

# MAXIMI

Most Significant or Impressive
The Best

# Rolling with the Tides

Spring 2021 Volume 54

Pottsgrove High School 1345 Kauffman Road Pottstown, PA 19464 (610) 326-5105

http://www.pgsd.org

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Photo by Yasir Gardner-Sizer	Inside Back Cover
Sunrise by Kydira Garfield	Inside Back Cover

### **Maximi Welcomes You**

Welcome to the 2021 edition of Maximi, our 54th year of production. As our title so appropriately reflects, we have truly been "Rolling with Tides" this year.

Over the years, Pottsgrove High School has seen many things occur, and this past year punctuated that with an exclamation point. On March 13, 2020 - Friday the 13th, no less - our school shut down. Really our entire state shut down. And many other parts of the United States shut down, all to control the spread of a deadly virus. At first we called it Corona, but it later became more commonly known as Covid 19.

While our worlds went into quarentine and many of us became significantly isolated, we still found a way to "roll with it." Within a week, our classes began anew. "New" being the key phrase. Teachers learned to create online lessons and students learned how to learn online and submit assignments online. And we all learned a few new terms: asynchronous, sychronous, virtual, hybrid, zoom and a slew of others to decribe our new educational "environment." As the year evolved, we all experienced classes that were taught "virtually" and synchronously on a new video platform called Zoom. And we all enjoyed our asynchronous Wednesdays. But we lost our "snow days" - because now we knew how to hold class virtually - just one of the many casualities of a year gone wild.

Then the world began to open up and some of you came back into the school building to learn "in-person on zoom" in a "hybird" class where most of the students were still at home attending the same class virtually on zoom. It was weird - for students and teachers.

Then a vaccine came out. A few more students came back for the last quarter. The world started to open a little more. But with every new change and new procedure and new development, we persevered. We "rolled with it!" School life will never be the same. We've learned too much. Is that good . . . or is that bad? The only one sure answer is that the ability to "roll with it" is one of the greatest survival skills we can boast to help us all handle whatever comes our way. Great job, Pottsgrove! You "rolled with it" better than anyone could have expected.

### **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 openingly take all thoughts, concepts, and images we recieve, 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**

Ciera Cwynar Emma Rubert Jasmine Collins Kydira Garfield Lacey Irvin Sandra Jorgensen Tarynn Noll

#### **Juniors**

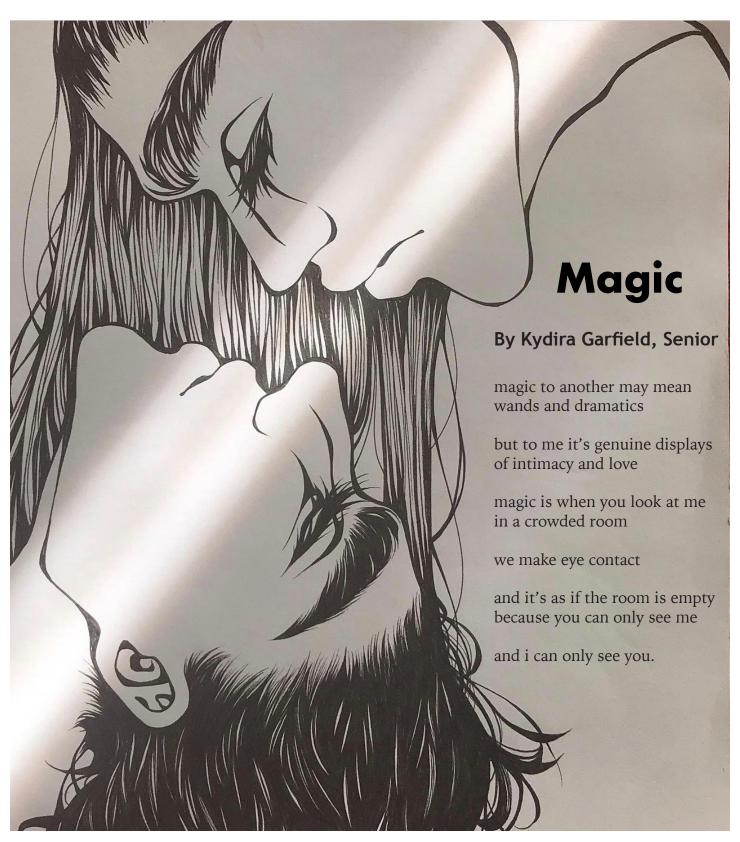
Abby Hakes
Brianna Getsie
Emily Rose Reitnauer
Lauren Yeanish
Levi Montero
Sarina Pizarro
Yasir Gardner-Sizer
Anonymous

#### **Sophomores**

Angelleyna Leibensperger
Ava Sibley
Damaris Hairston
Illana Braxton
Mercedes Maldonado
Sydney Coxe

#### Freshmen

Emily Wallace-Sutton Sophie Lapic



By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Sophomore



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Junior

# To My Best Friend

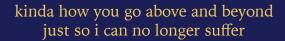
By Kydira Garfield, Senior

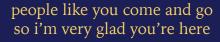
love is something so fragile similar how a loop never really has an end



