

**Senior Spotlight:
FOLLOWING A WALK**

by Allison M. Hedgepeth

Perhaps it is not possible
but it is true:
there are squares of earth
out there
upon which none have
stepped.
I don't know where.
It is hard to say how
large or small they are
yet they exist.
And in this sun-thawed
frozen forest,
there are squares of earth
out there
upon which only I have
stepped.
Only I, out of the human
race both shouted and
whispered.
Yet the soil did not wait for
me alone, and some day it
will invite another.
Perhaps it is not possible
but it is true.

**Senior Spotlight:
YOU GET IT**

by Molly Graiff

*This poem is about the Labyrinth advisor who wrote
"you get it" in my yearbook. This is my thank you to her.*

She's awesome
I mean, seriously
Which teacher do you know who
Dances around her classroom rocking out
Zero shame
No doubt
Karate-kid kicking away
She's bold
Oh, everyone knows she'll fold
For any chance to be dramatic
"Santa Baby," she'll sing
Always encouraging you to "DO YOUR THING!"
A talent she's always possessed
She's upfront
And a NUT
Not quite smooth like peanut butter
Not Bland
Nor boring
No, Mrs. Shaw is forever soaring
A blazing big-hearted butterfly
Whipping her wings willfully
Unafraid to touch the sky
She'll flutter freely
Forever she'll fly
She's perfect
With one look
I know exactly what she's thinking
Mrs Shaw comes up with the best jokes
You'll always see her winking
She's witty
She's quick
But she isn't very slick
And that's what makes her special
Mrs. Shaw is insane
But creative's in her name
A welcoming place to be YOU
Mrs. Shaw is the best
No other teachers even contest
How I love to talk and sit
With Mrs. Shaw who truly
"Gets it"



Contrast - By Lena Bromberg



All I See Is You - By Elizabeth Carrier

Senior Spotlight:
GRADUATION POEM (Reverse Poem)

by Alayna Haviland

Goodbye

As we stand on this stage with our futures so bright
We reflect on our journey: definitely a hard-fought fight
Through many assignments and exams,
we've all made it here
With memories and friendships that
we'll forever hold dear
We've walked these halls with laughter and tears
Shared our dreams, our doubts and overcame many fears
As we part our ways with a sigh, hearts a little sore
For the days here at Columbia are sadly ours no more
from our first steps to diplomas in sight
Our parents have been our lighthouse, our north star,
our beacon of light

Let's take a moment to look their way

And recognize the massive role they have played
For the parents, guardians, and everyone who's cared
Your boundless love is why we dared
The day has come to turn our tassels
For we've gotten over our fears and hassles
From surviving freshman year and quarantine
We have literally overcome the unforeseen
I never thought I'd be here saying this
But my days at Columbia I will truly miss
To the Class of 2024, as we walk this stage
Let's reminisce on other days

From a-b-cs and playgrounds to diplomas
and graduation gowns
No matter where we end up, it all starts today
Our dreams and goals will lead the way

Goodbye

13 WAYS OF LOOKING AT SUMMER

by Anonymous

I.

Hot, humid, airy wind
Pounding against the surfaces of the soil
Rejuvenating the once spiritless plants.

II.

I was of three minds:
Ticking of the clock
3 seconds 'til the bell rings.

III.

Running out, expressing clear joy
To peers;
Running along with them
Gleefully one step at a time,
Closer to the awaited
Summer break.

IV.

Jumping into home at last;
we were one.
Planning of trips;
we were also one.
Laughter in anticipation;
we are all one.

V.

Rays of light pouring like rain.
Parched in the shades of palm trees.
Devouring three cones of ice cream.

VI.

Cool, refreshing evenings in the soft sands
Echoes of water swishing onto the Virginia Bay
Immersed in one atmosphere,
But in three minds.

VII.

Plans end in one moment,
but another three appear.
Never wasting a moment;
Chasing the time.

VIII.

Not everyone is relaxing,
Some are saving money.
Goals of driving a Ferrari, paying tuition,
and saving reserves: All for a future.

IX. (Maybe)

Time doesn't stop for anyone
But three emotions come to my mind:
Excitement, uneasiness, and determination of the
unpredictable future. All in one.

X

At the sight of the night sky
Sunset's like no other.
The chirping of crickets
And the small flashes of lightning bugs.

XI

The ocean's pungent scent
So profound you can taste it on the tip of your tongue;
Sand that almost engulfs you like your cool bed
waiting at home.

XII

An extraordinary feeling:
Nothing on Earth could beat this moment.

XIII

Waiting, hoping, praying
This feeling shall not end;
Not in a blink of an eye
Like last summer time.



