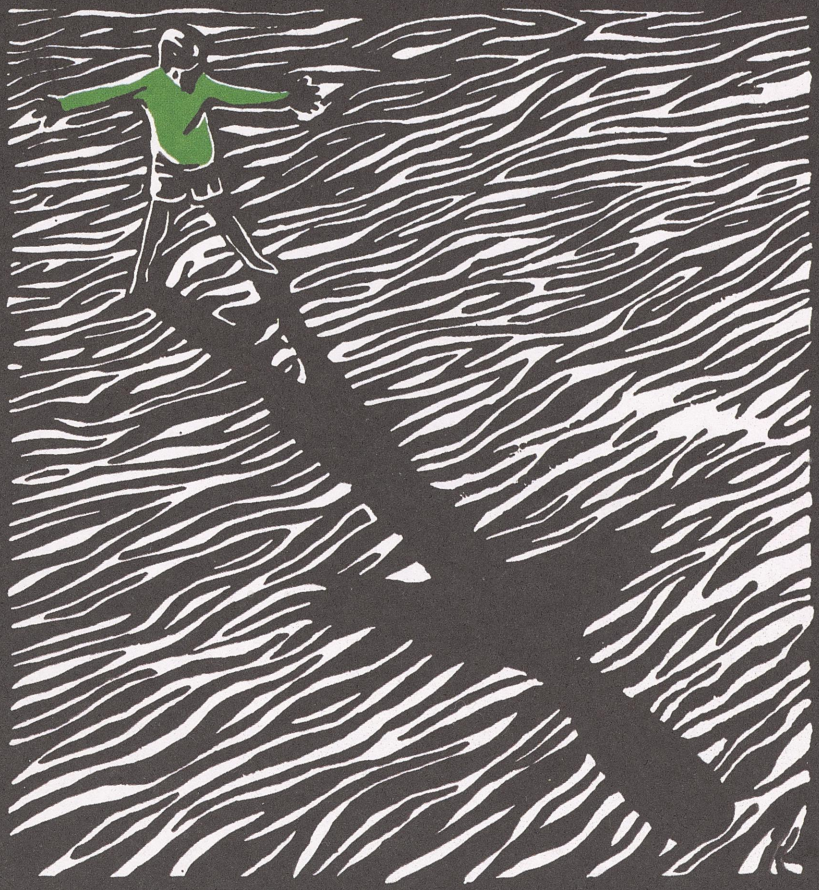
Harpeth Hall



Hallmarks 2006

Save the Silence



Literature, Art, and Song

from the Upper School student body of

The Harpeth Hall School

3801 Hobbs Road • Nashville, TN 37215
www.harpethhall.org

Cover image by Sarah Feldner
"Save the Silence" title by Anne McWhirter

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CD • songs by Crook, Wamp, Wamp/Croker



Mary Olivia Mullin

innocence





Children and China

Molly Proffitt

Willfully and shrillfully, the shattered platter of ostentatious disaster
Clatters to the floor in a fragrance of parts.
Remembrance of a wholeness, the diamond china of dullness,
A mix of enchantment falls — a forfeit of remarks.
Decandence and Clarity, a victim to posterity, and children who break water
When displayed as pretty as new art.
Throwing and wiggling, the bland hands of reprimands
Make immature the tableware of Denmark.



Whitney Hayden



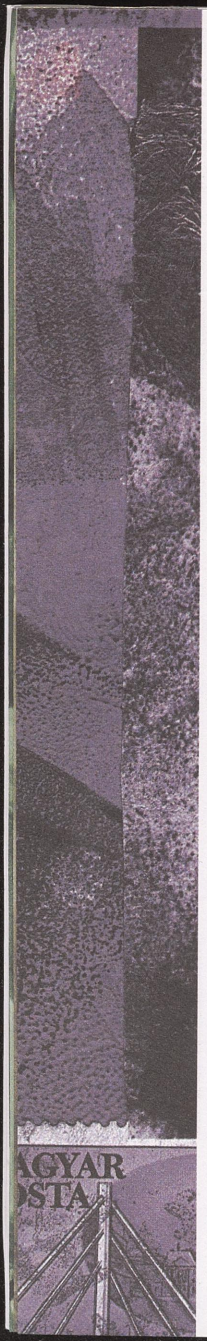
Bedroom

Emily Hassell

I swiftly tiptoe barefoot into the playroom that extends off of my circus-like bedroom. Inside I am free to be myself, unlock my imagination. All that surrounds me is my own, nobody else's. Everything—the table, baby crib, fake stove and cupboard, games, dress-up hand-me-downs, ceilings—they are all mine suitably shrunken to my tabletop height. I feel a slight pain as I step on some game pieces scattered across the Candyland board beneath me. The stain on the faded pink carpet reminds me of the time I tried to wash my "Hair-do Barbie's" hair and spilled the shampoo. The window opposite the door lets a direct jet of sunlight hit the floor, making it extremely warm and stuffy inside, like an attic, unfinished. I scoot into my chair at the miniature white table wearing a corduroy purple jumper with turquoise leggings and pink plastic bracelets that clink around. I never liked hats, so instead I crown myself with a polka-dotted headband and layer on five beaded necklaces to fancy me up. The more jewelry I wear, the prettier I must be. The table is set with tiny jam jars, plates, and tea cups that turn pink when filled with liquid. Now it's time for tea. Please pass the cream?



Sarah Anne Spaulding



Scapping and Bipping

Ellie Maloy

I walk and talked while juggling,

And skipped and scapped I wuggling.

The master was faster at spunk,

He ripped and bipped a dunk.

"Kiss, kiss," he said with a lisp,

And talked and chalked like chips with crisp.


MAGYAR POSTA
Я УВИДЕЛ,
КАК ПРЕКРАСНА
НАША ПЛАНЕТА,
ЛЮДИ, БУДЕМ ХРАНИТЬ
И ПРИУМНОЖАТЬ
ЭТУ КРАСОТУ,
А НЕ РАЗРУШАТЬ ЕЕ
MAGYAR POSTA

Amy Dixon

Nonsensical War

Channing Garber

An ostentatious instantaneous container of coffee grounds

Zonked an irritated overrated bucket of tiny clowns.

