

Seed 2013



GRISSOM HIGH SCHOOL
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA
VOL. 41

FROM THE EDITOR

I am so super-proud of the literary magazine that you are about to read. It is stuffed full of awesome art and wonderful words created by my multi-talented peers. Its success (50-plus pages!) shows that it is a very good thing indeed that we have brought Seed back from the dead. Hopefully its success will continue in the years to come! Of course, there is **NO WAY** I could have done this alone. I had **TONS** of help from the members of our glorious staff, who were always good for a joke (Nick), a silly poem (Gillian), or general goofiness (Ally Han). (It is here that I am obligated by blood to mention my long-suffering sister, Brigit, who graciously

dealt with long meetings and even longer chat sessions after.)

Now that all of that is over with, enjoy our magazine!

--Margret Reynolds, Editor-in-Chief



Photograph by Christine Nguyen

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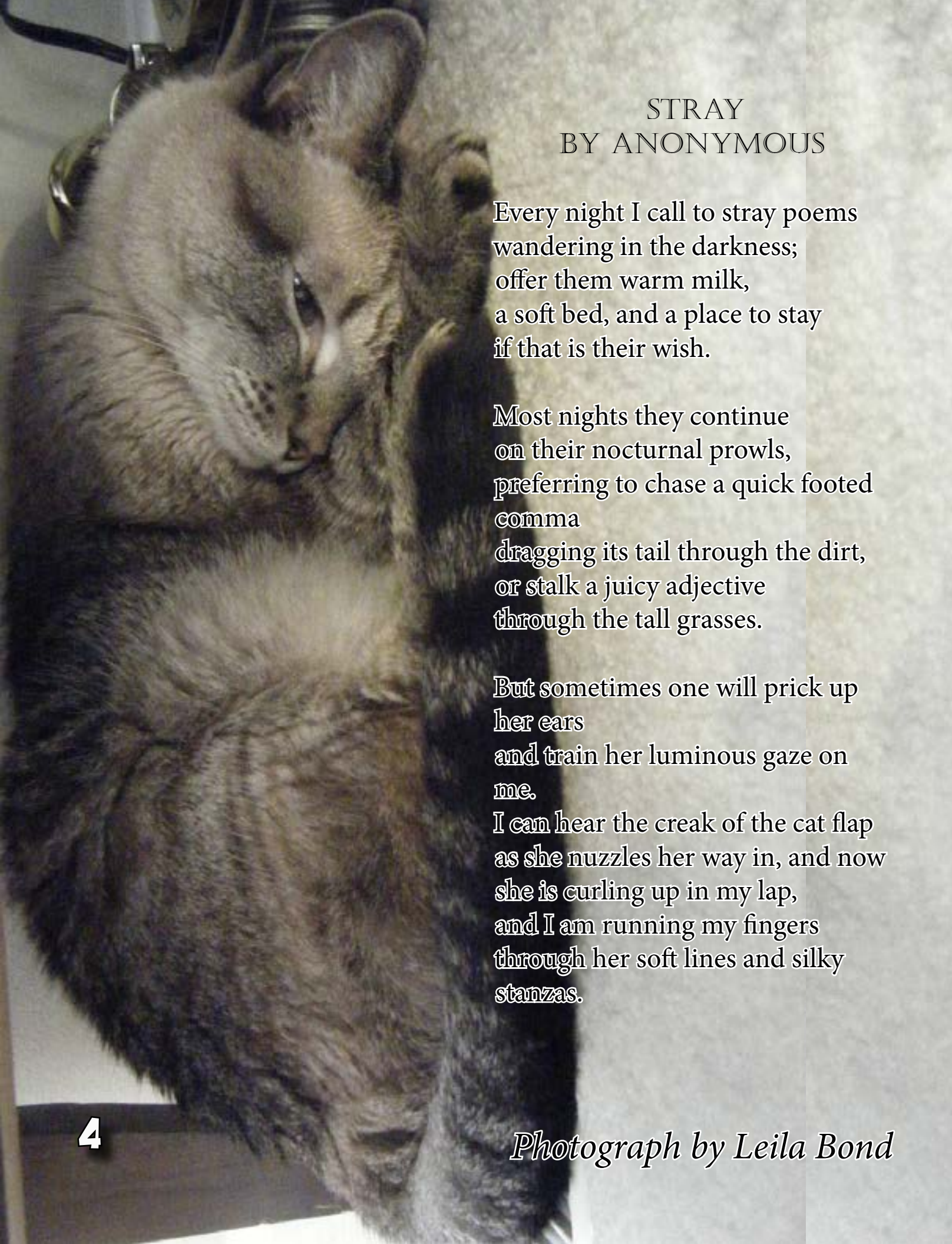
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Photograph by Cassie Coberly



