

# Labyrinth Magazine Towillams High School 2009-2010

Dear Reader,
Throughout its many years, Labyrinth has
produced amazing publications filled with the
creative work of TC students, ranging from
poetry and paintings to pictures and (now)
passports. As students of a school wellknown for its diversity, our purpose here is
to showcase those who have traveled and
lived all over the world. We have put
together a journal that
leads you to the places we
have been and introduces you

leads you to the places we have been and introduces you to the people we have met. As you embark on this expedition, let us guide your minds along the same roads we once traveled. Within these pages our experiences are shown and our stories told. The journey has just begun.

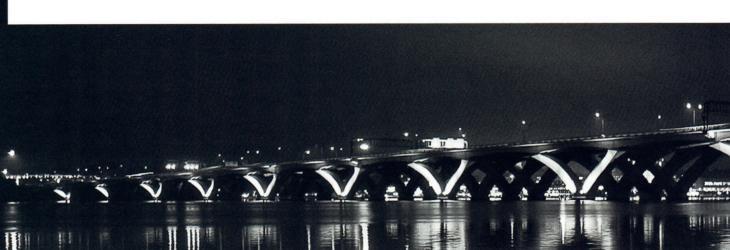
Corey Lorenz Editor In Chief ...Teena helped



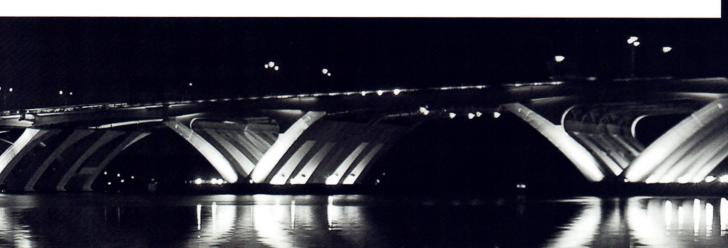


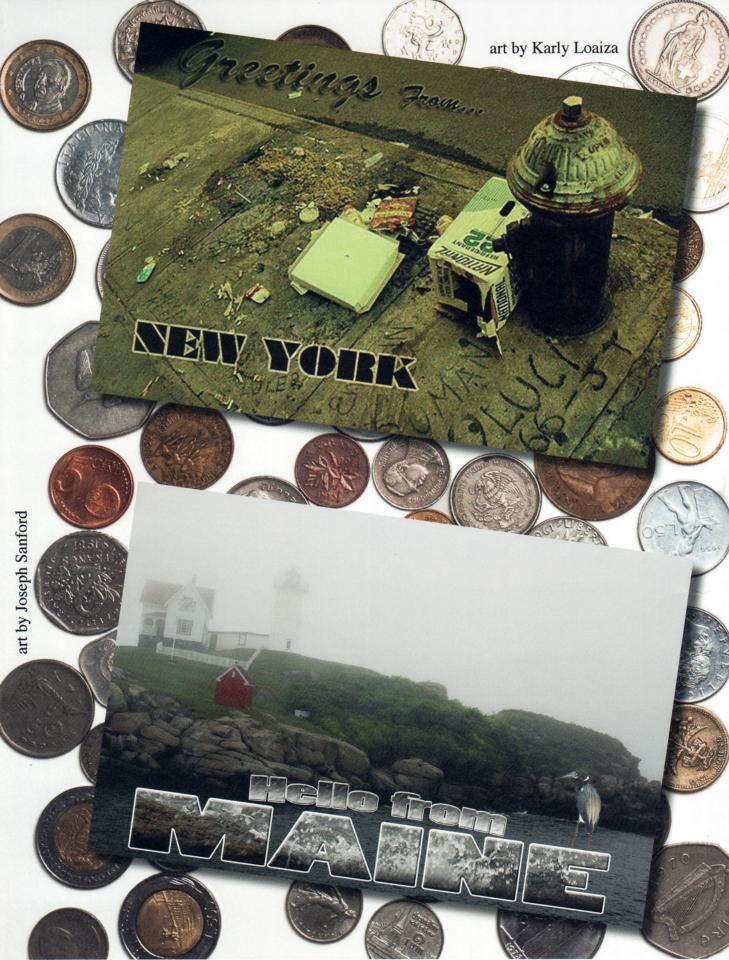
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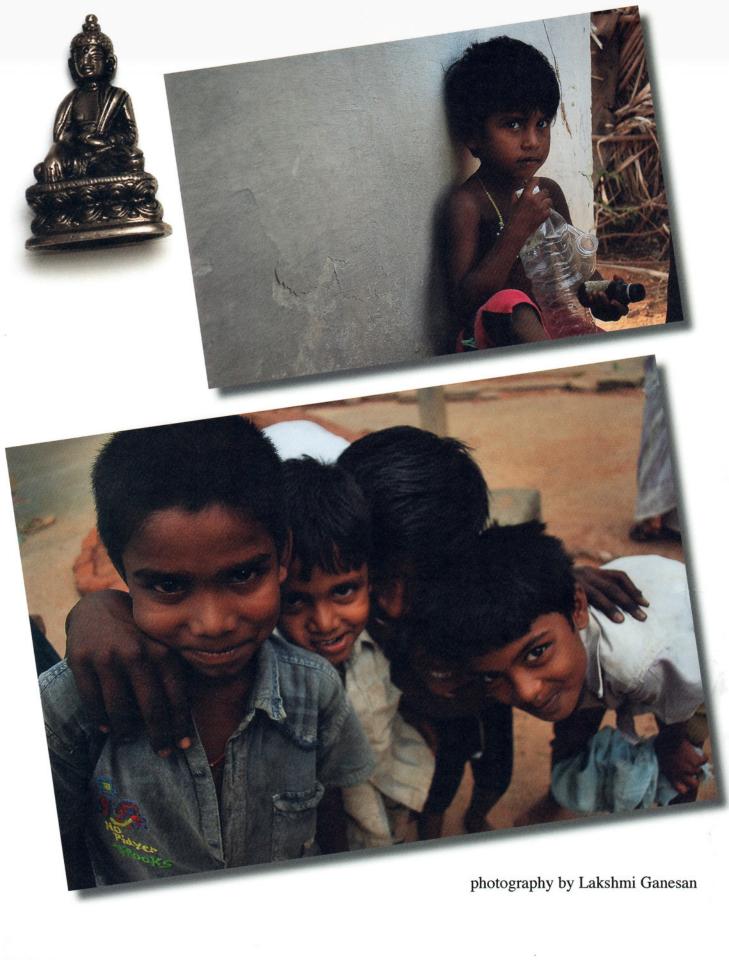


