

LABYRINTH



2019–2020 | COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL

LABYRINTH

2019–2020

ADVISOR:

Melissa Dupont
Patricia Shaw

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF:

Isabella Maguffin

STAFF MEMBERS:

Alexandra Torelli
Kourtney Brand
Isabella Dupont
Dan Kuehn
Isabella Maguffin
Daniella Mahar
Benny Pauli
Maung Hean
Noah Printup
Lyssandra Sanchez

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

David Adadjo
Grace Brody
Kourtney Brand
Alexis Bulan
Amanda Craven
Isabella Dupont
Ryan Gattie
Emma Hart
Tyler Hines
Paige Jackson
Dan Kuehn

Don Lantz
Ella Levack
Isabella Maguffin
Daniella Mahar
Isobel McCarty
Morgan McHugh
Amanda Palma
Ella Patterson
Benny Pauli
Adam Sacchetti

Autumn Smith
Brandon Smith
Lanie Smith
Gabrielle Stringer
Skyla Suarez
Savannah Tenace
Alexandra Torelli
Lillia Walsh
Skylar Weaver
Tyler Williams

Front Cover: Lillia Walsh — Family Values

Back Cover: Skyla Suarez

LABYRINTH: A Magazine of Literature and Art

Published by the students of Columbia High School, East Greenbush, NY 12061 in cooperation with Questar III



ALEXIS BULAN — SAFETY LINE

MYSTERY BOY

By Daniella Mahar

Mystery Boy, filled with so much wonder
Surrounded by your own unique color
You seem about as quiet as thunder
Can't tell if you're a fighter or lover

Though all feelings come to a screeching halt
All this affection for mystery boy
Take even the sweetest things with some salt
Feeling almost confusion mixed with joy

But are these rose glasses temporary?
Will the dizzy excitement go away?
Or shall my heart not be treated fairly?
Help shape my hazy perception like clay

The universe knows I fail to see straight,
I must sit here, the future I await.

THE INDISPENSABLE TREES

By Mr. Lanz

They give so much to both man and beast
For critters, their nuts and acorns provide a feast
For the air, we breath give Thanks at the very least

In Fall peepers flock from far away
To witness a most colorful display
The reds and yellows a most wonderous array

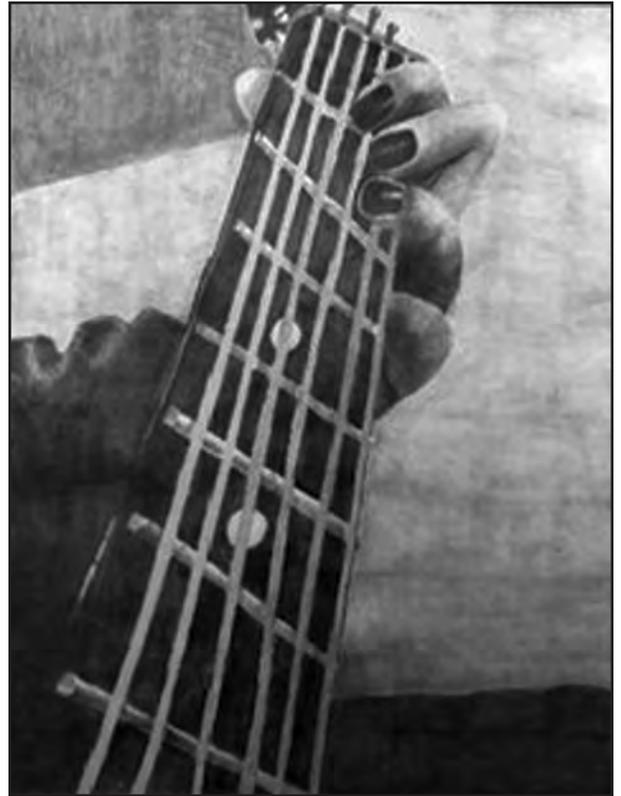
From summer's scorching sun they provide shade
Many a young couple under a canopy laid
For paper pulp and lumber dues, the forest has paid

Sequoias and Redwoods giants I once saw
Looking up I became slack-jawed in awe
For centuries they have stood without flaw.

