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-Maia Presti
Dedication:
I am dedicating the Athenaeum to silence. Which is odd because this-- right here-- is full of words. But you don’t need to talk to read, and you don’t need to hear to understand. You can just sit. And listen.

I wouldn’t buy this advice. I would scream in my own face and say, when? Where? When do you have time to sit and where do you go to listen? And the part of me that’s writing this now would reply-- quite eloquently-- now. After the 9:45 bell, stay in your World Society’s seat and read haiku. And now, before you put your cleats on, go under the cherry blossom trees just outside the gym and look at the watercolors. Then pause. Finish reading, stop looking, and wait.

There-- that was it. That was the silence. Did you taste its sweetness or feel it burst? It was like a strawberry and a small earthquake at the same time.

It was like that night on the Mountain Campus porch: you were lying on your back, your eyes just peeking from under the weight of your eyelids-- and three sleeping bags away you heard, Look! just in time to see a bright speck stretch its way through the dark. You made a wish. And there-- that moment between the seeing and the wishing-- was the silence. It was like when you swallowed Pop Rocks, and your tongue trembled in anticipation of the next POP!

It was like after your dad bounced you on the trampoline and before you actually came down. Your fingers tingled with quiet energy and your body hovered, as if debating whether it wanted to return to earth. That was the silence.
It was the space that followed an unexpected confession-- *I stole the last bag of Doritos; I think I love you; no really, I just saw a purple llama.*

That quiet moment of the unknown-- both terrifying and pee-in-your-pants exciting-- is what we want. So after you read and after you look, wait. The silence will linger there for just a moment, and you must grab it and hold it on your palm before it leaves.

You must love it for its lack of sound-- for it is a rare thing, this quivering quiet-- and you will miss it when it’s gone.

-Emma Reynolds
Questions

He’s got questions,
A whole knapsack full of them.
It weighs down on his back,
    Cracking
    Bending
    Breaking
The little, brittle bones of his spine,
Bruising his alabaster skin.

He’s like Atlas:
The Greek Titan whom he’s read of in books,

Which leads us to his first question;
Why does he like books so much?

Books speak to him when others refuse to,
Though it may be because he refuses to look them in the eye,
Because his nose is always buried in a book,
But that’s the chicken and the egg:
    Just another question.

Another burden.

It’s funny.
People use the word “cross” to mean burden.
“That’s my cross to bear.”
Still, they wear their crosses of silver and gold around their necks,
Miniature billboards professing prolonged connection
And affection with an
    imaginary friend.
They seem so light.
He has long since been abandoned by his imaginary friends. Though he still wanders in the same twisted fantasy land, he is alone, and that is his burden.

Is being alone a burden, or a blessing?

He seems to think the latter; weekend night after weekend night, hunched over on the Berber rug, sucking ash from glass, breathing fire into the air purifier, seeking to melt his mind for just a second.

He says he’s not one for numbers,

BUT by his count, there are one hundred billion neurons in his brain, and he has an IQ of one hundred and seventy five, so if he grinds up and snorts a thousand milligrams of Sudafed, and slits his wrists seventeen times, and cries, until he loses seventy-five cc’s of blood, and his veins are dried, then by the time that he wakes up in the hospital, he should still be able to read at a third-grade level.

And when he was in third grade, he read the whole King James Bible from front to back,

though all it did was leave him with more questions.

-Bineshii Hermes-Roach
the curve

of spoons
against my lips
and chairs
against my back
and you
against my chest.

-Frigid Ballerinas

White speckles pirouette,
   Ballet,
       Chassé,
Finishing their performance with a
   Sashay
Into shriveled grass,
Curtsying to the sun.

-Fianna Redfly
Will You Remember The Time

Will you remember the time
We wandered down paths
Of pots and pans lined across
The lava living room?

Have you forgotten
When we dipped our toes into
The numbing water of the creek
That snaked across our back yard?

Do you recall how
We climbed into our mother’s dress
One abnormally large woman
With the face of a child
And a one-way ticket to Paris?

As you walk one way
And I walk another
I look forward to meeting in the middle

In moments of respite
Lying together in silence
Knowing that all we have
Is time.

- Mara Whitehead
Haiku

A Long Way From Home

A long way from home
On a crazed, liberated evening
I blurt, “I love you”

-Natalie LaPlante-Endres

-Alice Droeger
Tequila

The boy who cried wolf
Should have cried free tequila
And they would have come

Obama

He has a Kill List
He has a Nobel Peace Prize
Nothing is simple

DNA

Deep within the tongue
That speaks languages is a
Language that speaks tongues

-Bineshii Hermes-Roach
Succession

Somewhere nearby, a stream of
   Water or wind
Gives voice to the far-off
   River of aspens
Flowing down the avalanche-
   Road on a row
Of hills and mountains, soon
   Overtaken
By the dark green needles
   Of age-old firs.

