

# CRISTLE BUTTER



# #1A

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## **Table of Contents:**

Cover Art: Odessa Mayalorca

**2. Tsula Amick-Làzar**

**3. Avery Mikesell**

**4. Midas and Visitant—Daniel Asbury**

**5. Avery Mikesell**

**6. Mithras—Daniel Asbury**

**7. Tsula Amick-Làzar**

**8. Bugs and Possum Jaws—Maddox Brown**

**9. Tsula Amick-Làzar**

**10. CUBIST PAXTON and**

**[Drawing]—Odessa Mayalorca**





## **Visitant**

An ornate shadow caught in glass  
Left behind this gloaming sculpture  
Light and shadow shaded in  
To write his name in stones

His eyes speak of another world  
Where man might know his limits lost  
And the die is rolling still  
His hopes can nevermore be dashed

He knew that this might make an idol  
So mask straps were pulled tight  
But it shone on more than he had  
shown

And the shadow of his soul  
Falls over us still

A visitant from time forgotten

## **Midas**

**Daniel Asbury**

A cold and Golden heart he has  
The lord who hoards within his home  
As though his hearth by riches warmed  
Still Silver warns from grave and tome

Wormed and writhing, greed laid down  
Gilded guts leave blood not fothered  
Dawn delayed by time lost thrones  
Twas killed in cradle, a savior, smothered

Bones below leave secrets shown  
But Bronze brings silence to the soul  
Sown sprouts from out the lips he's sewn  
Mammon made man forget his toll

Entombed in Iron, damned in tome.



**Avery  
Mikesell**



**Mithras**

**Daniel Asbury**

Bright and burning thou were born  
From stone thou leapt: sole child of akhet  
Man, from clay, could ne'er compare  
To thee; the lamp that shone eternal  
Thou art the spark that lit the morn  
enlightenment thine epithet  
The cave, earth's womb, thy first temple  
Yet thou was born before her time  
When cattle roamed the cosm air  
Thine actions wrote hermetic rhyme

By thine great hand the steer was slain  
In a star-shone sacrifice  
From his carcass sprung the earth  
A sanguine and insipid bloom  
From deluge and torrential rain  
Grew golden grain of paradise  
The heavens saw thy hecatomb  
All cosmos was in awe of thee  
They shook with mania and mirth  
Dominions high and low bent knee

Man, when made, turned back in dream  
And saw that sacrificial scene  
He too was struck with that same awe  
Although he knew not what he saw  
But thine light enticed him so  
And over eons he did grow

As thou brought order in the cosmos  
He sculpted systems in the sand  
When wind made man's worlds into  
wreckage  
Stubbornly, he built again

In the antique days of Persia  
Thine form shone in flaming flicker  
And bulls were brought before the altar  
To reenact the ancient rites

Primordial play; theistic theater  
Thou spread anew across the land  
In tales told through a dozen names  
Oxen were slain to ring in grain

They roamed to Rome singing thine  
name

Men made drunk on thine own ichor  
In Grecian isles they played pipes  
And gave their bulls 'neath lantern lights

