

ROYGBV edition



Galaxy

2011

art and literary magazine



r o y g b v edition



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2011

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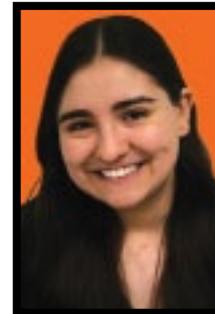
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Galaxy is Brighton High School's award-winning art and literary magazine. It is not only a magazine, it is a forum for
students to share their art and writing and get feedback. Any student can submit work via email or the Galaxy office
mailbox. The editors then choose pieces to be discussed anonymously at weekly two-hour meetings, which take place
on Sunday evenings at students' homes. 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
May. Galaxy also hosts other events throughout the year, including poetry cafés and Soirée.

Opening Comments

Having been involved in Galaxy since my freshman year, I'd like to think that I'm an old-timer. I have watched four different magazines come fresh from the printer and have worked with a total of twenty-five editors. And yet, the time I've spent working on the magazine is only a speck on the timeline of Galaxy's history.

Galaxy is fifty-seven years old. It was born during the Cold War, when McCarthyism was a strong force in American politics. Galaxy was there when segregation in schools became illegal, throughout the Vietnam War, and when the Berlin Wall came down. These are events that I only read about in books, but for Galaxy, the magazine to which I devoted much of my time in high school, they are part of its history.

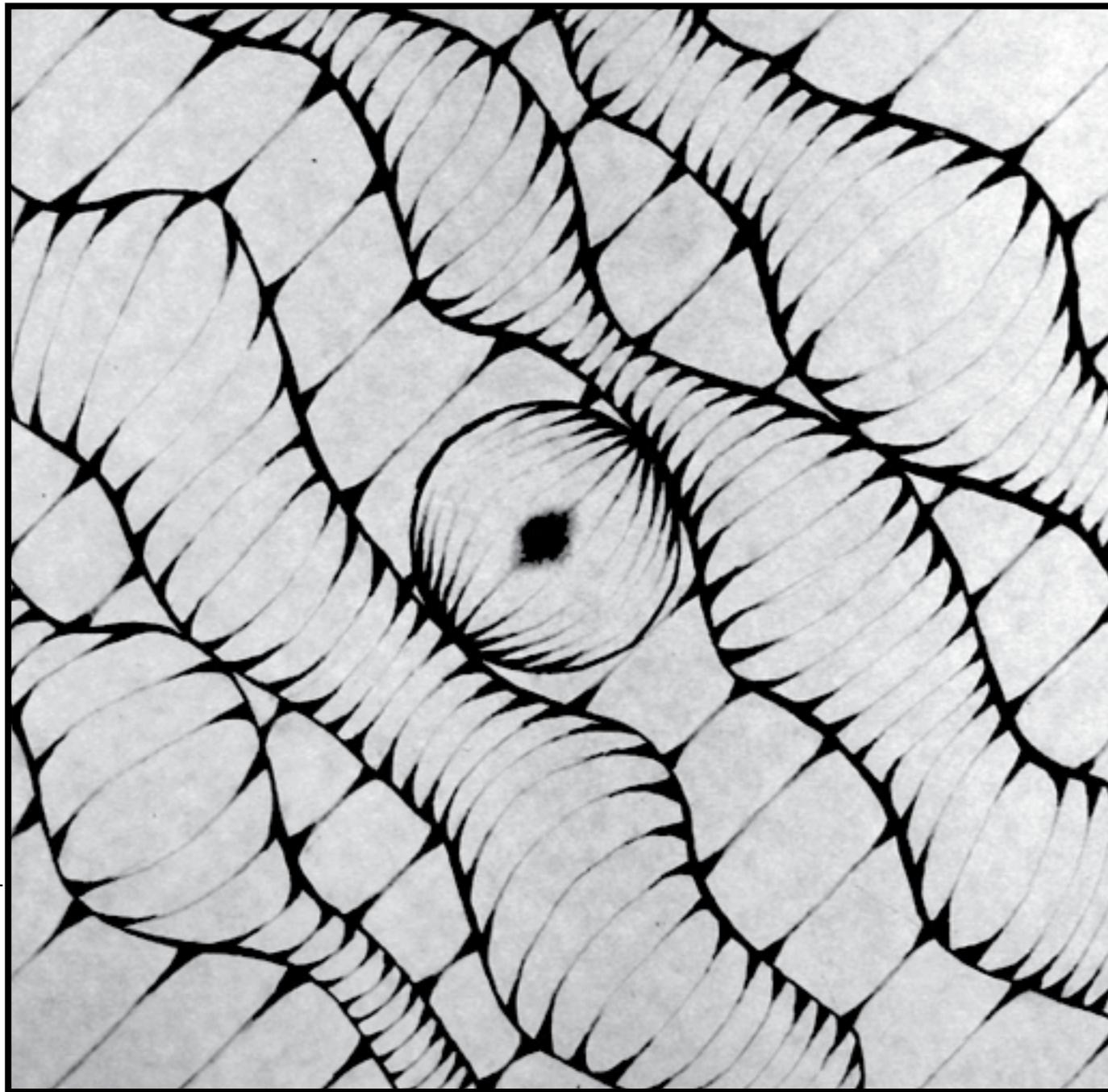
Most of the Galaxy editors are sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years old at the most. We've witnessed the rise of the Internet, a new millennium, two wars, and a revolution in Egypt. These events are few compared to everything Galaxy has experienced in its fifty-seven years. But they, along with everything else that has happened in the past half-century, will be added to Galaxy's collective memory. These memories come together to form what we know as Brighton High School's art and literary magazine: a collection of poems, stories, and pictures that reflect how we feel about the events that unfold around us.

As I complete my fourth and final year of Galaxy, I look ahead to the events the future will bring. These events, be they good or bad, will be captured into Galaxy's memory by the people who will continue to work hard to produce the magazine each year.

Please enjoy this piece of a memory, fifty-seven years in the making.

Pauline Schwartzman
Editor-in-Chief

event horizon | *Matthew Menzies*



How Heartbreaking

I broke my own heart.
The nail clippers were sufficient at first,
although later the sinewy muscle
required hedge shears,
a mallet,
and a nutcracker.
I have a heart like an unripe peach,
although until now the pit had remained untouched.

You were a bit squeamish at the thought of doing it yourself,
which is why I did it, of course; I am nothing
if not generous.
The blood was minimal, it was a fairly
restrained disaster.
What a brave audience you are,
I applaud you.

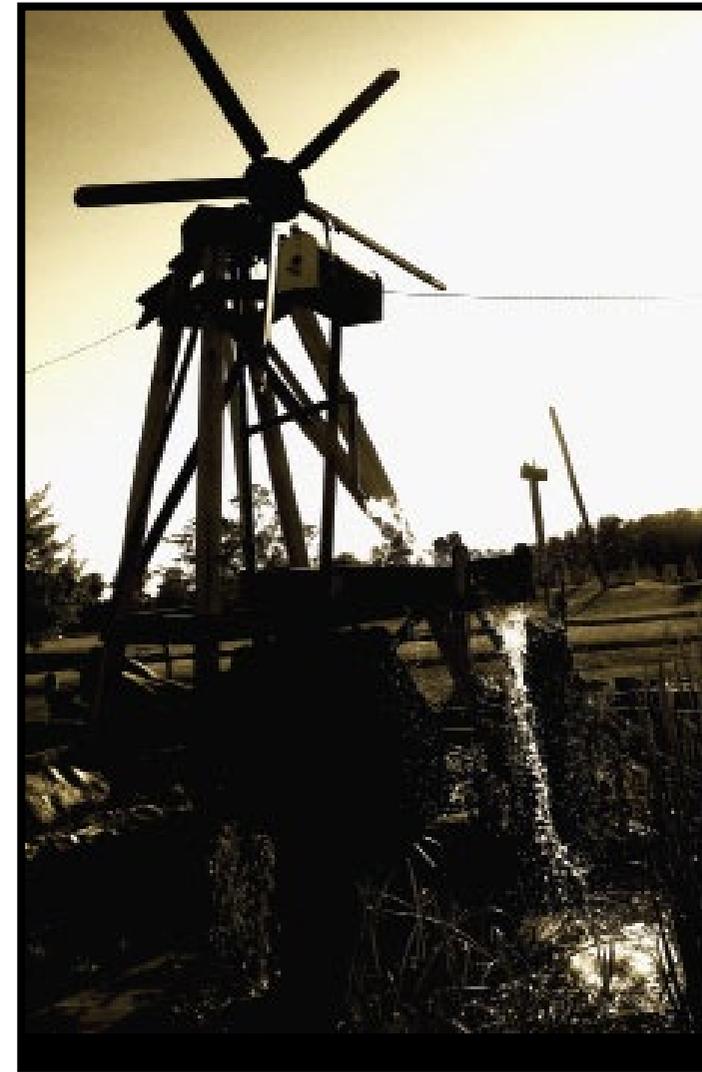
I broke my own heart on your behalf
But truth be told, a neat incision was actually all it took,
in the end
(and easily mended,
as a few tendrils had managed to hold fast
through my planned destruction.
Strong little buggers.)

Becca Braiman



Sketchbook 1 | *Samuel Edward Horowitz*

All Roads Lead to Rome



Windscape | *Shannon Macias*

A scrawny man pushes his shopping cart.
The sun glows behind him.
Another day means another try at a steady job.
A job where he is not the one on whom life trods,
but he knows with every step,
he will fail yet again, and he goes

forward, forever forward, into oblivion.

A suit jacket.
His hands clenched tight.
Every problem is a fight.
Crippling addictions haunt him from every side.
He cries out for a simpler time,
but for now, he goes

forward, forever forward, into oblivion.

A child with endless wanderlust.
His heart flutters from dream to dream.
It seems he cannot focus on any one thing.
Last night's dreams,
were a spiral of nightmares,
and from then on he went

forward, forever forward, into oblivion.

An actor.
His insomnia the only thing that follows him from role to role.
He remembers a time when he could
differentiate himself from the man on his right.
So many roles, but none for his real life.
So he drifts

forward, forever forward, into oblivion.

A typist.
He stalks the trail of a great American novel.
He abandoned it all for a chance to dream,
but when he reached into his soul,
all he found was a pharmacist.
So now he wanders

forward, forever forward, into oblivion.

Connor Greer

The Primrose Path of Dalliance

A prisoner.
A fresh, flowery hostage
in a white wasteland that
held no comfort, no solace
to her ache.
She called out,
hearing no response,
hoping that somewhere,
someone would come for her.
She called out again, but
no kind gaze was
cast upon her withering frame.
She wept, wishing for
her pain, her loneliness
to end.
And when the sharp pangs
of neglect became
nothing more than
a nuisance,
an itch,
it was too late
to save her.