very thin yet unfathomably deep kinda like a safety net

trapeze artists spare no extremity because they know they're covered

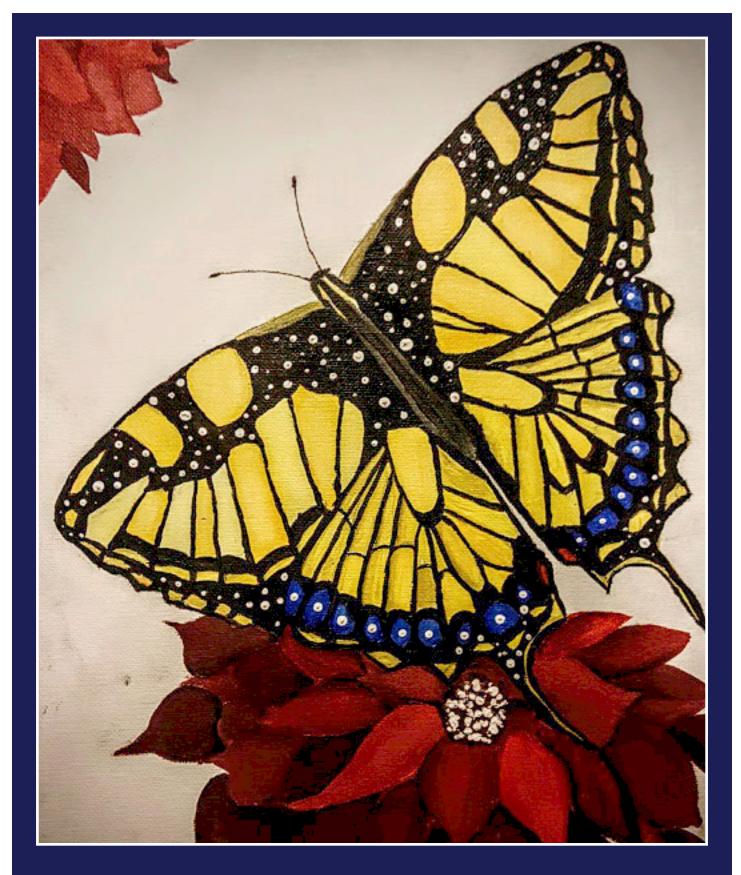




because there is no one else like you that's how i know you'll never disappear







By Lauren Yeanish, Junior

### **Cries of Power**

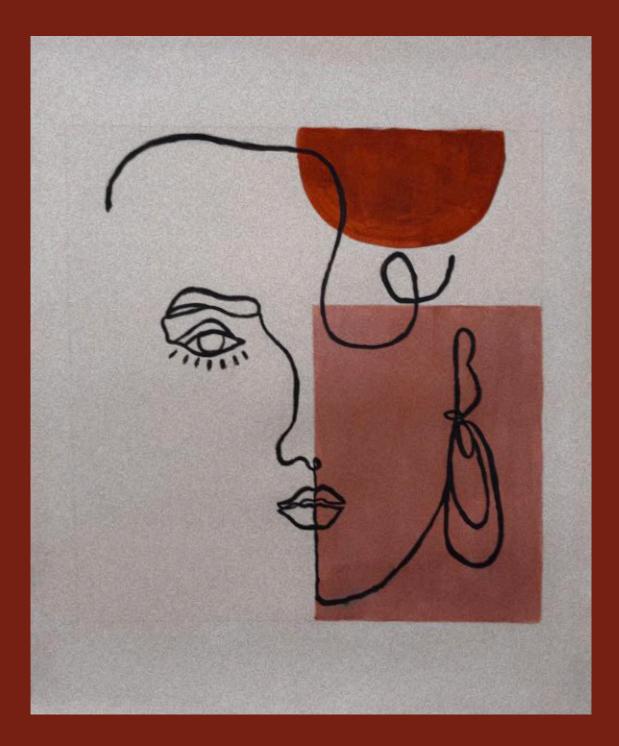
#### By Mercedes Maldonado, Sophomore

I stood hidden in the shadows outside my mother room last night. I watched her as she cried on her hands and knees. She didn't know I was there. She didn't know I could hear her from my room.

I silently listened as she cried. She cried for many reasons. As I listened to her I could only hear her mumbles, I couldn't make out words. Only mumbles. Then she got up from the floor, wiped her eyes, and stood tall.

I didn't think much of it until now. I realized she didn't stand up because she was done crying. She stood up because she was ready and willing to take on the new challenges. Her cries weren't cries of sorrow or failure. They were her cries of happiness and strength.

She cries because she made it. She lived another day. She passed today's challenges, and she's ready for tomorrow's.



By Ciera Cwynar, Senior

### Untouchable

#### By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Sophomore

do not allow me to fall in love for that my love in itself will be untouchable

my love for in which whom I should share will acquire nothing short of my absolute entirety

my love will wash away your worries like a silent tidal wave rushing in and flowing through every ounce of your body

my love is a virus one that you will never rid from your being let me run through your veins for it is you that will be wanting more

my love will overwhelm you in ways never thought imaginable

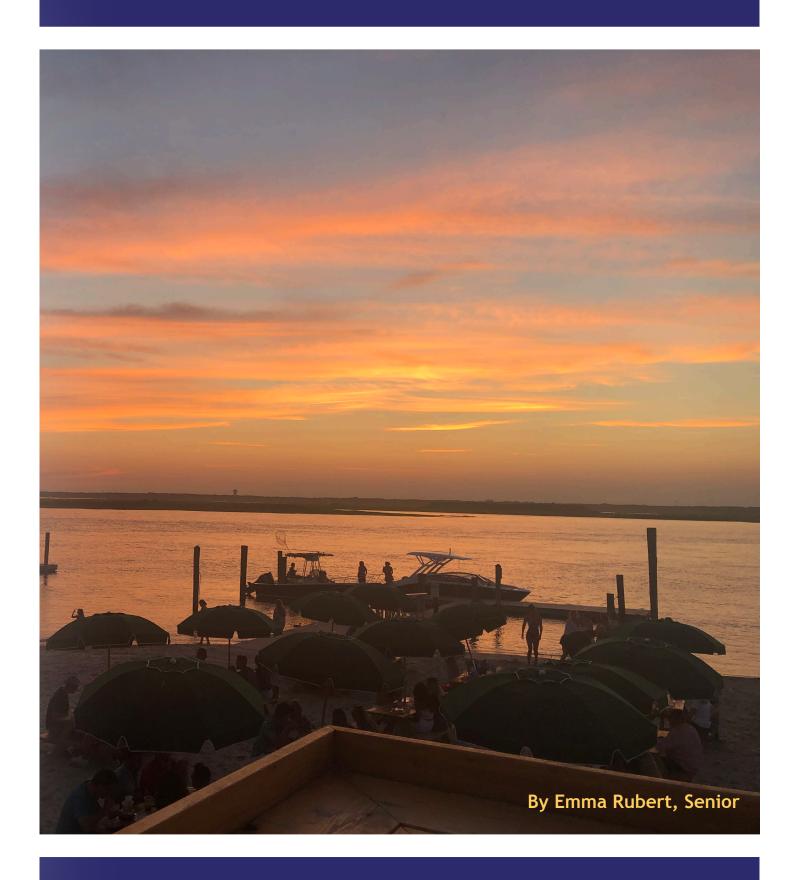
my love will drown out and destroy every wall of hatred that you have built up til thus far

the years of pain and suffering endured by one who did not deserve

my love for you will deteriorate your scars like they had never existed in the first place

my love for you will teach you to love yourself more than ever believed possible

do not fall in love with me for I will rebuild what they have broken.



## The Sacred Horse

#### By Emily Wallace-Sutton, Freshman

You see a beast, I see my best friend
You tell them he killed me, they tell you no
You don't understand
You don't understand that I was happy in my final moments
You don't understand that he was my best friend
You don't understand the power of a whinny
You don't understand why he isn't dangerous
You will never understanduntil you sit on the Sacred Horse's back
And then you will understand what it is like to be truly free



By Emily Wallace-Sutton, Freshman



By Lauren Yeanish, Junior

# Genuine

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

although platonic,
this is the most genuine thing i've ever felt
the love of someone
who knows you inside and out
the best type of friend
of any variation
beliefs be thrown
you are the universe's best creation