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Bitter Memories By: Elizabeth Chogich

Why do you still devour all of me?
What did I ever do to deserve this?
All the pain you've caused, why can't you see
How far you made me go, led me amiss?
I don't know what to believe, it's all lies!
Those games you played, eating me alive then,
I'm sure I don't ever want to know why.
Was I just a plaything to you, penned?
You played with my mind, a puppeteer.
I, your puppet, you never thought to mend
When I was left alone with my fear...
You killed whatever was left inside
You took everything, no place to hide.



Worldwide Road Trip By Travis Jackson

I lived in Virginia almost all my life
So traveling the world would be fairly nice
Like going places that I have never dreamed
By going to England to see the Kings and Queens

I'll go even further if I had a chance By going to the Eiffel Tower in Paris, France But if I did I would be breaking the rules So I'll stop by Australia to see the Kangaroos

So in a plane I'll be riding again
To view the new Toyotas in Tokyo, Japan
But, when I thought that I have seen it all
My plane will fly over China's Great Wall

The next place that I want to spend some time Is in Egypt with the pyramids on my mind The last place that I would want to see Is New York's famous Statue of Liberty

Then back home I would want to be With all the places I visited in memory And the only thing that I have to say That there is no place like home, live VA.

### Lost: A Found Poem by Danny Wolfe

Their bones rattle like ice cubes in a glass Saliva like string is hanging from blue lips God, what they would give for some beer and apple strudel. Just a little taste, they say, and they promise they'd be done. Among the drift of faces, the veil of hope is lifted. They might as well be dead; hell, to the world they already are. For the thousandth time their boots sink into snowfall, the feet inside them long since numb.

It is night when they reach the white-covered shore, nothing before them but a sea that never freezes. Falling to the ground they say a short prayer, staring at the northern lights they know they'll never reach. With dawn comes a boat, no more than a red-and-white pinpoint sitting on the horizon. They stand on brittle legs, holding their hands in the air but screaming only silence. Desperate to be seen, they purse their raw lips and blow a shrieking whistle. They've done all they can do so their hands are put down and the whistling fades. Still, the pinpoint, their second chance at life, with every breathing second. it is growing larger.

Where I'm From by Danny Wolfe

I am from Hot Pockets and holy wafers. From the crab shack across the street from Walmart; just driving past it you could smell Old Bay and hard work. I am from the tobacco leaves that hung to dry, condemned behind barn doors. From "look what you just did" to "duct tape can fix anything. I am from the pumpkins, stuck to the vine and waiting for their faces. All of it, the past (too bad it couldn't last) but still it's where I'm from.





