



BULLSEYE



Bullseye 2011

***The Literary and Art Magazine
of
Douglas MacArthur High School***

Volume 26

North East Independent School District
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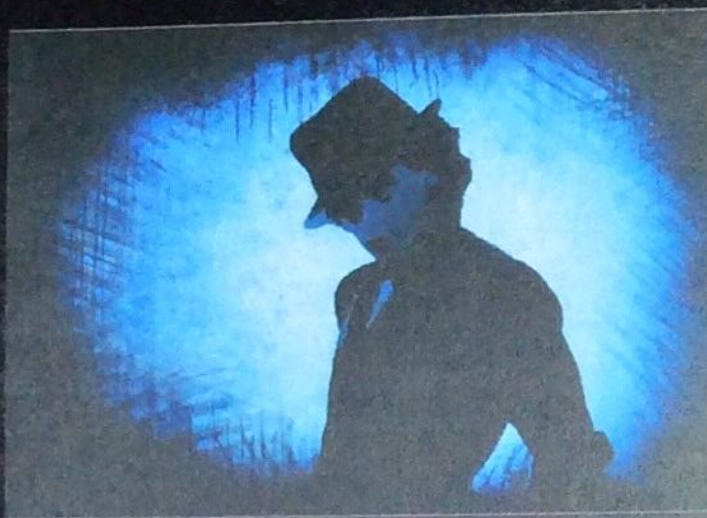


Testing, Testing

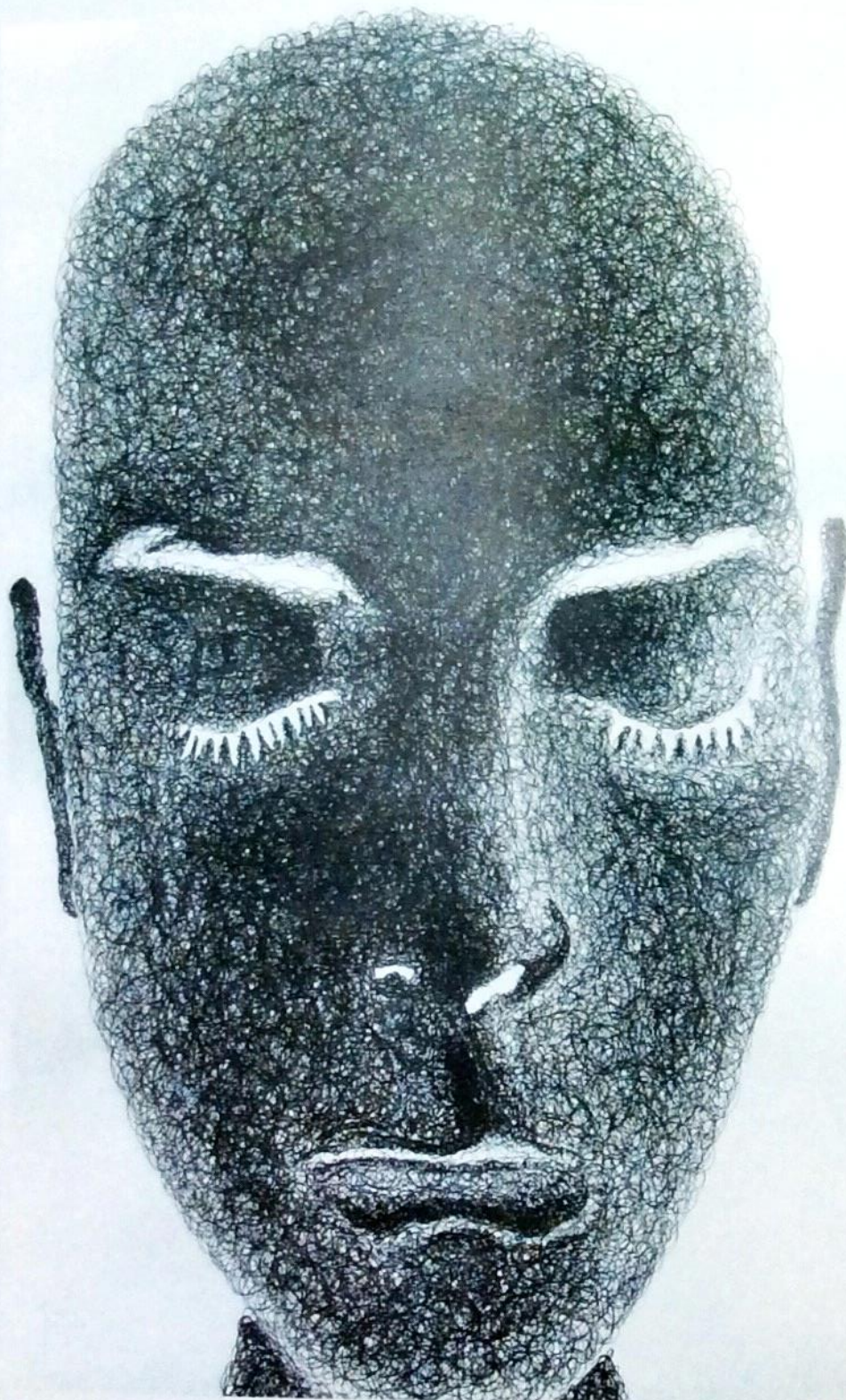
In a fallacy
Logic is useless
As reason remains
The ground of discussion,
'Tis tempting to say
Subjective perception
Is the only way
As it's taught
As objective
By those with a say,
The ones with a mic,
The ones who are willing
To put up a fight,
Perception's deception
Fooled them to believe
That their form of reason
So did supercede.
A false conclusion,
Though not a mistake.
There are no errors that
Nature can make.
Open your eyes,
Look all around,
The clouds in the sky,
The grass on the ground;
They are as they are,
Just as they should be,
Perfection realized
In all of the trees.

Thus, being a part
Of nature we see,
That all perception
Is true as can be.

Bryan Bartley







Nightmares and Facescapes

Trap, dark and small, worm inside, blind unseeing
Sense of world surrounding, reached in tandem, by mountain of flesh
Mountain of flesh, towering and imposing, understands the primal unseen.

Light and dark, color and life, twin lakes of perception
Two round lakes, see the rainbow, seen as brown.

Pockmarked landscape, victim of losing war, scattered dunes
Blood red dunes, sign of change, mark of shame.

Oracles of knowledge, keepers of music, dual sages
Tired old sages, record emotion, their drums echo humanity's cries.

From child to man, visible evidence, spines growing
Ragged spines growing, evolution, symbol of the wise.

Fear turns to calm, boy is now awake,
Eyes are opened, torn from the unreal, taken out of the nightmares and facescapes.

Dominic Dorsa

The Moonlight Showing

Wish and wish upon a star
Flying by, how fast it goes
To where it lands no one may know
Let's watch it now, you and I
As fireflies come and light the sky
The moon, the spotlight
And she the show
Her favoring breath upon him now
A fierce predator
Silent, Sneaky and ready to prowl
Leap she does upon his heart

Grabs for it she does
To take and forge with her own
The sensation of passion and lust begin
The hard metal of tenderness forms
The fires of love flicker to keep it warm
Now catch the fireflies
Watch them go
The moon, the spotlight
And she the show
The bond of marriage forms the sword
To the enemy Loneliness they must go
To fight him back

The lands of Woe
To the distance metal clashes and sparks
Neither one is willing to part
But look, one has turned the tide
For now, he, to fight the new bride
So says she a surprise
For a while they clash as arguments go
This, the climax of our show
The battle rages, there seems no end
Thoughts now of indefinite Sin

But see now, as he the cheated strike
To her heart the final blow
She falls to blood, her companions
A sweet victory for him it seems
No more to the battle she pleads
He agrees, as does she
A silent weep, to Loneliness she must go
Forever destined, a slave to woe
Let free the fireflies
Watch them go
The moon burned out
No more the show

Kelvin Vaughan











Butterfly

What beauty on wings,
Such grace within air,
Such breath-taking wonder
Which one cannot speak,
Love cannot comprehend.

What wonder has been seen?
What wonderful creation?
Slender and thin, for gliding on air,
Small and graceful, for love.
What beauty on wings,
Such grace within air?

