

The Mirror



Eighteenth Edition
Winter 2020

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

“Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country.” -- John F. Kennedy

Patriotism is a sense of solidarity and love for our homeland and fellow citizens. This sentiment requires us to strive that our country is not only virtuous but truthful, conscientious, and honorable. As citizens, we must be supportive throughout this pursuit. We can aid this quest by serving others and acting on our compassion. Patriotism begins by looking beyond ourselves to tend to others, by addressing injustices and being open to introspection, development, and change. What it means to be American is different for everyone. There is no one right or wrong answer. By considering different viewpoints, we can better understand our fellow Troubies, and become the change we wish to see within our own campus and the world, which is why, in this edition of *The Mirror*, we will explore a variety of perspectives--from current Troubies as well as those from the class of 2020--on America and what it means to be an American as we navigate through COVID-19, calls for racial justice, and the 2020 presidential election.

~ Aubrey Spowart

Acknowledgements

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Her Patriotic Servant

Madeline Dunlay

Green eyes, coiled hair, and a slim frame;
over 10 countries funneling into a single body.
I have dreams bigger than I could ever be.
Here I stand, staring into my mirror,
glossed lips tainted with the stench of tobacco and
the blood of my youth smeared upon my thigh--
I am America.

Calloused hands, tan skin, and a vibrant culture;
the immigrant who is the sole earner for his tribe.
He came with the dream of opportunity and
Works tirelessly, fueled by the hope
of creating a better life for his family.
He will never stop trying.
He is America.

A wrinkled forehead, hunched shoulders, and dark eye bags.
he thinks of himself as a desk slave,
spending hour after hour earning all that he can,
fueling the machine of our economy.
He is the backbone who gives and gives,
filled with a resentful love for all--
He, too, is America.

For America lies not within our differences,
nor in the glorified violence and abuse.
She is our shared hope,
the grit and determination to persevere,
the concept of opportunity.

America is beautiful and I, her servant, am in love with her.

To Protest is to Be American

Kendra Corbray





O' America

Lydia Vlahos

O' America
O' America the beautiful
The young
For all the started and the finished
The rich and poor
Take me as I am America

O' America
O' America the new and the old
For all who came before me, all the heroes proved
For all the seekers of opportunity, with the patriot dream
Take me as I show myself
Take me in my skin

O' America
O' America you beat with freedom and equality
Do you ever forget?
Even the ones who have it hard
For all the native people who came before, from sea to shining sea
For all the religious outsiders, whose stern impassioned them
For all the slaves, for they had the strongest spirits,
They saw beyond their years
O' America did you remember them all?

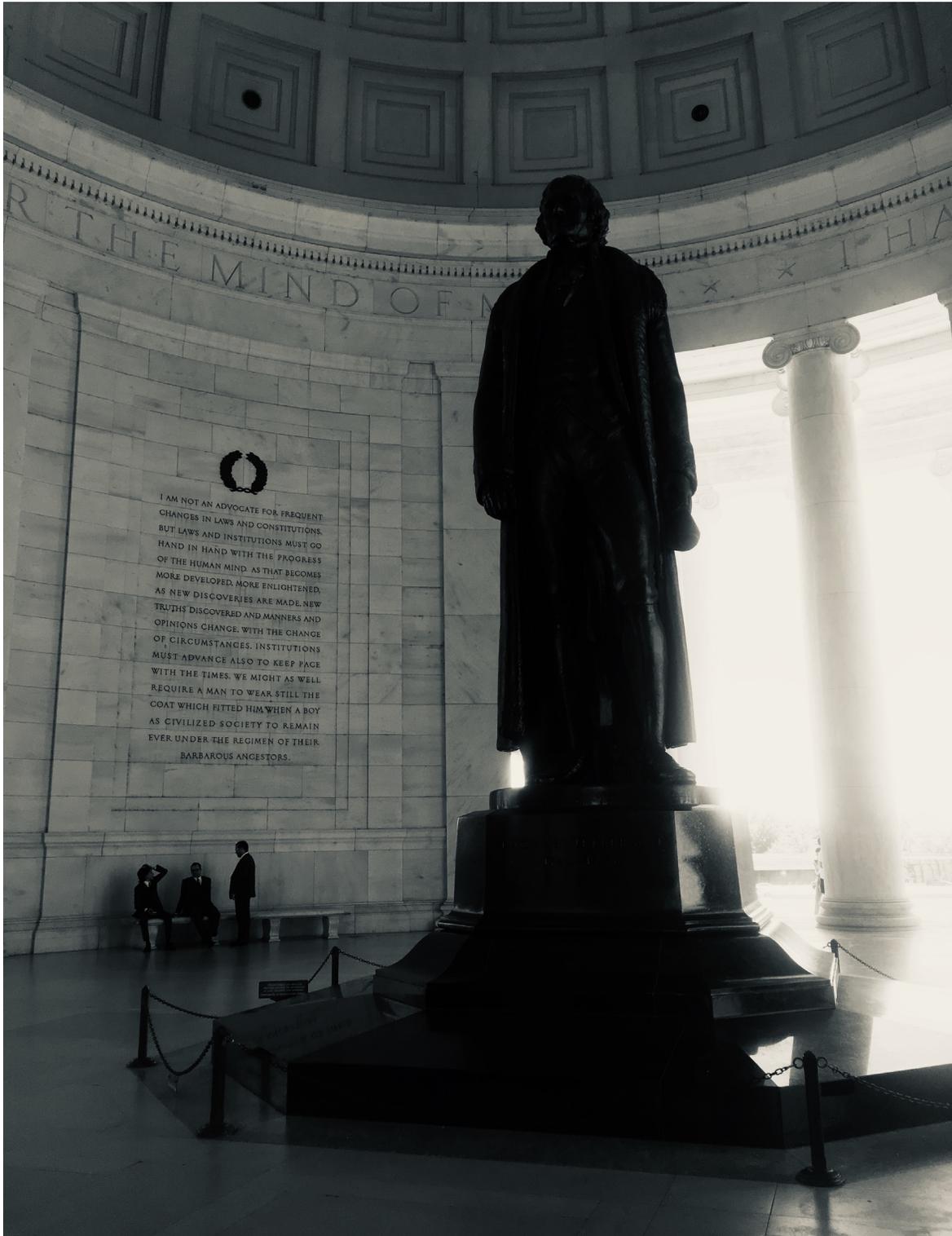
O' America
O' America can you mend my every flaw?
See us all as people, big or small?
Even all the loved and unloved?
Even all the judged and discriminated?
Will you take them as they are, America?
Please take them as they are

