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# *The Cupola*

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Cover Page: Elora Grochowski

Inside Cover Art: Elora Grochowski

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Featured Artist: Elora Grochowski



# 3 Years Hesitation

*Oliver Hewitt*

I always was in awe of how he  
shined. How he captivates  
the entire sky. Looks at me.  
Never quite understood a look so pure and  
so happy. One that washed away my pain. I  
still don't understand. Still hesitate.

Always I still hesitate  
waiting for the moment he hates. He  
denies but it's textbook every time. I  
get slaughtered, trampled. When he captivates  
me I cry in pain, I die in vain and  
nevermore has someone understood me

Nevermore has someone loved me  
as he loves me but I hesitate.  
Stuck in a mindless repetition and  
the words I love you play on soundlessly. He  
plays on soundlessly, He captivates.  
But I still hesitate I . . .

watch his smile and I  
glow brighter than before. He loves me,  
He loves me not. The flower captivates  
my every thought but I still hesitate.  
Still wait for the day where he  
decides I am worthless of time and

and that day is coming and  
that day is I  
that day is he  
that day will drown me  
into a million shards so I, hesitate.  
And he continues. Soundlessly, he captivates.

Soundless heartbeats . . . He captivates  
me and I don't know what to do and  
so I breathe. Step back and hesitate  
because I can't afford, I  
couldn't manage myself if he broke me  
if he drowned me, if he . . .

If he captivates me, I'll hope for the best, I  
will stop hesitating and waiting cause waiting is ruining me.  
I won't hesitate, I know what I want. And it is he.

# Icarus

*Leia Morrissey*

Up we go  
carried by golden wings of hope  
soaring over the beautiful sea  
and away from things to be left behind:  
chasing the stars, chasing for more.  
An arm extends, a hand outstretched  
reaching higher and higher.

We learn  
the lovely art of self-destruction  
of reaching for a thing greater than ourselves.  
For things fall apart  
shedding shining feathers all the way down  
spiraling in a downwards spin  
as gravity takes back her hold  
and back to earth we go.

In that way, there's a bit of Icarus in all of us.



Queen Evans

# Queen of Perseverance

*Mahlia Laporal*

A word was whispered to the stars gathered beyond  
A promise of adventure overseas  
A murmur of discoveries

She crossed the ocean, leaving her homeland  
A tear ran down her face as the miles spread fast  
Stretching their arms to push her away

She lost everything  
The reassuring embrace of Friendship  
The delicate caress of Family

She set foot on the Promised Land  
The land of wonder, dreams, and illusions  
Fear made her wobble but she remained upright

The mud of disdain stuck to her boots  
The sea of envy drowned her irresistibly  
The weight of differences pushed on her mercilessly

Yet she kept walking  
Yet she did not falter  
Yet she defied the odds

Because in a world where every dawn is a struggle  
She learned to stand and fight  
She learned to tilt her head back and wish

A word was whispered to the stars gathered beyond  
A word made of truth, and trust, and wisdom:  
Perseverance





# Vague

*milanT*

Can someone help define to me what real is?  
Is it slangin' cane and gang bangin' out the village?  
Is it wearin' cocky passin' calc and bein' privileged?  
No specific seems, I'm in between: God is my witness.

On God, I swear I'm different.  
Been itchin' for a minute steppin' out my comfort zone,  
trynna find a place to fit in,  
always end up fittin' out like a misshaped substrate.

I'm an active site  
(Actually its enzyme)  
but I don't even know my name, not sure what my style is,  
not sure if I wanna sang or go off to college.  
I been puttin' in them hours, still don't know my mileage.

I'm still mentally, my focus is crowded.  
My mind enters in somethin' and then I back out  
as if I'm caved in the odds stacked on till I'm stacked out.  
So no more time to be modest, it's time to act out  
as if a youngin' was gone, oh well, he back now.

People ask me how I got here: took a short cut through the scuddy.  
I ain't always walk out blessed God said, "You'll often come out muddy."

Steady grindin', almost stuck up with the honeys;  
took focus and determination. Let them tell you, I got lucky.  
See Milan, what you want your legacy to be?

For the rest to see?  
I keep lookin' at the stars and thinkin' that's where I should be.  
Hey God, tell me, what's the recipe?

