

Expressions

Art & Literary Magazine 2018



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I've always wanted to be connected to the sea or the sky.
The limitless, the open, the free, the colorful, the beautiful.
However, I was more like the earth; grounded, rough, and ugly.
I felt like an island. Surrounded by the deep dark water and lightless sky I once envied.

As I grew, I found that I was not alone.
I found more islands that were like me; that thought like me.
We banded together and created a continent, a safe haven for us all.

Then I became a mountain, tall and breathtaking.
No matter the circumstance, I would stand my ground.

-Emma Krajc



Photography by Joshua Floyd



Photography by Ifrah Bajwa



Digital Artwork by Emma Krajc

GIRL WITH A PEARL EARRING...

Last words can be confusing...

Have you ever just thought about what you would want to say and who you would say it to? I've always done that in my head, or as I'm watching a television show and the character dies I rewind to hear their last words. Then repeat them to myself as if they have some meaning that I can not yet understand. So I sit there repeating them to myself. My mind clearly forgets that this person who I'm grieving over is not real, nor is actually dead. But my heart feels a tremendous loss. That is not a good feeling. No pain is. Whether it be physical or emotional. The pain is still pain. Heartbreak is one that hurts the most, because it can come when you're least expecting it. For example, when someone dies, you know that there will be a feeling of loss and sadness, but with heartbreak it can be a whole mess of things that unravel and become one giant assortment of pains. Heartbreak can come in many ways. Loss. Loss is one that can really mess you up. Did you know that you can actually die of a broken heart? I know this is totally off topic, but I don't really know if there was a topic to this anyways. There are tendons in your heart that help the heart keep its structure and do its job, and these tendons can break when there is a tremendous amount of stress on your heart. Making the heart deform and be unable to perform its job. This can be from emotions like depression or deep sadness. The kind you can feel after you lose someone who meant the world to you. Can you believe that? If the love of my life died and I was left all alone in the world. I could die of a broken heart. Well anyone can for that matter. In fact people have. I know that if you're reading this, you're probably worried about me and think I'm crazy or need mental help. But I don't these are just my thoughts and sometimes my thoughts get deep and I let my mind wander until it decides to go back to its rightful place. Some-



thing to know about me is that I'm always thinking. If I'm about to confront someone I've already thought about the one million different ways that the conversation can go. I've also thought about how the whole day is going to go. I do this because my mind is a crazy thing. I don't know why it does this but it does. It likes to think about the unthinkable and it likes to play tricks on me. It likes to make me think of happy things and then it brings up those dark stories from my past that I try to hide in the back of my head, but my mind loves to keep bringing them back. My mind also loves to get me hurt, as well as my heart. Bringing us back to the heartbreak. So maybe this whole thing had a topic after all? Well anyways I think I'm in love. But I don't know if I actually am. Like am I in love with the man or the idea of him. I mean I know I love him. But why am I so afraid to love someone. Is it because I've experienced heartbreak and I can't afford to die over it? Is it because I don't know the last words that I've said to him or what I want to say? Is that because I can't see myself dying, because that's nonsense. We are all going to die at some point. But am I afraid to love because I imagined him in my tomorrows more than I should have? Or is it because I know I'm in love and I don't know how to feel about it, because love has so many side effects that I'm too scared to take the drug. Maybe I just need him to fix my broken heart and maybe I need him to be with me so I can think of my final words. But the thing is. When I'm with him my crazy brain of mine stops thinking and it becomes silent. No tomorrow's. No confrontations. No broken hearts. No last words. Just me and him. Silence. That's what I need. Silence.

-Guenivere Lenc

Photography by Olivia Swain

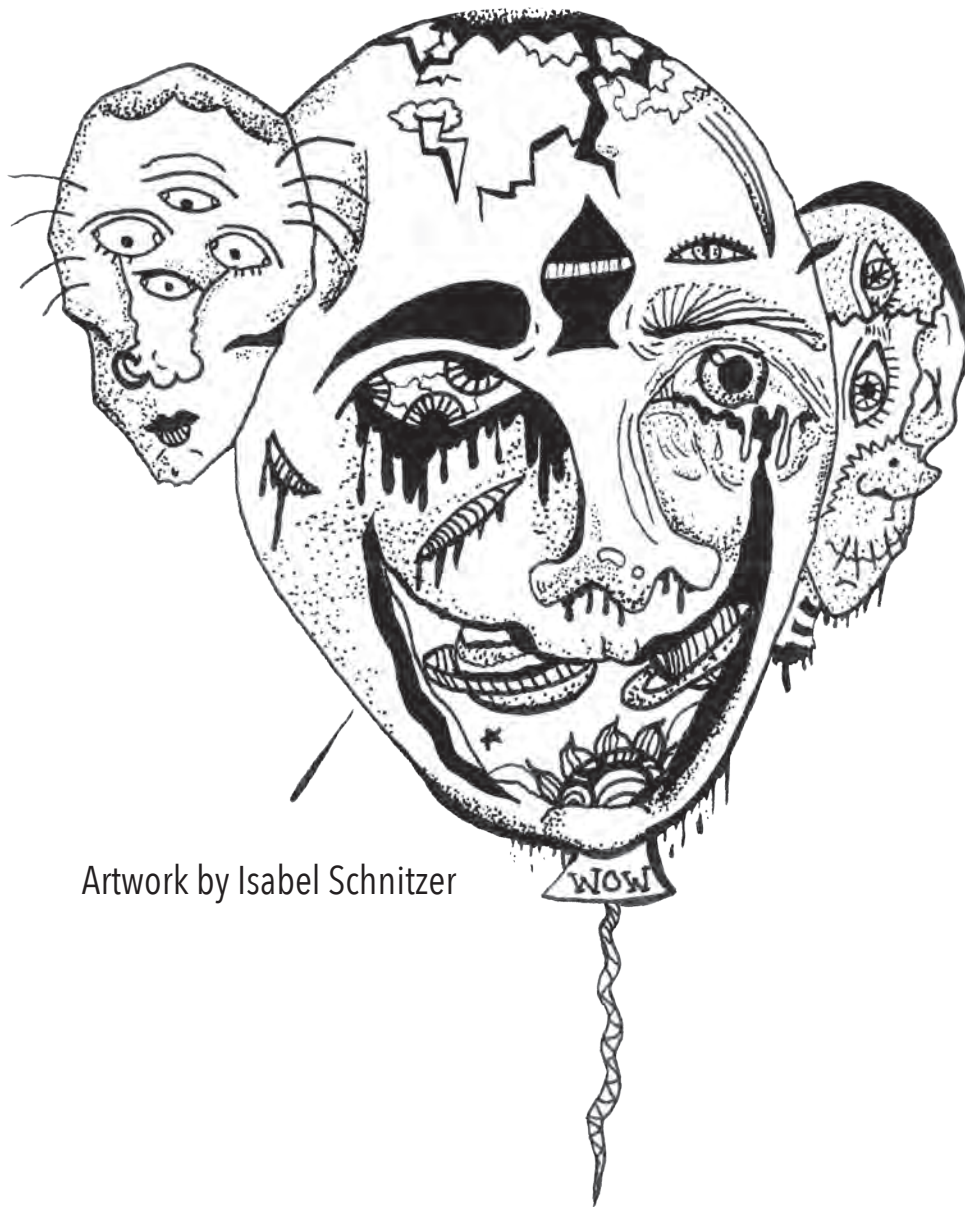
MAMA'S CLOSET

BY ABIGAIL DILORENZO



A LITTLE GIRL ON CHERRY STREET,
IN A MAGICAL PLACE CALLED MAMA'S CLOSET.
FOUR INCH HIGH HEELS ON HER TINY FEET,
PEARL NECKLACES ACROSS HER CHEST AND A BEAUTIFUL BONNET.
SHE WAS GETTING READY FOR AN IMAGINARY BALL,
WITH A CARRIAGE, A PRINCE, AND AN ELEGANT GOWN.
SHE GIGGLED EVERY TIME SHE'D TRIP AND FALL.
SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HER GIGGLES WOULD SOON COVER UP A FROWN.
TIME WASHED BY ALMOST SEAMLESSLY,
BUT THEN CAME THE PARTIES, CARS AND BOYS.
UNCONSCIOUSLY, SHE FELL SUBJECT TO THE SUPREMACY
WHERE DOLLS WERE IDEALISTIC GOALS AND NOT TOYS.
SHE WASN'T PLAYING IN MAMA'S CLOSET ANYMORE.
SHE WAS NOW IN COMPETITION FOR ACCEPTANCE AND LOVE.
THANKS TO OUR RESTRICTIVE SOCIETY, SHE WAS DRAFTED INTO A
POINTLESS WAR.
BUT THERE'S NEVER A WAY TO WIN, WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE.
SO WHEN SHE FLEW OUT OF THE NEST TO LIVE ON HER OWN,
THE MEMORIES OF SELF FLAGELLATION STUCK TO HER LIKE GLUE.
BUT EVERY SO OFTEN WHEN SHE IS ALONE,
SHE PUTS BACK ON MAMA'S HIGH HEELED SHOES.
SHE BUILDS A DRAWBRIDGE WITH THE BRICKS THROWN AT HER,
BUT HER ENTRYWAY IS HIGHLY EXCLUSIVE.
IT WASN'T HER FAULT THAT THEY MADE HER A MONSTER,
BUT SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW THAT THOSE IDEAS ARE ONLY ILLUSIVE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MORGAN JENNINGS



Artwork by Isabel Schnitzer

And?

