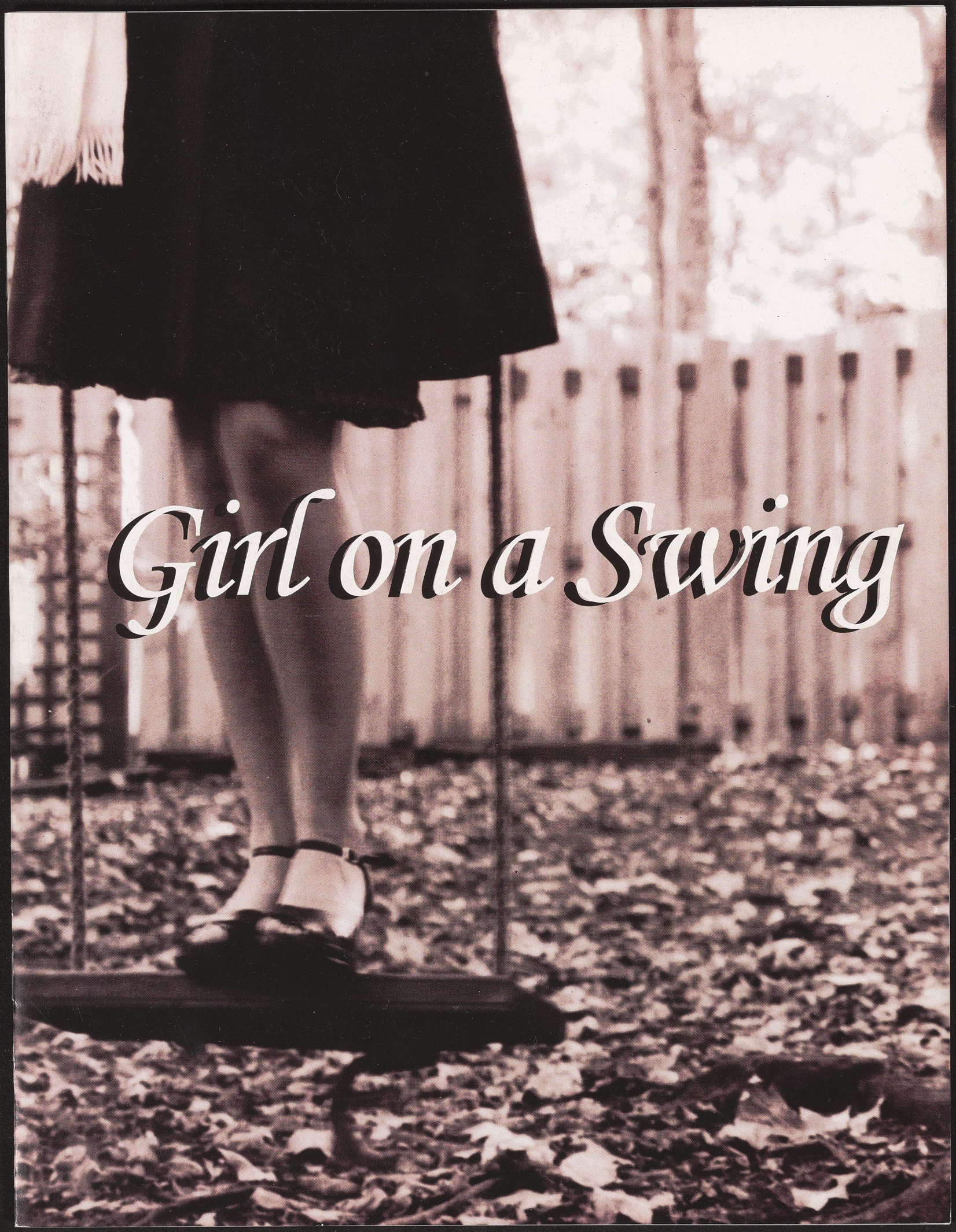

Girl on a Swing

Hallmarks Spring Issue
2002

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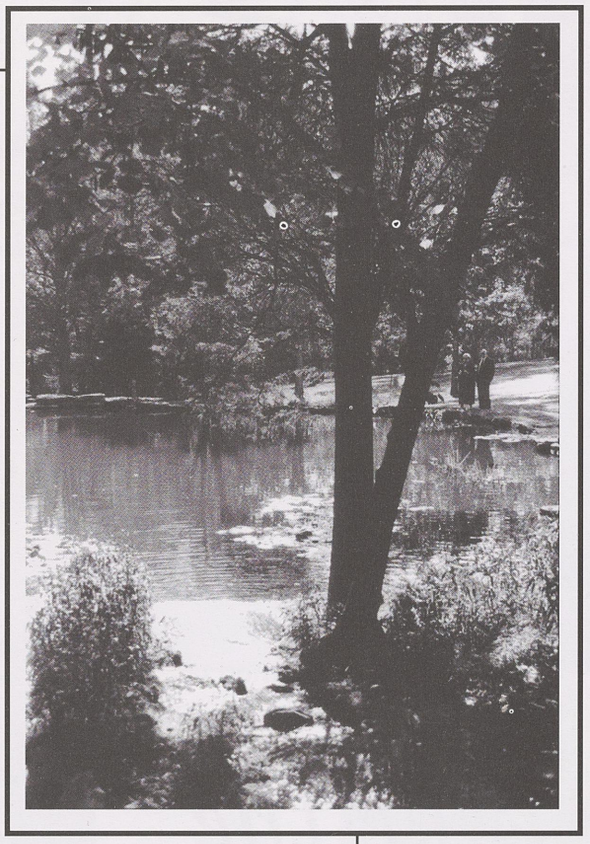
Tomorrow

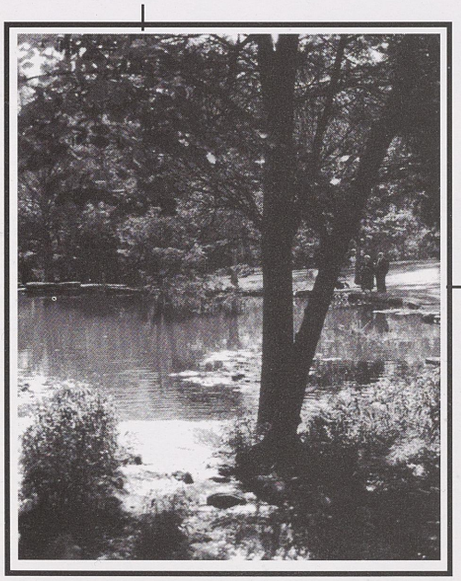
People wake up in angry hunger
And slice the morning open

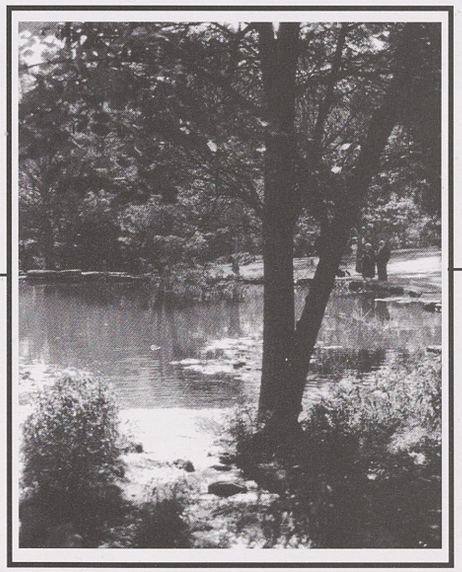
The seeds of a cantaloupe
Bounce against cold tile
Orange juice conforms to a half empty glass
These days pile up
In heated arguements

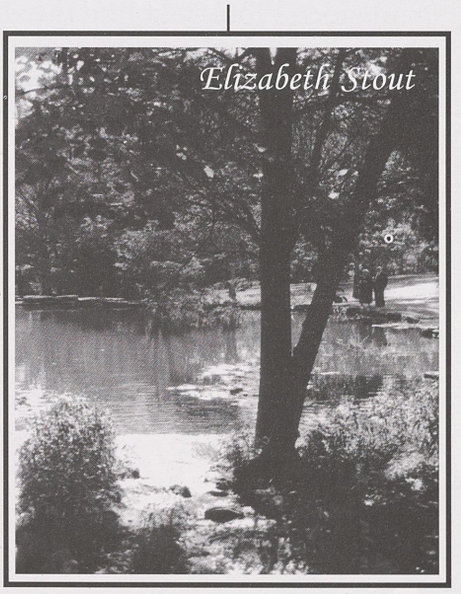
Another morning crisp sheets are uncovered
Maybe four hands crack open windows
The shadows hover over water colored walls
And a half full glass of lemonade
Sits on a window sill

Christina Connally, '02









My Dad

For some unknown reason,
Some cruel twist of fate,
My Dad has a double,
That he's grown to hate.

