

kalopsia

[kal-*op*-see-uh]

**:a condition, state or delusion
in which things appear more
beautiful than they really are**

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You've probably never heard of this word, and that's completely fine, most of us hadn't either. And while our class certainly doesn't use this word in a bad way, we feel that oftentimes people in small towns see things for what they believe them to be rather than what they actually are. The photography in this book helps us visualize this nostalgic sort of beauty.

In the close knit community of the Bluegrass, we are all connected; whether it's through the spaces and experiences we share or the emotions we feel. This year in Art, Design and Voice, we created a book that embodies our perception of home. As a class, we combined creative writing with photography and are pleased to present you with kalopsia: a condition, a delusion, a beauty, a little piece of home that fits in your back pocket.

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With a perfectly paved path stretched before us, shaded by a tunnel of innocence, we venture fiercely into the world; free from the lines that trap us in, open to endless adventures, and ready for a new life of bliss.

Such a fearless pursuit seems simple, almost easy, as the adrenaline and excitement surges through our veins. The beginning of the rest of our lives lies beneath these feet. The time is now. We are on the road to our fate, free and unstoppable.

But what if the path changes? What if who we were meant to be isn't the person we now imagine? The sound of a new experience excites us, yet the fear of difference holds us back.

The most precious moments in life lies within the instant of discovery. The beauty of chaos shapes who we are and the life we are destined to live. We cannot always make sense of what lies before us, but the choice to keep moving makes all the difference.

Regan Martin



The warm rays of the sun illuminate the sky,
while the gentle wind sweeps through his
fur.

The birds sing their spring songs
as they dance from branch to branch,
and the fragrant flowers fill the air with
sweet scents.

We may wonder what it is,
that he watches intently,
but the most fascinating things are what we
cannot see.

Our minds are given freedom to imagine,
our hearts are given the possibility to love.

Anything is possible
outside the edges of the picturesque
moments we capture on film.

Hannah Lee



Think of something that represents beauty to you. You probably thought of a person or a place or a feeling. To me, beauty is old books. There is nothing inherently beautiful about old books. Except that there is. Books, especially old ones, have a certain charisma about them. You could almost call it magic.

Books draw the reader in and take you places that you could never imagine. Books alone contain the history of the world. They allow you to go on adventures with Marco Polo or be present during the height of thinking in Greece. Books contain human thought and process. Without them, we wouldn't have the inner workings of the minds of Dante, Carroll, Dickens, or Cervantes.

Books are beautiful for what they contain: You can feel the sweat and anguish while crossing the river Styx, wandering through Wonderland while sipping on hot tea, or bravely fighting imaginary windmills. Books: come for the escape, stay for the adventure.

Caylee Marshall



Those hands are valleys
of indented skin
that caress the barrier of my sea
in the ruby morning.

Those hands are the lightning
that strikes the willow tree into shards of
bark and cuts the land into ribbons
I drape them over your eyes.

Those hands are course
with mountainside
and blue lanterns of light.

Those hands see my hands.
You paint me green.
In your hands, my soul sleeps.

Hayle Hall



Pound. Pound. Pound.

With each footfall you are carried closer to the finish line. With every breath, closer to victory. The crowd roars as you grow near, until you finally collapse at the line. A necklace of victory is placed around your neck, just one more for your collection. A seemingly endless desire, no amount of victories satisfies your hunger. Why are we so caught up in success that we are plunged into a never-ending, never-ceasing fight for victory? Why do we find our happiness and measure our success with how many medals and trophies we've won?

We shouldn't find our happiness in material possessions or meaningless goals, but by the friendships we have, and the people we love. Our idea of success is a poisonous misconception. Veiled to hide these ideas that we will realize, as we're holding onto the last seconds of life, were not beautiful, but utterly meaningless.

Our feet continue moving us forward, running a race we won't finish. Even so, we don't stop. We've lost sight of the beginning, and have no hope of ever finding an end.

