



**Retrospect**

**Perspective  
2016-2017**

# **Retrospect**

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## *Colder Seasons* *by Aubrey Higdon*

I live in a generation of lost morals  
In a spring that barely bloomed  
Where “listen to your teacher”  
Fell on deaf ears  
Where “follow instructions”  
Took a wrong turn  
Where “respect your elders”  
Died of old age  
Where the kids grew up too quick  
and not at all

When summer came to us  
it was more thirst, less water  
When “take care of yourself”  
Turned into neglect others  
When “the search for love”  
Turned into hunger for the wrong  
attention  
When “working hard”  
Turned into an option  
When the adults were too busy doing nothing  
at all

As fall comes  
the leaves drop little seed  
When “being a parent”  
Doesn't include love and support  
When “teaching others”  
Doesn't include what's right  
When changing the world  
Doesn't include making it better  
When the old leave behind a broken world



*Fall, by Amanda Hedeem*

When winter finally comes  
and ends  
Spring will just bring weeds  
With no flowers left to bloom  
Summer will bring drought  
With no water left to drink  
Fall will only bring death  
No hope for surviving the cold  
And winter will find a world  
too corrupt to go on



*Graham 1&2 by Amanda Hedeem*

## *Cold Hands*

I am warm blooded  
Warmth radiates from my skin  
Hot blood coursing with care  
Through every vein

Except for on my hands  
They radiate artless cold  
As if they are too far away from my  
heart  
As if there were frost on my  
fingertips

Funny, people always told me  
I had the whole world in my hands

*by Aubrey Higdon*



*by Codie Sullivan*

*Left.*  
*by Ava Anderson*

*They still sat at the same table in the back of this diner. The booth was broken in, and the table was plain white with a view of the parking lot. Her husband took her here on their first date. Their first kiss happened in the very seat she sat in. She hated this table. She said she would never come back, but here she is, sat at this particular table.*

*He ate the same pie he ordered the day he proposed to her. It was peach. They both shared a slice back then, and she puckered her lips, because the cook managed to make it sour. They shared a laugh, he gave her a ring, and they kissed. He bought a piece of the tart anytime he came. He said it reminded him of the cute face she made, and how happy it made him when she said yes. Maybe it was true at a time, but Anna believes this to be false now.*

*Sami by Jessica Foley*



*A waitress walked up to their table. She was doused in the scent of orange, her hair was smooth and blonde, and her stature was tiny. She was everything Anna wasn't, but there was one difference that was more significant than the rest. She was young.*

*“Will there be anything else for you today?”, the girl asked, her voice high-pitched as she whined on the vowels. All her attention was directed toward the man at the table. Anna quietly resented, picking her apart. Her name was probably Lindsey.*

*Anna's husband stared at her after the waitress left. He wore a look of concern.*

*“Are you alright?”, he asked, reaching his hand out to touch hers. She yanked her hand back, her face hot and jaw tight. For the last few months, he has come home late smelling like citrus, he has denied her intimacy, and hasn’t said ‘I love you’. A few weeks prior, a fight got out of hand, and he ran off. She drove around looking for him, and found him at the diner.*