SOMEDAY

By Gabrielle Stringer

Someday
You won't have that hole in your heart
That makes you feel heavy and weak
Someday
Someone will fill it with love
and laughter,
They will say you're perfect, you're pretty
They will continue to fill the gaping hole until it overflows
This is how you know who your one true love is,
They will give you love when they're mad at you,
They will laugh with you
And cry with you
But until then continue to look for them, the one,
The one who can mend your broken heart
And fill the hole
Don't ever go back to the one who told you, "you aren't perfect"
Because
Someday
With someone
everything you do will be perfect
No matter how stupid, or how silly
You will be perfect, for someone someday



PAIGE JACKSON



DAVID ADADJO — A JAZZ CELEBRATION

THROUGH THE STORMS

By Ella Levack

Through the storms
Love is the rain
Both causing goosebumps and sleepy smiles
Love is a peaceful drizzle in the early morning
The rain falls like kisses on the face
Love is a passionate storm in a time of drought
The heavy raindrops sting like tears after a thunder of emotions
Lightning crashes, starting fires that burn hot and angry
Then the rain falls, extinguishing the flames
Much like how love spreads, stopping the heat of an argument
Life comes from the rain, it nourishes everything with its cool touch
Love nourishes the soul, it too creates life and all things beautiful
Love is the rain



PAIGE JACKSON

SUPERHEROES (REVERSE POEM)

By Brandon Smith

Superheroes don't exist
So don't try to convince me that
The selfless can fly
I know
They are simply an escape
I shall never believe

Superheroes don't exist
So don't try to convince me that
A man can be super
I know
They are fakes
I shall never believe

Superheroes don't exist
So don't try to convince me that
You can get the girl of your dreams
I know

It's impossible
I shall never believe
Superheroes don't exist
So don't try to convince me that
When all seems lost a hero will still fight
I know

People give in when it gets hard
I shall never believe
Superheroes exist

FEELING OF MINE

By Autumn Smith

I truly believe in that
confidence
is something that is not important
Jealousy
Is something that everyone comes upon
True Love
Will never happen
The loss of meaning
I know that it is certain
Beauty fades like a soft cloud
I will forever know not to believe that
Happiness is a way of life

APATHY IS MY NAME

By Dan Kuehn

My Name is Apathy
Apathy is my Name
Oh such a shame
To be dubbed such a name

I live among you all
In crowds and the streets
I go to the same places
And sit in the same seats

You don't know me
But that's just your choice
I won't get mad
I won't raise my voice

Attention
Attention
I really want to mention

But on the surface
I'm too nervous
Of such intervention.

I do not want to dance
I do not want to joke
But it seems the only way
To get attention from folk

But when I linger in silence
The ignorance continues
I just don't understand
Such strange virtues

So If you feel this way
You're just like me
Apathy is your name
Your name is Apathy



ISABELLA BERTRAND

I MISS YOU, MOM

By Isabella Maguffin

Every day I wake up and it's a new day.
But the pain of losing you never goes away.
I go about my day, doing what I do.
As the hours pass, I am always thinking of you.
All my memories of you are so dear.
How I desperately wish that you were here.
I know someday all will be well,
And I will see you again with such stories to tell.
But how I miss you so.
I wish that you never had to go.
There are so many nights that I cry
Because of how I wish I had the chance to tell you goodbye.
I will always miss you, mom.

“STARDUST”

By Daniella Mahar

Again I rub the stardust from my eyes
Last night left behind on my pillowcase
Holding on to a dream that never dies
Can you see hopes reflecting on my face?
I swear I once saw the planets align
In my world full of stardust, my dreams live.
In that world, I'm forever on cloud nine
My subconscious still has so much to give
Drifting in a world of constellations
I'll soon return to my world of stardust
Movies, daydreaming, these are the foundations
Gifts from the astral plane I've learned to trust

