Mission

Euphony’s mission is to celebrate the literary and artistic achievements of the students of Sharon High School. By sharing these creative works with the school’s population, Euphony seeks to validate students’ artistic endeavors and inculcate a love and appreciation for the literary and visual arts among the entire student body.

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Sharon High School
181 Pond Street
Sharon, MA 02067

Not Wolfie
Anna Kerber, class of 2018

Skyscrapers
Stephen Higgins, class of 2016

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The Opposite of Death
Larry Dembski, class of 2017

“Only that day dawns to which we are awake.”
— Henry David Thoreau

Rolling globes of sun drop from leather ferns to gushing streams
But my eyes reflect only the irate glint of the screen;
In this room there are only my fingers’ stomping, tripping taps
The dark-furred creature breathes a living, painful howl to the blackness, and with it he is
The blackness
And through my own throat comes only a sigh —
There’s no screaming in this world of constant false calm
The birds flap tiny ruffles around the velvet green buds, their voices
Dancing
Amongst the scent of water, water, seeping ice
In a days-long celebration I’m invited to
But know nothing of,
Three-quarters drowned in square roots and long words

It is not life-altering despair in this dark.
I am okay in the dark.
It does not even feel, always, like dark.
Yet when finally I know of the flowers days-old (the buds already opened)
And the chirps of the birds no longer so eager-bright.
The floods of early spring
Run their course,
When finally I see my window’s glaze of pollen, not frost
I can’t help but think I’ve lost
Something — something
Maybe I lost along the way, or something

I never quite had

Sacrifice
Erica Laidler, class of 2017

“Only that day dawns to which we are awake.”
— Henry David Thoreau

Rolling globes of sun drop from leather ferns to gushing streams
But my eyes reflect only the irate glint of the screen;
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Maybe I lost along the way, or something

I never quite had
Dear Sylvia Plath

Emilia Copeland Titus, class of 2016

With apologies to Celine Song

Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts. Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like a toothache, like hands sticky with lollipop sweat, like a swollen heart. Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like a doorless bathroom stall and the stench of vomit. Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like a hot key dug in the palm of your hand, teeth facing outwards, as you walk home. Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like a tender belly, like blood-encrusted thighs, and girlhood hurts like someone looking at you and only seeing the short hair instead of the girl that you really are. Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like fumbling blindly in the dark for someone’s hand only to close your fist around nothingness.

Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts because we expect it to. It hurts because no one would spend twelve years filming a movie called girlhood.

Dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood hurts like being forced to sit through a Woody Allen film and then being told that misogyny is art, that his condescending comments about great female poets are more than just horn-rimmed, thin-lipped, self-righteous hate. Hurts like dreaming of putting your head in an oven because everyone says your hurts have no meaning — and isn’t the kitchen where you belong, anyway? Sadness may be beautiful in the eyes of a boy willing to cry but it is irritatingly mundane in the mouth of a girl unwilling to be quiet. Hurts like a series sentence, mouth puckered with semicolons separating each moment in which you felt unsafe in your own city, your own school, your own body. Hurts like a split lip, a stolen bottle of peach Schnapps. Like standing four-foot-ten in one sock and hearing yourself called ‘girl-child’ while bending under the expectations of being a woman. Hurts like flames licking up your side as they cry burn witch die witch because girlhood is nothing if not terrifying, because you can save France but you cannot save yourself. Hurts like the sound of glass breaking, pages tearing, someone screaming. Hurts like an overwhelming silence.

But my dear Sylvia Plath, girlhood also sings. Girlhood laughs and cheers and loses and finds and kisses other girls. Girlhood writes essays and reads poetry and endures the painful electricity of misunderstanding. Girlhood crackles. Girlhood leaves butterfly kisses on the curve of your cheek and calls you to make sure you got home safely and no, girlhood doesn’t care what they think, never has. Girlhood is womanhood is sisterhood is motherhood is any other good thing, such a blessing — I only wish more people could have seen that in you. I wish you could have seen it in yourself, the way I wish we could all see it in ourselves.

