

LABYRINTH

2021–2022

ADVISERS:

Melissa Dupont & Patricia Shaw

CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEFS:

Benny Pauli & Ellie Marshall

LITERATURE EDITOR:

Molly Graiff

CO-ART EDITORS:

Lena Bromberg & Zoe Allen

TREASURER:

Benny Pauli

MEMBERS:

Magnolia Allen, Nolan Latch, Gabriel Rodriguez, Drea VanVranken, Ana VonStackelberg, & Mia Williams

STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS:

ART WORK

Alyssa Sentz	Leah Turino
Amanda Craven	Lorelei Barber
April Bergmann-Haro	Marielle Warmt
Ari Barrows	Michaela Toomey
Benny Pauli	Nolan Latch
Brielle Bucher	Nova Vath
Emily Seely	Sierra Pierce
Emma Gentile	Sophia Xiao
Emma O’Kane	Tiffany Zhuo
Inara Ilse	Zoe Collins

WRITTEN WORK

Alexander DeMarco	Emily Wilson
Allison Hedgepeth	Emma Howe
Allison Roundy	Jordyn Langlais
Andrea Federis	Kiera Mead
Anika Galkiewicz	Magnolia Allen
Asunta Illenberg	Naim Greenberg-Nielsen
Brenna Sambrook	Raziya Coleman
Drea VanVranken	Sophia Pioggia
Ellie Marshall	Teagan Craven

Front Cover:
GABBY — NOVA VATH

Back Cover:
DESPERATE TO LIVE AMONG FANTASY — BRIELLE BUCHER

LABYRINTH: A Magazine of Literature and Art

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

FALLEN FLOWER

Her body lay on the ground
And now adorned with flowers,
Living only in my memory
Her smile
Beamed like sunshine
Clearing the grey cloud above me
Her eyes lit up
When she laughed
Her voice rings like a melody
In my head
A part of me
She still is

GHOST

Never have I felt Opia
Until looking into your eyes
How the brown and green bleed into each other
Like the trees of Samhain
It doesn't feel natural to be this happy
It couldn't imagine this being real
But I feel so imaginary
Almost paranormal
Being the ghost that you stare right through
ELLIE MARSHALL



BLACKBEARDS MATEY — AMANDA CRAVEN



CHOMP — APRIL BERGMANN-HARO

REALITY

Reality is the time we live in.
Right now, reality is:
masks, hand sanitizers, and vaccines.
Some find it all to be a bit obscene,
But it keeps us safe, it's the risk we take.
That way we can be in the classroom,
And not have to log onto zoom.
Reality is getting to see and laugh with my friends in person,
Because it was really hurtin'.
Reality is different from 2 years ago,
It will be different 2 years from now,
And no one really knows how.
But that is the beauty of reality,
Ever-changing, ever-shifting,
But we always try to stay uplifting.