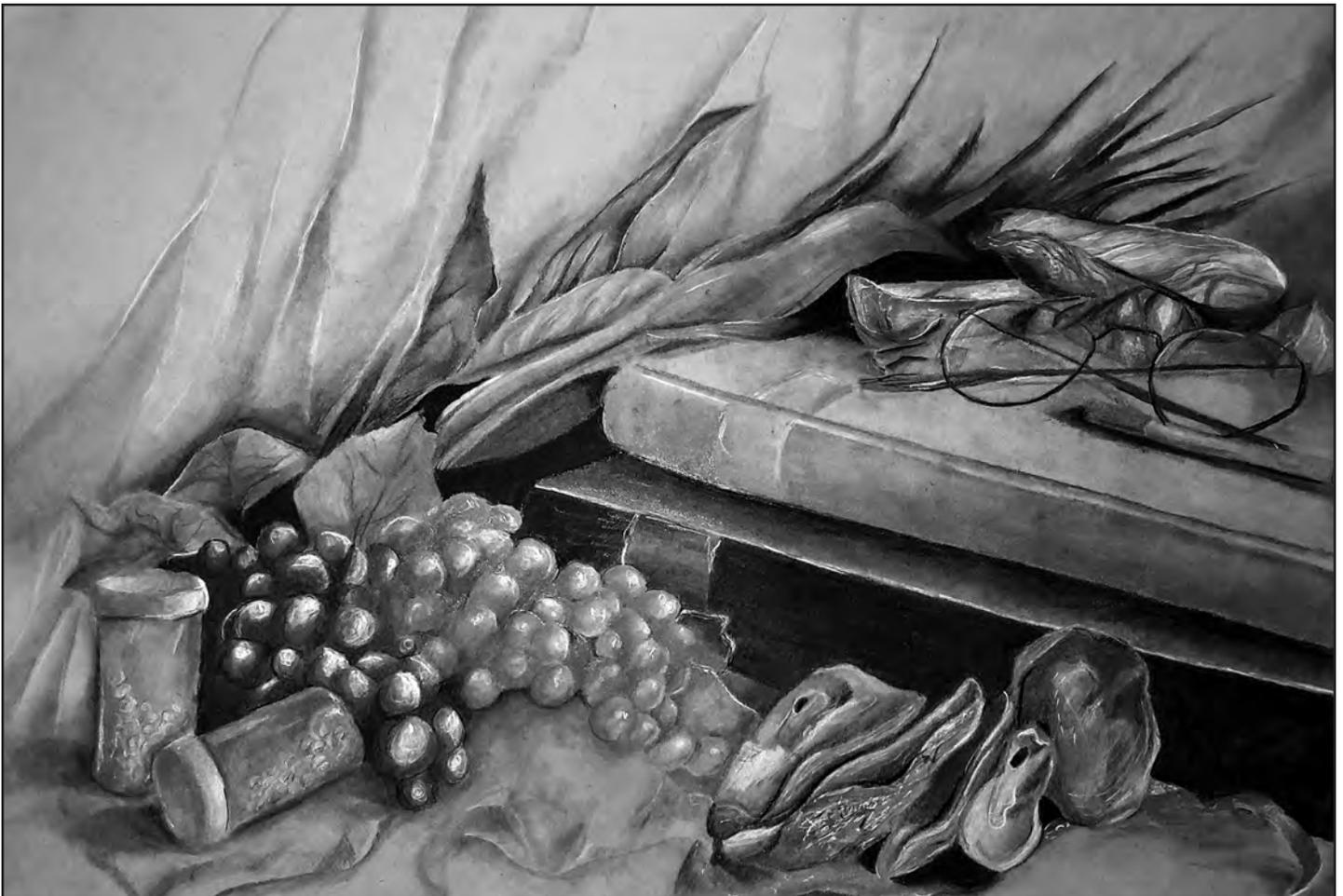
I promise my dreams are far from over
Though I only wish time would go slower.

NOT VANILLA

By Brandon Smith

As I stared at the clock
My mind wandered towards time travel
Remembering events and experiences
Memories lost
Lost to that clock
And its hands of time

Yet in this old age, I have been blessed
Blessed with children and grandchildren
Blessed with warm Christmases and happy New Years
Blessed with cookies baked by my legacy
My life was not vanilla no matter what that clock says
My life was rich



ALLISON ARENSMEYER — WAITING

PREHISTORIC DREAMS

I am jealous of the first man on earth

He lived without knowledge of death
But just how to survive
Because his instinct was to live
He didn't know he was going to die

Without fear of failure
Or the fear of being left behind
It was just him and the trees
Nothing else to blur the mind

He lived without knowing his life had a time limit
He lived without knowing time at all
There were no clocks or sundials
But just the world around him

He wondered without needing a path
Because he created his own
Nobody else was there to judge it
He could write his own poems

He knew not of math or science
But only that the sun went up and down
It wasn't just day or night
It was his life

We may call him ignorant
But for him, ignorance truly was bliss
Bliss that we all seek
But the bliss we can never find

I am jealous of the first man on earth
Because in his world

There was no sexism
There was no time for it
There was no racism
There was no race

There were no laws of society
There was no society

There was no mass incarceration
Because what's incarceration?

