

Chariho High  
School's

—the **GREEN** Light



2017-2018



Artwork by Sarah Labrosse

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Artwork by Ashely Lill

# Eventide

By Jayme Lee

A calm, docile sea . . .  
A wave comes hurling forward,  
Crash! Quiet again.

Dawn turns a hushed dusk-  
Sands battered from the brute sea,  
A lovely eventide.

# Weather

By Dalton Stone

the sun rises  
he awakes  
then he realizes

“i wonder what this could mean”

grasses' dew seeps  
into his dark hair  
flowers grow all around  
in the fields of nowhere  
he speaks with lips closed

“what a peculiar change in weather”

cool mist on  
pale skin  
the breezes blow on  
a boy, tall and thin  
above is the hazy grey sky  
there is depth in that eye

“the less i know, the better”

how thoughtful he shall be  
burdened by curiosity  
never to know what others see

the old is lost and the new has begun  
watch out world; here i come



Artwork by Alison Klein



Artwork by Nicole Shimkus

“I want a storm to come and flood  
us into a song that no one wrote.”

- Frida Kahlo



Artwork by Elizabeth Coppes

# Ink

By Anna Tarasuk

In the beginning, there were two great beings. They were women and they were sisters, but in truth they were neither. They were women only in that it was their nature to create, and they were sisters only in that they were both born of nothing.

Outside of themselves there was but one nameless matter which made up all of the surrounding reality. It did not exist unless one of the sisters desired it to be, had no shape unless a sister asked it to. Each and every time this was done, an imprint was left upon it, and it was changed forever and had never been changed at all. The eldest sister, who had come into existence long before the matter, could read all that would ever become of the matter. The youngest sister, who was yet unborn, could read all that had ever happened to the matter. And so a game began between the sisters; the eldest would guess what the youngest had done and the youngest would guess what the eldest was going to do.

At one point the youngest made a figure in her likeness and showed it to her sister.

"See here, it is like I that it can read what has been, but it can change nothing except itself and does not know it."

The eldest was intrigued and together they watched as it changed itself and became content with its existence. The youngest made a second and a third in her likeness.

"See here, they are like I that they can read what has been, but they can change nothing except themselves and do not know it."

Together, the three figures struggled to change one other and upon failing went mad. The women agreed it was great fun.

"See here," called the eldest, and she reshaped the first. "The first shall be like I that they can see what is to be but it can change nothing except itself and does know it." It was then that the first saw its own fate and it did change itself so that it did not exist. The youngest was not pleased.

"See here," said the eldest. "The first shall be like I that they can see what is to be, and it shall be like us that it can change its world and does know it." Thus, she reformed the first and give it a bit of matter so that it could change its fate. And like the branches of a tree, the flow of time fractured and split wide and a great many things could happen. The women were delighted. The youngest made more in her likeness and the eldest combined her likeness with the matter and gifted it to them. The figures changed themselves and changed their worlds and changed their fate and went mad. And the women watched, and laughed, and eventually forgot their creation.

# a peony

By Dalton Stone

of all flowers  
grown along the coast  
its peonies i like most

all along the garden wall  
bushes grow more thick than tall  
luscious flowers of red, white and  
pink  
as precious as the fur of mink  
a perfume of the finest scent  
heads so large, the stem is bent

some may not say the same  
for beauty is not what they desire  
well, of course they are a liar

but fragile petals waste away  
tainted by death's decay  
no longer do you astound  
rotting there, in the ground  
once beautiful and ripe  
was it really worth the hype?

some say no  
and others yes



Artwork by Kylie Bouchard



Artwork by James Dzwil

# The Damnation of One's Salvation

By Andrew Ackroyd

He heard a soft whisper. A strong desire pulled at him from every direction. He knew this feeling well, one that never seemed to go away until it dissolved, like sugar in water, becoming a part of him. It drew him to the bathroom upstairs. Feet pressing against the cold, hardwood floors of the house.

The white of the walls seemed to shift to reds and blues, the remaining white reminded him of stars. Yet there was no liberty in this house, especially not when the desire decided to bare its decaying teeth and bite. His legs led the way, up stairs, down a long hall and then onto tile.

