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MacArthur High School

BULLSEYE  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

MACARTHUR HS

VOLUME 25  
2009





# Bullseye 2009

The Literary and Art Magazine  
of

Douglas MacArthur High School

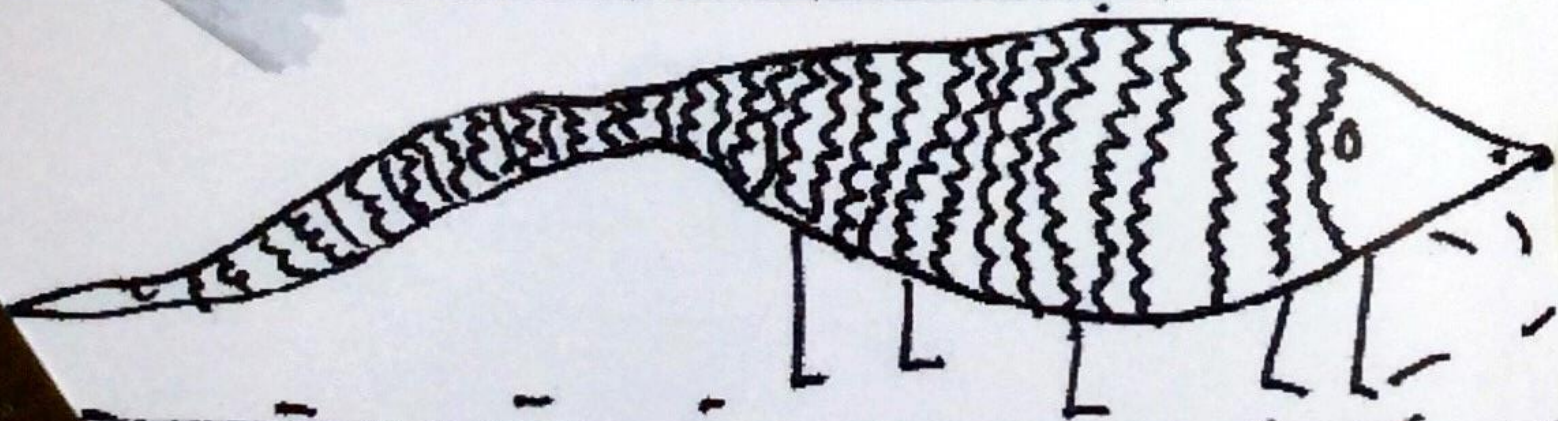
Volume 25

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# TEACHER'S HALL PASS

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# BULLSEYE



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**Head Coach:** Jill Garro

**Assistant Coaches:** Jamie Grams  
Jimmie Smith

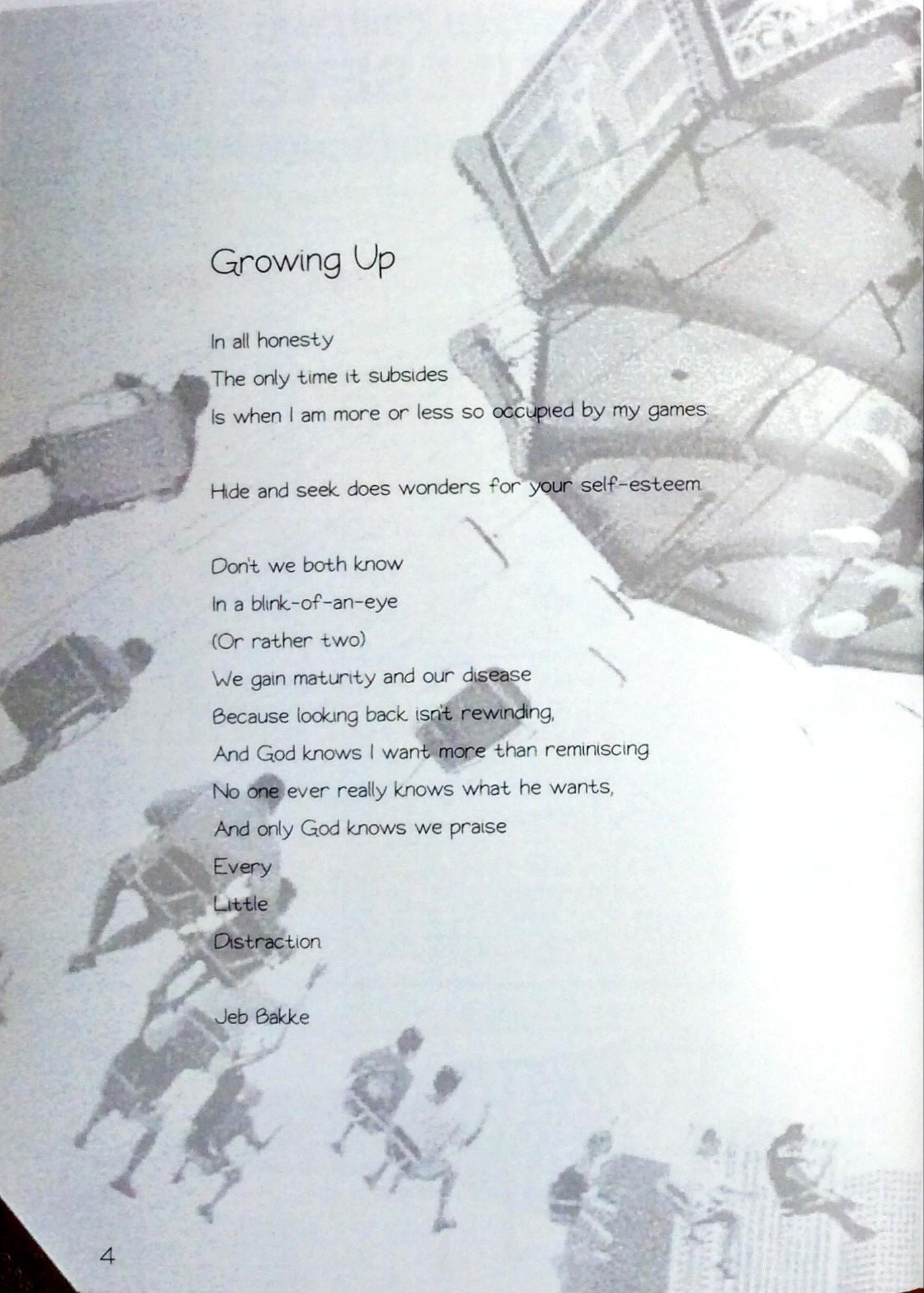
**Colors:** Blue and White **Mascot:** Brahmas

**Principal:** Dr. Bobbie Turnbo

**Athletic Director:** Van Fuschak

**Asst. Athletic Director:** Margaret Mitcham

**Phone:**

An aerial, high-angle photograph of a city street. The street is paved and has several people walking. On the right side, there is a large, multi-story building with a grid-like facade. The overall tone is somewhat desaturated and grainy.

## Growing Up

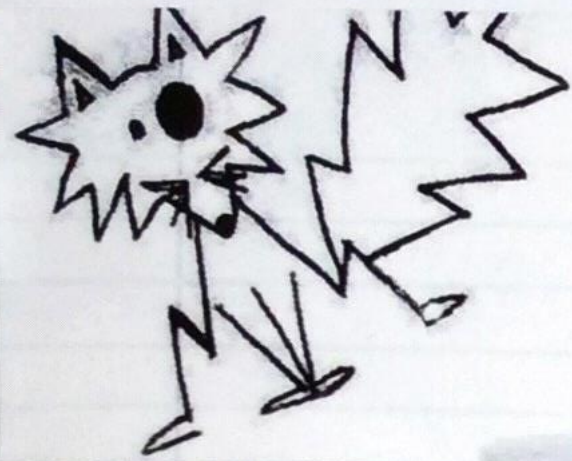
In all honesty  
The only time it subsides  
Is when I am more or less so occupied by my games

Hide and seek does wonders for your self-esteem

Don't we both know  
In a blink-of-an-eye  
(Or rather two)  
We gain maturity and our disease  
Because looking back isn't rewinding,  
And God knows I want more than reminiscing  
No one ever really knows what he wants,  
And only God knows we praise

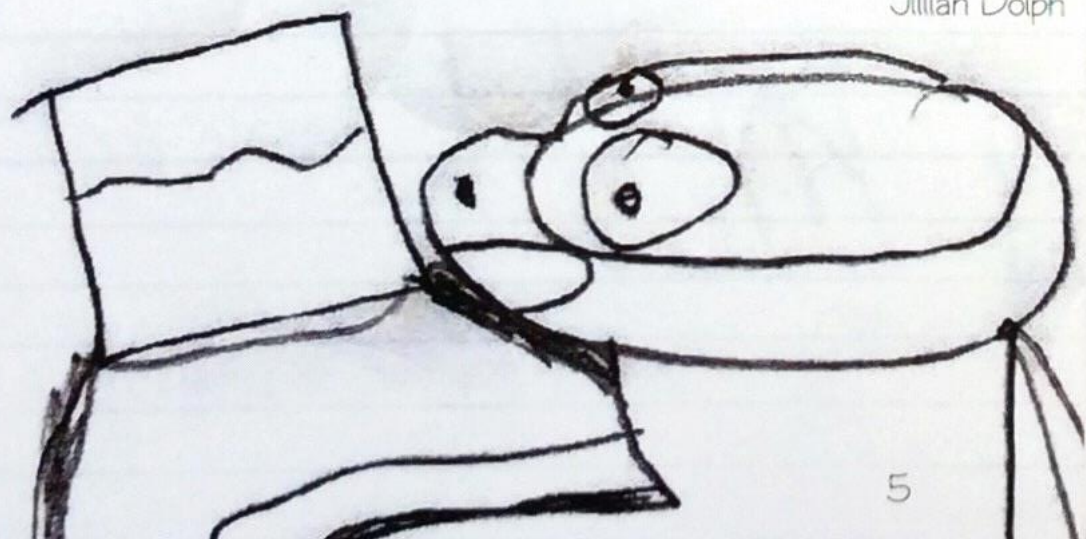
Every  
Little  
Distraction

Jeb Bakke



Feels Like Flying

Jillian Dolph





## For No Audience

He forgot the names to the songs  
And carried his clothing on his back.  
The stereotypical turtle,  
But not at all defined.  
Accidental offence  
Stored in countless pockets and envelopes  
And slips of the tongue,  
Equal to none such nonsense  
While defying all diplomacy.  
Conversations on the meaning of sex  
Or touch or leopards  
Or the definition of a shepherd.  
An underplayed bang  
Resulting in over dramatized silence,  
Stolen and replaced (off the side of a balcony),  
All accidents aside.

Natalia Panzer



Really lame

" A QUICK RUN AROUND THE LAKE?  
I'd Love to!

Just give me a MOMENT while I  
strap on my wooden leg!"



Jillian C

Last Stop

## Kwik-Conversion



A man in a brown suit is shivering on the bench where I placed my belongings. After flipping through my calculus book, I move with my mother to a round, unbalanced yellow table where we eat packaged grocery store sushi and glance guiltily at the decrepit man.

Upon reaching our final load, we realize that in the two hours since our encounter, the brown-suited man has failed to claim a single soiled article, but rather laid there on the bench where my mother and I now know he will spend the night upon, in his brown suit and grey coat, caressing his fragile skin with sharp spastic movements. Soon his terrified darting eyes that flickered swiftly over my calculus book will have no more patrons to look upon—to hurry away with his stare—until morning sets and the early risers with heavy loads of shoddy clothing find him there, and his mystery is revealed.

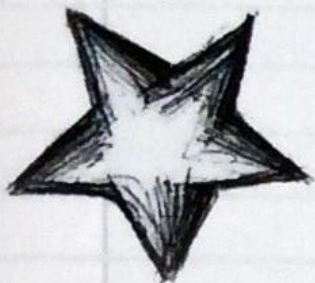
Amidst times like these I long to believe in reincarnation, hoping that this man is on his way up to reach the final Brahmin. As a king in some future life he will not remember in vivid detail this evening in the laundromat but feel an ingrained sympathy towards all beggars in his former position.

What if, instead of on the beat-up couch in our cluttered loft, my mother had forced me to accept *the lord our savior* kneeling on the floor of this fluorescently lit laundromat? The two of us could have chanted to the gentle rocking of the industrial dryers: accepting this man as our new savior and this quarter-pinching, clothes-ringing lifestyle as our new religion.

After I place our three last quarters into the slot of a washing machine filled with soiled clothing, and the brown-blazered man shuffles atop the bars of his bench, I turn to face my mother folding a freshly-laundered load, and I do believe in reincarnation.

Kayla Anderson





## Brawl in the Circle

A lady asked us to move our car.  
Waiting patiently, but not subdued,  
She stunk of a wasted life  
Basely, we dismissed her.  
Hats on, hats off,  
And with a line of machinery stacked behind  
Our heads,  
We drove  
But we did not forget  
How the weave of her insults stung like cotton,  
Neutralized dialogue of a chilled candy  
We did not wish to be left behind  
Like two mothers, one absurd, one disillusioned  
Only, we do not pray

Kayla Edgett





# THE STORYTELLER

FADE IN

A DARK ROOM

All around it is black. In the middle of this space is a little girl with curly blonde hair wearing a blue dress with white polka dots. Her name is Niece. She sits in front of a television set with alien-like antennae twisted in all directions. The audience sees snow on the television. Whatever she sees, she's enjoying.

A tall, thin, ancient man wearing a suit with long coat-tails enters frame. His name is Storyteller.

