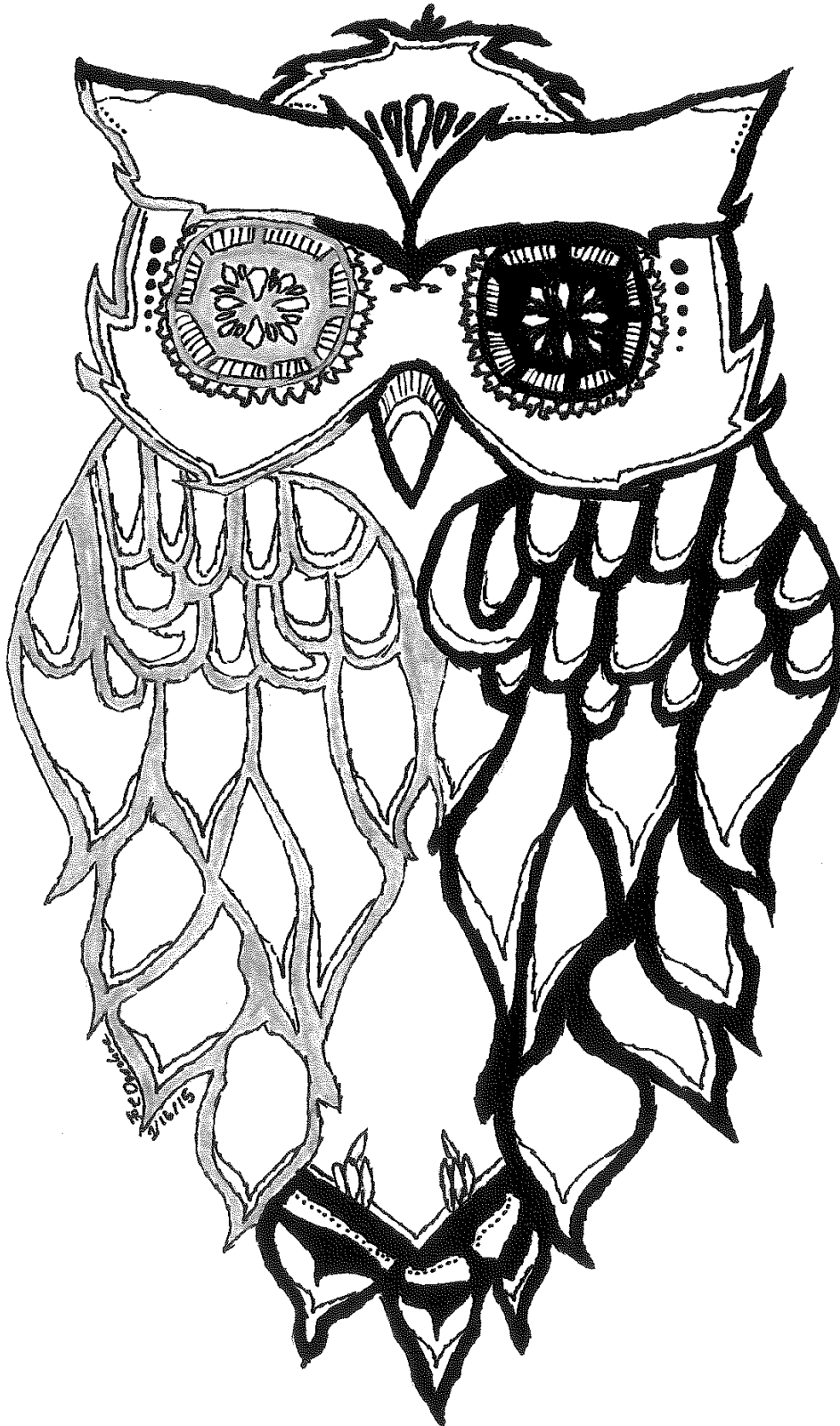


inklings



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Photo by Mark Berryman '15

El Papel

By: Sam Pham '15

El papel está vacío,
yo pienso sobre qué escribir
el lápiz fluye en el papel
escribiendo nada
sino palabras en el papel.
El papel está finalmente lleno de palabras
pero yo aún no sé sobre qué escribir
Yo quiero hablar sobre muchas cosas diferentes
pero decidí escribir sobre...
el papel

The Paper

The paper is blank
I think about what to write
the pencil flows on the paper
writing nothing but words
The paper is finally full of words
but I still do not know what to write
I want to talk about various things
but I decided to write about . . .
the paper.



Photo by Andrew Nguyen '15

Let's Spring into Spring!

