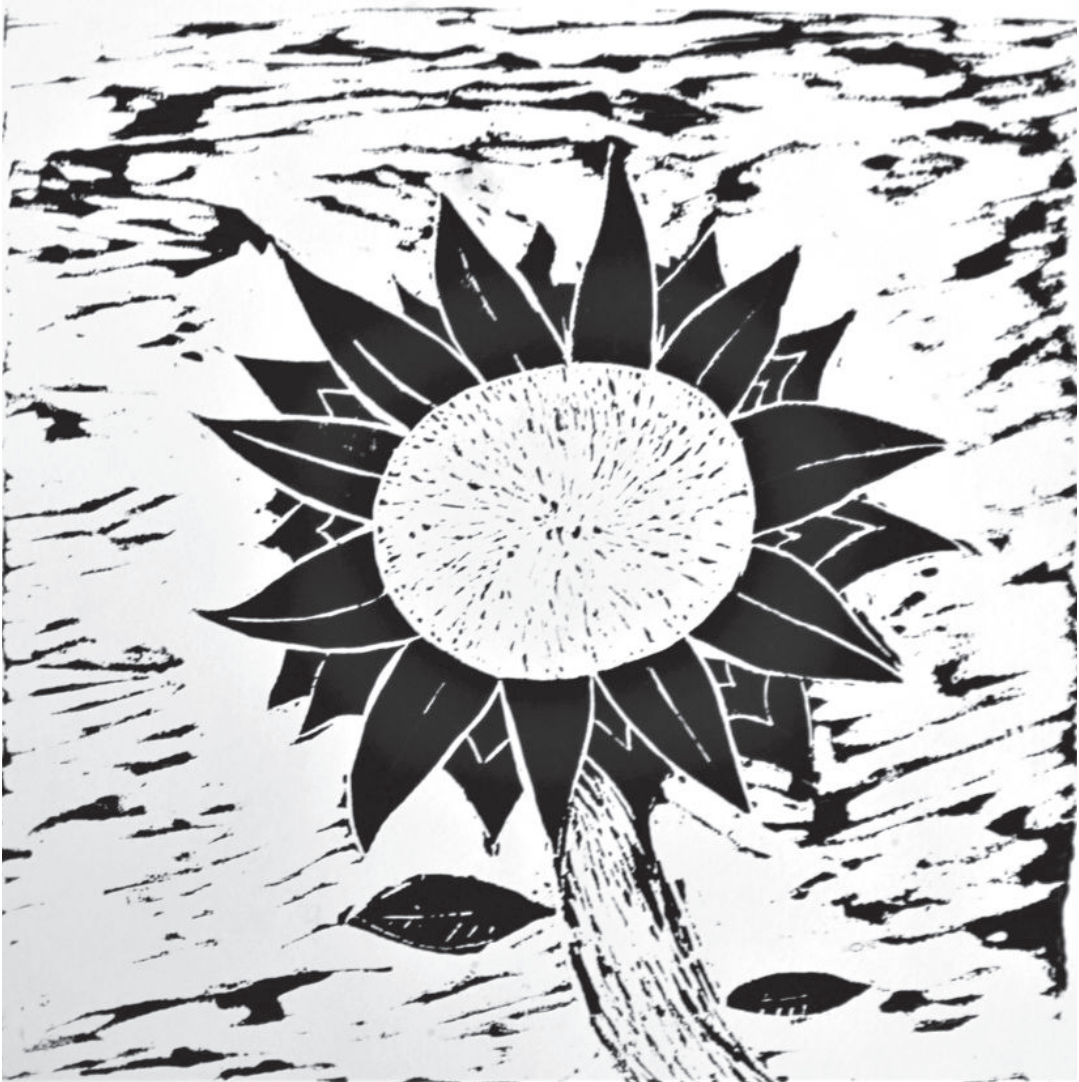


Pen 
and
SWORD 

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Index

Art

Art I	4, 30, Back Cover
Josh Anderson '24	31
Bryce Beck '27	9
Matthew Brook '24	6
Christopher Brown '24	Front Cover
Hunter Chabert '24	12
Jude Courville '24	14
Andrew Delaune '24	27
Luke Greer '24	3
Jacob Kennedy '24	18
Jack Luketich '23	22
Adrian Machado '24	7
Silas McIeish '24	29
Ty McReynolds '24	21
Gabriel Metoyer '24	5, 25

Literature

Michael Ekenta '24	3
Hayden Bosch '23	14
Logan Coe '23	5
Andrew Cooper '25	15
Cameron Coughlin '25	15
Parker Damaré '24	21
Michael Elmer '23	7
Liam Enger '25	15
Joshua Hampton '24	31
Chester Harney '25	15
Daniel Ribando Hartmann '23	7, 22
Mickal Jacques '23	29
Mr. Tom Leggett	7
Samuel Liggio '24	6
Jacob Meyer '23	30
Dylan Rhoton '24	8
Patrick Rooks '25	15
Kolbe Willis '24	4
Sam Yuratich '24	23



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Poem

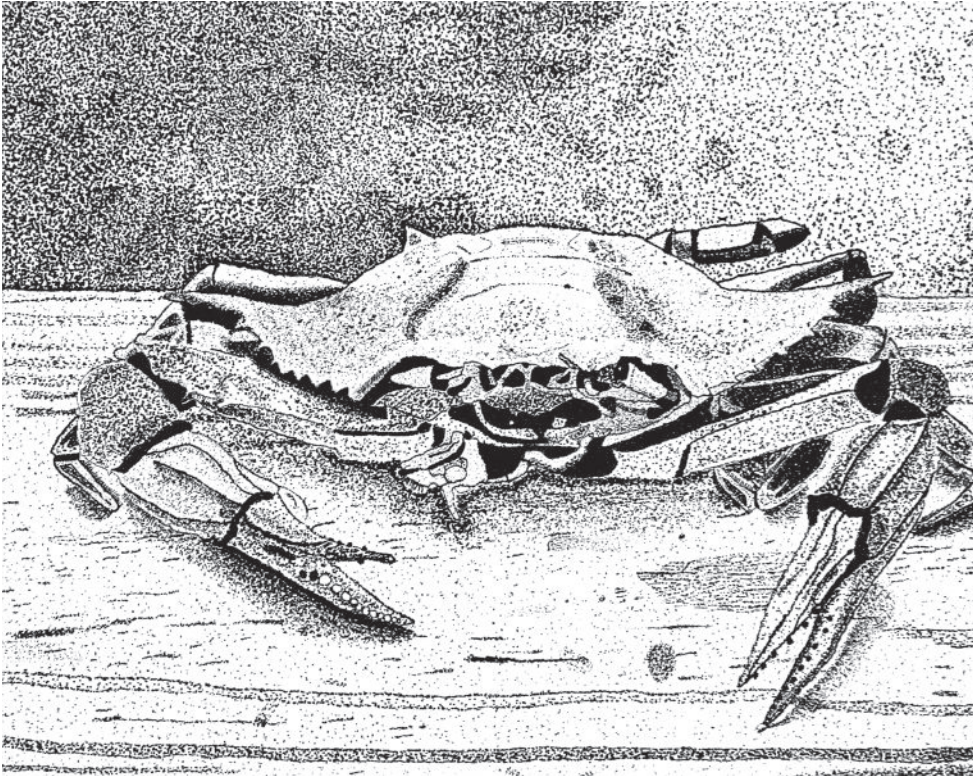
Michael Ekenta '24

I'll always remember how you watched me eat and sleep, how our
Talks were short but sweet. Our journey
To the south was cold and bitter because all the while
You slowly withered.

Every step that I take will now be my own.
Day by day, the wastelands I roam,
And the blankets you have won't keep you warm.
I love you, Papa.

Won't you wake up? You promised to never leave me. Did you
Forget? I love you, Papa.

No matter the cost, I will carry the fire. Just like no
Matter the setbacks, you kept fighting.
What are our long-term goals, Papa? I know now.



Love

Kolbe Willis '24

Nobody wants a lonely life, but not everybody
Wants to endure the pain of others,
To protect them, and to
Be there for them in their darkest hour.
Here on earth, the people who want to survive
And prosper must have someone to love and to love them.
Nobody who endures life's traumas
Wants to heal on their own; they need someone
To tend to their wounds and
Leave their hearts and wills stronger than before.



A Nefarious Night in the Neighborhood

Logan Coe '23

The neighborhood had been eerily silent since it started. Since what started, you may ask? The missing person cases, of course. Apart from peeping out of the front door to snag the mail during the day, not a soul risked stepping foot anywhere near the sidewalk, especially my new neighbor. A distant, reclusive type, he didn't even bother to introduce himself until one night that I remember in blurry detail.