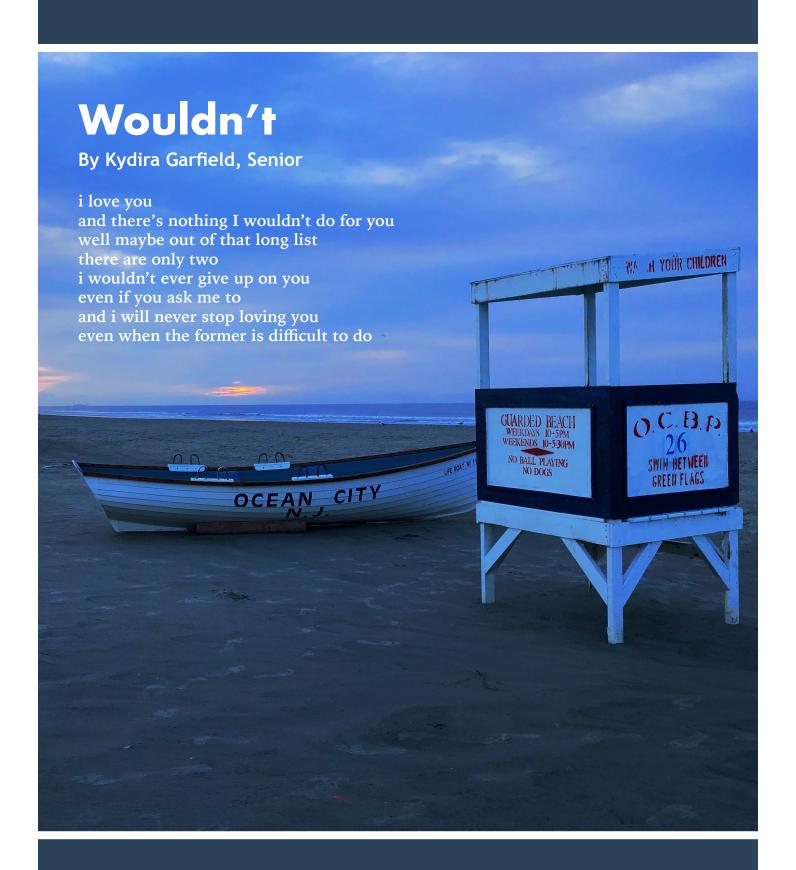


By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Junior

### When I'm with You

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

oxymorons fascinate me
how can opposites attract?
you're silent when thinking
but the room has never been more deafening.
it seriously amuses me
when i give you my unbiased opinion
and your painfully beautiful only choice
is to say nothing at all
when i'm with you
you raise the living dead in my head
oxymorons don't clarify
and we are temporatily eternally alone together.



By Emma Rubert, Senior



# Life

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

life's not about
winning or
losing
sometimes it
even isn't
about
living
it's about
loving
and never
stopping
it's about
continuation
when quitting
is the easier
option

### **To Parents**

By Sandra Jorgensen, Senior

It's the First of February,
Snow is falling fast.
Feeling peaceful at the moment,
But I know it won't last.

Turning 18 soon, Life's caught up to me Can I stay here in my room Singing made up melodies

I don't know how you feel, maybe you're proud
But for me, I'm scared to leave
Time doesn't stop even when you'd wished you'd lived differently
If I hold on a little tighter, can I stay 17

September has arrived First day of College Weeks pass by I realize I forgot to call home

I dial, on the first ring
My parents pick up
They say "I wanted to give you space,
To be my little grown up"

You can't stop time from pulling you further
But you can heed its warnings
From here on out, I hear, it only goes faster
Can I stay?

### **Dream**

#### By Mercedes Maldonado, Sophomore

As a kid I had a dream; but not any ordinary dream. It was a dream of magic, power, and faith. I dreamed I was living in a world of peace; a world that felt like a sanctuary. I dreamed of a world where politics didn't mean much. I dreamed of a world without violence, racism, or poverty. I dreamed that all people were completely equal in every way possible. I dreamed of a world where the color of a person's skin or where a person came from didn't define a person. I dreamed of a world of safety and everyone was coequal.

When I woke up from this dream I saw the grimness of the world. I saw the hatred, the violence, the inequality. I saw a world I wished not to live in. When I woke up I saw poverty, pain, and suffering. I watched as people around me fell to their knees begging for a better place; praying for a better world. When I awoke from my dream I saw a world that had been tampered with...

But when I closed my eyes I could see the world I dreamed of. When I closed my eyes I could hear laughter, I could see people of all races and aesthetics smiling and talking to each other. When I closed my eyes I could see the world I dreamed of.

As I opened my eyes, I looked into the grim eyes of the world and smiled. I looked out into the world and I could see all I dreamed that the world could be. The world is slowly dying but there is still faith. I still have faith that humanity will revive the world of its true beauty and liveliness.

As a kid I had a dream. I dreamed of a better world, a world of liveliness and happiness. A world can never be as happy as those that live on it whether it be the human race or the animals on it. When you close your eyes do you see the world as it is or as a better place? You have just as much power as anyone else to change the world into a better place.

So, what's stopping you?





By Ava Sibley, Sophomore

# **Right of Time**

By Damaris Hairston, Sophomore

covet for a time I don't have.
I dream and grieve of times I won't get to have.
I'm nostalgic feeling for a time that has passed.
I just want more time.
Why are you always leaving me.
You run oh so fast! Please wait and let me catch up to you! I want to be right on time
not thinking about the past or the future
I want to be right with you on time.

### Tik Tok

**By Sydney Coxe** 

Tik tok
Goes the clock
As the noise runs through my mind

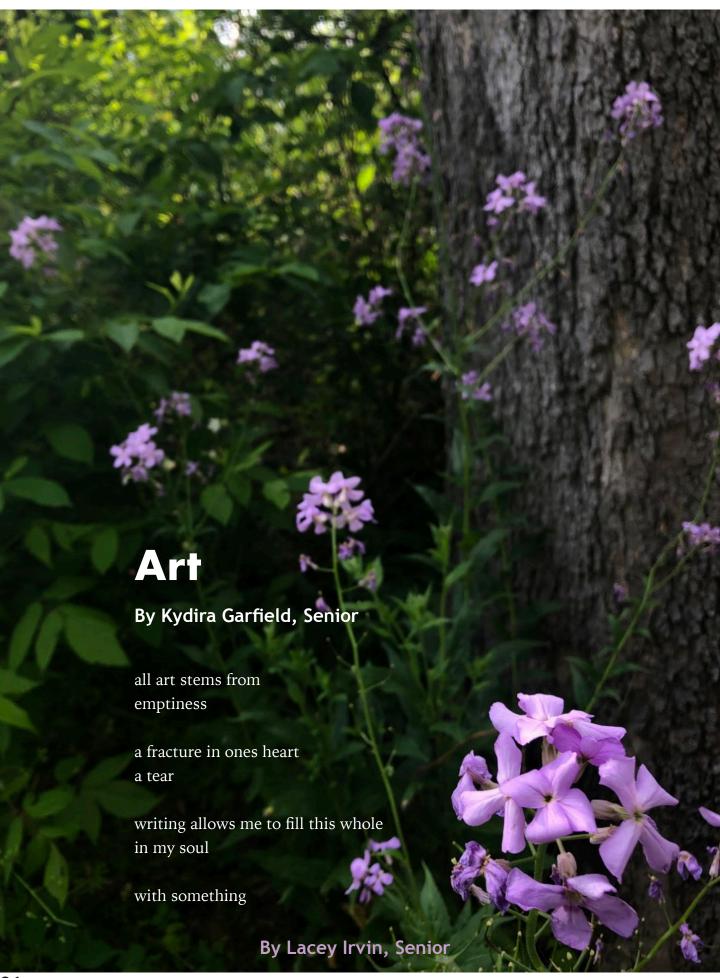
Seconds pass
Faster than they last
Cause we're running out of time

