







Jesuit High School
2008 2009

9000 Beaverton Hillsdale Highway
Portland, OR 97225-2491

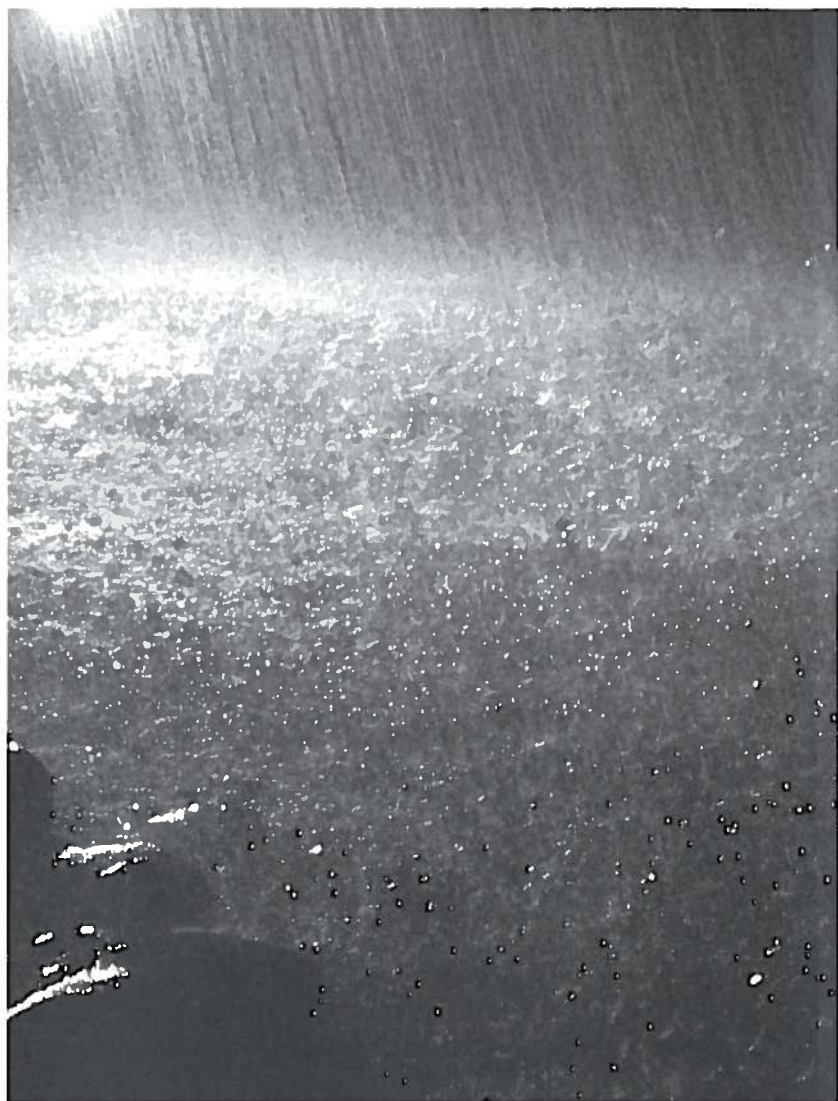
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Katrina Katighak, class of '09



Sophia June, class of '11

Untitled

Geoff Vincent, class of '09

The lightning shows a face in the clouds
Your features soft, a feathered grey and an aging white
Show to me a face coming together in the morning half-light
Carving deep, a sculptor's deft hand making you seem round and real breathing
through
For a second
Flash again before I forget where the clouds were
The sky a canvas taking on the dark and poisoned memory
Only healed with the sudden light

The Music Never Dies

Jacquelyn South, class of '10

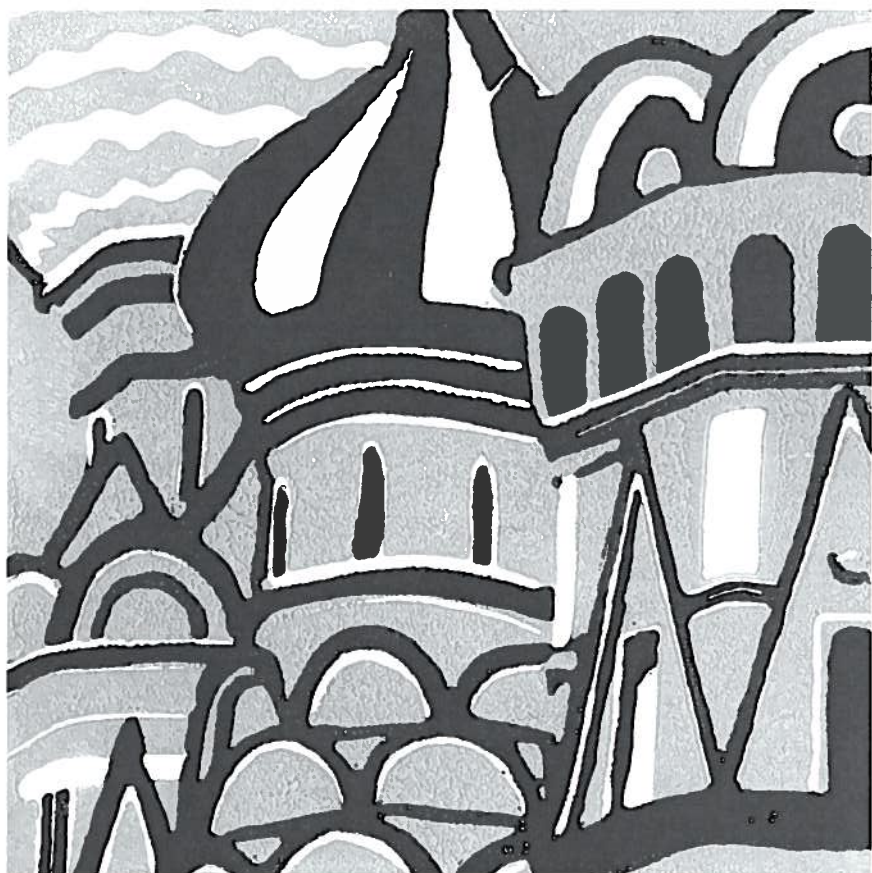
The music flows through my mind
And out my hands it flies
A whole world at my finger tips
The music never dies
The music never dies

There is so much that can be told
When you let go of space and time
A song can be a wordless story
Or simply an unspoken rhyme

A mirror that doesn't show my face
But reflect what I am feeling
For when I play my music
There is no need for concealing

My soul is in my music
My life, my strength, my voice
Everything that makes me me
In music I rejoice

When fish no longer swim the seas
And birds cease to roam the skies
Everything will be all right
Because the music never dies
The music never dies



