



Gazebo

Winter 2024

THE GAZERBO

WINTER 2024

VOLUME XXV, ISSUE I

PHOENIXVILLE AREA
HIGH SCHOOL

Why “Gazebo”?

Gazebo, Phoenixville Area High School’s literature and art magazine, has been showcasing the creativity of Phoenixville students for over 30 years. Its name references the gazebo that once stood in the high school’s courtyard, a small outdoor sanctuary for kids to congregate and a venue for student performances. While the namesake gazebo itself no longer stands, Gazebo remains a place for students to express themselves and connect with each other.



Gazebo Literary Magazine
Phoenixville Area High School
1200 Gay Street
Phoenixville, PA 19460

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

Bowen Collet

Managing Editor

Ivy Bolles

Art Editor

AJ Muth

Faculty Advisor

Greg LaLuna

Assistant Editors

Sydney Cicman
Cam Jones
Asa Musser
Kate Ren Smith
Rincon Thompson
Awe Yeagle

Associate Editors

Crow Castelbuono
Max Jones
Madeline Kerry
Samuel Marosek
Talia Rein
Mia Stone
Aspen Varady





Poetry

8	Clouds	Bowen Collett
9	Salem Doves	Mia Stone
10	Tuesday	Crow Castelbuono
11	Nostalgic (TopScent)	Aspen Varady
14	Intrithoughtations	Zoe Cimo
20	Thing of Nature	Alana Edney
21	The Sea	Mia Stone
24	When Venom Sears the Vision	Anonymous
26	this wide world's wilderness	e.a.l.
28	The Minotaur	Kate Ren Smith
30	Grotto	Bowen Collet
36	Summer is Over	Victoria Ciruelos
38	A Haunting Farewell	Mackenzie Close
39	three fates	seven crows
40	Tale of Knight and Valor True	e.a.l.
42	The Camp	Aspen Varady
43	Thawing	Josie Purkey
44	Spiral Colosseum	Samuel Marosek
47	Immanence	Ivy Bolles
48	2/14	Max Jones
54	How to Write	e.a.l.

Prose

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 16 Teen Getaway | Rincon Thompson |
| 32 It Will Never Be the Same | Ben Eichenwald |
| 49 Crossing Swords | Kate Roberts |

Art

Cover art by Aspen Varady
Title page and borders by Bowen Collet

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 12 Collage | Aspen Varady |
| 22 <i>The Sea</i> | Mia Stone |
| 31 <i>Wrong</i> | Bowen Collet |
| 35 Photography | Ellie Yeagle |
| 41 Photography | Ellie Yeagle |
| 46 <i>Fishhead</i> | Talia Rein |



Clouds

Bowen Collet

So, I was trekking – per usual.
It's weird how mazes can be kinda nice after a bit,
taking each turn by whim.
I stroll down some corridors,
run down others.
Though I'm known to become frantic,
today I take time to gaze at the clouds,
puffing their majesty
far above the walls.
And things are slow
as mazes can be
if you let them.
And so, I walk now – or I guess meander really
and the turns feel a bit rounder than usual
and the sound of the steps flows a bit louder than usual
and it fills my head
but not, like in a bad way.
I don't know.
It's just kinda nice.

Salem Doves

Mia Stone

There's nothing wrong with a dove with its head in the clouds. But be wary when you see them conspiring on the branches if the moon is still high. Worry when they peer through the window-panes of an old wizard's home. Watch when they start to mark the way he stirs potions in an old brass pot. If they dare go against the laws set before them, ship them down to Salem. Let them meet under the moon no more. Let their dancing wing-in-wing be a distant memory. Let the water try their crimes and burn their still soaked bodies under the hot sun. And when it's done, and the air has claimed their smokey breaths, let them have their heads in the clouds once more.

Tuesday

Crow Castelbuono

You and I in the kitchen. Three pears on the counter, and I say, with my head to the sky, we should eat those while they're fresh.

What?

The pears, Mom.

You're sorry as you rest your head in your hands for a sickly breath. You're sorry even before the thunder hits and the storm shivers. You used to tell me that we resist a cloud's overcast with spontaneity and mischief and as we stick our hands in the dirt. You ask me, now, to slice your pear to its core to be sure it hasn't spoiled.

The pears, Mom— I would reach for one if I knew you would too. We were the seed and the sprout, you said. What I breathe are two lives and what I taste is one love. Rest your leaves next to mine without remorse, without burden.

I know you're tired, too. I can see it in your skin, left there on your neck. You've turned pallid, pasty— take a pear. A bite for each day of this week, like you told me. It's only Tuesday so far, but there's more to come, more for you. A bite for each breath you take before you can bear to open your eyes once more, one

for every tissue used when you finally did.
A bite for every ache in your mandible,
but then maybe you wouldn't want to
chew too much.
What did you do today, that you're proud of?

I wanted to cut it out of me, that
part of him. I don't want you to
hold me in ardor and devotion to
then see his eyes when you look
into mine, my eyes.

I wanted to run.
Because beyond the fruits on the
counter are those two hickory trees.
I used to kick its toppled walnuts
as you prepared dinner, as you rinsed
avocado pits with the sense that from
it a new existence would bud.