So we tighten our running shoes, and keep running, deeper into our misconceptions.

Jodie Smith



His head is rushing, rushing, rushing around,
going down its own winding road of bedlam
and unease.

The loudness never ends,
the quiet never comes.

Inhale.

Sweet breath goes into his throat and
down, down, down into his lungs
burning all the way there.

His chest is tight, his head is on fire,
his brain a mess of thoughts when suddenly-
it stops.

I watch as his eyes close, head leans back,
brain goes still.

I've seen him like this.

Every time he takes a drag.

How can he fill his body with so much death,
When I find so much life in him?

When his eyes are like the night,
and I've never been a morning person?

When my head fills with the whimsy of him
and every waking moment feels like a dream?

I've never understood why he does it,
why he fills his body with toxicity.

Maybe it's to fill the void that's there when
the nicotine isn't.

I'll never know why he does it,
but one thing I know for sure

is how beautiful he looks when he does.

Holly Mattox



My mind wanders and takes me to oblivious sanctuaries, discovering a hidden locality where I am free of boundaries.

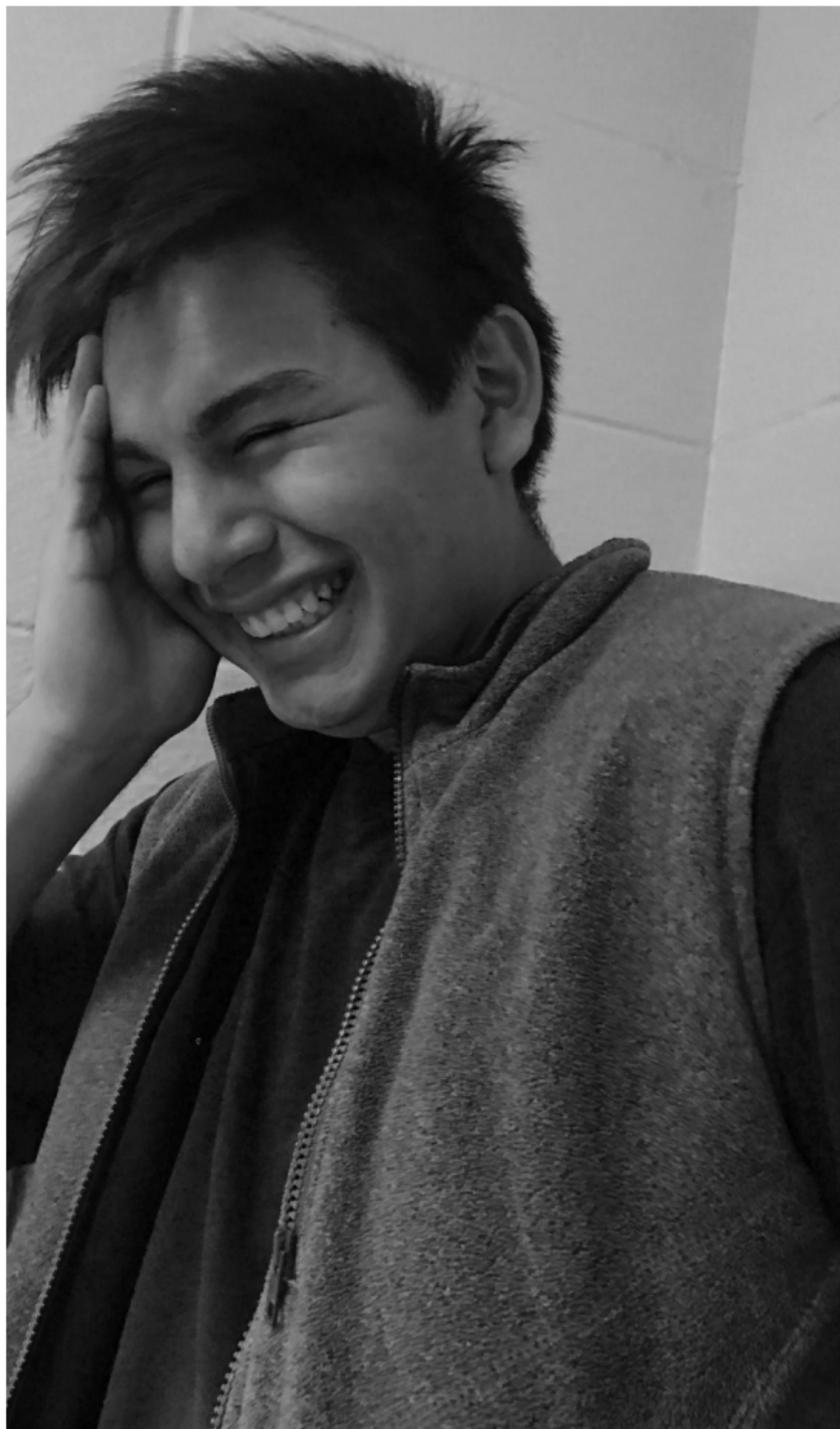
Following the tracks without the pressure of getting to a destination,
I place one foot in front of the other
while I discontinue my thoughts.