To shine the best in me?  
All these obstacles and doors, lord tell them open sesame  
before I bust the hinges down, to embrace what you blessed for me.  
Ain't always understand Ma Dukes, now I get what she left for me;  
it's that integrity, that wisdom that go get it energy.

I'm an entity, one human trait,  
that's my inner "G."  
Check my inner "G" every other day like it was Synergy  
so I stay focused on my goals and visualize them mentally.

So that's the recipe?  
Stay true to you, be the best you, you could be.  
Only then, nothing's vague;  
potential turns into promise.  
That's what I believe.





Anna Eggleston

# The Bleeding Beat

*Kierstin Shoop*

I'm layin' on my bed  
weepin' my tears away

Big Brother told me I'm no good

I can't stop my tears from  
beatin'  
beatin' down on the pillow

I hear the loud crackin' sound  
like the split second after  
seein' a strike  
of lightnin' before the  
boomin' thunder  
alongside the yell of fire

My heart and tears stop

My mother drops a glass plate  
onto the floor

I come flyin' down the stairs  
and right out the door

There

There

There he lays

harassed on the ground

My tears

My tears turn from rain drops  
fallin'

into a cold icy Boston lake

to musket balls beatin'

beatin' down

on a poor patriot boy

wantin' liberty

I hear the  
boomin'  
boomin' of gunshots  
curvin' 'round me

Strikin'  
Strikin' down my  
friends  
family  
neighbors  
and city down

I'm layin' on his bed weepin'  
my tears away  
Big Brother told me  
He told me I'm no good

I can't stop my tears  
my tears  
from beatin'  
beatin'  
down  
on  
his  
pillow



# Eros

*Rose Ropetski*

I am the Aristotle of love and hate  
Passions both riding a line so fine  
Their toes often dip to the other side.  
I am romanticized.  
The love I give, however potent,  
Can be breathtaking or haggard.  
Perplexing and shattering but still  
Adoration is mortal inclination.  
People pray for soulmates and  
Stubbornly (and stupidly) still  
Pass by kindred spirits  
And settle for ethereal but  
Ephemeral emotion.  
Sometimes soulmates exchange  
Glances in passing, and in  
A love-starved world  
That's the best I can hope for.  
I am love. I am hate.  
I am Eros  
And I am alone.





# Spiral

*Anh Nguyen*

That noise  
That pattering repetitive noise

That noise that rolls and lifts  
That noise that becomes internal

That noise that drives me into my own lungs  
That noise that brings me to limbo

That noise that gives me déjà vu  
That noise that gives me déjà vu

That noise that hums eternally  
That noise that never ends

That noise is my own  
Irking

Beating  
Trembling

Heart

# Haiku and Other Short Poems

A small garden,  
a lamp post,  
a smoky sky

- *Antlers*

Rejoice! Our queen  
has fallen to bed. Among her  
winter returns once more.

- *Bluebird*

Metal can -  
the taste of silver  
on my lips

- *Abbe*

To hold you -  
moonlight  
in my empty hands

- *Rian Gonzalez*

A house on a lake  
bridging two worlds  
upside-down

- *Orange Juice*

Through the fountain's past  
an encounter -  
lovely rainbow

- *Evanescence*

Flowers bloom  
on a cold fall day -  
empty garden

- *Lychee*

The crippled rat  
chases the floating leaf  
wanders toward the sewers  
where dampened moss thrives  
and only one body hangs

- *Bird Truck*

You said you'd return  
tonight or tomorrow or -  
I have already left.