Beyond it are locusts, cicadas, pieces of
your heart and your breath buried in the
dirt with the cucumbers you planted last May.
Beyond the kitchen, I am still that boy; I am his son.

I wanted to run.
But I was busy; I had a pear to eat—
one bite for each day of this week.

7-8:30pm
Members: \$2 per family
Nonmembers: \$7 per family



Who makes noise at night? On this evening, we'll introduce you to some nocturnal animals and like to see what they're up to. We end our walk by discussing being nocturnal, too!

Fall Fun Days

Nov. 21st-23rd, 2016

9:30am-2:30pm

Members: \$35 per child per session, \$95 for all 3

Nonmembers: \$40 per child per session, \$110 for all 3

Why do leaves change color? Why do days get shorter? We'll explore the answers to these questions and discuss the change of seasons.

We have to deal with the change in temperature, and so do the plants and animals. Come bundled up for some of our wild adventures as they are preparing for winter, and enjoy the change in temperature.

Winter Wonder Days

Dec. 27th-30th, 2016

9:30am-2:30pm

Members: \$35 per child

Nonmembers: \$40 per child

What do animals do in the winter? Are snowflakes really falling? Winter Wonder Days lets kids explore the season in up for just one day, through crafts, nature walks, stories, and visits.



Pre-registration for all public programs is required, via gvnature@gmail.com

2016

0%



Nostalgia (TopScent)

Aspen Varady

We used to play this game
laughing in your living room
your mother baking in the next room over
but now we're playing this game
to distract you from mourning and grief
playing this game
late at night
trying to remember how things used to be
playing this game with the sleet blowing outside
the window open to let the cold in
it's insane how things change
how just a second ago you were little
I was filming you eating a leaf by your swing set
I can't even remember if you still have your trampoline
hidden in the back of your yard
I still have my walkie-talkie,
do you?
it's crazy how things change
we used to talk about God knows what, the future?
the bottle rockets we used to set off?
but this is the same girl I'm talking to now,
ranting about my girlfriend and your situationships
in the blink of an eye
we can both drive
but I pray to whatever there is
that we never come across a situation
where we have to part
for good.

Intrithoughtations

Zoe Cimo

The intricacies of life yield many expectations that
--unbeknownst to you--
I must fulfill.

Occasionally thoughts frost my mind so thick
that I actually have to get out my ice scraper
to allow any coherent beam of light to shine
into the window of my skull,
which of course is not really a window
because you can't see through it,
can't see my intricacies and thoughts and expectations.

Except sometimes the frost gives me brain freeze
so that I make a face
--a grimace, almost--
and then
--though you can't see through me--
you can see something of my intricacies and thoughts and
expectations,
my intrithoughtations, if you will.

But when I don't grimace
--and you don't grimace--
do you really know what's going on with me,
and I with you?
If your face is smooth sculpted ice,
it refracts the beams of light I try to
project in hopes one will shine through and
reveal your intrithoughtations
--not that this has ever worked--
for me or for anyone.

But I can always tell when you get out your ice scraper
because even if you don't grimace from brain freeze

I can hear the scraping,
the sound like a tiny ball of sleet that immediately melts
so it seems to not really be sleet,
just rain.

I don't know, really, if it's sleet or rain.
It's all just an intricacy,
made more of an intricacy because
to me it's sleet but
to you it's rain and
to the man down the street maybe it's snow.
So I stay inside but
you buy an umbrella and
the man down the street gets a shovel.
It's just like I said earlier
--about those intricacies--
and how they give us expectations to fulfill.

But I don't see your intricacies
--and you don't see mine--
and I don't know your expectations
--and you don't know mine--
so do we even have the same experience?
Probably not because sleet, rain, and snow are not the same
--they are not snait or slown, if you will--
meaning what seems the same is
not the same because we see it different even though
it seems that we would all see it the same.

Yet some days a wind blows and
ruffles our hair the same way,
bringing with it a soft snow that
--when you shine your light into my mind--
dazzles you back with its brilliance so that
--at least for now--
we both share the same bright moment,
pure and simple.

Teen Getaway

Rincon Thompson

It was a few weeks before my 6th-grade graduation, and it had been an eventful year for me: I just learned how to ride a bike and was finally reading at a 4th-grade level, so my ego was through the roof. My parents thought we should celebrate all our hard work, so they decided that the best course of action was to go down to Palm Springs and stay with our aunt Laura in her modest little McMansion while she was celebrating her divorce in Hawaii. “*Palm Springs?*” I tell them I’m not going to Palm Springs! The place is a cemetery and I’d rather go to hell. My mother looks up from drinking her martini: “Spoilsports are unattractive.” I incredulously retort that I’m not a spoilsport, I’m not unattractive, and I’m *certainly not* going to Palm Springs. End. Of. Story...

So when we get to Palm Springs, we take a ride to the San Francisco mountains where there’s still snow on the ground. My mother calls it a miracle of nature that in one minute, we’re in the middle of a blazing desert, and the next up high in the mountains where gentle beds of snow lingered bravely under God’s mighty sun. I called it a waste of time.

