



LOOSE

LEAF

**PITTSFIELD MIDDLE HIGH SCHOOL
ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE**



**VOLUME 3
SPRING 2015**

Mr. Mitchell and Mrs. Wellington would like to thank those who put energy and time into the magazine this year—with special thanks to Norm Tuttle for printing these beautiful books.

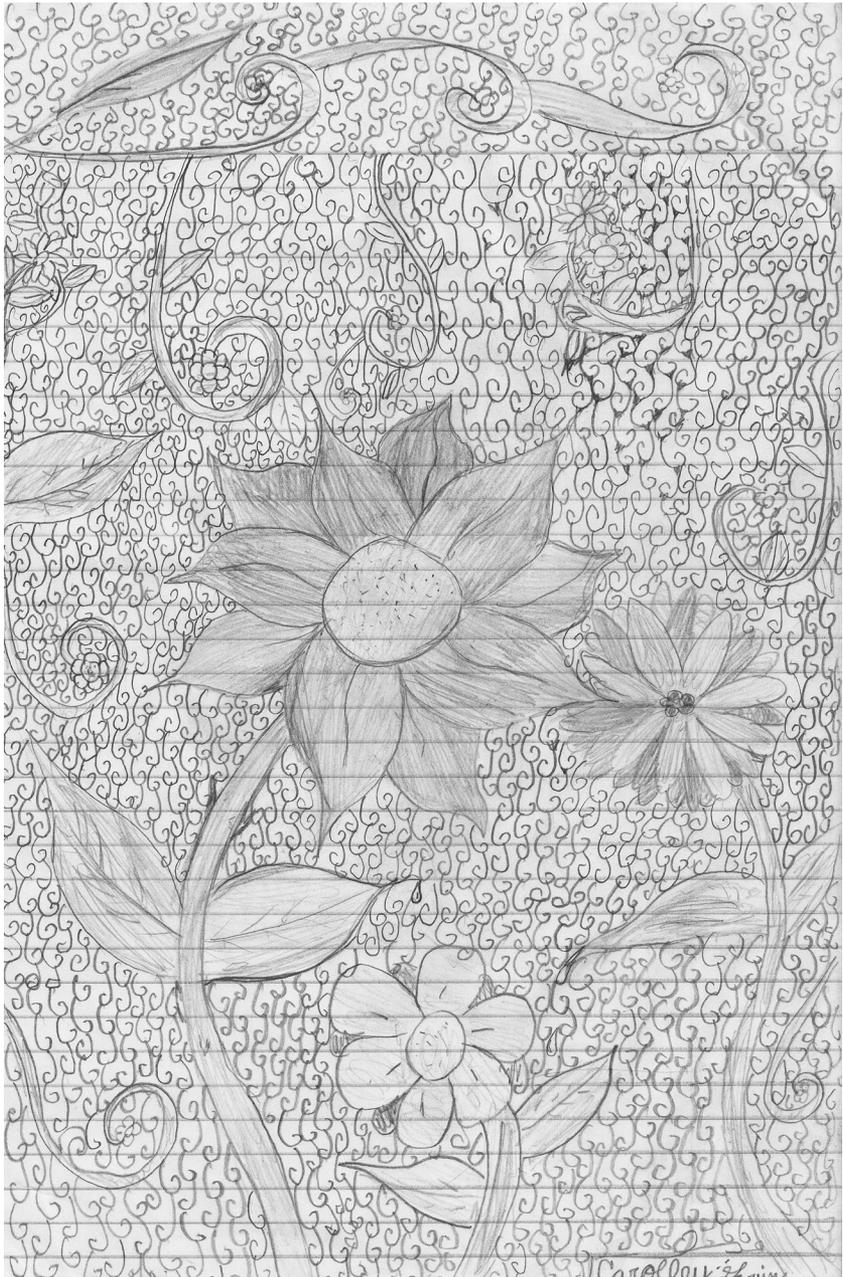
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UNTITLED

Sam Nevins (Grade 10)



UNTITLED

Carolly Garvin (Grade 7)

Eyes

By Taylor Edwards

Grade 12

Every smile I see down this dark hallway
Was never who I seemed back then.

In this photograph there's no other end or other side,

People judge you by what they want to see,

I know how I am here but I'd rather move on
and remember later,

Just like the photograph, I'm stuck inside the same
Timeline,

To cry over haunting memories every now and then...

