

INSCAPE



University of Detroit Jesuit
High School & Academy
2012-2013

INSCAPE

2012-2013

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Written Work
Artwork*



Chinese Countryside, Matthew LoPrete

Peter Granite

Daniel Paglia

Peter Granite walked along the rocky road
With pebbles and stones in his pockets.

He took a stone and let it slip through his hand
And began to walk a bit quicker.

Peter then took another stone and threw it to the ground.
He started to skip.
Peter emptied all of the pebbles out of his right pocket
And began to gallop across the road.

Finally, Peter emptied the minerals from his left pocket
And began to sprint like he was a wildebeest.

All the while, the road was just as rocky.

Cost of Freedom

Jack Bodien

I stand in a dark, lonely field
 Man killed here with weapons they wield
 Wherever I look I can see,
 Where the fates of many were sealed

As I stand there it comes to me
 These lives lost made many lives free
 Quite an impression this does make
 That they died so I could be me

Anguish and pain, endured for our sake
 Bravery they showed can't be fake
 "Men are free is what we believe"
 With this, they laid down not to wake

Freedom, sweet and great we believe
 But it is quite hard to conceive
 Lives lost for the sweet beliefs we've--
 Thought and habits we'd rather leave

Golden Gate Bridge, Gabriel Tubay



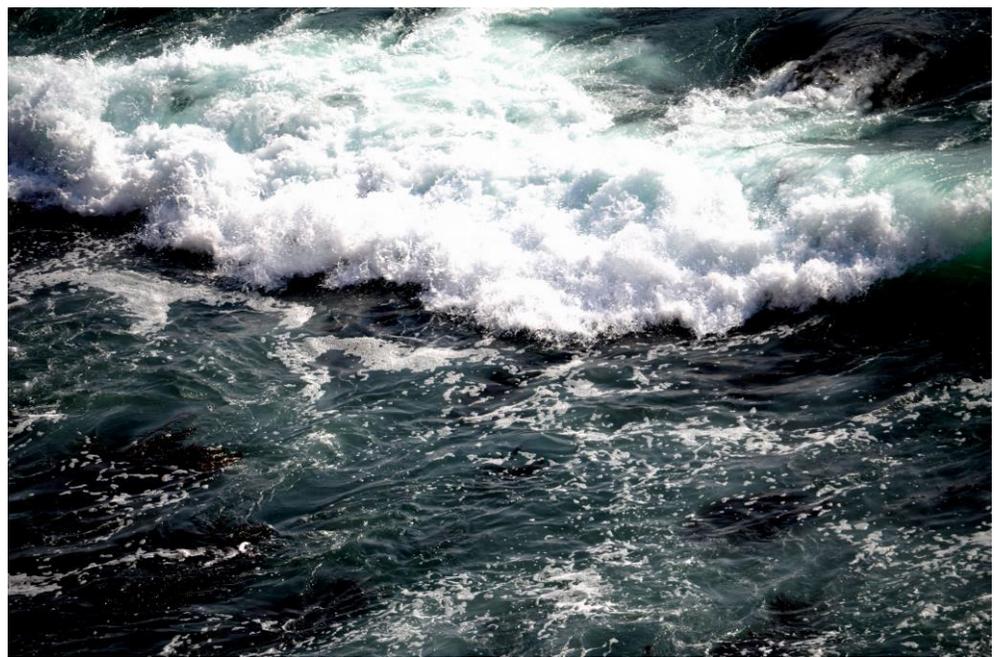


Untitled, Gerard Dulac

Water
Kiernan Bloye

Flowing in a brook
Pouring down in the darkness
Welcoming new life

Untitled, Gerard Dulac



We all started laughing hysterically. The terror had turned into exhilaration. Even Mr. Davidson was chuckling. Now I don't know if this is true or not, but apparently there were some small droppings found on the floor after the incident. The rumor says that they were found directly under Mr. Davidson's desk. Barely a month into the new school year, this incident certainly ranks high in my book of unusual experiences.



