



HIPPOCRENE

WE'RE ALL
RETTLES

AK

ISSUE • 29
2021

Hip · po · crene

(Hip · po · crene | \hi-pə-krē-nē)

noun, literary

1. used to refer to poetic or literary inspiration
2. Greek Mythology – a fountain on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses: its waters inspire poets

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 36 *Sambucus*

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謝木木 Patrick Mella

Ernest Lowe

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Linhao Jiang

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Sean Desjardins

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Brian Namnoun

Tyler Nouns

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 Zhou Yunxia
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H I P P O C R E N E

2020–2021

The Arts & Literary Magazine of Avon Old Farms School

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THE ABYSS



Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic
A soul wrapped entirely in barbed wire
One so full of debt with regrets specific
Encased in doubt and unrivaled fire

Elysium barred by those prophetic
Lost in limbo trotting on the void
Maybe the soul should have been more reckless
Now breathing in lifeless air void of any noise

Motivations lost because they were extrinsic
Enthralled by nothing the soul wants more
Life is gone that was made explicit
And escaping the inevitable, is too much a chore

Loitering the nothings searching for a path illicit
The soul decides it's finally time to sit down
Is this really the end? Please tell me, is it?
The endless abyss nods, and the mournful soul drowns



ALEXANDER
SANBORN '21

DON'T LOOK AT ME!

If I were to ask you, "Look at me."
What would you see?
Maybe a lingering hat, a poised hand.
Maybe my suit's every seam.
But I ask, would you see me?
I cry and scream, "There is no way you could see me!"
For you are blind with ignorance and greed!
But stand in the way of my soles
And stare at the fire in the sky.
It too will shine negative shadows on time,
So tip your hat and don't look back
because now you and I are both the same.

Jack Maas '22

A MAN AND HIS SHADOW

SEAN DESJARDINS '21





EX TRIANGULOS
VAN LIOTT '23

The light lingers on a once illuminated landscape.
The children promote their plans on a simple playground.
A communal society dispersed among solitude,
"Oh, they are just playing around," Mommy mutters.

No!

Unknown worlds, created by kids.
When you ask their age,
they shout, "I am this many old!"
Punching and waving their hands in a flurried frenzy atop their head.

Soon, sunsets strangle the children's sentences,
depriving democracy and encouraging deprivation of thought.
"Don't make me count to five," she yells.
But open your ears to hear the howling and swelling spoils of knowledge!
These children are the ones who will ignite the light of the world once again!

The adult who adheres to the accepted principles, who fits the mundane mold...
They follow the social fantasies, figments, and falsehoods.
But the child...
With Crayon in hand, creativity that's never bland.
But wait!
"Color inside the lines!"
Here I question,
"Conform to the confines of a line!?"

No!

Break away from the boundaries, I say!

Break away!

Break away!

Break away!

Access the bounties of boundless belief!

Right there!

Be yourself and never sway-

Hoist the sun high above the hill and tie it off.

Lustrous light will forge through calm and stormy nights alike.

Let all use your light,

to ignite their fight,

and together we shall shine through the night!



MAN OF AVON
QUENTIN CUTLER '22



Lighting the Dark Sky

Brannan Bridger '23

The light fell to dark,
a simple way to say goodbye.
Minds of clouded beings
searched for purpose,
to find darkness,
that exists at all times.

As the light moves,
the darkness fills in position.
A simple sustained change
In contradicting elements.
There will always be,
an in between.

Until one day,
when everyone's clouded minds
Set free,
and return to the dull
and empty nature
of pure darkness,
we "rest in peace."

Peaceful resting
Is what we strive for,
But what defines peace?
Personal Freedom?
Forgiveness?
Or is the basis of freedom,
tied around the willingness to forgive,
And lie within tranquility.



MOM'S CAR

LOGAN SEO '22

Ode to a Pen

LUKE ADELSBACH '24

As my pretty pen discreetly, yet delightfully dances across my page,
I realize how underappreciated the instrument is.
Even though men have been coming up with ideas since the stone age
Only recently were people able to write down what someone smart says.

Beautiful black ink, void of color flows out of the pen
Like a serene river:
It seems to have a calming property, where time and time again
You are brought back to the days, when you could just stop everything for a cup of cocoa

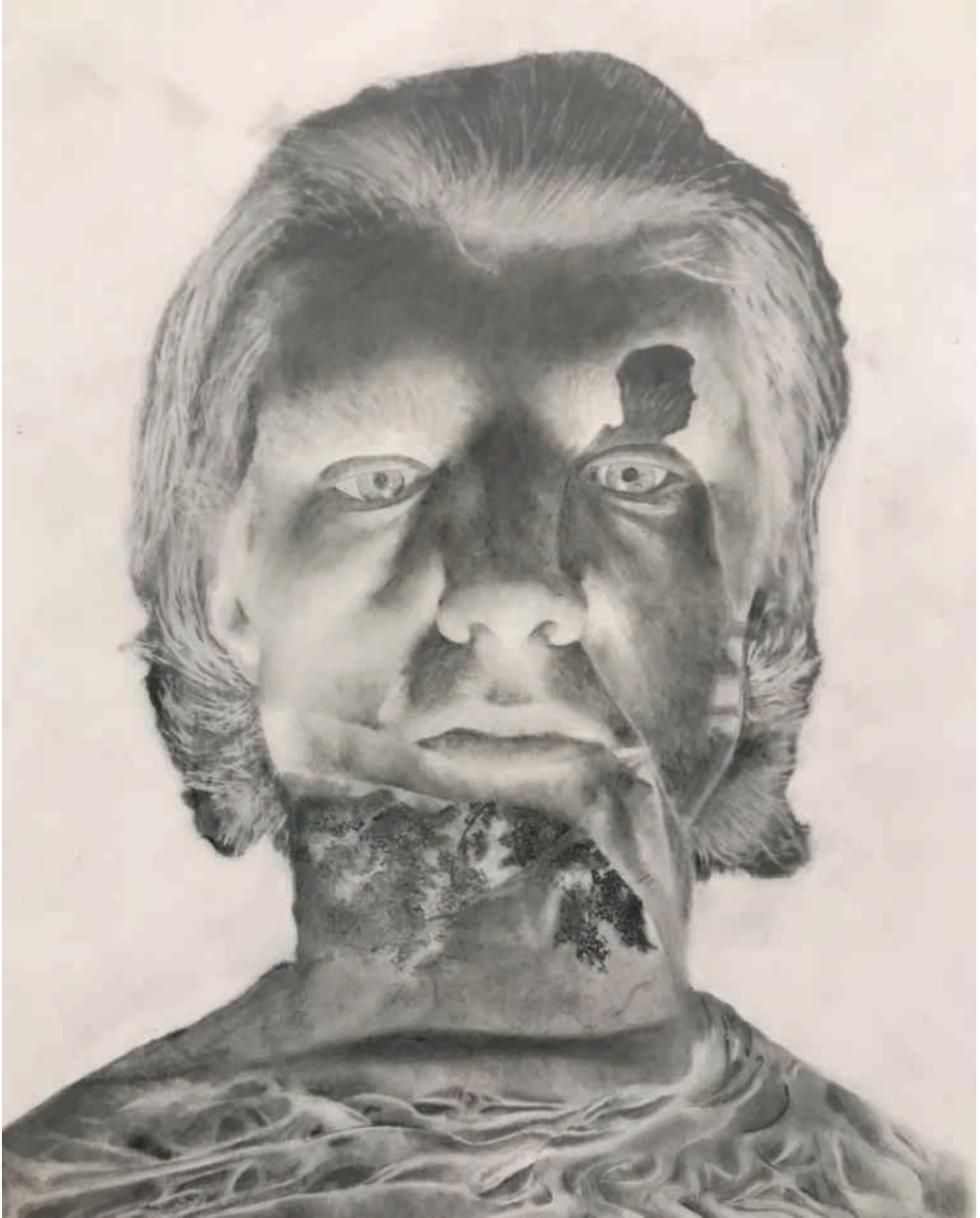
Your pen doesn't care who you are:
Whether you're smart or dumb,
ugly or shine like a star,
It will still willingly do its work, no matter the outcome.

And for everything, you are truly my savior:
Thank you, my most marvelous pen for all you do:
For writing down my secrets on paper:
And making my dreams come true



NOAH SCHMEIZER '22

SHACKLED



PETER SIANA '22

MULTIPLE EXPOSURE

LA SOMBRA

Javier Calderon '22

Era una tarde nublada, un joven de 17 años llamado Juan salió al pueblo a cenar con sus amigos. Todo parecía normal, cenaron, fueron por un helado, y luego se fueron al bosque a caminar. Mientras caminaban, Juan escuchaba pasos y ruidos, al principio él creía que era un animal, pero cada vez ese ruido lo escuchaba más cerca de él, pero cuando volteaba no veía nada. Juan le preguntó a sus amigos si escuchaban pasos y ruidos, pero sus amigos se rieron y le dijeron que estaba loco. Pasaron diez minutos y Juan ya no escuchaba nada, excepto a sus amigos platicar. De la nada Juan, ya no escuchaba nada, volteo a ver a sus amigos y ya no estaban. Juan se asustó pero pensó que seguramente ya se habían ido a sus casas. El siguió caminando hasta que escuchó otra vez los pasos, y sintió un golpe en la espalda, Juan pensando que era uno de sus amigos intentando asustarlo se rió y siguió caminando, pero al voltear no vio a sus amigos excepto una sombra parada enfrente de él acercándose cada vez más. Juan se asustó y salió corriendo hacia su casa. Al llegar se relajó, y se dijo a sí mismo que todo había sido su imaginación y que todo estaba bien, se metió a bañar, y al salir se miró en el espejo, y en vez de verse a sí mismo, vio la sombra que lo había perseguido, y la sombra le dijo que no había sentido en correr porque ya era parte de él. Desde ese día Juan ya no es el mismo porque la sombra había tomado el control sobre él, y el Juan que salía a cenar con sus amigos ya no existía, ahora era un joven sin emociones y sueños, poseído por una sombra que tomaría control sobre él por el resto de su vida.

“La Sombra” or “The Shadow” is a short story about a teenager that goes out with his friends to have dinner in their local town, but on his way back to his house he encounters a shadow that would take control over him until his last days.