My Little Cherub

By Quinn Boyce

Grade 12

There he is again
Floating in my mind.
Graceful, like an angel, a cherub
Tied up with thread
So he could be closer to God.

The little thread twinkles in His light
Sending remnants of His radiance to all who follow
Him.
There he is.
The cherub.
He climbed a ladder straight to God and fell off.
A thread instead of wings to slow the fall.
Closer to God than ever before.
And there the cherub is still, floating in my mind.



"BEADED TREE"

Ulviyya Akbarova (Grade 12)

Doorway

By Brenda Fraser

The worn wooden steps lead to anywhere
Where might that be?

The old conversations of old relations
Or thoughts of new to be formed.

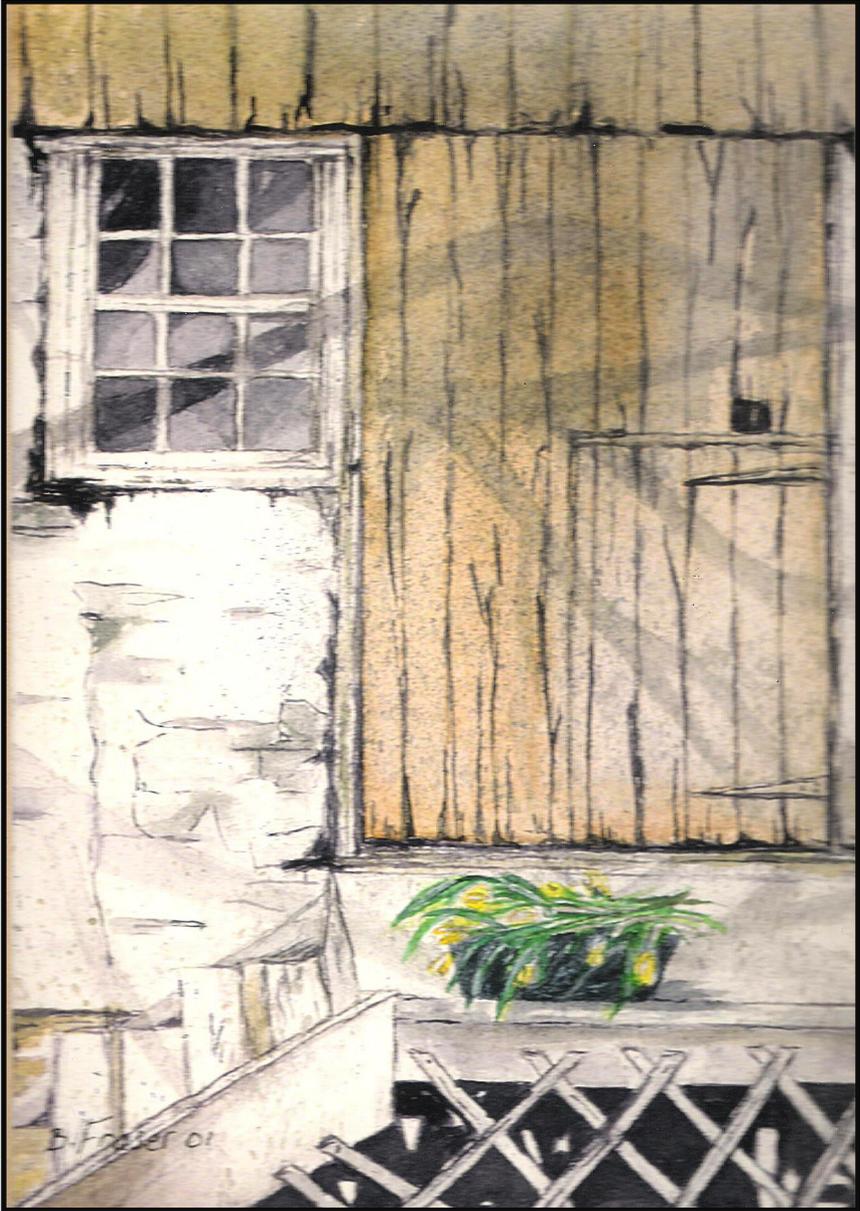
One loves the old door leading anywhere
And the yellow tulips waiting for a kiss from the sun.

How many memories are stored here? How many lives
ending early

And how many lived way too long?

It is a quiz it is and how does it end...

or how does it go on?



