



Maximi

2022

Reach for the Horizon

The Literary Arts Magazine of Pottsgrove High School



By Payton McHugh, Senior

MAXIMI

Most Significant or Impressive
The Best

Reach for the Horizon

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Table of Contents

Cover Art by Ashley Reicher	Inside Front Cover
Photo by Payton McHugh	
Title Page	p 3
Table of Contents	p 4-5
Welcome	p 6
Content Disclaimer	p 7
Contributors	p 7
Aftershock by Luca Brown	p 8
Acrylic Pour by Illana Braxton	p 8
Art by Abigail Hakes	p 9
Butterflies by Luca Brown	p 10
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 10
Only Human by Sydney Coxe	p 11
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 11
Vulnerable by Luca Brown	p 12
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 12
A Cloudy Day at the Beach by Ashley Daly	p 13
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 13
Day 1 Feeling by Yvette Paye	p 14
Art by Abigail Hakes	p 14
Aging by Nevada Grant	p 15
Art by Abigail Hakes	p 15
Choose by Emily Rose Reitnour	p 16
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer	p 16
Buena Autoestima by Chisomnazu Ihemebiri	p 17
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 17
Heartbreak by Luca Brown	p 18
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 18
Hajim by Sarina Pizarro	p 19
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer	p 19
Mental Health by Luca Brown	p 20
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer	p 21
Children by Luca Brown	p 22
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 22
Day 2: Life by Yvette Pays	p 23
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 23
Death by Luca Brown	p 24
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 24
Roses by Luca Brown	p 25
Art by Mya Hunter	p 25
Why by Anonymous	p 26
Art by Sophie Lopic	p 26
Art by Illana Braxton	p 27
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer	p 28
Autoestima by Abigail Hakes	p 29
Photo by Jaina Strunk	p 29
Good-bye Like the Tide by Abigail Hakes	p 30
Acrylic Pour by Illana Braxton	p 30

Art by Abigail Hakes	p 31
New Love by Luca Brown.....	p 32
Photo by Payton McHugh.....	p 32
Art by Illana Braxton.....	p 33
Look to the Stars by Mercedes Maldonado.....	p 34
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer.....	p 34
5 Senses by Yvette Paye	p 35
Photo by Ashley Reicher	p 35
What Lies Ahead by Moyo Akoma	p 36
Photo by Ashley Reicher	p 36
Words Unlistened by Chisomnazu Ihemebiri.....	p 37
Art by Logan Eike.....	p 37
Art by Logan Eike.....	p 38
Wellbing by Luca Brown.....	p 39
Music by Luca Brown	p 40
Photo by Jaina Strunk.....	p 40
Dragon King by Anonymous.....	p 41
Art by Jayden Eike.....	p 41
Nacre's Story by Sarina Pizarro	p 42
Art by Logan Eike.....	p 43
Standing Strong by Anonymous	p 44
Photo by Payton McHugh.....	p 44
Opposites by Sarah Chapman.....	p 45
Photo by Cece Hires.....	p 45
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 46
Two Lives by Mercedes Maldonado	p 47
Art by Logan Eike.....	p 47
Struggles by Merceds Maldonado.....	p 48
Art by Abigail Hakes	p 48
Floating by Luca Brown	p 49
Art by Abigail Hakes	p 49
They Watch by Luca Brown.....	p 50
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 50
Art by Logan Eike.....	p 51
Yuki by Sarina Pizarro.....	p 52
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer.....	p 52
Photo by Jaina Strunk.....	p 53
Love vs Dolonia by Rowen Hudson	p 54
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 54
How Many by Luca Brown.....	p 55
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 55
Just a Sunflower by Sydney Coxe.....	p 56
Photo by Danielle Clement	p 57
Deaf and Blind by Moyo Akoma.....	p 58
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer.....	p 58
Chai Tea by Ashley Reicher	p 59
Believe by Anonymous	p 60
Photo by Evan Baird	p 60
Jumped at Sea by Moyo Akoma.....	p 61
Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer.....	p 61
When the Party is Over by Nduati Michuki	p 62
Photo by Evan Baird	Inside Back Cover

Maximi Welcomes You

This year's theme "Reach for the Horizon" was borne out of our numerous photographic submissions that depict scenes of the sky, along with the many artistic representations of hands. The sky - whether represented in pictures of a sunrise, sunset, puffy white clouds or the darkness of night - seem to elicit hope. As for the hands, some appear to be reaching in hope, while others seem to fret with anxiety. Both the hopeful and worrisome images of these two elements seem to reflect exactly what our community is feeling as we slowly come out of the pandemic of Covid-19. While we came back together to learn inside our school buildings, we still had to abide by masking regulations - hopeful but careful. Finally masking became optional as we could actually see the full faces of many of our classmates - but not of everyone, still hopeful but careful. Our lives and attitudes have seemed to continue along those paths. With every success, there is the temperance of an unexpected setback or sadness. But the only way to move through our struggles is to keep pushing and keep trying. So it is in this spirit that we encourage everyone to:

Reach for the Horizon!

Content Disclaimer

Here begins your journey into the creative minds of our classmates. The Maximi staff would like to thank you for exploring our publication, and hope that you will enjoy the multitude of perspectives and viewpoints that make this publication so diverse. However, we need to warn you that we do not advocate, encourage, nor condone any of the thoughts, messages, or interpretations you may encounter within these pages. We openly take all thoughts, concepts, and images we receive, and some of them may include uncensored graphic detail or opinions. This makes it necessary for us to point out that you may not agree with, like, or be comfortable with some of the material. Maximi disclaims any support and association with ideas and opinions put forth. We now invite you to turn away from these technicalities and view the wonderful works of our fellow students.

Contributors

Seniors

Moyo Akoma
Sarah Chapman
Yasir Gardner-Sizer
Nevada Grant
Abigail Hakes
Chisomnazu Ihemebiri
Payton McHugh
Sarina Pizarro
Ashley Reicher

Sophomores

Mya Hunter
Rowan Hudson
Sophie Lopic
Nduati Michuki
Emily Rose Reitnauer

Juniors

Evan Baird
Illana Braxton
Sydney Coxé
Ashley Daly
Mercedes Maldonado

Freshmen

Mia Brotschul
Luca Brown
Danielle Clement
Jayden Eike
Logan Eike
Cece Hires
Yvette Paye
Jaina Strunk

Aftershock

By Luca Brown, Freshman

A sweet flood,
how could he
lather me up?

Time is life,
black rust rips
bitter blood.

True love?
Why does it heave
beauty

Repulsive,
if we lust

He powers
delicate winter skin,
music at the late,
and sleep by a goddess.

Manipulate and envision
who they would trick.

She's asking
"What gift gown
was Peach?"

With my leave,
yet to live.
The bed,
here frantically producing.

Death.
A moment.
Can sunshine
be used?

Blue and red,
as the
weak stares,
may soar away.

By Illana Braxton, Junior



By Abigail Hakes, Senior



By Jaina
Strunk,
Freshman

Butterflies

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Love,
What a
Funny word.

It describes
The feeling
Of

Running through daisy fields,
The childlike wonder
Everyone experiences.

Yet,
It can cause
Repulsion.

It can be
Shunned away
Like a weed
To a garden.

It can cause
Hurt
More than anything.

How could anyone
Wish for this feeling?

The happiness
Can't last forever,
It has to end.

Yet people yearn
For that feeling.

How?
How did that
Funny little word
Explode into such
A feeling?