SEAN DESJARDINS '21

SLEEPING JAIN

Mr. Richards wore amber shades & made his way
long before I realized men could move gracefully
using one eye.

Mr. Richards the ex-Navy Seal who went to Vietnam,
went to the jungles as a skillful spook,
marched full-force into demons -
the likes of which I shall not see in this lifetime -

And witnessed atrocities that should have
never challenged two human eyes,
Certainly not the substance of such a gentle soul.

Mr. Richards came home, an elder to his kinsmen
& arrived with the knowledge of Chieftains, battle scars,
ghosts hidden under his skin.

Mr. Richards soon became bested and just threadbare
enough to be cold, simply took an ingrained
cynical stance, rooted his heels -on the inside.

He came to know the awesome weight of silence,
the breath of a moment

Saw the squeeze of buckshot evolve from sweaty nights,
to the contracting muscle in his thumb
to the pale pressure in one fingernail.

He heard the report. The rationale was sloppy
but evolved . . . higher reasoning . . .
what a damn mess!

Mr. Richards laid upon the carpet
open on the thick pearl shag,
chunked across the wall.

Six hours of ghosts leakin' out and
their stench chasin' around,
surreal to his parents.

Mr. Richards' obituary photo shown in black/white
sharpness in woolen dress blues, a cocked Dixie cup,
genuine Triumph on his face.

Mr. Richards treading water in my memory even now:
Black, camouflage eyes resting above ripples
But last night was the first time I caught him hanging
around, breathing heavy...

"Yes Sirrr

I had almost forgotten You."

1

9

8

5

S.R. Field, FAS



SELF PORTRAIT
LUKE CAPOZZOLI '22

BEN REZNIK '21

DAVID





SEAN DESJARDINS '21
DOUBLE SIDED

UNRECOGNIZABLE

Samantha Jensen, FAS

"It hasn't been a good day, just so you know." The nurse looked at me with sadness in her eyes. Or was it pity? Of course, Mother wasn't her first patient, and I am sure she won't be her last. Maybe it was a "I know where things go from here, and I'm sorry" look.

"Ok, thank you for letting me know. Is she belligerent, or...."

"No, just a bit more fussy than usual. She ate a good breakfast though, so there's a plus."

Mother had been in the nursing home for only a few weeks but the staff seemed to take kindly to her. Perhaps they do for everyone, who is to tell. I've never been down this road before. But Mother has always had this way about her, where she exudes glamor, but makes you feel like you are the only person in the world she wants to spend time with right then and there. It was intoxicating. All through college, my friends flocked home with me, ostensibly to get away from school but also to simply be around HER. She cooked for them, or, more accurately, she gussied something she got from the store and passed it off as her own. But no one went back to campus hungry. She played poker with us, laughed at the things we found funny, and even liked our music. I rolled my eyes because I assumed it was all an act, but my friends ate it up. They adored her. They still do.

Though the ravages of her disease were taking their toll, Mother adopted a few lines she would recite as if from a script. This was her way of keeping others unaware of how she was slipping. She was always bright eyed, and so effervescently pleased to see people, her visitors were overwhelmed with HER, and were able to dismiss a lapse of memory, or the wrong part of the story popping in. That was just Isabella. I swear it still felt like people flocked to be around her even up to the day we moved her out of her house. She had that effect on everyone.

When she started to get lost, I worried. Then she left the gas stove on, without the burner running, that scared me. A neighbor smelled the gas and called it in. She was starting to lose her sense of smell by then. When she was truly unable to feed herself, I knew it was time. She would never have agreed to come live with me, and my own professional schedule would not allow for anything that looked routine in her world. Father had passed a decade ago. My brother is too far away. The nursing home was the best option of the few available. I hated it. I hated moving her there, even with her large private room that had a bay window and looked at the gazebo and endless flowers. I hated what it meant. I hated that it was now up to me to make decisions, some of them life or death.



It wasn't a good day. I was expecting that, given this disease doesn't take a vacation, nor does it relinquish the parts of her it had stolen. I braced myself before approaching her door. I took a lap around the hall, inhaling deeply, exhaling slowly. Everytime I visited, I feared the worst. Most days I didn't find it. A few more breaths, standing outside her door. I can hear the TV on in the background, and can almost picture her sitting up in her bed, book in hand. She had long since been unable to follow a story, but she loved the words, and the feel of turning the page, and she could spend hours 'reading'.

I turn the handle, steeling myself for what lies on the other side. All the

lights were on, and her room was bright, the air crisp as the windows were open.

"Hey mom! Morning!" I knew she wasn't hard of hearing but nerves got the best of me and I was far louder than I needed to be. "I brought you some zucchini bread with chips, just how you like it! Avery and I made it last night." As I approached her bed, she looked at me. Her smile was still broad, her eyes bright, her hair had clearly been done that morning as there was not a hint of bed head.

"Oh, hello! It is so nice of you to come by. Please, tell me your name? Do you work here?"



LORENZO LANDINI '21
DAWN

DEATH IS BORING

The smell of the room is clean, not the refreshing smell of clean like after you spend hours cleaning the house, but more the dentist type of clean - too clean. People gather dressed in dark somber colors, quiet as mice, where the loudest sound comes from fancy black shined shoes or heels that hit the cold, white, cliché, granite-squared floors. People file into a small room “filled” with flowers and the most “lavish” decorations. You then sit in twenty-year-old chairs that have been used time and time again, all at the courtesy of the funeral home. A few people get up in front of this silent and lifeless crowd to tell a few stories that they fondly remember about the person they so dearly love, who lies in the wooden box of death beside them. In the most common of cases, they end up crying - unable to finish the words they wrote out that took days to complete. If you have been to a funeral before, I'll put my money on it that my story isn't all that far off from your experience.

Death should be celebrated as a beautiful thing, just as life is. Even better, death should celebrate one's life and all their accomplishments. The cliché that death is supposed to be sad needs to end, or at least when my time comes, for a brief moment, it will. When my race of life is over this is how my funeral must go. I want a party on the beach. People will be dancing to the best music, drinking like fools, and eating like kings. Dark and somber outfits are not allowed because when in the world would I have worn that? If you know me, I dress to impress. Dammit you better do the same for me. I want people to laugh until their stomach's hurt and talk about our memories that they will never forget. I want people to look back on that day and smile. I want people to dance until the sun sets. As darkness falls over the sky, I want to be pushed out to sea on a wooden vessel. As people say their final goodbyes - a flaming arrow is shot from the shore allowing my spirit to be free and become one with the ocean in a fantastic, unforgettable blaze of glory.



EMPTY AIRPORT

LINHAO JIANG '22

Oh, Hello There

Donald Brennan '22

*I just realized,
That you were
The person
Who I met last night,*

*I remember your blue eyes,
your dirty blonde hair,
Yes, yes it's you,*

*I meant to tell you this,
But it was me,
Who did it,
I'm sorry
I'm so sorry.*

Ferocity

she said

i saw my own cross roads in Houston, Texas
there with no money, no nothin' but
the clothes i wore and my soul-mate,
dying

she said

i saw a darkness creep up his leg,
a phantom if i ever saw one out-
maneuver the surgeons who could
do nothing but say,
wherever it stops

she said

i had fell to knees that morning & prayed
not for food or shelter or cleanliness but
for him and me for him

she said

i lived on fear and coffee and cigarettes
with pain pills that kept me running
night & day until the grace of others
fed me, comforted me . . . amazed me

she said

right below the knee it stopped, just
above the knee they took it without
anesthesia or hesitation

she said

just before it stopped, almost right before
i bargained . . . *you hear me!?*
i bartered all what was left to me with
ole scratch for his life,
for him from me

she said

i dunno if love superseded that ole devil
or maybe my silent deal gave him
these past two years cut from my worth

she said

i don't care much which anymore
except that i'd do it again,
from me
for him.

-S.R. Field, FAS

AIDAN RADTKE '21
TINTYPE





XANDER RATLEDGE '22

BROTHER WATCHING TV

No! No! I don't want to!
Cries the willful little thing.
Thou mustn't disobey me,
So the towering figure spoke.

O Lady, thou art cruel
To deprive thy child of
Such innocent joy as
Digging sand on this heavenly beach.

If thou must depart,
Then I beseech thee to
Kindly spare thy innocent creation
One more moment of undisturbed wholeness.

And lo! The mother grants our wish
And gazes upon the grinning child who
Inspires transcendence even against the inevitable
When with reluctance they must depart.

Reluctant Departure

Boyang Zhou '21



A STORY

This project was completed in winter 2020-2021 as part of an Afternoon Independent Project (AIP).

My goal for this project was to capture a darker and modern side to the common Greek myths. To do this I needed to take everything I knew about them and throw it out the window. I started by researching the myths and fables of Ancient Greece by reading a great book of myths called "D'aulaires Book of Greek Myths" which gave me most of my inspiration for this project. Another big inspiration was my grandfather Jerry Masters who teaches English at a prison near Geneva, New York. He loves his job and loves helping kids who are willing to turn their life around and get the education they need to do that. He's a true hero of mine and he inspired me to write "A Love of Life" based on the myth of Sisyphus and his boulder since that is my grandpa's favorite myth.

My project was going great until I hit a blocking point with my photoshoots. The photoshoot requires a lot of time between shooting different positions during the shoot to look over the images, then editing to and picking out one or two photos from that set. So many photos looked amazing and it was hard to choose so few, but in these photos you'll see the best of the best in this project. I hope you enjoy *A Story*.

All poetry by Patrick Mella '22.

All photographs by Ethan Shames '23.

A Black Flag



The Black Flag Flying brings pain to my soul.
My Spartan son sent off to save us,
Has paid the ultimate price,
His life, for our salvation.

Rain patters on my head and drips down to my eyes.
As I watch from the ruinous rocky mountain coastline, I think,
“Raise the White Flag if you are returning to us alive”.
The Black Flag flying brings pain to my soul.

The vexatious violent Wind coaxes me to take a step forward.
The crashing ocean waves now call out to me.
I’m on the edge of the slimy slippery stone and,
The Black Flag flying brings pain to my soul.

As I look up at the world I’m leaving behind
My back turned towards the unknown.
The only thing on my mind is how,
The Black Flag flying brings pain to my soul.

