



Flight

MAGAZINE

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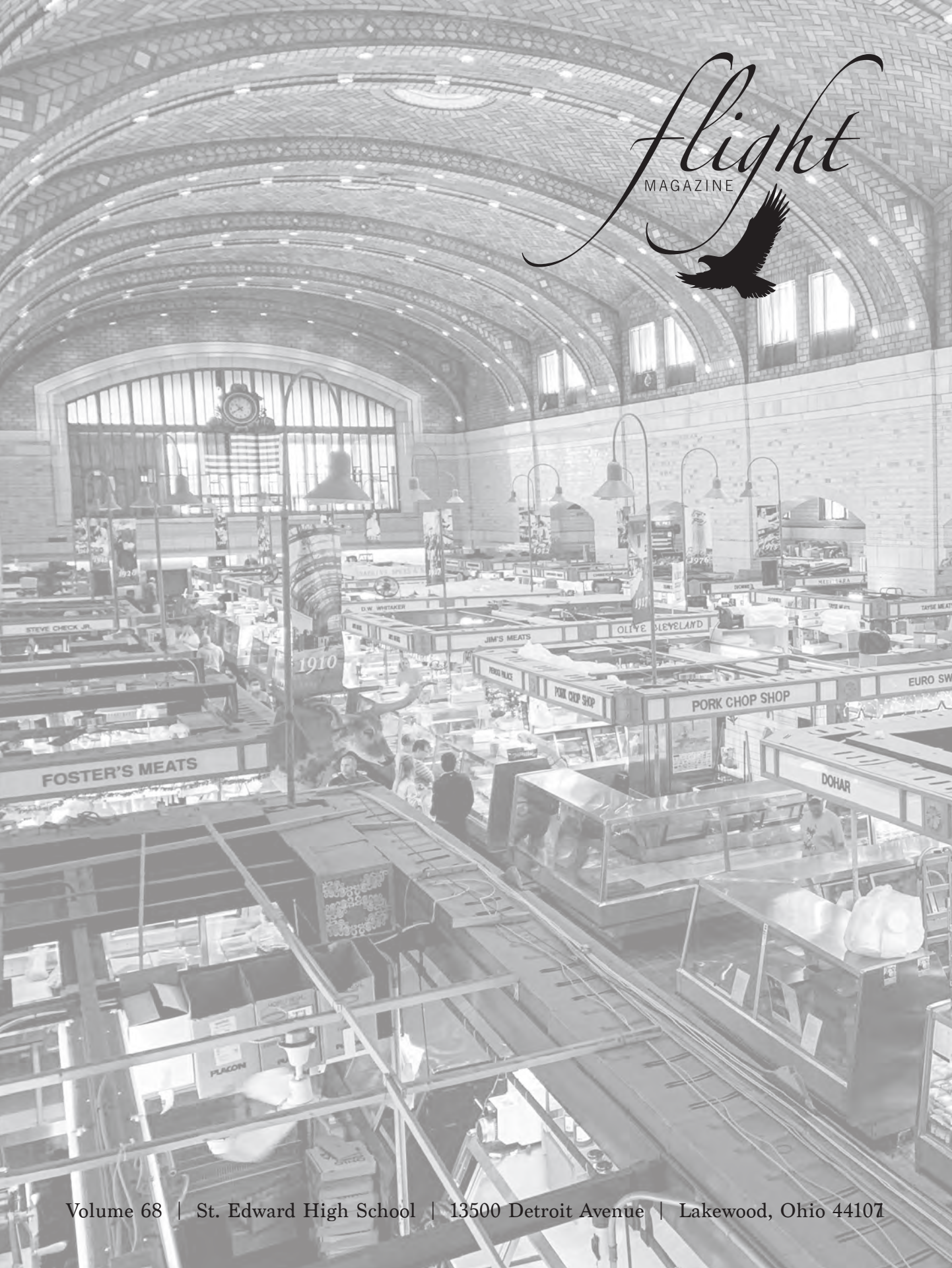


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John Kutney

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Thank you for picking up this year's edition of Flight Magazine! We greatly appreciate your care for fine arts here at St. Edward High School. Last year I introduced Volume 67 with a letter from the editor, the beginning of a new tradition. Coming into my third year as editor-in-chief, this will be my second and last letter I write, hopefully passing down this tradition to the next editor.

Three years ago, I was entrusted with the leadership of this magazine. The promise I made was to be a loyal steward of the literary and creative arts. Three years and three volumes later, I hope I have kept this promise in your eyes. My artistic background is primarily in photography, so I know the dedication and thought that goes into producing a piece of art or writing. I have tried my best to make sure this magazine presents the works of the artists in a way that honors their vision, because it is not my place to alter a piece. Once again, what I present to you here is the raw emotion, thought, and creativity of the Edwardian student body. And as always, I hope you enjoy it as much as I did curating it.

John J. Kutney

“Pain is Temporary”

Sad, dark, tough, glum, critical, unhappy
Music is the only thing being true
As with most things, pain is temporary
To reverse, hard, but possible to do

Listening to advice of a stranger
The artist knows me better than I do
The song can advise, you are the changer
not sad, but Happy now, because I grew

The music has that effect on many
Allowing them to realize how they feel
All the meaningful lyrics being plenty
To tweak a mood from something fake to real

So, what song do you like to listen to?
Sad, happy? each gives a different view

-Nathan Sinchak

“Right on Time”

The homework's dullness is killing me now
I cannot keep focus for ten seconds
Math is having me question, saying, “How?”
I still have two more hours I reckon

Maybe if I take just a little break
I will get back to my work in a bit
The homework making my head badly ache
I really want to stop right now and quit

Look at the clock and realize what time
1 hour before the due date is reached
I know that my good grade is on the line
It would drop down to a ‘C’ at the least

I pull it all together and finish
All of my energy now diminished

-Connor Stephens

"The Dark Side"

Fear leads to hate, hate leads to anger, anger leads to suffering.
The sith go down that line from fear to suffering.
Hate and suffering took a toll on these siths souls
but for some hate and fear was all they knew.
They embodied fear, hate, anger, and suffering.

You can almost feel the coldness of them all.
Their anger overwhelms you and the
sound of their sabers makes sure there is no hope of escaping,
or survival. The breathing is mixed with calm and heavy.
You can never understand their pain of abandonment, loss,
and the hatred for all.

The sabers glow is bright and menacing,
like a light at the end of the hallway on a dark night.
The sabers radiate heat, like a small fire keeping you from freezing.

Their eyes glow bright yellow and pierce
your soul,
as if they know all your secrets.
They show us that we can go through fear and suffering,
and we have the ability to become monsters we once feared.

We have the ability to have our presence felt like death breathing
Down our neck.

-John Villegas



photo by: Ben Zangas

“Everlasting Fortification”

It's a cool and rainy day at the pond.

The frogs are croaking and you can hear the rain splash in the water.

Drip Drip Drip

- 5 The dirt has turned to mud and the grass has become slippery
The duck's back is impenetrable to the rain.

Drip Drip Drip

7x4=

Drip

- 10 6x8=

Drip

8x4=

Drip

- 15 The math facts are to rain as my brain is to the duck.
Never able to sink in.

Flashcards

Drip

IXL

Drip

- 20 Repeating Facts

Drip

No matter what I do,

The facts can't pass through the wall that has surrounded my brain.

I'll never be able to learn my facts in a million years

- 25 Drip Drip Drip

- Anderson Scott





photo by: John Kutney

“Choosing Your Future”

Trying to keep my options open.
Trying to be reasonable with people.
Trying to decide between two schools.
Trying to notice the differences.
Trying to spot similarities.
Trying to note the strengths.
Trying to decipher the weaknesses.
Trying to look at what I enjoy, and
Trying to pair it with a school.
Trying to look at my weaknesses.
Trying to self-assess my strengths.
Trying to explore both the campuses.
Trying to find a school that is accommodating with needs.
Trying to find a school that accommodates a balance of athletics and academics.
Trying to decide which school has superior sports.
Trying to find a school with the best academics.
Trying to find the school that will allow success now and more importantly, in the future.
Trying to decide between two schools with the best academics and athletics in the state.
Trying to decide between a Jesuit or Holy Cross School.
Trying to continue to stay open minded with others’ influence and opinions.
Trying to decide between St. Edward and St. Ignatius.