STRAY
BY ANONYMOUS

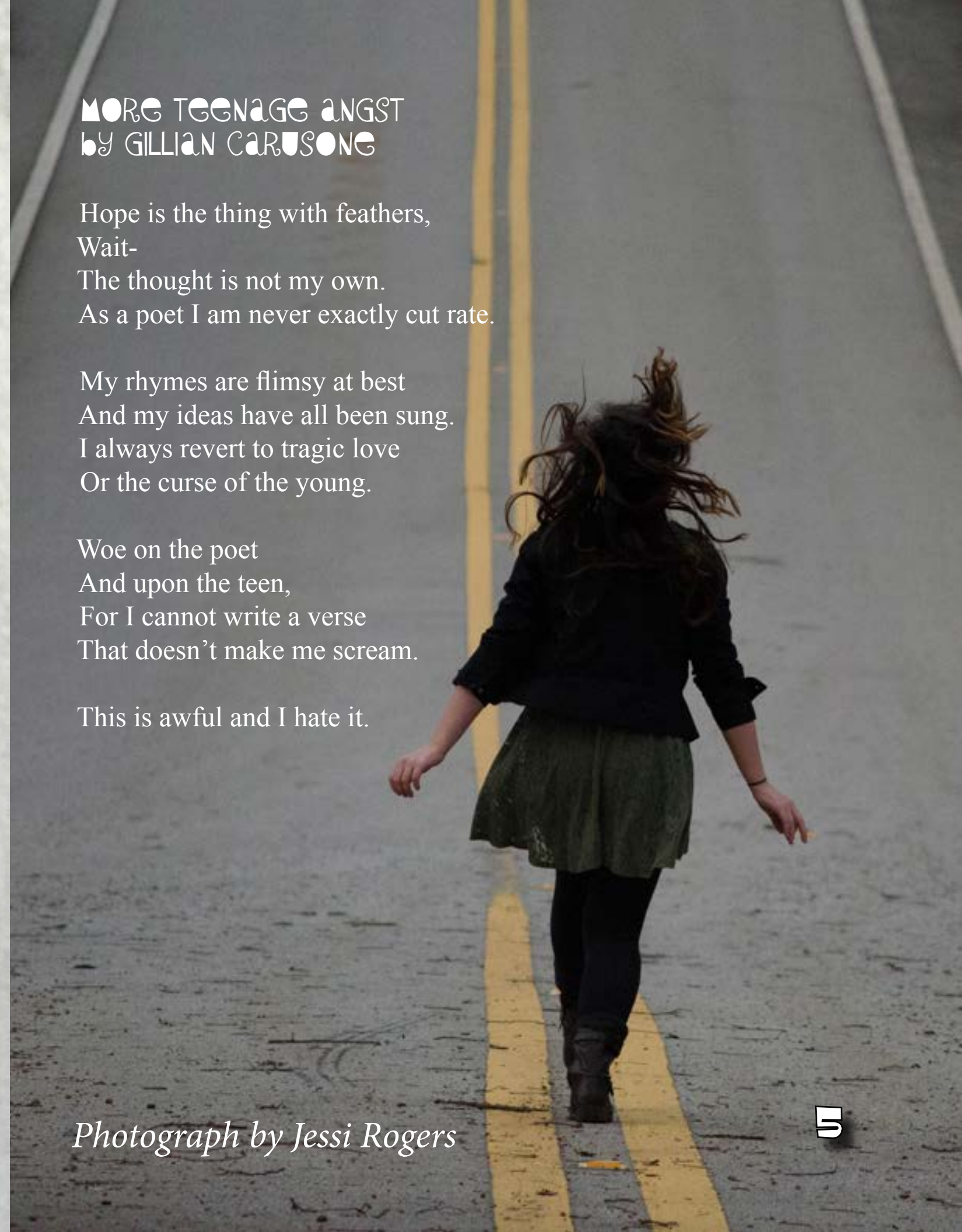
Every night I call to stray poems
wandering in the darkness;
offer them warm milk,
a soft bed, and a place to stay
if that is their wish.

Most nights they continue
on their nocturnal prowls,
preferring to chase a quick footed
comma
dragging its tail through the dirt,
or stalk a juicy adjective
through the tall grasses.

But sometimes one will prick up
her ears
and train her luminous gaze on
me.

I can hear the creak of the cat flap
as she nuzzles her way in, and now
she is curling up in my lap,
and I am running my fingers
through her soft lines and silky
stanzas.

Photograph by Leila Bond



MORE TEENAGE ANGST
BY GILLIAN CARUSO

Hope is the thing with feathers,
Wait-
The thought is not my own.
As a poet I am never exactly cut rate.

My rhymes are flimsy at best
And my ideas have all been sung.
I always revert to tragic love
Or the curse of the young.

Woe on the poet
And upon the teen,
For I cannot write a verse
That doesn't make me scream.

This is awful and I hate it.

