

# GRISTLE BUTTER



# #17

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*Cover Art: Eva Rose*

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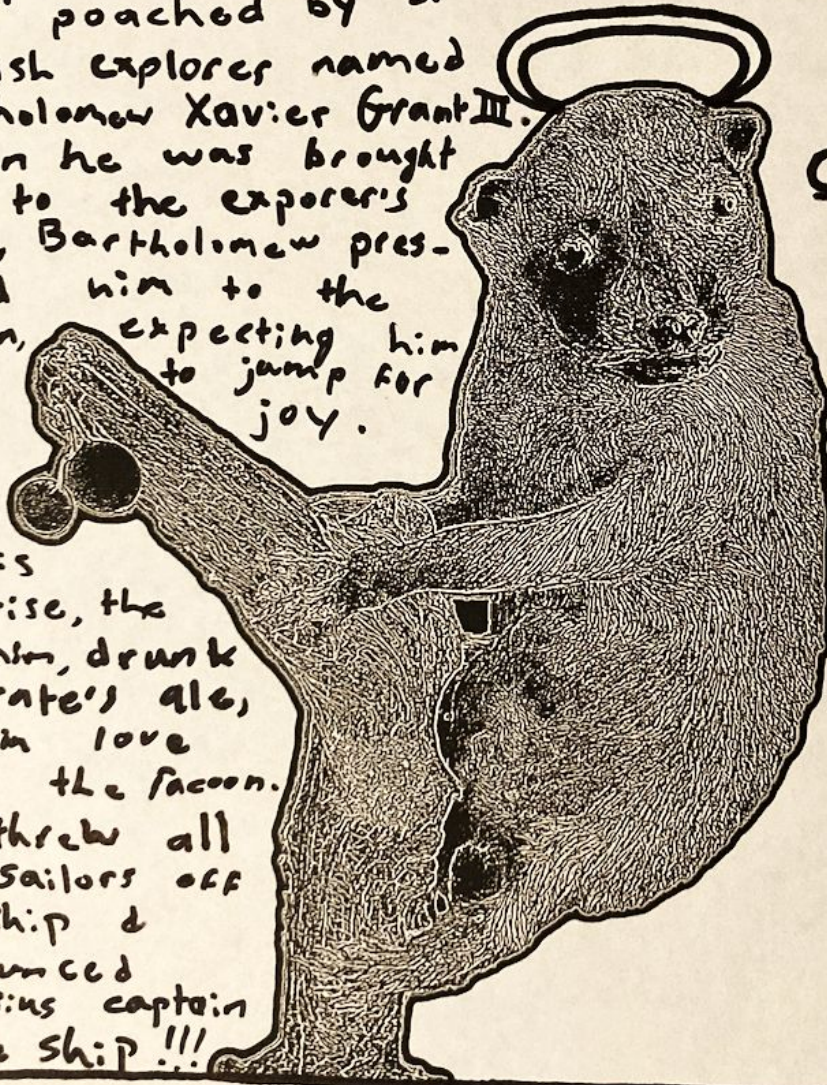


by: eva rose ♡

UPON THIS  
EARTH A  
CHILD WAS  
BORN...

BORN IN THE 1870's in Peru,  
Aloysius Gristle  
was poached by a  
British explorer named  
Bartholomew Xavier Grant III.  
When he was brought  
on to the explorer's  
ship, Bartholomew pres-  
ented him to the  
captain, expecting him  
to jump for  
joy.

To his  
surprise, the  
captain, drunk  
off pirate's ale,  
fell in love  
with the fawn.  
He threw all  
the sailors off  
the ship &  
pronounced  
Aloysius captain  
of the ship!!!



CAPTAIN  
GRISTLE



## The Shanty o'Captain Gristle

Olchar E.  
Lindsann

Ahoy! I bear a hearty tale  
Of high-seas hi-jinx: Little  
Was this hero, soft their tail;  
Their name was just plain Gristle.

This wee racoon grew bored, and wove  
A boat from leaves and thistles –  
“I feel a fearsome need to rove  
And raid!” quoth Sailor Gristle.

They floated on the sea of trees  
For weeks, through sun and drizzle,  
And soon a motley crew had squeezed  
Aboard with Sea-dog Gristle.

Through all the boat all held a vote,  
And thanks to their fluffy bristles  
(And also since they owned the boat)  
Elected them Captain Gristle.