We get to the house and get into our swimsuits. My mother accompanies us, lounging on the deck not too far from the pool. I face my back towards her kicking my feet and playing in the water. “Oh my,” she says. “It certainly is an oven out here.” What did you expect? She leans over and asks in a groggy whisper if I know who lives on the other side of the hedge that runs along the far side of the backyard. “How should I know?” I say.

We get to the house and get into our swimsuits. My mother accompanies us, lounging on the deck not too far from the pool. I face my back towards her kicking my feet and playing in the water. “Oh my,” she says. “It certainly is an oven out here.” What did you expect? She leans over and asks in a groggy whisper if I know who lives on the other side of the hedge that runs along the far side of the backyard. “How should I know?” I say.

“Shirley Boone.” Ever heard of her? Good, neither had I. Apparently, she was this actress who was an all-around Girl Scout. I go inside for an iced tea. Off the kitchen, there’s a service door leading to the garage. I peeked around and found an old bicycle with

large metal cargo baskets over each side of the back wheel. It's an old lady's bike but I checked it for flats and decided on a whim to take it out for a spin.

The neighborhood is quiet. It sizzles with quiet, the type of quiet that baking soda makes on a grease fire. It's hot--maybe it's 110 degrees, but I don't care. I may be in the belly of hell, but I'm free! I turn up a street and imagine myself in a made-for-TV movie, *Teen Getaway*, as I ride and look over my shoulder as if someone were chasing me. *Where you goanna run to?* I tell myself. *Lost in a ghost town or a town of fools?* Why I'm riding no one knows--*Teen Getaway*. Someone's front yard is a rock garden with cheery lawn gnomes peeking out of clusters of poinsettias. Their faces are curly and prankish. The wind is at my back, and I coast around another corner and down another street. I'm on the run. I pass new housing under construction and imagine it may be where I will need to camp for the night.

After a bit, it occurs to me as I ride that I should've checked the time before leaving, or changed into a t-shirt or shorts, or at least put on a pair of shoes. I feel naked riding a bike in public wearing only my swimsuit, no one around in their swimsuit to make me feel less nude. The sun bakes the top of my head, burns my lips, and I'm thirsty. So, I circle back. I'm not sure what street I'm on. I turn left and cut through the construction site. The path I take leads out into an open stretch of desert highway. I feel like an idiot and turn around.

My head hurts from the sun, and I'm tired and thirsty. And on top of that, I gotta pee. A terrible, hot wind blows against me, and the gears on the bike seem to be stuck in third. Each street winds, bends, and twists, and it seems that every other one of them is a cul-de-sac with a sign posted reading, *No way out*.

I recall my dad once said if we were ever in a life-or-death situation where fresh water was a no-go, then the only way of survival was to drink our own blood or pee... we booted the choices. My dad threw his head back laughing: "Take your pick." I passed the yard elves again and could hear them laughing and chanting, "Drink your pee. Drink your pee." I keep riding and wonder if I should try it, seeing as it would serve a dual purpose, but can't quite picture in my mind how it would happen.

I imagine how embarrassed I'd be when they find me,

heaped over on the side of the road in some whacked hippy-dippy, guru, yoga position, dead and wet in a puddle of pee. A tarantula heaped over on the side of the road in some whacked hippy-dippy, guru, yoga position, dead and wet in a puddle of pee. A tarantula would be crawling out of my mouth when they found me. I imagine they'd bury me right here in Palm Springs on a lonely plot of desert. And what a mystery it would be when my grave was covered all year round with a gentle bed of snow.

I see my parents crying as the camera pans out from my grave. The credits for *Teen Getaway* roll up the screen in my mind, and I see that the boys from *The Sweet Life of Zack and Cody* have played me and my sister. Someone named Hitch was a lighting director, and soft and handsome, I heard the voice of Cher singing "When All the Love Is Gone."

In a panic, I ride up somebody's lawn and can't stop without falling off the bike, my legs are so trembly and weak. I run to the door and ring the bell. No answer. I ran to the next house, rang the bell, and knocked on the door. "Dammit! Answer, somebody!"

An old woman comes to the door. It's Shirley.

I'm delirious, laughing and crying at the same time, so happy to see the face of a woman who looks so kind. I've never seen a kinder face. I tell her I've gotten lost on my bike, and I'm thirsty and need to use her bathroom. "Oh, my," she says, "come in."

"Come in." The words are so carefully chosen, so simple, so meaningful, so correct. She takes me and leads me down a cool hall to a small guest bathroom with little shell soaps and tells me to take my time. And I cry and pray as I wash my hands and feet, and splash water on my face. "Thank God for her," I say to myself. "God bless Shirley."

When I come out of the bathroom, I find Shirley Boone in the kitchen slicing lemons. "Do you take lemon in your water," she asks me.

"Yes, I do," I say, never having tried it before.

"Are you Shirley Boone?"

"That's me," she says and invites me into her living room where we sit and drink our waters next to a large aquarium filled with tropical fish. I tell her about my idea for *Teen Getaway*. "That's a snappy idea for a TV film." Snappy idea, how playful. Coming from my mother, "snappy idea" would only sound spastic, but coming

from Shirley, the words are fresh and reassuring. "That's a snappy idea for a TV film," as if to say, "*Teen Getaway*, yes! You should go with *that!*"

I never did.

We sit and have a mostly one-sided conversation about New York City and American theater. We talk about Hollywood, and with that!"

