



We would like to dedicate this issue of *Reflections* to Mr. Martin, our beloved advisor whom we lost last summer. Below, we have included a poem of his, inspired by Robert Frost's "Birches."

## **"Some Boy Too Far From Town To Play Baseball"**

**EDWARD MARTIN**

Right field is a lonesome place,  
Easy for dreams, until the sudden,  
Unexpected, fearfully awaited swing  
Sends the hard white ball arching  
High into the sky, until gravity  
Snares it, drops it down, straight down,  
Like the fist thrown at me by an eighth grader  
When I was ten, looming larger and larger,  
Mesmerizing, huge, inevitable.  
This time I blink.  
The ball plops on the grass and rolls.  
Other kids are shouting, running the bases  
On the infield that seems miles away.  
My throw falls after ten feet,  
Hitting the ground like a dead pigeon,  
and I chase it and throw again.  
Three runs score.  
Can't catch. Can't field. Can't hit.

*Edward Martin*

## DEAR READER

This was a year of changes. Firstly, we were fortunate enough to get two new incredibly supportive advisors, Ms. Drezner and Mr. Chu, who helped us start fresh and make *Reflections* better than ever. We were also lucky to have Chandler Rosenthal, our dedicated senior editor, and Sophia Washburn, our enthusiastic art editor, help us through the year. Our staff increased from the handful of students we had last year to a roomful this year, and we are so grateful for the many times everyone showed up to help us piece this magazine together over cookies. And finally, thanks to all those who listened to our many announcements and submitted their pieces, all of which were amazing. Unfortunately, we could only include a few and this magazine is only a sample of the great writing and art that is made at Berkeley Carroll. We hope you'll enjoy what's inside.

Love,  
Sophie and Lily

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## SMALL EPIPHANY

MICHAEL EMMERICH, grade 11

My elevator eyebrows finally came to their stop  
for two  
whole  
seconds.

Then, the tension trapped behind the doors  
thought:  
wouldn't it be fun to press all the buttons again?  
I can't make them relax  
Maybe I need glasses...

# THE CORRECTION

DIARRA EDWARDS, grade 12

The cook was 50, I was 16, it was snowing, we were warm,  
we had been in the kitchen for an hour and a half,  
I took the silver scoop and dipped it into the bucket of  
flour, measured out six cups, and shook the excess  
off the top. The cook laid her hand on my shoulder and  
repeated herself, “Never shake the flour,”  
the correction accompanying the hand. It happened  
very quickly—tap, command, release—and once I had been  
let go, I turned my head, trying to  
assess the severity of my mistake, and poured  
the flour out, measuring it again, carefully—yes, this was correct,  
I was doing this right. The cook’s eyes casually took me in,  
she trusted me,  
I dumped the ingredients into the mixer  
as it whirled to life.





JULIE POLIZZOTTO, grade 12



NAOMI BRENMAN, grade 11

# THROUGH ANOTHER'S EYES

ELISE GUARNA, grade 9

A yellow swing creaks slowly on its chains as it inches back and forth, back and forth, a girl's bare feet whispering against the sand underneath her, eyes drinking in the sharp contrast of her purple nail polish against the sand's grainy browns.

Others sit on the ground in front of her, another two swinging on both her sides. As they chatter on, the girl keeps her head down, her face hiding behind a thick curtain of dark brown hair. She dreads looking up, scared of the inevitable sense of human contact she gets from having people look straight at her. She doesn't like eye contact because she feels exposed, feels like anyone can read every secret, see every insecurity, just by looking her in the eye.

When she looks up, when she looks them in the eye, what do they see? What does she look like in each of their eyes?

A crowded room. Morning meeting for high school students at 181 Lincoln Place. The room is noisy with the chatter of a hundred conversations, conversations forever a mystery to the girl who comes in late, walks all the way across the gym, a gym that could be football fields for the amount of time it takes. The *click clack* of her boots on the wood floor makes her cringe, sure every single conversation has been interrupted by this monstrously loud sound. Hundreds of eyeballs, just watching because there's nothing else to watch. But what do they think as they watch her walk? Who is she to each of them?

A hundred different people, a hundred different opinions of the girl that is still walking, eyes fixed on the small opening on the floor that will be her seat, willing her stupid noisy boots to get her there as quickly as possible. To some, she is student, to others, friend.

To some she is teammate, or the girl I have Latin with, to others, she's just another one of those freshmen.

Kulia I Ka Pono, the Hawaiian camp of two summers ago. In a sea of 42 bodies bronzed by an eternal Hawaiian sun, there is a white girl. In a wave of 42 voices speaking Pidgin, there is a girl who talks too proper. The Brooklyn girl in a born and raised Hawaiian jungle. The one who forgets to put soy sauce on her breakfast rice. The one who has never seen a *lo'i*, definitely never stomped the taro leaves into its gooey brown depths. The one who looks lost when they hold hands and chant. The one that can't join in the jokes about how stupid the tourists are because she knows it's families like hers and her friends' that they tease.

