

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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Mary Harvey
Enrichment Coordinator
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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*



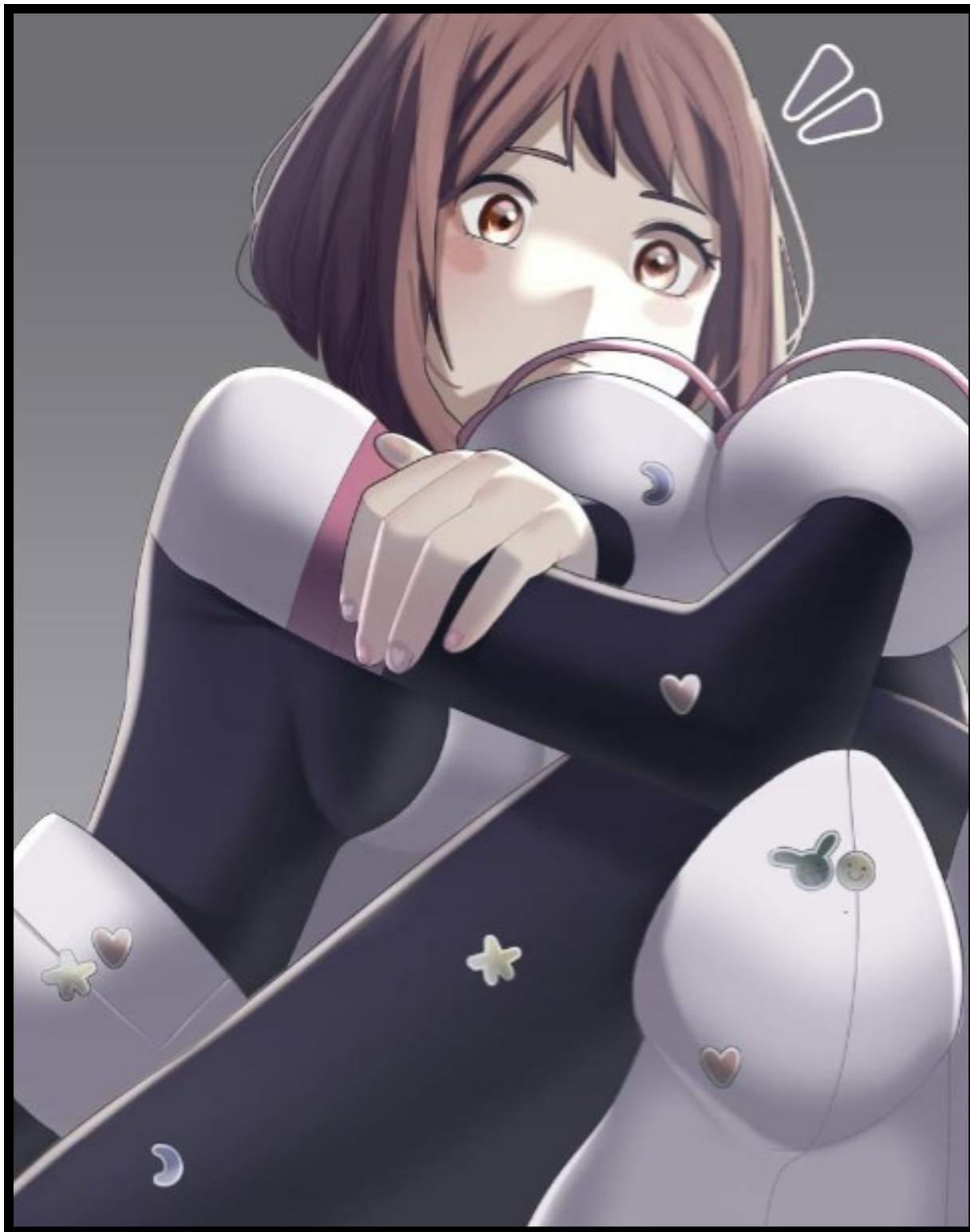
"Self Portrait"