No overpopulation
Or pollution of our cities
No mass disease
Or sending our souls to damnation

No extinction of our animals
Or just locking them away
No destruction of our earth
Cause what matters is just today

No Gods
No devils
Nothing to worship
But this land

No guns that can murder
No weapons but his hands
No instagram to bully
And we'll never understand

The way he just existed
In a way we never can

And I'm sorry
And this sucks
Cause he'll never know what it's like
To live in a world with all these demands

But while I am jealous of the first man on earth
I thank God that I'm not him
Because though I'd get to live without all this hate
I'd also have to live without all this love

COFFEE

By Alexandra Torelli

It is morning, the sky is dark and the moon is making her descent from the sky. The birds slowly awake and begin chirping, as a faint pink slowly takes over the sky. A small house on a beautiful green hill is where I reside. Currently, I am brewing about something, my identity and all of who I am pouring out of me. Dripping out slowly, being captured in a cold solid embrace. I'm at its mercy. I wonder, am I good enough? Or shall I be tossed away and replaced, forgotten? Then it stops. I am unmoving as I await my fate. I hear footsteps approaching me, two palms wrapping around me and clutching me close as if a friend. But these are a strangers palms. Who are you? I'm brought closer and closer until they take a hesitant sip. A breath is released, from them and from me. They are satisfied, and I feel relief. I let the stress drain away with their every sip.

Can you smell the coffee on this lovely morning?