The tethered tracks and broken walls
are painted in stories,
signatures of other lost imaginations.
My lungs fill with awe
as I absorb the beauty of the unseen.

No, this place is not somewhere a normal perspective would display for all,
but its character attracts those of intellect.

And I could not feel more at peace than I do
now.
Surrounded by this neglected beauty.

Shelby Dearing



The look of joy on someone's face is unforgettable. The squinted eyes, the heavy grin, the uncontrollable smile; it is a beautiful thing. Even the sight of it makes you want to join in.

But taking a look closer, shows a different side.

It takes control. It has power. Joy changes you completely. Your hands move in the air almost involuntarily.

You can barely breathe. You're forced to tears. It controls you.

Joy embodies the cheer of your youth, but uncovers a deeper layer of uncertainty.

Joy is great while it lasts,
but then worry sets in.
Look closer.

Glenn Fister



The dust settles as she takes one more step

Closer

Her stomach growls vigorously
as the hunger for freedom erupts

The harsh sound of an alarm echoes through
chills of adrenaline

As a small bead of sweat trickles down,
pausing, only for a second, on her
trembling, bottom lip

Stuck in abandoning wonder, the sky calls
her name

Come closer

Victoria Lobsiger



Oh, I wish I may,
I really wish I might,
have this wish tonight.

I wish for coffee,
with a warm drizzle of love,
steaming with laughter.

Even if it burns,
on it's way down, wasn't it worth
the pain for all this warmth?

Because a moment of love is worth the
scalding, when that love has cooled.

Eli Bradshaw



We are all lost in a global web of shallow connections. While praising this new era of technology, we have romanticized the system until an image of pure beauty, progress, and worldliness have joined us together by our cellphones, tablets, laptops, and social media platforms. Our planet has shrunk, yet our ties to each other and the earth are vastly superficial.

Smiles fade, hands untangle, and we walk away after the picture is taken, our eyes glazed over and fingers hurriedly scrambling for our sleek devices. We are lonely with thousands of followers, dejected by only a hundred likes, and removed from the captions, messages, and pictures we send. It's a constant yearning, an insatiable hunger for something we can't quite put a finger on. There are rules in this system. There are winners and losers.

There is the possibility of betterment, of course, but first we must become aware. All we have is this moment, right now. Built on comparison and illusion, our devices mean everything and nothing at all.

Maggie Sunseri



You are young,
You are young until one day you are not,
Your name is no longer the same,
You can no longer wear bows in your hair,
And the jacket you once loved is
somewhere far away.

You are not young,
your mind is aflame
with your opinions of the world.
Your favorite dream
is now abhorred and forgotten,
Your crown from the pageant
broken in three pieces.
And the rock on your finger --
Oh how you wish it was plastic.

