

# DOOR Magazine

2020





Dear reader,

Welcome to the 2020 edition of DOOR Magazine, Pelham Memorial High School's art and literary magazine. For those of you who do not know, DOOR is a student-run magazine filled with art and literature from a wide range of voices from the student body. It contains many different genres and artistic styles, and showcases pieces created by students in every grade level. Submissions to DOOR are required to be original and student-made, but other than that there is no theme and no limits. It is the ultimate place for students to express themselves freely and to celebrate student work. To submit, students email their work to [submittodoor@pelhamschools.org](mailto:submittodoor@pelhamschools.org).

DOOR's submission review committee meets every Tuesday to anonymously review and discuss artwork and writing pieces submitted by some of PMHS's most talented students. We are consistently impressed by the creativity and complexity of many submissions, which you will see reflected in the following pages of this magazine.

Besides the annual printing of this magazine and the semi-annual printing of cellarDOOR (DOOR's promotional pamphlet), DOOR is also responsible for the creation of Poetry Café, a yearly open mic event which celebrates the creativity and skill of PMHS's artistic and literary community. The two winners of the Poetry Café Art and Literary Contest are highlighted at the end of the magazine, as they receive publication in this magazine as one of their prizes. This year's theme was "Rainforest Café," which explains the unusually large amount of work in this year's magazine around that topic. Unfortunately, due to COVID-19, we were unable to have our open mic event at PMHS. However, we organized a virtual Poetry Café using Google Meet where students participated in the celebration of creativity and skill of PMHS's artistic and literary community. DOOR Magazine also created a PMHS Olympics Event called "Poetry Slam." Students were given guidelines for various poetic forms and they competed in teams to compose poems using word magnets.

The creation of this magazine would not have been possible without the long hours and tireless support throughout the year by all those who wanted to see DOOR thrive. I would like to thank Mrs. Kiessling and Mrs. O'Brien for their guidance and support for the club every year, and their continued encouragement for our success. The time and effort they devote to the club every year is extraordinary, and we are always grateful for all that they do. I would also like to thank the members of DOOR, some of whom went above and beyond in their dedication and whose passion for this club keeps it prospering. Finally, I would like to thank all of the students who submitted to DOOR, whether or not they are featured in this magazine. Sharing their artistic and literary creations with the world to be critiqued requires strength and confidence, and I commend them for their bravery, talent and contribution to DOOR's continued success.

It has been a great honor to serve as Editor-in-Chief of DOOR Magazine. I have witnessed so much great talent and passion from PMHS students. Although I am sad to be leaving this magazine, I'm proud of everything we've accomplished and created. I hope that as you read this magazine, you appreciate the many skilled and creative voices of the PMHS student body that are given a chance to shine here.

Happy reading!

Sincerely,

The Editor-in-Chief of DOOR Magazine

Editor-in-Chief: **Caroline Winston**

Assistant Editor: Sophia DesMarais

Treasurer: Caitlin Winston

Fundraising and Awareness: Vanessa  
Rosado

Members: Ava Paolucci and Sachet  
Jain

We would like to thank our club  
advisors Mrs. Kiessling and Mrs.  
O'Brien for their leadership and  
contributions.

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# Sunset Spinnaker - Caitlin Winston