By Natalie Madsen

Okay, and?
I see myself every day even when I don't want to
We all do
So why do you think I don't know how I look?

I wear these clothes because I love them
I feel genuine and happy when I do
Just because you don't like means you are you, not me

My hair is the way it is because I want it like that
Shaved or not, short or long
Pink or blue
I keep it like that just because I do

My body is the way it is
I have no control over that
Maybe you want more curves but I can't offer you that
I will not apologize for the way I was born
For the way I dress
For the way I wear my hair
Or for being myself



LIFE

ALEXA GUARINO

LIFE IS LIKE A GAME
WHERE YOU HAVE TO LOSE
BEFORE YOU CAN AGAIN
TO WIN YOU HAVE TO FACE THE FEARFUL RAIN


IN LIFE...THEY ALWAYS SAY
DON'T USE YOUR HEART
ONLY USE YOUR BRAIN

IN LIFE THERE IS LOVE
BUT THE MORE IS HATE
NO ONE DECIDES
THEY ALL HESITATE
AND WHO KNOWS THE FATE

THE CLOSEST PEOPLE YOU NEED GO AWAY
WHEN YOU NEED THEM THE MOST
YOU FIND THEM LOST

DAY AFTER DAY
DAYS GO BY
PEOPLE ARE BORN...AND OTHERS PASS AWAY

ARTWORK BY JASLEEN KAUR

A hand holding a crystal ball that reflects a sunset scene with trees and a path. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with warm, golden light.

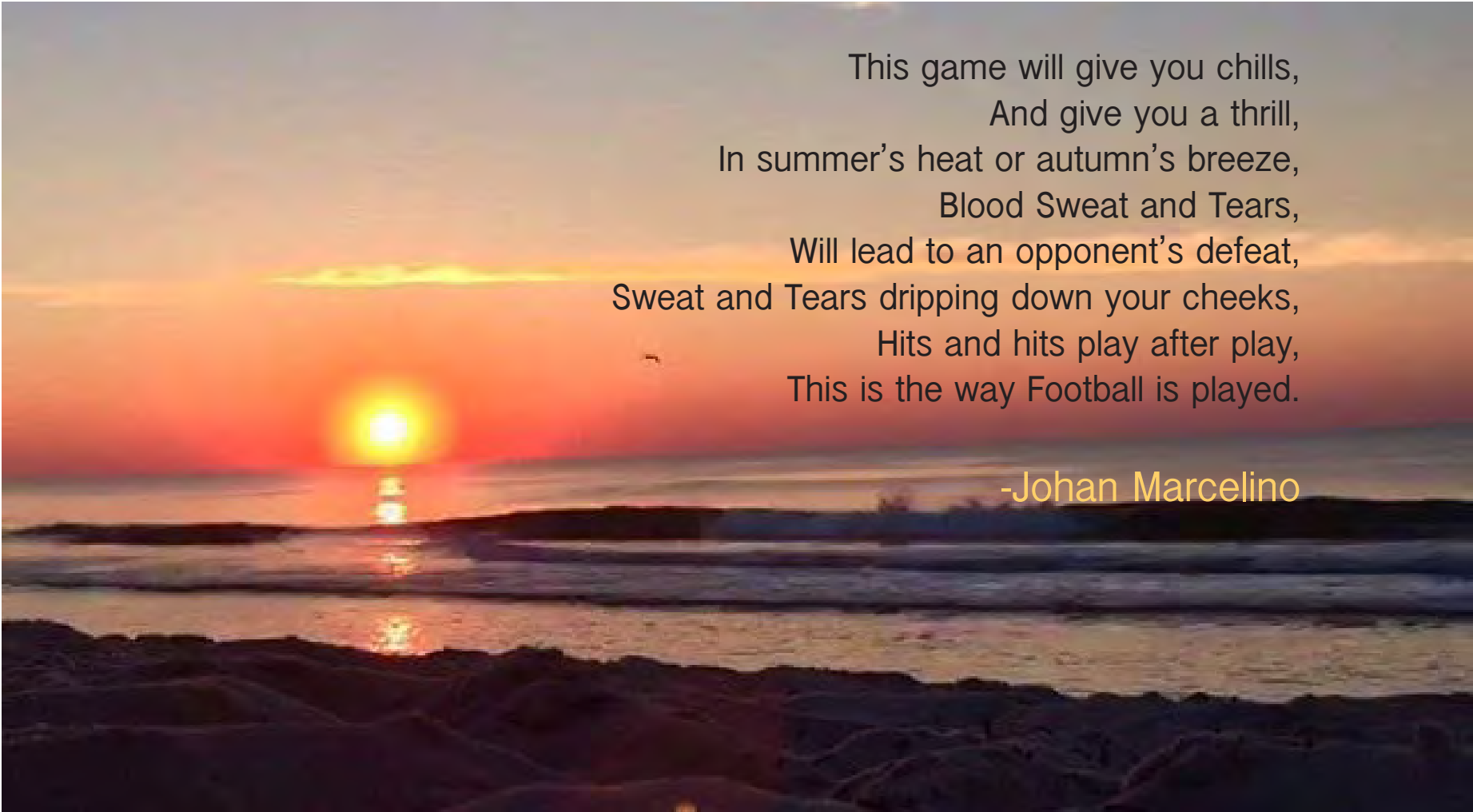
Photography is one of a kind.
When you take a photo you really speak your mind.
Whether indoors or outside
You can truly tell that dedication is applied.
Different exposures, filters, and ways
That will always brighten up your day.

By Samantha Brancato and Guenivere Lenc

Photography by Morgan Jennings



JASLEEN KAUR



This game will give you chills,
And give you a thrill,
In summer's heat or autumn's breeze,
Blood Sweat and Tears,
Will lead to an opponent's defeat,
Sweat and Tears dripping down your cheeks,
Hits and hits play after play,
This is the way Football is played.

-Johan Marcelino

Photography by Mark Bottge



Love at First Sight

Syeda Faiza Jabeen

Saw a gorgeous flower at a tree house,
Who was playing with her little petals.
While coming down the stairs, she hit her toes.
While walking she falls, caused by the pebbles.
I thought to help her out, so I did,
Then I realized, that was just a vision.
She was gone, and I was sad like a kid.
Look for her, to tell her my decision.
Days later, found her sitting on a bench,

So I made up my mind and went to her.
Stand in front of her, and start speaking French,
She came to me and said, "Excuse me sir."
Said, "You are cute." She said, "You are no less."
I said, "Would you marry me?" She said, "yes."

Syeda Faiza Jabeen

ABIGAIL DILORENZO



Natalie Madsen

at night: 2-27-17

what does this really mean
i look in every direction on the page
trying to speed through the chapters
continue as fast as i can
i try to keep my pace
it's all downhill from here
i can feel myself slowing
until my eyes start to flutter
my mind is elsewhere
the book is closed

class time:

flooded by the sea of pages
looking in every direction frantically
trying to figure out what it all means
putting sentences together one word at
a time
slowly phrases are formed
but the voices telling me to hurry up
doesn't help
i read and stumble
already taking too long
someone else goes for me
it's hard for me to read



Artwork by Veronica Field



A Fire Hit My Bones

A Fire Hit My Home

A Fire Hit My Town

A Fire Thrashed Around

A Fire For The People

A Fire For Our World

A Fire Is My Mix Tape

By Brendan Gynn-Stanley

Photography by Mark Bottge

JARED TAVEREZ

I love my race car
It is blue and very fast.
Her name is Sasha,
She has lots of horsepower.
She purrs when I hit the gas.

ALEJANDRO PEREZ

Great long narrow road
Leads me to my nirvana.
When will I arrive?
Tranquility awaits me
At the end of my journey.

JOHN BROTHERS

The sound of loud pipes,
Chaotic yet beautiful,
Raw and true power,
From a powerful engine,
Yet it purrs when given gas.

CARLY D'ERAMO

Marvelous Sunrise
Both bright yellow and orange
A hint of pink too
The white clouds moving slowly
As the sun starts to travel

TANKA

MIA KONTOS

Cinnamon and pine,
Crackling wood in the fireplace.
Family around
Love and joy-filled atmosphere.
My heart: feeling warm and blessed.

DAMIAN ALMONTE

Yankees games, winning
Playoff to playoff, success
Running base to base
Champions on every field
World Series coming real soon

JEREMY FOLIGNO

The Earth's Atmosphere
filled with delight and pleasure
smelling the fresh air
and enjoying it with friends
making sure it lasts all day

GRACE PEREZ

Deep in the forest
Beneath the tall trees' green leaves
The river runs swift
Branches rustle with the breeze
Morning dew clings to the grass.

JOSEPH RIVERA

Crisp Snowflakes
Beautiful snowflakes
Grounds with crisp white snow sticking
Kids playing around
I love it during this time
Hot chocolate makes me so warm.