The tile was cool, warmer than the dark wood but he gave a little shiver. He looked around his bathroom, not even realizing that's where it took him. He gave a little chuckle, thinking it wanted the razor, something quick and easy. He thought in pieces, long pauses between the words during which he simply stared at the roll of toilet paper. It was facing the wrong direction and bothered him but not enough to make him fix it. Maybe... There... Is freedom in... The house.

He let it command his body, liking, in a macabre way, the lack of work he had to actually do. He turned on the sink faucet and drops of water started to trickle out. Suddenly, a red bubble appeared before popping, caking the sink in dried blood. Flashbacks, nothing... More. He giggled again, it sounded alien in his ears. He looked into the mirror, and then into shards of glass falling to the counter.

Wooden shelves stood where the glass once was. He felt a pain in his left hand. He scattered the remaining glass and noticed more red liquid covering them. Hallucination. He told himself, unable to connect details in his state. The giggling stopped suddenly, his breathing was shallow and his lips parted slightly. His left index finger slipped into the opening as a coppery taste filled his mouth. His tongue licked at an oozing fountain, the taste of copper strengthening.

He remembered the desire or the desire remembered him; he wasn't sure which occurred but he knew it was back. His right hand reached out; the air felt gelatinous around the hand. The hand felt an orange canister. Pills. He recognized them, recognized the weight, recognized the slight chattering sound when he pushed the bottle over. Clozaril, Latuda, Geodon. He only knew these names from far away memories. They weren't even pills he took anymore.

The colors around him grew from just red and blue to yellows, purples, and oranges. The hand grasped the canisters and brought them out, edges of glass gliding across the skin on the escape. The desire walked him slowly to the white toilet.

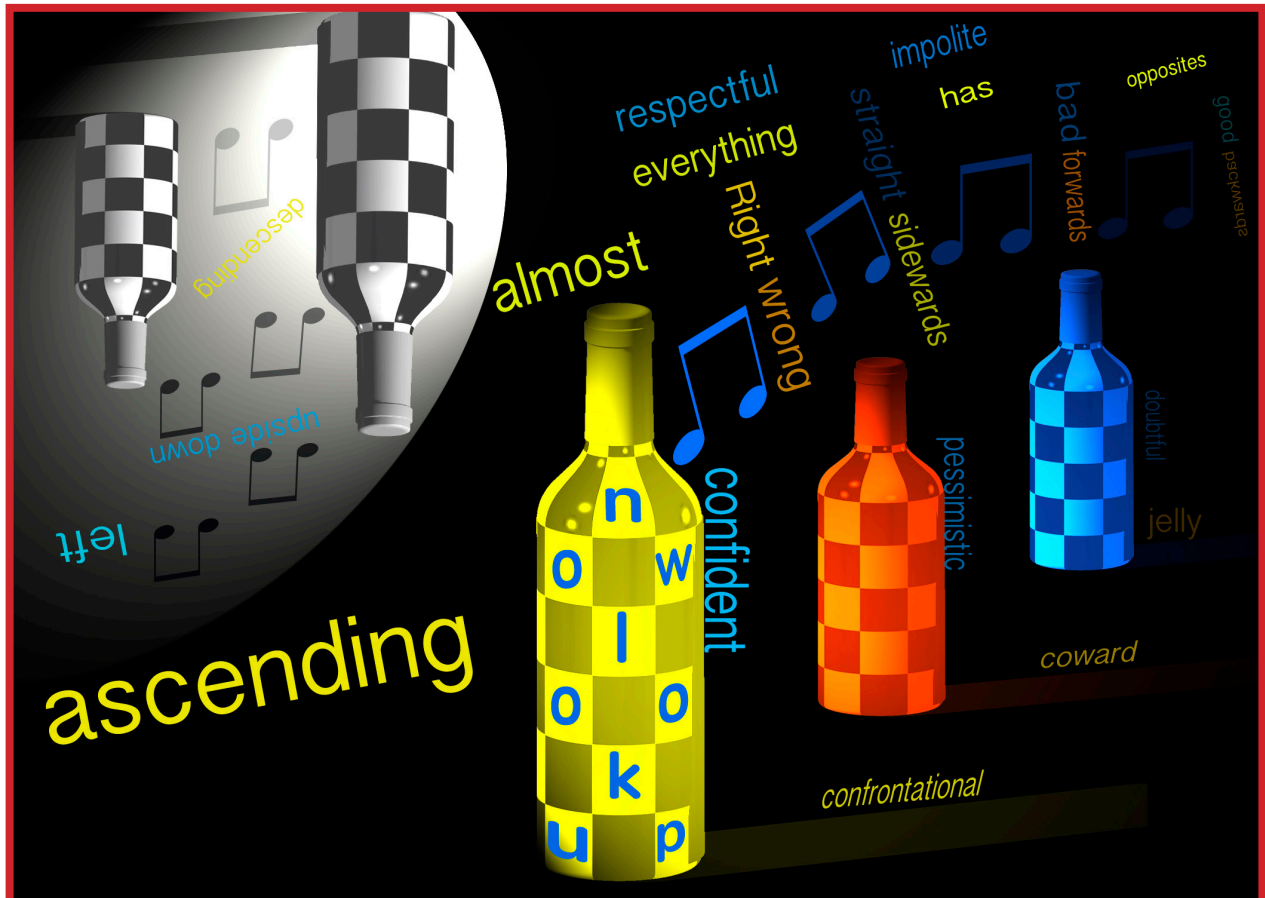
He towered over it, his feet resting on a fluffy, blue, shag carpet. Blood glistened on his arms but he was too far away to realize it for what it was. He took off the caps and opened the toilet seat, the seat making an audible noise.

