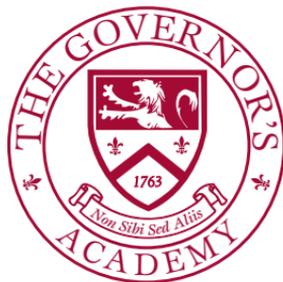


THE SPIRE

2010 Literary Magazine





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The Spire is The Governor's Academy student literary magazine. Students submit their poems and short stories to student editors who then decide which entries will be published. The Spire has been a voice for student literary creativity since 1966.

Winners of the Murphy/Mercer Short Story and Poetry Contest are also included in The Spire. The A. MacDonald Murphy Short Story and Thomas McClary Mercer Poetry Contest was created more than two decades ago to honor the work of the two English masters, whose combined service to the Academy totaled more than 65 years, and to encourage students' pursuit of creative writing. Students submit entries which are read and voted upon by the English Department. First prize winners in each category receive a book prize and their works appear in the annual publications of The Spire each spring.

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Special thanks to those who lent their voices to the recording of The Spire audio files that appear on The Governor's Academy website, and to faculty and staff in the departments of English, Fine Arts and Communications.



Abby Matses '11

An Afternoon at the Lake

Lauren Bougioukas '12

Not able to see, hear, or smell, I feel the arctic cold water pressing against my flesh. The water surges in my nose and ears. Frantically, I try to raise my head above the water. But, the weight of my skates and the water-logged winter clothes drag me under. Finally, I rise to the surface. Gasping for breath, I see people skating on the other side of the lake. No one has noticed.

“H-H-HEELPP,” I shriek with all my strength. “H-H-EELPPPPPP.”

But no one hears.

Ten seconds elapse.

I give up and declare myself a coward.

“No! I’m not giving up. I’ll have to get out on my own. I can do anything on my own.”

I thrust my hands in front and drive my body forward. But, my arms do not have enough muscle to propel my legs above the water. I am stuck like a bird

in a cage wanting to fly and be free. I am panicked, believing that I am going to drown or hyperventilate and that no one will ever know. I frantically kick and splash the water with my hands and feet.

“No one cares, and no one will notice until someone finds my body upon shore tomorrow morning. At least I tried.”

My best friend Sarah Brown and I plan to go to a PG-13 movie (“Norbit”) with a few boys from our school. However, I know my mother will disapprove because I’m only twelve and because she has reason to think that Sarah is trouble.

After we heard the buzz about the Red Bull drink, several months ago, Sarah, my brother, and I decided to try it. Between us we counted six dollars and bought a six-pack. We decided

to save the drinks until dark, so no one could see us. My mother would never allow me to drink this especially so late at night. This, however, made me more excited.

It was now dark, and we hid in a neighbor's shrub. Sarah decided that it was an appropriate time to open the drinks. As the first drop entered my mouth, I felt like I was drinking a vial of poison. However, I continued drinking it because it was cool and the others were not complaining. My brother ran off, and knocked on a neighbor's door and ran back to the bush. When the owner opened his door, we laughed. Soon enough, Sarah, my brother, and I ding-dong-ditched our entire neighborhood. After we pounded on the door, Sarah hid in the owner's shrubs while my brother and I hid across the street. We cried with laughter. We were "BAD ASS."

We tricked the entire neighborhood, and then the police strolled by. My adrenaline rush suddenly terminated and I was nervous. Would we get in trouble? Would we get arrested? Would my parents find out? Sarah convinced my brother and me to sit in the bush, and soon

enough the policeman wandered away. Minutes later, he was back and parked his car right next to the bush. We snuck from under the bush and crawled behind the adjacent house. The policeman got out of his car and walked toward us. We ran through the woods and into another neighbor's backyard. We were finally safe and we stayed there for ten lengthy minutes. We walked back to my house and it was ten o'clock.

My mother questioned us about where we were and what we were doing. We lied. She gave us the speech about how worried she was and how we could have gotten hurt. After a while, she received a phone call from our next-door neighbor who said she saw us knocking on people's doors and running away. My mother demanded the truth. My brother stupidly told her EVERYTHING. She told me not to hang around with Sarah any more. She thinks that Sarah is immature and a bad influence

So, I'm not going to ask my mother if I can go to the movies with Sarah.

"Mother, may I see 'Bridge to Terabithia' with Katie tonight?" My mother likes Katie.

Katie Sullivan was my best friend in kindergarten and first grade. Soon, I got tired of her tendencies. One day, in second grade, we had a substitute teacher. When we had a substitute, everyone but Katie misbehaved. We did not want this teacher to control us. So, as the class threw the paper airplanes and shouted, Katie was in the corner crying. The teacher cheered her up, and told her to get the principal. Obediently, Katie brought the principal to the classroom. Everyone stood in disbelief. The principal ordered us to spend the rest of the week in lunch detention beside Katie. And, ever since then, I was never fond of Katie, again.

“Alright!” my mother exclaims. She is delighted to hear that I’m friendly with Katie again.

SWEET! I call Sarah on the phone and tell her that the plan is still on and that I got an okay from my mother.

“Lauren, come down here!” my mother shouts. Unaware of my mother’s tone, I skip down the stairs and jump the last three stairs.

“I just called Mrs. Sullivan and asked her what time she will pick you up for the movies, and she told me that Katie is at a friend’s house. Also, Mrs. Sullivan is unaware of Katie and you going to the movies tonight. She also explained that Katie saw ‘Bridge to Terabithia’ last weekend.”

