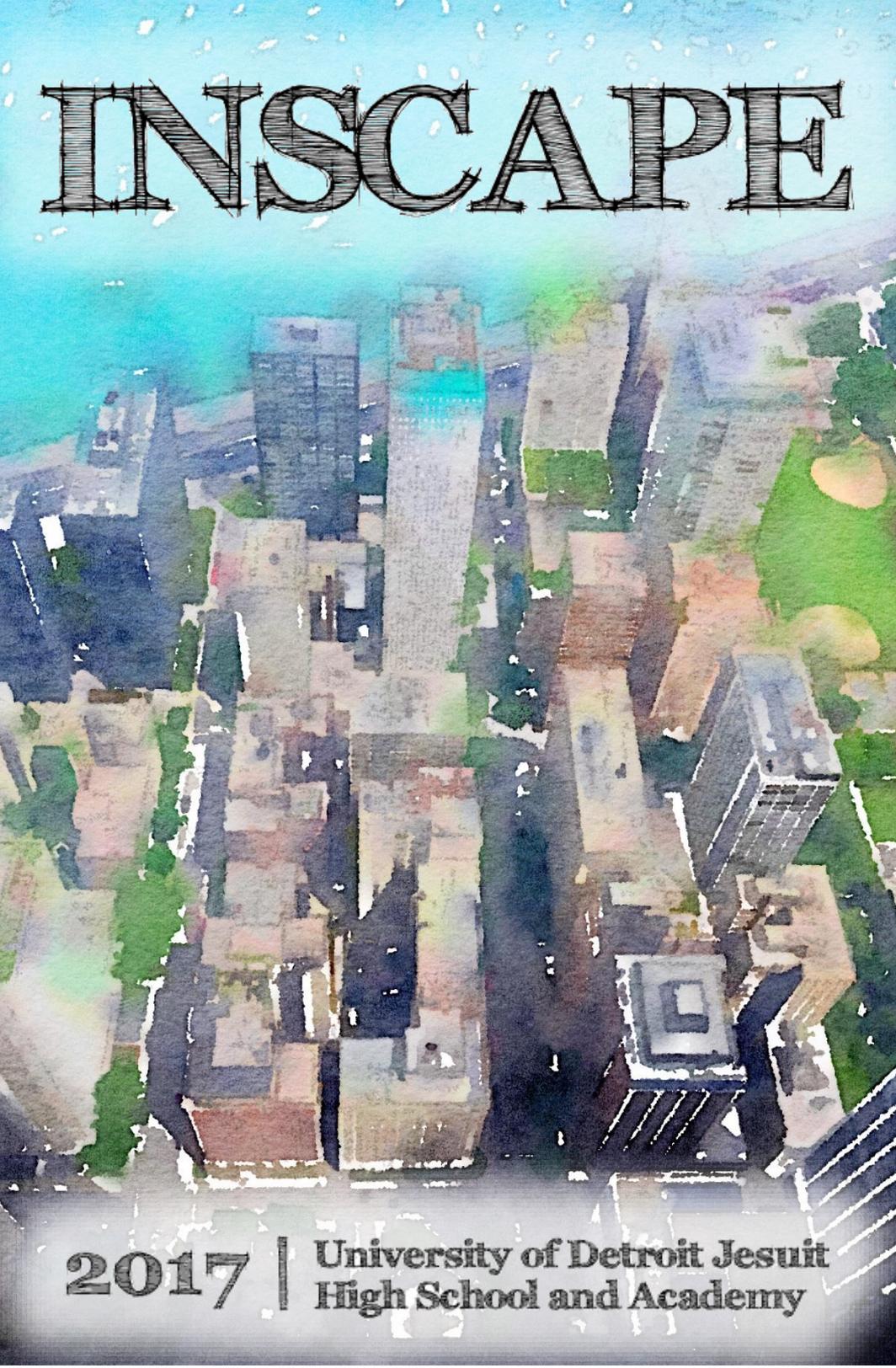


INSCAPE



2017 | **University of Detroit Jesuit
High School and Academy**

INSCAPE

2017 | University of Detroit Jesuit
High School and Academy

"There are cities that get by on their good looks ... and there are cities like Detroit that have to work for a living."
- Elmore Leonard (Class of 1943)

The fine arts and literary magazine of
University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy
8400 S. Cambridge Avenue
Detroit, MI 48221

Principal: Mr. Anthony Trudel

Phone: (313) 862-5400
Website: www.uofdjesuit.org
Volume No. 23

Cover Art:
Above Detroit, John Jeannotte
Photography, edited with Waterlogue

2016 - 2017 EDITORIAL STAFF

Mr. Alexander Davidson – Moderator

Calvin Adam
Francisco Andreu
Ezekiel Bowker
Sean Butler
Anthony Campana
Paul Cataldi
Elijah Cate
Jack Condit
Ryan Cullen*
Maxim Denomme*
Joseph Dery
Joshua Duffy
Grant Gardella
Benjamin Gaynier
Brendan Hogan*
John Hurley
John Jeannotte

Justice Keech
Ian Kennedy*
Alexander Lambert
Peter Loch
Matthew Lujan*
Weston Matthews
Reed Michelini
Brendan Neary
John O'Connell
Jack Ploucha
Karl Rimelspach
A.J. Rowe
Justin Smith
Casey Spagnuolo
Christopher Wilson
Noah Zielinski

* Indicates a Senior Editor

SPECIAL THANKS

Mr. Dave Carapellotti
Mr. John Simmons
Mrs. Erin Chekal

The students and staff of U of D Jesuit,
without whom this publication would not be possible

Submissions are accepted during the first semester of every academic school year and can be uploaded to the *Inscope* Moodle page, located in the course directory under Cocurriculars. We accept poetry, short stories, art, and photography from current 7th-12th grade U of D Jesuit students.

Dear Reader,

Since 1994, U of D Jesuit has been proud to present this literary magazine as a testament to the creativity and passion of students at The High. Almost twenty-five years after its founding, we are excited to continue to build upon this great tradition with a refined collection of student-created short stories, poetry, artwork, and photography.

The magazine that you now hold is a product of the work of over thirty Inscape staff members, hundreds of submissions, and more coffee than any person should drink in several lifetimes. The result, we hope, is a mere glimpse into the deep thought, vision, and creativity of a U of D student. We are proud and excited to share this with you, and we thank you for sharing this experience with us.

So, pull up a chair, grab your favorite mug, and find a furry animal to pet. It is our greatest pleasure to present to you the 2017 edition of U of D Jesuit's one and only literary magazine, *Inscape*.

Sincerely,

The Senior Editors



Ryan Cullen



Maxim Denomme



Brendan Hogan



Ian Kennedy



Matthew Lujan

Table of Contents

7 Miles, Carson Toepfer.....	6
City Exhaust, Brendan Roarty*.....	6
Clouds over the Cliffs of Moher, Ryan Cullen*.....	7
The Descent, Matt Lujan.....	7
The Hunt, Grant Gardella.....	8
Depth, Brendan Hogan*.....	8
Trees, Nick Blum.....	9
Deciduous, Brendan Hogan*.....	9
Square One, Matt Lujan.....	10
Ordem e Progresso, Nicholas Pez*.....	12
Rock Bottom, Nate Lichwalla.....	12
An Insomniac's Prayer, Matt Lujan.....	13
Bless the People, Jack Ploucha.....	13
Tsunami, Noah Moyer.....	14
Dockside, Spencer Bolach*.....	15
The Bay, Spencer Bolach*.....	15
The Road Less Traveled, Noah Zielinski.....	16
Haze, Jack Condit*.....	17
Dreams, Noah Moyer.....	18
The Nature of Time, Brendan Roarty*.....	18
Angels, Matt Lujan.....	19
Man's Best Friend, Paul Wenderski.....	20
Nederlands Huis, Nicholas Pez*.....	23
Panda, Alexander Vecchio*.....	24
8, Matt Lujan.....	24
Juxtapose, Thomas Worden*.....	25
Snow Day, Maxim Denomme.....	25
Fly the Flag Proudly, Matt Lujan.....	26
A Stand, Joshua Kim*.....	27
A Divided Nation, Zachary Hooper.....	28
The Colosseum, 2016 A.D., Joseph Dery*.....	28
Forest Residence, Nicholas Pez*.....	29
The Wall of Hope, Kaleb Dorweiler.....	29
Solitude, Colin Ellis*.....	30
To Cage a Bird, Adam Kuplicki.....	30
Look Up "Inspiration", Gregory Cook, Jr.....	31
Against the Rocks, Ryan Cullen*.....	31
An Unlikely Friend, George Bubenko.....	32
Pulse, Joshua Kim*.....	35
Granada, Nicholas Pez*.....	36

Afternoon in Mykonos, Nicholas Pez*	37
Junk Drawer, A.J. Rowe	38
The Dream Perspective, Kyle Johnson*	40
A Race to Remember, Frank Pastula	40
A Midnight Cigarette, Matthew Piziali*	41
Temporary Feeling, Kameron Bloye	41
Fever, Jack Condit	42
The Window, Christian Peters*	42
God's Gift, Frank Pastula	43
Adelheid, Matt Lujan*	43
Colors, Nick Blum	44
Under the Sea, A.J. Rowe*	44
Blood Makes the Grass Grow, Justin Smith	45
The Emerald Isle, Ryan Cullen*	45
Speechless, Henry Mansky	46
The Temple of the Four Winds, Nicholas Pez*	47
Dignidad, Nicholas Pez*	48
Playground Synesthesia, Weston Matthews	49
Looking Up, Spencer Bolach*	50
Another Round, Please, Matt Lujan	50
Purple Ice, Matthew Piziali*	53
City of Dreams, Christopher Lujan	55
Welcome, John O'Connell	56
A View of Detroit, Langston Beamer*	56
A City Stood Tall, Ryan VanHulle	57
Detroit Raised Me, Gregory Cook, Jr.	58
Fireworks, Kassim Abdullah*	59
Smoke and Mirrors, Matthew Piziali*	59
The Motor City, Noah Moyer	60
Renaissance, Quintin Banks*	60
My City, Kameron Bloye	61
Above Detroit, John Jeannotte*	61
Transcending, Daniel Chekal*	62
The Diver, Alexander Lambert*	62
Unspoken We, Wes Matthews	63
The Lions Tale, Ben Gaynier	64
Riverside, Eddie Mikula*	65
Entertainment, William Kendrick*	65
The Corner of Michigan and Trumbull, Nick Blum	66

