

*Tower Winter 2016*

# Tower

A magazine for the literary and visual arts



Winter 2016 Edition

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Pinkerton Academy

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# Tower Winter 2016

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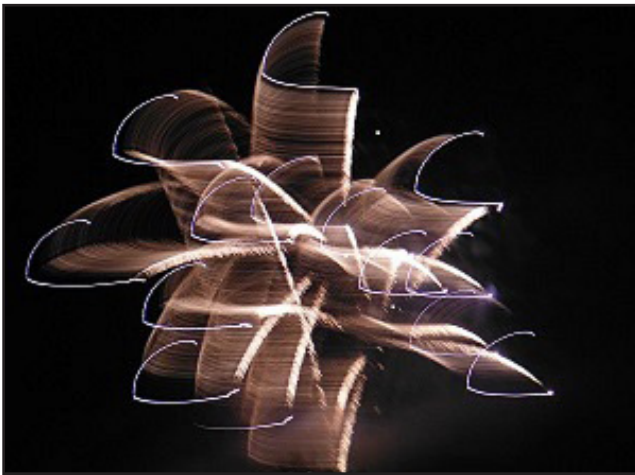
### **Art**

*Alayna LaFave*

It opens its mouth  
And it speaks.  
Sometimes it says  
What is wanted to be heard.  
Sometimes it will  
Bring deepest fears out  
to the surface of the skin,  
So they bubble over  
Like boiling water in a pot.  
But when it doesn't;  
When it speaks out,  
When it opens the deepest,  
Darkest, realest, most raw  
Parts of the mind and being,  
It puts  
tears on the  
Waterlines of eyes.  
And it is alive,  
It breathes, speaks, and knows.  
Art is alive.

### **Modern**

*Caroline Masessa*



## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **Little Bird**

*Anonymous*

As I sit  
Here beneath this tree,  
Cool autumn air twisting my hair in all directions  
I spot a little bird off in the distance  
Wings fluttering  
Pecking at the ground  
And hopping about.  
As I watch,  
I start to think.  
Little Bird, are you hungry?  
In need of food, stomach growling

Little Bird, do you have a family?  
A mom? A dad? A sister? A brother?  
Perhaps a family nest  
Where everyone gathers at night

Little Bird, are you scared?  
That a hawk may eat you,  
Or a human destroy your home?

Little Bird, are you in love?  
Is there another Little Bird  
That your heart beats solely for?

As I sit  
I can't help but think,  
Does this little bird  
Think the same things of me?

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Ghost**

*Mya Sanders*

Surely, at some point, we have all wanted to disappear.  
Not exactly erase ourselves from existence... but,  
    To simply melt into a puddle,  
Or sink into the chair we're forced to sit in every day.  
    To just not be in that room, with those people.  
    Hurtful stares, making you confused  
    Because you don't know what you did wrong.  
    Yet,  
Those stares, those eyes, they pierce through you like arrows  
    And they cut you up like knives.  
    Until there's nothing left of you  
    But an emptied out, hollow soul.

### **Shadows**

*Mariah Mansur*



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Fire**

*Anonymous*

Started with a spark  
A thought  
A word  
A person

Oxygenated, slowly growing  
Kindling  
A gentle glow  
Lighting the way

Nurture the light  
Letting it shine  
Golden hues erupt  
The fire is catching

Small and contained  
allowed to burn  
Giving heat to those close by  
Never reaching  
white hot tendrils outside the rock enclosure

Just for a moment  
The smoky aroma  
The glow  
The sunset  
In this moment  
Perfection

Gasoline  
A catalyst  
An eruption  
A wildfire  
Try not to get burned

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Free At Last**

*Cam Clarke*

Empty hopes and Broken dreams It all ends

Hollow

It will hunt you down Steal your heart Tie its strings in Puppet master  
Corrupting emotions Changing them  
Happiness to hate Joy to jealousy Friendship to fiends Love to loss  
Distrust is always More powerful Than even  
The bright light Of hearts combined

It can be stopped

As it has many times before Those who believe  
Souls who burn brightest And those whose burn alone And even then

It still lies dormant

Be warned It's caged in All  
Clawing its way free

At last

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Faces**

*Alayna LaFave*

Faces are everywhere.  
They are in dreams,  
They are part of the mind.  
Some are tear-jerkingly beautiful,  
And some are eye gouging hideous.  
Some are old,  
Some are young.  
Some tell stories,  
Some are readable,  
Some are blank,  
Lifeless and pale.  
Some are happy,  
Smiling and laughing.  
Bobbing around to music.  
Bruised, beaten, swollen.  
Or glowing, clear, teeth showing.  
Make up or all natural.  
Faces are everywhere.

### **Solar Systems**

*Alayna LaFave*

Did you ever notice  
How strikingly similar  
The solar system  
Is to our eyes?  
Obviously circular,  
But the colours, oh  
The marvelous colours.  
Blue eyes with  
A hint of green,  
Just like the Earth.  
Deep, dark blue eyes,  
Just like Jupiter.  
Light hazel eyes with  
a touch of red,  
Just like Mars.  
And our eyes  
Are not stars.  
No, they are planets.



