



# SPARK

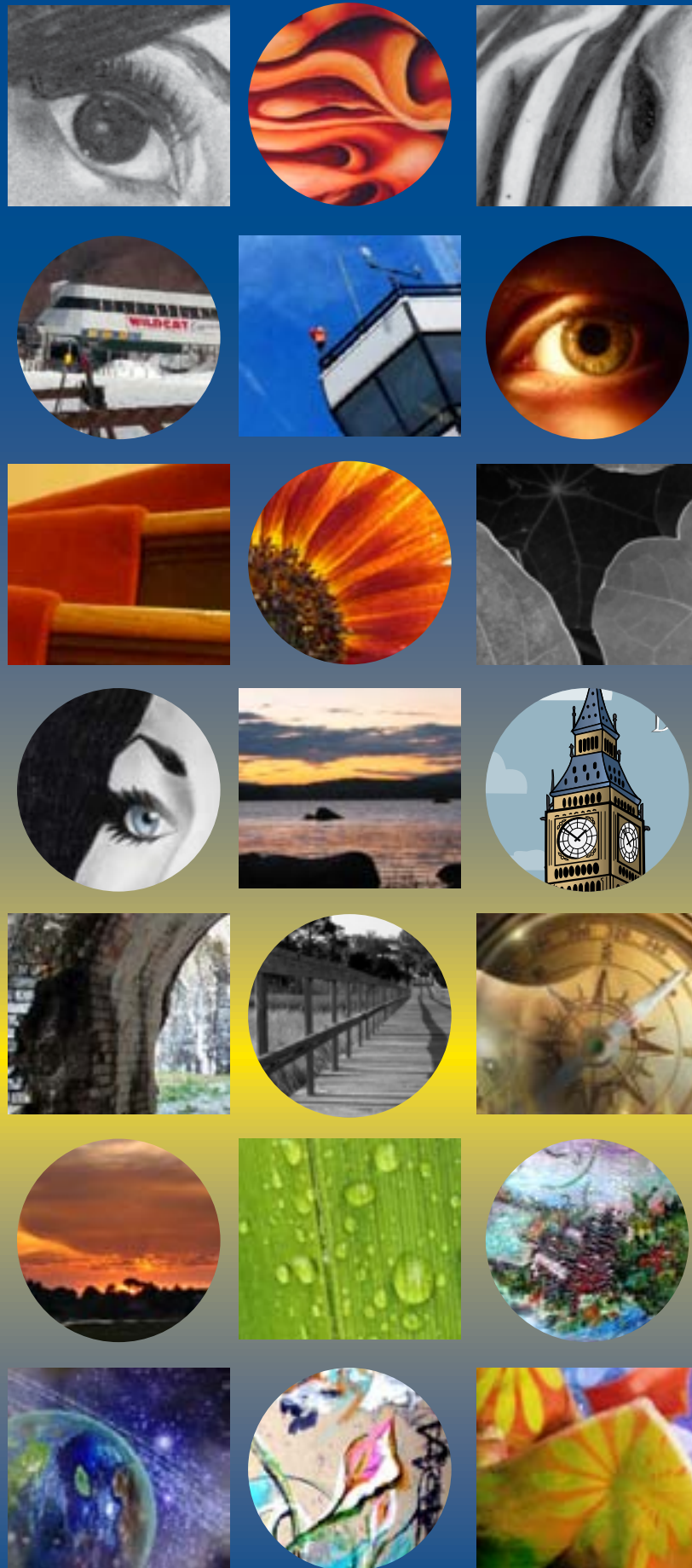
A REVIEW OF NSCC STUDENT LITERARY & ARTISTIC EXPRESSION



SPARK 2014 **volume 6**

# sparked by inspiration

Through poetry and stories, photographs and drawings, *Spark* showcases the talent and spirit of students at North Shore Community College. This sixth issue of *Spark* is dedicated to the persistence of vision, forward movement, and the knowledge that creativity is its own reward. **Enjoy.**



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[www.northshore.edu/spark](http://www.northshore.edu/spark)

on the cover:  
Mirror Image | *Katie Dapice*



# Blessed for a Sandwich

By Robert Williams

I didn't attend to be blessed,  
I only went for a sandwich.  
When the preacher lady struck up her acoustic guitar,  
I made for the exit.

It wasn't that I wasn't grateful,  
I was hungry too.  
I didn't go to be blessed,  
I was only there for the sandwich.

Cheese and egg-very nice too.  
It wasn't that I didn't appreciate the food,  
Others did too.  
But I didn't go to be blessed.



Desire  
Emma Kraus

Others stayed to be blessed,  
After they had eaten their sandwich.  
They stayed for the singing,  
Because they believed.

I was just starving,  
Hadn't eaten for days.  
I didn't go to be blessed.  
I was only there for the sandwich. ■



Alleyway in Cambridge | Katie Dapice





Flora  
*Delia Faria*



Alphabet Soup  
*Linda Tran*

## GETTING GROCERIES

By Rachel Xhemajli

A pair of heavy eyes passed through the parking lot, the door. Slowly, he wrapped his large hands around the cracked handle of the germ-infested cart.

Bananas. Oranges. Spinach. Making his way through the produce on his left, he passed the peaches, returning to August.

...

The heat was heavy, murderous, but vindicated by the busy flavor of the air. There stood the tree, nodding to him as usual as it straightened and sagged. And there was his mother, bent over the majesty of the laden branches, her black hair grazing the fragrant green blades. He'd never known peaches to look so beautiful and taste so bitter.

