

ISSUE 2

# IRIDESCENCE

SPRING 2022 ARTWORK / WRITING / POETRY

*Imagine*

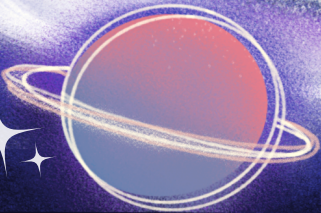


SHEBOYGAN NORTH HIGH SCHOOL  
NHSARTDEPT.COM

2022 THEME - ISSUE 2

# IMAGINE

"TO FORM MENTAL IMAGES OF  
THINGS NOT PRESENT TO THE  
SENSES"



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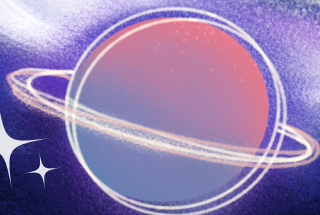
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# IF THESE WALLS

MEGAN B



This film photo is one of my favorite pieces so far. The shadows and the trees really bring out the mood of this shot. The abandoned house has an interesting backstory. I wanted to capture its history by bringing out the dark shadows that it naturally has. When I look at this house, or even through the windows, there are so many things that scatter my mind.

# S COULD TALK

BUTLER



When choosing a title I wanted to choose an interesting point of view. I thought it would be very fascinating to have the walls of the building tell the story. Never would I have thought about this perspective before, but this point of view would be very intriguing in any building. I hope to dig deeper into this house and do a session from the inside out.

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# MY CHILDHOOD IS A STICKER BOOK

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— SERENA XIONG —

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Throughout my whole life I never exactly felt authentic to my surroundings. I simply felt like I was constantly being placed onto a random page. "My Child is a Sticker book" is a reflective piece, discussing the eternal conflict, feelings and experiences of my inner child and how both of us grow with, yet the same, experiences regardless of the age difference, With the slow process of healing together, my inner-child and still have yet to leave the sticker book we have stuck ourselves into.

# IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED?

SAL PIKULA

As a child I used to scrape the bark off of trees.  
I knew it was wrong, but I raked my nails along its skin,  
bark breaking off in flakes  
Falling to the ground,  
Piece by piece.

I remember my parents telling me to stop.  
You're hurting it, they would tell me.  
I knew better,  
I didn't listen.

Once I was done scraping off a beautiful, tough exterior,  
I was left with a pink flesh of what once was.  
Something new.  
Something ugly.  
Something... vulnerable.

I would watch in awe as bugs of all sorts would emerge,  
Like I've taken an insecurity and put it on display for all to see  
It used to be a beautiful tree.  
I've done a horrible, horrible thing.

I would squeal as beetles ran across its flesh,  
Leaving small holes where their little feet scampered.  
And I would run away, not looking back,  
Off to find prettier things.

I wonder if that tree ever healed.  
Does some of its flesh still seep through?  
Is a single beetle nothing but a reminder?  
I wonder what it would be like.

To peel off my skin,  
Reveal slimy flesh. Rotten bones. Pulsing veins.  
It's all so sickening. Look what I've done.  
How do you feel? I ask myself before punching the mirror.  
It falls to the floor, tiles covered in fragments of a past laden  
with fresh blood.

And as long as I can still see a bit of pink on that tree,  
My skin will never grow back the same.  
I'm disgusting. Look at me. Not just the outside, but the  
inside.  
I feel the beetles feasting under the folds of my skin.

# THE POND

OLIVE LENSINK

Up and out of my home of eight years  
The parade passes me by  
Love-colored floats  
Shining in the three o'clock sun  
Spiders hang from the tree  
Suspended by rosy silks  
I fly down the hill  
Past the forest  
The pond  
Climb the fence  
Climb the ladder  
Falling down the tower  
I sink  
But I don't drown  
How could I?  
Deep in the void of endless green  
I was embraced by life

