

The Hampton Review
Issue Three



Cover Art: *Syncope* by Caitlyn Kenary

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The Hampton Review Staff

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Table of Contents

Consumption.....	4
Alexander Lucas, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology	
Pathways	5
Allison Wetmore, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology	
My Renaissance	6
Samantha Springer, Mount Saint Joseph Academy	
Old World.....	7
Charlotte Fassnacht, Urban School of San Francisco	
Thirteen	8
Alexander Lucas, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology	
Humanity's Folly	10
Taylor O'Neill, Mount Saint Joseph Academy	
Toy Store.....	12
Violet Binczewski, Mount Saint Joseph Academy	
You and Chocolate	13
Caitlyn Kenary, Mount Saint Joseph Academy	
The Things They Carried Emulation Essay	14
Alexander Lucas, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology	
Listening	16
Allison Wetmore, George Washington Carver Center for Arts and Technology	
Whole Again	17
Charlotte Kephart, Mount Saint Joseph Academy	

Consumption
Alexander Lucas

Forever devoted,
Not to a person, nor to an art, or skill, but devoted to feeling
I've been on this earth 17 years and somehow still haven't learned how to feel without letting it
consume me. I carry the anger of my father and the grief of my mother.
I don't know what to do with either but like a stray dog I continue.
Continue to fight and to follow,
To beg, beg for a scrap of your attention, or the push of your hand.
I let it fester, the rage, the love, the hate, the harm.
We often pit love and hate against each other, as two ends of the same spectrum.
In truth, hate is just love that's been consumed by hurt.
Ultimately you cannot find hate for something without having an utter devotion and love for
another. They are not contrasting emotions, but rather two congruent passions that stem from the
devotion of the human mind.

Pathways
Allison Wetmore

Paved roads,
Dotted lines,
Solid lines,
Yellow and white,
Red glow,
Brakes and pedals,
Side and rear views.
Passing streetlights,
Street signs and exit signs,
Homes and neighborhoods,
Valleys and canyons,
Cities and country sides,
Below sunlight and moonlight.
Across days,
Across weeks,
Through years and decades,
We travel the roads together;
Holding hands
And releasing
When it's time
To fly solo.

My Renaissance

Samantha Springer

For weeks the girl did nothing. She'd stare at the ceiling and occasionally the door, the window, the closet, and the carpet. She was motionless; mentally, physically, and emotionally. She just felt like a numb void of nothingness. Losing her biggest role model made her lose the will to want to achieve. Losing her closest friend made her never want to talk to anyone again. Losing her protector made her feel all the more vulnerable to the risks of the world. The loss made her lose her sense of self. She knew she would never be who she used to be and she felt unsure if there was anything she could become instead of a void of numbness. One day, there was an unusual feeling within the atmosphere, the girl actually felt motivated to get up and do something. She chose to pick up a paintbrush, a pallet, and a blank canvas; then I was awoken. Through her creativity she found a new sense of self, a distraction from grief, she found me. Although I detest the girl, I do appreciate her because if it wasn't for her, I would not be me. If it wasn't for her, I would not have flourished to who I am today. Though I appreciate the obstacle she accomplished to invent me, she has also provided me the motivation to never want to be her again. Sometimes I get flashbacks of the girl and ask myself what would she think: "Wow, I've grown to be a productive person", "Do I ever still get sad", "How could you be so happy after we've lost so much", "Knowing who I become, I like myself a bit more", or "Wow, do I really eventually dye my hair dark red, I've always wanted to do that". If I could tell the girl anything, I would tell her that it's ok to be upset but if you break down and just stop everything, life will move on without you, it's important that you live your life with the time you have because you of all people should know that death can be the most cruel and unexpected thing.

Old World
Charlotte Fassnacht

There is an ocean inside of me.
Every dawn it hums
A rumbling purr of secret lullabies
And what about the dying languages
Of heroes who fell for no reason?

There is a valley inside of me.
Every night there are lovers
Tangled together in the fields
And sinners with moaning faces
Whining in the depths.

There is a birth inside of me.
Every morning songbirds swell
Drinking in the light of a new day
And a pure woman emerges
Whose hair is still golden and good.

There is a worm inside of me.
Every evening it bathes in hatred
Slinking through my chest
And it is every slimy thing coiled
In my body, so I end up on the floor.

