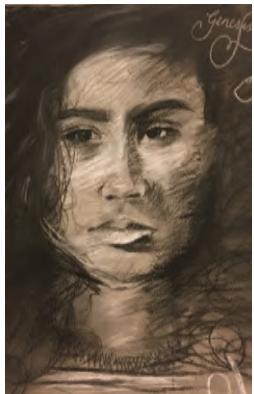


The Andrean '17





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AJS.

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“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”

—Maya Angelou, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*

Dear Readers,

We, the editors, love writing. We love the process of crafting stories and poems, from the explorative early stages to the fulfillment of finally proofreading. We love it all. What we love more, however, is having the opportunity to appreciate the literary work of our fellow St. Andreans.

The theme of this year's *Andrean* is self-portraiture. From drawing classes to public speaking, painting to theater, all of us at St. Andrew's honor the act of exploring the self through different forms of art. In editing this year's *Andrean*, we discovered that the student body lives in the art we create—and that each piece, both in this magazine, and in the halls of the school—reflects some part of the artist. In editing *The Andrean*, we had the privilege of delving into the unique experiences, memories, and emotions of students throughout the school. Our sports coaches have the popular saying of “leaving it all on the field.” With this year's *Andrean*, we've tried to recreate a similar environment for our artists to leave a bit of themselves in the artwork and writing they create. These bits of themselves are sassy, blunt, uplifting, solemn, relatable, and distant, but most of all, they are honest.

Amidst the chaos and clamor at St. Andrew's, we often do not have time to tell the stories that matter to us. These stories serve as the backbones to our characters, but we overlook them when we categorize and classify one another. Here, these untold stories have the chance to be heard. As a reader, we invite you to not only appreciate these portraits, but also compare them with your own. Find yourself in these pieces and immerse yourself in the world you've entered. They are dying to be read.

Love,
The Editors



A Penny

SAMANTHA MAYO '18

We've all seen enough movies to imagine what it should be like: the sad music dripping in the background, the perfectly eloquent words encapsulating every emotion of a lifetime together, the single tear on flawless faces, and the calm walk away from it all. It's like they knew. They always seemed to know. Know that it's their last. And it just irks you to your very core.

You remember your first funeral, your second, third. Each one equally unpredictable and unattainable in the spectrum of experiences and emotions. You were 7, 8, and 9. Grief was a foreign concept. But you understood movies, understood how it was 'supposed' to look. But you were never meant to be an actor. It might have been because you never even knew those people.

Your mother always thought you had a heart of stone; you never cried as a child at anything. But with age, things started to change. It might have started with the stone bunnies that your grandmother had given to you. They were a box set of three sizes, something that she said she found at the little supply store by the farm. You could imagine them sitting beside the gnome topiaries on the shelf, crammed in the corner in a store of metallic, cold tools. Instead of decorating your non-existent garden like fearsome protectors, they decorated your shelves. The three sat in a line from smallest to largest, each one smooth, stone grey guardian. They didn't mean anything, you didn't even give them names. But you were enamored by the silly little bunnies.

But one day, your brother found his way into your room and when you returned from Sarah's house, you found the little grey pieces shattered across the floor. You could almost imagine the tragic accident, see the exact spot of impact and how each piece was sent splintering and sliding across your creaking wooden floors. And suddenly, it was like an out of body experience. You felt your voice rising in your throat, tears welling out of your eyes as though someone, oh god someone, had finally found the faucet. You were furious. No, you were livid, filled with anger sitting like white coals in your stomach. How could they have been broken? These bunnies? They weren't your grandmother's last gifts. They didn't even have names. They were just stones. But it was something about the fact that they could never be mended, never be restored to the perfect sophisticated trio they once were. Like a child, with no concept of object permanence and who had lost their toy, your only solution was to bawl.

Years later, your family got a call in the early morning, before you were awake for school. In the early morning grey fog, a new colt had been born on the family farm. You and all of your cousins piled into the car and drove for two endless hours to see him the very same day, each and every one of you eager to fall in love. And once you saw him, you could barely believe it. He was the first colt you had ever seen in real life. He could barely stand, shaking on his spindly legs and nuzzling close to his mother. So gentle, his breath leaving its mark on the brisk morning air. His soft, orange fur like a shiny new penny was a stark light against the grey brush of the country around him. You desperately wanted to name him.

But you were cautious. You kept a list of each possibility, but from the moment he was born he remained nameless. You forced your parents to drive up on spare weekends and holidays just to see him. You even visited him for his first birthday, unable to believe how big he had gotten and already counting the days till you could finally start training him to be ridden. You remember looking at that little white shape (you think it was a star, but you just could never figure it out) on his forehead, where his fur spiraled together and the grains of sand collected. You liked to run your fingers through his short mane and figure out what that token blaze of white could be. Your dad was waiting for you in front of the barn. He wasn't interested in a nameless horse. He honked his horn. You knew he was getting impatient, but you couldn't look away from that little smudge, that little adorable smudge. Until you did. "See you next time." And that was it.

It wouldn't be until after exam week that your parents finally told you.

Broken leg, they said.

Nothing they could do, they said.

He just got somewhere he wasn't supposed to be, they said.

You didn't know what to do, what to think. The sheer concept of loss felt like someone had removed the coping formula from your brain entirely. You didn't even have a name for him, you thought. You had done everything right. You thought you weren't attached.

And yet all you can think about in the wake of that day is his name.

Empty

HANNA SOULATI '18

"the air swarmed with Catherines" —Emily Brontë, *'Wuthering Heights'*

It was November,
and the chills of winter
had already begun to creep into the cracks and corners
she'd once occupied

but the house hadn't forgotten—
he hadn't forgotten—
and the closets and drawers
and her spot on the piano bench remained,
empty—

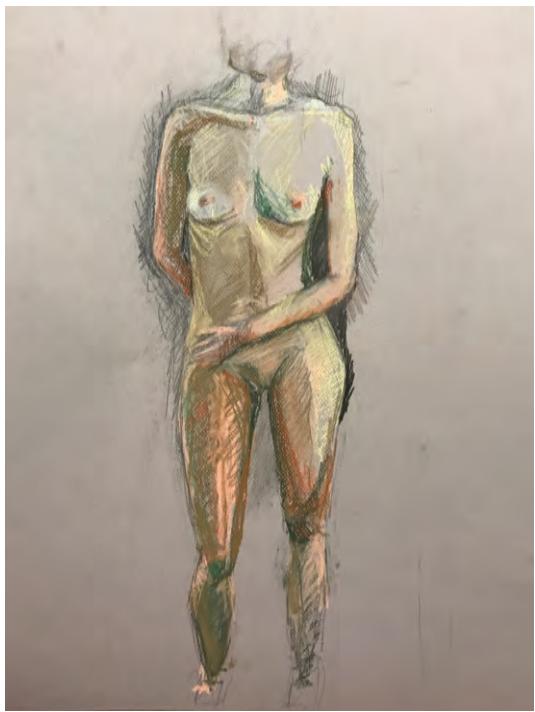
lifeless as the air
and his newly silenced tongue:
frozen by the absence of her name,
her cough, her dimples,
her smile.

but still, her pieces remained
faded but present in strands
of hair scribbled across a pillow
or her scent,

which even picked at
by the diligence of time
wove throughout the blankets and curtains
and him—

parting his lips,
his tongue thawed at the taste of it,

'Catherine,' he whispers,
he speaks her name.



SOPHIA CORDOVA '17

Delta

NAM NGUYEN '18

The waterway cuts
right through the heart
of small strings of huts,
each connected to a twin—
by a long clothesline
decorated with torn sheets, ruffled shirts.
Its spine arches towards the water,
teasing its shadow below.
I reach to feel but hold back—
my balance is weak.
And below,
the water weighs much more,
than what I sip.
As I reach down and steal a scoop
it grazes my hand.
Thick, dirty, dead.
Contaminated by lives
we don't care
to remember.
We plow onwards.
Wading through tides
and condensed fumes,
which linger still
from homes we took
and ones we built for ourselves
sometime last November.



