



# THE ANDREAN

2005

*M. Gonzalez*

# The Andrean 2005

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10:25 a.m.

the chamomile didn't soothe as  
entirely as its packaging of  
white lily flowers  
and crescent moons suggests  
my chest rises higher to fight  
the next respired collapse  
of air escaping  
turbulent me into the still morning,  
it's still morning and the revelation  
destroys my hope that the day  
could move past ticking moments  
that sprout up sneaky like fall mushrooms  
between a more conventional time  
of unfractured space separating  
two seconds pace.

but you, who by label are conventionally mine,  
two steps your way into the much breathed  
air around me and don't seem to  
mind my anxious a.m. sigh as I  
set my tepid tea down and exhale  
the honeyed leaves within  
and let my chin rest weary  
on your shoulder  
to steady at last the breath of a morning that is  
already unremembered and past.

Allison Prevatt '05



*Chloé Artburs '05*

## Hate

I met him on the corner  
By the metro stop,  
A reeking bundle of rags  
Swearing at a little strip  
Of redwhite&blue striped sticker  
Stuck to the newsstand where he lived.

I watched him tear and curse  
And shred, muttering at the gummy  
Stars still stuck to the paint,  
Clinging for their brightness as  
The poor little symbol  
Was dying for its cause.

Then he saw me watching—

Caught, but unabated,  
The hate flashed from his dark eyes  
Over me,  
My textbooks and light hair  
Painting me redwhite&blue  
And I realized  
I am a symbol too.

Cora Currier '05



*Rachel Chen '05*



# Steal

Crash into me so that we become one thing  
of bumping, crying, sticking, hot flesh and I let you  
steal me.

come in close enough so that I can separate myself and let you inside.

Do I make you uncomfortable with my pulling away and leaving you  
exposed ?

Don't cover yourself up because I can see  
past your straight face and walk away.  
I do it too.

and if you stand near me, whether I want to or not, I can taste your thoughts.

Antonia Clark '05



*Elizabeth Court '06*





*Christina Conell '05*

## An Artist's Journey

The soil lies like canvas for you  
You'll sprinkle green upon soft meadows  
Infuse colored specters in the stitches  
Let the demarcations fade  
And beseech the earth to glow  
Natural beauty, you say

You and I could fade  
Like watercolor drops  
Into the winding streams  
That intersect the valleys you painted

I'll dance with you  
Clothing ourselves in canvas  
Undulating waves would resemble  
Sparkling eyes, sumptuous lips  
Let the colors fall upon bodies  
We return to the Earth once more  
And let the moon eclipse our song

Peter Zimmerman '05

# Iris

I saw you today through a dirty windowpane,  
The metal sill and criss-crossing bars  
Cut through your distant image,  
But I saw you, divided by perfect rectangles,  
Walking hand in hand,  
With a girl I barely know—  
You two, young, drunk  
With almost love,  
Almost lust,  
Strangers to me now.  
Hand in hand—  
Innocent intimacy we rarely shared,  
Something we only chanced  
In shameless darkness,  
In a room where you had switched the light off  
And looked at me with half-shut eyes.  
It's the distance now  
And the emptiness of my own two hands  
That takes me back to primary school,  
To a childish fixation  
And affinity for irises.  
I used to run to the edge of the playground,  
Alone,  
Away from shouting,  
Monkey bars, and freeze tag,  
To stand for just a moment  
Looking through the metal fence  
Into a garden of irises.  
Purple, yellow, and white flowers,  
On thick green stems,  
Stood in silence, returning my gaze,  
Looking back through tiny black eyes,  
Flecks of darkness on each petal.  
And in late spring,  
With the perfume  
Of clover and flower  
Sticking to my skin,  
I would slip my hand through the gap in the fence,  
Reaching towards those irises,  
Perfection in full bloom,  
Almost touching them.

