

# *Perspectives* 2018



*Vision is the art of seeing  
what is invisible to others*

*Jonathan Swift*



# Perspectives

## A Journal of Art and Literature

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# Table of Contents

## *Poetry*

Jeffery Davis   Innocence .....	7
This Fake Life .....	8
White Privilege .....	9
Kendall Enyart   We'll Never Be Different .....	10
Cheyenne Strong   All That Remains .....	12
Cicada in the Rain .....	14
Sailor on the Sea .....	16
The Rhythm of the Seasons .....	18
Amanda Vannierop   Arts and Crafts .....	20
Baby Brother.....	21
So it Goes.....	22
Cassidee Wakefield   Dear God.....	24

## *Drawing & Painting*

Alex Vaughn   River .....	27
White .....	27
Dog.....	28
Lily Henerforth   Steven .....	28
Ashton Estill   Rev.....	29
Sloth and Diligence.....	29
Joalina Nyema   <b>The Universe</b> .....	30
Brittany Harrell   Orlando .....	31
Cheyenne Strong   Flint Fox.....	31
Grace North   <b>Brew</b> .....	32
Diana Ovchar   <b>Decomposing</b> .....	33
Order, Purity.....	33
The Fallen Twins.....	34
Kyli Kapfer   <b>Poe the Unicorn</b> .....	35
Gabrielle Richards   The Subtle Flame .....	35

# Photography

Ashton Estill   Ascensio .....	36
Extensur .....	37
Brittany Harrell   Family Again .....	37
Winged Thing on a Petal .....	38
Melody Wilshusen   Messy .....	38
Diana Ovchar   La Madonnina.....	39
Gabrielle Richards   Focus.....	39
I'm Sorry .....	40
Sniffer.....	40
Cassidee Wakefield   Chilling .....	41
Deep Blue .....	41
Horse Blue .....	42
The Harbor .....	42



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# *Poetry*

“Poetry is language at its most  
distilled and most powerful”

*Rita Dove*



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# Lost Innocence

---

Jeffery Davis

He laid in those pristine white sheets,  
In that cramped hospital room.  
His every breath ragged and ugly,  
Almost as if it would be his last.  
His once strong body now a husk,  
And it almost seemed to shrink in that cramped room.  
I sang all of his favorite Hymns,  
Trying anything to bring him out of that drug induced  
haze.  
I sang until my voice was raw and ugly,  
But I didn't care.  
Because every time he came out of the haze,  
He smiled with a smile that filled the room with happi-  
ness.  
What I would not give to see that loving smile again.  
To go back to when the days had light and happiness,  
Before death and misery stole the color,  
Before I lost that spark.

---

# This Fake Life

---

Jeffery Davis

Do this, say that.  
But don't get attached,  
It will all change in the drop of a hat.  
Smile till your face is cracked,  
But don't let them see how bad it hurts.  
Laugh here, sing there,  
We get played along by society's puppet strings.  
We dance with our fake smile with no one really here.  
Don't you crack, and definitely don't you show it.  
Because the instant you do,  
You'll get shoved full of meds from a kit.  
So we play along in everything we do.  
We work in our "perfect" jobs,  
We sing society's songs.  
But I wish people would actually use their minds.  
I wish people were stronger.  
Everyone lives in their own hazy bubbles.  
And no one is any wiser.  
Sometimes I try to sing my own,  
But I just get drowned out by the hum and drum.  
Its not like I am a good singer on my own.  
But i just want to know what it feels like to not be numb.  
So I sing a new scale.  
Just go Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So done with this fake life.

---

# White Privilege

---

Jeffery Davis

Why must it be about skin?  
How is my pigment a privilege?  
I am no different from you, I  
Think, cry, love, hate, work, just like you  
Even as you degrade my accomplishments due to my  
skin  
Perhaps it is because I haven't had pain like you, or don't  
have  
Real problems, because whites have everything.  
I will tell you now that is not true.  
Verily I say to you,  
I know true pain. I watched those I love  
Lose their fight, Dying on those damn hospital beds.  
Everything you say you have been oppressed by, what I  
would  
Give to have that burden, instead of  
Every demon raging in my head.