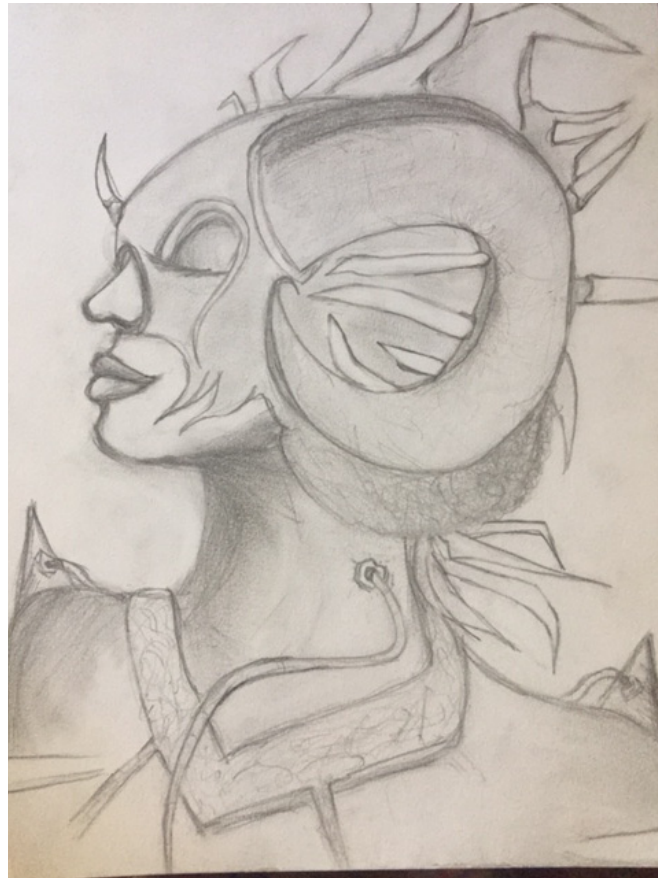
*He sat in their spot. The place of their first date, their first kiss, and the proposal. He kissed and held the waitress, Lindsey, and washed it down with a peach pie. After all of this, after all that had happened, he has the audacity to ask if she is alright.*

*She corrected her posture and wrapped her fingers around her rings. She caressed the center diamond, searching. Searching for any reason to stay, and finding one. She loved him, and that’s why this hurt so much.*

*She was betrayed, but she knew that he didn’t love her anymore, even before he cheated. The way he looked at her, in comparison to the way he looked at the waitress, was more empty than full. Anna just hoped that he hurt being away from Lindsey, just as much as she hurt being away from him.*

*She pulled off her rings and placed them on their table. His eyebrows came together, and his mouth was slightly agape. Anna held a blank expression.*

*“Caster”, she began, feeling a weight already being lifted. “I’m leaving you”.*



*Katie Engle*

## ***Walking Contradiction* by Valentyna Belofsky**

I'm pretty productive for someone feeling down  
I'm pretty tired for someone awake this late  
I'm pretty calm for someone so mad  
I feel pretty old for someone so young

I know fairly little about who I am  
For someone who knows so much about everyone else  
I have pretty good advice  
For someone who cannot please herself

I'm pretty thoughtful for someone who can't focus  
And this is actually pretty good...  
For being such a bad poem...



## ***Grey Area* by Mia Pollock**





*Photograph by  
Aubrey Higdon*

*Sunny Daze by Valentyna Belofsky*

Walking through a desert,  
Watching for some sign,  
But this is nowhere  
And there's nothing out here  
But the dry stones, crumbling  
Under my feed,  
And blowing to the setting sun

A tumbleweed.

Because it's one of those times  
When the silence couldn't draw me to sleep  
When the light in the window still creeps  
through,

In this sunny daze.

And from the mountains to the sea,  
From the ground to the trees,  
Earth is spinning under me.  
Stretches as far as the eyes can see.

If they only knew what runs  
Through my head while I'm still  
Falling asleep.  
Unspoken words, memories, don't  
Want to forget,

In this sunny daze

## *I Sometimes Wish by Valentyna Belofsky*

Do you ever... see the face of a stranger in the midst of your everyday life... And they smile at you?

...Of course.

...You see them as if in slow motion, as you have seen so many times before. The turn, the nod, the tilt of the head. Familiar.

They smile.

...But why? What are you to smile at? What do they know about you?

Nothing.

...So maybe you smile insincerely back at them, or you just look down, avoiding their gaze. Trying not to make eye contact.

...But it does make you wonder about other people sometimes. And not even in some type of critical or judging way... But you just wonder. What are their intentions?

“Well, obviously they must just be trying to be nice,” you think to yourself, dismissively. That’s all it is. They just want to be pleasant.

...and pleasant is good... It’s fine.

...but do we really always want pleasant?

No.

The answer is no. We don’t always want people to merely be nice or pleasant.

Tell me, wouldn’t it be a relief every once in awhile for someone to actually be honest, or even dark in their dealings? Instead of smiling, and saying “nice to meet you”, “thank you”, and all of the other “common courtesies,” I personally would find it quite refreshing to hear someone be more raw and understanding.