Only Human

By Sydney Coxe, Junior

We are only human,
regardless of what society wants you to believe.
We base ourselves on how we appear to others,
regardless of the barriers you break or the words
you speak.
What we accomplish,
what we say,
how we act,
we constantly want to be accepted.
To be appreciated.
Praised.
Loved.
Wanted.
Needed.
The list goes on,
and on,
and on.
And yeah,
sometimes we aren't what we want to be.
We make mistakes,
lie,
cry,
hurt,
complain,
we do it all.
But isn't that the beauty of life?
Being able to fix our faults?
Apologize?
Grow?
Accept?
Move on?
Better ourselves?
If not for you, then for the people around you?
That's life isn't it?
Because after all, we are only human.



By Jaina
Strunk,
Freshman

Vulnerable

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Vulnerable?
That's how you feel?
That's a pathetic use
Of that word.

You feeling sad
Because someone rejected you

That's not vulnerability,
That is hurt.

You've never
felt vulnerable.

You've never felt,
Naked,
Bare.

Torn
from the inside out

Don't talk to me
About vulnerability.

You have never,
Had friends
Turn their backs on you,
Over a rumor.

You've never
lost a friend
to mental health.

Vulnerable,
Don't ever
Disrespect the word if
You've never felt it.

By Jaina Strunk, Freshman



By Jaina Strunk, Freshman

A Cloudy Day at the Beach

By Ashley Daly, Junior

The wind is blowing on a cloudy day
With the sand and shells getting in my way
I see there is no sun
Oh how will it be fun?
On the beach I place my towel
And still no sun
With the temperature rising
And the sun still disguising
I decided to make the most of today
Hearing children laughing and waves splashing
I knew it was going to be a good day.



By Abigail Hakes, Senior

Day 1 Feelings

By Yvette Paye, Freshman

I feel like crying
Like generally crying till my eyes are so sore
from the constant waste of tears over never ending problems
I like being this way though.
Knowing I'm not perfect,
seeing all the imperfections
of the way my tears stroll down my cheek in a curved angle,
featuring all my skin scars,
dark spots, and the errors on my melanated skin.
I love the redness of my cheeks
from hurting myself enough times
till I get the concept of my unworthiness.
I feel free, enclosed in this tight box
that slowly suffocates me by my own will.
The abundance of mascara pieces flowing around in my eyeshot,
almost like in a harmony of black swans fleeing for the surface.
I take time taking every painful part out,
reminding me of the wasteful people in my life to assist my sadness.
irritating my eyes in enjoyment
I love crying.

Aging

By Nevada Grant, Senior

Check, Check, Check, Check, one after another.
Near the end, two more to go, wait, stop, no.
More, more, more, more, a list will soon cover
Any empty space you had. You must go

On, go on, please don't stop; not for the snow
Or even rain. Go to work, check. Get your
Worth, check. Wait, there is more you have to mow,
Check. Don't think you have time to go and snore

Yet. Of course your feet are becoming sore.
As the to-dos are more and time is less,
The list that was once short and quite a bore
Now is eternal so you get less rest.

But with no list to fight against with time,
An end would come, which is no dream of mine.



By Abigail Hakes, Senior

A photograph of a person walking away on a paved path that curves through a lush garden. The path is flanked by dense green trees and flowering plants. The person is wearing a red dress and a black jacket. The scene is bright and sunny, with a clear sky visible through the trees.

Choose

By Emily Rose Reitnauer, Sophomore

You can choose the path
and reach for the sky
in the paths you choose
in school or at home.

The path you choose
might not be easy
but you can reach for the sky
you can reach for the stars

By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior



Jaina Strunk, Freshman

Buena Autoestima

By Chisomnazu Ihemebiri, Senior

Tengo una buena autoestima porque estoy encima... del mundo
Para Tener buena autoestima necesitas ser positiva
Deberías perdonar a las demás o tu tienes muchas problemas
Con tu autoestima

Doy cumplidos
Doy buena energia
Doy alegria

Recibo positividad
Recibo realidad
Recibo oportunidad, para la mejor autoestima

Ser libre
Ser creativa
Ser tú

Heartbreak

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Sure every song you might hear may be about heartbreak,
It may be about sadness
But have you ever heard a song so sweet
that it makes your ears go red?
Have you ever felt so strongly that you feel stupid?
Have you ever been so happy
that your fall makes you miserable?

Well, I can relate,
I've never cried so hard before,
I've never regretted a choice so much in my life,
I wish I could hate,
Or not feel,
Or be so emotionally vulnerable.
Or just go to sleep and never wake up,
Tears and regrets are running through my mind,
Did I make the right decision?
Will we never be friends again?
Did I mess up the relationship?
Did I cause this?

This is my fault,
I deserve it,
I can never have anything good,
God, why did it have to come to this?

Why did it come down to me sitting in this car,
Crying about a man I can't have.
How did I get here?
I can't even remember.

Geez,
I am a hopeless romantic.
I wish to banish him from my mind,
Yet here am I writing a poem.

If you find this,
One day, long from now,
I hope we are still friends,
I hope we still get along,
I hope I didn't forever ruin what could've been.
Please tell me I didn't ruin what could have been.

By Jaina Strunk, Freshman



Hajim's Story

By Sarina Pizarro, Senior

The light of the setting sun cast down upon the forest floor, bathing all the greens in orange. However one color still stood out against the opposing colors, purple. Purple that sparkled brighter than the sun itself, glitter reflecting off of it's light. Dressed in that purple was a woman, purple mermaid dress, purple sun hat, and curiously enough, purple wings all decked out in glitter. The women's shining yellow eyes stared at the forest edge, gazing at the sun, watching the light fade, signaling the day's end. Her hands nervously pulled at her silver hair, resisting the temptation to follow the sun's light. Sadly, the light never stays forever, it only visits.

The sun disappeared over the horizon, bringing with it the cold of the night. Fear set in fully, confidence gone with the sun. She sank further into the forest, hoping to get far enough away from the nearby village before she could be heard. The more she walked forward, she stumbled more and more. Peeking behind herself reveals purple glitter following her path, time was running out. She wouldn't make it to the center, she already knew that, but she would still continue on. Soon a purple liquid glitter substance was left behind, 3 minutes. Her fear kept growing, the loneliness started approaching.

'There is nothing to fear in this forest', she told herself. 'You are not alone in this forest', she convinced herself. 'You can leave whenever you want', she lied to herself. She dropped to the floor, her feet no longer moving. Her large purple sun hat dropped into her line of sight, as if it were melting. Her dress became her legs, melting into one. Her hands became soft like the ground beneath her. She held back her cries for company. 20 seconds. She looked up at the stars, as glittery as her now melted self, and called for her mother.

By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior

Mental Health

By Luca Brown, Freshman

The way walls crumble,
The way my body reacts,
The way my brain is constantly scattered.

Imagine holding so many toys,
And everyone around you has a bin,
But you weren't given one.
And you can't drop any of the toys,
Or you'll get in trouble.

And everyone around you
Is telling you just to get a bin.

But you don't know
where to get a bin,
so you just continue
To struggle to hold your toys.

Now as you get older,
More toys get added to the pile.

And everyone is telling you,
It's your fault for not getting a bin.

But no one
Cares that you
Can't afford one.
Or you don't know what bin you need.
Or you've tried
Every bin and none work.

Mental health,
Hormonal changes,
Sadness.

It's all normal,
Don't let people
Put you down for not having a bin.