Swimming Towards the Light - By Kole James Hardy



Nassau Lake on a Foggy Day - By Kole James Hardy

THE MULE

by Alexander A. DeMarco

The horse traverses through the plains as if there is no tomorrow

The horse carries the swiftness of lightning

Although, the horse with a mere fall breaks what it holds most dear, and runs at the sight of danger

The donkey carries the weight of the world on its shoulders

The donkey climbs the mountains and moseys through the uncharted path headlong

Although the donkey is more stubborn than the mountains it climbs, unmoving even for the pleas of its master

Although the horse and donkey are respective in their own fields, they pale in comparison to the mule

The mule traverses through the plains and climbs the mountains

The mule is steadfast with its travels making patience a virtue, its resilient nature commendable

The mule as strong as the donkey and as brave as the horse, keeps to its will and makes the journey headlong without an ounce of fear



Diversity is Beautiful - By Kole James Hardy

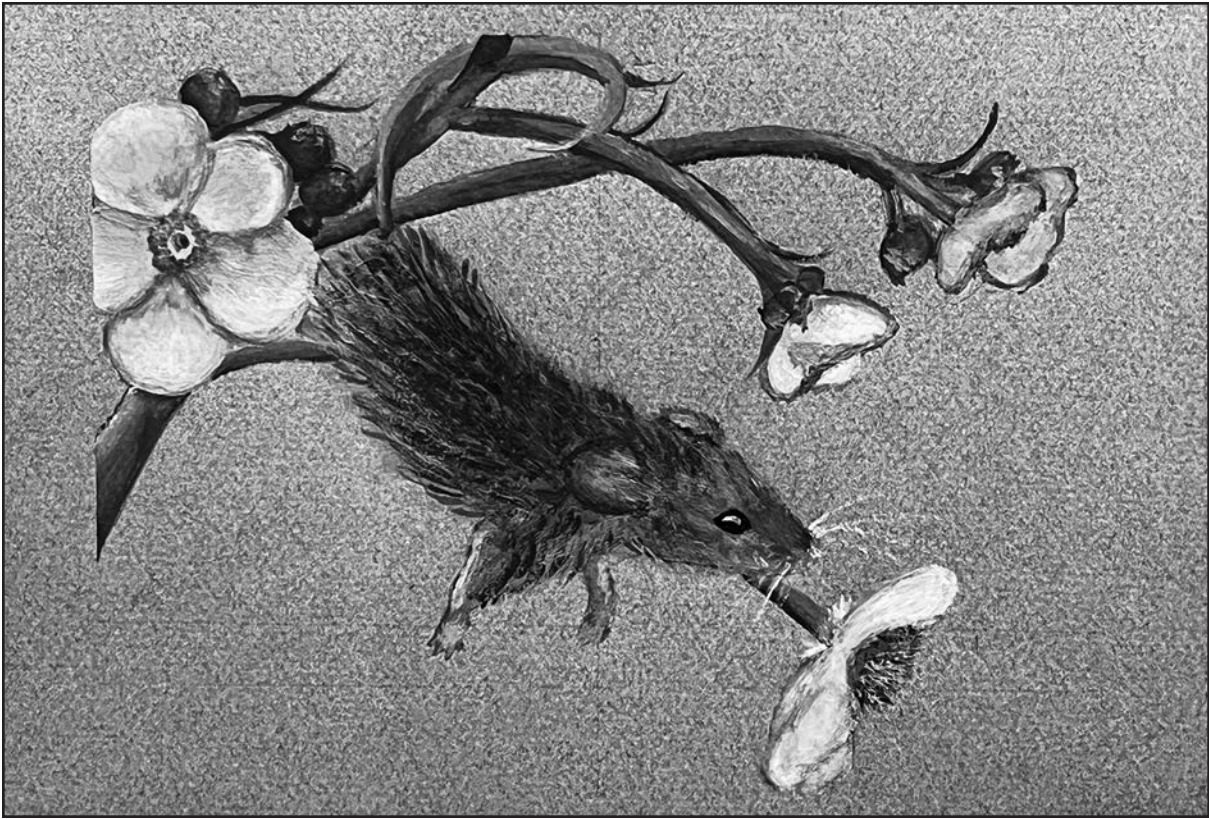
A ROSE WITHOUT THORNS

by Amber Travis

And they lived happily ever after— “Read it again Rosalie, pleaseeee” Myla looks up at her with big round eyes. “Oh my gosh Myla, again?” “Please Rosalie, I promise just one more time then we can go to bed.” Rosalie looks at her best friend and sighs. “Ok, just one more time I suppose” Myla squeals in delight, her red curls bouncing up and down her back as she twirls around the small, sparsely decorated room. Rosalie clears her throat and sits back down on the bed.

“Once upon a time, there was a princess called Lenora who only cared about herself, and how she looked. Lenora was a very beautiful girl though, with short blonde hair as soft and straight as silk. Her father Sargon, King of the Western Lands of Mirr, was looking for her suitor, but Lenora was very picky.” As she speaks, Rosalie’s voice fades out. “Father, must we have these dinners every week?” Lenora asks with a deep sigh as she twiddles her hair absentmindedly. “You know that you must marry Prince Cyrus. Our kingdom’s relationship with the Southern Lands is, tricky at best.” King Sargon says in his rough, deep voice. “I haven’t even seen this prince yet, he never bothers to come.” she says in a scathing voice. “Maybe I was just too busy the other times.” Lenora’s head whips around, and she sees Prince Cyrus smirking at her with a mischievous glint in his eyes. She gets up but stumbles over the leg of her chair. The Prince catches her, swiftly swings her back into a standing position, and bows deeply. “I’m Cyrus, it’s lovely to meet you Princess Lenora, I’ve heard a lot of things about you.” “It’s nice to meet you too Prince Cyrus.” Still flustered she stumbles over her words, but brushes herself off and recovers enough to speak normally. “Oh please, just Cyrus is fine. None of these formal pleasantries.” “As you wish pr- Cyrus.” They sit down to start eating and talk some more. The walls of the hallway are bathed in the soft glow of moonlight. He walks slowly through the unfamiliar hallways of the castle, tracing his fingers over the cold stone walls. He rounds the corner, thinking about Lenora. He bumps into a servant while not paying attention to where he was going. “Oh Prince Cyrus I am so sorry, there usually aren’t many people around this late.” She wrings her hands and looks very nervous. “No I’m sorry, I should pay more attention to where I’m going, don’t apologize.” “Is there anything I can do for you sir?” “Oh please don’t call me that, it makes me feel very old, and no I’m very much okay thank you.” “Well then have a good night um- Cyrus.” “Have a good night, wait what’s your name?” But he was calling down an empty hallway, the servant had already vanished. The moon had also vanished behind clouds, putting the hallway into the warm glow of the lanterns on the wall. He turns around and tryie to find his way back to his room, unfamiliar with the new castle he was in. At the next dinner, Lenora is dressed in her finest dining gown, and King Rylan looks approvingly on from his seat at