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Dislocation**

*Emma Hanlon*

Relocation  
Ripped like a limb from its socket  
Stripped like a branch from its tree  
Swept like the air off the ocean  
The last emotion vanishes to only loneliness

Crawling  
Clawing  
through the obscurity to reach  
the light of a distant window  
The hallway of darkness lasts an eternity  
How far will this valley stretch?  
This vast Tartarus of oblivious unease

The darkness carries on  
seemingly long yet,  
incredibly insignificant when swirled with the times of happiness

Finally,  
Pulled up to the window like a toddler on a chair  
Steadied against the pane  
Pain ceases

Through the glass stands a Utopia  
Through the glinting frame lies a  
land of invincibility  
And the darkness behind  
lends a power untamed

a Clarity

a Truth

Relocation, in the end, is not dislocation  
Relocation is rebirth.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Light**

*Cam Clarke*

Glaring brighter than any Great orange inferno Natural beauty  
At its purest form Shimmering for all to see  
Forming images of great legends and beasts and the last one made to guide  
Close in heart and mind  
Distant to the eye  
Yet close enough to gift Life  
Massive but not infinite like a fuse

Burnt out

Eventually our light will be gone

Extinguished

Darkness caging our world this life will cease but a new brighter light  
Will rise from the dust of our light before creating a new world

Better

But still doomed as was ours

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **The Darkest Side of Light**

*Cam Clarke*

To every bubbly personality there is an evil  
mine is stained on paper a  
rushing river of ink  
Letting loose the monsters of the dark  
into the minds of those who read  
(Dark, Dreary, Imaginative, Frightening, Unique)

Fear

It is the form I love to write  
Horror is just a, moonless night  
It would seem a demon wrote this at first sight  
Conflicting with my personality of optimistic light  
Writing so dark from a person, so bright  
This script is my simple delight  
What joy I have creating this fright  
(Writing, Scribbling, Editing, Typing, Transcribing)

Fear

A masterpiece of character and creatures  
from charismatic California to sweet Sweden  
Into the mind down all the way to a hand  
Fear rushes from a pen to a screen  
Clicking away at a set of keys  
Transcribing from free hand into a  
Locked away drive full of... Secrets  
(Analytical, Critical, Judging, Negative, Optimistic)

Fear

Terrified to expose this side to others  
my biggest critic, always close at hand  
me  
A friendly face hiding this  
Darkened creative mind  
A writer surrounded by work and friends  
now reader

What do we learn?

There is a dark side in all of us

Even

You

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Home**

*Cam Clarke*

Laces tied so it will not slip saved those from sipping treading through the pine  
kingdom

The clear blue liquid rushing free under the bridge of fallen kings  
Who stood tall before

Our kings here are tall they are of a green like no other  
And are older than us all our kings will protect us from all  
All but

Steel metropolis

Structures higher than the great pines of home Windy trails absent  
nothing organic

It runs on money and pain it does not care who it harms  
Dark and dreary a lack of color only there to tempt the eye for the next big thing

Unwelcoming

For now we are alone

This is our home amidst the trees of old and shearing cliffs All tread through

The kingdom of pine

Boot to the trail

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **For PopPop**

*Gabbie Hayden*

Nothing good can stay  
People come and go  
much like butterflies  
in the warm summer air.  
The moments are fleeting.  
These alluring creatures  
are similar to beautiful people  
stunning on the inside and out.  
They mean no harm to anyone  
or anything.  
They are put on the earth to simply  
bring pleasure

Sometimes butterflies  
leave the flowers  
and the gardens  
all too soon.  
One day they're fluttering  
peacefully,  
around the hydrangeas.  
Then the next day they've gone  
quietly,  
leaving watching eyes questioning

Nobody exactly knows why  
the best things are taken so soon.  
It hardly makes sense  
Why does it leave so much pain and sorrow?  
One thing seems to be clear  
While no one likes it,  
sometimes butterflies have to fly  
Away.

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **Shoes**

*Emma Hanlon*

Bare-footed we are born  
The curves and wrinkles of the toes

Sensitive

Virginal

Mother buys baby's first shoes

Shove and squeeze

her toes stuffed into

Shoes.

Suddenly, the feet spread  
splitting the seams of the slippers

Each toe

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The shoe rips and another

takes its place

A sparkling heel

A grime gritted boot

A slipper, a stocking, a fin.

The soles coated in the earth of each

The blood, the sweat, the tears of one's life

Shoes

to run from the shoes

That suffocate

That form

Deform

That bleed.

The perfect shoes

The perfect glass slipper

comforting

well worn and worn well

When a cage takes the place of a shoe

When a shoe melts into the earth and traps you firm in its grip

Kick off that shoe to slip on another.

Strong on the ground

Ready to walk, ready to run

Choose a shoe that fits.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Reality**

*Toni Cantanzariti*

Dreams,  
What a place to escape,  
from the awful place  
that's dreaded when awake.

Tall trees, grow from the Earth,  
and are dressed head to toe in soft, warm, leaves of pink.

Trunks higher than the Empire state building,  
constructed only of strong irons,  
showing unlimited confidence and breathtaking strength.

In dreams, there are bushes made of sweets, not a single leaf.