DAVID KIM '17



CALEIGH JOHNSON '17

Tones of Red

ISABEL AUSTIN '18

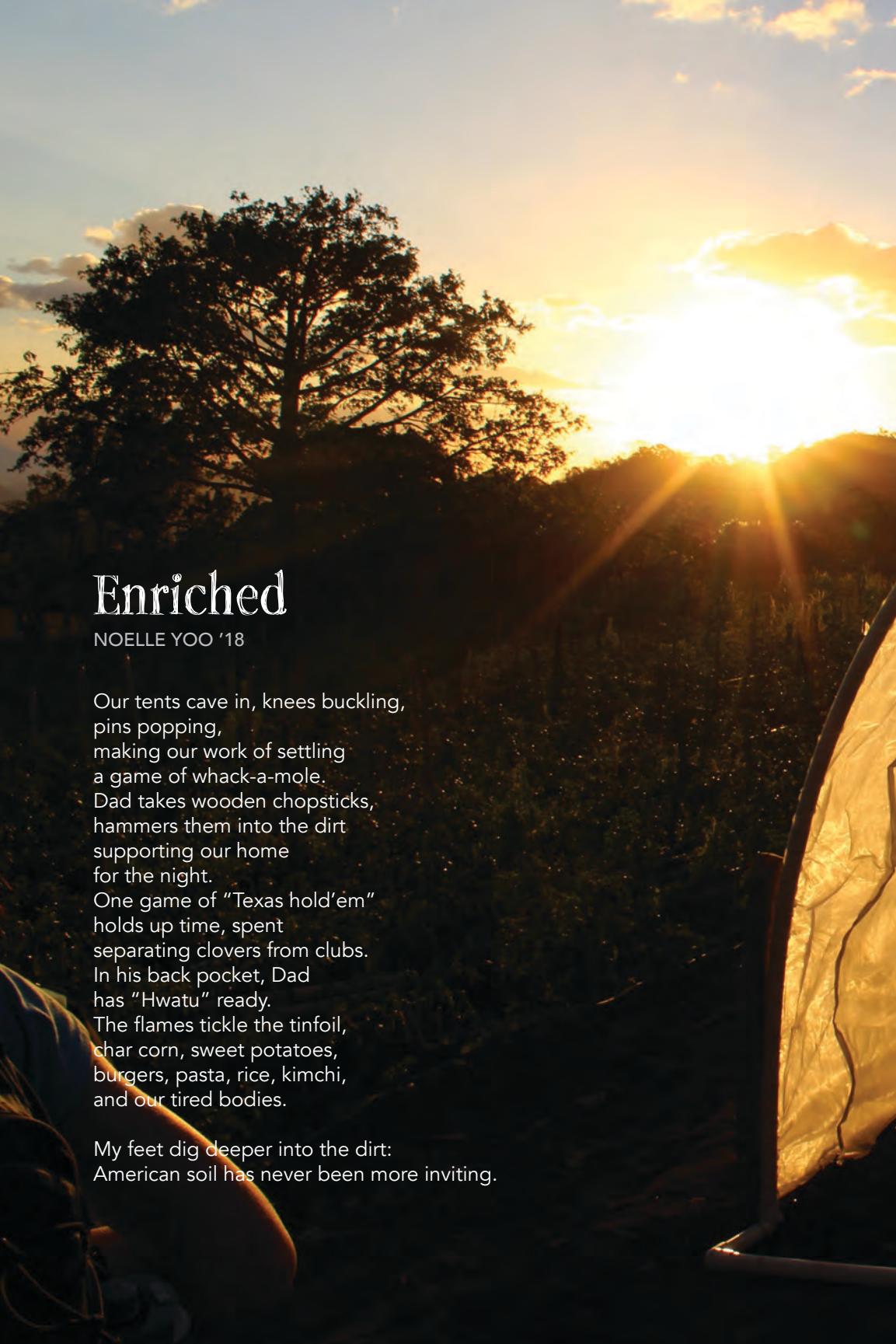
Although years ago, my childhood is a vivid rainbow of memory. I remember it in blurs of colors—the inky blue of an Egypt sky, the dusty orange of my driveway, the grey of my school uniform and the pinkish orange light that would spill through my window in the mornings and into my room. Most of all, however, I remember the faded red of my Enid Blyton novels. When I was a child my father, a cloud of orange laughter and yellow smiles, would read the

red books to me as his forehead creased in concentration. I can recall the blur of my brother and I, green with mischief, soaking up the glow of the books, until they seemed to manifest themselves within us, shades of red spilling out of the pages and into our fingertips.

After school, when I looked like a wilted dandelion, I would sit outside in the olive and peach garden and read my red books. The cloud of brown depletion would whirl away into a haze of sand, and the red of the books would replace it. An hour later, my brother would join me, and I would watch the same transformation occur in him. As our yawns morphed into euphoria, I remember feeling in awe of the novels. My mother would tell me that they were magic, a manifestation of enchantment, and I would believe her. As she stood in the kitchen and cooked, a fog of mahogany beauty and coral madness, I sounded the words out loud to her and she would help me bring them to life. The shades on the page would whirl in front of us, and I would read these colors until it was time for me to sleep and for the black of the night to swallow our house.

I tried to take these novels with me, from the orange of the desert to the green of the swamps, but they were too bulky to transport across the world. For months I sat at my new school missing Egypt and my mother, trying to recreate the memories of madness and magic and color, and failing to manifest the same intensity of shade and meaning. As soon as I graduated from the green swamps, I went to my next school, still searching for the shades that I missed from home, and still failing to find them. Four years later, having failed to cultivate the shades of red and orange that I missed from childhood, I returned to Egypt and extracted the books. I packed a suitcase full of watercolor paintings, the shades of my home, and red bound books. I returned to the States with the colors of my childhood and the magic of the red bound books tucked away in my pocket.

A blur of colors and feelings later, and I am a haze of sunset madness and joy. My daughter is wrapped up next to me, as green with mischief as I was at her age, and my youngest son is perched on my lap, grey with concentration. Their small hands grasp the red bound novels as I recite the story, bringing the words to life. As I glance down at the children, I can almost see a stream of red flowing from the book and into their fingertips.

A photograph of a large, leafy tree silhouetted against a vibrant sunset. The sun is low on the horizon, casting long, golden rays of light through the branches. The sky is a mix of warm orange, yellow, and blue hues with scattered clouds.

Enriched

NOELLE YOO '18

Our tents cave in, knees buckling,
pins popping,
making our work of settling
a game of whack-a-mole.

Dad takes wooden chopsticks,
hammers them into the dirt
supporting our home
for the night.

One game of "Texas hold'em"
holds up time, spent
separating clovers from clubs.

In his back pocket, Dad
has "Hwatu" ready.

The flames tickle the tinfoil,
char corn, sweet potatoes,
burgers, pasta, rice, kimchi,
and our tired bodies.

My feet dig deeper into the dirt:
American soil has never been more inviting.



SHAP MCCOY '19



SOPHIA CORDOVA '17

Norouz*

HANNA SOULATI '18

A serenity crawled
throughout the rooms of the house
and along her grandmother's withering tapestries:

clinging to the white walls
lined with droplets of humidity
as the girl remained

alone if not
for a bowl of figs—day old
but already darkening

with the threats of age
and time—
and the goldfish from Norouz

weeks later
left indefinitely circling
the perimeters of its confinements

But with a noise came
heat and pain
dancing across her skin

and into her eyes
as the roof of the house fell
open to the heavens

and the hum of planes
sliced the former quiet
of the clouds above

still, she opened her eyes to the darkness
but there was nothing

*Norouz—the name for Iranian new year

Rose Hill

ANNIE ROACH '18

Cool water, faintly warmed from the tentative August sun. Gleaming skin. Supple bodies gliding effortlessly beneath the surface. We are unstoppable, invincible, a school of shimmering minnows. Clay from the bottom of the lake paints our hands and feet, and the sand is a thin film over our skin. It clings to us all night, until it eventually rests on our sheets, where it will stay for years later, the only remaining evidence that we once existed here.

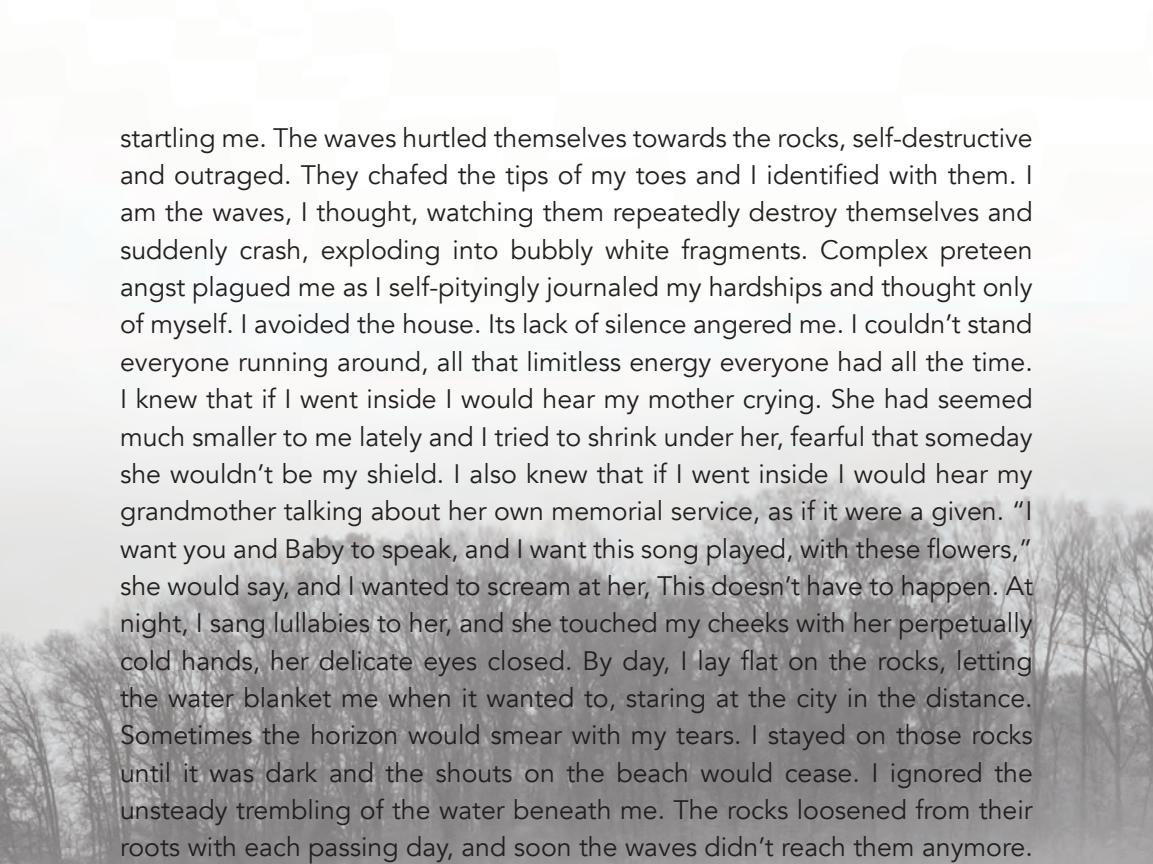
Our mothers, their silhouettes blending into one moonlit configuration, watch us from the shore. My grandmother watches too, the love in her eyes still invisible to us.

Our hair is knotted with seaweed as we emerge from the water, our throats burning from gasps of air we took underwater. We are made of the lake. Our mothers wrap us in beach towels and pat down our shivering bodies, numb from the unforgiving chill of a Canadian summer night. We begin walking back, carefully avoiding the sharp skeletons of washed-up fish. Seashells scraping our toughened toes. We are a crowd of three generations, our teeth chattering and our voices rising with eagerness to be home.



