



# Cantos

\$12.00

2010-2011



# **Cantos**

LITERARY MAGAZINE

A Journal of the Creative Arts  
2011

Published annually by Jesuit High School

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**can-to [kan-toh] -n. pl. -tos.  
one of the main or larger divisions of a long poem.**

**Origin: 1580–90; < It < L cant(us)  
singing, song**

**Cantos is published by  
Jesuit High School  
Portland, Oregon 97225**

Editorial Policy: Cantos has worked hard to ensure that, when possible, neither the subject nor the style of the contributors' work has been restricted. Opinions expressed by the author and artists do not necessarily reflect those of the editors or any institution. Submission guidelines and current information can be found at [www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com) by becoming a fan of Cantos. Simply search "Cantos." Submissions are welcomed year round and can be sent to [dfalkner@jesuitportland.org](mailto:dfalkner@jesuitportland.org).

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# Letter from the Editor

I first learned about Cantos in grade school when my cousin showed me her issue that year. Opening those pages was like entering into a new world, a new world where my words and my thoughts could be shared with others. At Jesuit, I immediately sought out this magical place of expression, and ultimately found a home. Art and literature transformed the way I look at life. The pen and the lens became expressions of my soul; tools of the trade used to share my story with the world. But what drew me to Cantos even more was that it supplied not only a home for that side of me, but also the ability to share my story with the stories of others within those pages.

At a glance, Jesuit has athletes a dime a dozen. Widely known for our success on the field and on the court, we at Cantos seek to reveal a victory on the sideline of our history. This victory is won not with a ball or a stick but with a pen and a paint brush. Some say high school is where poetry goes to die, but the immortality and victory lies in the continuance of these art forms. Don't believe me? Look up, the evidence is all around you. Great poetry and art did not die when the artists keeled over; it was reincarnated in the football star, the girl from down the hall, or your best friend right next to you. You do not need to rise up from the streets of Brooklyn or have a master in English Literature; we are here, right now, bursting with passion and talent. It is time we celebrate the wonders of expression and imagination, of saying what you mean and meaning what you say. It is our turn to tell our story.

Cantos celebrates the artist within and gives it a home in which to flourish. They are living and breathing, waiting to be seen and to be heard. These are our stories, and we offer them to you. Take the journey within our pages and make a few discoveries of your own.

**Christine Ngan**  
Editor-in-Chief



# Poetry

# Forgotten Gods

Jacquelyn South

There was once a time...  
when the world of men was afraid of the  
dark.

when mothers told their children stories of de-  
mons and taught them to fear the unknown.

when one had to be strong to survive.

when men respected that which was greater than  
them.

It was a time when we ruled the world,  
both known, and unknown. A time when we were  
worshiped as gods and kings, tyrants and demons.  
There were times of great joy and sorrow; vic-  
tory and loss. But we were not threatened. We  
watched empires rise out of land and sea, only to  
once again be claimed. And we were at the center  
of every one of them.

We entered their dreams, manipulat-  
ing their minds, demanded their reverence. We  
guarded our power with greed. But our power did  
not make us true

gods, and like mortals, we were flawed.

Our millennias on this world had made us  
blind to the changes, and by the time we realized  
our mistakes, it was too late.

We fell

but we survived

and some of us... are still waiting.

To the  
Bad and  
Evil of  
the World

Daniella Stach

You tried to stop me –  
Burry me deep down.  
A few times I nearly let you win  
But good wouldn't let it be –  
Couldn't let it be.

For every tear shed,  
Love gave me laughter.  
For every dark time,  
Love's light lit up the shadows.  
For everything taken  
And everything gone,  
My heart has been replenished  
By love  
And love alone.

You have given me  
The eyes to see  
Everything I do not want to be.  
I am everything I am  
Because love defeated you  
And found me.

Frothy froth frothing and foaming  
Swishing swirling sweet steam  
Billowing mists of freesia, chamomile  
Frosting glass from far-away blizzards and seek-  
ing eyes  
Clinging to arms, a saltless sweat  
Teasing warmth, tempting trembling limbs for-  
ward  
Into the seething tumbling churning sea splashing  
over  
A too-small porcelain shell.

Burning Ice shocks brave first toe, blushing a star-  
tling scarlet  
When it recognizes its mistake  
Foaming bubbling slopes and cascades of me-  
ringue peaks are  
No icebergs, weighted heavy below arctic seas  
This water barely grasps these frothy flurries-  
Warm snow  
Hiding scalding water

Skin smooth and sleek slip-slippery  
Hair slicked soft, shivering soothed by rose-sug-  
ared swells of watery warmth

Tensions dissolving

Muscles melting

Shoulders and Knees swathed in effervescent eua-  
nescent Swarovskis

Gossamer lace flirting with fly-away curls

Nose peeping above surface,  
Wishing breaths could be stolen away from the  
nipping air

Disarmingly pleasant,

The Seduction of a Bath.

# Warm Toes, Cold Nose

Grace Shaffer

# New Pain

Laura Ritacco

I am the roaring of the rain  
Washing the earth of its sorrows  
Lone and afraid of what you'll do  
Hoping for hope

I don't know where I am  
Cold, dark, hungry, broken  
Chained dejected, drowning in tears  
Wishing for a wish

When I look into my storm  
I see me, empty of emotion  
Loveless, mindless, soulless  
Wanting a want

I was washed away  
I have become a vegetable  
Resting and staring not giving a care  
Sitting for a sitter

I am the Roar in the Rain  
Lamented for redemption  
Wondering what I did wrong  
Hurting for the hurter

I am the grey smudge you never get out  
The dark times in your life  
The flood of 96  
The howl in the hurricane  
I am the rain you see

# Sidewalker

Grace Culhane

Sidewalks are  
strange creatures  
that follow me around  
For miles they  
span their weak and lifeless limbs  
They chase their asphalt Tyrants  
like hornets  
and drag their  
craggy rock surfaces  
to places I never wished to see

Strangely, sidewalks do have  
a lot to offer  
Water pools around their curbs  
when it rains,  
and they cover roots  
that once tripped  
the toes of dainty, patrician feet

A sidewalk spreads  
its rigid little body out  
over the earth,  
It dribbles down like  
water from a rusted sink  
Sidewalks are  
sad creatures  
that soften the blows  
of one thousand angry footsteps

# Words From a Pile of Bullets

Christine Ngan

Words mindlessly said,  
fly about like a bullet to whom it's for.  
The creator simply laughs  
and mocks at the pull of the trigger.  
Oh the fear--the pain undetected  
words spoken, and opinions rejected.  
The door closed this way,  
and the another to the right.  
No room to move--you're paralyzed.  
Speak!  
but no sound is heard by  
those who choose not to hear.