You are not young,
you are no longer chasing the
treasure at the end of the map,
Your perfect white dress
no longer fits quite right,
one shoe is not missing
like in Cinderella.
The fairy tale you once sought is not reality.

Jessica Smith



It looks pretty. It looks fun.
But it is so much more.
It means summer nights and cookouts
With all their humid glory.

It brings county fairs and funnel cakes
With all their sugary sweet splendor.
It makes memories of driving and singing
Much too fast and much too loudly
It is followed by the sound of friends
laughing,

And when it explodes,
the roar shakes your soul.

It looks pretty. It looks fun.
But it is so much more.
It comes from a time of simplicity.
A time before deadlines and curfews
when the whole world
was ready for you to explore.
A time that allowed freedom and happiness
Instead of the limitations of routine.

The soundtrack of summer echoes through
the night.
Yes, it looks pretty. Yes, it looks fun.
But it is so much more.

Sarah Murner



Other people don't seem to understand why I love my dirty red converse. Others don't see how truly beautiful my dirty red converse are.

I was wearing these shoes when my brother returned home after eight months away. It was the first time I understood his pain.

I was wearing these shoes when I wrecked my car. It was the first time I knew my father truly had unconditional love.

I was wearing these shoes when my sister moved out. It was the first time I felt truly alone.

I was wearing these shoes when I opened the acceptance letter. It was the first time I knew what I wanted in life.

I was wearing these shoes when my mom drove my car home as I cried. It was the first time I knew you always need your mother.

I was wearing these shoes when I said goodbye to a friend. It was the first time I experienced grief.

I was wearing these shoes when I reached the top of Yosemite. It was the first time I realize how small I really am.

My dirty red converse are beautiful, some just don't see it.