photo by Abby Waters

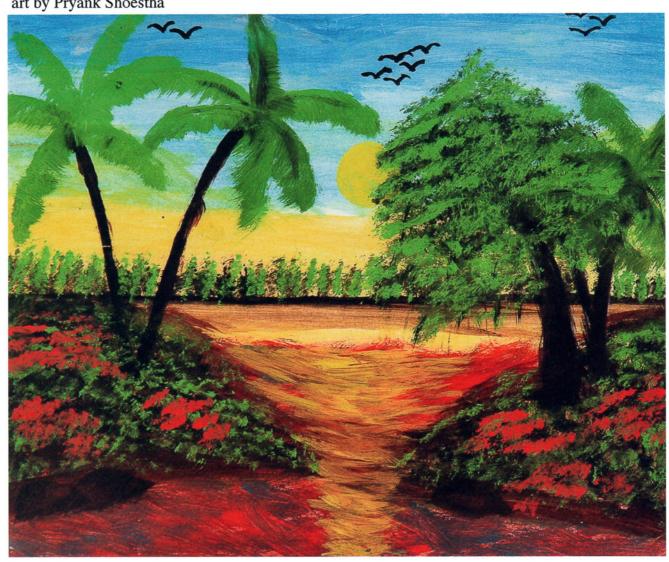




spread by Mary Varano



art by Pryank Shoestha





end of the train carrying his bag. The laughing teenagers momentarily stop their horseplay and look curiously up at the man who is at least six feet tall, surely wondering what the old geezer wants. His attention is not focused on the students, though. His attention is focused on a dull, red button located at the end of the car. Immediately above the button is what appears to be - with its many holes - a speaker. Below the button are the red-inscribed words, "EMERGENCY: PUSH TO TALK." The man walks to the button and presses it.

"Hello," he says, "We're going to need some help down here. We have an emergency."

This statement is followed by silence among the passengers. The engines are not making their usual roaring noises, and outside the train-station now seems devoid of people, though no one has entered the train-car.

After what seems to the passengers like minutes of nervous tension but what must be only the passage of seconds, the air is broken by the brunette college student's small, meek voice speaking the thought that is on everyone's mind.

"What's the emergency?" she says, because certainly there is none. Nothing seems out of order, and there doesn't appear to be anyone too dangerous among them. Is there some unseen danger that they are not aware of? The man answers in a biting, caustic tone.

"I'll tell you," his voice seeming to hold back a fiery anger "when they answer." And then he smiles, more to himself than to anyone else.

He has everyone's attention now, and is held up to their scrutiny. Save the suit, he gives off the look of a hobo, both from what those closest to him can smell to what those further away can tell from his exposed skin. What they surely note most though is his mysterious looking black bag. From birth, it seems, we are taught to be weary of suspicious looking people with shady looking articles. Who knows what could be inside? It could be anything from business papers to something of a completely different nature...

The whole car seems to grow electric with worried curiosity,

"What's the matter?" asks a man on the other side of the train.

"Is there something wrong?" inquires a matronly looking woman from a seat close to the train doors.

"What's the emergency?" repeats the brunette hurriedly in her meek, little voice.

All that the man says in reply is "I'll tell you when they answer." And smiles that same weird smile.

There does seem to be an apparent problem with the button; the man has pushed it and repeated the same phrase over and over again, but there has been no reply.

The redhead says, in a voice much weaker than her usual voice, "I think you have to hold it down for it to work." The man eyes her with mild contempt, then holds the button down and repeats his message. Still, there is no answer.

By this time the blonde boy has memorized the hand that holds the bag. It is extremely venous, and his skin is so wan that his veins stand out a bluish hue. The part of his forearm that sticks out of his suit jacket is hairy, with a light brown mole on the back of his wrist. The blonde boy has thought many times over how he might be able to tackle the man in case he tries anything funny, though the man outweighs him by no fewer than fifty pounds.

The doors begin to close, separating the passengers from possible safety from the unseen

danger. Several passengers think of bolting out of the doors, but none do. The doors shut and the engines begin their screeching white noise as the train moves onward down the cramped tunnel. They are all now isolated in the dark, cave-like tunnel; any chance they had of escaping is gone.

Again there is silence, but silence of a different nature. The engines are screaming, the man is talking into the speaker, and the wheels are rolling along the tracks with loud "ka-lunks", but still there is a silence. The air is extremely tense. Those seated closest to the man think they can hear a barely audible ticking.

To alleviate the almost unbearable pressure of the train-car, the speckled boy in the blue linen jacket asks, more jocularly than serious, "Is everyone else scared?"

The boy is slightly successful in his attempts, but not in the way that he had hoped. The question hangs in the air as the passengers quietly consider their circumstance. The atmosphere of the room turns more solemn. The train travels on, a screaming metal tube of flickering light underground.

The train reaches its next stop, a twin of the previous station. The man's waxen skin begins to redden angrily as he begins to scream into the speaker.

"Hello? Is anyone there!?"

As the doors begin to open, he regards the button and speaker with a hateful disdain and begins walking towards the train doors while looking scornfully at the train's passengers, specifically at the students. New passengers enter the train car as he exits. Halfway out, the brunette calls out.

"What was the emergency?"

The man looks back, smirks, and says, "Oh, nothing you have to worry about." And exits the train with his black bag, much to the confusion of the newcomers.

The doors of the train close and the train begins to move. Nothing is said until the train is once again enveloped in the darkness of the tunnel. Conversations pick up slowly. The newly arrived members of the car are alarmed by the quiet mutterings and whispers of the word "bomb". The students however, break the quiet with loud, boisterous voices.

"I thought he was going to blow us up!" shouts the redhead.

"I did too," says the blonde boy, "I was watching his bag and thinking about how I could flip him over!"

"Do you think he really had a bomb?" asks the fair-haired boy.

"I don't know," the blonde says, shaking his head, "but he sure creeped me the hell out!"

