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Kaleidoscope



The faculty advisors wish to give special recognition and thanks to these individuals who also gave of their time and energy to make this edition of the Kaleidoscope possible: Lauren Courtney, Jakob Plotts, and Tracy Snowman. Thank you!

Kaleidoscope

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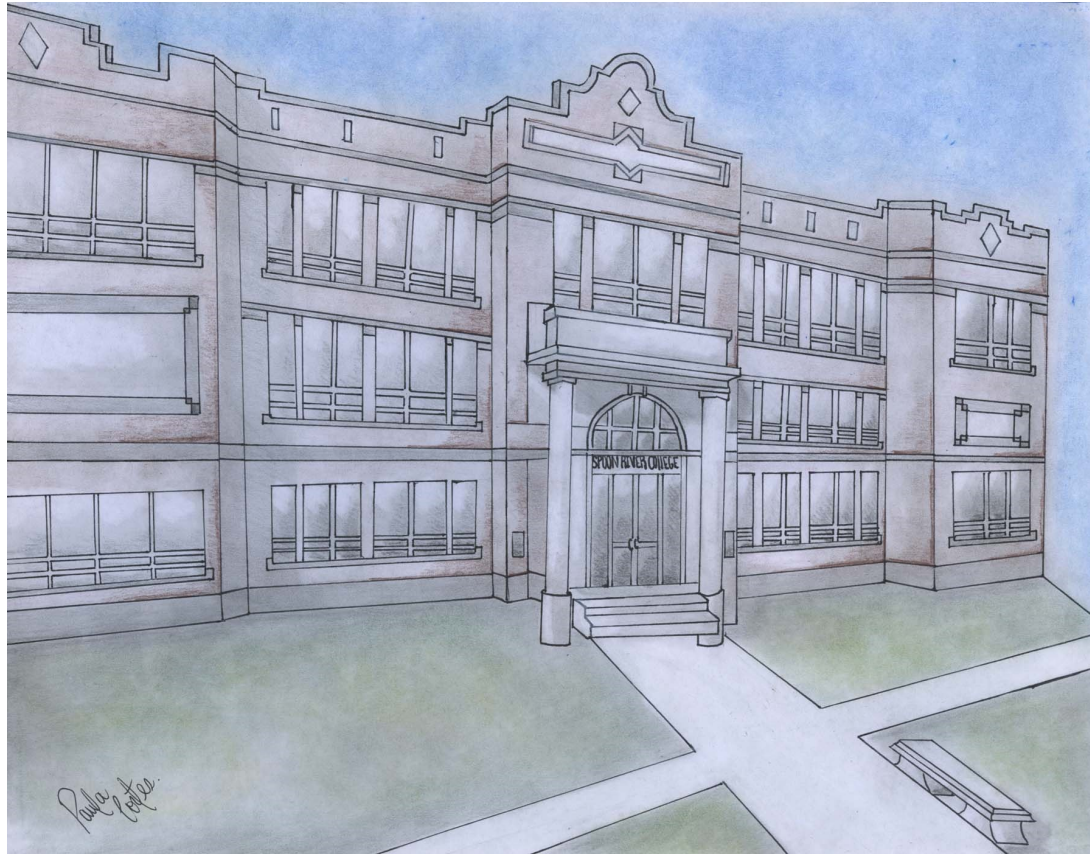
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An Artist's Still Life
Jakob Plotts

Letter from the Editor



Macomb Spoon River Building

Paula Cortes

Life is filled with a variety of people; some are good and others bad. We have athletes, scholars, theatre progressives, metal heads, and far too many more to write down in the little space I have. The point is that life is filled with different walks of life, and perhaps that's what I enjoy most about the Kaleidoscope.

Within these pages, you, dear reader, will find people who've gained and lost, found joy and pain. You'll find works of the surreal, and still ones of reality. I give thanks to those who helped piece together the many to present something whole, for that is the heart of the Kaleidoscope.

The Kaleidoscope, F' yeah.

