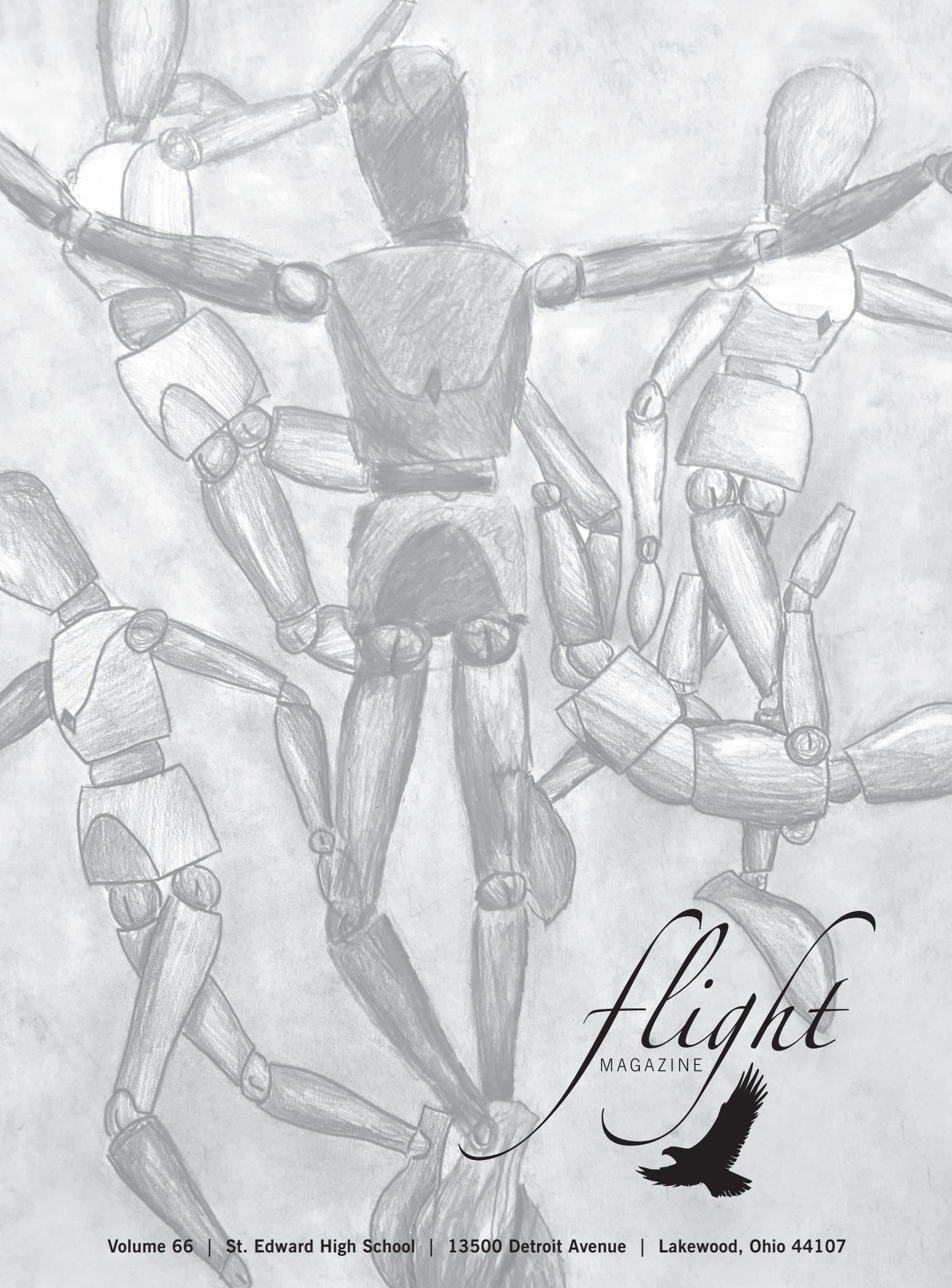


Flight
MAGAZINE





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Alright

None can find a single speck
Of space in this entire sect
That isn't poisoned with a mess
Of despair and guilt and heartlessness
Of hate and a painful flaming nest
Where one can burn 'till nothing left
But what is this space that I speak about?
Is it far as a cosmic cloud?
And how exactly does it sound?
Is it quiet or is it loud?
As to how far it is, it is not far away,
Rather it is as close to us
Than our very veins
As to its sound, it compares to a fire
Barely a whisper, but can burn an entire
Acre of land, through destructive wrath,
The wrath of a mind consumed in a mass,
Of sadness eating their mind away
Until all that's left is a sigh decay
The space I speak of is the human mind,
Mind you, I might add, I don't mean any mind
But a mind being chiseled like rock in a mine,
The way the space looks and sounds doesn't matter,
The way it feels is what one will know how,
The feeling of loss, dark as space around Saturn
Despair, like a night sky covered with clouds,
These are the feelings of a broken person
Who still knows the feeling of being alone
But after a night comes the rise of the sun,
A hopeful shine in a sky of the throne,
The throne of a nightly dark of the sky



Has been overthrown by the sun rise,
The sadness sitting on the throne of a sky,
The sky of a mind who lost itself
Will soon be defeated by the sun on the rising
A glimmer of hope right across the horizon.
We'll be alright

- *Muhammad Ameen Sugapong*



Houses Under Stars

Two lines of pretty white houses, curving 'round cul de sacs,
lining the short paved streets.
My small development,
surrounded by lush farmlands,
standing shyly,
under the stars.

Huge rows of corn stand proud in the fields around,
boasting of their size,
just trying to be loud.
Herds of strong White-Tailed deer just grazing 'round,
no home truly being found.

The yard of grass behind the back deck,
my lush Soccer field, Archery range, and arena that we loved
to wreck.
In the corner, the old metal trampoline.
Commonly flying, ripped up by winds,
then wrecked.

The three large oak trees in my cul de sac,
standing sound and proud.
When standing from the top of them, one can see all around.

One can see everything,
the houses, farmlands, and trees.
The corn, deer and least of all, me.
All standing under the stars,
in North Ridgeville.

– *Luca Fragapane*

Growing Up

At a concert with the aroma of alcohol and drugs.
The smell of skunk.
The smell of bud light which made me want to vomit.
A feeling of hot and wet bodies around me.
My childhood friends used to be so innocent.
Afraid to even hurt a fly and do all right things,
Which made me want to ask myself the question
“What happened?”

But that is part of growing up you can wrong way or right way
Now they are drinking as they are trying to forget.
All stress of growing up and the responsibilities.
Just so they can go numb.

I have seen what happens to people who fall down the abyss of addiction
They tried to get out of a hole but no one lends a hand
And say they will change but
Their fingers are crossed behind their backs.
I feel as if I'm in my own world.
I knew these people as if they were my family
But I felt as if I was trapped inside
And feel as if they were strangers.
I try to make changes to feel better but it is not as easy flipping a switch
People try to tell me they have a potion to fix all my problems
but I'm still the same guy.

- Aidan Lindway



The Diner

Two fried eggs, three strips of bacon, hash browns, one chocolate chip pancake, and an orange juice. Every Sunday morning. Same order. My dad and I would wake up around 7:45, get dressed, then go to The Greasy Spoon at 8:15 with Jenny, an old fashioned, raspy voice, gray haired lady, waiting for us at the bar seats with an orange juice and a black coffee for my dad. From ages 6-16, we never missed a Sunday. We would get into conversations about sports, school, family, and just whatever came to mind.

The first Sunday that we missed was when I was 16. To be fair, it wasn't a total strikeout. Throughout the years of going to the diner with my dad, Jenny had a lot of health problems from smoking her whole life. The day was Wednesday, October 9 when we got the phone call from Jenny's husband, Buck, saying she had just passed away the night before due to lung failure. He told us Jenny talked about us all the time and how we were like the sons she never had and wanted us to attend the funeral which would be that coming Sunday. My mother left when I was two. I never remembered her and my dad never liked to talk about it. I never was motivated to go out and find her because I always held a grudge on her for doing my dad like that. My dad had a good job as an electrician to keep us afloat. And of course, we went to the funeral.