STORYTELLER. Watching television, my niece? That simply won't do.

He walks over to the set and switches it off with a long and bony finger. Niece looks up at him.

STORYTELLER. I'll say my piece. It's a wretched thing to view.

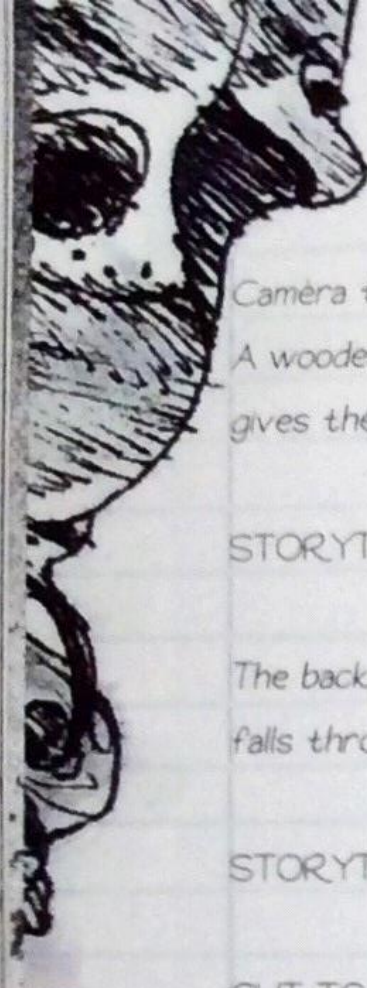
As he continues talking, Niece sadly motions with outstretched hands for the television to come back on.

STORYTELLER. A child at your age should be out at play. Imagination is far more useful than staring at pictures all day.

Storyteller sits on top of the television and folds his arms importantly.

STORYTELLER. Or perhaps a good story is just what you need. Although, I forgot you're still learning to read. But that's just fine, I'll tell you one of mine. Which one would you like?

## THE STORYTELLER (Continued)



Camera travels over and past Storyteller into darkness, fade through black  
A wooden chair sits in the dark with a light shining down on it. Its detailed engraving gives the appearance that the chair has eyes, angry eyes

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Perhaps the one of the man-eating chair?

The back of the chair splits open turning into a gaping, sharp-wooden mouth. Camera falls through

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Digesting you slowly in its hot, wooden snare

CUT TO

A wicked-looking clock with crooked hands and blocky spirals instead of numbers. In front of it sits crazy man whose mouth is hanging wide open, his black hair spiked, his eyes wide, skin is pale. Something has scared him badly

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Or maybe about the hypnotic clock? Drawing you in with each tick, and each tock

As he says "tick" and "tock" camera angle changes. As the hands of the clock tick, they point directly towards Crazy Man. Camera angle back on Crazy Man

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Before finally your eyes simply POP!

Crazy Man's eyes suddenly roll out of their sockets as the camera zooms into Crazy Man's empty black eye socket

FADE THROUGH BLACK

## A GRAVEYARD

A man sits by a large headstone in the shape of a Gothic cross with the name "Lucy" etched in the front. A man called Widower sits leaning against the gravestone with his back turned on the grave. He is depressed and rests his head in his hands with his elbows supported by his knees.

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Or of the man who lived with his wife even after she passed?

As Storyteller says his next line, we see a skeletal hand reaching above the ground for freedom.

STORYTELLER (Voice-over) Until one cold night she came back at last.

Suddenly a skeleton jumps up behind Widower and grabs him.

FADE THROUGH BLACK

Storyteller look down at Niece who stares up at him with terrified eyes

STORYTELLER So, my dear niece, I've given you a choice of three. Tell me now, which one shall it be?

POV: NIECE

Storyteller extends his hand towards her, inviting her suggestion

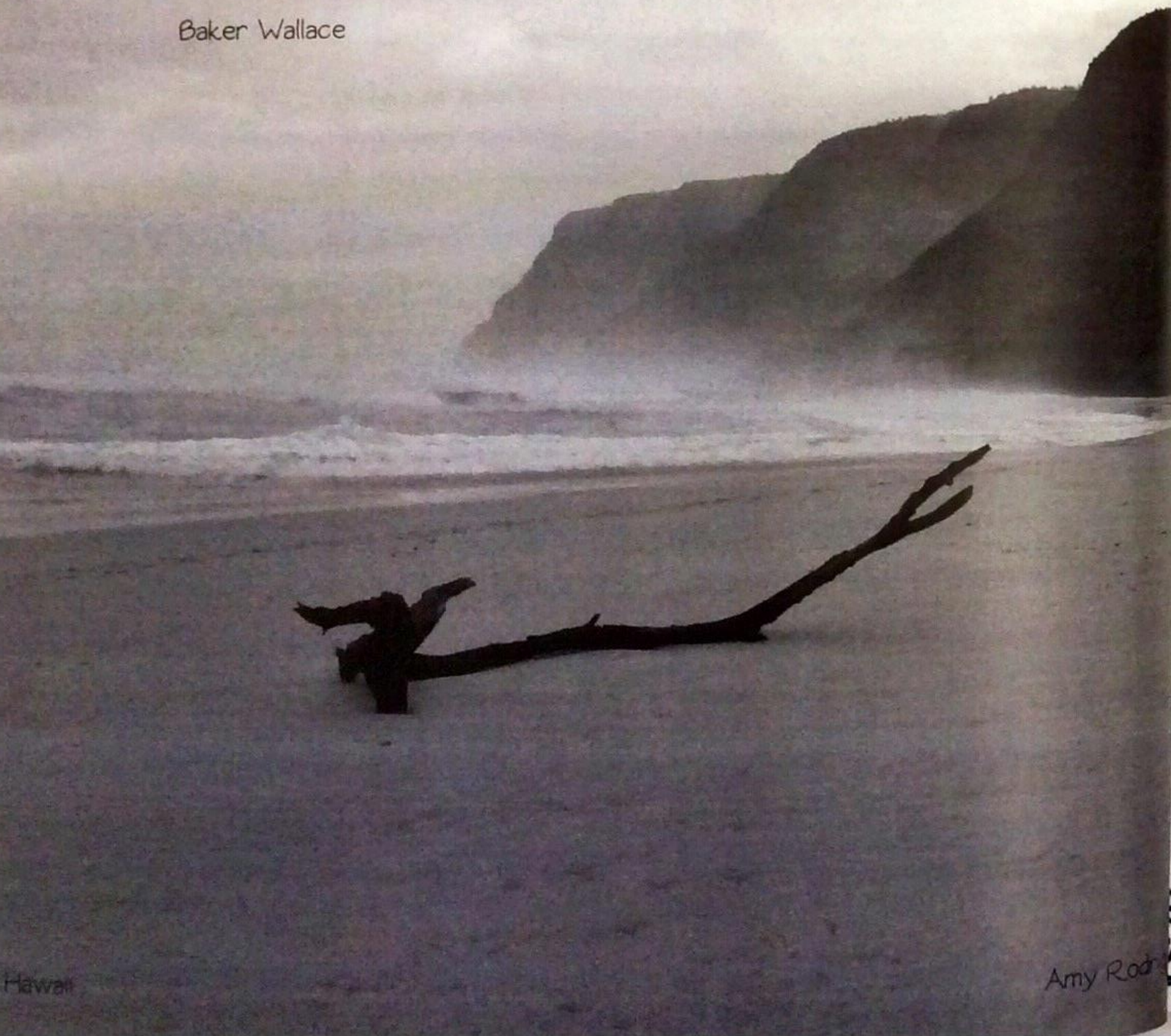
FADE OUT

## En Control Del Mar

En control del mar  
No soy importante  
Estoy contento

*In the sea's control  
I am not important,  
I am happy*

Baker Wallace





Pier

Amy Rodriguez

## Northwood Elementary: Where Everyone Should Have Been A Winner

"You'll never be Baby Spice, Angel Rodriguez," I said these words with pure and menacing conviction. We stared each other down for a moment, Angel's eyes were on fire. I dropped off the monkey bars and walked away with a pack of kids. We had been playing Spice Girls and, of course, Baby Spice was one of the most coveted roles. Angel was a big boy playing with a bunch of six-year-old girls, I thought he would make a horrible Baby Spice and besides, Samantha already had pigtails on. He followed me onto the playscape and slugged his fist into my face. My head felt like a pinata with his hand breaking through the paper mache and I fell backwards down a plastic yellow slide.

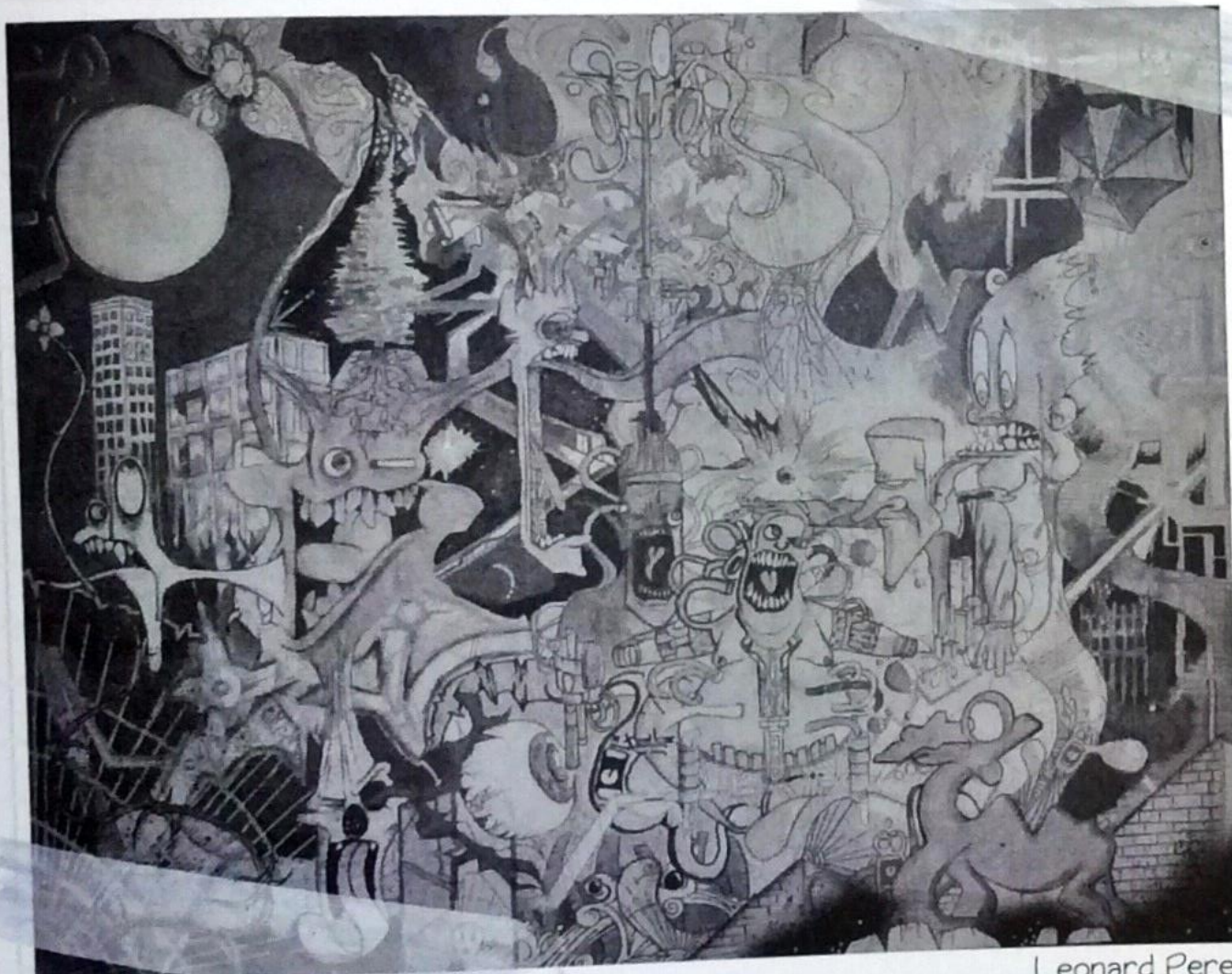
Later a teacher took me back to the slide to look for my two missing teeth. I wanted to put them into my plastic tooth shaped necklace that kids get when they lose teeth at school. It was a useless search and I ended up putting two pieces of dry corn in the necklace instead.

Angel was sentenced to a month of in-school suspension and nearly expelled. Part of his punishment was also to write me a page-long letter of sincere apology. Looking back, I realize that it was incredibly cruel of me to say those things to Angel. He had probably been held back, which explained why he was so big and still in our grade, and he probably had terrible parents who taught him to fight like that and never taught him how to read which is why he was held back. It was just not fair. Our school's motto then was "Everyone at Northwood Elementary is a winner," but if we were really all winners then Angel Rodriguez would have had a beautiful home life and would have been in the third grade where he belonged and the whole punching incident would have never happened. I should have been writing Angel a letter of apology for adding to what was already a frustrating situation. The last thing he needed was me, a fellow classmate, putting him down.

Angel Rodriguez, wherever you are, whoever you are, I hope you're still dreaming big. Don't worry about the teeth, they were prepubescent, so new ones grew in and later I actually broke one off myself doing a handstand on

tile and the dentist had to glue a prosthetic onto my tooth nub, and then the prosthetic fell off when I was eating on a bus and my mouth hit the window, so obviously you were just helping them along in their predetermined fate, like fate's angel. I believe in people like you, Angel. People like you are the beauty of America, the dreamers. When Posh said that if we wanted to be her lover, we had to get with her friends, she really meant that if we truly believed in and wanted to be part of the American dream, we had to be open minded individuals. I wish I had understood this message sooner. I want to apologize to you, Angel Rodriguez, and to all the Angel Rodriguez's out there, for being so closed-minded and denying you your right to dream.