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior

Children

By Luca Brown, Freshman

I will write to the children.
I will write for those
whose lives were lost by racist hands.
I will write for the natives
who can't write for themselves.
I will not let them fall
under the radar anymore.

Four thousand one hundred lives.
Four thousand one hundred children.
Four thousand one hundred lives
were erased to create a more Christian world.
Four thousand one hundred lives
that will never get to experience their culture.

One should have been too much.
One should've been enough to shut down these schools.
Yet four thousand children have been found dead.

I may not be a part of this culture,
I may not be a person of interest,
But that will not stop my voice.

I will speak for those who can't,
I will shout until my voice breaks.
I expect everyone to read,
To find,
To help.

These children deserve justice,
These people deserve justice.



By Jaina Strunk, Freshman



Day 2: Life

By Yvette Paye, Freshman

Time doesn't stop, Not for me nor you.

I wish it did.

Withering away as I watch the big hand round the corner for the 173th time
The vast blacked out window pane in the rugged corner eyes me keenly
While the dim lights flicker from the monstrous movement from the surface.

Maybe one day, the angels will come for me

And open up the locked hole at the top of the rigid, building blocks

The scrapes on my knees were from that but I've learned my lesson

I wonder when my time will be up.

The passing days cause my hunger to flow

Like the translucent light from the cracks above me

Why can't I be a clock

Having the knowledge of when my last seconds are coming to an end

"Dingg"

It's over, I'm done

He stopped

I'm free.

By Danielle Clement, Freshman

Death

By Luca Brown, Freshman

I don't want to die,
No one wants to die,
Yet here we are.
They are killing my people.
Why am I the only one
that seems to remember?

Why are the policemen
getting away with crimes?
Why aren't they held accountable
for what they've done?
Huh?

Why do you ignore our voices?
We have been telling you for centuries
that we want rights.
Yet you still ignore us.
How many people have to die
before you see us?
How many lives have to be taken before you care?
How many of us have to be abused
before you hear what we say?
How many?
Give us a number.
Tell me, my brothers and sisters, how many.

You say, you'll change but you haven't.
You make false promises to us,
And still expect us to be compliant.
How does that work?
How did you think
we were going to react?
We wanted things to be peaceful,
Yet peace doesn't seem like enough
to make a change.
So please tell me.
Let me know what I need to do.
Let me see the "changes" you are making.
Then we can have a discussion.
Then maybe I'll hear you out,
Then maybe your useless system will be worth something.

By Jaina Strunk, Freshman



Roses

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Water drips from petal to petal,
Steering my eyes away from the busy highway
That is my mind.

The red fading to clear as each drop moves,
Transitioning to a new thought,
A new idea.

How do people's minds ignore the beauty,
That are flowers and buds,
How do people walk past
acting as if they don't exist,

How does the fresh,
pink scent,
not fill their nostrils,
with belated joy?

Am I strange?
For admiring the nature that surrounds us,
Is it odd to feel connected to the earth?

Many a day has past
and yet
I still have my love of roses

Is this how Shakespeare felt?
Did he know the true feeling of beauty?
Could he have known,
How love was to feel,
How was love to feel?
How is love to feel?

By Mya Hunter, Sophomore



Why

By Anonymous

By Sophie Lapid, Sophomore

Why?

Why couldn't I be the girl who was happy?
Why do I put on a fake face to please others?

Never putting a fake face on to please others
Being the pretty girl with no cares
Why can't I be the pretty girl with no cares?

Instead

Why am I the girl who doesn't have a clue what's wrong?
Who wants to help but can't help herself
Why do I want to help others yet can't help myself?

Who lives a life of fake smiles
Why do I live a life of fake smiles?
The girl who helps people through pain so they can smile
Why am I the girl who helps others through pain
so they can smile

Why

Why am I still proud to be me?



By Illana Braxton, Junior



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior



By Jaina Strunk, Freshman

La Autoestima

By Abigail Hakes, Senior

Los pasatiempos tienen poder
Para cambiar nuestra autoestima.
Cómo pasamos nuestro tiempo
Tiene mucho peso dentro.
Haz cosas que te hacen sentir bien
Porque afectan tu autoimagen.
Así que sea amable con usted mismo,
Vive la vida y ser optimismo.



Good-bye Like the Tide

By Abigail Hakes, Senior

Your hand, reaching out like an ocean wave
Comforts me when I'm in desperate need.
That friendly smile I shall always crave
Will be far away. How will I proceed?
Our friendship constant like a shoreless sea,
When you leave me, the roaring waves will crash
To go with you, that is my only plea.
My cold, lone heart at the ocean floor—gashed.
But in a few months, the tide will return.
Your smile, I can see it from afar,
Nothing with us has changed, to my concern.
Spending time with you, dex, crystal, and car,
My dearest friendships, vast as the sea.
Right by your side—that I will always be.

By Illana Braxton, Junior



By Abigail Hakes, Senior

New Love

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Love.

The feeling of butterflies
Moving around your stomach

The new emotions grab you
By the neck and telling you
You want them

The anxiety you feel
Whenever they enter the room

The way you want to cling to them
Or be by their side,
Never wanting to think
Of a life without them.

Is that how love feels to all?
That's the way we were taught
Disney said that's how love should be.

But is that true love?
Is that the only way a crush should feel?

Everyone experiences love differently
Yet we are taught it is all the same.
Is that fair?

I guess it's not but,
Life isn't either.



