

Images 2016



**The Grapefruit  
Institute**

# **POETRY IS LIKE AN ONION...**

**Front Cover: Frankie Rae Nolf**

**Back Cover: Jade Anderson**

# || GRAPEFRUIT ||



IMAGINE A WORLD OF COLORS, BRILLIANT, ALIVE, AND COGNITIVE.

CAN YOU SEE THE ABSOLUTE CIRCUS OF DANCING COLORS THAT THIS WORLD WOULD BE MADE OF?

BURSTS OF BLUE, SHIMMERING REDS, POWERFUL PURPLES, BELLOWING YELLOWS, GREENS BRIGHT AND DEEP AS A RAINFOREST, AND ABOVE ALL OF IT A GLITTERING SKY SHINING DOWN.

IF IT WOULD BE SEEN FROM SPACE, IT WOULD LOOK LIKE A UNICORN HURLED RAINBOWS ONTO A DISCO BALL.

HOWEVER BEAUTIFUL THE WORLD MAY BE, ALL BEAUTY HAS ITS FLAWS. THAT IS WHERE TRUE BEAUTY LIES.

THE LIVES OF THE COLORS HAD TO HAVE SOME KIND OF WAY TO WAY TO TEACH THEIR YOUNG EFFECTIVELY.

FOR A COLOR CANNOT LIVE HIS LIFE IN SUCH A COLORFUL WORLD WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT COMBINED COLORS MAKE WHAT.

SO, THE COLORS SENT THEIR YOUNG TO THE GRAPEFRUIT INSTITUTE: A PLACE OF PIGMENTATION.

SHOCKINGLY, THE ESTABLISHMENT WAS ALMOST VOID OF COLOR. WHITE AS CAN BE.

THE FLOORS, WALLS AND CEILINGS A CERTAIN BLEACHED WITH IRIDESCENT LIGHTS.

MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE THE ARGUMENT THAT WHITE IS ALL THE COLORS COMBINED.

THEY LEARNED NOT FROM THE BRILLIANT REALITY RIGHT OUTSIDE.

COLORS THAT WERE SHOWN TO LEARN FROM WERE ARTIFICIAL; THEY WERE PROJECTIONS.

DID THIS ACTUALLY WORK? WHAT'S THE POINT? WHO'S IDEA WAS THIS?

I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE THE ARGUMENT THAT THE BLEACH WHITE IS ALL THE

COLORS CHURNED TOGETHER.

MAYBE IT IS ALL TOO MANY COLORS ALL AT ONCE.

## BLINDING

MAYBE 'IT' IS THE COMPLETE LACK THEREOF: AN ENDLESS VOID IN WHICH YOU LOSE YOURSELF IN A PHONY, IGNORANT WORD.

*Love is a see-saw*

By Breana Dainoski

with your feet off the ground you're on top of the world  
invincible, untouchable, free  
but what goes up must come down  
all of a sudden you're falling fast, crashing  
you rush to put your feet down to catch yourself before it's  
too late  
you push against the ground  
you're in the air once again  
comfortable, secure, safe  
you've got the hang of it  
you fall  
you push  
you fall  
you push  
you get used to this routine  
then one day you fall from the highest point you have ever  
reached  
you hit the ground  
**HARD**





# Newborn

*By Sadie Lipomanis*



Untouched by any hands of harm,  
Lips un-kissed by man with charm.

Unwrinkled forehead free from stress,  
never worried for size of dress.

No stupid boy has been her first,  
has yet to cry when at her worst.

fingers bare from bands of steel,  
heart unbroken no need to heal.

No mean girls have made her cry,  
smile on her face, but hurt inside.

has not felt butterflies of her first kiss,  
nor been forgotten by those she'll miss.

Never fallen in a love so strong,  
that it consumed her and felt so wrong.

Never been nervous holding a letter,  
college applications she'll pray for the better.

Never admitted her fear of the dark,  
or gazed at the sky and wished on a star.