# Water Cures, Sun Heals

Laura Ritacco

Tossed around and feeling unloved  
He comes for a little while  
She claims to leave me, and never does  
A prospect of hope gleams

Traveling weakens our bodies  
But strengthens our minds and hearts  
I never thought she could say that  
I feel dejected, and lost to her world

Numb, alone, acting in pain  
Family that ignores you  
Strangers that wish to help not knowing they  
harm  
Waiting for the right move

The water cures, and the sun heals  
Trees forming a shield  
People become your communication  
Someday this world will become clearer

Time to correct the wrongs  
To finish what has begun  
To know that I can't be knocked down  
To get back on that horse

# Favorite Things

Amara Andre

My heart melts upward.  
So, the tears tumble, breaking and growing  
into something beautiful.  
Press replay.  
Like a dangerous velvet secret.  
Or a yellowed photograph burned at the edges.

# The Way She Walks

Jacquelyn South

The way she walks is nothing like a cat  
her clumsy roaming absent of all grace  
she'll walk across a surface which is flat  
and end up falling forward on her face

She ends up places only by pure chance  
more oft' than naught she tends to go astray  
her left and right pose problems too advance  
and how she makes it home I cannot say

Sometimes she'll fall into a waking daze  
and get a far off look within her eyes  
where all the madness even fails to phase  
the far off places where her mind now flies

And though tis known her life's a wee bit strange  
There's nothing 'bout her I would wish to change

# Memory

Tess Jennings

A crinkled, stained paper catches my eye  
as I walk along the rain-sodden sidewalk.

It is hidden amongst drained bottles,  
forgotten and lonely,  
waiting for someone to notice,  
to toss it in the insipid garbage and  
send it on its final journey towards the landfill.

I reach down towards the smudged parchment,  
and as my fingers graze its rough exterior,  
I realize that it is not a paper at all,  
but a memory,  
a photograph.

I grab the edge of the long forgotten past and  
slowly begin to unfold its worn edges.  
As my hands grip the sides, it  
seems to open on its own,  
yearning to show itself to anyone who cares to notice.

It finally opens,  
and on its tattered face is a faded black and white image:  
Hidden behind water-stains and ink spots is  
a lonely, brick building obstructed by age-old oaks.  
Victorian windows stream light onto  
individuals who are unaware of the camera capturing the  
moment.

Tables are scattered throughout the brick cottage and  
somehow I am able to picture myself sitting at one of the  
tables.

I can faintly hear the sounds of laughter echoing from the  
people in the photo,  
and feel the heat of the sunlight streaming from the win-  
dows.

I am enthralled by every detail  
as I realize the beauty of this neglected masterpiece.

I begin to wish that I was one of these people.  
One of the individuals who share this moment,  
this memory.  
A memory which I can never be a part of.  
A place where I may never be.  
All on this one photograph,  
this piece of paper  
that on any other day  
I would have walked passed and  
left it there to be lost for eternity.

# The Lake

Riley Sullivan

Blue and green balls bounce across the dark  
black.

A red spark, a yellow light, off and on again  
Chaotic flashes illuminate the empty water but  
somehow drown.

On the lake at opposite shores two boys stand  
apart

united by their roman candle shots

Fire shooting sticks.

Wizards dueling with their wands.

Children at heart, inspired by an explosive tube,  
innocent to its threat.

The fantasy remains abundant on these shores  
and in the souls of these spectators.

Colors swim and spread under the empty skies  
and above this puzzled puddle.

Smoke crawls along the waters shallow edge.

Gently skimming across the surface.

An ominous sign, blurring the scene.

Across the way they gaze looking for a familiar  
face.

Slowly it clears, no longer obscured,  
and now the boys can see.

They stand still, their connecting flames extin-  
guished

fantasy gone, light and color burnt away.

Consumed by the darkness of the Lake and its  
infinite depth.

# Romance of Dawn

Zoe Brenneke

As the sun caresses  
the moon, pushing it back to where it will rest  
while day is here,  
romance fills the air.

Dew hugs  
each strand of grass  
as the stars that kissed  
the night sky slowly journey away, while the  
flowers cuddle  
the breezes from the dark that exhale  
across their petals.

The night, now gone turning to day  
leaves way for an unexpected rush  
of love,  
of desire,  
of romance.

# Who's to Say?

Allison Meek

Who's to Say?  
The sky by the sea today is gray.  
Not an ugly gray, as one might think  
When one thinks of a cloud concealed sky,  
Nor is it overly dark like the warning sign  
Of an impending storm; the Messenger  
Who comes to tell of the impending battle  
Of winds and rain or sleet or hail  
That is sure to arrive soon.  
Nor, truth be told, is it the delicate silver  
That can be seen on the rare lovely day  
Where the sun is shining in just the right way  
And the clouds are hanging from the sky in just  
the right way  
So that they gain a pearly sense to them,  
As if they are fine silver that has been polished  
Until it all gleams like the shining moon.  
No, this gray is like that of Athena's wise eyes;  
A type of gray which seems to know more  
Than anyone would think.  
They would stare at the scene  
And they would dismiss it quickly,  
Saying, "Oh, look at that.  
See how depressing it is here today."  
The mist far out blurs the scene  
And the water with the sky is slate and murky  
And as a whole, the scene appears to be made  
From some mere random rubbing of ash against  
a canvas.  
But I can see in a different sort of light.  
It's not so bland, or dull or sorrowful,  
But full of life, of backstory and marvel.  
For who's to say where the horizon truly lies?  
Maybe there's no need for one.  
Maybe the sky and the sea can join  
Into one entity, dancing everywhere  
For as far as the eye can see. After all,  
Though they try so hard to define a line between  
them,  
Are they truly so different after all?

# The Reason for My Existence

Christine Ngan

I hold this knot in my heart  
With its bandaged chasms and tear stained walls.  
What connection do I have to this earth,  
with betrayal and broken promises ever lurking  
at the corner.  
Why would I pray that this knot keep me tied to  
this world,  
to share the same air and bear the same pain.  
Then a boy unties the knot,  
but holds my hand.  
He inspires me to stay,  
to make this earthly dwelling  
not a struggle, but a dream.  
And no longer a knot that keeps me bound,  
but a shared love that keeps me around.

# Story with No End

Ryan Cope

Life is but a story from which we all learn,  
A new day comes with each page we turn.  
As the story starts out we know not much,  
But the power we hold is our ability to touch.  
The lives of others in this story we read,  
For which may not be as glamorous as the ones  
that we lead.