Nicole Huynh, class of '09



Nick Schmitt, class of '10

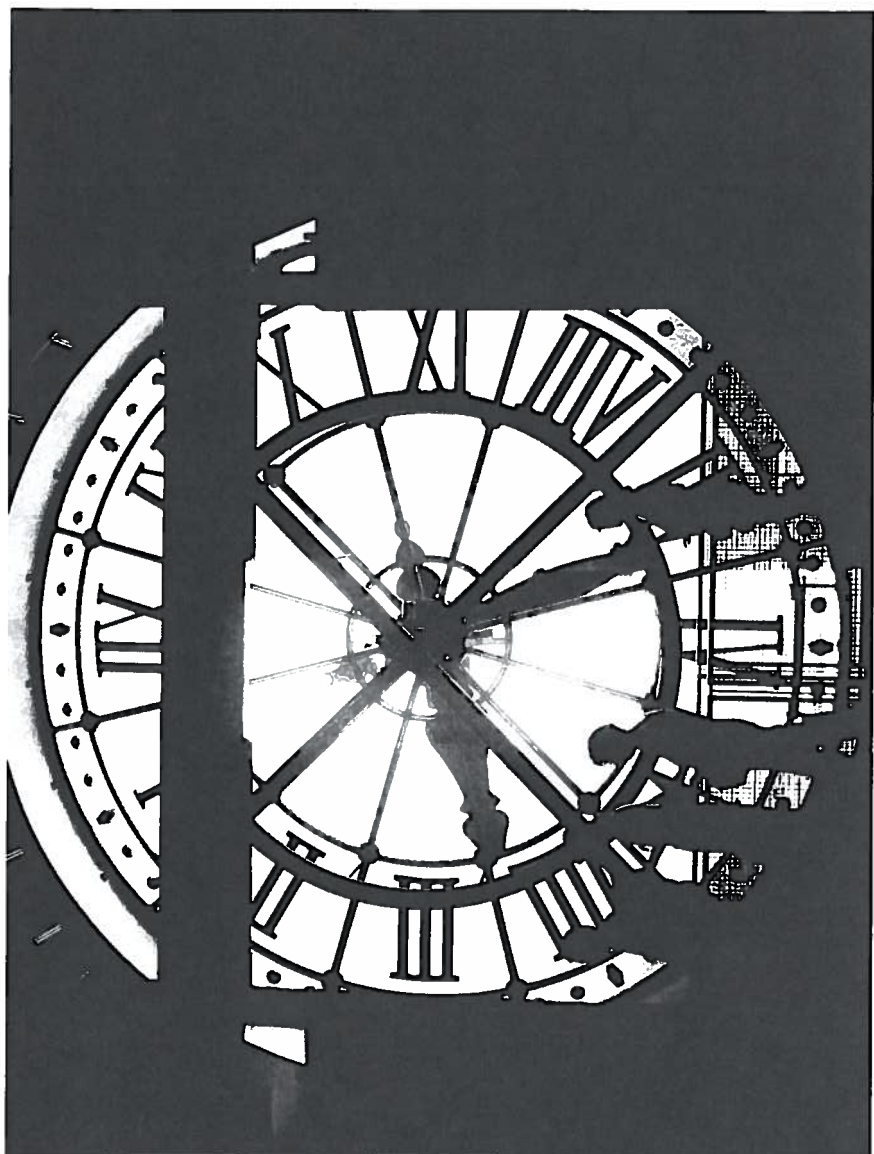


Nick Schmitt, class of '10

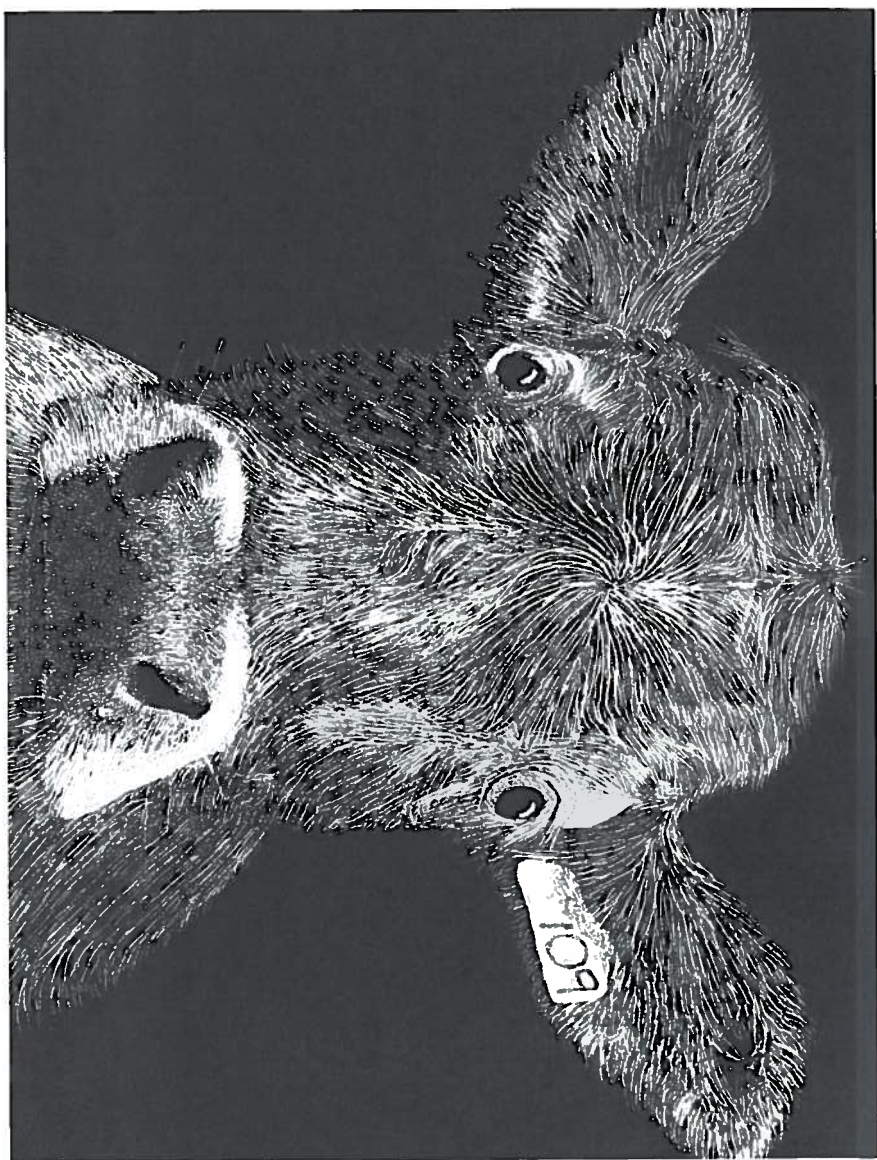
Ticking Away

Maha Pasha, class of '10

Sometimes they hate us.
Sometimes they insult us.
As if who we are was a crime.
Are we at fault?
Are we unworthy?
Scratch the surface,
only a little.
Beneath the black,
the yellow,
the white,
RED.
We're all the same,
but...perceived as different.
Our world is an abyss of hate.
Try to climb out,
you'll be pushed back,
down and down
until it's too late.



Lizzie Graham, class of '09



Katie Zweher, class of '10

Allegory for the Marginalized

Anonymous

Here I sit in this library. I'm surrounded by thousands of other books that, just like me, want to be removed from these wooden shelves which we lie on. The deathbeds for some of us. Each and every day, my pages grow old and flimsier. My words go unread and, eventually, I will be gone. Either to be recycled or purchased, only to sit on some other shelf at some other place until I'm too weak to stand, and I'm tossed out to disintegrate and fall apart. I've become so isolated and secluded. It's getting to the point where I don't even remember who I am. I don't know where my pages came from. I have no ties with that tree. I just sit here, feeling unwanted. And jealous. Boy, do I get jealous. Especially when that damn Harry Potter is constantly being checked out. They have him out on display 24/7. What does he have that I don't? Magic? Drama? I've got drama. I've got plot twists. The only reason I don't get checked out more often is because I'm way in the back on the bottom shelf. Unseen. Voiceless. It's frustrating. I feel alone. I just... I just want to be read. Someone read me.



Christine Ngan, class of '11



Sophia June, class of '11

Untitled

Geoff Vincent, class of '09

The mornings without clouds in the sky are not as beautiful, I thought.
Then I saw the fog like molasses rolling up the river valley
I struggled to see it through the trees along the parkway
Flowing on either side of the base of the mountain
Engulfed sunrise slowly rising to the surface in paling intervals
The mornings without clouds are not as beautiful, I think.

Love Is a Monster Chocolate Bar

Taylor Hansen, class of '09

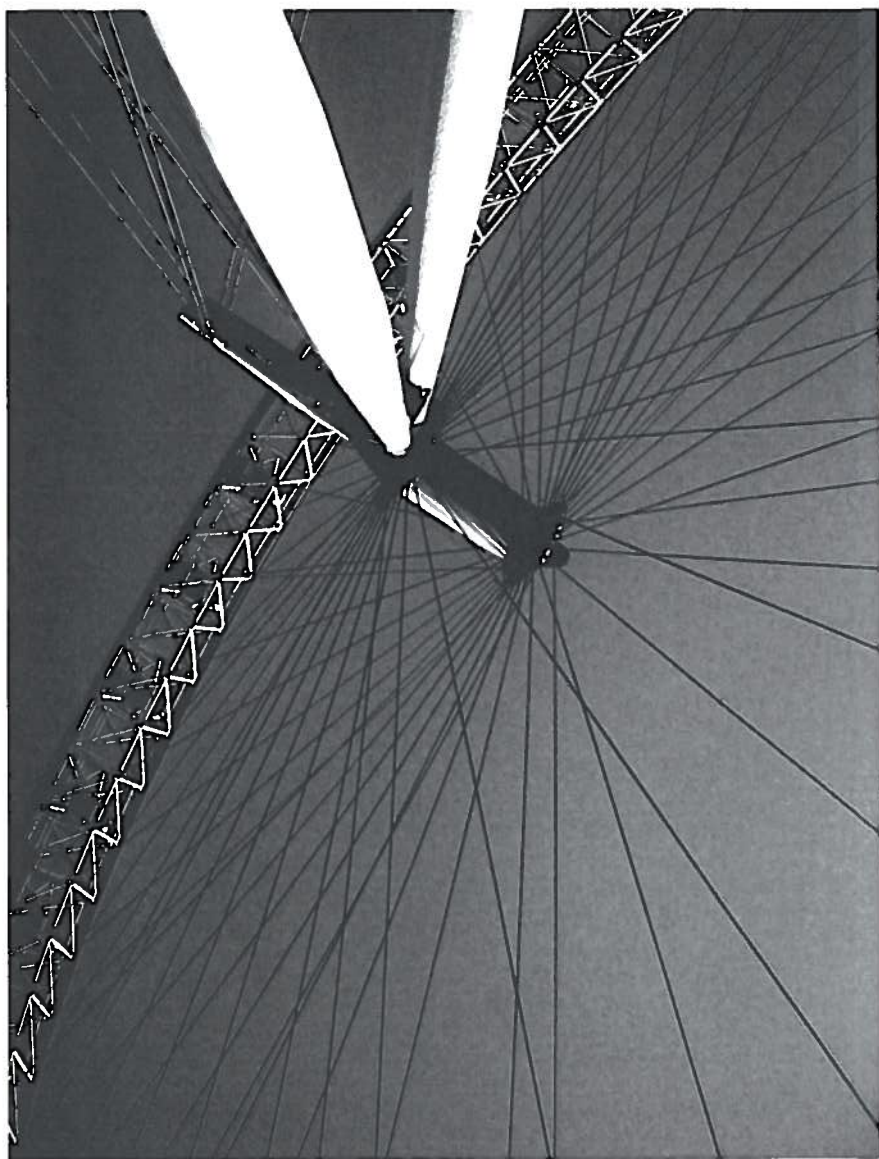
You are at the candy shop
There are so many choices
But you decide to go simple:
You pick a chocolate bar
The first bite is relaxing
Makes you want to sit back
In your comfiest chair
And enjoy
So you do
It melts in your mouth
Just let your tongue taste the sweet flavor
The second bite is more of the same
The sensual sweetness is tantalizing
Eventually the sugar takes over
It makes you do crazy things
You think it might be addicting
You were wrong
Half way through you're bored
You need a new flavor
But you just take a big gulp of milk
And trudge on
Again you think you may need a lemon
Or just something sour
But then you devour
You fall back into the control of sugar
But as soon as you do, it's gone