On my way out, I thank Shirley Boon for letting me in. She said it was all her pleasure and thanked me for stopping by. What luck, knocking on Sheryl's door like that. If the first door I'd knocked on had answered, it would have been some anonymous old man who would have told me there was a hose on the side. His wife would've let me in, but their house would have smelled like a litter box. And while I was in the bathroom, she would have peeked her little head in and asked if everything was all right. Her lips would be covered with frosted pink lipstick and white sugar from a powdered doughnut. But Shirley's lips are pretty, like the cherry lips of a friendly elf.

I bike around the block to Laura's. The car out front is gone, but a note from my father says he's left to go to the grocery store. My mother? in the kitchen doing payroll.

Thing of Nature

Alana Edney

“The blunders, the blindness of her own head and heart!”

-Emma

Do you understand someone
just by looking at them once?
Or by sharing tea in the same shop?
With them in the same room,
although not together.
Do you ever fully understand yourself?

Acting in the interest best for ourselves,
We do not realize the damage slow burning.
Damage only we know about.
The kind that only hurts through us
until we aren't acting in good interest,
but instead we act in the mind of pain.
Where did our selves go?

An ocean rolls though,
unhappy that it will always be used.
And only understood by few.
Crashing nature,
we crash with lack of intention.
Yet, every wave knows nothing but intention.
To be a thing of nature
is to learn how to crash with intent.

We need never to expect
the understanding of others or ourselves.
Now when I share tea with you
in the same room and together,
I realize I can never fully know myself.

I go back to the roots
in the same way nature does.
Growing fast and tall
I hear the crash of the waves.
I try to learn intent.
Crashing nature,
I hear the blunders and blindness of my head and heart.
What it chooses subconsciously to be blind of.
Why I can be blind to the bright?

Now all I can hope for is everything,
but expect nothing is for certain
I will catch myself
even as I fail to see myself.
Knowing I will never know,
my own head and heart.



The Sea

Mia Stone

The land has nothing left for me
I left my legs on the shore
The seagulls cry far from land
And the salt leaves a bitter taste on my lips
The sea mirrors the sky above
As if one day the fish leapt up
From the water and transformed
Into crying gulls instead
My fingers run along the waves
Like minnows dancing in the rain
I let my hands go away
And let my hair twist to kelp
The mist burns my eyes
As I dive below the lonely tide
Shells attach to my skin
And pearls get stuck between my teeth
Finally when I could no longer see the sky
That had stolen the sea's fish
And transformed them into birds
I at last close my coral crusted eyes
As I cover myself with the sand

When Venom Sears the Vision

Your poisoned mouth,
full of rage and fight
foamed at the corners
rabid, for lust
of living just a second longer.
But fate only favors the physical
and your spirit collapsed,
no matter how hard you yelled.
No matter how many times
I did something right.

The stains will still linger,
even after you're gone.
And the bleach has ceased
to overpower my senses.

Cigarette smoke
and cigarette burns
cling to the furniture
that preserve the dirty memories
that you abandoned
long ago.
Yet you forgot
how I can recall every detail
in that grime-ridden prison of a house.

It gives me great pain
to think of you
only to remember the sour
and sickly.

That same sorrow,
festered into my thoughts
of the effervescent
boiling of your blood
and thus tempted my hand.
Each slice made me more committed
even after the screams were terminated.

Your voice still lingers
in the walls.
It whispers
through the peeling paint
and I hope someday
you'll forgive me
for what I did.

this wide world's wilderness

e.a.l.

in about across around upon this Meadow-Hill
this Tree
this Leaf
these blades of Grass

in about around upon these verdant Fields and Pastures-Lea
graze these Cows Sheep Goats Horse tame and mild
over fly these watchful Crows and Hawks

in about around upon this Forest thick and dark
throughout watch out Roots and Briars, Brakes and Stumps
grow tiny Mushrooms, small glowing Spores
drift Dandelion Petals

in about across around this Lake Pond Stream Creek Sea
Fishes leap and dive
Algae Lilypad
Frogs wait, Toads sleep
Dragon- May- flies buzz hum whirl
Brown Bear hunting

in about across around upon this Mountain-Summit-Peak
Ice and Cold and Wind and Chill
Snowy Owl sits and watches

in about across around this small Mouse-hole
Fox-den
Snake-pit
Mole-bed
Rabbit-burrow
Badger-nest

in about around this high tree roost
Eagle feather
broken shell
tiny Fledglings' cries

in about across around upon this wide world's wilderness
take a walk just to find
this Meadow-Hill
these Fields and Pastures-Lea
this Forest
this Lake Pond Stream Creek Sea
this Mountain-Summit-Peak
this wide world's wilderness

The Minotaur

Kate Ren Smith

There is comfort in the darkness,
in the absoluteness of it all.
No escape can I find, no matter how hard I wish or try,
Arms swinging blindly in the stygian hall.
And so, I tread forward and onward
and then so bump into a wall.

The world is walls, twisting and twining around me,
spiraling out into helixes and cages and hypnotic traps
that pulls you down and deeper, deeper still into a mound.
And so, I fall forward and ever onward,
and then collapse to the ground.