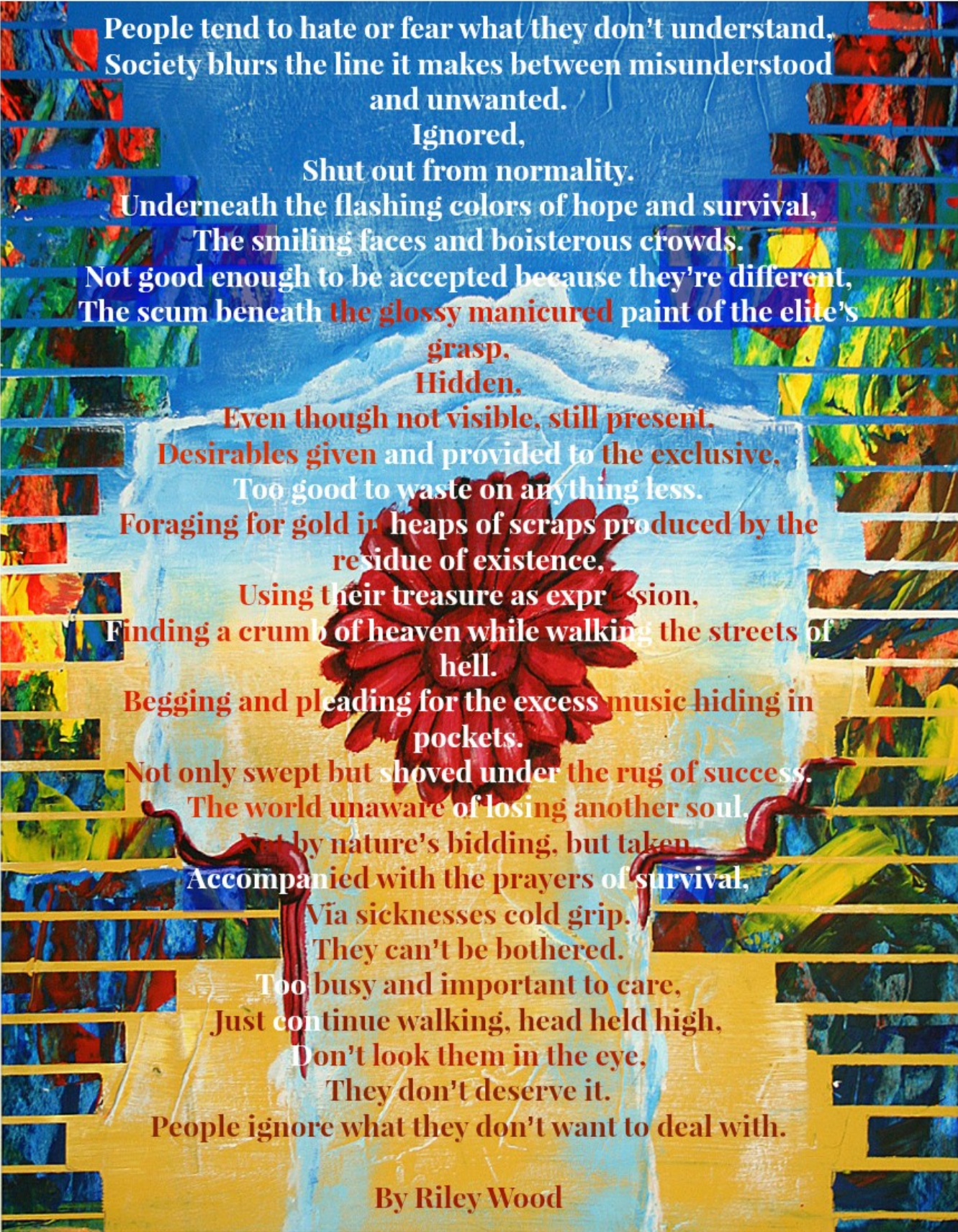
Her dreams and goals never been crushed,  
hands unheld, never been touched.

Her voice unheard, mouth unstrained,  
Little bones have never felt pain.

She'll grow in a world full of people with charm,  
and also people who will wish her harm,

Her life will soon fill with sorrow and lust,  
But she hasn't yet lived a day from dawn to dusk.