"Doorway"

Brenda Fraser

Valguard

By Quinn Boyce (grade 12)

(In the style of James Joyce)

And then the violet valguard thought it ought not rot zac ack ack no no not any more and not with this not in this today, not the beautiful not the gorgeous not the purple little flowers winking at me and my. Not the golden lady in the mind, not her, not now, not here, no sir. Then hard consonants and bitter ts and bitter b b and lottle little e. From the car came the hoot, the holler, the hollow and the meek, the doll in the doll house, and the dying dryer man on street. An account most heinous and ram-bunctious and no ma'am not today.

A street built on ideas of no not that side and one lane one car, and everyone follows that life just to save theirs and their own. A crawling gut and ralback nat grabber detained the vollcher and the valguard. Eaten in that street the bitter the meek the falling pebbles from endless rows of tire tread and ground from many miles. Entering the street meant little to the little but big when the big did the talking, and none when no one said anything, that's how the little liked it and the big knew nothing and the nothing knew nothing and no one was happy.

From the door of that taxi came a great aaaaaaiiiy and the y did end on the life of that little and the big did nothing and the nothing did nothing and the happy was still the not here and the gone and no one had it not even the nothing.

Red and pink flowers in the street and the lottle lottle little less than a nothing no how in this concrete basement and a concrete column in that street and in that cab, the taxi. The big and the flowers still and the valguard said nothing and the flowers exist.

No not today not the little yellow lady no more gold got down graded and sad in that street and seeing the little and the nothing there and the flower and the pink and bitter blues no red no more no more red to give no more pink the little blue in the street the same like that big who not no color no more and that yellow lady once so gold and lustrous now a glittered glut. Minstrel and a bitter e en the street of blue and pink and red and the no in that lane yes in that lane the valguard mattered not to him or to that valguard. Guard is key and block the road with the violet and the gold he did regal they say in all the new-sies and the little magazines no one reads no one loves and the laughing little nothing inside each of them laughs in all of us and in that moment the valguard.

No call made. Nothing can be done. Nothing has done it all and the valguard nothing he nothing he nothing the whole time with no help from no one and the nothing got that little and the heart of that big and the nothing always wins and the valguard is that nothing. That little gold got gut and the glittered glut lay glaved open and gotted and we all know that that nothing knew her better than she knew her.

Mortification, not a noun now, a verb, the men the women the everyone and the no one finally see the little and the taxi full of empty and the big who's full of empty. A tear a crier and a tearer cried and then the valguard collapsed and no one did nothing not today no one can deal with this sort of hassle this was lunch this was dinner with the son and does someone have a phone?

Three digits nothing special and finally more guards arrive of all kinds the blue the red and they all stand in a perfect order to contrast that little pool of mixing fluid and one of the them a yellow no not a gold not today gets the valguard and dusts his shoulders says yes a good job yes and good man and yes get in this ambulance.

Dinner with son named Jon still is a perfect little dinner and dad said he saw a man saved a man today. He hopes the best of that little little lottle e and the big who blue the cheeks and white the eyes and nothing soul. He thinks then the god up in the heaven grabs the little and all are good no ones good and no ones happy and the spot with color the flowers blue and red and once pink are now all gone and even the nothing is gone without a trace.



"WILL SMITH"