The world is this ground, dingy and scraping against my horns.
It slinks forward, on and on, dirt and packed mustiness.
Dust shoots up my nose, stings my eyes,
mocks me with the very material from which the world began.
And so, I crawl forward and still onward and then so crash into a
man.

A man. A man?
He could lead me out of this trap,
of the ground
and the walls
and the dark.
The man could save me, or maybe I could save him,
all wrapped up in fear without a guide.
Maybe we could save each other, and maybe in this life,
a friend?

The world is pain, over and over in every measure.
The man is swinging his sword at me
again and again,
metal carving red into skin.
Maroon creeps into my eyes and the world turns crimson as I
bellow, roar,
terror and pain from the deepest parts of me.
It echoes, off the wall, off the floor, is swallowed slowly into the
dark.

The world is the dark, sinking into me and I into it.
Its wrapping itself around me, horns and chest and arms and legs,
And pulling, pulling me into its alluring embrace.
The dark tastes like iron, and the man is gone, the ground is gone,
the walls are gone,

The darkness is omnipresent and all

Grotto

Bowen Collet

Breeze sweeps across the grass in waves,
much like it does in Ghibli films.
The air is brisk and smells of dew,
by most accounts, a lovely day.
His joints ache and groan when he stands
up from his grotto's mossy floor.
He prefers life inside the cave
within impenetrable walls.
It's best just not to meddle with
breeze and grass and brisk dewy air.
The grotto is predictable,
so there he stays, out of the light.
The day, of course, keeps as it was:
birds serenade, clouds drape the sky.
Our friend below, sobs to himself,
"This cave is my only solace."



Wrong. Digital art by Bowen Collet.

It Will Never Be the Same

Ben Eichenwald

The world was perfect for first grade Ben. All I knew was reading, animals, soccer, and Mario on the Wii; basically, all I needed to survive. I had a loving family and great friends and teachers that supported me every step of the way. Any problems in the world seemed miles away. Life became routine: Take the bus to school, breeze by the core subjects, kickball during recess, read some book about weird animals, and go home and relax. Ignorant Bliss. But that was past Ben. Now I am in second grade. Now I am battle hardened and know the true horrors the world has to offer.

On one inconsequential day, after going through the aforementioned schedule and experiencing nothing of note, I came upon independent reading. I sat, sinking back into my desk, engrossed in an animal facts book as usual. This time it was about owls, and as always, they became my obsession for the time being, learning things like owls can't actually move their eyes leading to their iconic head twisting abilities and that female owls are typically more aggressive than male owls. The cover of the book featured a parliament of owls surrounded by a sky-blue background. Inside its pages, I learned everything there was to know about the silent birds and more. Eventually, I got to a point in the book where the author was discussing owl droppings and, being something disgusting, my child brain was activated, and I needed to tell those around me. I found myself turning my book around and trying to show the kids around me.

I turned to Elijah who inhabited the desk opposite mine. "Hey, Elijah. Look at this! Isn't this gross!?"

No response.

"Hey. Elijah."

"BEN. Stop, you're gonna get us in trouble. You know how strict Mrs. Sayten is," whispered Elijah, as he pushed the book back towards me.

"It's fine, don't worry! She's not looking! Just take a quick peek," I said, shoving the book back into Elijah's face. "LOOK."

"FINE. But make it quick."

Elijah peaked over the cover of his book to see what I had to offer and immediately scrunched his face in disgust and giggled,

bringing his hand to cover his mouth. Exactly as I planned. Pretty soon, our entire table was in shambles over owl excrement.

I was overjoyed that my disgusting findings excited others as much as myself, but my excitement was short-lived as Mrs. Sayten had come up behind me with the stealth of one of my coveted owls and tapped her talons onto my shoulder.

“Ben, go move your clip down.”

I felt my heart being wretched out of my chest. What? What had I done wrong? I just wanted to share something interesting that I had found in my book. I was enjoying reading which was more than most of my classmates could say, even at that young an age. Wasn't that a good thing?

“But I...,” I started to explain, but was cut off immediately by my teacher's pointing to the clip chart. As I stood up and walked towards the chart, it felt like I was walking to my own execution as I felt the sympathetic stares from my tablemates. The five second walk felt like five days as I circumvented desks to reach the clip chart, found the clip labeled “Ben” and placed it in the light blue “Think about It” section. The walk back felt even longer, like I couldn't even comprehend what I had just gone through. I spent the monotonous walk back “thinking about it.” The sound of my chair being pulled sounded even more dreadfully scratchy than usual. It hadn't always sounded this way, had it? All I could do was take my seat and ponder what I had gone through. Momentarily interrupted by occasional tears which I tried to hide as I was a big, strong second grader now, I spent the remainder of reading time “thinking about it.”

The clip chart was our way of evaluating how we had acted each and every day. Most kids' clip never left their starting position of “Ready to learn,” but mine would always rise through the ranks of “Good day,” “Great job,” and even “Outstanding.” My clip would always climb all the way up to clip on the teacher where I earned a special prize. I was, by most people's standards, a goody two-shoes and I was proud of it, but now it was different. My clip was plunged into the fiery depths of “Think about it”.