Reagan Jobe

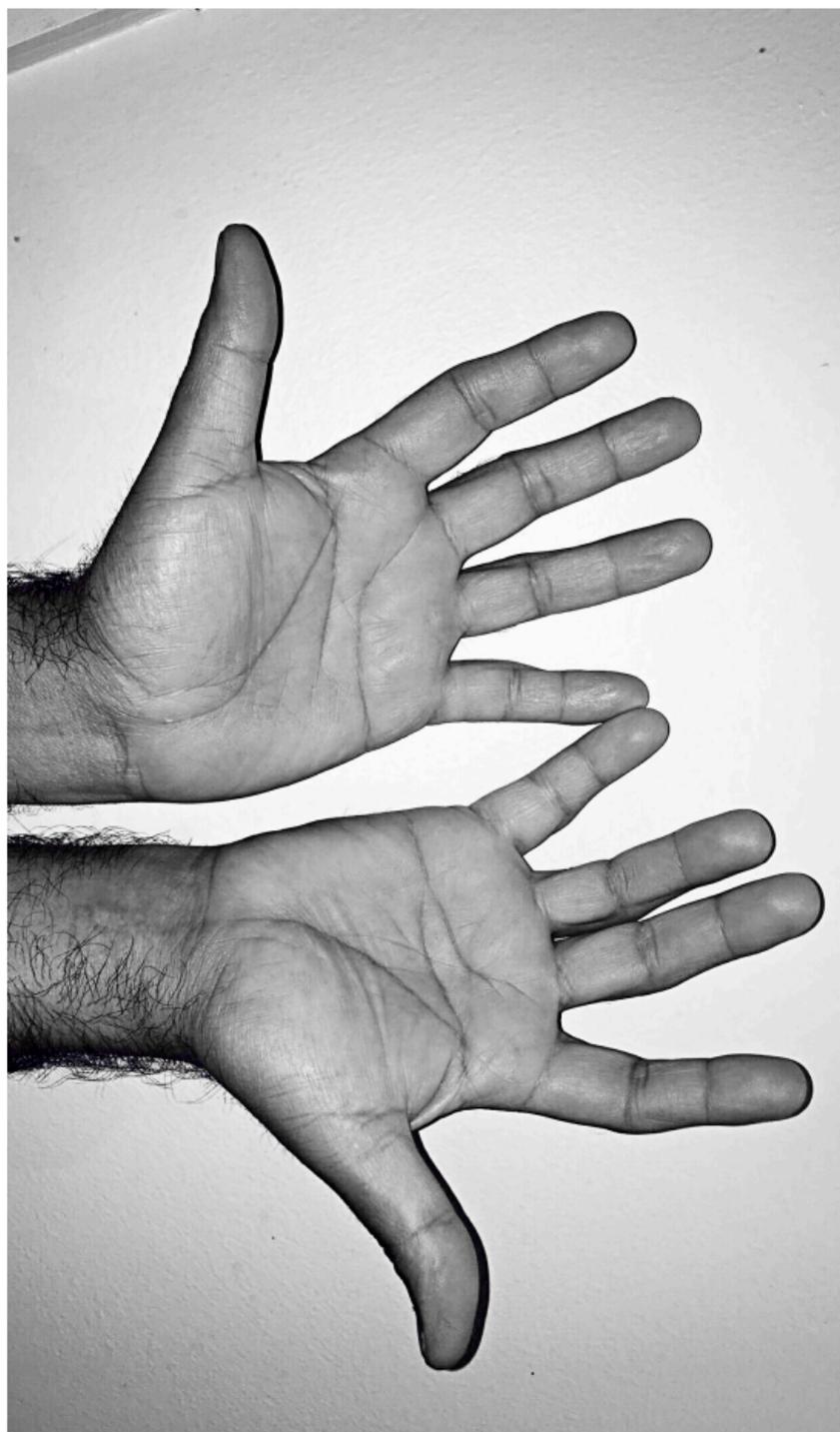


Public Service Announcement in regards to dandelions:

Spring gives us a little hint of color in our green grass, and with yellow, being the color of happiness, we find joy in their arrival. We sing songs of popping heads off their stem body. We create “flower” crowns, bracelets, anything we can conjure. Even near the plants’ death it gives us a wishing tool, all white and fuzzy, just waiting to dance in the wind... But alas a dandelion is a lie, it is not a flower. It is mischievous, popping off heads and making wishes will only give in to its endless reign. Their truth is hidden behind the joy they yield, so do NOT be fooled. A dandelion is a wanna be, it’s real name is “Taraxacum,” its derivative meaning disorder. So, if we are making a true observation a dandelion is a lying, troublesome, sick killer. Please, please, please, spread the word. Our beloved flower is simply a weed.

When we’re young everything looks so bright and yellow, full of wishes. But as most of us know, it’s not always bright, all wishes aren’t granted. In this sense, our life is a weed. Invasive, troublesome, beautiful. Please, please, please spread the word.

Meghan Watts



These hands hold a struggle, a beautiful story, and care. These are the hands of an immigrant father.

A man who came into this country with a dream. A dream to make sure his family can live up to the American Dream.

These hands work everyday to make sure his family keeps moving forward. To make sure his children succeed in life. He wants to make sure his children's hand don't look like his.

Behind all the scars, blisters, and calluses is a man willing to work hard heavy labor just to make ends meet.

These hands didn't get to hold a pencil or an education. They had to work instead.

These hands are not selfish. These hands teach me to take the opportunities he didn't get.

These are the hands most people don't want, don't appreciate, don't recognize.

These are the hands that raised me.

These hands are strong enough to hold his family up.

Jessel Martinez



It was a subtle downfall.
With her, it's always about how broken art
can be.

She says the damage makes it lively.
"My dear, life is art, and art is messy!"
She seeks loose foundations,
finding comfort in destruction.

Her mind is soothed,
heart softened by what once was.

She sees beauty in decay and rust and rubble.
With her, it's always what it was, never what
it could be.

She loves the past--examining downfall.
To her,
downfalls are the most beautiful pieces.

I suppose she just wants to be art,
rough, studied, chaotic.