...

Corn flakes. Granola bars. He rushed through the cereal aisle. Checked his watch—quarter to six. It was Thursday. He winced as pie charts and yellow highlighter glared into his tired eyes. Presentation tomorrow morning—braced himself then grunted as his thought landed the punch.

Pringles (green can)... can't believe Kim lets the kids eat

this stuff ... Teddy Grahams. He needed to go to the gym; he should have gone today, but he didn't. He was tired. Presentation tomorrow morning. And lately, he hadn't been feeling well. A dull ache permeated deep in his gut. Occasionally, the feeling would rise until he was reminded of the lunch he'd swallowed that day.

Rice. Pasta. Ragu. He weaved—a warp, a weft—through the familiar walls of food. “Ragu... Ragu...” His eyes shrank and throbbed as he squinted and scoured for the “godawful sauce.” He found it, grabbed it, and as he leaned to drop it into the cart—just another victim of the McFarland family feeding frenzy—he stopped and twirled the jar in his hands.

...

There she stood, aproned and frantic, suddenly all too aware of the fact that the meatloaf was smoking. Kimmy. Loose, wiry waves slipped discreetly from her hasty ponytail. From across the room he could see the tiny drops of sweat burning on her temples. He recalled the china, her mother's embroidered napkins, candlelight (which he couldn't remember but, doubtless, it was there)—she wanted it to be perfect. As far as he was concerned, it always was. She always was. Was.

...

## “He fumbled for the list as his gut began to nag, the eager aching growing.”

Two pounds of lean ground beef. From the corner of his eye, orange flashed. Turning his head, he found that a tight pair of jeans and a billowy pink blouse went along with her smooth, bright hair. She was browsing the breakfast sausages. He stopped behind her long denimed legs, and as he leaned, right arm thrust forward, he stole a glimpse of the cream behind her mostly buttoned blouse.

“Excuse me... I just got to get some beef, here”

“Oh... sorry” she muttered without lifting her eyes—grabbed her meat of choice and headed toward the frozen food.

He fumbled for the list as his gut began to nag, the eager aching growing. Milk. Eggs. Jelly. He shrugged through the labyrinth. Checked his watch—five after six. He remembered the day that

Sasha was born. He remembered Sean, too, but... he remembered Sasha. She was so small, so loud, so pink that day. He was younger; he was thinner; he was happy, but he had the same watch.

Bottled water. Apple juice. His ruddy index finger traced along the endless colored labels and their standard plastic counterparts. “Mixed Berry... no... Grape juice... no.” Grape juice? What mother lets their child drink grape juice?

...

The purple pest swirled and splatted, leaving its singular mark on his freshly-pressed white button-down.

“Oh man, mom is gunna be so mad.”

“No! Give me those!”

He remembered ripping the lump of paper napkins from his younger brother's hand. He scrubbed, he splashed, he scrubbed, he splashed. It was routine. Hardly anything to freak over, but what did David know, he was seven. Every first Sunday of the month, they'd sneak into the church's metal kitchen after service and down all the grape juice. Now Dave was married, kids—he still went to church. He was still happy.

...

Gently placing his hand over his navel and his blue button-down, he squeezed. If this gets any worse, it's got to be looked at. An agitated exhale. Turning slightly, he navigated his awkward cart into the shortest checkout line.

“Did you find everything alright?”

Cart contents clanked onto the splotchy black belt.

“Oh... yeah. Thanks.”

He piled on the oranges, the Pringles, the water bottles—there was never any particular order. He'd learned something about life. No matter how you arranged your groceries, it was the cashier who assembled the bags.

“Comes to seventy three dollars and twelve cents.”

He slashed his card through the familiar black box.

“Can I borrow your pen?”

...

Colored construction paper was passed around the table. Crayons, markers, pencils, pens scratched and drenched the bright, fragile sheets. He remembered Mrs. Benson, his Sunday school teacher, sitting there watching, her pregnant body bulging with life. She was a good

woman—freckled, pretty. What to write? His pen waved wildly as he tapped it off the table. His eyes squinted slightly as they centered on the chalkboard. Who Will You Be When You Grow Up? His steady gaze shifted and fell onto the portrait beside the board—a wounded man with kind eyes. Finally, pen met paper.

...

“Is it alright if I put the bread in with the eggs?”

“Excuse me?”

“Bread with the eggs... is that ok?”

“That's—uh—that's fine.” He hid his gaze.

The final plastic bag was nudged into the cart. A polite nod to the faceless cashier and he made his way to the exit, conscious of the gnawing in his gut. Abruptly he stopped, staring curiously at a brightly colored sheet suspended on a corkboard, its little paper legs dangling beneath. He tore one off. In a moment, his eyes panted then shimmered. His large hands gripped, cradled, and finally released the folds of his blue button-down. The automatic door yawned. He left the store. ■





## Self Portraits

*clockwise (from top left):*

*Angelica Martinez*

*Margaret Lee*

*Leah Bolduc*

*Gwendolyn Squires*

*Heidi Totman*



## Teachers: The Forgotten Heros

Inspired by a speech made by retired President of North Shore Community College, Wayne Burton.

by **Beatrice Varga**

Feeling as though you don't get through  
Wondering if any are listening.  
Each day brings a new challenge.  
Sometimes rewarding  
Often exhausting.  
As one student leaves  
a void is felt  
and soon  
filled with challenge anew.  
Exhausted by the battle to keep us  
Educated  
Learned  
Freed by the knowledge,  
which brings hope.  
Sometimes wondering why you began this  
journey  
Thinking of new ways to spark the imagination.  
You create the landscape upon which the world  
draws its inspiration  
Its creativity  
Its leadership  
Its fellowship  
Its hopes and dreamers.  
Not receiving much in return  
Usually working several jobs  
Others wonder why you didn't take the chance  
To be the dreamer  
To fulfill your hopes