Photograph by Jessi Rogers

BEGINNING
BY JENNA GEARHART

Back to the beginning
when all was fresh and new

The world was just waking
the grass still wet with dew

But the world is always changing
and what is now old once was new

Photograph by Austin Coyle

UNTITLED
BY ANONYMOUS

There's a little bird outside my window,
silhouetted against the cold moon.

She's tearing out her feathers one by one
and letting them drift earthward
like the sad songs she used to sing.

And I just sit and watch
as she rips the sky from her wings.



WRITER'S BLOCK
BY KYLIE COUTURIER

I hear the whisper of ideas calling from the darkness, begging for interpretation, pleading for a physical form. Why they chose me as their sacred guardian, I know not. The unformed sentences scream incessantly for life; their fetal arms reaching forward, toward the tips of my fingers, the point of my pen. I sit and wait for words to appear upon my pure page of white, but no keys are heard clicking, no pencils scratching, just the echoed moans of unborn thoughts. I mourn for these lackluster children of the shadows and scorn my inability to breathe existence into their feeble bodies. In a minuscule interval of time, an omnipotent blockage of the mind has managed to completely and undeniably murder my skill of explanation; and now those poor embryonic souls of imagination are left without me as a guide, for they speak a language which I have, for now, forgotten. I remain forever fearful that all at once these tormented voices, tired of waiting, will come at me in hoards and wrench my very core from its foundations, leaving me nothing more than a bloodless

puppet forced to compose in that dreadful scarlet. I curse the day when my wandering mind led me to the place where they slumber. They follow me now, like an ominous cloud, still waiting, still ever so patiently waiting, for their undetermined birthdate.



Photograph by Leila Bond

Photograph by Leila Bond

PANTS
BY NICK SPARKMAN

I consider pants to be vital
Just as a book needs a title
Apparently Scott
Seemed to think not
At my sister's piano recital

THE DYING MAN
BY JASMINE WILLIS

Tick tock, tick tock.
“You’re going to die,” says
the clock.
“Sleep, sleep,” says my
sweet.
“Death soon shall you
meet.”
“Bye, bye,” says the sky
Under which I will never
lie
Again.

“Fear, fear,” chants my
mind.
My body weeps
That I should leave
it behind.
In my ear
The sound of an opening
door—

Sounds I shall hear
Nevermore.

Steady footsteps down the hall.
Shadows there—but not at all!
The trees without bow not tall.
Clammy face,
Uneven pace
Death is coming
For me.

Tick tock, tick tock!
“Soon to be buried
beneath cold rock!”
Breathing, life, beauty—
stopped.
Into my grave I am dropped.
Thrash, struggle, plead, cry!
The battle with death
Is lost at birth.

Shadows, darkness, all goes
white
Tick—
As Death enters into the light.
Tock—
My world around me falls
away.
All I see is Death and me
Surrounded by seas of gray.

That scythe descends down upon my head.
Into Death’s arms the dying man falls dead.
And in that instant the world seemed to stop.
For a moment.
And then—
“Tick tock, tick tock.”



Artwork by Daniel Chen

THE SMELL OF WINTER
BY ANONYMOUS

Photograph by Nicolas Ortega

Winter has a smell,
a prick of pine,
the caress of a strange spice.

You can catch it
even in summer,
when you rummage through
your thick winter coats
looking for some item you had
stashed in a pocket,
or when you stumble upon the
box where you keep
the Christmas ornaments sleeping
for the rest of the year.

But on a day like this,
when the leaves are turning
the colors of the sunset,
all you have to do is
open the door and fill your lungs
with the cool breeze and
the smell of Winter will
land like a butterfly
in your
hand.



Photograph by Leila Bond

PINE TREES AND CATACOMBS
BY ANONYMOUS

I am deceased.
I have disposed of my age-altered shell, its
obsolete confines and
exaggerated wonder.
From this, I receive appalling release.
Resplendent rays of light take their leave,
hiding behind catacombs.

MOTHER NATURE
BY JAY BUCHANAN

This woman is all around us,
her breath is the wind.
I see her gazing down at me,
and she is alive through light and darkness.
Humans have corrupted her,
they have attempted to steal her pride.
But she is unwithered,
her branches grow back towards the sky.
Her songs are soothing,
her orchestra are the birds and the sea.
Without her songs of joy and glee,
the earth is silent, filled with unnatural peace.

When she is thirsty,
the Lord sends down her water.
When she is quenched,
she grows and blossoms.
Her beauty consists of more than what we can
comprehend,
For this woman is Mother Nature.