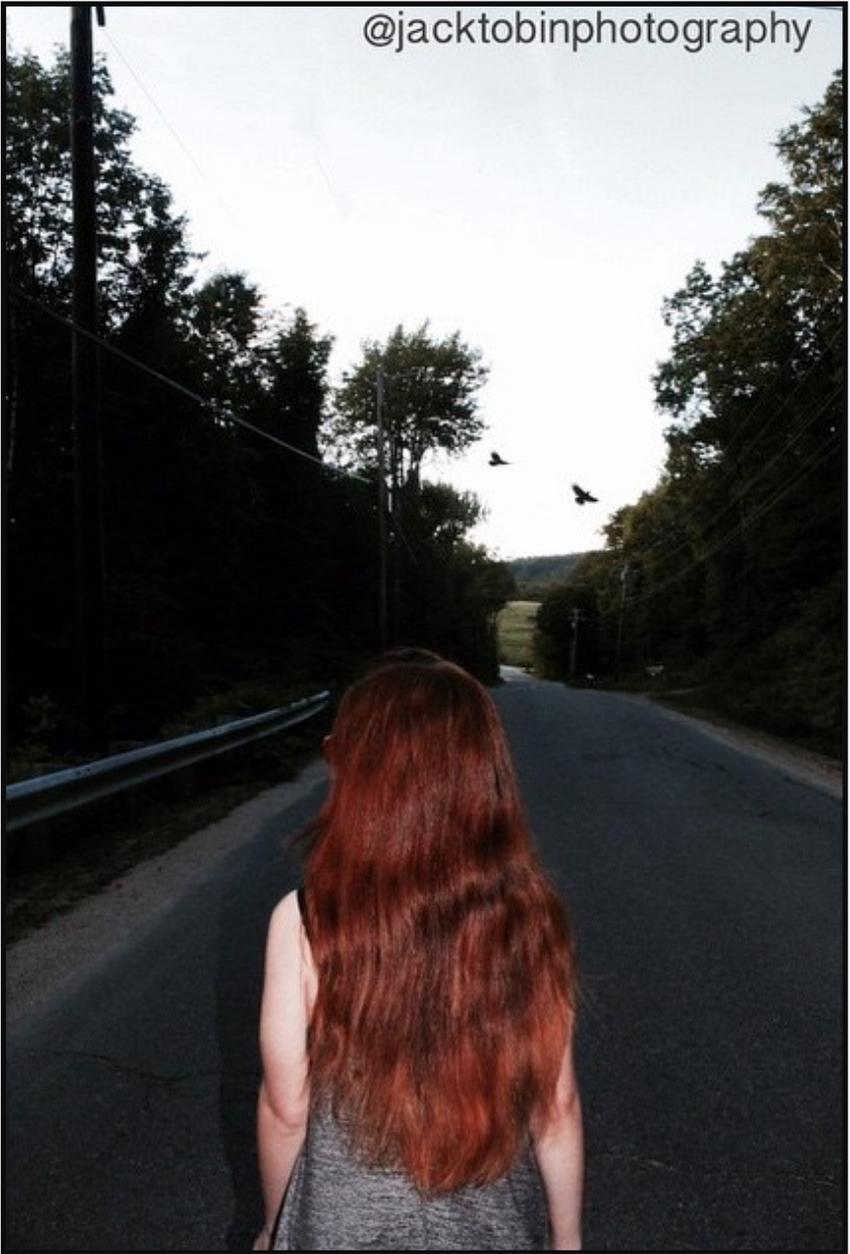
Hannah Hernandez (Grade 10)



"BRUCE LEE"

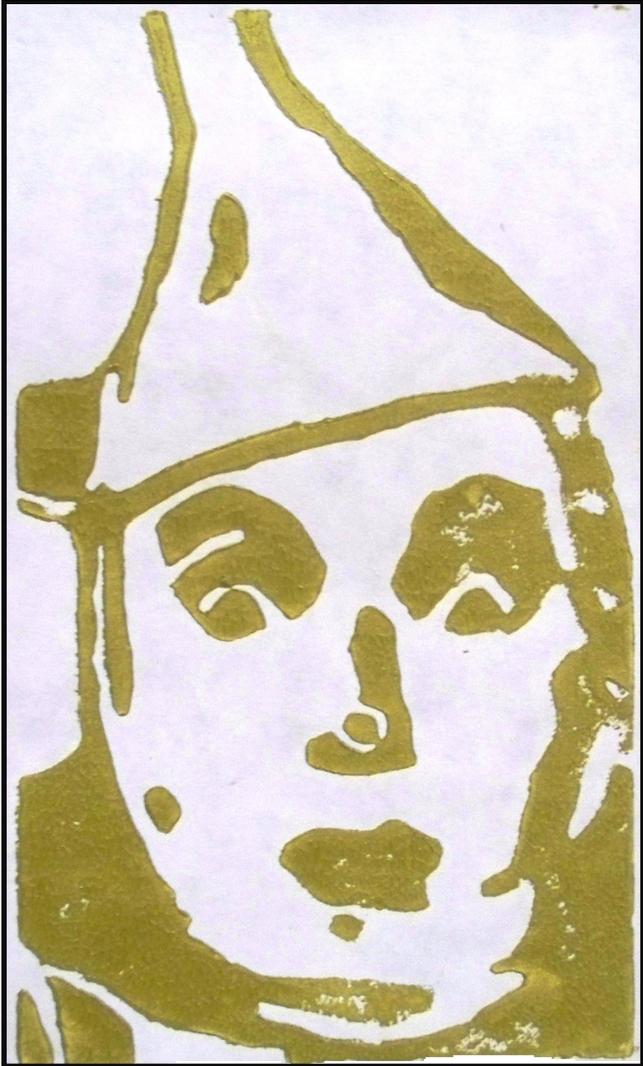
Zach Thompson (Grade 10)