Kali Collins, Gr. 3



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



"Untitled"
Alyssa Raponi, Gr.12



“Sketch Book”
Delila Holbrook, Gr. 6



*“Nikki Sixx”
Justin Farr, Gr. 9*



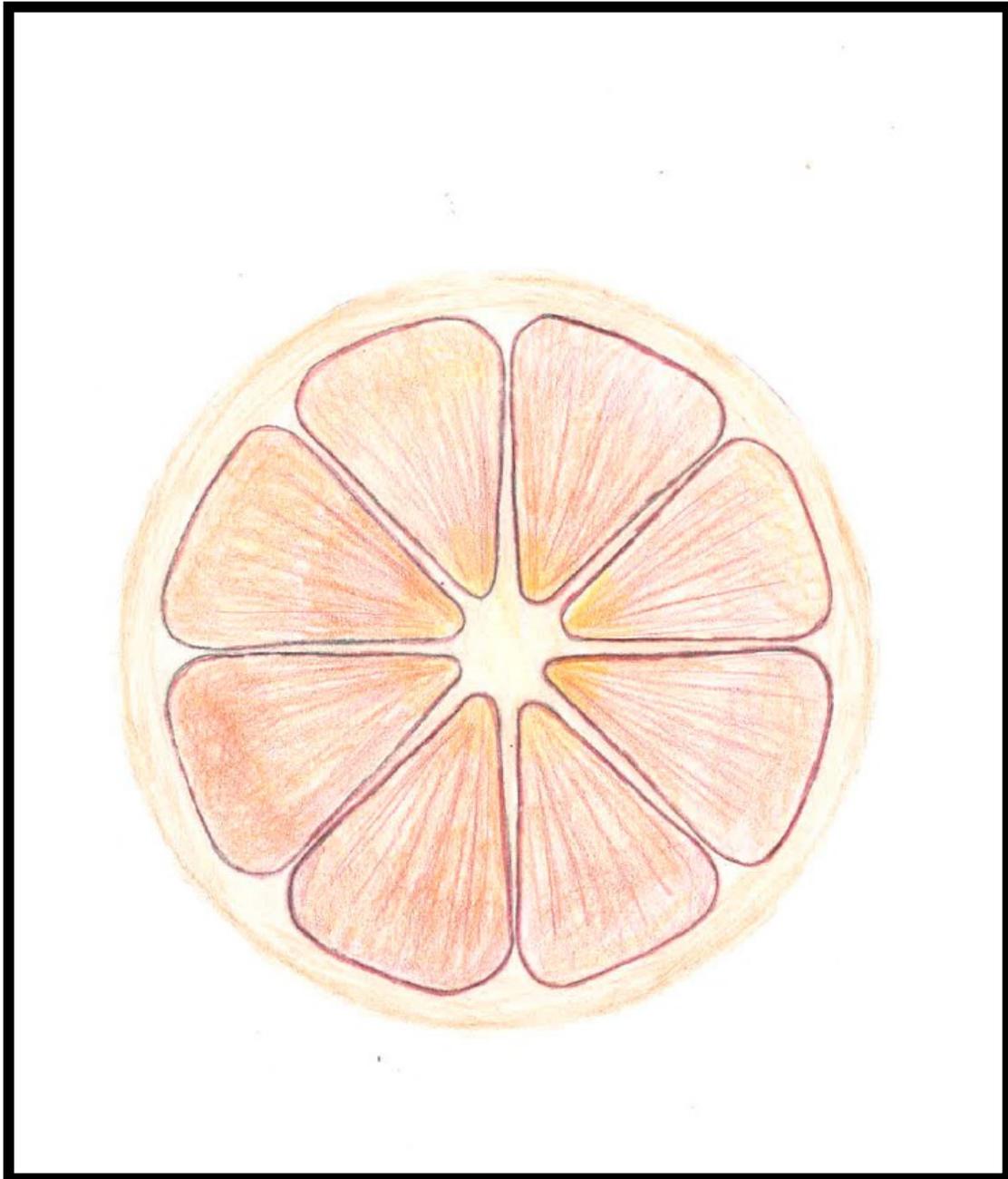
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Faith Campbell, Gr. 12***