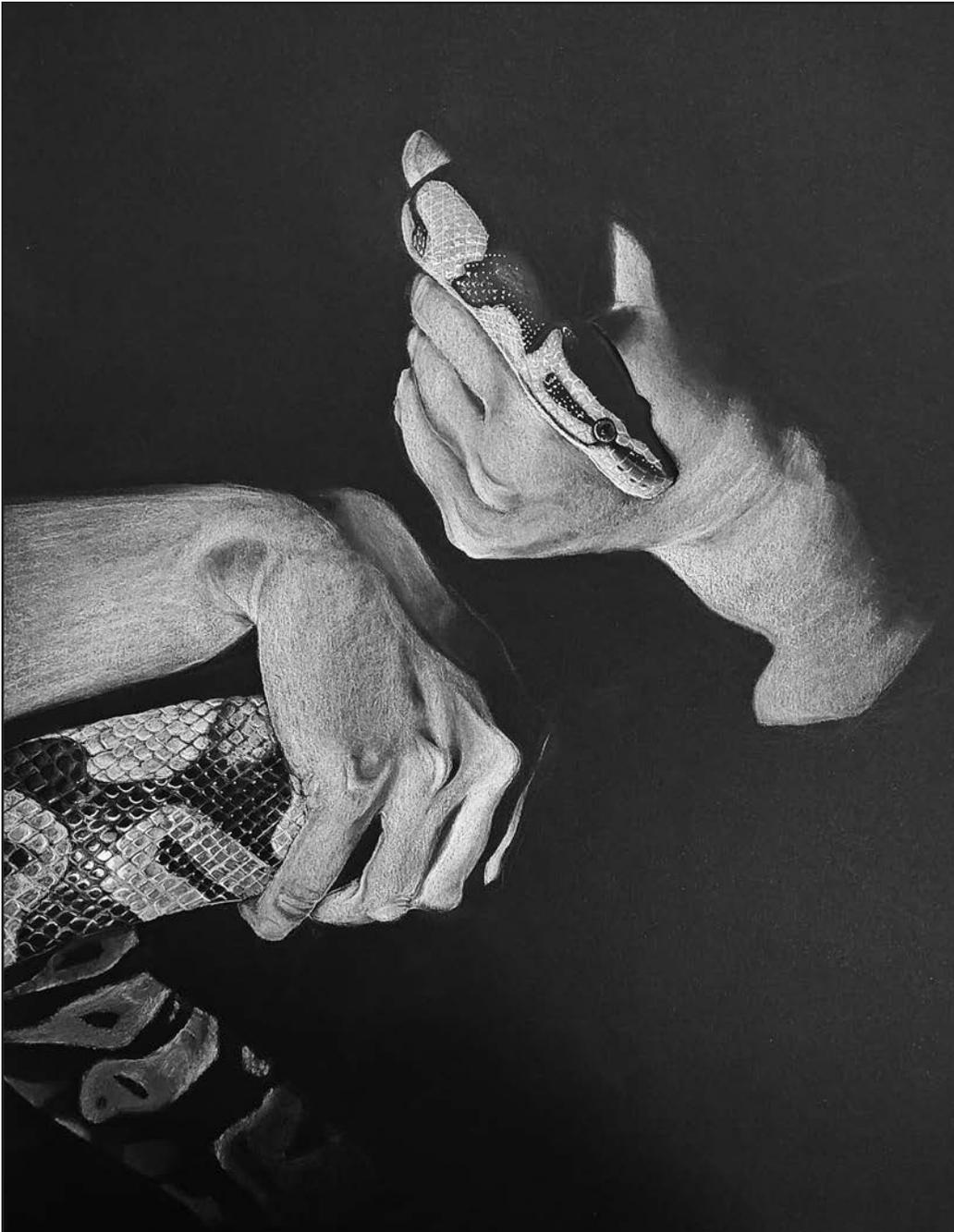
KIERA MEAD

UNTITLED

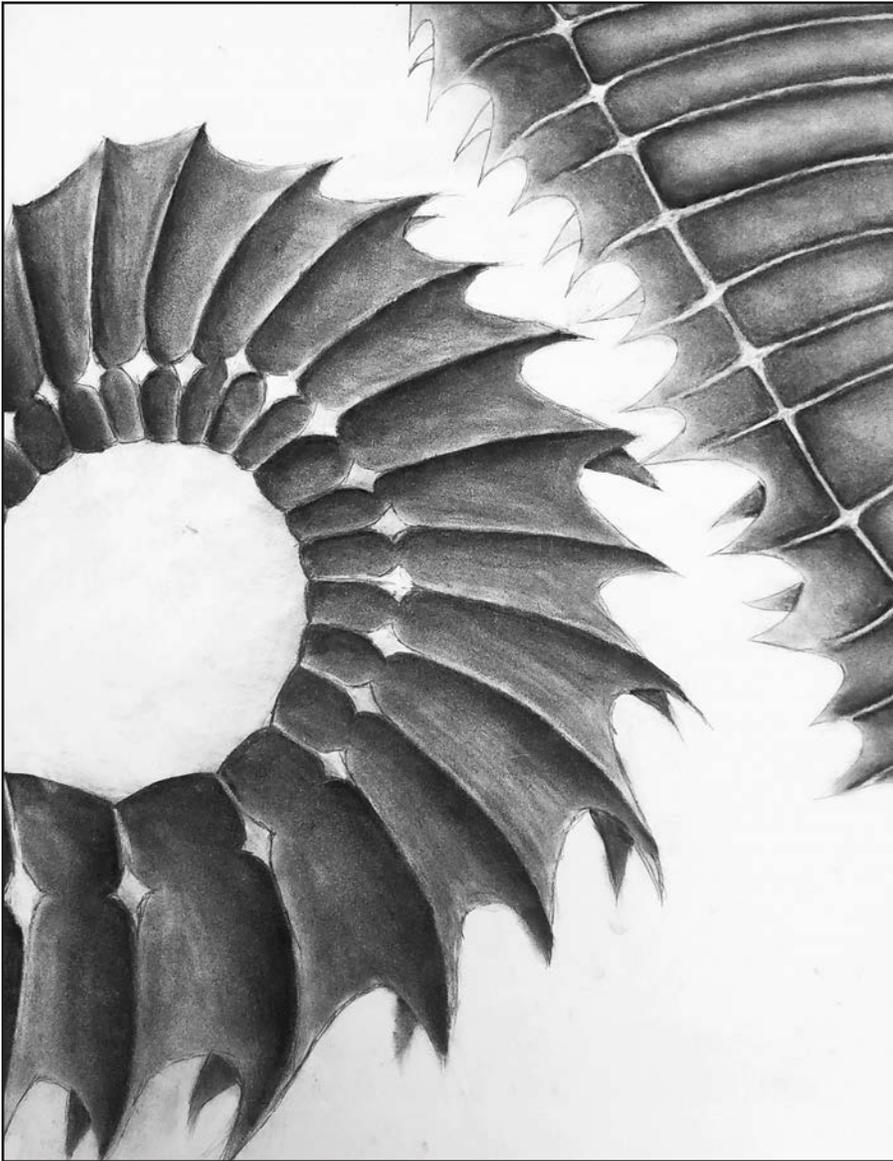
i miss your smile,
even though i see it
when i look in the mirror.
i miss the glimmer in your eyes,
even though mine
are the same shade of umber.
i appear like you,
because I am your daughter.
but at last,
our minds are contrasted.
never reverting back to the
games we played.
our souls will remain
untethered.

THE COLLOQUIAL WARS.

Communication skills I lack
My phone, unused, sits cracked
A telegraph couldn't even transmit my brain's letters.
My old feelings are now deep within me.
My vocal cords are locked in gray fetters.
Writing them down in pencil won't do the trick
The graphite smudges, like my thoughts
My mind, a broken Ticonderoga, has lost its sharp prick
In the end, the point of negative thoughts is lost
The war of unhappiness is a fight well fought.