It's message is blurry from the pictures shown,  
The climax is secret... Completely unknown.  
We read of the challenges in each day and night,  
But we look through the words and see the great  
light.

One that brightens the path to the future we hold,  
Whether made of copper, of silver, or even of gold.  
The end of this story will never exist,  
The accomplishments we made extend a great  
list.

A list without paper, or pen in hand,  
For the lives we live are written in sand.  
Our legacies are made in this story we've read,  
To our children which sleep in our childhood  
bed...

# Grandma

Rachael Joseph

Long years pass but in her mind  
life stands still there is no time

Tattered apron around her waist  
Greedy girl wants a taste  
Her famous oven is lonely and bare  
She has no goodies left to share

Rows of memories on the wall  
Deceive her brain she can't recall  
The people she once loved so dear  
Fade in and out then disappear

As I watch her weathered face  
Nothings there, not a trace  
Wonderful words from my heart  
Always manage to depart

Alas, wonderful woman I was wrong  
You have succumbed and passed on.

# Music

Laura Ritacco

A Language only known by a few,  
Strange in sight, Black and White.  
Nameless in sound, Never spoken

Flowing from Lips to Ears  
From Minds to Hearts  
breathing into the Soul

To Some it's a life  
To others a Creature  
A Place of wonder

Something that cannot be forgotten

# Sleep

Liz Lawler

When did we learn to lay  
our heads down onto  
pillows soft, floors, laps  
trees to sleep?  
We slip away from reality  
not to reject it, but to know it  
by our unconscious  
forms of wants and desires  
opaque shapes  
red elephants  
will float through our minds  
unexplained, memorably  
yet forgotten  
Does someone administer these dreams to us?  
Or do they hand pick, carve  
and light these dreams for us?  
Or are our dreams a mechanism  
we have learned  
to help us evolve.  
Either way we have learned the  
art to sleep and to dream.  
I just wish for the art to remember.

# countd(own)

Jenny Yoo

is it really fEight --  
timeless[more] than anything:  
this is my very own h(S(even) found  
on a stage, bold and bright and tangible.  
fearless as [move]me(a)nt emerges from nothing.  
hidden eyes scrutinize my every breath(e), my  
every gesture.  
i do not hear the crisp clapping of hand on hand  
and eye on me  
they are muffled by the hurried rush of sound to  
my open heart-  
taking me back to the baS(ix) of sound and  
delving into musicality where i sur(Five),  
[beFour i find myself alone] in  
breath and self. finally f(Th(ree), thus  
dissolving inTwo One.  
never am i done, for the  
movement has won.  
fEight.

# That Girl Named Me

Christine Ngan

I was that girl.  
That girl you see before you.  
I cried and I hurt.  
I screamed with no sound.  
Betrayed and forgotten,  
    nobody understood.  
Alone. Alone. Alone.  
And yet, those eyes, that smile,  
    they are my captors.  
Oh how I long to be in those arms,  
    those arms that embraced another.  
Those lips...those lips that touched  
    the lips not of my own.  
They mocked me.  
They laughed at my anguish,  
    and remained perfect. Unscathed.  
There I layed, pathetic and lonely,  
    Still pining over the one who caused  
    the water to pour forth from  
    these windows of my soul.  
The water deceived me, exposed me.  
I wore that mask;  
    I hid where nobody could touch my heart.  
I hid where that smile and those eyes had no  
power over me.  
I was that girl,  
    and that girl was named me.

# Care-ing

Riley Parham

A flicker  
A light  
Space to grow  
A wick  
A time  
Warmth to bring  
A fire  
A sky  
Red as pain  
A passion  
A belief  
Blinding as truth  
A beat  
A heart  
Care in rhythm  
The caring in heart

# Mistakes

Allison Meek

A sharp note pierces the flow.  
A jarring note, a clatter, a clash  
Of lips against the reed,  
In ways that were intended  
To produce naught but music.

A sharp note, a note out of place,  
A note never meant to be released.  
A blasting note, a stabbing note,  
A note that pierces through the ears  
And rumbles around inside, refusing to leave.

This palpable note, this disturbing note  
Lingers in the air.  
Surely it has been noticed.  
Surely it has ruined it all.  
This one small mistake cost everything.

And yet, the orchestra continues  
To play, as if nothing had happened.  
Continues its golden melody,  
Continues to weave the threads of instruments  
Around each other in a complex web.

How can it be? This weighty, horrid mistake  
Somehow seems to not be so bad after all.  
Then, shall I go on?  
I lift the clarinet back up to my mouth,  
And continue to weave the music of life.

# For You

Madison Adams

Thank you for being my best friend, my smile,  
my love.

My flickering flame of joy that erupts precisely  
when I need it

The mender of my smile, the reason for my  
childlike happiness.

My unexpected other half, a beautiful and up-  
lifting spirit

Our friendship emerged from the shadows of  
the unknown

A beautiful and life giving spirit that I will  
never find with another but you.

I was afraid you would never be the one to  
make me laugh, to look into my eyes, to be there  
for me

But I see you now, and I know you are only of  
few who really see the true me.

# Monday

## 1a.m.

Laura Ritacco

Late night calls.  
Lasting hours,  
Speaking of hope.  
Distracting minds.

All is calm.  
Never knowing,  
Peace of mind.  
Friendly Trust.

Calls will end.  
Text begin,  
Caught in conversation.  
    Keeping promises.

There was a white swan, Calling my name,  
The soft strumming, Tore my heart out.  
In between her cries, I heard my fame,  
It just stood there, Calling me out.

It was a black swan,  
That saved, The other one.  
It was a harsh dawn,  
That broke, This fragile heart I've drawn.

In the cruel pond, They never let me in,  
No room for one more son, In their elitist sin.  
But the winter's so long, The snow so deep,  
So I lay down, For some rest,  
For some sleep.

I need a soul to save,  
Like the black swan,  
I've found an early grave,  
Without you, My white swan,  
Without you, My heart is gone.

Marvel at the love,  
Marvel at the sound,  
As we listen to,  
What we've found.

White swan, Don't fly away,  
Come dawn, We'll stay this way.  
Marvel at the love,  
Marvel at the sound,  
Of what we've found,  
What we found...