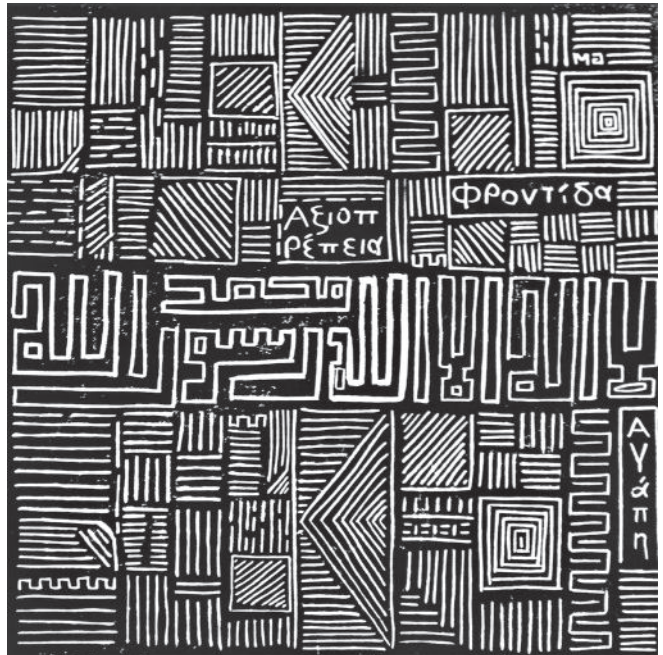
The evenings during this bizarre period were even more unnerving. Night after night I awoke to a strange clanking sound around 2 A.M. After about a week of sleep-broken slumber, I checked my video camera footage to see if I had any vlog-worthy material. It appeared that every night between the hours of 2 and 3 a.m. the film would turn pitch black, and the camera would wheeze out a dying breath before suddenly being resuscitated around an hour later. Something was very peculiar here, so I decided to investigate.

The next evening I lay awake and noticed a strobing light coming from my new neighbor's second-floor window. I quickly snatched my ladder and propped it up, peered inside, and unearthed the truth. The room on the other side of the window appeared to be a futuristic lab containing blinking buttons, a table with restraints, and what seemed to be multiple beakers filled with what I believed could only be blood. I was paralyzed with fear

and only remember suddenly waking on his cold metal table.

Through blurred vision, my neighbor appeared pale as a ghost and whispered, "Everything is going to be okie-dokie," in a shrill voice. Then I woke up here, in an unfamiliar setting, unable to remember anything apart from those last few weeks, that fateful night, and a soft-spoken creature with an owl-like face with inquisitive eyes.

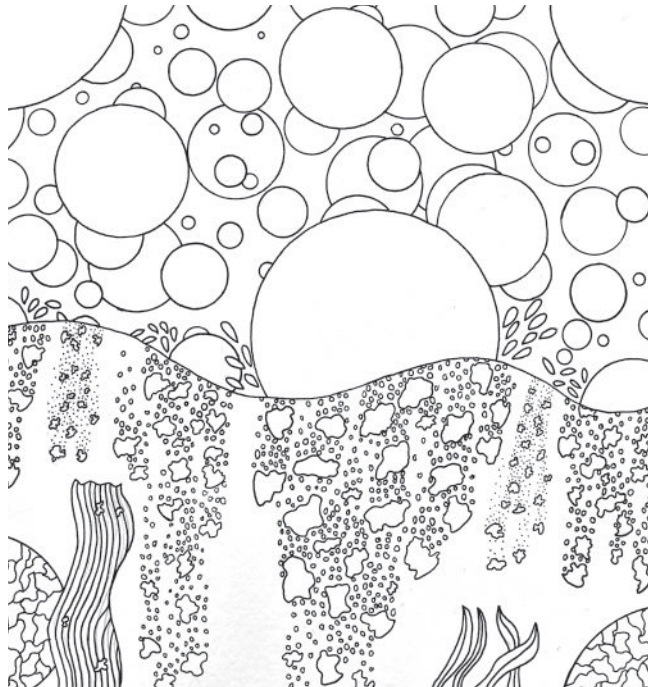
Where is here? Who am I? A beautiful nurse with a reassuring voice whispered, "Honey, your name is Harold Lewis, and you have been a patient at the Roswell Mental Institute for the past four months. Everything is going to be okie-dokie."



The Unknown

Samuel Liggio '24

If you do not plan ahead
Trouble shall approach unknowingly. It
Comes as an unfathomable shock
When unto which it chooses
You, preparation is thwarted, a number
Least among us prepares, and even fewer
Expect something ahead of its time.
It seems useless, but
Then once more can prove helpful.
Maybe it saves the life of you or another,
The adversity of some trivial
Thing finally appears
To take effect.
Do as what may happen
Is the way to survive,
To be able to
Always look ahead and
Expect that to which most are blinded.
It is long-forgotten yet useful.



Haikus

Rockin' Pneumonia
and the Boogie Woogie Flu
Got me actin' up.

- Daniel Ribando Hartmann '23



Canine, curled by feet,
yawns in air decorated
by fragrant jasmine.

- Mr. Leggett

Giles Corey, hero,
would not kneel to fascists.
Last words? "More weight."

- Michael Elmer '23

Thoreau's income tax
prompts civil disobedience.
Tell us about it, Dave.

- Michael Elmer '23

Breonna Taylor and the Failures of No-Knock Warrants

Dylan Rhoton '24

The following essay won the Silver Award in the National Round of competition at the 2023 Scholastic Writing Awards.

At 12:42 AM on the morning of March 13, 2020, 26-year-old Breonna Taylor and her boyfriend Kenneth Walker arose to thunderous pounding on their Louisville apartment door. Armed with a battering ram, three members of the Louisville police department raided their apartment, causing immense commotion and confusion. The ensuing shootout resulted in the firing of over twenty rounds and the death of Taylor, an innocent emergency room technician. Walker, a licensed gun holder, fired the first shot in fear of a home intrusion, which hit one of the officers in the leg. As it turns out, the Louisville police received permission to enter the home without any warning or identification, a move colloquially dubbed a no-knock warrant, on suspicion that the residence was affiliated with an ongoing investigation into drug charges. However, some members of the Louisville police department were implicated in a greater conspiracy to falsify information in order to receive this warrant, which resulted in the death of an innocent black woman at the hands of the police. This tragic story of Taylor's murder soon became well-circulated on social media and a focal point of the Black Lives Matter movement, which galvanized numerous American communities in protest against the

systemic oppression of minority citizens at the hands of police. In a broader way, though, Taylor's grim story illuminates a major flaw in American policing today: the use and exploitation of no-knock warrants as a whole. Although they may present some specific benefit in certain high-risk cases, the United States judiciary must ban no-knock warrants because of perennial prejudice against particular demographics, their unfounded constitutional basis, and the longstanding historical precedent of the rights of the accused.

No-knock warrants perpetuate prejudices against minority communities, an extension of the "War on Drugs" U.S. domestic policy of the mid-to-late twentieth century. Beginning with the Nixon administration, damaging policing rules were enacted under the guise of domestic drug reduction. These include the unequal focus of police resources, searches, and arrests in minority communities, as well as harsher sentencing with lifelong implications. Furthermore, the use of no-knock warrants and other raids sharply increased not too long after under the Reagan administration. These historical inequities persist and are manifested in policies today, as "20,000 to 80,000 no-knock warrants are conducted by police each year"

(Pergande). The exploitation of minority communities, often disproportionately affected by such policing, has resulted in the mass incarceration and social disenfranchisement of millions of African Americans. As a result of these policies, which emerged in 1971, over 80 percent of people federally imprisoned for drug charges alone are Black or Latino, and one in thirteen voting-age Black Americans are disenfranchised (Drug Policy Alliance). The historical legacies of these policies presently affect communities at risk for exploitation—Breonna Taylor’s case, for example.

A modern opinion has emerged to ameliorate these disparities, which supposes that “...reduction of police duties and redistribution of resources to community-based organizations can realistically supply an alternative to modern policing while also serving as a new foundation for accountability, transparency, and inclusion...” (Martin 1021). These adjustments to policing would focus on accountability and trust as opposed to the present cynicism. Rather than unannounced raids and unequal treatment in the courtroom, all people would be subject to similar unbiased treatment. Moreover, this would initiate a diminishing of the inequalities in the makeup of prisons around the nation. Additionally, police reform policies have wide support in broad demographics across the country. A poll conducted by a team of researchers through

Western Kentucky University found that 43.2 percent of respondents (a plurality) disagree with the statement “I support no-knock warrants.” For context, only 29.7 percent of respondents agreed with the statement. These statistics underscore the broad appeal of police reform movements in America and, specifically, the utilization of no-knock warrants. So, a large swath of the country recognizes the harm and distrust rooted in no-knock warrants, which only further clarifies the dire need for change. Not only are no-knock warrants a vestige of racist policing policies from the 20th century, but they are also broadly opposed by a large swath of Americans. As such, banning them is necessary to take a step towards equality in policing.

