

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS  
HIGH SCHOOL



*At Wit's End*  
*2006-2007*

# At Wit's End

A Literary Arts Journal

Christian Brothers High School  
Spring 2007

*At Wit's End* is a literary arts journal committed to celebrating the creative genius that thrives among the students, faculty, and staff at Christian Brothers High School. All submission are original works from the Christian Brothers community.

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Ms. Cassetta

This year’s edition of *At Wit’s End* is dedicated to the class of 2007. Throughout the years our class has undergone many rocky and trying times, however we have bonded, become one and now leave Christian Brothers as a loving family. Thanks for all the late night outings, funny scenarios in class, inside jokes, dances, hangout-sessions, random car drives and immeasurable love that everyone has shared throughout the past four years. We love you. We’ll miss you. You’ll always be a part of us. Thank you.

Special thanks to everyone who took the time and effort to submit poetry, short stories, artwork and photography. Of course none of this could have been accomplished without the time and devotion of Chrys Cassetta, to whom we owe a million thanks. Another special thanks to Alex Benson whose photography and computer skills were invaluable to the publication of this journal. Also, thanks to Evan Burford for moral support. Finally, we would like to convey our deep gratitude for John Meyer without whom the Literary Arts Journal may have only existed on a computer file. Thanks for taking a chance on a couple of confused kids.

"Art"

art is indefinable expression  
the attempt to describe indescribable emotion  
art is letting go of barriers  
ending thought and embracing impulse  
art is impossible  
art is necessary  
art is the abstract of what we know  
the illusion of our reality  
the mirror of truth that shocks us  
that leaves us gaping and wondering "how?"  
art is life enhanced  
life stripped of it's details  
art is fiction  
art is pain  
art is gruesome  
art is disgusting  
subversive  
offensive  
disturbing  
beautiful  
graceful  
loving  
gentle  
art is nothing  
art is everything.

-Briana Wilborn-



-Albert Davalos-

"Even Through the Seasons"

My love for you is a soft summer lily,  
A gentle velvety exterior made of pale lilac and a hint of amber;  
Your interior beams with unyielding vigor,  
And a perfect composition of chaos and harmony.

When it is spring, the momentum is still unrestricted.  
I love you like a spanning sunrise,  
With hues of passion and energy filling the skies.  
I cannot see the end because it is seemingly boundless and uninterrupted.

Even during the depths of winter, when the permafrosted flecks  
Fill the air with purity and abundance  
Our love floats within each icy drop that soars through the ambience;  
Unwavering and in great surplus.

When the fall comes, and life seems to stand still,  
Our love sits in the surmounting piles of leaves on the streets,  
Each memory represented by a single bloom that rests in a heap.  
Two lives, concerted into a single article.

Conjoined in two places: heart and mind,  
Our auricles will continue to beat in even time.  
For the rest the seasons will see it through:  
I will let Mother Nature alter everything but me and you.

-Katy Drack-



-Albert Davalos-

"Family Reunion"

A family dancing in circle on the lemon lime grass,  
Icy, spicy, bitter drinks, clapping to the blazing, blasting music,  
Spherical balls bouncing, boys playing basketball,  
A smooth, rectangular macaroni and cheese leaves them excited,  
Crimson red cars driving by,  
Reminiscing and laughing suddenly turns to running in a triangle, crying.

A horrid, dismayed family gathers around the octagonal cerulean pool,  
A body is placed under the round pomegranate tree,  
The boy's round hazel eyes sparkle on his peach face,  
The family is emotional and disgusted with the thought of death,  
They are not ready to place magenta flowers next to him,  
He has so much to give to the world.

After breathing into his speechless body,  
They look into the midnight blue sky for hope,  
Anxiously running their rough hands through his hair, he wakes,  
and they are rejuvenated.