He felt air enter and exit his body. He sank to his left knee, and turned his hand, hearing the soft plops as the pills landed in the water, bobbing as they floated before coming to a calm still. He liked this part of it, seeing everything float, not knowing what was about to happen. Somewhere in his mind told him that pills didn't know anything but the rest of him didn't. His hand reached out and he touched a handle. There was a soft flush, nothing ginormous. Just a sound, signaling an end to the seemingly endless faulty treatments and useless medicine. An end to everything. The desire took control.





Artwork by John Willis



Artwork by Tyanna Johnson



Artwork by James Foley

# Father

By Skylar Johnson

A father, a staple piece in a child's life,  
A girl's first love, the person a boy looks up to for advice,  
The man who is supposed to make sure his children know that they are loved.

But what if he didn't?  
That man is the first to break a little girl's heart,  
To show his children that leaving is okay and it happens all the time.  
He breaks their heart every time he yells at them saying  
they are poor and not good enough.

Depending on the father figure a little girl has,  
it can determine who she marries when she is older.  
He determines the figure she wants to marry, who is good enough for her?  
A man that leaves, that cheats, and can scream at you, but then fixes it with an I love you,  
That is the kind of man you are raising your son to act like because he looks up to you.  
That is the kind of man that your daughter thinks is fit to marry.  
A father is a staple piece in a child's life.

# Alone

By Brynn McCarthy

Alone.

We all thought that we were,  
Stranded, abandoned.

Thinking that no one loves us.

We all have that uneasy feeling about our peers.

If we don't fit in,

Then we will be alone.

Alone.

What is that word?

That pitiful, sickening word?

That makes your stomach quiver in emptiness.

It makes the sky turn gray.

And the rain comes down hard,

And all hope is lost.