-James Grove-



Drawn to Color
Jakob Plotts

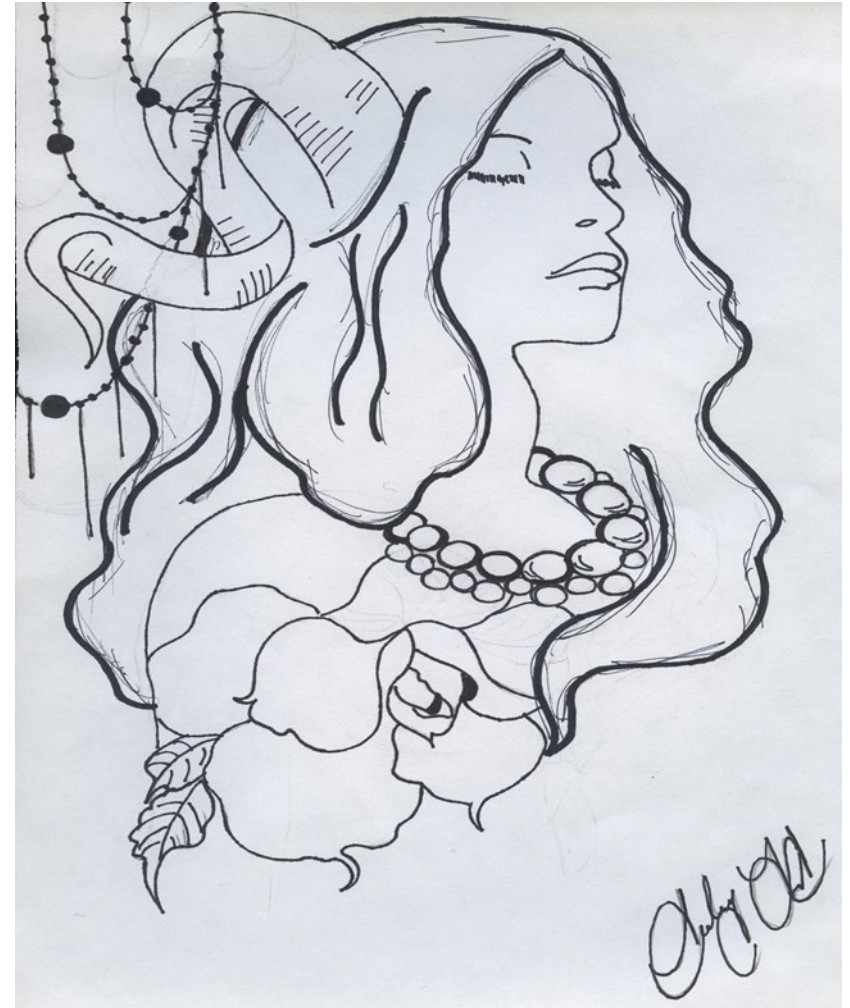


American Beauty
Edward Johnson

“Somewhere in Neverland”

Jacqueline Westin

We had our own little fairytale
In our own little Neverland
Past the second star to the right
We spent our days with toes in the sand
And cuddling, star gazing at night.
I was the pixie dust that made you fly
And you, my happy thoughts that took me high
But somewhere in Neverland our happy ending came undone
You wouldn't grow up, too busy having too much fun.
Dancing around with tiger lily
I tried to get your attention, but you were too busy
Listening to Wendy tell you stories
The way you looked at her brought out my biggest worries.
I used to be able to fly, but I lost all faith
I used to see you every day, but now you're gone without a trace.
I used to be your tinker bell and you my peter pan
But everything must come to an end, even our little Neverland.



Faun

Aubrey Foust

“ME”

Sheretta S. Miller

My life so consuming

Lust never losing so who am I really confusing....

I lost in indulged lust....

In my soul yearning for too much...

But I don't allow me to ever really be me....

I'm hope soon you will find me

Heal me; pull me from this sea....

Help me to see that

All I really need is me

That perfect picture of imperfection...

The flaws that make me, me.....

The small dimple in my cheek that only the luckiest see

The small beauty marks that trace me....

The thick full figure that outline and trace my lovely curves

That has men lost for words

Like me caught in lust

Entranced by beauty, and passion

Cherried off with pain

Mmmmmm how I love to feel this way....

Mind confused

Lost in joyful pain.....

The way I love to temporarily go insane....

This wonderness in my soul

Emptiness and wanting even more...

This is me....

So please see all of me...

Black, beautiful, full of love

Hurt, pain, and sex just the same

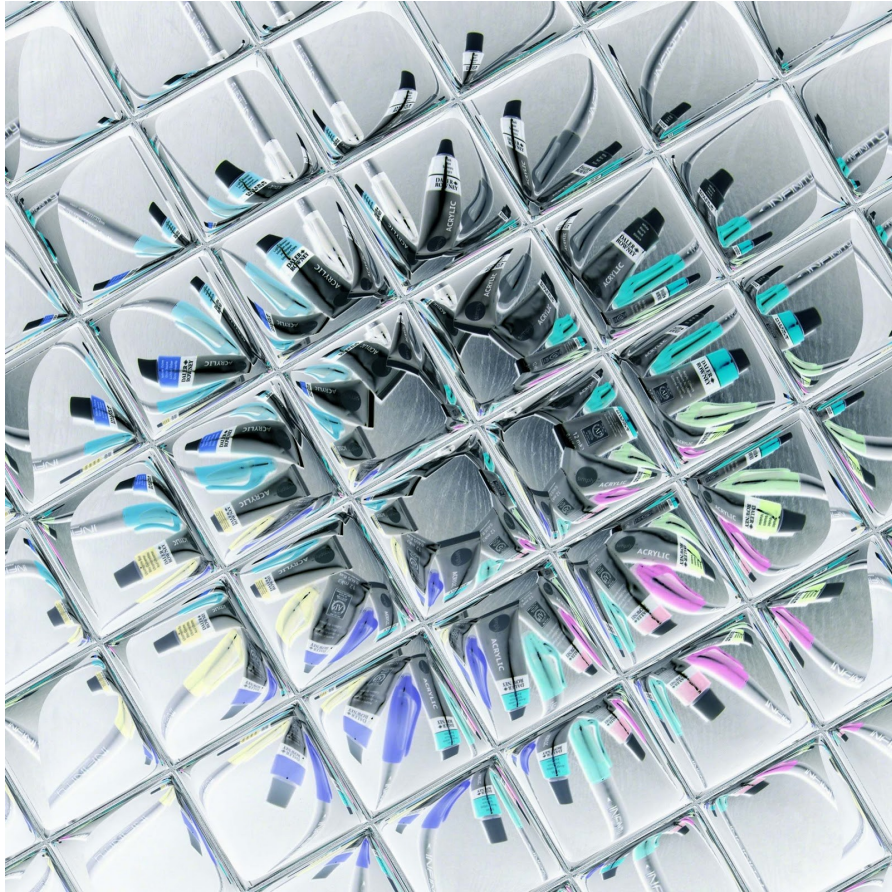
Is me....

So love me the same....

Strong, passionate, blindly

But still see this....

ME.....



