



2018-2019

CHARIHO  
HIGH SCHOOL



Artwork by Bailey Alter

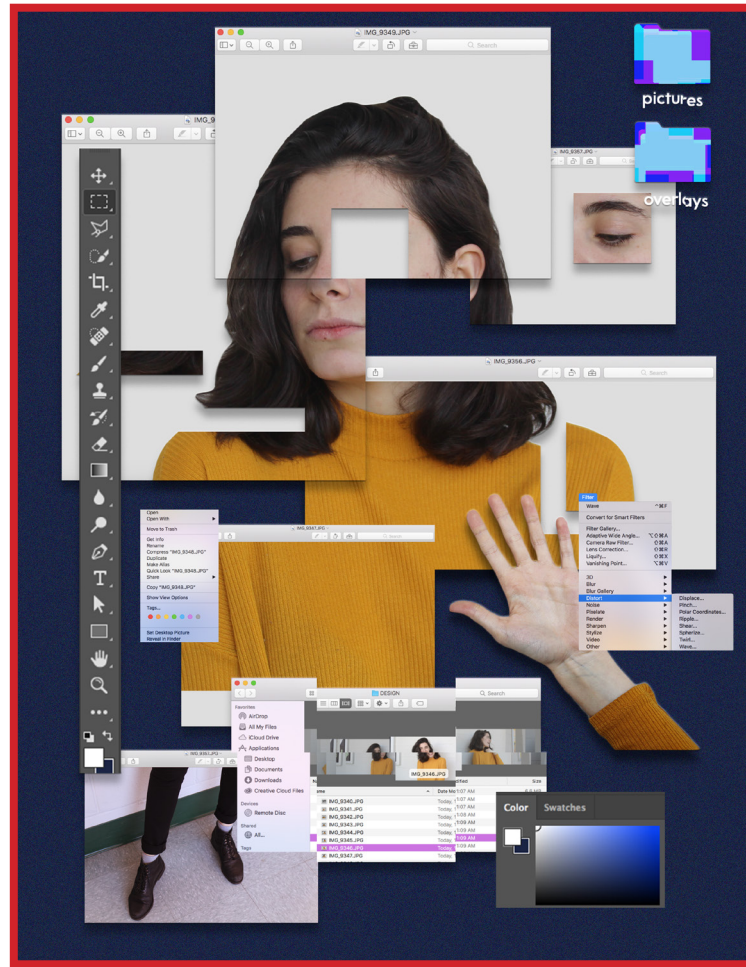


*The Green Light functions as an outlet for those who are not often heard, and it will shed light on the many talents of Chariho's student body.*

