

# RIPPLES

*Magazine*



2021

*Vol. XXXIII*

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A Magazine for Creative Expression

**Publisher/Editor**

Mary Harvey

**RIPPLES** is made possible by the participation of the following Wayne-Finger Lakes BOCES School Districts:

Bloomfield Central  
North Rose-Wolcott Central  
Red Creek Central

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*Thank you so much to all the teachers who take the time to encourage their students to share their written and artistic work for the 2021 edition of **RIPPLES** Magazine.*

*Your support is extremely appreciated.*

*Mark Williams, North Rose-Wolcott CSD*

*Nicole Czeck, Red Creek CSD*

*Susan Sincavage-Sawyer, Red Creek CSD*

*Karen Woodhouse, Bloomfield CSD*

*Glenn McCarty, Bloomfield CSD*

*Julie King, Bloomfield CSD*

**RIPPLE'S Magazine**

In our vision of what a local literary magazine could offer young writers and artists, we continue to have three hopes:

- ◆ That **RIPPLES** might provide a voice for the thoughts and ideas of our youth. We envision that this might bring young people, as well as adults, a new means of understanding each other. (This magazine is intended for adult as well as child audiences.)
- ◆ By providing young people with this outlet, we hope to encourage new levels of self-understanding. In recognizing common ideas, thoughts and feelings, as well as acceptance of differences, we hope to encourage the expression of the unique parts of themselves.
- ◆ We want to offer a vehicle that will encourage young people to take their work beyond the classroom, delving into the process of getting their work published as a professional would.



*Cover  
"Starlight and Sunny"  
Faith Campbell, Gr. 12*



*“Untitled”  
Zeke Ferris, Gr. 6*



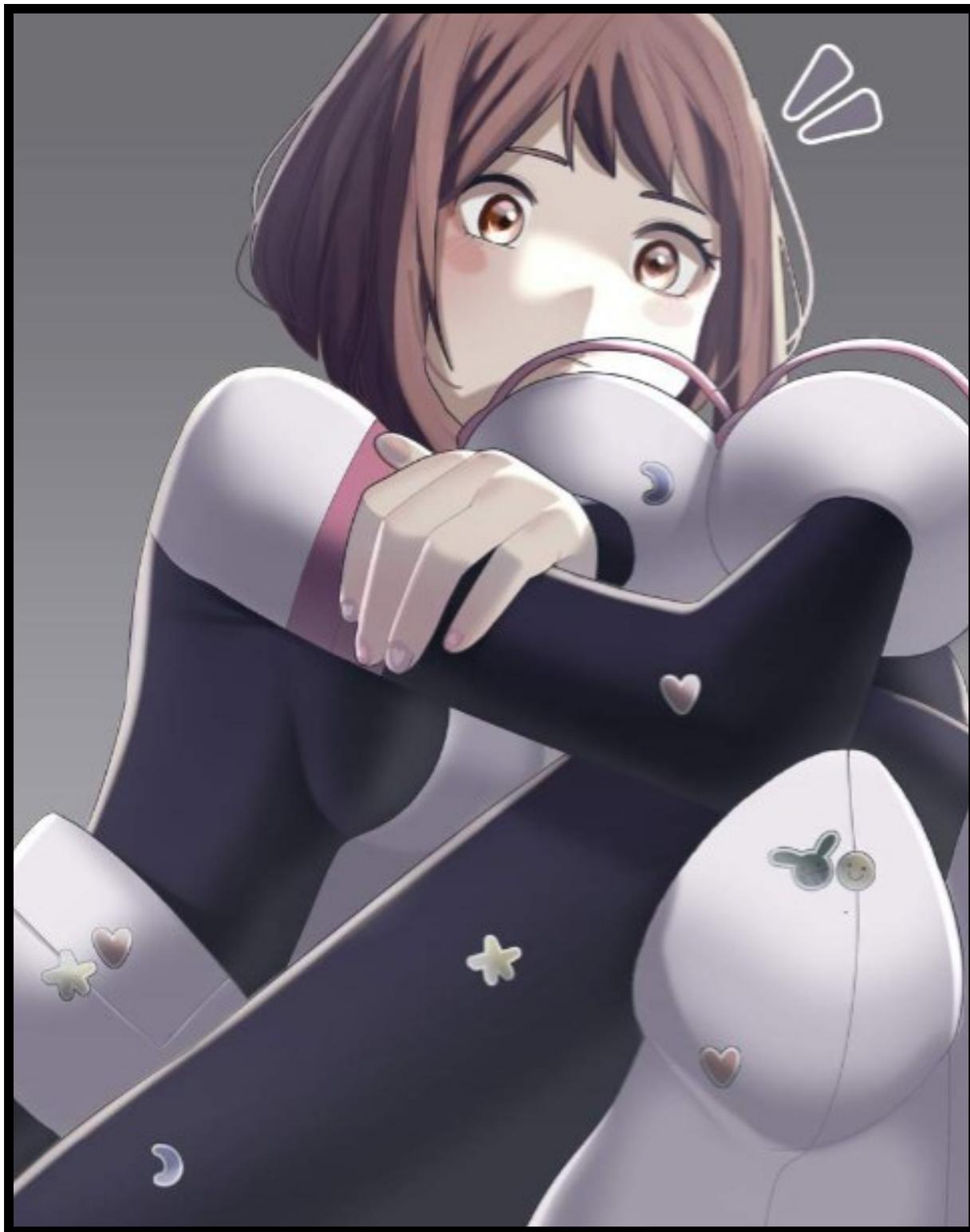
*"Self Portrait"*  
*Kali Collins, Gr. 3*