The house has light brown shingles, but the rest of it is painted varying shades of green. It sits atop a crooked hill, facing directly towards Lake Erie, and it is drenched with sand and children. My grandmother's father bought it during the Great Depression. Each summer, for the first two weeks of August, my cousins, aunts, and uncles piled in and somehow fit. Its structure is symmetrical: there is a huge living room, the center of the house, with blue and green chairs, and two sets of narrow stairs leading up to bedrooms with white walls. Right off the living room is my grandparents' room, always dimly lit, the only place in the house to avoid sunlight.

The house has a slamming, hostile screen door that made me cry once. My toe became stuck, the result of an overwhelming throng of excessively eager cousins. As usual, I had been trailing behind them, always the quietest cousin, the littlest, usually left behind. That was in the earlier days. In those summers—the summers of naive bliss—I caught toads, darted around barefoot, and collected sea glass to bring to my mom, being careful to avoid the sharp edges as I placed it in her hands, a token of love. In the later years, I climbed out on the rocks on cloudy days and watched the waves crash angrily, the sound



startling me. The waves hurtled themselves towards the rocks, self-destructive and outraged. They chafed the tips of my toes and I identified with them. I am the waves, I thought, watching them repeatedly destroy themselves and suddenly crash, exploding into bubbly white fragments. Complex preteen angst plagued me as I self-pityingly journaled my hardships and thought only of myself. I avoided the house. Its lack of silence angered me. I couldn't stand everyone running around, all that limitless energy everyone had all the time. I knew that if I went inside I would hear my mother crying. She had seemed much smaller to me lately and I tried to shrink under her, fearful that someday she wouldn't be my shield. I also knew that if I went inside I would hear my grandmother talking about her own memorial service, as if it were a given. "I want you and Baby to speak, and I want this song played, with these flowers," she would say, and I wanted to scream at her, This doesn't have to happen. At night, I sang lullabies to her, and she touched my cheeks with her perpetually cold hands, her delicate eyes closed. By day, I lay flat on the rocks, letting the water blanket me when it wanted to, staring at the city in the distance. Sometimes the horizon would smear with my tears. I stayed on those rocks until it was dark and the shouts on the beach would cease. I ignored the unsteady trembling of the water beneath me. The rocks loosened from their roots with each passing day, and soon the waves didn't reach them anymore.

>—@—<

2016.

Last summer I took a walk down that beach. No trespassing, the sign read at the opening. I walked through anyway, ignoring the needling question in my head: Is that what I am now? A trespasser?

Nothing was breathing. The water was grey. There were more dead fish than usual that I had to carefully step over, avoiding the sharpness of their scattered bones. The lake that had once been crowded with children and laughter was now completely empty. Abandoned sandcastles were strewn about randomly on the sand, crumbling from dryness. A sense of abandonment overtook me—the feeling that I'd abandoned something, but also that I'd been abandoned. As I stared at the motionless water, I searched for waves. No movement. No wind. No waves. Even I was stationary.

At least there was still that shitty old poodle still sprinting down the beach, who I'm positive is older than I am, older than my mother is. Fuzzy? Fozzy? I couldn't remember. My grandmother used to swat it away, arching her back away from her beach chair in her tankini and straw hat. Shoo. Shoo. A feeling of familiarity and lightness started to rise in my stomach. Good. My steps

became faster as I regained my youthful energy, a primal instinct on this beach. The houses were mostly the same too. That one house is still shaped like a pyramid. That one house is still yellow and beautiful in the sunlight. That one house—

No.

It's different.

I had closed my eyes for a few seconds before I reached the destination of the old house, squeezing my hands together. But as soon as I opened them, quickly, at first I didn't recognize it.

The paint had peeled off the front. The front porch was cluttered with toys and strollers and utter chaos—but not like the kind it had had years before. It looked dull. There was no happiness, sense of family, sense of love in what I saw. It's because you don't know these people, I tried to explain to myself. I'm sure they're great and loving too. Yet as I gazed vacantly at the barely recognizable version of my past, my words sounded stupid, an excuse. I kicked off my flip-flops and turned away from the house, towards the rocks that I had climbed on, jumped on, so many times. I channeled my twelve-year-old self and angrily trudged through them, gazing wistfully at that one final rock that I would always sit on and hate the world.

My feet weren't as tough now and the rocks were loose, unsteady. The grooves and sharpness of the rocks stabbed into my feet, and I clenched my teeth in pain. On one rock, I slipped and almost fell into the water, cutting my leg on a sharp corner. I longed for the agility of my younger self.

I didn't make it to that last rock. The water was too high now, the rocks too sharpened, the slightest touch causing them to tremble, as if shivering. I stood precariously on a slippery one towards the middle, legs drenched, shaking, the water flowing around me, seemingly rising and rising more quickly by the minute. I had the impression that I would drown if I didn't leave.

So I walked back to where I'd come from, avoiding eye contact with the house that was beckoning to me, saying, Come back. I'm yours.



GILLIAN SIMPLER '18

there you are

BELLE DALLAM '18

you're off to college next year,
following your dream,
leaving me and

that one new year when we used
scarves as shirts,
tutus as hats,
tablecloths for skirts

when time was close
we went to cut the limes

to ring in the new year
with zest

and i sliced my finger and
we missed the ball drop and

we dashed around the kitchen
with bloody limes and falling tutus and torn tablecloths

while your mother said i needed stitches

we were laughing.

new years have past
without any zest
to ring them in with

but the scar on my finger
is still here

and i hope wherever you go
i can find you there

with bloody limes and falling tutus.



True Religion

LYNDEN FAUSEY '17

My momma never like me very much. She always told me I wasn't a normal boy. She usta look at me, then look up at the sky like it had just started rainin' an' ask God why in hell she had gotten a daughter in a man's body. One time, when I was real little, I was playin' by myself in my swampy backyard, makin' mud pies an' decoratin' 'em with some nice dandelions, you know, playin' house except I was the momma. I put on one of my momma's dresses an' everythin'. But then she caught me. She said, "If you wanna act like a girl, imma make you a girl!" She grabbed me right quick with that death grip mothers get when they real mad an' took me inta our shanty. Dragged me all the way inta her room an' sat me down in the plastic chair in front of the mirror my daddy broke when my momma ducked under his fist. That was the last night I saw 'im. I think I made 'im mad. You know, with me bein' not normal an' all.



But, anyways, she sat me down an' grabbed all her pretty supplies: brushes, makeup, lotion, an' even the bow she wears for Mardi Gras. She got me all prettied up an' then held my face real close ta the mirror, so close it looked like I only had one eye instead of two. She said, "Is this what you want? Is this who you wanna be?" An' I said "No, I don't wanna have only one eye." An' that made her let go an' look real sad. I told her I was sorry, but she jus shook her head an' left the room. I looked in the mirror real hard after that ta try an' see what made my momma so sad, but I couldn't find anythin'. I wasn't ugly, I looked pretty with all my momma's stuff on. But then I got real mad cause I was too stupid ta figure out what was wrong. I tried ta rip out the bow but it was caught in my hair, an' then I tried ta get the make-up off but it jus rubbed all over my face an' made me look all black an' blue an' red. When I get real mad like that I start cryin', you know, like how a dog cries. My momma came back in an' told me ta shut up, ta suck my tears up an' put em inta my fists or somethin'. She said I was nothin' like my daddy, like my daddy was the best thing I could be.



She wasn't the only person who said I wasn't normal, everyone at school said I was crazy. You see, I'm six-foot-two, 350 pounds, an' I never played football. Every high school coach across swampy state of Louisiana—from New

Orleans ta Shreveport—came knockin' on my momma's door with different offers. Promises of car payments for our shitty Dodge ta house payments on our shanty of a house. Each time I said no, an' each time my momma beat me like a dirty rug. I had eyes that looked more like black-eyed peas for months. I always told people I didn't play 'cause I wasn't gonna go out on the field an' try an' hurt other people. That jus' didn't make no sense to me. I mean, they didn't do nothin' ta me. But I can tell you the real reason. See, I had a plan on how ta get outta my momma's house. I needed my hands for the plan, so if I hurt 'em durin' practice or somethin' my plan would go ta shit.



I remember the day my second grade class went ta one of the old-timey places. You know, the type where they all dress up like they from the 1600s an' talk like they from then too. Well, we went up ta this hut in the clearin' an' the day went from swelterin' ta hellish. There was a big man, dressed all the way up, sweatin' like a glass of iced tea in the middle of August, holdin' onto a long pipe. I asked 'im what he was doin' an' all he said was watch. So I did. He dipped the pipe (it's called a blow pipe. Imma expert now.) inta this red liquid (molten glass!) an' then, with his big, beefy hands, gently rolled the pipe around while blowin' inta it. The red dot began ta grow, becomin' somethin' outta nothin' like it was easy. The man made a vase out of that red dot at the end of his blow pipe, an' ever since my hands have been itchin' ta do the same.



I saved up money from doin' favors for the people in town so I could get enough for a bus ticket out ta Covington where the old-timey place was. When I got there I went up ta the tent with the guy doin' glassblowin' an' I asked 'im if I could help out. He looked at me real puzzled an', after awhile, told me he already had help. But, see, I was not about ta go back ta my momma's house so I started beggin'. I begged, "Please sir, this is all I got. This is all I ever wanted ta do." An' I told 'im the story I jus told you 'bout the class trip. He thought some more, jus' starin at me on the ground at his feet. Then he asked if I had a place ta stay. I told 'im no on account of I have no reason ta lie, but I told 'im that I could sleep in the tent if I hadta. He jus' shook his head an' smiled a lil. He said I could stay with 'im until I made my way. An' I said thanks real quick an' with a smile an' jumped right up an' hugged 'im. He asked me my name, so I asked 'im his an' he said his name was Martin.



