without tripping over her petticoat, but getting a good look around doesn't make her any less freaked out. The road she landed next to doesn't look like any road she's ever seen. Well, that's a lie. It looks kind of like the old dirt road leading up to her family's cabin, only not, because it's not in the middle of the woods and there are horses—horses!—trotting

along as the main mode of transportation, carrying people wearing red, white, and blue uniforms. This can only mean one of two things: either she's somehow managed to teleport back to the American Revolution, or those Advil she took were something else entirely. She's going with the second, because as much as she's always fantasized about time travel, having it happen outside of a daydream is really freaking her out.

Wake up, she thinks, and pinches herself because, hey, that's what they do in the books and who's she to stop a time honored tradition? Wake up, or force yourself out of this drug-induced coma. Nothing happens. “Well, shit,”

she says aloud, then brushes off her skirts, tries to look dignified, and starts walking toward what looks like a church. She'd honestly rather stay where she appeared, but there's a man across the street with greasy red hair and a lazy eye who's been leering at her since she noticed him, and probably before that too. She walks as fast as she can without getting too winded, but she eventually has to stop to avoid passing out. She sits down on a bale of hay by the side of the road, thankful for the first time for the three layers of cloth between it and her skin. She stares at what passes for a street until, suddenly, it's not just horses on the dusty ground. She gasps, wide eyed, as a coach crosses slowly before her. The demure black of the stained wood isn't what surprises her; she's seen plenty replica horse-drawn carriages. The strange thing is what's—who's—inside. Her ears must be playing tricks on her, because there's no way that the stuffy old man in the driver's seat just addressed the striking man in the back as Mr. Henry, and there's no way the other passenger, pretty but absent-looking woman, just addressed him as Patrick.

Patrick Henry lived in Virginia. She doesn't.

Did she really move through space, as well as through time? The carriage rolls along, not stopping until it reaches the building she'd been walking to before. He jumps out of the coach with graceful ease and ambles over to the other side, smiling condescendingly as he kisses the hand of the woman in the high seat. She bats her eyelashes at him, and he whispers something that makes her blush before kissing her hand once more, pushing up his glasses, and continuing into the large, white building.

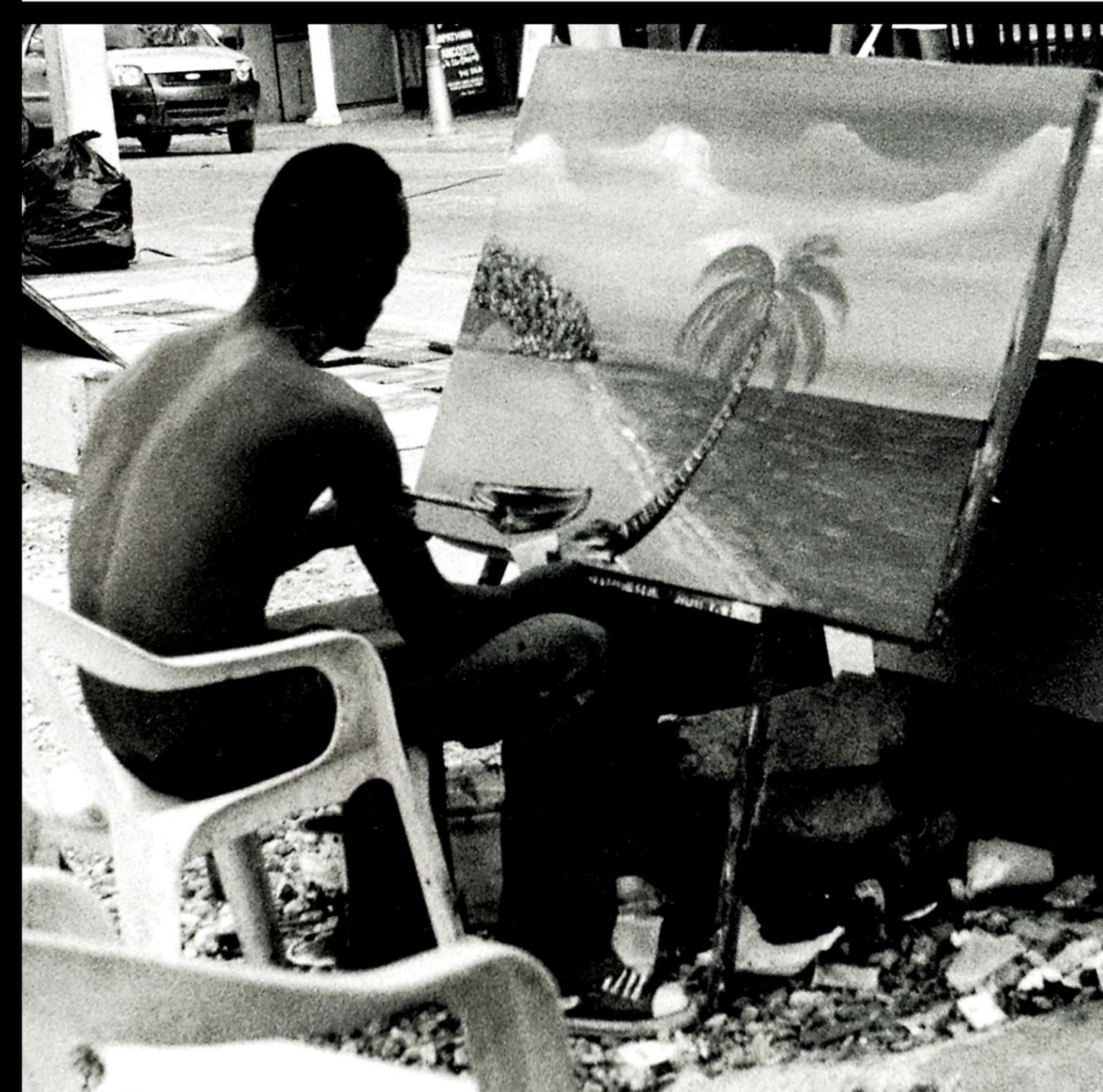
Others begin to arrive shortly after, and she realizes that it isn't just any church she's looking at; it's Saint John's Church. At least she knows where she is now—Richmond, Virginia—and if she's remembering right from the 30 pages she just outlined, she knows when, too. She waits until it looks as if everyone has arrived, then ever-so-quietly slinks over to one of the church's many stained glass windows. Standing on tiptoe, she can just barely see into the room but can, thankfully, hear what's being said. The first speaker is tall and fat with a tiny voice and the second is short and skinny with a booming one. She laughs at the juxtaposition, but after that, nothing very funny or interest-

ing happens. She stands through what seems like hours of pointless deliberation, watching the men in their white wigs squabble and peck at each others' beliefs like highly educated chickens. But even though her legs are cramping, she's not going to move until she hears what she thinks—no, knows—is going to be said. Her head starts to hurt again, but she takes no notice as finally, finally Patrick Henry takes the stand.

She listens with rapt attention. The man truly is a gifted speaker. Her head pounds with pain, but she ignores it, hanging on to every word spoken inside the building until:

“Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me—” and there's the shoving in her head again, and BAM! Just before the finish, she's gone.

She groans, rolling over in her bed. It was just a dream. She's half glad, half not, and she really hopes she finished her outline before she fell asleep. She pushes the covers down, puts her feet on the cold floor, and realizes she's still wearing a corset.



Grace Prunoske | *Dominican Painter*

## Photographs

I saw a blind man painting,  
A drunken surgeon operating  
without a license.  
He comes from far away.  
Where? I don't know.  
He was a musician.  
How? I couldn't say.  
He listened to photographs  
of other people's lives.  
Beyond tinted shades and  
a smoky neon dance  
floor  
he sat at the piano  
instruments in hand  
as the patient walked away.

Nick Greenleaf

## Grounding

It arcs,  
surging through the air  
with a crackle,  
taking advantage  
of the momentary contact  
between her finger and  
the light switch.

It streaks up her arm,  
tugging at her muscles  
as an unruly child would  
to his mother's hair, then  
streams through her body,  
tickling her veins with  
gentle fibers of energy.

With a final surge of power,  
it shoots out of her toes,  
tumbling into her carpet  
and through the woodwork  
of the snow-guised house,  
straining to get down,  
down into the frozen earth.

Bella Vishnevsky

# Ungilded

Kate Leonard

This can be the last house if you want.”