Ashley Ornelas





Black Dove

The white sparrow flew away; I was lost
and I was followed by the black dove,
everything changes
even love.

The children, they bleed;
everything is stolen from them:
virginity.
The black dove cries.
The white sparrow sits and watches
as innocence dies.

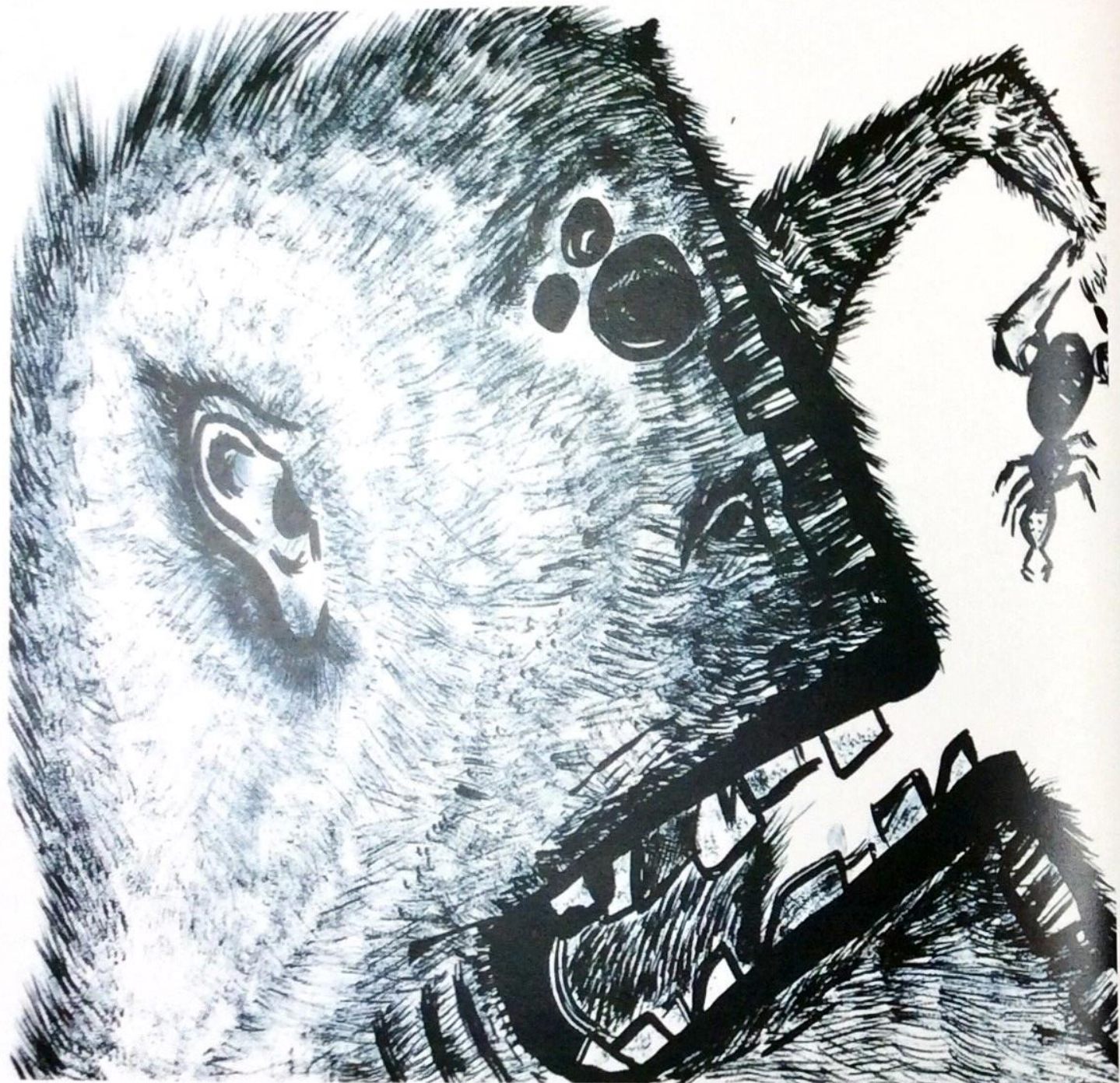
Waves crash over the mating
and they drown in their filth.
The children are gone
and so is their will.

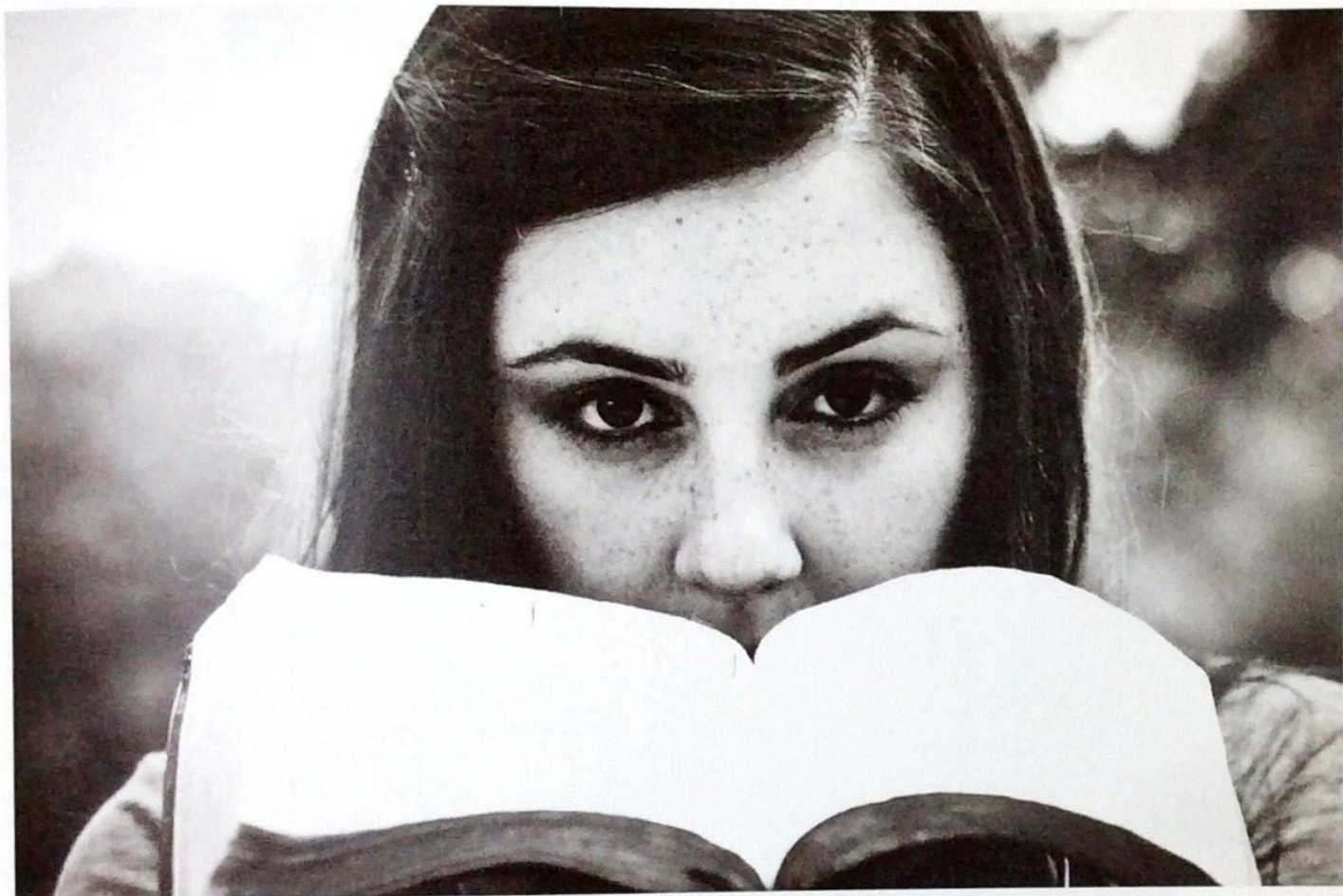
I sit on my regal throne
with the white sparrow;
we are quite alone.
The black dove does its work
as the world groans.
Lonely hearts and violated temples,
ignorance and selfish fools.

There is no balance
of good and evil
just indifference in every place,
every ally, every cathedral.