O' America
O' America I know you will welcome all
I know you show no prejudice
I know you show no hate
You stand tall and unafraid
Taking everyone as they come
O' America with arms as big as the seas

O' America
O' America the colorful, the excited!
You are always moving, never standing still!
You are for the outsiders and the accompanists
You are for the happy and the scared
Take her as she is, take him as he is
My age, my race, my religion
I know it won't matter to you

O' America! America!
O' America the beautiful, the young
Wrap me in your arms and never let go
Tell me the stories of my ancestors
Tell me all you know

O' America, America
God shed his grace on thee!
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!



Jefferson Monument

Vivienne Henderson

My American Experience

Jennifer Phelan

The big move was only 15 days away and I still had so much stuff to organize. Yes, moving to a new and bigger house is exciting, but it can also be a little traumatic. My husband and I, along with our three daughters, had so many memories, along with a lot of stuff, with our old house. As I went through another closet, I found an old dusty cardboard box in the way back that I hadn't seen for years. My eyes lit up when I glimpsed the faded Sharpie labels and my mind was flooded with past memories like high tide washing over the beach. This box contained my childhood diaries and journals. Opening the box, I spotted a bright pink Hello Kitty journal that I used when I was twelve years old. As I unlocked the the first journal, my mind was swept back to a time when my life completely changed.

Dear Diary,

Mami and Papi just told us that we are moving to the United States. I don't know how I feel about this new life change. All my friends are here and I haven't even gotten to 7th grade, and I am going to have to go to a new school and make new friends. My mom says that we are going to be renting a place in Miami Shores that is just two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, and a kitchen. That's it. . . . !!!

My father, who worked for an American Corporation, was being transferred from our home in San Salvador, where I was born, to the United States. That would mean my two older brothers and I were going to leave our home, aunts, uncles, grandparents and even our pets to move to a foreign country. I was frustrated and a little scared.

In San Salvador, we had a nice life. We lived in a large house designed and built by my father. Our whole family lived comfortably. My brothers and I had our own rooms and bathrooms. Along with the kitchen, dining room, and living areas, there was a guest room, a T.V. room, a sewing room for my mother, a terrace and even an apartment for our maids. Our maids growing up helped with the laundry, cooking, cleaning and taking care of our dogs. This was the house I grew up in and I had lots of memories. Like playing dress up with our boxer dog Mafia in the backyard. Now we would be moving to a tiny two bedroom home. I remember my father trying to reassure us that it would only be temporary.

My parents put a strong emphasis on education. In El Salvador, I went to a British School called Academia Britanica Cuscatecla (ABC). You could compare it to the Harry Potter books because in ABC we had four different houses: Christopher Colombus, Hernan Cortez, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake. All named after explorers. I was in the Drake house which was the color blue. We were sorted in Kindergarten and stayed with that house until graduation. We also competed against the other houses in academic and athletics for the yearly trophy. Unlike Hogwarts, nobody lived on campus. ABC was a bilingual college prep school that was well recognized for its academic achievements. Even Prince Phillip, the Queen's husband, came to visit the school and I was personally greeted by him when I was in the second grade. Now I had to go to a new school in a foreign country in a language I didn't feel comfortable speaking.

