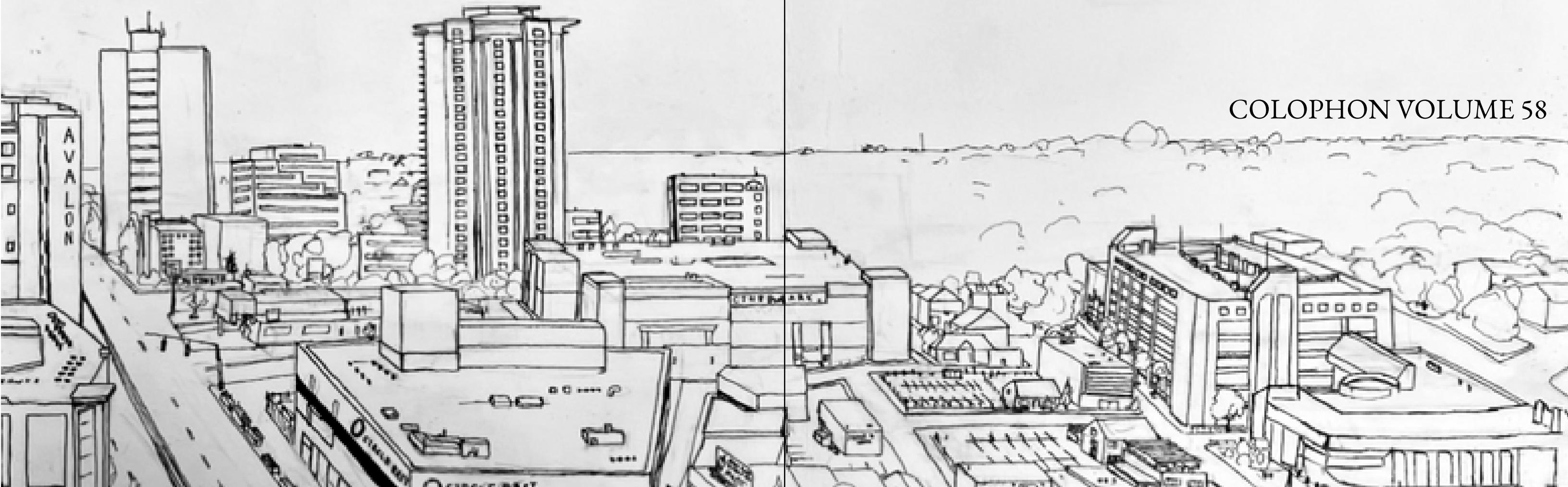


TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL

PETRICHOR



COLOPHON VOLUME 58

Editorial Statement

Petrichor highlights the beauty found in simplicity and peace in the daily transition between the organized and chaotic. In artwork, *Petrichor* exemplified the role of nature in the life of Towson High School students. Nature is a source of inspiration, admiration, and above all a necessary companion in the craft of creative self reflection. In writing, *Petrichor* explored themes of nostalgia and coming of age. This year, Colophon was beyond excited by the number of student submissions. We will continue to look forward to high quality student submissions next year. As we continue to witness the growth of Towson High School student artists and writers, Colophon is glad to be part of the creative journey of every student that reads, submits, designs, and shares the mission and value of Colophon.

Colophon

A Creative Arts Magazine



Luke Salter, *Towson*, Ink on Paper

Volume 58 ★ 2024

Towson High School

69 Cedar Ave

Towson, Maryland 21286

Table of Contents

Literature

I'm sorry, my darling	4	Kiera Mohr
Waiting	6	Madeline Reed
Pretty baby	8	Anjola A
Isabel	11	Camille Bull
The Meaning of Malign	12	Phoebe Miller
Life Is a Track	14	Jack Blanchfield
June 12, 2023	17	Grace Heffner
A Summer Dream	19	Caroline Secrist
The Tumultuous Morning	21	Abby Creech
We Who Argue...	23	Brody Kays
Flowers	25	Isabel Reed
Flowers (Polish Translation)	26	Isabel Reed
Anonymous Ghazal	28	Madelyn Dwyer
Open Door	31	Kaden Flinn
Tranquility	33	Mansoor Johnson
Lingering Feeling	34	Vivian Sanchez
Savorance	36	Sienna Lindamood
Endless Life, Until Death	39	Elisa Guida
Chasing My Tail	40	Ellie Annis

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Art

The Wings	5	Katherine Morton
West Towson Elementary	7	Veronica Dryer
Amidst Rosmaling Dreams	9	Georgia Kral
Isabel	10	Camille Bull
Abscission of life	13	Cole Weihs
A Gathering in Shadows	15	Jonathan Ku
Monkey	16	Max Gerber
Pantone Swatches	18	Wren Gooding
Title of Work	20	Maegan Phoebe Relano
Ghost Girl	22	Ryan Ruffin
Summer Flowers	27	Fiona Tamberino
Abandoned Building	29	Elise Nelson
Summer Night in Haeundae	30	Yisol Chung
Untitled	33	Claire Marshall
Never Part	35	Sadie Littleton
Light and Dark Quilt	37	Brady Burke
Summer Days and Storm Drains	38	Conor Day
Changes	41	Ray Aoki