To fellowship with a higher crowd  
To be a leader  
To be a creator  
To do something inspirational, yourself,  
But you know you already have.  
Teaching is your dream.  
(even though, sometimes, you wonder if you are  
getting through)  
Teaching is your hope  
(The hope you had since youth)  
You know that your fellowship with your  
students  
Creates the higher crowd  
(In turn making you a creator)  
You know that you are instructing leaders  
and you help to create those leaders  
(Making you a leader  
among the din of chattering masses)  
Your inspiration is made known to your  
students  
(which in turn inspires them)  
You were the dreamer  
The hoper  
The inspired  
You are creative  
You are a leader  
Because you are a teacher! ■



Timeless | *Nicole McLellan*

# Stay

by Kara Clafin

I dreamed we had not parted.  
That we had spent the years nestled in each others hearts.  
"Stay" you told me way back then.  
But I was not persuaded  
And so we spent that period of time apart

if there are degrees of separation  
then we have closed the space in ours  
though after decades even, my vision of you did not fade

and now we tread the same floors  
we sleep beneath the same ceilings  
and pay tribute to the youths that we once were  
now we occupy the same space  
we dream the same dreams

Now our visions nestle in the autumn of our lives

now there are no years between us save the ones that bring us forward

and there is no space between us now

now our hearts

stay ■



Soar | Toni Orlando

# Who Made You Like This?

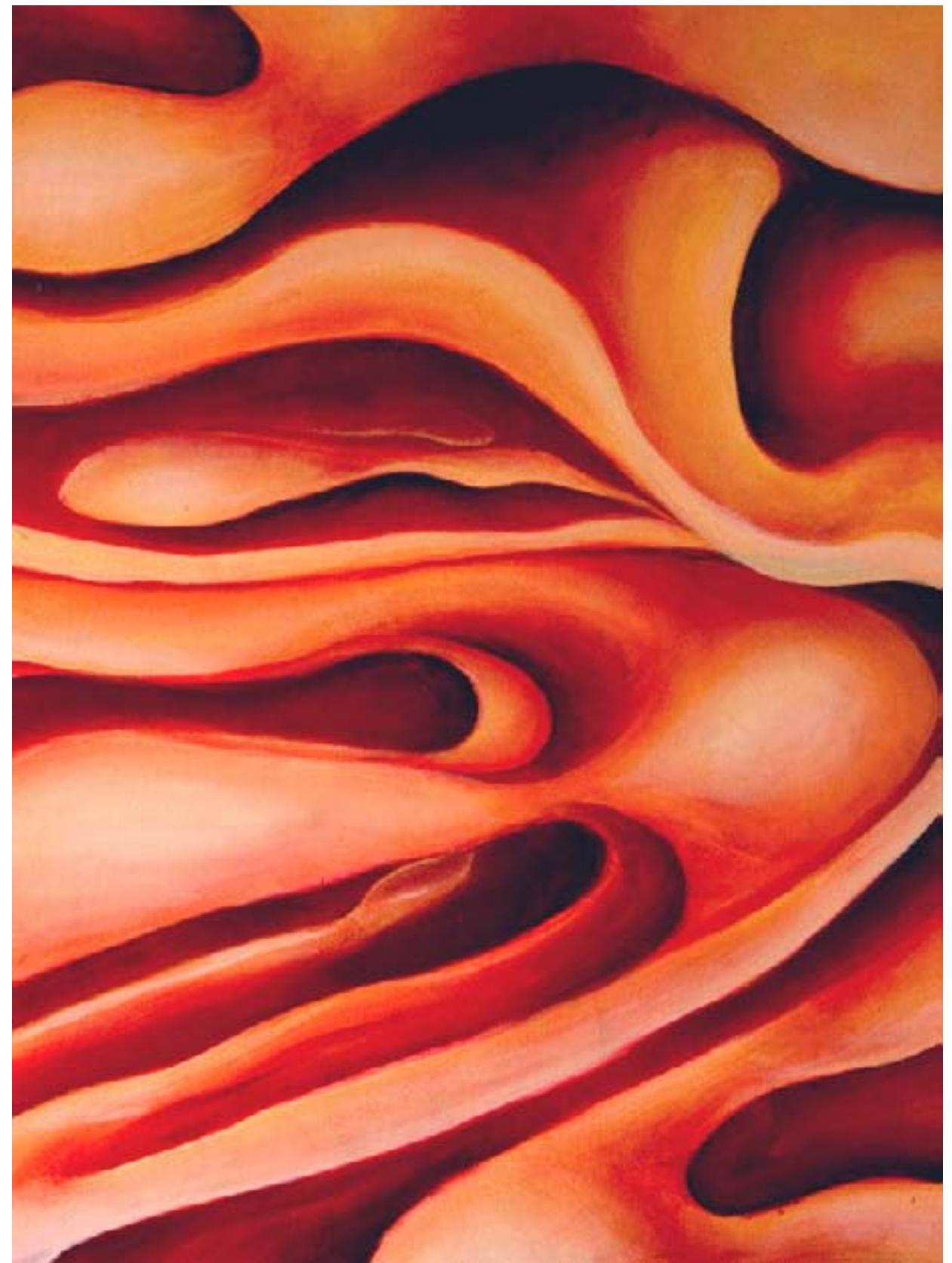
by Adrianna Almonte

Empty spaces, as my hand writing graces over the page  
Fresh ink, I take a second to blink  
I understand the situation  
And both love and time is patient  
Familiar faces  
Your smell and memory are just traces of a past  
We won't be like this for long but in the moment it feels so right  
In the moment it's what comes naturally  
Choices I have to make  
Decisions I have to take  
As long as I know  
As long as I show the true me  
I'll stay me  
I'll stay free  
That the game plan  
My goal  
It's key  
The very last clue determines who is who.  
It is all up to you  
I know what I must do  
My heart has to stay empty  
I know for sure  
That us, we aren't true  
And that is why I'm not even afraid-  
Because it is impossible  
I cannot fall for you. ■





