



# LABYRINTH

T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL'S  
LITERATURE AND ARTS JOURNAL





Anonymous



## Editor's Note

At the same time that I've never been so stressed in one hour and a half period, I've never felt as proud as I do right now, at this moment, with everything done and set for this hard copy of the magazine. The staff is loud, the work confusing and there is way too much need for perfection, but the finished product is going to make me smile like an idiot for the rest of the day. We all have fun, joking about the demon baby sound our copier makes when it's turned on, but then we all glower at one another when someone spends too long joking, and not enough time working. That might just be me, though.

For the first time in the history of Labyrinth there was a regularly updated online magazine this year. Because of this, we had more submissions to choose when it came time to make selections for this hard copy of the magazine. That had to be the hardest part: looking at the over three hundred submissions we had gotten throughout the year and saying, "Okay, we only have room for fifty." The students at TC are so gifted at photography and art it was almost impossible to choose. The written submissions we got weren't as plentiful, but never would I have guessed they were student-written if someone had shown them to me on the street.

Because I've been looking at their creative work all year, I feel like I know every submitter to the magazine. I've never met most of the people whose works were chosen, but I feel connected to them just by looking so often at what they've created. This has been the most bizarre experience I've ever had. Next year's magazine is going to have huge shoes to fill.

*Editor-in-Chief,*  
Katy Rosen



Claire Ensslin

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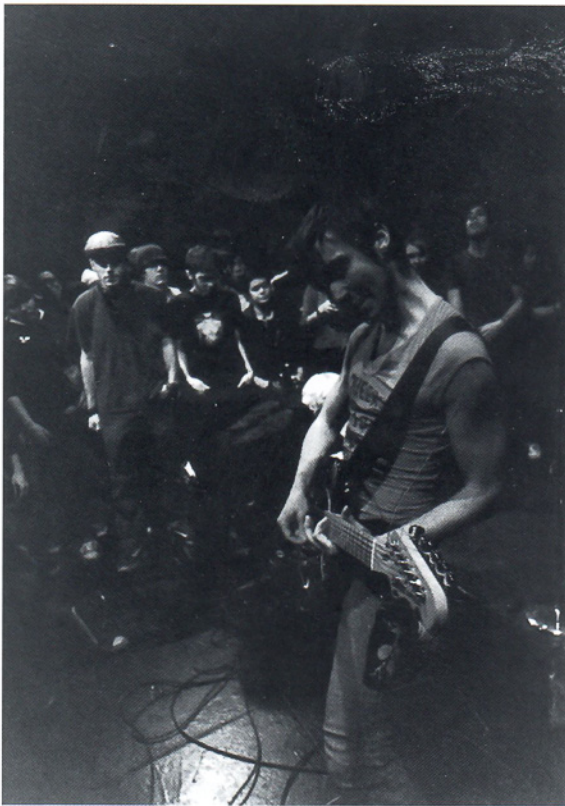
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Ian McColm

### Song of My Teen-aged Years

we, the half-grown, seek a buzz new-sounding  
us sons of men, us children of crowns  
our hopes to transcend and escape the cruel rounding  
from toil, and stillness, and tedium confounding  
do seek up for towering deepness, a sound

sound of the forbidden, the danger-soaked tune  
seducing the soul with bold sensation  
euphonious melodies played under the moon  
symphonies of experience in dead afternoon  
we turn to the night for our ruthless vibrations

peering through haloes of dangling streetlights,  
faces glimmer in darkness, then fold into shade  
sifting through grunge for hard-hittin' starlight  
consuming strange substance for feeling and height  
we rise and we rise, then we fade and we fade

we awake in the morning with not a sound to be heard  
with foam in the head and bruised bleary eyes  
out of place in the mirror, most baffled by birds  
the day rewinds reality's torturous dirge  
until night brings forth its song, its disguise