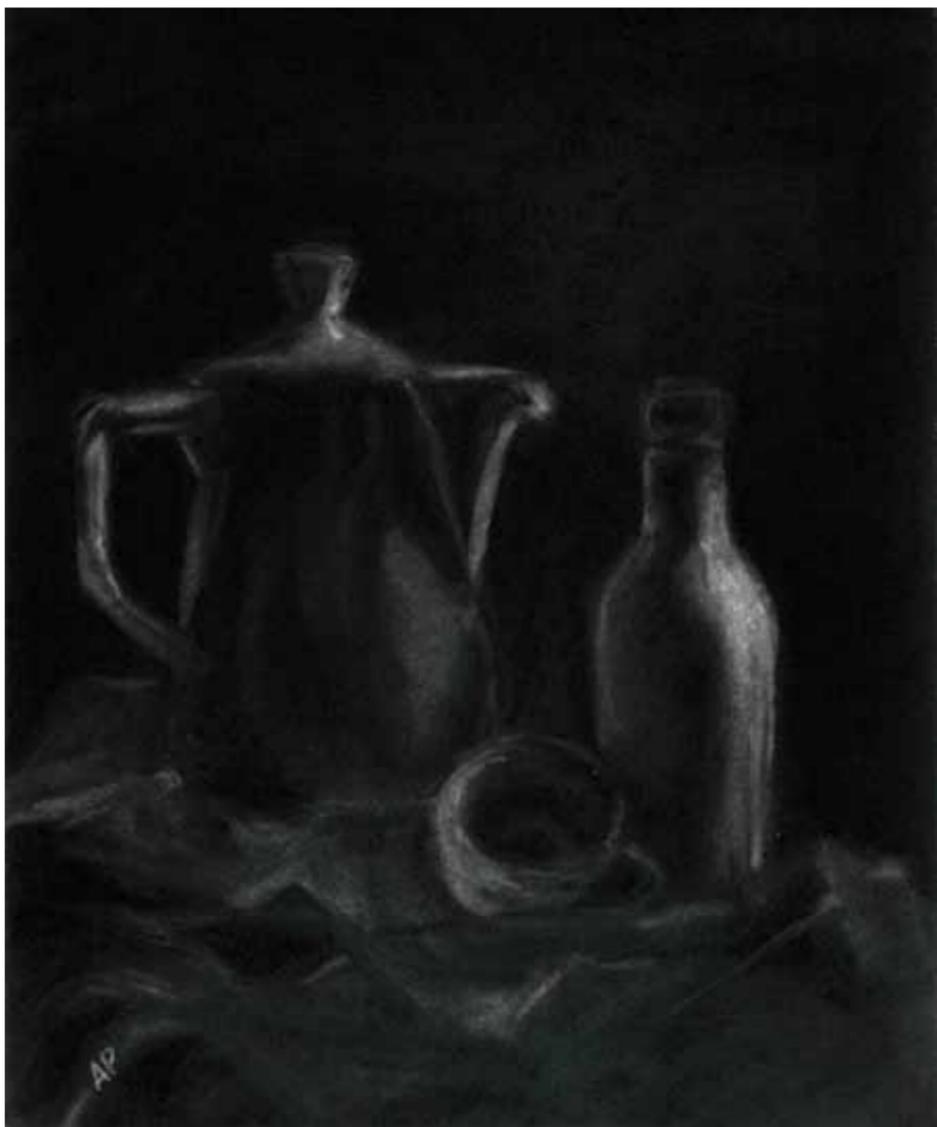
I squeeze my eyes with disbelief, turn my head away, and pull my lips towards my mouth like a child who does not want to eat her vegetables.

“Lauren, what are you thinking? What are you up to? Didn’t you think I would find out?” I said nothing. I just turned and walked to my room with a devious smirk on my face, already planning my next ruse.

“I’ll just have to sneak out later tonight and Mrs. Brown will drive Sarah and me to the movie theater,” I thought to myself. “It’ll be more difficult, but it is possible.”

I call Sarah and tell her the news. Seconds after, my mother opens the door; I scramble around acting as if I had not been on the phone.

“I am sorry that I yelled at you,” my mother says. “Do you want to do something fun? Just the two of us?”



Amanda Pease '11

Earlier this summer, my mother asked me the same question, and I foolishly said yes. I was in the car thinking of all the marvelous places she might be taking me, like maybe the mall or a restaurant, etc. However, soon enough we ended up at McDonald's, and I got an "adult meal" (a double cheeseburger and medium fries)! Then, we took a ride to Middleton, ate ice creams, and mini-golfed at Richardson's. This was the ideal afternoon for a seven-year-old, not for ME!

"Ahh... Shoot! I have to finish my reading for school," I told my mother. "I don't want to wait until the last minute. Remember last year?"

"Well, you still have a week left to read your book," she points out. "And, you work better under pressure anyway, right? So, don't get all worked up about schoolwork, it'll all get done!"

Knowing that there is no way out of this jam, I roll my eyes. I have no choice but to agree. But, I'm thinking I can sneak out later. So I go along with it.

Even though I'm no longer

a child, my mother doesn't want me to sit in the front seat. Today, I jump in the front seat of our Honda SUV just to annoy her. She doesn't object, and we drive in silence. I look out the window. I notice a flock of birds with three stragglers. I envy the birds' freedom.

Suddenly, the car stops in a random parking lot. First, I think that I misbehaved during the ride. Then, my mother tells me to get out of the car and to help her in the trunk. So, now I think that I'm helping her lift some bags filled with used clothes into a nearby Salvation Army bin. But, I look around and there is no bin. I see two new pairs of ice skates leaning against each other in the middle of the trunk. Am I supposed to start putting on the ice skates or should I first confirm that we are going ice skating? It's not as though I want to be here right now anyway... I should be planning how I am going to escape my mother tonight. An awkward silence began.

"Are we going ice skating?" I ask my mother.

My mother replies back, "YES! Aren't you excited?"

I yell, "SWEET" and jump

in the air like an imbecile. She raises her left lip and gives me a blank stare.

I jump into the trunk and grab the two pairs of skates, and I give my mother her skates. We walk side by side to the nearest bench. Crossing the street, my mother nudges my hand with her hand, but I quickly push it away.

As my mother sits on the bench, I decide that I'll sit on the adjacent grass.

"Lauren, do you need any help?" my mother says in a nurturing tone.

Even though it may be my first time putting on skates, I am not stupid. It must not be much harder than putting on a regular pair of sneakers. I put my skates on quickly. Looking at my watch, I gasp at the time, and my mother glances over at me.

She continues putting on her skates.

"Ready to rock and roll?" my mother asks, trying to act youthful.

"Yes," I say, laughing more at her than with her. I notice that there are several other people skating. I grab onto her hand for support as I step out onto the ice for my first time. My feet don't feel right. I feel like I'm going

to fall, but I don't. My mother grasps my hand like she is never going to let go of me. Never.