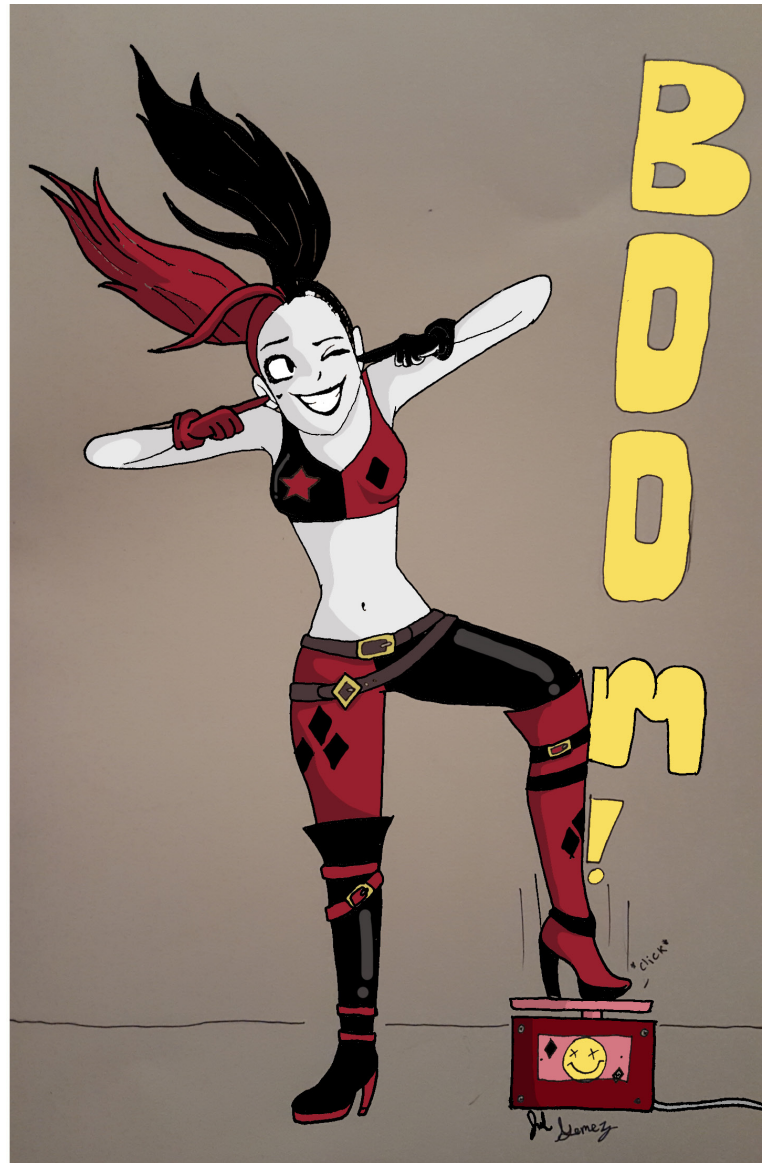
...I sometimes wish there would be a person every now and then who would just randomly come up to me and say, “You’re a wandering, dark soul just like me. I can see it in your eyes.”

Maybe then we would have found more people we truly connect with.

Imagine what the world would be like if we took a genuine interest in other people, and didn’t only associate with them just to get along.

...Think about it.

*Boom!* by Jared Gomez-Vilchis



*Drawing by Hope Issak*



*Moon by Jared Gomez-Vilchis*



*Pleb Queen by Jessica Foley*



***My Mask***  
*by Olivia Ewald*

I wake up in morning and look into the mirror  
Before I have on my carefully picked out outfit  
Before my hair is done  
And before I put on my make up

I see all the flaws.  
I see all the mistakes.  
I see all the pain.

I slowly put on the image I want people to see,  
I don't want others to see my flaws, mistakes  
and pain.  
So I put on my mask.

My mask holds my confidence.  
My mask holds my strength.  
My mask holds me.

For others to see the dark part of me,  
Is not where they need to be.  
Fearful of showing that part of me.

The fear of rejection.  
The fear of hate  
And most of all the fear they will see what I  
see.

So I put on my mask.  
The mask that hides my darkness.  
To others it's only makeup, or hair or clothes  
But to me it's so much more.