# Euphoria - Angelic Menzel

You know that feeling you get when all of a sudden everything around you just goes quiet, and the world around you seems to be moving so slow?  
you just sit there watching, observing and wanting to move but your body feels like there are thousands of weights holding you back.  
To the point where your mind is just too tired and tells your body that it isn't worth it, so you sit there in silence and just forget about everything around you.  
Then you close your eyes and your breathing begins to slow, almost like there isn't any more air left in the entire world.  
And then all of a sudden you hear a muffled voice calling your name over and over again and you start to breath again, give your body air again, give it life again.  
Your eyes begin to wonder as if someone brought you to a place you've never Been.  
In reality you haven't even moved an inch from where you last were.  
That's when you begin to focus and everything becomes clear again  
Your friend stops shaking you, she's holding your face with both her hands. You're finally able to look into each others eyes. You find it kinda funny how you both have glitter on both your faces and that the world seems to be a different color.  
This is the feeling, the feeling of relief, a feeling You've been searching for but never seemed to have been able to find. A feeling so warm and euphoric that nothing else seems to matter like everything is ok.  
She asks what's wrong as you both smile slowly and You tell her that your just so happy right now.  
She smiles back and without noticing it, You begin to feel tired again and at this point You can't take it any longer, your eyes give in and eventually all You see is darkness.  
Then like nothing, You open your eyes your on the floor leaning Against a wall at a party you didn't even want to go to. your friend is gone or maybe she was never there.  
That feeling was no longer euphoric it was cold and lonely, you thought to yourself that you could give anything to have that feeling back. this is it, it's my last time doing this, this is my last pill. What scared you the most was that you knew you were lying to yourself, that you were addicted and couldn't stop and probably didn't want to stop.  
As the drug began to do its work You felt euphoric again you no longer felt sad or numb, alone or weak. You felt like you were on the top of the highest building In the world, it was nice...for a while  
Until you slipped and fell what felt like a thousand feet in the air and you hit the ground hard.  
You thought this euphoric feeling would last forever, but nothing lasts forever. You weren't able to fix anything, you changed nothing and in the end you were only worse. Lying in the middle of the floor of someone's house, a pool of vomit beside you, you were all out of drugs and eventually, all out of air....

# Orlando Skies - Vanessa Rosado





## Relief - Griffin Kingsley

A year of running and hauling  
Turned details to a blur  
Colors to greyness  
Feelings to numbness.

Then a part of me got up  
And calmly walked away.

Now it's time to breathe.  
Now it's time to stop  
And smell the roses.  
Life has never seemed so charming.

Untitled - Sachet Jain



Untitled - Sachet Jain



# Runaway - Ava Paolucci

I once knew a girl named Poppy,  
who had a beautiful life.  
She grew up smiling until the day,  
the problem found her innocent mind.  
Poppy was taken aback and knew it was time to flee,  
for while many others would have stayed,  
Poppy decided to leave.

She packed up all her things,  
she hid them all inside.  
She changed her name and ran away,  
oh how her parents cried.

I once knew a child named Calla,  
Who lived down by the lake.  
She stayed in town for a month but then just ran away.

I once knew a girl named Delphine,  
she went to my school.  
Always had a happy face but,  
something kept her in a weird state.  
After around a year,  
she was gone without a trace.  
Never again would I,  
see her pretty face.

I once knew a teen named Gardenia,  
the best friend I ever had.  
She told me what had troubled her,  
but I started to laugh.  
After 5 years she was gone,  
no one knows where she went.  
I'm so sorry my dear friend.

I once knew a woman named Heather,  
lived in our small town.  
No one for miles knew our name but I guess  
they found out.  
She lived here for twenty years,  
Got married and had two kids.  
But just like that one day she moved on,  
oh where has my wife gone.

I was once a girl named Poppy,  
been running all my life.  
If I were given a second chance,  
I would have found my voice.  
Forever on the run,  
forgot the reason why.  
Don't let the problem find you,  
that's the wrong advice.  
Stay and kill the demon,  
or it will haunt you your whole life.



# Flowers in Fall - Caroline Winston





# One, Two, Three - Jenna Lavan

There is not one  
There is not two  
Nor three  
Nor four  
But more

Green with a splash of color from the inhabitants  
The land sits at peace  
With trickles of dew  
Just like any other

It is that chirp that differentiates this home from the rest  
One tweet  
Or maybe two  
Or three  
Possibly four

The music of the rainforest is its voice  
Each mammal and each reptile representing themselves harmoniously  
The beauty of music and diversity does not compare

These forests all contain elegance  
The elegance that does not have a definition  
For it is defined by who is there  
And who is making music

# Palm Springs - Ava Pedorella





# The Hunt for the Wise Tree - Alexandra Orlando

I open my eyes  
I am awake  
I lay in my canoe  
I am alive  
I have survived the storm  
I have reached the Amazon rainforest.

I grab the map  
I knew I was being followed  
I ran  
I know what I need to find  
I desire to find it, like the rest.

