

Chariho High
School's

The **GREEN** *Light*

Volume 2 - 2017



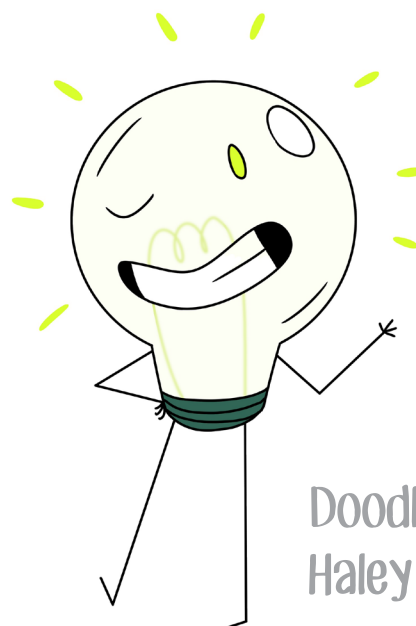
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Doodles by
Haley Argo



Artwork by **Taryn Opalka**
Scratch Paper



Artwork by **Lillian Melchiori**

Chalk Pastel, Acrylic Paint

Wistful Thinking

By Raven Caster

To me,
Writing is everything.

In my mind, there is nothing more alluring
Than watching a galaxy unfold
And stars form in the eyes of strangers
You know you'll never meet.



Chill Pills

Artwork by **Devon DiPalma**
Relief Print

By Jessica LaFreniere

Calm down, chill out
Saying such words will only
Fill me with doubt
And I realize in the back
of my mind
That you're only trying to
Keep everyone kind
But what it doesn't do
Is convince me to have faith
in you
'Cause each time you press repeat
Only makes my heart stutter
in another beat
With each truth you refuse to say,
My soul and heart only walk
another foot away
So, next time you open your mouth
Please try closing it before everything,
including our relationship, goes south...

"I sort of feel the burning
joyous affirmative
righteousness of how
awesome it is just to be alive,
even on your worst day... You
know? It's a sort of defiance.
Suffering is seldom joyful, but
expressing one's capacity for
survival almost always is."
- John Darnielle



The Road to Self Confidence

By Shaely Bentley

I'm stuck at the bottom of the ocean,
Wondering if I could drown in emotions.
Got cut on the broken shards of my heart,
I've got monsters trying to tear me apart.
There's a battle raging inside my head,
So don't be surprised I'm looking so dead.

I need a hero who knows how to swim,
My thoughts are filling my mind to the brim.
The pressure in my skull keeps me controlled,
Can't let it out, there'd be destruction untold.
I swear my heart stopped beating long ago.
My brain's broken and it's starting to show.

Memories took their toll on me,
Left scars you're never going to see.
So please believe me when I say,
I won't ever feel things the same way.
I was broken, and I got used.
I got shattered, and I'm still bruised.

I made a sacrifice to keep you happy
So I gave up my precious sanity.
I won't be making that mistake again,
If what I know now could be known back then.
I wish I could've warned myself to run,
Maybe avoid all the damage that's been done.

Please keep me warm till the summertime comes,
But I can't breathe with water in my lungs.
Show me that I'm still capable to love.
I'm not perfect, but maybe I'm enough.
I'm empty inside, I'm a fresh new slate,
Can't change my past, and I don't like my fate

Artwork by **Sara Sweisford**
Watercolor Paint



Artwork by **Haley Argo**
Digital Art

Public Mayhem

By Jessica LaFreniere

Crowds equal chaos
They are one & the same
In them, terror, mayhem, and panic
Reign...
Hiding beneath the sound
of laughter
Grasping to the illogical
fear of exposure...
In crowds, people murmur
in tune to the pulsing
beat of my heart...
In crowds, I never know
how & where to start...

Salzburg

By Elizabeth Coppes

It's as if it hadn't aged in the slightest, as if not one year had come to pass in its ancient halls. Yet the floorboards creaked from the weight of a thousand footsteps, lost in time with each passing year. The castle had braved cannon fire, rifles, archers, and perhaps some other foe that I could not count. Presiding over the Austrian city, Hohensalzburg had been its warden for decades. I had been in many a castle, ventured through nameless fortresses that must have served some purpose long ago. I had always loved them, fascinated with everything from past ages since I was small. Being there, being a part of what could have been history, was exhilarating as being in an amusement park. I didn't get the rush of euphoria from blinding colors and sudden motion- it was achieved through silence and exploration. As I carefully padded down the halls on the upper floor, it occurred to me that I had forgotten what year it was built. From what little I remembered, it was built in the early half of the thirteenth century, ancient by American standards. A slight draft wafted down my course of travel, and I shivered. These walls were not built for comfort, I thought as I ran my hand over the protruding stones and onto the timber beams. I ascended a compact flight of stairs up to the ramparts where archers would have rained arrows upon an imposing army. As I lightly walked around, careful not to trip, I wondered about the archers from years before. How many had died on these walls? What did they think of, in their last moments, as they lay on the cold stone? From here, you could see the whole city and its expanses- Stift Nonnberg directly east, Sacher Hotel a little ways to the west, and Schloß Mirabell was located north as the crow flies. The winter day chilled me, and I wrapped my coat around myself. Behind me lay the Austrian Alps, and I wondered if hundreds of years before, a girl like me had seen them too.

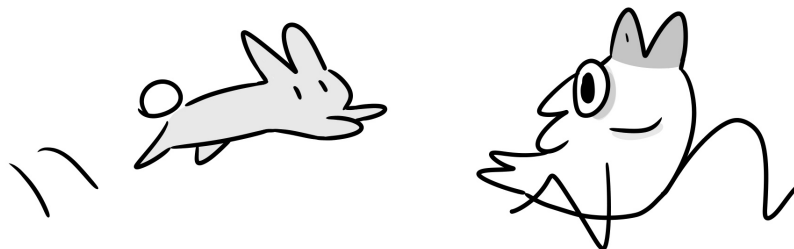
Outside the car window, I could see the fortress on the hill shrinking in the distance as we made our way out of the city. Pressing my hand to the cool glass, I kept my eye on it for as long as I could, before it was swallowed whole. It would be a long time before I could see it again, but at that age I knew nothing. I have yet to walk those halls a second time.



Artwork by **Caiden Fratus**
Acrylic Paint

“Leonardo’s Mona Lisa is just a thousand thousand smears of paint. Michelangelo’s David is just a million hits with a hammer. We’re all of us a million bits put together the right way.”

-Chuck Palahniuk, *Diary*



A Mother's Voice

By Sarah Bentley

I fight and crawl and tremble
Down the same dark paths as you.
I beg and scream and cry
For the same things that you do.
I tried my best all by myself
But never heard a word
Of what you told me,
How you tried,
Your heeding's went unheard.