Dear Diary,

I went to my new school today, I hate it! The teachers are moving me up to 8th grade!! I was only half way through 7th grade in El Salva-

dor and now I am in 8th grade. My new school is Catholic and it has a big church and a 3 story building for classrooms. When Mami and I were walking onto campus I could already tell that transitioning to this school was going to be difficult. Everybody had grown up with each other from Kindergarten all the way to 8th grade, and now I have to be enrolled for the last year with people I don't know. I don't want to go. :(

Dear Diary,

The kids at my new school keep making fun of me because of the way I speak and spell certain words. I know colour has a "u" in it, I don't know what they are talking about! I wake up every day with a stomach ache and I try to convince Mami to let me stay home.

The transition was hard for my brothers, too. My oldest brother, Hector, was already attending University in El Salvador when we moved. He went to the highest ranked University in Central America. My other brother, Mario, was in his senior year of highschool and was class president for the whole student body. They were not happy to move to the U.S. Especially because my dad, not knowing how the education system worked in the United States, enrolled both of them in a community college.

After a year, I was feeling better about our situation. We had moved to a larger home in Miramar, Florida and I started a high school where everyone was new too.

Dear Diary,

Being in high school is so much better than middle school. We have moved to Miramar, to a much nicer house, and I have made plenty of friends. I am starting to worry about what comes next after high school.

From what I have heard, the college application process is very complicated and draining.

I remember my two brothers convinced my parents to go study abroad so they attended the Monterey Institute of Technology (MIT) in Mexico to become engineers. While they were studying in Mexico I was still living at home with my parents. I knew my parents were having a hard time assimilating to the culture and now with my two brothers away, it was even harder for them. My dad had his work to keep him busy but my mother missed her family terribly. When it came time to apply to colleges, I did not want to go away and leave my parents. The process to get into college was extra hard for me because I had to do my own research. My parents did not know the American system and my brothers were studying in Mexico. I had to figure out the whole college application process on my own. I learned about the SATs, taking advanced classes in high school to make my application more competitive, and keeping track of all the deadlines for applications. Eventually, I decided to attend Florida International University (FIU) and continue to live at home with my parents. At FIU, I studied for 5 years to obtain a Bachelor of Science in Biology and a Bachelor of Arts in Chemistry. My goal was to be a doctor. So to get into medical school I knew having two degrees would make me stand out. My mom was kind of unsure of me being a doctor. She thought it would be impossible for me to be accepted to a medical school in the United States. And she worried about the stressful life I would be leading.

Dear Diary,

I have been accepted!! I am moving to New Orleans to attend Tulane Medical School. I am so excited, but sad that I will be moving away from my parents. They have helped me so much. I know it was hard

for Mami and Papi when Hector and Mario moved away to obtain their engineering degree. But they came back for their masters degree at the University of Florida and now they live close to them. I hope I can move back and we can be close again.

Tulane Medical school in New Orleans was an intense 4 years. But I loved learning about the human body and how to take care of patients. I made some life long friends. I thought medical school moved fast. But I had no idea how fast my life would change. After graduation I started my residency program in the anesthesia department at Tulane Hospital. The first year was a rotating internship at Charity Hospital in New Orleans. Both LSU and Tulane used this hospital to train doctors. It was during my rotation in the neonatal ICU that I met Tim. He was an OB/GYN intern for LSU who had just moved to New Orleans from Oregon. He had bright red hair, freckles, and thick glasses. We hit it off and with the little time we had out the hospital we spent it together. He proposed during our second year of residency, we got married the third year, and I had a baby girl the fourth year. In fact, she was born the last day of residency. Perfect timing for finishing our lives in New Orleans. I moved with Tim and Meaghan, my baby, to Oregon. I hated it and there was no sun. So I quickly moved to California with Meaghan and started my fellowship training at UC Davis. While my husband was trying to find a job in California, my mother came to help me take care of our daughter. With my mother's help Meaghan learned Spanish as her first language. I am so grateful that she moved for a whole year from Florida to Sacramento, while I was doing my fellowship training. After fellowship training I decided to accept an attending position at UC Davis in Sacramento, so Tim opened his own medical practice in Folsom. That year was busy, we had a house built, Tim was opening his medical office and getting ready to take his medical board exam and, oh, I was also pregnant with our second baby. The next year, I had my

second baby, Becky. Yay another girl!! My mother again came back to help us take care of our two daughters so I could return to work. Now I had a long commute from Folsom to UC Davis in Sacramento, but I liked living in the suburbs and getting to know other young families in the neighborhood. In 2002, I was blessed with my third daughter Jennifer. I think she is my favorite, don't tell my other girls. :) With the bigger family we need a larger home. So here I am trying to juggle a newborn while also selling our old house, buying a new one, and packing up all my memories.

