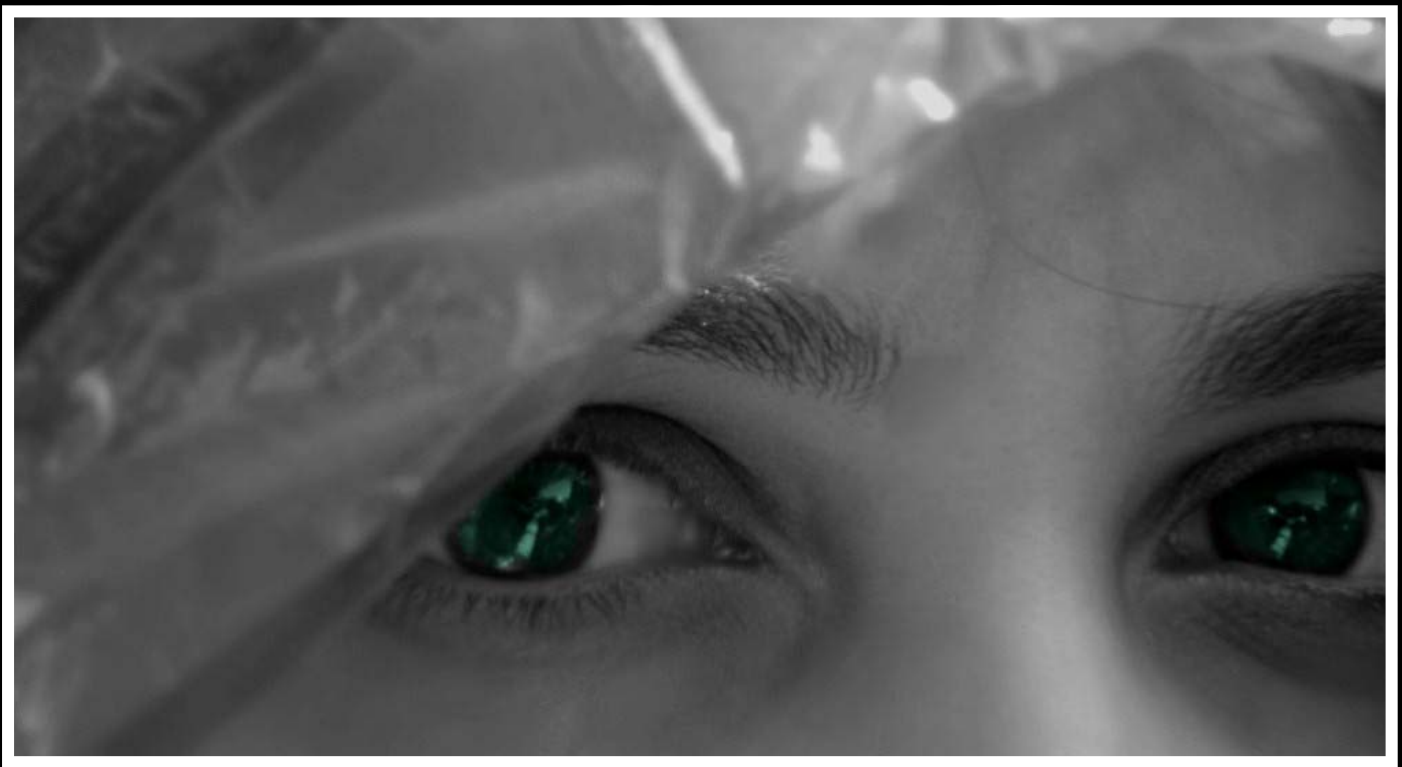


# INTROSPECTION

Schalmont High School's  
Literary Magazine

*"Through Our Eyes"*

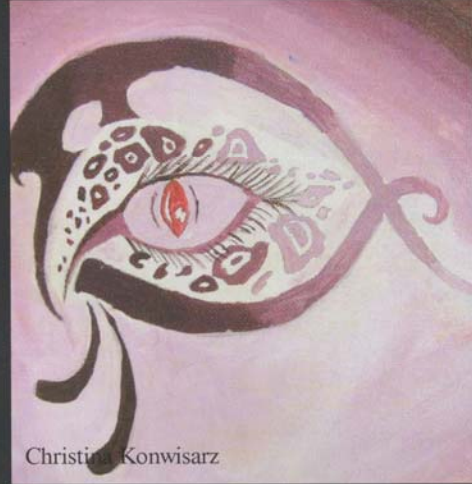


~Photograph by Zoe Kagas-Maldonado

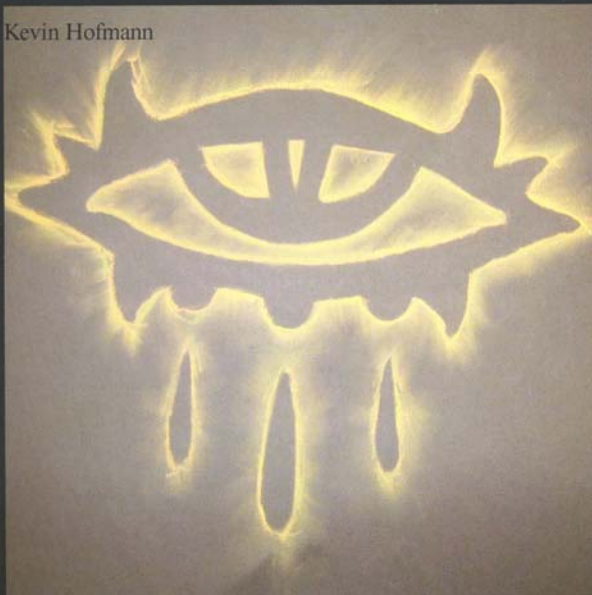
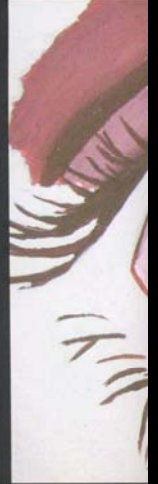
2009