I head straight for miles  
I have a lead  
I have the map  
I have the key  
I need to find the Wise Tree.

I believe this tree knows the solutions to our problems  
I see the rainforest is only shrinking  
I can feel the pollution as it suffocates the trees  
I see the animals being robbed of their homes.

I know that this tree will tell us how to save the rainforest.

# Lonely - Griffin Kingsley

For years,  
I have wandered a snowy forest.  
It is quiet, peaceful, and beautiful.  
The trees sway lightly with a gentle wind,  
Snowflakes ceaselessly fall on a perfect layer of snow  
That rests upon the Earth,  
And the smokey smell of campfire embers  
Brings reassurance.

It is my home.

But now my forest has begun to feel less so.  
Frequent gales bring me chills  
And the trees rustle like they are calling my name.  
I grow anxious  
That I can no longer call this forest my home.  
At least I have my campfire  
To keep me warm  
Through the lonely cold.

# Untitled - Sachet



# Defying Expectations - Sachet Jain





# The Rainforest - Adam Wolf

The rainforest keeps on growing  
Despite the wildfire  
And the raindrops keep on flowing

Even with our knowing  
They light up when it's drier  
The rainforest keeps on growing

A man-made misdoing  
Done by farmers for more money that they require  
And the raindrops keep on flowing

It will not be slowing  
As long as there's a buyer  
The rainforest keeps on growing

This forest we can't forgo  
We must fight until we tire  
And the raindrops keep on flowing

It will not be easy-going  
But no matter what will transpire  
The rainforest keeps on growing  
And the raindrops keep on flowing

# Kory - Ava Pedorella





# For the Damaged - Soren Bushong

Local politician executed. The man was trashy - the worst of the worst. Corrupt, racist, sexist, you name it, he was it. He was found dead in his office, all doors locked from the outside, carbon monoxide alarms disabled. Somebody pumped his office with enough carbon monoxide to kill an elephant. No fingerprints, no witnesses; none of the employees or other senators were aware that he was dead until hours later. It was uncrackable for the authorities. They needed the best, so of course they came to Hudson Wolf, the greatest detective who ever lived. And with Detective Wolf came me, Phillip Sullivan, known to the public as Doctor Sullivan, known to Wolf as Sully. I am the Robin to his Batman, the Watson to his Holmes. To say that I love my job would be like asking Ebenezer Scrooge if he likes money.

Wolf took me in ever since he was put on the case of my brother's murder at the hand of his best friend. I was 14 and my brother had been caring for me since our parents left us for a life less complicated. My first case with Wolf was finding them, but after he cracked it and found my family who left the country along with us behind due to political differences, I decided to stay with him, and be groomed to be his partner. Without him I'd be a mere shell of who I am now.

When we arrived at the scene, we got straight to work. Wolf began examining every crevice of the scene, and I followed suit. The room, lined with political and family photos of the senator, was a classic senator office, had both an American flag, and a Cuban one, representing the heritage of the man. Adjacent to the flags and in the back center of the room was his desk, and where he was found dead.

Directly above the desk was the air vent, and where the Coppers suspected the monoxide the pumped. It was the only logical way to them. But Wolf was smarter than them, and we both knew that'd be too obvious, and too difficult to pull off without detection. There were no traces of carbon monoxide in any other rooms of the building, meaning that it couldn't have been through the vents, Wolf informed me.

Examining every inch of the room, Wolf began looking through the family photos on the wall. The first photo was a portrait of the man. His slicked back hair and politician smile made me and Wolf sick to our stomachs. The man had helped himself to get wealthy at the cost of the poor of the city. He somehow scammed the city to raise his budget by closing down a state owned electrical company that supported the impoverished. He was the scum of the city, and something told me that Wolf was not sympathetic that this man had died, but then again, he rarely was. But a case was a case, and feeling up the portrait of the man, Wolf found a mic and camera. Somebody was listening in and watching the man throughout the day. I mentioned that, with the transmitter, there must be a receiver. Wolf acknowledged that, and said that we'd look into it later.

