



Abstract Lens

Maximi 2023

The Literary Arts Magazine of Pottsgrove High School



By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Senior

The cover features a decorative border of marbled paper in shades of orange, blue, and yellow, framing a central white area.

MAXIMI

Most Significant or Impressive
The Best

Abstract Lens

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Maximi Welcomes You

Art is open to interpretation. That is what makes it so fascinating and intriguing. No matter what the type of art, it will move different people differently. We may all experience a single piece of art from a different point of view, and while the artist may think that he or she has clearly reflected a single message or emotion, the viewer or reader may take away an entirely different meaning. Therefore, there is truly a bit of abstract in almost all art. Is there any one correct message? Or is the true beauty in any artform the way in which it moves each person uniquely.

This year, Maximi received several contributions - ranging from paint pours, to photos, to poetry and paintings - that embodied the description “abstract.” Thus we chose “Abstract Lens” for our title as it is the lens through which we view and experience art that brings the meaning into focus within our hearts and souls. We hope you enjoy experiencing the poetry, short stories, photography, paintings and drawings of your Pottsgrove High School peers who submitted their work for publication through your own personal lens, and that you find it moving and meaningful.

Maximi Staff

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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

Samuel Baumgardner
Illana Braxton
Evan Baird
Angelleya Leibensperger
Mercedes Maldonado
Nico Marchionne

Juniors

Emily Dickey
Sophie Lopic
Madison Rufo

Sophomores

Zoey Barthel
Luca Brown
Danielle Clement
Kamal Curry
Logan Eike
Jayden Eike
Eros
Deserae Merriwether
Yvette Paye
Sara Yost

Freshmen

Niabelle Adams
Wynter Liebel
Sonny Marks
Gabby Palmer
Lucille Wilson



By Erica Dickey, Junior

I Love You

By Deserae Merriwether, Sophomore

"I love you."

"I love you" - three words we have all heard

"I love you" - three words that are always preferred.

"I love you" - three words we have all said

But in the end those words were dead.

"I love you," is a sentence that comes from your heart

Sometimes the person you say it to will tear the sentence apart.

When the sentence is torn apart, it brings so much sadness

And then after that, there comes a lot of madness.

You may ask why say a sentence that brings so much pain

Because at the moment it feels like novacaine.

"I love you" - three words that can make you feel high

But yet in a few days, make you wanna die.

So as a lesson, be careful who you say "I love you" too

That person might just use that against you.

And if they do, you'll be upset, but after a while you'll forget.

"I love you" are words we just say, but it's up to you what they mean at the end of the day.

So say this sentence to a person you really love

Because in the end that's all that's enough.

