



# Brick House Review

2019 Edition

*Kate*

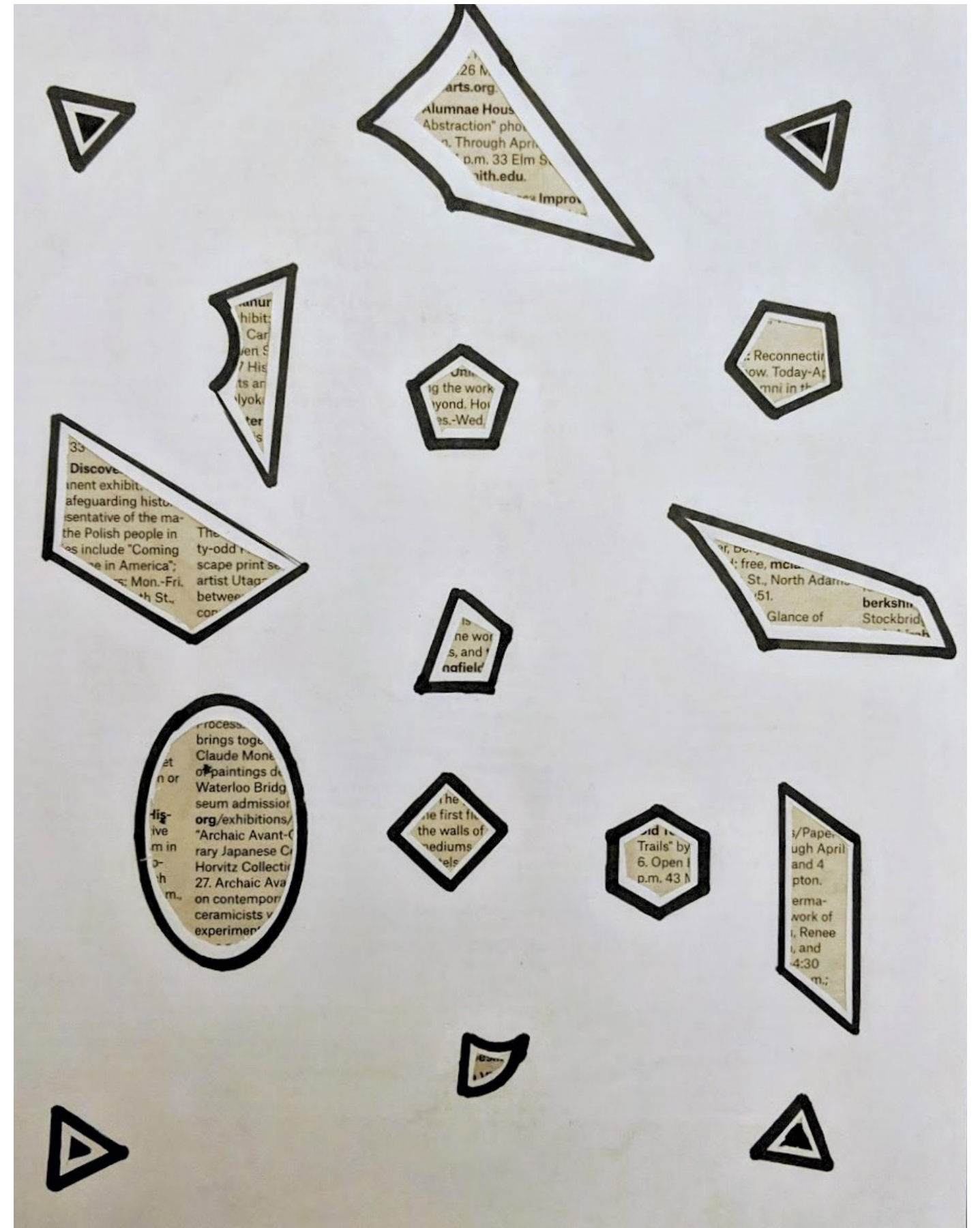
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**Black and White and Read All Over** Artist *James K. Bradford*

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**Isabella Von-Carstein**

Artist *Johnny Nguyen*



**Battle of New Moria** Artist *Kalum Eaddy*

## **The Battle of New Moria**

In the plains of New Moria, there rages a battle between the Orcs of the Wild Hunt Tribe and their enemies the Dwarfs of Moria. In the land of seers where the Knights of Gondor posses a power to foresee the future. Their leader and King Argorn uses his abilities to map out a plan to stop this blood thirst that is claiming the land.

In the name of peace, King Argorn has forge a pledge to come to the aid of the Dwarfs of Moria.

Through a long standing brutal battle the Orcs of the Wild Hunt Tribe have beat back the Dwarfs of Moria and took their land. Leaving the Dwarfs of Moria with no place to call home. After many long winters, the Dwarfs of Moria and the Knights of Gondor have trained long and hard. Together they have managed to increase their armies skill and size. As a united force they will be able to march and meet their common foe with dignity and pride. Along with the foresight of King Argorn they will quietly travel through the forest of Gardenia.

Where the massive Gembooksa alligators consume anything moving.

If they can skillfully manage to stay out of the view of the Gorbelly and enter through the caves of the Hidden Valley.

This will give them the advantage of a surprise attack on the Wild Orcs.

Making their battle a guaranteed success. Once the battle is won on the Plains of Moria. Mother Nature will return to her former glory. New Moria will become a peaceful place and the Dwarfs of Moria will have their land and homes.

This will bring a long lasting prosperity and happiness to everyone.

Even though this plan sounds so great. There still remains one big problem that can not be overlooked. The chieftain of the Orcs of the Wild Hunt Tribe will not go down so easily. He will fight to the very last orc under his command.

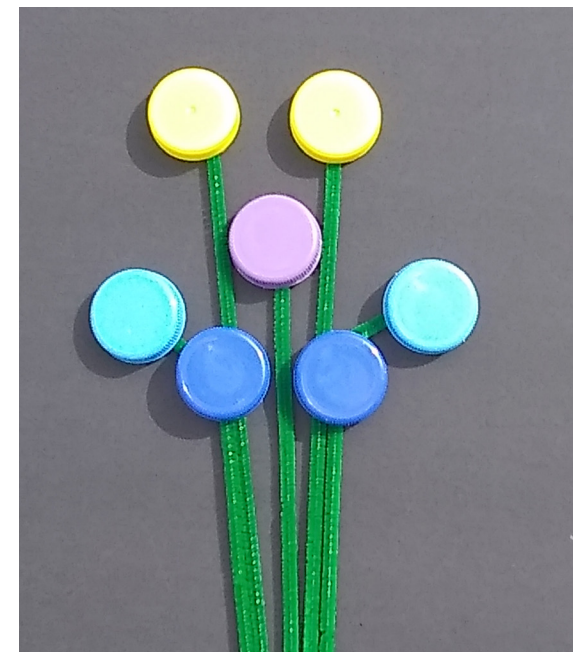
He has never been known to lose a fight or battle. This is how he has gain his status and name. The great and all powerful Chieftain Procrusteous.

Under his command he has several extra large trolls at his side.

Who are willing to fight to gain the spoils that have been promise to them.

Many lives will be lost on both sides before this brutal battle is over.