Tool Splatter
Jakob Plotts



Kaleidoscope Cover: Second Place
Amber Burnett

“One Thirty”

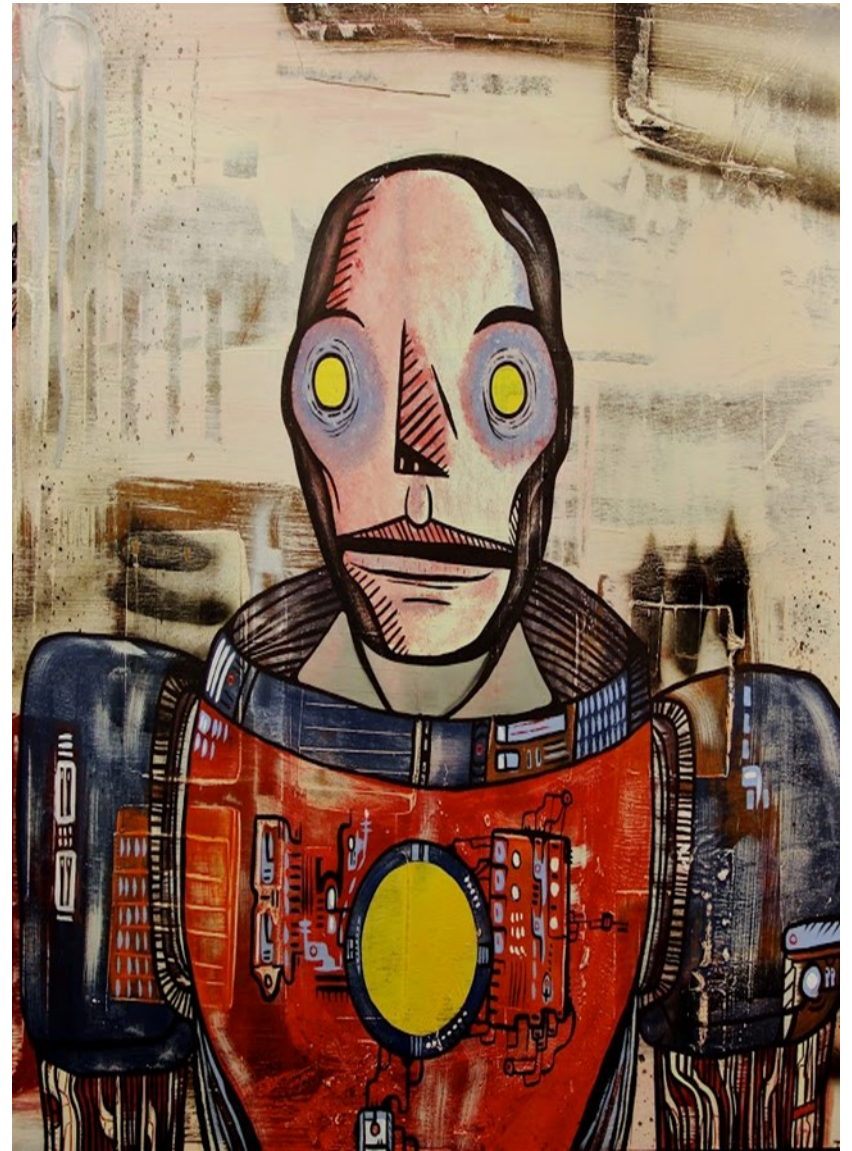
Annalea Forrest

At One Thirty
I kept my eyes
Open for different lighthouses
hoping
that some shred of light would
slip into my Styrofoam cup
that I wished
was coffee
rather than secret
findings abandoned in
a college lobby.

At One Thirty I Found Myself
lost once again
my eyes following
recognized confidence in
beautiful faces.
These faces...
not confident because of their silver faces
in fluorescent light but
beautiful due to their
belief in themselves.

At One Thirty
Finally hungry
Who would have known
how much
How few
How long the minutes felt
I waited for the dirt
to become appetizing
the way I appreciated
stoic gazes on the
way to class.
Presence.

At One Thirty
I waited for 45 minutes
to learn about why
I could learn
in a building suddenly
evacuated by the only ones
still willing to care
and celebrate them
I was finally hungry
that I found myself
as a distant lighthouse
finds the dark obsidian
water of the
sea.



The Astronaut
Edward Johnson

“Dreams”

Lafe Richardson

Dreams

Slaughtered

Shattered

And shimmering

Lying softly

Treading lightly

Where

The edge of the sea meets

The end of the horizon

My gaze

Looks fondly

On old abandoned ambitions

I no longer yearn

For their fulfillment

Now

I desire

Grander things

“Burning paper”

Jacqueline Westin

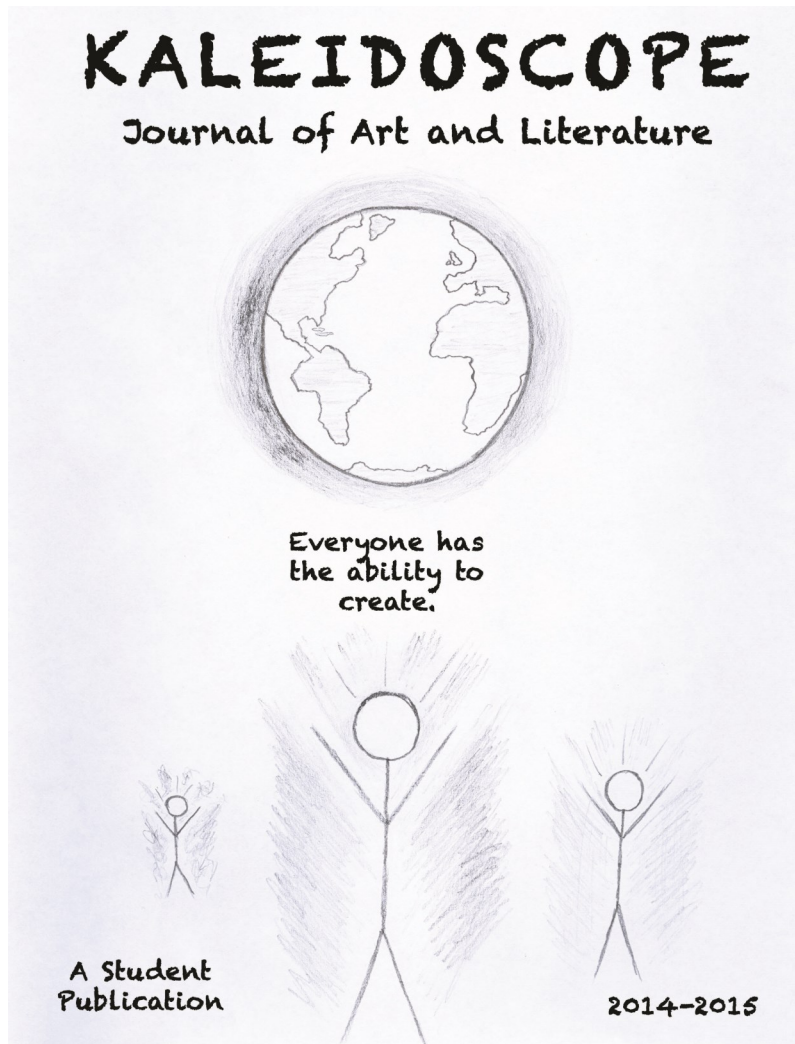
I crumble myself up in the corner of the room