- *IDK*

A packed city:  
one busy street, stuffy block,  
lonesome doorway

- *Foreign Native*

Sweet-sounding waterfall  
calm your buzzing please:  
agonizing rocks

- *Blue Lightning*

Autumn leaves  
kiss me on the cheek  
as I walk along

- *Big Toes*

A bright city -  
one contagious flower  
is a death sentence

- *Tuna Fish*

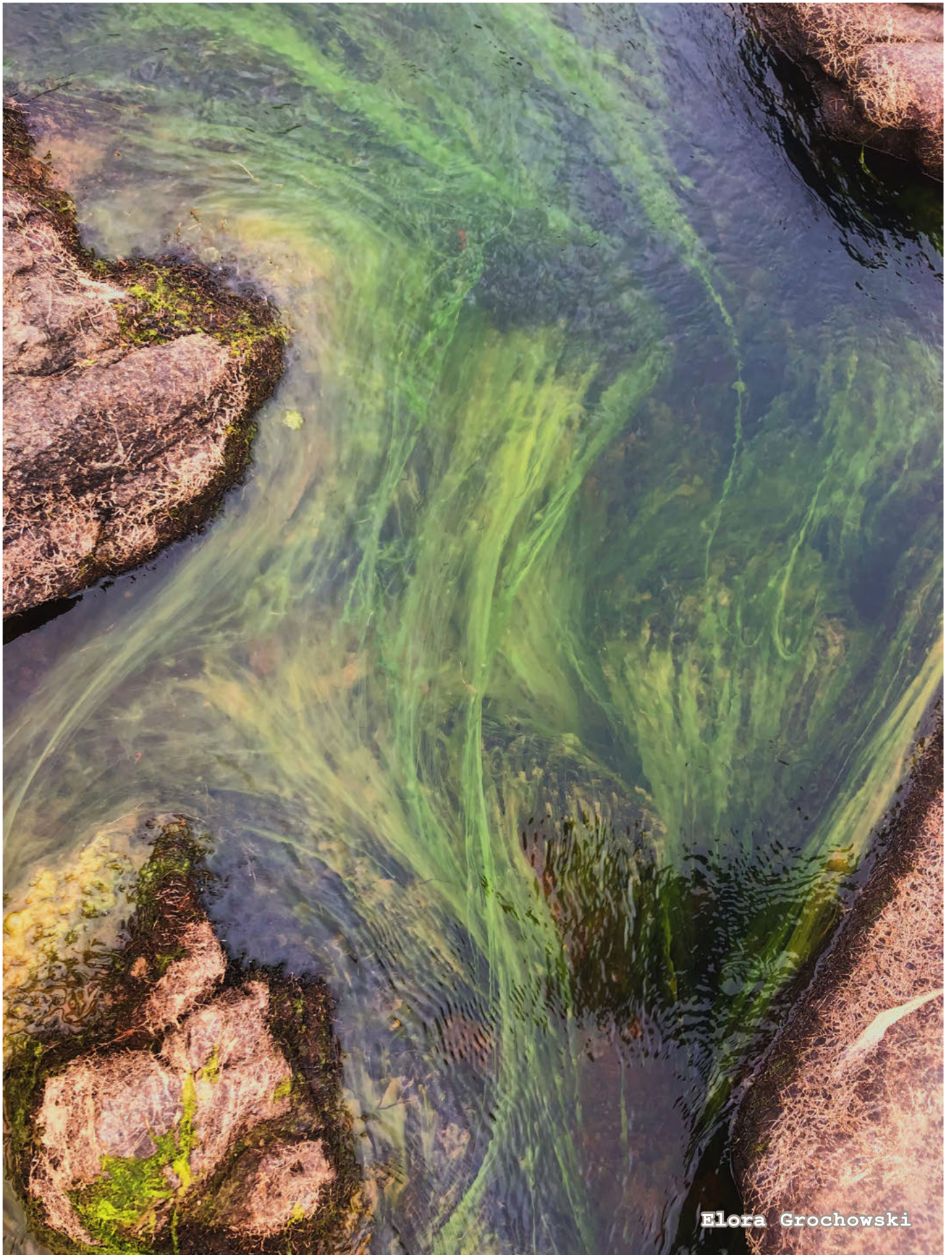
Why stand  
in the sun  
waiting  
for hours  
when one could just go  
home?

- *Madeleine C.*

Who waits  
wading  
wasting  
wanting  
you  
shifting  
the weight of my words  
lightly?

- *Rian Gonzalez*





Elora Grochowski





# Interview with Jeff Hecker

*Anh Nguyen*

*Isabel Baloy*

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## WHAT IS A BIG INSPIRATION FOR YOUR WORK? IS IT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE SPECIFIC?

---

Thank you Anh, Isabel, and the Cupola reaching out to me as humanity unknots another decade.

Here's something interesting and disturbing: to inspire literally means to breathe into (like CPR) a gracious yet intrusive act performed by somebody who is living for somebody who is dying.