Thirteen

Alexander Lucas

At thirteen I broke up with my first boyfriend. At thirteen I found out my father was leaving my mother. At thirteen I watched my best friend cry over the idea of my death. At thirteen I listened to my sisters scream at the man who raised us. At thirteen I became aware that I would never be able to compete with my brother. At thirteen I knew there was something tragic about the world. Thirteen. They say it's a difficult age, teenage girls get sad, boys become rowdy. Makeup, boys, fashion, that was what I was told to expect out of thirteen. When I'm asked what the turning point in my life is, my thoughts don't collect around one particular event, but a series of blows given to a child that did not deserve to take them. At thirteen I spent my spare time reading, drawing, enjoying what I could out of life. It wasn't perfect but it was good. At thirteen I became aware that nothing is fair, no matter how good you try to be, how much you try to help others, it is not fair. Despite this I haven't stopped caring, haven't stopped trusting, haven't stopped trying.

I have always been made to believe that karma will return good and bad deeds, that it will always fix things eventually. Unfortunately, my doubt in this theory turned out to hold true. At thirteen I was forced to grow up, forced to understand more than I ever wanted to. I was always a daddy's girl growing up, there's no doubt in that, however our closeness is what tore us apart in the end. At thirteen I was sat down in the living room and told my life would be changed. My sisters already knew, deemed mature enough to handle it, my brother left in the dark due to his age, so I was left to deal with it in the only ways I knew how. They tell you grief is hard, but grieving someone who is still alive is a burden I will never wish on anyone. Between hushed conversations, therapist visits, letters, emails, texts, I was haunted by the angry man that would

not leave my house, only my heart. Stuck between an adult and a child, I was told my sisters were more mature, they were allowed in on hushed conversations, on the rare occasion they were home. I don't blame them; I would've done the same if I could've. I was told "don't tell your brother" "he's too young", I thought; then why was I allowed? Less than two years older than him I floated in an in-between; I was not allowed to know and not allowed to share, the most I could grasp was the comfort of presence, lying in my sister's bed, tears staining her pillow, she was not like me, not like my father, she did not yell, the comfort didn't last as most nights she spent out, but I stayed, lying awake on her pillows; at thirteen I was torn apart by the hurt from my father and the guilt from my mother, I ended up alone, and have been ever since that day.

I was daddy's girl, I carried the burden of my father's anger and my mother's grief, from that day I learned to pick myself up. I will not be like them, I will not submit to the anger he has caused me, I will not allow someone to treat me with the same disrespect. They say that once there is an angry man in your house, there will always be an angry man in your house. I refuse to allow an angry man into my house, or into my head. I am choosing to be better; I will not be the angry man in the house. I will not be my father.

Humanity's Folly

Taylor O'Neill

Spasmodically-timed bombs dropped on the war-laden land, while cumbersome souls and bodies hoarded the streets in hopes of escaping the city. The absolutely unbridled chaos made it difficult for even the smallest of wandering children to slip through cracks in the crowd, their parents forever lost either that day or as a former sacrifice to the never-ending fight between the lands. Altruism comes rarely in this selfish world, so hardly anyone would stop to help those stomped in the stampede, and grown people would admonish any unknown child if they even dared to ask for help. Spurious statements had been declared earlier that day, saying that there were no bomb threats, that no planned attacks from the other side would occur; however, those were lies aimed directly at the less fortunate. Spies for the country had in fact returned the day before, holding information leaked in the opposing nation's security breach. The government predisposed the intelligence to only the most wealthy, and together, they all fled the country and left their citizens to fend for themselves in a crazed swarm. When the bombs initially dropped, it was a surprise to the grand majority of the population. Children were in school, their parents circumspectly making that week's budget using the little money they worked for, and the homeless wandering the streets, begging for coins that would never come. The world's tallest and most impressive skyscrapers called that city home, and their names were known globally as yet another accolade attributed to humanity. However, by the time next morning comes, they will be effaced out of existence as a result of pride and destruction, and all their grandiose feats forgotten in naught but a century or two. Dead bodies will lay stricken throughout the streets, and the horizon will be entirely empty with no more of humanity's "achievements" left standing. Black smoke diffusing on a red sunrise will greet helicopter news crews, and they will broadcast their influenced stories

live to anyone sitting on their couch. The wealthy will pay anyone and everyone off to get their narrative across, and the media will simply accept it, because why not? This isn't their war, this horrid land isn't the remains of *their* country's honor. They don't know these people, and neither do you. So why should you care?