What could I have possibly done wrong? Could I not share my interests, and should that not be encouraged? What was this censorship and who would I tell that there was a Commie spreading their propaganda to a bunch of elementary school kids. I had lived

my whole elementary school life in the high stages of the clip chart. My clip basically lived on the teacher. Now to be plunged into the depths below “ready to learn,” the fabric which held together my reality was crumbling before my very eyes. Maybe everything wasn’t sunshine and rainbows and everyone didn’t have my best interest at the forefront of their conscious. An insane thought.

From that day forward, every day was like preparing to enter the trenches where I might come back from my bus at the end of the day a stone-cold warrior who wouldn’t speak of the terrors he just experienced.

Looking back, the whole experience was vastly inconsequential, and I am probably the only person on this entire planet who remembers it, but to me, it was still everything. Learning that some people are going to act against you despite not doing anything to warrant it gave me, not a more cautious view, but a less brash one. I feel more prepared, especially as I enter the point in my life where I can make some of the most meaningful connections of my life, to make every encounter more worthwhile and be more thoughtful. My worldview previously was one which was terrified of breaking rules and the punishment that may follow. This encounter almost devalued punishment in my eyes. If I could be punished for not doing something wrong, then what did it matter if I did something actually wrong? Not that I went outside and started a riot after that, but I did subtly start to divert from my rule following ways and became more comfortable breaking societal norms. Regardless, nothing will change the fact that I look back on the entire experience and Mrs. Sayten herself with bitter resentment and will never forgive her.



Summer is Over

Victoria Ciruelos

when it's time to go
memories of sunshine will flutter through my head
how did we get to this mess

i see your eyes stare into mine
only half seeing me
a burnt out lightbulb on a street corner
they mourn as the dimness
diminished to
darkness

papers upon papers stacked,
these former trees hold your life
in its delicate fibers
i hold your flaky hand in mine
years of weather show
you are beautiful,
but every time you look
you think the mirror
shatters
in mockery

you get angry easily
confusion is a constant state
and i wait
until you tell me about the birds
the 3rd time in 2 hours

but i don't mind
when i hear them,
i'll know you're alive
somewhere out there

i'll find you both someday
a place where it's not torturous
to use a cane or turn gray
to ask for help
you'll know when its time
to go
to this better place
one day

one day
you'll be able to remember
and laugh
and walk
and sing
and enjoy just being
even if it happens in a place where i cannot
reach you
we will embrace again
one day

A Haunting Farewell

Mackenzie Close

In shadows deep, where a spell
Is woven by a whisper,
The echoes linger, a haunting farewell.

Moonlight's touch, a dreamy swell
As stars glisten to the sound of death, their sister.
In shadows deep, where a spell

Traces silhouettes, a tale that none can tell,
Lost in the waltz of life's disaster
The echoes linger, a haunting farewell.

Through time, mystery's projects reveal
Destiny reeks in its illuminating chamber
In shadows deep, where a spell

Rides a cycle, unbroken, cosmic carousel.
In open arms, souls seek their treasure.
In shadows deep, he casts a spell,
But echoes linger, a haunting farewell.

three fates seven crows

December was cold and I turned to you. You made the sun shine and you made my heart warm. But spring came and suddenly I didn't know if I could love you anymore. Somehow we weren't moving at the same pace. You were in love, and I was lost in the woods. The myth of the labyrinth was written all over me. Lost prince with your yarn. I wish I could've loved you the way you always love me. Cut the thin string now, my love, before the trail becomes cold. Cut my heartstrings and detach me from yours. Minor chord and a minotaur. Sadness and certain death. No one makes it out of my maze of a mind, but you find your way somehow. You always loved me like your ancient myths. I think if you could've, you would have made me a new flower like Apollo and Hyacinthus. But carnations were good enough for me. If I was greater than I am now, maybe I could spin back the earth and reverse the days to when it was just getting lighter outside. I wish we had the same fate. Cut the yarn now before I get too attached to your string.

Tale of Knight and Valor True

e.a.l.

Tale of knight and valor true
How he did his life advance
Adventures many to pursue

On one voyage a beach came into view
Looking to the sea was he with a longing glance
Tale of knight and valor true

When a seamaid siren did him woo
Consent he did to this romance
With her were there adventures many to pursue

How he loved her through and through
She with her beauty did him entrance
Tale of knight and valor true

At the bottom of the ocean blue
In her arms did he oft dance
Adventures many to pursue

But she did not love him too
She drowned him to feast at her first chance
Tale of knight and valor true
Adventures no further shall he pursue



The Camp

Aspen Varady

'47

'78

'86

'96

'99

'01

'05

'09

someone died here in '78, in one of the shelters

someone died here in '47, fell from the rope course

MAIN LODGE

the walls are caked in mold

GREEN LODGE

the dishes are still in the cabinets

CRAFT HOUSE

where all the craft supplies are still there, leather left to rot in a chest

the cabins are still there, bunk beds digging grooves into the floors

the shelters' floors are bowed from trees growing through them

the wooden floors reach to the fallen ceiling,

meeting in the middle like a bow

names are written everywhere, reminding people of what this was

a girl scout camp for decades

that's been long forgotten,

left for the wild to grow over and tear down the bridges

14 years it's been left

closed for the season, and forgotten, hidden in the trees and shadows

the dirty cabins only still alive in long gone memories

Of The Camp

Thawing Josie Purkey

The glow of a sunbeam's embrace,
Is welcomed by all to slow winter's barren pace

Mountain folk trek trails in dawn's crystal light,
Sipping bitter coffee, a ritual to deter an icy bite.

