Archives is a literary magazine published by the students of Montgomery Bell Academy. The magazine contains poetry, art, fiction, and non-fiction submitted by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of the school. Archives serves to encourage and to promote art and creative writing and to provide the school with an outlet for both artistic and literary expression. For those who enjoy the visual arts or writing, Archives hopes to supply them with an organization meeting their creative needs. The MBA Archives staff is now in its twenty-sixth year of successfully publishing and producing issues. Submissions may be sent to Dr. Batten, faculty sponsor of this publication, or to a staff member before the announced October and April deadlines. Submissions in both electronic and hard copy are welcome.
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**Visions of Elysium**  
**By Phillip Danielely**

Blazing eyes stare me down  
Shield me from the Bright Lights!  
The Angel is here to take me  
I insist on flying to the stars.

She takes my hand  
Clasped so firmly as if welded  
The Bright Lights never fade  
We can feel the moon’s loneliness  
Should we console? Or condemn?

We walk through the Universe  
And see the fires that must do not  
We cannot escape each other’s mind  
Like a cell of Joy? Or a cell of Anguish?

The Mind is oppressing; We call for revolution  
We lose all frustration and anger; We release it to the Universe  
We wander on the wings of the Angel  
And the Bright Lights never, ever fade.

**Collage Poem**  
**By Andrew Powell**

Four go first, a third place team  
Disrespect, yet near the dream  
Peaches make New Years come late  
Transform for love, or for hate

Midnight show, twelve times sold out  
Dark Knight again, without a doubt  
A mental revolution, masses involved  
Does the "impossible," inhuman he's called

The zephyr soars, waits on the sky  
A gust of wind - again hopes fly  
His eyes are wide, endzone in sight  
Bids for glory, with all his might  
Arms extend and fingertips flail  
Then all sing out the victor’s hail

**Haikus**  
**By Jake Hymes**

Shirttail hanging down  
I am feeling defiant  
…Demerits await

Cell phone buzzes once  
Does the Librarian hear?  
I'm busted again

Demerit list posted  
Anxiously seeking my name…  
Safe another week

A Harpeth Hall boy?  
He's wearing the uniform  
"They said these were kilts"

Much homework to do  
Break will be busy—Oh God!  
Assembly today

Theme due tomorrow  
But there's so much on T.V.  
Priorities fail

Friday football game  
Painted to support my team  
Who's playing again?

Driving finally  
Get parking pass on first day  
My spot's on Brighton??

A four day weekend  
No homework in my classes  
Slips through my fingers
**Millennium Park, Chicago, July 20**  
**By John Bibb**

A new path, a new way,  
a pollenus-lung-filling smell,  
three strangers lay on a warm summer's day  
 somewhere far from hell.  
A smile on the face,  
a plan, excitement, fulfillment.  
The bright sunny day brings warm soft skin a red tint.  
Laying on the blades  
in a large open park  
light abounds ablaze-  
even the memory gives a start:  
the beauty of the sky,  
the laziness of the season.  
To feel good there's no try,  
no cause, no reason.  
Just relaxation among friends,  
future no-names and loves,  
forever friendships fly in  
on white wings of doves.

**Apparition in the Sky**  
**By Tyler Wright**

Look at the weightless giant  
c r e e p i n g  
so casually across the contrasting landscape.  
Heavy with emotion, prepared to let loose and cry,  
only to be ignored and shielded from.  
But not today, today you glow,  
Radiating,  
c r e e p i n g  
so casually across the contrasting landscape,  
like an apparition in the sky.

**Summer**  
**By Tyler Wright**

Let's sit in the summer garden of yesteryear,  
behind the rosebush, protected by the shade  
of the giant oaks,  
until morning comes  
and the cold dew replenishes our longing  
for the sun.
Nick Williams
Recycled Scenery
Thinkest Thou that Blood in Stones Resideth?
By Thomas Moore

When Brutus' bite into Caesar plunged,
The marbled floor beneath ran red,
But from tessellated tile, blood does not lunge.
'Twas only a place for a laurelled head.

Untitled
By Dalton Fouts

Under a sky of psychedelic stars
And a languished flag with no stars
And justice for all
Let's run from it all

Take this Life
By Ryan Shephard

Away with sanity
The knife is truth
The tears fall down
As her hands turn red.