The employment of no-knock warrants



additionally violates the essential Fourth Amendment to the Constitution and conflicts with historical tradition concerning unlawful search and seizure. The language of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution addresses illegal searches, and according to Department of Justice employee Michael Bulzomi, its “protection against unreasonable searches and seizures implicitly embraces the common law principle that law enforcement officers should announce their purpose and authority before forcibly entering an individual’s home.” In other words, this right enshrined in the Bill of Rights inherently rejects the idea that no-knock warrants are an acceptable form of policing. Also, in his writing for the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, he elaborates:

The Supreme Court has determined that “every householder, the good and the bad, the guilty and the innocent, is entitled to the protection designed to secure the common interest against unlawful invasion of the house.” The knock-and-announce rule provides citizens with psychological security, knowing that one need not fear an unexpected intrusion....Announcement protects officers by ensuring that they are not “mistaken for prowlers and shot down by a fearful householder.” (Bulzomi)

Accordingly, the use of no-knock

warrants as demonstrated in Breonna Taylor’s case violates Constitutional principles originating with the framers of the document through hundreds of years of judicial succession. This quote directly addresses Kenneth Walker’s reason for opening fire; he believed that the apartment was the target of a home invasion, specifically by an estranged former boyfriend of Ms. Taylor’s. As evidenced by the bloody shootout that followed, no-knock warrants precipitate constitutional questions and demonstrably harm the wellbeing of innocent civilians. Although this is just one example, it is a clear indication of the chaos caused by no-knock warrants. Broader, this concept of the framers’ Fourth Amendment intentions poses interesting questions for constitutional interpretation today; many jurists subscribe to the concept of castle doctrine, which posits that the framers intended the home or other private property to be a safe, private space protected by self-defense and other property laws. As explained in St. John’s Law Review, “The principles underlying the castle doctrine...are based upon the sanctity of the home as a place where individuals should be free from unlawful intrusion. . .the most harmonious way to resolve the tension between them and reduce the risk of violence created by no-knock warrants is for states to eliminate the use of no-knock warrants” (Dolan 218). This view of the home as an institution unmarred by police force dates back centuries and forms the basis of one argument against the employment of no-knock warrants. In essence, an individual should not be subjected to violence in the

sanctity of their private property, a value held within the United States and in many countries across the globe. Therefore, the continued usage of no-knock warrants presents an imminent danger to both police officers executing the warrant and those being searched, and, moreover, it violates hundreds of years of constitutional interpretation.

However, those who believe that no-knock warrants should be used contend that their utilization is limited to rare cases or in cases with reasonable cause to believe that sought-after evidence or people reside where the warrant is executed. They argue that the warrants' rarity and specialization qualify minimal risk to civilians, a viewpoint corroborated by attorney Craig Mastantuono: "in order to get a warrant, police have to show probable cause that evidence of a crime exists in the place being searched...the request has to be specific about what's being looked for and why officers believe it's there." Accordingly, supporters assert that no-knock warrants are actually an asset in the criminal justice system in high-risk raids, sometimes going further to fully dismantle castle doctrine and the ubiquitous right to privacy. This continues, with one proponent stating,

If immediate notification were required regardless of the circumstances, law enforcement officials often would be forced to make a difficult choice: delay the urgent need to conduct a search or conduct the search and prematurely notify the target of the existence of

law enforcement interest in his or her illegal conduct and undermine the equally pressing need to keep the ongoing investigation confidential. (Rosenberg 102)

As such, supporters of no-knock warrants contend that no-knock warrants prove essential to the solving of many crimes. Since they allow officers a previously unparalleled level of stealth and secrecy in their conduct, they are important to preserve in modern policing. However, advocates of no-knock warrants fail to recognize the degree to which they are available as well as the sheer destructiveness of the move. No-knock warrants are, in actuality, neither rare nor exceedingly hard to achieve. For instance, an analysis performed by the Denver Post found that, "Over a twelve-month period, police in Denver requested 163 no-knock warrants. The city's judges granted 158 of them" (Balko). In the same article, the Denver Post reported that lawyers were even surprised by the refusal of those five aforementioned warrants. As demonstrated in Breonna Taylor's case, officers are not bound to exceedingly harsh restrictions on the employment of these warrants, and their use actually presents another route of exploitation in the justice system. In fact, one of the detectives in Ms. Taylor's case pleaded guilty to misleading a judge in order to achieve the no-knock warrant—a clear, striking example of how they may be abused at the hands of citizens. Furthermore, those who laud the move as an unrivaled method for stealth completely overlook the common view of



the sanctity of an individual's home and the severe dangers presented to all parties involved. Silent raids often cause extreme confusion among their victims, which creates a hostile and unsafe environment for both the alleged criminals and the officers. Again, Breonna Taylor's case exemplifies this dire situation; since the officers were not required to announce themselves, Mr. Walker assumed the worst, which resulted in a bloody engagement. In summary, no-knock warrants are an outdated tactic in which those being investigated, and the very police officers

themselves, often fall prey to brutality as a result of their extreme chaos.

Finally, not only do no-knock warrants pose threats to many communities today, but they also violate the longstanding American tradition of the knock-and-announce rule. Simply put, the protection of individual liberties through the knock-and-announce rule is an integral stitch in the American political and judicial fabric. In fact, "The first U.S. case to incorporate the knock-and-announce rule into its decision was *Read v. Case* in 1822" (Totten 420). Beginning in the early nineteenth

century, this rule, which (as the name implies) requires officers to notify residents and identify themselves before intruding into a home, became a steadfast tenet of American jurisprudence and policing. No-knock warrants specifically contrast these values, encouraging secrecy over transparency in the justice system. Knock-and-announce rules serve to protect American civilians and police officers alike, though, providing a stark foil while valuing overall safety. Moreover, former Supreme Court Justice Stephen Breyer notes that “this ‘basic principle’ [of knock-and-announce] was agreed upon by ‘several prominent founding-era commentators,’ *id.*, at 932, and ‘was woven quickly into the fabric of early American law’ via state constitutions and statutes.” Even besides the clear dangers of no-knock warrants, longstanding legal tradition supports the honesty and accountability associated with police officers making themselves known before executing a search warrant. Morally, this accountability stands central to American tradition and promotes a greater belief in the police force, where no-knock warrants erode this trust and further shroud the justice system in the shame of its history.

Due to persistent racial bias in policing, questionable constitutionality, and prevalence in the modern discourse of law and politics, it is clear that no-knock warrants must be banned. This move contrasts the centuries-documented precedent of castle doctrine and the United States’ national view of the right to property and the Fourth Amendment. When considering the many facets of modern policing, no-knock warrants stand

out as a prominent example of outdated tactics which promote hostile, destructive environments and deteriorate community-police relationships. There stands a dire need for structural change in American policing, as thousands of people are subjected to these home raids yearly and they initiate lifelong negative effects on their victims. Gladly, though, astounding proportions of Americans recognize no-knock warrants’ unceasing danger—just another reason for their abolition. All in all, though, in order for justice to prevail in the American legal system, the nationwide eradication of no-knock warrants proves an essential first step.

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Everything Good Must End

Hayden Bosch '23

There is an end to all things, good and bad.
Where one thing ends, another will begin.
Feelings that come with this truly are sad,
As finally all one's feelings are felt within.
A phenomenon as this is known as change.
Like a storm, it will keep one up at night.
The only way through it is an exchange
among the ones you love with all your might.
Like a bee sting, change can hurt more than most,
But it can also be a saving grace.
It can sometimes be a reason to boast,
or one may stare death right in the face.
Like a tilt-a-whirl, change is a wild ride.
Graduating is the same, I confide.



The Light of Erebos

*The following is a progressive short story written and translated by members of
Mr. Merritt's Latin II class.*

*Andrew Cooper '25, Cameron Coughlin '25, Liam Enger '25,
Chester Harney '25, Patrick Rooks '25*

There are many stories and fables told about a man, an innocent and normal man, similar to you and me. He would regularly sacrifice to the gods, lived a good life, and acted as a good man. But, on the day of his end, his farewell to our mortal world, he found himself lost in Erebos, the entrance to the underworld. He found himself as the light in a world of darkness, wrongly trapped for eternity by Pluto. He needed to find his way out, to where he belonged, to the heavens. And so, his journey began, to seek the eternal life that he rightfully deserved.