***“Clay Pinch Pot”  
Lillian Decker, UPK***



*"Untitled"*  
*Alyssa Raponi, Gr.12*



***“Sketch Book”***  
***Delila Holbrook, Gr. 6***



*“Nikki Sixx”  
Justin Farr, Gr. 9*



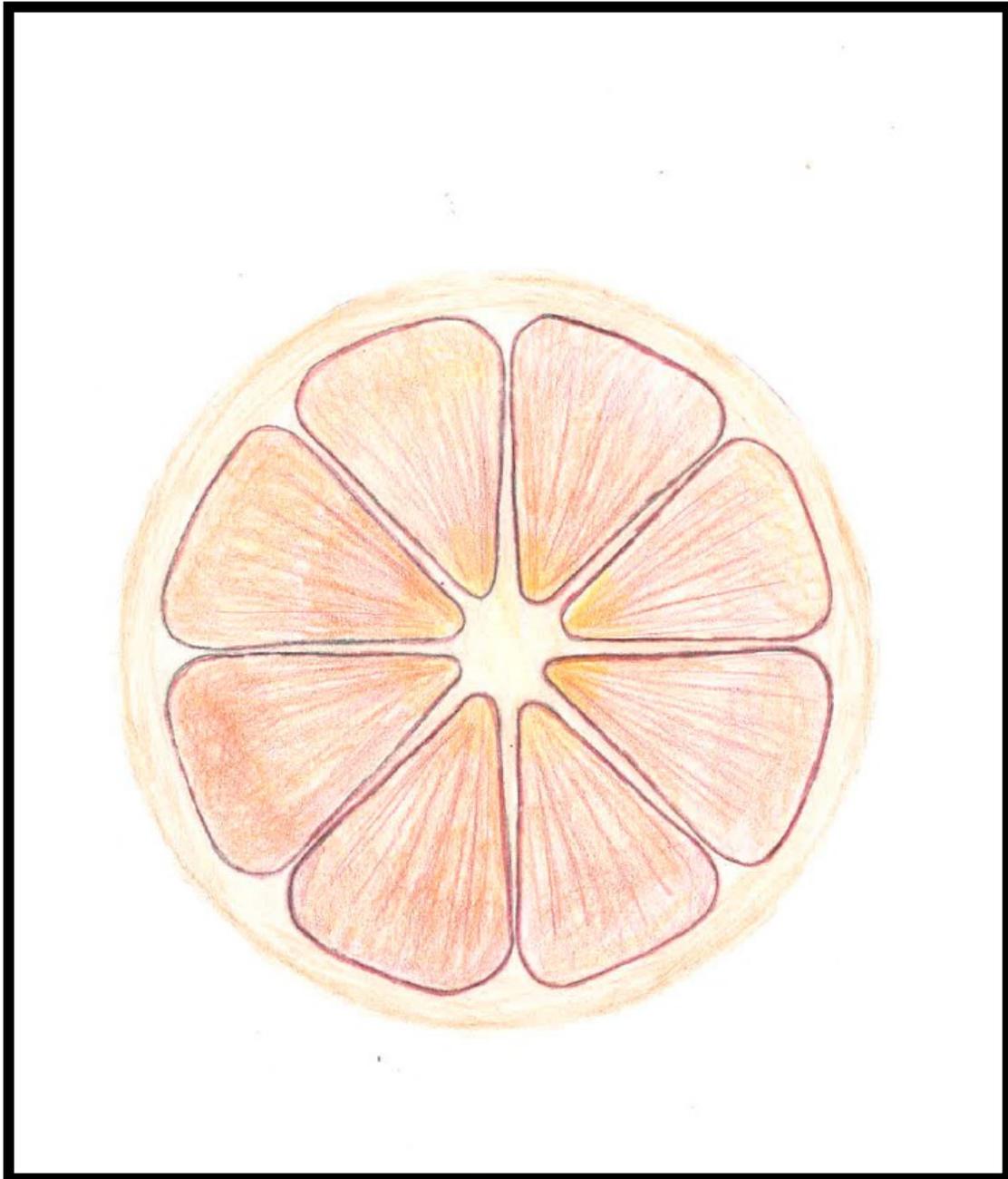
***“Starlight and Sunny”  
Faith Campbell, Gr. 12***



***“Strawberry”***  
*Issabella Keller, Gr. 9*



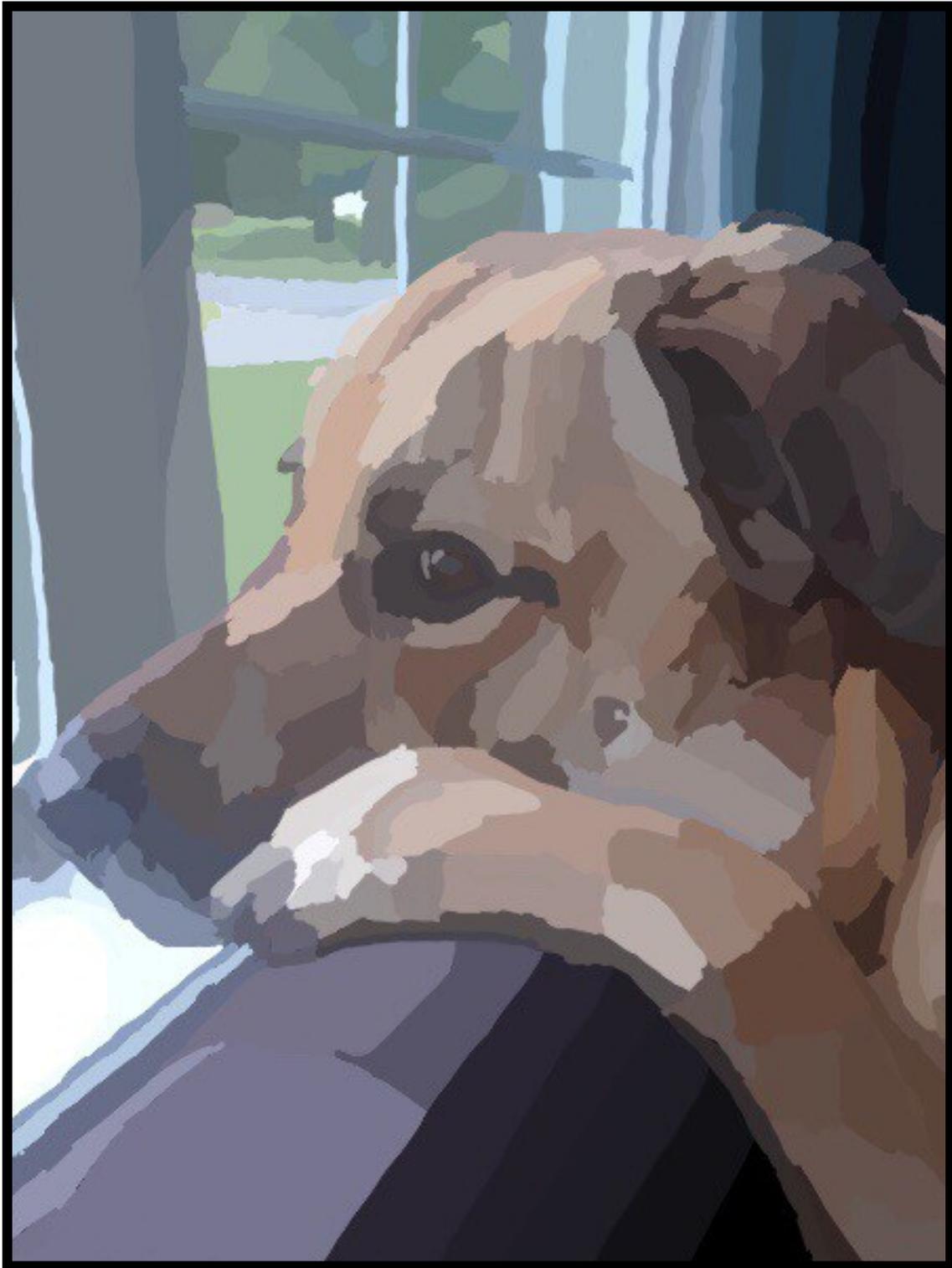
*“Two Of A Kind”  
Madelyn Jones, Gr. 10*