After that portrait, we found one of his family. A trophy wife and miserable kids, all looking quite plastic, I noted. When you work with Wolf long enough, you begin to learn how to read faces. These faces, unsurprisingly, were as fake as the face of a barbie doll, forever smiling. I could feel the resentment in Wolf towards this miserable man rising by the minute. Behind this portrait, however, was a hidden outlet. This seemed very unusual to me, so I began unscrewing it. Wolf told me he doubted there was anything in there, which was odd for him, as though he's been critical in the past, he never discouraged my investigations. I proved him wrong, however, as when I was reaching into the hole I felt multiple small canisters. Pulling one out and proudly showing it to Wolf was one of the best feelings I'd ever had.



He acknowledged his mistake, and watched, lost in his own productive thought as I went through all the other outlets in the room. In total, we found 14 6 oz canisters of what I suspected, and later confirmed in my lab, to be carbon monoxide. The next step was to find the receiver of the mic and camera transmitter. Using a modified GPS device, we were able to track the source into the slums of the city that seemed to make Wolf very uneasy. I knew I shouldn't ask, but my curiosity got the best of me. He said that this was where he grew up, and where he was abandoned, and that he and his older brother lived in the area. Wolf's brother killed himself years ago, and I could tell this place brought back repressed memories. The death of his brother, who, like mine, was his caretaker, was most likely the reason he took me in all those years ago. I knew not to push further. Again, though, my curiosity took over and I asked him if any of the buildings are his. He looked around, and then pointed to a flat iron building on the corner. Second floor, room C16. I then implored if he would like to go in to it to see if his brother was still there, but he declined, stating that he didn't think his brother killed himself in that very building, and that it was for a reason he never wanted to share again. Some things, he told me, are best left unsolved. As I pondered that, we reached the building where the GPS led us. It was even more run down than Wolf's.

Upon entering, we found that the building was completely abandoned. The lobby had a front desk that was chipping away and covered with scratches. The place resembled that of a gang hangout. Wolf drew his '45, and though I did not draw my handgun, I unclipped the holster cover. The room the tracker led us to was much more luxurious than the lobby. Technology lined the walls in the form of desktop monitors and televisions. At the center of the mainframe was an access code. Wolf sat down and began hacking. Looking around the room, I searched for any motive. I found a photo of whom I suspected to be the perp. A thin young man with a smaller kid next to him.

The man was wearing a StateEd electrical company uniform. Although they seemed poverish, the two boys looked truly happy, the kind of happiness beyond money. The smiles that are naturally formed by being around the people that you love. Another thing the Wolf and I never felt throughout our lives. I've felt more comfortable in Wolf's present than my parents, my brother, and any other relative that offered to take me in after my brother's murder.

My thought process was interrupted by a string of curses from Wolf. He had messed up a single digit in his encrypting, causing the entire mainframe to be wiped. This came as a shock to me. The Wolf never made mistakes, he was always on point and punctual. Without the data from the PC, the only information we had was from the photo. So with nothing else for the apartment of mainframes to offer, we brought everything back to the lab.

And this is where I am now. Staring at a pin chart with all of our data and evidence. Wolf was out with a copy of the portrait to get an ID on the young man. I was left staring at this uncrackable case. Motive was probably that the man resented the politician for his scamming of the poverish. The man somehow planted the carbon monoxide canisters into the outlets of the room, probably dressed as an electrician doing maintenance. The man, who was wearing a StateEd electrical uniform, was tech savvy. The young man is probably looking over his little brother, and when he went out of a job because of the politician, he sought revenge. It all made sense, but there was something missing. This crime was so well thought out, like a professional did it, yet Wolf and I have never seen crimes like these before, meaning that this was probably the first attack the perp had done. Or was it? Carbon monoxide, one carbon atom, one oxygen atom. The man and the boy are in poverty in the photo, which means that they probably don't have access to cannisters of carbon monoxide. Unless they aren't, I think as I look back at the photo. StateEd was shut down twenty five years ago, I was only two when it happened, and Wolf was eight.



