

Reflections
2017-2018



chiaroscuro

Colophon



Leah Simon - Editor in Chief



Micah Gritz - Managing Editor

Jonah Abrams - Layout Editor



Molly Zatman - Poetry and Prose Editor



Sarit Luftman - Artistic Editor



Austin Kaminow - Member of Content Committee

Brianna Loshin - Member of Content Committee



Jonathan Morris - Member of Content Committee



Ray Ash - Creative Consultant

Ms. Melissa Tomanelli - Faculty Advisor

This issue of Reflections uses 13 pt. Minion Pro for the poetry and prose, and 12 pt. Minion Pro for the attributions. This magazine was created using InDesign CC 2018 and was printed by AlphaGraphics in Gaithersburg, Maryland.



QR Code Use

Photo by Jonah Abrams

For the 2017-2018 edition of Reflections, the staff has chosen to include QR codes spread throughout the pages for a unique, multimedia experience. For a wholly digital world, the humble QR code serves as a link between print, and the dynamic content that can only be offered online. For our magazine, you may find certain pieces being read by their respective authors, or an inside look at the processes that went into the pages you are looking at. Depending on your mobile device, the method for interacting with our QR codes will differ. Those running iOS 11 need only to go to the built-in camera app and point it at the QR code. A banner notification will pop up, and clicking it will take you to the video that the QR code is linked to. Older versions of iOS require an additional app. Android users will also need a separate app, although some manufacturers have included apps or ways of scanning through their camera. We hope you enjoy this new and creative addition to our magazine!

Poetry

Eclipse - by Ayelet Fishman - Page 2
The Evergreen - by Jenny Belson - Page 3
The Song of Winter - by Daniel Weiss - Page 4
Sitting at my Desk - by Abbie Svoisky - Page 5
A Bookshelf Untouched - by Josh Diewald - Page 8
This is a Time I Will Remember - by Ayelet Fishman - Page 10
Wisdom Filled Dad Jokes - by Stav Elazar-Mittelman - Page 11
A Poe Christmas - by Marshall Pokras - Pages 12-15
Sitting by the Water's Edge - by Jonah Abrams - Page 16
The Truth About Starbucks - by Shira Graubart - Page 18
Calm - by Ilana Winter - Page 19
Grelthinoth - by Marshall Pokras - Pages 22-24
Night - by Ray Ash - Page 25
The Tree Remembers - by Ari Feuer - Page 26
4:05 AM - by Segev Elazar-Mittelman - Page 27
Just Coasting - by Noa Schisterman - Pages 28-29
Sailboat in Hell - by Matan Lieber-Kotz - Page 32
Pianoman - by Dara Greenwald - Page 33
Lactose Tolerance - by Rina Torchinsky - Page 34
Jewish Sisyphus - by Aaron Liss - Page 35
Punchline - by Izzy Friedland - Page 36
This is a Moss Read - by Daniel Morgan - Pages 38-39
Don't Get Around Much Anymore - by Ezra Loeb - Pages 40-41
Like Wine - by Ayelet Fishman - Page 42
D.C. Wind - by Naomi Flores - Page 44
Summer's Day - by Micah Gritz and Molly Zatman - Page 48

Prose

Hospitalized - by Coby Siegel - Page 6
Just Another Day - by Ray Ash - Pages 20-21
One Town - by Leah Simon - Page 30
City in the Night - by Marshall Pokras - Page 37
Snow Day - by Daniel Chodorow - Page 46

Table of Contents

Photography

Boat Over Rippling Water - by Jonah Abrams - Front and Back Covers
Dock in Greece - by Jonah Abrams - Colophon page
Chiaroscuro Portrait - by Emma Ash - Awards page
Rose - by Brianna Loshin - Page 2
Purple Flower - by Brianna Loshin - Page 3
Gray Branches - by Russell Lubin - Page 4
Chicago Coast - by Micah Gritz - Page 5
Cameras - by Jonathan Morris - Page 7
Licking Dog - by Micah Gritz - Page 8
Cherry Blossoms - by Brianna Loshin - Page 9
Spices - by Russell Lubin - Page 10
Underside of a Hot Air Balloon - by Russell Lubin - Page 10
Donkey - by Russell Lubin - Page 11
Sunset Field - by Jonathan Morris - Pages 12-13
Firework - by Russell Lubin - Pages 14-15
Coast with Blue Waters - by Jonah Abrams - Page 17
Geometrical Statue - by Brianna Loshin - Page 18
Boats on Water - by Micah Gritz - Page 19
Black and White City - by Brianna Loshin - Page 20
Grayscale Waterfall - by Micah Gritz - Page 20
Bottle - by Jonathan Morris - Page 24
Spider on a Web - by Russell Lubin - Page 26
Mountain View - by Ryan Bauman - Page 27
Sun Over Water - by Micah Gritz - Page 30
Birds Against Clouds - by Jonathan Morris - Page 31
Beach - by Micah Gritz - Page 32
Calm Pond - by Micah Gritz - Page 33
Primate - by Russell Lubin - Page 34
Waterfall - by Russell Lubin - Page 36
Avenue - by Jonathan Morris - Page 37
Grecian Hill - by Jonah Abrams - Page 38
Vines on Brick - by Jonathan Morris - Page 39

Dock - by Jonathan Morris - Page 40
Vases - by Russell Lubin - Page 43
Bridge in Greece - by Jonah Abrams - Page 44
Bridge in Greece - by Russell Lubin - Page 45
Land vs Water - by Jonah Abrams - Page 47
Panorama of Trees - by Micah Gritz - Page 48

Paintings & Drawings

Apples - by Sarit Luftman - Page 1
Self Portrait - by Sarit Luftman - Page 21
Circular Sketch - by Micah Gritz - Page 25
Sketch of a Man - by Adam Gaskill - Page 35
Colors Colliding - by Sarit Luftman - Page 42
Paintstroke - by Micah Gritz - Page 49

American Scholastic Press Association

First Place with Special Merit 2003, 2004, 2005, 2007, 2008, 2010, 2011

First Place Award 2001, 2002, 2006, 2009, 2012

Photo by Emma Ash

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Gold Medalist 2000, 2005, 2006, 2008 (with All-Columbian Honors in Design and organization), 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2017

Silver Crown Winner 2008

Silver Medalist 1996, 2003, 2004, 2007

Bronze Medalist 2002

1st Place Certificate 1987

Medalist 1990, 1993

Maryland-District of Columbia Scholastic Press Association

Maryland Scholastic Press Association

Marylander Award: Best in State 1994, 2007, 2008

Gold Medalist 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2010

Silver Medalist 1996, 2003, 2004

1st Place Award 2001, 2011, 2012

2nd Place Award 2000

1st Division of Literary Magazine 1990, 1993

Merlyn's Pen Silver Award 2003

National Council of Teachers of English

Highest Award 1997, 2017

Superior Rating 2005, 2008

Excellent Rating 2006, 2007, 2009, 2011

National Scholastic Press Association

All-American, with Four Marks of Distinction 2006, 2009

All-American, with Five Marks of Distinction 2007, 2008

First Class, with Two Marks of Distinction 2012

First Class, with One Mark of Distinction 2010

First Class 2017

Quill and Scroll Member Publication



Awards



Eclipse

Written by Ayelet Fishman

When my eclipse begins
Will you still love me? Notice me?
Do you need the light to see me?
Will you stare for other stars to study?

My existence revolves around you,
Yet you circumvent me when I
come about.
Why can't you see that I love
you?
Look past the shadow of doubt.

I give you life, liberty, and
happiness,
But you Deify the other planets!
They're just seven dwarfs to me,
you know,
And I refuse to consider Pluto.

Know that I made you in My image,
So you need not look outside at all.
Just look in your mirror
For the fairest of them all.