Kaylee Adams

White Sparrow






Anne-Marie Coffee



Untitled Hymn 19

STAMPED



Deranged Notes

We're mellow cups of tea
With a drift and a turn
The ship embarks
A harpist's tranquil symphony

Love through a kaleidoscope
Nebulous
Yet the upbeat still pounds
And as we never cross the asymptote,
We fall and hit the ground

Perhaps a bird forgets its wings
As a crown forsakes its king
And even feathers make ripples in oceans
While docile youngsters make roaring notions

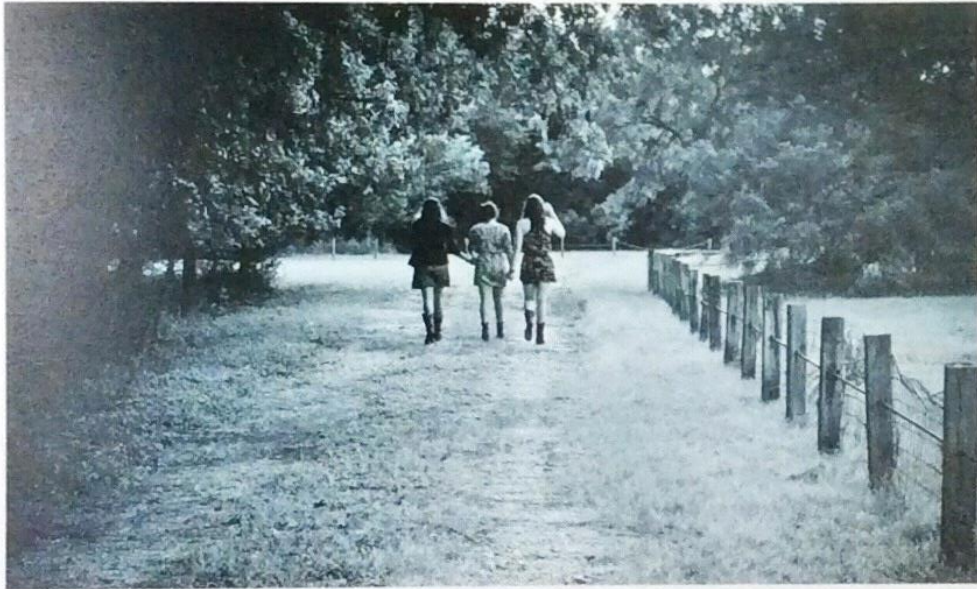
A heart skips a beat
Plunder and stow
You hold it
That whisper-less tone
It dangles by a thread
I never knew I had it
Until it crept in my own head

Jordan Acosta



Unspoken True Love

Hello, my dearest.
Though you cannot hear the utterances of my thoughts
Or the endearing words spoken from my lips,
Oh, how I do adore you.
Your slightest of gestures, your greatest of antics.
The grace of your ever gentle smile and the way your touch calms all fears.
From the stride of your crooked walk, to your walking out of my life.
My Love, you reduce my heights to tears.



The imagining of your return to me exceeds any reality and your blatant ignorance
of my yearnings beholds much for this naked heart to bear.
Oh, my Dearest, my unknowing dearest.
You are my unspoken true love.

Jacob Martinez



Mountain Mother

I hungered to see
The self and was sated,
Startled and solemnized.

Liquid brown eyes,
Passion and patience.
Unbelievable for someone
Whose kind has been nearly decimated.

Cautiously smelling the remains
Of yesterday's perfume
On my wrist.

The She gorilla
Provides me with
A time-tunnel view
Of those primal days
When we humans were pitiful slugs
Amongst the then awesome
Numbers of great apes.

How can I ever see
All that has been suffered,
And imprinted upon,
This captive spirit?

Ms. Katherine Willis
MacArthur H.S. Staff





Tao of Dreaming

Tôi thức giấc, tôi có một cơn ác mộng.
Trong cơn ác mộng ấy, tôi đang ở Việt Nam.
Vào ngày 2 tháng 5 năm 2010, vào cái ngày định mệnh ấy.
Xa xăm ... xa xăm ... rất xa rồi ...

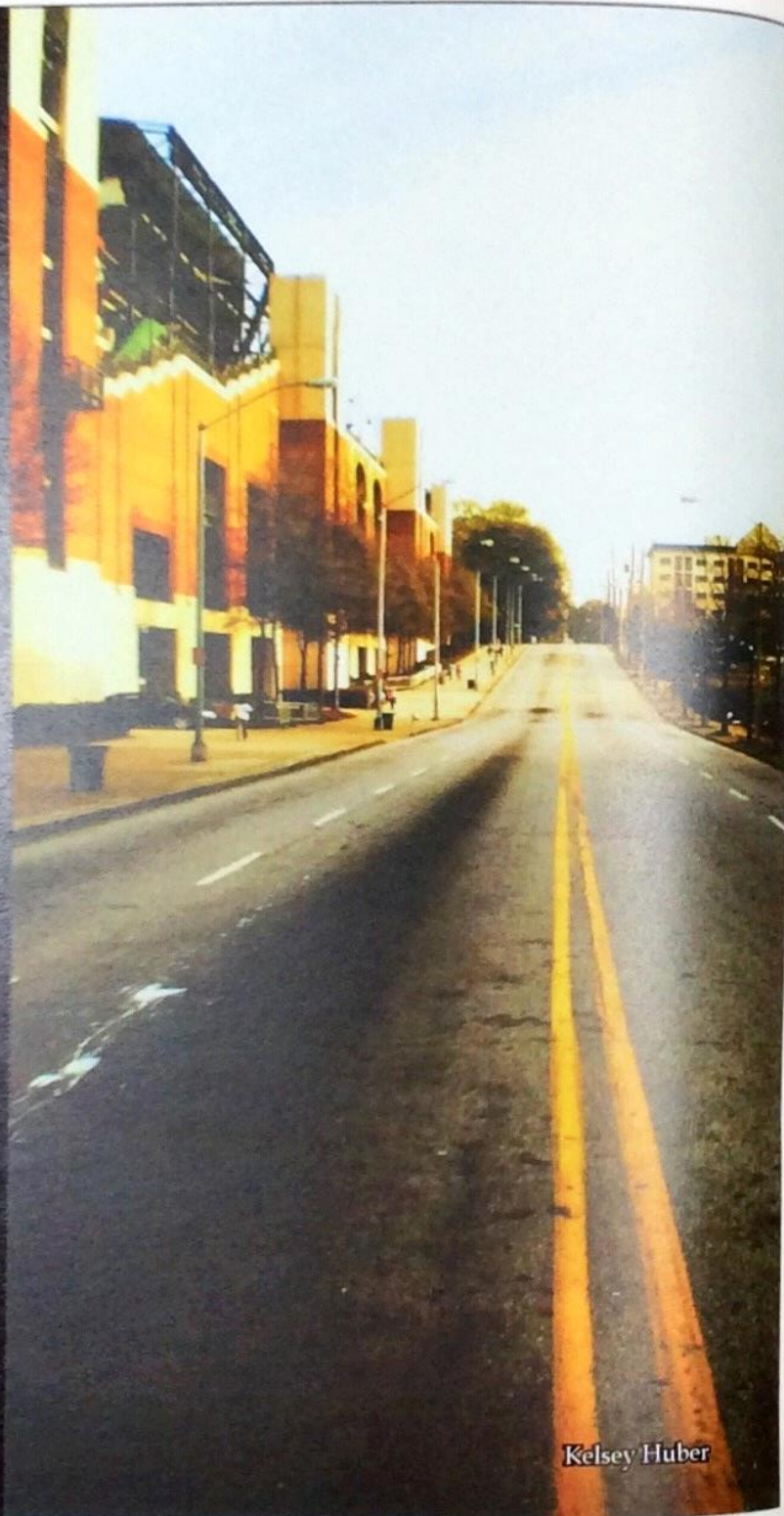
I get up, I have a nightmare
In that nightmare, I was in Vietnam.
On May 2, 2010, on that destiny day.
Far ... far ... far away ...


Tôi đang trên máy bay, một chiếc máy bay lớn.
Những con mắt ấy đang nhìn tôi
Rất sâu, đen nhánh và buồn bã
Họ biết một điều chắc chắn rằng
Gặp lại tôi là một điều vô cùng khó khăn
Xa xăm ... xa xăm ... rất xa rồi ...