These woodland pirates snatched on raids  
Garbage-cans with water pistols,  
Boarded fruit trees; the wood-seas raved  
With fear of Captain Gristle.

One day, a narwhal bleached and vast  
Attacked – “Avast! That fish’ll  
Regret this insult! Follow, fast,  
He flees!” screamed Captain Gristle.

For months, and years, this beast they chased,  
Whom no harpoon nor missile  
Could slay. The crew went separate ways;  
’Twas only Captain Gristle.

They tracked their foe to CHS,  
Then said: “This great Big Lick’ll  
Become my pirate haven, blessed  
By an even Bigger Gristle!”

So now they raid our staplers, pens,  
Joe Tea to wet their whistle,  
Our notebooks, chargers – there’s no end!  
– Three cheers for Captain Gristle!



Odessa  
Mayalorca

Hark! Slanty dodgy granite scarlet hippo screen raccoon

says: "Wherefor went why hectic fizzle hung on soaring

air-borne schooner landed on the pancake!" After which

Crankshaft tuner led the masses: stars in eyes, clouds in skullcaps

"Light and fluffy!" "Filled with custard!" they cried, not knowing they'd be busted

"Run and hide!", "We've been found!", life had caught them at last!

There'd be no treats where they're headed, where the swing-sets had rusted

and the slides all but dried up. These dogs were headed to... The

Haunted Play Ground!!! They ran their way over and began to hunt

the rival child ghosthunters by the swingset. "You know," John said,

"These bitches are gonna get wiped out!" He was right.

The Bitches' funeral was a sad one. Their disgusting frat boyfriends were crying beer

But that's when the funeral got worse, when the moustache man set off the bomb

He was wearing a red coat today

He proceeded to "book" his next "flight."

First he got the Complete Works of hemingway

and chucked it at the plane.

Flight was one of his favorite sustinances; he would take a big whiff

Taking its flowmessa right out of the air. It was crunchy.

Making a cake A flavorus bake. Miles Cody would be proud.

In the club straight up clubbing. I went to the pub and was straight up pubbing.

At 9 p.m. I ordered a Beer, by 2 a.m. I knew I was queer

Waking up for work the next day,

My head was full of thoughts, all gay.