By: Marc Vargas '18

Season of spring,
Makes you feel like a King,
There's no ending line!
To enjoy sunshine,
For spring is freedom and zeal
Thanks to God we kneel,
To go out and enjoy,
Being the bat boy!
No time for bums,
Only for bass drums
Pick the ripe plums,
Or play the drums,
Just do it!
Enjoy spring,
Just avoid the bee sting



Illustration by Timothy Nguyen '17

The Power of Literature By: Si-hyeon Kim '15

I had the privilege of attending a lecture by a famous award-winning Korean poet. He was questioned about why he became a poet. He answered that he chose the poet's life because he cherished the thought of the enriching experience of writing poetry, not just living a bland, monotonous life. He added that he was satisfied with his decision. As religion can provide inner peace and an enlightened outlook, literature can enrich perspectives in a unique way. Such being the case, literature is attractive to me.

Humans are mortal. Because of that, people desire to gain some sort of immortality. Many rich powerful people choose hereditary wealth and authority as their way to immortality. The North Korean government is an excellent example. The authoritarian Kim family's cupidity continues throughout generations. Unluckily, successions by offspring are invariably corrupted.

On the other hand, for artists, successions are achieved by their alter-ego, their works. The artists die one day, but their works remain as their legacies. Shakespeare wrote numerous masterpieces, and several centuries later, his spirit and ideas are still stimulating his audiences.

All classics are eternal. The artists ensure their immortality by their works, much like the Egyptian kings who constructed monuments to themselves. The body dies but the soul lasts. The endless interaction between literature and life, like a Möbius strip, is itself a monument to art.

The artists often put more importance on creating their masterpieces than sustaining their lives. As Eugene O'Neill, a Nobel Prize winner, wrote his last ultimate work *Long Day's Journey into Night*, he did not stop writing, even though he was grievously ill. As a result, even though the body of O'Neill decayed and disappeared, the self-portrait of O'Neill enjoys immortality in his works.

Literature is special. Literature is spiritual. That is why literature is appealing.



Photo by Johnny Yang '15

The Mouse on Murder Street

By: Roberto Silva '17

The unexpected storm prolonged the voyage. The night sky thundered and flashed over the raging sea. Numerous mice were aboard the ship, and Mac was one of them. Inside the ship, he was part of the train his six brothers had formed by clutching each others' tails. Being the smallest, youngest mouse, and the last one in the train, he let his curiosity lead him outside. Halfway through climbing a mast, he stopped and observed the hard working sailors. The weather calmed a bit, but the storm wasn't over yet. He spotted a sudden, giant wave smashing into the ship, and Mac stumbled off the mast. Several sailors turned toward the direction of a cry and saw Mac falling into the sea. Some sailors immediately took action. One of them took his shirt off and dived into the water. The other sailors searched the ship for rope. No matter how hard Mac tried to swim, he kept sinking. He gradually submerged until a sailor pulled him to the surface of the water. The sailor carried Mac up the rope, which the other sailors had thrown down. When they reached the deck of the ship, Mac's mother was awaiting them in tears. The sailor laid Mac on the ground and performed CPR. When Mac was revived, his mother came to his side, and they held each other tightly.

About two years had passed, and that was all that Mac remembered of that day. How could he have forgotten a terrible nightmare? His mother had told him that they were heading to a new colony of mice, where they lived now. The colony was beautiful; it was the dream of a mouse come to life. Fields were filled with crops, towns were filled with food, and happiness filled the small hearts of mice. Mac and his family lived on the outskirts of a town called Mayville, which was adjacent to the sea. They owned a couple acres of land and farmed for a living, as most mice did in the colony. Mac would help constantly, going to town for errands, sowing the fields with seeds, and cleaning the big country house. His older brothers would do harder chores, and his mom would do indoor work, such as taking care of her two new daughters. During winters, Mac and his siblings had the most free time. They would still work a little, but most of them would also go to school. Throughout the winters, there were ordinarily only a few centimeters of snow.

After a few prosperous months, everything changed. A tragedy befell Mac: he no longer had a father. Mac believed that his father perished during a voyage as the valiant Captain Marque, ironically like his father, Captain Morgan, before him. Marque was the one who provided the family with the big cash. Now, the family earned a sufficient amount of money with the help of the eldest brother who was a carpenter. Also, the town of Mayville had been predominantly peaceful, and wealthy, until the arrival of foreign criminals. They heard of the colony's fortune, specifically in Mayville, and chose to steal from the defenseless town, which lacked enforcers of the law. Now, whenever Mac had to go to town for errands, he had to be cautious and attentive at all times. The lives of the mice in Mayville, including Mac's family, gradually became miserable.