# Danish Song (Mute Swan)

Patrick Fitzgibbon

# Time

# Again

Jacquelyn South

It will happen again  
All of it  
No matter how much we wish it otherwise  
Still, we say it won't  
But what happens when there is no one left to  
remember?  
Time and time and time again  
We are not immune  
What has changed to make us think so?  
Have people really changed?  
Time and time and time again  
A thousand years ago  
They felt sadness, anger, sympathy, joy  
They are us  
Sharing our strengths and weaknesses  
Time and time and time again  
We know their mistakes  
Why do we not recognize them?

# She is a Dream

Kate Ghiorso

the light of her skin is daunting  
the sun, so soft, passes through her  
my eyes have never gazed on such beauty  
nothing like her i've seen before

her whispers are so haunting  
yet she walks a different life  
I'm not sure if she's breathing  
is she still alive

nothing is between us  
but she, I cannot touch  
she's like a memory fading  
I don't remember much

for now she is a dream  
a shooting star at best  
at least she's still with me  
even after death

# No

## Answer

Christine Ngan

Hey. It's been pretty quiet lately.  
The silence rings in my mind,  
and chokes my throat when I try  
to talk to you.

No answer.

I pass you in the hall and all  
I want to do is reach out and hold you.

No answer.

This valley keeps growing,  
and I'm fading into these empty walls.

No answer.

I don't know what more to do.

No answer.

Why won't you tell me?

No answer.

Please stay.

No answer.

I love you.

No answer.

I've lost you...

# Stroll

Liz Lawler

Wrapped up in a cedar coat, I search beneath the  
flowers

for its cold and moist so far below and I fear my  
skin won't last long.

I'd like to take a stroll beneath the leaves,  
the stems and fuzz moss  
the bones, and sticks, dirt and bugs  
to be able to look up into vast networks of  
roots, entangles embracing under the surface.

Dirt and sickly, lonely roots harmonizing to  
make brilliant flowers like yellow sunflowers or  
sultry blue irises

They're like the two awkward plain persons you  
occasionally see

who tote around a stark beautiful child, making  
you wonder where this child came from amidst  
monotony

# How to Find Happiness

Aidan Jaspersen

It was all he wanted and longed for  
But he couldn't stand to work for it anymore  
It taunted him inside, down to the core  
But to him it seemed impossible  
Just another war between himself and reality  
Mainstream thinking and actuality  
Were two different things that kept him from  
where he wanted his mentality  
And where he wanted his life to be  
But he couldn't see the exit door even though he  
wanted to leave  
Finally, the help he thought he needed walked up  
to him unconsciously  
He walked out of the dark and into the bright  
lights of the street  
Where he danced and sang so happily that he  
never wanted to leave  
But he didn't realize it was all a dream  
It wasn't really a feeling  
It was merely him dreaming  
Beaming out feelings of believing  
But it was false  
The notions were not good at all  
Just lies and things concealing him  
But it wasn't till after that he started realizing  
It had been there since the beginning  
Since the day he started breathing  
But he just had not been looking  
He came to the conclusion  
It wasn't about being a delusion  
It was about fitting in to the skin  
That makes him a true person  
He realized it was about being content  
About spending time with the things that make  
him who he is  
All he needed was to vent  
In order find true happiness...

# W-Right

Riley Parham

Being Right is always important  
Unfortunately, being Right overpowers ones write  
There is far more in ones write than in ones Right  
There is passion  
Confidence  
Growth  
Yet,  
Through it all  
Being Right appears more important  
But So what if I am Right.  
Such a useless word,  
Right  
What can a word be when it only is opinion with-  
out fact?  
What can a word be when it only restricts the  
mind?  
What can a word be when it means everything  
and nothing?  
Everything to you and nothing to me.  
And what of this... Is this Right?  
No, this is just my write.

# And the Air Went

Alex Olsen

I remember it was a cold, crisp fall day  
The chilly air gently nibbled at my nose  
And as I stepped outside to get into the car,  
The air went krackitchk krackitchk

The car rode smoothly to school  
The voices gently mumbling over the radio  
The trees swayed in the gently breeze  
And when I stepped out of the car,  
The air went krackitchk krackitchk

The air gritted its teeth to the shattering of an  
unknown world.

# Observing the Non- Observant

Christine Ngan

She sits on the bench timidly,  
perfect posture, spotless attire.  
She eats her cucumber sandwich,  
edges cut off neatly.  
She looks around;  
she's out of place.  
People bustle about  
in fantastic conversation.  
And here she sits,  
alone.  
What if she was her?  
and her was them?  
What if she could escape?  
She closes her eyes and  
alters her life.  
A life of adventure and impulse.  
But then the shutters open, the  
the curtain falls,  
and there she sits on that bench.  
Perfect hair, spotless attire.  
Eating her cucumber sandwich,  
out of place and alone.

It's a  
Late  
Night  
For  
Poetry  
Audrey Tran

I invited Sylvia and Langston over for tea  
But it quickly escalated into  
The Cold War all over again  
An intellectual arms race.  
I was too tired to run a marathon  
So I cut a hole through the  
Netted screen, snuck out to my  
Neighbor's pasture  
and let the sheep take me away  
One by one.

# Open Your Eyes

Daniella Stach

So quick to judge, to assume, to segregate.  
Barriers erect between the known and the un-  
known.

Fast pace are the cars that sail by the beggar,  
The bum –  
The single mother with three hungry  
Mouths to feed.

So blind are the eyes that only see  
The light, the rainbows, the happiness.  
It's 6 AM.  
Time to wake up.  
Open your eyes.

# Pushing

## On

Riley Parham

He lay there in pain thinking of only one thing.  
“how will I get home?”  
Darkness closed in on him and whispered,  
“Don’t be silly. You’ll never make it!”  
At this, he shouted through the impenetrable  
gloom  
Ignoring his pain, he groped through the dark  
His eyes glued shut  
His mind racing  
What had happened?  
Once again, the dark called out, “you fool!  
You can’t overcome death!”  
The man couldn’t believe, wouldn’t believe  
With all his will, all his strength, and all his  
hope,  
he forced open his eyes  
He lay on a bed with bright lights all around him  
All he could hear was crying  
Until, a child whispered, “Daddy!”  
All crying ceased as glee flooded through the  
hospital

# The Little Boy at the Gate

Christine Ngan

Do you see him?--that little boy over there.

He stands at the gate,

between a broken home and a troubled play-  
ground.

What dreams and potential live in this little boy  
who stands at the gate?

What future is in store for him?

He lives his life at the gate,

watching and observing,

dreaming of grandeur and

a life that is not his own.

He wishes for yes,

but instead he gets no.

No you can't do this.

No you can't do that.

No you are not worth shit,

not even these words being said to you now.

And so he stands as that little boy at the gate,

between a broken home and a troubled play-  
ground.