Lucy Roberts



Secret Envy | *Cindy Jiao*

Under Pressure

Do it.
It's no big deal.
Come on, you just get a bit dizzy.
Try it. Just this once.
Everyone's doing it.
It doesn't hurt.
Loser.

Fine.
Once.
Ok?

Finally.
Good for you.
They crowd around watching.
He's the chosen.
The trained.
The clean.

He plunges the needle in deep.
And drains the life
the warmth on my skin
yet shivering
turned pale
spins
blurs
hands clenching
over and over
and over and over and
over
till the siphoning

stops.

O Negative.

Elizabeth Ingham



Andrew | *Elizabeth Ingham*

Puppet's Life



Wish Wisely | *Radka Yang*

Were I a puppet,
moved by strings,
would you be my puppeteer?

With deft pull
and gentle tug,
I'd leap and dance,
and beneath golden lights on gilden stage
you would make me prance.

We'd be the best performers.
We'd draw the largest crowds.
And they'd say, of you and I,
Our partnership is quite divine!

Yet ever show must end the same,
with the final curtain call.
My paint will fade,
my hinges creak,
my limbs will crack and break,
and I'll soon be set aside.

Once these old frayed strings have snapped,
I'll lie on desolate stage,
Weary, broken, alone.
Worn posters haunt the walls,
My life hanging before my eyes.
Then the lights go out.

David Carmel

My Dog Arnold.

Kiara McDade

Arnold was my dog and he was my best friend. We had to give him away today. Mommy and Daddy said it was because we had to make room, but I don't know what for since we don't have a new racecar track or anything (I really want a new racecar track). Arnold liked to fetch and sleep and I loved him. Sometimes he came into my room and I let him sleep in my bed, but Mommy didn't like that. She said he was going to give me fleas, but Arnold didn't have fleas. I know because I once saw a picture of one and they're pretty big (it took up the whole page). He barfed in my bed one time though. It was pretty gross, but it was okay because I still loved him. I miss him a lot. I think Mommy does too because I heard her crying and then she said "He's gone" to Daddy, so I tried to draw her a picture, but Daddy said I should leave her alone. I hope the people at the farm we gave Arnold to are nice to him. I think Arnold will make a lot of friends at the farm and I hope he will be happy.

Pout | *Sarab Khan*



Predetermined Fate

orange
smooth
it is beautiful.
no wrinkles. no scars.
perfect.

stabbing, scraping, sculpting

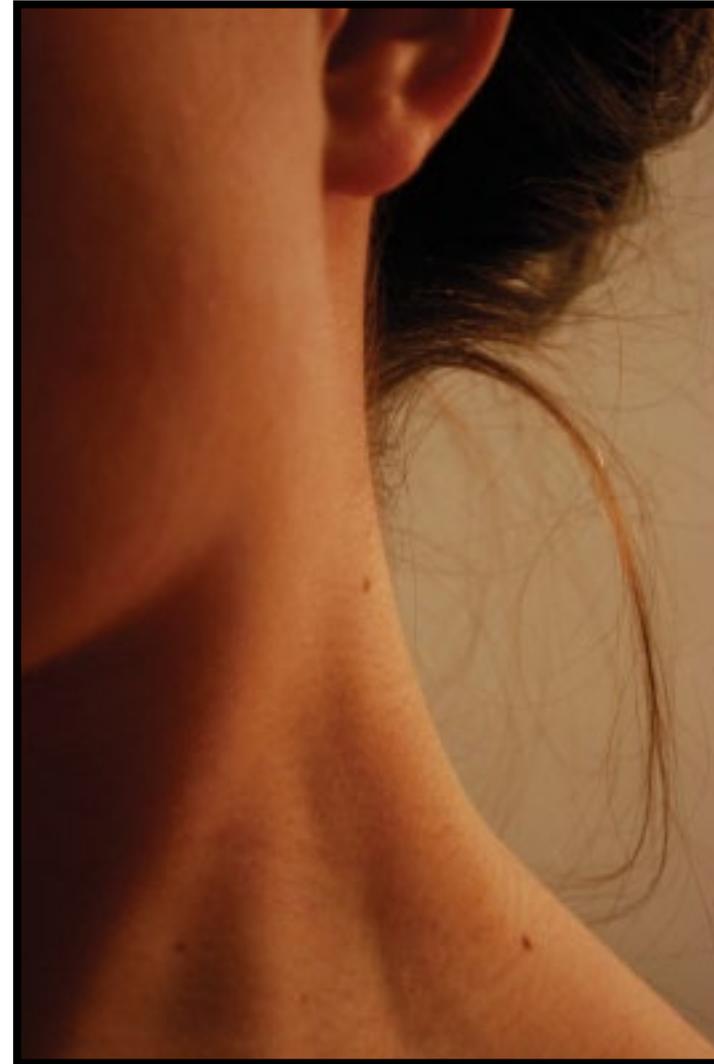
it will burn,
shape itself to the desire of its creator.

admirers will love it. touch it.
respect it.
it will glow in its glory –

but slowly,
it will wither.
skin browning like sandpaper folds.
it will die.
useless.
unmemorable.

and if you look inside you will notice
the creator
carved it
hollow.

Cindy Jiao



Vulnerable | *Kiara McDade*

Someone Died as the Sun Rose



Winter Leaves | *Alex Melnik*

I stood on that bridge
That bridge of my childhood,
That bridge of my innocence

And I watched the sun rise
Over my city,
Over the city I loved

The stunning, light blue sky
Lit up the skyscrapers,
Lit up my eyes

But the scream was so loud
It broke my trance
And it resonated in my ears

They were just watching the sun rise,
But on the other end of the bridge
And so I ran

I never went back to the bridge
After that morning
But I still watch the sun rise

Colin McKenna

A Blind Man's Nickel

Darren Masters

Right arm first, he pulled on a plain blue shirt and buttoned it. Left leg first, he stepped into khaki pants, tucked in his shirt, and buckled his belt. He took three steps to the closet, slid the door to the left and selected a tie. This day's tie was dark red and skinny with horizontal green and yellow stripes. He tied a half Windsor letting the tie fall just below the buckle of his leather belt. He stepped into his shoes and, taking exactly eight steps, exited the bedroom of his fourth story apartment on Cline Street. Seven more steps brought him to the kitchen counter upon which was placed a loaf of bread, a pile of apples, and a washcloth. He picked up the top apple, rubbed it on the washcloth and set the apple down on the counter after taking two bites. His other hand found a knife in the drawer beneath the counter. He cut himself a slice of bread, ate it slowly, and then finished his apple. Moving deliberately, he stepped away from the counter, pulled on his jacket, picked up his bag, walked out the door, down four flights of stairs, and into the street. The smell of fresh baked pie greeted him from the bakery next to his apartment building. It was a Monday. He walked down Cline Street. At the corner of Adam and Cline he stopped and reached into his pocket as a man walked up to him carrying a bag full of newspapers.

"Good morning John, here's your paper," said the man. John handed him two pennies, placed the paper inside his bag and continued down Adam Street. As he approached Walker Street he pulled a nickel from his pocket, placed it on his thumbnail and flicked it to an unoccupied space next to a telephone booth. The shiny new coin glistened in the sun for a second then dropped to the sidewalk with a sharp tinny clink. He stopped, the noise rung in his ears for a second, and then he turned around and focused his eyes on the spot next to the booth where the coin had fallen. The nickel sat just beyond the sidewalk on the sun-warmed pavement, and the space next to the phone booth sat undeniably vacant. He started to take a step forward but stopped abruptly. Finally, he walked into the street, picked up the nickel, and examined it in his

hands. The brand new coin was unblemished except for a small scratch just above the "R" in "Liberty" caused by the coin's collision with the pavement. To his left he heard a man yell. He looked up and saw an exasperated Model T driver glaring at him. He stepped back up onto the sidewalk and resumed his inspection of the nickel. Still holding it he lowered his hand to his side and continued his walk down the street.

*

"Who are you?" John said after he had picked himself up from the sidewalk and straightened his tie "and why did you trip me? I might be late for work now." John looked down upon a man who was presumably nobody. The man was homeless; he wore an oversized wool jacket, fingerless gloves, and two different shoes. The man's eyes had sunken into his face, his nose was slightly bent upwards like a pig's, and there was a large gap in his upper row of teeth. Despite all this, the man grinned childishly and almost began to chuckle as he looked up into John's disgruntled face.

"You've never seen me before," The man declared. "I knew it." These last three words were consumed by laughter, which overtook the man so that he fell over onto his burlap mat.

"So what if I've never seen you before?" John swung his left foot around and was about to continue down Adam Street, but the homeless man called out again.

"You walk by here every day." The man was so overjoyed with his observation it was as if it had won him a Nobel Prize. "For a month I've sat here on my mat, and you've walked by every day paying no attention, looking straight ahead, and so you haven't noticed me."

"Now I really am late." John realized looking at his watch. He was frustrated that the man would bother making him late to tell him something just as insignificant as its messenger. John reached into his pocket, pulled out a nickel and threw it at the man.

"There take some money and leave me alone. I imagine that's all you're after anyway."

Paying no attention to the man's pleas to hear him out, John turned onto Walker Street; he walked a short way and then entered the fifth door, which led to the factory where he was an accountant.

The homeless man stayed persistent for some time after his and John's first encounter. There was something he desperately wanted to share with John, but everyday John would throw a nickel at him and keep walking without stopping to listen. John felt very good about himself actually. Everywhere people were living on the streets with no work and he was helping someone to perhaps regain some of the freedom the Depression had stripped away. After a few months the homeless man gave up his attempt to teach a lesson to John and accepted willingly the nickels cast daily at his feet.