-Alex Murphy-

"Everyday Basis"

Everyday on a day to day basis  
I step and step coming across different faces  
I see different religions and diverse races  
I perceive the beautiful and ugly disgraces  
Everyday I see people attempt to fake the funk  
Hiding behind disguises and lies sooner to get punked  
I see people smoking just to find their right place  
I see girls who want to get noticed so they color up their face  
I see girls who wear makeup when they don't really need it  
Same stuck up girls who want love and act conceited  
Everyday I see people go through a visual beating  
Perceived by another but they're the ones deceiving  
The ridicule and judgment opinionated my looks  
Judged by the man who judges the cover of books  
The strong glare upon the helpless and the weak  
Front and construct fun on those people who are meek  
Everyday I see people who work a nine to five  
For something they believe in but they're only stalking a lie  
Because the media tells us how we should act or even dress  
Brainwashing the kids with wrong ideas of success  
I see people everyday who act in desperation  
Struggling for breath like a deadly respiration  
Everyday I see the world's flaws and broken laws  
Things done and taken for an unknown cause  
But there are still people living out their own dreams  
Chasing out for freedom just to let liberty ring  
So in the end I still see people who always find a way  
Seven days in a week twenty four hours a day.

-Adrian Panen-

"Right Turn (parts I and II)"

The Author Sits  
Awake all night  
At his desk  
And picks up a paintbrush,  
Because words can only say so much.

The painter  
Spends his days  
In the studio  
Weeping,  
Because he misses the security of boundaries.

-Vinnie Guidera-

"Poem About Me"

Dent in my face, dent on my face  
For me, living is easy with eyes closed  
Leisure and having fun is life, I suppose  
Brown is not my favorite color, but it is my  
eyes and skin  
My eyes and face speak to you when I am  
Happy  
They are like William Shattner  
Be Bright 'Bout Things  
I am brown

-Javier Martin-

"Moment"

I scream of purple delicate shadows  
Time was never essential  
Only true death is easy  
A vision of rain manipulates my will  
It whispers of delirious pictures in my head  
Love's sweet power shoots me as I cry  
Leaving me less than I am  
He sees the moon shine on my skin  
Some need you to ache  
Staring at your beauty, friend, knives me

-Juleah Horsting-

"Check 1,2"

I love you like a rap kid loves breaks  
I love you like a rap kid loves end rhyme  
I love you like a rap kid loves banging bass lines  
I love you like a rap kid loves sampled soul

My love flows for you like Common's lyrics  
My love for you is unbreakable like ?uestlove's Drumming  
My love for you is on display like 2pac's tattoos  
My love for you is an unbreakable bond like Talib and Mos Def

The love we have is bigger than Big Pun  
The love we share is brighter than Doom's Metal Mask  
The love we share is bolder than Kanye West  
The love we share blends better than 9<sup>th</sup> wonder and Murs

"It's like that, and it sounds so nice  
Hip-Hop, your the love of my life" - The Roots

-Alex Benson-

“Come Home”

I sit starting out my window  
Just thinking of you.  
For a change the sky matches my attitude-  
Both a dark gloomy blue.

Your face runs around in my mind;  
Looming and endless,  
Just like time.

The time we got matching pedicures  
The time I said “I hate you”,  
That time we sat under the stars,  
And that time you said “No one will ever be a better you.”

I remember the time you walked away  
And the time you said goodbye;  
Now I have to be strong  
And I know that whatever I do, it wont be to cry.

I miss you and now nothing is the same.  
Sometimes I wonder-why didn't you just stay?

Stay in my life.  
Stay with me by my side.  
Stay here to comfort me through the worst of my troubles.  
You must not have realized I wasn't ready for you to die.

Now as I sit, I watch the people around me,  
All so happy and carefree  
I just watch and realize that them I will never be.