* indicates artwork

7 Miles
Carson Toepfer

14 Mile

This is where I live

13 Mile

I pass the hospital I never thought I would spend so much time in

12 Mile

I drive by the first church I was a part of when I moved to Michigan

11 Mile

The go-to Einstein's for after lacrosse

10 Mile

I pass into Pleasant Ridge and go by "the gas station"

9 Mile

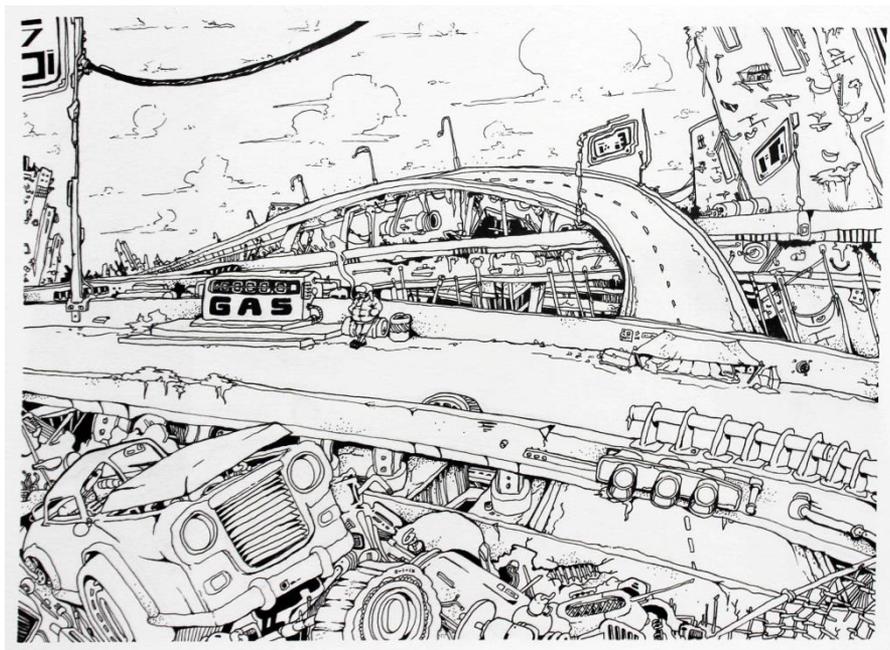
I drive by the Dunkin Donuts that makes my coffee perfectly

8 Mile

I cross into Detroit

7 Mile

I am home



City Exhaust, Brendan Roarty (Ink)



*Clouds over the Cliffs of Moher, Ryan Cullen
(Photography)*

The Descent

Matt Lujan

Compassion and kindness keep near!
Oh, taken for weakness
You are two traits I hold dear
Yet now you fly ceaseless
For it's in my nature
To be gentle and kind
Soft spoken and meek
I always turn the other cheek
But never erase from my mind
Degradation and abuse
Are pains of the past
Though they act as a muse
Their shadows forever overcast
Fuel to the flame
Of protecting the weak
Those lying in anguish
Look to me to vanquish
Demons hiding in the bleak
For those lost in hate,
Light beckons and calls
But if it be the hand of fate,
Hate and I will brawl
Do not believe hate can win
My heart is that of a giver
I've made hate's acquaintance
He knows when the giver loses patience,
The devil's spine will shiver

The Hunt
Grant Gardella

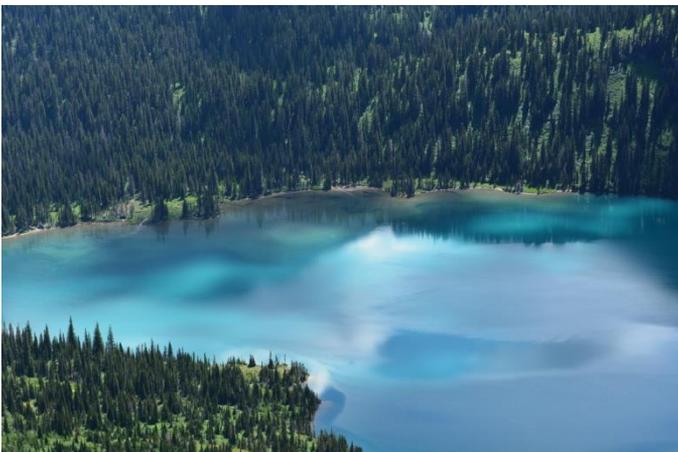
The sun is bright
The day is young
I'll grab my gun
and go have some fun

The mist rises
Time to wait
'Till the right shot
To determine today's fate

The day is half done
The sun is set high
Time to target
The ones that fly

Perched up high
Alone he waits
Then *boom*
He slowly deflates

The sun is setting
The day is done
Time to rest
and clean my gun.



Depth, Brendan Hogan (Photography)

Trees

Nick Blum

Apple trees, Orange trees,
Apricot trees, Cherry trees, Lemon trees,
Lime trees, Coconut trees, Grapefruit trees, Mango trees,
Nectarine trees, Pomegranate trees, Pear trees,
Persimmon trees, Plum trees,
Trees
Trees
Trees
Trees
Trees
Trees
Trees

Grass Grass Grass Grass Grass Grass Grass Grass



Deciduous, Brendan Hogan (Photography)

Square One

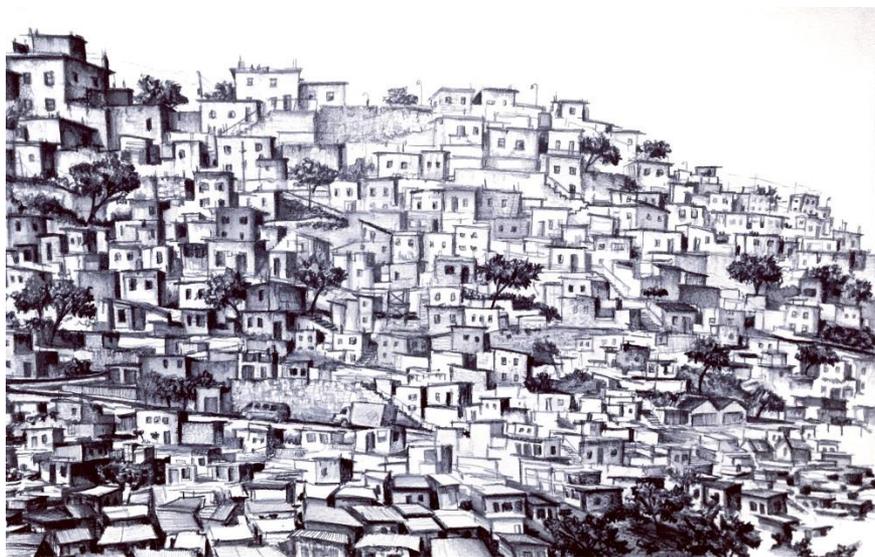
Matt Lujan

Square one is walking meekly into a foreign atmosphere and a strange place with nothing but the hundred-dollar class payment your mother gave you and the faintly annoyed feeling of having to spend two hours at segment two of driver's ed for three days. It's having to sit in a creaky old desk with a wobbly leg while you breathe in the lingering odor of the aged wooden walls. It's about feeling alone in a room full of complete strangers. The kid who looks far too young to have tattoos, the girls gossiping in the corner, and the boy with the long black hair and piercings are all unfamiliar and new. The vague nervousness of not knowing a single person quietly increases your heart rate as you try to stay awake in midst of the dull atmosphere. Square one is feeling completely and utterly alone amid an alien sea of strangers. That is, until something completely unexpected happens. You meet one of those rare individuals who steps into your life and changes everything. You sit at your desk, bored out of your mind, as you wait for the last of the students to trickle in. And then she enters the room. Unlike the rest of the kids, who only care about the hot gossip of who kissed whom, who got drunk for the first time last weekend, and who can finally be the designated driver of the group, she walks in meek but graceful. She is indifferent to the chaos surrounding her and quietly finds her seat near the back row. As the class carries on, the students keep track of how many times they can make the instructor scold them, and you sit in your seat watching the clock tick on. She sits in the back, not paying mind to the disruption, and quietly sketches on a pad of paper. She's not like the rest. She's focused, yet easy-going. She's determined, hard-working, and has her priorities in order. This admiration from afar carries on for two days, until you finally work up the courage to talk to her on the third and final day. Square one is not even knowing her name, but gathering enough bravery to ask for it. Square one is nervously thanking her for holding the door open on your way out. It's wanting to walk away, but deciding to go for broke instead. You turn around to talk to her. Square one is having everything go much better than you anticipated and even getting her number. It's texting each other for weeks after that. It's panicking when the bowling alley is closed on your first date, but deciding to get ice cream instead. Soon, she becomes

one of your best friends. Later, your girlfriend. You share everything with each other, and you understand each other the way nobody else does. You grow together and build a relationship. You feel like you're on top of the world and that everything is how it's supposed to be. And to think, that all of this goodness was found in the most unexpected of places. Yes, everything seems completely perfect and you couldn't be happier. How foolishly wrong you are.

You can indeed return to square one. However, you must fall from grace before you do. You have to endure your naive self not being mature enough to understand that she's just not ready for a relationship. You have to grapple with understanding how complicated her life truly is. You have to see yourself failing to comprehend just how much it broke her heart to break up with you. You have to experience your own growing insecurities. You have to struggle with getting over her as the months carry on. You still talk to her every day, but only over the phone or through texts. You want so badly to see her again but have to understand her busy schedule and constant travels. You have to watch yourself create problems in your mind until it becomes unbearable. So, after months of struggling with your feelings and insecurity, you just stop talking. No communication. You cut her off. You fight back the constant urge to text her or call her, convincing yourself that you're both better off this way. You spend a summer without her. You meet another girl. She hardly ever crosses your mind, and you think you're starting a new beginning. That is, until you feel completely and utterly alone once more. As you sit in your car on the night of homecoming, and your date is trying to convince you to go to a party, you remember how much she hated the drinking party scene. She'd rather have gone home to watch a movie together. And just like that, you realize how badly you screwed up. You wish she was there, and the following days are spent thinking of ways to apologize to her. But why would she want to talk?

Returning to square one is approaching your once best friend as a complete stranger. It's the act of casually texting "hey" to her with the desperate hope that she'll respond and you can begin to make amends. After waiting three hours, you become discouraged and start to accept that things will never be the same. And then the unexpected happens. Your phone lights up along with your face.