Ramona squeezed her sister’s arm, nudging her for a response. The little girl said nothing, drawing her tiny bronze fingers along the rusted metal fence to her right. Ramona tugged at the sides of her canvas skirt with one hand, pulling it over her hips where it was fashionable, though little could be done for the conservative mid-calf length. Dragging the toy wagon with the other hand, she listened for a rhythm in the tunk-a-tunk of the broken back wheel as it collided with the pavement.

“Give me some of that ice,” Ramona asked, nodding her head toward the jar her sister had tucked under her left arm. “It’ll all melt if you keep holding it like that.” With two fingers, she lifted the dice-sized remains of a cube from the jar, letting beads of ice water drip onto her swollen feet. She traced the perimeter of her face, pausing at each temple, then laced it across her neck until it was too small to hold and the beads of dirty water fell to the ground. The trail of droplets followed the girls around a corner and up two creaky stairs to the front porch of a small gray house. Ramona rang the doorbell, watching chips of paint crumble around her finger.

“One second—one second!” called a voice from inside. Several seconds passed, and a sunburned man with a sand-colored beard appeared in the door. He let out a barking cough through the screen. “Yeah?”

“My sister and I were wondering if you would like to buy a bracelet,” Ramona whispered.

“Not much use for jewelry.” He turned and spat on the wooden boards below his feet, the black saliva slowly creeping between each crusty toe.

Ramona sighed quietly, having spent the day becoming increasingly familiar with the sentiment. “Do you have a wife or a sister?”

“It doesn’t look much like I have a wife, does it?” The man pinched the untucked corner of his denim shirt, which was wrinkled and a few shades lighter than the sturdier denim jeans he wore on the bottom. He paused his methodical chewing and laughed gruffly, pushing open the rusted screen door. His remaining teeth were crooked and yellowed and his foul breath baked in the hot air before Ramona’s face. “Now, did you girls make these bracelets?”

“Our mother did. They’re Navajo beads.” Ramona took an instinctual step back and felt her skirt sliding up again. Quivering, she tried awkwardly to smooth it down by turning her elbows into her waist.

“That dress looks a little big for you,” he said, then paused. “Isn’t it yours?” He paused again. “Well, isn’t it?”

“It’s my neighbor’s skirt, or it was, and I’m supposed to grow into it.” One triumphant tug put the skirt back in its place, and Ramona quickly returned to the contents of the wagon, speaking hurriedly. “Our mother—she wants to start a store, and I think she’s going to real soon because she’s already found a place. It was a dry-cleaner but it’s closed now, and it’s really big, maybe too big, but that’s better than too small. She could always make more to fill it, I guess. Right now, though, we have every color, but mostly red, and a lot of turquoise with silver.”

“Well. Does the little one speak?” He fixed his stare on Ramona’s sister, coughing again. She shook her head, long black hair shadowing most of her face, and let out a small wheeze

that came to the ear as a muted cry. She said nothing. The man suddenly noticed a small pool of blood around her heel, bathing a bed of broken glass. “Oh, for Christ’s sake!” He ran inside the house yelling a string of obscenities and reemerged quickly with a towel. “Why don’t you kids wear shoes? There’s glass like this everywhere—don’t you know anything?”

What the hell’s wrong with you? Put on some shoes!”

Ramona bent down to wrap the towel around her sister’s foot, creeping behind the little girl. The man let out a breathy sigh.

“I’ll tell you what, I don’t have much money on me, but if you make a good deal I might take it.”

Ramona felt a cautious smile extend across her face; it was the first of the day, save for those that came necessarily with squinting at the white sun. “I can give you this one for four dollars.” She indicated a silver bracelet with long, tubular beads. “These two red ones are three each but they should really stay a pair, and the yellow and red one here is four, too.”

“Those prices—that’s the sort of thing you open with,” the man said with a raspy indication of surprise. “Which one do you like best, uh...” He paused pointedly. “Well, what’s your name?”

“Mary,” Ramona said quickly, looking up at him from her sister’s side. The little girl wrinkled her forehead and let out another small cry. “I like the red ones,” Ramona continued, “I think—I guess I like all of them, sir.”

The man took a step onto the porch and Ramona instinctively guided her sister toward the opposing porch rail. He squatted in front of the wagon and squinted at the jewelry.



Darrian Amaker | *Searching*

Sliding three fingers under a necklace, he tugged it from the haphazard collection and brought his face down to the beads. He looked over the oversized turquoise set in large tear-drop links of silver, each surrounded by intricate carvings of organic lines and shapes.

“I like this one. How much is this?”

“That shouldn’t be in there. There’s a similar one right here, though,” she extended a hand into the wagon from her perch a few feet away, indicating an understated version of the design.

“Well, I want that one. Why don’t you sell it to me, Mary?” He used a mocking tone that made Ramona uneasy.

“I really don’t think I can sell it to you.”

“What, is it yours or something?”

“Look, it just isn’t for sale.”

“Yeah? Well how much would I have to pay to make it for sale?”

“Look, sir—”

“I got a niece. I’m not a bad guy,

just sell me the beads.”

“That necklace costs thirty-five dollars, sir,” Ramona sighed.

The man squinted at the sun, scratching the side of his beard. He let out a slow, long breath and nodded mechanically to himself.

“Yeah. Yeah, I’ll take the necklace.”

Ramona’s clenched fists went limp, her face pale. She turned to her sister, whose black hair had fallen back as her face had tilted up in a wide-eyed stare, and she swallowed hard. She nodded slowly.

“Okay.”

“Just give me one second.”

The man disappeared into his house, and several minutes passed before he returned with a bundle of small bills and scattered change that made up the rest. “I didn’t see anything in your wagon and you don’t have any pockets, so I thought I should get exact change.” He handed Ramona the money, letting the coins spill from his hands into hers. The little girl ceremoniously tipped the water in the

Mason jar over the porch rail and held it out for Ramona to fill with the day’s earnings. Ramona let the coins fall in slowly, following the rhythm of their clinks on the bottom of the glass. The little girl grabbed the necklace from the wagon and, planting her feet just below the threshold, placed the jewelry just so in the man’s extended hand. The two girls gave a quick glance and a thank you to the man and started to hastily descend the decrepit porch steps.

“Tell your mother good luck with her store. I’ll look out for it.”

The girls stopped at the fence, watching him through the metal links. Ramona squeezed her sister’s hand as she turned back to her customer.

“It’s going to be on St. Paul, near the Aldi. I think she wants to call it Nizhoni Designs.”

The man laughed dryly and closed the screen door. He gave the girls a dismissive wave and stepped back into the shadow behind the larger wooden door, watching the children as they started to walk home again.



## Rain

The hazy sky towers over the green fields;  
the electricity in the air sparks,  
and the skin crawls with an invisible chill.  
All the world scrambles for shelter, like frightened ants,  
except me.

I send up a quick prayer  
for anyone else,  
be he next door  
or on the other side of the world,  
who sprawls on the grass,  
eyes embracing the sky and smiling.  
There must be someone else just as tired of walls

Karis M. Schneider

Keavy Handley-Byrne||*Still*

# Maybe Memories

Keavy Handley-Byrne

He's jittery and even slightly shaky, no matter how many times he's done this. He hasn't had enough sleep (he never does) and he's excited and nervous and feels like getting sick, but only in a good way.

He walks out in front of thousands of eyes that do nothing but scream at him – words of hate and love and lust – and this wall of people screaming with their eyes and throats nearly knocks him back into the drum set. The sweat on his fingers slides from his skin to the warm metal of the mic, and he grips it like his life depends on it, like it's the rope that'll pull him out of the fiery pit of eyes and throats and limbs that are nearly killing each other trying to get closer to him.

It will always be strange for him, being idolized by teenage girls (occasionally being proposed marriage feels ridiculous), having thousands of kids know your name, and not being able to go out and buy some goddamned coffee without getting stopped by some kid shopping with his mom.

Every light in the place is down, the stage and the floor dark, the only light the red-orange glow from the exit signs above the doors, across the room. It's still dark, the guitar twanging idly behind him, as he speaks into the mic, "I had a swell dream about all of you last night, man..." and tells the screaming, sweating, jumping cavity of human flesh to make some noise.