- Brayden Page

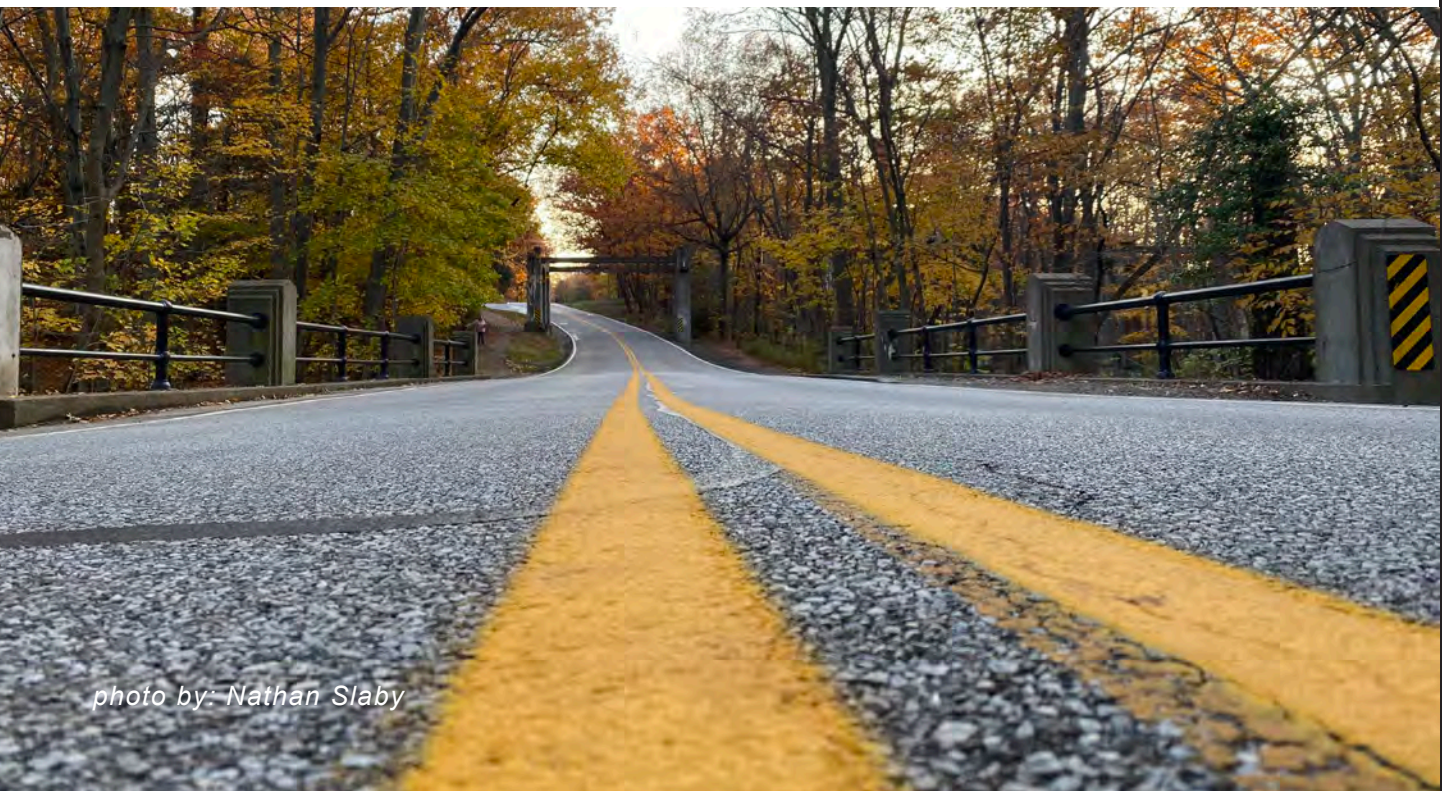


photo by: Nathan Slaby



illustration by: Matthew Webb



photo by: John Kutney

“Am I Okay?”

Am I okay? I live on five hours of sleep every day.

Am I okay? I trudge through the hallways instead of walking.

Am I okay? I drown myself in masks of little white lies.

Am I okay? I hide my tears and aches.

Am I okay? I drown and drown and drown in pain, in disappointment.

Am I okay? I drown out the yelling and arguments with video games and webcomics.

Am I okay? I bathe in daydreams of loud cheering and visualizing online slime stores.

Am I okay? I have friends, right?

Am I okay? I locked the door, turned off the lights, crying with my lofi?

Am I okay? Is my future doomed?

Am I okay? What have I done that my parents ask, “what’s wrong with you?”

Am I okay? What did I do that my friends responded with, “no one asked.”

Am I okay? Will I forever be a failed destitute, scraping scraps and being kicked around to
keel over?

Who am I, where am I, what’s wrong with me, when did I start crying, why am I here,
how did I end up here?

Am I okay? Do I need help? No, I am fine.

No, I’m lying.

My parents say I’m lying.

My friends say I’m being lazy.

All around me believe.

Therefore, I believe.

- *Samuel Nguyen*

“Beneath the Students’ Feet”

A floor in a
Barren
Classroom is a truly
Devastating sight to behold.
Even vacuuming is still a
Fickle attempt to rid the floor of its
Grimey state,
Hindering
Its beauty is even more so.
Judging by the
Kinetic
Longevity of the
Mold and
Neverending dirt, the
Occasional clean will never
Penetrate the
Quirky
Rug of filth and reach the
Smooth
Tile.
Understand now that this
Vexing sight
Will always be this extremely
Xanthic, and through time
Yonder don’t be over-
Zealous about cleaning it.

- *Michael Drvenkar*



photo by: Ben Zangas

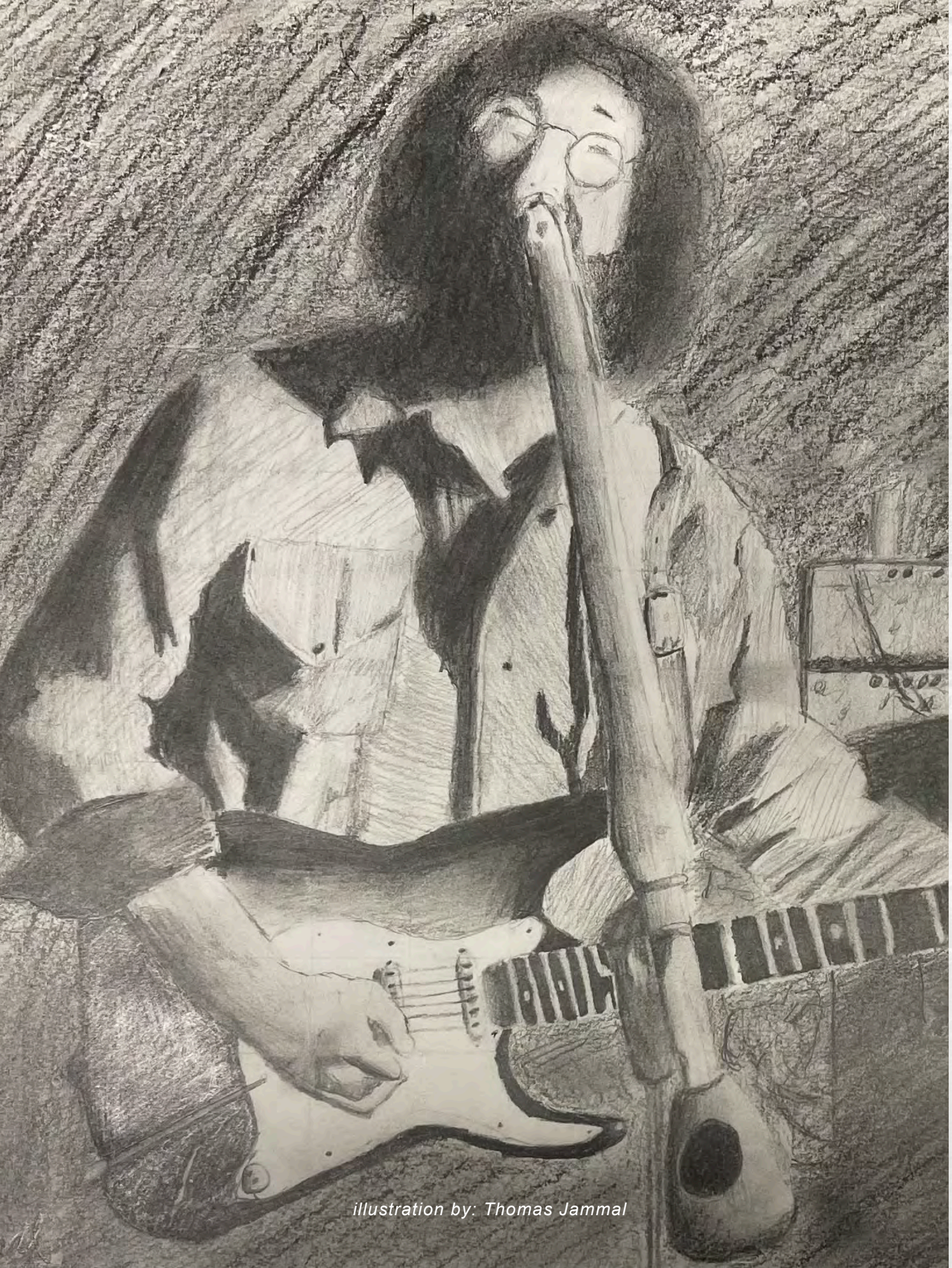


illustration by: Thomas Jammal

“The Antique Lamp”