***“Orange”***  
***Siera Kachmaryk, Gr. 7***



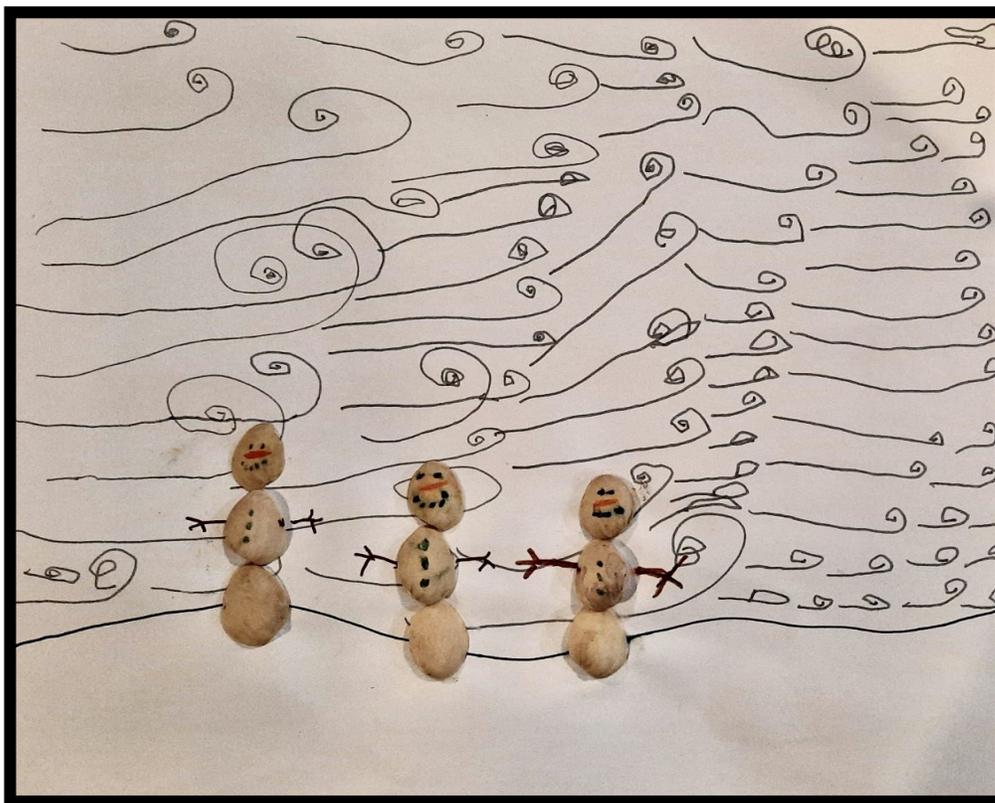
*“Color Monster”  
Caden Leszczynski, UPK*



*“Ruby’s Window”  
Patrick Boyle, Gr. 9*



***“Romero Britto Inspired Heart With Wings”***  
***Gage Dates, UPK***



***“Pistachio Snowmen”***  
***Kenadie Calkins, Gr. 2***

***A Lovely Day***  
***Georgia Brick, Gr. 8***

*The waves are crashing, and the sun has decided to take a dip in the waters below.*

*With a soft breeze, I dig my toes in the sun-kissed sand.*

*I love the sound of the rushing waters and the faint whisper of the wind.  
The noise of my four children giggling, enjoying each other's company is  
music to my ears.*

*Their laughter rides high with the birds in the sky.*

*I rest my head against my husband's chest, listening to the  
rhythm of his heartbeat.*

*Taking him by the hand, leaving the now darkened horizon behind us,  
we stand still, looking at the two-story building that rests  
calmly on the ocean-side.*

*The twinkle of the stars reflects off of the windows.*

*The sudden touch of hands on my shoulders wipes away  
the beautiful scene that was only inches away.*

*I guess that's what you get when you're thirteen...*

*A Lovely Dream*

*Scattered Sentiments*  
*Caroline Burse, Gr. 8*

12/11

*The dagger-like lead of my pencil  
simply hovers over the dateline  
because all of these numbers  
days of the weeks  
even months  
mean nothing to me anymore.*