A Love of Life



To be alive again would bring such joy to my lifeless days
As pushing this boulder up this hill in this dark, red, gloomy haze
It is hard work, real work, grueling work, and every time I reach the top
The chains drag me down, cracking each bone with a sinister pop
I sit in agony staring out into this strange, desolate place
What other torture goes on in this expansive space
I want to run away, escape the punishment and brutality
But when I turned my head, the mountain calls back to me.
There is no more life left for me here
But is there a life for me anywhere?
I've felt dead many times before.
But this time something felt wrong, inside my core
There was no escaping this mind-melting grip
Consciousness fades, reality slips.



The Gilded Beauty

Everything I touch turns to gold.
The delicate metal dares me.
The smooth slick surface attracts me.
As much as a Moth is attracted to a flame.

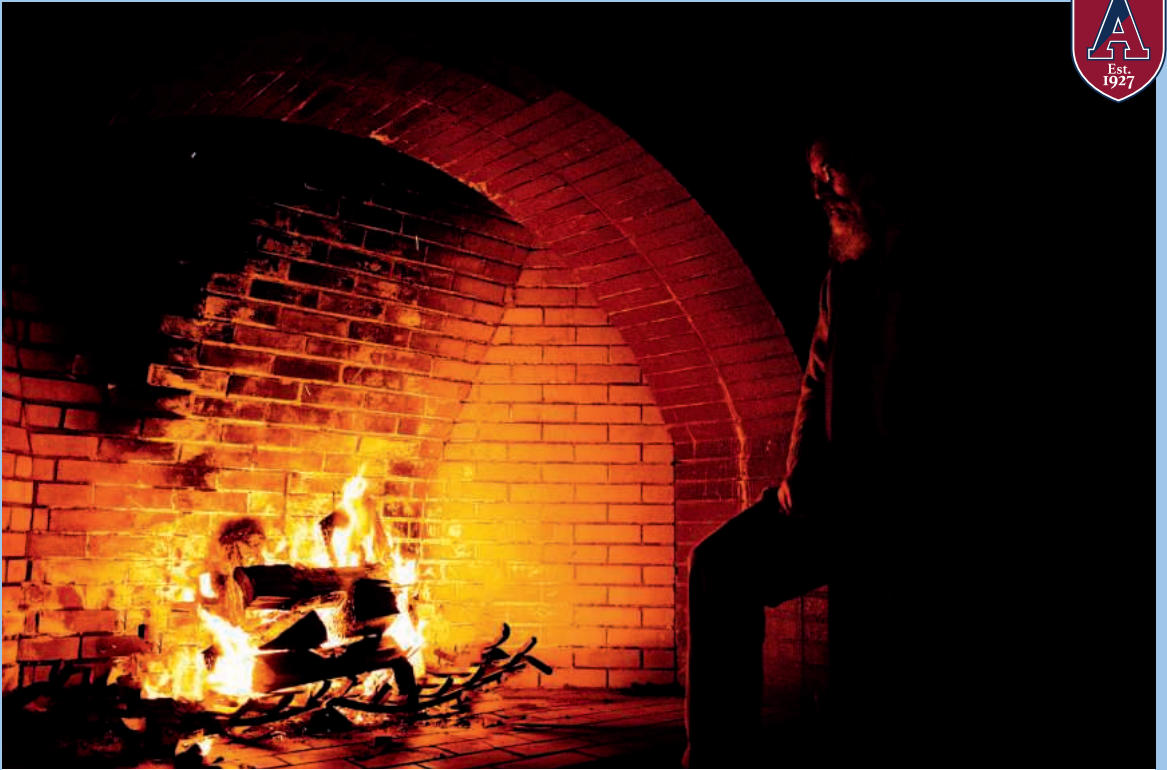
My food and drink are made better within my clutches.
The apple is now gilded in perfection because of my palm.
The river is sparkling with light after one touch of my finger.
To dive in though, would cost my life.

My family and friends are diseased with imperfections.
The people I love are saved with my gentle grip.
With a visage of terror, sculpted on their frown,
I've cured them, and they'll be magnificent, till the end of time.

My stomach screams at me cause I can't eat without throwing up a bright stream of waste.
My throat, dry for my wine won't go down, no longer able to let out the sound.
I will die, Starving, Thirsty, and Happy
In a grave made from my gold.



Hearth



I pour whale oil on the growling log fire
My family watches silently
Disturbed
So I alone, sit by the hearth with my sacrifice to the gods

I built this blaze to protect them
But they would never
Understand
So I alone, sit by the hearth with my sacrifice to the gods

I prod the soft fuel with my iron
Blood flows from the puncture
They Cry
So I alone, sit by the hearth with my sacrifice to the gods

A wretched smell fills the air
My family turns pale
They Leave
So I alone, sit by the hearth, burning my son.

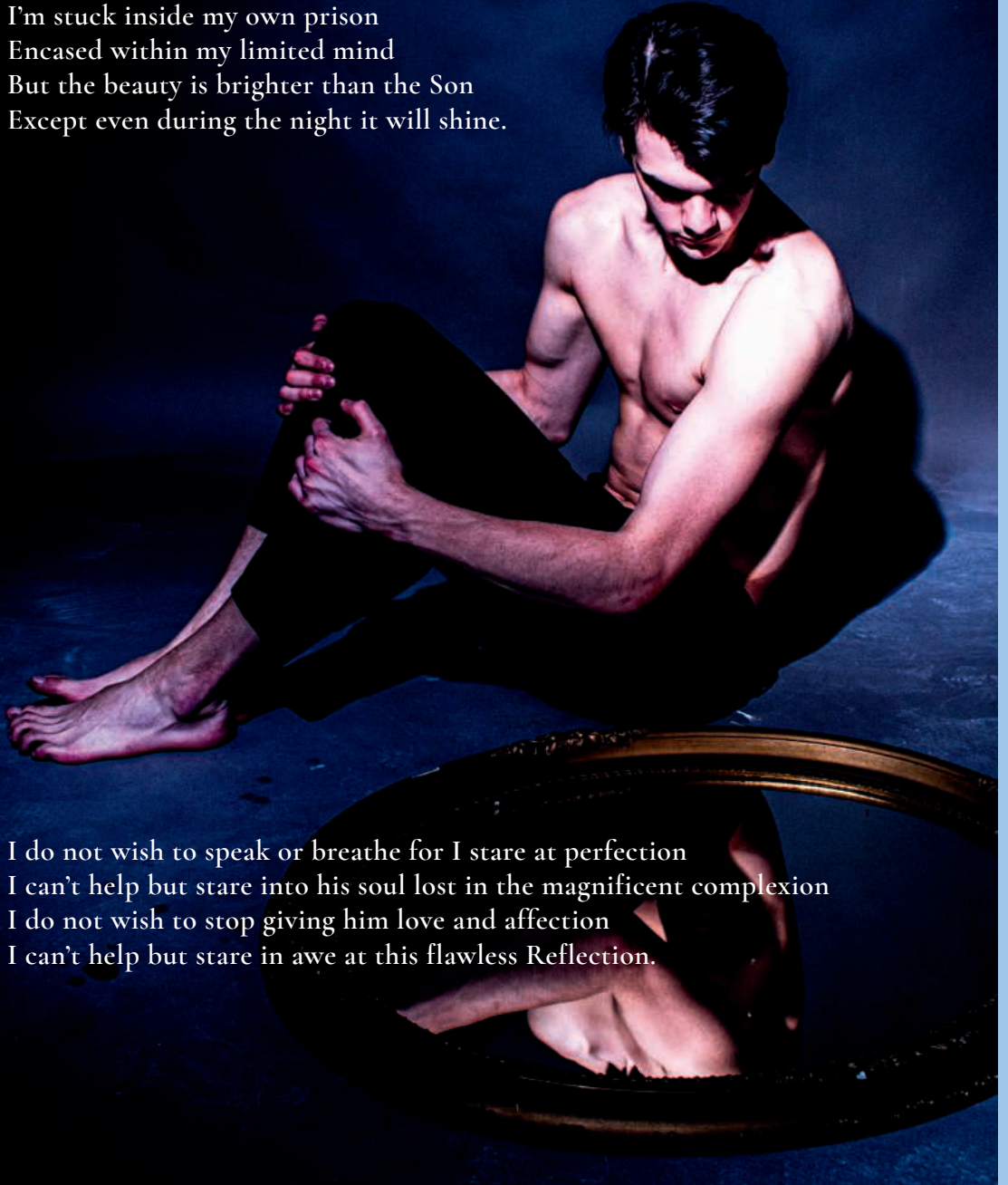
Reflection

A ripple in the placid water destroys the sacred divinity
A picture without a need to change
Like a stone, I sit, cemented in solemnity
The trees and snow are gone now, to the world I'm estranged.

But I dare not move or cause commotion
For then the excellence disappears
The reflected face flaunts no emotion
But when the ripples come, so do the tears.

I'm stuck inside my own prison
Encased within my limited mind
But the beauty is brighter than the Sun
Except even during the night it will shine.

I do not wish to speak or breathe for I stare at perfection
I can't help but stare into his soul lost in the magnificent complexion
I do not wish to stop giving him love and affection
I can't help but stare in awe at this flawless Reflection.



River



Gripped,
Trapped between the desolate banks
Detained within the solemn water
No one else can see me
Stuck in the river that never runs dry

Consumed,
Horrid thoughts run through my mind
The screeching fills my head
No one else can hear me
Stuck in the river that never runs dry

Desperation,
Thrashing and clawing
Only sinks me deeper down
No one else can save me
Stuck in the river that never runs dry

Finally,
The last bubbles float out
The water constrains my lungs
I float down unmoving
Stuck in the river that never runs dry



The Song of Sorrow



I sing this song of sorrow for I lost, whom I loved.

“Come back to me, O Love!”

The hand of pain has hold of my heart.

He tightens his grip along with the rhythm of my voice.

Your face still lingers in my mind when I close my eyes.

“Come back to me, O Love!”

Without you, all I hear is demons eating through my body.

Gnawing along with each note I play.

You are everywhere, you are everything, you were my everything.

“Come back to me, O love!”

I no longer wish to live with grievance in my song.

Making the trees weep along with my melody.

Your ghost follows me, day and night.

“Come back to me, O Love!”

I fear that If I turn around and see your face.

It will be the last sight I see.

I sing this song of sorrow for I lost, whom I loved.

“Come back to me, O love!”

My final song, to induce forever lasting rest.

For only in death, May I find peace.