## *The Day We Met by Amethyst Martinez*

One day you find yourself in a big empty classroom,  
It's been 2 months since you started college here,  
You wait there patiently waiting for the professor to come,  
You look down at your notebook and start to draw,  
You hear the door slam closed and you suddenly looked up,  
You see a very tall, brown haired, blue eyed guy walking in,  
He says nothing but sits at the desk right next to you,  
You want to start a conversation but you have no words to say,  
He then looks up at you and smiles,  
You smile back,  
You both look at each other eyes and then the professor walks in,  
He looks back down at his own notebook,  
And at that moment,  
The professor tells you to come up at his work space,  
You get up quietly,  
Walking towards the professor you soon reach the empty, weared out chair,  
You sit down silently, and he tells you about that one guy,  
"That young lad over there, he is deaf."  
You looked down and said, "oh... how will he learn from the class?"  
He smiled and says "from you".  
You are surprised, you turned around and looked at him and see him writing.  
You thought about how you can help him,  
You have an idea,  
You grabbed a notebook and pen and wrote your down your name,  
You showed it to him and he smiled, he took the book and wrote his name,  
'Hello, my name is Jacob.'  
You looked at him  
You wrote.  
' I like your name very much'  
After a couple weeks, you two were very good friends, not even caring that you didn't have to  
communicate.  
He understood you,  
He knew how you feel,  
He was your best friend,  
Everything that you wanted,  
You fell in love with him,  
You told him and he felt the same,  
After a couple years,  
You guys got married,  
Living with happiness,  
Until that one dark day,  
Everything fell from your hands,  
You wanted to scream all the pain out.  
He's gone,  
You remember the first time you guys met,  
He was your first,  
And last,



*by Valentyna Belofsky*

*Melanie Martinez by Alyzia Hamblett*



(Dramatic monologue) *This Is Not You by Oliva Edwald*

Emma walks into her room and throws her backpack down on the floor and collapses into her bed. Tears start to run down her cheeks as she screams into to pillow. After a while she gets up and looks into the mirror.

Emma Sherry this is not who you are. You are not this weak, you need to tell her. (Sits down on the floor) I know that everything he is doing hurts more than anything but you need to help yourself.

Mom will understand. Won't she?

Or maybe not, she may get really mad with us. Maybe things will get worse...

Could they? I mean things are so bad now, they couldn't get too much worst, but they could... hmm, maybe we should just keep this to ourselves... No! That won't help. You need to tell her. She will show you that everything is going to be okay. The fact that he was your best friend and she kinda likes him that maybe telling her would make his life horrible. That's what he deserves... right?

Ugh... I don't know anymore!(holds knees to chest)

The world feels like it's coming to an end. With what Logan did and just my family... Being as crazy as they are... (Pause) Why did I let him do this to me? Why couldn't I be stronger! Why is this happening! God! I wish the world would just stop! I wish that I could just not be here anymore!

Telling mom won't make it go away, it will just make everything blow up like it always does! The worst thing of all is that I could have just said no and this would of never happened. And because I didn't, he thought he could do whatever he wanted to me. (Pause) Do you know what? How the hell could it get worst, he already has control of you. So? So what if everything blows up... It could be so much worst. Yet again he is stopping you from who you truly are and that is not okay!

Emma Sherry Davison you are not weak. You are not shy. You are not a person that hides away and cries! You are not the person to hate yourself! You are amazing and strong! So get up and go tell mom! She will help, no she will fix it and rebuild what he broke.(Stands up)

Everything is going to be okay. (Stands up and walks to bedroom door) Mom can we talk?