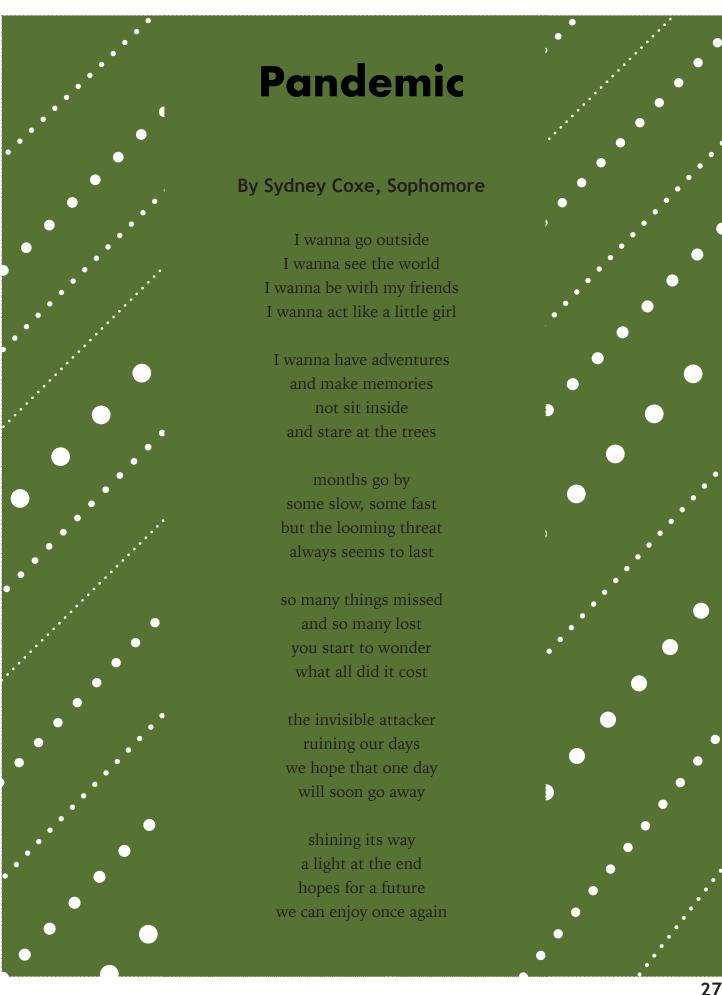
Sometimes short And sometimes long Minutes tick by like days

But either way
Every day
Time is running out all the same

Time to work
Time to play
Time to live our lives

The only thing
It seems we can do
Is acknowledge our loss of time





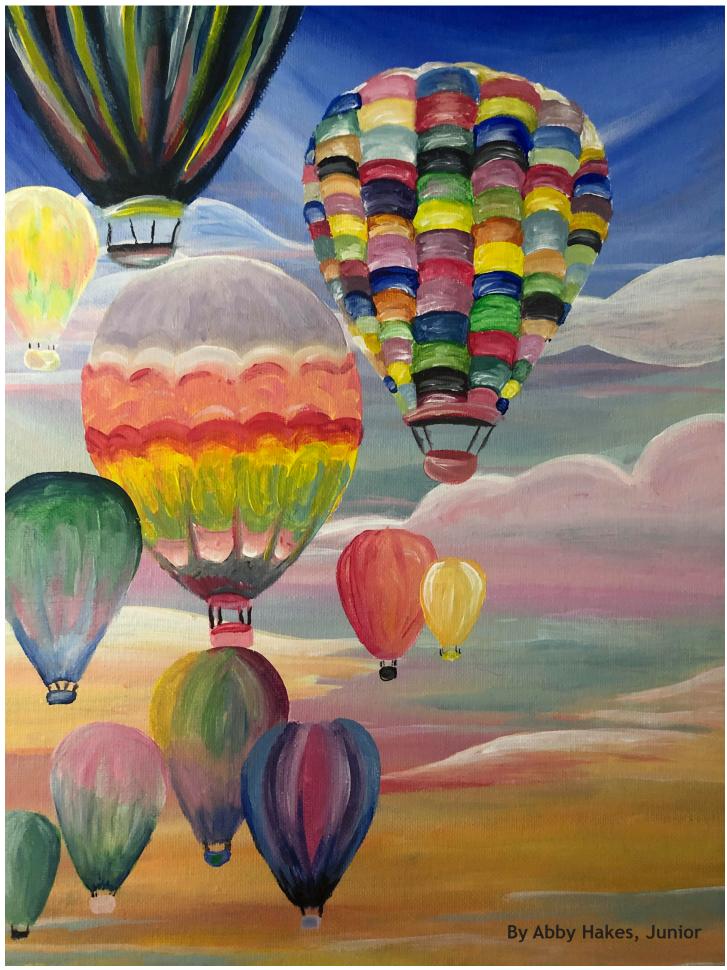
### **Peripatetic**

By Tarynn Noll, Senior

I know it hasn't been long
but the urge of leaving has me dreaming.
Of a new place far from here,
so I must go and take another flight.
The journey may seem rash and crazy to others
but I can't stay as my heart wants the adventure.
So when the sun rises onto my face
and wind is just right I must go,
but don't be sad that I'm gone,
just know that I will always be moving
and exploring the world.
Maybe one day I'll come back home
but don't forget it will only be a visit.









# Flying High

#### By Mercedes Maldonado, Sophomore

I walked along the path behind my house that led into the woods. It was a small path but it was still good. I quietly listened to the sounds of nature that surrounded me. Until I heard music. I should have ran but I didn't. I found peace in the music, and because of that peace I followed the music.

I found myself stopping at the edge of the woods where a small clearing was now visible. I saw a willow tree standing tall in all it's beautiful glory. Then I saw a small girl playing an unknown instrument. At first she didn't look like much, just another girl you would see anywhere else. But she wasn't any ordinary girl, she could fly.

She didn't spread wings like a bird or have super powers that made her fly. It was her soul that flew. I knew she was flying because when I walked up to her she said but few words.

"Fly with me. Together we can make a song. I'll be the melody and you be the lyrics." I sat in silence as listened as she played the music. As she played she smiled and then she asked me, "are you flying?" I told her "I have not sung any lyrics so how could I be flying." She simply smiled at me.

"But you have sung. Maybe not with your lips but with your heart." I looked at her like she was crazy; but I still sat next to her.

"How do you fly?" I asked her. She didn't respond to me. She continued to play her instrument. Then she said, "I fly with the wings that were made with my soul. My wings are fragile for I am only a child and have yet to grow strong like my wings have yet to grow strong. But just like life it's self they are still beautiful and can carry me."

"How do you know you are flying?" I ask the girl, hanging onto every word of hers. She stopped playing her music and got up to leave, but before she left she said; "you will know you are flying when you feel at peace with yourself and feel like you have already touched the stars." Then she left.

After that day I never saw that girl again or heard that song of hers; but I know that if I ever see her again I will thank her. For I have touched the stars and flown higher then everyone around me but never higher then her.

