

Welcome to “The Catalyst of Creation”

Where does inspiration come from? How do we achieve epiphany? Anyone who has picked up a pen can tell you that the long sought “*Catalyst of Creation*” is a rare and elusive thing. How do we achieve the proverbial light bulb blinking on over our heads? Where do our ideas come from? Even great poets like T.S. Eliot suffered from that deep question: “How shall I presume?” We find ourselves desperately searching our surroundings, friends, our past and our present for a starting point, but how do we know it when we find it? How do we know we’ve found “*The Catalyst of Creation?*”

In his book, “Blink” author Malcolm Gladwell warns us that inspiration “is not a light bulb that goes off inside our heads. It is a flickering candle that can easily be snuffed out.” That spark of the human mind is something natural and organic, not mechanical and cold. It’s volatile and finite, something that needs to be cherished and nurtured before it disappears. If anyone knows how to treasure the flame of creativity, it’s the poets of Bowman High School!

Creativity can come from anywhere, something the Students of Bowman High School know all too well! Inside this collection of poetry, you’ll see our inspiration comes from an unlimited potential within us all. Our poems extend beyond ourselves and our experiences. There are poems about joy, heartbreak, sorrow, redemption and triumph of the human spirit. It’s inspiring to read the voices of so many who have gone through so much. The potential is overwhelming! Just ask poet **Jerrett Ebersberger** when he looks at his hand and thanks his pen for being “*The Catalyst of Creation*” Inspiration lies waiting on every page! Enjoy!

Welcome to *The Catalyst of Creation!*

-Michael Mansfield

Cold Statistics

they say you are more likely
to be struck by lightning
than to die in a plane crash

though, I would say, those statistics are a cold
comfort
to all of those who have
been hit by lightning
and died at its burning touch

the golf club raised high...
for the swing, as the ions all align
for one amazing...
frighteningly brief moment...
there is a golfer on earth
who would trade anything to be
on that plane

-Tyler Marsh

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Thank You!

Twenty-Second Literary Magazine

For Twenty Two Years, Bowman High School has treasured its creative writing program, our literary magazine and the annual Day of the Artist and Poet Festival.

This is my seventh year as caretaker of this incredible tradition that celebrates and honors the poets and artists that call Bowman High School home. I've always considered myself very fortunate for working with the people I work with both inside and outside of the classroom. It's a blessing, an honor and a cherished gift I've been given being able to work with such passionate people who are willing to pour so much of themselves into our writing program and school itself. In truth, all of the people at Bowman High School are incredibly gifted and extremely talented. None of what we accomplish inside this book and through our festival would be possible without the help of so many individuals who deserve the highest praise and recognition.

First to our *Principal Robin Geissler*, this book is dedicated to your unwavering understanding and nurturing support, especially this year. It's been absolutely wonderful having an anchor in stormy seas as you have been to us at our school. This tradition of excellence owes all that we have to you. Thank you!

I would also like to thank all of our Bowman Staff for their support, especially *Mary Gaskin*, our Art Teacher who is responsible for the "Artist" part of the "Day of the Artist and Poet" for her collaboration and gift of being able to inspire so many creatively. I would also like to thank *ASB Director April Soria and Bowman's own ASB students* for their help with decorations and refreshments. I'd also like to thank my instructional assistant, *Liliana Pagan*, for her help throughout the year in making sure all the small things were taken care of so we could worry about the big things. I am deeply thankful for your help!

Finally I would like to thank *the Creative Writing Students of 2013-2014*. You have absolutely no idea how wonderful it is to watch you become the people you are and hear your unique voices on paper and in my classroom. You all inspire me and I am honored to have met you on your way to doing great things. **YOU'RE AWESOME!**

--Michael Mansfield

Creative Writing Teacher

All is Not Lost

You may feel disappointed
And hear idiots everywhere everyday
You may say all is not lost
And you're stuck
You may catch yourself living a lost cause
And you're looking for a way out
And for some reason you feel lost
But you know, all is not lost
I feel greatness
And hear what some call magic
I say you can change the future whether or
not you know it or not
And I'm struck with awe
I catch myself slipping
And I'm able to create the future
And for some reason I feel a newfound hope
And I know, all is not lost

-David Adams

One Year

Yeah, you're my everything
Is that too unoriginal to say?
Sure enough nobody means it
I do
Why repeat the same thing if it's a lie?
I say what I mean and I do what I say
I promise not to leave
Unless my reasons are justified
Don't think I'm running
I'm saving myself from the monster you may
become
You're my hero now
I hope to never see your back to me
And to only see your smile
I
Love
You
Until I can't love you anymore

-Sammantha Nikole Aguilar

The Moon

As the light of my mind grows dimmer
that shines brighter than the sun itself
the sounds of the tides relax and calm my soul
even if it is not seen, it's still there, shining
we spin on a different axis in different directions
yet our gravitational pull is strong
I can relate and I feel the pain
and I see that you don't feel the same
my polar opposite, but longitude says we're close
our core burns for acceptance, or does it?
maybe we're empty
the moon is small from a distance
and doesn't always show all pieces
the moon is always shining
even if it isn't seen
If it isn't seen, it isn't missed
but when it shows, you'll know it
but even with no persistence, and no regulation
my father is my moon, and I am his sun.

-Alijah Alexander

An Ode to My Pen

An ode to my pen!

Thank you for your duty

And for becoming my instrument

And for being the catalyst of creation

And for the scripture of myself

I love how the gift of being able to wield you as my sword
has been bestowed

And I love how you make the paper bleed

With each stroke, a scar of my creation

Your hilt, seemingly molds to my touch

Whence I strike, I feel only joy

Your simple weight

And acceptance of my obscure methods of writing

You still accept me, allowing me to fight

Words of love, hate, sadness, and agony

All have been channeled through you

Yet you remain sturdy

Thank you for being my weapon against my demons

Whether it be a poem or a story

You are there

Ready to forever stain my thoughts on paper

-Jarrett Ebersberger