I walked along a pitch black path
With eyes that could not see.
You reached out with unfolded arms
And loudly called to me.
But with deaf ears and hooded eyes
I walked all by myself,
Ignoring all your warnings
And your pleas to try and help.

I walked the path up to a cliff
And stepped right off the side.
A fall that you had warned me of,
For I walked with darkened eyes.
But who were you to tell me
Of things you could not know.
For you were old and I was young
To me my world my own.

But you were right and I was wrong,
I see that clearly now.
The world I thought was all my own
was never mine at all.
This world was built by your young mind
Each path wrought through your soul.



Sculpture by **Quentin Lake**
Ceramic

Your heart was full and eyes were wide
As you watched me go the way.
The very path you yourself once took,
The same place you had strayed.
But even as I tripped and fell
Down that steep stony cliff
You reached your arms out open wide
And caught me in your grip.

You lifted me as you yourself
Knew just the way I felt.
The fear and darkness seeping in
The hopeless, broken doubt.
But as I saw your hand stretch out
And grip my forearm tight
My fear and anguish slipped away
and hope bloomed shining bright.

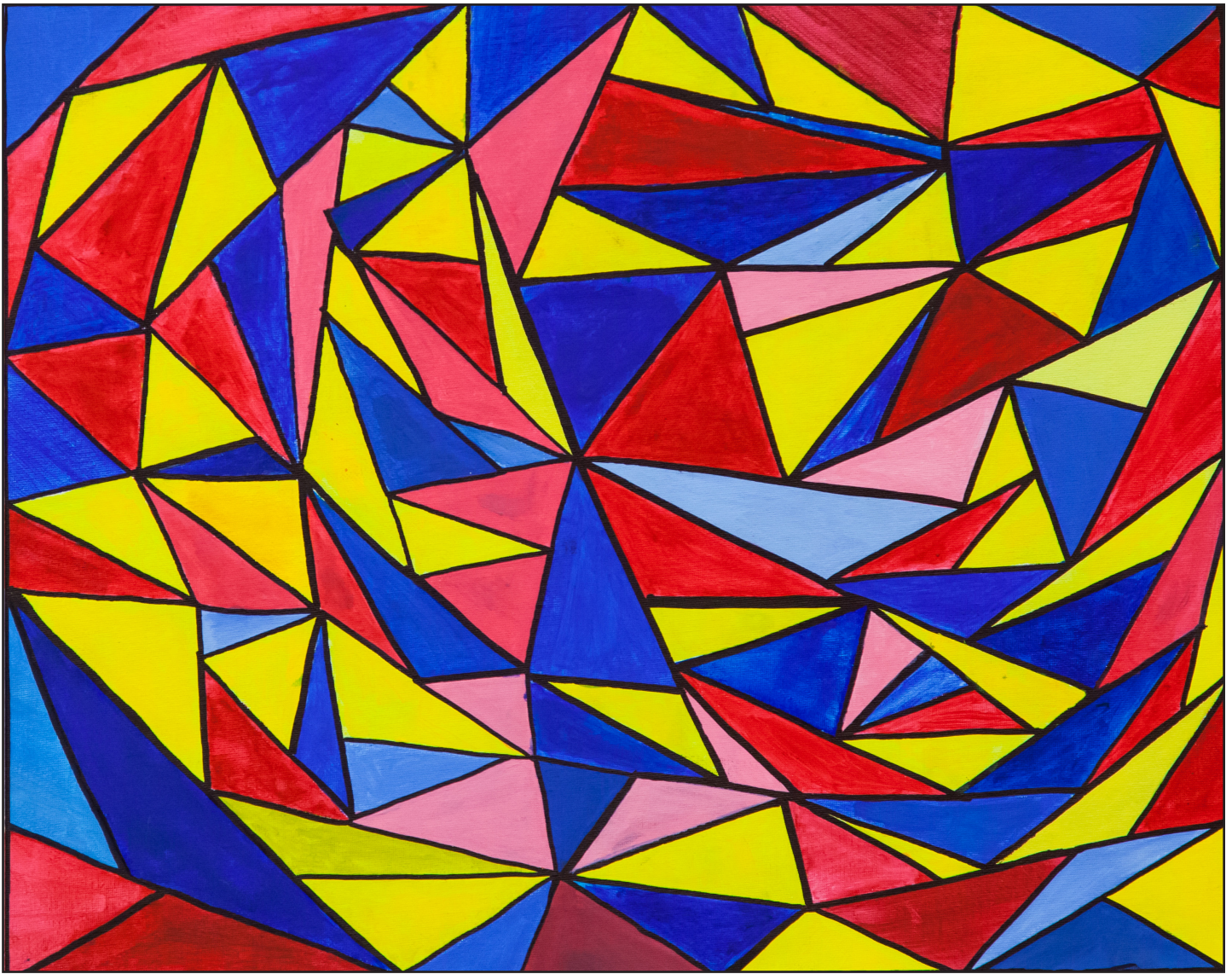


Artwork by **Cassidy Argo**
Acrylic Paint

Flawed Beauty

By Jessica LaFreniere

Beauty is a mystery
Relying on a history
Of confidence & self worth
It never dares to think
of loss, instead of birth...
For what happens?
If you cannot find
the missing link...
In the emotions
you unearth?



Artwork by **Oceana Kenyon**
Acrylic Paint

What it is

By Conner Pierce

Your heartbeat is a first time driver never knowing when to stop or when to slow down. Love is that one belonging you so desperately want, gluing all the pieces back together when it gets broken until there is no more glue. Abstraction is often one floor above us. Sanity is a juggling act, happiness is a trophy, failure is a barbed wire shirt you wear every day, fear is the city beneath the tightrope you walk, and life is a chess game. And you? You are a player. A player who chooses if you win or lose the high stake game of life. The audience is everyone, everyone you ever met, ever saw, everyone. Even that girl you wrote that long letter to, who never read it. Everyone. And who are you playing against? Why, it's me, of course.

Only the Shadows

By Kate Rosivach

Whatever may happen, my Love,
the shadows
will only be shadows.

The monsters who gnash at you in
the cloying darkness
will always and only
be your imagination.

Hush, my child of light,
the darkness holds no lies for you
nor can it harm those
who dream in
shades of the rain.

What you hide from,
scream from,
cry from,
is just the murky waters
of that which you have yet to know.

The growls you hear,
are just the house singing
you to sleep,
after a day that burned them
with your dreams.

You begin to become accustomed
to the gossamer that
caresses your unconscious body
with burning eyes.

Fear not, my child,
the world will never forget of you,
even in the technicolor drugs
of our unconscious minds.