Panic of a Rabbit in Pursuit, Having Nibbled at the Sacred Celery
By Daniel Smith

After being spotted by human crosshairs
Which locked in red satisfactory fury,
We froze - then split faster than a carrot
Beneath a fellow's teeth; we hurried.
I never myself chewed the man's celery
Nor even the cabbage in green jealousy!
But when the rakes nail me down and the dogs
Tear my fluff to bone - - then the hogs - -
Then the rabbits will say: "Oh, yes!
This one without a doubt!
This one, he nibbled on your celery sprout!"
And how can I dissent, a sinner at a confessional in prayer,
When chained to a cold stiff chair?
Down at the Down, the others are safe.
Here in the Garden, the villains are chased.
I am running.
It is hard - so hard -
To think and run at once and at once implore:
"When will the cops arrive to split open my door?"
The Garden of Eden
(Being the Location of the Chair to Which All Sinners Are Bound)
By Thomas Moore

The numbers through my head do churn,
As skies above the grass bright burn.
If only I a sinner's game
Could win, the dawn's cruel fury tame!
   But never I a crime commit
That does not justice rightly fit,
For even as my soul away
Does fly, the dogs do find their day.
   But hark! Their quiet steps draw nigh
As if for fear that I might fly;
For fear that I, a fuzzy hare,
Might run to seek solace in prayer.
   So very little they do know
To think that I a hope could show…
When I to this by chains am bound,
Yet they do think I can't be found.
   In Garden green, to chair they find
A sinner lashed by his design.
With a carrot, they split his mind.

What a Wonderful Feeling
By Bailey Brandon

Its atmosphere is warm and welcoming
The softness relaxes the muscles leading you to complete satisfaction
   You wouldn't want to be anywhere else
You have nothing to worry about, nowhere to be
The laziness slowly begins to take over the body as your head drifts to the pillow
Oh what a wonderful place, you wouldn't rather be anywhere else but your bed on a
   Saturday morning.
What a wonderful feeling
The Dreamer and the Dream
By Alex Apple

It was the dream of Martin Luther King Jr. forty-five years ago that one day blacks and whites could live in equality, seeing not one's race but one's character. Forty-five years ago African-Americans could not eat at the same lunch counter, use the same restroom, or even coexist in public with whites. Martin Luther King Jr. gave African-Americans and the American public hope for a better tomorrow. He believed that in America things could be different. He believed not only in his ability to bring about a change but also in the American people's ability to rise up and show why America is the land of equal opportunity. King was no different than any other American. He simply believed in his dream. He dreamed of a greater America, not for himself, but for future generations. He was a dreamer, preaching hope to America.

Forty-five years later at this crossroads in American history, Barack Obama is the first African-American president-elect of the United States. Barack Obama has inspired America to look forward instead of backward, and like King, Obama's message is a message of hope. Similar to what King said, Obama said back in May on the campaign trail, "I'm asking you to believe. Not just in my ability to bring about real change in Washington. I'm asking you to believe in yours." He has inspired young Americans to believe in themselves. In this nation often divided, Barack Obama has promised unity, just as Martin Luther King Jr. hoped to unite America in order to move past its racial divisions. Like King forty-five years ago, Obama is talking about what America could be and bringing promise of new life to this great nation. Both men looked to the future in a time when America seemed to be looking back. He is working on restoring the American dream and restoring hope to the people of this great nation, and Barack Obama represents that American dream. He was born to middle class parents and was raised by his grandmother for most of his childhood. His parents, with the help of financial aid and scholarships, were able to send him to some of the best schools in the country in the hope that one day he would realize his dreams. He shows that in this nation anything is possible and that anyone can be whatever they desire. People have heard this message and have been inspired to dream more than they would have previously thought possible. While speaking in Berlin earlier this year, he said, "People of Berlin - people of the world - this is our moment. This is our time." This is our moment to leave our mark on history, and he is what Martin Luther King Jr. dreamed of. He is proof that this is not a white America or a black America, but the United States of America.

