

*Beach Boys* by Jade Fiorilla '17  
Gold Key: Poetry

They ride their bikes  
bare feet bare chests  
skin stained by the sun  
a honeyed hue,

Down the boulevard  
racing the double yellow line  
freckles of sand  
the smell of sunblock  
sweat and summer,

When the breeze blows  
they consume  
narrow numbered streets  
the lapping low tide  
and full thundering moon  
their shadow,

Up the hill to Plum Crest  
the ocean beckons  
salt on their tongues  
droplets fall between  
shoulder blades,

They swim in my memories  
their smiles so bright  
the sun the sand the summer  
taught them well

*A Mirage of Self* by Harrison Tuttle '18  
Gold Key: Poetry

All he does  
Is think about home  
About his wife making food  
About his daughter playing in the womb;  
He clutches his right pocket  
Fearful of the letter inside  
Hopefully it won't be opened  
He hopes he can survive;  
The jeep rattles over the bumpy road  
An I.E.D. causes the back wheel to explode  
Switching his mind into attack mode  
He jumps out the door  
To the sound of guns roaring in a bloody war  
He starts to unload;  
Bullets fly through the air  
Whistling without a care  
Yet he remembers his son's face  
Glistening in the light  
So innocent to the reality of fate;  
A bullet whizzes past his ear  
Woken up he begins to fear  
Not for himself  
Yet the legacy he's been working so hard for;  
So he gets back to his feet  
Halting his mental retreat,  
Motioning for covering fire  
He flanks to his left  
Eyes wide with desire;  
He guns down four men with their backs to high noon  
And rushes up the sand dune;  
Diving to his stomach to avoid being seen  
The clever man calls in an aerial stampede;  
He stares up at the clouds  
And watches his wife's face talk up and down  
The day she wore that wedding gown;  
Suddenly three planes rip through the cloud  
Bombs fly out of them and plop to the ground;  
After the sand clears he stands up  
Gun raised relinquishing all fear  
He howls like a wolf celebrating over  
Food he just commandeered;  
The jeep continues down the winding sandy street  
Driving off into the sunset  
No one makes a peep as the soldier awakes from a deep sleep.

*Comatosed* by Hannah Walsh '18  
Gold Key: Poetry

My eyes refuse to open.  
My lips won't separate.  
I can't lift a finger.  
My arms lay flat beside me.  
My toes angled at the ceiling.

My body draped in a soft linen sheet.  
My head resting on a creamy white pillow.  
Primary colored wires  
serpentine down my arms like external veins.  
The delicate aroma of peach rose meanders.

My limbs a hardened cement,  
my bones welded steel rods.  
My body is stuck.  
But my mind, continues to travel.

My brain has sprouted extremities of it's own.  
It's fists pound against my skull  
with the force of a bulldozer.  
Begging on it's hands and knees  
just to be heard.  
My psyche trapped inside an ivory cage.  
I try. Yet I can't wake myself up,  
from this eternal dream.

I hear my family  
and the doctors discussing,  
trying to keep their voices to a minimum.  
Arguing. Yelling. Crying.  
I am aware of it all,  
But they are so naïve.

I am in no place  
to make decisions,  
yet I am the most aware.  
I allow them to decide for me.  
Only because I haven't a choice.

I am still lively.  
On the inside at least.  
Still, they decide I am not,  
and take from me,  
My inner beast.