“Strawberry”
Issabella Keller, Gr. 9



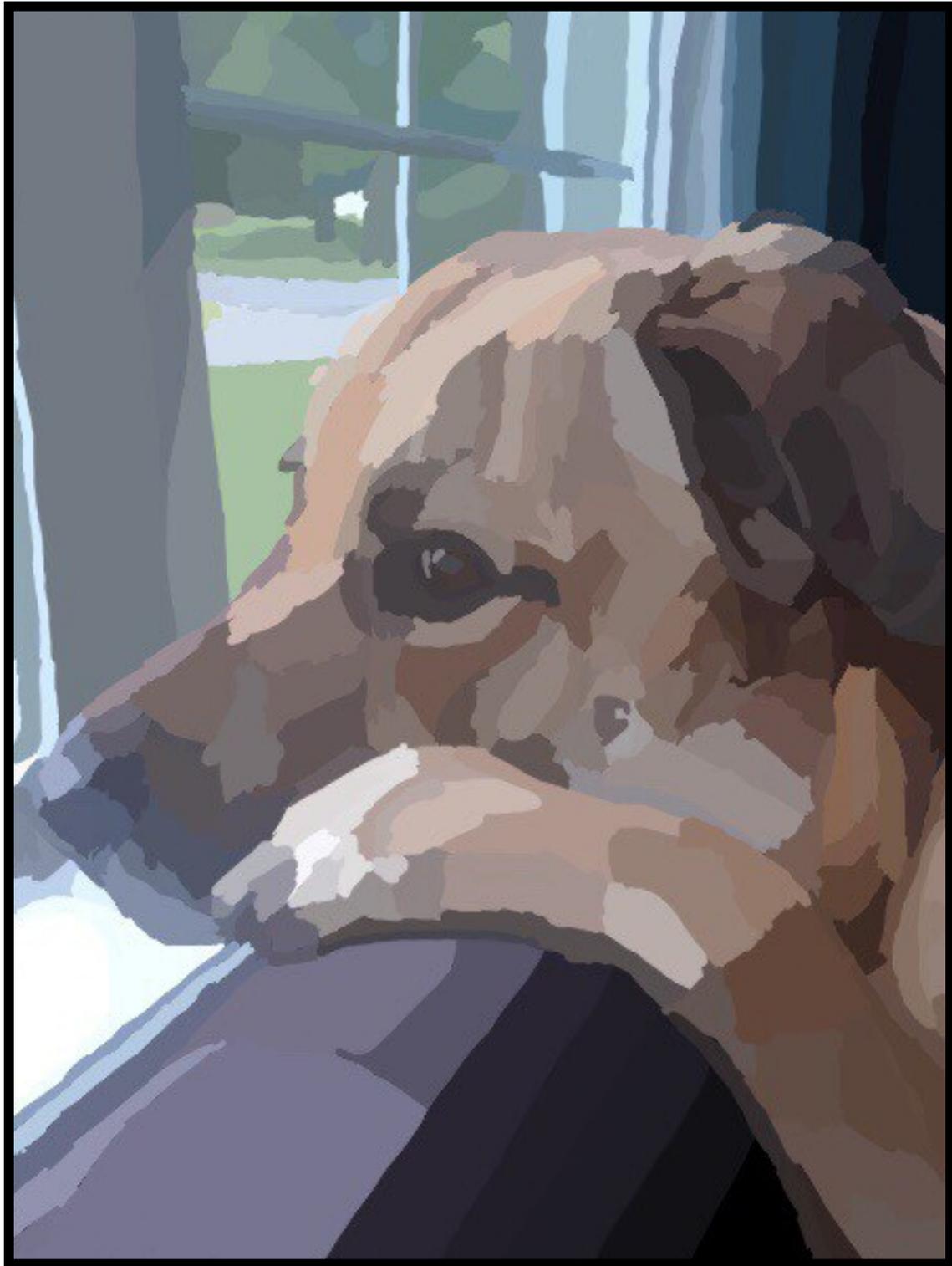
*“Two Of A Kind”
Madelyn Jones, Gr. 10*



“Orange”
Siera Kachmaryk, Gr. 7



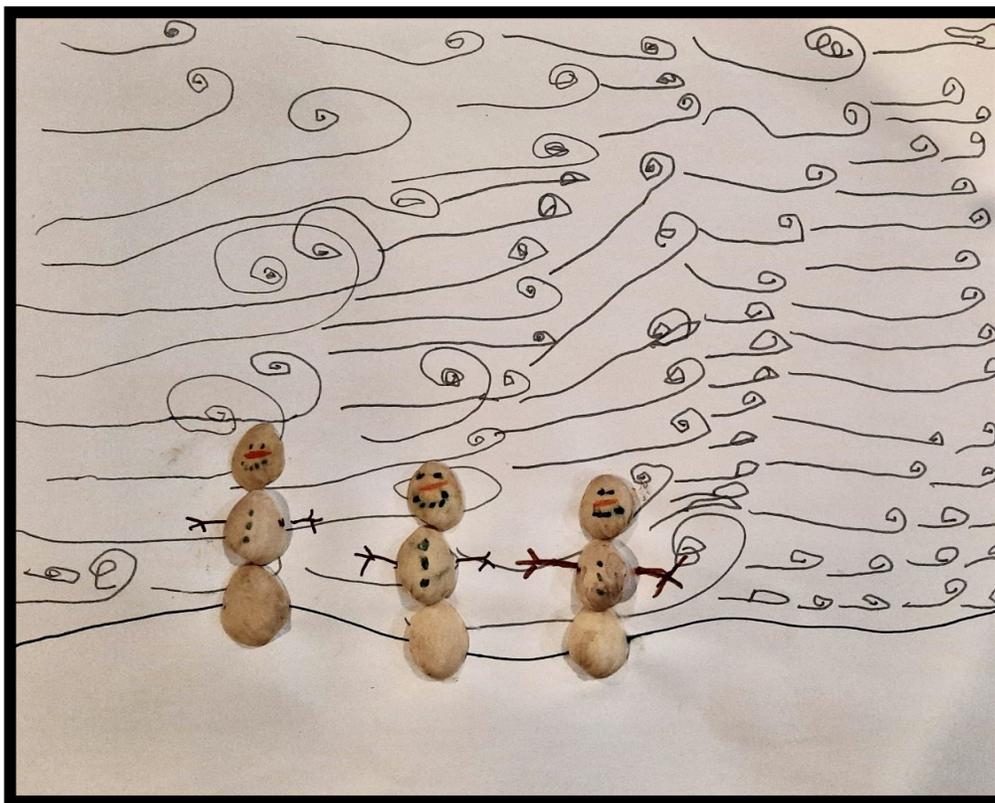
*“Color Monster”
Caden Leszczynski, UPK*