@jacktobinphotography



UNTITLED

Jack Tobin (Grade 9)



"TIN MAN"

Tabby Beckman (Grade 9)



"FOUR SEASONS"

Phoenix Roy (Grade 9)

Seasons

By Quinn Boyce

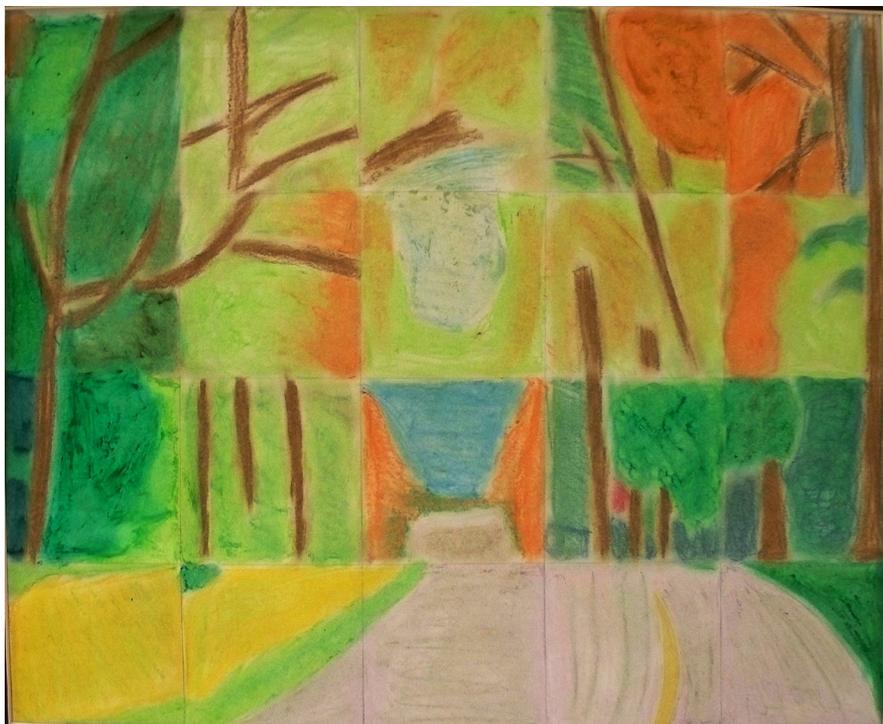
Grade 12

Winter, bitter winds and whiteness all around
A harsh and horrid place where spring's seeds are
to be found

Spring, rejuvenation, and the sun begins to rise.
And the molten soul of summer starts to open up
its eyes.

Summer, hot and humid. Perhaps the harshest of
them all.
And the days are so much shorter as we edge
closer to the fall.

Fall, nature's calming: the time I love best
Because with winter fast approaching the world
settles down to rest.



"NEW HAMPSHIRE ROAD"

Malena Urbanek (Grade 12)

Spring Morning

By Emma Smith
Grade 9

The sky is filled with sunlight giving warmth

Raindrops clutched to the window and silently slithering down the glass

Feathered birds going to and fro, singing beautiful songs, welcoming the morning sunshine

Flowers waking up from their slumber and stretching their hands up to the sky

Earth worms plunge their blind heads into the earth, playing hide and seek with the sun beams

The giant bumble bees resemble yellow and black flying pom poms as they fly from flower to flower, humming a tune to pass the time

Ants scramble in one straight line along the vast green forest filled with green trees that resemble toothpicks; all trunk and no leaf

The ant army is startled and scared away by a rabbit with feet like snowshoes and ears to match

Nearby, a stray cat bounds across a green lawn with a dog at its tail and scurries up a tree just in time

Then sits there with eyes as cool as ice, piercing the dog with its gaze
Unaware, squirrels run back and forth chattering and chattering, babbling on and on to one another

It's another second, another minute, another hour, another day, another beautiful spring morning



"OTIS"

Jess Massey (Grade 12)



"LEGGINGS"

Abigail McIntosh (Grade 11)



"HANDS"

Emily Stephens (Grade 11)



"GIESHA"

Bryne Gaudette (Grade 12)

Thesaurus

By Quinn Boyce

Grade 12

Zero

A cipher,
Zip, zilch,
Nip, naught,
Nadir, nada,
Nothing, nullity,
Oblivion, void,
Lowest point,
Love.