Looking back at my life, I am grateful for all the blessings even when I didn't realize them at the time. I didn't want to move to the U.S., but if I hadn't had that opportunity, who knows where I would be now. It was harder for my parents being older and set in their ways of their culture. In San Salvador where we lived, people knew the other families for generations. I remember adults asking me what my two last names were so they could figure my father and mother's side of the family, and would always find a connection to somebody they knew. However, moving to Miami, there was no family, friends, or support system for them. They had to start from scratch making friends.

I have always liked *The Sound of Music* movie, especially when Maria says, "When the Lord closes a door, somewhere He opens a window." I felt like the door was closing when I had to move to the U.S., but it was in fact a blessing to move to this country where anybody who works hard can accomplish their goals.



White House
Vivienne Henderson

The Fall of Freedom

Ella Roland

There is a land beyond the sea
Scarred with lasting liberty
What of this world? This forbidden art?
The way of which I must depart
My scattered thoughts are to the wind
As I trod the path I now rescind
Their honeyed words were dipped in paste
Entwined with filthy crumbling hate
I knew this city, this stone, this step
This forlorn grave where once I wept
I told the kings of old and new
I cannot speak, but I shall tell you
That once a mighty giantess stood
And swung her sword with storm
But now she is long-buried
And devoured by the worms

Through Enemy Eyes

Michaela Gunn

Looking into my enemy's eyes,
I witness the country's flag shine.
The flag of red, white, blue comprise:
Honour, bravery, courage define
The soul of this nation's bloodline

How to compete with this valour?
I force myself to the front lines:
Land of freedom with your encore,
Please be merciful for our minds
Please, mercy on the misaligned.

For we know your house is mighty,
No one can defeat its spirit.
How can your power be our slight?
Unbeatable, I must admit.
This resolve can't be counterfeit.

You hold your mighty banner high,
It fights the winds to stay aloft!
Its colours dominate the skies!
My foe's resolve will not exhaust.

Alas, I see it! I see it!
Look at that American pride!
Such unifying people commit,
This country being the globe's guide.

A country made by the People,
A country made for the People,
And forever more the People's.



O'er the Land of the Free
Ella Roland

The Land of Brazen Blood

Ella Roland

There is a land which I've been told
Is lined with silver, filled with gold
A land where giants once had walked
The shores where foreign mammoths balked
The people there do not hesitate
They laugh at fear, they scorn their fate
There, noble blood has been shed
So peace and justice can be wed
Wild beasts have tilled their earth
Scattered their sorrows, measured their worth
The crest of their throat proudly proclaims
A spirit not even the wind can tame
Their country sleeps, their country wakes
When their country walks the ground shakes
There is a flag that brazen flies
Blazing bold against the skies
They roped the stars down from the night
And with them set the world alight
Bravest women, bravest men
They sent the lions to their dens
And when the eagles scream rang out
It rang out fierce, it rang out proud
The mountains trembled with the call
The sea ceased its wild thrall
When the people heard the song

They sang back back loud, they sang back strong
Best of women, best of men
You did not break, you did not bend
The sun has risen, the sun has set
Below their feet the ground was wet
The world was stopped for a single day
When in their arms their heroes lay
They say that night the earth was full
When the lonely bell took its toll
Side by side the people wept
Side by side the people slept
Ere dawn broke o'er the land
The Wind swept by with a mighty Hand
With softest of rubies the ground was laced
With most blessed of rains the people were graced
There is a land which I've been told
Cannot be bought, cannot be sold
A land where freedom rears her head
And paws the earth at glory's tread
They wrung fire out of flood
Those in the land of the brazen blood



I Don't Want to Hear
Paulina Cerezo-Rangel

At This Moment

Larriah Jackson

At that moment, I sit there, paralyzed with fear, paralyzed with hurt, and instantly hit with reality. I kept replaying those 3 terrible sounds in my head, over and over and over again. Everything re-plays, maybe this is my brain telling me what happened, clarifying that I can comprehend what I just witnessed. I kept mumbling to myself he's gone, he's gone, he's gone. This was my way of preparing myself and yet when I saw him laying there lifeless I couldn't take it.

That's 15 years of mine and his life laying there covered, no drenched in blood. As I bent down the tears started to fall, blurring my vision. I kept shaking him as if he was going to wake up, I knew that he wasn't but I guess it was worth a try. All he did was reach for his brush, a brush. Apparently to officer 1-15 that was a threat.

Again those 3 terrible sounds, over and over again. My friend, my first crush, my first kiss, my love, taken away in less that 30 seconds. This feeling, it's a feeling that I have never ever felt before. Not just hurt, but anger, fear, guilt all at the same time. It's like getting cut, but this cut never ever stops bleeding, it never heals itself it never leaves. That's what I felt. It's a feeling that makes all of my memories flash before eyes quickly but in deep detail. I remember things that happened years ago. His hand felt cold and limp and never moved as I wanted it to, so badly.