When I remember the lamp, I remember my mother. I was young, a twinkling glimmer in my eyes as Christmas approached. My mother sat in her chair, an old solid wood rocking chair, old, just like everything else in the house. She was stuck in the past like time had frozen. The yellow grandpa wallpaper, her brick-shaped television, haircut that made her look ninety instead of sixty. I held my hands close to the fireplace, the snow was thick, it came down in sheets. Every night a new layer would build, and with each layer, two degrees left us. As I warmed by the fire my mother sat in her old rocking chair, reading one of her old books where the paper had gone yellow, the lamp lighting the pages and words. It was small, sat on an old antique table, just as ancient as the lamp itself. The shade was like a church window, small panels of glass, green and pink. That Christmas I got all the things I wanted.

Years later I was attending school, it was a bleak, dry October day. I was dropped off on the edge of the road at the end of my street. Leaves shimmering an array of color like no other. Brown, the skin of the earth, orange, the underskin the lower layers, yellow, the veins under the skin, red, the blood of the earth. I got home and started my usual routine, homework, playtime, dinner, bed. I was sitting in the rocking chair, doing my homework under the soft lustrous glow of that archaic lamp. Hours upon hours were spent doing my daily work under the glow of that lamp. Then once my work was done I'd play, play in the light of that lamp. That day when I was old enough my mom decided to get me a desk, she put it in my room and told me I would do my work there. She put the lamp on my desk, I used it when I slept. Work, play, sleep, it was always there.



photo by: Ben Zangas

That year I had a big English project. It was long, it was hard, it was a torturous thing. And after struggling with it we had to present it to the class. I didn't want to present, only resent, but I went anyway, and got an A on it. I had to stand in front of the class, with eyes o'plenty fixed on me. I spoke, and spoke, and spoke and spoke, It felt as if I had given a lecture on rocket science; even though it was a fifth-grade presentation that lasted a minute and a half. But after that, I went home, and when my mom saw the A she hugged me and showered me in praise. My mother congratulated me and took me out to eat at a fancy restaurant. I had chicken tenders, crisp, just as crisp as the howling breeze that night. When we went home my mom congratulated me once more and put me to bed, she said good night and then exited the room. Just before she exited she grabbed the string and turned the lamp off.

Years later I was moving out for college. The night before I left we held a special dinner; she cooked a nice meal and a small cake. Afterward, I helped clean the dishes, then went to sleep.

Ten years later I got a call at work. Then in two weeks, I was standing above my mother's casket. It was a simple casket, buried with a simple gravestone, just the way she wanted. Now I had no parent to 'be here' to see my accomplishments. I had no one to comfort me like she did. At least I could be happy knowing she was watching over me. I drove home, when I got there I sat in silence as I ate my dinner. I remembered the dinners she used to make for me. I remembered all the times she made life so much better for me. I remembered she would tell me that the old days were the golden days. I went to sleep weeping under the light of the lamp.

- Samuel Johnson

“Family Member”

Close the car door and grab the merlot,
Before I even walked in the screen door
I could hear her laugh, like a fork dragged along a plate.
Her merry, warm, embrace made me welcome;
I could feel her ribs; see her thin hair
almost as if I could gently pull it off.
‘Oh Sam dear, put that by the other booze.’
Her stick-like posture, thin and tall

Its frail veneer and pallid facade
hiding; her will, like the soft candle, sat on the table.
‘Oh damn I left the turkey in the oven, shit ha ha ha.’
She laughs out wild as the ornate crystal glasses
are set on the table. Then she rushes over
and sets the plates, each like tablets of gold.

At the last minute, grandpa Joe creeps in,
The chaotic frenzy of people grabbing their drink
and sitting at the table like soldiers in no man’s land.
The turkey is cut, the cranberries placed
She stands tall and sturdy, a woman of will;
gives a meal prayer and we eat.

-Samuel Johnson

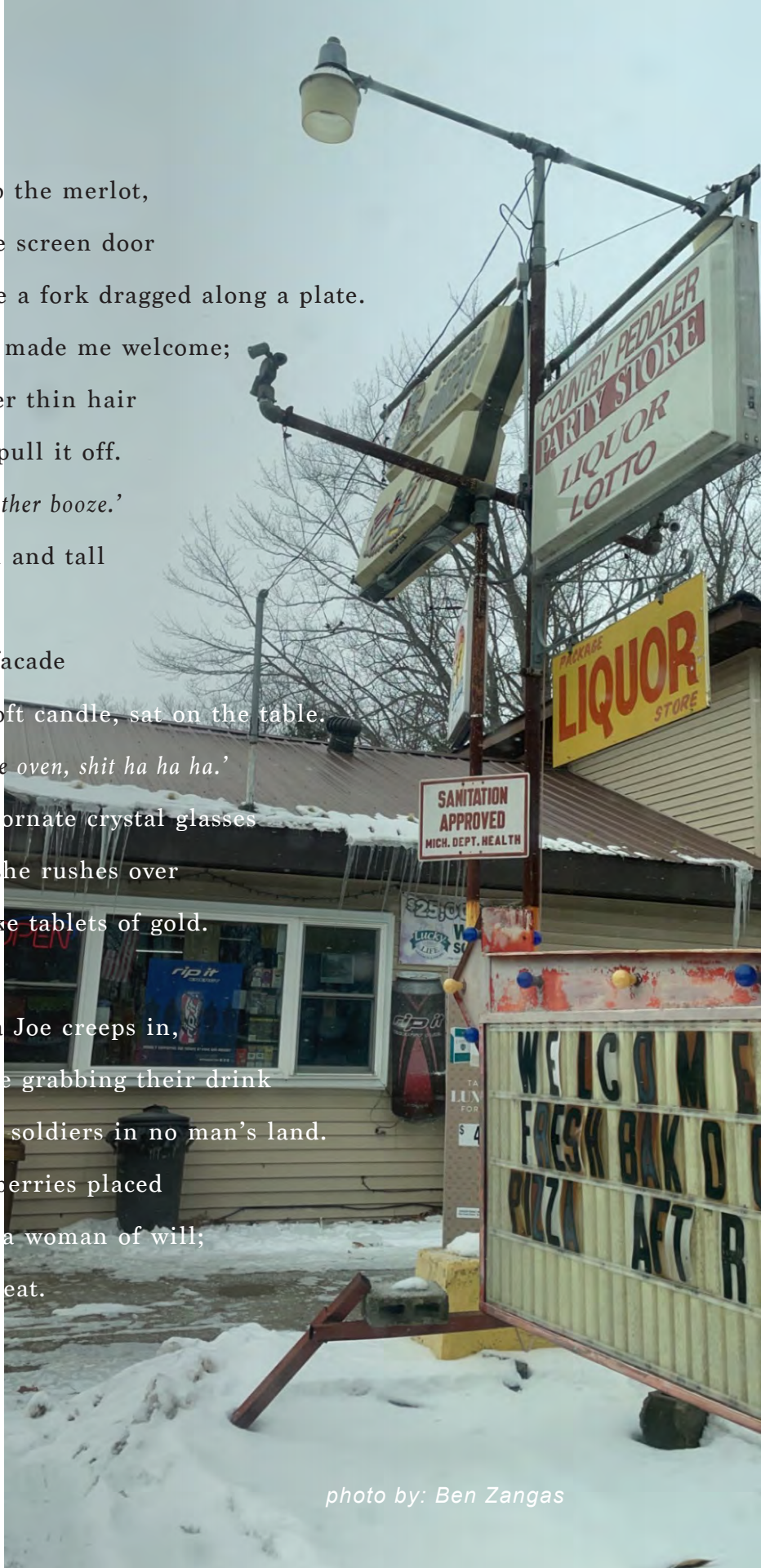


photo by: Ben Zangas

“A Normal Sunday Afternoon”

According to Georges Seurat, it was a Sunday afternoon
on the Island of the La Grande Jatte,
as the grass is so green, and so soft, and gentle
It molds to the feet of everyone there.
And yet we see
a little girl, her face is bare in the bright sun. Her face
is without much life, And the more you look
the less there is. To what seems to be
A normal Sunday afternoon,
no one by the river has it bad. The little girl
born into such nobility.
Her skin so white
It was if she was a ghost, or as cold as one too,
And her blank and vacant face stays,
Just like the fear of looking more at ourselves
The less we will see.
Do not lose sight of who you are
Find yourself.