Kelly Mehigan, class of '09



Grace Guzman, class of '09



Lizzie Graham, class of '09

Untitled

Geoff Vincent, class of '09

Maybe you remember when they wrote across the sky; it was the same blue you painted
my bedroom walls

But only when seen with the light of the desk lamp, reading by it reading by the
Dying light

My eyes on the lines written against that sky hazing darker
You laugh and say you're getting mascara on my handkerchief

The sky shrinks into its own shadow, coming to a sheer opacity in the east where I sleep
But somehow holds its glow over the frozen motion of color

Blue, not one of infinite shades, moving into, becoming the next
Though they haze, light to dark and darker, that's not what I see and I smile
That moment when the moon is no longer a flat disk indistinguishable from the clouds,
Pale and restrained;

Above the sweat-stained mattress pad layer of vapor so low and close that I lay
on
Every night;

Higher than the eagle whose misty frost-feathered wings stretch from the
western
Horizon, soaring south, beak turned to the drying sun well;

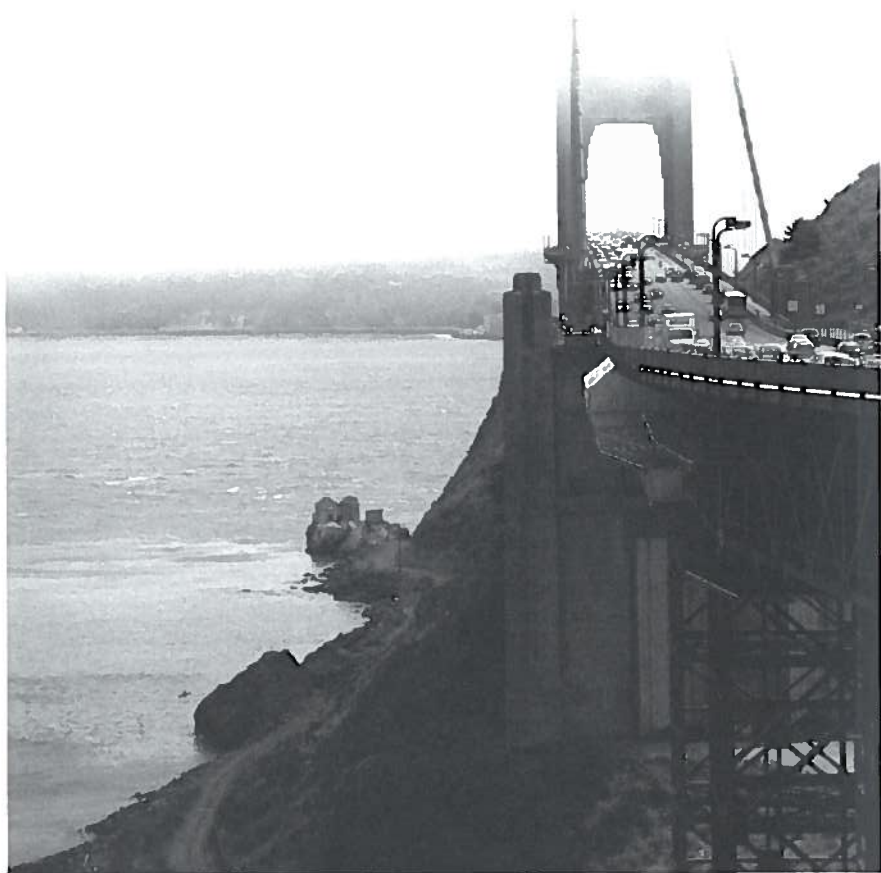
Even unreachable by the inky white palm-print of the blue's farthest grasp;
When the moon is set alight and craters deep begin to show

The lines they wrote were once ripe and round for the eyes; the wall absorbs them like
Your inky tears and they haze, but as the hazing goes I read only one instant of what
they
Are writing

The planes, they're the ones that were writing across the sky, the same blue you painted
My bedroom walls

But only when seen with the light of the desk lamp, their trails of exhaust as ephemeral
as the light

They travel hundreds of feet in a single second but from here they hardly seem to move
We have it caught in the becoming, sitting here with your head on my shoulder



Kim Klein, class of '10

Crew

Betsy Katz, class of '10

Coming out of the tunnel the skyline of brick buildings is illuminated by yellows, greens, and blues. The smell of car exhaust and the ever changing lights fill the city. Arriving at the boathouse, I am greeted with friendly faces and a long evening to come. As the crew and I carry the weight of the boat to the dock we are welcomed by the glistening water. We take our seats and row under Portland. Looking up I am overwhelmed by skyscrapers and bridges yet feel the utmost calm and peace.

Talent Show

Rebecca Lawler, class of '09

Next to the trombone player
On cool linoleum floors
Despite the June morning
Watching preteens
Sing love songs
To no one in particular

We sit, wait, wait some more,
My heart in my throat,
My stomach missing in action
Replaced by a strong sense of doubt
It sits, nestled beneath my lungs and liver
Brooding, digging in
Little hand, little eyes, little razor teeth
Gnashing on innards with self glee
My mind pays no mind to
the somersaults below
"It must be young love"

Meanwhile, the trombone player
Immediately to my left,
not even an inch away
Filled with another spirit
Stomach, mind, and heart aligned

Sitting together in the dark
Thought I could do no wrong
I hate it, the fearsome talent
I hate to take such a beautiful trombone player

On a roller coaster
with no breaks
Heading silently
toward the end
of the track



Daniel Griffith, class of '09



Cole Goodwin, class of '09

Young and Restless

Anthony Blake, class of '09

I'm so young and restless
You can hear my stomach cry out for breakfast
And I'm a nice dude, I don't need protection
The power of the brain is my only weapon
Girls can play around like a game of checkers
And I notice 'em like metal detectors
But I'm the same dude no matter the weather
And as these days go by I can only get better
I look at myself and I see my dad
Same facial features wit a different swag
I like being in first, no time for last
Only time I'm in the back is when I'm sittin in class
And My goal is to shine like the glare on ya glass
I'm so young and restless
Some people stack money like blocks on Tetris
But once they stack it up they get wild and wröckless
See I'm a young man wit skin the color of Nesquik
And this head on ya boy might be bigger than Texas
Man, I'm so young and restless

The Watch

Carl Cota Robles, class of '10

Everything began at lunchtime one day. I walked into a little sandwich store that I went to everyday for lunch, and as I did I dug into my coat pocket to try to find my wallet and get some money. Something else was in that same pocket. Making sure that nobody else was looking, I pulled it up to my face. It was a standard analog watch, but the strange thing was that it had three clocks on it. One of them started at 0, and went all the way 4507, which seemed random. It was made even stranger by the fact that it only had one hand. The second clock was slightly smaller, and to the lower-left of the first clock. It went from 1 to 366, the number of days in a leap year. Like the first clock, it also only had one hand. Next, I looked at the third clock. It was a normal clock, slightly smaller than the second and directly to the right of the second clock. I looked at the time on the clock on the wall. It was 12:48, which matched perfectly with the time on the watch. The second clock read 230. I did a quick calculation in my head, and came up with the conclusion that 230 was equal to August 18 if, in fact, the numbers that went up to 366 were actually the days of the year. I checked my palm pilot's calendar, and saw that it was indeed August 18. That only left one clock to figure out the meaning of. I had the time, I had the day, all I needed was the year. The biggest clock was a little past 2000, around what looked like 2008. August 18, 2008, 12:48 pm. I turned the watch over to examine it, wondering how it'd gotten in my pocket. Nobody had gotten close enough to put something in my pocket except an old man I'd accidentally walked into at the Empire State Building that morning.

