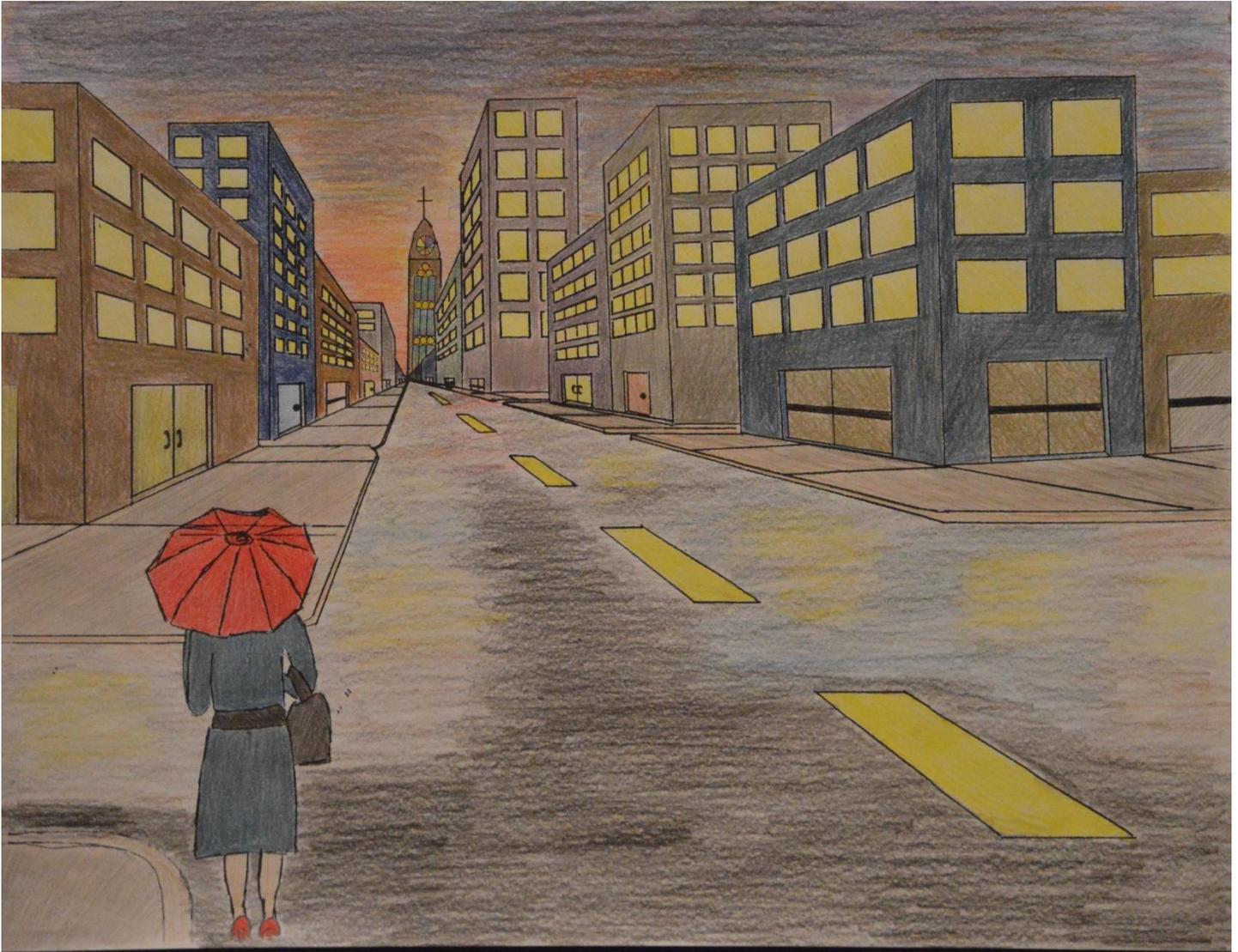


BETHLEHEM CATHOLIC LITERARY MAGAZINE



“Light Unto My Path” by Kaitlyn Hartman

2016-2017 School Year

Featuring artwork and literature by the students
of Bethlehem Catholic

Dear Reader,

It is with great pleasure that I present to you the first issue of Bethlehem Catholic's Literary Magazine. These students have worked very hard to bring you examples of their art—both written and visual.