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Lily Zhu

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Jonathan Ku
Sienna Lindamood
Isabel Reed

I'm sorry, my darling

By Kiera Mohr

Oh, the moment I knew I had found you,
my darling,
Was in the lightest of all hours and I knew that our
time had begun, our sweet, short time,
when your touch melted me,
left me at your beck and call, at your hands.
You whisper in dread that we can't be, that we will
never be,
but my heart tells us that we can,
the feeling of your waist in my hands tells me
we can
There may be walls between us, darling,
But they won't keep us from each other, never.
The world floats away like smoke
when our hands join together,
your soft, snowflake hands,
oh, your gentle, unforgettable touch.

Please, I beg, grace me forever with your touch.
Uncertainly, I implore you, we still can—
But I see it in your eyes,
in the tremble of your hands
It will never work out. I am sorry, my darling
The sky sinks into black,
the golden high of our
immortality ends.
The strangeness of another's touch
poisons my skin,
rots and festers our love.
Their eyes follow us --
can this really be our destiny, Darling?
It feels so meaningless,
holding another's hands.
I have only ever sought yours

This forced arrangement is our curse, Darling,
nausea rises in me
at the thought of touch that isn't yours...
but I am trapped,
so can
you stop gazing at me every hour?

Our
hands
can
never
touch,
Darling.

Please, understand.
We may have said they could never
put another between us,
but reality is not so gentle as your touch.
It is torturous, I know, so try and lessen our
pain, Darling.



Kate Morton, *The Wings*, Acrylic on Canvas

WAITING

By Madeline Reed

The view of the window called my name
It lassoed my eyes and ripped them away from my
teacher

His words ricocheted out my ears
I heard but I didn't listen

Cool grass under my feet
The warm spring air pushing me along as I run
The grass itched my face

Rolling down hills
My passion
My hobby
It's like summer sledding

I wish that was what I was doing
I sit in my chair
Outside in my mind

Waiting for him to stop talking
When he stops I find a new thing to wait for

Waiting for lunch
When it's over I wait to go home

Waiting for winter
Then spring
Then summer

If life
Was ice cream
And time
Was heat
How long are you willing to wait
Before you start to enjoy it



Veronica Dryer, *West Towson Elementary*, Mixed Media

Pretty baby

By Anjola A

Jean sat, unmoving, listening to sounds of the sea, in hopes that the noises of the waves thrashing against the rocks in the ocean would become permanently etched into her brain. Long, stale beams of sunlight trickled in through the blinds, clouding her vision and spilling onto the nightstand, the paint brushes littered in abundance throughout the floor, and the bottled scent of azalea atop the dresser. She then, with her adroit hands from years of painting, raised her arm and allowed her fingers to twist and turn the rays of light into a scene one could only describe as marred onto the canvas that lay before her.

The height of the deck allowed her to see into the ocean. She noted the pale blue of the sea, and the vibrant pink of the early sunrise reflected in the waves as she watched the ducks making their morning passage swimming through the water; she studied the white of the hydrangeas scattered in the water as though they were falling from the sky, and looked towards the lawn at the path that was marred by cigarettes, squashed stubs bearing stains of red and pink lipstick discarded on the concrete; she let her gaze drop into the garden adorned by scarlet rhododendrons, ivy, and shrubs in abundance of variation.

The summer house was Josie's idea – it started when Jean had gone on one of her long-winded, love-driven rambles in which she likened Josie to the sea, drawing similarities between the crinkles by her eyes and the ripples in the water, making note of her ardour that often paved way for stillness and quietude.

Josie then began reminiscing upon a summer she spent in a small house by the ocean, quickly becoming engrossed in the tale, and trying her hardest to recount even the most minuscule of details. She described the feeling of the scorching sun on her face, the smells she encountered while running through the fields of golden flowers, the cool waters of the ponds, the buzzing of the flies...

Josie punctuated her story with a suggestion of visiting the town for the summer, noting its familiarity and the abundance of gardens that would give Jean the seclusion and inspiration she needed to paint.

So she did. Later that morning, Jean set up her canvas and easel on the porch facing the sea. "What are you painting?" Josie asked curiously, making her way towards Jean.

"You, I think," she replied, glancing back at her canvas still lost in thought.

Josie chuckled, "We came all this way for you to paint the same face you'd see everyday back home."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because, I'm an artist, not a painter."

"What do you mean?"

"It means that I produce from my heart, not my eyes. This garden. This sea. It's beautiful. But you, you make it so I see every landscape properly – every flower is your curved face. The movement of the waves is the same movement in which you walked towards me just now. Everything I see is colored by you, my pretty baby."



Georgia Kral, *Amidst Rosmaling Dreams*, Oil on Canvas

ISABEL

By Camille Bull



Camille Bull, *Isabel*, Photograph

Iridescent shoulder of the girl born
through flower and flame,
a pen's kiss on your hand
reminds you to be kind.
although you are bound to them,
the bloom within you unfolds without another (!)
a jar on your table and a
pin in your pocket;
do not let it puncture your soft heart.

the bareness in your eyes
is a golden locket in my hands.
when a changing season is
yesterday's anger,
i hope you learn to love the spring.
more dearest than you know,
your hair is a pouring symphony.

