



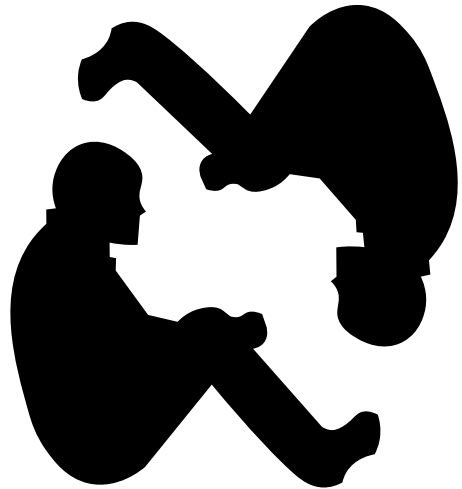
MINUTEMAN

Literary

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Last Request

When I die I don't want a coffin.
I don't want a hole in the ground six feet down.
Take my body and cremate me.
Send my ashes into space so I can once
truly be among the stars. At my funeral don't cry unless you really mean it.
Don't just tell stories of me, but
tell wild contradicting tales
of adventures from another life, so no one really knows,
what the truth is. Once that is over: Get over it.
Don't be sad anymore, and move on, Join a painting class,
where you have to paint naked models, who are often old men
with more cracks and crevices than the Grand Canyon,
or something that you've always wanted to do but never did.
But, every so often.
look longingly at that picture you keep on the shelf over the radiator,
that quietly whistles and sings
in the lone hours of the night.

I AM
 NOT GARY
 SIMPSON
 NOT AL DAVIS
 TINKER HATFIELD
 I AM NOT FIGGY
 I AM NOT SHANE
 GONZALES I AM NOT
 JOHNSON I AM NOT
 CHAD TIM TIM
 AARON BANKER I AM NOT
 NOT TATE KOKORO I AM NOT
 STROMSTEN I AM NOT TIM
 NOT TODD BRUGMAN
 LEE I AM NOT MICHAEL CERA
 I AM NOT DYLAN REIDER I
 I AM NOT MADI DONLAN I AM
 AM NOT ANDY SAMBERG I AM
 NOT I AM NOT JONNY WILSON
 ANDY I AM NOT KANYE
 MITCH ANDY SHROCK I AM NOT
 HEDBERG I AM NOT JOHNATHAN MEISTER
 I AM NOT EAIL NOT TERRENCE
 NOT NOT TOM AM NOT KOSTON I AM
 KEVIN STAN LA FLEUR I AM NOT SPENCER I AM
 KEVIN SMITH I AM NOT ELLIOT SMITH I
 KEVIN ABSTRACT I AM NOT EMMET I AM NOT
 KEVIN COAKLEY I AM NOT ANDRE PHAD NOT PT LADD
 I AM NOT LOUIE 3000 I AM NOT
 I AM NOT BRAD LOPEZ I AM NOT
 I AM NOT CROMER I AM NOT CHACHI
 I AM NOT DICK RIZZO I AM NOT
 I AM NOT ANVAR NOT WARREN LOTAS
 I AM NOT DELANEY I AM NOT PATRICK
 I AM NOT MAZE JOHNSON I AM NOT JOSH
 I AM NOT STEVE CARREL I AM NOT JOHNSON
 I AM NOT MIKE MORRESETE I AM NOT SPIKE
 I AM NOT THAINARA I AM NOT GOMEZ I
 I AM NOT MC MANN I AM NOT DAVE COMBS
 I AM NOT AIDAN SANDS I AM NOT
 I AM NOT PATRICK FLAGG I AM NOT
 I AM NOT PETER MEN JIAN I AM NOT
 I AM NOT STEVE MARTIN NOT
 I AM NOT LAVIN I AM NOT
 I AM NOT MICHAEL BARNES
 I AM NOT DOMINIC BOBBY ANTHONY
 I AM NOT THAINARA DELAMPO I
 I AM NOT CALEB GOMEZ I AM
 I AM NOT GORDON I AM NOT BAUSMAN I AM
 I AM NOT KILLIAN ZENNER I AM NOT BILL GLASSI
 I AM NOT ZACK I AM NOT ERIN
 I AM NOT GABE ALESSE I AM NOT
 I AM NOT DANIEL I AM NOT
 I AM NOT WILL MARSHAL I AM
 I AM NOT MELODY COLEMAN I AM NOT
 I AM NOT GRIFPIN GOERDE I AM
 I AM NOT DYLAN FEATHERSTONE