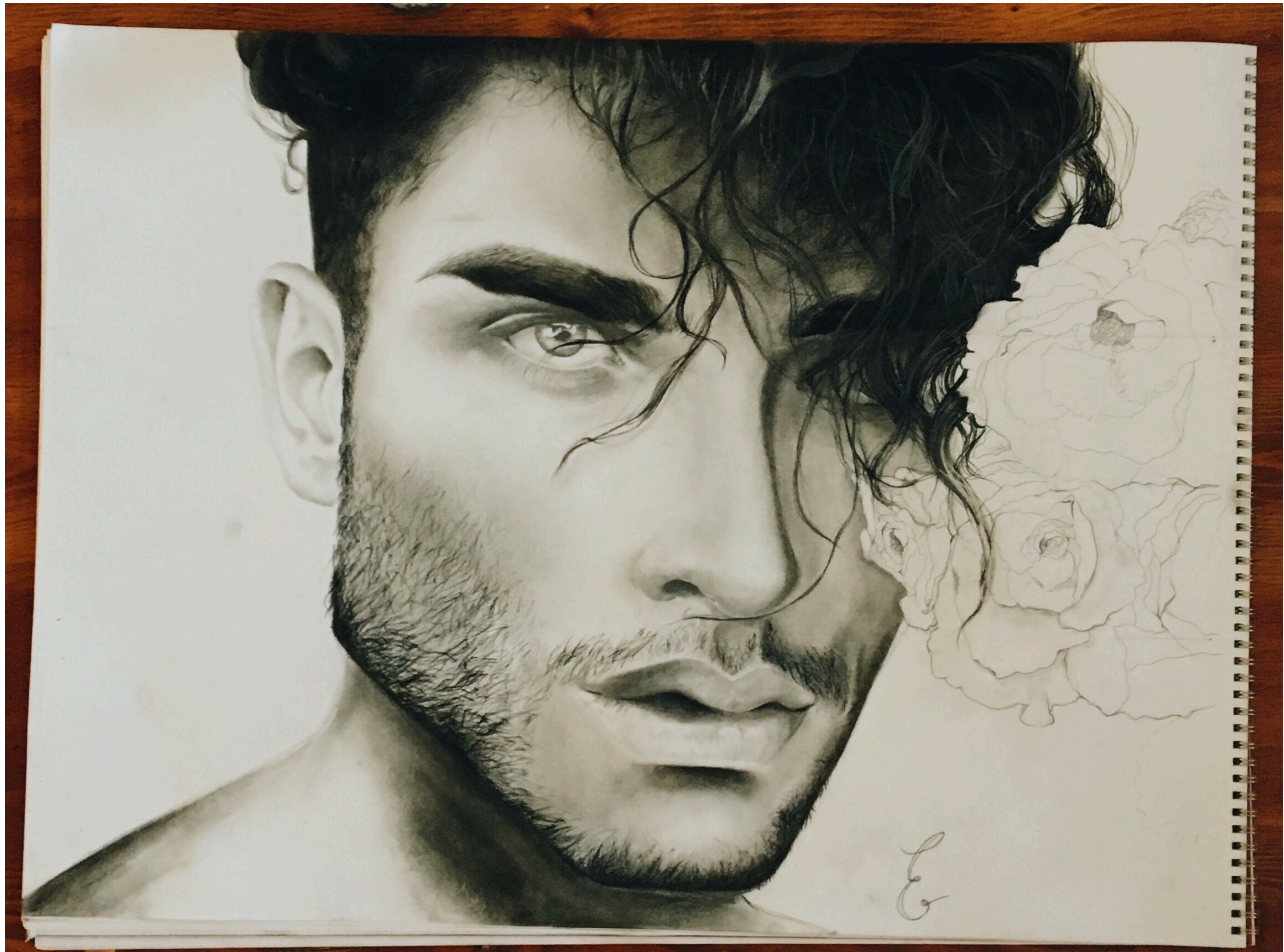




*by Jared Gomez-Vilchis*

*The Heart of Childhood*  
*by Gregory Cole*

Please tell me the truth, your little friends are wrong,  
whether they be men's or children's in his intellect.  
generosity and devotion exist  
to your life its highest beauty and joy, in sense and sight, the external light with which child-  
hood fills the world  
even if you did not see, the most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men  
can see.  
nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders unseen and unseeable in the world.  
there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man that ever lived could tear  
apart.  
the supernatural beauty and glory beyond lives, and lives forever  
and a thousand years from now will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



Toni by Lucy Beck

*My Life*  
*by Olivia Ewald*

You are in my dreams, asleep or awake.  
By my side until the end.  
I thought I lost you but here you are.  
You are my strength.  
My light.  
My life.

You are in my heart, broken or whole.  
By my side until the end.  
I never wanted to lose you.  
You are my happiness.  
My hope.  
My life.