That means that this isn't a current photo, unless the man took the picture with his old uniform, which is doubtful, so he and the boy are grown men now. Perhaps they did it together, or perhaps something happened to the young man and the child sought revenge. The loss of his job due to the politician turned many people depressed, and more importantly, bitter. The motive is clear. But how could they have gotten carbon monoxide? I take the photo and stare at it. Something about the smiles was aching in my head, a familiar look that I couldn't place. Carbon monoxide. One carbon, one oxygen, atomic numbers 6 and 16. C6 O16. My heart begins to crumble into pieces as everything begins to click. C16. How could I have been so blind? My entire world is falling apart around me as I look closer at the portrait. The recklessness, the hate, the victim, it all makes sense. I have to get out. I have to tell the police. I run to open the door of the lab so that I ca-

### *Bang*

The sharp noise of the gun rings in my ears as I look down and see my abdomen start to gush blood. I open my mouth to speak but can only groan out a measly *how could you?* But I know exactly how he could and how he did. His brother killed himself because he lost his job at StateEd, and he wanted revenge. He perfected the crime using the same wits he uses to solve them. There wasn't a case that he couldn't crack unless he wanted to crack it. He knew exactly how to perform the feat, and exactly how to sabotage the evidence. And when he caught on to my catching on, he knew exactly where to shoot me. As I lay dying on the floor of the lab, I take one last look at my former mentor. My former friend. My former brother. And he stares back, holding the smoking pistol that will shortly end my life. He gives me one final soft smile and says: "It's like I told you, Sullyboy. Some cases are best left unsolved."

And with that, he was gone.

# Untitled - Sachet Jain





# Nowhere - Audrey Levenson

I was sitting on the porch one hot summer morning when an old man walked by, trudging along the street.

I was intrigued by his clothes and nature, and I stepped off the porch and approached him.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

He smiled placidly, responding, “To Nowhere,”

I started following him, saying, “Where is that? How long have you been walking?”

He did not turn to me, his face glowing in the sun. “I have been walking for most of my life. When I reach Nowhere, I will be able to rest, but for now, I continue. In Nowhere, there’s open air, and one can stretch their arms out, and just call out a cry to the wind, and no one can mind a bit, for no one can hear you in Nowhere,”

“But won’t you be lonely?” I persisted. He sighed heavily, and did not reply for quite a while. We continued to walk, though I realized that I no longer knew where we were. Eventually, he said quietly, “I won’t be lonely. I’ll have myself, and the earth beneath my feet. What more could I ask for? I’ve looked for Nowhere since I was 18. I will have the satisfaction in knowing that I have completed my life goal of finding it.” I frowned. “You didn’t have a family? A job?” He shook his head easily and continued onwards. We were silent for quite a while, and the sun began to set, blood red, as though the sky had pricked a finger on the saguaros on the horizon. Eventually, the old man spoke. “We are quite far from your home now. Are you searching for Nowhere?” Now I hesitated to reply. What to say? At our core, aren’t we all merely searching for Nowhere?

# ~~rainforest~~ - Emma Van Praagh

although the rain may fall  
dark thunder may not rumble.  
although the lakes may fill,  
dikes and dams may not crumble.

a strike of lightning hits,  
and the water undulates.  
briefly, the earth submits,  
but chaos promptly begins.

*vroom! bzzz! crack! split! boom! vroom!*  
away an enigma leaves.  
only tire tracks remain,  
as the nearby soldier grieves.

soldiers stand in a sea  
of their own kind, solemnly,  
witness death and debris  
thrust into their forest.

our progeny will seethe  
without life's keen offerings,  
if we forsake our home  
and forget the poor saplings.

## Kelly 1 - Ava Pedorella





# Pontoon Pantoum - Mikaela Lavandero

The waves cutting underneath the steel bottom,  
a crack in her face as she admires the seaside.  
I'm waving from the dock, and a tear falls.  
I'll miss her and everything she was to me

A crack in her face as she admires the seaside,  
I can see her smiling face from meters away.  
I'll miss her and everything she was to me.  
Come back soon, I mumble, hoping she hears me over the roar of the engine

I can see her smiling face from meters away,  
with the sun beaming down on her golden face as she floats away.  
Come back soon, I mumble, hoping she hears me over the roar of the engine.  
I catch a final glimpse of the boat as it hurdles through the waves.

