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
141 Pond Street
Sharon, MA 02067

Poised
Alison Kan, class of 2016

Breathe
Elizabeth Weiss, class of 2015

Contents

Poised, Alison Kan .............................................................. 2
Love Poem, Sarah Binney .................................................. 4
Dove’s Red, Anonymous..................................................... 4
Tea Time, Erin Hylen ....................................................... 4
My Name, Emilia Copeland Titus ........................................ 5
Cosmic Visions, Gabrielle Gullotti ..................................... 7
Sail Away, Hannah Morrissey ........................................... 8
Untitled, Anonymous ...................................................... 9
The Darkside, Khalen Roye ............................................... 10
Living Here, Noah Furets .................................................. 11
My Spiritual Semantic Satiation, George Goldman ............ 12
Egyptian Masks, Melissa Langley ..................................... 13
Cold Feet, Natalie Passow .................................................. 14
The Umbrella Man, Kendra Bolt ........................................ 14
Shining Woods, Kayla Williams .......................................... 15
Apology Sweater, Larry Demuski ....................................... 16
The Galaxy, Hannah Morrissey .......................................... 17
Haiku, Adam Ross .......................................................... 18
Kelex, Alex Shrago ........................................................... 18
Flood, Levi Reyes ............................................................ 19
You, Anonymous ............................................................. 20
Love, Rosalie Barkley ....................................................... 20
The Elder Statesman of the Savannah, Deepika Singh ........ 21
Undercooked, Anonymous ................................................ 21
The Treble, Hasan Khan ................................................... 22
Bunny, Pearl Schleinig ..................................................... 23
Montreal Lake View, Kayla Williams .................................. 24
Compliments, Tiziri Veenkat ............................................ 24
On Twinning, Emily Weiss ............................................... 25
Embrace the Manhood, Anonymous .................................. 26
Chrysler, Rose Warren ..................................................... 26
Colorado, Erin Hylen ....................................................... 27
Snowfall, Naomi Slavin ..................................................... 27
Years and Years, Emily Zhou ............................................ 28
My Favorite Boots, Gabrielle Gullotti ................................ 29
Genealogy, Anonymous ................................................... 30
Untitled, Pearl Schleinig ................................................... 31
Euphony Members ........................................................... 31
**Love Poem**

Sarh Binney, class of 2015  
*Inspired by Linda Pastan’s “Love Poem”*

I want to cook you  
a big pot of soup  
to warm up your cheeks  
and fill up your belly  
with warm broth  
and when we watch it  
steam and bubble  
in your old  
chipped mug  
we’ll know  
not to let it  
burn our tongues  
we must sit  
together and wait  
for it to cool  
we must sit together  
or blister our throats  
we must sit  
together.

---

**Dove’s Red**  
*Anonymous*

Your cheek as soft as flower’s petal,  
It rests upon my heart;  
Forever close to me you’ll be  
As perfect, living art.  
Your eyes as blue as summer’s dew  
Sitting on my soul;  
You condensate within myself,  
With you I am made whole.  
Your lips as red as passion’s song,  
You fight for what is right;  
Your words dance swift into my life  
And with them my heart takes flight.

My kindest dove and sweetest love you plant seeds within my eyes,  
And now I see green forests grow in endless lovers’ skies.

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**Tea Time**  
*Erin Hylen, class of 2015*
In English my name doesn't mean anything. I've looked and looked and there seems to be no conclusive evidence for its significance. My mother named me for a region of Italy, a place she has never been. I like to think I'm named for Shakespeare's Emilia, hotheaded and the opposite of complacency with a mouth like an archer's bow and a tongue that shoots arrows.

It means anger and passion and the way Eve never tore her gaze from Adam's as she bit into the apple, because she knew her ribs were her own and paradise was boring anyway. It means Persephone throwing the pomegranate at Hades and grinning as the juice dripped down his temples like blood, because gods don't bleed but she had still broken his heart. It means never laughing if the joke isn't funny.

