



Katie Turyna '16

Calliope

Spring Edition 2016

Downers Grove South High School

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Calliope Spring Edition 2016



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and The DGS Fine Art Teachers



Alessandra Lane '17

Sleep has always been paradoxical in nature; while some of us succumb to it within a matter of minutes, others spend hours and hours awake in bed, distracted by that nagging something or distracted by nothing at all. Sleep also has the ability to send us soaring into the illusory plane of the dream world, bringing us that thread of constancy and calm so needed in our busy lives. Yet at the same time, teenagers go to great lengths to avoid and ward off sleep, even when they absolutely need it the most. This year, Calliope Staff has decided to combine all these conflicting perspectives in our 2016 edition through a collection of art, photography, prose, short stories, and poems. Our club members and contributors exist in all places along the sleep spectrum, with some of us garnering the minimal hours needed for survival, and others attempting to undertake the formidable journey of spending all of our lives in a deep state of hibernation. Through this edition, we hope to embark on a truly in-depth exploration into the complexity and nuances that we have in our relationship with sleep, as we attempt to seek balance between its stark contradictions.

Intro to section one: Sound Asleep- In an attempt to gauge our fellow student's relationship to sleep, Calliope conducted a rather tongue-in-cheek survey. In section once, "Sound Asleep" we asked students when they fall asleep (if they do) and then, how they trick themselves to sleep when sleep seems elusive.

Sound Asleep

How do you trick yourself to sleep when you can't easily fall asleep?

Why do you usually go to sleep when you do?

Count down from 100

So I wake up happy

I want good grades

Watch a movie

I like the peace and quiet

Go for a run

I'm bored

I can't

Drink tea

Do math in my head

I'm so tired

So I can focus the next day

Unconscious Fiction

Stories are my only means of falling asleep.

Sometimes I read, but the most effective way to send myself to dreamland is to think up an alternate movie plot for my life. After I close my eyes, my mind starts wandering. I find that anything can happen in this alternate universe. Without fail the creation of this plot will send me to sleep. I love that without me consciously making leaps, the plot continues in my dreams. I wake up feeling rested and fulfilled because I made something while I was unconscious.

~Eve Dygdon

A Digital Sleepover

Over the past year, I have been fortunate enough to meet some friends, whom I communicate with solely through Skype. One night, we joked about how we always hear our friend Danny snoring in our calls. This led to the idea of keeping the call going as we slept through the night. I slept peacefully without interruption. Then at 6 am, I was awakened by one of our friends who had not joined us in our digital sleepover. She was a bit confused as to why there was a call running overnight.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" she asked

"Hi," I murmured and then was awake for good.

A few hours later when I called them again, I asked about the previous night. Apparently, I was pretty quiet during the sleepover, but Tess had been breathing heavily. Jon claimed he heard snoring and grunting. Although all of us heard different noises and had different dreams, there is one thing we all agreed upon. We may not be close in distance but we are not alone.

Then The Room Went Dark

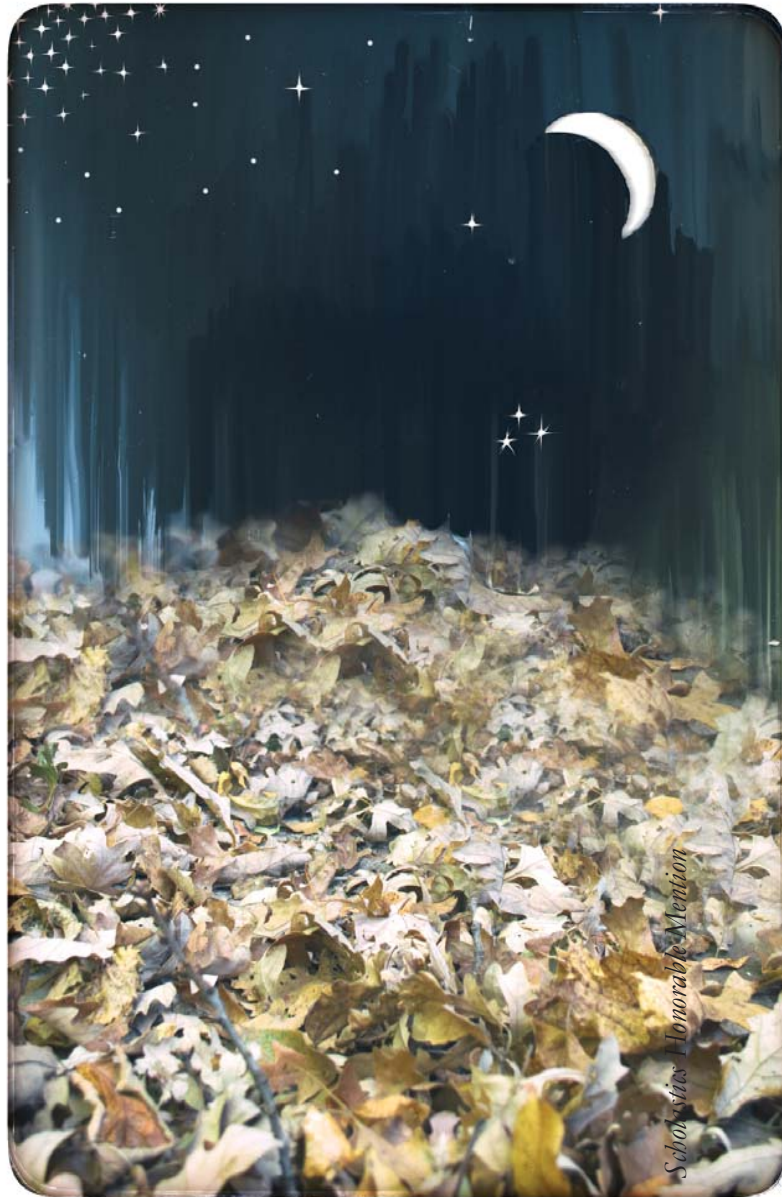
For as long as I can remember, nightfall meant curling up with my coonhound in bed and falling asleep together. Even when I was so small I could barely wrap my arms around her, I still loved nothing more than to simply hold her close to me as the room went dark.