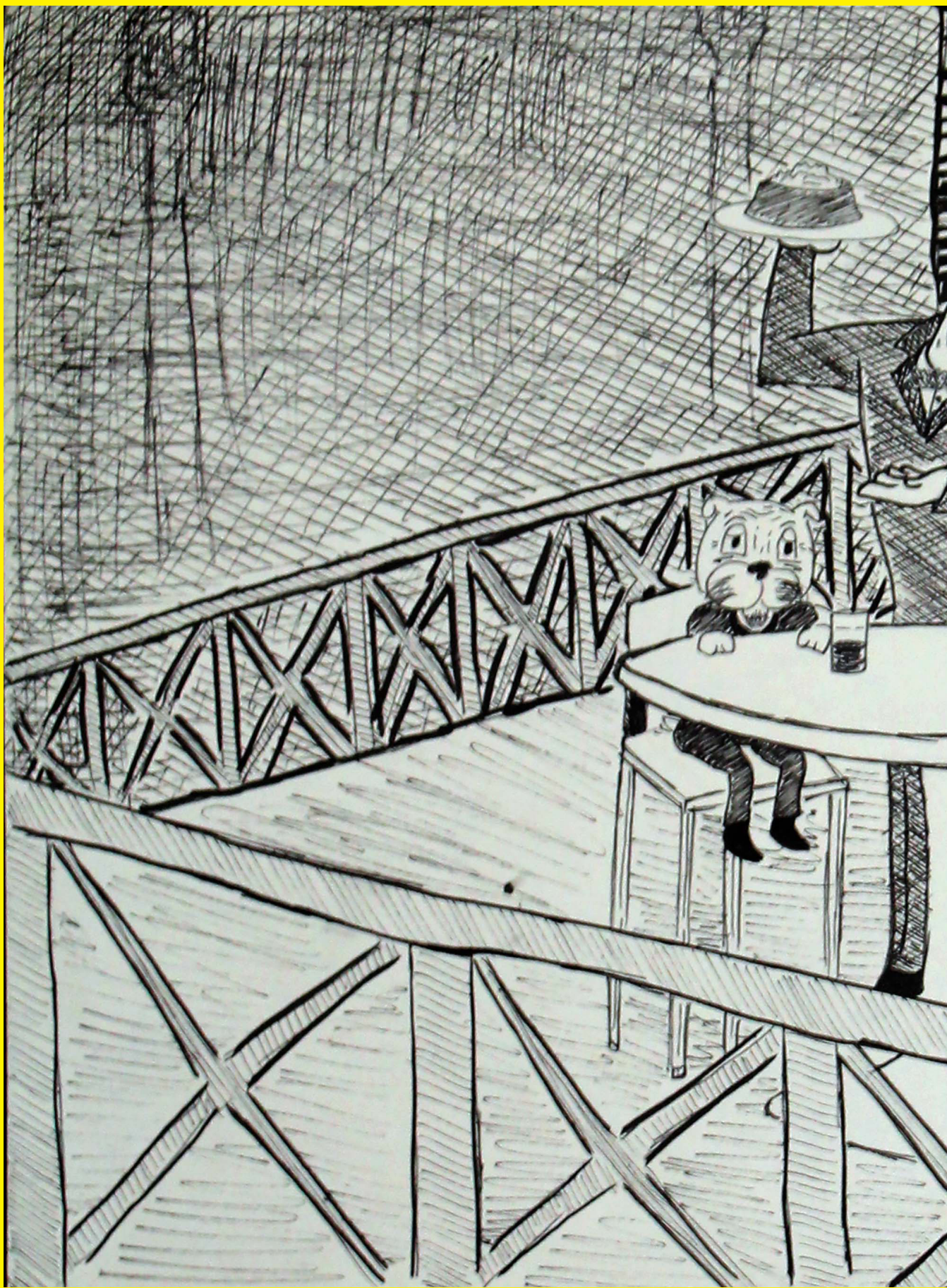
Alone.



