

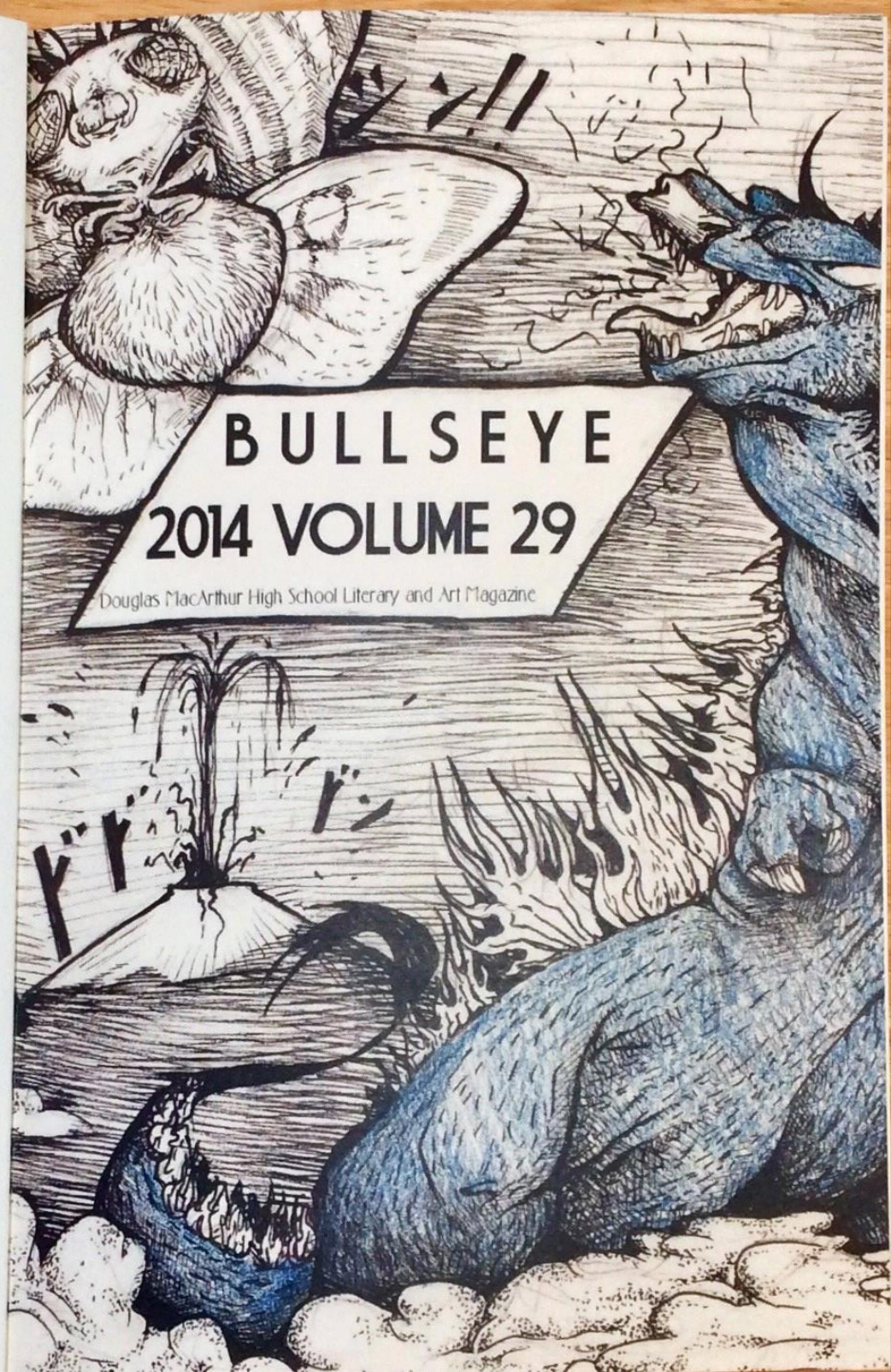
# NUMINOUS

Bullseye Literary Magazine

# NUMINOUS

*adjective fearful and fascinating mystery*

North East Independent School District  
2923 MacArthur View  
San Antonio, Texas 78217  
(210)-356-7600



## BULLSEYE 2014 VOLUME 29

Douglas MacArthur High School Literary and Art Magazine

# BULLSEYE 2014

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### UNTITLED 3

*Audrey Hankins*

how we were,  
thoughts hovering at 40,000 high and our  
bodies a drum machine, continuous bass  
line, we sung. you pressed stop and i  
didn't respond

i had jumped that boundary and you caught  
onto me.

*SPEAK Marcello Pestrano*



*CURSOR Benny Chu*

## TWO CONGRUENT EYES

*Tabitha Brennan*

Two congruent eyes  
Harrowed in dark voids  
Looking into the depths  
Beyond pupils in the vague  
Vessels challenged  
Amongst brain fissure  
And vapors.

Two congruent eyes  
Deficient of each other's  
Vibrant touches and velvet  
Scratches produced  
With long strokes of apathetic  
Judgments.

Two congruent eyes  
Left alone in  
Plausible solitude  
To experience the proper  
Eloquence thriving  
Upon cracks and doorknobs;  
To worship the deviled  
Hands the tides used  
In lashings and pounded at  
Earth's sandy shallows  
To smirk and groan at  
Isolated tundras  
Beneath our eyes;  
Beneath our withdrawal  
Of companionship and  
Tenderness.

Two congruent eyes  
Further expelled than  
The naked thighs  
Curled around each emblem  
Enlisted.  
They spell and spell and spell  
Out solemn chaos engraved  
Into their lips, hair and feet  
Two congruent eyes  
Meeting for the first time  
Hungry and full at similar points;  
Sprouting lilac  
Fission, ligneous orchard,  
Battering in celestial orbits.