Hershey kisses replace apples,  
as gumdrops replace blueberries.  
Purely liquid chocolate drips off trees,  
like water off of a gutter.

There are also small and unknown animals that run through forests  
climbing trees at the speed of light

There are small animals with fur that feels as soft  
as loving,  
and as warm as a newborn baby's blanket  
They are offering hugs more invitingly  
than a crisp, crackling, fall fire offers warmth to the cold.

Long furs of yellows and blues, large beady eyes, and penny sized mouths  
Such creatures run slowly with short legs, the height of just an apple/  
Such nameless animals exist only in dreams.

This imaginary world of colors and sweetness,  
friendly creatures and trees  
only becomes reality with eyes closed.

After exhausting, draining days  
that just never seem to end

Dreams are a place,  
where reality is found again.

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **High School**

*Gabbie Hayden*

Every adult has once said that high school is the best time of a child's life,  
but when was the last time they stepped into a school?  
For some, the slightest mention of high school stirs the  
please-stop-talking-before-I-have-a-mental-breakdown conversation.  
It's weird; high school is truly a weird place,  
and truth be told, I used to love it.  
But then something strange happened.

My best friend stopped talking to me.  
It was so out of the blue and I was so unprepared I was texting everyone I knew.  
"Did she say anything to you? Has she done this to you before? Does she seem  
upset?"

I let her be for a little while,  
but the oh-my-God-it's-all-my-fault thoughts ran through my mind.  
I didn't know, nay, still don't know, if I should fix it.

"Everybody in high school is in the same boat you are."  
"You can change who you are in high school."  
"There are so many possibilities in high school."  
But the cliques, what's with the cliques?  
Why is it always a, "you-dance-so-you're-with-us"  
Oh, you like to read? Don't worry, there's a clique for that.  
You like plays? No need to fear, plenty of groups for that, too.

The thing that bothers me most about high school is false hope.  
It's the land of promises that get broken.  
"Don't worry; I'm not going to hurt you."  
But why did I catch you stabbing me in the back?  
"We can still be friends."  
Then why am I still waiting for a text?  
And the biggest one of them all,  
"Nothing will ever change between us."  
Why make a promise you can't keep?  
Why do I keep getting my hopes up over and over and over again?  
Why would you tell me something, and then take it back seconds later?  
They just don't get it.  
"Don't worry, it's just high school. Nothing will matter in ten years."  
But what they don't get is that the next ten years  
are shaped by how successful we are in four years  
in the land of broken promises.



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

**Cole**

*Gabbie Hayden*

When I was little, I didn't want you  
I wanted a cat.  
You used to run laps in the yard,  
And bite and nip and scratch everyone.  
You even popped our pool.

When mom and dad split,  
You were there to comfort us every night.  
You loved the cushion forts we used to make.  
When we spilled our macaroni, you cleaned it up.  
When dad and Danylle got into fights,  
And she took Lexi and QP and you were alone,  
You always took full advantage of the empty couches.

When I woke you up that morning,  
And you didn't start dancing around the kitchen,  
I cried on my way to the bus stop.  
I knew something was wrong  
And I knew they couldn't fix you.  
That was one of the worst days of my life.  
I'm so glad I got to say goodbye to you.  
Thank you, Cole  
For the best eleven years of my life.  
4/23/14, Rest in Peace.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **No Balance**

*Heidi Helf*

She was a light switch.  
Leaving you in the dark when you were not enough  
And giving you the gift of light when she needed you

She turned the world off to hide her depression  
And thoughts that lowered the brightness  
When she was happy, the world was welcomed with a quick flick  
Showing bursts of mysterious joy and energy

There is no real balance  
Between "on" and "off"  
I have learned  
From the likes of her  
Who was a  
Beautiful, yet dangerous  
Light switch.

### **Leaf**

*Caroline Masessa*



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **My personal Northern Star**

*a.j.k*

There are millions of stars in the night sky.  
Before her, I did not believe that the alignment of the stars  
    Could tell the future  
    I did not believe in fate  
I did not believe the stars could lead you home when you were lost  
    I did not believe in those I could not see.  
And then she came along, and the stars aligned. She held the stars in her eyes,  
    universe in her smile,  
    The brightest thing in the whole damn sky.  
I found my way home in the curve of her hips and my destiny in the subtle  
    scent of her skin. Her eyes reminded me that home was not a place,  
    but a feeling. I often wondered if she saw the world in her reflection,  
    dreamt of the ocean as she combed waves of long brown hair.  
She was the universe to me, my favorite constellation, and reminded  
    me that often times we must endure the darkest of nights to see  
    the brightest stars.