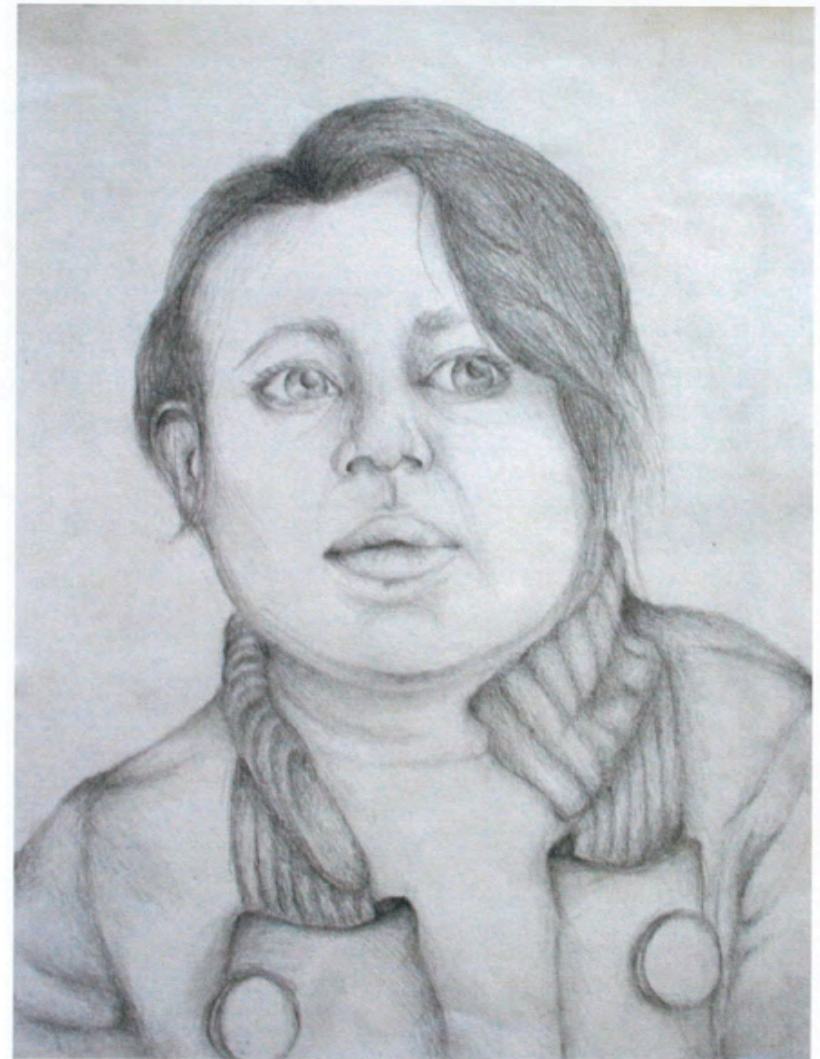
Since the day you left,  
In my heart has been just one request.  
The pleading of a lifetime-  
Come back to me,  
Even if just for a short while.

I miss your wisdom  
And especially your smile.

I even miss the way you would always remind me:  
“Respect your elders, and make your bed.  
Eat an apple a day and *never* wear pink with red.”

To see your face, I'd even eat your cooking.  
It's amazing what I'd sacrifice now, Mom,  
If you'd just come home.

-Corina Green-



-Sarah Burke-



“Shattered Dreams”

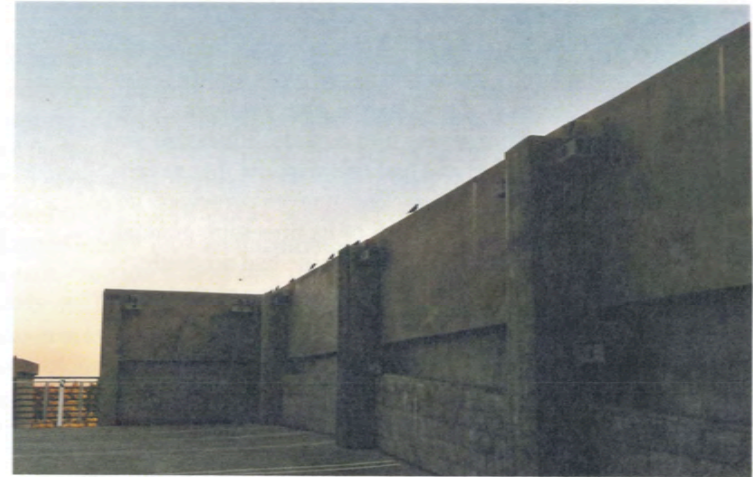
Fleeting as a falling leaf,  
A baby’s cry forms an old man’s sigh and  
Wakes the night and moon to rise,  
While broken dreams without the means  
Run rampant through the fragile mind.

One more day on an empty try  
Stirs the mind to search and find,  
The dreams once seen but lost by cost and left behind  
On a shallow shipwrecked of shattered hopes and dreams.

The waves crash in and smash the ship.  
Such waves as greed or lust and lack of trust.  
Pulled down is the boat that cannot float as it struggles to  
fight for the sight of the light.  
It searches for hope and the strength to cope,  
On an icy cold sea of shattered dreams.

The night goes dark and the moon goes down  
As the battered ship continues to drown.  
The old man sighs as the baby cries  
While stirred up thoughts of youth now dies.  
The morning breaks with tales untold of a bitter life so  
brief and bold.