I'd always had this notion in my head that she could fight the monsters under the bed if they dared to show themselves, and I grew up believing she could keep any monsters in my head at bay too. No matter how bad my day had gone or even if I felt that those whom I depended on failed me, she was there at the end of the night. That's what got me to sleep every night for 13 years - feeling that I had a companion and protector against all people and all odds.

This past year, I lost that companionship.

I've found over the years that the reality of the hardships we go through is much easier to ignore in the light of day, amidst the happy chaos of everyday life. When night comes, sleep can be lost to that reality falling upon us. Without her to fight off that reality or brave through it with me, sleep came slowly, if at all. I never thought my twin-sized bed could feel too big until she was no longer in it. As time has gone on, I've learned to accept the darkness around me without fear and become my own protector against the perils of the night, but there are still some nights when the silence sets in and the space on my bed turns to an abyss where I would give anything just to hold her close to me as the room goes dark.

~Grace DeCarlo



Sobolovics Honorable Mention

Payton Froats '17



Balance

The aspect of leisure contrasting an
unspoken code and breaking our
way of life. This
attitude yields
pessimism towards the
enjoyment: time
wasted.

sanity becomes an unattainable dream and
sanctuary is lost within the monotony.
lethargy synonymous with Latin.
the twin turbo whistles as priorities
shift to 8th gear.
money compilation for a vacation
never to be taken.
the fog uncovers the streaks upon
funhouse mirrors.
any attempt to wipe away and perfect
merely creates a more distorted reality.
why, picture the utter thought
the present is a present
that makes one dwell upon the stillness
and sheer passing of time.
just staring at the dirty white ceiling
absorbing the atmosphere as
the couch laid upon absorbs you.
for time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time.

~Drew Steichen



Dandelion

she was a dandelion
going wherever life took her
gusts of wind took pieces of her - pieces she would never get back-
leaving her filled with emptiness
her mother took a piece of her when she left home for the last time
and her father when he said she would never be as important as her sister.
she slowly began to wither away into nothing
just like a weed-
she didn't mean anything to anyone. she was an inconvenience
she felt uncomfortable and irritating
her face could light up a room
but as soon as you look into her eyes you
could see the hollowness and lightlessness of her soul
she feels as if her heart was going to beat out of her chest every
single time she stepped foot into her front door
filled with anxiety and hopelessness she would push herself to
grin as she sauntered through the living room where her brother
once overdosed on drugs
day by day she withered into nothing but a skeleton of who
she used to be

~Domenique Aguirre





Analy Martinez '16



Annemarie Elser '18



Beauty in Beholders Eyes

Red Roses are in my blood
Leafy green stems are my veins
A small canary lives in my rib cage
It sings all day, cute little notes
for 18 years it never missed a beat
My voice like autumn leaves and soft grass,
influencing you to listen to my words

Silver and Gold glitter sprinkles rest on my cranium
sometimes the glitter accumulates
then like snowfall it builds itself into words
but other times my brain messes up and makes a piece of coal
I hate when it does that..
strawberry fields grow out of my scalp and lay onto my shoulders
while laser cut emeralds lay in my eye sockets
showing me the outside world

and to think I'm not considered beautiful

~ *Maria Bartos*



Bitter Sugar

Sugar is a golden flavor,
Such a sweet creation
A cherished ambrosia
That creates a sublime, alluring presence.
One in many forms
A sugar that's a diamond for the eyes.
Or,
A melody for the ears,
Maybe even a candy for the lips.
More, more, more you cry,
I need more!
You take, take, and take
but never share.
You seclude it all.
Then it changes,
The diamond doesn't sparkle,
The melody rings hollow,
The candy turns sour
The flavors turn dull and rotten.
Bitter,
Bitter Sugar.

~ *Chris Lipi*

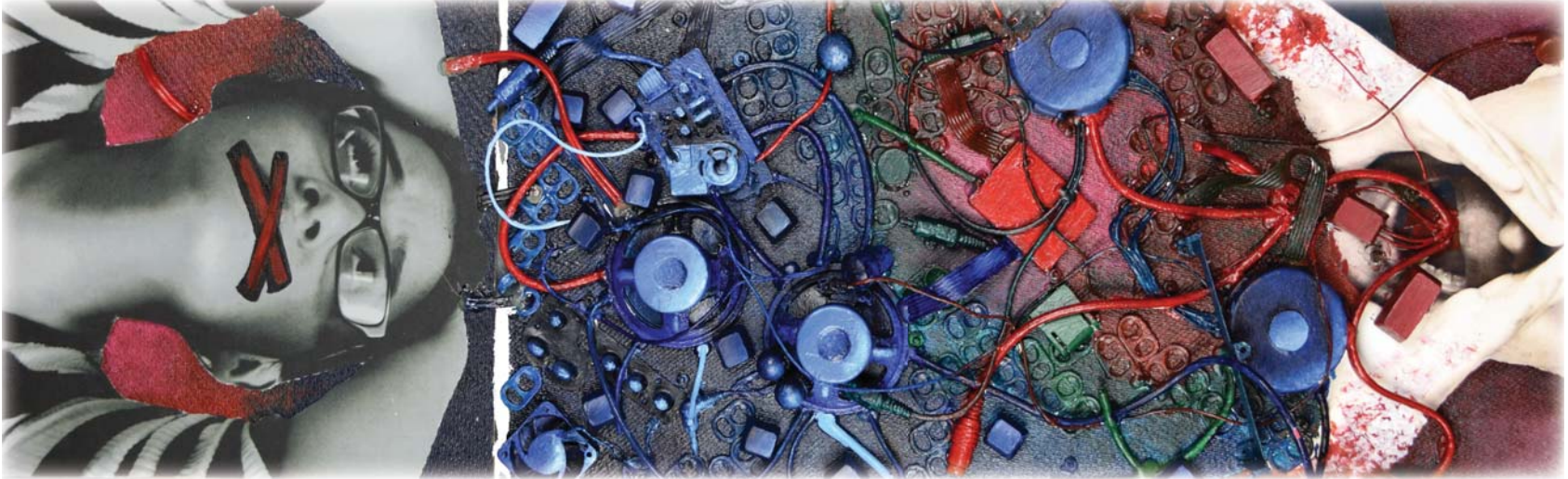




Claire Pikul '17

Scholastic Gold Key





Kristen Krajewski '16





Michelle Mo '17





Scholastic Gold Key

Alessandra Lane '17



The Breadth of My Hand

My palms are my story,
Every indentation, every flaw,
Engraved in me for the rest of eternity.
Providing insight into my past,

My present,
And my sooner future.
Displaying the toll of living,
From parched and achy,
To sodden and forgotten.