I tell my younger cousin to never kiss anyone who cannot pronounce her name correctly. I tell her we are both named for flowers no one has heard of; hers long chains of tiny yellow blossoms and mine thick tendrils of red. I tell her we are both perennials; we keep coming back after the winter because no amount of cold can destroy our roots. I tell her that one day there will be someone who will say her name like it is precious stone on their tongue, but her name will never sound as beautiful as it does in her own mouth.

If I could, I would thank my mother for my name every day, the same way I would thank her for her brown eyes and soft skin and love of the arts, for everything else she has given me. She named me for foreign lands because she has always been running, and yet she always returns back to the ocean, to her home. But my name means to stray. It means to strain. And sometimes, I suppose it means to stay.
Living Here
Noah Parets, class of 2017
Modeled after Bob Hicok’s “A Primer”

I remember Massachusetts quietly as the place I go to be in Massachusetts. The muscle man of America short torso diving in to the tank sharing the little corner with colonial friends and an upside down sad face. I lived in Massachusetts fifteen years. The state bird is a littered highway. The state flower is the giant lightning machine, which sounds electrifying though it is merely cold and knee-deep as wonder. A Bostonian can use the “wonder,” and sincerely use the word “sincere.” In truth Massachusetts is not Taxachusetts, not full of Massholes. When I go back to Massachusetts, I trudge through New York. There is off I-90, a basketball, the size of a small planet, so life goes maple maple maple pluto, I wave at allstars which we’re not getting along with on account of the smoke I pass. Then Massachusetts goes maple maple maple streetlight, goodbye cider. You never forget how to be from Massachusetts when you’re from Massachusetts.

The Darkside
Khalen Roye, class of 2015
Throughout life, our embodiments of the grotesque—obsessions to singular ideals—change with the new experiences our mortality allows; we gain, we lose, we learn, and the obsessive truths we cling onto change as consequence. Thus, ideals or figures once considered marvelous and true often disintegrate into the sector of the mind holding material that has been stripped of its truth by utter disillusion. Growing up in Reform Judaism, I recited prayers each Shabbat and temple service, repeating the altered name of God, “Adonai,” hundreds upon hundreds of times. When my eyes strayed to the English translations, my uncorrupted mind tried in constant vain to make sense of the meanings presented in the prayers I chanted. I chanted for the most part out of a vague subconscious conformity, and not as an answer to a higher calling that would instill me with a moral compass and empathy for my fellow human beings. Instead, I read the words of a praised God who smites those against him, and further I tore through the volumes of the Torah in desperation, but my biblical teachers failed to extrapolate upon the extremely antiquated, gruesome events and imagery in the Old Testament.

Ever since my second grade teacher taught us the grand theory of “The Golden Rule:” treat others how you would like to be treated, I arrived to temple school each Wednesday and Sunday eager to develop a tool belt constructed by my religion that I could easily access in order to more effectively live by the “Golden Rule.” In vain I clung to this notion, never doubting myself, only tired and weary of a religious education represented majorly by an ethnicity, an ethnicity I identify with purely in terms of ritualistic holidays and gatherings featuring uniquely Jewish songs, food, games, and stories—but ultimately no religion.

One Saturday morning, I went with my dad to the men’s Torah study for the first and only occasion. I was ten years old. I sat in a circle with twelve men, ranging from barely over my father’s age to seeming on the brink of eternal peace. Each wore a flowing tallit which cascaded down his artificially broadened shoulders, blue stars of David speckled on the white cloth. Further, everyone wore a yarmulke and held a Tanakh, a volume of biblical interpretations, in their laps. All I remember from that day was a discussion of free will. God provides humans with choice. We can be evil. Or we can be good.

The conversation shifted, and I remained silent. Nevertheless, thoughts churned ferociously in my head regarding what truly is good or evil. One of the older men, as I blurrily remember, presented a question to the group: “Why did God create evil?” My vocal chords shuddered under my clenched mouth, and I at last released the divine tension: “God wants us to know what good is.” I elaborated, stating that we could only cherish the amazing gifts God has provided, and revel in the good works of our neighbors, only if we had known the strife and tribulations of life and suffered at the hand of a foe. Likewise, I subconsciously made the connection that I had not discovered the “good” I had sought in Judaism. Judaism rests on three key pillars: charity, acts of loving kindness, and the study of Torah. I wanted to believe so strongly this was true, but as I walked out of the second temple in four years for the final time, I left with the tenants of latkes, dreidels, and Purim festivals as the derivative of meaning to a reformist Jew.