the head of the table. Prince Cyrus walks in, and everyone turns to look at him. He looks around and spotting Lenora, goes over to sit with her. “Looking handsome tonight Cyrus. “He smirks and gestures to Lenora while stuffing food in his mouth.”Mmph-this is really good” Lenora sighs and shakes her head, patting her hair to make sure it’s still in place. King Rylan stands up and clinks his glass with his knife. “I have a toast to make” his booming voice echoing across the room. “I would like to ask Prince Cyrus to be married to Princess Lenora.” The people at the table all cheer and look towards the couple sitting together. Prince Cyrus finishes chewing his big mouthful and stands up. “As much as I would like to accept your gracious offer, I’m going to have to decline.” The room goes silent until the sound of sobbing shatters the silence. Lenora, looking distraught, runs from the room. King Rylan’s face goes beet red and he looks like he’s about to kill Prince Cyrus. “And why would that be, Prince?” His voice shakes with anger and his fist is clenched around his glass. He all but spits the Prince’s name. “I’m in love with another girl” Cyrus says simply. “I’m sorry it couldn’t be your daughter. She is a bit too self-centered if I do say so myself.” “OUT” the King roars, and the guards march forward as if to take the Prince from the castle. He only grins and nimbly evades them, and all hell breaks loose as the guards start to chase him down. As he springs around a corner he sees a servant beckoning him frantically inside a passageway. “Thank you” he says, puffing from his frenzied dash through the hallways. “What’s your name?” “I’m Riley and this is Evelyn, but everyone calls her Lynn. We’re friends of Esther, she says she bumped into you the other day in the hallway. Come this way and we’ll get you out of here.”The group of six walks through the woods outside the castle, the fall leaves crunching underfoot. “Why don’t we all stop for the night, it’s getting dark out.” Kaleigh says, and they all stop. They start a fire, Esther sits with Cyrus on one side, and all her friends on the other “Esther?” Cyrus says to try to ease the tension. “Yes?” she whispers quietly, looking away from him. “You seem quiet, do you not want to be here?” She’s quiet for a moment before responding” There’s nowhere else I’d rather be” She looks up at him and gives him a soft smile. The friends all giggle and start to play fight. Esther rolls her eyes and leans back into Cyrus’s arms and looks up at his warm brown eyes. “Your friends are quite a handful aren’t they.” Esther nods, her emerald eyes shining with laughter. “You know, you remind me of a rose without thorns. Beautiful, but without the pain of the thorn.” “Is that supposed to woo me?” He smiles, and they look out over the mountains. Eventually, everyone comes over to where the fire is, they watch the sunset together, and they all lived happily ever after.



Mouse - By Sophie DeSantis

AND THEY LIVED

by Mary Weinheimer

Once upon a time, a girl met a boy.
Seventeen years old, and she fell in love. She fell in love with the quirk of his mouth when he smiled, the way he said her name. When he dropped to a knee at college graduation, she said yes without question; after all, the only life she ever wanted to live was one where every night, it was him she got to come home to. She grew up to be a doctor, and he to be a lawyer. They had children, bought a house, and they lived happily ever after.

That's not what happened.

Once upon a time, a girl met another girl.
Seventeen years old, and I fell in love. I fell in love with her eyes and the way she saw the world.

At eighteen, I went to college. She didn't. She couldn't. At nineteen, though, she was well enough to move into an apartment near my school with me. We walked hand in hand to cafes and bookstores, parks and grocery stores, and I kissed her even if we were outside. Even if people could see us.

People didn't always like that.
At twenty, she told me that she couldn't stay. She couldn't take her own family looking at her like she was a monster. I told her not to be afraid, not to worry; I wouldn't let her fall. I will love you even if they don't.

At twenty-one, she left our apartment, leaving nothing behind but her keys and a voicemail: "I love you but my mother has always been there for me. I cannot leave her behind."

But I will always be there too, don't you see?

She holds another's hand, a man her mother likes, but I am the one she writes to in the middle of the night. On tear-stained paper, she writes that she is sorry. She hopes I can still love her even after she left. She tells me she is so, so afraid and I don't know how to get out of here.

I write her back every single time. I make sure she knows that I will always love her.