Like a piece of paper, tore and used

You unravel me because I'm the best idea you've ever had

But you engulf me in your arms like a burning flame

And turn me into ashes by the call of my name.



Kaleidoscope Cover: Third place
Jed Vaughn

“Substitution”

Annalea Forrest

I solved for every variable.

I factored--

I promise--

I knew the difference between $ac + ab$

Retreated back to your original equation

and slowly plugged my answers back in

and for once

I cried

when my answer

was 0.

“My Addiction”

Jacqueline Westin

My mother always warned me about dangerous drugs on the street
But she never told me I could get addicted to brown bedroom eyes and a scruffy
beard
Her little girl didn't grow up to shoot up in the dark
But she craves something her mother never feared.
I crave you like a cigarette, I have to get my fix every few hours
I'll keep you swinging between my lips
Light you up and breathe you in like my favorite flowers
I take in your nicotine drip by drip.
I'll keep buying you pack after pack
Because thinking about not having you by my side makes me want to cry
I'll fill you in my veins even though you're prone to give me a heart attack
I'll keep you by my side till the day I die
It is said that it takes 21 days to get rid of a bad habit
And I know I'm a sinner, I know I've lied
But the truth be told...
I couldn't quit you even if I tried.



Baby Mas
Cecilia Carrillo

“Unexpected Death”

Georgia Meagher

The pain in her back
the hard tile under her face
Her wings
Drip
Drip
Drip
and the blood that makes her nose sting
It's so hard to see but she can hear
E V E R Y T H I N G
There are footsteps pounding on the hard tile in the distance
An echo that she can feel through her whole body
Glass crashes to the floor and
she tries to see, tries so hard just to *see*
But instead she hears a cry
Of pain
Of horror
Of distress
She hears someone say “Stay away from my sister” and her wing

S
l
i
p
s

to the floor
She hears someone new say “STOP.”
But then there's a silence so deafening that she can barely hear herself breathing
The end of a metal pole slides into place
inches away from her own face
It pokes through her attacker's soft belly, silencing whoever has had her trapped this whole time
Her face is spattered with blood and she thinks
What
on
earth
is
happening
And then the world goes black

"We're alike, me and cat A couple of poor nameless slobs"
"That's right I'm just CRAZY about Tiffany's"
"OK, positive statement Ringing affirmative I'm a writer"

"No, no it's Paul-baby!"

"A girl can't read that sort of thing without her lipstick"

"You mustn't give your heart to a wild thing"

"I'll never let ANYBODY put me in a cage!"

"I don't want to put you in a cage. I want to love you."

"It's the same thing!"

Aubrey Foust



Breakfast with Audrey

Aubrey Foust

“Who's Who????”
Sheretta Miller

Who's who???
I don't know,
I can't tell the difference anymore.
Who cares?
Who's here to only cause despair??
So many sheep look suspicious
Especially him that I need
I yearn, cry, and beg my thoughts for him
Falling is far behind me
I fell and now all broken
I know the truth
But still wonder.....
Will my truth change??
How could this wolf fool me?
Me a wolf in disguise??
He got me considering insanity
But yearning something so simple
But how
I keep asking how?
How he know how to touch me
Just to calm me???
How to please me?
Touch me above my knees
Begging for him to please me
How could he know how to hold me?
To calm me??
How to put my soul to rest
How wonderful it felt,
just to lay on his chest
How did he know how to show me?
All I ever needed...

In a short time...
Please someone help me...
I'm lost in my own heart
Loving every bit of this wolf!
IN sheep's clothing...
I know the truth
To the lies
But I keep them inside
Too afraid of this wolf...
Really being a wolf
Still stuck
Love struck, but mistaken for lust
So I indulge
And lost control
Now this sheep
Everything I ever needed....
The wolf hidden
Has revealed himself to me...
Help me
I try to hold on to sanity
But my eyes bleed
Cause I can't and wont
Believe what my eyes see
And have always seen
Who's WHO?

“Love’s Apparition”

Annalea Forrest

I'm sleeping next to methadone.
He's beautiful when he's left alone.
His umber, warming, delusive eyes--
bring out the crimson of his whites.
I love his conscious, shallow breaths
that resurrects a choice of life, in death
I'm sitting upright on our bed.
Staring intently at his head.
With my elbows draped along my knees
My forearm cradles all weight of my cheek
Then I'm suddenly aware of every bone
within his face, and of my own
How intrusive, his cheek bones were
when in one's way, for them not to care
The dark wraps 'round him as I envy the night
How it surrounds him, it loves him, the darkness inside
I can barely see him. Please, God, thank the moon
for lighting up the two people in a half occupied room
Am I non-existent? Do you even know that I'm here?
Can you hear my heart whisper? With your hair over
your ears?

