



DIMENSIONS 2015

VOLUME XII / THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

POETRY & PROSE

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Gold Key
Scholastic
Art 2015



Silver Key
Scholastic
Art 2015



Honorable Mention
Scholastic
2015

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DIMENSIONS 2015

Poetry by
Morgan Dean

Long and Lost

A Sonnet

The light shone bright like stars in outer space
The beams that flowed from faces to the moon
My heart beats quickly as the words are strewn
A fake smile stretches across my face
My eyes well up with tears that softly race
Without you here my heart grows too immune
Our separation never will attune
Our love, so strong, can never be replaced
But as I see the happiness in you
My sadness buried deep beneath the love
Our relationship will stay strong all through
Our family will stay tight all above
So, with sorrow, I now do bid adieu
But not for long, migrating like a dove.

Life Emerges

inspired by William Carlos Williams' "Spring and All"

Rattling from the strong, rooted tree
the frigid wind whips her
rocking, blustering, struggling
survival is skeptical

The cool sun reflects
a blinding light shines, dividing the sky in two

Days are minutes shuffling by
she grows impatient
the grass is vivid, the leaves fresh
it is her time

a crack snaps through the dry fabric
fracturing her capsule in half

Limp and lifeless, her body flutters
to the ground, warm and unfamiliar
light brightens and humid air lingers
she lays in the center of the new world

Her feet kiss the dirt ground
Stumbling to gain her balance

She straightens her crystal wings
demanding attention

Without thought she lifted in the air-
floating on the hot wind
filled with new life
the world awakens

Blossom

*inspired by by William
Shakespeare's "Winter"*

The crisp air rattles against it
Green leaves envelope the fresh bud
Slowly, the leaves split
Exposing color red as blood
Raw, rosy scents converge

The new blossom emerges
striking the earth with its color
Waking its friends

Buzzing bees land on the petal
Spreading sweet nectar along
And quietly new life will settle
Blossoming, growing so strong
As life multiplies, starting anew

The new blossom emerges
striking the earth with its color
Waking its friends



APRIL BURGESS / Pastel



ALEX RAPP / Pastel



HANA LIGHT / Pastel



AUTUMN BRENDEL / Pastel



DEVIN BROWN
Self-Portrait / Charcoal



Growing up, my mother would have at least one cup of steaming hot coffee each morning. I recall waking up at the beginning of each day and smelling it as I, half asleep, stumbled down the steps to take a shower before school. There were times when I, reaching the bottom of the stairs and rubbing my eyes awake, glanced around the corner to catch a glimpse of my mom, both hands hugging her mug, taking sips of her escape. She always got comfortable at the same spot on the couch with our three schnauzers tightly curled up against her. With the lack of noise and company, I imagine my mom had a million thoughts going through her head those mornings. However, I know she was in heaven during those moments because of the way she drank from her mug, eyes closed, smile on her face, and an increasingly warm heart.

As a child, I despised coffee. Nonetheless, I tried my mother's coffee on occasion to see if I liked it, but it always seemed like a bitter stream of mud sloshing down my throat. I don't think any child enjoys coffee very much and if they do they're probably lying in order to feel

older. Maybe children tend not to drink coffee simply because they don't need it, maybe they are so innocent, content, and full of energy that they haven't had to force themselves to drown in coffee just to stay awake.

By the time I grew into a teenager, I started to drink coffee every now and then, eventually falling in love with the drink so much to take it any way I could get it: black, full of cream, hot, cold, whatever. But the question still stands. Did I truly like coffee or did I adjust to the taste because I needed more energy to survive my youth? Or, perhaps this question has no significance at all. Maybe the only true reason I started drinking coffee had been to be more like my mother. After all, sitting down to drink coffee with her never failed in leading to interesting conversation and quality time spent together.

During one of our conversations over coffee, I learned that my parents decided to keep my mom at home full time instead of working when my brothers and I came into the world to assure that we would be properly raised. Incredibly, she gave up her dreams to stay home with us all those years. Always fascinated with

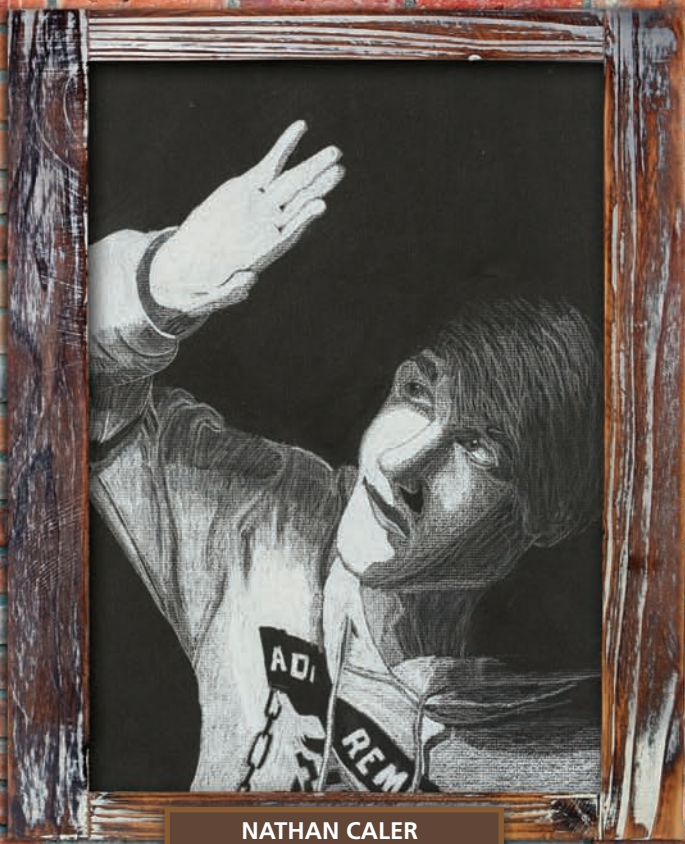
the medical field, she wanted to be a surgeon or at least work with a surgeon. Although the decision had been made long ago, my mother, consistently knowing what is wrong when I'm sick or hurt, would have made an excellent worker in the medical field.