Even murders began to occur that winter, which scared mice all over town. Sometimes during an errand or a walk to school, Mac passed by a crime scene in town and observed the dead mouse being taken away for burial. The dead mice appeared to be from the colony, judging from their clothing. He had never seen a dead mouse, except in picture books. Each time he scrutinized a real dead mouse, Mac took heed of an aspect nobody else seemed to regard: every dead mouse he had seen had a familiar mark on one hand. He thought his father might have had the same mark, too. This caused Mac to become curious and investigate a little farther.

One cold day, Mac spoke to the lazy mayor of Mayville about beginning his own night watch organization, and he allowed Mac to organize and run the association. After receiving permission, Mac immediately set off to ask friends from school to join, and most of them accepted the invitation. The large group met after school and discussed night shifts, positions in town, and the different ways to report a crime, if any was spotted. After establishing all of this, the group finally became the Mayville Youth Night Watch.

Though the nights were hardly cold that winter, some snow usually fell, and Mac always kept his jacket on, which his father had given to him at an early age. Mac was stationed on top of a building, near the docks of the town. He turned his eyes to the dreadful sea, and a small chill ran down his back. Mac looked away and turned towards the relaxed town; no signs of activity were conveyed. He continued eating some seeds his mother had packed for him.

After several days, Mac began hearing about suspicious activities near the buildings closest to the docks. On his next shift, he kept watch over that area until he noticed a suspicious character. The mouse was knocking on the door of a lit building. Then the mouse entered, and a different mouse poked his head out, as if to confirm that nobody followed. Mac's curiosity stimulated him to skulk down the street towards the front of the building. Once there, he peeked through the window. Though the sight was blurry, due to the thin curtains on the other side, he saw three figures counting coins and laughing, while another figure admired the money. Mac hastened to the back of the building (which was very close to the docks), where another window was located. This window was ajar, so Mac took advantage of it and went inside. He silently crept through a couple of rooms until he reached the other mice. He eavesdropped and heard the mice speak about plans of a major bank heist and becoming filthy rich. With a few glimpses of each mouse, he inferred that they were foreign bandits from the way they dressed. He also caught a glimpse of casual, colonial clothes next to the money. After that, a quiet gasp escaped from Mac as he discerned something else: these thieves had the same marks the dead mice had.

Mac had also kept in mind that his father might have had the same mark. He couldn't, and wouldn't, believe that his father was possibly a thief. That's what these foreigners were: merely thieves. Since the dead mice had the same mark, the bandits couldn't have been the murderers. Mac figured that the mark represented which guild a thief belonged to. These thieves had simply disguised themselves as colonists. Could his father have been one of them?

Suddenly, the front door burst open. The masked figure that entered surprised each bandit with bullets from his pistols. The mice dropped dead, and Mac quickly hid and trembled underneath a table in a dark room. The concealed murderer passed Mac and went out the back door. There was no time to set off a signal to warn others, otherwise the murderer would get away. Mac was conflicted with the idea of following the murderer. He took deep breaths, relaxed himself, and began to follow the murderer, who was completely clothed from head to toe.

The murderer reloaded his weapons as he made his way to a departing ship. Mac couldn't let him get away, so he leapt onto some ropes that were hanging off the ship and followed the murderer's path. Once on the ship, Mac hid in a nearby empty barrel. For a moment, everything was quiet. Suddenly, a gunshot sounded from the captain's quarters, and the murderer fell through the doors and lay in agony. Seconds later, a sword was thrown onto him from the captain's quarters, and an elderly mouse came out with his sword. The old mouse had a mark on his hand. The crew members of the ship, who were beginning to surround the scene, also had the mark. The mask of the murderer slipped off, and Mac was shocked. He immediately took action and abandoned the barrel. He penetrated himself through a line of a few bandits, took hold of the sword on the floor, pointed it at the standing mouse and commanded him to back away from his father, Marque. The mouse simply laughed and asked Marque why he never spoke about his family, especially his sons. The old mouse said he deserved to know because, after all, he was the grandfather of his children. Again, Mac's jaw dropped to the floor.

“Don’t hurt my son, Morgan!” shouted the injured father.

“I won’t hurt him, but my men will,” said the grandfather as he put his sword away.