*Yesterday's laughter  
could have been heard last week  
and the day I first embrace them  
may be another twelve months  
from this opaque morning;  
unless, it is a Tuesday  
or a Sunday,  
and my head is even more clouded  
than I initially thought.*

*I listen to the same song today,  
the same picking of guitar strings,  
the same ethereal blows of a cello  
the same thumping drum  
to replace my heartbeat  
all of the lovely lines  
I've endlessly pondered  
in the same graceful tone as always.*

*The last chord flows to my head  
as soon as the song begins.*

*The same voices chattering,  
the same airy whispers,  
the same cackling over nothing,  
my white noise  
as I alternate between my interests  
with a head of creative dreams  
that have been on standby for a month,  
if months are even real anymore.*

*And if they are,  
it's been nine of them  
since my nose has been uncovered  
and the front doors of my second homes  
have been safely opened to me.*

*It has been eight  
since I, once again,  
fell in love  
with the pen between my fingers,  
in a way that I hadn't before.*

*Seven  
since I first noticed  
upcoming monuments of my life  
floating,  
drifting over my head  
to be pulled out of the air  
once the ground is safe.*

Six

*since my eyes were opened  
just a touch wider  
and the fire inside me swelled,  
though not for many yet.*

Five

*since the world welcomed us again,  
opening its arms  
only one finger at a time,  
as I stared in awe  
at my unknown surroundings.*

Four

*since my pen started to scribble quarter notes  
beside my previous poetry,  
and flowed in translation  
from pages to music.*

Three

*since I was given  
a poorly copied sheet  
of the text I've been reading for years,  
and endlessly wished for a clearer image.*

Two

*since the climb back down first started  
slowly,  
gradually,  
taking its time  
to the point where I scarcely noticed.*

One

*since the new blanket of freedom  
was lifted from my sleeping body  
and replaced  
with a blanket of pearly snow.*

*Each one  
a different level of blurry,  
and each one  
pushing me closer to today,  
which may be Friday,  
December 11th,  
2020,  
but the lead of my pencil  
continues to hover  
just above the dateline.*

~~~~~

*Scattered Sentiments*  
*Caroline Burse, Gr. 8*

*Faraway Dusk*

*Even if there were an opportunity,  
I would be irresponsible merely to consider it.  
My few struggles have molded me with perseverance,  
fragility seeping into their palms...*

*The me of today  
has her hair cut to her chin  
and stands an inch taller,  
injects even more meaningful imagination into her brain  
and builds it to last,  
tries to balance her life in a way that loosens her own limbs,  
with chatter on the couch,  
stories in the kitchen,  
and messages in the chat,  
is rooted in the blooming present with her pupils to the horizon of the future,  
is no longer an adultlike child  
but is discovering her timeless mind.*

*She is no longer equipped,  
now that the colors of the dusk are so far behind her  
to dilate her memories  
for every image is clearer  
and she will remember the musical drives to the city,  
the home-cooked meals filled with laughter and anxious wondering,  
the buzzing time on her wrist over her elegant frills,  
the library discussions that distracted her from the clay-coated hands,  
the subconsciously suppressed tears and ugly release,  
more than she had  
during those very moments.*

*Yes, referencing to the times can be lovely  
without the grab of emotion, through memories or music,  
yes, nostalgia is rejuvenating to overdose,  
but how it spins her head with her earbuds in,  
her blankets around her,  
her twinkling lights on,  
and tears brewing in her cerulean eyes for no reason at all.*

*How she would hate to go back,  
and what she would give to do so.*

*Our defaults shift gradually  
and so every Friday away from that bleak winter evening we march,  
the bolder its colors grow,  
and the more complex,  
the more foreign,  
the more torturous,  
and the more glorious they become,  
and so the shifting of said defaults  
becomes a shifting of realities.*

*So long ago,  
she unknowingly let time row her to the bright and faraway dusk,  
a mosaic of warmth that enveloped her shallow waters,  
but mistook its flamboyance for dawn's,  
and still does when the right notes play  
even with the correct shades of gently vivid yellows displayed before her eyes.*

~~~~

*Scattered Sentiments*  
*Caroline Burse, Gr. 8*

*The Redheaded Girl on the Windowsill*

*My journey started with a redheaded girl  
sitting on the windowsill  
with her eyes drooping  
and her pen still,  
because she had finally come to realize  
that her optimism was empty and false.*

*That her relation to the sun  
was more similar to the moon's  
than a sunflower's,  
and that when she was turned away from the light,  
she just had to wait  
and wait  
and wait  
until a crescent started to come upon her.*

*Maybe I am more similar to her  
than I think myself to be.  
Maybe I am more of a moon than a sunflower  
but while the sun hides away  
I am somehow lit by the wrong star.*

*As January takes a step closer  
and hands us an empty calendar,  
a fresh start told only by numbers,  
I seem to rely on signs and signals  
to fill it.*