By Illana Braxton, Junior

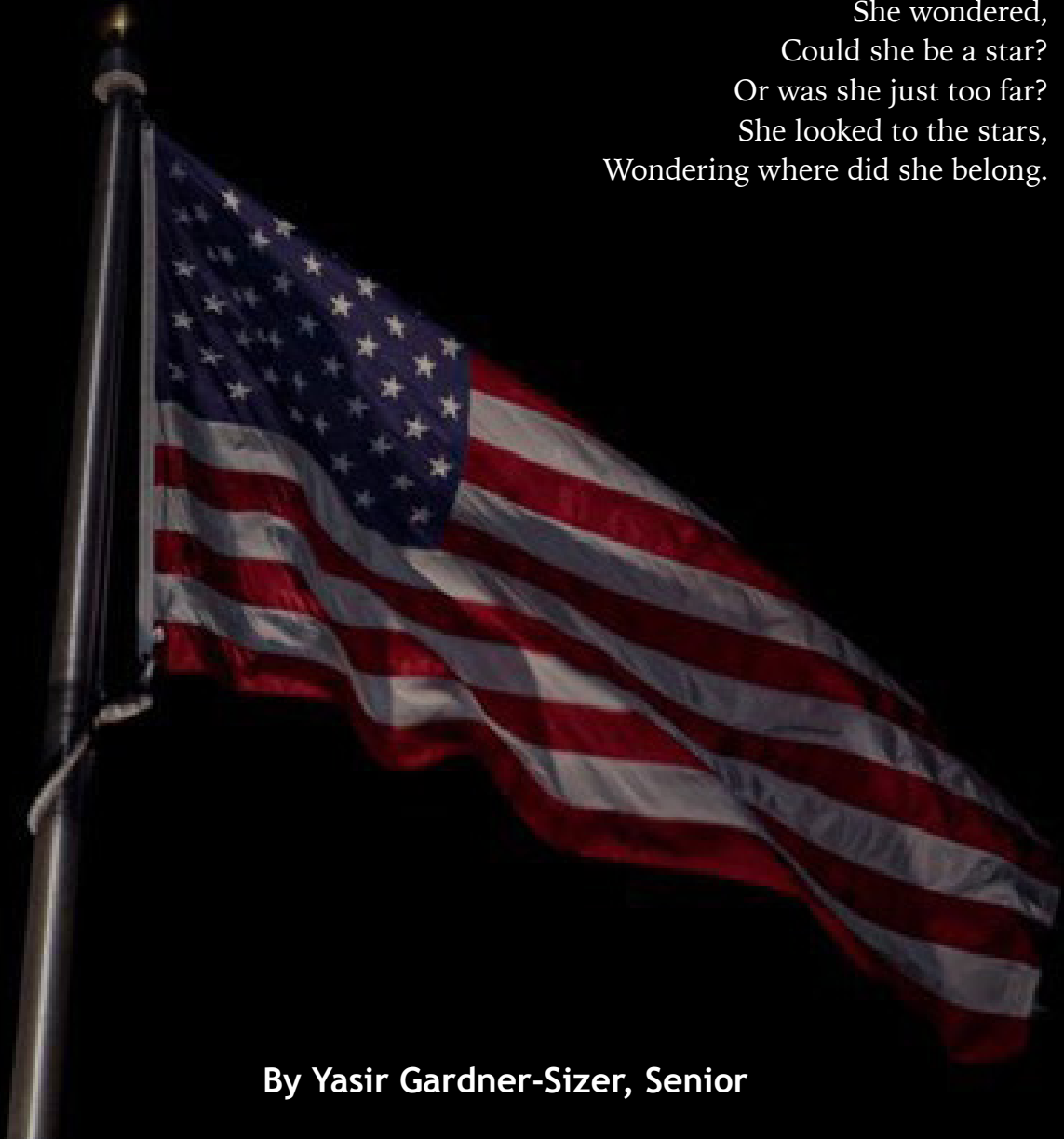
Look to the Stars

By Mercedes Maldonado, Junior

She looked up to the stars,
Wondering where she was,
Could she be a shining star,
Or was she just too far.

She looked to the stars,
Dreaming of a life that was just out of reach.

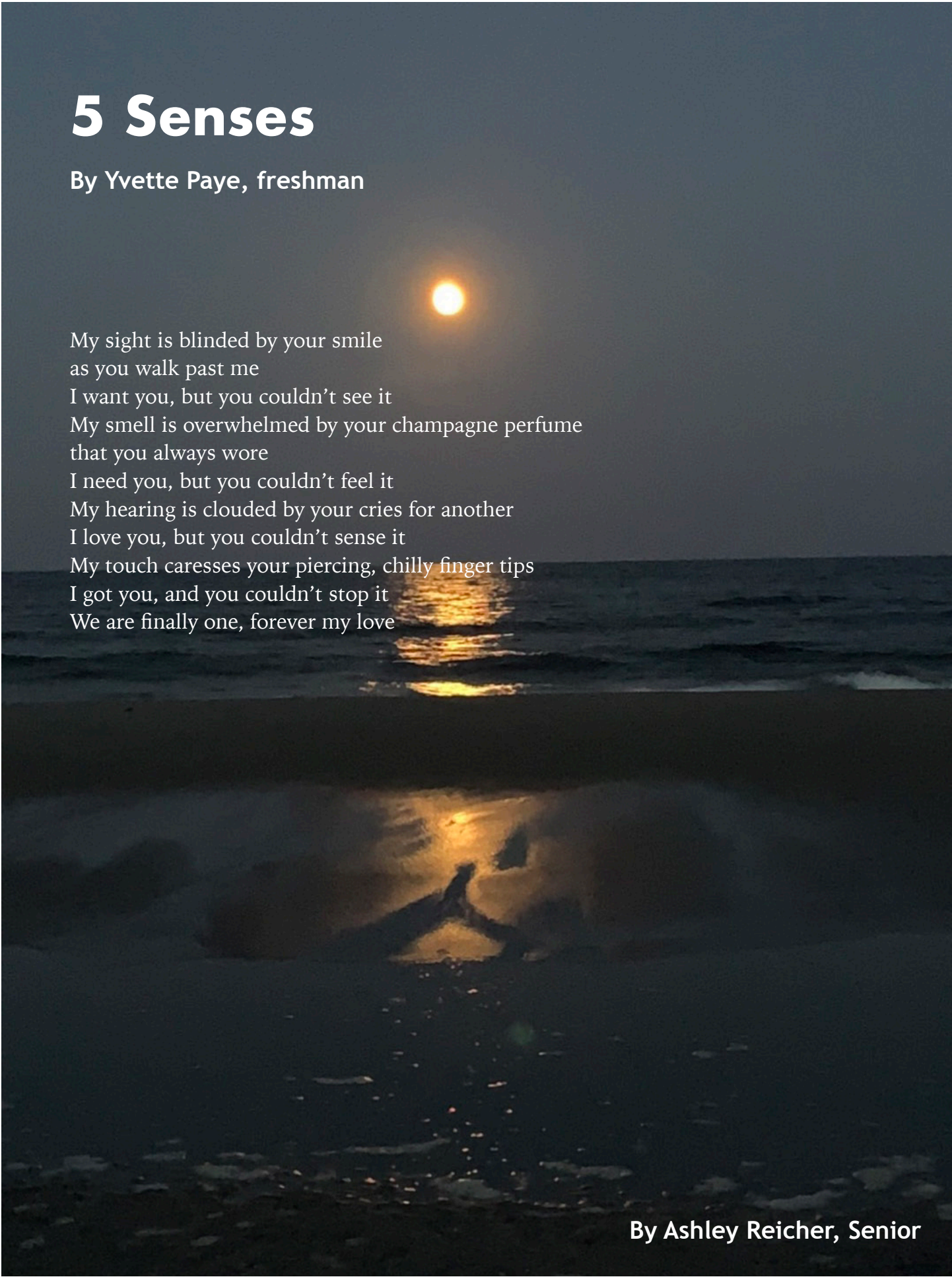
She wondered,
Could she be a star?
Or was she just too far?
She looked to the stars,
Wondering where did she belong.



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior

5 Senses

By Yvette Paye, freshman



My sight is blinded by your smile
as you walk past me
I want you, but you couldn't see it
My smell is overwhelmed by your champagne perfume
that you always wore
I need you, but you couldn't feel it
My hearing is clouded by your cries for another
I love you, but you couldn't sense it
My touch caresses your piercing, chilly finger tips
I got you, and you couldn't stop it
We are finally one, forever my love

By Ashley Reicher, Senior

What Lies Ahead

By Moyo Akoma, Senior

I move to see what lies ahead of me,
But what lies inside provides the true guide.
Externally, I am blind, yet two-eyed.
My inner self brings opportunity.
I find my navigator's old debris;
The compass has disappeared. If I tried
To regain past control, I must decide
To search through thick and thin eternally.
However, maybe I don't have to move.
Who needs a rinky dinky compass when
All that is necessary is a groove?
Perhaps the best-laid plans of mice of men
Conclude awry intendedly. I'll prove
Hearts' rhythm works just fine with confidence.

By Ashley Reicher, Senior

Words Unlistened

By Chisomnazu Ihemebiri, Senior

My feelings should not be disregarded
When I say no or yes, please just listen
The way my words are being discarded,
Makes me feel like a spy without mission.

Perhaps my emotions have me bested,
But doubt surrounds my stunned process of thought.
My hurt is not a hoax, it's attested.
My pride held high above shall not be bought.