Dear Sylvia Plath, I can see it now. Girlhood rises over the horizon and glows, every morning. Girlhood runs a bath, runs a mile. Girlhood squeezes into pointe shoes, and it hurts it hurts it hurts, but my god, how it dances.

An Early Spring

Anna Kerber, class of 2018
Self-Portrait
Kelli Small, class of 2017

The Garden of the Righteous
Hasan Khan, class of 2018
Ode to Coffee
Sarah Shapiro, class of 2016

You are my sunrise, my alarm clock, my 6:00 AM salvation whether you are fresh brewed, Dunkin’ Donuts, or my Keurig’s creation.
I’ll take you black, or with sugar, with a dash of elation. No morning complete without your delicious sensation.

Oh coffee, you’re my favorite source of hydration. No tea for me, thanks; I need more caffeination.

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Dutch Still Life
Kate Rice, class of 2016

Arriving through the golden gates of Valhalla, the procession of the newcomer had followed in strange silence. No cheers from boisterous warriors filled the hall, nor did the crescendo of commendations from the musicians. For once within the great home of the gods, there was stony silence and the whisper of doubt.

Within this hall sat a motley horde of warriors that began from the beginning of time, and stretched all the way to the present. Here dined the Norse raiders, the British Grenadiers, the Mongol horsemen, the Ottoman Janissaries, the Navy Seals and far, far more. Recognizable characters from all across history could be seen seated at these tables. Great names such as Sun Tzu, Alexander the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, King Arthur, Julius Caesar, Oda Nobunaga and George Patton all mingled beside Valhalla’s hearth. Warriors, conquerors, generals, fighters from all corners of history could be seen here within the ranks of Odin’s worthy.

And yet, here the newcomer came. The denizens of Valhalla’s hospitality only stared and looked at the new man. He was no ancient champion who fought impossible odds, no wizened strategist who won countless wars nor was he a modern hero who ended tyrannies and restored justice. No. It was a simple man in a business casual. A simple man who had died peacefully in the company of his family, a man who had never thrown a spear, fired a gun, or commanded an army.

The Allfather had never rejected any soul which his Valkyries brought to his halls, yet perhaps for the first time in eternity, this could be the exception. As the time of judgment from Odin himself came, there was only silence. The King of Asgard’s solitary eye gazed harshly from the Valkyrie that had brought this guest in, and then back to the chosen one himself.

“Tell me, Valkyrie…” Odin asked as his ravens perched upon his shoulder pauldrons, “what is it that makes you think he should sit among the worthy? I see no great battles within this man’s life, no monsters had he slain or armies he had faced. He is a man, only an ordinary man. How is he worthy of our kinship?”

There was a brief pause as though the Valkyrie was unsure of her action. Silence reigned only temporarily as the shield-maiden regathered her composure and answered the Allfather.

“This man…” the Valkyrie began with a hint of uncertainty. “He is an ordinary man, but at the same time, he is extraordinary. He never threw spears, swung swords or fired guns. He never slew monsters or fought the champions of his enemies. Perhaps for that reason, he may not be worthy. But, Allfather, there are things he has done. I know deep within my heart that his courage is boundless, capable of matching any warrior who sits here in this room. His battlefield was not the raid of the Viking, the duel of the sniper or even the dance between generals. His battle was to care for his kin, to feed them, to roof them, to love them.”

Sensing she was not finished, Odin gestured for her to continue as the hall fell silent even of murmurings and disagreement. “His trials were not dragons or tanks, his foes were not corsairs or enemy snipers. His enemy was the daily grind, the year-long hard work he had to commit himself to in order to sustain his life and the life of those around him. He never complained, never gave up, never did anything that wasn’t for the benefit of those whom he loved. When he died, he didn’t die in the din of war or with the memory of great battle in his thoughts; he died surrounded by his kin, the ones who he loved and whom he fought for. Is it not our creed that those who bleed for the sake of others are the most worthy? Is he not worthy simply because he bled only sweat for the sake of others?”

The Allfather remained silent, as did those of the hall. From Mighty Thor to Wise Bragi, from Noble Freyr to Just Tyr, there was silence. Silence and approval.