Artwork by Caitlin Marriott



Artwork by Christian Warren





Artwork by James Foley



Artwork by James Foley



Artwork by Aninea Simone

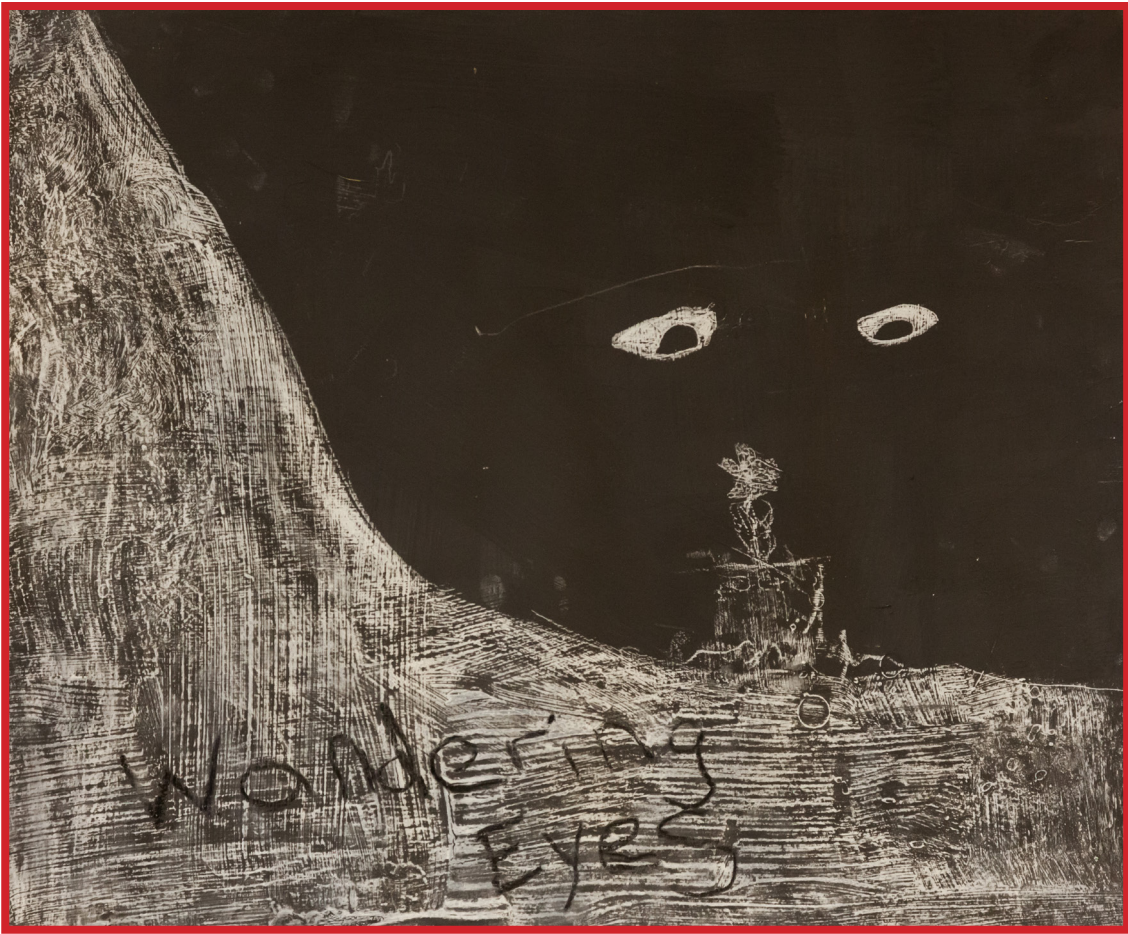


Artwork by Jasmine Lerner

## A Broken World

By Conner Pierce

There is so much wrong with the world but we are too busy trying to fix ourselves to actually see it. We're too busy poking up our lips and fixing ourselves so we can have some diluted vision of acceptance. Because of the standards that we put on ourselves, our youth, our kids! People turn to plastic and become a walking barbie doll. Others pick up a knife and try to fix themselves like they're a broken toy, but some aren't as lucky and feel like they won't ever be accepted. We have gone on too long deciding what is accepted and rejected in people's personality, faces and family. We are no longer seen as individuals but dolls on a shelf, all look alike because we have instituted a standard that makes us have to change ourself. There are people, animals, innocent living things that are being killed on a massive scale and we get up every day and check in the mirror to make sure we look ok. Beauty isn't the only problem with our society. People are willing to spend more on one pair of shoes than on a starving child. People would rather have broken toes than wear flats to a funeral.



Artwork by Avery Moody

## Nonsense

By Raven Caster

**“Make a sound, any kind of sound.”**

And so it was made, manifesting itself at the snap of a finger, curling protectively around itself over and over.

**“Do take good care of it, will you?”**

**“Low self esteem,”** they proclaimed. **“Side effects include nausea, headaches, sobbing, untraceable pain, hyperventilation. Could be associated with anxiety, paranoia, or depression.”**

The beast was looming over them even now, fur matted, eyes bloodshot and swollen. Whimpering, whining, always there.

**“I was holding it for a friend,”** collar locked around its neck, chain melded to their wrist, their legs, their neck. **“But now it won’t go away. If you would, please.”**

**“I’m sorry, sir.”**



# Liquorice

By Anna Tarasuk



Artwork by Noah Kayarian

"Wanna see a magic trick?"