People tend to hate or fear what they don't understand,  
Society blurs the line it makes between misunderstood  
and unwanted.  
Ignored,  
Shut out from normality.  
Underneath the flashing colors of hope and survival,  
The smiling faces and boisterous crowds.  
Not good enough to be accepted because they're different,  
The scum beneath the glossy manicured paint of the elite's  
grasp,  
Hidden,  
Even though not visible, still present,  
Desirables given and provided to the exclusive,  
Too good to waste on anything less.  
Foraging for gold in heaps of scraps produced by the  
residue of existence,  
Using their treasure as expression,  
Finding a crumb of heaven while walking the streets of  
hell.  
Begging and pleading for the excess music hiding in  
pockets.  
Not only swept but shoved under the rug of success,  
The world unaware of losing another soul,  
Not by nature's bidding, but taken  
Accompanied with the prayers of survival,  
Via sicknesses cold grip.  
They can't be bothered.  
Too busy and important to care,  
Just continue walking, head held high,  
Don't look them in the eye,  
They don't deserve it.  
People ignore what they don't want to deal with.

By Riley Wood

## *The Underbelly*

# STORM(CLOUD WATCHING

WISPY WINGS, OUTSTRETCHED ARMS,  
AND A FEW RAYS OF SUNLIGHT BREAKING THROUGH

AN ELEGANT WHITE GOWN MATCHED WITH FEATHERY HAIR  
WHILE A THIN RING ATOP HER HEAD APPEARS WET WITH DEW

THUNDER SHAKES THE HORIZON;  
HER CLOUDY ARMS LOWER TO THE GROUND

WATER DROPLETS QUIVER IN ANTICIPATION  
AS SUNBEAMS RETREAT BEHIND THE ANGEL'S GOWN

THE STORMY BACKGROUND TURNS TO DUSK,  
AND HER FILMY HAIR STAINS THE COLOR OF DUST



# Granny's House

I remember the crimson crystal  
glistening in the window,  
engulfed from behind by blurred emerald evergreens.  
My brother and I sitting shielded in the familiar cabin  
with the ambiance of waves  
soothingly slapping the dock out back.

I remember lukewarm hot chocolate  
gliding between my chapped lips  
as I lingered on that scratchy green quilt.  
The fire ablaze behind me,  
contained in its rightful home,  
radiating warmth that could calm the most frantic mind.

I remember my great grandmother sitting  
far across the room on her fragile rocking chair;  
fingers flying amongst a mess of yarn and needles  
knitting for me without knowing she was crafting  
my next prized possession:  
a comfort blanket then, yet now it shrinks with each fading year.

I remember my second home,  
nestled over one thousand miles away.



# Metabolic Rainbow

I was lazy  
during school a little hazy  
just to say it was no daisy  
then all of a sudden it turned all crazy  
with the Jay z like bell's bellow  
I ran out of class with some fellow  
who seemed to be eating jell-o  
and was quaint, and mellow  
once I glanced outside it was like hello  
walking solo I exited the school  
as it snowed it seemed like today was a hidden jewel  
taking off my jacket with a drool  
I didn't care how I was uncool  
everyone thought the weather was cruel  
they all were being a fool  
this weather ruled  
jumping around I could feel my skin had cooled  
I ridiculed the sky for trying and failing to freeze me  
how could that even be  
everyone around could see  
I couldn't be more carefree  
life was good you'll see.

Suzannah Russell



Here we are we sit in our dust.  
In a world with the frustration and aggravation  
from the torment of our own creation.  
Where do we go? We are stuck in a loop replaying  
moments we thought of purity.  
Like the first time you saw her walk past,  
as the yellow ribbon on her dress,  
got tangled on the coffee house chair across from you,  
and she spun to release, you began to unravel.

We are indirect and unaware of that now,  
all lost that urge to define simplicity with  
anything greater than boredom.  
Effort falls behind as we draw circles in the dirt  
and we throw little rocks and shards of glass  
at the wallflowers who refuse to fight back and the  
Benchwarmers who have their spirit bound to pursed lips

This dust is piling up, it will bury us soon  
our shadows grow longer, not as the day  
winds down to a bitter end, but as we rise against  
all of these iced over impressions  
of those boys with the beautiful sisters and those  
kids who thought gym class was the fight of their life,  
we count out little annoyances on our fingertips and  
forced smiles through just to inhale an ignorant bliss,  
Until we gather the courage to rise from the dust  
and let it cloud against the ground at our ankles.