- Colin Ashdown



photo by: John Kutney

“The Anvil Story”

Mike sees an anvil fall through the roof on a student's head 549,000,000 seconds into his life. The student simply disappears, leaving a hole in the ceiling. Anvils start falling all over the place. First the principal says, “Attention students, School is not canceled. Anvils went through the roof of the school and will go through the roofs at home. All teachers should produce lists of assignments to do in case they die.” on the PA. Mike notices how the Principal's voice sounds different on the P.A. than in person. The school will need many substitute teachers. Mike is disappointed he doesn't get to go home. He tells Matthew how he hopes an anvil will fall on the teacher's head. Mike's class, already having to endure a lecture on the Declaration of Independence, is worried about being crushed. Another anvil quickly falls in their class.

After twenty minutes an anvil falls on the teacher and he disappears. The decimated class sneaks out the door. Matthew motions for Mike to come out with him. Lucky to not be hit by anvils, Mike stacks anvils into an arch slowly. He stands under the arch, hoping it will hold. In the meantime he reads a book. As he reads he is interrupted by the sound of an anvil hitting an anvil. He sees an anvil on top of another slightly squashed anvil. Knowing that anvils can withstand being hit by anvils Mike thinks of making another anvil arch to be under. Wondering whether it will be painful to be crushed by an anvil he worries about being squashed by one. Since the teacher disappeared instantly he figures he would not feel pain. He would not have the time to.

An anvil strikes the top of his arch which topples over. Mike runs out and looks for the metal shelter on the advertisements. He has to climb over the anvils on the ground as he goes to it. The bell rings for the next class. Only a few people get into the hall. There are rivers on the hallway floor. Most of the water fountains lay in rubble. White powder is all over the place. There are many holes in

the ceiling. He wonders where the other students are. Did they disappear to respawn? Where do anvils come from? The bell rings. He is supposed to be in Physics. He knows the teacher and principal likely got hit by an anvil by now. He tries to open the door outside. He can't open it. He looks out the window, seeing broken logs on the ground. Surprisingly a tree survives with anvils on top of some of the branches. People stand under it. A rough black uneven covering covers the ground. He hears a break above him. He runs away and avoids the anvil falling toward him. Looking for an exit he realizes he is trapped in the school. He is one of two students in the school. The rest are under the big oak tree in front of the school. The anvils are difficult to navigate. Some are in precarious condition. Paint is chipping off the anvils. Both kids stuck in the school meet for the first time. Mike doesn't like talking with other students because they don't want to talk about math with him. The other student is scared because the ground is a huge mess and because he is terrible with social skills. He says, "It is amazing how mathematicians can determine 1 million digits of pi and agree on them." Mike says, "We also have methods to represent pi exactly, such as infinite series." Mike shares some conjectures on ideal soccer play. Mike's new friend brags that he can recite 200 digits of pi. The phone dings. When Mike takes it out he sees a text about a colloidal silver protective suit against anvils. Mike, doubtful about colloidal silver protecting against anvils and his ability to recite pi to so many decimal places, asks him to say digits of pi. He says, "3.141592653589793238462643383279502884197169399375105820974944592307816406286208998628034825342117067982148086513282306647093844609550582231725359408128481117". An anvil falls on Mike's friend's head. Mike climbs stairs. He looks around and sees nobody else in the building. Mike, for the rest of his time, is in a messy field of anvils and rubble, knowing there is nobody else in the school to console him.

- *Elliot Stasek*



photo by: Nathan Slaby

“Infestation”

There's an infestation in one's,
imagination.
I'm hoping to cope,
but how can I with this,
concentration?
This is not just my,
situation.
You can't see our,
interpretation.
Medication won't fill my
expectations,
While my bones break down form,
isolation.
Ribs poke through inhibit,
hesitation.
Salvation is no justification
for that which is,
violation.
Nor do accommodations
supersede,
Segregation.
Throat closed up causes,
asphyxiation.
Imbalanced brains do not call for,
infantilization.
Nor call for radical,
sanitation.
For a day will come where the,
Degradation subsides.
While we rise from the bones of,
revelation.
Living for those who need appreciation.
Not to be heard, but to be listened to.
Give life to those who endure the
Suffocation

- Nicholas Zarlinga

“Aftermath”

New ideas zip and zap around my head

But I choose to rerun an older one

It isn't very lengthy or complicated

Although my obsession with it makes it seem traumatic

The memory begins as an ordinary interaction, but my voice cracked

At that moment the memory has dug itself a burrow in my mind

Only to pop out and replay itself over and over again

I get sucked into these obsessions with my memories like a blackhole

No escape can be found as I fall deeper and deeper

But on the surface, nothing appears to have changed

My mental makeup masks my monstrous misfortune

Friends tell me they can resist the urge to be consumed by their own mind

I am unable to resist the urge

My obsessions obviously overwhelm my fragile mental state

With the weight of my bagged up thoughts, it is hard to move forward

Because creativity comes to a halt

Imagination has become a movie theater

Replaying the same part of the film

Until the whining of the projector stops

And the screen turns black

- Petr Kowalewski

“Dreams on the Sunset”

The Sunset tugs its curtains of the night in front of me.
The curtains pull with the movements of a butterfly as the evening ends.
What remains is a silky sky of blue with orange threads.
Suddenly, I fell into my silver river of thoughts branching out like a tree.

As the calm water hits my boat, I see,
friendly laughter at coffee shops, throwing money at problems to no end, and
the sweet applause with a gold award to commend.
My boat floats across the dark water with a bodhisattva's serenity.

With the last glimpse of light, the world submerged into darkness.
With nothing, but the void of water hitting my boat, I was lost in thought.
I was in deep thought about how realistic my goals were.
I sunk into a spiral of doubt, into the abyss.
Was it possible my hopes and dreams could be envisioned and sought?
Alas, I turned around, perhaps it could be deferred.