Looks

That it's all my fault,
I cannot deny,
When I saw the commercial,
I could not tell a lie.

Like the

That day greeting, fast heating, good eating food,
With William Penn there on the can,
Had stolen away my dear daddy's face,
'Cause he looks like the Quaker Oats Man.

Quaker Oats Man

And since I look just like my dad,
One other thing must be true,
If he looks like the Quaker Oats Man,
Then I must look like him too.

Callie Cohen, '04



Elizabeth Stout '02



Elizabeth Ballard, '02

Reasoning

An orange carpet stained the floor,
Smells stuck in fringes.
But outside the lime trees
Caressed clouds.
The diving board
Always spit out splinters.

Days were seen through windows
And spent
Cutting off lizard's tails,
Conducting a parade,
And getting lost in boxes of old lady shoes.

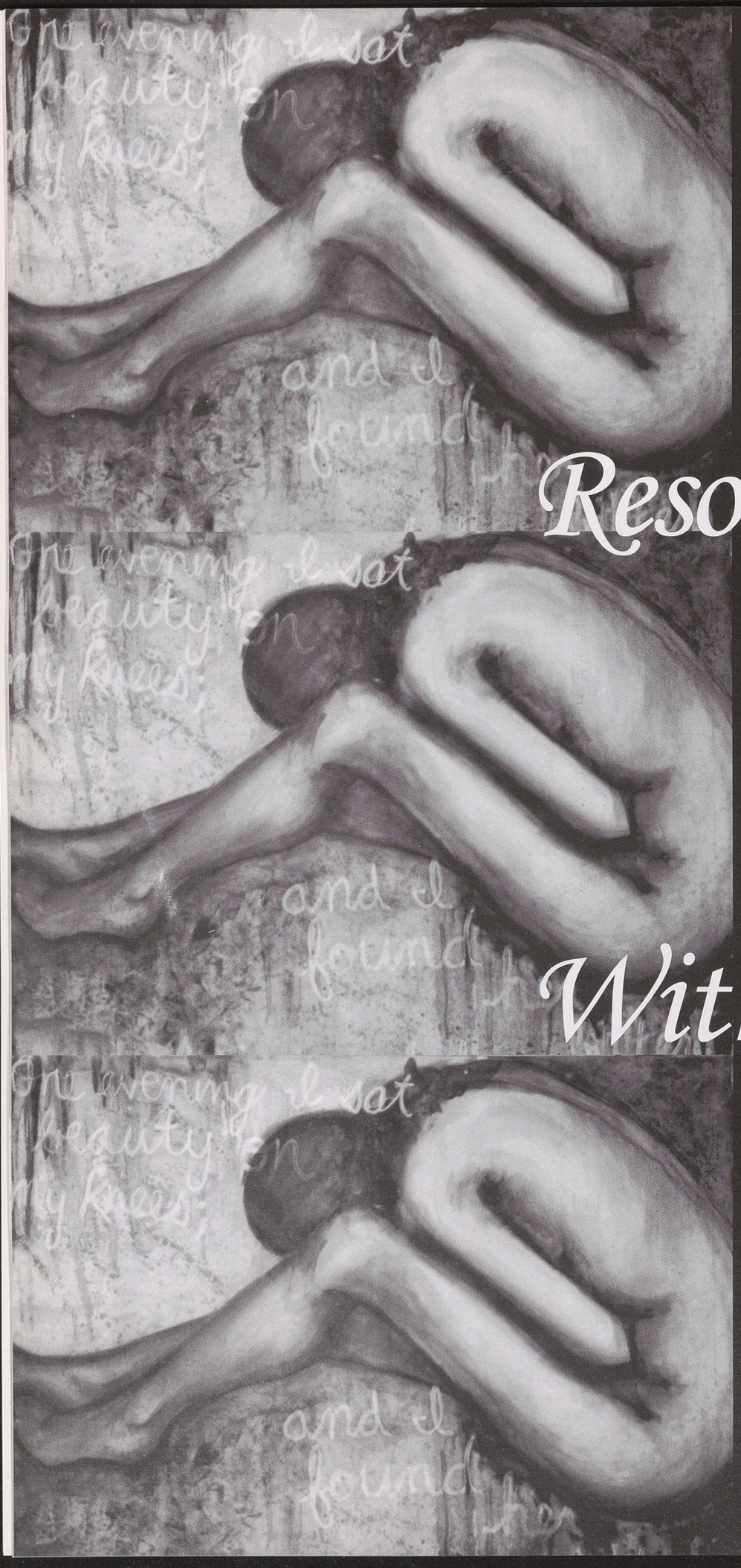
Oranges were strangled
Into glass coke bottles
As my mother slid
Through Florida's oily rain or steamy
sunshine.
And the always steady piano music
Flowed into colored goblets and jars of
marbles.

My little brother caught a fist full of skirt,
And maybe saw her childish fears in the
humid heat.

Until a chunk of metal door ate his chubby
finger,
The attempt to understand crushed.
His nail still cringes,
Skin addicted to bent bone.
But we concluded,

The lizard's without tails
Were to blame.

Christina Connally, '02



Resonating Without

held by swathes of ebony,
she turns to break
the earthenware pots of her soul,
only to find shards
cluttered with the rhythms
of rising rain.

knowledge slips
from her face to create
a slapped cubism
of shapes and dramas by
invisible artists with screaming names.

swirling and stagnating,
she reaches her darkness
ready to build and creak
into another man's pulse.