After two more years, it was finally time for me to go to college. I went halfway across the country for Stanford. My dad and I had one last Sunday breakfast before I left. The energy was like no other. For the first time ever, I noticed the smell. The smell was very distinct. I knew I would miss it. We barely talked the entire time. Just to cap off the gloominess, there was a steady rain that day. The next morning, it was time to go.

I had settled with my wife and 2 kids in San Francisco, and saw my dad on holidays. He came to our house. I hadn't been back to our ranch house in Wichita since I was 18. My dad called one day as he usually did and broke the news that The Greasy Spoon was closing in a week. We both stayed silent over the phone for a few minutes. I broke the silence by saying I would take the next day off and catch a plane to Wichita on Friday night and we would get one last breakfast at The Greasy Spoon. We sat in the same seats and I ordered my usual and we talked and laughed and told stories of our times at the diner and before we knew it, it was time to go. We said our goodbyes and before we pulled out, we got one last look at the diner. All the emotions came over me and I started to break down. My dad did too. We sat in the car in silence for a few minutes and eventually left.



next plant
food spike
done

What Could Be Better?

What could be better than
a world full of judgement, hate and people trying to escape their reality

What could be better than
a world full of white privilege

The divine dollar and selling your soul for depression
Trying to become a scholar while obtaining nothing - think about it

The - American Dream.
It's set in front of us like a movie screen or one way mirror
and they see us from the other side and they laugh

They see us from the other side while We sit in each other's laps while
nothing gets better

The - Pursuit Of Happiness, right?
America's header but what pursuit... of what happiness...

We're lost.

See.

We say we're so proud to be a part of a country while there's a man in a suit
while a family lays on the hard, cold concrete, dead in a way that a cat stretches

Women in sports so unimportant that they get paid half of what men got paid back in the day

Disrespect.

Please explain to me how our world stays so misled in every which way that is the
same way year by year



The government has no ears, no voice while they chirp like birds in the winter and We still listen

It confuses me.

And it's bruising to watch the rich thrive and the poor suffer
And We continue to listen, sit back and wait for all things to get better

But here's the thing y'all. Until We ignore the trickery, We'll never know what could be better than
what exists now and come together and stop listening

Because, We all are listening, in symphony, to

Nothing.

– Miles Maupin





Losing Sight

The pink light that splashed onto the lime
green walls of the upstairs sun porch
beckoned me outside.

I walk downstairs,

my hands melt the veneer of ice that coats the side door when I ease it open.

As I turn towards the sun it immediately greets me like a long lost friend
in this long, frosty winter.



I follow the path of slushy brown tire tracks down the driveway into my backyard,
around mud patches,
across the grass
and into the garden.

Floating through the fence
behind the garden
is the breezy breath of nature,
guiding the chirping birds into their sanctuary
in the sky
as darkness settles upon the city.

My breath held, I watch them flit clumsily into the sky
until stars take their
place.

A train murmurs in the distance,

its sleepy steel softly scraping the tracks,
chasing after the sun.

In front of me I can see my breath more clearly now,
though I'm
losing sight of nearly everything else.

– Osgar Nugent



Hey, Jamez

INT. - HOUSE IN LAKEWOOD - NIGHT

JAMEZ is texting his girlfriend, BECKY then sends her streaks when she realizes there's a dark figure in the background of JAMEZ's response

JAMEZ

In-Text

What's up Becky.

James takes a picture and sends it to BECKY

BECKY

In-Text

Whos that in the BACKGROUND!?

JAMEZ looks back to see who it is

JAMEZ

In-Text

There's no one there, what are you talking about?

BECKY

In-Text

I swear I saw something behind you. You should go look.

JAMEZ goes and looks around his room and in his closet, but finds nothing then hears something in the hallway

Jamez

MOM is that you?!

No one answers so Jamez runs into his room. His phone begins to buzz.



Photo: Samuel Clemente



Illustration: Van Weinmann

BECKY
WHAT THE *BLEEP* HE NEEDS TO ANSWER HIS PHONE!

All of a sudden, BECKY hears something from the other line, but is unsure if it is JAMEZ or not.

BECKY
Hello? JAMEZ?

She gets no response, then the phone hangs up. JAMEZ is still looking around his house to see what made the noise.

JAMEZ
HELLO?! MOM ARE YOU THERE?!

JAMEZ then hears a noise behind him, so he looks. NOTHING.

JAMEZ
IS ANYONE THERE?!

He then opens the door to the basement. He sees a staircase leading into a dark abyss.

JAMEZ
ANYONE THERE?!

No response JAMEZ keeps searching through his house, peering in dark corridors, turning around suddenly when he thinks he hears a noise until he reaches his room once again. JAMEZ calls BECKY and starts to talk

JAMEZ
I just searched through my house. We good

Jamez records another video showing Becky that he's safe

BECKY
OH MY GOD, I THOUGHT YOU DIED!

JAMEZ
No I'm good.

SHONQUISHA
Hey jamez ;)

JUMPS CARE

THE END

- Jehiel Knight and Mordecai Godson

Photo: Matthew Quinn



Yesterday

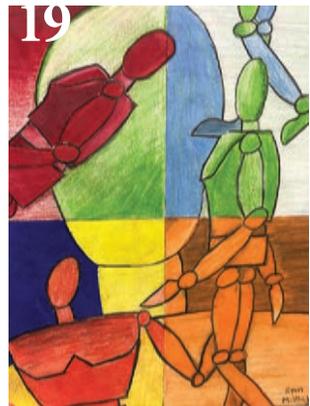
Yesterday,
I rumbled onward across
cloudy grey on rigid pink.

Today,
I stumble backwards through the rain
and my muddy head cannot think.

Tomorrow,
I will have packaged my life,
addressed to: "A Sunnier Tomorrow"

Now,
fly me away in rigid grey into clouds of pink;
goodbye, sorrow.

– *Osgar Nugent*



The Treacherous Life of the Green Child and Its Purple Friend

It was four days after the due date when the baby was born. Edgar was more ready for this day than any other day of his life. He and Camila had been going through baby names of every kind. The moment the baby was born was so quiet a pin would have been heard if it were dropped. Edgar and Camila were expecting a beautiful cherub of a baby. This baby was a shade of green like the grass in the front yard of Edgar and Camila. When Camila was discharged from the hospital, she and Edgar took the baby home more out of obligation.

The baby grew up to become a pitiful image of a toddler. What could have been the beautiful child of two beautiful people was tainted by the green tint of the child's skin. The child was merely a skeleton from the disregard of the parents. The child lived its life destitute and lonely as ever. When it was time to start school, Edgar and Camila grudgingly allowed the child to go to school and receive any type of recognition. None of the teachers or students gave the child recognition though. They realized what Edgar and Camila had realized when they first saw the child. The green child was colored green and the purple child was colored purple. The students clearly saw and came to the conclusion, with all of their intelligence, that they would not be able to do anything. One boy, Eduardo, came up to the green child and said, "I would play with you, but you are green. Everyone knows, green kids can't do what us normal kids can do."

The day after the first day of school, the purple child came. A child as pitiful as the green child. The child had a complexion of a lavender field. This child's hair was gross and stringy. The clothes were in tatters and the shoes were not even real shoes. Both the purple child and the green child were put into the corner with the spiders and dead flies while the other boys and girls were taught and nurtured. The green child took an immediate liking to the purple child because it was the first child the green child was ever allowed to talk to. The second day of school was great for the boys and girls who were not green or purple. They got to meet many new friends and were treated to a show. They gawked and stared at the green and purple children. A look

This is the way.



Illustration: Van Weinmann



Photo: Matthew Quinn

of confusion and disregard were on each of their faces. By mid-day the other boys and girls did not seem to remember the terrible green child and the disgusting purple child. The children laughed and squealed from the joy of learning new things and being included in school. The green child and the purple child just looked on impassively.