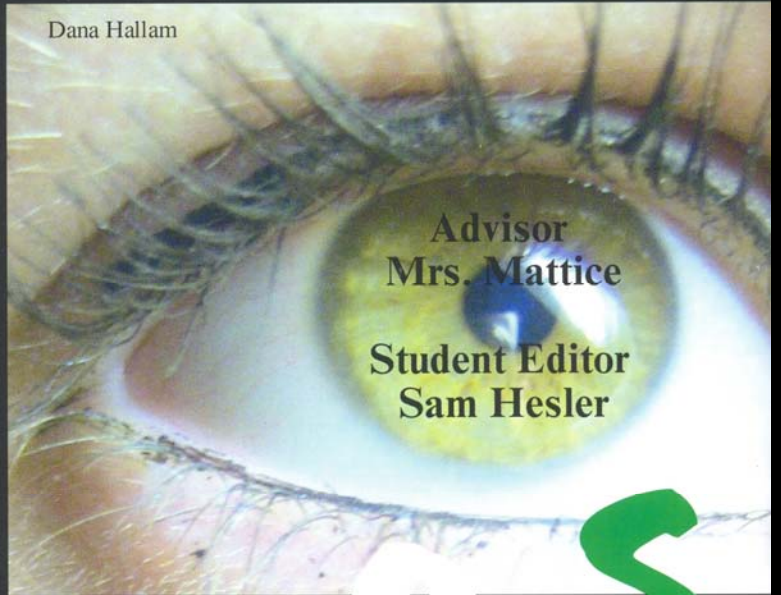
Lisa Meyer



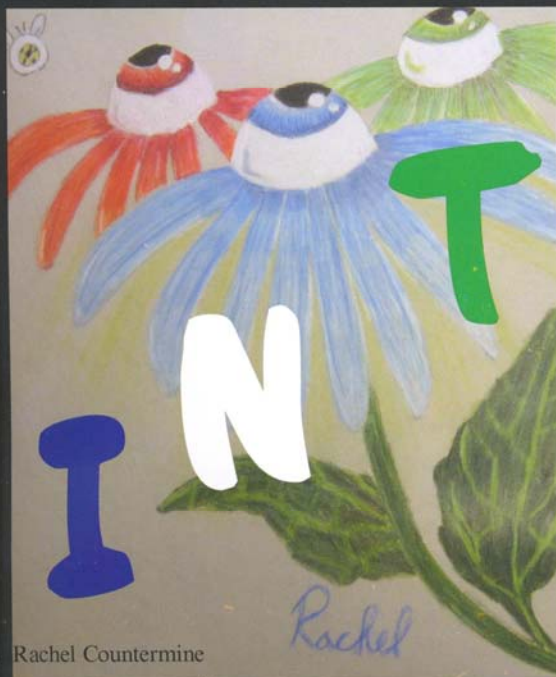
Christina Konwisarz



Kevin Hofmann



Dana Hallam



Rachel Countermine

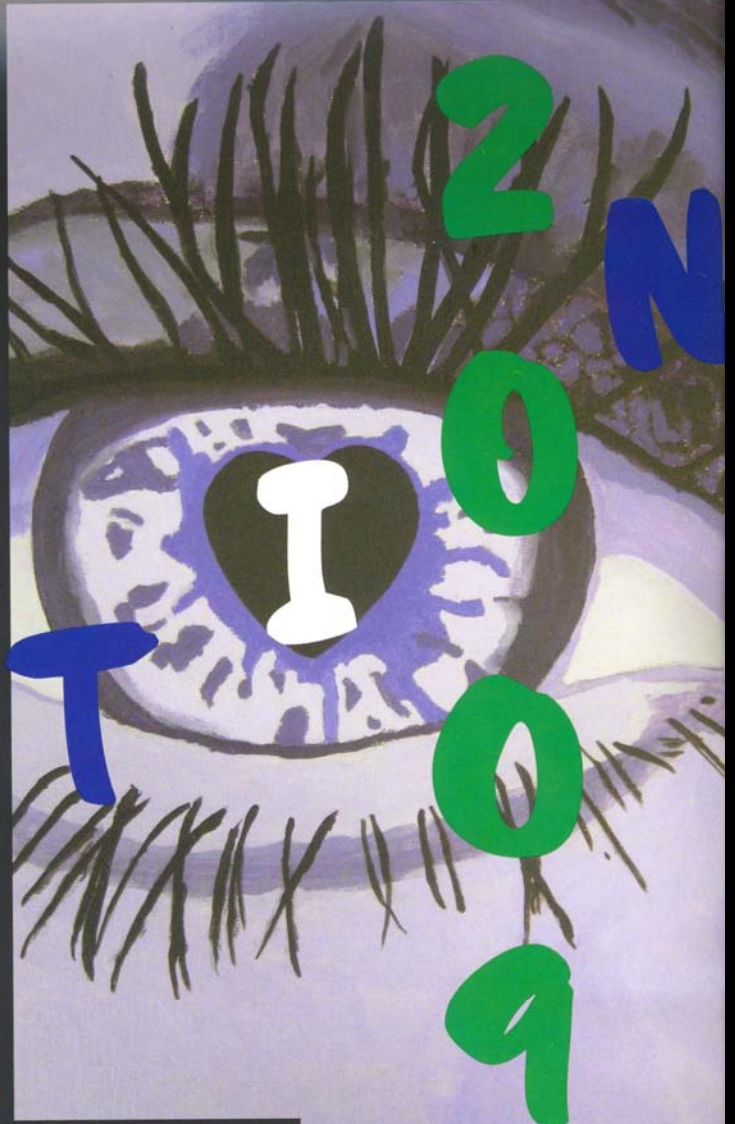


Amanda Bliss

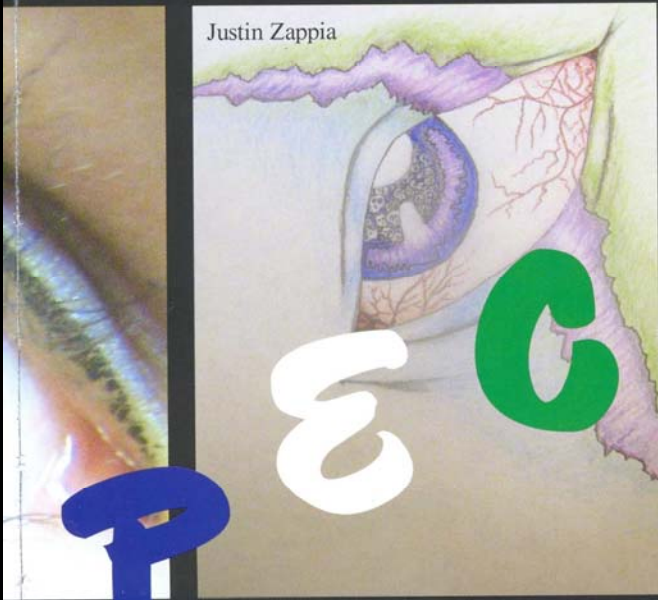




Christina Konwisarz



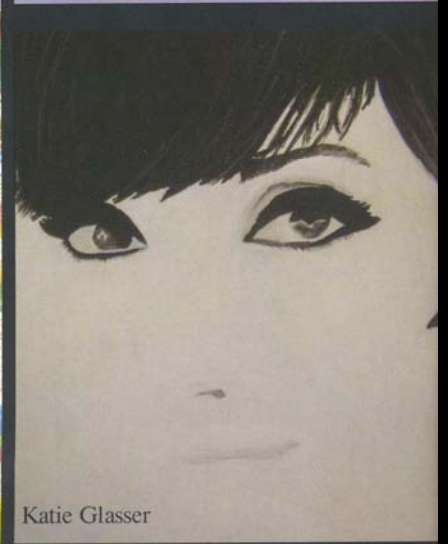
Rebecca Lamphie



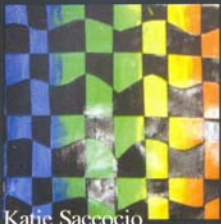
Justin Zappia



Laura Wooster



Katie Glasser



Katie Saccocio



Karin Jacobson



Kevin Hofmann



Jenna Saccocio

### The Best Medicine Claire Fisher

I can sound like tiny  
silver bells-  
Wind chimes.  
I can sound like a  
strange bird.  
I am silent;  
I am explosive-  
Present in times of  
Joy and merriment,  
But can be mocking  
and cruel,  
Taunting or  
rejoicing.  
I am the best  
medicine.  
What am I?



Katie Glasser

### The Picture Kiana Pollacek

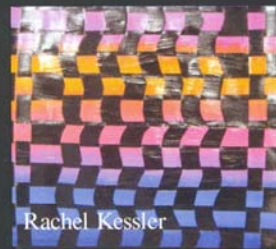