So how had the old man gotten it into my pocket? Suddenly, a thought struck me. He'd been coughing a lot and making a lot of wheezing, hard-breathing sounds. Maybe those coughs weren't actually real. Maybe he'd used them as a ploy to distract me and keep me from noticing him slipping something into my pocket. He'd stuck it right into the pocket with my wallet. What if he'd taken something from my wallet? I quickly took that out and checked it. Credit Card, Visa, a couple of gift cards, a twenty, a couple of ones, everything was there. Why had he secretly tried to get a watch into my pocket? Was he afraid I wouldn't accept it if he'd given it to me directly?

My thoughts were interrupted by my discovery of a trio of dials on the back of the watch. It seemed that they were used to adjust the time, day, and year. Carelessly, I twisted one around a couple notches. Little did I know, deciding to twist that knob was the biggest decision I'd made in my entire life.

The room almost seemed to speed up as I spun the dial. Men and women rushed in and out at speeds faster than I thought were humanly possible; lights flickered on and off so quickly that it gave me a headache. All around me, tables were filled with people who ate their food in a matter of seconds and left. I even saw people sit where I sat a couple of times, which confirmed something I'd already been pretty sure of: nobody could see me, and for those brief two seconds in which I had spun the dial, I didn't exist either.

But in those two seconds it seemed as if I had traveled a lifetime. Or at least a couple of lunch-times. I'd seen some of my co workers enter and exit the restaurant five times or more during those two seconds. It all seemed to point in the same direction: the watch, the speeding room, it almost seemed as if I was time traveling into the future. As the room began to slow down, I noticed several people looking my way. I think they were a little afraid of me, but at first I didn't realize why. From what I had understood at the time, the room had simply stopped moving at an incredibly fast paced speed. In truth, I had finally arrived at my destination.

The man sitting in front of me was carrying a newspaper and I took the momentary opportunity to borrow it in an attempt to find out what had happened and if I had really time traveled. I searched for the date and found it within a couple seconds. September 20, 2008, one month and two days after the day I'd gotten the watch from the old man. I was still holding it in my left hand, my index finger on the day dial. I quickly handed the newspaper back to the man, and ran out of the restaurant in an attempt to avoid any questions from the people who had just seen me appear out of nowhere.

As soon as I left the restaurant I checked the watch. The date was the same as the newspaper had said, and the time was the same as it'd been when I'd spun the dial 33 days ago. I flipped the watch over again, and dove into a bush so I'd remain unseen. I figured it was probably best not to be seen appearing from thin air again. Then I spun the dial again.

This time the same speediness wasn't apparent because all I could see was the inside of the bush. In fact, I couldn't even see the sky as it flickered between day and night. All around me were leaves and branches and thorns, flowing in spirals to form a web which blocked out all sunlight. It was the perfect place to remain unseen.

I had decided not to return to my current time. I'd always imagined the future to be a place of flying cars and large public TV screens on the sides of buildings. I wanted to see that; I was determined to see that. Now that I could travel anywhere in time, it seemed that traveling into the future ought to be the coolest thing to do. Question was, when should I travel to? Without any knowledge of the future, I figured I might as well just pick a random date. I chose the year 2100, day 300, 7 am. I thought it'd be best to arrive bright and early: the stores would be open and people would be about, but not too many people, so I'd probably go unnoticed as I walked out of the bush. Walking out of a bush didn't attract nearly as much attention as appearing out of nowhere, but it was still a move that was likely to turn heads.

As I walked out of the bush I realized that my fantasies about flying and cars and large plasma screen TVs broadcasting all over the city weren't real. The year 2100 was a lot different than 2008, but it didn't look any better. The city looked to be mostly in ruins. The restaurant where I'd had lunch only a couple minutes ago was closed; the building's roof had fallen into the ground. I caught sight of a couple of large spiders crawling out from under the fallen roof, and took care to avoid them. Spiders scared me.

The road that led to the restaurant was still intact, but I didn't see a single car pass by. That was unusual, especially in New York. In 2008, it was common to see cars backed up, even on a road this small. It seemed as if New York, or at least this part of New York, had been abandoned. Not a single person was in sight. It seemed as if, in the future, either human beings were extinct, or New York had been abandoned.

A Late Night / Early Morning Breakfast

Ben Katz, class of '09

Outside the window stands
A goddess with caramel skin
And legs that can cause eyes
To wander far for ages.

She stands there protected
By the lamplight provided
Seemingly, by angels up high
As she delivers
Pleading words of
Love

The words reach the end of his
Glowing cigarette.
He steps into the angels'
Chorus of raining light

A rude boy, from head to toe
He shows no affection
As she falls silent and waits
For an acknowledgement,
A peace of a caring
Word to shatter the silence.

I see she does not wait for movement
From his lips but to his hidden eyes.
Slowly he raises his head to the light,
Alas!

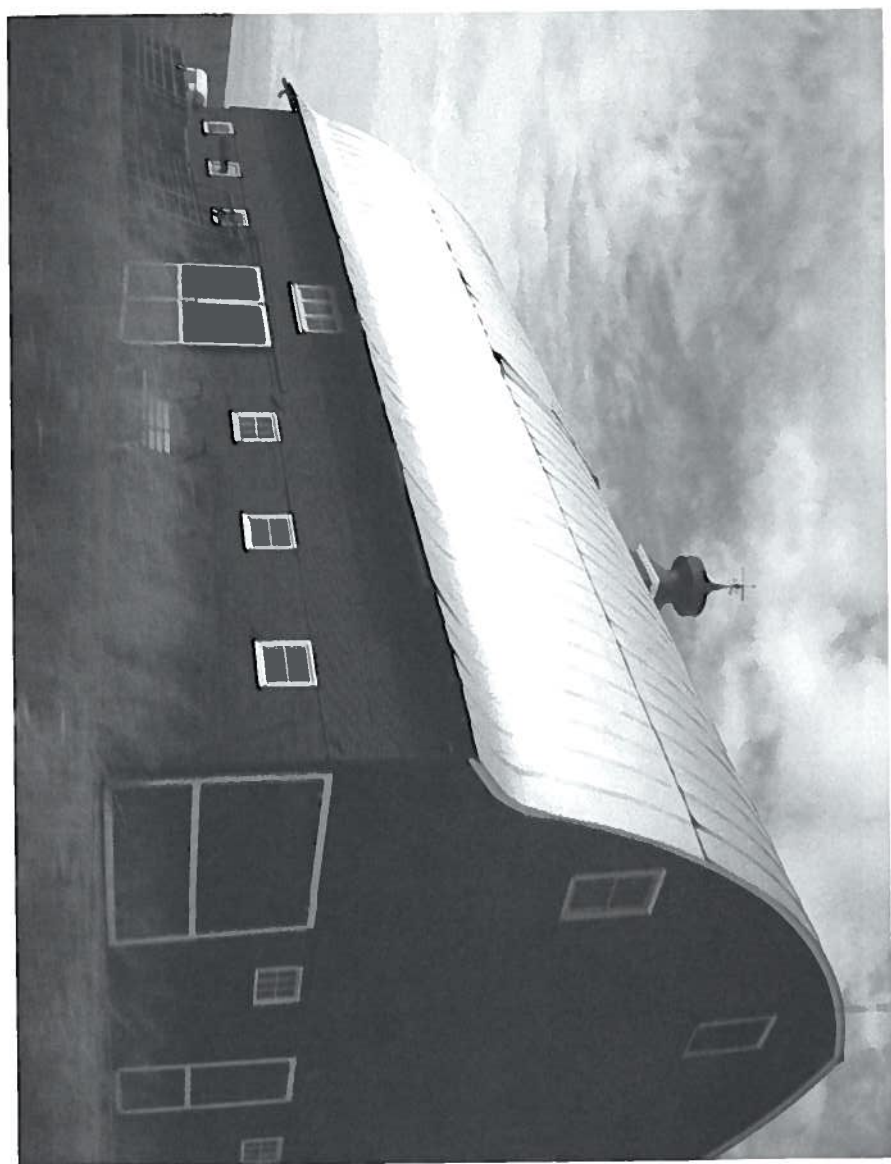
I see it now, a silent guiltiness,
He loves her without speaking,

Hand and hand they leave
Angels left behind.