What does she look like to them? Is she just a poser? Just a *haole* who decided to play Hawaiian for a week?

Just one person, one girl, morphs into millions of different girls in millions of different eyes, though she will never know, can never know, what they really think. She can never know what she looks like to the millions of eyes. She can only wonder.

On the third floor of a Park Slope brownstone, in a bedroom with a rainbow painted on the wall, she sits in front of a mirror. The millions of eyes that she sees in her head, the eyes of the millions that have ever looked at her, the eyes of the millions that have ever thought of her, converge into just two. Blues, hazels, greys and greens morph into the dark brown that stare deep inside the mirror, searching for something.

Searching for herself.

What does she look like to herself?





MAC KELLY, grade 12



ANYA KATZ, grade 9

# SWEATY HANDS

*in the form of Robert Wrigley's "Discretion"*

MEGAN DINNERSTEIN, grade 12

Wearing something absorbent—  
or something that doesn't show water stains—  
I embark down that crumbling stoop  
at 8 A.M., then try to envision dryer days to come,  
and try not to think about my throbbing,  
gleaming, cold, hot, swollen sausage-hands at all.  
I wonder why I have been cursed  
while all the slimy molesters on Earth can touch  
their victims' cheeks without anxiety;  
my colon lurches whenever I hear  
"Now, let's all join hands!" —  
no, I don't want to do that, and I don't want  
to place my soggy sponges on shiny surfaces,  
I don't want to shake with someone important,  
I hate the 29 apologies per day,  
I love what a cool breeze does as I spread the ten wide—  
this sounds so petty in the grand scheme  
of amputations, and funerals, and rotten meat  
and babies screaming, but when you see drops sliding  
down your arm in January, then come and scold me for my griping.

# THE MILK

VICKY COSTIKYAN, grade 12

The maid sopped up the milk and did not say a word, kept an eye on the man that paced the room, his gun that swung in his hand, the glass of gin he drank. She did not know what to say, the walls were hard and no one heard the scream. He did not look at her, nor what he held in his hand, but he paced, his eyes were on the walls. He took long strides and gave far winds. The rag she used was red now, the blood from the gal in the cold blue dress, her left toe twitched, eyes sagged. Her blond hair maimed and torn, her great locks split. The maid rose to her feet and crossed the room to her cart. The man stopped. "I need more rags. And bleach. The milk will stink." The man waved his gin and some flew the rim. The maid moved back to her seat, fixed the glass that held the milk. The pool of blood from the gal had grown. She did not twitch. The maid tugged at her wig and winced, she saw the hand. The gal grasped his leg, he raised, he fired. The wall is red.





## AQUEL LOBO

ALEX AKERS, grade 10

Con patas ámbar en la nieve,  
pisa a través de campos abiertos,  
un manto nevado e interminable.  
Como esqueletos retorcidos negros,  
árboles latentes surgen del frío.  
Fácilmente con su mirada feroz,  
él rasga la niebla inocente.  
Está en una colina muy lejos.  
Las memorias del lobo más allá.

*Translation by Mr. Chu*

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## THAT WOLF

Amber legs in the snow,  
he treads across an endless,  
snow-dimmed shroud of open fields.

Hidden trees emerge from the cold  
Like gnarled black skeletons.

With his fierce mien he tears  
easily through the innocent fog.

He is in a far, far away field,  
the memories of wolves further yet.

# IN PASSING BY

CHANDLER ROSENTHAL, grade 12

When I was seven, eight, and nine, I used to walk to school every morning with my mom, and we would hold hands not for safety but because she was my mom and she was walking me eight cold blocks and that's just what we did. In the winter we would remove from hibernation the Smitten, a mitten built for two, red fleece and had a bull-froggy pouch, meant to hold two clasped hands. Two long, skinny sleeves flopped off either side so that even low temperatures and frigid rains couldn't detach two people, two smitten people, as they ventured out of their cozy rabbit holes. I would walk on a crack in the sidewalk for as long as it continued, pretending of course that I was balanced on a tight-rope, and my mom would follow my crooked path, walking beside my rope through thin air. I can't remember the things we spoke about but I do remember our "mentally handicapped friend" Daniel for whom we would smile really big every morning. He was the only stranger I was allowed to touch, really—he would ask us to feel how smooth his cheek was after shaving and I would uncomfortably comply.

It was the first day back that I remember the things we said. It was too hot for the Smitten, so I walked half a sidewalk's width away from my mother, until I suddenly parked myself in front of a flag. In these few days, so many flags had been raised, so many signs taped up, so many flowers piled, but this cockeyed memorial was just so absolutely different. On a wooden board fixed three or four feet above ground, fabric flowers were huddled together with rubber bands, and a particular few, suspended higher than the rest, looked to me just like bells. Squat amongst the stems was a tapered blue jar, gathered around a short, lit candle, and for practicality, a neon plastic lid shielded the flame. Tied to all surfaces were flags of stripes and stars of various sizes, and ribbons indiscriminately wrapped around stems and the metal prongs of the fence. A hand-me-down black umbrella, in the most careful act of thoughtfulness, was flexed and stretched above so as to buffer the memorial from anything inclement.