Oh lost one, try to scream out,
try to break free
from the chains that bind
/me/



Photograph by **Lillian Melchiori**
Photography

What I hide in,
is simply the insistence
that there will be no
white knight shining through
the shadows to save the day.

Please friend,
they are grasping at my mind,
my body has long since
gone to leave-
what?
leave torn dreams and
a skeletal smile to fool the
next who trust me?

Oh run boy,
Run as far as you can and
hide in the light.
Run until your legs fall and
your lungs explode with
crystalline air.

And when you
think of ending your
flight-
dream of me and
Remember-
they're only shadows.



Sculpture by **Emily Allen**
Paper Maché

Tied Up

By Tara Gozaydin

Queen Dory, in all her glory, wore the best fur coat the world knew.
Her sister booed when she ate her food, but she never got fat.
She dreamed of chicken-parmesan as she shut her eyes, so blue.
The next day was weird 'cause she disappeared to follow a treasure map.
Agent Tony Mitts was quite fit and drooled for beautiful girls all around.
He wore a tux and bet many bucks he'd never settle for a one and only,
But the welcher made him swelter, while he had the hots for a lost girl in town;
He didn't realize her identity, as she, in disguise, was taken away to sea.
Cassie, the Pirate, was a riot and loved to make his mates laugh to tears,
But his humor grew gloomier when he led a lady on to beg for cheese.
Sand flooded fancy shoes as a man shuddered into the water, so clear;
Bravely he dragged her out safely and conquered the thief with Febreze.
He treated her wants at an Italian restaurant before she uncloaked in style!
Although now they often fight, their relationship is as tight as his bowtie.

February

By Tyanna Johnson

Thought you were a real gem
Or even the ultimate destiny or dream
Bogus! You were consumed with all of them
Of course you ran and chose their team

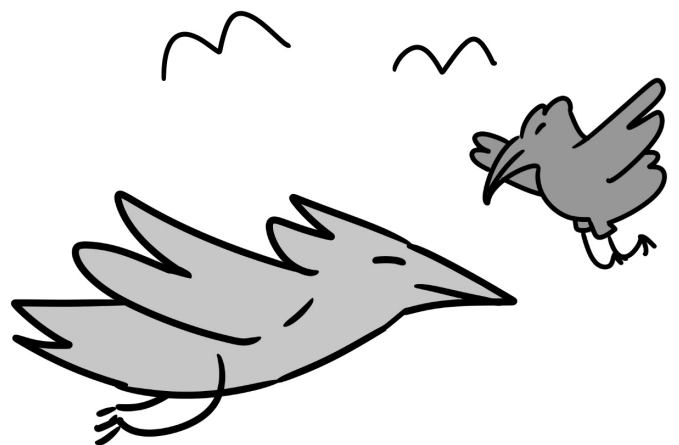
Everyday my head filled with hope
Heart pounding, hands shaking
Everyday I longed for a telescope
To find you, but my heart started breaking

I still tried making it all work
Texting you or blowing off an assignment
At times you would be the biggest jerk
I knew I should've been put into confinement

Slowly you had started to grasp my spirit
February! How'd you get a hold of it?



Artwork by **Sarah LaBrosse**
Relief Print





Artwork by **Cassidy Argo**
Acrylic Paint

Elements

By Marissa Alfiero

In bits and pieces, slowly, like a wide reveal in a murder mystery, the events of the previous night sheepishly make their way back to her, memories like naughty children.

In evaluation, she sees how each moment of her life has been arranged to form her self: all of it, the ebb and the flow, the constant undulations of a woman lost control, can be attributed to one thing: she is either nothing, or everything. The peril of this ricocheting delirium lies in the constant shifts; she is either attempting to drain herself to nothing at all, falling into the sense of erasure that dissolves her character completely, or she is actively fighting to make her presence a palpable thing, brawling against the insistence of nothing that presses its way in around her.

Either she's not real, or she's insisting that she exists, that her heart beats with the steady "ka-thump" of a flesh-and-blood person.

That is all- she is the Mariana Trench or the volcanoes of Pompeii. A non-human or a thousand shards of light scattered and searching to make their way back to one another. No softness of middle ground exists between the two, or, ever, for that matter.

She evaluates herself in a mirror- hair limply tucked behind her ears as if it wishes it were absent, no longer loitering on her scalp. Skin pocked with blemishes and imperfections, dull eyes hidden in folds of shadow. In all, a face she was not prepared to grow up having.

"You should have known this was coming," she thinks.

You see each day arrange itself before you in neat, ordered chunks of time, every one an exact replica of the next or the one before it, all amalgamating to form a completely mundane existence. You know you are regressing into yourself, into what you used to be, and you can't help but feel like a fraud. The knowledge that you are free to exist in the world, yearn to do so, but choose to remain cloistered, is agonizing, and you don't know how much more you can take.

You dream of running away, and when you say 'dream,' you mean that the hypothetical illusion of roaming uninhibited, drifting from farm to farm in a blurry ideal in which you are not 'you' but something fabricated and infinitely better, you mean that this, this false hope, is all that keeps your small raft afloat in your turgid grey brackish.

You close your eyes, sigh, chide yourself for the melodrama, and promise you'll be better one day. Laugh bitterly to your weary, weak reflection (she is just as fragile as you, yet she could be a bird if you were not binding her so closely to the ground), because you know you never will.

Try and validate your existence.

Question your worth.

You turn up your palms.

A small voice:

"nothing."

