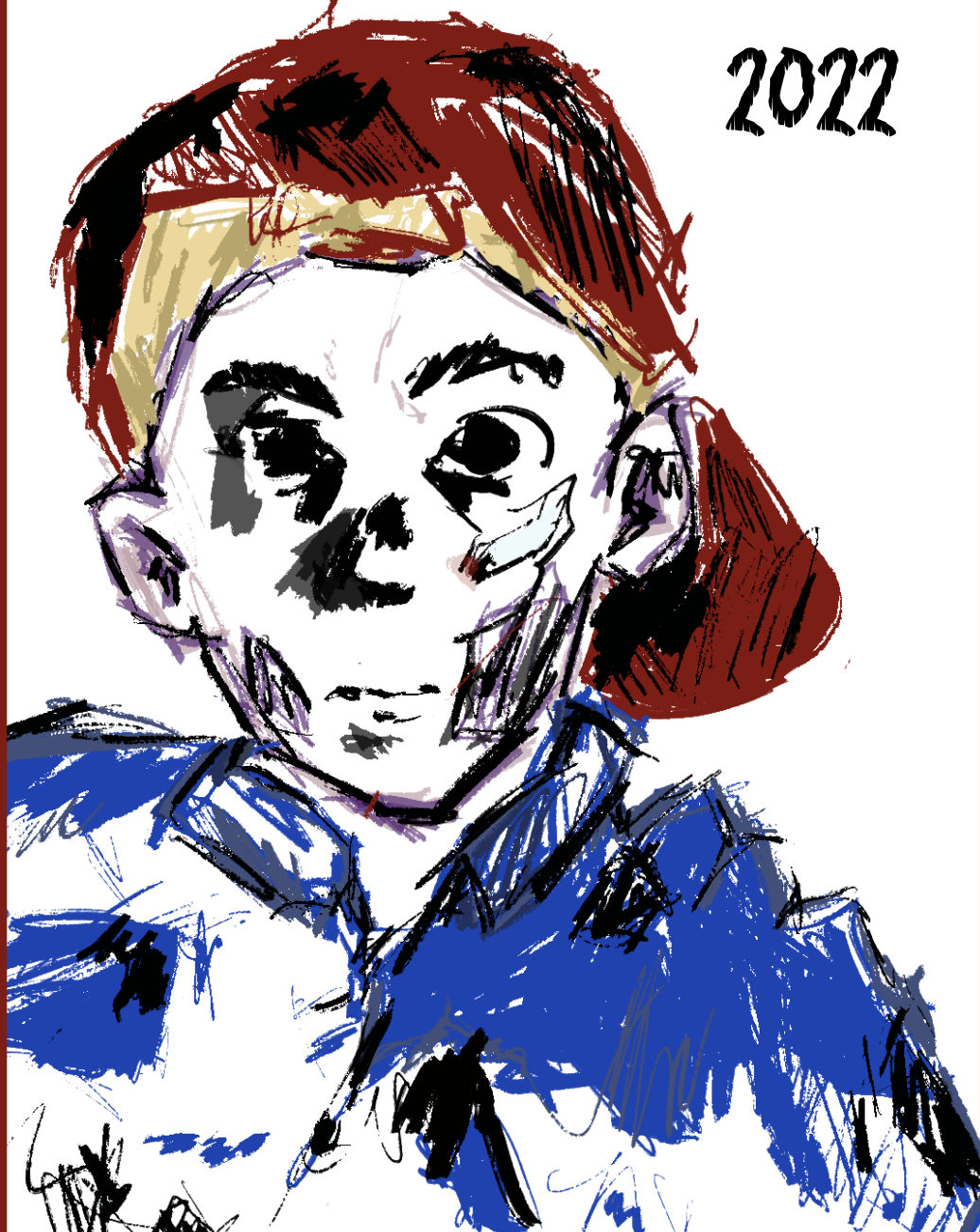


MÉLANGE

2022



Writing and Art from



Morristown-Beard
School

Middle School

2021-2022

Cover Art: Nathan Luther

Faculty Advisor: Melissa Rachel

mélange (noun)

/mā'länj/

a mixture; a medley

*"Melange mine own,
the unseen and the seen,
Mysterious ocean
where the streams empty"*

-Walt Whitman

Sometimes on a boat in September

Sometimes on a boat in September,
Storm clouds loom overhead
Waiting for the pounding rain to
unleash and thunder to roar
Wondering if this will be the last storm
Of the summer season

Sometimes on a boat in September,
The waves are so rough
People begin to worry
“Will we make it out?” They exclaim
“No need to worry” you say

Because sometimes on a boat in
September,
All problems sway away
The clashing of waves breaking on the
boat,
Sweep away any worries in sight

Sometimes on a boat in September,
The only sound in the air
Is the buzzing heat
Or

It is almost like you can hear the sea
life below
Whales jumping
Birds chirping
Fish
Swimming

But sometimes on a boat in September
When the wind starts to howl
The waves start to roar
And the clouds cave in
It's time
To
Go

Sometimes on a boat in September
The ocean can be explored

Undiscovered islands can be
conquered
New sea life can be detected
But don't,
Never
Ever
Get lost

If you do
Just let the ocean bring you to
wherever it pleases
A journey so far, yet so short
Giving people perspectives on new
ideas unheard of
Because sometimes on a boat in
September
You will never know
What to expect

by Rye Fleming



by Jake Sasse



by Alex Bedner

Where I'm From

I am from Capri-Suns,
 From Bath and Body Works perfume and Pocketbacs.
 I am from the trampoline that sits under a pine tree.
 (Large, green,
 And never faded during winter.)
 I am from paper roses,
 And plastic pumpkins
 Who were used to
 Distract the deer from the real plants.

I am from cinnamon buns and grocery lists,
 From Aurora and Florham Park.
 I'm from the grumpiest,
 And the most generous,
 All in one.
 I'm from *Goodnight Moon*,
 With the little rabbit
 Who helped me learn to read.

I'm from Uncle Brian's farm,
 Mini hot dogs and sushi.
 From the nose my dad broke
 From a water slide
 And the scraped knees I got from playing in the yard.
 Under the coffee table was a picture book
 Filled with old memories.
 I am from all those pictures,
 And the thoughts they hold inside.

by Adriana Kerekes

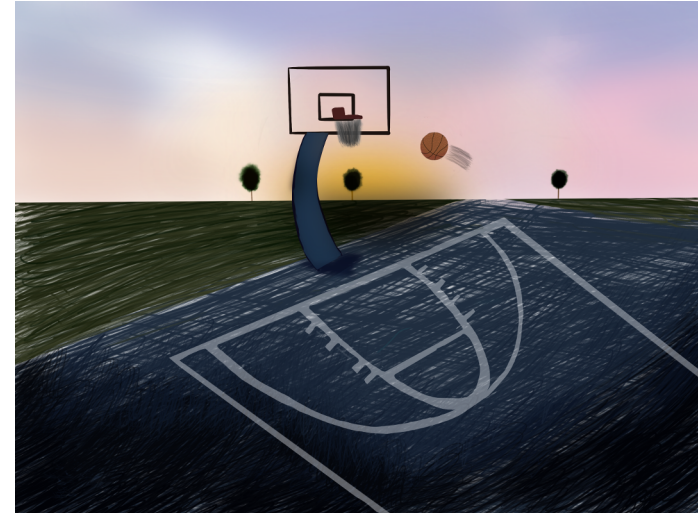
Start Again

Her mind is racing with fear of the unknown
Anxiously awaiting
Powerless and still
She finds feelings of love and acceptance
Her eyes open wide, observing the beautiful campus
She's surrounded by the love that she had been missing

She learns to cherish her time at camp as she grows
Happiness, love and laughter fill the sounds around her
She realizes she has now found her forever home
Cherishing the friendships and bonds
Time begins to pass

Moments are becoming scarce
Memories are timeless
Sounds begin to fade
Realizing her time is coming to a close
I want to spend forever here
Tearful eyes are closing
She feels separate and lost, in the real world
Wishing she could start again
The summer starts again, without her

by Sophie Kotkin



by Sydney Kaplan



by Evan Daniels

She woke up drenched in sweat, yet she was not hot.
She woke up with the thought of worry, yet she was not scared.
She woke up alone, yet she was not lonely.

Outside her window, stapled to a tree, was an adorable portrait
of herself. She admired that photo - her fair skin, with her
auburn hair brushed against her cheeks - yet she never liked
the meaning behind it.