SUNSHINE STATE CROCS Emily Barbory

## LIVING OR EXISTING

*Willie Foran*

It is better to die for something than to live for nothing, so say the restless  
But that does not simply mean being reckless  
The life we are granted is indeed precious  
But to me she's an endless temptress  
I am jealous  
Jealous of life with a purpose  
Consumed with the need of a service  
And I am not nervous  
I survive off a craving for living  
Because in life some people live, but some are merely existing  
So don't just exist, risk, don't start missing  
Don't miss the opportunity to have a meaning  
Without a meaning, you are the only one you are cheating  
The day I stop breathing, eating, sleeping, or dreaming  
I will die with a meaning





## MUSIC

*Cristian Garcia*

Music is life  
It's a kaleidoscope  
A collaboration  
Of every hope,  
Of every dream  
It's a connector  
Bringing people together  
Tearing them apart  
Forever connecting you  
To memories  
To moments  
Every song telling a story  
Perfecting an idea  
What is life without music  
But a deep and endless  
Collection of silence  
Yet even silence  
Has a resounding sound  
Music is life

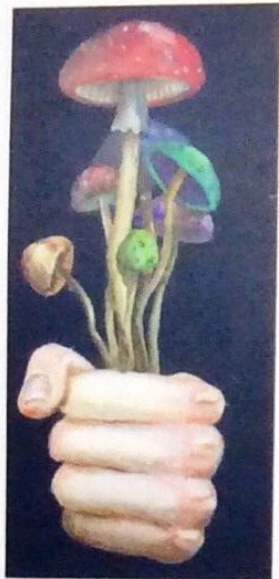
## WONDERING ABOUT WONDERING

Mia Self

I always wondered why people dream  
If they say that dreams don't come true?  
I always wondered why every night the moon  
shines so bright  
Only to be out shone by the sun the next day?  
I always wondered why people hope  
If they don't give hope to others?

I always wondered why flowers reach  
to the sun  
When they know they will never reach  
it?  
I always wondered why we feel bad for  
the world  
When we have the power to fix it?  
I always wondered why the waves  
crash upon the sand  
Only to be pulled back to sea?  
I always wondered why little kids build  
sand castles on the beach  
When they know that what they built  
will be destroyed?  
I always wondered why fire wants to  
consume everything?

Does it make it feel better; leaving a  
wake of destruction in its path?  
I always wondered why people want to be birds  
so they can fly away, escape  
When really either way, when it's the right  
season, they will be coming back anyway?  
I always wondered why people wonder,  
When we could be out doing more with our  
minds than sitting and wondering . . .



NATURE BOUQUET *Kylie Roy*







## RAIN

*Amy Fonseca*

tiny droplets from the skies  
splash silver in my eyes  
nothing compares to the world I see  
through the ripples in the sea  
the low soft hum of the water

reminds me of a teeter-totter  
the one I sat on in the rain  
when I was in so much pain

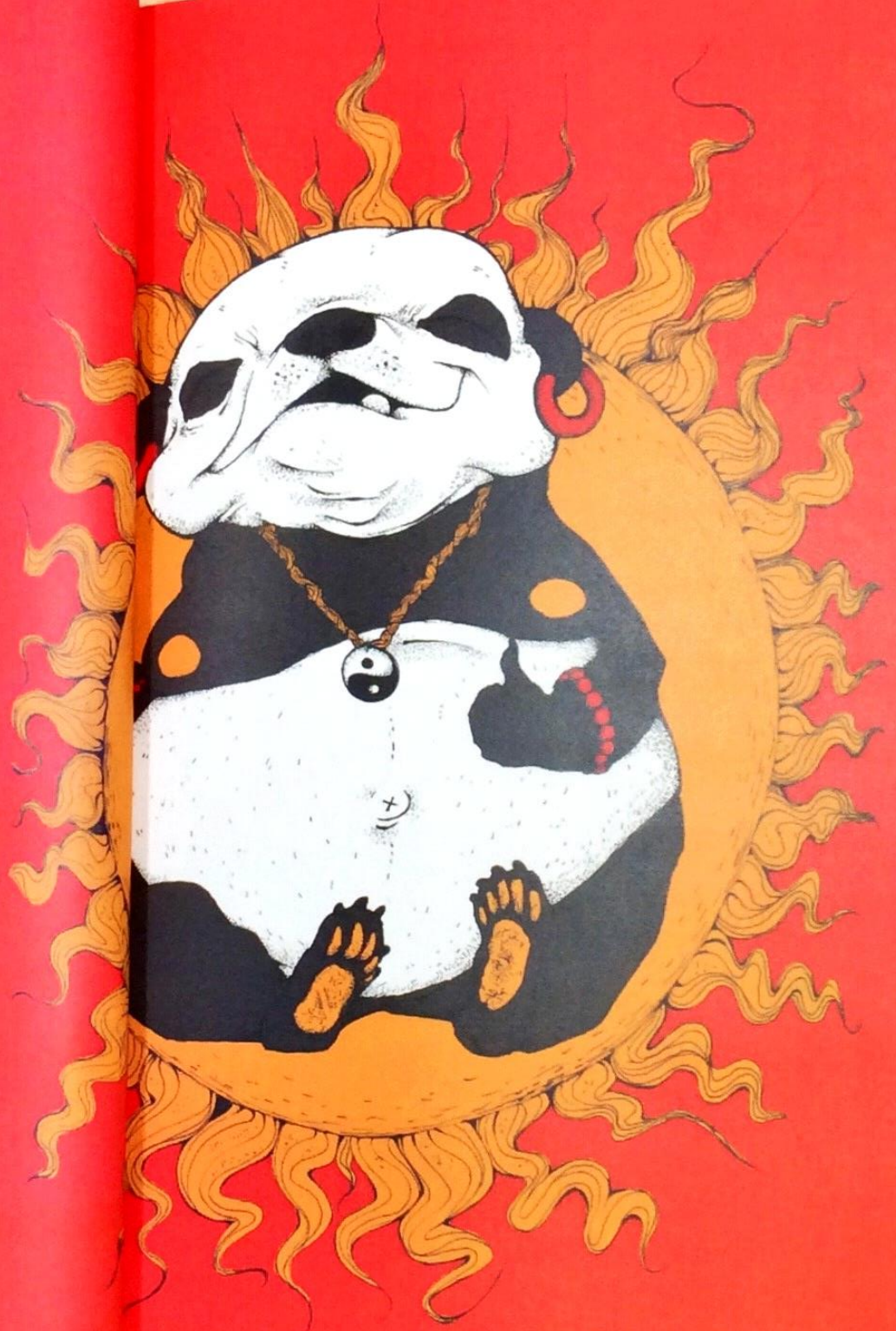
wind lulling in my eyes  
as its sound sings to me  
the feel of cold glass on my skin  
the sight of the mist growing thin