Photograph by Katie Cartee

SOUND OF SILENCE
BY ANONYMOUS

The water undulates above me, refracting the afternoon sunrays as they dance across my skin. Provoked by the depths, anxiety and fear dissipate from my soul in the form of miniscule bubbles, hurrying toward the surface of my grandparents' pool overlooking the Tennessee River. I scrunch my eyes open and await the sting of chlorine. Floating supine, my world has become a snow globe. I kick my legs and embrace the alien feeling of weightlessness. I feel my body become liquid silk, suspended in space like the lingering notes of a haunting symphony. Above the surface life hurtles onward, but encased underwater time slows to the tempo of my reverie. Mystical disorientation sings my senses alive, life percolating my soul. I have become utterly lost in my abyss. Under the water, the persistent streams of my consciousness dissipate from submersion. The cacophonous gurgles now silenced, the song of my soul electrifies the water. It cascades through me; unraveling the coarse fibers of fear, leaving, in return, the silk of serenity cocooning my exposed heart. In my vast globe, an epiphany grasps my world and reigns down on my like snow. The origin of my anthem dawns on me as I recognize the serenade as the whisper that has gently tugged on the strings of my subconscious since my creation. Silent sound waves crush the levees of fear and reservoirs of confidence flood my veins. Lost in silence, I find my voice.

WHO AM I?
BY ETHEL POON

Artwork by Emily Redfield

I am the plant that nobody wants, I am the thorn that everyone cuts off, I am the needle that pricks you when you take a shot, and I am the last piece of fruit you leave to spoil

The next thing I know, I am being thrown away, or thrown from the group, or sitting in the bottom of your compost pile.

People ignore me, because of my looks, yes I know I'm not the prettiest, or the most attractive thing in the garden, but what I stand for is much more important than the things you see in my looks, I stand for peace, love, and harmony

For understanding, love, and purity; I may be that rose with all the dirt and grime on it,

But I know what I am and who I am

The most this world can offer, is what you and I can put out together, if you can not

Find it in your heart to see that, then I don't know what will.



EMERGENCY END RHYME
GILLIAN CARUSO

My typewriter clicks as I tap away
I rescued it from a shop today

On the page my poem takes shape:
The tales of a man wearing a cape

I approach the end of a line
Up till now I was doing just fine

I get desperate as I run out of time
Seems I will need Emergency End Rhyme.