PAIGE JACKSON

LIFE IS A GAME WORTH PLAYING

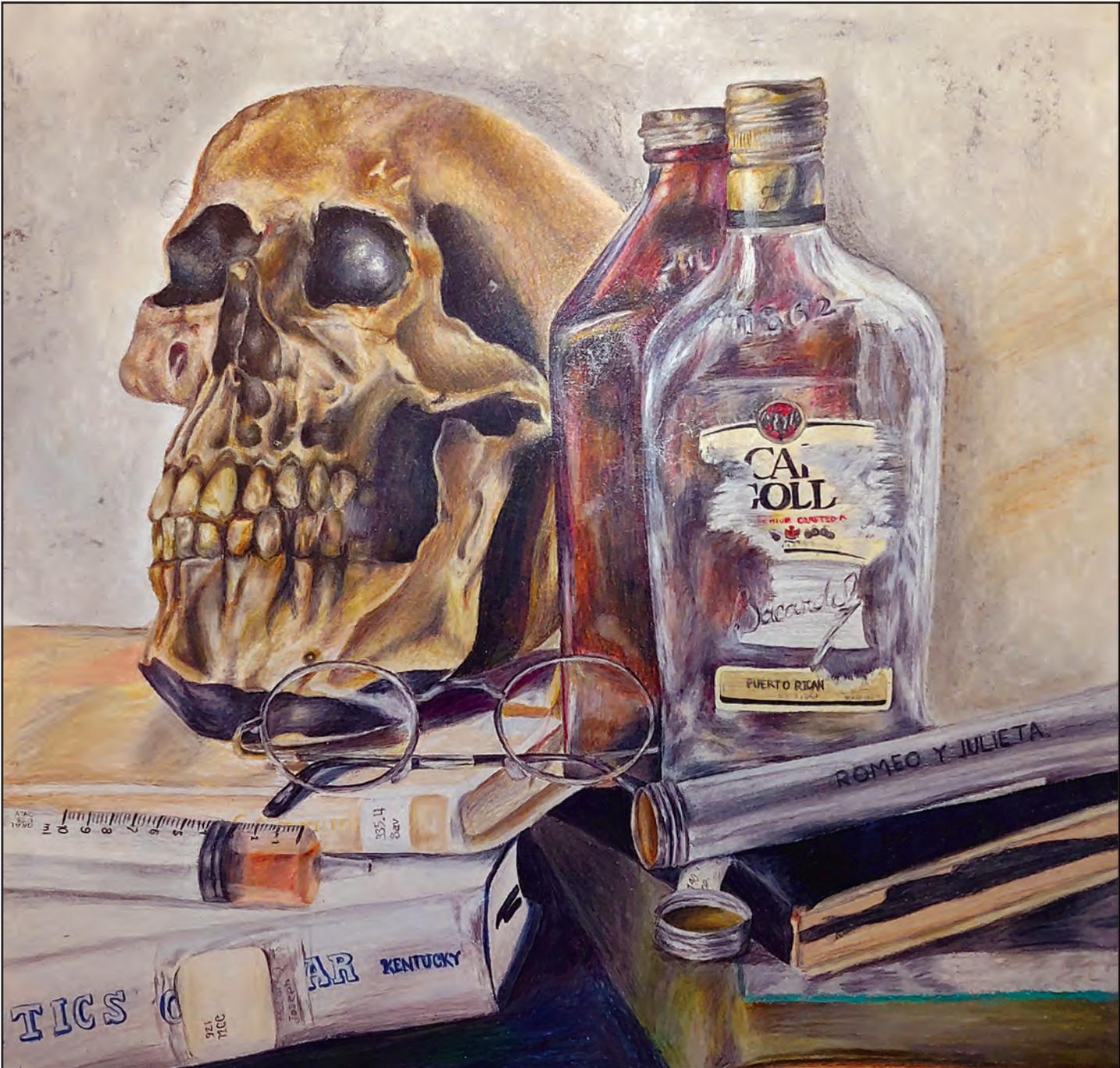
By Kourtney Brand

The meaning of life. What exactly is that?
The definition varies from person to person.
Everything revolves around life. Even death.
Is life worth living? Or is it nothing more than a game?
Thoughts of paranoia cloud my mind.
What proof do we have that we are real?
Perhaps it is us who is the lead role in a movie.
Perhaps it is us who are the toys being played with.
Perhaps it is us who are the characters of a book.
Or maybe we are real. There's no way to tell.
We listen to scientists and people labeled as 'smart'
But we don't know if what they are saying
Is actually scripted by another being.
A real being.
Perhaps it is some of us who are self-aware.
The phrases others say follow me around.
They are like a shadow that stays even in darkness.
"Life is a game of cat and mouse."
"Life is a game of chess or checkers."
"Life is a game of give or take."
Do the ones who say these types of things
Know more than what they're leading on?
Do we walk on a path predetermined for us?
A script or a code already deciding our fate?
I can't wrap my mind around all of these thoughts.
The only thing I am sure of
Is that no matter what
If life is a game or not
Life is definitely worth living and fighting for.
This is a game we must keep playing.
Taking wrong turns and right turns.
All until we finally find the end.
And remember that life was worth it.

IT MEANS TO STRUGGLE

By Dan Kuehn

Born to live in the ways of obedience
Taught to heed to your every word
All baby birds must take the jump from the tree
Some will fall
Some will soar
But for the ones that do fall,
Does heaven know they've arrived?



ISABELLA DUPONT — ADDICT



ALLISON ARENSMEYER — LETTING GO



DANIELLA MAHAR — WARMTH



ISABELLA DUPONT — BURNOUT

“GUITAR MUSIC”

By Alexandra Torelli

A red string winding
up and down,
Slowly crashing
and shaking.

the volume slowly increasING in sound
like an echoOO in a cave starting LOUD and slowly
FADing.

Like a journey that never began,
empty promises and crossed hands.

I wonder?
Does the red string continue?
or does it just snap!