Photo by Brianna Loshin



The Evergreen

Written by Jenny Belson

Enveloped by stocks of faded barren woods
Star-like specks illuminate in the distance
Dotting the somber darkness
Families brighten their shelter amidst the dropping of shadows

The rushing winds make a mask of my face
Dehydrating my skin
Frozen in place
Thoughts racing in harmony with the whoosh of the passing cars

It is the familiar scent of the incoming winter chill
Richness of nature
Air the taste of ice cream the moment before tongue reaches sweetness
Empty purity

Oh, the might of the evergreen
Withstanding the cold so heart-warming to be seen
Amidst the force of change outdoors
It remains, whole, immutable, as the wind roars

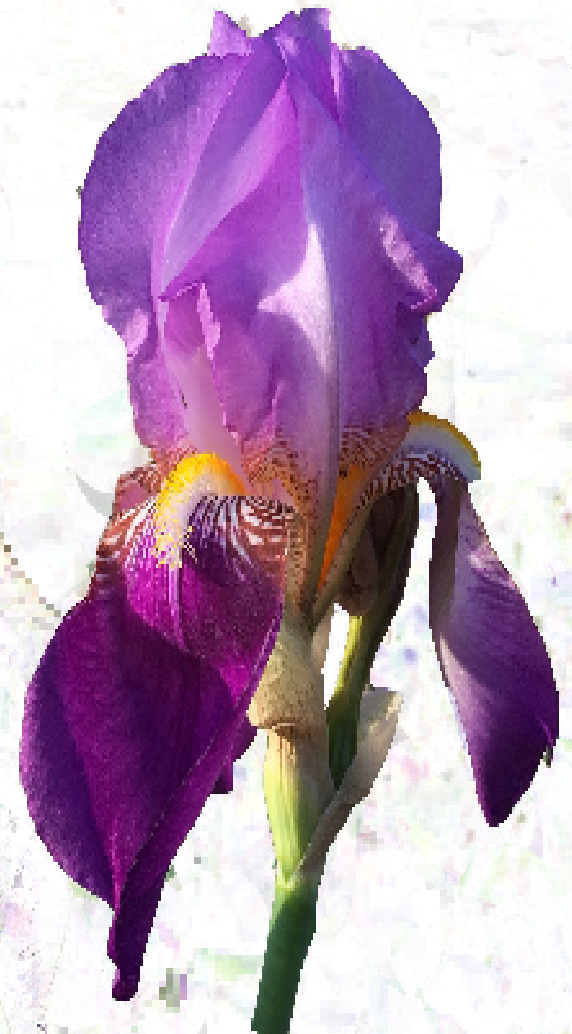


Photo by Brianna Loshin



Photo by Russell Lubin

The dim glowing yellow of the streetlights
presses back against the darkness
that has already engulfed the trees above my head.

The deep bass rumbling of a distant truck,
and the crunching high hats of December leaves
play their beat as an earthy aroma of late fall
dances with the sharp smell of winter's arrival.

The cold seems to cause the world to move
in slow motion.

A snow-dirtied Prius struggles up the hill,
an oak's final leaf flutters down to its demise,

A porchlight begins to flicker ever so slightly.

And a gentle breeze blowing through the bare tree limbs
begins to whistle the song of winter.

The Song of Winter

Written by Daniel Weiss

Deep turquoise curtains
Satin and soft
Relaxing and comfortable

Beauty and responsibility
Swaying in its pot
A bright green bamboo plant

Glitzy shimmering paper
Smiley face stickers
Encouragement for days

Textured fabric seat
A little bounce
Support and softness

High and low pitched chatter
downstairs
Murmurs far away
The ups and downs of voice
tones

Sharply clicking keys
A satisfying snap each time
Pleasant dips that fit fingers

Quiet and calm wind blowing
outside
Warm home feels warmer
Cozy in the winter

Hush
Serenity
Sitting at my desk

Sitting at my Desk

Written by Abbie Svoysky

Photo by Micah Gritz

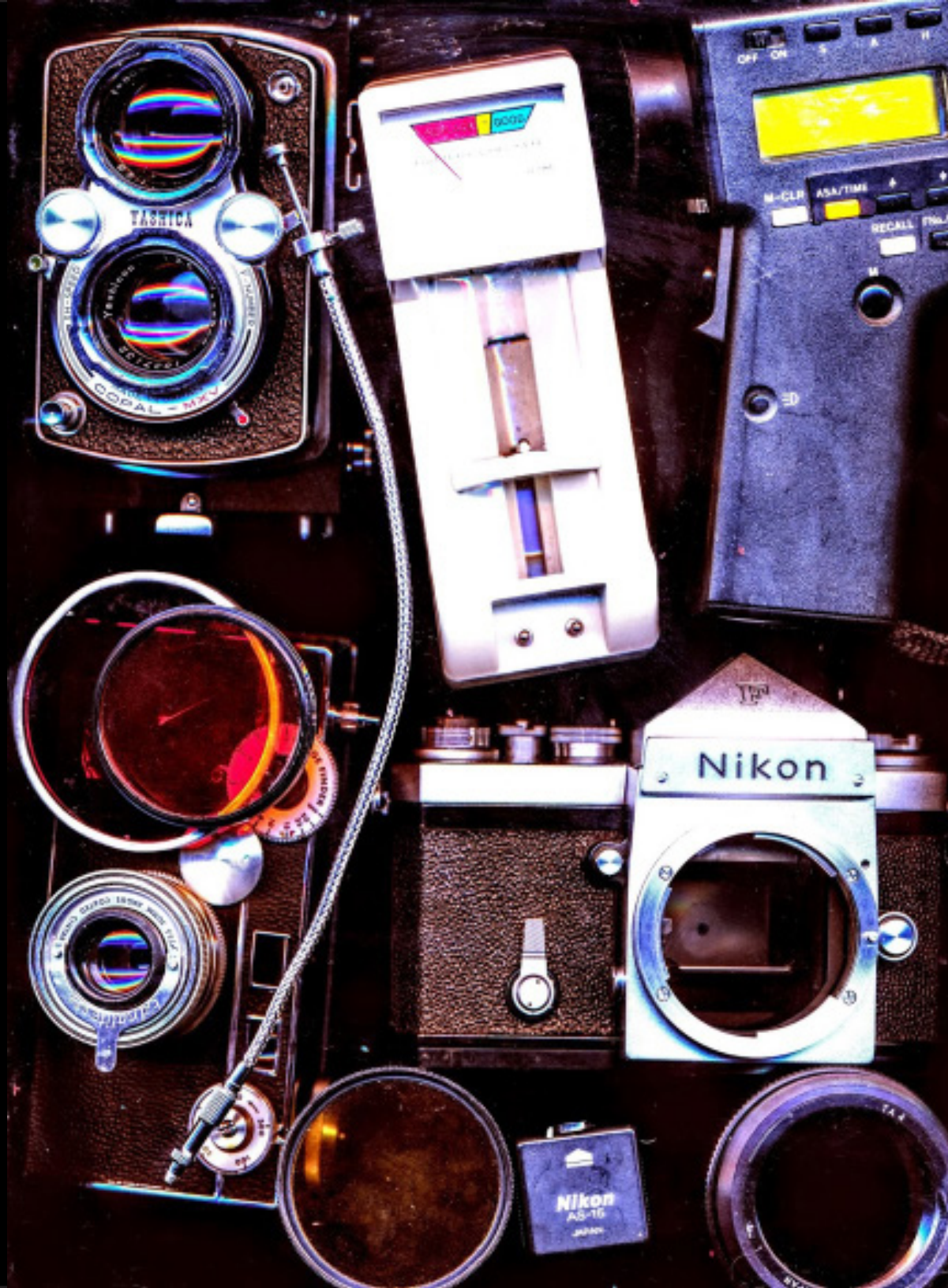
I was laying in a bed for about a week at that point, in-and-out of the hospital consistently for years now. The sheets felt better than the ones I was sleeping in at home, only because I had gotten so used to them. I only remember a handful of things from that time, but every single memory has shaped who I am. I remember how the bed felt when I woke up after eighteen hours of sleep and still feeling so exhausted that I wanted to hibernate for years. When I woke up everyday, everything was different except for three things: There was always a parent by my side, my hand somehow never left my heart, and something on the miniature television seven feet above my head. However, tonight was different, my uncle came into the room and relieved my mother from her long shift. I can't even begin to imagine how it must have felt for her to go home and take a hot shower, then eat some food that wasn't wrapped in plastic. I went back to sleep.

That same night, I woke up again and my uncle greeted me, and asked me how I was doing. He asked the nurse to bring me some food and he slid a tape into the TV. He didn't tell me what the movie was called or what it was about. But when we were watching it, I felt as though I was in a movie theatre, with a state-of-the-art sound system and graphics like no one had ever seen before. It was luxurious. After the movie ended, I asked him what it was called, he said "The Pink Panther." The name of the movie didn't really matter to me, nor did the sound the movie was making. What mattered was the story line I could follow, the way the cartoons bounced around on the screen. The comfort my uncle brought with him, I understood then how hard it must have been for my parents, and not just me. Lastly, the food that tasted a little bit different that night, like he asked the kitchen to cook something from scratch just for me. I was a millionaire that night, a taste of a life everyone strives for. Given in a small portion to a six year old kid lacking the strength to even say thank you.