As the man rose to his feet, he looked around. There was nothing except darkness. As he looked down, he realized that the ground beneath him was dimly illuminated by Aether. In fact, the light was coming directly out of him, a sign of his innocence. He knew that if Pluto saw the light, he would realize he had erred in his judgement. However, the man needed to find Pluto first. As he turned around, he saw a tall stone structure, also dimly illuminated. He knew that this would be where he would find Pluto.

As he approached the stone statue of Pluto, a loud voice came from it saying "You will never escape here. You will be in this darkness forever." As the statue said this, it started shaking so badly that the statue started to break apart. The man tried

Lux Ereboi

Multa narrationes et fabellae narrantur de viro, innocuo et vulgo, simili tui et mei. Assidue ad deis sacrificabat, bonam vitam vivebat, et bono viro agebat. Sed, in die mortis sui, suum valedictum ad mortalem mundum, ipse aberrantem in Erebo, ostio ad Tartaro, invenit. Ipse se esse lucem in mundo tenebrae invenit, prave captum in aeternum ab Plutone. Invenire via foras eguit, ad loco quo infuit, ad caelis. Itaque, suus iter incipit quaeritans vitam aeternam quam merebat.

Sicut vir ad suis pedibus surget, circumvidit. Nihil erat ibi nisi tenebra. Cum vidit deorsum, intellexit terram illuminari Aetheris. In vero, lux recta ab ipso emergebat, signum innocentiae. Scivit si Pluton lucem vidit, intelligeret errorem in suum iudicium. Eguit tamen Plutonem primo invenire. Sicut circumrotabat, vidit aedificium altum lapideum, etiam illuminantem obscurum. Scivit hoc esse ubi Plutonem inveniret.

Cum Plutonis ad lapidorum simulacrum accederet, magna inde vox venit dicens "Nunquam huc effugies. in his tenebris eris in aeternum." Ut statua hoc dixit, ita male tremere incepit ut statua disrumpere inciperet. Vir fugere conatus est sed crura eius movere non potuerunt. Gelidus in loco visus est et non solum vigilare potuit dum magis ac magis concussa est statua

to run away but his legs wouldn't move. He seemed to be frozen in place and could only watch as the statue shook more and more and began to break apart. Big chunks of rock started to fly past his body. They got so close that he could hear the wind passing by as they flew past him. Soon the man passed out and woke up laying on his back and looking up at total darkness. He had no idea where he was but it was completely silent and dark. The man stood up, but with no light, he had no idea what his next move would be.

He stood there shivering of what would happen next. He was hesitant to move. He was careful with each step he made. But, eventually he came up with a plan. His only job was to find Pluto and leave this world to go to the heavens. But this would be more challenging than he initially thought. There would be more outcomes and challenges later to come.

The man looked around, this time to see a misty figure approaching. Seconds later, the silvery outline of a woman was visible. She was beautiful but deathly pale. Three eerie, echoing voices began to speak. "Greetings mortal, I am Hecate, goddess of crossroads. Your fate is uncertain, so you must make a decision." The mist cleared and three dimly lit paths appeared: One leading uphill, another downhill, and a third extending forward out of view. "Make haste and choose," the goddess said, and faded into the quickly reappearing mist.

The light was still destined to find Pluto, so he made his decision to go downhill, hoping to find him there. He hesitantly moved toward the downward path, slowly taking each step in fear. As he walked down the path, witnessing the hell ruled by

et disrumpere coepit. Magna frustra saxi corpus suum praeterire incepit. Ita prope se venerunt ut ventum dum eum volaverunt praetereuntem audiret. Mox homo exivit et evigilavit supinus evigilans, et tenebras prorsus intuens. Nullum consilium habuit ubi esset, sed omnino silens et obscura erat. Constitit homo, sed nullo lumine, nullum consilium habuit quid deinde movendum esset.

Ibi horrens constitit quid deinde feret. Dubitavit movere. De singulis gradibus curavit. Sed tandem eo consilio advenit. Solum officium eius erat Plutonem invenire et ex hoc mundo discedere ut ad caelos eat. Sed hoc erat gravius quam primum cogitabat. Plures eventus et provocationes postea venturae essent.

Circumspexit vir, ut instar nebulosum appropinquantem hoc tempore videret. Post paucos momentos, adumbratum argenteum mulieris visibilis erat. Pulchra erat sed pallida. Tres prodigiosae, resonantes voces loqui coeperunt, "Salve mortalis, ego sum Hecate, dea compitorum. Incertum est fatum tuum, ergo tibi decernendum est." Caligo admovit et tres viae obscure illuminantes apparuerunt: unus proclivior, alius declivus, tertius de conspectu proiectus. "festina et elige" dixit dea, et in redeuntem celeriter caliginem evanescit.

Lumen adhuc destinatum erat ut Plutonem inveniret, itaque consilium suum descensum fecit, sperans eum ibi invenire. Ille cunctanter ad declivam callem tendit, paulatim quemque extimuit. Sicut per viam ambulavit testans inferos regnatos a Plutone, capita conversa cum lucem illo testantur, quod alios eminebat. Pergitur iter in viam suam deorsum,

Pluto, heads turned when they witnessed the light, as he stood out amongst the others. He continued down his path, as far down as he could in order to reach Pluto. He eventually approached the end of the path, filled with fear.

The end of the path had many run-downed, abandoned shacks with dismantled farms that looked almost haunted as he each one passed. But, there was one shack that had a person living in it. This person was the goddess, Proserpina. She is a goddess of springtime and was the wife of Pluto. But Proserpina did not have love for Pluto anymore due to the mockery and tricks he has done. Proserpina hated him because she was dragged into the underworld by Pluto with him.

The Light walked into the shack and came face to face with the goddess of springtime. Proserpina stood in a black and faded green dress with a dying narcissus in her hair. "You're different from the others. You lived a good, virtuous life, unlike the other dead." She gestured to the aimlessly wandering ghosts in the endless gray field. "Your trial was flawed. I will, for your sake, show you the way to the court of Pluto." The goddess walked out of the shack into the gloom. The palace of Pluto was in view.

"But before you go, take this." she gestured to the entrance of her hut, where a set of armor and weapons was lying. It was the armor that the light had worn in life. There was still an arrow in the helmet. The arrow that had killed him. He thanked her as he picked up the supplies. He put the armor on, picked up the weapons and left. He marched towards Pluto's castle,

quantum deorsum posse ad Plutonem perveniendum. Tandem finem itineris accessit, repletus metus.

Finis semitae habuit multos ruinos, relictos domos cum destructis ruris quae aspexerunt fere maledictos dum quisque transit. Sed fuit una domus quae persona inhabebatur. Haec persona fuit dea, Proserpina. Ea dea est vernus temporis et uxor Plutonis. At Proserpina iam propter ludibria et ludis praestigiis Pluton amore non habuit. Oderat eum Proserpina, quod a Plutone cum eo in inferis trahebatur.

Lumen ambulavit in domo et venit faciem ad faciem cum dea veris temporis.

Proserpina stabat in nigere et pallente viride veste cum moriente narcisse in capillum.

"Diversus es ab aliis. Vixisti bonam honestam vitam, dissimilem aliis mortuis." Illa gestu indicavit ad incasse errantes umbras in infinitis griseis agris. "Tuum iudicium erat vitiosum. Te causa, ostendam tibi viam ad atrium Plutonis." Dea e casa in tenebras ambulavit. Palatium de Pluto in aspectu fuerunt.

"Sed prius abis, bibe hoc." Ea gestu ad introitum suae casae indicavit, ubi instrumentum armae et tela iacebat. Illa erat arma quae in vita Lumen attriverat. Adhuc erat sagitta in galea: sagitta qui eum occiderat. Gratias ei agebat ut commeatum carpebat. Imposuit arma, sustulit arma et reliquit. Egressus est ad arcem Plutonis ad omnia praeparatus.