Gone from my vision
Turn back to my midnight
Breakfast and the chatter of friends.



Ally Ford, class of '09



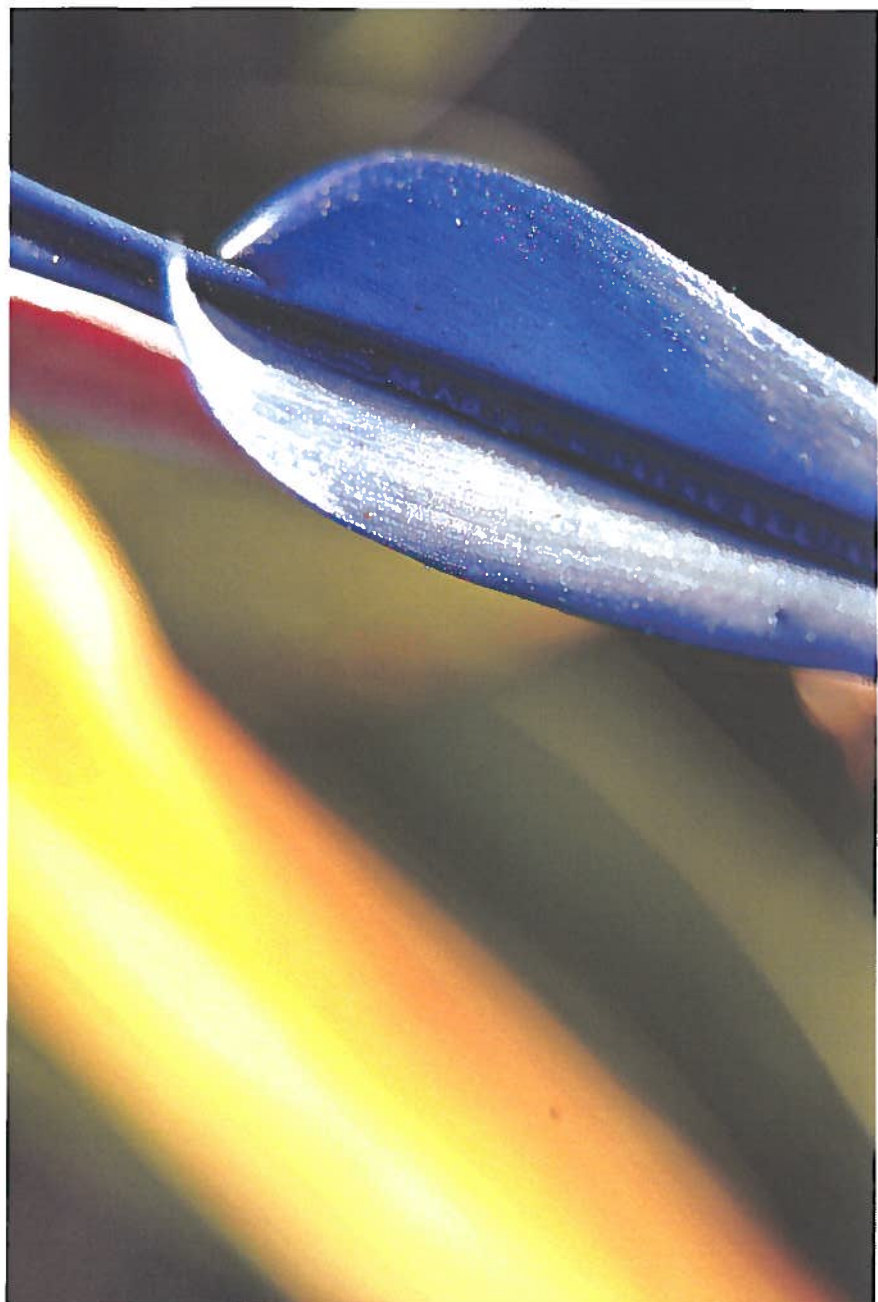
Christine Ngan, class of '10



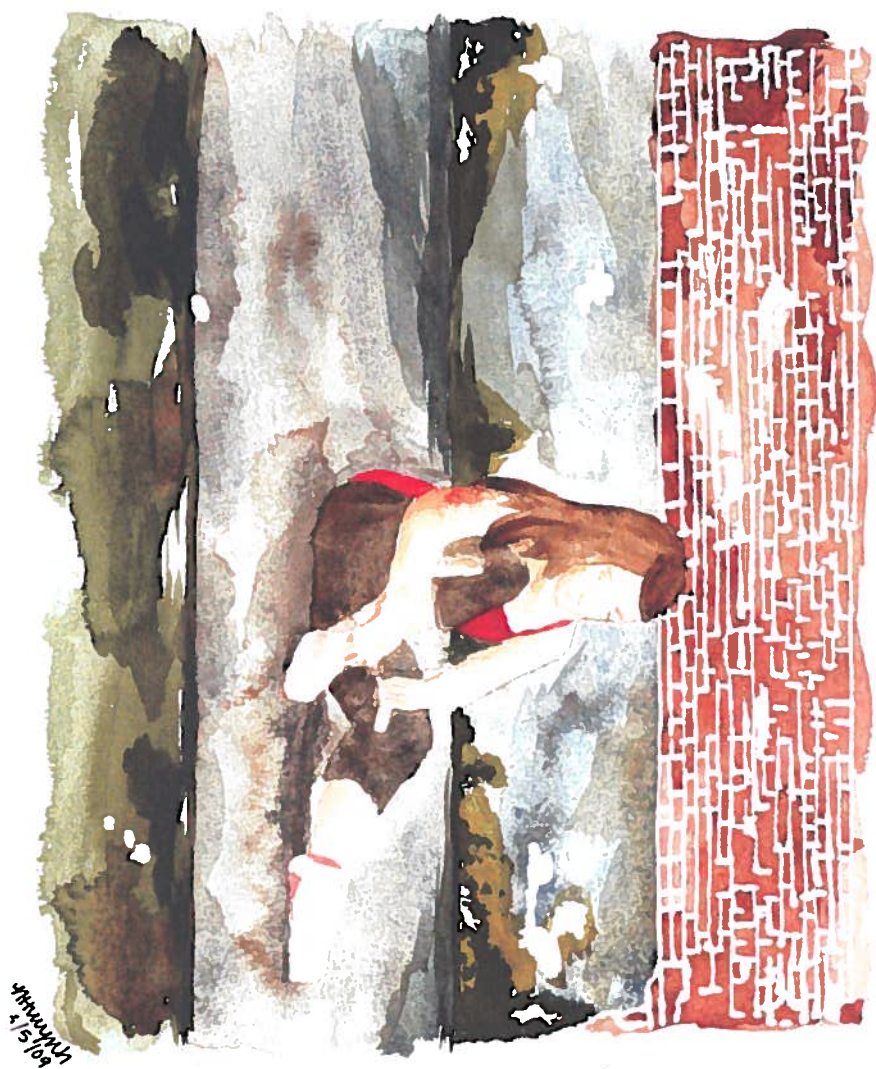
Chelsea Garza, class of '10



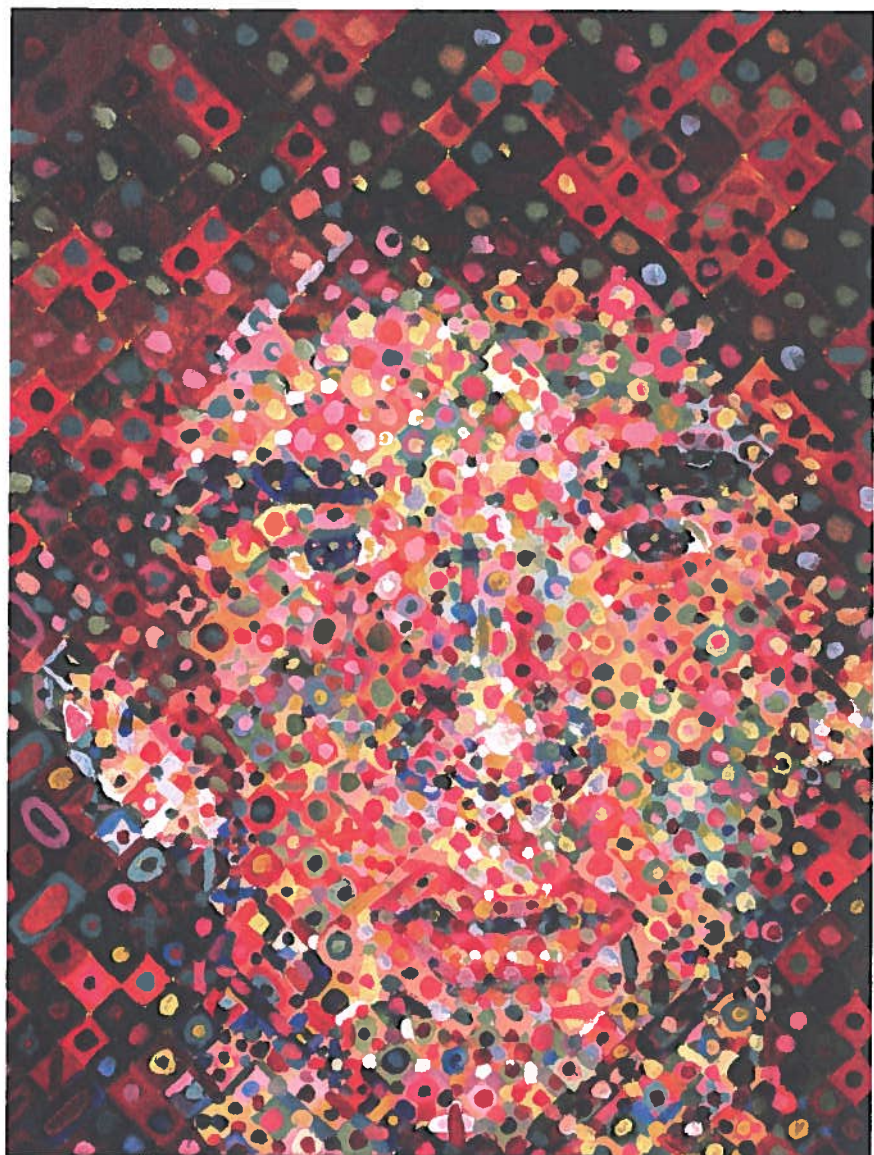
Hallie Riewoldt, class of '09



Jamie Canepa, class of '10
35



Nicole Huynh, class of '09



Ben Rehbein, class of '09



Alex McDougall, class of '09



Chelsea Garza, class of '10



Grace Guzman, class of '10



Bre Cruickshank, class of '10



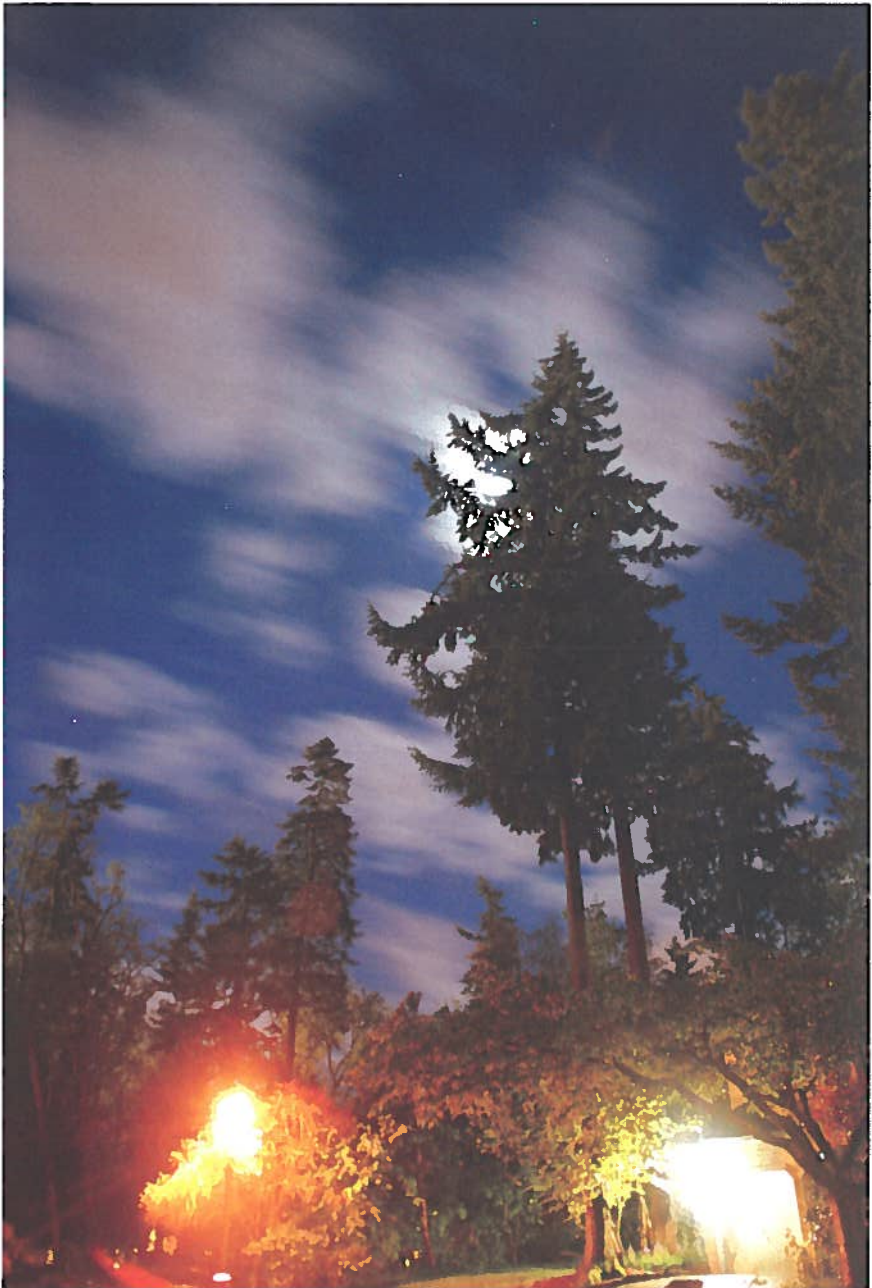
Chelsea Garza, class of '10



Rebecca Lawler, class of '09



Nicole Huynh, class of '09



Zach Krahmer, class of '09
45



Katie Zweher, class of '10



AJ Locati, class of '10



Nicole Huynh, class of '09

Dear Moon

Jacquelyn South '11

Who are you who rules the night?
Who fills the dark with silver light?

Who hangs up there in the sky?
That spies the world from on high?

A sea of diamonds where you dwell
Weaving away your magic spell

Waking up the essence of fear
Letting the spooks and demons near

Stealing away all spirit and zest
Willing those of day to rest

Beings of shadow come out and prowl
Cats may hunt and the wolves may howl

Making the waters fall and rise
As you scurry across the sky

Always changing and never the same
Transforming your size, color and frame

Watching over the earth from the dawn of time
There when the Sun refuses to shine

And when you set and disappear out of sight
You shall always remain the Queen of the night

Cobwebs

Nicole Smith '10, Ben Rehbein '09, Alexis Hosfield '09

I am a Villain
But what makes the world sparkle
I gave to you too

***Among the gossamer strands
You quietly dissemble***

***Not disturbing a thing
You soundlessly move toward the light
Delicate***



Isabella Carr, class of '12



Marie Fahlmeyer, class of '11



Zach Krahmer, class of '09

Scalping 101

Connor Letourneau '09

"Whoa, I wasn't expecting this." As I swing open the cab door, I see battalions of die-hard fans clad in trademarked black and gold. They flood the Roberto Clemente Bridge in pursuit of PNC Park, home of Pittsburgh's beloved losers, the Pirates.