I feel half-empty, all that's left is just love--
Stealing half of me from you, on your journey with drugs
We're beautiful, sitting here, we're what there is left
Love's skeletal remains, how neatly we're kept.
The bones of us ache with the thought of us now
So different, so desolate, so together somehow
I still hold your withdrawal in the palm of my hand
and the dwindling supply of what makes you a man.
I wish I could be here to help purge a mind
of sleep-state, and hurting, and OK to cry
I wish you would see me when you'd open your eyes
Still wanting to hold you trying to preserve a man's mind.
Can you hear my heart beckon? Through the wall of your drugs?
May it remind you of the broken, fragile bones of our love
May it speak of forgiveness as I gaze at you now
and wrap words in your crevices that I've never known how
Love's skeleton seems breakable, it's skeleton so weak
Laying together only strengthens our urge to recede
But tonight I sit up loving the very man that lays here
Though he's off somewhat oblivious, of a true way to disappear
If he could love me right now, he'd be drowned, lost in this love
But he went missing right in front of me,
and I won't let him
Give up.

“Catching Rainbows”

Alexa Dailey

“Come on, Noelle, you can do it!” My older sister called me one day while we were out on the frozen lake behind our house.

“I'm scared!” I told her. I looked at how thin the blades on my ice skates were. How could anyone balance on them? My sister skated back to the edge of the ice where I was.

“Come on, I thought you really wanted to try ice skating.”

“I've changed my mind.”

“You haven't even tried,” she retorted. Just then, our grandma called out the window.

“I think it's time for a cocoa break.” I got up to head inside, but my sister didn't follow.

“You go ahead, I want to keep practicing,” she told me. Soon, I was inside sitting at the kitchen table drinking hot cocoa with Grandma.

“You' came inside awfully quickly. Ice skating not as much fun as you thought it would be?” Grandma asked.

“I wanted to, I just don't think I can do it,”

Noelle, why don't I tell you a little story, it's about a girl just about your age.”

“How's a story going to help?” I asked.

“Well, listen, and I'll tell you. This little girl loved chasing rainbows. She wanted nothing more than to catch one,”

“You can't catch a rainbow, Grandma,” I interrupted.

“Well, that's what everyone told her, but she didn't listen. She was determined she was going to catch a that rainbow, and you know what?”

“What?” I asked.

“One day, after a really big rainstorm, she finally caught a rainbow in a glass tube, just like this one,” my grandma handed me a prism, and when I held it up to the light, I really could see a rainbow inside. “My point, sweetie, is that you never give up on something you really want, no matter how hard or crazy it seems.”

I let Grandma's story sink in. I really did want to ice skate, just like my sister. I decided to give it another try, and this time, I didn't give up. I didn't stop chasing my rainbow.

“Summer Game”

Annalea Forrest

I can't set aside the jokers--
Jokers are part of the deck, part of the crew
Crew that I needed
Needed-- like you wanted me
Me, the loser
Loser, the dealer
Dealer in coupled laughter
Laughter that discarded sadness
Sadness and summeritme loneliness
Loneliness that I could not afford
Afford A Thousand Dollars in classes to run from you
You create expensive absences
Absences that cost me everything
Everything I ever had,
Had when no breath,
breath, beauty, or hope,
Hope that invaded a fragile mind
Mind that dissipated in fragmented thoughts
Thoughts that sentenced me to be held
held forever by emptier words
Words that led me to collect my bets
Bets against the king of hearts
Hearts that trumped the king of spades
Spades that buried unnecessary parts
Part of the deck, part of the crew
Crew that set me up to lose
Lose with jokers, lose with You.



Melo
Cecilia Carrillo

“Nostalgia” Lafe Richardson

I despise the nostalgia that fills my soul to the brim. It bubbles and stews and reminds so grimly, so enticingly of what once was and never again can be. It wrenches at my soul and tugs at my heart strings. It cries out to me in the dead of night as the thunder crashes and the lightning captures the sky in a violent portrait for a mere moment. It weakens me from deep slumber. It calls to me in seductive tones. “Remember me Recall the past pleasures Ignore the present sorrows Bask in a world of your fading memories Grow apathetic to the chore that is your life now And spend your days chasing me through endless meadows and fields of lavender and crimson You will never catch me For I am nothing And maybe I never was at all But you still lust for me You still cry out To me For me Remember me Remember me” I remember you How could I ever hope to forget The innocence The adventure The wonderlust Of my previous self But the boy I was All those years ago Decades, centuries, millenniums it feels more like He is dead He is gone He himself is a part of A figment of Maybe just an invention of The nostalgia that my mind harbors That pulls me back That holds me back That ultimately drives me forward In search of A life A love A world Be once again feel such nostalgia for When I am older And wiser And stronger And when the person I am Is no longer there Is no longer alive For just as I have died once Not once but over and over again and again I shall die again As I grow As I learn As I live I will die again Soon perhaps And then I’ll die over and over As we all have As we all do As we all will We live not one life But many And that remains As we are reborn Reincarnated Is that nostalgia Of what once was and never again can be I remember you I always have I always will And through life, death, and rebirth I will chase you Through the meadows and fields Of lilac and amber I will never catch you How could I even hope to do so? But I need the chase I need the hold I need the drive And I think So do you I cherish the nostalgia that fills my soul to the edge it boils and simmers and reminds me so kindly and reluctantly of what had been and what may once again be.

I want to...