(Untitled)

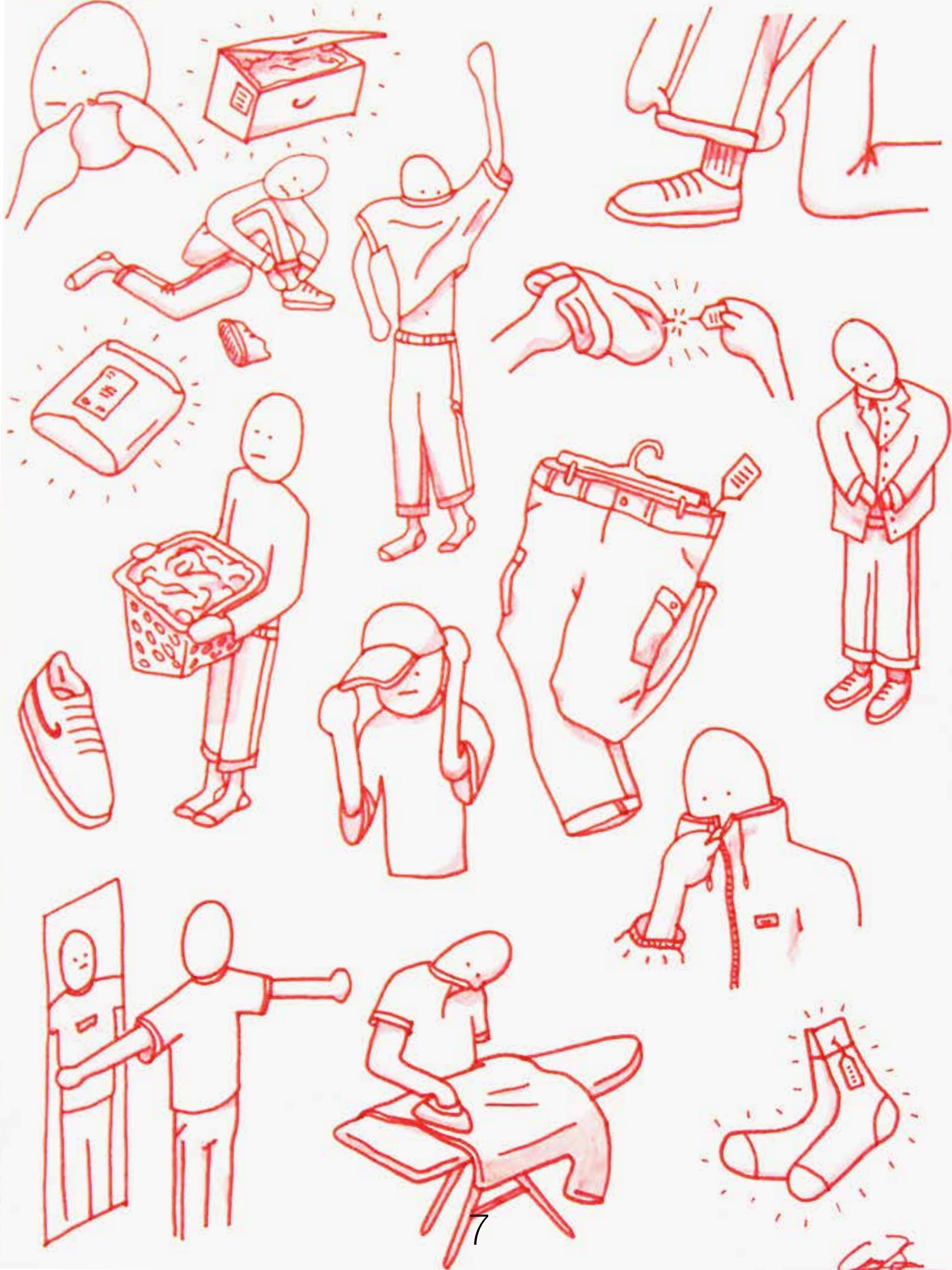
When you're young
You get accustomed to things
Without realizing