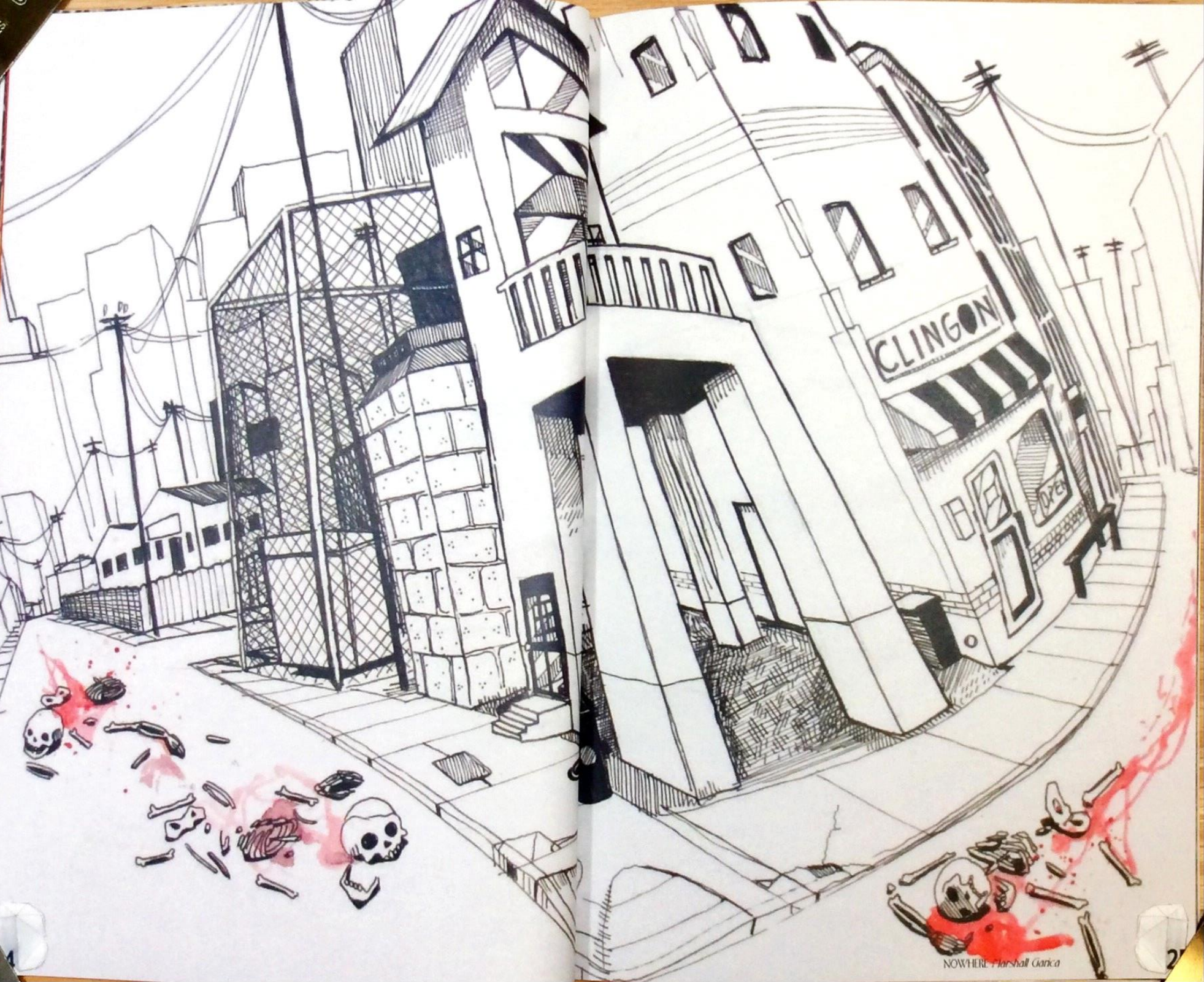
I wish the rain may never fade  
it gives me something that can't be made  
something that helps wash away  
feelings of a hazy grey  
it helps to fill the hollowness  
something I will not ever miss

**UNTITLED 5**

*Audrey Hankins*

get fat but don't get happy  
because you're at the age  
to realize happiness is just  
a way to distract you from  
sorrow





## YOU ARE MY FAVORITE SIN

*Kelly McCinty*

The population is counted in hundreds in this tired town,  
You'll find them all in the chapel by the time Sunday morning comes around,  
There in the front row, the daughter of the preacher  
is picking out the skeptics from the believers.

She's never known anything beyond the church borders;  
spent her whole life obeying her daddy's orders;  
had a spotless reputation and an age-old stereotype;  
he and Jesus are the only men allowed in her life.

When she turned to the back pew  
to exchange "peace be with you"  
her attention, misplaced  
was caught by a boy with an unfamiliar face.

Little did he know he was sitting in Miss Mabel's spot,  
He looked quite uneasy, due to their menacing stares  
cause blow-ins weren't welcomed, and seats weren't shared.

She said, "I'm gonna make the crazy assumption that you're new to a place like this,  
there's not much to show, but I can help you find your way."  
When the crowd echoed amen, she shot him a rebellious grin  
took his hand and said, "Thinking what I'm thinking in here is a sin."

In her hands she gathered her hair, left a few strands astray  
as he unclasped the cross draped on her neck's nape,  
Slowly down her body, the warm metal skimmed,  
Her collarbone reflected the last bit of light as it dimmed.

Their shadows cast on the wall in a downward descent  
Did she fall in love with him or the loss of innocence?