The next day, when the green child and the purple child scuffled into the school, the boys and girls came to a conclusion upon seeing them again. They need not pay any attention to these children anymore, for they were green and purple, unworthy and decrepit. The green child and purple child were pathetic and insufficient, not worth the attention of the boys and girls. The green and purple children sat in the spider and dead fly corner again. After 3 hours of sitting in the dusty corner and watching the boys and girls learn, they decided to simply leave. Being so quiet and invaluable in the corner, the boys, girls, and teacher were not aware they left. When the green child and purple child got out of the school building, they were both ravenous, for the teachers never

gave them lunches or snacks the other kids got. They went to a restaurant for any sort of food they could get. Upon walking in and asking for something to eat, they were met with looks of bewilderment and mute stupor. The children were not served any food but kicked out of the establishment, followed by a cacophony of laughter and blatantly uncouth catcalls. The green child and the purple child did not know what to do after all of this, so they sat down in a dirt and derelict filled alley. Even these two drove the derelicts away from their alley. The green child and purple child were vagabonds of the vagabonds, they were nobody's people and no people wanted anything to do with these bodies. They were immured in this life of undisguised malice and disregard.

Years had passed and Camila and Edgar had given up on the green child. Being middle school aged, they decided that they needn't feed the child breadcrumbs any more, or provide a house for it to live in. The green child had been kicked out permanently from Camila and Edgar's life. Camila and Edgar were unburdened by the green child now. They could resume the normality of their lives, partake in social events that did not allow them before. Their wages

Photo: Jack Dougher



accrued at work, they made more friends than before, they were happy and without remorse. The green child's life did not change. The green child remained with the purple child in the dirty alleys of the city.

The day Edgar and Camila unburdened themselves from the encumbrance that was the green child, the green child sat, unwavering, with the purple child in the far from hospitable alley. Nothing they could do would get them out of the position they were in, and everything they did worsened where they already were.

– *Marty Dubecky*

Illustration: Colin Wheeler



Illustration: Anderson Soltis



Go

No buzzes anymore,
I turned them off.

It still wants me to be its friend, though.
It latches onto me
draws me down
sucks out my life, then
throws it away.

Ever present.

Why do I do this to myself?
Why does society do this to itself?



Photo: Matthew Quinn

Consistently compelled to check
Unaware, defenseless.
Slowly it gains power
Forces my head down
My neck hurts.

I cannot do two things at once
So I stop what I'm doing, and
engage the weight in my pocket,
my companion—
in public, alone in the crowd
in the classroom, 20 isolated souls
at the party, many divided friends
in the car, at home, at work.
trapped,
walled off from Humanity.

Mindless scrolling
Unthinking interactions
Tap, tap, tap, my life away
Not self aware— only phone aware
They tell me we'll spend 11 years together by the end of my life.
What are we doing
to our Selves?

Where is God in all this?

In the real world
Not virtual reality,
real reality.
Divine Reality.

I don't want to be your friend anymore.

– *Luke Hanley*



Starry Night

Stars beaming through the dark,
A quiet, serene town beneath.
The moon looking over the town
As it tucks the them into slumber
And the faint sounds of the night play a musical number
With a combination of commotion from
The town and mother nature; beauty is brewing.
The wind blows through the air like comfort blows
Through the houses of the kind people on God's creation.
Another day comes to an end as the moon blesses
The world with its presence along with the stars.

As tension brews in the
Overlapping of the land and the sky,
We appreciate the gift we are given
As it continues to overwhelm and bewilder us;
As for the inhabitants put on Earth,
God made everyone to be a night with the stars out.and gravity high .
The inhabitants ravage and love each other,
All born different to do the same thing;
Some are made with less gravity.
Good and bad brewing in the sky;
There is no balance without God.

There is much evil and darkness in this world;
God is a lighthouse illuminating the night sky.
The moon and stars will always shine through the darkness
That fills this world. God reigns controller of both.
The perpetual fight between good and evil
Gives meaning to those who participate.
Oh merciful God give us the strength to glisten in the dark.