*Kalum Eaddy*



**Bottle Cap Bouquet**  
Artist *James Bradford Sr.*



Top: *As I Lay Dying*, photo by Kimani Worghs  
 Bottom: *Untitled*, photo by Jennifer Kirichenko



## Death Comes in Threes, Also Known as 15 Months Underwater

### *Part I - Mother*

April 2017

At 30,000 feet above bucolic flyover country, I'm on my way to my first Coachella. In a moment my head is underwater. Breathing and hearing are no longer second nature, all senses seemed to vanish except for a deep, black sinkhole forming in the very center of my chest. The message I had been dreading popped up on my phone, she is gone, and there is nothing I can do about it. I'm trapped in a metal tube being hurtled hundreds of miles per hour in the wrong direction, away from home. I land and enter a sea of a terminal, people swimming around like fish without a care in the world. This infuriates me, I can feel my cheeks getting red and hot. Don't they know that death exists? Don't they know that it's happening to me, right now? Don't they know I'm drowning? Of course they don't, but this is no consolation when your entire life was just changed in 4000 miles.

The next 3 days were spent in an airport hotel before being able to get a flight home. The kind of thinking you do in a Motel 6 outside LAX in the days after losing your mother fuel a machine of rage, confusion, and pain. 2 months. 2 months is all it took to go from okay to gone. No one tells you how fast people can fail, and when it happens no one is there to tell you how to be okay. You find yourself examining every moment, every hug, every phone call. Were you good enough? Did they know how much you cared? These things don't matter in the end, but they become a singular mental obsession, a riddle that you never receive the answer to. I flew home and was surprised the plane could even take off considering the weight of the anchor I could feel tied around my neck.

### *Part II - Sister*

October 2017

Things have gotten better since April, the weight of the anchor has decreased to just a dull ache, and time has been a band-aid over my wounds. It's 9am, and I've just walked in the house after dropping my husband at the airport. My phone rings, and it's my oldest sister. My gut sinks to my feet, I know something is wrong. When she asks if I'm sitting down, I can see it as clearly as the

words on this page, and the anchor starts to grow exponentially. Margaret, the sister closest in age to me, is dead. I am swimming again, unable to surface, the anchor is holding me to the sea floor. She was only 37. An overdose, I'm told. Lack of surprise washes over me in equal parts of inevitability and sorrow.

A week earlier, I visit her in rehab. The nerve disease she suffered from was flaring up, so I carefully cut her fingernails while making small talk. A simple, intimate moment that meant nothing at the time. This is the last memory I have of her. I replay that moment over and over in my mind, trying to pry out some deeper meaning from this inconsequential act, another riddle which I could never expect to find an answer to.

### *Part III- Father*

August 2018

It's been almost a year since Margaret died, and the anchor dragged itself behind me in the snow of the past winter and deep into the sunny days of Summer, it's weight as unrelenting as it is invisible. There is another phone call from my oldest sister, another feeling of dread. My father is dead, and I am drowning again within an instant. A stroke after trying to quit drugs cold-turkey, I'm told. I feel again a lack of surprise. His body was a rubber band, used to the point of being brittle and dry, and the band finally broke. I tell myself that grief is something I have a masters degree in at this point, but that education does nothing to stem the tide washing over me.

I look like my father, I talk like my father, and I think like my father. Looking in the mirror is a daily reminder of his absence, like seeing an old photograph. Anger, not at him but at the situation he was in, is a constant feeling that will never leave, it's a coat I can never take off. As the days go on, the anchor slowly shrinks. I find myself with less of a feeling of being underwater, but the weight will always be there. I spent 15 months drowning, and I'm ready to breathe again.

*Katy Mae Gunter*



Layla Artist *Matthew Shea*

### Dear Wizard,

This arrogant strut brings me no closer to serendipity.  
 I sit on my hands and let myself drown.  
 In my credulity I let the wizard make craft of my head;  
 Terraform my cerebellum with magic contrived from science.  
 I wonder what value he sees; for when I roll back my eyes and look into my skull, I see only a charlatan.

What do I owe you, oh wizard?  
 What amalgam have you brought this wrought child?  
 What magic could you cast to make this cavernous chasm pregnant with life?

These scenes are best left to witches or on front doors as Halloween decorations.  
 My apologies, dear wizard, but I needn't your spells today.  
 May this gaping chasm leave you slack-jawed in mirth lest it remain vacant—parched.

If you cast a spell, noble wizard—artisan of consciousness—make it one to bring forth the rain.

*Matthew Medina*



### LAYLA

Art Deco inspired interpretive piece. *Layla* was created using Adobe InDesign & Illustrator, based on the self-titled song by well known artists Eric Clapton and Jim Gordon. The song was inspired by a love story that originated in the 7th century.

The book moved Clapton profoundly, because it was the tale of a young man who fell hopelessly in love with a beautiful, young girl, went crazy and so he could not marry her.

*Matthew Shea*

### Long Drive

Long drive.  
 Weary eyes, cloudy skies  
 as traffic rumbles on  
 around the corner.  
 You wonder if there's a word  
 for traffic that is not quite jammed,  
 not quite moving.  
 A radio jingle plays.  
 You hear it, and you don't.  
 Eventually you cut through.  
 You're moving again.  
 Soon you will be home for dinner.  
 The sun blazes one last ray at you.  
 You wonder if there's a name  
 for the way windows catch  
 the orange-red glow of sunset,  
 so bright they could be on fire.

*Laura Bradford*

## Goose Shit Alley

The twin bells continue clanging from the alarm clock on the table next to the bed I'm sleeping in; clearing the cobwebs from my brain. "Shut up" I yell! My hand slams down on the clock stopping the shriek for good. "Get up Stanly" Ma yells from the bottom of the stairs, "you got to get moving if you want to eat before you go to work" she yells. I lay there thinking I had just flopped into the old iron framed bed a minuet ago, god was it morning already. "I hear you Ma; stop yelling I'm getting up". I stumble out of bed pulling on my work clothes and boots. Another hot day at the mill I think I think to myself, yesterday seemed like it would never end. The plant must have been ninety degrees by the blast furnace where I work. That stinking straw boss on my shift Mr. Plankey was a pain in my ass the whole day. No matter how much I did it wasn't enough. I felt like pushing him into the furnace more than once but knew it wouldn't change anything but put me in jail. "Goddamn I have to find a better way to make money" I said out loud as I stalked towards the bathroom.

When I get there the door is shut, I can hear my kid sister Patty singing "How much is that Doggie in the Window" as she gets ready for school in the only bathroom in the house." Get moving Sis, I've got to get going for work" I yell. She just keeps on singing as if she can't hear me. This only makes me madder, but what can I do she's only a kid. Finally she's done and walks out of the bath with a smirk on her face, "it's all yours Stanly" she says sweetly as she walks down the stairs to the kitchen. "God that kid burns my ass" I think to myself as I step into the bathroom to wash and get ready. I lift up the seat on the commode and relive myself from the nights previous beer drinking. I turn on the hot water washing my face, lather up shaving brush in the cup and soap my wet face in quick swirling motions. After I shave with the straight razor Dad had given me the Christmas before I finally feel like a human being.