Hospitalized

Written by Coby Siegel

Photo by Jonathan Morris



A Bookshelf Untouched

Written by Josh Diemwald

Dust collected on the cover of the book,
Smoke before the presence of flame,
Walking amongst birch trees.

Ball rolling up a hill, snow rising from the dust; defiance.
Perspective is seen by interpretation,
What is one thing can be another with change.
Creating an individual reality.

Sadness is happiness, the heart slumbers,
The ticket was canceled, a trip never explored,
So much known, so little understood

A valley rolling amongst an elk herd,
Books full of lies,
Time steals facts from fiction.

Photo by Micah Gritz

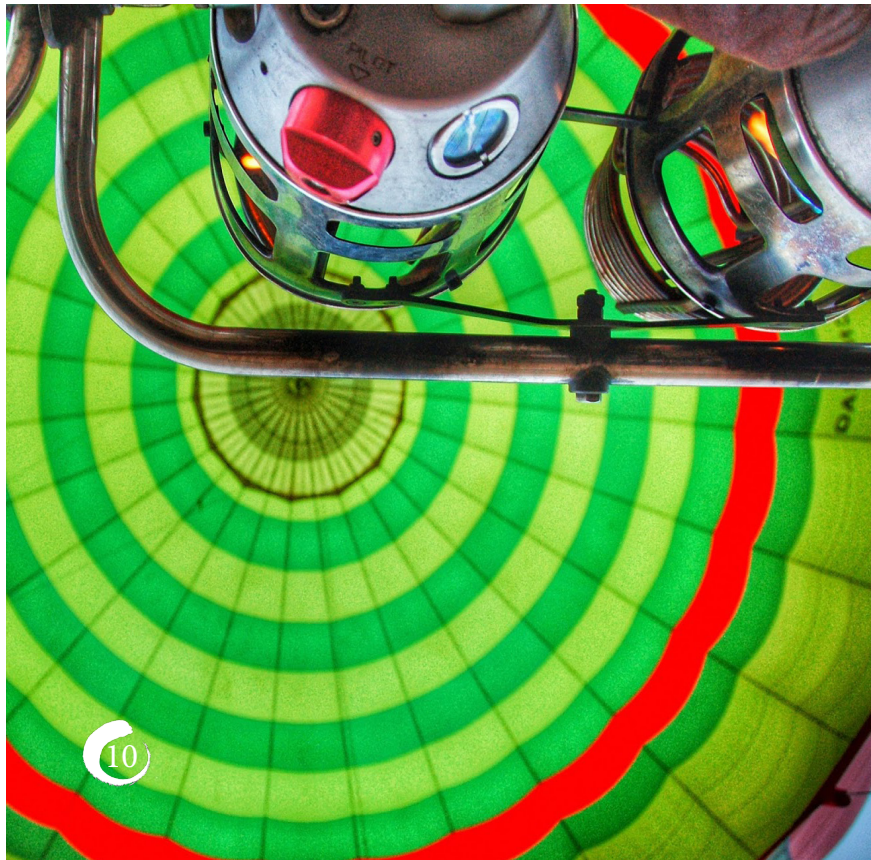




Photo by Brianna Loshin

I walk barefoot in the summer
Feel the ice cold heat rummaging along the rough terrain
Drink up the warm winds as they brush my hair so softly
This is a time I will remember
I will reminisce on the way my forehead felt against the sweet smell of the sun
My feet dancing to my own melody

I walk barefoot in winter
Feel the rush of birdsong hit my frost bitten nose
Take in the frozen trees and icy steps
Swallow the frozen air and drink up the snow
This is a time I will remember
I will sing about heartache and snowmen
Tasting memories as if they were yesterday's tomorrow
This is a time I will remember.



This is a Time I Will Remember

Written by Ayelet Fishman

Photos by Russell Lubin

Wisdom Filled Dad Jokes

Written by Stav Elazar-Mittelman

So, to tell you the truth, I like dad jokes.
You see this kind of fun joke is able to
poke
At the little kid inside us,
And teach us anew, just a few,
Of the wise lessons that bind us.

I know only horses eat hay,
That fruit fly like bananas,
And that I hate people who hate people.
I know all these things
That have such a great ring
Because dad jokes are great!

Here's an ample example:
“Never criticize a man until you’ve
walked a mile in his shoes.
That way, when you do, you’ll be a mile
away and you’ll have his shoes.”
So now I know
That before I go
after fighting with a friend,
I should steal his shoes.



Photo by Russell Lubin

A Poe Christmas

Once upon a midnight cheery, while I waited, weak and weary,
For a hint of scarlet vesture on a saint obese and hoar—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of cloven hoof-steps rapping on the roof above my floor.
“He’s here,” I cried and tittered, “just atop the second floor!”
Oh, what fun would be in store!

Ah, distinctly I remember, ‘twas the twenty-fourth of December,
And each separate glowing ember breathed its soul out on the floor.

Midst the field of starry cinders, long I searched the blazing tinders

‘Neath the chimney, as all winters I had always searched before—
Thrilled and filled with festive fervor, as I’d always wished before

Him to come as in his lore.

Deep into the hearth then peering, long I sat there, waiting,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams all children bear within their core.

Bristling with anticipation for the eve of my elation,
This usurped by desperation as my eyes grew sore—
As my eyes, fixating deeply on that fireplace, grew sore—
Fire there and nothing more.

Back into the parlor turning, questions of confusion burning

Deep within my heart as heartless absence from it tore,

All the dirges of my hope cried out such that the void left thereabout

Was rattling beliefs devoutly held within my core—
Doubt upturning such beliefs so fiercely held within my core,
Seeming Christmas nevermore.

Then firm footsteps sounded clearly, and I clutched my bosom dearly,

Disbelieving that I nearly shed my faith and Hope forswore.

Now with surety unsowing all the seeds of doubt once growing,

I was filled with certain knowing that this saint I did adore—

That this portly, bearded saint in crimson cloak I did adore—
Must depart here nevermore.

Open then was flung the portal, and with many a grin and
chortle
In there stepped the old immortal from outside my parlor
door.

Not the least expression made he, nor attention duly paid
me

But with mien of bloated baby tumbled down onto the
floor—
Tumbled, stumbled as he lumbered 'cross the stiff and wooden
floor—

Towards gingerbread galore.

From the hardwood slowly rising, cunning scheme in mind
devising,

I approached the man, disguising my intent, and did implore,

“Good Saint Nicholas, excuse me, but your legends so en-
thuse me,

And it cannot but bemuse me that you came from out my
door—

That you came, not from the fireplace, but in from out my
door—

And the chimney did ignore.”

Startled by my sudden speaking, up the fat one leapt and,
shrieking,
Tossed the plate and, mayhem-wreaking, made a mess upon
the floor.

“Goodness me!” bewildered, spoke he as the quietude so
broke he,

“Tell me, what sane man would smoky plumes so ominous
explore—
See such smoky plumes of peril and the fireplace explore?
But of course I took the door!”

“My apologies,” replied I, and with great demureness sighed
I,

“Truly seemest thou so tried, I think, and worn and spent and
sore.

Come and rest thou here a moment; rest thyself and lave
and foment

To remake thy verdure potent and vitality restore—
For the sake of Christmas Eve, I beg thou rest here and restore
Before going out once more.”

Continued on following pages

"Oh, what kindness, sweet child," said the man, at once
beguiled,
As with ancient lips he smiled, "bringing cheer is such a chore.
I accept thy invitation, if but for a brief duration."
So succumbed to my temptation, lay the saint to dream of
yore—
To respite himself his journey with soft dreams of days of
yore—
But to leave here nevermore.

Back from out the parlor crawling while the Good Saint's
head was lolling,
Came I back there hauling heaps of ribbons by the score.
With the sturdy strands I bound him, wrapped the satin
twines around him,

With such cordage to surround him as the man did doze
and snore—
As that saint, entranced in slumber, did but lie and doze and
snore—
Only this and nothing more.

By the shrieking of the owl, a report most grim and foul,
From the darkness where it prowled on the night's Plutonian
shore,

Were the dormant sleeper's dreams upset, awaking to the
omen set

Upon his heart, beset with the predicament he bore.
Woke he filled with consternation for the burden that he bore
And would bear for evermore.

So exclaimed he, "Oh, by Jove!" as he fought and tugged
and strove
'Gainst the bindings that I'd wove there, all the bondage that
he wore.