I want to sleep To slumber through the years Apathetic and ignorant To the world and its woes I want to scream To stretch my vocal cords Traumatized and infuriated By people and their actions I want to smoke To elevate my mind Intoxicated and euphoric From the cannabis and tobacco I want to cry To bleed from the eyes Vulnerable and feeble Because of flaws and failures I want to kill To murder and rape Unrepentant and without remorse For those I’ve projected my pain upon I want to die To drift from sentience Nonexistent and ethereal Fading away from this world I want to live To love and smile Content and appreciated By someone, by anyone I want to sleep To slumber through the ages Apathetic and ignorant As the world so kindly passes me by

“Christmas With You”

Jacqueline Westin

The best light I can see for miles
Is the lit cigarette dangling from your lips
The smoke mixes with the cool air from your warm smile
And rises with the loss of breath as you tighten your grip around my hips.
The snowflakes fall perfectly into your hair
As we share inside jokes through frozen smiles and chattering teeth
Holding hands with a boy like you is usually something I wouldn't dare
But I can't help but move my lips closer to yours as we stumble across the cold concrete.
The Christmas lights shine bright as the moon plays peek-a-boo in the night sky
We dance around snowmen made by children asleep in their bed
I can hear Santa's sleigh jingle as he goes from roof to roof nearby
We can watch the sunrise with hot cocoa and talk about the New Year that lies ahead.
Under our Christmas tree in our small studio apartment
We exchange gifts of love and seal them with a kiss
And I can barely picture the warm may night when this all started
Two years ago, I never thought I'd be able to mark you off my Christmas list.
You have this look on your face only a picture could capture
But I hope when we're old and my hair has turned grey
You remember me with rosy cheeks and this feeling of falling into complete rapture.



Touch
Aubrey Foust

“2 Yesterday”
James Grove

If Alice were alive today,
how would her Wonderland fair

Would it still be a place of
childhood wonder and whimsy-ness
or would it be rampant
with disease and decay

Would the Cheshire Cat still
fancy a grin with no cat
or would disappointment rip it away

What about the Mad Hatter, March Hare,
and the Dormouse Would their tea party
be filled with lies and deceit

The Jabberwock would reign supreme
for he does not fear the snicker-snack
of the vorpal blade

This place of innocence
is not more than a memory
Beaten, battered, and burnt to
resemble harsh reality

How would her Wonderland fair,
if Alice were alive today?



Still Leaf
Jakob Plotts

“Lost.....”

Sheretta Miller

Wondering what happen

Thought this lust was so profound

Thought that maybe this was love, that I found

Got my emotions going up and down

Needing to slow down

But really just needing YOUR help now

You left me without a clue

Wish I knew just what to do

Don't wanna move on

Not yet at least

Hoping that soon you'll find me

So I let what's left of you linger

Found peace with these pieces of you

Left to show me all the lust that has grown

to so much

Not just for me, but we

I see all the love you feel

But too scared to reveal

But baby remember I'm here

This love isn't going any where

But even I feel fear

Anytime you're near

But can't lose you

So lust I endure

Wishing your voice I could hear

At least a whisper

Missing your mean way of being funny

And how you hate when I'm so mushy

How you hate so much that you love me

But admit how I'm so lovely

And express how you're so

lucky

Where did you go?

Why did you leave me all
alone?

With my thoughts, our love,

And even worse this lust

Loving your touch so much

More intense our encounters get

Where is your kiss?

Yes my lips do miss

Where's your hand

My body dying to feel

Where did you go?

Please soon let me know

I'm confused and stuck

Please tell me what I should

do.....



Spherical Complex

Edward Johnson



Clark St. Edward Johnson

“Mitosis”
Annalea Forrest

You are my growth.
Inevitable proliferation.
You are my alien components
That I do not understand,
That I no longer search
Or hunger for in their
absences.

You are my Poison,
Promised Pervasion.
You are an addiction
That almost existed
That I did not agree to
Render me as a helpless apparition.

You are my body
Prospering dissipation
You are my lost observations
That I considered with so much intent
That I lost due to numerous imbalances
Where the End
Begins.

You are my Cancer.
Mitosis.

“Hunt”

Alexa Dailey

It’s funny how you can wait your whole life for something, then, when it finally happens, it doesn’t feel real. That’s how I felt this morning.

“Happy Birthday, Jay!” cried one of my best friends, Analeigh, as she burst into my room. She carried balloons and an oversized birthday card.

“Wow, overboard much?” I asked.

“Hey, it’s not every day you turn sixteen, you know,” Analeigh pointed out, “Are you nervous about what assignment you’ll get?” In truth, it was all I had been thinking about for the past week. Today was the day I would finally get assigned a position in the Resistance against the Royals, the genetically-altered super-powered beings that run our society.

“I really have no reason to be nervous, it’s not like it’ll change what position I get,” I pointed out. Analeigh rolled her eyes at me. She always could see right through me. She glanced down at her watch, like I’ve been doing all morning waiting for noon, when I would get my assignment.

“Well, come on then, we’re going to be late!” I glanced at my watch again. 11:50, it was that late already?

Moments later, we were gathered around the oversized stump in the middle of our compound that served as a sort of stage for special events. Our leader, my mother, stepped onto the makeshift stage. Many of the Resistance members gathered around to hear what she had to say. Mom pushed a button on the small, round device she held in her hand, and a holographic screen popped up with the words “Important Development” rolling across it.

“Attention members of the Resistance, as you know, today is a very special day. Today, we gain another full member for our cause. As is custom when one of our members comes of the age of sixteen, they will be assigned a job amongst our ranks. Today, it is my son Jay’s turn to take his place with us. Jay, please come to receive your assignment.” I took my mother’s spot on the stage as she handed me the holographic screen and stepped to the side. She nodded to me, and I tapped the screen.

“Important development,” a voice said from the screen, “We have confirmed there is one remaining Siem in existence.” A Siem? How is that possible? I had heard of Siems, people born with powers like the Royals, but they were thought to have been wiped out one hundred years ago for being a threat to the Royals’ power.

“As I’m sure you’re all aware,” the voice continued, “this Siem could be the key to our victory against the Royals. She is a fourteen-year-old girl named Teagan McCoy. Jay, your assignment is to protect her and, when the time comes, bring her here.” The screen went blank. Just like that, my life was changed forever.