- *Nate Cappellazzo*

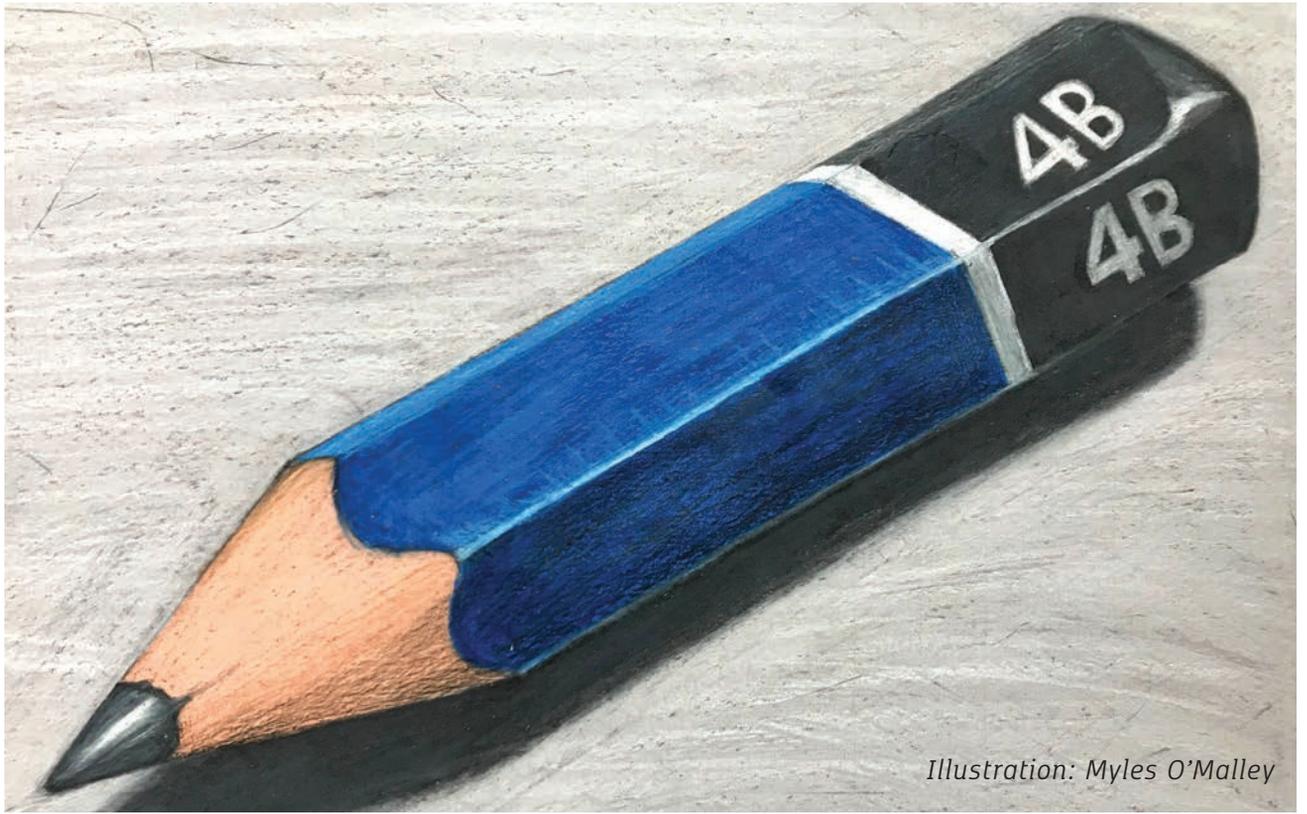


Illustration: Myles O'Malley

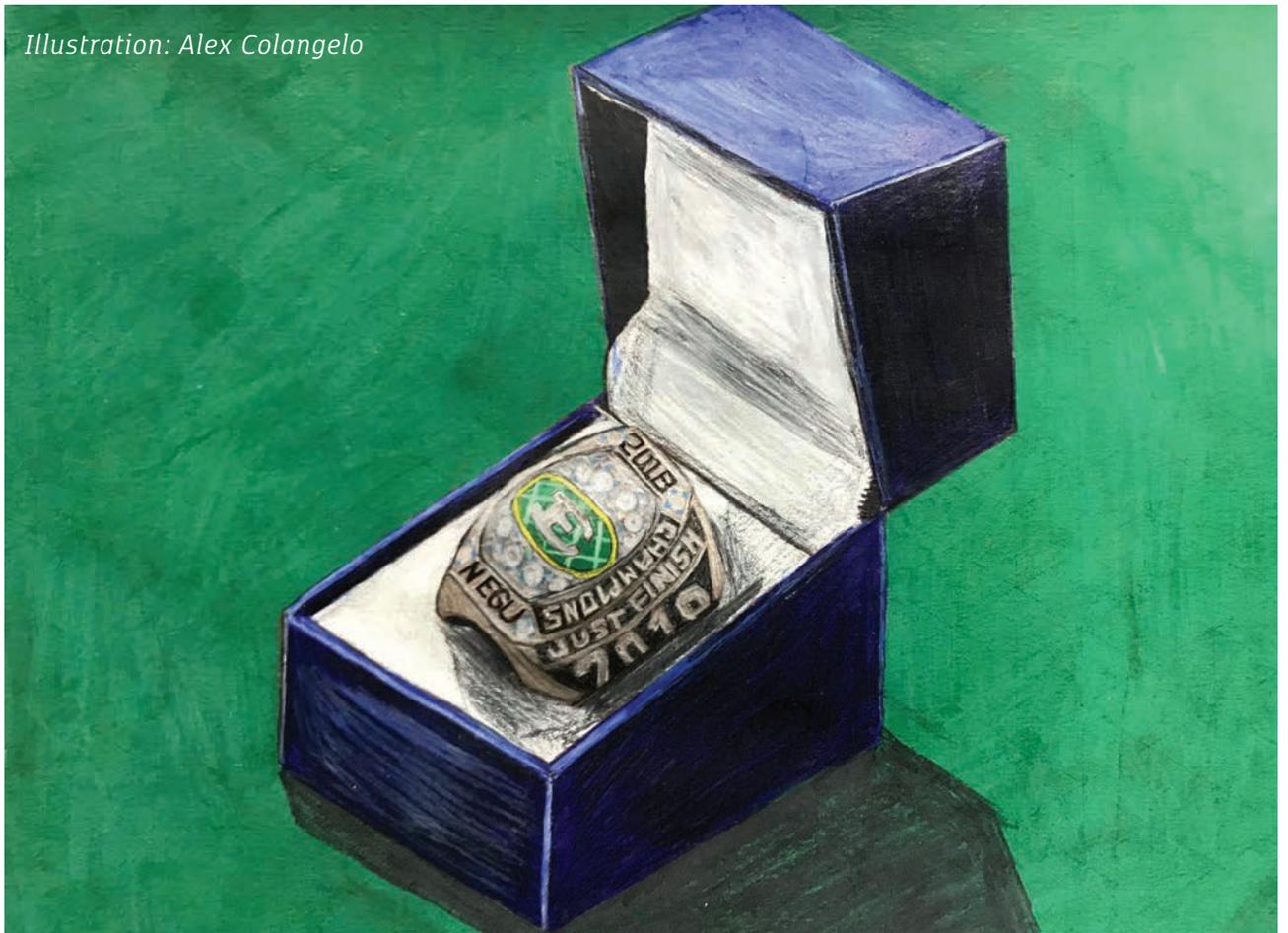


Illustration: Alex Colangelo



Illustration: Hudson Hightower

Photo: Jack Dougher



Photo: John Kutney







Illustration: Bishop Jennings



Illustration: Kurt Franz



Illustration: Myles O'Malley



Illustration: Myles O'Malley

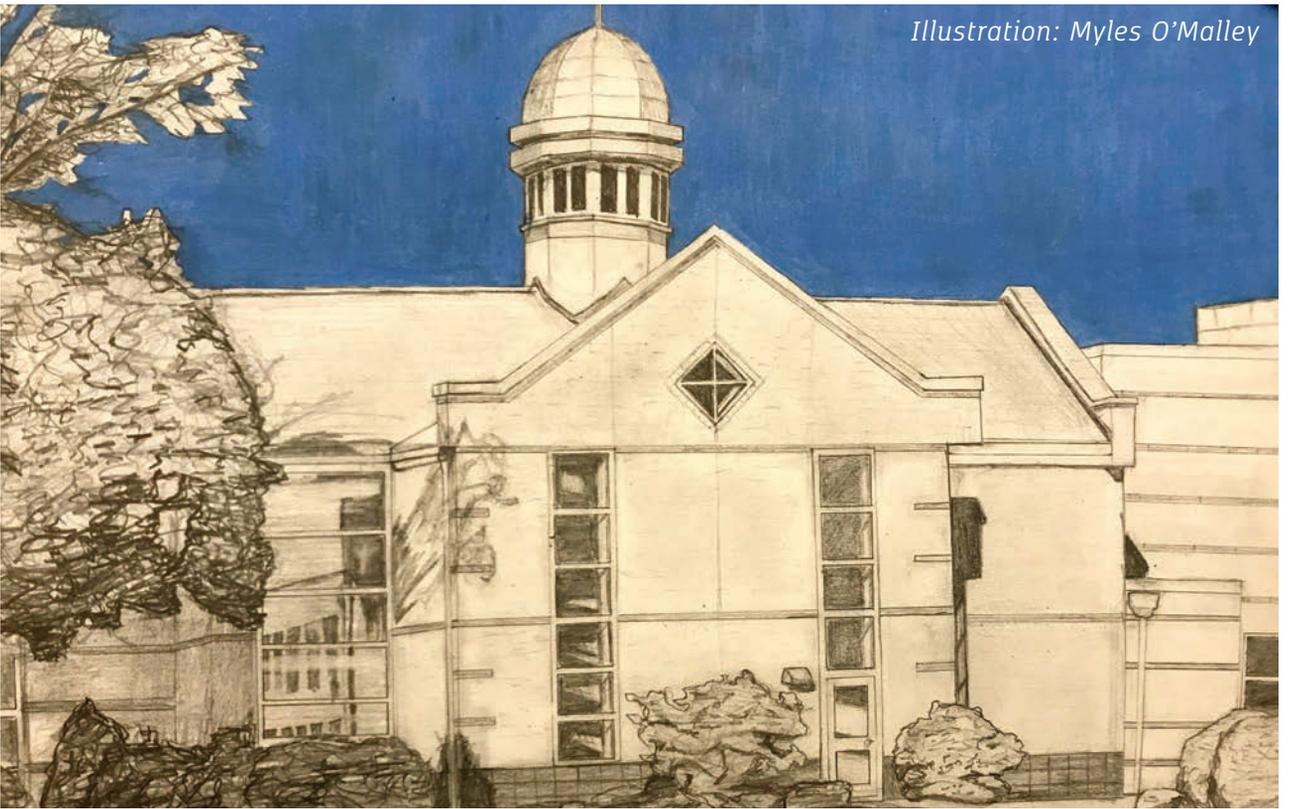


Illustration: Shane Barker



America Fly

From founding fathers to negative dollars.
From chasing dreams to being ran by thieves.
From pride in each other to being snide to another.
The hate has rose and the love has fallen.
Ran by the rich and ran by the orange.
Hate for each other starts to transform.
Love for the wealthy but not much for the poor.
None for the families who struggle for a floor.
Not much care about the rubble of a war.
Too worried about a twitter galore.
A country like a puzzle,
With a few missing pieces.
We must come together and it is no secret.
Hope is upon us for it is like the sun,
Even though you may not see it just know you cannot run.
Must not do it for a check or do it for fun.
Be a country like a unicycle for we must be one.
For the many who die.
The many who cry.
The many who think there's no hope in the sky.
Two words for you and two words from the guy,
God spoke down and said,
America fly.

–CJ Hankins



The Creek of Wonders

The outcast that always sits by himself at lunch. With a boney figure and messy hair. The kind of kid that was too nervous to even ask a classmate for a pencil. He lived in the upper part of Stone Brook, a private development. The houses were colossal and what made them bigger was the tiny white condos across the lake. His father, Bill, was a lawyer, so he was never around much. Truly a great guy but could never make enough time for anyone. His mom was never seen after the affair she had on her husband. The last time he had seen her was at his preschool graduation and the only details he had remembered was she had blond hair, smoked cigarettes, and had a tattoo of a butterfly on her wrist. After that day he had not as much as heard her name.