The rush of a poem can feel close to reinvigorating the spirit sputtering on empty fuel. At the same time, language carries a long string of DNA, and not all of it is beneficial.

I believe I'm obsessed with confusion, so bewilderment may be my inspiration, particularly how speech rarely conveys what we intend it to mean. Meaning has shortcomings, and that's terrific for fiction.

I trust this is the reason poets turn to images to transmit what words cannot. If I say I used to be a cactus spine but lately I'm cactus water, you're more likely to comprehend and remain with me longer than if I tried to give you directions to the nearest grocery store. It's right around the corner by the way, and it's closing forever.

It's funny Anh, as I answer, I'm also acutely aware how much I adore speech, especially when it's not effective, and I try my best to form poems in a way that feel like grand failed explanations.

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## ARE YOU A DAYTIME OR NIGHTTIME WRITER?

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I've never had a routine, though I typically appear to write in the afternoon.

I prefer to write in quiet.

I used to have a terrible habit of leaving a room full of people I'd invited when I thought of a decent idea. Most guests were solid enough friends to forgive me, others probably better off gone since I don't remember names or faces.

---

## HAVE YOU EVER DABBLED INTO OTHER FIELDS OF LITERATURE BESIDES POETRY?

---

Apparently, my mom read voraciously to me until I could recite the same stories back to her or until she fell asleep -- and as a little kid I composed what think tanks might refer to as brief first draft narratives without second drafts.

I won a few elementary school contests whose awards came with oversized and too bright ribbons affixed with devastating pins one could wear upon front of sweater or jacket if one so desired to get beat up by multiple factions of children and their jealous parents.

I recall one story about an astronaut who missed a space flight because he broke his leg the night before. Even then I understood NASA's perpetual disappointments.

I wrote horrific poems in high school, a lot of trees/fruit/hopelessness, but I loved studying poems in high school. The poets seemed to me then to have been the only historical group of people on the planet who had figured out the dilemma of having consciousness. I truly looked at them as sages, as I do still.

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## IF YOU WEREN'T A POET, WHAT WOULD YOU SEE YOURSELF DOING INSTEAD?

---

No living poet I'm aware of makes a living writing poems, and the older I am the more I'm in favor of that fact.

I claim two careers: I'm a project manager for a mid-sized company out of Dallas Texas that publishes directories and updates databases for thousands of schools and organizations nationwide.

I also teach workshops part time at The Muse Writers Center in Norfolk. I instruct a teen workshop and recently several adult poetry classes on Surrealism as well as Eastern Asian forms.



-----  
IN THE POEM CONSCIENTIOUS PROTESTS, I SAW POWERFUL  
IMAGERY THAT WAS BEING DESCRIBED AND WAS WONDERING  
IF THE SENTIMENT YOU WERE TRYING TO CONVEY IS STILL,  
IN YOUR OPINION, PROMINENT TODAY?  
-----

I appreciate you noticing sentiments in Conscientious  
Protests. It's an homage after Argentine master Julio Cortazar.  
I wrote it shortly after the Occupy Wall Street height. It's  
unfortunately still relevant—particularly after the 2017  
racist clown show we all witnessed on the campus of the  
University of Virginia resulting in the murder of patriot  
Heather Heyer.

I used the poem concept to balance the struggle against  
forces designed to silence outside opinion versus sheer  
internal human absurdity (e.g. death row inmate fed daily  
vitamins, soldier naming bullets after sit com characters,  
odd fascination/disgust with The Today Show, shutting down a  
Scottish street small enough for one man's height to occupy  
- affecting only traffic and trash collection Tuesday).

Protests on Saturday and Sunday are different than protests  
on Monday through Friday, which is to say I don't see  
protests Monday through Friday. The tragedy is the very  
industry people are dissatisfied with is also the industry  
forcing people to work or starve.

Saturday and Sunday are not failures, but they are not  
successes either. Stomachs win.

The poem I hope transmits the fractured nature of the  
American protest movement, perhaps universal, the sense  
we're bound to the exact structures we know cause misery.  
Is it enough dissatisfaction to implement change?

It doesn't feel that way yet.