-Luke Schaack

-Claire Blood-Cheney
-Marianna Delgado del Valle
Athenaea Poetry Contest

Fountain Valley’s literary magazine began in 1930 as The Fountain Valley Magazine. In the 1950’s and 1960’s, however, it published work by students at other independent schools in Colorado, and it changed its name to The Fountain Valley Literary Review. In 1966, under the direction of Hunter Frost, it became The Athenaea and resumed its focus on intramural writing.

As faculty advisor for the magazine, I have, for many years, thought it would be fun and stimulating to publish poetry from other high school students in Colorado Springs area. Hence, in 2010, we joined forces with the Pikes Peak Poet Laureate Project and created the first annual city-wide poetry contest. This year, the city’s Poet Laureate, Price Strobridge, judged both the English and translation categories. He chose the three finishers in each category. We received over one hundred and sixty entries in the two categories.

English:

First Place: Morgan Berlin, Fountain Valley School, Krummholtz

Second Place: Emma Reynolds, Fountain Valley School, Day Lilies

Third Place: Luke Schaack, Fountain Valley School, Polaroid

Translation:

First Place: Alice Street, Fountain Valley School, Every Night (Mandarin)

Second Place: Lidia Chalova, Fountain Valley School, The Beautiful River (Spanish)

Third Place: Lydia Grace Ryan, Homeschool, Music (German)
Third Place: Luke Schaack, Fountain Valley School

Polaroid

As I sat, casting off my mind
To photos faded green with time,
Their faces gazing, clear and cold
Stared deep into glass lenses, old;
Perserved by a forgotten light,
A boy’s expression, firmly bright,
Stunned my mind, as I would see,
My own eyes staring back at me.

-Bineshii Hermes-Roach
**Day Lilies**

My favorite color is yellow
not the color of a banana
or the neon of that girl’s nails,
but the color of the lilies
in my Oma’s garden.
Each morning she would
descend
the
splinter-laden
stairs,
cross the dew-marinated grass
to her collection of flowers,
break ___ off the blossoms
with a simple ~snap
and place each between her knuckles--
worn and wrinkled from oil pastels.

When I was about eight,
I asked her
why.
Why she picked the flowers,
why she didn’t let them grow larger each day.
She replied, with a smile
hinting
at her lips

“Why, Emma, the lilies only live

for one day.”
-Tristan White
Krummholtz

Huddled close they stand
Protected from the barren land
By their fierce embraces.

Turned away from frightful cold
They are as one, the young and old
Not one left lost and alone.

Unwavering resolve strengthens trunks
Heads bowed silently like monks
They endure winter’s whip.
Translation

Third Place: Lydia Grace Ryan, Homeschool, German

Musik

Licht ist Musik,
Liebe ist Musik,
Leben ist Musik,
Und die Musik füllt mich.

Music

Light is music,
love is music,
life is music,
and the music fills me.
El Hermoso Río

Espero que te caigas en un río
Quiero que tú odies el agua
Y que lleves tu camiseta favorita.
Quiero que cuando trates
De levantarte, te escurras de
Una roca hermosa.
Ojalá que alguien te ayude,
Porque yo no te ayudaría.

Pero, espero que el río sea muy bonito,
Y que los peces que los peces no te coman,
Que te diviertas.

The Beautiful River

I want you to fall into a river
I hope that you hate water
And that you are wearing your favorite shirt.
I hope that when you try
To stand up, you slip on
A beautiful rock.
Hopefully someone will help you,
Because I will not help you.

But, I hope that the river is very pretty,
And that the fish do not eat you,
Have fun.
每天晚上

每天晚上
我喜欢听音乐
我爱看书或者写作
可是我最喜欢回镑
回镑人们，朋友，家人
我会想别人和她们的不幸
我想帮他们
但我知道，有的问题不能得到解决
搜以每天晚上我希望一切顺利。
也许有一天，我们一起学习
爱，而不是啥，让世界
这是我的希望
搜以每天晚上，我记得。
Every Night

Every night
I like to listen to music
I like to read books, or write
But mostly I like to remember
Remember people, friends, and family
I like to think about people and their misfortunes
I would like to help them
but I know sometimes the problem cannot be solved
So every night I wish all well
Maybe someday, we together can learn,
to love instead of kill, to make peace
That is my wish
So every night I remember.
-Garrett Van Wyhe
The Partial Diagnosis
Based on “The Partial Explanation,” by Charles Simic

Seems like a long time
Since I last saw the doctor.
Sitting in the common room,
Nurses walking past.
Seems like the hour hand keeps ticking.
At last, the double doors swing open
The doctor emerges
Clipboard in his left hand,
He calls my name and says:
After analyzing our results,
Our diagnosis suggests you have cancer
Or perhaps it’s just a cyst in your nasal canal
Possibly just a broken bone as well.
It could take a while to heal. Two,
Maybe Five. He stops there.
I look at him as he turns away
Two or Five what, Sunrises? Earth Orbits?
All I came for was a flu shot.