THE MIMIC OF ICARUS — BRIELLE BUCHER



UNTITLED — LEAH TURINO

“BROKEN PIECES”

You promised it was until death
But death was not soon enough
I'm here to pick up what's left
I know times are really rough
But you pinky swore and hugged me
Back when we were young
This doesn't explain the sour taste that's
sitting on my tongue
When I think of you back then
And time takes me to now
All I can think is when
Did we take the road to hell
Reality is that people change
They swear their love then take it away
It's hard to see that you hurt too
Just know my dear,
I will always love you.

JORDYN LANGLAIS

NO LONGER

I am no longer seeing happiness
As a prize to be won, but
Rather as a path to be walked.
Instead of picturing a gold medal
Waiting to be handed to me when I
Soar across the finish line,
I see mountains, peaks, soft hills
And deep valleys.
I see sun and clouds, snow and rain.
I see prosper and growth,
As the seasons change.
I see some great days, bad days,
And some days in between.
I see learning and resting, failing and healing.
I see challenges and I'm hopeful

They don't drown me.
I see and experience big good things,
And small ones too, all surrounding me.
I used to think I'd be happy
When I finally reached one of my goals,
And I've had this paralyzing fear
That I'd never feel quite whole.
But I am right here,
In the present,
Living life that is full of messes and beauty,
Wonder and laughter, tears and love-
So much love-
And I am happy-
I am so happy-
To be here.

SOPHIA PIOGGIA

LOVE IS CRYPTIC.

Complicated.
Perplexing.
Yet unequivocally,
one of the only
feelings that every soul
on this earth
searches for.

SOPHIA PIOGGIA

MESSAGES FROM AN AP TEXTBOOK

metaphors discussing
the significance of the poem
talk about
the richest
colors slowly turned in the light
with a craving for life
the choices will always long for the realms of experience
the rich one, suggests
the possibility of choice.

I WANT TO LIVE,

not just to be alive.
But to find a love that utterly consumes me.
To travel the world,
and see all the breath-taking views.
Or even just to dance in the rain.
To live is the biggest blessing and curse we endure.

To live means,
to cry,
to ache,
to suffer.
But to live also means,
to laugh,
to love,
to share,
and to create.

To live is to simply feel.
Whether that is for the good
or the bad.