Folliage Face | *Margaret Lee*



Hurricane at West Beach | *Angelica Martinez*



## These Promises

by Jonathan Hammond

When this problem has been thoroughly explored,  
promises will be made.  
Requests and questions will be ignored,  
stored into archives of information.  
Respectable men,  
in believable costumes,  
will act on stage—  
on television,  
quote biblical scripture  
and claim that they are taking the initiative.  
Thousands will perish  
on lands  
far from ours.  
Terrorism will be confronted,  
while Congress preaches  
that the economy  
has been worse before.  
When this problem has been thoroughly explored,  
embers will collect the ocean,  
the rich will consume the poor,  
and no longer will be there  
any ears around to believe that  
promises will be made. ■



*clockwise (from left):*  
Morning Dew | Toni Orlando  
Symmetry | Jess Dansereau  
Playing with the Wind | Trinidad Martinez Hudson



## Album: Are You Experienced?

by Calvin Gil

Released: May 12, 1967

Are You Experienced is the debut album of The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Formed in October of 1966, the band consisted of lead singer and guitarist Jimi Hendrix, with drummer Mitch Mitchell and Bassist Noel Redding. Are You Experienced is an incredibly impressive debut album, and showed the world what Jimi Hendrix and, to a lesser extent, his band, had to offer.

The album featured mainly loud, guitar-heavy, rock-and-roll songs, featuring the rough yet fitting vocals provided by Jimi Hendrix. It was an album that was clearly meant to be played live; most of the songs were road-tested prior to its release, and most of the songs have a raw, amplifier-heavy sound that revolves around Hendrix's catchy guitar hooks and innovative improvisation.

The heavier highlights of the album are the songs *Manic Depression*, *Fire*, *Highway Chile*, and *Foxy Lady*. *Manic Depression* has a heavy guitar riff throughout the song, completed by Hendrix's musings about the phenomenon he recognizes as *Manic Depression*. The riff, which is complemented by a short, piercing solo that the song fades out with. The riff and solo combine with Hendrix's coarse vocals to make a great heavy addition to the album. *Fire* also features a centerpiece guitar riff, but *Fire*'s riff is lighter and catchier than *Manic Depressions*; I might even call it a little funky. The guitar work is complemented by brief pieces of background improvisation throughout the song. Hendrix's vocals work surprisingly well for this song too; he manages to maintain funky, rhythmic vocals throughout the song, in which he is trying to convince a woman to let him stand to her fire. The lyrics in this song further compliment the vocal style, aiding Hendrix adjust to a more rhythmic vocal style. It's hard not to sing along to the catchy

hook, "let me stand next to your fire." Finally, the superb drumming, steady baseline, and infectious background vocals provided by Mitchell and Redding are the icing on the cake for this song, which is undoubtedly one of the catchiest on the album.

*Highway Chile* is a song that I'd place somewhere in between *Manic Depression* and *Fire*; it's certainly heavier than *Fire* in a few spots, but much of the song, including the heavier sections, retains much of the rhythm and catchy guitar work one would find in the previous song. It opens with a piercing, yet very catchy guitar riff, followed by a transition into lighter guitar work

# “Now you'd probably call him a tramp, but I know it goes deeper than that.”

by Hendrix, with him reciting catchy, rhythmic lyrics about a guitar-playing drifter, lyrics that are obviously derived from personal experience, as evidenced by the lyric "Now you'd probably call him a tramp, but I know it goes deeper than that." It then transitions back into the heavy yet catchy guitar riff heard in the beginning, with Hendrix passionately reciting the four-word hook, 'He's a Highway Chile', a brief yet accurate description of the protagonist. The song transitions back and forth a couple more times, with the transition in the middle resulting in a piercing, catchy solo. The song fades out with the shrieking hook; a fitting end to the groovy number.

The iconic hit *Foxy Lady* features a flamboyant, piercing riff similar similar to the one heard in *Highway Chile*, which the song revolves around. The opening riff is complemented by Hendrix's light whispering of the word 'Foxy', which gives the listener a good idea of what to expect lyric-wise. Hendrix then begins to coarsely

sing lyrics about a woman of his desires, describing her as a 'cute little heart-breaker' and 'sweet little love-maker', all while the 'Foxy lady' whispers persist in the background. He then breaks into a slightly faster guitar riff, accompanying it with a passionate chant that communicates his desire to take the 'Foxy Lady' home with him, before stopping the music altogether for a brief moment, where he again repeats the enticing hook. The song sticks with this formula throughout its three-minute running time, peppering in a brief guitar solo. He ends the song chanting the 'Foxy Lady' hook with his bassist and drummer while the music slowly fades out. There are are several other such songs on the album, and they all work magnificently.