That morning we filled up the carpet with our bodies and raised our hands high in the air to tell everyone else how we felt. We were sad, apparently, and nothing much else.

Days before, my father had driven a woman over the bridge and right up to our kitchen

sink to scrape the soot from her hands and face, and she had left the house dirty, thanking my father, asking for cigarette money. A boy had come over for dinner and told us too much about people in wheelchairs and firemen and these cracks in the walls, and he had done nothing heroic, but still I thought a Hero slept on our couch that night. This was the time before the whole thing turned mythic; before the nobility of the day appeared out of nowhere. My grandmother had made beef bourguignon that night and could do nothing else but repeat the story of her uncanny visit with Milton the week before, how she had had a yen to go and asked Milton to accompany her, exactly a week ago, can you believe it, I went with Milton, so uncanny. On TV we watched footage of mass suicides, steeples piercing through whipped clouds, people evacuating with flags raised high, and I wasn't sad even though I told my diary I was. I raised my hand and told my teacher I was sad, and my parents, too, and my relatives who had lost a husband, a dad, an uncle; I even curled up in a rocking chair in Staten Island and watched a premature documentary and cried, but I wasn't that sad.

On my walk home, I passed the makeshift shrine and I checked to see if the candle was still lit, and again I felt this sort of rush of respect for the person who ensured the umbrella was secure and double-checked its place over the blue glass jar. Over the next few days, I looked out for women wearing surgical masks out in public and when they passed me I would follow them with my eyes so far down the street. My friend Kate and I held a bake sale and donated the eighty dollars we made to a fire station, and when we turned up Union Street, I saw a crowd of flowers and a pile of people so large and so grateful that I suddenly felt embarrassed by my own gratefulness and asked my dad to drop the envelope off for me.

Anyway, winter came and so did the Smitten. My mom held my hand every weekday for eight cold blocks, smiling at Daniel, stopping with me to check the status of the flame.

When did that day turn into something noble?

That dead umbrella's skin stretches out so wide over this monument; someone lights a candle and it stays lit for months.



## THE BUTTERFLY

JANE DRINKARD, grade 9

There it is, effortlessly floating on  
Nothing but air. But my hands can't grasp it.  
My aching legs run me across the lawn.  
It lands on a flower, fragile wings quit.  
It's mine, struggling against my hand with force  
Yet it feels so soft. I bring it inside.  
Gently into the jar without remorse.  
My eyes peek through the glass, it wants to hide.  
But I see shimmering wings, delicate  
As if one touch could destroy that perfect  
Harmony of something so intricate  
Wishing it forever mine, I overstepped  
If I were that creature, or it was me  
I know all I would want was to be free.



MAY COHAN, grade 9





HANNAH SAFTER, grade 12

# THE UNDER

SOPHIE NIKITAS, grade 12

When I look at my French teacher, or my stepfather, or some woman in an olive green pantsuit all I can think of is serpentine scars buttoned up in sweaters.

As I rode the subway after school, the bandage on my back soaked up my stitches, and a ripple of pain raced to my shoulder. Under my bulky coat, no one could see my goosebumps pop. But I felt it, just like I had felt Dr. Kelly's scalpel despite shots and shots and shots. The gauze chafed against the edge of my jeans, and I stood straight, skipping songs on my iPod because I can only ever listen to each one for a few seconds before I drift. I looked normal to everyone else.

*At least he'll look normal.* No, my mother had informed me, my stepfather would not have to wear a bag on his hip after his surgery, because there's new technology now for reshaping intestines and sewing up craters. At home, only the glint of a safety pin marks the location of a tube, and those safety pins will be removed, and the bag of blood will empty, and then be removed too. On his subway ride to work he'll stand up straight, and only the shape of his belly—he's the skinniest man alive, except for his belly—will show underneath a flannel shirt. He'll look normal to everyone else.

We'll both ride subways and our scars will itch and twinge, and we'll scratch and wince. But I won't notice the lady in the olive green pantsuit wince. How many people in this subway car are cut open right now?

# THIS IS HOW

REBECCA GLANZER, grade 10

This is how your skin felt on my skin: it felt like velvet, only smooth in both directions. It was always warm, even though you like the cold. Sometimes your cheeks would flush, like someone took a wide paintbrush and touched it to your face and dragged it down leaving rectangles of red. But it happened quicker than if I used a paintbrush. Like when we kissed. Your cheeks were flushed. Your heart was pounding especially loud because you have a dent in your chest from where the baseball hit when you were seven. I fit my head there, but only the top part, because the dent isn't that big, only roughly the size of a baseball.

This is how you spoke: you used your hands. You gestured writing and dancing and punching and throwing and swerving and crying and squealing with moving fingers. You didn't like making decisions with your words; I don't either. Maybe that's why we're here, neither of us knows what we want or how to get it. When you were excited you spread your fingers wide so that the skin in between them was stretched all the way and put them on either side of your face. When you were waiting you put one palm at the other's wrist and bent the higher one's fingers over and fit the lower one's fingers into the top one's palm, and then you moved the pair towards the top of your chest, above the dent, so that your elbows were awkwardly bent in. When you held me you put them on the back of my ribs and pulled.