Just then, multiple bandits drew their swords as Captain Morgan went back into his quarters. One of them immediately clashed swords with Mac, who counterattacked and wounded the bandit in the leg. Another bandit ran towards Mac but fell as Mac sliced his leg, too. Two more bandits came forward and simultaneously fought with him. Meanwhile, Marque stood up and slipped out of sight to assist Mac with the bandits. Mac had taken down the two bandits and was about to fight more, but a group of gunpowder barrels in a net dropped on the rest of the bandits. Subsequently, Marque stepped into the moonlight and came into sight.

“We must leave the ship before the rest of the crew come out,” said Marque.

But his son asked, “You’re not going to ask how I got here?”

“Yes, but there’s no time to—”

“And why is Grandpa captain of this ship?” interjected Mac.

“I’ll explain everything afterwards. Are you ready to jump into the water?”

“What! Isn’t there another way? And what about your wound?” asked Mac in fear.

Marque smiled and said, “Don’t worry about my wound. It’s time to confront your fear.”

“No, I can’t do it!” cried Mac.

Marque continued, “Take courage! You’ve done plenty of mad things before. Heck, you’re on a pirate ship at this very moment! I’ve heard about your night watch group, and I’m guessing you heard the gunshots and followed me onto the ship.”

At that moment, loud footsteps rushed on deck and Captain Morgan reappeared.

“Time to go,” said Marque, who immediately grabbed his son and jumped off the ship.

In mid-air, Marque shot a barrel of gunpowder with his gun. A chain of barrels exploded and incinerated everything on the ship. Mac braced himself and splashed into cool water with his father.

“I used to be captain of that crew, as you might have suspected from the faded mark on my hand. The crew desired this town’s fortune, but I kept them away. Eventually, greed conquered their minds. A mutiny occurred, and it was led by your grandpa, who was also part of the crew. He was never the good guy I told tales about. He yearned to become wealthy. He refused to care if family was the price for wealth. They left me stranded on a deserted island, but I managed to escape. I’ll tell you that story some other time. Since they began degenerating this town, I had no choice but to eradicate the bandits from existence. That might sound immoral, but trust me: they deserved it. They were coercing mice throughout town to face poverty and starvation. Though, I couldn’t have saved the town alone. Thank God you came along. We would’ve been dead if it wasn’t for your courageous act of facing even your worst fear: you swam well. I wouldn’t have expected you to be a hero. I suppose a great accomplishment may come from someone with even the smallest confidence. You’re growing up... fall asleep now, detective Mac.”



One More Mile By: Charles Luke '15

"Bet!" I said, grabbing Andrew's hand and shaking it firmly.

"T-minus 35 minutes" he said, looking at his watch. I walked back to my cube and looked over my pack one last time. Spring break was about to start. In my mind, I reviewed our bet; I had to walk from the Hill back home in as little time as possible without walking along any road. At the same time, Andrew would ride his bike to Sheboygan, get off at the marina and sail his yacht back to Chicago. The stakes were high; the first person to arrive at their destination would have the first overall pick in the 2015 Editorial Draft, the process for selecting the yearbook and Hilltopics editors for the following year.

I felt very confident about our bet; the distance I had to travel was a mere 35 miles. It was going to be nothing compared to the 110 mile trek I had completed only two years earlier. Andrew, as I figured, could not make it home in less than 48 hours. I planned to tackle my entire trip in one day and put an end to the contest as soon as possible. Our time-synched GPS watches would allow us to see who arrived at their destination first. I placed my hand on my pack and felt the weight, 25 pounds. Approximately 15 of those pounds were water. I threw the pack on my shoulders, turned and walked out of my cube.

Thirty minutes later, Andrew and I met in front of the chapel. It was almost time to go. Seconds ticked away. Andrew spun the chain on his bike. I drew a deep breath. Finally, one o'clock, it was time to go. We shook hands. Andrew hopped on his bike and peddled away. I shouldered my pack and followed him. I was underway. It was a beautiful, warm day for the middle of April in Wisconsin. I had a map and a compass in my bag since our agreement did not allow me to walk along Highway 23. I was very confident. As far as I was concerned, Andrew had no chance.

I started down Bertha, the giant sloping hill, toward the JV soccer field. As I cut across the grass, I felt my shoes sink, ever so slightly, into the soggy field. I was slightly annoyed, but my annoyance only grew when I found that I could not navigate through the swamp as I had planned. The rain of previous weeks had turned what had once been a perpetual soft spot into a small lake. I turned east and decided to move straight towards Kohler. I was unfamiliar with the land, but my supreme confidence erased any doubt from my mind that I would not be able to find my way.

