



Abbey's Turbine

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Bogeyman

Anonymous

I find myself walking the empty streets
No light but the pale moon illuminates my way
The fog covers my vision almost completely
The buildings tower over me, like elongated fingers reaching up
He steps out from a dark alleyway
His presence the only other besides mine
His gaping grin
His crooked teeth
They cut through the fog sharper than any knife
I did not expect him, but I am not surprised
He makes no move, his figure shrouded by his coat
It seems to blend into the shadows themselves
His brimmed hat hides his eyes, but I can sense them behind
Malicious in nature
Evil in intent
The darkness swallows me whole

I Live in Lights

Anonymous

I live in sunset
In the house of rainbow
In the sea and the shell and the dream;
I live in street lights
In a city filled with hope
Waiting for someone to hold my hand;
I live on the moon
Away and alone
Washing my despair every night
And waiting for a new day;
I live in the torch light
Peaceful and warm
Guard the people who I love
A day, a year, and a century

Making Dinner

Alex Adams

The cauldrons spit and simmer
As I begin cooking dinner.
The fresh cracked pepper and the butter
Married, melting in the pan,
Quenched with milk and penne too,
Before the cheese comes in,
All stirred together with a spoon.
And the bowls are piled high,
And the forks are raised up,
Food – get ready to die!
Because we are ready to sup!
And then some time later
After talks and feasting done,
Bellies full and satisfied,
We sit up straight and clear our plates,
And argue about who has to clean up.

Why do we Write?

David Yang

Write, for the brutality of time,
The moments gone with the blink of an eye, Stilled.
For Him above,
Saints, Prophets, and all that embraces his love, Proclaimed.
For embracing beauty,
The colors that those unfortunate cannot see, Revealed.
For Truth, the light,
Blinding to the closed mind, Tamed.

Write, for all that is grand;
Or just so those melodies and rhythms,
may be empty no more.
Better yet, your smile.
For that is the gift that prevails.

On the Wings of Hearsay / Words, words

Thomas Joseph Belcastro III

Words words glorious words Travelling seeds in bellies o' birds
Silent will go a birds morning chirp 'Til drop he his seeds, do take root in th' earth
If its roses, or grain, or ivy in stone, Doth only the beautiful gardner known
Lest he be evil, and evil he grows For birds at the park bench he sits and he throws
Handwritten handfuls he cast Never reaching the last
Of the seeds refilled in his bowl A heavy feed to nourish light souls
But more beautifully
So dream we he be
From a garden with good at his heart
Then what shall grow
Ate by birds out shall flow
What be needed for action to start
And so lighter nourishment for lightest souls Will let them fly faster an' achieve better goals
The Raven, the Sparrow, and the Mourning dove,
Shall cast their seeds fast, from skies up above
Then I the next grower of things that are good Shall be nourished by roots with the juiciest
fruit

All theses seeds carried on paper aviations
Shall be the groundwork of people of nations
Can grow tyranny, or knowledge, or beautiful love
From the raven, the sparrow, or th' mourning dove,
'Til at last all these words from all generations
Feed th' bird brained modern population
Who must decide whether they want good or bad sensations
For more gardens to grow what kind of creations.

A Sonnet for the Tuck

David Yang

Once in a while on a Saturday night,
A gathering of eight far realms arise.
Prepare yourself for this spiritual fight,
Don't let those madmen take you by surprise.
When ten o'clock comes there will always be,
A feast for all who's worthy now to seek.
Who could have known that these choc'late cookies
would move us like the suitors of Penelope?
Forget not our very dearest Betty,
The host and fair queen of this high castle.
Her smile, wide and wonderful, shines with glee
Her pure white hair glows like the perfect snow
Now night has fallen and the chaos ceased,
and my time here, flying by like the breeze.

Blue

Diana Reno

We hover - a moment of still -
In your turbulence blue.
A moment that needs bubbles,
Soda-pop fizz and a giddy grin
- The wooden bench rattles again,
This time disjointing my bones
Flicking splinters at the sky -
A shoulder pressed heedlessly to an arm.
The turbulence blue glares into the sun,
Glares deep into me.
- The intercom's monotone crackle drowns in
The swelling of my ears, the crunch of the yellow plastic
Breathing bag
Your voice through the speakers, furtive,
A saccharine smile and we plunge from the sky
A beautiful mess of pre-ruins,
Pre-plaque, pre-memorial, pre-white cross
Your body is scalding steel crumpling in on itself -
I shift my arm.