The clowns, humiliated, bloviated back at the coffee grounds.

A ripe avocado (an *anaranjado*) joined in as the fight did resound.

A most delicious (though quite pernicious) pineapple hobbled this way,

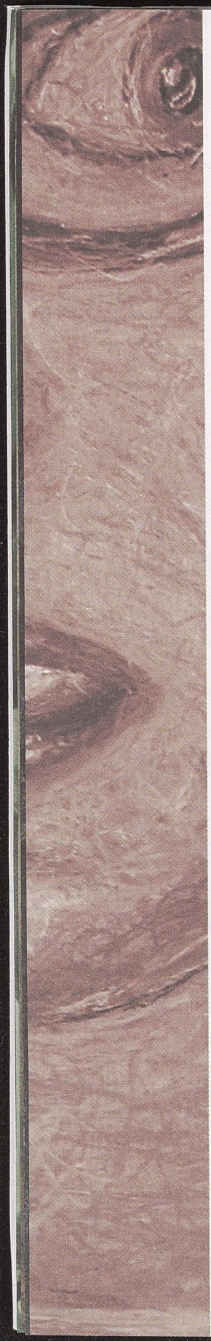
With a rather delightful, dreadfully frightful elephant named "Harambé."

Together abounding, although not confounding, they made their way into the fray.

Both underachievers and nonbelievers said, "Forget this, let's play!"



Sarah Zimmerman



How to Escape a Bear

Ellie Maloy

When you come
Up to a bear,

And you think
He may be harmful,

Take one foot back,
And place it down.

Bring the other foot back,
and put it down.

Repeat this step
Until the bear is out of sight.

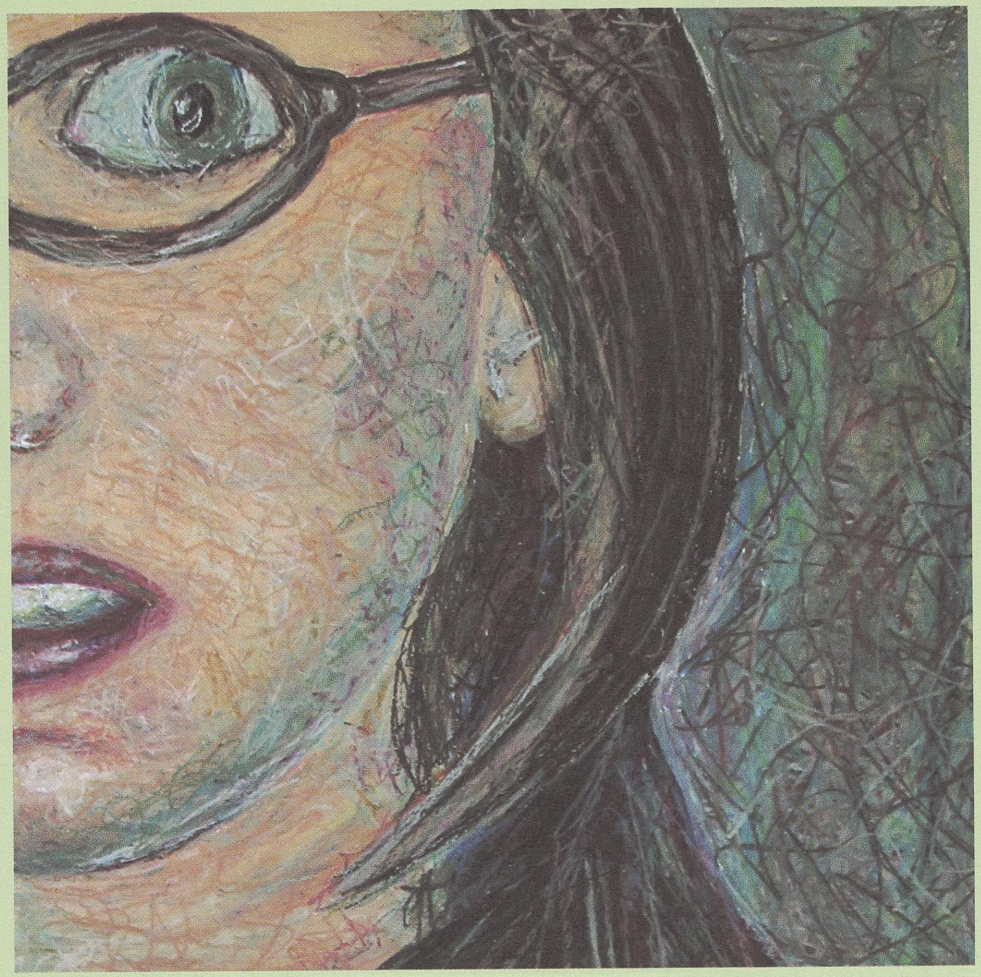
If the bear
Keeps coming,

Crouch down,
And become a ball.

As if you were
To bounce away.

Hopefully, the bear will move on,
Believing that you are harmless.

If not,
You are in trouble.



Rachel Cochran

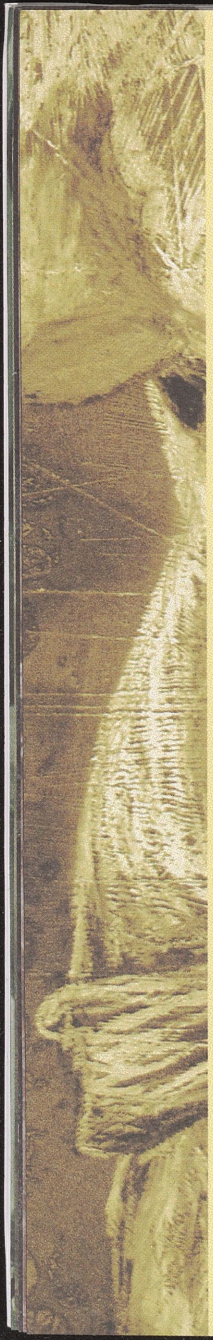


Olivia Patterson

experience



Harpeth Hall has demonstrated over the years — through outstanding performances in academics, athletics, and the arts — that our students are motivated to achieve and rise above the standards set upon us by the world at large. The arts especially have moved past the barrier of "high school material," exemplified by the theater program's production of *Hedda Gabler* (a play many colleges admit to avoiding) and *Necessary Targets* (a poignant look into the gritty reality of Bosnian refugees). The title of this section is "experience," denoting the fact that much of the subject matter is of a mature nature. Our editorial staff discussed again and again whether we should include these poems and finally came to the conclusion that these works and their authors deserve recognition for their literary prowess. We ask that you keep this in mind as you read ahead and enjoy the poems for their merit and the lessons that they may impart.



