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Granby High School's Literary Arts Journal

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Cover: Welcome Home by Jarod Donn

Inside Title Art: Bridge to Nowhere by Jarod Donn

Back Inside Cover: Dark Eclipse by Angelo Klier

Back Cover: Astral House by Jarod Donn

Winner of the 12th Annual Granby High Poetry Contest

Untitled

Magridal

“I don’t believe in homosexuality.”

It’s still there, Karen,
just like trees and sunrise and milkshakes
like music and popcorn and summer
like my lipstick on your daughter’s neck.
Whether it makes you clutch your pearls or not,
we exist despite your beliefs.

And we don’t believe in you either.

he first saw her

Tessa Wilkinson

he first saw her with flowers in her hands
he noticed that first
and then saw further
saw the scattered petals on her dress
the wilted wisps of hair
growing wildly around
her face, her eyes holding
a fierce and full field of green
her cheeks a rosy rouge
the more he looked the more
he saw and what he saw was
she was a flower



YOUNG LIFE, *John Duvall*

Lovely

Cameron Andersen

Lovely little people
living lovely little lives
with little lovely
little ones.

But with lovely little lives
comes little lonely lies.

Lies like love literally mean little.
Little ones live without love,
without life, with lies
little lazy people tell.

I love you is a
lovely little lie.

Tangerines

Gabriela Igloria

My sister sends her love
from the citrus trees
and orange skies of Óbidos.

In photos, she slices tangerines
for your little fingers,

and you press the jewels,
their sweetness, to your lips;
blow kisses, form words—

dinosaur, Mama, balloon.

And I am in bittersweet awe
at the fastness of everything:

the trees, the sky, distance, you.

A Love Poem

Cordie Aldridge

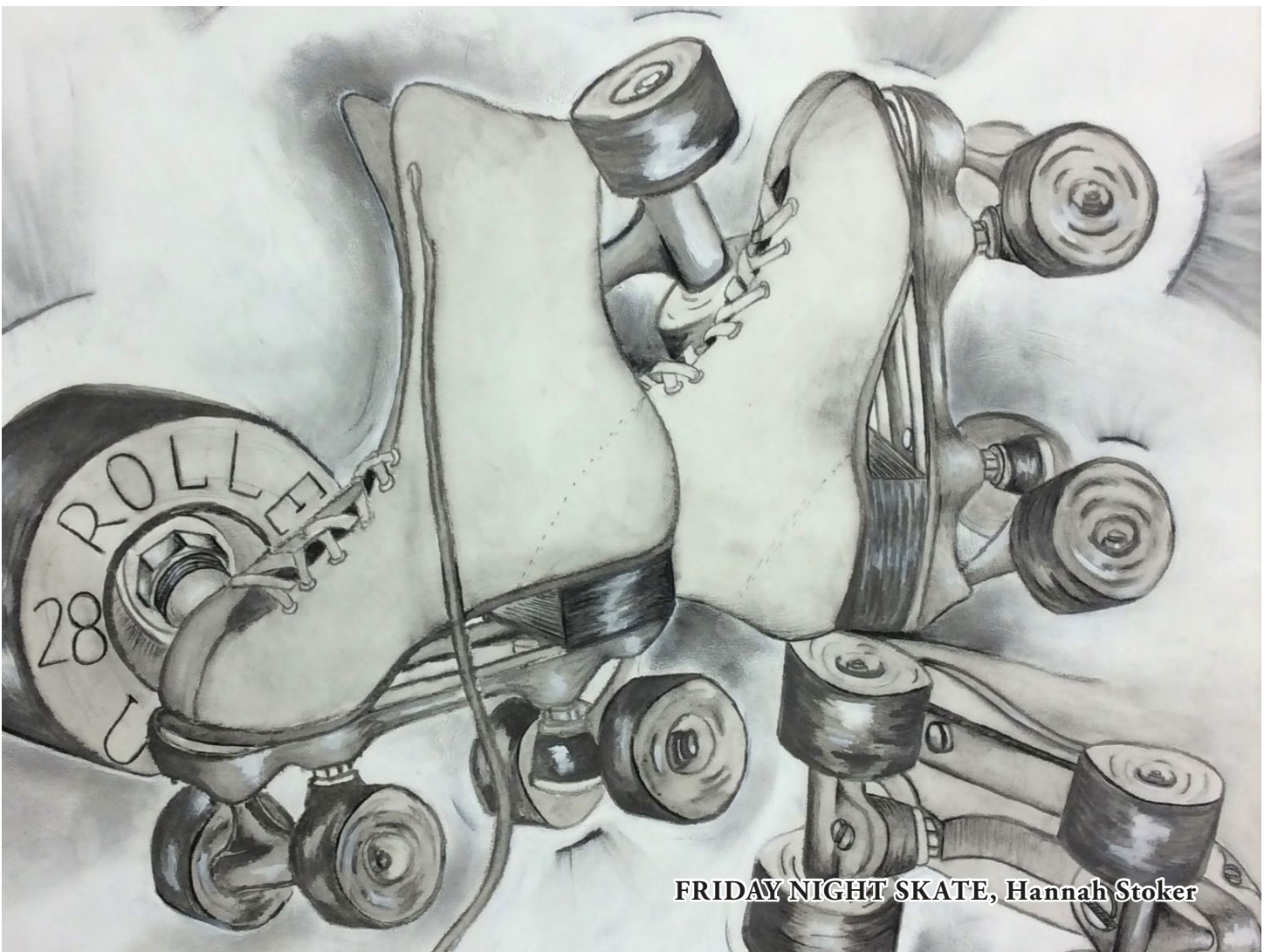
We wish we could wipe this
slate clean, where “love” was
a whisper, a whimper.