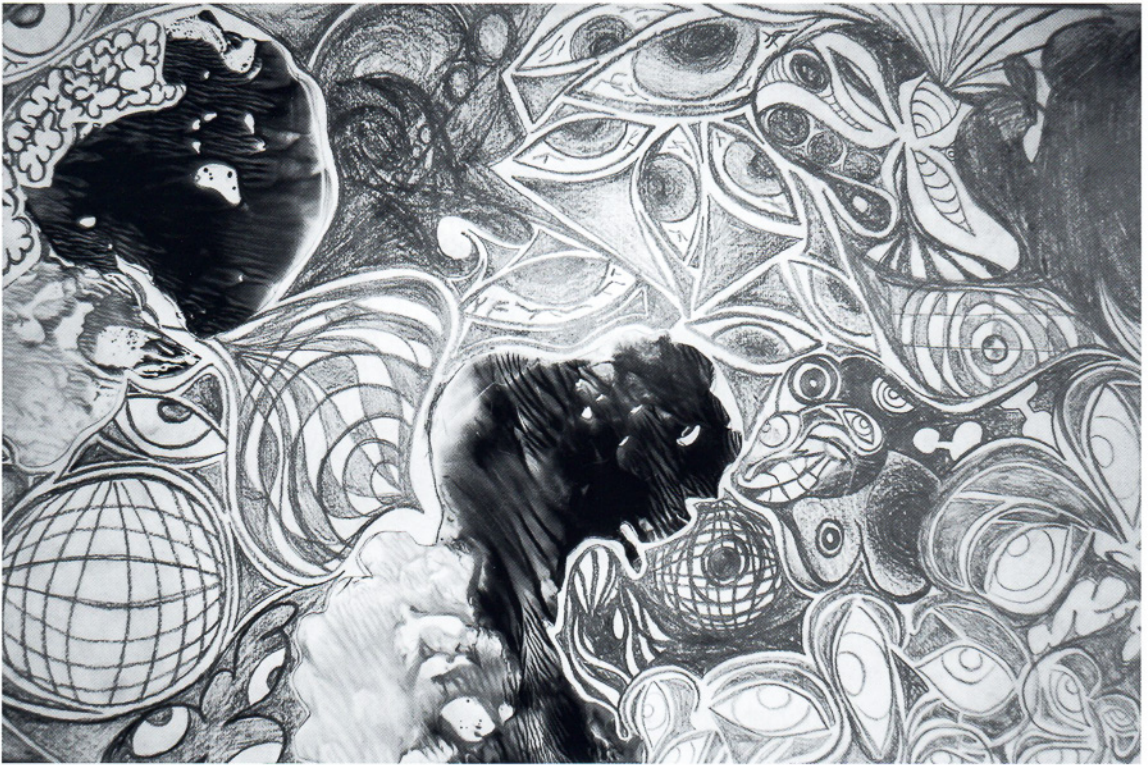
-Barrett Brooks



## The Portal

Skies of red clouds and black birds  
Twisted law and gang bangers  
Guns full of bullets  
Knives covered in blood  
A world so crazy but yet I'm still alive  
Across the road a greenish light became clear  
Could this be my way out of here?  
I go across to see  
What could this light possibly be  
I look through skies of blue  
White clouds and beautiful waves  
Those look like cool things  
I step through to see what its like  
A twist in time that I shall not fight  
To land on hte sand of warmth so sweet  
And watch people playing games  
Only to get beat  
A couple make out in the water  
I look out to see that the sky and the ocean meet  
A water vessel sails across  
It's nice here; I wish I could stay  
But my portal just opened up  
It's time to be on my way  
I have to go but will I return someday  
With a world like this I wish to stay  
It's funny; people don't know what it's like  
Until they've seen both sides of life  
The pain and sorrow  
The joy and happiness  
I have seen both worlds  
Time for me to go  
Back to where I came from  
This portal seems to be impatient  
So I cannot say

-Shane Haggins







spread by Paige Stasiewicz



Tyler DeCourt





Mariana Bellot-Flores

## Part of Me

Everybody's got that "someone"  
That they'll never forget.  
For me, that's you.  
No matter how hard I try to forget,  
The memories will never go away.  
The good times and bad times,  
The ups and downs, our rollercoaster ride,  
I never thought I'd lose you.  
You don't really see how precious they are,  
Until you lose hold of them.

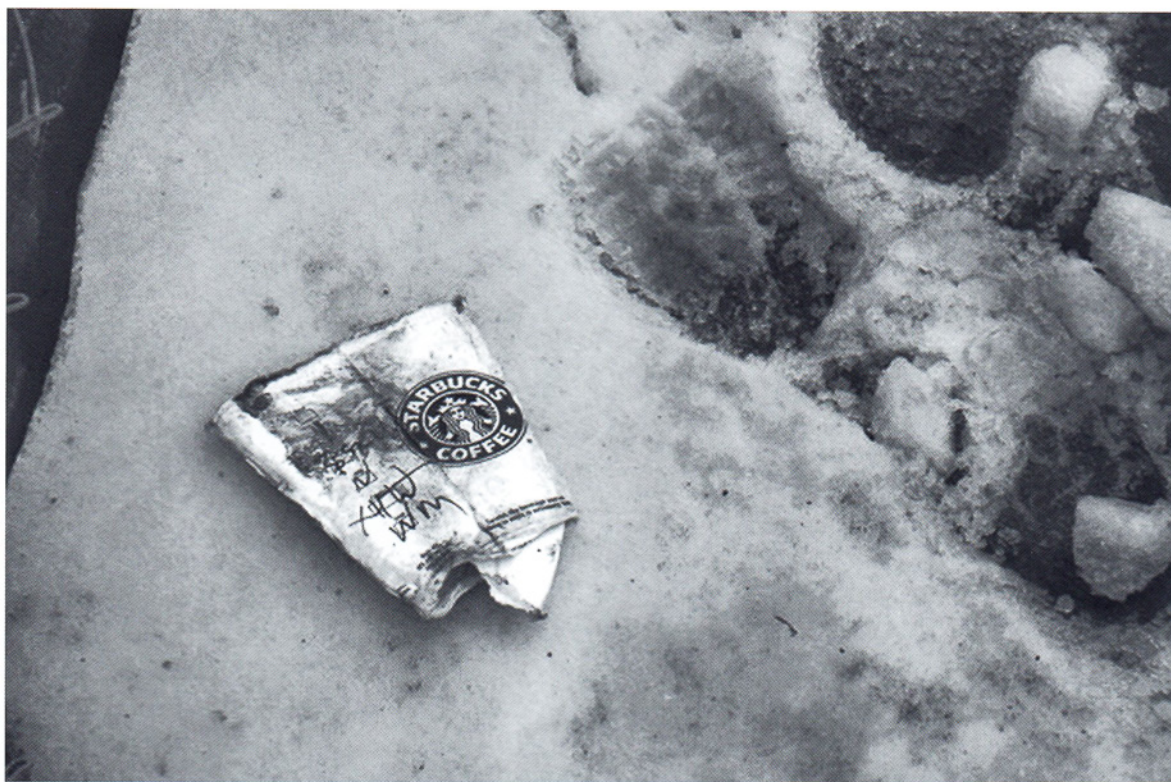
Even though I know,  
That we are broken into pieces,  
I'll still hold you in my heart.  
Your smile, your laughter, the twinkle in your eyes,  
They'll be with me forever.  
The times we shared will be a part of me.