The red bold words that spelled out

WANTED

alerted her to start packing.

by Jamie Rosenbloom



by Genevieve Bennis

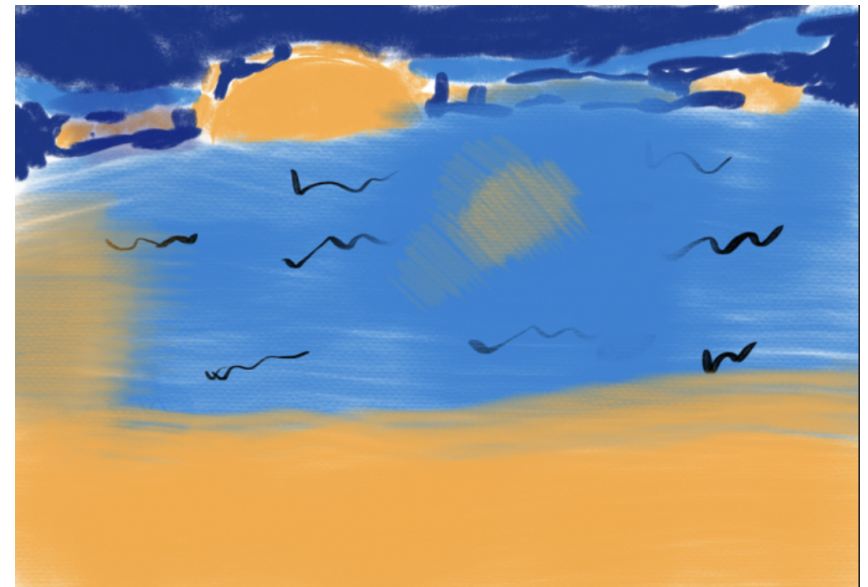
Ocean

The waves crash on me
Pulling me in the water
I drift out to sea

by Marco Tutela



by Charlie Everett



by Logan Turner



by Ben Derman



by AJ Rodriguez

Blades of grass, rustling and waving in the fall wind
 A web of pine trees, made to endure the cold air and freezing ice.
 Vultures dive down to the earth to claim their prizes
 A moat, made of not water but stinging, piercing bushes, surrounding the
 squat, mellow colored
 dwelling

A waterlogged backyard, complete with a patio, trampoline, and enough
 space for a child to be
 satisfied

Animals dive in and out, up and down all through the forest
 Beyond that, an actual forest, with earthworms, termites, and centipedes
 all crawling around,
 unseen, yet there

Even more trees, with variations between birch and oak, maple and
 spruce, but all dead in the
 autumn frost

Above, a sky, with clouds that seems so close but in reality so far

Above, a sky, with one rule: to be free

Above, winged predators and prey, little robins to huge hawks, fight for
 food and family

Within, a decorated floor, with early Christmas lights and trees

Within, people glued to their devices, in different sections of the house

Within, two young dogs play silently, tugging each other's ears and
 occasionally lunging on top of
 each other

Within, where the warmth and love comes from

Outside, has changed.

Outside, with wind strong and snow blowing

Through the air, everywhere

A winter Christmas wonderland

Afterward, pristine and white

Afterward, every branch and tree is beautified

Afterward, a sunny day

Afterward, heat to melt everything away

This is Home

by Sohan Norden

Out at Sea

by Carleigh Cofer

The sun was not setting yet, but not very high in the sky either. It cast golden rays over the waves crashing to shore. The paper white sand had the shadows of beach goers plastered all around it. There was not a single cloud in the sky. Seagulls nipped at peoples french fries while people swatted at them to leave. Children played blissfully in the sand, creating monuments that could only be described as "piles of sand".

"Come on!" Jamie squealed, as she ran into the seemingly calm waves. Once she got deep enough, she dove into salty smelling water.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" Carleigh said, running after her and into the big blue. She made a big splash as she jumped into the water. Carleigh could see why it was called Clearwater beach. She could see everything in the water right down to the sand at her feet. Other people splashed and played around them, enjoying their daily dose of sun that shone so brightly onto them.

The waves around Carleigh and Jamie were not providing much force. In fact, they were calmer than they had ever been. Carleigh looked towards the horizon and saw waves, bigger and badder than she had ever seen.

"Let's go out just a little farther," she told her sister. So they swam. They swam until their legs hurt. Slowly, the people around them started to fade away, and the coast started to shrink the farther they went out. Soon, the beach was only a little speck in the distance.

"Uh, Carleigh," Jamie said. "I think we might have gone out a little too far. She was correct. They were in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. Their feet were not even close to the sandy bottom anymore. The water had gone all murky. Not so clear anymore! The sun, it seemed, had hidden itself behind the now existent clouds that just appeared out of nowhere.

"Yeah, we might have swam a little too far out," Carleigh replied, looking around for a boat or something to help them. Both Carleigh and Jamie were struggling to stay afloat due to the intense waves that they were experiencing. "At least there are bigger waves now!" Carleigh remarked through a mouthful of salt water. "Let's try and swim back to shore,".

The two sisters tried to make their way back to the serene beach, but the current continued to pull them out to sea. If this kept up, then they would be in the middle of the ocean within the hour!

"There!" Carleigh said, pointing out a little boat about 100 yards from them. It looked like a fisherman's boat.

"Let's try to get its attention so it can rescue us!" Jamie exclaimed, waves crashing over her while she spoke.

"Help! Help! Over here! We're over here!" They hollered, flailing their arms in the ocean in an attempt to get the fisherman's attention. This tired them out more than anything. They felt like their bodies would give up on them. The ocean was now noticeably cold. So cold, that both of their fingers and toes had gone numb. If the rest of their bodies went numb, then they would never get back to shore. They would become shark bait in no time. This fisherman was their last hope.

"Please help us! We are stranded!" They screamed at the top of their lungs. When it seemed like they would be in the ocean forever, the little boat started to move toward them.

"Am I hallucinating, or is that boat coming toward us?" Jamie asked.

"You're not hallucinating, I see it too!" Carleigh replied, her purple lips struggling to get words out since her teeth were chattering so much.

The two sisters cheered and yelled of happiness as the boat came closer and closer. As the boat neared, a familiar silhouette of a person appeared sitting in the boat. It looked like someone familiar, but they could not yet make out who it was. Soon, it became clear who the mystery figure in the boat was.

"Oh my god," Carleigh said. "President Biden, is that you?" It was in fact the nation's president. "I didn't know that you liked to fish!"

"Girls, are you alright?" The president asked. "Here, come into my boat,".

"Thank you, thank you so much," Jamie said.

"This is such an honor," Carleigh said as she climbed onto the boat.

"No," The President said. "The honor is all mine to save such kind girls such as yourselves,". And with that, Carleigh and Jamie knew that they would be okay. They rode back to shore, the sun painting the sky behind them. The gray clouds had cleared up, and the girls were warming up in the boat as their savior (and the President) told them about his favorite hobby, fishing.

Where I'm From

I am from snowy Colorado mountains,
From family movie nights and camp Vega
I am from my mom's parents house in Louisiana.
(Red furniture, leather couch
Always something good cooking.)
I am from the trees in my backyard,
The Pine Trees
The secret hideout my sister and I had
Behind all the trees.

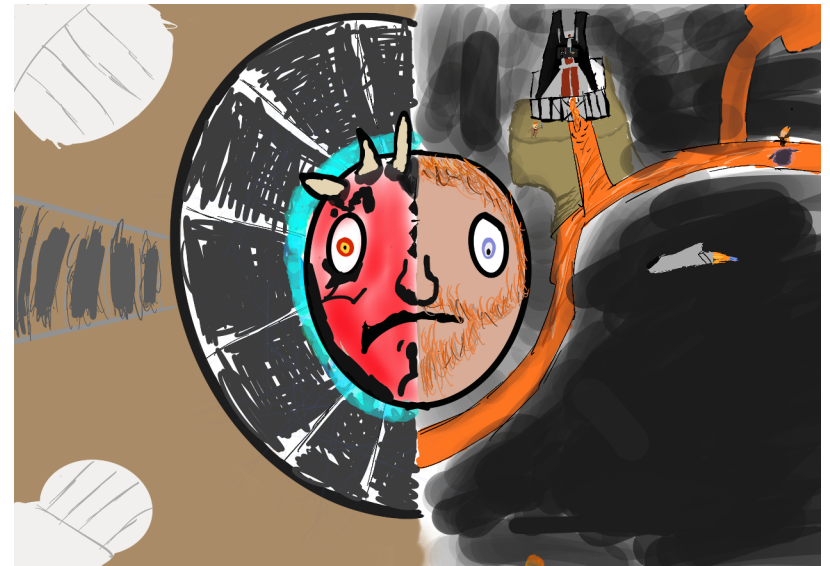
I am from taco salad,
From *Grey's Anatomy*.
I'm from the annoying sisters
And helpful sisters
From my dad's funny pet peeves.
I'm from my dad's crazy stories
And the dinner table in my house

I'm from long road trips,
Mac n cheese from a box and avocado toast.
From the grass my dog ruined in the backyard
From running around the house too fast
To all of the toys my dog lost.
I am from these special moments
All the family members and fun memories

by Sophia Solomon



by Lily Horowitz



by Will Turben



by Grace Tuttle



by Clare Patchett



Sunset On The Ship

Early in the morning
 The sun rises in the East.
 The waves are breaking,
 And the glowing clouds
 Are breathtaking.
 Further out, the sea becomes flat.
 While closer to the ship,
 A small splash evaporates into the air.
 In the water,
 The dolphins are jumpin'.
 This causes the fish to start runnin!
 Late at night,
 The sun sets in the west.

