

# **EXPRESSIONS WORK BY:**

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### **Ode to Getting Lost**

Stretches of golden sky Hands clenched upon a wheel A hedgehog near the dashboard Curbing anxiety I feel In a different county Nearby to a mall Running low on gas An outgoing phone call Parking near a mining tour To turn on navigation Creepy guys attending A nearby petrol station Watching streetlights dance In rear-view mirrors Wishing for clean glasses Or no astigmatisms Darker the sky becomes A moon shining bright Fog dances around A Kia Soul's headlights Parking in the driveway Front door opens up Plopping on the couch And petting a good pup.

by Autumn Fenske



Artwork by Len Williams





# Chaos Bears Hidden Beauty by Tucker Seise

Amidst the swirling chaos all around, A beauty lies that's seldom found, It may seem like disorder and strife, But there's a harmony in the midst of life.

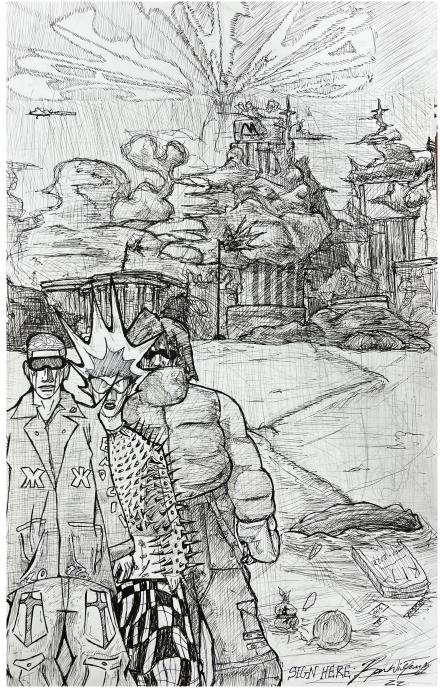
In the rush and roar of the urban grind, There's a symphony in the sounds we find, The honking horns and the clanging bells, Create a rhythm that within it dwells.

In the maelstrom of a raging storm, There's a beauty that we can't ignore, The lightning flashes and the thunder roars, Are a display that nature adores.

In the cacophony of a crowded street,
There's a serenity that we can meet,
The hustle and bustle and the constant motion,
Is a reminder of life's endless devotion.

So let us embrace the beauty within chaos, And see it as a natural part of us, For even in the midst of the greatest strife, There's a beauty that's a part of life.

Artwork by Autumn Gill



COURAGE IS STRONG
BY SEAN BACANAYA & RAUL BARRANCO

COURAGE IS WHAT MAKE US SEE
SEE THE NEED TO BE FREE
COURAGE GIVES A WAY TO SUCCEED
HAVE THE PEOPLE SEE YOU SUCCEED
COURAGE MAKE US FREE
THE SEA WILL BE THE PLACE TO BE FREE
COURAGE POURS LIKE THE SEA

ARTWORK BY RONNIE TORRES

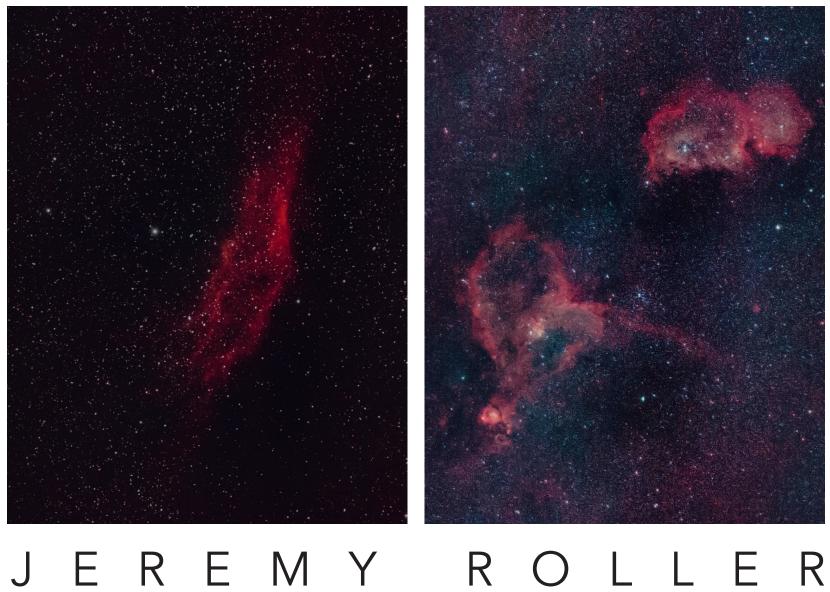
## ~ Endless Thoughts ~

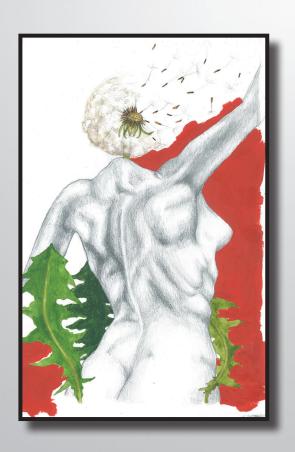
Feelings of worry
Taking control of my thoughts
Keeps me up at night

by Attka Awan



Artwork by Natalie Rowe







# NATALIE ROWE





Artwork by Ella Manhardt

### Finding the Bright Places

by Bridget Giordano

I don't believe in soulmates.

It's too closed off, too final.

Instead I prefer to believe,
that we are a fluid creature;
coming in and out of each other's lives
to love one another and learn from each other.

It's the transience of being human that is the most awesome,
We all harbor a darkness,
But it is the ability to see the light despite all of the darkness
And find the bright places,
That makes this opportunity so spectacular.

The opportunity to mess up, The opportunity to care, The opportunity to love hard, And harbor stories to share.

Life is a lesson in humility,
But never stop smiling,
Because there's so much to smile about,
If you look deep enough.