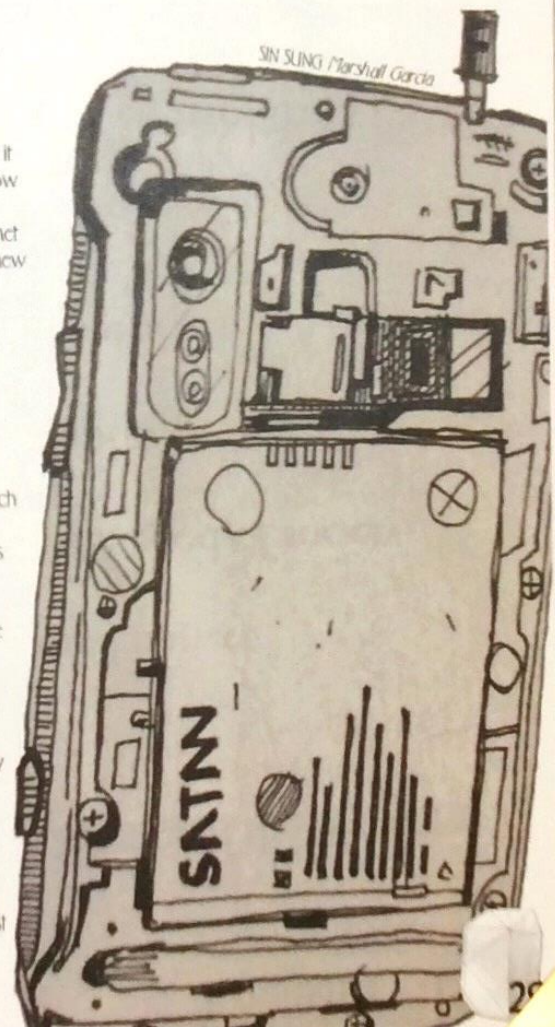




## FUTURE OF THE PAST

*Tyler Willborn*

I've been cooped up  
In my mind for so long  
I forgot what it's like  
To experience the real world  
But my past scares me  
into corners of darkness  
The flaws of the monster  
I thought I loved forever  
Were just sticks of unlit wax  
Waiting for me to ignite them  
And find the path to salvation  
As I sparked the match of hope  
Lit the candles of mistakes  
I saw the path I needed to take  
To escape the lonely feelings  
The emptiness and depression  
With the flames illuminating  
Every memory I walked away from  
Thoughts barred down to keep me  
Away from the things I longed for  
But I pushed through it all  
I walked a thousand miles to prove it  
Blasting off from skies I used to know  
Waving farewell to my old self  
Traveling around to find a new planet  
To crash down upon it and start anew  
Every so often I look back  
To that dark road of empty cars  
And I ask myself  
"Will I ever go back?"  
Even to this day I don't know  
My friends wrench me from it  
Whenever I try to go back  
So I don't feel alone anymore  
Clouds don't enshroud me that much  
Nor do the thoughts to kill myself  
But I feel halved even when there's  
Someone who cares  
Because I know deep down  
That they are not the one to fill me  
I hope one day the universe will  
Throw me that significant other  
So I don't feel sad like I usually do  
There are other roads I can take  
But I choose to go off the highway  
Steer into the abyss of mystery  
Just to know who I am  
Leave me to myself  
And let me think quietly  
Sometimes I merge with my past  
Left to go down to my very worst  
Until I light candles to my path  
"Where am I going to go now?"



# FLANDERS

*Dominic Dorsa*

Go up, up, narrowing beam!  
From following fields  
Bearing felled fruit.

Slide between the clouds.  
Oh, a sickening green pallor  
That is known too well  
By all you lay on below.  
You herd us into the trees,  
Save, that we are seen beside our pasture.

Crossed staves.  
Crossed barrels.  
Return to the Shepherd who sent you!  
Return, oh light, which stains this land,  
And following, shield my sight once again.

Oh sanguinity, such a wonderful sight!  
Jehovah paints his roses  
And in a flight of fancy  
Paints these fields,  
Paints these faces,  
Taints our noses  
With sulfur,  
With retching,  
With mustard,  
With chlorine.

Oh the rain, such a calming sound!  
Save, when of steel  
Or of earth,  
Or of carnage,  
Or of ash.

When all things come to pass,  
When these things come to pass,  
When I come to pass,  
Oh how I will relate  
The beauty of the roses; the frail smell of mortality upon its petals,  
Or the renewal of a summer shower which it so readily drinks from.

Yet for now,  
I ask the heavens above  
To close on this day,  
To close the book,  
Tear out the pages.

STOP!

DESIST!

I can bear the pain no longer,  
Can carry it no longer,  
Can carry it no leaner,  
Can bury it no deeper.  
A crop which the reapers sows  
And men do reap with reapers.  
And now we are as hollow men,  
As stuffed men.  
And arraigned upon this field,  
Watchers, we do stand  
In crude parody  
Of the one who sent this light,  
Sent his son,  
T'neant this light  
To show us.

Flanders Fields,  
We were once  
but farm boys.