We skate around the lake, in Wakefield, in a giant circle. I skate as though I'm marching, with my knees almost reaching my chest. I feel more confidence with each step. This is partly due to my amazing athleticism, and partly to my mother's encouraging words.

As we skate, I feel a nudge hit me in the back, and I start to fall. I know that I am going to hit the ice, but I cannot do anything about it. Soon enough, I feel a slight twinge in my left arm, just enough to get me agitated.

I find my balance and stand up like a trooper. As I am getting up, I not only see my mother's concerned face, but Brittany is laughing hysterically.

"Come on, ya slowpoke. Get up," Brittany orders. She is already racing away. My mother lends a hand and helps me up. She looks disappointed that I am leaving her, but that is not going to stop me. As I leave my mother behind, she shouts, "Don't go out too far!"

In fourth grade, I tried out for the travel basketball team.

Unfortunately, I did not make the A team, but I qualified for the B. The next day, Brittany Morrissey approached me with an evil smirk written all over her face.

“Did you make the basketball team?” Obviously, as the biggest gossip in town, she definitely knew the answer. She was only asking me because she had made the team and knew that I had not. So, I raised my eyebrow and walked away. However, she continued to follow me.

“So, did you make the team?” she teased. I continued walking as if I had never heard her, but she continued for the whole recess, on the bus, and on the walk home from school. I wanted to punch her right in the nose, but I did not want to get into trouble. Later that evening, Mrs. Morrissey called my mother and said that I had been “really mean” to Brittany during school. My mother told her that she would talk to me and hung up. But she knew the situation and told me I had done the right thing.

Now, I scamper along the ice looking for a girl wearing a black jacket – looking for revenge. I see Brittany. A burst

of adrenaline comes and I am going to tear the girl to shreds. It is hard to clunk around in these heavy, bladed shoes. The top of my skate catches the ice. As I fall, I grab onto a woman. She whacks the ice hard. When she fell, I feel the ice vibrate beneath my feet. Luckily, I fall on the woman, and not directly on the ice. Trying to stand up, I realize that my jacket is stuck to her pants. I untangle my jacket and zoom off as if nothing happened. I do not even say sorry or ask if she is okay.

Even though I have fallen, my eye is still on Brittany. All I can see is Brittany, and all I can think about is how she had shoved me to the hard ice. As in *The Godfather*, “I will get justice.” I position myself. I sprint towards my target with all my strength. With each step I take, I can feel the adrenaline building up. My heart is pounding and I am starting to breathe heavily. As I approach my target, I cross my arms and hold onto my shoulders, so it does not look intentional. I remember all the times she had been mean to me. This is my revenge. Inches before my target, I slightly lift my knee like going for a fifty-fifty ball in the air, so

I do not get hurt. Bang! I hit her in the middle of the back. Her head jolts back, and quickly flops forward, Jell-O-like. Her knees fall forward, and I hear a crack. As I stand behind her, I hear her start to cry. I did not mean to make her cry. Guiltily, I skate off, looking for my mother.

As I am skating, I feel confident in each step. I feel that I have mastered skating forwards, so I decide to skate backwards. At first I skate like a tin man moving an inch a step, but then I get the gist and I learn to skate like a professional. Soon, I get bored of that and decide to sprint to one spot and stop, hoping to make some ice fly through the air. I shuffle to the first spot, pivot my body one hundred and eighty degrees and shuffle back. I soon get bored of that because I am not as good as I thought I would be.

I decide to see how fast I can skate. I find a large amount of space and begin warming up. First, I stretch my muscles and run through a couple tries. I am now ready. I skate in and out, trying to propel my body over the ice. Faster. Faster. I am going so fast I do not think I can stop. The cold breeze is hitting my face, and my hair is flying.

I'm feeling free as a bird... until I hear the first crack. I know what is to come.

"HELP!"

I scamper along the ice, screaming for dear life. Each step I take I hear another couple cracks.

The ice can't hold my weight. Suddenly, my heart sinks, I plunge through the ice.

My soaked clothing is slowly weighing me down, pushing me deeper into the lake.

I take a long deep breath, then yell, "HELP! HELP!"

A child on the other side of the lake notices me, and points me out to his father. He and several other skaters rush to help me.

"YES!"

A man reaches out to grab a hold of my hand, but I cannot reach it.

"How long have you been in the water?" the child's father asks.

"A minute," I gasp.

I can feel my body getting colder, and it is getting harder for me to tread water. All the water has soaked through my clothing, and my legs are numb.

Two men grasp hands, and one reaches out for me.

By now I am wondering

where my mother is. I suddenly spot her.

“MOM!”

“Lauren, we are going to get you out. Stay calm,” she yells.

She then runs off.

“Whe-re are y-ou going?” I shout.

No response.

It seems forever before I see her running back, dragging a giant branch. I look into her eyes and see her determination. A man goes to help her. Wow, I am lucky to have this woman as my mother!

“HOLD ONTO THE BRANCH.”

Duh.

I grasp the branch with both my hands, and use all my strength. Although I cannot feel my fingertips, I know where to put the pressure. On the other end, two men are slowly, inch by inch, pulling me towards them. Still, I am not out of the water. I squeeze my eyes shut, and concentrate holding on. My chest is now above the surface of the water. I try to kick my feet up, but I am only making things worse. My knees are now out of the water. I try to stand, but a man tells me to crawl towards him. I slither along the thin ice. He grabs my arm and pulls me to

him. Within seconds, I leap into the safety of my mother’s arms, something I thought I would never do.



Galaxie Story '12

Gullible

Rory Burke '11

She lied to me, my sister; she God damned lied to me. By then I had drunk 15 or so of them. I had tried every friggin' flavor from "fruit punch" to "wild cherry." I had seen the commercial a thousand times, everyone had, and I was determined to find out the secret to unlocking its powers.

Capri Sun was the best; every kid wanted to be one of the Silver Surfers that they had seen on TV. I always knew that there was a secret and I was determined to figure it out.

My sister encouraged me to keep trying but sometimes her support was a little misguided. I thought it was going to be a stupid question, seeing as though it looked so easy on TV, but I mustered up the courage to ask her what the secret was. She replied, "There are many ways that it can work, but first you must drink every flavor." I quickly drank all four delicious flavors and then turned back to her for more instructions.

