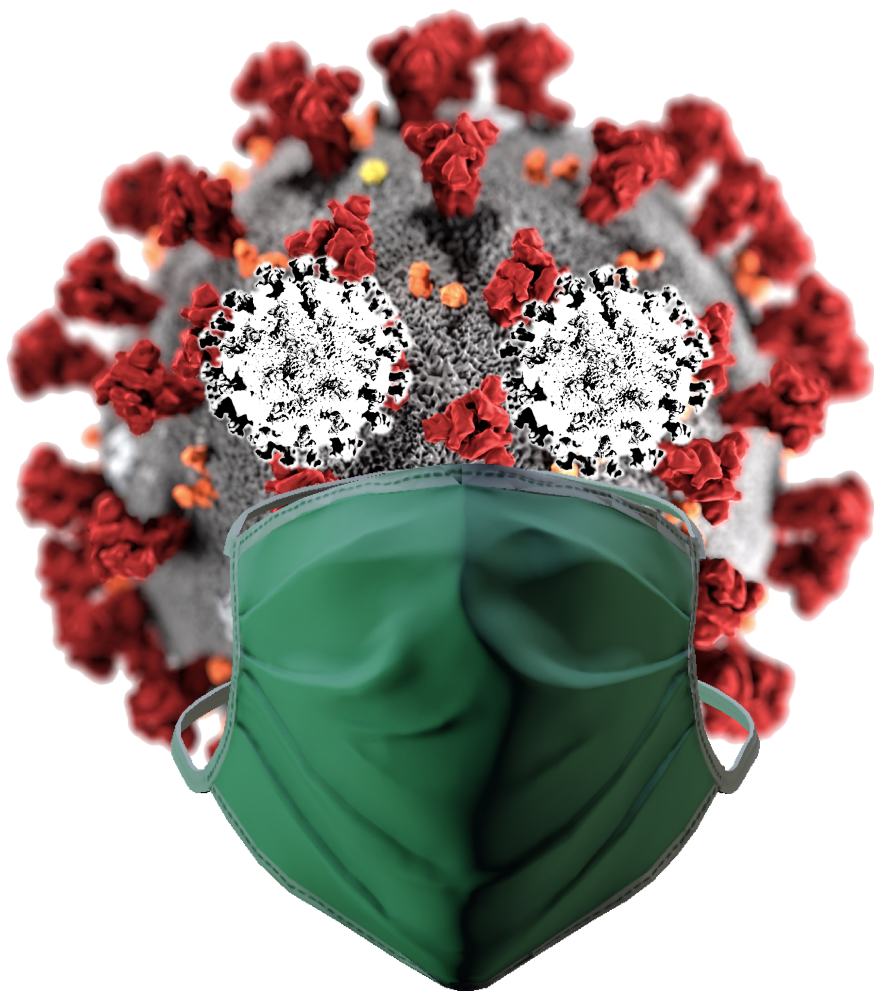


Community High School

# QUARANTINE 8



May 27 – July 3

2020

*The CHS Community puts the **SOCIAL** in Social Distancing!*



# Sonic Sonnet

- a. a little furry ball of blazing light,  
b. his speed is like no other hedgehog here.  
a. although he's small he's full of hedgehog might,  
b. his foes see him and turn and run with fear.
- c. O, many golden rings he likes to snatch,  
d. His bright blue spines glow with the glorious sun.  
c. No creature will be ever sonic's match,  
d. To jump and run with him is so much fun.
- e. His many friends are in his sonic gang,  
f. his playful spirit is beyond compare.  
e. he is invincible through tooth and fang,  
f. his quirky sonic smirk no others share.
- g. Tho sonic be a small and furry beast,  
g. He is not weak or fragile in the least.

- Stella  
Burnett



- hach  
- ironst

11

# A FEW QUICK ONES

## TALES FROM THE ANGLEBERGER VAULT.

1. Once, at the home of our paternal grandparents, they tried to give my brother a peanut butter sandwich. He replied, honestly and very politely, that he didn't like peanut butter.