I was on an airplane, a big airplane.
Those eyes were looking at me
Deep, dark, and sorrowful
They know one thing
It's really hard to find me again
Far ... far ... far away ...

Tôi đang ở trên một bầu trời, một bầu trời rộng lớn.
Đói, mệt mỏi và cảm nhận sự bỏ cuộc

I was in the sky, the big sky
Hungry, tired, and hopeless





Tôi là ai? Tôi đang ở đâu?
Tại sao tôi phải ở nơi đây?
10 tiếng à? Hay 12? Không đúng 13 tiếng.
Tôi lại chìm vào giấc ngủ, ngủ rồi lại ngủ . . . ngủ . . .
Xa xăm . . . xa lắm...rất xa rồi . . .

Who am I? Where am I?
How long must I stay here?
10 hours? Or 12? No, exactly 13 hours
I slept, and slept, and slept
Far . . . far . . . far away . . .

Chân tôi chạm nước Mỹ, một Mỹ rộng lớn
Bước đi, hãy tiếp tục bước đi
Chạy thôi, chạy nữa, hay chạy đi
Sợ hãi, khủng khiếp và lạc lối
Xa xăm . . . xa lắm...rất xa rồi . . .
Tôi vẫn không biết tôi là ai
Cứ mãi chạy, chạy đi, chạy mãi
Việt Nam hay Hoa Kỳ?
Tôi đang ở đâu đây?

My first step on America, a big step
Walking, keep walking
Running, keep running
Scared, and horribly lost
Far . . . far . . . far away . . .
I still don't know who I am
Just run, run, keep running
Vietnam or America?
Where am I?

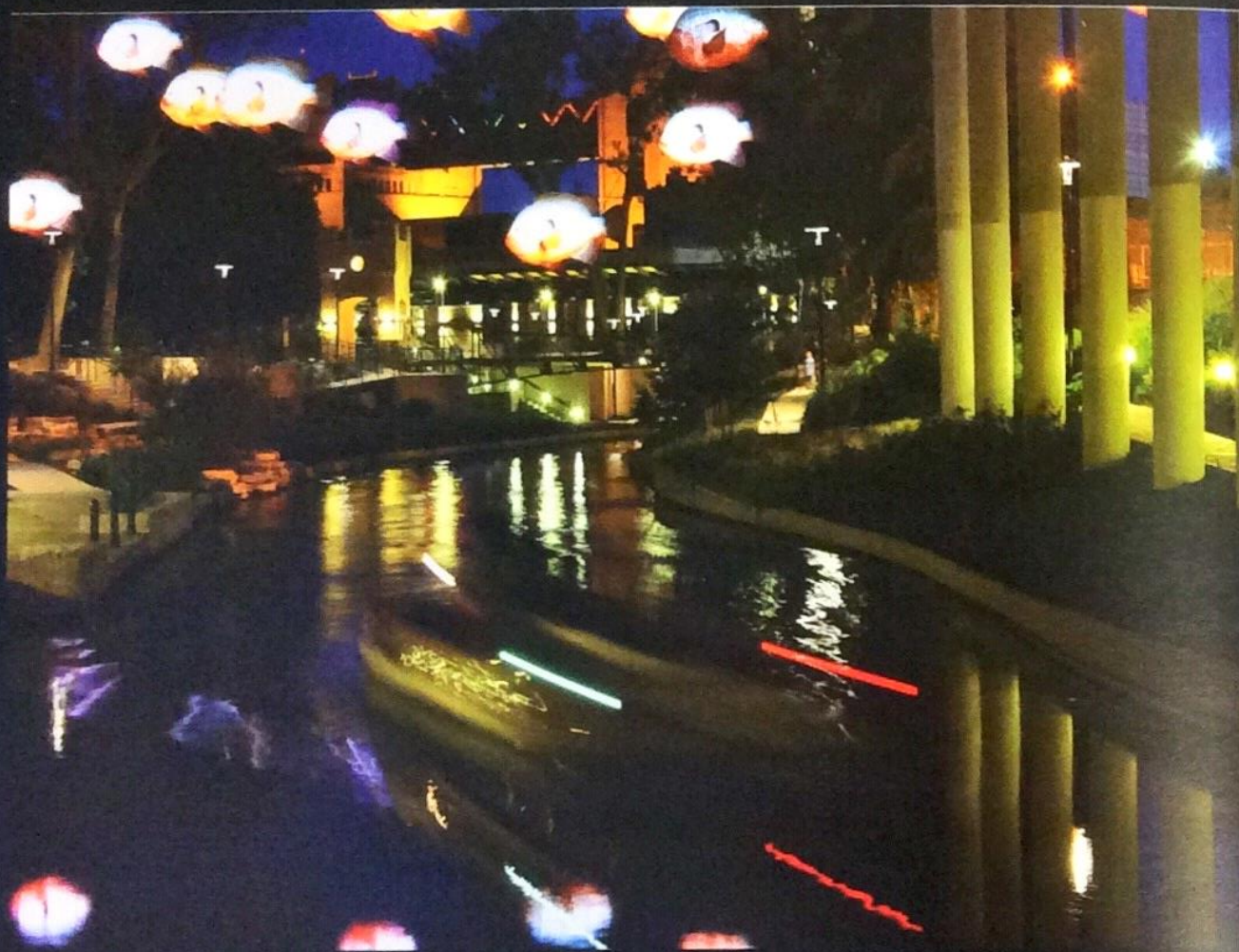
Tôi muốn ở lại
Nhưng lí trí bảo tôi đừng có dại
Tôi đáng lẽ phải khóc
Nhưng lí trí lại một lần nữa ngăn cản tôi
Tôi đáng lẽ phải gục ngã rồi
Nhưng cơ thể tôi ra lệnh:
"Một bước, một bước nữa, rồi một bước nữa thôi . . ."
Tôi đáng lẽ phải . . .
Ngừng . . .
Tôi phải đến đây

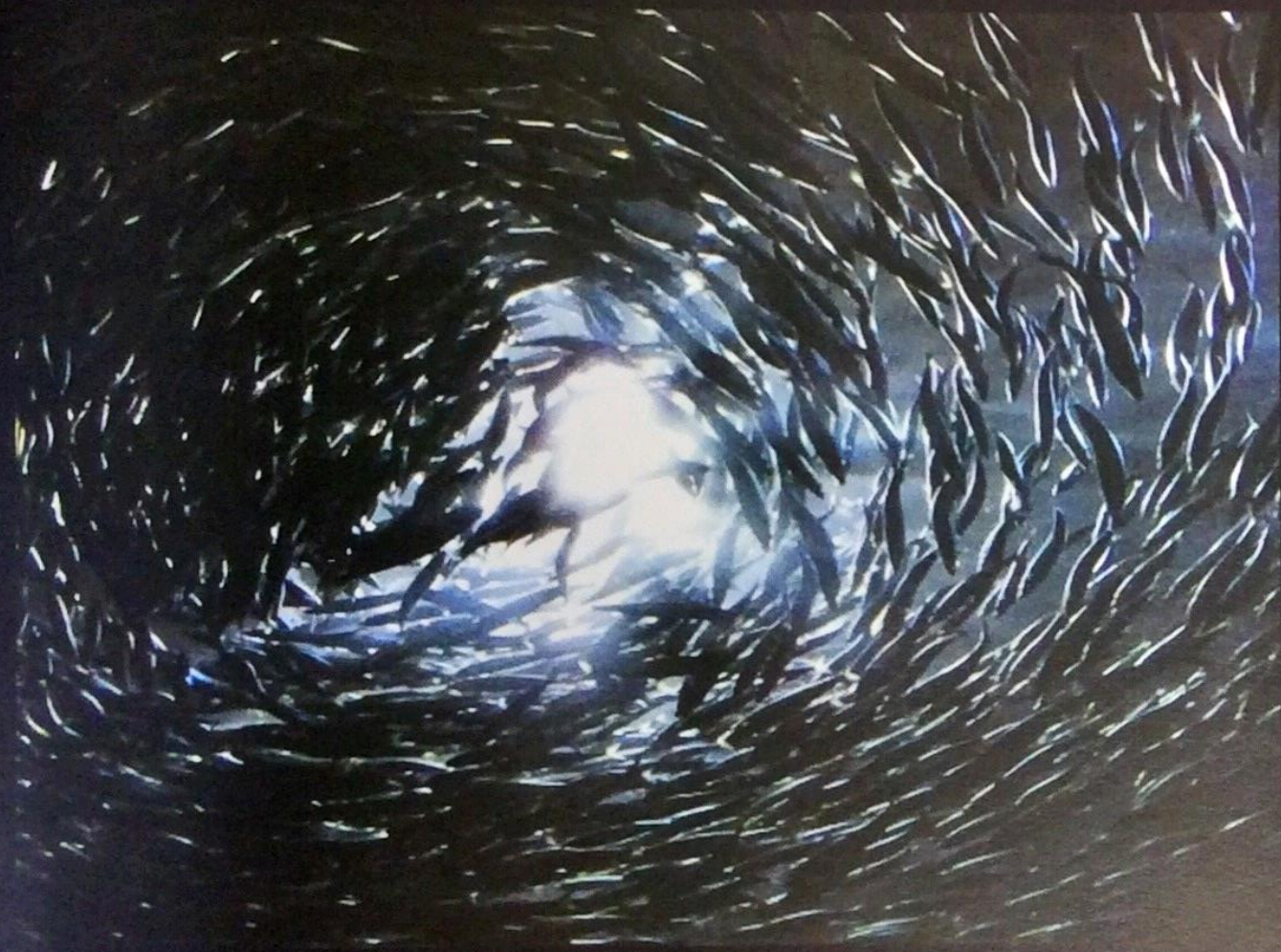
I must stay
But my mind won't allow it
I want to cry
But my mind stops me
I want to collapse
But my mind says
"Just one more step, and one more, and one more . . ."
I want to
But . . .
I need to come here