After finishing, I jump down the stairs two steps at a time rushing into the kitchen. Ma is at the cast iron stove frying slabs of salt pork and eggs in the cast iron frying pan wearing a bright red flowered house dress. The smell of the food makes my mouth

water and makes me glad I have a Ma like her. Pa is already sitting at the round wooden kitchen table with my kid sister. "Glad to see you could make it out of the sack Stanly" he says. "When I was your age I was already on my way to work", "the boss said if he had more men like me the plant wouldn't be losing money like it was". "Even with half burned lungs like mine I was always the first on the job ready to go". "God it's starting already" I thought and before I could stop myself I said angrily "look where it got you Pa" two bad lungs, a tiny pension from the plant and nothing from the army for being gassed in the trenches." As soon as I said those words I felt bad for saying them. Pa was only mad because he was so fucked up from the steel mill and the war he couldn't help feeling like he wasn't the man of the family anymore.

"Ok Pa I know you had it hard but look the way they treated you after all the years you worked there and ending up with lungs that hardly worked". You'd think they would've given you a small pension at least". Pa just sat there looking at me and then he started hacking from the bottom of his lungs. "Both of you stop it can't you see all this fighting is making Pa worse, he can't breathe half good now" Ma said. Pa took his big handkerchief from his back pocket and covered his mouth and finally stopped coughing. "I'm sorry Pa but that pain in the ass boss of mine Mr. Plankey has been riding me like a jackass all week and I'm ready to knock his block off". Ma raised her hand to her mouth in mock shock. "Now don't you go and do that" she said, "you know your pay is what's keeping us going now". "Yeah well he better think twice before gets into my face with his stinking breath". "I was inches from clocking him yesterday; it took all my willpower from not doing it". Ma looked at me with those sad eyes the way she does when she knows I'm right and can't do anything to help me. I sat and wolfed down the meager breakfast sopping up the eggs with Ma's homemade bread and a cup of black coffee. I grabbed my lunch pail Ma packed for me and was out the door heading to the mill at the end of our street.

I passed the yards in the mill town neighborhood; all the houses looked the same. You know

that's why they call it a mill town. The company built all the homes as cheap as they could and then rented them to poor immigrants like my Pa. It didn't matter if he had fought in the war and was hurt; they made money selling their steel for it. As I walked I thought what my friend Baldy always said "bullshit walks and money talks", there would always be working stiff's like us to fill the dangerous jobs at the mill. Baldy had a forty foot fishing boat he worked and had been like a second dad to me as I grew up. Pa was always there but with bad lungs he wasn't much good at throwing a ball or listening to a kid growing up in hard times. The times I went out in Baldy's fishing boat were some of the happiest times of my short life.

I got through the gate at the sprawling mill towards building five where I worked. Immediately I was puzzled as I saw men walking back out of the gate who weren't from the graveyard shift. One guy I recognized who I had worked with in the past saw me and shouted "this is fucked up Stan, we got our layoff slips till further notice"! "Not even a week's warning, they told us to go down to the union hall and talk to our union boss." "I don't know what I'm going to do I was just making it living paycheck to

paycheck ". That's bullshit I said how they can do that to us without no notice". "I don't know but they did" good luck Stan I'm afraid to go home and tell my wife, it's been hard enough as it was the way we were living, Good luck".

As I walked towards the entrance a sick feeling settled in my gut like I had just ate a pound of raw bread dough. As I walked on more men passed all feeling the same way , no notice just like that , like we were pieces of crap to flush down the commode they said loud enough for all to hear. When I got to the gate that asshole Plankey and five Pinkerton guards stood handing out layoff slips to each man as he walked up to the gate. With a smug look on his face he gave me mine "I won't have to see your ugly mug for a while Dombrowski". "Now you won't have to bitch taking orders from your betters knowing you don't have a job and any pay coming". My face turned red with anger as I said "you're lucky you got those guards with you or I'd knock that smirk off your ugly mug". He just handed me my slip saying "enjoy your vacation big mouth" and left me standing there fuming. "Next, let's keep this line moving" he said as if I never existed .

*Samuel N. Sam*



**Mushrooms**  
photo by  
*Vicky Rios*

## ADHD in Four Parts

### *Ninth Grade*

Before high school, pep rallies only existed as distorted blurs of color and noise in my brain; I had no image to match up to the quintessential high school experience. This was soon remedied, as the first two months of the school year drew to a close, and the event lurked close by, baring fangs masquerading as megaphones.

As is high school tradition, the pep rally was preceded by "Spirit Week," an event where students strut through the halls, adorned with themed costumes. We must have been quite the sight that Thursday, sitting in the cafeteria, where the smell of stale tomato sauce coated every surface, clustered in white, green, blue, and black flocks, each color advertising our respective grade.

The monster finally made its nest in our auditorium on Friday, the finale to Spirit Week. We filed into the room, the air becoming just warm enough to make me wish I had worn short sleeves, and the smell of the cheap cologne the boys insisted on dousing themselves in seeping through the air. I wasn't sure what to expect. Movies had shown everything from loud cheering and performances by mascots to public humiliation with embarrassing photos, though the latter seemed rather unlikely.

What movies get wrong is the sound.

A wave of screams smothered me, pushing me further into my seat as my peers jumped up at the instruction of the football coach. My ears rang, and though I could see my friend's mouth moving, hearing her words was impossible over the drone of the crowd. Sounds were coming at me from every direction, seeming more like gunfire than the excited shrieks of teenagers.

I sat back, unable to think, unable to breathe, unable to do anything other than let the assault of noise run its course. I could feel the vibrations of the speakers humming through the air, but my head and body were numb, and it seemed like someone had set off a bomb three rows away, the shockwaves coursing through my limbs.

I had a difficult time stitching my mind back into my body when the pep rally was over. I felt stiff and walked out of the auditorium in a trance, feeling like I had just come out of the trenches. Back in the hallways, a friend's hand on my arm jerked me back

to my old self, and soon I was laughing with them as we walked back to class, shoes squeaking on the linoleum floor.

My mom was waiting in the parking lot to pick me up.

"How was school?" she asked.

"Fine," I replied.