Betty Cox '05



*Rachel Chen '05*



*Nathalie Gonzalez '05*

# Butterfly Breath

I want to make you happy.  
And it's so much more than a smile  
out of civility, or the uncomfortable  
laugh that follows a tasteless joke.  
I want to see the corners of your  
mouth upturned, as you stare through  
people, books and pages and suspend  
all time and space thinking  
of me.

I want you to smile from the kiss.  
The kiss that would start  
at our lips then move to our tongues and  
become so deep that our souls touched.  
Your smile wouldn't be from pleasure,  
but from stability.  
I won't do to you what he did.  
You were cast aside like a  
used condom, to wallow on the dirty floor  
sticking to whatever you touched because  
of the remnants of him.  
You were his life preserver.

I want you to dance with me.  
Crotch to crotch like sex,  
and avoiding eye contact because  
you can't admit wanting me.  
I want you to be my butterfly.  
But that's not your deal.  
You want to be abused a little bit.  
You got chucked aside:  
moist and sticky, but you went back  
because it only made you  
love him more.  
I want you to sing for me.  
Better yet, scream for me.  
Be my butterfly that screams its softest  
scream with its last beautiful breath  
as I corrupt its beauty and take away  
its wings.  
I want to be your latex life preserver.  
I want to hear your most beautiful scream.

## Heron (For Dad)

A lightly colored heron  
Flew across the sky  
A common little vista,  
That bird, so shy,  
Every day it set itself  
In a corner in the woods  
And every time a man  
Came near it,  
To wing it took, it flew

Long of leg and light of feather  
Across the sky it flew  
And day by day, in every weather  
That little bird I knew  
Would fly in silent memory  
Of days long gone and past  
Would find no rest  
In which to sit  
And think on what's to last

And its lightly colored feathers fell  
As it ceased to fly  
The thirteenth toll of a noonday bell  
Saw it falling from the sky  
And as noontide darkened  
And as midnight rose  
And as nature harkened  
To see this dying rose

That heron flew off  
Way past sunset,  
Leaving not a trace,  
A startled bird,  
Some sound it heard  
Left no darkness in its wake

Will Vega-Brown '07

## Spiders

our hands  
like spiders search,  
trace one another's bones  
scuttle across the shadows  
of our skin  
searching  
for an enclave  
a hideout  
a haven in the curves  
and angles of our limbs  
panicking they grasp  
the ledges of our shoulders  
the cliff of the jaw  
they crawl desperately  
through our hair,  
creatures  
clinging to desperate  
relief, staving off  
the perpetual fear  
of falling  
from these silken  
webs.

Cora Currier '05



## Smile

It begins slowly at first  
A slight twitch in your lips  
One hand on your hip  
The other covering your face  
Trying to hide the trace  
Of the smile crossing your gaze  
Breaking the malaise  
That you've endured for weeks  
Try to speak but can't think of the words  
Because despite your best efforts it shows  
Scrunch your nose and crease your brow  
As you laugh out loud  
For him  
He turns smiles and walks away  
With her  
Flip a switch see another twitch  
Come down through your wide joy-filled eyes  
Now filled with fear, stained red with tears  
Matching your cheeks that five seconds ago  
Were awash with a glow  
That let the whole world know  
Of the pride you felt inside  
The mirthfulness  
Replaced with feelings of self-worthlessness  
All for this boy sapping your joy  
Stealing that precious commodity you treasure  
As you flaunt your body for his viewing pleasure  
But all you have is his callous disregard  
Coupled with the remains burned and charred  
Of your dream reality  
With its reversed polarity  
Its beauty destroyed in a single instant  
As I watch from a distance.

Keep my space  
Can't help you face the arrows and slings  
Of his unknowing poisoning  
No consolations can reduce the pain  
Deaden the shame  
for all you wanted was him to say your name  
And I whisper yours but its not the same  
So I bear witness to your soul ripped apart  
you present to me the pieces of your broken heart  
But all I can do is mend with tape and glue  
When what you need is an "I love you"  
From him

Gautam Punukollu '05



*Tyler Caldwell '07*

## Lonnie to Derek

Derek knew what he liked. He liked woods. Dense, thick, green, loud woods. He loved the birds of the air and the beasts of the whatever, classic in-touch-with-nature George of the Jungle type. He breathed air that was fresh from the hundreds of plants within feet of his home. He ate apples from trees seventy yards from his house, and grilled on an iron rack over a fire made with wood from all around him.