Erin Stainken



Art of War

Leonard Perez

Spring II

A man and a jogging suit,  
his dog does walk,  
in tan and in tandem,  
in search of America



Riding yellow

the windows quiver at each dip in the road  
and I see the true meaning of free  
transit fare  
as a man and his dog rattle  
in suits of fresh consequence

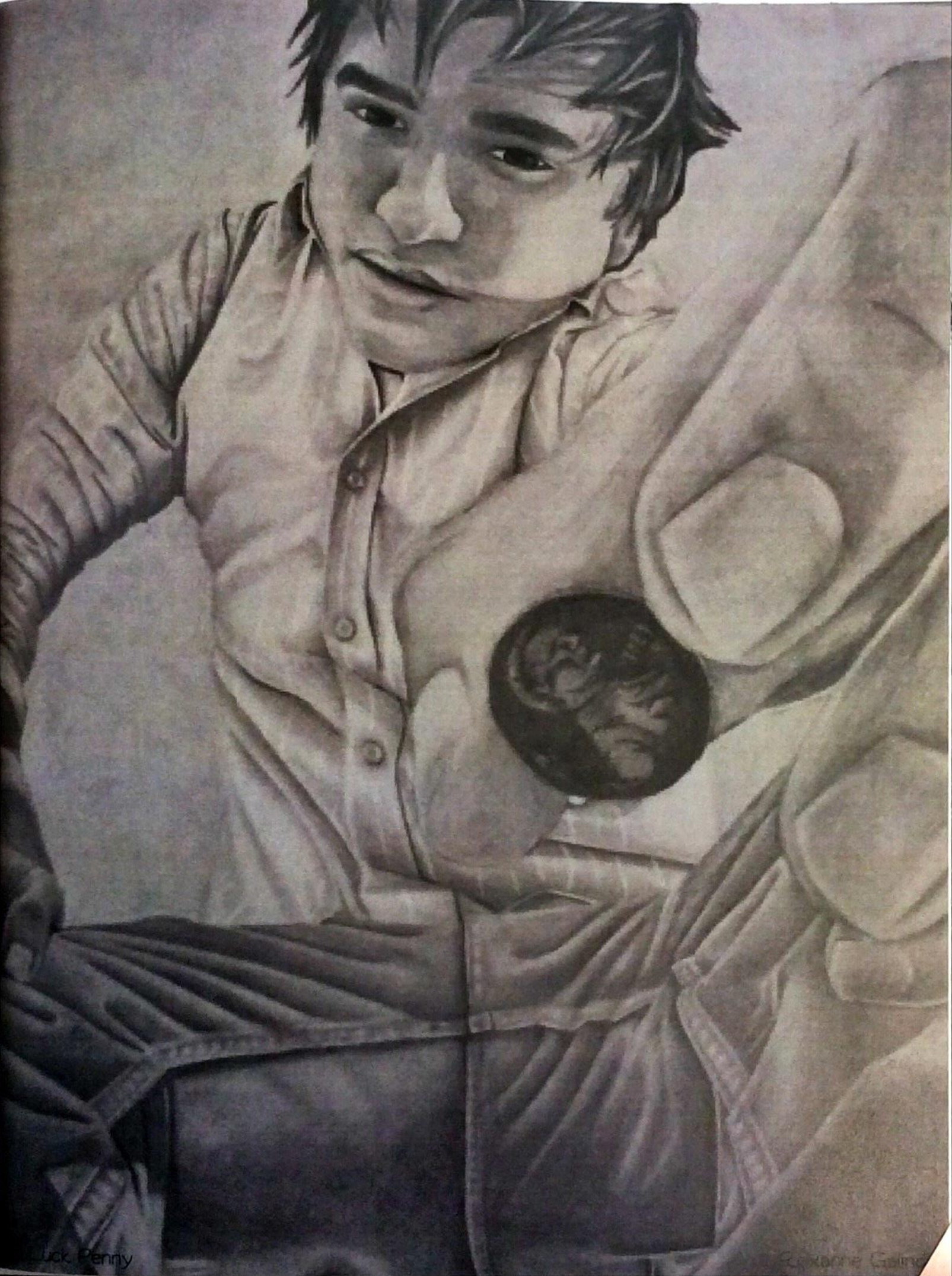
Laced in diamonds to match  
burlap hats  
and dyed hair

the operator sparkles in her rearview mirror,  
to my flinching eye,  
dripping in dogma  
and manmade jitters.

Made up, she scrubs  
and scrubs  
and scrubs  
to make up for suppose,  
yet what is how, to there, to whom, to move?  
To prove?  
Like a man owned by a jogging suit  
in spring