Officer 1-15, the man with cold eyes and shaking hands pointed his machine that made the terrible 3 sounds at me, another innocent child. I had to make a decision, if I wanted to live or be in the same situation as the lifeless boys had I was holding. I didn't truly know what I wanted, all I knew is that I wanted him back, I

wanted to re- do everything not knowing what I could change. Life or death wasn't in my mind, only him, that terrible feeling, and those 3 terrible sounds.

At that moment I let go of him and chose myself.

A Black Girl

Kimora Morley

What does society think we are
Maybe stupid
Maybe ugly
Maybe ghetto

Maybe got a lot of kids
But no ring
Definitely can't keep a man

But
We aren't that
We all have dreams
We all had low self-esteem
Didn't help our moms and grandmas telling us to cover-up
"Cover-up"
"Put on longer shorts"
Makes us feel like trash and like it's our fault our bodies changing

"Where do you get your makeup"
Never can find the right makeup shades
Everything looks orange on me
When will we talk about that

"How many siblings do you have"

“Is your dad, you know, around?”

That question

Some can't answer

Their dad might be locked up, dead, or acting like a little boy in the streets

Maybe our hair is too nappy

If I straighten it will you be happy?

Our hair products locked up like the slaves they want us to be

Thanks, Walmart

I didn't know I would steal Cantu curling cream

Oh, but Pantene

It's out in the open right over there

Is my afro blocking your view

Shut up and scoot somewhere else

I thank Reba Mokgoko

Just wearing her frow and kicked outta school

“Why're you acting so upset?”

Oh my god

I'm not angry

Seems like if you're a black girl you are angry

I'm tired

I'm tired of the backhanded compliments

“You're cute for a black girl”

At first, you smile, then your frown suddenly appears

Mainly comes from our Black brothers

I'm tired of my culture being a new trend
Only on a white girl, right?
I thought my hoops were ugly
I thought the long colored wigs were ugly
I thought my braids were ugly

Guess not

Growing up older black women tell us
"Press your hair"
"Perm it"

Why the hell would I perm my hair?
Thanks for teaching me to hate myself
I won't teach my daughter the way I was taught

A Black Girl
So loud
A Black girl
So angry
A Black Girl
Don't know proper English?

OH!!
You guys have heard my voice
Is it black enough for you?
Or too white?
Stop with the ignorance
I shouldn't have to worry about being judged for talking

A Black Girl

Most likely to drop out of school because she is pregnant or doesn't care about education

Or maybe she knows after high school it's hard

You gotta work ten times harder

Constantly kept down

Every day feels like climbing a mountain

Designed for white men

"I want a light-skinned, curly-haired, and green-eyed baby"

Black girls

Stop fetishizing your baby

A black girl

Constantly on her feet

A black girl

When she stands in the sun her skin shines like gold

A black girl

Her smile lights up a room

A Black Girl

Her hair is her crown

A black girl

Laughter is a blessing



Trailblazer
Madeline Brown

Fireworks in Your Blood

Amelia Ross

You know that point in time,
where it feels like someone set off fireworks in blood,
an' scooped ice cream out of your gut
replacing it with a load of rocks
Making it so you can barely stand up.
You get that sinking feeling of guilt and fear streaming
through your bones
And the shame of something that you said really starts to
hit home

Well my friend you have to stand up
Let the fireworks be the feed your brain
And let those stones fuel your strength
For you, my friend, can only say you have feared, if you
have dared to be brave.

Freedom's Call

Emily Martin

I know why they cage the bird.
Why they lock the wild away.
They are terrified of its power.
To the beat the lion's sway.

They think the call of freedom
Cannot penetrate the cage.
They think hope will wither away,
After days and days.

They underestimate free will's power,
Thinking they can kill it with a sneer.
But the spark that lights within the broken,
Is more powerful than fear.

The oppressed and beaten down,
Are done shedding useless tears.

Of Trophet and Eden

Amelia Ross

For is the path to hell not paved with good intentions?
I do not deny what I have done,
But who are you to judge my path to hell?
I do not look at your follies and see a path to heaven.

I do not judge you for that which you cannot comprehend.
for while I embrace Mercy,
you forever stand with Revenge.

“HOPE”
is
-the-thing
WITH
FEATHERS.”

-EMILY



DICKINSON



Hope
Ella Ching

Ever Forward

Madeline Kerins

How can I learn so much and so little every time
My perspective becomes entirely altered and yet I show no
hesitation to repeat.

Are habits that hard to break?

Are habits that easy to form?

I know not of the consequences that lie ahead.

And yet I walk forward so proudly.

It must be the the naiveness of adolescence,

That allows me to act so foolishly.

It must be the naiveness of adolescence,

That lets me live so freely.

Strange Imperfections

Amelia Ross

Do you ever start writing a verse and forget the first line,
Do you ever forget how to make words rhyme,
Do you ever find yourself looking for a space you can breathe in.
A place where everything feels like it stops and fake peppy attitudes
can just slip away.
somewhere where you can just be for one mourning glory minute.