THE MEANING OF MALIGN

By Phoebe Miller

Carmilla strokes the petals of the freshly cut roses, visiting the nearby tree over the rolling hill on the date of her mother's death. She visited this spot every year, staring blankly at the echoes of its meaning. Malign Hill, she had called it. The grave, flashing in her mind. She hears her mother calling her, "dinner time," shaking her back to the face of reality. The tenderness of her voice causes her to pause. Yet the hatred remained. Next year, she convinces herself.



Cole Weihs, *Abscission of life*, School Lunch Trays

LIFE IS A TRACK

By Jack Blanchfield

Running around and around
over and over again
running right back to where you started,
every step already stepped,
every piece of track already explored,
yet
it's never exactly the same.

Yes you're still you:
a boy who loves to run,
who wants to feel free
like a Sunday morning.

But you are different all the same.

Different because it's a new lap,
a new chance for you to surge ahead.
Different because you've learned so much
from every lap prior,
but most importantly,
different because of who you are running for.

Every lap around the track, you
glance at those who love you,
those who have supported you,
those who stand on the sidelines catching glimpses of you –
all of these people that give you
the speed and strength that you
run with
around the track.

Every step around and around,
that you take over and over again,
is just as much yours,
as it is theirs.



Nate Ku, *A Gathering in Shadows*, Phtograph



Max Gerber, *Monkey*, Pencil on Paper

June 12, 2023

By Grace Heffner

Your blisteringly hot living room makes my skin crack up,
the lines on my face matching yours.

I knew you hated this apartment, but I've never felt the same until now.

You ask me how I'm doing, if I'm happy;

How could I be when your own body betrayed you?

Slowly maligning itself until you were too weak to walk.

My tears force me to nod a simple "yes".

Did you notice that I grieved you even in life?

When mom told me that you were gone,
before the sun came up,

I don't remember crying myself back to sleep.

She was gone on the twelfth of June,
but you were gone for much longer,
weren't you?