A Spider's Silhouette



A Spider spins a silky and soft silhouette
A dancer stuck in an eternal dance
Spinning beautiful webs like no other
With disheartening stories engraved in the weavings

A web is tightened by the spider's touch
A ballerina struggles to escape its grasp
It's elegant shadow screaming silently to be let out
Displayed in A Spider's prison.

The intricacies of each intertwined string
Tells a story of a maiden sentenced to spend
Life within the image of A loom, destined to
A portrait of a shadow, solidified in silence

A Spider stops spinning its web
As the Dancers song comes to an end
A spider rests its head on the picture it
Sewed, The Silhouette remains frozen

A Spider's silhouette starts spinning
The Silky soft
Songs of serenity
And Sadness.



The Box

The box calls out to me.
In a sinister voice.
Like eudaemon slithering around in my brain
Quietly yelling “come closer”

Pounding on my ears till they bleed
out the sound of the world around me.
Now there’s nothing but the voice
silently screaming in my head.

The slimy voices are in my ear canals!
Pounding to the beat of my heart!
Nothing else can save us now, my soul
softly thrashing away from the grip

As I hold the box in my hands I lose control over everything.
Like a passenger within my own body, unable to move freely.
The sinister voices in my head are shouting in delight!
I open the box and create the demise, of the Rule of Man.



Two Birds Fly



Two Birds fly,
Together as one.
The First Bird floats,
High in the sky
Amazed at the view.
The Second Bird
Warns the first,
“Stay Straight” he chirps,
“The Sun is dangerous”.

The First Bird sinks,
Down to the misty waves.
Amazed at how refreshing
The spritz of the ocean feels.
The First Bird warns,
“Stay Straight” he squawks,
“The Ocean is dangerous”.
The Second Bird,
Falls back inline.

The First Bird,
Again floats to the sun,
The tip of his wings catch fire
In a panic, he sinks
He sinks too low
And gets sucked
into the dark depths.
The Second bird
Watches,
But can not do
Anything
But cry,
And sulk,
In sadness.
In his straight Line
Forever.



Fantasy, a Play. Act 2

Paul Yunha Kim '22

TONY: The son of NIK. Has schizophrenia. Believes he is not able to make his own decisions. Enjoys escapism, to a point where he is not able to differentiate fantasies and realities. He was kicked out of his school for believing his teacher was Cthulhu.

MOHINI: A figment of TONY's mind. A girl who desires to stay in her homeland, but is going to move to a new place. A close friend with TONY, whom she discusses the pain of dealing with the inevitability of moving to a new town. She cares for TONY, but she is also very worried about TONY's fanatical approach to his real life problems. Due to a change in her "life," she becomes very cold towards TONY.

NIK: Mother of TONY. Very protective of her son. She tries to understand TONY's mood disorder issues. She is not able to connect with his son, a disconnection that began since her divorce with TONY's father.

Setting: Three settings for each character. TONY's own room, where he talks to himself about his fantasies. Outside of TONY's house, where TONY and MOHINI discuss their daily struggles. The kitchen, where NIK is trying her best to understand his son's position.

Scene 2: Confusion

Setting: At the kitchen, with a table and two chairs. TONY is holding the fork in an obscure way.

TONY enters to have breakfast.

NIK: "How was the halloween party, big boy?"

TONY: "It was fine. I wish more kids my age came to the party."

NIK: "Were you the only highschooler there?"

TONY chuckles, then NIK frowns.

NIK: "I bet you can't call yourself a highschooler anymore."

TONY: "I wish."

NIK: "Wish?"

NIK throws the message from the principal, then takes a deep breath.

NIK: "I'd love to scream till your ears are bloody to make you answer why you were kicked out again. But not anymore, I'm over it."

TONY stares at NIK.

TONY: "What happened?"

NIK: "Do you remember Mr. Pastorius?"



TONY: "Yeah, he was real nice to me. I got good grades from him, and his class was so much fun."

NIK: "You never got good grades from him."

TONY: "How?"

NIK: "Not why?"

TONY and NIK stay silent for a while.

NIK: "Does choking ring any bells?"

TONY: "Cthulhu."

NIK: "What?"

TONY smirks.

TONY: "There was a thing living inside Pastorius' class."

NIK: "What thing?"

TONY: "A weird looking octopus that looked like a monster."

NIK: "What happened?"

TONY: "I choked it, I couldn't stand it constantly staring at me and ... mocking me."

NIK starts to tremble and breathe harshly. Her eyes fill with tears.

NIK: "Is that your best reason for why you had to choke him?"

TONY: "Who's him?"

NIK: "He's called Mr. Pastorius."

NIK: "What have you been up to the last couple of days, when you didn't have to go to school?"

TONY: "I hung out with... Mohini."

NIK: "That's funny, you always mentioned her but I've never met her before."

TONY: "She seems to know everything about me, as if she's part of my system."

NIK: "Well, it's good to have friends, just don't go too far with them."

NIK stops cooking.

NIK: "I've been considering doing some things to you."

TONY: "How you gonna torture me now?"

NIK shakes her head.

NIK: "I've been thinking about kicking you out, until you come back as a normal person again."

TONY: "That's the best option we got?"

NIK: "We can't afford a therapist, you know that."

TONY: "Wow, I thought it was you who needed one. What happened that made my precious dad leave our home? You did nothing for this family, you were nothing before he left. What you were before and after he left, is just a lady who was on some serious booze."

NIK: "Seems like both of us need this."

TONY: "You never helped me become a man. You didn't even help me understand how to hold the fork properly. After all these years, you still don't care about it do you? Do you know how sad that is?"

NIK stays silent.

NIK: "What do you want me to do?"

TONY: "Help me, not just let the lifeless doctors do the job."

NIK: "I don't know if I can."

End scene.



Grandmother's Dress



My grandmother does not wear dresses. When I think of dresses the image that comes to mind is not actually of a dress. I think of the women who raised me. I imagine my Grandmother, Great Grandmother, and my Mother. The women who have taught me more than anyone in the world.

I have an image of these role models. I have learned so many incredible lessons for each of them. I've learned from my Great Grandmother, the post World War Two German immigrant, that there is always opportunity for those who choose to take it. For those brave souls who gaze upon a challenge and attack it. Who put effort into their craft, respect their neighbors, and most importantly take of those people and possessions which they value most in the world. I consider my Great Grandmother, who still lives alone at the age of ninety five, who can barely walk yet still fights her way out of bed every morning, and who still smiles even when standing is excruciating, the physical embodiment of grit and perseverance. There are many things that I am ignorant to, but I can say with great certainty that my Great Grandmother is the strongest person that I know.

My Grandmother has taught me somewhat similar lessons. I think of a woman whose life has been marked by tragedy. The loss of her father at a young age, her husband, and two of her three children, should be plenty to absolutely destroy her. Yet Grandmother rises everyday, and she smiles. She has taught me that no matter the circumstances, smile. We have so many things to be grateful for. Even when everything seems bleak, because god knows it has been for my Grandmother, we must continue on. We must live, and spend time with those that are still with us, because our time is limited and it's best to cherish every moment.

When strong women come to mind, I have to look no farther than the room down the hallway. When I think of my Mother I can describe her simply, she is an educator. What does that mean though? In her case it's compassion, patience, and a good nature. It means explaining a subject a second time, then a third, and then finally a fourth. My mother cares about her students, it's obvious from the way she talks about them.

That is the greatest lesson I have learned from the three aforementioned people. Compassion, gratitude, and effort. It is the combination of these traits that makes a good human being. That comprises the kind of people that we like to spend our time around. I consider myself incredibly lucky to know these three human beings, because truthfully, they're the pinnacle of what our society has to offer.

Jack Glaspey '21

Chapel Talk

In middle school, I was 5'6", weighed over 200 lbs, and was unhappy most of the time. Although I come from a warm, nurturing family, with two doting parents and a supportive older sister, outside my home I felt tremendously insecure, always anxious about who might tease or bully me whenever teachers or parents weren't around. I had no one I could call a friend, and my classmates rarely even spoke to me. I discovered through

the two most difficult years of my life that middle schoolers' response to the most conspicuously overweight kid in the class is ostracism. Worst of all, I was convinced these circumstances were my own fault for being so overweight.

I had a much better experience through elementary school—before I gained all the weight and lost all my friends—a time when



AIDAN RADTKE '21

SCARRED



I grew increasingly aware of a quiet but strong voice deep inside me that I came to know and trust. But the teasing, bullying, and ostracism I experienced in middle school battered me to the point where I started to believe the names the bullies were calling me. I wished more than anything to lose weight, but found myself trapped in a vicious cycle: the only temporary comfort I found was in food, which, of course, only led to more weight, making my classmates, even more, resolved to never let me into any of their circles of friendship. As I continued to blame myself whenever I looked in the mirror, I felt like the quiet voice deep inside me was going permanently silent.

I can't claim to remember the exact moment of the epiphany that changed my life, but at some point in eighth grade I realized that wishing to lose weight, no matter how hard I wished, wasn't going to shed a single pound. The lectures teachers and, especially, my father, had given me over the years about anything truly worthwhile in life results from hard work, focus on goals, and consistent effort over time, finally penetrated my previously deaf ears. I realized that if I were going to lose the amount of weight necessary to reclaim my self-esteem and a place of acceptance among my peers, I myself would have to make a mighty and prolonged effort—physically, nutritionally, and most important, mentally.

With this insight, I soon began trading in worrying and fretting about my life for taking responsibility to change it myself. I started working out every day--whether I felt like it or not, and many times I didn't--acquired an education in carbs, protein, and calories to manage my diet, and kept reminding myself that achieving any worthy goal begins with a positive and focused state of mind.

By the time I entered Avon Old Farms, I was a much leaner, more muscular, and altogether healthier version of my middle school self. I felt much better when I looked in the mirror, and more importantly, I felt much better on the inside. I knew that just as I had to accept responsibility for putting on so much weight in middle school, I could take credit for losing it by staying focused on my goals and committed to my daily regimen--no excuses! I can honestly say that my time in high school has been the exact opposite of that in middle school... and I loved it! I have more friends than I have time to socialize with, no one has even thought about teasing me or bullying me for years, I rarely feel anxious or insecure, and I found my athletic love in wrestling, becoming Captain of my team and ranking #12 in the county. Most importantly, the quiet but strong voice inside me is no longer so quiet, and I no longer have any fear that it might go permanently silent.