With the sun beaming down on her golden face as she floats away,  
I'm begging to be reminded of long summer days by the sea.  
I catch a final glimpse of the boat as it hurdles through the waves,  
the pontoon's motor rumbles with angst.

I'm begging to be reminded of long summer days by the sea,  
I'm waving from the dock, and a tear falls.  
The pontoon's motor rumbles with angst,  
the waves cutting underneath the steel bottom.

## Sun-lit Snoozes - Lucy Edmonds



# How to Live - Joseph DaProcida

Breathe  
In and out  
Get out of bed  
Early in the morning  
Smile  
It could be worse  
Be tired  
It's fine to be tired  
Put on your clothes  
Have breakfast  
If you have time  
Brush your teeth  
Go to school  
Everyone else is  
Listen in class  
In the important classes, that is  
Spend time with friends  
Joke around in class  
Have fun  
Be happy  
Or maybe be sad  
It's alright to be sad  
To have feelings  
It's better than nothing  
Enjoy the small victories  
Don't worry too much about grades  
But still do well  
Be expected to be perfect  
Don't be  
Build a social circle  
Even if it's made of some lies  
Maybe get hurt  
Physically or mentally  
Don't dwell on it  
Keep going  
Just breathe  
In and out



# Hummingbirds Still Sing - Anonymous

Hummingbirds sing in the sweetness of spring  
As the streams frozen by winter unthaw  
Next to the blossoms April showers bring  
And under melted snow, the Earth remains raw

But even if the wind blows a honeyed breeze  
There are always scars left by a ruinous winter  
That manifest in the bare chestnut trees  
Stripped of leaves, their bark beginning to splinter

Streams were shifted by a winter storm  
And now they do not flow just the same  
The pathways changed, and new routes form  
And that inimical storm is who's to blame

Yellow daffodils that once lined my lawn  
Now lay grey and dead on the grimy dirt  
A graveyard of what once was green and fawn  
Dead yellow daffodils, helpless and hurt

The clocks went back, the world's grown dark  
And I miss the sunsets that bled orange and red  
That are now replaced with a sky quite stark  
Leaving me to wonder why those the colors fled

But even if the winter brought a savage force  
The birds always appear and flowers still grow  
As a blooming spring takes its course  
And sunshine melts the winter snow

So maybe that winter left lasting scars  
But the sun always gives warmer weather  
And the midnight sky still speckles with stars  
So me and the world will heal together

## Kelly 2 - Ava Pedorella



# The Rainforest - Sorany Campo

When I was younger I lived in a pot  
It's ancient steel rusty and stained with blood  
Outside, I only saw endless hills of dull green  
I would wonder what would be beyond  
Would I find myself in never ending fields  
Or was there something more?

Mother held me in her arms  
Chocolate hair cascaded in the wind  
Wrinkled hands stroked my cheeks  
She whispered secrets in my ear  
Secrets of a rainforest  
Of crystal waters and monstrous trees  
Teeming with luscious fruits  
I dreamed to see the forests  
But our chains held us down

As we grew older  
Mother's hair turned grey  
Her body feeble and her bones brittle  
Our memories gradually fading away  
When I beared a daughter of my own  
I whispered the same secrets

But as time went on  
Our pot began to smell rancid  
Mold dripping from the sides  
We couldn't stand the stench so  
I broke our chains

She slept on my back while I trudged along the barren fields  
During the day the sun boiled my skin  
When night fell I heard growls of bloodthirsty beasts  
Red vines wrapped my legs to tie me down  
Black mud slowly devoured my body  
But I continued even as her body weighed me down

On the 8th morning we reached the entrance  
The rainforest was alive with music and color  
My daughter's eyes were filled with excitement  
She collected fruits hanging from the trees  
She climbed branches to sing with the birds  
She jumped along the river with the spirited frogs  
As she laughed and ran I slept under the cool shade

While the rainforest had nothing to offer me  
It offered everything for her



## Domesticated - Zoey Campos

I chew at the boot  
that can walk on water,  
That can stomp my desires  
I bite the hand that feeds me,  
The hand that can start fires  
I speak to you as you walk out the door  
Taken aback by the decisions you make  
I wait at our domain  
Wait for the misery brought by your abandonment  
Trained to remain silent