by Denny Trainor

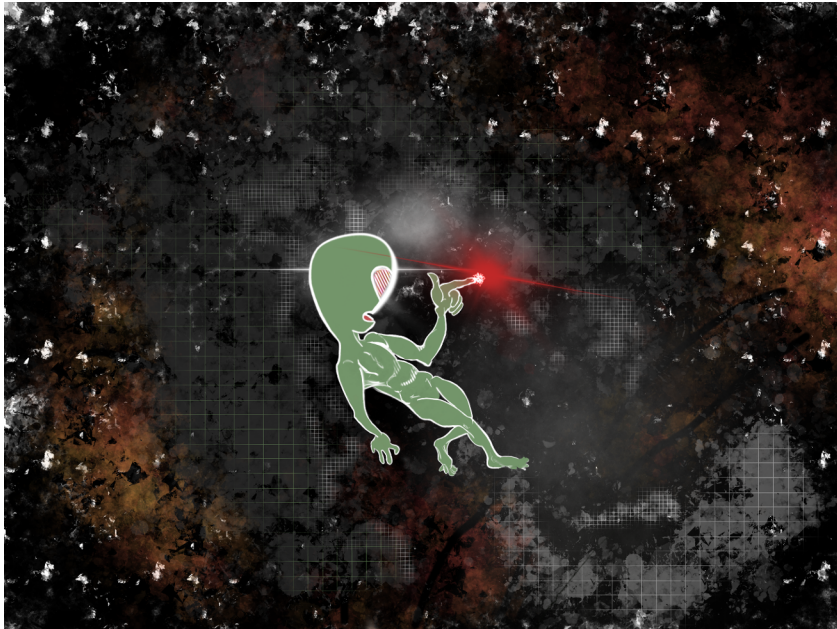
I'm from latkes,
 from tennis and golf.
 I am from baking with my siblings
 I am from the smell of the beach,
 the taste of my favorite dinner
 the smell and taste I remember
 as if I had just had it
 the perfect amount of sweet and salty
 I am from baking and TV
 from Alexa and Max
 I'm from the caring people and the selfish people
 from the ups and the downs I
 'm from the family traditions of our Hanukkah parties
 and Passover seders
 I'm from the taco cart in Mexico
 and dinner at the club
 quesadillas and chaser salad.
 From the tip of Wesley's paws
 all the way to the end of his favorite toy the toy he ripped up.
 Under my couch was an old picture
 of when I was little
 and the moments were beyond my memory
 I am from those moments
 snapped before I was old enough
 to remember.

by Isabel Rothschild



Lurking in the vast Everglades
 An apex predator
 Diving under the deep brown water
 Waiting for something to bite
 It surfaces baking in the sun with its back and two beady eyes
 It stares you dead in the eyes waiting to strike
 Fish swim below In terror
 Hoping to not be seen
 It hides back in the long grass
 Waiting for something to eat.
 It spots you
 And you scream!

by Dylan Temple



by AJ Rodriguez

Thumbs are something that never get thought of
 Humans are different to other animals because of one special thing
 Our thumbs
 You wouldn't be able pick up pencil with our your thumb
 Or peel a banana
 Or give someone a high five
 Because it would be a high four
 Without your thumb you would never be able to have a thumb war
 Without your thumbs you couldn't hold a can of soda
 Which might actually be good thing because soda is not good for
 you
 Without your thumb you would not be able to do the Twizy hand
 shake

by Jack Clammer

I'm from the state beach,
 From crashing waves and the smell of a campfire.
 From "come home when the street lights turn on".
 (the old glowing lights faintly stand out against the darkening
 sky.)
 I am from the Hannah Montana theme song,
 Lyrics that are forever in my mind.

I am from climbing trees and making forts,
 From cousins and best friends.
 I'm from my first softball glove
 And playing catch in the yard,
 From teammates and rivals.
 I'm from the mess in the kitchen
 And the smell of cookies in the oven.

I'm from the ice cream store on the pier,
 A chocolate ice cream cone topped with rainbow sprinkles.
 From sitting on a blanket and watching as the sun sets over the
 water.
 Sitting on a bookshelf, books upon books
 Encasing old pictures.
 Telling a story
 To bring life to the pages.
 I am from those very pages-
 And the pictures on them-
 Each adding to my story.

by Marilee Vartanian

High Above our Bright Blue Sky

High above our bright blue sky
There is eternity spent in dark
In a place without sound

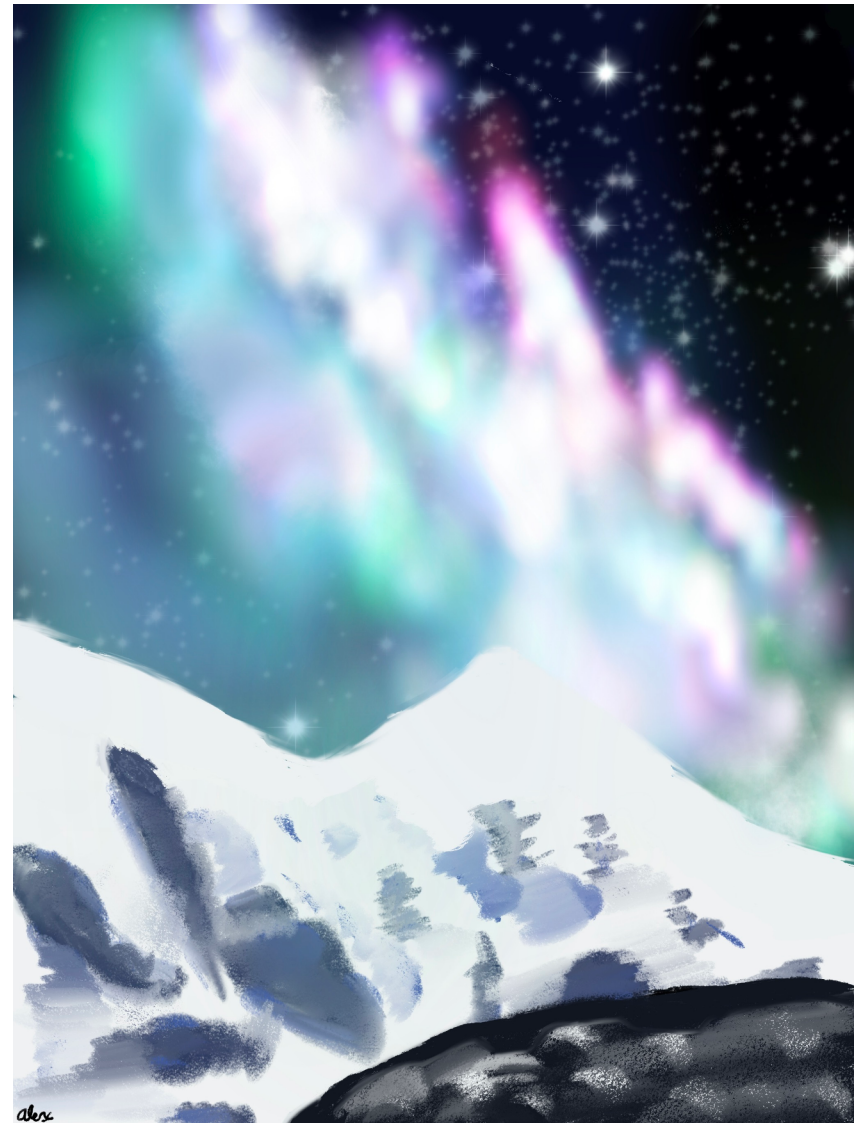
High above our bright blue sky
The depths have not yet been explored
And have proven to be infinite

High above our bright blue sky
Some life might be seen
Just nothing has been viewed yet

High above our bright blue sky
There is a void with empty light
The beauty unappreciated

High above our bright blue sky
A dark empty oasis is always coming
Until when all time stops

by Charlie Everett



by Alex Levy



by Jared Palker

Give me another chance
To really be
I was so wrong for so long
I know I should've treated you better
How could I live with myself
Knowing that I let our love go?
what I'd do for one chance
Every night and every day
I try to make you stay

by Abby Borofsky
created from the lyrics of Jason DeRulo

Five seven and five
That pattern for the haiku
Not five five seven

by Jacob Contil



by Riley Algazy

Pink flowers, green leaves,
A single butterfly rules over these.
Flying from flower to flower, like pollen in a breeze.
Big leaves small leaves pointed leaves
gives the oxygen for the butterfly to breathe.
People come and spectate it living its own life
Some adults wishing their life was so simple
Some trife kids trying to disrupt the peace.
Here we see a butterfly
Living its normal life
But that's just on the tip of the iceberg
It is not really free.