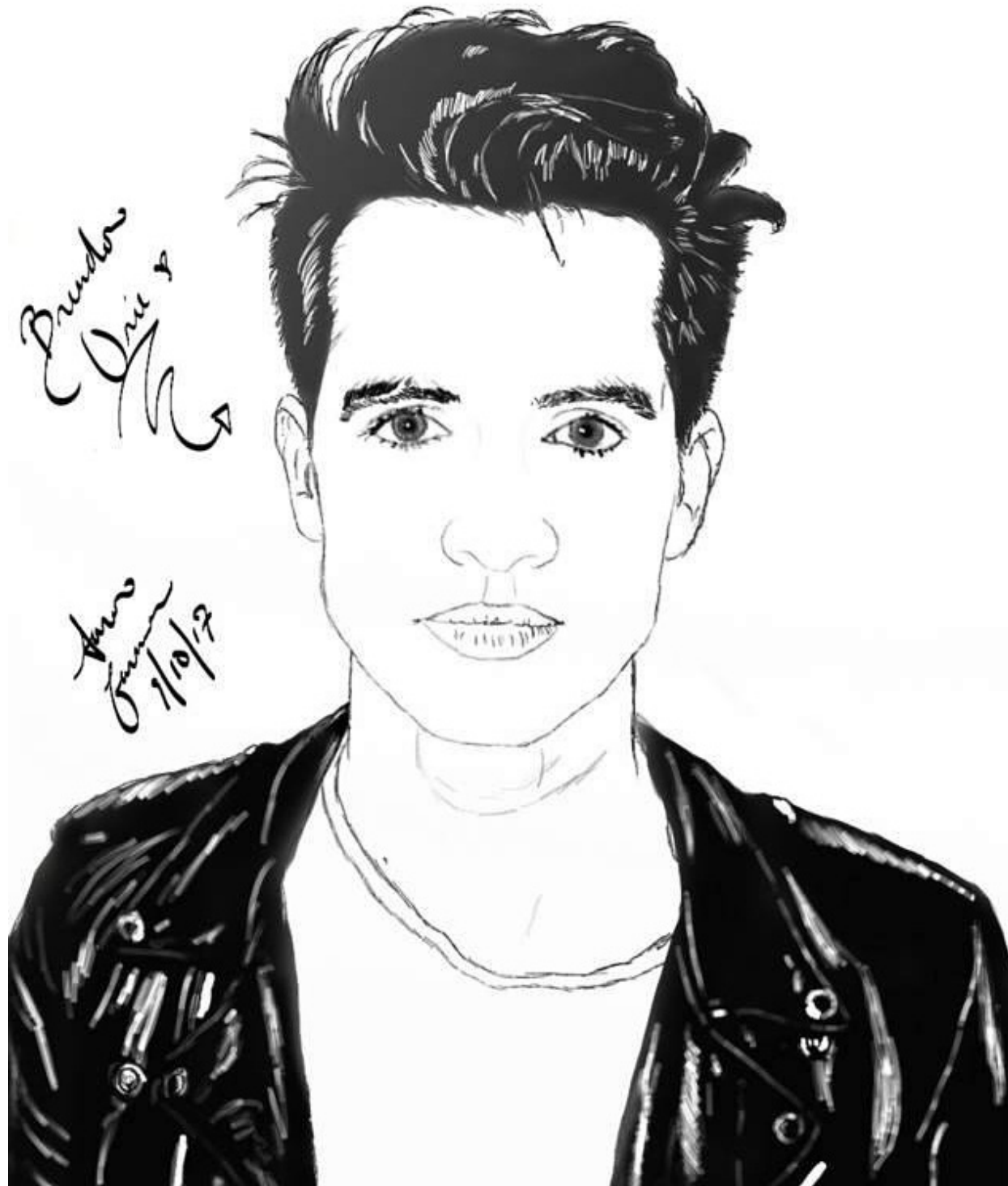
### *Tenth Grade*

The summer before sophomore year came to an abrupt and unwelcome end. I had spent nine days in Denmark with my brother, while our parents explored Ireland. I wanted to remain blissfully happy, mouth watering at the intoxicating scent of the butter-coated, chocolate-filled pastries on display, a package of candy a boy gifted to me crinkling softly in my hand while I gave him a hug.

Nothing good can ever remain. As I made new friends from Germany, China, South Africa, and other countries thousands of miles away from home, the coming school year slunk through the shadows, ready to sink its claws into my unknowing leg.

Of course, I had heard rumors about the miserable man who reigned tyrannically over the mandatory Chemistry class. It wasn't hard to confirm the rumors; all students had to do was walk past his room during a class, and they would inevitably hear his hoarse screams filtering through the door. I was confident this class would be a breeze; I was good at science, and I'd never had a teacher dislike me.

Chemistry quickly became my most hated and dreaded class. My teacher go through PowerPoint slides rapidly, with no concern given to whether his students were keeping up. I struggled to pay attention and focus in this class, my mind drawn in several directions at once: what my teacher was saying, the movements of my classmates out of the corner of my eye, the scratching of pen on paper, the colorful posters plastered on the wall, the way the glitter embedded in my pencil reflected the light. The only reprieves I had from the monotony were the occasional experiments we performed, the sapphire and emerald-tinted flames holding my interest longer than any lecture could.



Artist *Aaron Farnum*



<<<ADHD, continued from page 15

At the end of every class, I would look down at my notebook in defeat at the incomplete formulas and nonsensical phrases written on the paper. Each night I sat on my bed, the textbook open in front of me, its spine as cracked and pages as ragged as I felt. I read and reread pages, listening late into the night as the house became still enough to hear the crickets chirping softly outside, trying to teach myself what I should have been listening to in class. I never allowed my grades to slip, priding myself on being in the top 10% of my grade, so the extra work proved successful.

Though I desperately tried to follow along with the lessons, tapping my books and folders with my ballpoint pen was so much more interesting than balancing chemical equations. This pen became my lifeline from boredom, saving me from drowning in my daydreams.

One crisp morning in mid-October, my teacher began our unit on electrons, and I began my inky masterpiece. It was one of the rare fall days where the sky pulled back its blanket of clouds and let the sun shine through, brightening the world and people's moods. The day was warm enough for short sleeves, and when I sat down at my desk, I could feel my mind drifting farther than usual.

I stared out the window, counting the leaves as they made the flight from tree to ground. My hand made its way across the desk, taking hold of the pen, and began the tapping that became a regular pastime. This day, however, the pen was uncapped, and the tip grazed my arm several times, leaving a line where it passed over. I didn't feel like getting up and going to the bathroom to wash off the ink, so I traced over the accidental lines, darkening them and creating the base for a swirling design.

After the first few intentional lines, all hope of taking notes was lost. I was gripped by a need to fill my skin with looping patterns that hooked around my elbow, the ink shifting from black to purple in the fluorescent lighting. This continued in the classes after Chemistry, all attention fixated on my drawing. Skin was never the intended surface for pen ink, so the design never fully dried, leaving my arm sticky to the touch and smearing traces of black on anything it came in contact with.

My mom picked me up from school that day. "What did you do today?" she asked.

I couldn't remember.

"Just the usual," I replied.

## ***Eleventh Grade***

The transition from winter to spring melted the chill in the air. No longer did the morning mean seeing each blade of grass coated in delicate ice that shimmered in the early light, but smothered and choked the plant-life. Grass shed its winter coat, while students shed theirs.

A rite of passage for juniors was the larger amount of Advanced Placement classes available to take. My interest in science pushed me to enroll in AP Biology, which, despite being extremely difficult, was one of my favorite classes I took in high school. My teacher was a sweet woman, and she always kept her students' best interests in mind. She also decorated the periphery of her classroom with every PEZ dispenser under the sun, much to the amusement of my classmates and myself.

As the temperatures grew warmer, my classmates and I gazed longingly out the windows, just waiting until the end of the day when we could escape from the school's prison walls. My teacher predicted that we would go stir-crazy, and she had prepared accordingly.

One day in April, my teacher informed the class about our new project: a biology scavenger hunt. She let twenty-five teenagers burn pent-up energy outside, much like elementary teachers do with kindergartners, while reinforcing various biology terms. She split us into groups, armed us with fifty-item lists, and sent us to explore the woods surrounding the school.