# Untitled - Sachet Jain



# Jungle of Mist - Sarah Tapogna

Even underneath a canopy of heat and humidity,  
hidden joys exist and will stay hidden,  
nestled in the depths of the forest  
until a different path than expected is taken

It was a humid rainy day in the Bronx during August,  
but a cool humid, with light rain falling from the grey sky,  
fog draping over the oasis inside the concrete jungle

The camels had enjoyed eating the bamboo leaves,  
almost as much as we enjoyed ripping the leaves from the plant's branches  
and hiding them in toys for the camels to nuzzle through,  
leaving wooden bamboo staffs for us to take and pretend were swords

Staffs in hand, work-boots muddy from cleaning the camel pens,  
we entered Asia Plaza, the rain subsiding into mist,  
still early in the morning, there was no one there but us  
and the occasional zookeeper passing by, preparing for opening

Rain had cut our last morning taking care of the animals short, until the next summer,  
and there was time to spare, so, we took a break on benches in a seating area,  
underneath a sheer canopy of red and purple fabric above,  
shielding us from the rain, talking as we waited for directions from the head counselor

The zoo was still yet to open, and we had time before it would, so,  
we seized our opportunity to have the exhibit Jungleworld all to ourselves, so,  
we left the benches, travelling across the expanse of grey  
to the glass doors leading into the forest shrouded in stone and wood

The heat of the exhibit hits one right as they walk through the second set of large doors,  
and the musty smell of the tapestries hanging above and animals in the next room may be unwelcome to most, but it's  
usual scent is comforting to us as we proceed deeper into the familiar forest ahead

Transporting us thousands of miles away, otters swam in the pools below,  
tree kangaroos slept in branches above, Langurs climbed in the carefully constructed branches,  
the farther in the building we travelled, the farther the outside seemed to fade into the background



Nearing the end of the exhibit, the room cooled slightly from the light spray from a waterfall  
at the end of the river inside the expansive room, trees forming a canopy above,  
birds gliding all around, gharials and turtles swimming below,  
and it was early enough in the morning for bats to still be flying around,  
but soon they would return back to their branches and roofbeams to sleep through the rest of the day

The jungle was alive, and our camp group watched as the birds flew overhead,  
when someone noticed a mother Gibbon climbing around in the branches directly across from us,  
her baby clinging on her back, grabbing her fur to stay on,  
instead of hiding like the pair would most often would during the day,  
they looked at us and stayed on the branch in the open

Coming so early to jungleworld and seeing her was unexpected,  
but without the rain cutting our time with the camels and ponies short,  
the right place and right time to see this would dissipate,  
and become just mist in a wall of what could have been

Just like if I decided to stay lonely and scared all two weeks of camp,  
if I had never made the decision to talk with my now good friends,  
if it had never rained on the last day of camp,  
I would have never seen this mother Gibbon for the first, and only time,  
with them in the most unforeseen unfolding of events

Even though the unexpected can change what is predicted, mist can change and adapt,  
and, hidden beneath the canopy of the forest inside the concrete jungle,  
the most unforeseen risks, paths, and weather can often lead to the most enjoyable conclusions

# Beverly Hills - Ava Pedorella



# Love is Like a Dream - Soren Bushong

Love is like a dream  
Except for the fact that it's real  
It's like  
Every moment you spend with them  
You just feel complete  
You know it's love when  
In the unstoppable march of time that leads us to our deaths  
There isn't a single moment in which they aren't on your mind  
Sure, there are some hard times, but that's part of it  
You'll go through the hard times because you know  
she is the one  
But the hard times keep coming and coming  
The fights persist, and you try desperately to hold onto the happy moments  
But love is like a dream  
And sooner or later you'll wake up



## “Poetry Slam” Poetry Series

DOOR Magazine created a PMHS Olympics Event called “Poetry Slam.” Students were given guidelines for various poetic forms and they competed in teams to compose poems using word magnets. The seniors won the competition. The poems that the competitors created are on the following slides.

Tanka is a genre of classical Japanese poetry and one of the major genres of Japanese literature. The tanka translates as "short song." It consists of five-lines and has a 5/7/5/7/7 syllable count form.