"Now," she said, "you must drink

your favorite flavor as fast as you can." I then grabbed my preferred "pacific cooler" pouch and drank it as fast as humanly possible and waited with my eyes closed and fists clenched.

Nothing.

I looked up at my sister and she said, "Not fast enough." So I grabbed another pouch, took a big breath, and sucked in the delicious flavor of the succulent juice.

Again nothing.

I looked queasily at my sister. She said, "Maybe you need to get a running start, you know?" I grabbed a pouch and, as I began to suck, I sprinted towards the couch, stepped on the footstool, then the cushion, and leaped off the couch to launch myself high in the air, as I finished the last drops of the "pacific cooler." For an airborne second as Silver Surfer, I thought, "Wow, my sister is the greatest!"

But when I hit the floor, wave upon wave of Capri Sun crashed upon her feet.

Thoughts Lost

Katherine Seibel '10

At least there will be two people with similar thoughts
Sitting in that white chapel
On the white chairs; arms crossed, shoulders tense,
expressions bare.
And their minds *will* wander
Across the great plane of the arched ceiling and into the
tapered steeple
Lost, if not forever gone;
Trapped in that one point on their way to the heavens.

The Talk of the Town

Katie McKay '12

Yesterday my name was **feel good**.
Back then I didn't get *the sharper image*,
But he seemed like a *wild card*; I couldn't read him.
He called me a *knock out*, *what lace does for leather*,
He called me "*life is sweet*—I'll show you how to live it."
So, like a *culture clash*, our worlds collided
But, then again, my memories are a nostalgic *wonderland*.

Today my name is **the talk of the town**.
The whispers dance around my ears and into my heart,
So *pianissimo* but I still can't help but hear every word.
I'm stuck walking *a treacherous road*, while everyone else observes,
Noting all missteps, yet no one offers to *guide* me
The looks and rumors make me *stronger than steel*.

Tomorrow, my name will be **a whole new line of thinking**,
My name has been thrown around in the *crossfire* of this *snakebit*
squadron

It constantly moves *forward* through accusations and *evidence*,
Hoping to return to *the glamour of the glory days*,
When the familiar faces that walk these halls made me this way
Before they became a pack of wolves that *eats its children*.
It will continue to survive until the *apocalypse*; my name will be far
from *dead*.



Galaxie Story '12



Michelle Gallipeau '11

Mocking Bird

Galaxie Story '12

How I loathe you,
A smile put upon a mask that only I see through.
How dare the mocking bird sing,
feathers we placed upon the bird's back are shed,
to reveal nothing but a rat,
little wrinkled hands grasp the bottle to drink to life,
but your life is not mine.
Flightless dreams crush you
but it is my soul that burns piece by piece.
Pulled by death,
why don't you see my scars,
the ones I hide behind my porcelain finish.
Caged by you,
they line up watching your breath.
Counting down the days
until the bottle slips from your hand,
into your pit-less grave,
when the mocking bird finally flies away.



Alice Tonry '10



Katie Wolfe '10

Dreams

Annie Quigley '10

In your dream, you're just a little girl, seven years old by a chain link fence, next in line. Family reunion, summertime. Go-carts for the cousins and for Uncle Joe, who in this dream is Peter Pan, because your mother says he never grew up either. Your eyes are lighting up as the cars hum and whiz by you, colors, over and over, round racetrack... it'll be your turn soon. Finally the cars slow in dream-speed time, slow motion, one by one, pull in between two rows of tires, stop. A teenage girl gets out of the first one, arms raised in victory like the marathon runner on TV; a girl with wings like cupid steps from the car behind her; with her, a masked boy. A mother and son get out of the green car—he looks about your age; she's guiding him towards the gate. In that fuzzy way that dreams go, his face is blurred, so that you can never quite picture it

without fragments of other faces flashing through your mind.

It's your turn. Uncle Joe wins in the end.

This was the strangest, a reoccurring dream that changed shape every night. It's repeated itself for years now, like the dream you once had when you were little about your mother and the bridge and the basket of pears: you could never remember whether it was a memory or just some fever dream your imagination cooked up.

But whatever the fuck it is, you write it down on scraps next to your bed; every morning when you wake up, you scribble them all down: images, symbols, cryptic scribbles of whatever flashes through your mind. Sometimes in the middle of the night, you wake with a start, cold sweat, write it down so it won't disappear with the sunrise.

Maybe when it's over you'll burn this, sew all those notes together into one big paper quilt and float it out onto the ocean until the ink bleeds. Maybe writing it will be cleansing, wash whatever this is right out of you, these dreams or memories or whatever they are, like orange juice flooding out a cold.

It started again back in November, a Tuesday night as cold as hell. In your dream, though, it's a Thursday. You put your car in park and go into that convenience store. In your waking hours the next day in the checkout line, you suddenly remember the red glow of a digital clock that blinks 3:48, 3:48 over and over. But back to the dream: He's buying a root beer, of course, but his face is hidden behind the racks of chips. [Always drank those root beers... his mouth always tasted like them, and when you wake up in the mornings before you brush your teeth the aftertaste is still on your tongue.] But you don't know that yet, because you're asleep and digging out change at the counter: he and his root beer and his white baseball hat, you and your crumpled bills.

The next night he brushed against your coat outside a supermarket. Your focus zoomed in to your skin cells wiggling under a microscope; you could feel the heat of your skin jumping to his like blood to cotton. He smiled, gave you a smoke.

Jack.

McKenzie.

Smiled, got in his station wagon, drove away.

It's gone for a while, but of course it comes back. Next time, you have this dream in a leather coat on an autumn beach. You're at that big hotel with the red roof from that Marilyn Monroe film, the one with the drag queens, and it's unseasonably hot for October. You're looking through an old Polaroid camera, so the yellows are a little bit more sepia and the reds are just a bit burnt. He buys you an ice cream from a stand—so strange that it's open in October—go back down to the beach. Kites, everywhere, kites- red and blue and gold. One careens towards you like in a 3D movie, swerves just in time. Then he's running with a red one—Hold this, he says, handing you his ice cream, winking—running through the crashing surf with that kite. You're sitting

in an aluminum folding chair, snapping photos, listening to the radio blaring from a telephone pole, and there's Marilyn herself sunning next to you. The little Coppertone girl is gasping by the shore. When you press the camera button again, your vision goes black for just a second as the shutter swirls shut, slow motion. When it opens again, he's a man from an old Lucky Strike ad, and that kite is pulling him up over the waves, waves, he's waving but you can't get up from that damn chair, and then the shutter snaps shut again so you can't see a damn thing.