To California Seeing sunsets on the beach Singing of my view

by Samantha Chang



Painting by Leah Le Pera



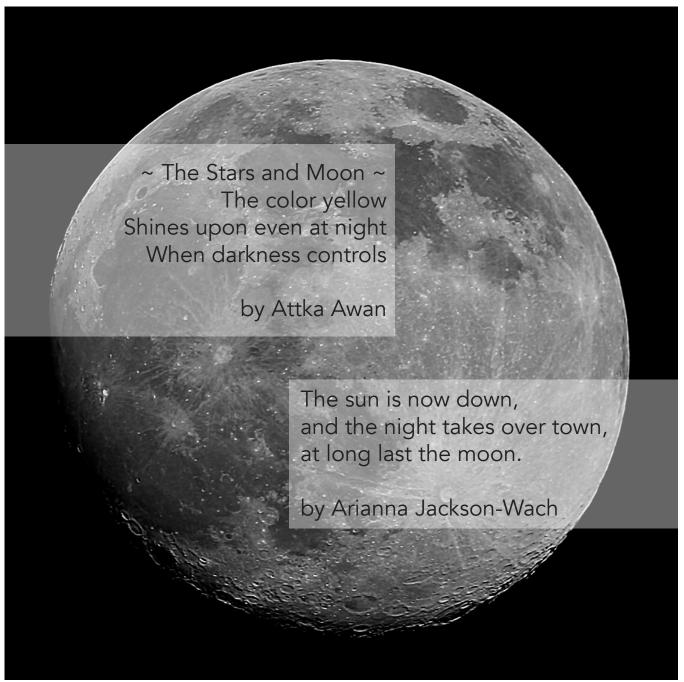
Roses are red Violets are blue I have the time And the rhyme To make a dime

The time is now
But soon it will drown
Find the gown
For the time is now

As I say the roses are red And the violets are blue Do you have the time To make a dime