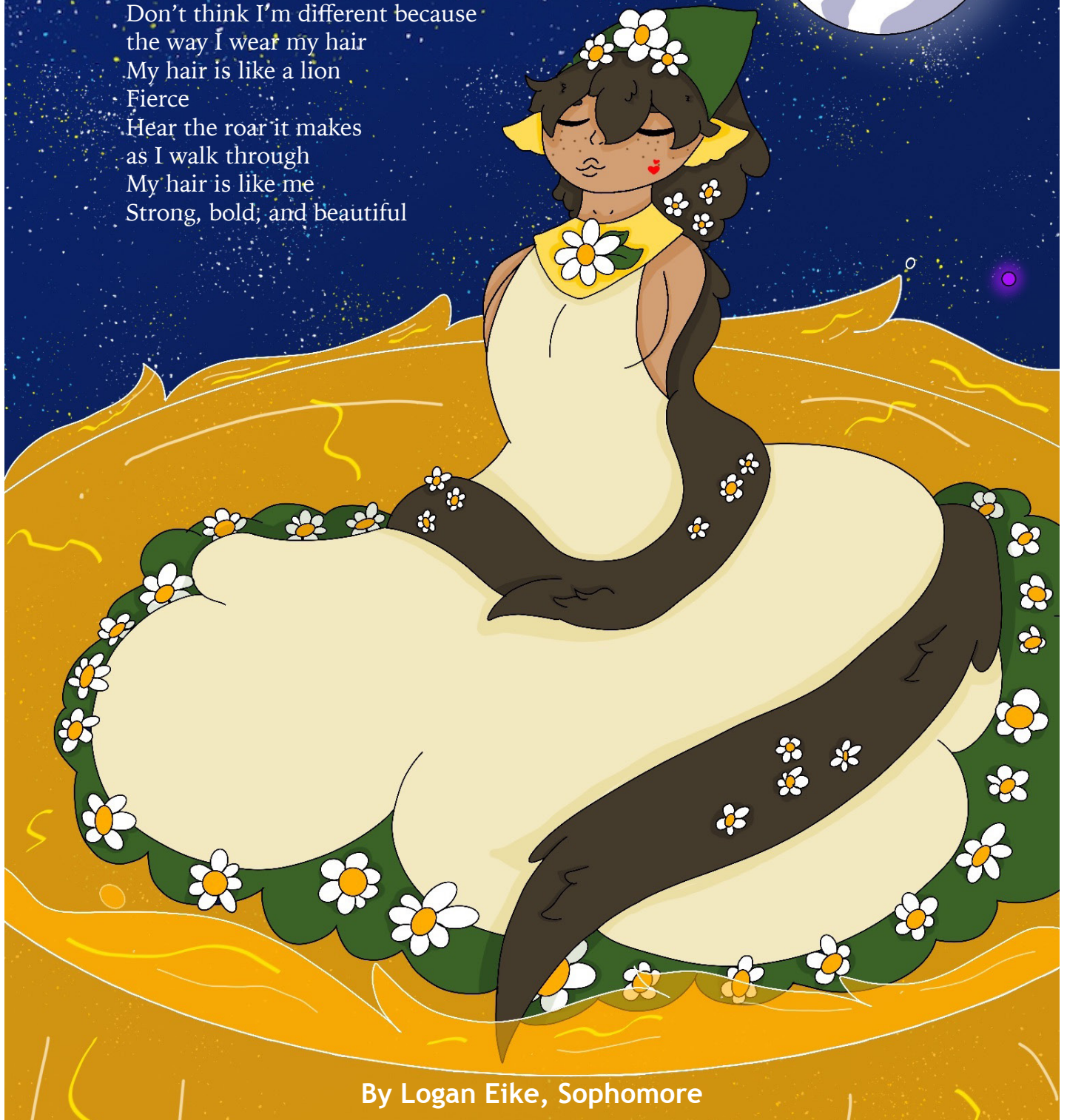


By Gabby Palmer, Freshman

My Hair

By Gabby Palmer, Freshman

Don't stare
and pretend I'm not here
Don't think I'm different because
the way I wear my hair
My hair is like a lion
Fierce
Hear the roar it makes
as I walk through
My hair is like me
Strong, bold; and beautiful



By Logan Eike, Sophomore

Nameless

By Anonymous

To my ex-best friend
To the person, I loved the most
The person I would've given the world to
If you had only asked

Why did I stay
Why do I stay

After the hurt
The pain
The betrayal
The heartbreak

The way you never loved me and told me so
The way I can't bare to look into your eyes
because it reminds me of too many good times

The laughs
The cries
The fights

They all meant nothing

I gave a part of my heart to you

I gave myself to you

I let you walk on me like I was a doormat
I watched as you continued your toxic behavior
Because that's all I could do
All I could do was sit back

I wasn't allowed to feel
If I told you what was wrong I would never get
comfort
Yet I held you didn't I

When you needed me
I dropped everything for you
And you couldn't give half of that to me?

How is that fair

I felt, and I still feel
How am I supposed to accept you and your
new
"Happy life"
When you never gave me the chance to have
that?

How can I look at you and not want to scream
I want to tell you how bad you hurt me
I want you to know you are the reason for my
pain
I want you to know that I don't like you

But unlike you my reasons are real
My tears
And sleepless nights
They show
But you'll never know

I wish we could just go back to being nameless
strangers
That I could forget everything you did
That I didn't feel like everything was my fault
That I didn't blame myself for you

I wish I could be nameless
Then people wouldn't speculate about me
Because I'm not naive,
I know my name still falls from your lips

Would we ever cross paths?
I truly wish we didn't
I truly wish I never met you

And I want you to feel guilty about that, not
me.



By Logan Eike, Sophomore



Little Pain

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

You know all the annoying
Little pains in life
Like stepping on your
Brother's legos
Or getting a hang nail
For no reason at all
Then there's the little annoying pain of
Getting a knot out
of your hair
Or stomping your toe
You know,
That pain when you get a
Bad pimple or the pain of
Sleeping wrong the night
Before you know the pain
When your siblings are
Irking your nerves.
You know the annoying
Pain that gets me the most
Talking about the annoying
Pain and feeling all those
Uncomfortably tangles in my
Body from past experiences.

By
Illana Braxton,
Senior



By Sophie Lopic, Junior



By Sophie Lopic, Junior

The Buzz

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

The new feeling,
The feeling of love,
Or maybe some drugs,
Or maybe just the tingle of your feet from anxiety

The happy
Or the sad
The good or the bad

The buzz

That dumb tingle of my body,
Letting me know I'm okay
I'm safe,

The feeling of someone holding me in their arms,
The happy chemical my brain releases
That could be my buzz

The buzz isn't always the same,
My buzz and yours are different.

But aren't we the same,
You know what feeling I describe,
That word

Buzz

Means something to you, doesn't it?
That word has a meaning,
That word displays something

Yet I can't decide
Is it the good
Or the bad?

Is it the hero
Or the villain?

Are you the Hero or the Villain?

BUTTERFLIES

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

Butterflies, the beautiful
creature

Free and wild

Free to be what the
butterfly wishes

Soaring from

Adventure to adventure
meadow to meadow

From the beginning

As a caterpillar to transform into
A butterfly

The butterfly flies in the air

Not knowing what comes next

I wish to be a butterfly

To be free and wild

To be what i want to be

So that i can fly

Away away away!

From adventure to adventure

To my own meadows

To be free



By Sonny Marks, Freshman



By Sonny Marks, Freshman

Art

By Yvette Paye, Sophomore

Sometimes I wonder if art is better
Behind the scenes
Because why else would the painter
Not want to be seen
Would the value differ
If the audience
Were to notice
Or will the painter
Simply lose focus
I would want the world to see
But it seems I am to be well-kept
His eyes and his only.

Regret

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

No, I don't regret loving you
I don't regret my time with you

I regret meeting you
I regret letting you have your way
I regret you

You were my addiction
The only reason I got up
The only thing I felt like I had
But you decided that I wasn't good enough

I tried my hardest but that didn't matter to you
Because I wasn't new anymore
I wasn't shiny
I was old
Cracked and broken

I didn't make you laugh as I used to
So I became obsolete

But I never gave up

And that's my biggest regret

I let you dictate me
I let you use me
I didn't see

And when I did
You flipped the deck

We were no longer playing go fish
We were playing an advanced game where
I had to be careful what I said
So I could stay your friend

I couldn't voice my opinion to you
I couldn't say that I was struggling by myself
And I didn't want to be blamed for messing up
your life

Because I'm just your regret right?
I'm the reason that you were never satisfied
I'm the reason all is bad

I took it all because you had no one else
You didn't want me anymore

You tossed me aside with your explanation
You left me a shell

I hope you rot
I hope you become miserable

At first, I felt guilty for saying so
In the beginning, I still felt

But now,
I wish you the worst
You don't deserve happiness
Especially after you ruined me
to get it.