Laura Lee, '03

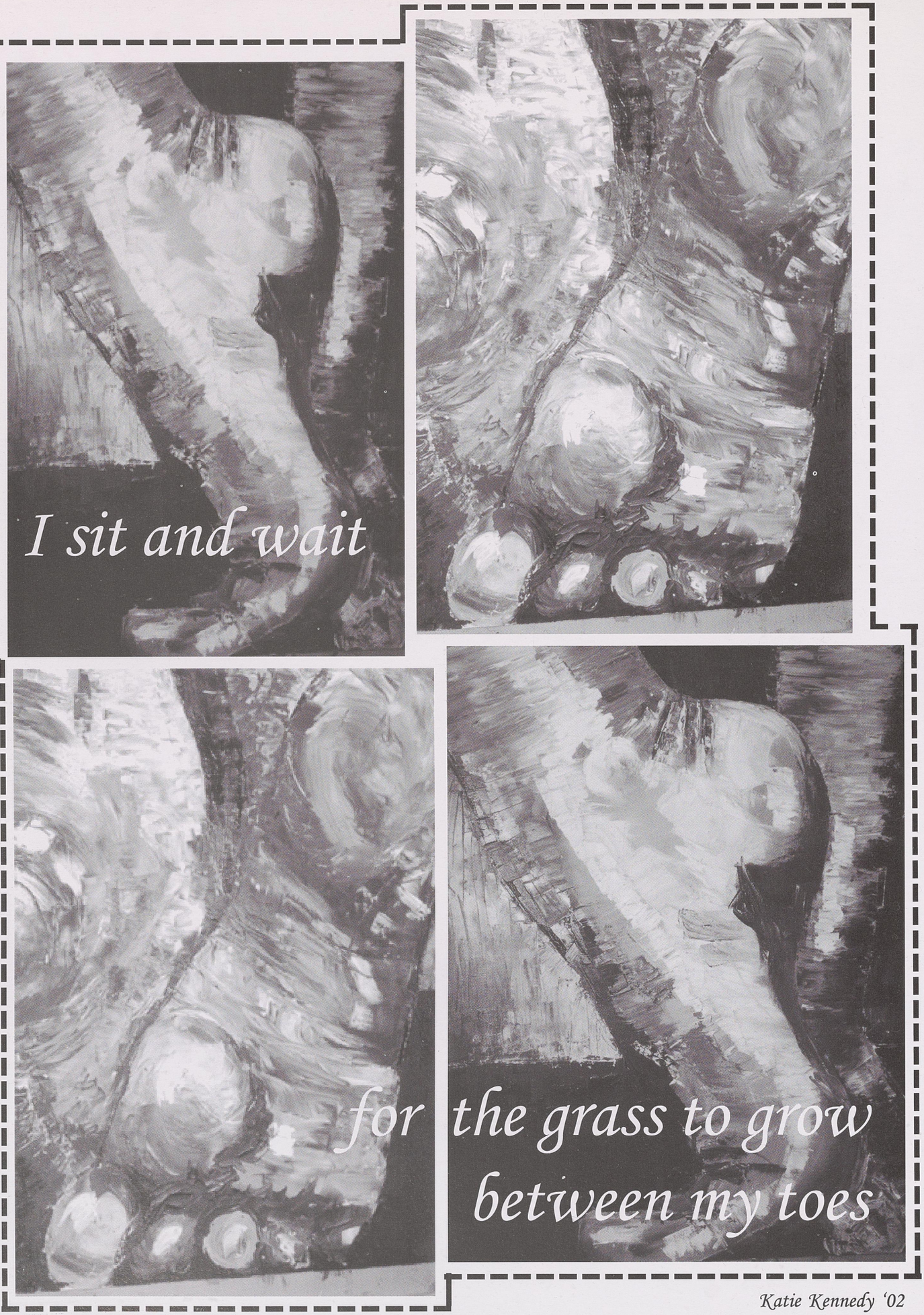
I sit and wait for the grass to grow between my toes
signaling the return of that same lime scented summer
my tongue is covered with popsicle verdure
I swallow peas and beans and asparagus
wondering why my seeds never grow
Meandering between blue and yellow
it swims through the veins of my dandelion's stem
The vines grow and shift
covering the brick walls of an ancient home
while I follow the magnified ant through his lush forest
and I wish that I too could disappear into the foliage

Ashley Cole, '03

I wish that I too could disappear into the foliage







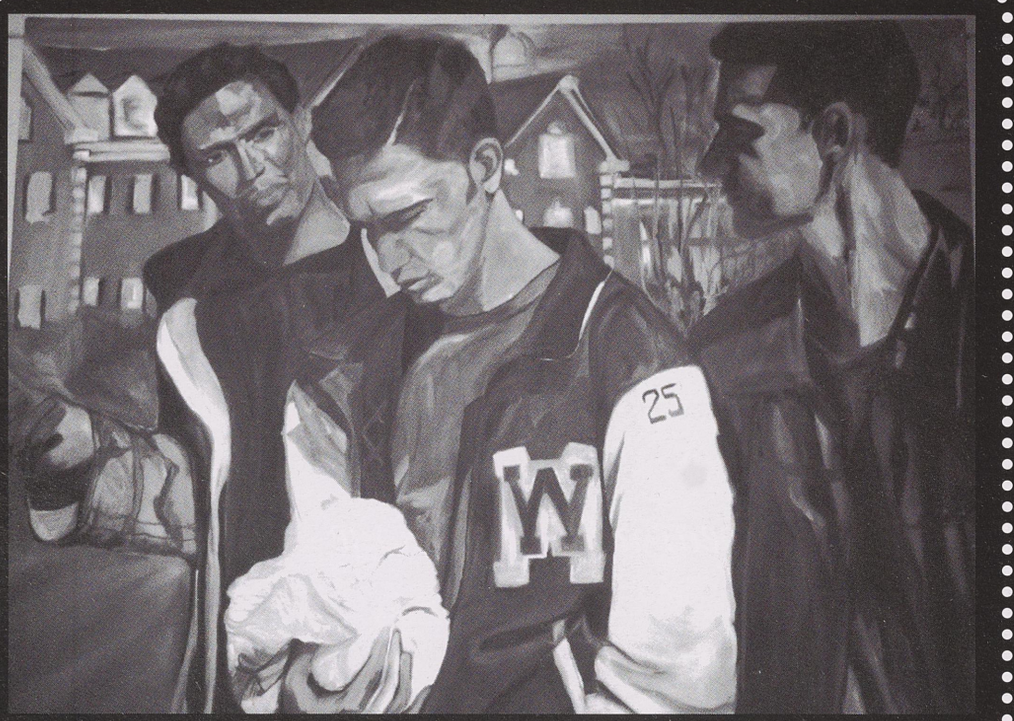
Katie Kennedy '02

ode to tears

Glassy wet jewels
Hanging from the edges
Of sharp cheekbones
And the point of my nose.

Moist emotions, spilling
Over sticky, quivering eyelashes,
Seperate,
Traveling different paths
Down my soggy face.

Dampening each pore
As they pour,
Mixing with oils in my skin.



Reaching my shivering chin
And being thrust over
The small cliff.

Clinging desperately underneath,
Hesitating for a bit—

Then courageously releasing
Falling
Down.

ode to tears

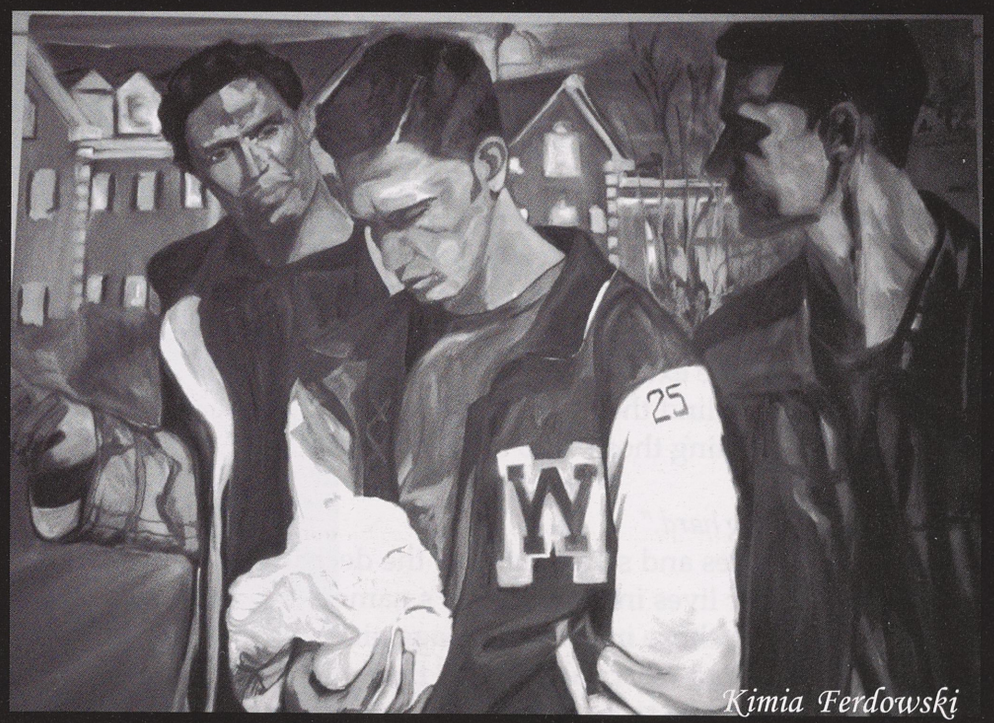
And finally reaching the ground.