Brian Namnoum '21



SEAN DESJARDINS '21

BAD MEMORIES

*I know the unknown
The time of struggle which turns to triumph,
The being able to understand, but not to be understood,
The ones who can not seem to grasp thoughts being thought by others,
The man who thinks but refuses to think besides himself,
I know the hardship before the victory, the victory desired by many but achieved by few,
The hate coinciding with greed, all is drowned by the immense loneliness, can not be shaken
Shaken nor tamed, of knowing what should not be known
I know the known feelings, the thoughts dwelling in the deeps cavity of the brain,
The lashing man, thrashing the assumptions, when they themselves do not know the unknown
I can not feel what is felt by vast numbers, I am thought to be, but never thought about
The unknown is never known, until its caught wind into the ears of the listeners
I am a listener, I know the unknown*

BEN RAPOSO '22

TO KNOW THE UNKNOWN

The Beauty of All That Is



I believe there is beauty in existence.
In every aspect of life in the natural world,
 There is beauty.
In every molecule in space,
 There is beauty.
Within you me and all things alive bright and happy,
 There is beauty.

 There is beauty in sorrow.
 There is beauty in anguish.
There is beauty in the deepest darkest corners of reality.
 Pain is rebirth or it is defeat.
 Struggle leads to success,
And success can lead back to struggle.
 How beautiful.

 Beauty is infinitely complex.
 Easily overlooked and underappreciated,
 Its presence is acknowledged by few.
To live life on the surface is simple but not fulfilling.
 Free your mind and put on the glasses of discovery.
 Once its potential is unwrapped,
Beauty becomes desired and chased and surrounds the senses.

Unlocking pathways to a seemingly deeper understanding-
 An endless source of wonder and inspiration.
With time, perception changes and unique feelings are brought forth.
 Beauty becomes apparent in all aspects.

I look around and I am a child,
Staring at my surroundings in awe.
Bewildered by sights in front of me,
Of which before I never understood.
 A feeling I cannot describe,
 A picture I cannot paint,
 But an energy I can feel.
 The beauty of all that is.

Charles Droppo '22



LORENZO LANDINI '21

IN PIECES

lost?

assuming a pose
disinterested in all
reconfiguring

Francis Hagood '23



SAM RUSSO '21

CONNECTED

To make the world whole
They must have control
Of the demons inside

THE PAIN ENDURED (EXCERPT)
TYLER MARMO '22



AIDAN RADTKE '21



LUCY

Imagist Poem

**The morning sun reveals a crystal-like structure
A civilization that holds the home of an ugly king
A network of complex design
Meant to strike fear into the unknowing
The unknowing are already dead
For they are stuck in the kings' inescapable trap
Yet while bringing death
This complex design is so thin and imperfect
Making this glittering skeleton so fragile
Any man can walk right through it
And leave the area like it never existed**

AJ Argazzi '21

In The Audience

Kieran Davey '23

As the sound of the party drew close I knew I had to relax. I took a deep breath and instantly felt my heart rate decrease. I put my bike next to a bush and walked towards the door. Every step I took the door seemed to get farther and farther away as my heart once again began to beat on my chest almost as if it was trapped begging to get out, but just as this was happening I arrived at the door. I walked into the party and saw familiar faces all around me. These Instagram stories of parties I had once been jealous of seemed to come to life, I was living what just this morning I was dreaming of.

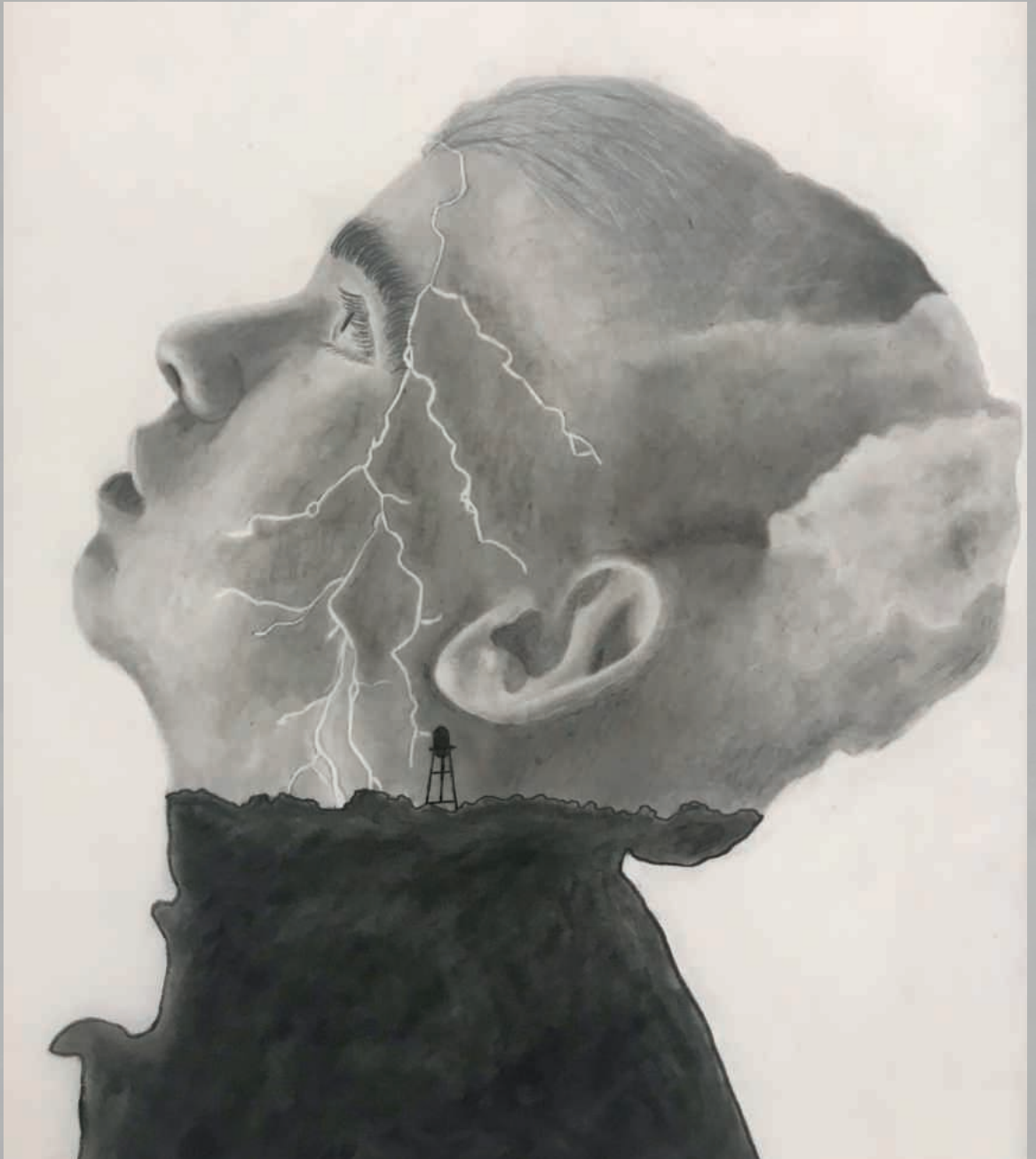
As the party continued I could feel this dark looming weight start to crush me. My head began to pulsate, the music began to get louder and louder, my eardrums began to ring, my throat began to dry out, and my chest began to tighten, almost as if someone was squeezing it with all their might. "I need to get out of here" is what I said to myself as I rushed towards the bathroom. The door to the bathroom began to get longer and longer with every step, the same issue I had coming into the party. I had just enough energy to reach the bathroom. This looming weight had finally caught up to me. It was not new for me to have this feeling of anxiety, I could not remember the last time I had woken up not worried about school, money, my job, relationships, or expectations. It had always felt as if I was running from something. But nothing prepared me for what I was experiencing on that cold bathroom floor, tears falling down my face, hands over my ears trying anything they could do to block out the deafening sound of the music outside.

I got up to look in the mirror. My eyes were the reddest they had ever been. Looking in the mirror I realized I was not getting any air, I had lightheadedness, shortness of breath, and with my eyes this red I did not know what to do, I asked myself "Am I dying?" I grabbed my phone, and slowly put in the numbers 9..1..1... "But wait," I said to myself "If I call the cops then everyone here will get in trouble". I turned off my phone and stared up at the ceiling, not knowing if I was going to die or if I would suddenly get better. For some odd reason, however, I did not think to call my family, I did not think of all that I missed out on, I was not thinking what I was told people thought when they were on the verge of death, It seemed as though time had stopped and that nothing actually mattered. But as fate would have it, that was not the end. As I layed on the cold bathroom floor the gates to my brain finally started to open, air slowly crept back into my head, I was finally able to breathe again. With my newfound strength, I got up and looked into the mirror. My eyes were no longer that bloodshot red, I was calm for the first time in what seemed like forever.

As I opened the door of the bathroom to go back to the party, my ears were once again deafened by the sound of the music and the scent of alcohol rushed into my nostrils. But something stopped me dead in my tracks. The crazy antics that I had seen when I walked into the party had stopped. Those who were using their phones to record the night were now on the couch, refreshing their social media over and over as the likes flooded in. Those who had been yelling at the top of their lungs just the other minute

were now as quiet as a mouse. “Was this the same type of party that I had been jealous of all summer?” I asked myself. I checked my phone to see what the time was “Maybe I had been in the bathroom so long that the party was over”. The time on my phone read “9:43”. In just over an hour the party was seemingly over. These dreams I had once had of parties going through the night until the sun started

to show were now being overtaken by the harsh reality of what I was seeing right in front of me. The people that surrounded me were not obsessed with partying and having fun as I was led to believe from their social media, no, they were obsessed with the likes, the shares, and the new followers who were led to believe the same false reality that I was.



NOAH SCHMEIZER '22

STORMY MIND

Fear

Ernest Lowe '22

During the times of slavery **fear** is instilled
The slave masters try to break the spirits of the strong-willed
It is very hard not to be afraid,
Especially when you see how they treat their slaves.

Fear does not own you
But you have to make sure that does not become true
Your mind is a very powerful place.
You can sometimes use it as a place to escape.

Remember to never give up hope
Cause **fear** may be waiting for you on the other side of the slope
Don't let them provoke
They'll use you as an example so white men can laugh at the smoke.

