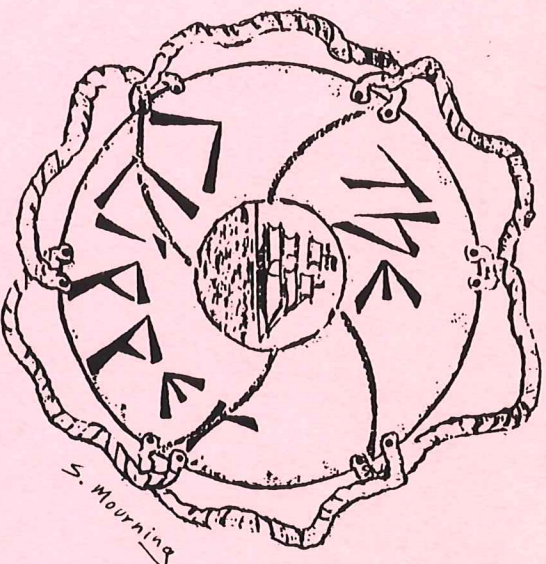


Anna Byrne



*The
Clipper*

*Spring
1990*



THE CLIPPER

Manasquan High School's Fine Arts Magazine

Spring 1990

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WORDS

by David Ball

Leaves die, and dust blows away.

Still, words are imprinted in the memory of man.

The memory of the men or women that express the words
in writing.

They get into the hearts of the readers.

These are the pro writers.

Money can not buy the words.

They will always be in the memory of the writer.

ODE TO MANASQUAN

It has been a quick four years since the first day I set foot in Manasquan High. I entered this institution with a confused mind about what lay ahead of me. My classes were full of strangers, people I never had seen before and were afraid to talk to. My teachers were much different from the familiar faces of those in my old elementary school. My first few days of high school I longed to go back to the friends I had left behind in Belmar. I felt so alone.

As it turned out, my fear and loneliness disappeared. I became friends with a girl who sat next to me in English class, and today, four years later, she's my best friend. Through her I met many other people. At the end of freshman year I was on the soccer team, but a broken leg in a game kept me out of the season and out of school until sophomore year.

My tenth grade year was nothing new. I was afraid my friends from last year would forget me, but again I met Kelly in English class and she helped me to regain my confidence. My leg was still in a cast and it seemed to attract much attention from my classmates. The distraction made it easier for me to make friends because they came to talk to me and I did not have to make the first move.

During my last two years at Manasquan I became very sociable. I became what my close friends called "crazy." I was no longer afraid of meeting people and spoke out against what I thought was wrong. My attitude about life changed and I paid more attention to my studies. As time passed, school became more enjoyable and I was actually beginning to like it here.

Now as my senior year comes to an end, I realize I am actually going to miss Squan. Not only has this place pointed me in the right educational direction, it has changed my outlook on everything. I will miss my friends, teachers and of course, the good times.

Thanks for the memories, MHS!

Denise Mihalic

Then, without knowing it, my eyes drifted up above James and I started at the cold grey stones some one had ripped from this ground and decided should be used to build a school that would be made of buildings that would have walls and each wall would have a window that some dumb, ignorant, proud kid would be forced to throw himself from and smash his body into one great lump of fear.

I didn't need to look at James again, I knew what he looked like. My eyes moved from face to face gathered around dear James and not a one was dry. The mouths of every person were held agape from the shock and seeing James floating like a defenseless child on the seas of catastrophe. The only movement I could discern among the frozen crowd was the quivering of little Eric Jacoby's lower lip, then as if a hundred thousands volts of heavenly retribution flew down and struck Eric, his entire body started to quiver and then shake and then finally he was convulsing mass of tears and moans. The unearthly moan wasn't coming from Eric, I was sure of it. It couldn't have. The wail I heard must have come from a thousand years. I doubt if old Faust ever moaned a moan such as the one that embodied itself in the mouth of the frail young Eric. And still no one moved.

I saw them. I saw every goddam stupid look on each one of their stupid goddam faces. Eight eyes saw James below and four mouths hung open in disbelief. Disbelief isn't the word to fit those sorry bastards. My fists clenched and my eyes burned a hole into each of their souls. My jaw flew open and a voice deep within me, unfamiliar and not my own; yet strangely, I knew it was mine, cried out, "WHYYYYYYYYY!, WHYYYYYYYYY!, you BASTARDS, WHYYYYYYYYY!" I looked at my palms and watched a teardrop fall and sting four crescents of brilliant red blood.

The next thing I knew a figure emerged from the crowd with a wool blanket neatly folded in his arms. The sun caught the fuzz and set the blanket ablaze in Viking glory, glowing green and soft and warm. A hand traveled across the still warm skin and felt for the pulse that we all knew no longer existed. The rhythmic beat of the body's soul had stopped its omnipresent performance and life was no more for James. My disbelief had turned to rage and then it turned to a strange calm. It wasn't a calm of acquiescence. Hell no, it was fear, far from that. It was a calm that drove me to the realization that I would find out why, why, why. I would discover truth and the truth would make everything right with the world.

I looked down to the hard, heated stone that had embraced James and saw a puddle spreading beneath me. It was then that I realized I was in nothing but a towel and I was drip, drip, dripping onto the stone and a small stream of water flowed from the puddle beneath me and met the puddle