SOPHIA PIOGGIA

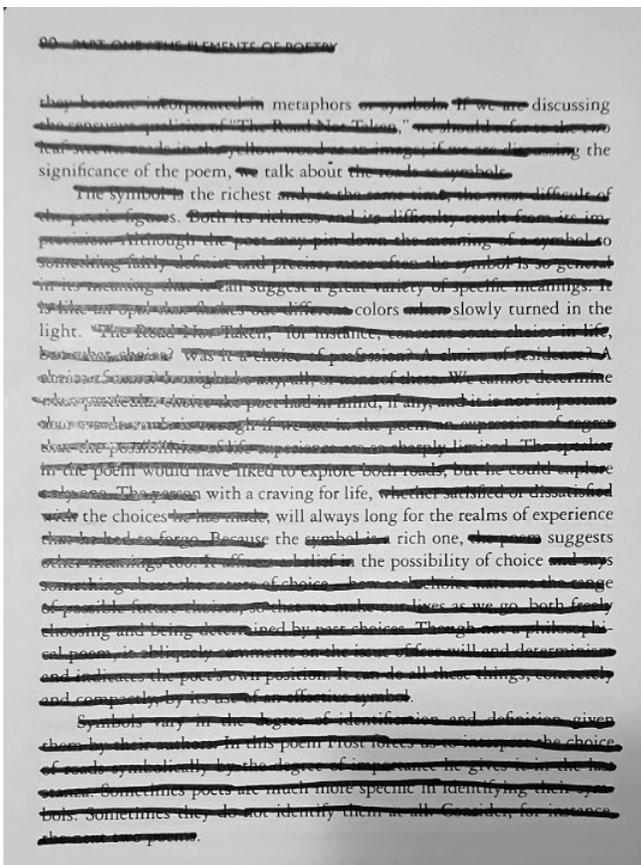
DOVE IN DESPAIR

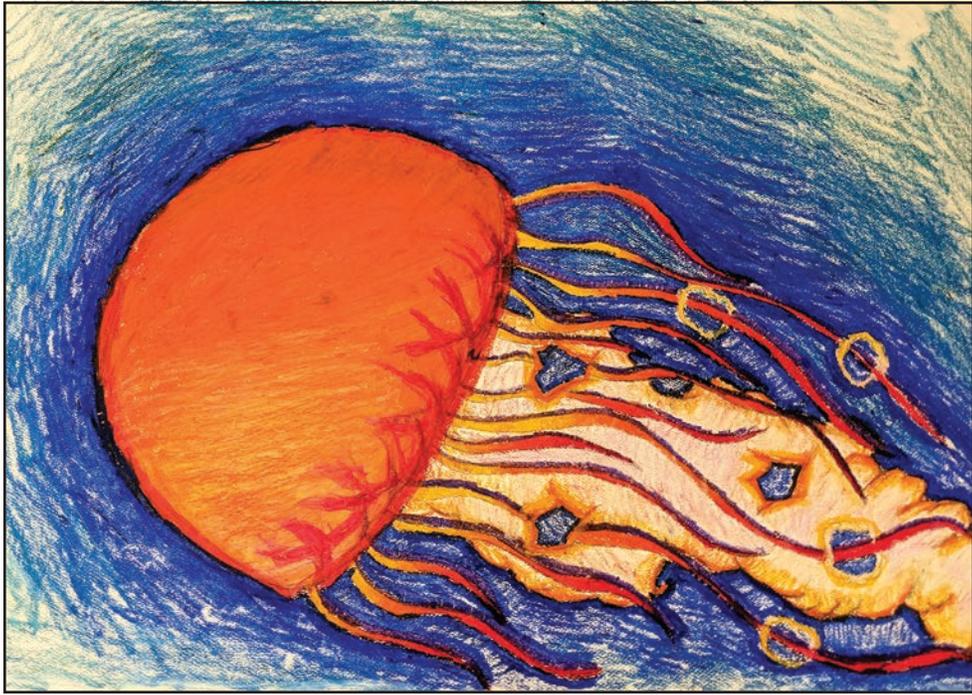
two doves flying in the sky
dressed in white like future years
the male, so beautiful
gives her nothing but love

the sky is sunless, not a single path bright
it's harder for her to fly through these skies
for her wings aren't strong enough sometimes
and her eyes strain to see
and she often misconceives
every path in the dark, ominous night

she flies beautifully too
with grace and with elegance
but on her darkest nights
where her mind is far from the ground
she often falls, taking him with her
with nothing but haunting sounds
that can be heard from afar
lasting and lingering like cigarettes
regrets follow her shadows quite far