The album doesn't consist entirely of hard-rocking songs, however. Hendrix includes a couple of softer, emotional songs. The first of these songs is *Hey Joe*, which opens with a bluesy electric guitar riff. Hendrix goes on to expand this guitar riff, while crooning depressing lyrics about a man who shoots his cheating wife. The lyrics are almost pleading with the main character, Joe, in an attempt to stop his brash actions, with the hook consisting of the phrase "Hey Joe, where you goin' with that gun of yours?". The song consists almost entirely of this gloomy combination of guitar work and lyrics, only stopping for a soulful, mellow solo that fits into the song perfectly. Mitchell's restrained background drumming adds a nice touch, and the end result is a perfectly depressing ballad about a broken man.

The other mellow, emotional song is *The Wind Cries Mary*, which is one of the best songs on the album and, arguably, of Hendrix's career. *The Wind Cries Mary* opens with a soft, gloomy guitar riff that is a notable contrast to most of the other songs, even *Hey Joe*, which has a comparatively heavy main riff. After the short opener, the song transitions into soft guitar work, similar to the opener, accompanied by Mitchell's soft, plodding drum line. While the smooth rhythm of the instruments continues in the background, Hendrix softly sings lines of beautiful yet dreary poetry, all of which end in the

# “The spellbinding lyrics were written by Hendrix himself, who was a poet of sorts, known for his ability to write and even improvise captivating lyrics.”

increasingly loud phrase "And the Wind Cries Mary", with the word "Cries" adjusted to fit the tone of the line, going from "Whispers" all the way to "Screams." The spellbinding lyrics were written by Hendrix himself, who was a poet of sorts, known for his ability to write and even improvise captivating lyrics. The song breaks into a mellow, peppy solo in the middle, an extremely well done section that supplements the song extremely well; *The Wind Cries Mary* certainly wouldn't be the same without it. After transitioning back into the final verse, the song changes its rhythm, with Hendrix offering various musings about the wind around which the song centers. Finally, Hendrix gives one last impassioned rendition of "The Wind Cries Mary...", after which the song ends with a modified version of the hook, resulting in a comforting feeling of closure. *The Wind Cries Mary* is certainly the most emotional, smooth song on the album, and is a landmark in terms of writing and guitar-playing.

The diversity, however, is not yet over. Are You Experienced includes a few songs which are distinctly unique in terms of style. The first of these is the title track, *Are You Experienced*. The song opens with the rhythmic, distorted repetition of a tape playing backwards. After the short, interesting intro, Hendrix begins to play a complex, ambient guitar riff, complemented by Mitchell's mechanically rhythmic drumming and the background repetition of the opening sound. The instruments are accompanied by

Hendrix's dreamy, rhythmic chanting of psychedelic lyrics. The instruments and vocals eventually culminate in the hook, which features a harsher guitar line and the vague question, "Have you ever been experienced?". The surreal nature of the song climaxes during the middle of the song, which features an extended solo, which is played backwards, a practice that Hendrix would use in a couple other songs as well. It's an interesting move, and it certainly makes the song stand out. The song continues as usual after the solo, with the listener again being immersed in its dreamy, bold melody. After a few more verses, the song slowly fades out, with the distorted sound of feedback making a sudden appearance shortly after the end. *Are You Experienced* is a very interesting song that was clearly designed as a studio-based endeavor.

*Third Stone From the Sun* is the second unique, experimental track on the album, and it is certainly unlike anything else you'll find on *Are You Experienced*, despite featuring studio effects similar to the title track. It opens with a light, lulling guitar riff, accompanied by quick, rhythmic drumming. These are quickly joined by an extremely distorted voice in the background. As the song progresses, Hendrix experiments with the main riff, eventually turning it into a dramatic peak, only to go back to lighter grounds almost immediately. It's somewhat reminiscent of surf music, which comes into play later in the song. The surreal guitar work, drumming and distorted voices continue on for while, soon coming to another crescendo. After this climax, however, Hendrix plays a short, rocking solo, after which the pace of the song begins to increase, and the voice in background becomes clearer. Hendrix briefly ventures back into the lull of the main rhythm, after which Mitchell plays a lengthy drum solo, during which

the voice in the background continues to mumble. As Mitchell begins to get further into his solo, sounds of distorted guitar feedback make their way into the sound collage, adding another dreamlike layer to this already abstract song. Soon after, the distorted voice in the background, which is now easily recognizable as Hendrix himself, begins to recite poetry. One quote that sticks out to me in particular is "So to you I shall put an end, and you'll never hear surf music again." The quote seems to be recognizing the slow death of surf music, which was already beginning to fade away at the time. Therefore, the song could be an odd ode to surf music, of sorts. After the voice becomes incomprehensible again, the drum solo is again brought to the forefront, along with increasingly prominent sounds of guitar feedback, which lead into a distorted version of the main riff. After this is done, the song devolves into complete chaos, with the loud sound of guitar feedback taking over the song completely, only to quickly fade away. The song ends with ambient noise, which slowly fades out. *Third Stone from the Sun* is a very interesting, surreal track, if nothing else. Hendrix was clearly doing something very experimental here, and you can hear some of this experimental influence in his final studio album, *Electric Ladyland*. It is a really unique song, however, within the realm of *Are You Experienced*; there's nothing else quite like it on the album.