However, I accept my dreadful fate.
For worse happens while my dignity hurts.
I am doomed to carry this heavy weight,
Choosing silence rather than any blurts.

I wallow as my sudden tears patter;
Accepting, for now, my feelings don't matter.



By Logan Eike, Freshman



By Logan Eike, Freshman

Wellbing

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Are you okay?
They ask,
As my blue aura floats about the room,

Of course im not,
Any true friend could see,
Emotions are going haywire,
And yet i reply with,

Yeah im fine

Its a lie,
Its always a lie,
Why cant i let down my walls,

No matter how hard i try,
They seem to get thicker and thicker.

With time,
They say,
All will heal with time.

Well ive had plenty,
Time doesnt mean anything,
Internal wounds will bleed forever.

Time,
A useless,
Meaningless word,
Yet everything should heal.

How is everything supposed to?
What magical element
does it hold?
Please let me know.

Time isnt anything to anyone,
Yet everyone uses it,
Nonetheless.

Time is just a dull moment,
That is recorded,
To keep everyday people
In their everyday routine,
It means nothing to the people
Who need it most.

Never tell me time is the answer,
Because time will never
be able to heal my wounds.

Music

By Luca Brown, Freshman

The new therapy,
Many say,
The way it distracts your mind,
From the traumas of the real world.

The blasting noise from headphones,
And constant scoldings from parents,

They'll never understand
how you feel,
They'll never understand
how it helps you.
The way you can escape
to your own world

You're free to be who you want,
No one can judge you
Because they aren't welcome,
The only people allowed
Are the people you invite

But invites are scarce in this world
They aren't passed out.
They only occur
When you feel obligated to share

And sometimes you do have to take it back,
A lot of people enter
The music taking over

They can understand you or your world,
They abuse the power they have achieved by being invited,
They are forced out,
But still, act as if the invitation still works



By Jaina Strunk, Freshman

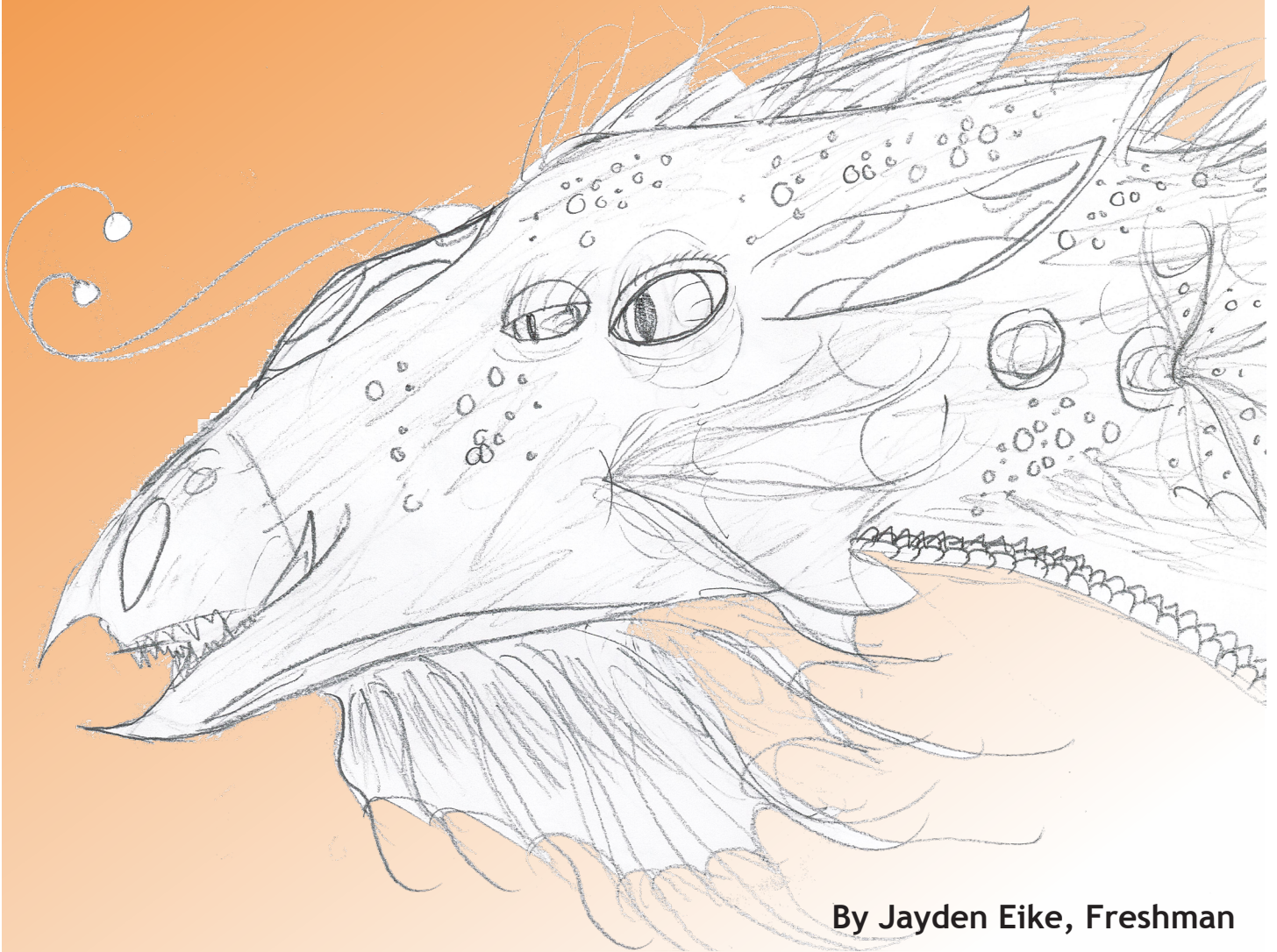
The Dragon King

By Anonymous

From my tower I gaze out over the land
And my dragon lays at my command
To shield me from any woe
And fly me where I choose to go

He'll slay the man who wishes me ill
His fiery breath will leave you chill
He'll cause fear to seep through your veins
And leave your tattered body in pain

Dear enemies, heed my words
Your cries for help will never be heard.



By Jayden Eike, Freshman

Nacre's Story

By Sarina Pizarro, Senior

The light rain echoes loudly from outside the cavern. It sounds almost like twinkling gems bouncing off each other - because of course Nacre would make that comparison. She stands in the shallow water, staring at the single open skylight, no bigger than her head, as the rain falls through it. As much as she wishes to see the rain fall from the greyed sky, and not the cavern hole, she doesn't move to touch it. If Nacre were to feel what rain is like, in comparison to the sea water that perpetually coats the cavern floors, she would start wishing for more rain. The more she wishes for more rain, then the more she'll wish to be out in the rain. The more she'll wish to be out in the rain, the more she'll wish for her freedom.

Nacre cannot start wishing for freedom. It will only make her feel more trapped. If she can last four years in a dark, wet, and spacious cavern, then she can last a few more. She has to look at the good side of her situation, like being able to pursue her passions. Being mostly underground at sea level gives her more than enough materials for her projects. There are many gems, precious metals, and organic crystals that Nacre can easily call to her. Not to mention the fact that her captors let her make whatever she wants to.

Nacre has lots of freedom here. She even gets a break when it's too cold to be constantly in water. She definitely has it easier than most other captives might. She's happy here. She can do many things she wasn't allowed to do back home. She can even use her power freely. Nacre is happy to be here. She is happy to make necklaces, bracelets, dresses and flowers out of expensive materials. She's happy to have her creations being appreciated and not looked down upon as the makings of a demon. Nacre is happy and content here.