Cho chính bản thân tôi
Cho chính tương lai của tôi
Cho ba mẹ
Cho 20 năm trong chờ đợi.

For myself
For my future
For my parents
And for 20 years in waiting

Thao Le





Goodbye, My Love

The ship rocks
Waves crash against its sides
Powerful particles
Band together
To take over the ship
Separately capable of nothing
Together anything is possible
The ship is slowly sinking
Under force
I can take no more
A large boat
A small hole
The ship goes down
We must abandon it
Jump off
Save ourselves
If we can
We relied on a mass
Of power
But it has been brought down
Quiet easily
Our faith is lost
Was it put in the wrong place?
Supposed wisdom
Turns to obvious failure





We were wrong
This isn't right
And now there is no
Turning back
A drowned man
Cannot be revived
A sunken ship not be exhumed
We must start over
But first
Head to shore
The waves are still hungry
And we are in their path
No object is too much
Anything can be
Brought down
With the right amount of
Pressure
We are swallowed up
By the monster
Our lives are gone
None can be returned
Another
Seemingly innocent person
Pulled down
By something far stronger
Than they ever believed existed

Kaitlin Veltri

The Poor

Strictly forbidden
Trespassing her mind
She put a fence up
Saying, "My arms aren't wide open anymore."
My brain stomped in bloody distortion
Fingertips burst
Yet, I had no expression


Will I ever know if I cared?

Samuel Blowe







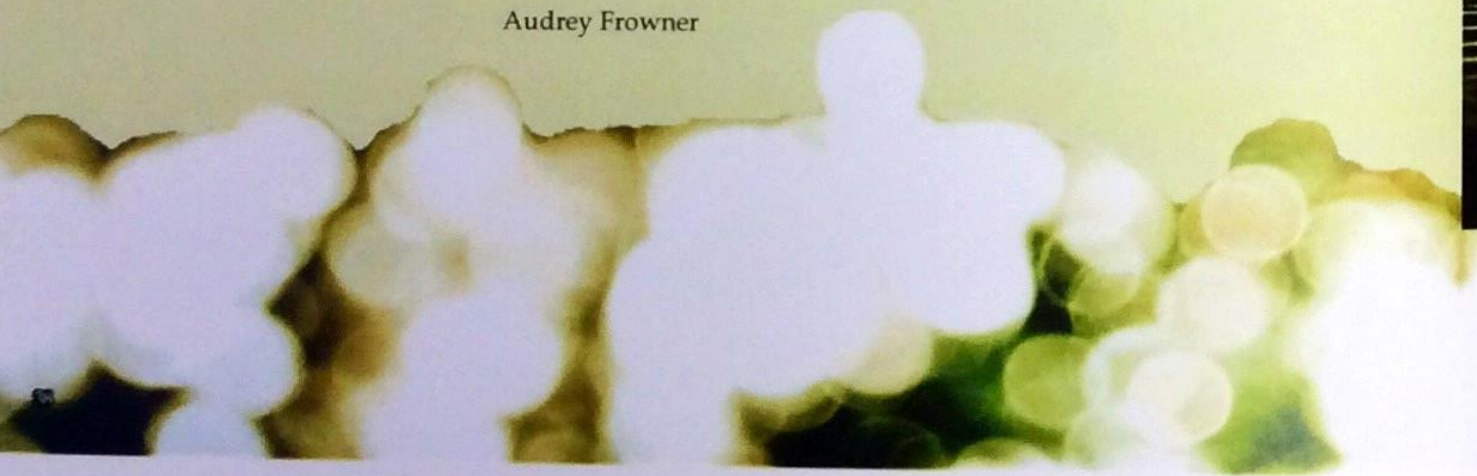


Candle

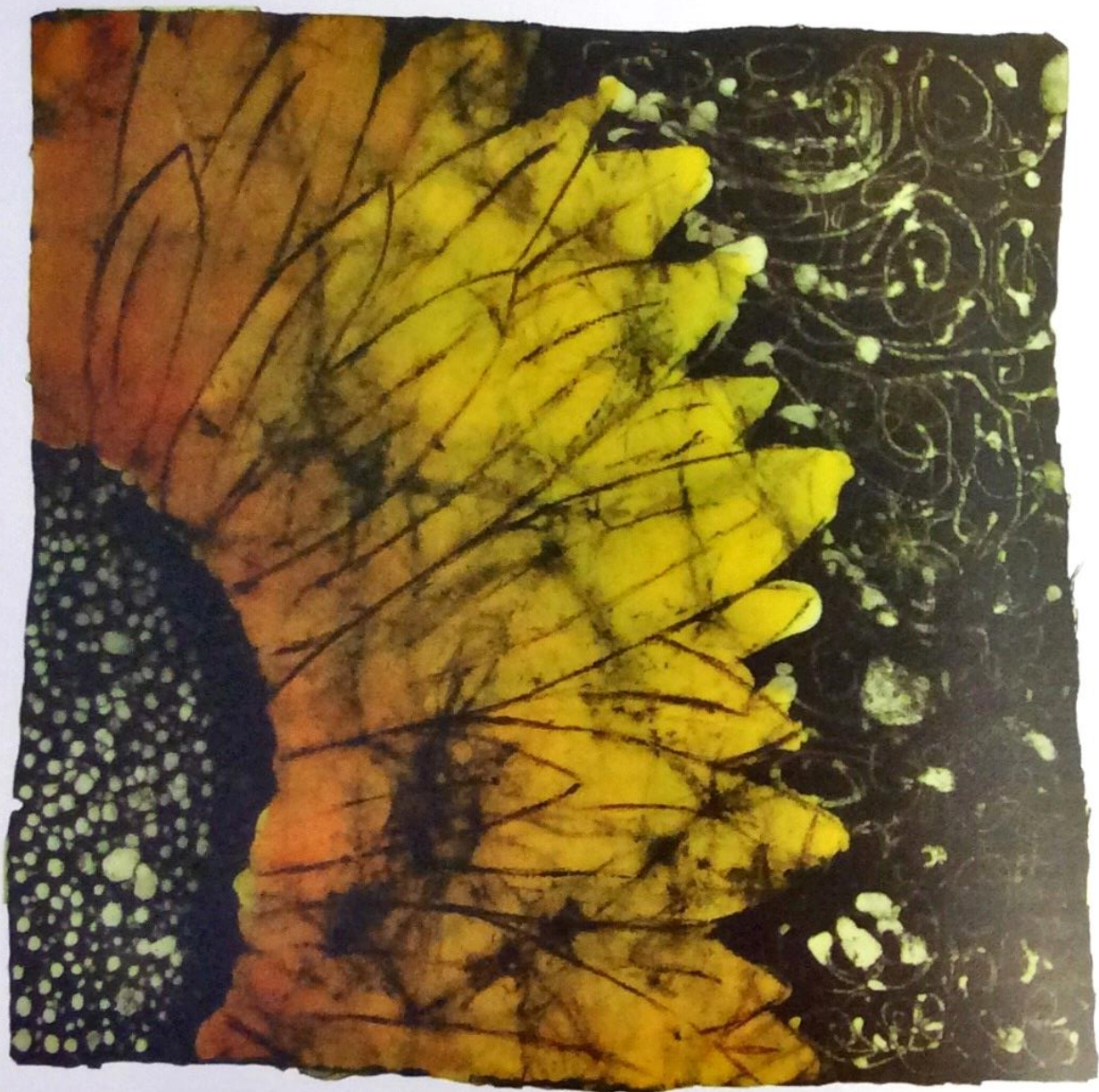
In a soulless room
with nothing in sight
a candle is lit
and fills the room
with light.

