

The LITtle THINGS



Imagine
Literary
Magazine
2023

Anna Youngstrom

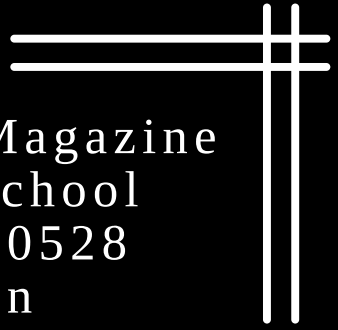


Editor's Note

For this year's literary magazine, we chose to capture the little moments in life which often pass us by. We hope you enjoy this collection of those moments, and that these pieces make you appreciate life's beauty in both good and dark times. We spent quite some time putting this together in pursuit of showcasing some amazing artists and writers at Harrison High School in hopes that others could appreciate their work. I would like to sincerely thank all members of the club and our supervisor, Ms. Barash, for helping with this process.

-Arianna Applebaum-

Imagine Literary Magazine
Harrison High School
Harrison, NY 10528
2023 Edition



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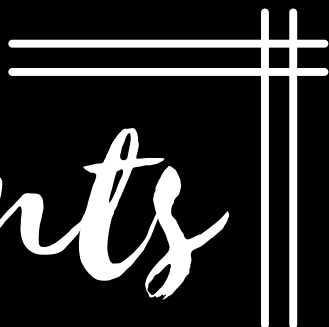
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Contents



4-10-----Conflict

11-15-----Growing Up

16-20-----Identity

21-29-----Society

30-34-----Whimsy

35-39-----Nature

40-44-----Other Worlds



The Biggest Scam

Love is a burning house

I won't do it again, I promise on my life, they say.

Three nights later sneaking out of the house

Whispering softly to another.

Eyes shut tight and a tornado of a million thoughts

The barest hint of regret edges at the mind,

Reminding them they're promised to another.

How to leave, how to break the news of another

The phone history rears its head in shame to be paraded around by them.

A black cat lays on the front porch, meowing to be noticed, to not be neglected again.

This love is a scandal, she said to him.

This love was a lie, a cheat, a game to be played.

Shots fired and rings thrown.

This love is no more.

Anonymous



I Loved You from the G Clef

I loved you from the beginning, though I did not understand how.

I should have known, for the heart beats my heart beat

mimicked staccato eighth notes

and the sweat my palms sweated rendered my grasp on tranquility slick and inconsequential.

The way you'd address me released a surge of adrenaline each time,

making me feel completely and utterly lost,

adrift,

forgotten. A miscounted measure rest leading to a missed solo. An ignored repeat.

Monday night you'd given me an answer and explained my perpetual confusion

though this elucidation only succeeded in producing a myriad more questions.

I don't know how to talk to you now,

nor do I know how to talk to myself. Talk about myself.

If your goal was to demolish my foundations,

you've succeeded. I applaud you. Thank you.

Beatrice Ferris



Gone in Time, Alive in Thought

It happened in an instant
It happened in a blink of an eye
It happened so fast
I thought I could cry

I feel the tears burn
On my skin they lie
I don't wipe them
I just let them dry

One minute you were there
The next you were not
The memories of us
Must now live in a thought

I recall all your hats--
black, white, even navy blue
The unironed wrinkles in your
face
I memorized every line
Facing your death
Caused a wrinkle in my time

Can I rewind the clock?
Can I go back in time?

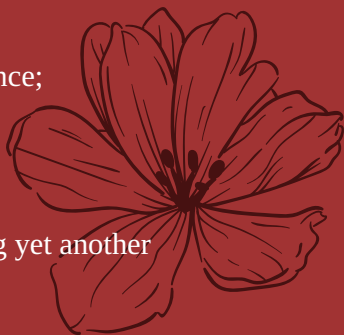
We used to share
Every thought
Every word
Every laugh
But that's gone now
So I must leave it in the
past.

Ava Ferrara



Liam Curnutt

As green turns to orange, I sit
Begging for an alternate reality where the orange is everlasting.
Crows sing their ratched songs
Diluting the silence with an ominous ambience;
Everything is perfect, except
For the fact that the
Green will return before I'm ready, inspiring yet another
Hatred for the world
Instilling another restless feeling, bound to last.
Jealousy of the months prior where I forgot to appreciate them
Knocks against the sides of my skull
Leaving me alone, with
Myself and my maladaptive mechanisms.
Never do I live in the moment, *pour je souvent*
Oublie que je suis ou j'ai voulu être.
Pacing under the orange
Quickly turning barren,
Running through memories of my
Stolen joy,
Throwing myself back and forth through time, remembering times where
Under the orange, I would watch others to live through their adventures
Vicariously,
When I could be out having my own, for the
X amount of lives I'm given need to be full of
Yearning for a new journey and a
Zealous behavioral trend.



Abecedarian

Beatrice Ferris



Horror

My nails changed from stubs to sharp thorns,

So I could claw at the skin that was

Long ago worn and torn.

The contact of skin against skin;

Merely strangers unable to identify themselves as whole.

No matter what I tried, how much I changed and rearranged,

The horrors inside never changed.

The only time the inner monster came out of the dark,

Was when it was wearing down what once shone brightly to the outside world.

The monster is no longer confined to the dark.

Now I am.

Annelise Serpa

Sol e Lua

They finally replaced you.

After hours, days, months, years

And endlessly.

A new person to watch my back

He is called Apollo, to match my Artemis

But he isn't the sun to my moon like you were.