Noel Waldron





I Remember of a time that my  
mind lacked the stress,  
That causes my brain to not  
function on tests,  
And leads to me feeling so lost  
and oppressed,  
When i'm subjected to  
homework I do not get.

I Remember too watching  
football on Sunday,  
And getting 8 hours of sleep  
before Monday,  
Or chilling with friends at the  
mall on Friday,  
But homework and school has  
taken that away.

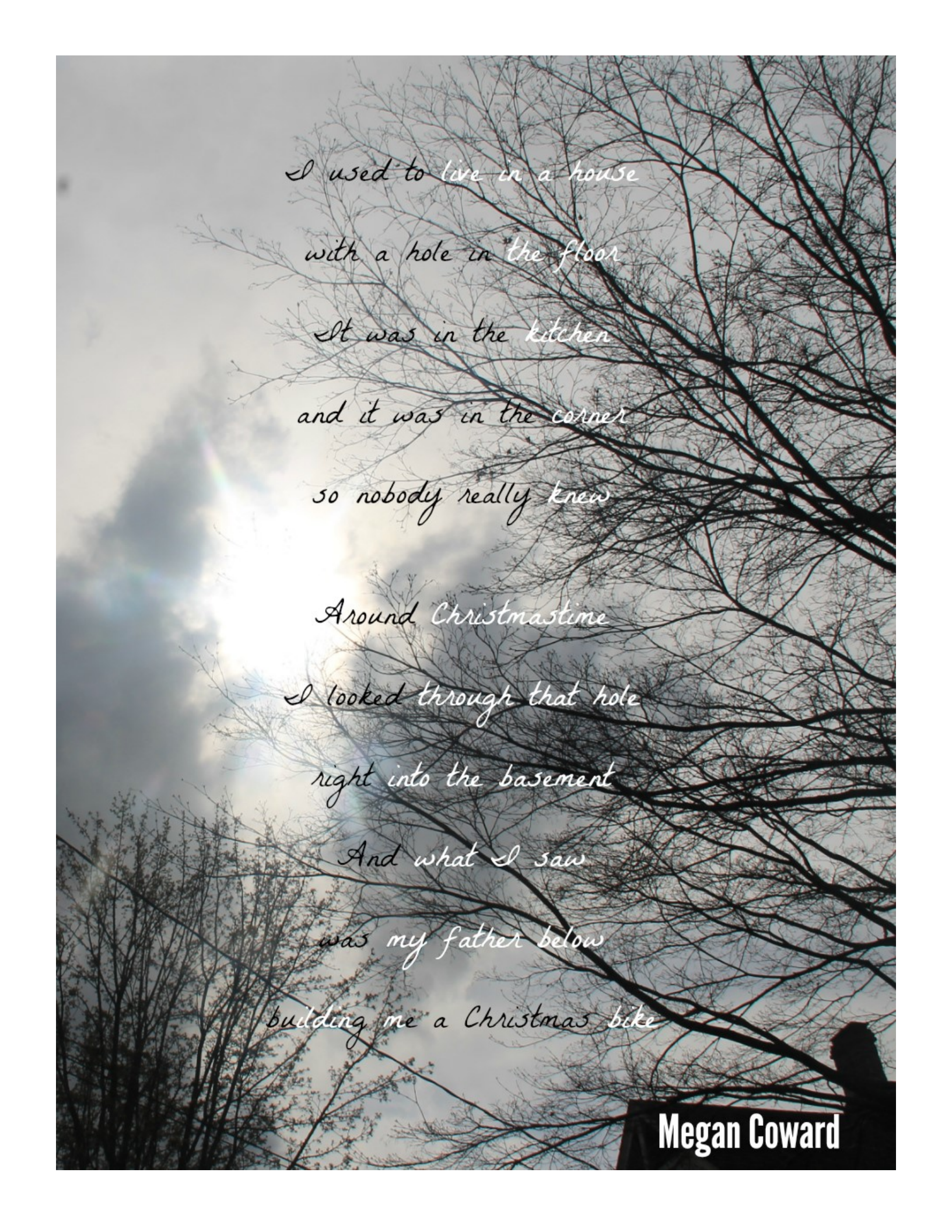
I Remember a time where I'd return from  
school,

To a tasty snack while I watch TV from my  
stool,  
However, that reality seems to be lost,  
Or Sports till 5:30 has shut my fun off,

I Remember when school lunches involved  
such joy,  
With Beyblades and Curling with water  
bottles oh boy!