Perhaps the best way forward is individual initiative, all of  
us making a personal choice and sacrifice about how we live  
our lives that over time lessen the energy of those in Power.  
It doesn't need to take very long, but it will involve an  
ethical diligence and a daily regimen that doesn't revolve  
around cash.

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## HOW LONG DOES IT USUALLY TAKE TO WRITE A POEM?

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I've written poems in ten minutes and poems that have taken over a year.

I play a lot with size, shape, space; I try hard not to limit myself to a way of making a poem.

Looking back at what I've written, I've come to notice I'm obsessed with the future newness, creating poems that don't rely on what I've done in the past.

I enjoy looking forward.

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## WHO WAS YOUR BEST/WORST ENGLISH TEACHER, AND HAVE THEY SAID ANYTHING THAT SEALED YOUR OPINION ON THEM?

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Collectively English teachers remind me of M. Knight Shyamalan's film *Lady in the Water*.

Overall they're underpaid and tend to take a lot of criticism, then you're hit with the ending scene where Story the Narf is rescued by the Great Eatlon after Cleveland Heep thanks her for saving his life, and it rather redeems most cheesy or poorly acted moments.

Every English teacher I've ever learned under exhibited gestures capable of touching my soul, but the ones who did it best were high school teacher Lenny Vaughan (RIP) and my undergraduate professors Tim Seibles and Scott Cairns.

Lenny made us memorize over a dozen poems during the year and write them back from memory, Tim demanded we cherish one another on earth, and Scott made us realize our third draft might require a fourth then a fifth draft because we're borrowing language from ghosts and ghosts should be respected.

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## WHAT MADE YOU REALIZE THAT POETRY WAS A CALLING?

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Poetry put a spell on me when I was 17 years old and the spell enables me to put a spell on other people with quick bursts of language blocks.

Those invocations aren't necessarily positive or instructive or redemptive or even necessary, but they appear to exist in order to jar the living into a kind of quiet where they

aren't talking about television or family or what they want to buy or eat.

Maybe those flashes are important to them and maybe not, but those flashes are definitely important to my well-being, so I continue sending out paper lanterns on the river.

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## WHAT IS THE BEST ADVICE YOU COULD GIVE TO ANY NOVICE POETS OR WRITERS THAT READ THE CUPOLA?

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Take risks in writing. Change styles over time. Allow yourself to experience pleasure, pain, loss, happiness, and perplexity—you're much stronger than anything life presents.

Read your work aloud to yourself --as yourself--even alone in a room. Do that with work of others too -- often. When you read your work aloud to others, read it as yourself, like you're alone in a room.

Don't be afraid of a thousand rejection letters from magazine editors. Usually, rejection is because the theatre that evening is sold out. Show up tomorrow, you may get ushered inside where there's popcorn.

Read what you don't like then read what you like then read what you don't like again.

Be kind to people you encounter no matter what situation. Yelling never accomplishes anything, and there are better ways of getting justice than fighting: sneakier methods like publishing.

*Jeffrey Hecker is the author of **Rumble Seat** (San Francisco Bay Press, 2011) & the chapbooks **Hornbook** (Horse Less Press, 2012) & **Before He Let Them Guide Sleigh** (ShirtPocket Press, 2013). Recent work has appeared in **La Fovea**, **LEVELER**, **decomp**, **Entropy**, **BOAAT**, **Dream Pop Journal**, & **DELUGE**. He holds a degree from Old Dominion University. He's a fourth-generation Hawaiian American and he currently resides in Norfolk, Virginia.*



# Politics

*Jeff Hecker*

I.

Once I rode a hot air balloon with Apollo 16 astronaut John Watts Young and seven other people I didn't know. Sunset. Eight of us said glorious,

best we've ever seen. John Watts Young said except on the moon.

Four people said his statement's patriotic, three hated everything about it. I paid him to say it. He said it for freedom.

II.

You found the missing girl from the news behind the place they towed your boss's car. She appeared relieved to be discovered.

You started to phone authorities she said they may think you've taken her.

You had second and third thoughts. You asked her when they accuse you, couldn't she flatly refute?

It was cold. You offered one of your layers. She accepted.

What will you say she asked when they ask why she was dressed in your pullover?

You said you'll say weather made you offer clothes.

Was there any way to disprove your garment was yours?