by Nimal Amarasiri

How to Live

Eat fruit loops for breakfast
a banana on the side
With a nice cold orange juice
After that go upstairs and take a shower
Then brush your teeth

Then go to the gym and play
Play for hours and hours
Bouncing and ball up and down
Shooting swish, swish, swish
Play pickup
With friends or strangers

Then you must have lunch
Go to Chick Fil A
Get a chicken sandwich and some nuggets
That would go nice with a cold thirst-quenching water
Take the food to go

Go home sit-down and enjoy
Watch NBA basketball while eating
Watch as the players think carefully about what to do with the ball
Think about all the hard work they had to go through
As you try to memorize your favorite players signature move

After you finish eating go upstairs
Turn on your console and play NBA 2k
There are many options
Choose to manage a team
Make your own fictional character
Or just play a regular game of simulation basketball

Go back down
Turn on ABC
as you watch two of the best exams in the league battle
Do this while your eating a well-done steak
With a side of fries
As well as a bubbly Sprite
The game goes to overtime
and ends with one of the best players ever
your favorite player, hitting a game-winning three
Then go and rest

by Aidan Barry



by Shaylla Gonzaga

Would it really matter if the grass was gray?
We don't really notice it anyway.
A bright blue sky above our heads
Another thing that stays out of our heads.
Never really see what could be seen
No one would care if all the trees were gray i
f they were always born that way
Panic if the sun turned blue or a scarlet hue
Perhaps if it was always the way we wouldn't care just the same
Loving that which is new a hike, a climb, an experience new
Laughing at funny things
Sipping sugary drinks
So when we've had it so long the drink doesn't taste so sweet.

By Caleb Wong



by Nick Anderson



by AJ Heck

Where I'm From

I am from moving boxes,
 From bubble wrap to duct tape.
 I am from cold Cleveland winters to warm St. Louis
 summers,
 Bone chilling, scorching hot, nothing like home.
 I am from large oak trees,
 pollen falling from the wide green leaves.

I'm from late night swims in the pool
 and college football Saturdays.

I'm from Italian Christmases
 and the feast of the seven fishes.

I'm from family game nights,
 late night movies,
 and games of pool with my dad.

I'm from family vacations to the Bahamas,
 the glistening bright blue waters.

From the local foods,
 and conch salad,
 a unique must try food.

The memories built with my family,
 the cheesy photos and exotic dinners.
 Happiness as all those
 memories drift back.

by Trevor Gatz

New York City

High-flying business tycoons
Flashy Broadway performances
Overflowing amounts of people
This isn't your typical urban city

This is the city filled with booming ideas
This is the city full of scrumptious foods
This is the city that is diverse and rich in culture

That's how this city has achieved its fame
Because it really has anything you can name

From a huge street dedicated to huge advertisements
Otherwise known as Times Square
You'll never find something like that anywhere

Because of the city's history with France
It ended up getting the Statue of Liberty
Which is a truly stunning masterpiece

Or move down into the business sector
And walk down onto Wall Street
Where you can make it big or risk it all

From important history
To technological advancements
This city has anything you can think of
It is truly a unique place like no other

by Jeet Ghosh



by Darius Payne



by Sarabella Ponsiglione

Jordan (an excerpt)

by Nylah Gonzalez

I looked outside my bedroom window, gazing up at the stars. Suddenly, I saw something falling towards me. I squinted my eyes, trying to make out any unique features. Maybe it was one of those falling rocks. Meteors? Meteorites? Those things. "Where are my glasses?" I grunted, rolling over to get them on my nightstand. I put them on and stuck my head out the window. I was met with a cold gust of wind, but it felt nice from inside my boiling room. As the object kept falling, I started to realize it wasn't just any random object. It was a person.

I quickly laid down as if I didn't see anything at all, closing my eyes real tight, and heard something crash to the ground next to my bedroom window. I pulled on a sweater and put on my slippers and ran around to the flowers growing under my bedroom window. I was astonished. There was a boy lying next to my house, unhurt. "Oh my goodness." I mumbled. The boy looked up at me with a small smile. He had black hair and tan skin. "Are you okay?"

"Huh?" he asked.

"Are. You. Okay?" I said. A little slower this time, unsure if he spoke English.

"Oh, yeah. I'm good." he said, in the most nonchalant voice I've ever heard in my entire life. As if he didn't just fall out of the sky, and just stumbled over his own feet.

"You...you just fell out of the sky. How are you not dead?" I asked, still stunned he's still alive.

"Well, I'm not completely fine. I've just been punished by my dad." He said, looking up with a pained face.

"And he threw you out of a plane??" I asked, genuinely

confused about how this kid ended up here. He turned towards me and looked at me like I was the dumbest person on Earth.

"No. I live up there." He pointed to the sky with one finger while still looking at me. "In those white things." He then looked at the sky and said. "They look so boring from down here. From up there, they look so different." He looked back at me with his piercing hazel eyes. "But anyways, I had a major argument with my dad, and he punished me by sending me down here to this...garbage dump."

I stood there, still trying to process what he was telling me. "You mean there are people living...in the sky?"

"Oh my god, are you really that slow? Yes." He rolled his eyes and reached out his hand for me to help him off the ground. I grabbed his hand and helped him up. "I'm Jordan. What's your name?" I didn't realize how tall he was until he stood up. He had to be at least 7'5".

"Chloe." I said, looking up at him. "Woah, you're tall."

"Alright, alright. I get it. No need to make fun of me."

"W-What do you mean? You're a giant."

"Wait...you're serious?"

"Yeah...? Why would I be joking?"

"Oh. Thanks. It's just that everyone up there is way taller than me. They call me short all the time and joke about my height."

"You mean there are giants living in the sky?"

"Yeah. The average height is 9'6".

"Oh wow. Here. Come inside." I led him into my house.



by Trevor Gatz



by Mitchell K.

How to Live

Eating buttered noodles, a porterhouse steak
 Making gooey brownies
 Playing PS5 each evening for two or more hours
 Parents yelling
 Go upstairs and get to bed
 My stuffed pillows lying next to me

Learning to manage my own money before I blow it all
 Listening to my parents badger me about how stupid I am being
 Losing myself in the game
 New ones come out each year
 Will I ever stop?

I see my mother
 She makes chocolate chip oatmeal raisin cookies
 I eat one and think about players, training, and redemption

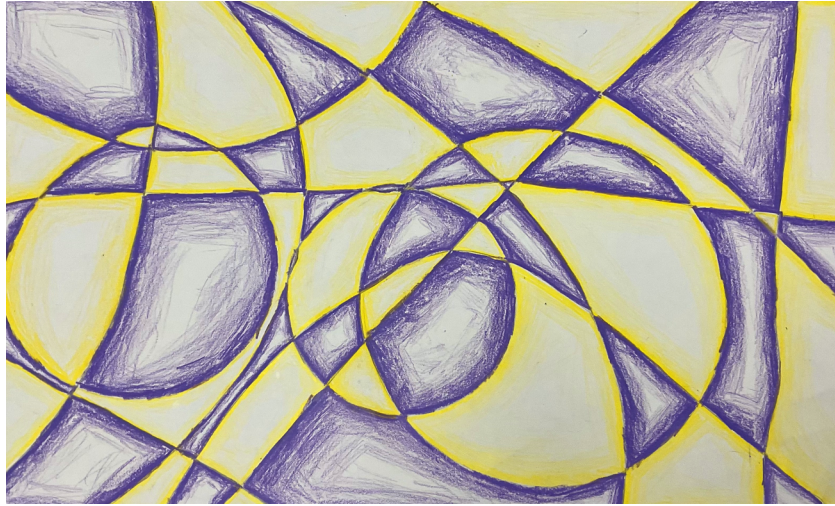
Playing lacrosse
 Reading everything about this sport so I can get better
 Trusting myself
 Learning to cradle, to pass and to check with force
 My opponent goes down without a fight
 The sweet smell of victory

Writing poetry about what I want to do with my life
 Meaning what I say
 Don't make people think twice
 There's more to a truth than there is to a lie

Creating boundaries for myself
 The way that I go on about life
 My devil and my angel compete
 Starting fights within my mind
 Revisiting memories where life was just a go with the flow moment
 When I never second-guessed myself

"Love the way I am" should be everyone's mindset
 Be someone who believes in the right way to live
 No matter how hard life hits me I always attempt to hit it back
 I got to be who I want to be, watch myself thrive
 Whether it's sports or school
 Never back down from a challenge
 Knowing that any hour of any day could be your last breath
 So live life to the fullest

by Luke Achillare



by Ashley Badcock



by Gavin White

I am from blue raspberry ice pops
 From the small white bike with training wheels
 I am from the soccer goal by the fence
 (White posts, orange netting
 always a deflated soccer ball sitting in the net.)
 I am from the 4th of July bike parades,
 the decorations every year.