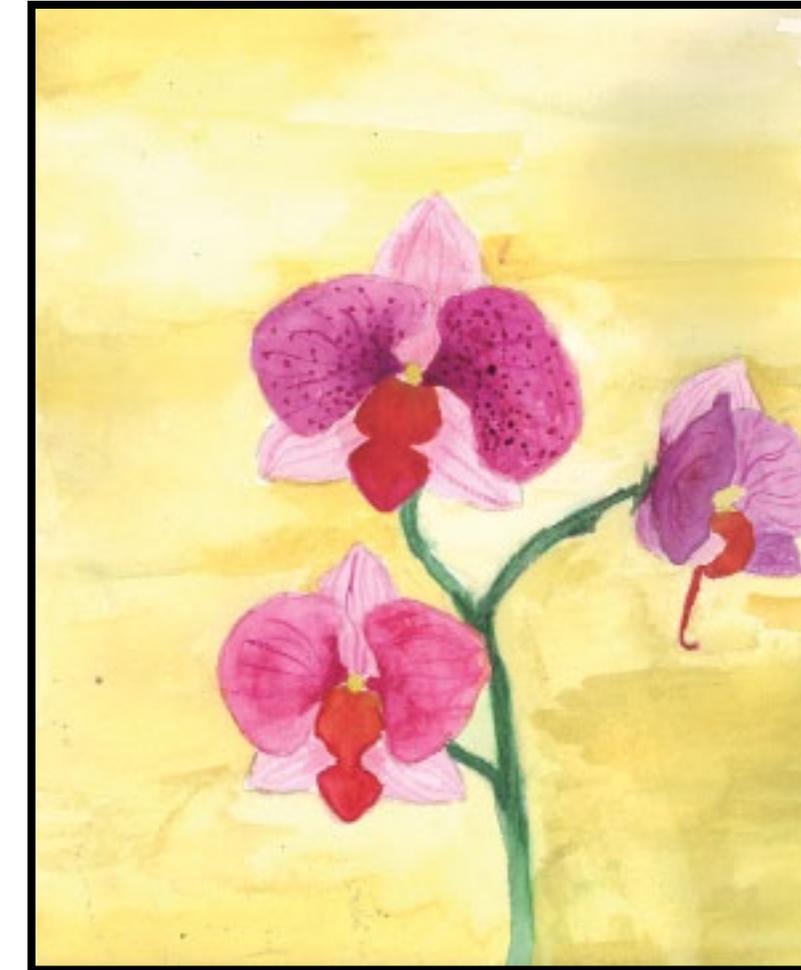
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That night when he returned home from the factory, John took out his newspaper as usual. He found the nickel, which had fallen to the pavement in the morning, while rummaging in his bag for the paper. He stared at the nickel for a second and then began reading the paper. He was quite disgusted by the excited way the nation was receiving the new president. This man was supposed to reverse the Depression. John didn't buy it. Such pro-

grams were very likely to bring the country to even worse financial ruin in the future, even if they gave it a little support now. He glimpsed at the baseball scores, which he only pretended to care about, as he skipped over the sports section. The Yankees had done well; John's manager was

likely to be in a very bad mood the next day.

Just as he was about to close another useless paper, a picture caught his eye. On the second to last page was the likeness of the homeless man to whom John had tossed nickels for the past three years. This man was slightly different from the man he remembered though. His skin was even more weathered than the man John knew, and his eyes had a dull glow that gave the impression he had gone blind. John realized that just as the homeless man had said on their first encounter, he hadn't actually seen the man. Sure, John had walked by the spot hundreds of times and tossed a nickel to the man. It had been his contribution to the greater good. The headline of the article that went along with the picture read Orphanage director celebrates the life of a homeless man. Genuinely intrigued by his paper, John began to read. The homeless man had apparently been found dead over the weekend, sitting against a phone booth on Adam Street. Normally this would be of no consequence, however, an orphanage director just down the street said that this man had been so much more than just a man who lost a



Wild Orchids | *Sarah Khan*

job. According to the article, the homeless man had come every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday to the orphanage. The man had not come to adopt a child, or to try and get himself some help but instead to help the orphanage. The director said that three years ago the man had turned up at their door with a single nickel in his hands. The man had said, "a blind man gave this to me as an act of charity, I thought I should pass it to those who really need it." John's jaw dropped in amazement for not only had the man given away his nickel that first day, but also he had returned every day thereafter with John's nickels.

The director had tried not to take the money at first, but the man had been very persistent so the director had offered the man a meal in return for the donation. The homeless man had politely accepted the offer, but never ate more than one slice of bread, even though he clearly needed more. John read a quote by the director "these are the kinds of people we need in this country now, people who are willing to sacrifice their own welfare for the good of the country." At the end of the article the orphanage director sent out a message. For three years the homeless man had unfailingly turned up with his nickel and the orphanage director wanted to meet the "blind man" who had been funding it.

When he had finished reading and rereading the article John ripped it out of the paper, the rest of which he tossed on the pile of old news. Then for the first time since the homeless man had tripped him, John deviated from his daily routine. He stood up from the table, tucked the article into his pocket and walked down the stairs out into Cline Street. It was getting late, the shops were mostly closed, the street vendors had gone away, and the masses of people John normally encountered on his journey to work had dispersed. Nevertheless John walked down Cline Street, turned onto Adam Street and continued to the phone booth. The space was, of course, empty, but John inspected it anyway. The sidewalk was just like any other piece of sidewalk. There was not even a trace of the homeless man's former residence. After shedding a tear or two, John stood up again and continued walking. He passed Walker Street where

he would usually turn in to the factory, he passed the stand where he bought his apples, and he walked right up to the orphanage mentioned in the article. He knocked on the door once and then waited. No one came so he knocked again. Again, no one answered so John began to knock lightly but continuously on the door until at last it was opened.

"Good evening," said an agitated lady who John had apparently wakened, for she was in her nightclothes. "To what do I owe the pleasure of being wakened at ten in the evening?"

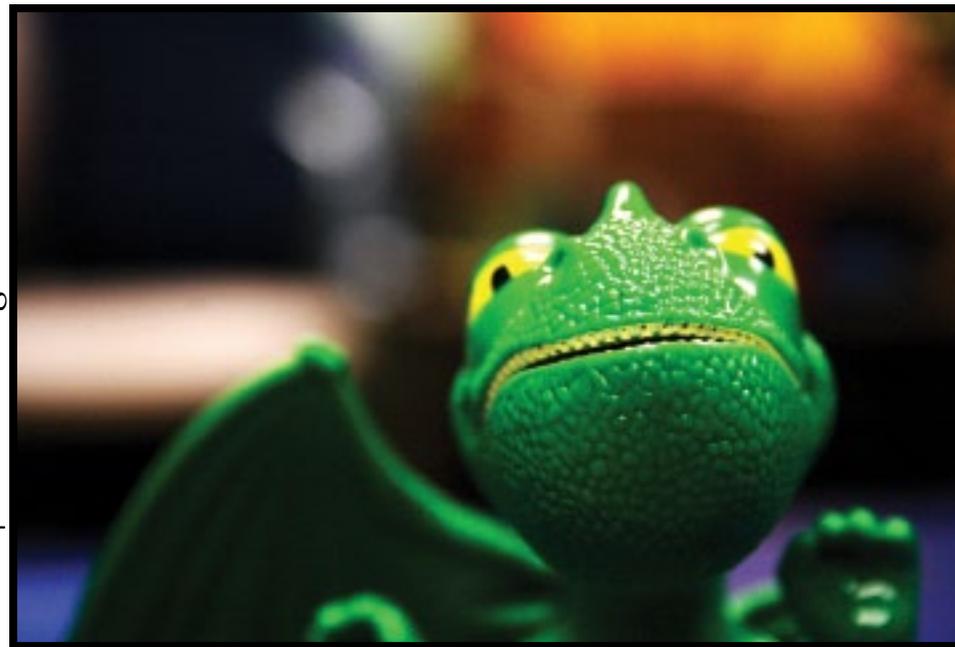
"You wouldn't happen to be the director would you?" inquired John, ignoring the woman's unpleasant greeting. "I read an article in today's paper... it was about a certain... um... homeless person. Anyway I want to speak to the director about that man, because I knew him as well."

"Just a minute. Please wait here," Groaned the woman. After quite a bit more than one minute the orphanage director came to the door. The director was tall and thin, his skin was pale and he had a slight limp. His hair was thin and graying, his eyes were a dull brown, and his clothes appeared to be just barely clinging to his skin. Despite all this he was a cheery man, he had a friendly smile, and he was a person who just seemed eager. What he was eager of John couldn't tell, but it gave the director a sense of purpose and it suited him.

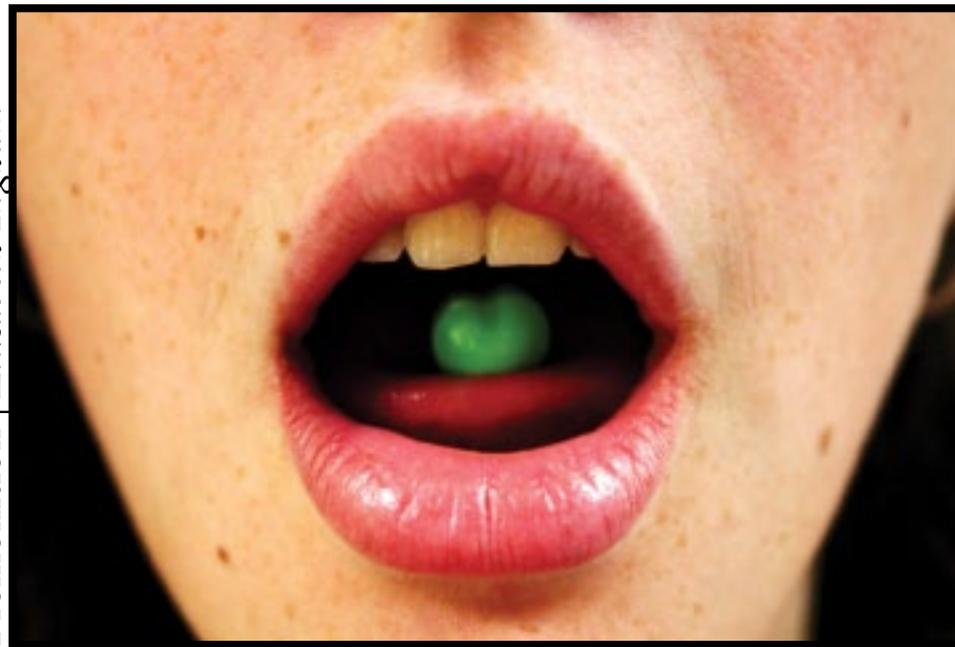
"You say you know the man from the article? He was quite an interesting fellow. I talked to him on many occasions, a lot of what he said made little sense, but he was indeed generous," the orphan director said, after turning and silently dismissing the woman who had originally answered the door. She walked off down the hallway happy that she could return to bed.

"Yes sir, I did know him." John hesitated for he wasn't quite sure what to say. After a full minute of silence, John explained to the orphanage director. "I am the blind man, and a very blind man I was, but I can see now." The director seemed to know exactly what John meant. He stepped aside, allowing John to enter and then shut the door.