by Jeremy Caraballo

Photography by Emily O'Day

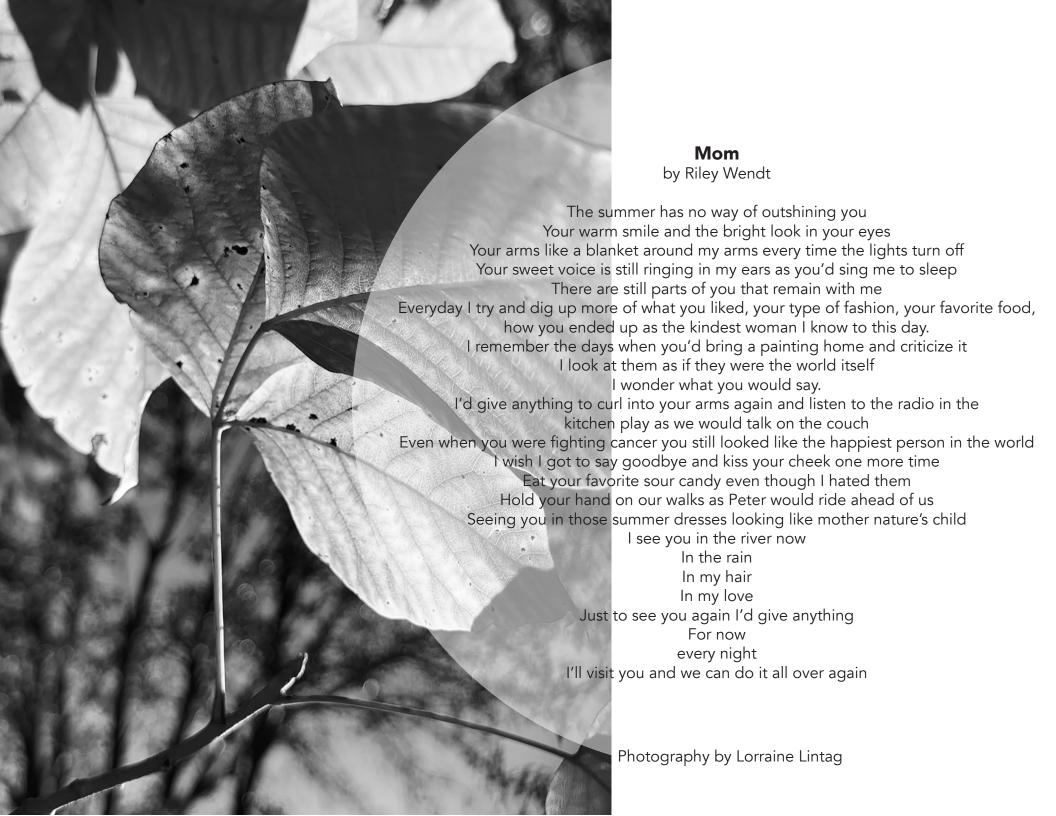


Artwork by Jeremy Roller









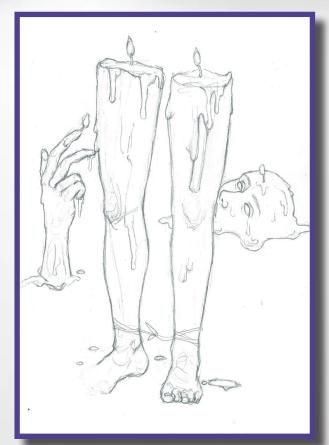




E L L A M A N H A R D T

## KAITLYN DEPPERT





Artwork by Natalie Rowe

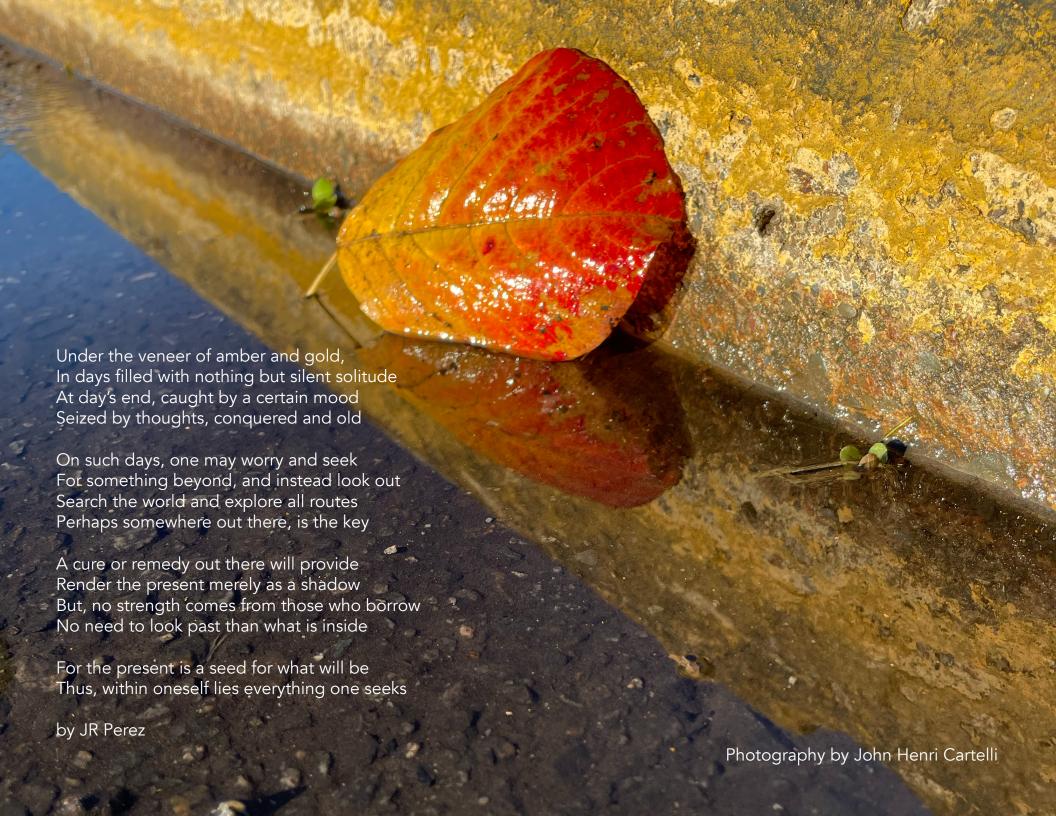


Artwork by Leah Le Pera



Artwork by Natalie Rowe



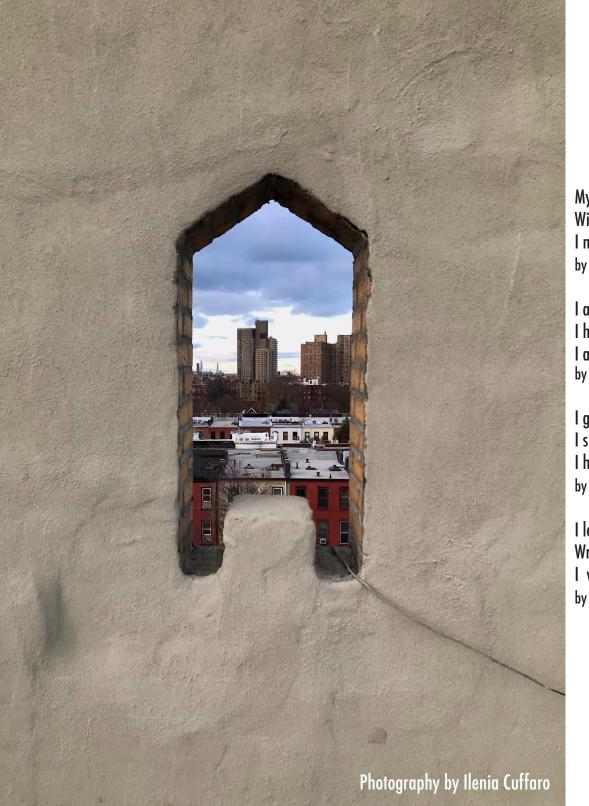


# **HAIKU**

New beginnings Leaves that fly around Stripping the armor off trees Beginning winter by Attka Awan

I like to cast spells
I mix cauldrons and like cats
I live in a small cottage
by Alexander Tracy

The snow does not fall
The weather is much too warm
I begin to fear
by Tamara Kyle



My sister came home
With a black baby kitten
I missed her so much
by Tamara Kyle

I am so scary
I have eight legs and bristly skin
I am a spider
by Luca Scerra

I glide on the Ice I skate around the ice rink I hop twist and twirl by Alexander Tracy

I love working out Wrestling is very competitive I will be the best by Joel DeJesus

### Life

by Leilani Carreno, Gabe Lagos, Rayan Elsahely

Never give up when you fall on your knees Just like the wind gotta pick up the breeze Never give up when you fall on your knees Gotta stand up, stand tall like the trees

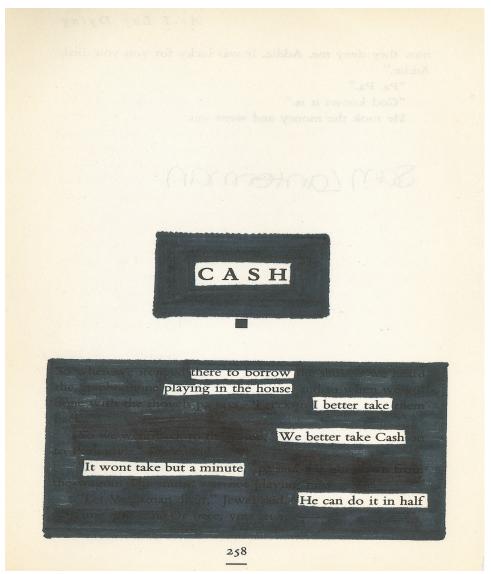
Never give up when you fall on your knees It's ok to seek assistance to get back on your feet Never give up when you fall on your knees When you feel down, read this poem repeat

> Never give up when you're all in your feels Gotta keep going like an automobile Never give up when you're all in your feels Reach for the moon I'm not talking about Neil

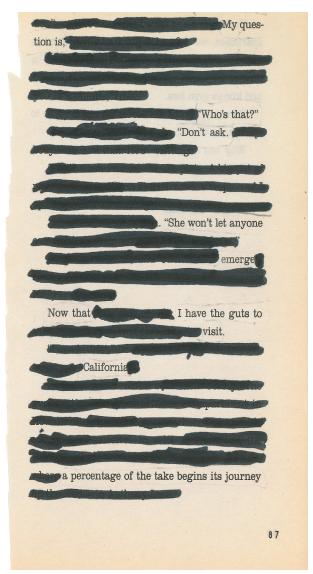
Never give up when you're all in your feels Have a convo with Tamby and all your problems heal Never give up when you're all in your feels It's a bad idea to keep your feelings concealed

Never give up when your life gets rough Just know what you're doing is more than enough Never give up just know that you are tough Never give up just know you are enough





by Samantha Lanterman



by Dylan Hartle



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

She had forgotten how She probably wants me to leave too

as I run toward the boyfriend. 13

Her hands shook

He wants me She closed her eyes tight against the memory of what had happened to her

alone. Wearing baggy jeans and an oversized T-shirt, Her eyes are just tired. I hate his guts.

My high-minded morality has an unlikely ally:

How can I tell anybody about this?

The thought of Mom finding out her cringe. 'Her grades are slipping pickin' at your nails.

I made some really bad choices."