*It feels odd to say  
but*

*maybe the moon has turned in the right direction.  
because while the orange moon in your picture  
is a bit fuzzy  
and incomplete  
and all but a quick photo,  
it's the redheaded girl by the windowsill  
who was found the same way we found you,  
glowing in the warmest hues like the sun itself,  
and I wouldn't have met her today without it.*

~~~~

**Scattered Sentiments**  
**Caroline Burse, Gr. 8**

**Untitled**

*There are unfortunate and unspoken drawbacks  
to an abstract mind,  
such as the vague sorrow I feel  
when I remember that my aura  
has been so watered down  
next to that of my heart.*

*I know what I look like;  
I know that my hair lies between red and brown  
and that I always wear it halfway up,  
that I'm ever so slightly taller than most  
and I'll only ever have a couple of freckles under my eyes  
at a time.*

*I sit against the wall,  
washed up by delight and peaceful melodies,  
imagining my favorite sights,  
a freely standing tree in the middle of a field,  
the wheat a gorgeous sage green just for June  
with its limbs outstretched to those wondrous tints,  
and towering mountains,  
wearing crocheted hats of snow  
where elks prance through sunbeams  
and blue jays sing across pines,  
and bundles of purple lilacs  
that brush against each other when they flow in the wind,  
their dreamlike scents drifting to reside in my nose.*

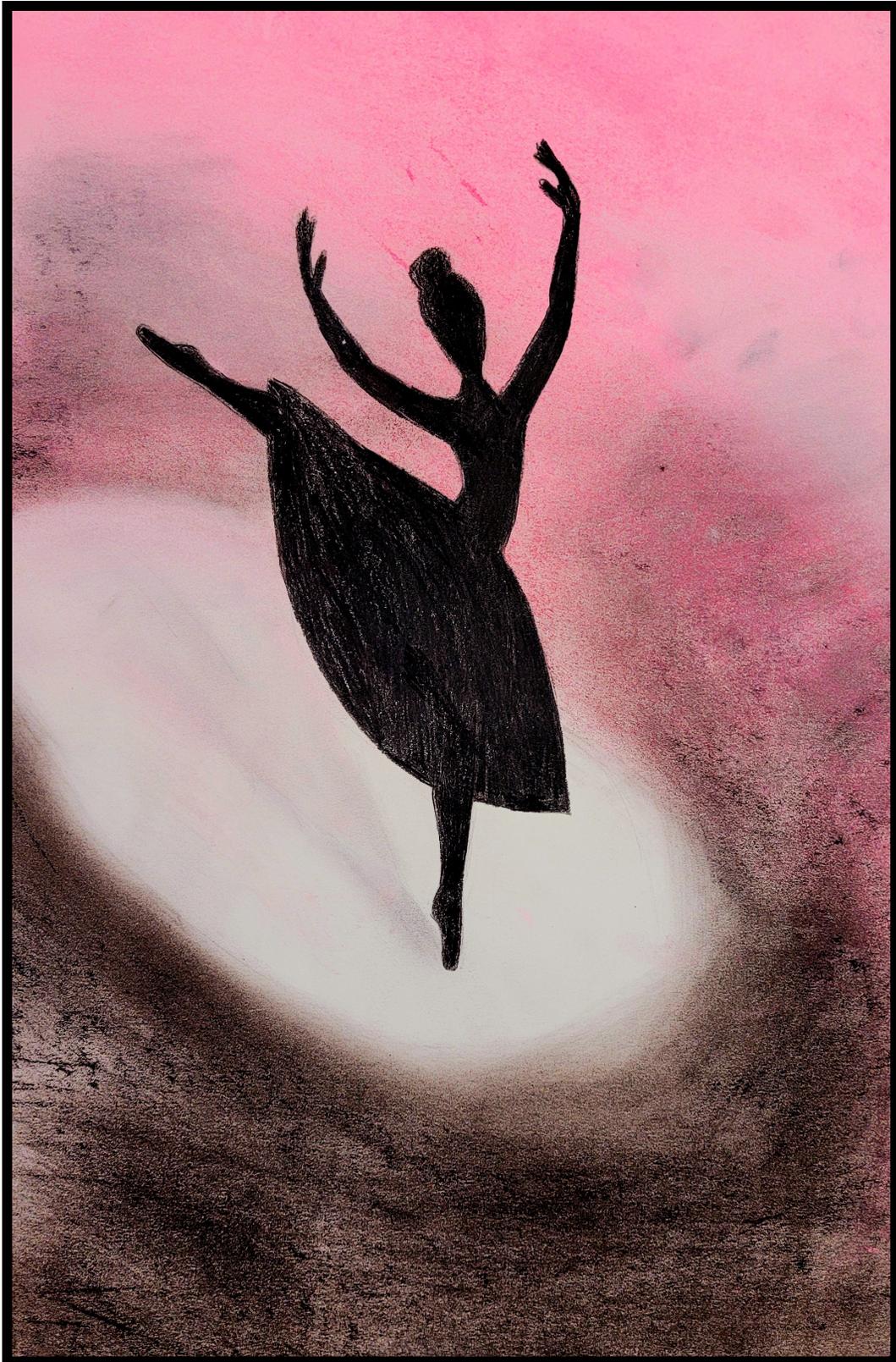
*I imagine  
walls of ancient artwork from the minds of scholars before me,  