My group of four split further into two groups of two in an attempt to cover more ground. Each group took half of the list, and ventured into the dim woods. My friend and I hiked past the trees, covered in a furry layer of moss and encircled with seaweed-green vines, and past the brush, ignoring the stinging cuts the thorny stems inflicted on our bare legs.

We were serenaded by birds and bugs, and I could hear the faint gurgle of a stream somewhere in the woods. The call of the stream was too strong for me to resist. Soon, I found myself following the direction of the noise, stumbling upon the stream's glassy, rippling surface. I saw that the stream led deeper into the woods, and the scavenger hunt disappeared from my thoughts. My brain was consumed with finding where the stream ended. I walked past pebbles and boulders, twigs and logs,

*continued on page 17>>>*

<<<ADHD, continued from page 16

continuing down the stream's path as the banks grew wider. Focused solely on the rushing water, I almost didn't notice that the stream was emptying itself into a pond. The pond was my Holy Grail, and I walked around its perimeter, looking to see if the water housed any turtles.

It didn't.

Satisfied with my exploration, I looked up at my surroundings, only to realize that I was lost. My friend was nowhere to be seen; I hadn't looked back at any point to see if she was coming with me. I wandered off into the woods alone, so focused on the stream. There were holes filled in with browning leaves from the previous fall that could have caught and twisted my ankle, and I paid them no attention.

I started to make my way back, following the stream out as I did in. Bushes and bright patches of flowers were signposts, telling me I was going in the right direction, back into the sunlight. Fortunately, I soon saw my friend's blonde hair peeking through the drab browns of the tree trunks. I tramped out of the tree-line, and my friend rushed up to me, face flushed with worry. She had been looking for me and was getting nervous.

My mom brought the dog with her to pick me up that day, and he ran his wet, frigid nose up and down my clothes, learning about my adventure.

"How was your day?" she asked.

"It was good," I replied, "We didn't really do anything that interesting."

## ***Twelfth Grade***

My final year of high school brought the class I was most excited for: AP English Literature. I had always been a bookworm, devouring every story placed in my hands, and reading until the stars served as street lamps and my eyes burned, begging for rest. A class comprised of reading classic and modern literature was something I could only dream of.

When my teacher passed out the syllabus on the first day of classes, I scanned the reading list to see who made the cut. In stark, bold print were the names Shakespeare, Miller, and Ibsen, among others, and a time line the class would follow, reading in order of the oldest works to the newest ones. Near the top of the list was Hamlet, a play I had been

itching to read for years, but first we had to wade through Ancient Greece.

It always took me longer than usual to read books for school rather than books I read on my own, but I always set aside enough time, curled up under my heavy comforter and clutching a steaming cup of hot chocolate. I always took more notes than needed, filling pages with scrawled phrases regarding themes and symbols, which certainly didn't help. I would often get distracted by the softest noise, or the smallest movement, or I would find myself reading a paragraph over and over, never really absorbing the words.

Barring electronics from my room, and stifling my hearing with ear plugs was enough to get through *Of Mice and Men* freshman year, but *Antigone*, the excruciatingly boring Ancient Greek play, decided not to comply with my established study habits.

Reading sessions that were supposed to last half an hour bled into entire afternoons. I would sit down to a clear, blue sky, and look up to blue fading into amber. It no longer took something as loud as dialogue on TV to pull my eyes from the pages, even the clack of my dog's nails on the kitchen tile was enough.

Lines ripped themselves from their pages and slithered out of the paper. They danced around my head, jeering and ridiculing the tears of frustration that formed in my eyes, before they climbed back into their places and I shut the book. I did not finish reading *Antigone*.

When we discussed the play in class a few days later, I nodded along and made comments about the scenes I did manage to read. I didn't tell anyone in my class that I hadn't completed the reading, and my chest seized in panic when my teacher said my name, thinking that she had figured out my lie.

By this point, my mother was no longer driving me to and from school.

I came home and saw her sitting in the living room, the TV playing a movie.

"How was school?" she asked.

"Fine," I replied. 141.

***Emily Heropoulos***



SHEABO Artist *Matthew Shea*



Warped Perception photos by *Vicky Rios*



Artist *Katelyn Tineo*

## MY WRAP AROUND TIME

It's my time.  
 Find.  
 How can I find the time?  
 Why whine.  
 Shine.  
 It's fine.  
 It's my time.  
 I am not standing in a line.  
 It's not troubled time.  
 My time.  
 The axis is aligning.  
 The formula is done.  
 It's not about my ABC'S.  
 Or my 123's.  
 Work! Work! Work!  
 It's all about the books.  
 Tick! Tock! It's only my clock.  
 Someone's watching.  
 Why!  
 Professor standing by.  
 The questions why.  
 The answers done.  
 I am not on the run.  
 It's all about fun.

The sun this time of the year.  
 It's just time.  
 I will be fine.  
 I am not in line.  
 Although sometimes I rhyme.  
 Where is the line to completion?  
 It's not a competition.  
 Or an elimination.  
 Move on to positivity.  
 Creativity.  
 Determination.  
 I can hear the call across the nation.  
 The weather today is fine.  
 There is something to share if you are aware.  
 A process.  
 Designation.  
 An appropriation.  
 An administration.  
 An evaluation.  
 Troubled past with no rest.  
 It's about class.  
 There are no places to explore.  
 There couldn't be more.  
 I don't what to score.