There's a roar like an airplane crashing full-force into the ground and the steady, guttural sound of the bass starts in, the guitar flashing like a switchblade in the dim light that's rising slowly and is now pulsing with the drums and the bass across the stage. The riff flies out of the strings and clatters against the walls as the singer hears wood against the drums behind him.

On a heavy beat, he opens his mouth, lips still pressed against the mic, and when all sound stops for a split second, the first words shred against his throat and throw themselves out of the tall, flanking speakers on either side of the stage, into the throng of people who've lifted up off the floor, mid-jump. The beat comes back down hard, and he can't see the bassist's fingers across the strings clearly as he screams, because they've turned into no more than skin-toned air that quivers around the neck of the bass.



Sameera Razak||*Grace*

Every voice in the sweaty, bruised crowd is singing with him, and he's running across the stage to sing into the faces of kids who are being swept along within the crowd. He's leaning over and screaming to what he could swear is all of Los Angeles, and his stomach hurts with every sound that comes out of his raw, red throat, until what feels like a mixture of bile and a few internal organs spills out of his mouth. The bassist mouths a question as to whether he's okay or not, but he just spits, and grins with a wink, screaming again, face screwed up with the effort and his mind flushed with memories. The house he'd grown up in

comes swimming into view before his eyes; getting kicked out of it, too, living on the street and crashing with friends when he could, needles, bottles, all of it is suddenly invading his head so vividly that it feels almost real.

The guitar comes up for the millionth time, the drums stop, the bass, too, and the singer takes a breath, letting the mic drop to his side, the images in his mind going faster and faster – needles changing to pots and pans being thrown around for no reason, screaming into a studio mic, everything coming together, and then back to being kicked out of the house – the mic comes back to his lips and he says the first line of the bridge softly, repeats it again, lets it grow louder until he's screaming.

"I'm not going to look back."

He's pretty convicted in that. His stomach churns with the scream still echoing past his teeth and hitting the walls, bouncing back at him. He tells Los Angeles to make some noise, again, and they do.

He vomits another three or four times that night – he's not sure, he lost count – just from screaming so hard. He sometimes hates it, because his voice is raspy and throaty and worn from the screaming, smoking, drinking, all of it. But in the end, he thinks, he won't care too much. It's all about going out with a bang, and if that bang is when his throat explodes from overuse, he's sure he'll be perfectly happy with that outcome.

So when he's on the bus that's carting him back through the state, his throat bloody from screaming, sore all over, he lies on the floor and lets the feel of the tires over the uneven highway vibrate against his stomach (which is now empty and feels as though it's about to fold in on itself). Because the vibration from the bus over every little lump in the asphalt of the road lets him know that this is all real, it's all happening; they've made it. They can work as long as they like and they'll always know that they got what they wanted, because the bus is jostling his stomach, and he couldn't be happier with that.

# Devolution

## In Memoriam

When not a leaf stirs  
to remember your passing breath  
and your footprints have dried  
on the wet sands of time,  
the gulls will cry for you  
no more.

Days will melt into months  
before anyone would utter your name  
in a shameful whisper  
meant for no one's ears, passing the blame  
from those shaking lips  
into the air.

Few would know the tale  
of your end, cruel and ignorant;  
of the hordes that followed  
one man's rise,  
a society thrust into madness,  
the frenzied craving for guilt,  
and the wanton power that got it.

You were killed for your pride,  
because you refused to beg.  
You stood upright  
until the end.

When the fog cleared,  
and the people awakened from the  
stupor,  
they weakened;  
and  
when the apologies came  
seeking forgiveness from the voice they  
had destroyed,

you were gone  
like you had never been,  
as shapeless as the winter clouds.

Aixin Wang

Worried over the shortage of wheat,  
we place our focus on farming.  
Years continue, and industries collapse,  
government dismantles,  
while men pillage the soil in search of food.

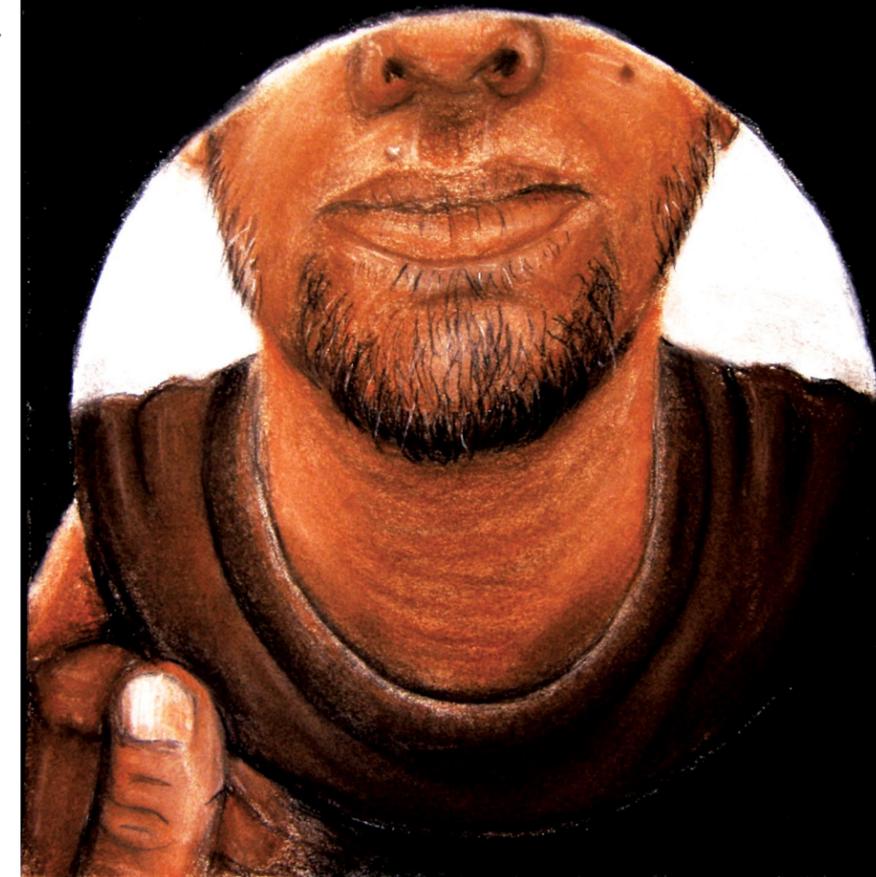
Fast-forward through our plight:  
overworked soil has forced us to hunt,  
mobilizing families alongside the pack.

while we shrink back to barbarians,  
our intelligence melts as well.  
english fragments into nthing but grunts;  
we frget our trades and abandon our educakation.

and strnge as we meet our end  
we fale to lose the oposable thum  
for it helps us kil and eat  
much lke wen we were sivilized

now we repeet the stone age  
but withowt a trait  
that wil set us apart  
frm the predator

David Schwartz



Eli Brandwein | *Holding a Mirror*

# The Partisan

Colleen Damerell

“The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science.” (Albert Einstein, *What I Believe*)

The cat and I are alone in the house. I am unnerved by the quiet; I set a vinyl record on the turntable in the living room and place the needle on its sleek edge. It is Leonard Cohen’s *Songs From a Room*, and the singer’s voice pours out of the speakers, rough and deep and familiar.

I don’t know how the turntable makes the grooves on the LP into sound. I don’t know how the sound moves about the room, only that it does. That’s fine with me. I am surrounded by mystery. There are greater things I fail to understand—and don’t care to.

The world, I think, isn’t beautiful and mysterious at the same time. It is beautiful because it is strange and so difficult to understand. We have all, at one point, slipped into a state of wonder at the world’s very existence. Our

great works of art and literature, and this sad music that comes so inexplicably out of a piece of plastic, are all the result of an innate desire to understand, and they are also the result of a kind of acceptance that we will never understand. I have seen the mysterious. It sparks around my fingertips after thunderstorms. It fills gardens with color, and instruments with sound. It is the miracle of my working body. It is the nature of my emotions.

It is impossible to completely describe love or grief. We can go only so far with an explanation of hormones or the inner workings of the brain. Humans are more complex than can be explained; the origins of our personalities and emotions are a type of mystery. Yet we find something extraordinary about our thoughts, something delightfully unsettling

about the unknown well from which they all sprang. Art and science spring from these thoughts, and by extension, that mystery, that unknown well.