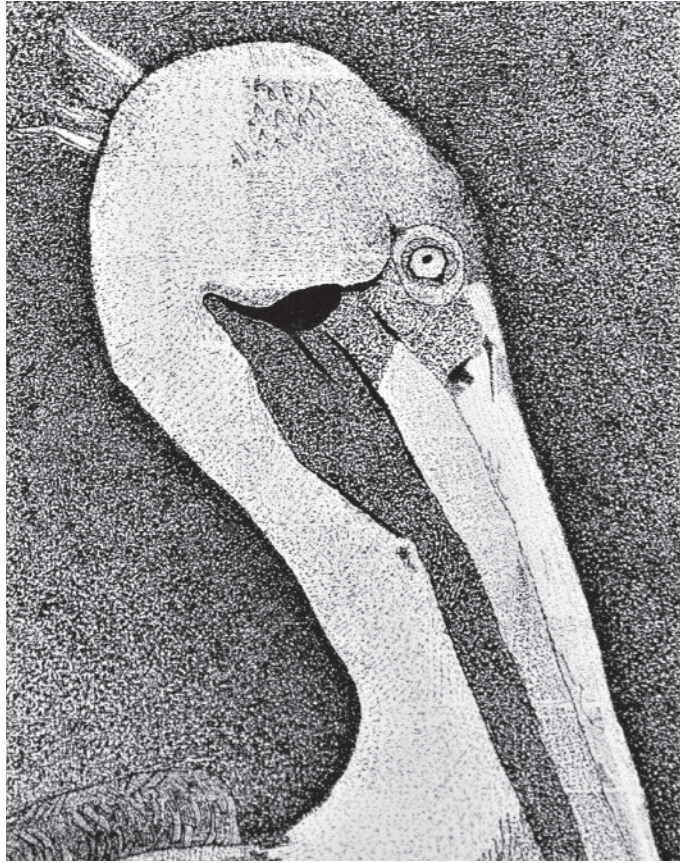
Hac arma ferroque tutus est iam ab terroribus Erebi. Sed adhuc pluribus erat futurum. Prius hostis apud Plutonem esset iudex Aeacus. Post mortem Aeaci in unum ex tribus regibus Plutoni versus est.

prepared for anything.

With this set of armor and sword he felt safe now from the terrors of Erebus. But there was still more to come. His first enemy before Pluto would be the judge Aeacus. After Aeacus's death he was turned into one of the three kings for Pluto. The power Aeacus had was justice. He would use this power to try to slay the light and keep him captive here forever.

Now, the Light had the supplies to approach the court of the underworld. He walked down a cracked stone pathway headed to the dull iron palace. He crossed the rushing river Styx and approached the steps of the courtroom. He climbed up the stairs and looked up at the looming dark doors. So, The Light knocked, but no response came from within. The man began banging, doing everything within his power to make noise, still to no avail. After spending what felt like an eternity, the Light gave up and sat down on the steps. Seconds later, the doors creaked open, and a voice beckoned.

At first the man could not understand what the voice was saying, but then he picked up the words, "enter". He could see in the courtroom and it was dimly lit with candles. A statue of Pluto exactly like the one he had seen when he first arrived in the underworld was in the middle of the room. As he slowly made his way towards the statue, a strange calm came over him. But it didn't last for long as a loud roaring voice came from what seemed like beneath



Potestas Aeaci erat iustitia. Hac potestate utetur ut conetur occidere lucem, et hic captivum in aeternum detineat.

Iam Lux commeatus ad adeunda curiam inferni habuit. Spatiatus est per itinere lapidis rimosi ad palatium ferreum hebetem. Flumen currendum Stygium transierunt et scalas curiae accessit. Gradus ascendit et aspexit ad fores obscuras. Sic, Lumen pulsavit, sed intus responsum non venit. Coepit homo pulsare eas, agere omnia quae in sua potestate erant ut obstreperet, nequiquam tamen. Post expendit quod aeternitatem sensit, Lumen emisit, et sedit super gradus. Post momentis, crepuerunt fores, et vox innuit.

his feet. He jolted his eyes back to the statue expecting it to move, but it still stood there motionless. He slowly moved his hand to touch the statue but just then he heard the doors open again behind him.

As the door opened, a large man, empowered by the power of Pluto entered. "You are not worthy to leave, you are an evil man." "Why?" the light asked, "I have sacrificed to the gods and not committed any crimes. I should be sinless." "On the contrary, you have committed hundreds of crimes. You have slain many of my people and their descendants." Aeacus said. The light answered "you are meant to be an impartial judge, but you favor your people." "Wrong. I have power here, and I decide what is right and wrong." claimed the judge. "You will pay for your blasphemy against Pluto." said the light, as he raised his sword.

His sword was very long, almost as big as the man's entire body. As Aeacus raised his sword it became red hot, seconds later, the sword was completely on fire. The man was trapped. As Aeacus approached him, the man quickly looked around for anything he could use as a weapon, and right in front of his eyes, there was a sword that had been stuck in the rock. The man ran, grabbed the sword and pulled with all his strength but it did not move. Aeacus was a few steps away from him now so man, with the luck of the gods, pulled again and the sword came out the rock and he swung it just as Aeacus swung his sword. The two swords connected and made a loud bang. Aeacus pulled away and struck again, but the man was quicker; he cut Aeacus's arm and Aeacus wailed in pain. The man took his advantage and ran out of the cave with

Primo homo intellegere non poterat quid vox diceret, sed sustulit verba, "ini." Poterat videre in aulam et cum cereis obscurius accendebatur. Simulacrum Plutonis perquam simile quo visum erat cum primum in inferis venit, in medio aedis fuit. Ut sensim ad statuam iter faceret, mira ei tranquillitas facta est. Sed non diu manuit ut magna rugiens vox venit ex quo videbantur sicut sub pedibus. Oculos ad statuam reduxit, exspectans eam movere, sed adhuc immobilis stetit. Manum suam lente movit ut statuam tangeret, sed fores post se apertum audivit.

Ianua aperta, magnus homo, potestate Plutonis ingressus. "Non es dignus discedere; vir malus es." "Quare?" Lux quaesivit; ad Deos sacrificavi, nec ulla crimina feci. Sine peccato esse debeo." "Contarie, centum scelerum fecisti. Multos ex populo meo et posteris eorum occidistis," Aeacus dixit. Lux respondit, "iudex aequus esse debes, sed populo tuo faves." "Erras. Hic potestatem habeo, et, quid aequum, quid iniquum sit, iudico," Judex asseruit. "Reddes pro blasphemia tua contra Plutonem." dixit Lux, dum gladium sublato.

Gladius eius erat praelongus, paene quantus erat in toto corpore hominis. Aeacus, ense relato, incaluit; post momentis, gladius tote exustus est. Captus est homo. Cum Aeacus eum accessit, celeriter, quodcumque telum uti posset, circumspexit, atque ante oculos gladius in rupe haesit. Cucurrit homo, apprehendit gladium, et totis viribus traxit se, sed non movit. Paucos grades ab illo Aeacus erat, nunc sic, cum fortuna deorum, traxit iterum, et ensis exit saxum, libravit sicut Aeacus suum. Duo gladii contigerunt et

an angry god chasing behind him.

As he ran from Aeacus, he noticed the entrance to the place where Pluto was. He dodged Aeacus's blows, running through the entrance, leaving Aeacus behind. As he entered the dark room, a voice spoke, "Who dares to enter?" He walked more toward the middle of the room, his light eventually revealing a face, the face of Pluto. He stepped back, stunned and shaking. He finally gained the strength to speak. "I should not be here, I deserve to be with Jupiter, I was misjudged!"

"Are you sure? Who put this light upon you?" Pluto asked.

"I arrived like this, I was not given this. I would not lie. I need to see Jupiter." he responded.

"I will trust you." At that moment, the man appeared to be in the heavens, with Jupiter ahead. He approached Jupiter, to deliver the same message given to Pluto.

"I should not be in Erebus, I have done no wrong, and only you truly know," the man begged Jupiter.

Immediately, because of the light coming from the man's body, Jupiter realized the misjudgement.

"He was wrongfully judged, he belongs to me. Pluto, you may go," Jupiter said to the two.

Pluto then retreated to the underworld, and the Light lived in the light he deserved and longed for. The man never gave up, and eventually succeeded in his journey.

magnos crepitus fecerunt. Aeacus avellit et iterum icit, sed vir erat celerior; braccium Aeaci secavit et Aeacus in dolore ploravit. Vir occassionem nanctus est et cucurrit ex caverna cum irato deo venando eum.

Dum de Aeaco cucurrit, ostium ad loco quo Pluto erat animadvertit. Eluit plagas Aeaci, percurrens ostium, relinquens Aeacum. Cum opacum locum inierit, vox dixit, "Quis Audet inire?" Ambulavit magis ad medio loco, lux sua denique revelans orem, orem Plutonis. Refugit, attonitus et quassans. Denique virem dicendo acquisivit. "Non debeo hic esse, Mereo esse cum Iove, male iudicavi!"

"Esne certus? Quis ponit hac lucem in te?" Pluto rogavit.

"Adveni sicut hoc, non dabar hanc. Metiar. Necesse est mihi videre Iuppiter." respondit.

"Fidam te." Illo momento, vir visus est in caelo, apud Iovem. Appropinquavit Iovem, ut referret idem nuntium datu ad Plutonem.

"Non debeo esse in Erebus, nulla crimina feci, et solum tu certe scis," vir Jovem oravit.