I cut my way across hills and farm fields. I was probably trespassing. Actually, I knew I was trespassing, but Andrew had said something about how he had paid off all the local law enforcement for our contest. All I needed to worry about now was angry farmers with shotguns. I walked for three hours nonstop. My water supply was fine and everything was going according to plan. I stopped to eat under a tall tree, oak, I think, but I wasn't sure. A steady wind was blowing from the north and I was forced to take out the jacket I had stashed in my bag. I looked at my GPS watch. Andrew was already in Sheboygan. I had to keep moving.

The wind kept blowing and storm clouds appeared on the horizon. I quickened my pace and pulled my jacket tighter around me. I began to realize much of Wisconsin was nothing but farm field and forest. Rain began to fall as I reached a thick clump of trees; I was four hours into my trip. I decided to see how bad the storm would be and if I needed to wait it out or not. The rain poured down in torrents and I moved to the densest part of the thicket, to stay as dry as possible. It rained for hours. Finally, at about eight o'clock I was able to resume my journey. The fields were all mud and I had to struggle simply to walk across open land. My confidence was turning rapidly into misery and dejection.

I finally got a stroke of good luck when I reached the edge of Plymouth after another hour. I was able to move off the fields and walk along the Old Plank Road Trail. This trail was not a road so my walking on it was not cheating. It was really a paved sidewalk that stretched from Plymouth past Kohler and I could be home in just two more hours. I got my confidence back and set off at a rapid pace down the trail as the sun's last rays disappeared behind me. I had to walk the rest of the way in the dark, still fighting the bitter north wind. Cars glided past me swiftly along the highway, and I checked off mile after mile. I reached Sheboygan Falls. I could feel my heart racing as I walked faster and faster down the trail. All of a sudden, I heard a sharp beep. I realized it was my watch, and before I could even pull it up to meet my eyes, my heart sank to the bottom of my shoes. Somehow, somehow, Andrew had pulled off the victory. I sat down in the middle of the trail and stared at the GPS display on my watch.

I had been close; I came within a mile of reaching home. However, the same wind that had hindered me had pushed Andrew's yacht south in record time. I had learned my lesson, nature can always change your plans and no win can ever be counted ahead of time. Fortunately for me, when Andrew and I saw each other a week later, he was his usual humble self and didn't flaunt his victory. Or, if he did I don't remember.



Photo by Johnny Yang '15

He With the Whip – A Reflection on Romeo & Juliet

By: Mike Perez '17

How powerful is love?

Can it be measured

In numbers

Or intensity?

Could it overpower

A person, a horse, or a mountain?

Is it more powerful than a long-standing feud

That Fate itself drives forward with no intent of stopping?

Will it be able to force two souls that are meant to repel

To attract?

Will a happy ending be in order?

The answer is sad.

There is no happy ending.

The souls attract, but at a cost.

Fate and its Starry Whip,

Breaks Love in two.

Love may overpower

Man, Beast, and Earth.

But for how long?

Love could be measured.

But on who's scale?

However, it does not matter.

For Love

In all its ignorant, blissful happiness

Will never be a match

For He who

Drives With the Whip



Photo by Mark Berryman '15

Baseball

By: Mark Berryman '15

i wake up in the morning to go practice my swing
you should already know that baseball is my thing
working out and swing off the tee
ouch! i got stung by a bee
time to put on my uniform
now i have to leave dorm
all dressed and ready to go
Mr. Bartel says "yo"
time to go out onto the mound
the ball in my hand is nice and round
i throw the first pitch
out of the corner of my eye i see a man in the ditch
smack! the ball is hit with the bat
hits me in the face just like that
i hit the ground because of the ball
everybody says "look at him fall"
what do you expect
after all it is baseball.