Ordem e Progresso, Nicholas Pez (Graphite)

Rock Bottom

Nate Lichwalla

It was an all-time low
He was jobless, homeless, the essence of loneliness
The universe seemed to be against him
He was burned out and tired
Most would be hopeless
But the man realized that the beauty of rock bottom
Was that the only way to go was up

An Insomniac's Prayer

Matt Lujan

That's enough, my man
Take a good look where you stand
Gather your wits about your will
And please God, just stand still
Oh I'll try and lend a hand

Oh my God, if you please
I ask you to put this mind at ease
Please protect those most dear
Let me know your love is near
And give these thoughts release

Wash away these sins so dry
I'm devoid of all tears to cry
And the night is young now still
Take me through it where you will
Oh please God, open up my eyes

Would you still hold my hand
If I ignored your plans
And pushed for my desires?
Will you walk me through this fire?
Or are we only damned?

Bless the People

Jack Ploucha

God please bless my friend
The man who won't give up
Here is a dollar to spend

God please bless this homeless man
Walking around looking for a job
Turning in empty cans

God please bless my mother
Working hard for my family
I truly love her

God please bless me
Trying to become a better man
The Holy Spirit will set me free

Tsunami

Noah Moyer

It rises from the depths of the Ring of Fire
It gains ferocity and velocity, growing higher and higher
 A liquid wall, a watery hand
 Is thrown by God across the land
 A massive wave of immense proportions;
 Stirred up by the devil to cause bad fortune.
 A wall of water as tall as the sky
 Comes crashing down from up high
 Bringing upon the land her final hour;
 A deadly display of divine power
People scream and run, trying to outrun the tide
 With nowhere to go, and nowhere to hide
 Uprooting trees, destroying beaches
 All while the high-pitched air horn screeches
 Crushing Mother Nature, stopping her heart
 Tearing every inch of life apart
Amidst the chaotic waters, bodies float 'round
 As all civilization is razed to the ground
 She has no limits; she has no borders
 Nothing can escape her horrors
 An agent of chaos, an engineer of fear
The tsunami is ruthless, she laughs, she sneers
 As all boats, whether far or near
 Are smashed like glass across the pier
 For there is but only one salvation
 A mighty mountain, the tallest in the nation
 On top of which a few lucky souls climb
 Barely escaping the wrath of the brine
 For the few who survive: indescribable pains
 As nothing of their world remains
For after experiencing the wave that attacked with the force of
 an army
Those who survive understand the meaning of "Tsunami"



Dockside, Spencer Bolach (Photography)



The Bay, Spencer Bolach (Photography)

The Road Less Traveled

Noah Zieliński

This road is a road where no one travels
This road isn't a road that is nice
This road isn't a road that is clear
This road isn't a road that you will want to travel

A traveler approached the road
He could either go left or on the less traveled road
This was a curious man. He loved to take risks
So this traveler took the road less traveled

The traveler was scared of the road
The traveler had to step over fallen trees
The traveler had to step over rivers
The traveler had to step over holes

The traveler was getting tired of everything he was doing
The traveler wanted to set camp, but he couldn't find a spot
The traveler kept on walking until he found a spot
The traveler saw something in the distance

The traveler started to have mixed emotions for what he was
seeing
The traveler thought it was the end of the road
The traveler thought it was a new road
The traveler thought it was a trap

The traveler walked to what he saw
The traveler was amazed to see what he saw
The traveler saw green grasses, blue rivers and bright yellow
sun
The traveler had to go through all of that bad to get to the good

The traveler wanted to tell everyone about this beautiful place
There was just one problem
The traveler didn't know where he was or how to get home
The traveler was lost

The traveler didn't want to go back into the road less traveled
The traveler didn't want to forget where the beautiful place was
So the traveler had to keep on walking

Now the traveler was looking for people

The traveler looked far
The traveler looked away
The traveler looked long
The traveler looked all day and night

One day the traveler found a person
This person was a woman
The traveler told the woman about the beautiful place he found
The woman didn't believe him at all

So the traveler took the woman to the place
The woman was amazed with the beauty of the place
The traveler had an idea to create a village there
The woman agreed and thought it was a great idea

The woman decides to get her friends and take them back to
the beautiful place
The traveler does the same thing
So all of the people gathered material to build
They all started to build

If that traveler didn't explore the road less traveled then he,
Couldn't find the most beautiful place
Couldn't find a woman to create a village with
Wouldn't have a new area to call home to many people



Haze, Jack Condit (Photography)

Dreams

Noah Moyer

Late at night I shut my eyes
And my imagination begins to rise
Unlocking memories from behind closed doors
Letting my creativity run rampant down lost corridors
Transporting me to faraway lands
Ruled by Darth Vader, Hercules, and Iron Man
From D-Day to Jurassic Park and the Planet Mars
From saving the world to designing cars
Each an adventure inside my brain
Containing a most unique campaign
And when I rise begin to beam
Eagerly anticipating my next dream.



*The Nature of Time, Brendan Roarty
(Colored Pencil)*

Angels

Matt Lujan

I have met heavenly angels
Who came bearing great hardships
While carrying themselves with unmatched resilience
Those that would ascertain truth,
With the fiery edge of a thousand flames,
Have graced me with their presence
And humbled me with their veracity
Some came as outcasts-
Diamonds to be discovered under dirt and dust
They held my hand through my own turmoil
And calmed me amidst my own raging storms
Some came graceful and beautiful-
Gracious sparks to my dying flames
They pushed me to rise above myself
And caught me in my falling from the ladder
Others came with burning tenacity-
Relentless truth-tellers with unrivaled ferocity
They made me walk on my own feet
And kept my head high when I was ready to resign

I have met heavenly angels
That I do not deserve to have in my life
I have been blessed with compassionate guardians
And graced with remarkable friends
I am forever grateful and hopelessly unworthy
Of the great love, kindness, and mercy I have received
From their ever-generous and amorous care
As well as their hard truths and raw realities
Each and every one of them has impacted my insignificant life
And changed the course of its destiny forever
I've learned so much in my time spent with them
And I pray I've been able to return anything I have been given
If the time comes when these angels should make their exit from my life,
I will not be saddened, I will not distress;
It has been a blessing in itself to walk among them
And speak to them in my common days of this life
How can I possibly want more? How can I possibly seek any better?
There has been no better gift than this:
Than to love and to be loved by those that make me desire to better
myself
To cherish and grow with those who stand by me through heaven and hell
And to give back the blessings I have been so fortunate to be blessed with
In my trivial and auspicious time on this earth,
In my insignificant and fleeting words on a page

Man's Best Friend

Paul Wenderski

There once was a big city named Taxtown. Now, Taxtown was a big and loud city. There was a man named Jimbo. Jimbo worked all day every day in a small office in a huge building. Jimbo had no family, but he did have his dead brother's dog named Max. Max is only one year old and was only five months old when Jeff died. Max would wait for him on his porch every day until his master returned. Jimbo would play fetch with his dog, and he would wash him every two weeks in the bathtub, but one day it all changed.

One day when Jimbo got home, Max was not there. This had not ever happened before so Jimbo was very worried. Jimbo began to look though his house and found his TV was gone along with his cupboard of watches. He was about to go to his neighbor's house, but he remembered that he never talked to his neighbors and did not even know their names. Right when Jimbo gave up hope, he found a trail that he had never seen before.

He followed the path until he came to a cave that was as big as his office building. He decided to take a quick nap inside the cave and made a pillow out his jacket filled with leaves. He put his extra sweatshirt over his body and fell asleep when the sun was in the middle of the sky. When he woke up, it was very dark, and he was very thirsty. He got up and decided to look for a drink of water, but he could not see he was walking deeper into the cave. He walked right into the pit in the cave and fell down into a lighted area. He saw a fire and scraps of food on the floor, but he also saw his TV and his wardrobe but no people or Max.

Jimbo went down though the path past twelve beds and tables. At last, he saw an open door and heard shouts. Then, he carefully looked in, and he saw Max and another dog, a pitbull four times as big as Max his little golden retriever. Jimbo looked in horror as the people shouted "Killer! Killer! Killer!" Then as Killer lunged at Max, Jimbo jumped out of his hiding place and charged at Killer. All the people were shocked as they saw some guy come out of nowhere and tackle their monster of a dog. Jimbo got on top of it and punched and kicked as it bit and clawed at him. Jimbo took out his pocket knife and stabbed the beast in the eye, and they heard a screech as the beast ran out of the room. As Jimbo began to take back his body from the

adrenaline, he was being taken down a dark hallway and put into a cell.

Jimbo woke up to Max licking his face, and he realized that he could not see ten inches away from his face. He crawled around the cell and found a bucket. He heard talking and foot steps down the hallway. Then, he took Max and the bucket and waited. The two men came in but did not see Jimbo anywhere and were shocked, but that was the last feeling they had as Jimbo's bucket came down on them. Jimbo exited the cell and looked left down the hall and saw campfire light. He looked right and saw darkness.

Jimbo had been walking down the dark tunnel for hours he thought. When he slipped down a cliff and fell ten feet and landed on his left side and broke his arm in several places, he screamed as loud as he could. Max was still up on the cliff. "Max," Jimbo said, "jump down!" Jimbo caught him and yelled as he did because he could feel the cracks in his bones get bigger. He took his shirt, tore it and tied it into a sling. Then, he and Max made their way down the tunnel and finally to the end of it to a way out of the mountain.

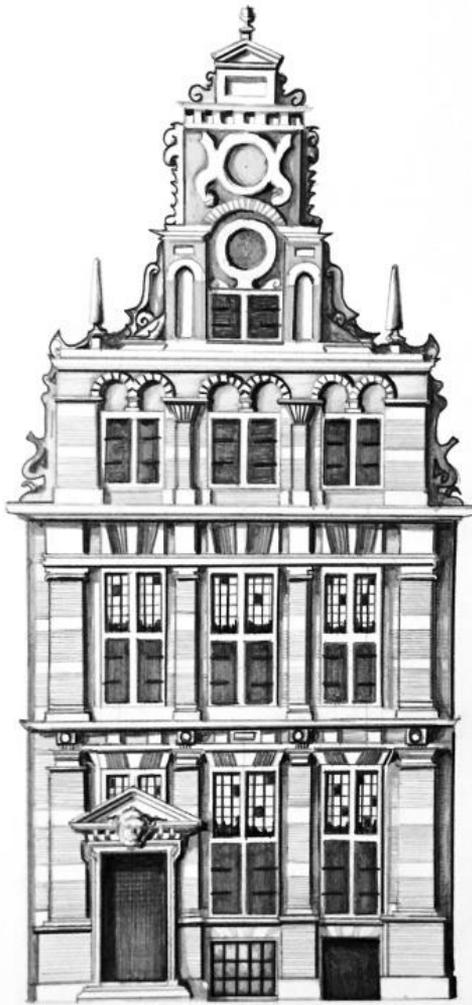
Now that he was out of the mountain, Jimbo had bigger problems. He had no idea where he was, and he was starving. He started to get firewood as the sun began to set. It took him five minutes using his flint and steel to start the fire with one arm, and it was very cold by the time it was lit. Max fell asleep in his lap and kept both of them warm. When Jimbo woke up, the fire was ash. He was starving and dehydrated, so his goal was to hunt and find water. He found a blackberry bush and ate until he was full and gave Max some. Max had always liked blackberries. Then, Jimbo set up camp for another cold night and fell asleep.