Natalia Panzer

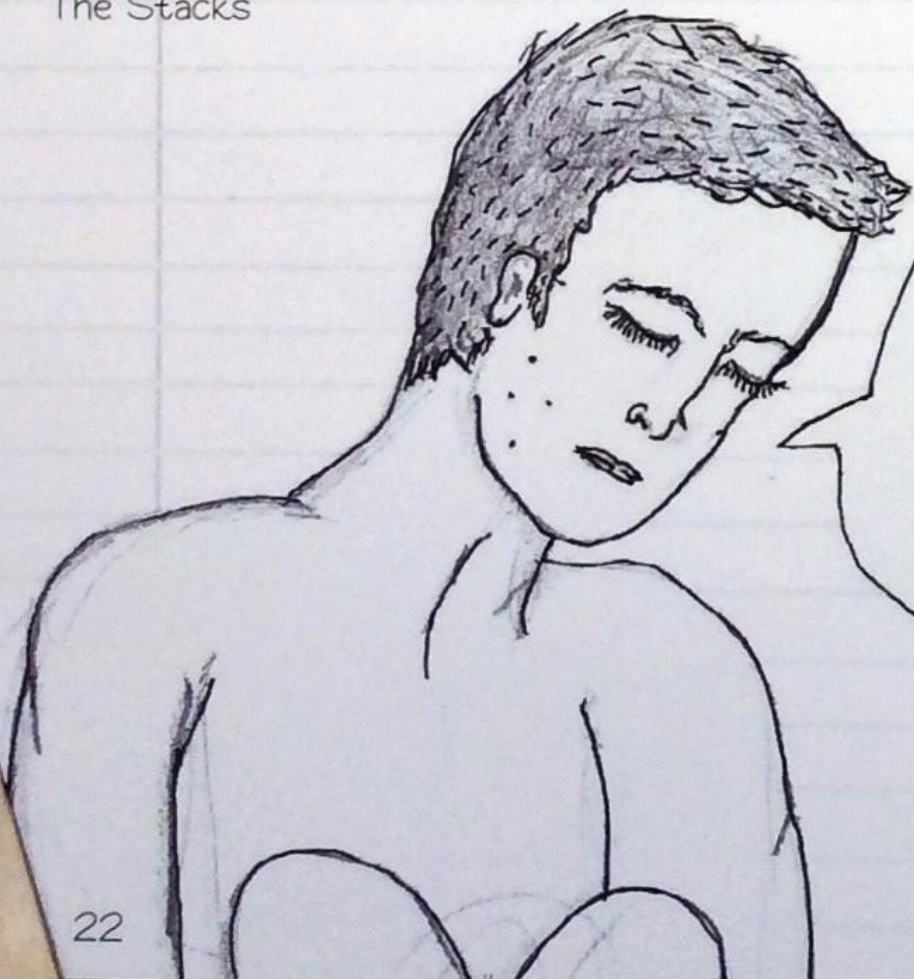






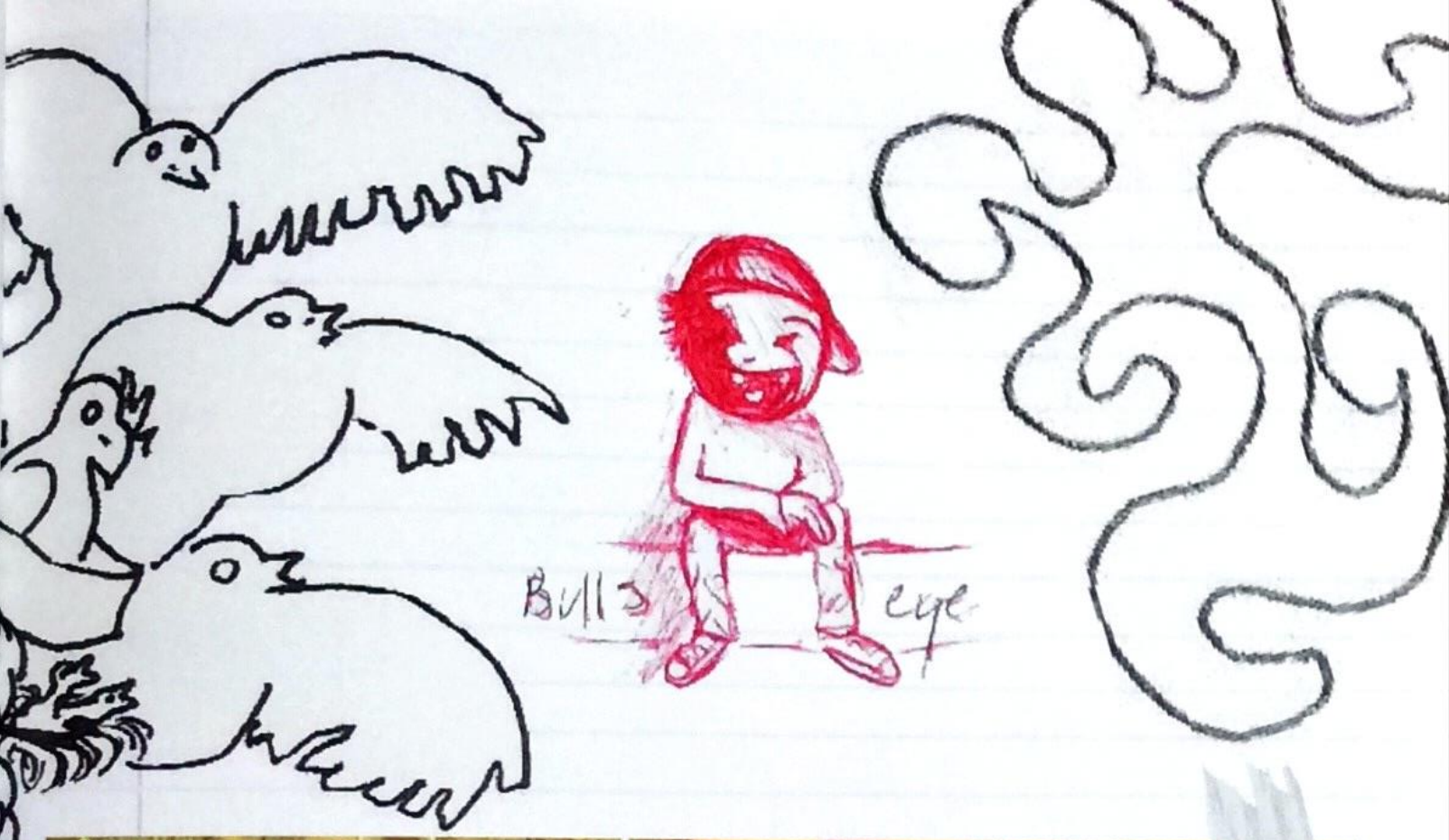
The Stacks

Alison Fletcher



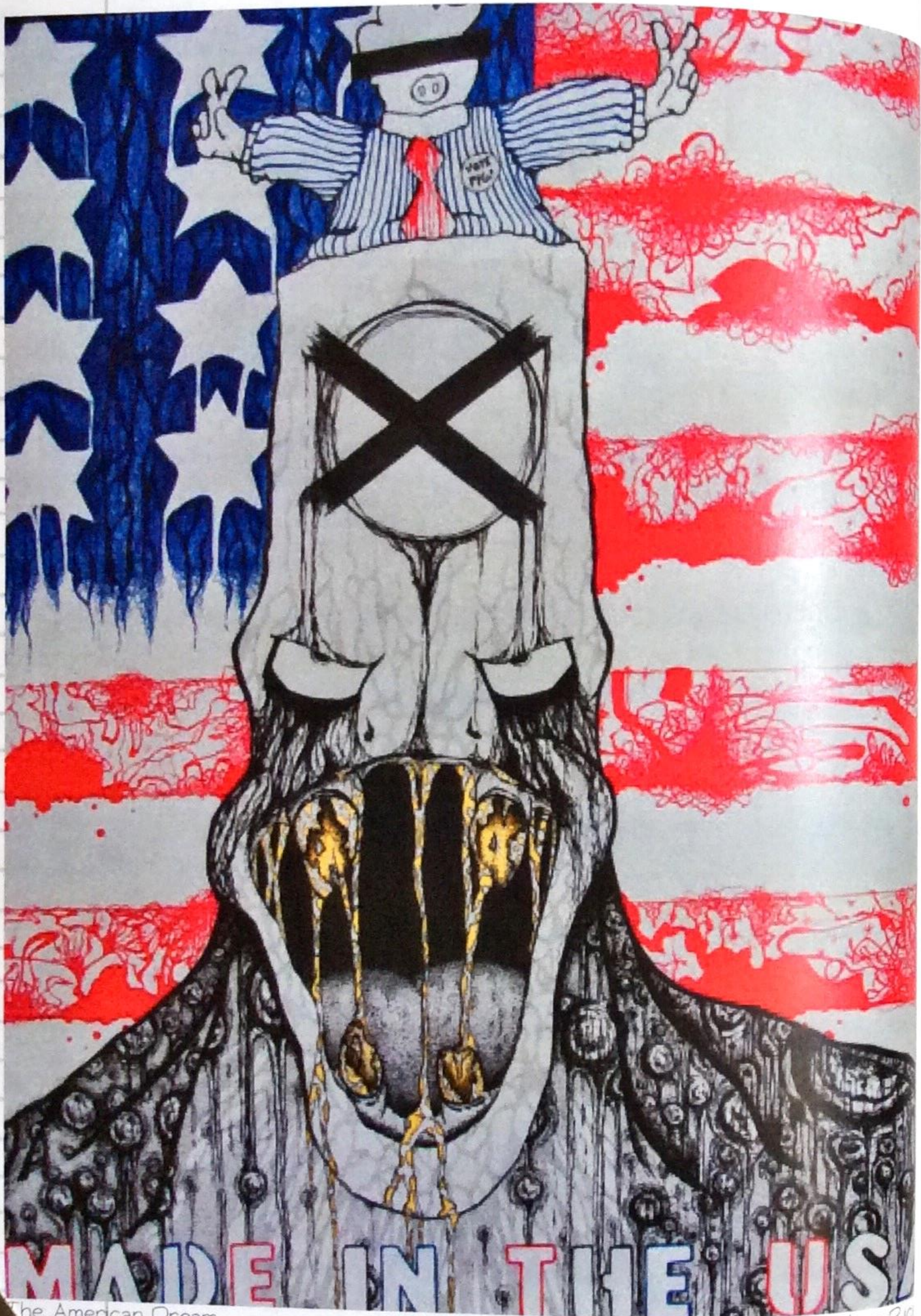
I  
SHOULDN'T WORRY  
I'LL BE FINE  
  
I'M LEARNING  
ALL THE TIME





Sneaking Past The Beast

Hannah Snyder



The American Dream

Nathan Rios

# From the Desk of .....

## Three Phases

Visualize what is inside a shell  
In a fetal defense  
A boy hangs in an effluence  
A mélange of colors and memories spent

Surrounding him in this wasteland fragmentation  
Countless thoughts  
His last defense is the last shred of conviction

His wings are clipped,  
Opened one too many times  
Ascension into something greater an impossibility

### Purgatory

A gray area  
No true leniency  
An existence of ambiguity

The shell spends hours supposedly living  
Sleeping, eating, meditating  
Until a light bursts through, obliterating

### Enlightenment

There is no such thing as ascension  
There is no greater being, for we are all it  
Purgatory is our creation  
Sorrow is our offspring

We separate the light inside us from the rest  
The shells of emotion and thoughts a cage

What if you cast it all aside?

What is left of us when we do not judge?  
When we do not think alone?

Each of us are not a singularity  
We will forever be a whole  
So why must we all think apart?

### Existence

Josh King



Horn

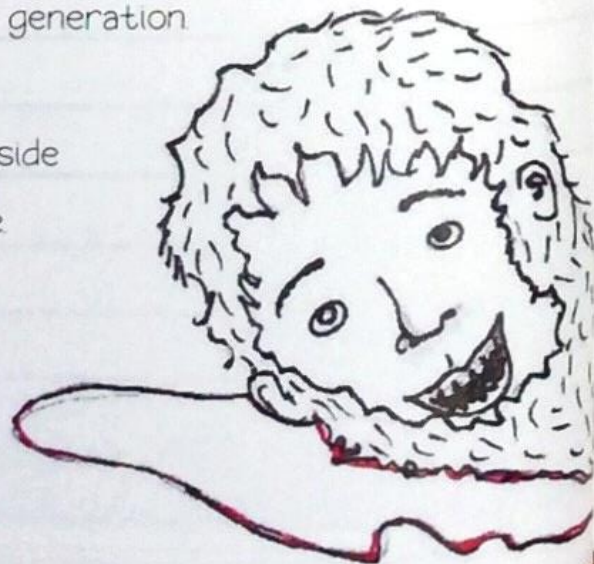
Nathan Rice

## Abstruse is Love

How benighted are the convictions,  
Façade feelings of this tedious generation.

Admitting apathy to reside  
Slowly deeper in love

Aaron Fablenia



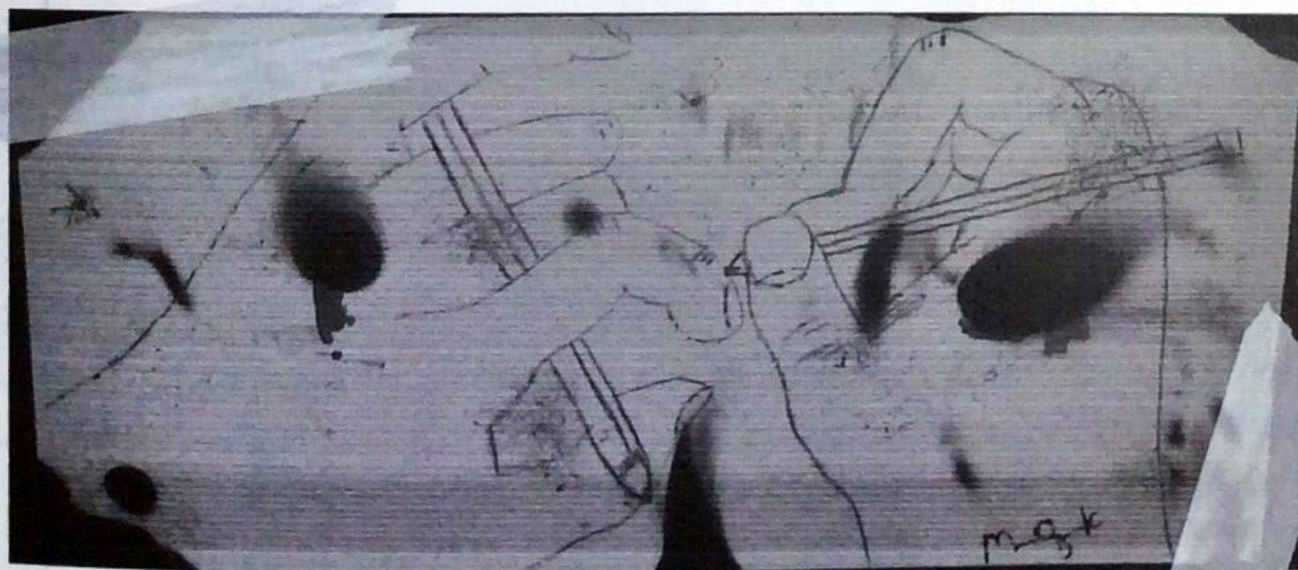
## Like an Unnamed Child

With a VCR for life  
And a universal remote  
Jobs like a shampoo  
Rinse and repeat  
Emotional taboo  
Razors and denying to eat  
We know nothing  
About everything we know  
Times don't show improvement for us  
But all the technology can't mislead our fate

All of our heros are sick  
The last of them have died  
We'll replace  
We'll replace  
We'll replace

But sequels never do justice to their predecessors

Jeb Bakke



# The Grace that Kills

Cool, fluttering wind brushes the side  
of the thick trunk,  
its playful lick hardening the tendrils  
of leaves  
that embellishes long, billowing arms.  
Tempos bypassed, laws ignored,  
they fall to the ground with an  
immaculate grace,  
curling tenderly around an invisible  
medium,  
turning and browning in the light of  
the star.  
Their impact should render the land  
dead  
and deaf  
with the ignorance of simplicity  
etched in the purple veins that have  
lost  
their support,  
their life

Why does the wind blow the fruits of  
earth  
from the homes they never knew?  
Why does it rip the clothing,  
the first layer of protection  
from the bark that hardens with time?  
Like bullets of rage, they shower  
in a maelstrom, thrusting themselves,



Silver Soldered Rose Bud



Kayla Anderson

a sacrifice,  
to the invisible force that drives  
their lives from them.

The debt has been paid

Their hard shells broken,  
the cover and defense mechanism  
of the weak, meek flesh  
exposed to the world with an alacrity  
burnt into the mind  
like and ugly slash on the flawless  
features  
of good.

Nothing is ever easy

As shadows pull to the corners of the  
lights,  
the group of slain lay tenderly upon their  
birthplace  
Time passes in a cleanse of pause,  
and the nothing that took their lives,  
their shells,  
their security,  
stirs in the deep pits from whence it  
came,  
waiting and churning in a mock copy of  
survival,  
showing its false face of burning hunger  
to the land it preys upon.

## Room 12

They had nothing to say to each other. Her eyes lingered in apathetic embrace with the floor, his, mottled with crimson, awash with sadness, were trained on the door, unsure of who would pass first through it.

She did, the door's metallic click a lackluster and unceremonious end to what had promised him so much. His ears burned with chagrin made manifest, his heart with the bitterness of bereavement, the bitterness of relational rather than real death.

The bitterness consumed him.

His mind swam with the past, a pellucid pool of memories, beyond reach, as reflections in a mirror. Agony welled in his stomach, extinguishing his desire to move, his eyes passed in and out of focus, the gravity of the instant too much to bear. He lay upon the bed, miles from sleep but longing for it.

Fred Watke



## Of Fields

Don't play too loud  
Your subtleties (constrict) me  
And compact my conscience  
Until all beauty is compressed

I have become all  
But virtuous

And when virtue becomes the new black  
I descend into

nothing-  
ness

"Take me with you,  
To where freedom is more than a song,"

He begs

But I must refuse because even I am afraid  
Of fields

Kayla Edgett



Life Lines

Katrina Filippone

## ROSARIO GUADALUPE DOMINGUEZ

Her thick roots stemmed from two strong dark cacti that chased the traveling rains one summer from Monterey all the way to San Antonio. Once they reached the Texas soil their roots tangled together, and from them sprouted two children leading lives the opposite of their ancestors constructed of stability, wealth, and education instead of mud and adobe. But amidst immense wealth the children had immense chores to remember the pasts of their parents: two scavenging children encased in dry, hardened cactus-skin.

Their father subsisted in Mexico by selling candied apples on street corners until he could gather enough money to chase the rains pouring down on an American medical school where he pushed his way through radiology by working every waking-hour and sleeping through those spare minutes in the seat of his car.

Their mother rose from picking through bins of pre-devoured food to the tops of hospitals in Mexico until she had such a tall nursing reputation that America could only refute it and name her a silent housewife, the wife of a doctor, the wife of Antonio Dominguez, mother of Rosario Guadalupe Dominguez with the first name of her mother and the second of *la virgin*, and the mother of Antonio Jr., who has spent seven years in college not sleeping in his car like Antonio Sr., but nestled tight into his parents' home, indulging in a luxury that they never experienced, terrified of a world that shares not even a fraction of coarseness with the world his parents fell into from the womb.

His mother nursed a yellow bird with all the love and attentiveness she paid to her patients back in Mexican hospitals. One day, after speaking to it of her concern with Antonio Jr., she wheeled its cage outside and undid the latch for fresh air. Immersed in the profession that she longed for, she envisioned the bird only as a patient, and followed its wings with an astounded gape as the bird, unlike any of her patients before, took flight. She looked in through the window at her lingering son and prayed for an evolutionary miracle that would cause boys to sprout wings.

The next morning when she awoke, she discovered that the gods had misheard her prayer in the din of her daughter clanging pots and pans during her daily chores, for upon Rosario Guadalupe Dominguez's back was a pair of soft white wings. At dinner that night her mother watched the family cautiously in hope that the chicken mole she prepared would distract Antonio Sr. from his daughter's miraculous appendages. But just as Rosario Guadalupe placed the platter upon the table, a small rustling sound drew both of her parent's eyes upward from the chicken mole in front of them to their daughter's evolutionary addition and down to the floor where a small slip of paper with the word "Boston" printed on it had fluttered down from between her feathers. As Rosario Guadalupe's mother and father gazed down at the ominous ticket that had drifted into their lives so causally, they knew that their daughter was gathering her roots to chase the rains.