I don't know how, but I will get you out of there.

It will take years of hurt and it will not be easy, but someday we will be older and I will find my way back to her. We will get away from her parents and she will wear my ring; when I drop to a knee, she will say yes because despite her fears, the only life we had ever wanted to live was one where every night, we got to come home to each other.
And then I will get to say, And happily enough, they lived.

This is the story I hope I get to tell about us one day.
I miss you. I hope you come back. Then we can tell it together.

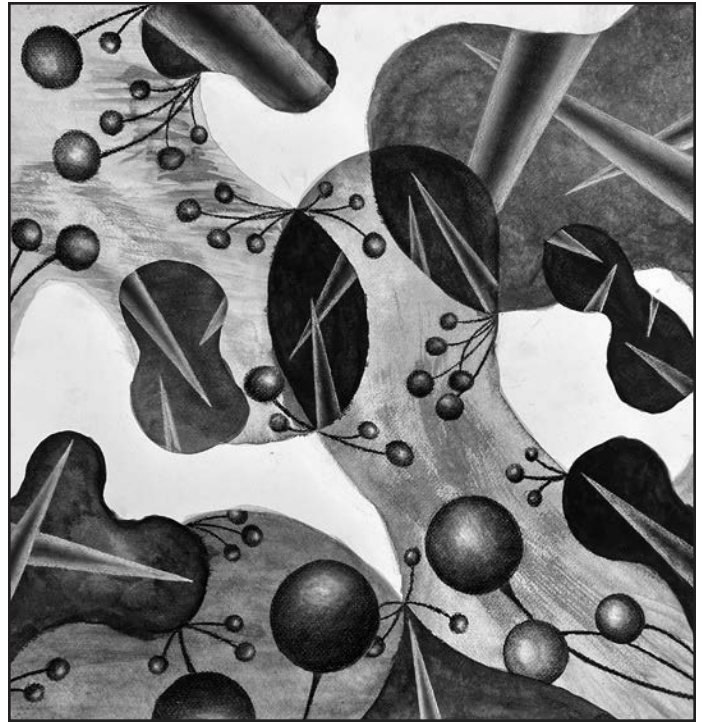
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

by Emma Howe

And the dreamer is alone again.
In the middle of a crowded ballroom,
she looks truly beautiful.
A spinning reflection of the stars.
She looks like a princess.
She spins alone.
Although her fairy godmother waved the magic wand
And her rags transformed into a billowing gown, her
pumpkin into a carriage,
It is simply not enough.
The dreamer is alone.
She's always been alone.
That is why she is called a dreamer, you see.
Because dreamers live in a fantasy.
She is not dancing with the prince, if only because she
has dreamed about it for so very long.
That's the thing about fairy tales — they're all made up.
Just stories.

So while the dreamer crossed her fingers and prepared
her speech for the prince,
He was choosing a different girl to dance with.
This different girl, this lucky, lucky girl, was far from a
dreamer.
Not even a believer.
No, this girl gave up hope long ago.
She's just a realist.
Princes love realists, you see.
Because realists don't see a life of luxury and fancies,
they just see a man in a nice house.
Dreamers see a future when they feel like a princess.
But the realist sees what is true- he is not a prince,
this is not a castle or a ball.

This is a school dance.
And he is just some guy.
Which means he gets the girl,
And the dreamer gets delusional.
"He'll dance with me someday."
Oh, honey. You poor thing.
He doesn't even know you exist.
As the dreamer wastes away in another fantasy,
The prince and the realist become one.
Their souls intertwine,
And they live their days wrapped in
The happiest of evers, the longest of afters.
The greatest love story ever told.



Contrast Abstracted - By Lena Bromberg

MORE THAN A LIFE

by Alexander A. DeMarco

How I wish for the day to meet you again my love. I...
was so in love with you. I can wait to meet you once more.
That magical moment when our eyes meet in unison...
creating that enchanting vision of harmony and familiarity
once more. As I met you many life times ago... whether they
be through hardship or through prosperity. I could always
find you and I could always count on and love you... as you
are the love of my life... my sweet pride and joy which have
swayed my heart evermore. The month of love makes me
think of that time once more... When we were sailing in the
Mediterranean in ancient Greece and running through the
meadows of Germany...

Even through the wars of Napoleon I did not die and came
back to you... like I always do as we have and will never
die... as long as love goes on and on and on... I will search
for you my darling dear... whoever you may be. I will play
and sing any song you desire. I will comfort you when you
are down as I know you will do the same for me. We can
play the piano or the guitar... and dance to their rhythm...
Like we used to all those lifetimes ago... I wish and want to
see you and meet you once more... like we have done so
many times before. I do not fall to the temptations some may
seek for me... although I cannot deny some were very similar
to you... but they all lacked one thing... your enthralling
beauty, soul, and nature.... Well that's three things but you
can understand right?



Elle's Allergies - By Elle Hutton



Hanging Sculpture - Period 1 Studio Art, Ms. Gordon



Happily Ever After - By Emily Craven



Twilight Cat - By Kole James Hardy



Soul of the West - By Natalie Jordan



Water Wonders - By Kole James Hardy



The Twins - By Andrew Hastings

Art Teacher Spotlight:



Sunset Stroll - By Ms. Valerie Gordon

Art Teacher Spotlight:



It All Starts With You - By Ms. Annemarie Dolfi

LOVE (Reverse Poem)

by Anonymous

Love is hopeless
I could never believe that
I could spend my entire life looking for "the one"
Wasted time
How is it
People believe in soulmates
It's beautiful, really
When a heart is broken
It tears people down
Just for an ounce of love
I would give anything
To never love again
How do they do it?