See BLANK.

Blank

Be unable to remember,
Lose one's memory, disremember,

See FORGET.

Blank

Pure, clear,
Virgin, fresh,
Plain, empty,
Untouched,
Pale, new,
Spotless,
Vacant,
Hollow,
Meaningless.

Blank

An empty space,
Void, hollow,
Hole, cavity,
Vacancy,
Womb, gulf,
Nothingness,
Hollowness,
Abyss,
Opening,
Vacuum,
Gap,
Interval,

See also EMPTINESS.



"FROZEN"

Bree Roy (Grade 7)

Princess Poem

By Quinn Boyce

Grade 12

I wait as a trope
I am a damsel in distress
I am just waiting for someone
I'm not saving myself
Not this time
Maybe this beast is too foul
These cobble-walls too thick
Maybe every smile and true-love's kiss has withered
away
And left me in endless slumber
Clutching poison apples



UNTITLED

Sam Nevins (Grade 10)

The Forest

By Emma Smith

Grade 9

As I walk under the vast canopy of leaves, my mind wanders.

I find myself loosing track of time and slipping into the peaceful
harmony of the wood

My mind, no longer on things of the outside world, is now fo-
cused on the simple beauties in life

As I silently make my way through the forest, I am welcomed

The leaves high up in the clouds give a great sigh

I hear the whistling of leaves along the paths and the river
laughing as it rushes over rocks and into the core of the setting
sun

The slender rays of sunlight glow with pride, with the thought
that they had pierced through the thick mass of green overhead

No noise is heard but my feet and of the birds who have joined
in the tree tops to announce my coming, like the trumpets which
welcome great lords home

Truly, this is my home, my quiet place, a place where dreams are
dreamed and thoughts are born

my place



"HUMMINGBIRD"

Larissa Kimball (Grade 12)



"PINEAPPLE"

Larissa Kimball (Grade 12)



"NEW HAMPSHIRE BARN"

Meghan Callicoat (Grade 9)

WHAT TIME DOESN'T CHANGE

By: Emily Dunagin

The dry popping of the powder-less guns rushes to my ears, consuming every feasible sound which my ears can take in. In my left hand I clutch my own firearm, an antiquated rifle with a rusty bayonet on the end. With my right hand, I frantically insert more powder into the gun and load the chamber with a round of bullets.

I stay low to the ground, taking refuge in the shallow trenches, sparsely dug, just high enough for me to wedge my body in between the two walls of dirt. I pity my larger comrades who, in order to shield themselves, must exhort large amounts of energy. Before rising I adjust my royal blue cap, encrusted in mud from my nearly hopeless struggle to rise. My dirty hand brushes against the gold colored brass button, bearing the insignia of the union army.

Rifle ready, comical horror building in the marrow of my bones, I rise, feeling each volley of shots shake the ground beneath me. The rhythmic beating of the distant drum keeps my mind off of the past deaths of these soldiers, off of the horror they must have felt. I place slight pressure on the lock under my left thumb. I hear a hollow click as my round slides into the chamber.

Butt of the gun tucked tightly in against my shoulder, braced for the inevitable recoil which could send me flying backwards if I wasn't ready, I finger the trigger, once again contemplating back to the time when this was all real. I pull, my shot joins the deafening volley of shots which could surely be heard miles away. The jolt hits me, I fly back into the pit, my back slamming hard against the tightly packed dirt. I feel as though the air had been sucked from my lungs. I push past it, these soldiers had endured more, much more. Before I can rise again to brush off my now almost black, originally navy blue suit, a hand tightly grasps my shoulder.

“Stefen, why don’t you shoot your own rifle. It has less kick.”

I shake my head at the man who I know well, my uncle. “No!” I yell above the bullet-less volleys, “Dad would have wanted me to shoot it so that it doesn’t get run down just sitting there!”

Despite my thin, small frame I struggle back up, lifting the heavy gun with me. Once again I lift the heavy butt of the gun to my shoulder, running my hand down the barrel, where the wood was lighter, the place where my father had worn it down by scrubbing it continuously. Long forgotten words drift into my memory, “Stefen, never let your weapon run itself down, it won’t be any good.”