Jimbo woke up in the middle of the night to the growls of a wolf standing across from him. He slowly reached for his knife, but the wolf bit at him. Jimbo's reflexes were at full power as his hand flew back. Jimbo was terrified as the wolf began to take step after step toward him. Jimbo slowly inched backward but slipped. The wolf took advantage and jumped on top of him. The only thing keeping the wolf back was his right arm, but it was not enough as the sharp fangs of the wolf drew near. Suddenly, the wolf was thrown from on top of him as he saw Max fighting the wolf. Max was no match for the wolf. As the wolf lunged at Max, Jimbo's knife jabbed into the wolf's

side. As the wolf howled, Jimbo punched it and took out the knife and stabbed it in the chest. Jimbo looked over Max and found a big hole sopping with blood in his side, and Jimbo ran and started the fire. Jimbo took his shirt and wrapped it around Max to stop the bleeding.

The next morning, Max was sitting looking at the sun. As they moved, Jimbo noticed Max was limping on his back left leg, which was the closest to the clawed area. Jimbo took a blackberry out of his pocket and tossed it to Max. They came to a river, and Jimbo boiled some water to drink in the bucket he still had. Jimbo knew the geography of his city well and knew that the city was upriver, so they started up. After two hours of walking, Jimbo took his bucket and put it down for Max to drink and then himself. They came to Bob's Bridge, which was named after the founder of Taxtown. Jimbo knew that town was only three miles away, but it was almost night so he made camp.

Max woke to a bush shaking and voices. He tried to wake up Jimbo, but he was out cold. Max had to defend his master no matter what. There were six of them, the same ones that took Max the first-time. Max jumped at them. Jimbo woke up and saw Max leaning on five dead bodies. Jimbo jumped up and ran to Max and saw that Max was still alive. He hugged Max and started to cry. Then, he heard a noise and turned around and saw a man with a knife and pistol. Jimbo was shocked that he had the guts to stay around after his gang was destroyed. The man said, "Drop the knife and keep the dog down." As Jimbo reached into his pocket, Max jumped at the man, and the man fired a shot into Jimbo's dog. Jimbo screamed and threw his knife into the man's chest. Jimbo cried as Max died in his arms, and he finally realized why dogs are man's best friend.



Nederlands Huis, Nicholas Pez (Graphite)



Panda, Alexander Vecchio (Scratchboard)

8

Matt Lujan

If I could write you a sonnet
I'd craft these words with loving rhyme
My mind, remarking upon it,
Would wait for the verse in nighttime

If I had the wit of the old
I'd play my verse in clever tune
Words would never be cruelly cold,
Their meaning- never tossed and strewn

If I would focus on a thought
And devote words to ideas
These haunts would be living for naught
My still mind- their lone arena

How many nights did I battle?
And how many times have I lost?
Being thrown from the high saddle
And having to pay up the cost

And the cost, I have come to pay
Though I come empty-handed, true,
Hoping for forgiveness today,
I do owe all of it to you



Juxtapose, Thomas Worden (Watercolor and Ink)

Snow Day

Maxim Denomme

Snow is packing the streets,
Plows are on the roads,
The ice is turning into sheets,
And water no longer flows.

Inches on inches, the snow keeps falling.
Is it becoming too much for the plows?
Many are hearing a snow day calling.
If not, there will surely be a rouse.

The salt is not enough,
The snow will no longer melt,
This is truly not a bluff,
For a snow day is sure to be dealt.

Fly the Flag Proudly

Matt Lujan

The horror is forgotten
The breadth eludes us
Reality is neglected
In what we won't discuss

We won't mention
The bodies on the field
Or the innocent slaughtered
We'll leave those concealed

We don't talk about
The *human* enemy we faced
We'll demonize them instead
And leave their memory erased

We'll talk of our heroes
With their bravery and cunning
Not stopping to think
How greatly they are suffering

Haunted by memories
Of the kids they gunned down
Given a medal of honor
And a parade in their hometown

We'll make movies
Of the brave and bold
Ignoring the truth
Known only by the old

The truth we'll dismiss
We'll forge our own fantasies
And feast on aesthetic
We'll gorge on our apathy

We see the strong men
Enamored in uniform
Proving their courage
Amidst the foreign storm

No, we won't see their pain
We'll call them machines
Forced to kill and maim
When they were only eighteen

We'll romanticize their fight
Make stories filled with drama
But fail to help them battle
Their own scars and trauma

No, we really won't know their pain
At least not until the end
When we're standing in the rain
And burying our friends



A Stand, Joshua Kim (Graphite)

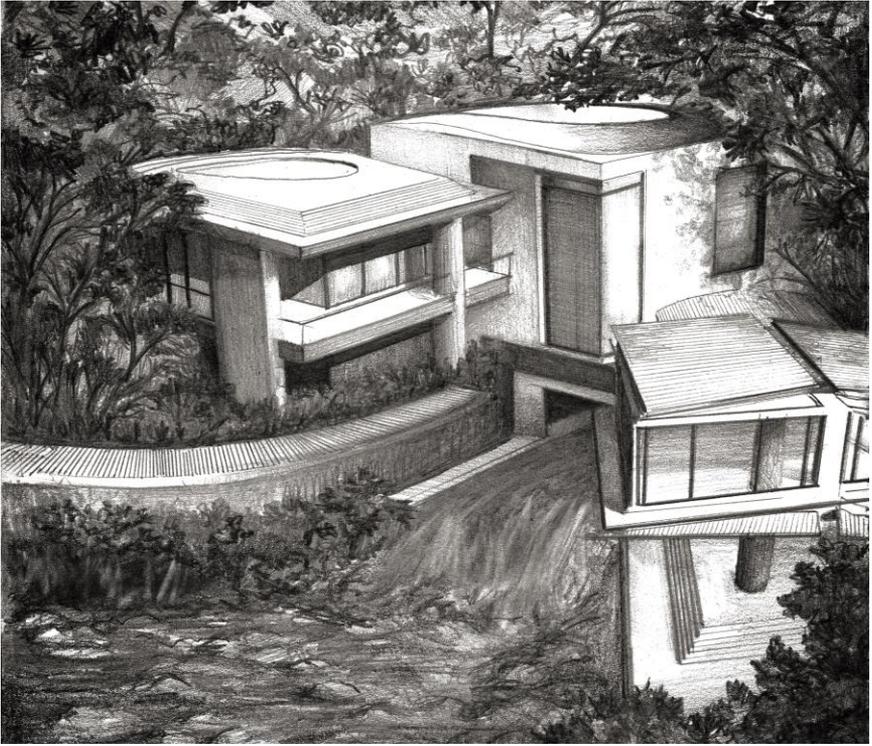
A Divided Nation

Zachary Hooper

I see a nation divided from left to right
I see people of all classes getting ready to fight
A nation divided that can't possibly withstand
The ever increasing powerful demand
No matter race, class, religion, or lack thereof
Nor sexual orientation or who you love
Whether you were born here or overseas
You are free to believe as you please
Let us come together under one sky and one sun
And enjoy this nation before our time is done



The Colosseum, 2016 A.D., Joseph Dery (Photography)



Forest Residence, Nicholas Pez (Graphite)

The Wall of Hope

Kaleb Dorweiler

The knocking down of the Berlin Wall
Was an important symbol for all
So that two sides may come to call
They put into use a wrecking ball.

We all have walls in our life
Or two, or three, or five
The wall is strengthened during strife
To weaken it, we should strive.



Solitude, Colin Ellis (Photography)

To Cage a Bird

Adam Kuplicki

To cage a bird
Is to trap its freedom,
Is to silence its song,
Is to destroy its stability.

To cage a bird,
Which once clad the bright sun,
Is to change its dress
To a gloomy winter's day.

To cage a bird
Is to poison it with monotony.
To cage a bird
Is to kill its will to live.

Look Up "Inspiration"

Gregory Cook, Jr.

Start down low
I know there's a lot you want to show
As well as a lot of ideas
You want to bring to the floor
So should you ask others, what road
You should go down?
Or when they go down that road
Will you turn back when you can't take another go-round
But if you do make it to the end
Know that there will be a mission you must attend
Will you lead your own revolution or will you sit back in regret?
And once you complete that journey to realms of the mind
Climbing the mountain of egress
To learn about new kinds
Of things and the surface below can bring to your heart
Will you have found your answer
Or will you have nothing to quench your longing?
But the greatest creation wasn't birthed by digging
The voices of the universe were heard by singing
I want you to gaze up to the heavens to see what can't be seen
See determination, life, and that stars dream
Look up Inspiration, that's you
And only you can see how great you can be



Against the Rocks, Ryan Cullen (Photography)

An Unlikely Friend

George Bubenko

I knew that it was trouble the first glance I got at it when it was placed in its acrylic prison, a box one foot tall, one foot wide, and two feet long. Though most knew the capabilities of the adults, Dr. Fizik insisted that the hot glue holding the prison together would contain this tiny creature. The creature occupied one half of the enclosure, but for me it still seemed to not be strong enough. I swear I could see it growing slowly before my very eyes. It was black, with some sort of hard plasticky-looking shell. It had a second mouth that kept shooting out as hard as it could against the acrylic. The second mouth in adults would shoot out, bore through the chest, to the heart where it would rip it out. The little creature's mouth was not strong enough to knock out the sides, as Dr. Fizik predicted, but I sensed that it would bust out due to its alarming growth rate. Dr. Fizik knew this too as he and some of the other cadets were preparing our strongest chemical proof tray and shielded tools as quickly as possible. We knew that this was necessary after our run in with the creatures on the asteroid base, where the adults took out an outpost squad, their sheer number overwhelming them. So Dr. Fizik, some other cadets, specialized troopers, and I came to their aid. We came and took care of the adults and captured the baby. I had to wonder why they had a baby with them, though.