New Age Mermaid - By Kole James Hardy

THE DANCE

by Alexander A. DeMarco

A little lonely firefly
Is soaring in the sky
Making loops and whirls
Like it's dancing in the air
Similar to the mind when love is fair
It's finding its other in the most beautiful of gowns



Venus Flytrap - By Kole James Hardy



Sturgeon Fish - By Emma Gentile



Peacock and Friends - By Kole James Hardy



The Hunter of the Pines - By Natalie Jordan

FOUR FIGURES

by DJ Dugan

Four figures stand over the body of a child
"Who did it?" asked the angel
"Not I," said the Devil
"Not I," said Death
"Not I," said the Black Dog
"Then who?"

Four figures stand before a burning building
"Who did it?" asked the angel
"Not I," said the Devil
"Not I," said Death
"Not I," said the Black Dog
"Then who?"

Four figures stand beside a fallen tree
"Who did it?" asked the angel
"Not I," said the Devil
"Not I," said Death
"Not I," said the Black Dog
"Then who?"

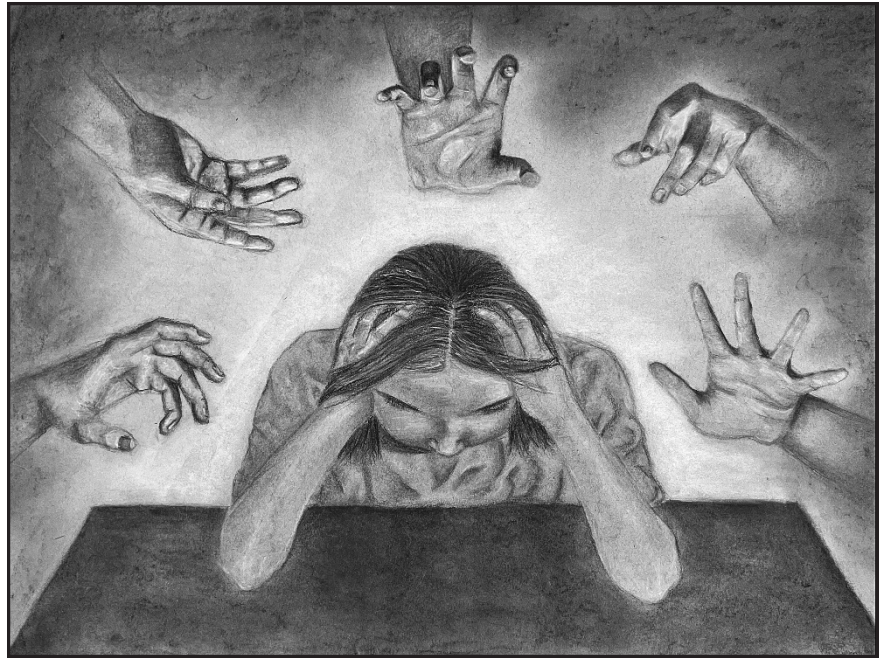
Four figures stand gazing into a poisoned lake
"Who did it?" asked the angel
"Not I," said the Devil
"Not I," said Death
"Not I," said the Black Dog
"Then who?"

The bushes rustle
In comes Man
"I did," he says
"I am Man, and I control the fate of the Earth"
The angel turns to the Devil
The Devil turns to Death
Death turns to the Black Dog
The Black Dog turns to the angel
Four figures stand over the atrocities of Man
While Man himself frolics in their hateful gaze

4th OF JULY

by Anonymous

Pink sunset reflecting on the Great Sacandaga Lake. The smell of a fireplace from the fireworks all across the lake. Eagerness building up in my veins. I'm ready to light up our show. The constant knocking of the fireworks echoed through the mountains. The taste of the humidity in the air from the past rain. Listening to the screams of enjoyment and music blaring from house to house. All of my family, sitting, watching the show in the sky, the sunset, the happiness floating through the air. A day of the free; nobody cares what you do as long as you're having fun. The red, orange, and pink sunset painted the windows of the lake house. This is my paradise.



Just Another Student - By Lena Bromberg



Pomegranate - By Lyla Maguffin

Art Teacher Spotlight:



Got My Ducks in a Row (Nassau Lake) -
By Ms. Andrea Neiman

I AM A WEeping WILLOW

by Alexander A. DeMarco

I am a Weeping Willow. My soul is covered by an iron shell which casts away all who may harm me. My soul gently sways in the wind taking in the world through silvery eyes and moss colored hair swaying gently with the breeze. My delicate but crucial touch swiftly grazes the grounds as I see fit. Although everlasting tears rain softly down my face with the remorse of those whom I have hurt and those who have hurt me. Closing myself to the others, only showing little fragments of my true self... Although all of that matters not in the face of true, pure, and supreme love. Which I can then open myself up once more.