Soon they are all laughing and joking about the whole incident, much to the horror, confusion, and - in some cases - jealousy of the other passengers. But the laughter and joking are just a pretense, a coping mechanism. In a small but significant way something has changed. The students have faced their mortality, not just individually but collectively as well. They have come to realize this night - adrenaline pumping through their veins - that they very well could die and that would be the end. And what if it had been? Their last conversation would have been about bathroom sex.

Although they will tell the story many times over to friends and acquaintances, and the story would soon becomes so fantastic as to enter the realm of hyperbole, one thing will always stick with them. The lesson that they all took away was this: Though the button had been pressed at least thirty times, and even held down, help never came. When they really might have needed it, the EMER-GENCY: PUSH TO TALK button didn't work.



photo by Mary Varano



photos by Caroline Kee



Where I'm From by Camille Morrow

I'm from here and there, crumbling staircases-peeling paint.
I'm from swimming pools and a fear of the deep end, those unknown depths of my own imagination.
I'm from a tire-swing horse in my back yard leaning back, looking up through the trees,

smiling at the possibilities.
from big thinking with a tiny brain
from big thinking with a tiny brain
from mismatched and overconfident.
I'm from big, stupid-looking helmets,
sitting like a turtle, tensing from
the speed. I'm from flower pots
and bee stings,
from wooden splinters and gypsy
cloths.
I'm from all these places
but I haven't gone far,
because I can still remember.



art by Caroline Kee

## OLD LADY by Camille Morrow

limes, sour as the mood she's in. glasses, pushed to the bridge of her nose. spoiled milk, she ruins my breakfast.



Art by Emily Wohler



spread by Erwin Ribera





# Where I'm From by Charity Taylor

I come from everywhere at once to nowhere at all from unvarying instability from inside to outside and back again I come from printed paper my constant companion Luring me back into its pages I come from If you are a dreamer, come in to where the side walk ends" I come from smother and Snooping From overabundant gatherings From a long line of blabbermouths and from love I come from everywhere at once to nowhere at all.



photo by Erwin Ribera





### Only Early Lorenza Myers

Sittin' there in a silent house,

Thinking to myself,

What to do, where to go,

My face twisted in confusion,

What am I to do,

Eyes squeezed tight as if they were tryin' to hug my face,

I open them and I see silence,

Nothing moves but me,

My house is dead so I stop moving,

I am dead,

A black shadow surrounds me,

but light sneaks through the shadows and sales me.

Good morning!