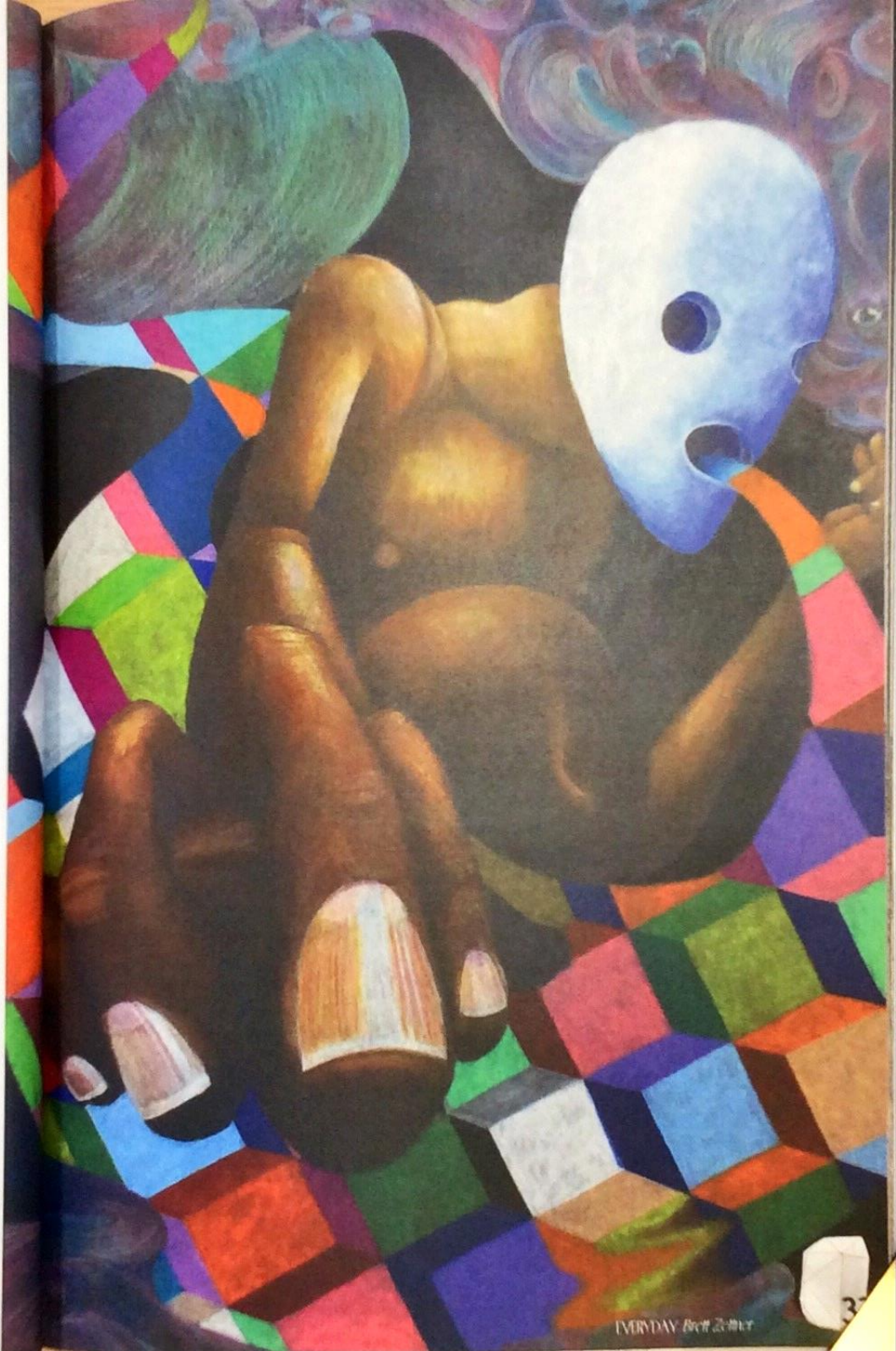
## DREAM

*Dianna McDaniel*

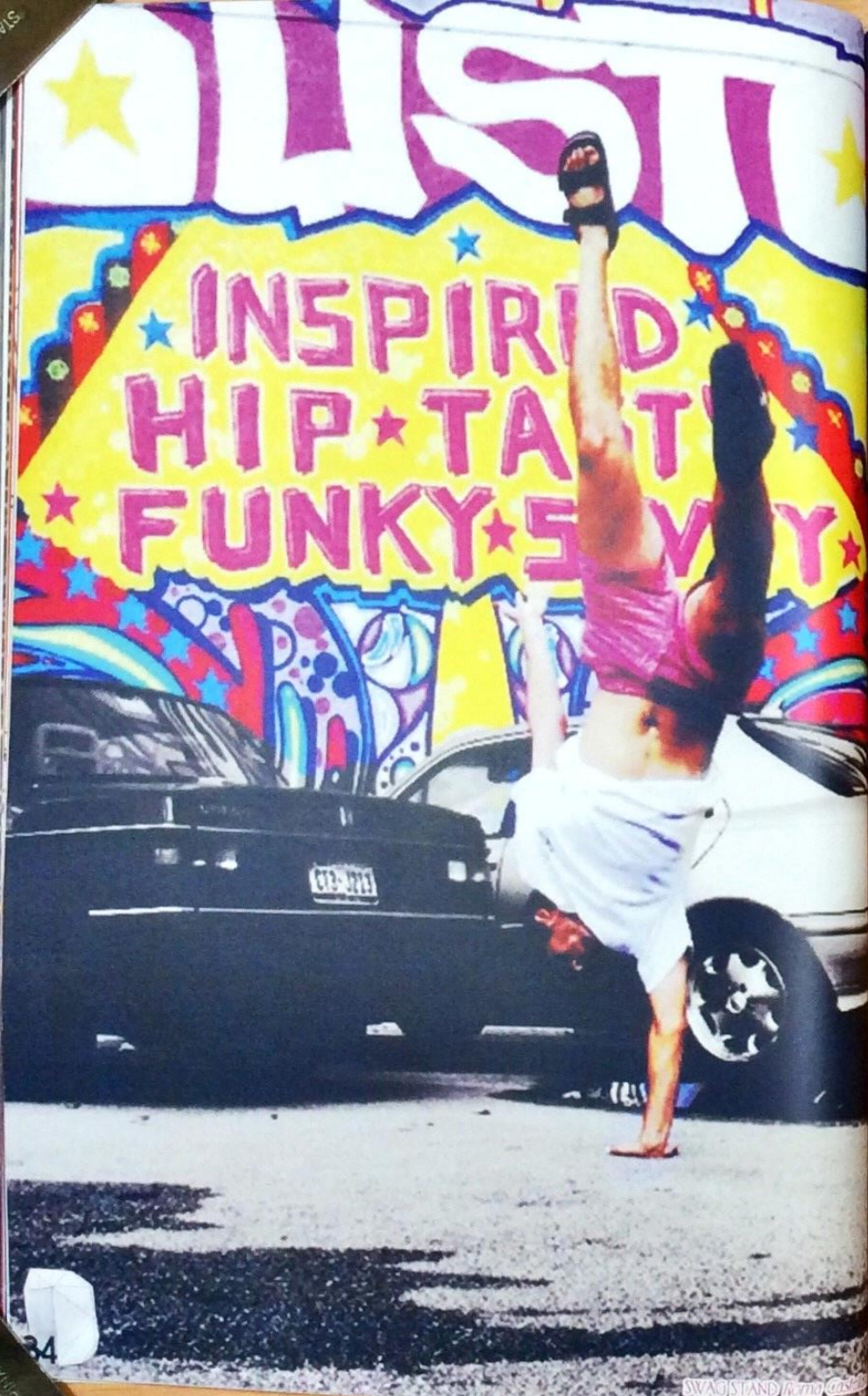
Dreams are wonderlands, mysterious and fun  
In dreams anything is possible, anything can be done  
Never stop sleeping  
You can always be dreaming,  
Anything and everything that happens is entirely up to  
you  
Make anything and everything you want to come true  
Watch the back of your eyelids come alive  
Don't say no, take the dive  
Into your pillow your head will fall  
Into your dreams your mind will crawl  
Lay your head down, close your eyes  
And dream, dream, dream of wide open skies



CHASER Emily Barbary



EVERDAY Brett Zoller



## WORDS

Connor Nelson

There are words you have  
given me.  
Words I will hold forever.  
Not many, just a few.  
Words with wings, words  
made lighter than air by truth.  
Not many, just a few.  
They flew to me like I was  
home.  
My feet are cut and bleeding  
from your words  
That fell to the floor and broke  
like glass.  
But the precious few,  
The ones that flew,  
are home.