Wren Gooding, *Pantone Swatches*, Paint



A SUMMER DREAM

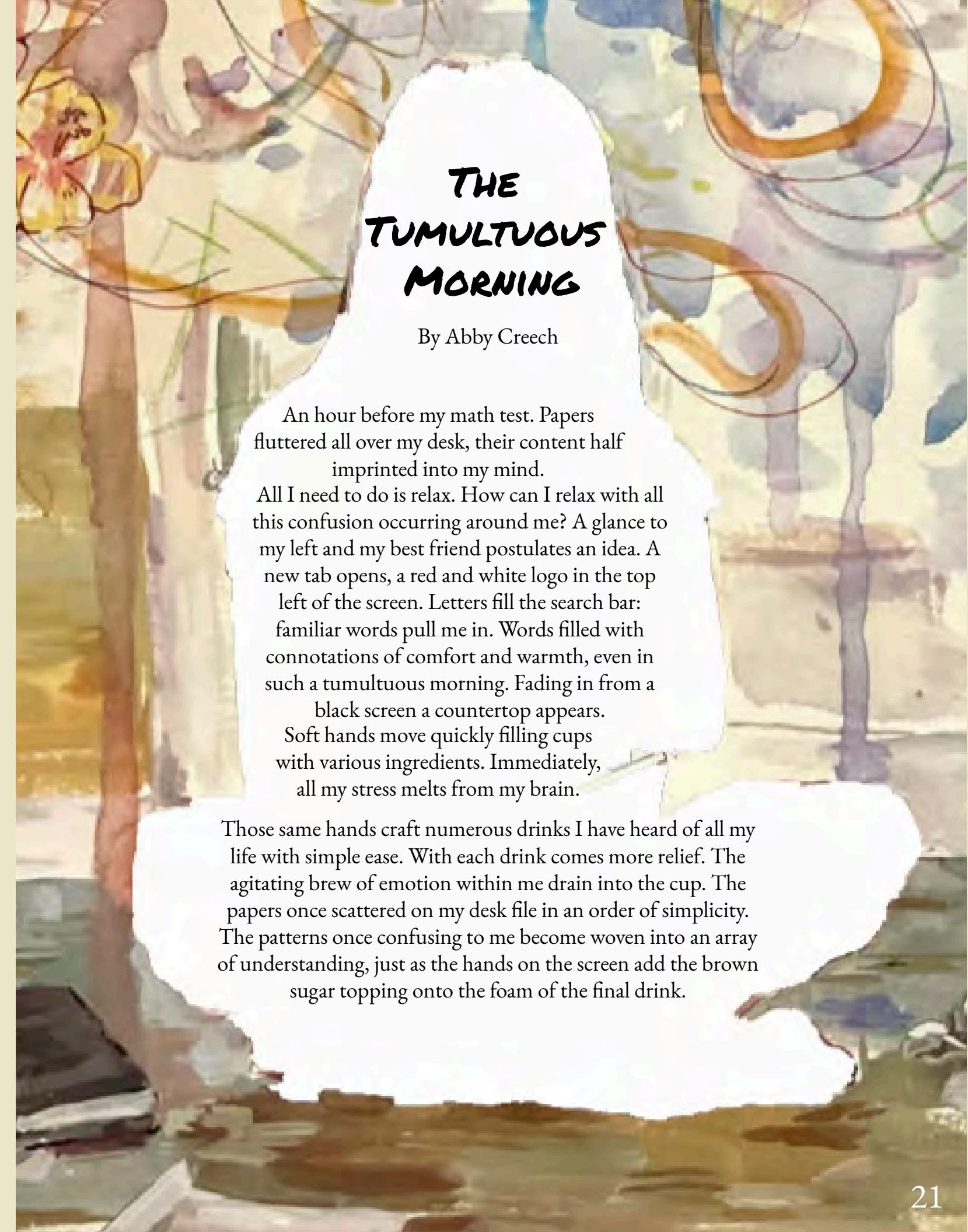
By Caroline Secrist

Adeline always spent her summer afternoons in the company of the wildflowers that overtook much of her grandmother's yard. Nothing could be more peaceful to her than the sleepy humming of bees and the golden rays of the sun which, in her opinion, brought life back into people. Ever since her family had moved across the country to Oregon, she cherished the summers back in her hometown of Beaufort, South Carolina. While Oregon was scenic, nothing quite filled Adeline's heart in the ways that this town did. She laid amongst the flowers in a beautiful baby blue top she had embroidered with some of her favorite blooms from this very garden. Her baggy white jean shorts revealed the scars along both of her knees from the countless times she had fallen tripping along the brick paths as a child. She sighed as she heard her phone ring from the patio. Her mother made it her daily task to check up on Adeline as many times as possible, a habit which, for Adeline, quickly became a nuisance. Her soiled feet left tracks from the grass onto the brick as she went to answer it. The soothing voice of her mother didn't soften the news she delivered, reminding her of the plane she had to catch in less than two weeks. A cloud of realization overtook Adeline's summer glow as she understood this meant school was drawing closer, and that summer was, in fact, almost over.





Maegan Relano, *Bled into Reality*, Watercolor, Guache, & Color Pencil



THE TUMULTUOUS MORNING

By Abby Creech

An hour before my math test. Papers fluttered all over my desk, their content half imprinted into my mind.

All I need to do is relax. How can I relax with all this confusion occurring around me? A glance to my left and my best friend postulates an idea. A new tab opens, a red and white logo in the top left of the screen. Letters fill the search bar: familiar words pull me in. Words filled with connotations of comfort and warmth, even in such a tumultuous morning. Fading in from a black screen a countertop appears.

Soft hands move quickly filling cups with various ingredients. Immediately, all my stress melts from my brain.

Those same hands craft numerous drinks I have heard of all my life with simple ease. With each drink comes more relief. The agitating brew of emotion within me drain into the cup. The papers once scattered on my desk file in an order of simplicity. The patterns once confusing to me become woven into an array of understanding, just as the hands on the screen add the brown sugar topping onto the foam of the final drink.



We Who Argue With Our Fathers As We Argue With God

By Brody Kays

The man faced away from me; he was old, due to the silvery gray hair that rested atop his head. I must've missed the beginning of the dialogue, but raised voices and passionate speech brought my attention. The young boy was furious, screaming and shouting on the verge of tears, the old man taking the brunt of the attack.

"Do you seriously blame me for this?" the young boy began, "are you honestly suggesting this is my fault?" The old man replied,

"It was your own hubris which doomed you."

"My hubris? You give me wings and expect me not to soar? Promise me heaven and expect me not to bask in the glory of it? Yet you, the '*great*' and '*honored*' inventor did not foresee this. Your perfect design failed me."

"You know I would never knowingly hurt you. You have always been my favorite, you know that." "Oh, I'm sure that I'm your favorite. Yet you did nothing. You had the power to change that. But you watched. You promised heaven and gave me hell. That's exactly what a father should do, what a father should give to their 'favorite.' Now I am left mocked, ridiculed, and exiled from all that I once had. You and I both know whose fault that is."

The old man's voice began to shake; "my boy, I would never harm you."

"Yet you did. And you would blame me for it." A silence fell for a moment, pausing for a second, but the boy continued, "I detest your condolences and your sympathy. I will never forgive you. Do not ever speak to me again, do you understand?" The boy shot one last spiteful look at the old man through teary eyes as he rose from his seat and exited the building. As he left, he took great strides, each—forceful and purposeful, carrying his bitterness in every step. The old man sat for a moment and the silence became deafening. He wept.

Obviously, As a mere bystander, I could not fathom what truly happened between the two of them. This observation remained with me throughout the years; a son with such contempt and rage for their father—makes me wonder:

"How many sons blame their fathers for their own downfall?"

"How often are they right?"