# **Passing Days**

By Sydney Coxe, Sophomore

passing days

as the day fades into night the dark seems to take over the light

a beautiful display of color is shown to help reveal that the previous day is set in stone

bright skies of blue and clouds galore reveal a night sky home to stars and much more

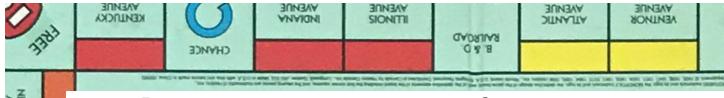
up there with the lights that twinkle in the sky sits a moon that watches as life goes by

after multiple phases and lots of travel the night light sets like a judge with its gave

and back comes the sun
welcoming the new day
ready to see
what new adventures come its way



By Brianna Getsie, Junior



# **Cheating Yourself**

#### By Anonymous

The dice clatter across the board and unfortunately land on seven, just the number I didn't want. The good thing is, I don't have to listen to the dice. Monopoly is a game that fuels our insatiable desires for accumulating wealth and property, all dependent upon those rolls. What if, when rolling the dice and in last place, I fudge the numbers. Maybe move six spaces to avoid "Go to Jail" or eight to land on the last property needed for a monopoly. While considered cheating, this serves to bring joy back to my game while compromising that of the others. As an avid every-day-rule-follower, Monopoly-player, and boardgame-cheater, I find that the desire to win often displaces my desire to follow the rules in this cardboard square. Maybe it is the capitalistic motives designed throughout the game being evoked in my person, or maybe it is the simple desire not to come in last. Either way, the performance-oriented motivations of cheating are sure to cause repercussions; the rewards are finite, but the consequences are lasting.

Accomplishments in other games with those who have recently fallen victim to the cheater's resourcefulness often contain an air of distrust. More times than not, when Lady Luck is smiling upon the board game charlatan, it is a mask through which Karma watches in order to prompt conflict. When the boy who cried wolf suddenly becomes lucky, suspicion is the natural reaction, and for good reason. While cheating provides a leg up in a sticky situation, the distrust is already sewn between the competitors—friends. While the seasoned swindler would argue that this only arises if they were caught, guilt can see through the charade which the seemingly oblivious opponents cannot.

Sometimes, I pick up an extra house when only paying for one to get more bang for my buck. However, that plastic piece on the board serves as a token of guilt















ST. CHARLES

AVENUE

ST. JAMES

VIRGINIA

STATES

A board game is a simple pastime meant for enjoyment and once cheating is added to this mix, a loss of enjoyment is sure to ensue. This loss can arise in various manifestations. The cheater can further their dissent into boredom and completely corrupt the competition, or the cheated can feel helpless in the new, seemingly lawless game. The result is almost always a lose-lose and assuming guilt or a miscalculated move has now ousted the cheater, a wasted 45 min-

into the game simply losing enjoyment, either for the cheater, cheated, or both.

utes is the common denominator.

Comparing this dashing display of duplicity and deceit in board games to broader situations such as sports, competitions, or exams can all be brought to the same conclusions.

A sly success is sure to be soured in the following moments. When inevitably caught, distrust and numerous consequences will fall upon the cheater and the task will lose its intended value. If not caught yet, guilt or pride will gnaw at the cheater from the inside and continue to until their long reign of deceptiveness has come to a roaring halt.



By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Junior

















By Ava Sibley, Sophomore

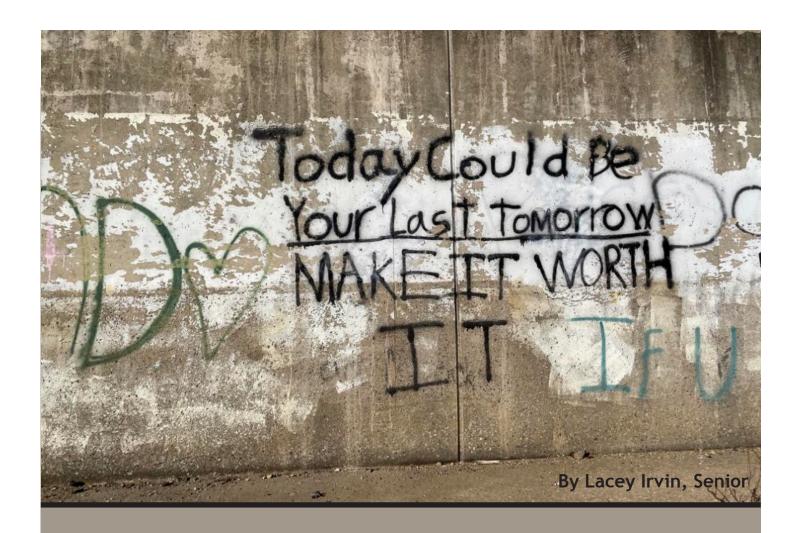
# Sometimes

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

sometimes i think i don't share enough

so i try to open up

then i'm reminded, everytime that I've said too much



## Rest

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

true peace is unlocked when you realize

that maybe the emotional walls that block us from continuing on

are there to all us to stop and rest.



### Love

#### By Mercedes Maldonado, Sophomore

Love is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

But it can also be the most heartbreaking.

When we truly love someone we feel as if we have found the missing piece to our hearts.

But when that love is broken and all trust is gone we lose the light we once saw and replace it with hate and regret.

When you truly love someone you give that person everything you have even if they don't give anything back.

When you truly love someone you'll do everything you can to make things work. You'll blame yourself for everything. You'll always find a way to make the other person the good guy when in reality they're not.

In reality the other person could be the bad guy. In reality not everything is your fault. It's not your fault for not making the relationship work when you put everything into it and the other person didn't.

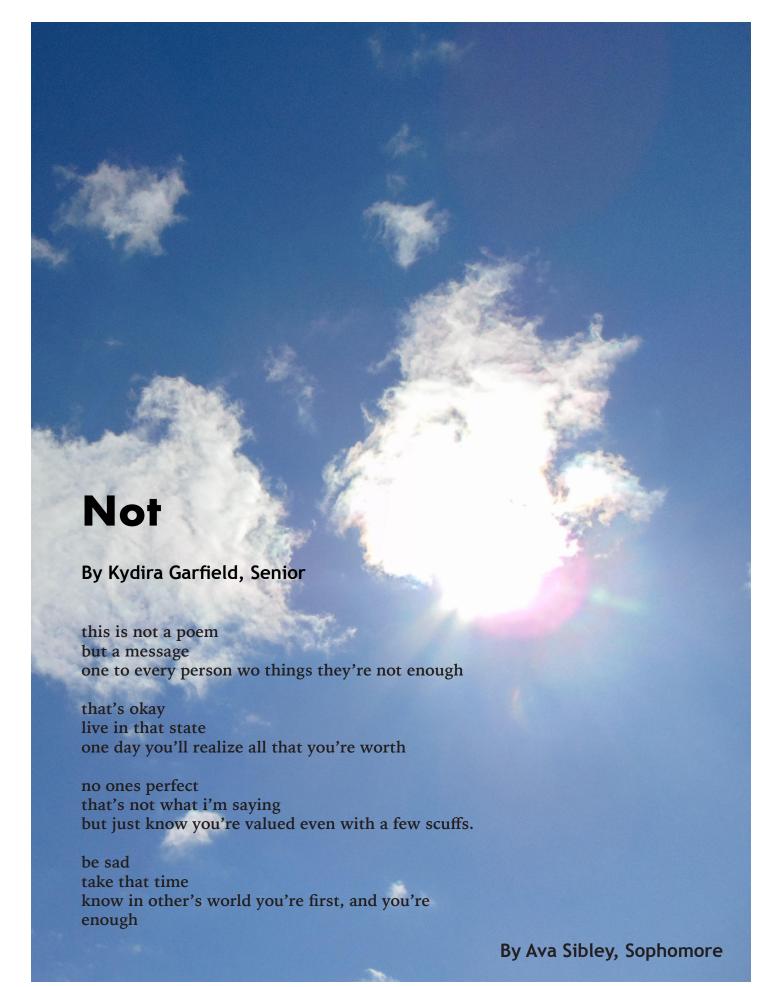
In reality no one is the bad guy. Sometimes you think you found "the one" but in reality you didn't. Sometimes when you lose people they leave because they're meant to change your life. And sometimes you're meant to change their life.