MICHAEL ERAMIAN

Snowflakes falling down
Coating the ground all around
Stacking three feet tall
Tree limbs bending from the weight
So much snow covering all

EMILY CHLUDZINKSI

Bright lights fill the room
Screaming fans singing along
Fans forming new friends
Enjoying the sweet music
Happiness in the moment



Artwork by Michelle Tolochko



Renaissance

By Michael Sulpy

The new becomes the old

The old becomes the new

We look back at what we've done

And now we have begun

To make the old new fun

The old man's trash is the young man's treasure

He'll make it new, he'll make it better

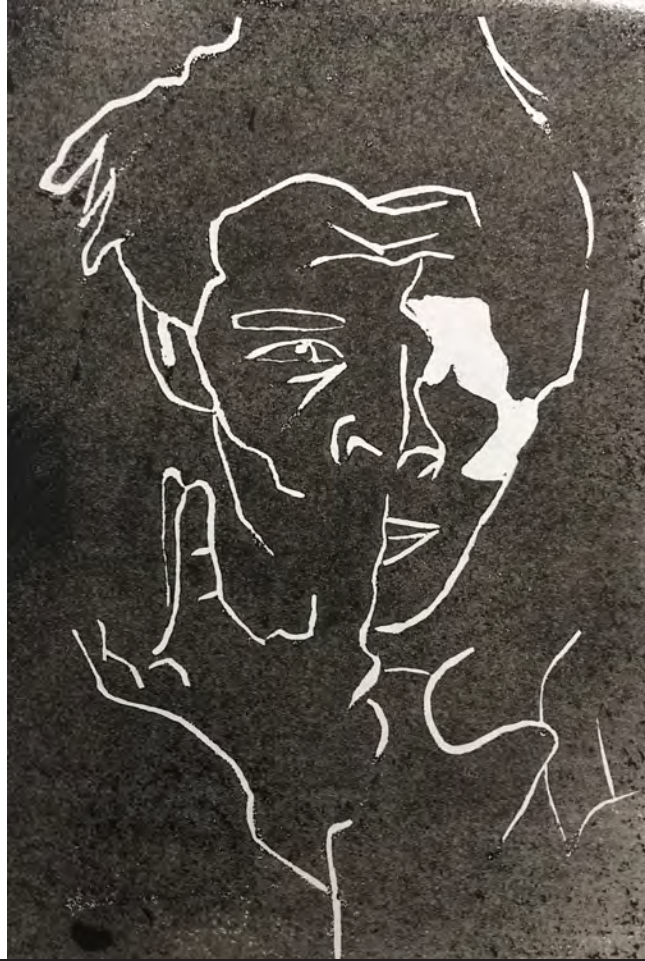
He'll make it great, he'll make it strong

Welcome to the Renaissance.

Photography by Morgan Jennings



CAMILLE INCAO



SCOTT BAXTER



CAMERON TALLAU

FOR THE NEXT TEN WEEKS

By Taisei Miles

The long beach facing the Atlantic was dark and hard from rain the night before. The waves were coming in rough and choppy and the uneven ground brought the water up from opposite sides of the slopes, cupping the land with the shells and pebbles from the sea moving up steadily over time. The young boy and girl had sat down close to where the water begun to return to the sea. It was loud with the roaring wind and the crashing waves. The young boy and girl were with a group who had stayed back at the house to finish packing. The group of them were returning home after being at the beach for a weekend.

“Are you feeling better?” the boy asked. He was wearing a gray hoodie and khaki shorts.

“There is a pain when I move my eyes,” she said.

“Do you still feel sick?”

“Very.”

“Drink some water.” The boy passed her a bottle.

The girl began to drink the water, at first in sips, and then the rolling feeling of thirst came to her quickly and she drank some more. When she was done she watched the ocean. To her, it was like staring at the edge of the earth.

“I’m sorry about last night,” she said.

“Me too.”

“I was not myself. I will be better now. Better than ever.”

“I think you and me both feel this beginning to end.”

The girl was holding herself with the cold wind moving across the water and onto the sand. She was wearing a sweatshirt and the same khaki shorts which the boy was wearing.

“Would you like to wear my jacket?” the boy asked.

“No.”

“You look cold.”

“Yes.”

“So take my jacket.”

“I’m fine. It is not that bad. Just get close to me.”

The boy moved closer to the girl and it was easy and nice to feel her hands on his chest but it was different now and he started to think about college and the night before and how tired he had been with all the games in the past year.

“Do you still love me?” the boy asked.

“Of course, I do.”

“I don’t mean it like that.”

“Please, stop.”

“What? It should be discussed after everything.”

“Well, of course I do.”

“Of course you do,” the boy repeated. “Are you still



Photography by Emma Krajc

cold?”

“Yes, but this is making it better.”

“How about the pain when you move your eyes?”

“I’m not sure.”

“Drink some more water.”

She drank more water and looked back at the ocean.

“I feel sick,” the boy said.

“My kind of sick?”

“No, I feel sick with these games. It is not natural. I don’t want to be your girl all the time,” the boy said.

The girl did not move. She was afraid to move. She was afraid to show anything to him. She had shown plenty to the others the night before and anything else would simply kill him.

“Maybe it is time to find yourself a nice girl,” the boy said. “Half of the heavy lifting has already been done.”

The girl did not say anything.

“I can help you. I can help find someone for you. As hell as it is to say it, I can.” The boy had grown to like the idea of helping her leave him. In this way, she can feel terribly about making a fool of him for the past six months and especially the night before. But it was a terrible plan if he truly loved her. No man who truly loves a girl would ever do such a thing. Yet, the idea stayed well-kept in his head.

“What will we do with each other?” the girl asked.

“College is very soon.”

“I don’t want to leave you this way.”

“It is what needs to be done.”

“I really do love you.”

“I know that. But I’m not what you want. You want the opposite.”

She squeezed his hand tightly. It was warm. The boy really did want to be with her. She had curly brown hair and sensitive eyes and the kind of innocence which ate you up inside. But none of that mattered if it was impossible for her to love him like that. Is it?

“Or maybe I can disappear,” the boy said. “Maybe I

FOR THE NEXT TEN WEEKS CONTINUED...

should because darling this could kill me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” the boy said. “Have you been talking to someone?”

“Yes.”

“That is lovely.”

“Stop it. No it isn’t.”

“It really is,” the boy said. “Do you love her?”

“I want to.”

The boy smiled.

“I want to stay your friend forever and ever.”

“No,” the boy said. “It could kill me.”

“I couldn’t take it if you couldn’t stay.”

“You will be perfectly fine at college. You will forget all about me. You will do great things.”

“Then I won’t go,” the girl said. “I will stay. You don’t even have to be my girl. I can be your girl.”

This is what the boy wanted. But now that he had it, he did not want it anymore. The wind was speeding up and the tide was coming in closer to their feet. The two of them got up and started walking back to the house.

“I can be your girl again. What should my name be?” To the boy, this was compromise.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to. What should it be?”

“Kelly.”

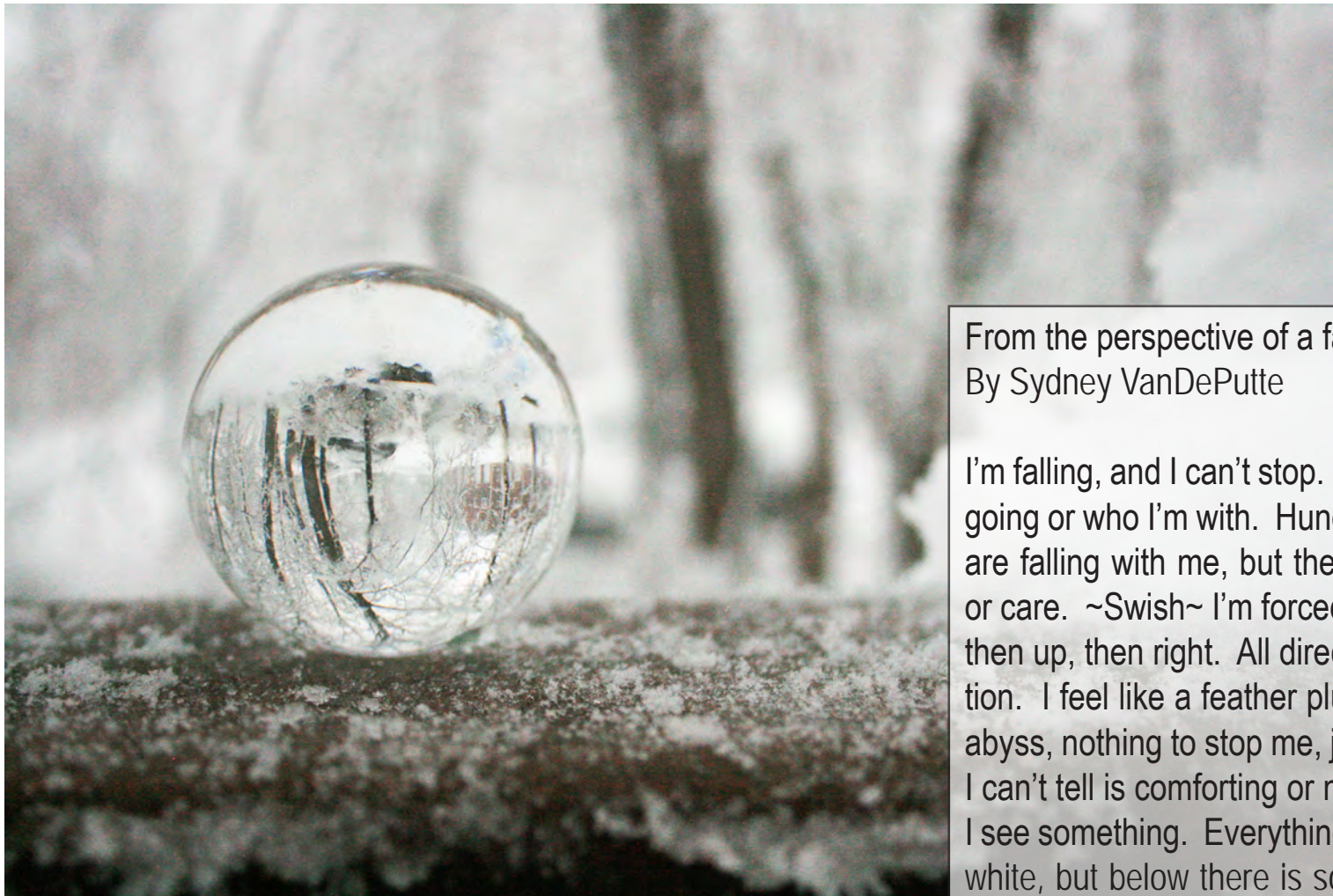
“Kelly? I like it. I am Kelly and I am yours.”