Love sits silently, sits
sloppily, sits staring, staring,
stopping, waiting, judging.
Love, once a wish,
now a whip, chaining
us to a wish once wished.
We wait for its judgment,
for its hand, stopping.
But in the end, it's the silence
of our own making.

Smile

Bobbiayn Martin

I love
the way you smile –
it lightens up my world.
Please let me see it
again and again.



FRIDAY NIGHT SKATE, Hannah Stoker



HERE TODAY, GONE TOMATO, *Gabriela Igloria*

Rave

Asaani Lindsey

Blue banjo; sweet guitar,
bless my ears,
move my arms,

hit my drum,
move the pegs,
make me dance,
dance my legs,

tapping little foot,
beading lights,
pressing against my hips,
hold me tight,

serenade my muscles,
gyrate your heels
lean up slightly;
make me feel.

Untitled

Bo Morris

Like the glowing
roots of a tree

lightning lights this world.

Albeit brief, I can
still clearly see

the fields and hills
curled up

in the night.



Louis Septier



Thread of Life

Jon Albia

A thread
Her scent
All
Ending and starting

Hair threading down
A child clasping
All
The thread of them

Loose
Secret
creating
All

Now one
A thread
Is all
All

In the field
The same place
He'd seen this
A frayed thread

of hair
and the field
as one
in the same place

her shoulders
onto the ropes
as one
no more

thread in the fabric
artists
a hidden work
as one

more, they are four
of hair
that's left
as one

it ends
it started
one before
used to sew



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, *Jordan Shields*

Round and Round

Campbell White

The street artists sit along the sidewalk, sparsely populated. Summer spent. Fall awaits.
The father watches his son roam around. The silent old lady watches. The vendors sit
and wait and jump when the uncommon tourist strolls past and falls once more into
the lull, like that of the nearby waves. A crash. Silence. The waves beat the sand. Forces
push it against the cold, bitter wind. And then it happens again. Over and over and over
and over. A continuous cycle, a pattern. I walk along, quietly, to avoid attention. Armed
with only old cough drops, hair ties, a tattered wallet, a few coins, and a gift card. This
is all there is to my name. Around and around I go, until, perhaps, something calls.

Dead on Arrival

Lencina

Send me kisses when skies are gray
And mail them in a red envelope.
Gentle boy, don't be afraid to show your heart.
Grace crowds your features, darling.
I want to hold your large, rugged, warm hands.

New roses blossom from our grasp.
Gratitude flows from my heart.

I fear not for you; the focus is never you.
Specifically, I fear for those
who come across you.

Greatness blooms from your tongue,
Roses bend and bow as you walk by.
Only the blind ignore your gentle features.
Sadly, the world chooses to pick you apart.
Softness? Yes. But they discard the rest.

Ritual

Tessa Wilkinson

The butchers sit
sharpening blades.

Soon a sacrifice
smothered in white

emerges from the water.

Shadow

Cordie Aldridge

Nevertheless,
there is no light

in smoke. I blow
through the bars.

Yet there it is
staring at me.

I stare back,
daring.

For it is not a fly,
but a shadow.

Sacrifice

Sergine Mombrun

It wasn't uncommon,
this occurrence.

The chronicle
of a life foretold:

a disorder
imposed by the unseen,

the disorder she'd seen
at her homicide scene.

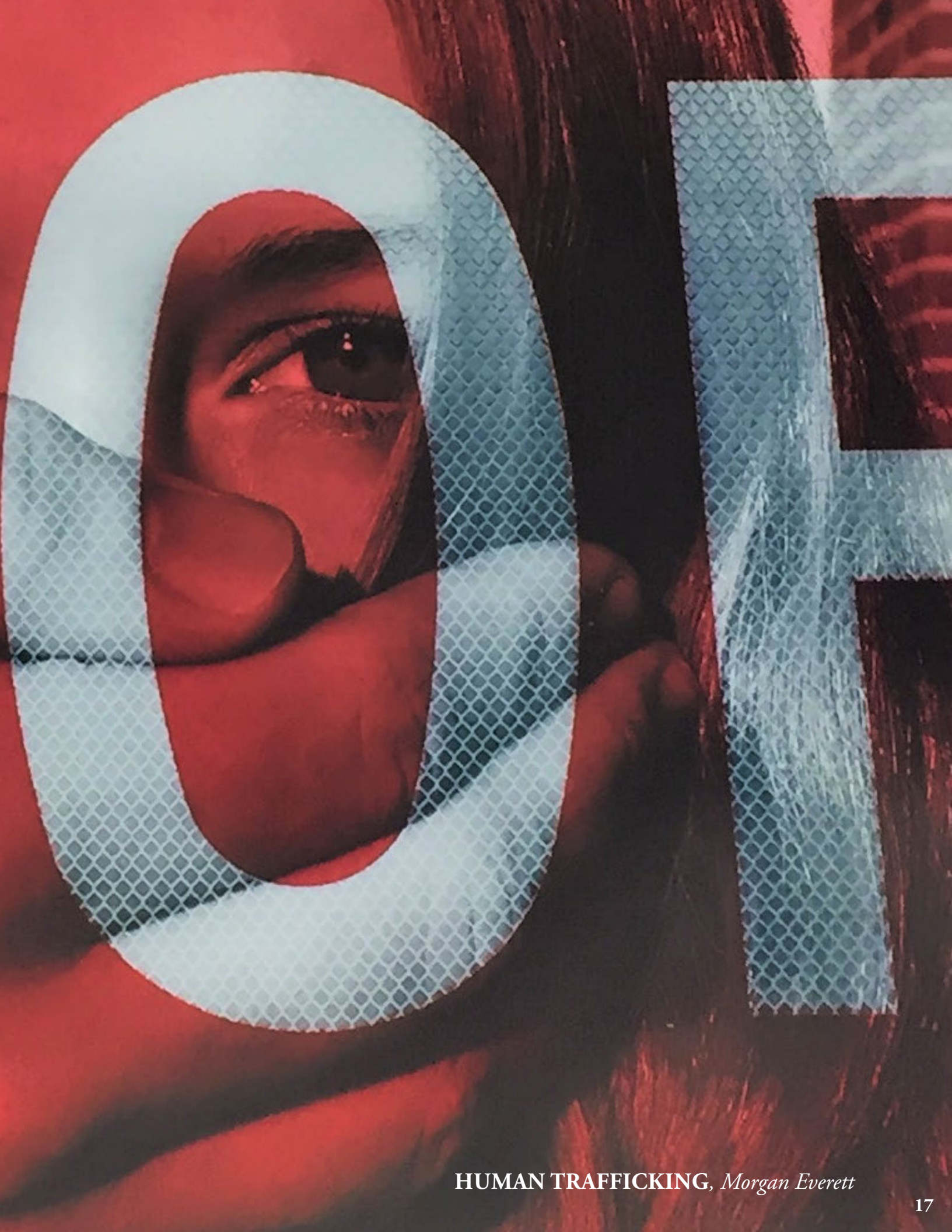
Who are you baby girl?
Oh, do you want the world?