Sometimes I wonder painfully,  
How we ended up this way.  
Losing you feels like so much to lose in a lifetime.  
I could've done something,  
Instead, I stood there thinking it'll be ok.  
But it ended crashing right before my eyes.  
I guess now things are too late to fix.  
I'll still be the same,  
And you've already moved on.  
I just hope time will heal us back.

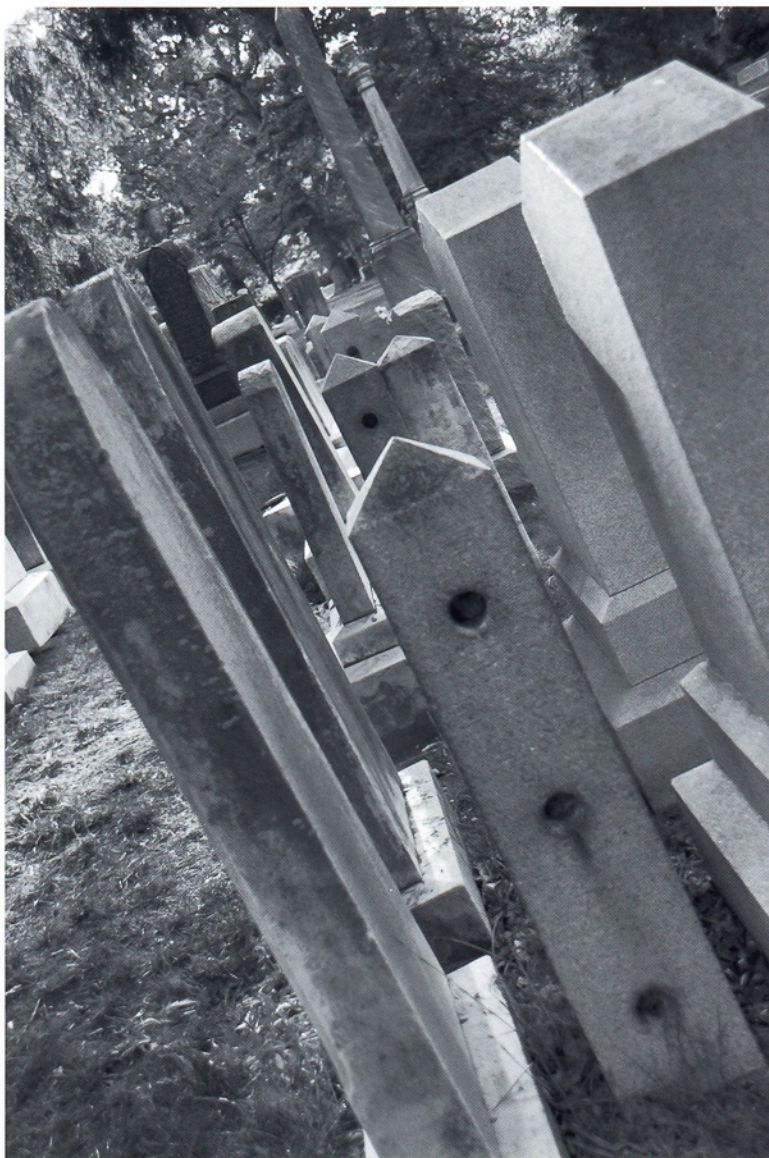
I wrote this for you,  
And I'll sing it to you one day.  
The moment will never fade.  
I've said this to you before;  
You stole my mind, heart, and soul,  
But you don't even realize it.