They held hands on the walk back. The boy could still feel the change though. When they got back to the house, they finished packing and put the bags in the cars. On the car ride back home, he thought about college and the night before and how tired he had been with all the games in the past year and the boy knew that no matter how much he loved her and how much she tried to love him, she would leave and he would be heartbroken.

By Taisei Miles



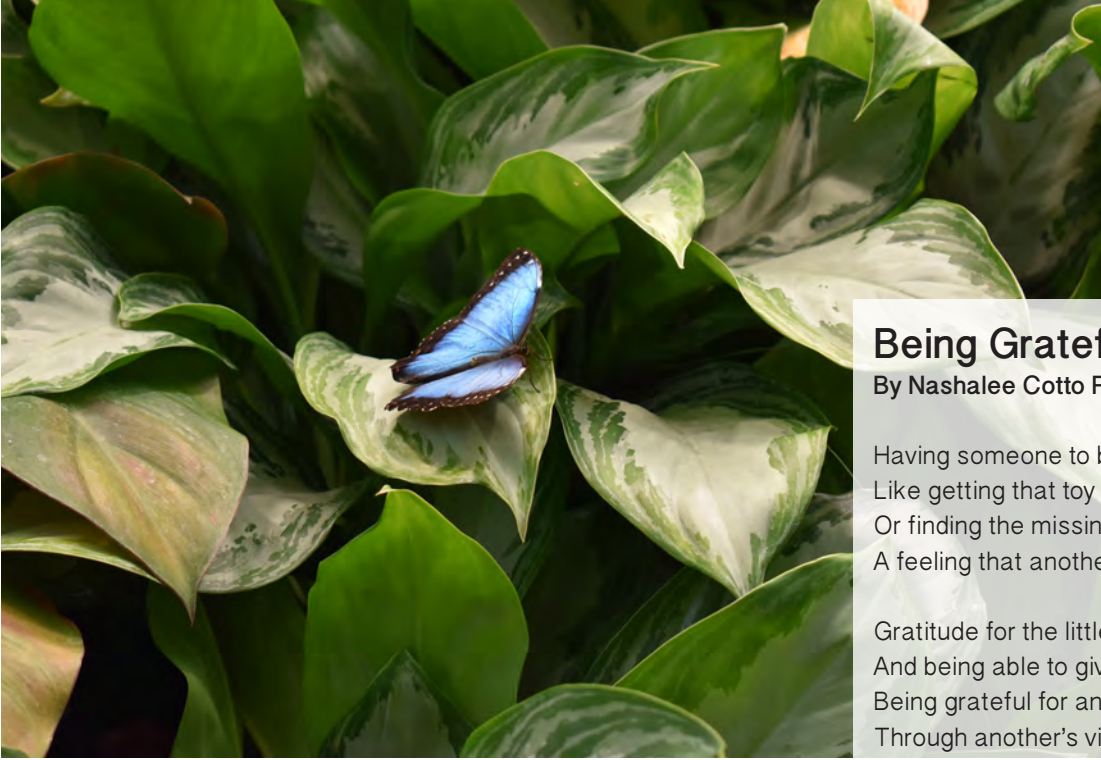
Painting by Michelle Tolochko



Photography by Morgan Jennings

From the perspective of a falling snowflake...
By Sydney VanDePutte

I'm falling, and I can't stop. I don't know where I'm going or who I'm with. Hundreds upon thousands are falling with me, but they don't seem to know or care. ~Swish~ I'm forced to the right, then left, then up, then right. All directions with no destination. I feel like a feather plummeting towards the abyss, nothing to stop me, just an unknowing that I can't tell is comforting or not. I'm still falling, but I see something. Everything around me is gray or white, but below there is some green and yellow and color. I'm bracing for impact, but it still seems far away. The closer I get I see hundreds of others have already reached their destination. ~Swish~ Right, left, spin, down, left, up. I'm closer now, I can see things moving. I feel and hear things I am near. Here goes nothing.



Being Grateful

By Nashalee Cotto Rivera

Having someone to be grateful to is a special feeling;
Like getting that toy you always wanted as a child.
Or finding the missing piece of a puzzle.
A feeling that another person appreciates you - Like the harmony of a song still unwritten.

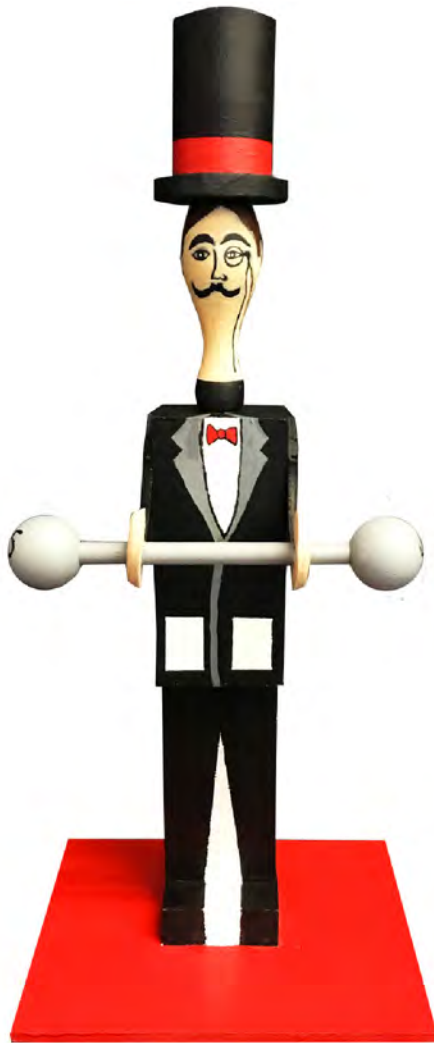
Gratitude for the little things we have is showing appreciation more than having it all.
And being able to give without expectation
Being grateful for another person is to appreciate the beauty of life
Through another's vision of the world.

Photograph by Kyle Beyrent

Being grateful for intellect is to use it for bettering our universe.
By appreciating the little things like the promise of each sunrise,
For the place we live and should respect - our home on Earth!
For the little mistakes that make us stronger.

Being grateful for opportunities allows us add value to the world.
To improve and become better citizens and empower them
Being grateful for change helps us grow and become who we are meant to be.
And prepare for experiences to come in time.

Being grateful for unity that can make a difference in a crowd.
And illuminate the whole earth.
Being grateful for being who you are and touching the world with your presence,
To make this world a better place for all humanity.



JACK MEEHAN



JULIA LEVA



SEBASTIAN LAZARTE



TANKA by Nicole Pini

Gods

They are mighty gods,
They rule over land and sky,
But two of them fell,
One was locked away for life,
The other was left to die.

Love

Love is a wonder,
Love can be anything you want,
Love is special to you,
Of course you want it very bad,
If you wish you will receive.

Now

She looks pretty now,
She walks down the hallway now,
She looks at you now,
You truly love her today,
But she will never love you.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TRULY PRESNELL

AS I WALKED HOME AFTER A LONG DAY, I FEEL THAT IT IS BRINGING TO RAIN, BUT I DID NOT PREPARE FOR THIS. SO I RUN TO FIND A PLACE TO STAND. WHEN I FINALLY FIND SHELTER UNDER AN AWNING, I LOOK AND SEE THE SKY, IT SEEMS TO STAY BLACK FOREVER. I GO ON MY PHONE AND CALL A LYFT, 20 MINUTES AWAY. I STAND UNDER THE DRY AREA AND LOOK AROUND. THE BIRDS ARE HIDING IN THE TREES TRYING TO STAY SAFE LIKE ME, BUT THE TREES SEEM TO BE HAPPY. THEY SEEM TO BE REACHING FOR THIS EACH DROP OF RAIN HOPING TO GET WET. THEN I SEE THE FLOWERS DOING THE SAME. THEY SEEM TO LIKE THE RAIN, LOVE PER SE. WITH THAT I LOOK AND THINK, PEOPLE ARE RUNNING PAST ME BUT WHY. I SEE THAT I'D LIKE THE PLANTS, PEOPLE SEEM TO DISAGREE. THEY ARE RUNNING FROM THE DROPLETS OF LIFE, DARE I SAY. I MEAN JUST THINK ABOUT IT. THESE DROPLETS TAKE WHAT LOOKS LIKE ROCKS AND TURN THEM INTO AMAZING THINGS LIKE TREES AND FLOWERS. THERE IS AN ENTIRE ECOSYSTEM BASED OFF OF THIS THING THAT MANY TAKE FOR GRANITE. THE WREATHS, FISH, DOLPHINS, WHALES ALL GONE BECAUSE H₂O DOESN'T EXIST. PEOPLE, VILLAGES, TRAVEL MILES AND MILES TO GET THIS ONE THING TO HYDRATE, EVEN THOUGH IT IS NOT SAFE, BUT IT IS ALL THEY HAVE. YOU AND I CAN TURN THE SINGLE KNOB JUST TO GET THIS LIQUID LIFE. HOT OR COLD, BUT ALWAYS CLEAN. SO I'D BE SCARED OF THESE DROPLETS, EMBRACE THEM. I GO ONTO MY PHONE AND CANCEL THE CAR. I BRACE BY SELF AND BEGIN MY WALK HOME THROUGH THE LIQUID LIFE.