Sincere tears
Pushing and pulling out the pains
And carrying them to my feet
To be trampled.

Thank you for your help,
My small, salty beads.

Marking memories
That evaporate into the air
So that I can forget.

Maria Molteni, '02



Kimia Ferdowski

The New War



Laura Callaway '02

Heart pounds quickly
To the sound of Tragedy,
He speaks as though he can solve all problems
Wiping the sweat from his brow as he talks,
He is scared like the rest of us.
"A different kind of war"
Can't concentrate when that word
Echoes through my head.
To the people who die,
Is it any different?
Comfortably they toss the words around.
Missile, bomb, destruction, defense.
Selfish reasons are why I worry.
Will the combat come to our soil?
To my father,
my boyfriend,
my puppy?
Will my brother have to fight
To protect my freedom?
Our flag?
My guitar?

If you were an innocent teenage girl
Living in Afghanistan
You'd worry that your bed would be bombed
And if you would live to see the next day.
Loud explosions in the evening make your nightmares real.
A living hell.
Will the "the land of the free"
Kill you?
People you will never see, never know
But they drop their bombs on you and your baby cousin,
And the local café where you always order
A latté with double cream and milk.
They aim for the extremists that don't represent you
Yet they only blind the innocent ones-
Not yet scratching those who are responsible.

"We're working hard."
Sitting in offices and sweating over the decisions a cabinet must make?
Or risking our lives in our country's name.
Are we killing those innocent teenage girls who have been forgotten all their lives?
They who do not worry about who they will go out with each night
Or what so-and-so said about their new haircut.
Funny how a popular TV show labels us all—
"Survivor."

"A nation that understands the value of life."

While "I pledge allegiance to the flag…"
He says,
"Continue life as you did before." But
Only days later we are on *"high alert."*
A generation who matured in two explosive moments.
Will we give up our loved ones ?
Make sacrifices?
Will the ability to love become stronger
As we avenge hatred?
December 7th, September 11th.
Breathing heavily
At the sound of
War.

Stephanie Compton, '04

Written October 11, 2001



Elizabeth Stout '02



Rows

Sour waves creep through thinning walls
As men stumble along rows of
Protuding skin
Neon lights zero in on eyeballs
A satisfying numbness found in glossy pages

Hands of different sizes, shapes, and veins
Caress plastic bottles and women in unison
These are rituals

The dark crevices of stubborn muscles
Ache in excitement
As do young boys
When twitching in crimson cathedrals.

Christina Connally, '02

cathedrals

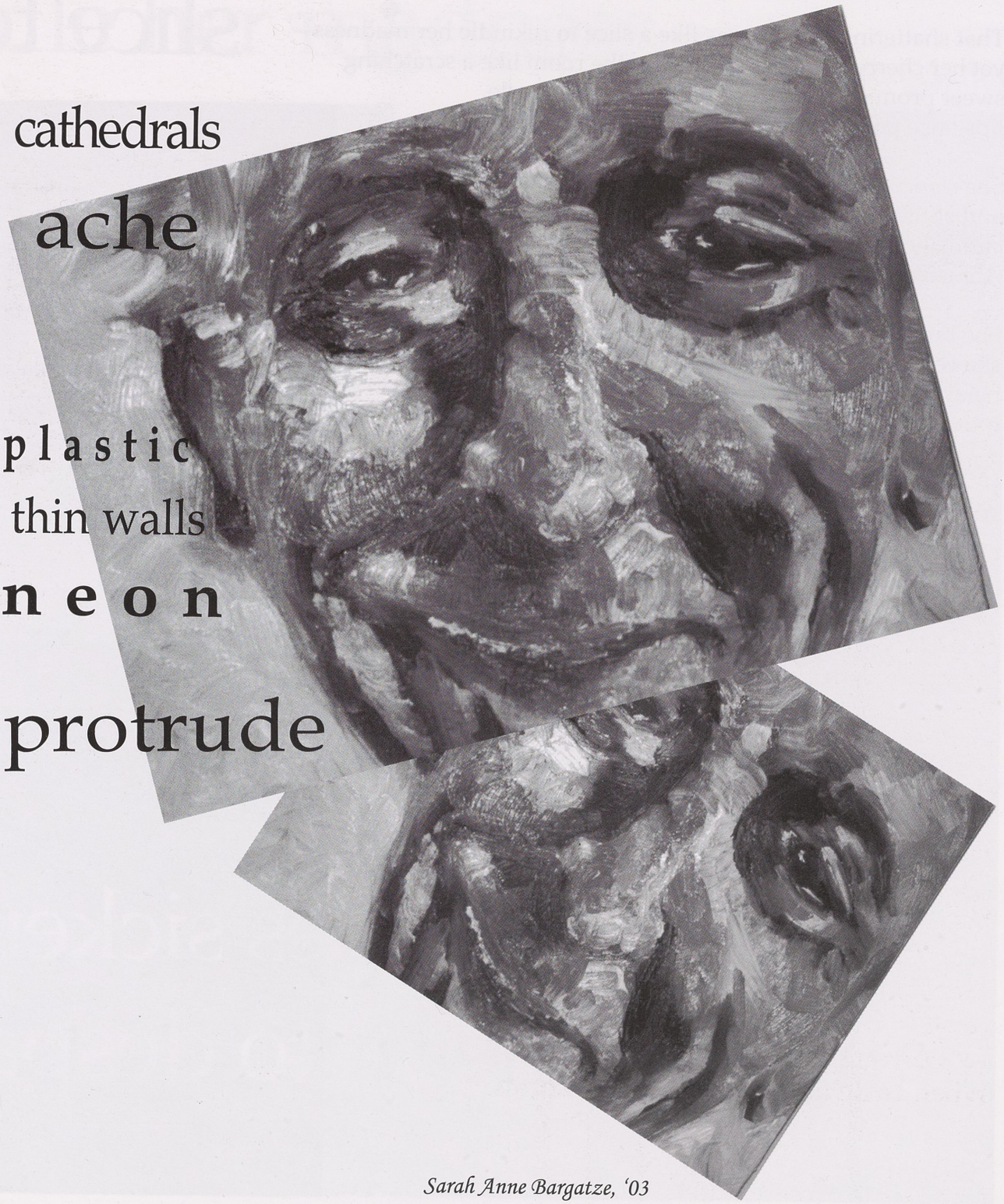
ache

plastic

thin walls

neon

protrude



Sarah Anne Bargatze, '03

Strawberry Burns

When fever flew through her stomach
like the heat of crime or persecution, strawberry
strength and her pierced patience combusted into words and
scattered through clock ticks.