By
Zoey
Barthel,
Sophomore



RANDOM THOUGHTS

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

Random thoughts running
through my mind
My head is spinning
like a dime
In the day
In the evening
In the night
While im sleeping
Through my sorrow
Through my joy
Random thoughts running
Through my mind
Running so wild
I lose track of time
I have a random thought
Of walking in the park
But then it turns dark
Then i'm in a speeding train
Dont where im headed
But i'm excited
I can't wait to see
Where i end up
But then it fades
To gray i see nothing
My random thought is
Gone i sit in my bed
Wondering what that
Was about and why i had
Such a random thought
I lay and stare out the window
Random thoughts running
Through my mind
Another one is coming
And just in time.

By Illana Braxton,
Senior



By Wynter Liebel, Freshman

Seeing Red

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

I don't see red anymore
I don't see rubies hanging
from the floor
I don't see red anymore
I don't see anger or blood or a war
I don't see red anymore

I see the blue skies
I see the green grass
Rising high
I see the yellow sun rising
against the moon
I don't see red anymore

I don't see red anymore
I don't see spine chilling cracks
on the wall
I don't see red anymore
I don't see crowns of glass
shattered no more
I don't see red anymore

I don't see blue
And i don't see green
I don't see yellow

And I don't see pink
I see purple of royalty
And red for the kings and
the queen and
the ones underneath
I just see black
And I just see white

I see the throne waiting before me
I see the masked carpet
lay out before me
I see the blood
of the kings and the queen
I see the people who stand
in my shadow

I just see red
I just see red
I just see red
Red
Red
Red...

I don't see color anymore
I just see red and you just see night

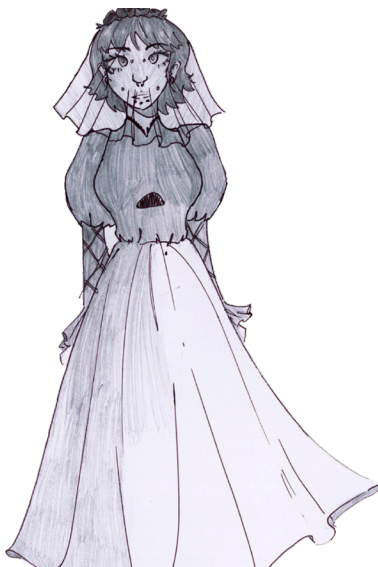
Living In A Man's World

By Mercedes Maldonado, Senior

Sofía's World

I stand silently in front of the mirror staring at my reflection. I just stare, lost in my thoughts. I don't want to be here. That's the only thought that continued to run through my mind on repeat in a loop like a record player. My parents... how could they do this to me? Why would they do this to me? Just when I had finally found someone on my own they went and decided to stab me in the back. They arranged a marriage with some strange man they met one random day and just decided that he was good enough. This man, I've never met him before. I don't even know what he looks like and feel absolutely no form of love or any kind of emotion towards him.

Today I have no choice but to get married. Today is the day that I'm getting married to a man I don't know. A man that I don't feel anything for. A man who is nothing but a two-faced liar that probably thinks my parents have money. Little does the man know my parents arranged the marriage thinking that he had money. How could my parents do this to me? I'm only sixteen years old. I haven't even started to live my life and already I'm being tied down against my own free will. Today I'm getting married to a man I don't love. Someone I will never love... why?



By Zoey Barthel,
Sophomore

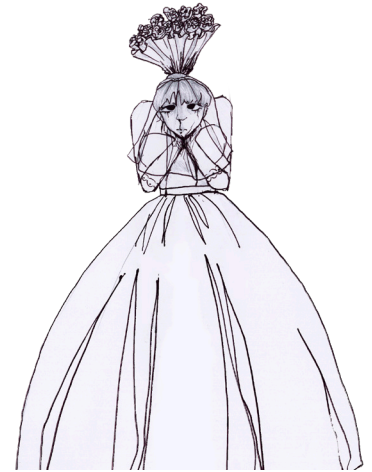
Why do I have to be a wife at twenty? Why must I marry someone I don't love? I don't want to be like my parents, why must I marry a man so cruel as he? Why is the world so cruel toward women? Why must I live in a man's world?

Carly's World

He left.
He just left me here all alone. He didn't even bother to say anything to me, he just never showed up. All that time, money, and effort I put towards our relationship and he just never showed. All that I had given to him, and it just went down the drain as quickly as it was handed over to him. How could he just not show up and not be bothered by his conscious? He couldn't even bother to say something or even send me a message. Instead, he chose to walk away silently without a single word.

Ring, Ring, Ring

Now he calls me... No. I can't put myself through the pain and heartbreak again. He already hurt me just by not being here. I don't want to get hurt again when speaking with him. I'll never forgive him for leaving me alone at the altar. I was so embarrassed and ashamed. However, he probably didn't show because he was seeing some other girl the whole time behind my parent's backs. I shouldn't cry on my wedding



By Zoey Barthel,
Sophomore

day, but how can I put on a smile for everyone when I was left for some girl he probably just met a week ago?

Why must I live in a man's world? I think as tears run down my face as I sit on the bottom step of the altar in an empty church wondering what I had done or said that made him change his mind.



By Zoey Barthel, Sophomore

Mya's World

I walk through the streets of my town with my airpods in trying to block out the noise. The only problem is, it's not the outside world I'm trying to block out. It's the men. They keep whistling at me and trying to talk to me but they stop when they realize my airpods are in thinking that I can't hear them. I hear everything they're saying about me.

I hear everything the men say in the streets, I hear what the men say at my job, I even hear what the men say about me at school. I wish it would stop. I don't know how to make it stop. I've tried wearing baggy clothes, I've tried wearing sweaters over my outfits, dying my hair, getting piercings, but all I ever hear are the men's comments. I don't know how to tell them that I wear my dresses because they make me feel good about myself and make me feel pretty. I don't know how to tell them that I wear my dresses because I'm hot in the summer and dresses are what make me feel comfortable. I can't get the comments to stop.