-Chris Webb-



-AB-

“Second Guessing”

Their bleak and hollow souls alarms,  
And dim like weary lights.  
Their nonchalant expressions scare,  
And facilitate his frights.

With worn and steady footsteps,  
He climbs upon the sleet,  
Sees all that could have been,  
And wonders how discreet,  
He need have been if  
Walking down the wrong path,  
Or how wondrous it could be  
To stay along and laugh.

Choosing may be hard,  
For glamour roars like thunder,  
But trust comes soft like rain,  
And heals with all warm wonder.

-Javi Plasencia-

### “Bizarre”

The Crazy Old Gardener of 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue was definitely bizarre. You know, one of those quaintly demented aging types whose sense of reality fades along with the color of his favorite blue cardigan. A passerby would know it even without seeing him outside. His house was one story, wore a dirty white color, and had one window that never showed any light. To the right on the cracked, uneven driveway, an old beige Buick sat in deepening disrepair; each of its tires sank gradually deeper under creaking weight above, and the engine had no doubt slipped into a neglected state of rust and rigor. But none of that ever seemed to matter to this man. No, his entire world was his front yard, and he always worked on it. Always.

Yet somehow, in spite of hours spent toiling, the front yard remained strikingly disheveled. Protruding clumps of overgrowth and crabgrass speckled his crudely cut lawn, and closer to the house he had cultivated batches of wild onion, dandelions, and yellowing bushes that sighed low in their thirst. But the most dominating feature of his domain was the tree. About a year before, a violent windstorm had swept through town, and among its many victims was this man's ancient oak. The gusts had nearly pushed the great plant over, leaving it tilted at a rather starting angle considering its size; but, again, the man never gave it a second look. Over time the roots dug in as the tree strained to find strength in its new, awkward pose, and all the while the raised mound at its base grew over with grass, giving the trunk a handsome furry green collar. I often stared in admiration at that tree, and wondered if and when someone was going to point it out. But how could he not know?

One night, as my rotund little dog pulled me through the cool autumn air, I saw him there working his grass with an old metal push mower. As he worked he would thrust the mower forward in his arms, shuffle forward to catch up, then thrust again in a labored, graceless cycle. It was difficult to see him (the street lamp on that corner had died months before), but for one fleeting second a cloud past away from the moon and presented me with a moment of clarity. There, in his hands, I saw not a mower, but an edger. And with that, the appearance of his yard began to make some sense: whether it was too dark to tell or he was too far gone to know, the aging gardener had no idea what tool he held in his hands. If that was in fact the case, he also probably couldn't realize how he ripped through his beloved blanket of grass with each push forward; by then his lawn had begun to resemble a map of the interstate. I shifted my weight to turn away, when my eye caught a shimmer in the grass—his feet? Beneath his worn brown corduroys his dress shoes gleamed a brilliant black like cat eyes.

Nearly lost in thought, I felt unsettled. Normally I was so sure of myself. What I saw no longer added up to the easy solution of this-

guy-is-just-a-complete-loony. During that previous summer, I had seen a neighborhood boy, little Joey Collins, go for a ride on his shiny new blue birthday bike. Feeling rough-and-tumble, he upgraded his ride with the classic trading-cards-in-the-wheel routine. The moon-eyed gardener was out in front facing his house, holding the pathetic drizzle of his garden hose over a potted plant while the rest of the coil leaked furiously behind him. Joey plodded on by, happy as can be, his wheel rattling off a stiff *ratt-tat-tat-tat* as Jason Giambi took an uncommon beating between the spokes. At that moment, the man's head shot up in a brand new focus like a nervous doe in the woods. He turned, and shot Joey the most disturbing look I'd ever seen—it was hateful, fearful, and perplexed all at the same time. Horrified, Joey took off, his tattered baseball card slipping loose and fluttering to the ground. “Dude,” I muttered from across the road as I whizzed by on my own ten-speed, “what the f—”

My dog and I crossed the street, and though she urged me onward I stopped at the corner to (un)tie my shoe. With feigned concentration I set to the task of the basic shoestrapping bow (which turned out to be rather difficult while spying over my shoulder), but my hands quickly stopped their fumbling as soon as I realized what had happened. “Christ...” I exhaled. The old man had cast aside the edger, and now crawled on his hands and knees like a little kid, wielding a pair of big red scissors. With one slow, calculated *snip* after another he proceeded to cut out large clumps of grass entirely at random. For quite some time I stayed there, my feet anchored by utter bewilderment, until my dog's relentless whining pulled me out of my stupor and we finished the trek home.