Since then, all day every day, I been glassblowin'. Don't get me wrong, it can be dangerous sometimes. At first, that flamin' molten glass can make a man dumb. One day, I was tryin' ta blow glass by myself while Martin was usin' the bathroom. I fixed my eyes on that small bubble an' I blew an' blew an' blew an' blew an' I couldn't stop myself. My breath just kept comin'. An' the ball at the end of my blowin' pipe kept growin' an' growin' an' growin'. It started ta singe the hair of my legs an' I could feel the heat all around my body. It was prolly about ta burst when Martin came back an' stepped in, prolly saved my life. Martin was real mad, called me stupid for tryin' ta do it by myself. I started ta get real upset 'cause he reminded me of my momma. But Martin was different. See, when he saw the tears start floodin' out—I still hadn't learned how ta put the tears in my fists—he stopped yellin'. He didn't call me girly or odd or a coward. He said he was sorry. He came over an' put his hand on my shoulder an' said he was sorry. It was jus' scary an' dangerous, that was all. Then he asked me ta please not do that again an' so I never did anythin' at first without his permission.

>—•—<

I learned lots of stuff from Martin. For example, I learned that there are two types of glassblowers: Free-blowers an' mold-blowers. I like ta call 'em real glassblowers an' fake glassblowers. Now me, I'm the real artist. I do the free-blowin', which means I do everythin' on my own free will. Now I can make somethin' from nothin' all on my own. That's right, no help from no mold for me. Now the help Martin told me he already had, his name is Johnnie. I don't consider Johnnie a real glass blower. Johnnie don't count 'cause he only does mold-blowin'. He don't got the talent I got. He has ta rely on a mold ta get the right shape of the glass. What really helped me was what Martin told me. He said free-blowin' was like makin' love ta a fine woman, you had ta know where the curves were an' how ta show 'em off. You had ta be gentle but firm with your breath an' your touch. Now, I never been with a woman, but it seems like I have 'cause I'm jus' that good. But, I'm pretty sure Johnnie's never been with a woman cause he can't blow for shit.

>—•—<

Martin also told me about college. He said if I really wanted ta do glassblowin', I should go ta school for it. There are exactly fourteen schools that let you do glassblowin' as a major. I'm thinkin' that I'm gonna apply ta all of 'em. They're all over the place. There's one in New York, an' Wisconsin, an' Missouri, an' even Kentucky! Martin is helpin' me apply. He's teachin' me how ta write better an' take those really hard tests that take all day that colleges

think are important. The one I wanna go ta is in Florida. I don't wanna go there 'cause that school has the best program, I wanna go there 'cause I wanna be closer ta Martin.

>—•—<

I think Martin an' me got ta be such good friends 'cause of God. He said he took me in 'cause he thought it was what Jesus woulda done. He goes ta church every Sunday an' I started goin' along, too. I like hearin' the stories. My favorite is the one with Jesus an' the 5,000 people. He only had two fish an' five loaves of bread, an' somehow he made it so everybody had a little somethin' ta make 'em full. I think I like that story the best cause it's kinda what glassblowin' is ta me. I make big things outta little that make people feel good. An' as long as they feel good, I feel good.

>—•—<

See, I've been thinkin'. I've been thinkin' that I am nothin' like my daddy. No siree, I am more. My daddy broke mirrors an' chairs an' noses an' hearts with his hands an' his words. I make things with mine. My daddy makes nothin' outta everythin' while I make somethin' outta nothin'. I think I needed ta bring things inta this world 'cause my Daddy took so much outta it. Maybe my Daddy ate the 4,998 fish an' 4,995 loaves of bread so he could fill himself up. Maybe I'm like Jesus an' I'm jus' tryin' ta make the world a little fuller with what little I got. In glassblowin' I can mold things with my gentle hands an' my warm breath. Holdin' everythin' in the balance, breath not too hard or soft, my hands not too slow or fast. I create beauty out of danger an' ugly; somethin' outta nothin'. Ain't that how God created all of this? With the power ta mold anythin' with their breath an' their hands?



Train To South

DANIEL JANG '17

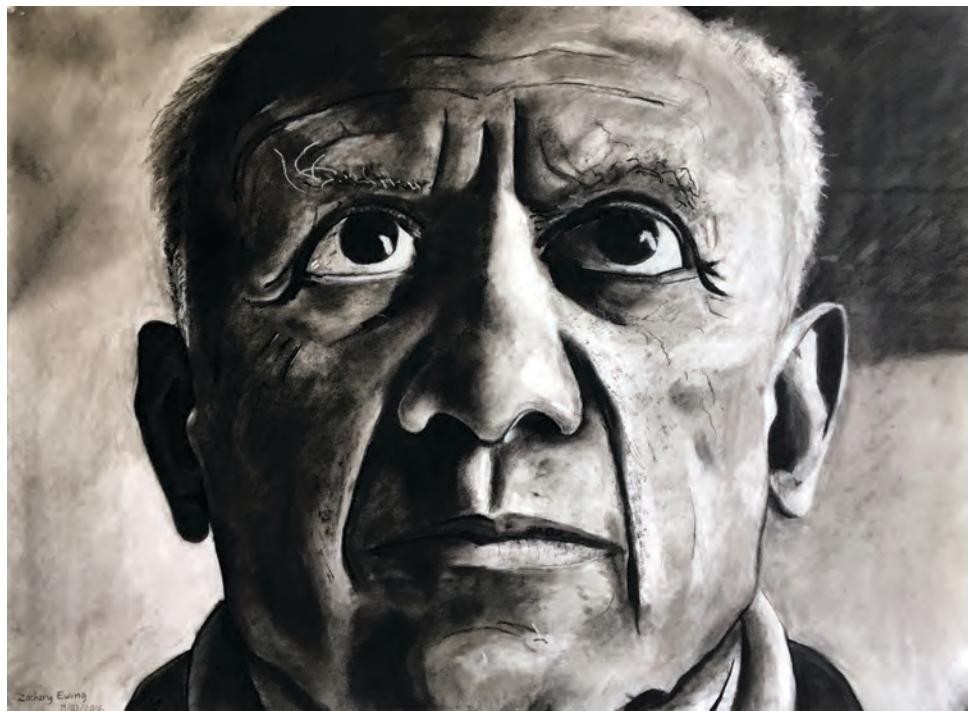
Train to south carries my body
my bones, hair, and blood vessels
woven with the skyscrapers

statues of technology economy
tourism democracy independence
energy infrastructure architecture

thins through the window and
sinks down as the train's nose
drills through the time of Busan

sixty years ago—
shrapnels of blood scent pierced
his nose stuffed with
dusts of bony children
gravel scorched
American tires rolled
carrying wraps of Hersheys
thrown to him
to stick on
ground.





ZACHARY EWING '18

My Grandfather, Forgetting

SANTIAGO BRUNET '18

My grandfather, forgetting,
creating and conceiving
his past and present
tales of forgotten glorious stories
no stable mind structure
no cure to understand
why his memories fly in and out,
swoop and soar,
but never behold or rest
on what was, for it will
never be.
His sole act
is a cracked memory.

How to Deactivate a Time Bomb

BILAL MORSI '19

The first day of school as a fresh first grader was possibly the best day of my life. I managed to sneak my DS out of my house on the first day of school and I felt like the coolest kid ever. I remember walking onto my school bus hearing people talking about the new Barbie kit and G.I. Joe action figures, but all I could think about was how lame those things were. A DS was the new big thing and that made me one of the happiest first graders alive. I was so absorbed in my DS that I didn't notice I sat at the back of bus in the seat with the old soggy sandwich near the window. The stench of three month old turkey and moldy bread couldn't distract me from playing the new Pokémon game on my DS. Unfortunately, the bus ride felt like it only lasted a couple seconds and in no time I was standing up sinking underneath the weight of my backpack.

As I entered my classroom, I tried to spot my teacher first. I had big circle glasses and I smiled whenever an adult glanced at me. After walking two steps into my classroom, I saw an old woman with a nametag that read Ms. Fry. Wrinkles buried her face and her rectangle shaped glasses made me miss my youthful kindergarten teacher. I hadn't ever truly been exposed to older people, so Ms. Fry was a new phenomenon for me. After seeing Ms. Fry, I realized I wanted something familiar, something safe. However, I didn't let my longing for a younger teacher ruin my perfect day. After a long, soulful sigh I walked to the front of the class, sat, crossed my fingers, and smiled because I needed to fulfill my role as the biggest nerd. We did the usual first grader "get to know each other's names" activity. I was the third person to go.

"Hi I'm Bilal and I love math and reading."

After two seconds Ms. Fry blurted out, "I'm gonna call you Bill."

I couldn't say no to the teacher. I didn't want to say no to the teacher. I was going to be Bill. She just changed a couple letters in my name to help her pronounce my name.

First grade was a blast. I had my DS. I had friends. I was happy. However parent teacher conferences brought about a challenge. When my dad returned home, he asked me why people call me Bill. I said, "Because my name is Bill." Bill was cool. Bill allowed me to hide behind a veil of whiteness. I could be normal. Bill was loved. Bill always won his Pokémon battles. Bill did well in school. Ms. Fry deactivated a time bomb that was waiting to blow.

Summer flew by after first grade because I basically wasted all my time on my scratched up, dirty DS. After completing all of my Pokémon games, I felt a void reopen within me. My DS allowed me to feel an ounce of satisfaction in my life. However, without the newness of my Pokémon games, I felt lost. I didn't know what could refill the aching void within me. On the first day of second grade, I was bored on the bus ride to school because all of my friends went to school in cars. I walked into class that morning and I didn't feel the usual excitement to see my teacher. I still sat in the front of the class but I simply wasn't happy anymore. My DS was basically useless. I felt a little content because my teacher was young and her name was Ms. Gordon.

After my teacher Ms. Gordon introduced herself, we went around the class to learn everyone's names. After three people, it was my turn to say my name. And for the first time in my life, I was afraid.