This is how you made me laugh: you made faces. You scrunched your nose and tightened your tongue so that it led straight down to your crinkled chin and raised one cheek and widened your eyes. I inflated my cheeks like a monkey and widened my eyes and raised my eyebrows. You jokingly snarled and bit the air. And this is how we laughed.



This is how we played: we climbed trees. We climbed trees so old that the highest branches were so long they grazed the ground from hanging over. You walked up the crooked tight rope to the top. The leaves were red like your cheeks, but the other trees around our tree had lost their leaves. You held out your hand and laughed when I fell. But we made it to the top. We swung our legs back and forth and watched my shoe fall to the ground. I gave you my earring because you wanted something sharp; true, it bent because it was cheap, but you still wrote B+M into a branch.

This is how you broke my heart: you said things weren't right, that something was off, something was missing, what should we do, but we can't make decisions. But you took a knife and carved me into your desk and took your stupid sharpie and colored two and a half letters. Why can't you color it all? Why can't you scratch it out? Because you like how it permanently stares at you, you say, because it's not over, that we will happen again. But if it's not over why won't you say I love you?

This is how I feel: I'm hurting and crying and lying where we loved in the blue dress you loved and replaying and replaying because at least the hurt is related to you.

## A ROOM

HANNAH LIVANT, grade 9

Air

Nothingness is what this space will become

The cosmic dust blown away

the clumps with each other until my galaxy is clean

---

## LUNCH

HANNAH LIVANT, grade 9

Book and

paper

food

talk talk talk

laughter

silence

choking

panic panic panic



EMILY STERN, grade 10



ZARA GOLDBERG, grade 11

# MASQUERADE

MIKAELA CHANT, grade 9

Six years old.

Couldn't fit into the sequined tutus they ordered for us

Through a catalog

13 girls in the class

12 with bows and costumes

One with bows and a stretched leotard

12 years old

Puberty hasn't helped the fact

That when my mother sees me step on a scale

We both cringe

The little arrow speeding back and forth between the numbers

Is having trouble finding a place to rest

16 years old

Can't get laid

Can't get a boyfriend

Can't get my friends

Family

Teacher

Anyone

To help see past this arduous mask

Like a masquerade

Though this isn't a party

I can't walk up the stairs

Without getting out of breath

But that's okay

I can't walk through the halls of my school

Without being called Shamu either



# STEP INTO THE CIRCLE

ALEX PELICCIONE, grade 12

Step into the circle.

Step into the circle if you walk through the halls with the rest of the world  
and only show a piece of you.

Step into the circle if you are labeled as different, as weird, as abnormal,  
as shunned, as silent, as unimportant, as invisible.

Step into the circle if you identify as beautiful, as unique, as wonderful,  
as special.

Step into the circle if you fight and you fight and you fight for what you want,  
for what you need, for what you are, for who you are.

Step into the circle if you're scared. If you feel crushed and beaten. If you feel,  
see, breath, drink, and choke on your own self-hate and imagined weakness.

Step into the circle if every day you wake up, don your jacket, your shoes, your  
clothes, grab your keys, pocket your phone, walk outside and slip on a mask.

Step into the circle if you feel alone, if you feel isolated, if you feel cut off.

Step into the circle if you want to shout, if your mouth is gagged, if your hands  
are tied.

Step into the circle if you have an itch to tell, to speak your mind, to be  
yourself, step in if that itch is gnawing and gnawing until it will rip you apart!

Now look around, you're not alone. You're in a crowd.

# WE REAL PREP

*based on “We Real Cool” by Gwendolyn Brooks*

SOPHIE KRIEGEL, grade 11

The Wasp Brigade

Twenty at the Devon Yacht Club

We real prep. We

Never schlep. We

Sail lakes. We

Clam bake. We

Drink rum. We

Are chums. We

Ride waves. We

Have slaves.

# WHAT ELSE TO DO?

GRACIE RITTENBERG, grade 11

I am sitting in an internet coffee shop all alone.

Why are we all here?

- 1) No wifi at home.
- 2) Any other place is too loud.
- 3) You just got a new MacBook to show off.
- 4) Sophisticated college students are too good for on-campus coffee shops.  
(These are the kids whose parents give them money.)
- 5) You enjoy playing cards in a giant purple/orange sweater  
with a bagpipe-patterned backpack.
- 6) "Study" group.
- 7) These high-calorie drinks with too long names are just such a nice addition  
to the work you should be doing.
- 8) Sitting next to people you don't know makes you feel awkward  
in a good way.
- 9) No windows at home.
- 10) There is a super-secret project you are working on  
but you want everyone to see it.
- 11) It's not Christmas but the cups are red with snowflakes.
- 12) It's a nice place to read with all the people talking  
and coffee and that one odd couple.
- 13) There's nothing at home.
- 14) Why not?
- 15) Escape.
- 16) ?