-Trevor Shott
Newmarket

Extraño el sonido del mercado
Docenas de personas cada con una conexión invisible
Al hipódromo, el foco más importante
El centro de todo

Extraño el olor de caballos cada día
Especialmente el sábado cuando, cerca del mercado,
Aparentemente cientos de caballos de carreras pasaban
Cada con ojos llenos de miedo

Extraño las colinas y bosques
Llenos de zorros y pajaritos y esquinas oscuras
Y memorias de un perro con una familia feliz
Caminando cerca

Extraño esta familia pintoresca
Una mamá quien estaba estudiando en la universidad
Y un papá trabajando en la ciudad
Y la niña pelirroja quien ama las ondulantes colinas verdes
Newmarket

I miss the sound of the market
Dozens of people each with an invisible connection
The racetrack, the most important focus
The center of everything

I miss the smell of horses each day
Especially the Saturday when, around the market,
Seemingly hundreds of racehorses passed
Each with eyes full of fear

I miss the hills and forests
Full of foxes and little birds and dark corners
And the memories of a dog with a happy family
Walking around.

I miss this picturesque family
A mother who was studying in the university
And a father working in the city
And a red-haired girl who loves the rolling green hills.

-Lily Harris
The Air That Hangs

I have been studying the difference between *silence* and *quiet*, telling my worries to the wrinkled sheets of my bed. When I listen to the empty room I realize *quiet* is a variation of *noise*: a level reached when you turn the dial to the left— a little more.

But silence is in the breast of the prairie and in the sun that *creeps* into the sleeping house and the air

that *hangs* above the wet moss.

And I watch the *quiet*

[ fill ]

the *silent* world.
And I am no longer worried.

-Emma Reynolds
-Jessie Blunn
Praise Song
Based on “Praise Song,” by Lucille Clifton

to my friends from many years ago
who etched tallies into their arms and thighs
almost every night.
i was twelve. i had seen too many
friends struggle to find peace in their disturbed minds.
Praise to the woman who never judged and took them in
Praise to the years it took for them to trust
because they finally did.
Praise to the ones who may or may not have understood
the thoughts running through their minds
but stayed with them anyway,
accepting it all as loved ones should.

-Tenzin Lhamo
Life is Confusing

MapQuest
Driving directions to 9250 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy, Beaverton, OR 97005
Distance: 72 mi, 1 hour 48 minutes

1. Take 20 steps downstairs and hang a slight right towards kitchen.
2. Grab keys off granite table top.
3. Take 1st left onto front porch.
4. Merge into driver’s seat of car.
5. Back out of your driveway.
6. Continue down current road that you should be familiar with since it’s in your neighborhood
7. Take first left onto another familiar road.
8. At traffic circle, go around twice, and then exit to the right of where you entered.
9. In 1.1 miles, stay on current road.
10. In 2.4 miles, take a right onto a less familiar, but still you’ve-been-here-before road.
11. Make legal U-turn when possible.
12. Drive back towards the freeway.
13. Drive 65 miles, your destination should be, but may not be, on the right.

- Trevor Shott
Does Boredom Count?

My incessant questions to the Man
Generally involve insight into the inner machinations
of our relationship.

I wonder, inquire, of Boredom as inspiration
He informs with redundant repetition:

“A role is a role, and a roll is a roll,
And your role is to roll rolls.”

Well then.
If my roll is but to be a roller of rolls,
then where did this
Blood-thirsty, little, gingery beggar
come from?

No, my dear meddler:
A friend could not play Hamlet,
and I shall not dance to your piping.
You see, the answer to your rhetorical rolls
is Boredom.
Just as Necessity is the mother of Invention,
my antic disposition is the bastard son of Boredom.

Where else did the classics,
Swift, Conrad, the Bard himself,
pull these maniac commentaries out of,
if not their sarcastically antagonistic derriere?
Where did I pull them out of?
Is the sunrise simply that, or a maiden of the morn, in russet mantle clad, that walks over the dew of yon high eastward hill? Is my little roll nothing more, or a king, glazed all in a creamy cloak, sliding smoothly over the oven-side grill?

Yet he persists, the Man of Ages, critiquing, devouring his own rhetoric in vain attempts to destroy, to enjoy, My lovely little rhetorical rolls.

This adjectival superfluity is not superflous; The art of Boredom does what it may to fend off the Lilliputian stagnation.

And, as usual, I leave Him with more ideas, potentially incoherent incongruity itself; but for good or for evil, mine is the speech that cannot be silenced.

So a fair boredom and a foul motivation combine, and Boredom as inspiration is totally fine.

- Shale Hunter
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