A week later I was on my way to some errand—I can't remember what it was—and because it was so nice out, I decided to walk. There he was out in front again, as usual, sweeping his driveway. Normally I wouldn't have looked twice; but as I neared, my curiosity from the week before reappeared and began to tug at me like a three-year-old to a pant leg. As I passed his forgotten streetlamp, my pace slowed. Then, acting from a boldness that still surprises me, I stopped there at the edge of his property. I didn't act busy or even interested in talking—just stared.

His hair was white and thin, and probably would have swayed in the breeze a little had the heat of the sun not pasted it to his head. His lips were drawn tight from apparent strain as he swept, and in his eyes I saw little more than a distant confusion. I followed his gaze down to his shaking, age-spotted hands, down the worn wood of his broom, and ended at the bottom—or what was left of it. That same broom had been scraped across the ground for so long it had been worn nearly to the nub. Now each stroke did little more than draw a thick line in the dirt and send the dead leaves rattling off in any direction. The splayed bristles dragged across the cement so severely it was as if he was attempting to scrape away the cracks themselves. Finally he

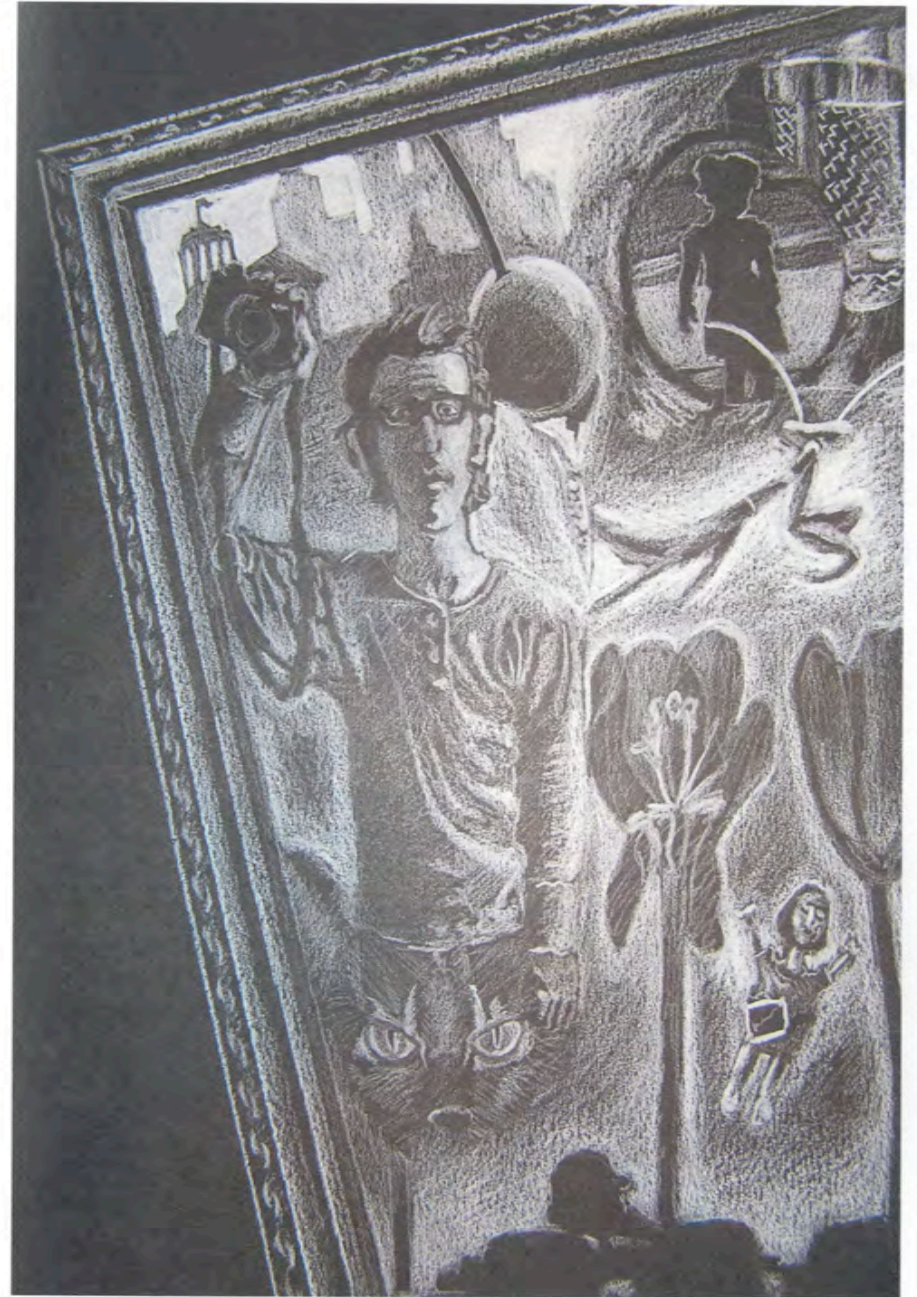
stopped, and standing there motionless with his head hung low, he looked onward with a defeated expression at the mess he had made. He then let out a slow, mournful sigh, and, catching me wholly off guard, looked up to glance at me. My heart pounded at this sudden contact, but silenced just as quickly when a single, red-orange oak leaf spun down through the air and flew into his face. Stumbling backwards, he weakly swatted it away as if it pained him. After a moment, he turned, and vanished into the blackness of his front door. My heart sat like a dead weight in my chest, and looking down, I saw a wobbling droplet of my own shame slip away from my face and plummet.