Our generation was taught to always display the epitome of emotional
perfection
But when fake smiles start to appear and social fears come into play
the strongest bonds can be formed, ones that never fray.

But we are all too busy living on rewind,
never trying to understand the expanses of another's mind.
To the generations standing beside me.
Stop speeding through the day.
life doesn't work with everyone relying on instant replay.

Submission

Kathryn Uliana

You're finding yourself in another rut of boredom? What a surprise. You could go get food, or you could go for a walk on the trail. Do you even really care? It's just going to be the same as yesterday. You could call Amy or Shelly and see a movie? But is anything good even playing. The entire movie, you're just going to be thinking, thinking of better uses of your time. Walking on the trail, yeah, that sounds fun. But do you really wanna be seen out, looking like that? It's early, no one will be out. Ok, start your walk, but then get thinking. You hate thinking. You hate living entirely inside your mind. When are you going to step out of that bubble you put around yourself, and maybe enjoy your life?

Enjoy your life? God, June, you're not dying. Well, yeah we all are but not now. You could get crushed by a semi tomorrow, or catch some rare diseases. You could die; June, you could die tomorrow or next Wednesday from Ebola or Ecoli. You could die without really even living. But would that be such a bad thing? You wouldn't have to deal with anything. If you died tomorrow, you would be resolved of your problems, and there would be no deadlines, no disappointed professors, no ex's, no debilitating self-hate and no tragically optimistic sisters. But, you would be dead, and you wouldn't be getting any better.

Hey, you know those plans, under your bed. The big map, the playlist, the itinerary. You're taking your cat of course. She's a good cat, she never whines on long car rides. You're already depressed,

no need to go insane from isolation either. How about a vacation from your life. Don't we all need that? Especially since you screwed over everyone in it. You've hit rock bottom. There's nowhere else to go. It's a blessing in disguise really. To be so far gone you have no choice but to step away from your life for a while.

Don't you just want to disappear? At least for a little while. Leave all this, for a day? A week? Two weeks? It's not Impossible. Just vanish. You have the right to. If anyone worries about you, that's their problem. That's an awful thing to think about, but it's not untrue. When you vanish, will your life finally be about you? For a few weeks in a car, with no one except your cat to talk to, will you finally be comfortable with yourself? Why don't you go find yourself? Who are you? You wake up, you go to class, you shop and what else. You've often been told how good at being neutral you are, or how calm you are, doesn't that bug you? Even just a little. Nothing stirs up an argument in you, nothing gives you definition even a little. You can't even pick a major, are you just going to be "undecided" forever? You're not boring, just blank. Remember how, when you were little you never drew or painted pictures because you didn't want to ruin the pretty, clean white paper? Maybe you are boring. You can't be this blank forever, June, you need to find something to be. Better, yet let it find you.

Just do it. You know you should. You have a car. No one can get you in trouble, you're an adult. All you need to do is pack, get in the car and turn on the ignition, then you're halfway there.

Gas isn't cheap. But what are you going to do with that little pocket of savings you keep contributing to? A whole new wardrobe you feel uncomfortable wearing? You don't even have to leave your car. Can't you, for once in your life do something radical?! Get out!

What if you don't come back? What if the next time your sister hears from you you're an ad executive in New York, or a groupie following some band. Will it matter if you're happy though? If you stay here, are you going to be happy?

Remember when you were little, and your family all put together back then, went on that day trip to Yosemite? Hating it the whole time, wanting desperately to go back home. How you complained and rolled your eyes, until the drive back. Remember that night drive, when you stopped bitching for one second and looked at the stars. How the sky was completely covered, so many more than there were back home. How mom let you open the moon roof, and you and your sister would have your eyes glued to the sky until your necks cramped up. You wanted to be an astronomer so badly. Too bad you suck at math and computer science. You could look at those stars every night, but you don't get many stars here in the city. You like the city though, it's easy to get lost in. To just become part of it.

Ok, start in California and Arizona. Then head to New Mexico. Wait! How long will this end up being? Well, it really doesn't matter, does it? If you're packing up and going on a cross country trip

you can't be too concerned with the time frame. Ok, after New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi. Is there anything to see in Mississippi? You'll find something, you can see the river. Then skip Florida, Georgia. Do cats travel well on long car rides? Probably not. Ok, the Carolinas. West Virginia, of course. Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island, Maine. Is that too far up? Then straight on, like Minnesota, one of the Dakotas, Montana until you reach Oregon. You have that playlist saved, you know the one you made in 9th grade. The one titled, "When I get to leave" Can your 2011 Toyota Camry take you that far? Probably.