Finally, I'd like to bring attention to *Red House*, a song that is a near-perfect combination of blues and rock. The song opens with loud guitar riff that has a distinctively blues style. After the opening lick ends, Hendrix begins to somberly croon out a story about his old love, and how he can no longer see her after being gone for a long time. Hendrix's vocals are accompanied by his bluesy guitar improvisation and Mitchell's slow, methodic

drumming. The reason this song is so important within the context of *Are You Experienced* is that it is the only song on the album that has a really heavy blues influence. This blues style defined Hendrix largely as he developed musically. *Red House* was a catalyst, of sorts, the longer, deeper blues songs that can be found on his final album '*Electric Ladyland*'. He even has live recordings of *Red House* in which he develops the song through improvisation, increasing its runtime from four minutes to twelve.

*Are You Experienced* is an extremely good album, especially when you consider it is the first one that Hendrix ever released. The shorter, faster rock songs, which are the meat of the album, are very well done,

and often contain common elements that are explored differently in each song. The experimental, emotional, and bluesy songs also fit into the album very well, lending it greater diversity. While the album is not quite as diverse or cohesive as some of his later efforts, such as *Electric Ladyland* or *Axis: Bold as Love*, it is a fantastic album in its own right, and a great album for those who want to start listening to Hendrix.

Score: 9.2/10

+Diverse, catchy tracklist

+Hendrix's guitar work and vocals

+No bad songs

-Not as interesting or cohesive as Hendrix's later efforts ■

High Grade | Jacqueline Martinez





# Seven Days of Torment

by Jonathan Hammond

Seven days of torment  
without you by my side.  
Across the globe  
on a crowded train I travel:  
with this vice grip of virtue  
clamped tight, always  
keeping me hard at work.

Seven days of sorrow  
cycle through the six nights I suffer.  
On this iron rail road  
in a silver train I travel:  
passing lapis lazuli skies,  
under foggy pewter stratus.  
I see a dozen thousand copper trees  
with jaded-emerald leaves  
and subway graffiti,  
curiously cloaking  
hidden meanings.  
Their secrets are soon as far from me  
as I feel away from you.

Headed for my destination  
dreams become my pillow  
filled with silhouettes.  
Images black and bland of taste  
imitate the coffee I force down  
inside these desolate hours.  
My stomach burns  
with each and every empty cup  
and thought of you I leave behind.

Torn away a week now  
also tortured by your absence.  
The essence of:  
your cinnamon kisses,  
vibrating whispers, cradling arms,  
paradise eyes and magnetic charm,  
all await the night I travel home. ■





# Your Face Reminded Me of Sneakers

by Jessie Nocella

Your face reminded me of sneakers

Laced up so no holy sock opinions would slip out

With a zipper mouth holding in broken glass truth

Chewing on bottle caps

You bled happy, bled dimmed street lights mirrored in old fashioned cameras, bled 1960s ballroom lessons

So I danced like anchors in sand, with chained hands and soap bucket feet

Oh, clumsy me

Falling again for wallwashed wishes and railroad reassurance that stretched so far we held our breath

*Telling you how many times I never made wishes when I blew out birthday candles*

*Wax belongs to bees you said, don't steal their hardwork*

*previous page (clockwise from top left)*

Havasupai Mail | Jess Dansereau

Lullaby of the Nymph | Trinidad Martinez Hudson

Glowing Stars | Emma Kraus

Fine Strokes | Emma Kraus

Ribbon wrapped faults hid under paper cut eye lashes

Pretending not to be themselves

So we stacked books on the shelves

Thinking they would fill us with more knowledge, but paper always ripped too easy.

Pot and pan children's orchestras seeping from your mouth

I see your immaturity

But you walk like ballerina midnights

Break like softening Popsicles

You melt slowly, when I say your name

They said butterfly kisses, we made firefly liplocks

Running on memories of how many times did my mom hear the back door creak

Of lead heels breaking concrete

Slipping silent thighs into the Suzuki of a stranger I already knew

*Whale washed loveland*

*Stopping just before heaven*

*The dock creaked  
Stars fell like*

Gunshots

Like, water color drips

Like, shattering lightbulbs

*The ocean was filled with glow sticks*

*Bobbing in sync with earth's axis*

We tipped upside down

Heads falling into lips, logic into rosé petals

Innocent youths slightly tainted with society's standards clicked

*opposite page (top to bottom)*

Sight | Emma Kraus

Thomas Law from the Worlds End | Jack Raubach

Flat footed and tiptoeing

Balancing and frolicking

We never reached the same ground until I became more graceful and you grasped a steady pace

*Streetlight light years waited for our cue*

*But we kept it on yellow so the time wouldn't slip by*

*Bystanders staring like we were revolutionaries, like beat box love defied gravity*

*Like we were a mixed skin couple back when segregation was in*

*We were the center of it all...*

*Apple core attention fell off you,*

*My*

*Tree trunk lover*

*I climbed you with pocketknife fingers*

*Carving my name all the way up*

*Because you always said that trees hold in every secret they've ever been told. ■*





**Futura**

**FU**

Paul Renner 1927

In typography, Futura is a geometric sans-serif typeface designed in 1927 by Paul Renner. It is based on geometric shapes that became representative visual elements of the Bauhaus design style.