Without thinking I threw myself into a sprint. My errand was a new one, and without stopping I made my way to the hardware store; across the modest parking lot, through the automatic doors, past the paint and potted plants, until I found what I came for. I handed the cashier his dues, while outside the store the fallen leaves tumbled along the ground as they fled from the breeze. Soon I was out the door, flying back toward him. The wind came in gusts against me now, and it became difficult to keep my stride. But the closer I got, the lighter I began to feel; I was going to help this poor old man. Too long had I strolled so lightly in my indifference. I was going to do a genuinely good thing. Finally I came around the corner, and trotted down the street.

And when I saw the scene before me: the broken glass, the scattered debris and rubble, the smoking car, it took everything in me just to keep my footing. The world churned as sweat burned my eyes and tears blurred my vision. My lips quivered but made no words; both my body and my thoughts were completely numb. There wasn't a sound to be heard but the autumn wind in the trees, until the distant sirens of the ambulances and trucks began to echo in like whispers on the air. Finally I forced one foot ahead and pulled myself halfway up the driveway, half expecting it to be some sort of sick mirage that would soon disappear. When the tree came down it had gone straight across the house, leaving nothing intact. There was no movement inside. I dared not climb in, but instead stood helplessly at a distance, nudging at a stray shingle with my foot. I kicked it aside and there beneath it, to my continued stupefaction, among the dirt and splinters, lay the simple answer. Masked by a layer of dust, it bore the shape of a tiny heart. I picked it up and wiped away the grime with my fingers, revealing the dark purple from which it dangled. My head pounded as I turned the faded medal over in my fingers, and at last I understood.

It didn't seem much good to salute him now—too late to learn his story, to take his shell-shocked hand in mine, or even give him that new broom I had bought. Soon the street and his yard were awash with uniformed bodies dashing this way and that, while blue-red lights chased each other in circles around the commotion. I stood amongst it all, and as they ran past me on all sides I thought about this tumultuous world of ours, and the society that passed him by, until now. Suddenly, he didn't seem so bizarre.

-Evan Burford-



くさはな (うれしいひよ うりゆうする) のろいじゃないです	kusaya hana  ureshii hyouryuu suru noroi janai desu	grass and flowers-  to be happily drifting is not lazy
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わたしたち おんがくかのてんし ともにえんずる	watashitachi ongakuka no tenshi tomo ni enzuru	us musician angels to play together
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-Megan Dagang-



-AB-

“Dreams I Have Not Broken”

I'm stuck between rocks,  
Two choices  
One answer.  
Is there a right?

I can't slumber asleep  
NO! Listen to the voices,  
Giving into my dreams enhancer,  
My Rose of the Night

Why is it this hard?  
When will I crack?  
Will I be on the boulevard?