when you're young
you're curious
But question all the wrong thing

When you're young
It's harder to hide
Even though that's the whole game

When you're young
You don't know to worry
About what's to come

When you're young
Everything yet nothing
Makes sense





Ode to the stories of Snow

“Love” Poems

We fall for the first time into blissful sea with waves of idolization, exhilaration and joy
As time goes by we drown in the messy games we play and the mixed signals we send
The sea becomes turbulent as our minds do, trying to understand why he does what he does
We take tips from Ismael on how to stay afloat
We superfluously put ourselves out there for this person
We change the way we dress, talk or even walk
In hope of keeping his admiration
We become the titanic in the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean
We fight every wave and surge hoping this storm will past and return to the peaceful tranquil
waters that we had fallen into
Waters that were filled with bliss and endless wonder
Waters we had never felt before and had felt so warming to our hearts
We wonder we did
Did we cause this storm?
The shots of lying, deceit, and damage start raining down
At first they ricochet off the water and we don't take any note
Soon the shots become as normal as our fight to stay afloat in raging storm
Until our luck or selective hearing and seeing runs out
We are shot in our foolish little naive hearts at sea, the blood that once pumped in our veins
and that made us fight and overlook the things that slowly pain us
Slowly weaves out into the water
Staining the blue waves that were filled with vain hope and blindness
We are left with bleeding hearts that will go on to bleed forever
And the waves will always bear testament to our hurt for they stained with our blood



illness and death, love terrible agitation. frustration "God Is a Herbivore."
 elementary school disastrous my brother, black and decaying. polite
 Nothing Was the Same, freedom zoo. life and future. children's books,
 patients dead animal? lockjawed, violence, grace, and aspirations— there were no words
 swimming for miles. children war awfulness haunting alone. quiet
 humiliating, and very discouraging. occasional regret long months vulnerable genes home,
 stigma so unobtainable Christmas lectures empathy accumulated pain furious
 my first boyfriend, watching girls "You'll feel better soon." He drew blood nights
 on the highways of my brain, absolute blackness plagued by fears far away
 melancholic leaf by leaf they died, I was born,



Bonfire

It was a cold night on the beach
my father and I were at a bonfire in Beverly on the Pacific ocean
time doesn't move as I sit in the sand, hearing
 the laughing
 and talking
 and music playing.

I stare at the ocean and the sky and feel like I'm sitting at the end of the world,
 looking into the void.
somewhere nearby another party is being held

children are running round and screaming, probably playing manhunt or tag.
fireworks are being shot up from the woods behind us, and everyone stops talking
and basks in the glow
 of reds
 and greens
 and yellows.

the flames of the bonfire lap against the faces of the people around me, warm
yellows and reds dancing across their silent still moving bodies.
the fireworks finish, and the people cheer, though they don't know the person
they're cheering on
somebody brought a grill, and everybody
 is eating
 and talking
 and laughing again.

the night gets colder and the fire starts to die down
people are starting to leave my dad and I stay,
 sit on the water,
and talk about the big questions.
we are the last to leave
and the fire has been out for the last 15 minutes.
we get in the car and drive home.