and the plate bursting with color that sits on my table  
when I'm finished marveling over it all,  
pennies and quarters across marble waters,  
all gifts from parents of children's' comical hopes,  
rainbow lights strung across the edges of rooftops,  
snowflakes trailing down my window against the dark sky  
and the joyful tunes they dance to  
together.*

*I imagine  
a sea of stone and lush grass  
where I can dwell among the lonely  
as their only childlike companion,  
stars streaked across an abyss,  
just barely blue or yellow  
while I listen to crackling flames  
shelves upon shelves filled with albums upon albums,  
smudging Sharpie labels on their spines,  
and all of the gleeful faces living inside and out of them,  
birds and laughter and pianos and cooking  
bliss and love and home and childhood,  
memories of my past,  
memories of my now,  
memories of my future.*

*And I know  
my hair is auburn  
my hair is short  
my eyes are blue  
I am of average height and pale and freckled,  
but one of the drawbacks to my abstract mind  
is that only my physical self makes up my surface  
though I see so much more when I look into the mirror.*



*“Artist’s Brush Clay Pinch Pot”  
Audreanna Carley, Gr. 5*



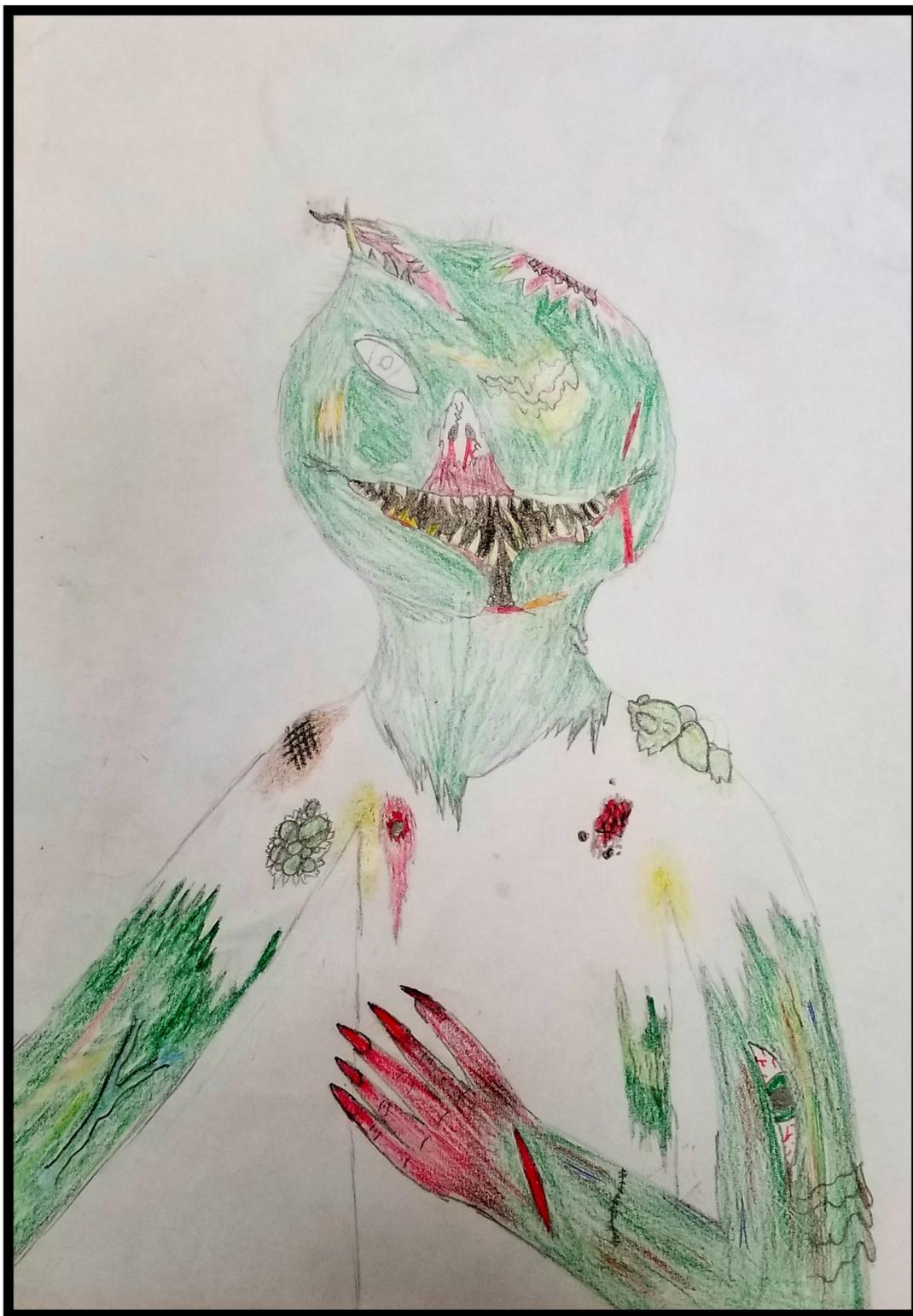
***“Twirling”***  
***Georgia Lepper, Gr. 9***



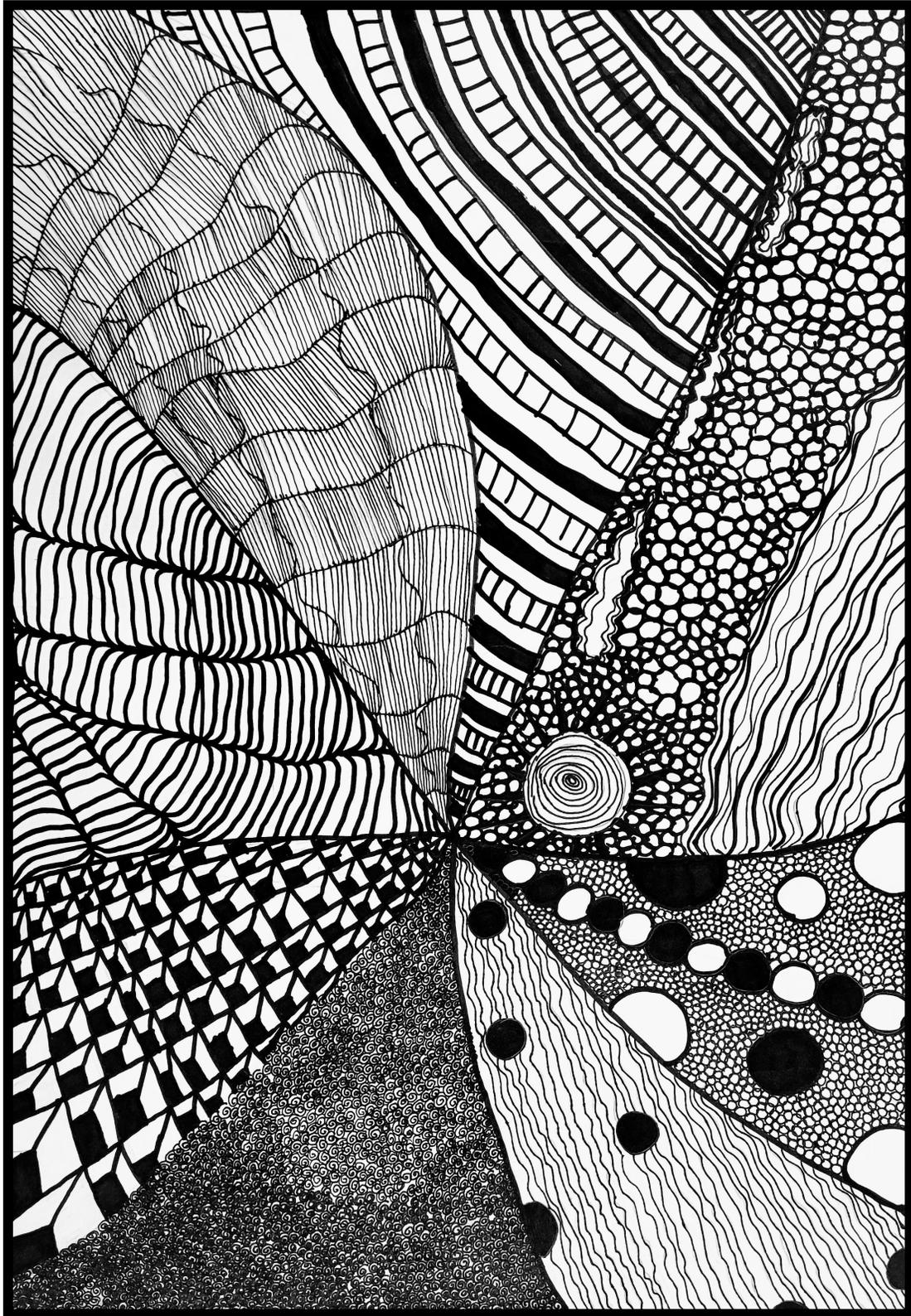
*“Kusama Inspired Pumpkin”  
Gloria Allen, Gr. 3*



***“Spring Fling”  
Lizzetta Myers, Gr. 11***