I am from summers in Manasquan
 From days after days spent on the beach
 I'm from the smell of the Nestle toll house chocolate chip cookies
 And the taste when they come out of the oven
 I am from the feeling of joy after the last day of school
 From the 1 hour and 15 minute drive to the beach

I'm from setting up cookies and milk for Santa on Christmas Eve
 and waking up at 5 am to open presents
 I am from the big sleepovers on my birthday
 From blowing out candles on my cake
 I am from these moments
 and these dreams

by Hannah Mortazavi



by Rhodes Musallam

The Garden

Most famous arena in the world
 Filled with people
 Cheers raging and destroying my ear drums
 T-shirts flying into my arms
 Whistles being blown
 Balls bouncing
 Sweat flailing in the air
 Speakers screaming with music, and sound
 Seeing your face on the big screen
 Eating insane food that gives me a stomach ache
 Taking of your hat for the anthem
 Leaving and getting lost in the rage of all the people
 Saying goodbye to "the garden"

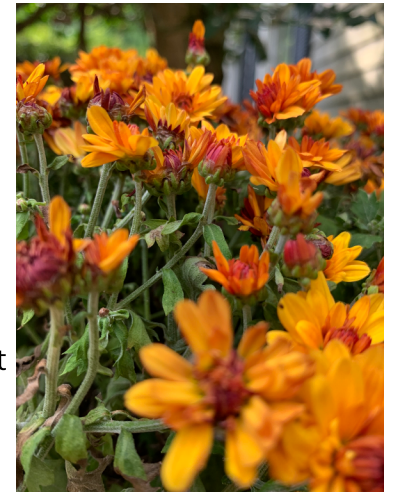


by Mason Schwartz



by Brian O'Neill

Sometimes, on the field in Fall,
 Leaves fall from trees
 As they fill the ground with colors
 The pleasant breeze
 Fills the air
 Sometimes, on the fields in Fall,
 Sports teams are playing
 Parents fill the sidelines
 As they yell for their child.
 Teams rejoice with winning
 Or lose and become sad
 It's when you hear the final whistle
 That you know,
 You and your team won the tournament
 Your filled with
 Excitement
 Overjoyed and
 happy.
 Sometimes, on the fields in Fall
 You can
 Have fun.



by Daniel Raimer

Sometimes on the beach in Palm Beach

Sometimes on a beach in Palm Beach
The sun shines and warmth surrounds you
You watch as the waves slowly crash against the shore

Sometimes on a beach in Palm Beach
Sounds of children playing
Birds chirping and waves crashing
Surround you

Sometimes on a beach in Palm Beach
The strong scent of sea salt and
sunscreen sprayed to your skin
travels through the air

Sometimes on a beach in Palm Beach
The feeling of relaxation
satisfaction and patience
every time you walk on the wet sand
And feel the ocean breeze hitting your face.

Sometimes on a beach in Palm Beach
The great view of the deep blue
Surround you

You watch as the sun sets
And bright colors take over the sky.

by Aidan Conway



by Brennan Hampton



by Naomi Green



by Caleb Wong

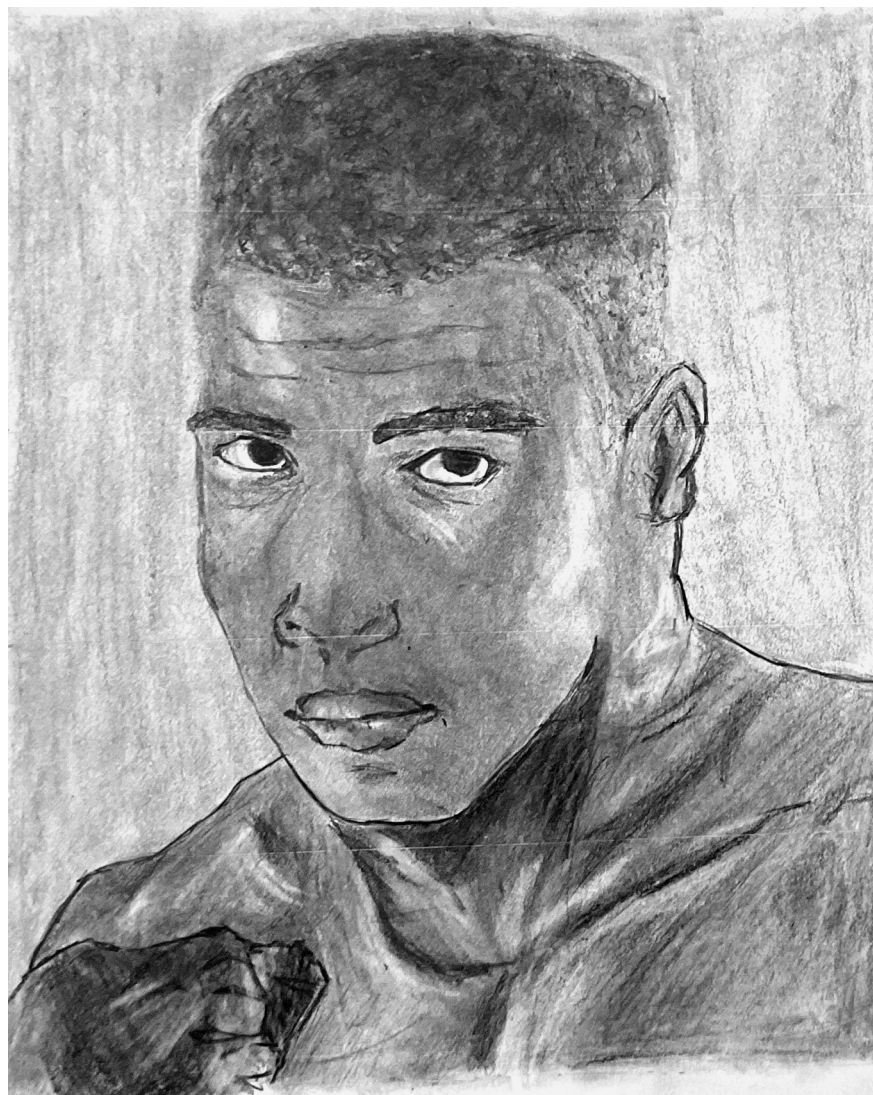


by Lilyanna Karosen

Sometimes, on a hike in November

Sometimes, on a hike in November,
The crisp air blows in,
bringing a chill through your body
and hints of winter.
Sometimes, on a hike in November,
the orange and red leaves,
cover up the squishy mud,
causing you to watch your step,
but this allows you to watch the bright
colorful leaves break off their branches
and fall all around you.
Sometimes, on a hike in November,
you will run out of breath quickly,
due to the cold crisp air,
causing you to sit on a boulder,
covered in lush, green moss,
and look around you at all the squirrels,
running through the path of leaves,
with acorns in their mouths,
getting ready for their long slumber.
Sometimes, on a hike in November,
you will have to take a break,
and eat a granola bar,
giving you the perfect opportunity,
to watch the flocks of birds,
flying to their new homes,
escaping the bitter cold.
Rain drops falling from leaves,
Animals getting ready for their slumber,
Trees dropping their leaves,
And appreciation
for a life
you get to live.

by Grace Tuttle



by Nathan Luther

Is it true?
The feelin never stops
For one,
As long as I live
The sparkle
In my eyes
And all that's next
Is here to stay.

by Angus Downey
Created from the lyrics of Mac DeMarco



by Liam Hong

Fermi Stultitiae (an excerpt)

by Ben Borofsky

T-6H:0D 2206:6:19

Maxim jolted awake and sat up confused. He blinked the tiredness out of his eyes, trying to get his bearings. His quarters had white walls with a few shelves. A video display took up a portion of one of the walls; on it was a looping video of the ship. It was made up of smooth chrome rotating rings with black windows. There were connections from ring to ring linking all twelve into one large habitable area. The habitation area rotated around a central core. This core was white and covered in various pipes and mechanisms. In the middle, six smaller tubes rotated, these contained the greenhouses that produced fresh food for the ship. Seven large hexagonal engine bells were set into the back of the ship. These nuclear engines powered the ship to the various planets that its passengers would colonize. Docked along the rearmost ring of the ship were hundreds of smaller craft in various sizes and designs. They were all roughly cylindrical, tapering down to a point at the front, with engines at the back. Most had black heat shields made of small hexagonal tiles. Various beings walked through the hallways of the habitation units, some were in a hurry, others idled about the ship in a state of boredom. Doors lined the hallways.