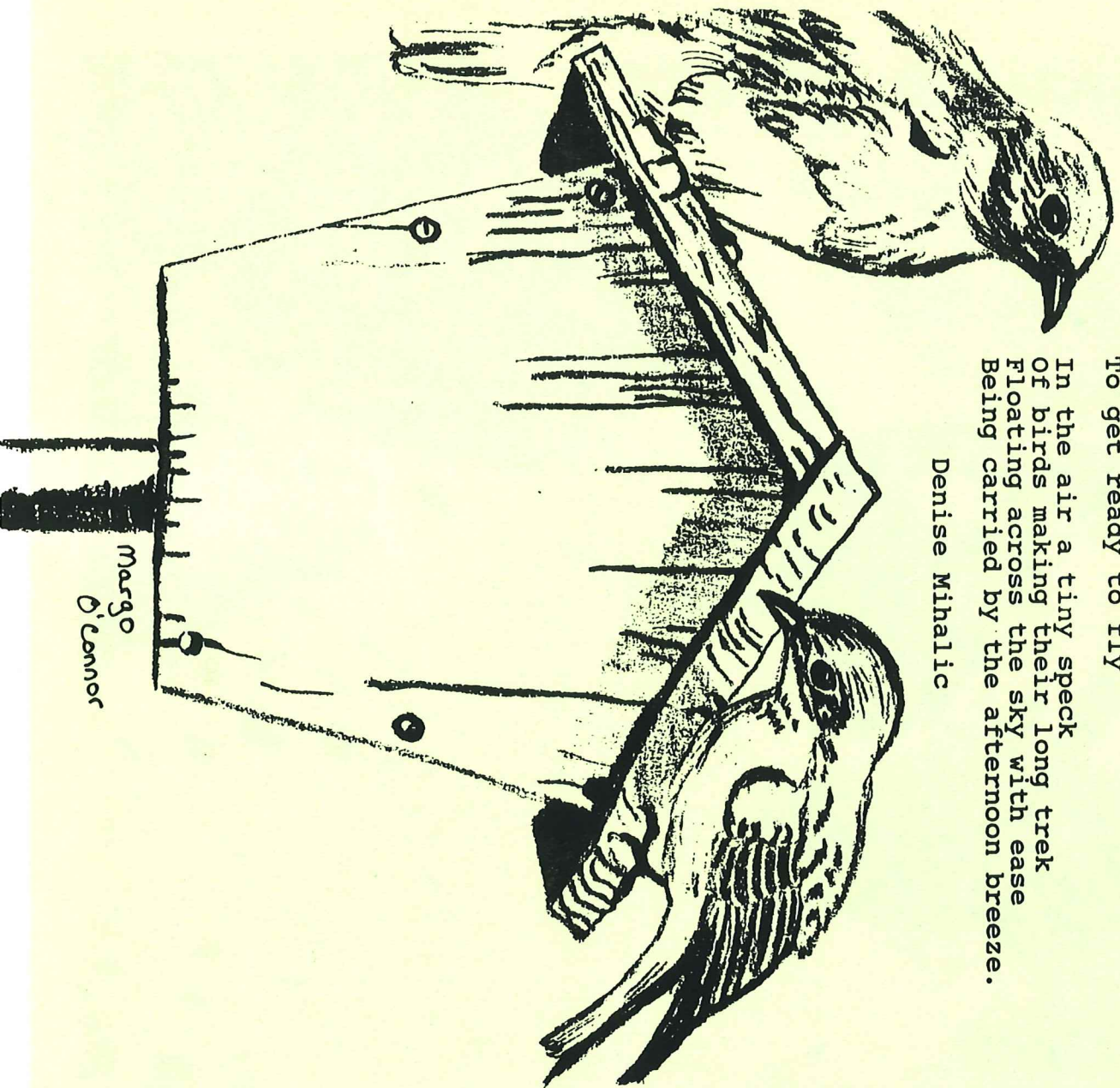
LITTLE BIRDIES

Little birdies standing cute
Eating wheat by the root
Standing on their tiny house
Just right to hold a mouse

In the spring weather
High up in the sky
They preen their lush feathers
To get ready to fly

In the air a tiny speck
Of birds making their long trek
Floating across the sky with ease
Being carried by the afternoon breeze.

Denise Mihalic



LONELINESS

The rain pours down the windowpane
falling endlessly to the bottom
Questions fill my mind
who has these answers
How can I go on
I feel as if my heart
has died
No feeling of joy has entered
my body or soul
I am numb to the sensation
Visions of you fill my mind
Your face, your eyes, your soul
still there but never in my reach
Still close but always too far
for me
"I love you" those words whispered
ever so softly before
mean nothing now
Why are those words secured in my head
like a needle that skips over a record
again and again
"I love you" three words to lift
my soul to endless joys
three words always remembered
as I sit in my tears of
loneliness

Michelle Steiger

IN A DREAM

Yesterday I thought of you
and my heart shed a tear
For the memories but all forgotten
that always were so dear.
I wish we could have stopped
no room for things too change
I liked them just the way they were
How your absence seems to strange.

Someday we'll be together again
In a dream; another time
But until then, I'll still be waiting
for you.

I can't stop thinking of you
You're in my mind in everything I do
I miss you more than you'll ever know
This pain I feel just won't go, until I'm with you.
I wish we could have stopped
No room for things to change
I liked them just the way they were
How your absence seems so strange

Someday we'll be together again
In a dream; another time
But until then I'll still be waiting for you!

Jenny Kackos

ODE TO A FRIEND

You came to us from many miles away
Not knowing who or what to expect
You brought new ideas and views on everything--
Some acceptable, others outrageous!
But we accepted you as you are.

You have grown and matured greatly these
past ten months
And so has our love for you.
We have accepted you as our son
And have treated you as such.
We have shared good times, bad times, laughs
and even shed a few tears.

To say good-bye will be the hardest part yet.
Yes, my friend, it has been enjoyable
And God knows how much you will be missed
by all.
May we meet again some day, my friend!

Manga Kramar

To -----

Willingly,
I walked the planet's
gangplank,

into the tempest seas,
of self-domination.

and tried to swindle
the omniscient,
and tried to calm
the restless,
and tried to comfort jagged hearts;

but the web only tightened up,
and I could not see through the night's shades.

And I swam through fluid emptiness,
until I

slid down the spine of the sky
to lairs of antiquity
and shady customs
and private religions
and stark traditions

alluding to home
and I scaled mountains,
and challenged craters.

on a quest of my own,
in a style of my own,
across these skies I've flown,
as I am bound to roam.

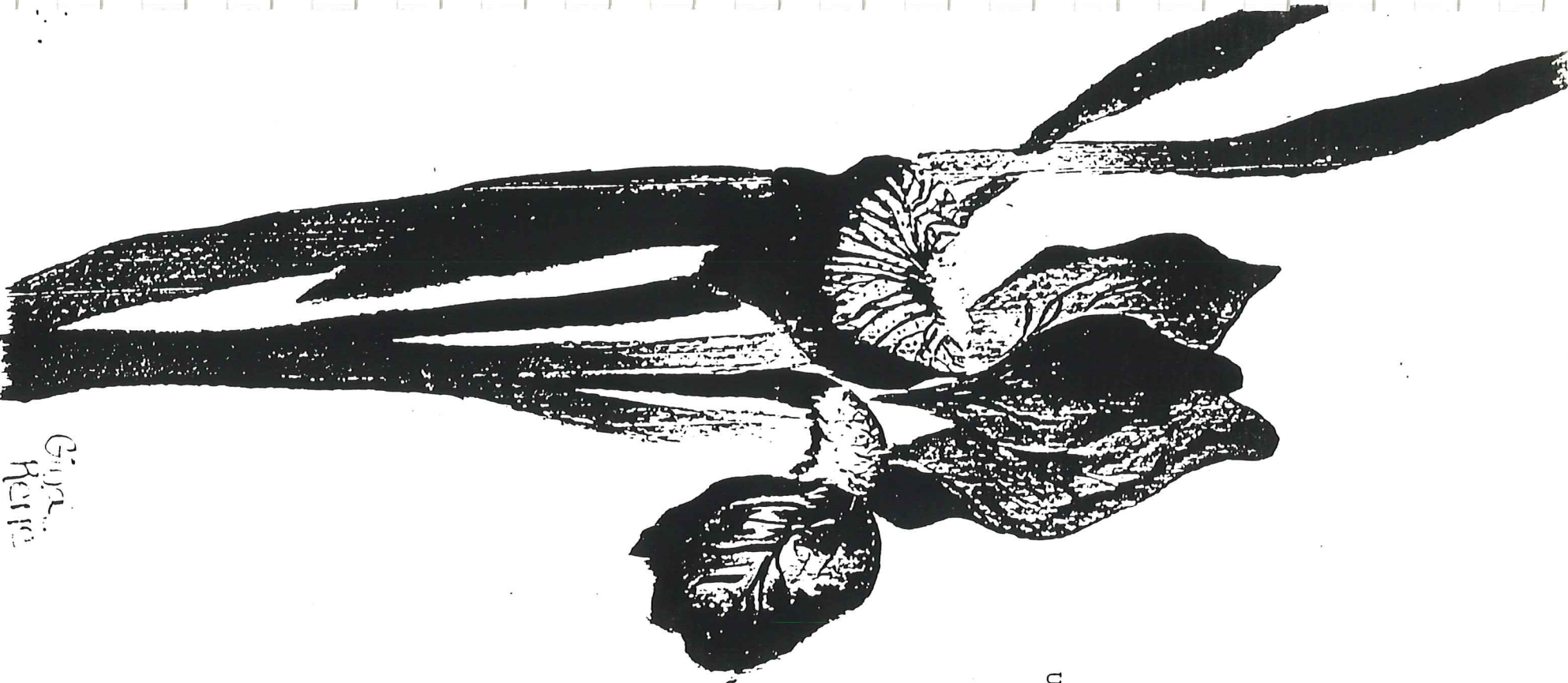
and this journey,
across seas and time and space,
hasn't fostered the same loss,
as the day my Princess
was lost.