The glistening little specs twinkle high above. Just barely visible as the young dark skies are just barely awake. Although soon enough the darkness is illuminated by a spherical object in the sky that I can't quite explain... It has an unnatural beauty to it, almost breathtaking even. But yet... It has an eerie presence as well; the skies are clouded by a mist, covering the object's smaller brothers and sisters. Looking around, the only thing I could see was an eerie, misty light being torn through the wooden pillars that soar high above my head. Yet as the night trudges on the fog clears showing off the beautiful and peaceful scene once more.

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

by Leah Stadler

"And they all lived happily ever after"
At least I hope that's true, but I'm not sure.

It didn't start off so hopelessly, though. We had the best lives, my friends and I. Dean, Bash, Ethan, Olive, Sophie and me, Kori. Each of us did a bit of everything, at school, anyway. Soccer, theater, art club, dungeons and dragons. I can't remember a time where we were ever apart, until now.

The day started off better than it had in a while. All of us met up before the bell rang, kicking a soccer ball around the courtyard of our private school, laughing and eating the donuts that Olive brought in.

Once it was time to go inside I realized I had left one of my books at home. I told my friends that I would run to my house and see them all when I got back. But I never did. When I got to my house, I never left for some reason, and my friends never came looking for me. I felt stuck there for a while. I watched everyone move around me but never interact with me. I felt lonely and confused. I saw my mom crying but she never answered when I asked her why.

I gave up trying to understand everything so I just stayed in my room, on my bed. I lied there for what felt like forever, until one day, I wasn't in my room anymore.

Time passed and I saw my friends again. They finally came to see me! I thought to myself. I was so happy that they were there, but they just seemed so sad. They were crying, even the boys. I looked them up and down, each of them were fully dressed in black. That's when I realized, I could see them, but they would never see me again.



Valley of Fire - By Natalie Jordan

NINE WAYS OF LOOKING AT JAMAICA

by Nickoy Preston

I
As the sun's rising from the coastline kisses the salty
waters of the Caribbean,
One could say this is paradise:
"Mother Nature's showing off her beauty."

II
A hot stop for tourists all over,
Roadway filled to the brim with locals trying to make a
quick buck
Selling homemade nick-nacks right around the clock.

III
A place where men and women are one.
Reggae music brings peace & love & unity
As the famous Bob Marley would have said.

IV
The dark blue seas, the rushing river singing, the
greenery—
All are on the speck of dots I call home.

V
Small on the map, but big in my heart;
A bite size snack for a hurricane.

VI
Hurricane Sandy was the first hurricane I'd experienced;
The only thing I can remember is a mango tree getting
demolished by the wind.

VII
Jamaica is a beautiful island but for every beauty there's
the ugliness:
Pollution, crime, corruption.

VIII
The government system is slowly changing,
Taking civilians' hard-earned money / taxing and
spending it on their sleeves.
Potholes twice the size of my head are all over busy the
roads,
Garbage lies on the streets where kids walk
Cruising impulsive language in the house of
representatives.

IX
Our own kind's killing each other for property!
All I'm asking for is a peaceful & united Jamaica. One
where kids
Can walk on the streets freely without any disturbance.



Poseidon's Wrath - By Kayleigh Balls

I AM A CANVAS

by Harper Erdmann

I am a canvas
A blank page waiting to be filled
A base of creation that the soul calls forth
A mystery for love and time to answer
A questioning of a world you slowly peer into
I am a challenge, a break, a piece of imagination
I am a patient page waiting for worthy completion
You are a wielder
Holding your weapon of replacement
Stroking each shade until it is just right
You are deletion, when mistakes grow too high
I am the stain left behind
I am nothing at the start
I am everything by the last piece and part
With every layer of paint, a new side of the story
At first, I am a void, full of potential and glory
By the end I am full, a piece of life that can't be recreated

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

by Lena Bromberg

I hate the word ointment.

I hate the word camel.

I hate the word occur.

But most of all I hate the way words don't make sense.

They take too much effort to string together, each letter having what feels like a million possible combinations to create words of different meanings and connotations.

If you pick the wrong two words to pair together,

Or heaven forbid you spell something wrong,

The meaning of your sentence is now completely different...

One wrong letter "AFFECT" becomes "EFFECT"

One wrong letter and "COMPLIMENT" becomes "COMPLEMENT"

One wrong letter and "THEN" becomes "THAN"

There's thousands of words in the English language that have virtually the same meaning.

Hundreds of possibilities to say the same sentence just with different vocabulary.

I won't even mention words that have the same spelling but mean completely different things, it simply frustrates me too much.

When writing you have to pay attention to what tense, tone, punctuation.

Texting you have to be weary of how you and others intend your words to come across

A simple "K." is never truly okay.

A "sure ig" is appeasing not agreeing.

And an "its fine" should set off alarm bells not pacify your emotions.

Even simply standing at a counter thinking about what to say, my words get strewn around in my mind, a jumbled mess that even I don't know how to make sense of.

I feel I'm grasping at the fraying ends of ropes, trying to pull out a single thread, a single word, so that I can shove it into a sentence.

Simply checking out at the cash register or ordering for people at a table, feels like an insurmountable task, a mountain I can't seem to mentally move or demolish, a new roadblock in my path of getting something done.

Words and letters appear like alphabet soup in my mind,

As soon as I go to grasp a vowel or pick up a few letters, the puddle is moved and I lose track of what I wanted to say in all the ripples.