The frown which the Allfather was known for carrying slowly cracked as the corners of his mouth turned upward. The white-haired and one-eyed Odin smiled gently as he nodded his approval.

“For the first time, it is a different kind of hero that stands in our midst. His trials were not dragons or tanks, his foes were not corsairs or enemy snipers. His enemy was the daily grind, the year-long hard work he had to commit himself to in order to sustain his life and the life of those around him. He never complained, never gave up, never did anything that wasn’t for the benefit of those whom he loved. When he died, he didn’t die in the din of war or with the memory of great battle in his thoughts; he died surrounded by his kin, the ones who he loved and whom he fought for. Is it not our creed that those who bleed for the sake of others are the most worthy? Is he not worthy simply because he bled only sweat for the sake of others?”

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“For the first time, it is a different kind of hero that stands in our midst. His price was not the blood of combat, but the ink of travail. Allow us to welcome this new man. He who paid his service not through the exchange of arms, but only through faithful dedication. Let us welcome him into our halls. I trust he will get along with all of you here.”
**Breathe**  
*Naomi Slavin, class of 2016*

breathe

breathe like the air is filled with smoke and you’re addicted,  
like the ashes of the apocalypse are in the air  
and you can’t wait for the world to end

breathe like you’re punch drunk on youth and anticipation  
and you are staring into beautiful eyes  
practically able to feel the distance between your bodies

breathe like you’ve closed the distance  
like everything has slotted into place and your skin is alive with it  
peaceful in finality and wild with anticipation

breathe like the world is crashing over you and you’re terrified  
like your jaw is going numb and your heart feels too fast  
all of your body’s alarms going off at once

breathe like it is so late it’s morning and you’re outside  
like the night air is the cure to everything hurting you  
filling your lungs in a way that feels almost pure

breathe

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**Flashlight**  
*Julia Rothstein, class of 2017*
Night and Day
Sophia Boxerman, class of 2017

Night is an accident —
Spilled moonlight, scattered stars, unshapely shadows.
But daytime forgives.
It sighs ever so slightly,
Shaking its head as dawn approaches,
Sending leaves flying as the first rays of sun
Lap up leftover puddles of milky moonlight.
Brush placed firmly in hand,
Daytime paints over the scattered stars
With a uniform blue coat.
It sweeps up the sporadic shadows,
Replacing them with flickering sunbeams,
And the waking world is perfect.
But as I sit in dusky darkness of the evening,
Testing the black waters of twilight with the tips of my toes
Before it completely engulfs me,
I realize
Darkness breeds beauty.
The stars shine gorgeously albeit haphazardly,
And the spilled moonlight is the color of warmth,
Of comfort,
Like the dripping wax of a waning candle.
The shadows play with me,
Hiding and revealing, hiding and revealing.
Night is an accident
And daytime is perfect.
But sitting on the cusp of darkness,
I thank the earth for imperfections.
Rooted
Sam Price, class of 2016

New Horizons
Alison Kan, class of 2016
Dear Whoever You Are
Levi Reyes, class of 2018

Dear Whoever Made Me This Way, I need you to change a few things about me. First off, my ideal self can understand math. I excel in other academics, but for some reason, my brain just can’t keep up with the x’s and y’s and lines on graphs. Math is very important here, Creator of Me. Being better at sports would be great too, by the way. If I were more athletic (or rather, athletic at all), perhaps I could bond with others more. Sports are huge in our society, in case you haven’t noticed. Oh, and being just a tiny bit taller would just make my day. Just give me an inch or so please. It’s really not much to ask, and besides, I’m constantly stressing over the chance that I am done growing and will remain 5’3” forever. 5’3” just doesn’t match my personality, okay? And working harder to earn respect from people makes me want to stand on my toes all day. I’d love to alter my voice too; I think having a lower voice would also help me get taken more seriously (or, well, seriously at all). Another thing: I want to be better at committing to things. I feel like I like an activity, or band, or even color one minute, and I like a different one the next. I sometimes cringe at the band posters on my bedroom walls. Have I earned them, Creator of Me? Some bands only drew me in with a few songs. And I don’t even know the band members’ names. But stalking celebrities or obsessing over one book or movie series just doesn’t appeal to me, no matter how much I want it to. It seems like such a popular lifestyle, yet it isolates me into the Corner of Indecisiveness. So if you could fix those things, that’d be great, thanks.