Reflections

Steve Andonian

Time goes on and never stops
The longer we acquaint ourselves with time
The more we reflect upon the time we use
We focus on the regrets and mistakes we made more than the great feats we've completed
We lose track of all of life's divine daily mysteries wrapped in our fabric of being
In the images we project of ourselves we see the beasts we conquer to be smaller than our imperfections
Yet as mentioned before
We are not angels nor animal
Yet something in between
So when we reflect
We see the good
The bad
And we see why we are called human

Brothers And Sisters

Annie St. George

Brothers And Sisters Father Echoes

And I begin to wonder
Deceived husbands, flower
The joyful noise, and Our Father
To the bored children, holy rollers,
Or those who only go on Easter and
Damn town to their house for
Bring along their sons and
Stoner, slouching, scowling, Sitting
Bite the trembling hand
Stand, keep standing after the
Getting through the Gates any
I think I'll go to the Mullins'
Though I cower in the shadow of
Fear no evil, For they're harmless
Who goes by Lilith now and
Dismay. And verily the Chaotic
Off key and five seconds
Why be quiet and correct when
Beats
Halfway through the hokey pokey
Standing, kneeling, I start
I will sit at a white plastic table with Mr.
And Mrs. MysongoestoUCDavis
In a Dixie cup and I wonder if
Ever gets annoyed too.
in peace.

How many reluctant brides,
Girls, on the road towards
In the echo tower babbles on
Disapproving those who aren't
Christmas, and invite the whole
Heinekens and football, Those who
Daughters, on the cusp of goth and
Five feet apart. I believe they
That feeds them. Those who
Body and blood, but you're not
Quicker with a beam in your eye
After for a glass of chardonnay, Yea
Mr. and Mrs. Holierthanthou I shall
Much like me and even Lily Grace
Wears all black much to mother's
Evil cannot harm us, Those who sing
Behind everybody else. Because
You can be loud and incorrect?
Me
And the kneeling, sitting,
To smell coffee and soon
You're too young to listen to the Hollies
And I stare into the still waters
Father [insert saint's name here]
So let us go

Autumnal Shakespearean Sonnet

Nicole Huyer

Behold the changing leaves careening in the wind;
A golden storm of shining sheaves,
Lax fair and frail flitting leaves
That have fled from bare stalks, now thinned.
We plunge ourselves into cold shadows
As the whilom burning Sun retreats fast.
Mournful sobs betray our hidden woes,
But nothing stunning ever lasts.
Terns and Wrens fly South in hopes of better life,
But flowers wither up and die, decaying at our feet.
Hibernators gain accord and end their strife,
While most obtain a bitter end and now embrace a cold defeat.
Crisp Orange Fall. A time of dying it may be,
But what a lovely death it is to me.

Sunday Morning Mass and Brunch

Alex Adams

Sunday morning mass and brunch
Starts off with the holy monks
who have no articulation nor alliteration
Whose homilies are dry
Like the leaves that go by.
Then it's off to Stillman –
Rushing fast for French toast and fearing
That we won't get our food for an hour or two
Because the people crowd –
That's just what they do.
Ah! What to do on a Sunday
After morning mass and brunch
When the students sit sedentary
In their rooms and leave me to
My thoughts?

The Sculptor's Hands

Anonymous 27

In my youth
I passed through a strange city
where I met an elderly man
sitting alone on a bench.
He stopped me and showed me his hands –
the tools of incredible talent,
a gift to be used for the creation
of magnificent ideas.
He was a sculptor, a great one, he told me
whose name all men would know
after the discovery
of his genius!
And when he bid me farewell
he held my hands in his
and wished me a safe journey
to a place where others would soon hear of him
and his remarkable art...
I often return to that city in my old age.
Still, I have not seen his creations
nor heard his name
though I have touched the magical hands
of many men.