The boy, Jeffrey, didn't have many friends. During his weekends he would have no one to hang out with. Luckily he had a big imagination. Usually he would go out in his backyard where there was a creek. It was fall, the weather

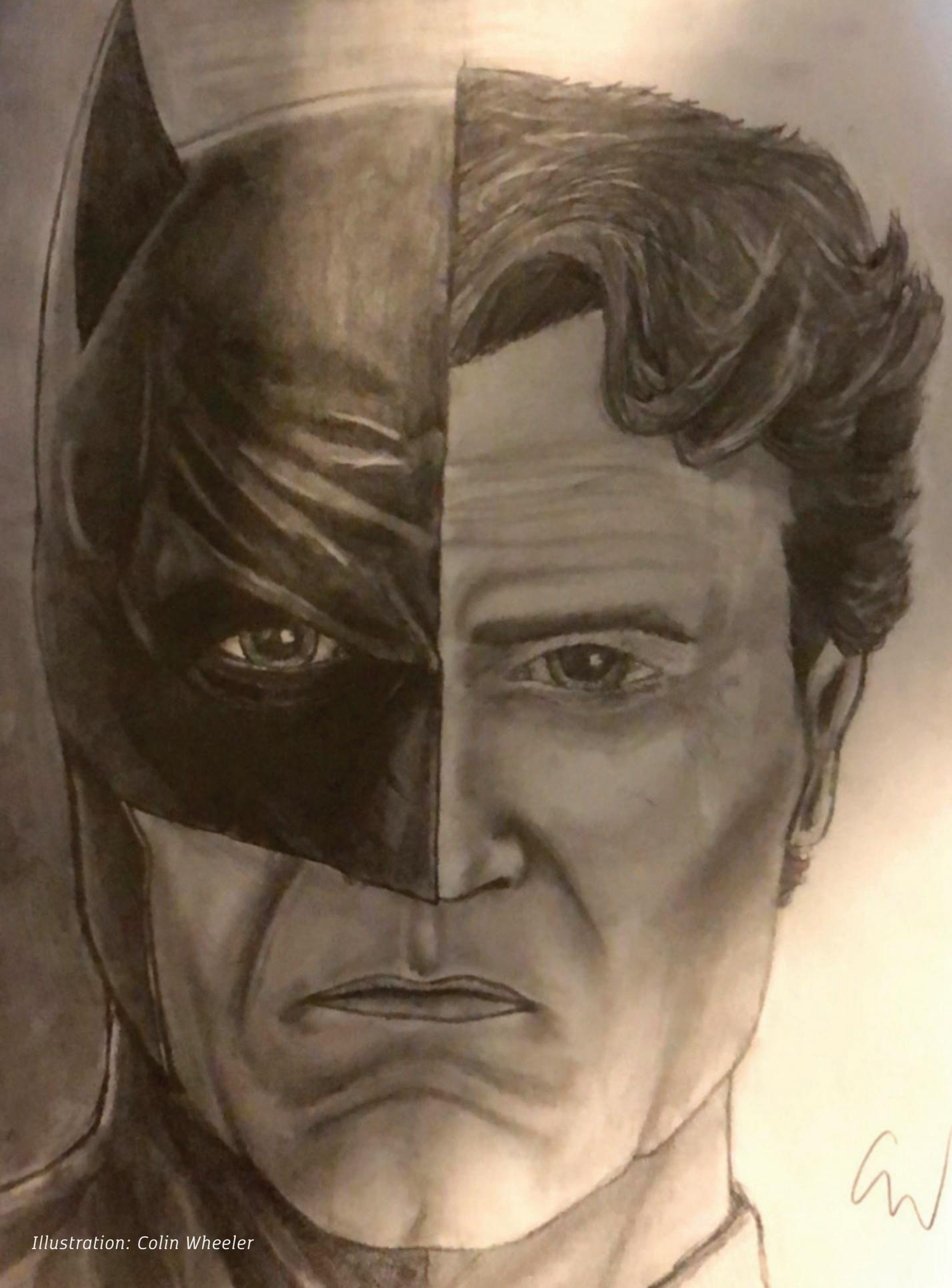


Photo: Matthew Quinn

wasn't the warmest around him but definitely not too cold for him to go out and explore. This week he planned to venture the whole creek right down to the lake. Before Jeffrey started his journey he made sure to be dressed in the right attire. He put on a hoodie, faded jeans, Timberland boots, and a hiking backpack. Inside of the bag he packed trail mix, a lighter, and of course a compass. It was about noon on a saturday when he decided to head out. As he got down the small hill in his backyard and got into the creek he noticed a smell. A smell some would call repulsive, but to Jeffrey it was his happy place. The ground was a bit moist as it had rained a few days prior to him setting out. Other than that, the conditions were perfect for him to meet his goal. As he trudged along he could see his neighbors houses all along the sides of the creek. He made sure to tuck his pants in his boots because the water was high and roaring. Minutes passed and he stumbled upon something strange.



Photo: Matthew Quinn



aw

Illustration: Colin Wheeler

Something you wouldn't expect to see in a creek. A rose. Something sparked in my head while I was standing there in that creek looking down at that red rose. These used to be all around my house when I was younger. Yes, I could remember clearly now my mom used to have these everywhere. They were her favorite flower. At that moment I remained still and started thinking about my mother. The question that wouldn't leave my head was "where could she be and where had she been all these years?" Just then a drop rain hit my nose. I looked up and the sky was getting gloomy. I could either go inside and do this another day or keep going on. I put on my rain-coat pulled up the hood and continued on.

As Jeffrey continued on his journey he neared the end of the creek. He had left his development and was moving towards the white condos. He had never been there before. He had always passed by every now and then and seen it out of the window of his dad's car.

As I got closer and closer to the end of the creek I noticed something on the ground. There was a copious amount of used cigarettes on the ground.

As he peered through the window he could make out a woman sitting at what looked to be the kitchen table. She was blonde and just as skinny as him and in her hand was big bottle with light brown colored liquid inside. As he was still standing far in the creek he inched a couple steps forward to see what was in the lady's hands.

It was Jack Daniels which I had seen my dad drinking a lot after long hard nights of work. I stood there and stared until something caught my eye the condos next to the one I had been focused on now had people at their windows staring at me. Feeling like a creep for staring so long i turned my head looked at the lake. I had made it to the end after all. Welp, guess I would start my way home now. I turned around and got ready to head back when I heard a loud thud. My head turned on a swivel right to the screen door I had been looking at just a few seconds ago. The lady sitting on the table had now fallen to the ground. I thought she had just drank too much. I remember seeing my dad pass out on the couch after he had drank too much. I figured the woman would be fine so I carried on and continued back home. As i was walking back i could noy stop thinking about the woman and her safety. I certainly wished she was okay but I couldn't stop thinking about her. But I kept walking. Don't turn back. Don't turn back I thought to myself. Then I bolted in the direction of the condo. This could be life or death I thought so I turned around and bolted back towards the lake at the end of the creek. The woman was still on the floor of her kitchen, she looked lifeless. I ran over to the screen door and pulled on it. To my dismay



it was locked. I cursed and went around front. I pulled on the doorknob and to my surprise it opened. I ran into the kitchen. “Are you okay!” I shouted. She made no movement. I looked around the room and saw an open bottle of pills and capsules were all over the floor. I couldn’t identify what they were but it seemed like they were some sort of painkillers. She was sprawled on the ground so I rolled her gently on to her back and noticed something near her wrist. It was a tattoo. Not just any tattoo but the same butterfly my mom had had. This was undoubtedly my mother. Everything was happening so quick but I knew I had to save her life. I checked her pulse, luckily there was something. I didn’t know what to do from there, Call 911? No I was too nervous to talk to anyone except my dad. That’s it! I will call my dad.