Is it not depressing to see such a change,  
For now my school lunches have  
worksheets and fits

I'm not trying to say that everything is bad,  
Or school should be terminated rather  
then had,  
But I used to wake up excited for each day,  
And now I long for sleep to take me away.

A photograph of a cloudy sky with a rainbow and bare tree branches. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, cursive font.

I used to live in a house  
with a hole in the floor

It was in the kitchen  
and it was in the corner  
so nobody really knew

Around Christmastime  
I looked through that hole  
right into the basement

And what I saw  
was my father below  
building me a Christmas bike

**Megan Coward**



# To Clear the Jump

we are an arrow  
snapped at the shaft  
with wings that unravel  
from the depths of our hollow bones  
and though we aim straight,  
we dip to the side,  
we collapse before the hurdle,  
or we fall short of the leap,  
but we never stop  
though we never succeed, and i know  
we are muscle under bone  
and thriving energy that resounds with each pound of a hoof;  
we are the wind that alights along this chestnut mane,  
we are short-tempered and stout,  
but willing and determined,  
we chafe our skin against leather,  
and throttle the world with thunderstorms when we touch down,  
finally and perpetually  
cleared.

eggshell white

halls.

the blank corridors illuminated in a dismal glow.

almost pure,

but not quite the color of doves.

faint light immerses everything from an unknown source.

a porcelain vase balanced precariously on the mantle,  
teetering on the edge of perfection and disaster.

the same blank detail engraved as intricately as nature's  
finest,

down to the molecule,

specified in only shadows.

the solemn chaos of a hospital hangs in empty space,

pristine and almost too clean.

almost.



**White** An empty white feeling  
surrounds me like air  
pale bricks, and arranged tiles.

Conversations throughout halls  
ricochet off the white brick walls  
footsteps drum, like marching slaves.

Bright pale lights, radiate  
white heat, and steryl brightness  
it seems to scream of death.

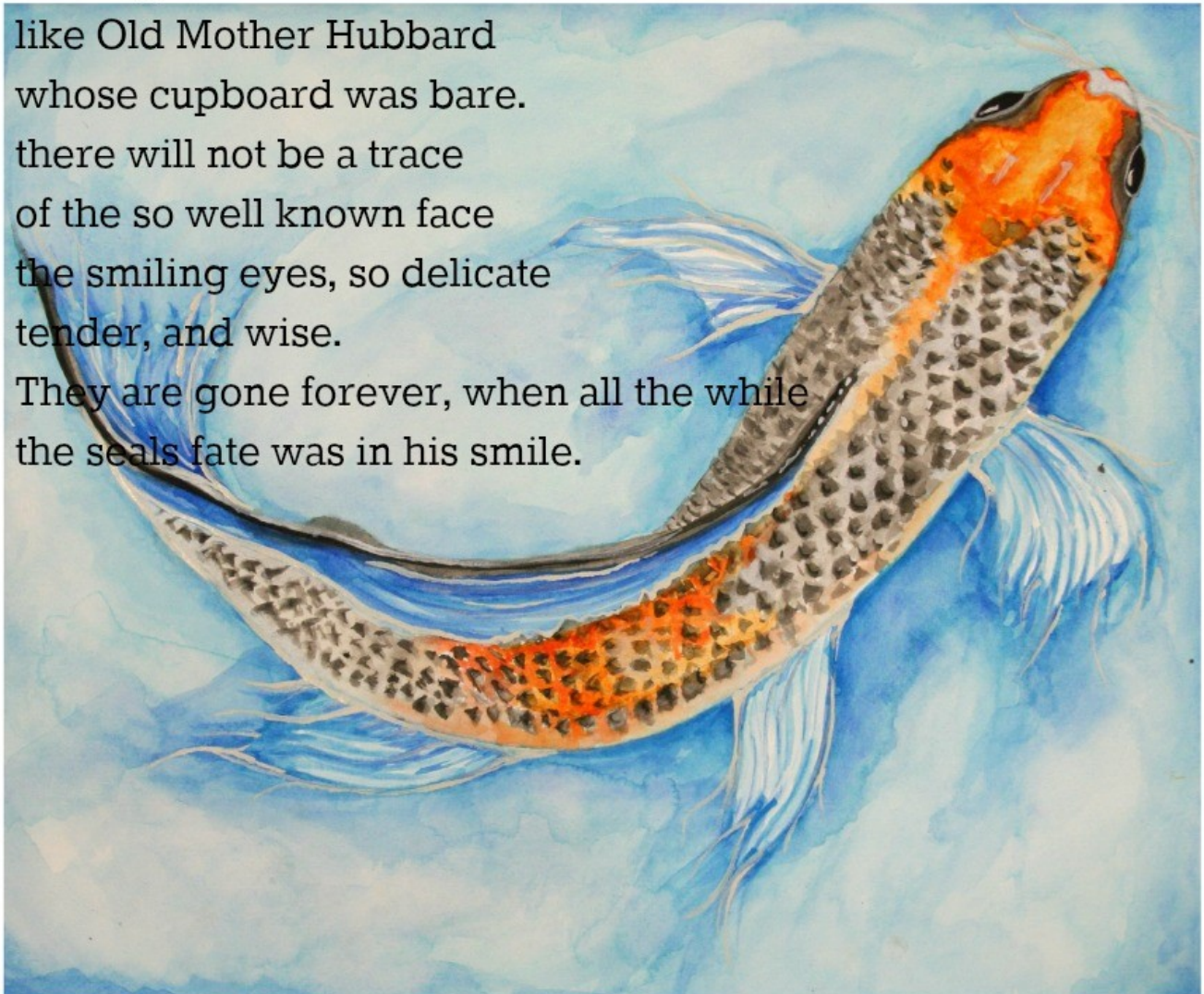
Endless winters,  
streets filled with pale corpses,  
pale empty lakes without a drop of water.