-Robert Layson





Katy Rosen



Marisa Schwartz





Andrew Olsson

## The world ended on Tuesday

The world was going to end on Tuesday, he said.

He was a fellow classmate of mine; a pompous know-it-all not from here and he said that the world was going to end. I blew him off. I went back to making fun of African Americans.

I thought about it later. I thought about it as I told jokes, really. When he shared the news with me, I kind of stared him down for a short moment and my heart dived. It was scary because he was serious. I'd seen programs on television about the possibility of a meteor causing the end of life on Earth. I'd mentioned it in a poem. I hadn't thought about it as if I were facing it.

When I got home, I was in a [REDACTED] mood—more than usual. Instead of every other thing bothering the hell out of me, every little thing caused me to snarl and glare at the perpetrator whether it was my sister or my CD case.

I prepared dinner and lost my appetite. I hadn't thought about it until my mother got back from picking my sister up from basketball practice. I brought it up with her and her ignorance shined like an obnoxious beacon. She didn't know what a meteor was. She didn't understand why it would matter if it hit Earth. She was dramatic, so I didn't tell her what could happen if things turned for the worst.

I hadn't understood why I had felt so excessively pessimistic and mean once I had gotten home. As I ate, I thought about the end of our days—my days, more importantly. What would plasma showers look like? Would they really be purple like in video games? No, that was probably inaccurate and they were probably a silver-bluish color, glowing and truly extraterrestrial. My father all the way in central Africa would die, wouldn't he? My half-brother and his ugly mother that I hated, too. There'd be no point in having dreams or goals anymore.

I could choose to stay at home for the next six days in my own filth if the world were to come to an end on its deadline. I didn't get to do all those things I wanted. I didn't meet Gabe Saporta, William Beckett, or Justin Pierre and I definitely didn't have their children. I had only been to one concert. I hadn't gone to London or Melbourne and I hadn't published my book because I was still stuck in the last few chapters.

I wondered what was real. If anything was real anymore. I stared at the yellow rice that I'd cooked as I continued chewing it and realized it was only this vibrant color because I'd added colored seasoning to it. The parsley flakes looked pretend. It was too oily. I put my spoon down. I cut into what was to be one of my last servings of pork before I was to perish with the rest of the planet. It disappointed because I analyzed it before putting it in my mouth. I gazed at the pink-white color of the meat and its contrast to its crisped outside. I thought about how before I had been getting ready to put it in my mouth, it had been soft and spilling out blood and oils into a pan. How before that it had been raw and at a supermarket. And before that alive. I wished I didn't like meat and identified with vegetarians as I bit into it.

It was my last bite. I had killed the activity of eating dinner. All foods but fruit sickened me but somehow, my humor was too ill for me to grab the apple a few feet away before I skittered off to my room.

I didn't think about the rest of my family or any of my close friends. I thought about the guy





Nick Greco

I was slowly falling for and how it would really never get anywhere, leaving me the most inexperienced of my pack of tireless companions.

Then I thought about them and got teary-eyed. They were my sisters. We were all tolerant, open-minded, and intelligent. We had great senses of humor and cared about each other. We had conflicts and got over them, even if we needed to be pushed, dragged, or kicked over it by one of the others. We were stupid and strange and crazy and obnoxious and dysfunctional and ~~divine~~ divine.

We showed our deep love for each other through insults that hit below the belt, verbal assaults, slaps, kicks, death threats, hypocritical assessments, crass questions, mean pranks, and rude gestures. We also showed it through hugs, kisses, tears, song, photographs, birthday parties, just-because parties, concern that could sometimes border on obsession, unnecessary gifts, movies, cartoons, music, crappy drawings, and sappy, foolish, impulsive, poorly put together declarations of devotion usually met by a scoff or a frightened step back.