My palms are my story,
The in between of my fingers and my wrist,
Revealing all the precious moments that will forever be missed.

The souls touched,
The tears wiped,
And the dreams held clenched.
That concave part of my hand,
Has battled all challenges,
And grasped only victories.
My palms are my story,
Are they yours?

~Monika Ziogaitė



Farewell

The time has finally come,
the time in which we part and discover
who we are truly meant to
become.

The moment that we say our final goodbyes
to home-cooked meals,
teenage rules,
and clear blue skies.

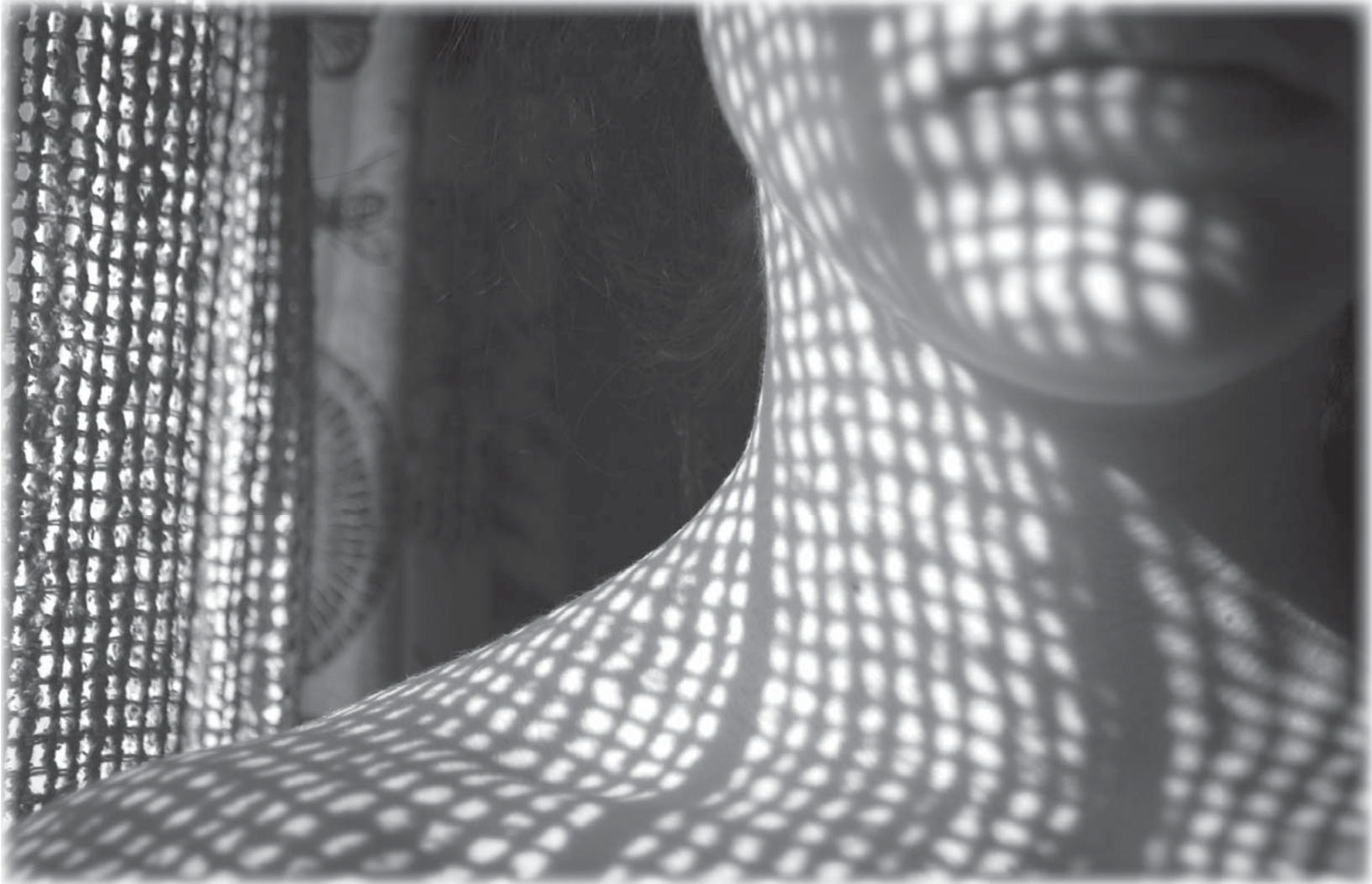
As we enter the world of adulthood,
the world of the unknown,
we are forced to grow up
and be all on our own.

No more relying on parents
for all that they do,
or worrying about the simple things
such as being out past curfew.
Bring on the jobs, taxes, and loans,
all the things that we wished we would
never have to know.

The things we watched our parents struggle with for years,
are finally here,
slowly beginning to taunt us in our ears.
But while getting old is frightening,
it comes with much more time,
time for enlightenment.
So put on that graduation cap,
strut down that aisle,
but just remember,
you're sadly no longer
going to be
a child.