-SYDNEY VANDEPUTTE



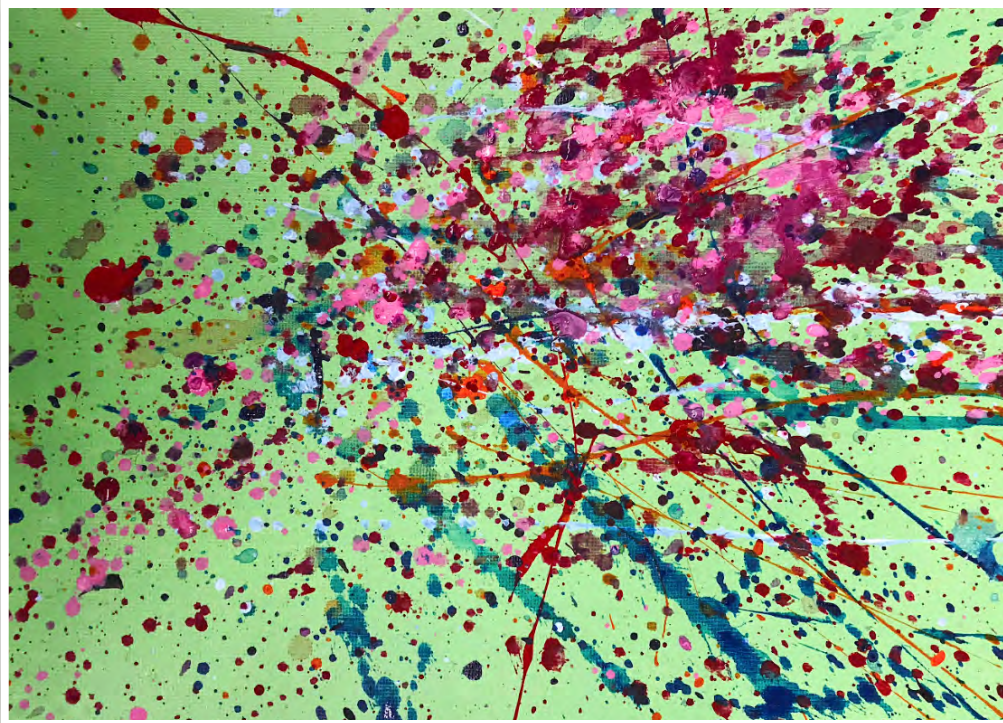
Painting by Julia Leva

There's multiple plays in a game
We fight back and forth for control
Only one team can win the game
Who has the heart and power to win it all

By Mason Davis



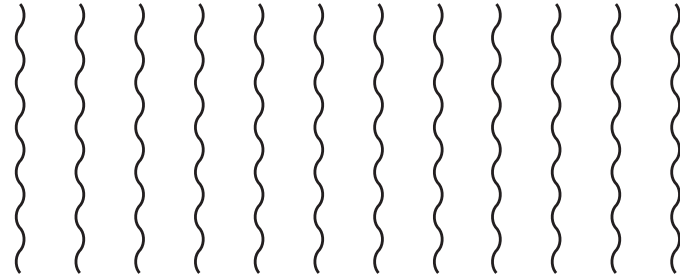
Artwork by Philip Calderon



Painting By: Kimberly Matute



Painting by Zeeshan Qureshi



The day is almost concluded
But the passion remains arising
None could have precluded
How both kept surprising


They dispelled away the tenseness
Oh how calm they remained
It had to be relentless
But the craved prize had been obtained

For some that moment was long awaited
Others, it had to be despised
However, it made itself forcefully realized
And their dream or nightmare had been created

Geoffrey Fidati



M a r k B o t t g e



AS WE ALL TAKE THE FIELD, READY FOR OUR FINAL HOME GAME
WALKING WITH STICKS IN OUR HANDS, LOOKING AT HOW FAR WE CAME
AS WE WARM UP TO WIN THE GAME THE OTHER TEAM SQUARES UP
WE ARE READY TO SCORE WE'VE HAVE WORK SO HARD
BUT THIS IS NOT PRACTICE ANYMORE NOW WE'RE IN WAR
THE WHISTLE BLOWS, THE DRAW IS HIGH
NO ONE ON THE TEAM IS GOING TO LET THIS GAME GO BYE
THE FIRST GOAL COMES SUPER FAST BUT IT SURE WASN'T THE LAST
FIRST HALF WAS A BLAST BUT IT SURE WASN'T VERY FAST
TEAM GETS IN HUDDLE COACH SAYS JUST GO IN THERE AND HAVE A BLAST
SECOND HALF STARTS WITH A DRAW CONTROL TO SCORE ANOTHER GOAL
WE HAVE STOLEN THE LEAD NOW WE GOT TO KEEP ON SCORING
AS WE SCORED OUR NEXT GOAL THE FANS WERE OUTPOURING CHEER
IF YOU PLAY AS HARD AS YOU CAN THE BEST OF YOU ABILITY
YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE WITH YOUR SPEED AND AGILITY

BY KAYLA MANNA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BROOKE OLSSON

Summer is...

**Summer is getting to be with friends,
And knowing a great night doesn ' t have to end,
Summer is constant laughs,
Keeping memories alive with photographs,**

**Summer is about dreams,
Watching the stars and seeing their gleam,
Summer is being with the one,
That loves you a ton,**

**Summer is staying up late,
Being with the one, who makes it feel like fate,
Summer is talking all night on the phone,
Never wanting to be alone**

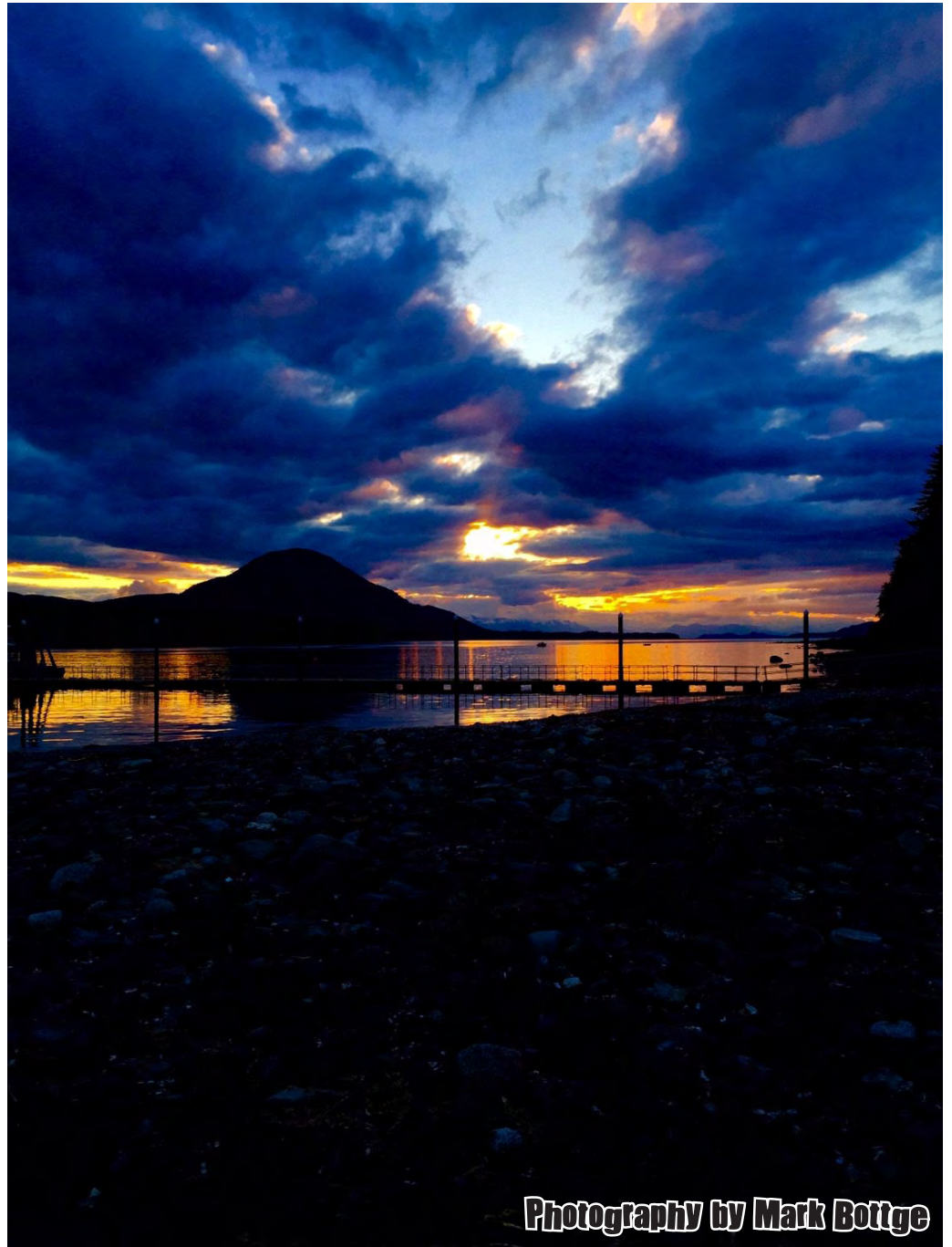
**Summer is the salty sea,
Sipping on some cold iced tea,
Summer is letting your worries wash away with the tides,
And waiting for the adventures that hides,**