Its tail, which looked like vertebrae with a sharp pendulum-like object, swayed as it was trying to assess its fate, a way to escape, and the strange square-like machine that was scanning the length of the box. I stood by as the creature snarled and hissed at the swaying arm running back and forth along the box. The creature started to run away from the arm, but as it quickly went to one side of the box, it realized that the arm was coming back and snarled and hissed again. It saw that it was not scaring away this surrounding threat and put its arms up to defend itself as the arm came slowly and menacingly over and around the box. To the creature, it was as if a foe with unknown powers was coming, and when it got to him, it would mean certain death. As the creature cooed in fear as the arm swept by, he suddenly put his arms down and, with difficulty due to his size, turned around and snarled and hissed triumphantly at the arm. The cadet at the arm had brought a tablet with the results to Dr. Fizik. I stood guard at the creature

staring blankly at it, assessing it as a whole. It stared back at the visor as if it knew that there was a warm body underneath the armor. I had several weapons with me. My plasma blaster was at hand; its end was pointed at the box. My double plasma pistols sat confidently in their holsters. The cadet who delivered the results to Dr. Fizik came back and was at the arm again. I looked at the creature again. It was noticeably bigger and now could not turn around. It realized the arm was coming back, but it wasn't sure for what reason. It was standard procedure for something that cannot be taken out of its container until everything was ready: the cadet first used small tractor beams to hold the creature in place, and then as I stood back, the cadet made the creature slightly radioactive. He said, "I sent everyone the signature along with security at the bridge. They are in your helmets now plus your data pads. I will sedate..."

Just then, I believe a massive EMP of some kind went off and took out our power. I wondered quickly if we were under attack but suddenly waived that notion for we were deep in controlled space. I flicked on the light on my emergency pistol and opened my protective visor for my helmet computers and the overhead fluorescents were offline. I shone my gun at the box and saw that the sides were pushed out. The creature had decided to flee during the commotion of cadets and scientists checking their equipment and trying to secure the room. The alien must have escaped while the door was being pried open from the outside, for the noise covered his escape. A few more scientists and specialized guards came and made sure that we were all right, for the alien was a level 3 emergency. Here at the space station, we keep every known non-sentient and dangerous being on the station. This is to keep the galaxy safe. The EMP put the whole ship into shock. The cause was unknown, and I had to report that my alien was loose inside the ship, and anything could happen. A voice inside my helmet informed me that its computers and sensors were back up and running, so I decided to run out and find the creature.

Coming out, I immediately alerted the bridge. Then, I looked in all directions until the sensors in my helmet pinged in a direction inside the air vents. The alien was traveling inside trying to find a better place to emerge, but I could tell that it wouldn't be able to stay in there for long. It would soon have to come out because of its growing size. On my wrist pad, I shut down my section of the hallway, which closed the vents inside the walls, too. I saw the only vent in the area I was in, and I

got my gun out and waited.

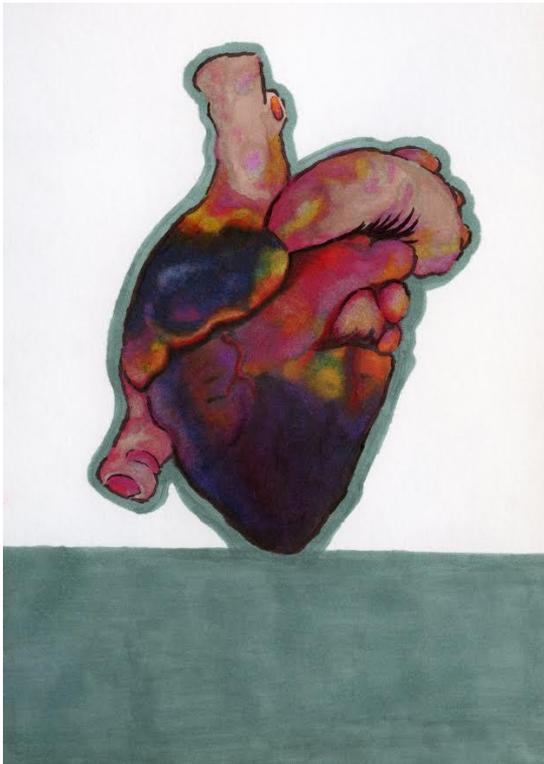
It didn't take long before I heard scratching, then something kicking the grate. It tore through the grate then emerged, but suddenly the computers in my helmet went offline again, and my plasma gun stopped working. It powered down, so I threw it away. Both plasma pistols were not working either. I quickly deduced that this creature could produce localized EMPs and that I had to fight it by myself. I pulled out my emergency pistol when I saw that in the grate, there was an orange alien queen and a green alien drone. I shot them both. The alien, enraged that I killed it's offspring reared to its full height, five feet tall on its hind legs, and went down to the height of three feet high on all fours and came charging at me. I fired a shot at it, but the alien's body showed no sign of weakening. Its tail swiped the pistol out of my hand and sent it flying. I had no time to react as its tail came to finish the kill. A second later, I was alive, but I was staring into the unforgiving black reflection of myself as the creature head butted me. The creature and I both collapsed, and with our heads touching, we shared thoughts.

I asked it mentally if it had a name, and it said Grrshaw. It asked me why we were going to dissect him, and I replied that we were going to use one of the dead aliens that were with him at the time, but we could not because their bodies dissolved. After a while, I asked it if he wanted to be my friend. He said yes. He suddenly told me that there were two species of alien, and he and his pod had not wiped out the out-post base. A more aggressive and unforgiving species that enjoyed ripping their victims apart were to blame. He told me that they were at war with them, and unfortunately there wasn't much of his kind left.

The blast doors opened. The alien and I appearing to be dead were separated. The alien was to be moved to the table for dissection while I got a hospital bed. I awoke and got my data pad. I quickly called the scientific tribunal to tell them of my encounter. I told them it had telepathic capabilities and was not the same alien as the hive mind. I said that it also told me that it was at war with another species of alien that looked similar but was much more aggressive. I also told them that it might produce a strong localized EMP at will. They said back that Grrshaw could be under my protection and would go under behavioral study until they captured a vicious alien and one of Grrshaw's kind to see if Grrshaw was telling the truth.

Months later when I again went to the planet where the outpost squad was attacked, my squad and I did indeed capture two fighting aliens, one of Grrshaw's kind and the vicious alien. A couple months after that, the scientific tribunal told me my results were sound. Grrshaw's claims were found to be true, and Grrshaw could continue to be under my protection.

Weeks after I adopted Grrshaw, I was in a tank with two of my best squad members and Grrshaw. We formed a line that ringed around the planet. We were exterminating the vicious aliens. Grrshaw told the rest of his kin telepathically to walk in a circle, stand up, squat and come to the line when they saw us. We saw them do this with the vicious and destructive aliens charging behind them. We started shooting, eliminating the threat from the galaxy. I smiled at Grrshaw, and he smiled back. We looked out at the landscape as I loaded another plasma shell...



Pulse, Josh Kim (Marker)



Granada, Nicholas Pez (Watercolor)



Afternoon in Mykonos, Nicholas Pez (Acrylic Paint)

Junk Drawer

A.J. Rowe

His grip tightened on the cold leather of the gun handle as he heard footsteps echo down the dark alley. He pulled his long coat closer around his shoulders, as if to prevent his face from being seen. As his target rounded the corner, he realized that he couldn't be much older than this boy. Dressed in the traditional English schoolboy outfit, and a pattered felt cap wrenched over his curly head of hair, he meandered through the alley, humming a light tune, as if he hadn't a care in the world. He could have been this boy, in another lifetime.

Setting his personal feelings aside, his eyes focused on the single-strap pack slung over the schoolboy's shoulder. It was stuffed to the brim, practically splitting at the seams. He realized that it was, unfortunately, very likely to be mostly schoolbooks, but there must be *something* of value in there.

They passed by each other like two ships in the night, aware of each other, but only subconsciously. Feltcap continued his jolly tune, his footsteps the only noise that could be heard in the dreary alley. He waited until the boy was a few steps away from him, before he turned and drew, the barrel just a few feet from his back.

The *click* of the hammer did all the talking.

Feltcap stopped short, his tune fading off. It doesn't take a genius to know when you're getting stuck up in a dark alley. A sigh escaped his lips, but be it one of fear or one of a mild inconvenience was difficult to tell.

"You're wasting your time" he said, calmly but shakily nonetheless, keeping his eyes trained forward. "I don't have anything worth taking. You're better off holding up one of those--"

"Shut up." The man in the coat said, doing his best to prevent his hand from shaking. "Just give it here. The bag."

The boy turned around, slowly yet fearlessly, and looked him in the face. The man in the coat instinctively lowered his head, as if to preserve his identity. "I said, you aren't *going* to find anything on me, are you *stupid*?"

The sudden arrogance and venom in his tone surprised the man in the coat. He was either incredibly overconfident in his ability to survive, or he simply did not fear death. "Just put it on the ground, and we go our separate ways," he said. It looked as if it took everything he had to remain calm.

Feltcap shrugged, tucking a loose lock of curly hair back under his cap. Wordlessly, he turned and continued walking down the alley, resuming his tune.

"Stop!" The man in the coat demanded, attempting to mask any surprise in his voice. The boy paid him no mind, as he aimlessly kicked a rock beneath his feet. It tumbled forward before lodging itself in a crack in the concrete. At that moment, the man felt as useless as the rock itself. "I'm warning you! I won't ask again!" He continued to demand, and like last time, got no response.

The barrel was smoking before he even realized what he had done.

Feltcap stopped suddenly, emitting a weak cry of surprise, before crumpling to the ground, his bag slipping from his arm and falling beside him. The blast suddenly registered in the man's ears, and he instinctively dropped the gun to cover them. He stood there for a little while, perhaps mulling over what he had just done – it looked as if he had never had to pull the trigger before that day. Any sane boy of Feltcap's age would have just given him the damn bag.

He hesitated for a while, deep in thought, before snatching up the bag and hungrily tearing the strap open, paying the body no mind. Sure enough, he was staring down at textbooks. He began by gingerly pushing them apart, before a combination of both his adrenaline pumping and panic building led him to rip the books, two or three at a time, from the bag and cast them aside. He came across some more – an extra shirt, some mismatched socks, cheap candy, a plain house key that couldn't be used since he hadn't gotten his address.

The bag fell from his hands and made a splash in the blood pooling at his feet. It was, in the end, a senseless murder, with no purpose other than his own greed. Staring down at Feltcap's body, he was paralyzed for a moment, before he turned and ran as hard as he could, leaving behind the body, bag, loaded gun and all.