Jeffrey dialed his dad’s number on what happened to be his mom’s phone. It had fallen off the table and he didn’t have a phone of his own but he remembered his dad’s phone number. Quickly he dialed the number hoping to get a quick response. It rang for a second then hung up. That was strange: Jeffrey’s dad never missed calls. He tried again and the same thing happened. He tried a third time and his dad finally picked up. Jeffrey put his ear to the phone but the response wasn’t pleasant. “What the hell do you want?!” his dad said in an angry tone. This was the first time Jeffrey had seen

his dad mad but he knew the life of his mother would fall into his dad's hands. Jeffrey explained everything that was going on at the moment and his dad said he would be there immediately. A few minutes passed. Jeffrey made sure to keep an eye on his mother and he was too caught up in his work. Too caught up to make time for her and that is what drew her to do what she did. Her actions would never be right but now he had realized and it was Jeffrey's father's turn to make it up. His father knelt down by the dormant body of his mother and put a hand on her. Jeffrey could see a tear fall from his eye. His father had never cried nor showed any emotion or so it seemed throughout Jeffrey's life.

Please please please don't go. Don't die on me you can't leave me again. I screamed. I lightly tapped her face. Hoping for a sign of life. Hoping for anything. All those lost years and memories all came back to me. I had once loved that woman and I was not ready to let go, not ready to accept her fate.

A few minutes passed and she finally opened her eyes and came to. Once the woman noticed who was standing over her tears came from her eyes. "Everything is going to be okay," said Bill.

The paramedics rushed in sirens blaring. They took my mother away. After everyone had cleared out it was just me and my dad at the kitchen table. My dad vowed to make things better and apologized for never being there for me. He



Photo: Samuel Clemente

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went on about how he would take more days off and do more things together. We hugged in that kitchen and for once I felt like I had my dad. I felt like I had my family. I squeezed him so tight and he squeezed harder. As the both of us went out of the condo I headed for his car. “No,” he said. I was confused, then a smile crept upon my dad’s face. “Let’s both take the creek back,” he said in a cheerful voice. I smiled and we headed to the creek.

– Nick Dottore

Photo: Matthew Quinn

Bliss

I am awake. Still. The tip of the glowing orange sun peers over the horizon, projecting a crescent of sharp, unforgiving light into my room. Yet another sleepless night. Is a bed a bed if one doesn't sleep?

I heave myself up, reluctantly pull on a shirt and tie, and trudge down the stairs. I hear my parents talking as I walk closer to the kitchen.

“He’s too old to not be sleeping. His damn music keeps me up all night. I’m sick of it! The kid needs to grow up!” my father shouts. My mother calmly speaks: “My poor baby. If only we knew what was wrong...”

I enter the kitchen, and all conversation stops. As if I didn't know. As if I didn't hear.

“Hi baby!” My mom says. “How did you sleep?” Ignoring her, I quickly fix a bagged lunch.

“Talk to your mother.” says my father.

“Shhh. It’s okay.”

“No! Every day with this disrespect, and I’ve had enough of it.”

“Seriously, it’s fine. Leave him alone.”



Every morning, this pantomime. All an effort to give me the semblance of love. What did I have to do to tell them I didn't care? Just leave me alone.

I walk out of the front door, closing it behind me before my mother can rush out with me for emotional hugs and kisses and "good luck at school"s. I'm sick of it.

The day drags by. School is as tedious as ever. Teachers yell at me for momentarily dozing off, for forgetting the homework, for zoning out in class.

As soon as I get home, I turn on the television and settle down on the sofa. A rare moment of satisfaction. I relish these small moments of solitude, where nobody cares about me, nobody nags or yells at me, and I don't have a care in the world. Homework can wait until later. Although my mother was late; she usually arrives home soon after me, followed by my father after we had eaten dinner. Eventually, I hear the front door unlock. Turning off the television, I slowly get up and walk to greet my mother.

That's odd. My father stands in the hallway, his face shielded by shadow, his eyes averted from me. I look at him more closely, and I see the hospital wristband on his wrist. He isn't injured. My sleep-deprived mind tries to comprehend his solemn features. Slowly, it dawns on me as my father staggers over to the couch and collapses, suddenly weeping and sobbing. I never imagined the first time seeing my father crying would be like this; I anticipated it as a victory of sorts, but this... this is horribly distressing. My father and I stay there for a while, sitting in silence save for his occasional sobs that echo around the silent house like gunshots.



I go to bed early that night. Nothing seems worthy of staying up. I struggle and twist in my covers, but my mother's face keeps permeating my mind. I relax and let the memory of her reach the surface. I hadn't cried for my mother's death yet, but now the tears come. Cascading down my face, splashing onto my pillow, inducing spasmodic and forceful convulsions down the length of my body. Grief racks my soul, and no amount of crying could rid my mind of it. My head aches of despair, and my heart screams for air and for relief. Sooner or later, my body simply gives up of exhaustion. Suddenly, I come to a realization. The night doesn't scare me anymore. I no longer envision the terrors of the blackness taking me into the void, or terrifying images haunting my thoughts. The only terrifying thing in that room is my own life, and the sadness that now engulfs it. If I can make the room dark enough, I can eclipse the once brilliant but now painful and fading light of my mother's memory. I can forget about the gaping hole that exists in my life. I can stop thinking about my father downstairs. I had never given him the love of a son, and now he was without the love of a wife. I don't have to envision the horror that tomorrow will bring when my eyes are closed. As I finally feel myself drifting off, I praise the blissful ignorance of darkness and sleep. I welcome the oblivion of night.