Ryan Ruffin, Ghost Girl, Photograph



By Isabel Reed

Most people keep their flowers in their gardens,
I think
I keep mine under my bed
There's a bouquet hanging from my window, too
I don't remember if I first started
keeping them during tragedy or triumph.
Was it celebratory chrysanthemums,
or I apologize asters?
Was it I love you lilies,
or I've made a mistake marigolds?
I don't know if it even matters.
They're all ugly now anyway
They like to wither away from me –
the tighter I hold them,
the more I touch them,
the faster they fall apart.
I've tried preserving them in jars, books, windowsills,
The result is always the same.
Why does it matter that my love cannot keep them?
I've searched for the answer
Yet the only thing I've learned is to love their ashes.
It hurts to watch their color leave
But I know if I was a flower
I'd want to be loved by me too
Maybe I'll use the ashes as fertilizer
It's silly to keep them under my bed anyway,
I think



Polish translation by Isabel Reed

Większość ludzi trzyma kwiaty w swoich ogrodach,
Myślę, że
Trzymam swoje pod łóżkiem
U mnie też wisi bukiet
Nie pamiętam, czy zaczynałam
utrzymanie ich w czasie tragedii lub triumfu.
Czy to były świąteczne chryzantemy,
albo przepraszałam astry?
Czy to było tak, że kocham cię, lilie,
czy się pomyliłem nagietki?
Nie wiem, czy to w ogóle ma znaczenie.
I tak wszystkie teraz są brzydkie
Lubią więdnąć ode mnie –
im mocniej je trzymam,
im częściej ich dotykam,
tym szybciej się rozpadną.
Próbowałam konserwować je w słoikach, książkach,
parapetach,
Rezultat jest zawsze taki sam.
Jakie znaczenie ma to, że moja miłość nie może ich
zatrzymać?
Szukałam odpowiedzi
Jednak jedyną rzeczą, której się nauczyłam, jest miłość do ich
prochów.
Boli patrzeć, jak odchodzą kolory
Ale wiem, gdybym był kwiatem
Też chciałbym być kochany przez siebie
Może wykorzystam popiół jako nawóz
I tak głupio jest trzymać je pod łóżkiem,
Myślę, że



Fiona Tamberino, *Summer Flowers*, Acrylic on Canvas

A n o n y m o u s e

G h a z a l

By Madelyn
Dwyer

I work to live
I work so that I may exchange
My labor for money that I can
Pay to keep my house, food, water, warmth,
Yet I set aside to pay my taxes so that in exchange
I may be safe to live my life in the land of the free
My Country gives me education, order, protects me from the other
which stands outside. In exchange
I listen when they tell me that we are the greatest, that we are strong,
that we will defeat them,
That we are the heroes, that we must fight! They tell me they gave me
freedom so in exchange
I must loyally serve them in this matter, otherwise I am ungrateful
and undeserving.
I listen when they tell me that I can be hailed as a hero when I return.
I believe so I exchange
My autonomy for armor, a uniform, a gun.
My soul for the chance to kill, to trod through pain and dirt, so that
we may win. In exchange
I receive a shot through my chest, with piercing wound I cry.
I fall to the ground, bleeding out. In my last moments I exchange
Glances with another man such as I, who bleeds out next to me. His
uniform is different.
Is this who I hated so much to put myself here? He was just like me,
beside me. We exchanged
The very same terror, the very same eyes as we die together.
I wonder why I exchanged
My very life for those who sit in offices safe and sound over a matter
that could've been settled in any
other way if not for the greed of power. No more have I to exchange.
Now I lay dying, asking only for peace from the earth's ground once
the lights go out.
With no more way to live, the earth obliges this desire, asking nothing
in exchange.



Elise Nelson, *Abandoned Building*, Photograph



Yisol Chung, Summer Night in Haeudae, Oil Paint

Open Door

By Kaden Flinn

In the quiet corners of Secaucus, Alex stumbled into a dimly lit store after a wild night. In his intoxicated haze, he inadvertently left the door ajar, inviting a chilling wind into his home. Unbeknownst to him, the frosty breath of consequence seeped through the cracks.

Dawn unveiled a scene of sorrow — his dreams, personified as ethereal butterflies, lay frozen. The delicate wings, once vibrant with possibility, now crumbled under the weight of his carelessness. In the midst of his shock, Alex's wife soon left immediately after witnessing the aftermath.

Haunted by the frost he unleashed, Alex withdrew into the shadows of regret, watching the ice spread through the veins of his existence. After many years, his wife extended a hand, offering the warmth of renewal. Yet, the ice within him resisted the thaw.

In her eyes, he glimpsed the sunrise of forgiveness, a chance to mend the fractures. But the weight of remorse ensnared him, preventing him from embracing the warmth of redemption. The open door, once an opportunity, now served as a threshold between a frozen past and an uncertain future, leaving both souls suspended in the chill of winter.

TRANQUILITY

By Mansoor Johnson

Claire Marshall, *Untitled*, Photograph



The feeling of falling is a hard one to describe. Yet, as the sky above you becomes farther and farther, you recognize it immediately.

It isn't the feeling of the wind snapping painfully at your face and brushing past your ears. Nor is it the shiver along your spine and the prickling along your skin.