“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.*

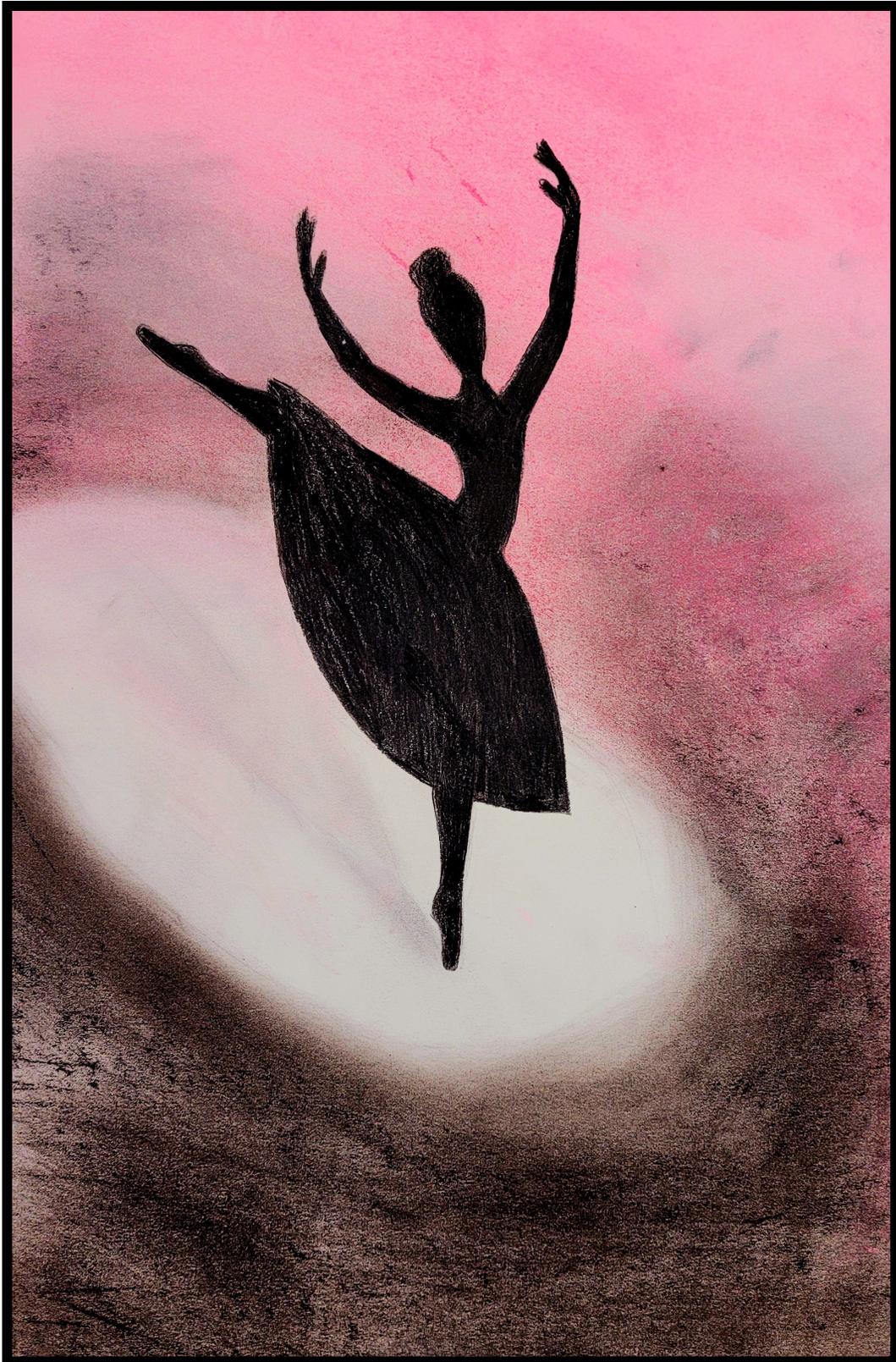
*I imagine
walls of ancient artwork from the minds of scholars before me,
and the plate bursting with color that sits on my table
when I'm finished marveling over it all,
pennies and quarters across marble waters,
all gifts from parents of children's' comical hopes,
rainbow lights strung across the edges 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*