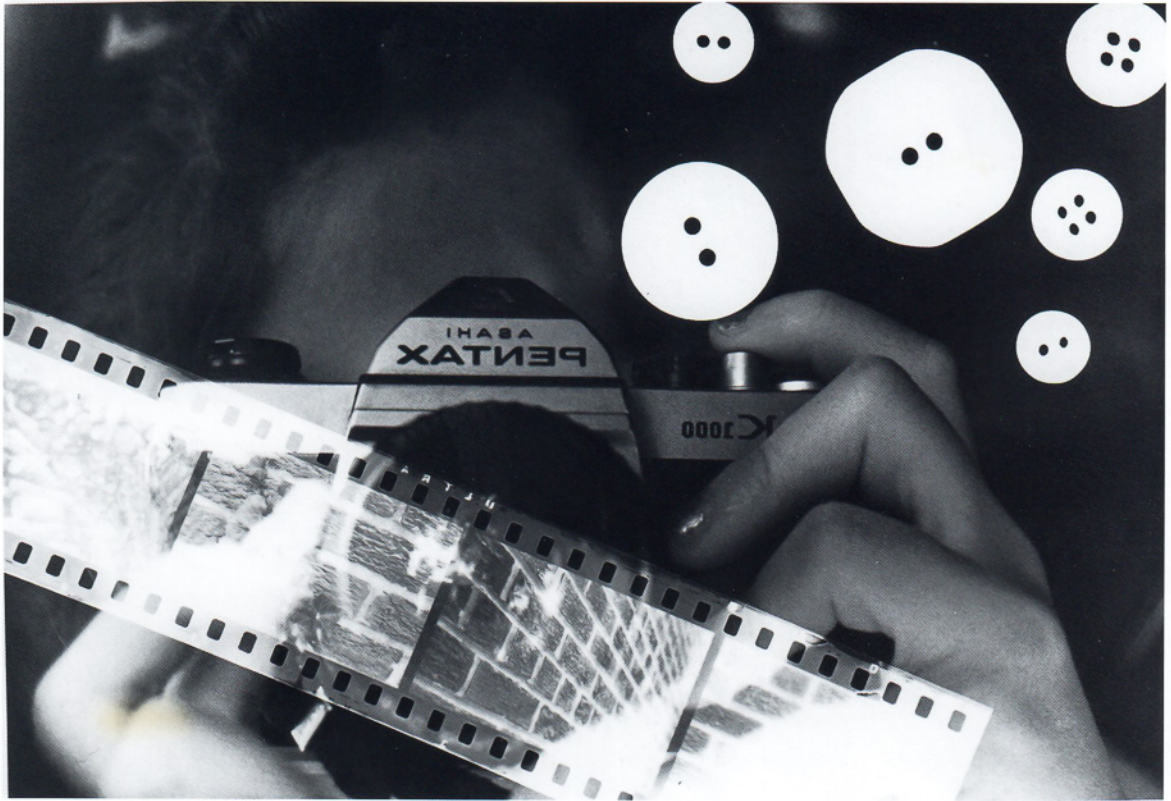
Could they ever be gone?

There is no God, there is no Satan, and there are no gods, angels, or demons. I am not afraid of going to hell. I am not afraid of dying. I am, at the most, regretful about losing loved ones.

I am cold, hard-hearted, and selfish. I dislike donating to help the American poor and I dislike being nice to the children of strangers. I only lie to the people I care about. I despise my family and the culture it came with and I despise pompous know-it-all who aren't from here. Who preach death by meteor because science says.

And when I think of the end of the world, the only word that comes to mind is:  
Brilliant.

-Okomo Mba-Madja



Sarah Davis





Ashley Thorpe













Florence Ortiz

butterflies of excitement

the kind of excitement  
where it's hard to keep down a yelp  
the kind of love that was  
barely a blossom  
but felt like we were in full bloom

now the flower has wilted  
and though it still stands  
it droops downward day after day  
like my heart as it watches  
you drift farther and farther away

where is my sunshine  
where is my air, my water  
springtime is upon us  
and my garden will bloom.

-Lindsay Smith



Isabella Ferrari Walker











Isabella Ferrari Walker

## Friendship

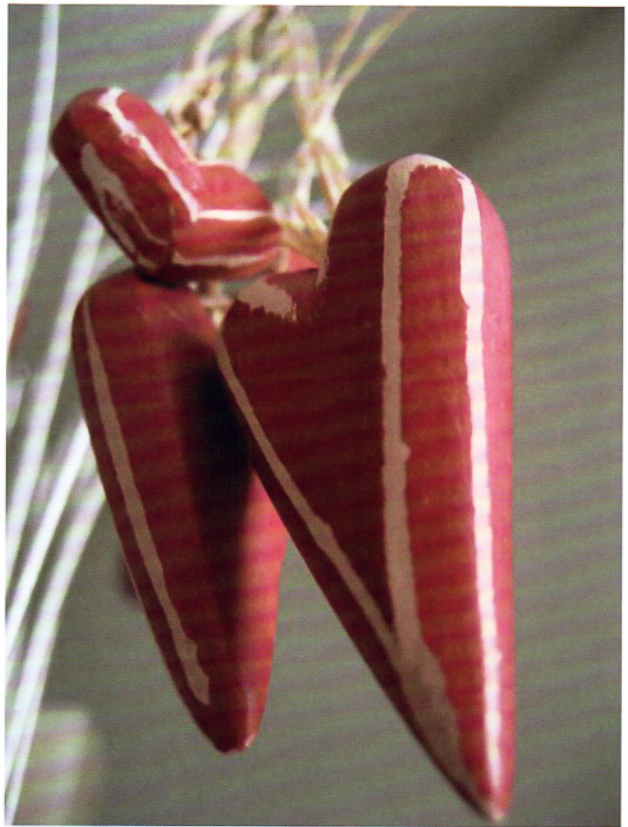
May our friendship last forever;  
May I sail upon your sea.  
May we go through life together;  
May there always be a "we."

May I be your endless sky;  
May you breathe my gentle air.  
May you never wonder why  
Each time you look for me, I'm there.

May we be for each a smile  
Like the warm, life-giving sun;  
Yet when we're in pain awhile,  
May our suffering be one.