top to bottom  
Futura | Colleen Bertolino  
Perspective Grid | Heidi Totman

## To the author of the New England Courant:

by Jill Gallant

Sir,  
I was having tea just the other day with a good friend of mine and we were discussing how people wish to enter America with the outrageous notion that America is a welcoming to all sort of place, we nearly spit out our tea. America does not have a sign on it saying The More the Merrier, Come on Over. Yet people believe it to be, how silly! Where did this ridiculous thought originate from? Maybe once upon a time, generations before us, this idea of come one come all was actually true. But look around America as it stands today, overpopulated and increasingly growing. America is the place to escape to; they are jumping walls and breaking barriers to get here. Families put their lives at risk to come live in a crowded and congested piece of land. We don't want you, go back home! America was once an inviting place, where dreams came true and freedoms were offered. Not any

more, with the mass quantities of people looking for work, there is nothing to be found. Americans are losing their jobs to non-Americans; what is wrong with your own country? Is your country not beautiful and full of life? I had a dream the other night that I would like to share. I was walking along a beach but not anywhere in America. The water was something that I have never seen before; it was breathtakingly blue with the most tropical fish swimming in it. The warm breeze was delightful and the landscape was full of lush greens and stunning architecturally made houses upon a mountain top. The people that passed me by smiled and offered kindness. I found myself walking the streets of a marketplace full of laughter and life. Not many others were around, only a few people. I turned the corner and found myself in a very large crowd, struggling to get through. People were pushing and yelling profanities at me as I

inched my way across the crowd; I got scared and my anxiety shot through the roof! What was happening, where was I, why was I being shoved and being made to squeeze among others like a can of packed sardines? I will tell you why. . . I am now in America! Ha! All you silly little folks who think America is the land of opportunity and that you will be welcomed, have yourself another alcoholic beverage! There is no room here, you are not welcome, and there are no opportunities. Generations before us where our land was plentiful, you were more than welcomed but times have changed. Too many took us up on our offer and now we are paying the price. In the words of Ebenezer Scrooge, "Bah-humbug," our Closed sign is on the door; try again another time. Silence Dogood ■



left to right  
 Disney Alphabet | *Jacqueline Martinez*  
 Untitled | *Danielle Tracey*  
 Sanctuary | *Trinidad Martinez Hudson*



# Old Tango

by Ilya Prints

I saw her at the gala night party, after a holiday concert. She stood there, lost in her own thoughts, did not seem to hear the loud music and not noticing the whirling couples—no longer a young lady in gray suits, with thick graying hair. Stooped shoulders, a little wrinkled face. Deafening music, with ordinary odd jerks and breaks, suddenly gave way to a smooth melody of the old tango. Wave after wave, wave after wave—and dancing couples began to whirl in rhythm with the music. I saw how an elderly white-haired gentleman came to a lady to invite her to dance. She slowly rose, and here they were, unhurriedly spinning in dance. An old, very familiar tune picked up the dancers. And I saw a miracle. Her shoulders were straightened, head lifted, on her face appeared barely

perceptible smile. Even wrinkles, seemed, to have smoothed. But the main thing—her eyes! A peculiar light in them, a brilliance that hadn't been there before! Some sparkles! This was no longer the old lady with a burden of past years and, possibly, amassed illnesses. No, no! The young woman smoothly and gently slid into the dance floor. And it seems like the whole world opened up in front of her, as in her youth, and she floated toward discoveries and hopes, awaiting the accomplishment of a miracle, and she—the prom queen! But here, the music subsided, tango ended, and everything returned to normal. And I stood, amazed, pondering how the age is not determined by the date of birth, but by the way the world is reflected in our eyes. ■



*top to bottom*  
Untitled | Nicole Mclellan  
Fan Art | Jenniina Vaara

*next page (clockwise from bottom left)*  
The Wave | Jess Dansereau  
Lines & Shadows | Jess Dansereau  
Peaceful | Heidi Totman  
River Sunset | Toni Orlando  
Vapor Trails | David Salucco  
Winter | Gary Lucas  
Solitude—Wildcat Mountain | David Salucco



# A Tribute to Sappho

by Danielle Tracey

Yearn for more than love's shallow shore  
Don't allow your heart to fall asunder  
Find deep plunder in yourself once more

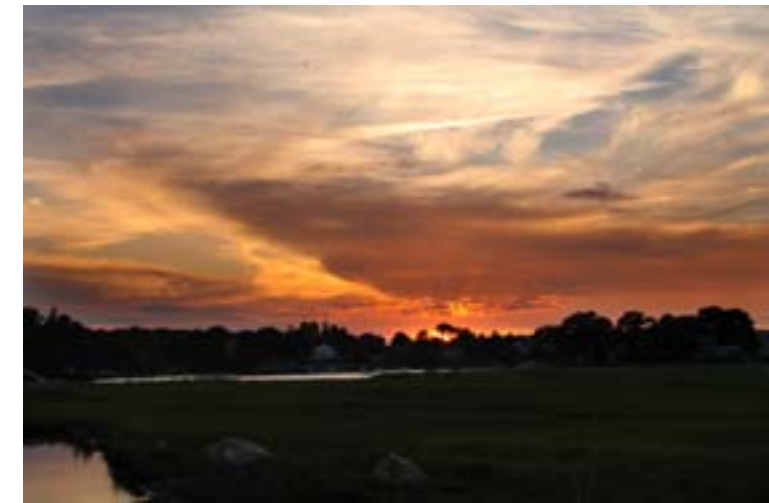
Although don't become a siren or a whore  
But Challenge familiarity and ring the thunder  
Yearn for more than love's shallow shore

Sappho, Do not plunge yourself into the ocean's lure  
For a lover is not worth going under,  
Find deep plunder in yourself once more

Eros keep your bow don't step to the fore.  
The love (lust) sure will blunder  
Yearn for more than love's shallow shore

Do not give up but fight Dionysus's serpent oar  
Desire for others will cloud the skies and will cumber  
Find deep plunder in yourself once more