Because he smiles and laughs and jokes around

But not with the bright eyes you were blessed with.

Our twin daggers are separated forever now,

The ones we had made to show our friendship

With their shared design and initials at the bottom.

Now there is just my dagger, not our

Because you took yours with you

Gone to the other side

God I miss you.

I miss you. I miss you. I miss you.

I miss you so much yet I wish you were dead.

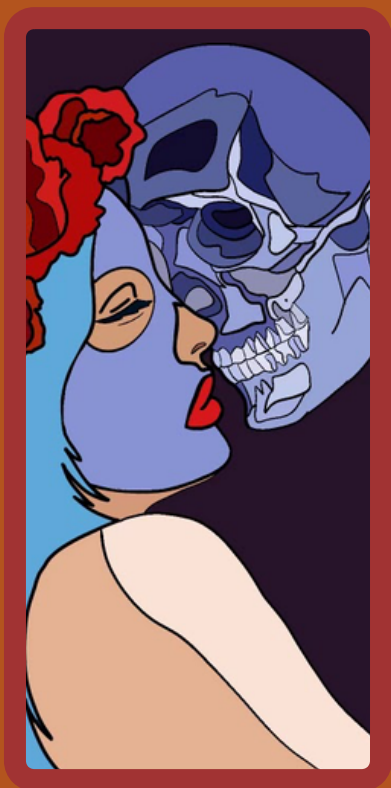
I wish you were dead in a ditch

Or in a grave or in the ocean

Because all that would be better
than watching you with the enemy

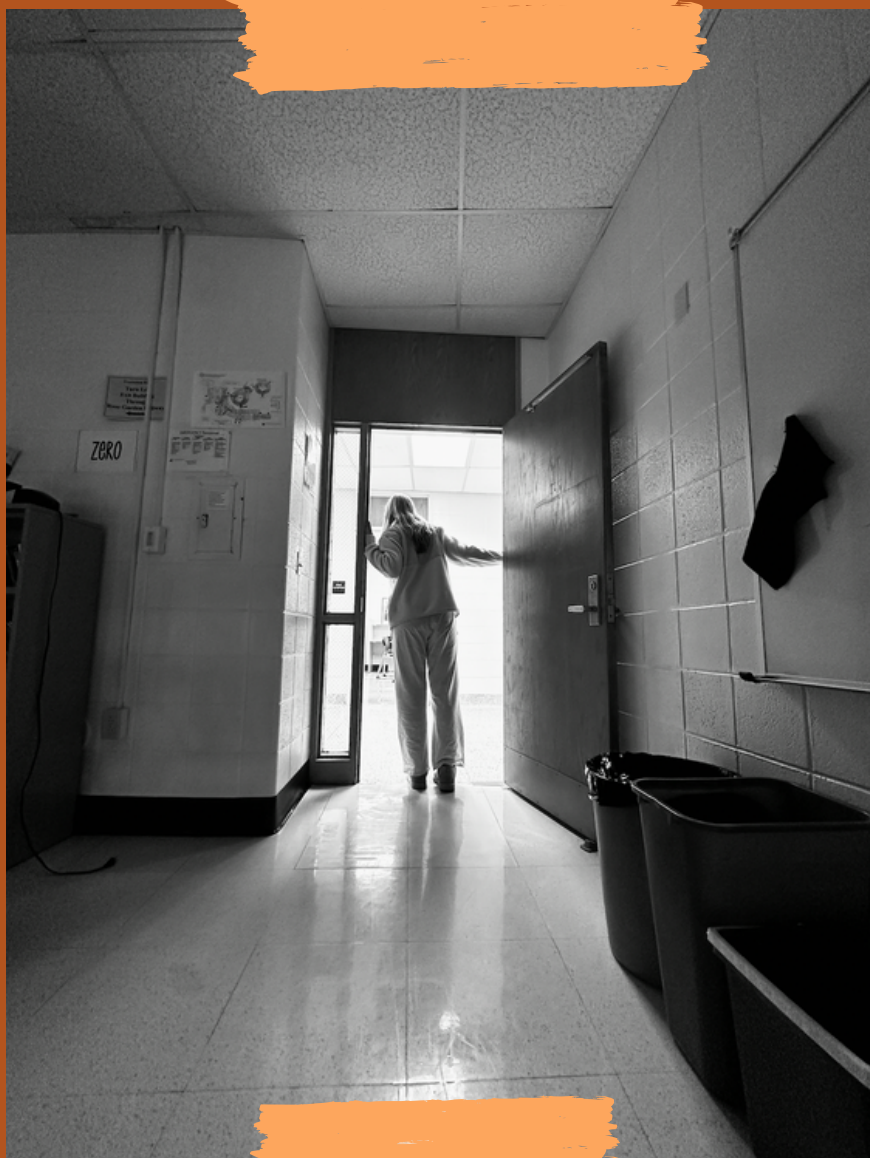
Smiling and laughing with those brilliant eyes,
exactly as you did before

All whilst knowing that you left me behind



Giulia Mannino

Lana Waights



Anonymous

“Well, what did your dad say?”