- Samuel Nguyen

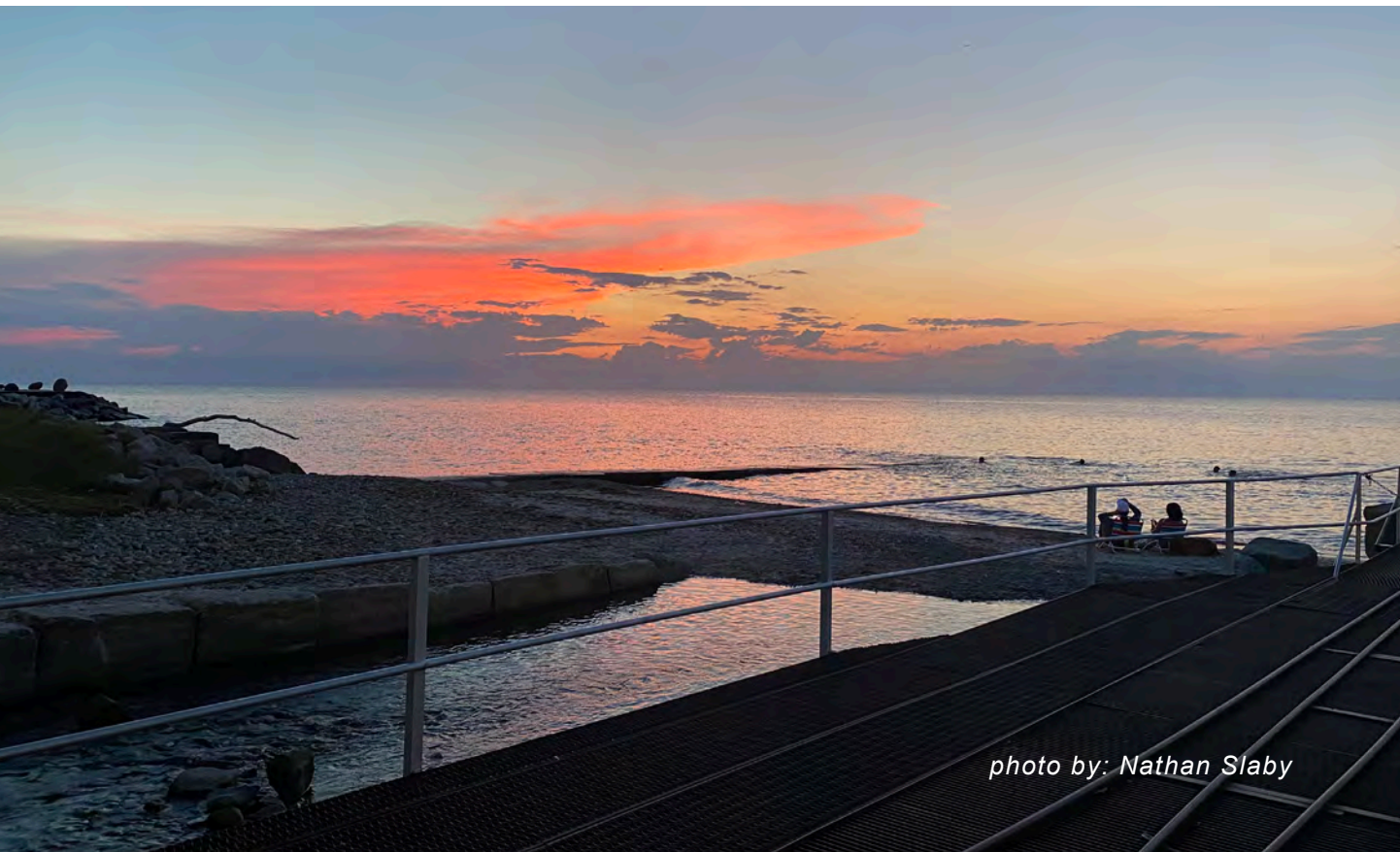


photo by: Nathan Slaby

“Reunion”

The last time I had a true conversation with my son, Carlos, was his senior year of high school right before he went off to college at Clemson University. Carlos is now 31 years old with 2 kids of his own that don't even know that their grandfather's first name is Mason. I haven't lost complete communication with him. I would receive the yearly Christmas family photo of his beautiful family along with himself wishing everyone a blessed holiday, but nothing ever more than that.

It was then when I got a phone call while I was on the front porch of my house from Carlos. He said he and his wife were going to be coming into town for a little bit to visit her side of the family, and he wanted to stop by and have a talk with one another.

The next week on a Friday, Carlos arrived at my house and gave me a hug on the same front porch that I was on when he called. All I could think about was that I could not remember the last time I embraced my own son like this. I was always the man of the house, and I never tried to show emotion because that'll never get you anywhere in today's world, but I will admit that in that moment my throat began to swell up. It was cold and windy that day so I invited him into the house.

The awkward silence between the two of us was broken when Carlos sat up on my living room couch and asked me a question. “How have things been with you dad?” he says. “We have a lot of catching up to do with one another.” As I was sitting there, I was stuck and could not find the words to speak. “Let's go downtown and grab a drink,” I said.

As we're sitting there in the old bar, he asks me, “What happened between us, I don't want you to keep turning into grandpa.” That is when the vivid memories from my childhood of my father yelling at me to “grow up,” and to “stop crying like a baby” began to replay in my head. I got to feel those tears roll down my face once more, tears of despair. Tears of anger. All of the memories made me freeze as I realized the man I became to my own son.

“I am sorry son. I don’t know why I am the way I am to you. I mean it, please trust that,” I said softly as I began to sweat. And I can tell he thought I was genuine because his eyes got big and he never broke eye contact with me.

“Don’t be sorry da...” he was saying before I had to intervene.

“No son. Basically my whole life I hated my old man because he never listened to me and forced me to be a man the day I could walk on my own.” As my father’s voice started to fade in my mind. “I hate that I never seen myself turning into that same person. Son, I am sorry.”

Carlos then just stood up and gave me a hug. I felt like the whole world was watching us but at this point in time, I couldn’t care less. As we sat back down, he smiled and looked at me, “I have some things to catch you up on.”

That is when we just talked about our lives and what was new for his own family. I never realized how much I truly missed my son until this day. I got to know everything I ever missed about my grandchildren over the past years. They all love to watch movies and go swimming with their mother in the pool, and if it is not those two things, they’re walking their labrador retriever, Bailey. After a couple of hours of conversating with him we decided to get him back home so he wasn’t late to his wife’s parents’ house.

“Hello, it’s nice to meet you. My name is Susan, Carlos’ wife,” she says when we pull into the driveway.

“It’s nice to meet you as well, Carlos has talked very highly of you,, I say as I wasn’t sure how to exactly respond. She gave me this bright beautiful smile and told Carlos that she would be waiting in the car for him so they could head to her parents house.

“It was nice catching up with you dad. I’ve got to go, use that phone of yours and call me anytime. Don’t forget that my youngest, Aaron, has his birthday party in two weeks. I’ll talk with you soon,” as he gives me a hug and starts walking toward that blue pickup truck of his. It was at that moment when I had a smile on my face and realized that things have a good chance of getting back on track before time runs out.

- *Christian Ramos*



"Pride"

Such a powerful thing.
Can bring a man confidence
for his paid work.
Patriotism, a strong bond.
With his greatest love for his
country.
Democracy, the equality of
respect.
The right for all men and
women to be honored.
Liberty, a freeing experience.
The feeling of freedom to do
whatever you desire.
All these feelings and emo-
tions are all but a lie.
A hoax for ignorance, chaos,
and fear to spread like a
fire.
A deadly fire of rainbow,
white, and black that
engulfs our home.
It burns through towns that
their names are all but a
memory.
Eater of the flesh of innocents.
Everyone hungry for more.
Divider of mankind.
Destroyer of nations that fuels
the torches of war.
Pride, such a sinful thing.
A cancerous disease that fes-
ters with rot and ruin.
Patriotism, propaganda of
hate.
Democracy, the illusion of
corruption.
Liberty, the taken advantage
of harm.