That's not for you.

Sacrifice yourself;
this room's reserved for someone else.







HUMAN TRAFFICKING, *Morgan Everett*

Cyclical

Allison Fletcher

| | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| A blue | striped shirt |
| Delicately laced | french braids |
| A green | vast field |
| Teeming with little | purple flowers |
| [you me] | |
| A single | smile |
| one last | lesson |
| You say I never | learn |
| But that is because | [you] |
| Never teach | [me] |

Downtown Chicago

Connor Highland

There's rhythm in life. Rhythm in the rain. The rain hitting the window. Neon red. Creeps into the bar from the sign: **OPEN**. Smoke fills the air with silhouettes filling the empty space where neon red should be. There's rhythm in the smoke. Moving and swirling in the air, avoiding the silhouettes. There's rhythm in the jazz band's movements and music. Rhythm in my drink, a single sphere of ice bouncing off each corner of my square glass. There's rhythm in the ashes of my cigarette, glowing and falling into the grey ashtray. Everything seems to have a rhythm. Except me. I move somberly. No beat. I step to no rhythm. No beat. I only observe. Observe the rhythm of this world. The rhythm of life.

“What we left behind?”

Tessa Ramsvig

What we left behind was a fallen leaf

Such a golden yellow with red that shouted to your little hands
as the other was pulled by a much larger human whose face we can't remember as their skin has
aged the same as our memories

And we look at that aged skin from across the candle lit table while our finger tips touch with
someone else's
as a prayer is said so softly from lips like the snow that fell from the clouds outside our window
and encased the tree in front of our house that we no longer see

Because we closed that big blue door and we left it behind us, in that one picture of us near the
lake where the cherry blossoms tickled our noses
and lost themselves in the water so beautiful an angel had to have touched it themselves

Makes us remember the church windows we left behind, with the warm summer sun reaching its
way through every glass
each and every ray a different color, new ones we never knew could even exist
It shone on every uplifted head, every hand that was held out

And as we try to look around the memory starts to fade,
the colors are no longer brightened by a summer sun but an autumn moon
our skin becomes cold like the time our heat stopped in the middle of that storm
The smell becomes sour like mother's perfume she wore every day,
It smells like fresh spring daisies, she said

and we wonder if that's what the question meant
Is there a bright light
and will we remember
what we left behind?



LITTLE RED, *Chris Warren Bondal*

Cut

Melina Rice

I remember. The sea.

She was like a razor

cut through the sky. And my heart
remembers the pastoral life:

red sky, red ferns, red wind, red sea.

The widower, he drowns
the sorrows in the coffee pot.

She remembers.

Alejandrina

Victoria Woods

Alejandrina? Where

did that blessing go? Kill
the sheets of blue. Trees

tall like the widow's
peak.