# DEATH DOESN'T MEAN OTHERS CAN'T STRIVE

FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD



# UNTITLED

AMANDA LENSINK



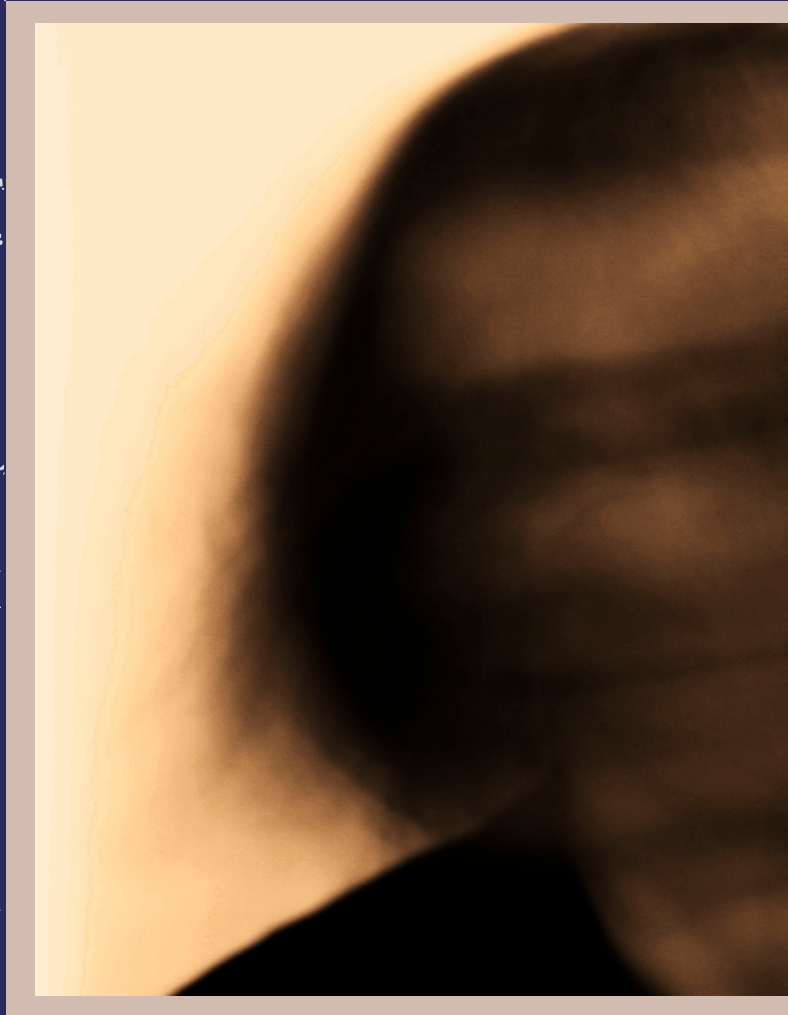
# UNTITLED

AMANDA LENSINK



# DISSOCIA

MEGAN E



For this piece, I wanted to do a self portrait, but in a unique way. I chose to do a long exposure portrait and almost make it abstract. Making my face abstract was my way of telling that they do not know the real me.



# ATION

BUTLER



I disassociate myself from reality through photography. There is so much more to a person than a face. It is almost impossible to find the true personality of someone, just based on their appearance.

# UNTITLED

AMANDA LENSINK



# UNTITLED

AMANDA LENSINK





Imagine the sun as it beats down on the budding tulips of the  
early spring.

Imagine the log as it drifts through the current of the chilled  
river's water.

Imagine the scent of dew and the mist on your skin in the  
early morning air as fog covers the  
town.

Imagine a mother, gazing at her newborn infant as she holds  
them in her arms for the first time.

When someone says, 'imagine' our mind tends to drift towards  
the upsides of life—the aspects  
our minds tend to romanticize.

Nobody's first thought is about the world hunger pandemic,  
wreaking havoc on our lands.



Or what about the countless people living on the streets, even  
when there is a home for sale right down the road.

Not to mention those who live in countries where they don't  
have access to clean water, or  
enough food when we would have enough to spare if  
we weren't too greedy.

No matter who says that their mind drifted to that topic right  
off the bat, they didn't. They're  
only attempting to hide the monster that invades their mind.

Greed.