Derek had grown up in the equally dense sprawl of suburbia—three types of houses, seven different color patterns, one lawn gnome for every ten lawns, repeat endlessly, add name: Cedar Whispering Pine Doe Brook Meadow Greens, sell. Everyone he knew lived in the same sort of thing, just scramble the name. Go to church downtown, sit and sigh next to best friend also here against will on early Sunday morning, listen to Pastor Richards go on about the season, and Jesus, and he and Moses building their ark to go make water into fish or whatever.

Go to State University, go fighting animals, rah rah rah, double major in booze and female peer studies with a minor in attending lectures and a 2.7 GPA. Pull three shifts subbing at Local High—go fighting animals, rah rah rah, sit down, shut up, Napoleon is important, now learn it you little bastard! Add rent, tax, and disillusion and you've got Derek at 29.

A bit boring, so let's add Uncle Lonnie to the mix.

Uncle Lonnie in the mountains of West Virginia, the one vacation you got every year, Thanksgiving Christmas Spring Break and between summer camps. The woods, the bears, the beat-up pickup the color of REAL old earwax, a touch of dirty country road dirt. Uncle Lonnie, a real live lumberjack—minus plaid, axe, pancakes (he preferred English muffin) and blue ox—but still! Okay, so he ran the company. Okay, so he owned most of the company. Okay, he owned half a mountain, some logging and mining rights, and a bit of land someone wanted to coal mine and would throw money at him for. A man who Derek loved like a favorite toy. Add no immediate family and a tendency to spoil his nephew, and you had a pair who would infuriate Mom with the amount of somewhat uncivilized fun they had. I mean, really, who takes your son out to watch bears in the woods? Or shoot deer? Or...go to a...a...pool hall?! Well, the boy has to see his family...

Then, at 29, Derek learns Uncle Lonnie, who he hasn't seen in about 9 years, has a little problem. This problem is a wee bit bad—liquor, 2 AM, and a bear who ain't happy about someone urinating on his leg. They found a boot and an empty jar with classic label 'XXX'. A quick hunt for a still, some fines, and one less Uncle Lonnie later, unhappy Derek learns his Uncle had some plans for this money of his. Let his nephew have a shot at the fun he loved as a little boy. It all goes to Derek, minus a few things to friends he knew could use a little bit.

Needless to say, goodbye Local High.

Derek, 48, lives like a king with Uncle Lonnie's old house in the woods—kitchen, living room, bathroom, bedroom, and big ancient wood stove in the center to keep you warm when you've got four feet of white cold crap around the house. Some careful managing of assets, and he's set for life, just him, the woods, the bear, the deer, and the pool hall buddies.

Mom got over it.

Derek's older brother, Ray, brings his son over to visit about four times a year. The kid loves the woods, the wild turkey, the towering pine, the huge pink blossomed rhododendron, the blackberries, the mossy rocks. By age 18, Derek knows what he has to do. Little Ray Jr. has stayed out of touch, but Derek understands. He's made his plans, driven all the way into the county seat to get it all straightened out with the lawyers. He'll be ready.

Unfortunately, Derek learns, Ray Jr., has in fact become a history major—and now he's going for the Ph.D! The knowledge gives Derek a quick heart attack, where he lies undiscovered for three days before Gary comes in to borrow a colander. His assets revert to Ray Jr., who sells them all to pay for his career.

Too bad, Derek. What works for one doesn't always work for the other.