You are in my future, bright or dark.  
By my side until the end.  
I am never going to let you go.  
You are my freedom.  
My better place.  
My life.

You are in my life, dead or alive.  
By my side until the end.  
I am never going to give up.  
You are my love.  
My everything.  
My life.

## Canvas Boy by Anonymous

I say I'm Canvas Boy, because that's how they all make me sound: bland, boring, plain, you name it. It took me a while to figure it out, but now I know why I've always felt alone. But I'm sort of fine with it now. I mean, you can't please everyone.

So that's why I've made this name for myself. I just tell people, "call me Canvas Boy, if you wish." When they look at me funny, I explain that it's not my real name. I do not plan on revealing that to you... at least not until much later.

Anyway, though, almost all the time they just act like I'm weird. I try to have faith in the rare occasion that someone will just accept me and take it with a grain of salt. The way I look at it, your name could be whatever you want to label yourself as.

There is some truth though, in calling me a simple person. I mean, why else would I name myself after that quality? I value subtle things, which seems to be becoming more and more of a minority. I like to tell things like they are. I like honesty, but I don't like telling the truth when I might as well say nothing at all.

Generally how I feel lately is that I'm at a personal record for pain and love - at the same time. It was the longest a girl ever stayed and I didn't ask for much. I was sad, but now I just feel like the blank canvas that I am... only wishing for her picture to paint itself back onto my blankets. Like how it was at first when she was one of the only ones who didn't just gawk at me when I told my name.

However, people can be better by themselves at times. They can be blank pages, but they choose for themselves what they wish to be painted onto them.

I'm not sure though.

I still don't completely believe that this was the case with us. I never wanted to hold her down, I just wanted to see her. She had her reasons, even if I didn't totally understand them. I respect her. I can still make it through life. Alone.

Maybe these words will be the end of that story. Maybe endings are all there is.

I promise though, if she ever comes back, be it in five hours or five years, I'll be stronger in love than before. I felt stronger with her, but I need to learn to be alone. I need to paint on my own canvas more often.

## *Who Am I? by Aubrey Higdon*

Who am I?  
I am afraid  
Afraid to fail  
Afraid to lose  
Afraid to not be enough  
Because great is all I want to be yet it's not for me

Because I was the kid  
Who wanted so badly to be smart  
Because "stupid"  
is the greatest insult  
If you're stupid  
You're worthless

Who wanted to be funny  
Because if you're funny  
people like you  
And if they don't  
You can't expect to love yourself

Who wanted to be good at everything  
Because if you were "good"  
You were cool  
If you were smart  
You were cool

If you were funny  
You were cool  
And you had to be "cool"  
Or you weren't anything at all

So, who am I?  
Maybe you don't know  
Maybe I don't know  
Because I can't just be me  
I'm who you want me to be  
Who I am "supposed" to be  
Is that me?  
No

Because I shouldn't have to do this  
I can't define myself  
by what others think  
I can't let go of myself  
To be perfect  
Because I am perfect!  
My style  
My personality  
My mind  
Perfect is who I am  
Who everyone is!

Perfect is  
Your smile

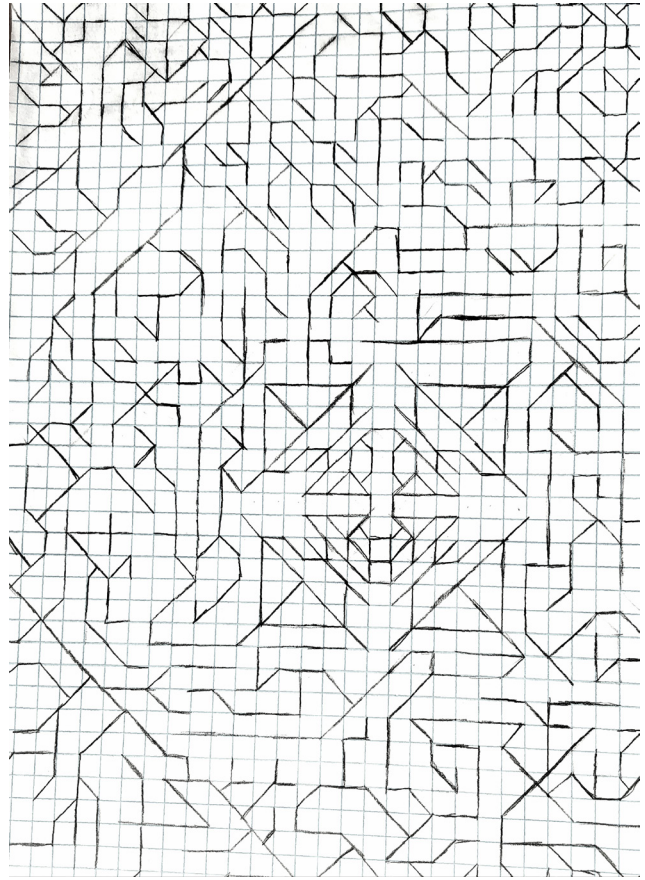
Your laugh  
Your hope  
Your love for the people that matter  
And your love for yourself!