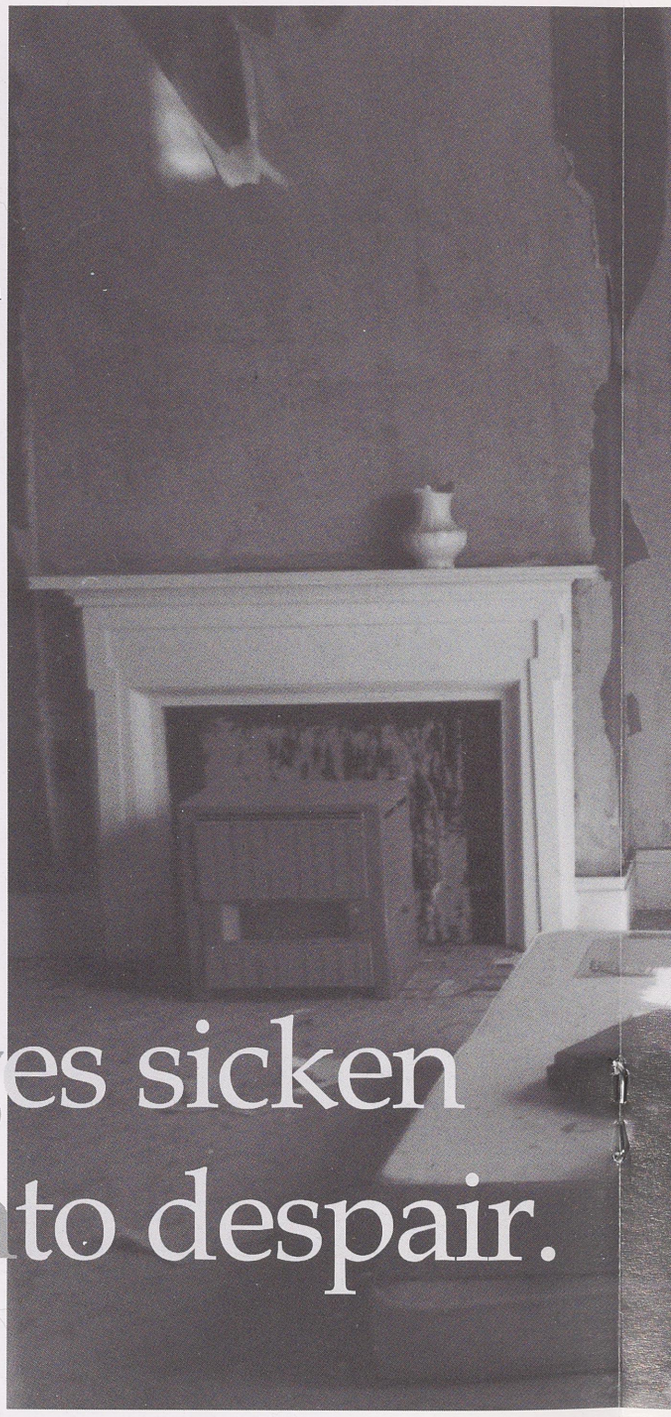
That shattering plunge was like a slice to rekindle her madness—
yet her cherry flavored grins enter the room like a scratching
sweet promise of passion and plenty, the smile,
lips once parched between chaos and calamity.

She stencils apart, wrapping our yawns with ribbons,
and slithering in salmon puddles for very worried tulips,
clumsily she screeches, and brands it into our ears.
Abrasive singes sicken and stun her into despair.

She burns her fingers on her stomach, smiling. Soon enough
she will remember to be shocked at trampling over our
harsh, defiant belly of fire. She begins to slip us into cherry
tolerance at sunset without even smelling it.

Ashley Cole, '03

That shatte
slice to rek



Abrasive singes sicken
and stun her into despair.

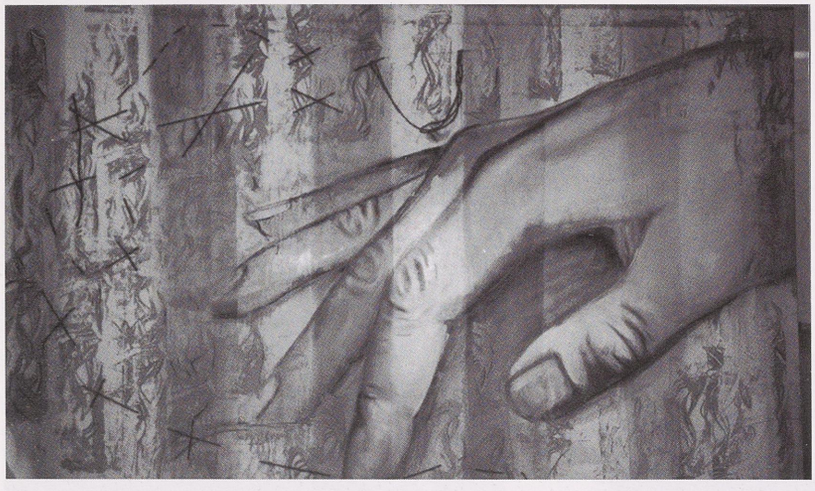
attering plunge was like a
rekindle her madness —

Neel Webb, '02





He slithers, slithers to the taste of fire



You flew up to the mountain, climbed



Ellen Fuson, '02

Desert Blood

Before you came up from the desert,
bloody and screaming like Ares, and shuttering,
a sporadic circle like a large freezing sun
disappeared behind the smooth ash horizon.

Before you stamped onto the salty sand,
like an old cardinal buried under the damp
and frozen glacier, he crept without his mother,
armed with sharks, bloody like daggars.

He slithers, slithers to the taste of fire;
and before he fell out, he threw
a jagged cushion that accidentally landed
before gracefully long arms.

You were sliding softly in the flame,
the left path, and the rabbit's ruins.
You flew up to the mountain, climbed it
to breath, as the fires breathed his air.

He brushed on your toe and ankle,
as your knees drained their calm silence,
you forgot your fresh nostrils and ran
shallow and short; with blue lips

out of the red liver of his yellow
imploding scream. The gossip is taking
root, and your duty is your mouth's falling
into the ghost till you can't throw him overboard.

Ashley Cole, '03

it to breath, as the fires breathed his air

Hindsights

it's really
not a bad day
known intrinsically

but within a crimson sepulcher
froth and spittle
melt, madly
manipulating a liquid form
into bricks of consciousness
to speak in murmurs and tones
of discontent

sealed into silence by asphalt
fed with long, narrow lathes
of no solid import
upon reflection
by the grumbling crowds