May we share our special days,  
The happiness of one for two;  
And if we must go separate ways,  
Let my love remain with you.

-Heather Altimus



Isabella Ferrari Walker





Claire Ensslin

### Who Has Won

Written by the dead  
Played out for the sun  
Lying on my bed  
Tell me who has won

Holding tight and fast  
Lost to black dreams  
Hear the shotgun blast  
All I could have seen

Read the book again  
Forty-thousand over  
Let the end begin  
Kill this field of clover

Written by the dead  
Played out for the sun  
Lying on my bed  
Tell me who has won

-Kate Young



Danielle Canfield

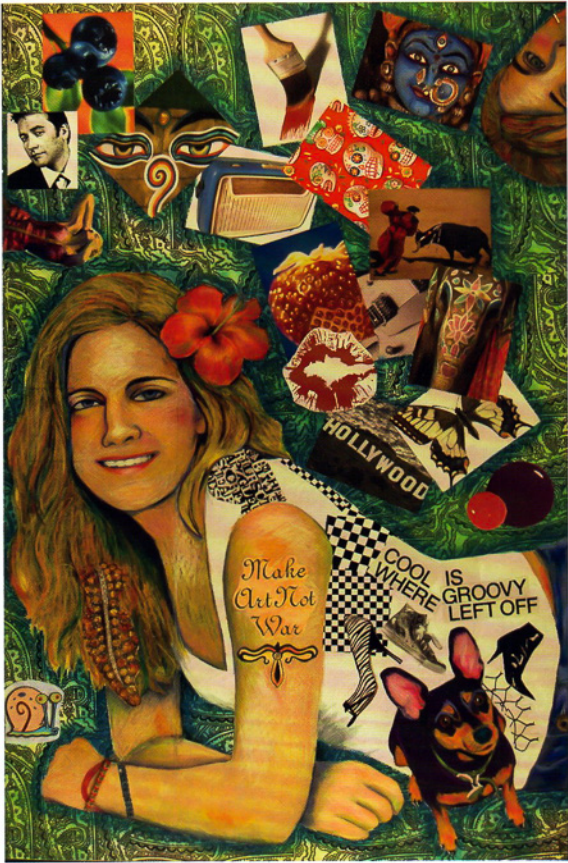


Danielle Canfield





Heather Altimus



Eliza VanZaeren

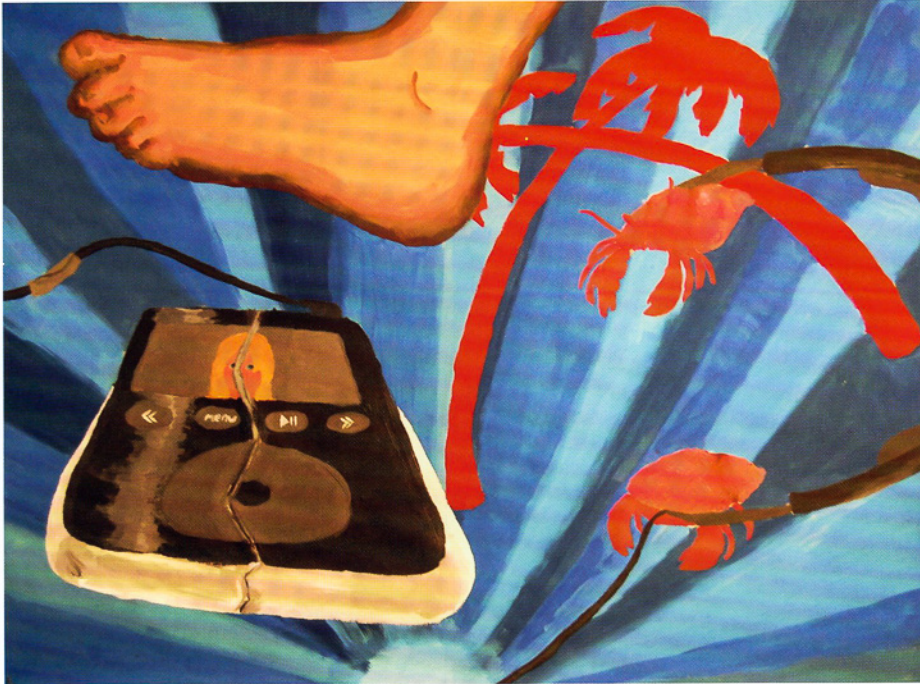


Andrew Olsson



Mariana Bellot-Flores





Katy Rosen

### 'Neath Venetian Canals

'Neath Venetian Canals and Vaults encapsul'd,  
 'long blue sea shores, round Spain and Moor,  
 Trapped – Dark, wet, black, misty, wounded,  
 Preservèd like a granary's store,  
 Buried close to Gaea's ancient core,  
 Round wild petulance filth an' gore.