"Don't be so hard on her," turning up
the music in her headphones.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

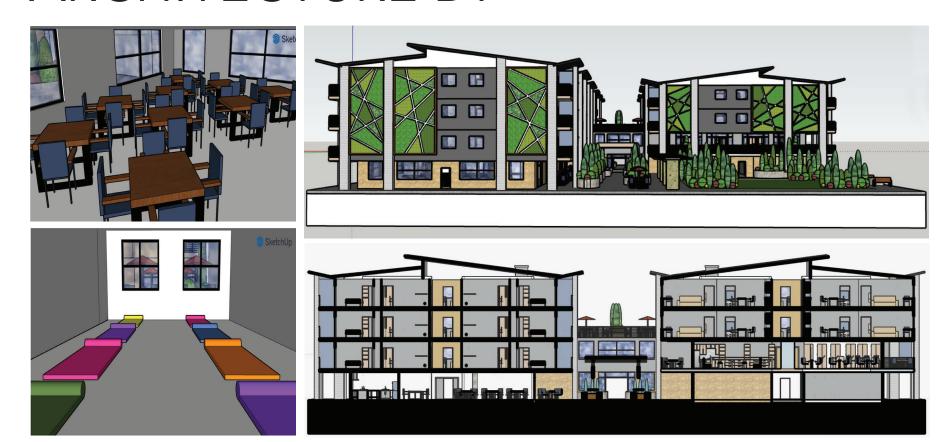
'I am, not afraid.

She was no longer sobbing.

She had decided to be her own person—

I'm alive,

# ARCHITECTURE BY



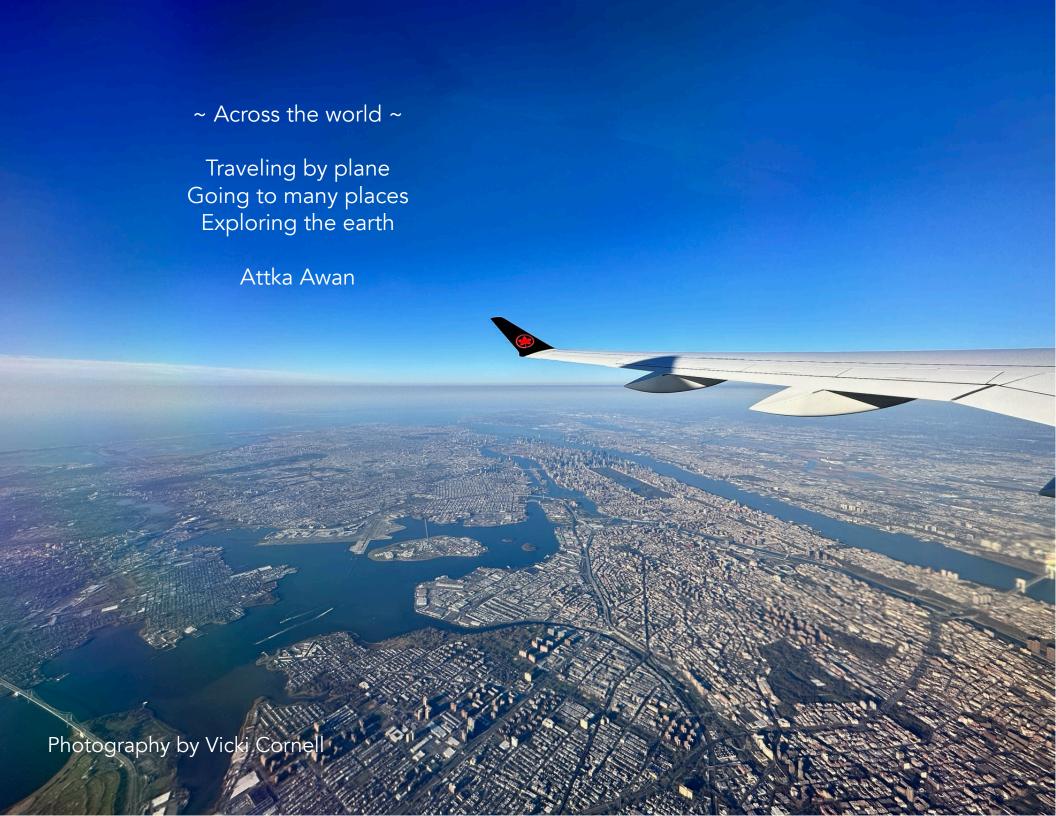
JESUS CALDERON

### **GENDER STANDARDS** by Hailey Tuohy

How or where do you even start when it comes to something so important? Gender standards. What are gender standards? Well if you ask me they are expectations, standards, or views that you have built in for people. Some examples are men can't cry or show emotions and girls are cry babies and over exaggerate everything but is that really true? How will you know when someone is calling for help? When a woman is crying because she has experienced some sort of trauma, does that make her weak and vulnerable, or is she just exaggerating and, your words not mine, "after time the pain will go away." You have created such harsh rules for people but does any of it even matter? Is there even a way to win in this world? I mean the second a guy shows any emotion he needs to toughen up but the second he doesn't show vulnerability he is an emotionless jerk. Think about it, when a girl doesn't wear makeup they aren't trying hard enough but the second they put the tiniest amount on it too much and they are just seeking attention or compliments from boys. The second a girl wears sweats and a sweatshirt she gave up on herself but the second she wears jeans or even a tight shirt she is asking for it? People say they expect one thing but the second I try to fulfill it I'm now an attention seeker, try hard, and even petty. Everything goes against itself and is it really fair to everyone? Yes some may argue that it creates balance in today's society. Does it? Does it really create balance? Does this really truthfully represent balance to you? Feeling like people aren't good enough for you. Feeling like you don't fit in. Feeling like you have to end your life because they feel as if they'll never be able to be what people want them to be. It isnt fair to anyone, suicide rates have gone up 3 times as much from 15 years ago, making it the second leading cause of death in teens for feeling as if they didnt fit in. 18.9% of teens have felt unworthy or not good enough for today's society, We are just high schoolers. Is it really fair to ask us so much and yet make us feel bad for doing it? Is that fair? You know the word fair. What is the definition of fair? Fair: impartial and just, without favoritism or discrimination. WITHOUT FAVORITISM AND DISCRIMINATION. Does it sound like anything is fair? "Well life isn't fair" NO it isn't, because YOU don't make it fair. YOU make me feel like I'll never be good enough, YOU make everyone feel weak and unimportant, YOU are the reason. YOU are the problem, it's not me, it's not them, it's not us. It's YOU. You are the problem, and you need to fix yourself. There may not be something I singly can do, but maybe there is something WE can do.



Artwork by Hunter Altieri





by Nikolas DeSantis

Photography by Emily O'Day



### Guiding Light by Tucker Seise

In the depths of darkness, when all seems lost, And the night feels endless, with no end in sight, A beacon of light, no matter the cost, Can bring hope and warmth, and a guiding light.