Photograph by Austin Coyle

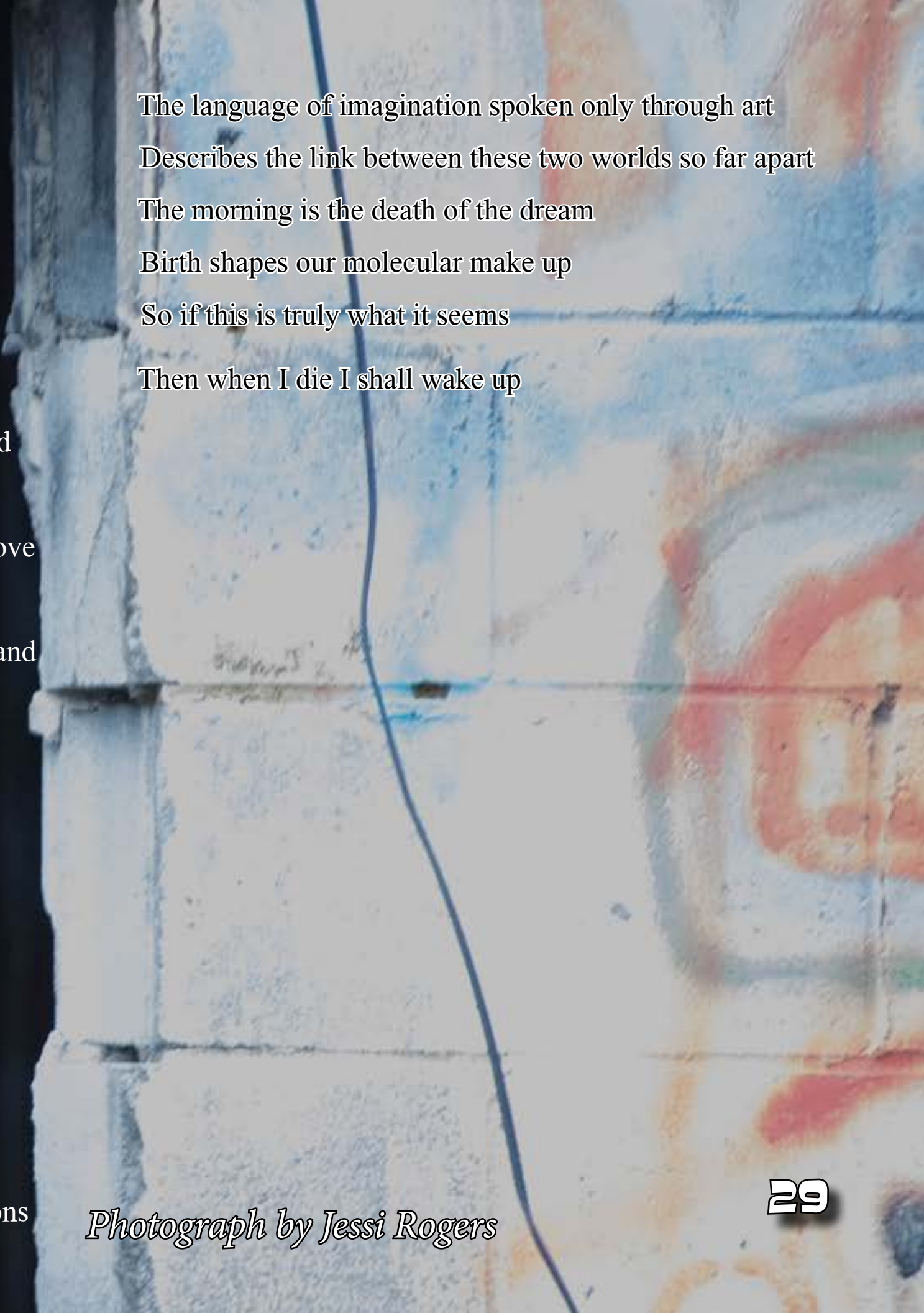




a DREAM WITHIN a DREAM

by RYAN PEARSALL

Life is but a perspective to a controlled dream
I am a human being, but who am I being?
I conform to the herd, seeking help
But find that the hardest thing to be is my self
Maybe I'll take the path less traveled
Or confront the time space continuum unraveled
Maybe I'll gamble with life, living the bluff
Or maybe I'll settle for a family I don't really love
Or maybe, just maybe
I'll settle down to a nice summer's grove, cool and
shady
Pour a glass of class, and with no resistance
Ponder the meaning of the human existence
Are dreams truly reality?
Even if they are creatures of my own mentality
And what is real? Is it feel, is it pain
All the same, transmitted by thy brain
And interpreted into a neuro- language
That speaks through desire, love and anguish
Dreams contain these interpretations
Subconsciously leaked through specific occasions



The language of imagination spoken only through art
Describes the link between these two worlds so far apart
The morning is the death of the dream
Birth shapes our molecular make up
So if this is truly what it seems
Then when I die I shall wake up

Photograph by Jessi Rogers

Photograph by Katie Cartee



THE FALLEN ROSE
SABRINA CLINE

A single rose stands in a meadow,
Surrounded by jealous weeds,
As they strangle her in the shadow,
She fights back against their greed.

Once innocent, but now not,
For her enemies she grew thorns,
A defense for her battles fought,
And now everyday she mourns.

No longer beautiful, full of scars,
However, everyone will weep,
For the fallen rose who almost reached the stars,
And she drifts into an everlasting sleep.

With a rash decision against their strife,
I decided to end this torture – and my life.



RE: BIRTH
BY CHALICE TACKETT

It was nighttime. That's the thing I remembered the most. It was nighttime.

It was nighttime, and it was very clear outside. I remembered staring at the city lights through the pink haze of the glass I had never been outside of. The room was very spacious. The windows were very large. The lights were very pretty. And it was nighttime.

I remember two men coming in. They were men because they scared me. Women didn't scare me. They scared him. They scared him, but they didn't scare me. He didn't scare me, though. He was just a boy. I was just a girl. But we were the same, so he didn't scare me.

The two men touched something and suddenly I was outside of the glass. He wasn't, though. It was dark outside. The glass was the only light in the room, that and the city, but it didn't make much difference. It was so far away.

I'd never been outside of the glass before. It was orb-shaped. I didn't know that from the inside. He was still in there, too. I tried to call out to him, because I was scared and he was the same as me, so he didn't scare me. I had never used my voice before so it came out strained, robotic. He didn't respond to me, so I called again, but he still didn't move. The two men took me away and I think I screamed. I probably did. I would have screamed now so I think I screamed then.

That was the last thing I remembered from then. That and it was nighttime. It was nighttime for a long time after that, too.

Born on this day December 23, 3050, in a city so small that it barely existed, a boy with hair of silver and eyes of red, with body fragile and white as the snowflakes that fell upon the ground outside the shabby house where he took his first breath, came into the world with the sacrifice of his darling mother. The father was in shambles, not only because his wife was forever gone, but also that his newborn was tainted with the sin of Lucifer, for, it was obvious to him, that the demon's soul shone in the scarlet color of the infant's eyes. The man could not even take a second look at his child, and as the tears drenched his reddened cheeks, he was almost certain that this devil child had stolen away his beloved's soul, had led her to an eternal damnation.

"I cannot bear to accept this demon as my own child!" The father screamed at the doctor, who was tending to the new life, "I will not allow you to leave him in my care! This devil has murdered my love! If I had no sanity left I would fairly return the favor!"