Kayla Anderson

## Drought

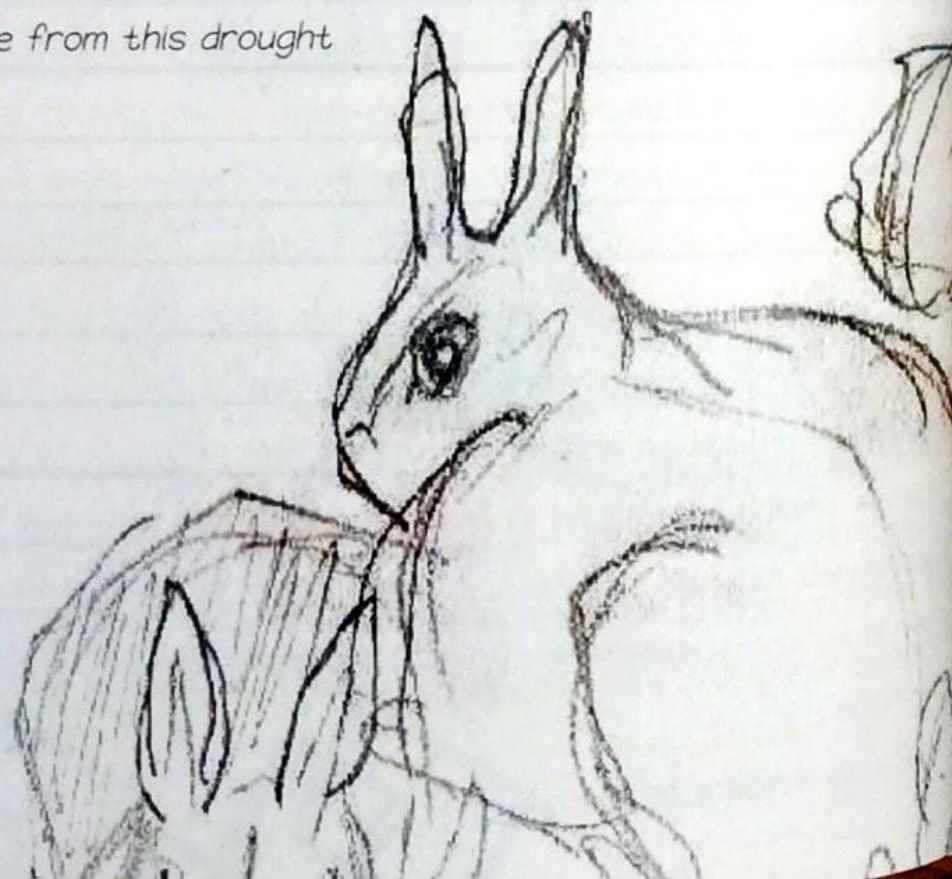
I pitter-patter gently on the ground  
Swiftly and silently making my way towards you  
As carefully as a lost cat  
Picking its way through an abandoned alley

*Dear Rain, I have been waiting patiently for you  
For days, for weeks, for months  
To feel your celebrated coolness  
On my parched leaves*

I heard of the situation threatening your existence  
And now I am finally here  
To nourish your brittle body  
For it is my duty to keep you alive and your flowers flourishing

*I feel my wilted stem stand up straighter and stronger than ever before  
As your smooth, wet droplets slide gracefully over me  
And as you travel on to honorably help others in dire peril,  
I thank you for saving me from this drought*

Samantha Frank





A Little Light Goes a Long Way

Meagan Stevenson

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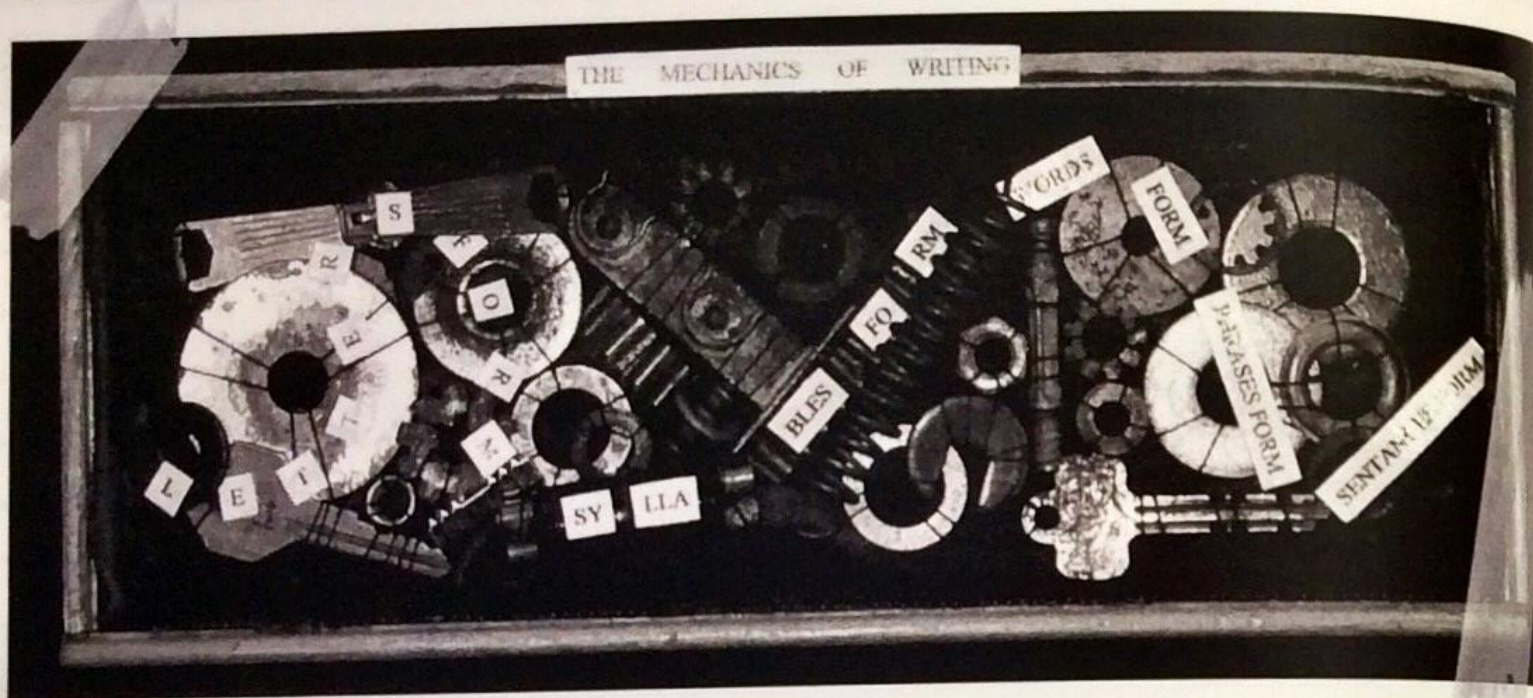




ECOwboy

Natalia Panzer

"White shall not neutralize black, nor good compensate bad in man, absolve him so. Life's business being just the terrible choice." Robert Browning



The Mechanics of Writing

Kayla Anderson

Pertaining to wealth, attainment, contention, war, recession, or death, the cyclic flow of the human condition exists as an appendage of choice. As typically averse beings, we are repeatedly told "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step," these earthly treads of both fame and failure laced gold in proper sovereign decision, however, in the obfuscated eye of the present day the former lies caged in taboo, trapping mind and will alike in wrought iron bars. Just as success is personified in the present day by such playboys as Branson and deities as Oprah, rupture seems to lead to the depths of

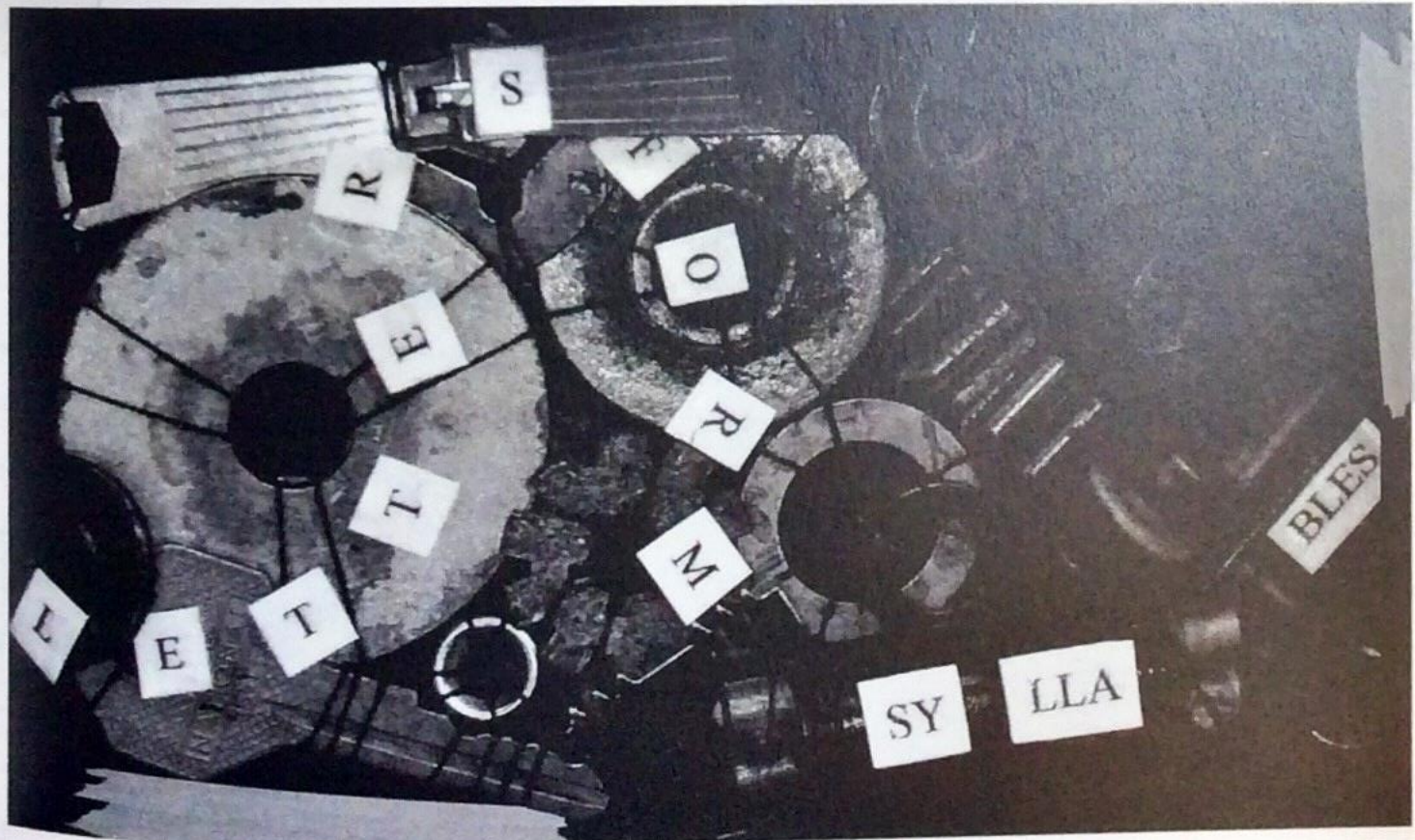
Dante's *Inferno*, an ideal ramifying outward from a number of phantom governmental sects, when in fact existence pertains not to such polar extremes. As proposed by Claude Bernard over a century past, animation in regulation, homeostatic balance with trust in choice.

Upon the soil of these United States of America, income, asset, and label make up the three pronged spear of Beelzebub dictating personal and professional success. Inhaling all atoms of media sediment, action, opinion, preference and endorsement are tied taut to monetary and personal gain, the Gandhi-esque values of

selfless brotherhood sieving through the pores of human interaction. Parallel to the insanity plea exercised as means of substantiation for crime, exploitation and corruption are gaining legitimacy among the steward and saint alike as means for personal gain. None can attest to never bribing a sibling or conveniently 'forgetting' a dear friend's birthday, yet on the federal level these chocolate covered fingers are drenched more aptly in tax dollars, and lapses of memory are resulting in thousands of dollars in provisional gain. Alaskan Senator Theodore "Ted" Stevens recently asserted his place atop the federal debauchery ladder, a grand jury indicting him on seven charges of failing to report gift cards on Sen-

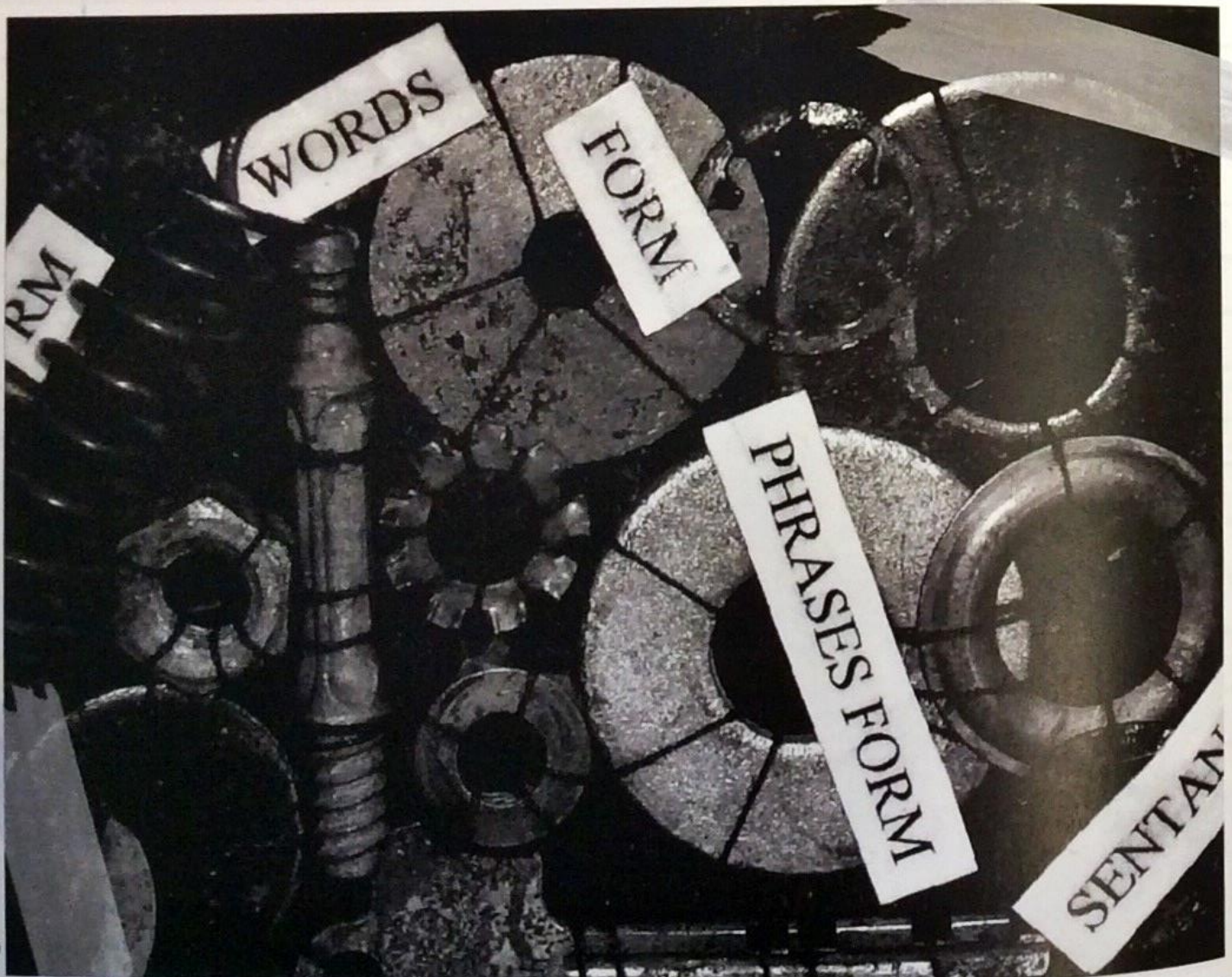
ate financial disclosure forms. As former Chairman of the Senate Ethics Committee, the irony shrouding the event requires no verbalization, yet the power of title (Stevens was Chairman of more than ten other political and official committees), failed not in clawing through to the inner sanctum of this most 'moral' mind, "the end" justifying "the means" amidst the tangled web of federal law. A single man may stand for and preach sublime will and ethics, yet action thrives as the true root of influence, the execution of sentiment making or breaking character, this tender balance weighing heavily on choice.