One picture, all to me  
Three smiling faces,  
a happy family.  
A happy vacation on the beach.

One picture, all to me  
No memories of that time  
As I look upon the happy faces.

One picture, all to me  
Were they really what they  
seemed?  
The happy couple?  
No, I don't believe it.  
The happy family was ruined  
beyond repair.

One picture, all to me  
Cold with emotions  
Desire, fear, and despair.

One picture, all to me  
Hidden on a shelf of most  
important things,  
Behind flowers  
that will never die.



Rachel Kessler



Tyler Center



Rachel Kessler



Kevin Hofmann



Jordyn Livingston



Sam Turnbull



Sam Palumbo

### Puppet Boy Angela Vincent

Once upon a time there was a boy  
A boy made of scraps  
The intelligence nobody wanted  
Kindness they tossed away  
Soul nobody knew how to use  
So he picked up their scraps  
And stored them away

But nobody liked him.  
So he asked, "Why?"  
And they said,  
"You're not like us."

So he changed  
Acted like everyone else  
And they liked him after a while  
Nothing new to fear  
Because, just like them  
He had strings

And this boy made of scraps  
He wondered why he couldn't sleep  
Why his laugh sounded hollow  
So he looked up

Somebody who didn't give a damn  
Was moving his strings  
And not in the direction he believed  
he should move  
So he asked, "How?  
How do I stop being their puppet?"

Someone answered.

"Come here, baby, and I'll  
Give you the scissors.  
Cut your strings  
And then they'll have nothing."

He cut them, one by one  
Oh, Gods, it hurt  
He threw away what he didn't want

"Let them be someone else's scraps."

And he pulled out  
Who he really was.

Where's Puppet Boy now?

He's passing along the scissors.

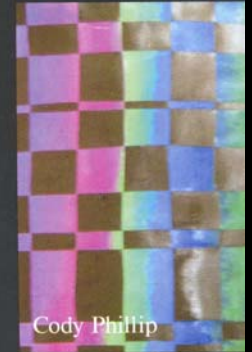
Snip, snip. Cut your strings.