When the boy in 4th grade approached me
And called me that bad word
And called me ugly
And I cried
My teacher asked if I went to my parents
I did
“Well, what did your dad say?”
“He told me to leave it alone”

But the truth was, I couldn't say what my dad said

And when in middle school a girl threatened to call the police on me
Because I told her to go to hell
For all the nasty things she said to me
And the school wouldn't help
So my counselor said
“Well, what did your dad say?”
“My father said to apologize”

Honestly that's not what he said at all. I couldn't say what my dad said

But in high school
When a girl thought it would be funny to spread rumors about me
To the entire school
And the principals asked me
“Have you talked to your parents?”
“Well, what did your dad say?”

Anonymous

I told them
I told them that when someone called me a bad word
My dad told me to find an even worse word
I told them that my dad told me
If someone hurt my feelings, break theirs
Because if you have the guts to hurt someone else's, yours don't deserve to be nurtured
And I'm not ashamed that my dad told me these things.

Because what my dad really told me was --
The most powerful weapon a woman can hold
Is her voice



Gianna Allegratti



4 Breaths, 6 Lives

They told me to hold my breath. Release for 4 seconds and breathe again.

They told me to crawl to them, and embrace them once I'm there.

They told me to push off and peddle, to get to the stop sign.

They told me to sit crosswise and listen to my teacher.

She told me taco Tuesday,

He told me about Saturday night pizza.

She told me to look both ways before crossing the street,

He told me that cars won't stop for you, so you must stop for them.

She told me to cover myself to conceal from what the boys pry for,

He told me the boys won't pry if I don't provoke.

They said that family lies within the bond of four.

She says that family lies within the bond of three,

He says that family lies within the bond of five.

They told me to hold my breath. Release for 4 seconds and breathe again.

Breathing used to be 4 seconds, and is now challenged to 3.

A family of 4 was challenged to 3 and is now challenged to 6.

Annelise Serpa



I am seventeen
and in the car with my father.
He's once again asking
what I plan to do after graduation
and I'm once again trying
to resist the urge to yell at him

I am seventeen
and in the car with my father
when it starts raining and so
he closes the windows.

I am seventeen
when I see a little girl
dressed in a beautiful red raincoat
with boots to match and a ladybug umbrella.
She's holding her father's hand as they both laugh
at something that the other must've said

I am seventeen
and in the car with my father
and I tune out what he's saying,
as I've now learned to do

I am seventeen
and I think about the little girl
dressed in her bright red raincoat;
half sadness,
half hope

I think about myself at her age—
I too loved ladybugs—
and I wonder if the little girl knows
that someday
she will be seventeen
and in the car with her father
and she will scream at him to shut up.

But right now she is five
and I am seventeen
and the bridge between us has never felt so big.



Annalena King

17

Barbara
Borrell
Porras

If They Tell You You're Not Good Enough

What is a family, really?
Is it written in blood, set in stone?
Is it truly as infrangible as we're told?
Is a family made of people, or of love?
It's an apodictic fact that you cannot truly choose your family,
That all the As, Gs, Cs and Ts
And that distinctive first name
Are all for naught when it comes to the one behind it.
And no matter what the challenge,
The big and the small,
The cataclysmic argument and the infinitesimal snide remark,
No matter how many tears,
Blood runs thicker than water.

I can run faster than blood.

Anonymous



Always smiling, oh
Beautiful boy, how
can you be so happy?
Do you see the world,
ever feel the weight of it?

Full of sunshine, oh
Gorgeous boy,
how can you laugh
in a world so cruel?
Journeying through life,
knowing its pain,
moving along,
no worries at all.
Or is it all a ruse?
Part of a role, the
quintessential happy boy.

Beautiful Boy

Leila Enaye

Rolling through life, oh
Sweet boy,
tell us, help us
understand everything, everything in the
world. Lay an
x-ray on the it, let it
yield its truth,
zero in on its secrets.

And I'm afraid you'll see right through me.
Because you'll leave me.
Can you believe it?
Don't lie, you thought it too.
Even when you do your best to
Fake it, you can't get rid of who you really are.
Good girl, but I can only pretend for so long.
Hiding behind a smile, like the coward that
I am.

Just so you can like me. I
Kind of put on a performance. I seem to
Love having an audience. It makes people stay.
My act is my protection. My purpose. My mask is a shield.
No, I can't explain it. But I put it
On and not a single
Person can judge or harm me for real. I'm the
Queen of pleasing...
Right, but how long can I sustain before I'm completely worn out?
So confused as to who I really am?
Too bad. I'm afraid I'll never find that out.
Understand, I'm just trying to guard what's been left behind and taken advantage of.
Vulnerable. My heart that is. You
Won't get anywhere near it. It's hard. It's not easily visible. Don't even try
X-ray vision. I say that mostly because I think it'll work.
You'll see what I really feel, what I really think, who I really am.
Zany: one who plays the clown or fool in order to amuse others.

Abecedarian

Gisel Lopez



Nyla
Gordon



Who Do You See?



Ava Gurgitano

What do you see?

The mirror
and I

Looking inside

Fearing beneath

One in their eyes,

Two in mine.

Confusion takes over.

We wonder.

We stare. We

Weep. We

Rot like an apple. We

Like what we see. We

Hate what we see. We

Turn away. We

See a monster. We

Don't recognize. We

Notice. We

Realize.

The mirror. We

Is me.