The heat from the summer sun evaporates into a refreshing breeze as my dad and I make our way to the bridge's yellow wrought iron frame. As we walk, I admire the sunlight reflecting off the green Allegheny River coursing below making this industrial town feel more like my hometown, the "City of Roses," than the "City of Steel."

My thoughts turn to college education, not uncommon for my fourteen-year-old mind. "Man, maybe I should go to college in Pittsburgh. I mean sure it's far, but it's not that different than home," I ponder aloud. "What about Duquesne or Pitt?"

My fifty-something-year-old dad is too distracted by two strange figures in the distance to appease my musings. "Scalpers!" he offers in a stage whisper. My father and I have been on the road for two and a half weeks now—sleeping in cheap motels and chomping on stale hot dogs while taking in seven other Major League ballparks. We've assumed the role of "professional spectators," clocking in at the first pitch and making the seventh inning stretch our coffee break. Over this time, I've managed to convince Don Letourneau, Washington County's most law-abiding judge, that purchasing tickets illegally is like watching Sports Center. Everybody does it.

We stride up to the two nondescript men, trying to hide our lack of experience with the illicit.

"What you got?" my dad says while stroking the gray stubble underneath his chin.

"Aight man, I can get you two seats right behind the dugout for 30 bucks," grunts the Heavy Weight as his eyes move from side to side, making sure no cops are in sight.

Suddenly stricken with a bolt of moral conscience, my dad jerks his head down before reluctantly tilting his body toward the stadium. His shoulders droop into his arms, indicating his inner turmoil.

Watching this scene unfold, I'm paralyzed on the concrete walkway—forcing a family of four to awkwardly maneuver around my frozen form. I cannot fathom how a Yale graduate could neglect such a bargain. Just before this golden opportunity walks past us to a more accommodating buyer, I retrieve my voice.