***“Tears of Chernobyl”***  
***Jake Lee Cameron, Gr. 10***



*"Trippy"*  
*Autumn Houghtaling, Gr. 9*



*“Sugar”  
Lucas Lamphere, Gr. 12*



***"Bold"***  
*Siera Kachmaryk, Gr. 7*



***“Clay Pinch Pot With Heart”  
Faith Essig, Gr. 3***



*“Lens”  
Maddie Smith, Gr. 11*



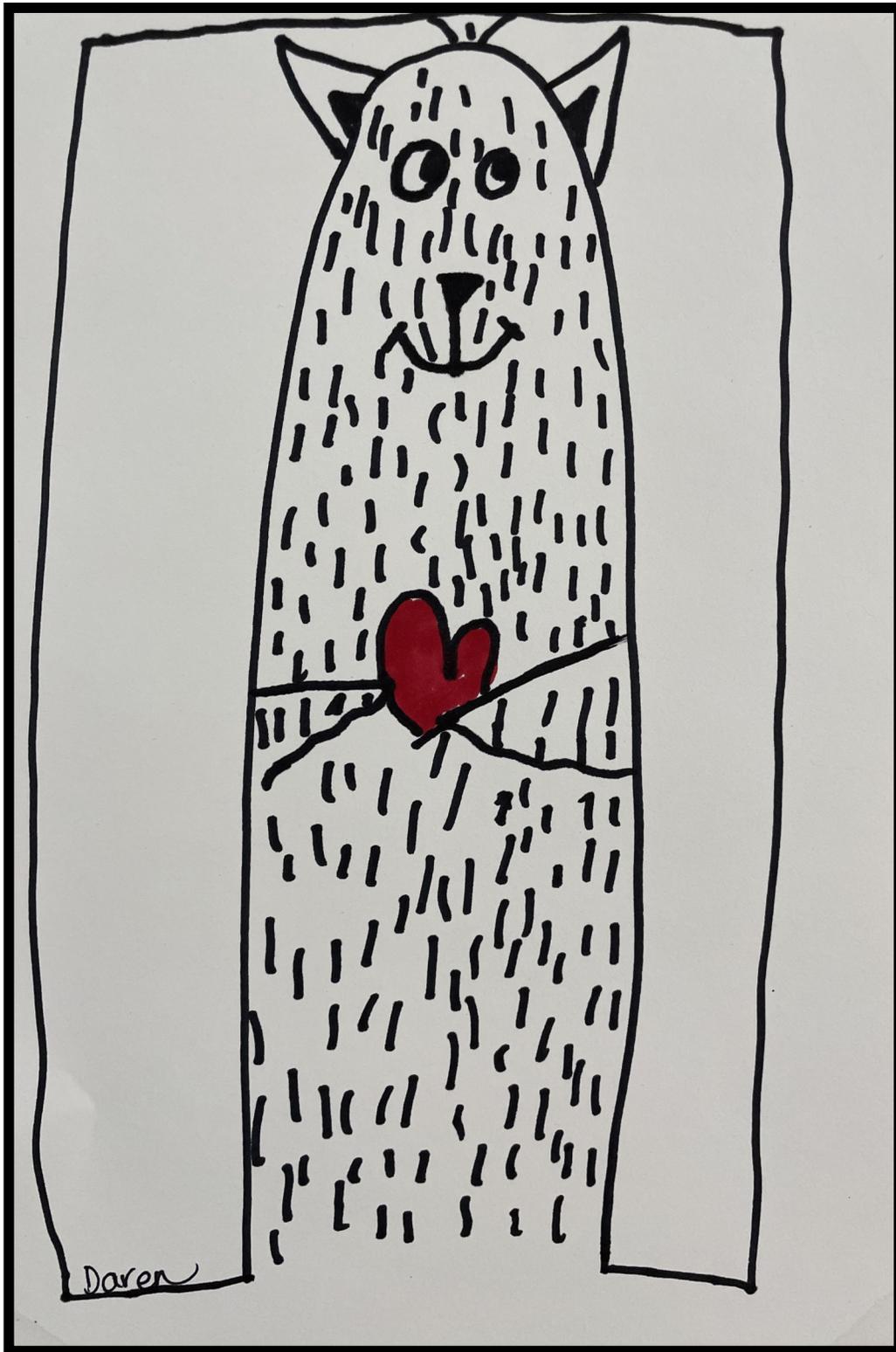
*“Little Dragon”  
Kailey Teeple, Gr. 9*



*"Self Portrait"*  
Rylee Stoltz, UPK



*“Flower”  
Autumn Stoddard, Gr. 11*



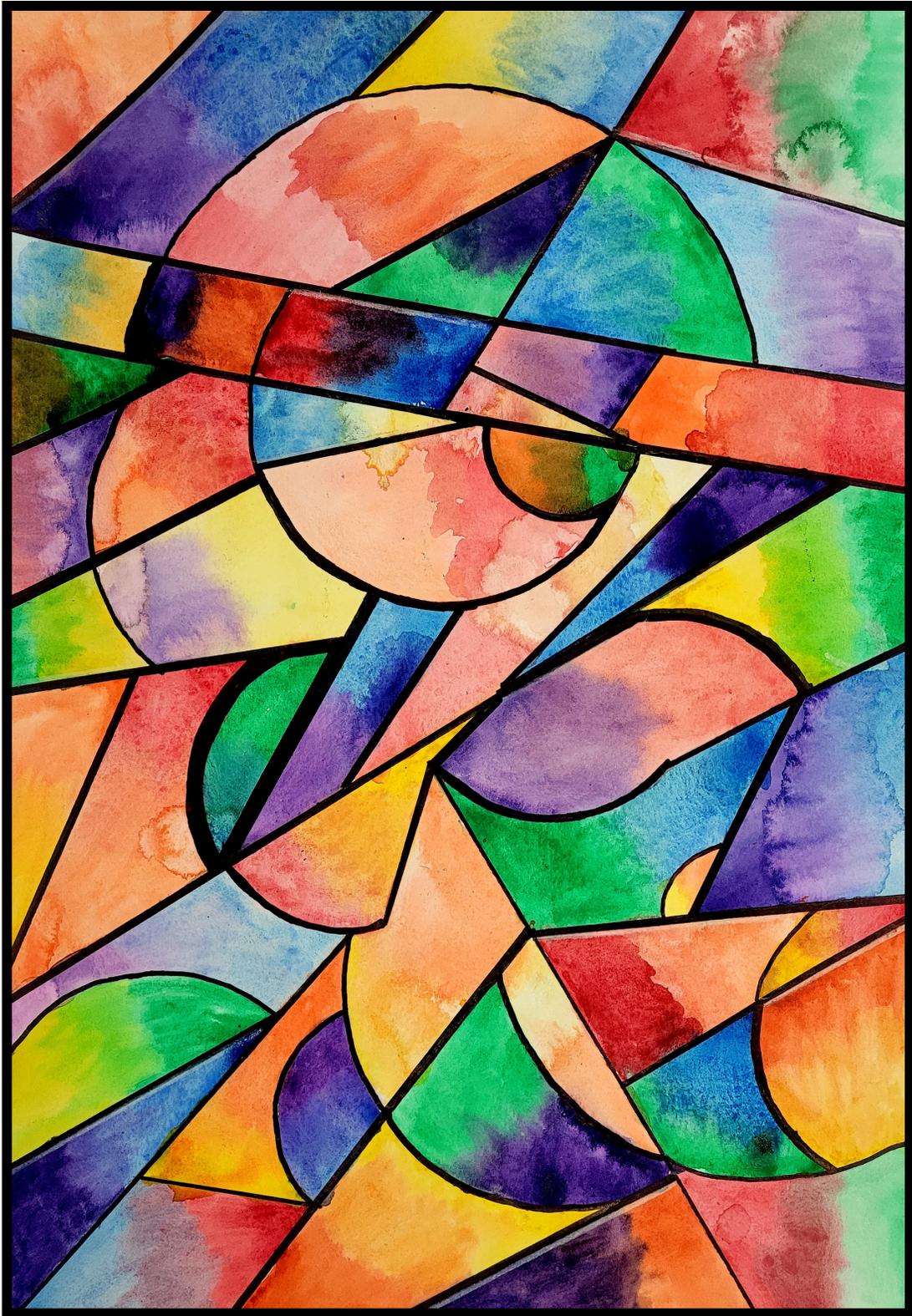
*"Valentine Pet"*  
*Daren Nashburn, Gr. 5*



***“Color Monster”  
Nora Skinner, UPK***



*“Painter’s Splash”  
Faith Campbell, Gr. 12*



*“Geometric Watercolor”  
Chase Webber, Gr. 9*



*“Rainbow Heart Clay Pinch Pot”  
Reagan DeVinney, Gr. 1*

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The following students submitted written and artistic work from these school districts: Bloomfield, North Rose-Wolcott and Red Creek

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| <i>Allen</i>       | <i>Gloria</i>    | <i>Gr. 3</i>  | 28           | <i>Myers</i>                                | <i>Lizzetta</i> | <i>Gr. 11</i> | 29 |
| <b>B</b>           |                  |               |              | <b>N</b>                                    |                 |               |    |
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| <i>Brick</i>       | <i>Georgia</i>   | <i>Gr. 8</i>  | 17           |                                             |                 |               |    |