If I am a poet, as I would like to be, then maybe I’m also a scientist. Both writing and scientific study are the pursuit of the unknown; the two are the same practice. Each has its beauty, but in a different way. I see beauty in words and sounds—does a scientist see beauty in the movement of energy, or in the mechanics behind the turntable?

I don’t know why I’m here, or how I got here, or what exactly I am besides a collection of atoms. I don’t know how the cat sees the world, I don’t know if she dreams when she sleeps, I don’t know if she likes the sound of Leonard Cohen. The incredible part is that I’m happy not knowing.



Alex Holm || *crayon color palette*



Roxanne Ravago || *The Other Side of New York*



Danny Gruber || *Jellyfish Rising*

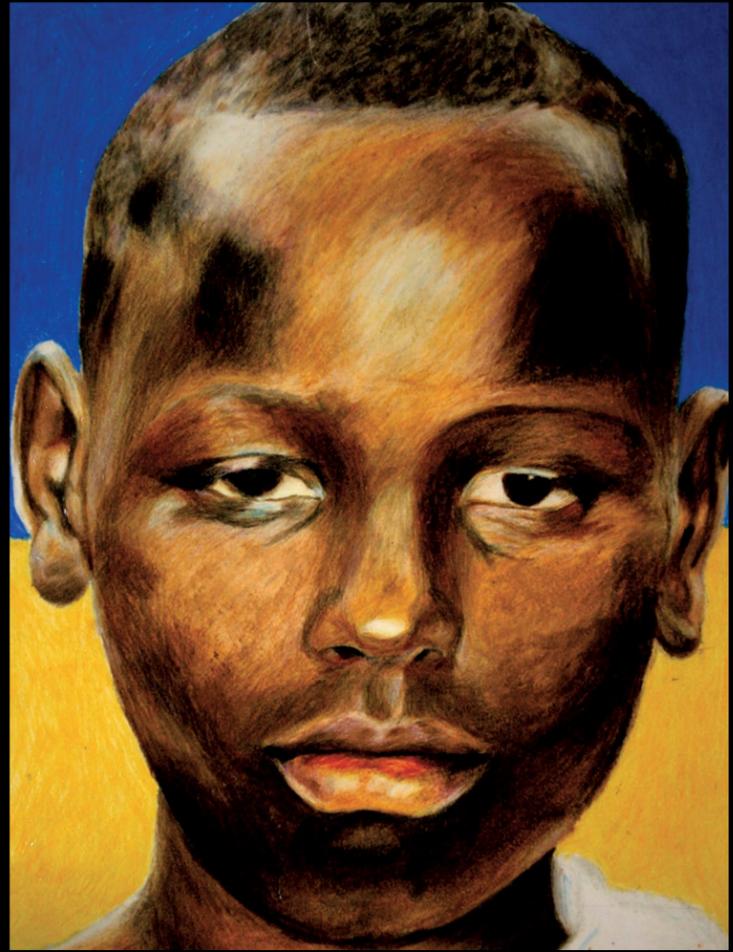




Gillian Hopkins||*Orange Nude*



Zeyuan Chen||*QinG-Yi*



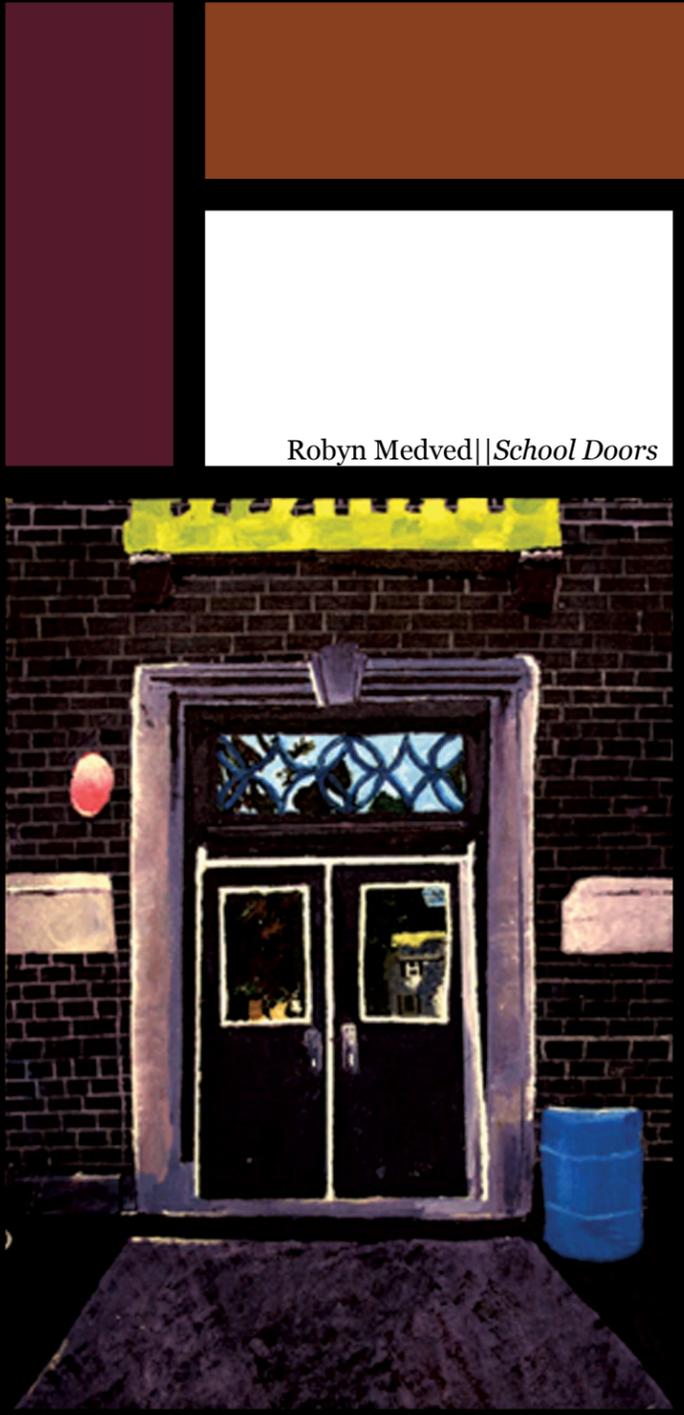
Shin Wakabayashi||*Memory Project*



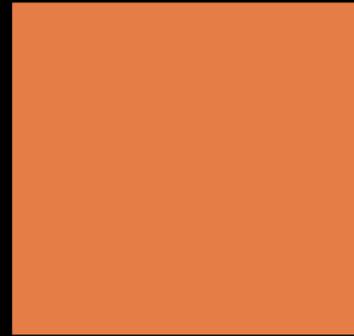
Jennifer Pryhuber||*Ceramic Eggs and Wire*



Eli Brandwein||*Bull*



Robyn Medved||*School Doors*



Keavy Handley-Byrne || early north jersey



Darrian Amaker || *it's all about the attitude*



Colleen Damerell || Color Me Marble



# A Parting Expression

*These words were found on a table in an empty house with no sign of addressee or author.  
They have been transcribed here as glimpsed by the finder.*

A triad of revelations  
Has unearthed silent suspicion.  
The monument wreathed in autumn sunrise  
Is no longer impassive to our secrets.

My goddess has been defiled by rumor.  
Anger is borne for those who exposed her,  
But my heart is a sick betrayal.  
It holds her too dear to lay blame or burden there.

She is an ocean apart from me.  
I cannot fault her for what lay concealed.  
The sin has etched itself in silent marks,  
And I accept all guilt for what has been revealed.

Neither grief nor hope remains  
In this bleak, autumnal dawn.  
I will never trust myself again,  
For my heart, unbidden, has gone on.

Austin Retzlaff

# How to Avoid Doing the Dishes

Coco Wilder

Glance anxiously at the dry erase board calendar. Scowl as you recognize your smudged, but still painfully legible name scribbled under the date. Your stomach lurches, attempting to shake this disturbing reality: it's your dish night. Examine your clothes. Pull up your sagging tank top, and hastily remove the overdone mascara weighing down your eyelashes. Sit down and bow your head respectfully during the blessing.