Pete Ryan

The stones stay still
Until someone picks them up to throw
The leaves don't move
Until the wind starts to blow
The flowers don't blossom
Until Spring comes around
Nothing can be heard
Until there is a sound
Nothing is dirty
Until it touches dirt
No one seems to cry
Until someone gets hurt
The sun doesn't shine
Until it starts to rise
People are blind
Until they open their eyes
There is no laughter
Till a smile is shed
There are no words
Till a word is said
There is no love
Till people start to care
And there is no giving
Until someone's ready to share

Erin S. Augustine

Giya
Rena



MURDER HALL

There lived a murderer that was on Death Row
and hadn't spoken a word in nearly five years.
Minutes before his electrocution he spoke out in a low deep
voice,
"I saw it all, when I walked down murder hall."

A lunatic on the outer wings of insanity
A dark horse threat to humanity
The wife leaving brought on depression
The love for her blood became an obsession
Distorted voices inside his head
His mind colored in with red
The future was running away blank and bare
His mirror reflected intensified despair
Walking the streets a vacant stranger
With twisted thoughts to bring upon danger

Is God peering sadly from a cloud above?
Does he know what his haunting mind's thinking of?
On this man did Satan crack his whip?
From the cup of evil, did he sip?

His motives one night turned the key
Of his pleading guilt to insanity

In a motionless black hall stood his wife
At the other end, fury with a knife
Silently he approached the silhouette fringed with amplified
black

A demon voice echoed within, "You can't pull back."
The knife was raised and a diminishing scream broke the
silence

The man was overwhelmed by the adrenaline of violence
From the fine flesh he pulled the knife
Embraced by shock from taking another's life

Lesson:

"A man can skate with finesse over life's fine ice,
But once he's set on fire, there'll be no thinking twice."

He was inevitably strangled by the law
Locked up in solitude he stared at the wall
Mind completely blank, except for one memory he can recall
The night he took a walk down murder hall....

Gene Weiss

POEMS
by R. Scott Clayton

I often stop to watch and see
The setting sun upon the sea
When God's light dims
And dusk draws near
While in the distance one may hear
The muffled cry of an ocean gull
When the restless sea seeks a lull
All is calm to you and me
The city speaks in harmony
Arise, the moon
A brand new life
the rising sun.

Brothers and sisters of the night
Who among you will run with the hunt?
Amidst a green card-endangered civilization
Reptiles bounding
Fossils, caves
Each tree repeats a mold
Young and old
Who will run?
Who will give?
Who will die?
Who will live?
I fall to my knees
I cry, I bleed
Our homes today
Impending need
No longer feel the sun's red heat
No longer see a budding tree.
Smoke, haze
The power of our greed.

Dancing On a Moonbeam....

Dancing on a moonbeam
Wandering through the day
Smiles drifting on a pale green wave
Running out to play

Wishing on a shooting star
Turning cartwheels in the grass
Falling like sweet summer rain
Skippin' outta class

Swimming through the sunlight
When I finally found your name
Come and spend some time with me
Our souls are just the same

Liza Baskin



TARA MUNDY

The Stairs of Life

Climbing up the stairs of life
With each step I get higher
Hoping to myself I won't fall down
Hoping that I won't tire

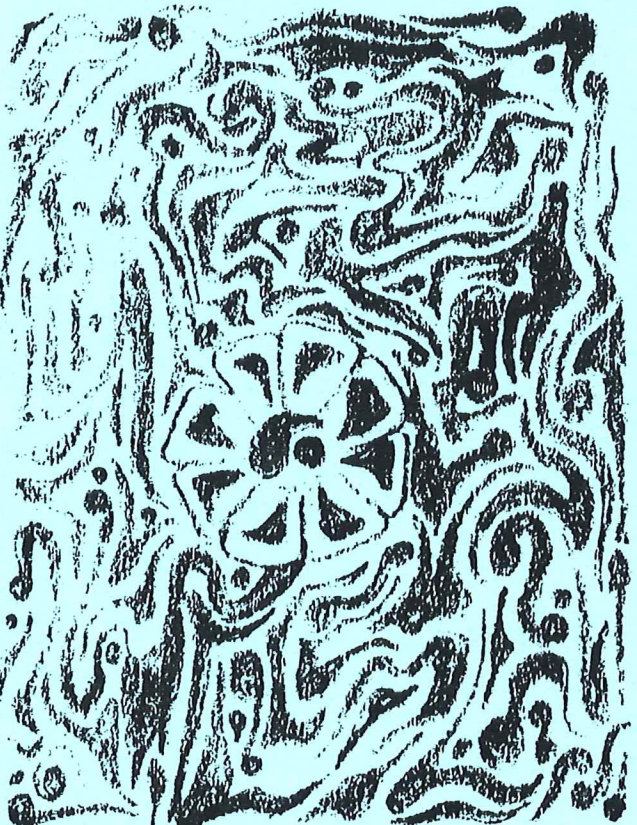
Taking each step one by one
Taking each step quite slow
How much faster my feet move now
Holding onto the rail as I go

My thinking wanders-I'm running faster
My feet hitting each step with a bound
I'm losing concentration-My balance is going
I'm slipping and tumbling down

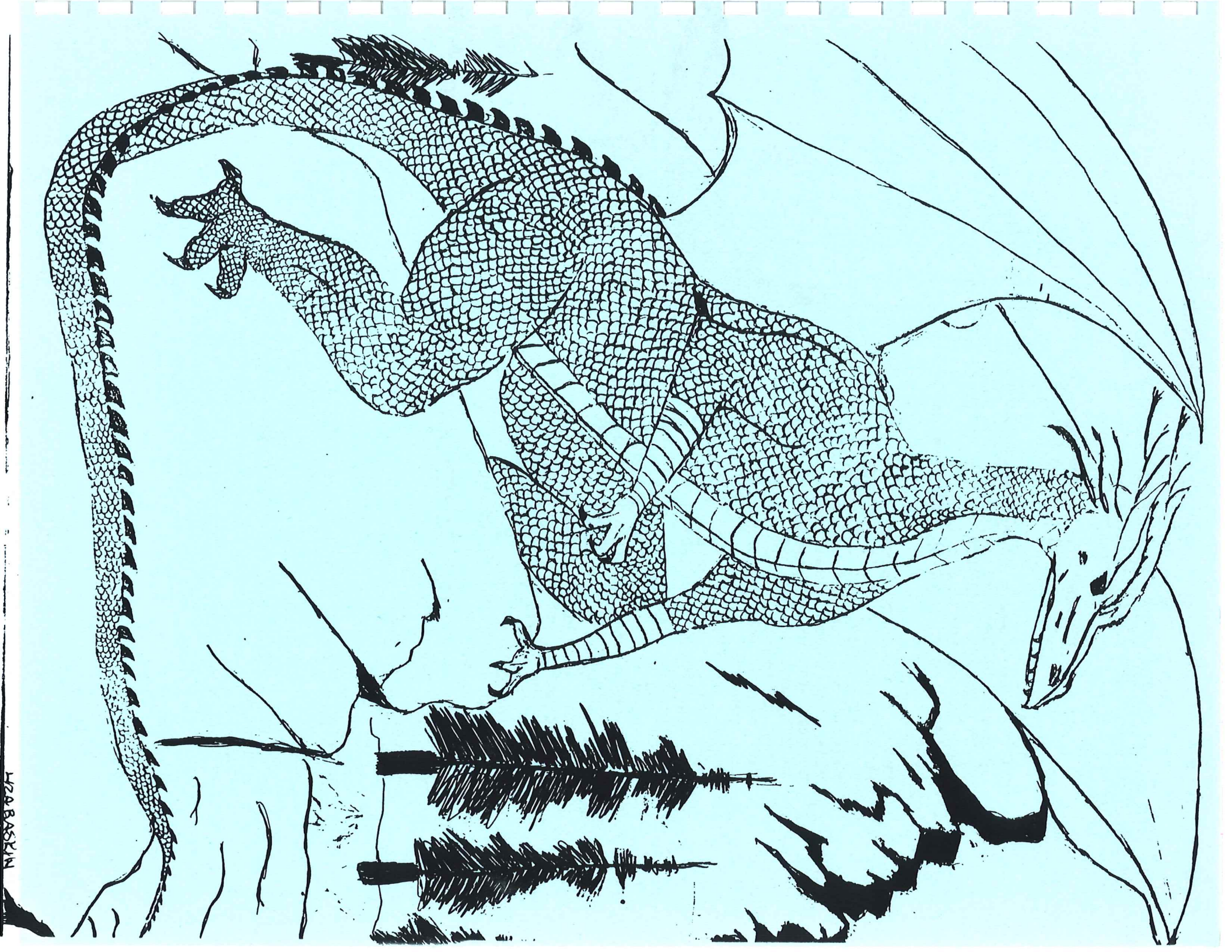
Catching myself and holding on tight
Praying my body does not descend
Getting my balance up on my feet
I will climb these stairs again