– *Richard Perrins*



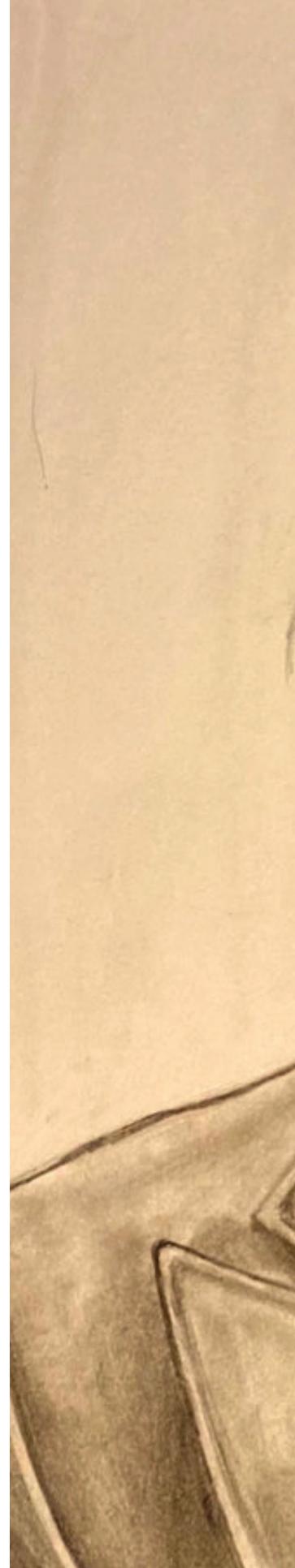
Anxiety

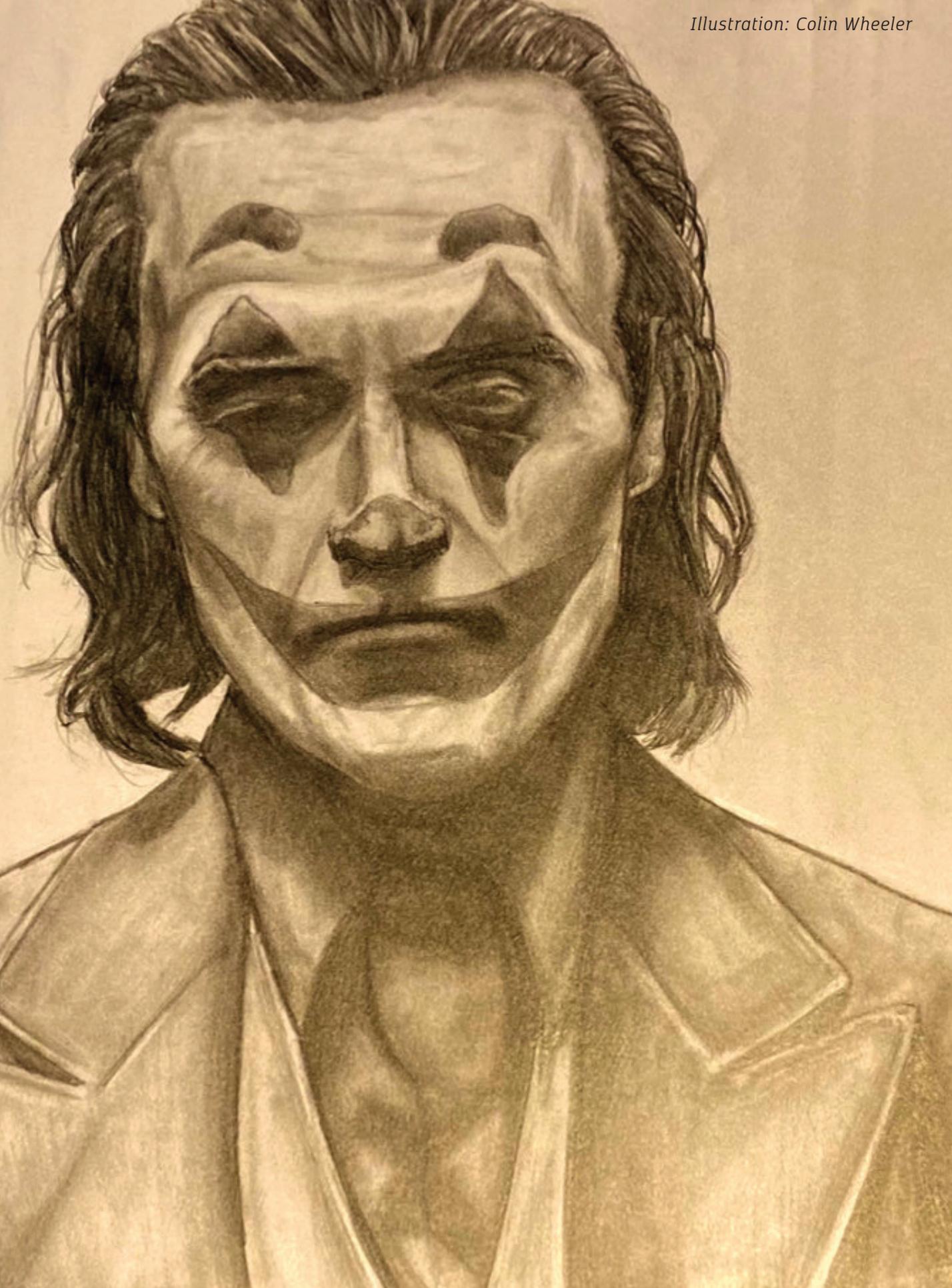
Constantly having this feeling
Of worthlessness, like I can't do anything.
Scared, nervous, fearful for the future.
I wish to feel better to beat this fear but can't.
I can't move.
It hurts too bad.
Like somebody took over my body,
Somebody ripped out my soul and replaced it with a new one.
I've been put into a box and there is no way out.

The people around me just don't realize,
Calling me names, my parents telling me to grow up,
I wish to be normal,
Like the rest of the kids,
To do the things they do.
I try, but can't do.

I feel like I can't be helped.
I'm truly lost in this dark world,
Trying to find the light.

- Daniel Korpowski







1

OH YEAH!
I LOVE THE
GRIND!

FRIDAY SEP.
21

3

2

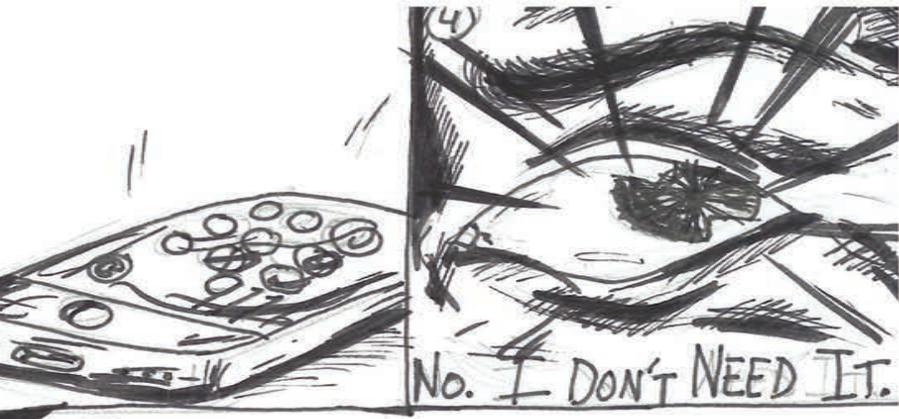
AH!

MY
ACL!

6

5





But, I Long for the Eastside

Even in Kyoto

Hearing the Cuckoo

I long for Kyoto. -Basho

Even on the eastside

The dark vs the Bright

I long for the eastside

As the day continues to go life becomes shorter and shorter. Shorter.

The dark is where life ends and people become alone

As the day becomes new the pain and suffering goes away

But, I long for the eastside

The night time is where the noise becomes booming and convulse

When the daylight appears society is reposeful with no pain in sight

The people of the eastside will learn one day.

That lives are the main source of the society

Day and day go past and the society becomes lessen

I wonder what will come if there is no more people to hurt in society

But, I long for the eastside

The outlook of dark and danger in one area.

The smell that quite reminds you of death. Death.

The sound that take your ears away far and far away just like the soul.

But, I long for the eastside

-Tim Taylor



Old Trees by a Wintry Brook

In youth beauty often grows
Though love lasts beside it.
Throughout the winter,
And it's cold extremes.
You are a tree without its leaves
Unwarmed to the branch
by the wintry brook
Growing alone
Knowing that one winter,
Will be your last.
When the day will come
Upon the old brook of death.
You won't be there alone,
For just like old trees
You may shrivel up grey
Yet age can never keep love at bay,
The cold wintry brook has a place
for you
And for me.

-Luke Sminchak



Photo: Matthew Quinn

Separation

Dust lies like a blanket over the concrete, undisturbed and serene until my paws break the tranquility. Below me, grass forces its way through cracks, coarse and brown from the relentless sun that beats down on my back and glints off of the steel bars to my right; as incessant and ever-present as the eyes that peer desperately through them. The once majestic rock, protruding oddly from the steep wall, lies vacant- the imitated granite far too hot to touch. I trudge to the shade under the rock- my only relief- and rest my head gently on the cool stone. Staring into the distance with weary eyes, I can actually see through the masses of over-exuberant children and jaded parents vying to get a glimpse of my famous mane, past the bars and cages that separate the innocent folk from the brutal beasts that they are so fascinated with, over the tacky gates and signs that advertise the prison they call the zoo, and I see the long grass of the savannah, slowly swaying in the wind. I hear the whisper of the wind, feel the breeze wash over me. That is my true home- where I truly belong. That is where I must return. Shaken back to reality, I focus on the monolithic fence just yards from the entrance to the zoo- a towering combination of indomitable steel and pulsing electricity. Anything to give the semblance of safety for the huddled masses, eager to laugh and point at caged animals, too terrified to experience nature itself. Hopes crushed, I fall into slumber, exhausted from heat and dismay.

Days pass. Tourists come excited and leave disappointed. Nights arrive and end, yet I am oblivious. I am not lying, almost comatose, in a monochromatic concrete cell, waiting for the release of death. I bound effortlessly through the long grass, relishing the fantastic freedom, until reality grounds me