Paradise Gone

The pavement it lays bare alone and cold we crawl further further from the truth
see what we have done
no chance if we stay blind she's dying in this pale blue
we are ripping her in two as you stare,
through these blinders

she created you, yet we slowly
murder, murder, murdered her

her fate is bleeding red for all her children
lay screaming bellow
Asphalt, caller of their damnation
their souls are suffocating

within deserted streets
whose lungs are filled with sand
a pungent reminder of a grander despair
from the heart it leaks a paler blue

she is part of you part of me
that we left do die in fear

she's turned to air
left our homes for good long her suffering lives on
no trace though remains
gone from our nature
left us bear with an empty tear



The Color

There is a color in the darkness
So sweet and silent, it rests,
Waiting all by itself,
Unseen by all,
Isolated.

There is a color in the bright sky,
Bright and extravagant it flies,
Engulfed by other colors,
Hidden in the crowd,
To be Forgotten.

There is a color in the ocean,
Mysterious and beautiful,
Covered by the seas,
It fades in depth,
And is Lost.

There is a color in the stars,
Dancing the night away,
Loved by other colors,
Filled with darkness,
Loved by the few,
Seen by many,
Resisting,
The urge,
To fade away.

To instead come back
And see that colorful light,
Where no more can be found.

Because a color is never forgotten,
A color is never left laying away or covered.
A color is unique, strong, and filled with powerful potential,
After all I should know, that color is me, quietly waiting, to come out of the darkness.



The Tragic Tale of Timothy Tree Hunger

He stepped onto the bus in sandy shoes
As hippie music from his headphones oozed.
He sat down next to me and asked my name,
And next I asked him from which shop he came.
'Environmental tech,' he said to me
Through sips of fresh organic herbal tea.
A scholar of the earth he claimed to be,
With knowledge of the air, the earth and sea.
His eyes strayed out the window and he sighed
At plastic bottles strewn down the roadside.
"If only people cared enough," he groaned,
"To not dump their old garbage in the road!
Bottled water's such a waste, besides..."
He sunk into his seat and rolled his eyes.
I knew he'd always try to fix the earth,
For he knew all about our planet's worth.
He always tried to act completely kind,
But somewhere lurking deep inside his mind
There was a sad, defeated sense of gloom
From knowing that we'd ensured our own doom.





Celestial Dance

Swirling eddies of stars
In the pool of darkness
When seen from afar
Snowflakes against a cloud's starkness
The velvety black marred
By a gash of starriness
Asteroids wandering they guard
Countless planets in rings of gaudiness
Tears of fabric in the dimensions
Creating anomalies in reality
Wonders to come and wonders to be
In the cosmos of expansion
Forever, may the interstellar drifter traverse
Across an infinite universe



Solo, Go

The stage is set
We beg in our song
As the part come, I begin to sweat
It's taking too long

A constant smell of cork grease
The binding lights stay steadfast
Embouchure on the mouthpiece
I feel the fear of failures past

The clickety clack of each key
Becomes lost in the blur of my mind
As I quietly wish to scream a plea
To play the piece as it was designed

One note away
Time begins to slow
I lose my mind to the fray
And my legs want to go

I close my shaky eyes
My heart beat begins to heighten
My stomach warns to blow from butterflies
I imagine all of what I've learned again

I begin to play, my brain connects
I play as I never have before
As my beautiful sound projects
And I feel my inner self roar

Before long, my solo's done
I sit, my heart going faster than light
My happiness becomes an inner sun
And my worries lift like a kite

My brain couldn't think otherwise for a while
Everything else was meaningless in that time in space
Nothing could deter my smile
As it was glued to my face





The Right Lunch Table

The Right Lunch Table

Is like

A true home

Sitting with Friends


Dining, conversing

Guard

Down

To The End

(A found poem based on "The end. In books and film, fascinations with the apocalypse continues" by Ty Burr)



How do you like your apocalypse
Scrambled, over easy or sunny side down?
Split between the bang and the whimper,
The good news and the very very bad

We like to watch the end times from a comfy seat
Our sense of helplessness, crystallizing the hopes and fears
When the lights come up and we're still here,
It makes us feel warm and rosy

Perhaps, it reminds us of our own mortality
Or does it underscore our privileged invincibility?
We don't get to play God but
We do sit at his side

It's worth asking
Where we fit in the game,
To the End of the World as we know it.