How do you get them to stop? How long will this continue before they finally understand that no means no? Sometimes I can't help but cry in my room late at night thinking about everything I hear come out of the men's mouths. Sometimes the only thing that helps to calm me down is conjuring up a scenario in my head of what I would say to the men if I had the courage and wasn't too fearful of them.

My dress does not mean yes! How many times must I say it? I don't wear the dress for you, I wear it for me! Why do you think I wear the dress for you? Is it me, or is it you?

Don't touch me! I don't want to be touched! I don't want you to make snobby comments like, "Who are you wearing that dress for?" "Do you want attention? I'll give you some attention." "Don't walk away doll. You're clearly looking for some attention."

No! I'm not your doll, I'm not looking for attention, and no I don't want to talk to you. Leave me alone! Why does this world protect the men but harm the women? Why do I have to stay locked in my home just to feel safe anymore? Why do I have to live in a man's world?

Living in a Man's World

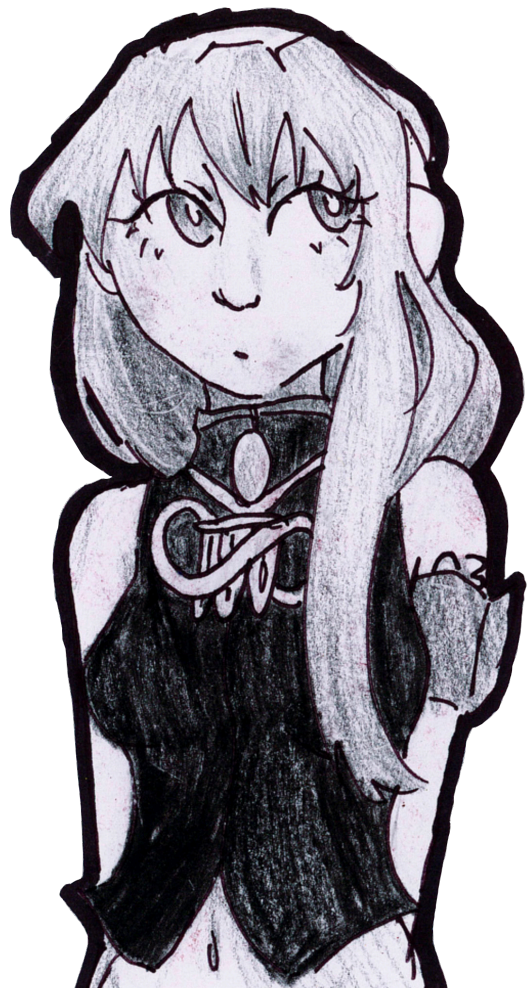
(continued from p 25)

Tonia's World

I look away from the guys in class in anger and annoyance as they talk about girls. They talk about what they look for in a girl. They talk about what they think women should do and how they should act. They say women should go back to the kitchen where they belong and should stay skinny. They say that if girls aren't skinny then they're not loveable... I don't like those guys.

I like the guys who stand up for women and tell those guys they're wrong. I like the guys who tell the other guys that if they ever want to keep a relationship then they should lose that mindset and start treating women right. I like the guys who think women can do just about anything that men can do. I like the guys who protect the girls from the creeps and stand up against the guys who think it's ok to hurt a girl. I like the guys who tell the girls that they're beautiful no matter what size they are...

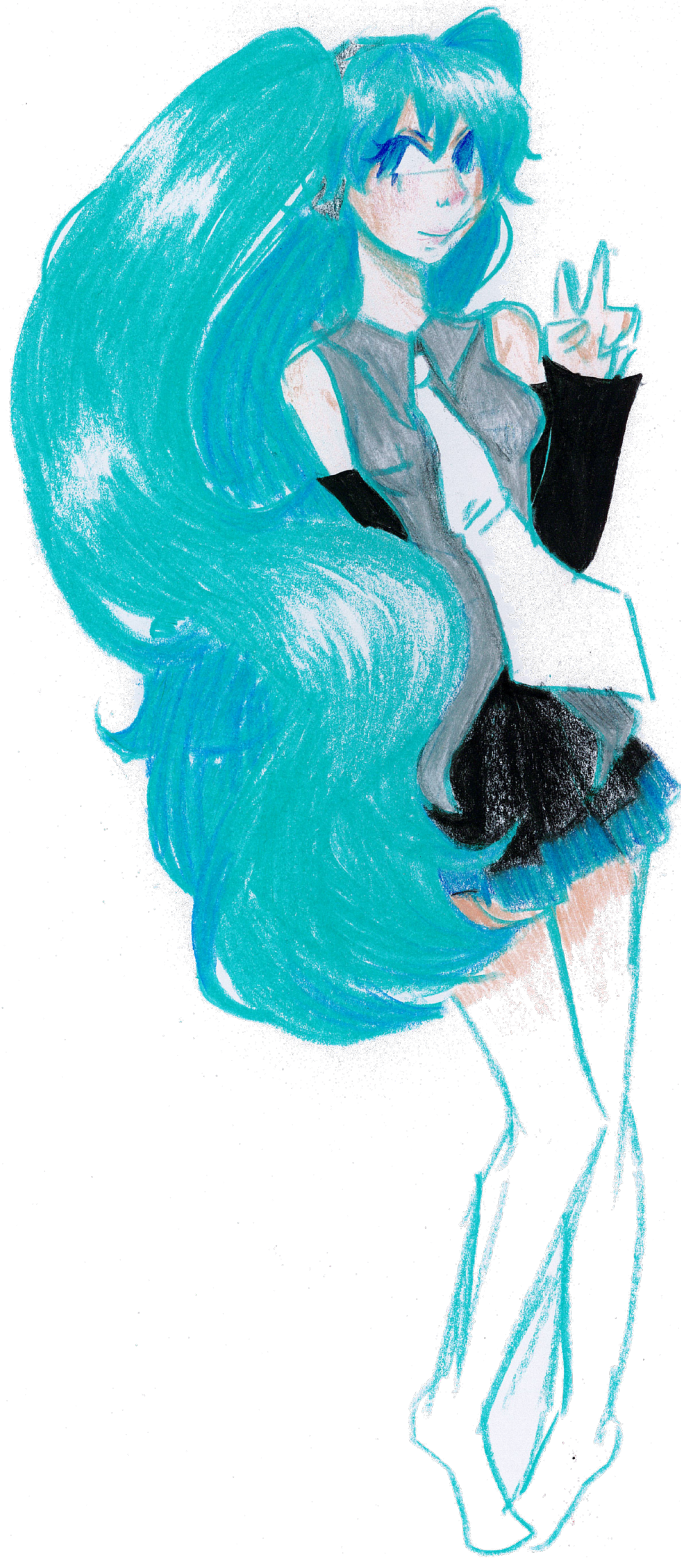
Why? Why can't it be a humane world?
Why is this a man's world?