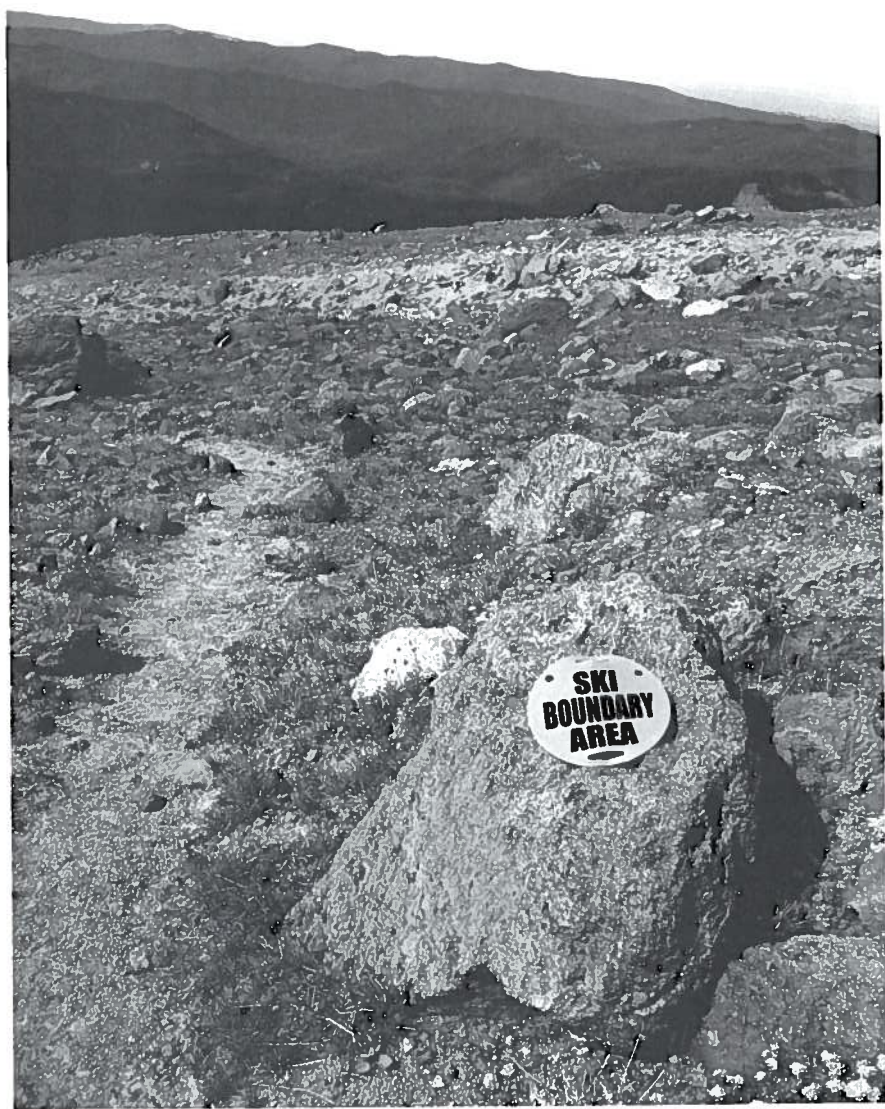
"Dad, are you serious? This is an unbelievable deal."

My dad's weathered eyes glint with acknowledgment as he digs into his faded Wranglers to produce the crumpled bills. The desire for club-level seating has outlasted his unforgiving moral code.

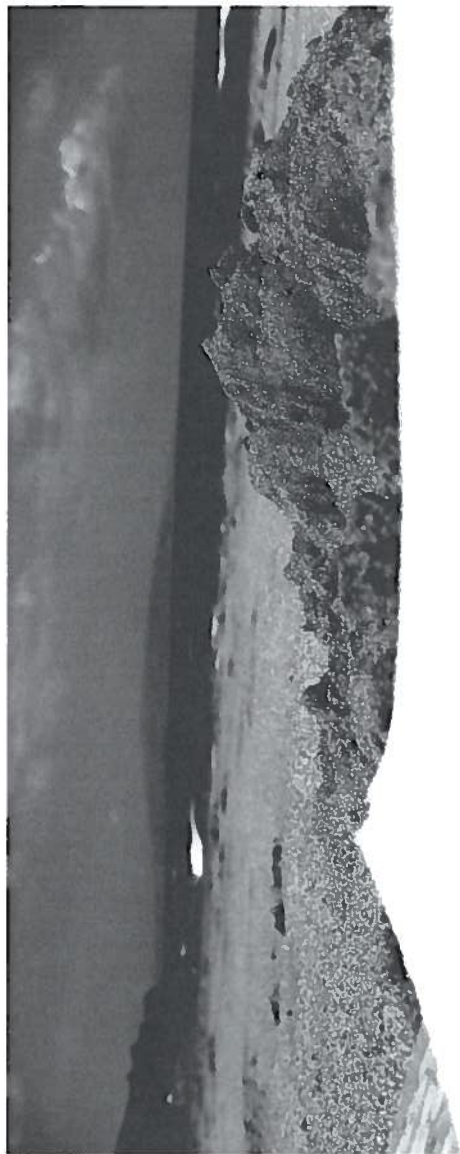
After securing the precious tickets between his fingers, his pace suddenly quickens. "We've gotta get in there," he squeals. "We don't want to miss batting practice!"

Rather than remind him that we still have half an hour before the pitching coach takes the mound, I humor him. Making our way past the bronze Willie Stargell statue and the row of cotton candy vendors, I can't help but chuckle to myself. The love of baseball is part of my dad's genetic code, which he has passed to me. I get a glimpse of the gawky kid from Wichita, Kansas who spent his free time listening to Minor League baseball games on his transistor radio and dreaming of meeting Hank Aaron.

It's moments like these when I'm able to see my dad as more than just a hard-working authoritarian and provider. He's just like me—only an older version. We both designate at least a half-hour after sporting events to heated analysis. We both feel unfulfilled after leaving the house in the morning without reading the Sports section. We both gush with excitement when contemplating the future of our local team, the Portland Trail Blazers. We're both committed to visiting every Major League baseball park in the country before we die. These connections help forge a bond—making my relationship with my dad one based upon friendship and shared experience, as well as love.



Kim Klein, class of '10



Hallie Kiewold, class of '09

Nightmares

Ben Rehbein '09

There's a monster in the hallway. I know he's there. I'm not stupid. I can hear every creak of the floor under his feet, the soft sigh of a breath, the cold drip of flesh running off of bone. Through the crack in the door I can see a ghostly hand, mostly skeleton, decomposing flesh hanging limp like cobwebs in the dark corners of seldom-used rooms. Black blood pools at the doorway, collects in puddles in the hallway, seeping into the edges of my imagination. I see hollow eyes, blacker than the night, staring ahead in blindness. Bony hands, searching for me, blindly groping, following, scratching, searching, searching...

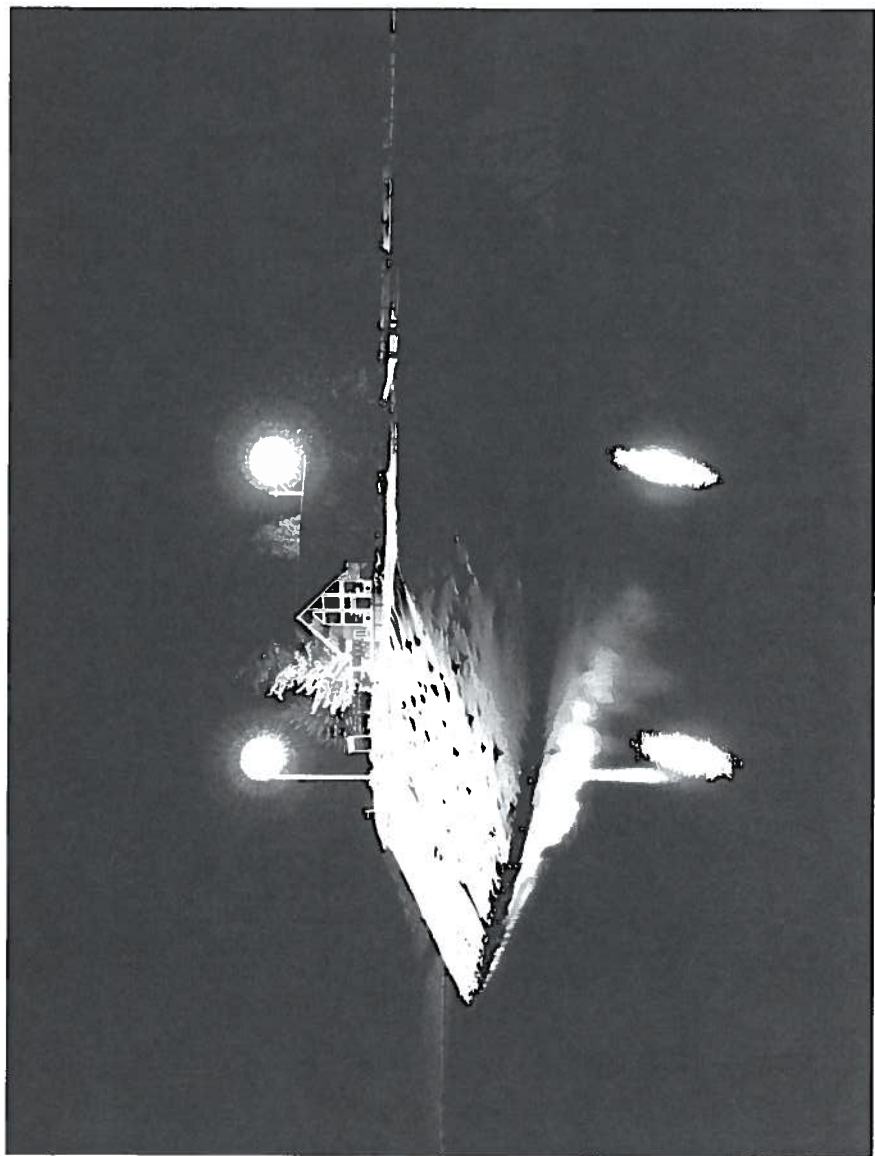
The soft rattle of bone shakes me from my stupor. Not daring to breathe, I slide under my comforter, completely covered by a fortress of sheets. My heart beats in my throat, thundering louder and louder. I can feel the life of my pulse surging through my veins. The rattle grows closer, foreboding. I can feel its presence in the room. The back of my neck prickles. It has seen me.