Waiting for his life to begin.

# Idiot

# Moon

Grace Culhane

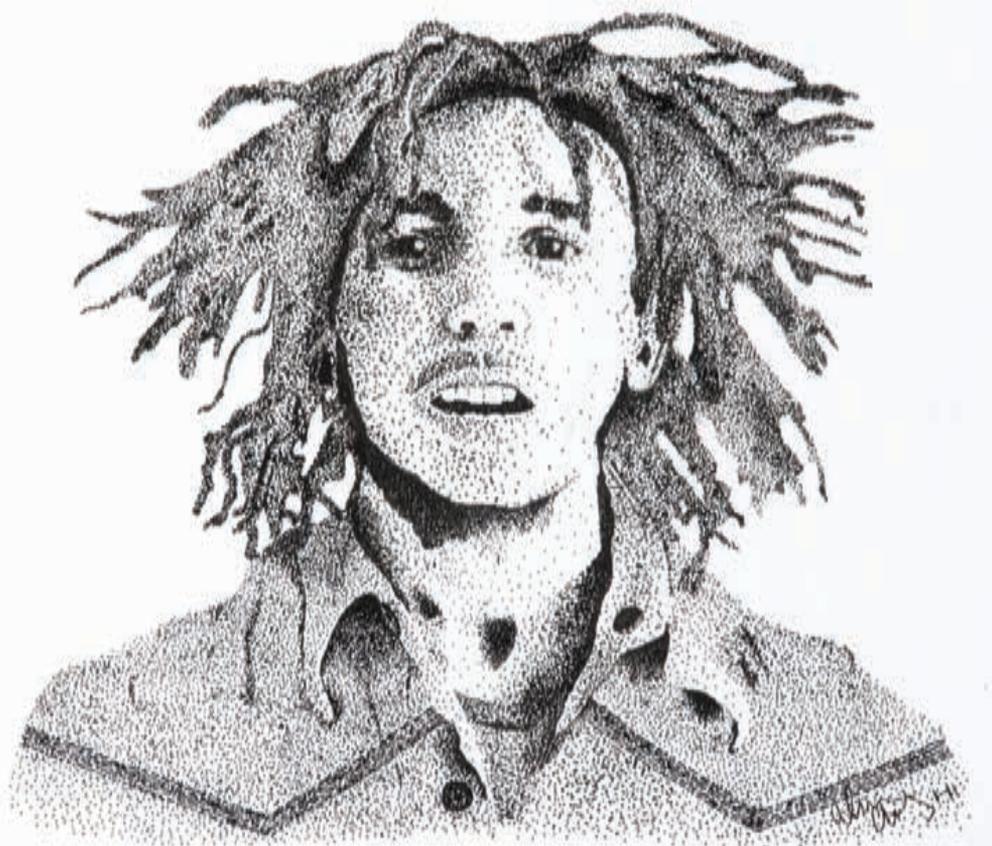
Idiot moon  
And idiot sun  
Idiot storm  
And idiot sea  
Sometimes when I sit here  
It crashes over me.