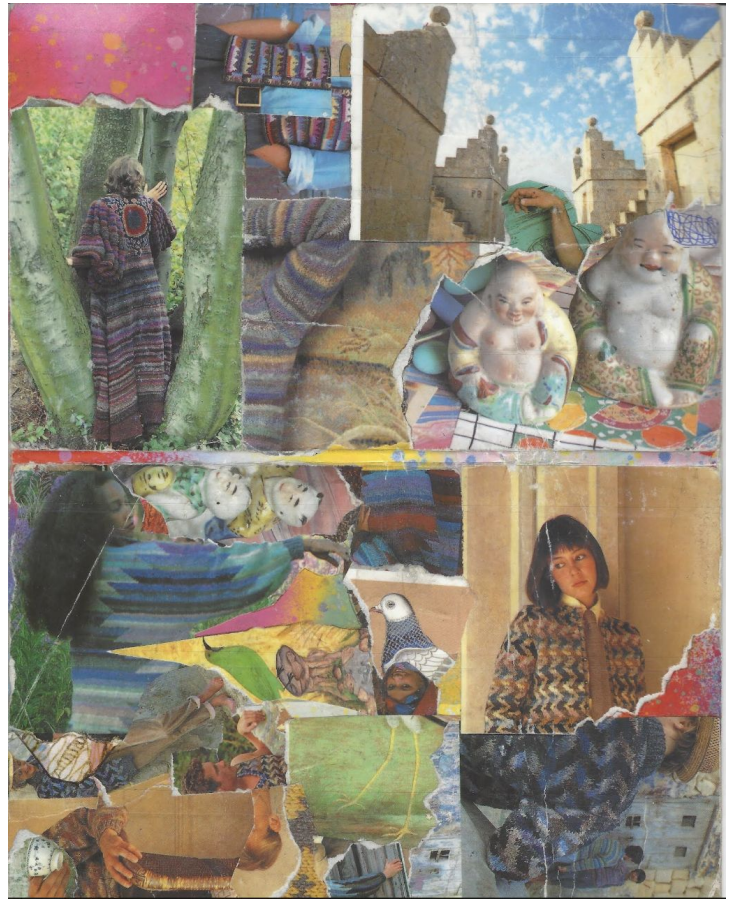
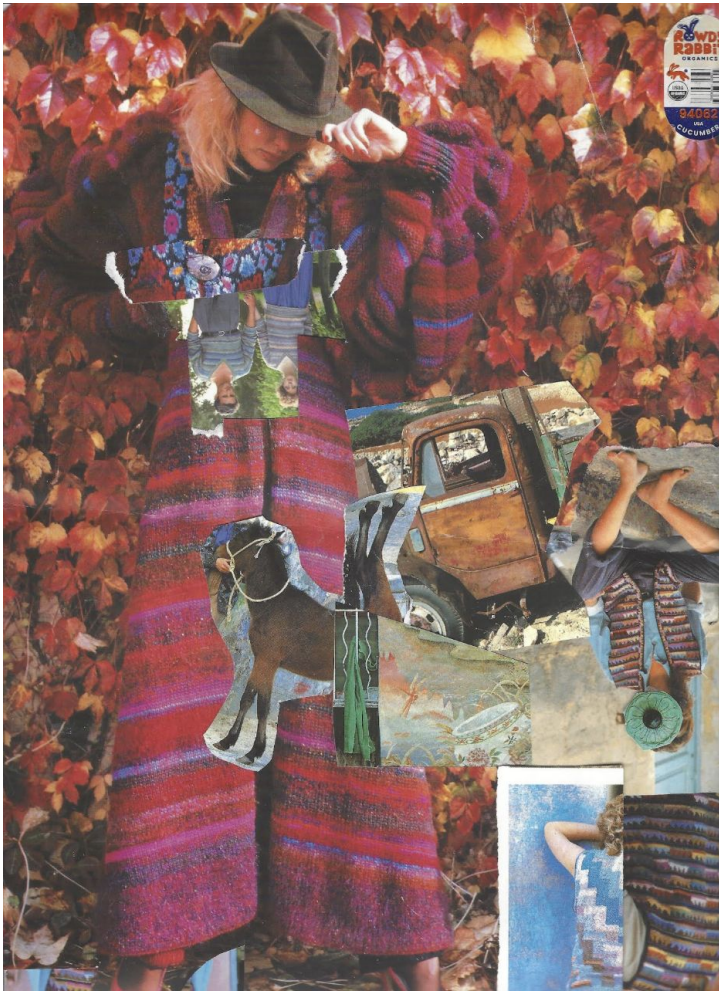




## Bugs and Possum Jaws

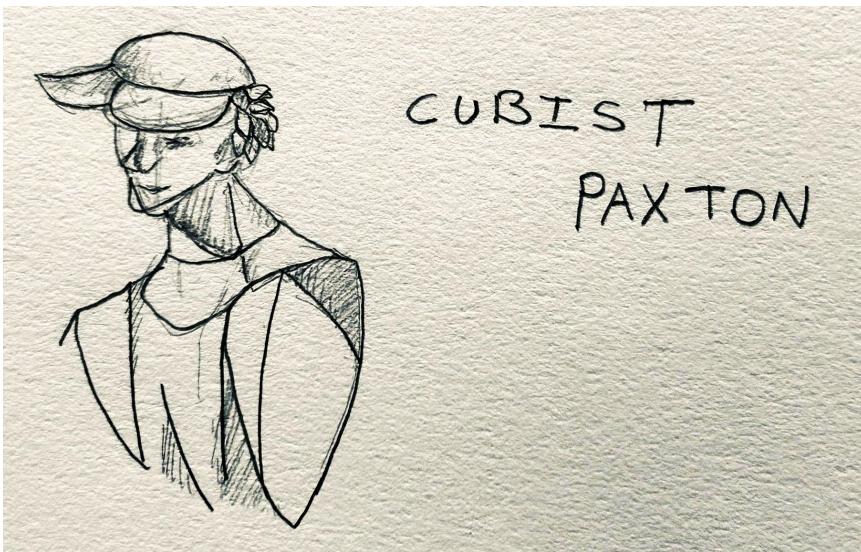
Maddox Brown





**Tsula  
Amick-Làzar**





**Odessa**  
**Mayalorca**  
(art class)

## Featuring:

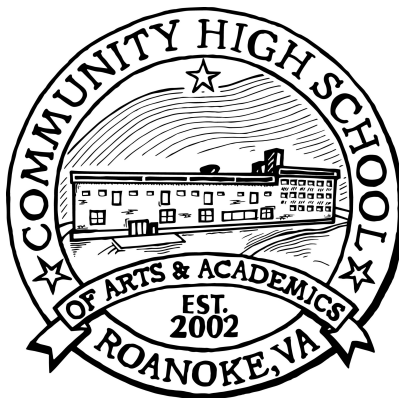
Tsula Amick-Làzàr

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Avery Mikesell



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