I am not a mountain man so bold,
I fear the frost, each slippery foothold

This climate clasps no gentle touch,
No bitter coffee, a taste I find too much.

Shivering in a parka, not one of wool or lace,
Will polyester souls shield winter's cold embrace?

Will they claw in strife to recede this season's ghastly strike?

My skin shades blue,
And tears, they freeze,
I have no layers to shelter this unease.

No kindling for the fading fire,
Limbs will weaken, and strength will retire

I will sit in serene grace,
Will frost coat the crooks of my face?

Or will the sun in jubilee,
Carry me to spring's warm trace?

Spiral Colosseum

Samuel Marosek

join the spiral,
join the spiral,
join the spiral,
down the stairs.

join the spiral,
down the spiral,
join the spiral,
down these stairs.

look at what
has been lost,
and see what
will never be found

confounded,
surrounded.
grounded, into the dirt.

don't be afraid, now
come and take a bow.
we are watching,
without a sound.

and now you tell
your stories to our herd.
trapped in this spiral,
wanting to be heard.

we laugh, or we prey,
about your demise,
your everlasting
spiral into darkness.

you'll find a light,
cling as you'd like.
cling as you fight,
cling for your life.

and we'll pit you
against monsters,
lurk in the dark,
tear you apart.

and we laugh as you blame,
but we have not
done anything to
hurt you.

and we laugh,
as you cry,
laugh with our might,
laugh with your sight.

laugh, so you hear
that we are near,
and you can escape
towards us.

yet you'll find
that it was not
meant to be for
eternity

so we laugh,
and we watch,
without a sound,
and you'll take a bow,

and we'll look at
what has been lost,
and see what
can never be found.

and you'll look at
what has been lost,
and see what
should never be found.

best of luck,
to your
endeavors.
for me or for anyone.



Words are not my own-
I am theirs.
I do not think-
a thought comes to me.
A play of forces uses my vocal cords,
like the strings of a puppet

A collection of machines.
nothing above,
nothing below,
transcended by nothing.
A plane,
populated by affections.
Equality,
between dead and alive,
between haunting and acting,
between fiction and reality

2/14

Max Jones

I don't think I've ever hated falling more than I have with you
I hate heights,
I hate the adrenaline that comes with looking down.
I hate how it smells -
The gentle yet oppressive cologne
The somehow comforting yet lingering cigarette
I hate how it feels -
The emptiness of a pit in my stomach
The squeeze of your hand around mine
I hate how it looks -
The blue eyes staring back at me, holding nothing but contempt
The gritted teeth and balled hands, harboring aggression, almost.
I think what I hated most is how it left me
Because I hate falling even more.
Because of you, it's hard to trust who holds my heart
Because of you, it's difficult to look at a pair of blue eyes
Because of you, it's impossible not to track which fists are balled,
Which jaws are clenched.
I anticipate the drop of my heart.
And I've never hated it more than when I felt it with you
Because you linger -
Like the cigarettes you smoked
Like the choking cologne
Like the sweat that came from your hands.
You linger like the pit that was once full of *you*-
now nothing but a pit *I'd* hate to fall into

Crossing Swords

Kate Roberts

Deep within the heart of the Reob Mountains, Ismira locked eyes with her opponent. Seeking to gain the upper hand, she struck first, her sword darting towards the attacker's right shoulder. The sword bounced off the attacker's shield and Ismira was forced to the defensive. Weaving a series of complicated attacks, Ismira and her opponent danced back and forth, each seeking to control the duel. Soon, all eyes turned to watch the awe-inspiring swordsmanship of the pair. At long last, Ismira's attacker slipped past her guard, and Ismira froze as she found a blade pointed at her throat. Ismira stopped, panting, as the spectators cheered and went back to sparring. Opposite her, her opponent took off their helmet revealing a grinning Rayla.

"Still can't best me," Rayla said, still smiling.

Ismira glared at her then relented and returned the smile.

"Watch me," she replied. "One day I'll get the better of you!"

Rayla raised her eyebrows, and Ismira playfully punched her shoulder. The two of them walked to a tent in the center of the sparring field and returned their equipment. Then, having nothing else to do, they set out to one of the mountains surrounding their village, Reobhall. It was something they had done many times before, though many dangers surrounded the Reob Mountains. There were tales of strange creatures, and missing men, along with the natural dangers of mudslides and steep cliffs. The mountains did serve as useful purpose however – it protected Reobhall from any unwanted danger and attention.

Reobhall housed the Kipi, the resistance to the evil Kingdom. The Kingdom was led to King Amul, who had risen to power years ago, whispering lies to those who were weak and easily swayed. And through treacherous betrayal, Amul had slayed the previous ruler in what was known as the Battle of Jisabov. From then on, Amul had ruled the Kingdom with an iron fist, making Jisabov the capital of his empire. Ismira's mother, Yaela, and Rayla's mother, Katrina, had been caught up in the fighting while fleeing the Kingdom and had been killed. Aaron, Ismira's father, cared for

Rayla like his own daughter, as Katrina had never revealed who Rayla's father was. Aaron and a few others fled to the Reob Mountains and founded the Kipi. Ismira and Rayla were little more than babes when fleeing the Kingdom, yet they knew how evil Amul was. For to grow up without a mother, hiding away in the wilderness, was indeed a testament to Amul's cruelty.