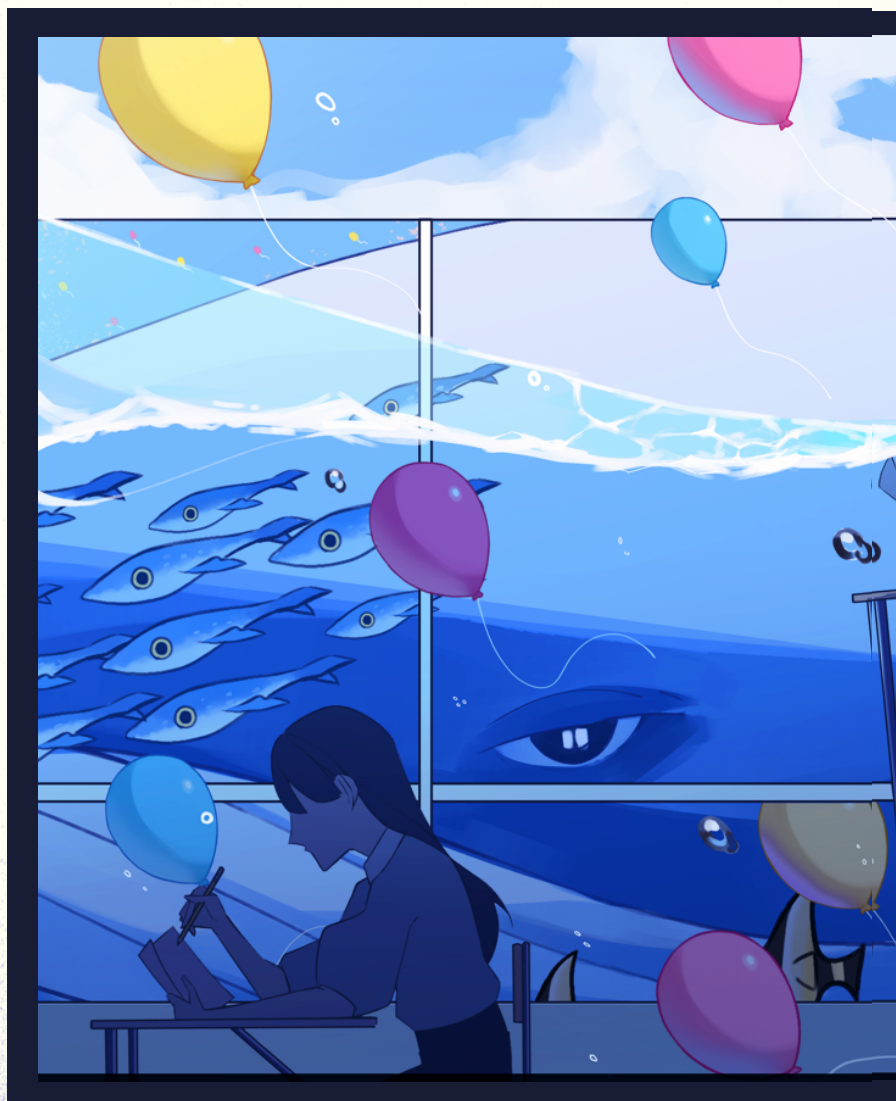
The monster that lives within us all.

So we think about sunshine and roses, a fresh feast, and  
our friend's upcoming party.

But when will we find a cure for greed?

# SEA BEYOND

LUECY X



# THE HORIZON

Y XIONG



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# CONTEMPLATION

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MEGAN BUTLER

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Through this portrait I wanted to create an empathetic audience. Even if the viewer does not know what the model is thinking about, I still wanted them to ponder what she may be thinking about or going through.

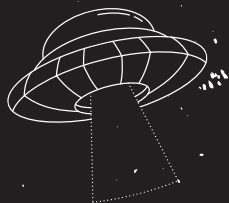


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# CONFIDENCE IS LIKE A CACTUS