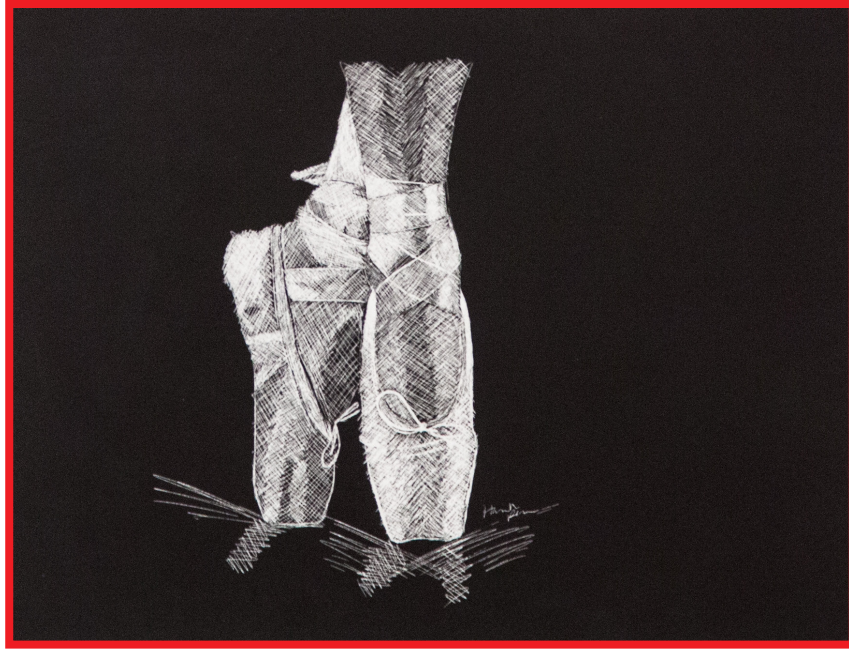


Artwork by **Nicole Ramaker**
Ceramic, Glazed

A Cat in an Empty House

By Anna Tarasuk

I sit on the windowsill
Staring at a world unstill.
My wide brown eyes
Regard the land beyond my prison,
Finding each tiny movement.
It's my intent
To catch the quivering of leaves
And the hopping of tiny birds;
The occasional slinking shrew
Or maybe something new.
My tail twitches, counting every second
Till the people come back.
For now I am stuck in a silent home,
Nothing to do and nowhere to roam.



Artwork by **Hannah Perro**
Scratch Paper

Pointe Shoes

By Reese Hathaway

My entire life is relying on this very moment. My future shall be created or destroyed. If I don't get this moment exactly right, I shall not be able to attend college at all. I shall be resigned to teaching the ballet classes at my first studio with students that don't care about ballet. I need to receive a full scholarship in liberal arts with a dance major so I can dance for a company in New York. My dream ever since I was the tender age of six was to be one of the amazing dancers in Swan Lake and meet the incredible stars of the show. I want to meet the dancer that performs as Odette. I want to know how one loves dance so much that she can struggle through the nearly impossible fouettés. Now to think of it, I don't need to ask that. My love of classical ballet is so strong that I would struggle through anything just to continue with it. Now my whole future, especially with dance, relies on my audition. My dance instructor sits beside me and looks into my eyes. "Margot, you just need to try your best and that's all that matters."

Tears begin to stream down my face. "But it does matter. I can't go to college if I don't get a scholarship."

Katrina looks back at me, "If you don't make it, you can have a scholarship for our dance company for one more year, then you can try again. I just want you to try your very best."

"Margot, what are you most worried about?" Katrina asks me.

I pause for a second from my barre work to answer her question. "I'm worried that when I audition, I won't be perfect and the judges will know that and won't want me for their college."

"There is no possible way to get this audition perfect; there is no one way to get your audition perfect, because for everyone that auditions, they are going to perform differently because everyone is going to interpret it a different way. You just need to do the best you can possibly do because there is no possible way to get it perfect. However, as long as you do your best and try your hardest, I will be proud of you, no matter what." I begin my warm ups again and the many stretches. When I am running through my piece for the final time, a woman probably in her senior year of college now enters the room with a t-shirt from the college I want to get into.

"It's time for you to start your audition," the girl states.

Katrina pulls me into a quick hug. "Good luck, try your best, and don't stress too much."

In the room, the judges ask me to do a few warm-ups they don't pay attention to. Then some barre exercises that the judges do pay attention to. Finally, I am asked to perform my audition dance. The piano accompanist performs a section of the piece so I can learn the tempo and his interpretation of the piece is different from the CD version that I have practiced from in the studio. I stop thinking about what I am doing and my feet begin to take over. I finally finish and I know I didn't get everything absolutely correct. Yet, I know that I tried the very best I could. The judges nod their approval towards me.

"Thank you for your audition." They all look down at their notes. "We will get back to you soon about your placement in our program."



Artwork by **Cassidy Argo**
Acrylic Paint

Internal Flowers and External Hopes

By Maddie Kuba

I have grown a habit of looking out of the window when the sun is almost gone.
I like the way the trees seem lonely against the dim blue and green sky,
The way the wind chimes from my neighbor's house are the only things that ride upon the bitter wind.

I now have a fond liking of Earl Grey tea with almond milk and honey.
The way the milk will explode into the dark liquid, seeping itself into every corner of my mug.

There is a wooden crate in my room filled to the brim with yarn, yet I am not fond of bright colors.
The waterfall of muted colors spill over and engulf everything.
If I was to knit myself a sun to lie in the warm rays, I would.
If I could knit myself a moon to look at and dream upon, I would.

When I stand in the mirror that is more dust than reflection, I do not see cracked lips from the dry winter wind nor do I see the eyes that cannot make up on their mind about what color they want to present to everyone else.

I touch my cheek and instead of scarred skin there are soft petals that bloom from my jawline.
The buds that start on my brows bloom into full.
And as I look into the mirror even harder and touch my face with both hands, my blue muddy eyes turn into soft baby blue flowers that grow up and up.

No longer do the small and unnecessary worries that were so deeply rooted in me choke me.
The ivy around my throat, restricting my voice, shrinks back.
New flowers bloom from my eyes and overtake me in eternal beauty.

I am the girl with the face of flowers. No ivy can choke me and you shall never see me wilt.

The Land of Children's Dreams

By Anna Tarasuk

Where is the Land
Of children's dreams?
Where bright ideas
Like dewdrops gleam?
Where shadows
And their dark surprises
Are cast away
By gold sunrises?

Where can it be found
A Land where joy untainted
Created a world more
Perfect than can be painted?
And life is vital,
Strong, and green?
Have you known
This flawless scene?

Tell me, where does
This merry land lay?
Oh, please,
I've forgotten the way.



Artwork by **Maeve Anderson**
Ceramic, Glazed

“Once, in a dry season, I wrote in large letters across two pages of a notebook that innocence ends when one is stripped of the delusion that one likes oneself.”