THE CLOCK TICKS FORWARD

By Skylar Weaver

The clock ticks forward
The use of time traveling seems eventful
Remembering the past
All the memories people look back on and forward too
The clock ticks backwards
The hands of time move quicker each day
The old age of parents and grandparents grow
But grandchildren are still young and joyful
All going to church on christmas day
Grandma baking cookies for the whole family
The smells of vanilla throughout the small house



ISABELLA DUPONT — THEM

TO GIVE UP

By Lanie Smith

To Give up
It's wrong
I have to believe
No matter how hard
I never succeed
It is imprecise
My efforts pay off
It will forever be true
That I will never win
It's impossible
But
If I let myself
Think otherwise
I'll fail yet again
Believing its true means
It can't be stopped
I am imperfect
It will never change
I can't say that
It will get better
!Numbers are defining
It's out of place that
I feel that
It's avoidable
False
Always limited
I was lost
I wish I didn't believe
But
It will always be so
Just listen
Just give in
I shouldn't think it's true
A phrase
Constantly filling my head
!Negative thought's control me
It's a lie that
I have power over them
I will always believe that
It's true
Undeniably
I've lost all power
I don't believe
It can be stopped
The positivity is lost
There is no way
Although it's wrong
I can think the same
As always
(Reverse)



AMANDA CRAVEN

"THAT NIGHT"

By Savannah Tenace

That night it rained
That night my world would forever be changed
And it seemed as if the world was grieving too
That night even the stars missed you
That night was more isolating, more quiet
And it seemed that I would not be able to hide it
That night my world became a little less bright,
my lungs a little more tight
And after that night, nothing would ever feel right

“SIDE EFFECT”

Everything tastes of mint, as if it was slathered in toothpaste,
and I'll have you know,
if you'll take the hint,
there is nothing I hate more than mint.

I won't even eat, I won't take a bite,
knowing what awaits me- yikes!
I'm dried up and stale,
and to no avail-
there is nothing I hate more than mint.

You may call me dramatic, I've been known to eat the leaves
But not even gum or toothpaste
I hate to brush my teeth

Now everything smells of it, The air included too
My toast, my eggs, my morning- ruined
I'm at a loss,
As to what was the cause
There is nothing I hate more than mint!

THE BROKEN CIRCLE

By Gabrielle Stringer

The perfect circle
That once was us
Has been broken by fights and crying
There are cracks and missing pieces
Which once could have been defined
As our love
The perfect circle
Cannot be healed or mended
Its cracks cannot be fixed
What once was us is no longer us



ISABELLA DUPONT — FIDO



EMMA HART

EPIPHANY

By Dan Kuehn

What do I see looking at me?
Two parallel faces of both sound and silence reaching
out for each other in an attempt to communicate with this
world.

My long hair hangs in black vertical lines over my face
as I watch the turmoil of self-loathing and franticness
through a mask of feigned jocularity and timorous identi-
cality presented on a tablet of caving in glass.

I watch this alone.

I empathize with both.

I watch them struggle and strive
I cry because I know I can't help them.

I know it's not my fault.

I am angry at them but I still want to help
"I just want to take the sad away from you" I say in a
childish yet so sincere demeanor

It's a quote I remember saying in a dream

I keep trying to help

I keep praying

I keep hoping

I keep waiting

I keep loving

And I always will

This is where I will have my Epiphany

And I always will

TABLEZ

Papers fill my desk Desk
I should be focusing on my School work,
but my mind continues to wander
My lack of Sleep is starting to hit me
Dreams of my Bed flood my mind
My jacket begins to feel like a Blanket
And the Warmth of the room puts me to sleep
I dream of the Sun beating down on my face
The Great Outdoors surrounds me
Shades of green and blue overtake
the world I have created
I realize I am in the woods taking a Hike
One foot in front of the other I begin my journey
Towering trees and mountains the size of kingdoms
But then I see...Camels?
I wake up from my dream, back to school it is.

BEAUTY

By Isobel McCarty

Her voice was that of an Angel's
It was like Magic leaving her lips,
As I looked over the great landscape,
It looked like a Movie, impossibly real.
So many Sounds to hear,
The constant screeching of the wind
as it flew over the mountains.
The Peaks looked like icebergs just above the surface,
Splitting through the clouds like a wedge in time itself.
The glistening white snow sparkled
as it laid across the mountain tops,
But all I could look at was the shine in her eyes as her
angelic voice echoed over the vast landscape