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My Spiritual Semantic Satiation
George Goldman, class of 2016

Throughout life, our embodiments of the grotesque—obsessions to singular ideals—change with the new experiences our mortality allows; we gain, we lose, we learn, and the obsessive truths we cling onto change as consequence. Thus, ideals or figures once considered marvelous and true often disintegrate into the sector of the mind holding material that has been stripped of its truth by utter disillusion. Growing up in Reform Judaism, I recited prayers each Shabbat and temple service, repeating the altered name of God, “Adonai,” hundreds upon hundreds of times. When my eyes strayed to the English translations, my uncorrupted mind tried in constant vain to make sense of the meanings presented in the prayers I chanted. I chanted for the most part out of a vague subconscious conformity, and not as an answer to a higher calling that would instill me with a moral compass and empathy for my fellow human beings. Instead, I read the words of a praised God who smites those against him, and further I tore through the volumes of the Torah in desperation, but my biblical teachers failed to extrapolate upon the extremely antiquated, gruesome events and imagery in the Old Testament.

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Egyptian Masks
Melissa Langley, class of 2015
Cold Feet
Natalie Bissot, class of 2017

Rain
endless rain
pitter pattering down from the sky
exploding into millions of droplets
once it hits the cold concrete
We are swallowed in such a blackness
that we cannot see even a hand in front of a face
let alone our sodden feet on the rutted path
In this deprivation of light our skin is all the
more sensitive to the tepid rain
It does not pound or sting
but alights on our faces like soft
kisses and runs down to drip from
our jaws that are clenched tight to
prevent the chattering of teeth

The Umbrella Man
Kendra Bolt, class of 2015

The umbrella man protects his children, taking their blows and shielding them from the storm. Everything pings off of his fort, bouncing away harmlessly, rolling off the impenetrable barrier. But who protects the umbrella man? He takes all blows, cannot cry out for fear of looking weak. He must bear all burdens, silent and solemn, never letting a single tear drip through the wall he pretends to be, until the day the hail comes and tears through his shell, surging relentlessly until he's nothing but a ragged mess.

Then the children are cold and wet. Unaccustomed to the chill seeping into their veins, they cry and whimper, unable to shield themselves. The umbrella man cannot help them, either. He slumps, discarded, among the other debris out in the street, as the children scream and run for safety. But the umbrella man’s protection took them too far from home, they were presumptuous and haughty, strayed too far from themselves, and now they’re bone-soaked and limp on the front porch.

Or the umbrella man never breaks, never falters. He looms over his children fiercely, even through the roughest weather. But he blocks out the sun, too. The rain tries to change tactics, to kiss instead of pummel, but the umbrella man deflects them, and the children never feel the warm water dribble on their faces and their shoulders, never see the light when the rain finally cries itself out and the sun peeks out her golden hugs. The umbrella man can’t allow anything to happen to the children. So they feel nothing.
Apology Sweater
Larry Dembski, class of 2017

I'm Sorry I ate your lunch.
I'm Sorry I hit you when I was angry.
I'm Sorry I took over too much about my boyfriend.
I'm Sorry I didn't tell you that you were amazing.
I'm Sorry I pretended I didn't know.
I'm Sorry I called you the wrong name.
I'm Sorry I stayed too late.
I'm Sorry I didn't explain myself well enough.
I'm Sorry I missed you.
I'm Sorry I asked too many questions.
I'm Sorry I forced you to be involved.
I'm Sorry I dragged you while I was wearing Spikes.
I'm Sorry I accused I was smarter.
I'm Sorry I didn't say when you told me how you felt.
I'm Sorry I always made you do my dishes.
I'm Sorry I talked too much or you.
I'm Sorry I showed you how nice I was.
I'm Sorry I didn't say anything.
I'm Sorry I cancelled when you needed me.
I'm Sorry I chose you too much.
I'm Sorry.
Flood
Levi Reyes, class of 2018

I’ve never felt so small. Had I stood in a crowd of giants whose heights were thrice mine, I would still not feel like this. I am an ant in a puddle and the man I am with is no more. Compared to the eerily murky waters swallowing our knees, this man and I are the same. I feel my pulse thudding as I watch splinters of wood float around us. I swear I see some fireflies too, yet perhaps that is my desperate imagination trying to cling on to life. The churning water below me moves as slowly as a nightmare, and I can feel the surface rising, teasing my bony legs. I flash back to my grandfather coaxing my three year old self into a small lake outside of town. The memory is now a physical being, not just a collection of emotions in my mind.