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Artwork by Annaliese Kenney



Artwork by Sarah Bentley

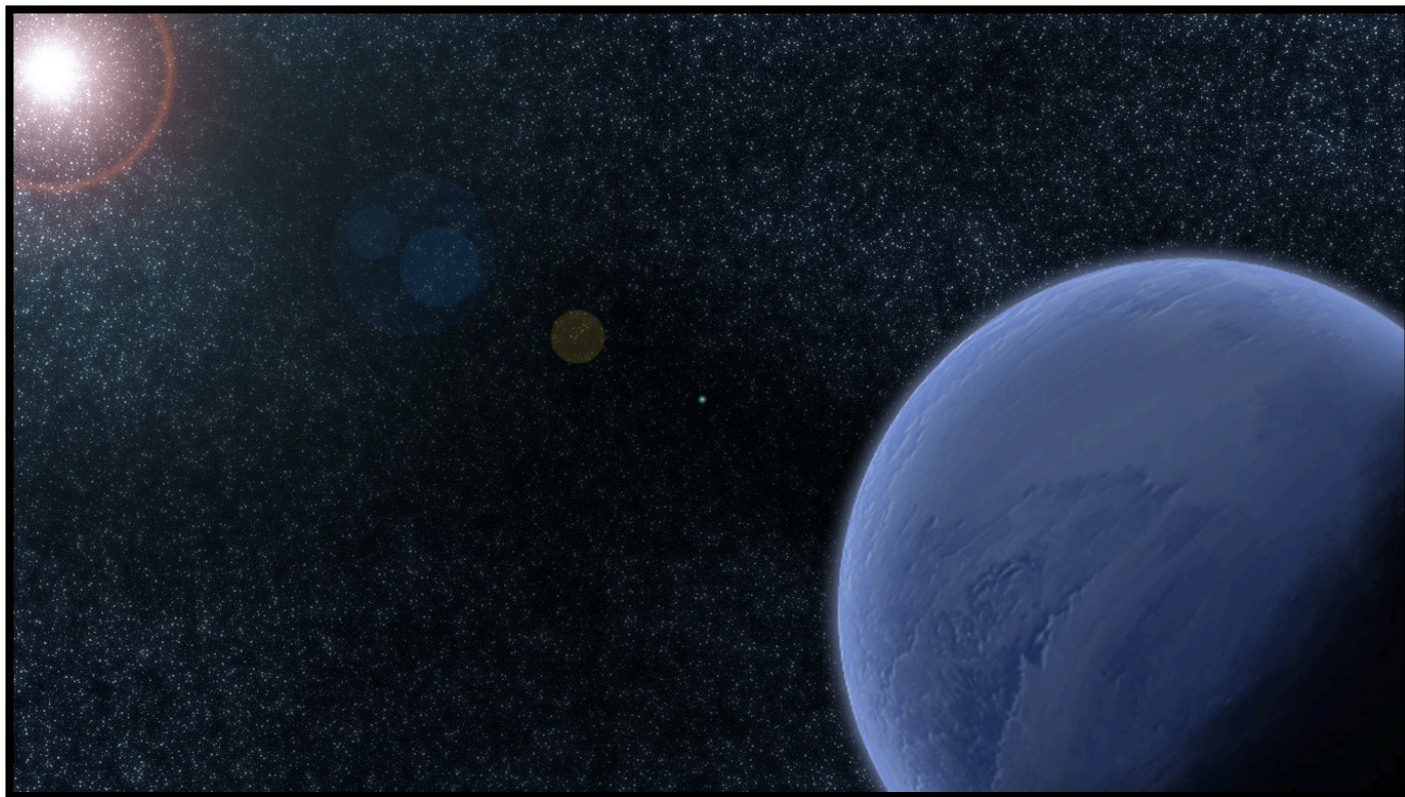
## Mother Nature's Beauty

By Gary Gardiner

Around us is beautiful, gracious life  
Taken for granted by humans and rage  
Mother Nature holds home to wildlife  
She cares for all no matter race or age  
A mother loves all with her whole heart  
Though she is like a wilting flower  
She hasn't given up or fallen apart  
Mother Nature still has godlike power  
Able to create life and bring death  
She holds the truth and never tells us lies  
As a breeze blows it is her gentle breath  
The great sky is her alluring blue eyes  
Mother Nature is more splendid than any  
And although abused holds home to many.



Artwork by Nicole Shimkus



Artwork by Chris Miller

## Imagine

By Chloe Shilale

There are galaxies in my eyes  
And whole worlds in my head.  
I see possibilities in paintings  
And I hear stories in songs.

There once was a witch  
Who sewed her cloak  
From a needle made of bone.

There once was a dragon  
Who was best friends with a princess  
And saved her from a knight.

There once was a girl  
Who could call animals to her side  
And thought they spoke English.

I have conversations with flowers  
And I ask the wind for favors.  
I spend my weekends meeting mermaids  
And my nights dancing with the moon.

One day I'll paint the stories  
That I see everywhere.  
One day I'll write it all down  
And you'll read what happens in my head.



Artwork by Haley Argo



Artwork by Bethany Koziol

## Life is Always Yellow

By Sequoyah Burell

What is yellow?

Yellow is not just a color, it is a feeling  
A feeling that is so ambitious, that spirals throughout the body  
Yellow is who I am  
Yellow is not just a color, yellow is a sense  
A sense of reality, a sense of who you are  
Yellow is not just my color, it is also yours  
A feeling is yellow, yellow means bright, happy, and sunshine.

What is yellow?