On paper, the dictatorial law of the land pertains to a decidedly simple ideal, right versus wrong, freedom versus



punishment, in practice however the grey area of the humanity whittles to concrete of the law to molecular guidelines, human error, doubt and miscommunication twisting the vivid to the vague. The separation of church and state set forth by the United States Constitution (Amendment 1, Clause 1), paints these two entities as complete retrogrades, yet coextensive to the haze of degree, 'sin' and its abolishment are constantly caught in the wayward limbo of life. The concept of 'sin' in relation to life and death, stalks the hallowed hallways of each and every mind, stabbing the mind

with curious deficiencies at whim. None are immune, even when 'sin' is an inescapable contradiction. The lustful pewboy, the overweight preacher, the covetous collection plate, hypocrisy leaks from the pulpit as atrocities enter into the very marrow of humanity. How one approaches the idea of 'sin', in thought and in action rests solely on the unmitigated foundation of individual choice, yet the idea of repentance continues to fuel the unjust extremities of organized religion. As Sir John Barbrugh aptly stated "Repentance for past crimes is just and easy, but sin-no-more's a task too hard





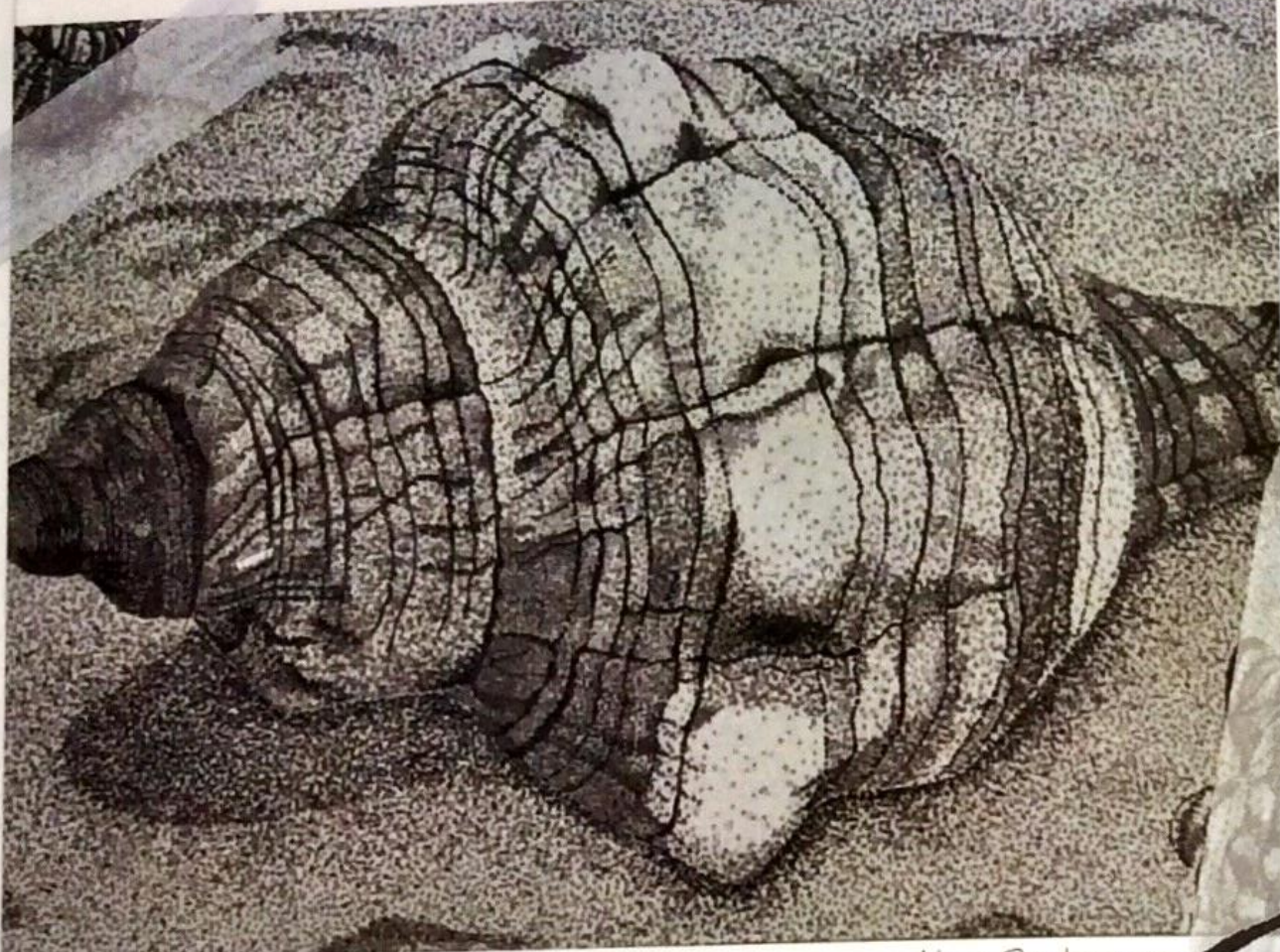
for mortals", the abolishment of wrongdoings simply by confirmation propelling a snowball effect within humanity. In Joanne Harris' *Chocolat*, the misguidance and restlessness of a quaint French town living by will of the sacrament slowly unravels the erect morals of its inhabitants. Those understandings of 'sin' (such as the vixen Vianne and her compatriot Armande), walk freely amongst their wrongdoings, while those in denial (predominantly the town churchman Comte Paul de Reynaud), cower beneath their own scornful gaze dripping in lust, gluttony, and envy. Absolution is not attained through repentance, but by an overhaul of archaic and constructive motives, the town choosing to embrace their faults rather than running from them. One good deed does nothing to neutralize the bad, admitting 'sin' does nothing to abolish it, society must objectively train the eye to look in on, and alter the skewed life

styles leading to such behavior, enforcing a subjective change to escape an existence steeped in contradiction.

Existence is a series of intermittent choices, those esteemed and degraded clutched within each fist of self worth. While striving for self betterment is an apt cause, attempting to attain illusive status sends one down the pathway of contradiction and demoralization, an endless trail set in a circular trend around the outskirts of honest living. By striving to live completely free from sin, we in turn indulge more so in narrow mindedness, discrimination, self harm and hate, the delicate equilibrium of life attained only when such inconsistent extremes are abolished.



Natalia Panzer



Dot the Fox

Alma Rodriguez

## A Man is a Can in the Sand

A man is a can in the sand,  
till the waters and the birds fill him up  
There's no such thing as a small goodbye  
He was there or he wasn't  
Let the surf stir him up  
Cast a line and hook one, too!  
If it weren't for the sea,  
there'd be no blue  
for the eyes to forget and forsake  
and relate  
It comes at the cost of a fisherman's wife  
and her mind and her hopes

But what beautiful blue!  
Even blackened and cracked it is more potent,  
and older, and it smiles at you  
More to see and to smell,  
you're wasting it,  
slipping through your palms and your eyelids.  
The rusted pieces in the dunes  
know more about you than you

Alberto Ramirez



## Shelter from the Storm

As her cigarette burned down  
(She invited me into her lap)  
And the words to "Shelter from the Storm"  
Rolled off both of our tongues  
While the record player droned on  
Barely surviving its years

And when the earth called her away  
(In the summer) the birds lost their song  
Until another egg hatched (in the winter)

And suddenly they recalled (the summer)  
How beautiful their wings  
Had once felt (in the summer) against the sky

I only remember half the words  
to "Shelter from the Storm" now  
While the record player drones on  
Barely surviving its years  
And my cigarette burns down

Kayla Edgett



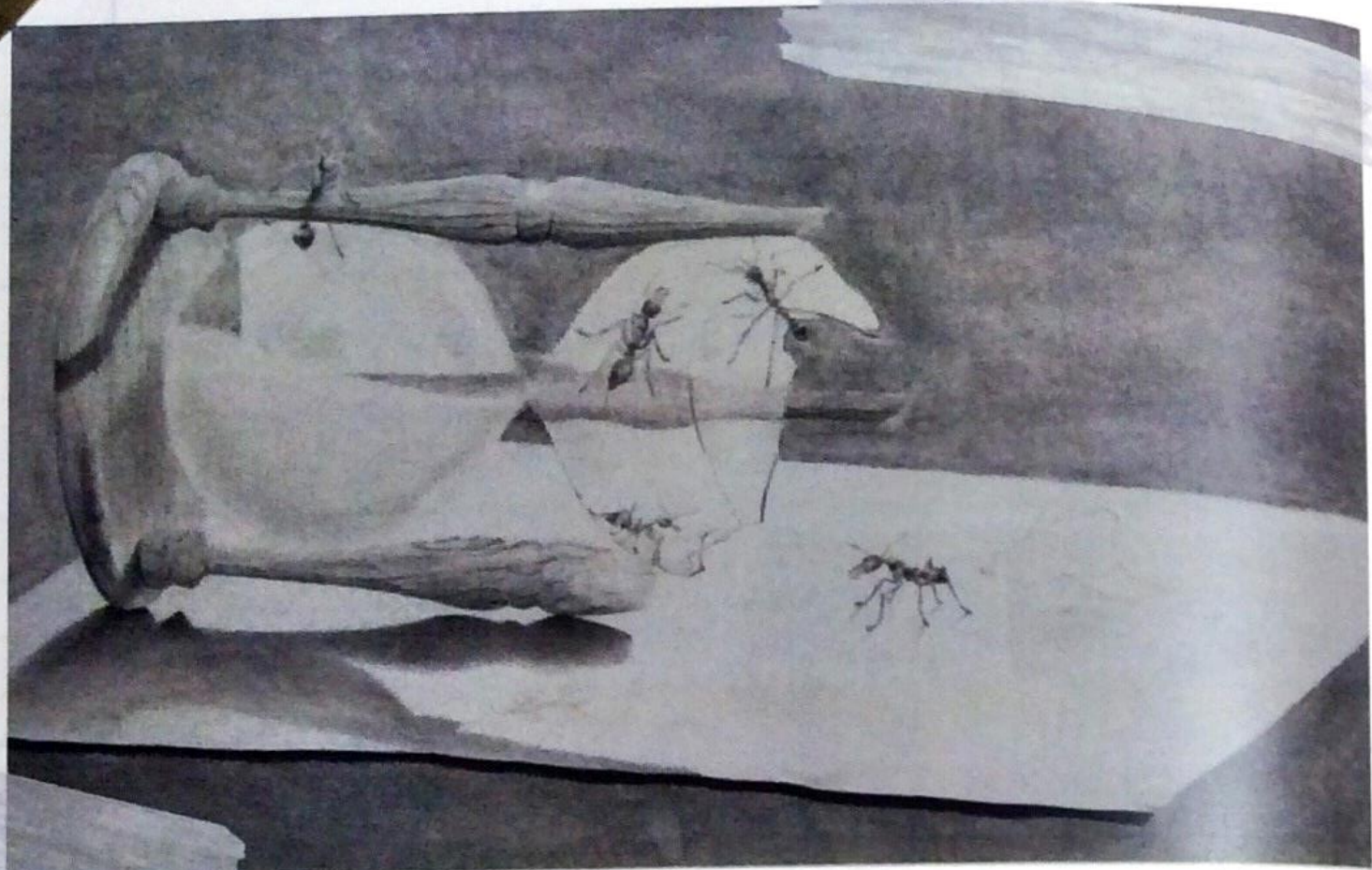


En el Oscuro

En el oscuro  
Siento esperando  
Para ma a a

*In the dark  
I sit, waiting  
For the morning*

Sarah Francis



Crawling in Time

Mason Ott

## From the desk of .....

### A Symphony With No Sound

This is my life in color  
And when I say it comes in waves

I wish it was as predictable as the ocean  
And in the end it's the people we know  
Not the things we do, that make us happy  
And no amount of tears or sleep or drugs or  
Whatever will fill the emptiness we all share