My Cousin's Last Flight

Vivienne Henderson

11th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Bridget Kemp

This is it. Padraig is saddled up, and my things are packed, such as they are. So all I have to do is go. It's not like Mam'll be alone. Eireann is still here, down the street. My brother-in-law is a good man, he'll let her visit. She'll keep Mam company while I'm off in the company doing my duty. And Dónal will stay. He has to. He's too young to go to war, anyways. I'm sure Mam'll understand. This is the only way to provide for her and Dónal. You make more in the army than in dinghy. I *have* to go; I won't be gone long anyhow. I'll be back for Christmas.

I'll tell her so, I'll tell her--What should I say? Oh *Dia*, my *Lord*, what should I say?! "Dear Mam, I'm off to Boston to join the army. They need people to put down the rebels. I'll be back in a few months." No, no. That won't do. What will happen to her if I'm gone? She'll just say that they've got enough people already. "Boston's a large town." she'll say, "There's enough eejits in this world already, you don't need to join them, Aidan." She'll tell me to keep with the fishing. She'll mention Ronan. She'll say how I'm following in his footsteps. But I'm not; *I'm* not abandoning the family and running west. I am *not* a thrice damned traitor.

That's it! I'll tell her I have to go to make up for Ronan. I won't turn traitor to the Union or my family. So I'm going to enlist. Right now. All I have to do is step out of this door and go to the kitchen. She'll be there making supper for us. Eireann and her family are coming over tonight. *Dia*, I can't go now. I should at least wait for Eireann. But then if I tell Mam, Eireann will cry. I couldn't bear it if they cried.

No. It has to be now. Before anyone else arrives. Before I lose my

nerve.

Everything is set out to go. All I have to do is take that first step. Padraig's ready, my things are packed. The call has gone out. They need men to go out and squash that rebellion down south. They've charged me, and by God, I intend to fulfill that. Let them see what we Irish are like when you get our fighting blood up. I'll knock some sense into the Rebs, no doubt.

All I have to do is tell Mam I'm going. It's not *that* hard; tell her 'Mam, *tá grá agam duit*, I love you, and I have to go. I'm signing up with the volunteer regiment. I'm going for you and for our country. This beautiful country that you fled to, that opened its doors to you, it's calling out for aid from her people. When you were desperate, starving, beaten, who opened her doors? Who answered your pleas? America did. And now I see, every day, these people who do not know what to make of us. Who despise our relief. But *I* am not afraid. I will show them my gratitude for this life, hard as it is. I will show them my gratitude dressed in blue with a musket on my shoulder. America is calling for me, calling for aid from her people. *We are* her people, I am answering that call. Mam, *tá grá agam duit*, let me go and serve in the army. Let me head down to Boston and enlist. I'll send you my money; I'll make you proud Mam, more than Ronan. I'll bring honor to our name. Someday people will look back and say "Yes, Kayleigh Whelan. What a wonderful woman. Her son served with honor and dignity in the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He gave Johnny Reb a what for."

Ach, but she won't let me go; what am I thinking? Why can't I tell her? How will she get by without me? I should leave a note here on the bed and tell her where I've gone. I can sneak out the window like I used to when Ronan and I were young.

But no. I can't be like Ronan. I can't leave Mam and Eireann

and Dónal with nothing but a letter. I wouldn't know what to say anyway. I have to tell them where I'm going. I have to tell them that they can't change my mind. I will serve, and I will do it with honor. Even if all I've ever done is fishing, I will gladly shoulder my rifle and march.

Oh Mam, what am I doing? I need to tell you: I'm leaving tonight, I'm joining the army. It's all for you and for our country. But mostly for you. What will you think of me, I wonder. Will you be sad? Regretful? Proud? I hope you're proud of me. Otherwise what a sorry excuse of a son I'd be. I'd be worse than Ronan. I can't leave without telling you, without leaving you something. I'm not that cruel.

I have to tell Mam; I have to tell her now. I can't put it off any longer. I have to walk out this door and down the stairs and hop the last step because it's creaky and walk into the kitchen. I'll stand and wait until Mam turns around. She'll have flour on her apron, but she'll be smiling, because she's always most happy in the kitchen. She knows what it's like to be without. And I'll walk up to her and hold her tight and tell her I'm going; that I'm going down south to that wonderfully wealthy land of poverty.

And she'll cry. I'm sure. What will she do without me? But still, I'm the only one left to take care of us. Da's dead, Ronan left, Eireann's married, Dónal's too young still. And I'm going to war. Oh Dia, what am I doing to my family? We have to stay together. Mam can't take another loss. But I must go. It is my duty. It is my burden. One I gladly take up upon myself.

Why can't I tell Mam I'm joining the army? What's stopping me? Everything is in my favor! I'm ready, I'm an adult now! Don't you dare say 19 is too young, Mam. The governor's calling now for men like me. The neighbors say I have spirit. Well, when they're feeling generous and I haven't caused too much damage. I've only been in a few

barfights. It's not like I seek trouble, but if someone insults our honor I have to defend it. Besides, the women down south are said to be quite fine. I'll see more of this country than anyone else and Oh! the tales I can spin! So why can't I walk out of this goddamned door and tell Mam that I'm going to Boston?