### **Black-eyed susans**

*Caroline Masessa*



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **NOT A POEM**

*Jadyn Casper*

There is indescribable beauty all around  
Hidden in the corners of a bedroom  
On display, cascading out of a museum painting  
Puddles of art rest about everyday life  
It lurks in the shadows at night, afraid to be beautiful too late in the day  
It's pushed to the side of minds  
Tossed aside as 'potential'  
These delicate flowers often don't bloom  
As they are ignored for ages  
Then remembered when it's far too late

Beauty is in the sunshine,  
And in the eyes of children much younger than oneself  
And peering underneath shoes  
Beauty likes to play a game of hide and seek  
The more you look for it  
The more you will see  
The world seems to forget beauty is real  
Do not ignore it as potential  
Let beauty breathe

### **Pathways**

*Mariah Mansur*



## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **LONELY**

*Jadyn Casper*

There is nothing quite like drinking from the heavy cup of loneliness,  
    Weighed down by years of burdens  
    Loneliness licks up the mouth as a fire  
It scorches the tongue, branding bitter words into the flesh  
    Once free, but remaining silent  
    Loneliness rips through any shred of a smile

Loneliness replaces no words at all with words better off hidden behind rose colored lips  
    Loneliness brings its friends  
    Waling hand in hand with Envy  
Getting drunk on creating a home in a body that is not their own  
    Making it easy to forget what belonging is  
    Wracking the body in waves of self-loathing

This body is a playground for the emotions that wish to stay  
These lips are charcoal, blackened from fighting the emotions that do  
    This tongue is made of ashes, burned from a losing war  
    Once a flame, now just cinders,  
    Loneliness packs and leaves at the first sight of  
    You

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **TO MADISON**

*Jadyn Casper*

I'm giving this poem to you  
Because I think about you  
Not in a now and then sort of way  
I think about you like crazy

You know I'm not one for religion,  
But every day I pray you don't forget about me  
The way I can feel myself forgetting about you

I'm trying to remember what your skin looks like  
How it feels to hold your hand  
What it was like to watch your eyes crinkle and your lips curve into a smile  
I'm trying to remember your laughter but all I can remember is that smile  
And I'm not even sure if it's yours  
I tell myself "that's good enough,"  
But it's been two years so it's really not

I wish you were here  
I wish you could've met my first heartbreak  
We would have emptied out your never ending surplus of ice cream  
As you tell me how stupid boys are  
So you could have reeled me back in instead of casting me out like everyone else did  
I wish I was screaming,  
Maybe you'd hear me,  
3,000 miles away, missing you  
Maybe 3,000 would turn into  
2,000  
1,000  
500  
Until we were only four houses away  
So I wouldn't have to miss you anymore  
But you're not.  
And I'm not  
Happy

I know you've always been a fan of those cutesy little facts, so...  
Fun Fact: You were about 80% of my impulse control  
Fun Fact: I miss you  
Fun Fact: Nothing about this is fun.

I'M TOO AFRAID TO PICK UP THE PHONE AND TELL YOU I LOVE YOU SO INSTEAD I WHIS-  
PER IT INTO THE EARS OF STRANGERS – PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW

I'm tired of clinging to the remains of what once was  
I'm tired of chasing the parts of you I find in other people  
I have spent these last two years trying to replace you with people whose names pale in  
comparison to yours

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

**Madison**

*Jadyn Casper*

Your name is a splinter in my side,  
Burning and sensitive to the sound of a few syllables  
Caramel eyed girl, come paint the sky with me  
I'm too afraid to go it alone  
I'm too afraid to pick up my phone

I am a coward, Madison

But I'm not too afraid to write a ode to you,  
or a sonnet on your eyes  
Or to tell our adventures to the strangers I apparently love

I love you, from 3,000 miles away

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

**HER**

*Jadyn Casper*

Sunset colored  
Cherry biting  
Softly curved lips  
Burlbling secrets  
Spreading lies  
Hiding softly behind

Teeth  
Pearly and perfect  
A cover for  
Hate  
Only a stone's throw from

A freckled nose  
Sewn on  
Turned up  
Crinkling from up high  
A slope away lies

The eyes  
Coily locked behind lashes  
Keeping interest  
This iris penetrates  
Sliding away

Tempting



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **My Mother's Father**

*Jenna Feugill*

Sitting there, I watch him force a smile to every family member in the room.

A light blue, small tear streaks down my face  
As he lies in the hospital bed, trying his best to stay awake.

My mother's father was the sports-is-all-that-matters-in-the-world type of person.

He lived for watching the Red Sox game while falling asleep in  
the kitchen chair that was his and only his.

All the memories I have with him, crush my soul,  
but also make me happy since I got to spend so much time with the man I looked up to.

Remembering the times he would bring me to school,  
I would smile as we listened to heavy-rock-yet-suitable-for-children kind of songs.  
Those memories are something I can keep with me wherever I go.

My mother's father has had such an impact on my life.

Being with him almost every day after school,  
I saw him in his happiest state.  
I also have seen him in his worst state.

My mother's father would live in the hospital

Or a nursing home,  
or a rehab center.  
He would lie in a bed,  
full of pain and agony.

My mother's father is somebody I can't bear to let go.

My love for him has grown every day from the day I was born until this day,  
where he dies.

Watching him slowly pass on,  
scares me.

It was the nothing-will-ever-be-the-same kind of moment.

My mother's father was a person, who deserved to live on with my Grandmother  
who he has been in love with for over fifty years.

The love they shared is the love I want to achieve when I am older.

Remembering my mother's father's one wish,

I smile to myself.

All my mother's father wanted to do was be home,  
in his own bed one last time.

My mother's father knows that I love him and I believe that he is watching over me today.