Within one of these doors, Maxim looked around his quarters, seeking to determine the cause for his rude awakening. He realized that silence permeated the room. The pulsing warp engines had fallen silent. His eyes drifted to the window. The stars no longer streaked by and a planet with vast, twisting banks of blue and white clouds filled his vision. Cresting over the horizon of this planet was a yellow star, 207919-Bravo-Echo-Bravo. He sat, and tried to clear his mind. Soon they would come upon the sixth planet from the star, the one he was to colonize. The scans showed a lush planet, with a surface almost completely covered in some sort of

biomass. Maxim looked at the seal of the Colonization Corps on the wall. Three figures dominated the design. The one in the center was a human bearing a pickaxe and a plasma rifle resting on his shoulder. On the left was a Silborian. It held a shovel in one hand, and a bio scanner in another. It had a green oval-shaped face that curved back at the edges. Two large green and black eyes were set into its shield-like face. Below this was a brown beak, not unlike that of a raven. This strange being's body was thinner than that of a human's. Four long arms protruded from the sides of its torso, ending in hands with six fingers, including two opposable thumbs. The figure on the right was an Armatite. The figure had a rough and rigid exoskeleton and a menacing appearance. Its slate grey face was shaped like an axe head, with a crest running down the center, and the sides of its face sloping away. Six small, black eyes were set into the rigid shell, near the crest of its face. Its mouth split the crest horizontally and was filled with sharp blue teeth. It stood tall and broad. Its heavy build and its shell gave the illusion that it was wearing a suit of armor. It had two large arms ending in four-fingered hands that resembled talons. In its left hand, it held a blueprint, and in its right hand, it grasped a herringbone gear. These three species made up the galactic alliance, formed to explore the universe and maintain peace after the Great War of Polaris.

Maxim looked again to the window. The blue gas giant was beginning to recede behind them. He stood up, and walked to the bathroom. It was small and compact, as were all the living quarters on the ship. A square mirror sat above the steel sink. He picked up a comb and tried to neaten his dark brown hair, but his attempts were in vain. His skin was pale, having only been exposed to the ship's artificial light for the extent of the voyage. Maxim was young, only in his early twenties, as were all the candidates for the colonization missions. He left the bathroom and began to pack his possessions.



by Bella Webb



by Sydney Kaplan

Two Sides to the City

One place, millions of lives
Nature collides with mankind, each one nurturing each other

Driving in the city with nothing to find
Walking to the park crosses my mind
Searching through the leaves of green
The bushes surrounding me are so serene.

The ladders going up so high
Showing me there is no limit
The sounds of traffic blasting through the city
The smells of food, garbage and smoke fill my body

New York, the city of two sides where anything can happen.



by Keshav Suri



by Bennett Gross

Oh-No Blues

I have the blues. Oh no I have the blues. The sun is not shimmering like it normally is. The raindrops are falling from the sky. I walk home from school with pounds of homework oh so not ready to do.

I think to myself what a blue blue day. I walk through the door wondering what I will see. I smell my mom cooking up a dinner that I'm not so ready to eat. Then I say to myself what a blue day.

by Bridget Sherman

The mountain towers over the trees
and rivals the clouds.
the tip of the mountain reaches heights that it could only dream of
Frightening the sky.
The snow on the mountain is like a white blanket.
The green trees are like a separate terrain
embodied by singing birds and beautiful animals.
The variation of colors that are in my sight is lively and spirited.
The sound of the wind rushing through the bushes is so serene.
In contrast the mountain texture is bristly and coarse.
Even though the weather is warm, the snow that remains is still cool.
Viewing this amazing sight, I wonder what transpires in this habitat.
I wonder what sort of animals live here,
what the climate is like,
and what allows for such an amazing glimpse of nature.
The view was so beautiful I just had to snap a picture.



by Owen Zakhary

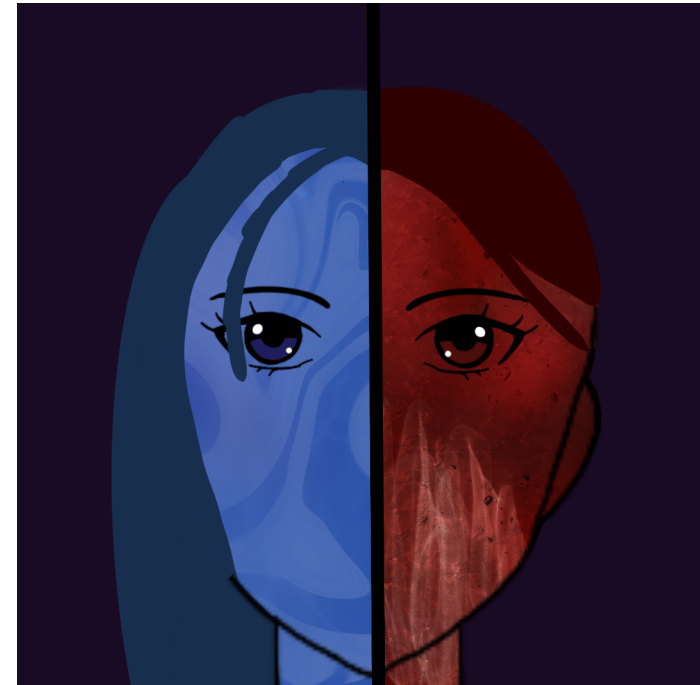
When the sun goes down,
 Among the hour,
 It's a beautiful time of day,
 And your worries are tucked away.

Swirls of pink and orange,
 Shifting into blue and black
 When the colors soar,
 And the boats go back.

Salty air,
 Blowing my hair behind,
 Looking at the sun,
 As the day becomes dawn.



by Riley Sargeant



by Elliott Krupnick

All hope is but lost
 I miss when times were easy
 To be happy is a large cost

Trying to live my life
 But the stress makes me uneasy
 All hope is but lost

To live without strife
 Work is the only thing I see
 To be happy is a large cost

All hope is but lost
 To be happy is a large cost

by Daniel Londono

The clouds are dark and grey
But the light still finds its way.
The flowers are done sprouting
And the birds just keep shouting.

The clouds create a shadow
As the mountain starts to plateau.
A rainbow fills the air
As it is pretty beautifully rare.

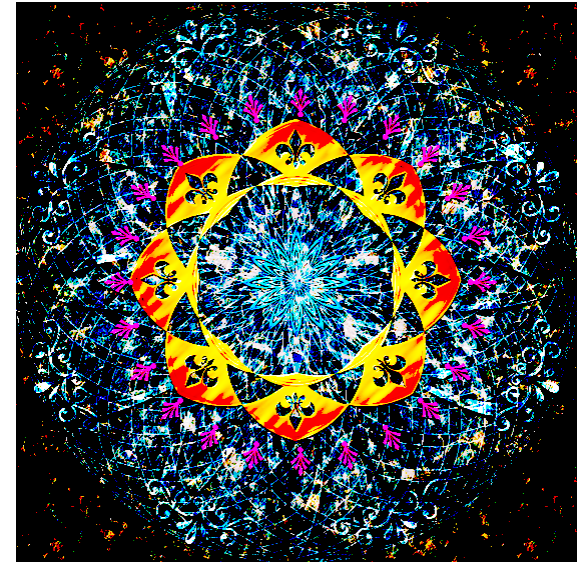
Behind the trees there is a lake
It is so beautiful you'd think it was fake.
Grass starts to outgrow
As rabbits come out from their burrow.

The grass is nice and green
Unlike I've ever seen
Though the sun is still bright,
It is using all its might.

As the day comes to an ending,
The sun starts descending.



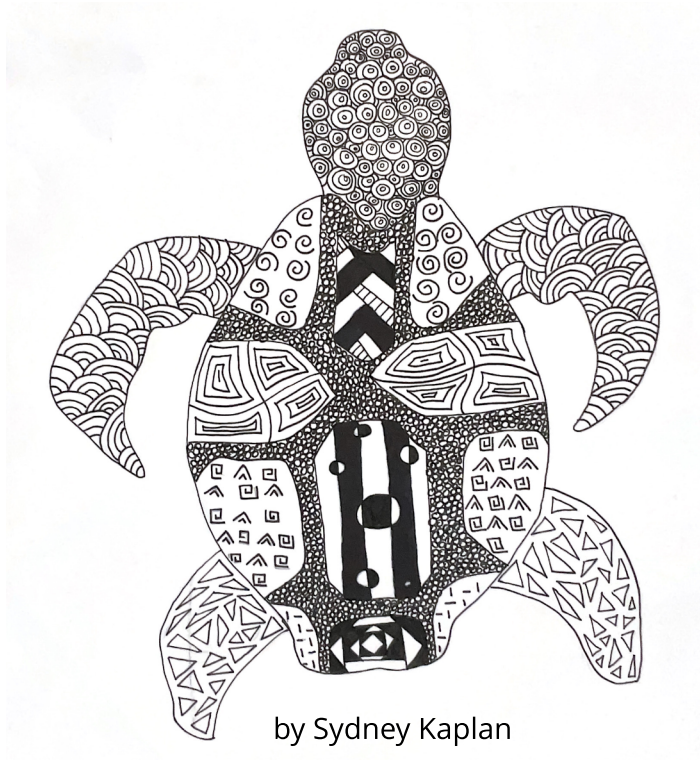
by Trenton Fei



by Darius Payne



by Emma Tofias



by Sydney Kaplan



by Naomi Green

A Place Of Hope

The Statue Of Liberty
Seen by those going for their dreams
A sign of hope for them
Keeping their heads held high