Toy Store
Violet Binczewski

They wrapped me up in bubble wrap
polished me up for the window display
stocked me on the shelves
sitting there in my box waiting for someone to take me out and play

a few frivolous buyers slipped their bills over the counter
just to take me home
spun me around their kitchens for a few hours before retiring to reality,
leaving me in the dark corner of a toy box, alone

and some of the boys played a little too rough
even as I stood tall with my chin up, pretending to be tough
ripped gloves on my arms and missing heels on my toes
loose pearls unclasped around my neck
eventually they all returned me when they realized I only came with 3 changes of clothes

on the car ride back
I tucked my head between my legs
while I wondered where the loose screw could be
maybe someone could screw it in real tight,
maybe they could fix me

I held my breath as they put me back in the box and back on display
with my wide eyed stare at anyone who walked by
There has to be someone with whom I can play

as I clawed at the plastic around my ears and eyes
as I waited for the rubber tumor to take me home and metastasize
dust collected on my hands and feet as I waited, unwanted
the lights in the store went off
and I spent another night
holding in my guts and a heavy cough
I still brushed my hair like a good girl
and straightened my skirt, reapplied my mascara ever so carefully
because tomorrow when the store would open again
I'd have to look my shiniest
in case someone could want me.

You and Chocolate
Caitlyn Kenary

The table is cold and the tears are hot
the needle is sharp but the love is not
my snout is gray and your eyes tired
Work's all done, my paws are retired
The needle hurts and I look up
Memories golden, just a pup
you grace me with one final gift
wrapped in silver, like a kiss
my jaw parts at the earthy scent
forbidden fruit, that's what it meant
eagerly, slowly, my fangs mash
muddy sweetness, mine at last
my ticket to the other side
heavenly sweet is the ride
the poison drips its
final bittersweet
drops into my
weak veins you
I try for you my
my sweet friend
I let my eyes
drift gently shut
until chocolate
and you are
all I will
Leave
with

The Things They Carried Emulation Essay

Alexander Lucas

I heard a phrase once, “I am made up of everyone and everything I have ever loved.” This phrase is something I have held with me since the day I heard those bittersweet words. I carry the burden of books, paints, and brushes, piles of homework I will never complete, pens, paper, and journals full of thoughts I will never share. Among all that weight lies the burden of my love, of the people I love, and of the ones I will never love again. There is no limit to the expanse of what I feel and what I carry. Each line in my notebook, each fold in my books, contrasted to the music I hear, the things I see. I keep a polaroid in the case of my phone, something I am never without. It pictures my friends, the people I care for, the people I like to believe care for me. An object that in hindsight weights just about as much as a feather, holds not only my memory but the memory of those around me. The straps of my bag dig into my shoulders as I walk down the halls, the canvas in my hand leaving callous marks on my palms. The bag weighs only 10 pounds, give or take, but the weight of what it holds bares more on my soul than it does on my shoulders, a pack of gum, a spare charger, 2 books, an extra pen, a first aid kit, all just in case someone needs something. I carry things not only out of my own practice but also out of the need to be needed. If I am not of use, then what am I? As I stand up to leave, the girl next to me asks for a piece of gum, I oblige, and suddenly, an unspoken and unexpected friendship forms. The moment I need a changer, or class notes, or she needs gum, or help with a project, we are aware of each other, we share space, we share time. We do not speak outside of these interactions, but I think that’s the beauty in it, no obligation, no reason, just the mutual agreement that we are both there, and we understand each other. The weight of expectations, of my father’s guilt and my mother’s grief, the weight of a bad grade, or an unwelcome feeling. It will always linger in the back of my mind. The

knowledge of privilege and the knowledge of struggles. A weighted battle that one can never truly win. As I walk down the street, down the hall, an overbearing, anxious feeling grows. Watch your back. Make sure you're listening. Never let down your guard. The weight of a stranger. The knowledge of a presence. The comfort we take in the things we hold close is only a momentary distraction from the weight of all the things we can never leave behind.

Listening
Allison Wetmore

You sit alone
on your parents bed
you lay awake
As your mother sleeps
Snoring the night away
Twitching a lil bit
To keep the muscles warm
But you lay there silently
listening
You do it very well, listening.
Listening to problems
Creating solutions,
Hearing stories
Passed down
from generation to generation
Waiting for the game of telephone
to mold the story
in a new expressive way
to convey the same story.

Whole Again
Charlotte Kephart

You love me for the human that I am, even in my weakness,
I don't need the disguise of a false sense of self.
With a secret broken heart and a smile seemingly complete.
Because you tended to my mismatched pieces,
Like I was already whole and helped.
And then I realize,
From you I never once had to hide away,
Because you had always stayed around.
You keep my mind awake.
And my heart safe and sound.
If I were to repay you,
With all the love in my heart,
I'd flood the entire Earth.
So a poem is where I'll start.