The Walk

Nikita van Kirk

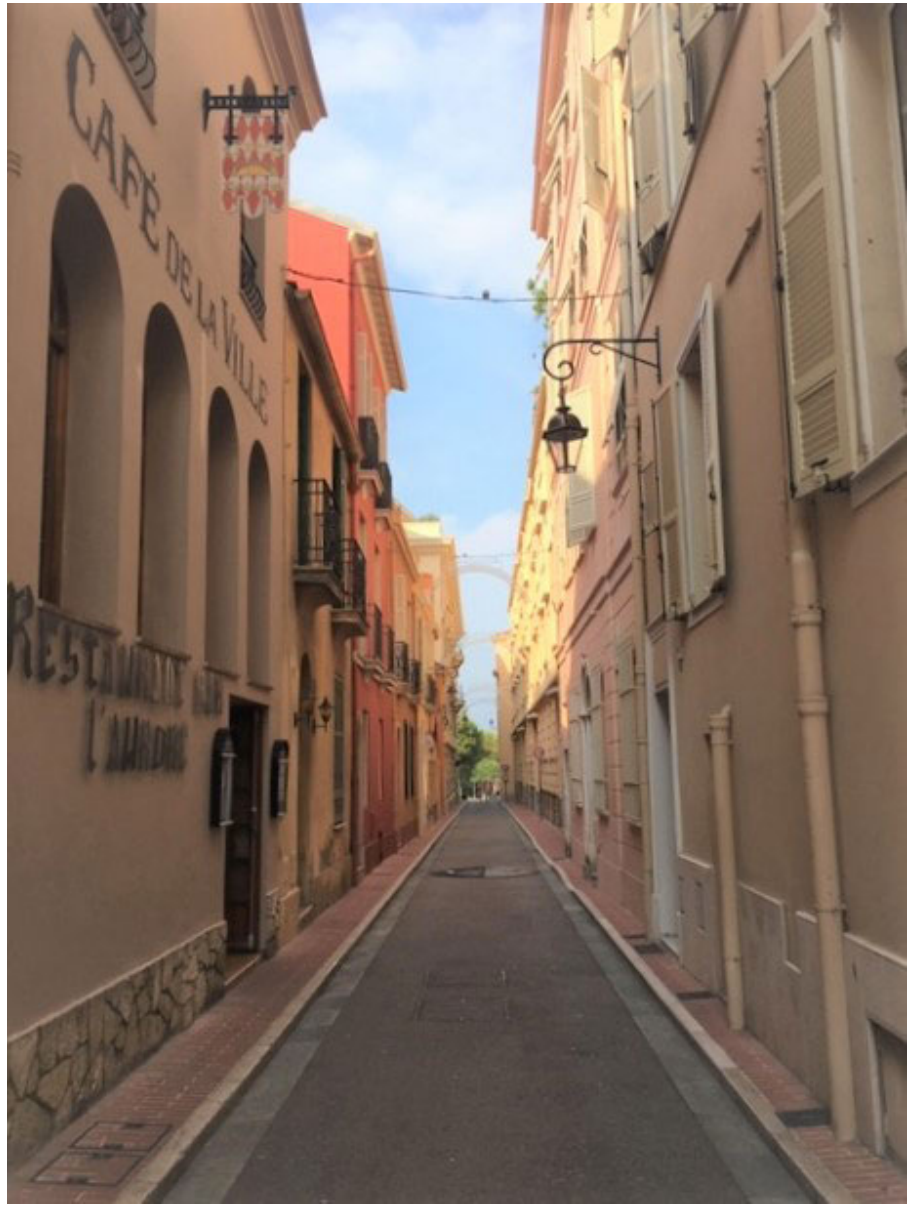
A rabbit fleeing
Black bear walking
Chipmunk scurrying
Doe prancing
Everything peaceful
Fox digging grass swaying
Heartbeat slowing
Ice forming
Just a bit longer now
Keeping warm together
Love warming the air
Making the flowers bloom
Nothing more beautiful
Open green-grass fields
Painted purple sky
Quiet dusk turning to night
Rested creatures
Sun starting to shine
Tomorrow coming quickly
Undisturbed peace
Vines hanging in the breeze
Walking through the wood
Xanthopous plants turning green
Yellow rays warming the dirt
Zauschnerias opened to the sun

Globetrotter

Anne du Cluzel

A fresh breath of air in Salta
Flowers in Sanaa
A grain of sand in Manaus
A drop of water in Death Valley
Tulips in McMurdo
Cold winter in Tangier
A long day in Reykjavik
A pod of dolphins near Jeddah

Unexpected, unusual
love:
a peaceful diversion [. . .] voyage
that makes one's head turn.



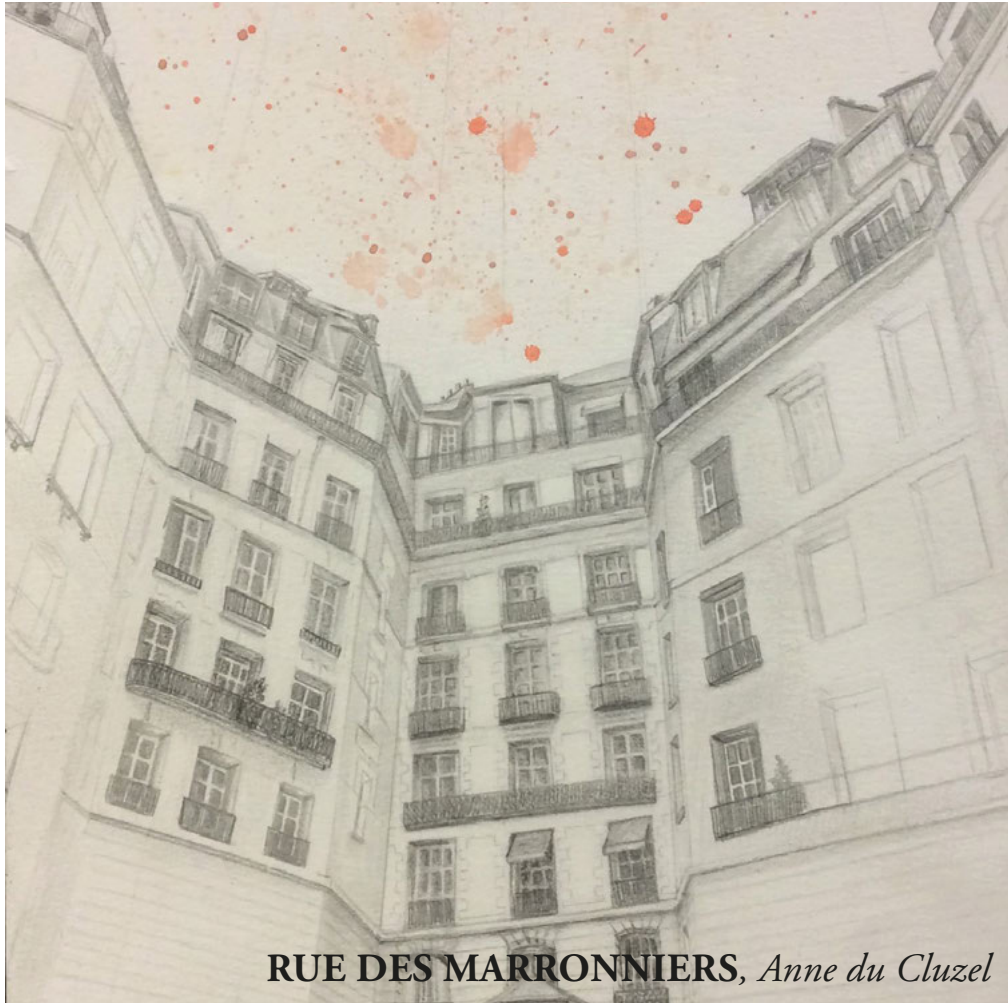
BACK ALLEY, *Jala Williams*

Return

Vivian Zheng

The sun shines high in the sky. Noon. Two boys by the road, rifles in hand. Curious.