Alex Brown '06



*Nathalie Gonzalez '05*



*Ziza Craig '05*



*Katie Lillard '05*



*Katie Lillard '05*





*Ziza Craig '05*



## unwashed

let me in to unleash the craze of a girl  
not hazed by skinnier magazine selves  
still I waft in the wind like summer linen  
pants that you can't wear underwear in  
so too much will show, I won't let go of the feeling  
when words flow from a sweaty palmed pencil  
I taint the constraint deranging the self-contained  
there's no entertainment knocking down  
a world that kept locking the door  
I'm the coquette flirting with the dirt that  
settles under my fingernails  
trapped testimony of the shower  
I haven't had in three derailed days  
it's not a phase, I blame it on fate  
cause what better reason than restraint beyond  
my control, so effortlessly I roll myself  
up like the burrito  
that a more impressionable girl might throw up into waters that  
swirl away what hell her bowels upturned to  
turn me away and burn herself into that  
shallower understanding of being loved today  
and on that distracting upheaval of self  
I prohibit the exhibit of such affection  
unless it's on me and I can be as weak-kneed  
as the next girl that catapults  
herself into the numbing effects  
of self-dumbing it manifests  
what I escape and anticipate with a  
fluttered laugh that projects itself into your ear  
conveniently positioned as near to me as  
competitive company will allow, I bow and  
renounce the weaker-minded's success, I'd rather have  
avoided your gazing stare that struck before I  
managed to spin fallen hair into a blond shield  
that conceals I care, I'd have stayed unprepared  
unwashed and unfazed still knocking next time  
don't let me in.

Allison Prevatt '05

## For a Friend

you  
    remind me of the  
        cherrywood staircase

i smiled  
    at you through the  
        cracks  
        in my  
        lips but  
    it was one of those

pain  
games

can you  
    lend me your  
        eyes, am i that  
        much, give me your  
music and i  
    fall asleep to the  
    ways you see me.

Sellers Grantham '08



*Ashley Hart '07*



*Rachel Maran '05*

## Sin In Satin

We twist arms and interlock  
Where yours end and mine begin  
Isn't found

I feel you wrap your skin around mine  
Poison into poison, we drink of another  
Sipping passion

You hand me your fiery red apple  
And say  
"Eat of this and know of my body"

I will eat of your apple and unzip your sin  
Relish in the devouring desire, which will overflow  
Out of my mouth, and trickle down my chin

I can taste you and your sin  
I breathe it in, mixing with my own  
We're no longer outsiders, but I come into you  
With anguish and volatile necessity  
And we dance in this Garden of Satin  
And forget what we once knew

Peter Zimmerman '05



*Jeong Min Kim '06*

## The Drive Home

She didn't really care too much about leaving,  
But it's not like she really wanted to go home either.  
She was fine sitting in the car watching the light go from green to yellow to red  
then back to green again.

She got some sort of strange sensation from sitting at the wheel –  
Total control - the car, the cars around you,  
yourself and what you listened to.  
Sometimes she liked to take the lyrics  
and apply them to her own life,  
inventing some sad saga, something to cry about;  
like her life was worth the lyrics of a song.  
She couldn't tell you how many f-ing times she had driven home.  
Once she packed up her bags  
only to get home, unpack, then pack her bags to go home again.  
Yeah, but see it all made sense to her.  
Spitting watermelon seeds down the sewer,  
dirt pies and dairy queens in the 90 degree summer heat,  
Freezing cold winters until April – she hated all the snow, the brutal  
embracing stares and the almost too friendly, “Hi there, how's you been?”  
It had always been a year or way too long.  
It pissed her off – all the tree hugging homophobes,  
rednecked Yankees and liberal republicans,  
people that know nothing, people that know everything,  
elitist antics and insane obsessions with ‘institutes of higher learning,’  
the fake superiority was everywhere.

The light went back to red again.  
She was only two blocks away, but that light was so damn long  
it only made her farther from home,  
her too distant past, yet her very own sanctuary –  
it's here where she feels most herself.  
None of it makes sense, but see it all does.  
After all, it was what she wanted – she filled out the forms and signed her name.  
There were so many places she could go where she belonged, so many faces she  
already knew,  
but there was always some place she'd rather be, another place she felt most  
herself,  
another bag she needed to pack, another home-cooked meal  
she'd rather be eating.