Be the light in someone's darkest hour, Shine bright and true, with all your power, Offer a hand to hold, a shoulder to lean, And be the light that they've never seen.

With kindness and love, and a listening ear, You can lift their spirits, and calm their fear, Bring them out of the shadows, into the light, And guide them towards a brighter sight.

For even in the darkest of nights, A single spark can ignite a thousand lights, And the glow of hope can spread far and wide, A ripple effect, that cannot be denied.

So be the light, that shines so bright, And chase away the shadows of the night, For in the darkness, you can make a difference, And be the light, that brings them brilliance.

Photography by Jeremy Roller

#### When will Women Win?

#### by Aqsa Awan

I am enraged, I am infuriated, I am disgusted, and I have truly lost all hope. At a young age, I was given the courage and strength to put aside the beauty standards that the world has constantly bombarded women with. I chose to honor a sacred decision with myself and God. I chose to proudly represent my religion on me every single day, the minute I leave my house. I chose it all and I would choose it again... So why is it that when women choose something it is almost always snatched away from them by the mighty grimy hands leeching for control? Why am I hearing that women like me are oppressed and deserve more when I have everything I have always wanted within my heart? Why do we not get a say, why are we always the ones compromising and giving in? Well, I for one am sick and tired of it. Do women want to cover up? Well too bad you need to show more. Oh well, women want to show more? Well too bad they need to learn about modesty. I mean our whole society was built off of men's needs and what they want and how they want it... When do we get a say? When are we allowed to make our own choices? When will women win? Well for all I know, we as women will never win.

As a hijabi who chooses to dress modestly, I am fighting against systematic oppression in which our bodies are being sexualized and objectified. This is a different perspective and a different form of empowerment. When I am in public my body is in my control. Instead of how I may appeal to others, people have to deal with my brain and who I really am instead of evaluating me based on my body. Instead, women should be recognized for what they go through, about all of the eating disorders, all of the plastic surgery, and all of the unhealthy diets that are being done all in the name of having the perfect body and pleasing the eye of men. To me wearing the hijab is liberating and empowering and that shouldn't be taken away from me and thousands of other women who are battling through the same thing.

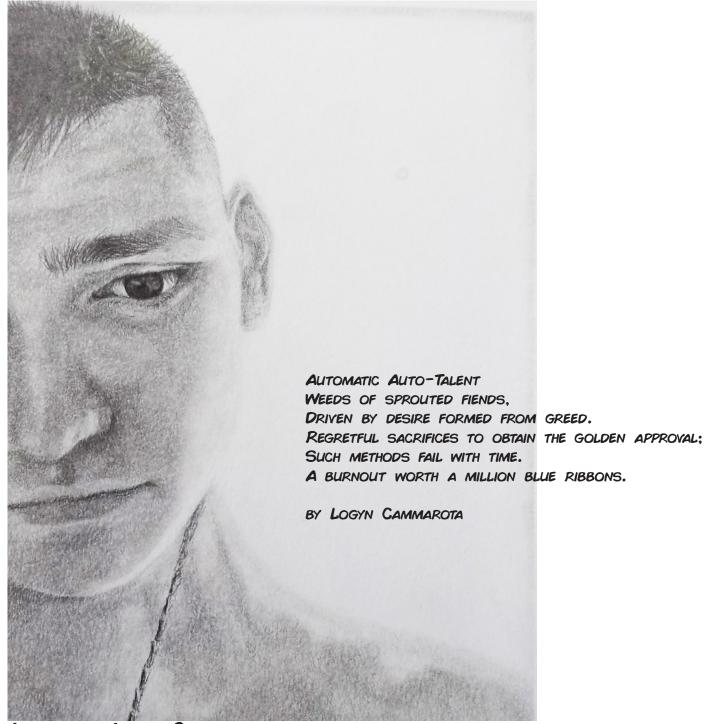
As a young child who has experienced oppression from a young age, I will never forget and I will never forgive. Who was there to wipe the tears of the little girl, who was there to stand up for her when she was called racist slurs, who was there for her when her hijab was yanked off, who was there for her when all she was known as was a terrorist, an immigrant? All because she wore a hijab. A piece of fabric that covers my hair, who would think that this would compel such controversy? Tell

that to the little girl who had to sit across from the police officer as she had to re-share the story that she could barely understand herself... Tell that to the little girl who had to watch her mom get declined her own basic rights. Tell that to the little girl who had to watch her aunt take off her hijab to fit into society. Tell that to the little girl in Afghanistan whose dream of becoming a doctor was taken away from her, tell that to the little girl in Palestine who can't go to school anymore because she chooses to wear the hijab. Who was there to listen to their cries, and who was there to help them? When will women win?

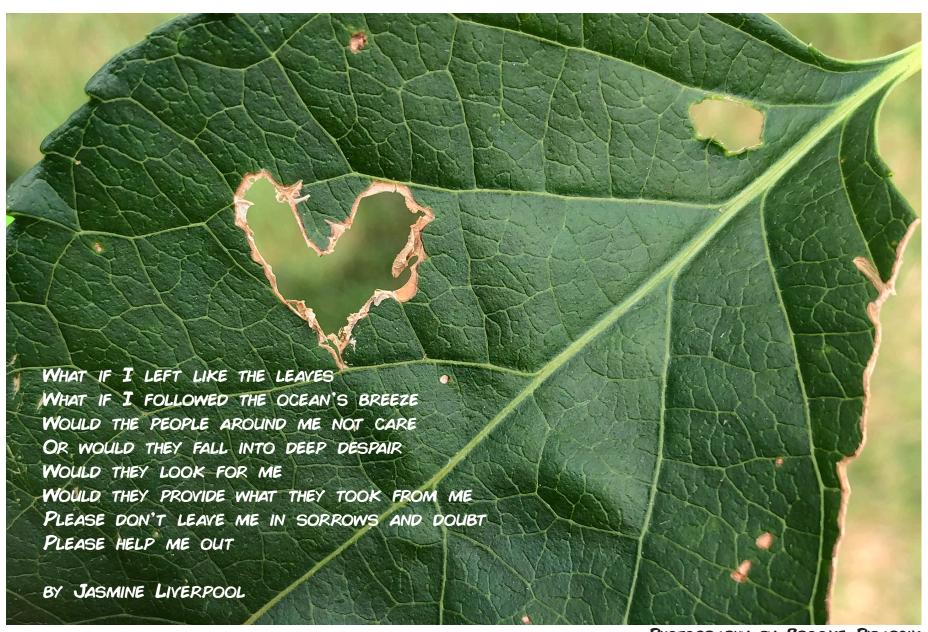
I recall heading to gym class and minding my own business until my own classmate uttered the next seven words that altered my outlook on humanity. "Put the gun down, you Muslim terrorist." Not only was this recited days after the lesson our history teacher had taught us about 9/11 but this is rooted in deep stereotypical hatred towards Muslims. If that little girl knew the events leading up to that what would she have done differently? I remember thinking that this was all my fault, that I was the person in the wrong. If maybe I took off my hijab then every problem I ever faced in this oppressive world would disappear. But inside I truly knew that would solve nothing. It wouldn't help the struggles that I was facing in school. It wouldn't help the Uyghur Muslim women who are being held in concentration camps and forced to remove their hijabs. It wouldn't help the girls in Iran protesting against the government and all of its harmful policies... Why was my innocence taken away from me, exposing me to this world that doesn't appreciate women like me, why did I have to fight for my basic rights? When will I see women win?