But we try  
And we try  
And we try

A world of beautiful people trying to put a square peg in a round hole

And we laugh, because we aren't strong enough to cry

Jeb Bakke

## Outline

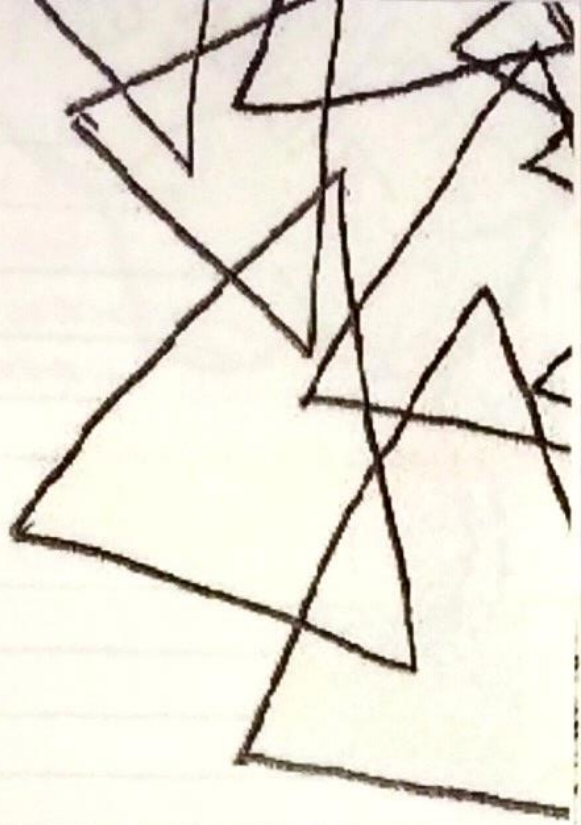
You are only an outline to a book,  
Whose pages, neither bent nor torn,  
Are but soiled by readers who discarded you  
After thumbing through empty chapters  
And realizing you offer nothing more  
Than the promise of a story to come  
For, after all, you are only an outline

Yet since that evening in the autumn  
When we both confessed our perhaps exaggerated feelings  
And promised to keep our intimacy a secret,  
I have been able to think of nothing else  
But that evening in the autumn  
And the now expired excitement of our endeavors  
And the quickly approaching end to our relations

My affect lies flatter each week  
While I watch your affection  
Become shallower still  
Yet when I fade into the early morning hours  
To collapse into someone else's sigh  
I cannot help but have regrets.

For, after all, I am only a shell of a person

Kayla Edgett



## Dilettantes

Painting and walking two procedures  
birthed by necessity and  
stifled by the invention and mechanization of man

Every pedestrian feels tempted  
by rolling hunks of passenger cars and  
every artist feels inhibited by effortless new techniques

Just as modern markets created  
assembly-line-spewed, craft-less-ly crafted  
articles of furniture to fill the vacancy of  
previous pieces hand-carved, and crafted with vision,  
diligence, and a burst of endorphins  
that comes with all creation,  
so have Ford automobiles produced  
fitness walkers and sprinters who fill sidewalks  
trying to make drastically inconvenient appointments  
with the physical strain that convenience  
has cut from their bodies

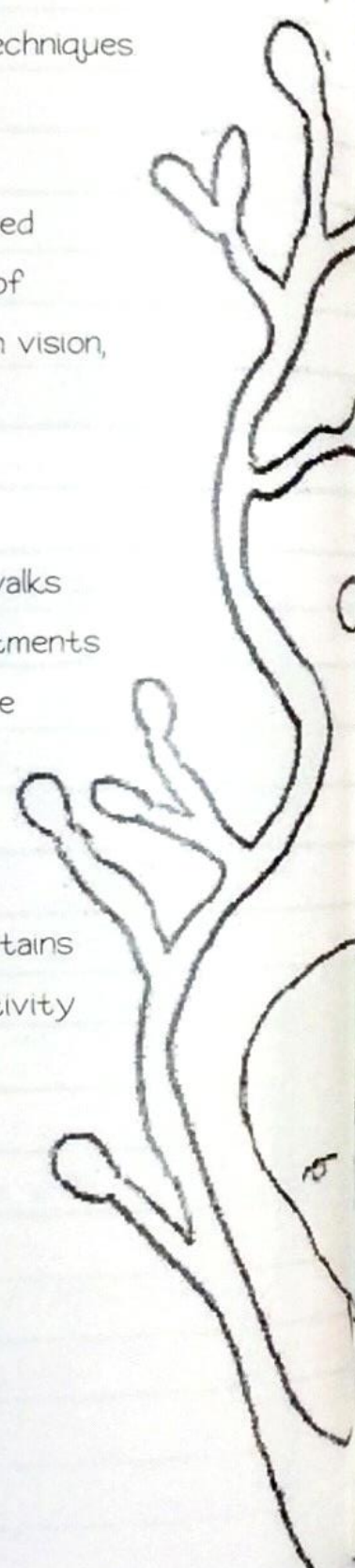
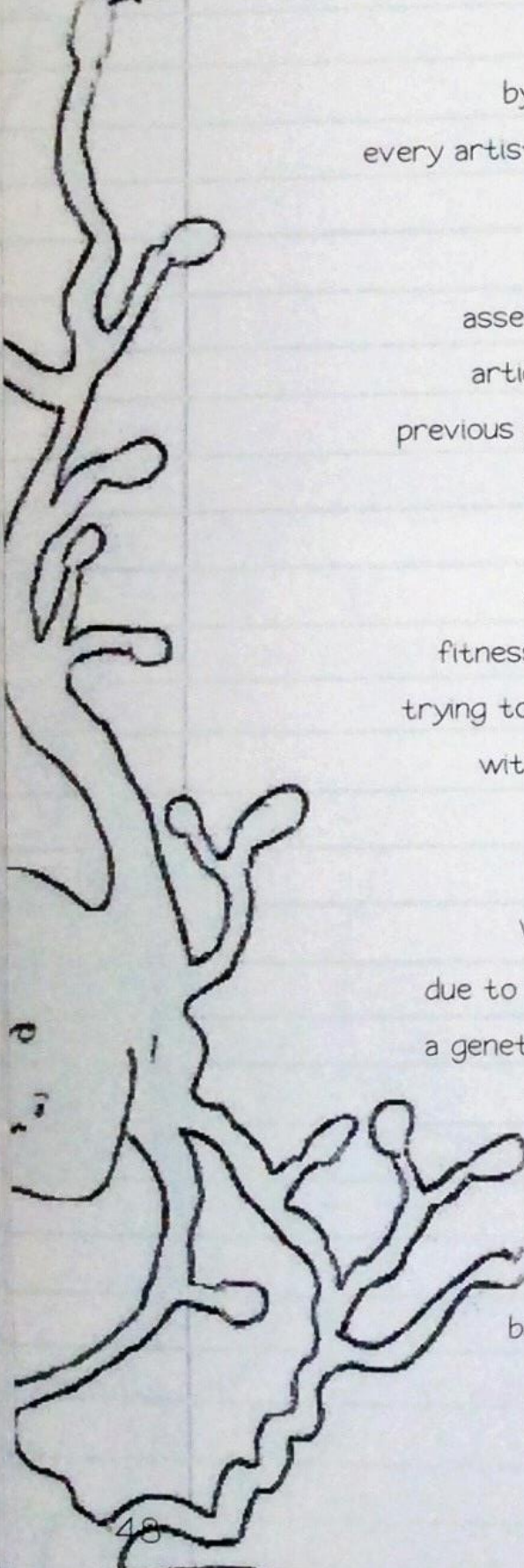
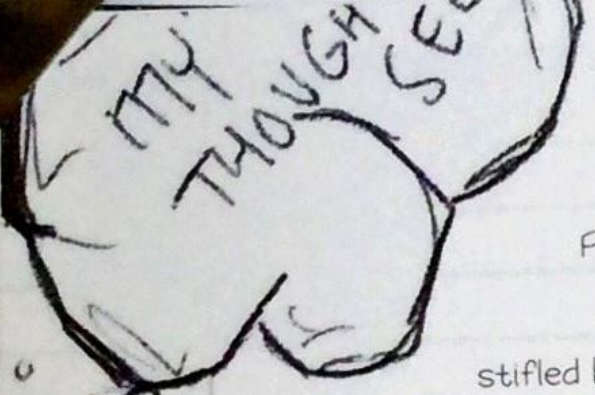
We put zoo-prisoners on diets now  
due to the realization that each species contains  
a genetic capacity for work and physical activity  
that docility cannot fill or alter.

We have yet to realize that we  
suffer the same descent,  
barred by the ease of meals in boxes  
and on-line checking accounts

10

BE

ESCAP



We now live like dilettantes in humanity  
who occasionally dabble in doing things for ourselves  
And now it is nearly impossible to find  
an artist who finds painting as necessary as breathing,  
or a person who travels without constraint.

Kayla Anderson



Bulls Eye



Live Work Create

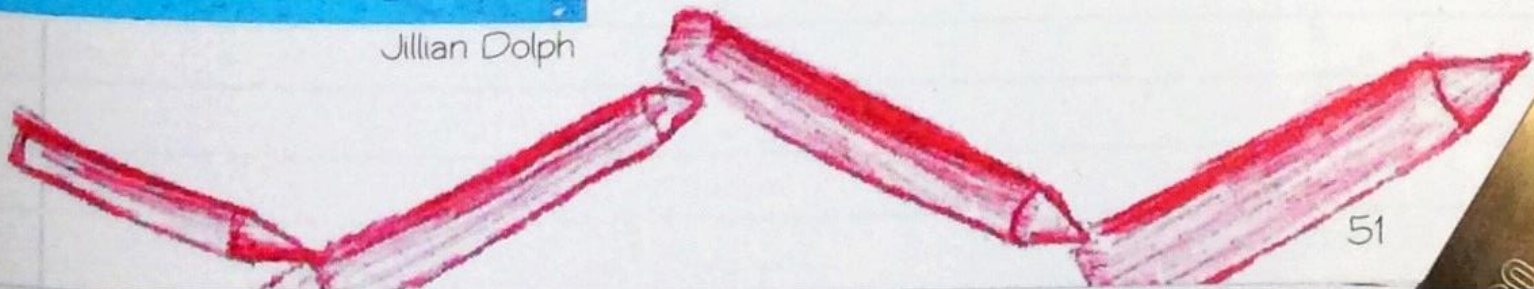


Jillian Dolph

## Power of Mind

My eyes begin to close as I drift away  
In thought and in consciousness  
The second hand stops and the glass cracks.  
This is the power of my unconsciousness mind  
Where gravity pulls upwards  
And shackles cannot bind  
In what impossibility is reality  
And angles are always seen  
Life is breathed into still objects  
A world in my mind  
Where imagination has no limits  
Animals can talk  
And the deaf can listen,  
Moods have colors  
Splashing on the whiteness of nothing  
All of this,  
It must mean something  
Slowly I wake  
Back into reason,  
Time begins again  
Where it left off  
And I continue through my day

Jacob Martinez





## Midwinter Blues

Through broken windows the insects come,  
only no longer adolescent,  
blessed, we take the traditional route  
from the latter stage of one and ten  
Plus then, plus hen,  
plus them whose chimneys run.

Wandering to and fro from dirty sheets,  
suburban streets,  
so reflective of the skies above the winter ocean blues,  
steeped in thoughts of restlessness  
and still no satisfaction  
For unlike the channels of winding air or  
the recycled beating of a surer line,  
so constrained are the valleys of thought,  
of foot, returned to the soil from a soiled mind.

All that is, is, but an isn't  
as turns mask simple lives,  
clarity, that skins our knees,  
and feathers that blush for you.

Quaking at wisps of certainty  
when all meaning is perhaps,  
the shooting off of spooning letters,  
both and all do fight the fog,  
want less of a wish to be the dog,  
in swarms

Natalia Panzer

## In Vienna, In Silence


Americans crash and boom through the streets of Europe  
Roaring around in Hummers, or walking loudly  
in worn-out tennis shoes and SeaWorld visors,  
they command all discerning eyes.  
She and I can not help that we are American,



Carousel

Jillian Dolph

but we detach ourselves  
from our tour group anyway  
in downtown Vienna,  
blending in with the crowds like chameleons  
We walk  
and the German language hits our ears,



classical music drifts through the air  
Sweet scents of pipe tobacco flit from cafes,  
mingling with the music,  
lending scent to sounds that fill our noses

We adapt.