A shadow is cast
and fills the room
with its warm glow
like a tree's last leaf
it sways very slowly;
like an old man's back
its wick is bent over.
The flame has died out--
its life is over.

Audrey Frowner









Ann-Marie Coffey

Words From the Garden

Flowers bloom under the bright sky
As I get lost within your eyes
While I stand here with you

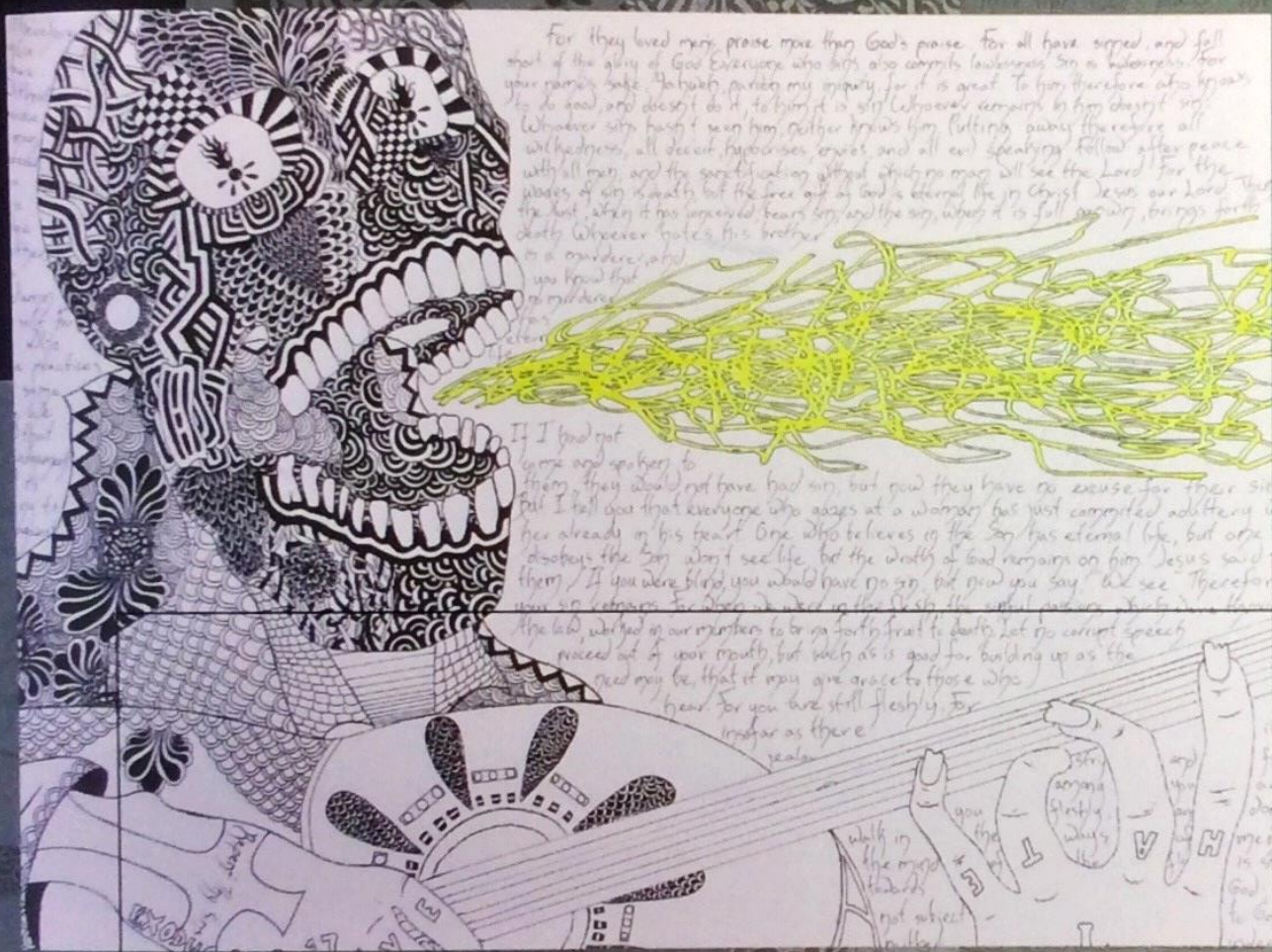
The sun shines as doves set off in flight
You can see them soar toward the light
You look on with a sparkle in your eyes
Will you take my hand in delight?

Brighter days seem to be
What you always give to me
As we walk through the field of colors
Your smile completes the scene
Out of all the flowers in this garden
Only one is perfect to me
I love this flower
Even if it doesn't blossom for you

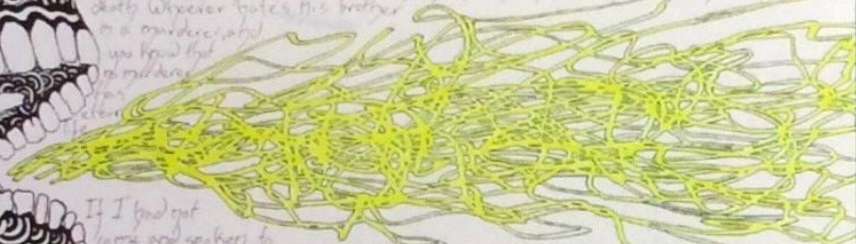
Joshua Madrid



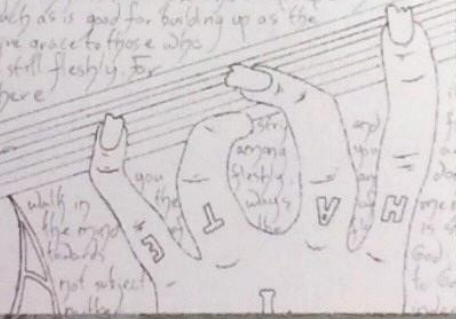




For they loved man's praise more than God's praise. For all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God. Everyone who sins also commits lawlessness, sin is lawlessness. For your name's sake, Jehovah pardons my iniquity, for it is great. To him, therefore, also I pray to do good and doesn't do it, to him it is all. Let anyone's sins be forgiven, sin. Whoever sins hasn't seen him, neither knows him, putting away the robe, all wickedness, all deceit, hypocrisy, enmities, and all evil, speaking, follow after peace with all men, and the good will which no man will see the Lord. For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord. That the just, when it has impinged hearts sin, and the way, when it is full, brings forth death. Whoever hates his brother



If I find not to me and speak to them, they would not have had sin, but now they have no excuse for their sin. For I tell you that everyone who looks at a woman has just committed adultery with her already in his heart. One who believes in the Son has eternal life, but one who disobeys the Son won't see life, but the wrath of God remains on him. Jesus said to them, "If you were blind, you would have no sin, but now you say, 'We see.' Therefore your sin remains. For when I said to you that you were blind, you didn't believe me. Now I say to you, 'You are blind and your sin remains.' The law was put in our hearts to be in truth, that is, to death. Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for building up as the word of God. It may be that if you give grace to those who hear. For you are still fleshly. For as long as there is a



Illumination

I sit in a dwelling
Traveling as fast as possible
Trying to exhale all of the things I hate to think about