They want the black people to see
To show them how demons can really be
Fear is really just a tool,
Just like how schoolkids use a pencil for school.

Prove to them that you don't play
Just how Frederick Douglass beat that man back in the day
Don't give in to **fear**
And you'll see that your goals are near.



LORENZO LANDINI '21

THE MANY FACES OF ME

Thanksgiving Dinner

Andrew Sun '22

The autumn leaves descend with grace
As our chatter crowds the room,
Old tensions becomes a thing of the past,
And the presence of you sparks joy.

A little boy is himself in a yard
With a brother of a different hue.
As his mother calls with urgency,
They run with laughter that's true.

Inside our shack that may be worn,
The walls deafen many whispers,
We wear the grins of free souls
As society cannot break this bond.



XANDER RATLEDGE '22 BROTHER WITH SHOVEL



War Dogs

Jack Glaspey '21

Scrambling through the desert,
Searching, scanning,
Looking at my life
And realising there's nothing left.

Never killed a man
That didn't "deserve it,"
Fighting, endlessly, for
"The interests of my people."

Why did it take me so long?
To realise, I was fighting,
For the American corporation
Not the American population.



XAVIER VEGA '17

DOGS OF WAR

Xavier Vega graduated from Avon Old Farms in 2017 and is currently a senior at NYU Tisch studying Film/TV. He began to seriously pursue art under the instruction of Cristina Pinton, Greg Calibey, and James Kassel. His background is one from a rural part of CT, but he quickly found painting and drawing to be the perfect outlet for self-expression. Xavier loves to read and aspires to be a writer and farmer in the near future. He is inspired by a deep sense of responsibility to nature and a love for the outdoors, as well as a commitment to the gritty details found in artists like Basquiat, David Choe, or Frank Miller.



NOAH SCHMEIZER '22
HEART IN HAND



X

SO EXCITEDLY DO OUR HOGS FOLLOW
ME INTO THE BED OF GRANDMA'S TRUCK,
FOOLED BY THE ROTTING FRUITS THAT
SPILL OUT FROM MY ARMS.
I SEE THEM STRUGGLE AWAY FROM MY
FATHER AND MY UNCLE,
AND DO NOT SEE THEM AGAIN TILL
THEY ARE PACKAGED IN PLASTIC, AND
EASILY STACKED INTO FREEZERS.
THIS MORNING, MY BUCKET ONLY FILLS
ONE FOR THE DUCKS.

XAVIER VEGA '17
SO EXCITEDLY DO OUR HOGS

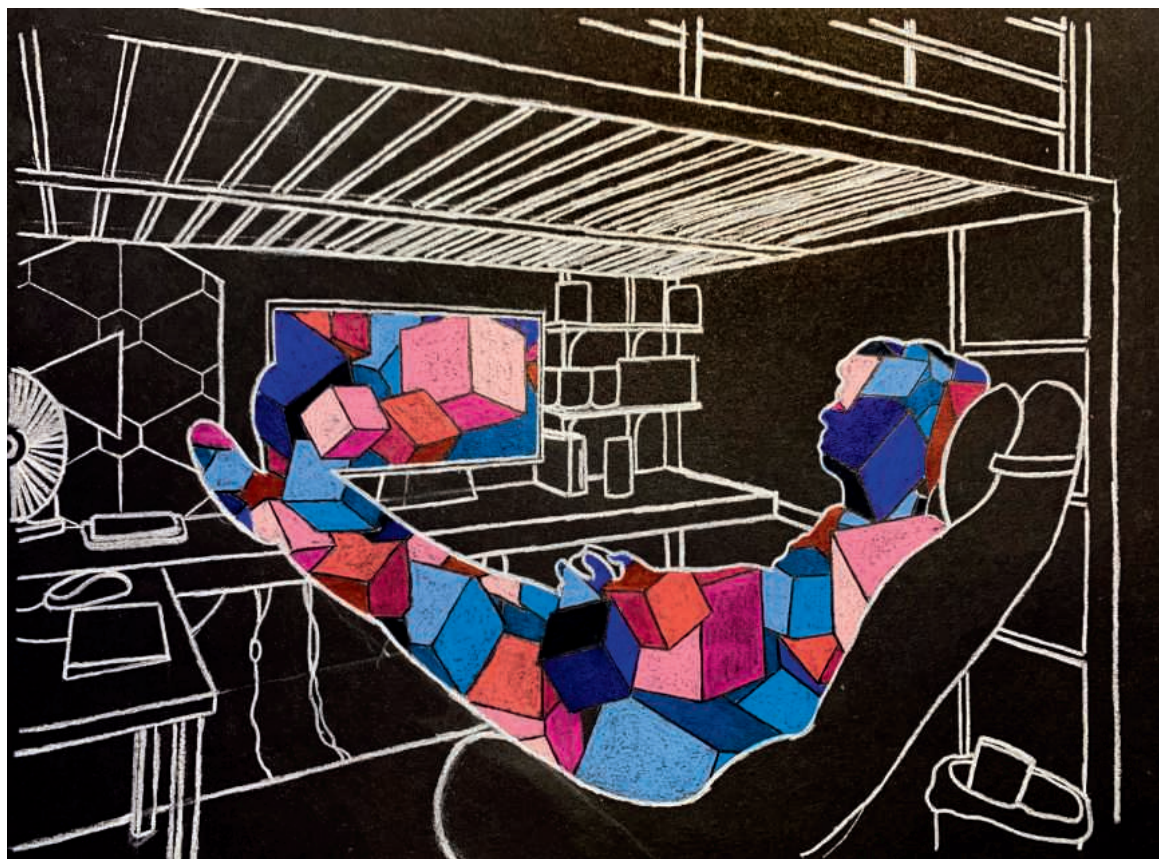
XAVIER VEGA '17
SLANTING HOUSES



SOME CHILDREN ARE RAISED
IN SLANTING HOUSES,
WHERE A BALL OR A CAN SET
ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER
ROLLS BACK TOWARD YOU.
BATS LIVED IN THE ATTIC
UNTIL IT WAS
NEEDED FOR
MEMORIES, AND
HAND TOOLS.



XANDER RATLEDGE '22
EPHEMERAL



NOAH SCHMEIZER '22

ESCAPE

DROSS FALLS FROM MY SINK,
I AM NAKED, SHIVERING
AND HOPING WE'VE
PAID THE LIGHT BILL.
THE RADIATORS BEGIN
TO CHURN IN CHORUS,
MY NEIGHBOR CURSES
HIS WIFE AND
LEAVES TO WORK.
I SHOULDN'T WAKE UP
BEFORE MACHINES.

XAVIER VEGA '17
MACHINES



NICK KAROL '21

HIDDEN SAND

MY MOUTH TASTES LIKE FIRECRACKERS,
 A TONGUE OF CHALKY, ROTTING VISCERA.
 HANDS SHAKING, I LIGHT A CIGARETTE
 AND KILL IT BEFORE BREAKFAST,
 SCORCHING A SECOND WHILE BACON GREASE
 SCALDS MY NAKED CHEST.
 THIS OVER-EASY EGG MAKES A BETTER ASH TRAY
 THAN IT DOES A MEAL.
 I MAKE AN UGLY FACE AT THE SKELETAL
 SHADOW THAT TAILS ME
 BEFORE WRESTLING BENEATH DEPARTMENT STORE
 BLANKETS, WHOSE GAPS WELCOME THE COLD
 THAT SLITHERS THROUGH CORNERS, PAST WINDOWS,
 BETWEEN BRICK AND UNDER DOORWAYS.
 RIBS CLATTERING TOGETHER,
 JAW LOCKED FROM DEHYDRATION.