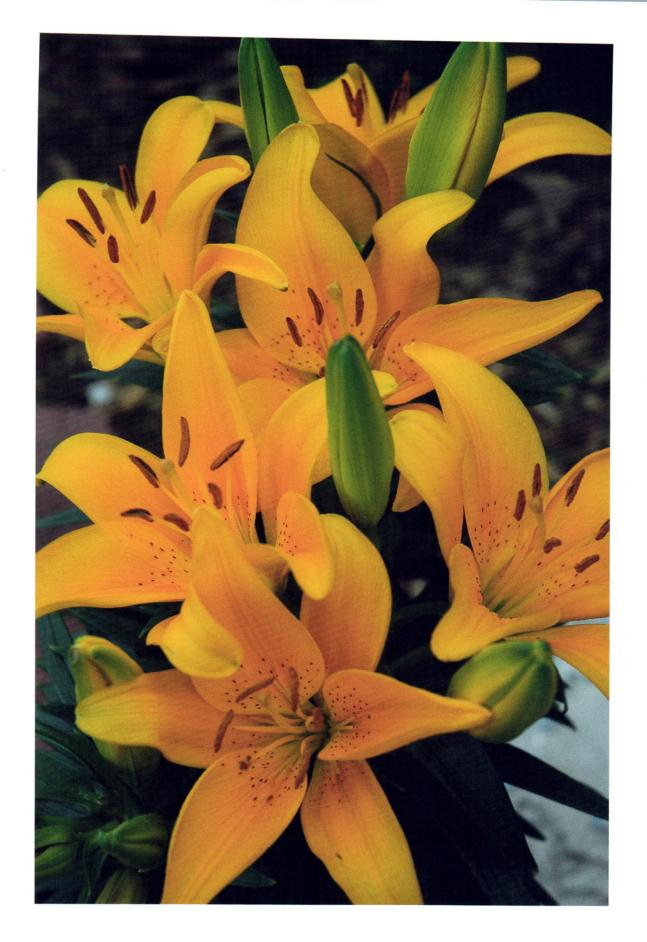








spread by Katy Mendez



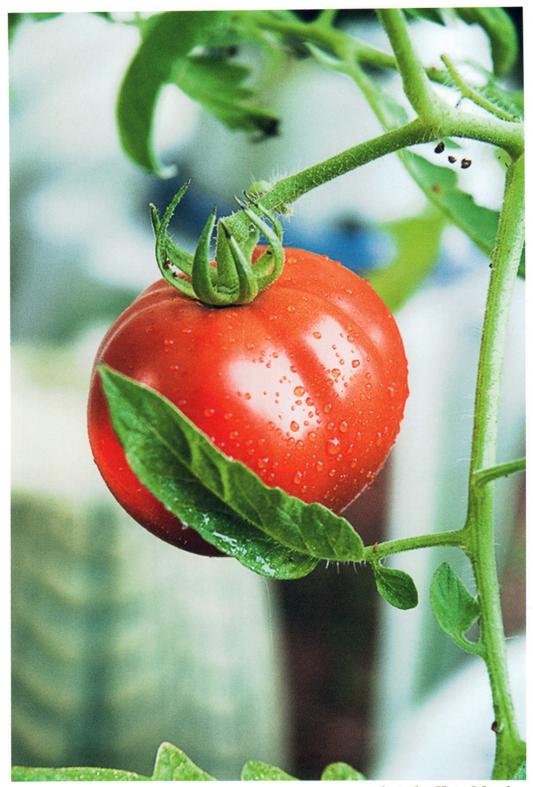


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art by Tai Li Nelson

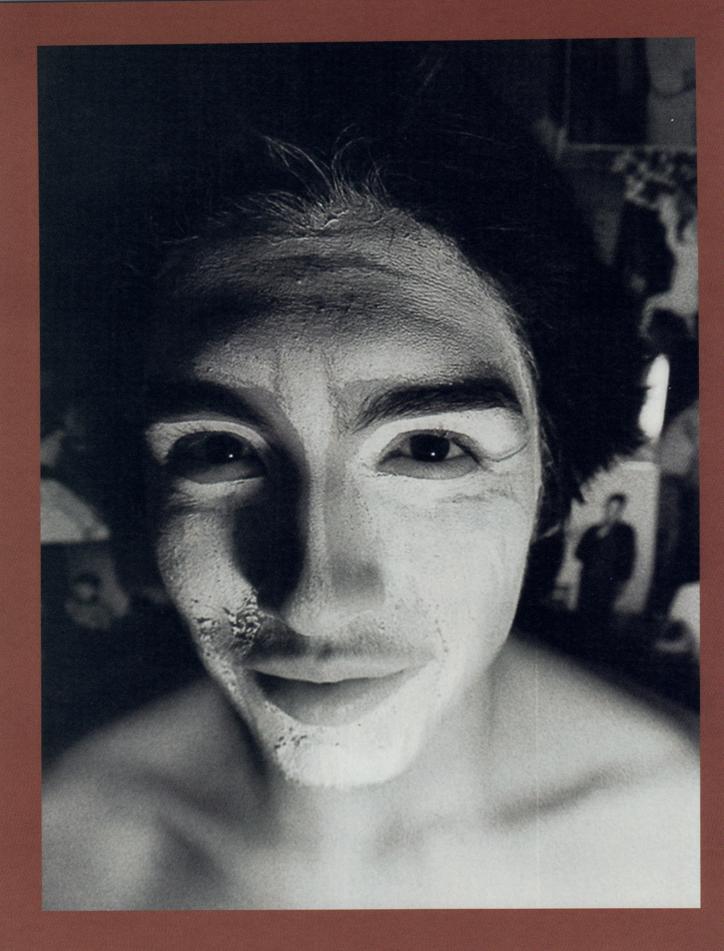






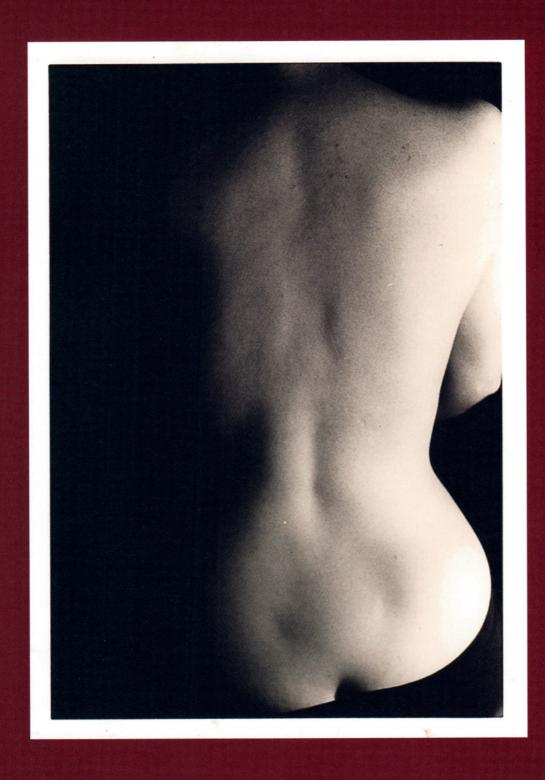