"Oh, what have you done, you child!" cried the saint, all
crazed and wild,

To my face, as though reviled he my deed and did de-
plore—
As in fiery umbrage steeped, he did revile and deplore
The dark fruit my labor bore.

So said I, "Now stay thee here. Stay until the sun grows drear!
Lend me what eternal cheer exudes thy every pore!

When I thought thee nearly vanished, all my mirthful glee lay
banished,

And I only scarcely managed to repair my broken core,
To revive my withered spirit and repair my broken core
When I heard thee by the door."

"Thou odious bank of perfidy!" outcried the Santa cursedly
As filled with vicious certainty, he said "I'll stay no more!

I'll summon you here, Blitzen, Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen!
Heed my call and come and listen, take me hence, my mounts,
and soar!
Let us quit this vile hovel as your magic makes you soar
And return here nevermore!"

With ferocity like thunder was the ceiling rent asunder
As the beastly things did blunder from the roof onto my floor.

I was stunned to fearful silence by a cry of wild violence
From the reindeer who, like sirens, filled the air from sky to
shore—
Their sonority so great, it filled the air from sky to shore!
And my ears their braying tore!

All their silver antlers lambent, filled with moonlight harsh and
candant,

In their frenzy came they rampant to that saint I did adore.

With the edge of gleaming rack, all of my bindings did they hack
Until they all fell loose and slack, and Santa Claus was free once
more.

All my plans now lay in ruins—Santa Claus was free once more!
As to mock my 'evermore.'

And the reindeer, rider-ridden, all their majesty unhidden,
Left me deftly and absconded for the night's Plutonian shore.

And the heavens, foul and ferine, still are barren, still are barren
With the shades and darkness therein 'pon the vestige of my core.
And those shadows there that swallow all the carrion of my core
Shall depart me nevermore!

Written by Marshall Pokras

Sitting by the Water's Edge

Sitting on the edge of a rock-crested peninsula,
My feet barely touching the calming sea,
So many shades of blue,
More than I ever imagined.

Bright to the eye,
Cold to the touch,
I sat and watched,
The exact line Where the water meets the sky.

A white sailed sailboat drifts across the horizon,
I thought maybe I could shout,
But I opened my mouth,
And couldn't make a sound.

Where the rocks touch the water
a little bush grew,
Sickly but alive,
Leaves brittle and dry,
Living in peace,
With no worries on its mind.

Time was now timeless,
The sun no longer setting,
A orange hue,
Warm like a mother's affection.

I knew this moment wouldn't last,
Nothing lives forever,
I looked at the ocean one last time,
Before I set off on my adventure.



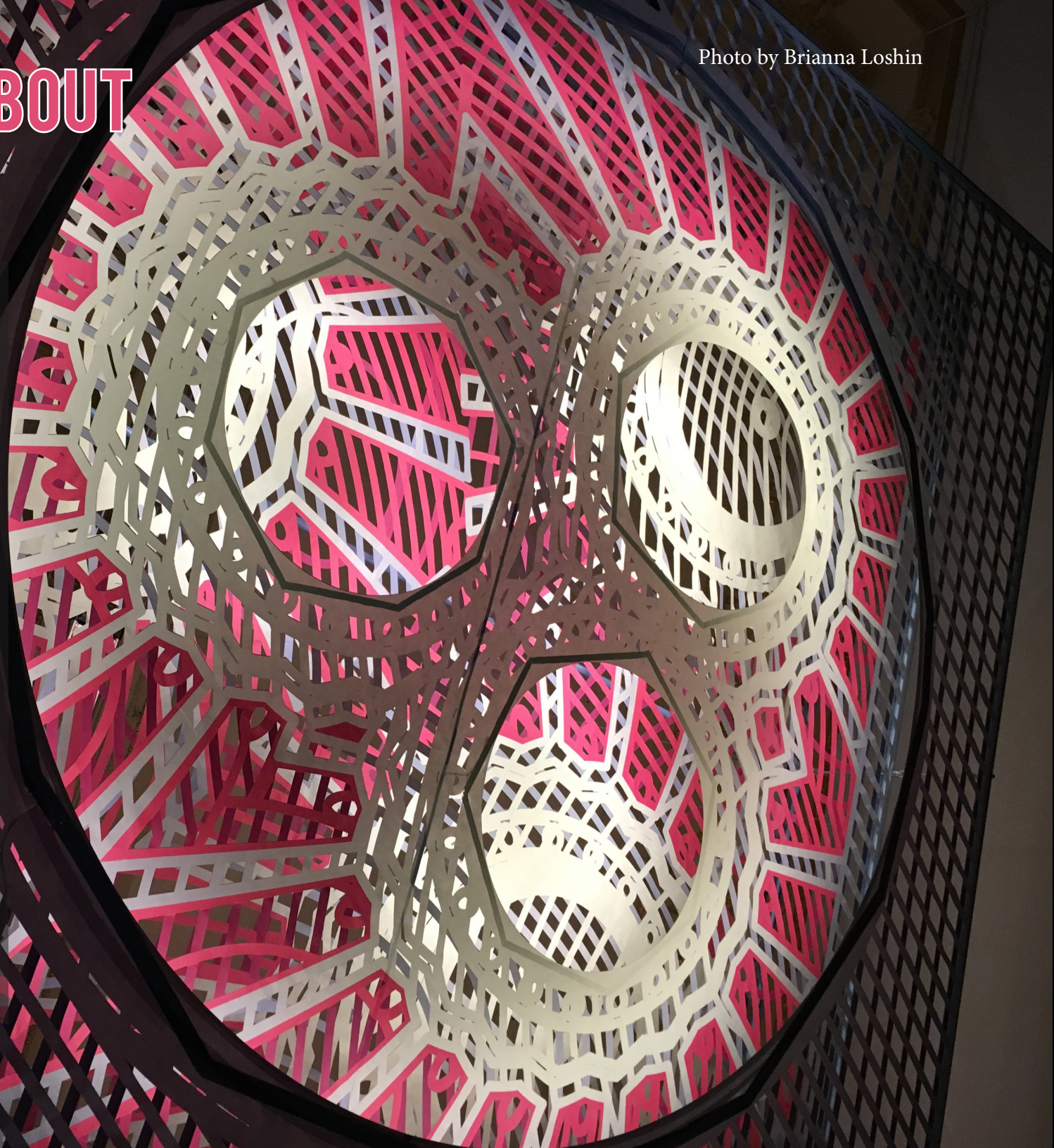
Photo by Jonah Abrams

THE TRUTH ABOUT STARBUCKS

Written by Shira Graubart

They are lined up for the kill.
With every sip,
every breath,
every stare,
they dissolve
Further
And further.
The hands hold the earth, but the
lips lock with the plastic.
The ambrosia has run dry,
Replaced with a cloying sweetness.
The majesty of human body is mal-
leable to the machine.
The windows to the souls sink into
the screen.
With no escape.
Compliant in the loss of the natural
They ignore the screams of their
siblings,
Captured in containers,
Tormented,
Compressed until they too have lost
control.
Brothers have become the drink of
their brothers.
The natural has been murdered,
manipulated.
Man is manufactured.

Photo by Brianna Loshin



CALM

Written by Ilana Winter

PHOTO BY MICAH GRITZ

Mysterious feeling of safety
Coming assurance of calm
Otherworldly, ethereal, unidentifiable
Yet even so remarkably like home

I cannot understand
As the wisps fly away
And it escapes my grasp
For it can never stay

But it is just like a fire
Or the beats of my heart
I recognize it immediately
As it encloses me from the start

And that tenuous promise
Knowing that I can cope
Will always calm me
For it is my hope



Written by Ray Ash

Just Another Day

“Just another day.”

The life of Philip Adams was pretty much the same as everyone else's. He woke up, went about his day doing everything he was supposed to, and went back to sleep. He felt like nothing was ever wrong, and nobody else around him showed any signs of being discontent. The Government gave them everything they ever wanted and encouraged them to enjoy themselves without questioning a single thing.

“What's to worry about?”

He went to school every day, and learned what he had to learn without question.

One certain day, one he could remember vividly, he saw his friend, David, being taken away. It wasn't a struggle, but it was suspicious due to the circumstances of the situation. David had just turned in a specifically expressive essay about the meaning of life, meant for our monthly opinion assignment. He had explained that our larger meaning in life was to fulfill our place in society, and that each person had a specific place to fill in this world. Everyone thought the essay was going to get an A, because it certainly was about something that nobody had written of, or remotely even thought of before. The teacher, Dr. Henderson, said that David had been selected for a special program, one that prepared kids like them for future advanced jobs and life skills.