“You’ve got to conquer the water bear, Hamid! Or she’ll swallow me whole!” Grandpa flails around playfully in the water. He’s obviously sitting in a shallow area, but I fall for it.

“Coming, Grandpa!” I squeak. I boldly test the shimmery surface with a toe. No giant swimming bear emerges, so I stick my whole foot in. The gentle water tickles the skin on my leg and I giggle as I wade farther in. Grandpa huffs in disapproval.

“This is no game, boy,” he warns, despite both of us knowing perfectly well that this is make-believe. “Waste more time and I’ll lose a leg to the bear! You want your Grandpa to walk again, don’t you?” I accept his challenge and slide in on my stomach. “I’ll save you,” I tell him. As I swim closer (or rather, walk my hands on the lake bottom to glide closer), Grandpa reaches his hand in the water and I feel a thin, sharp, damp object brush against my stomach. I squeal in fear at what I think is the water bear’s claw and splash frantically out of the water, vowing never to return again.

I learned later that Grandpa had just startled me with a branch that had fallen in the lake, yet I still refused to go swimming ever again. Now, as I trudge through the flood, the story gives me a smile. I retell the tale to the stranger I’ve been following. He listens intently and laughs when I’m finished.

“I remember trying to get my two nieces to swim. I told them there were ghosts in the lake that they needed to rescue from their eternal trapping in the water. Worked just about as well as the water bear story.” He chuckles, then his face falls. “I wonder where they are now.” Then he looks at me, glancing up and down at my tired figure. I haven’t told him how sore and exhausted I am, yet he seems to notice anyway.

“Get on my back, Hamid, I’ll carry you for a while.” His offer makes my knees buckle too soon and he catches me, wrapping my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. I mumble a thank you before he begins walking again. He hands me his shoes, which I hold with my own to return the favor of him carrying me. They swing against his chest, but he doesn’t seem to mind. After we’ve passed empty houses, fallen trees, and various floating rafts with no one occupying them, I drift off to sleep on this stranger’s back and dream of being dry.

Haiku
Adam Ross, class of 2015

I don’t like haikus;
They can’t fit enough info.
You get cut off when ~

Kelev
Alex Shrago, class of 2018
You

Anonymous

It’s 1:12 am, and I can hear my father’s heavy breathing one room over and the soft thud of my cat’s paws on the wooden floor. The sky is wrapped in shades of navy blue and I am thinking how I know what it is like to be just as suffocating. I am thinking of you and hot sun and hot embarrassment; I am thinking of you and lost chances and quick disappointment. Dirty snow is licking the pavement long after the novelty of pure is gone, yet the sky still drifts down new flakes every Saturday as if to make itself beautiful once more.

I try to count the miles on my fingertips, but you are 3091 away and I’ve never been good at holding my hands steady. I am thinking of you and itchy gravel and laundry detergent; I am thinking of you and red boats and flushed cheeks. I am thinking of sweaty palms and styrofoam words, of arguing in the blue and white kitchen with the too-loud radio.