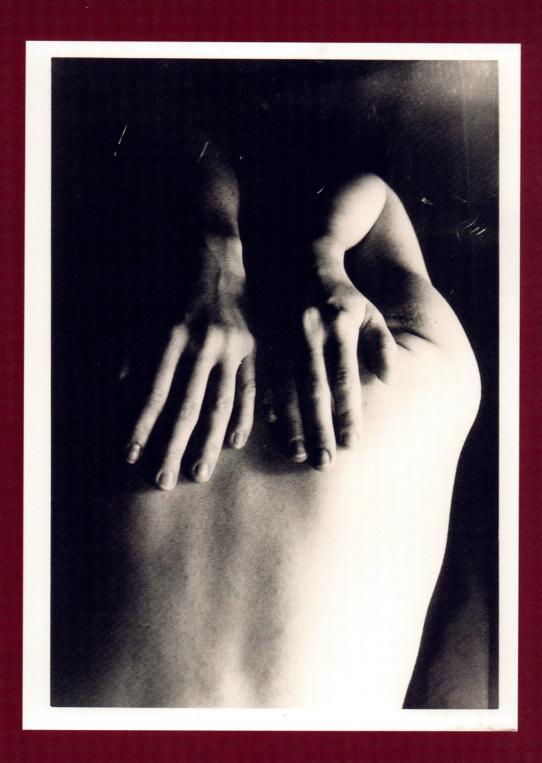
art by Tai Li Nelson



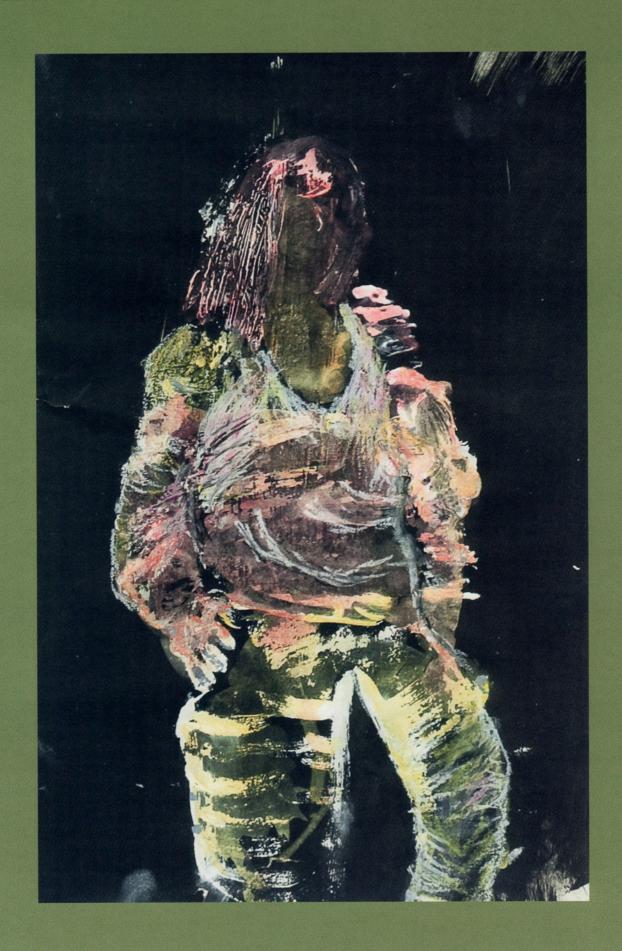


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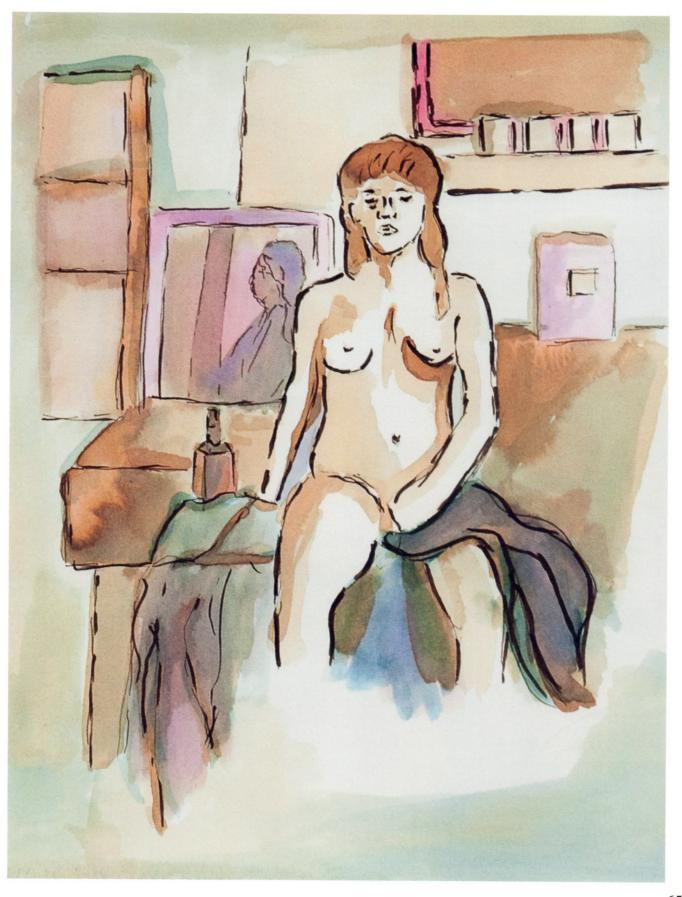
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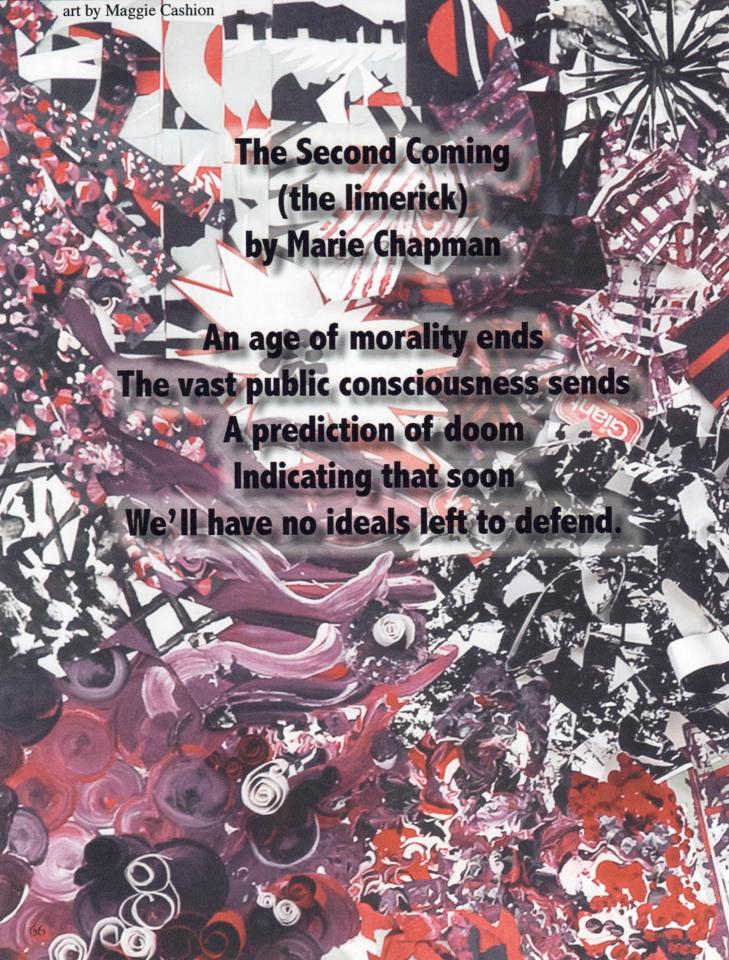