BRENNIA SAMBROOK

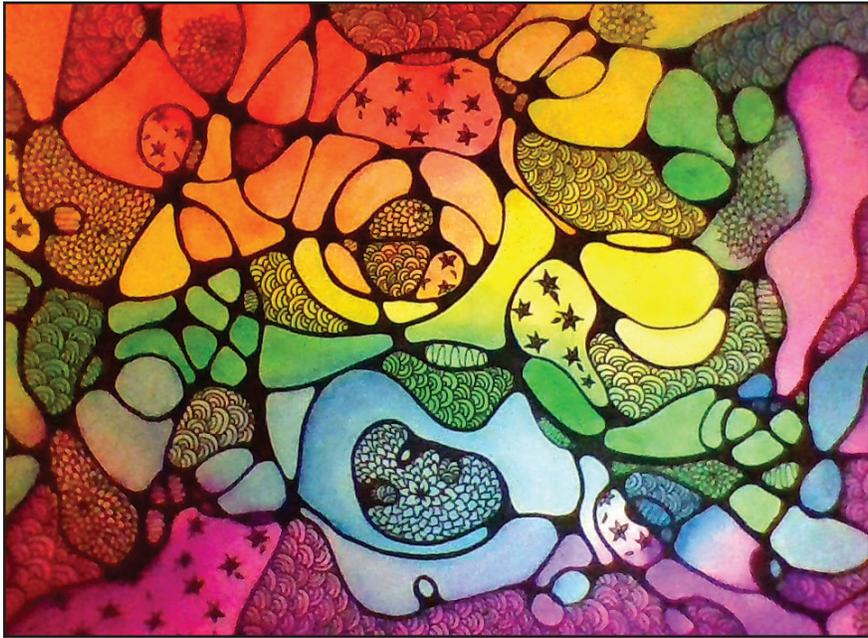




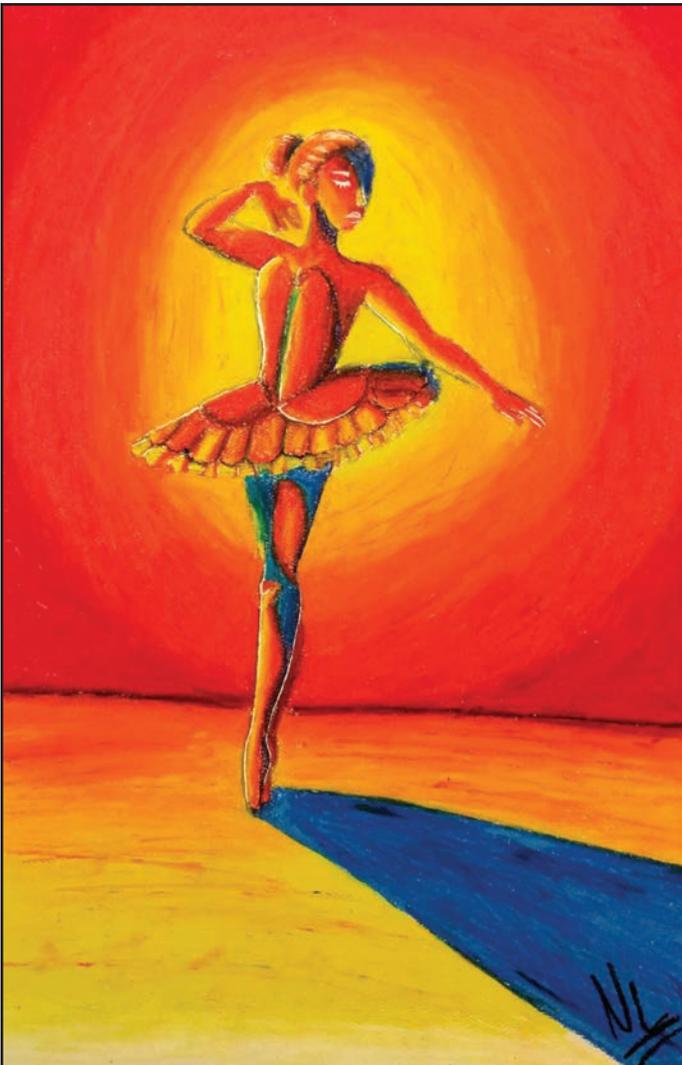
JELLY FISH — LORELEI BARBER



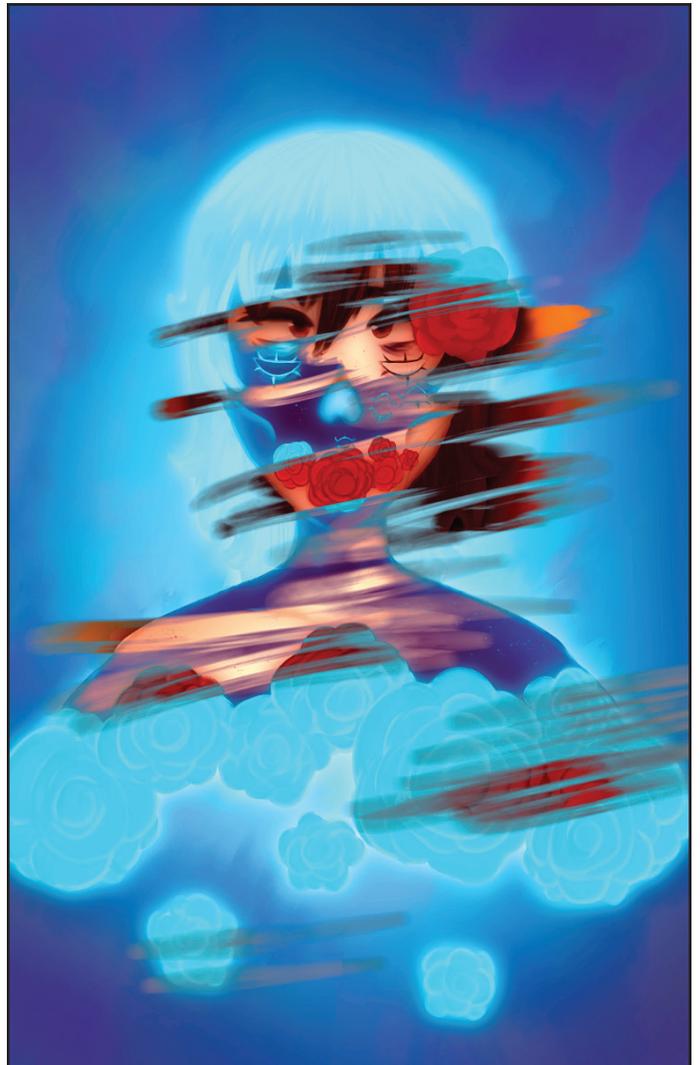
OLD SAN JUAN — ZOE COLLINS



NERVES — TIFFANY ZHUO

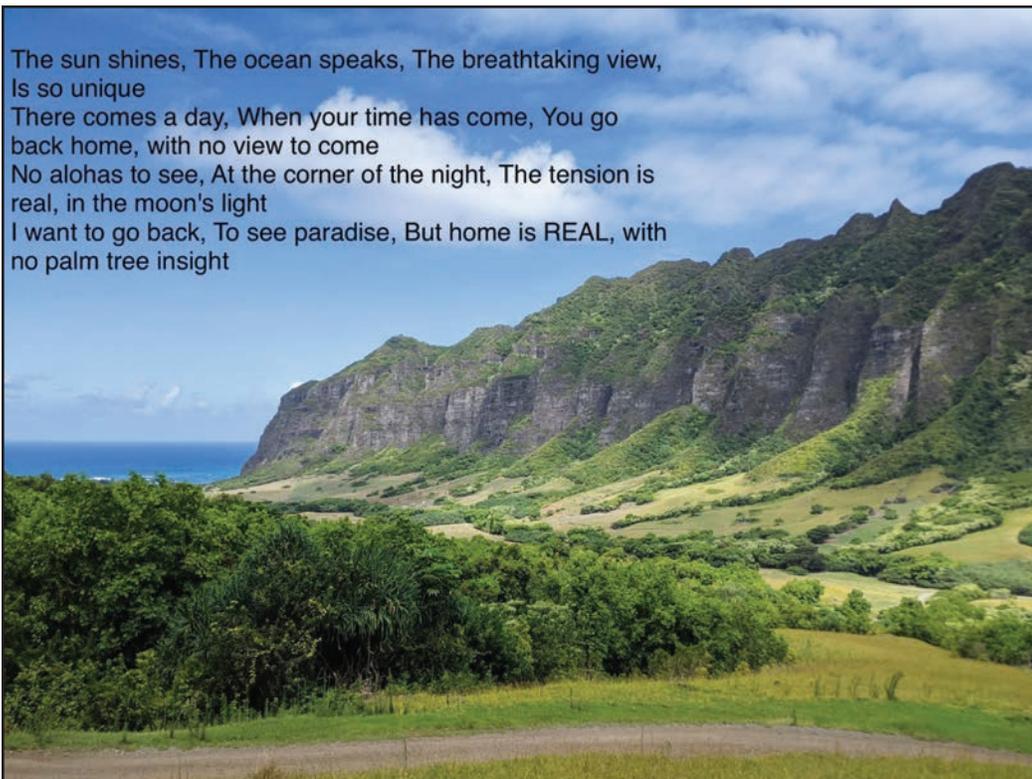


BALLERINA — NOLAN LATCH



FALSE REALITY — NOLAN LATCH

The sun shines, The ocean speaks, The breathtaking view,
Is so unique
There comes a day, When your time has come, You go
back home, with no view to come