At this the doctor looked to his single nurse with a rather odd expression and then took up the tiny newborn into his arms, "Look here, Daniel. Look here at your son. This delicate boy is all that you have left of your love, of your Emily. Her blood flows in this child's veins, devil or no, and

For the rest of my mortal life I shall be engulfed in flames, and even after, in death, even then shall I still be simply drenched in wretched flames...

you would just leave him to waste away in the elements? The last proof that the woman that now lays there dead was ever enriched with the power of life?"

The new father stared first into the doctor's face, contemplating his motive for the desperate explanation, and then slowly shifted his gaze, bit by bit, until his eyes fell upon the pale infant. Daniel furrowed his brow and gazed blankly at the white little face. A slight blush there present from when the baby let out his lungs first cry, but quiet now, he just watched his father closely, a strange smirk like expression upon his lips. Once his scrutinizing of the infant's appearance was done, Daniel turned to the doctor.

"How could I care for this babe, should I choose to acknowledge my obligation

and raise him? I must work constantly to keep him fed and warm, and as of yet I cannot be in two places at once."

"Could you not leave him with a nurse, to tend to him during the days as you worked?" The doctor asked, walking back toward the table and laying down the baby on a thick blanket.

The father laughed, "Oh no! I could not possibly do something such as that!"

The doctor glanced over to him inquisitively, "And why ever not?"

"You expect me to leave this devil with a virgin nurse? This tainted being will do more than just tarnish her pure soul, he could completely extinguish her spark for life, leave her nothing more than weeping husk of sin! I shall not ever take that chance; I should never allow anyone other than myself to ever witness the blackness of this child's heart! I have henceforth accepted my obligation, no, my Christian duty, to protect the populous from this evil child." Daniel finished, holding out his arms, "Place the demon into my arms. Possibly, the righteousness of my soul could somehow purge the wickedness from his."

Stricken by surprise of the man's sudden decision, the doctor did not move back to

retrieve the newborn, "Daniel," he began, "since childhood I have known you, as we both grew together in this town. For not one moment in all those years, did I ever think I would hear you speak this way of your own child; cruelty is not in your nature. Is this just the mourning for the fallen Emily? Can you not see her face in his own?" The doctor questioned, pointing at the child in question,

almost begging for his friend to once more look upon the face of the boy.

Daniel jabbed his finger in the direction of Emily's covered body, "I see nothing of her in this creature's face. Do choose your words more wisely, Dr. Walker," He spit at the name, "before you compare my dearest to that fiend."

The nurse approached from behind the doctor and whispered something to him, to which the doctor nodded slowly, keeping his eyes fixed upon Daniel, who had relaxed his arm and turned to stare at the body that lied upon the bed.

"Emily was infected with the sickness. To protect the healthy ones of the town, we must begin the burning. Daniel, please, I ask you as a friend, show this

child the love I am sure that Emily would have given him." Dr. Walker slowly approached Daniel, and cautiously placed his gloved hand upon his friend's shoulder, "Please take him and go to safety, or the flames may snatch you up."

Not turning to him, not even glancing his way, Daniel replied with a blank

And now you stand before me nothing more than a beaten dog, condemning your flesh and blood for the death of your Emily.

face, "Flames you say? You dare to speak to me with that stern face on the subject of flames?" For a moment his eyes twitched to the doctor, and then returned to their past position fixed upon the corpse, "For the rest of my mortal life I shall be engulfed in flames, and even after, in death, even then shall I still be simply drenched in wretched flames. I could in no other way ever possibly provide recompense for the disgrace I have caused the holy Lord with the creation of that child. I should rightly burn down to my very core, and let the sin melt away with my smoldering flesh."

Dr. Walker stared at the man with mouth agape waiting for any other word to come from the man's lips. He thought almost at once to protest his friend's suggestion of this burning away of some

unjustified sin, but he clasped his mouth tight and merely removed his hand from Daniel's shoulder. But then, in the spur of some deeper emotional intervention, the words the doctor had been trying to subdue came rushing forward from his lungs. →

"I see that you truly are no longer the friend with whom I talked so fondly with only hours ago, pertaining to the imminent birth of your first born child. Do you not remember

the words we exchanged, the happiness that was clear in your voice? At that time I could not have pictured a more joyful creature. And now you stand before me nothing more than a beaten dog, condemning your flesh and blood for the death of your Emily. I am sympathetic of your loss, indeed, but that creates no reason for you to shun your own child. I can see nothing of the man I used to refer to as my friend in the being that appears to me now, but a shell, no hardly even that, of the great man who I used to know! Where have you taken Daniel? Return him to me at once!" "I ask you, Daniel, if that name still remains appropriate, is it not you who are the most demonic in the present situation?"