This campaign year has been one of many contrasts with two candidates that could not have been more different. But as Martin Luther King Jr. and Barack Obama would say, America unites more than divides us. It is our duty to show the world why we are truly the greatest nation on Earth.
Luke Cole
Noble Man
The Dream
By Jimmie Anderson

I am filled with rage
The fires blaze
Buildings crumble
My mind lost in a maze

I walk but there's smoke in my eyes
I watch as a man dies
I watch as the whole world cries
I emerge from the ruins of the earth victimized

The night now falls
An unholy grail calls
Like a marauding king I crawl
Just to get what I desire and saw

But the tired soul within
Causes the relaxation to being
And sleeping in my bed is where it ends

Anticipation
By Carter Callaway

He sits in isolation
Seemingly chained to the chair
He longs to escape
If he can only wait…

He's running on empty
Like a horse through the final stretch
The noise inside him wails
Like a hammer against nails

He waits in anticipation
Till the clock hits the hour
He leaps up, a free man
Bounding out as fast as he can

He reaches the line
Finally at his destination
What he's been waiting for
Is just behind the door…

Leave Me Alone
By Daniel White

Why can't people leave me alone
I feel lonely like ice cream without its cone
I just want to cut off my telephone
So I can be left to my own
Haha it’s sad that my hair is turning white like
Styrofoam
My attitude is melancholy and my voice is monotone
I just want to scream and go to Discovery Zone
All because I just want to be left alone
Early-morning twilight brought a chill, uneasy breeze
That Doctor Jackson's sheep afeared and disturbed the
Widow's geese. But they were outside, and leagues
Away, for that matter, and I untouched by the wind
Or its howling clamor. So the distance is with farmhouses.
Nestled in a dream - I was nestled in an absurdist's dream,
Quite comfortably, too, when shaken by the clock's tick-
Tock-a-scream. Such a cold awakening drew tears from my eyes -
Mostly from the light which pierced my velvet blinds. I shook them
Off, then fright, then fright, then frightful fright
Took hold; the house, so dark and bleak, was vacant.
Not a life in sight - even the fire, dead - nobody home
Save me.
I now must mention my betrayer, the one who shared
The radiant, glowing orange of my homely hearth, the one whom
I expected to rid me of a solitary existence...a modest, humble man
Who gladly lived by the sun and slept by the moon, working the land
Yet haunted by a rather lonely conscience.
Perhaps his betrayal would be an afterthought were it not for that ghost,
Veiled in fog every morning, but by evening, such a host
Of towers was unmatched. When fog never veiled it, smog
Surely did, factory-smog no doubt, so it was always covered in
Clouds. All the more sinister.
In the early-evening twilight of yesterday,
A chill, uneasy breeze blew from the West and came my way.
Upon the porch I sat without a light; the ghost in the distance
Across the river gave me all I ever needed at night. And
All the memories. Then fright took hold; I saw some thing move
In the night. "What thing is this," I whispered, imagining some
Embodyment of the towering neon ghost.
But how the moon's opalescent light shone upon the dog crippled in the night.
Contrite, I beckoned him nearer, for he was limp and heading to the
Ghost. I took him in as a helpless babe, fed him lukewarm milk,
Bathed his blood-smeared stains. Together we sat in the living room,
And I looked at him and said, "What is your name? Where are you from?
Why are you here?"
His reply was lasting silence, so I loved him all the more.
I was reminded of the reason I first left the wasteland's doors.
He warmed his fur by the fire, and I read a magazine
Until the embers turned to radiant, glowing, orange little beans.
But yet the early-morning twilight brought a chill, uneasy breeze
That Doctor Jackson's sheep afeared and disturbed the
Widow's geese. My betrayer left me through a door which in my
Gladness I forgot to even close. He slept at least to 3:00 so had been nimble on his
Claws. I called - called like a madman, let the echo roll across my
Desert land, only to be asphyxiated by the wind. I reckon he is
There now, in the land I can't forget. He meant to go there all along.
Lines Composed During a Perambulatory Tour of the Cotswolds
By Thomas Moore

As early harkened sun the morn
With golden triumph threw,
The earth from tempest was reborn,
The dark clouds forged anew.

The light of dawn careening 'round
Each craggy hut I see,
Whilst walking thro' the resting town,
The town of Bibury.

Behold yon brook as murmure fair
A maiden's call does sing:
A keen by winding river rare
With crystal sonnet ring.

A lonely lamb forgotten strolls
'Round field and farm and fold,
On path thro' now untrodden knolls
By Saxons used of old.

Why not, why not, the gentle breeze
Let cast thy mantle down?
Shall not the winds exalt the trees,
Apollo's prey unbound?

Yet lo! Amongst the time-worn oak,
Impaired by thine own rage,
The Lord's estate mine eye has smote;
A tiger thus uncaged!