Perched Bird, Gerard Dulac

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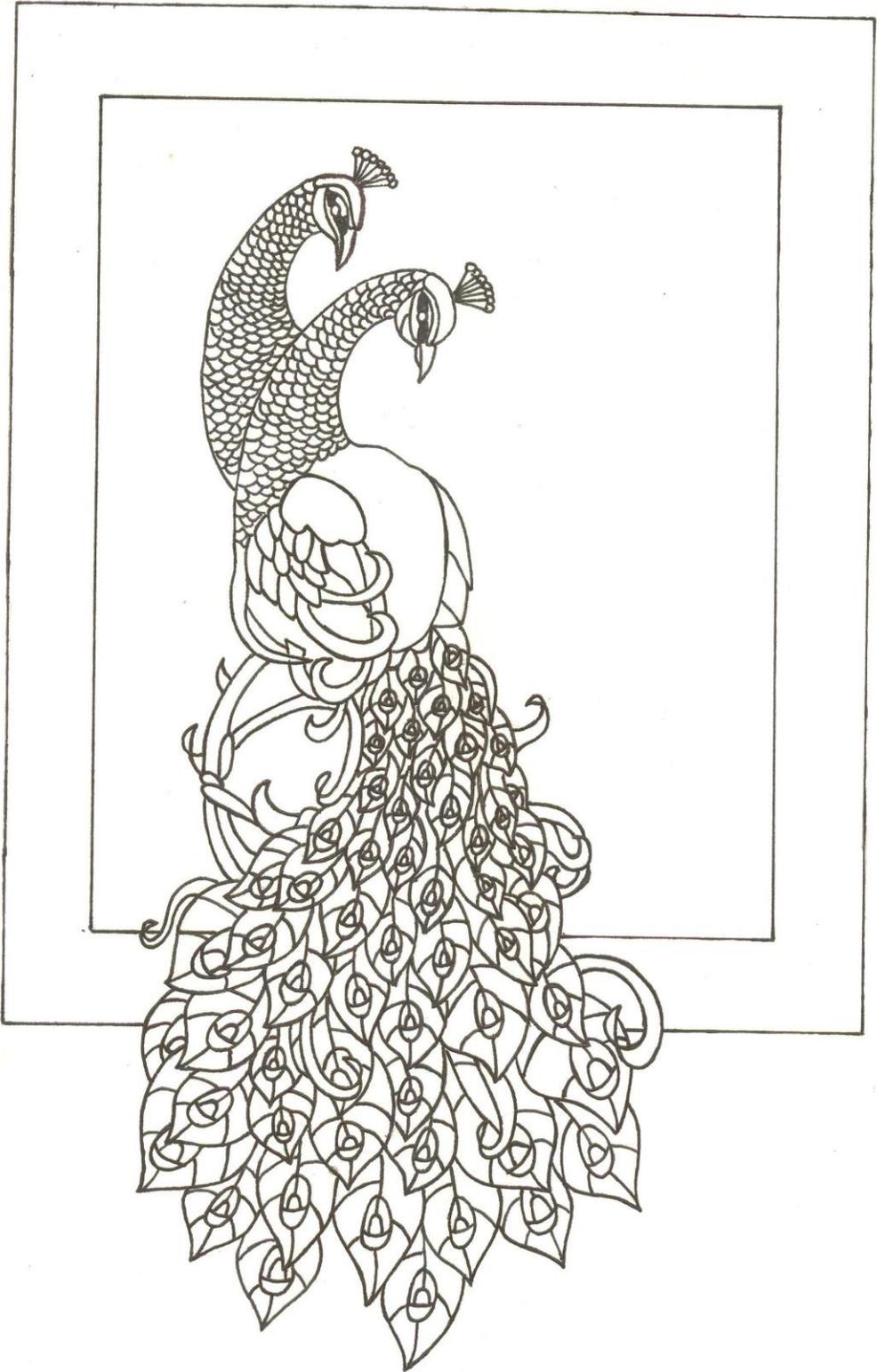
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Peacock, Tommy Fabian

So Many Negatives

Elijah Miller

You won't not know what you don't not want in life
And you won't not know what you don't not want to try
But you wouldn't wont not try
Because you aren't not afraid of failing
But you shouldn't not try
Because you won't not fail if you don't not not believe you will
But I don't not promise it ill be as easy as a sailor sailing



Evan M

Zombie Cubs, Evan Mulligan



Calumet, Martin Nagle

The Burning Ice

Matthew Banka

As most northerners know,
 There is a winter snow.
 It freezes the ears and nose,
 Then when spring comes, it goes.
 But in the fireplace in December,
 lies a gentle ember.
 Which starts to burn a tree,
 To keep warm all who see.