The loss of my mother's father was hard, but soon,  
I will see him again.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **“Brave Face”**

*Maddie Cameron*

Put your face on,  
The one that makes you strong.  
The one you put on at every dawn,  
That you’ve worn for ever so long.  
Everyone around me sees,  
But only I know what’s hiding in me.  
Deep in the forest of society behind the trees,  
Where there is no such thing (bright glee.) ?  
The pain and despair I hide,  
Down within my soul they have destroyed.  
It eats me alive from the dark pit inside,  
But there is something glowing in this void.  
A light from deep down under,  
A shimmer of hope to keep moving on.  
Something that suddenly sparks me alive like thunder,  
My demons ugly haunting faces now gone.  
A flash of smiles brighten in my mind,  
Of those who have gravely stuck by my side.  
I have truly been utterly blind,  
And I no longer feel the need to hide.  
I feel overjoyed and sing,  
A blissful song of serenity.  
There is nothing better a strong friendship can bring,  
I finally know my true identity.  
I ask myself if I need to put that face on,  
The one that gave me a sense of false strong.  
But I now know in my heart that I never was a pawn,  
But that I have been the strongest warrior all along.  
I have weathered the harshest storm,  
And did it all with a hidden pride.  
As much as I had been ripped apart and torn,  
I have conquered it all with a beautiful graceful stride.  
I am the bravest of them all,  
I have been through hell and more.  
Yet I have come out higher up than the downfall,  
And that’s because I made the choice to soar.  
I no longer need to wear the “brave face”,  
The one I had worn for so long.  
True bravery has been in a very special place,  
Deep within the smiles of others and my heart all along.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **The Evolution of a book**

*Magda Bol*

A new book is born with freshly typed pages and brand new ink.  
Written by the most knowledgeable authors,  
A new book is open, honest, and without secrets.  
Carrying the knowledge of a thousand wise men.  
And has been touched by those seeking brilliance and success.  
A new book is ready, ready to share all it knows with anyone willing to listen,  
willing to read. As a new book grows old, so do its pages.  
Bending, and crumbling, and breaking. Even more fragile with every flip.  
Even more weak with every touch.  
Even more insecure as it's opened up and exploited.  
Exploited by the eyes of many seeking to know what it has to offer.  
The worst are the selfish eager kind, ones wanting greatness for themselves.  
Ripping out pages.  
Tearing key information  
or copying and replicating while slowly diminishing the book's value.  
Now there are many out there like this one.  
It no longer has as many visitors for ones like it are easily accessible.  
This book is now considered "old" and obsolete.  
It is believed to belong on a shelf in a library somewhere no one visits.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Mother of my Nightmares**

*Magda Bol*

Mother where are you?  
You tucked me in last night and kissed me to sleep. I awoke from a dream,  
you were gone.  
Mother where are you?  
The house is lifeless and rooms vacant. I ran and ran in search for you.  
Mother where are you?  
I laid in your bed to remind me of you. Remind me of your warmth and of  
your scent. Mother how I miss you.  
I hear a thumping and a crash. Mother is that you?  
I rose and passed the open doors, but one.  
One was closed. I shook the handle until the door opened.  
And there you were mother, facing the mirror, but I could not see  
your reflection.  
Stitches appeared on your neck like a zipper and your skin  
changed colors like a chameleon. Mother who are you?  
Your head began to turn like an owl's and you looked right into my eyes.  
You were not my mother. Not anymore. The stitches began to unravel  
like a loose seam being pulled. At the last stitch, your head fell off  
and rolled over to me.  
The head of you mother, came back to life.  
It look like life was filling back into you mother.  
It looked just like my beautiful mother, but the body... It turned  
and began to chase me.  
I grabbed your head mother and ran into your room.  
I jumped into your bed still holding your head and threw  
the covers over us as silence sounded. I opened my eyes  
and you were holding me mother.  
All of you was alive and all of me was in your arms and you held  
me saying everything was going to be okay.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **At War With Self-Doubt**

*Meagan Couture*

Self-doubt is every human's worst enemy.  
It strikes without warning.  
It is a soul-destroying, dream-smashing, confidence-killing demon that haunts  
every single soul.  
Everybody battles it at least one point in their life.  
Whether that point is occasional  
Or each and every moment,  
Only they truly know.

Self-doubt destroys the spirit.  
It is the little demon sitting on everybody's shoulder whispering quietly into  
their ears,  
"You can't do that"  
"You're not good enough"  
"You never will be."

This demon torments its host constantly  
Quietly whispering negative thoughts until one becomes a  
Just-want-to-silently-fade-away-into-darkness kind of person.  
More of a shell, less of a human.

To fight self-doubt is to wage a war against oneself,  
An infinitely-painful-but-unquestionably-necessary-to-fight war.  
To fight one must push themselves harder than ever before.  
If it becomes too easy, strive for more.  
Deny the naysayers. Deny the demon. Deny one's own doubt.  
Prove everyone and everything wrong.  
Believe that the impossible is possible  
And then make it possible.  
Only then can the demon finally be put to rest  
And only then can a person see their true beautiful self for who they are.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Cakes Cakes Cakes**

*Meagan Couture*

Simplistic in design and make

Sugar,

Butter,

Flour,

Baking powder,

Eggs,

Cream,

Salt,

Vanilla,

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes

Cake

Plain and boring when alone

But add one thing,

Frosting,

Flowers,

Decorations,

Lace,

Flavoring,

Words,

a masterpiece is formed.