At dinner be the first to compliment your mom on her improvised bean soup. Ask Dad about his day at work, sit patiently as he launches into a controversy he sparked in the library science field. Nod and gasp at the appropriate places. How dare that editor at the *Chronicle of Higher Education* rewrite your father! Unacceptable! Give the conversation three more minutes, and finger tap the beat to the newest Top-40 hit. Withhold from singing softly, as not to appall, or worse, engage your mother in the tune. When this conversation becomes insufferable, and you've exhausted all means of silent entertainment, take the liberty of mentioning the A paper you received today. Smile sweetly,

and graciously accept all praise. As the dinner lengthens, try to refrain from openly provoking a fight with your little sister about computer time. Fail miserably.

Withstand interrogations about the boy you walked home with today. Smile coyly, withholding just enough information to save yourself from future mortification. Pause to survey the table, and speculate how long it might take to scrub bean remnants off the red pot. Indulge your mom with scraps of information about the boy, his more admirable qualities. Go into great detail about the time he wrote down all the work you missed when you were sick, scribbling inside jokes in the margins to cheer you up. Withhold any incriminating details. Sigh, and end the spiel, "But of course, we're just friends." Sit back and admire the expressions on your audiences' faces. Your mom's eyes are wide, her lips spreading to reveal a smile, as she thinks she's officially been let into your mysterious teenage life. *If only!* Your sister smirks. Her eyebrows are raised, and her cheeks burst from potential mockery. Your dad just sits there, his face emotionless.

The dog walks into the kitchen, her nails clacking against the ceramic tile. She begins to whimper frantically, nudging her moist nose against your elbow. She doesn't care about the magnificent production you just staged. Friend or boyfriend, it's all irrelevant to her. All she wants is the lone crust on your plate. Notice crumpled napkins, the empty glass to your right, and the tired look on your dad's face. Mom sighs. Dinner is nearing an end, and it's crunch time. Frantically, you scramble for an ounce of conversation to prolong the meal. Bring up the unmentionable, your mother's boss. Pray he's returned to work from a cruise, so that your mother can gripe indefinitely about his incompetence. Unfortunately for you, he's still playing golf off the coast of Jamaica.

In a last ditched effort, scamper off to the bathroom. Twiddle your hair in the mirror, and lather lotion onto your arms. After five minutes, flush. Peek outside. The abandoned table is stacked high with plates, forks, cups, napkins, and the red pot. Tiptoe upstairs. Click your door shut. Release a sigh because maybe, just maybe, you won't have to do the dishes tonight.



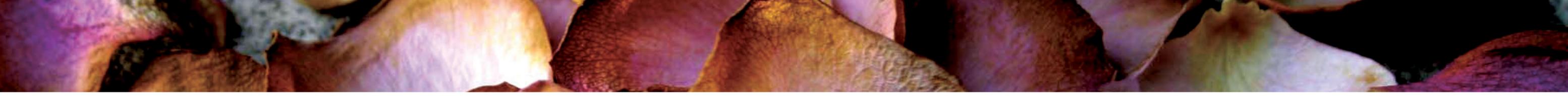
Darrian Amaker | *i didn't do it!*

## splenda

aqua green  
cooking appliances rumble,  
like the mail truck outside,  
in a kitchen whose age  
trumps my (almost) sixteen years,  
where the tea kettle fidgets, blowing kisses in  
the corner, leaving steamy lipstick smudges  
on the cupboards  
while grandma takes her blood sugar in the den,

and the patio furniture cocks a rusty head at me  
through the screen door,  
calling with the rumble of the mail truck  
and the steam of the sweetened afternoon.

Colleen Damerell



# A Second Cognition

Kate Leonard

Camilla is a princess tonight. Her thick black hair is piled on top of her head in that attractive, messy way that could have taken seconds or hours, and the backless powder blue gown that hung so squarely over the chair has taken to her hourglass shape stunningly. She bites her bottom lip, scraping away the remnants of her once-ruby lipstick; she is always nervous about these things. I place a comforting palm on her knee and she smiles for appearances, discreetly removing the offending limb and sending a tickle up my arm as I recall the near-forgotten sensation of clasped hands.

Anxiously watching my peers receive their good and bad news, lamenting the odds inherent in having so many nominees for so few awards, I try to remain calm. I plan my acceptance speech: I will thank Camilla, of course. My parents will be next, then my sister Genie, then all of my colleagues who have made my accomplishments possible. The triteness of my selections doesn't bother me; I need to be thorough and honest, even if it means my shining moment will soon be forgotten by the audience. It's not supposed to be about who's watching, anyway.

I turn to Camilla, who has taken on the gaunt look of a model. I think she will be proud of me, but it's hard to tell. While she lacquers her public image with implications of an ideal home

life, she's taken to playing passive-aggressive games, purposefully leaving the car stereo on Jim Croce's "One Less Set of Footsteps" and falling asleep sprawled across the whole bed before I can get there. It doesn't bother me because the kids don't notice, but soon she'll take to calling her mother to complain about me again, and though it's always in Spanish, hearing my name shouted with such disdain within the context of any language is enough for Luis and Nina to understand. Maria Gallo concluded six years ago that I was unworthy of her daughter's hand, and Camilla has teetered between the two of us ever since. We married right out of high school, when she had decided on raising a large family like her parents' and I had decided on starting my adult life at eighteen, whatever that might entail. We bonded over our shared criticism of the value of college, seeing it as a pricey purgatory for the terminally fickle and an inadequate substitute for life experience, and we found our own solution for post-graduate plans in each other. The Gallo family initially embraced the fair-haired addition to the family until a few months had passed and I realized raising one child on a grocery clerk's salary, much less six, would be nearly impossible, and I began doing freelance work for the *Mercury News*. The irregularity of my paychecks, despite their larger size, led Maria to view me as a poor pro-

vider and led Camilla to resent my ambition and what she saw as my belief that our family wasn't enough for me. I, in turn, grew frustrated with Camilla's complacency with near-poverty. Somehow there was never any criticism of Camilla's chosen career as a sculptor.

She's shivering now, as the cut of her gown is unsuited to November, and I extend a jacketed arm around her back. Her shoulders turn away from me, but I feel a slight appreciative slouch against my chest as she settles into the welcome warmth. A cold quiver runs down my own spine, though not from the draft that has afflicted Camilla.

*Just don't think about the numbers, I tell myself, you're going to win. You're going to make it happen.* I picture myself moments from now on the stage, hands grasped tightly around my little gold statue, shaking it triumphantly over my head while Camilla beside me and my kids viewing at home cry and scream with delight. First, however, I must wait my turn patiently and continue to watch others garner their prizes. Today there is an unusually stoic crowd; I expect the losing nominees to break down, to fall to pieces because their life-changing moment went to someone else, but there is a sober understanding among most that this is neither the time nor the place for that sort of behavior, what with there being so many paparazzi

ready to condemn the sore losers. I wonder whether I will be able to contain myself if I don't win. *I would like to thank Mr. Lars from Willow Glen High for always believing in me.*

Camilla begins to rise and I hold her back, asking if I can get the water bottle for her. She cautiously concedes with a nod, and I can't tell whether her concern is for me missing the announcement or for allowing me to do something for her, but concern is emotion either way. She so clearly hates it here, with the unflattering fluorescents intensifying her sallow complexion and the gawking onlookers serving as amateur judges of her appearance before *Entertainment Tonight* reveals the official verdict. The worry and anticipation is no easier for her, though she hides it. We don't comfort each other anymore; she is aching for her mother while I would be happy to have Genie or my dad or even one of my high school buddies with me – anyone who doesn't find solace in silence. Camilla likes my sister probably more than she likes me, and since I've moved up to a salaried position at the paper, Maria can tolerate me, but Camilla and I have to do these things together and it's getting harder for her to find a way to smile.

"David?" The sound of Camilla's voice is startling and raspy as she breaks through the morning crackle that she has neglected to talk out already today. I return to her side with the water bottle.

"What is it?"

"This is going to be it, you know. That list is millions of people long."

"We don't have to worry about

that," I reassure us both, "We're going to win this time."