Love is the most beautiful thing in the world, but it's also the most dangerous and heartbreaking thing in the world. Love is like the stars.

It can glow bright and last forever, or it can slowly go dim and die out.



By Ava Sibley, Sophomore



#### Luma

#### By Sarina Pizarro, Junior

#### Luma - Prologue:

This story is set in a world where Earth has stopped rotating, so it is eternally day on one side of the earth and internally night on the other side. In order to survive these new conditions,

humans split into three different groups. One group wanted to leave the bright and much too sunny side of the world so they retreated to go underground, where body warm will gather ian the enclosed space to provide heat in the cold moonlit side, and started to rely on plants that grow in caves for their food source. They created an entr'acte tunnel system that stems the dark half of the world. The second group wanted to stay in the sun and bear the heat and UV rays, so they build houses that can block out a majority of the suns UV rays and start to rely on meat as their primary food source. The third group wanted to make a sort of compromise, so they moved to dense forests and jungles, so that they could chose exactly how much sun or shade they want, their food source stayed mostly the same but with more grown foods. After millions of years, the three groups evolved into different species with slight similarities. The sun species are now completely immune to UV rays and have turned basically into carnivores, they have life spans that are pretty similar to ours but slightly longer. The cave species are now mostly immune to cold and have turned into mostly herbivores, their life spans however are quite short (living up to around 30-40 if they're lucky). And the forest species (which is the closest to being normal humans) are a bit of both, but are much more used to warm temperatures and are still omnivores.



#### Luma's story:

As soon as she was called to the entrance of the cave, Luma knew she messed up. She still felt uncomfortable with the entire tradition their species took up, so there was no way of following what was expected of her no matter what the repercussions would be. Luma finally arrived and already felt the dread set into her stomach seeing other kids and adults getting the same disapproving lecture that she herself would soon be receiving.

"Luma, get over here now. It's time to have a little talk about your...'decisions'." Another man said from the sidelines. Taking one last deep breath before her eminent doom, she walked forward towards the other man.

"I already know what you're going to ask of me, and I refuse. I feel uncomfortable with the entire ideology and wish to live for myself and make my own decisions in life. Thank you for the

opportunity though, it's very much appreciated." Luma may have said those words with confidence and maturity, but she was still frightened about her punishment.

"Ah, I see. Well then, you shall be put on duty to leave the cave system for food for the community. You shall be accompanied with 6 other people your age. You will be taking the route down the river north of here. Then you will meet with the forest dwellers for our catch of fish." He instructed her. As she left to where she was instructed to go Luma let out a deep sigh,

'Ooooh, thank god I didn't get thrown out or eaten or something. Although I've never been out-

side the cave system, wonder what it's like outside. I still have no idea how other species can live under the sun for so long?'

Luma stepped out of the cave after informing the guards where she was off to. As soon as she stepped into the light of the sun, she immediately felt that her warm fur coat and long pants lined with an extra layer was far too hot in the blistering heat l, and her bare feet were already hurting and burning on the hot rocky terrain.

'Why aren't we given clothes to better fit the new environment? No wonder people hate this job.' Thankfully it didn't take long to find the large ship over the river. Also thankfully, there was a large cover over the ship to block the sun's rays so it was much cooler once she boarded the ship. On the ship were the 6 others that were briefly mentioned to Luma. All of them also looked like they'd rather be anywhere else, which was understandable.

Soon they set off to go to the edge of the river, which led to the giant forest separating their giant caves and the giant waste land that lay beyond that. The sailing itself was pretty smooth but the trip as a whole was quite boring seeing as everyone tried their hardest to not speak with one another. An odd sound similar to that of something big with (probably)

claws was heard in the distance. Everyone froze, they were in no way prepared to fend for themselves if they were to be attacked. All they could do was sit in a tense silence hoping they were wrong, but life for the disappointments was not going to be an easy one. Suddenly a giant wave came up from behind the ship as a creature that looked like a cross between a spider, scorpion, and stink bug that was bigger than the ship jumped into the river behind them. Everyone was scrambling to find some way to either speed up the ship or to find something to distract the creature from going after them.

The effort was fruitless though, as the ship was picked up and then thrown into the distance separating everyone scattering them across the forest and wasteland. Luma (lucky her) ended up in the wasteland and surprisingly didn't die upon impact.

After a while Luma eventually woke up under the constant hot sun and on a rocky terrain, and weirdly enough it also felt like something was moving around her. So she decided to take a look

at the area around her, only to see she had smaller versions of that monster (as big as 1 ft.) crawling over her body. Luma had never screamed louder before. She immediately scrambled to feet, furiously brushing the bugs off of her coat and attempting to get away from them. While she continued to back away from the horrid creatures she eventually backed into something, or someone, she noticed once she turned around to see a girl.

She was taller than Luma herself and had a darker complexion, from living out in the sunlight all day, and blonde hair that could pass for light orange hair. She was also wearing a faded yellow tank top and brown shorts. While she was busy taking in the odd looking girl she failed to notice those big things crawling up her feet. Luma let out another small screech and backed up into the strange girl again. Luma was about to apologize for bumping into her twice now but was cut off before she could speak by the girl suddenly lifting her up bridle style.

"You should be more careful out here with no shoes on or anything. What's with the warm clothing, you wanna get a heat stroke or something?" The girl said.

"I...I didn't know these things were out here... also, why did you pick me up if you mind my asking?"Luma questioned the girl.

"I'm helping you out obviously. Oh yeah and my name is Juniper, nice to meet you." The girl now known as Juniper answered.

"Oh, ok then. My name is Luma by the way."

"So where are you tryin' to go? If ya like I could help you get there." She asked.

"Oh, um I don't know where I want to go. I kinda just got lost and have no idea where I am. If you don't mind telling me, do you know anywhere I could stay at for the time being?" Luma asked Juniper.