Behind them a post office. Inside a soldier and a waiter, a wealthy woman, and a scientist, and a farmhand, and a clerk writing and mailing letters to loved ones. The old man, a veteran from the war, searches for his watch. In his pockets: a wallet, a box of matches, a canister of tobacco, two dollars in change, his pipe, and the letter from his wife. Two lovers embrace. Tears full of joy and relief. The old man smiles.



RUE DES MARRONNIERS, *Anne du Cluzel*

Lime Popsicle

Sergine Mombrun

He'd only been out for a few hours. He almost forgot the taste of the lime popsicle. Almost. She turned to the side and saw it. The same pair of doves that've been following them since she convinced him to come outside. As they sat together in the green of the park, he exhaled as a breeze gently blew through, cooling the warm air. Suddenly, everything was still. He stared off into the distance and the green juice started to fall on his grey pants. He felt it again – the same thing that'd kept him inside all this time. He felt fear and shame and guilt and loneliness and abandonment and despair and pain. All of it. All of it from all of those years.



Interview with Poet and Professor, Luisa A. Igloria

By Gabriela Igloria

.....
You've written a poem a day for at least eight years now, which I think is amazing. How does it make you feel, to write every day?
.....

I've come to truly look forward to it every day. My decision to keep writing every day when I started to be more intentional 8+ years ago, came out of the feelings of frustration that every writer has when they need more time and space in the day just to commune with their writing selves...I try not to think of what comes out of my daily writing practice as "good" or "bad" - the important thing for me is to be able to connect with intentionality to language and to whatever experience it is that I'm trying to convey in words/in the poem. It's kind of like an exercise in really paying attention. I feel this is so important to me because I can feel very overwhelmed by work, by life in general. And I love how through my daily writing practice, I have accumulated enough writing from which to pull 4 published manuscripts and 4 chapbooks, with plenty to spare.

.....
I definitely agree that a huge struggle for writers is "communing with the writing self," though I hate to refer to it as if it's a separate entity from the self. Yet at the same time, in some ways it does feel like a separate entity, especially when there are days that I don't feel creative. How do we nurture this coexistence of the writing self and the self?
.....

Precisely. I also don't think that "the writing self" or "creative self" isn't (or shouldn't be) a separate entity from the self, especially since I believe that one brings everything of what one is at any given point in time to what one writes or creates. We are all of our histories... we experience life with our bodies too, not just with our emotions, our psyche, the neurons that fire in our brains.

That's why, as you say, there are days that we may not feel creative...when the "creative self" feels like it gets pushed to the back seat and told to be quiet as there are supposedly more important things going on. When I was just out of college, I joined a group that was interested in cultivating the ability of humans to reconcile with parts of themselves (and their immediate environment) that felt disjointed... Many of them had the goal of cultivating this quality of attention to what is going on in oneself and one's immediate environment and trying to be deeply observant... And years later, studying poetry and writing texts and reading of what Mary Oliver or Jane Hirshfield have to say about poetry as the practice of a focused attention on the world, it suddenly made complete sense to me. Poetry isn't just working with words. I think it's a kind of soul work or life work too.

.....
Yes. I feel that poetry is a great outlet for observation & reflection, to bear witness to both the self and to our surroundings. In many of your poems, the speaker is this observatory "I," and I suppose I have the advantage of being around you every day to know that for many of the experiences documented in your poems, the speaker is you. And there is a certain vulnerability that comes with writing about one's experiences. As artists, we lay our thoughts and emotions out to the world, which can be a scary thing, but we do it anyway. For who do you write?
.....

I agree a hundred percent with those comments on vulnerability. Any act of creative and empathetic investment requires us to open ourselves. That can be scary, but in my opinion it is also the most authentic way to know that we are in the presence of what is true in ourselves (whatever

that might mean to each person). So I think yes, primarily we might be writing for ourselves, but in every instance of this very intimate form of communication, I think we all also harbor the hope that we might connect with others. Certainly, the most that writers hope for is for their works to resonate with someone else other than themselves. It's the human need for connection, for being seen and accepted for everything we are...

On the theme of connection with others, recently, the anthology *Of Color: Poet's Ways of Making*, edited by you and our friend Amanda Galvan Huynh, was released into the world. Can you talk a little bit about how this anthology came to be?

Amanda was formerly a student in the MFA Creative Writing program at Old Dominion University, where I teach... She complained at one point that in a craft/theory class she was taking, she was having a hard time with the idea that the only models for poetics being held up were from the traditional (white) canon. As a woman of color, she felt that her experiences were not reflected in the texts that students are traditionally given to read. I was struck by how her experience was still so similar to mine... Basically we looked at each other one evening at my kitchen table and decided we would have to bring the kind of book that we envisioned into being, ourselves... It's a wonderful book of essays from fifteen of the most engaging poets of color today; and we're so lucky and grateful to have a foreword by Mai Der Vang.

What's one thing you still hope to accomplish literately?

I'd like to write a memoir, as well as a novel. I have ideas for both, but need a bit more ample time and space to cultivate these works.

That's exciting! How different is writing prose from writing poetry for you?

One could perhaps think of prose as just a different size room from the one you can work in, in poetry. Other than that, the requirements are similarly exacting: that the language of both poetry and prose must sing, and show how things are transformed.

Are there poems you have wanted to write but haven't been able to yet?