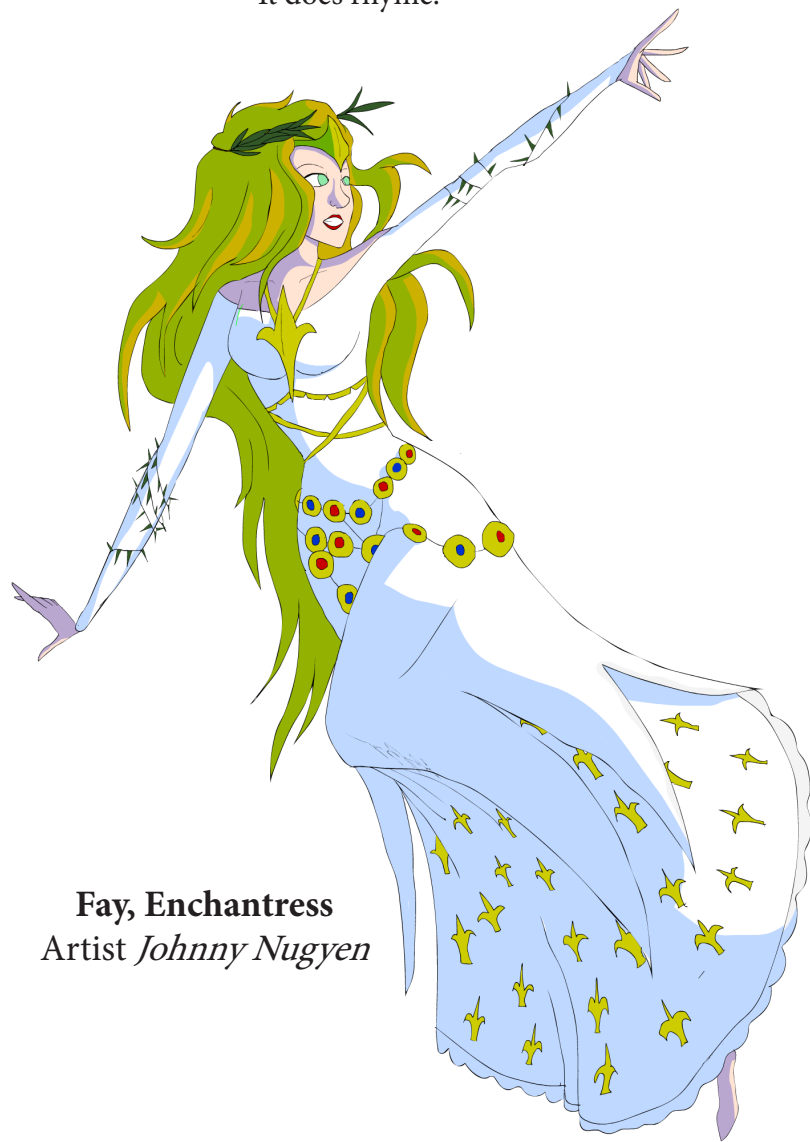
*continued on page 22>>>*



**Alarielle**  
 Artist *Johnny Nguyen*

<<<poem, continued from page 21

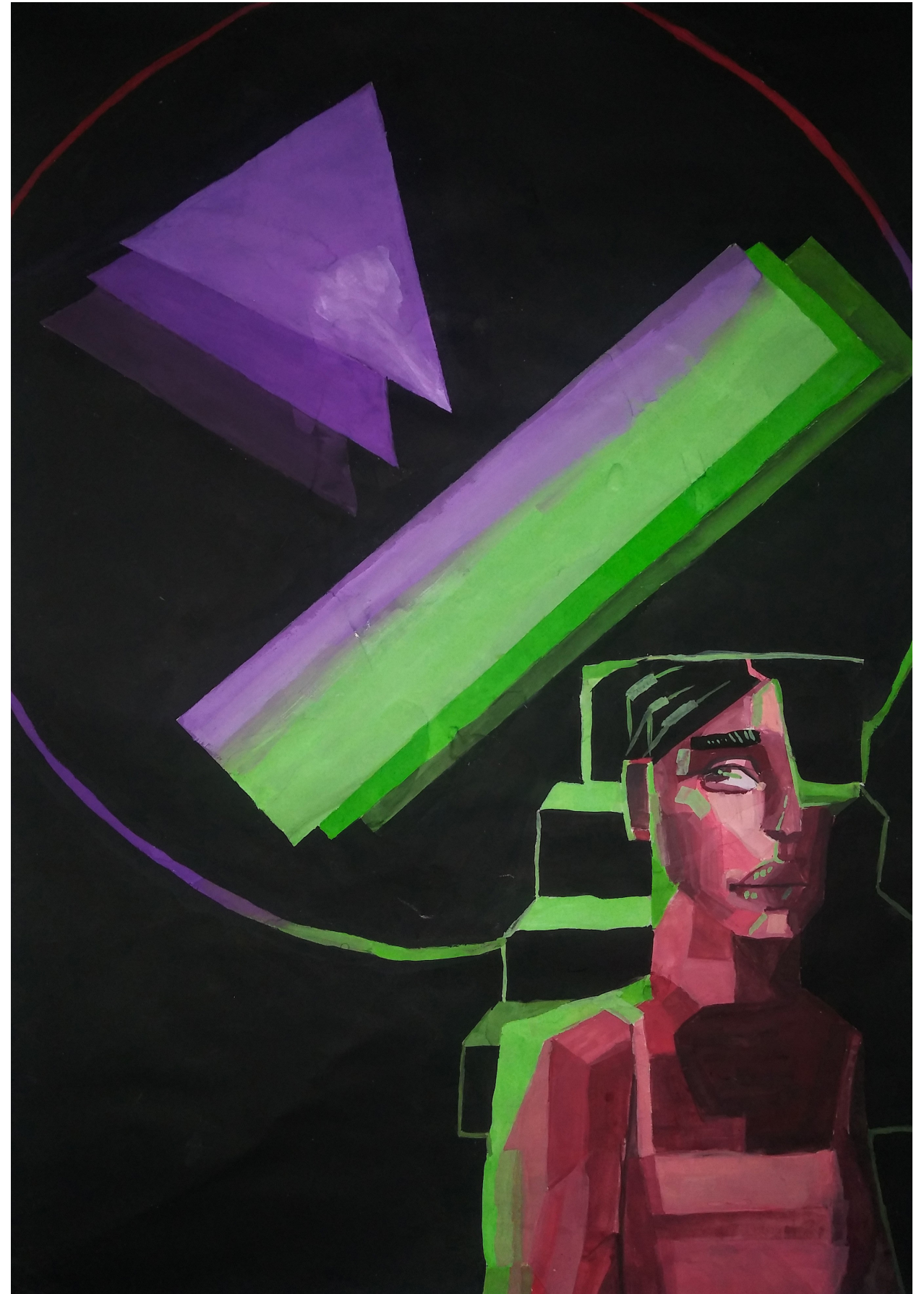
It's a past I don't find.  
It could take years.  
I am not blind to the future.  
Here I am standing in line time after time.  
I am not hard to fine.  
Even if it doesn't rhyme.  
A line or boat.  
The boat floats.  
The line is fine.  
Adventures incomplete.  
Sweet.  
Contribution not met.  
It carries some sweat.  
Jeans over time.  
That's fine.  
My time.  
Their time.  
It does rhyme.