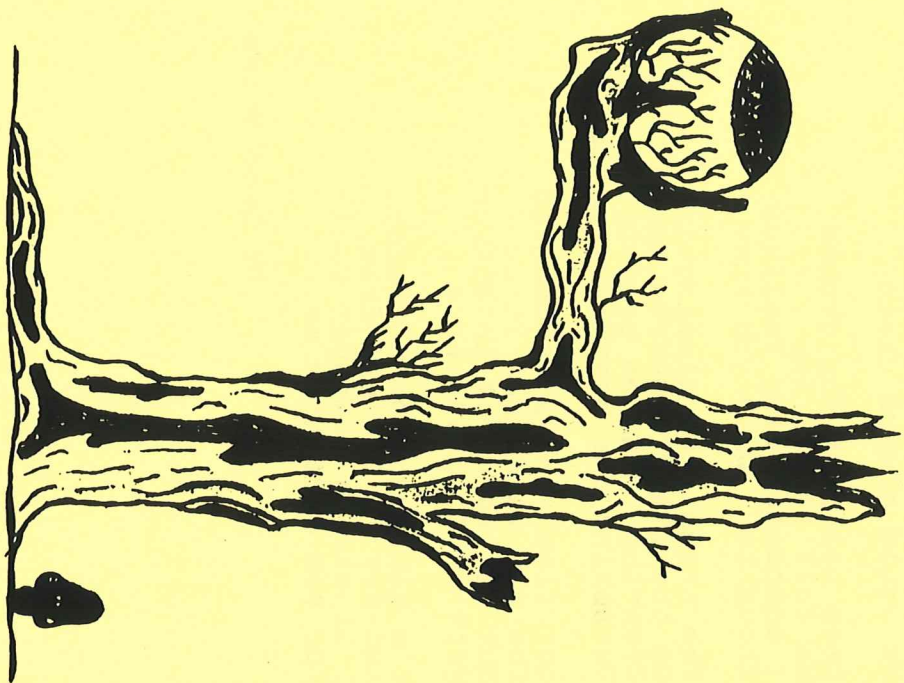
Concentrating now I reach the top
Overwhelmed by my troubles' end
But looking ahead my eyes do see
Another stairway begins