Statim, propter lucem eminante de corpore viri, Jupiter maleiudicantem recognovit.

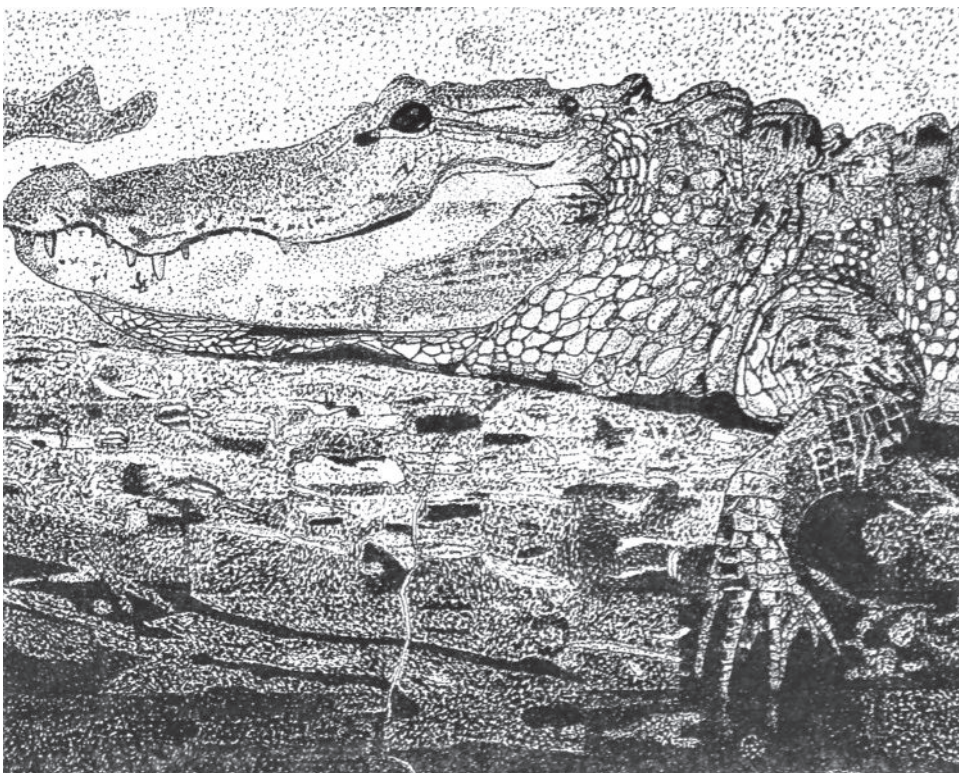
"Perperam iudicatus est, is est mihi. Pluto, eas," Jupiter dixit ad duo.

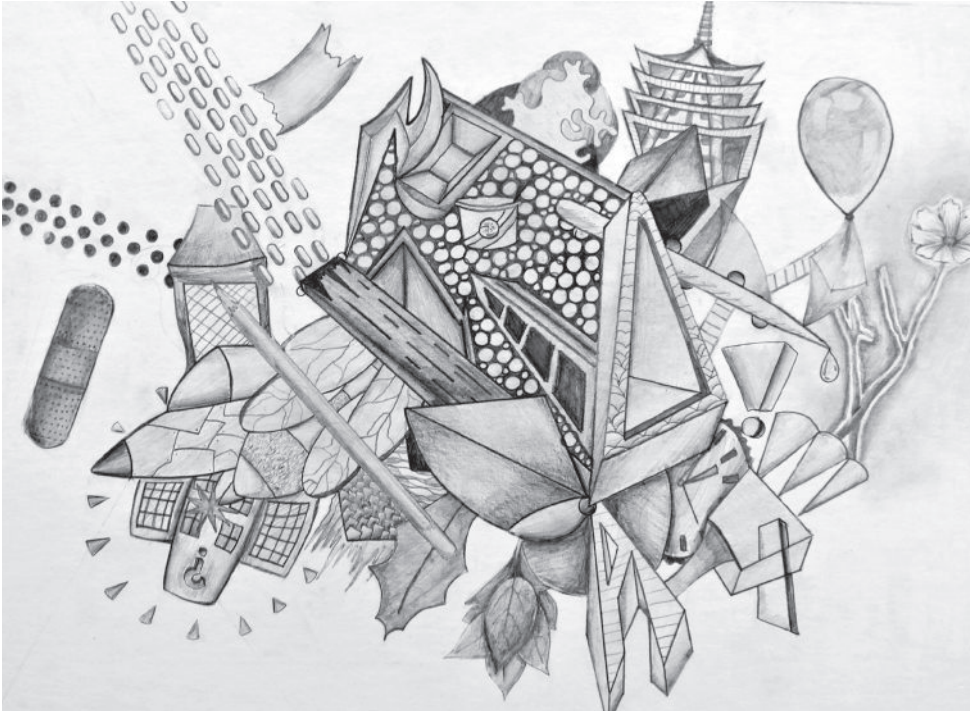
Pluto tum recesserunt se ad inferis, and Luxt vivit in luce quam meruit et desideravit. Vir numquam deposuit, et aliquando in itinere suo successit.

Spine Poem

Parker Damaré '24

What happened before
You seem to forget. You
Alter your way of thinking.
In a whole new world,
The past is blurry.
Remembering what you can
Has seemed so good
Yet feels so dangerous.
A world of unknown
Reality seemed so real, yet
Known only by oneself,
Or maybe it isn't,
Not able to ever really know.





No Reply

Daniel Ribando Hartmann '24

A face within my window
A creaking in my closet
A knock upon my door
No Reply
Street light casts a shadow
A package at my doorstep
I ask who is it for
No Reply
Empty stalls within the market
Silhouettes in the graveyard
Can't take this anymore
No Reply

Cell Phone Addiction: the Unspoken Mental Disorder

Sam Yuratich '24

The following essay won the Gold Key in the Regional Round of competition at the 2023 Scholastic Writing Awards.

In 1982, the cell phone did not exist. Less than half a century later, the cell phone demands more than three and a half hours of each day for the average American (Kaufer). In its progression from fantasy to necessity, the cell phone evolved into the ever-present manager of entertainment, information, and social life. This prevalence results not only from the functionality of the product, but also from the unlimited captivating applications that connect, amuse, and manipulate the modern world. Consequently, a community of people seemingly addicted to their cell phones arose and is growing in correlation with the expansion of the internet year by year. In recent years, some have debated whether those in this terminally or chronically online population have succumbed to an arising form of behavioral addiction or have simply indulged themselves in a lazy obsession with their phones. Biological and psychological research supports the behavioral addiction perspective, as cell phone overuse changes the brain physically and provably modulates the intellect; however, opponents of this view appeal to the notion that users can simply turn their phones off and walk away. Although the progression towards a “chronically online” state relates more to external causes than many mental disorders, the condition has common psychosocial causes

and symptoms and intrinsic biological responses. Therefore, cell phone addiction qualifies as a mental disorder.

Like all mental disorders, cell phone addiction exhibits a set of common causes. Of course, as one cannot genetically inherit cell phone addiction, its causes comprise only psychosocial factors, all of which boil down to falling into the trap of overuse, exponentially and unceasingly tightened by the disinterest or loneliness one first used their cell phone to avoid. These factors range from general boredom to circumventing social isolation - the “fear of missing out,” a form of anxiety referred to so frequently by the internet that “FOMO” grew into a household acronym. One discovers the malice of these factors upon witnessing the rate at which they compound; the internet draws in its victims in the blink of an eye, assimilates and subjugates their personality through internet-specific idiosyncracies, and then beckons the disconcerted victim back to their futile, fragile online communities. Cell phone addiction is not misnamed laziness, but rather a conniving, vicious cycle. Hawes explains that “people increasingly confuse, if only on subconscious levels, digitally-based ‘virtual’ and ‘cyber’ interaction, friendship, and activism with in-person connections . . . the substitution of virtual life for face-to-face offers a palliative to

the endemic depression, anxiety, and host of psychosocial issues.” This same cycle emerged alongside the pandemic the past two years, feeding off of the fearful isolation of worldwide quarantine. The internet, primarily accessed via cellular devices, attempts to simulate social interaction and stimulate the pleasing sensations that interaction gives when people cannot meet up in person. As MacGuineas pointedly states, “The buzzes, badges, and streaks of social media; the personalized ‘deals’ of commerce sites; the camaraderie and thrilling competition of gaming; the algorithmic precision of the recommendations on YouTube—all have been finely tuned to keep us coming back for more.” As proof, she includes that in “2017, users were watching a collective 1 billion hours of YouTube videos a day, more than 70 percent of which had been served . . . in the form of algorithmic recommendations.” Unmistakably, these man-made algorithms help form the ever-expanding net that closes in around the subjects of cell phone addiction. Much like how depression, a similar and pressing mental illness, bounces individuals between lethargy, disinterest, emptiness, and loneliness, cell phone addiction sends those it afflicts on a rollercoaster in cyberspace, fastening them in, taking off before they know it, and never arriving at a stop. It is through the workings of this machine that the causes of cell phone addiction disallow recovery, resulting in simple yet degenerative dependence.