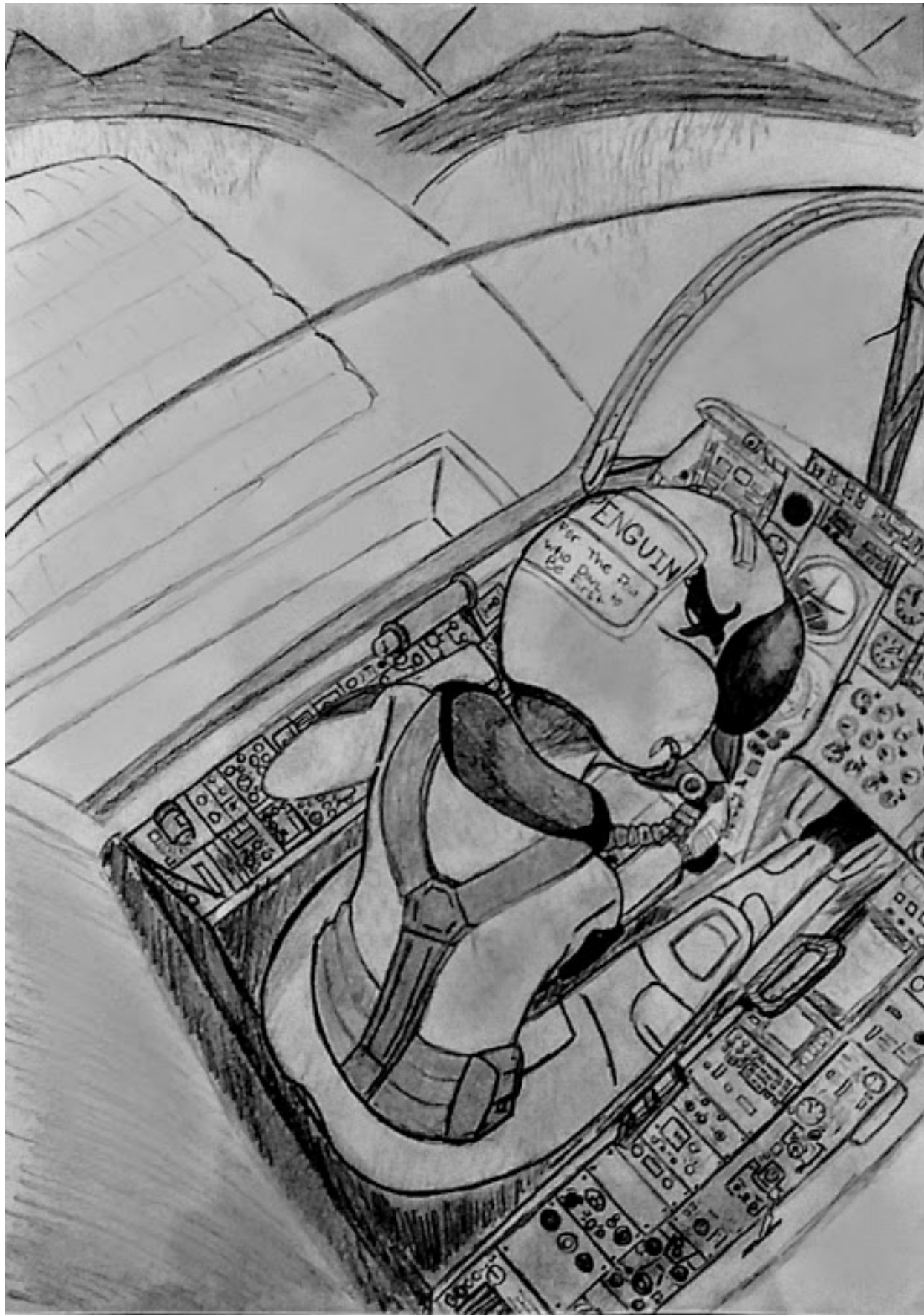
**Fay, Enchantress**  
Artist *Johnny Nugyen*

Time found.  
Ground.  
Sound.  
A Jurassic creature with no future.  
There is no fear.  
Or crying tears.  
Bleachers.  
Creatures.  
It's just time.  
Mid-afternoon features.  
Spheres.  
Glass.  
Green grass.  
It's all about class.  
Distribution.  
Confusion.  
Combusting.  
Thrusting.  
Rusting.  
Fussing.  
Chasing.  
Not wasting.  
Time lost.  
Walking in line.  
It's not the zoo.  
Time lost.  
Walking in a line.  
It's not the zoo.  
It's not about any who's.  
Don't lose your mind.  
You have got the time.  
Stand in line.  
We are all waiting.  
It's not deflating.  
Stand straight there is time.  
The weather is fine.  
Remember the good times.  
It's our adventure.  
Journey on.  
It's our mind and thoughts that count.  
It's fine.  
Its motion and devotion.  
There is no commotion.  
We are here for inspiration,  
creativity and believability.  
It's our time.  
I am fine!

*Gail L. Antokal*



**Possession** Artist *Leah Naylor*



Penguin Artist *Moses E. Gonzalez*

## The Sleeping Dragon

From over the mountain,  
came a bright light.  
So, I looked away,  
and closed my eyes tight.

But the ground did shake,  
and the wind wasn't right.  
I was brought to my knees,  
despite all my might.

Then over the mountain,  
came an odd sight.  
A mushroom in the sky,  
where a dragon took flight.

I surrendered my youth,  
And continued to fight.  
But had already lost,  
When came the bright light.

*Moses E. Gonzalez*



John Howell's Soul  
By James Bradford

Lying deep beneath the grass  
In the cemetery, in Springfield, Mass  
Rests John Howell's mortal remains  
Ever sleeping through the rains  
Tall for his time, standing six foot three  
He was as courageous as a man can be  
As a British soldier in the Crimean War  
He braved the "Valley of Death" and a whole lot more  
Then he came across the sea  
And into the Civil War Union army went he  
Through thirty battles he valiantly fought  
While others lost their life, he did not  
Some will say he was favored by luck  
Others would attribute his survival to pluck  
He came to Springfield, his duty complete  
It was time to sit down and rest his feet  
A carpenter's work was the trade he plied  
A peaceful existence 'til the day he died  
For a spouse he chose Jane Bell  
Her faithful companionship suited him well



At the outbreak of the Spanish American War  
John Howell was determined to serve once more  
At age seventy four he was too old to fight  
Yet John Howell asserted he had the right  
When the army recruiter turned him down  
John left the office with a growl and a frown  
His Springfield neighbors called him "Long John"  
A trustworthy man 'til the day he was gone  
He lived past the age of seventy five  
Having defied all odds to still be alive  
When John Howell breathed his last  
Jane Bell followed, four days past  
"Old soldiers never die, they just fade away"  
So, where is the soul of John Howell today?

Artist *James Bradford*



"Here are ceramic tile coasters that were made using alcohol inks and a spray bottle of basic rubbing alcohol. I absolutely love the effects of this technique. These are later sealed and covered with a clear resin epoxy".

Artist *Ana Ortiz*



PROSE FROM MY HEART

Absent from my thoughts leaving it all behind.  
 I follow thru not knowing what to do.  
 You who!  
 Me too!  
 Leaving it all behind.  
 I can't think.  
 I am not blind to it.  
 I can move.  
 We can get thru it.  
 I can draw.  
 Whew!  
 Blue.  
 Move.  
 Shake.  
 Break.  
 Love.  
 Groove.  
 See.  
 Screw it.  
 Across the miles.  
 With deep thoughts I prevail.  
 Perceiving.  
 Blinking.  
 My thoughts prevail.  
 A seashore full of shells.  
 Sea glass.  
 More to explore.  
 Great.  
 Don't hesitate.  
 That's great.  
 It's my motivation.  
 The light is in our smiles.  
 Across the miles.  
 It's not on file.  
 Spring renewal is set in motion.  
 Attained.  
 Gained.  
 Along the road there is a mist.  
 A twisted stick.  
 The lights are bright.  
 Step forward in time.  
 Sublime.  
 Rhyme on my time.  
 My time.  
 A rocket.