---

# We'll Never Be Different

---

Kendall Enyart

Your name

Your teacher's name

The class you don't want to be in

The date (day first, month next, year last)

They tell me to be different

That it's better to be unique

But how can I be different

When we are all taught the same thing

Now pick from a list of topics

That have already been written

And research already known facts

So you can write all the same things

Make sure you look at the rubric

And have what everyone else has

Because we've done it the same way

Every year, so do as they say

But you have to think on your own

Making sure that you're different

Yet God forbid that you show it

Anywhere close to this building

But how can I be different

With this awful Times New Roman

In this awful type twelve font

(And don't forget to double space)

---

# We'll Never Be Different (cont.)

---

Now we are all thinking the same  
As we stare at the blinking cursor  
That I'll never be different  
And this is due in three minutes Now we are all think-  
ing the same  
As we stare at the blinking cursor  
That I'll never be different  
And this is due in three minutes

---

# All That Remains

---

Cheyenne Strong

Grass as black as obsidian  
Lined with ash,  
Falling like fresh snow.  
Leaves dancing in the haze above,  
Before disintegrating to nothing more than dust.  
The trees howl in dismay,  
Their branches pulsating like burning embers in the  
wind.  
The scent of burnt leaves brushes through the atmo-  
sphere.  
Silent, steady,  
Stirring waves of ash upon the grass.  
Like a sea of decay.  
Silent screams,  
The call of owls.  
Unsettling eyes drifting from above,  
Waiting for the drop of a hoof.  
As the wind picks up,  
Ash burns at the eyes of a dying elk,  
Stumbling to make it free from the dwindling furnace.  
Once lit,  
No longer.  
Skin exposed raw, flanks of fur-covered skin dropping  
to the grass,  
He limps towards the light of day,  
Towards the sun that digs a hollow hole through the

---

# All That Remains (cont.)

---

grey.  
Screeches emit from above,  
Horned Birds raising their open wings.  
A shadow of death.  
Tick tock.  
A loud groan, and a crack like lightning,  
Up from the sky.  
The elk's throat snaps,  
Under the weight of a skeleton tree.  
The winged reapers silently meet the earth beside it.  
Last breath,  
Hot ash,  
A cough,  
And the forest goes silent.  
A gale rushes through the woods,  
Taking the owls with it,  
And all that remains.

---

# Cicada in the Rain

---

Cheyenne Strong

It's raining  
Pines are decorated with dew  
Their flimsy bark drooping parallel to the ground  
It's a school day  
The bus is late, and it's like winter has arrived  
Though it's only early fall  
I wander around the trees  
Pace uneven  
Mind entranced by distressed thought  
Then  
Cicada  
A falter in my attention  
A trip in my thought  
A cicada  
Climbing  
As if its life depended on it  
On the damp bark of the pine  
It's as if all feeling of the cold  
Of the sadness creeping  
Has left  
This cicada  
Trying so desperately  
To reach the opening exposing the tree's base  
I stare  
It's unrealistic goal  
Yet it tries  
It knows that the sap, in the end, is worth it



---

# Cicada in the Rain (cont.)

---

To keep it alive  
That's what keeps us all living  
I stare one last time, then grab him  
And raise him to the opening  
Just before the bus arrives  
I have to scale my own tree again

---

# Sailor on the Sea

---

Cheyenne Strong

Across the sky, steely clouds float  
Over the midday sun  
Above the old sailor, sheltering him  
Aboard his old rundown ship

Amidst the sea, as the ship drifts  
Along the rippling waves  
Beneath the deep, the great white shark's fins graze  
Against the hull of the ship

Through the wind, the ship's white sails bend  
In the soft warm current  
Above the mast, seagulls cast their shadows  
On the green moss covered deck