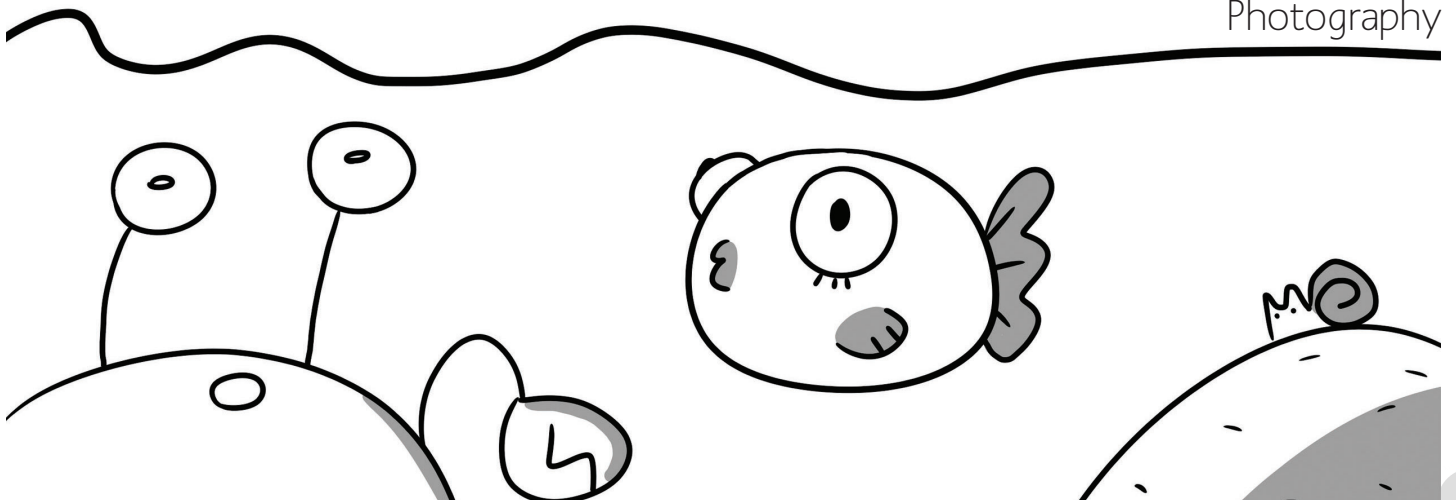
- Joan Didion, “Self Respect: Its Source, Its Power”



“Poetry is not a luxury. It is a vital necessity of our existence. It forms the quality of the light within which we predicate our hopes and dreams towards survival and change, first made into language, then into idea, then into more tangible action.” - Audre Lorde



Photograph by **Avery Moody**
Photography



My Light

By Sarah Bentley

Fighting my fear in doing what's right
Bold decision, a star in the night.
Holding my light up, letting it shine.
Letting you know this choice is mine.

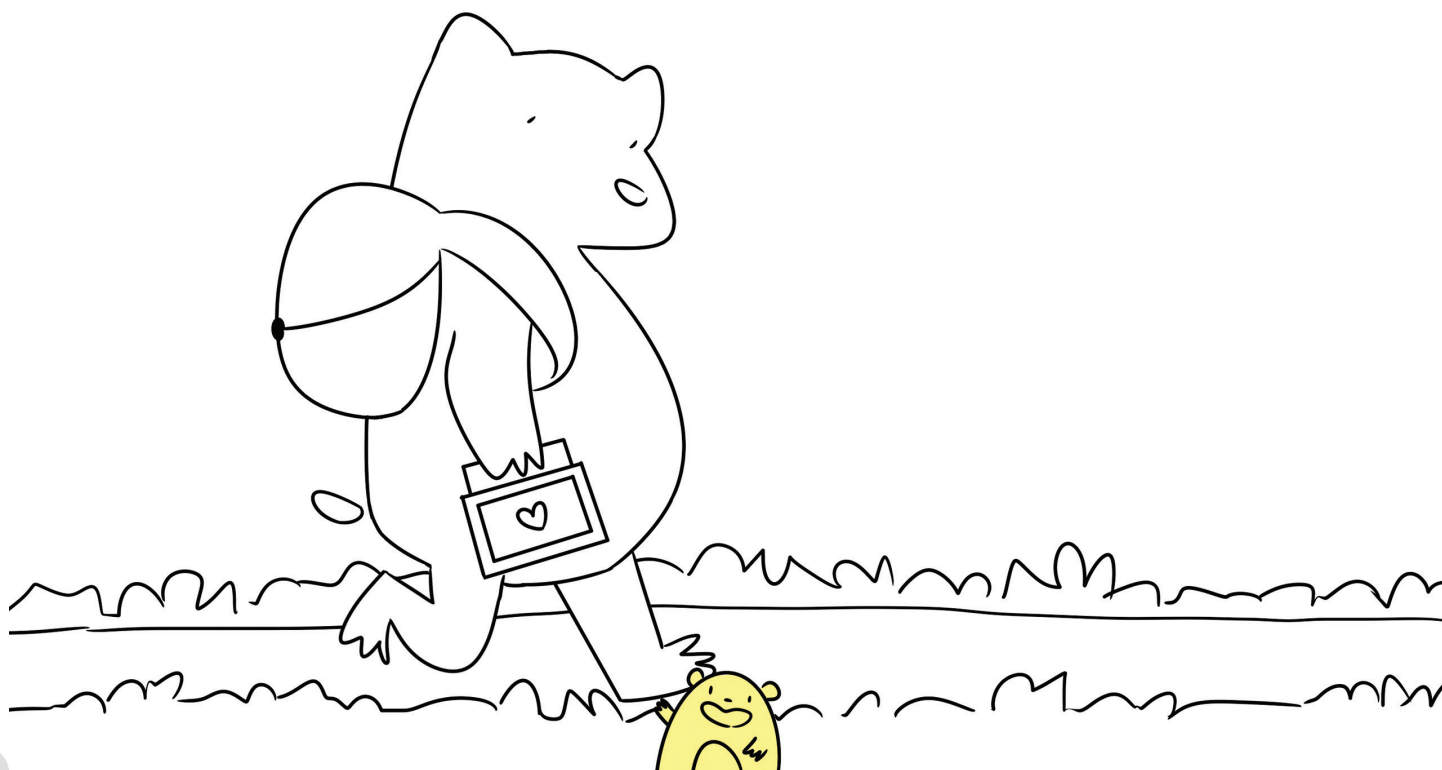
Many others won't do as I do
Yet still I stand, light tried and true.
I will feed my own fire
Burn it higher and higher.

For it is as bright
As my boldness in night.
When all is dark and I am alone
That is when my light is best shown.

So see my courage as it flies like a flag
It marks me as strong, I'm no punching bag.
It shows that in every choice I will fight
for the decision I make for I know it is right.



