

ILLUMINATE

RUGBY HIGH SCHOOL'S CREATIVE WRITING MAGAZINE

inspire.

imagine.

Illuminate.

EDITION II

SPRING TERM

2016

Welcome to the Spring Term edition of 'Illuminate'; the Rugby High School creative writing magazine. You will see that this literary journal continues to celebrate the culture of creativity and literature at the school.

Inspired by the theme of "place", much of the writing featured in this edition explores this idea. The students have interpreted the concept in many different, evocative ways: some poems offer a detailed observation and celebration of nature; others explore the emotional complexities of what is familiar, strange, lost, and remembered.

You will also enjoy flash fiction created by students, stories that capture just a moment with intensity and vivacity. Some poems are personal, some political. Some experiment with different poetic forms. All are original, compelling, and thought-provoking.

Many thanks to all the students who have contributed to this edition and colleagues from the English Department.

Olga Dermott-Bond and Katy Ellis

Contents

3- A lingering Moment in Pigment	Julia Itrych
4- A Cinquain about...	Theresa Zhang
5- Brooklyn Night Bus	Tyra Aliyah- Walcott
6- Two Cinquains and a poem about night	Ella Roberts
7- tomorrow	Leah Bashford
8-9- Shoebox Burial	Kelsee Porter
10- Sunrise	Olivia Trace
11- Autumn Morning	Josie Allen
12- Desert Scene 2015	Hannah Edwards
13- As the Curtain Lifts	Lydia Jinks
14-15- Wastwater	Caitlin Mullin
16-17- Honfleur	Sophie McGuigan
18-19- Home	Estella Haynes
20- I have arrived	Jenni Wesson
21- Poem	Becca Sandercock
22- Childhood Home	Chloe Berry

A Lingering moment in pigment

There are fourteen steps down to the swing and coincidentally fourteen years of her. Her tell-tale footsteps reach their destination at seven minutes past midnight, and although it's not her greatest achievement, she's proud of herself for being so daring. The sky is scabbed over with silver around the edges framing the inert trees. It's cold. She grips the rope with her icicle fingers and launches herself onto the tyre, the tress thundering around her, minuscule twigs raining down into her hair. She swings and the smile on her face is wide.

Her trainers punch holes in the sky. Out of the corner of her eye she spots a bright idiosyncrasy etched on the tree trunk, a chalk drawing. As she swings past her hands reach out and she is left with cerulean marking her fingers. She feels so alive. Her head leans back and she opens her eyes.

Before her is a celestial piece of art. Little pencil scuffs. Unfathomable. The space between her and the stars unfolds in such quantity it hurts her to think about it. She reaches up, tries to catch one, knowing that if she picked one off and stored it away she would rattle the scaffolds of the sky. She looks back down, back to the dirty black earth. She has to go home now.

Julia Itrych

A Cinquain about...

Login

Word Processor

Close YouTube, one page left

Load tray two, clear jam, no ink left

Homework

Theresa Zhang

Brooklyn night bus

A half-moon high in the sky,
It demonstrates clarity as I begin my journey.
Moon blazing.
I now realise I have time,
Time in which I can wrap myself in my work.
The grumbling engine starts and I'm gone.

I leant my face against the smeared glass.
Comfortably, sheltered in a subway under pass,
Finding hope and preciousness in his companion.
The dusty road crushes under the tyres,
As nobody else spares a second to notice him.

Midnight reigns now.
Freely roaming, a woman passes,
She's stumbling the sidewalk as her life stems away from her.
She watches the bus pass,
Longing, fearing she has no way home.
As we direct south by south-western,
I wonder how her smile grows as her heart continues to break.

I hear the noise of her high heeled shoes distance from me.

Holding up the sky, still the moon bursts through the clouds.
My roots are far behind me.
Ever more nearing my destination.
And then the man, he would lift his finest brief case,
Safely shadowed in the streets,
Likely to be dashing home from his tangled business life.
A soft breath.
It escapes from his lips as I see him fishing for his keys.

The true nature of urban life.
Some say a suburban wasteland but,
The characters of this place are more.
I had packed away my dreams at home
And given myself to a new place.

Here, progress grows wild
And there she is, the city of dreams.

Tyra Aliyah Walcott

Two Cinquains and a poem about night

No Time.

Where are the stars?

The night sky is too dark

And their absence stand out like a

Knife point

The air

Is still, in the

Small hours. The time when you

Roam the deserted streets, claim them

Your own.