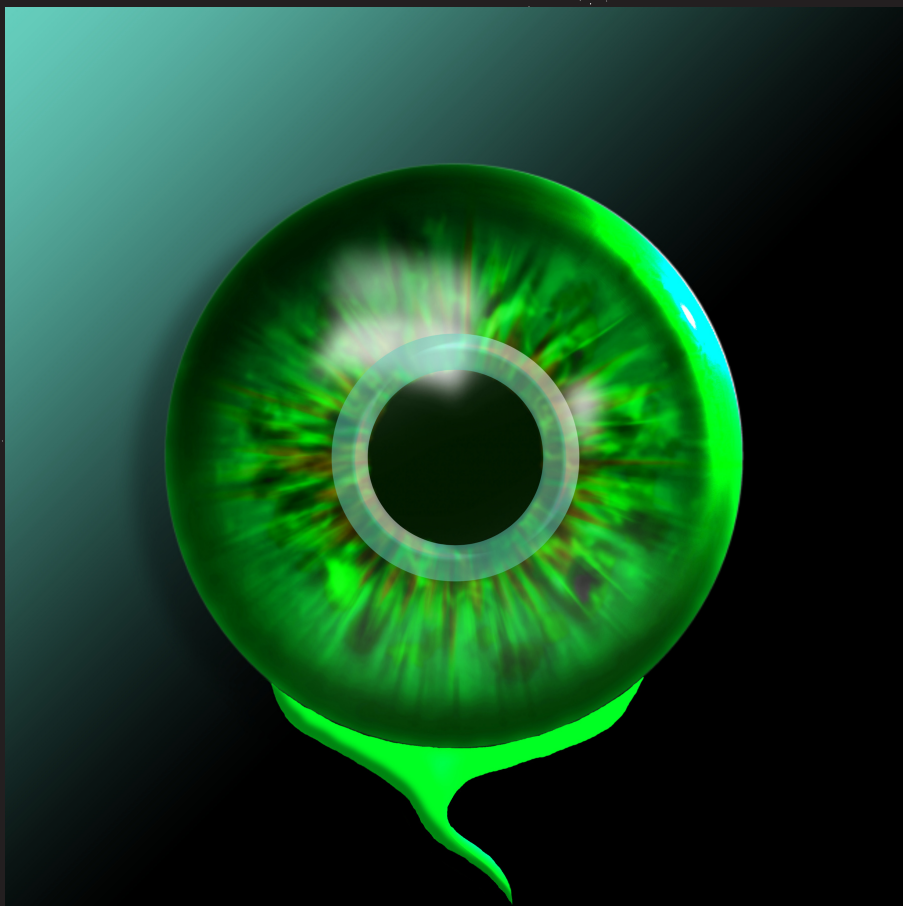
AMBER SHISLER

A cactus is fragile it can break like a twig in the grass  
When confidence is hurt it can grow thorns it will burn down like  
the forests in Bangladesh overwhelmed it becomes defensive & uptight  
Like a pack of wolves it becomes a shield of intense waves & rapids of the  
Ocean until it's covered every vulnerable spot like your core  
Confidence can quake & shake and become a weak unstable  
Foundation of insecurity & anxiety  
Anxiety is a confidence killer it will stalk you like  
a predator hunting its prey, a stalker watching you from afar.  
Strength can bloom like a flower but can tear in two  
It's a beautiful and fragile thing that can be crushed and leave you  
Exposed. Your tears as raindrops, your pain as fertilizer to grow and rise  
Higher and farther than your attackers can reach you