A white maze progresses ahead  
of my every step,  
with no way out.



As the fire keeps burning  
as the wind keeps howling  
The seal keeps smiling~ never  
saddened, never dreary  
though he's tired and weary.  
SO hunted are they  
They're murdered and spilled  
white, are the pelts for which  
They are all killed  
But one day you'll see  
The men will go hunting but find  
nothing there,

like Old Mother Hubbard  
whose cupboard was bare.  
there will not be a trace  
of the so well known face  
the smiling eyes, so delicate  
tender, and wise.  
They are gone forever, when all the while  
the seals fate was in his smile.







# tiny

a palpably piercing blue expanse stretched out above  
a vast emptiness with unseen borders yet unimaginable depth.  
without a cloud in sight to obscure your view to the void,  
the sky draws you in, engulfing you in the existential realization  
that we are tiny.

not necessarily insignificant,  
yet tiny.

the empty blue reaches its invisible grasp down to grab you  
(somewhere in the midst of your chest that you can't quite pinpoint)  
to drag you up and out of your menial earthly bounds.

the universe calls out from deep and inner space,  
but not from blackness of the void that surrounds all.

it beckons through the bright atmosphere above  
that can cause even artists to question the existence of blue.



THIS IS YOUR FAULT.

I CAN HARDLY LIVE WITH YOU,  
YET YOU COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT ME.  
YOU CLING LIKE NAPALM  
AND I CAN'T SHAKE YOU,  
BUT IF I DID, I WOULD STILL HAVE BURNS.

I HAD A FIRE ON THE INSIDE  
BUT THE BLAZE OF YOU  
STOLE THE AIR, SO I WENT OUT.  
NOW I'M SMOTHERED BY YOUR PROBLEMS  
AND DROWNING IN YOUR TEARS.

THIS IS YOUR FAULT.

I GASP FOR A BREATH  
AND TAKE MY FIRST IN WEEKS  
BEFORE YOU TAKE MY HEAD AND PUSH ME BACK  
UNDER  
TO WHERE MY SMILE IS REPLACED  
BY ITS DEFORMED TWIN.

SO WHEN YOU SIT ALONE  
DO NOT THINK OF ME  
INSTEAD THINK OF THE GIRL YOU MET  
WHO HAD FIRE IN HER EYES  
AND NOW ICE IN HER HEART.