LILY BARTLE, grade 11

# Mt. Washington

MAC KELLY, grade 12

On Mt. Washington, in some of the worst weather I have ever experienced in my life, hairy clouds like gray steel wool were rushing through me over the mountain. We were slowly stomping on the wet rocks. Formerly a dark white, the rocks were now painted with a layer of dark glaze. The wind had moved on to using me for a canvas and I was slowly becoming the walking raindrop I imagined I would become. I looked back over my shoulder at the rest of the sulking pack. They had all put on their personal tents and were drooping extra low. My fellow counselor was no better. All the way in back, he was clutching his pack like a woman guards her breasts. Ahead was all cloud and a vague outline trail made entirely of cairns.

Once eternity neared its end, shadows came out of the clouds. The wind was flossing through my ears, but some of the air was carrying the voice of the other counselor who was trying to tell me which direction to walk. The rain had suddenly stopped, leaving the wispy mist to wash our sweat away. A large radio tower jumped out from the clouds and scared me quite a bit. Some of the shadows were now taking the shape of buildings and towers. The other counselor was yelling "Cafeteria!" seemingly with great force, but was just a whisper in my ear. Many overstuffed, oblivious, comfortable people were walking in and out of a large building. I decided this would be the cafeteria, and it became just that.

The warmth was intensely gratifying and the ability to hear was almost overwhelming. We stopped in a small vestibule and gathered our minds. For a while I was only able to hear the heavy breathing of children and my own brain buzzing and coming down from the experience of hiking the most notoriously weathery mountain in the world. Then I could hear my co-counselor talking. "This is a radar of where we'll be in a day or so, and here is where we are hiking today..." I lost hold of my attention, as I'm sure the kids did as well. The group walked into the cafeteria. I had never eaten New England clam chowder, but I

was ready to let anything slide down my organs, especially a warm liquid.

After I was done with my meal I asked how long it was until we were to head to the campsite, another five miles away. I don't remember the answer, but it was enough for a walk.

I did not bring my rain jacket, I did not bring my pack, and I did not bring my warm layer. I wanted to be close to the elements. The air was strong. The layer of separation between the muscular wind and my flesh was gone. The air was pressing against me with such consistency that it felt like a blanket. It provided no warmth, but that was the only distinction. I was soon bathing in the mist. Previously it was only partially on my face, guarded by my hat, which I had also taken off, but now much more of my skin was dipped into a bucket of water. I squinted through the rain, which was becoming quite heavy, to find the trail. I walked about 100 yards down the path onto the rocks. Then I took a left off the path. There was nothing to see but rocks. Not a single person, blade of grass, or animal in sight. Eventually I came to an area out of sight of the trail and away from the buildings. I sat for about fifteen minutes. I was not there to get through the weather; I was there to accept it. I spend my entire life resisting the weather. It is always too hot, too cold, too windy, too wet, too humid, too cloudy, too dry, too much pollinated or too bright. I realized I hadn't given it a moment's thought to accept the weather and find out what I was resisting.

The rain, wind and cold were so constant and covering my entire body, they became a part of my body. I couldn't shake the feeling because there was nothing to shake. It would be as if I didn't like the way my skin rested on my muscles or bones. After a while I decided the group would probably be leaving soon, so I should go back in order to pack and put my armor back on. I thought about hiking in what I was wearing then, but it might make the kids do it, which would have the other counselor report it and I'd get fired. There's not much hiking back in the city.

# WINTER WONDERLAND

*a parody of Dante's Inferno*

MEGAN GILBERT, grade 12

To our right was the most beautiful  
Lake that looked as though  
It were made of glass  
With little heads poking out  
Like gophers searching for food.  
Red snow rained down on us  
And lightly sprinkled our faces.  
We stopped for a moment to dance  
In the refreshing air.  
The heads on the ground nibbled  
On our feet as if they were rabbits  
Just looking for a friend to pat their heads.  
I wanted to stay and chat,  
But my dear friend took my hand  
And we frolicked off toward the dying sun.  
We passed a man weeping, out of joy I believe,  
And he told us the most boring and dismal of stories,  
So I just smiled and pretended to listen,  
Like I often do when I don't understand something.  
Although I am the smartest of men,  
There are times when even I, the great Dante, am confused.  
We were walking on the yellow brick road,  
Dancing and singing,  
When we heard laughter coming from below.  
It was then that we saw Lucifer  
Playing with a few men like a puppy

Chewing on his favorite chew toy.  
He was so cute I couldn't help but giggle,  
Which caused him to turn our way.  
We engaged in some talk,  
But then decided it was time for us to leave.  
I had had a fun time in Hell, but I was ready to go.  
With that we climbed into our hot air balloon  
And made our way towards the stars.





HANNAH LEMKOWITZ, grade 11

# NONCHALANT LAVENDER

LILY LOPATE, grade 10

The white cat with wise blue eyes,  
Perched on a roof.  
The shy sun shines down on her lustrous coat.  
She squints and whispers with her eyes  
Like a gentle old lady, pursing her lips.