Kirstie Matice



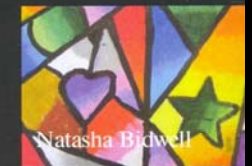
Liza Miller



Cody Phillip



Jenna Saccocio



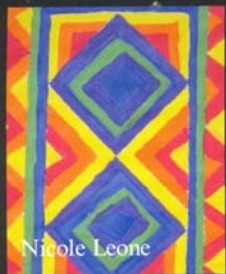
Natasha Bidwell



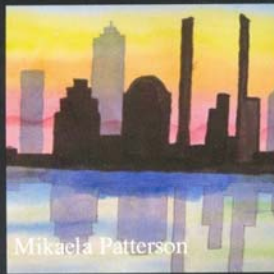
Karin Johnson

**Love**  
Kiana Pollacek

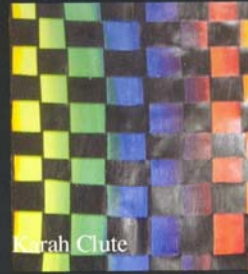
I had a marvelous dream last night  
A one with you and me,  
But what is love to one like you?  
And what is it to me?  
Love to me is like the sun,  
The earth, the moon, the rain.  
Love to me is everything  
Without it, nothing remains.  
And your love? What is this?  
Shall I ever truly know?  
If our loves could really work together,  
And together only grow.  
But if your love is something different,  
What happens then?  
If your love is like a flame...  
Well then, all dreams must end.



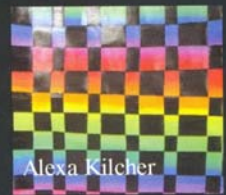
Nicole Leone



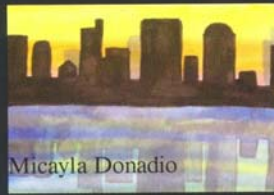
Mikaela Patterson



Karah Clute



Alexa Kilcher



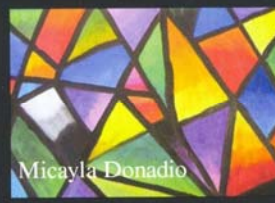
Micayla Donadio



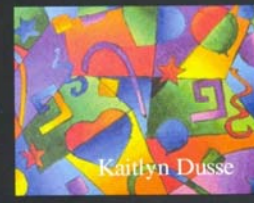
Shannon Curtis



Audrey Hewitt



Micayla Donadio



Kaitlyn Dusse



Lisa Meyer



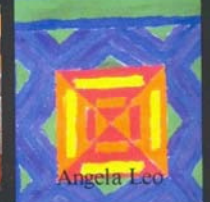
Rachel Kessler



Erika Kosioski



Karah Clute



Angela Leo



ALL I CAN DO IS BE ME,

WHOEVER THAT IS.

Janie Leonardt



Kirstie Mattee



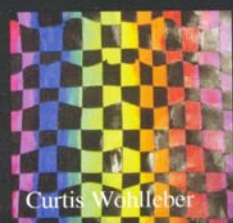
Erika Kosioski



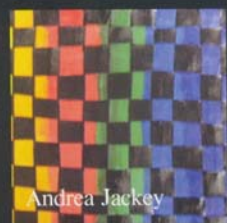
Kirstie Mattee



Katie Glasser



Curtis Wehlheber



Andrea Jackey



Bianca Bojarczuk

**What I Call Home**  
Sarah Banker

The years flew by,  
the days came and went.  
Memories became reruns.  
I loved everything  
about the past.  
Free fallen' adventures,  
love for even what we feared.  
I had imagined the greatest and  
lived every second of it-  
the sun as warm as their hearts  
and the air-  
what we dreamt it to be.  
It was simple and exhilarating;  
it was what I call home.

**Letting Go**  
Sam Hesler

Letting go  
Holding on  
They're both the same  
Both burn like  
a platinum flame;  
they bleed like the deepest cut  
If, when, what...  
Where, why, but...

So I cross some T's  
and dot some I's  
Holding back  
my teary eyes  
Wishing on a starry night  
For me to undo the wrong  
And make right

I let go of you  
And try to move on,  
But for one last time  
I tried holding on.



Untitled  
Angela Vincent

Everything's in negative,  
gotta run to walk, walk to run  
close my eyes to see,  
My hair's white, blood's  
bright green.

I feel outside in.

Standing in my  
own matter universe, I feel that  
god's (maybe) not show a concept,  
reality's an illusion,  
illusion's a reality. And  
it feels right.

Forever's only a matter of  
minutes. And  
every minute with  
you  
is forever.

Andrea Fortman

Andrea Fortman

Underneath It All  
Stephanie Giesselmann

The brightness blinds my eyes,  
Until a cloud moves into its view.  
The water still catches the reflection,  
And casts a sea of bright splotches on my wall.

Seeing through the glass,  
Two waves are floating from time,  
Both on the same,  
Yet one is a replica of the other again, down.

The water dips  
Over last night's drips,  
Making an even larger bulge  
Than there was before.