Southbound

Annie St. George

Our adventure began on a Saturday night
In a Bronx hotel, far from the little cup of
Sunlight,
Three hundred miles north.
You sparkle when you talk about the house,
A warm brick dot on the landscape
Where you came to be.
You've touched every inch of it, and
Through the rusty mutilated fence you
Watched the purple glow all night long.
And for a quarter of a century
On the side of a big black mountain just up the
Highway, maybe God was drawing a blueprint
For the night filled with musty muffled
Laughter and the clink of knife on plate,
When I asked you to join me in holy uncertainty
And you smiled and nodded, fumbling for words.
My waltzing Matilda, clad in terry cloth,
Gingerly making your way across the room we sit in,
Now with a view
Of the cables and the thickening traffic.
Four hours north, we could eat at the same
Restaurants, swim in the same
Lakes, with no incentive to engage with strangers.
And tomorrow, you said, we'll catch a
Train southbound before you
Hit the wall.

Wind

David Yang

Blows the tiny flag, spins the bulky blades;
past the fields, you cut through me.

A piece of decaying red, fluttering helplessly.
Held by a twig. *Fighting, barely holding.*

just another marker to hold the yellow plastic string.
Fencing the muddy construction site. Just then, *It was raining.*

Have some mercy, will you?
Pick on someone your own size!

A slim white tower, made of hard steel,
holding its ground surrounded and jutting out

amidst the forest of a million shades. The bustling trees
become *a shifting labyrinth of gold, ruby, and the paradoxically rare emerald green.*

The blades, spinning dazzle of deadly white.
I wonder if they ever feel dizzy or tired?

They are *at your mercy,*
You are the operator of their wildest roller coaster.

For none match against you. My skull
would be crushed If they hit me – better still

than you now piercing me with your invisible needles.
It's freezing, *I wear nothing but a thin gray plastic sheet.*

You overwhelm me with your transparent colors,
I see but a glimpse through my *shivering body.*

(try reading only the words/parts of words that are *italicized*)

Son Of Ivy

Gloria Tua

You silly child, a prince in your own home,
Save work ethic, my boy, you have it all;
You bend the rules wherever you may roam.
Named for a king, a statue ten feet tall,
You lounge in the shadow of your father,
A man who gave you all a boy dreams for.
He is your butler, doorman, chauffeur, author,
Content, you know his world will soon be yours.
With conceit, you traipse beneath the ivy,
Clad in bermudas, gingham, and a tie.
The nauseating stench of legacy
Assaults my nostrils as you saunter by.
But Lady Fortune smiles upon you, boy!
You've won the game of life; the world's
your toy.

Little Brother's Game

Anonymous 27

A baseball player
confident
alone
sets up a diamond
in our muddy backyard.
Adjusts his red cap
and waves to
no one
grabs my wooden bat
walks to a stick-drawn square
Swings at the first pitch
watches it
soar solo
then rounds the bases
as if it all went right
He high-fives a tree
autographs
the air
tips his hat to fans
and returns to the square
I laugh sometimes from
hidden view
yet...I
find myself wishing
I could play baseball too.

A Piece of Paper

Rosalia

* Based on real event

This incident had started with a simple assignment that my history teacher gave us, however, I would never forget what happened after. This incident took place about five years ago, but even in recent days, I still dreamed nightmares about this incident, and I believe that this horror shall be with me for the rest of my life.

It was a normal Sunday night when I started writing the homework that our history teacher assigned us — a summary of a chapter of the book that we were reading. I worked extremely hard for this assignment, since my final grade of the term was coming up, and I really wanted it to look good. Spending three hours, I finished a summary that I was quite satisfied with, and I put it carefully between the cover and the first page of my notebook, which I bring to every single class.

The first period of the next day was history. I pulled out my notebook confidently, however, my summary wasn't there! I flipped through my whole notebook to check if it is there and shook it hard to see if the summary would fall out, but it didn't. It might already fall out from the notebook to my backpack when I was walking to class, I thought, so I poured everything out from my backpack but it ain't there no place. I checked all my pockets and side pockets, I flipped through textbooks from every subject, a novel that I was reading, and my notebook again, but that piece of paper just didn't show up. I was frustrated and I checked everything over and over, but no! That piece of paper seemed to have disappeared and I simply couldn't find it.