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.

# 102 Ocean Front, Lavallette

I remember the singing of the flying purple people eater  
All the way down the boardwalk.

The walks to ice cream were always the best with adults in the back  
And cousins belting and shoving in the front.

I remember when I got cotton candy ice cream,  
I would always steal your butter pecan without a thought.  
Your smiles and napkin face wipes would keep me going.  
You and papa would always pay.

I think it was because of the pure joy of having grandchildren.  
All ten of us, you were always our rock.

I remember, the next morning, the house would be awake and lively by six.  
Chilly but beat hot, your pancakes filled the kitchen.  
At the beach, your head side to side watching us in the water.  
When it came time for dinner,  
It was known that your special spaghetti and salmon was on its way.  
The ocean blue house, the best one on Ortley Avenue was ours.

I love you, the beach, and I always will.



# *Sonnet*

This time of year where love grows bold I see,  
The same is not my heart for you my sweet.  
My heart doth ever grow for you, Queen B  
My queen, my love for you is like concrete.

But concrete too weak to hold the power,  
My love so strong yet ever growing more.  
Even at death's door I will not cower,  
My love for you protects me at the core.

Your words to me sweeter than a cookie,  
Your voice, I hear so cute and kawaii.  
Sweeter than the feel of playing hookie,  
You, so soft and hotter than Hawaii.

Baby, my love, my beautiful Queen B  
I need you, will you always stay with me?



# Blueberry Trifle With Potential...

This trifle is the perfect dish for all of your dinner -parties -that -almost -were, belated anniversaries of relationships that have lost their magic, or graduations - but only the kind that immediately precede summer school. This is the kind of trifle that could maybe be something elegant, A dessert that will really make your guests say, "this is...fine."

To begin, gather your ingredients in an isolated place. Clear away any useless tools cluttering your workspace.

The list is as follows:

- 1 Cup Cold Milk
- 1 Cup Sour Cream
- 1 Package Plain Vanilla Pudding Mix
- 1 Teaspoon Shredded Lemon Peel
- 2 Cups Heavy Cream, Beaten
- 8 Cups Sliced Angel Food Cake
- 4 Cups Blueberries, Separated

In an empty bowl, mash together lemon shreds, pudding mix, sour cream, and frigid milk.

Leave out the beaten cream -it is not needed yet.

The mixture should have a soft, spineless texture.

Place half the cake cubes -the more attractive half - haphazardly across the bottom of a large trifle dish. Don't have a trifle dish? Not a problem! An old bowl or a takeout tupperware with the ghosts of Lo Mein noodles clinging to the plastic will work just as well.

In alternating layers, taking care to keep each layer completely separated, construct the trifle: one layer of cake shards, one layer of runny pudding mix, and one layer of the bluest blueberries of the bunch. Once the trifle has been properly assembled (or at least, thrown haphazardly together), toss some deflated whipped cream across the top. Once assembled, refrigerate trifle for two hours or until it's shivering.

Once the trifle is freezing and the blueberries are bluer with cold, present your creation and get ready for looks of pure indifference on your guest's faces!