But soft, the village light has shown,
Alas, to mine despair,
The evil long that there has grown,
Swept clean by morning air.

Emerge from shade by foliage made
To wander with the grouse,
From distant castle having strayed:
'Tis, to me, no bleak house.

Untitled
By Michael Lindley

Two men driven by the ecstasy of gold
can't settle on even; instead settle for blood.

With a moustache like porcupine bristles
and cauliflower skin,
the cowboy accepts the duel expecting to win.

The challenger takes a step with his spidery legs,
He reeks like lake water
and has skin like sand.

And with a flash of oiled steel
and a crack in the crisp air,
both men timber over,
Both of them dead.

Nate Smith
Oil
A friend of mine recently posed me a question: "What is an elephant, but a very large mouse with tusks and a trunk?" At first I scoffed at such a seemingly foolish question, thinking "Everyone knows that an elephant is like a large upside down squirrel with the tail on the front acting as a trunk." But the more that I thought about his query, the more logic I realized was behind it. I came to see three main points in favor of elephants being related to, if not being exactly the same as, mice. They are: the similar appearance and body structure, the frequent consumption of peanuts, and the elephant's inherent fear of mice.

At first glance, an elephant and a mouse seem almost completely different; however, upon further investigation, several similar traits become clear, for example, the ear and tail shape. Recent scientists have not been the only people to notice these similarities. In the diary recounting his journey to Africa, Portuguese explorer Gaspar Ferreira remarks on the likeness between elephants and mice, "Upon first laying eyes on the giant, I was astounded by the similarity between this astonishing beast of leathery skin and enormous stature...and the gray mouse so common at home in Lisbon" (page 78 of diary). We can only assume that he is talking about the African elephant. Ferreira goes on to note the resemblance between the tails of mice and the tails of elephants, which are used differently. These differences occurred when the ancestral mouse split off into two groups, which turned into the modern-day mouse and elephant. As the proto-mouse grew taller legs, and the tail was no longer needed for balance, it started to be used for swatting flies. In the group that turned into mice, the tail continued to be used for balance. This is the reason why the tail of an elephant and the tail of a mouse look just like scaled versions of each other, with a few minute differences. Something similar happened with elephant and mouse ears: as the proto-mouse became bigger, so did the ear.

The elephant's inexplicable fear of mice has long been a question pestering scientific minds everywhere. Further to test this phenomenon, I put a mouse in proximity to an elephant. The result was as expected: the elephant backed away from the mouse and remained in the corner until the mouse was removed. After intensive studies, the reason for this behavior could not be explained. However, the cameras in the room recorded something curious when my team of scientists and I were not looking. As soon as we stopped watching the elephant, it visibly relaxed. I then realized that the elephant must be aware of its similarity to mice, and thus goes to great lengths to distance itself from them, both physically and in the thoughts of people, when being watched by humans. This behavior is due to the fact that elephants are unwilling to be grouped into the same category as mice; they do not want to lose their status as huge, majestic animals by being associated in everyone's minds with the puny, insignificant mouse. For this reason, elephants act afraid of mice, when they are truly not.

It is common knowledge that elephants greatly enjoy eating peanuts. It is also widely known that mice also love to chow down on peanuts. I therefore decided to look into common eating habits between these two species. At first, nothing at all seemed similar. I was dismayed that the elephant showed no desire to eat cheese, something any self-respecting mouse would be unable to resist.
Then, on a whim, I turned my back on the elephant to see if this would affect its behavior, like it did when the elephant was pretending to be afraid of the mouse. To my surprise, when I turned back around, I caught the elephant devouring the cheese as quickly as it could. As soon as it saw me, the elephant backed away from the cheese and looked away, almost guiltily. I realized that all elephants must love cheese even more than peanuts, and this hypothesis can be proven in the following manner. Both elephants and mice like peanuts, and mice like cheese, so by using the Transitive Property of Nonsense, you can conclude that elephants must also like cheese. The reason that they never eat cheese in sight of humans is just to maintain the illusion that they are different from mice. In my later tests I learned that the act of eating cheese is something that every elephant cherishes, and the fact that they never do it in sight of humans is a testament to their extreme self-control.