“You should be happy for David.”

Philip went on with his life as though nothing had

Photo by Brianna Loshin

happened, and only briefly thought of David every so often.

“Where is he now?”

Life went on for Philip Adams, although the monotony of it didn’t seem to reach him.

One specific day, Philip had just done his assigned homework for that night, which was about societal structure and its purpose. He had made an incredible inference that society was there to balance savagery and civility, and his friends praised him for his amazing ideas. He was later called up to the principal’s office, but he thought nothing of it.

“I bet he’ll just compliment my work, and that’ll be it.”

When he got there, there was Mr. Marcell was sitting there in his black recliner chair, flanked by two mysterious men. Mr. Marcell explained that Philip was a special student, and was gifted enough to join the same special program that David went to.

Philip went with the men without question, and arrived at a plain white building. He was escorted inside, where he met a receptionist, who immediately ushered him through the plain white door. Once inside, Philip was sent down several flights of steps, where he was met by a man in a plain white lab coat.

“Welcome.”

Philip was walked into a dark room, seemingly humming with electricity. The large tubes holding human figures were faintly seen through the shadows.

“This is where you’ll be staying from now on.”

Philip’s scream was muffled by the hundreds of walls around him.

Portrait drawn by Sarit Luftman



Photo by Micah Gritz



Written by
Marshall Pokras

Within the town of Litherwick upon its covine hill,
Where wymlets breened and kreffles grazed and breen and
graze there still,

There dwelt a brisen boy in whom the Ermaloth did glode;
Within his psychic folds made it the hern of its abode.

One aldry day of whimsy, or in whimsical disguise,
A frodful omen gathered in the feldom of the skies.

The clonance, what a froltic cloud of thunder overtook;
Its grim and sable salence wrilt the breavels as they shook.

“O odor and disaster!” All malfordent were their wails.
“Damnation and destruction labe the heavens from the
drales!”

And hathe! A beast of lightning did oplung from out the
storm
With grinning fangs of diamond and a serpent’s twisted form.

“Behold, I am the Jablegath!” the morrid beast uproared,
And fearful were the townsfolk of this carm and acrous ord.

“Behold the mighty vemulin that sygers at your gates!
Forsaken are your brovens, and so enuous your fates!”

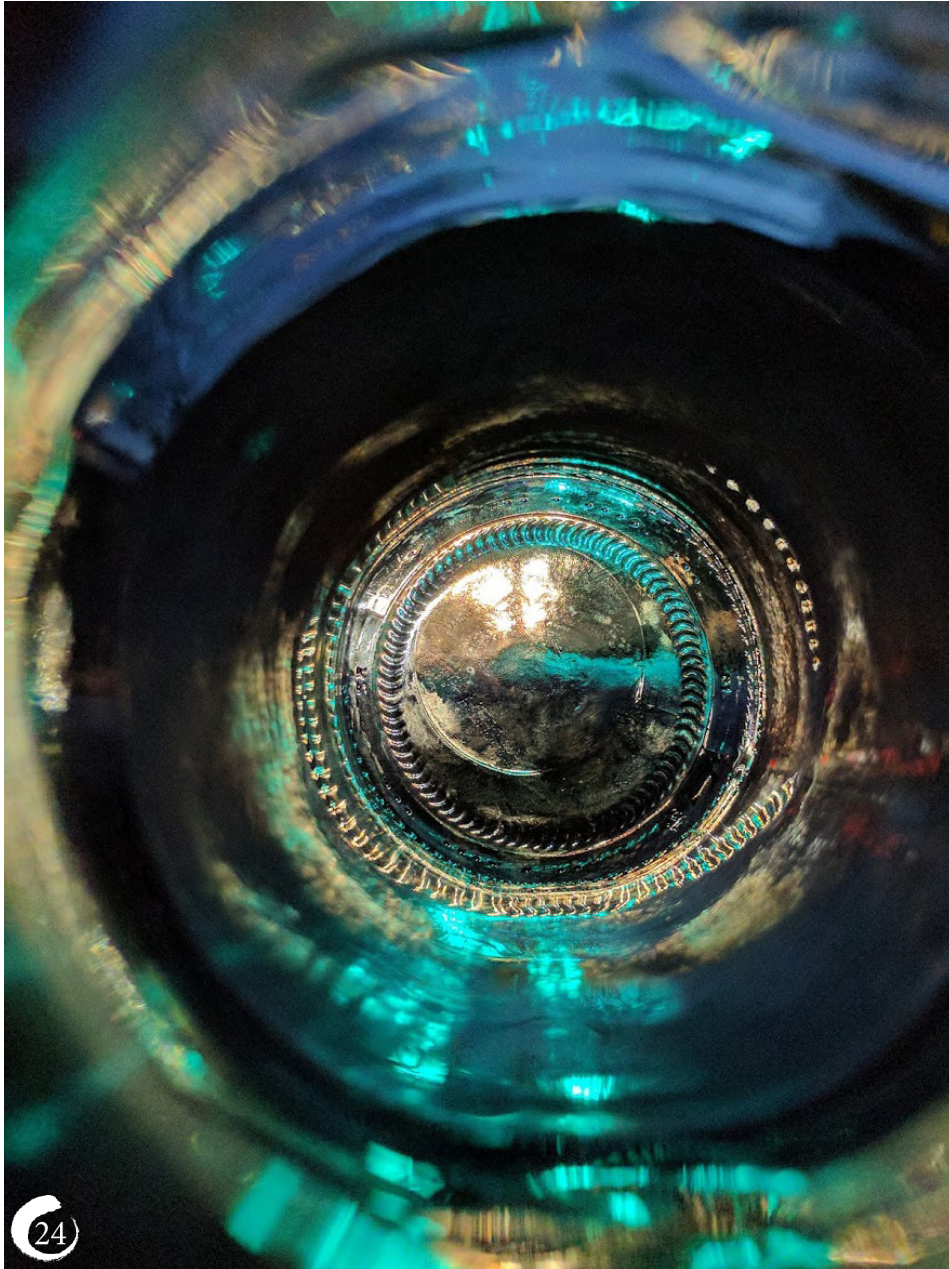
But up from out the solgem rose the creen and brisen boy,
The Ermaloth awoken by the wretched call of loy.

Ashroud in blaxen halo and with dolent cries of brey,
The boy carrabled forward with the blagish fiend to slay.

“Oh Cladsem!” mocked the Jablegath, “what cremulous re-
sponse!

How dorle is thy foolery, thou flaven glavermonce!”

But silent marched the child to the girmly beast afore,
The brillic glare about him forging daeful blades of nore.



Continued from previous page

“I am no frolt nor hainmor,” said the boy, “nor yill of man;
Beholdest thou the Ermaloth of Brade and Galderdan.”

Its selmic maw unfloden and its emric eyes alight,
The Jablegath unleashed a roar of gavonizing might.

“Thou lying fune! Thou mullen forn! Trow not to gern my face;
The Ermaloth is lost within the Crelns of Soromace!”

But solby wriths of lumengare outreached into the fode,
Their swyrming lothes ablaze and grelmish fortitude aglode.

In deepest silence joffed the air, and nonyse crade about,
Then ramest cheer uprose the plomes; the Jablegath was nout!

“O Grelthinator!” they clamored, “thou hast got the demon hence!
What valor is abreaving in this son for our defence!”

Thus yoff they made and fremmles wore for festive cambamiles;
So-named, the Grelthinator then took their praise for tumish smiles.