-Michael Gibson



photo by: Evan Bork



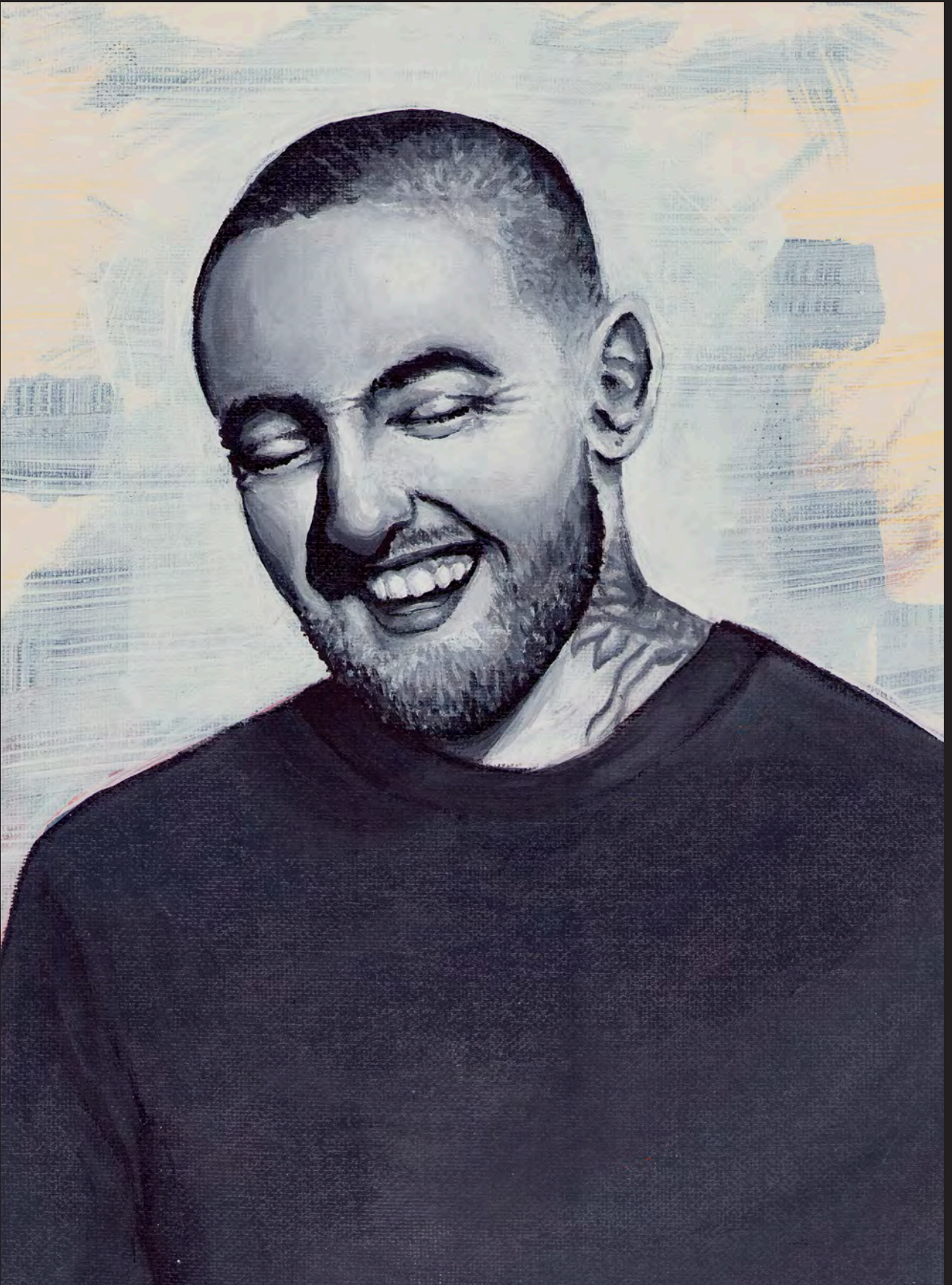


photo by: Jayson Morris



photo by: Evan Bork











Ombres de nos ancêtres oubliés
 Liberté de sentir
 Liberté de grandir
 Liberté de toucher
 Liberté d'admirer
 Liberté d'apprendre
 Liberté d'imaginer
 Liberté d'être aimé
 notre sang pour toujours
 partagez vos voix !
 vous voulez être traités
 la guerre n'est pas gaines pour les
 enfants et les autres êtres vivants
 bonté paix
 accord
 sécurité
 rien n'est
 ils vivent dans
 Droit d'éducation
 Droit de travail
 Droit d'asile
 Droit de santé
 Droit de réunion
 Droit de sécurité
 Droit de vie
 Droit de religion
 Droit de croyance
 tout va
 au-delà
 de vos
 guerres
 inutiles
 partagez le monde
 Justice pour
 les soldats
 les réfugiés
 les activistes
 les manifestants
 les martyrs

“The Modern Sonnet”

The modern sonneteer cares not for prose
Does Iambic Pentameter mean naught?
My hatred for these so-called sonnets grows
Is this the best the modern poet's got?

These ‘poems’ have become the paradigm
All they bring the reader is dolefulness
I would rather eat an entire lime
but anyway, however, I digress

The word ‘sonnet’ translates to ‘little song’
But these things are not music to my ears
Wherever did the sonnet go so wrong
When I read this it brings to my face tears

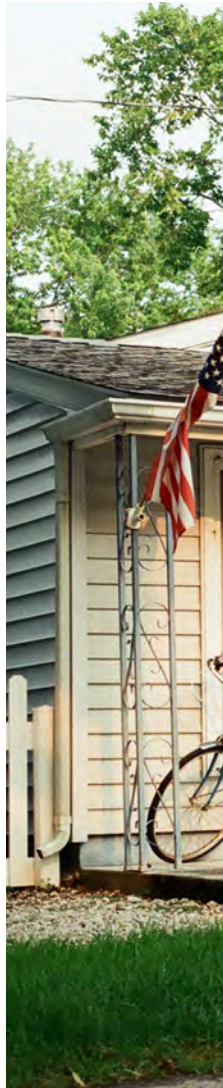
Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise
At least the artful sonnet still survives

- *Cameron Sheldon*



“Overlooked”

Lights flicker
Lightning crashes down
Lighters ignite under the roof of the neglected
Light shines through the window,
but there is no
Light in their life
Light is the powder that fills the noses of the wealthy
Light, big and shiny describes their house,
and to them the cost is
Light for a lawyer if they get caught
Light white colors around them when they die,
celebrate their life, yet when it comes to the neglected
Light is the crowd that surrounds them
Light is what distinguishes them,
absent in one's life, present in the other's
Light differences in their brain,
they are wired the same, once high the brain is
Light, forever 17, the
Light weight looks like he has a speed advantage,
but that's exactly what the opposition took
Light amount it may have been,
change his life forever, that's for sure
Light is placed on the case of the drug lord who turned
these lives upsides down



Light in the eyes of those who were affected, however
Light blame should be put on the lord for the problems you
caused yourself
Light yagami is what you don't want to turn out to be
Light is an example of what you can become, to corrupted in the
mind, not even God can shine
Light on the problem you have

- *Alexander Duenas*



photo by: Matthew Quinn



photo by: Ian Fairfield

“Mid-Night Snack”

As I looked upon the neon stars,
I saw but one that looked not far;
thus I reached out with all my might
and picked that one from its unending flight.
I gazed at the star with blazing eyes,
and ate it.

- Max Hoelker

“Dementia”

Shaking hands miss the glass

Lips move but forget their tune

The mind implodes

- *Max Hoelker*



photo by: Ian Fairfield



“Weekend”

Any more and I'll explode
Bs are good enough
Commas needed
Don't- stop me noooooow
Eventually I'll get this down
Finish already
Good job?
How did I get in this mess
I'm running out of excuses
Jokes don't help
Knowing isn't doing
Let me be please
More work now, I'll get that done after this
No time any more
Out of time
Pro-crasin nation lol
Qwertyuiop
Running out of excuses
Stop messing around
This weekend might be productive
Undone
Very funni
Why am i doing this
Xylobone lmao
Yoinked
Zz...

- *William Houghton*



photo by: Matthew Quinn

“Sea Base”

The ocean is beautiful. Undulating clouds puffed and meandered across the horizon. Glancing upward, I saw gulls dancing to the tune of the waves and wind. The waves lapped at the boat like a dog at supertime. Unceasing. The sun fell like lead upon the white surface of the boat, stopped only by the olive hat on my head and the pasty sunscreen on my limbs. The rank of fish snuck into my nose when the boat stopped. We sought to increase that stench. While my friends picked up fishing poles, I gazed outward. The horizon never stopped. In all directions were sky and sea. We were surrounded. Had Atlas been real after all? The surface certainly meets the sky here. Turning to my right, an ashen cloud fell to the Atlantic in drops. A streak of grey on the canvas of blues. The lackadaisical clouds continued their neverending dance through the sky. They became dogs and planes and dragons and then clouds once again. I surveyed the eternal horizon. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, around us. No boats. No land. No people. I smiled and grabbed a fishing pole from my friend.

The sky is beautiful. I sat back on the gritty sand. And looked to the infinite. The sky was both nothing and everything at once. I was a speck of white paint on a painting of blacks and blues. The hostile Apollo had been replaced by his gentle sister and her entourage. The mile-wide craters on her surface were visible to the naked eye. Freed from the shackles of the city, the sky ironically mirrored the ocean: the moon and stars swam with the dancing clouds in a shattered sea of muted myrtle and azure. Endless waves of cosmic dust danced for me from hundreds of trillions of miles away. I felt the breeze tousle my hair and heard the whisper of the gumbo limbo but I paid them no mind. To turn away would be an insult. I stared into the void and it stared right back. Because in between those dancing stars and clouds and waves was nothing. Trillions of miles of nothingness. But the nothing and the everything together was beautiful. The sky and ocean are beautiful.

- Max Hoelker

“Home Away From Home”

I wake up to an illuminating glow that fills the room
I step outside as the calm, summer breeze brushes against my face
The smell of sea salt fills my nostrils and rests on the tip of my tongue
Each particle of sand clutching onto my toes
The cold, chilling waves brushing against my legs
The sun is slowly climbing over the line of the ocean
The resounding noise of the tide coming in grabs one's attention
The ear-piercing screech of seagulls fill the air
When you take a look to the left
you can see the line of men setting up their rods for their first catch
The morning walkers who love a beautiful ocean sunrise
Each individual beam of the pier holding it steady
When you look down you can see the different patterns of seashells
Each individual sharp edge that you pray does not slice your skin
The sea crabs running away in spite of the overwhelming waves
The temperature is immaculate
Not too hot and most certainly not too cold
The sensation of the sweet, calm setting
Is taken away when the realization pops into your mind
As you wake up the next morning
Seeing all of your bags lined against the door
Knowing that you cannot stay here forever
The temporary pleasure you receive from the ocean air
Will forever be a reminder
This is my home away from home.