Fierce | Elizabeth Ingham



Premonition | Elizabeth Ingham



waiting...

if i tore a black x
 into all the days
 between now and you,
 and drank each
 sweet
 succulent
 drop
 and tear
 until all that was left
 was
 a
 very
 thin
 rope
 and i
 p
 u
 l
 l
 e
 d
 could i ever touch
 your sunkissed lips?

Lianna Mendelson



Overhead | *Colin McKenna*

Moonlight



Zen Twig | *Sheberyar Mohammad*

I am convinced
 (and when I say convinced, I mean
 I'm pretty certain, maybe 100%, which is
 almost too much certainty for one person to contain)
 that the light of the full moon
 on this night has caused my
 mental constellations to go awry, askew,
 and generally off-center.
 Hence, I am no longer
 responsible for my actions, nor yours,
 and if together we were to
 ride through the sky on brooms
 and create a monstrous havoc,
 I would claim no part should I be taken to court
 or merely scolded.
 If I were to systematically
 bring society to its knees using only a
 waffle maker,
 this would be entirely justifiable,
 and possibly even beneficial,
 but only
 tonight.

Becca Braiman

The Eye | Krina Patel



Pneuma

Alex Jones

The dream was always of an old, wooden ship. Toppled over in violent weather, it's carcass tumbled into the violent maw of the ocean. The holes that had dotted it's body before grew to an unmanageable state, and seawater rushed into them, flooding the hull almost instantly. Right as the sails sank beneath the waves, I always woke up. This was how it went, and it had gone this way for just about six years.

Life continued as it always had, despite what greeted me in my sleep each night. I worked, I went out with friends, I left diet plans as fast as I committed myself to them, and I visited my husband's grave every Sunday after mass. When I had flowers, I laid flowers, and when I didn't, I pressed my hand against his name on the gravestone, hoping I was communicating with him in some subconscious manner. I hoped what he focused on if he could hear my thoughts was how deeply I missed him, and not the futility of the dates I had been on since his passing.

What I remained certain of, however, was what sleep would bring me to each and every night. There would be the ship, lifeless as always, sinking helplessly into the abyss that waited patiently beneath. I would be saved from witnessing the cruel indifference of the ocean played out any further by waking each morning in my bed, a cool sweat pooling in beads on my skin. I would get dressed, get in my car, and leave what haunted me in dreams at home, waiting for me to return again when the sun sank beneath the trees. And the cycle repeated itself, day in and day out.

I often wished that the ocean that plagued my dreams would swallow me along the ship it so desired. I wanted to cling onto the mast, the wind ripping through my hair and billowing my clothes, watching my fate seal itself as the water rose beneath me. I would stare through squinting eyes at the sky above, knowing my peace with God was at hand. I would be comforted in the knowledge that my death was simply the vessel necessary to reach my husband. The life I had been sleep-walking through for the last six years was finally coming to a close, and though it was a rather violent one, it was for the best.

And then, as always, I would wake up.

catastrophic

Our dimension was displaced two centimeters to the left.

Broadcasting was interfered.
The television would silently blare, showing pictures tainted with white.
Bed-time was earlier, but people were more tired.
The couple of centimeters must have affected the time.
Or else
the continuous tugging, as matter tried to move back into its original state, must have kept them awake.

Men in white coats solved the problem, with their Metallic Beeping Machine. They pushed until the dimension was crammed back into place, and cut off the excess.
Two centimeter back to the right.
back to the way it was before.

Right is right.
right?

Now there are parades and celebrations and many, many flowers.
But I'm stuck in my room, taping the torn shreds of dimension back onto my walls.

Kayla Woodlock

nude | Matthew Menzies



Watercolor | Korina Brewer



the fall

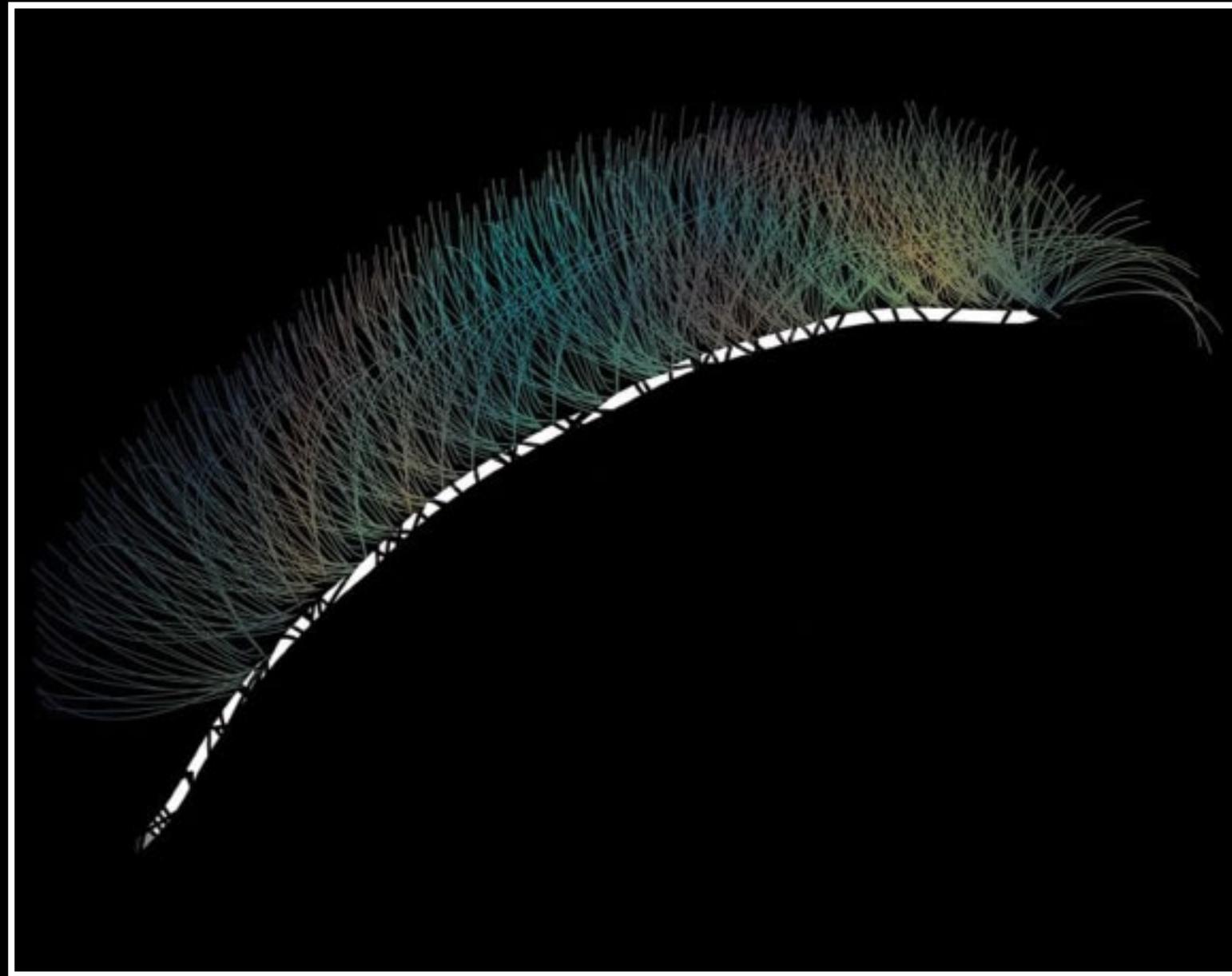
together
 until our reflection in the puddles we had danced through
 froze over
 and the constellations i had traced on your freckled skin
 flickered out.

Kiara McDade

I write poems about you

awkward poems
 love poems
 erotic poems
 Did you learn my name yet?

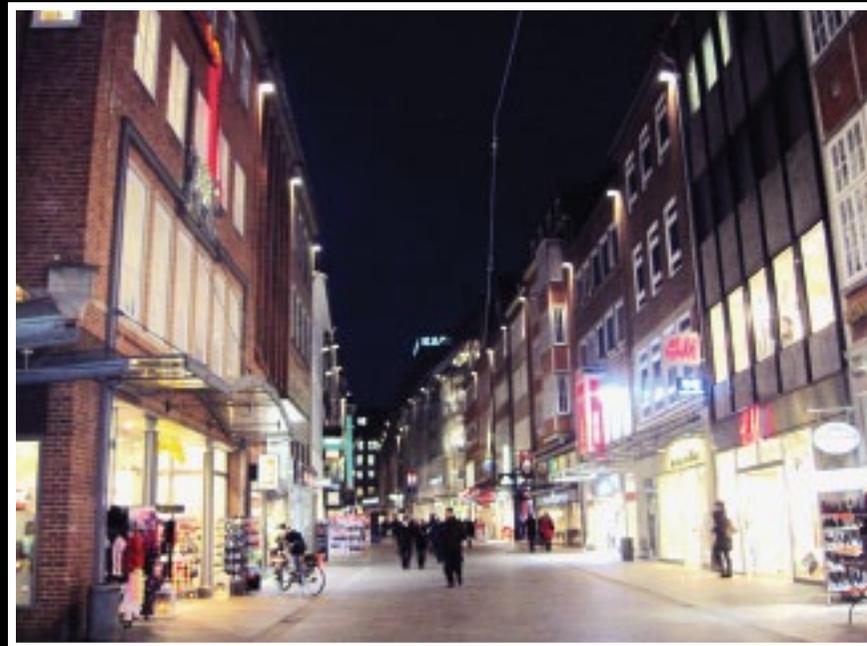
Cielo Ornelas MacFarlane



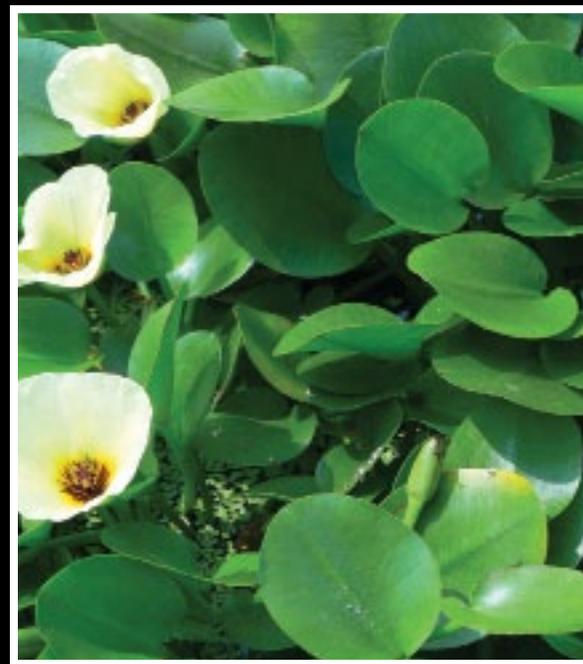
Feather | Olivia Hillery



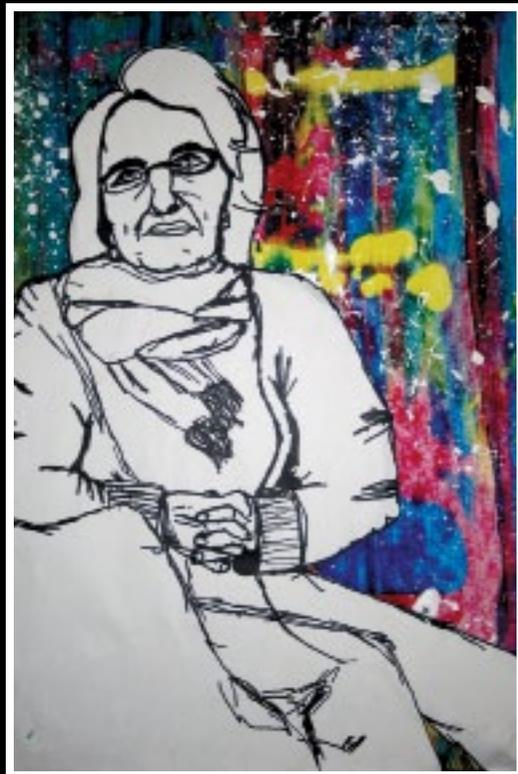
(from left to right):
The Final Stretch | Maria De Filippo
Center | Emily McDowell
Bremen at Night | Eric Cox
high chroma incidence in neutralized wispy cloud | Matt Menzies