A Contemplation on Tragedy

Alex Hale

Through 2012, U of D, CC, and many other schools, organizations, and families, have gone through tragedy. Catholic Central lost a member of their football team, who died in his sleep. A year ago, U of D experienced a tragedy where a freshman on the varsity cross country team, lost both of his parents in a murder-suicide. Over the summer of 2012, another cub lost his father in a murder where his older brother has become the main suspect. When these tragedies happen, we as a community both mourn and look for the reasons why these occurrences happened. This article attempts to explain the tragedy of death and the result of it.

Death is a stalker. No matter where you go, death will find you. Death can be subtle or as forceful as a gunshot. Death is the only thing everyone is connected to and effected by. Death is so unfair and unforgiving. You can't stop it. To waste your time denying death is to waste your time denying life. Death comes whenever it wants. It comes after years and years of fighting. It comes without warning. It comes at noon. It comes at midnight. It takes the young. It takes the old but it affects everyone.

However, death changes the world. Without death, we don't have any true lessons learned. If a family dies because of starvation, we look to end world hunger and poverty. If a Child dies of cancer, the world looks for a cure. If a war begins and fathers have to bury their sons and mothers their daughters, then those affected look for an end to war. When someone is viciously murdered out of prejudice as example of Matthew Sheppard, the world looks to end prejudice. When a child commits suicide because of prejudice as example of Seth Walsh, the world looks to the reasons why this young person felt like they didn't deserve life and tries to change society. When a father kills a mother, leaving the children alone in this world, we look to end that pain and change society.

To change society, death is needed. Death is the thing with the most power in the world. Kids go in quiet for years with the immense amount of pain brought around by fights and disease and poverty and bullying. No one knows their stories. Those who have seen death have a spotlight on them. Because death rules.

Death of one causes the life of many more. Those who have died for all of the reasons listed above have died to pay for many others lives. Society needs an example. There wouldn't be charities if the ultimate price didn't have to be paid. Those who choose to pay that price for the rest of us cause everyone around to change.

In times of tragedy, people come together. Our mistakes are the only things that keep us from making more. Look around you. See the horrible unforgiving hand of death that has kept you from suicide, disease, prejudice, poverty, hunger, and war. Those who die are the heroes. They are the teachers. Without them in our lives we don't have anything.

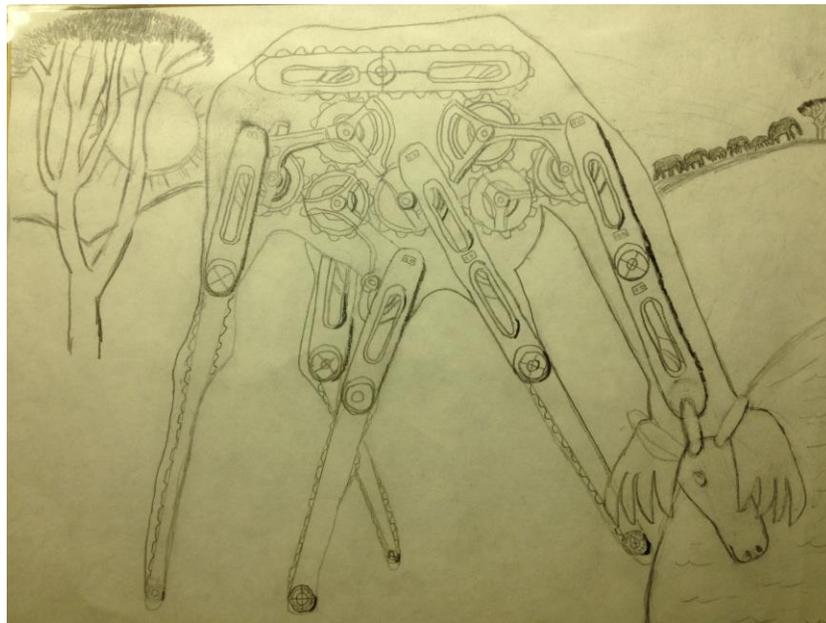
"Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn't matter with me now, because I've been to the mountaintop, and I don't mind"
Martin Luther King Jr.