One night after you have a couple glasses of wine with dinner, you have this dream like a carnival. In your mind you see an amusement park, the blur of a Ferris wheel, the whirl of voices as a ride rushes by. You've been there once, you think; it seems familiar, that cotton candy dissolving on his tongue. Heat beats down on metal, sizzles the hotdogs on the stand, sticks your thighs to the seats, a trippy sauna of lust and mid-summer. In this dream, you cling to him like everything clings: your sweaty palms, his shirt under the arms. The merry-go-round is

wrapped in plastic. Even when you're sleeping you can feel that pounding in your stomach, pulling him onto the Tilt-a-Whirl, into the photo booth, onto you behind the fortune teller's trailer. He caves under you, collapsing, doesn't fight back; he's high, high, high off your unpredictability—you're drunk off that wine. When you get off the last roller coaster, you're hot and nauseous; he holds your forehead and pushes back your sweaty bangs, but when you wake up you're just tangled in sheets.

December.

In the last dream you can remember before it all goes away, your mother's leaning over your loft bed. Her breath smells like coffee.

"Let's go," she says.

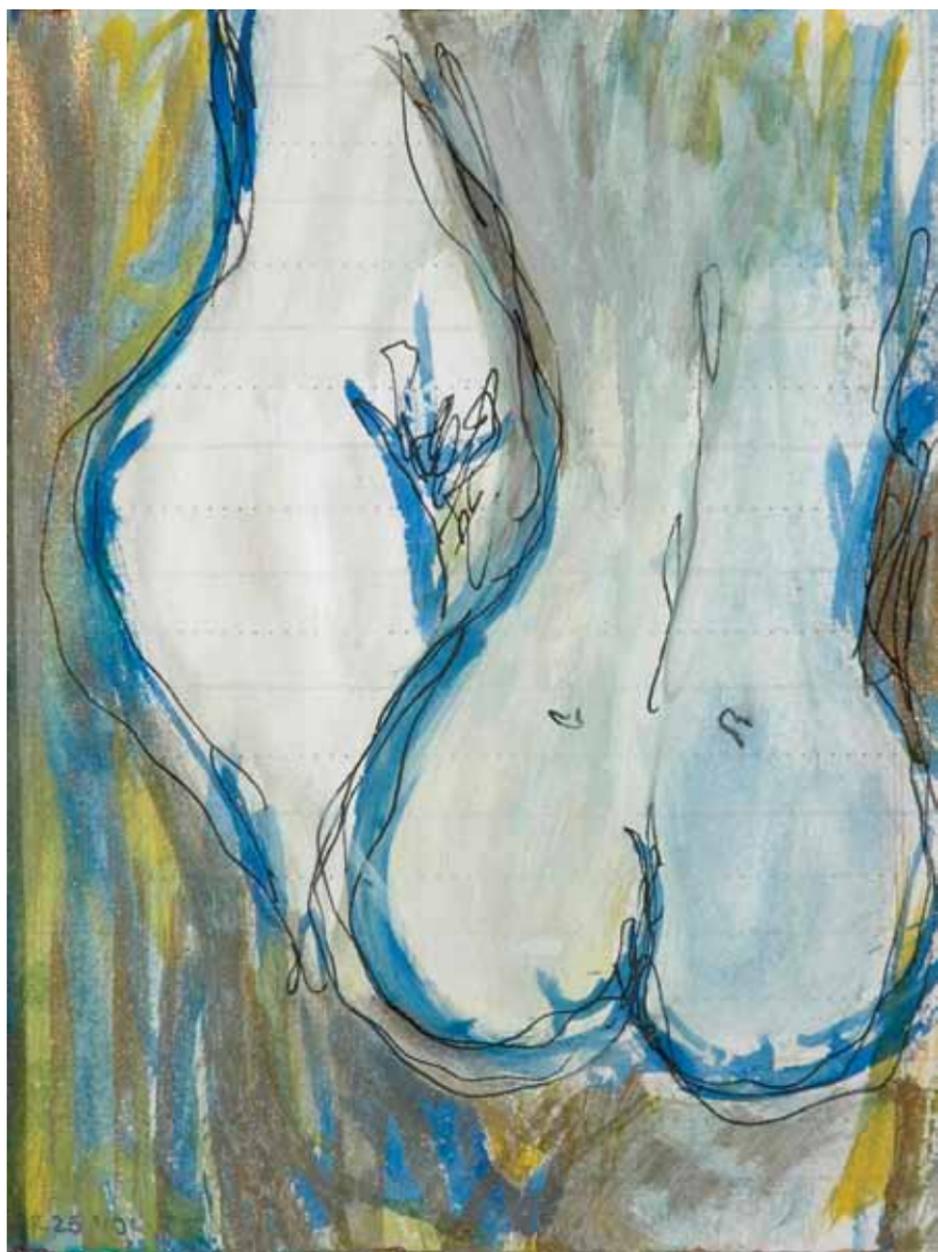
"To where?" This is in slow-motion, like when your speech gets all monotone and drooling in dreams.

"Portland." She leaned over your loft bed.

"Portland?" Groggy. You piece your words slowly. "Oregon or Maine?"

"Let's go," she says.

You climb into the back of a truck filled with oranges and



Annie Quigley '10

mangoes; your mother's at the wheel. The roads are slippery with the first drops of one of those sad summer rains—they say that's when roads are the slipperiest, when the rain first starts to fall. She's got on WBZ but she's humming some song. Looking down, you see that the floor of the truck bed is glass; between the rolling of fruits you can see the black pavement whiz by.

It's all part of a road trip, your mother the pilot tells you from the front of the plane. Getting a little lost. The weatherman says hurricane. Saturday. You can see it through the glass floor, swirling, angry.