By Zoey Barthel, Sophomore

Living in a Man's World

(continued from p 26)



Maddie's World

Smile. That's all I can do. Smile. I don't know how to tell them to stop. I don't know how to tell them it hurts. They always tell me to smile. They say that if I don't smile I won't look nice. They say it makes me look prettier. They tell me to stay seen and not heard. They don't want to hear what I have to say. They don't care for what I have to say. I've tried to say something and all they do is tell me they'll deal with it but nothing ever changes. I'm scared. I'm scared of what may happen if one day I just stop smiling. I don't want to smile anymore. I don't want to hide behind a smile. But I'm too scared of the hundreds of different possibilities of what could happen if I were to stop smiling. Why do I have to smile to be pretty? Why do I have to smile at all? Why do I have to live in a man's world? Why can't I live in my world?

By Zoey Barthel, Sophomore



By Eros

Lost You

By Mercedes Maldonado, Senior

I lost a lot when I lost you.
Then I got up and flew.
But a storm blew
And pushed me back down into the gloom.
I spread my wings to fly.
Found them broken and died inside.
My smile fell from on high.
And my body fell to the ground.
I didn't know what to do.
So I walked away and quietly wrote a poem about you.
You'll never see the poem.
Just like you never kept your promises.
What happened to us shopping.
What happened to your "see you tomorrow."
Instead I got a small chat.
That you were gone and I wasn't gonna get you back.
You left so suddenly without a goodbye.
What was I supposed to do?
Smile and wave goodbye?

How?

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

How come I feel responsible for everyone
Why do I care for every person I met
Why do I give 100 to people who give me 0
Why do I

Am I insecure and need to cover up
Am I ashamed of who I am but don't know how to tell
I hide in this fake smile that I can only show when I'm asked if I'm okay
I'm trapped in this body that feels numb and raw
Why am I never satisfied?

Why can I not have consistent happiness
Why can't I push past the barrier to help myself
What fear did I develop when I was young that makes it so hard to just speak

But what does that mean?
"Just speak", so many people say to children who do not understand
The words just linger in the air like a stale odor

Just speak,
If I could, I would
But how am I supposed to when I can't
The words blend and my throat closes
Leaving only small echoed breaths and my shallow heart rate

The way my mind melds when I feel alone
And I'm so scared but how do I tell you that
How can I say it without saying so,

How will you understand, when I don't even understand
The problem has habitually grown, enveloping me within itself
And I hide

I hide my face and my body and my mind
I hold in my voice, very scared of what may come out when I speak

So why,
Why does the anxiety of leaving the house scare me so much,
I hate it,
I hate what I've become but don't know how to change
I just wish to live like normal



By Zoey Barthel,
Sophomore

Eyes of Glass

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

I stand on a marble square
In the air
The square
Gray
Cold
Smooth
Flat
Almost like glass

Around me is a ring
It isn't a perfect circle but instead it wraps in an oval
Pointed at each side
Made of thick stone
The color of 3 am and ink that seeps around the ocean in a sign
of fear
Rippling through are bands of white
The color of light and clouds and whatever you look up to see
A contrast

The organic lines of the ring and the crisp lines of my square
They rest above the world
I can almost touch the stars it's so high
But so high comes with the consequences
Of no seeable ground
And no escape
The only way down is to jump
But the watching
But

The ring
The ring
The ring
The ring holds a girl
A girl with green eyes that shift from hazel to emerald as she
circles and walks her ring
A girl wearing nothing more than
a simple blue dress and bare feet
A girl with hair colored the same shade of brown as rich caramel
A girl with two eyes

There is one girl
But a million pairs of eyes

Look past the ring and nothing is seen but a light gray the color
of gray cotton candy

Look below and the clouds continue
Miles of clouds of gray

One girl
A million eyes
The feeling of being watched
The girl is walking

Step

By

Step

Along

Her

Ring

An uneven pace of steps
The ring never ends but she reaches a point

The world seems to open up

And the sky is the color of glass

She looks at me and her lively eyes are glassed

The gap between the ring and the square looks like glass

Everything looks like it has been dipped in glaze

The girl turns to face away from me

And the sky opens

The gray clouds part for the white clouds

The white clouds the color of sheep and blank pieces of paper
and whipped cream

But the white clouds are fading

The white clouds are taken over by deep dark blue clouds

The color of midnight on July 30th and the color of the bottom
of the ocean and the color of obsidian

And they appear

The eyes

They start with one pair

And it quickly expands

The world is covered in a sheet of rain all around me

And the faces appear

People I thought I trusted appear

And their eyes

Glazed over

Eyes of glass

Eyes of Glass (continued from p 31)

And slowly all the eyes start to move and they watch me
And then hands emerge
And then everything is rotating

But the gap between my square and the girls ring is glass
It has to be
And the girl
The girl
The girl
The girl is sitting at her point watching the faces
The faces with the eyes
And the hands that try to grab me

So I run
I run to the ring
I reach out desperately to swish away the faces
To push the girl away
To get rid of it
I run across the glass
But
But
But

...
.....it wasn't glass
It wasn't anything at all it was air
And suddenly I'm falling
Through the clouds
And I watch the eyes follow me and I wish for the hands to
reach further for me
To catch me
But I left my square and I am falling
Falling falling
Falling
Falling
Falling.....