Jessy Mauro



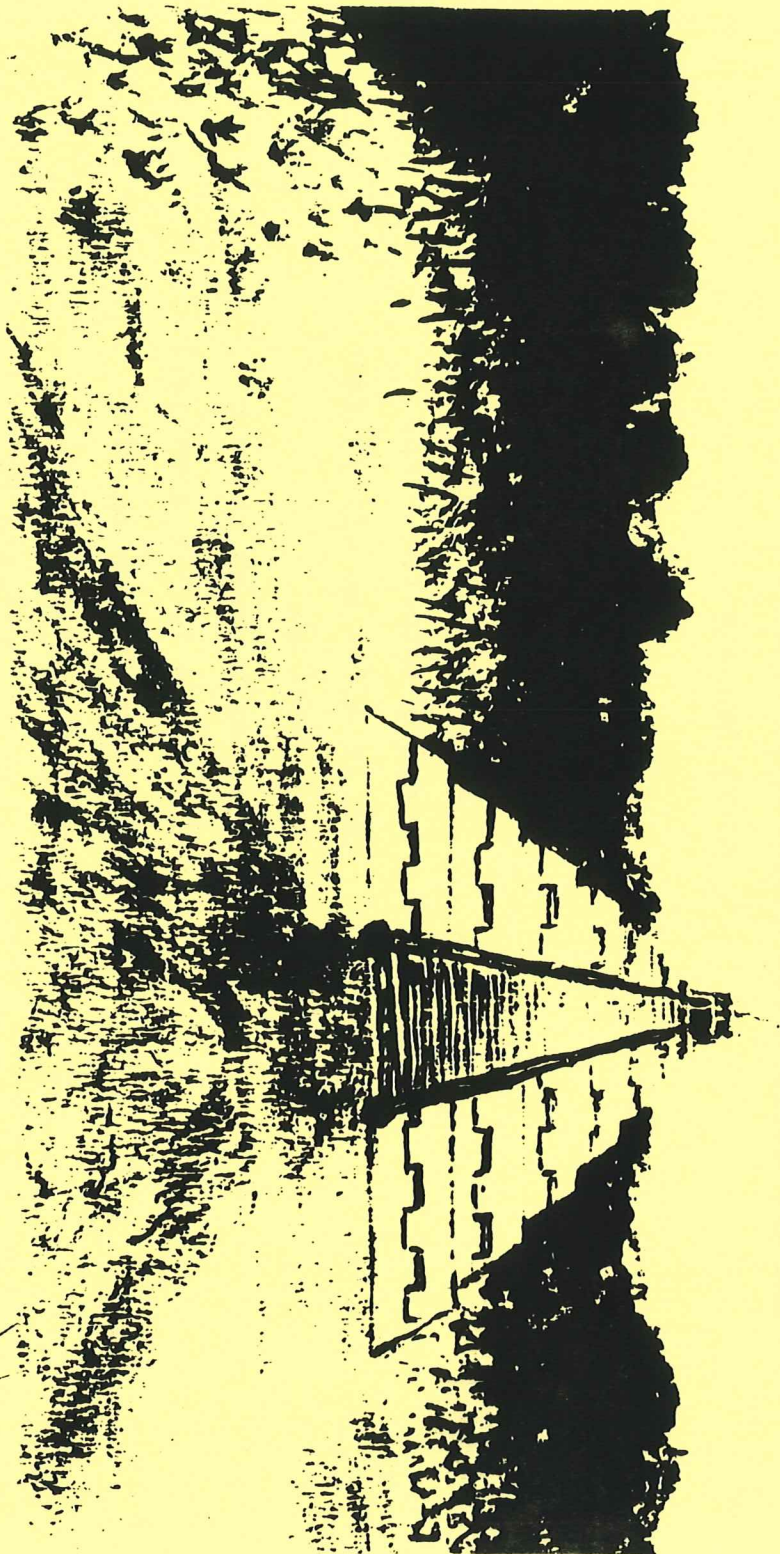
Jen Rennick

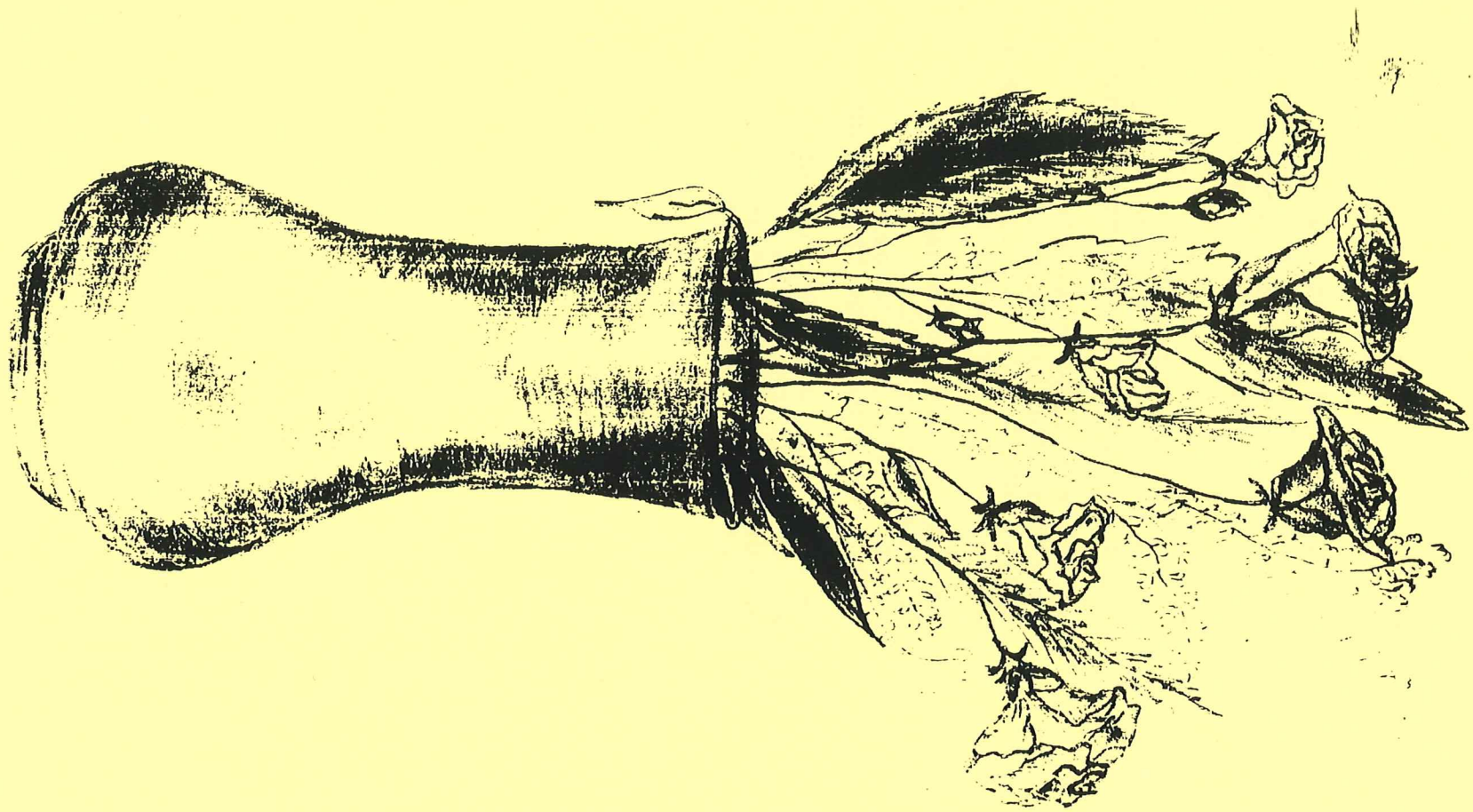




Stone Celler

Bob
Herrick





July 1914



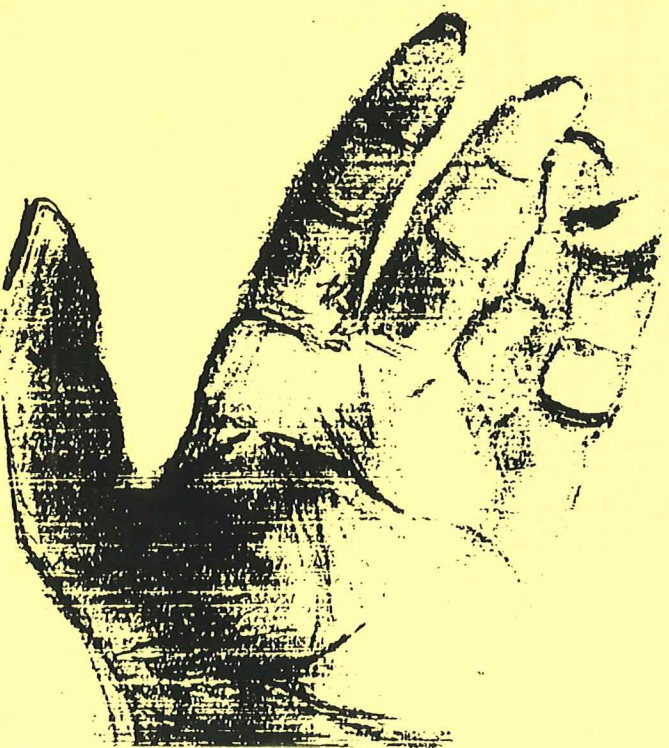
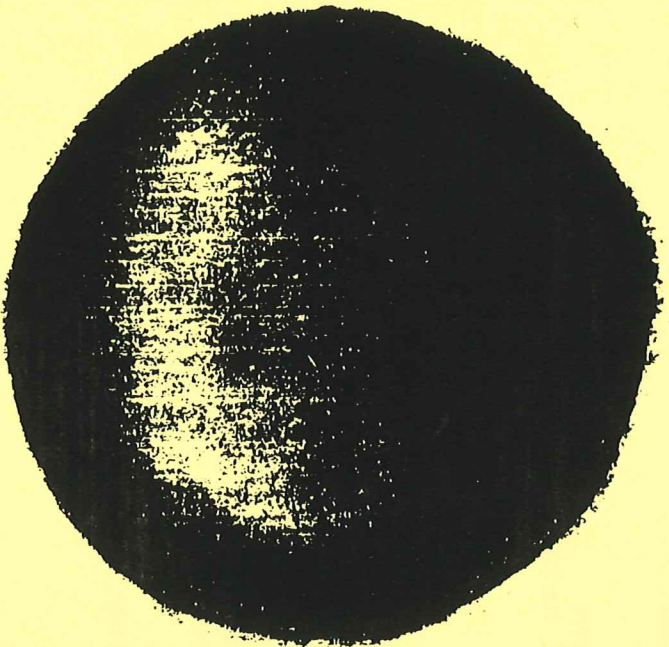
Holly Heller

Starting at the tips of her toes and the tips of her fingers, a numbness began to spread and she found herself unable to gasp for air. Then the fiery redness that had leaked into her eyes and consumed her mind gave way to a dull grey as everything became blurry and cold. Oh, how cold! She felt herself fade as her grasp on the inner tube slipped. She was falling, falling, slowly. The rhythmic motion of the sea guided her fragile little body down, down. Once again, Danielle was cradled in the arms of the sea, as the sun darted back and forth between the clouds, smiling and waving at the earth as if he had not beat down so fiercely on the little girl just moments before, pulsating, throbbing, torturing.

The clouds, too, kept the secret, for they just kept blowing back and forth, back and forth, long strands of cotton fiber, just like nothing happened.

About half an hour later, Janice Crosby closed her book, finished. When she gazed up at the immense sea before her, she saw only the cold, hard blackness of the inner tube as it swayed up and down, up and down, with the motion of the sea.