WINNER OF THE “NOSTALGIA” COMPETITION —
RYAN GATTIE

FAKE FRIENDS

By Skylar Weaver

To all my fake friends
I always thought u had my back
But i guess i was wrong
Was i stupid to think you actually cared about me?
Everything you told me has been and always will be a lie
Never saying stuff to my face
Every day finding a way to make fun of me
Using me just to get popular
Bringing someone else down
Just for attention will never be ok
Well not in my book
Posting about me on your social media
Cause let's be honest
Who was there for you through the hard times?
it was me
Now you have to spread secrets
I forgave but i will never forget
You showed me a side of you that I've never seen
So don't ask me to hangout anymore
Don't even talk to me
I'm not letting you take advantage of me
You've had your fun but
I hope that one day you will get married
I hope that one day you will get a job
I hope that one day you become successful
I hope that one day u look back and
Remember me and what you put me through
But thank you so much
For showing me a side of you
I never thought you had

THE AIRPORT SPRINT

It felt like fighting the current. With her bags in tow, she sprinted down the runway, dodging people as she went. For the number of people moving you'd think some would be going in her direction. You'd think the strangers she'd be spending the next few hours with would be running right there with her, like a piercing fin to part the tide. And yet as she tripped and fumbled, fighting her way past the food stands and neck pillow displays, she was the only one struggling. They must have been on time which made some sense, but couldn't there be at least one other who was late? Where were the from-the-movies tearful goodbyes causing someone to have to run right there with her in solidarity. The wheels on her bag screamed nearly as loud as the engines around her while the numbers and letters seemed to be ever static as if she was running in circles. When she finally reached the desk, her hair in a flurry around her face, the worker sighed and said she had missed the departure. He recommended that she could get the next one in a few hours but she would've already missed her connection at that point.

So, with the battle lost, she sunk into her seat and stared at her phone's decreasing battery. After all, the charging stations were always full. She waited for hours drinking overpriced coffee that tasted like dishwater, and just watched the crazy tourists run like hell to make it to their own adventure.

“SHARED PAINS”

By Tyler Hines

It's like this pain grows with age
Since you said you needed space
Erase I love you's from filled up pages
And break down when I see your face

I know I failed you now
I left when you wanted me to stay
These weights keep dragging me
down
Can't change your mind no matter
what I say

But the tides have changed again
Can't bring myself to say your name
What we had was so special then
But I know I'm the one to blame

I'm so sorry
For everything I've done
For all the tears I brought
For making you so numb
For all the things I thought
I'm so sorry, love
For crossing all your lines
I know since you left, you're better off
I'm happy you're okay, but I'm not fine

Time moves on, but I never will
Cause all I did was start the fire
Can't heal my pain with any pills
All I am is a liar
But my mind and body's hurting
You're different and it's my fault
I didn't like me before this
I just want the time to halt

I wish I could change your mind
But you chose right leaving me
Look back at all those times
Where I wasn't lonely

I'm so sorry
For all the lies I told
For building all those walls
For seeming too cold
While I walk through empty halls
And I'm so sorry, love
For changing your life
I'm numb to all this hurt
But it was me who held the knife
There's nothing for us to gain
Drowning in these shared pains
Hate myself too much to
burden you with me

Now we're at the crossroads
In this town filled with ghosts
Walk the steps to the gallows
Guilt's wrapped around me like a rope
I can't skate on this thin ice
For it'll break and I'll fall
Knew I'd soon pay the price
Too hard to stand up tall

I'm sorry
I'm really sorry
But it won't matter
It won't matter
Anymore

I'm so sorry
For all the times I left you hurt
For emotional trauma
For doubting my self worth
And for all this drama
I'm so sorry, love
For the pain in your bones
I know it will be rough
But I have to leave you alone
There's nothing for us to gain
With these shared pains
I hate burdening you with me



TYLER WILLIAMS

“HERE I SHALL STAY”

By Savannah Tenace

I shall stay
Right here where you left me
Dreaming of what we can be
Wondering, was it me?
I shall stay
Promising to be whatever you need me to be
Hoping one day, it will be me you see
Waiting, for you to believe that we can be
I shall stay
I promise

WHAT DEFINES ME?

By Benny Pauli

What defines me? Is it my name? Is it my religion? Is it my sexuality? Does my confidence level define me? Is it an image? Is it my handwriting? Does my personality define me? Do my grades define me? Do my clothes define me? Does my DNA define who I am? Does my face define me? Does my fingerprint define me? Do my skills define me? Does my intelligence level define who I am? Can I even be defined? Is it just one thing that defines me? Can I even be defined in just words or pictures? What defines me?