~Monika Zioquite





Scholastic Silver Key

Paige Massey '17





Sydney Antiporek '18



Chloe Lapen '16





Katie Turyna '16





Scholastic Gold Key

Alessandra Lane '17



The Mirror Lies

the mirror lies
against the cracked dry wall
in my mother's room
where the lighting is dim enough
for me to see what i want to see
and ignore what i don't

here i put on a dress
for her
i looked in the mirror
and got a glimpse of happy
so i decided "that's enough for now"
and turned back on the scowl

the mirror lies across from the one built
into my mother's thrifty wardrobe
the one i keep my back facing
because it was too close to the light
to not catch in my hair
and i fear
it'll hurt when it catches in my sight
and in my mind
as well

i watched myself tear her letters up
so i could prove to myself i did it
but it was too dark to see
how i shoved her signature into the pocket
of my jeans, i threw them in the wash
and they couldn't wash her away

the mirror lies
or maybe that's me
because i keep her in my pocket
in my memory
in my heart
and by my side all day
even though i claimed to have thrown her away

i will set a date
this time
i will stick to it

the mirror does not lie
i do, and because i look in the mirror,
and it reflects me
it reflects my lies
but sometimes i can pretend
that it's too dark to tell
and so the mirror lies
and i let it



Lens

The setting sun of life that once illuminates
 A fiery sky contrasts the deep magentas
 of the silencing clouds that will reclaim one's soul,
 Clouds thick enough to walk on that suffocate
 The serene waterfalls of life's torrential emotions.
 A deep green moss covers
 the jagged edges
 of the rocks
 like a child's blanket,
 supporting the silhouette of a man
 Who develops the world around him,
 To see a better version of himself,
 to see what he wants to see,
 wants to be,
 All through the lens of his camera

~Connor Keegan

The Finest Friend

Tea is an amiable ally.
 A cozy, fine flavored drink oftentimes
 Infused with herbs like sage or chamomile.
 One not inimical or hostile, but of tender kin.
 Small curls of wispy steam rising
 Slowly through the air
 Are consolatory and enticing.
 Their warmth calls out to you
 To abandon your cluttered desk
 And embrace your companion once again.
 A companion who asks you in a quiet
 Voice how your day has been
 and gently consoles you if you're not hale.
 To me, fair
 It would be hard to live without
 You.
 Or replace
 You.

~Bridget Moroney





Scholastic Gold Key

Analy Martinez '16





Scholastic Gold Key

Claire Pikul '17





Juliette Moushon '16

Scholastic Gold Key



Scholastic Art & Writing Awards

“Since 1923, the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards have recognized the vision, ingenuity, and talent of our nation’s youth, and provided opportunities for creative teens to be celebrated. Each year, increasing numbers of teens participate in the program, and become a part of our community—young artists and writers, filmmakers and photographers, poets and sculptors, video game artists and science fiction writers, along with countless educators who support and encourage the creative process.

Our Mission

The Scholastic Art & Writing Awards are presented by the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers. The Alliance is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization whose mission is to identify students with exceptional artistic and literary talent and present their remarkable work to the world through the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. Through the Awards, students receive opportunities for recognition, exhibition, publication, and scholarships. Students across America submitted nearly 320,000 original works during our 2016 program year across 29 different categories of art and writing.”

<http://www.artandwriting.org/>

This year Claire Pikul and Allesandra Lane won three National Scholastic Medals and will be honored at Carnegie Hall in June 2016.

In addition, Claire won nine regional Scholastic Gold Keys, four Scholastic Silver Keys, and two Honorable mentions. Alessandra won four regional Gold Keys, one Scholastic Silver Key and one Honorable Mention.

Congratulations to these extremely talented students.