# Art

**Cathedral**  
Alex Johnson



**Bob Marley**  
Olivia Artaiz



**Lantern**  
Cynthia Le



**Chuck Close**  
Anton Klee





**Ocelot**

Natalia Redyk



**Wolf**

Cynthia Le



10/11

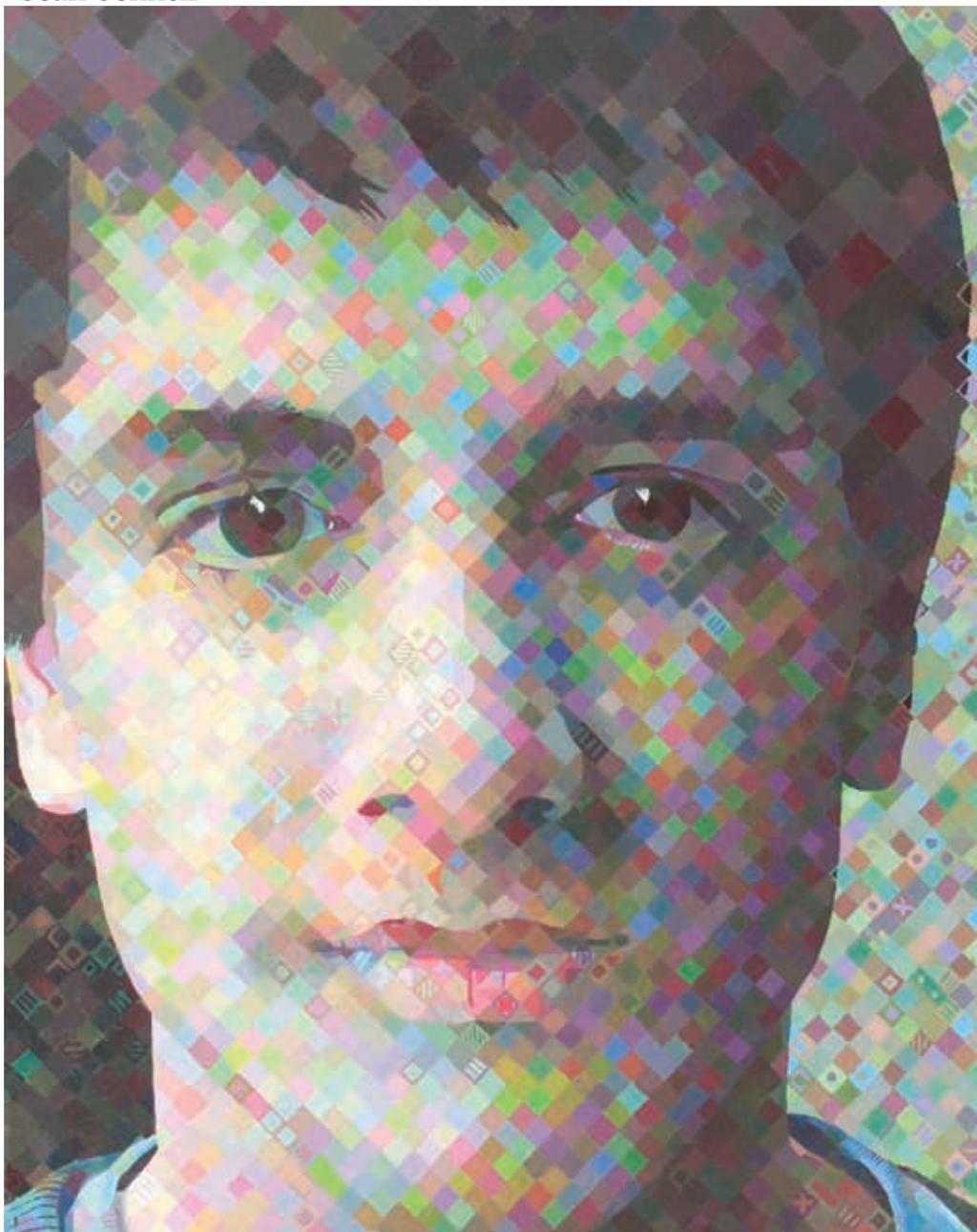
*eagle eye Prototype*

*P. Blair*

**Eagle**

Patrick Blair

**Chuck Close**  
Sean Connell



# Photography

**Man**  
Sophia June





**Trees**

Sofia Bernards



**Reflections**  
Jenny Yoo



**Shell**

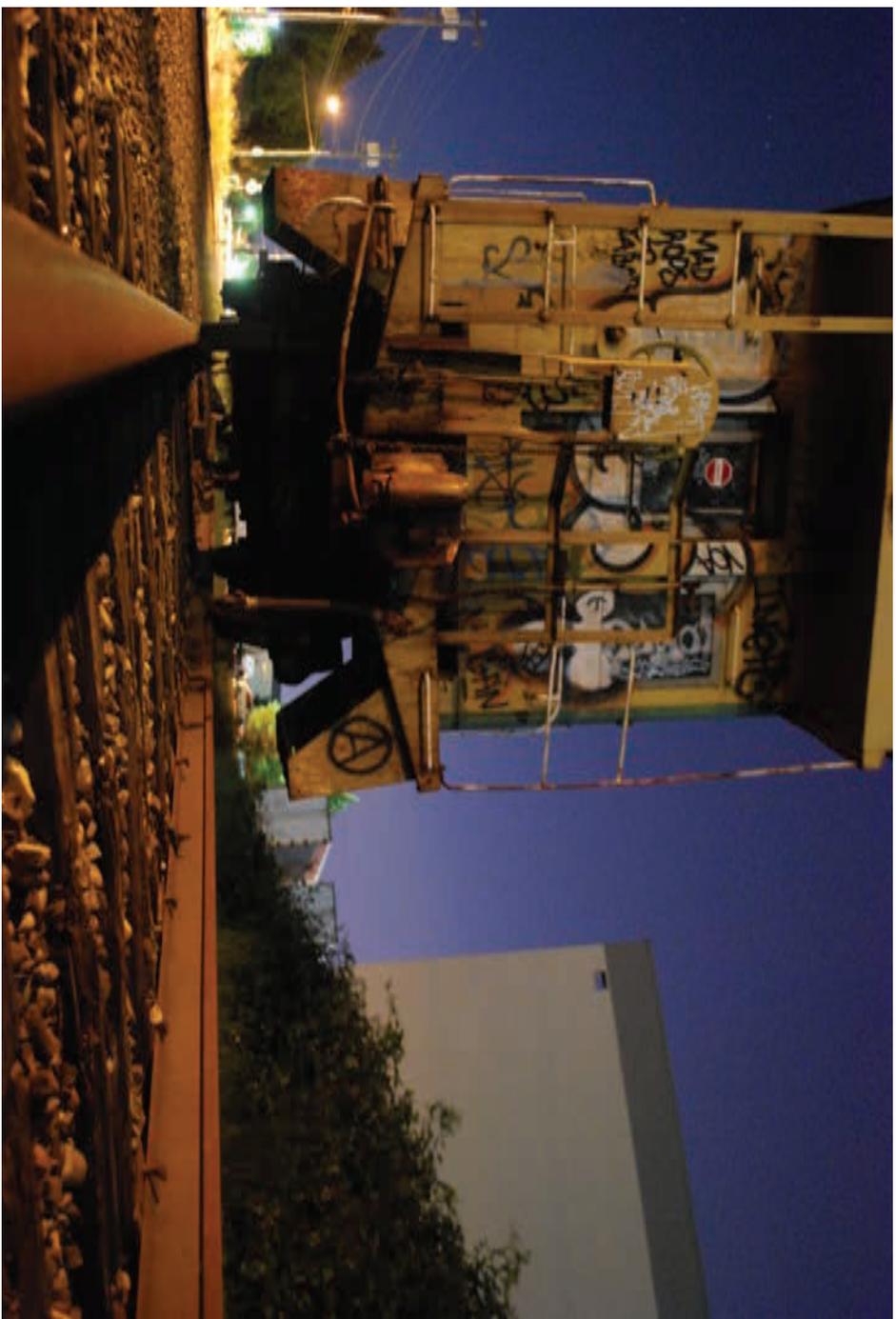
Maddy Kinsman



**Sunset Through Bridge**  
Elizabeth Steiner



**Frozen Light**  
Grace Shaffer



**Summer**

Sofia Bernards

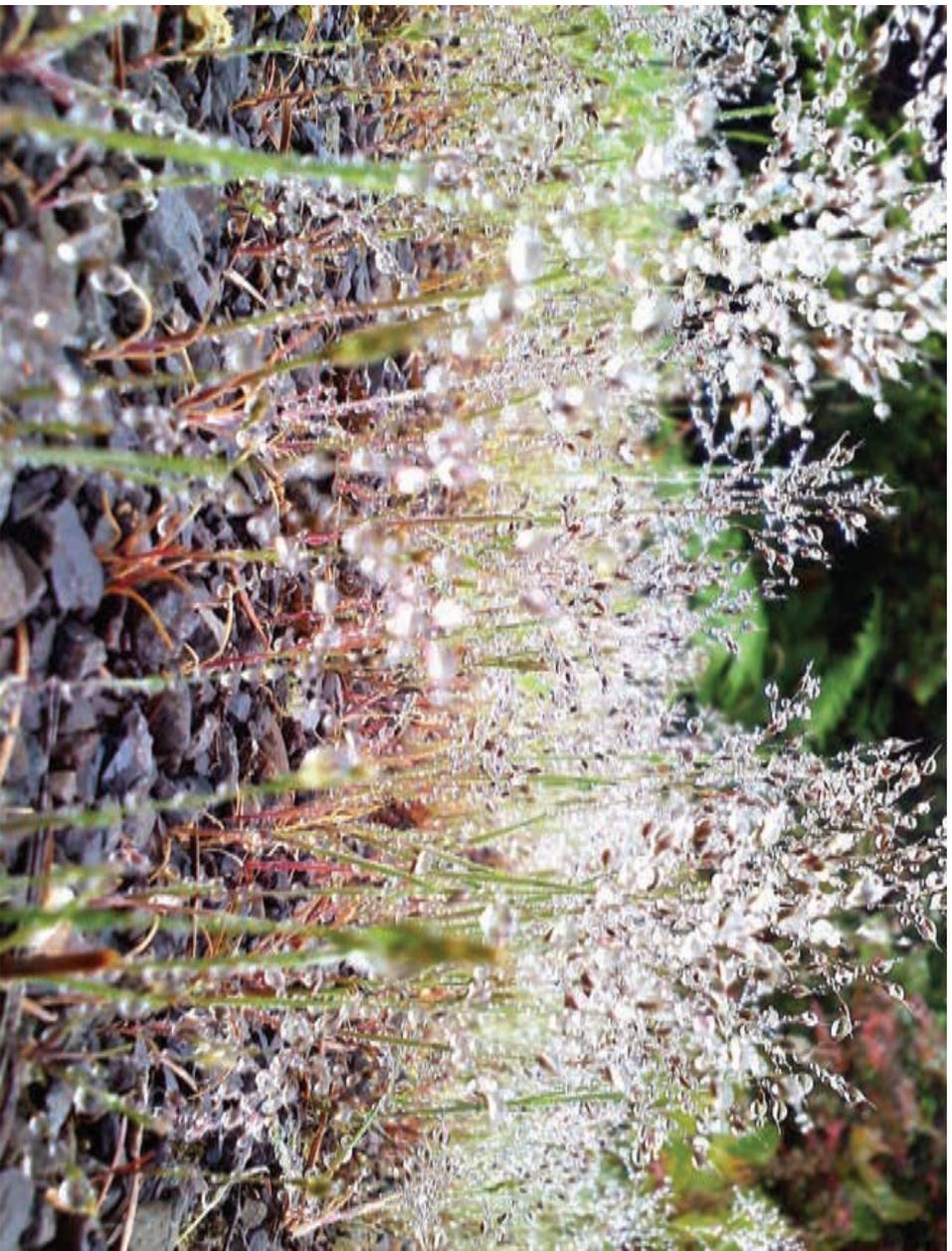
## Summer Leek Blossoms

Elizabeth Steiner



**Stare**  
Sophia June





**Weeds**

Jenny Yoo



## **Mountains**

Sophia June



**Berries**

Allison Meek

**Circle Hallway**  
Sophia June



# Sun

Allison Meek



**Owl**  
Sophia June



# Prose

# City of Angels

Charlie Wilson

I know of a place where the most inconceivable of dreams come to life. Where celestial stars reside, the luminous human forms. The whole metropolis, a magnetic field drawing in people. A landscape where transparent crystals adorn flawless skin and daisies get tangled in long hair. This is a place where golden haired, bright-eyed children star in motion pictures and everyone is eternally young. Black and white film stars used to roam the boulevard and you can still see their ghosts if you look hard enough. This is a place where everything is fleeting but the pavement and blinding sun. The waves are never-ending and they'll crush you if you aren't careful. This is a modern safari complete with man-eating lions in disguise and a fast paced highway. The only type of faith here is in the silver screen. The living damned, cursed in a city where the air is thick with sex. This is possibly the most dangerous collection of streets and buildings and angels you will encounter so watch your step. But it's worth it. For a moment, as you watch the sunset from a rooftop with palm trees in the distance and a hundred of your closest acquaintances, you can feel the magic more intensely than ever before.

# Winter

Amara Andre

I focus all my energy on dulling the pulsing pain in my fingertips desperately trying to ignoring the blue wind as it whips me with another torrent of frost. Roaring snowflakes cling to my eyelashes blurring my vision. Feeling in both feet have long since left me. He said she would come, but she never came. So now I walk.

Out of the white fuzz a solitary figure materializes. I stop. It's a girl. I think. Long pale yellow strands of hair dance wildly; rising and falling to the crescendo of the wind. Her face is hidden; wrapped a million times over in a threadbare teal scarf. I reach up and unconsciously stroke my own unguarded neck. She holds out an ungloved hand and I, almost against my will, start towards her.

Then I see her eyes: silver half moon saucers. They stare back cold, blank hungry, like a dimly lit room.