The Appeal of Nakedness

a Sapphic poem

Becca Hill

I shunned my clothes the other day
and to the floor in my house
I threw them with the bread crumbs.

But was your chest not cold?

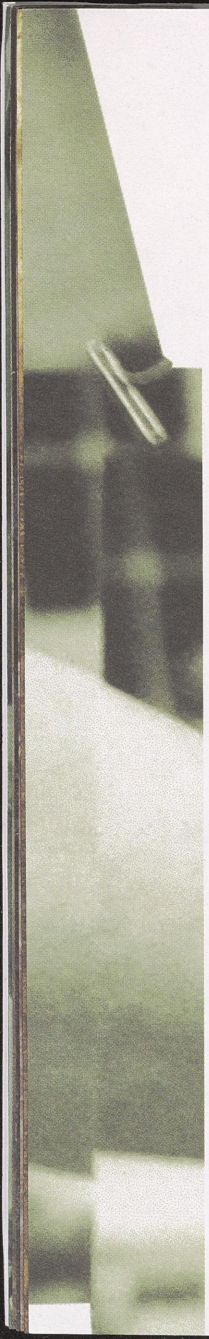
A shirt leapt from the floor
over my unlocked head
and warmed me up again.

But how could a shunned shirt leap?

The bread crumbs shunned it, too.



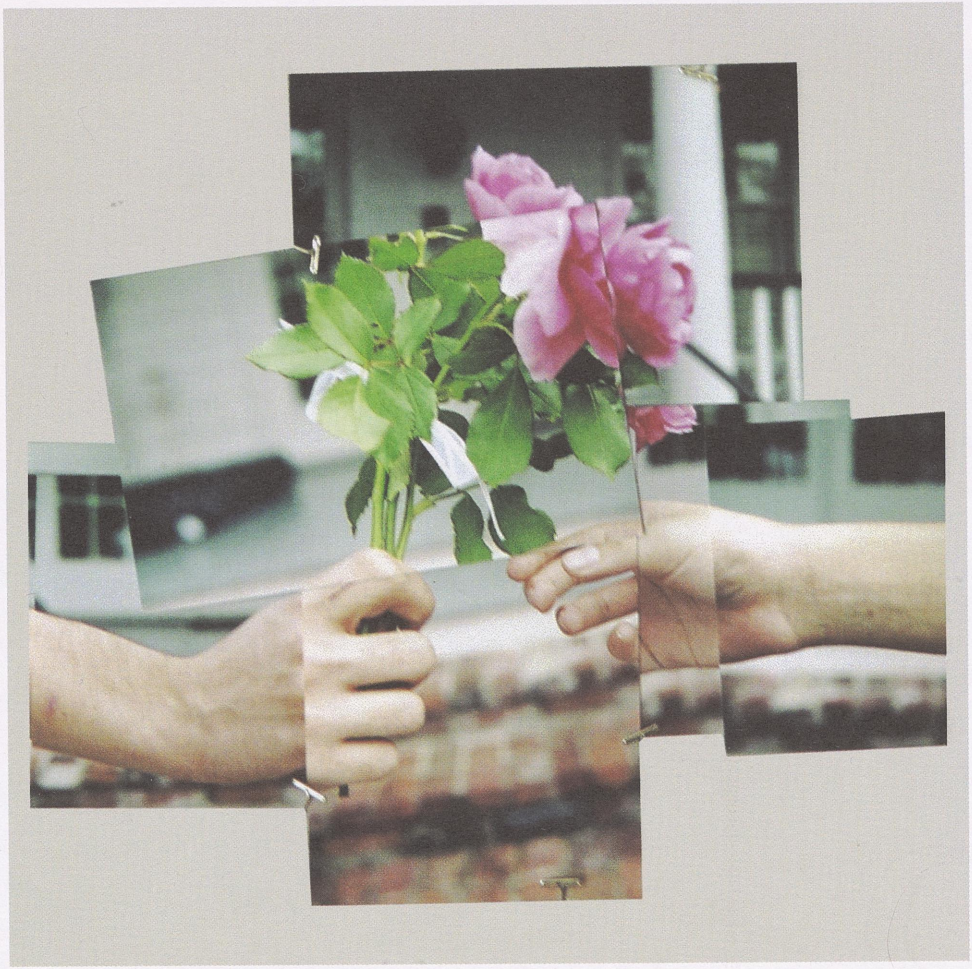
Avery Graham



In a Vase

Becca Hill

Stand the dead flowers
forgotten from an evening of elation
plucked from a stagnant matrix
and thrust into the nebulous known.



Reed Pankey



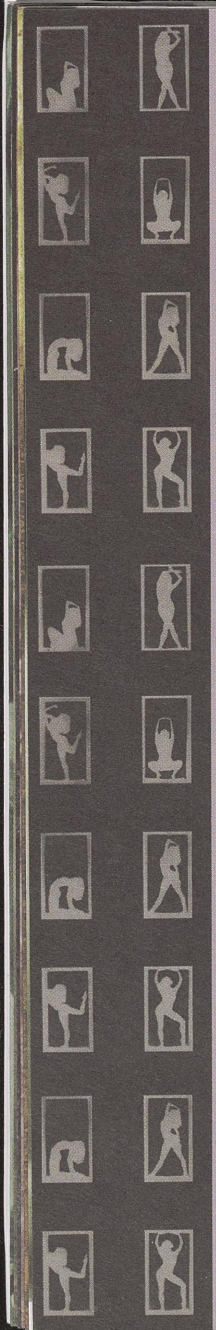
Judgment Day

Anne Laurence Chenery

Eight hours ago—
Eyelids were heavy with lust and alcohol.
Lust played upon the sheets
Lust seeped into the mattress
Lust evaporated into the air.
Clear air, clear blood, clear thoughts.
Eight hours ago—
You would have begged and pleaded.
Pleaded with me for one more dance
Begged me to share one more drink
Pleaded with me to catch the moment before.
Clear thoughts now beg to differ.
Eight hours ago—
You would have given me the world.
Led Zeppelin would thud in our ears,
The guitar would cry and moan
Each spasm would jerk us closer.
Eight hours ago—
You thought I was amazing.
Eight hours ago—
We were infinite.