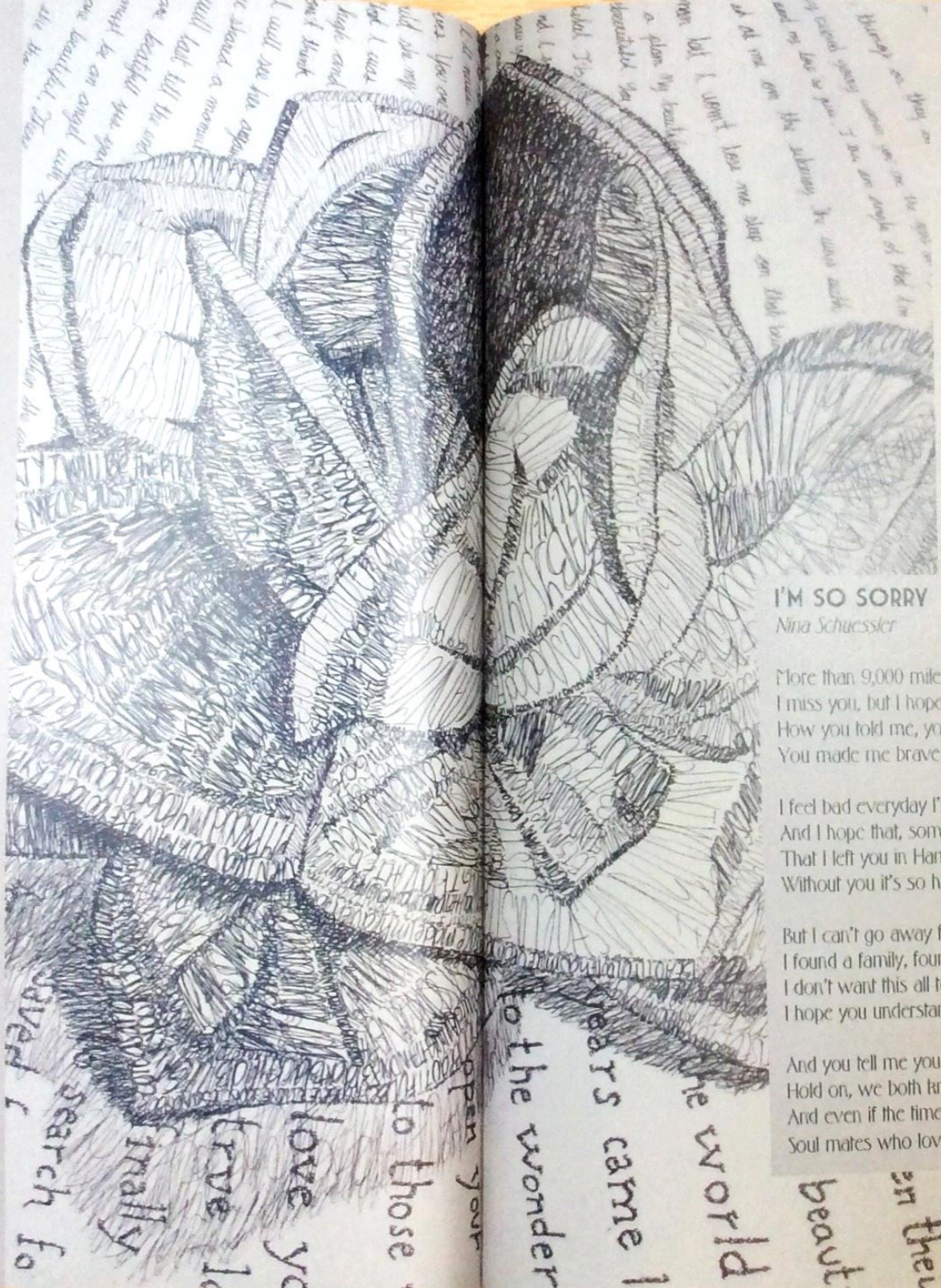
diarhee  
the

## TO BE HONEST

*Lorena Santisteban*

- To be honest I do care.  
To be honest I pull and tug my hair till I find it presentable.  
To be honest I scavenge my closet and try on different items every morning till I find something that fits right.  
To be honest my laugh sounds like a hyena being murdered although I try to make it sound like a girl.  
To be honest half the time I'm not right but I still argue that I could be.  
To be honest it takes me 15 minutes of pulling and grunting just to fit in my favorite pair of jeans.  
To be honest I eat as if I haven't been fed in years and act like the weight doesn't bother me but it sure does.  
To be honest I wake up every morning thinking about the same person but I never let him know because he might think I'm a freak.  
To be honest I wear make up on the daily but still have the nerve to judge another being for doing the same thing.  
To be honest I worry more about boys than my priorities even though I know I shouldn't.  
To be honest I fantasize scenarios that will never probably happen.  
To be honest every day I take a pill just to get some sleep.  
To be honest I do care what others thoughts are about me.  
To be honest someone's rude opinion can hurt me.  
To be honest I hope every day that this worry isn't just me.





## I'M SO SORRY

Nina Schuessler

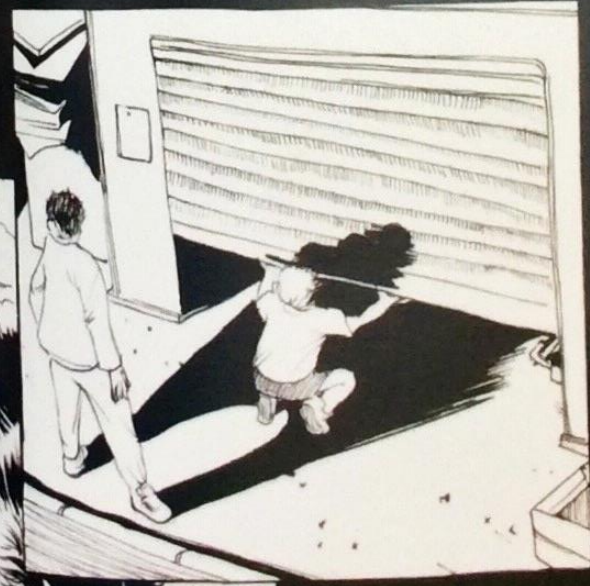
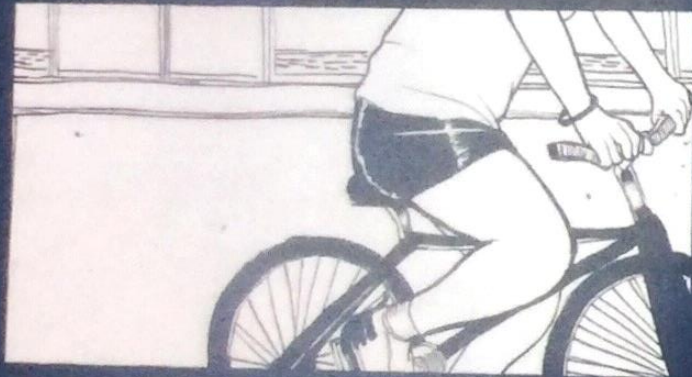
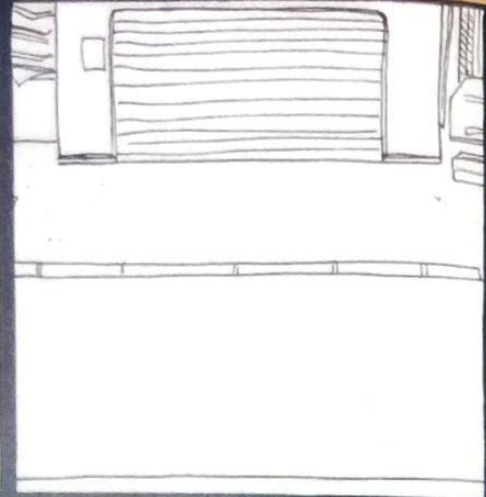
More than 9,000 miles away . . .  
I miss you, but I hope you still know  
How you told me, you're not a reason to stay  
You made me brave, you made me go.