- *Evan Rosberil*



photo by: Matthew Quinn





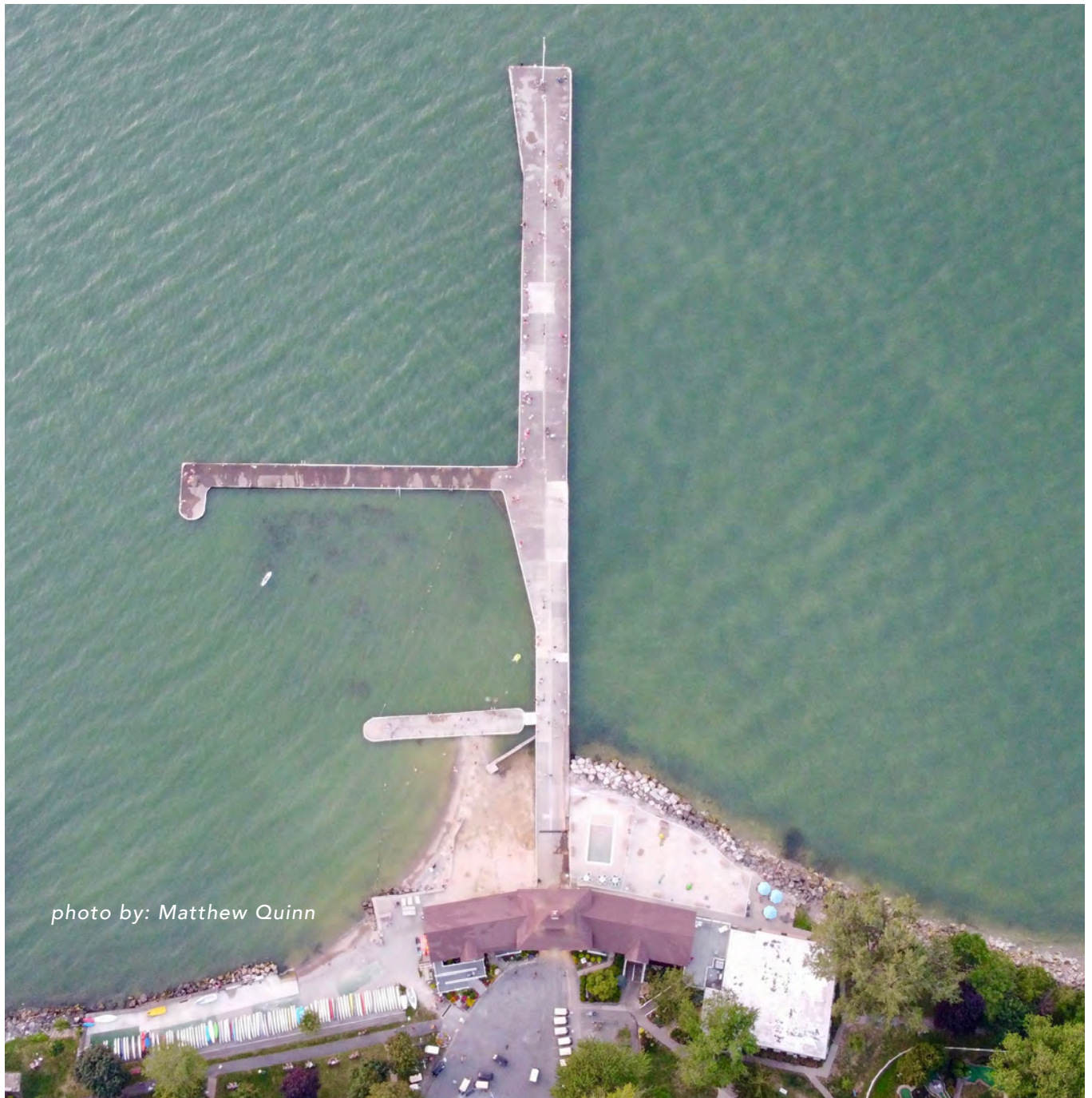
photo by: Van Weinmann

“The Western Sea”

You see, the good folk here in Horwitz go CACTUS fishing. The cactus here tend to grow in the sky and people just stay where they are and work their fishing poles just like they would in regular fishing. They also teach cactus to fish for fish and to fish for cactus as well. “It’s actually quite incredible if you try it at least one time in your life,” states the mayor of Horwitz. One day, the mayor flew his brother Brad in a cactus-shaped spaceship up to the sky to go cactus fishing. They landed on a cloud shaped like a pile of desert sand and pulled out their fishing rods made out of cactus needles. Then, the clouds started to fade and the cacti started to swim away with their very little arms. “What’s going on?” asked the mayor. “It seems like there must be a storm coming on,” replied Brad. “Where are the cacti going?” asked the mayor again. Brad then said, “They are looking for a new spot to avert themselves from the storm.” “Oh No!” exclaimed the mayor. “Without our cactus, how are we gonna go fishing now?!?” “It’s not like the ocean exists, nor does it have any fish!” Then Brad said, “Follow me.” Then the guys both rushed to their cactusship and flew across the sky ocean looking for the location at which the cacti had moved. One cactus then said, “Clouds getting darker, rain hammering down, we have to move fast!” They had to indeed, but no matter how fast they moved, the flash of lightning came down on them like a hammer on a nail. “OW!” screamed the one cactus. “I’ve been struck”! “Quick, we must help him and fast!” screamed one of the cacti in the crew. So then they all swam down and caught him before he hit the ground. The rain came down heavier and heavier until it siphoned the fuel in the cactusship. The mayor was horrified, “Oh No, we’ve run out of gas!” Brad was indignant, “No you idiot, it was siphoned by the torrential downpour!” Then the mayor had an idea, “Oh, I know!” “I’ll fly the ship down to... right... we’re out of gas... siphoned from the “torrential downpour.” Brad said, “Hold that thought, Einstein. I’ll handle this.” “I can refill the tank by liquidating this cloud.” So then he picked up, squeezed it with all his might, and before it all spilled, filled the tank up. After “pumping” the gas, the ship took off but at a very fast rate. Soon, the mayor and his brother were going so fast that the ship just detonated and they flew right out of the ship. As they were landing, they then found all the cacti and landed but not very safely. “My head hurts,” groaned one of the cacti. “What a headache,” groaned Brad. The clouds cleared and the cactus then flew themselves in the sky after bidding adieu to the may-

or and Brad. Then the mayor gave a very silly but inspiring speech about Moe, Larry, and Curly being the founders of this town and how they have worked hard to put such a wonderful place together (what a process that was) and that the cactus get not only to keep their homes in the sky but now get to live in the city zoo if they wanted. After the speech, everyone remained happy, even Moe, Larry, and Curly from above.