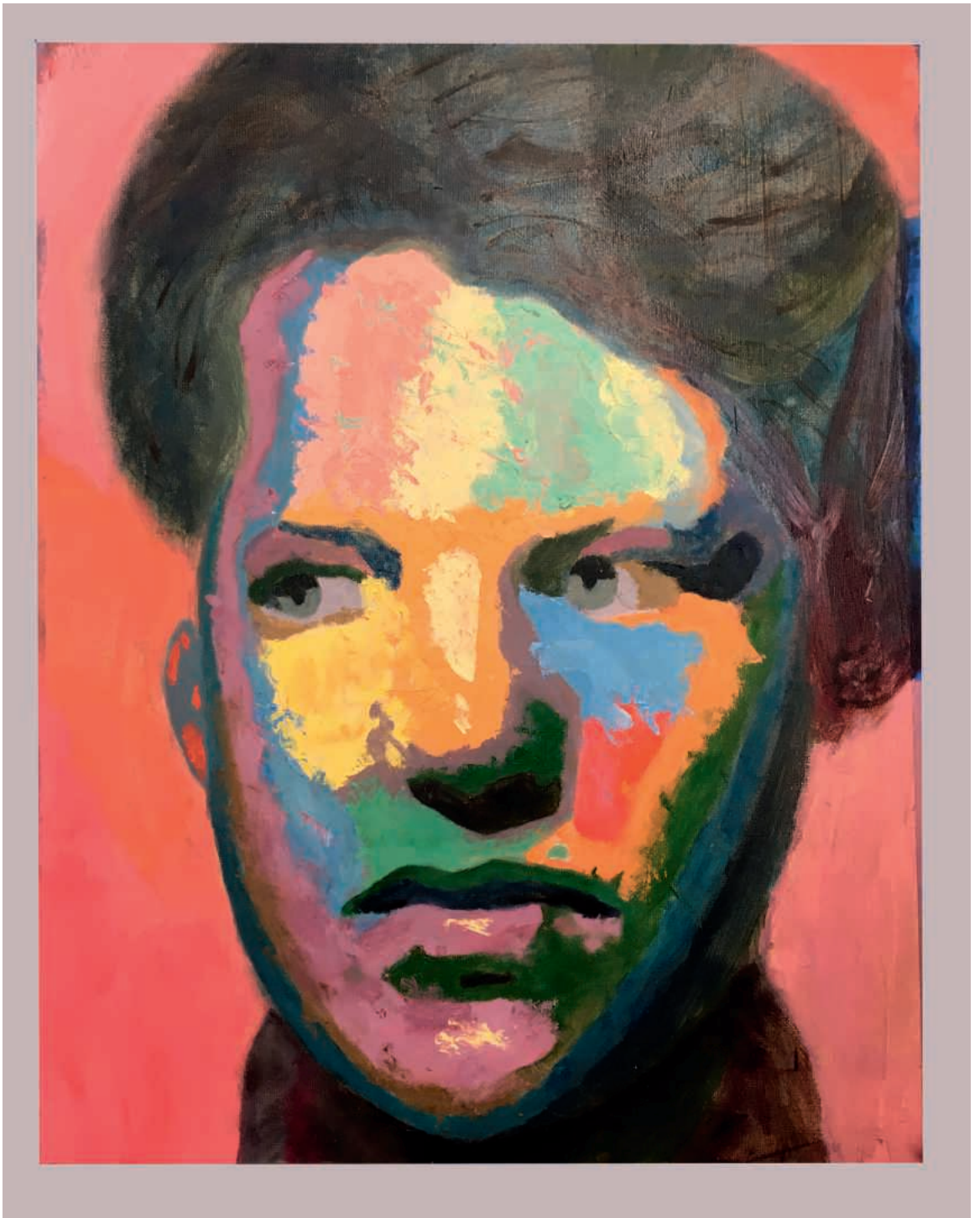
XAVIER VEGA '17
BREAKFAST

LEO HE '23
PORTRAIT





LINHAO JIANG '22
PORTRAIT WITH MASK



HENRY WATSON '24

PORTRAIT

From Inspiration to the Inspired



I want to tell You
right now
about things
the way Billy Collins does
plainspoken in his poems,
perhaps
about the cultivated hedgerow
or even how my pastel calico
prefers retreat underneath
the house to lie in the cool soil
on sweltering Alabama summer days,

or even about Bruce Larsen's
mechanical Seahorse sculpture
poled & perched on a Fairhope, AL bluff
overlooking Mobile Bay and how
attempts to pen a poem about it
just don't happen because
there are no words for
how complete it makes me feel,

or even about the new neighbors
and how confident I feel
they'll raise three daughters
to be intelligent and strong women,

But in truth
all I can tell You about
at this moment is . . .
how hard I cried in the shower,
'cause that's the best place
to drown them with water & sound,
after I saw the news story
about the Utah artist Kaziah Hancock
who oil paints portraits of the fallen
soldiers from this war

for Free
for those who are gone,
for those families who gave

in a partnership between
the fallen & herself

in her house where I imagine
she does talk aloud to each one
while painting them separately
in brilliant medleys of color,
showcasing their character,
their individual characteristics
and their souls, yet

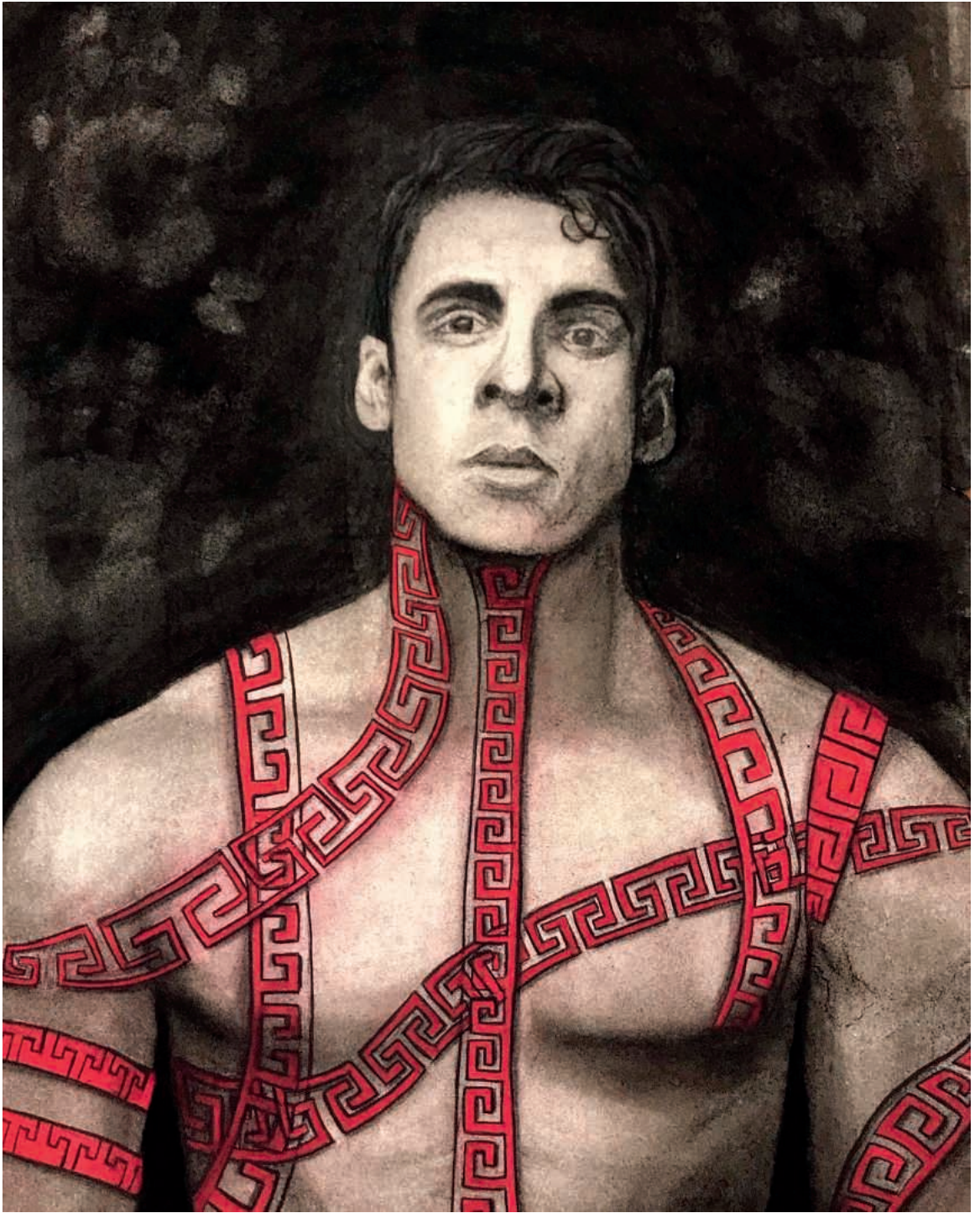
aside from their pictures and
"Thank You" letters
she accepts nothing in return,
no compensation save
that partnership where she
accepts them as the children
she could never have
- these dead have become
the children we all shall never have

and from this, there is
no greater calling here & now
than giving so freely of one's self
to this world's benefit
while asking & accepting nothing
but such a partnership in return,
from inspiration to the inspired
and back again

And from here I wanna
tell You about things less weighty,
less pugnacious in this world,
less heavy on my heart
though there is nothing more
comforting than what I just wrote

Here tonight, at this late hour.

-S.R. Field, FAS



ALEXANDER SANBORN '21

BLOODLINE

LESSONS



My freshman year of high school, I had my first panic attack. I remember the feeling of my throat closing up, and my palms getting sweaty. The only thing I was capable of doing was sitting in the corner with my head between my knees hoping more than anything that my breathing would return to normal. By the beginning of my sophomore year panic attacks had become a near daily part of my life. It was a given that I would spend time in that all too familiar corner of my room. I began to look at the episodes as a matter of when, rather than if. I felt that no matter what I tried I was destined to fail academically for the simple reason that I wasn't good enough, and that I could never possibly be good enough. Through the process of managing my anxiety I learned three tremendous lessons.

Lesson One: Always Give Your Best Effort. It is important to have the strength and willpower to commit to being the best you can be everyday because today is the only day that matters. There is no use worrying about what happened yesterday or what is going to happen tomorrow as there is nothing that you can do about it. I've accomplished this by accepting my anxiety and using it as fuel to push through late nights and early mornings. To work and do things to an extent that other people find to be overboard. I've learned to use my anxiety to live with the mindset that the task at hand is the only thing that matters.

Lesson Two: Take a Deep Breath. I've spent hours refreshing the online grade book my school employs looking to see if my teachers had read that paper I turned in or if the math test I took yesterday had

been graded. Hoping more than anything that the results were positive. I would get nervous during the period between turning in an assignment and receiving a grade. After hours of worrying I would come to the conclusion that there was no way I could have done well on my assignments. I wasn't smart enough or I didn't work hard enough. It would become impossible for me to imagine a world in which I was doing well. This bled into every aspect of my life. I learned through the practice of meditation that more than anything, I needed to breathe. Simply through employing the first lesson I had no reason to stress over the outcome of my work. By putting my best foot forward everyday I was able to accept the fact that the results do not matter nearly as much as the effort put into the tasks. During moments of panic, I learned to take a deep breath and accept the results of my work.

Lesson Three: I'm Allowed To Make Mistakes. For as long as I can remember I have been unreasonably hard on myself. My belief was always that mistakes were okay as long I wasn't the one making them. Through meditation I realized that my attitude was counterproductive. There were more errors in my work when I obsessed over perfection. I was unwilling to try new things as I was terrified of performing poorly. On top of that I became a much better student as I was finally able to learn that I don't have to be perfect to be good enough. I have been able to relax and perform better. It is through this change in mindset that I realized that I can be proud of the person that I am and still strive to be better.



FRANCIS HAGOOD '23

SELF PORTRAIT



A Memory

Jack Ryan '22

*Flowing like my thoughts
The water is quick
Moving through the rivers,
Splitting at my palms*

*Frozen becomes the water
As time goes on
Until it becomes hotter,
I recall what was gone.*

*Sometimes it gets rough in a storm-
Memories with a painful identity-
Is when you learn to cope,
To stillness and serenity.*



AIDAN RADTKE '21

PSYCHEDELIC



NICK KAROL '21
THROUGH EVERY ENDEAVOR



LOGAN SEO '22
MUSICIAN

Chapel Talk

Dylan Kasperzyck '21

Some of the most beautiful outcomes in life start from some of the ugliest beginnings. Everyone has a book filled with chapters and believe me when I say this, there are always a few chapters left out of the final copy. The chapters left out are always the ones that hurt the most and leave the deepest scars, but it is within these pages that live the most impactful and meaningful messages. This is one of those chapters that has left its mark and will forever be a part of me.

They say that the hardest thing about growing up is the loss of innocence that comes with the end of your childhood. For some people, this moment seems to come along gradually, a natural outcome of growing up. But for me, this realization came far sooner than expected.