“That's Unamerican!” said my grandparents.

2. My maternal grandfather is prone to fits of sneezing. One can hear him from twenty feet away, because he seems to use them partly to get attention. Nobody else yells “WA-HOO!” when they sneeze.

3. My father was once employed by a colorful figure named Daddy Rabbit. One Christmas, Daddy Rabbit ordered my father to impersonate Santa Claus over the phone for his son. The kid was a little too old for that sort of thing, but he went easy on my father.

4. One night, before the advent of Tivo, my mother missed an episode of *Seinfeld* and wept profusely.

5. Grandmother took us to Martinsville once to meet an old friend of hers who had done much to revitalize the town. Galusha came along as well. Grandmother revealed that she and her friend had once dated. Galusha remained silent throughout the entire trip.
  
6. Once in Middle School, we dissected worms and I managed to get high on the formaldehyde fumes, similar to the time I vomited during my first trip on an electric train.
  
7. Later rides on electric trains went better. Once, I was riding the Charlotte Lynx at night, and each station had mosaics on the pillar. One station had mosaics of snakes wrapping around the pillar, which I thought was an odd thing to advertise. "Get off here, there are SNAKES!"

# Graduate Laudation for the Class of 2020<sup>1</sup>

hwaet ô class of covid bunker zoom  
crisis generation , stolen yr closure  
by closure: in no sense wide-eyed,  
eyes wide: @ yaldabaoth descendent  
hate un-seaming streaming from th'authorities;  
caps off kids – mid flails cops batons  
midst mists of tears cough viral law – well  
come unto our garden seething in serpents –

tis fashioned not for you

crisis generation in birthing repugnance-pangs  
yr season of quarantine yr second womb  
hwaet be, holding apart beyond the world  
convulsive, rot, no world of yours  
this bigot-mire, mud mundane  
beyond your walls of stone screen zoom  
you spy with horror – stripped  
of innocence yet unsullied yet  
– a wicked earth awaiting – yet  
tremble (not):

you are tempered in the forge of Los /s

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1 I know most of you won't get most of the references; humour me one last time. Most of you know, this is how I think... (If you really care, the hints are in William Blake & the Gnostic Gospels...)

and second-birthings burst cruel chains  
and your forge's heat absorbs this pain  
to melt it into stinging joy; once free  
    more sober than *youth* ought to be  
yet pure of *adult*-erated blood you see  
    beyond the shadowmasks, which we  
of ancient days reviled once, then sank unto  
    in minuscule degrees;  
    your hard re-wombing revises you  
    to come forth as you wish to be;  
no closure to yr childish days,  
    let laughter sear through threads of hate  
no closure to yr primal friendships,  
    let spread & blossom them upon the savage winds,  
no closure to yr learning edifice,  
    let gnosis burgeon on justice fed,  
no closure on the age of hope no closure  
    within the frame of fear and habit;  
ô generation of the great locked-down enclosure  
    yr very lives enjambed suspended  
    yr generation ne'ere shall close  
    yr widened eyes upon our ugliness locked  
yr wide-eyes open to the love the world encloses:  
  
no closure til the world is yours.

## **We want YOU for QuarantZine!**

Texts, Drawings, Comics, Photos, Thoughts: whatever you've got!

### **GUIDELINES:**

***Deadline:*** EVERY SATURDAY until we're free!

***Size:*** 1 or 2 pages at 8.5"x5.5" (half of a Letter-sized or "normal" sheet of paper).

***Format:*** PDF, JPEG, .doc or .odt files.

*Don't forget to put your name on it if you want identified!*

B&W print copies to be mailed to contributors unless/until it gets too big & expensive

Members of the CHS Community: *send your contributions to Olchar olchar @communityhigh.net*

### **QUARANTZINE ON SUMMER BREAK... is tired!**

The next issue will appear whenever at least 3 people have sent stuff – maybe next week, maybe September. Want a new issue? Send something in!