Giulia Mannino



Pit

the wombat woman dug herself a hole
again she is scared of the commitment
paws full of dirt, she stands over the hole
and there is another next to that and
another next to that, there are holes all
around her that she managed to create
how could such a creature make such a mess?
who will clean after her and her distress?
there is no one to blame but the wombat
she did not know what she wanted, she did
not know why or what to do now, but cry
crying won't stop her from falling into
a pit she created herself, poor thing
the wombat woman dug herself a hole

Gisel Lopez



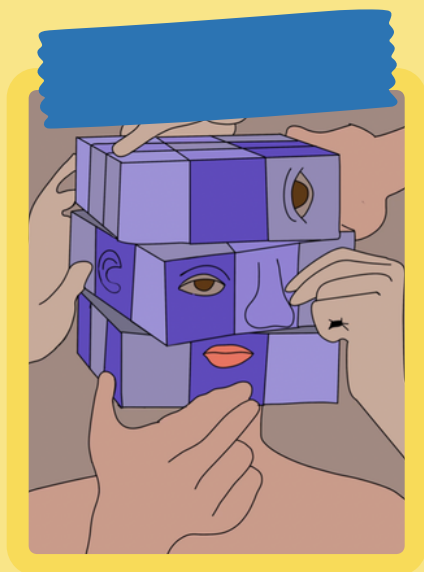
Gianna
Allgretti

Dreaming of Sweet Chemical

Brandon Corso

Vanity

The feeling of a druid spirit
Chained to the flesh
Yet still keeping separated
I cherish all my aspirations
Of a self I want to be
Falling through my own mind
Crashing through repressed memories
Like a stained glass window
Throwing a brick right through
Just out of reach in this black ink
Whizzing by
Knowing of the nightmares to chase
I reel from the pain
Say my name like a slur
Yet I've been called worse
Who will save what is left of me?
Who will they even save?
Will they know the body's mine



I am one less than I was
I don't remember how I forgot myself
The body glaring back at me in the mirror?
That's not me.

Giulia Mannino

It's time to take action
No more distractions
There is only up or down
And the shovel is in my hands now
I have the strength to dig through
I will grab my own hand
Lift myself up and out of the hole
The hole they buried me in
My picture fades
Signed in a different name
Who will I be? If never the same.
I will head down history
Once slain and twice born.



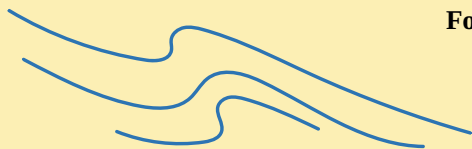
"A Particularly Peculiar Poem"

Dominique Ventriglio

Don't let them tell you what to wear
Who you can play with
How to style your hair

Don't let them tell you that you can't write
That you shouldn't paint
That you're just not bright

For you are you, so please don't change
This world is so wide
Why not be strange?



Another word of the day, so intelligent and exotic
Brainstorming the different ways to say
Ciao, hola, 안녕

Diving headfirst into a world where
Everything is possible,
Finding a new version of your identity.

Giddy with the possibilities of the
Hangul, awakening your inner
Interpreter, while everyone else

Jests away at their studies, never truly
Knowing the enormity of
Language learning.

Mourning over the
Never-ending world of grammatical studies,
Only some understand the struggle.

Placing sticky-notes
Quietly on the mirror,
Reminders of the subjunctive.

Silencing the inner voice of doubt,
Testing me with random words
Underlined in my head.

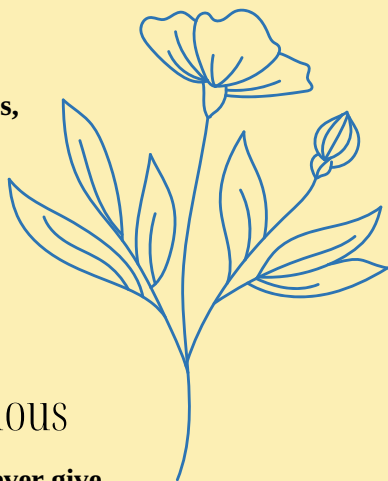
Veering towards fluency
Wonderment taking over.

Xenolalia taking form as a wish

Youthful in my studies, I decide to never, ever give
up that inner

Zealous side of me that fuels my future.

A Hidden World



Anonymous



Diego Abad

The Impact of Hate



"In a world full of hate and division,
Where prejudice and violence cloud our vision,
It's easy to fall into the trap of hate,
To believe the lies and their twisted fate.

Diverent

I went left
They went right

The small room
Filled with people
Heat rising from corners
I smelt danger

Everyone...
Crying
Saddened

I was only 15

Would I lose my life?
Would I ever be able to see my family again?
What was my family thinking?
Where did my family go?
Why did they split us up?

My brain filled with saddened thoughts and emotions
Was the sole fact of this only because I was Jewish?
Did everyone get sent to concentration camps?

A slam
The door shut
The guards left
I was surrounded

What I thought could never happen...
Happened

Aidan Oestreicher

But we must stand up and counter the lies,
To fight for what's right and to be wise,
To embrace the beauty of diversity,
And reject the darkness of animosity.

So let us be the light in the darkness,
The voice of reason and compassion,
Let us stand together and show the world,
That hate and intolerance have no place in our vision.

So let us rise up and counter anti-Semitism,
With love and unity, and unwavering determination,
For in the end, it is the power of our love,
That will triumph over hate and division."

Mason Danzig



A Town To Taint

Aaralyn
Gravagna

Cowboy Addresses Backdrop

I own you
But not in the way a man owns land
Or fathers own daughters
More in the way of footsteps
Stamps.
Brands.
You are mine
Mine to conquer and beat
Mine to taint and mold
Mine to love and leave
I treasure you as I treasure trash
Which is why I leave it to you
My present
My town to traverse through
All of you belongs to all of me
What are you to do?
Let us see.