Someone's life can turn from bright to yellow  
Yellow is bland and unappealing; a burden  
It is not a feeling  
It is not my color  
It is not your color  
It is not a sense  
And just like that yellow is just a color



Artwork by Coval Wild

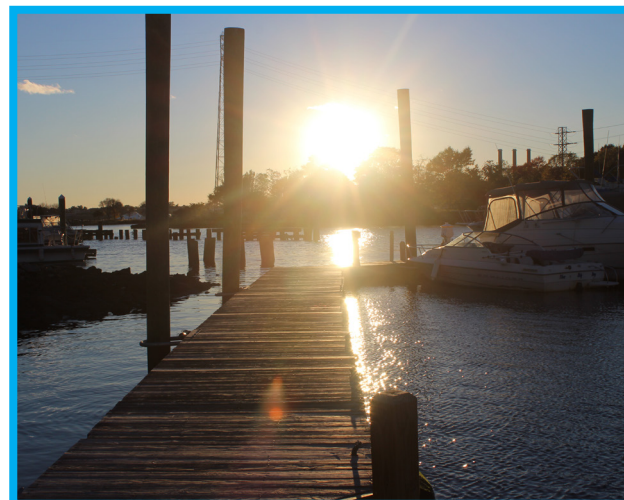
# The Bridge

By Gianna Tretton

I see the pretending, the make-believe, the imagination  
I see it there, but no longer in use  
For what we played as kids  
Isn't quite the same anymore  
Now I'm standing on a foggy bridge  
Trying to see what I miss  
Over my shoulder and through the mist  
But unable to find it because  
I keep on treading forward  
By design  
We have to keep moving  
Onward we go  
Growing like flowers  
But with so much to hold  
I know the grown-ups tell me they miss it  
Their youth, gone so quick  
And I see it, mine too  
Melting away  
As a snowflake might go  
My freedom and innocence  
Gone with a hot breath  
So long to summer days and easy ways  
Here on this bridge, I keep squinting and squinting  
But it might finally be time  
To turn my head towards the path  
There are rocks and there are bumps  
Along this unknown road  
And I wouldn't want to trip  
When it's just only beginning