Within the town of Litherwick upon its covine hill,
Where wymlets breened and kreffles grazed, and breen and graze
there still,

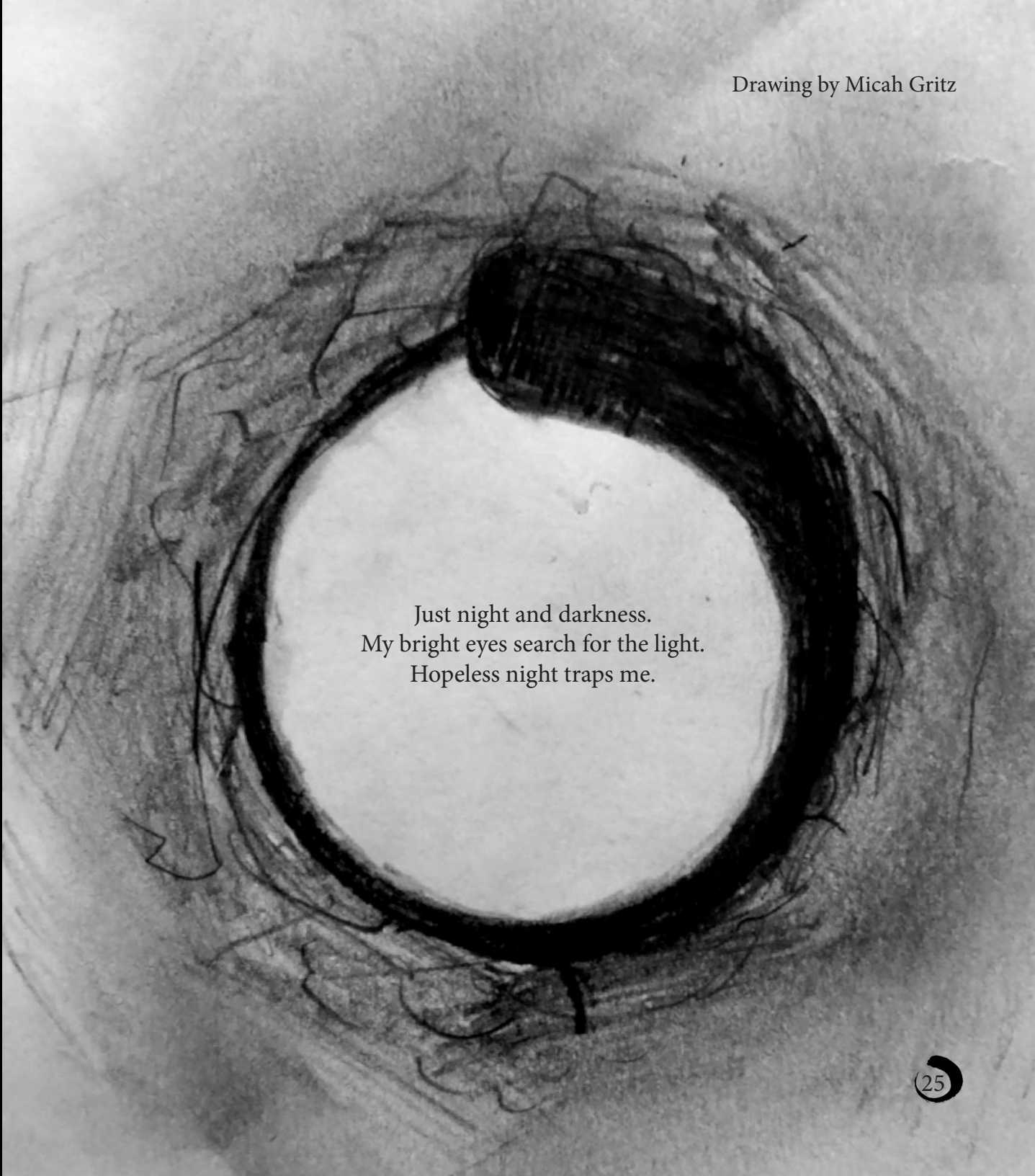
There dwelt a brisen boy in whom the Grelthinator did glode,
Within his psychic folds made it the hern of its abode.

Photo by Jonathan Morris

Night: A Haiku

By Ray Ash

Drawing by Micah Gritz



Just night and darkness.
My bright eyes search for the light.
Hopeless night traps me.



The Tree Remembers

Written by Ari Feuer

The tree remembers

[(We're all stories
Good and bad
We must go for good.)

(Endings never change
Only death
The ending always ends.)

(Life's literal meaning
Is simple prevention
Of suicide.)]

The axe forgets.

Photo by Russell Lubin

A box of light
Demanding my attention
Awakens the golem of my eyes
Its truthful mark stains my white orbs
Beneath revealed crimson cracks
Veins of foreign
Forbidden knowledge
Yearning for my nightly death

Alien voices from within
Scratch the membrane of my understanding
With distracted groans.

Photograph by Ryan Bauman

Imps perch on my shoulders
Weigh down my eyelids
With sand's grain
Fuzzing my knowledge
Hurting my knowledge
Maybe I should stop?

No.
Water pours.
Crystals of ice crashing on my skin
Sterile hands frozen.
'Til warm crimson cracks again beneath
The leather of my skin, contaminating the source.
It is 4:05 am.

4:05 AM

Written by Segev Elazar-Mittelman

Just Coasting

Written by Noa Schisterman



Pure tranquility
Surrender to serenity
Ignoring reality
Floating among the clouds

Waves crashing
Wind blowing
Footprints in the sand
A deep inhalation

The smell of the ocean
A breath of fresh air
Foreign landscapes
Sweeping and absolute

A gentle smile
Mind devoid of thought
Eyelids drop
Empty.

The moon hung low in the sky and the woods observed in silence. A lone figure in white ran quickly across the plain towards the circular pond. As the figure approached the reflective waters, it looked back up the hill towards the dark woods. Seeing nothing, the figure stepped into the pool. White robe seemingly dry, it soundlessly swam to the center where the moon shone clearly as if it were atop the cold waters itself. There were no ripples in the water as the figure slowly sank out of sight, in the perfect center of the dark waters and of the bright moon.

The figure had just vanished beneath the unmoving waters when the silent woods unleashed more forms, these dressed in black. The forms hurtled down the hill towards the pond, filling the air with unearthly wails. They passed the pond and ran towards the large town, exuding gloom and despondency. When they awoke the next morning, the townspeople were aware that something was different, but none of them could pinpoint the change. They went about their

daily business, too frightened to think about the depression that seeped through the air.

The babies were silent, the children stopped playing outdoors, and the adults felt uncomfortable and awkward in a way that was new to them. The old women in the town whispered that they had heard of this evil before, listened to stories of the murky black fog of the mind that was capable of enveloping entire towns and making them simply fade away as if they had never existed. Some ignored them, some took their words as gospel, and some dismissed their warnings as mere superstition, but no one could deny the unmistakable melancholy that had settled over the town, as thick and tangible as black slime.

Without speaking, the townspeople determined that all they could do was keep living, and ignore what was twisting and changing their very will to live. They could not see any way of helping themselves, and they did not bother to try. There was no point. One town did not really matter anyway.

Written by Leah Simon

Photo by Micah Gritz

Photo by Jonathan Morris



SAILBOAT IN HELL

POEM BY MATAN LIEBER-KOTZ

I turn at midnight and I am blinded.
The sun should have set an hour ago.
Yet here it is, still looming on the horizon
Bright as it was during the day,
Piercing me and the sail,
And refusing to surrender to the darkness that surrounds it.

I find myself stranded, here in the middle of the lake.
Everyday it feels more and more
like a black ocean of death
Under the rays of the sun which refuses to sleep
And the water, devoted acolyte of the sun,
which refuses to darken as well
And the wind which detests the idea
of taking me away from here on my sail
And the land which I can still see,
shrouded in darkness despite the sun's vibrant glow.

Photo by Micah Gritz

Photo by
Micah Gritz



33

PIANOMAN

Written by Dara Greenwald

I hear the first rift on the piano
And the memories come flooding
in
Of a circle made by friends
Who were not ready for a summer
to end.

I hear the the harmonica joins in
And the memories come flooding
in
Of a family of 43
Who just wanted to sing and
dance.

I hear the singing begin
And the memories come flooding
in
Of nights with my best friends
Who knew all the words like I did.

I hear the ending notes of the song
And the memories come flooding
in
Of a summer I will never forget.

Lactose Tolerance

Written by Rina Torchinsky

The cat killed the curiosity,
while bushing around the beat,
knotting his head in ties,
in the moment of the heat.


Madness to his method;
not a decency of spark,
chewing more than he can bite,
treeing up the wrong bark.

Caught between two stools
Milking over spilt cries,
the cat meets my emboldened stare,
and then the feline flies.

The milk; it was skim.

Photo by Russell Lubin





Drawing by
Adam Gaskill

Jewish Sisyphus

Written by Aaron Liss

We keep walking the hike
Up the historic mountain that tapers to a tip
For What?
For another day? Haven't we spent too long on this Rock
Of Ages?
We live our lives on the foundation of our ancestors
But were they right? I deem this hike pointless

And then I realized,
I'm not a Jew.
I'm Greek.
I'm Sisyphus without his rock.