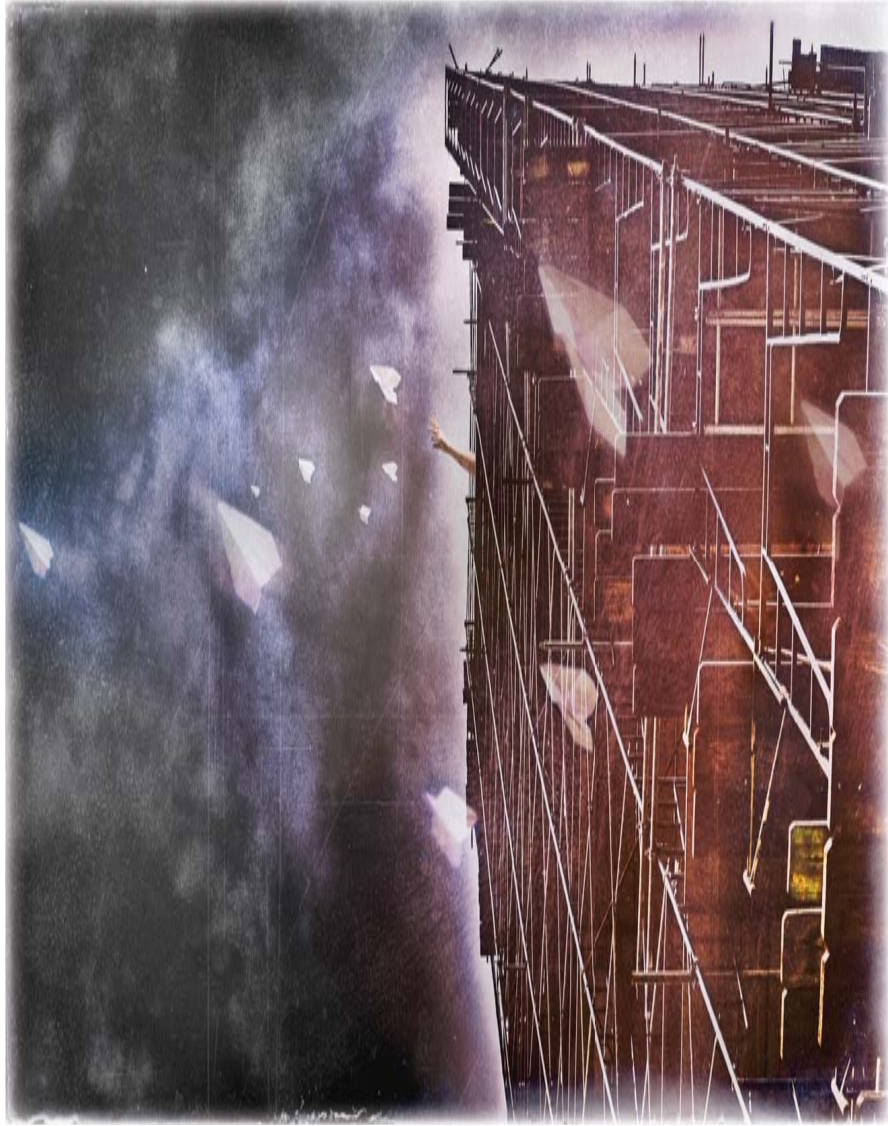
Scholastics National Silver Medal

Alessandra Lane '17



Scholastics National Gold Medal

Claire Pikul '17





Scholastics National Gold Medal

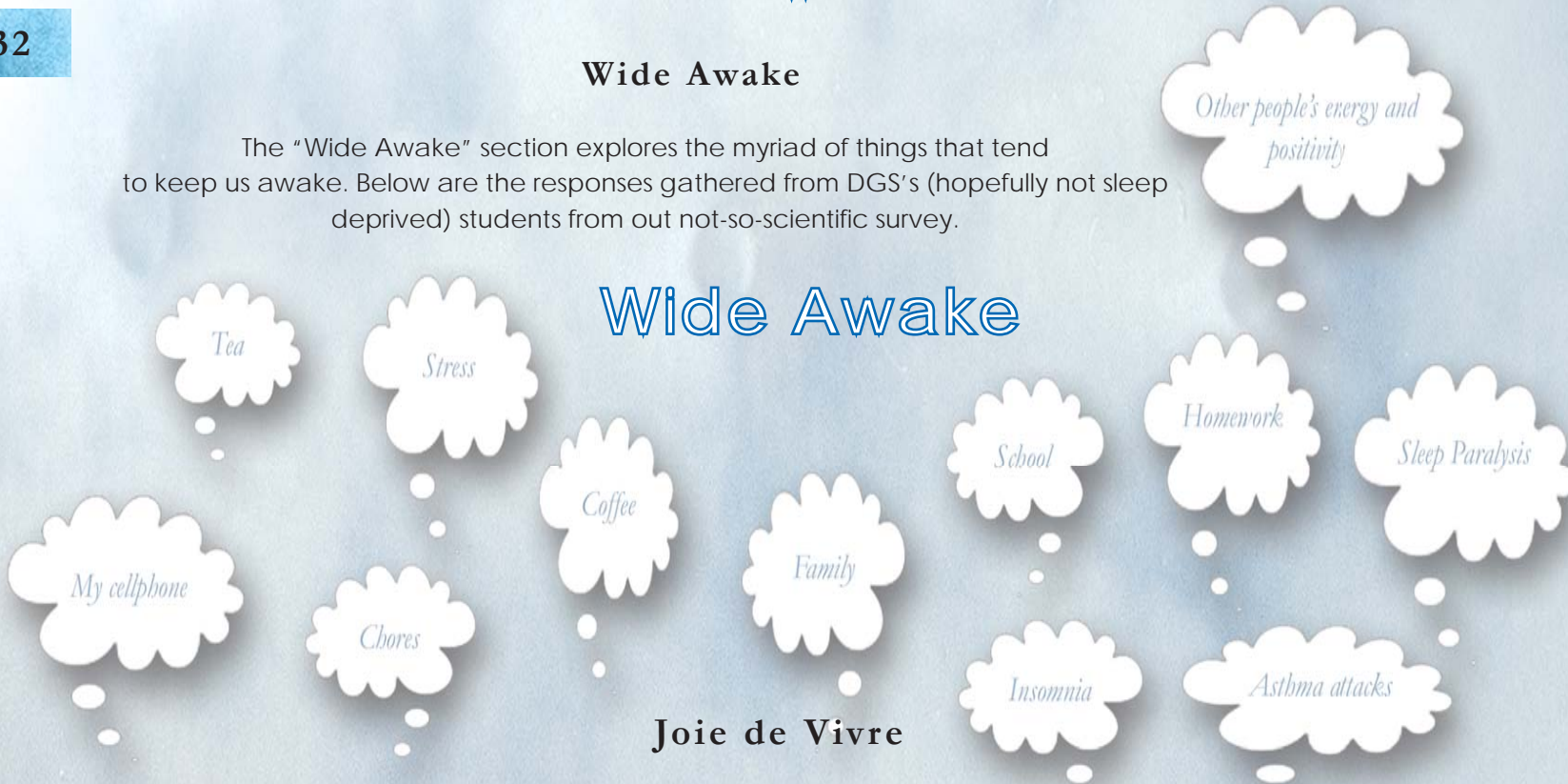
Claire Pikul '17



Wide Awake

The "Wide Awake" section explores the myriad of things that tend to keep us awake. Below are the responses gathered from DGS's (hopefully not sleep deprived) students from our not-so-scientific survey.

Wide Awake



Joie de Vivre

What keeps me awake at night is insomnia with a helping of having an overactive mind. When I'm not writing something, I feel like I should be writing. Therefore, plots clutter my head like dust bunnies under a couch. If I'm not thinking of fictional storylines, it's an outline for a poem or for a short narrative. There is no way to stop me once I get started on one plot line that I have interest in, either, and suddenly it's after two in the morning and I have been laying thinking about something I could be writing down in lieu of sleeping. And if it's not that, it's thinking about something stupid I have done recently; this usually leads to a train of thought on how I could include this into a plotline, and I'm back to square one.

The only way I can fall asleep is by listening to a song that has lyrics on a loop and being hyper focused on every word. Sometimes, having so much in my brain pays off; I always have something to write about. Other times, it's not as great because it's hard to focus. Regardless of how I feel about having something constantly in my mind, I'd take that over silence any day - or night.