Never forget the cold hand of death. Never forget those who have taught you your lessons. Never forget what has happened to you and your fellow humans. As we've seen tragedy, we've turned around with our hearts out in the open, trying to stitch a wound that cannot be healed. As suffering has walked past us we don't ignore but do the only thing that we can do. Raise our lighters to those around us to show how much light is around.

So I say goodbye to those who've shed their blood for us. Jesus sacrificed his life for us, but what most of us Christians don't realize is that Jesus is everywhere, here to save us from our mistakes and from pain. May death be blessed but still hated. And may compassion continue.



Inspiration for Hope, Dylan Shay



Giraffe, Xavier McCormick

My Freshman Retreat

Rashard Thomas

As I took my first steps into the school
I thought if I didn't talk much the school year would be cool
I only talked to people I knew
The names of every one in my homeroom, I had no clue
People always in the halls would always say "Hi"
All I would do is nod and leave school, never saying good bye
One day Mr. Pinchak talked about the freshman retreat but I paid no
attention
I only stared at the cross in the room thinking about the resurrection
I was handed a slip about it
I thought to myself was I going to go to the retreat, then whispered to
myself doubt it
I didn't want to stay at home alone all day Monday
I decided to go just to go, plus I wasn't going to talk to anyone anyway.
During the retreat I had a lot laughs with some class mates in the hot sun
Not knowing they would become some of my closest friends in the long run
The freshman retreat really helped me get to know more kids from school
If I didn't go I would have been at home alone bored playing pool
It often surprises me how just that one day could change my U of D life
Now people call me my nick name ClutchHandles, and are my friends for life.

Newspapers

Robert William Francis Pytel

“AAahHhh!!”

What a Nightmare,
said while stroking the prominent
forehead,
now gleaming with glistening
sweat,
gradually oozing out of the brown
forest, of thick and hardy trees
now scattered, bending this way
and that,
the bulging Temples drumming
their
march – the Forbidden March – the
march of his-
tories and Civil Wars long past,

beaten by the little drummer boy,
the Keeper of History as he rolls
along, standing true and brave and
tall
between the battles, each battle
fi'ring shots and screams to
contribute
its essence of life – the very
Loudness,
Pain, Pride, and Pleasure of War –
Such as one may never see in a
newspaper – and do it to the
tap, smash, and rim-shots of the
Drum,
the essence of the drummer boy,
on its powerful and repetitive
Edge.



The Horse Skull, Dylan Shay

Gray

Robert William Francis Pytel

Looking between the blinds,
pallid yellow in light,
and
reading between the lines,
steadily critiquing,

both require Focus.
We have
father sun, white in light,
sister moon, bright at night,
gray clouds in the afternoon,
a whole day's work is done.

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Longing to be Athena

Matt LoPrete

Knowledge will live in me until I die,
But I'm the owl that fears to make a sound,
Lost in the night while others pass me by.
What good is wisdom when it is not found?

I envy the goddess of wisdom and war,
The one who demands her knowledge be heard.
Athena is who I envy and adore,
Because her thoughts became the lasting word.

Plea of the Innocent

James Argue

Peering into the darkness all around
Moonlight filtering down from above
When I saw her dancing to the river's sound,
I couldn't help but watch and love

Then I felt your hot enmity
Burning in my mortal soul
I fled back home at the sun's setting
Unwilling to pay your ultimate toll
I beg of you, great goddess, a few scraps of pity,
Allow me to survive, to bask in just living

And not to be turned into a great, antlered deer,
To be torn and devoured by my own dogs here.

My Addiction

Michael Yaldo

I kiss. Kiss? Kiss.
Standing at the stream where our love dilutes,
and where amber rivers fill the sky
with unseen hues of the sun's bombastic
dominion, Like roses...
Beautiful, but always reminding me of
the most sensitive bruise, bluish-green and
spelling out the sounds of pain as though your thorns
are your defense from past hurt.
I'm your narcotic, your overdose
No pain.