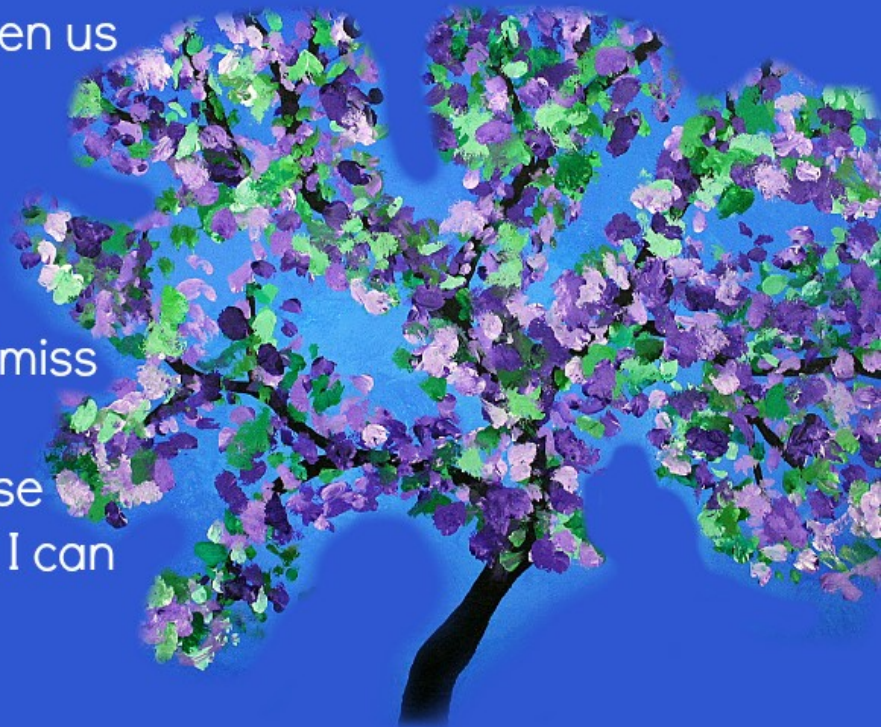
# Xena

Strong foot steps  
They sounded like drums  
as we galloped  
Pale grey like misty  
mornings,  
A black mane that waved  
like a flag.

She was special  
her gaze was like a child's,  
she looked to me for help  
she followed like a puppy  
kindly listening to my  
commands.

Together we felt like King  
and Queen  
A strong bond between us  
that  
somehow broke,  
I'm not sure why?

I never knew I would miss  
her so much  
She was the first horse  
to ever show me that I can  
accomplish  
my wildest dreams.



## Dedicated to my Dad

When I win a race they say it's because I have determination.  
But I would say it's because I'm terrified.  
There are hundreds of eyes watching me,  
but that's not what scares me.  
There's only one pair of eyes that scare me,  
He's nurtured me ever since I was born.  
Those two eyes watched my first steps and his ears heard my first words,  
And it is because of his devotion, I am terrified.  
He supported me, my first failures and my first successions,  
and that scares me.  
I run.  
He is in the stands, once again always there for me,  
and all I can do for him is make him proud.  
I run.  
But what if I am not fast enough,  
my endurance doesn't last long enough?  
That scares me,  
I run  
Words will never be enough to show my pure gratitude for his love.  
So I run  
My lungs are begging for air,  
when I can't breathe, and every bone in my body cries for me to stop,  
when my muscles writhe with pain and all I want to do is slow down,  
I won't.  
Because he was there when I made mistakes, when I wasn't good enough.  
He was my first fan, the most loyal.  
So I will not slow down,  
because if I disappoint him I can't ever ask him to stand by me again.  
(He'd say this isn't true.)  
but his years of spending money on me, working himself to the bone  
I can see it in his eyes  
and feel it from the stands.  
He protected me when I could not protect myself,  
he pushes me to be the best person I can be,  
and all I can do to show my gratitude,  
I run.  
State Champion means nothing to me, but having a proud father?  
Everything.  
The pain in my legs, the air that's not in my lungs,  
one foot in front of the other,  
They call it determination,  
but that's not how I see it.  
It's love.

Sadie Lipomanis



## Ode to Sibling Rivalry

Two girls look different while two girls look alike  
fighting over toys and disagreeing as tykes.

As the fourth child was born there was excitement at first  
But as the time went by, we knew our world would burst.

Third year in high school and they still take my clothes  
Shirts, dresses, leggings and skirts  
to add to my woes

As a first child with a license  
One free front seat  
Three sisters ready for battle  
and prepared to cheat.

Four girls with iPhones  
Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat, and Twitter  
One sister goes over the data  
When the phone bill comes in, the parents get bitter

We argue a lot  
but in reality we are very close  
Nothing could ever separate us  
Not even our fights over clothes

Lauren Matyas

# Images Staff

Advisors: Mr. Crane and Mrs. B

Students:

Olivia Gorka

Alyssa Tombs

Chloe Boyd

Kyle Enchill

Kate Tweedie

Ib Khan

Claire Demko

Keeley Lombardi

Caleigh Flegg

Corinne Richter

Gigi Morano

Thank you to administration for supporting our magazine



**IT'S NOT OGRE YET...**