Argie Johnson



Secrets of Betrayal

Anne Laurence Chenery

Secrets of betrayal
Sleep in corners of the dark.
Darkness turns immortal
Souls cry out; dogs bark.

Spirits moan in ecstasy
Their cries drown out the light,
Sin comes and beds with you
Content to stay the night.

Souls weep and mourn their loss
The pale face dies away,
Red lust gushes from within
Covering the sheets in day.

Red earth splinters and decays
The autumn starts anew,
Fresh springs up below the snow
Bright secrets sparkle dew.

Dew runs racetracks down her face
Her chest is opened up,
Brittle bone snaps out of place
Blinding pain and ante up.

Hearts rebroken, twisted, torn
Glass splatters, shatters, falls,
The new day resists weary eyes
The voice that never calls.



Lucile Rich



The Gossip Circle

Adair Freeman

Oh, no! How scandalous!
It couldn't be. It shouldn't be.
I don't believe you!
But please do tell me more.

On my honor, my lips are sealed,
I shall not tell a single soul.
However, I am the leader of the Southern Women's Social Club,
It is my duty to know about these things.

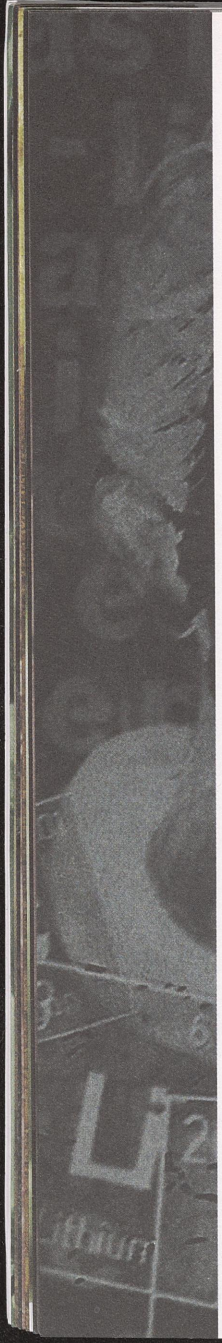
Please enlighten me on the details
Of this preposterous situation.
After all, I have relations with her mother,
Perhaps I should disclose this confidential information to her.

Poor girl, God bless her damned-forever soul,
Her family name will be soiled permanently.
Tomorrow, I will pay a visit to the preacher.
He will, on the girl's behalf, pray for her sins to be forgiven.

I swear, this is the truth:
I saw the appalling deed with my very eyes
Outside my bedroom window
In the pitch black of night.
Their shadows were dancing
On the horizon in the moonlight,
Moving to the rhythm of the wind.
But lean in, ladies — I have more to share.



Mary Lindsay Krebs



Burn Out

Melissa Kim

The limbs are too contorted
and what good is an unemployed circus freak
when there are thoughts to be
laced in the shoes, keeping feet running
in place, so far in place.
I'll sing the alphabet every day
just to end with z.
I wish I could sing another one, please.
The little engine in the car
that crashed into the clouds.
Look, how pretty.



Katie Fredericks

Dying

Dare Oseas

I lived in a house of dying old men.
They knew but didn't know this was true.
In the mind of a man, he is forever young;
An old man is young forever.
Dying is fine for them, but not for any one.
Others are living forever,
Living in a house of dying old men.
The stories of men young forever ever
Echo down the halls forever,
Almost canceling out the ignored dying.
While the old stay young forever,
The dying lay dead forever.



Allison Stewart



I am Shiva
(an insight on the atomic bomb)

Grace Wright

I am Shiva, destroyer of worlds,
said amidst the tears and laughter,
accomplishment and regret holding them
in the aftermath of kryptonite glass.

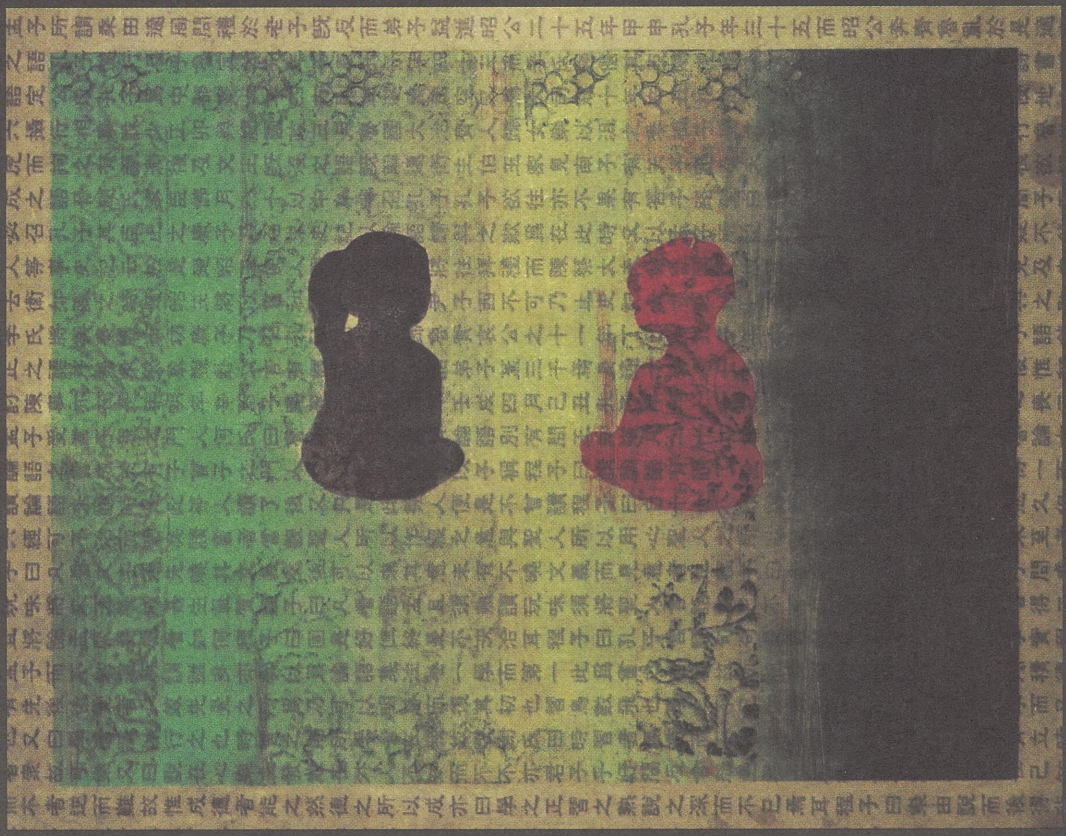
Quoting the six-armed Vishnu,
I am Shiva, destroyer of worlds,
transfixed on the blossom in the sky
accomplishment and regret holding them.