~Charley Malloy

Self-induced Insomnia

meditate
 on the day's events
 sifting, filtering, soaking
 in your internal electrical storm
 what if
 i did this
 or said that
 or left the door closed
 instead of leaving it open
 what if i had not forgotten
 to have done that which I intended to do
 thoughts
 tumultuously rolling through the mind
 flattening all they see
 while the faintest string of that something
 tugs you, insistent, waiting to be heard
 be quiet you say
 let me meditate
 and so you think
 about how stupid you sounded
 when you said that Very Important Thing
 to that Very Important Person
 when you tried to let her know
 that your appreciation extends beyond
 the empty, insubstantial platitude of "thank you"
 but simply ended up repeating yourself
 reliving embarrassment has always been an ugly thing
 you know that
 but you're also a fool
 so every night, you continue to meditate

~Akila Shanmugham



Scholastic Silver Key

Analy Martinez '16





The Wayward Light of Consciousness

My mind is a firefly
Idling through aimless fantasies
a rarity during the day
Hallways and exchange blur
"what was that again?" i ask

My mind is a firefly
or a lightning bug maybe
Flares of thought and reflection
sometimes withheld in a drought
on occasion a torrent that comes
tides of contemplation towing me under
and I let myself
tumble
among
them.

My mind is a firefly
Faculties of thinking, willing, choosing,
nocturnal by nature
Unattached, flying from opinion
to judgment to belief
Occasionally trapped in the jar of an idea
enraptured, luminous till daybreak

~Nikitha Gade



Missed Trains

my thoughts are missed trains
day in and day out, you hear a chorus
of sighs, another train missed, another
destination not reached
my mouth is a package you'd receive in the mail,
taped up so nothing falls out
i trap my words inside as though they were my prisoners, I
refuse them the keys and I watch
them beg, as friends pass by, my
words will hide and I miss
the trains that have come for me
as they pull into the station, my feet become frozen,
as though a cold winter has just taken place,
and i say to myself, "I cannot miss another train"
but I stand there and watch as the people get on,
one by one as though each had a number
and I watch them sit down,
their faces blank canvasses,
I don't understand why, they're going
somewhere I'm not, but I let that
train leave as I fill with regret,
all the things I didn't say when I
was given the chance, I think it's time
to open up, this dusty old shop
has been closed for too long
Not sure where to go but
I'll make sure that I go somewhere
No more trains will be missed

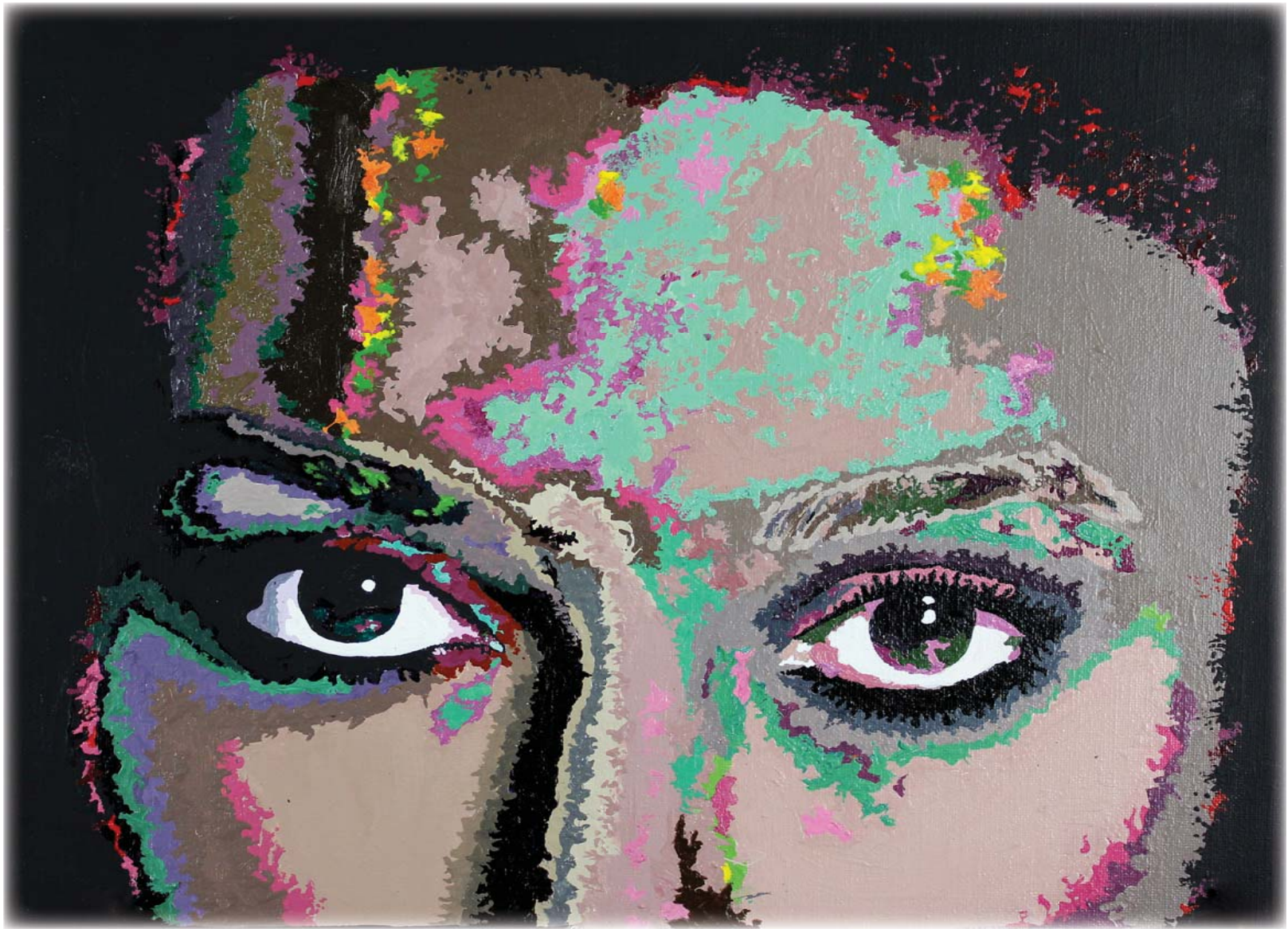
~ *Hannah Sprandel*





Katie Turyna '16





Hannah Maes '17



True Art

paintings on a canvas tell more about
 a person than what the mouth can
 the mouth says you are not good
 so don't speak, do not waste breath
 you cannot be completely silent
 you have talent, to paint, draw, express
 so you put beauty on a canvas, you make the art
 with parts of you that have been told are to be silent
 you think the patterns in your mind are the real art
 you're on the streets, but that doesn't make you
 dirty. you have failed to see that you are the art
 canvas supplies a space but the
 canvas is not where the beauty is
 you are the holder of that
 you are the art