What do I say? What is my name? Questions overflowed and I felt the pressure of the veil of whiteness pulling against the race and religion of my family. I have to be Bill. I am Bill. I kept on lying to myself. I thought that if I kept telling myself that I was Bill, I would eventually become Bill. However, Bill never felt real to me. Bill was a tool I used for acceptance. Ms. Fry supplied me with the tool that seemed to protect me. However, Ms. Fry wasn't protecting me. Ms. Fry was silencing me. Ms. Fry wanted me to be Bill because she didn't want me to feel unsafe or uncomfortable. Ms. Fry silenced me for an entire school year, and I fell in love with her ritual. Ms. Fry told me to become Bill and I became Bill. She didn't have negative intentions. But she didn't allow me to choose who I wanted to be. She didn't let me experience the struggle of racism or prejudice that I might have experienced. She didn't allow me to challenge myself, instead she silenced me with a veil of whiteness. I still had no idea what to do so I just said the first thing that came to mind:

"Hi I'm Bilal and I love math and reading."



restrained magnetism

ANNIE ROACH '18

bottle your name
crescent eyes
round cold lips
golden sculpture of a nose and
smooth, uncracked hands
give you a gentle push into the ocean
(because i don't want to hurt you)
where you would glide
a shimmering vessel
a silver fish
beneath the surface

you'd circle back for a while
magnetic. (ouch)
but i'm getting better at this now—
don't come back.
i'll just shove you harder
(that's what you get)

finally, surrender
(thank you)
it sinks and shifts
beautiful, gradually fading into a speck
until i see nothing but vacant, unfeeling water
but i feel full
(bye)





ISABELLE TUVESEN '17

pieces

BELLE DALLAM '18

it was the softness of her laughter
the gentle patter of her toes kissing the floor
the silky sounds of her voice

it was how her thoughts fit his like a puzzle
the simplicity of her ways that affected him
the mildness of her mind

it was the piece that wouldn't fit
the complex conditions that came
the harsh haze of the darkness

it was the sharpness of the silence
the hit of the hardwood
the bitter taste of words.

Funeral

HANNA SOULATI '18

Your family is among the last to arrive at the ceremony, so it's not until everyone is seated that I spot you. Seated in one of the back rows, wedged tightly between the broad shoulders of your parents, you turn towards your mother as if not sure where else to look. Her attire is collected, makeup tactfully powdering her face, and she squeezes your hand gently with soft fingertips, carefully moisturized with the rosewater lotion whose scent she always carries. Your dad has one arm slung around the back of your chair and with his other hand, he places a reassuring pat on your knee. You look embarrassed by this overt display of affection, but I feel a pang in my stomach as I watch.

You shift in your seat a few times, uncomfortable in the hard white plastic of the rented folding chairs. It digs into my right rib as I turn to watch you. Catching my eye, you smile—not one with your teeth—but a smile created by stretching one's lips into a lop-sided crescent: awkward, almost painful.

Last time I saw you it was that sticky July Saturday when we went to the mall. I'd bought a soft pretzel and picked the salt off as I watched you try on the dresses in that expensive store because I hadn't brought enough money to participate. We laughed together when you couldn't pull the red one back over your head, panicked when my fingers stained the delicate silk of the pink one with grease. And later, when we found the black dress, we couldn't help but smile. It's straight silhouette—as I'd pointed out—made you look slim, almost womanly, almost sexy. It's this same dress that you've chosen to wear today, your hazel brown hair twisting into tight spiraling curls down your back.

The priest stands, asking us to bow our heads in prayer. I know you look up for a second to peek—we always had during these moments in school. You must watch me too, wonder why I've chosen to wear a white beach dress to my own father's funeral, wonder why I've left my nest of curls untamed rather than pulling them into braids like I usually do, wonder why I don't cry along with the rest of my family as the priest speaks.

He talks about my father as if he knew him. He says he was a strong man, a loving parent, a faithful husband, but that God gave him a sickness: one that didn't allow him to control his own mind or his sadness. I clench my fists, squeezing the air inside until all that's left is the beads of perspiration forming. I wonder if you notice.

After the ceremony, I wait with my family as people with tears glazing over their eyes approach us. They hug my mother, pat me on the shoulder in a way they must think is comforting. I want to ask them to stop crying, to tell them it was his fault, his choice to leave us. His choice to lodge this aching pain between the gaps of my ribcage.

You don't approach me until later. I've seen you wandering the crowd, trying to occupy yourself by talking in hushed voices to the few people you recognize. Your embrace is no longer familiar as you put your lips in my hair, whispering words into my ear. You say you're sorry. You say you're here for me. You say to come to you if I ever need to talk. You say this all, but we both know it won't happen.





Lead On

ADAM GELMAN '17

Flames clawing at fingertips,
A flowering fog of smoke fills the mind
The tongue lashes out in caustic criticism
Whipping the crowds into shape.

The strong man stands
At the head of a beast whose names
number in the millions.

Baptized by a bloody, angry fire,
The beast rises, happy and hungry,
Ready to feed itself

On suffering.
To nourish the mind,
With fury.

Alone it stands,
Hated by some,
Worshipped by others.
It lives and dies by fire.
Hiding and steering,
Cruel and unthinking,
Hiding in darkness,
Lead on.



WILDER BERL '19

Traitor

DIANA HONEY '19

The blue water felt cold on his feet, on his hands, on his legs, on every cut, scrape, and gash, on every wound still healing. He sank down deeper into the cool water, allowing his body to relax, allowing the knots in his neck and his back and his shoulders to slowly unravel. His friends told jokes, they discussed the latest soccer game. He laughed and smiled until his cheeks hurt. It felt good.

He laughed and talked with his friends. He saw his brother turn the corner of the street and run towards the pool. He rushed past the crumbling houses

and the chipping paint. Tears streamed down his face. "Brother," he said. "You need to come home, now." The tears streaming down his face, the hurt in his eyes, they told the story for him. They had been expecting this. They had tried to run away.

They had walked home in silence, and he didn't know what to say. He had watched his younger brother, wiped the glistening tears that always seemed to be streaming down his face. They stopped at a crosswalk, pulled each other into a tight embrace. They each pulled away and crossed the cracking street to the other side. He looked over his shoulder, checked if they were following. They could be anywhere, everywhere.

The paint on the bars on his windows was chipped. The glass windows were shattered, remnants scattered over the floor, beyond repair. The bars on the door had been bent. The door no longer opened with ease, it had to be shoved open. Inside, clothes were strewn everywhere. The couch was on its side. Bullet holes had torn through the photos, the closet doors, the bedsheets. It seemed everywhere he looked was the tiny holes, ripped fabric, lives shattered. Written in blood on the wall was the word "traitor."

He watched as his small body lay, sobbing, next to their father. The blood leaked from his father's side seeped into that small, white shirt. The more his brother cried, the more still he was. He stood in their doorway, unmoving. His world careened around him, the floor fell out from underneath him, he was cast into an infinite black hole. He drifted, floated, endlessly in space. Blood trickled down the small, white shirt, seeped into every fiber. He could not stand the stain. He scrubbed and scrubbed until his hands were raw, but every time the shirt dried, the brown, sticky color of blood stubbornly clung to the fabric. He could not get the memory of thick, trickling blood from that cotton.

Every day, he had silently cursed himself for not staying with his younger brother, for not protecting him from the hatred, from the realization that there was no such thing as hope anymore. He should have shielded him from their loss, stood in front of him and blocked his view of their father, the hot, sticky blood that seeped from his side. The maroon stains would forever be on his shirt, on their hearts. The image of him lying limp on the pavement permanently would be burned into their minds, their brand forever burned on his palms, their mark permanently slashed into his forearm. He should have protected him. Now, forever, each memory of his father is bathed in a filter of dark maroon, every smell is the scent of blood, and every happiness is warped until all he can see is his father's eyes.

Older Brother

PETER CHOI '17

You complied so readily
when I friended you on Facebook.
You were never like that,
always pensive
and impressionable
like paddy fields in the wind

How was high school, tough?
College gets better, depressing
the puerile worries
of a hometown moment
too slowly
passed.

Boarding school is not a prison,
and call Umma more often. She worries.
I am fine,
Just a phase is all.
I am Choi

I'm sorry I didn't friend you sooner—
I should have
many years ago,
long before Facebook.



CONCENTRATION

WATI

THE ANDREAN 2017 ♦ 43

My Name

LOGAN BROWN '19

You boy! What is your name?

I stare at the officer with squinted eyes and an open mouth.
My name? Is he talking about the one they tried to give me at birth and on
the papers that I have to carry around to get a job?

What was it? Logan Brown.
No he couldn't possibly be talking about that name.
It isn't mine.

Brown was the surname of those who tortured my ancestors
They were property with labels.
And I am no one's property.
And Logan.