"Yeah, if ya like you can stay with me, you kay with that?" She answered back. How the heck was Juniper ok with this? She literally just met Luma and yet she invited her to stay at her place. Their brains must be messed up from being under the sun all day. This is why her species was so intelligent, they applied logic to situations unlike all the others.

Juniper then started to walk towards the supposed town she lived in, whilst still carrying Luma. Where these people also got their strength was beyond Luma as well. So many things are wrong about this scenario, but it's not like Luma could fix it. At this point in time, all Luma truly knows is that whatever is to become of her situation will change her life for the better or worst. All she can hope is that it will be better than leaving her fate to her own people.



By Levi Montero, Sophomore



# Loneliness

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

let's go

travel to a place where we can be alone together

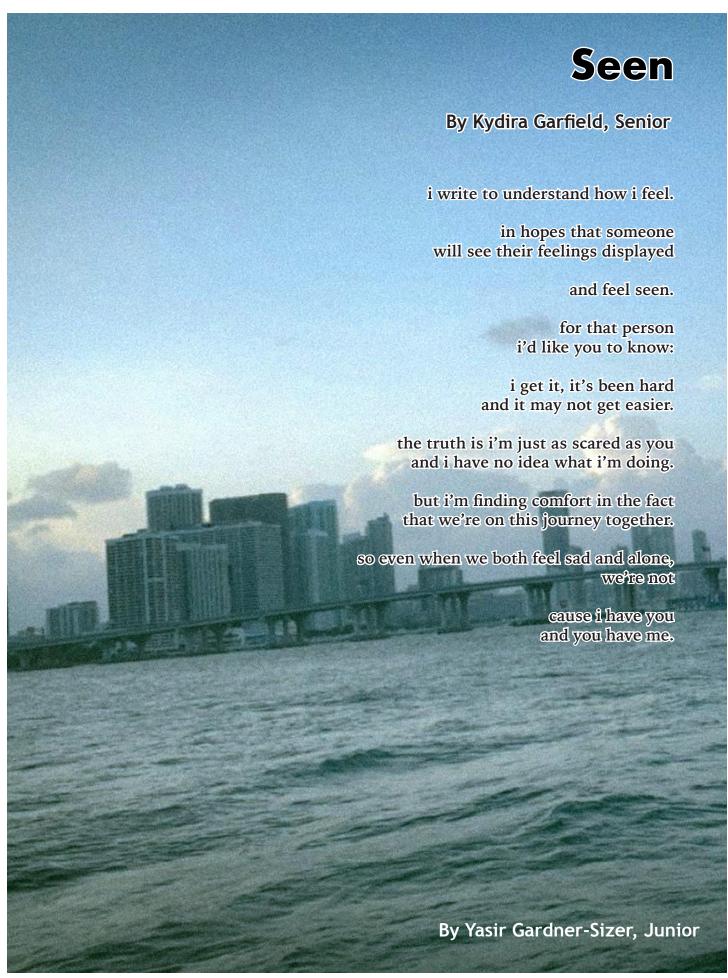
because loneliness is too scary to face alone.

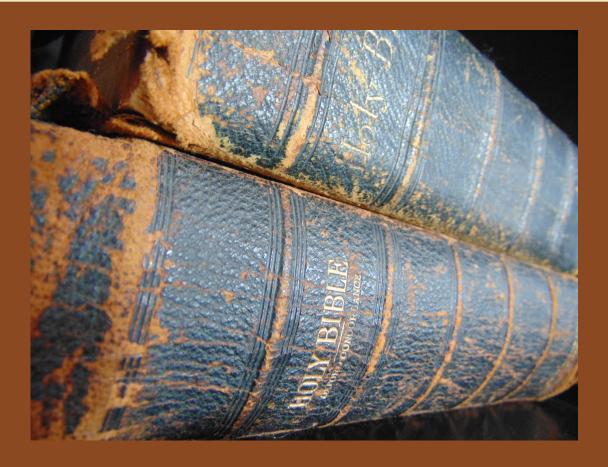
dear travelers,

stay safe on the road ahead

for loneliness can only be battled when you're external battles

have come to an end.





By Ava Sibley, Sophomore

## Souls Mourn

By Damaris Hairston, Sophomore

Day in and day out I think about how quickly my freedoms are being sold out.

The vision of many has become cold and worn out.

Our souls mourn and cry out for a way out.

When will we humble ourselves and let the creator help us out?

We have created a mess that is so capacious we can't grasp.
We have created a foundation without gravitation.
Too many kingdoms and still no elevation.

Yet our battle cannot be won fighting against flesh and blood. Our hearts of stone need to be removed from our flesh.

To be instilled in a new one.

## Married to the Devil

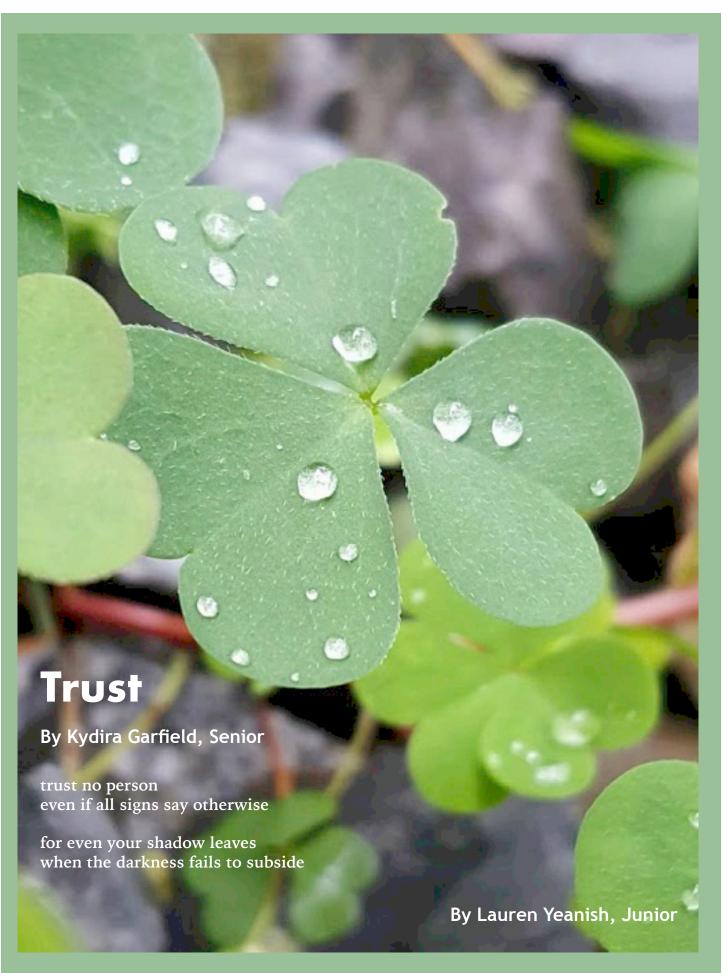
By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Sophomore

I shall not sell my soul to the devil for only he will be the one seeking to sell his soul to me as it is i pulling him out of the indisputable darkness he was casted into

he, now to be called 'mine' walks along side me, watching my every movement as if I am to be his God

when i tell you the devil now worships me I am merely trying to communicate that I have become his one and only obsession

my soul existence more than feeds his aching hunger that even the darkest darkness is incapable of satisfying



# Don't Want to Be Indecisive

By Ciera Cwynar, Senior

Don't want to be indecisive but here's the truth I thought that you and me belonged together we were once side by side

Pull me closer Can't stand your lies I have no need to apologize

You're so intoxicating
The potential to only being problematic
My perspective is shattered
If only I mattered

Some say I'm being dramatic But who's to let them choose If only they knew what soul ties to a heart really do.