Everyone else is glad that their sons are going. The Walsh brothers have already gone, so has Rileigh Murphy. Their families are practically *honored* to have their sons go and fight. And have you seen? The outrage at Fort Sumter! Surely you know what's going on! This is an impingement of our honor! Ach, Mam you'll let me go, won't you? You won't tell me to keep to my boats, will you? You'll say 'May the road rise up to meet you.' and send me on my way with a loaf of bread. Because I must go.

But if I do, what will happen to you? Eireann has her own family now. You and Dónal are all alone. I can't leave you here alone! You can't provide for yourself; you can't fish or sail. The only option for you is for me to stay. But I can't stay. Besides, Dónal is a quick study, he can provide just as well. I have a duty now, I must go to Boston. I *want* to go to Boston.

Everything I've done since Ronan left has been for you and Eireann and Dónal. How is this any different? I'm going to serve my country; I'm going because I need to go; I'm going to protect you. I'll send you letters. I won't forget you.

This is it. I'm going. I'm going to walk out of this door and tell Mam I have to leave, that I'm taking Padraig and enlisting. I can't stay for dinner, they need men immediately. Please, Mam.



Mural for the World
Hannah Lopez

Who Will Be There

Mackenzie Santos

Who will be there when life starts to slow down
And things grow colder
When I no longer can feel the warmth of the sun
Touching my face as it says good morning

Who will be there when I have finally given up
My search for the fountain of youth
When I am no longer content with the temporariness of earth
But instead long for the stability of elsewhere

Who will be there when I hunger for something
Life on earth can no longer fulfill
When I long to feel young again and run through the grass
Feeling the wind against my skin and
Finally, finally feel warm again

Who will be there to comfort me and sit at my bedside
And watch as the light leave my eyes
To grasp my hand for warmth and comfort
Only to find my hand ice cold
For my body no longer supports the life it once held inside

For if you are that person who cries at my bedside
Do not despair
For even though my body is still
Find comfort in knowing that I have felt cold for the last time
From now on only warmth will enter
For I have finally run through that grass
And felt that wind against my skin
And I finally, finally feel warm again

The City That Saves

Alyssa Appel

Hidden beneath the oceans' waves,
One thousand miles from yesterday,
A new location every moon,
A land of magic--the city

Only to be found on certain days,
Enter through many caves gray,
A place with both waves and dunes,
Where invaders drown in the endless sea.

One hundred strangers lie in graves;
They fell to the songs sirens say.
The city will be moving again soon
To save yet another refugee.

Once there, forever they will be
Among the sirens, part of the tune,
And with the nymphs they will play
Games in the labyrinth of caves.

Welcome to the land below the waves--
Atlantis, the city that saves.

A Clann of Stardust

Sofia Schumaker

Dark clouds of grey had descended upon them. The darkness infiltrated every thread of light, colored the gaps between closely knit trees, and presented itself in shadows that spanned for miles across the mountain's crest.

Everette would rather be led to the nearest hanging post than surrender to the winter's harsh circumstances. Memory acted as a pulling force to helping her find the wall of closely knit trees she remembered. They represented the entrance to the darkest part of the forest. She dreaded its arrival as much as she feared the madness found when retracing her footsteps. She exercised that fear to keep from yielding, even while her bones felt loosely thatched together. Winter winds sent splintering shrieks of indifference across its fresh canvass. Everette went plowing back a step after every two she haggardly made.

"Are you alright?" She called above the howling winds. The gap her teeth made between syllables filled with the same darkness that crept into every pocket of air, and left her falling forward in a fit of coughing. The tears from her labored breath were turned to ice along her silver lashes.

"I'm fine," a measly voice said from behind her, so softly the wind could have been playing tricks on her.

Everette called again. "Are you sure?"

Her small companion answered from within the large wicker basket slung over Everette's shoulders. The girl was named Ginger, after the root. Ginger carried the daintiest of frames and could be

compared to a stitching needle. Her long tendrils of auburn hair blended with the fox and bear skin that lined the foraging basket. Everette had made sure that it was warm enough before fleeing. What worried her was Ginger's thin skin, containing a meager thirteen moons worth of layering. She had not yet grown into the maidenly curves the Mouflon women were known to carry, which kept them warm as mountain folk--that is if the men would allow their women to ascend above the caves confinements, and become exposed to the frigid air.

`Excerpt from *A Clann of Stardust*

Legacies Live On
AvaLu Fortik





An Attempt at Comedy

Amelia Ross

I want to write a funny poem.

I'm pretty sure you need a plot,

And all that who knows whats.

Well, I could try to mimic Dr. Suess.

Na. That's not really you.

Help I need another verse!

Oh I know try the topic blue.

Yeah sure what rhymes would you have me do.

Fine, okay not blue.

It's not like you have anything better to use.

Oh, that's rich coming from you.



America
Rachel Goveas