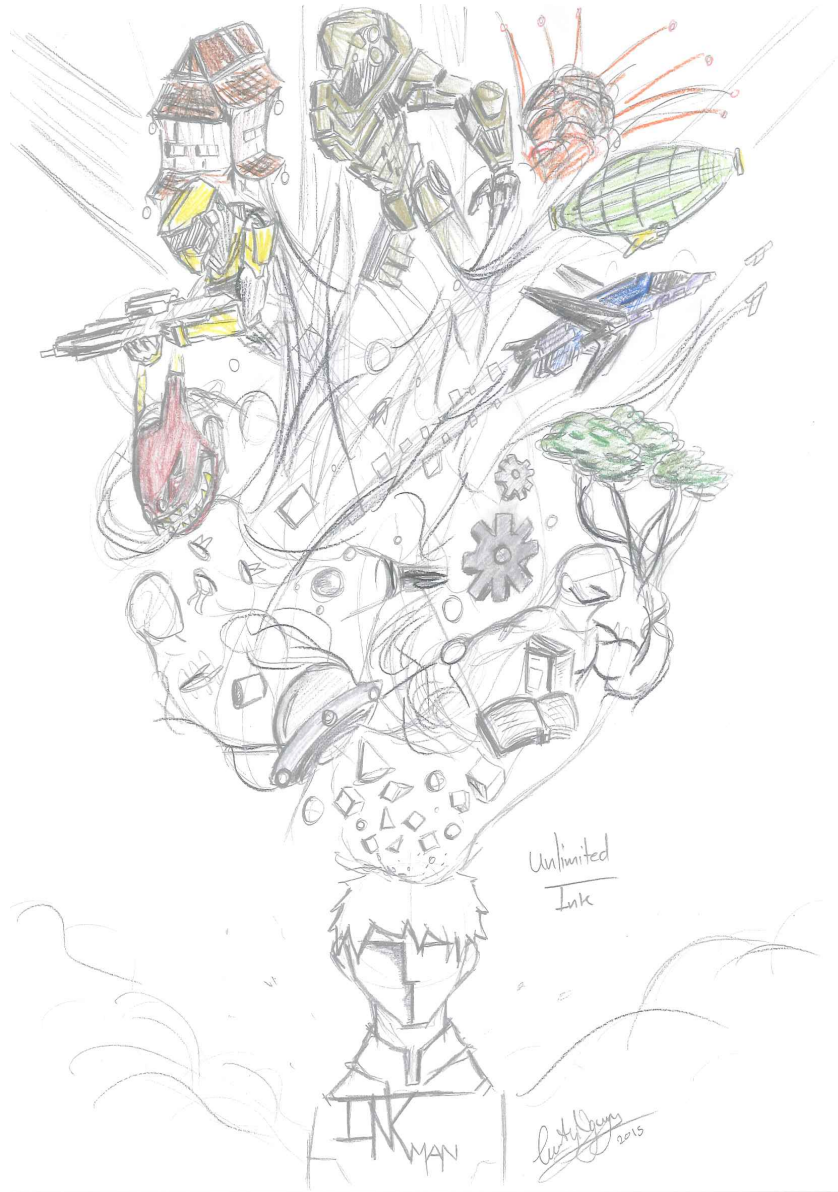


Illustration by Timothy Nguyen '17

The Lonesome Dragon Meets a Companion

By: Marc Vargas '18

The Majestic Dragon was the loneliest of all, until he found a companion.....
He knew of no other dragon he could talk to and was usually alone.

The Dragon was never really around his species,

Not being around other dragons, he missed out on a lot in the Kingdom.

It didn't like being alone much,

The two Kingdoms were like the dragons,

Often having conflicts between each other.

The Dragon was on the search for peace and love.

But he never found anyone that would love him.

The lonesome Dragon was never satisfied,

But one day something lovely happened.

He met the most loving dragon

He was stargazed by her.

The Dragon's wish was granted

He found true love

Not lonely

But

Happy.

The Kingdom was at once united

Together the two Dragons lived happily ever after!

Peace and harmony spread through both Kingdoms

The Majestic Dragon was the loneliest of all, until he found a companion.....

Imagination.

By: John Noel Santiago '15

"I love you"
"I love you too..."
She fit perfectly in my arms,
I could feel her hair, soft upon my face.
The sunrise had been the second most beautiful thing I had seen that day.
I couldn't picture myself anywhere else.
She held my hand, and at that point, I felt connected to her.
Music was playing in my head.
She gave music a reason.
I felt whole at that point, and time was obsolete.
I knew she had been looking past my eyes.
"I'm sorry." she said.
I just smiled at her, and she smiled back.
The stars were almost completely faded,
I looked up
and wished this moment would never end.
I knew it was something the world couldn't promise,
But I felt that it was the only good thing it had to offer me.

Imagination

By: Timothy Nguyen '17

It's an eternal stream
of ideas
dreams, plans, inklings, hints
It flows forever
like an infinite
endless vector
of Creativity
and Invention

Until,
Something ruptures in it
a disturbance in the stream
it breaks, and erupts
as it spews
its contents
as ideas emerge,
A Person
who blocked the
stream, absorbs its
products

As the leaking
imaginary stream
Plants itself,
deep in the mind
where it is translated
deciphered in a
mind of logic, and
faith

A glimpse
a spark
a vision
is seen
then it is released
free from the mind
where it begins to spread
its roots again
into a different world
As the stolen ideas
settle
in the cracks
of paper and ink
The stream continues
Boundless
Endless
until another mind
interferes with eternal
imagination.