Within me  
Are cabbages upon cabbages  
Piled and thrown about  
Like overnight duffels for a school trip.  
Within me are layers upon layers of cabbage.  
You peel them off and lay them on my china dish  
And you reveal my hot white core.

The cabbages are salty and sweet.  
Salty like parched lips after popcorn  
Wrinkled and sour, dry and bitter.  
Full of thirst. Sweet like raspberries, lemonade,  
And pastel ribbons in ponytails swinging about.  
Green grass danced upon by young lovers  
Young girls with Mary Janes and flowy dresses.

The cabbages, like the cat  
With wise blue eyes,  
Blossom and weep, smile and sigh.  
Within my insides  
Run sparks of obsidian minerals.  
Dashing, voluptuous, incandescent  
And iridescent.

Untouchable and enviable.  
Derived from black holes.  
Interminable deep sultry

The wise cat with blue eyes  
The window, parchment and birch bark  
Drizzled with rain. And the lavender  
Align the path  
Of summer fog and floating lemons.

# STRANGE DREAMS

MUNIRAH BRAITHWAITE, grade 11

Strange dreams  
Are eager  
They beg for attention  
Sitting on the side of your bed  
Staring  
Waiting for you to wake up  
So you can spend time  
With them while actually conscious  
They follow you out of the room  
And sit on the counter as you  
Brush your teeth, hoping  
That when you wipe the sleep  
Out of your eyes  
You will notice them  
“Think of me” they demand  
They follow you everywhere  
Jabbing their fingers at your  
Ribs so that you start to take  
Note of the bits and pieces  
Even if you don’t have the time  
They jump onto your plate saying  
“Take me in!” “Digest me!”  
Then finally when you have the time  
They rush in and sit with you until  
You’ve finally given them the attention  
They so desire.





VICKY COSTIKYAN, Grade 12

# SUBCONSCIOUS

STEPHANIE ZIMMERMAN, grade 12

*The words; they're always inside my head, they never leave, they never surface, they never explain themselves, just float beneath my comprehension barely out of reach, stringing along one after another in nameless sentences and roundabout thoughts, repetitions and dialogue, unknown stories that forever haunt my subconscious but refuse to show their faces to the light refracting into my own eyes. Who knows what they say? Do you? If only I could, maybe I would find that all my life I've been writing a novel about a crocodile who wants to be a ballerina but instead gets captured and turned into a handbag, or poetry, endless poetry, about the mysteries of the world, about philosophies and psychologies I've never truly thought about, or mayhap just negative capability, a stream of subconsciousness that rants and raves the undertones of my moods and thoughts, a flow that is a metaphor for my ears and my mind only.*

*Betimes I hold these strange comingling of words out on my arm, held as far from me as possible, dangling on a string tied to my little finger, shining white in the hollow caverns of my head, and betimes I catch them in a compromising position when I happen upon them at bad moments, and as they run away as fast as possible, all that's left is the echo of those last few syllables, the imprint of the light on the walls like those glow-in-the-dark sticks that they throw into crowds, that you crack in half and wave in front of you, burning your retinas.*

*So what is left to say? As unknowable as the next solar system or the next galaxy or the next universe or the next dimension, grasped as a vague idea in the imaginary portions of our brains, I can only speak for so long, only go for so long until they appear again. And part of me is aware of them, some tiny part, and the rest of me fears them, fears that if ever I truly found them out, it would cause the space-time continuum to abruptly halt —*

# TO TRIPPING

*an imitation of "To Stammering" by Kenneth Koch*

BY EMILY MOORE, grade 12

How did you get here, embarrassing nuisance?  
Before I could walk you were ready to ruin my walk.  
The curiosity of your purpose fascinates me.  
"She's still very young," my parents reassured themselves.  
I didn't have any obstacles on the inside.  
They were all on the outside—big feet  
In my way and rather dangerous; tree stumps, bumps in the road.  
All these amounted to the you inside me. Once I stood up, you were  
there.  
I could avoid you by driving or biking.  
I biked quite a bit but didn't have a driver's license.  
As soon as I got off my bike, you were ready once again.  
You ruined my walk home.  
You were not a sign of balance.  
You were not a sign of grace.  
You were stronger than good karma and bad; you got through  
both.  
You controlled my feet by the power of your influence.  
You had been employed, it appears, like a hitman  
To take down poise and stability and eliminate them  
From the primary concern: good impression. You were terrible!  
Tell your friends, now that you have assassinated my stride,  
That you don't have to be so frequent next time  
But you can reveal yourself less and have the same outcome—humiliation and  
pain.