~ Briana Kesterson



Rachel Irwin '17



Rachel Irwin '17

To Be or Not to Be

To be or not to be
 the words flooded my mind like a basement
 I saw the evidence with my own eyes, it stung
 but like a car crash I couldn't look away
 The pain sliced me right down the middle
 the image of him laying with her in that way was
 the rubbing alcohol in the cuts
 I prayed so hard for this to be a nightmare
 God must have been busy the past few days
 A snow globe took place of my heart
 salt water streams kissed my heart
 I could control the world with one hand
 only if he was holding the other
 he let go, the world shattered.

~ Maria Bartos



Sparrow

No eyes are on the sparrow

And yet

She still sings

For the ones who have rejected her

Chasing the wind

Like flies to fire.

No eyes are on the sparrow

And yet

She still fights

Beating her small wings

Trying to save the ones who left her behind.

No eyes are on the sparrow

And still

She says 'I love you'

To a vast nothing

She will keep singing until she hears her song returned.

She knows that no one is watching

And it makes her song easier to sing.

She is a broken record.

Not even the mountains echo her calls.

No eyes are on the sparrow

To watch her

To tell her if she's real.

And still she sings.

~Gabrielle Henderson



Caught

Sunday night on the road
Streetlights paving the way
I've driven this route
so many times

You had me caught in a web
forcing repetition
like a needle on a vinyl record
that has reached the end

I felt comfort
in the rhythm

Connected to you by wires,
it leads my path

through the desert and the rainforest,
forward is where I drive

This desolate road I travel
is one you used to travel with me
Well worn in its journey
with warm winds, sun tanned skin,
and laughter

It's hard not to feel abandoned
when you left me to drive this road
with only the cold wind
and dark skin
to remember you by.

We are trees that we planted together
Much of what you saw was raw
Roots exposed out to you,
Right there
for you to grasp.
And so you did.

~*Hannab Dunlap*





Scholastic Gold Key

Katie Turyna '16



Self/Mind

Love, if I could give you one single word of advice,
If I could string together a code that would heal your heart and give
your soul a place to stand
If you don't listen to a word fall out of my mouth for the rest of your life
so help me God listen to this one last spiel

Value yourself

Find a sparkle in your smile

Find a sanctuary in your laughter

Find a soundness within your mind

Find a home in your skin and plant your
two feet so deep in the ground

That you grow roots so strong Hurricane Katrina couldn't tear you out
from the soil because you've defied mother nature herself
Love,

Please don't lose yourself,

When you lose yourself you find your worth in another soul

You start obsessing and identifying with other feelings

You start cutting your edges to try to fit the puzzle but love,

You fail to realize you have emotions yourself

And a voice louder than thunder I swear you shook me, struck me
with lightning and pinned me to every mountaintop,

lost for words, completely breathless in awe of what you could be
Remember, there's nothing wrong with being satisfied with yourself

Don't sell yourself short,

You can part the Red Sea like Moses did

or defy gravity and fly to the moon,

There are no boundaries here

You are as light as a cloud and as influential as a match
that lights a forest fire

You are as tall as the Sears Tower and as strong
as the iceberg that sunk the Titanic

But it's worth nothing if you don't believe it

You can have a million dollars and never spend a penny

You can write a bestselling novel and never publish a copy

You could have found the very cure for cancer and keep it to yourself
So love,

Like I said before, love yourself first and then maybe, if you find room
for someone else let them in

Because the homeless can't provide shelter

and the sickly can't donate an organ to give someone else life

You need an intact entity to be somebody's eternity

So love,

If you don't listen to a word fall out of my mouth for the rest of your life
so help me God listen to this one last spiel