By Susan Brennan



Holly
Heller

Amphibious Ambiguity

There were thirty-six of us lining the shore
there weren't any less, maybe a few more
we started into the distance, as the sun hit the waves
we knew that some of us were bound for our graves.

Our knuckles were as white as the teeth in our head
our arms were like weights, our hearts filled with
dread.

we knew what was coming when our feet hit the deck
was our life worth the price of a soldier's pay check

The channel was rough, our boat nearly lost
the winds howled low as our landing ship tossed.
a few of the men broke down and cried
over the sea and what waited on the other side.

When the bow hit the beach bullets started to fly
when the men hit the beach men started to die.
the thunder clap sounded, time was no more.
who counts the bodies that litter the shore

The battle was won that glorious day
Our flags were all flying, the band started to play
Everyone shouted and danced in the fields.
while I sit and stare, here stuck between wheels.

Paul Gleitz

Phases

You never knew you hurt me
But I guess it's all my fault.
You were there for a while.
But I can do without the tea and sympathy.

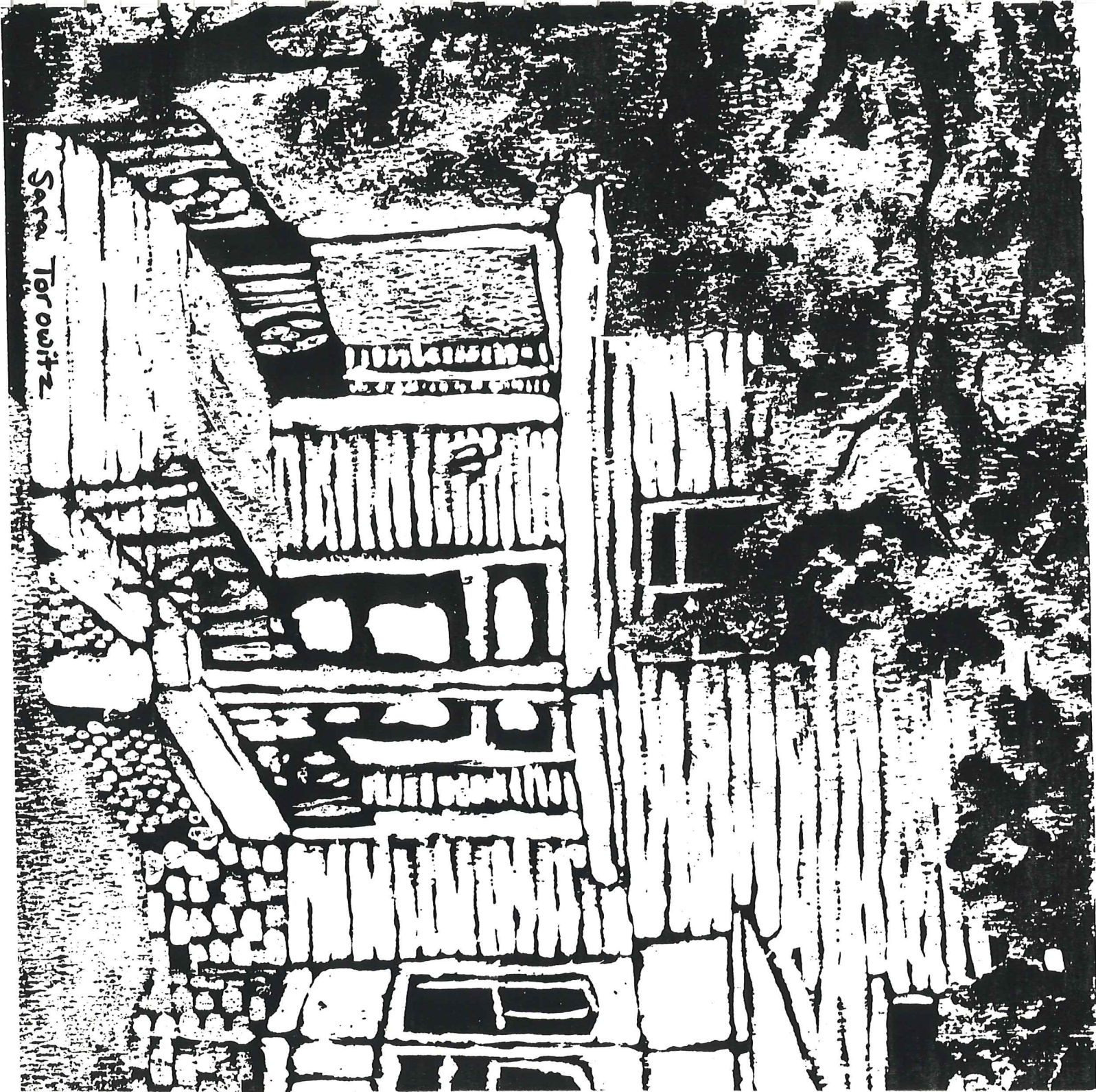
Past has hurt and haunted me
But I guess that's expected.
But when you love two people,
There's no room for honesty.

Now I sit here wondering
What you're feeling now.
But I guess you're thinking
Pondering who, what, why, and how.

I look at my friend
When the school days end
And I wonder if it will last
As long as our memories,
Future, present, and past.

Graduation was what we thought was our relief,
Is now the only thing that gives me grief.
When out of college and in the working grind,
You know I'll be there for you,
The friend you left behind.

Nicole Lakas



ONCE WHILE IN A SLUMBER

Once while in a slumber, floating above
Light fused together and shone only love.
Gliding around with frightening ease
Mimicking the man on the flying trapeze.
Drifting in from cloud to cloud
Visiting friends in distant towns.
Sleeping below, walking through dreams
While all above is just as it seems.
The place dreamed of, the love that is wished
Settles above like a motherly kiss.
If only the world could be such a place.
If only the people could see such a face
As seen in the light that guides the trip
That all have been on, yet so many have missed.
Once while in a slumber, floating above
Light fused together and shone only love.
Gliding around with wondrous ease
Mimicking the man on the flying trapeze.

Tara McDonald

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A.P. Or Not A.P.

take the class, You'll never Pass
take the class, You'll only fail
take the class, An F is nothing
take the class, the Point is Moot
take the class, College won't accept you
take the class, Papers due tomorrow
take the class, What's the Use?
take the class, I think I'll drop out
take the class, You'll look so smart
take the class, Transcripts'll be a work of Art
take the class, if you want to die Young
take the class,

Take the class,

TAKE the class,

TAKE The CLASS,

TAKE THE CLASS,

TAKE THE CL--

(heh, heh, heh)

Tara McDonald



Margo
O'Connor

actually taking place. Reality had always puzzled me, and I knew I sometimes frowned in my head with the idea that reality had taken over Earth. Sometimes I find myself sitting home waiting for martians to land on Earth just for some exploration out of my reality. In some ways Chantel seemed like a martian to me.

After Chantel and I reached my street he stopped and looked down at me. It was as though he was judging me by the clothes I was wearing. Guilt filled me because I too chose to look at clothes as a way to understand a person I met. This simple movement Chantel made swept me off the track of fantasy, and set me on the road to reality.

There is such a difference between viewing and understanding. I had viewed Chantel in the hall, yet I never understood what he was feeling. Now I felt as though Chantel's approval was what I was searching for. No longer did I need the mystery he had once brought.

Chantel left. He said good-bye, but that was all. I suppose I wanted him to say something else. Yet, I am just as much at fault because I also just said good-bye. Besides, I would never wish to read Chantel's mind and let him tell me what he was thinking, because my fear of the unknown is the mystery that gives me things to think about in the cemetery.