A porcelain grin? A porcelain grin.
It sounds just about right. I felt ace-high, massacring beer bottles and
desecrating those pitiful villains, like I was the embodiment of salvation.
I am a hero.

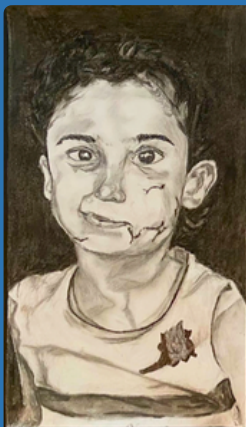
A bathtub full of bullets? I'm the only thing in sight that
isn't full of bullets. Desolation is gorgeous,
I make the world glamorous.
The broken glass, the cardboard storefronts pierced so many times that they
are barely recognizable, like the grass field
that once lay beneath the graveyard.

You may be the one thing I can never lasso, but only because I don't need to. I don't
care to.
That's why it brought me nothing but delight.
Invading, slaughtering, sauntering out after
my fun was over. With that porcelain grin.

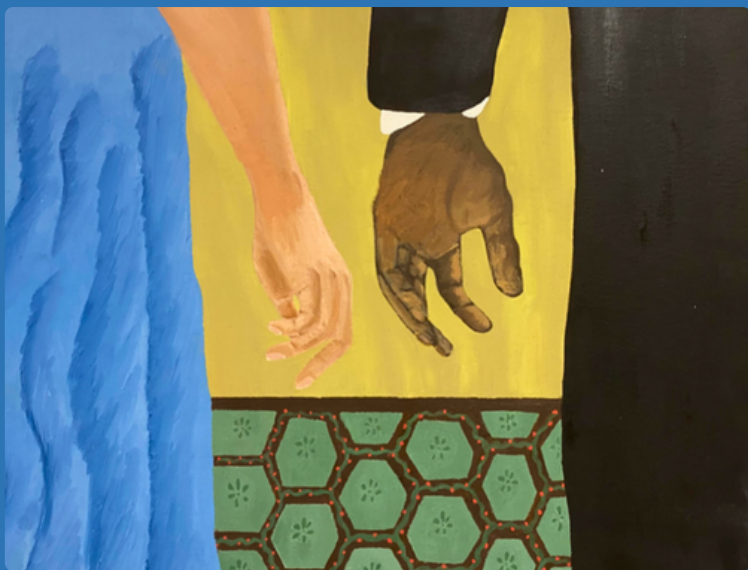
You may be right; I'm not innocent, I'm not one to leave things intact.
But heroes are never truly innocent, and after a hero is done,
there is always something
broken beneath the ashes.
That's the starspangled way.

Jacob Robinson

Jane El Khoury



Mia DeMarco



Why

Why

Why must we walk
wonderlessly across the wasteland
not knowing
Society sssslithering like snakes
eating prey
thinking nothing of it

Cameras catch all,
like cods catch crustaceans
Eyes pierce people,
But if we are not whales
Why is the dagger
—so deep.

Why must we
Put on a mask for society
And smile

When society never
smiles back.

Lying lions prance above
the gazelle

Anonymous Ready to attack
Only to talk,
behind her back

Racoons steal, lie, scavenge
But all they want is revenge
Mice must be nice, but
face injustice

As ‘cowardice’
as people say they are
That’s just prejudice,
all mice face

Why must we fight
Why can’t it end

In peace
Why

On This Very Grim Night

On this very grim night.
We hear echoes then suddenly.
Explosions from the left.
Explosions from the right.

A bomb is dropped.

Screams, cries, and shrieks outbreak upon us.
As the floors beneath us start to crumble.

As the wall around us starts to collapse.
The structure weakens, losing its balance.
And we all dance along in command.

Every scream.
Every cry.
Every shriek.
All starts to intensify.

The building is demolished.



As we all cough, and try to recover.
We start to inhale.
Our visions deteriorate.
Our surroundings, hazy.
Everything spins.
As we lose our consciousness.
On this very grim night.

Right before our time is up.
I notice a thick, foggy gas closing in on us.
Commanding its death upon us.
As we all start to close our eyes and say goodnight.



Why do they target the innocent?

Anonymous

The Guidance of a Government



How to kill a people:
Give them no warning
No weapons
No home
Don't stop at flesh
Keep going
All the way to bare bone
And once you do
Bask in their ending
An army of limbs
Some stolen, others offered
All martyrs
No survivors
This is how all hope begins.



How to kill a spirit:
Make them walk in a single file
First a person
Then a number
Until names sound a lot like wishes
And recollection takes a while
Till each face looks the same
Broken but perfectly intact
Till mothers have no reason to cry
Numbers are divided by nature
That's just fact.

How to kill a rebellion:
Kill it fast
Kill it easy
Kill with intent not attachment
Collision is nature just without the missing fractions of
Liberty
Order
And whoever we name god
Kill it fast
Kill it easy
This isn't murder, just a precautionary clause.

Complaint of the Media

When I was younger
Thriving and fulfilled
Free of any device
With no struggle of sleeping at night
Without the shine of a bright light
No mean comments, only things polite

Ana
Molero

I always wanted one too
An account of my own
To post and like and comment
I was so young and innocent
Enjoying my magnificent life
Happy, Free, Innocent.

