



# TOWER

*A MAGAZINE FOR THE LITERARY AND VISUAL ARTS*

Pinkerton Academy

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# Tree

Digital Photograph By:  
*Kirsten Biel*



# Love, Mom

*Alexys Cheney*

Over the course of the years, you have worn me down.  
Mom, why would you do that?  
To your eldest daughter,  
The one who used to look up to you.  
I'm sorry to say this but I have grown.  
The truth has been revealed about you.  
How you lie and deceive.  
How you manipulate and ruin.  
Now that I know this truth, I will stay no longer.  
I have experienced on my own, just how bad you truly can be.  
I don't want to deal with this anymore.  
I am no longer that little girl that you used to kiss goodnight and tuck me in  
For the night.  
Making sure to leave on the light in case I woke up scared, and searching  
for you.

The little girl who used to play by herself and not bother you,  
Unless it was to show you something great.  
To impress you somehow; someway.  
But she is gone.  
This little girl is now big and strong and no longer seeks for you.  
Because she cannot deal with being around you any longer.  
No more will I-push-it-aside-so-everything-will-be-calm-and-we-won't-yell-  
at-each-other-anymore.  
To be tossed aside and treated like i'm not worth your time.  
I guess being worn down takes a lot out of you.  
Too bad all you did was wear me down too.

With the constant I-need-you-to-help-me-with-this or why-can't-you-do-this-  
for-me-for-once-in-your-life.  
Can't you see?  
That I have put the effort in.  
That I have given you my all.  
Mom, why don't you try?  
It seems as though every time I help you, it only gets worse.  
When I try to be nice and seem to only get cursed.  
Getting nothing in return for helping you cope.  
Why is it that with each step we get close,

I get thrown back ten more steps.  
I try to get over the arguments that tear me apart.  
With each yell,  
With each time I start to cry,  
A part of my heart breaks.  
And it aches to the point where it separates.  
The piece of my heart where you were once held.

I have adapted to not talking to you.  
I see that you have moved passed it all.  
Moving away and starting anew.  
Only to take my little sister with you.  
Mom, how could you do that to her?  
To separate her from her family.  
From the ones that she loves.  
Making her leave the only life that she has known,  
For your benefit and wishes.  
It seems too selfish, even for you.  
I will miss her...  
Though I won't miss you.

Especially due to the problems that you have caused  
for not only me, but for you.  
The situations that I have dealt with.  
With having to be a mother for my little sister.  
To play with her to keep her from disturbing you.  
Having to cook her meals every night, while you slept tight.  
How tiring it must've been for you?  
Oh how I should've felt so sorry for you.  
I wish I was brave enough back then to stop you.  
From using me, and make you take care of your own responsibility.  
A responsibility that I would have never put you through,  
If you were me and I were you.  
I guess I will be seeing you.  
I just hope you know that I have moved passed it too.  
Cheers to starting anew without you,  
Though it will be hard.





## Spring

Digital Photograph By:  
*Kirsten Biel*

## Seed

*Owen Panos*

It begins with a seed.  
One, simple seed.  
Planted in a large sea of its kind.  
It grows.  
Young, new, learning.  
Innocent within its leaves,  
Rain blesses while sunlight kisses.  
The seedling grew each day.  
Suddenly,  
Something changed.

The day seemed like any other.  
Flutter of wings.  
Chitter of bugs.



Sunlight once again kisses its leaves.  
The smell of sweet Earth,  
But the day is cold.  
The tree,  
So young, yet to grow old.  
Wet, cool rain drops fall from leaves.  
Set to change from green  
To yellow  
To red  
To brown  
And fall to the ground.  
Aging within a blink of an eye.  
Tree,  
Enjoy the beauty now,  
Before it's gone.

# “Thank you” Letter

*Chloe Bishop Audette*

To the boy who broke my heart  
notice I didn't say man  
Let me start off  
by saying thank you  
A big ol' thank you that- will- shake- the- building- like- an- earthquake- type- of  
thank you.  
Thank you  
for showing me I am more than what you set me out to be  
Instead of sending you my billing for the therapy  
that was supposed to help but didn't  
I will simply send you a thank you card  
Sending not love  
nor hate  
Only regret and distrust  
You must open it  
due to the curiosity that eats you up like a starving lion  
Soon  
you will learn what this card contains  
It may contain a secret  
The type of secret- that- will- drive- you- nuts- like- a- squirrel- during- hiberna-  
tion- season type of secret.  
It may contain a lie  
A lie that will deceive you as you did me  
Or maybe it will contain love  
The type of love that -makes- your- insides- toss-turning- your- brain- to- mush-  
until- all- you're- thinking -about -is -the- love- that- you- carry- for -the -person-  
you- planned- to- marry type of love  
That was the love I had for you  
None of that is the content enclosed in it  
The pain you put me through  
was equivalent to stabbing a knife through my heart  
It was the type of pain  
Refraining you to leave your bed  
See it was the type of pain  
that makes you feel as if you're insane  
When you were the unstable insane one  
However  
Enclosed in that envelope will be a pending invite  
This invite  
will give you an insight of me  
The version of me  
that was left stranded