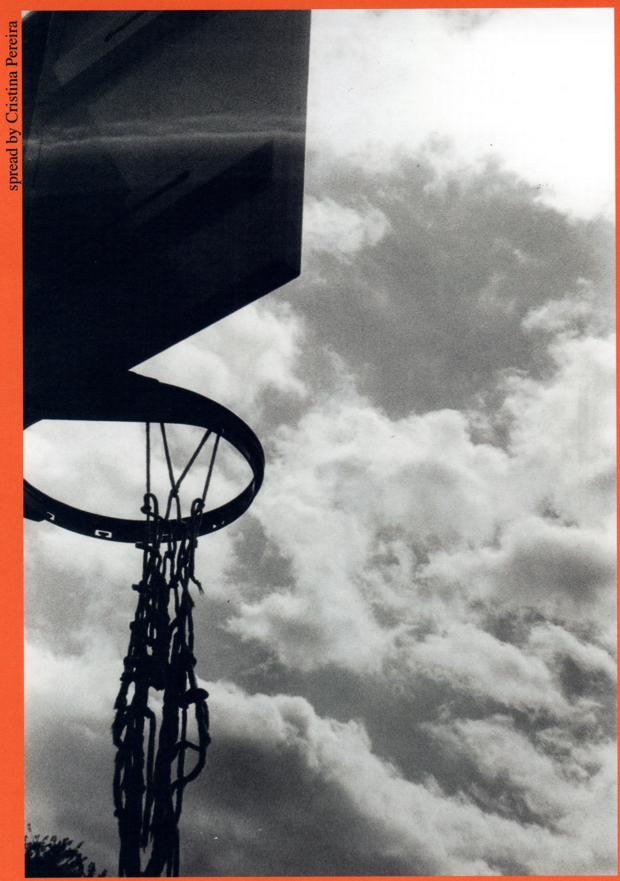
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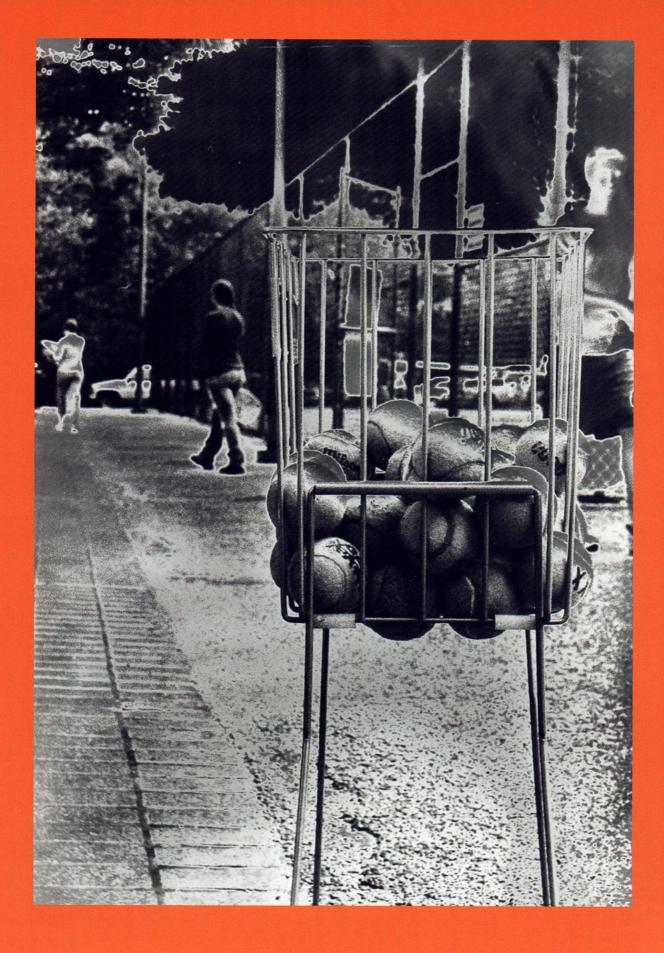
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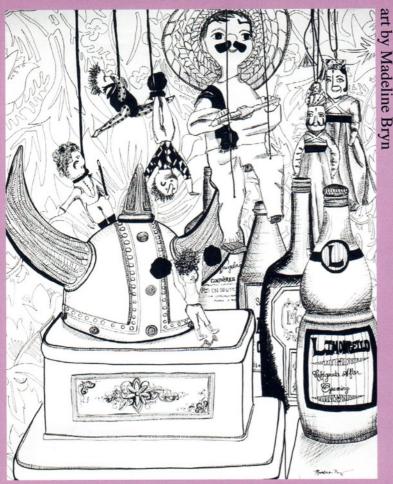