And with the epiphany of devastation
quoting the six-armed Vishnu,
they see the echo of a thousand dying stars,
transfixed on the blossom in the sky.

Awed stupid with destruction's beauty
and with the epiphany of devastation
whispering of tomorrow's vile waste
they see the echo of a thousand dying stars.

Petrified by a force which outstrips mortal competence,
awed stupid with destruction's beauty,
the knowledge that this is not the right answer
whispering of tomorrow's vile waste.

Shiva laughing at his unwitting scions,
petrified by a force which outstrips mortal competence
Oppenheimer, ruefully voicing this irony and
the knowledge that this is not the right answer.



Amy Dixon



Whitney Hayden

lo hecho
y
lo natural





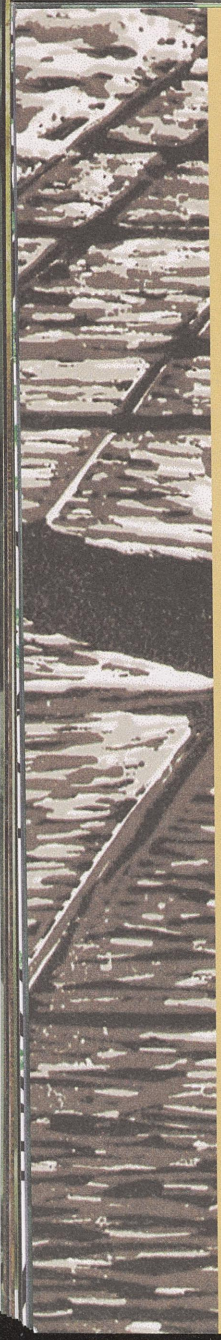
Wildflower

Melissa Kim

Oh my, how it's thriving
so emeraldly stained.
From it wavelengths of vibrancy tram.
Greeting the starry sun with a smile
and content with not knowing why
its leaves no longer embrace,
the neck begins to unhinge—
Only living to breathe.
Foolish food coloring.



Monisha Chakravarthy



Feather

Molly Robert

Garish cerulean lying

Like a spattering of blood.

Only a sapphire could bleed

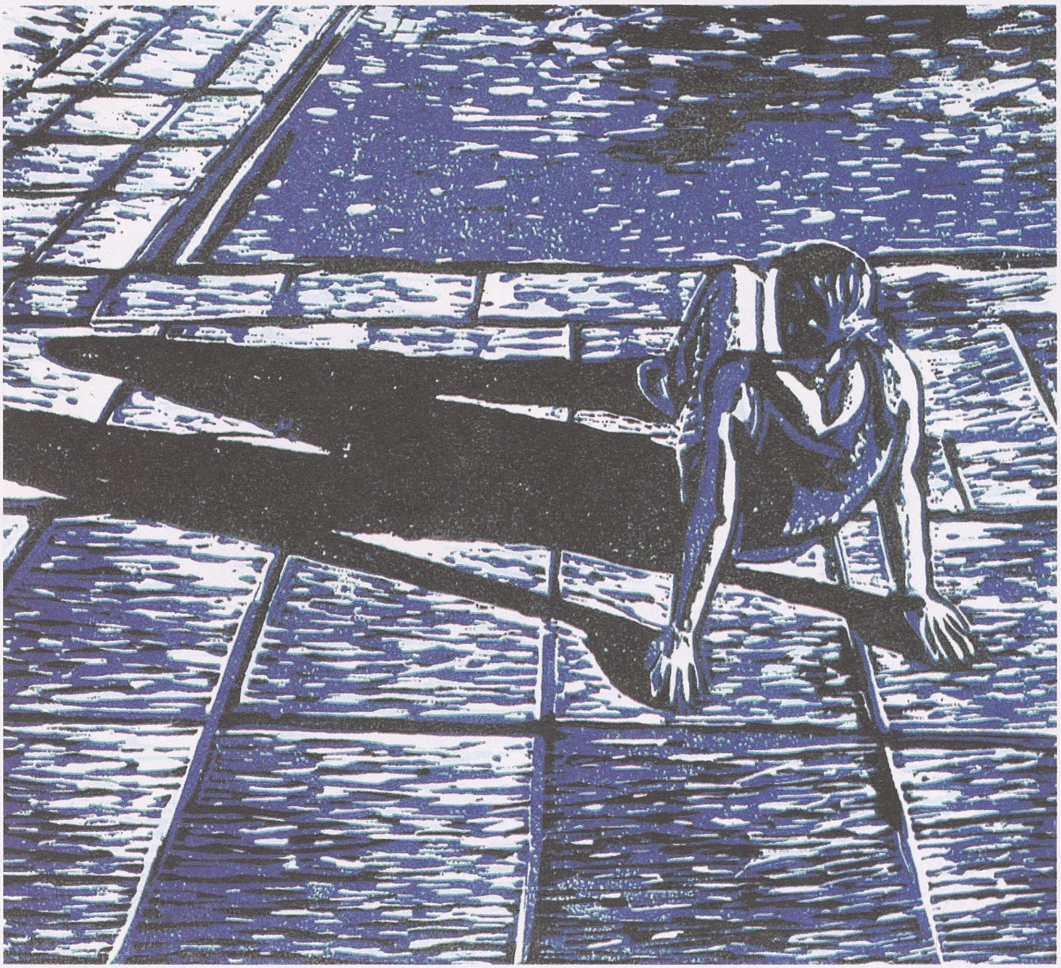
This way.