A cake can come in any shape and any form.

A simple square

Frosted and decorated

With sweet vanilla

And an intricate floral pattern.

Quotes of celebration decorate the center.

“Happy Birthday!”

A multi-colored jelly roll

Thin and spongy

Wrapped around a layer

Of warm velvety cream.

Celebrations of the holidays are at hand.

Even a full-sized car

Formed from vanilla sponge

Rice Krispies

And a splendid arrangement of multicolored fondants.

Imaginations gone wild.

The skills of the pâtissier displayed in grandeur.

## *Tower Winter 2016*

The limit of a cake  
is the limit of one's skill and imagination.  
If one is not yet good enough  
they must try harder until their efforts become a success.

A cake is a sculpture,  
a painting,  
a work of art.  
Every piece is carefully shaped and designed by its maker.  
Every drawing is a show of the makers practice and skill.

Cake is a celebration  
A birthday,  
a holiday  
family,  
friends,  
an event,  
a typical day in life.  
Every bite is a piece of enjoyment  
shared by those who celebrate with it.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Journals of all Kinds**

*Meagan Couture*

An agglomeration of scraps of paper  
kept between two loose covers  
and bound by a red string  
smooth as silk.

Lined pages  
piled in a neat stack  
uniform and perfect  
bound by metal rings.

A seemingly dusty old book  
bound in an old style cover  
with a beautiful and worn spine.  
Between its pages lies a thin ribbon  
acting as a bookmark.

Blank pages  
soon to be filled to the brim  
with scribbles,  
notes,  
and intricate drawings.

On every page  
the artist and the writer  
pours out their raw thoughts and emotions.  
Worlds never before seen  
depicted in beautiful paints and colors  
or intricately described in a thin black ink  
and pieces of our surroundings  
captured forever by the works of the artisans.

Each journal  
no matter the shape or make  
waits  
to hold the dreams and imaginations of its master.



## ***Tower Winter 2016***

**\the?/ \parlor?/**

*Padraic Berting*

In the stale air  
Of a forgotten colonial home lies an empty,  
Untouched, decrepit room  
Filled with the cobwebs of spiders long-deceased the piano of a child  
Who has reached eternity's gate begs to be played  
By someone who still has air in their lungs  
Endless rows of books line the parlor of dust  
A room once for the living now a cell for ghosts  
When the light flickers off  
And a gust rolls through the trees one can hear the hum  
Of vitality from beyond  
The parlor may be empty and the parties long since past  
And the punch forever drunk  
But the souls of prior centuries will always remain  
Playing the piano and reading alone

### **Thoughts of a recovering teenager**

*a.j.k*

“At some point, you’ll be happy again.  
You’ll start smiling for no reason like you used to and go back to doing  
the things you love. Not to impress anyone, but to show yourself that  
you can get better. At some point, these great expectations that used  
to crush you will be lifted off your shoulders; you’ll start taking people  
for what they are, and they’ll learn to do the same. At some point,  
the thoughts that once hurt you so much will turn into art, beautiful  
poems and writings to share with the world, or just that one special  
person that means the world to you. At some point, you’ll appreciate  
your parents for who they are and what they used to be, and how  
they try to save you from being the same way. At one point, although  
it comes slowly, and not how you would expect, you will wake up one  
day and feel happy again”

## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **Childhood**

*Meghan Donovan*

How we grow,  
from innocent children  
to people with emotions  
and passions.

How simple life was  
before the fall  
compared to where we  
stand now.

How simple it was,  
when one did not  
leave disasters  
in their past,  
when broken feelings  
did not linger inside of them.

How great it was,  
when you did not  
know your worst nightmare,  
was those who you love  
leaving you behind,  
because it had already happened once,  
and you are terrified  
it could happen again.

How simple it was  
before we knew betrayal,  
and believed that even  
the worst people,  
still had their streak of good.

How simple it was,  
before our innocence  
was stripped from our souls.

### **Untitled**

*Anonymous*

Being me is not  
being with you.

Being me is freedom,  
and a realization of  
how brilliant the world is.

Being me is liberating,  
no commitments,  
no problems,  
no complications.

Being me means that  
I am my own person,  
my own beautiful disaster.  
I am my own color scheme,  
my own song,  
my own fate.