Every day. Also, I think I am in the middle of organizing a new poetry manuscript. Loosely, it's about the ways in which (im)migrants and other people from formerly colonized countries experience geopolitical, economic, environmental, personal and other crises today - how these were already blueprinted hundreds of years ago, at first contact. I've written many of the poems that will go into it, but I know I will be writing (and revising) more.

I feel that these are such trenchant themes, especially today. Do you feel that the literary community & educational institutions effectively create spaces in which these themes are heard?

I think that we are seeing an exciting increase in the number of spaces and venues for the articulation and expression of these themes. It's an unprecedented time of publication for many (im)migrant writers/writers of color, who are writing of today's urgent themes including but not limited to citizenship and belonging, identity, plurality, diversity; and also the continuing violence and oppressions faced by non-mainstream communities everywhere. But there is still so much to do.

I wish poetry was a part of more of these types of discussions in day-to-day life. Don't you?

Definitely! And that "talking poetry" won't be looked at as extraordinary, but rather as simply part of the natural ways we interact.

BIOGRAPHY

Filipina-American poet Luisa A. Igloria is a Norfolk resident, an English professor at Old Dominion University, and a mother of four. She is the author of more than a dozen collections of poetry, including *The Buddha Wonders if She is Having a Mid-Life Crisis* (2018), *Ode to the Heart Smaller than a Pencil Eraser* (2014), selected by Mark Doty for a May Swenson Poetry Award; *The Saints of Streets* (2013), winner of a Gintong Aklat Award; *Juan Luna's Revolver* (2009), winner of the 2009 Sandeen Prize from the University of Notre Dame; *Trill & Mordent* (2005); and *In the Garden of the Three Islands* (1994). Igloria is also the author of the chapbooks *Haori* (2017), *Check & Balance* (2017), and *Bright as Mirrors Left in the Grass* (2015).

To bear

Luisa A. Igloria

My daughter collects smooth,
large stones where she can find them.

She puts them in a basket and admires
the way their round backs glisten

after she has washed them in the sink—
stripes of grey and tan, chalky white,

mottled blue like eggs from an unknown
species of bird. Lifted from the dirt,

they belie their age. What parts
of the whole do they carry, how long

since they were shorn off another face?
Dry pods bristle across the yard, little

mines of exploded seeds. But there are
some things held indefinitely in the heart.