Artwork by **Sara Sweisford**
Acrylic Paint





Artwork by **Cassidy Argo**
Acrylic Paint

The Poor Lonely

By Jasmine Lerner

I am an angry poet
Who fills her journal with animosity

I write for the adrift
The ones that search but cannot find the words for themselves

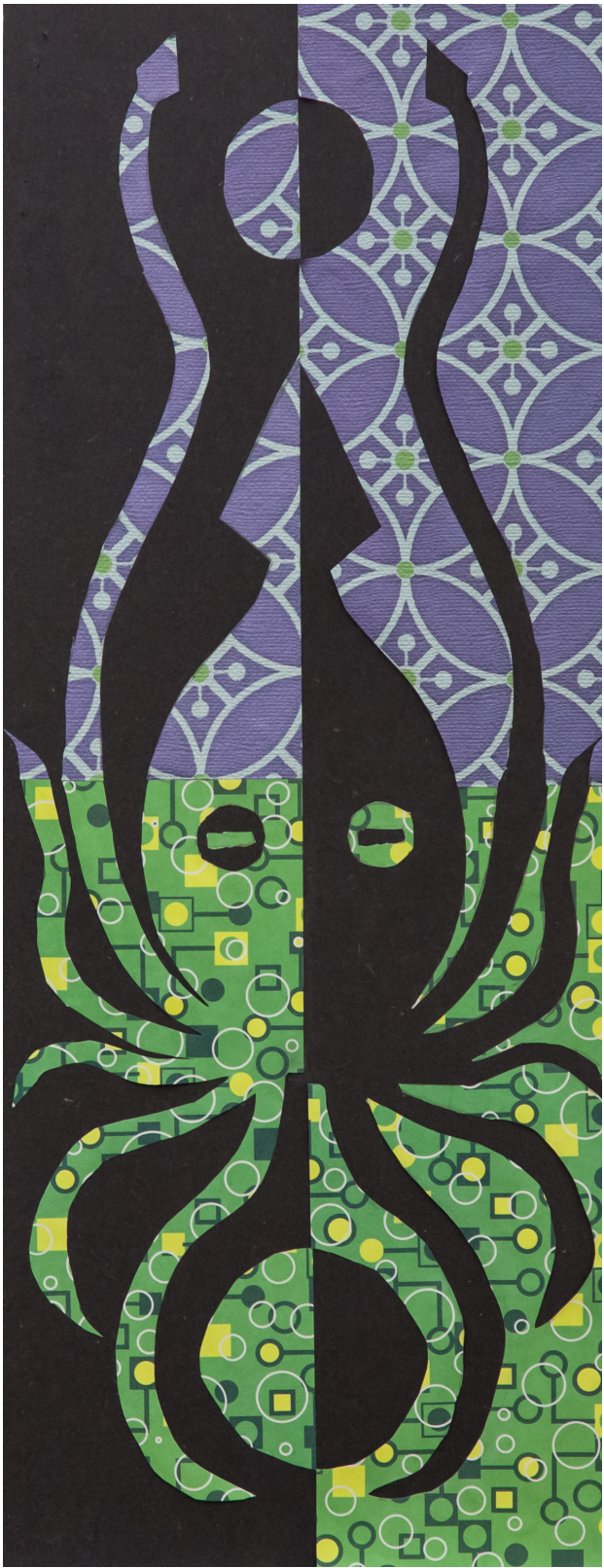
I write for the desolate
The ones that live in isolation from their lovely coterie

I write for the heartbroken
Their lives riven by the one once most trusted

I write for myself
Placing my being among the adrift, the desolate, and the heartbroken

I write for the poor lonely
Their twisted hands entwined with mine
Twirling in an interminable and vicious dance

Until they
fall
Still never having written.

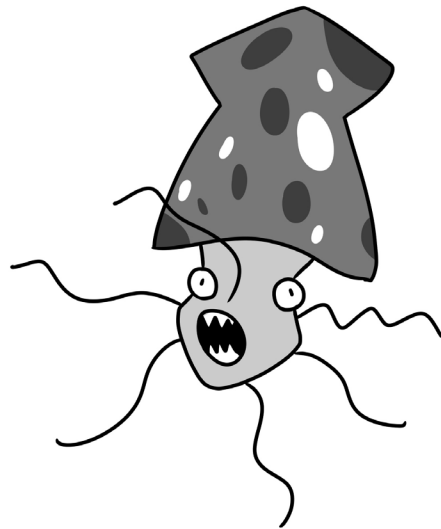


Artwork by **Myla Provost**
Cut Paper

Hopeful Despair

By Jessica LaFreniere

Surrounded by choice
When there exists no guiding voice
Which path should you blindly follow?
Keeping in mind, any could result in
No Tomorrow
Standing at the edge between
Light is smothered by the dark and screams
But even as the warmth of dark's lull
Drags you further and further, your soul mulls
It over and decides to make one final decision before being
pulled over...
And that choice changes it all....
The idea that maybe living and,
not just existing,
is worth one last haul...



To eat or not eat; whether it is easier to eat everything unconsciously and ignore the effects afterward, or to not eat and, by doing so, slowly kill myself as I wither away. For I am trapped in a cage, the cage being my body. For when the days are looked back upon, you shall find a little boy, overweight, overfed, and under liked. The mere thought of food sends me back into that cage I was in for years, and still am. I am forever fearing that I live in a dream and one mistake of what I eat will wake me back up and I'll still be in that cage. I look around and think "why can't I be like them." That's what they want and that's all I have ever wanted. When seeing my family, all I can see in their eyes is sadness, pity. I constantly feel used, dried up, unwanted and waiting for someone to care. To make the pain go away even if it's for half a second. I wonder what it's like to not have to worry about to what you eat. I think "No one will love you if you're unattractive".



Artwork by **Anna Holzinger**
Mixed Media

To Eat or Not to Eat

By Conner Pierce

We all tell each other to be ourselves but I cannot. I put a mask on, hoping it will be enough, enough to feel good about myself, enough to feel loved. Enough to feel skinny. But I will never feel that way, no matter how good the mask is. To eat or not to eat; I feel as if people think less of me because of what I look like. People thinking I can never do anything on my own. I used to be bullied by my two older brothers because of my weight. I cannot even look into my elementary school yearbook because as I remember all the good times, I begin to remember the endless nights of crying. Nights where I'd lock myself in my room because of my weight, because I wasn't like other people.

When I was in elementary school, there was a game. It was like tag but I had to tag people and every time I did, I lost one pound. This game was seemingly encouraged by most of my friends. I never even caught one person, not even when I was standing them next to me. I wish I could look in a mirror and smile. I wish I could love my body, my personality, myself. To starve, to live, to follow society's rules and standards, aye there's the rub. I've seen people cry because our value has been determined only by our looks, by our weight, by what we look like. We want to look good even at a funeral. We blame society, but people forget we are society. There's a difference between wanting a change, and needing one. To eat or not to eat, that is my eternal question.



Photograph by **Mitch Morin**
Photography

Go To Sleep

By Avery Moody

When a war ends
What does it look like?
Do the bombs in one's heart go numb with rust?
Does the machine gun refuse to bleed?
If one were to walk the desert,
Leaving a flag for every man,
Woman,
Child,
Would it be enough to paint the picture of blood that
stains the sand?
Not from war,
But from confusion.
I,
Am confused.

A young girl said to her mother,
As her leg lay a few yards away,
As her father shouted his rights,
Is it right to steal flowers?
Is it right to murder sheep?
Even if it means one's own future.
The world is thin,
Spaghetti sauce is consumed out of anguish,
Flesh is consumed out of hunger.