ALLIE KORBey, grade 9



# the last goodbye

EVE CANTLER, grade 10

i want to say goodbye but how can i? it's not a "good"bye. it's a silent bye, a full of tears bye, a missed opportunity bye, an i messed up bye, an i'm sorry bye, it's many things but none of them are good. we haven't spoken, or even really looked at each other, in months. i want to say something every day, every time i see you but i'm scared. we may not talk but every time our eyes meet accidentally, for the brief second before we both look away, i feel something and i want to believe that you feel it too. it may not be much, almost nothing in fact, but it's all i have left of you: those fleeting moments of awkward eye contact and broken memories. you're always leaving but me, i'm always here, i'll always be here, waiting until the day you decide you don't need to leave anymore. i'm reliable and you, you're not. this could very well be the last goodbye and i blew it. i still don't have the strength to tell you the truth, i'm still too scared to tell you how i really feel. every time you leave i want to say goodbye but i have never been able to. i may look older, i may be more mature, i may be more experienced but underneath that mask there lies the shy, awkward, insecure, nervous eleven year old you met back in the sixth grade. you still render me speechless and that is a power only you have over me. i have all these words that i want to say to you and i can't say any of them and now if i could just say this one word, if i could just put you behind me and move on. i want to say goodbye so that you know, so that i know, that i have moved on. i want to say it so that i can know that i will be able to leave you behind. i don't want to lose you, i want to preserve you in the memories i have of you, of us. the memories i cling to for dear life as a drowning man clings to his last breath. it's time for me to find new words, new words for new people but i can't because i still haven't let you go. i want to say goodbye but how can i? it's not a "good"bye. it's a silent bye, a full of tears bye, a missed opportunity bye, an i messed up bye, an i'm sorry bye, it's many things but none of them are good.

# THE BOY FROM THE MOUNTAIN MOVIE

KAYLA HERTZ, grade 12

I don't know what it is about me that makes people comfortable enough to tell me things. Best friends, sure, no big deal, but then there are the ones who go rummaging through the crowd at brownstone house parties, fumbling through the skinny hallways, desperately searching for someone to entrust with their secrets. I've found that on many occasions they've found me.

When I went to Israel last summer I met a boy named Devyn on a coach bus. His shirt was a tan-colored souvenir from a bluegrass festival and, in dire need of a friend I pretended that I had *wanted to go oh my GOD I had wanted to go to that so bad*.

"You like bluegrass?" he exclaimed.

He was from Texas. Of course he liked bluegrass.

He had huge light brown eyes and a pouty mouth and he spoke so delicately that I felt like the power of the yelling voices a few rows back would make him shatter into pieces right there in his bus seat.

"I can't believe you went," I said from across his row. I told him that I was about to move to the seat next to him so I didn't seem like I was trying to act stealthily suave.

We later stayed at the kibbutz Netzer Sereni and on the first day of our stay we jumped into their pool together. I came up for air before he did so I got to see him shake his head to get the water off of his face and rub his bug-eyes with his fingertips.

"You look like Jake Gyllenhaal right now," I confessed.

"Who's that?"

"You know who he is. If you saw him you'd definitely recognize him."

"Is he *cuuute*?" He batted his long black eyelashes.

"Well, yeah. But you only look like him when you're wet. I noticed at the Dead Sea but I didn't say so because I wasn't sure yet." I did a handstand.

And then, Jana Heaton, who went to school with Devyn, explained that Jake Gyllenhaal is that gay one from the mountain movie.

"*Brokeback Mountain*. He's not really gay, though." I corrected both assumptions in reverse order.



Then Devyn told me something weird. Well, weird to me, I guess.

"Wouldn't know, not allowed to see it." He began to float on his back.

I sort of stared into his face for a while and clenched my nose to make sure nothing was coming out of it. I smoothed my hair back and I asked, "Your parents won't let you?"

"Cause it's gay," he casually confirmed and submerged his whole body under water.

When Jana told me on the second night of our stay in Israel that she was here with her friend Devyn, I asked if they were a couple and she laughed, "No, I'm pretty sure he's totally gay. Shame, though, he's cute as hell, right?"

"Come on, Miss Brooklyn," Devyn chuckled, "I'm from Austin. What did you expect?"

I don't know what I expected. Did Mr. and Mrs. Schultz shield Devyn's eyes from the scripted sodomy because they were Texan?

No, no.

Because *Brokeback Mountain* is irreligious?

Well, no.

Because as parents they knew their son was gay and maybe he would see a part of himself in Jake Gyllenhaal like I did?

Days later, Devyn clumsily felt his way through the paths of Netzer Sereni holding a big red cup and his beautiful eyes were squinted and his feet were sticking so far out from the front of his Adidas slippers that his toes were walking on the earth and his heels on the black plastic.

"Kaaaaaaaylaaaaaa."

He had found me.

It was the last night of our trip and the kibbutzniks had decided to throw us a party. Gil and Itamar were blowing hookah smoke into the faces of kibbutz cats and

Carmel and Gali were dancing barefoot together on the red ground to the faint fast music playing in their clubhouse. Devyn was walking towards me with his finger planted on his bottom lip and his hand on his hip. Half way to the point where I was standing he began to run. I stood with my hands at my sides, closing my eyes tightly, anticipating his body weight on mine. When I opened my eyes I was on the ground under him and his nose was touching mine. He wanted to tell me something because I was Miss Brooklyn and I'd seen and heard it all. Or maybe he just liked me. Or maybe because I'd probably never see him again after the trip or maybe because I would. I'd be that special random person across the map who knew his secret and I'd never tell anyone or the Schultz family because, well, why would I?