By Yasir Gardner-Sizer, Junior

## Reach for Your Dream

#### By Emily Rose Reitnauer, Junior

You can reach for your dream any time any where you go.
You will be amazing in your own way.
You will find a way to reach your dreams in the world oyu seek.
You see some people make their dreams come true for them They should be people and kids they can reach their dreams.



By Ava Sibley, Sophomore

# Lemonade Scented Nightmare

By Jasmine Collins, Senior

The clouds cover the moon late in the dark night, Fear entrances my mind and my anxiety is creating such a fuss, The curtains let in not an ounce of light, A creak of the floorboards jolts me awake in the November dusk,

Smoke asphyxiates the home with the scent of lemonade, The man's only joy he finds fond is to make people cry, He is the contrary of what it means to be a saint, Those haunting, grim, snakish, blue eyes,

I woke up from this nightmare that held some truth, This phantom, this ghost has died in my mind a while ago, God, I have not seen this person in a year or two, What was once a friend quickly became a foe,

Burn the photographs, burn the vinyls, burn everything you sick pyromaniac, You will not remain rent-free in my mind's directory



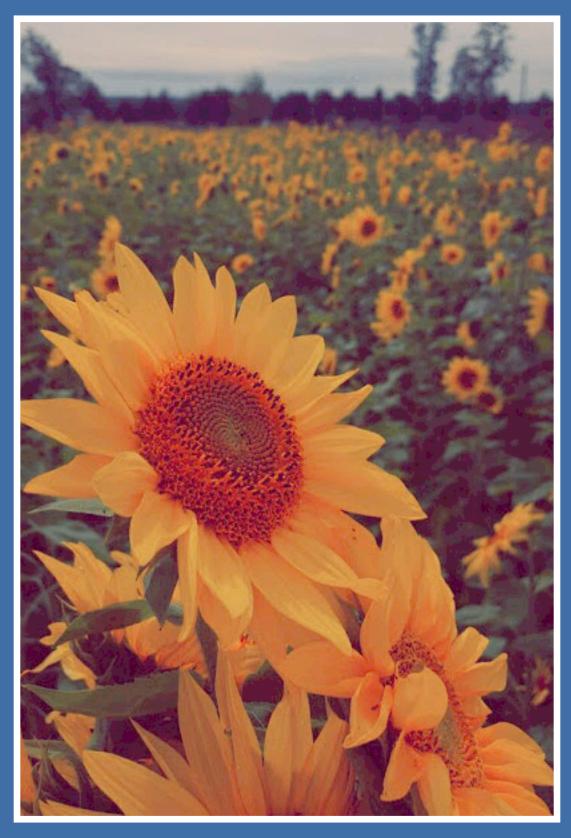


By Abby Hakes, Junior

## Harieth

#### By Tarynn Noll, Senior

They say home is where the heart is but, what if I have this feeling of longing for a home that doesn't exist and is out of reach? I hold out my hand just waiting for you to grab it to safety but we shall never touch or be able to be together. Only in my dreams I can see my home where the wild flowers grow and the world is never touched by hate or power. Where I can get lost in that feeling of belonging and the loss fades once I see you. I am able to take your hand. I reach out to you but I don't feel a thing as I start to remember this is all just a dream. I wake up to the feeling of gloom and yet the tie I have to this home that I can never really stay attaches to me in my dreams to make me feel ok.



By Lauren Yeanish, Junior

## Sunrise

By Kydira Garfield, Senior

i don't want a love as portrayed in the stories they are too pompous and are fantasy

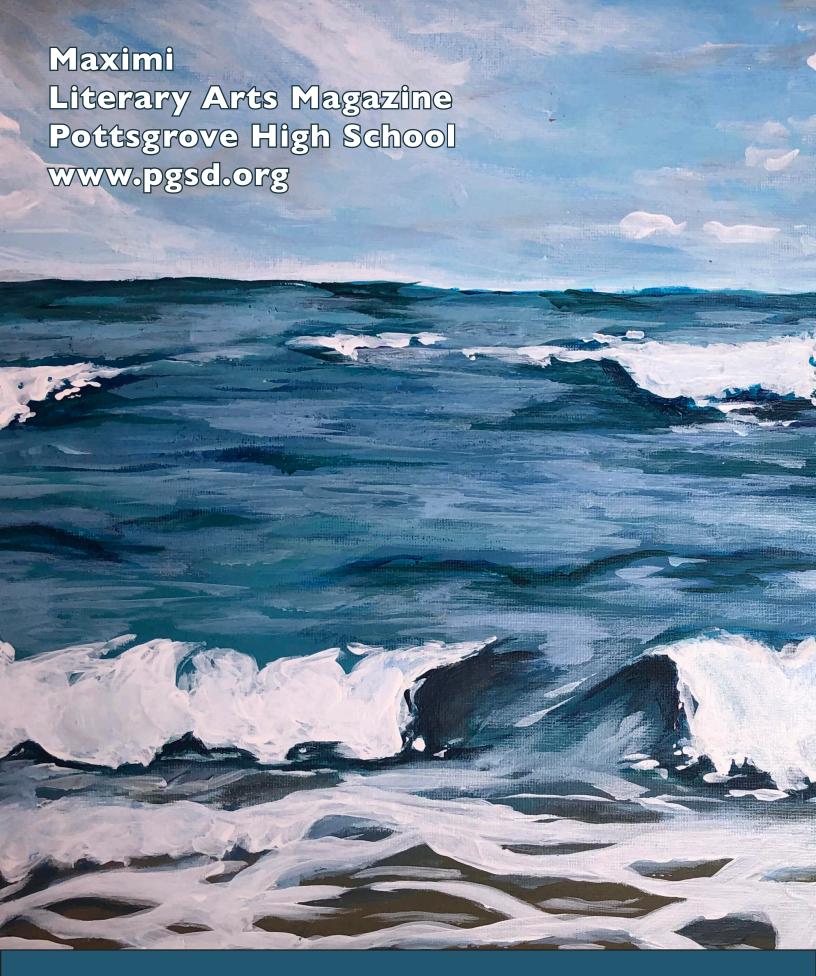
real love is my only end goal the kind that makes you feel comfortable rather than extraordinary

the kind that allows you to be free instead of weighed by pressure

an imperfect love

made unique with every passing day and a person to share such with

like moments watching the sunrise and quiet nights watching the sunset



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