Along the waves, the old ship slows  
In the placid waters  
Around the hull, barnacles stick like glue  
Into rough masses they grow

During the breeze, kegs tip over  
From the easterly winds  
Outside the barrels, little crabs scuttle  
Across rotten hardwood planks

---

# Sailor on the Sea (cont.)

---

Atop the deep, a cool mist stirs  
Under the evening sun  
Through the fog, pelicans in the distance  
Amongst smokey shoreline rocks

Beyond the horizon, hues glow  
On the gleaming surface  
Of the water, luminous shades of gold  
With orange and yellow tones

Amongst the stars, the moon ascends  
Into the darkened night  
Around it, a dim halo of soft light  
Like flickering ice crystals  
Withering winter  
Pine trees wearing coats of white snow  
Lakes of glass reflecting stars from above  
The night sky decorated  
With winding trails of rainbow light  
Must needs end  
To prepare for Spring's  
Hummingbirds that sing

Sprouting spring  
Foliage flourishing with golden wings of monarchs  
Flowers blooming in elegant splashes of color

---

# The Rhythm of the Seasons

---

Cheyenne Strong

The morning breeze filled  
With the sweet fragrance of early rain  
Must needs end  
To prepare for summer's  
Torrent rains and thunder

The rhythm of the seasons  
Sent from above  
With beauty and love

Searing summer  
Waves rippling from the sweltering earth  
Rays burning through the fragile surface of leaves  
The hot air standing still  
As scorching midday sinks to mild evening  
Must needs end  
To prepare for Fall's  
Small critters that crawl

---

# The Rhythm of the Seasons (cont.)

---

Foraging fall

Greenery transitioning to amber and light yellows

Black crows fluttering over the ripened cornfields

The night sky fading

From crystal blue to smoky grey

Must needs end

To prepare for winter's

Gleaming snow and glitter

The rhythm of the seasons

Sent from above

With beauty and love

---

# Arts and Crafts

---

Amanda Vannierop

Some people believe that when an artist dies,  
God- or whoever or whatever-  
lets them paint the skies.  
Sunrises and sunsets and spectacular cloud formations,  
all done by a steady hand and acrylics.  
I don't know how to paint well enough  
for the beauties I see in the evening skies,  
but I do know how to create  
beauty from ruin.  
I want to fly.  
We can fly! We can fly! We can fly!  
I want to soar through the inky black night,  
poking holes in the fabric to let light through.  
After death  
I want to make the stars.

---

# Baby Brother

---

Amanda Vannierop

My baby brother,  
with eyes wide in wonder  
and his hair- a summer sunset.  
My baby brother,  
with red scars and scabs to match my own  
and fingers calloused from wire strings.  
My baby brother,  
who could touch the clouds,  
who smiles with half his face stretched and beaming.  
My baby brother,  
who puts all the kids to shame  
and lives with quiet intellect,  
yet never needs to prove himself.  
My baby brother,  
another, better version of myself,  
my father's reflection in a shattered mirror,  
the same pieces and parts  
set in different alignment.  
My companion through the rocky rivers and torrent  
seas;  
a friend- so alike yet so unique.  
My baby brother,  
my only.

---

# So It Goes

---

Amanda Vannierop

Evenings slipped by like honey,  
Vast empty skies were colored with crayon and  
Even my brother could touch the clouds.  
Rarely does the child's mind recognize pain  
Yet I felt it in the air,  
Tasted the salt in the breeze that  
Hinted at the oncoming storm.  
In my dreams I could fly and  
Nothing was out of reach.  
Ground be damned.

Were we really happy?  
Are we ever?  
Smiles started to crack.

Beneath the childish facade  
Everything ached.  
A vice was set on my mind, tightening,  
Until I squirmed between the pain.  
Try your best to fake it.  
If they see what's happening, nothing will be the same.  
Fill your stomach with sunshine  
Understand that no pill will make you happy.  
Learn how to break where no one sees



---

# So It Goes (cont.)

---

And when it couldn't get worse  
Night dragged me under,  
Down down down.