No alohas to see, At the corner of the night, The tension is
real, in the moon's light
I want to go back, To see paradise, But home is REAL, with
no palm tree insight



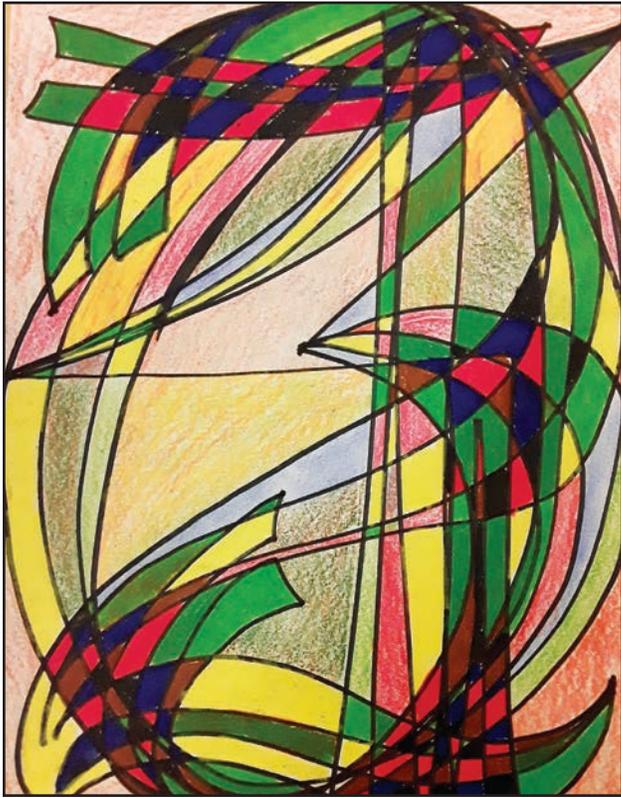
HAWAII IN PARADISE — BENNY PAULI



MOONRISE — ALYSSA SENTZ



UNTITLED — MICHAELA TOOMEY



QUILTED SPACES — INARA ILSE



WHAT MADNESS — EMMA O'KANE

IT'S NO USE

Trying
second time.
again and again,

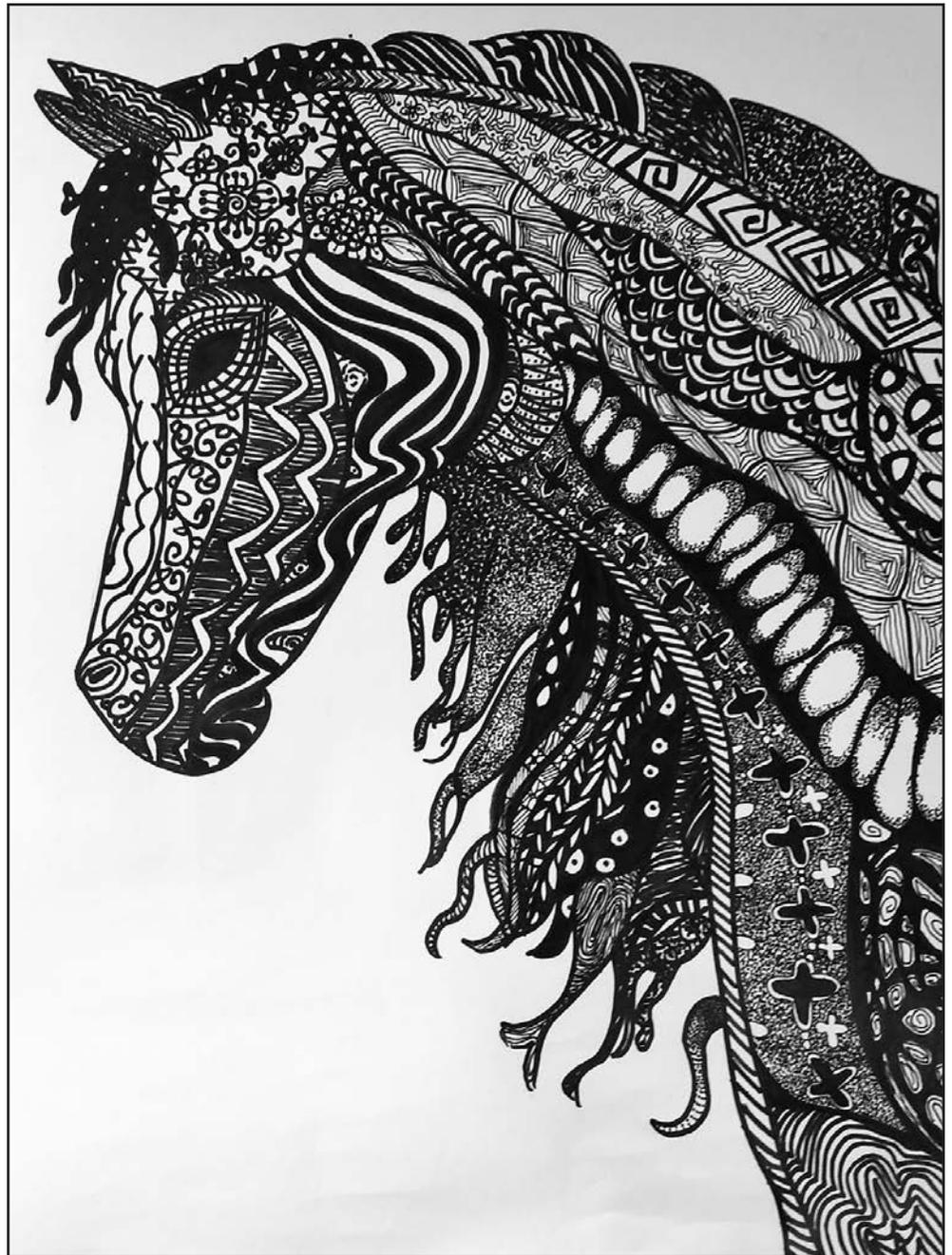
No escape,
only door locked
call and scream
It's no use,
no use,
no use,