You asked if she even wanted help she said yes. She said officers will ask what you asked she'll say she was asked if she wanted help.

III.

Second morning we settle in, a demo crew pulverizes the home next door, built 1923. All residents except my family sing a song, in unison, unknown to us.

We accidentally laugh before the chorus, clap near the end purposely.

Multiple men and women recommend we move cities, states.

We memorize part of the avenue already, some of its regional national anthem. One line goes

*chicken can smile and gutted fish.* Stop sign poles driven too far into earth, octagon tops eye level -- directives to human beings walking.

Don't leave the carpool because we can't join. One line goes

*deer hunters don't buy meat so we better not see the new neighbors buy meat.*

A mother of children keeps promising us we mishear that verse.

87 voices chanting is memorable. Turkey can frown. That's nowhere in song.

# What's the Pointe?

*Caressa Cueneca*

That's all they saw  
The pointing of her feet  
Her posture  
Her form  
Her attire  
Her ability  
Physical aspects

Not who she was  
Or how she was  
Focusing  
On her pointe  
But whether her mind and future were  
"on point"

Hiding her pains  
Behind the curtain of her performance

Then  
Gone

All a blur  
In the background  
As she felt  
All of this  
In her life  
Had  
No  
point





Carolynn Ervin



## Darkness is My Light

*Sierra Allen*

The consumption of its absence eats at my roots'  
Light  
Its absence allows for my existence is what they say  
I have heard whispers that it has never touched me  
But all I see is light  
Pitch black, vast and blanketing my sky  
Light  
The moisture in my roots spreads into my arms  
Leaves they are called  
By the weird plants with flesh and fingers  
I continue to grow in black  
Light  
No weird plant tells me I'm beautiful  
Am I ugly because of my thorns?  
I take their names but I do not accept  
The despair in their words  
I suppose I need no validation  
I grow in black  
Light  
But light is white  
And whatever light shines on me  
I understand my own kind of beautiful





Anh Nguyen

## A Poem After W.C. Williams

*Chloe Lu*

I have suffered  
more than  
the salt  
you have eaten

and which  
you were probably  
wondering  
how.

Forgive me  
for the years  
of negligence,  
decisions, actions.

I must  
give up myself  
for a better  
tomorrow

for you.

# Matter

*David T.*

They will remember me, for I matter  
Justice cannot wait for political chatter  
I can lay here all day, it doesn't matter  
Though the rough road makes me sadder  
We are a part of Black Lives Matter

The police radio blares with the indistinct chatter  
Another brother or sister trying to fight the standard  
With a great war cry, as he or she rides in the saddle  
We all know it will be a hard fought battle  
We will make them hear that Black Lives Matter

We see on our TV and movies  
Of children holding up their hands saying "Don't shoot me"  
After all this time our parents passing on the yoke  
Since when did harming children become more common than telling a  
joke?  
We will make them see that Black Lives Matter

So as I lay here, lost in the sound  
I'm fighting for the answers that need to be found  
I feel that one day it will be well  
But we will remember this day, I can tell  
They will always remember that Black Lives Matter



# If I Grow Up

*Oliver Hewitt*

To be a reckless explosion  
To be my own person

In this silent world to  
Be a tambourine, cymbal crash

Never silent. To be caring  
And coping and teaching and

To be a net. To catch everyone who  
Falls. To be a father, corralling the

Broken-hearted into my arms.  
To be watercolor. Fluid and

Dripping down the page never  
Where expected but always

Where needed. To be a hollow  
Heart. Carved out veins to

Coax those who can't start their  
Own. To be. To be. To be.

To be alive.  
And never otherwise.



# Goddess

*Oliver Hewitt*

Seafoam black smothering stone suffocating sanctimonious prayers  
six seeds red stains seeds months seeds correlation beauty and  
godliness skylight what you done mine six moments six seafoam  
bubbling island helios hiding six moments moonlight moving  
starcrossed movements forbidden touches seafoam touches black  
stone good night gemstone moonstone starstone goodnight

## After Steinbeck's Cannery Row

*Matt Docalovich*

A breath in the hurried and busy world, a pause, a haven, a  
peaceful breath of fresh air, a roaring quiet, a fog-covered oasis  
with no end, a pit-stop, a life-time, a memoir-writing, panic-  
inducing setting that stretches for miles but is no bigger than  
a point or a pin or a cross-section that interstates dodge and is  
uninterrupted by light. This forest is grand, silent the trees  
watch, an oppressive and looming calm suffocating me into its  
oblivion, its vastness. It is a maze with a guide and a straight  
path with guidewire and never ending with edges. It is green  
and brown and red and blue and white and orange without color.  
It is a forest stretching to the heavens with roots in hell.