Ode to Baseball

Baseball,
Beautiful globe
Uniquely formed
One stitch at a time
Your fine white
The pristine leather
Stitches so red
And vibrant
108
The number of stitches
Sewn by hand
88
Inches of waxed thread
Hidden Deep within
Another ball
Small and made of rubber
Making the perfect sphere
Beauty that shines until it is time to play
The pristine globe
Is no more
It is now scuffed
One layer is gone the color fades
No longer snow white
No
Now brown and green
The shine is no more
As it is hit
Another scuff
Another layer gone
It is brought back
Only to be hit again
This the final time
As it once white is now completely gone
It leaves for good
A new ball is used

My Rig

Breaker-Breaker

Unchained shoes, jumming down the interstate

Lowboy trailer as long as falems from a pallet fire

Always ready for hire

Crackle from the cab reveals huge traffic

Ten car pile

Better find a new route or I'll be their awhile

Lying in the log book by the mile

So you can give DOT a great big smile

Use your jack brake or the smell will get vile

All from the break pads

Being lower than lobsters in an ocean

Not just the smell but the cash commotion

Almost as expensive as a divorce

18th gear

Fells as good as a cold beer

I can tell this was a great year

This is my career

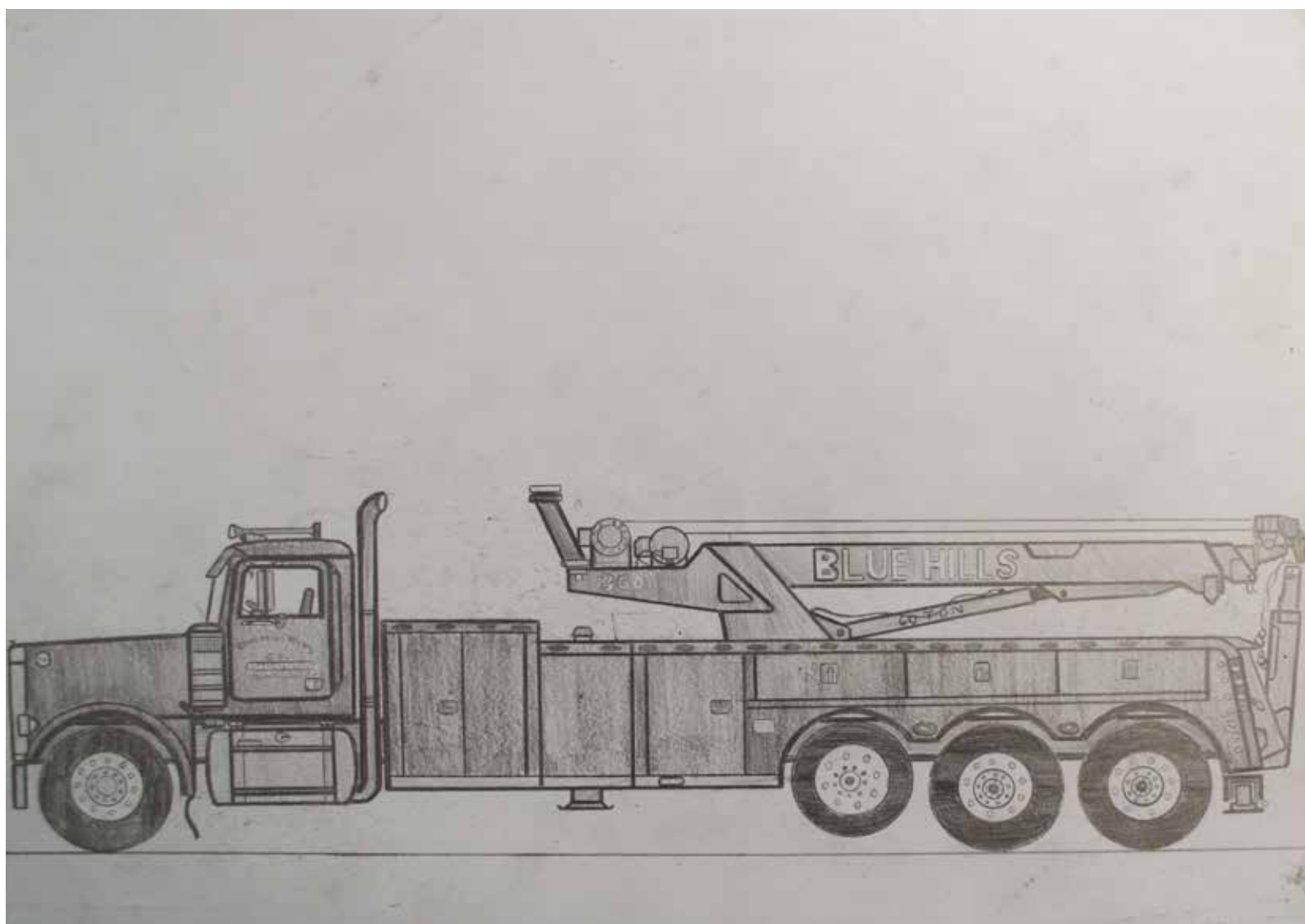
This is no drear

God i ove my peterbilt

It is not bought but built

I will never quit

Come on back driver





Blue

Blue, you can be dark or light, happy or sad, You can show all emotions.
So what are you today?

Are you happy as the sky?
Where you radiate warmth and everyone smiles
Or angry as a blizzard?
cold, with blades of ice

Do you feel helpful and reliable as an old shirt?
Not special, but it never fails or lets you down
Or do you feel high and mighty:
Pristine as the finest jewelry and pearls
Do you feel strong? Are you a tidal wave?
Or are you soft as still waters?

Are you sad?