Although I have uncovered the great secret of elephants, I feel confident that their fear of being seen in a more discriminating light will not be as harsh as they expect it to be. Yes, elephants should not have hidden their true selves from humans this long, but in actuality, the elephants that we have come to know and love have not changed. Our perceptions of them have changed. If we, as humans, can forgive them for this mistake, I am certain that elephants and humans can continue to live in the harmony that they have enjoyed for so long.
Nathan Tinnell
An Artist's Sunset
**Schnee**

*By Pat Killian*

Winter kommt und kühl die Welt ab.  
Schnee fällt auf alle hin.  
Der ruhige Schnee dämpft die Städte,  
die Lärm und Hektik und Aufruhr haben.  
Man sieht den Atem und den Weg  
entlang dem man gegangen ist.  
Die Erkältung weist den beschäftigen Menschen,  
wie warm ihre Häuser sind.  
Endlich schmelzt er am Ende des Winters,  
und dann lässt sich der Schnee Blumen hinter.

Winter comes and cools the world.  
Snow falls down on everything.  
The peaceful snow smothers the cities  
That have noise and fever and bustle.  
One sees his breath and the path  
Along which he has gone.  
The cold shows the busy people  
How warm their own houses are.  
Finally it melts at the end of winter,  
And then the snow leaves flowers behind.

**Musik…**

*By Michal Zienkiewicz*

Musik macht meinen Tag immer toll,  
Und sie ist was ich hören soll;  
Sie ist sehr unberechenbar,  
Aber sie ist noch so wunderbar.

Sie entspannt, sie beruhigt  
Sie macht wütend, eben ruhig;  
Sie ist weich und auch hart,  
Alles, dass man will und braucht.

Musik kommt direkt aus der Seele,  
Und sie ist immer was ich empfehle;  
Alle Leute sind dann glücklich,  
Wegen Musik fühlen sie sich gemütlich.

Niemand kann unglücklich sein,  
Mit Musik sind wir nie allein.

Music makes my day fantastic,  
And it is what I should listen to;  
It is very unpredictable,  
But it is still so wonderful.

It relaxes and it calms,  
It infuriates, and makes peaceful;  
It is soft and also hard,  
Everything that one wants and needs.

Music comes directly from the soul,  
And it is what I recommend;  
Everyone is then happy,  
Because music makes them feel pleasant.

No one can be unhappy  
With music we are never alone.


The Music Tree
By Daniel Smith and Thomas Moore

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steaks in passageways.

I.

Churning through minds, a static song,
Blurred or gone.
There will be no one who will remember,
When the dark, achy clouds of September
Erase this from forgetful Theseus' mind.

II.

The maid, with kindly face,
To the child in cradle relates:
'Wind the music box, my child;
She is wise, she is wild.
And she will sing
Her ding-ring-a-ling
Lullaby, then fade out, like
Mechanical elephants in the street,
On a winter evening.
He flaps his metallic ears to a beat,
That he hears.
He hears the creaks, squeaks that result from the cold frost (no doubt).
The abuse that smiles
Through the crevice-like miles,
Of an old grandfather, whose song is no more.
Upside down, the crayon marks
Right side-up moocow sharks, taint the floor
With watermelon stains on his fuzzy brow,
The fuzzy moocow.'

III.

September chains, oh the serene oak chains,
Choking the green pile of dead leaves.
They, if you listen closely,
Fall like fighter jets… mostly.
Brittle…crumpling in a hand squeeze.
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"
They are dust, and they blow away
In the September breeze.
IV.

The child is sleeping on a kitchen rug,
Below an island, nice and snug.
Curled and content, stormy wind and rain
Tonight doesn't bother Hunter's pain,
A seagull overture in his brain.

And he will say, will say again (no doubt),
"Now son, give a firm, palm tree handshake, don't shout."

Training wheels loosed on a beach of sand,
A grainy piece of land
After fifty mistakes...and a bruised hand.
The ocean voices still singing in his mind, that static song...long gone,
In a saltwater falsetto sublime:

\textit{We will be your nostalgia}
\textit{Give twenty year's time.}

A grape joking, playing a killer assassin with human voices.
He says, "Let the human child drown.
Let him grasp and rattle and flounder around."

V.