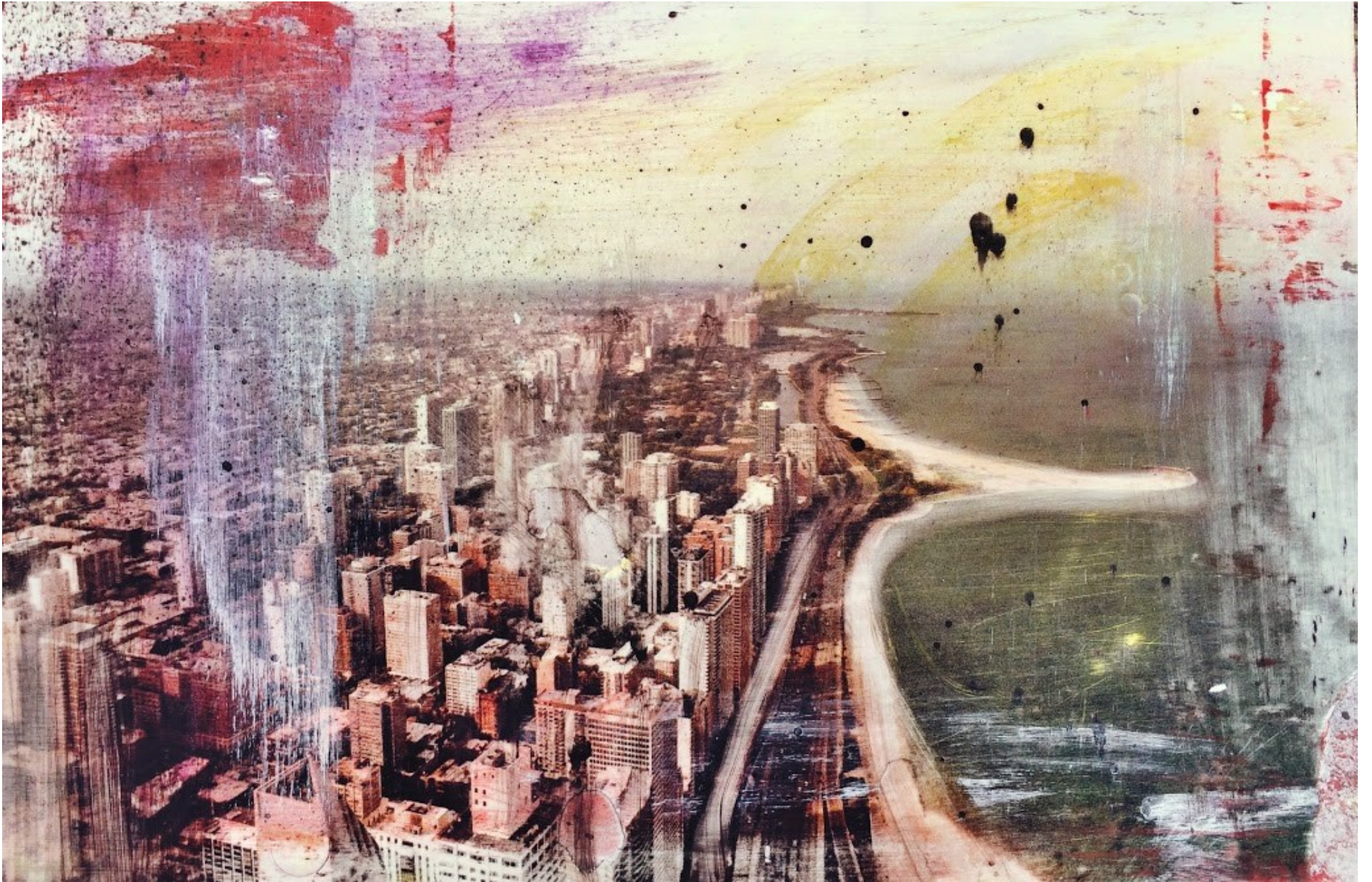
“Days Without You”

Jacqueline Westin

I can still feel you on the right side of the bed
I look over but there's nothing between me and the sheets
Your pillow sits perfectly where you used to lay your head
The moon shines through the curtains, as car lights light up the streets.
I watch the shadows on the walls
Hoping that one will be yours
And I lay awake waiting for your late night calls
The clock ticks by as the monsters claw the floors.
Nothing has been the same since you left
I sit in silence waiting for you to find me
Because I feel as though you have taken my best
And left me alone, a boat lost at sea.
The night turns to day
The sun peeps out through the curtain
I'll get up and act like everything is okay
But I go through the morning feeling uncertain.
As another day goes by, I long for your taste
Having you next to me is something I lust
Without you here life feels like such a waste
And until I have you by my side again, I won't give up on us.



City Above Edward Johnson



Distillation
Edward Johnson

“Twitching Through Leisure”

Alyssa Brown

Conformists have become materialists
Twitching through leisure, manifesting false harmony.
Stuck in an endless moment, responsible to respond in control
Dispose to make the dough.

Consciousness, wide awake.
I'm afraid to realize reality bright eyed.
In a haze do I contradict, running away into selfishness?
By the way you look stunning today, everything will be okay.

Memorabilia is paraphernalia
Allow the archives of your mind's collection paint the future while enshrining the elapsed.
Liberate obscurity, neglect existence.
Transforming hopelessness, spawning good vibes.
You thought yourself right into this mess, you can think yourself back into bliss.

“Inside the Mind of Jesse Pinkman”

Brie Coder

**** This is a story about one of the characters in Breaking Bad named Jesse Pinkman. ****

Albuquerque... This city. Filled with sin and sorrow. Yeah, I grew up here. I never thought this town was for me. I've always wanted to get the hell out, but unfortunately I could never leave. I had dealers to impress and customers to satisfy. No city could ever give me the profit I make in this city.

I was the typical middle class kid. I had a mom and dad. I know they were never proud of me. I mean, would you be proud of a son who makes meth and kills innocent people to just get some type of money in his pockets? Yeah, I wouldn't be proud of me if I were them. My younger brother was the genius, I was the idiot. He was filled with innocence, I was filled with sin. Sometimes I wish I didn't become the monster that I am today.