The Author's Despair

Daniel Paglia

I saw a book lying on the roadside,
Tattered and damp from the rain.
Fully neglected it was out there,
Suffering from the utmost pain.

So hard did a man work
To write that book.
Yet, here it lies amongst the murk,
On that dirty, forsaken roadside

The author knows what happened
To his very young child
That sits here, dead by the street,
Because his heart tremors with a pain more than mild.

This little bundle of joy,
This tiny token of love
Was rejected by a boy,
Not man enough to read
More than just enough.



*Self Portrait
Scratch Art,
Timothy Dolan*

A Snipers Nest
Mark Wenderski

Chapter 1 The Court Marshal

"This court martial is now in session," said a M.P. "Will the defendant stand." As I rose, I looked at my squad, and none of them were looking at me.

I saw my best friend Scott Coachvick. He was six feet six inches tall, and he weighed around two hundred pounds. He was the light machine gunner in our squad. He was also a smart as heck guy. He had a perfect G.P.A in high school but he decided to join the army so he could serve his country. During high school and college he was a football and hockey star. From high school he had a total of six varsity letters.

Next to him was the medic from our squad, Doc. He was a small guy measuring in just under five feet seven inches. He is also a strong guy. He boasted he could lift his weight plus seventy pounds. Nobody in the squad believed him though. During high school, he loved all the science classes he took, especially Bio classes. He loved science so much that he took an anatomy class during his summer vacation. He wanted to be a doctor but then out of nowhere he decided to join the army and become a medic. He became a ranger' medic, and after five years on that assignment he was chosen to become Delta. Out of the one hundred guys who started, only twelve guys passed. He was one of them so now he could say he was part of a very small family known as Delta Force.

Those would be the two next guys to follow me on the witness stand. I saw the prosecutor John Spatt.

John was an old friend of mine, but we've grown apart. During middle school we were best friends. We lived next to each other, and we used to spend every summer hanging out. During high school is when we started growing apart. He loved law and philosophy while I liked war, history and battle field tactics. The final blow happened junior year while I was throwing a party for one of my lacrosse buddies. He came in and just started yelling and calling me a cheater during a test I took a few weeks ago. He also said he would tear me down one day.

"Please state your name and rank for the record," John asked.
"Lieutenant Kevin Murphy," I said.

"And what is your job in your squad?"

"I'm head sniper and communication officer for my squad."

"What type of weapon do you use?"

"I use a beret fifty caliber sniper, and a M4 assault rifle."

John went back to his desk and looked through some papers.

While he did that, I started looking around the room noticing things I didn't before. Up high, the left side of the room looked like what might be the Stations of the Cross, but I wasn't sure. In the back of the room, I saw what looked like Greek pillars and on the top looked like some Greek mythology creators.

John returned from his desk and said, "That type of bullet was used to kill your captain Branden Smith." Branden was one of the best guys I ever knew. He also had a family with four kids and a beautiful wife. He grew up outside of New York City. Brendan went to a punk public school where he learned fast how to fight. After that, he went to West Point. Right out of college he joined the rangers and after six years he was offered to join Delta. He was in the same class as Doc which is why they were such good friends. I joined his squad three years ago so he didn't like me as much as the older guys in the squad.

"Lieutenant Murphy care to join the living?" John asked sarcastically.

"Yes, I would like to say that somebody could have used my gun or had a gun of the same caliber," I said.

"Yes that is possible, but could you please tell the this court what happened the night of July twenty second?" I looked up at the judge to make sure it was okay. He nodded. I looked over at my attorney James Cutler.

James was one of the best attorneys I ever met. He attended Harvard Law but wanted to help his country. He became a reservist and joined JAG and had around one hundred cases that weren't that big. This was his biggest case he had.

"Do I need to repeat the question, Kevin?" John asked.

I looked up seeing that I had been thinking too long, "No, no need to repeat. Yes, my squad and I started training in New Mexico, and our mission was a high stakes hostage op."

"Where were you when your captain was shot?"

"I was going down the stairs out of the back of my sniper's nest."

"Anyone who can verify that?"

"Yes. Sgt. Coachvick," then Scott just nodded to John.

"Your after action report says you never fired your sniper."

"Yes, that is right."