"You like photography, right?" he asked me, rhetorically. I stared at him. "What kind of camera do you use?" I could feel his breath on my cheeks.

"I don't know, one of those small Canon ones. I may get a new one for my birthday."

"I sometimes like guys."

"I always do."

He launched himself off of me and threw his back onto the grass.

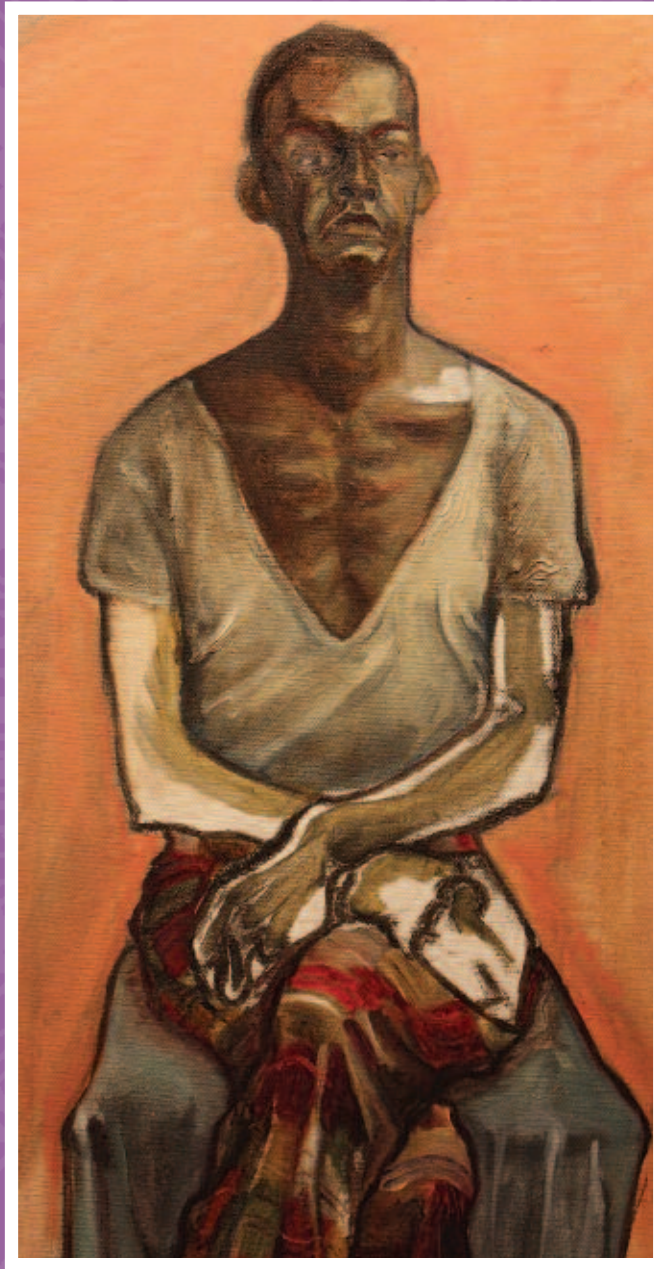
His facial expression didn't change. I could hear his big eyelids shut and I turned my head toward his to see if I was right.

I was; they were.

Jana hopped over to our sweaty, limp bodies and melted onto us with her face on Devyn's stomach and her chest on mine.

"Ready to go home tomorrow?" her question was muffled and it sunk through Devyn's surface. When it reached his core he sat up quickly, like the reflex reaction you have when the doctor bangs your knee with a hammer, and he said, "Whoa, dizzy," before falling back down.

I stared up into the sky and it was the hundredth time I was impressed with the brightness of the stars in Israel but the first time I actually said, "Jesus, those are bright." One of the stars disappeared and Jana found composure and peeled herself off of us so she could slither away to the kibbutzniks and Americans trading tee shirts with words in their respective languages as souvenirs on their last night together.



CHARLOTTE FOX, grade 10

# THE MEANING OF 10 (and estimating)

NICOLE BARTH, grade 11

Your cannibalistic voice devours  
the root of my courage  
as I stand before you like a crumbling tower.  
The numerical interrogation  
has now been ensnared in my mind—  
my befuddled brain dripping  
like a leaking faucet  
with hysteria.

"This is no trigonometric function,"  
your platonic countenance spits...  
"...merely a manageable integer..."

Jaw clenches like a steel trap  
while anxiety short-circuits  
the connection between common sense  
and my lips.  
"Somewhere around 80,000?....Or eight million?"  
You silently berate me.

The beauty painted onto my face cracks—  
a broken vase.  
Obsidian ink streams  
out of every aperture,  
creating a patchwork of smut.  
You apologize  
but  
my transparent eyes have already shattered.



JONATHAN KOHANA, grade 12

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