She gives me a puzzled and defeated look and reaches for the water bottle in my hand. Her eyes flash up at me standing above her, and I am suddenly engrossed in her face: she is seventeen, she has just graduated from Willow Glen, and she is dancing around the apartment we've made of her parents' basement because her oldest brother has given us his old Geo Metro as a wedding present. She is fifty-five, and she is screaming at her son-in-law with Spanish words he doesn't understand for quitting the grocery store when her daughter is about to have his child. She is three, and she is crying and screaming because she doesn't know if her mother will be coming home from the hospital tonight. I shiver and squint at her. She is twenty-four, and she has sculpted a tree from a painted plank of soft oak to facilitate an explanation of the cycle of life and death to her children, who shouldn't need to understand for years to come. *I would like to thank my two lovely children, Luis and Nina, for providing me with infinite inspiration.*

"You can hold my hand if you need to." Her words come across cold, as though the thought of having to touch me makes her shrivel up inside. "I wouldn't get upset or anything." Yes, *you would.*

"It's all going to be good news, Camilla."

"Good news doesn't make sense. You're Polish, and French, and all of those other things I'm not. I just don't see how we can get good news."

I don't say anything. I don't know what to say. Discussing the logical is so unlike rejecting it. She has thought about the numbers and she knows that we aren't going to win.

"David Rook?" My moment has come. The presenter takes the stage and briefs the audience on the category. Her loose, pink pantsuit squeaks as she readies herself to read the results from her clipboard.

"That's me. I'm – We're David and Camilla Rook." My face is hot and red.

"We have run all of the test results and it looks like we have a positive match. Mr. Rook, you can be your wife's donor."

My breath stops for a moment.

"Thank you, Doctor. Oh, thank god, thank god." I grab Camilla around the waist. I hold her, and it is unfamiliar and it is warm. Her gown is paper-thin and stiff. "Thank you – oh, thank you, thank you!"

*I would like to thank my parents, Denise and John Rook, for giving me the foundation for all of my accomplishments. I have less composure than a winner ought to have. My list has suddenly vanished from my mind. I have to thank my mother-in-law, who consistently pushed me toward stability and success. Of course I can't forget my old buddy Eric, for always getting me through the tough times.*

I am crying and screaming and thanking everyone and no one in particular. Suddenly, Camilla is holding my hand. She is holding my hand because she needs to. She is holding my hand because she wants to remember how it feels and she doesn't want to forget again.

# Conversations at the Coffee Shop

I stared into the computer screen and thought,  
“Where is the Voltaire or Montesquieu that resides behind the monitor?”  
Outside of history class, enlightenment evaporates, mystifying my mind.  
Your whispers of treasures drift into my ears,  
and I hastily agree for a cup of coffee over the wall of pixels.

I can't see “the chai, mocha, or philosophy” as I walk to Starbucks with you.  
And as I sit, supposedly enveloped in the sweet scent of inspiration,  
my nose detects nothing but coffee beans for the next cup of frappuccino.  
I sip my hot cocoa while you divulge your recent findings  
on a star composed of thoughts alone.

I can't cross the intellectual divide between fact and imagination.  
The more I look into the black mass overhead, the more it seems to expand.  
I dimly perceive its stellar beauty but its composition eludes me.  
I can see you shaking your head as I ramble on about the Doppler Effect,  
hoping against hope that I had at last bridged the gap between us.

Jingwen Hu



Jennifer Pryhuber || *Personal Logo*

# Melting

He lies in the snow  
and everything else seems inconsequential.  
Homework, parents, friends –  
none of them matter,  
he thinks,  
letting the cold, melted water soak into the  
supposedly waterproof  
Barbie-pink snow pants he wears,  
stolen from his sister in an act of desperation,  
not wanting to waste any time in getting outside.

Three years later,  
he's back in the same place.  
He wears jeans now;  
a twelve-year-old can't be seen in things so  
childish as snow pants.  
The snow falls on his face,  
but he's still preoccupied by that project due  
on Wednesday and how Johnny has a  
girlfriend and he doesn't  
and he's better looking anyway.  
He starts to think that maybe,  
just maybe,  
lying in the snow won't make  
everything disappear.

It's February of his sophomore year,  
and he hasn't even gone sledding.  
Of course, he didn't go last year either,  
the winter monopolized by the extra work  
of double accelerated math.  
He falls down, relishing the feeling of  
the cold seeping in through his coat,  
thick enough to keep him warm  
but to not look ridiculous to a  
judgmental school.  
He wishes it could be like this forever,  
then laughs because his idea of fun is  
being cold and alone.

Arianna Mayer

Zoe Holmes || *Kayla's Window*



# New Job: Fix Mr. Gluck's Hazy TV, PDQ!

Thomas Macias

Anyone can learn. Betty and Charles did, and look at where it took them!

Dalton's ideas and simple equations are fine-tuned in their heads every day, driving the two of them clinically insane. Every week they would meet at Friday's Gallery, a little eatery just down the street from the library to discuss their future applications of the natural log and 760mmHg.

It never amounts to much, their conversations. Just a time to release a week's worth of steam over a bagel and some chips. Kepler's Laws were the subject of the day, as she had just completed her fourth exam.

"Monday didn't seem like it was starting off a week of misery. No one told me about orbits or whatever after my Orthodontist appointment made me miss the large group period and the homework questions that were assigned. People should tell me these things! Question 30 wasn't even mentioned when we were going over some problems in class. Roy read the list of questions to me the next day, and since 30 didn't make any sense at all, to bother doing it wouldn't be worth it, especially if it weren't assigned."

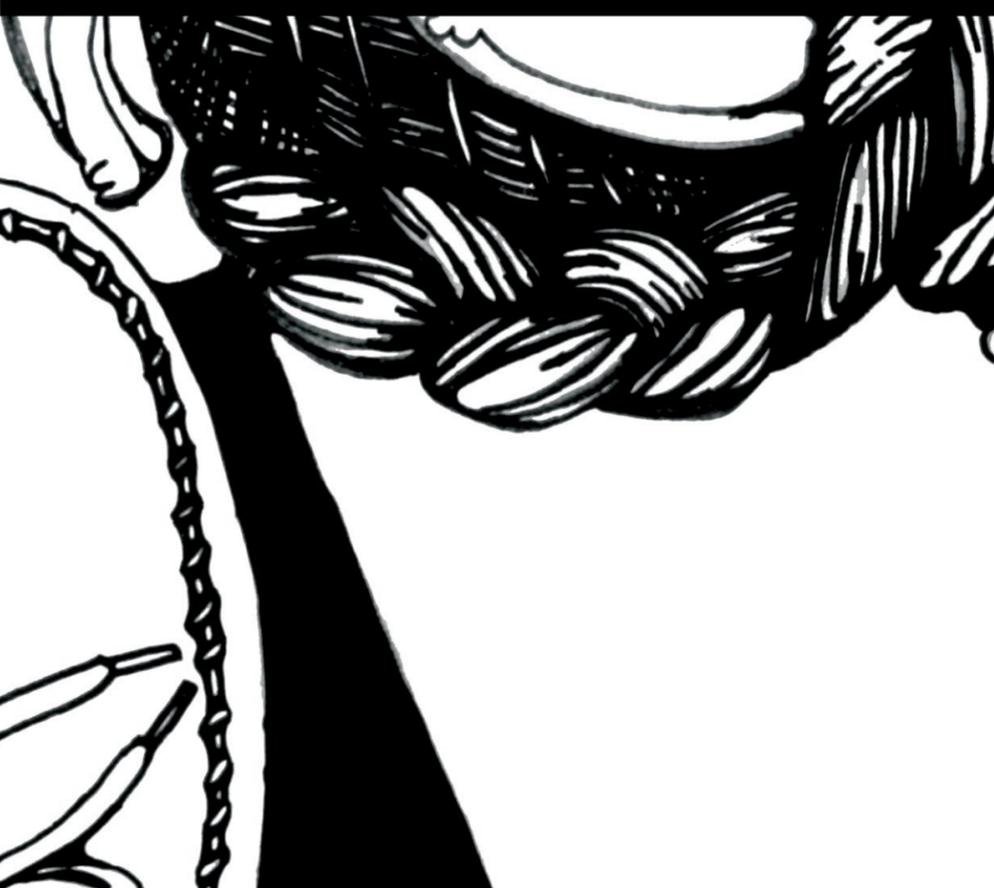
Sacrificing a few hours every week to listen was well worth it, he was just glad she was hanging out with him.

Time after time, he would go straight home after school and be ridiculed for not having a social life. Used to be, but no longer, and as Valentine's was coming up soon, he had a decision to make.

"W-would you like to go out t-to the movies... with me?"

\* \* \*

X-rays and big medical bills followed in the wake of that 'accident.' Yet, a silver lining was found the next week – because she felt so sorry about what happened, she wheeled him all around the Zoo as an apology.