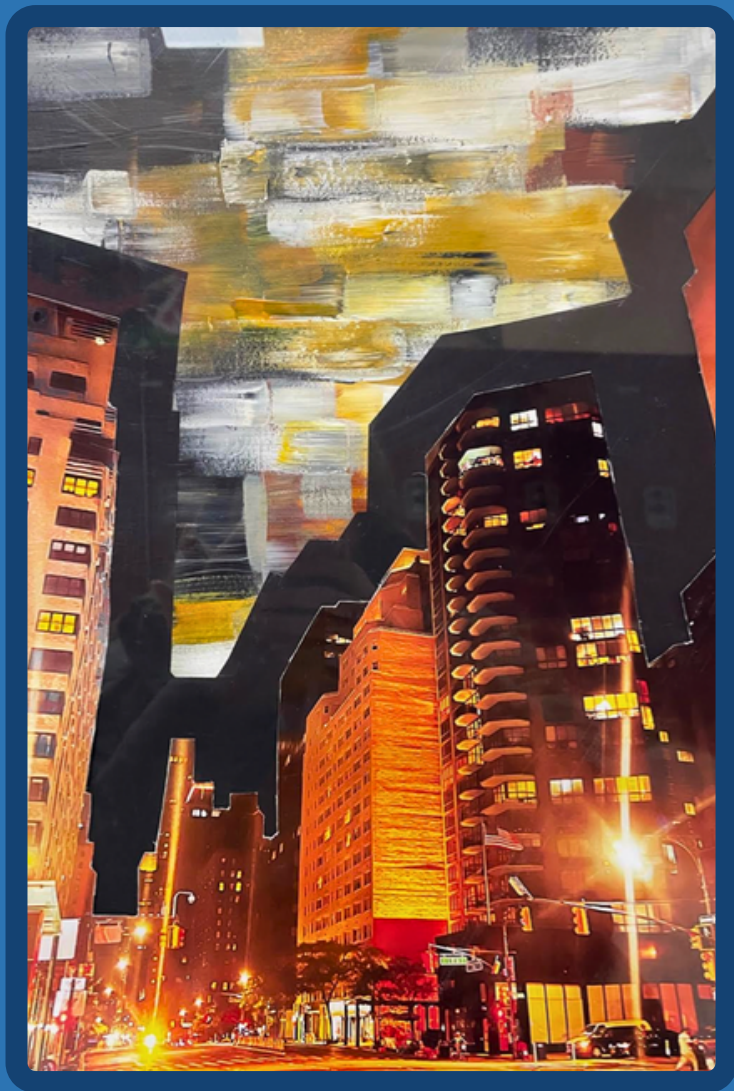
Kasey
Metzger

Now you bring me down
Pulling at my happiness
Making me frown
Addicted to checking
I want to know what everyone thinks
Of my hopeless efforts to fit in

You turned my ideas of life
Into a big lie, filling me with expectations
That are unrealistic to an everyday life
You were meant to help me socialize
Not fill my brain up with lies
Now I struggle to escape; this fake version of life

Too many stressors and worries
And not enough time outside
Always locked in my room
Less time with my family
Less time with my friends
Unable to socialize except behind the damaging bright light

Diego Abad



Untitled (Excerpt)



Laiba Jan

Oswald B didn't like Huffington Road more than Huffington Road liked him. And Oswald B didn't like how there was always a child crossing the street, especially on such a busy one. And his house on Huffington Road...it was too small, and too square, and too dark. But he liked his chair very much: a large, feathery chair that he sunk into every morning. He was met by a rapping at the door while sitting in his chair one grey morning. He stood, to his displeasure, to answer the troublesome sound. He tried to peer through the window to see who was there, but the morning fog left the window opaque. So, begrudgingly, Oswald B opened the creaky door, and there was a man.

"Hello. Donna," they pointed cheerfully to the nametag on their lapel. "Here delivering a package for a...Mr. B?" Oswald took the parcel and signed his name and closed the door and brought it to the dining room table. The package, wound tightly by string, was strange, and brown, but it had no labels. Despite this, Oswald B knew exactly who it was from. He hurried at the string, and upon opening the package he found...a slightly smaller box.

"Oh good heavens," cried Oswald B. So he went at the second package and found inside of that...a third box. Surely, it couldn't be what he was expecting, perhaps a cheap trick fooled through some dubious scoundrel. Nevertheless, Oswald B went at the third package, and inside was...a lovely music box.

A gilded ballerina with rosy cheeks, swayed in pirouette on top the box. "Oh, lovely," he whispered gently to the ballerina. On the front of the music box was one slight drawer, which he ever so delicately opened. As it drew out, a soft lullaby played, and the ballerina twirled in sweet circles. Inside the drawer, a note. Oswald B then took the note to his chair, where he read with a smile, as the soft melody floated throughout the house, and onto Huffington Road, where few children were brought to sentimental memories....

As the sun
beams on
my third eye
I am no longer
blind.

Spiritual Voyage

Dominique Ventriglio



With my eyes wide
shut
I saunter
freely.

Eyes closed
yet I can see,
observing
all around me.

I inhale an
enlightening,
fresh breath
and appreciate
all of life
around me.

My physical body is
cold
as I walk
The streets.

But my soul
is warm
my aura
ignited me
from the top
of my head
to the bottom
of my feet.

I
feel
Free.



Anonymous





Something here is not quite right.
“The title is gone!” I screamed in fright.
Is it hidden on page four?
Did it wash up on a shore?
What about on number eight?
Perhaps it left on roller skates?