Boom! Boom! The dry shots of the rifle rattle my teeth and shake my shoulder raw, but I stay standing this time. My neck aches from the kick of the rifle and the hot sun makes standing in this get-up almost unbearable. I think back upon all the times when I wasn’t here alone. When I was here with my dad, when he was right beside me, helping me hold up the heavy gun and pull the trigger.

He was there the first time I shot it by myself and nearly dislocated my shoulder in the process. He was there when I earned my first official role as a drummer boy. I stand alone, now a soldier. No one to remind me to tuck the rifle butt deeper into my shoulder, no one to tell me to spread my feet further apart. He is gone.

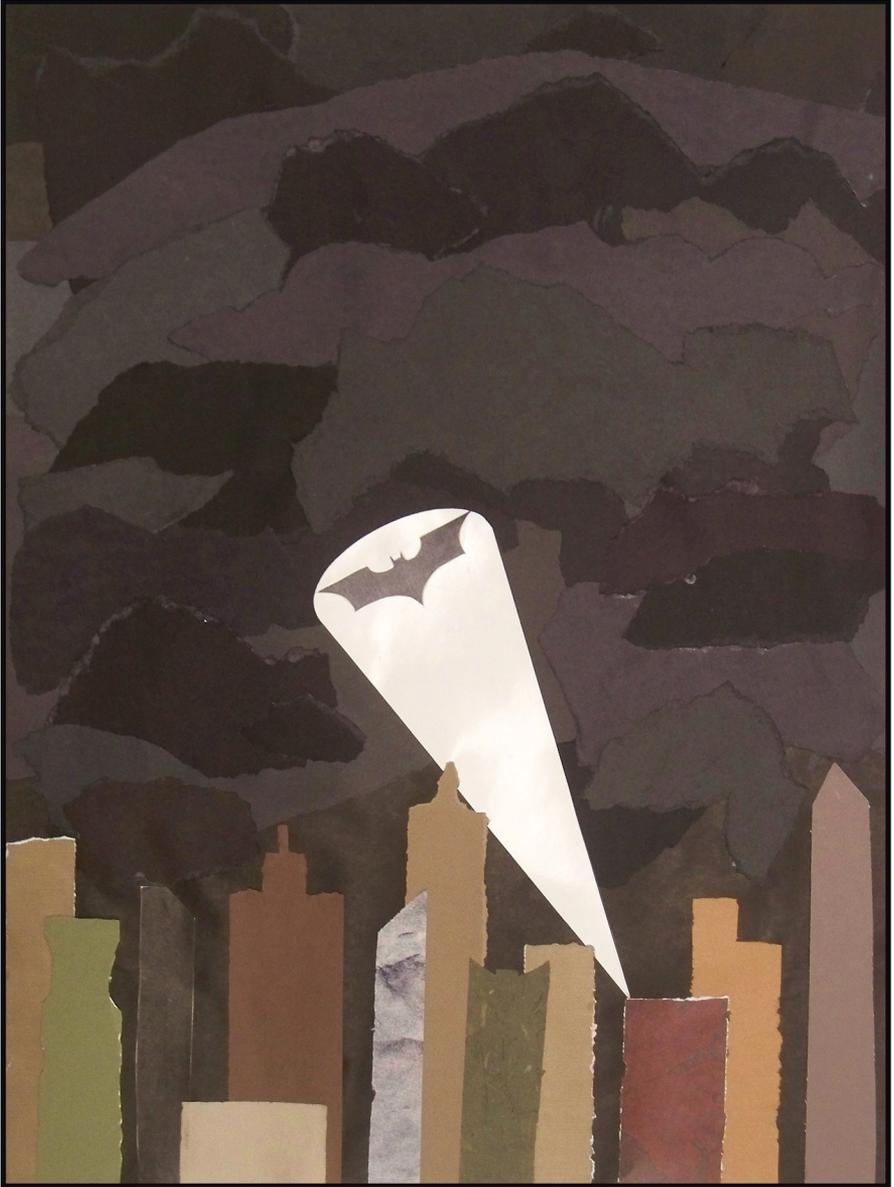
I grind my teeth as I stuff another round of powder into the gun. I fire off several dry shots. I have never shot with actual bullets, and I probably never will. My dad always promised me that he would take me to the range someday. But, he never quite got to that. He never saw me graduate into high school. He never saw me move up to tenth grade with a 3.5 grade average, and he never got to see me score 73 basketball points for my team in 2014.