"And that, officer, was all I saw," I said calmly.

*The Dream Perspective,
Kyle Johnson (Watercolor)*



A Race to Remember

Frank Pastula

Racing quickly towards the light,
Faster! Faster! Shining bright,
Don't let others slow you down,
Keep your eyes up; on the crown,

Feel the wind beneath your feet,
Heart keeps thumping beat by beat,
A race to remember for all ages,
Faster! Faster! Through the stages,

Many could not make this trek,
Fallen into sinking depths,
One with spirits high and bright,
Shall be the only to take flight,

Keep on stepping, one by one,
Dark prevails; a rising sun,
Many said it wouldn't be done,
Prove them wrong; stop for none,

Know that you will be the one,
To win the race that couldn't be won.



A Midnight Cigarette, Matthew Piziali (Photography)

Temporary Feeling

Kameron Bloye

Always seemed so absent minded, but really just content,
With the situation in his life, and the support he enjoyed.
Hardly had a hiccup at all, not even to the minimum extent,
It sometimes got him in trouble, like the garden bed he
destroyed.

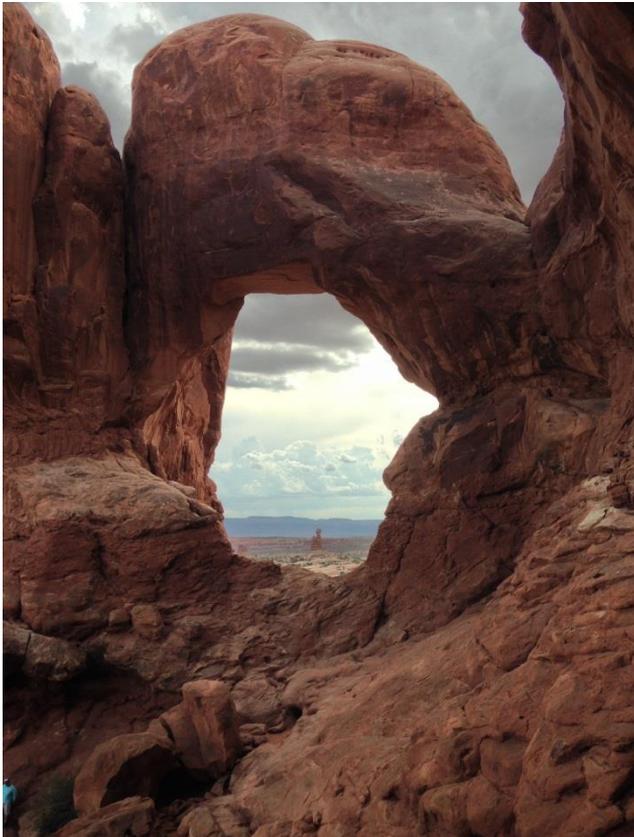
What he needed to soon realize about his behavior,
Was that it would come to hurt him, as things changed against
his favor?

His life was at a turning point, family members moving more
distant,
And his bliss'd soon disappear, when the change finally hit him.
Especially his brother, who became much less consistent,
Really showed him that this new life could be grim.
Only temporarily though, he convinced himself long ago,
That this fresh found feeling was like a light snow.

Fever

Jack Condit

Oh what a bummer it is
on this sad occasion.
When one must look on longingly
towards pitiful salutations.
The day is a waste
as healthy friends run along with haste.
The snow glistens in the sun,
how nice it would be to go for a run.
Lying in waste
is such a disgrace.
How awful it is to be the receiver
of this disgraceful fever!



The Window, Christian Peters (Photography)

God's Gift

Frank Pastula

Everyone has goodness inside them,
Finding it is the key,
To God's saving salvation,
For all of eternity,

So talk to that person sitting alone,
The one who gets called the names,
Don't let him face the scalding wrath,
Of evil's red hot flames,

Comfort those who need it,
Provide shelter to the lame,
Hold the door for the older couple,
Don't make life a waiting game,

Please make a difference,
For that is why you were made.



Adelheid, Matt Lujan (Photography)

Colors

Nick Blum

Black, white, yellow, red,
Think of these colors in your head.

One day we were created,
All of us in many different special ways;
As we have grown and lived together,
Hate has separated us today in the world;
All of us face hardships and struggles,
And we need to love each other;
No more hate, No more fear, No more discrimination,
We are all one.

Black, white, yellow, red,
Think of these colors in your head.



Under the Sea, A.J. Rowe (Watercolor and Mixed Media)

Blood Makes the Grass Grow

Justin Smith

Hard work makes us who we are
Determines whether we will stay still, or shoot far
It can be scary where we might end up
A few slips is far too much
We pay consequences for our actions
Which soon turn into reflections
We grow up big and strong
Only in the place we belong



The Emerald Isle, Ryan Cullen (Photography)

Speechless

Henry Mansky

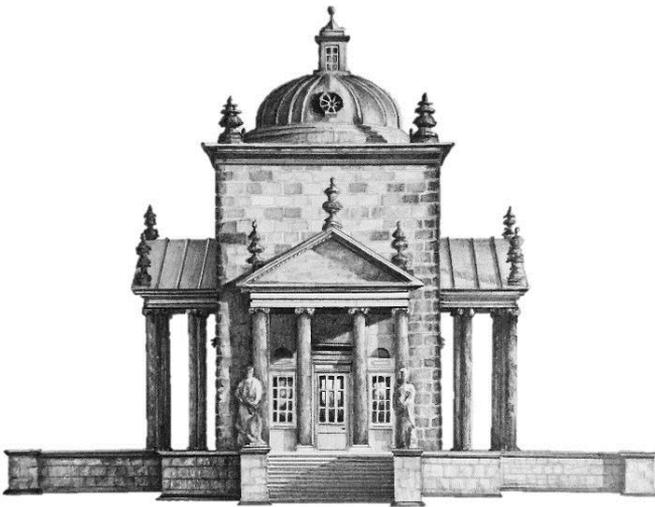
I was born in 1989, so that makes me 28, and I really wanted to be a huge businessman one day. Throughout high school and college, I worked very hard. I worked to make it to my goal, and I did, but it was not easy. I had to overcome one of my biggest fears, public speaking. I worked with multiple people to help me, but I just couldn't do it.

So it came to the biggest day of my life; I was going to pitch my biggest idea to some entrepreneurs. I worked on this speech in front of the mirror, my mom, dad, anyone imaginable. It came to that day. I go into this very intimidating building, but I wasn't scared. I wasn't worried. I was excited. I was glad to be there because I knew I could do this. I knew that I could change the world with what I had created. As I went into this big conference room with multiple billionaires, I stopped. I stopped and said, "Hello, my name is Jim Paul Elliot. I have created this remarkable device that can and will change the world as we see it." I said my speech, and they loved it. I left that building with something I would have never thought I would leave with, nothing. I left millions of dollars behind, and I didn't even know why. I was baffled. I didn't make a deal or a promise or anything; I left with nothing. I didn't know what I was doing. Then, I realized I wasn't trusting myself or them. I went back in because I knew that if I left I would never forgive myself. I walk in and there they were sitting as they were before. They knew that I couldn't leave a chance like that, so I took the deal and became very wealthy.

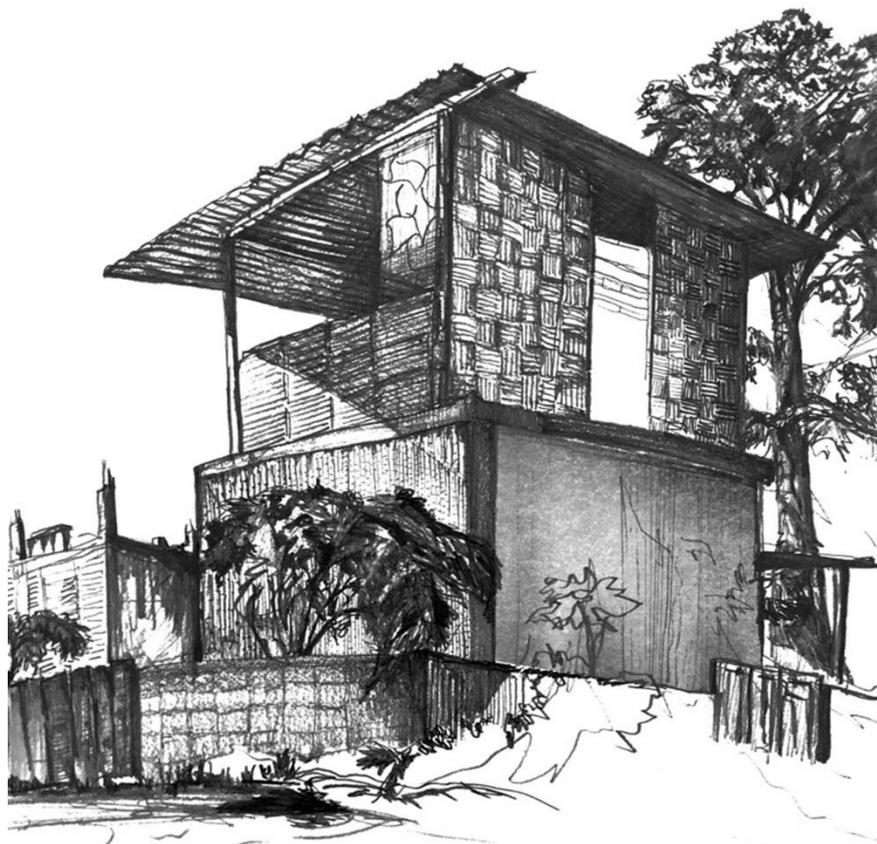
I became one of them. I just had money to throw away, and I did. I began to buy very useless things, such as cars, furniture, and random unnecessary things. I didn't even use what I bought. I was like a little kid who got a new toy, played with it for ten minutes, and then played with the box. The money and company began to engulf my life. I wasn't able to go see my parents and siblings for Christmas or Thanksgiving, anything. I didn't even have a family of my own. I had a huge house all to myself, and to some that may seem perfect, but it's not. I promise you. You get lonely very easily. I eventually was able to go to my parents' house for Christmas, and I took about two weeks off. I was worried. I had a business to run. I had people to see and places to go, so on the plane I was all stressed out, and I couldn't enjoy the ride or even get excited

to be home. I eventually arrived at St. Paul International Airport, and I had someone drive me to my parents' house. When I arrived, I walked in as if I still lived there. As I walked in, I was glad to be home. My mom greeted me with a big hug, and my dad with a hug, and then I was happy. I was happy for the first time in a long time. I was glad to be home, and nothing else mattered. When I walked upstairs to my room, nothing was different, nothing was touched. I still had the Minnesota Wild poster on the wall and my USA bed sheets and blankets. I was home and happy. This was the best Christmas I had ever had. I was a kid again. This Christmas was better than when I got a Super Soaker or the Gameboy. It beat every Christmas because I realized what was happening and who I was with, my family, all five of my siblings, and it was great.