These students should be commended for several things. First, for the necessary skill in producing such work. I am consistently amazed by the things they are capable of achieving. And second, for the courage it takes to put forth one's innermost thoughts in the way they have. Writing of any sort is intensely personal, and this sort of writing is the most personal of all.

I would like to thank all the students who submitted, without whom this would not have been possible. I would also like to thank Mr. Petruzzelli for providing this opportunity to both myself and the students.

And I would like to thank you, the reader.

Now read on, and step into the minds of some of the brightest, most talented individuals that I have had the pleasure of knowing.

Mr. Asbury

Moderator and editor



“Spring Love” by Kaitlyn Hartman

“Vigilant”

By Elizabeth Nemeč

Stay awake

Through the honest night when Abram learns his descendants will be oppressed for centuries

Through the destined night when Jesus hangs on the cross and Peter falters.

Stay awake

Through the piercing cries on Kristallnacht as the visage of windows transforms into a new earth

Through the gun shots and sound of feet hitting pavement while figures blur into a dark horizon.

Stay awake

Through the monotonous nocturnal death marches that pull prisoners legs up and down in pounding rhythms

Through the cacophonous clangor of violent chaos that blasts through the television screen.

Stay awake.

As our eyes were opened to the horrors of the night

We let tears flow in disbelief.

You mean that while I danced

Children died?

While I prayed

Mothers cried?

Although seeing is not believing

Because we swore we would never let it happen again.

We are awake but we're always sleeping.

Do the rose colored glasses blind us from seeing the roses placed on graves?

No amount of floral adornment

Can hide the blood that runs through our streets.

Children are still dying

Mothers are still crying

As guns, bombs, and hatred lie

Neatly packed in a convenient arsenal.

Ask yourself if this can be blamed on the elusive force of evil

Or if the culprit is the one most often overlooked?

Look down and see whose blood is on your hands.

And most of all,

Stay awake.



“Untitled” by Darron Benson

Untitled

By Mary Scheidel

the broken cry of helplessness when beaten down and hurt
the mournful keen of losing anything or everything
the raucous call of battles fought for nothing, fought for all
the ancient pull of freedom known to men as noble death

the fear of all that lurks beyond the leaping fire's grasp
the jealousy of dozens with a different lot in life
the anger at the many wounds inflicted by mere words
the blazing blood that's in us all, for better or for worse



"Frosty Night" by Kaitlyn Hartman

“could?-an adolescent lament”

By Mary Scheidel

i am an accordion
never knowing what to be

i am a chameleon
never what you think you see

i can be a scorpion
you think you can handle me

i am a centurion
fighting just so i'll be free

i am a comedian
laughing through the tragedy
i am an accordion
do i have a way to be?



“King of the Monsters” by Nicholas Casso

“Untitled”

By Keith Neidig

It comes done to the end.
The last thing I will send.
No longer an apology,
Just a new policy.
I'm losing all of my control.
I'm just gonna let my anger roll.
And when I'm done,
I'm gonna be done.
You took this heart,
And tore it apart.
But now it's my last hour,
And I'm not going to be sour.
I want to thank you
Not only for pulling me through
But causing all this pain
For which I overcame
There will always be the stain
That never made me the same.



“Hot Chocolate” by Nicholas Casso

“Death of the Author”

By Anonymous

She read a book once
that told her she was special,
something unique that could never
have possibly existed before.
And she believed it.
That was the how the world worked
for a while,
the simplicity of one-way spinning
around a stationary object in the sky
until
there came the realization that
the book was telling the story
of someone who never existed,
written by someone on the other side
of the planet
who hadn't a clue about the way
the world works
or what he had really written
and what it would mean
to the person who read it.