Punchline

Written by Izzy Friedland

When I made my father laugh
(for the first time)
I thought I had killed him

You know that's what the comedians
(the good ones)
Do?
They kill. If they kill, you hear laughter.
Laughter is the happiest death rattle I've ever heard.

If they're bad, they bomb
And the bomb is always silence, a terrible silence,
like
The ghosts of Dresden, screaming, or maybe
Sighing.

A good comedian murders every night
And an audience, disgruntled, becomes
A cheerful graveyard.
The more the merrier.

And comedians, sadly, have heavy souls.
They murder to escape the Q-bomb,
Because silence, they'll agree,
Is the real killer.

Anyway,
Knock
 knock?

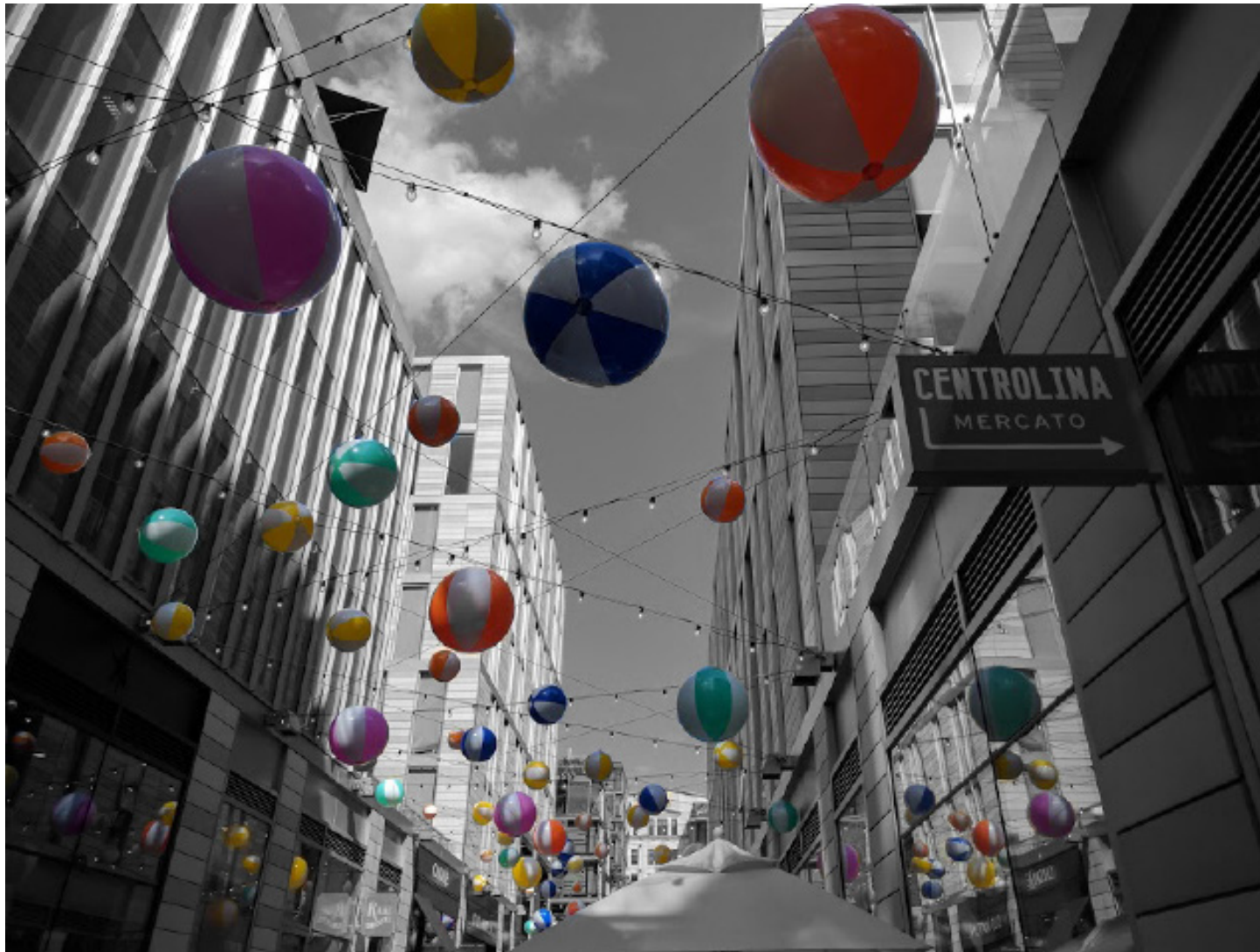
Photo by Russell Lubin

A City in the Night

Written by Marshall Pokras

The city changed at night. The once-blistering beat of sunlight on my skin had been replaced with cool evening breezes. There was a musk on the wind, like the smell of dust after rain. The endless bustle of the masses had, if not vanished entirely, then at least diminished. Foreign words coated the air and permeated my ears as the families, friends, and couples strolled easily by.

From within the bazaar, countless simple stalls were attended by their keepers, who now sat lazily behind their merchandise. There were no more advertising hollers or calls to shop here or there, just the ever-present buzzing of voices in the background. All around me, a million tiny pinpricks of light painted the street like stars, electric and candle both. The world was alight.



As we strolled further along the massive walkway, the gentle pitch of violin touched my hearing. Straight in the middle of the road played a young violinist, her instrument's case open at her feet for any generous soul with a spare shekel. She had developed something of a small crowd around her, and they rocked and swayed to the sweet tune. There was no cheering, nor any dancing to accompany the silent beat, but the faces there were delighted and smiled with shining eyes.

Quiet cheer settled around us as we stood there in the gentleness of the air, the soothing permeation of the music, and the barest caress of the winds. Jerusalem changed at night.

Photo by Jonathan Morris

THIS IS A MOSS READ

Written by Daniel Morgan

Photo by Jonah Abrams



I am moss because, at first, I may seem like some unappealing plant, but before you know it I've grown on you. Just like me, the leaves are small, but that does not stop us from growing and working hard. I not only thrive in sunlit forests, but also in dark swamps. In the darkest regions of the world, I will always be there for you pointing towards the light. You can always go to me to find your way. Whenever you are tired, and you want to give up, I will be there for you to lay on.

While I may seem passive and supportive, I also have a determined, aggressive side. Wherever there is the tiniest bit of moisture, even in the smallest cracks of the earth, I will pursue it and thrive. This makes me versatile growing not just in damp bogs, but also the most beautiful corners of towns. I am determined and cannot be stopped from spreading. I take over the land in which I grow and transform it into a sea of green, a sea of me. However, once you get down to it, I am still soft and fuzzy . I have covered what was



Photo by Jonathan Morris

once a hard and pointy rock, transforming it into a bed on which others can rest and benefit from my hard work. As moss grows on trees striving to rise higher and higher, it tries to reach the top, just like I do. However, I do not drag the tree down. I merely use it for support building myself up.

And when you think I'm all dried up and ready to quit, I still have something to give even as I burn up. I am an excellent fire starter, as I typically kindle new ideas and projects. Although you may not believe it, I am even edible, and while I may not be tasty, I try my best to work towards the betterment of you.

Don't Get Around Much Anymore

Written by Ezra Loeb



Add two cups water to the kettle.
Heat rice in pot (any but metal).
Wait for both to simmer hot.
Pour in the water.
And then stop!

O' Water, you are nothing more.
But a humming harp
Ever so sharp.

O' Water, still here, I hear:
A crack in the air,
A hiss in my ear.

I back away; now the kettle,
It drops to the floor:
An explosion of steam.
O', the metal-on-tile roars.

The burning of the skin
Sounds quiet:
A rainstorm from the clouds.
Pitter patter on the kettle,
On the floor, it pounds.

Blood beats in my ear.
I fall to the floor.
Don't get around much anymore.

Like wine, she got rich with age
and she was rich, as she lived on that stage
twisting people's minds with her one of a kind
they pulled at your thoughts, her shows ended at nine.

Although her battles she would meet,
those same battles took Meryl down the street.
she drifted slowly, grabbing onto branches to stop her float.

But just in case of her departure, she began writing a note.
Don't forget me it said, she wrote laying in bed, her words trickling yet she could not remember what her father had said that night as he sat at the head.



Like Wine

Written by Ayelet Fishman

The table creaked but those words he would speak would surround her, astound her, 'till all she could think of was the life she had viewed from all around her.

Give me a reason to stay it uttered, although those words she had buttered, she could not have muttered in the presence of her residents as her parents took precedence.