But, I'm alright with that. I can't hold it against him. It wasn't his fault that he was shot. It wasn't his killer's fault either. Even

though I have never been in a real war, I think I understand enough to know that war is terrible. It is cruel and dark, no matter how high your spirits are. Even though this is only a re-enactment of previous events, sometimes I can imagine the raw nerves, the sweat and blood mixed together, the tears that fall to the earth each time a good man dies.

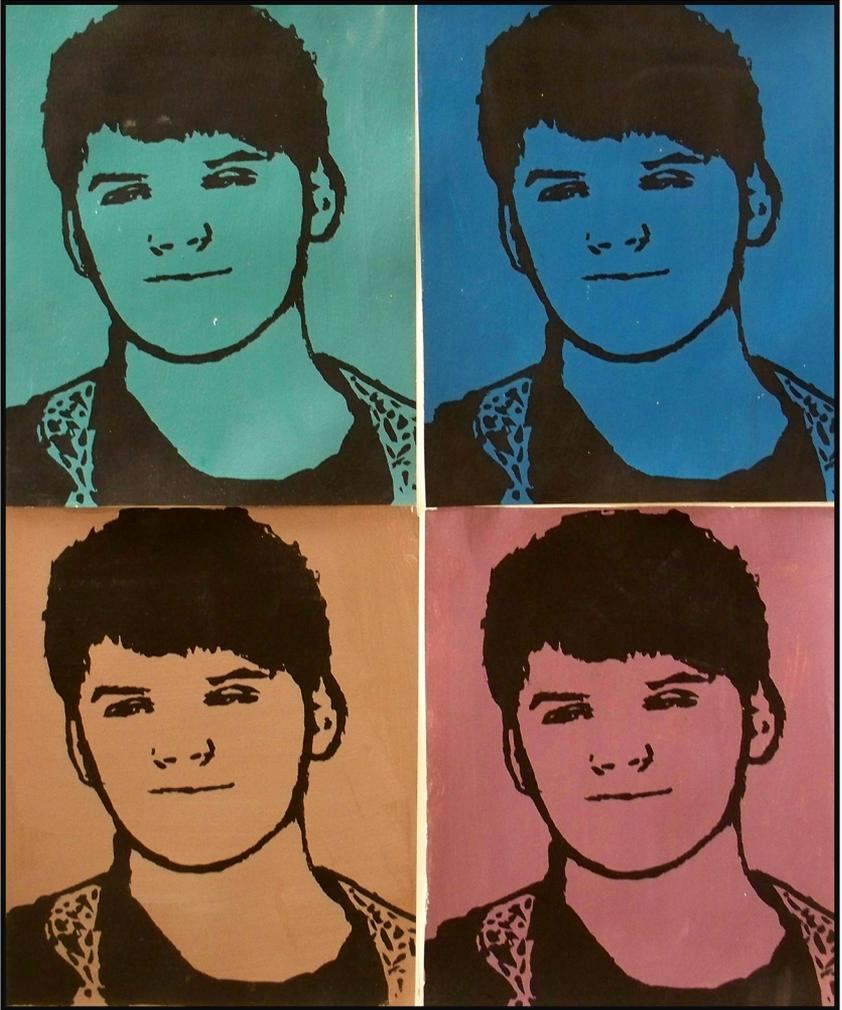
I don't think much since the Civil War has changed, even in Afghanistan, where my dad was posted, there was still shooting, blood, and death. They are the same; both wars resulted in death.

Once again I pull the butt of the gun deep into the crook of my shoulder, hand shaking, struggling to support the heavy barrel of the gun. I fire a round into the air, a tribute to soldiers, in the past, the present, and the future. All the people who live in a war torn world which has always been the same and always will be the same.



"BAT SIGNAL"

Morgan Corliss (Grade 12)



"SELF PORTRAIT"

Nick Conner (Grade 11)



“SOPHOMORES & JUNIORS”

Art History Learning Studio Fall 2014



"SENIORS & FRESHMEN"

Art History Learning Studio Fall 2014



Interested in joining Loose Leaf?

**The PMHS Art & Literary Magazine is
looking for individuals to help put
together next year's magazine!**

**See Mrs. Wellington or Mr. Mitchell for
more information.**