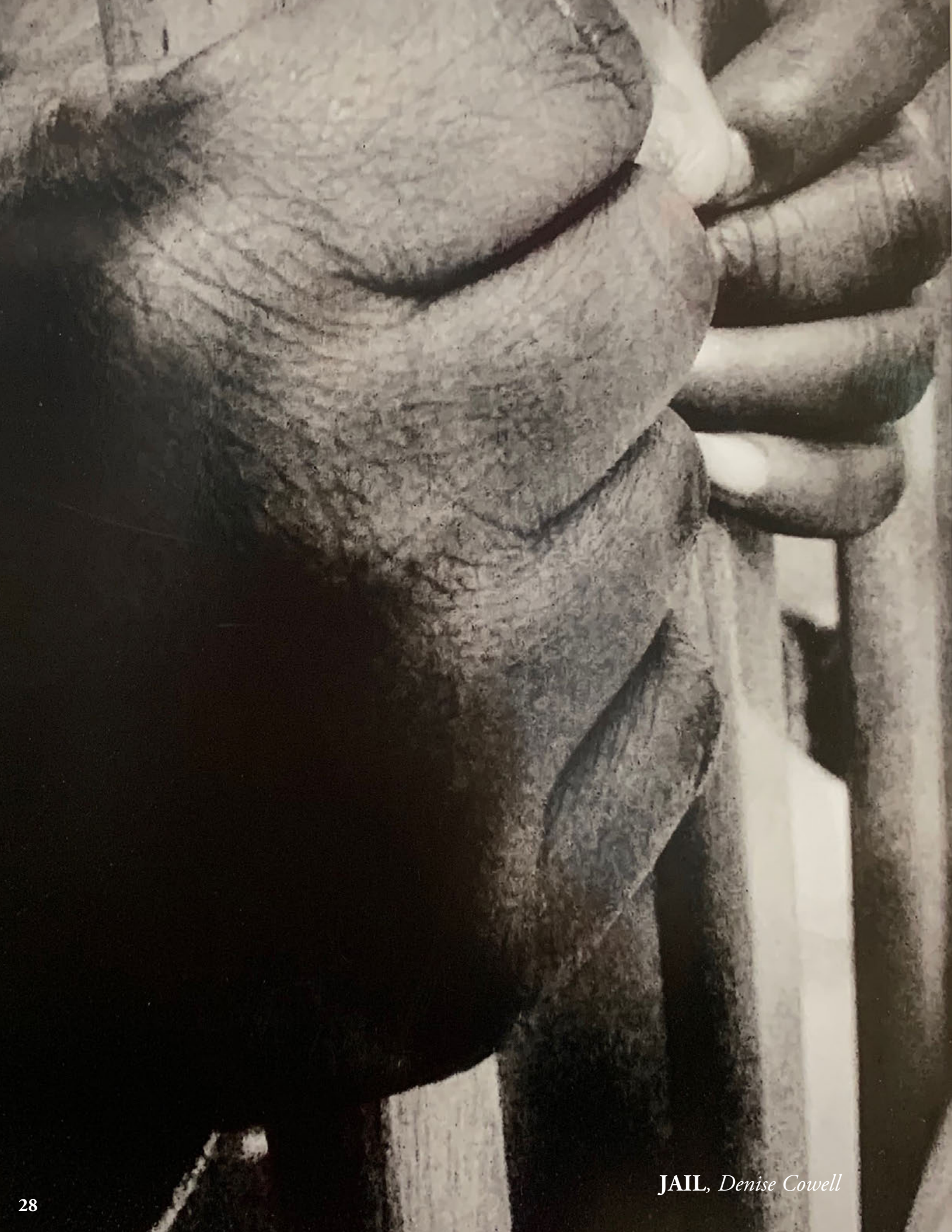
A Drowning Vision

Gabrielle Richardson

She paints her life with the colors of the urban bush, our Lady of Fatima, the flora, fauna and people of many worlds. She acknowledges the glamor, noise and dichotomies of life on the public eye. Appreciates the small details. The brick and mortar, butterflies, lights, nights, weary eyes and dead flowers. Her world is dictated by the weight of photographs and books and pens, hats, journals and keepsake stones. Seashells and beads. Yarn and needles. She holds in her hands the instruments to document her passing time: a paint brush, camera, pencil and memory. But now that must lay waste to the monotony of it all. The passing streets. Never-ending news, intertwined opinions. All must drown in the abyss. A euphoria. The river.



NUMBERS, *Jakyyah Gillespie*

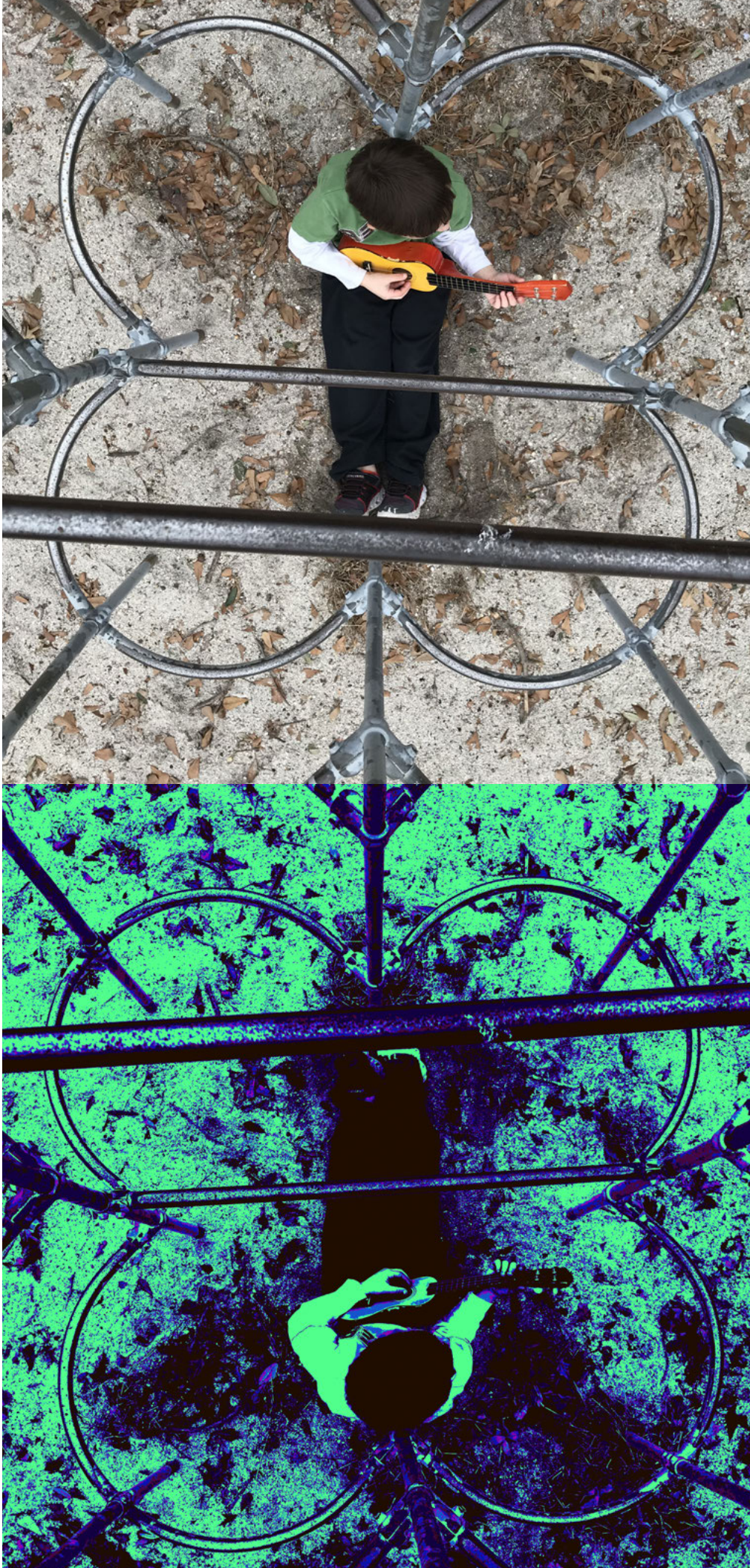


JAIL, Denise Cowell

The Birth of a Corrupt Nation (Part 1)

Nick Fesseden

Education without demonstration is contamination
Demonstration without education is annihilation
Short term progression
To announce fallow ground, it's another to break it
I'm not painting a picture never painted
Just bringing a work of art to the pavement
Nor in the line of self-exaltation but the selfish thought
Of internal peace externally brings a degree of severe language
Though in times past the crimes last and never paid 'em
I can pay a line of tribute or maybe even cause a dispute
But if we don't progress only my actions are left blameless
Granted I can pass the buck, but if I don't own my bull I'm arrogant
Arrogance is the filthy rag of pride
Would you rather lie? Or grow in awareness?
This is the generation of impatience and impaired myths
And moral justice is called social unfairness
And I would be in the same boat if I wore the clothes of error and called it the armor of truth
The power in the Word and every word against it is disarming the youth
The waters are not stabilized
And the winds strive
Without knowing the sin will blind
And claims to feed it but it consumes the carnal man to the base of his rind
While overtime the number of ships aligned
Grow in an epic decline but all we need is one
There's nothing new under the sun
Social ethics were installed in the sons
That it's punk to walk or run
From the cool guy toting the gun
This is the biblical last days
And if I had a last phrase to sum it up
Everything evident is covered up
In the eyes of truth this nation has been corrupt