City lights

Blink a Morse code,

Tapping out the lives of those who reside there.

A modern starry night, replacing Van Gogh's oils

With neon signs.

Ella Roberts

tomorrow

it's a strange place, they told me
filled with unfinished tasks and errands
pointing to the left, they showed me
the broken vase with glue beside.

around the corner, they found me
next to a five stringed guitar
helping me up , they dragged me
to a teenager waiting by the phone

when I was leaving, they caught me
holding out of date plane tickets
running up the stair, they cornered me
with an empty suitcase never to be packed

after countless days, they helped me
to find a notebook with a half-finished novel
never make promises, they advised me
as the next day looms ahead

Leah Bashford

Shoebox Burial

(inspired by e e cummings)

The clock is ticking
much too loudly, without your voice
to break its beat.
You haven't spoken
in hours
and I feel you slip, fade, crumble
into the streaked lemon walls
and flaking ceiling tiles.
They press in on me from
all sides,
squeezing the life out of me burning
themselves into my mind –
This is not a room I will soon forget. This
is the room where part of me resides,
suffocated by endless hours
spent counting the tiles
spent scuffing the floor, head down,
spent waiting for a piece of myself
to slip through my fingers.

When I close my eyes
I am there again;
those walls press in like filthy palms,
those machines whirl in place of your breaths

and the clock ticks much too loudly

and part of me falls

away,

again and again and again.

The longest night of my life is acted out by shadow puppets

in a shoebox left out in the rain,

lit by humming florescent eyes.

Kelsee Porter

Sunrise

The dusk has chosen to be
Inarguably sullen and beautiful today
It sets in with the sun glowering through the clouds
Which are dark
Dark as destined to fall upon the dry earth
Crashing on solemn – standing trees
A storm may be coming in this dusk
Of orange sky with blue magnificence
It is so beautifully sad like a heartbreak song
The sun of life
Setting upon concrete made by man

Olivia Trace

Autumn Morning

Water ripples stutter, s- stutter and dissolve into black ink

Trees shiver, shed their memories of a carefree summer,

Reeds shudder, whisper their lost regrets as they grow old,

Footsteps falter.

Ribbons of light emerge from the dormant sky,

Shrouding the picturesque landscape

In mist and fog,

Footsteps falter

Josie Allen

Desert Scene 2015

Miles of vast desert illuminated in the sun's brilliant glare,

The air is arid and barren.

Burnt across the landscape it lies

Blackened and scorched,

Exposed and eradicated.

A smudge of black against an empty wasteland,

Bearing witness to where once there was life,

The body of the shattered plane lies lifelessly.

Broken.

Twisted fragments of metal strewn across the Dunes

Shredded at ease by some fearsome hand.

Secluded beside the tangled wreckage it lies

A single crimson shoe

Miniature in size

Decorated with an impish floral pattern

Once it held the foot of a young child.

On Friday she played in the sands of Sharm el – Sheikh.

On Saturday she died above the sands of the desert.

The desert of Arabia.

The desert of death.

Hannah Edwards

As the Curtain lifts

Burning blistering light illuminated tense muscle shaped in her back, like a breath waiting to be exhaled. The quick changes and strenuous work were evident in the intoxicating smell of sweat, leather and blood that surrounded her. Her heavy sharp breathing was the only sound, echoing over the mass of dark bodies, where the demand of stage lights didn't extend, situated in the compact theatre. With trembling fingers and heartbeats in their ears, tiny, dainty ballerinas took their places around her like pieces on a chess board. In front of the dancers lay a waterfall of thick crimson velvet, weighed down on the stage. The only barrier between her and the awaiting audience. Pinching at her ankle, her ribbons like satin bandages keeping her in one piece, itching just enough to transport her back to the present. Pinching just enough to remind her that the countless classical ballet lessons were about to pay off. Finally she relevéd perfectly en pointe in the centre of the stage. Upon the wooden boards was her life's work. As if by magic and oh so seamlessly, the draped curtains rose and the transfixing hum of the music began without hesitation. Without a second thought she lifted her upstage leg into an arabesque en l'air and became Odette.

Lydia Jinks

Wastwater

Silence is golden,
Sun rays, thick and sweet,
Spread across the mirrored water
Wind whispering quiet

We wandered back today.