“Then why did we find GSR on your gun?”

“I don't know.”

Then James stood up and said, “But the riffling on the bullet is not the same as Kevin's rifle.”

And the judge said, “That's it I've heard all I need to.”

The judge went into a different room to think. And when he came back he stood up and said, “I find Lt. Kevin Murphy...”

You decide.

The evidence from Kevin's gun says that he shot his gun killing his captain. It also shows that only his best friend was in the building with him. A person who would cover for him. And maybe Scott had a grudge against the captain. Also the captain might also have been a jerk to both, so they both would have a reason to kill him. Along with the other squad members reports that say that no one else was in the building where the captain was shot.

But one of the reports said that another person was in the building when the captain was shot. Tom Martin, Kevin's spotter. This allowed him to make the shot using Kevin's rifle with great accuracy. And Tom also could have used a different barrel which he could have packed and if somebody saw it they wouldn't think twice since he is a sniper as well. But according to Tom's report about what happened, it says that he was half a mile away with another squad member.

You decide.



San Francisco, Martin Nagle

Beauty

Robert William Francis Pytel

"If we all lived in beauty, we would all live simply.
If we all lived simply, we would all live in beauty."
no-one does bestow 't,
this thing call'd beauty;
it takes someone to know 't,
this thing call'd beauty;
is it on her feet,
those black heels smooth,
the leather in place,
bare and shiny; shiny
from the glint of the Sun,
so warm and flaring in
its intensity,
leaving its white design,
soft, smooth, and unique,
on those smooth black heels;
is it on her legs,
whether smooth'd out or
left to them-selves, more
preferably dress'd
in a body-suit
o' fishnets,
lining and wrapping the leg
in black and bold lines;
of leggings or stockings,
tightening the pulse, wrapping
the curves of the legs in
a most playful embrace,
hugging nice and tight;
of jeans,
fitting slimly or loosely,
fitting tight or relax'd,
as indigo, leather,
or some other third thing,
requesting the pardon
of the waist, begging
at the seams if need be,
wanting to keep the marriage
alive, never to divorce;
is it on her bottom,
let's say smoothly rounded,
press'd tightly against her
her body, her frame,
her brand-new figure,
ready to be brandish'd
as a mace, very spiky
on its points (like porcupine),
metallic with rust, and
most of all very spherical,
to smash
in the eyes of many men;
is it her fer-vent-ness,
likely cover'd by some
jeans, or pants, or perhaps
a royal dress,
fluttering in the breeze,
the royal dress inviting,
inviting you to look
closer, creases and waves
billowing, cur'ling, flowing
ev'rywhere, the waves and curls
of the cloth breaking over,
under, and in the middle,
offering the most intimate
of invitations,
a sound never uttering
or issuing from her lips;
and for the lips,
you look to her face,
whatever she may look as,
be it an angel,
golden halo fluttering;
a demon,
fangs growing point'd and long;
a witch,
repulsive with her green warts;
a rich girl,
with all the finest make-up;

a middle girl,
with dirty stains on her face;
a home-less girl,
living in her own company;
however she doth appear,
dress'd in her heels,
dress'd in her leggings,
dress'd in her coat,
dress'd in her make-up,
dress'd in her hair,
or nothing at all,—
do not over-look her eyes,

or his eyes, or their eyes,
in whatever she, he, or they
may be dress'd in,
the most sensitive cubs
in the pack, easily creasing,
with minimal provocation,
letting their unique waves run
down-
ward over the hills of the face;
"It is time to open your eyes
to she, and he, and they, true
beauty."