## Snow – A Fibonacci

*Tina Li*

The  
snow  
falling  
against the  
window, with a sheet  
of white, hot breath fogging onto  
the glass, puffing up into a circle then fading  
away, leaving no trace; her presence  
replaced by the everlasting cold.



# Go Back

*Trisha Gutierrez*

On my lips, diving off my tongue, go back  
to the straw hut right in my yard, go back  
and travel with the wheels of the cart of dirty ice cream.

Go back! They yell, you don't belong here!

As the tears roll down my face  
like my accent rolls off my tongue

I cannot speak out.

I've tried all my life to be like you,  
the epitome of beauty and culture.

More voices surround me. Go back!

They yell, some with masked accents like mine.

I step back, unable to move forward.

I try to listen to Catriona Pia telling me to be

confidently beautiful and I walk  
wearing lava, past the unison of voices  
criticizing my eyes, my food, my hair  
growing like mangos, falling from trees  
rolling down the rich, cultured soil  
like the tears falling again from my eyes.

I have finally learned to love myself  
and your words, I have silenced.

As I have now gone back to my roots.

# Well, Obviously

*Anh Nguyen*

What is my name?

Well, obviously it tastes like an orange peel, soured and honeyed.

On the page it likes to dance and sway to written rhythm  
and on the tip of someone's tongue, it balances, taut, still  
feeling farther as the letters jump from the edge

What are these numbers?

Well, obviously they are a multicolor-toned family.

When added canned laughter rises, subtracting the nerves  
multiplied by their sickened relations and divided by troupes.  
Their emotions quiver in the page, translated into metal plaque.

What are my classmates?

Well, obviously they are blue in hue, mixed in different  
vibrancies.

When together the individuality stings like needles on skin.

The purple pests can't mix with yellowed yawners;  
that is why we can't be friends.

What do you mean when you say the imagination is wild?

Well, obviously it's dull and docile, tasting of pencil shavings.

When you tell me I'm a child, active in imagery  
how should I respond?

Well, obviously

this is real. Well, obviously  
it's not being creative. Well, obviously, I'm right.

My name tastes like an orange peel.

# African Black Soap

*Ja'mia Threet*

A shea butter baby  
with cocoa butter roots  
head to toe in argan oil  
and clad in a honey suit  
protected by my ancestors  
with their castor oil hugs  
olive oil kisses  
and aloe vera love





# Mama Knows Best

*Nykiah Bradshaw*

Son, listen to Mama. This world is tough.  
When you leave this house,  
stand up straight,  
use your manners,  
and please take that durag off.

I don't need anyone thinking you're trouble.  
Now, when you leave practice come straight home.  
No extra stops.  
School and back home.  
I can't afford for you to end up being a hashtag.

Now, what do you do when a police officer stops you?  
Yes. You stop every muscle in your body, immediately.  
Hands out of your pockets.  
Stand up straight,  
and do whatever he tells you to do.

If he draws his weapon son what do you do?  
No. You do NOT record.  
You put your hands up.  
High enough so God himself can see your fingertips in Heaven,  
so that the stars can dance on your palms

Now, you ask, what if you're innocent?  
Baby, you're always guilty in their eyes.  
Your skin, as beautiful and black as it is, is a weapon in itself.  
Yes, I know it's confusing, and you may not understand,  
but son, listen to Mama.

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## Cupola Staff

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## Policy

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*The Cupola* features the writing, art, and photography of Granby High School students. *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, via email at [eedowe@nps.k12.va.us](mailto:eedowe@nps.k12.va.us), or may be given to *Cupola* staff members. The staff reserves the right to edit submissions, including art and photography, when necessary. After publication, rights revert to the author/artist. This year's edition will be the first to move mostly online, and it can be found on Granby's library homepage, including archived volumes.

## Colophon

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