Annabelle Crockett



The sun's light filters through the forest flowers, casting beams of gold upon the grassy lowland soil. It seems so silken and fine, yet despite it's wondrous majesty, the sun speaks of something all too dreary. The rays descend into a cloudless ether; they tell the story of a dying titan, of the last laboured breaths of a mighty emperor. Sol settles down to rest for another eternal slumber, giving way to the starry sky and nocturnal mother. The journey to the next morning, always uncertain, will soon begin.

Through the underworld, the champions start their harrowing trek, battling the demented daemons of hell's construction, to gift the first day's light to mortal man. All the mighty kings and queens are powerless to save themselves from eternal darkness, yet still they hide away in their mighty fortresses and haughty kingdoms. The heros of man fight another valiant battle, as they have since the first sunrise. They will vanquish every devil in the silent war. Then their God given mission will be complete again. The ancient beast can warm the land once more, granting the kiss of life to man's precious soul.

Nolan Greene



Three rows of boards with posts in between,
old and eaten in colors gray and green.
It stands tall, as if it will never be felled,
its sights and secrets forever withheld.

A step closer and the scene might change,
boards with posts, are different, strange.
A ten foot wall slowly appears,
a wall, you recall from younger years.

Behind it is danger, damsels, and dragons,
peasants still ride in rickety wagons.
To see all this would be a great sight,
but adults are not privy, they lost their right.

To me, I clearly see the elusive picture.
It's beauty always is a permanent fixture.
To you, you see the old gray and green,
the three rows with posts standing between.

Mary Crutchfield



When you look at a person, the first thing you notice is their eye color, the shape of their face, their bright smile or the length of their hair.

But sadly, never their shoulder.

It may seem like the shoulder is a body part whose only use is to connect the arms and torso together with no unique character. Yet in reality, they are the strongest out of all body parts and are able to push forward despite the hardship and suffering they carry.

The shoulders are there to balance the weight of the world. They are there for a child to lay its head on, for a friend to cry on and for your loved one to kiss upon.

Shoulders are the biggest supporters in someone's life and more important than one may believe
not everything is what it seems.

Sarah Peirce



Running, collapsing, tumbling. Bruised flesh matches tattered veins canvassed across delicate skin. Rose tinted eyes mask the hot tears welling up. Stuck on the shoestring line between love and hatred, she thinks about the time that he first held her.

Muddled memories become clearer as she tries to remember a time when her skin wasn't black and blue. His arms, so gently wrapped around her waist. His fingertips, lightly brushing her sides. No. No. No. The dark delusion withers away. This pile of broken glass and splintered wood is no more a home than his arms are.

Sarah Metcalfe



A library.
Shelves upon shelves
Of beautifully bound books
Untouched
Because of their beauty.

A piano.
What was once an instrument
Meant to cradle the stuff of souls
Now functions as a shelf.

A sound bar.
To the glass figurines
Collecting dust,
And a light
That sits in shadow.

Books unread--
Music unheard--
Light unseen--
Knowledge unknown.

Amanda Cooper



What a magnificent realization:
a journey to anywhere.

A whole existence left up to the sum
of your excursions,
a whole world of rain showers and sun rays
and April breezes that wait to make
acquaintance with your skin.

A world of birds chirping and creek water
running and the warm solace
of a bonfire on an October night.

Feel the beauty and the pain in it all.
Take the back roads, stare at the stars,
drink your favorite coffee, take Polaroids.
Feel the beauty and the pain in it all.

Adventure often.
Endeavor greatly.

The beauty of your life is not in the delusion of
arriving at a destination, but in realizing the
beauty in your ability to go anywhere.

So go anywhere,
go everywhere,
please just go somewhere.

Even if you don't know where you're going,
just go.

Haylee Todd

Thank you..

Art, Design and Voice would like to thank the Woodford County school system for their dedication and support.

Ms. Benton, our sponsor, would like to thank the Bread Loaf Teacher Network and the C. E. and S. Foundation for their support and inspiration.

**Woodford County
Art, Design, and Voice Class
2017**