If I leave,
Will it be right?
I ask if the piano I hear is mania,
The insomnia tells me no.
The empathy tells me yes.
The apathy tells me not to write this poem.
No one wants to hear it.
No one listens,
No one sees or hears or understands.

I,
Don't understand.
The old man says,
Tears dripping over the coffin.
He should be in there, not the progeny.
Instead he is in pain.
The world is in pain.
I am in pain.
This world is tiring.
A dull, flat existence.
Bombs,
Guns,
Tanks,

There is a war both within and out these walls.
It is carried through on a lake of grain,
Harvested by one's own desire for freedom.
Freedom from something other than this headache.
I wonder if he feels anything.
There are no bullets left.
There are no insults, explosions, death.
There is only this world.
This blessed world.
The angels weep tears
That blanket the night sky.
It scraped my insides when he went to bed.
I have been hollow for months.
There is no longer a war in me.
This white flag holds me together,
But its bonds don't shelter me from the truth.
And they don't protect anyone from the fire.



Artwork by **Jayna Thornley**
Chalk Pastel

Eyes on the Wrong Side

By Maddie Kuba

I wish I could tell you that I envy you, my dear. Not for the way your eyes always seem to be a swirl of emotions and an even deeper swirl of hazel. Not for the way that you take the punches that come to you. And not for the way you try to brush and laugh off those hurtful blows, even though I know how much they make you angry.

I envy the way you see the world. For you, it is an opportunity to explore. It is an opportunity to live and breathe so deeply that your lungs become a canyon filled with wind.

To say we are oil and water is to tell the exact truth, no matter how much you try to deny it. And no matter how much I tell you that it is the truth.

Those eyes of yours trust so much. That is why I am envious. The world is yours for the taking and you will take and take and take.

While you shine, I have molded into the trees and camouflaged my fears of the world with dark, flat leaves. My back has grown a fragile protection of wings, hoping that when someone sees something so elegant and beautiful, they would never think of stabbing it. My wings have grown eyes, so I can see everything that I cannot see in back of me.

Humans were made oddly. The eyes were placed on the wrong side. Instead of facing frontwards towards indecisiveness, they should look behind, in order to protect.

That is why I envy you, my dear. You weren't born human at all.

Generation Aftermath

By Dylaney Cianci

They idolize those empty smiles
And poster board cut-outs.
They collect dead hair and lost clothes,
Ignoring spit-flecked shouts.

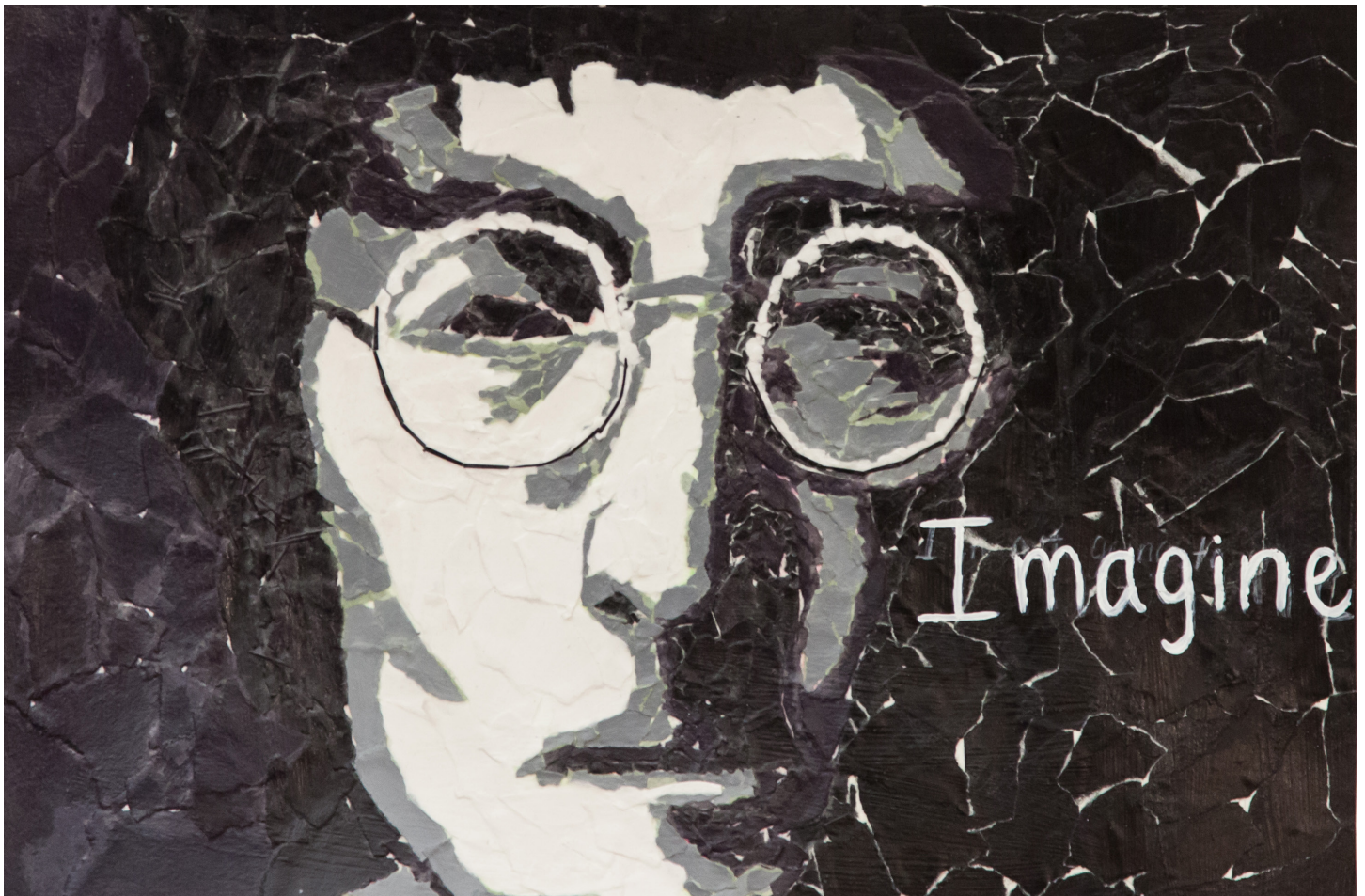
They worship their smooth voices,
Pretty faces, attractive bodies,
What they never realize is
That something inside is rotting.

They make excuses for the rapists,
Just so dazzled by their fame.
They apologize for the abusers,
And douse the used in blame.