Victims submerged beneath stone and soil,  
 Ghastly masks and costumes too often wore,  
 Ancient mansions long since ruined,  
 Of all these things our senses sore,  
 Recycled, morbid, mournful, whore...  
 Ekos, cursèd hollow cry, yields in us unmatched bore.



Marisa Schwartz

Child of smoggy, violent, rearing,  
From privileged, blissful, ignorance.... tore,  
Lost among brick labyrinths, industrial spires,  
    On pallid flesh: blood... liquor... pour...  
Cursing mortal frailty, heaven, and sovereign Jupiter,  
Enduring lasting torment,      and long imagined war...

Why not seek a different specter?  
No more blastèd, damnèd, beating, sacré coeur...  
Are you that devoid of artful passion?  
That you lack the skill to write new unrecycled lore?  
Is that not what ink and pen are for?  
Not this self-plundering atrocity that we (as poets) all abhor...

What horror do you hope to kindle?  
If reading what you write's .... a chore,  
Why not seek to horrify and shock us,  
With something outside Edgar chorus, nor,  
From the canon of borrowed lore, we know what lurks behind you chamber door!  
(And why should we care anymore?)

'Cross the river Styx: stand lonely,  
Drenched in deadly threads, The Fates of four,  
Stationed, waiting, trembling, quaking,  
Like the languid, flaking, placid, shores of foreign Bangalore,  
He stands aloft with flame-light waning, casting shadows on the floor,  
Waiting for his lonesome journey... to the damnéd, scolding Had's shore.

Listen, poet, prisoner, artist, we know your refrain all to well,  
Now other things of you we ask, of your ink and pen we do implore,  
We ask not much though; of you we bequeath very little... retrospect,  
We seek a different Edgar Poe, a story fresh and nothing more,  
Than simple venturing, risking, breaking, norms... new Incognita to explore...

Your poems are seldom worthwhile reading if they lack the awful fire, awful fire... our God of War,  
Otherwise one finds it easy... to lose interest, and those words of yours... ignore.





Mike Baber

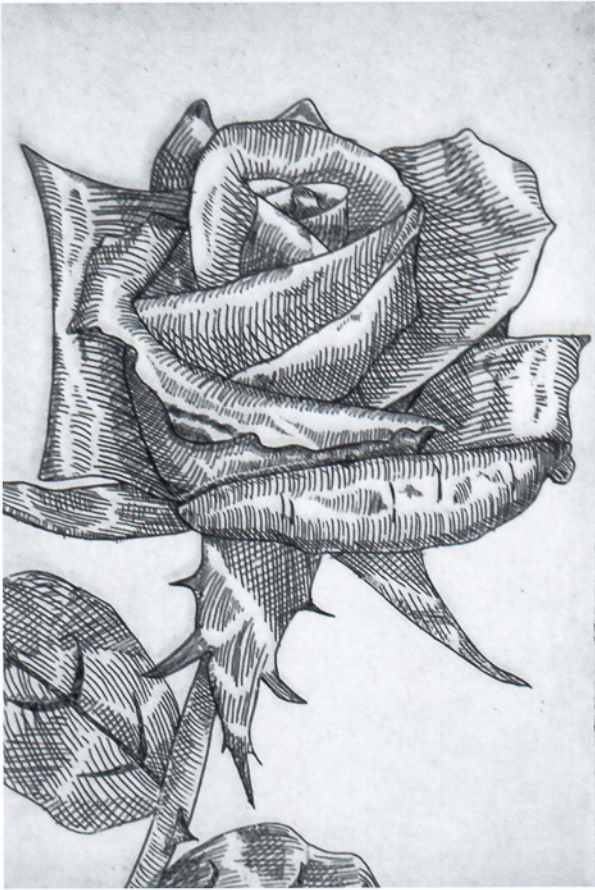


Nick Greco



Sam Alexander









Claire Ensslin



Sarah Davis









## Curly Golden-Headed Angel

Twinkling blue eyes excited over a puppy  
Locks of curly golden hair bounces as she runs  
The cutest laugh you have ever heard echoes through the air  
Little white teeth flash between a big smile  
Little hands grab mine and pull me to a collection of pretty stones  
Pokémon cards are exchanged between our hands  
Light glows around her in a Christmas play where she's an angel  
A pipe cleaner halo graces her head  
Feathery white cardboard wings strapped to her back  
Her bubbly personality is seen while she dances to the music  
Then a shadow falls across her face  
No more smiles or laughs  
Her blue eyes glisten with tears at the thought of medicine  
Curly locks of hair disappear soon  
She has cancer and she is only five years old  
But then the shadow passes and blonde starts to show again  
Blue eyes sparkle a little more with happiness  
The feeding tube removed and hair grows two inches long  
A smile creeps at her lips more often than before  
She never gives up on herself  
She never gives up fighting the battle  
She never stops loving others around her  
Soon after though, the shadow returns  
She's only seven years old  
The comforting hand of Jesus beckons her home  
After a final farewell, she takes flight  
Golden pipe cleaner turns into a ring of light around her head  
Cardboard and glue quickly turn into feathers, then into wings  
Her clothes turn into robes, curly blonde hair blows in the wind  
As she makes her way home, she looks back and smiles at us  
With love to make sure that we all know  
Our curly golden-headed angel will always be here

-Caitlyn Carter and Kayla Walak



Lauren Jarlenski



Mariana Bellot-Flores





TOUCH NO EVIL

J.W. Wilson



Sarah Davis

## Maybe One Day

Eyeshadow and lipstick  
Hills  
Three inches and not very thick  
Girly duffel bags.  
It's nice and all  
But it ain't for me.  
Maybe one day.  
Spiral curls  
And pink bows  
Manicures  
Pedicures  
Who knows  
Black pumps and peep toes  
Maybe one day.