# Liquid Hourglass

The grass feels hot beneath my bare feet  
as I sneak across my backyard  
at eleven o'clock at night — way past my bedtime.  
My stepsister won't tell, though;  
she understands the lure of a late night swim  
to soak away the swelter of August.  
Besides, my parents don't know yet  
that she pierced her bellybutton.

I fling my towel onto the swings  
from my perch on the pool ladder  
then dip my toes in the water,  
watching small blades of grass float off  
in the direction of the trees.  
The moon ripples on the surface  
to the rhythm of the cricket chorus behind me,  
while a lone dog howls in the distance.

I don't know that, five days from now,  
the water will turn a grimy green color  
because the filter needs to be changed,  
and I won't be able to swim again for the next week,  
nor that next year, the plastic walls will cave in  
from too much snow,  
and, a month later, my parents  
will announce we're moving.

It doesn't matter, though, because, at this moment,  
I am content simply knowing that  
the twinkling surface of the water is cool and  
beckoning.

Bella Vishnevsky

Sameera Razak || *Untitled*

# Anthropocentrism

The liberal Father remarked  
a fault of modern theology,  
that out anthropocentrism has ended  
the practice of assigning gods  
to the rest of the world,  
of letting the other four-and-a-bit kingdoms  
enter that of Heaven;  
that one god, when shared,  
is spread too thin  
to give appropriate attention  
to the woes of the paramecium.

But Father,  
perhaps the animals  
and the plants  
and the fungi  
are just fine!  
Perhaps they live by their own gods;  
perhaps they don't need anyone at all  
but the sun  
and the water  
and the other godless creatures!

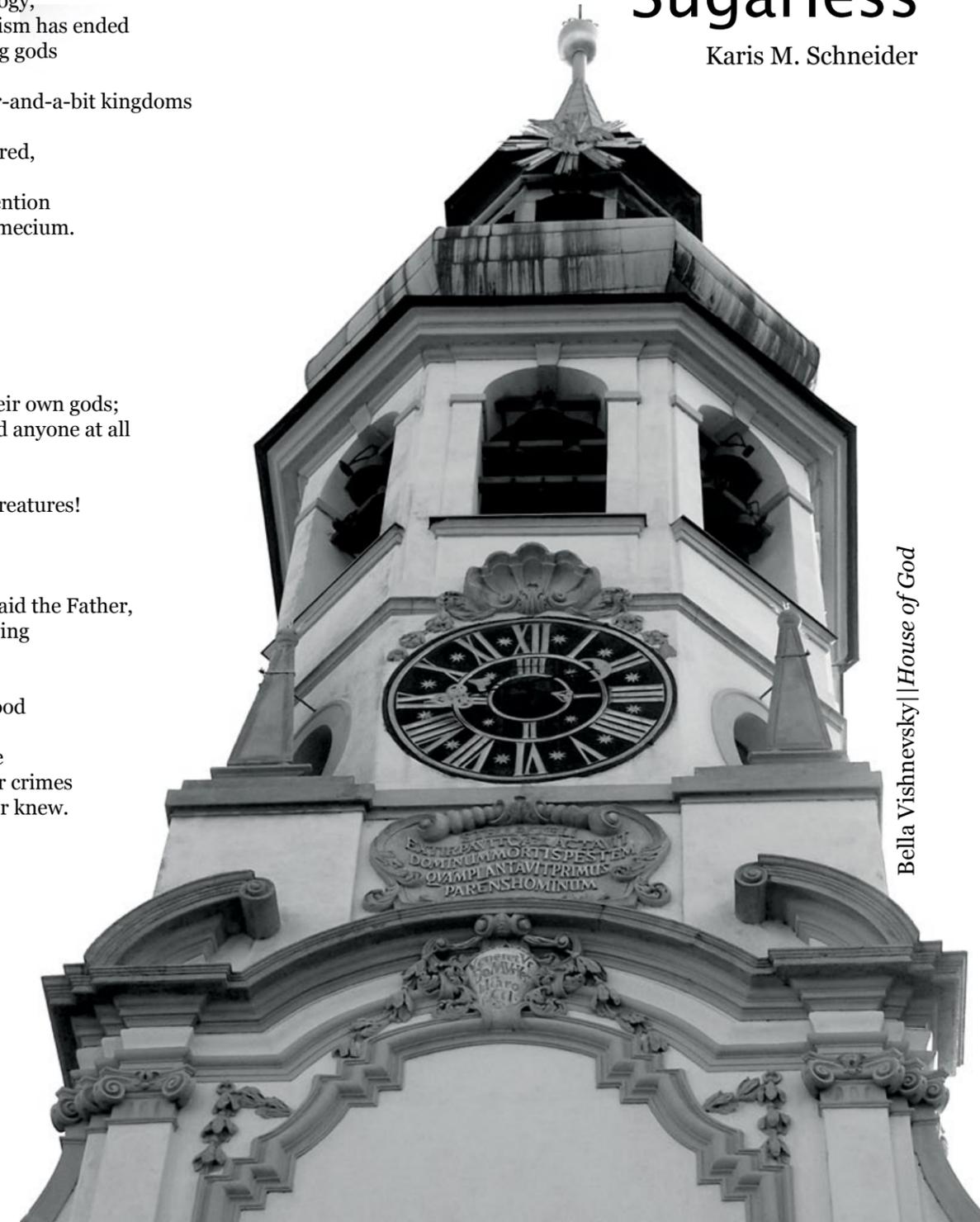
They are lucky  
who don't need faith  
in something greater, said the Father,  
who know that scavenging  
and eating  
and mating  
and fighting for livelihood  
make a full life,  
and can lay down to die  
without lamenting their crimes  
against a god they never knew.

Kate Leonard

When God made grapefruits,  
He intended them to be  
just the way they were.

# Sugarless

Karis M. Schneider



Bella Vishnevsky || *House of God*



Keavy Handley-Byrne | *Apple of My Eye*

## Circles

Karis M. Schneider

The car quickly passes me, running over my shadow that unsuspectingly bounces in the road. Wincing, I move to the right side of the sidewalk. Not that a car can do anything to a shadow, I tell myself. The sun has finally begun climbing around the same time that I start walking, and its rays make each blade of grass cast a tiny spear of grey. There's something about walking that brightens my whole day: the slight

chill in the air, the hush and desertion of the street, the feel of my legs straining to walk as fast as I can and still carry my backpack, which feels like it weighs about as much as I do. I love knowing that the first challenge of the day is overcome, because that power is exhilarating.

I readjust a bulky black earphone as it is jostled from my ear by the movement of rhythmic footsteps. Ever since the ninth grade final, when

we learned about how high decibel levels can damage hearing, I've been loath to turn my music up. Think, all those little hairs inside my ears are vibrating from sound waves, some of them flattened by pure noise, never to hear again. The cars that speed past me on Winton Road are so loud that I can't hear anything unless I turn up the volume, so I just stop listening. I've realized that it's rather pointless to even wear the headphones if I can't

hear music from them, and yet I don't stop. Maybe someday I'll cave and start turning it louder, but I'm still hoping the cars will change first. Don't ask how, because I don't know either.

Cars, in general, bother me. Obviously for the music problem and next for constantly rolling over my shadow. Sure, it always comes out on top, but the thought that that it's part of my head gives me this feeling like my lungs are caving in. What if it really was me there on the road? I have to shake myself and look away. And people are so inconsiderate sometimes. I hate it when I'm striding towards a street and suddenly a driver speeds up and pulls out ahead of me. I'm sure it would make her late for wherever she's going, those couple of seconds it would take to let me go first. Pedestrians do have the right of way, in case everyone's forgotten. Walking is almost obsolete now. Someday it will become so unsafe that no one will allow their children to even try; we can call those children the treadmill generation.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm missing part of my thoughts because I'm so caught up in technology. If my

thoughts were free to wander without iPods to ponder and cars to fear, could I come up with something more? Perhaps each time I'm distracted by something trivial, the deepest thoughts are weighed down with one more tangle of seaweed, snagged against one more sunken log, until reeling them up would almost break the fishing line. Not that I'd remember anything if I did come up with something. Ideas seem to skip over the surface



of my brain, like a stone. After a brief flight, they sink to the bottom of the lake to be smoothed by the perpetual tumbling of the water until they wash ashore again, unrecognizable.