As the wind pulls you this way and that, you realize it's no feeling at all. As you bask in the unobstructed sun, take in the fresh, briny air, and listen to the sounds of crashing waves grow ever so near, you forget it altogether. For you realize that what you once were afraid of is simply a serene embrace of the vast, open sky.

By Vivian Sanchez Neyra

It wasn't until your absence
that I realized how much I liked spending time with you
Your jokes, your stories, your knee against mine
Which you didn't move, but neither did I
During this week, I missed you for the very first time
But the next class you were there
And so was a new feeling
A funny feeling
One that appeared when I saw you or heard your voice
And it lingered

It lingered until December
At first, it was an unwanted feeling, I admit
Yet it was strong
Strong enough to make me miss you the entire break
Your jokes, your stories, your knee against mine
I didn't know if you felt the same, so I stayed quiet
But when you said you liked me
I didn't hesitate to say it too

So we spent more time together
More jokes, more stories, your hand in mine
Months passed
The feeling lingered
The feeling that grew as you told me you loved me for the first time
A year passed
A year of many jokes, stories, and warm hugs
The feeling was still there
Lingering
And it got stronger every time you understood and supported me

The feeling has only grown since then
Everyday the funny feeling makes sure I miss you
Your jokes, your stories, your sweet kisses
Even if you're just an eight minute drive away

Next year will change things for us
But we'll be okay
Because I know the feeling will linger for a long, long time
And after all, you told me you feel it too

Lingered
Feeling

Lingered
Feeling



Sadie Littleton, *Never Apart*, Photograph 35

Savorance

By Sienna Lindamood

I grate panela – unrefined Colombian cane sugar – over a mug of water, the steam warming my face. Perched in a chair, I stir my aguapanela and take a sip. Immediately, I relax into the sweet, comforting flavor. I set the mug atop two overflowing shelves of cookbooks. My family and I take turns cooking, and every weekend I'm on the hunt for something new to make.

Flipping through page after page, I find Ropa Vieja, a shredded beef dish I learned how to cook with my mom when we visited her birth city of Bogotá. She shared many memories with me, along with this special childhood meal. Opening a new book, I find our arepa recipe, the page smudged, my dad's notes scribbled in the margins. I'm reminded of so many mornings waking up and shuffling downstairs with my brother to find stacks of corn flour dough ready to go on the stove. I always think about our abuelito when we purposefully burn the bottoms just a little "for flavor."

I settle on ajíaco: a thick chicken soup with potato, guascas, and wedges of corn served on the side. To the grocery list hanging on the fridge, I add the three different kinds of potatoes that have been scribbled next to the recipe – never daring to disobey the penned, twice-underlined instructions. I wonder if one day I'll add my own notes.



Brady Burke, Light and Dark Quilt, Collage



Conor Day, Summer Days and Storm Drains, Photograph

ENDLESS LIFE, UNTIL DEATH

By Elisa Guida

My eyes strained against the bright sunlight, the metal slide shining before me. Energy flowed through me; I practically trembled with excitement. I stumbled toward it, tripping over myself to get there. My descent burned the back of my thighs, but I didn't care; my legs skidded across the surface as I went down, pulling my skin, but I didn't care.

Back on the ground my eyes searched for another source of exhilaration. . . The seats in the distance seemed to call my name, looking like rust to all but me. I saw a rocket, a vehicle that would fly me into the sky, beyond all limits I thought existed.

I knew the feeling would be unmatched, the sensation that all below disappeared as my feet left the ground, and I inside, never thinking of death. This freeing sentiment, envied by so many who couldn't escape themselves. Child immortality. We could die at any moment, but we don't know when, so we might as well live forever.

But as the years go by, that feeling fades. A dark abyss greets me; death becomes more real. Perhaps my eyes have yet to open. My fingers yearn to touch the spot beneath my jaw that shows my pulse. So, this is what it is: life.

Many go through life with fear that death will bring suffering, yet I feel nothing.

Chasing My Tail

By Ellie Annis

I pick at the skin on my face until it bleeds
I run my fingers through my hair and spin it like a feed

Then I complain about all of the impurities
Searching every crease like there's something I need

My dog chases her tail until it lands in her mouth
I feel similar, when I watch how I chase myself
Never enough, always beating down
Satisfaction is something to which I will never amount

I miss feeling small when my sisters were towers
I miss when I could laugh and still feel empowered,
Now when I do, its like I sit there and cower

What a terrible misfortune it is,
The twilight years of feminine sin
When nothing is good and everything grave
When light isn't bright, and the night is just pain

But at least I'm surviving
at least I'm not dying
At least I'm alive and
at least tears still fall when I'm crying



Ray Aoki, *Changes*, Acrylic on Canvas

About Our Editors

Camille Bull

Mila is not only one of our wonderful editors, but also a fantastic artist and creative writer. Her journey in art has been strengthened by Colophon, and she will continue her literary ventures at Scotland's University of Saint Andrews. She will miss the joy of each meeting and is excited to see more beautiful writing and art in her future!