Illustration: Samuel Edelman





Photo: Matthew Quinn

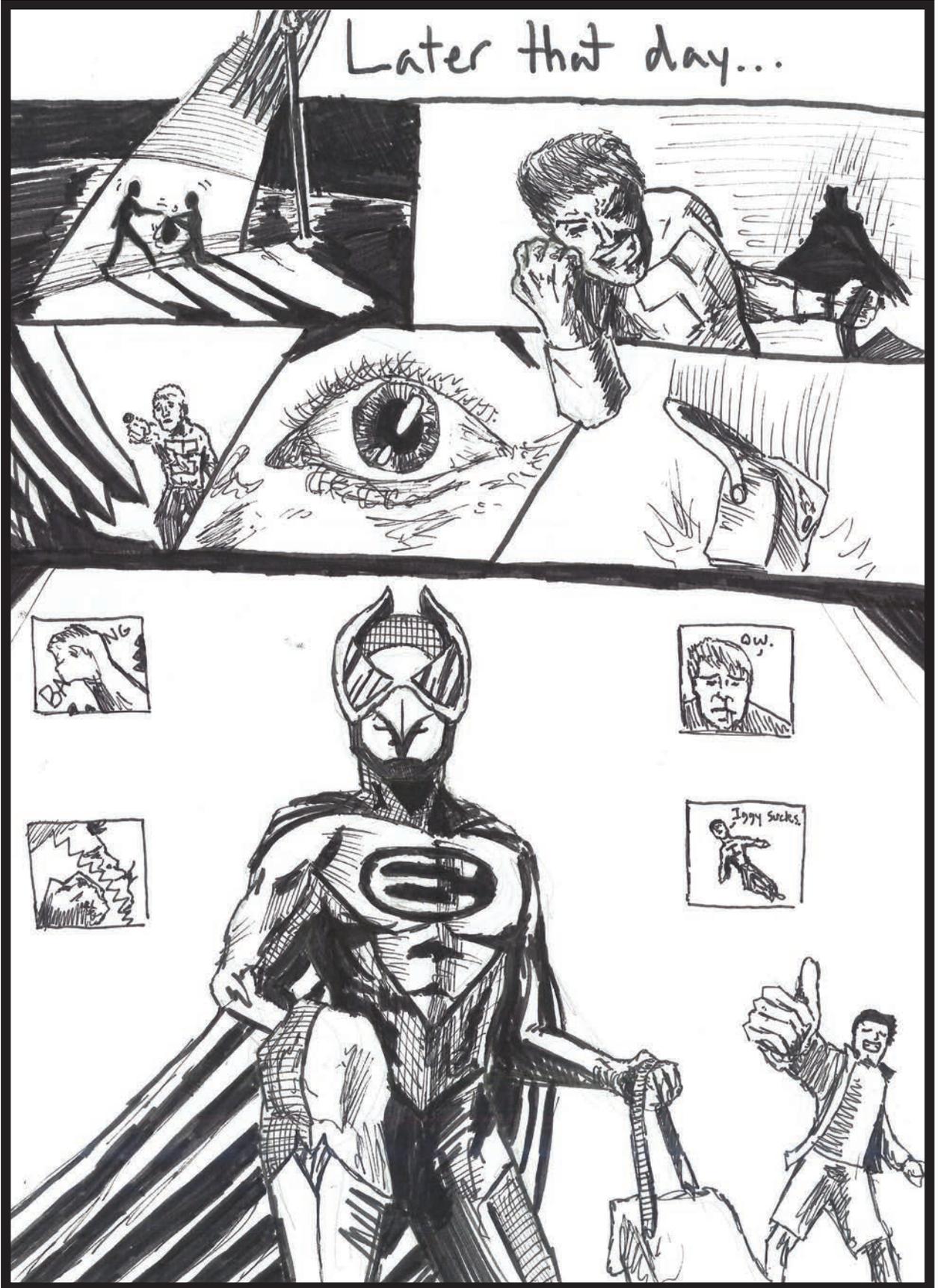


to the shade below the rock. An overwhelming feeling suddenly surges through me, rejuvenating my tired skin, energizing the fatigued muscles in my legs, filling my eyes with a bright light. I had to leave, whatever the risk. The exhaustion that had been a constant presence throughout my life rapidly receded, replaced by an indescribable energy that coursed through my veins, compelling me to rise to my feet. The door to my cell creaks open as a zoo worker enters, a goat's leg in hand. Concealed by the rock, I wait patiently as he looks for me. Slowly, filled with trepidation, the young man lopes forward. A gust of wind suddenly whips through the enclosure, knocking the baseball cap from the boy's head. My eyes glint as I realize my chance. As he bends to pick it up, I am gone. I leap across the enclosure, soaring through the open door as the boy turns with a shout. Ranks of tranquilizers line the walls around me, taking aim at the streak of brown whipping down pathways. Despite their best efforts to hide, I make a beeline for the huddled pack of tourists to one side; although security wouldn't hesitate to subdue or kill me, the civilians would present too much of a risk. Fear proving too powerful of a presence, the people scatter, leaving me a path to the fence, which looms ominously over me. Undeterred, I jump with all the power I can muster, bounding off a rock and leap, flying higher than I ever could go before, higher than I ever had dared to go. My foot clips the fence, sending a jolt of electricity through my body. The pain stuns me for a moment, and I stagger forward, my vision clouded. As it clears, I see the horizon stretching before me; something I have never seen before. Endless possibility awaits me. Roaring in pain and joy, I gallop into the savannah. My foot has a dull ache, yet the adrenaline helps me ignore it. I am free. I am home.

–Richard Perrins



Later that day...



Hottō Enmyō Kokushi

Kakushin-sama
Eyes in concentration
Hands in meditation
Form in relaxation
Pondering the nature of nature's mysteries,
Dharma.

Perfectly awakened teacher of the lamp,
Model of true dedication:
Show us how to revamp
Our lives and achieve your perfect tranquility

–Maxwell Hoelker

Together

We are all together, my whole family, at my grandparents' house for Christmas as we set up the camera for a timed picture that everyone will look back at with mixed feelings.

We are at a buffet in downtown Cleveland, the dread of people without homes on the street has dread going down my spine. We argue over who's gonna get shotgun on the way home. It's the oldest brother's last Christmas at home before he goes off to college.

My cousin and I are in the front row because we are the smallest then my middle brother than my older cousin, and in the back my older brother, grandparents, my mom, my dad, and my aunt and Uncle. Everyone is smiling happily on Christmas Eve that was just like the years before when we were together as a family.

My brothers and I struggle to find where to stand in the picture. My mom stressing over having to calm us all down, alone, she feels alone. We all feel alone.

–Ryan Steckle

Disability

I hear Echoes of explosives arise once present with the world.
Upset people with feelings of disgust, look at the beautiful gift they neglect and don't appreciate.

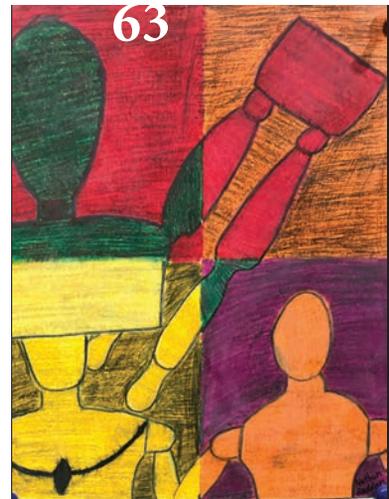
With footsteps exiting the condensed white roomed space. the cries grow louder and with no one to console the so-called "Mistake". He is taken to a big white room. This "Mistake" is treated with warmth and life until it is no longer needed. I hear the "Mistakes" being referred to as different since they have disabilities.

I hear "Mistake" being taken in by a beautiful family. The family provides health to care for him giving him what is rightfully deserved. Once "Mistake" had reached the acme of basic social skills, " He is sent to another environment. The animals here are a different kind of breed. Most confused by what has come to their jungle not knowing what species have come into their home. They react with a sound of disdain. America why are you this way? What has "Mistake" done to affect your life? I hear and feel the stares getting stronger as with the chuckles of laughter directed towards him.

I hear many Americans neglect the good and special. The jungle cuts them up one by one until the special people are left with bad intuition. Most ignore the fact "Mistakes" are human too. Can't the "Mistakes" not be seen at outcasts but as people too. I hear the specials putting in the effort to make their lives better. "Mistake" is off to good things now. I hear the "Specials" receiving loud ovations and claps. "Mistake" now looks more accomplished than anyone in the jungle. The "Mistake" has gone from peasant to king in a blink of an eye.

So I sit here today looking at what actions take place in America. I hear "Mistakes" worldwide are achieving things no one in the jungle ever thought of. I hear the rude laughs, and disrespectful remarks all going away because they were wrong. America your call to all is challenged day in and day out by your actions. I still hear the madness in America and yes they may be the start of a change but it starts with every one of you. Because at the end of the day I hear "Mistakes" are doing more than everyone in America could ever think of.

–Brendan McIlwee



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MAGAZINE

A black silhouette of an eagle in flight, positioned below the word 'Flight' and to the right of the word 'MAGAZINE'. The eagle's wings are spread wide, and it is facing left.

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