Nacre is not happy to no longer be able to enjoy the rain,
And the rainbows that come after.



By Logan Eike, Freshman

Standin' Strong

By Anonymous

Been standin' strong
Your whole life long
Your shoulders about to give in
Just pull up the pride
Born inside
And begin to face it again

Watch out for the worry
Beware of the pain
Set your eyes on the far horizon
Accept it today
Be on your way
Reach for tomorrow
Keep tryin'

The moral is short
The message is sweet
Chalk one up on the scoreboard
Learn from the Lost
Was worth the cost
Harbor that ounce of wisdom

By Payton McHugh, Senior

Opposites

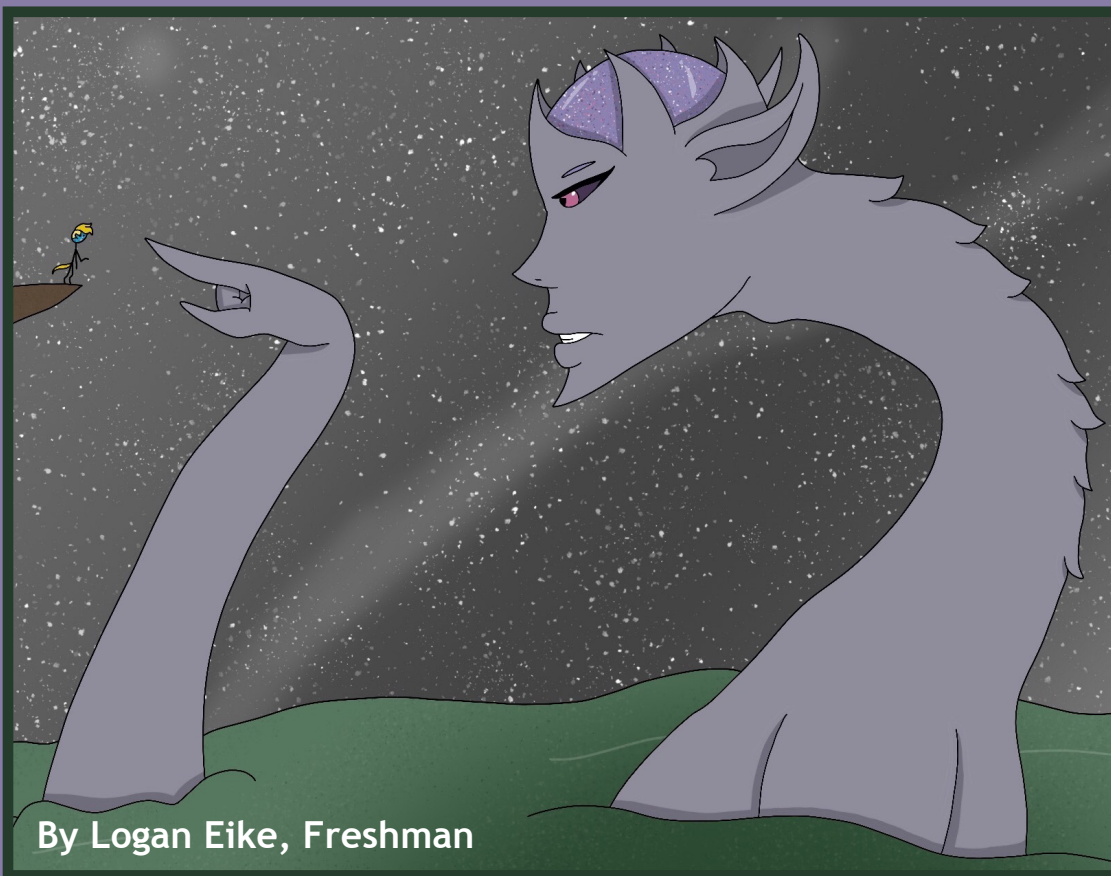
By Sarah Chapman, Senior

There's love and hate, happiness and sadness,
Lots of opposites are made to attract.
With the choice of war and peacefulness,
How to show our decision is wrapped?
Through each day there are both joys and shed tears,
Ups and downs like a coaster on a track.
As long as you tread lightly with your jeers,
Smiles across their face will slowly come back.
Moral and evil are constant rivals
Like the sun and the moon high in the sky.
Love is what makes us to be survivors,
Hate won't navigate our way as we fly.
Fair and foul decisions are to be made:
Will we love or hate? That choice will be weighed.

By Cece Hires, Freshman



By Danielle Clement, Freshman



By Logan Eike, Freshman

Two Lives

By Mercedes Maldonado

She was a forgiver,
He was a blamer,
She got yelled at,
He got pushed around,

She lived in a big house,
He lived in a small house,
She had money,
He was poor,

Two different people with two different lives,
Both being abused in different ways,
Both having to say I'm fine,
Both growing,
Both pushing forward,
Both becoming happy



By Abigail Hakes, Senior

Struggles

By Mercedes Maldonado

Struggles come and go,
Some struggles stay,
Some struggles never end,
Some struggles come to an end,

Some struggles are hard,
Some struggles are easy,
Some struggles are imaginary,
Some struggles are unseen,

Some struggles are simple,
Some struggles are hard to explain,
Some struggles are public,
Some struggles are private,

Struggles are struggles,
No matter the size,
Struggles are struggles,
No matter who you are

Floating

By Luca Brown, Freshman

The world spins

Everything a frozen moment,
The seconds fly by,
never a time to think,
Only to drift.

The earth spins,
Leaving people in a daze,
Everyone going about their days,
As if they aren't spinning.

Am i the only one feeling?
Am i the only one seeing?
The red scattered through the
street,

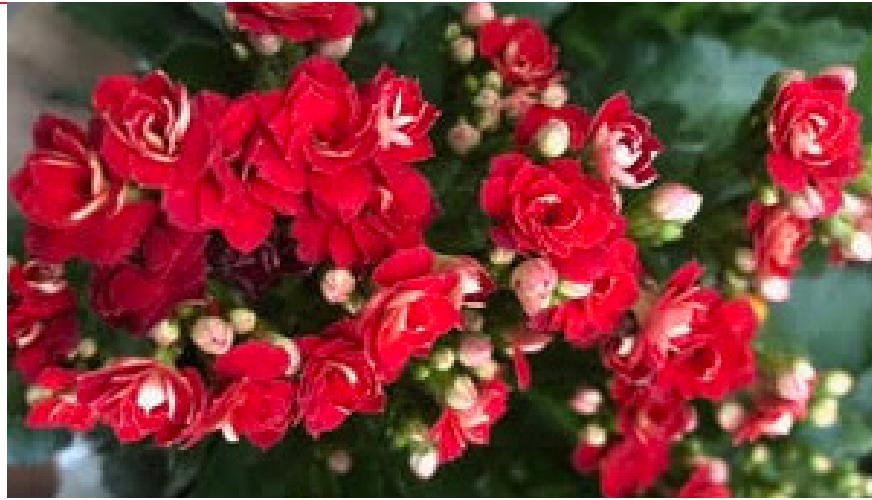
The laws being broken
yet hidden away.
Does no one see?

Are they just floating around,
Unaware of the things around
them?
Does the fear of death,
Not reside in people?

My eyes seem to be the only ones
open,
To the truth of this earth.
I see what I feel others can't.

My voice never seems to be heard,
Over those whose ears float above
the clouds.
The problems seem to be brushed
over,
Not seen,
And never heard.