Insect-Machine | Abra Gho
Les Hommes | Brigid Byrne
2005 was alright | Pauline Schwartzman



(black & white) (red) (orange) (yellow) (green) (blue) (violet)



(from left to right):
Quiero | *Cielo Ornelas*
MacFarlane
Crerand | *Lauren Cervi*
Still Life | *Korina Brewer*
sad-face-clown |
Matthew Menzies



Eat-a-Fruit | *Ahra Gho*
Window | *Eva Ford*
Old Soul | *Lucy Roberts*
Road to Zion |
Chris Herrmann



Soul



Hearts

Zoe Clark



Skull



Pelvis

how it ends

even all the strength,
all the might you have in
every cell of your body,
can't push
the hands of the clock
back toward the eleven.

Pauline Schwartzman

Aftermath

That Little Boy went
from Manhattan to Japan.
But was it worth it?

Shannon Macias

Colorblind

i wish that what i remembered
 was the color and the sound
 of a thousand glittering bangles
 and the rustle of coral silk as the salesman
 struts across his glass catwalk countertop
 a model
 a man
 one of millions that walk the counters
 the streets in this too-crowded city where
 there's barely enough room to breathe
 let alone hold a market in the dirt
 so he walks on air
 on a narrow path in a narrow shop
 alongside a hundred narrow stalls
 lining the cold concrete floors piled
 one after another and climbing each
 ten steps closer to the sky
 and ten steps closer to freedom
 from this crush of life choking the air
 down among the narrow streets
 but when i close my eyes i smell
 the stench that peels the paint from the walls of
 ten steps cast in muddy grey and black
 in this other world where life climbs up
 through the stairwells that are dark and
 carved from cold concrete
 whose narrow landings hold narrow lives and this
 this narrow strip of shattered comfort
 lying on the dirty ground
 the memory is what steals my breath away, the one
 of the spare scraps sitting on the landing
 and they hold the weight of millions



Purple Flower | *Emily McDowell*

a red rag
 a man
 sitting on it, the only 'home' he can call his own
 reaching out with the cracked contours of one bony hand
 and he doesn't know or care about the horror
 the pity in my eyes but only because
 he has none of his own
 through which to see it.

Nabiha Ahsan



Wither | *Kiara McDade*



Fingers to the Linoleum |
Pauline Schwartzman

No Longer a Home | *Kiara McDade*



Through the Haze | *Aaron Schaffer*



Taxis

tell me you said no tonight
 that when the clock strikes twelve you'll be home
 playing an anthem on the stereo and staring at the wall
 the beige one where you can see the white slime mold
 oozing out of the cracks, sweeping in with it the eau de wino
 of your neighbor next door, the one that you would never, ever
 borrow milk from, not even if their lives depended on it
 the way yours does on this answer, the word
 you say like a scrap of noise in the air as unique as
 the cigarette butts staining the cold black pavement
 as powerful as one man can be sitting in the cramped air
 bound not with black leather but cheap upholstery and
 stained with the reprobates of life, nearly as many as
 the ones lining that crack in the wall, that beige one
 that you only called beige to make you feel better when
 it turned out that the puke in the back seat was a better color
 before you realized that maybe it wasn't so bad after all
 if your other option was red, crimson red spattered
 on the windshield like so many dead bugs that you cleaned
 just yesterday after they came home on the bus
 while you were still out on the spare padded seat
 behind the wheel but before a nation of people that see
 maybe more than what you'd like with their eyes but
 not enough with the rest of them to understand what it means to
 say yes tonight when he asks the three words, only three
 but suddenly so great that they choke your throat in crimson
 like the white slime mold choked that wall and stole what little
 life it had before it had a chance to even answer the three words
 asked so innocently yet dripping in malice you'd never quite realized
 lurked on the streets as common as cigarette butts in this town, but
 maybe if you'd known it still would have tasted like smoke and ash the
 same as the cold kiss of clarified steel on your tongue and in your
 throat as you choked on the word the way you would have choked on
 the stale eau de wino coming through the crack in the beige wall if only
 you'd said no tonight, that no, no i'm not.

Nabiha Ashan

DEATH RIDES A HORSE

Alex Jones

Thumbnail sized beads of rainwater trickled their way down the windshield. The normal course of action would have probably been to turn on the windshield wipers in order to gain more visibility, but I didn't feel compelled to. There was something very cathartic about the sound they made when they struck the glass, like burning leaves, or fingers tapping on a snare drum. The way the droplets occasionally bound to each other upon accidental collision almost seemed intentional.

I removed a damp box of parliaments from my sweatshirt pocket and shook one into my palm. Upon placing the cigarette in my lips, I noticed Pat's silhouette approaching the car and let it dangle in my mouth while I fumbled around for my lighter.

As Pat opened the door and climbed inside, I spotted the lighter on the floor in front of him.

"I saw this thing on 'Mythbusters' once that said--"

"Hey Pat?"

"Yeah?"

I took the cigarette out of my mouth and gestured at Pat with it.

"My lighter is like, right between your legs. Can you grab it?"

Pat looked down towards his crotch and back up at me.

"You sure?"

"No, I mean like, between your feet. On the floor."

Pat arched his eyebrows and snorted mockingly as the corners of his mouth lifted into a smirk.

"What?"

"On the floor, Pat. My lighter is on the floor in directly front of you."

"Oh!", he exclaimed as he began to bend down underneath the glove box. "Why didn't you just say that?" He handed me my lighter and after three or four tries, a small cone of flame sprung from the top. I placed the cigarette back between my lips and shielded the flame with my free hand as I lit it. Exhaling a thin cloud of smoke into the car, I

turned to Pat.

"What were you saying about like, 'Mythbusters'?"

"The hell're you talking about?"

Pat gestured towards the lighter and I handed it to him.

"Like, right as you closed the door you started saying something about 'Mythbusters' or something."

Pat took a cigarette out of his pocket and placed it in his mouth. He looked up at the roof of the car contemplatively and, eyes widening, groaned as he went back to lighting his cigarette. Breathing more smoke into the car, he turned towards me.

"Last night on 'Mythbusters', they were talking about how like, if you walk in the rain instead of running in it or some shit, you get less wet."

"Oh yeah? What'd they say?"

"They said it was true."

"True? Well, I guess I can believe that."

"It's bullshit, man. I was just out there for no more than twenty seconds and I'm soaked."

"Well, I mean, it's raining pretty hard. One would assume that--"

"No, it's not the rain."

"It's not?"

"It's the fact that I walked."

Pat tapped some ashes onto the floor to add emphasis to what he was probably sure was the single most brilliant thing I had ever heard.

"I'm pretty sure the rain played a part in your, uh, plight too, Pat."

"It wouldn't have gotten me nearly as wet had I ran."

"What makes you say that?"

"I would have gotten here faster."

"Well, I could have told you that, Pat. Anyone could have told you that."

"What they said on 'Mythbusters' was that by running, you splash more water onto yourself, so by walking, which goes against your natu-

ral instinct to avoid the rain and to reach shelter from it as quickly as possible without ruining your clothes, you displace less water from the ground beneath you and, therefore, get less wet."

"That sounds perfectly logical to me."

"It's not logical. It's a pseudo-science, you know? It's a damn pseudo-science. 'Mythbusters' are a bunch of goddamn quacks."

Pat was on a roll now, and who would I be to stop a man with such conviction? I could tell this was going to take a while, so I turned the car off and faced Pat.

"You have my undivided attention."

"Look, I don't know how much you read, but let me tell you, there are some people out there who have the answers. I mean, these guys fly under the radar for their entire literary careers, and the only books they get published are ignored by just about everyone because they get like, zero promotion. The funny thing is, though, is that these books contain a very special thing."

"I'm on the edge of my seat, Pat."

"These books have the truth!

There's this one author, Rupert...Rupert something, and he wrote this book called *20,000 Leagues Under The White House* that's all about these scientific secrets that the government is like, keeping from us. It's ridiculous, man. I mean, you'd think that as a citizen, you'd be entitled to know how to like, cure cancer if a cure existed, which it does."

"Well, naturally!"

"Right? The government just doesn't want you to know! They want to keep this shit a secret from you so that you keep buying their drugs

and their 'vaccines' and keep supporting their war machine!"

"How awful!"

"And it's shit like this that just puts me over the edge, you know? They fill our head with little factoids and tidbits, like the kind on 'Mythbusters', just to distract us from the big picture! If we're busy worry-

ing about how much rain we splash on ourselves, we won't be worrying about like, I don't know, government facilities deep below the Earth's mantle that house cures for 'incurable' diseases."

"I guess you just can't trust anyone anymore."

"I trusted 'Mythbusters'. I trusted 'Mythbusters' and look where it got me."

"In a car?"

"Wetter than I should be."

We sat there in silence for a little while as our cigarettes burned down to their filters. Once mine had burnt out, I cracked open the window and tossed it outside. I turned towards Pat.

"You ready to go?"