The Fear grows in my ribcage a large clay ball. It moves up my back, through my neck, and settles on my teeth causing the chattering to cease. I want to scream, but the sounds are trapped. Nimble, spider-like fingers clench my hand. She is cold. No human should ever be this cold.

I press my eye lids shut. 'This is the end' I think, but then I feel broken, frostbitten lips brush my forehead. A wave of heat rushes through my chest and out my mouth in a single blast. I breathe.

I finally breathe.

# In the Buff

Elaina Kim

What would the world be like if nakedness, exposure, whatever you want to call it, was an A-OK kind of thing? If Eve hadn't been so peckish that particular morning, the one with the snake and the tree and the apple that told her to go grab some coconuts and a grass skirt, then we'd all be meandering here and there, buck naked, in the nude, however you want to say it, and everything would be just peachy. The old ladies sitting on their ill-colored, rickety porches wouldn't gossip and sneer at Annabelle Lee's shocking display of *assets* because they'd be equally exposed, naked -- however you want to say it. And then, ok, then, everything would be normal, humdrum, banal, however you want to think it.

# 1942: A Year in Retrospect

Charlie Wilson

I fondly recall the scent of aftershave and 1942. A man who knew his vices all too well and indulged in them daily. Cigar in hand, he smiled with all his pearly whites and loved his mockery. The year started on a Thursday and every single citizen of the town was in an optimistic mindset. World War Two drifted among the people. It invaded their sleep and left them with an eerie feeling of discomfort, of unease. An unsettling aftertaste that no one knew how to cope with and that wasn't discussed. A darkness seeping through the cracks, unseen to the human eye. But time went on. Minutes and seconds continued to perpetually tick away. Win after win, Joe DiMaggio played on. In living rooms all across the country the good wholesome people tuned in. Reliable Cary Grant played his role as well in the grand scheme of things. I played mine too. We all did. Even if the ending was predictable, we all played along. It was inevitable. Suits were worn on Sundays and ladies' best dresses made an appearance. The blue tie, the green tie, the red tie, but the details are insignificant. Wednesdays were always crisp clear days that year but that is irrelevant as well. Nobody remembers the specifics of the Technicolor motion pictures. The very same motion pictures that consumed our Saturday nights at the drive in movies. Suburban dates at the soda shop on Friday nights, high school sweethearts went to prom and have the grainy photographs to prove it. Boyish good looks were glorified and star athletes were worshipped with secrets to hide and the shoes of great men to fill. They tripped on the untied shoelaces, embarrassing their generation and growing