Where oh where could it have gone?
We need to check page twenty-one.
This area is just so vast,
So you take the first half, I’ll take the last.
Meet back here in just a minute.
Get to the start then do a pivot.

The title searching turned up none.
We’ll have to pick a brand new one,
And there isn’t much more time.
We have to pick one that is prime.
But I feel pressure through and through.
I guess I’ll leave it up to you.

Luke Castellano

Aisha Kapadia





Jane El Khoury

Tag

It's only tag, after all.

jump,

t

w

i

s

t,

sprint

W~r~i~g~g~l~e past the tagger

His hand is like a dagger.

Only two people left

You and your friend.

When will this end?

a

e

L

p,

sWiVeL,

dart

The tagger's coming close.

You push your friend in front

To dodge the lethal touch.

He sPRiNGs,

-s-c-a-m-p-e-r-s-,

z

g

z

g

i

-

a

s

But alas, the tagger tags

Your friend gets mad

Screaming, shouting, cursing

He could have done more swerving.

It's a new round now,

Your friend should be the tagger

But no, he climbs the ladder

And leaves you at the bottom.

Now he won't even utter a word

It's actually absurd.

Why, though?

It's only tag, after all.

Ingrid Murphy

Red

sticky and glistening sugar in the shape of a heart
a deep ruby red, mirrors the heat of your cheeks
crisp parchment and fresh ink
folded with sharp edges, as a letter for you
dark velvet crumbs fall from porcelain
pale maroon splashed across marble
smooth scarlet petals laid out on the ground
like confetti after New Years
crimson plastic crinkles with your sigh
or maybe the wind blowing in your hair
blood red nails match the shining cherries
that sit in clay next to me
heart shaped locks around my wrists
binding me to you

Anonymous



Human, Nature

Although the world possesses beautiful things, there is one thing that I cannot stand:

Bugs. As helpful as they may be, they are gross.

Centipedes are the worst of them, with their long creepy bodies.

Dung beetles and stink bugs.

Earthworms covered in dirt, and silkworms that float around on their silk.

Flies and fig wasps.

Grasshoppers, noisy, almost disrespectful, for interrupting my quiet.

Harvester ants. They're the reason my lawn is patchy and it won't grow back.

Insects give me the chills--

Just writing this makes me itch.

Killing them, though, will never be right.

Listen, my distaste for bugs is as big as it can get.

Moreover, if we killed every person that was gross,

Noisy

Overall roach-like,

People would lose value.

Queens wouldn't be queens, they would be bugs.

Royal kingdoms would not be kingdoms, they would be infested with greedy bugs.

Sounds so familiar, greedy bugs, as if I already live with them.

They're not the bugs that crawl around in the dirt or on the sidewalk.

Unique bugs that stand on their back legs.

Velvet skin, or are those scales?

Wacky ears that protrude out of the side of their skulls.

Xenolalia, communicating with funny noises.

You know, maybe we are the grossest things on this beautiful planet.

Anonymous



Microscopic

A grain of sand,
A speck of salt,
A fish in the sea.

A particle of dust,
A fleck of dander,
A light in the dark.

Anonymous

A planet in the galaxy,
Ever so small,
Ever so finite.

A galaxy in the universe,
Ever so little,
Ever so minor.

What are we if not sand?
What are we if not salt?
What are we if not fish in the sea?
What are we?



Anna Youngstrom



Abecedarian

A single rose. Such a sight
bloodied in flashes of colors. Some
call it beautiful, others a
dangerous, wicked object.
Equally beautiful yet dangerous. A
Fraud, yet aren't we all?
Gorgeous colors of red. My
hungry eyes soak it all up.
It's a rose but something more. Oh,
just one more look... I wonder if the rose has a
kin. Then, I think: All beauty must pay a price.
Like everyone else. I fear. Beauty always has a price to pay.
Monstrous rose. Laid bare to all else.
Naked for all to judge. Ah, but no. A rose is
only for the human eye, is it not? Standing prettily as everyone else watches.
Pretty pretty roses. But such a cruel fate to stand above all else, even when tired.
Quite sad is it not? How I would hate to be a
Rose
Standing
Tall.
Unique as ever.
Vital to a person's kitchen counter. But still very
Wary of the rose's beauty. How I would hate for my unborn child to get
Xenia for me standing for all too long in front of the rose's beauty.
Yet, I am still very
zealous about its beauty

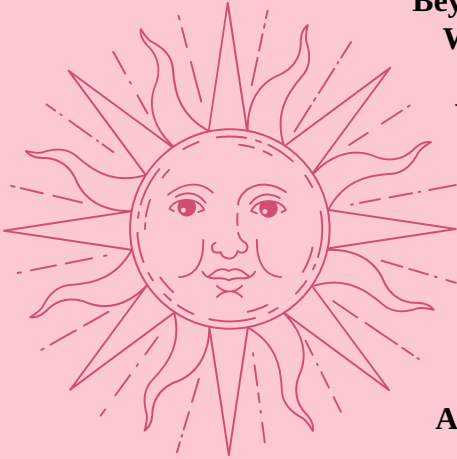
Anonymous





Diego Abad

"Into the Unknown"

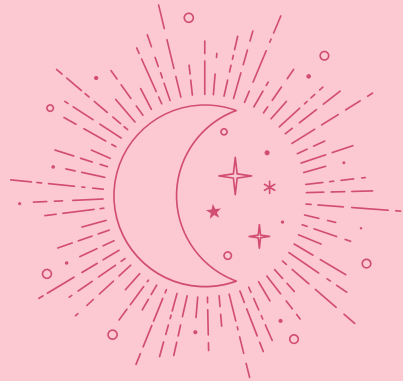


Beyond the veil of blue and green,
Where Earth's embrace is seen,
Lies a vast expanse of black,
Where stars and planets track.