Silks, satins, velvets –

What can compare?

To a broken feather

Drowning in reflected light.



Denton Whitson

To Hell with Television

Kaity Krupp

Above us all, it demands a black *genuflect*—
Though it now lies dormant on a black altar,
And upon its base
Posters, art, emotion, treasures given freely
Offered up to the vicious static of its wicked enchantments:
The expressions will lie evermore
With dust gathering, stifling and hiding them
To be absorbed nevermore.
While this shelf disintegrates the objects,
The next shelf up holds the tools of convenience.
"Don't even exert yourself!"
It sings as your fingers click instead of express.
I am the solution to your life's tribulations.
Finally upon the top shelf
Of the vessel of vice,
Its enthralling vortex
Makes us mindless, moveless, and thoughtless.
I am too enthralled with it—
Though I know that evil possesses it,
I'll let myself assimilate into its *empty*



Lauren Gill

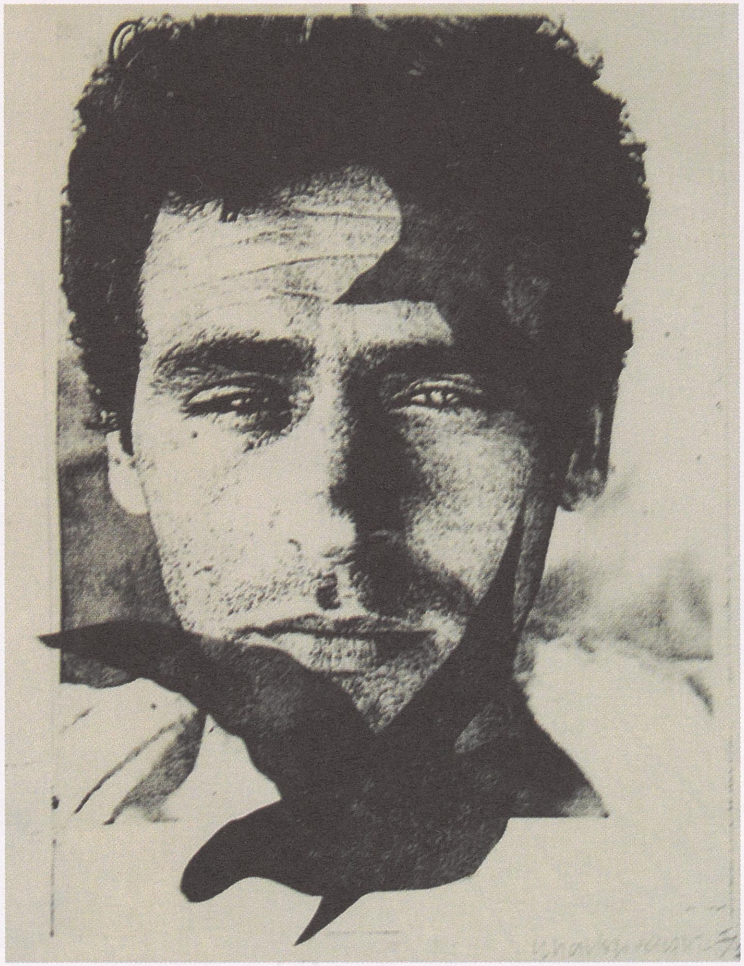


Pencil Sharpener

Channing Garber

A silver bowl — tarnished as a veteran of war
Though this weapon is not meant to defend man
Only to defend man's thoughts
To prevent one pencil lead from destroying a colony of thoughts
He comes to the rescue with his worn black crank and tired grey blade
Carrying with him a sense of honor
A pencil saved by him can continue to serve in the battle
between man's thoughts
and words