Then you have one of those things where you're running and running and suddenly you fall, so you're falling through the air and down through the eye of that hurricane, and your leg twitches, and you give her the option to turn around. "Mom," you say, climbing back into the dream. "Let's go back. I changed my mind..."

She's pauses, switches on the windshield wipers, rolls down a window. "This train don't stop," she says. "Let's go."

Something's pulling at your center, pulling you to Portland

Oregon Portland Maine, and suddenly there's this giant red-and-silver magnet looming closer and closer and you're afraid you'll hit it straight-on. You're hurtling over land, like when you were little and rolled down hills until grass stains bled onto your pants. This part is in fast forward: someone's holding down the button on the remote, mountains whiz by, and your post office, and suddenly you stop at an empty train platform, next to a dead snowy beach. No kites, too cold.

Then it's all familiar, at least as realistic as a dream can be. You're in a town, a little town; you've passed through it before, you're sure, but then again lots of towns look like this, and dreams, you've heard, are little pieces of things that you know, only twisted and turned and flipped upside down.

But back to the dream: in the space after a rain, the streets are silver with reflections of headlights; you're walking barefoot. Just outside of town, you pass a go-cart track. Go-carts. Chain-link fence. Portland. Jack. Coat. Smoke. Kenzie. You flash to a GPS, glowing on some big screen in a big boardroom, and you're an executive in a pinstripe

suit. “Jack is the red dot,” the voiceover says. “McKenzie Kenzie is the blue.” The dots blink on the screen, circling, backing up, running parallel. Fuck, you’re thinking. Jack is the blue dot.

Then you’re you again, no more pinstripe suit, back in Portland. You see him everywhere you go, everywhere you go; everywhere you go, you’re on edge, feeling like you might fall into that hurricane again. A group of baseball-capped boys in a booth at the pizza shop bare his image; you wonder if the waitress in roller skates knows his name.

Then you’re outside that damn convenience store again, and this time it’s clear some time has passed, the windows boarded up and tacky Christmas lights blinking on the roof. You park your car next to an inflatable Santa; “Go on,” she says to you, “Go on go on go on,” but everything’s foggy and it’s closing in like that poem about little cat feet. That guy on WBZ is still droning on; what a soundtrack. The rain is fast and hard on the glass and blurs the scene: that damn convenience store, etched in your mind, etched from words he spoke in your ear and

ran down your neck. That red blinking glow of the digital clock is back: 12:00, 12:00, it says. He should be up.

Something pushes you out of the front seat and onto the hot pavement, towards where he is, but she stays back, heat on to clear the fog on the glass. This time it’s just the muggy hurricane that forms droplets on the insides of the windows. You walk far from her and close to where he is, so close, and your white shirt is wet with sweat and rain. Your heart pounds like a bass drum that shakes the ground; you reach the door and ring the bell, images swimming before your eyes. You hear the voice of a man on the phone- is it his? You peer through a crack; only vacuum hums inside. He’s close, he may be just feet from you, by that wall, or on that couch... The man comes to the door and sees it’s you... And then the boards on the windows start to shake harder with your knees, the tin roof pushes off sheets of metal that clatter to the ground behind you. You want to rush past and shake him awake from his nightmare, shake you awake from your own, but instead you stand there a minute, trying to fight, staring

at the man with a mouth like a vacuum. He's sucking you in but you have to run before it buckles, and you turn away, run slow-motion through waves back to your mother with the windshield wipers on.

The bus is too hot and Princess Diana's funeral is on the radio. You watch that convenience store crumble around the vending machines, until only piles of lottery tickets and the Slurpee machine are left. You think you had a dream about Slurpees once, but you're driving into the angry sea and you wake up thirsty with your alarm, 6 AM, and after that, he's gone.

After that, you dream of normalcy, as normal as dreams can be, of flying and swimming and dogs with three legs. He never comes back—just like that, gone with the rage of that angry sea, unresolved and pointless. Although you don't know him, don't know who the fuck he is, you feel like you've lost something, let something slip away, and in your waking hours you're haunted and out of place. He's like a bruise that you notice only because it's different, a new scar, but you can't remember where you got it. You're left with

broken blood vessels, trying to remember what broke them.

It used to be—in the time when he was still with you—that your conscious life appeared in your dreams, that a sign on the highway from your drive home showed up on a cliff in India, or grey curtains from your living room spiraled into your shower. But now that he's gone, your dreams pop up at your desk, on your computer screen, in an ad on TV. The images fog your mind, sneak in when you're running laps or eating lunch. You recognize some semblance of his face in movie stars, in your cousin's nose, in everyone you see—his voice streams out above you in elevators and in the spaces between sentences. You begin to think, after a while, that your dreams are the reality—that your cells under a microscope, brushing against his, connect to your sensory neurons as you sip your coffee and put on your boots, that your life with this faceless boy is more real than your own.



Michelle Gallepeau '11

Grab A Match

Andrew Coleburn '12

As the last trace of light
fades over the lake in the distance.
And as the last lamp is switched off.
The darkness is infectious.
And those lucky or misfortunate enough
to catch the sensation,
Smile.
Or gasp.
This is the end of the illuminating day.
So run.
Or play along.
Grab a match and some gasoline
Because the night has just begun.
And all the twisted, crazy and disturbed,
Are about to have some fun.

Untitled

Angela Lim '11

Watching TV, reading a magazine,
She is smiling so happily.
In those pretty clothes,
Surrounded by multitudes of masculine boys,
All I can do is admire her.

I see myself in the mirror,
Thick thighs, double chins, gross bulk around my waist.
Why can't I be like her? Skinny legs, toned abs, no flab!
A size 6 is too much—A 2 would make me special.
I would do anything it takes—
I won't eat, I won't sleep!
I'll take pills, pay thousands of dollars to become beautiful.

It's been a week since I've eaten and I'm very weak.
But I'm very happy because people say I've become much prettier.
I am almost there, down to 3.
But I don't look like her at all.
Will I resemble her if I am 0?

A fistful of my hair falling out everyday
My skin is peeling off, blue bruises infiltrated my cheeks and engulf
my body.
Will people be impressed by my thinness again this time?
I say hello. They are running away.
Am I still too fat?