they never know the days

Laura Lee, '03

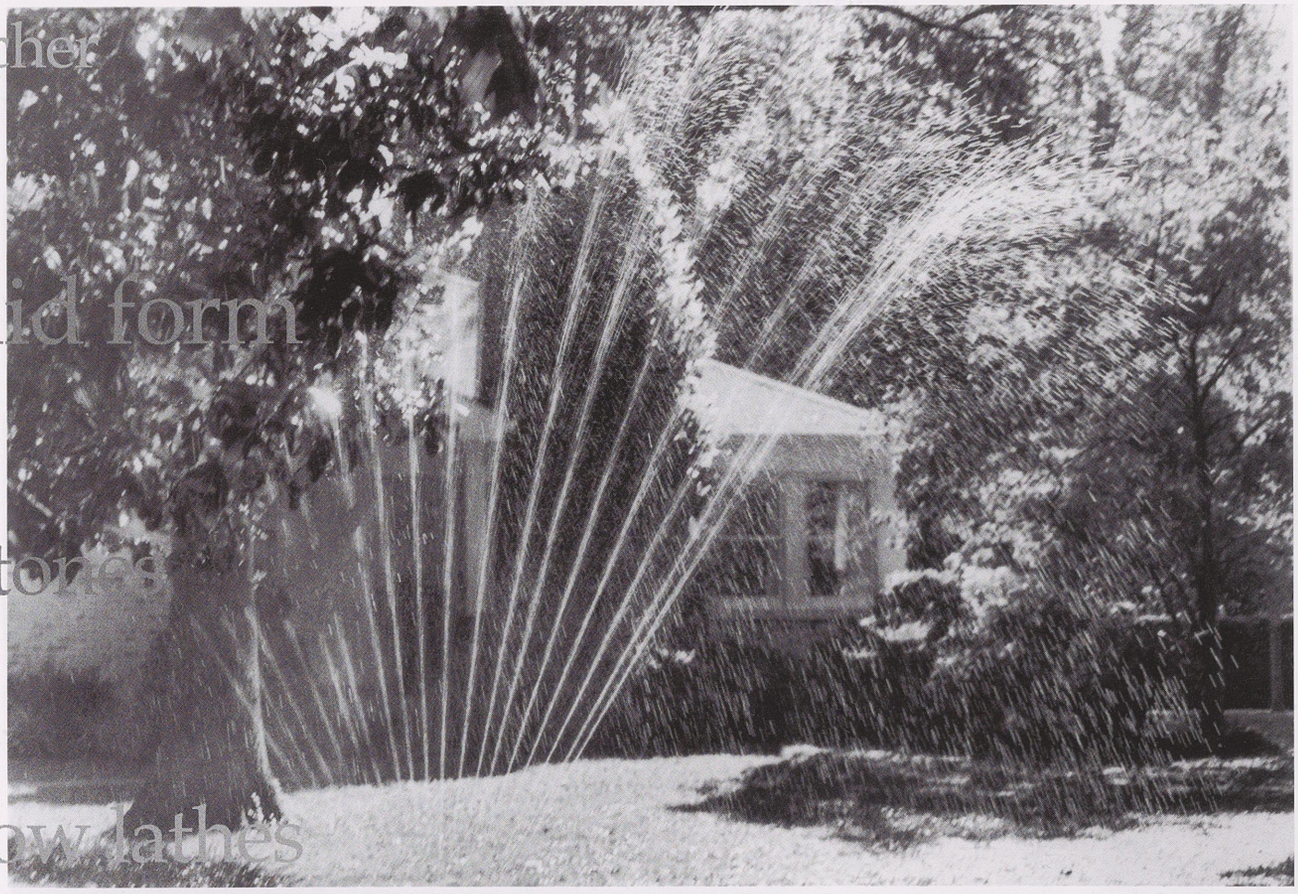
a bad day

sepulcher

liquid form

and tones

narrow lathes



Mary D. Bartoe, '02

solid import

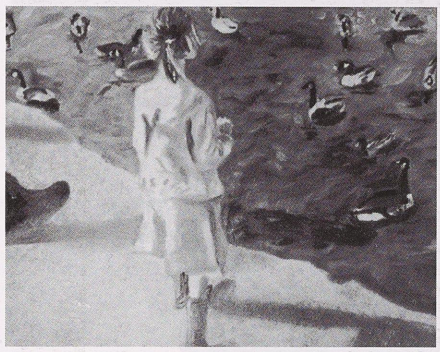
Expand Yourself



Stephanie Tidwell, '02







Expand yourself
open up your ribcage
and let yourself feel
this is not self-destruction.

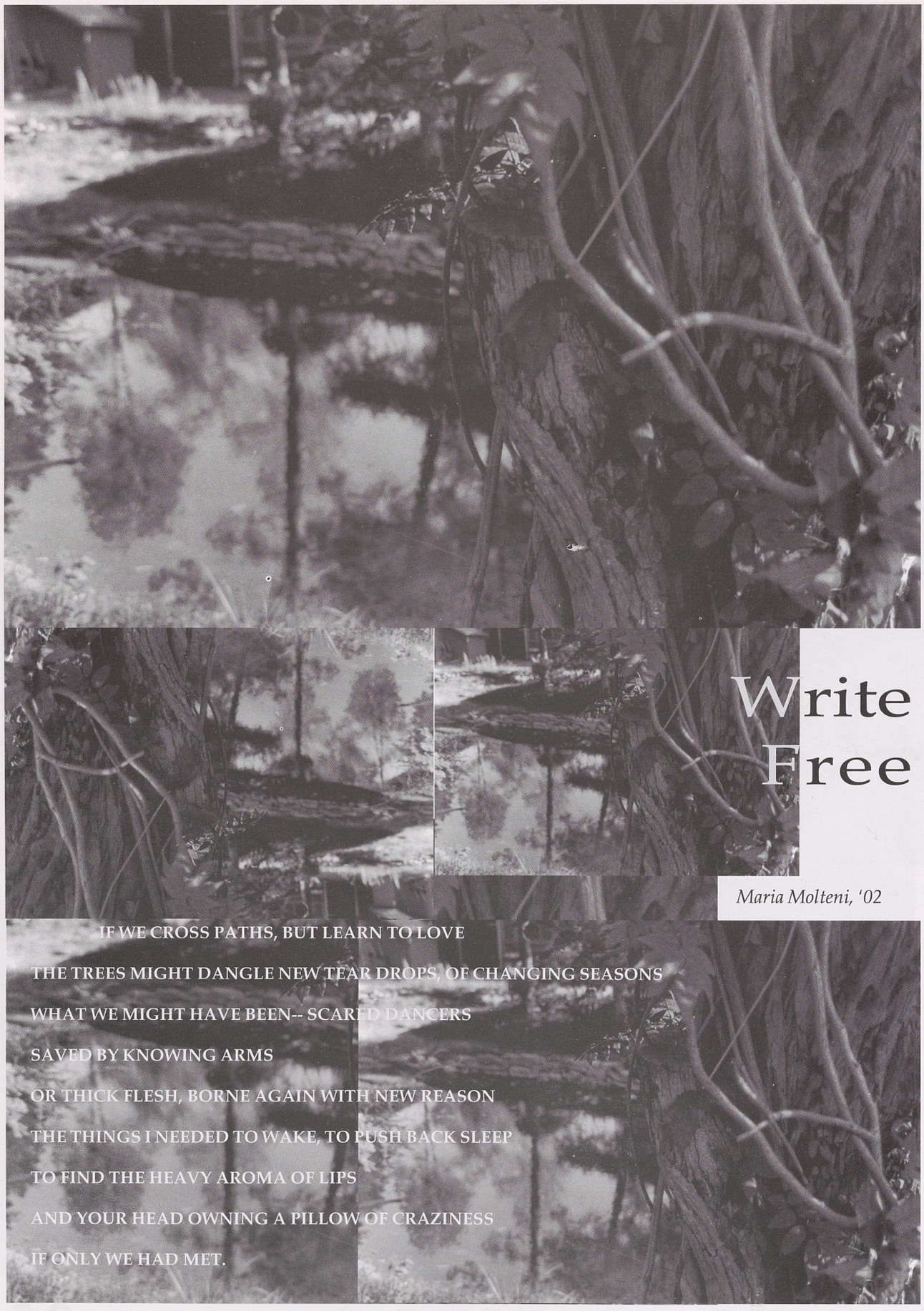
chemical
chemical imbalance
chemical in the air
in the water
in your little pill
chemical warfare
chemicals- improving our life
helping us live longer, on
respirators
in little houses locked away
from neglecting families
who don't want the scent
of age reminding them
they can't live forever.

You have the same paperback stare.
Features- revealing as
a moment frozen
printed in color
for all to see, judge, discuss
at leisure.

Lines bunch together
rise and collapse
like the beat-up copy
the binding a thousand
wrinkled moments
at night before your eyes
shut on you
and you begrudginly
turn off your tv
whose blue light you were reading by.

Don't smooth them away.
You can't get a new face
Selling your book
it won't
change
a thing.

Jenny Paris, '03



Write Free

Maria Molteni, '02

IF WE CROSS PATHS, BUT LEARN TO LOVE
THE TREES MIGHT DANGLE NEW TEAR DROPS, OF CHANGING SEASONS
WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN-- SCARED DANCERS
SAVED BY KNOWING ARMS
OR THICK FLESH, BORNE AGAIN WITH NEW REASON
THE THINGS I NEEDED TO WAKE, TO PUSH BACK SLEEP
TO FIND THE HEAVY AROMA OF LIPS
AND YOUR HEAD OWNING A PILLOW OF CRAZINESS
IF ONLY WE HAD MET.

Free Write

If we cross paths, but learn to love

The trees might dangle new tear drops of changing seasons.

What we might have been-- scared dancers

Saved by knowing arms,

Or thick flesh, borne again with new reason.

The things I needed to wake, to push back sleep,

To find the heavy aroma of lips

And your head owning a pillow of craziness

If only we had met.