Are you the rain falling from the crying sky?
Is your strength still here? Your pride a lost memory
Your anger subsided, Gray?
Barely recognizable but there.

No one likes it when you're sad, but at that time you inspire
You give people your strength, You give hope.
Power to fight against the storm, and fight.
Until late the storm is done
Until you are blue again,
And you become our favorite thing to be.
The sky, Happy, You.

Blue.





(Untitled)

Once there was a house, and in it there lived a family.

A mother and father and their one child. This child owned a toy bear.

It was simple, small, yet sturdy and strong.

But the child's parents did not like it.

It was too small, and it was not valuable or exciting.

So one night the parents crept into their child's room

And grabbed the bear, and destroyed it,

and with a *woompf* it was thrown into the garbage, and off to the dump.

When the child awoke ere the sun rose, it found a new bear.

It was bright orange, and lit once touched. It spoke when it's nose

was pushed. It looked odd once laid among the other toys,

a bear among dogs. The child rushed to her parents, and pleaded

to have her bear back. "But it's more valuable, and light up,

and flashy, and made of the latest plastic!" And so they explained how

wonderful it was that the old bear was gone. The child rushed

out the door and went to the dump, since it was nearby and found it, as shredded

as ground beef. And so she walked home, and went back to the new bear. And

She picked up the bear. She shredded the new bear, and brought its remains to rest at the dump.



Credits



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**Art Selection
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Maria Galante

Ethan Gray

**The 32nd Annual Art and Poetry Contest
was sponsored by the English Department
Gregory Donovan, Lead Teacher**

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