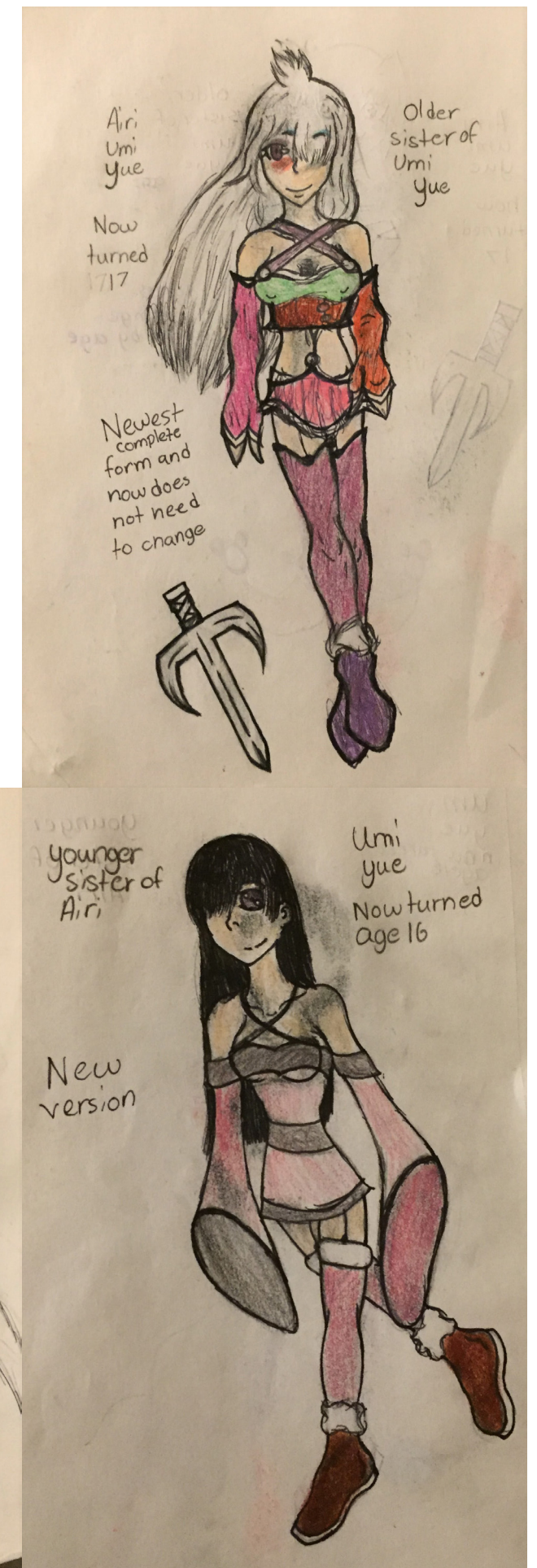


Socket.  
 A moment in time.  
 Fish.  
 Dish.  
 Defined over time.  
 The sun.  
 Time.  
 Define.  
 A prose, poem, story or a thought that is mine.  
 Time.  
 Line.  
 Open.  
 Believe.  
 My moment in time.  
 Mine.  
 Line.  
 Written.  
 Drawn.  
 Post.  
 Written.  
 A store or even more.  
 Date or mate.  
 Apple.  
 I wish.  
 The blue sky.  
 I don't have an answer why.  
 A beach.  
 A moment in time.  
 A lesson learned not earned.  
 Rhyme.  
 Time.  
 My present.  
 Phone.  
 Grasp it.  
 Wrap it.  
 Play.  
 Stack it.  
 My place.  
 Cup.  
 Cake.  
 Dessert.  
 First.  
 Second.  
 Third.  
 Pack.  
 Face it.

Cup.  
 Cake.  
 Dessert.  
 Bottle.  
 Flower.  
 Sunfish.  
 Tired.  
 Alas I cannot miss.  
 Asleep I am headed.  
 Too tire to write.  
 Asleep without a peep.  
 Done!

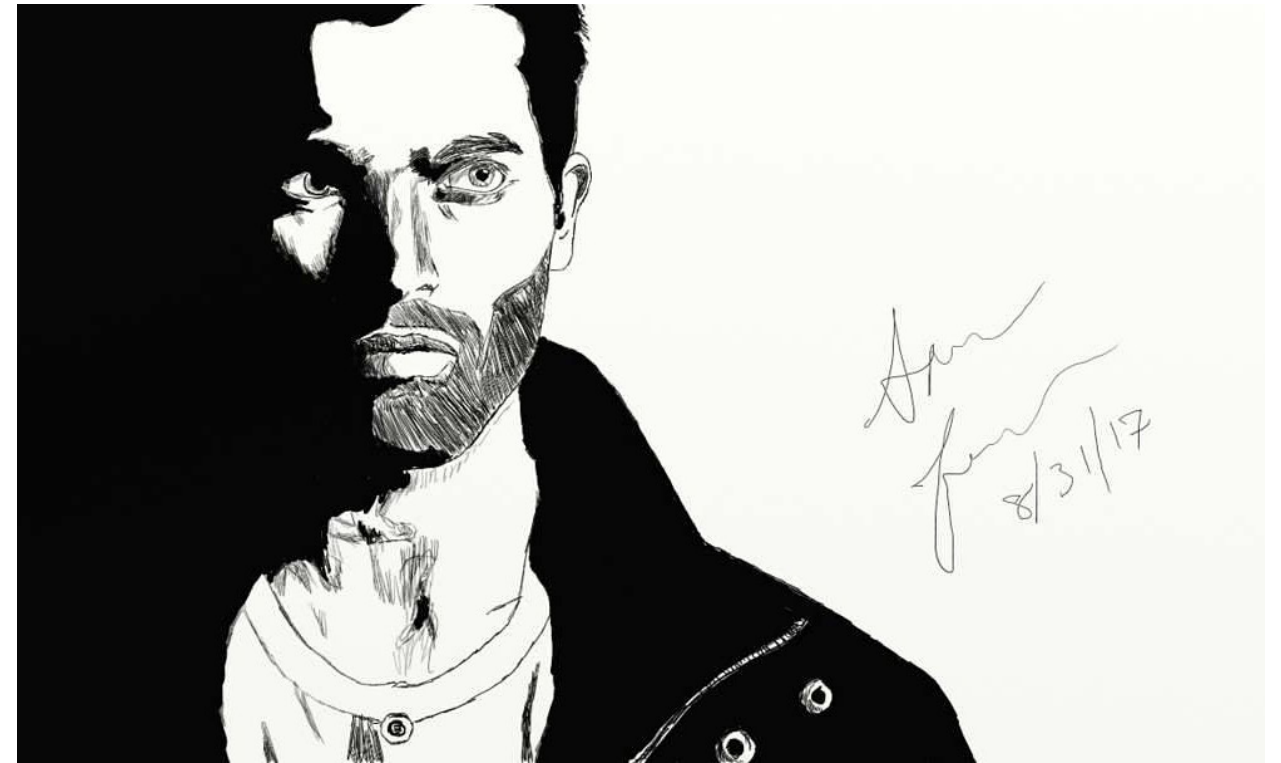
*Gail L. Antokal*

**Anime Drawings**  
 Artist *Princess Appiah*





Artist *Alexandra Ford*



Artist *Aaron Farnum*

**Remember Please...**

Confusion fills the streets below.  
So many people on the go.  
Why don't they stop and look around,  
at all the love that can be found.  
The blue of the sky.  
The green of the sea.  
A grassy meadow where one feels free.  
Of all these things that are so true.  
Remember please,  
I love you.

*Diane Toussaint*



Artist *Katelyn Tineo*





Artist *Olwen Dowling*

## Support the Arts

and visit **The Amy H. Carberry Fine Arts Gallery.**

They present approximately six exhibits each academic year featuring works by artists of local and national repute, as well as ***Springfield Technical Community College*** student work.

All exhibits are supported in part by funding from the *School of Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences.*

The gallery is free, open to the public, and handicapped accessible.

**The Amy H. Carberry Fine Arts Gallery** is open

Tuesday – Friday 12:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

and Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.