**Summer is not having any regrets,
Telling yourself, it ' s okay if I forget.**

**Summer is trying new things,
Feeling free, like you have wings**

**Summer is all about fun,
Spending so much time in the sun.
But there ' s one thing in life you should never forget,
That is, if something goes wrong, don ' t break a sweat,
Just go in the water, and get a little wet**

By Mya Russo



Photography by Mark Bottge

I LIKE TO USE TORQUE
WHILE I BOX WITH A LEFT FORK
GOT EM WITH A CORK
BY NAVEED AWAN

MINECRAFT
GOTTA MINE SOME BLOCKS
DIAMOND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR
CRAFT MY DIAMOND PICK
BY IAN FELDNER

SUMMER
THE WATER IS HOT
THE WIND IS NICE AND COOL
SUMMER IS THE BEST
BY ANDREW OLEXSAK

BOXING, WRESTLING FUN
WHY NOT HIT A RIGHT HOOK
CALL ME MAYWEATHER
BY NAVEED AWAN

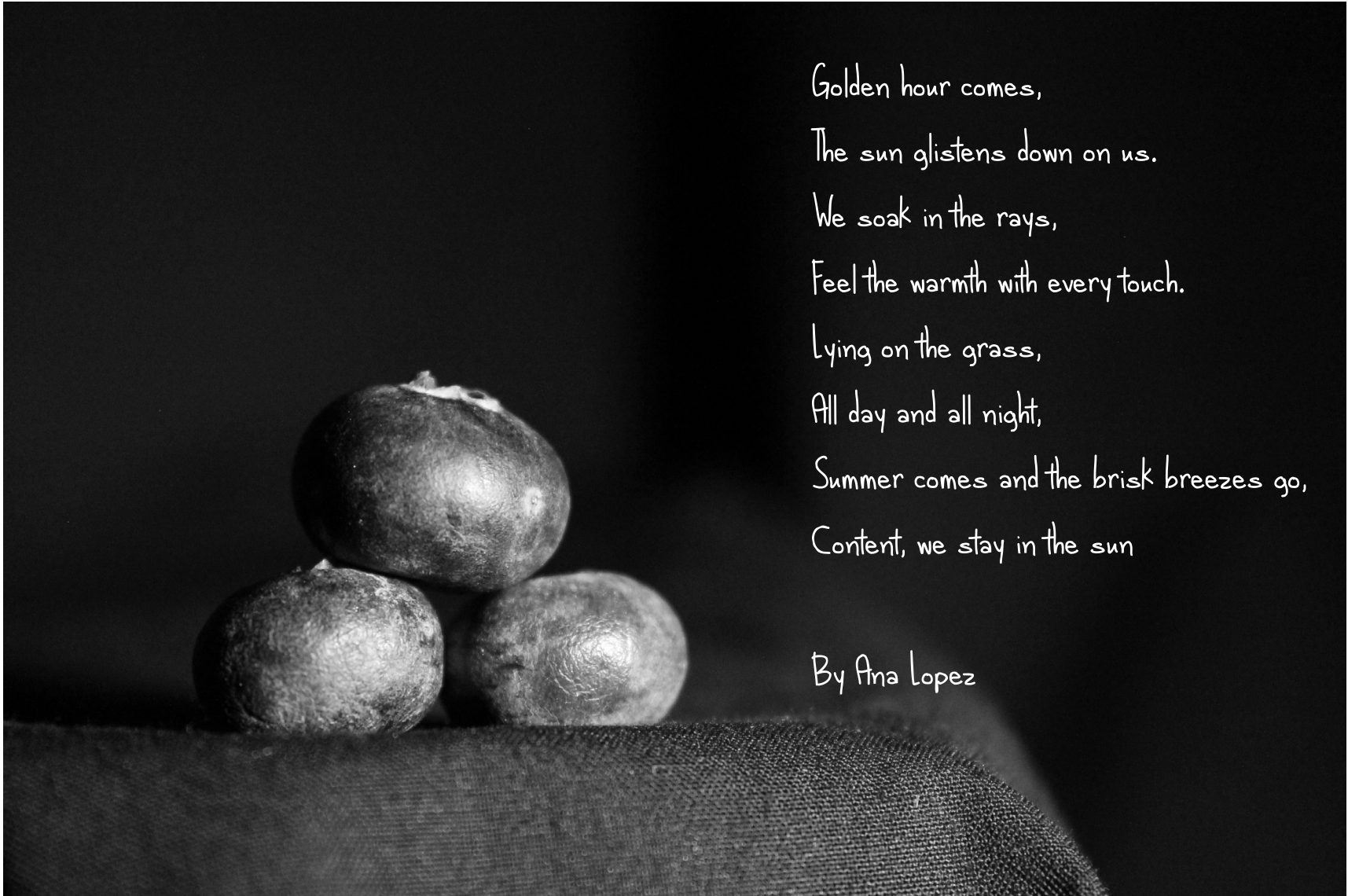
HAIKU

SHINING SUMMERTIME
YELLOW, WARM, FLOWERS SINGING
BECAUSE OF THE BIRDS
BY DANIELA MEYER

WINTER
THE SNOW IS PRETTY
THE WEATHER IS VERY COLD
WINTER IS THE BEST
BY JEFFREY YANEZ

HAIKU'S ARE EASY,
BUT SOMETIMES THEY DON'T MAKE SENSE,
REFRIGERATOR.
BY COLIN KWEIT

I STEP ON THE BEACH
GRAINS OF SAND BETWEEN
MY TOES
A HAPPY FEELING
BY GIA STRITTER



Golden hour comes,
The sun glistens down on us.
We soak in the rays,
Feel the warmth with every touch.
Lying on the grass,
All day and all night,
Summer comes and the brisk breezes go,
Content, we stay in the sun

By Ana Lopez

Photography by Brooke Olsson

I'll show you my heart
Before you leave me today
Love was hard to find

Your love is not real
I'm half a heart without you
Tears stream down my face

Go on, twist the knife
My heart's already breaking
I wish that was me

Two hearts in one home
Been thinking 'bout it all day
My heart is hoping

Katie McEvoy



Photography by Toni Foti

SOCCER; THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

I LOVE TO PLAY SOCCER ON A TEAM
TO PLAY PROFESSIONALLY WOULD BE A HUGE DREAM,
TO SUDDENLY STEP OUT ON THE FIELD
MY SUPPORTERS WOULD BE AMAZED,
WITH MY BRIGHT WHITE SOCCER BOOTS
I WENT TO GO SHOOT
YES! MY TEAM SCREAMED, AS IT WENT IN.
-DAMIAN NAUMOSKI



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRYAN LEON

IT ALWAYS STARTS OFF WITH ONE PITCH AND ONE BATTER.
I WALK UP TO THE BATTERS BOX PRACTICING MY SWING.
MY TEAMMATES IN THE BACKGROUND SHOUTING MY NAME.
AS I'M STANDING IN THE BATTERS BOX MY EYESIGHT GROWS KEENER.

AS SOON AS THE PITCHER LET GO OF THE BALL I KNEW IT WAS ALL MINE,
I LOADED ALL ON TO ONE SIDE AND KNEW THIS ONE IS GONNA BE THE GAME WINNER..
I AM THE BATTER NOW. I AM THE GAME.
MY BODY FILLS WITH TENSION AS I SWING THE BAT.

AS I HEARD THAT BAT HIT THE BALL I KNEW IT.
I TRY NOT TO WATCH. I TRY NOT TO FEAR IT.
MY BALL FLIES LIKE A BIRD CROSSING THE SKY.
THE OTHER TEAM TRIES TO CATCH IT BUT THEY CAN'T GET NEAR IT.

BAT GETS THROWN OVER THE SIDE.
LEGS RUN WITHOUT THINKING, THE SAME OLD DRILL.
I FOLLOW THE BASES, KICKING DIRT UP IN THE AIR.
MAKE IT HOME ON MY FIRST SWING KNOWING THAT I AM THE BATTER AND THE GAME.