As with every mental illness, cell phone addiction portrays and perpetuates itself through a set of symptoms. As with the aforementioned causes, these symptoms

ricochet their victims back to their sources and bolster each other’s effects. The most common symptoms of cell phone addiction include extraversion, low impulse control, low self-esteem, high self-monitoring, and high approval motivation (Sehli et al.). These disproportionate and debasing traits constrict their owner and nullify the argument that those who overuse their cell phones should simply “go outside” or “socialize in the real world.” Additionally, studies such as a 2015 evaluation of university students concretely display “significantly positive correlations” between frequent cell phone use and unhealthy “depression levels, anxiety levels, subjective sleep quality, sleep disturbance, daytime dysfunction, and PSQI global [sleep dysfunction] scores” (Akgönül and Akpınar). Once again, the condition feeds off of itself and extinguishes what hope its sufferer may perceive; however, its symptoms are not limited to such as these but include an equal danger of a different type. Dan Kaufer, M.D. asserts that “research has shown that smartphones adversely affect cognition,” which is the fundamental “process of acquiring and applying knowledge through thought, experiences, and the senses.” He analyzes the source of this cognitive deterioration as the combination of remote storage of memory in a cellular device and the instantaneous deliverance of entertainment and information. In other words, much as an unused muscle will atrophy, limiting one’s range of movement, the cell phone atrophies the “cognitive muscle” of one’s brain. Unfortunately, for victims of cell phone addiction no “physical therapy” will come to their aid and alleviate their

symptoms because of the refusal and failure of some to acknowledge their condition as what it is - a dependent addiction.

The third tenet of cell phone addiction, unlike its psychosocial causes and symptoms, is the internal result of an external phenomenon. Cell phone usage incites intrinsic biological responses through abusive marketing and manipulation. As if the loneliness wrought by cell phone addiction were not sufficient, subjects also suffer a profound, debilitating, and despicably human-provoked reaction to their cellular activities. Chamath Palihapitiya, former Vice President of User Growth at Facebook, lamented to an audience of Stanford students that he feels “tremendous guilt” over his contributions to the “short-term, dopamine-driven feedback loops that we have created [which] are destroying how society works” (Haynes). In this quote, he refers to the series of intentionally-manipulative responses and systems to which the algorithms of media platforms such as Youtube and Facebook appeal. Haynes offers an indispensable example of one of these foundational human reactions in stating:

Research in reward learning and addiction has recently focused on a feature of our dopamine neurons called reward prediction error (RPE) encoding. These prediction errors serve as dopamine-mediated feedback signals in our brains . . . a balance between positive and negative outcomes must be maintained to keep our brains engaged... if we perceive a reward



to be delivered at random, and if checking for the reward comes at little cost, we end up checking habitually. (e.g. gambling addiction)

MacGuineas continues, “YouTube’s algorithms are designed to hold your interest by serving up content you can’t resist, and the algorithms have gotten very good . . . that brief lag between refresh and reveal is not Twitter crunching data—it’s an intentional delay written into the code, designed to elicit the [variable

reward] response [an experimental psychologist] describes.” Examples such as these enumerate to the reader instances representing just how congenitally intertwined are cell phone overuse and the barbaric manipulation from which it springs. MacGuineas avers that the utilization of addiction as a business model by many of the colossal corporations that Americans encounter daily has brought about a terrifying shift in the power balance between the consumer and the producer. The unification of the above arguments must logically designate the cycle of cell phone overuse as a biopsychosocial addiction, encompassing every aspect of the individual in a social setting, but what exactly constitutes an addiction as a mental disorder? Steffens stipulates:

Cell phone addiction is similar to behavioral addictions that are recognized by the American Psychiatric Association (APA), including addictions to gambling and sex. Since behavioral addictions are associated with changes in the brain’s chemistry and processing, researchers are interested in investigating the brains and thinking processes of cell phone users. (40)

In simplest terms, behavioral addictions - such as cell phone, sex, and gambling addictions - affect the brain’s basic chemistry, resulting in compulsive activity. If the modification of the physical organ that is the brain, the refashioning of its sensation of pleasure and reward, and the compulsory action that results from this rewiring do not prove the presence of a mental disorder, then neither the addictions

to gambling nor sex, nor the entrapment that is depression, nor the desperation that is social anxiety, nor the compulsion that is OCD qualify as mental disorders. Therefore, cell phone overuse results largely from the weaponization of the brain’s essential processes by entertainment behemoths. As indicated by the cycle of reuse despite harmful consequences, cell phone addiction qualifies as an addiction, and an addiction is a mental disorder.

Cell phone overuse as a worldwide health concern is indisputable, but some claim that this concern belongs to a behavior, not an addiction, thereby debasing its qualification as a mental disorder. For example, researchers have chosen to consider cell phone overuse a pathological behavior or a condition affecting the control of impulses instead of an addiction for the purposes of studies (Carbonelli et al., Smetaniuk). Note that these researchers still do not dispute the classification of pathological gambling as a mental disorder, as it has been categorized as such in the DSM-IV-TR, the definitive manual of mental disorders (Carbonelli et al.). Although those who classify this condition as a behavior correctly identify the fundamental utilization of a cell phone as a behavior, cell phone overuse transcends obsessive behavior in its addictive components, such as compulsion and major lifestyle alterations. After logical, research-driven deliberation, the causes and effects of cell phone addiction emerge distinctly identical to those of addictions such as gambling. For example, as aforesaid, Twitter uses the same variable reward response that slot machines use to prime the dopamine responses of users. Then, the anticipated reward arrives

in both instances, leveraging “the very same neural circuitry used by slot machines and cocaine to keep us using their products as much as possible” (Haynes). Therefore, the approach of the product and the response by the brain in gambling, drug usage, and cell phone usage are virtually indistinguishable from a biological and psychological perspective. Furthermore, modern research leads increasingly to the analysis that anything pleasurable can become a behavioral addiction and that behavioral addiction in its essence models the concept of a mental disorder. James A. Roberts et al. profess, “Any entity that can

produce a pleasurable sensation has the potential of becoming addictive (Alavi et al., 2012) . . . Any oft-repeated behavior that triggers ‘specific reward effects through biochemical processes in the body does have an addictive potential.” If behavioral addiction is not a mental disorder, then, why do not those who overuse their cell phones, gamble, or abuse drugs simply stop in light of the physically and societally life-threatening impact such activities have on their bodies and personalities? Should cell phone addiction qualify merely as a behavior, why do not those who have fallen victim simply go outside and resume

their social life? The resounding answer: cell phone addiction seizes its victims, rewires and addicts their brains, and maintains its stranglehold indefinitely. This grasp offers the only explanation for the seemingly paradoxical cycle - despite the identification and acknowledgment of common causes and symptoms and the prevalence of detrimental effects, the victim does not and cannot just break free from the pattern of their cell phone abuse - as the victim suffers from a mental disorder.

In conclusion, cell phone addiction must



qualify as a mental disorder as, although the causes of cell phone addiction are not as tangible as many other mental disorders, the state shares among its victims visible origins and effects as well as innate biological reactions caused by vicious marketing tactics. The addiction satisfies each criterion necessary for qualification as a mental disorder, coinciding extensively with the increasingly-recognized behavioral addictions to gambling and

sex. The cruel collaboration between its causes and symptoms along with the flagrant, evil, and abusive manipulations of entertainment empires render cell phone overuse a silent but omnipotent killer of social and intellectual freedom. Henceforth, approaching the research into and treatment of this condition as a mental illness will refine and redefine convalescence for those suffering from cell phone addiction.