*(continued)*

without you to comfort the lonesome feeling  
The lonesome feeling  
that kept me a prisoner in bed  
The old cold bars  
where not only made of steel  
The bars where made of my depression  
The depression  
you told me to oppress  
when you didn't feel like you wanted to deal with me  
The blankets  
whos job was to keep me warm at night  
Held me hostage  
See  
the blankets that were supposed to comfort me at night  
suffocated me  
like a plastic bag over my head  
holding me in my bed  
All due to the fact that I can't help but think  
of all the lies you fed  
Instead of getting the doctors recommendation of eight hours of sleep  
I get three  
seamless hours  
where I am yet still a hostage in my room  
The room that is haunted by your shadows  
I am exhausted  
Exhausted  
from being the person who tends to love a little too much  
I am the type of person

# Hurricane

*Emily Mountain*

Yesterday,  
I came to sudden realization  
That I shouldn't always have to be that person  
The person that always has to make others happy.  
If I feel like I'm drowning  
And there's even one other person in the sea  
Who is treading water  
I swallow my pain and help them stay afloat  
While I am sinking deeper, and deeper into my sea of emotion.  
But, yesterday you made me so upset  
It felt as though I was being pulled out into the middle of the ocean  
As a hurricane rained down on me  
You could see my I-am-so-angry-that-I-could-scream face  
And it made you fret  
But, instead of comforting me  
At least trying to protect me from the cold-dark-powerful storm  
You decided to join me  
Letting the hurricane swallow both of us  
But, instead of letting it rain down on us  
I held you and kept you warm  
While I got to feel the waves crashing down on me  
But yesterday, I realized  
I shouldn't always have to be the strong-untainted-without-a-crack-or-scratch  
boat  
Keeping you from feeling the water.  
The voice of my mother has always been in my head  
Saying to put others before myself  
So for all these years  
I have just had to hide my endless tears  
Saving them all for my bed  
But, I shouldn't always have to be  
The one who makes people better  
Because no one even tries to clear the hurricane  
Tearing through every inch of my brain  
I told you my feelings on this matter  
Not expecting you to become my boat  
Only asking that you at least try to keep me afloat  
But, you couldn't  
You didn't even try because you were too busy focusing on saving yourself  
Yesterday, I taught myself that next time I am drowning  
I will become my own ship  
Because I am the only one who will save me

# “Happy” Place

*Chloe Bishop Audette*

Walking, step by step  
Hand and hand  
Until we reach the end.

Hand and hand with you,  
Mom

Finally reaching our destination  
My face unreadable  
Having only a single tear

A tear that indicated my sadness  
Sadness that had overcome me  
Sadness that had overcome you

We had met our destination  
The destination where she was left  
Left as nothing more than a memory

Memory overtaking her  
Her laugh  
Never to be heard again  
Her smile  
Only to be seen in photographs  
Her voice  
In our heads

Replaying all our moments  
Moments we shall never experience again  
Moments that will one day die  
Die with me

As we reach this destination  
I feel you  
As we reach this destination  
I am sad

Sad in a place  
Where giggles are echoed  
Where children run happily

I was a child  
I was not running happily  
This was the place

Where I was told  
A place where the memories stopped  
The place where I said goodbye.

# Into The Night

*Chloe Bishop Audette*

Night is the worse time of the day  
Instead of sleeping peacefully  
With the rest of the world

I lie awake  
Caught in the repetition  
Of my thoughts

The thoughts  
That should be dreams  
The thoughts I can't escape .

I can not dream  
These thoughts  
Keep me captive

I lie in my bed  
Emotionless  
With the inability to move

I wonder  
Where I went wrong  
What I could have said or done

I wonder  
Why you are  
The way you are



*(continued)*

I try  
Making the pain  
Go away

I take it  
Day by day  
Night by night

I try to eliminate the pain  
I try to run away  
Like a scared deer

Only  
I can't move  
My bed keeping a hostage

When the hunter finds me  
I continue to run  
He is never able to catch up

# A Weed Amongst Roses

*Emily Mountain*

A dandelion,  
Growing amongst thousands of beautiful, vibrant flowers.  
Flowers with lively colors that stretch across the rainbow  
Each needing sunshine and water in order to survive,  
Each going through the same life cycle,  
Each being an important part of the ecosystem.  
All so similar,  
But the dandelion is viewed as so different.  
Others want the radiant flowers  
Seeing their beauty and fighting for them.  
Wanting to love and treasure them.  
But no one wants the dandelion.  
For they do not understand the beauty,  
Or the strength,  
Or the millions of cells constantly working within.  
They do not recognize the color of its pedals,  
The hue that outshine the sun's rays.  
Or the way this plant morphs like a butterfly throughout its life,  
Forming into something even more special.  
They do not see the magnificent white cloud of seeds,  
Dancing in the sky as the wind brushes against its long stem.  
Or every single thing that makes it unique from the rest  
Only seeing it as a weed,  
So unlike them,  
And therefore so ugly.  
But the dandelion knows its worth.