He regarded the small, bedraggled girl with growing anxiousness. She grinned in return.

"No, thank you."

"Oh, come on! Please? Please?" He flinched as her voice grew louder, echoed across seemingly empty streets.

"Alright, alright," he whispered. "One magic trick and that's it, okay?"

"Sure thing, mister!" She winked. His skin crawled.

In the dim lamp light, he could see her expression sober. She stood up straighter, rolled back her shoulders--her best impression of a serious adult. Pulling a small crumpled bag out from behind her back, she spilled its contents into her hand. She stretched her open palm out towards him, like an offering.

"Liquorice, come here, right now, or you're not getting any dinner," she commanded.

"I'm sorry...?" He began, then lurched forward.

He lurched again, and started to choke.

Bile, he thought it was bile, rose quickly in his throat. He tried to swallow it, to force it back down, but to no avail. A silky sourness ran over his tongue and out of his mouth. He watched in horror as black fluid escaped his lips and floated on the air, reaching for the girl.

The girl cheered.

It reacted to her voice; he could feel the way it's need to be free intensified. It came out faster, trying to pull itself from inside of him. His head ached as it forced its way through his sinuses and began to pour from his nose. He brought his hands to his face to stop the flow; it only slipped around his fingers like water in a stream. Savagely, it split fresh wounds on his wrists, tearing the thin skin open wider. Blood vessels burst near his eyes; black crept up from under his eyelids and down his face to join the rest of the stream. It clouded his sight, stealing light away from his world. He was blind and suffocating; unable to obtain the tiniest gurgles of air for his starved lungs. It was almost hypnotizing; his mind languid and sluggish, his body consumed by a dizzy weightlessness. He didn't know he was falling until a crack of pain signified that his head had hit the cobblestone street below him.

He didn't know how long he stayed there, in the dark, paralyzed by pain, unable to think.

Then, just as it had begun, it was over. His lungs were clear, his sight restored. His chest heaved, gasping painfully for air. He blinked at lights that swirled above him, his lashes sticky with tears or blood. Dimly he could make out the girl, a monster standing over her.

It was an eyeless creature, with smooth black skin that swirled iridescent in the luminous lamp light. It had one taloned hand perched on her head, and it leaned over her shoulder to eat from her palm. She cooed to it.

"Good boy, Liquorice. Very good boy."

Slowly, the pain came back to him, as did nausea. Vomiting wracked his aching body. The girl looked over to him and the beast raised its bulbous head, revealing a wicked grin of rusted metal shards.

"Next time, think before you steal other people's pets, mister," she said, wagging a finger at him. The monster bobbed its head in agreement.

He closed his eyes, and lost consciousness.



Artwork by Tyanna Johnson



Artwork by Miranda Hoxie

# The Bell Is Tolling

By Andrew Ackroyd

The bell is tolling  
For all of us, not just me  
A response would be nice  
But that wasn't meant to be

I can hear it  
It is screaming, begging to be noticed  
Yet no one does anything  
They walk around in some ingenuous pretense

I call out to them to notice it  
To notice the bell and the call  
"The bell is tolling  
And one day it will take you all"

Time runs short  
It demands more  
Yet I can give less and less  
As the days go by, my tears begin to pour

I scream  
For I can hear the sound rolling  
Crashing through my mind like a rampaging bull  
For now, the bell is tolling

I don't even know if it is real or not  
What fantasies has my mind created  
In the recent days of my deterioration  
Yet there I stand, stupidly, with my breath bated