Photo by Mark Berryman '15

En estas tierras yo nací
By: Danny Rico-Sánchez '16

En estas tierras yo nací
sin un amigo junto a mí.
En estas tierras me encontré,
me encontré y me ilusioné.
Con una pelota en mis pies
me puse a pensar y a soñar.
Soñé un sueño muy bonito
y nunca jamás me lo olvidé.
En un estadio grande y hermoso
con zacate verde, tan precioso,
había millones de personas
todo alrededor.
Y sin darme cuenta,
estuve junto a mis ídolos.
Y sin pensar me puse a jugar
un juego de fútbol profesional.
Aquí fue, aquí jugué, y hasta anoté
uno y dos, y ahí iba el tres.
Pero sonó la campana y me desperté,
solo para saber que este sueño
no era realidad.
Me puse triste de verdad.
Me daban ganas de llorar.
Y a la distancia vi un mar,
que me inspiró a practicar.
En estas tierras practiqué, trabajé y trabajé
día y noche sin parar, hasta que no pudiera
más... hasta que ese sueño se hiciera realidad.
En estas tierras yo soñé, practiqué,
y me inspiré.
De estas tierras y el mar no me
olvidaré.
Y así fue, como mis sueños
capturé.

In These Lands I was Born

In these lands I was born
without a friend next to me.
In these lands I found myself,
I found and inspired myself.
With a soccer ball at my feet,
I began to think and to dream.
I dreamt a wonderful dream
and I never ever forgot it.
In a grand and beautiful stadium
with green, precious grass,
there were millions of people
all around.
And without realizing,
I was among my idols.
Without thinking I began to play
a professional soccer game.
Here it was, here I played,
I even scored one and two goals,
and the third was on its way.
But the bell rang
and I woke up only to know
that this dream was no reality.
I became very sad.
Felt the need to shed a tear.
But at a distance I saw a sea.
A sea that inspired me.
In these lands I practiced, I worked and worked
day and night without rest until I couldn't anymore...
until this dream became a reality.
In these lands I dreamt, I practiced, and I was inspired.
From these lands and the sea,
I will not forget.
And that is how
I captured my dreams.

Photo by Charles Luke '15



Saint Lawrence Seminary
By: John Zampino '17

Students who
Are
Individually
Never ceasing to annoy
Their teachers

Latin scholars
Are learning
What to do when
Recalling the
Everyday life of the
Never-ending life (until he died) of
Caesar just like in sophomore
English

Students who are
Every day complaining when
Mr. Bartel
Is inspecting the
Never fully clean
Always a little dirty
Roomy cubes in
Yonder Saint Anthony Hall

Photo by Johnny Vang '15



Photo by Aedan Tsakanikas '18

Anger and Apathy

By: John Noel Santiago '15

Apathy.
That's what you feel.
Actually.
No.
You don't feel anything
That's why it's called
Apathy.

You lost me.
Completely.
Consigned to Oblivion.
Cast aside.
This is what.
You are.

Bewildered.
That's Me.
Never thought you'd
Do such a deed.
But I assumed wrongly.

My eyes turn Black.
Disgust.
All I can see
In you.
Nothing more.

Void.
I can't see you.
Not anymore at least.
We would have ventured
the darkness together.
But I'm all alone.
In this.
Void.

Anger.
It kicks in.
It's red flames,
lighting up my void
to its peak.

Hatred.
Anger's side effect.
infects my mind and soul.
And it turned me Corrupt.

Left.
I'm left like this.
Dead.
In anger
In hatred
In apathy.

Tangled in my abhorrence.
I fall into an endless gorge.
Ripping apart my Soul
Every inch I fall.
Tearing me down.
Until I am nothing but
Anger and Apathy.

Limerick

By: Connor McCabe '15

There once was a man from up high
He really wanted to die
He had a lady
And then had a baby
Now he really wants to cry.

Haiku

By: Connor McCabe '15

The daisy is small
It really looks like a weed
Extirpate the weed.



Photo by Beom Kim '15

Trueless honesty

By: John Noel Santiago '15

Words have been harsh to me for a long time...
And I couldn't ask why because I knew that there was no answer...
No answer to why I'm here,
No answer to what I'm made to do.