The monster hisses through cracked teeth. I can see its silhouette through my sheets. It's bending over, reaching for my head, coming closer and closer. The smell is overpowering, enveloping, strangling my thoughts with a stench so sickly sweet. Shadows seen through sheets. Movement. The touch of bone. The cold ends of long dead fingers. I scream....

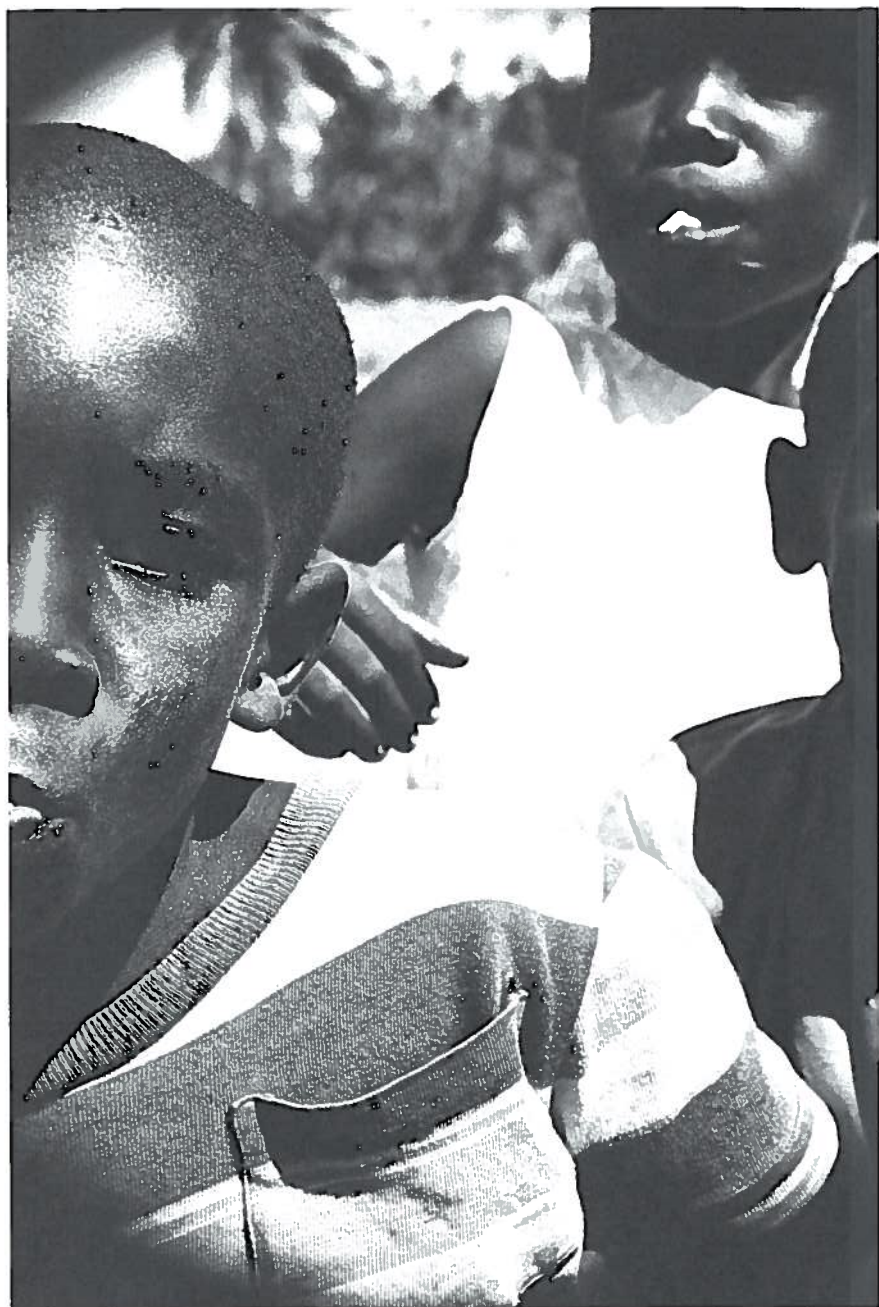
...And sit straight up in bed, hitting my head on the bunk above. Heart racing. I look wildly around. No monster. No stench. No cold, bony fingers. Just the off-white walls of my room, and my little red desk, my action figures spilled out in the corner of the room. At the foot of bed sits my big oak dresser, black boom box sitting in mute repose on top. My brother lets loose an unrestrained snore from the bunk above my head, and I breathe a sigh of relief. I fall back onto my pillow, nursing the bump now growing on my forehead. "Monsters aren't real," I tell myself, over and over again. "Monsters aren't real. Monsters aren't real." Then I hear it.

The hallway creaks. A soft rattle. The drip, the cold wet drip of flesh running off of bone.

I dive back under the covers.



Ingmar Bolinger, class of '09



Zach Krahmer, class of '09

Untitled

Geoff Vincent '09

Strands as light as the spider's web I see above my head, moving in the breeze
The branches of the trees like fingers guarding over us, the winds move them
A hand not touching but filled with the care of the airy hour of the day

The smell of the honeysuckle, winding with the purple clematis blossoms
And together leaning on the maple, a finger extending out with the wind

Hardly hear the wind chimes with the wind around my ears
Feeling as warm and smooth as the swirling cream in the tea

The strands floating up to catch the rays and redeem a new color
Something like the orbs that light the patio

Sparrows splashing up before the breeze upsets the fragile balance of the birdbath
Water the cool subdued counterpart to the rippling wind

Empty red feeder for the hummingbirds threaded tight in the clematis vine
curtain
Shadow against the glowing leaves clinging to the star departing

Moving ceaselessly around perfection of a dream
The dented broomstick where I keep it
Sweeping out the twigs and curling leaves

Never could smell the honeysuckle despite the scent twisting over my head
The wind however willing could not place it in the hand

Grass barely touched, still damp from the rain that waters the plants with hang-
ing blossoms feeding the hummingbird perched on a vine thin as the strands

Chimes supposed to ring, to perfect harmony with this warm wind around us
How many times have I woken acknowledging that I cannot hear them

Only to go back remembering the hand wishing the thought grow and stay
I'll dream awake, hoping to reach that airy hour of the day

Onomatopoeia

Eliot Adams, class of '09

SPLAT! the bug hits the windshield,
CRACKLE! go the fireworks in the field.
SWISH! the balls goes right in the hoop,
ZIP! goes the rollercoaster around the loop.
BANG! the gun sounds the start of the race,
WHOOOSH! the runners run a steady pace.
BUZZ! the bees roam the yard,
CRASH! the wall was pretty hard.
RIP! the shirt catches a snag,
MUNCH! eat all the chips in the bag.
SLURP! finish it off with a drink,
FLUSH! now wash your hands in the sink.
SIZZLE! the pizza cooks in the oven,
SLAP! the ruler hits his hands from above him.
SMACK! hit the ball on a dime,
SNAP! now I'm all out of rhymes.



Christina Landreville, class of '10

El

Fin