My fingers slide  
Up and down the curvy branch,  
Cool water slips down my arm  
And into my shirt.

And even though I melt it away  
The water that seeps into me  
Makes sure to remind me  
That beauty is everywhere.



Andrea Fortman



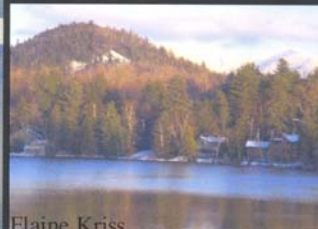
Pat Nolan



Andrea Fortman

Untitled  
Claire Fisher

You hurtle through the sky,  
The wind buffeting you about,  
Pushing you around.  
Spinning out of control, you see  
The hard, punishing, unbreakable earth  
Coming to meet you.  
Impact seems imminent.  
But wait! What's this?  
Your progress is stopped abruptly,  
Mere feet from the ground.  
You really are safe now-  
Safe in my hands.  
There was never any need to worry.  
You should have realized that  
I would always be  
There to  
Break your fall-  
Rescue you from rock bottom-  
To catch you  
Before you ever  
Hit the ground.



Elaine Kriss

Speak  
Andrea Fortman

To speak  
Is to release power,  
Give it up,  
Put yourself out  
In the open  
For the fool or the wise man  
To point and laugh,  
Or nod in agreement.

Holding onto your words  
To build up power  
Is senseless.  
It can end in bitter tears  
Of regret  
More often than triumph  
Of new revelations.

Wait.  
But don't wait too long.  
The world turns from that  
which it cannot understand.  
Think.  
But only for a moment.  
You can always clarify and amend.

And if you cannot speak,  
Write.  
There is power in that too.  
And you can hide it.  
Or share it.  
Keep your power.  
Or surrender it.

There is timelessness  
In written word.  
Vagueness yet preciseness.  
Different lessons for different people.  
And a tendency  
To forget the Author.  
Which, for the time being,  
Is just fine.



Andrea Fortman

This is Just to Say  
Stephanie Giesselmann

This is just to say,  
I spoke too soon and knew too late,  
That not saying together,  
Was going to be my fate.

I should have stopped.  
Believe I started.  
Because before I knew it,  
You and I parted.

Forgive me please,  
I know not what I do,  
But believe me when I say,  
I'm sorry and I'll never stop loving  
you

Andrea Fortman

Setting Sun  
Stephanie Hall

It was one of those lonely nights  
I wanted you close to me  
If only we could go back now  
Back before the setting sun

So long ago  
But I still remember  
You taught me to love  
You taught me to care  
You taught me to live

Oh how I wish you is  
The fire that burns in my heart  
It's been burning bright since I met you  
I never knew a love so strong  
I just wanted to say good bye

So long ago  
But I still remember  
You taught me to love  
You taught me to care  
You taught me to live

I remember the setting sun  
It was burning so bright  
And with you by my side  
As we watched the setting sun  
It was the symbol of our love  
And it was gone like the wind  
As we said goodbye

Sydney Hewitt



Andrea Fortman



Sydney Hewitt



Andrea Fortman

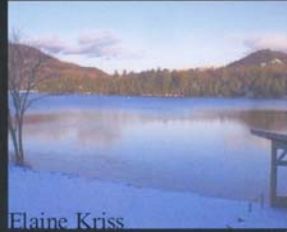
Petter Lundgren



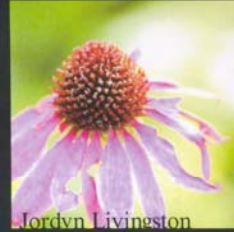
Jordyn Livingston



Andrea Fortman

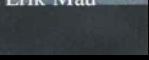
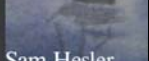
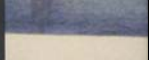
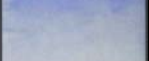


Elaine Kriss



Jordyn Livingston

Amanda Bellinger



**Warming Earth  
Stephanie Hull**

The slower the more hazardous  
The minutes waste away  
The warming of the Earth  
Shouldn't be taken lightly

What will happen when  
The pollutants take over?  
What will happen when  
All we love is destroyed?