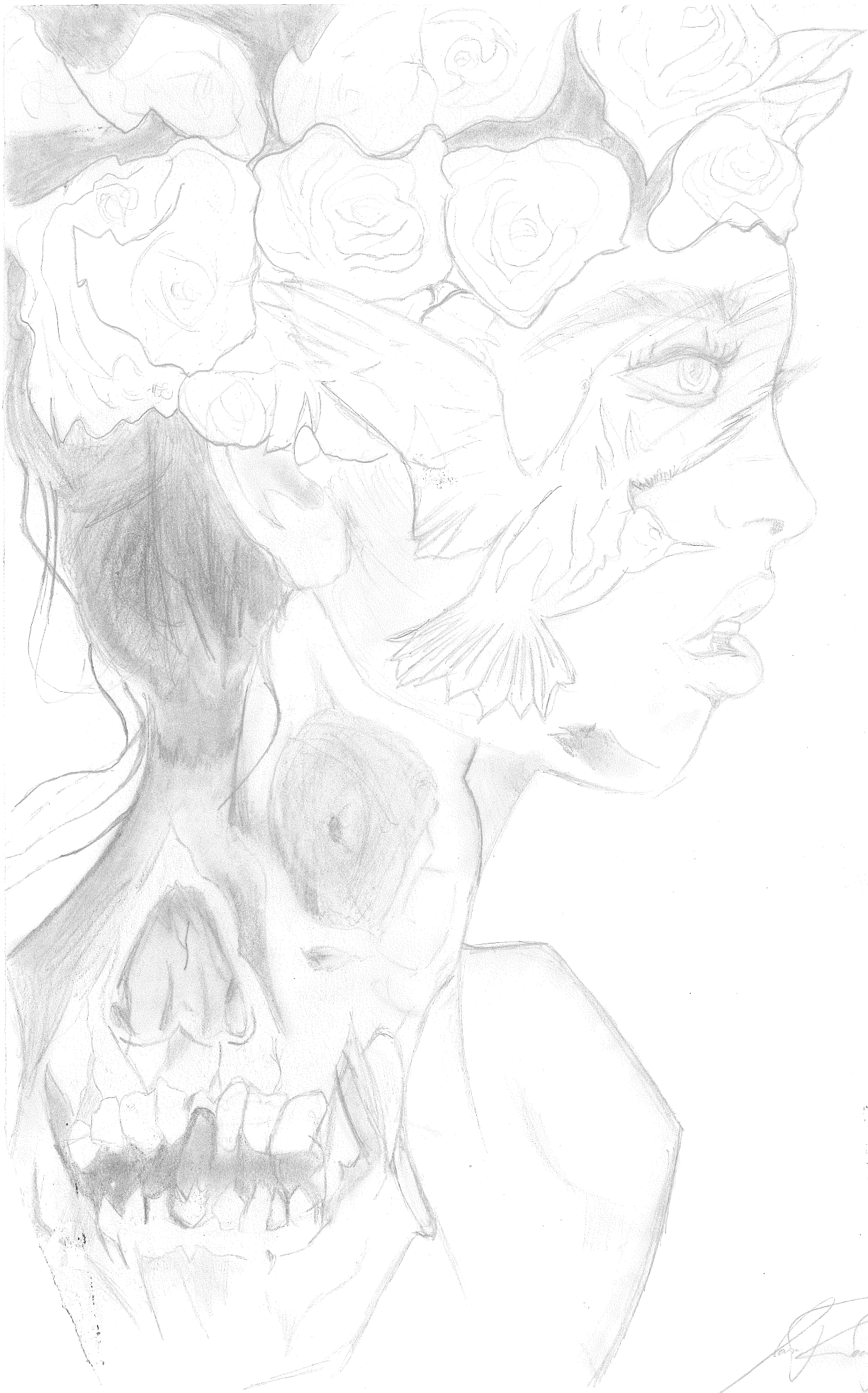
Because honesty has been a lie this whole time...
And happiness being its partner,
And having me being able to say I'm happy is the most honest thing I could say now...
But what about tomorrow?

Yesterday?
Its trueless...
And Words could stay aside because I know trueless isn't a word.
But who is to say what happens?
No one...
No one ever had the right to bend truths to lies.
And lies to reality.
And reality to humanity...
Because in the end,

It's just going to be us crying.
It's always been people just crying in the beginning...
Present.
and Future...
And we should take advantage of this,
What's happening now.
That's why it's called the present,
Because it's a gift for us to live another day with a smile or a frown...
Happy or down.
It's honesty,
And even with honesty twisted...
With everything else lost in the depths of our lies...
We can still find a few scraps of words to fit the puzzle
But know this in the end...
That the puzzle always fits to be you...
Because life is a Trueless honesty,
If that even made sense....



Photo by Charles Luke '15



Handwritten signature