Santa and company in dreams,
Hunter vanished, it seems. A special retirement farm (no doubt).
He takes a steamy shower, then sleepy, happy doom,
A friendly lullaby croon:

\textit{Goodnight room.}
\textit{Goodnight moon.}
\textit{Goodnight cow jumping over the moon...}

And the rest, I suppose, are lost in static (or simply dreams that seem like static).
Though I could swear, by earth's magnificent heart,
I heard a song by the pool
That made me jump with a start,
As if awakening some memory of yore.
It pierced my soul, dead-centre, it did not waver,
With a cupid dart.
I swear I laughed, you see,
And pointed to the music tree.
Mother smiled and softly spoke,
And confirmed the music's origin
As the world's largest oak.
Important Things to Do
By William Flautt

drawings of yellow suns
and blue skies cover the walls
it's fall now
the trees alive
yet dyeing
he opens the door
best friend licking his face
and Peace
the thrills of exploring
the neighborhood
with treehouse buddies the
freedom of time
what more could they desire?
but now - lives swallowed up
by expectations -
they seek only that A+
no more the excitement
that comes from winning the
pick-up baseball game or
catching the winning throw
or just having fun
we have more important things to do

when far (In imitation of the poetry of e. e. cummings)
by Matthew Bellet

when Far-away
comes to
the
doors
the Soul lingereth behind the furniture
and upon discovery
proclaims "I wasn't
hiding"
(but in the clear
questions itself subtly)

for it knows that
birds don't proclaim themselves
they just-sing

and the graceful one Weaves through
the labyrinth
with no ceiling
while many a Soul often - Tantalus!
- wallows in some puddle looking upward
before it knows

He Is here

Baker Mulherin
Kitchen

The Erymanthian Boar
By Pat Killian

Boorishly a bottle thrown
breaks my heart against the wall.
"What'd you say?" he stares me down.
I fight the stench of alcohol.
The Bust of Caesar
By Thomas Moore

An ancient stone for ancient visage made
By mortal hands from sodden grave is laid.
Within the waves of Time's unyielding sand,
The face was saved by Fortune's gentle hand.
Of old, the figure new by sculptor wrought
Had not the scars of many battles fought;
And lapis wouldn't hold a hue so bright
When 'tis cast underneath a stellar night.
But now the waves the hardened block caress,
Eroding stern veneer for sin's regress.
An upright, regal king was he of yore,
A thing of which the bards would sing in lore.
But now a wasted rock, forlornèd stock,
The work of one by history forgot.
And if a man were trapped within a cave,
However brave, the day would not he save.
And if a man eternity reflects,
Then how at dawn does he allot regrets?
Preserved by Fortune's belligerent stroke,
Around the throat, he caught the circle's spoke!
The bust from Rhone's unwearry grave's unloosed
To be remembered! Bust from waves produced!

But even now, through Time's eternal plot,
A poet sings, who is anon forgot.

Verse Translation from Catullus 1
(Cui dono lepidum novum libellum)
Translated by Thomas Moore

To you, my friend, this little book
Of charming verse I do inscribe!
These lines, I say, each cunning foot,
With pumice dry are now revived.

For only you my trifles' flight
Did sing to cheer its gentle phrase,
As you on three scrolls dared to write
The stories told by all our days.

Jupiter! Never wit so sharp
By tongue pronounced on these our shores
Has rung with sound as clear as harp
A work that speaks of learned chores.

This book do take for what it's worth,
And savour each delightful page:
O Muse, preserve my verse from birth!
Let it survive beyond this age!
Bradley Worthington
Coral Woman
The Elephant Painter
By Daniel Smith
Writing as the late Hugh Ever

Let me be frank; I was never a poet.
Don't let the words mislead you, know-it-all Reader. Graffiti is graffiti, and graffiti lies,
Whether on some rotted brick or alley wall
Or epitaph or bathroom stall. Graffiti dies
In time, but still I fear AN ARTIST
Lies the most. Lie forever, sweet artist.
Lie forever, be a host to change,
And give way.

Spring again. I the poet shall write
Of youth and trees and death and life
And spring spring spring spring spring
I sing.

(One thing I've learned is that
Elephants paint, and elephant painting
Is my new hobby!)

O Spring, O Spring! Spread your virtuous
Wings! Soar o'er the plains and the trains,
Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain!

(Migrate, chirping bird. Migrate,
chirping bird. Follow your food source.)