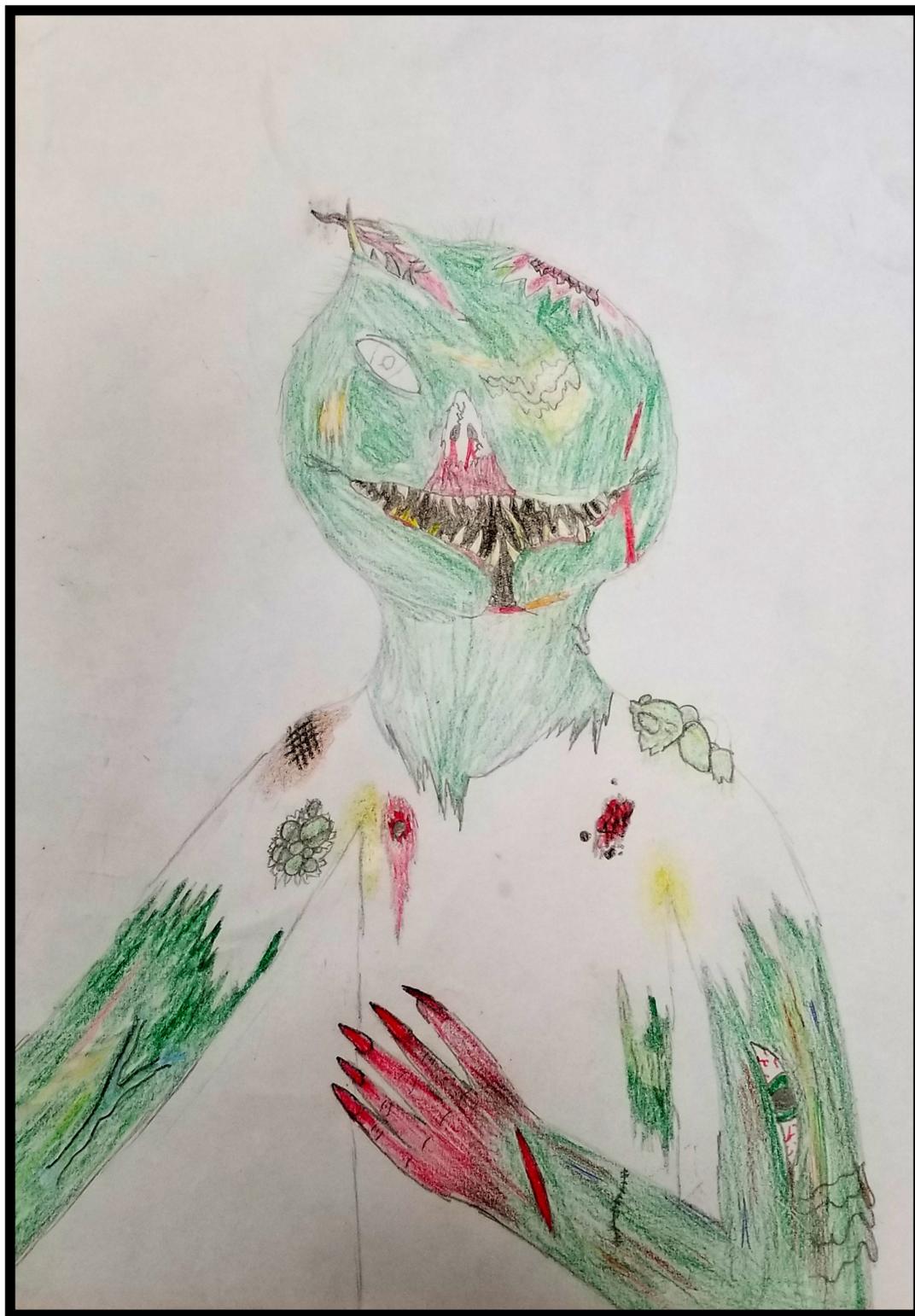
“Twirling”
Georgia Lepper, Gr. 9



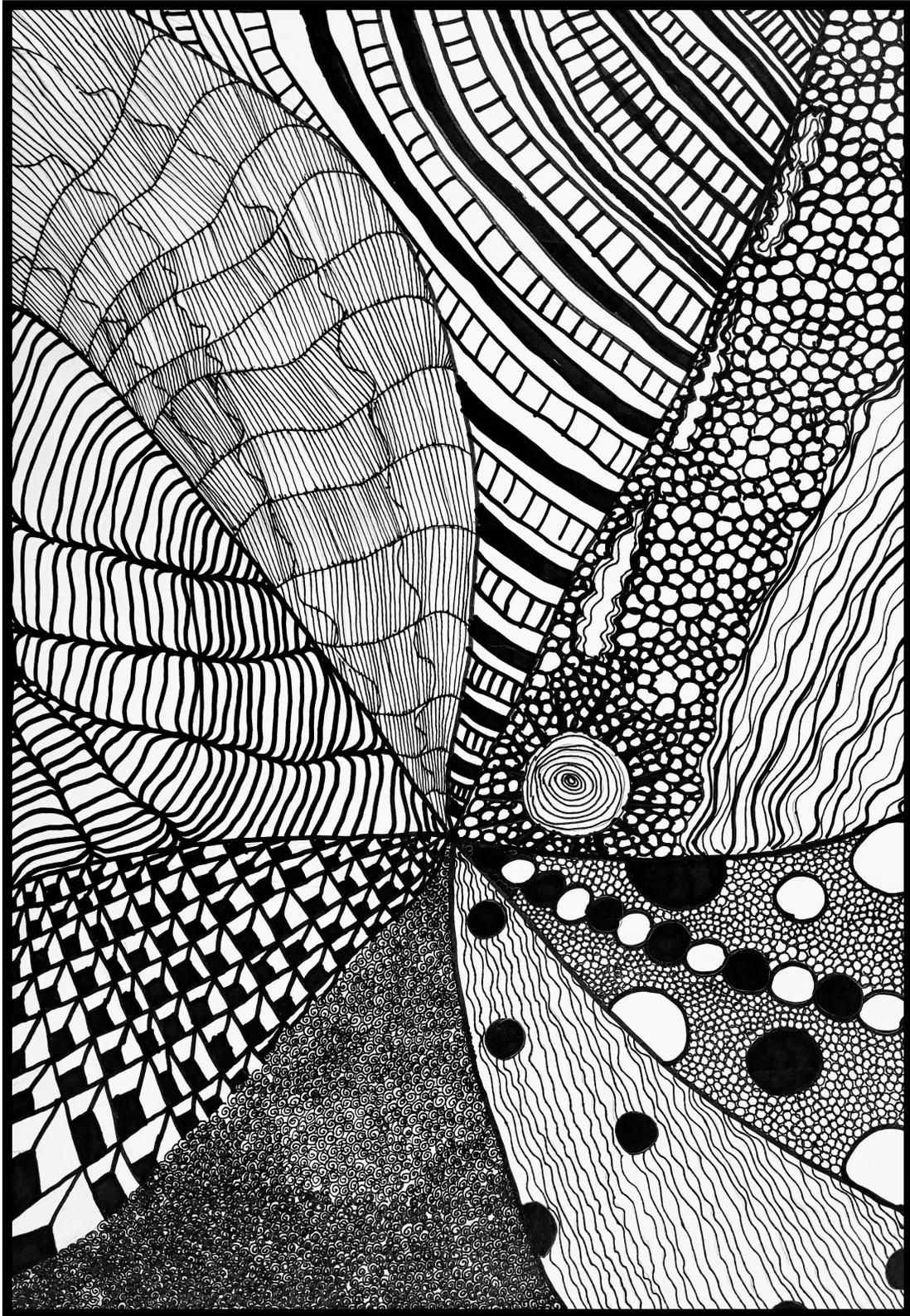
*“Kusama Inspired Pumpkin”
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***“Spring Fling”
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“Tears of Chernobyl”