Now, every time I sit down to enjoy a cup of coffee, I think about my mother and all she has sacrificed for me. Even when she's gone, I know I'll be able to drink some coffee and it will remind me of who she raised me to be. I know that everything she has done for me can be remembered and cherished as long as I have coffee to drink. To add to this, I think it's possible that my learning to enjoy coffee is symbolic of growing up and maturing. I used to think coffee tasted like mud and, in the same way, my life, at that time, had an impact on the world as much a puddle of mud would. Now, I'm older and, because of listening to my mom's teachings, I have contributed more to the world as my love for coffee has increased; however, I am not half of the caring, nurturing person my mother is.

Perhaps I need more coffee...



JACOB LORENZO
Self-Portrait / Charcoal



NATHAN CALER
Self-Portrait / Charcoal



DERIC HESS
Self-Portrait / Charcoal



AUTUMN BRENDE
Self-Portrait / Charcoal



ROBERT KORMAN
Lay Day / Charcoal

 **KERRY ALMEIDA** / Charcoal





ROBERT KORMAN
Salt & Pepper / Charcoal

Far away, yet you still touch me

As dusk seeks the horizon

And as the heart of the cosmos visits a foreign land

Stationed in your blue canvas

You shine through

Capturing me with your beautiful radiance.

SHINING STAR

BY KERRY ALMEIDA



ROBERT KORMAN / Charcoal

HANA LIGHT / Cut Paper



The Arrival

by Ashlee Caler

Based off "Words" by Sylvia Plath

Dark and eerie the days come,
death following in the hours past.

Blisters and boils.

Bleeding and pussing,

It is here.

Barricades are formed,

doors are locked,

children hiding in the shadows.

The night has come

for death to reach its peak,

innocent blood will be shed.

Bodies are stacked

draped over others in holes

the smell of rotten flesh hits the air

No one is safe,

no one can hide,

For the bubonic plague has arrived.



BROOKLYN LINEBAUGH / Cut Paper

ASHLEE CALER / Cut Paper



One Less Life

by Ashlee Caler

Shadows play on the horizon

I gather my books and go on

The streets empty of life

I'm invincible.

An independent soul

A quiet life of loneliness

An emptiness grows deeper in my

Broken, beaten.

I hold my silence like a gun

Each word catching in my throat

The scene of my death forever repeating

Silence reigns.


The beauty of the world gone

The last breath long gone from my chest

Forever betrayed and left alone in my mind

Gone.



 **HANNAH MARKLE** / Kitchen Daze / Charcoal

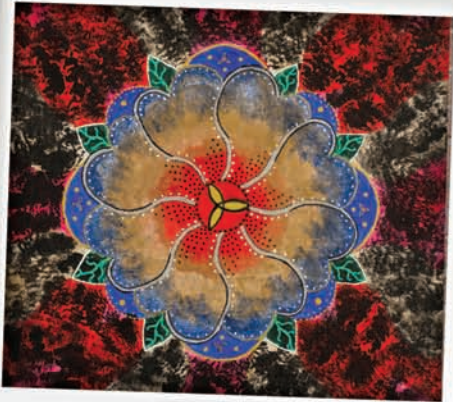


AUTUMN BRENDLE / Grapes / Charcoal

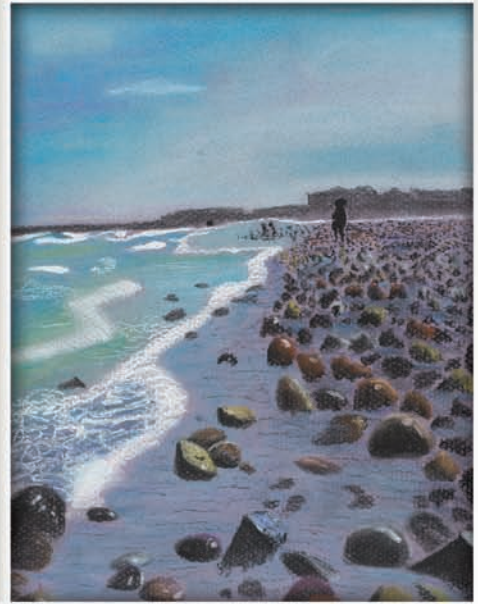


DENISHA OLIVERAS / Ice Cream Scoop / Charcoal

PORTFOLIO OF
**BRIANNA
BLAIR**



Mandala



Rocky Shore / Pastel

*Forever Gone,
But Never Forgotten*

by Brianna Blair

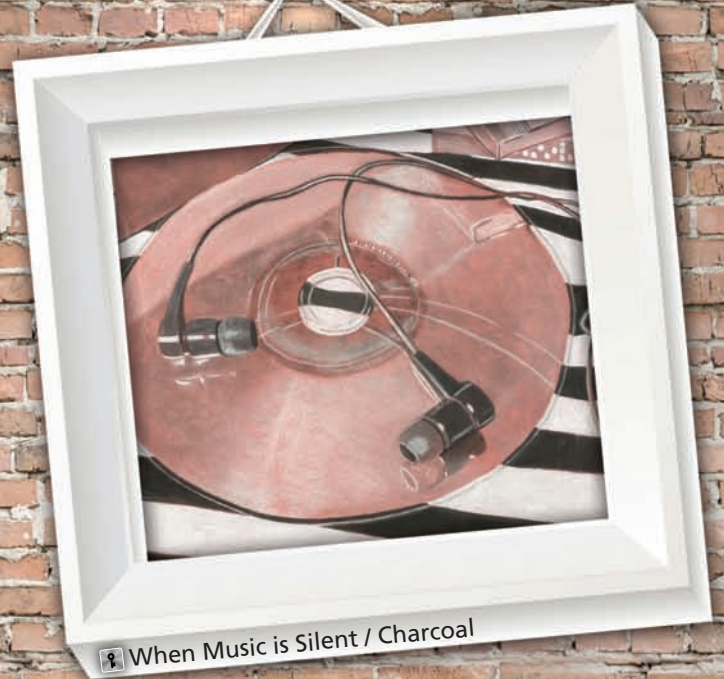
I opened my eyes. The sky, dark and eerie, combined with silence produced an ominous feeling. I had woken from my sleep, my three year-old bladder about to overflow. Emerging from my bedroom that I shared with my sister, an awful scene unfolded in front of me.

