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 Arthurs '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 seperate 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

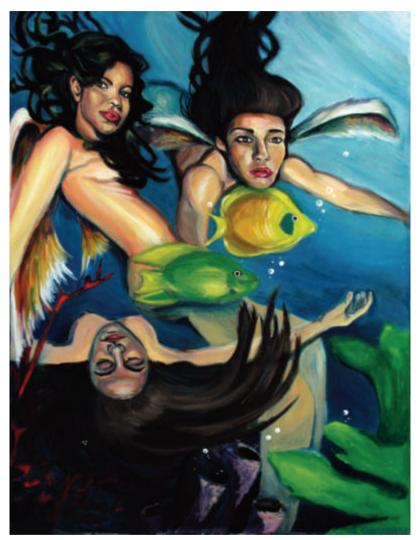
Irises

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 eves. 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.

Chike Lawrence-Mitchell '05

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 intouch-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, 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'o5

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 crv 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

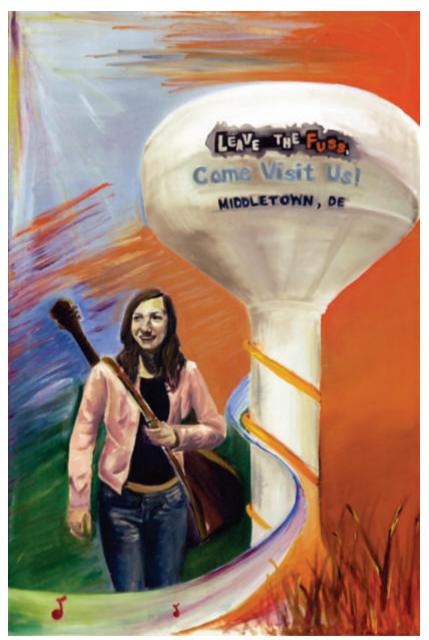
Telling so much, but conveying so little -

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

Katherine Lea '05



Ziza Craig'o5



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

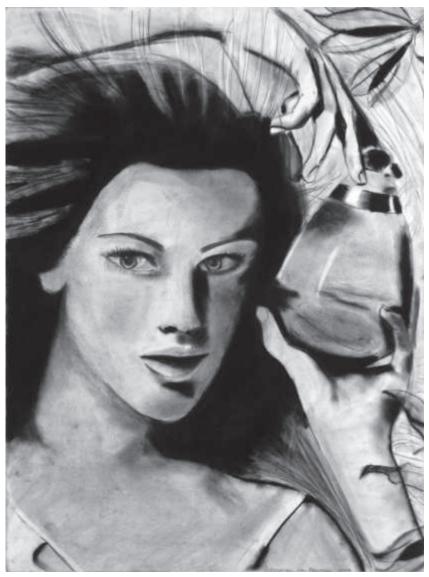
And she finds herself alone again, wishing for no more

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



Chessie 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

The Andrean 2005 staff would especially like to thank Amy MacKenzie for all of the hard work and guidance.

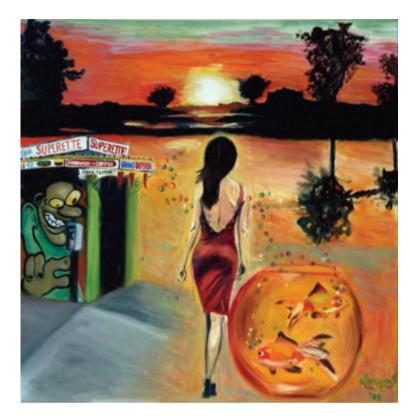
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