The Twilight Ride

Andrew Coleburn '12

There was nothing quite like it,
The woosh of the air
On my face in the hours just before night.
It was as if I were soaring,
Like a bird through the sky.
Completely free with nothing to tie me down.

With exhilarating speed,
Kicking dust up behind me,
I fly down the road and forget it all.
Because this is my escape.
I just let the dust pick up and carry
All the angels and demons away.
There's nothing, no one, but me and the dark.

Seeing gets harder, but that doesn't matter.
I'd say it even makes it better.
I just ride down the path
That the wind and wheels will me to follow.
Guiding me through the cool twilight.
Stripping everything away.
And leaving nothing, no one. Except me and the dark.

expensive leather

Kaitlyn Mullin '10

I wear this headache like a badge, a battle wound
the way your fingers wear those little stones we threw at the moon
you ask me why I keep myself so “goddamn miserable”
with your 2 am coffee like awake is inevitable

I told you your morbid tendencies were starting to depress me
you said you weren't nearly as morbid before you met me
fighting your quick wit and knack for good straight faces
and uncanny talent for taking me to undiscovered places

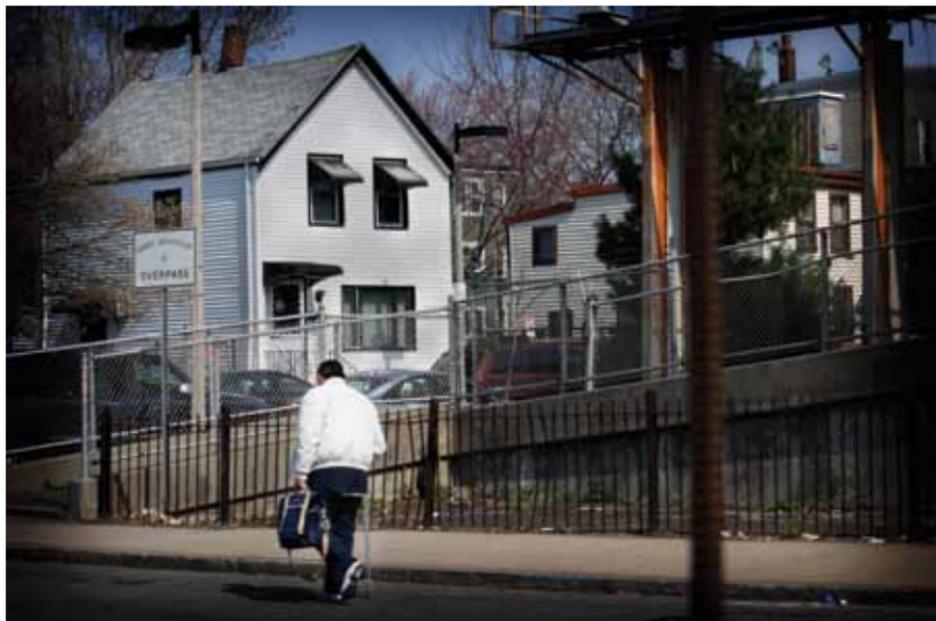
I'll miss your cigarettes and foreign films when I go west
and I can't forget the patterns I drew on your bare chest
the word is ugly, but we'll paint it how we want
neon and pastel, think out loud in spidery fonts

You used to want to waste our time with all our stupid dreams
while we listened to The Cure too loud by that hidden stream
it used to be me and you, no shoes, but that damn expensive leather
changed your mind and made your heart as fickle as the weather

The Invisible Smiles

Isabel Hulseman '13

A single strand of hair glides magnificently through the light air.
Caught up in all the commotion around him, he longs for quiet
Yet that is all he has
Nothing else
That single crimped hair worn out from the distance it's traveled
to a high deserted and isolated dusty shelf.
He has no past, he has no future, he is no present
There it sits, waiting, just waiting, for nothing to not happen.
As a small gust of wind sashays in slow motion towards the shriveled
hair, it drops its thick grey top.
So small, so slow, like a drop of syrup descending down a flat surface.
It's absence, not noticed, gone, like a smile, so common, were so
quick, it goes disregarded, rare.
A blink of an eye.
It's gone.
As if never there, as if never living.
Too caught up in the negative.
Will we ever see the positive, the justice, this little hair will create an
impact on a life, maybe not an
important life to one, but an important one towards all.
The weak hair not like any other will never be discerned
It is like all other smiles, why any different?
Tired and drooping the tiny dancer on wind is tiptoeing into nothing,
as it finally reaches its destination
Another dusty shelf in another unimportant room.
Why must this room be inconsequential?
Unnoticed, unseen, untouched, a smile.



Katie Rudolph '12



Rory Burke '11

VOICES

Milan Gary '12

What is that sound?
I hear it near me
At the end of the day it
suffocates me

Fearless I am
But strong I am not

Home is different
All my fault

I am rude
I am selfish
I am arrogant
Why?

My parents ignore me
My sister keeps distance
My friends no longer know me
I am an invisible monster
Why?

The sound, voices
My strength has faded
I listen.

I hear knowledge
Confidence
Happiness
Caring

This voice is me
A reminder of who I was
And can still be

A nameless day

Eloise Willemssen '11

I spend the lazy hours;
afternoon
Coaxing art from my brush

But all I can see
Are the lines of red streaked
Across the wet pavement

Last November

A pale hand surrounded
By a thick white line

And loose yellow tape
Trampled to shreds underfoot.

My canvas is a mess of orange
Splattered without care
After the page was ruined

Just like a winter morning
When the first footprints

Mar the soft coating
On the frozen ground

I turn away and stare
Through a window
Coated in wisps of steam

From my mother's bath

Through the fog
I watch an alley
Cat leap from the

Overflowing dumpster
And disappear around
The far corner

My mother's shout
Rouses me from
My thoughts

And I turn back to my
Life, ignoring the
Heartache

Left over from that
Moment, those hours,

Where you were still free
When you laughed like
Nothing would ever hurt you

But I am ready to cater to
Her every need.

Smile!