Artwork by Kyle Waterman



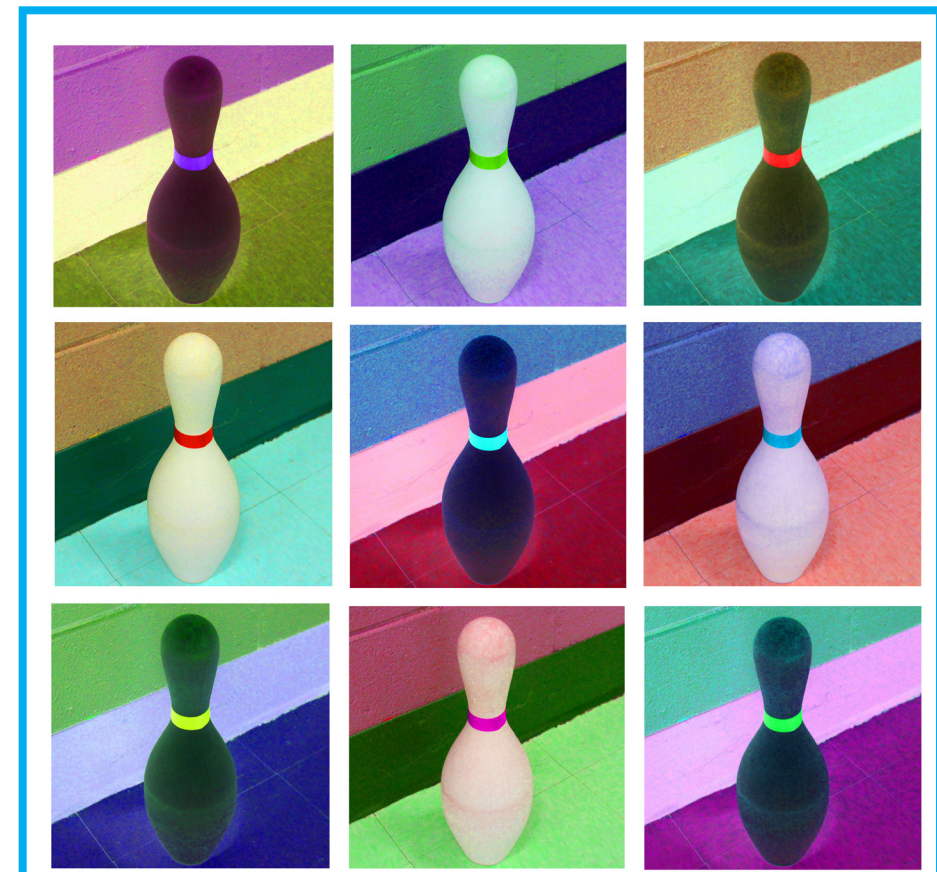
Artwork by Amber Richmond



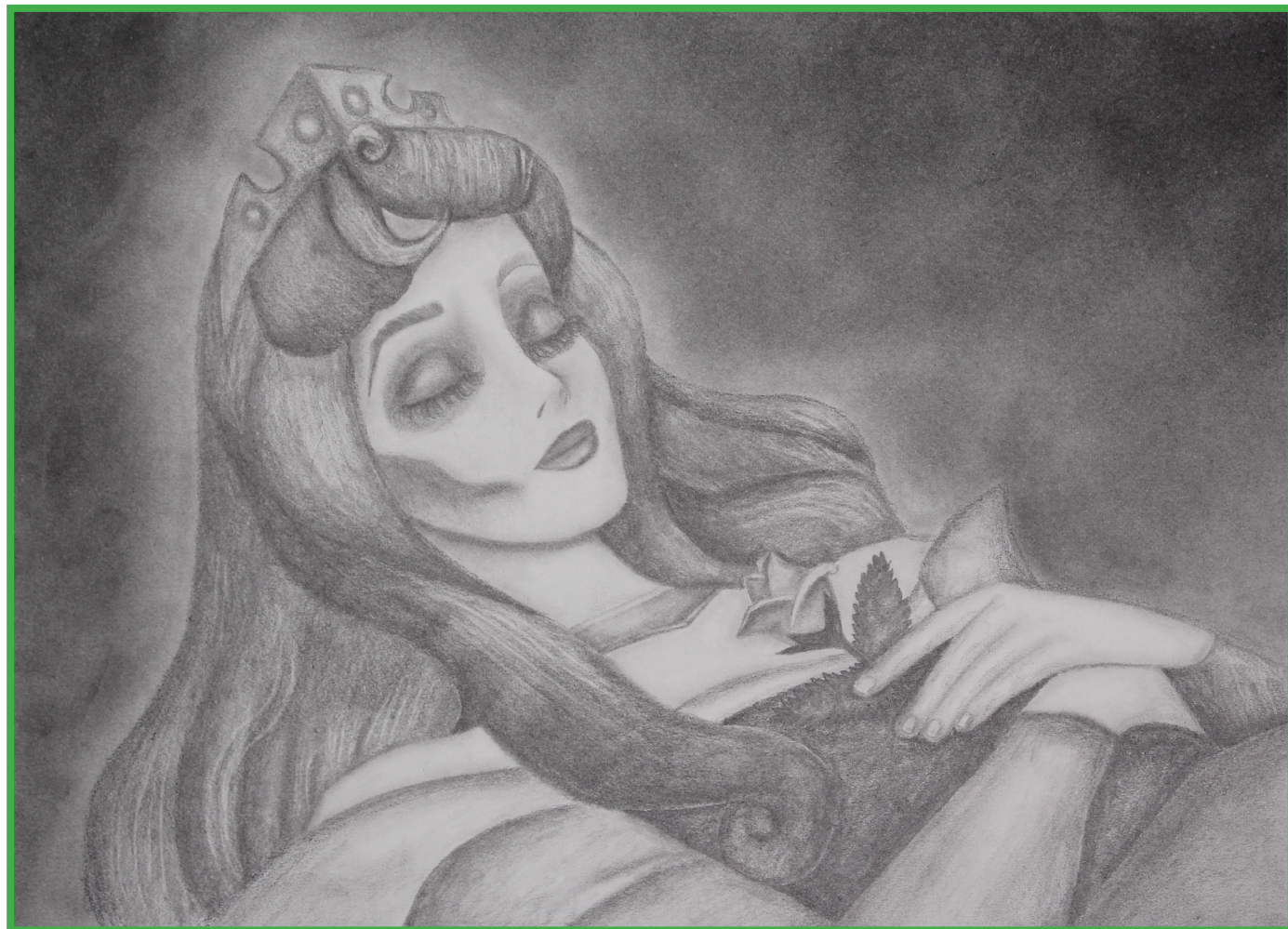
Artwork by Asher Ford

“Color is my  
day-long obsession,  
joy  
and torment.”

- Claude Monet



Artwork by Sarah Dzwil



Artwork by Kiley Carmody-Dutten



Artwork by Jayna Thornley

### The Thing

By Austin Crandall

I hated as a child waking up at 1:00 in the morning when it's really dark in your room after you just had a nightmare. You seem to stare at the ceiling every time and whenever you look around you imagine the worst things in the worst places like something in your closet looking directly at you. The only real issue I had with my imagination is that I never imagined what stared at me from my closet; it was real. I am going to tell you a story of my childhood that is too scarring to keep in my head, you have been warned.

The very first time that I had the displeasure of gazing upon this creature was in a nightmare, or so I thought it was. My alarm went off and I was going to put it on snooze but as soon as I was about to get up I felt like something was looking at me. I started to look at my closet and I see it. My eyes didn't move from the black depths of its eye sockets looking back at me. After a few seconds, which felt like a couple hours, this thing moved back into the closet and let the darkness consume it and as soon as its face disappeared I woke up and I was sitting in the same position as if I was looking at that thing from the closet again. It's just a nightmare, I thought, becoming so glad knowing what I saw is not real, or at least I thought it was.



Artwork by Jayna Thornley



Artwork by Emily Vomaska

## Girls

By Nicole McKenna

Girls always seem to grow up too fast.

They have the weight of the world on their shoulders when they can barely take the weight of their backpack

Full grown men sexualized their bodies till they're terrified to walk home by themselves

They stick their keys in between their fingers- so they're harder to attack

Girls always seem to grow up too fast.

They are shown at a young age to cover up so that boys in their class can't see their shoulders- you show them they are only something to look at

Girls always seem to grow up too fast.

Parents teach their daughters to protect themselves, what not to wear so you don't get attacked, to never leave your drink unattended-

Instead of teaching their sons not to rape.