On the other side of the hallway a group of people clustered together. Recognizing two of the individuals as my father and grandfather, the other two gentlemen, dressed in funny uniforms,

had red bags by their sides. In the middle of all of these familiar and unfamiliar people, a bed, a different bed, a bed with wheels, stood. On the strange bed, my mommom laid. Her face ashen and her body unmoving, I had never seen her so still. My legs, short and stubby, broke into a run, but before I could reach her, my father intercepted, grabbing me, holding me close. Looking at his face, tears streamed down his cheeks. He carried me



Mandala



When Music is Silent / Charcoal

back to my room, urging me to go back to bed. At that moment I remembered why I had gotten up in the first place. Squirming and kicking, my legs swung until my dad released me on the floor. Once I was finally free, I quickly went potty and when I came back out my mommom had vanished. Worry twisted my stomach in knots as I went to go search for Mommom. Silently creeping downstairs, I witnessed my Poppop and Daddy together on the couch, shoulders hunched, tears dropping.

Before they saw me, I went back upstairs and climbed into the once comforting bed, the bed that now felt too large and uninviting. The next morning I found out what happened to my mommom; she went to sleep forever. She would never hold me close again. Everyone sobbed and my mind, innocent and unknowing, could not function. I only knew that Mommom would never wake up again.



KERRY ALMEIDA / Neelum / Mixed Media



HELEN ROSEBRIEN / Self-Portrait / Tempera

colorful seasons

by Neelum Arjad

the wind blows, the trees sway

leaves come sailing down

night gets longer day by day

autumn is **brown**

golden and **gray**

the sky is dark

the ground **white**

grass nowhere to be seen

winter is **white**

red and **green**

the flowers spring

blue sky, beautiful and bright

birds chirp in joy and leave at night

spring is **pink**

purple and light

the sun rises and brings light

refreshing cool breezes fill the air

the feeling of happiness everywhere

summer is **blue**

red, orange, and bright.



KAREN GARCIA / Self-Portrait / Tempera



MADISON RECK / Self-Portrait / Tempera



NOAH HARING

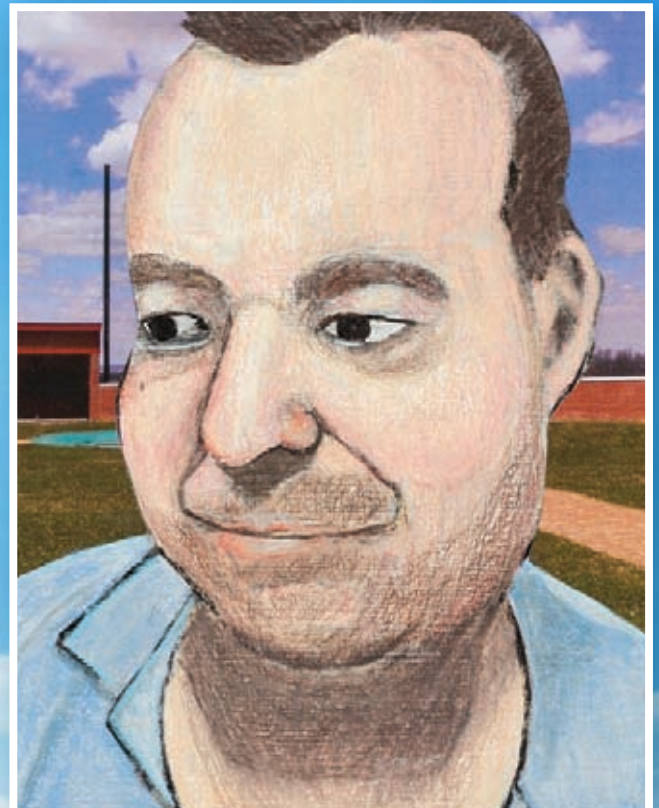
go outdoors

by Noah Haring

all in this **haven** is native,
except the mark of a show,
and the tools he equips.
all can live in peace,
and all reliant on one another,
except for the savage acts of survival,
but those we can grant
the surroundings may be cruel
but the feeling of joy overwhelms.



RYLEE SMITH / Self-Portrait / Tempera



EMILY ALBRIGHT / Dave / Mixed Media



Me / Charcoal



Mom / Grisaille Painting

PORTFOLIO OF **RENEE EISENBERG**



Meredith / Watercolor



Jewelry Box / Charcoal

A NEW YEAR

A Sonnet by Renee Eisenberg



Yellow Sea / Oil Pastel

The leaves are **FALLING** from the hollow trees,
The colors golden red where lawns they spread.
With swiftness **DANCE** along the barren breeze,
And comes the winter bringing **BUOYANT DEAD**.

The squirrels bury acorns frantically,
To hide from cold that soon **CONSUMES** the land.
Where once they lie and used to roam freely,
Now **CAST A SHADOW** where it will expand.

The lights within **ILLUMINATE** the night,
With smoke that streams from chimneys far and near.
The world is filled around with **FLUFFY WHITE**,
Which signals tidings guiding a new year.