Dear Whoever Made the World This Way, I have a bone to pick with you. If you follow these simple requests I might just forgive you. First, I would like to be tall. Not taller, just tall. I’d be the same height of course. But when people would look at me, they’d see me as tall. Make sense? Now, I would also like to have a low voice. Not lower. But when I would talk, I would practically radiate seriousness. Got it, Maker of Society? I’m not finished yet: being good at sports would not be important in this world I want to live in. Art and writing and reading and gardening and cooking would be all we would talk about. You don’t know the story behind Frida Kahlo’s Still Life with Parrot and Fruit? Pff, loser. And English and History and Foreign Languages would be considered just as important as Math and Science too, in this perfect world of mine. Don’t go anywhere; the world is hardly perfect yet. Having an undedicated, non-committed, and fluctuating set of interests would be a sign of intelligence and restlessness. Almost like an impressive hunger for more, as just one intense interest is just too boring for my dissatisfied mind.

In other words, in a perfect world, I already am my ideal self.

Sincerely,
Levi

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Crystalline Knowledge
Alison Kan, class of 2016
Cynthia and the Nighthawk
Hope Gudliah, class of 2016

“Manhattan. With a cherry.” He slid onto the stool next to me, then exhaled with a sharp huff. Looking up through his lashes, he locked eyes with me. “No bitters.”

It was ten-thirty at night, and I’d just slipped into this bar for a drink after work.

“Soitenly,” replied the bartender smoothly. “On the rocks?”

“Straight up.” He adjusted the cuff of his pinstripe suit and I caught the obvious flash of a large wristwatch.

And then he slithered into the seat beside me. I guess to him I must have looked as old as I felt, be
cause he looked like he had about ten years on me. Some nerve. He kept inching his paw closer to my hand,
close with her and rarely visited her in her cramped, filthy, smoke-filled apartment in the old tenements of
New York. I tried to look small.

I only saw these things in the grey mornings as I hurried inside to the linoleum and paper and fluorescent
lights. Ridiculous. All of it. I still felt like a little kid playing at having a job; none of it felt real, and I didn’t
feel like I was particularly good at any of it. Or ready for it. And now I was wilting in this cold little place
with the same impersonal fluorescence, hoping to avoid a patronizingly pointed  “Can I help you?” and
with very little conversation! A pretty sweet deal overall, in my book.

Maybe I did. I tried not to think any more of him, or of the fact that, now that I had a job in the city
and I should try to be better than what we had come from, sweeping her struggles away like they were
nothing, worse than nothing, something to be ashamed of. Was I like her? Would I be like her? Maybe I
never thought about it much. Maybe I had her affect, along with her accent. Maybe I was her.”

Maybe that was what had made me think of my grandmother , seemingly out of the blue in my
moment of anxiety. She was on her own when she first arrived in America. Her parents sent her ahead of
them, when she was eighteen, and they followed six months later when they had saved up enough money.

Maybe he did. I tried not to think any more of him, or of the fact that, now that I had a job in the city
and I should try to be better than what we had come from, sweeping her struggles away like they were
nothing, worse than nothing, something to be ashamed of. Was I like her? Would I be like her? Maybe I
never thought about it much. Maybe I had her affect, along with her accent. Maybe I was her.”

She was poor and alone then and she was now, too, with my mother, in her insistence that my brother
and I must grow up. I had to prepare to set off like me into the dark, rolling, twinkling labyrinth. And then
he turned to the bartender and said, fairly, the one word I didn’t want to hear.