Jake Lee Cameron, Gr. 10



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Autumn Houghtaling, Gr. 9



*“Sugar”
Lucas Lamphere, Gr. 12*



"Bold"
Siera Kachmaryk, Gr. 7



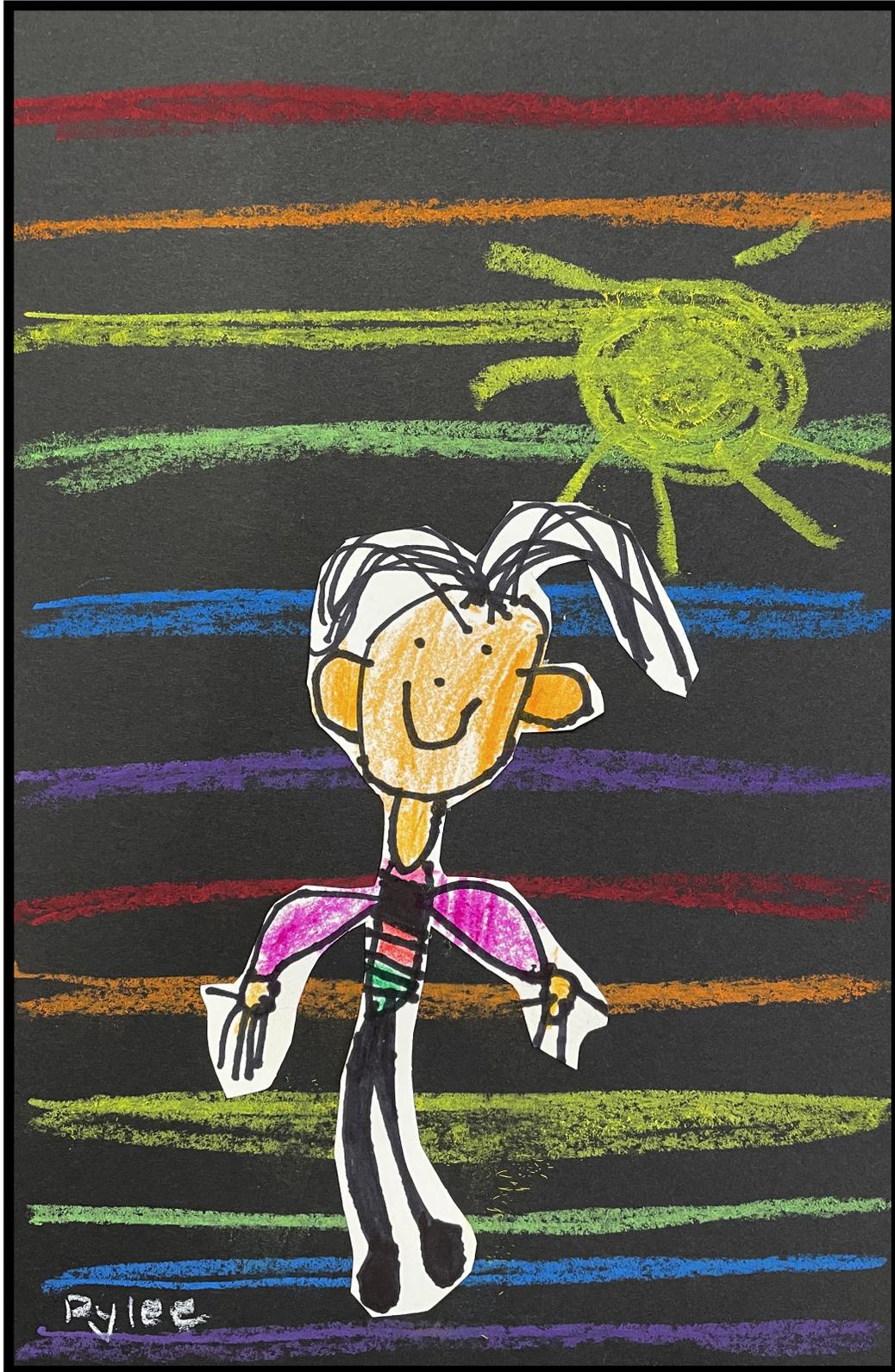
***“Clay Pinch Pot With Heart”
Faith Essig, Gr. 3***