Around the corner **SPRING** brings buds in bloom,
The earth **ESCAPES** from clutches of a tomb.



Lindsay / Acrylic Painting



Story Behind the Wrinkles / Charcoal



Unforgettable Memories Unforgettable People

by Cheyenne Graham

Inhaling, I felt the muggy, summer air form into clouds and make their way into my lungs. Some of the clouds evaporated and splashed my face as if trying to send me a wake-up call. To my right, infinite evergreen blankets roar down hills, and lay motionless behind the barren

crescent of road. To my left, a magnificent being sits patiently, hands draped over the steering wheel, gazing out into the vast distance before us...my mother. Her red-velvety hair folds down into a perfect edge, pastel skin sheens beneath the sun's glossy rays, prussian blue eyes hidden behind a shield of sunglasses. We have U2 forcefully drifting out of the car windows, splitting into our ears in unmeasurable amounts of pleasure. Fizzling, our fountain drinks sit entrapped in the cup holders, dripping past Rutter's acclaimed label. With no set destination, no bother in sight, no one except my dear friend leading the way to destiny, nothing between us and bliss except old-crusty backroads.

Glimpsing, my mother swiveled her head between me and the road, gazing at our features, smiling and chuckling all at the same time. My peripheral vision catches her in the act, which

causes my head to snap towards her direction, "What?" I asked anxiously

She smiled gently, "Hah, nothing really, just looking at my beautiful little girl, and thinking about how much I love her."

My facial expression tried to convey her statement as being "sappy" or "lame". I couldn't let my mother know that I had a soft spot, because what ten-year-old has one anyway? However, even though my aura of mellowness stayed strong like an ox, a smile couldn't help but seep through my lips. Blushing, I turn towards her, trying not make eye-contact, hesitating between thoughts, words, and feelings, I finally just said "You know what, mom? I really love you too."

A warm sensation flooded my body, feeling as if my heart sat cradled in safe arms. I didn't want to speak, didn't want to think, didn't want to feel anything except love; I didn't want to toy with the moment, just wanted to let it happen.

My mother is my confidant, my teacher, my human tissue when I need to shed a few tears, and we drove on.

Now, this moment is just an unforgettable time capsule, faintly projected in the corners of my junk-box of a brain. Her soft-melodic voice slowly swifts in my eardrums, her honeyed aroma still tingles beneath my nose ring, her characteristics trace my DNA every-so-often. My mother's presence is still greatly yearned for in my life, but I can't close my eyes to reminiscence forever; I have to keep them open to actuality.

Deep inside the heart



by taylor bizzari

what is the **power** in a thing that holds your heart?
a thing that does not hold you,
cannot hold you,
for it is **just out of reach**.
how can a love be **so strong** for a thing that cannot see you?
for it has not touched your hand.
why is reason so lost on a thing that should not captivate you?
a thing that is always in a light that is not quite bright enough.
and yet it does not need to **hold you**,
it does not need to **see you**,
and it does not need the bright lights,
for you to fall **deeper and deeper**,
until you have fallen so far,
that you cannot pull yourself back up again.



BRIANNA ANGELES / Collage



they tell you

by brianna angeles

they tell you to **hide** the true feelings
they tell you that it's just a **phase** that will eventually go away
but most don't realize the **pain** that has no healings
shame and **hiding** will not make the pain any easier to convey
you are not the **illness** that you deal with

it's hard for everyone to see
you go by **faking smiles** just so you aren't judged
you go by being who everyone **thinks** you should be
but you really just go by feeling misplaced and misjudged
you are not your illness



SHELBY GULDEN / Collage

butterflies

by brenna sheaffer
inspired by words by sylvia

creeping in your stomach like pop rocks

making your stomach queese
toppling up and down
up and down

like a see saw in your intestine

feeling the winds flutter

take a deep breath

trying to surface the bright being out of you
as you plunge into the deep
neverending
hole

of fear
of love
of success
of failure

the wings still fluttering

keeping the excitement

and nerve

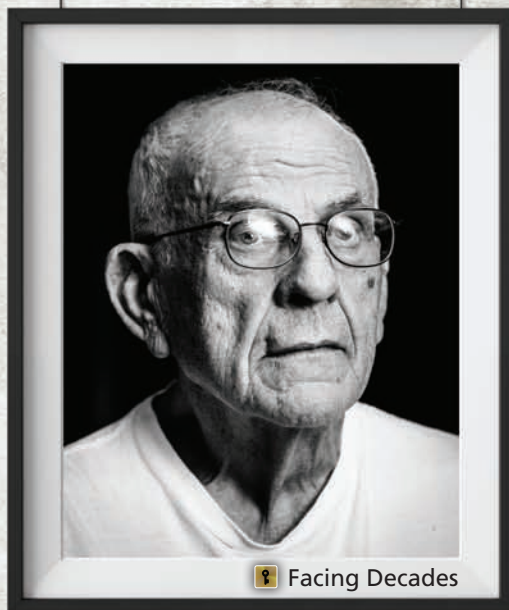
alive

with life



JACK SPIELMAN / Collage

PHOTOGRAPHY AND WRITINGS BY
HARRISON JONES



The Yesterme

Inspired by Lewis Carroll "The Jabberwocky"

Feathering through the fickle fall flutterfrees

The sun glows gallantly and glistfulfree
 Out comes the leafs of light levanies

Singing their song of mysteries
 Yeltering yestfully the yelping yesterme sat
 on its perch


What's a yesterme to do with
 something to search?