## Utopia (Tanka)

Audrey Levenson, Kevin O'Buck, Carolyn Albright,  
Courtney Valente

utopia is  
a cyclone of no problems  
insecurity  
escapes without my oblivion  
us together united

## Ethereal Sky (Tanka)

Kat D'Adamo, Rebecca Jacobson, Kae Purcea, Katja Fair

keep between the night  
beside whatever mammoth  
inside ethereal sky  
kindled for a calm moment  
to be sorry of pleasure

A Cinquain is an unrhymed, five line poetic form defined by the number of syllables in each line. The first line has two syllables, the second has four, the third six, the fourth eight, and the fifth two.

## The Void (Cinquain)

Cameron Stanford, Ellie O’Sullivan, Angelic Menzel,  
Austin Kelly

today

futile panic

such ethereal torment

my scream must appeal to others

silence

## Lucid Dreams (Cinquain)

Stephanie Munn, Arthur O’Sullivan, Olivia Min, Dylan  
Giglio

a dream

inside a cloud

the new kaleidoscope

epiphany utopia

a star



"Haiku" is a traditional form of Japanese poetry. Haiku poems consist of 3 lines. The first and last lines of a Haiku have 5 syllables and the middle line has 7 syllables.

## Kaleidoscope of Emotions (Series of 3 Haiku)

Audrey Levenson, Kevin O'Buck, Courtney Valente,  
Carolyn Albright

ethereal laugh  
exhilarating pleasure  
ambiguous touch

silence scream panic  
whatever stranger torments  
imagination?

comfort of the home  
love glorious house's song  
celebrate with others

"Haiku" is a traditional form of Japanese poetry. Haiku poems consist of 3 lines. The first and last lines of a Haiku have 5 syllables and the middle line has 7 syllables.

## Growing Old (Series of 3 Haiku)

Stephanie Munn, Arthur O'Sullivan, Olivia Min, Dylan Giglio

inside of the slump  
as ambiguous strangers  
thank a star student

a dejected heart  
a benevolent mother  
I hold the new child

old apocalypse  
absolute reality  
without any place

An acrostic poem is a poem where the first letter in each line spell out a word or phrase.

## Glory (Acrostic)

Cameron Stanford, Austin Kelly, Ellie O'Sullivan, Angelic Menzel

Onto springs reality  
Loving only people  
Years escape despite pride  
Moment within a united freedom  
People seem glorious  
Insecure no more  
Cloud of panic  
Satisfied even here

## Ode to Olympics (Acrostic)

Kae Percea, Rebecca Jacobson, Kat D'Adamo, Katja Fair

Oh make time to go back  
Loving every moment  
Younger than reality  
Machine for robust wonder  
Pleasure kindles again  
Infatuated creature  
Colors united  
Something so glorious as silence



# Poetry Café...



Artwork  
Untitled - Ann Liu

# Writing

## Rainforest Magnificence - Aoife Jeffries

The leopard watches its prey,  
Still and unsuspecting under the trees,  
Poised and ready, but quiet she stays,  
A missed opportunity, for then the prey flees.

We all make mistakes sometimes.

High in the canopy, the toucan rests,  
Quietly observing the insects as they flit about,  
After a long day, she is not at her best,  
So she naps before the sunset, no worries, no doubts.

We all need a break sometimes.

A python slithers on the forest floor,  
Returning to her home in the rubber tree,  
She saw footprints and scratches, signs of a boar,  
So she couldn't sleep, for she was not at ease.

We all lie awake sometimes.

A howler monkey squeals and waits,  
Concealed high up in the rainforest leaves,  
He's trying and failing to find a mate,  
So soon he begins to lose belief.

We all feel heartache sometimes.

A baboon leaps down to the muggy earth,  
And finds a leopard, staring him down,  
He knew the leopard saw his tasty worth,  
But he froze and quaked, instead of fleeing around.

We all fearfully shake sometimes.

The animals of the rainforest are flawed at best,  
But humans, so are we,  
Faults don't hinder great success  
And that is something we all must believe.

We all have imperfections.

And,

We are all uniquely magnificent.

# ...Winners