C H R I S T O P H E R R I C C I



I LIKE BASEBALL
SPORTS ARE MY LIFE
IT MAKES ME HAPPY
MAYBE ONCE OR TWICE
MY COACH BELIEVES IN ME
HE INSPIRES ME
I PLAY MY HARDEST
I MAY SLAM MY KNEE
BUT IN THE END
MY TEAM GOES ALL THE WAY TO VICTORY
C H R I S T I A N B R E N D L I



Painting by Aisha Shafiq

No One Knows

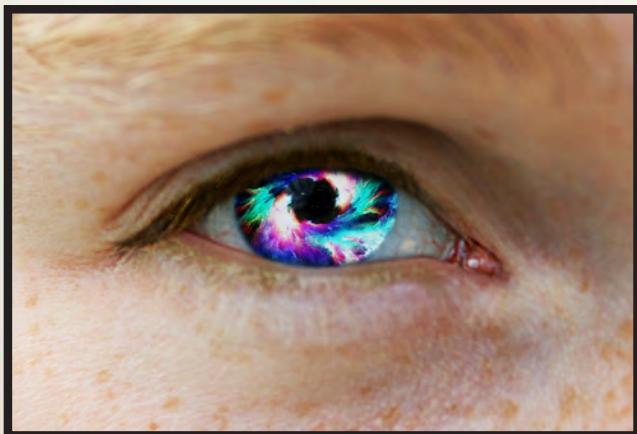
She was always happy
She was always smiling
She was always dying of laughter
But she was truly sad

She was truly crying behind the smile
She was truly dying inside
But no one knew
Probably because no one knew enough to ask

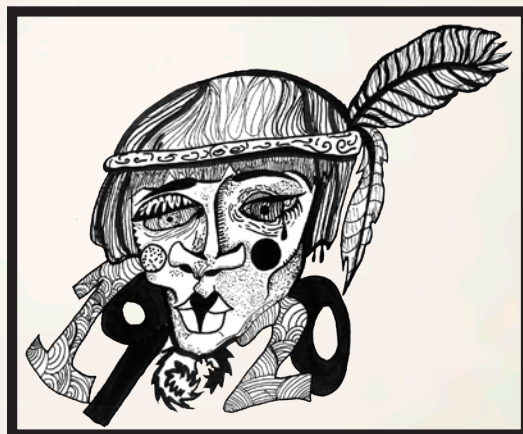
But I am her
Correction: I was her
Because she and I are no more
Because she was never able to find true happiness

Because she was never able to find someone who truly cared
Because I was never able to find someone who truly cares
No one knows

By Fernanda Albornoz-Montero



Photography by Morgan Jennings



Artwork by Isabel Schnitzer



Artwork by Hunter Sagerer



Photography By Kathleen Crooker

BLUE

By Julianna Decarlo

I don't know many like you
You're like your own drug
You always act sly, even smug
You think I don't have a clue
You project toughness, but I know you're feeling blue
You try to act like a simple street thug,
But I know you want to pull your own plug
All of your bad thoughts aren't true

I picked you up after watching you fall
You saw me there and tried to pretend
You tried to look big, but you looked so small
I wiped the tears when you started to bawl
When you wanted support, I gave you a friend
Because of us staying together, with your demons you'll never brawl

**I HAVE HEARD MANY THINGS
MY FRIEND SAYS THE WATER IS COOL
WHEN I TAKE PICTURES**

**THEY SHOW A BRIGHT COLORS
MY GRANDPA SAYS TO SEND PICTURES
IT SOUNDS LIKE GREAT FUN**

**MY DAD IS VERY EXCITED
MY DAD PAID FOR THE PLANE TICKET
MY SISTER WANTS TO STAY
BY WILLIAM KROMKA**

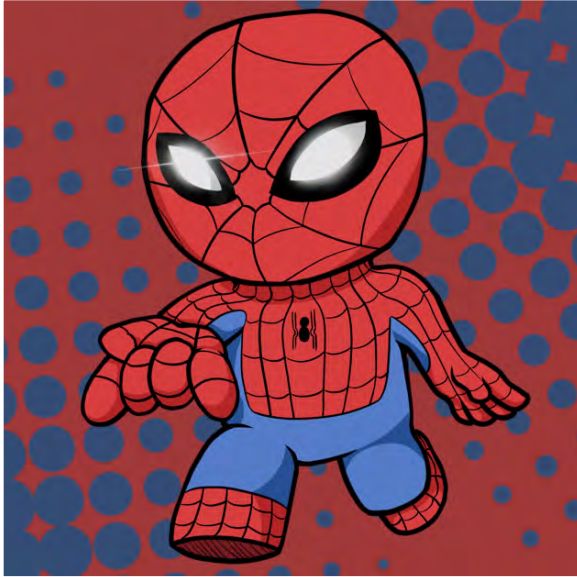
As the night rose
Roses donned for protection.
The lights went on in the town
To appreciate the down.
As night is a time where the city is alive
And even though the lights in the sky have died
There are still many ways to make this
Time a bloom
By Matthew Orellana

MacandCheese

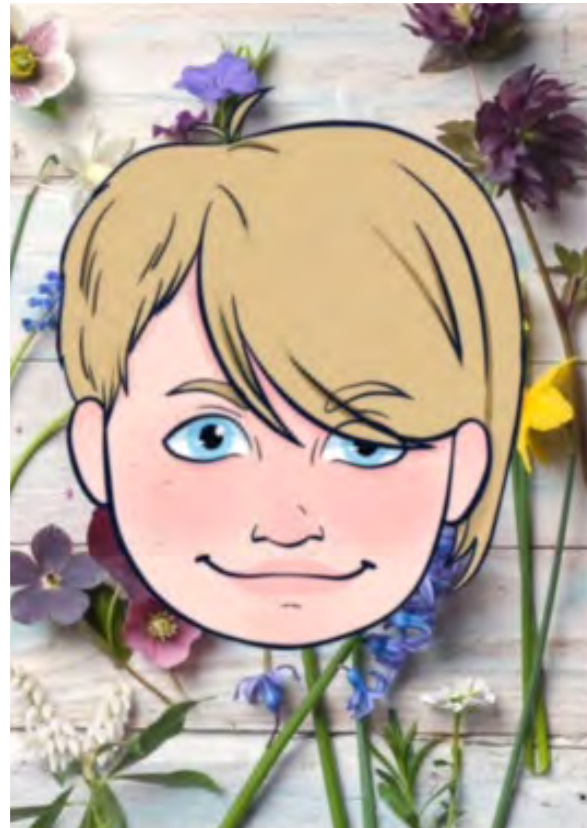
**I warm up the leftover Macandcheese
Knowing her eyes follow me
Sit down, my elbows on my knees
Macandcheese in between**

**Her face does appear
To my macandcheese so near
Shes cute, but all I feel is fear
Her tongue so quick to lick
To eat my dinner whole
By Makayla Marshall**

**BASKETBALL/LIFE POEM
NEVER LET ANYONE
LOWER YOUR GOALS
OTHER'S EXPECTATIONS
OF YOU ARE DETERMINED
BY THEIR LIMITATIONS OF LIFE
THE SKY IS THE YOUR LIMIT,
SONS ALWAYS SHOOT FOR THE SUN
AND YOU WILL SHINE
BY BENJAMIN SIMNOR**



Digital Artwork by Emma Krajc





Photography by Ifrah Bajwa



Artwork by Isabel Schnitzer

Teacher told me to write poetry
I did not tell the teacher that I could not write a poem
When I arrived to the house
Nothing was in my mind to write about
I focused on what to write about
It came to my mind to write about the teacher
I will write poetry, but I don't think it will be good poetry
I will try my best
What I am writing is from my mind
I leave the decide to my teacher

By Farhad Nasiri

My Fun Trip To Guatemala

By Victoria McHugh

Summer 2017

The day before I woke up, I was packing. It took us a couple of hours because we had to find all of the clothes to bring, that the packing list said. After we were done packing it was around dinner time. While I was eating I was talking to my parents and said that I didn't want to go anymore, I had terrible anxiety. They didn't care. They said that I was going to have the best time of my life.

The next day came and I was up at five in the morning dressed and ready to go to the airport. When I got to the airport I texted my friends, to ask where they were in the airport. Only one of my friends was at the airport at the same time as I was; her name was Laura. We both said goodbye to our parents. We were walking together when we ran into Max the only boy that was traveling with five other girls. Laura, Max and I went to Starbucks and were waiting for everyone who was on the same flight as us- to meet them and go to the gate all together. Once everyone got to Starbucks, we all said our names: Maya, Max, Laura, Kellin, Marley and Aryaa. When we got on the plane, Maya, Max, Kellin and Marley sat together in the front, then in the back was me, Laura and Aryaa. Laura and Aryaa sat together and I was by myself. I was texting my parents saying that I wanted to jump off the plane because we weren't moving yet. My legs wanted to go but I didn't get up.

Five hours later, we landed in Guatemala. We got off the plane and went to go look for our luggage. Once we got our stuff, we started to walk outside and heard some group of people say GLA. When we got to the group of people everyone there gave us hugs and asked how our flight was. We had to wait for a couple of more group of kids before we go out to lunch. While we are waiting my friend Grace thought of a game to play to get to know each other's names. By the time we finished the game it was time to go to lunch, we had a really big group and there were at least 10 more people coming around dinner. After lunch we went to the hotel in Antigua Guatemala, when we got there we got our stuff off the buses and went to our rooms and 30 minutes after that we wanted to go out and walk around and check out the town.

The next morning, breakfast was at seven, so while we were eating some food, the counselors were introducing themselves, after that we only had 10 minutes to get ready because they wanted to get on the roads fast. We had an appointment to go visit a wedding and learn how to sew. After that, we were on our way to have some lunch, then we went to visit some ruins. The bus driver said, "The roads get very windy, so if you get car sick please take some medicines now." I didn't know if I did or not, so just in case I took something, and the ride to the home base was three to five hours away.