# Hope and Fear

*Miranda Eckerman*

Hope teeters on the end of the abyss  
Over a diving board to death  
Stands so close  
The choice less whether to fly or fall  
More whether to live or die

The abyss calls my name  
Hope calls back with courage  
Screams conquests into the void  
Dares anyone to contest

The abyss, a demon in human form  
Hope, an angel fierce and mighty  
Sent by God to fight spiritual battles  
A guardian with the strength of an army

The abyss pulls at my fingers  
Begs for just a moment of recognition  
Hope holds me close  
Whispers sweet truths in my ears

When the darkness from the abyss steals into my dreams  
Permeates its brightest corners  
Hope sweeps it into the dustpan  
Shovelling it out the door  
Covering the drifts of snow at the doorstep

And though I may hope and dream  
Every good and lovely thing must slowly wither and die  
And one day my hope will disappear  
Along with the rest of my dreams and fears  
And I hope to God I am long gone by then

# Transitioning

*Owen Panos*

It always starts off with the same question  
“So, what are you?” They say.  
The “I-can’t-figure-out-what-you-are” suggestion.  
I try to keep the body hatred at bay.  
Desperately trying to gauge,  
If my answer will send them into a rage.

I constantly live in a state,  
Explaining who I am.  
Where I accept my fate,  
To those who call me ‘ma’am.”  
Every “I’m-out-in-public-yet-don’t-look-male” feeling.  
I say “It’s okay” to myself, repeating.

With my family of course,  
Who all had a hard time.  
Some hate without remorse,  
Some, to this day still see me as a crime.  
I’ve gained many, lost some.  
Many have cussed my mom out.  
But I don’t allow myself to be glum,  
As my mom and I ignore them, no doubt.  
She tells me “It doesn’t matter hun”  
Because she’ll always see me as her son.



*(continued)*

I long for the day where I don't have to explain  
It's not a "God-made-you-the-way-you-are" phase.  
That, no it's not something wrong with my brain .

For the day that I live without the daze.

A male perceived by society.

The real part of me wails.

Being in public without anxiety.

To take my first inhale.

To be me,

To be called 'he'

But I have to endure the wait,

Drowning in my head and chest.

The awful pressure that I hate,

These feelings I wish I could lay to rest.

Patiently, I wait for T,

To release the pressure in my heart.

Imagining future me,

In a body I can restart.

So when people question

"What are you?"

I say with discretion,

"I

am

me."

# A Voice

*Emily Mountain*

Born with a voice  
Unable to be used.  
Always something to say,  
But never the opportunity.

The smallest, youngest  
Loses their words.  
No ability to define who they are  
Because their murmur is drowned by the buzz of others.

But the smallest grows,  
As does its voice.  
Instead of a mutter, hushed words are created.  
Quiet, but heard by some.

Growing like a weed,  
Faster and faster  
Growing larger and larger.  
The voice becomes deafening.

Telling its story,  
Finally being heard by everyone.  
Always something to say,  
Endless opportunities.

# Lifeless Life

*Emily Mountain*

Closing eyes  
All hoping to escape their dull lives.  
Lives where they are unable to be seen,  
Lives where there is no beauty,  
No love that is worth dying for,  
No cause worth fighting for.  
A place where the eyes burn as they hold back the tears,  
The tears of living.

Closing eyes  
All waiting to see  
An exciting, radiant world,  
Full of bliss and happiness.  
A world where they can be whoever they want to be  
And do whatever they want to.  
A world without limits.  
To be able to live for a few minutes,  
Before they have to meet the sunshine again  
And wait an eternity  
To return to a world  
where they can finally see beauty.

But when the eyes close,  
They are met with darkness.  
No happiness or adventures or bliss,  
No moments of release,  
No moments to escape.  
Just waves of darkness that seems to last for seconds.  
Before they open again  
And return to their lifeless life.

# Inseparable

*Chloe Bishop Audette*

You used to wear me  
Every day  
Every night

You wore me everyday  
Every single night  
Rain or shine

You wore me every night  
Every single day  
Cold or hot

Until one cold stormy night  
The warmth of your wrist was no longer there  
I was left freezing over

The love you possessed was no longer part of me  
With everyday passing you glance at me  
But never put me on

I slowly began to fade  
Fade away from existence  
The existence that intertwined each string of me to you

I hope one day  
you will show me off  
So proudly as you use to

I hope one day  
The letters engraved in me  
Will symbolize our relationship once again

One day  
One day I may be replaced  
That is okay

One day  
You will find a new best friend  
Who keeps your wrist warm again





# Landscape

Digital Photograph By:

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Submission Forms are available in Room 415, the Publications Center

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**Colophon**

**col·o·phon** *n.*

1. An inscription placed usually at the end of a book, giving facts about its publication.  
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