Now, one week later I was making the same trip to the graveyard. I had the same intentions, to be in peace and quiet. Still, as I reached the willow tree the same mystery that had made me want to know Chantel led me ten feet past the big tree. I came to a small imbedded grave stone in the ground. The grave's head revealed the following words:

1974-1989

Derik Robinson

May He Rest In Peace

On the ground layed the same flower I had seen Chantel place upon the grave seven days before. Yet, now the flower had become a rusted color, and only a few petals of its life remained.

PURGATORY
by Jennifer Dunne

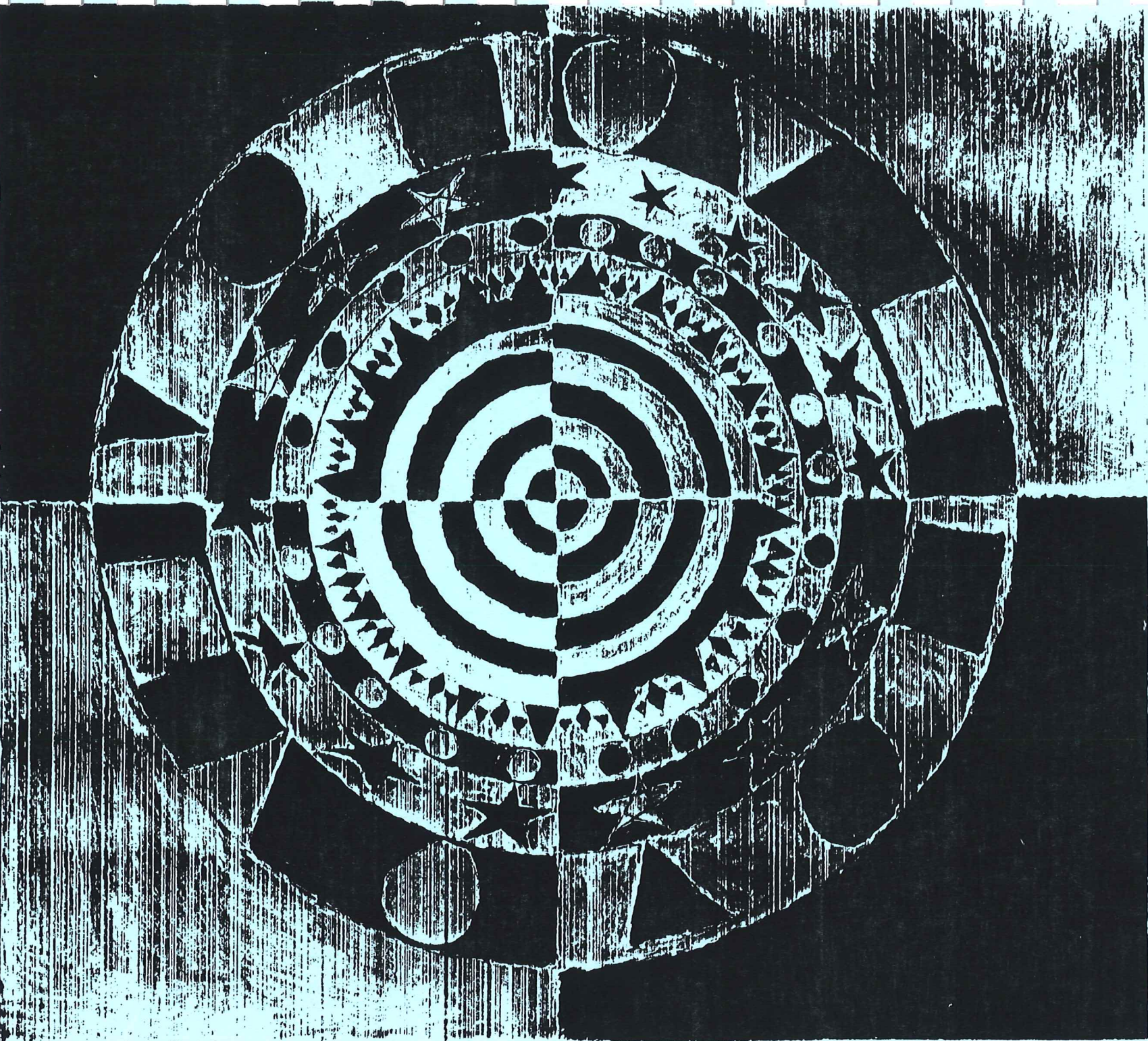
The thick cloud and gusts of putrid wind were subsiding, yet no sun shone down. It was amazingly light out for a while, but an overcast day. Like a dawn, when everything could be seen in perfect light, but no one could tell from whence the sun would appear. The sand was shaded, as if shadows of birds in flight were passing overhead. The air was totally clear now, and every part of the horizon looked the same; only stillness and sand. No sign of water, nor life. No hills could be seen at any distance. As the door fully opened he slipped through. He wondered if this would be his grave, loneliness, worse than any imaginable, on any other planet, in any other universe or beyond.

As he surveyed the alien place, a wave of intense nervousness made his knees give out. He landed on the dry, beige sand, silently. Not an echo, nor thump, nor pat, nor whisper broke the silence. The sand engulfed and cushioned his knees, but even sitting could not shake him out of the anxiety he felt. Twice more he took in his surroundings, but they were no help. He sat alone there, threw his hands to the sky and almost prayed he would leave soon.

Prayed to whom, though? The force that led him there after so many years of hiding from it? The God that left him in total solitude; abandoned him, forever, or for longer? What would he ask for company, to send someone else here that he would not have to bear such pain? Where was here? How would that other person get here? The same way he had?

His journey to this state of tranquility was an obstacle course thought out by the most warped mind ever created. He was not chosen for this benevolence on good behavior. He had been shrewd, cunning, manipulative, sometimes even pathetically vile to achieve his ends. He had inadvertently caused his own demise. He had also been alone. Always. His associates were few and superficial. He had not needed anyone during his whole life. Why then was he so despairing? He had faced many an ordeal and still survived. Was this one more ordeal he had to live through? Couldn't he just go talk with whoever was doing this to him and perhaps pay him off, and get the **** out? Was this prison for life? If so, he would begin to look for ways to either end it or escape.

He was so absorbed in thought he did not realize he was crying but alack, there were no tears. His eyes were dry. It was as if the air sponged tears away before they even fell. He began to turn the questions over in his mind and start again, but stopping at the thought of eternal solitude.



Charlie Beattie

THE KEY
by Allison Levenelm

A thousand fragments left behind,
As I step forward and try to find.
I am so confused and lost inside.
No place for me to run and hide.

Every corner, faced with terror.
All my answers, wrong by error.
And all my efforts to conceal,
Were ruined by the way I feel.

So once again I sit and stare.
Love like yours is very rare.
I know they're wrong, this time
I am right.
But I am afraid to stand and fight.

I look inside myself to see,
The answer staring back at me.
All the while I have had the key.
Open the door, and I will be free.

The Great Friend

You are the only one who seems to be there,
You are the only one who seems to care.
You always listen no matter what.
You keep my emotions from all mixing up.

I can't just explain why.
But you are a reason to live on.
You help me when I feel down,
When I feel happy you make it last.

There is so many things I'd like to say,
yet it wouldn't come out right.
See, you are The Great Friend,
Not I,
Besides you're far too great to be explained.