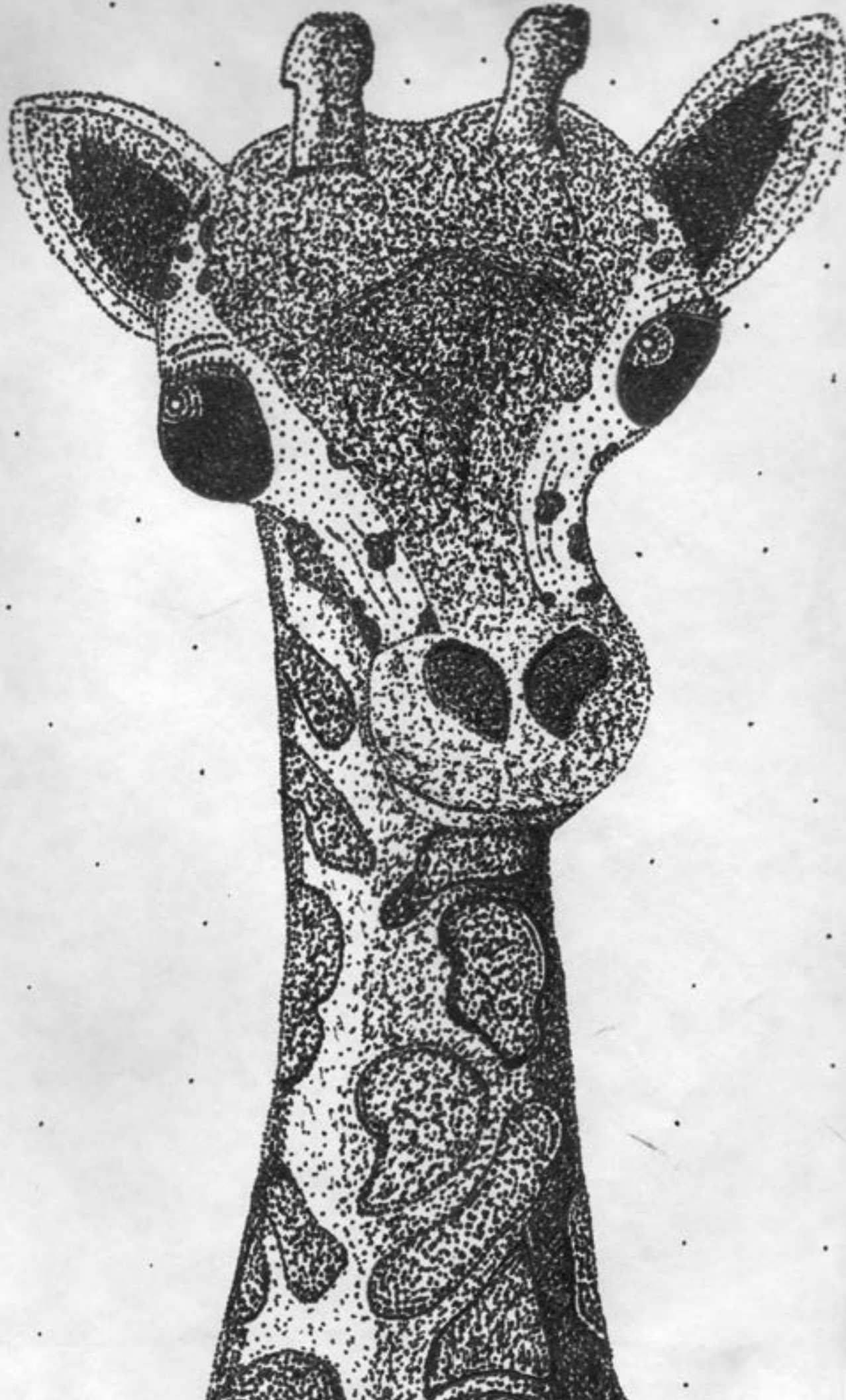
THE OAK TREE
BY JASMINE WILLIS

Powerful leaves whipping in the torrential wind
What a beautiful, human sight nature does make
But this tree simply will not lend itself to bend
Even when it knows its existence is at stake
On a calm day its temper is wise and mild
It sways in the breeze and lets nothing ruffle its feathers
But see it now fight for its life like a wild child
And like humans its behavior is not consistent in all
weathers

It continues to suffer the storm, though thunder boom
and lightening crack
But nature does not know what this valiant tree is
fighting for
The battle is lost; its trunk is ripped open and into the
distance flung back
Beneath the tree there is a tiny acorn nestled in the
safety of its core
The sun now shines; the birds above soar
A mother's love shall endure forevermore.