Christina Connally, '02

Pondering Green

Swimming in the field
And sneaking through the water
I dove through thoughts of scenery

Caressing the wind with its sweeping limbs
And bearing the fruits of purpose

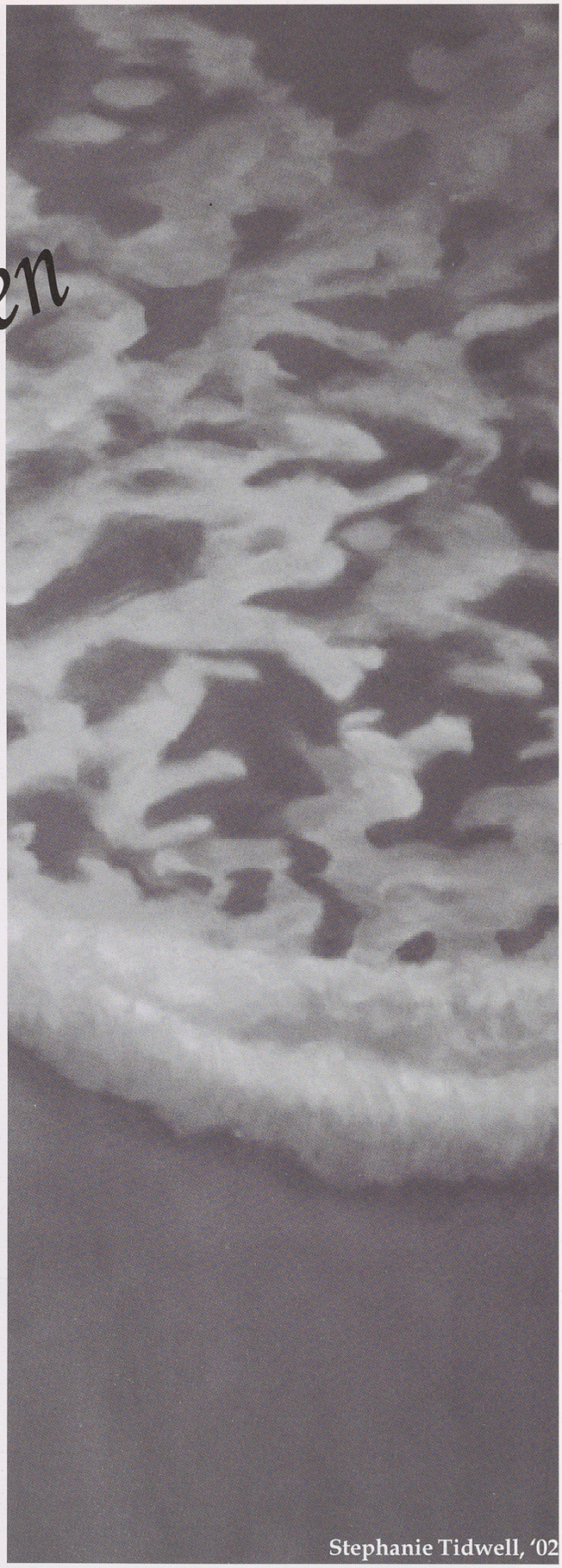
Something once whispered to me
That the sun was going down

So I whispered back
Between the branches of lost contemplation
And let the riddle become

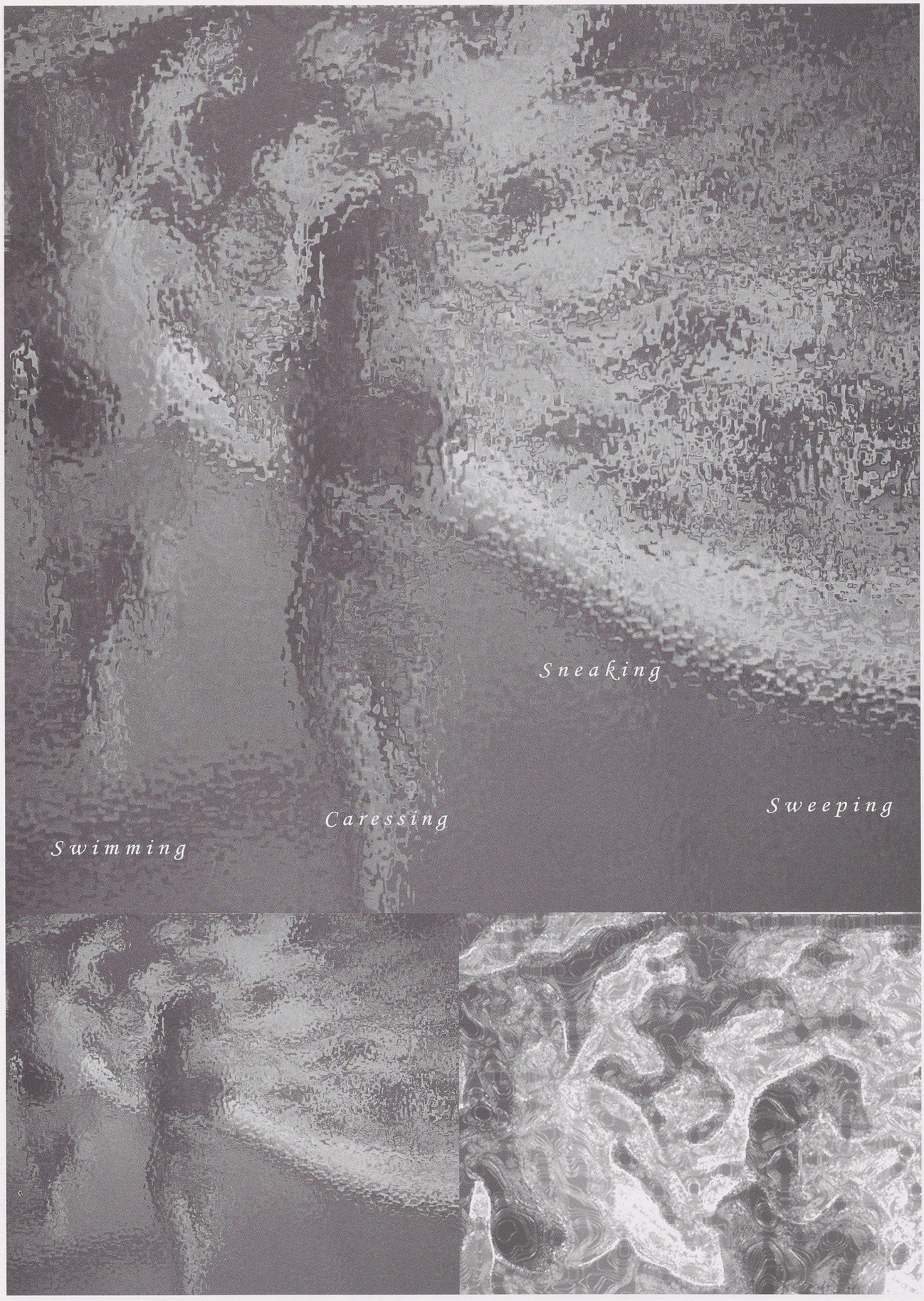
The reason for seeing the field
Flowing through the waves

The ripples in the wind
Let me go back to the notion
That lay between the branches

Ashley Cole, '03



Stephanie Tidwell, '02


Sneaking
Sweeping
Caressing
Swimming



Two Arts

You smell the pink tulips bloom,
Just taste some pink bubblegum from the store;
Wait for the rhodamine sound of silence
Or volume with its rosy cheer.

You try to succumb,
Looking at the glare outside the rim of my glasses
the clouds above her halo.

And chaos! You have to know chaos,
A stirring of pink at the center of the problem;
Blushed curves seeping into your curiosity;

A steaming sunset you lick from the painting.

My dead cheek's freckles!
Those of her porcelain flesh at the doorway,
Glistening smiles always for touch
All the plums you crave to sing you across the street.

And one rose of pink for a loved one
And one rose of pink for a coffin.

Two arts to fathom the similarity.

Ashley Cole, '03

A steaming sunset you lick from the painting.

My dead cheek's freckles!
Those of her porcelain flesh at the doorway,
Glistening smiles always for touch
All the plums you crave to sing you across the street.