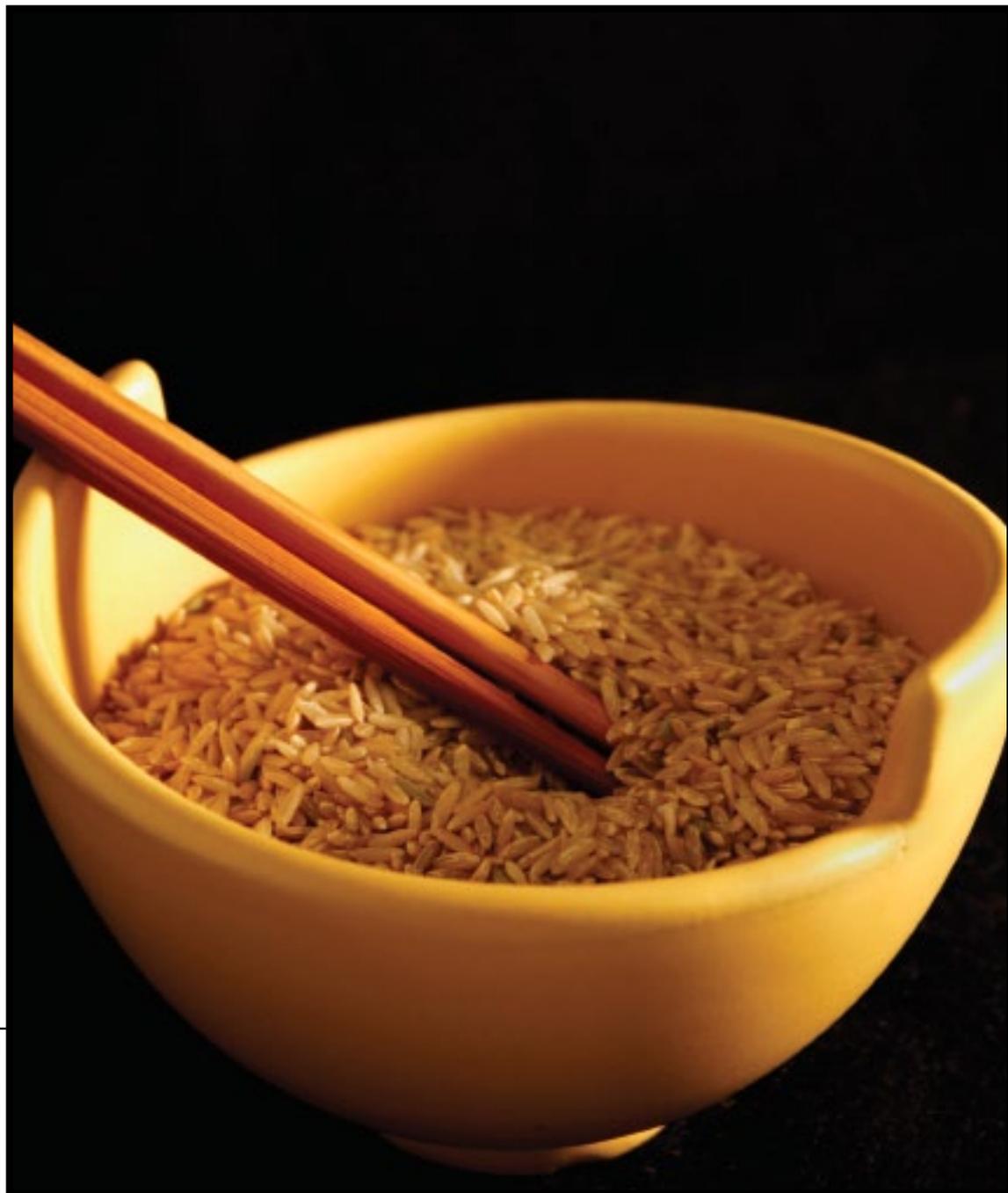
"Yeah, I'm good."

I turned the car back on and felt all the machinery lurch beneath my feet. As I shifted into drive, Pat turned to me and said, "I can't see a goddamn thing in this weather."

I reluctantly turned my wipers on.



Lurking | Sarah Khan



wish

Connie Jiang

“I don’t know what to do.”

“I wish you could help me.”

“But I know... you’re just a dog.”

This is what my two-legs says to me every day when the sky is that deep grey color; not blue or black, but the pregnant dark grey of unspoken and shattered dreams.

She buries her head into my neck, her fur mingling with mine, and she makes whining, keening noises. My fur becomes wet, and I know that she is sad. So I do the only thing I can; I lick her face and wait for her to react, wiping off slobber as the corners of her lips turn up. But she does nothing. I’d forgotten; she never smiles anymore.

Sometimes I remember when she still did; when she was smaller and I wasn’t so old.

Her fur was always tied up, in two bundles as if mimicking the way my ears hang down. She would run around and I would give chase, and we’d tumble in a heap of six-legged joy. And I would watch as she laughed, and I would know that she was happy. And at the end of each day, she would say

“Today was fun.”

“Let’s play again tomorrow.”

“I love you.”

She would hug me and fall asleep, a half-smile still on her face.

Years passed and she went away to a place they called “COLLEGE”. COLLEGE meant that she wasn’t home very often, that she only visited a few times a year. That lasted for a long time, starting from when the apples began ripening the year that the hard snow fell to the wilting of the first daffodils in the year the red mouse went away.

COLLEGE ended and then she came back and took me away to a small home with no grass and no red mice. Still, I was happy because I could be with her.

But then he came. That two-legs seemed nice to her, and they went

everywhere together. She wanted to be his mate, I could tell. I never really liked him. He smelled funny, like dark clouds on a yellow day. She couldn’t tell, though, and I couldn’t do anything.

We moved into a bigger house with him. For a while, she was happy, singing and

laughing all the time.

But then it started. He would come home later, smelling bad, his breath numbing to my nose. His face was the color of bad cherries, all purpley-red, and his voice was loud and harsh. And then the hard man dragged my two-legs into his room.

And now, here we are. Every night he comes home, yelling and always hard; hard voice, hard footsteps, hard face, hard hands. She is pulled into his room and he screams at her, voice hurting my ears, words that I can’t understand.

“You whore.”

“Why did I ever decide to live with you?”

“You deserve this.”

And then after too long, he falls asleep. She comes out, tears dripping down her face, with blue-purple stains on her face and not-legs. And I cannot do anything for her because I am only a dog.

But one day, the hard man comes home and is louder and angrier than usual. And on this day, he knocks her down. She screams, but then there’s a crack, like the sound of trees breaking in hard snow. And she stops. I smell blood. And I am tired of not doing anything.

So I bite the hard man, attacking with teeth and claws and anything I can. But the hard man sees and after crying out, he hits me as I fly across the room. I know that my left back leg is hurt. But my two-legs is hurt more. So I try again. And again. But the third time, I see him pick up a shiny silver object, and there is a loud noise, like that of the razor lights in the sky. And I hurt.

But I wish and I hope that she’ll be okay.

Byte Me

the day I figured out how you worked
i was thrilled.

i would stare mindlessly at your glorious face,
in the frame on my desk,
for hours.

i knew that i was in love.

you showed me many things--
things I did... and did not
want to see.
everything you gave me was new,
exciting

the things I could do with you!
you gave me the life I never had--
i thought you gave me life
but slowly, you were draining it away.

When I could have been
splashing in puddles
feeling the sunshine on my face
getting my hands dirty with life...

i was with You.
alone.
in my room.

i curse you.
every pixel of your existence.

oh, how I loathe you,
loathe and love you.
oh internet.

Ilana Meeker



Silly | *Kiara McDade*

The Dream

Hath I a dream: a peaceful, early morn;
The sun sat high; t'was warm and I, a look;
I dreamt the grass was green, alive, but worn
From man's adventures that alone he took;
I was that man; deep feelings those I shook;
Unnoted waters stretched before the wood,
And herds of trees, they leaned across the brook;
I slowly stepped across the rocks and stood:
This peace hath last in any way it could.

But I awoke to sounds of tolling bells,
The clatter, clangs, the brittle burn of hearts:
To see, to hear, to cry: the sounds of hell;
And I, a simple workman, must depart
To God, his effervescent work of art
Of Earth, of man, where life was meant to break;
Where was the peace? The splendor spilled apart;
The dream I dreamt; it was a lie, a fake;
Oh how I long, oh how I long to wake.

Cindy Jiao



Macaroni | *Shannon Macias*

I'm going to do it

Today,
tonight,
tomorrow,
and tomorrow,
and tomorrow.
It's truly a sad life when clean hands go foul,
and when angels break so easily.

I broke one.
I broke one just because I could.

Alex Jones

Tryst

Elizabeth Ingham

I meet you at the end of my street. The dusting of dampness fogs up my glasses so that the streetlights spread to galaxies. It curls my hair. Your hair, much shorter than mine, is mostly plastered to your head, except for the one bit which sticks almost strait up. Our eyes both blink out the rain, simultaneously as they meet, and we turn. We walk shoulder to shoulder for warmth against the chill of the rain. You offer your jacket, but I decline. I am already soaked, so a jacket really wouldn't make a difference. Besides, I can see that you're shivering, even with it on. I just walk closer. It's the thought that counts.

Few words exchange. The weather. General health. Our weekends to come. We already know most of the answers to the questions asked, but mostly want to hear them spoken aloud. The words don't matter. Our feet know the path. Our souls have traveled it many times before. Steps lock. Not consciously, but as it always does. Left-right-left-right-sidestep-puddle-right-left-right-left. On and on and on.

But I stop. Abruptly. It takes you only a step to realize I'm not with you, although it takes you a minute to turn around.

I smile at you and you smile back, until you see that it never reached my eyes. I just—can't do this any more.

"I'll walk you home."

"Thanks."

"It's been grand."

"Yeah."

The journey to my street was much shorter than the journey away from it. You put your hand on my arm and try to pull me closer, but I stop you with my hand. Shaking my head I turn and walk down my street.

I don't look back.



Sadie | *Kiara McDade*

Clementine | *Korina Brewer*

This is a Poem

I gush forth similes that mean nothing like rainbows
and use recondite words that only the verbal elite will comprehend.
I conquer eternity with my poetry
using superfluous words and formless phrases to convey my hidden
meaning.
My hidden, secret, elusive meaning.
How tactless would it be if I blatantly stated my thoughts?
How boring.
How trite.
How ordinary.
No, I make you dig and sift through my words, where every syllable
breathes significance.
And after all that searching, all that digging, if you think you know the
meaning,
you probably don't.
Because when I say "cats,"
I don't mean cats.
I mean the domesticated desires that slowly claw their way into your
soul,
batting at your heart as if it were a toy.
Obviously.
And then there is the punctuation.
Oh, the punctuation!