I stayed home, my real home, for the whole two weeks. I didn't leave, and my parents loved it. They didn't care. They treated me the same, and we had a great time. When I got back to Los Angeles, I sold my houses, my cars, everything, and I moved back home about ten minutes away from my family. Then, I had my own family. I began to live the life that I had really always wanted to live.



*The Temple of the Four Winds, Nicholas Pez
(Graphite)*



Dignidad, Nicholas Pez (Graphite and Ink)

Playground Synesthesia

Wes Matthews

The sky is blue.
Wind carries Sun's soul in arms
like a newborn,
but one that is silent and wise.

Her voice is transmitted
through swift belling
of the leaves.

Eurythmic. Arrhythmic
Rhythmic.

Falling.

Winter kisses chrysalis
Crystals glitz
in the bed of white roses
fallen from the blue.

Monkey bars are frozen so that
kids may stick their tongues on them to
taste the bleak metal.

Spring caresses Time.
Mother Nature is slumberless.
Glitz reborn in the Sun's
excessiveness. Somehow
always just right.
The eyes of kids shine
brighter than this.
Shy laughter is a kiss to the season,
especially for the budding roses.
Green prevails.

Summer's heaviness
simulates Spring's lightweightedness. Children
see the brightness neurologically. Frivolity in stints.
Swings, playscapes, skate parks, open park.
The peak of the seasons is here today, gone today.

And looking up. Sun is a soul. The sky is forever blue.



Looking Up, Spencer Bolach (Photography)

Another Round, Please

Matt Lujan

Drinking from his flask,
The drunken soldier asked,
"Why drink so much coffee?
Surely there is a stronger drink for thee."
I replied, "Oh well you see,
My justification is quite rudimentary
I drink this dark roast of brown
So my troubles will stop and drown
You have your alcohol to sedate
So I'm quite certain you can relate
And when the crash hits me right,
I'll finally sleep sound tonight."

Contest Theme: Detroit

2017 is an extremely important year for the University of Detroit Jesuit High School and Academy. It marks the 140th year since the school first opened its doors in 1877 on Jefferson Avenue in downtown Detroit. It is also the 40th anniversary of the 1977 decision to remain committed to providing the highest quality, college prep, Catholic and Jesuit education within the city of Detroit. Despite numerous calls to leave its current 7 Mile campus and move to the suburbs in the aftermath of the riots that plagued the city in the late 1960s, the school remained dedicated to its mission. In honor of this historic year, the *Inscape* editorial team chose to honor our city and our school through a collection of Detroit-themed literature and art.

The pages that follow offer unique perspectives on Detroit from the students of U of D Jesuit. Their writing and artwork is a reflection of their time spent here in the D and of U of D Jesuit's commitment to the community.

Best Themed Art



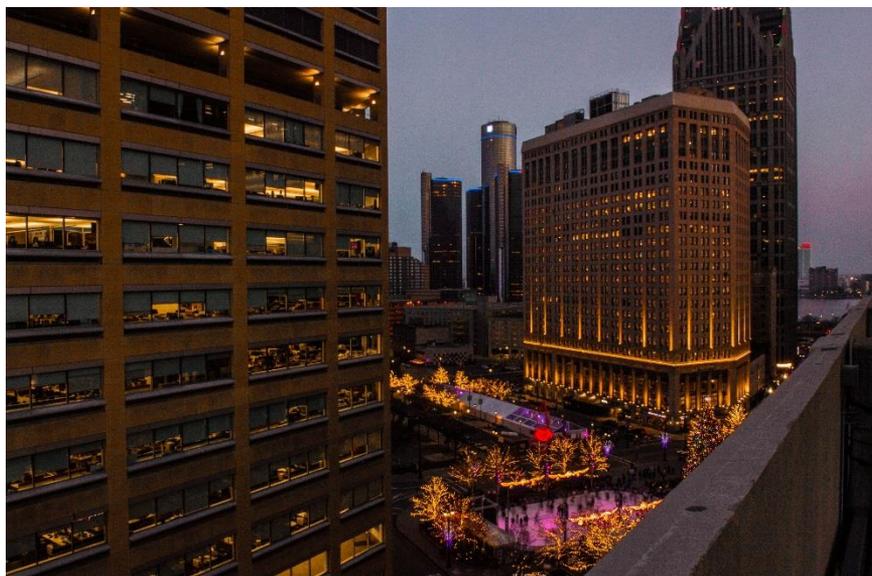
Matthew Piziali
Artist of "Purple Ice"

Biography

Matthew Piziali is a current senior here at U of D Jesuit. He is a photographer in the AP Art class at school and is president of Environmental Club and Video Production Club.

Inspiration

After a long day of walking the streets of Detroit and taking photos, Matthew and a friend went back to the parking structure where his car was parked. While getting into the car, he saw this beautiful scene lying in front of him. He immediately grabbed his camera and took this photo.



Purple Ice, Matthew Piziali (Photography)

Best Themed Writing



Christopher Lujan
Author of "City of Dreams"

Biography

A current freshman at U of D Jesuit, Christopher Lujan is a determined, hard-working scholar-athlete. Having an extensive sports background in basketball, baseball, soccer, and track has taught him the importance of setting goals and reaching them with his utmost potential. He is currently managing his time between classroom demands and playing on U of D Jesuit's freshman basketball team. He is also a member of the Student Senate, working to represent his fellow U of D Cubs.

Inspiration

When asked about the inspiration for his piece, Christopher replied, "I gained my inspiration from my experience growing up around Detroit and seeing its recent comeback. I like to feel that I am a part of that experience- that revival. When I was writing it, I had the movie *8 Mile* in my head and thought of how Eminem rose to success from nothing... That's what inspired me. It's [Detroit's] character and resilience that's truly motivating. I'm just proud of my city and I look forward to seeing it continue to grow."

City of Dreams

Christopher Lujan

Detroit, the three-one-three,
Home to many and to me.
It is not just a city however, can you see?
It is an attitude to me.

Detroit is hustle, hard work, and grind,
The attitude for those who want to shine.
We do this daily, twenty-four seven,
So that we can make others' lives feel like heaven.

Detroit is the big stage with bright lights,
It is home to many beautiful sites.
From the Renaissance Center to the Joe Louis fist,
You can keep adding to the list.

Detroit is alive,
We are always ready to strive.
It is a place for engineering, creativity, fight, and winning
teams.
It is much like pure gold so it seems.

Detroit is our heart and soul.
All of us play our own role,
From the kids walking the streets,
To the mom working to put food on the table for them to eat.

Even when I am gone, traveling places to and fro,
Detroit continues to build up and grow.
It does not matter where I go,
I know I will always find my way back home.

Welcome

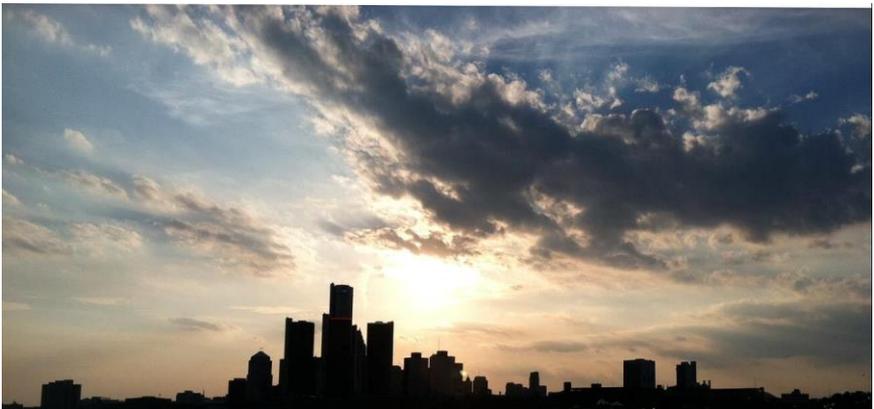
John O'Connell

Welcome to a place
A place that's hard to explain
A place with a battered and broken face
It's been through a lot of pain

Welcome to something misunderstood
Something viewed with great fears
Something that could rise from the ash, and should
It's changed a lot through the years

Welcome to a city with fight
A city with newfound expectations
A city ready to take flight
It's time to rewrite previous opinions

Welcome to the revival
The place where people remain adroit
The moment is now to let go of all denial
It's a beautiful place named Detroit



A View of Detroit, Langston Beamer (Photography)

A City Stood Tall

Ryan VanHulle

a city stood tall
proud and thriving
until one warm summer day
when the police began arriving

they arrived at a bar
the Blind Pig to be specific
bad fights broke out
it was truly horrific

the people began to riot
throwing fire bombs at businesses
and for five straight days
the riots were a terrible sight for witnesses

the frightened moved out
into the nice suburbs
the less fortunate moved in
into the clutter

for years we lay separate
divided by a wall
a wall of past failures
and true sadness for all

but now we begin the revival
we need to answer the call
a call to rebuild our city
for a city that once stood tall

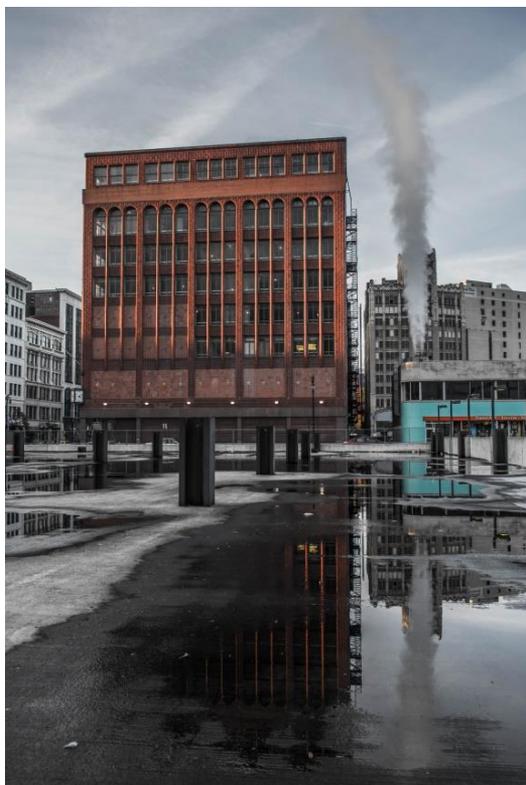
Detroit Raised Me

Gregory Cook, Jr.