Girls always seem to grow up too fast.

## Don't Think About It

By Levi Barrington

The father, the son, and the compassionate mother. They gather at the dinner table pretty much every night, always with music at low volume, warm lights, and the noises of the outside. The son never puts his elbows on the table and always has the blade of his knife facing his plate because it's how the father taught him. The mother cooked dinner because neither the father nor son did. If the son wasn't there for dinner the mother probably wouldn't have cooked. After dinner, the mother would join the father in his shed. There the mother would drink wine, Apothic Red. The father would drink beer, Budweiser. Maybe they'd smoke. They have been married for eighteen years. The intimacy they originally had is gone, but they still love each other very much. That love created the son. But what if that love never existed and the son was never created? How much would change? The son goes to school every day and the best part to him is the social interactions. If he is down all he has to do is talk to people. He does not even have to know their name. He tries his best to be a good person. Whatever that means? Then poof the son is gone. What changes? Probably not much. The people once around him notice, The mother is devastated, and the father is bitter. Eventually, though the son is forgotten either because the memories are dead or lost. If the son lived on would he have any significant impact on the world? Would he be the one to solve world hunger, cure cancer, end ocean acidification? Even if he did where would that lead the world? Think about the universe all the way out to nothing, then zoom in. There are stars more than imaginable. You go past just as many galaxies with millions of planets. Then there's our galaxy. Then our solar system. Next earth. Finally you. It is a feeling. There is so much in this universe where we live and you are here, exactly here in this place, this moment. Now do the opposite think about all the way inward, past the cells into the atoms, into the smaller parts of the atom that go on forever. Now back to you. Are we insignificantly significant, or significantly insignificant, or is that the same thing?





gone Artwork by Miranda Hoxie

By Grace Wicklund

I swear I'm like a stick of dynamite lit from both ends. It's pretty simple with a countdown that's short, only 5 seconds left.