Because no one can be you  
No one can fill your spot  
No one can take away  
The inspiration you give  
The impact you make on the world  
Even if you don't see it

It is a light to someone somewhere  
It's a hope that should never  
be put out  
That should never be dimmed  
Not for anyone!

Who am I now?  
I am smart  
Because I love to learn  
I am funny  
Because I can make myself laugh  
I am cool  
Because there is no one like me  
And that's perfect!

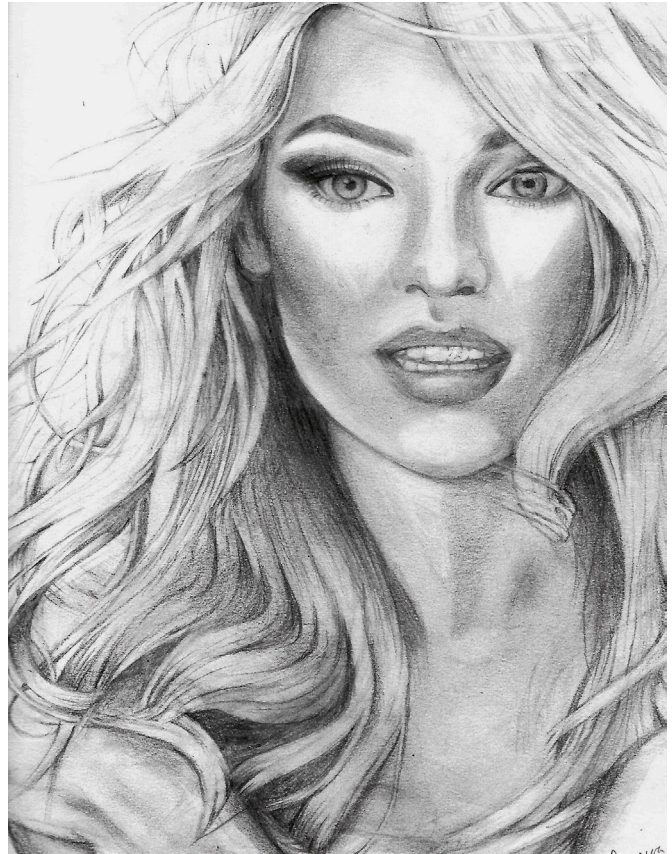
*by Austin Ketzenberg*



*by Valentyna Belofsky*



*Candice by Jessica Foley*



*Sonnet by Fisher Bachman-Rhodes*

This flame that burns yet, chills the bones inside  
Ashes that thrive in cold darkness and yet  
Can anyone find its true source? Why?  
Why find it? Why discover its true debt?  
Why not just let it blaze on inside us  
Inside it weeps, for silence it is condemned  
This fire bright, dancing in storms of dust  
Surely, this life, ancient from where it stems  
Cannot be conquered, will not be doused  
By some petty fleck of a word, a wisp.  
A wisp of what once was great is now housed  
In a cave, muttered with a shaky lisp.  
Quivering it trickles from knowing lips  
Love, is a virtue for those who wish it