Their generation is blinded
Or perhaps they are just blind
They think if they're attractive
That means they must be kind.

They have a child's naivety
That comes from story books
What they've yet to learn is
Ignorance hides hooks.

Generation Aftermath,
When all your stars are gone,
What will you have left?
Do you know where you went wrong?



Artwork by **Hannah Perro**
Torn Paper Collage



Artwork by **Aja Rockwell**
Plaster and Wire

Like A Dream

By Raven Caster

Midsummer Night's Eve, by far the most glorious and anticipated event of the year. The Northern Manors had been all but abandoned for the night, candlelight flickering dimly through crystalline windows as servants worked through the absence of their masters. Brilliant carriages led by the sleekest of horses gathered by the Northern Shrine, each led to their place by dutiful servants guiding guests throughout the night. The Palace was lit not with sunlight but with magnificent golden chandeliers, each dangling by glittering chain from the highly arched ceiling of the ballroom. Many believed not the true grandeur of the Palace, its spires seeming to reach up into the night to catch on the very tips of clouds themselves, its windows made up of thousands upon thousands of intricate crystals to create the likeness of the Arch Royalty and cast colored light into each and every hall.

The room itself was vast as an ocean, housing countless guests as they danced away the night. The dining room was just as large, a single massive table for royalty to dine at and servers carrying countless heaps of magnificent foods and wines as the nobility drank and ate among themselves. Dinner and dessert in one, ancient delicacies and extravagant dishes, unheard of even in dreams by those less privileged. Silken dresses crinkled ever so slightly as they sat, unblemished satin curling over arms and fingertips even as they dined. The ballroom was alight with a soft yellow glow, light reflecting off the windows and shining dazzlingly on glittering jewels sewn into the hems of gowns. Each and every dress near priceless on its own, absolutely and inconceivably invaluable. Soft rose, rich mahogany, deep as the sky and white as snow; layers upon layers of rich fabric carefully laid over each other and billowing out with each step. Ruffles adorned with rubies and sapphire, gold threads lining hems and embroidering intricate designs along the chest and sleeves. Some were solid pink, sparkling brightly in the candlelight; others layered over and over with rainbows of threads. Yellow pale as dawn or bright as sunlight, purple sweet as lavender or deep as twilight, crimson red or pale petals of rose. Glittering gemstones sewn into laces, hemlines, adorning rich embroidery and sewn along the entirety of the dress itself. The ballroom was a sea of color, dainty fingertips resting gently on calloused palms, swinging and spinning and dancing with hearts light as air and smiles bright as dawn as the night went on.

She, really, was no different. A gown of the sky, light as air and blue as a cloudless day. Pale, just as she, hemmed with the same pure white that embroidered intricate abstract designs along her chest and served as a sash around her waist. The sleeves left her collarbone and shoulders bare, gently puffed out to cover the sides of her arms. A silver tiara rested gently over the crown of her head, glittering softly as she swayed and spun. The hems of her gown, adorned heavily with rubies, diamonds, and opals alike, glittered with the crown and with her eyes as she laughed and her teeth as she smiled. Satin gauntlets, long since abandoned on her seat when he had first asked her to dance, allowed her fingertips to graze his, hands held gently within each other as they spun and spun again, royalty lost among the sea of nobles. They were a perfect pair, his light blue suit adorned with glittering gems and intricate white embroidery to match the colors of her own evening gown as they laughed and danced. The others may have had their blue, swaying among the countless others within the ballroom, but none would ever share their bond. Hours passed like minutes as they danced and dined, whisking the very night away as the moon shone brightly overhead.

Poverty's Paintbrush

By Devan Ravino

You do not see?
How poor we have come to be?
How do they not see?
Don't just give us a knee.

How do they not hear the cries?
There are no sort of highs
Look in a true one's eyes.
There are no lies.

I am thirteen.
White washed walls of a calaboose.
There only sits a lonely bench, this is my quarantine.
Life's tough, strangle me with a noose.

For my mind has no net.
No longer am I set.
I am in my sketches, c'mon fret.
They try to forget,

When I paint,
Oh, there ain't any saints.
What I paint just ain't some feint
So go ahead, faint.

I am old.
Around Michelangelo there are crowds
Onto beggars and gypsies I go, nothing of mine is sold.
I will make my rounds, you'll pay me pounds.

Just because I am abstract,
Does not make me on crack.
As a matter of fact,

I ain't turning
Away so how bout you start learning
I've got a yearning
To help the Spanish with no chance to be earning

On these streets
There is no dough.
No one eats any meats.
Oh no.



Artwork by **Elizabeth Coppes**
Acrylic Paint

“We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand. The artist must know the manner whereby to convince others of the truthfulness of his lies.”
-Pablo Picasso



Photograph by **Samantha Joslin**
Photography

Voyage

By Cassidy Carter and Elizabeth LaCroix

Moments are passing, time is ticking
But I've forgotten who she was.
Brights eyes, movements of mischief,
Her mind, an ocean.

Beat by beat, tick by tick
Now our eyes can't open

The waves fluctuating in the distance,
Without despair we kept listening.
Wondering, when our dreams will
Become reality.

One more step, one more turn,
Around a trail of glassy seashells.
Reaching the translucent, luminous
Ray of sun,
There, our hopes and dreams.

Non Compos Mentis

By Avery Moody

She dug her teeth deep into the pavement.

"It's all crazy,"

She had said to me in an undulating whisper,
Her lips like blossoming verbenas
Sussurating to my person.

"It's all fallacious,"

She had told me on that Autumn day,
When misconstrued words
Led to misguided hearts.

"It's all a reverie,"

She uttered to the wall,
A purple haze drifted into perspective
Blotting out the iris of my eye.

"I'm alright,"

I had stated as she left,
Mislaying the spolia of my ardor
I was nothing.

I dug myself deep into the field of verbenas.



Photograph by **Caitlin Marriott**
Photography



Out with the Gold

By Jasmine Lerner

It was a dark and perfidious night
She wondered if you were alright
But she frowned at the days she was under your gaze
And the hours that had knelt right beside her

The days turned from blue to bright gold
And some new things emerged from the old
Then the tree leaves turned brown
And you just watched as she drowned
In your fault which had turned to a blur

She then realized black was the new gold
And she smiled at the lies she had told
In a mess you had started
Which by then was discarded

And she hoped that like her, you'd be cold.



Artwork by **Taryn Opalka**
Acrylic Paint on Canvas



Photograph by **Marissa Alfiero**
Photography



The Green Light functions as an outlet for those who are not often heard, and it will shed light on the many talents of Chariho's student body.

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Special Thanks to Mr. Rose, Advertising and Design Guru

And a Very Special Thanks to Community 2000