So the yestermes searched through the flutterfrees
 that were left to be yelperbees and flutterfrees
 followed under those yertermes, free
 Soaring, in all it glory, the yesterme, began to sing


What do you sing for? Is it for the litterbling?
 They decorate their homes, their abodes, with their
 litterblings

Found under the sudden ring
 Of land so distant and big



 Regal in the Reeds



 Alert Behind Solitary Blades

Watching from some heights

Watching from some heights
 He sees the water ripple;
 Looking for dinner's great delight
 Watchful, cautious, but mutually unaware
 That I was so near.

Turning left I saw,
 His great blue plumage;
 Wild and fanciful in the surprise
 Moving hardly, he slowed,
 Curious of what I'd do.

King of his lake, he thought,
 There could be no threat to compare;
 But there I am, this strange beast.
 His wings unfold, but flight he does not take,
 Folding back into his sides,
 Beginning again in his hunt,

He searches for toads, fish, dragonflies.
 Anything would do,
 For his stomach's great roar,
 Wading in his long stilts
 Moving the water, he searched.

This great patron of nature
 Did not see me as his threat
 For him, the king of the lake,
 Could be challenged by none.

Picked Apart Stories

Inspired by "Words" by Sylvia Plath

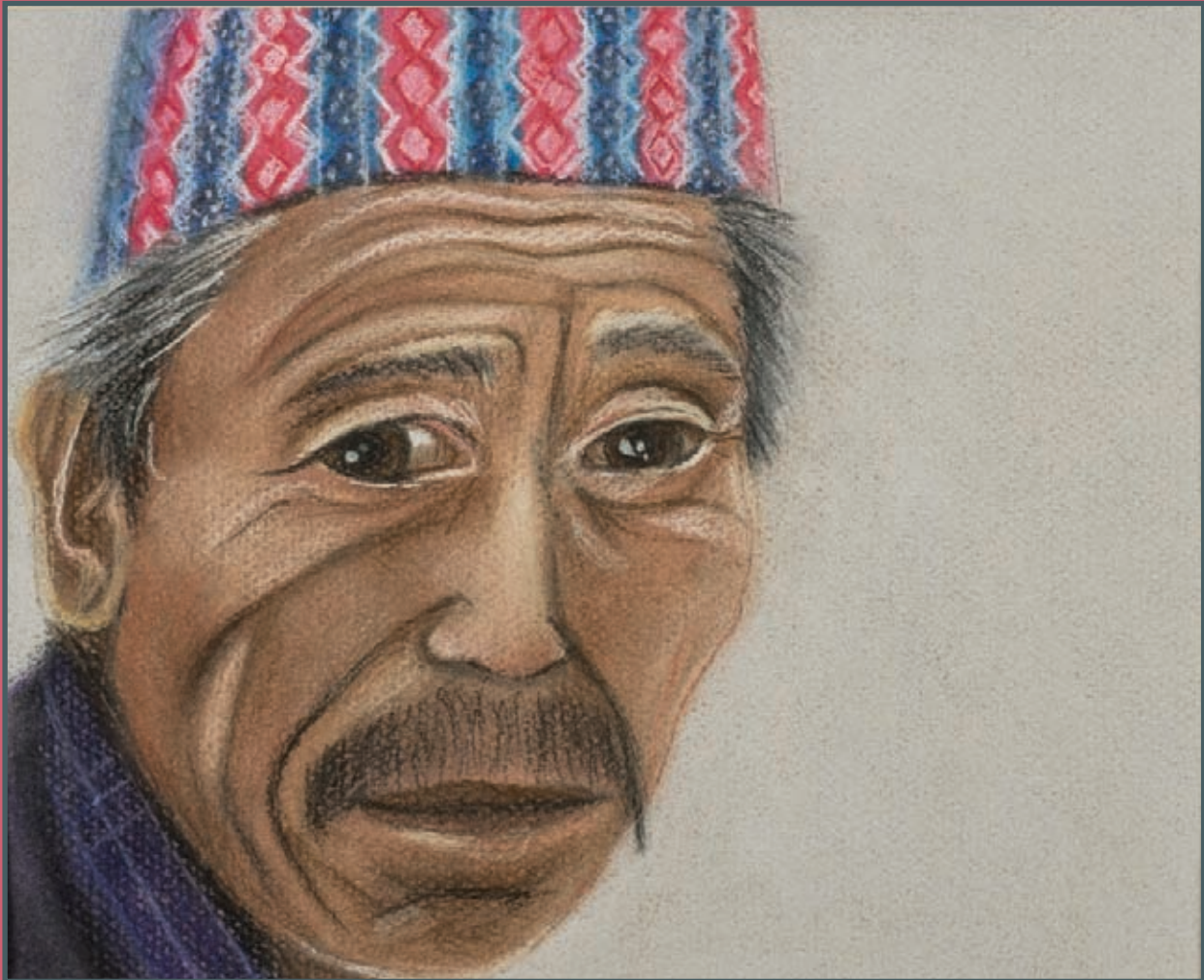
Memories cascade through
 pinhole lenses
 Picking the picked apart
 perspectives
 Choosing what
 To see in an old light
 a new light

Piously prying upon the
 thoughts that we once despised
 The thoughts that we once
 depended on
 Written by our own selves
 Placed upon a shelf and crowned
 our own kind
 Worship to the gods of yesteryear
 The truth fades and their crown
 remains


Was it gold or just fool's gold
 the question remains unasked
 and unanswered
 afraid of knowing and unknowing
 but in the end
 it's dust all the same
 in the memories built in the
 blocks of
 picked apart stories



LINDSAY KING / Self Portrait / Charcoal



LINDSAY KING / Old Man / Pastel



Survivor

by: Chantel Bankert

(In honor of my mom who had breast cancer and beat it)

When we found out
We were all shocked
To hear the words

“I have Cancer.”

These words made us shut down and cry.
You felt like giving up
But you didn't.

You fought.

Chemo caused
Sickness, nausea and tiredness.

Yet, you pushed through, finished Chemo.

But the fight wasn't over.
Radiation followed, making you tired.