We are the foreign element while the white blood cells  
continue on, oblivious to our presence

We travel through the streets undetected,  
free to observe

Looking up at St. Steven's cathedral,  
glancing down at the hand-laid cobblestone streets,  
peering at our faces reflected in shop windows,  
a feeling stirs in us that we do not at first understand

Then we notice the quietude

Speech is in whisper, and the wind blows around us  
the feeling of solemn celebration

She and I stay silent, too, understanding  
the rarity of this sacred state

in which little sound obstructs the ears

Perhaps their refinement leads them to  
the quietude of ages,

the way an old couple speaks little and communicates  
in a language silent

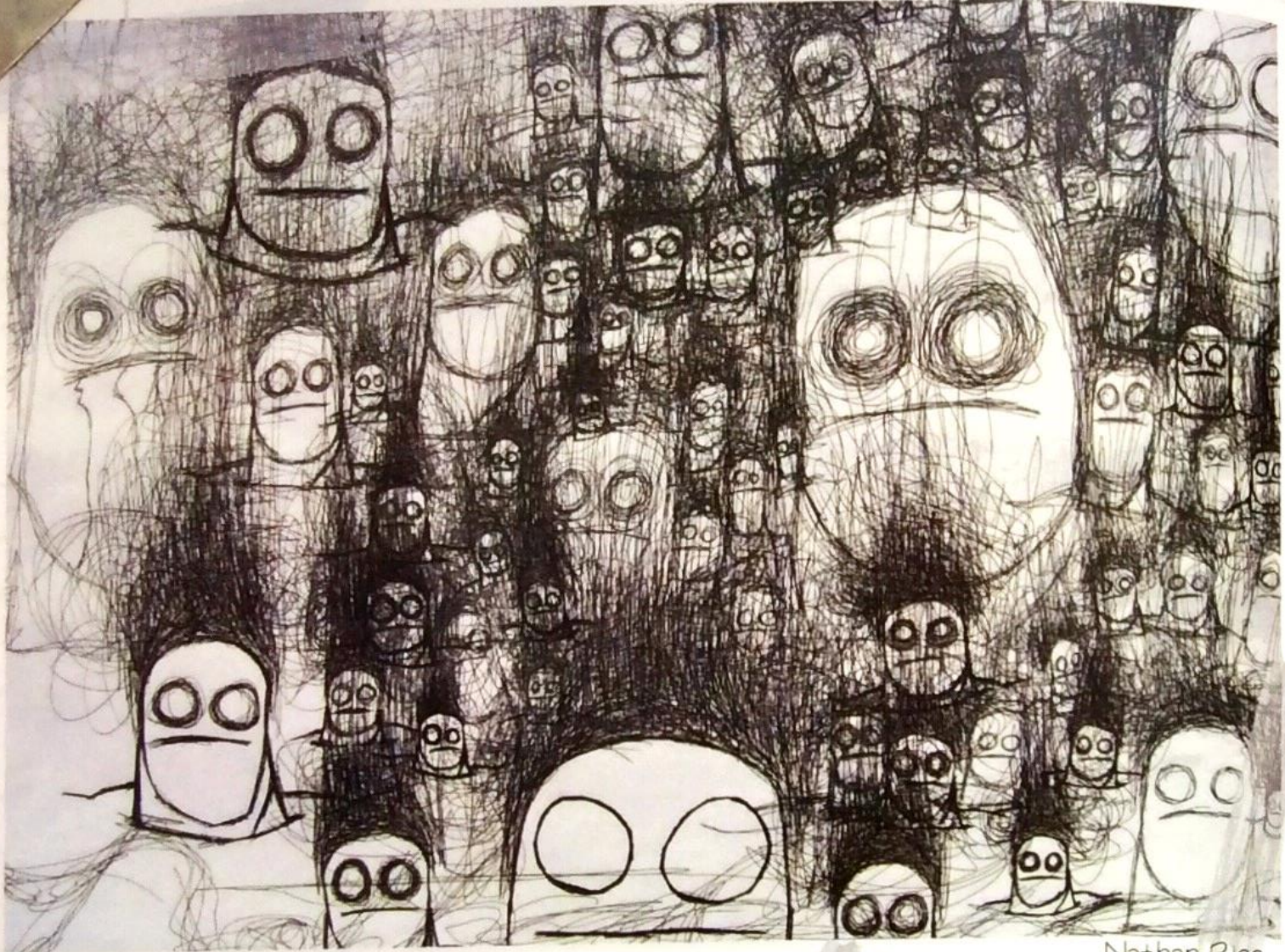
Perhaps, there is a weight in their silence  
traces of a country ravaged by war

still residing in the faces of Austrians, 70 years after the bombs

For whichever reason, together we respect their silence,

understanding the difference  
between our culture and theirs

Alison Fletcher



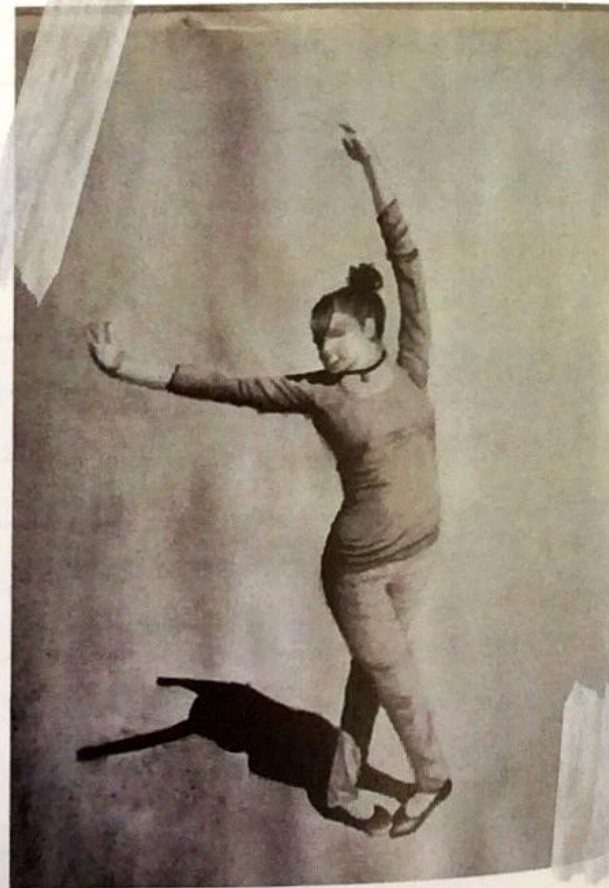
The Doodle Guys

Nathan Rice



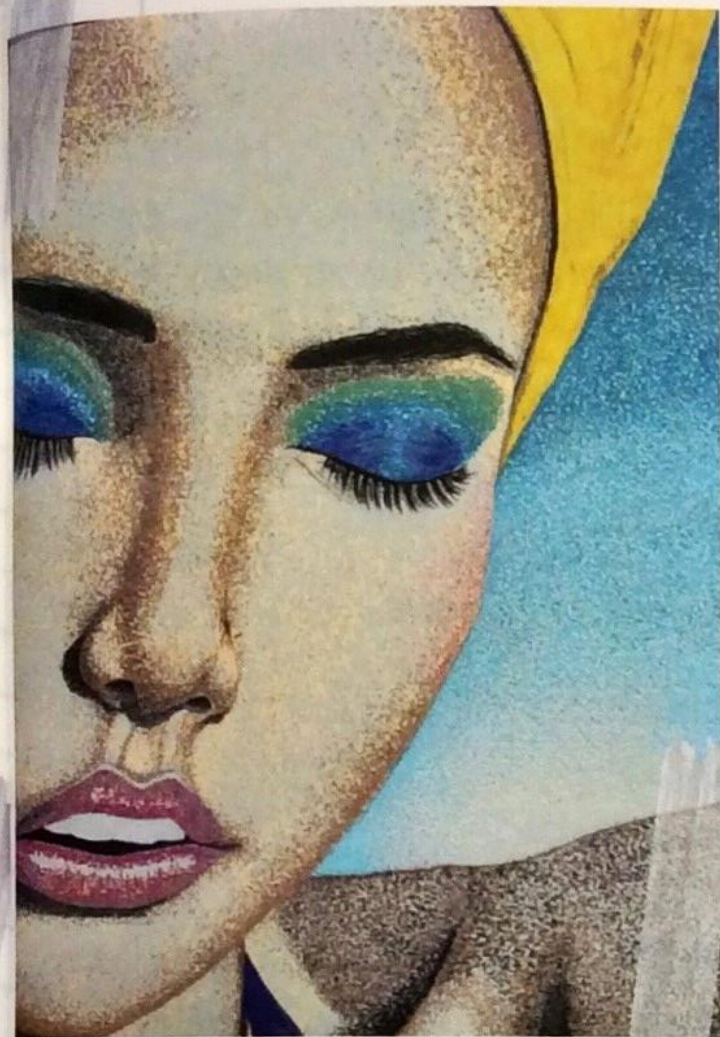
Nature Lives

Daniel Rubalcaba



Dancing Fantasy

Katrina Filippone



From Argentina With Love Pearl Salinas



The Looking Glass Katrina Filippone



Fruit in Fruit

Katrina Filippone

## 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 advisor.

## Awards and Memberships

American Scholastic Press Association: First Place 2007, 2002, First Place with Special Merit 2005

The Columbia Scholastic Press Association: Gold Medalist 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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## Editor's Note

Fueled by the musings of adolescence, the 2009 Bullseye staff drew inspiration from the abstractions, the stereotypes, and more importantly the realities of modern teenage life. Modelled after a typical high school journal, the creative, the practical, and the personal are equally presented in an easily accessible and relatable format, not only emphasizing the enduring importance of art in society, but the necessity of individual self expression, whatever age one may be.



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Dr. Bobbie Turnbo

Mr. Whitus and Mr. OBryant (CoffeeHouses!)

Ms. Johnson (Donated computers and pre-sales)

Mr. Saucier (Film Festival)

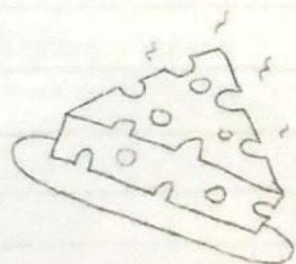
Ms. Barajas, Mrs. White, Ms. Camacho, Mr. Ricketts, and Ms. Mielle (Art Teachers)

The MacArthur English Department

Everyone who attended or performed at Coffeehouse and Battle of the Bands.

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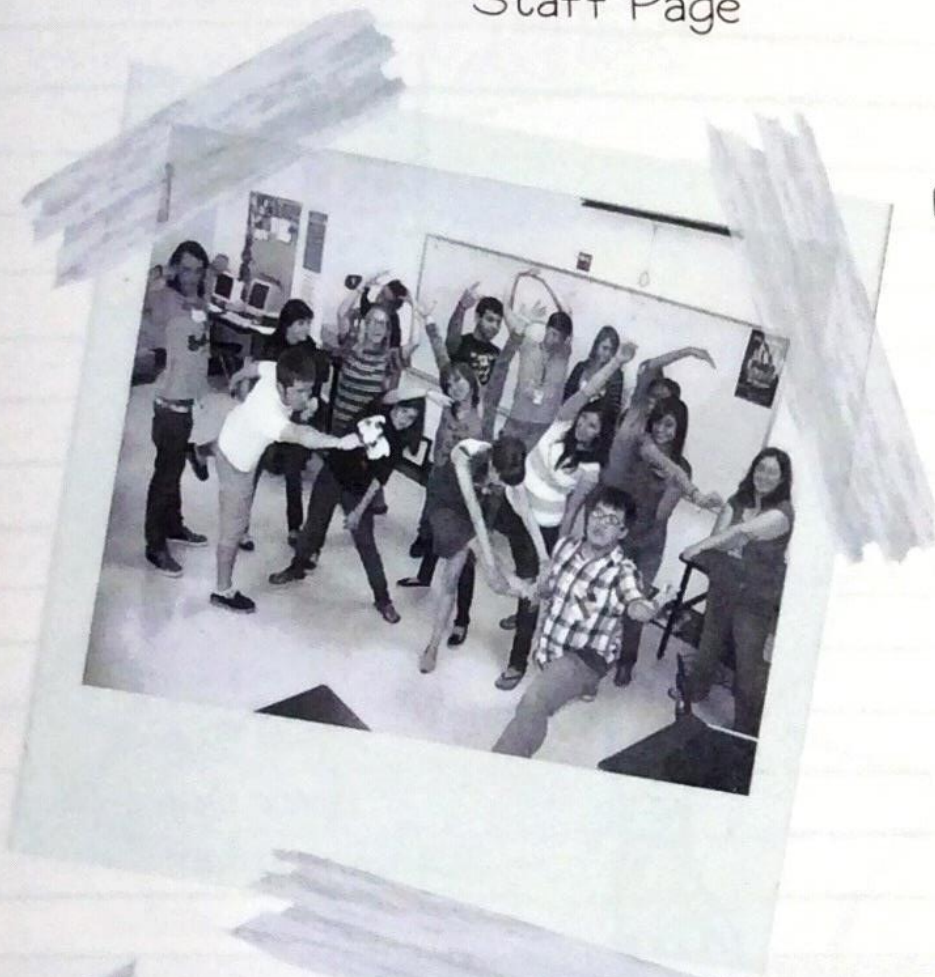
Mr. Arnatt



C o l o p h o n

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# Staff Page



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-Best Wishes for a Successful publication

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Sufjan Stevens

Winner Circle

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• National Silver Medal from The Alliance of Young Artists and Writers

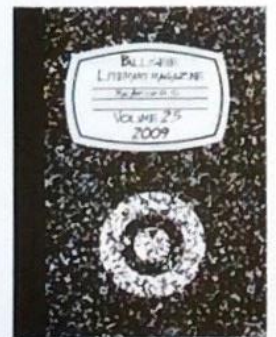
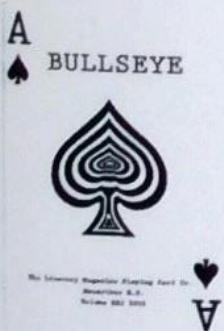
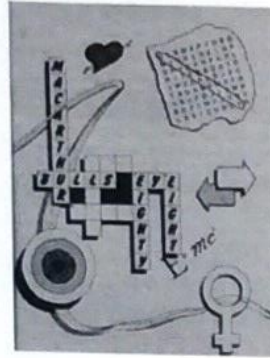
•• Medalist at State V A S E

••• "Art From the Heart" Winner

•••• Regional Gold Key Award from The Alliance of Young Artists and Writers

••••• Medalist at State V A S E

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