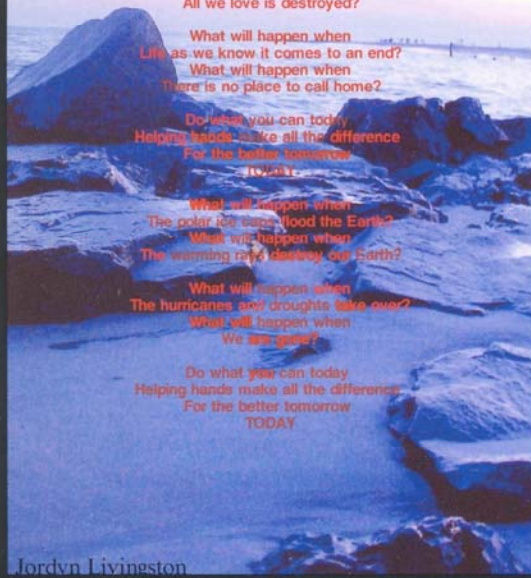
What will happen when  
Life as we know it comes to an end?  
What will happen when  
There is no place to call home?

Do what you can today  
Helping hands make all the difference  
For the better tomorrow  
TODAY

What will happen when  
The polar ice caps flood the Earth?  
What will happen when  
The warming melts destroy our Earth?

What will happen when  
The hurricanes and droughts take over?  
What will happen when  
We are gone?

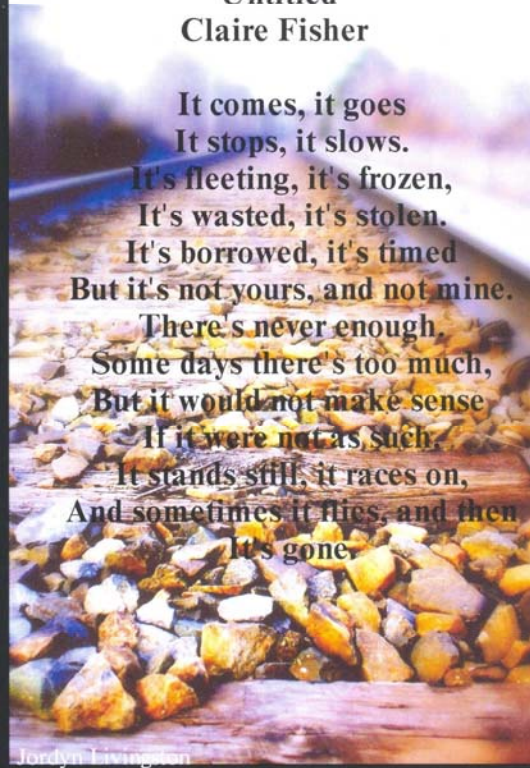
Do what you can today  
Helping hands make all the difference  
For the better tomorrow  
TODAY



Jordyn Livingston

**Untitled  
Claire Fisher**

It comes, it goes  
It stops, it slows.  
It's fleeting, it's frozen,  
It's wasted, it's stolen.  
It's borrowed, it's timed  
But it's not yours, and not mine.  
There's never enough.  
Some days there's too much,  
But it would not make sense  
If it were not as such.  
It stands still, it races on,  
And sometimes it flies, and then  
It's gone.