According to my black friends it's too "white" for a black boy
and after doing a little digging they were right
it turns out the name Logan is Scottish
and last time I checked I wasn't Scottish

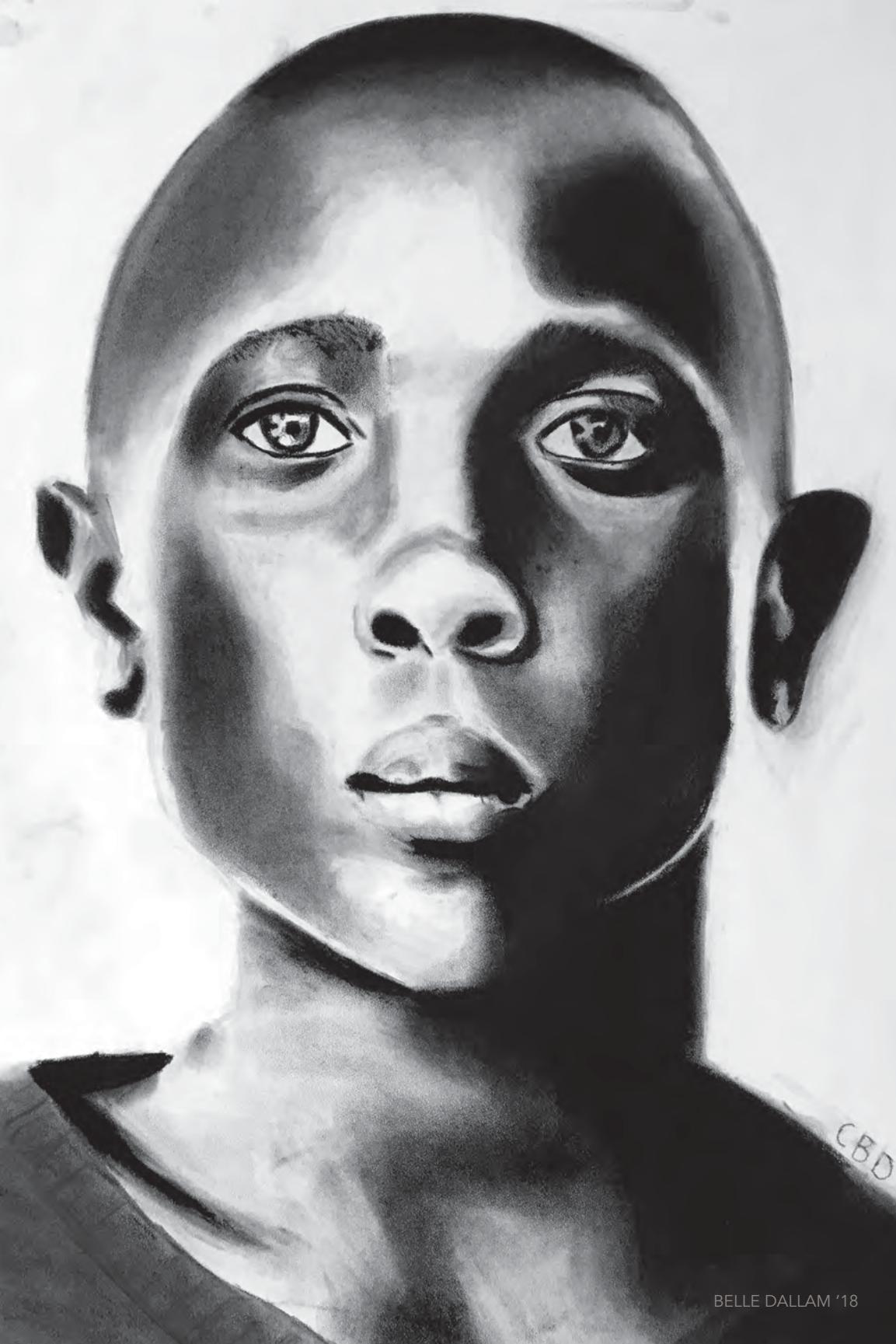
Would it be okay for a white person to adopt a name from an African culture
and call it their own?

The same rules apply to me, right?
I'm not white so I can't have a white name.
So what name can I have? What can I call mine?

Or was that stolen long ago as well?
So here I stand and there he stands
waiting for an answer with an agitated look on his face.

What he doesn't know is that my mind is exploring the beautiful, baffling
webs of human existence.

I have no time to have to deal with labels and identities that I can't own.
But, he was waiting for an answer and I had to give him one
So I said to him: "My name is Logan Brown."



BELLE DALLAM '18

Unknown

ALEC BARRETO '18

The waves
The tufts
The fluidity of still motion

The clarity
purity
grace

The effortlessness
and the perfect in the imperfect
Why can't my flaws mesmerise?

Light and shadow
Highlighting different corners of elysium
made flesh by platinum deities

Every shift a different morph
Each a different thread
In a tapestry of absolute repose

Dynamic or static
The difference in radiance
As from paint to dance

And yet unreachable,
Amassed across the styx
But there is always hope

Always a bridge
Always a leap of faith
Open for the brave to take

Whether Hades or Heaven await
Lies in fickleness of the heart
And that
is the ugliest beauty of all





SARAH PATON '17

The Infinity of A Yellow Star

DIANA HONEY '19

Clouds drift, stars glisten. Hanging beside her bed, a lantern glows, illuminating the attic room. Springs within a rigid bed creak beneath the girl. She shifts under thin sheets. Closing her eyes and willing herself to sleep, apprehension courses through her veins. Would tonight be the night they came for them? Her burdened eyelids drag her into darkness.

She dreams of them, of a time where happiness formed a bubble around their home. They skipped up their driveway, her lunch-pail swinging. The sunlight illuminated her skin, giving her a soft glow and warming every part of her body. The corners of her mouth stretched to the edges of her face, happiness flowed and filled her from head to toe. Her hand fits softly into her mother's. Music blared from the record player. She twirled and spun, around, around, around. They dance around the kitchen, dance until they tire. They become untethered, flying high, flying free above the things that fix them to the world. They are unconfined. They are infinite.

Her eyelids flutter, flitting open and closed. She takes in the dim room around her. There is a pounding of footsteps in her house next door. The sounds quake the Earth. The world surges. She is at the window. Moonlight illuminates the yellow star on her coat. Rain streams down the glass. Tears stream down her face. She presses her hands up against the cold glass. The girl wishes she could take his place. She wishes it was him watching from the safety of this attic window. She listens to the screams of her mother; squeezes her eyelids shut. Their boots pound the door she felt safe behind. The girl can almost taste her fear as they surround her mother, chain her; the one person she thought infinite. Her mother's weeping and the quiet sobbing of her father pierces her ears. They are lead down dimly lit stairs, through their disfigured kitchen, and out the broken door into the cold night. Through the window, the girl has a clear view of her brothers' room. Their boots pound fear onto the steps of her newly shattered home. He sits up, hugs the fraying sheets closer. She begs whatever God present, pleads with the universe to spare him. Her breathing accelerates. The world careens, it whirs around her. Nothing is constant anymore. The shuddering of floorboards resounds. He looks frantically for a place to hide. Tears stream down his face. Curls fall in front of his eyes. His whole body screams panic. She squeezes her eyes shut. The girl forces herself not to cry out. They break down his door. There is no

escape. No escape from the omnipresent hatred that comes with that yellow star, no escape from them. Slumping to the ground, tears tumble from her eyes. Her family is gone. They are all gone, and she is still rooted, fixed to this attic, staring at the ever-present reminder of the life she used to have. They are worlds apart, part of alternate realities. She will never see them again.

She slumps onto her bed, hides under the shelter of her pillow and her covers. She plunges her hand into her pocket, searching for a piece of paper, tearing at the edges. She removes it from her pocket, unfurls the paper, and reads the last words her father would say to her:

My girl,

Anything. You can do anything. You are kind, loving, compassionate. Your heart is breathtaking, stunning. You are infinite. You will change the world one day. I know it. You are the strongest person I know; you can do anything. I love you-until the very end.

Dad

Uncontrollably sobbing, she cradles herself, yearning to run anywhere, away from the confines of that attic. Her whole body quakes, she cannot stop the tears. Her wails fill up the world, her cry floods the air. Sorrow fills her to her core. Grief grips her soul, crushes it until all that's left is remnants of who she used to be. She sobs, hugs her chest. She weeps until her eyes gently close and her mind slows to a halt.

She was falling, falling, screaming with delight as the swing hurtled back towards the tree trunk. The sun warmed her, spread a glowing warmth across her whole body. She pumped her legs, laughing. His steady hands push against her back, sending her sailing towards that feeling of infinity you get at the top of the swing. She is suspended, hanging in the air, high above the grass beneath her. She soars back toward the ground. Her braids fly back behind her, she releases her hands from their grip on the chains. The butterflies swirl in her stomach, a jumble of nerves expands. The smell of the grass and trees fills her nose. She breathes a full breath, the smells that surround her fill her with the most radiant kind of happiness. It flowed within her, it filled her heart. It was infinite. She falls back to ground, to the steady, waiting arms of her father.

Jolts of noise. They grow nearer and nearer. The girl sits up. She hugs the sheets close. The sound of footfalls grows nearer. She buries herself. Her breathing accelerates. The world careens. Nothing is constant anymore. She

hears the shudder of wooden floorboards. It is the beginning of the end. Through the window, she takes one last longing gaze next door, at the place she will always call home.

They pound the door. The last place in the world she felt safe, gone. They are taking everything away from her. She can't fight. She can't scream. The fear is all-consuming. Each step seems to take years. Each footfall is ages apart. Their boots inch forward. The crash of a bombs resounds. Their heels hit the wooden attic floor. They reach their hands out. They come closer, closer. Gunshots ring out. She covers her eyes with her bedsheets. Covers her ears. They grab her hair. They pull. They drag her downstairs. Each stair sends a throbbing through her brain. She goes limp. Everything fades. Slowly, slowly, she slips. The world goes black. She is no longer dragged across the floor by a Nazi guard, but with her family, transported to a time where she was infinite.