# UNTITLED

KIM ALLEN



# UNTITLED

KIM ALLEN



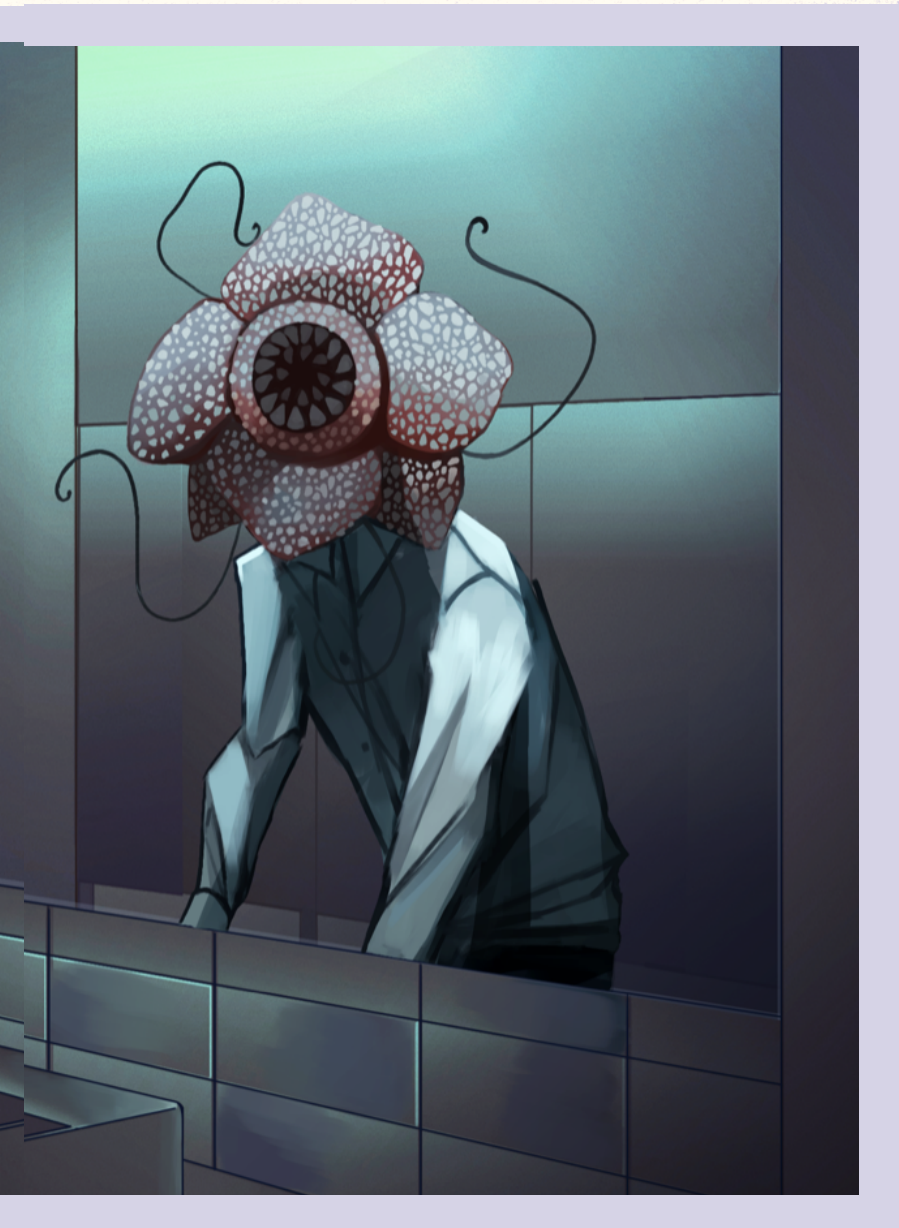
# MIRI

LUECY X



# ROR

Y XIONG



# UNTITLED

KAMRYN DUBOIS



# UNTITLED

KAMRYN DUBOIS



# COPY OF LADY AGNEW OF LOCHNAW BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

KAMRYN DUBOIS





# IMAGINE

KALEB GARDNER



A full color mock-up of a magazine taking inspiration from the October 1971 cover of the epicurean magazine.

# DECOMPOSITION

MEGAN BUTLER



# UNTITLED

KIM ALLEN



# VULNER

SERENA X



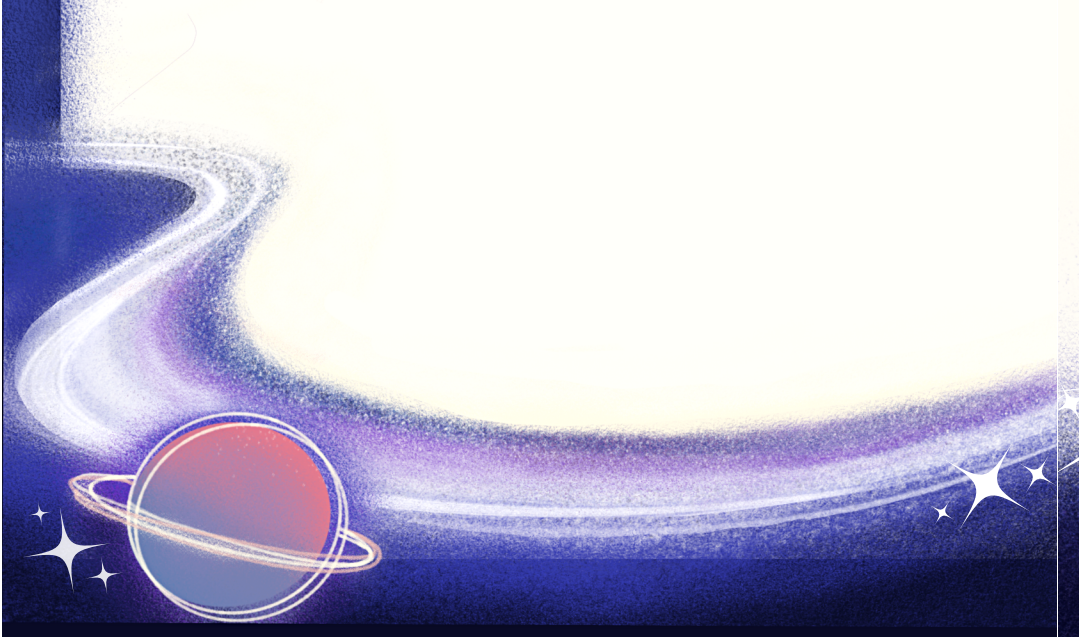
# RABLE

XIONG



"THE POWER OF  
IMAGINATION MAKES  
US INFINITE"

- JOHN MUIR



# THANKS FOR READING

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ON INSTAGRAM!



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