Elisa Guida

Elisa has been a part of Colophon ever since her freshman year of high school, writing in the magazine and also helping to design it. She will be a senior next year and was so glad to be able to see the amazing artworks and literary pieces that Towson's amazing students submitted. Being a part of this club has been a great experience for Elisa as she has always loved reading and writing.

Jonathan Ku

This is Jonathan's second year at Colophon, and Chief Art Editor for the 58th Edition of Colophon. He is a street photographer by trade, and has a passion for capturing life's moments on the street. Jonathan is a graduating senior and plans to major in Aerospace Engineering at Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University this fall.

Sienna Lindamood

This is Sienna's third year in Colophon and second as an associate editor. She's loved and appreciated the chance to work on this magazine and looks forward to seeing what the creative community of Colophon comes up with next. Sienna plans to double major in world literatures and philosophy at Smith College in the fall.

Isabel Reed

This is Isabel's third year in Colophon and first as an associate editor. She is very grateful for her opportunity to connect with the literary arts community and better her skills as an editor and creator. Isabel plans to continue her engagement with writing as a literature major at New York University this coming fall.

Lily Zhu

This is Lily's third year in Colophon and first year as managing editor. She'll cherish the special place Colophon is to her and its love for student works and passionate presence within Towson High School. Colophon has affirmed Lily's devotion to providing visibility to all students of art and writing. Lily plans on studying engineering at Johns Hopkins University next school year.

Spread Designers

Jesujuwon Balogun	30-31
Camille Bull	6-7, 36-37
Max Gerber	12-13, 40-41
Elisa Guida	34-35
Jonathan Ku	22-23, 32-33
Sienna Lindamood	14-15, 16-17, 18-19
Isabel Reed	4-5, 8-9, 10-11, 20-21, 24-25, 26-27, 28-29, 36-37
Madeline Reed	38-39
Lily Zhu	12-13, 40-41

From the Seniors

After many weeks of editing, designing, and revising, we are proud to present this year's edition of Colophon.

The making of the 58th volume of Colophon hasn't always been easy. The club faced downsizing from the 2022-2023 school year after a majority of the club graduated. However, we were able to overcome the challenge with a small but tight knit leadership team.

Conflicting ideas are frequent in an environment of energetic thinkers and passionate speakers, but Colophon has proven its member's endurance and dedication to producing the highest quality of student published literary magazines by working together past conflicts, staying continuously engaged with the magazine, and being in constant communication with its members.

We would like to thank Mr. Szymanowski for being a great advisor, not only due to his support of our leadership team in resolving logistical differences, but also to devoting numerous hours of his free time throughout the year to be present in our meetings.

We would also like to thank our staffers, Lily, Max, Elisa, Madeline, and Clay, for all of your help. Whether it was selecting student artwork and writing to designing the actual magazine, your devotion did not go unnoticed.

To all future Colophon members, we wish you the best of luck in your creation of future editions, and are excited to pass the torch to the next group of eager students.

- Jesujuwon, Camille, Nate, Sienna, Isabel, Lily

Editorial Policy

Mission Statement

For decades, Colophon has had a singular focus that has driven it to publication: giving people a voice to exchange emotion and express personal insight into our common human experience. It has been over fifty years since its foundation, and as the community that shapes it has evolved, Colophon too has grown, passing through temporal portals to adapt to its new environment. The creative arts magazine's annual efforts have culminated in a haven of creation, to protect, feed, and display to the world the minds of students.

Colophon lives through its student body, a collection of 1,677 minds, and 97 dedicated faculty members, without which there would be nothing to publish at all. The organization accepts submissions from all grades 9-12 for consideration, but to ensure that the school is well represented, only one work is published for any one artist or writer. The student body is diverse, harboring multilingual students, therefore as a tradition, Colophon has published at least one work of literature in a different language.

Submission Policy

Colophon is currently accepting submissions for its 2025 edition on its website. To submit, fill out the information required in the form on the submission page of the Colophon website, and attach the file containing your piece. Acceptable submissions include, but are not limited to: painting, photography, drawing, poetry, prose, sculpture, and music. Contact Colophon at thscolophon@gmail.com. Colophon has two sites, one hosted through Google Sites and the other through Weebly. More information on Colophon and its history can be found at the Colophon website.