Untitled, Daniel Vincent

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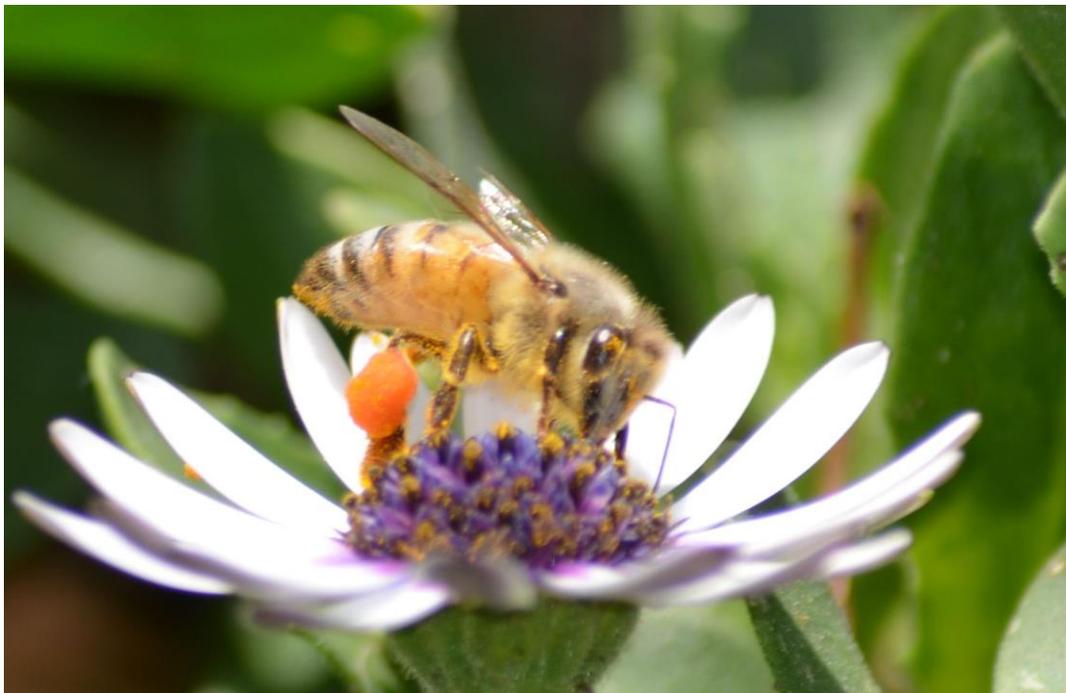
Beauty Through a Walk

Jacob Byrd

I travel a bright and beautiful path, my feet feel weightless and unbound,
the earth's grasp over me has halted,
My shackles have been broken,
I am afoot with my vision.

Where the sun beats its glorious, warm rays upon the lively earth,
Where the dew of the morning sits gently on the grass of the coppice,
Where the choruses of the birds soothe the heart and soul of the callous heart,
Where squirrels of all kinds run through the brush and up the tall oaks, with their
frantic maneuvers leaving a trail of agitated and perturbed leaves,
Where the deer run in apprehension from the sharp crack of a stick into the
distant unknown,
Where the pollen agitates my nose as I inhale the magnificent aroma of the
daffodil,
Where the larva of the fly eat nonchalantly at the disintegrating oak wood,
Where the rough bark of the white birch rubs gently against the palm of my
hand,
Through the raging rapids of ferocious white river,
Through the glistening water fish struggle to hold their position against the
violent current of the incessant river,
Where a large pine has fallen over the banks of the river,
Where the bright green leaves of fern cover the undergrowth of the bright forest,
Where the mighty branches of the weeping willow hang like the shimmering
glass ornaments of an extravagant chandelier,
Where the wind blows with a gentle whisper, as if nature were quietly speaking
to me,
Where the leaves in the canape of the trees rustle against each other to make an
almost silent hum, as if it were talking with the wind,
At the entrance of a fox hole, the ghostly presence of the carnivorous beast
lurches,
At the fissure between the roots of the mammoth oak, a black widow, with its
menacing red hourglass tattoo, spins its delicate web,
At the murky waters of the swamp, full of deadly disease and infectious algae;
Where the snow makes a soft blanket over the mucky ground,
Where crystals of ice glimmer in the afternoon setting sun,
Where the snow prints of the deer travel to the ends of the earth with the wolf
hunting it vigorously,
Where nothing but a white blanket of snow sits gently over the dead wood of the
forest,
Where the thick ice of the swamp cracks with a booming, thunderous cry,
Where the thin cover of ice crushes like broken glass when my feet bear down
upon it,
Where the snow gleams like a million shattered diamonds,
Where the chilling breeze sends shivers down my spine,