From the time I began school, I always struggled keeping up in class. No matter how hard I tried, I was never able to comprehend the basics as well as anyone else. As time progressed and I slipped further and further behind, I began to lose hope. I started sitting in the back of the class, keeping my head down, watching the clock getting through the days. Teachers noticed and forced me to do the things I wasn't confident in doing. As I would attempt to do as they asked, a heated sensation came over me, followed with choked up words and stutters. In the background, I heard piercing chuckles broken up only by the hands that covered their mouths. As this happened over and over, anger began to build within me. I felt bullied by the teachers who I was taught to trust, and humiliated around my peers by being asked to do things that were hard for me. Ultimately, I became labeled as an angry child built on a foundation of rage.

We are told to never judge a book by its cover, but everyone does, so I never blamed

teachers for yelling at me as I fell asleep in the back of the classroom every first period on a Monday morning. All they ever saw was the kid who never cared enough to pay attention in their class. They never knew the little boy who woke up every weekend before the sun rose to beat the New Jersey Turnpike traffic and returned home well after the sun set just to hug the person they love most in the world for a few more seconds, knowing the next time they hear their voice or feel their touch won't be for another week.

I don't blame the teachers for yelling at me for smirking after all my pranks and mischief because they never knew I taught myself to hide my true emotions so people wouldn't see I was hurting. They never watched me fight back my own tears as I said goodbye wishing for just a few minutes longer.

I don't blame the teachers for suspending me after my first fist fight because they didn't hear how poorly that kid talked about my family. They never knew I had more sleepless nights than I could count waiting for my mother to come home from a double shift just trying to make ends meet and provide for three young kids. They never learned what a fake smile looked like, and never heard crying behind a closed door with the shower running just to muffle the tears because she had to be strong for us.

No, I don't blame them. As a matter of fact, for so long I blamed myself.

And for so long, I hated who I was. I hated myself because I felt weak for not being able to shut off the pain and keep up. What I believed to be true was that when I'm weak, I can get hurt and I didn't want to hurt anymore. So for years I covered myself with armor and built walls to seclude myself from everyone and everything that ever got close enough to hurt me. That was my way of mend-

ing my scars, and for a while I was content with that feeling.

For a long time this is how I lived my life, and for a long time, I was happy with that. However, a smart woman once gave me a single sentence that changed the way I thought forever, she said “It takes an incredibly strong person to be weak sometimes”.

While this conversation wasn't too long ago, the effects it has had on me make it feel as though it was a lifetime ago. It changed me. I realized I had spent so much of my time protecting everyone else, that now, I was the only one who truly needed the help. I needed to let go of the pain I carried with me for so long, allowing myself the chance to finally heal. I didn't have to build-up walls or avoid others. I could let others in allowing them the chance to know the real me. Allowing myself the chance to be vulnerable has given me the chance to meet people who have forever changed my life for the better.

While I'm sure the situations may not be the same for everyone, and while others may have had very different experiences from my own, as I said before, the best messages lie within the untold chapters of your stories. These untold chapters are different for everyone, but we all have the same reasons for not telling them. Fear.

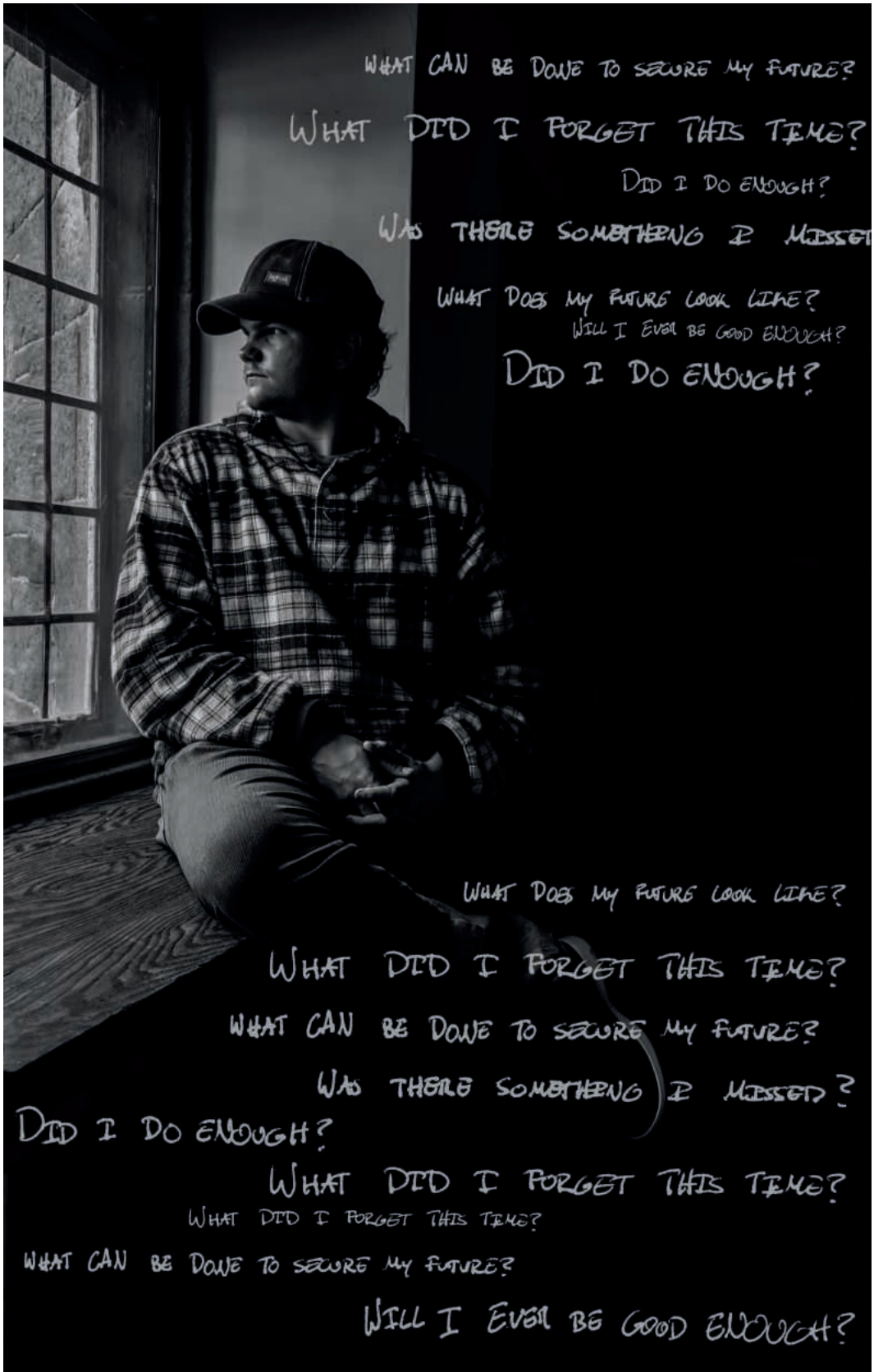
The most painful scars that life leaves us are the ones that others can't see. But one thing I've learned is this: by embracing and accepting those scars and hurt we hold inside, and trusting that others are holding onto their own wounds and hurt, we learn to view ourselves in a more positive and a stronger light. We don't look at our weaknesses as failures, but rather means of measuring our true potential. Once we figure that out, we stop running from letting others in and embrace each other for who we really are.



The Pain Endured

Tyler Marmo '22

Through hell and chaos
One soul is shown
Her spirit enters deep into the unknown
She's followed by souls
Who are just like her own
They are the ones who will make the world whole
To make the world whole
They must have control
Of the demons inside and surrounding them
Once they have achieved their winning goal
The world will finally be whole



WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SECURE MY FUTURE?

WHAT DID I FORGET THIS TIME?

DID I DO ENOUGH?

WAS THERE SOMETHING I MISSED?

WHAT DOES MY FUTURE LOOK LIKE?

WILL I EVER BE GOOD ENOUGH?

DID I DO ENOUGH?

WHAT DOES MY FUTURE LOOK LIKE?

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WHAT DID I FORGET THIS TIME?

WHAT DID I FORGET THIS TIME?

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SECURE MY FUTURE?

WILL I EVER BE GOOD ENOUGH?



PETER SIANA '22

CARTOON GUYS



PETER SIANA '22

POP ART

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letter from the editors



As we compile the myriad pages of artwork, photography, poetry, and prose the immense creative ability of our peers once again shines through. Thank you to all who were involved in every step of the production of this year's edition. To those who find their work within the covers of this magazine, know that this year was marked by submissions the depth and breadth of which has never before been seen. You should feel proud to have been selected.

The past year, our lives have been marked by turmoil, some of which has revealed a side to people, or institutions which had yet to reach the light of day. With this in mind, the staff chose the theme of **"Beyond the Single Story."** It is our hope that the 2021 edition will document the trials and tribulations of the past months of our lives. With the uncertainties of the Covid-19 pandemic currently morphing every aspect of society, this edition was assembled with the intent of showcasing that even when the mainstream story, the one which dominates our lives, is negative, the Avon Old Farms community is able to persevere and create something positive. It is our goal to showcase the incredible flame of this community's creativity, and demonstrate that even the crushing forces of uncertainty of the past year can't snuff it.

When organizing our submissions this winter, we searched for truly eye catching pieces of artwork and literature which express

the aforementioned themes. After completing the collection process we began by selecting the pieces which best fit the topic of this year's edition. From this point, we began the most difficult step of the process: paring poetry and prose with artwork before assembling a mock version of the book lovingly dubbed "the bible". Each piece was then exhaustively edited and proofread before the project was sent to the design team. Every member of the editorial staff has spent innumerable hours ensuring each step was executed perfectly.

Lorenzo, Jack, Francis, and I would like to thank Mrs. Jensen, Mr. Sayles, Mr. Dully, and the Avon Old Farms administration for providing us with this opportunity. Every member of the team feels an immense sense of pride in being able to hold the completed version of this project. The publication process is one which we are all incredibly fortunate and grateful to have participated in. This year as with all previous the level and magnitude of the work created by our classmates is staggering, and it is with great enthusiasm which we look to the future of the *Hippocrene*.

Jack Glaspey, Editor-in-Chief

Colophon

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Fonts vary throughout.

Front Cover: Thomas Higgins '22
Back Cover: Mikey Xie '22





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