Each darkened period punctures the universe with a pause of breath;
each comma sheds light onto the hidden apertures of my soul.
And then sometimes,
sometimes there is nothing at all,
for true poets are not bound by the humdrum rules of grammar.
Run-on sentences do not shackle me!
I shall not wear sentence fragments as cuffs!
I capitalize what I please,
engraving eternal meaning into each oversized letter,
for in a poem,
everything is wrought with significance.
Nothing is random.
Nothing is happenstance.
Every sentence break,
every letter
has a Purpose.
So read this as you may,
but if you find your brow crumpled in confusion after reading my
masterpiece,
if my work of contemporary genius is only senseless word vomit to you,
do not worry.
You are not alone.

Channing Kaiser

It's Not Me, It's You

Darling,
it's time.
You know what I mean;
this past week
—no, this past month—
has, frankly, been awful.
We are done,
but before you leave,
I am going to tell you why.

The first time you told
that joke about the muffins
and the oven,
it was cute.
But when I had heard it
five times
on
five consecutive nights,
I wanted to throttle you.

I didn't know what "juke out" meant
when you used it to refer
to the cops; I only knew that you
were talking about the police at two in the morning
while you glided somewhere far from me,
wanting to come over and sleep because you were drunk
and incompetent.

And it felt a little wrong
and a little insulting
that you never wanted to know about my life
and you always interrupted
and you couldn't remember my birthday, not

even after I told you three times,
using small words to keep my outsized anger inside.

Also, you probably shouldn't
chew with your mouth open.
It's gross.

Becca Braiman

Stake | *Shannon Macias*

The Policeman

His family waits at home for him
 An officer, but still a man
 The gun is hung beside his bed
 His pillow is creased with worry

An officer, but still a man
 Three men he's killed in twenty years
 His pillow is creased with worry
 The sweat on his brow will never leave

Three men he's killed in twenty years
 The guilt is worn and has lost its edge
 The sweat on his brow will never leave
 Red and black stain his nightly visions

The guilt is worn and has lost its edge
 He's sat here now for the longest time
 Red and black stain his nightly visions
 His children grow without him there

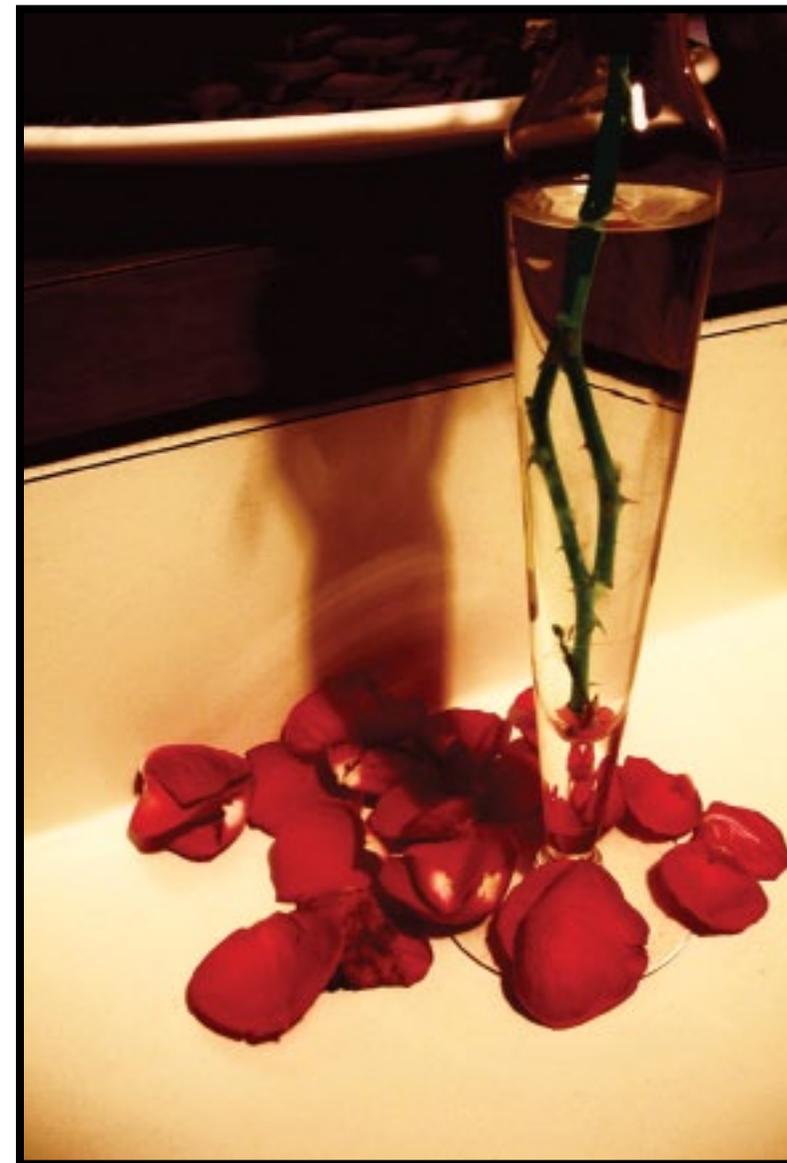
He's sat here now for the longest time
 His family waits at home for him
 His children grow without him there
 The gun is hung beside his bed.

Becca Braiman



Untitled | *DJ Donofrio*

the rain fell in a cold sad drizzle



Erroneously | *Shannon Macias*

rainandslopandshrapnel

no sense

the field
 seemed to

suck
 him
 under

black wet swirling

interchangeable units of command
 their boots sank

into the ooze
 a powerful
 downward
 suction

corpse angled steeply

into the muck
 upside down
 a diver who had plunged
 headfirst off a high tower

Cielo Ornelas MacFarlane

of direction

Here Comes Your Man

Alex Jones

I took a forty-five minute shower.

It started as any shower after a particularly ugly incident starts. I hung my head and ignored the scalding temperature of the water as it cascaded down my neck and formed a curtain around my face. I let a rope of saliva and blood extend to the floor of the bathtub and admired how quickly it was lost amongst the water spiraling towards the drain. I spaced out for a good while after that and came to once my marble surroundings were concealed by a heavy layer of steam.

I dried off and stepped outside.

I hiked a towel up around my waste and stepped cautiously around the shards of tan glass from the lamp that littered the carpet. When I reached my bedroom door, it was shut, and the lights were on inside. I jiggled the doorknob and called out my wife's name calmly, but when she didn't respond from within, I began to pound on the door with my fists and yelled violently. When I still received no answer, I backed up as far as I could against the wall behind me and hurled my body into the door.

I crashed into the bedroom and after steadying myself, looked at my wife, who was crumpled in a heap against the bed, clutching her bloated abdomen. She looked up at me, breathing heavily, her eyes wide with an unmistakable fear. The tresses of her long brown hair were matted against her face from a mixture of sweat and blood. She opened her mouth to speak, but only managed to push a strained whimper through her quivering, swollen lips.

I lit a cigarette.

I exhaled a thin, grey spiderweb of smoke into the room and looked back down at her. She stared up at me, eyes welling with tears, yet completely unblinking. I dropped the cigarette on the carpet in front of her and flattened it in-between my toes. Realizing that she was in far too much shock to speak, I took the initiative. I gestured to the mass of tangled sheets on the floor and to the cigarette and sighed, for that was enough to convey my disappointment.

She tried to speak once more but language had abandoned her.

She then began to scream.

Will You Remember Me | *Elizabeth Ingham*



An Explanation

The sun glowed with so many colors
as it set, (I picked out
the precise hue of the pomegranate smoothie
we shared with two thick straws,
walking hand-in-hand through Chinatown)
It looked like a dragon's eye,
so I tried to scoop it out of the ocean
to give it to you.
But I forgot my gloves,
and it burned my hands.

Lianna Mendelson

Déjà Vu

Ilana Meeker

“I know you,” she murmured as she looked through the glass. Puzzlement crossed over her fragile features. She tilted her head, letting loose a cascade of dark, sodden curls and reached out to touch the glass of the window. It was wet. Some of the droplets that clung to the pane fell loose at her gentle touch. It had been raining. Comforted by the solidity of the glass, she allowed her arm to fall back.

“I’m sure I’ve seen you before...”

Or was she just imagining things? She hadn’t known that she still could.

She reached up to brush a lock of hair from her face-- so did the girl on the other side of the window. The girl was mocking her, mimicking her. The girl on the other side smirked... or grimaced. She couldn’t tell.

It was then she realized: that face... it was the face that looked up at her from shimmering puddles on sidewalks, the one who grinned back at her from the frames sitting on her mother’s dresser, the features that had slowly disappeared over the years.

She touched her cheek. The image in the window did the same. The recent downpour had cleansed that face of her makeup. It had rid her hair of all products, and dampened the bright clothes that now clung to her frail figure. She smiled a real smile, and her reflection smiled back.

She blinked. A noisy truck rumbled past, and hit a puddle. Dirty spray shattered the moment. She looked at the window again. The girl wasn’t there. Rather, there she was, but amongst all the people bustling about. She was just one of them. Assimilated.



No innocence like hers, | *Brigid*
just emptiness and nerves | *Byrne*

An unremarkable prisoner, being
pockmarked, dotted, bruised, green
survives months in a relentlessly unstable frigid land
far from home
and quickly learns that infrequent daybreaks precede the horror
of watching his fellows being slowly selected,
kidnapped, brutally sliced and gutted,
their meager remains slurped clean
and tossed to the compost heap without sideways glance.
He crouches in a sticky corner
where bitter augmented
until only the bravest dare tackle him
undiluted, un-sugared,
though never expecting him to be
a passionate red inside when
he was shipped in from a plastic bag
full of yellow-bellies.

The Grapefruit

Laura Kaminsky

Happy Birthday

No cake or candles for you today
or presents to rip open,
just friends to wish you happy birthday
with love and prayers unspoken.
We hope somehow you see and know
that we have not forgotten you;
we still remember even though
you’ve slipped beyond our view.
And if you look at us below
and wonder why we care,
it’s just because we want to show
that part of you is here.
You’ve left behind a memory
imprinted on our hearts;
remembered like a bedtime story,
you remain though we’re apart.

Shannon Macias

Sic Semper Ad Progressives

Liam Henrie

Tom stared into the still pool, contemplating his reflection. The sky was bright and sunny, but silly Tom didn't care. For he had horrific teeth! He grimaced. They were dirty and yellowed and worn down from eating tough bread all his life. But, sadly, that was the way of it where Tom lived. Unlike where lucky folks like you and me live, there were no dentists. No dentists in all the land! And all the villagers had terrible rotten teeth all their lives, until their teeth fell out.