Jordyn Livingston

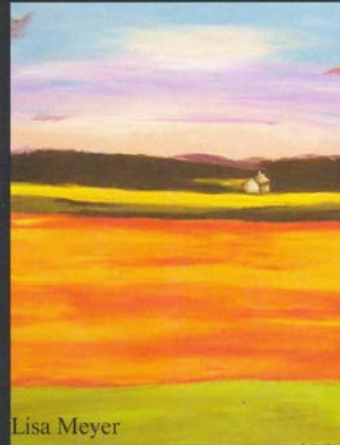
Casey Wade

Sam Hesler

Lisa Meyer



Lisa Meyer



Erik Mau



Laura Wooster



Marisa Leone



Amanda Bliss



Amanda Bliss



Allison Christman



Rachel Countermine

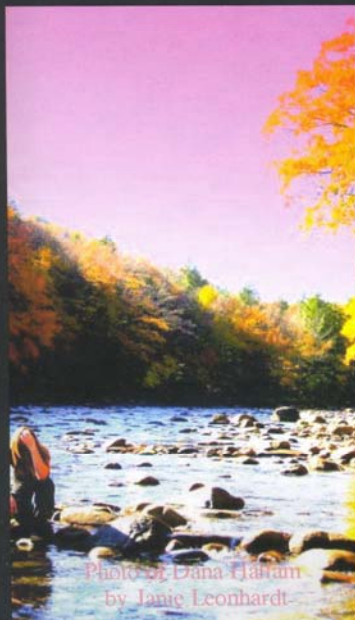


Photo by Dana Hallam  
by Janie Leonhardt



Amanda Bliss



Laura Wooster

**Drummer  
Claire Fisher**

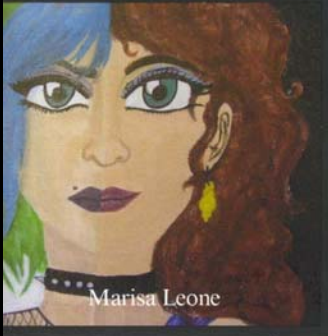
In the dark, crowded,  
Whispering concert hall,  
The audience anticipates,  
The orchestra sits on stage,  
Waiting for their cue,  
The cue is given,  
The lights come up,  
The music swells  
And soars,  
Intricate and bold,  
Subtle melodies mix to  
Create a work of art,  
A lone kettle drummer  
Begins his solo  
As the audience watches,  
Intently,  
Listening,  
Mesmerized by the flawless  
Rhythm and precision,  
The solo ends, and  
The audience sits back,  
Hoping  
To hear more,  
More of the kettle drummer,  
They are not disappointed,  
Each time the drummer drums,  
The crisp beats add  
New dimensions to the  
Wonderful melody,  
The kettle drummer  
Is the piece  
That brings the puzzle together,  
And at the conclusion of  
The song, the audience  
Applauds approvingly,  
Thinking of the drummer boy.



Janie Leonhardt and Dana Hallam



Laura Wooster



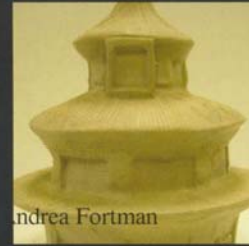
Marisa Leone



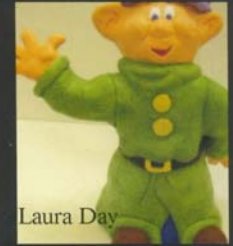
Kelsey Russell



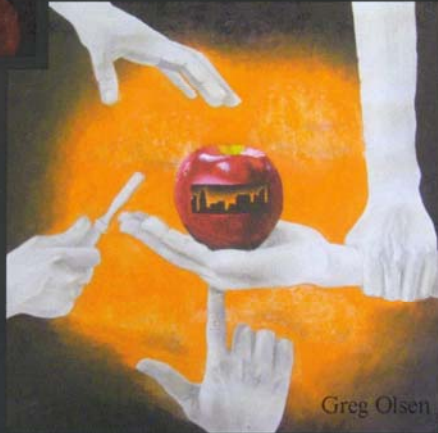
Stephanie Giesselman



Andrea Fortman



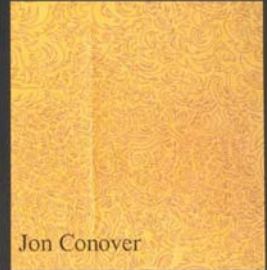
Laura Day



Greg Olsen



Lisa Meyer



Jon Conover

**To Waver is to Die  
Jenna VanWormer**

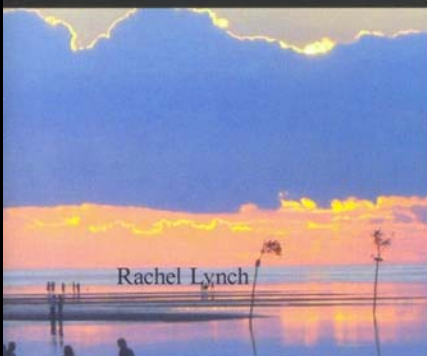
Guide me through this endless dark  
As I attempt to rid this plague  
Death over life  
I chose light over darkness  
But got my head swallowed up in its game  
My heart aches for eternal slumber,  
Too much pain, too much sorrow that I have  
seen  
Maybe I'll sleep for a little while  
Wake me up when it's all over  
I'll dream this cancer away,  
Bottomless sickness  
Infected with its virus  
Indestructible  
Inevitable  
Death be thy hollow grave  
I am the plague that I was seeking to destroy  
I possess this double-edged sword  
I'll take your life if you do me wrong  
And love you painfully if it's you I adore,  
Suffer well, little girl  
Vengeance is my name.



Sam Hesler



Danielle Bookhout



Rachel Lynch



Lisa Meyer