Kaitlyn Mullin '10

He loved his camera more than anything else. He just wasn't comfortable with the world around him, and everything looked more peaceful through a lens. He never was one to look at things straight, raw, as they were. He'd asked his mom for glasses when he was five, even though his vision was perfect, and she could never get them off his face until he was sound asleep. He discovered photography at eight, when a classmate brought her mother's camera into show and tell. That was all he wanted for his birthday that year, and he's taken over 10,000 photos. He's papered his walls over the years in snapshot moments, everything from a half-eaten carrot hanging from his mother's mouth to the slightly creepy midnight cashier at the downtown Walmart restocking a shelf of instant coffee. He didn't really have

friends because people were just far more complicated than cameras. He considered himself a bit of a romantic but not the modern flowers and chocolate romantic, the traditional gothic romantic he learned about in AP Literature. Sometimes he wondered if it was narcissistic that his favorite photo was of himself. He wasn't smiling in the picture, but his eyes were bright and wide open. It was the night the doctors told him his mother's cancer was gone; but that's not why he liked it. No, he loved the irony of it all actually. It was hanging on his wall, contrasting with his mother's bright smile on her black and white obituary.



Madison Tsao '12

Snowflakes

Lindsay Mackay '10

She was leaning against the countertop with her hand resting on the door handle of the microwave oven. Her eyes were glued to the green numbers, watching them flash closer and closer to zero, in intervals that seemed much too large for seconds. Inside, a ceramic mug depicting a garden scene spun around in circles, the blooming flowers waving to her as she passed by and greeting her again when they came around the bend. Finally, the timer fell to zero and she pulled open the door before it could ding. She knew that her food was ready; she didn't need to be told.

Carefully taking the mug out of the microwave oven, she laced her fingers around the handle and sipped the steaming broth in her mug. Perfect. It was just what she needed.

With the mug still in hand, she crossed the tiny kitchen,

side-stepping flyers that had been strewn across the floor that morning after they escaped the folds of the Daily News during breakfast. She slowly entered the living room, watching the surface of the broth taunting her as it swayed from side to side, and reassumed her earlier position on the window seat by the picture window. It was the one good thing that the little room had to offer. Sure, there was an old television set, a beaten-up red sofa, and a little coffee table, but they all seem even more mediocre next to the giant window that spanned half the wall. During the summer, sunlight would pour into the room and heat it up like a toaster, and in the winter she had the best seat in the theater to a spectacle of falling flurries.

Her hands were wet with condensation, or maybe it was spilled chicken broth, whichever

it was, she could not tell. She unwound her fingers on the mug, briefly wiped each hand, one-by-one, on the thigh of her jeans, and then returned then to their grip around the old green mug. It was nice to be holding something so warm. It had been cold for days; the kind of cold that convinces a person that another household resident must have left a window open on another floor, for there was no other explanation of how it could be so cold indoors. Even wrapped up in her wool sweater, her bones rattled with chills.

She turned at the waist, and glanced out at the snow. It had been falling for three days straight now. Normally the display would have been a treat for her, but this snow wasn't the quick and frenzied particles leaping through the air and swirling into an oblivion that she loved. This snow was uniformed Babbitt's, marching off to work in a steady rhythm. They fell straight down with no variation to their paths and grinned smugly in their complacency. Go to work, bring home bacon, buy nice things, and do it all over again the next day. That was happiness, right? They disappointed her. She

would have drawn a curtain over the window had she been wise enough to include one when she had moved in to the little house. It would make more sense to keep the house warm than to watch the conventional little snowflakes follow their routine.

She was going to be late for her own wedding rehearsal. It would be starting in forty minutes. She still needed to change, gather together her paperwork, and finish putting together the favors that she was making for her bridesmaids. She was well aware of how late she was going to be, and how terrible it would be for the bride to be late, but she could not bring herself to budge from the window seat.

She loved Ned, or at least she was pretty sure she did, and she knew that they would be happy together, or at least she was pretty sure they would. She was just surprised that they were getting married in ten days. The news should not have shocked her. She was the one who said yes when he knelt on one knee, she was the one who couldn't wait to make the announcement at dinner with her friends and family, and she was the one who picked

the wedding date, purposely planting it into the dead of February to add excitement to everyone's winter. The thought only shocked her when she thought of all the things that she had always envisioned herself doing before marriage; all of the countries she wanted to visit, all of the clubs and bars she wanted to hop, all of the crazy experimental relationships she wanted to have, and all of the new people she wanted to meet, none of which she had done. But she was getting married and her plans would have to change.

She knew that Ned was the one man for her. She had known this since high school when they first met, by chance, in her second-choice senior elective class on the works of William Shakespeare. He was so well-spoken, so bright, and always loaned her pencils, and shared his Wite-Out with her. She was so excited when he asked her to go to coffee one night, even if that meant she was going to miss the semi-finals of the boys' basketball tournament. There would always be a chance to watch the team later, she had figured.

And so she and Ned stayed together in college. Their

schools were only a thirty-five minute drive from each other, so weekends were spent together, alternating between her school and his school. They graduated in the same year, stayed to get their Master's Degrees, and found jobs in the same city. And here they were now, eight years later, engaged, and to be married in ten days, forever finalizing their bonds of love.

She loved Ned, she truly did.

She looked down into what was left in her mug of broth. She wished it had some noodles in it, or even carrots, but a cup of broth was virtually calorie-free and a cup of chicken noodle soup would probably keep her from fitting into her wedding gown. The gown had been made a year ago when Ned had just proposed, when she used to hit the gym daily. Over the past year it had become a little snug and simply didn't fit properly anymore. But she loved the gown, so she declared that she would find a way to make it fit, no matter what, so the hips had to go.

The snow continued to cover her narrow driveway at its metronome-set pace. Everything was white as far as the eye could see, which was not very far with

the gray clouds and shapeless masses of trees and houses on the other side of the window. She couldn't see her mailbox. She couldn't see the dent in the snow where the Daily News sat that morning. She was thankful that she had parked in the garage last night. All she would have to do was back out in her all-wheel drive Jeep and head on over to the church. The roads would be bad, but there had to be plows out. She only had to get to the center of town, and then park in front of that white steeple, if she could find it in the mess of powder. But it was simple. All she had to do was get up and leave.

She tipped her head back and down the last of the chicken broth. She was going to be rather late for her wedding rehearsal.



The Spire

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