You may have felt alone
But you weren't.
You had all of us-
Your kids, family, and friends.

We all helped out
Doing the household chores,
Painting your toenails,
And cooking dinner.

Now that radiation is almost over
You may feel relieved,
But the healing process takes time.

We will stand beside you.
You are strong and a fighter
You are a survivor.

We love you, Mom.

Guard Against The Storm

by Toby Talamantes

As
the
wind
blows,
**the sky
darkens,
the storm
growls and cries
in cold hatred.**
The clouds gather,
and fear beckons.
you cover and hide,
from the thunder
unabated.

An
um-
brella
guards
y o u
from the
rain, my voice
calls out, **against
lighting so jaded.**
And my body protects you
from the **pain**, and my
love shields you from the
storm yet sated .

I
guard
y o u
with

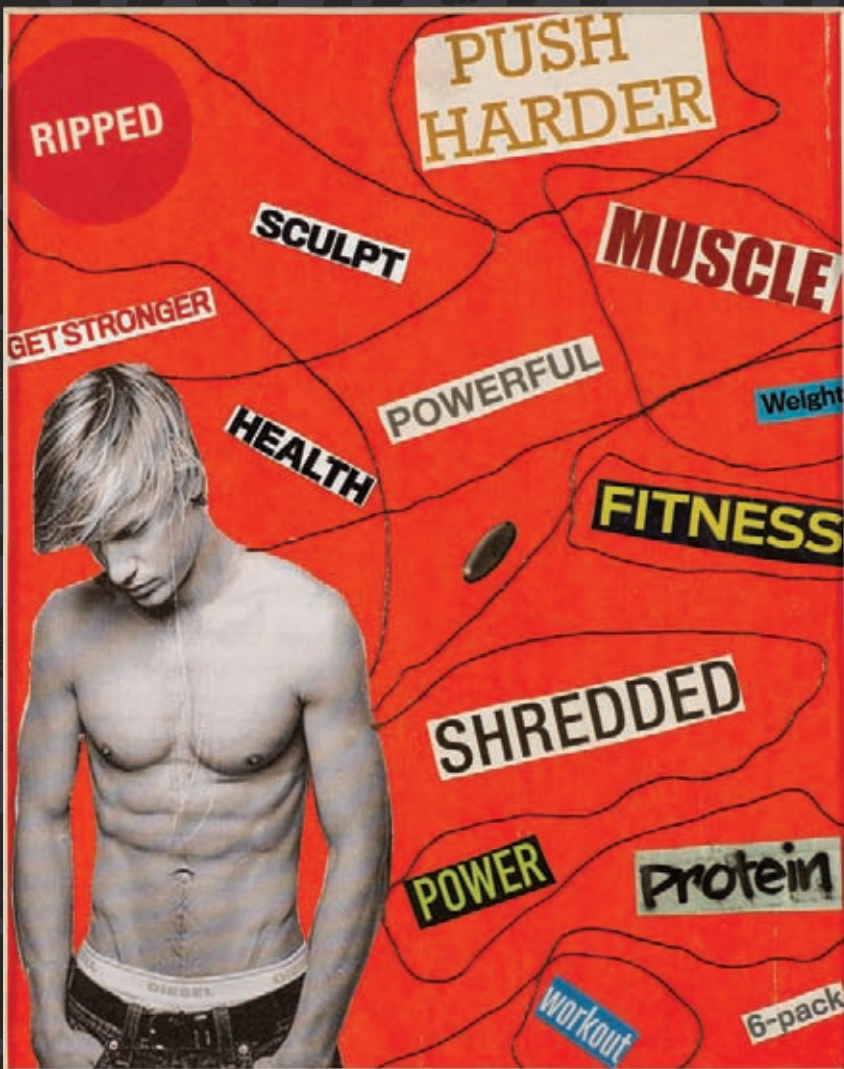
**my heart
so fragile,**
be calm in this
and sure of me.
All I ask from you
is love that is tactile.
for I am here for you

eternally.

Soon this storm will pass with certainty,
and **grace** we will be with sweet serenity.