I told my teacher honestly that I might have forgotten my summary in my dorm and he was kind enough to extend the deadline one day for me to find that piece of paper. I must have left it in my dorm, I thought. So that day, right after all the classes had ended, I rushed back to my dorm and searched through all my drawers and files and even my rubbish bin. I checked everything thoroughly, opening up drawers, flipping through papers and books, but I found nothing. I searched again and again, expecting to find that paper in some unexpected place, but the result didn't change. The piece of paper just vanished from my life.

This was ridiculous, how could something that I wrote just disappear? Unless... Had I really written the summary? Did I just dream all this? Did the action of writing really happen? This thought crashed into my mind. I looked around my room, there was no evidence that the piece of paper had ever existed. There was no substantial evidence that could be used to prove to myself that I actually did write the summary. It was only my memory that told me I wrote it.

A nameless fear grasped my heart and squeezed it in an outrageous manner. I felt like a salmon fish which was trapped in a pot, jumping, leaping, striving to get out. The stars were migrating, Earth spinning at the speed of light, the whole cosmos was falling down at me, I felt dizzy, did I need a doctor? Did I really write the summary? I must have, right? I'd spent three hours on it! The dizziness increased, could I trust myself?

I was irked. I don't know what I was furious about, but I did feel the anger. I was like a mad person — maybe I was mad. I opened every drawer, I dug everything out, I threw everything that I saw and nearly tore my dorm down. Where was the paper? Where was that piece of paper? I must have written it, it must be here, but where? Where was it? JUST TELL ME WHERE WAS THAT DAMN PIECE OF PAPER!

I collapsed down on the ground and blubbered.

At last, I wrote my summary again (Is it really again?) and handed that in. I didn't tell this incident to anyone — I was too embarrassed to tell it.

It felt kind of weird, because people often just couldn't find things, it often happens. But that skeptical feeling was so strong that I would still shiver when I thought back to that moment of doubting myself. For a second, I was not even sure that could I ever trust my perceptions and memories again after this incident.

This whole thing should end here, but it did not.

It was the Wednesday of the same week. I was sitting at the front of my desk and was ready to review some notes for the tests that are coming up.

So I opened my notebook, and right there, between the cover and the first page of note, sat my summary, smiling. It was there, at the exact same spot! I stared at it for about a minute, and it just lies there, quietly, calmly, smiling, as if it had always been there, waiting for me.

"I've checked here. You weren't here. You were not. I'm sure." I said to him.

Are you sure? he asked me silently. *Can you really trust your memory? I was here the whole time. How could you be certain that you were right?*

I grabbed it and tore it to pieces. Then I started crying again. There were a million voices in my head, shouting, crying, laughing, teasing. They were tearing me apart just like how I tore that piece of paper. The ground turned into water icy cold, and I was freezing and helpless and desperate and was sinking down to the bottom of the galaxy, away from all the stars. The air had no difference with glue, which made me felt stuck and sick, I wanted

to throw up so badly as if my whole gut was covered by a thick layer of margarine mixed with saccharin. I cried, in a self-pity way, loudly and silently, just like that piece of paper.

Then out of this chaotic emptiness, I heard a voice. A voice that I would still hear in the worst of my nightmares. It was a high-pitched, squeaky voice with a disgusting, nasty, caricature-like tone and that irritating, mocking inflection. I couldn't distinguish the gender nor the age of the owner of that voice, but I could always clearly, vividly and distinctly hear that voice in my head. Oh that devil! Oh that blasphemous voice!

“Ha-ha-ha! Yeee-ha-ha-ha! Look at that poor little human cub!”

Mission Statement

The Turbine is an imprint of Portsmouth Abbey's literary magazine, The Raven. It is a more frequent publication that showcases the diversity of creative talent at the Abbey. We are an inclusive outlet for thought and feeling. Most writers would like to share their work with someone, but often struggle with finding the right audience.

Therefore, the Turbine aims to connect writers to other writers, and perhaps even inspire a few new ones!

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