The uneven sidewalk dips, catching my toe. I almost trip, but catch myself with several shaky steps forward. My heart thuds a little faster as I glance around, making a quick inventory of all witnesses of my clumsiness. The sidewalk is empty,

before and behind. I keep going forward, eyes pasted to the ground, determined not to fall again. The faint gleam of the sky lights upon the corner of my vision, and I hesitate. Is it better to be safe and miss the day or revel in it and risk tumbling? Every day demands a different choice. Today, however, today the new green leaves are whispering, and I cannot miss their secrets. The great eye above greets my tiny blue gaze, but who

reflects who remains to be seen.

The stoplights swing ahead, and the crossing guard leads other brave pedestrians across the street. My thoughts drift away from me, distracted. If I can't remember anything I thought this

morning, did it actually happen? Or is it just another fragment of the different mornings blending together to form one memory of one self walking one day? Maybe instead of walking to school, I'm just walking in circles. Actually, I wouldn't mind that so much, walking in circles, as long as the sun is rising in the east while the wind is high, and the sky fades faintly pink as the last pearls of dew hide themselves in the grass.

# Chasing the Sun

Time used to stand still for us  
We'd fit days into hours and weeks into days,  
Idling with our friends and toys  
While the sun hung, forgotten, over our heads  
As if painted onto the sky.

We must run to catch the sun, now,  
And the hours drain away like rushing water  
After a summer storm,  
Sending up the mists of mistakes made and promises not kept  
While we were busy pursuing the sun.

Ashley Nguyen

# Touché

Karis M. Schneider

Nothing makes us as lonely as our secrets. —Dr. Paul Tournier

The fourth-grade band ground to a halt, each trumpet blaring his own version of a B flat. A beat after the band stopped, the enthusiastic cymbal player whammed her instrument together. Her stringy brown hair blew back from the impact, and she beamed proudly as the adults chuckled and began clapping. Suppressing a grin, the director lowered his baton.

Almost immediately, all the adults rose to their feet, itching to collect their kids before they were lost in the crush of people and second-hand instruments. The conductor shook hands with proud parents as the children waved to various friends, their cases banging against their knees. One particular woman weaving through the crowd caught his eye. She gently propelled his cymbal player before her, her hands tight on the girl's shoulders. He pretended to ignore her, turning to a couple on his left.

"Yes, Jared's playing has improved considerably," he said, though in truth he was listening to the soft voice of the other woman behind him, excusing herself for pushing through the people. He held his breath, but he did not look at her, not until he heard the voice directly behind him, inquiring, "Mr. Wayne?"

He turned. The woman's green eyes met his hesitantly, but his expression did not falter as he lifted his hand to greet her. "You're Sarah's mother, I presume?"

"Yes," she replied, her knuckles white as her slender fingers gripped the girl's shoulder. "Yes, I am."

"Well, you have fine musician in the making," he said, and his eyes skipped from hers to the child's. "You know I saw that last crash coming," he said, a real smile appearing as he watched the wriggling girl bite her lip. "If you're going to make up a part, at least do it during the piece where no one else can tell." The young musician looked up, eyes dancing, and her grin matched his.

"Yes sir," the girl replied brightly, saluting. He looked over Sarah's head, and the woman's face relaxed slightly as she smiled back at him.

"Thank you. You're her favorite teacher," her mother said, catching the girl quickly as she attempted to slip over to her friends' side. "She really enjoys making music."

"Just like her mother did," he said, without thinking. He watched as the woman's face crumpled, and his heart cringed in sympathy. Averting his eyes, he nodded once and quickly turned to shake another parent's hand. He heard the girl say, "Oh, please Mom, let's stop for ice-cream on the way home, please? Please?" The woman did not respond. He clenched his fingers into a fist, then glanced quickly behind him, watching them melt into the general hubbub. His expression was fixed as always when he turned back, but his eyes were slightly glazed.

*"Just you wait. Someday, someday I'll make it," he said, playing mindlessly on the battered piano as the girl smiled at him, her elbows*

*resting on the lid.*

*"So you say. You know how competitive it is to major in music," she said.*

*"It doesn't matter. I'll work harder than anyone else. I'll practice until my fingers fall off. I can't live without playing, and I will never be able to play enough unless I go into music."*

*She sighed, looking beyond him, her face suddenly blank. "Well, I suppose you know yourself best."*

*His fingers suddenly faltered, and the music cringed and fell silent. "What about you? I thought you said..."*

*"I... I've been talking to my mother. She doesn't think I should, well, do something so risky." Her eyes were trained on the window behind him as she tapped her finger on the piano's surface, and she determinedly avoided his gaze.*

*"So?" he demanded. "So? That's not important. If you're doing something you love, it will be good enough. You know you love that cello." Flexing his fingers expertly, he embraced the keys, the music spiraling into existence again.*

*"But what if you fail?" She bit her lip, digging her toe into the carpet.*

*"Then I will go down fighting." He looked up, his eyes hard and bright. "There is always something left, unless you give up. What is life without music?"*

*"There's got to be something else," she whispered, but he had already submerged himself in the piece. When he looked up again, his teeth set and his argument clearly written on his face, she was gone.*



Darrian Amaker || *Brightened*

## "Carpe— Can You Hear It?"

Sometimes, when I'm pointing  
my guns at you,  
I can feel the clock above me smirking.  
From behind its fingerless hands,  
its wicked whisper carries to my ears—

"Keep wasting time, child. I promise to stop my ticking..."  
and, on the wind, I hear it snicker

"... someday."

Then all I really want to do  
is lace my fingers through yours  
and run with you,  
forever,  
under the pulsing sun.

Bella Vishnevsky

# Memorabilia

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We see the past in black and the white;  
only each man's best words quoted.  
And we replay stories with hindsight  
(they should have done it differently, anyway).

Squint carefully through the grain of history,  
through the shaky films and muffled voices.

Will we be viewed as they were?  
Through the gold-framed glass that  
protects scratched photographs?  
Of course not.

We cannot expect to be  
represented like the past unless  
we sacrifice our foresight.  
And, after all, now we see in color.

David Schwartz



Keavy Handley-Byrne || Edward Owen



Mona Ostojca-Lojasiewicz || Ginkgo Leaves

# Closing Comments

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Jennifer Pinar Yasar

The end.

Just kidding; I wouldn't make a final farewell so brief. However, I will make short of my sadness, because there isn't enough space on a page to convey the depressing realization that another year has passed and I've only gotten older. This magazine, however, manages to stay surprisingly young (fifty-four is a trifle for a galaxy); the poems are literature-forward and break traditional molds, and the prose has a fresh perspective on everyday occurrences. Also, the age of the authors is a healthy range from fresh off the middle school boat to one foot

in the college yacht. There isn't much this magazine hasn't seen, but there's enough left to keep it alive for a next generation.

A next generation that will make Galaxy even younger, by adding their own diverse perspective to these glossy pages and publishing writing that enters even more contemporary realms than the ones we find ourselves in now. While the rest of us slowly develop wrinkles and rusty bones, Galaxy will be thriving on the energy of the new. That is the one comforting thought that keeps me from writing a miserable goodbye, laced with stories about 'the good times' and the ache

I feel leaving Galaxy forever. This magazine is immortal; it is also the embodiment of youth. No matter how old Galactites get, they will always be young in the eyes of the reader.

Who doesn't want to be a part of something like that?

Galaxy 2008 is the youngest magazine of its predecessors, which is something I can only assert until Galaxy 2009 is published. So, enjoy the feeling of youth in your hands while it lasts; read these pages until the gloss fades and the words become memories. Because you, unlike Galaxy, are only young once; go back and read it again, will you?

# Thank you

## STARS

Shelli and Sam Asher  
The Great Frame Up  
Jon Klein and Susan Cohn  
Rudy the Cat  
Rebecca Schachter  
The Whalen-Cohen Family

## CONSTELLATIONS

Friends of Galaxy  
Lillian  
Alan and Margaret Kaminsky  
The Macias Family  
The Sugunan Family

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In March, those who have attended at least ten meetings have the opportunity to vote on the pieces they would like to see published. The final product is designed and printed for distribution in late May. *Galaxy* also sponsors other events throughout the year, including poetry cafés and the annual Soirée.

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