A simple, rough tool — but important at that



English Taylor





Emily Hassell

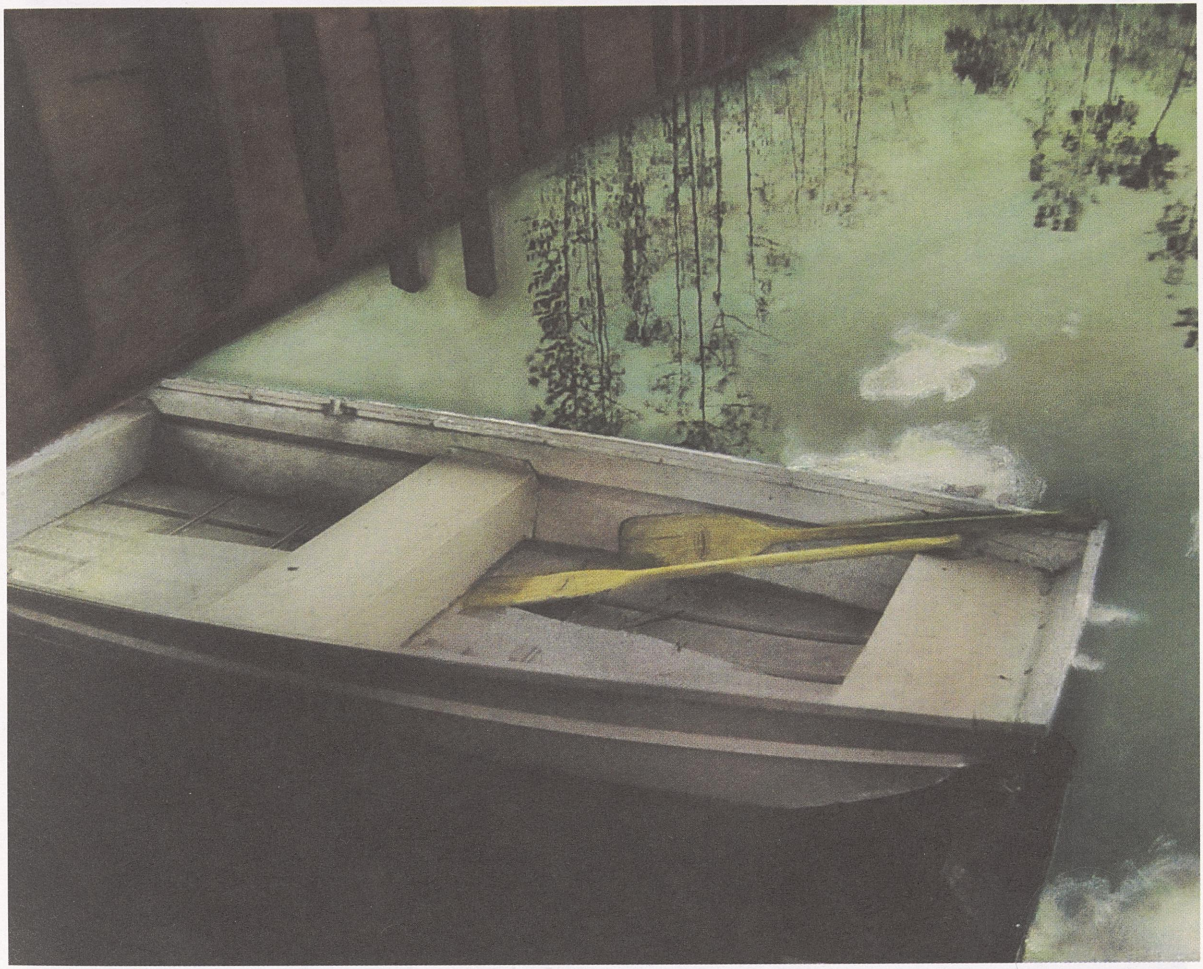
imagination and dream



Sifting through Dreams

Jasmine Miller

I have lots of dreams
The asleep kind where
there are plaid neon evening gowns,
about sisters in love with a boy named Cat
like in some strange prairie movie,
the kind that would be on Lifetime.
Sometimes I have dreams about monsters
or people poking me. I try to avoid those.
Then there are the wake-up dreams.
The kind people preach about
or write about.
I don't have a lot of those dreams.
In fact, I only have one.
It's hazy, misty, far off,
and I don't know quite what it is.
But I'll keep reaching for it,
and when I get there, I'm
sure I'll know.
Those are the best kind of dreams
because no one knows
what shape they'll take next.
Hello, dream.
Let's go.



Allie Phipps



In a Silence, Soft and Dreary

Monisha Chakravarthy

In a silence soft and dreary,
Cars roll down the asphalt river
To exotic destinations
Where highways mar the smoggy sky.

In a silence soft and dreary, the
Gentle dim glow of dark blue twilight
Muffles the two garish headlight beams
That light their way to the coming dawn

In a silence soft and dreary, she sings
A lonesome song of lost cowboys in the
Seas of grass that coat the plains in gold, like
A seal on paper, a ring-bound finger.

In a silence soft and dreary, the car sways
In a waltzing embrace. Drowsiness perfumes
the stagnant, cool air inside. Children sleep now.
They dream peacefully of savages and kings.

In a silence soft and dreary, she gazes up
At the vast unbroken, undiluted heaven.
The echoes of passing cattle reverberate
Between the blades of ungrown grasses here.

In a silence soft and dreary, the road vanishes
Into premonitions, mirages of urban life.
He is morose with the weight of an ancestral sin,
Haunted by the former tenants of this sacred land.

In a silence soft and dreary,
they steal into the trustless night,
Knowing dawn will never shine.

Not here, though now we wish it might.



Abigail Atkins

Response to Zamyatin

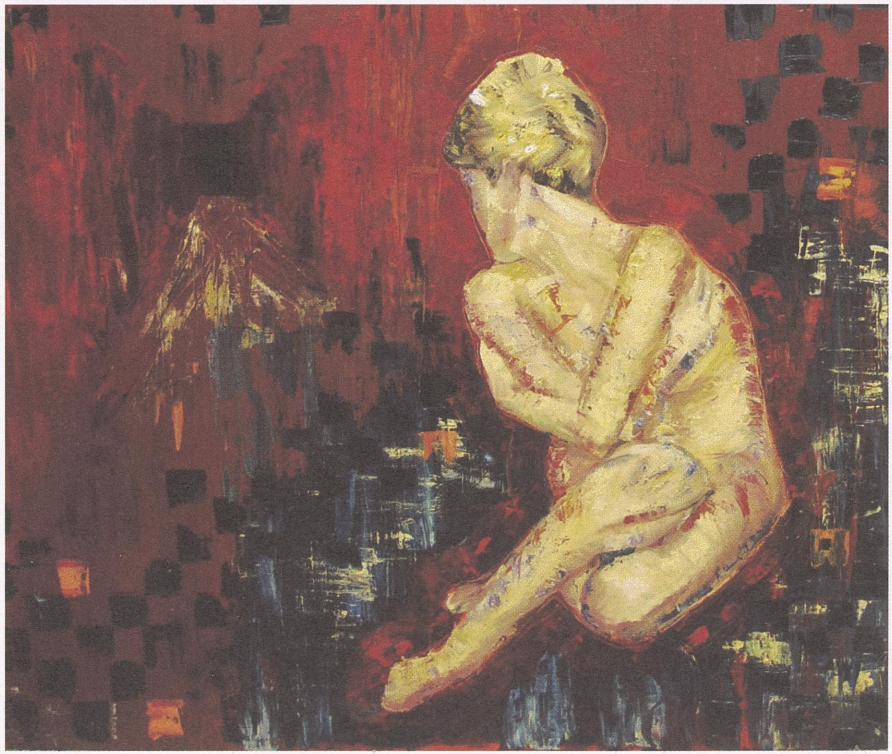
Katie Krupp

"What's the trouble? A soul? A soul ... I told you, we must cut out imagination. In everyone ... extirpate imagination."