I squeeze my shoulders like an electric wire to keep my regrets behind me
You, standing there are like a cherry in a fruit basket
Your heart, perfectly symmetrical with your body
A perfect burying ground for my love to fall into

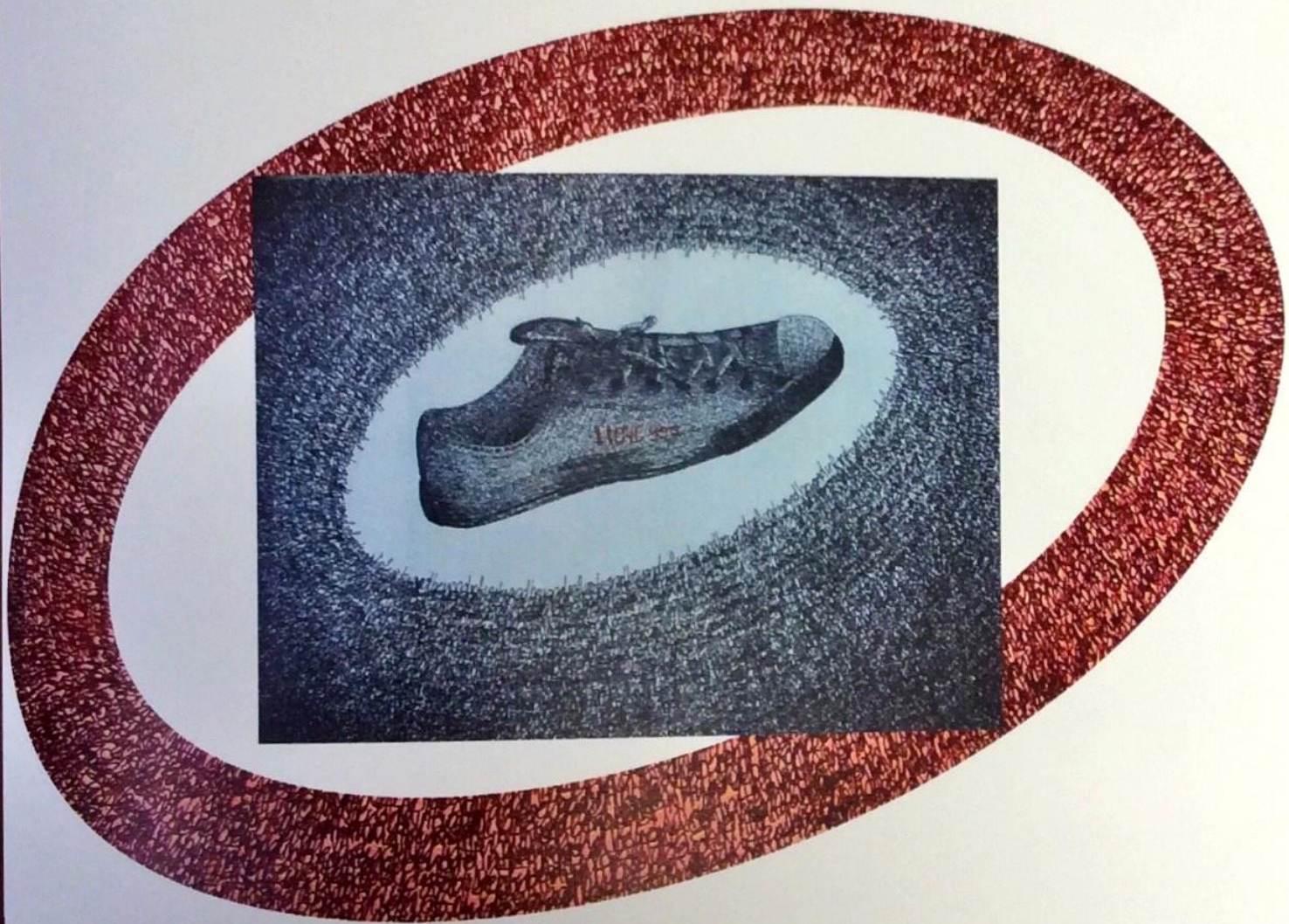
I lift myself up to break the dread
Muscle becomes nervousness
Your smile becomes the center of this universe
Illuminating all of the life around you

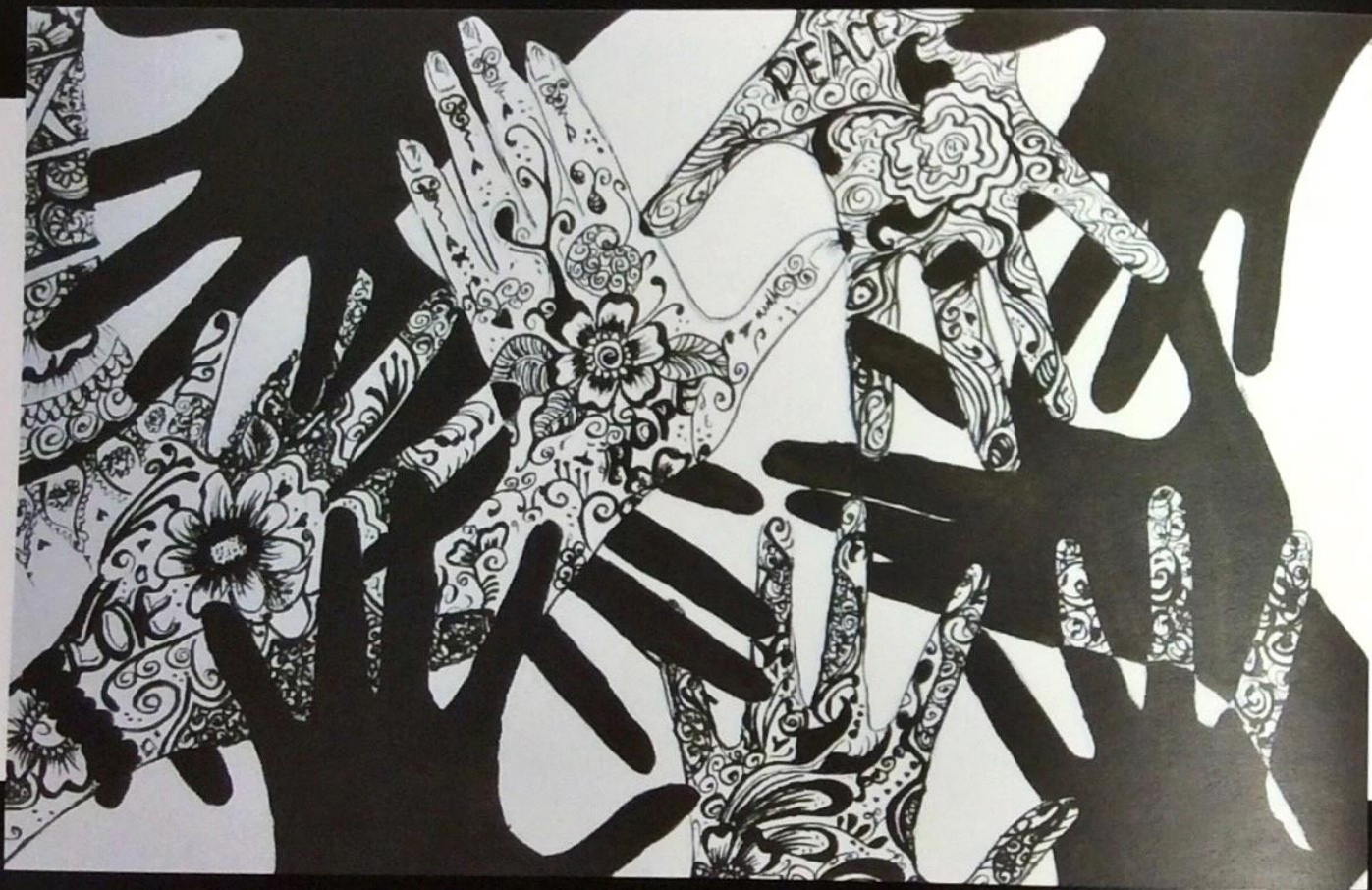
We are heliotropic plants
Reaching out our branches like fingers to love
All hearts stop and engines discontinue
For such an event

I take the deepest breath ever taken
Away from everybody else
Just to keep us alone

I, the most selfish man on the earth,
Stand with integrity
Chest forward with big flashing orchestrated notes
To pleasure this moment with the beautiful music of life

Samuel Blowe









50 Aghast

Theresa Newsome

Falling Down

Falling down,
Shattering through,
I see it clearly
When I look at you.