Brianna Brookes '16



Kevin Kirkolis '16



Sarah Casey '18





Juli Beierwaltes '16



Ari Ganabl '16





Scholastic Silver Key

Claire Pikul '17

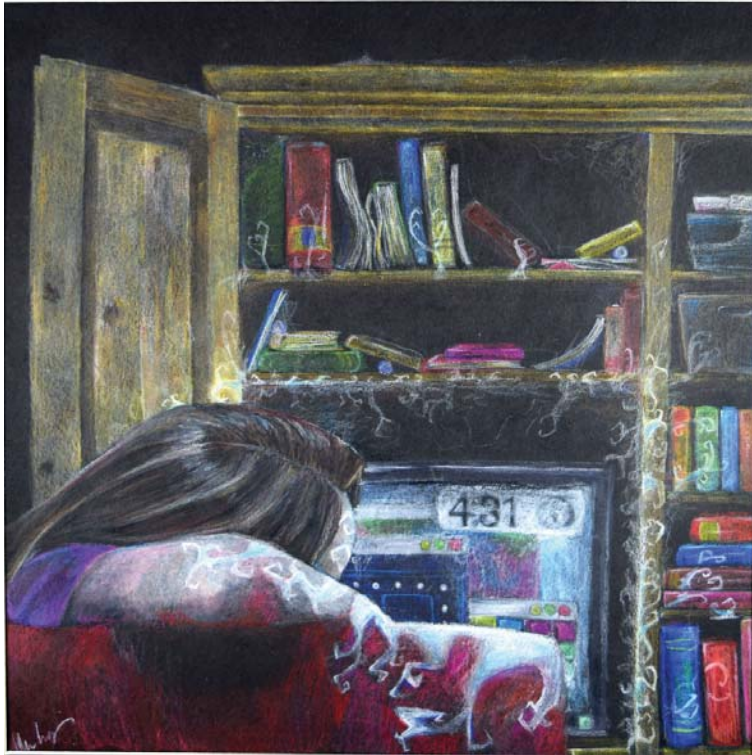


Lifting Weights

She says she's going to the chiropractor again
But she already knows what they're going to tell her
That she's carrying too much
That her back can't take the weight she's holding
But maybe it's not just the weight of the drums she carries every day
She bears the burden of everyone around her
She holds all of their problems and concerns and complaints
Always seeming happy to give advice
But they don't seem to see that the weight of the world is a hell of a burden
For her it's a problem to say it's your problem
Learning how is a lesson not taught in school no matter how important it is
It's a lesson learned through realizing that caring for those who don't care is
death
To find life you need to carry only what you need
Otherwise the weight will drag you down to the depths
But there are ways to stay afloat
True soul searching is finding those that will keep you up
Those that will bear the world with you even if you ask them not to
Those few that when you say you need a day off will hold the whole thing
Just so that you can take a small break
Those few that would not let you sit at another table at lunch
The few that instead of dumping everything on you
Seek to help you with the weight you already have

~Sean Roney





Chloe Lapen '16

Mind Your Mess

My room is a wreck

I can't seem to rid myself of the possessions I don't need,
Like the books I've already read, or the letters I neglected to send
My mom constantly complains because she can't see the floor,

I can hardly crack open the door

If you can see past the clutter, confusion and disarray
You could grasp the fact that my mind is precisely
the same way

because my mind is chaos, mayhem, and clutter
I can't seem to do away with the memories I don't need

or the empty words you spoke to me
the baggage that weighs me down firmly,
as if the earth doubled its force of gravity
pinning my beat-up shoes to the ground

I keep thinking about the same thing for days, weeks and months
Yet I still can't even remind myself to bring money for lunch

Head in the ceiling fan goes rolling,
because you couldn't get me to focus if you tried
and if I said I understood I lied

~Kellie Strakalaitis



Payton Froats '17





Mya Glover '17



The Beauty Within

You are a book.

A book that pushes people away; not so congenial to readers.

A world where you can experience a different kind of life.

Looking at you, I could see something atypical;
that you were a significant kind of book.

You were a difficult book to read.

There were countless words, numerous chapters, and a heap to understand.

There were many different climaxes in your book. Several twists and turns.

Emotional sections and happy parts.

Your stories gave me a reason to keep going.

You were a book that had my interest from the first moment.

The cover of your book was more appealing than any other book I had ever
seen.

I wanted to read your books so bad.

I wanted to know your story;

what you make people feel;

what they think about.

I needed to know.

You showed me a life that I had never experienced before.

I could follow you to the beginning,

just to relive the start.

Maybe then we'd remember to slow down,

at all of our favorite parts.

You are my favorite book to read.

~ *Cassidy Dresden*



Effusion

Return is infinite disorder.
Pages crimped, curled,
I'm left confused

As I read line after line of my blackout poetry
Trying to get better in the time

I have - it's precious and limited.

With souls bared in a group of teens,

Most add to their books

I divide the pages and dissect the story

Trying to figure out who I am and

How can I express that I am breathing

I am existing and I take up space and that's okay

Even when I'm not.

I have this chaos in my mind that I express with every slice
The pages are my enemy and while I take them apart

I put myself back together.

I screw up but that is sanity.

Regret is natural and I cannot go back.

In our group we tell our stories

until we became phoenixes, rising from the ashes

Of the words that people spat at us when they said that we

weren't

Adequate.

It is hard to go back to someone you left behind.

It's messy, and it's complex, and it's like trying to scream un-

derwater,

But it is vital.

~*Charley Malloy*





Christina Markovski '18





Scholastic Silver Key

Claire Pikul '17



Art

This poem might be considered art.
To some it might even be a masterpiece.

It will talk about the complexities
that surround life.

It will mention the dead
and the living.

This poem will be deep and dense
just like the dead sea.

It will reach heights to the
eiffel tower.

As beautiful as a
flower.

Cause tower and flower,
they rhyme, so now this poem
will be fit

for the books of Shel Silverstein
talking about endless sidewalks,
and backwards houses.

This poem is hardly art,
It's a poem, about a poem,
that may or may not
exist.

~ *Chloe Lapen*



Jhenevie Oca '18



The Piano in the Corner

There's a piano that sits in the corner
that when I was born looked lively and new
With ivory like diamonds and wood so shiny, I swear

I could always see my reflection
My mom always played to express herself
and my sister and I would listen.

She'd play all night, her beautiful music,
while notes were all we could play.

There's a piano that sits in the corner,
that's starting to wear and tear
Dust lines the keys and trails up to the top,
my reflection no longer there

Mom teaches kids inside of our home,
the familiar tunes that I used to know
She waves goodbye, grabs all the books,
then closes the lid on the keys

There's a piano that sits in the corner,
that now is covered in junk

The keys sound sharp and the wood is wearing.
It looks as though it's aged
My sister's away at college,
and my parents are always stressed

Life is catching up to us
I rarely hear it played

There's a piano that sits in the corner,
that creaks whenever it's opened
we're all a bit older but at least we're together
to listen once again

our piano represents so much more
and in many different ways
our piano is family and our piano is love, it has
ivory like diamonds and wood so shiny, I swear
it has changed my life

~Hannah Sprandel





Alessandra Lane '16



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Ivy Bukowski '18

Zzzz Assignment

Throughout the years, Calllope has relied on Digital Photo Studio courses for stunning covers and artwork that seamlessly flows with our theme. This year, instructor Ms. Michelle Lynn gave her students a prompt specifically tailored to our theme "Zzzz". Students were given poems, phrases, and famous works as inspiration for their photos, setting out to capture a moment that feels like "Zzzz" sounds. Many of these works have been nestled within the pages of this year's magazine and we urge you to seek them out, as their contributions are nothing short of breathtaking.

Calllope

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