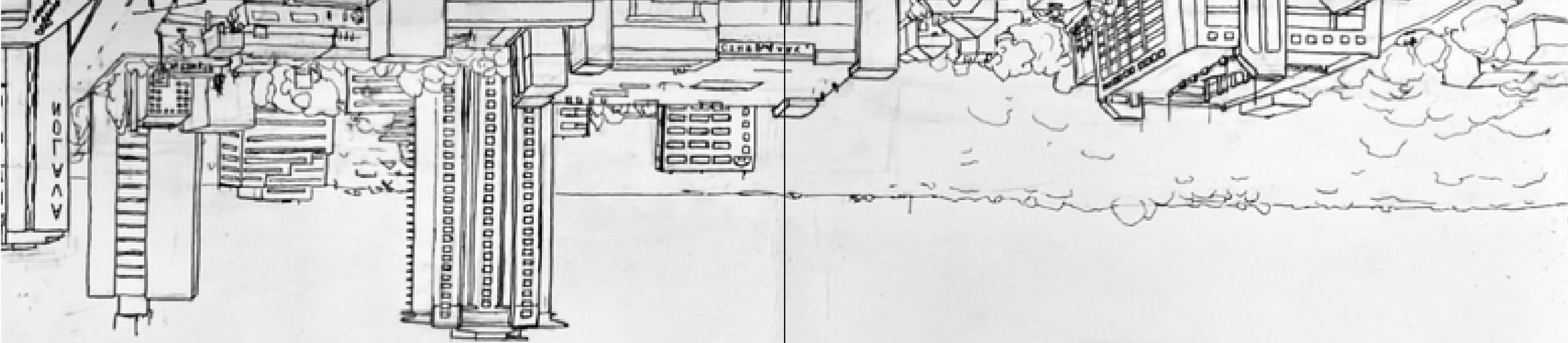
The extracurricular club begins by assembling returning staff and incoming members to a preliminary meeting. Here, the club clarifies the purpose and need behind Colophon, identifies the direction envisioned for the year, and outlines general meeting times after school. A standard is established and clarified to all Colophon staff for the evaluation of creative works. The club members promote submissions to be judged anonymously, encouraging all students to volunteer any work they have through the Colophon website.

Literary submissions are divided into anonymous sets. Each piece is evaluated individually by all Colophon staffers, and given a grade for their technique, expression of emotion, and unique insight. Similarly, art submissions are also divided into anonymous sets, which are evaluated by the entire staff through democratic voting. Criteria for artwork centers around the quality, originality of thought, and innovative use of the medium. As the year progresses, editors narrow down the list of accepted works. A meeting is called to discuss common themes, drawing from the submissions in hopes of attaining a central vision for the magazine. As the club moves into the design phase, editors consult with writers to suggest edits for syntax or literary development in their writing pieces. Art pieces are photographed or scanned to ensure high quality images. As final edits are made, the layout and the pairing of art and writing pieces are organized through a general meeting.

The Colophon staff creates and designs spreads on Adobe Express before electronically sending the book to be published and launching a digital version on Blurb. Finally, copies are distributed in person or via mail to those interested to pre-order through Blurb.

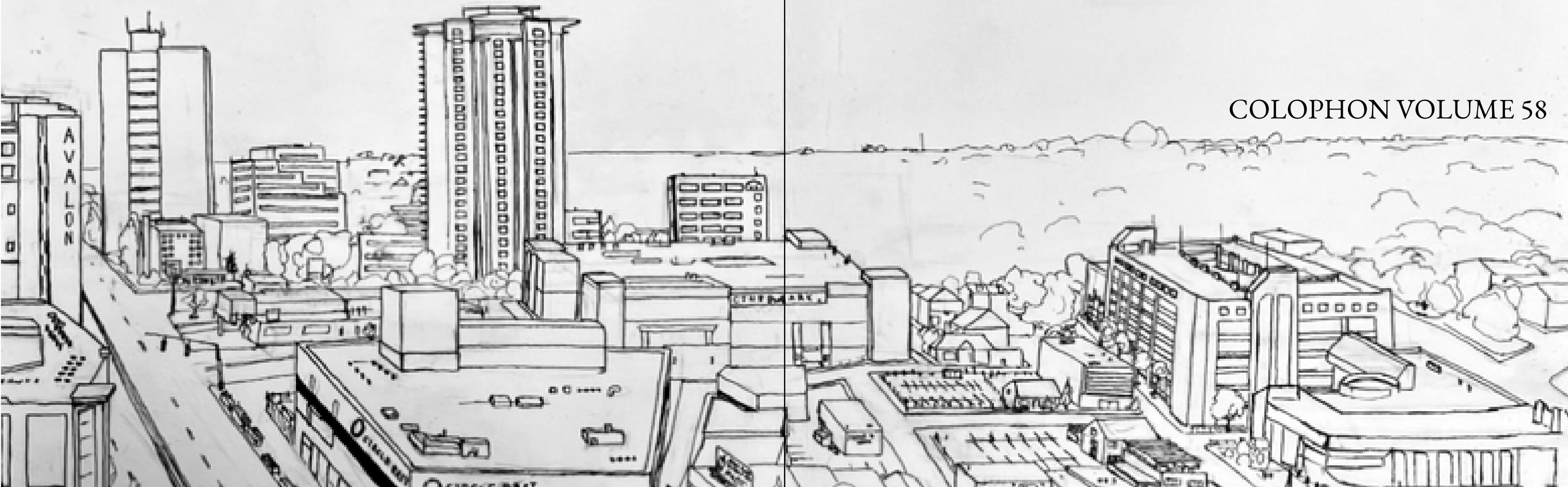
Colophon

All body text and by lines are printed in 60 point EB Garamond. Titles are unique to each piece chosen by their spread designers. All layout, typesetting, and artistic design is executed using Adobe. The 2024 edition of Colophon will be published on the digital publication platform Blurb.



TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL

PETRICHOR



COLOPHON VOLUME 58