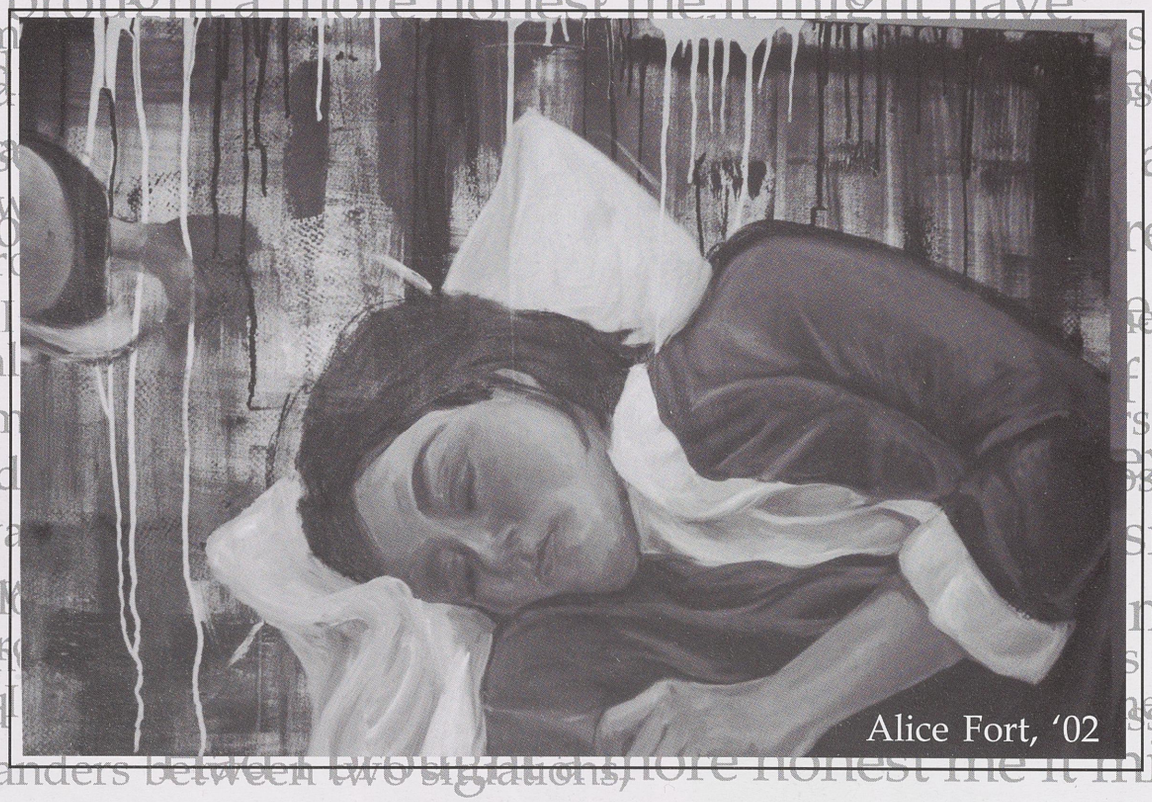
And one rose of pink for a loved one
And one rose of pink for a coffin.

Two arts to fathom the similarity.

Two Arts



Rebecca Spigel, '04



Alice Fort, '02

honesty

Sitting alone, quiet and surrounded by heat and light,
Take a moment, a few moments, to remember what recent years have brought.
It is hard to remember the good of what has now become so cross and complex and my
Mind wanders between two situations,
Both of which left laundry behind for me to sort through.
Had I brought a more honest me it might have been different.
Because I have found when I unwrap the reality it somehow teaches me something.

Celeste Harrison, '02

Rising Depths

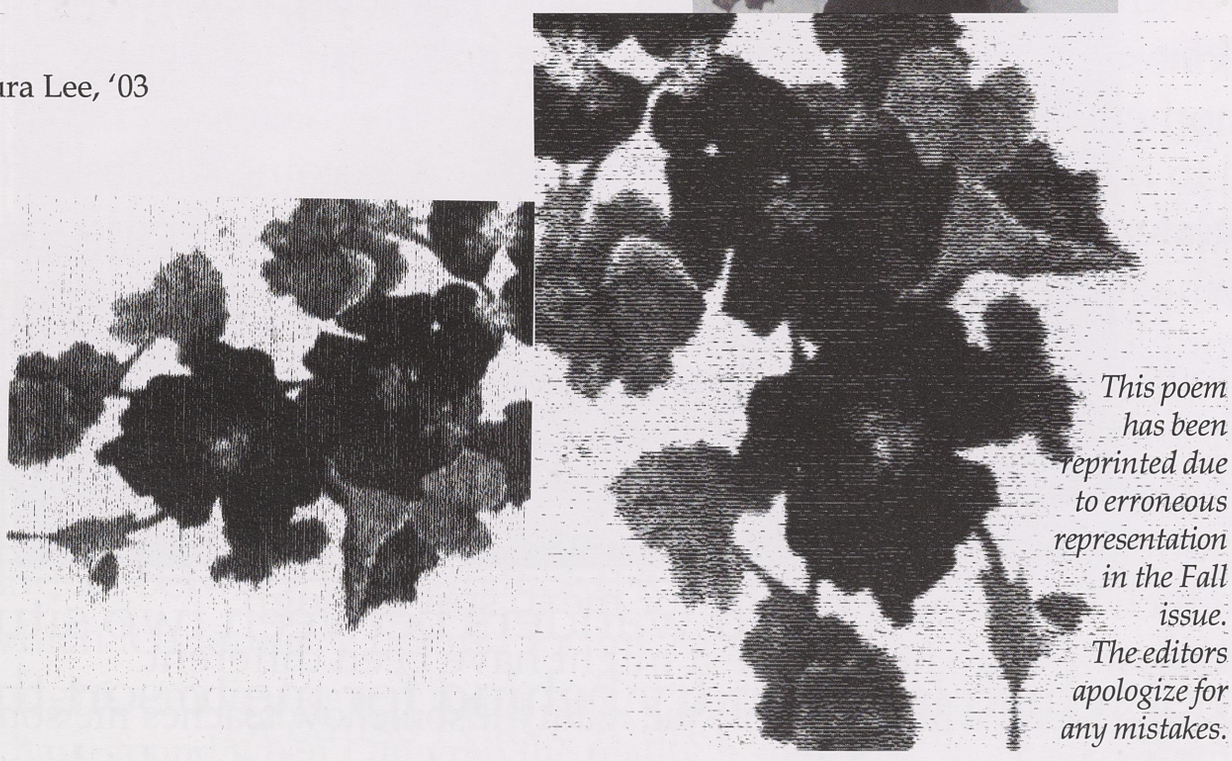


You hide a hateful thread
Deep in transparency
But as shallow in you
As the rip in a roaring mountain
That pounds with weak feet
Limited from lying.

You speak in earthquakes
To expound on a muddled thought
And snatch at the false picture
That falls forward
As watchful minutes soak a silent sun.

You tear in to absolutely nothing
Because, within, nerve endings die
That never really breathed
The impulses of others deeply—
Those were always too trivial,
Too much
Of the reality you love.

Laura Lee, '03



This poem has been reprinted due to erroneous representation in the Fall issue. The editors apologize for any mistakes.

Hallmarks Staff 2002

Editors:

Alice Fort(12)
Grace Richardson(12)
Lauren Hallemann(12)
Victoria Doramus(12)

Staff:

Ellen Fort(12)
Elizabeth Stout(12)
Laura Callaway(12)
Caroline Landry(12)
Laura Lee(11)
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Laura Lea Bryant(10)
Callie Cohen(10)
Nancy Sisk(10)

Sponsor:

Anne Doolittle

Special Thanks:

Ashley Cole

Hallmarks

Harpeth Hall School
3801 Hobbs Rd
Nashville TN 37215