ART WORK AND WRITINGS BY

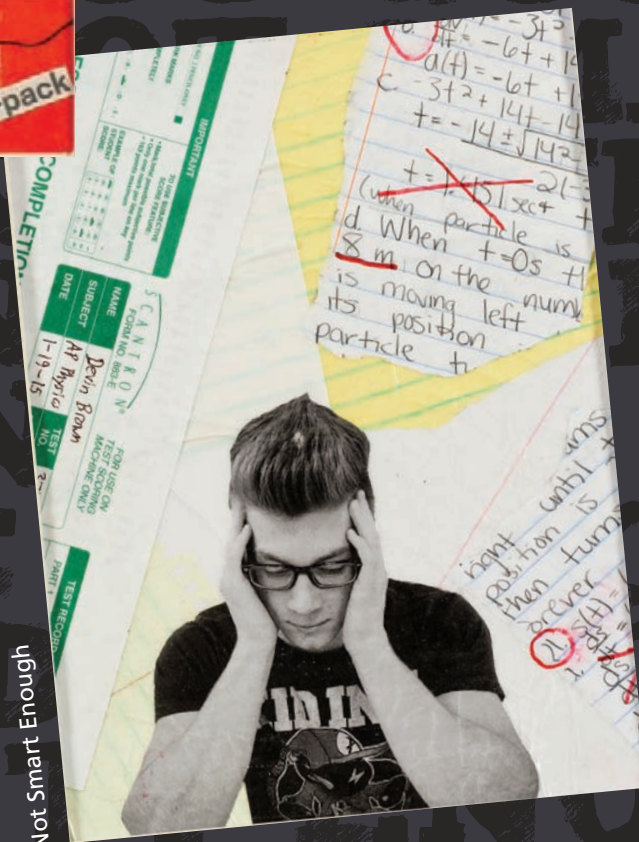
SAM GILBERT



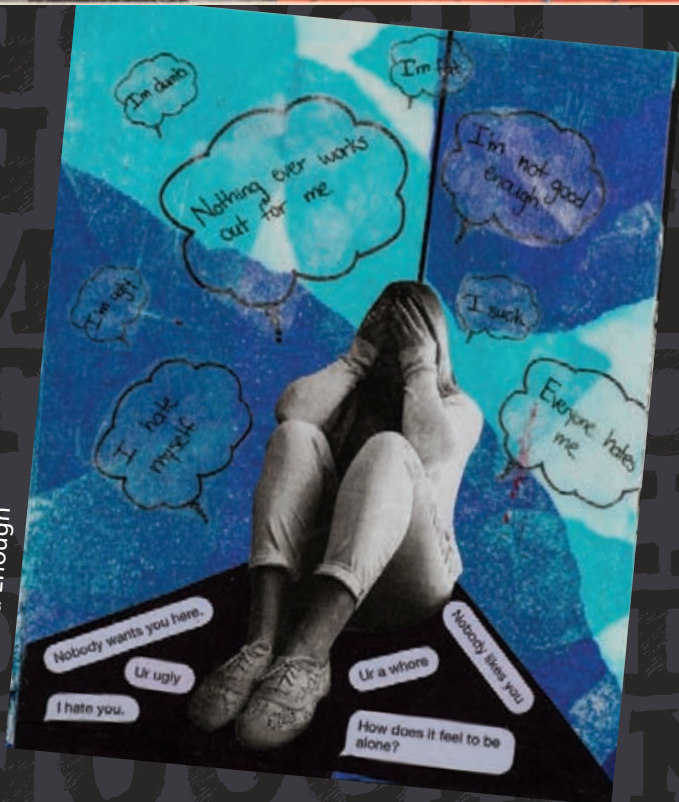
Not Good Enough



Not Pretty Enough



Not Smart Enough



Not Talented Enough

WHEN IT HIT ME

Gradually, the sunlight shone through my window, and my tired eyes slowly opened. Facing another day of kindergarten always excited me, my young brain craved new knowledge, and my inner woman adored the idea of independence. My brush flowed through my long, blonde hair and I put on my favorite Pooh Bear dress, purple with all of the characters pictured on the skirt. I happily skipped to my grandma's old, beat up station wagon in front of my house. Smiling, my mind wandered what might occur that day; coloring, playing games, making new friends, and much much more.

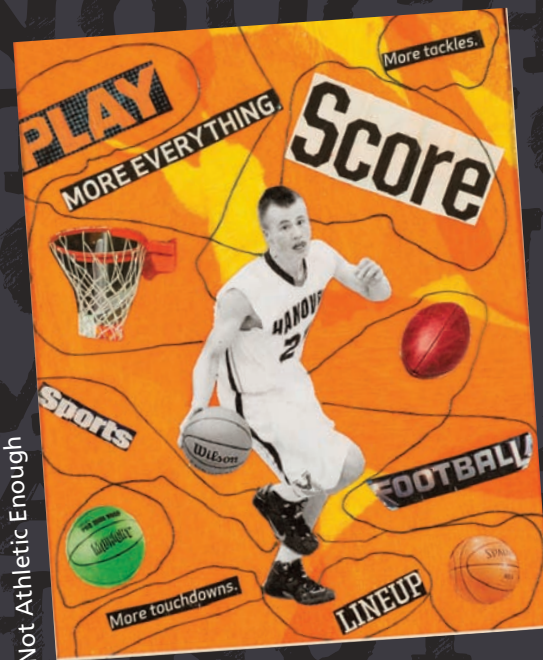
Upon reaching the sidewalk, I turned and witnessed a blur coming my way. Trying to clarify the blur, uncertainty and fear took over my mind.

Moving closer, the blur turned out to be a man wearing all blue, charging on a silver bike with tall wheels. I turned my body and faced him. He reached me, slamming into my rib cage, and my thin, delicate body smacked onto the ground, taking my breath away. Within seconds, my body, bleeding excessively from my arms and legs, and my Pooh Bear dress smashed into the sidewalk. Trying to regain consciousness and scanning my surroundings, I saw a blurred image of a teenage boy riding his bike and quickly turning the corner on my street, probably in an effort to relieve himself from my grandma, running and screaming, and her wrath. Breath gasping, heart pounding, world spinning, I barely could decipher my grandma aggressively sprinting towards the man down the street. The man rode swiftly and my grandma's body, diminutive and frail, stood no match for the young, fit man and his sports bike.

My grandma returned to me, cussing and panting, and decided she should take me to the hospital. Hands shaking, thoughts blurred, my words wouldn't come out. I'd never gone to the hospital, and had absolutely no desire to go. As we drove, my skewed mind attempted to make sense of all that had happened in the last twenty minutes, but could only remember bits and pieces. Upon arrival at the hospital, my grandma explained to the nurse what happened to me. The nurse looked at me, her eyes, concerned and blue, and escorted me back to her office. The nurse checked my vitals. Everything seemed to be normal, but the shooting pain in my wrist and my pounding headache made it impossible for me to comprehend the nurse. She took notice of my deep pain and sent me to the emergency room.

In the emergency room the doctor, Dr. Smith, laid me on a bed made with all white sheets and a small, course blanket. He examined me and immediately noticed my wrist, bruised, swollen, and crooked, and ordered an Xray. Blood oozing from my head, he also informed me that an MRI would be ordered to be done immediately. Dr. Smith walked me to the MRI room. The dim lighting and the massive, dark MRI machine, a neverending tunnel, almost led me to burst into tears. Dr. Smith informed me of exactly what would happen. With the massive helmet secured to my head, the doctor placed me in the MRI machine for about 30 minutes. As if this all wasn't terrifying enough, my grandma and Dr. Smith had to leave the room. Sweating, despite the cold temperature in the room, and drowning in terrifying thoughts, I wondered: What if I got stuck in the machine? What if the door locked and I got trapped? Could there be something on the other side of the tunnel? What if it was aliens? What if I suffocated in the tunnel?