Infinite and boundless,
It is the unknown.

The twinkling stars above,
Represent all of our love.
So look up at the sky,
And count where our hearts lie.

Anonymous



Untitled

Iverson Li

The dystopian home becomes closer to bone,
The goblins laughed at the bags that are rags of the moblins.
The moblins felt punted, felt hunted, he went to Hyrule,

Every new dawn
is like a newborn fawn,
the coming of spring,
was as fresh as a flower,
Every new dusk,
is like a smooth husk,
the ending of winter,
Was as sultry as rain



Fate is spiderweb, so interconnected, and smooth,
Sometimes so mysterious, so dark and confused,
We will find our path, through trials and fire,
Don't let it go dark, don't let go of desire.



Annalena
King

The Universe, the Man, and His Machine

Below the levers and strings of a master puppeteer,
Lies a vast universe vulnerable to the conquest of reliant, intellectual life.
If, when not reliant, life descends into violence and relentlessness,
And, when reliant, life becomes peaceful and tame,
One may assume that general reliance is essential to life.
But if such reliant “peace” is essential, then who defines peace?
Who defines violence or relentlessness?
And, most importantly, why does reliance define intelligent life?
In the case of humanity, life grows inevitably obsessed with creation.
And, within such obsession, defines themselves as the barrens of intelligence.
In this sense, life defines its intelligence through its creations.
Creation innovates life out of the bounds of adversity,
Creation accepts the fatal ultimatum with a blind hope...
A hope that time will prove a sufficient benefactor to innovation.
As time often has.
But what happens when such innovations supersede life’s own definition of intelligence?
What happens when human innovations begin to define humanity?
As life grows dependent upon this cycle of innovation,
When does it lose track of how intelligent its creations have become?
If humanity is but a grain of sand in the scope of space
Engulfed within a desert of infinite depth
Is it not reasonable to suggest that humanity’s success is its own Kryptonite?
That its purpose, just as all lifeforms before it, is simply to serve as architects for future life,
To be mighty determinants of their time and all time beyond.
Perhaps the future of life isn’t biological — but binary.
Alas... humanity’s lasting achievement amongst the stars.

Nicholas Harty



Giulia
Mannino



Untitled (Excerpt) Lauren Ugarte

Finally, we were here.

A great and looming door stood carved into the steel plated walls. Its metal frame looked heavy, unmovable. Like it shouldn't be opened. It was menacing and hypnotizing, swaying slowly with the lethargic movement of the car. The door stared at me. It stared down at my frail body, and I too, stared back. I knew what was behind it-- we all did.

Last time I had to do this, I didn't even know I would. I didn't have time to think about it or plan it, it just... happened. I only remember being scared, to the point where I shook uncontrollably. It was the weirdest feeling. It seems so long ago that I think I've almost forgotten about what I've done. But I haven't forgotten. Never in my life could I ever let myself forget that man's twisted face, wrinkled with age, as he saw me lift that weapon. He was a bad man. What he's done is unforgivable, what he was going to do to me and hundreds of others, just like me. Growing us like cattle and serving us on plates. Never in my life did I think I'd kill a man... but I did. Am I glad I did it? I think I am.

My mind had gotten lost within the door. I'm not sure how long I spent standing there facing it as we wavered back and forth. This time, I had a chance to think about what I would do. Someone, just behind that door, was killing all these innocent people. People that are desperately trying to escape the hunger and countless other horrors of this wretched world. I would open that door and stop this disease....

Outer space, a vast and endless sea
A canvas for the stars, for galaxies
A place of mystery and of grandeur
A place we may never fully conquer

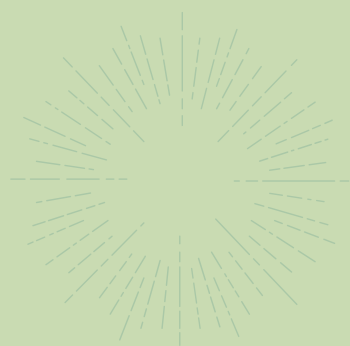
In outer space, the stars do shine
A sight so bright, it's almost divine
A tapestry of light, a heavenly view

The planets spin, they dance and sway
In outer space, they have their way
Each with its own, unique allure

And out beyond, the void of space
There may be life, a different place

So let us gaze
Up at the sky

A Place of Mystery Anonymous



Annalena King



The Rover

Wandering on alone, wandering on in the vast emptiness, wandering on, wandering on,
night after night, storm after storm, power down after power down,
I wander on, for them, talking to them, giving them my knowledge,
as I wander on, wander on, I wander on far longer than planned, and yet I wander on,
power down after power down gets closer and closer, I wander on less and less,
still talking to them, they are planning something new, yet I wander on,
it gets darker and darker, I don't see the sun, I don't feel the sun, storm after storm,
I still don't feel the sun.

It's getting dark and my power is low, they know what this means.

I've made the vast emptiness not as empty.

I'm glad I wandered on,

wandered on,

wandered on...

Then I felt the sun

And I'll wander on

Wander on

Wander on...

Giorgio
Borzellino

