

# Community High School

# QUARANTINE 5

May 4-8  
2020

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



something something Quarantine something something  
coronavirus blah blah I took some photos you get the deal.

*All views expressed are those of the individual contributor.*

## First Chapter

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*A shining ray of moonlight:  
the silver casts a spark  
where in the dust of mourning,  
it shall meet its hollow mark.  
Reclamation, flowing earthward,  
like a bright corpuscular film:  
Where a white and sacred hymnal  
speaks to the light within.*

## Second Chapter

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*From solemn lunar vespers, holy ore, and fire of old,  
a whispering swirl rises within the charnel home.  
The light returns to ashen hills, where once, beyond the seas,  
The cast was made which burst the land and set the body free,  
from shimm'ring choir choruses that shudder under hilt  
approaching now with sodden chiming and reliquaries filt:  
A vision weeping songliness into the grey abyss,  
fills to the brim with fire, a meaning that we've missed.*

## Third Chapter

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*The quiet lull that fills the clouds, the crescent cutting through,  
where flame hath forged and silver wrought the smoke that clouds the moon.  
Necrotic cinders: inhaled and spun, a wiry tapestry,  
cov'ring mounds which hold within a bold but hopeless plea.  
The mould of life, thy ash and elm, which shatters under foot,  
in shards and winding splinters, we'll find it buried in the soot.  
The chantry who misleadingly sell song disguised as wine,  
pouring deep, unknowingly, palpitating and divine.*

# CULINARY CUTUPS

## CHAPTER 5: SWEET CHARITY

The sausages would have daunted any tasteful person, with their freckled white casing and bleached insides, but not my Grandmother, who purchased a set of the abominations to nature and promptly put them in the basement freezer.

The freezer had been built around 1960, and was a true relic of that age. Smooth and streamlined it was, but functional it was not. It hummed, sputtered, burbled, and spat. Whatever was put in there was promptly covered in a thin layer of permafrost.

Expiration dates were of little importance to Grandmother. It was just some corporate hearsay, designed to waste food and undermine our fighting boys. So, a week after the sausages expired, they were duly dug out of the ice caverns of the freezer and, after another week, defrosted. They were twice as unappealing as when they were new, and they probably tasted of the freezer's metals by this point. I say probably because nobody was willing to taste them. So they went back in the freezer.

We were sore afraid that Grandmother would set them out with every new meal, but the next week we were met with none.

"Well," she said to my mother, "You'll be glad to hear that I got rid of the sausages."

"You threw them out?"

"Well, no."

"What did you do, then?"

"I gave them to the food pantry."

"The FOOD PANTRY? What would the poor families of Salem want with those awful, possibly moldy sausages?"

“Well, I don’t know... So I threw in a half-liter bottle of Diet Sam’s Cola to sweeten the deal.”

“WHAT?”

“I know, I know...I was too ashamed to take it into the pantry, so I just waited around outside.”

“For what?”

“For someone to go into the pantry.”

“You mean like a customer?”

“Yeah.”

“Did one?”

“Yes. I asked him, “Do you want this?” and he took it.”

“Did he know of the contents?”

“Well, I wasn’t gonna tell him.”

Perhaps somewhere a reader remembers eating some fried white sausage, marinated in Diet Sam’s Cola. If so, please write me at:

IRONTO FREEDONIAN CONSULATE  
2140 N. Fork Rd.  
Christiansburg, VA.

MOTHERFUCKING COVID BULLSHIT I HATE YOU VIRUS  
HATE YOU DEMOCRATHOAXTRUMP HATE NOT SEEING MY  
STUDENTS/KIDS/ADOPTEDCHILDREN HATE NOT GOING TO  
WORK IN A REAL PLACE HATE HATE HATE ZOOM CAN'T  
WAIT TO GETTING BACK TO HATING THE THINGS I HATE  
THAT WERE NORMAL SO THAT I CAN HATE THAT THEY ARE  
NORMAL AGAIN.  
BUT I LOVE YOU.  
AND IT'S ENOUGH.  
ALWAYS.

*Nate*

## **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



*I have some advice: Just walk outside, pick a direction, and keep going to find cool new areas of places you live right next to. That's how I met this lovely dog above. Also, eat as much naan bread as physically possible.*