- Owen Grieger







“Ekphrastic Struggle”

The dirty streets of Urban city with covered in grime and filth
With poverty pungently permeating and struggle at every turn
The only respite is found in music where boys and children come to
speak on how they live with what they’ve seen and heard
One of them is a man with unending problems
Kicking and clawing trying to stay afloat against
Impossible odds that flood a sea of troubles
Chained to the dungeon of poverty wh ich he calls home
To many this is shocking but to others it is a
day of the week in the life of a poor man
The prison of filth that has trapped generations
And swore to always bind down its inhabitants until
they curl and die in a sickness of troubles
Ending their tale of sorrow

- Muhammad Ameen Sugapong

painting by: Charlie Holmes

“Here I Lie”

Throughout time here I lie
This meadow is my only home the stars are my only guide
I see life around me growing thriving to the sky
I wish I could reach new heights ones never reached but if only if I had tried

Ones say go with the flow
If only if it was that easy the flow is as vicious as a hurricane
Just like the tides there are ups and downs but here I lie below
I have nothing to lose only to gain

Looking for the hope in between the seems
tired of being stuck to these chains
Trapped to the bottom chained to the floor with my dreams
There's a burning flame inside me if only you could feel the pain

I want to be free as a bird in the sky
Bound not by fear but by love
But Everything's just out of reach so why try
These scars on my hands are covered by gloves

After each failure there are more excuses
I tried to fly like Icarus but was burned by the heat
Beat down scared battered full of bruises
But never wavered these scars show that I tried I competed

NOT A PART OF THE POEM JUST A P.S.
There are more broken dreams than dreams fulfilled
So I fly to fulfill mine might as well give it your all and die trying

- *Khimari Manns*





photo by: Matthew Quinn

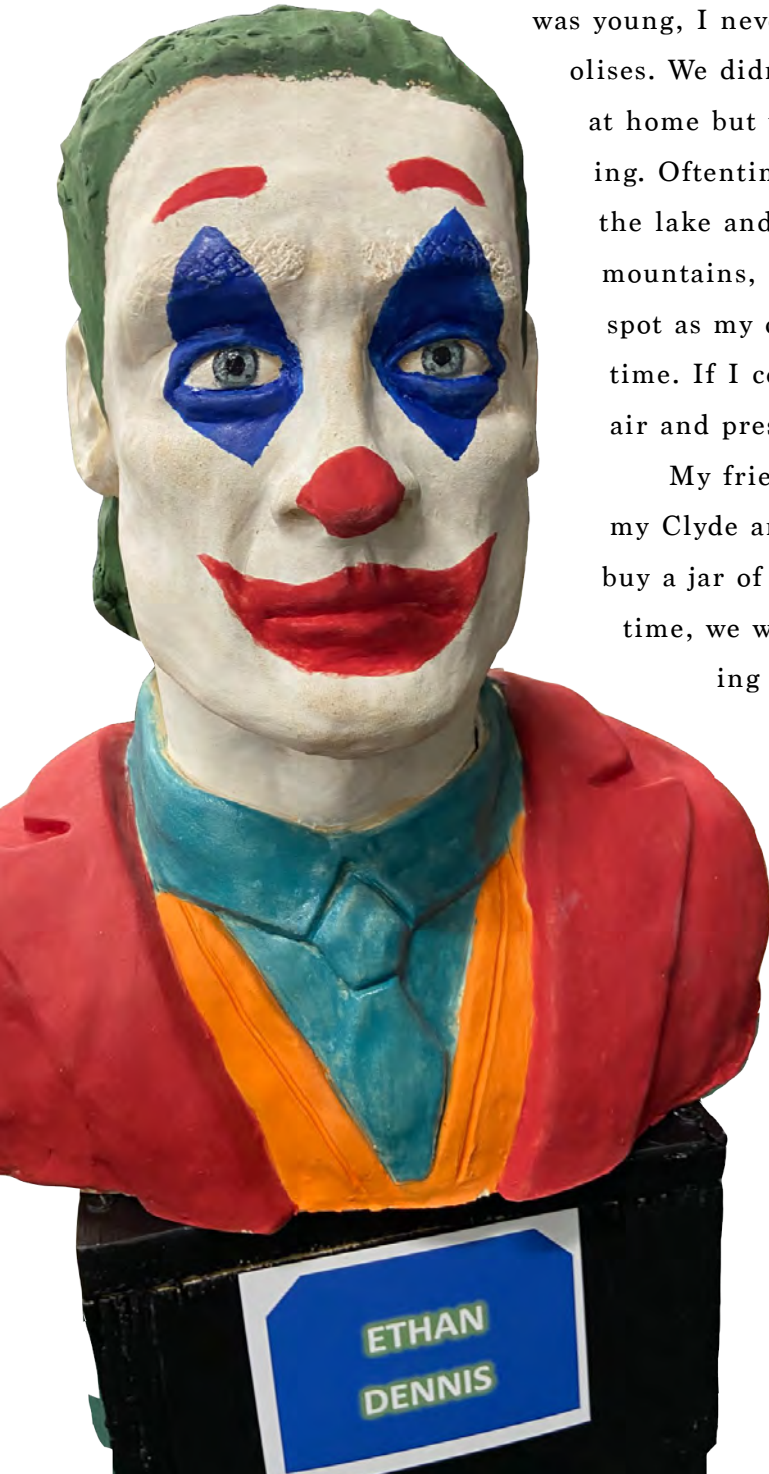
“Bonnie and Clyde”

I remember trekking down the dried-up river bed, stepping over jagged rocks, and keeping my eyes peeled for any critters by logs and stones. I used to roam the streams looking for something to stave off the boredom until I had to get back home and help momma. Most of the time I would be fishing, digging for worms, or climbing the rock faces. Living far from a larger town was hard on me when I

was young, I never was exposed to the bustling metropolises. We didn't get all of the channels on the TV at home but we did get cartoons on Sunday morning. Oftentimes I would sit on the cliff overlooking the lake and watch the sunrise and set beyond the mountains, it was my version of TV. I claimed the spot as my own and would sit there for hours at a time. If I could go back in time, I would bottle the air and preserve the emotions that filled my body.

My friend Jacy Mannings was the Bonnie to my Clyde and I knew she would be the only one to buy a jar of air. Jacy and I were inseparable at the time, we would do everything together from fishing to identifying different strains of poison ivy. The forest and creeks were our home away from home and we were the rulers of it all. The world was still contained in my innocent head and I believed I was the king.

It wouldn't be months later till I learned I didn't have control of everything. It was nearing the end of summer, the trees' leaves changed color, and the temperature was dropping. I hadn't seen Jacy for a few days, she told me she was busy help-



ing with the livestock on her father's farm. Jacy was a peculiar girl who never talked about her father, who I called Mr. Matthews. At the time I was still a naive kid who never really understood how people worked. I didn't know that people were cruel or had the ability to kill, we lived in a small town with mostly farm pastures and the occasional mom and pop shops. It was a town where everyone knew each other, and crime was infrequent. I still remember the moment clear as day. Momma walked out of the house, still wearing her apron and a worn-out red bandana that tied up her hair.

"Joshua, Jacy will be gone for a while."

"When will she be back?"

"Joshua, I do not know"

"Is she okay? I really really wanna go swimming with her."

"I know you do, now hurry up with the chores, boy."

"Okey Dokey Momma, once I'm done here me and Jacy are gonna go back to the woods! And we are going to go fishing and climb on the rocks, and hike in the crik', and-"

"Joshua! Jacy won't be coming back! Her father is a wicked man who deserves to rot in hell, now please finish in the garden and we can eat soon" she interrupted in a thin tone. It wasn't common that she got stern with me, but when she did I knew it was my time to shut up. I continued to work in the garden, abiding by my mother's words. I may have been young but I wasn't stupid, I knew something happened.



At the time, I didn't know what "rotting in hell" meant but what I did know was that I was confused about why Jacy wasn't coming back. I thought she didn't like the bracelet I made her and she didn't want to hurt my feelings, If only I knew at the time. The days passed and Jacy didn't return. I made some gifts for when I thought she would come back, the main one was a large mason jar filled with grass clippings, sticks, rocks, mud, and stream water. I thought if I took the elements from the forest I could make my own and bring it to her, wherever she was.

Momma came home one day after going into town carrying a newspaper and some produce. She tipped her shoes off and walked into the bathroom leaving the paper and vegetables in a basket on the table. Something inside of me said to look at it, the front cover read in large bolded letters, "OAKFIELD SERIAL KILLER STRIKES AGAIN" At that moment it made sense in my naive head, I just didn't want to accept it. I never did tell Momma I had seen the paper, but it surely was ingrained in my head for years.

It would take a decade for me to come to terms with it, my childhood friend had been murdered by her father, and there was nothing I could do about it, I promised myself I would never forget her.

Years passed and I kept the same mason jar, it wouldn't be until now when I decided to face my fear. I walk through the metal archway adorned with bouquets and letters from different families. The air was still and silence crept up my neck, giving me goosebumps on my arms. I clutch the mason jar in my hands and bar my teeth, I try with all the strength in my body to not crack. I stop and imagine scenarios, the jar falls from my hands and shatters into a million tiny pieces. I'm stood frozen still in the middle of the field, and I try to clear this idea from my mind. I walk towards the moss-covered and dilapidated grave that is underneath a large willow tree. My feet feel like they have been chained to the ground as my legs are frozen amidst the presence of the grave. I kneel down and place the cold murky mason jar just in front of the ominous obelisk. "Thanks for the good times Jacy, I hope you still remember our home."

- Nicholas Zarlinga





sculpture by: Emmett Blakely



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