Tom could hardly stand it. The other villagers didn't seem to mind, but Tom hated looking at every one's dirty smiles, especially his own, when he saw his reflection.

"Oh Lord!" Tom cried to the heavens. "Is there anyway to solve this problem? So that we may have beautiful smiles, and not lose our teeth as we grow old?"

"What's that, boy?"

Tom nearly jumped out of his skin! He turned quickly to find the voice. An old man in a tattered robe stood at the forest's edge. He spoke again.

"What are you complaining about?"

As he spoke, Tom couldn't help but catch a glimpse of his pearly white chompers. Hardly able to contain his excitement, he exclaimed.

"I only wish to have teeth like yours!"

"Oh, is that all?" the old man asked.

Tom nodded excitedly.

"Well that's silly. It's quite easy," said the old man. He picked up a pretty little flowering plant from the edge of the forest. "Have you seen this plant?"

"Why, yes," answered Tom. "I thought it was only a forest weed."

"Well, it's the plant you need," said the old man. "Chew on it everyday. Bitter it may be, but soon you will have white and healthy teeth, just like me."

"Thank you!" Shouted Tom.

"My pleasure," said the old man and he disappeared into the forest.

And so, Tom returned to his farm work cheerfully chewing the plant, sure that his prayers had been answered. A week after the old man had visited him, Tom dared to go to the pool by the forest and look in. And behold! His teeth were as white as the fluffy spring clouds overhead. And his breath smelt wonderful! Terribly excited, Tom ran across the fields towards the village. He came up to his friend Jack's house, at the edge of the small town.

"Jack!" He yelled, for he found Jack in his yard milking his cow. Jack looked up.

"Yes, Tom?"

In answer, Tom grinned. Suddenly Jack grew very frightened. He fell backwards off his stool and crossed himself. Scared, Tom looked behind him. There was no one there.

"Whatever's the matter, Jack?" He asked.

"Your teeth," Jack yelled. "They're so white!"

"Why yes, of course," laughed Tom. "That's the point. Isn't it grand? My teeth feel great and my breath smells wonderful! It's like magic!"

Jack crossed himself again.

"Dear God, man, it's not natural!" He yelled.

"Did you say magic?"

Tom turned to see pastor Sam at the gate, who looked positively horrified!

"Oh," Tom said, feeling awfully silly! "I was just joking, Sam."

Sam gasped.

"What happened to you teeth?!"

Tom sighed.

"An old man from the forest gave me some advice. There's an herb which I've been chewing," said Tom as he reached into his pocket. "Oh darn, I've left it at home. But it's wonderful, really. Look!?" He grinned broadly.

By this time all of the kerfuffle had attracted Jack's wife and some of the villagers. They all crossed themselves and positively squeaked with fright at the sight of Tom's marvelously white teeth!

"God save us all!" Cried the pastor. "It was witchery surely! You sold yourself to Satan for white teeth?"

The villagers all shouted with fear. What a terrible thing for Tom to do!

"What?" yelled Tom. "I haven't sold myself. An old man came to me—"

"The Devil has many guises!" Shouted Sam. "You surely have trafficked with demonic forces!"

"I've seen him go into the woods many times in the last week," shouted Jack.

"As have I," agreed his wife.

"That was just to get the—" Tom tried to explain himself, before the minister cut him off.

"That's a place of pagan spirits and demons!" The pastor cried. "Surely they convinced you to unnaturally whiten your teeth!"

"No! What?!" Tom cried. This was terrible! The villagers were going to ruin all Tom's fun!

"It's great," he continued. "My mouth feels wonderful! It's just a plant I've been chewing, you should try it."

"Do not let him tempt you, my brothers!" shouted the pastor. But no one needed to be told twice, none of them were going to listen to

silly old Tom! They were all crying of witchcraft and magic. The whole village had come out now, like at a party!

Soon one of them shouted, "The witch should be hanged!"

Tom shrieked and tried to run away. Silly Tom! With all the villagers there they had him back in a jiffy!

"Only a guilty man would run!" yelled Sam. "Bind him! We must send him and his unnatural teeth down to Hell!"

"Hang him! Hang him!" chorused the crowd.

"No!" yelled Tom as he was picked by the crowd and carried to the town square. "I prayed to the Lord and he sent me the old man!"

"The Lord does not answer to demon summoners like you!" shouted the pastor, as the villagers yelled accusations and screamed of Tom's heresy of having such terribly white teeth. Only god could possibly have such white teeth, silly Tom.

"I've summoned no—," Tom began, but then he caught sight of the noose that some handy person had lying around and thought of throwing over a tree for the occasion. How convenient! So Tom screamed and screamed, and the sun shone off his brilliantly white teeth.



Here to Take the Sky | *Maria De Filippo*

thoughts before dawn

Why do you turn so slowly, Earth?
 Sun, why don't you stop hiding?
 I'm ready for this day to dawn,
 to start my upward climbing.

I want to start to grow, become
 The one I've been dreaming of being.
 Wait! There's the sun! This is the day!
 The time I so long to be seeing!

Why do you turn so slowly, Earth?
 Sun, must you burn so harshly?
 Where is the calm and quiet night
 So still and safe and dark-ly?

Somehow my dreams so long ago
 Have never gone into the making.
 But could I be a child again
 By growing old, and my time taking.

Why do you turn so quickly, Earth?
 Sun, will we meet by morning?
 No, by the sunrise crowds will be
 With flow'rs my grave adorning.

Rugged and gray, I'll still enjoy
 The fireflies while they are flying
 And even though the day is past,
 I'll seize the night before dying.

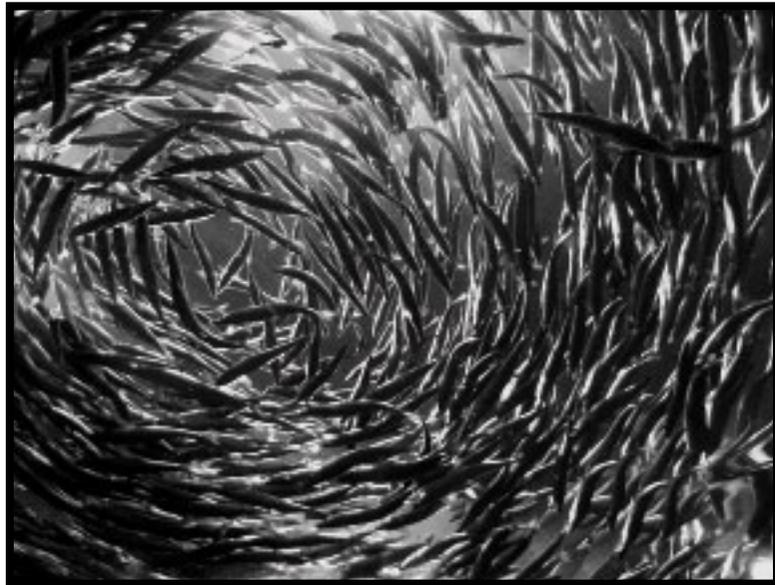
Sophia Stone



Stark Contrast | *Liam Henrie*



Closing Comments



Monster of Dreams | *Maria De Filippo*

What can you do in two hours? Watch a movie, eat a sandwich, eat twelve sandwiches, play a soccer game (or several heated foosball matches), get a tattoo, outrun the police in a car chase—these are only a few off the top of my head. The more important question is: what can you stuff into two hours (pushing it into corners, bending and packing it in so that all of it fits)? Although I could rattle off another cute, witty list, the only significant answer is this—a Galaxy meeting.

In the editing process of a piece of writing being considered for commercial publishing, many days may be spent on a single paragraph or line of verse; in Galaxy, all of this is fit into two hours of chaotic analysis—and that is for three pieces, not just one.

In those two hours, I have gained and lost friendships, eaten scores of unhealthy snacks, watched notes being passed and been the passer of notes, and in essence conducted and participated in the goings-on of a miniature society. For four years, Galaxy has been my home away from home. It's not just one place of security and comfort—it is many places and many people who supported me when I was falling, held me when I wanted holding, and told me that my poem was definitely not the best thing I'd ever penned. Everyone in Galaxy finds something they need.

I've thought a lot about how I'll feel next year, when I'm in college and cramming homework from 7 to 9 on Sunday evenings instead of discussing poetry and prose. I don't think I'll ever be able to replace the feeling I got from being in a community as loving and accepting as Galaxy, but maybe that's okay.

Becca Braiman
Literary Editor

Thank You...

Super Novas

Bagel Land

Panache Vintage & Finer Consignment - Brighton Commons

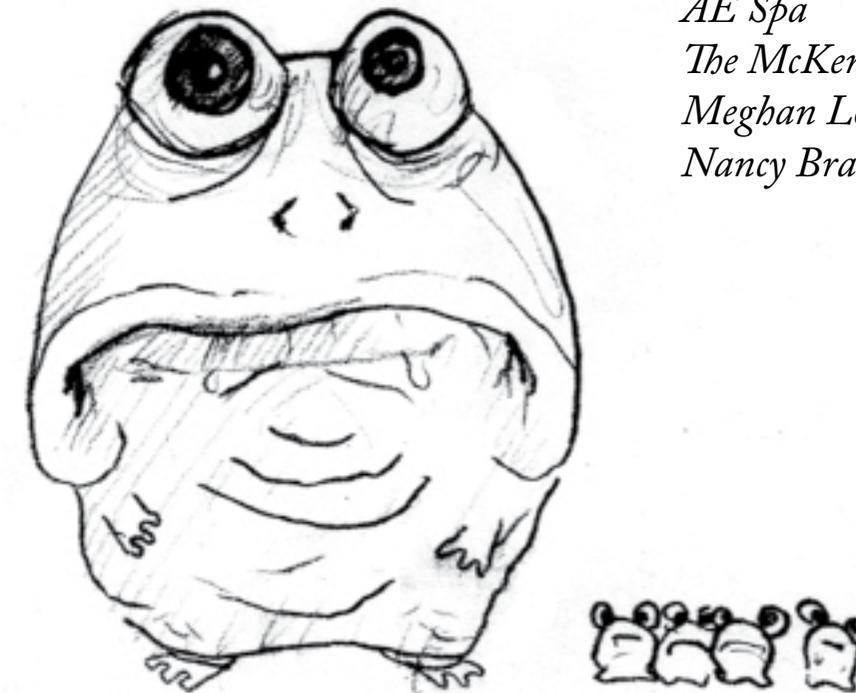
Constellations

AE Spa

The McKenna family

Meghan Looby and Marc McDade

Nancy Braiman



Sketchbook 2 | *Sam Horowitz*

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Eleventh Hour

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