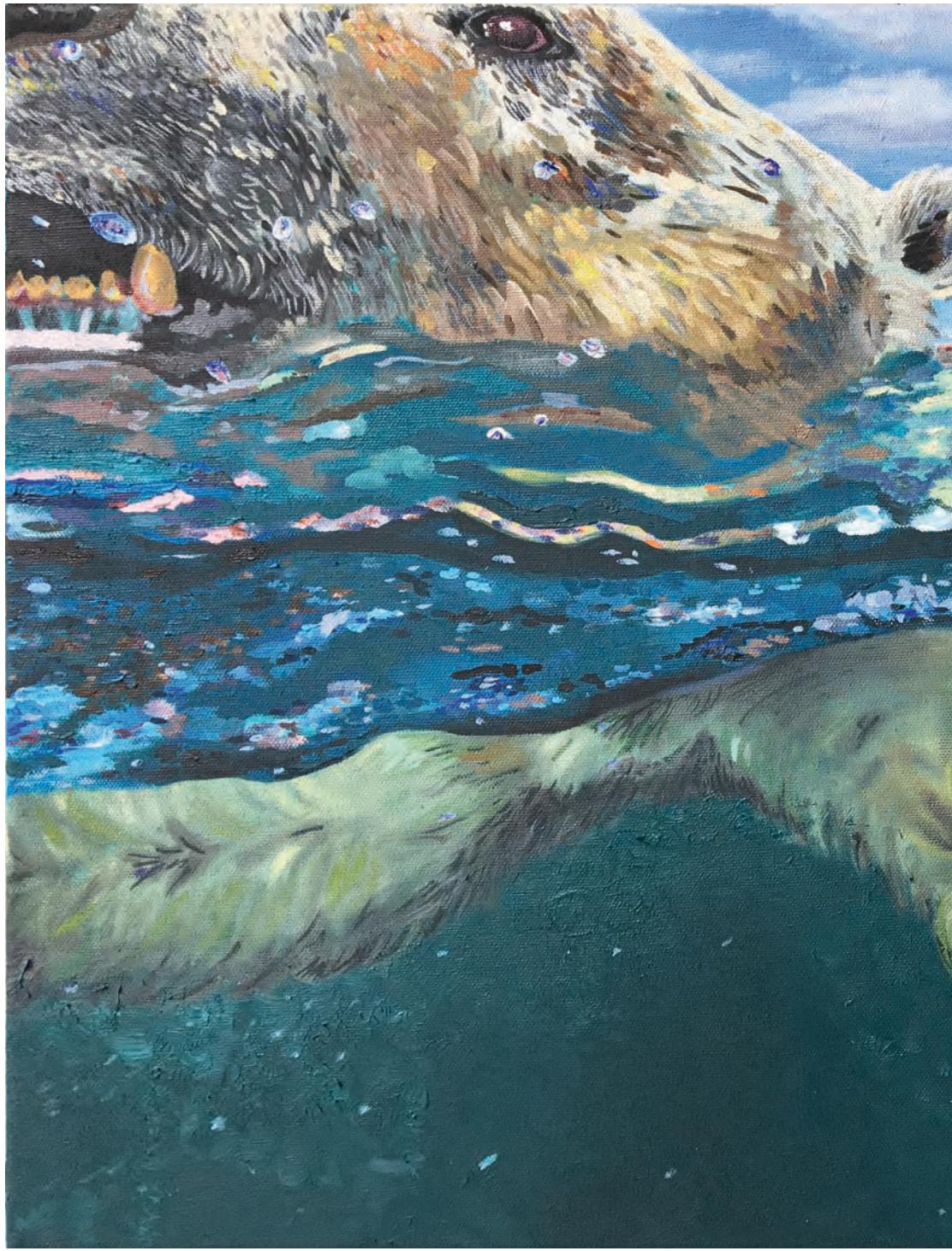
They stand in the doorway of their slowly collapsing home. She stares into her brother's eyes. They shimmer, the reflection of a cloudy sky on a rippling lake. She pulls him into a hug, wrapping him in her arms. She begs herself not to sob, not to make him sad. Her heart screams, her soul cries out. She can't handle this pain. She tears her eyes from his and instead stares at her backpack sitting at the door. She can't do it. She cannot leave her home, she cannot leave him. Give her any amount of suffering, any amount of hunger, just not this moment. Time speeds up, they are locked together, entangled, never separating. Time speeds up, she has to leave. The dam holding back her emotions bursts and she releases all the pain, all the anger, all the sadness she has been holding within herself. She sobs, tears fall from her eyes, her chest heaves, up, down, up, down. Everything careens around her, the formerly sturdy floor of her home falls underneath her. She grabs his hand, looks into his eyes. She locks this moment in infinity, the two of them, connected, together intertwined in love and pain and loss. They are fixed in that spot, fixed to their home, fixed to each other; they are fixed in that infinite moment. They make a silent oath: "I will never forget you." She leave her home, walks across the lawn and into the house next door.

Disembarking the train, the claustrophobia is staggering. The girl is manhandled forward by the crowd, prodded by the gun. The yellow star on her coat glows, contrasting the cloudy day around her. The girl is corralled by angry voices. She is surrounded by chaos; the world is careening, quaking, spiraling. She is unsure of who she is, who she stands beside. She is bombarded by angry words, glaring eyes, yellow stars. The grey sky looms overhead.

Guards swagger closer to the girl. She purses her lips and forces her gaze to her shoes. They push through the crowd to get to her.

>—•—<

Her head propels towards the earth, her neck stings from the hand of the guard. A throng boots surround her, a graceless fall is inevitable. She hits the dirt, an endless rush of feet storm over her. Helplessly sprawled on the ground, she sheds a single tear. She watches as his foot hurtles towards her, she watches it come closer, closer, until it collides. The crunch of bone is heard for miles. Words of stumble from her lips, pleading. She begs for the pain to end. He will never relent. She makes herself as small as possible, he seizes her arm and forces her upward, yanking until she is upright. Pain shoots through her shoulder; he makes a fist. She braces herself for impact. She is never ready. A fist collides with her stomach, shards of jagged rib send a web of pain that spreads through her body. Her legs fail and she crumples, helpless, to the ground. She has been beaten, battered. A vacuum of hope has come to define her existence. She can feel the soreness of each muscle as fists collide with it. She longs to shut her eyes and never open them again, to finally be released from the pain, the hatred, the loss. She has endured for much too long. Everything fades to black, and the darkness swirls around her. Her consciousness flickers and fizzles until she becomes unreachable. She feels the wind in her face, feels it rush past her cheeks. She can feel the swing underneath her as she the Earth careens. Her vision is a blur, the trees rush through her vision. She cries out in delight, feels the strong hands of her father make contact with her back. The rush of air blows her hair back as she falls toward the earth; she is back in the kitchen with her mother, dancing. Her hair flutters as she spins. The sun falls outside their window. They spin round and round, swing each other in circles. The kitchen blurs in front of her; she sees her brother's face, looks into his eyes. She sees him, in front of her, feels his hand slip into hers. In the limitless world of her dreams, they dance thorough fields of vibrant green grass and fragrant flowers. Glowing purple, blushing pink and electric yellow meld as they whirl around and around. They twirl and twirl until they are dizzy and the world spins around their feet. Whirling, whirling, whirling; she has become infinite.



KATHERINE GAO '18



XINYI

Black Woman

TRANSLATION OF FEMME NOIRE BY ADVANCED STUDY FRENCH STUDENTS:
THEODORA SIMONS '17, WILL TUNG '18, NOELLE YOO '18, CATHERINE AN '18,
KATHARINE MOORE '17, FRANCES MALLEY '19

Open Woman, Bold Woman

Wearing your color that is life, your form resembles that of beauty itself
My life unfolds and is sheltered by what you are; the tenderness of your
nature lays over my eyes
And even at the heart of summer in the south of the land of the colonizer, I
can still find you, the promising land, from one pass of the mountain to
another
Again and again, your beauty doesn't fail to strike me right in the heart, like
the flash of the majestic and bold Long-Crested Eagle.

Exposed Woman, Dark Woman

Ripe fruit of the firm flesh, dark rapture from black wine, mouth that compels
lyrics to flow from my mouth
Savanna at the new horizons, Savanna that trembles with the fervent caress
of the east wind
Clear codes from the sculpted drum, tight tamtam that rumbles under the
fingers of the victor
Your deep contralto is the spiritual song of the Beloved

Dark Woman, Tenebrous Woman

Oil that flows without hinderance, soothing athlete's sinews, through veins of
Malian Princes,
Gazelles merge with Heaven, pearls are stars on the night of your skin
Amusements of the Spirit, reflections of gold drain your shimmering skin
The shelter of your hair rids my anxiety of future suns in your eyes.

Naked woman, black woman

I sing of your beauty which passes, and fix your form into the Eternal
Before jealous destiny reduces you to ashes to feed life's roots.

Femme Noire

LÉOPOLD SÉDAR SENGHOR

Femme nue, femme noire
Vêtue de ta couleur qui est vie, de ta forme qui est beauté
J'ai grandi à ton ombre; la douceur de tes mains bandait mes yeux
Et voilà qu'au cœur de l'Eté et de Midi,
Je te découvre, Terre promise, du haut d'un haut col calciné
Et ta beauté me foudroie en plein cœur, comme l'éclair d'un aigle

Femme nue, femme obscure
Fruit mûr à la chair ferme, sombres extases du vin noir, bouche qui fais
lyrique ma bouche
Savane aux horizons purs, savane qui frémis aux caresses ferventes du Vent
d'Est
Tamtam sculpté, tamtam tendu qui gronde sous les doigts du vainqueur
Ta voix grave de contralto est le chant spirituel de l'Aimée

Femme noire, femme obscure
Huile que ne ride nul souffle, huile calme aux flancs de l'athlète, aux flancs
des princes du Mali
Gazelle aux attaches célestes, les perles sont étoiles sur la nuit de ta peau.
Délices des jeux de l'Esprit, les reflets de l'or ronge ta peau qui se moire
A l'ombre de ta chevelure, s'éclaire mon angoisse aux soleils prochains de
tes yeux.

Femme nue, femme noire
Je chante ta beauté qui passe, forme que je fixe dans l'Eternel
Avant que le destin jaloux ne te réduise en cendres pour nourrir les racines
de la vie.



SU BEE KIM '19

Náufrago

SANTIAGO BRUNET '18

¿Qué sé? Sé
lo que mi alma aguarda
lo que mi corazón desea
lo que yo siento ahora.

¿Qué siento? Siento
que mi cerebro se desgarra
que mi vida se balancea
que en mí una lucha se libera
que una sinrazón se pelea.

¿Qué quiero? Quiero
que alguien me oiga
que alguien me ayude
que alguien pare el avance
de esta endiablada locura.

¡Nadie!