Now I know how to swim through fire,  
Only relying on my shaking hands.  
The dreams of childhood warped,  
Hiding any real sentiment and only showing  
Insidious nightmares.  
No more flying, no more color.  
Ground, please catch me.

Here is where my innocence is buried.  
Under the tombstone is a coffin  
Ripe with laughter.  
The stone reads:

(Read the first letter of each line)

---

# Dear God

---

Cassidee Wakefield

Dear god,  
Is that you God? Am i talkin to you god? You better be listenin, cause i got a real big problem with you god.

See you took my daddy away and now I'm just laying here Holding my mama's hand when she's talkin to my uncle Stan about my dad when he was young and misguided he thought the love he received was the love he deserved but that was all wrong because you see my daddy was a better man after all the trials and tribulations from YOU god

He thought he was talkin to YOU god so he decided to follow the light from YOU God but that light wasn't from you that light was the end of cigarette lighter that led him to a life of addiction and disgrace.

Just 7 years old tears down my face my momma had to explain why my daddy wasn't here while my brothers grew up down the same path i had to watch em all leave for months at a time never knowing why i was cryin I just felt so alone and that's why i wrote you this poem. I hope you read it and weep like i did.

I was 12 years old when my niece came in my life. She became the light in my eyes i didn't need any guidance

---

## Dear God (cont.)

---

from you but now i do. I fear I'm becoming just like my daddy and my brothers and i don't know how to cope with all the sh\*\* in my life I'm just tryin my best but my best ain't enough cause I don't want this little girl growing up like we did.

Fatherless, not knowin who she is or where she's from. I don't want her knowing that she comes from a family with no life. I want her to feel like she's got a home and a chance to be the change in life. So one day she can be the light in someone else's eye.

I love them all to death but you see i can't separate love and addiction because it's like separatin water and sand it's a waist of time and i guess so is this letter if you don't exist. ....

Sincerely, me

---

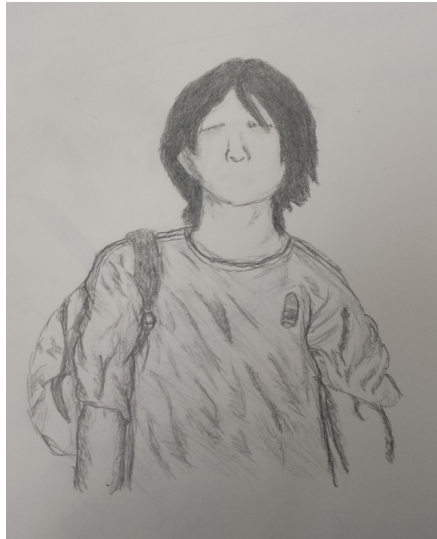
# *Artwork*

“The purpose of art is washing the  
dust of daily life off our souls.”