“Grazie.”
The Lost Boys
Jyalu Wu, class of 2018

We used to be the only ones on this island.
It’s been our home since, I don’t know, forever.
We had memorized the patterns of the oceans
just sitting on the white sand,
chugging coconut juice
and inhaling bananas at inhuman speeds.
We knew exactly when the volcano
would cough out dark clouds
or ooze orange and red snot.
We discovered which berries were edible
by crushing them, pouring their juices into water,
and feeding them to fat iguanas.
We knew which trees were good for climbing
if we were chased by rabid bunnies,
which waterfalls were more hazardous to our health
if we decided to swim in the current,
and most importantly,
the best spots to do your business.

Then, they came.
Aliens dressed in dresses
who rode on massive birds
— “Wendy birds”—
that squawked out dark dust
like our volcano does during sick season.
Except these things weren’t our friends.
They blocked out the sun as they flew overhead,
casting black shadows over our island
and blared over their huge loudspeaker,
“You are under [feedback]
please [feedback] and [feedback]
or you will suffer the consequences.”

We fired our missiles at them, hoping they would go away.
Instead, they took away our coconuts, beaches,
trees, bananas, waterfalls, and fat iguanas.
They’ve been here for hundreds of years.

Now this island isn’t ours anymore.
It’s theirs.
My Favorite Selene is Not a Singer
Ashwini Asirwatham, class of 2016

I check to see if my deck light is still on. 
No.
All of this brightness in my past-midnight room
Comes straight from the moon.
She is no pearl in the sky.
She is like a flashlight God's shining down
To keep watch over us even after lights-out.
Can you blame Him?
Can you look at the shadows of the tall trees
And the rippling water hiding still-dormant fish
And the stars spattered across the sky
Like someone carelessly waved a brush that still had wet white paint
And really blame Him?

The moonlight makes rose-colored glasses look grey in comparison
Makes the world seem at peace in every time zone
Makes my skin look alien, reminding me that she was here first.
Goodbye, moon,
Because I will be gone in no time at all to you
While you are here for my greatest-grandchildren to stare at in awe.
People can tell me the moonlight is just a reflection of the sun.
But they are sadly wrong.
For, my friends,
The moon is not just anything.

Porcelain Love
Rosalie Tate, class of 2017

I am not a doll.
My smile is not painted on,
And my heart is not made of cloth.
You cannot hold me,
And play with me,
Then throw me in the box
When a prettier model sits on the shelf.
And when she breaks,
When she is old and worn out,
You cannot take my hand again,
And kiss away the dust inside my heart.
Picking Fights
George Goldman, class of 2016

Once I thought grapes picked in hot fields of June
As harvest kings that oozed of royal mirth.
Anon, I found that they’d been crowned too soon,
For they blushed in August’s fine strawbr’y birth.

Heavily, the purple orbs weigh down the limb,
And wrinkle in the sun just like old men.
Oh! Bulging bunches of sugary whim!
I shall ne’er pluck nor feast nor praise again.

Yet the woven berry, ever so sweet,
Bears a crimson ocean waiting for teeth.
Let us rejoice in Mother Earth’s elite,
Only so much as some left to bequeath.

What arrant folly to oppose two fruit!
’Til famine strikes, no war can be at root.

Floral
Kate Rice, class of 2016

Monochrome Gaze
Sophia VanHelene, class of 2018
Rolland’s Cole

Julianna McCann, class of 2017

Rolland pulled up his fleece collar, hid his hands in his coat sleeves, and began to walk home. He was haunted by a reel of memories: barefoot boys racing around trees, whispering confessions in the night, ice cream dripping off their fingers — tainted memories now. The day Cole heard him calling, and kept walking, allowing Rolland to fall behind in the eighth-grade hall. The time Cole first forgot Rolland’s birthday. All the “rain checks” he’d never cashed in. Three years into the future, Rolland chastised himself, and here he was again. Grieving.

It was a golden day, much too warm for November. Rolland had found himself unable to focus on even the words of his favorite, rainbow professor. When he put his signature pen to the page to note Dr. Cody’s thesis on the alternative strategies to terminating relationships, Rolland was surprised to find that the pen drew instead — seemingly of its own accord — a head of dark, kinky curls.