4, 3, 2, 1...

BOOM.

I guess that's it. Now I'm gone.

## The little i

By Micah Erdos

Afraid to take a chance  
Yet the chances it take are those of little hope  
Afraid to show who i really am  
Like an iron shield i am when it comes to letting new in  
Confidence is what i lack whether in public or secret  
For in love i greatly lack yet in truth i always speak it  
Others i shun for i see through their cover  
Their honest selves i wish to see yet all i get is mystery  
But to those who known me well i am but like a lion  
To those who i trust i oft tell too much  
So if i dare to let you in be much prepared for sadness  
As much of me is filled with grief and inside i feel im crying  
But i'll never show nor let you known if by my side you'll not stand  
i hide the real me with joke and sarcasm plenty  
but in me is naught but grief and sadness  
Too scared to tell her how i really feel  
Too scared to let her know for i fear rejection  
So this why the little i, am completely and totally sorrow, grief ,and sadness

The pain from which i've been pulled



Artwork by Genevieve Eastin



Artwork by Meg Romano



Artwork by Nicole Shimkus



Artwork by Maura Beaudreau

## Mom

By Nicole McKenna

I stay up late to wait  
For you to come home  
You count the tips you made with hate  
And your face is hard as stone

Your shoes are falling apart  
And you smell of food you can't afford  
Mom I know we're in your heart  
But your pain strikes a chord

I wish you could take a break  
But I know the bills are hard to take  
I'm sorry you have such burden  
And I'm sorry your heart is yearning

I know you don't want us to see  
The deadlines for you to meet  
I know you say "you get what you give"  
But I've seen you give love and get beat

# Pandora

By Anna Tarasuk

Have you ever wondered

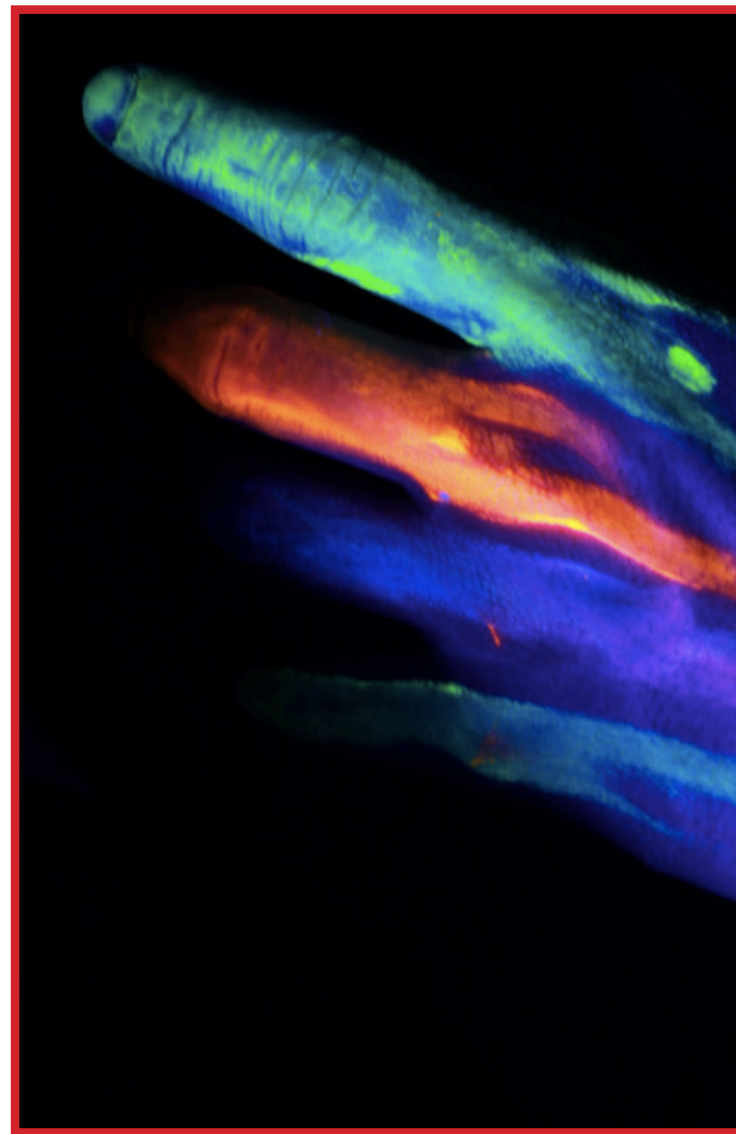
Where they came?