Love

Rosalie Barkley, class of 2017

The Elder Statesman of the Savannah

Deepika Singh, class of 2015

Undercooked

Anonymous

wet, white, pepper, salt:
masking the ‘surprise inside’
ghastly pink again

gold tissue paper,
inside: sweet, smooth sponge holding concrete dark teardrops
The Treble
Hasan Khan, class of 2018

We are the melodious mellow mow-down
We are the ascendance to organization
We are the low roar in the night
We are the rhythms of life
The beats of hearts
The slurs of our words
We are the timing
We are the bow up and down the strings
We are the staccatos
We are the legatos
We are the tears on cheeks
The siphons of emotions
Writers of the ears
We are the goose-bumps upon our mutual flesh
We are power without words
We are the harmony
The melody
The conjoining of metal and beauty
The rests between notes
The rallentandos
The ritardandos
The 28-beat whole notes
We are the staffs like ladders to the peak of our power
We are the voice of the many
We are composers of feelings never transpired through words
On Twinning
by Emily Weiss, class of 2015

For seventeen years,
I've had a best friend.
Perching on unstable wooden benches
In front of Crescent Ridge Dairy Farm,
Our dangling legs too short to reach the patchy
grass below,
We lick Moose Track ice cream,
Surrounding by the nose-crinkling smell of cows.

For seventeen years,
I've had a best friend.
We frolic about the rickety swing set,
Pausing at the peak of the caution-tape
yellow slide,
My arms hugging her chest,
Before we tumble to the turf in our backyard.

For seventeen years,
I've had a best friend.
We race across a cool outdoor pool at the JCC,
The hot summer's haze interrupted by the
children's screams
And a lifeguard's shrill whistle,
Until we settle down on a shared lounge chair,
Eating salty French fries and greasy hamburgers.

For almost eighteen years,
I've had a sister.
We carry the stinging memory
Of our dad's sudden death,
As he stood there
And his sorrowful eyes told us
He was never coming back.

For almost eighteen years,
We've cared for each other:
When I broke my wrist,
When she caught swine flu;
When I played music;
When she created art;
We were always there for each other.

We're turning eighteen soon.
And while we'll finally be considered adults,
And we should fly from our nest
To college dorms, apartments, and then houses,
To new studies, work, and retirement,
I don't know if I'm ready to leave
The childhood we shared.

But as long as we have another eighty-three
years together,
I think I'll be okay.

Compliments
by Tarini Venkat, class of 2018

Compliments are a gift
To your self esteem
You never tell anybody
How much you love them
(Except your closest friends)

Those winter compliments
That you keep even on
The loneliest of snow days
When listening to slow music
Or watching Netflix

Those spring compliments
That you recall
When rushing from the school to the bus
In the pouring rain
Feeling unsure about that physics test

Those summer compliments
That you smile about
Lying in your bed at summer camp
When it's late and roommates have already gone
to sleep
And you're still in bed reading

Those fall compliments
That you remember in the morning
Eating your Honey Bunches of Oats cereal
Ready to take on the day

A compliment given is just on whim
Unplanned and effortless, like humming a tune
But a compliment received makes your sun
shine brighter
Makes your days more warm
Makes your universe expand
And puts a smile on your face.
Embrace the Manhood

Anonymous

Ask them what a man is, of course they’ll say:
A man is strong, courageous, and stoic,
No emotion, no tears, heart held at bay;
Oh, and of course, every man has a dick.

Transgender? No sir. No such thing we’ll heed.
Sir? No sir. Surely that must be a ma’am.
If they’re born with breasts, what more do you need?
If labeled sheep, how can it be a ram?

“A man’s a man,” they’ll use that against you,
But that’s your argument, how ironic:
I’m a man ’cause I’m a man fully through,
It’s simply not governed by lack of a prick.

Just because I order my junk online
Does not mean that I can’t call manhood mine.

Snowfall

Naomi Slavin, class of 2016

You watch the snowflakes fall,
(like some sort of angel dust from the heaven I don’t believe in),
with comets in your eyes.
It makes me wish I could still
make galaxies in my mind,
rather than black holes
and empty words.

You stare out as though
you want to crane your neck back and
stick out your tongue
to catch the falling fragments of grace.
But instead you turn to me
with solar systems in your irises,
and a slightly unhinged half smile,
(all wonder and trust and a little bit of crazy),
and whisper that I look like an an angel,
a snow angel.
I am supposed to laugh
but the guilt stings too deep,
(you haven’t realized it yet, but I am broken in all the wrong ways),
so I just stare up into your starscapes,
afraid to tell you
that you have been deceived.