With you,  
I thought I was free,  
until I looked at my  
wrists and saw the  
iron shackles you kept me in.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

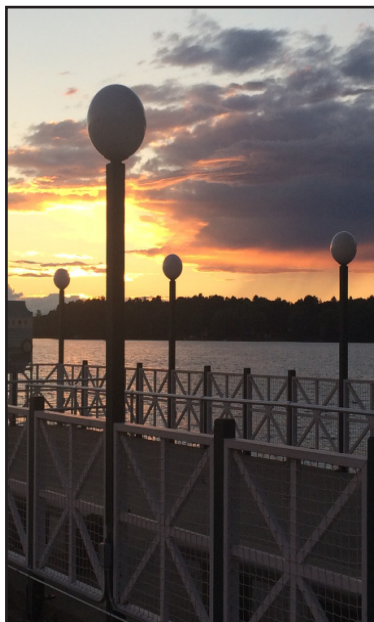
### **Oceania**

*Padraic Berting*

At the crack  
Of dawn's early light a boy runs  
Down to the sea he takes care  
And watches his step as broken bottles  
And glass litter the sands  
He stands at the shore as a wave rolls in  
Until god's fateful coast grows tidal and menacing  
He runs from  
The froth of Poseidon but the good king  
Doesn't take care the fist of the sea  
Pummels the boy and drags him down  
Into  
His claws  
Panic consumes  
The young sickly sailor he kicks and he shouts  
Below the surface of Neptune but the gods of the sea  
Take pity on him and grant him  
Safe passage back to shore indebted to the sea.

### **Sunset**

*Caroline Masessa*



## *Tower Winter 2016*

### **Breathe**

*Anonymous*

It's getting harder to breathe.  
Lungs slowly closing,  
Heart beating faster,  
Anticipation growing.  
Looking around frantically for an escape,  
But nothing can be found.  
What do I do?  
Where can I run?  
When do I go?

Realization hits me  
Like a ton of bricks.  
I stagger backward from the impact.  
It doesn't matter what I  
Do  
where I  
Run  
Or when I  
Go.

So I go.  
One foot in front of the other.  
Left  
Right  
Left  
Right.  
The breathing gets easier,  
And lungs open,  
And air passes freely,  
And heart beat evens out,  
And the anticipation has blossomed into pure bliss.  
The escape has been found.  
I can finally  
Breathe.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Poetry Is Difficult**

*Anonymous*

Poetry is difficult.  
Having to discover a concept to write about,  
And then actually having to write about it.  
How can one avoid clichés  
If cliché is all one knows?  
Creativity proves arduous,  
Inspiration cannot be found.

My peers have it all figured out  
All young Frost's and Poe's.  
Hearing my own work makes me cringe.  
Why was I cursed  
Talentless and lame.

My eyelids grow heavy  
Fingers tapping on the desk.  
Eraser warm from continuous use  
Trash can overflowing with crumpled sheets  
Full of failures and abominations.

Everything has been done before.  
Nothing has not been done.

Love.

Nature.

Death.

Hours

Upon

Hours

Upon

Hours

Staring off into space.  
My paper remains blank.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Cloudy skies**

*Toni Cantanzariti*

Clouds race against the sun,  
like birds against the winds.  
The sky is as blue as the top  
the top of a warm summer ocean.

A cloud is not defined, it is not solid,  
such as bricks and concrete.  
For a cloud may be whatever one wants to see.

To the one surrounded by tall skyscrapers, clouds may take  
massive, larger than life, dream size formations of  
giant trees during a November New England fall.

Feeling like a princess locked in a tower,  
from the bedroom,  
window clouds may be scaly, fire breathing dragons,  
serving as protection from an evil knight.

To a little boy whose heart aches for movies-  
clouds are dinosaurs that fly and weave through the sky,  
whatever a boy who dreams, dreams of seeing.

Each cloud is individual,  
each in a unique way illuminating the daytime sky.

When clouds, there are none,  
and the sky is barren,  
it appears happy to some.

But little is it known,  
the sky is as blue as the saddest soul.

Every cloud is a friend to the sky,  
the same way,  
any individual is a friend,  
to a brother, mother, sister, or lover.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **Autumn**

Meghan Donovan

As the heat begins to fade away  
So do pieces of the past.  
And every year the tree must lose the thing it tried so hard to keep through  
bitter winds.  
Just like memories of the summer,  
bright green leaves turn colors of deep red and brown, decaying  
And crumbling to pieces.  
The days of remorse,  
And self-hatred,  
And stress and despair, are gone  
The leaves fall silently,  
One by one,  
And slip to the ground, until  
The trees are barren.  
The brilliant colors  
are the only reminder of what was  
Once a beautiful tree, a different life.  
But this is a new start,  
For the green leaves that once took  
All the energy from the towering tree,  
Have fallen,  
Leaving only the tree standing,  
memories spilled around it.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **The Average Crush**

*Mya Sanders*

Day 1

Bored...

Looking up from my paper

And across the classroom

The most amazing thing catches my eye

Dang... I whisper in my head

He's cute.

Spending the rest of class simply staring at him

And daydreaming

And coming up with possible conversations.

WAY too nervous to talk to him.

Day 3

Making an attempt to talk to him

It sort of doesn't work,

Mostly because I can't form any words

And I can't stop looking at his eyes

And his lips...

I feel like a puddle

I feel like running away from him.

Yet I'm so happy and so excited to hear his voice

With the words directed at me and not the teacher.

Day 10

I've started to talk to him more.

We've had five conversations

Slightly awkward, but still.

He's starting to consume my thoughts,

I'm shocked that I maintain a good grade

In the one class that I have with him

Day 17

Is it bad that I think about him this much?!

His name

Oh god

It's the first thing that pops into my head

The second I feel awake.

That is BAD.

It stays with me throughout the day

Even when I'm not in school.

What would he think of me if he knew?