Don't cry
we will not die
I will manage something

Free!
a bird from
a cage
spread his wings
singing so sweetly
So happily

ASUNTA ILLENBERG

Found poem from Hansel and Gretel

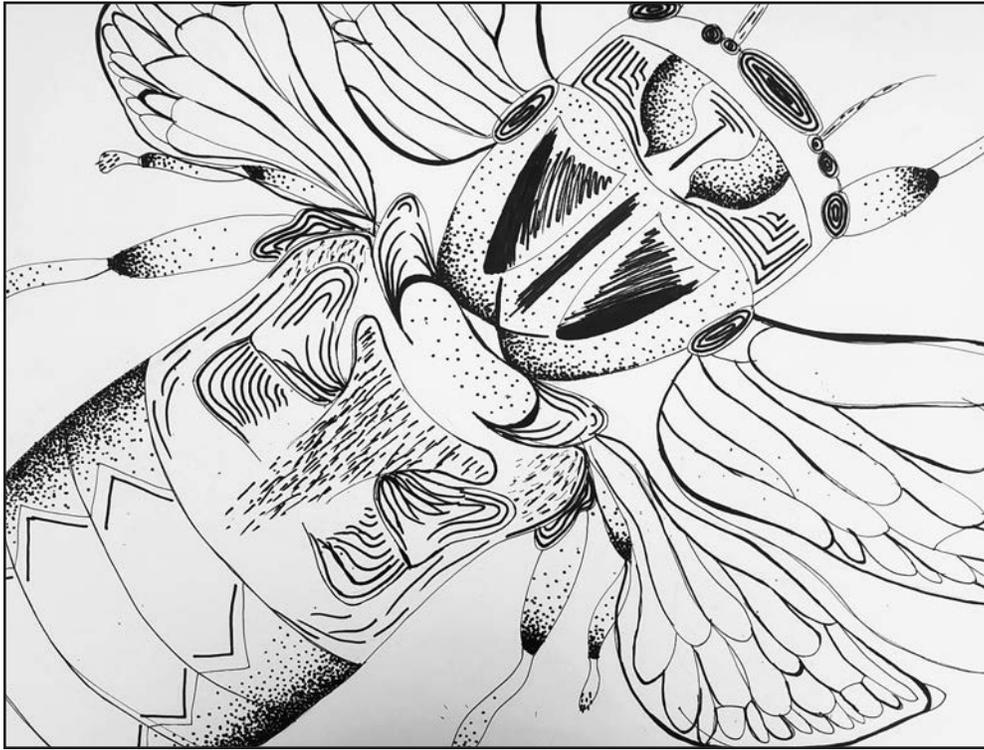


ZETANGLED HORSE — ARI BARROWS

A DARKER REALITY

From story to story, reality is twisted and changed to see things the way they aren't. For you, reality could be one house, family dinners, watching movies, and nothing ever goes wrong. But my reality is more grim and cold. From early ages, the frigid reality crept in, seeking to find hope and remove it. With each chip removed from the block that formed me, another pain or sorrow was made within. Starting in grade 3, reality was writing "I HATE MY LIFE" in journals for only me to see. The pain brought by people leaving, both forever or just for a while, tore through my soft flesh. My mentality slowly going crazy because of it. The hope of seeing them ruined when it was explained to me. My mom and dad explained to me at 7 that I might not be able to see my grandfather ever again. The pain from that alone burrowed into me forever. Forever the pain remained.