Rolland walked around his house, moving his mother’s magazines, hiding dirty dishes in drawers. He thought — for just a moment! — that he saw a demon over his shoulder. The doorbell rang. Rolland stepped into the hall as calmly as he could. He opened the door without looking to see who was on his step.

“Ready for the psych thing?” asked Cole, uncharacteristically stiff.

“Hey... yeah. Come on in.”

Rolland led Cole to his bedroom. Cole set down his grey bookbag and opened his Hockendary textbook, looking around at the muted blue walls. He gestured to a collection of matchbox cars above Rolland’s bed.

“This is some serious déjà vu. Remember when we raced slugs in those?”

“Yeah. A lifetime ago.”

Cole paged through the textbook aimlessly and looked up, wearing an unreadable expression.

“So. A PowerPoint?”

“Yeah.”

“On Duck.”

“Yeah.”

“On the stages of terminating relationships.”

“Yeah.”


Rolland looked to Cole with a barely-veiled bitterness.

Cole continued, “Right. So which does the least psychological damage to the friend, significant other, whatever, who’s doing the dumping? Which is the least scarring to the one being let down?”

Rolland’s brown eyes looked like they could swallow the sun. “Neither. None. There is no good way to end a friendship, a relationship — there is no way to do it without somebody getting hurt. Some are worse than others. Like, if there’s justification, at least the one being dismissed gets closure; that makes type five better than type three, which leaves somebody wondering what he — they — did wrong. But none of them are good. You can’t ever go from brothers or lovers to strangers and have that just be okay.”

Cole was silent for a moment. He paused before asking, “But what if someone needs space and they don’t even know it? What if two people are no longer compatible? What if behavioral de-escalation is a mutual thing, or if someone doesn’t realize he’s losing somebody else? Who’s at fault if both people are hurt?”

Rolland closed his eyes. A murky montage played on his eyelids. He heard a child’s laugh. He smelled sickly sweet cotton candy. He opened his eyes and re-entered the world, allowing his fermenting wounds to air.

Rolland had a thought then. A horrid thought; a beautiful, dangerous, horrid thought. He reached his hand out, almost without direction, looking at Cole through misted eyes.


Rolland said not a word. He placed his a hand on Cole’s shoulder, and — and — at his touch — Cole dissolved into air.

“Rolland? Rolland, I’m coming in.”

Dr. Grove leaned against Rolland’s doorframe. Rolland was reaching out with a shaking arm into the empty room, staring into the light blue wall, speechless. Dr. Grove entered the room.

“Rolland, honey, who were you talking to?”

Perspectivism

Scott Kaplan, class of 2016
Two Minutes, Thirty Seconds  
*Sophia Pandelidis, class of 2016*

I used to be a dancer. I knew what it felt like to have beads of sweat break between my shoulder blades, to press my cheek to the grimy floor, a foot on my back telling me to stretch further, further, further. I would grip a hand to the bar and squeeze and shake, nothing would keep me in that arabesque except raw muscle, nothing except the line of fibers screaming through my leg.

It felt good.

I knew what it felt like to throw all of my weight forward and drop in one moment, knees splayed, praying to the song or to the melody or maybe to my body. Praying to what my body could do in the time of two minutes, thirty seconds —

— You can’t do that in a school hallway. Or on the street. You can’t wear a leotard and feel like a stroke of paint from one end of your flesh to the other —

— All the leotards were black in my class, but I wore seafoam green, and sorbet orange, and aqua blue —

— pink leather and red blisters —

— and white stage lights —

I didn’t love it enough. I used to be a dancer, but I wanted to be balanced, I wanted to try new things. I dropped to one ballet class, and a muscle snapped — no ballet class. The physical therapist says I test strong, but I am weak.

Sometimes, now, I stand in my tiny kitchen, alone. I close the white curtains. I stretch my dormant fingers, my toes. My body that now counts the hours, not the minutes. My body that I think might one day explode. I lift my chin and my arm, graceful. The kitchen lights aren’t strong enough to be a spotlight.
EUPHONY

(n.) the quality of being pleasing to the ear, especially through a harmonious combination of words