Where the dry, cool air turns my nose as red as Michigan cherries,
Through the ice a fallen dead oak juts out like a black hand from hell breaking
through this glacial wasteland,
Through the dark of the night the bright eyes of the wolf glimmer with the shine
of the moon,
Through the glassy ice covering the swamp water where the bottom seems
unreachable,
As if the bottom plummeted down to the depths of hell;
Joyous for the life God has placed in this serene place,
Joyous for the winds of the skies and the waters of the earth,
Joyous for the sun of the day and the moon of the night,
Joyous for the creatures of the earth and the birds of the sky and everything in
between,
Joyous for the songs of nature, the songs of the birds, and the songs of the
earth,
Traveling through time and the milky way, scraping my hands against the stars
as if they were sugar crystals falling from heaven,
Traveling around the dark side of the moon through the peaceful serenity of
space that earth cannot offer,
Traveling between the sky-scraping branches of the highest canapes listening to
the branches as they fly past me,
Gliding, flying, soaring, towering, peacefully over the woods,
I have pursued these lands all my life.



Untitled, Gerard Dulac

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The Vacation

Karl Lehmkuhl

We were going up north!
We were all packed up
The windsurfer, our clothes,
Were all in the truck
The band we loaded
Faithfully into the car,
The keyboard, the drum set,
The electric guitar

We all loaded in
As tight as sardines
We all checked for our
Books, lights and canteens

So we got on our way
Driving up 96
My brother and I
Having our usual conflicts

An hour and a half later
We finally pulled in
This place was so big
It made our heads spin
Three stories tall
This place was gigantic
The lake down the street
Seemed oceanic!

We went in the house
And our jaws hit the floor
This place had chairs, beds
And rooms galore!

Our cousins finally
Walked in the door

So we played hide and seek
(Quite a chore)

But we started to realize
That nothing matched,
The paintings and pictures
All seemed unattached.

The walls were all faded,
The couch was all torn,
The furniture in general
Just seemed very worn
The "Bathroom" in the basement
(I use that term loosely)
Had tons of old paint cans;
And I mean profusely

Dust in every corner
Mildew in the air
My sister even got a
Rat trap stuck in her hair!

That place smelled of mildew
And of old socks, too,
That place needed a decorator,
Everything was askew.

My aunt she went crazy
She left fast as a gazelle
She just couldn't stand it,
So she found a hotel!

We began the negotiations,
With the barn's owner,
To get the heck outta' there
We fought like some ogres.

We got another house
Right down the street,
We were so happy to be out!
We hoped never to repeat.

So we started to move
Just down the road
Trying to endure our
Quite heavy load

Long story short,
We were happy in our new
location,

But I'm not sure what it may be,
But that's all I have on this one,
I have told thy story to thee.



Sunset, Matthew Raybaud

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Where I'm From

Seth Atisha

I'm from the place where swimming in freezing cold lakes is a hobby
From driving our Jet ski
I'm from M&M's, Hershey's milk chocolate bars, and Kit Kats
From swimming until I can't move anymore
I am from having heated arguments with my sister
And from awkward moments with friends
I am from playing with my dog whenever I can
And from reading up to 10:00 at night while eating Honey Crisp apples
I am from laughing my head off
And from shooting hoops alone
I am from drinking Pepsi
I am from creating random poetry (like this)
I am me
And that is all I'll ever be



Untitled, Stephen Huber

I Didn't Know You

Dylan Shay

I didn't know you
I got to take care of you
I learned all of your faults secrets and gifts
We spent time together
Because one of my idiot
mistakes you're gone forever.
Screw all the others involved they were tainted
Those who criticized us and what we did
What we had was special
Unfortunately it was also short lived
And due to my mistakes and the cruelties of those more powerful than
us we can't be together
I had a feel for you though
The scent
The look
All gone because I didn't pay attention
Only to you and to no other
And maybe now that I reflect it was all about me the thrill and the
pleasure and all that I bought you was really for me
You may have lasted for a short time and we may not be together
Though you may be hurt and me and pain you'll always be my first
and hopefully you forgive me
But now that I'll never see you again
Farewell my friend you were the best of the best and you were good at
what you did
We did a lot together but now it must end
You brought happiness and that shows through the pain your loss has
caused.
You never know what you got until it's gone

*Harbor Springs,
Lorenzo Bongiovanni*



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