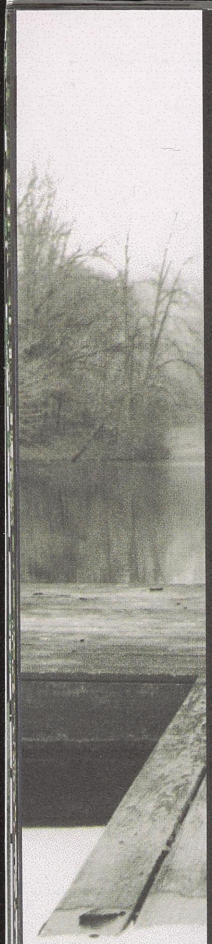
My sickness ... my soul?
Destroy it?
Eradicate it?
This ailment that keeps me up all nights?
Lamenting into darkness,
With sounds too pitiful to realize?
This disease that clenches my heart with nails of pain?
This ill ...
It makes me leak wet clarity
Until I am not competent.

This freak feeling ...
It plummets my mind into darkness so black with hatred
I can feel it sucking at my legs and depositing vile blood in my veins
This anguishing sound that screeches in my ears and taunts me with secrets —
Secrets of the unknown, secrets of my soul!
My soul that has secrets from me ... that all day long I try to grasp at
with mangled and mortified fingers —
Secrets that are so deep-seated that I can no longer reap
them into consciousness.
They are manically elusive when I need them, but
crushingly forthcoming when they please.

They slip on the nightgown of a lazy thought;
Strolling across my unguarded mind,
I nonchalantly realize them.
They rip off their garments, burying sanity in a sordid spectacle.
They shriek with delight and dance to defame
My only brief balance.



Maggie Diehl



Goodbye

Molly Robert

Beneath the sunset's fiery tongue
Where the eyes of heaven stare,
I am here with our song half-sung
Clothed in the moon's silver glare.
You left me here to wait for you
So very long ago it seems,
And so I stand beneath the flaming sky of blue
Postponing the dreaming of my dreams.
So now I pray for you to come and end
This foolish waiting game we made.
Sing the notes to set me free and send
Me on my way to let our love die and fade.
I am waiting beneath an endless sky
Letting myself learn to say goodbye.



Lucile Rich



Tulip Mania

Mary Tek

Golden bait hung temptingly out before the people, and one after the other, they rushed to the tulip-marts, like flies around a honey-pot. Every one imagined that the passion for tulips would last for ever…

— from *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, by Charles Mackay

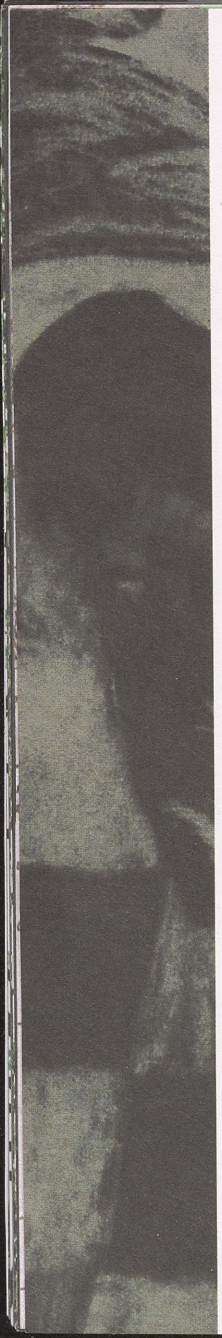
Everyone was shouting, "Tulips!"
While I, never quite economically aware,
Was more smitten with your two lips.

And as our neighbors dreamed of endless wealth,
I counted your twenty-three freckles,
Memorized obscure poetry, and was struck by the moon.

But forever was a chimera denounced by fate,
And fantasy gave way to an unpleasant truth:
Love and tulips are just a passing fancy.



Lindsey Gould



The Old Guitarist

(a painting by Pablo Picasso)

Grace Wright

His hands, more bone than flesh, cradling it:
A plain wood guitar, his only solace.
Hunched over, deformed not by birth
But the cruel ministrations doled out
To those who linger on and on in time.
Eyes closed, head bent against the world he knows:
The rags hanging loose off his body in
mimic of his sagging sprawl, threadbare and
tattered, his radiant white hair throwing
the withered channels of his face into
bright relief, and his bare skeleton toes.
A shadow of sorrow and dispirit,
But for the glow of transient pleasure
locked in one note, free from all forever.



Meg Beasley

song



Katie Bell

Vocal and Acoustic Guitar (Track 1) • Claudia Crook
Vocals (Tracks 2-6); Acoustic Guitar (Tracks 3 amd 5) • Kristin Wamp

Electric Guitars & Harmonica • John Jackson
Bass Guitars • Mark Prentice, Byron House
Keyboard • Cliff Goldmacher
Acoustic Guitars • Joe Croker
Drums • Tom Hoey

TRACKS

on music • by Claudia Crook

mid-july • by Kristin Wamp & Joe Croker

let go • by Kristin Wamp

first plane • by Kristin Wamp & Joe Croker

love you never had • by Kristin Wamp

vulnerable heart • by Kristin Wamp & Joe Croker



Vocals and acoustic guitars recorded at Harpeth Hall

Additional instruments tracked at Cliff's Walk-In Closet, Nashville
Mixing by Cliff Goldmacher at Cliff's Parents' Bedroom, New York City

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Anne Laurence Chenery
Sarah Denson
Emily Hassell
Becca Hill
Cameron Neely
Sophie Sanders
Mary Tek
Grace Wright

layout template

Grace Wright

faculty sponsor

Joe Croker


Save the Silence
Hallmarks 2006
www.harpethhall.org

Still, Sugar is not a Vegetable

Anne Laurence Chenery

beans grow on trees
corn grows on stalks
tomatoes grow on vines
still, sugar is not a vegetable.

flowers bud to day
dawn breaks to night
night fades to dusk
still, sugar is not a vegetable.

flames lick at stones
stones doused by rain
rain falls full of acid
still, sugar is not a vegetable.

the earth is rolled flat
the solar system falters
the big bang's reversed
now sugar is a vegetable.