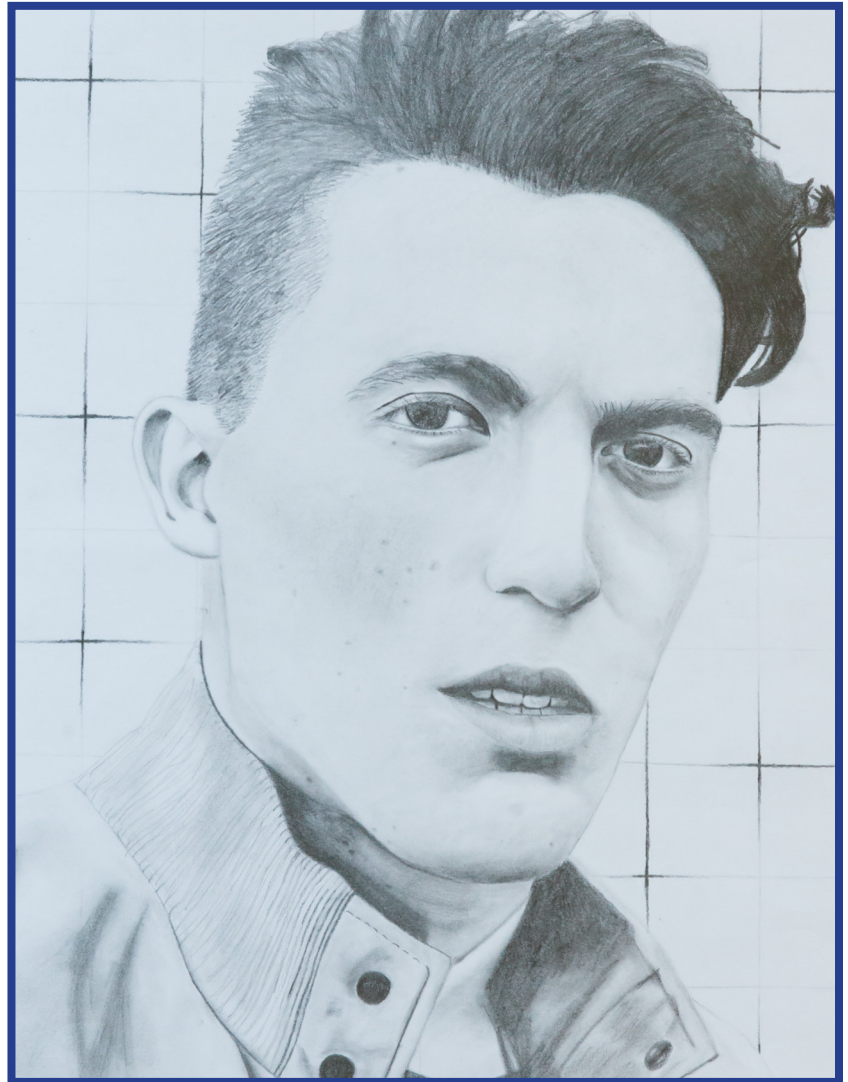
It gets louder every day  
The constant "Bong" of sound  
I realize that I can not stay away  
Like a slave to its master, to it I am bound

I go to it, leaving everyone behind  
I don't even feel like myself anymore  
I am just a parasitic vision in someone else's mind  
I have been changed by the bell, right down to my  
core

I die  
For the bell was tolling  
And I could deal with it no more.



Artwork by Elizabeth Coppes



Artwork by Makayla Lembo



Artwork by Haley Argo

# SILLY

By Gianna Tretton

Laughing is contagious

I like to be a carrier of that disease

Doesn't matter if it's even that funny

I'll giggle, crack up, and everything in between

The best is when you shouldn't be laughing

In class, when the substitute says

"Ok girls, that's enough"

My silent laugh kicks into gear

I might sound like a stupid sick seal

But it's really fine with me

Because just writing this makes me so happy

Being silly is easy

When you love your life

And the people who surround you

# When I Lay My Head Down

By Conner Pierce

When I lay my head down  
and close my eyes  
underneath the starry skies  
I imagine you and I  
talking about the because's and whys  
of our crazy day  
and how come what may  
we will always be together  
every single day



Artwork by Ashely Lill



Artwork by Aninea Simone

But when my eyes open  
A flood of tears is shown  
As I know you aren't mine  
But I'll always say "I'm fine"  
I'll have to move on  
I'll have to forget about the way you make me feel  
and how you made everything seem so real  
how your pearly teeth tightly fit into your crooked smile  
and how we helped each other through times of denial  
I'll have to forget about those late nights spent  
talking and chatting about the days events  
Those days spent full of laughs  
All because you don't love me back.



Artwork by Sarah Labrosse



Artwork by Hannah Ferri



*The Greenlight 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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