Experienced Desert Cacti have not felt eyes like hers.  
Love makes its mistakes when it knows not itself,  
I did not say it truly:  
I am the falling troy.

Eating ourselves, the parasite of lies,  
Taking my heart off of her shelf.  
Surprising leopards coolly  
Makes the tears turn joy.

The Boulevard of nothing that is broken,  
My dreams intact,  
My loving angel, my life was token

The girl of my dreams  
Of course it's my fault Under-  
Stand that I love you now I  
Never figured my assault.  
My dreams, Afraid to  
Talk, afraid to balk.  
I loved you  
Then.  
And I would do it again

- Austin Otto-

"The Life I mean to have"

I only wish for my life to mean  
more than what I dream.  
If I had that chance,  
to greet life in a strong stance  
with such a glance,  
I might end this misery  
this bitter music in my ear,  
the hum of thing I fear.  
Might I end life's pitiful noise;  
grant the air wit music  
from the heart within,  
from the love and passion within.  
These times of loss  
the dreams of which I keep letting go  
I never see them glow,  
and this is how life's blow  
of reality tortures me so.  
In all of fate,  
would mine be the same  
as those with tragic slates?  
will mine wane?  
will love never find me  
nor I love?  
If to see the star's gaze,  
I know each one matches  
with someone, but mine latches  
away from me, never to let me see  
my potential; and so my star catches  
not one of my wishes when I gaze.  
And now that I see  
a world before me  
where nothing is free  
and nothing can simple be,  
I know that change must

be the one thing to trust.  
This like of free will  
only toils for the meek,  
only for the weak,  
and is favored by the successful,  
the ones most stressful.  
Crossroads meet,  
wars and competition defeat,  
my own forgotten life  
looms in no horizon  
but fading mist of a time amiss.  
The wind calls us all,  
yet I never hear it call  
my name, only my downfall.

This life, this melody  
of soft disparity  
and of no sincerity,  
overruling my life's drone,  
that I detest, yet to it I'm prone.

The flame, my Life  
beaten and blown-  
the flame, my life,  
healed and sown.  
That is my desire  
for my flame, my fire.

I must get back  
Into the life I once loved  
the life that I now shudder,  
the life I lost and fluttered,  
the liked I now must empower.

-Spencer Tierney-

"GONE"

Senses tingling, I feel tears behind my eyes,  
So long together and now we say good-byes.

Perfection together suddenly ripped away,  
All I want is one more day.

One more day just to hear your voice,  
Now our time is over and we have no choice.

No choice but to go our separate ways,  
Never forgetting those precious days.

The days we spent in happiness together,  
I wish that they would last forever.

Why does happiness have to end like this?  
All our memories wrapped up in one last kiss.

A final hug and there I stand,  
Alone and forgotten with an empty hand.

Day by day the world moves on,  
Always remembering you are forever gone.

-Sidney Scheideman-

"Bye-Bye Balloonman"

His dwarfed balloonman comes by no more.  
The red candy drops have shattered.  
With "POPS!" and "BAMS!" poor balloonman tore,  
and took with him all that mattered

-Javi Plasencia-



-Bryan Caselli-





Clare Flynn, Christian Brothers H.S. oil on canvas

★ **High School** ★  
Self-Portrait Show

**20<sup>th</sup> ART**

GALLERY

JANUARY 31st ~ FEBRUARY 3rd

★ **2007** ★

20TH ST SACRAMENTO CA



Fl... G...

★ **High School** ★  
Self-Portrait Show

**20<sup>th</sup> ART**

GALLERY

JANUARY 31st ~ FEBRUARY 3rd

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20TH ST SACRAMENTO CA





BOB GIRASEK • 2007

FEBRUARY 7TH  
- MARCH 2ND

20TH ST. ART GALLERY

★ **High School** ★  
Self-Portrait Show

20<sup>th</sup> St ART

GALLERY

JANUARY 31st ~ FEBRUARY 3rd

2007



Leslie Hoffeditz, Christian Brothers H.S. acrylic on canvas

★ **High School** ★

**Self-Portrait Show**



**Denise Miller, Christian Brothers H.S. *Colored Pencil***

**20TH ST. ART GALLERY**

**JANUARY 31ST ~ FEBRUARY 3RD, 2007**

**911 20TH STREET SACRAMENTO CALIFORNIA**



**GALLERY**