.....And then I woke up



Let me

By Lucille Willson, Freshman

Let me use my lifeline
Let me have the help
Let me have the energy
to pick up the phone
on the first ring
Let me use my lifeline
Let me save it
Let me pick up the pieces
Let me pull together the strings
Let me understand
Let me
Let me call you up
Let me use my lifeline on you

By Logan Eike, Sophomore



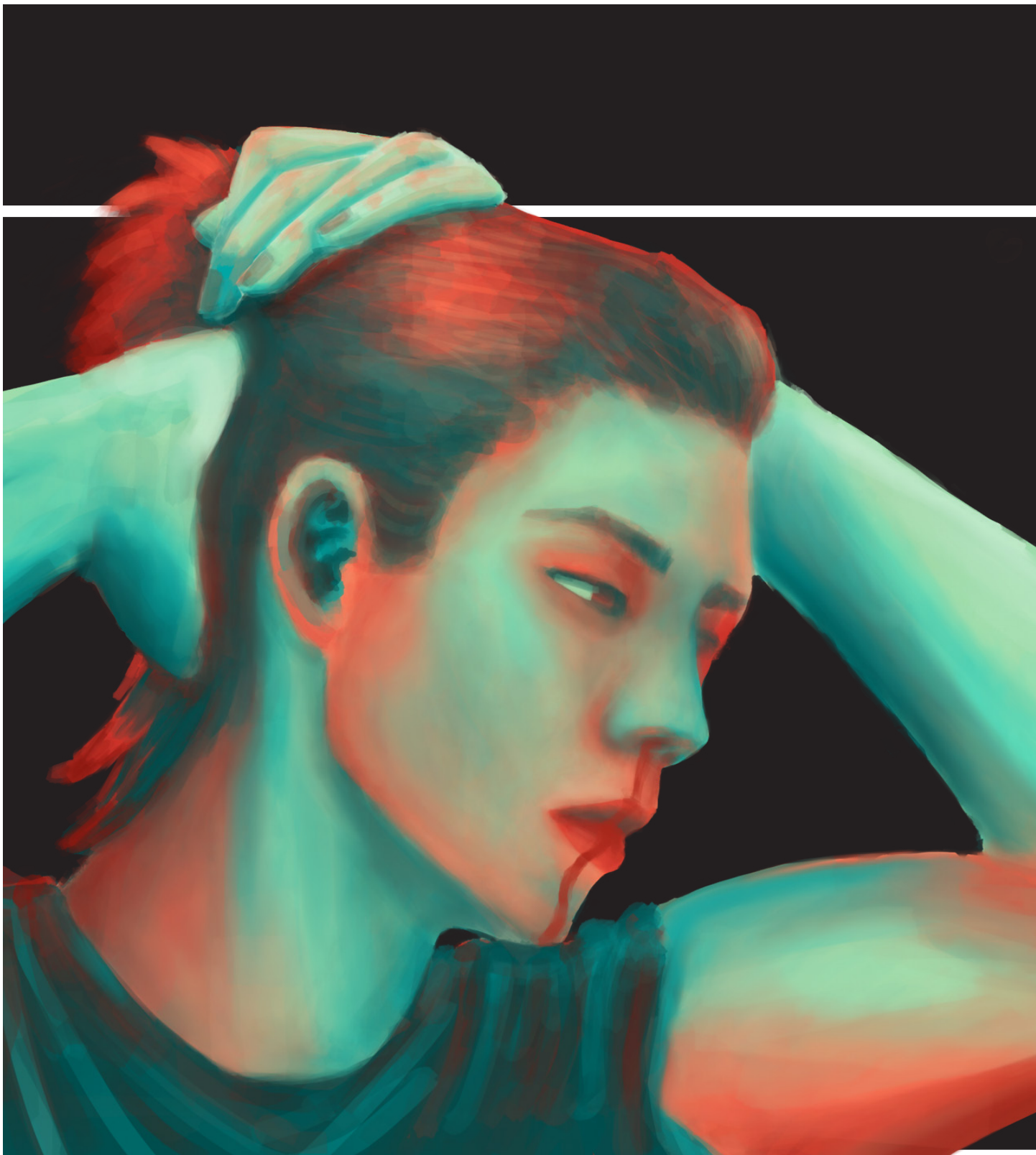
Murkey Waters

By Jayden Eike, Sophomore

The dark murky waters of the sewer below is where it lurks.
A deep terror unimaginable and beyond comprehension,
rows of sharp teeth a terrifying gaze and powerful arms.
Bruised and beaten but misunderstood,
just a kind soul who wants love and affection.
However, you can only trust so many people,
so if you hear dog whimpers and whines coming from below
approach at your own risk.
Dartanion can sense your fear and your intentions.



By Madison Rufo, Junior



By Illana Braxton, Senior



By Madison Rufo, Junior

The Good Old Days

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

Remember the good old days
The days when you would just
Relax under the sun
Or in your bedroom on your bed
Doing nothing at all?
I do.

Remember the good old days?
When your mom would pick
You up from school and
You would tell her about your day?
I do.

Remember the good old days?
Where you just had the best
Time of your life and no one could
Tell you what to do?
I do.