No, seriously

I want to know

But- I- I-

Well....



## *Tower Winter 2016*

You know how nervous I get.

Day 27

He looked at me.

I swear to god.

He looked at me.

He looks at me more often.

It's insane.

It's insane.

It's insane.

Day 34

Today was a failure.

I tried to ask him to talk with me tomorrow

But I got scared.

REALLY scared.

I was terrified of what his response would be...

Maybe if it didn't bother me so much

I could walk up to him.

Tomorrow?

Could I talk to him tomorrow?!?

Because watching him isn't enough anymore.

It isn't.

It's driving me crazy.

It's now or never.

Now?

Never?!

"Never" scares me.

Why would I go with never?

Seriously

Why would I want that?!

...

I think I'll go with now.

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

### **SLAM POEM**

*Megan Deveau*

She was a Starbucks-drinkin, Ugg-wearin, makeup-covered kind of girl  
Tweetin' on her Twitter  
Postin' on Facebook  
Regular ol' Instagram model.

He was a pants-to-his-hips-backwards-hat-wearin-not-caring kind of guy  
Makin' jokes with his friends  
Dozin' off in class  
Goofin' off and slackin' off.

She was a white girl  
Dazzling to some  
All prettied up to go no where  
Absurd to others  
Actin' like that.

He was a bad boy  
Big to some  
Partyin' all night  
Dense to others  
Livin' like that.

They are both the stereotypical-white-girl-bad-boy fusion  
He'll be likin' her Instagram pictures  
Capturing her heart with every like  
But by next month  
They'll all be unliked  
The couple will have broken up.

She'll cry  
He'll huff  
She'll find a new guy  
He'll find a new white girl

GONE

One, two, three;  
Watch as they walk away  
Count the steps  
Now  
Turn around  
Look around  
Look who remains  
Look who left

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

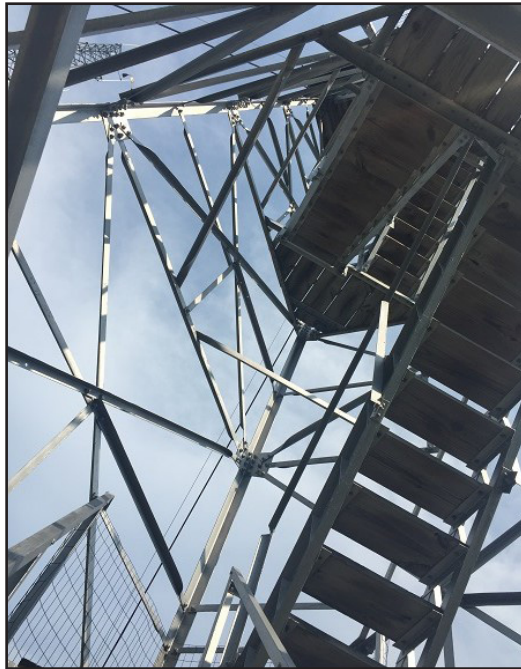
Today no one can guess  
The next person to walk  
Or run

Hiding behind computers  
Phones, tablets  
Or even a fake smile  
With concrete eyes  
Who is to tell  
What's real anymore?

Look around  
Tell me what you see  
An empty room?  
A full one?  
Can you even tell?  
DREAMS  
Horrorific truths?

### **Stairs**

*Caroline Masessa*



## *Tower Winter 2016*

Dear Reader,

What you hold in your hands is much more than just a magazine. It represents endless nights of writers pouring their emotions into words. It represents pictures that tell stories, and minds that think outside of the box. This magazine reflects the passion that lies in the halls of Pinkerton Academy. It represents our voices and gives us a chance to shout our thoughts into the open.

But nearly equal to that, it represents the countless hours that the Tower Staff has put into this magazine so that it can be in your hands right at this very moment. The *Tower* Staff has dedicated a plethora of days putting together this magazine, from carefully reviewing each piece to placing them onto the pages.

I do hope that you enjoy reading this edition as much as I enjoyed putting it together. These writers and artists are talented, and I hope that you enjoy what they have shared with you.

If you believe that this is something that you would like to be a part of, I encourage you to submit your own writing or artwork to our next edition. If you want to join the *Tower* staff, I invite you to join us by attending one of our meetings.

But for now, continue to read, write, create, and inspire others to do the same; the world needs more visionaries. Thank you for helping make the world a better place.

Sincerely,  
Meghan Donovan  
*Tower* Editor-in-Chief

# ***Tower Winter 2016***

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Mrs. Deborah Kneisley

## ***Tower Winter 2016***

**Cover: Winter**--Caroline Mesessa--Photograph  
**Title page: Neighbor**-- Caroline Mesessa -- Photograph

### **For next year's edition(s)**

Submission Forms are available in Room 415, the Publications Center

Note: In the interest of fairness, all Tower entries are evaluated **anonymously** to ensure that no bias is present. All names are removed once the entries are received, and each author's name is replaced with a number.

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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.

Source: *The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition*

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The magazine is printed in process black on 70 lb. white page stock, and the cover and back are printed on white, finish stock paper.

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The body of the publication utilizes Cambria. Rights to all typefaces are owned by Adobe Systems, Inc.

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