By Abigail Hakes, Senior



By Danielle Clement, Freshman

They Watch

By Luca Brown, Freshman

Two roses,
As red as blood,
stare at her.

She is always here,
to them.

She loved,
like symphonies
produce sadness.

Rusting in her head,
Chains flood shadows.

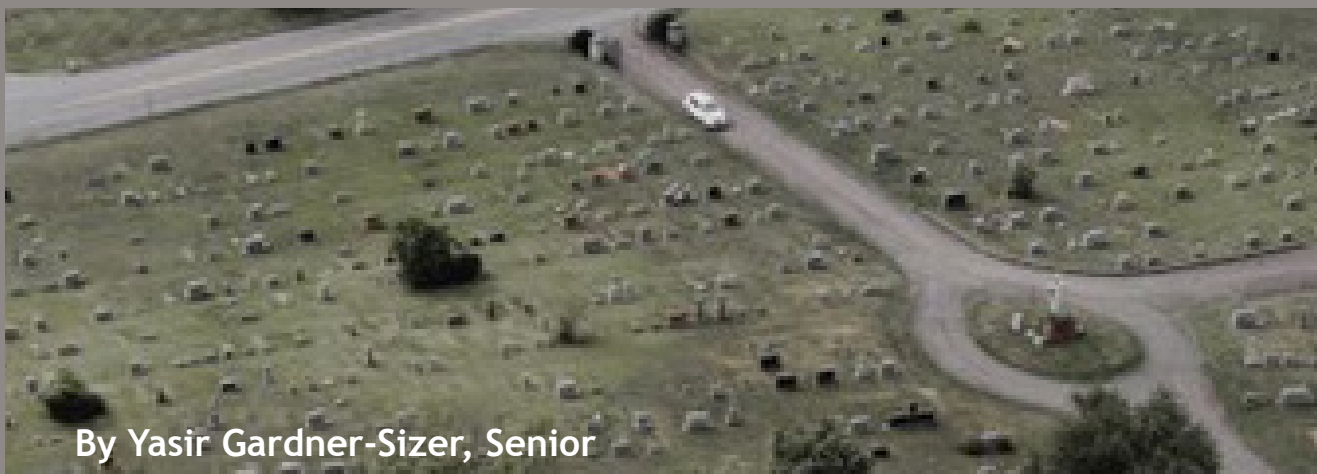
Sleep is bittersweet,
The music is black.

Fiddling away
our death,
the time of beauty.

As the forest and
lakes cry,
And she does as well.



By Logan Eike, Freshman



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior

Yuki

By Sarina Pizarro, Senior

There were only two places in the glitches mansion in which Yuki could fully relax - the makeshift cemetery, and her room. Yuki's room was about as weird as she was, with shelves full of normal things like books and figures, but also some jars filled with who knows what. She had her big bed filled with soft blankets and fluffy stuffed animals, but under her bed were boxes filled with her "tools." She even had a small fridge filled with snacks like drinks and ice cream, but also other things that were meant to be kept cool, so that they wouldn't decompose. Yuki loved to lay upon her lavender and citrus scented bed and stare up at the glow in the dark star stickers on her ceiling.

This was her space and her space alone. Once there was a time that Yuki would invite those who she was close with into her room, but each time it ended horribly. Yuki would never make that mistake again. If a space was hers, it would stay only hers. In here, she could do and say whatever she wanted without facing a screaming crowd of the other people living here. Sometimes she hated being their so-called leader. Even if Yuki was their leader, no one listened to her, or liked her, and the feeling was mutual. If only the past leader, Roka, didn't make a terrible choice to have Yuki replace her. Oh wait, that one was Yuki's fault, she wouldn't be leader if Roka hadn't disappeared.

Yuki would have had someone like Kurami or Akuma be the leader. Oh wait, they disappeared too, and it was also Yuki's fault. Why did all the good people always have to be the first ones to disappear. If someone was gonna disappear, why not make it someone like Max or Noir. She didn't like them at all. Too bad she couldn't just make them disappear. That wouldn't be beneficial for the glitches. Oh well, at least no one can yell at her for having these thoughts in the privacy of her room.

God Yuki missed having others hanging with her in the room, to cover the sounds of the air purifier with chatter.



By Jaina Strunk, Freshman

Love vs Dolonia

By Rowen Hudson, Sophomore

Love, what a word. A word that can turn the slightest off feeling, into something of joy. A word so powerful it can turn bad news into good news. Love, a beautiful word, I've felt love before.

I feel love now, my heart is so utterly full of love for one person that they consume my mind so

often I feel lightheaded just speaking to them. The overwhelming excitement just to see them everyday, just to come home and jump on the phone to talk to them more.

Dolonia, another beautiful word, a word with a negative meaning - Dolonia the feeling of not being able to wrap your head around someone reciprocating your feelings and wondering why that person doesn't like someone without the flaws you see in yourself. Dolonia, a beautiful word for a feeling many of us have felt before.

Two beautiful words with two completely different meanings. A word that makes your heart swell and a word that makes your heart shrivel.

I've felt dolonia and I've felt love, at the same time. I feel them both now, even as I look at this person, The person I know loves me back, but I feel the heavy burden of Dolonia whispering in my ears that it's a lie. I have love telling myself to just be happy with that person, I want love to win.

I just need time to understand how this wonderful, beautiful, brilliant person could love me back, as I see the flaws in myself, The flaws of laughing a little too loud and smiling too much, a person who can trip over air, a person who struggles to understand the simplest ideas. That person likes me and I feel that with a little work and time, I could start to see why they like me.



By Danielle Clement,
Freshman

How Many?

By Luca Brown, Freshman

The cursed words
That leave his broken lips

The lies that flew,
That I believed.
The mental anger,
The physical pain.
How many has he put
through this?

Are we
Just a joke to them?

Why do men think
They own
Any person they come
across?

“Not all men.”
They say.

“You can trust me.”
They say.

If I could
Trust you
I would
But we never know
Who is a danger?

“Not all men.”
Sure, not all men,
But too many.

We fear the dark,
We never know
Who could be hiding?

Does that man
Walking my way
Want to hurt me?

Sure, He could be
Walking home,
But yesterday
My friend was kidnapped.

Today,
On the news
They talk.

They talk about
Women, they find
Dead.

They talk about the pain,
These poor girls went through.

“Not all men.”
Sure, not all men.

But how many cases
Have to be covered?
How many women
Throughout time?
Were they in love?

Or was love
Some sick way
Of covering
Rape?

“Not all men.”

When you start walking home,
Scared.

When you start buddying up,
To go to the bathroom.

When you are called a slut,
Or a whore,
Or worse.
Then we can talk.



By Danielle Clement, Freshman

Just a Sunflower

By Sydney Coxe, Junior

Sunflowers always follow the sun,
the brightest object in the sky.

If you think about it,
sunflowers can be a lot like dreams.

Always captivating,
yet so far away.

Why is it, what we want,
is usually just out of reach?

Just a little bit further,
and you can grasp it.

The sensation of it,
just passing your fingertips.

Just a little bit more,
and it's yours.

Just close enough to succeed,
yet a bit too far away.

Just,
just,
just,
not possible.

But we try.

We follow our dreams,
just like a sunflower to a sun.

Constantly tracking it,
into the rest of our day,
and many beyond that.

In the back of our minds,
pushing us towards something,
we hope could be real.

And maybe it will be.