The Kipi did everything it could to hinder the Kingdom, hiding fugitives, stealing supplies, and ambushing soldiers. Their main goal, however, was to one day overthrow Amul and provide freedom for those within the Kingdom. An impossible goal, it seemed, because Amul was surrounded by impenetrable defenses and the best of soldiers. Nevertheless, that was the goal and Ismira wanted to make sure it happened. So, she trained as hard as she could, striving to learn all she could about swordsmanship and the Kingdom.

“Ismira! Rayla!”

Ismira and Rayla turned around to find one of the men, Ivan, calling their names.

“Yes, Ivan?” Rayla asked.

Ivan stood for a while catching his breath.

“Commander Evandar and Aaron wants to meet with you two. They said it was urgent!”

Ismira and Rayla exchanged looks. Evandar was the leader of the Kipi. After Aaron had founded the Kipi, he went back for his friend, Evandar, who he knew would not only aid him in his fight against the Kingdom but would also be an able commander and leader of the Kipi. Since then, Evandar had been commanding the Kipi with Aaron as his right hand man.

Earlier that morning, Aaron had gone into a conference with Evandar. It must have been extremely serious if Aaron had not left. Even more strange was that they called for Ismira and Rayla.

“Thanks, Ivan,” said Ismira. “We’ll be with them shortly.”

Ivan nodded and started back to Reobhall. Ismira and Rayla waited until he was out of earshot.

“I’m sure we’ve got an assignment!” Rayla said. “Finally a chance to strike back at the Kingdom!”

“Maybe,” Ismira replied. “But I fear something momentous has happened.”

“Perhaps,” returned Rayla as they started for Reobhall. “But

then the entire Kipi would have been notified, or at the very least we would have heard rumors from the men.”

“True,” Ismira conceded.

They walked back to Reobhall exchanging speculations of increasing fantasy. Soon, they arrived at one of the gates leading to Reobhall.

When Aaron was looking for a place to house the refugees from the Kingdom, he went straight to the Reob Mountains. Though the mountains were a long way from the outskirts of Jisabov, Aaron knew that these mountains would provide protection for those within it. When the refugees arrived, they scouted for the perfect spot to live and function. One day, they came across a spot right in the heart of the mountains, where the Nonvar River channeled into and there was plenty of game. But they chose this spot for another reason as well. There were structures built into the mountains. Underground tunnels and clearings large enough for a town. Aaron and his group of refugees decided to settle here and named the town Reobhall because of the surrounding mountains. The tunnels that were built into the Reob Mountains were exquisitely made, and something, Ismira thought, were not made by men. She thought that some other race than humans lived in the land. It was a fanciful conjecture, but one that she believed.

When Aaron and the refugees had settled down, they saw to the defenses of Reobhall, constructing walls and gates. Then, they explored the tunnels. To their astonishment, a couple tunnels went straight through the mountains, with the wilderness and the Kingdom on the other side. These tunnels were one way the Kipi helped refugees and fugitives escape the Kingdom. Reobhall was designed in a way such that important studies were in or near a cave to protect their work from attacks and the elements. In one such locations was where Evandar’s study was located.

Rayla and Ismira walked through Reobhall, still discussing what this audience would be about. Finally, they reached a cave near the back of Reobhall. Half a dozen guards stood in front of the entrance, guarding the occupants inside from those with evil intentions. Ismira and Rayla were well known by the members of the Kipi, but security was security.

“Halt! State your names and purpose,” said the guard closest to them. His name was Erling, the captain of this particular shift.

Ismira had often met with him as he was a friend of Aaron and an able swordsman.

“Ismira, daughter of Yaela.”

“Rayla, daughter of Katrina.”

“Commander Evandar sent for us,” Rayla finished.

“Commander!” Erling shouted. “Ismira and Rayla request an audience!”

“Permission granted,” came the voice from inside.

The guards lifted their weapons and let them through.

Looking at each other again, Ismira and Rayla stepped forward into the cave, where Evandar was waiting.

Write your own poem
Or essay
Or story
Or draw
Or paint
Or throw this page away
That's what a blank sheet is for
Give it a title
If you like
Let it rhyme
Let it sing
Should you desire
Give it structure
Or not
Write about
Your feelings
Your trials
Something so removed it'll never be tied to you
Do what you wish
It's yours now

**Want to become part of a group of
students passionate about writing ?
Have your own writing or art to share?**

Gazebo, PAHS's literary magazine and writing club, is always looking for new members. If you're someone who likes to write, read, draw, paint, or take photos, consider stopping by. We meet every Wednesday after school in room H-5. But you don't have to be an official member to contribute to the magazine. If you want to share a poem, story, essay, artwork, or photo, consider submitting to the upcoming spring issue of Gazebo. For more information, reach out to Mr. LaLuna at lalunag@pasd.com or stop by room H-5.