Chrysler

Rose Warren, class of 2015
“You grow up readin’ about pirates and cowboys and spacemen and stuff, and jus’ when you think the world’s full of amazin’ things, they tell you it’s really all dead whales and chopped-down forests and nuclear waste hangin’ about for millions of years. ‘Snot worth growin’ up for, if you ask my opinion.”

There was a street. It was really less of a street and more a lot of areas of pavement with houses on them, but street is shorter. Therefore, street.

The houses on the street were arranged in groups of five. They were all identical, with the same white sliding and cosmetic black shutters, and were mostly filled with the elderly.

In the house that numbered two, there lived a Chinese family with one child. The child was a girl. She wasn’t altogether remarkable. She was young (but couldn’t understand why people were treated so differently due to age), somewhat intelligent (though horrendously oblivious in social matters), and sometimes she smiled (seldom) and something she frowned (too often), but mostly she sat and stared out the window. (The view was the side of a local 7-11 she sometimes went to, disappointed every time that nothing interesting had magically appeared. It was next to a Domino’s Pizza she never spared a second thought.)

Her neighbors, house number one, were an old couple. The woman might have been named Florence, though she wasn’t sure, and she had no idea what the man’s name was. Sometimes she felt guilty about that. Generally, she didn’t mull over the fleeting feelings.

She sat in the car one day. Her father was driving her home, her mother in the other front seat, and she was wondering when she’d be able to sit up there, but only vaguely. She was staring out the window, which demanded far more of her attention. The pavement was black and the sky was blue.

Her mother told her father the old woman had died.

She looked up.

Her mother suggested they buy flowers to give to their neighbor.

Her father said no, they didn’t really know him, so it might not be taken well, and besides, they had come home from the grocery store and had things to do.

The girl frowned and protested that it would be the nice thing to do, to buy flowers.

Her father said no again, rather testily.

She shut up.

When she would look back on it, she might come to the conclusion that maybe her father had refused partly because of his stated reasons, but mostly because he didn’t want to bother. If she allowed her thoughts to dwell on that for a while, she might also conclude that her father wasn’t a particularly great person.

And then she might file away that information in a quiet corner of her brain, where more evidence would accumulate, increasing at an exponential rate over time. And maybe she’d grow and slowly learn, and perhaps she might come to more worrying realizations, and years and years later she’d look back with perspective (and even write a story).

But she wasn’t yet closer to ten years than five, and she climbed up the stairs and sat on her bed, trying to banish her discomfort, and glanced through the glass at the pavement and wondered if the 7-11 might have stocked something new.
Unbroken Shell

Shoshana Massefski, class of 2017

If I had traveled to a different land
Following the others
Going the undesirable way
Following just because I should

The terrible place
At the end of the road
Getting stuck there
Unable to break free

Trapped in that large, bright chariot
Carrying me to misery

If I hadn’t gone the way I chose
Following the crowd I couldn’t stand
Going to the place I should have feared
Following because it was easy

This thing I am
Wouldn’t be the same
Still hidden by my shell
The one I hadn’t noticed yet

But all that never happened
I am where I should be
So why don’t I feel free?

Genealogy

Anonymous
Modeled after Betsy Sholl’s “Genealogy”

One of my parents was a motorcycle, the other a minivan.
One was a roaring fire, the other a calm rain.
In the night I’d wake to a soft pitter patter and the smell of burning trees.
The regret tattooed on my lower back
is one for the man trying to jump across the canyon.
One of my parents was a diary,
the other the fog on the window.
One of my parents was a flickering light bulb,
the other a candle I carried into the night,
convinced it was the only light I had left.
One of my parents I drank, the other I dreamed.
In the revolving door of my becoming,
one guided me and one left me to fend for myself,
a truth I must accept.
One was a bird, the other a tree.
How they amused each other.
One was a statue, the other a plane. I was
ashamed I couldn’t stand tall and embarrassed I couldn’t soar.
I was a girl calling across the canyon to a father she didn’t have.

Euphony Members

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Thank You

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Lastly, Euphony would like to thank its contributors and readers, whose enthusiasm and commitment made this publication possible.

Untitled

Pearl Schleinig, class of 2015
EUPHONY

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