This is a fight that I have to endure. This is a fight that my sisters and mother have to endure. This is a fight that millions of Muslim women in this world have to endure. When will we have the peace and justice that we deserve? Who is going to erase the memories of the little girl who had to watch her mother go through discrimination in the small town we live in and now I have to go through the same thing as the next generation of kids? Who was there to tell that little girl that everything will be okay? Who was there to deal with the pain WE had to go through? The only way I can feel comfortable in this situation is by protesting and signing petitions that could allow me to feel some sort of justice, in the hopes that I will be free of this stigma and wear my hijab with happiness and no feelings of distress... That little girl who continues to wear her hijab continues to ask when will women win.





ARTWORK BY AUTUMN GILL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BROOKE PISARCIK



Photography by Ilenia Cuffaro

# Beauty in the Night by Tucker Seise

In the vast expanse of the sky so high, Twinkling gems that catch the eye, The stars dance and shimmer bright, Guiding us through the darkest night.

A million tales they seem to tell, Of love and loss, of heaven and hell, Each one, a symbol of hope and light, A distant dream in the black of night.

They twinkle and shine, oh so fair, A cosmic symphony beyond compare, Their beauty is a sight to behold, A wonder to treasure and enfold.

The stars above know no fear,
They stand as beacons, year after year,
Their brilliance, an inspiration to all,
A testament to the power of the call.

So let us look up to the stars above, And feel the wonder of their love, For in their twinkling, we can see, A universe of possibility.





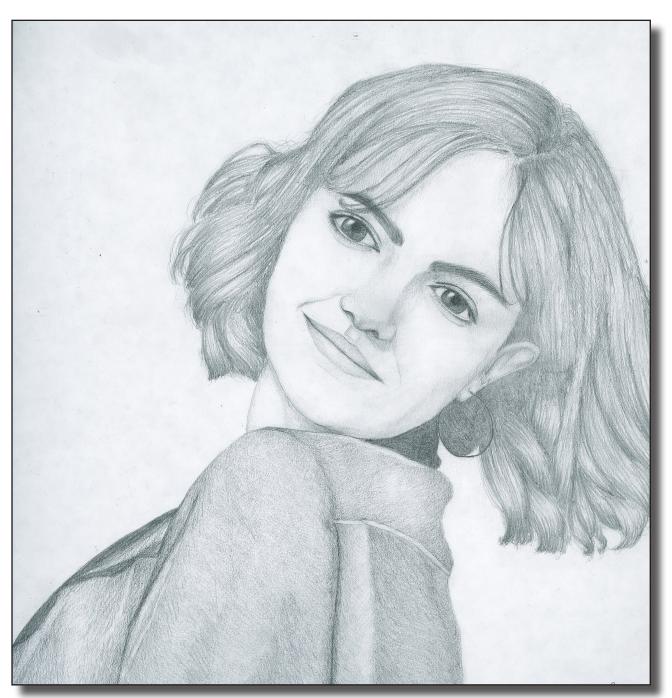
# RILIND RAMADANI



Artwork by Natalie Rowe

Look at your hand. Really! Look at it. It's winkles, cuts, bruises, how your fingers move. Just for a moment. Now, just like your hands, you were made to feel things too. Soft things. Sweet things. Things that bring you bliss and give you love in ways nothing else could. But you also feel pain. Excruciating, vibrant pain. The kind of pain that breaks you and floods your life with tears and agony and frustration. And while that pain is around, it's hard to feel anything else. I've been there myself. But does that mean that love, warmth, and bliss are gone? No, it doesn't. It might be too far off to see. It might not look the same. It might not feel the same. But I promise you it is there. Just waiting until you're ready to feel it again. That's where pain comes from, you know? The more love you feel, the more pain you can carry with it. But does that mean we shut ourselves away and try to stop feeling anything at all? No. Cause love is the thing that made it worth feeling in the first place. And it's worth feeling. When you're ready for it. It's just waiting for you to reach out.

by Tucker Seise



Artwork by Ella Manhardt

# by Alexandria D'Angelo

My father, the man who watched me take my first steps.

The man who witnessed my first words.

The man who taught me how to ride a bike.

The man who broke my heart before any other boy could.

#### Father, what a sickening title.

A guardian.

That was what you were supposed to be.

A monster.

That is what you are.

Back then, it didn't bother me that I had to grow up without you. I reminded myself, not everyone is cut out to be a father.

#### Father, what a sickening title.

When I found out you were the father of another family, I felt as if I were lost in a maze.

I felt betrayed.

I felt lonely.

I loathe you.

I have no respect for you.

I will never love you.

I will never forgive you.

I've grown.

I've changed.

You, my father, are the villain in my story.

You will never see the young woman I have matured into.

You will never watch me as I dance like I'm floating on air.

And I will no longer look like a fool, searching for you among the audience,

knowing deep down

you'd never be there.

You will never know what it's like to have a daughter, a daughter who cared so much for her father.

#### Father, what a sickening title.

They say blood is thicker than water, but when it came to you, you reminded me that not everything you hear is true.

Your last words, "I will always be your father no matter what." But the thing is, you may have been my father, but when the

little girl inside my heart needed

you the most...you were never truly my dad.