I keep grasping at straws, keep reaching into nothing, into a black hole of things to say that isn't actually there.

But I simply... can't.

No matter how hard I want to force the words out, they never do.

I want to be the girl that can stand in front of an audience and talk.

Be the girl in the friend group that can tell a story that catches everyone's attention and is never interrupted.

Be the girl who can go up to the guys she likes and simply start a conversation.

But I never was.

And I most likely never will be.

Words are prohibitors.

Roadblocks preventing me from expressing what I truly want to.

I hate the power words hold. The way a few vowels and consonants can be strung together to

paint pictures in someone's mind or sway someone's opinion.

I hate writing essays.

I hate public speaking.

I hate talking on the phone.

I hate talking to people when I check out at the store.

I even hate asking for help.

So, yes.

When I say the statement "I hate the word ointment" I mean it.

But it's not just those words I hate.

It's their sound, their use, their spelling, their necessity.

At the end of the day I don't like words because I don't like the fact I struggle to say them.



Cat - By Madison Wagoner

THE GUIDE

by Alexander A. DeMarco

For the nights I cannot sleep
For the nights when all seems hazy
And for the nights when prayers seem unanswered
I stare into this abyss called darkness
Letting myself be wrapped in its warm
and comforting embrace
Despite how scary it may seem
She always guides me
And lights fires as my guide to slumber
Letting the future come to fruition through visions
That have long since passed or are yet to be determined
I thank you, for saving me in my darkest moments
Healing darkness with darkness
And letting me feel solace once more

LIFE IS A TREE

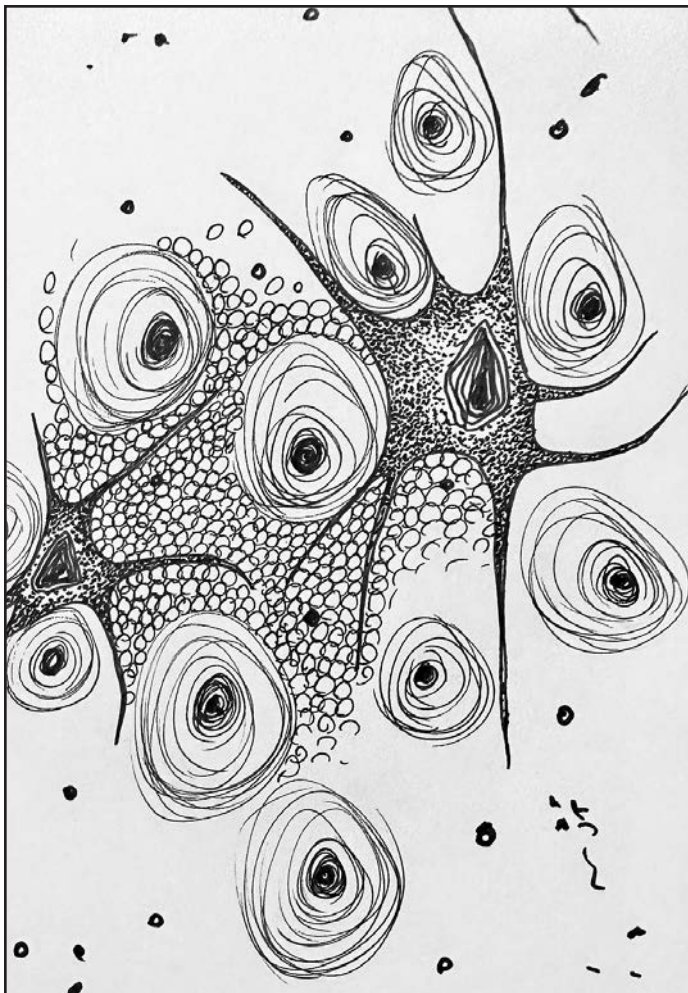
by Alexander A. DeMarco

Life is a tree. The tree is what bears a bounty for thy sacred
beasts to satiate the hunger. The tree purifies air for thy holy
saints to breathe. The tree bravely stopping the prolific bearer
and destroyer of life by holding the holy grounds together as
one, creating streams for those to wash themselves from sin.
Trees are the homes of many creatures both larger than a
boulder and smaller than a leaf. The trees tell when the winter
turns to spring and spring to summer and summer to fall
and for fall to turn winter once more letting the sacredness
our world holds know when time passes.



Mind Over Matter - By Javanna-Java Soucy

Art Teacher Spotlight:



Massive - By Ms. Alison Savoca

THE WORST BATHROOM IN THE SCHOOL

by Emma Howe

The Worst Bathroom in the School is the one downstairs in the south tower first floor, home to some of our school's most mischievous affairs

When you walk in, the floor will always be wet

Is it piss or is it water? we guess and take bets

The sinks never work, they have the cheap push down faucets

It would be more effective to wash your hands in a dirty mop bucket

There're curse words galore carved into stall doors

And although this might sound bad enough- don't worry, there's more

The toilet seats are warm and always covered with hair

The bowls are filled with god knows what from god only knows where

Leaning against the walls are people who skip class

They gossip and chatter and puff, puff, pass

You can't walk through their path without getting smoke in the face

And this concludes why the 1st floor south tower is the worst in this whole place.