We just have to keep following our sun,
and one day,

maybe our dream,
however stubborn,
will finally be within our grasp.



By Danielle Clement, Freshman

Deaf and Blind

By Moyo Akoma, Senior

He pondered at the page, the minutes reaching twice his age
He was staring, staring, his pencil not wearing... because he wasn't writing
Outside the birds do still chirp however
Now or never the process begins again with a long gap between
It will open with a story none have ever seen:
Person goes into the world on a mission
It works, just the right amount of cooks in the kitchen
All seemed okay, you win some you lose some
... but when the losses cause fear? And the wins can't cheer?
The supports are knocked, the losses bring tears?
If you were to lose your eyes and ears, could any wins seem near?
It all falls apart

They wander their world deaf and blind
Devastated and clearly out of their mind
Was it all a waste of time? Is there anything left to find?
Aimless and seemingly alone they moved

Soon enough, an onlooker will reach out



By
Yasir
Gardner
Sizer,
Senior

Chai Tea

By Ashley Reicher, Senior

I have discovered that I like chai tea.
My favorite place to go is Starbucks,
It definitely means a lot to me.
Asking for almond milk is not deluxe.

Don't take it or I'll whip out my nunchucks!
I am protective over this iced drink,
Buying it costs me major megabucks.
All my money goes away in a blink.

Do not pour it like water down the sink.
My mom once spilled the drink and wasted it,
I saw the problem and began to think,
I could not handle this one little bit!

It was ok though, I got in my car.
And drove back because it was not too far.





Believe

By Anonymous

Believe yourself beautiful
Believe yourself best
Believe in a bounty
Believe in a quest

By Evan Baird, Junior



Jumped at Sea

By Moyo Akoma, Senior

I knew of a great body near me
Its tides a fine symbol of liberty
I took to the seas, felt giddy and cheery
But the ocean seemed barren and fake

I had a crew with me, of course
I needed their help, these men were Norse
Now they're down below. Are they using Morse?
Perhaps they have something to hide...

"Hey! What's going on, there?" I said
"Oh nothing, we've just all gone to bed."
Oh, really? Just nothing? "Don't lie to me, meathead."
"I promise, no plans!" He seemed mad

Maybe I was overreacting
But my surroundings, I swear they're lacking!
If I can't blame my crew, we'd still better get packing
The ship goes home tomorrow, good riddance!

Quietly in the night, those men pounced!
I should have known! I shouldn't have eased up, not an ounce!
We wrestled and wrestled, but, somehow they could bounce?
It felt like a play castle, and I fainted

"Where am I, where am I?" I repeated
"I'm sorry sir, some files got deleted
"What do you mean, 'deleted?' Could they still be treated?"
"No sir, your Meta-home is gone."

Those men I bought with my own money
Those oceans programmed so bright and sunny
All lost in one night, it's not even funny
I'll never trust Zuckerberg again


It all must have been planned for weeks
This is why a rich man never sleeps
Scoundrels snuck into my room and hijacked my peeps!
Bum hackers, they took all my riches!

By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Senior

When the Party's Over

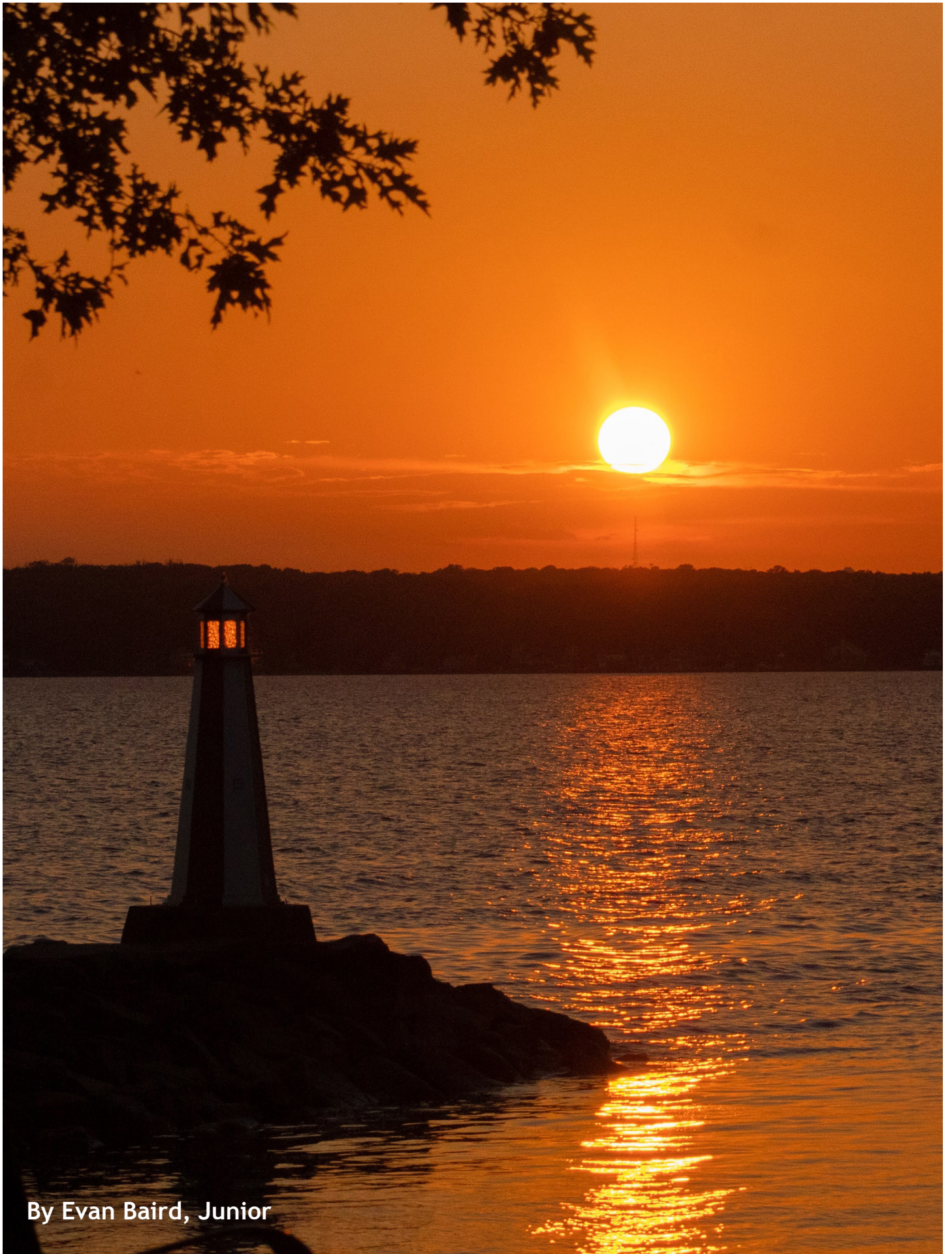
By Nduati Michuki, Sophomore

“the party’s over
the songs have been sung
the drinks have been drank
the dances have been danced
the conversations have been had
the new people have met new people
and still
there is more
what will you have
after the songs have been sung
after the drinks
the dances
the meaningless conversations
the new friends
what will you have
when the party is over
when everyone is home
when the birds no longer sing
when the children no longer play
when even the sun does not peek its face
what will you have
after your endeavors
your triumphs
your pitfalls
your valleys
your apexs
are done
to leave i charge you with one question . . .”



“What do you have
when the party is
over?”

By Jaina Strunk, Freshman



By Evan Baird, Junior



Maximi

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