LOVE
BY CAITLIN BRAZILE

Love is powerful, love is miserable
A cruel game played so well.
Racing heart, the doting fool
Heaven,
Or even hell,
You can choose love, you can run away
You can fall
You can stay.
Love is more than just a word
You have to prove its meaning.
Stay faithful, stay honest.
No cheating
No misleading.
For love keeps your heart beating.
Happiness can come from love,
If choose to stay true to the above.
But if you don't, please beware.
Sadness and despair,
Will be waiting for you there.
Have no fear, if it's worth the fall
True love will find you.
If no one's there to catch you, after all
Calm down,
Be strong.
You'll be just fine, you'll move on
No matter how long.
Love is powerful, love is miserable
A cruel game played so well.



a **VERY SERIOUS POEM**
by **NICK SPARKMAN AND GILLIAN CARUSONE**

“Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?”
Sweaty, uncomfortable, and altogether to be avoided.
“Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo”
Deny thy father and brush thy teeth, please
“To be or not to be, that is the question,”
But in your case it’s whether you’ve showered or not.
“Give me liberty or give me death,”
But give you some deodorant first.
“Oh brave new world, with such people in it,”
People who cleanse on a daily basis.
Please learn hygiene.

Photograph by Jessi Rogers

LOV'D MOON BY JASMINE WILLIS

Thy beauty glows with the inner purity of thy heart, and I
Pass not a day without thinking of thy shining face
Which serves to the stars a model crafted by hands high
And is a warm hearth to even the coldness of space
Our love, t'was so strong that the universe need repel
It sent me away to worship thy sister, the spunky sun
And it cast thy grace into the farthest, darkest well
But thou, with thy tranquil grace, art the only one
The pulling bonds of the demon keep me in place chained
They cannot keep me forever; they cannot keep me long
Thou see the blood of my struggle, with which I am stained
For I shall rip apart the universe if only to hear your song
Rest assured in thy sleep, for we will be united soon
And then shall be wed Bless'd Earth and Lov'd Moon

Artwork by Thao Hoang

SUBTLE MAGIC
BY KYLIE COUTURIER

Look here upon the sinking sun,
And bask in the warmth it brings.
For it is drifting faster now,
So eager for its dreams
So take the glow into your mind
And lock the thought away.
This moment keeps you stronger still
As night consumes the day.

circles
by Austin Davis

tonight i was lying in the backseat with a girl who wasn't my girlfriend listening to the same screeching weasel song for 40 minutes. my best friend was lying in my front seat reading the lyrics sheet to the cd by the light of the streetlamp above my car. she had her arms around my neck and i was lying back so i couldn't see the asphalt of the parking lot. i just saw the the lights like stars sitting in water from the city below. and the snow blowing onto my windows and refracting the light from the streetlamp. in that moment i felt content.

```
public class RhymingWithPortals
{
Now is surely Aperture's dawn;
The wheat has grown and taken root;
But with the humans dead and gone;
The robots are no substitute;
Cubes will whisper and turrets, sing;
As Chell ends her fateful climb;
Guns are silent and voices ring;
For GLaDOS to act, it is nearly time;
After leaving the eagle's nest;
To her science she will retire;
Forever more to think and test;
Just as a Titan stealing fire;
Part of Prometheus's plan;
Heralding Nietzsche's Superman;
}
```

--James Brahm

night blindness
by Austin Davis

my night blindness is getting worse.

thinking that life is pointless but that's the
point, it's stale but still sort of pretty.

"between two points, in midair, i'm levitating."
says my stereo.

my night blindness is getting worse.

the endless swarming armies of headlights con-
stantly barrage me from the left lane.

thinking how easy it would be if a driver in
the opposite lane got a phone call or text, and
while looking down accidentally swerved head on
into my car, i flying headfirst through the wind-
shield of my '99 mercury grand marquis.

or if i was thinking about this and slammed into
a stationary car, 30 seconds later i am a bloody
mess face to the ground, remembered as another
dumb teenage driver who wasn't paying attention.

my night blindness is getting worse.

but it makes everything look so much prettier,
each headlight and streetlamp is a star, closer
to earth than any i have ever seen.

the truth is i would rather die blinded by stars
than peacefully in my sleep.

Artwork by Jason McClure

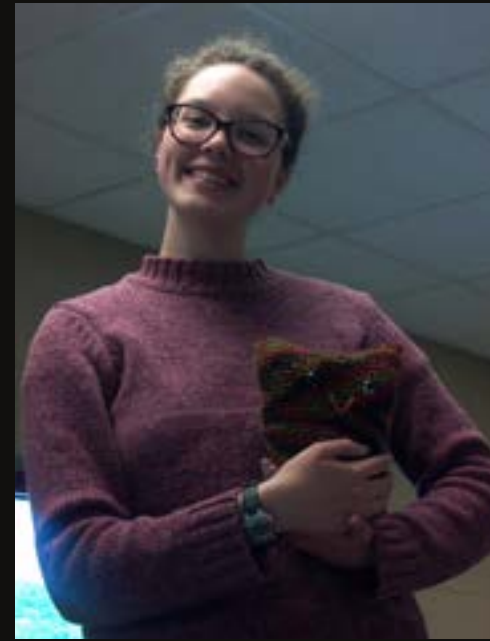


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