The spine –stretched lake echoed
And the mountains called your name.
Resonating back across the levelled pebbles
My words flattened and smoothed, ironed out

I saw you in the rib bone rocks
Clambering past the lichen face boulders
You turned to face the sun
Butter soaking through the wrinkled parchment

And your eyes, still pools of tears, wind –whipped and raw
A cataract- dappled lake.
Which waivered and ripples
As each step shook your fragile frame

We carried you past the last part,
Over the screen ribboned rivulets
And in your pooling eyes I saw

The rocky profile of your face crumbling

An avalanche of defeat

Caitlin Mullin

Honfleur

I know you. I would remember those gleaming eyes anywhere.
Blue my favourite colour, because of you. The way the light
Flickers against the sandy dents of your skin. Uneasy. Enormous
Shadows peering over the multi- coloured blocks, your clothes.

The warmth of your touch, how familiar it feels, gliding over my
Skin leaving a rosy tint along the way. Burns. How you burn me.
I feel dehydrated, looking into your eyes, but can't stop the feeling
Of drowning. They like you, the fishermen, they like you a lot.

Murmuring fills my ears, as children run chasing the birds while
Their parents watch and laugh. Funny. You like to make people feel
Happy. I remember the merry go round, the jingly that doesn't stop
Playing. The circle lights, on day and night. You like to come out at night.

Night-time is beautiful thanks to you. They don't stop staring, do they?
Pretty and peaceful people gather together to appreciate the baby holding
An arrow. Splash. The dots glisten at the bottom, wrinkled and cold.
Naughty ones paddling and stealing. But you don't mind.

Your colourful hair waves in the delicate wind. Click Click. Hands covering
Eyes, fingers in the air gazing at your works. Even the people dressed in
Black still admire you, as they shuffle out of the grandest one of all. People
Come from all round just to see you. Don't you feel special?

I hate to leave you. The glistening face wide and powerful, guiding those

Brave enough, through your eyes. Crumbling yet statuesque, I could not
Fault you. Dirty fumes collide with the aroma of hot luscious foods, I love
That smell. Not long have I spent with you but oh how I know you.

Sophie McGuigan

Home

Crimson blood

Racing down the staircase,

Faster, faster,

Seeping into the cherry wood floors.

Chased by a shoe, a paw print, the soft underfoot of a child,

Following memories

Of distant footsteps, voices,

Desperately holding on.

A pew

Rests its weary legs

On the arsenic tiles,

Echoing the distant songs of an organ

And singing the sweet notes of a choir boy:

A seedling

Cast away in the wind.

Red Brick walls

Mesmerised

With a touch of a carpenter, a workman,

Leaving their thumbprints in dust

And in the sound of the creaking floorboards,

All hidden

By a dense ivy shroud,

Safe

Estella Haynes

I Have Arrived

I have arrived.
Ready to bring joy to these grateful people
They have waited so long for this moment
It will bring them hope
Having a good education
Will help them get on in life
It will help me
See how lucky I am
With my life
I am healthy
They have no protection against disease
I have a roof over my head
Many of them simply a
Roof of dried grass or mud
Some not even that
This one visit
This one trip
Will transform their lives
My contribution of a simple pen
Will allow them to get a needed education
My few pennies
Will give them a life.

Jenni Wesson

Poem

Hidden from those who see it as
A puddle, a leakage, a bulge
In a winding pipe that lacks enclosure.

Trees strain and stretch their strongest limbs
To protect it from a bitter breeze
That strives to scrape away its amber glow.

The winter penetrates flying leaves
But here you cannot feel the chill
For summer is trapped in its reflection.

When a lone creature appears
They hear only a distant gush
And a muffled reply somewhere upstream.

Becca Sandercock

Childhood home

I am your childhood home.

I'm the nostalgia you feel when looking through
Old photos. I'm both the feeling of happiness
And sadness and I smell like your mother's old cooking.
My voice sounds like the echo of young children's
Laughter, you and your brothers, if I remember
Correctly. I feel like the gravel you tumbled onto
When you first took the stabilisers off your bike for the
First time, hot and unforgiving, and I taste like the
Apologies you hated giving to others. I have your
Father's eyes, your grandfather's mouth, your mouth.

I'm the feeling of dread in the pit of your stomach
When you hear the news. Another family member
Another friend gone. I know that you love me but
At the same time bitterly long times gone by
That will never come again.

I am your childhood home
And I know that you love me
But I am a place of the past

Chloe Berry