Ali VanNest

ART

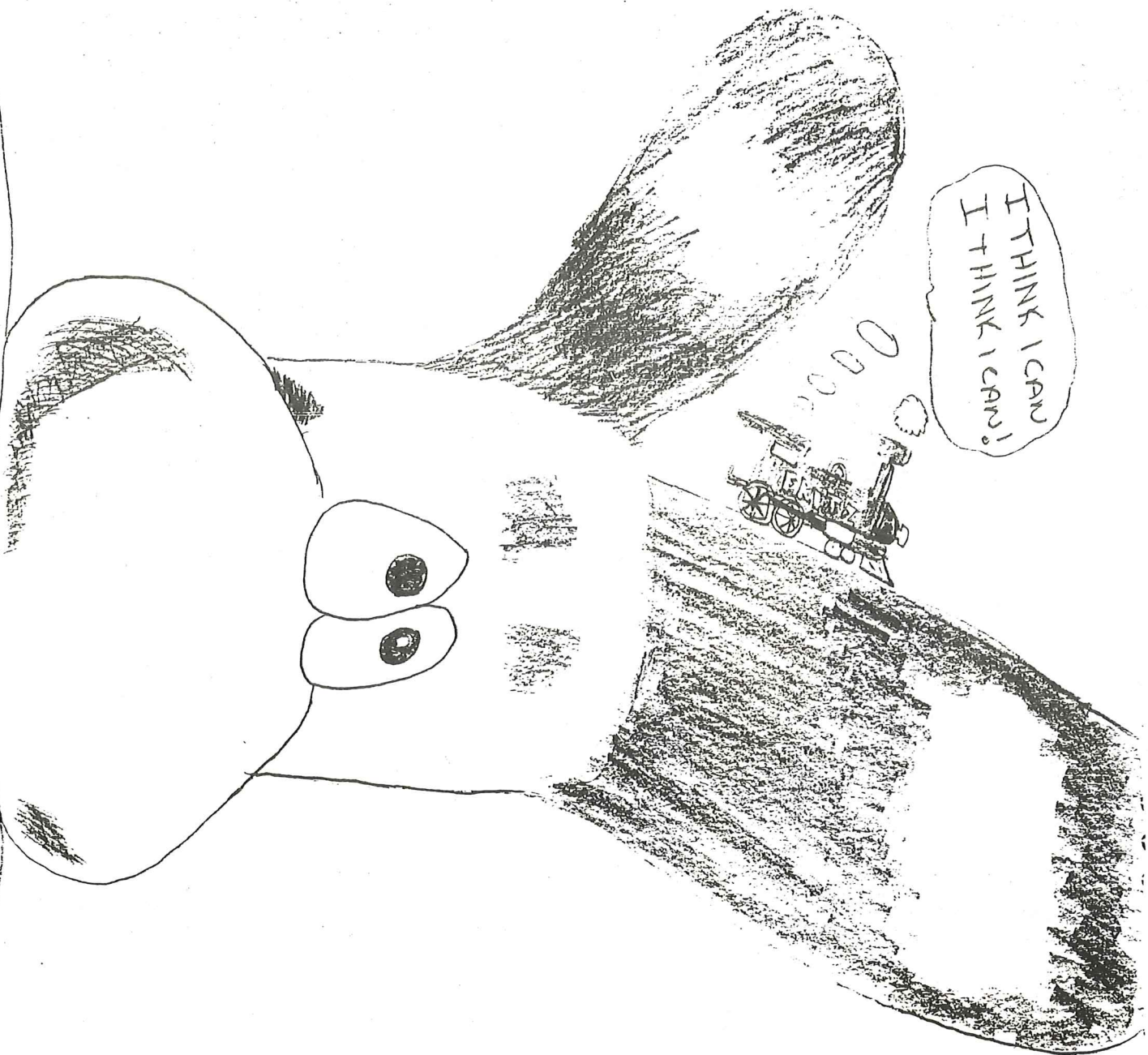
by David Ball

People will never be lonely.
They will always have art.
Which can fill a heart with
Love inside of itself.
And gives you something you
Can always have.



Tara Mundy

BRIAN
SMITH



Sonja Auro

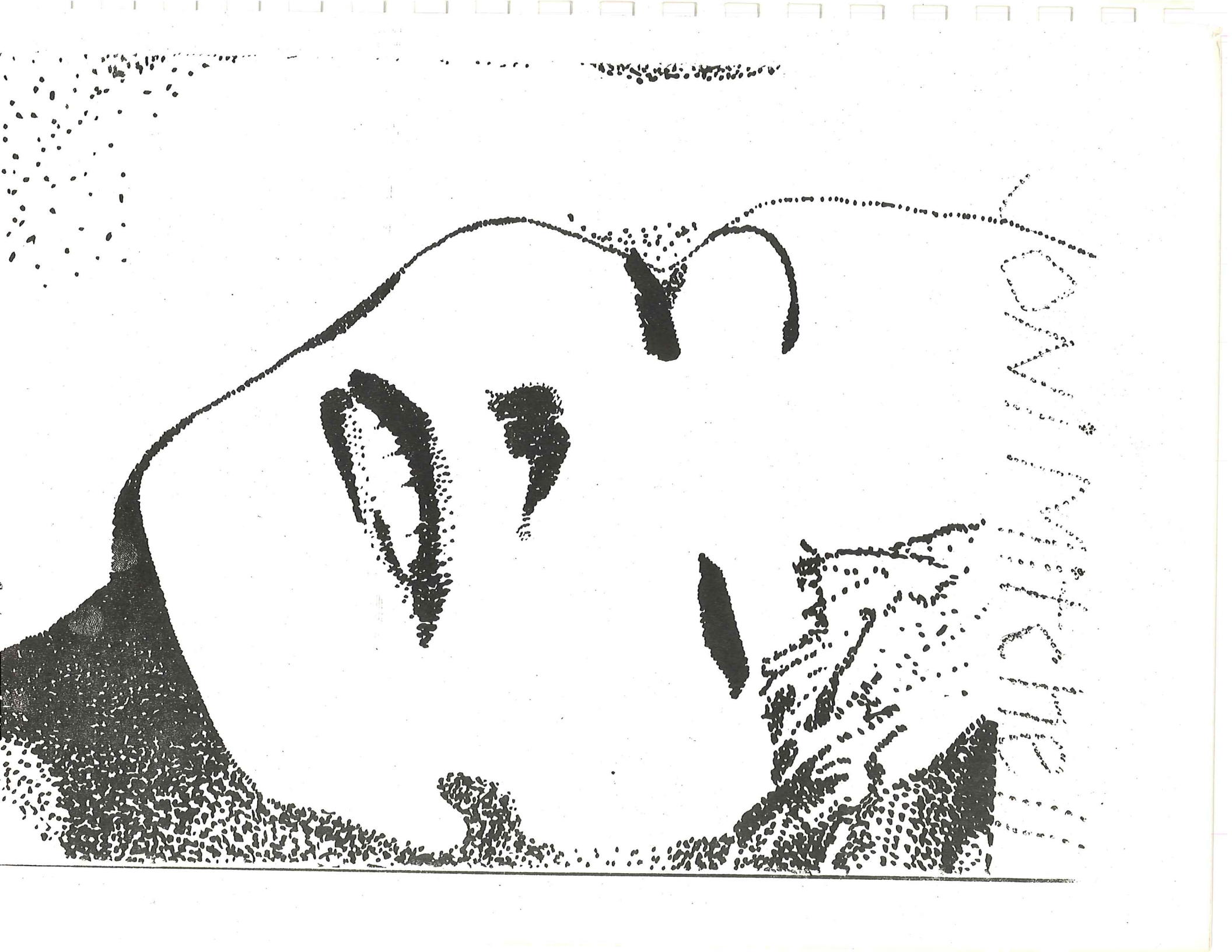


A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a motorcycle lying on its side on a rough, gravelly surface. The motorcycle is heavily damaged, with the front fairing and headlight assembly crumpled. The front wheel is visible, showing a multi-spoke design. The rear section, including the seat and tail light, is also visible. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality, possibly from a photocopy or a stylized print.



Michelle
Condol veii







Tommy Schweir



Nicole Lakes