| <i>Burse</i>       | <i>Caroline</i>  | <i>Gr. 8</i>  | 18           | <b>R</b>                                    |                 |               |    |
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# We Need You!



Please submit your students' written and artist work for our 2022 edition of *RIPPLES* Magazine

- + *RIPPLES* is a great way to motivate creative writing and artistic expression...
- + *RIPPLES* is the perfect “authentic hook” for your poetry and creative writing units...
- + *RIPPLES* is a unique way to highlight exemplary pieces of writing or Visual Art portfolios....
- + *RIPPLES* will give your students an opportunity to see their work published....

### *Requirements for written and artistic work:*

1. All work must be submitted electronically
2. All grade levels (k-12) can submit work
3. All submitted work must have a coversheet attached with teacher or parent signature.
4. Although written work will be checked for grammar and spelling, it is encouraged that work be edited and checked by students and teachers before it is submitted. If this is not done to the satisfaction of the editor, written work will be returned to the student for editing and may be resubmitted.

**Submissions for Written Work - January 4<sup>th</sup> - April 29<sup>th</sup>, 2022**

**Deadline for Artwork – January 4<sup>th</sup> - May 6<sup>th</sup>, 2022**

Please contact Mary Harvey at 315-332-7265 or by email at [mary.harvey@edutech.org](mailto:mary.harvey@edutech.org) if you have any questions.