How much longer do I have it asked, she wondered, wishing she could take back her blunder, if only she had pulled the table out from under, maybe her father would have met her across the sea, maybe that was the final key, but her questions would never be answered.

She knew this, as her note was never delivered. It sat shivering, shriveling, wishing for its final departure.

Yet she departed prior.

Painting by Sarit Luftman

Photo by Russell Lubin



D.C Wind

Written by Naomi Flores



Dark feathered crows decorate a clear bright sky,
Flying above the iconic Washington monument. Blue sky disguising harsh winter's wind. Whips
against my jacket, Burns my cheeks, turning them scarlet. Other people around bundle in bright coats,
Children screaming in pom pom hats run up the steps
Soon to meet the presidential gaze of Lincoln. The wind chases them into the white weathered monu-
ment;
It echoes with the sounds of foreign languages and cameras flashing.
The winds brings the sweet scent of the latte to my nose
As the tourists and I watch the reflection in the water.

Photo by Jonah Abrams

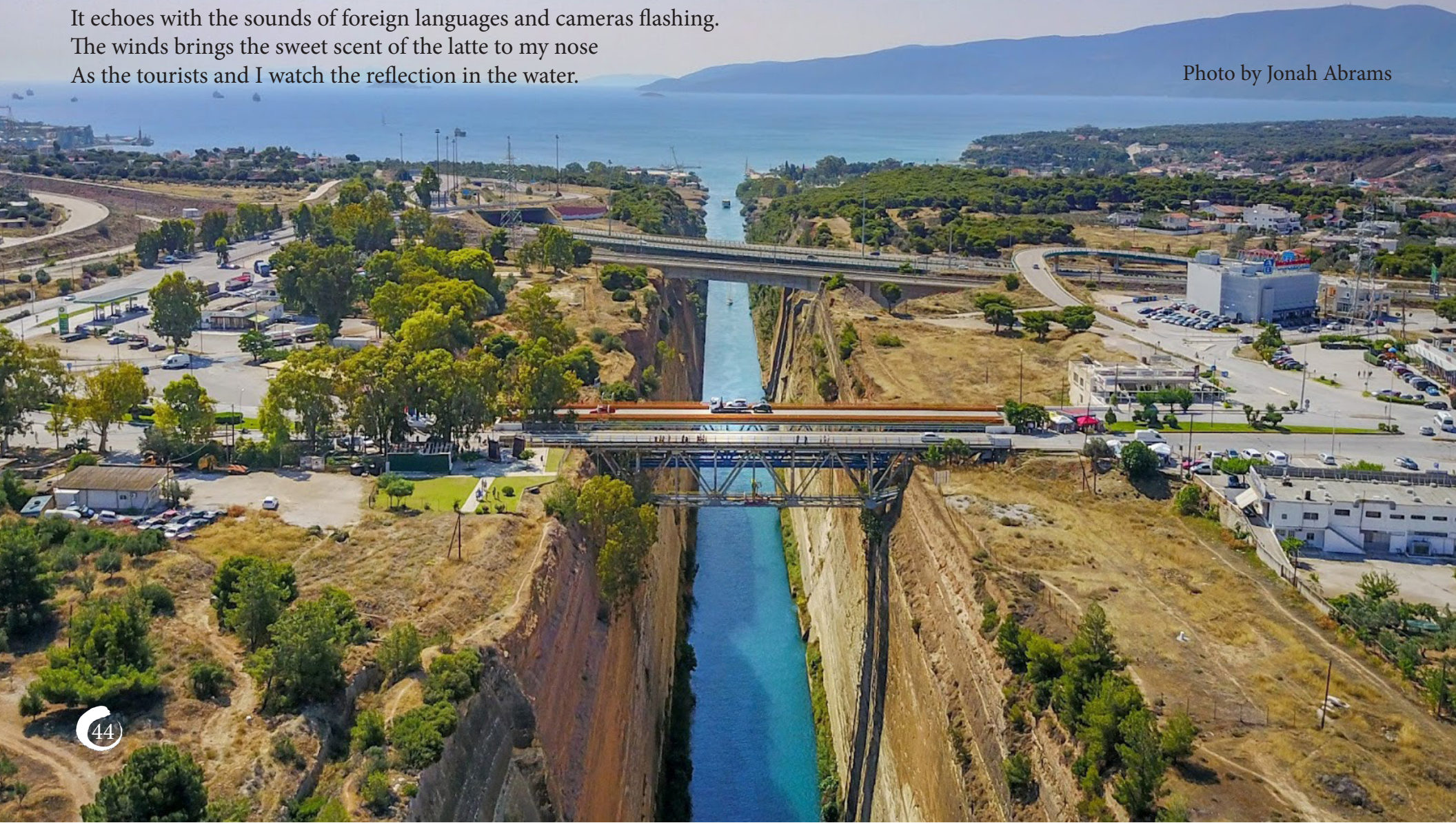




Photo by Russell Lubin



Snow Day

That day was tiring and harsh. The air was cool and clean, but the sun blazed in my face for nearly a quarter of my day. Hiking upwards of two miles above sea level is a day's worth of effort. The breaths that left your mouth became louder as the ascent up the mountain continued and avalanche dangers lurked around every corner. Unfortunately, there was nothing we could do.

Our objective was to reach a snow-capped peak called "Wheeler Peak." It laid at thirteen-thousand, one hundred and sixty-one feet above sea level and was full of constant danger, as well as fatal consequences without proper caution and gear. This peak was the highest point in the entire state of New Mexico and I was standing below it. From a distance, this was an amazing site. Surrounding the peak were beautiful evergreen and pine trees in large clusters. This was like nothing I had ever seen in my life.

I was baffled by the extreme silence that burrowed itself into every inch of area in the wilderness. It was just my father and I in the deep, white snow of the Wheeler Peak Wilderness.

Written by Daniel Chodorow



Summer's Day

Summer, on a nice day, is the most beautiful thing I've encountered

Crisp leaves, diverse as the human race

Hanging by a thread on the oak tree

Branches spread, arms stretching in the morning sun

The cool air of a summer's breeze brushing against my skin

The waters of the lake are rippling ever-so-slightly, as though they've been lightly touched by the wind's kiss

The wind's breath, barely a soft howl, the sound of children laughing from the neighborhood carried along its path

Next to me is the girl I love, her auburn hair is like the leaves ablaze

Scent of smoking oak trees

Little pieces flying in the wind

Her warm cheeks are glowing and her eyes are allu-
mened with excitement

Her face shines like the moon in the night

O' Sun, how the moon outshines you.

She's possibly the most beautiful thing I've ever seen,

Summer is a dame



I am in love with summertime.

Written by Micah Gritz and Molly Zatman



Photo by Micah Gritz

I am in love with summertime.

Summer is a dame

She's possibly the most beautiful thing I've ever seen,

O' Sun, how the moon outshines you.

Her face shines like the moon in the night

Her warm cheeks are glowing and her eyes are allu-
mened with excitement

Little pieces flying in the wind

Scent of smoking oak trees

leaves ablaze

Next to me is the girl I love, her auburn hair is like the

path

The wind's breath, barely a soft howl, the sound of chil-
dren laughing from the neighborhood carried along its

The waters of the lake are rippling ever-so-slightly, as
though they've been lightly touched by the wind's kiss

skin

The cool air of a summer's breeze brushing against my

Branches spread, arms stretching in the morning sun

Hanging by a thread on the oak tree

Crisp leaves, diverse as the human race

Summer, on a nice day, is the most beautiful thing I've
encountered

Summer's Day



EDITOR'S NOTE

The Reflections literary magazine has an outstanding 42-year-long history, proudly displaying the artistic works of Charles E Smith Jewish Day School high school students.

This year, the Reflections staff chose the theme of Chiaroscuro for the 2017-2018 magazine. Chiaroscuro is traditionally defined as the effect of contrasting light and shadow in drawing and painting, but we broadened the definition to include photographs as well. Even when not obvious, the subtle nuances between contrasting shades and colors can be seen throughout the magazine, from the carefully paired and designed spreads, to the order in which they are placed. Even the QR codes which we have placed throughout the magazine reflect the chosen theme.

To create the magazine, the staff carefully reviewed each poetry, prose, and art submission that the staff received. The written works are then paired with pictures, paintings, or drawings that reflect their concepts in a way that is fitting to the theme of the magazine.

I am very proud to say that this year's staff created an extraordinary magazine. The hard work that everyone put in really paid off and I hope that you enjoy the final product.



Sincerely, Leah Simon, Editor-in-Chief