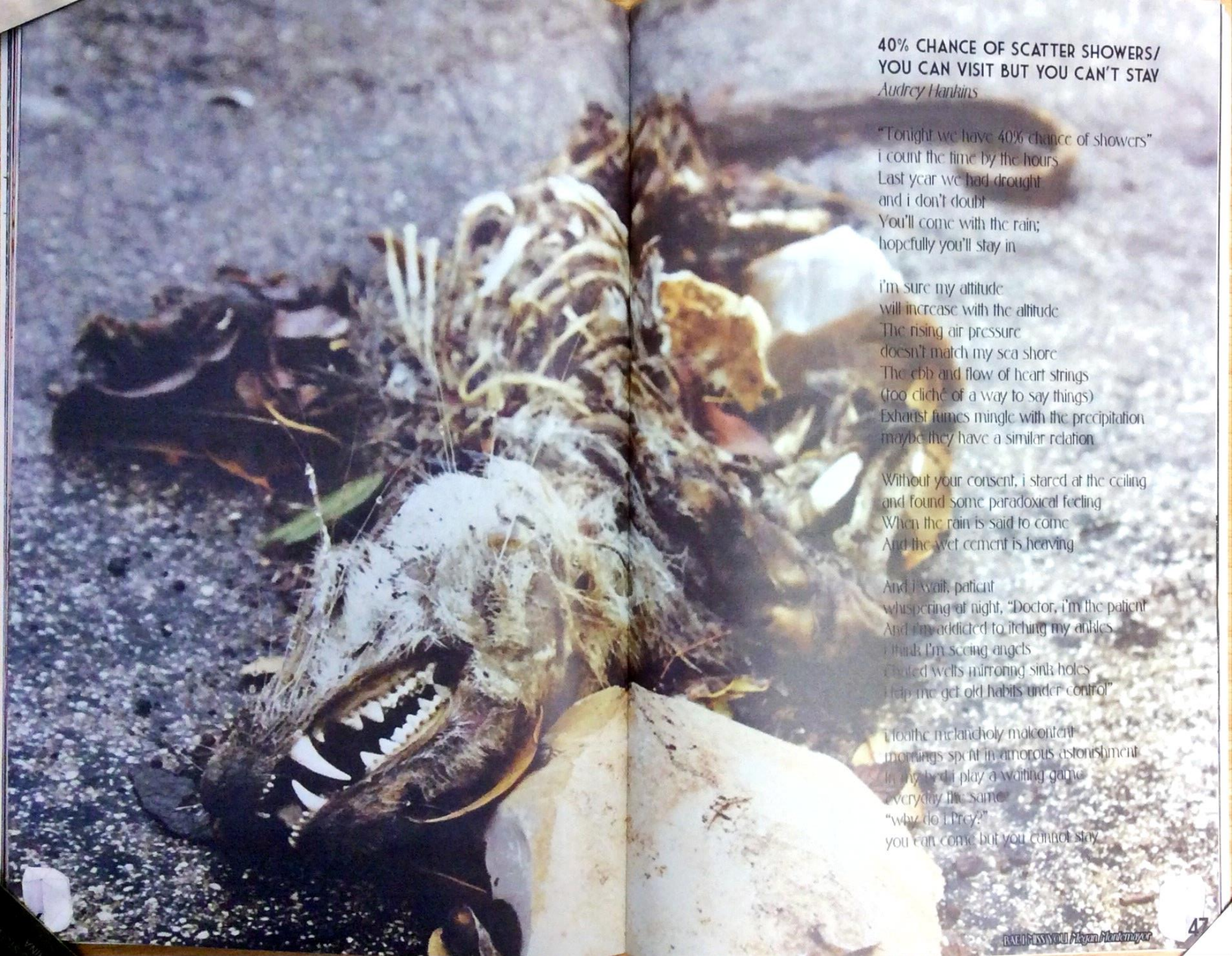
I feel bad everyday I'm not home  
And I hope that, someday, you'll forgive  
That I left you in Hamburg, I left you alone,  
Without you it's so hard to live.

But I can't go away from here  
I found a family, found a friend  
I don't want this all to disappear.  
I hope you understand.

And you tell me you miss me . . . everyday  
Hold on, we both know how time can fly  
And even if the time seems to stay  
Soul mates who love never die







**40% CHANCE OF SCATTER SHOWERS/  
YOU CAN VISIT BUT YOU CAN'T STAY**

*Audrey Hankins*

"Tonight we have 40% chance of showers"  
i count the time by the hours  
Last year we had drought  
and i don't doubt  
You'll come with the rain;  
hopefully you'll stay in

i'm sure my altitude  
will increase with the altitude  
The rising air pressure  
doesn't match my sea shore  
The ebb and flow of heart strings  
(too cliché of a way to say things)  
Exhaust fumes mingle with the precipitation  
maybe they have a similar relation

Without your consent, i stared at the ceiling  
and found some paradoxical feeling  
When the rain is said to come  
And the wet cement is heaving