Be afraid for it is hard to live without rapport  
Just remember that if you love another  
Yearn for more than love's shallow shore  
Find deep plunder in yourself once more. ■





# SUBURBIA

by Robert Williams

“Suburbia”:

A four-bedroom house.  
Safe residential area.  
Crippling mortgage.  
Mowing the grass every Sunday.  
Taking the dog for a walk.  
Poop “off campus”.  
Three holidays a year.  
Cheap Caribbean Cruises.  
Predictable sex with the wife.  
Contemptuous teenage children.  
Late night TV.  
The Bruins or the Celtics.  
Will they make the playoffs?  
Who cares!  
A crap job and daily commute.  
Stuck in traffic jams.  
Is the wife screwing her boss?  
Checking emails and phone records.  
No beer in the house.  
No real male friends.  
Too much food.  
Expanding waistline.  
Futile existence.  
No risk.  
No excitement.  
Slow death.  
Therapy.  
What’s wrong with me?  
Why don’t I like this shit?  
Take a pill.

Solve the problem.  
Don’t panic and carry on.  
Take the dog for an off campus poop.  
Mow the grass and rake the leaves.  
Dream of having an affair.  
Chicken out.  
Too much to lose.  
Play golf instead.  
Pretend to play golf in the afternoons.  
Rent a motel room and have an affair.  
Cheat on the wife.  
Lie.  
Lie to yourself.  
Carry on.  
DIE. ■

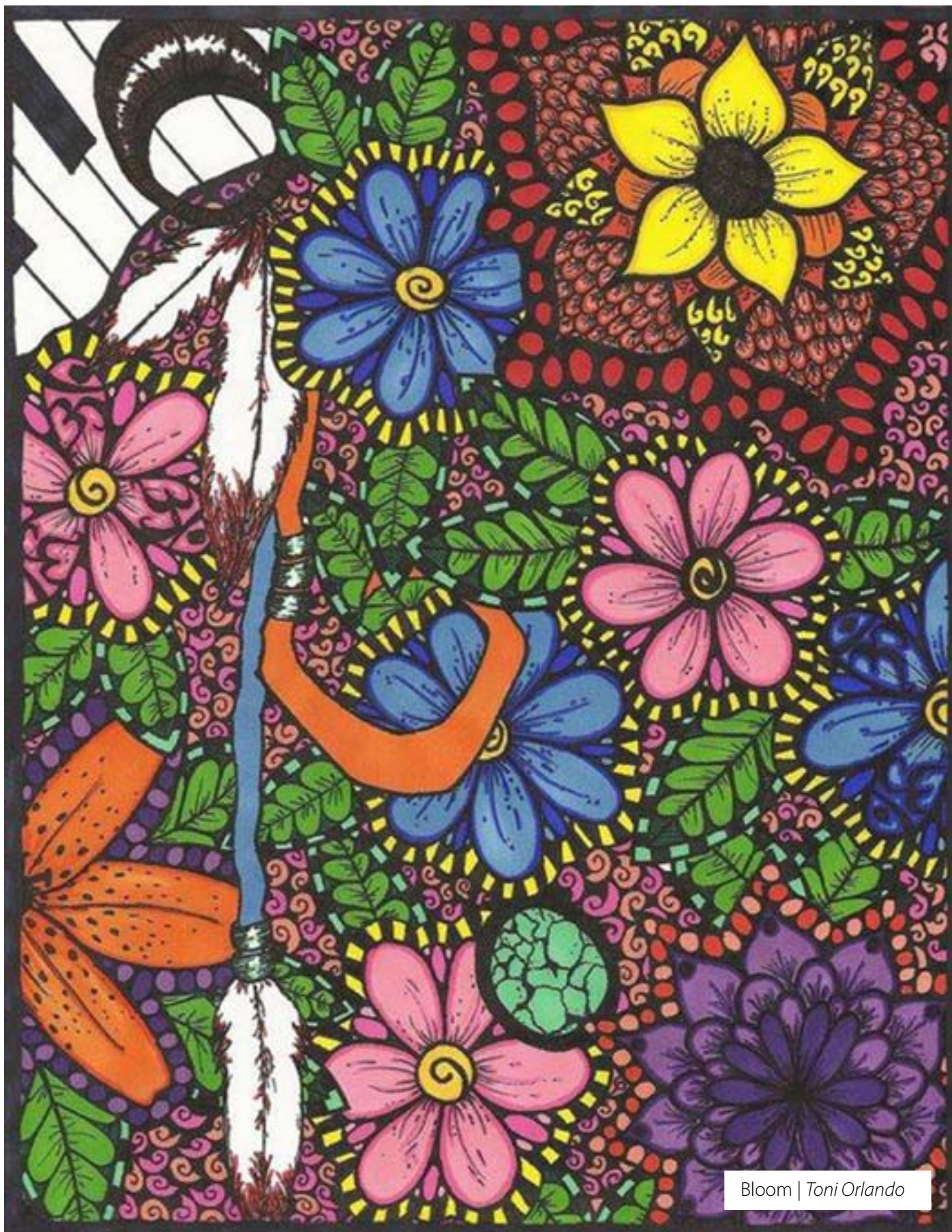


clockwise (from bottom left)  
Sea Urchin Skull | Angelica Martinez  
Tumblr | Nicole McLellan  
FOTO | Kelsie Verdini  
Black & White Still Life | Katie Dapice  
Salem Windsposter | Jenniina Vaara





faculty, staff, student volunteers and student contributors



Bloom | Toni Orlando





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