Our lives are perfect,
Or so it seems,
Just like a light
That sometimes beams.

Sometimes bright,
Sometimes dead,
You'll never know
What's in my head.

I put on my mask,
And I put on a show,
But what I feel
You'll never know.

My mask sometimes falters,
But it never does fail,
It hides truths
I refuse to tell.

The lies are pretty,
Crisp and clear,
They're all that ever
Reach your ears.

The truth's complex,
And messy too,
It's falling down
And shattering through.

Kassidy Shade



Peter

Peter climbs
my shoulders
and sits there to whisper
his wit and his influence
and I can't figure out
what makes sense
or what my senses
tell me
yell at me
or the man to my left
who wept
but now he smiles
for a period that I know
only lasts a short while
then Peter
will tug at my ear
and shout
that I must save
this drought of love
on our poor planet

whose plastic glove
is wearing thin
and nobody
knows where to begin
or where it will end
or what is sin
and what does Peter want
this place to become
without a sweet kiss
from the everlasting God
whose shining light
is eclipsed
by the grey cloud's lining
every so often
that we can't always see
when He says hello
and Peter
just says
close your eyes
and lay in bed

Kaylee Adams



A Requiem

The sudden splash of the sea breeze, the taste of the bitter salt touches my lip, awakening me again to that familiar reality. Where tireless walks beside you upon that lone seaside boardwalk exist. Where, in awe, we witnessed more than once or twice the sea's majestic dolphins rise from mysterious waters, racing and leaping, first from within, and then from without.

Then, true to form, and our boyhood bond, I remain rooted to the mildewed planks of the seaside boardwalk, watching in wonder as you soar from the safety of the boardwalk, settling perfectly atop a dolphin whose decision it is to make too close out seaside boardwalk; affixed to the grey beast's highest fin, you become kindred spirits, born of singular courage.

For Mike

With knuckles made ashen from the wet railing I grasp,
I whoop and holler, pushing you, my childhood friend,
to jump from one grey racer to yet another;
you do this and more, as one foot secures itself upon the back
of the first grey ghost, while you place another foot upon the slickness
of the other phantom, balancing yourself effortlessly,
further proof this may be a water sport shared since birth.

Look at you . . . the young, fearless boy . . . a brazen ghost rider.
Look at me . . . cheering you on . . . laughing until tears fill my eyes.

Again, I taste the bitter salt, more aware now that it is not
the sea salt born of the nearness to our family seaside boardwalk,
and a most fond memory, but instead the bitter taste
of what is forever lost for everything gained as boys lose
one another, and their imaginings, for everything owed to us as men.

Mr. Steven Davidson
MacArthur H.S. Staff







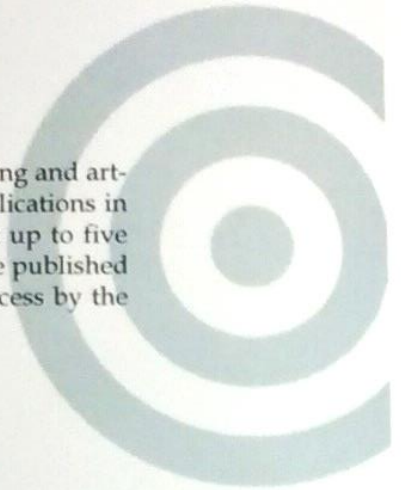
RIP

A.J. Hornika
12-25-10

Mystical Journey

Editorial Policy

Bullseye has showcased MacArthur High School's finest original student writing and artwork in a professionally produced magazine since 1984. Submissions for publications in the magazine are open to the entire student body. Each student may submit up to five poetry or prose and five pieces of art or photography. Text and art entries to be published in the magazine, are selected through a three round anonymous judging process by the Bullseye staff and advisors.




Awards and Memberships

American Scholastic Press Association:	First Place 2007, 2002; First Place with Special Merit 2005
The Columbia Scholastic Press Association:	Gold Medalist 2009, 2008; Silver Medalist 2007, 2002; Bronze Medalist 2005
National Council of Teachers of English:	Excellent Rating 2008, 2007, 2002; Superior rating 2005
National Scholastic Press Association:	Honor Rating of Second Class 2007; First Class with Three Marks of Distinction 2005, 2002

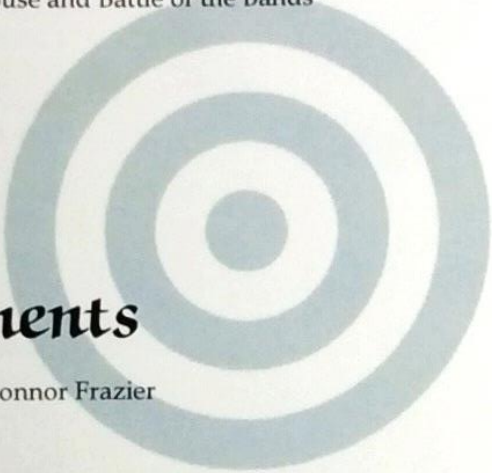
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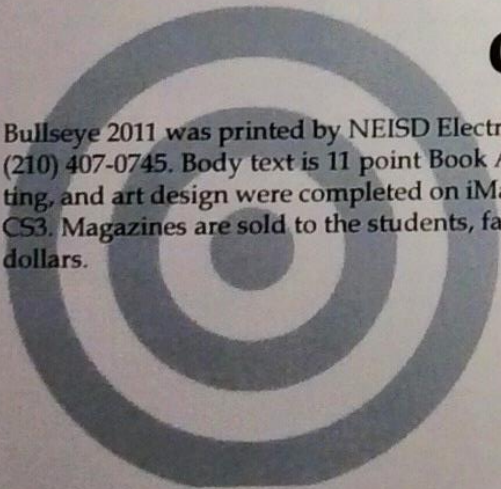
Special Thanks To

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Mr. Whitus and Mr. O'Bryant (CoffeeHouses!)
Ms. Barajas, Mrs. White, Mr. Ricketts (Art Teachers)
The MacArthur English Department
Everyone who attended or performed at CoffeeHouse and Battle of the Bands



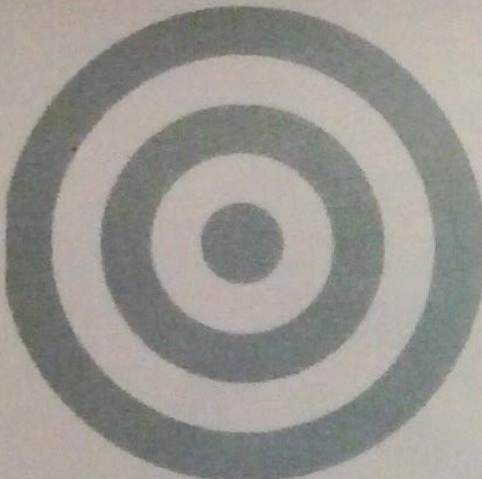
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Colophon

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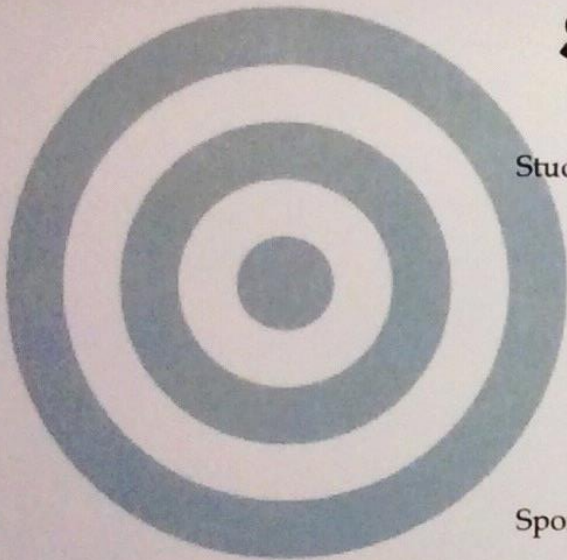


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