And i wait, patient  
whispering at night, "Doctor, i'm the patient  
And i'm addicted to itching my ankles  
i think i'm seeing angels  
Choked wells narrowing sink holes  
i help me get old habits under control"

i float the melancholy malcontent  
mornings spent in amorous astonishment  
In my bed i play a waiting game  
"everyday the same"  
"why do i prey?"  
you can come, but you cannot stay



SWING Marshall Garcia



SALAMANDER Marshall Garcia



## BARFLIES

Kelly McCarty

I'm trying to make out faces  
through a crowd of the stoned and the wasted  
hiding behind the haze of this smoky bar  
they can't see me, but I can see far

The waitress serving table three  
has been getting bigger week by week  
guess that short skirt  
finally found her some trouble

The raspy voiced smoker in his late forties  
just opened a tab  
claims to be sober since he got out of rehab  
he tells his wife he's staying late at work  
but ten minutes in he started shooting doubles

The girl that just sat down at the counter  
already has a crowd of guys around her  
lets them buy her another as her drink gets low  
she isn't wearing the ring she was showing off  
a week ago

A single momma said it was her last  
so she turned in her glass  
came back with a new tattoo right above her  
ass-cls  
that she blames for her eight month old

The bartender just left  
with a flirty brunette  
who used a fake ID to fool him that she  
had anything more than a high school degree

A handsome boy, didn't look past eighteen  
was sitting all alone in his army green  
drinking up his last taste of freedom  
tomorrow he's being sent to wherever  
they need him

Just ditched the wedding of her little sister  
doubtful that she'll ever find her own mister  
she downed her fifth  
and left with a different man than she came with

I'm just watching the barflies  
on their temporary highs  
spotlights cast on them, by the dim lights that  
flicker  
as they all numb the pain  
by the strength of the liquor



## MAN'S POTENTIAL

*David Greer w/Smith*

Who is this man?  
This man that hollows my soul?  
That sees no right from wrong  
Whose sin has dug his own grave?

And this man,  
Why has he sold his soul?  
Not to Satan, for he has enough,  
But to his desire, which Satan may as well acquire?

Can this man change?  
Is there no good in him  
Which creeps among the lowest depths in him  
That cannot be resurrected  
To save his heart of evil?

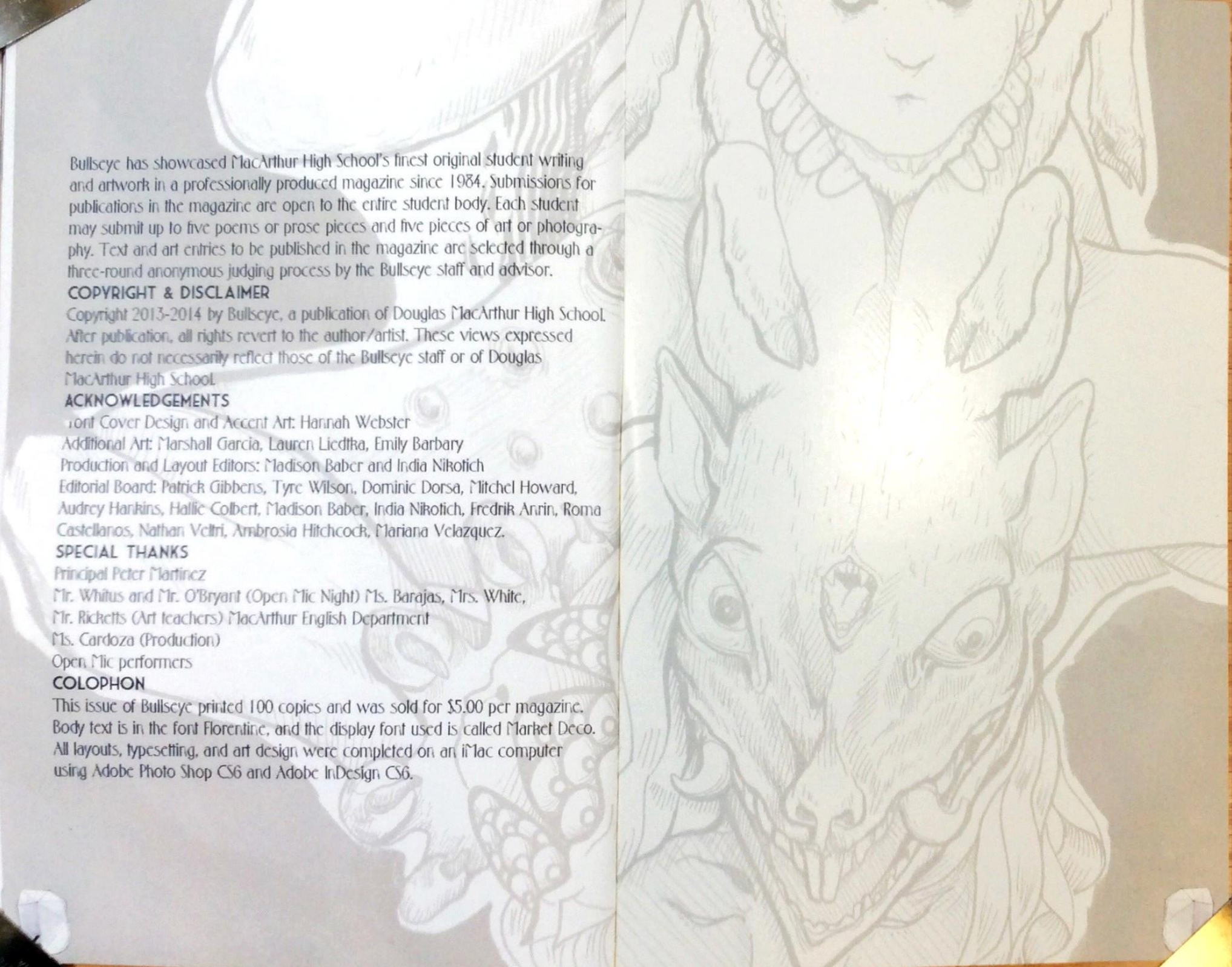
Who is this man?  
Will he be saved from himself  
Can he do it alone?

No, he can't alone  
Not in this dark, deep world  
But in the other world,  
This man can be saved

But still who is he?  
He who squanders among the lowest of the low  
This man who runs to harlots,  
That cries out wrong but craves good?

This man, I know this man  
This man has been hidden,  
In you, in me  
Suppressed, but lurking, its temptation already evil sin  
This man is Man cut out  
The eye caught lusting





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 poems or prose pieces 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 advisor.

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