Instead, she turned up the volume and kept switching to different stations on the radio.

She liked all the songs, but nothing really satisfied her mood.

She tapped slowly on the accelerator – damn stickshift

Telling so much, but conveying so little –

it was all, her whole life was all, in the drive home.

Katherine Lea '05



*Ziza Craig '05*





*Katie Lillard '05*

## My Masterpiece

I want to paint the landscape of your body  
With thick, dark, shining brushstrokes  
So that you are colored  
Green and black and black again.

I want to make a river run down your back,  
Deep and blue like the Nile  
And let it spill around your feet without apparent meaning  
Like a Jackson Pollack  
Or the splatterings of some bewildered child.

I want to dip your hands in red  
So that you can watch as everything you touch  
Goes up in flame,  
Illuminated like a burning tree,  
A swelling forest fire,  
Glowing crimson  
Then smoldering to black.

I want to see your face in water lilies,  
Splashes of violet, teal, and yellow,  
An impressionist's attempt at capturing your likeness  
In a murky, flowering pond  
And a Japanese footbridge.

And across your chest,  
I'll tag a line of poetry in brilliant white,  
Something telluric and sad—  
Neruda or Roethke—  
Counterfeit graffiti that I'll sign my name to.

I want to close my eyes and live in color.  
I want to hang you on a wall  
So that when people walk by  
And glimpse the lush canvas of your form,  
They'll stop, admire you,  
And call you art.

Betty Cox '05



*Lindsay Brownlee '05*

## Interrupted

The aged woman sits alone in her apartment, nothing to do but count wrinkles,  
As the blue and red stripes coating her wall  
Crumble away to reveal no more than a gray slab of cement.  
Worse than watching paint dry, she thinks, is watching it peel,  
And with this, the needle of her record player finds itself a new course.  
The chords of the violin carry her beyond the stripes, upon waves of sound  
And Tahiti is gorgeous around this time of year...  
Hell...isn't it gorgeous any time of year?  
She drowns herself in the symphony of another sunset  
And the bronzed young man with the smiling eyes returns  
No demands, no impatience in his voice  
Just a whispered request:  
Would you like anything else, ma'am?  
Oh...the list was too long to count  
A family, youth, or maybe  
Maybe just some new paint on the wall.  
But not now, now she would just like another margarita.  
Or just his company, someone to enjoy the sunset with her  
She could ask for more, anything her heart desires  
But not now, now her heart desires no more than to  
Delight in the brilliant Tahitian scarlet sky washing over the swells of blue  
A pattern of red and blue worth watching

And allow her body to fall into the rhythm of the waves which  
Shatter the sands with a crash  
A crash that pulls her away from the paradise before her  
And she finds herself alone again, wishing for no more

Joan Payson '05

## Lying In The Summer Night

*A Sonnet*

The summer night hears my sigh,  
The tiny thought I barely breathe:  
This night's too warm for two to lie  
Down side by side as lovers sleep.  
The fan has broke; cicadas pour  
Unending hums: a quiet storm.  
So my accidental sighing roars  
My secrets to your sleeping form.  
You twitch—I freeze—had I betrayed  
Some hint of boredom, sad abuse,  
Your trusting love I never repay?  
But no, you're only pulling the sheets loose.  
Midnight absorbed my soft rebellion—  
Fireflies don't say what I tell them.

Cora Currier '05



*Cbessie da Parma '06*



*George Toothman '06*



## Good night

Right before I sleep,  
my body fills with beaches of sand,  
I get this feeling that I am going to lose  
everybody and  
I am alone.

Across the room my sister in her stillness seems  
perfect, sandless

and I want to be like the hermit crab that gives away  
its skin for something  
new

I want to hold tight while I  
let go.  
You are safe and permanent  
unlike me (who still wants protection).

and I think perhaps I won't leave  
but the light from outside our window rinses  
the room of all delusions and  
the future is simple and yellow.

Antonia Clark '05



*Chloé Arthurs '05*

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# The Andrean 2005

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