When we got to the home base, we were all super excited so we all went outside and took pictures. We had the whole hotel to ourselves. After we went outside, everyone had to go to the top floor so the counselors can tell us our roommate. Everyone got a room with 3 or 5 girls, but I got a room with 8 girls. The first day of my 2 weeks finally came, breakfast was at 7 after we ate some food we had to get into the buses and go to the school where we will be teaching kids how to speak English. The sad thing is that we only got to spend 3 days at that school because we couldn't paint their school. At the first school, I met some really cute and nice kids, and I didn't get to say goodbye. The worst part about that is that I promised them I was going come the next day, but we didn't get to.

We moved to a different school to teach English and paint their school, it was like a jail there. When it was the kids' lunch time, they were so happy to see us and play some cool games that I didn't know about. Basically, the trip was helping kids and painting, but on other days we would learn how they make homemade hot chocolate, go on a super big hike up to a town to visit. The other hike was in the woods, and we hiked to a beautiful river, where this guy taught us about religion. The hike back was super scary, because when we were walking down the hills it started to rain and the mud made everyone fall.

The last day was super boring. I was waiting to get to the airport, but my flight wasn't until 10 pm. The day felt like it was forever. When we finally got to the airport, it was sad to say goodbye to the counselor. We had to wait at the airport for 3 hours. Once we started boarding the plane I was first class, while my friends were all the way in the back. I slept the whole 5 hour plane ride. Once we got through everything I saw my parents with my dogs. It was sad to say goodbye to all of the new friends I made that trip.



Painting By Kayla Zanfino



Photography by Truly Presnell



Drawing By Michelle Tolochko



Artwork by Shayna Canning

That Body

By Jasmine Rivera

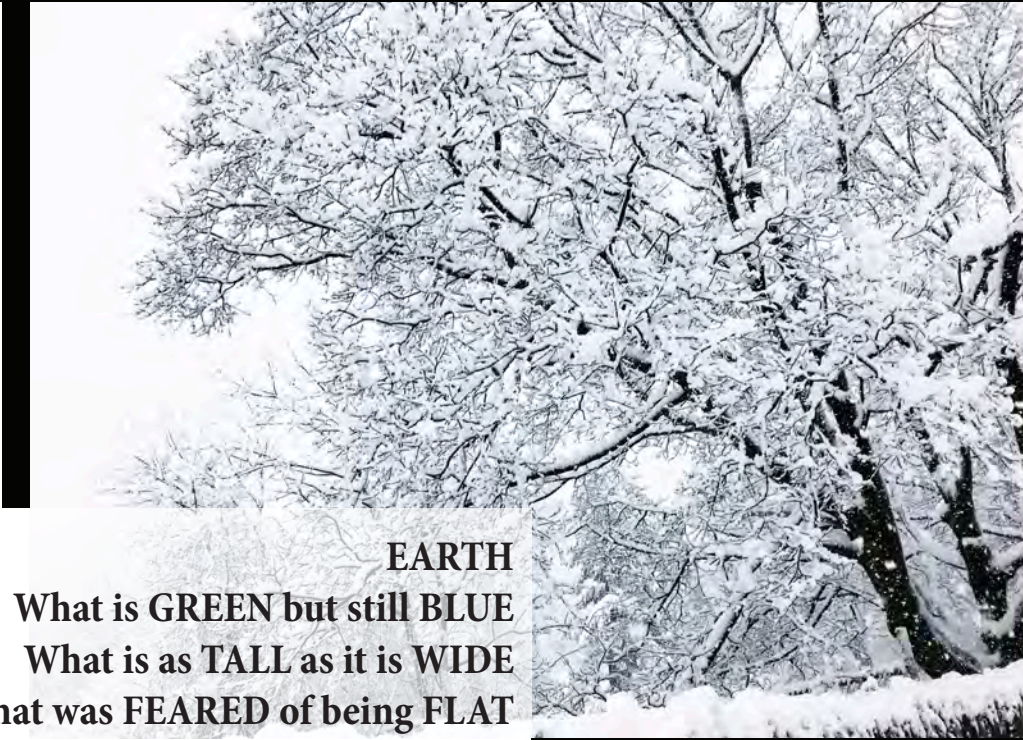
The day is where we burn for love
We shall suffer but joyful are our tears
For lost loves who are there but feel worlds apart
And skies of blue and gray

Like the life in your body
A body of lands upon lands of ancient history
That doesn't matter because we are in the now
But now wouldn't have been if it weren't for the past
And the past wouldn't be if it wasn't for the now nor the future
Why are you here?
For what purpose you belong to?

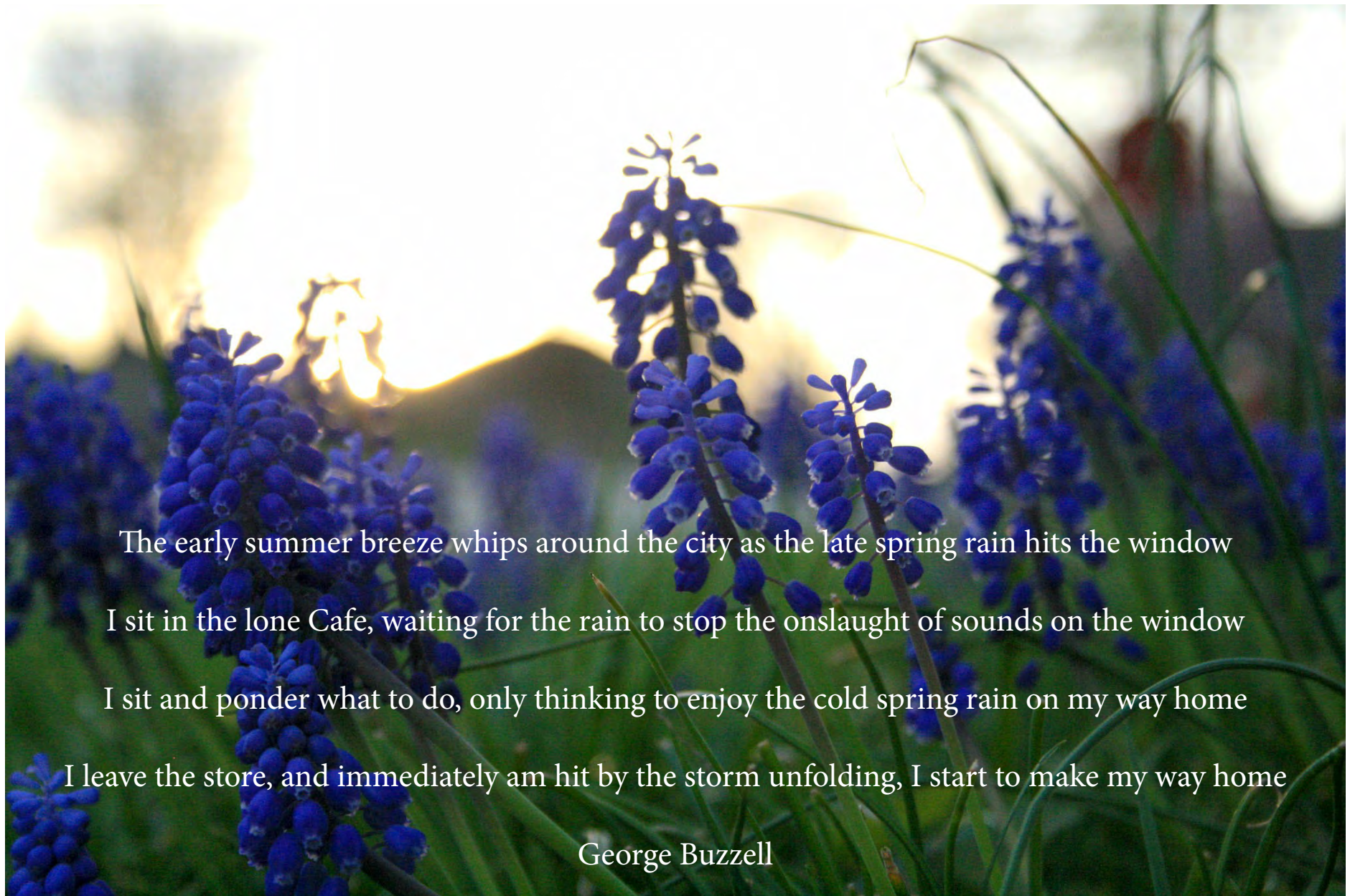


ANTHONY RANTOWICH





EARTH
What is **GREEN** but still **BLUE**
What is as **TALL** as it is **WIDE**
What was **FEARED** of being **FLAT**
Should be treasured for **LIFE**
Still dies year by year
Hurt by **ICE** and **FIRE**
The **HOME** to mankind and all alike
Why don't we care
For when it's gone
It will be all we desire
For it is **OUR HOME**
And now it is on Fire!
by **Adlan Tamen**



The early summer breeze whips around the city as the late spring rain hits the window
I sit in the lone Cafe, waiting for the rain to stop the onslaught of sounds on the window
I sit and ponder what to do, only thinking to enjoy the cold spring rain on my way home
I leave the store, and immediately am hit by the storm unfolding, I start to make my way home

George Buzzell

Photography by Morgan Jennings

Dead Poets Society

By Daniel Portas

John Keating is new to the school
His students thought that it was cool
That he was in the Dead Poets Society
With a variety of different people

Neil decides to restart the group
They read poems, compositions, and books
The students were having a ball
Until one of them ruins it all



Photography by Olivia Swain



Artwork by Jasleen Kaur

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