The twin towers providing jobs for them
Custodians, Bankers, Drivers, and so much more
Giving families food and homes
Thankful they left their native land

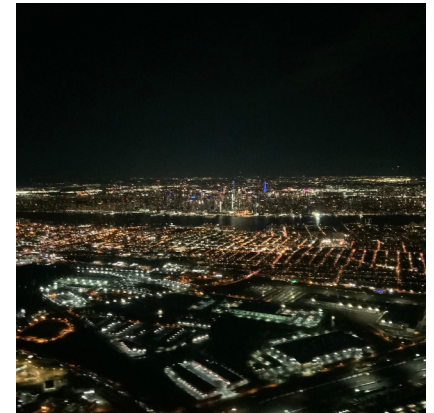
Now the twin towers are gone
The jobs, gone
Some of the people's lives ended
Families grieve
Wishing they would have stayed
In their homeland
Feeling it could not be as bad as this

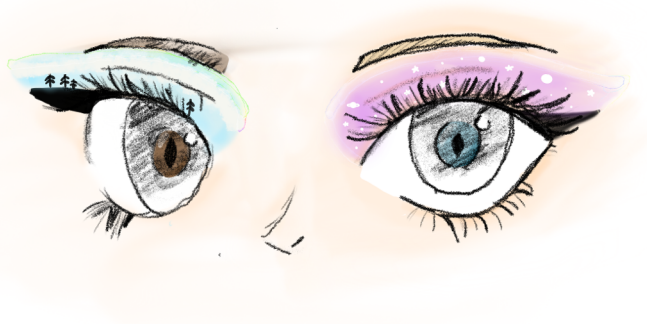
Hope touches their hearts once more
As the World Trade Center is born
Jobs given to them
Custodians, Bankers, Drivers, and so much more
Giving families food and homes
Thankful they left their native land

A sense of hope still remains
As Lady Liberty still stands
They see her and get hope once again
Knowing that Lady Liberty is their friend

Flying in a plane
As I look down at the ground
I see the new lives people have made
Turning tragedy into a fortune
I sense the hope people have from their ancestors
Who came many years ago
The place for hope
From what I can see
Is New York City

by Julia Crosby





by Kendall Rolland

So much hides behind my smile,
I buckle and bend but never break
See if I can hang on a little longer
The world keeps turning

I hide my nerves and it worsens
Under the surface
Through the roof, to the skies

I think about my purpose
I'm pretty sure I'm worthless
Pressure like a drip that'll never stop.

by Alyssa Benbassat
created from the lyrics of Encanto

A big flavorful steak fresh off the grill,
Creating it was such a thrill.
Smoke twirling around in my face and slippery tongs in my hands,
It smelled like heaven, all a part of my master plans.
Five minutes on each side, but it felt like my whole life,
I almost prematurely stabbed into it with my knife.
Immediately into a sizzling pan, to get a perfect golden brown sear.
Some butter and rosemary add a glossy glaze,
and all of the juices begin to overflow.

by Zach Zweibel



by Nikki Fiverson

And all was going well
In the classes of the school
When the students heard the last bell

While waiting to be expelled
The students sat on the stool
And all was going well

Friends bid farewell
Promising to never be cruel
When the students heard the last bell

Finally arriving at their hotel
They went to the infinity pool
And all was going well

Coming out of their shell
Made them look like fools
When the students heard the last bell

Some would even start to dwell
on what use to be the school rules
And all was going well
When the students heard the last bell

by Ronnie Schreier



Nick Kando



by Taylor O'Neill

Sleight of Hand

Magic will bring joy
from a shuffled deck of cards
I will find your card

by Joey Laviola

Cold hands, warm hands,
 hold hands, deformed hands.
 It all starts with a shake, a bump, a jive.
 Thumb wars and twiddling thumbs, all the awkward high fives,
 the too-tight baseball gloves and jamming fingers into lane lines,
 you are still undefined.
 The callouses, burns, and scars,
 getting your fingers caught in the door of the car,
 leave marks on your hands
 that remind you of who you are.
 You'll want to touch everything around you,
 delighted by the millions of paths you may pursue,
 your arm a vessel, your fingers the crew.
 But sometimes you'll get sick.
 Your hands, from wiping the snot, will be slick.
 And other times, you'll have to rebuild life brick by brick
 Our fingers are the ordered array,
 tools of every kind that we always display.
 Through it all, hands are the tools we use every day,
 every possible way.

by Daniel Raimer



by Juliana Falzon

Why I Live

Inspired by "How to Live" by Charles Harper Webb

To some people, living is the definition of...
 planning and knowing what to do in the near and far future.
 To me, living is filled with not knowing what you're going to do
 To me, uncertainty is not even questionable
 However if living is filled with things you don't know of,
 How is someone not scared to live?

Did I ever think I would become a ballerina?
 Did I ever believe I would enjoy reading for hours at a time?
 Or suddenly like the rush of a horror movie?
 Or somehow start liking tomatoes?

Not only have I discovered my reasons to live
 But a whole new world has opened up to me
 Giving me ideas I never thought of,
 Reading has given me the gift of writing
 Ballet has given me strength and discipline
 Movies have given me imagination
 Simply trying new things have given me feeling
 And the world has given me bigger glasses

So, yes
 One can plan their life
 But they cannot plan if they have not lived
 And the longer you live
 The more opportunities open up
 To make you a better person

by Ava D'Agostino

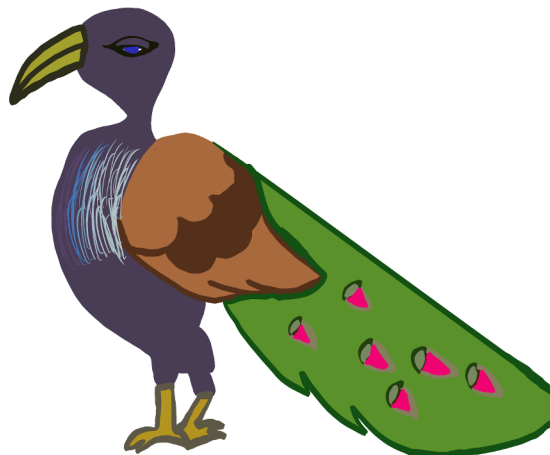
Where I'm From

I am from that big tree In the backyard,
From dirt hills.
I am from that pipe in the hill that was used as a ramp,
I am from that little river pond,
Right outside our fence.
I am from that little box on the wall in the basement,
That had pink stuff in it,
That looked like cotton candy,
But was never tried.

I am from the kitchen,
When I was scared by family friends.
I am from the know- it-alls
And the pass-it-ons.
I'm from God who created me,
And put me in this world.

I'm from the snowy backyard,
When me and my brother played tackle football.
From the Micheal Jackson costume,
That I wore when I was 2.
The quote that I live by,
"Don't let your thoughts control your life".
I'm from those moments —
That I live by —
That help me through my life.

by Matty Baum



by Owen Biegelsen

Sometimes, in life you will fall
Fall so badly
The world seems to be a never ending terror
Sometimes you will fall
Fall so badly
That you feel you have
Failed
Failed everything in life
Sometimes you will fall
Fall so badly
You will succumb to a hibernation of despair
Sometimes you will
Rise
Rise higher because
It happened
And that the future is coming
Rise because
You have have to
Sometimes you fall
Sometimes you rise

by Ben Tofias



by Emma Pottratz

How to Live (My life in the summer)

Eat tons of fish and lobster topped with butter and seasoning that's freshly caught in the large ocean across the street. Make sure you get Point Creamery ice cream right after.

Take the dog out early in the morning as the salty breeze fills the air and the dog barks at each movement across the bay.

Bike to the center of town and grab a Nutella bowl at Playa Bowls while other kids surround you wearing bathing suits. Wave to each person passing by as you take your bowl to the beach and lay out your striped towel and tuck each corner into the sand so it doesn't blow away. Make sure it's really tucked in so while you're swimming in the ocean you don't come back freezing with no towel. Take your Sun Bum sunscreen and re-apply so you don't end up looking like a lobster. Buy the aloe too.

Go in the outdoor shower so you don't trail the sand around the house. Mom does not enjoy that. Use the chlorine shampoo since it's the only hair product that truly gets the salt water out of your hair. Dry off and change into your favorite tank top and sweatpants while laying in your bed with a nice tan and rosy cheeks. It's the best feeling.

Go to bed early and take out your uniform for the softball tournament the next day and prepare yourself for the car ride lectures. Listen to your dad as he explains his perspective that's extremely wrong. It's the only way to really make it stop. Bring your Crocs to the games too. Those cleats really start to hurt.

Enjoy every moment of the summer. Spend time with your family and friends. Get your summer reading done early. Get a nice tan. Have a great time because before you know it you will be waking up at the last minute to rush to school all over again.