TEAGAN CRAVEN



ANATOMY — MARIELLE WARMT

MY REALITY

My Reality
Is not a pleasant one
But it isn't intoxicated by sadness

My mind tempered by
Dread, grief, sorrow, and loneliness

My mind has not broke
But gained a greater enlightenment

My mind, tortured by
Betrayal, confusion, wrath, and horror
My mind is continually tempered

Reality is harsh, cold, cruel, and awful
Reality does not care
When you feel ghastly
When you just want to diminish

But Reality is not just this
Reality is kind, caring, generous, and forgiving

I treasure those moments
Though not vast, I have plenty

I still remember those moments
Of Reality being wicked
Yet I keep moving forward

With nothing but a grin on my face
A love for myself
Caring nature for all
Criticizing attitude to all those disgraceful
And a passion to take the world by the horns

A few words of guidance
Can take you far
But do not lose yourself like those adrift
As this is not the sea of stars

The greatest ability anyone can have
Is the ability to make oneself
Smile and laugh
If you cannot do this
You do not love yourself
And if you do not love yourself
You cannot love others!
And others won't love you...

Do not chase dreams
As they are a part of your imagination
Although I sound grim
I do not mean this
Chase opportunity
And bring your dreams with you
As your dreams might come true
Along the journey

ALEXANDER DEMARCO

DOLOR

I'm the daughter of a poet. I am the result of Kerouacs, Ginsbergs, Plaths, Dickinsons, and Parkers.

I am the daughter of a hippie. I am the aftermath of months spent traveling hidden backroads.

I am the daughter of a woman who needed an outlet, a listener.

Age 6, sitting in the corner of a dimly lit room during a poetry reading, watching my mother recite the events of her life in words I could not yet understand the importance of.

Age 8, my mother and I standing on the lawn of a concert venue. Her swaying my arms around, trying to teach me how to dance as carelessly as she does.

Age 9, standing onstage in a worn down bar reciting my first poem. Well an acrostic poem, of my mothers name. If only I could remember what hers said. She wrote it about me.

Age 14, I started to find poetry. I started to find an outlet. I found boxes of her writings. Gray tubs filled to the top with ripped notebooks.

For the first time I was able to put together her life. For the first time I could see her as a person.

A person outside of being my mother.

I am the daughter of a poet. I am the result of a runaway inspired by the lives she read about in Dharma Bums, Howl, Ariel, and reality sandwiches. A woman who needed to escape, who needed to see the world as fast as she could.

I am the daughter of a hippie. I am the aftermath of The Grateful Dead, Phish, Bob Dylan, Counting Crows, Patsy Cline, and Pink Floyd. I am the outcome of broken down cars, tie dyed slip dresses, pay phones and summers spent following favorite bands.

I am the daughter of a woman who has experienced things I can barely fathom. I am the daughter of a woman who grew up trying to find distractions in a hidden town. I am the daughter of a woman who embraces her life and searches for the small details. I am the daughter of a woman who has been published for writing about things most people want to hide from. I am the daughter of a woman who left her home, school, family, friends, to find who she was.

I am the daughter of a woman who has shown me what real love and passion is...

MAGNOLIA ALLEN



SHALL WE DANCE — SOPHIA XIAO

WAITING

Waiting for another day,
Quiet, patient, awaiting the future.
Waiting for another day,
Noisy, dull, a setting sun.
Waiting for another night,
Quiet, chilling, dreading what's next.
Waiting for another night,
Loud, energetic, a full moon.
Waiting for another year,
The future, just out of reach,
The future, not all that far away.

YOU CAN DRESS UP

You can dress up nice in the polo shirt from the mall,
You can line your eyes with color to make them vibrant blue.
You can smile and wave and be as nice as you want,
But still no one will love you.
You can pray your dreams will happen
You can work out until your waist is small.
You can starve yourself for a smaller number and yet
You still mean nothing at all.
Because your boobs aren't big and your ears aren't small;
Your hips aren't wide or your height isn't tall.
And you start to wonder after too many tears
If you wasted your time on something
unachievable for too many years.
Your hair isn't blonde and your body isn't perfect
But the real reason no one loved you is
because you never knew you were worth it.

EMMA HOWE

SPREAD YOUR SOUL

Worn out
Dirty
Two sizes too small
Laces stretching down to my toes
Flip-Flop
But the soul is still there
Still hanging on
Pink as can be
They shine in the sun
Everyone loves them
But their end is near
New paint, new laces, will go nowhere
You can't teach an old dog new tricks with these kicks
Or can you?
Can you reinvent yourself in a whole new way?
Can you find a way to connect
The heels
To the toes
To the floor?
Can you walk in stride?
Be the positive they need
Be you
And spread your soul
To everyone
MOLLY GRAIFF

REALITY IS

Reality is, I didn't expect
to be deceived this way
you've damaged me and
I won't stay silent

Reality is, the gossamer threads
holding me to hope
are quivering under the glare
of your sharpened scissors

Reality is, they could break
snapping under those metal blades
you so carelessly wave about
striking fear deep within me

Reality is, it'll never show
while I keep in my thoughts
though my tongue burns
to snap you back

Reality is, I've no idea
but I'll keep on hanging here
dangling next to you
and hating every minute
ALLISON HEDGEPETH



LAPIS LIGHT — SIERRA PIERCE

TREPIDATION

I feel safe.
I think I'll be okay in the end.
But he is always there watching me,
I don't know if I should trust him.
Pulling me in closer,
He tightens his grip around my arm.
The world around me crumbles.
I'm so afraid right now.

TREPIDATION REVERSED

I'm so afraid right now.
The world around me crumbles.
He tightens his grip around my arm.
Pulling me in closer,
I don't know if I should trust him.
But he is always there watching me,
I think I'll be okay in the end.
I feel safe.

ANDREA FEDERIS



CURIOSITY — EMILY SEELY