Remember the good old days?
Where you didn't have to go
To school and stress out
About grades?
And remember when you
Used to beg your mom for ice
Cream or go to the park? Remember
When it was time to go
You would scream and cry?
Do you remember when
It was just so easy?
I do.

Remember the good old days
When you were living in the good old days?
Because I do.

By Gabby Palmer, Freshman



Fine

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

My brain is hurting
My walls need wood
And my mouth needs words
My feelings are shattered
And heart is gone
So if i'm unavailable then that's just fine

Don't need a medication
i just need a break
Where i can lay down and die
Then be awake
Because

My brain is stalling
My walls need paint
And my mouth needs a zipper
My feelings are gone
My heart's still there, just beneath my lungs
So if you cant find it that's just fine

By Logan Eike, Sophomore



Pain in Reality

By Anonymous, Senior

Did you mean to hurt me that day?
You tried to mold me into a white picket fence,
You made me feel as though I was clay.
All you had done was build up my defense.

You tried to shape me into a doll
You wanted me to follow like a dog.
But you couldn't make me fall,
You couldn't fit me into your catalog.

After that day, i couldn't help but think
Was it me you couldn't handle?
I blamed myself for breaking the link,
I blamed myself for burning out the candle.

In the end, I had to hold onto reality.
It wasn't me nor was it you, it was the duality.

By Wynter Liebel, Freshman

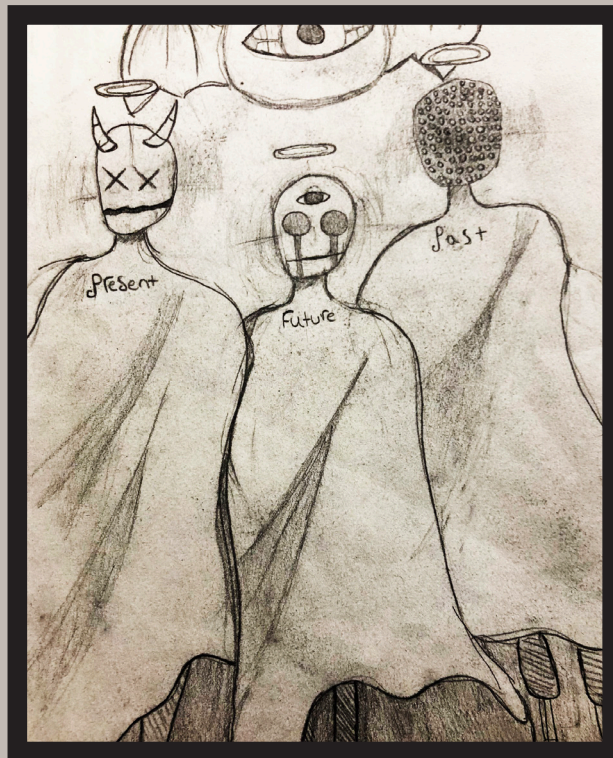


By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Senior

Remembering

By Anonymous, Senior

It's hard not remembering
How beautiful what has fallen formerly was
The hope and harmony that once befell it
Clinging to the back of my mind
As everything else rusts and disintegrates
Moving along with the never still wind



By Danielle Clement, Sophomore

Emotionless

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

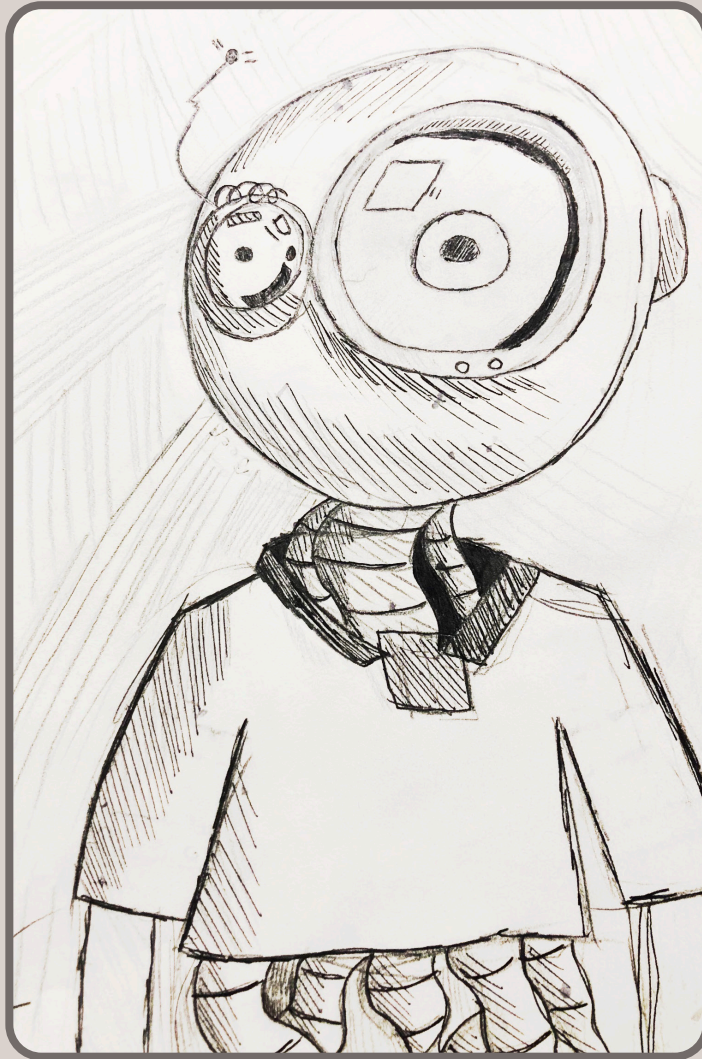
I am angry
I am really really angry
At the past, future, last
time we talked about the then next and now
I was at peace with the world
But that never lasts long
And now I'm angry

So I wrote to people
I wrote telling them
I wrote everything down
Because that was the only way
anything came out in sentences
I was angry
I am really really angry
But I didn't want anyone to know why

I was never angry at you
I just blamed you for my anger
IAmAngryAtThePeopleWhoPushedMe
IAmAngryAtThePeopleWhoPushedMe
JustABitTooFar
You
Pushed
Me over
Just
a
little
too far...