Aquí, solo yo estoy.
Mi agua, mi sola compañera.
Aquí, yo ya nadie soy,
inefable
amor
a lo que era.

Oleaje.

Con rumbo y sin rumbo voy
solo floto y me hundo
solo sé y me confundo
como último día,

hoy.

Unusual Place

BEN HORGAN '19

Part 1:

This place seemed different, unlike any that the girl had rode her bike through. In this place the shadows seemed less dark and the walls were not as tall. In this place the girl felt she could ride on forever. She sat above the cracked ground on her brand new bike. Although she was only a few feet above the ground, she imagined herself flying through the sky looking down at the world. The world that she could overcome. Back and forth, back and forth she went not paying any attention to the fractured ground or impenetrable wall or consuming shadow.

The girl chose to ride through this area because she wanted to test the capabilities of her bike. The ground sat below a thin layer of dust, which formed a path or trail as the girl rode. Each time she looped around she strengthened the line she created. Each pass she felt stronger while being surrounded and trapped by instability.

While the girl was riding a boy approached. The boy turned away from the walls and looked at the girl. The girl paid little attention to the boy, not seeing the empty box in his hand. She rode on, and the boy followed mesmerized like a bug to a bright light. The girl kept her face forward looking at where she was going while the boy's eyes trailed to see which way the girl would go. "Could I try? I have never ridden one before," the boy asked enthusiastically but the girl passed, pretending not to hear. She paid little attention to this boy and quietly responded on her next lap around, "Maybe in a minute." She secretly hoped that the boy would forget his request but he did not. "It's been a minute," the boy announced in a proud tone but was ignored by the girl. So, he repeated himself, "Please, just one go." On the next loop, she slowed down and stepped down, forfeiting to his persistence and catching herself as she tripped over a crack in the ground. She guided the bike to the boy who looked as if he was staring up at a skyscraper from the ground. She stabilized the bike as he struggled to climb on, realizing that it was much too tall for his height. "I'll let you ride this bike once you get taller... not today," she responded, but the boy was persistent and saw an unused building block in a dark corner of this area. The block seemed to have fallen from the slowly crumbling building next to the road. He scurried over to grab it, then placed it down next to the bike and used it to increase his reach.



LIAN BOURRET '18

The boy climbed up, receiving some assistance from his new friend then asked, "Could you teach me?"

Part 2:

"Get out of the house! Stay away!" A foot slammed down, a hand punched down, a body pushed him down and down. "Stay away!" the same familiar voice screamed. He felt like he was stuck in an endless river rapid sending him down and down and down, leaving him with no control. His head ached, feelings numb, face emotionless, ground hard. He would usually get up and brush himself off, but this time he could not. Everytime he would brush himself off something intangible would stay, even his cleanest clothes felt dirty and heavy, he could never brush everything off. It became greater and greater and now held him down, like an anchor to a ship. He tried to get up like before but this time his legs shook and his knees gave out. He fell back down.

Behind the boy was the bolted shut door leading to his stepmother's house, his old home totally consumed with old, forgotten, pushed aside trash, dead plants, a beaten down car and deflated basketball. Behind him was his torn apart, suffering mother who never recovered from the loss of her husband. Behind him was his unstable life, his sufferings, his pain. Behind him was his previous life, in front of him was something different.

Outside the house, the boy caught a glimpse of a far off figure bounding over the ground, riding over trash and gliding by bottles and cigarettes while the sun shined brightly upon her. The boy put his hands on the ground and pushed up, as hard as he could. He rose up and stood with his feet planted in the torn apart shoes. He then trudged toward this distant figure. As he approached the girl, the boy put his hand up to shield the sun from blinding his eyes. The walls in this area did not stop the sun from shining over them. The walls that surrounded this area seemed smaller, the cracks in the ground seemed avoidable.

The boy slowed down and then stopped as he approached. She went around and around effortlessly turning to avoid the wall and easily riding over cracks. He imagined himself also riding above the ground. "Could I try?" he tentatively asked as she went by. He felt different in this unusual place, something seemed strange. The boy heard the girl energetically yell back as she flew by on her bike, "Maybe in a minute." Then the boy's eyes lit up. Only a minute, that is not very long he thought to himself. "It's been a minute!" he then said. "Please, just one go." And with that the girl slowed down then lowered herself from the bike and passed it to the boy. "Only for a moment,"

the girl said. The boy touched his hand to the bike, and immediately felt out of place. "I'll let you ride this bike once you get taller... not today," crushing his hope and opportunity of ever riding the bike. Like usual, the boy looked for a way to recover, a way to brush himself off after another time he was pushed down. He looked around and saw a block that would help him become taller and reach the seat. He grabbed the block and then carried it over to where the bike and girl were.

The girl stood next to the boy stabilizing the bike as he mounted on. He stepped up, then sat on the bike. Up on it, above the ground, this place seemed unreachable but for this moment he had reached it. He had never been on top, above the ground, never been so free but he needed the girl's help. Hoping that she would be willing to guide him, he asked the girl, "Could you teach me?" The girl responded, "Yes," and began pushing the bike. The boy gained some speed and began riding. The girl held him up, and pushed him forward, away from the towering wall, away from the cracked ground, away from the overtaking shadow. The light shined on them both and their color stood out in the dark, gray background. The girl never let go while the boy rode on.

GABI CONLON '18



Silent Recognition

ISABELLE MAUBOUSSIN '18

Listen
to the city flowing, rising
by your feet
drink in the fragility of a place
where you don't belong
understand the innocence of
the citizens
do not harm them
the ocean is their only home



Composing

SAMANTHA MAYO '18

To my sweetest and most
cherished love
[delete]

To you,
Who
I said I was always true
[delete]

You must see
my dearest Judy,
[delete]

That fateful day
Those dreary nights
[pause]

You never felt needed
to... feel—
[delete]

You knew me best.
So perhaps you already knew.

Loved,
Sal



SAMANTHA MAYO '18



Loved

RYANN SCHUTT '18

The 8am silence of an October morning is shattered by his old-fashioned alarm clock. Rolling over in bed Jake lays still for a few seconds more and listens to the constant buzzing sound. It was the consistency, the predictable next action and feeling that made him feel in control and calm—a feeling almost similar to when he was running, ball in hand, about to make a touchdown. Getting up he fumbles in the dark trying to locate the sound.

Throwing on his lucky number seven sweatshirt and grabbing the water bottle from his bedside table, Jake takes one last look around the room. Underneath a flimsy purple Burger King paper crown that reads, "Homecoming King," his eyes rest on one of the only pictures in the room. The pale yellow walls are a sharp contrast to the vibrant colors of the picture. Wearing the same goofy crown on his head and clutching the football that he had thrown in the last two seconds of the game, securing his high school's win over their rival team, in one hand, he gazes at his other arm wrapped around his, then, girlfriend. He remembers the way she used to look at him, the way she would wait patiently in the freezing cold long after the rest of the stadium had filed out, just to see and congratulate him—whether or not they had won. She looked heroic standing in the empty chairs wearing her favorite sweatshirt with "Saunders" across the back. He loved those few seconds, he loved her. He would run up the steps and pick her up, inhaling her scent of hot chocolate and Pink's "Clean and Fresh" body mist. Remembering their fight, and last night's conclusions, he pushes those memories away. He can't help but wonder where she is, though, and if what she told him was true.



Despite the fact that her mom's old car was stifling, she was frozen. Her nervous bouncing leg hits the car keys dangling underneath the wheel every couple of seconds. Where the consistency once made her calm, she couldn't focus anymore. Images of last night flashed through her head. Prying her sticky legs from the hot, worn-leather seat, she regretted wearing a flimsy purple sundress. It now clung to her already thin frame, highlighting parts of her body that she had tried to conceal for months. She was once not concerned about the way she looked, the way clothes fell on her stomach, but times had changed. Clutching the front of her dress in one hand, she walked across the



GILLIAN SIMPLER '18

parking lot with a painted look of confidence. Maybe if she looked confident, she would feel it too.

The waiting room smelled of long illegal chemicals. Stiff white fold up chairs, the kind her high school had rented for homecoming, lined the walls. Small tables seemed to be stuck between every few chairs, a few magazines, so mundane their purpose more for decoration than pleasure, were piled on top. Every couple of minutes the receptionist would bark mispronounced names, calling uncomfortable looking people up to the desk. With each clipboard she handed out, she always made sure to gesture with a slight motion of her hand toward the box of free condoms. The girl looked down at her own information sheet, and before she had finished filling it out, her name was called.

"Lilli Saunders?"

Dismissing the sinking feeling of the unknown, Lilli stood up. It was too late to turn around now. She gazed straight ahead in order to avoid the stares from the other teenage girls, and walked towards the woman at the desk.

In between biting her nails, the receptionist told her: "Straight through those doors, you'll see room number 7."

Trying to dismiss the way her lack of compassion reminded her of last night's conclusions, Lilli smiled at her and proceeded to timidly push the swinging doors open. Leaving the waiting room behind, she was confronted with a long hallway. Trying to be strong, she couldn't help but wish she wasn't alone.

>—•—<

Stopped at an intersection, Jake gazes out the window of his car. The clock on the bank across the street reads 9:05 am. Though he was supposed to meet his football team for breakfast at 8:45 am, he feels little urgency. A woman exiting the CVS adjacent to the bank catches his eye as the cars in front of him begin to speed up. With a distant look on her face, she clutches a plastic bag in one hand. In the other, she holds a phone and a pamphlet with what looked like a picture of a happy family on it. Though too far away to read the words, Jake feels his face grow hot. He didn't recognize her, but something about the way she clutched the flimsy bag as if she was depending on it for the support she lacked, and the way she seemed to have no idea how to proceed, all reminded him of Lilli. Attempting to cast away the growing feeling of claustrophobia, he rolls down his windows. Feeling the rush of the wind on his face, he felt a sudden urge to scream out the window. He wanted to scream at the passing houses, scream at himself in his rearview mirror, that he made a mistake.



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