## **Vulture's Nest One**

**Daniel Asbury**

Feast your eyes on vulture's nest

Silent, perching, spirits rest

Quills in cabinets, golden-tipped

Yellowed scrolls and manuscripts

Swathed in restless air and plumes

Here dwells the sage among his hoard

Our King of rats: that scavenge lord

With Chandelier and aged incense,

In antiquated opulence,

A cloak of ghosts, spun by heirlooms

## **Vulture's Nest Two**

Reaper of relics, with studious scythe,

Cryptic collection, in phantom of life,

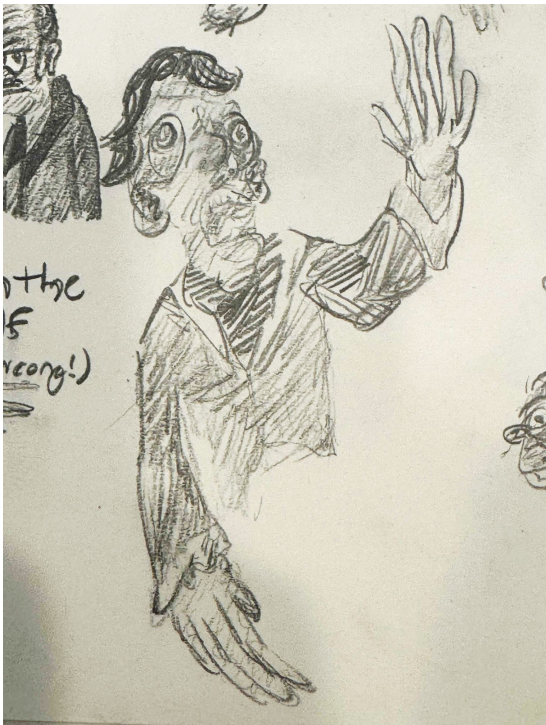
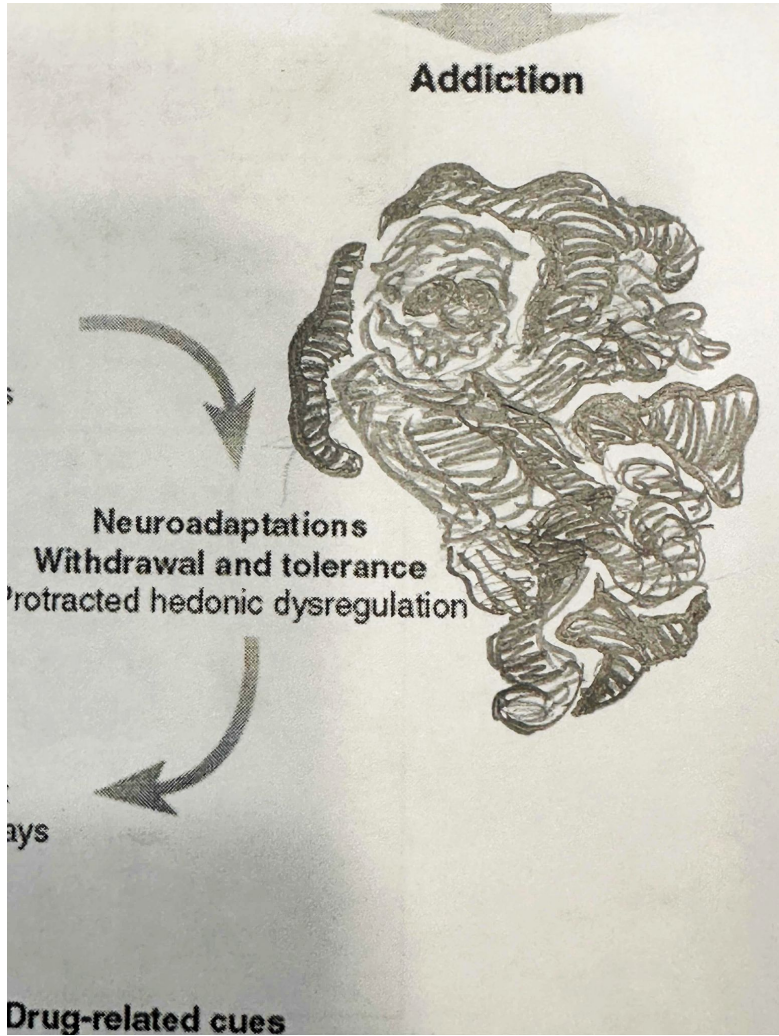
Scavenging specter, in search of his prize,

Miserly miller, he glared with glass eyes,

Mournful marauder, a scourge of the skies.



**Nil Aberrant**  
Wilson Keyes



**Louis Fralin**





**Penny**  
Ella Fridley



Where hearts are held high, beyond farthest Thule  
Untouched by northwinds, and time's devilry  
Where dreams opalize, in an endless Yule  
Tears turn to amber, an inert revelry  
Souls cradled away from entropy's rule

This is the land where the sun dwells at night  
Where warmth will remain in winter's abyss  
The soul will roost here, in search of respite  
Blown in by windstorms, a life of dismiss  
In swansong and rime it drinks up the light

Shall we return to the land north of life?  
Singing of sorrows that they cannot know  
They will smile and laugh at stories of strife  
Their summer can never meet winter's woe  
The sun rules their world, with laurel and fife

But the time will arrive that they must leave the nest  
When they don shawls of down and depart from the fest  
They shall reach the south shore, but they must pay the price  
In a bright pantomime of the sun's sacrifice  
When their torches grow dim, at the end of their quests  
They will make fast for home, at the heart's own behest



**Two Still Lives**  
Odessa Mayalorca



## Featuring

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Eva Rose Sarver-Wolf

Jupiter Chapman

Olchar E. Lindsann

Odessa Mayalorca

Wilson Keyes

Ella Fridley

Daniel Asbury

Louis Fralin

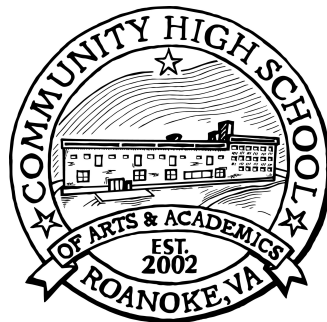
Avery Mikesell

Zoë Johnson

Maddox Brown

Derek Martin

Miles Cote



**Community High School**  
*of Arts & Academics*  
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