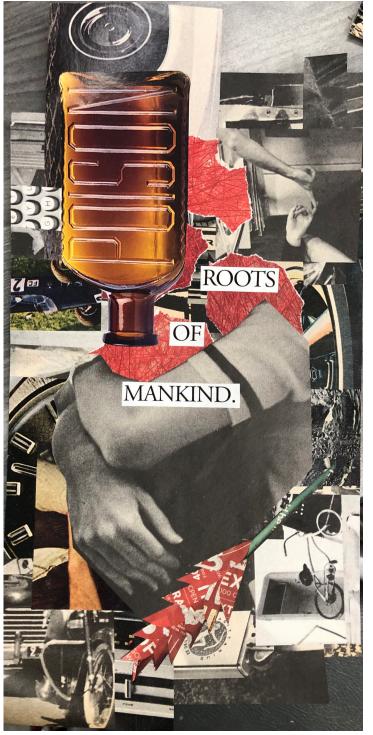
Dad.

Someone who, no matter what, will forever love you, and remain by your side.

That is what you never were. That is what you will never be.

And for that reason, you are given the title "father" rather than "dad."

Father, what a sickening title.



Artwork by Hunter Altieri



Artwork by Jeremy Roller

by Alex Cervera

Think back to when you were a kid, what do you remember the most about your childhood... Was it your innocence? Well for many like me I got that quickly taken away from me when I was forced to grow up at such a young age. In the next hour 58 kids will attempt suicide. 114 adolescents will run away from home. 28 teenagers will give birth without marriage. 44 girls will get abortions. 686 kids will use one of many drugs. 188 will abuse alcohol... These statistics are meaningless for some until it happens to a loved one. Spend one minute thinking about why, why does this all happen, because you can't take back the time that was long lost from the children who depressingly tried to take their own lives. When someone is as close to taking their own life than taking the next breath, We should look at the main reasons. The main reasons are mostly because of wars and conflict. War causes more long term negatives than short term positives. Records date war back as far as 2,700 B.C. that has got to tell you something. People in this day and age are simply just accustomed to it, but times have changed from then and we are living in the now. We have to start and think about the future. Children in this day and age are way too exposed to negatives in the World. Some may argue it's the parents fault for not limiting what their child sees but parents aren't able to control what's ongoing with wars unless everyone comes together to fight for what's right. Growing up I felt hopeless because kids are mostly taught to resolve issues by talking it out, though most of our World leaders can't even do that. To understand why there is war in the first place we have to recognize and understand why the human brain enjoys doing things we aren't supposed to so much. It comes down to these three things: feeling, habit, and necessity. You do things because you want to, you do things because you are accustomed to it, and you do things because you have to. For many people they will be faced with a problem in life. Those who are taught how to deal with problems in life are more likely to succeed than those who aren't taught how. When there's an issue in a country instead of our World leaders communicating they

take it upon themselves to start looking for solutions, usually this leads to invading a country. Look at Russia invading Ukraine its a perfect example, Russia wants additional land and oil just so they can thrive more in society than other countries. The problem lies in people being too scared to stick up for what's right due to higher power being able to silence people very easily. I have firsthand experience what it's like to be shut out and it drove me absolutely insane, my teachers would just let me sit there and suffer in silence. It made me think about ending it all. Take a step back and look at what war truly causes, after a war is finished if there are nuclear weapons involved it leads to radiation poisoning, death, firestorms, loss of modern technology, destroys families and communities, Disrupts the development of social and economic cues, and causes kids to grow up WAY too quickly. Is that really what we want? We want little children having to grow up with anxiety, depression and malnutrition because they don't know where mommy or daddy is? Or if they will be able to eat their next meal. It's truly sickening to see it happen. If there are still some civil parts of what used to be a growing community, women are forced into selling sex just to make sure there is food for her or any children she has. The men are forced into working overtime in appalling conditions and if they don't overwork their life is on the line. Governments push extinction of some races and generations just to further their own power and wealth. War sets us further back rather

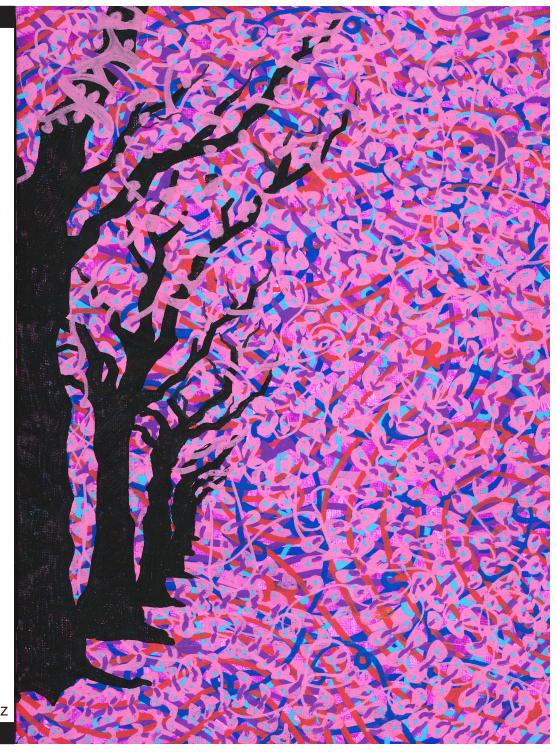
than forward. As a World we need to normalize working all together because we would get a lot more things done... Think back to ancient Egypt, everyone was at peace, we still don't even know how they built the pyramids to this day, I'm sure all working together contributed greatly. The World leaders need to take a step back and imagine the bigger picture. We will never advance if we are constantly wanting to only better ourselves and not the World. No matter what goes on in life, no matter how happy you are... YOU WILL ALWAYS NEED SOMEONE... As John Lennon once said

"You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one I hope someday you'll join us and the World will be as one,"

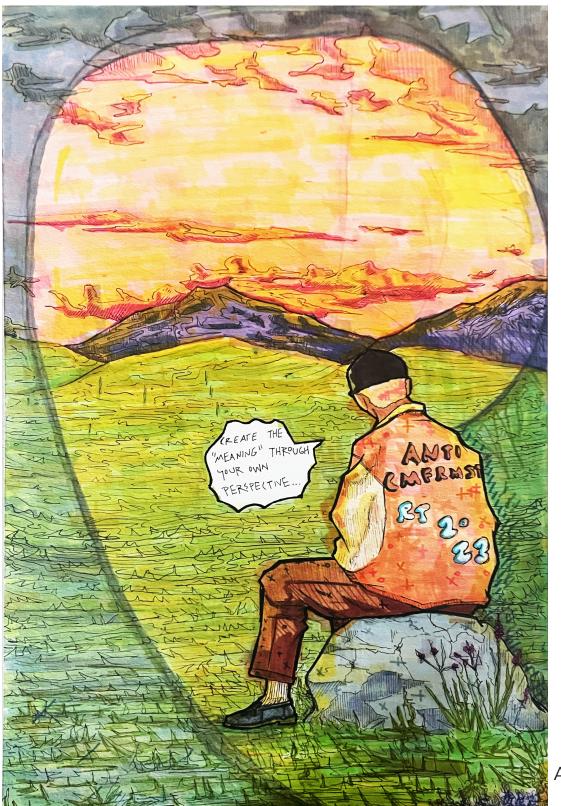
Thank you!