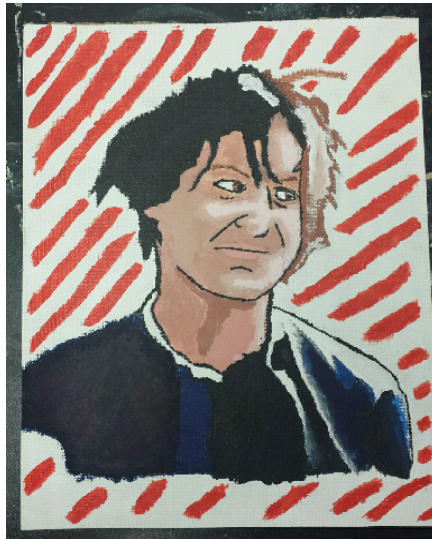
*Pablo Picasso*

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# *Drawing & Paintings*



Alex Vaughn | River



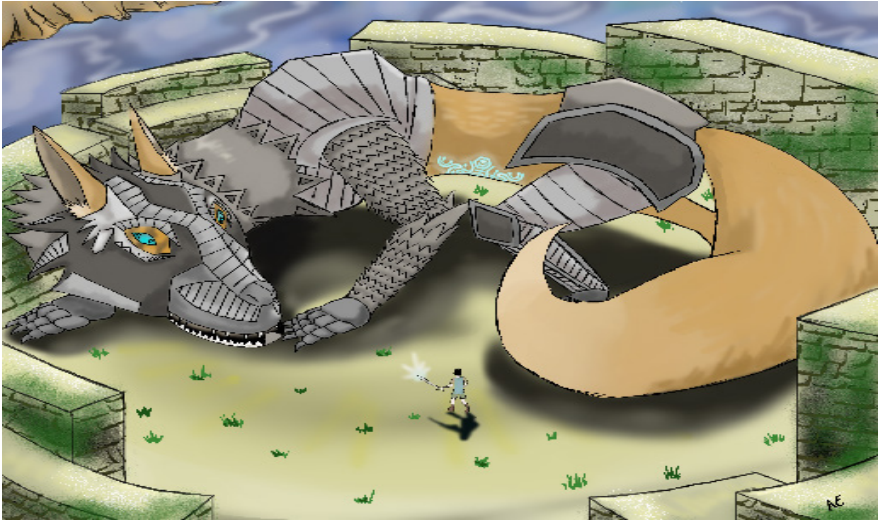
Alex Vaughn | White



Alex Vaughn | Dog



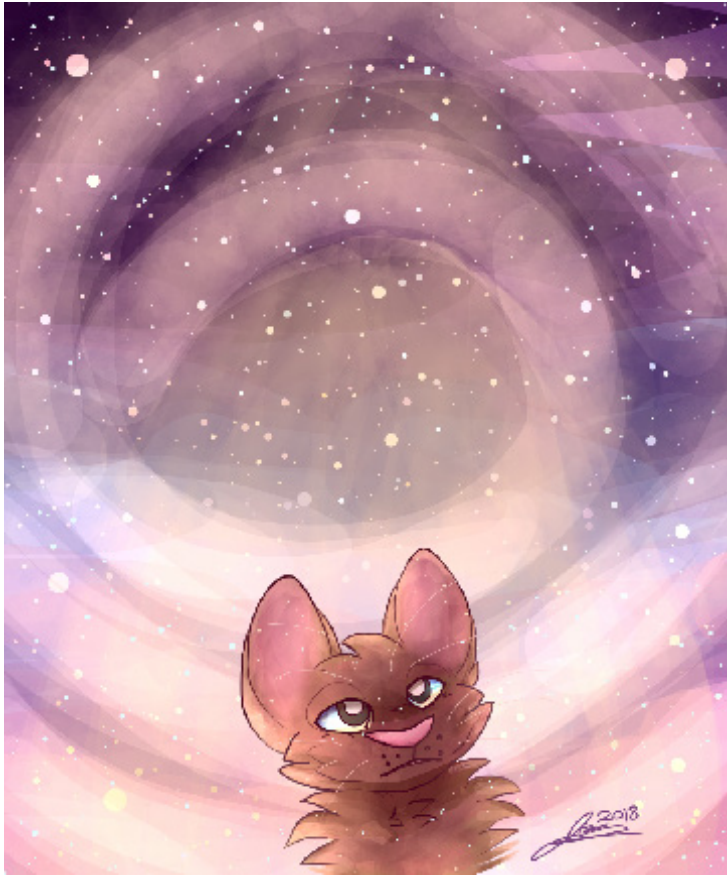
Lily Henerforth | Steven



Ashton Estill | Rev



Ashton Estill | Sloth and Diligence



Joalina Nyema | The Universe

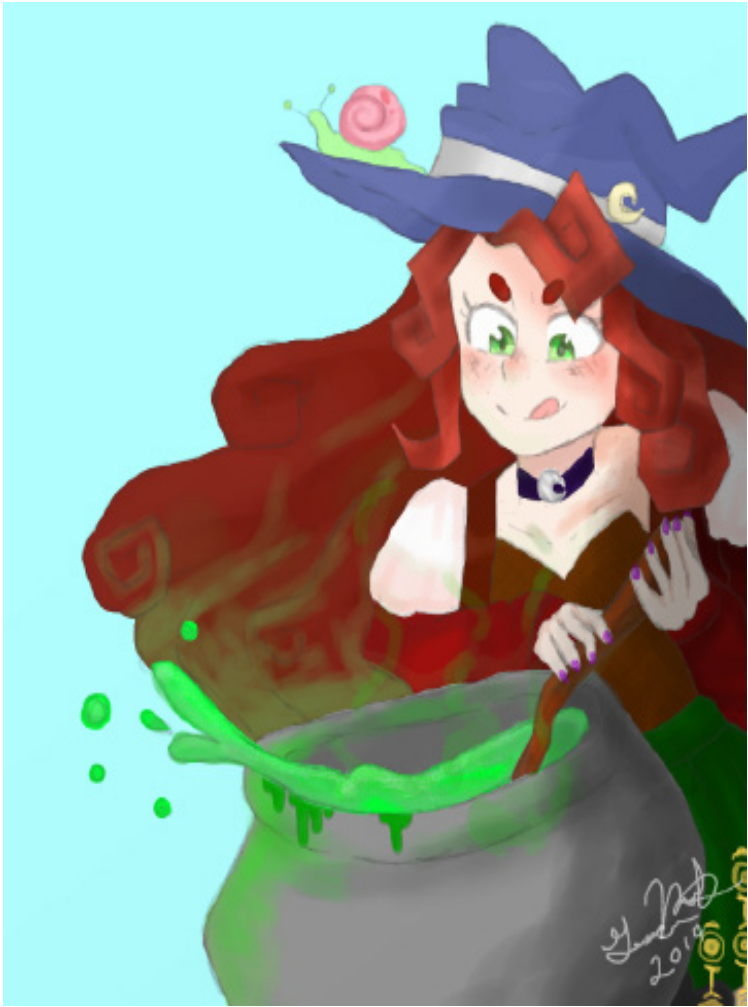




Brittany Harrell | Orlando



Cheyenne Strong | Flint Fox



Grace North | Brew



Diana Ovchar | Decomposing



Diana Ovchar | Order, Purity



Diana Ovchar | The Fallen Twins



Kyli Kapfer | Poe the Unicorn



Gabrielle Richards | The Subtle Flame

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# *Photography*



Ashton Estill | Ascensio



Ashton Estill | Extensur



Brittany Harrell | Family Again



Brittany Harrell | Winged Thing on a Petal



Melody Wilshusen | Messy





Diana Ovchar | La Madonnina



Gabrielle Richards | Focus



Gabrielle Richards | I'm Sorry



Gabrielle Richards | Sniffer



Cassidee Wakefield | Chilling



Cassidee Wakefield | Deep Blue



Cassidee Wakefield | Horse Blue



Cassidee Wakefield | The Harbor

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# INDEX

<b>Name</b>	<b>Page</b>
Davis	Jeffery .....7, 8, 9
Enyart	Kendall.....10
Estill	Ashton..... 29, 36, 37
Harrell	Brittany ..... 31, 37, 38
Henerforth	Lily.....28
Kapfer	Kyli.....35
North	Grace .....32
Nyema	Joalina .....30
Ovchar	Diana..... 33, 34, 39
Richards	Gabrielle..... 35, 39, 40
Strong	Cheyenne..... 12, 14, 16, 18, 31
Vannierop	Amanda ..... 20, 21, 22
Vaughn	Alex ..... 27, 28
Wakefield	Cassidee ..... 24, 41, 42
Wilshusen	Melody .....38





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