The evils that are always to blame

For every foul and rotten thing?

Then perhaps you too

Are like she.



Artwork by Asher Ford

# WHAT A DAY

By Gianna Tretton

Well well well

What a day

We all came together

In order to say

That we love one another

In every way

We found the joy

In the simple May

It's not always this easy

But I guess on this day

We all came together

And it will happen again

Someday



Artwork by Anna Tarasuk



Artwork by Alex Woodbury

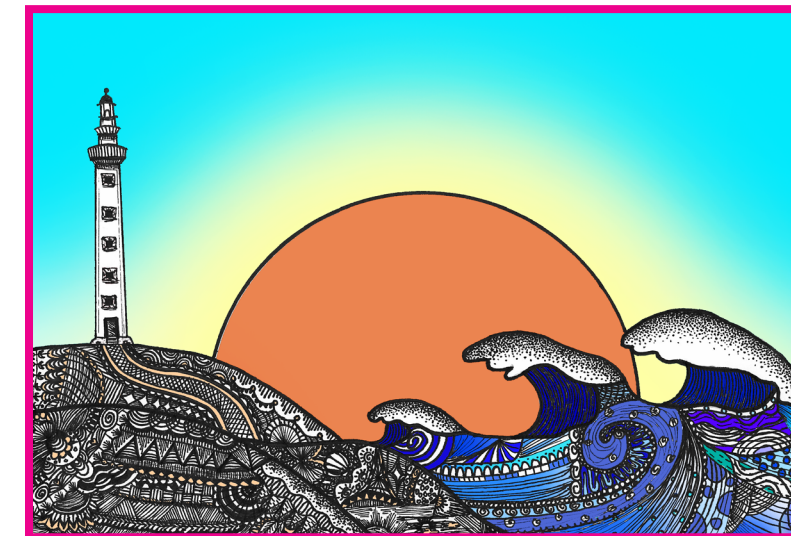
Pandora, the first woman to be

And curiosity guides your hand

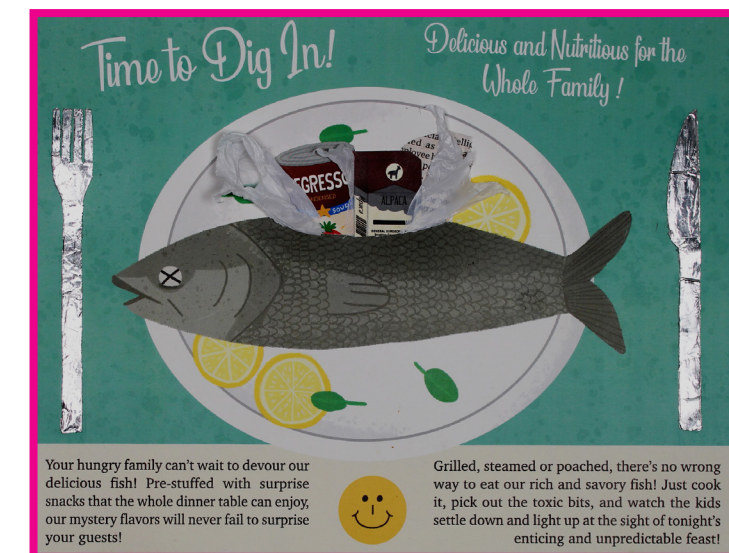
To act in ways you had not planned

Have sympathy or not

For Pandora despite the trouble she brought.



Artwork by Talia Sauro



Artwork by Haley Argo



Artwork by Meg Romano