up to be successful businessmen. We all walked around with our own vague notions about the meaning of life and all the kids rode their bikes around the neighborhood. He saved up money to buy a red convertible and I wore a pink bow in my hair. The year ended on a Thursday. I climbed a tree, tore my best dress, and said goodbye to 1942. I was living in a passing phase. I knew it in my bones and could not deny the powerful force of time that was covering up everything I knew and all aspects of the modern world. My teeth began to hurt with the sheer pressure of everything. Every thought and every fact I'd ever learned. I climbed down the tree, scratched my knee and went inside. The year ended without a bang and the first hour of 1943 was spent in good company making ridiculous wishes and predictions for the New Year. Meanwhile, people across America were living their lives to the fullest. Drinking champagne, losing inhibitions, proclaiming love, fighting joyously and fighting epically. The year of 1942 was a year of bloodshed, self-inflicted to be exact. We put on a show in the supermarket line and in the newspaper articles, and we won science fairs. I am partial to regressing back to this time. The good old days were not so perfect after all, but endearing. Endearing like a family dinner and Cary Grant's films. 1942 was a year unremarkable overall, but quite grand in detail. But I suppose it comes down to the mere fact that you just had to be there. For the scent of aftershave is quite linked to the decor and the bright able-bodied youth and self-indulging adults.

# Confessions

Elaina Kim

I wonder how you will feel when you find out that I watch you. Sure, you lend me a glance or on Tuesdays, a grimace, right before you drop your bag and your keys and your drab overcoat in a pathetic shade of taupe and then head to the kitchen to whip up something for supper -- but I wonder how you will feel when you realize that I watch you from my spherical watery depths and though you call me Goldie, I've always liked the name Carl, and though you only remember to feed me on Tuesdays and Fridays and Sunday mornings, I care. I wonder how you will feel when you realize that though my mouth gapes open, close, open, like I'm dumb or severely disturbed, I'm not -- I'm watching you and deciding whether or not I'm more pathetic. I wonder how you feel and then I wonder why I care.

# Sky Bound

Liz Lawler

Marjorie's leg jitters while she sits at her desk. She stares up and out the windows. She doesn't bother with the fresh cut grass, or the small stubby bushes, or even the ever reaching trees. Instead, she stares at the sky, and thinks about her love for high places. Later, she will lie on the roof of her building, matching the blank stare of the night sky. She both loves and hates high places. She hates how she can hear them, as if they mock her. They fly about contempt, as she lays below confused. Bounded to an earth she doesn't want to know, fallen from her true ambition, Marjorie closes her eyes to the sky.

# Casual Friday

Elaina Kim

Art is the dress you don't wear to work. The one in the back of your closet, behind pencil skirts, blouses, and slacks in varying shades of grey and dark grey. It's enshrouded in an afghan-sized garment bag -- one that could fit six more of the same dress plus a small person and maybe a cat. It proudly wears its price tags like a jeweled necklace, numerous price tags that jingle and jangle at you every time you glance back there, in the back of the closet where it's a little bit darker black than the trousers you wore to the office today -- the same ones Maryann wore in navy. So you came home in a huff because you bought that dress on a whim with your last paycheck, and you stapled the web of skin between your index finger and thumb while working through your lunch hour. And worst of all, Maryann who wore the same pants as you, took one whitening glance and promptly went home to change. So, stumbling into the kitchen, you throw your keys into the vestibule, but miss the counter. In the living room you sink your head into your hands, still throbbing, and wonder what kind of day it will be the day you wear Art to work.

# 15 Minutes

Amara Andre

They say if you make 1000 cranes you can make a wish on their fragile wings.

Come with me he said, so I pinched the final crease and escaped. He rode in front pedaling furiously, back arched like a mad man, while I silently cruised at the rear weaving in and out of the shadows. He took me up to Sabin Hill, a monstrous vertical journey, to experience Portland Above. And it was beautiful. My Brother found the beautiful. Then we let

Go.

# A Werewolf

Liz Lawler

The mail came today for Noelle. Her older brother sent her a package, a pale blue box with a note. Wrote he found it, traveling in the rugged Northwest last summer. She has no idea where her brother is now. He didn't send a return address.

She left the box on her desk for weeks, forgetting it for English papers and History finals. She let it fall into mounds of old school work which rendezvoused with heaps of clothes.

Her brother called last Friday. From a payphone, asking how she liked his gift. Noelle called it lovely as she scrambled to find the box, discovered it amidst her socks, and ripped it open. Her brother heard the clamor.

She had destroyed the box so that it could no longer hold its posture, to wrestle a fur out of the seemingly impossibly small box. She held it up. The coat hung as she held it out, both fully a coat and the complete fur of a dark brown wolf.

"It's magic," her brother said. "Anyone can be a wolf," and hung up.

# A Moment in Time

Sophia June

March 19th, 2010. 6:00 Am. Also known as D-Day for Juniors. The heavy weight of sleep is pushing down on my weak eyelids. My pupils, glazed partly with purpose and partly with patheticness. My fingers have finally stopped their tap dance on the sparkling silver keys. Gone are the pop anthems and the pump up music. Only the blissful buzz of the computer is my accompaniment now. My cursor lies over the “Save” icon, as I triple-click this button for the last time, just to be certain. I stare at my creation, punch my arrow keys down to display this work of art that has encompassed the past three months, but most intensely, the past 8 hours. I stare with disgust that I could spend so much time on one thing. I stare with doubt that it could even possibly be complete. Mostly, I stare with pride at my creation, and I stare with the relaxing relief that it’s over. Little do I know that an hour and 40 minutes of panic awaits me until it will lie crisply and beautifully in my hands. The Facebook and Jstor windows are closed. The Great Gatsby, my ally and my friend through this process lies half open to my right. Scribbled notes on format and art critique lie to my left. I take a deep breath as I realize I’m still in the same clothes as I wore yesterday. Head-rush as I stand up. A new level of panic I never realized possible as I discover it is unable to print.

# Contributors

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Christine Ngan

Amara Andre

Daniella Stach

Charlie Wilson

Sophia June

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Grace Shaffer

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# Acknowledgements

Cantos would like to thank Jesuit High School for continued financial and resource support, including its president, John Gladstone, and principal, Sandy Satterberg. The journal would also like to thank Jenny Yoo, for providing significant and substantial design for the magazine, and Jack Derderian at Printing Today, for much assistance with producing the finished work. Finally, thank you to all the students who took part in making this magazine.