High school. Determination school. I never had much determination and that's where I screwed myself. I hung out with the hood rats, you know, the typical pot heads with no career goals. Their main goal was to get high and screw chicks. One day I met a kid, let's call him Jack, his family was the most famous meth makers in town. We both did a line and from that day on I fell in love with meth. Jack showed me the ropes of how to cook and distribute it. I thought this was my destiny and look where I am now. I've killed off the closest people I knew, including Mr. White. Mr. White tried to save me in high school and even till now when we were partners. "Apply yourself," he'd say on every test I ever failed, but I couldn't. Meth, chicks, and cars were the only things I applied myself to.

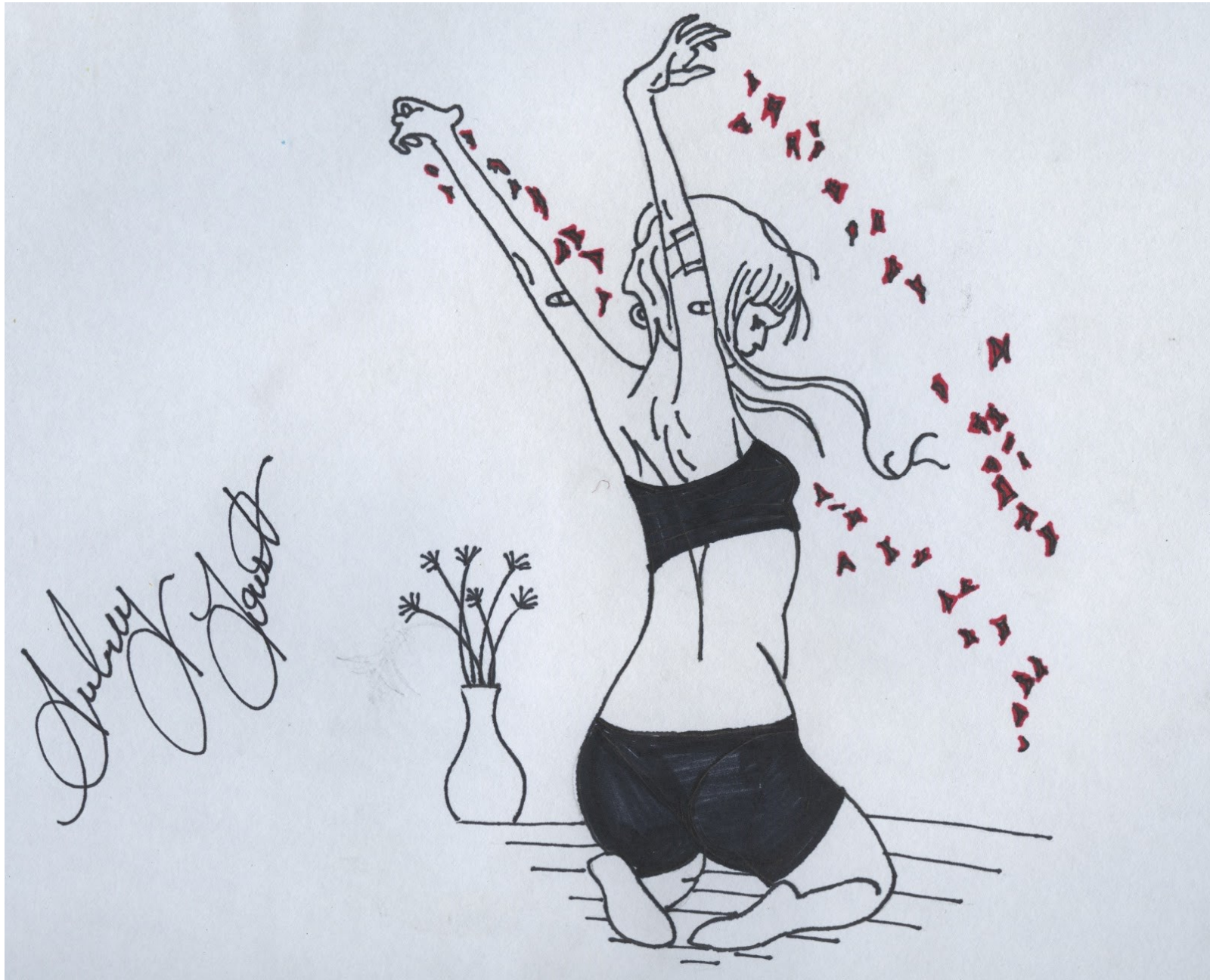
Tonight was the final night I saw Mr. White before he died. If I would have known I would've said so much more. He truly was a life savior. Mr. White was my partner and my only friend. Sure we fell apart due to Mr. White's greed, but I loved the man.

I lay here in my room asking myself, why me? How could I still be alive? Walt had something to live for. He had his family, his teaching career, and his own life. I had nothing to live for, but I'm still alive.

Inner Conscience Edward Johnson



Basquiat Sieban Mah Edward Johnson



Let's Not Talk Aubrey Foust

“Do You Want to Build a Snowman”

James Grove

Alex hugged his heavy coat against his small frame in an attempt to protect himself from the frigid winter winds. His snow boots crunched loudly on the snow, leaving small impressions on the untainted earth. He had simply wanted someone to help him build a snowman; what child wouldn't want to play out in the pristine snow? His older brother Edward, that's who. Edward hadn't wanted to go outside, vouching for a more comfortable spot next to the fire with his iPad in hand. Mom had been the force that pushed Edward out into cold world, *“Play with your brother, Edward. He's only eight once.”* These were the words that rang through Alex's ears as he pushed open the door of his house, taking his boots off and hanging his coat up to dry. “How was the weather, boys?” asked Alex's mother, too busy washing dishes to look at her blood covered son.

“It was fine, mommy. Edward was a meany and knocked the head off my snowman,” said the boy as he dropped the ax. The sound of the ax hitting the floor turned the mother's attention towards the boy, then the ax, then the blood trail, and finally outside to a sight that stole a scream from the mother.



Mother's Day

Frances Tate