SIT DOWN KIDS, John Duval

After Steinbeck

Cameron Anderson, Libby Phillon, and Melina Rice

This city is a box, a cage, a diverse cauldron, a bird box, a costume, a mirror, the walked and talked, pizza, churros, sweets and ice cream, spunky dancers and florescent lights and broken roads, concrete of souls, blood, tears, the lonely, the stressed, the homeless, fortunes and stories, a grunge band, a sneeze, fish scales, a stick of incense, built up and torn down, lobsters and tulips and car horns and squeals, ferry boats and sea stained docks and pounding footsteps, open air and painted wood, fortune tellers and beggars, a memory, a relic, a fading echo, a pit stop to the future, an inspiration, a cage, a love, a death, the collected and remembered, wooden and aged and dust and muffled walls, invasive thoughts and intense arguments and off days, hearts of paper, depth, and care and early morning walks and recollections and light and light and light and light.



LOOKING UP, *Matt Docalovich*

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All of the Granby students who submitted this year.

CUPOLA STAFF

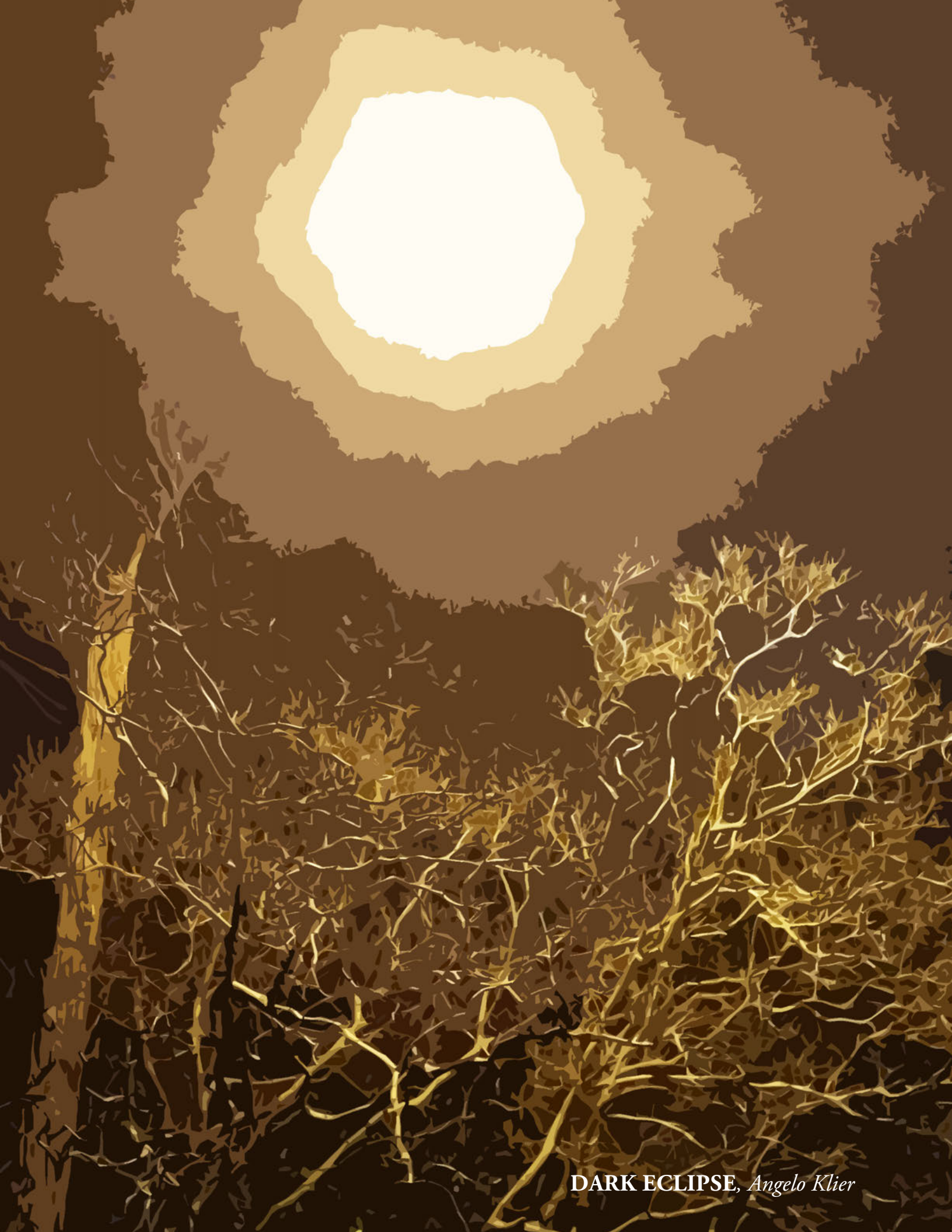
Isabel Baloy
Connor Harris
Gabriela Igloria
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Rawley Rudel
Advisor: Eddie Dowe

POLICY

The Cupola features the writing, art, and photography of the students of Granby High School. The Cupola staff accepts original submissions; final selections are based on individual merit. Works to be considered must be submitted by the designated deadline, which will be either Samuel Beckett's or William Shakespeare's birthday. Submissions are accepted through English classes and art classes or may be given to the Cupola advisor or staff members. The staff reserves the right to edit submissions, including art and photography, when necessary. After publication, rights revert to the author/artist.

COLOPHON

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DARK ECLIPSE, *Angelo Klier*