THIRTEEN WAYS TO VIEW 13

by Ayotunde Odunaiya

I

Among fifty states,
To mark the era of a new beginning
Was the effort of 13.

II

Thirteen
Marks the prime time of life after a new beginning,
An awakening to a new view.

III

A new view at 13,
A teenage view.
The gateway to adolescence soon opens
With anxiety seeping through.

IV

Anxiety from the depths of middle school;
Soon off to the gates of high school.

V

High school, the final level of K-12.
A new realm to 13 year olds,
A new fear to 15 year olds,
A new countdown to 17 year olds.
Such is the flow of time.

VI

Time, irreversible and indivisible like 13.
Marking the duration of seasons,
Especially the disastrous winter,
Slowly but elusively.

VII

Elusively, much like the truth.
Shrouded in mystery,
Be it a baker's dozen
Or the origin of the game, Marco Polo,
Dating back to the 13th century.

VIII

The 13th century, a fearsome time.
Along with bloody wars,
For people with Triskaidekaphobia,
A hellish time indeed.

IX

More than a hellish time for many,
When bad luck ensues:
Suffering of Templar Knights on Friday the 13th, 1307–
A great betrayal was issued.

X

A great betrayal more times than 13.
Even back during the Last Supper, with Jesus and his 12
disciples,
A betrayal by Judas, for just 30 silver,
A traitor deemed as the 13th.

XI

A traitor, the 13th traitor,
Judas, or Loki.
Different origins and power,
Yet both ruined joy and happiness.

XII

Lasting joy and fleeting happiness,
Associated with luck,
Joy from reform, happiness from relief,
Luck from circumstance.
All, like 13, surrounded by fear
Unable to avoid the river of time.

XIII

Time, a fearsome foe
Brings death to all;
However, for some,
13 harbors the time of death;
For others,
13 harbors a fear of death–
Neither of which are abnormalities.

TRUTH

by Alexander A. DeMarco

Never Shall I Forget the pain others have caused me
Never Shall I Forget the struggles I have went through
Never Shall I Forget the fall from grace I experienced
Never Shall I Forget the things that pulled me out of the darkness
Never Shall I forget the hand that lifted me out of the darkness... that also stabbed me in the chest
Never Shall I Forget the Betrayal I went through
Never Shall I Forget the Fury inside of me
Never Shall I Forget the virtues I live by
Never Shall I Forget to Forgive everyone that has wronged me before I die
Never Shall I Forget that love is out there to find me and I it

MOONLIT SKY

by Alexis Kandakai

Once there was a girl, fairest upon the land of beauty and prosperity. Creativity blossomed like flowers in spring, and joy was spread throughout her dear empire. Everyone had a destiny in this world, no matter how big or small it was; there was always a chance of fate at every crack and corner. For this girl in question, she could only be described as an interesting individual full of wonder. She was blessed with the ability of imagination and creativity, her works of art being nothing but effortless masterpieces.

From sunrise to sunset, she drew all day and night, while the moon slowly came into view. She would look at the night sky including the stars that shone above her and think to herself. Glancing through the window, she would wonder if one day she would become one of the million stars that decorated the dark sea of space. She admired the way that they shone like diamonds; the finest money could buy. Pondering about life suddenly became a topic of interest to her, and so she opened her mind to her inner thoughts. Although she was blessed with wonderful abilities of imagination, she longed for something more. From a distance, it would seem there was much to be found in this perfect world, except the comforting feeling of happiness in her own self. She felt empty, void of emotion occasionally, and no one, not even herself seemed to know the reason as to why. This somber feeling came and went as it desired. The poor girl suffered as the darkness snuck up on her like a shadow that could not be seen by the human eye. Looking up once more at the sky, it was almost as if she was making a prayer up to the universe to make this strange pain go away. The sweet bliss of the moon shone upon her and she made a wish to be free from her emptiness.

Suddenly out of the darkness came down a light from the sky, almost blinding her completely. From it came a womanly

figure that just by seeing her, one would be blinded by her absolute beauty. She lowered down from her spot in the sky and looked at the shocked girl in front of her; unable to form thoughts nor able to speak about what she saw before her eyes. She was dressed head to toe in pure white robes of purity, and her eyes shone just like the stars, her curly hair shaped in small crescents. A smile spread across the stranger's face. The girl stared at her and her eyes began to grow wide with the realization that this woman was no one but herself. How could it be? It was like seeing her own reflection. As an act of abruptness, her replica reached out to her and softly grabbed her hands, as if to say this shocking meeting between them was something she had wished for a long time ago. The air around them grew stronger, and as soon as she could process what was happening, they were in the air, drawing close to the moon that was in close proximity to their location. Levitating into the darkness felt peculiar, although some how she made no protest against it.

As her and the duplicate reached closer to their destination, she felt safe and secure. Her mind slowly began to soften and reach a state of calm as her feet lowered down and touched the unfamiliar surface of the rock beneath her. Around her, she saw the true meaning of beauty and happiness, knowing finally that this was where she was meant to be. The darkness that once clouded her judgment was no longer there anymore. She could breathe without the weight of hopelessness pulling her back continuously. With this new understanding, she laughed in pure joy that was once missing in her life. The girl and the woman exchanged glances at each other in silence, enjoying the view that blessed their eyes. Looking into the bright eyes of fate, she saw the future that she was destined to have.