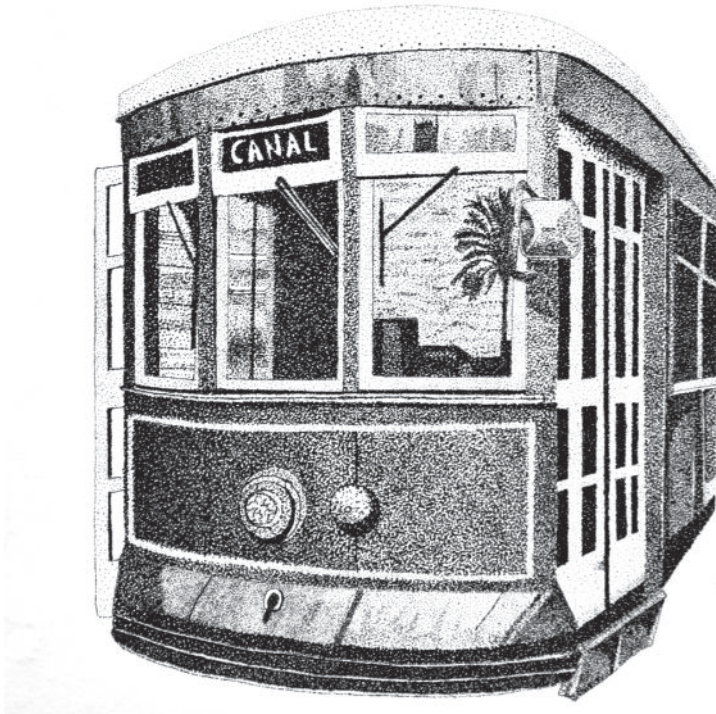
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Change

Mickal Jacques '23

Change is most unavoidable in life,
sometimes expected, or else the unexpected
sometimes comes as pain and often strife,
leaving us confused, if not rejected.
We fear unknowns, what we do not know,
a feeling of not knowing where to go,
sitting here lonely like a crow,
knowing this will make us finally grow.
New chapters lie and wait for us to open.
We experience them as we age and grow.
Chapters that mold us must be awoken,
as time goes on and people's colors show.
Growth must be accepted with an open mind
so we do not progress through life feeling blind.

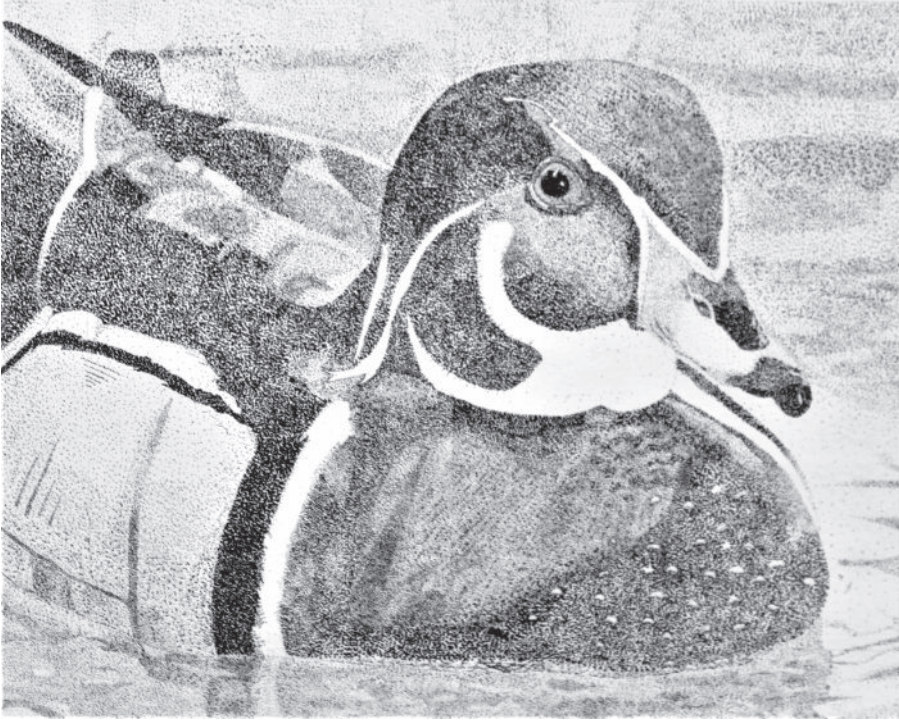


New Home Unknown

Jacob Meyer '23

Bags packed and parties filled with confetti,
I blindly run along a path unknown,
leaving home as if I am all ready
to venture forth to college on my own.
A chapter ends, a new one just begins,
as a dorm and classrooms wait, full of hope,
and with each footstep, a new journey sings,
and I continue to ascend the rope,
memories of home set in hard stone,
of childhood friends and family saying goodbye,
the pleasure of a place that's long been known,
one that nursed and watched my dreams fly high.
Now college years start to unfold in time;
new bonds are made and knowledge found sublime.

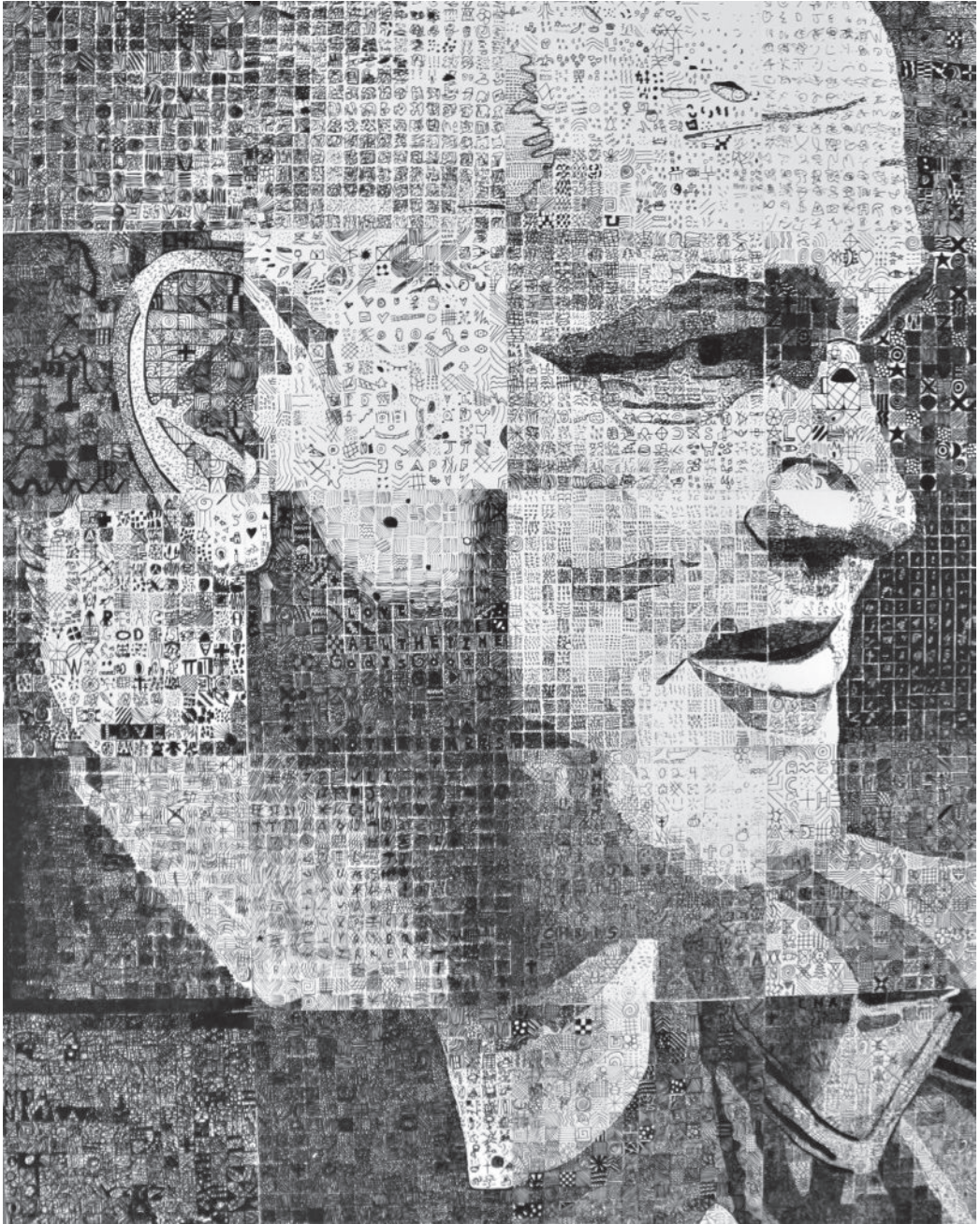




Spine Poetry

Joshua Hampton '24

And despair begins.
The darkness is immeasurable and abundant; however,
Dreams allow for solace and clarity
So the world is beautiful and bright in all its brilliance,
Rich in varieties and spectacles of nature, and
In space earth hovers suspended on a beam of light, the world full of
Color and glorious mystery.
How could anyone stay asleep for so long
Else they forget reality, cling to the imaginary, wake up and work.
Would others just give up, only in
Death may they find peace? People
Call to one another for support, in order to either thrive or die. Will
You make the choice when the time comes, or will you let it fester until reality
makes the choice for you?



BROTHER  MARTIN