*“Lens”
Maddie Smith, Gr. 11*



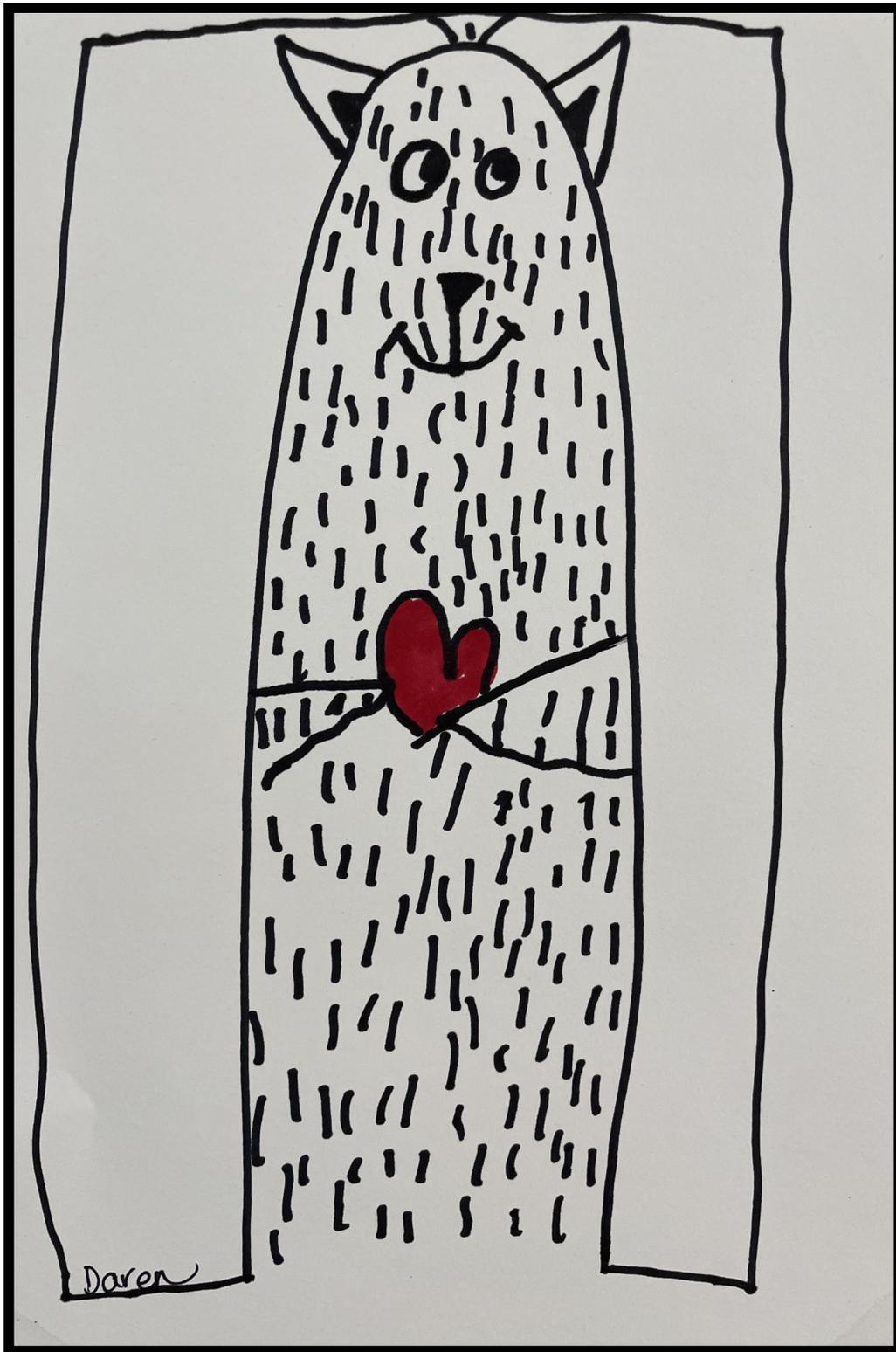
*“Little Dragon”
Kailey Teeple, Gr. 9*



"Self Portrait"
Rylee Stoltz, UPK



*“Flower”
Autumn Stoddard, Gr. 11*



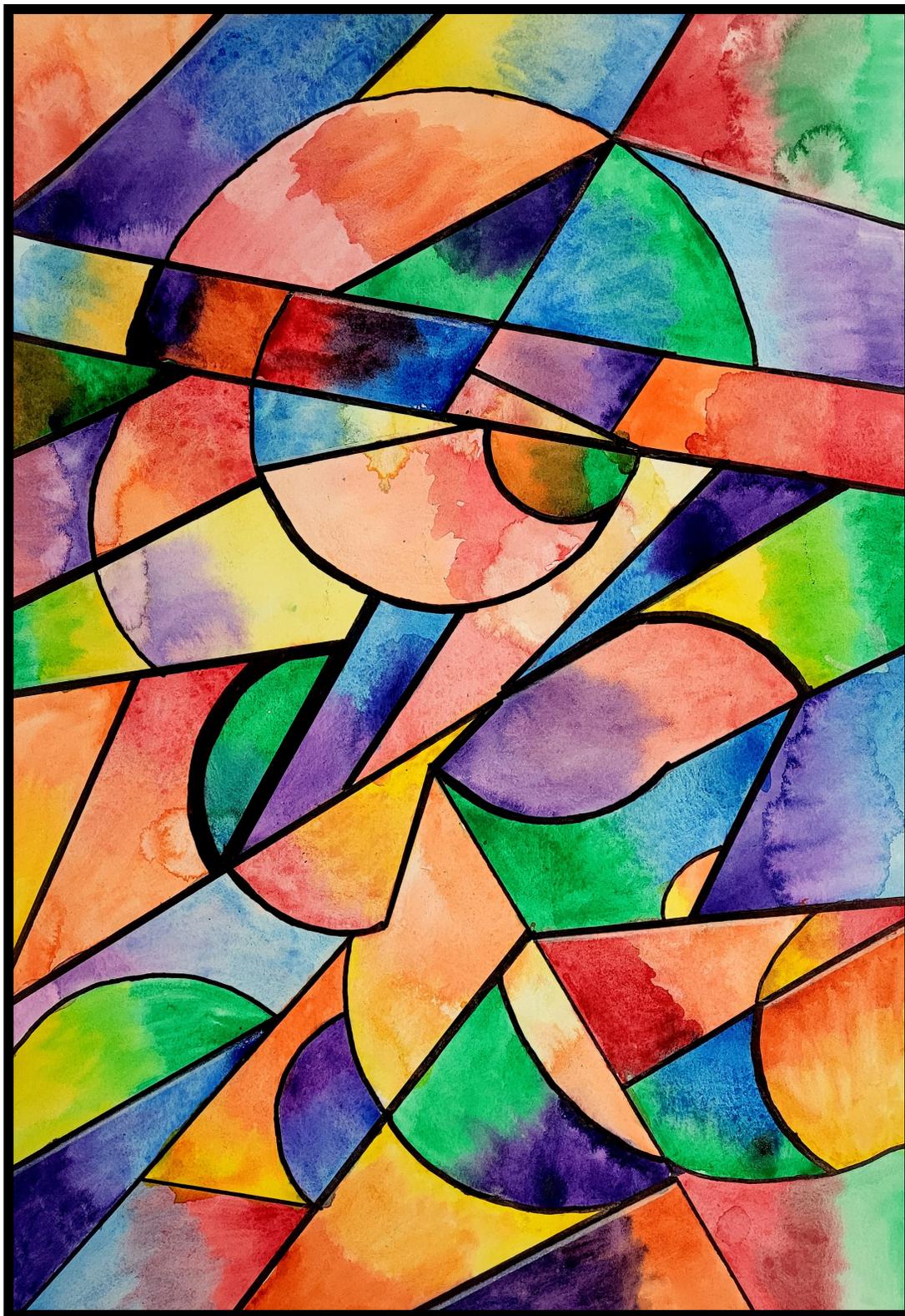
"Valentine Pet"
Daren Nashburn, Gr. 5



***“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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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 4th - April 29th, 2022

Deadline for Artwork – January 4th - May 6th, 2022

Please contact Mary Harvey at 315-332-7265 or by email at mary.harvey@edutech.org if you have any questions.