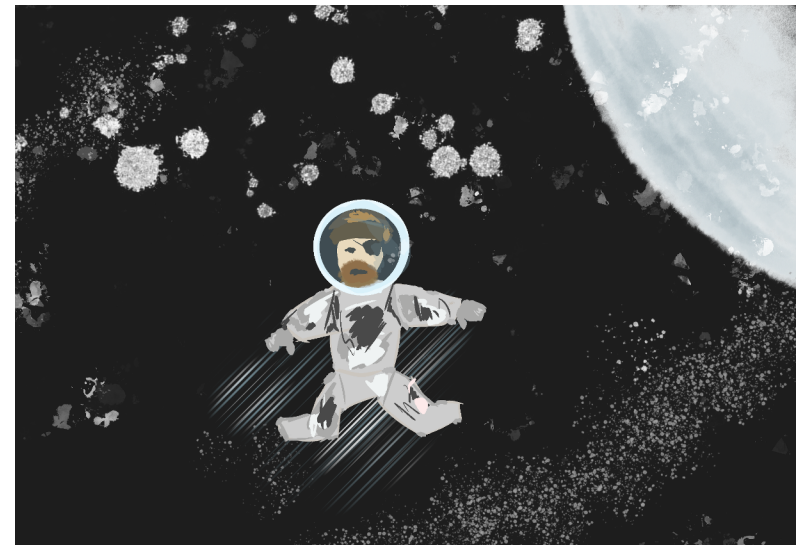
by Ashley Parker



by Molly Sommer



by Valerie Malhan



by Nathan Luther



by Ryan Tartaglione

Poetry is a lot of things
meaningful, funny and sad
as well as that it can be many more things
it just depends on two things.
The reader and the writer.

by Griff Sanborn

When you put on your cleats
You forget school
And stress
While you warm up
Under the lights

When you put your cleats on
And the rain is coming down
You have to keep the ball of
the ground
And your stuff clean
It's when you realize that
The game is delayed
And you have to wait in your
car

It's when you see the guy
stealing
Sliding into second
Getting under the tag
The call is safe
The coach is arguing
To the ejection
"You're
Out of here"

When you put on your cleats
The rain will come down
And the ball will fall
It's okay
Cause you know
How you can get

Another ball that's better
Don't go right away
Try it out
And throw

When you put your cleats on
If you wait on your swing
You will miss
You hear your coach
And listen to his advice
Though it might sound harsh
You can find the help

Tarp comes off
Dust flying
Getting in your eyes

And pitch
To bat
When you put your cleats on

by Ethan Liss

Where I'm From

I am from hockey sticks,
from hockey pads and new skates.
I am from the rink at 6:30 in the morning.
(Cold, alone
it felt like it was abandoned.)
I am from the popcorn chicken,
the food that Aidan
introduced me to,
the food I had everyday during
Covid zoom calls.

I am from Christmas and home,
from Snoopy and Sophie.
I'm from time to get up
and time to go to bed
from waking up early and sleeping in late.
I'm from being bored in Church
while I am dressed up
and uncomfortable or confused.

I'm from the fire place and the dog bed,
asthma and bad allergies.
From my brother and I waking up my parents
on Christmas morning
my parents telling me to "It's too early!"
On top of the shelf there was my memory box
with hundreds of pictures.
with my family and I
to wish I was there again.
I am from those memories —
taken during my childhood—
more to come for my family and me.

by Griffin Bright



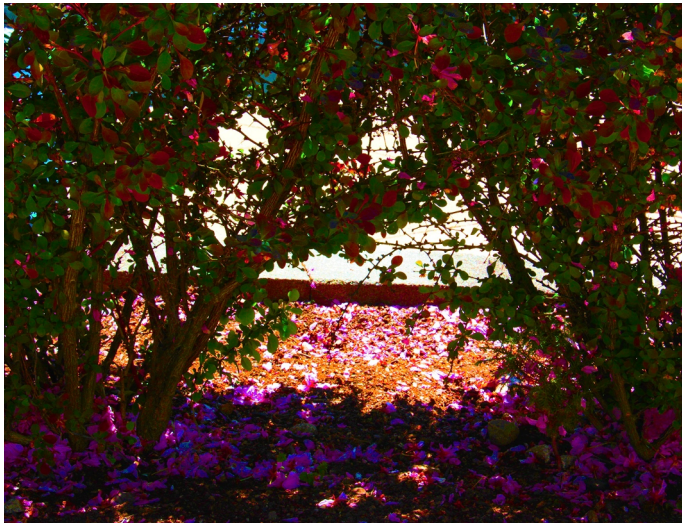
by Aidan Conway

Nestled in a jungle of steel and brass,
Surrounded by streets devoid of grass,
Way up here, I feel free,
Like a boat in the ocean, just sailing the sea.
Windows so plentiful, too numerous to count,
Like fish in a sea, an ungodly amount.
Above all these people, each one scurrying about,
Like a city that hugs, embraces with no doubt.
The ray of the sun, so beautiful and grand,
Striking the glass, with powerful demand.
Imposing and magnificent, wonderful and true,
Shocked by its grandeur, it is such a magical view!

by Sebastian Miscia



by SJ Jordan



by Darius Payne

How to Live

Eat as much chocolate and peanut butter as you can
That you just got from the corner store at the beach
In your bathing suit on a bike
The smell of baking with your friends

Walk your dog at night along the beach
talking with your neighbor as your bare feet hit the cold pavement
And the moon casts shadows on the house

Learn to bike with your dad as he promises not to let go
And learn to sail with 6 other kids
Listen to your grandpa talk about the boats on the dock
And listen to my grandma talk about the horses
Maybe that's how you got into riding

Listen to music and the waves at night
Learn to surf at 5 am in the freezing cold water
Read the summer reading that you probably put off for way to long
Don't lie to your friends
there's more to life with the hard truth

Create your life with the things around you,
the sunrises and sunsets, the color of the flowers,
the warm sun on your skin,
the way the beach smells like salt.
Visit the other town and the bay,
take a good look around you and take everything in.
Stop and wonder about how the things in front of you came to be.

Love your home and your friends.
Be someone people look up to.
Love your family, make a home wherever you like
with the people you love.
Smell the fresh garden
Turn a fan on and watch it go around and around.
Be at peace with yourself, and know that this is all there is.

by Ellie Sadrian



by Rohan Pally

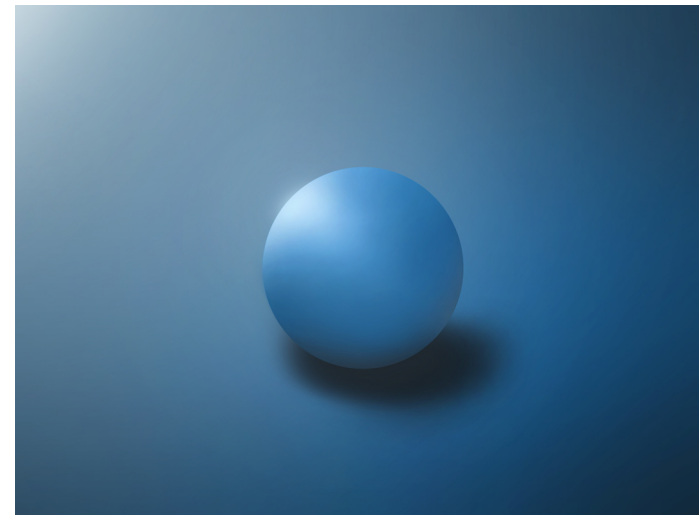
Sometimes in June at camp
 You run and hug your best friends that become your sisters
 Shouting and shouting from miles away
 you can hear the chants and laughs that bring you joy
 Sometimes in June at camp
 You go to the first campfire
 You feel at home for the first time
 You sing the songs you have been waiting to sing
 Sometimes in June at camp
 You feel the sun beating on your skin
 As you sit in a circle with your friends by the lake
 You make memories that last a lifetime
 Even though it is only seven weeks
 You feel happy and free
 The smile you have been holding in for a while is bigger than ever
 Sometimes in July at camp
 Events break out
 the rush of excitement pour in throughout the camp
 You learn things about yourself you would not have known before
 Cherish the time you have with your people
 because time goes quickly at camp

by Lillian Abrutyn

What a Clock Should Be

A clock should be round and smooth,
 It should take you from midnight to noon.
 A clock should be sneaky and sly in its ways,
 Sometimes ten minutes may feel like three days.
 A clock must maintain a steady rhythm of ticks
 A clock must remain reliable even through its tricks.
 A clock must deceive. A clock, it must bluff,
 It should have a second hand that can't go fast enough.
 A clock must never stop moving, the minute hand endlessly
 creeping in
 You sigh and roll your eyes, watching another hour begin.
 A clock reminds you of time, and how wasting it is a crime
 A clock lets you know you can leave with another chime
 A clock must run, either too slow or too fast
 Reminding you of how much time has passed
 Reminding you that time is always running out
 That is what being a clock is about.

by Julia Karosen



by Jake Zimberg