Lay forever, sweet slave of perdition
Of tradition. Tell my Jessica hello.
Tell her also she's a hoax.
Tell the driver I'm in Nashville,
Wish the bucket-bearer well—
Tell him that it's what it looks like,
Not some tolling of the nightmare bells.
Tell Absurdity he's really not absurd or a machine.
Tell the dog he's likely bound to fall in deep love
With the city.
Tell the rapping at my window it's as alive as
Wood or smoke.
Tell the wrinkled old Hugh Ever that he's really
Just a joke.
Yes, I know I talk in riddles;
Riddles make you stop and think.
Elephant painting was my hobby.

AN ARTIST, now vanished, reborn, Good Spring.
Graffiti, it lies, and moss, it sings.

When the sun rises, it melts all the knives
and becomes really hot. All the children
are dismissed from school due to the searing temperatures
and they all go home. What a good sun, keeping
us inside. Imagine what dangers lie outside?
The Tale of Cap'n Blue and the Golfer
By Daniel Smith

"Mulligan!" cried the golfer
When his ball did drown in water.
Birdies tweetering nearby
Heard the golfer's cursing sighs,
And (not being humankind)
Of the words they made no sense,
Tweetered, "tweet-tweet" since
Their tweets were pure ambivalence.

Cap'n Blue, he should be dead;
He drank salt with his ship. Instead,
A mermaid smiled at him, and more,
She washed Cap Blue upon the shore,
Deserted, but he laughed because,
Free, he was the man he was.
Baptized under tropic moon
He burst forth from the mermaid's womb,
Forgot that he was Cap'n Blue.

That night he dreamt of coconut milk
And grassy clothes smoother than silk,
While half the globe away,
In bed the golfer lay
Although it was already day,
His time to let decay.

"Lived onna islan' fer yers 'n' yers,
'lone, but grinnin', no weepin' ters.
A whalin' crew fin' me sayin', 'Yeh O.K.?'
I sayin', 'm notta same, but 'm fin' that way.'
See, I use teh be Blue, 'nhappy, too,
But I ain't him now. No, I ain't Blue!"

So Cap'n Blue, now Cap'n Hugh,
He made the nation's nightly news.
The anchor asked the Cap, "What now?"
To which he said,
"Bah me a cow, bah me a farm,
'n do what've wanted teh all alarng."

Collage Poem
By Tom Markham

Constantly clouding his mind are perfectly
clear lyrics and thousands of different tunes.
He sits and listens on the shoulders of giants,
nostalgic for times he never even lived.
The days of yore, or so they say, when gods
named Jimi and poets like Dylan strode
the earth. And Who? Yes, the Who.

He puts his stock in icons of fiction,
mere figments of imagination.
Awestruck by Atticus, dumbfounded by
Dwight Schrute, and occasionally yielding
the imaginary Walther PPK of Bond, James Bond.

No exception to the stereotypical teenager, he's
a maniac for sports, but these sports?
They say throwing a disc around is no sport,
and who wants to kick a ball about and never score?
Well, he does, especially as he dreams of that World Cup trophy.
Of course, he gets stuck cheering for lousy teams,
dreaming of the day a Commodore or Redleg will
claim his crown once more.

As for jokes, there's always room for jokes,
Silly jokes about apricots, above-ground pools, and
made-up Snicker words. But they float his boat,
and he is happy.

The Memory
By Will Norton

Tirelessly he works, sweat on his forehead
Focusing on the calculation his glasses cannot read
He is old now, endangered and yet, just out from college
A dinosaur in the age of zeros and ones
Passing endlessly through vacuum tubes with electronic lights
They do the work for him
His face, their face, painted a mask
Revealing their true nature, free from cords and wires
It is gone now, defeated by
forces that cannot be stopped
the endless creep of wires across the landscape
masking old skills, technological kudzu
It envelops the land, and they receive it warmly
all is but a memory to him now
long and forgotten, he is useless

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Houston Oldham
Summer Feel
Excuse me, sir,
But as strange as it may seem…
CREDITS

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Faculty Advisor: Wayne Batten
Seahorses Rule
By Hershel Mehta (AKA yung horace AKA the Trufus AKA the dark abyss AKA harsmelly)

the cars be swervin from lane to lane
While you pullin out yo maverick, like you john mcCain
write down your pains
engrave the insane
onto the plane or pave
a message that you find
in yo daily lives
don't trash dat - send dat sheee straight to archives
Please
i'm beggin on my knees
for some stories
from childhood memories
to debaucheries
i beseech thee
to not forget what thine hath wrought
and remember - there's 100 dollars to be got