Maybe one day  
I'll grow out of video games  
Baggy pants  
Plain print shirts  
And form into  
The girl known for rockin'  
Sandals and short skirts  
Yea, okay.  
Maybe one day.

Twenty pairs of shoes  
To match an outfit for everyday and night  
Me, I love my two pairs of black shoes  
And one pair of white.  
No I don't need your hair clips,  
Lip gloss  
Or polish  
I don't want your jewelry  
Mine is quite stylish

A lady form will be born  
But until then pave way  
For the young tomboy  
Before you  
That will say  
"No thank you, I'm good."  
Maybe one day.





Ian McColm



Tyler DeCourt





Moustafa Hassan

## Graduation

There are birds flying overhead  
And the blazing afternoon sun beams down  
Causing the ground to shimmer  
And the metal chairs turn to molten temperatures  
We all sit there, waiting for the speech to inspire us  
Sweating in polyester caps and gowns  
With parents smiling down on us from the bleachers  
White teeth and cameras flashing  
The talking drones on, but the end is coming  
Excitement building  
Whispering between us all begins  
Gaining volume, like a hive of bees  
And then the end  
Hats are thrown, cheers echo  
And there are birds flying overhead

-Katie Ogden



Ben Malakoff



## Pink Panther

The life of the city  
The heart of the town  
The main attraction to all those new to town  
With jazz bands and soul singers alike  
As music and laughter pierces the silence of the night  
As singers sing and bands play  
The club-goers laugh and dance the night away  
As dancers dance carefree  
The night at the Pink Panther reaches its peak  
As twice elapses and sunrise begins  
The night at the Pink Panther comes to an end.



Andrew Varipapa



Marisa Schwartz



Andrew Varipapa



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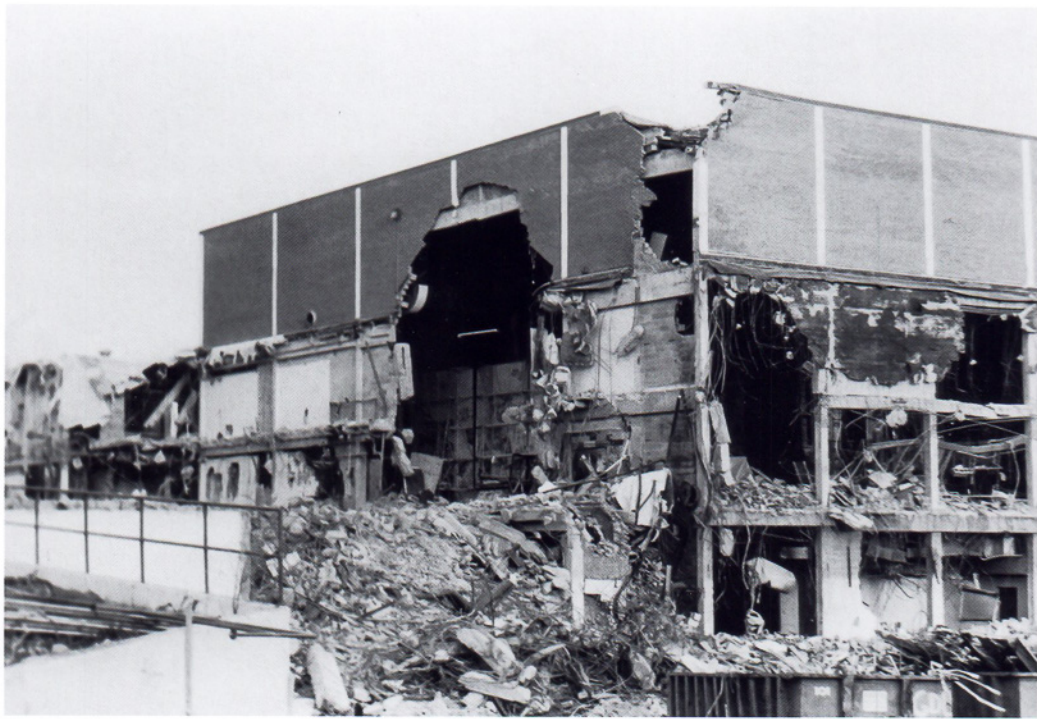
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Malcolm Thomas