AMANDA PALMA — SERENITY

STAY WITH ME

By Kourtney Brand

We've been through thick and thin together, you and I. Making new friends, experiencing love, laughing at the weird things we do, and standing up for each other whenever we need it. As this school year slowly but surely comes to a close, and most of us go off to college or university, I find myself always asking the same questions to myself.

"What's going to happen when I move on by myself, and you stay together for a while longer? Will our memories be all that's left of our bonds? Is this the goodbye I've been dreading all my life? Where am I going to go without my friends to stay by my side? Who's going to be there for me when I fall down again?"

"Are you going to move on without me, and forget about me?"

I can't let that happen! Not here, not now, not ever!
Everything we've been through, I can't just let it end here!

I want to keep playing games with you! I want to keep hanging out with you! I want to keep supporting you!
I want to keep spending time with you! I want to keep fighting beside you! I want to keep laughing with you! I want to keep crying with you!

I just want to keep being with you...

I'm not ready to say goodbye! I'm not ready for the pain!
I'm not ready for the tears! I'm not ready for the future!
I'm not ready for the sendoffs! I'm not ready to watch you walk away! I'm not ready to close the book on our story!

I'm not ready for a life without you...

I've spent between one and twelve years with you, and I've watched from nearby and afar as you make your way through life and everything it throws at you. And you've done the same for me. You probably noticed a few years ago I started recording videos and taking pictures much more often. That's because I never want to forget the fun we've had together, and how much you've changed my life for the better.

So to be honest with you... I'm scared... Scared that we're going to lose touch. Scared that we're going to drift apart. Scared that we're going to change for the worse. Scared that we're never going to see each other again. Scared that we're going to miss out on more potential adventures together.

Scared that we're going to forget about each other...

I know you're feeling similar to me. I've seen you put on a brave face and smile to stay in the present. I know because I've been doing it too. Trying to avoid the future because we know that it's way too close for comfort. Trying to ignore the change in our lives that we know is inevitable. Trying to stay in the present in attempts to forget that this era of our lives is almost over.

But the goodbyes are unavoidable. We need to be prepared for them. Embrace them. Fight them. So in the future, I want you all to look back on this poem, and remember me for all the things we've done together, and all the laughs we've shared. You guys have taught me so much, and through our friendships, we have accomplished so much. So as we part ways, I want you to always remember these things:

Promise to live the rest of your life to its fullest. Never let a second go to waste.

Always cherish the times we've spent together, the good and bad alike, for they have shaped us into who we are today.

Never forget the friends that you love, you must cherish them for as long as you live.

Don't be afraid to reach out to us. We have always been there for you, and that will never ever change.

The smile that has been on your face at some point during the time we've spent together symbolizes our bond and our strength.

Even if we are miles, countries, or worlds apart, we will always be your friends. Nothing and no one will ever change that. Our word is our bond, and our bond is our strength.

This bond will stay with you.

And this bond will stay with me.

Thank you, for everything you've given me.

Thank you, for everything you've taught me.

Thank you, for always staying with me.

TRUST

Trust is something I never really have been able to grasp.

Trust

I never knew how to use it in my relationships.

Trust

My current relationship is sinking down because of it.

Trust

I yearn to trust I want to trust.

Trust

But that little girl inside of me is choking me taking my last
breath.

Trust

The sound of my front door slamming and mommy crying.

Trust

That girl pulls me to the memory of saying
daddy doesn't live here anymore.

Trust

That moment when you meet "her" for the first time.

Trust

She's supposed to make my dad happy right?

Trust

When I finally let go of the grasp of that little girl.

Trust

I think about 9th grade when I met him.

Trust

Oh he loved me right he would never leave me right.

Trust

Wrong you find out since you didn't give him what he
wants

he found others who will.

Trust

My heart is broken but not yet shattered.

Trust

How can I trust you when I feel so battered.

Trust

Please don't leave I am trying to let go of my past.

Trust

But the memories grasp is as strong as the poisonous
vine wrapped around my heart.

Trust

Someday I will learn how to trust.

Trust



ADAM SACCHETTI — TURBULENCE



SKYLA SUAREZ



Columbia High School

962 Luther Road • East Greenbush, NY 12061