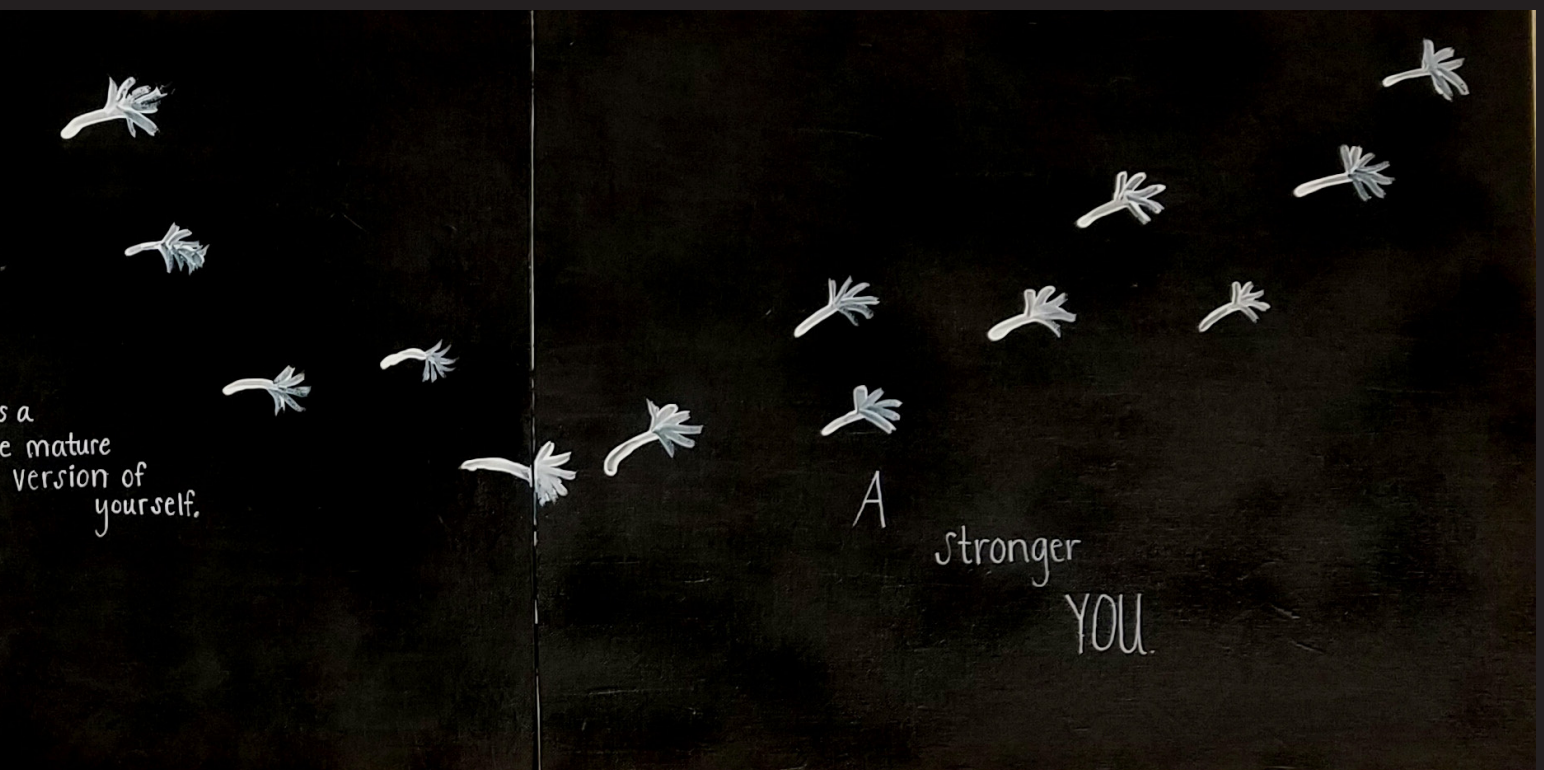


It's scary to go into  
something you  
don't know  
much about.

But, once you do it  
you come out a  
much more



*Retrospect is a home for artists and writers of EHS to share creative works. Work can be submitted at any time by emailing pieces to [retrospect@esd401.org](mailto:retrospect@esd401.org). Include your name, the title of the piece, and your graduation year. Keep Artsy, Bulldogs!*



*by Jasperreet Brar*