Detroit raised a suburban
African American
One that would be grander
Then his predecessors' tale
Detroit raised an artist
An innovator to make new ideas a reality
A practical thinker who could put action into words
And not one that relies solely on his society
Detroit raised a reader
One that could understand past the meaning
Analyze the message
To see away around the passage
Detroit raised a leader
A spokesperson for the people
A figure of light for negativity
That makes nice company
Detroit raised a person that accepts change
A person that understands the struggle for a dollar
And a real brother
Who will never ever
Be the first one to raise a trigger
Detroit raised a realist
A man who knows what real is
One that can say that the world is
Blue
When one says it's all true
Detroit raised a motor
A running engine that runs
A whole city
A city built on
A Cycle
Detroit raised a suburban
African American
One that would be grander
That would trail blaze his own
Tale



Fireworks, Kassim Abdullah (Photography)



Smoke and Mirrors, Matthew Piziali (Photography)

The Motor City

Noah Moyer

The Motor City, built on wheels
Shaped on assembly lines, forged from steel
Driving the U.S. for generations
Home of the muscle car, an American sensation
A blue-collar town, where hard work pioneers
A city built on dreams, sweat, and tears
Where determined men and women go to work each day
Working day-long shifts earning every cent of their pay
A pioneering city, home of the Big Three
Leading the growth of the auto industry
Motown artists top the charts
Inspiring new meanings of the word "art"
A city with a unique flavor that it can call its own
And hundreds of thousands of people who proudly call it home
With a soul and passion widely enjoyed
This is the Motor City, This is Detroit

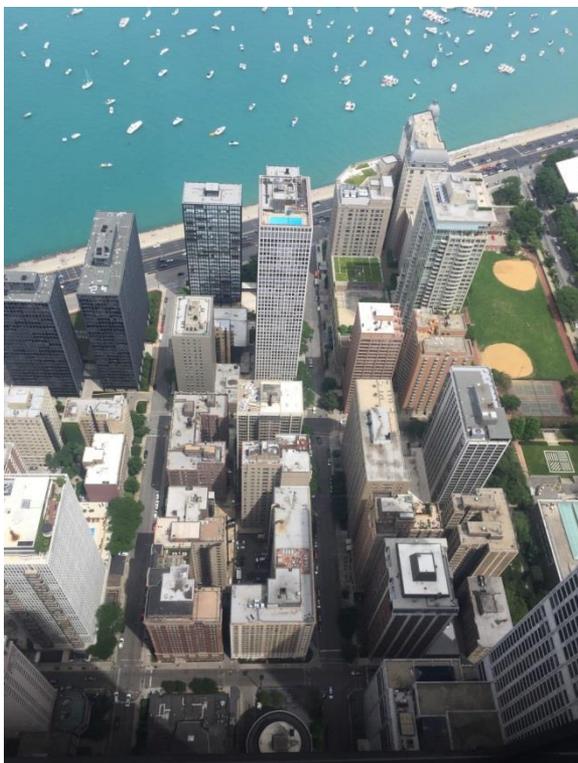


Renaissance, Quintin Banks (Photography)

My City
Kameron Bloye

My city, my city, I see you every day,
I learn and grow within your constraints,
And you help me see the world in a different way!
My city, my city, you have so much history,
From Cadillac to Coleman, and Gordie to Isaiah,
The imprint you've left is no mystery.

You hardly ever get the respect you deserve,
"Dangerous", "Lazy", "To a point of no return",
We have so much goodness that we need to preserve!
Assembly line, Rock 'n Roll, The Joe can get loud!
So when someone asks you where you're from,
Say you're from Detroit, and say it loud.



*Above Detroit, John Jeannotte
(Photography)*



Transcending, Daniel Chekal (Photography)



The Diver, Alexander Lambert (Photography)

Unspoken We

Wes Matthews

nothing here has a precedent path.
some of us stay out like slingshotted objects with no trajectory
even when the porchlights sting.
even when the sidewalk disappears from under our feet
we don the daylight dialects
like rubber soles the color of dull bedrock.

we speak a native spirit
patched with lunar fingertips on every
unseen brick-span and the back-and-forth
of the lips when saying our name.
we steam gangrene
under searchlight circles to
we reveal history in
the grimed glory.

nothing here is for effect.
we're never widespread as our echo,
we pop pride in different ways
over and over and again
with no until or unless
so that the entity never drains
from sensory harvest.

we, ones who wield the cock's crow,
inch regret from no frequency
that comes in throbbing flow.
we don't believe in pallbearers
called architects,
we, rills from the back fabric of man,
are what is;

urban everything that spreads by minutes,
or people
or both under the same love
and wavelength

The Lions Tale

Ben Gaynier

It's mid-December, in chilly Metro-Detroit
The Lions are red hot, and can't seem to disappoint
At 9 and 4, the clear leader in the North
The Lions sit in the driver's seat, ready to burst forth
Will this year be different, or just the same?

It's New Year's Day, the emotions are high
The Lions lose three in a row, as teams blow by
Everything is on tonight, with a chance to clinch the division
Either defeat the Packers, or see an all too similar vision
Will this year be different, or just the same?

It's one week later, the decisive battle is lost
Yet the Lions are in the playoffs, but it comes with a cost
Drawing the Seahawks, away in a hostile situation
The pressure is on, the game will be viewed by the nation
Will this year be different, or just the same?

It's moments after, the critical playoff game
The Lions faithful, feels only anger and shame
The team does it again, finds some way to choke
They've ruined the season, leaving the Detroit community
broke
This year wasn't different, just the same

It's the off-season now, at least for us
But the Detroit fans are active, joining together to discuss
What things went wrong, and what should've gone right
There is no point, the talk goes till the end of night
If this was going to be the year, but ended just the same
Will the Detroit Lions ever hoist the Lombardi, and rise to
fame?



Riverside, Eddie Mikula (Photography)



Entertainment, William Kendrick (Photography)

The Corner of Michigan and Trumbull

Nick Blum

It is a hot summer day in the city of Detroit, Michigan. I slowly walk through the old rusted and worn down Plaza Gate A on Michigan Avenue. As I begin to approach the field, I stop in amazement and take in the view. There it is; I cannot believe it. I am fifteen feet away from Tiger Stadium field. I linger over to the bench, take a seat, and begin to put my cleats on. After they are all laced up, I grab my mitt and my bat, and I gradually step onto the field. I can still smell the hot dogs and hear the fans cheering for their home team. I can see the players on the field working to make it to the destined Fall Classic. There they go one by one: Al Kaline, Ty Cobb, Hank Greenberg, Sam Crawford, Charlie Gehringer, and of course veteran Sparky Anderson. They all seem to have something in common besides their skill and talent, and that is the look on their faces. They are all smiling and looking as if they are still little kids enjoying the game that they once grew up playing. As I watch them on the field, I hear the horn of a city bus and snap out of it. I continue to walk deeper and deeper into the depths of center field. Once I reach the fence, I can't help but to look up at the iconic flag pole that is towering over me. I turn around and take in the view. With the site of the field and the city in the backdrop, the feeling is just unreal. After coming to my senses, I pick up my gear and run through my daily warm ups and rituals and get ready to play. When the game is about to get underway, I jog out onto the field and take my position and wait until I hear the traditional "Play Ball!" from the umpire. As the game commences, the outs are recorded, runs are scored, and innings are played. When the seventh and final inning comes around, everyone is overwhelmed with the feeling of sadness and joy. After the game is over and the field is cleaned up, I make my way over to the bench to pack up and go home. I take my cleats off, put my gear away, and begin to walk back to Plaza Gate A on Michigan Avenue. When I get to the gate, I spin around to take one more look at the field. In the distance, I can hear the faint sound of the crowd cheering and the game being played, and it all hits me right then and there. I had just played a game with legends.

2016 Scary Story Contest Winner



Jackson Stachelek
Author of "The Cow"

Biography

Jackson is a junior, and a captain on the varsity wrestling team. He's also part of the Pastoral CORE Team. One of his biggest hobbies is art, specifically drawing and painting. One fun fact about him is that he's great at accents and impressions.

Inspiration

Jackson and his father worked together to come up with the idea for "The Cow" after a lot of thinking about what makes for the best horror experience. Having recently watched *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Jackson really liked the killer in that movie and wanted to create something similar. Jackson built his story off of the pretty creepy idea of a lunatic who dresses up in other people's or animal's skin. The idea of a cat-and-mouse game between the killer and the victim also made the story more disturbing. And, as in every good horror story, he wanted to include a great twist at the end. Jackson used a lot of light and dark imagery to show that darkness can mask danger, and when it's in the light, what was lurking in the shadows can sometimes be worse than you imagined.

Author/Artist Index

- Abdullah, Kassim 59
Banks, Quintin 60
Beamer, Langston 56
Bloye, Kameron 41, 61
Blum, Nick 9, 44, 66
Bolach, Spencer 15, 50
Bubenko, George 32
Chekal, Daniel 62
Condit, Jack 17, 42
Cook, Jr., Gregory 31, 58
Cullen, Ryan 7, 31, 45
Denomme, Maxim 25
Dery, Joseph 28
Dorweiler, Kaleb 29
Ellis, Colin 30
Gardella, Grant 8
Gaynier, Ben 64
Hogan, Brendan 8, 9
Hooper, Zachary 28
Jeannotte, John 61
Johnson, Kyle 40
Kendrick, William 65
Kim, Joshua 27, 35
Kuplicki, Adam 30
Lambert, Alexander 62
Lichwalla, Nate 12
Lujan, Christopher 54, 55
Lujan, Matt 7, 10, 13, 19,
24, 26, 43, 50
Mansky, Henry 46
Matthews, Wes 49, 63
Mikula, Eddie 65
Moyer, Noah 14, 18, 60
O'Connell, John 56
Pastula, Frank 40, 43
Peters, Christian 42
Pez, Nicholas 12, 23, 29,
36, 37, 47, 48
Piziali, Matthew 41, 52, 53,
59
Ploucha, Jack 13
Roarty, Brendan 6, 18
Rowe, A.J. 38, 44
Smith, Justin 45
Stachelek, Jackson 67
Toepfer, Carson 6
VanHulle, Ryan 57
Vecchio, Alexander 24
Wenderski, Paul 20
Worden, Thomas 25
Zielinski, Noah 16