art by Oscar Flores



art by Hallie Lenneman

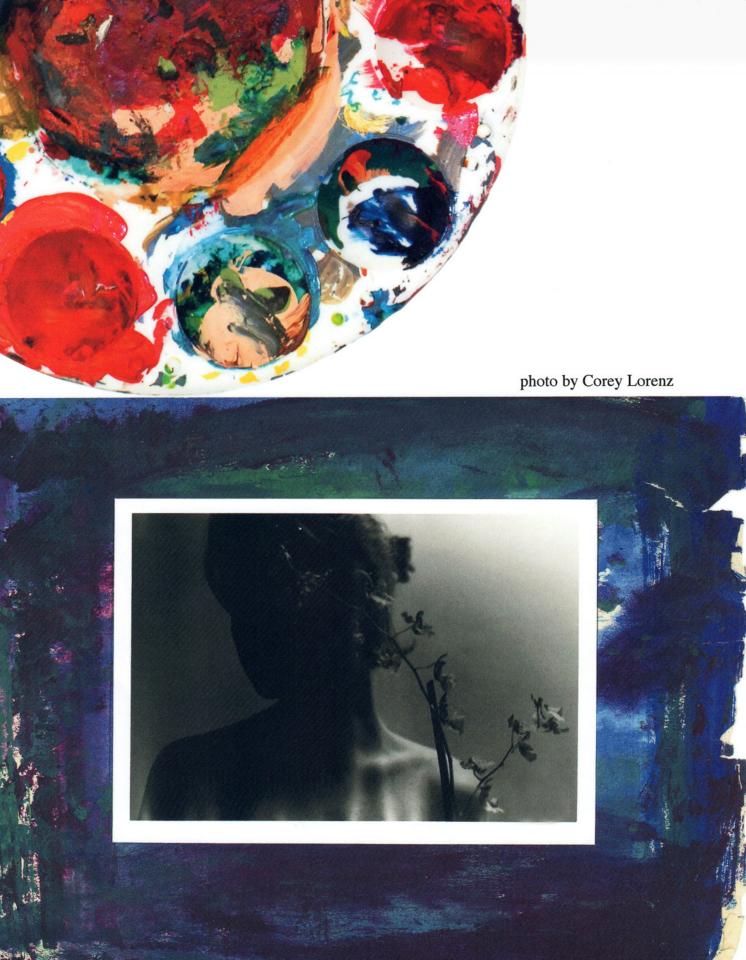
Kindergarten Camille Morrow

Dinosaur turtlenecks pre-mature dream of finding bones No such thing as self-doubt confidence in every step Laying on the floor, so impatient ready for the blacktop, ready for the sun Fly high in a swing, sit on a pile of mulch where you fell and met another Throw a ball, playing catch with his laughter, loud as colors of popcicles- sharing a snack, slide down the stairs, wait for tomorrow. Throw





photography by Cristina Pereira



## Synesthesia By Marie Chapman

I think that blue would have a pleasant sound And green would hum the hum of a machine A purple noise is slow and slightly round While red would be a muffled sounding scream A flute would be like honey to my tongue And ticking clocks would taste like falling rain The touch of glass as blinding as the sun The scent of berries like a fleeting pain But how can you describe the taste of life? Does death smell like a rotting piece of meat? Does sadness have the sharpness of a knife? Does joy sound like a thousand dancing feet? Life's beauty is contingent on the mind Perception is not perfectly defined.