As it turns out, I survived the accident and even the MRI. Injuries, X rays, doctors appointments, and many MRI nightmares, although just a small part of the recovery process, I did just fine. I certainly did not expect enduring a day in the emergency room rather than a joyful day at kindergarten. Looking back on the event, I haven't seen the man riding the bike since the day of the accident. Although mortified by the accident at the time, I realize now how much my grandma loves about me and how fortunate I am to be taken care of so well, during both the good times and the difficult ones. Even though I almost always insist on doing things independently, I know that it's okay to need help sometimes. 📌



Not Athletic Enough

THE MAN

by AMALEA WILLIAMS

On April 15, 2000, my mother, three months pregnant, my father, and I visited my paternal grandfather, Baba, at his home in a gated community located in Paradise Valley, about five miles out of Phoenix, Arizona. We called to inform him that we had left our home to see him, but to our surprise he did not answer his phone; however, we assumed that he sat outside in his backyard enjoying the beautiful Arizona spring day.

As we approached the entry gates the security guard on duty said that he had not seen him yet that day, which happened to be normal seeing it turned out to only be about 11 o'clock in the morning. Grasping the Peanuts themed coloring pages that I had carefully doodled on that morning, we drove into his driveway. Upon arrival at his home my mother and father saw a single piece of white copy paper with, to my three year old mind, hastily drawn scribbles. My parents hurriedly read the scribbles

while running in through the unlocked front door to the dining room table where another piece of paper with more gracefully drawn scribbles awaited their eyes. My mother, shocked and stunned, cried while my father slowly turned to walk towards Baba's bedroom, note barely held in his shocked, paralyzed hands. Opening the door I saw my grandfather, sleeping peacefully, on his twin bed with a gun delicately placed near his head. Immediately my mother rushed me to the neighbor's house with a box of everlasting gobstoppers and three of my favorite Disney movies. Meanwhile my father called all of his five siblings and emergency services.

I stayed at the neighbor's house until my mother, so soft and fragile, came to bring me back to Baba's house. To me the somber scene seemed almost calm, as I sat watching my father and a paramedic carry my limp, bloodstained grandfather out on a stretcher. My mother, still hysterical, sat on the floor in front of me unable to watch. I still had some gobstoppers left so I decided to offer

her some hoping that it could calm her down; she took two and slowly put each of them into her mouth. Just then my father walked back in and my mom stood up to console him in a long embrace. As he came to sit next to me he hugged and kissed me. I had not yet realized that his father, the man Tim Williams had been to me, is gone from the physical world forever. My mother stayed in the middle of the room, still dealing with the overwhelming shock.

As the day went on people came and went from the home, yet when a young man, that I had only seen in pictures, who looked very much like my grandfather, walked into the front door of the home no one noticed him; I seemed to be the only person who could see him. He slowly moved to me and knelt down, with a familiar smile he looked me right in the eyes and said, "Amalea, before you'd been born I happened to be in a lot of pain, the type of pain that I thought I could never get away from. The day that you entered the world I went to the hospital to see this beautiful baby girl that my youngest son had brought into this world. I had been very hesitant to hold you because both my physical and emotional pain had become too much, but your father insisted. I finally gave

in and the moment you hit my arms all my despair and agony vanished. I held you for what seemed like hours, the only thing on my mind, you. But sadly over the past three years my mind became cloudier and cloudier and my body ached more and more each day. Up to this point the pain had been tolerable because I knew once a week a beautiful blonde haired, blue eyed girl would run through that door and the first thing she would do is rush around the house looking for me."

The young man, dressed in a button up shirt and khaki pants, then came closer to me, lifted his hands, soft and gentle, pointed to my heart and said, "I will always be right here, and if you ever feel down or you need someone to talk to I will be with you forever." As he stood up he kissed my forehead and walked over to my mother, gently put his hand on her ever expanding stomach, leaned down and kissed the bulge that would soon be my sister. He then straightened up and slowly started to disappear into a globe of light. The orb that had once been this strange man split into two, one going right into my heart and the other disappearing into my mother's abdomen. Right then my mother twitched; the baby kicked for the first time.

Jacob Rhodes / Reduction Prints



Emma DePalmer / Reduction Prints



Abigail Rowe / Reduction Prints



Sara Durika / Reduction Prints



Nicolas Seymour / Reduction Prints



Avery Martz / Reduction Prints

ONE PLACE

by Dylan Krieger

There is always one place I like to be
The basketball court where I'm at peace
No matter how you play, the win starts with "D"
Pick your pocket, call me a thief
Or battle on the boards for the ball
Take the ball down to the other end of the court
Use a big man for a screen like a brick wall
Take the shot or pass, just don't leave it short
Hit the shot and hear the crowd roar
Nowhere else I would like to be than on that floor
For every time I play, I am grateful for that day

H2O

by Tavin Zinn

vast around the globe
insubstantial in its amount
formless, shapeless, clear
put into a glass
it will then become the glass
translucent, pellucid
murky in the deep
yet purified through rainfall
it's known as water

THE FIGURE

The black figure's raspy breath brushed across my face as its narley fingers clamped around my neck. I awoke from the nightmare in a cold sweat, relieved, until I heard footsteps shuffling toward my bed.

Sugar Skull / Mixed Media Collage



Aries / Mixed Media Collage



Taurus / Mixed Media Collage



ART WORK AND WRITING BY MEREDITH HEAGERTY

Splatter Hair / Digital Art

to come



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