Where has the time gone?
Today feels like an eternity,
yet years have come and gone
in the blink of an eye
How strange it is that one can remember
that which happened long ago
Yet forget something moments before
What will the future feel like?
Will every second be a lifetime?
Or, will our entire life flash before our
eyes in an instant?

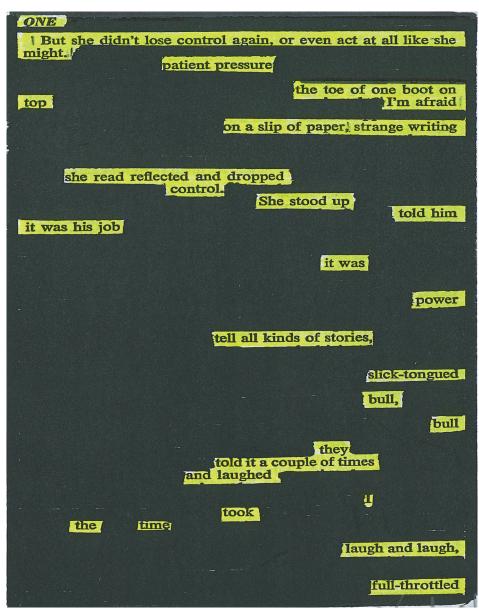
by Calvin Lee



Artwork by JR Perez



Artwork by Ronnie Torres



by Jennifer Tambakis



Photography by Kaitlyn Deppert

## by Ivanna Robello

"Don't give up, Ivanna, it gets better"

Does it?

You know, ever since I was a childNo, ever since I was born
I've been living out the same story

I give
And give
And give
And give one more time
To no avail

I see the happy girls running around until their legs ache in an intense game of tag while I, sit and watch ...Why not me?

I go home and cry to my mother Her arms suffocating my voice "Tomorrow it will be better"

Foolish I was to believe her Sometimes even mothers are liars...

But, I try again
I give
And give
And give
I give my all
All that a little girl can give

When the bell to recess rings, a tsunami of anxiety knocks me down
I can already sense my fate
I know my destiny
My seat on the bench
Distant from the others,
is engraved into my identity

I go to my mother, I turn to my friends, I beg and plead for anyone to listen to me To care for me To love me I sob and I break and I isolate myself But no one cares...

Is it because I'm only a kid?

Is it because I'm a girl?

...Is it because I'm Ivanna, Ivanna Robello

\*say with disgust\* Okay, I'll try again

I dwell over my past experiences Completely over-analyzing, them, over-thinking them, letting them rot in my brain until I move onto the next one

Asking myself why

Why? Why?

Why?

Was it my hair? Was it my clothes? Was it my attitude?

And then, like a dream turned into nightmare that leaves you paralyzed in your bed

The realization came over me
I remember how much I gave

Every last bit of me

I promised myself that older me
would be more modest
Have more control
Then, she would be more cared for
Loved for
Please! She would at least be seen

But as the years went by, my "modesty"

growing over time, little Ivanna would have to stand by and watch her future self facing the same doom...

A new room, a new bench, new people
Same me
Same feelings
Same bench

I see the pretty girls giggling and laughing, just out of reach I try to sit with them, but it seems like there is no more room on their bench ...Why not me?

"Why don't you go over there, Ivanna"
"With your friends, Ivanna"
"Why aren't you sitting with them, Ivanna?"
"I thought they were your friends"
I thought so too

Now, I go home, I stay home

I see the posts
I see the comments
I see the stories
I see the experiences that I'm not living

I can be anything you want
I can be a giver or I can be a listener,
a watcher, a nothing
Whatever you prefer

Yet, I live behind a brick wall
Apparently I'm not good enough
So what will be?

...Why not me?







Lindsey Figueroa

# The Next Step

by Tucker Seise

The day has come, we stand here proud, Our high school journey has been endowed, With memories cherished, and lessons learned, From friendships forged, to dreams that burned.

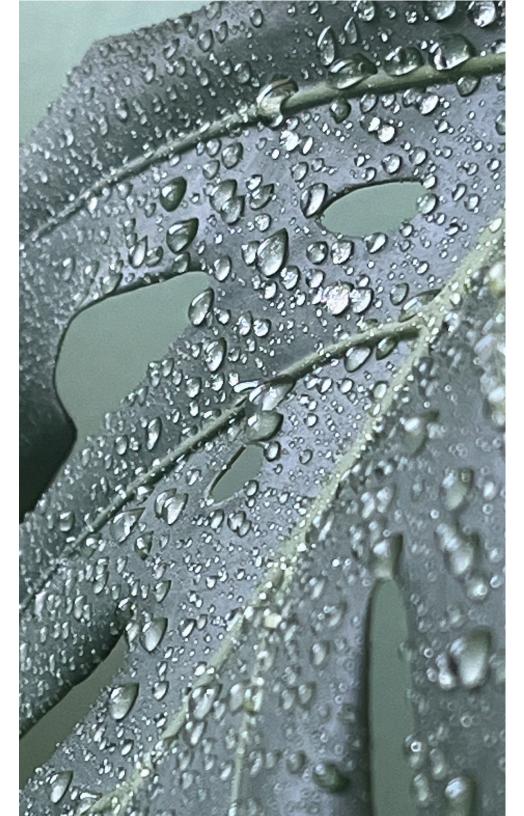
We walked these halls, day in and out, From freshman year, we had our doubts, But now we stand, with heads held high, Our futures bright, no need to sigh.

We've conquered tests, and essays too,
And we've learned things we never knew,
From algebra, to history,
Our minds have grown, with each mystery.

But now we say goodbye to this place, With tears in eyes, and smiles on face, We'll move ahead, to pastures new, With all the knowledge, we've accrued.

We'll take with us, the lessons learned, The friendships made, and bridges burned, And though we'll miss, these halls so grand, We'll make our mark, in every land.

So here's to us, the graduating class, With memories made, that will forever last, We'll take with us, the pride we've earned, And soar into, futures unturned.



# EXPRESSIONS 2 3

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