You believe I am better
Now that I talked to someone
Well jokes on you
because I never talked to anyone
I still just tuck it away
Warned by myself of the dangers
from asking for help
Warned of what will happen
when you try and open
A box previously closed with just a single lock
Is now behind bars
Coated in steel
Wrapped in zip ties
With a single key hidden
I hope no one finds it anymore

I am angry
I am really really angry
Because nobody thought to ask
Do you want to talk
And now I distract myself
And write
Cause I can only ever open the box with words
Writing is the key
And I am angry
I'm really really angry
And I'm sorry
I'm sorry you saw my angry



By Danielle Clement, Sophomore

Mechanic

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

Living in a mechanical world
The house made of metals
And the windows made of steel
Living with molds
The grade made of petals
And the moon is created for me and you
Within my mechanical worlds

A Tricky Thing

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

I trust you
Trust is a tricky thing
It takes many years to build it
Only a moment to tear it down
There is one moment in one second
There are 60 seconds in a minute
60 minutes in an hour
24 hours in a day
365 days in a year
That is 31,536,000 seconds in one year
That is 31,536,000 moments in a year
It took one of those moments to tear it all down
I promise is the words of a liar
I thought I could trust you
But the trust fell apart the moment
There was a question involved
The moment the promise was made
A promise was made because of lack of trust
And trust is a tricky thing
I trusted you.



By Danielle Clement, Sophomore

Finding The Tune of You

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

I played my piano
To try and reach your tune
But someone else had it already
Then I forgot all the words
The words to find
The tune of you



By Evan Baird, Senior



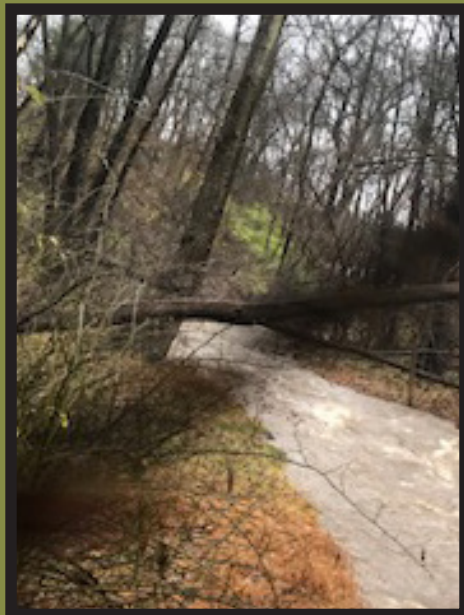
By Evan Baird, Senior

The Unwanted Tree

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

The unwanted tree
The tree no one wants
The tree old
No leaves
Not many branches
Leans on its side
Like your grandfather when he stands
The unwanted tree full of love
The unwanted tree spreads oxygen
Spreads life and protection for the others
Oh no!

The unwanted tree is on its last leg
The others are panicking
Dying one by one
But wait
Someone is coming the blue bird with the
Water pot
Blue bird does not have enough water
The unwanted tree dies
But the unwanted tree is not
The unwanted tree anymore
Now the tree that everyone wants



By Wynter Liebel, Freshman

I Cared

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

Dear,
Friend

Please don't leave me alone
I need you to live
I need you to say something
I need your unawkward hugs
I need your encouragement
I need you
You are the only friend that still matters
You are the reason life still moves on
I could have been stuck there
But you were there
You were there the week it went to hell
And you were there the day the world burned
You were always there

I wish to find the best way to tell you
that I'm really glad you existed in my universe
Because every infinity has a bigger one in between
And I am so glad we are within the same infinity
Cause I need you
And I will never not need you
And I can not put into a word
how much you mean to me
And I am so glad you are my friend
And I am so glad that I found you
And I am so glad you exist.

Thank you my friend.

Sincerely,
Me



By Sophie Lapid, Senior



By Evan Baird, Senior

The Clock

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

Tick tock on the clock
Morning breaks life unlocks
Hours pass and sun beams bright
The day goes by and then comes night

By Niabelle Adams, Freshman

Ghost Face

By Kamal Curry, Sophomore

Sometimes I think life is a movie
But there is no ghost face
My world is an empty track
There is no end to this race
I cover myself with a sheet
I made myself ghost face

Sometimes I feel like I live in a haunted house
This time I'm the ghost face
I live in the dark
I move without a trace
Feels like they know I'm here
Will they ever leave me alone
It's so cold wherever I'm at
I must be alone

Sometimes I feel like this place is a mystery
Everyone else is ghost face
I feel the cold breeze of their presence
I'm already alone
The eyes don't make it better
Feel sick to my stomach
I wish I was light as a feather

Sometimes I feel like this place is no man's land
Everywhere is dangerous
I feel too light
Then I feel too heavy
I cover myself up
Cause I'll never be perfect
I might look back and say "Was it worth it?"
I am ghost face

(A poem for people who lack the confidence of their own.
Nobody is perfect. Make yourself who you are and love yourself no matter what)

By Illana Braxton, Senior



By Erica Dickey, Junior

Sun

By Mercedes Maldonado, Senior

My hands, covered in red,
My mouth, covered in black,
My body, covered in hand prints,
My soul, hidden in the dark.

I hide,
I stay close to the shadows,
I hide in the back,
I don't want to be seen.

I see the sun,
I feel the warmth,
I hear the whispers
of walls get louder,
I run.

I run to the sun,
I hold my hand in front of me,
I stare with desperation,
I breathe with no air.

I want to touch the sun,
I want to feel the heat,
I want to feel the warmth of the
sun on my face,
I want the sun.

I run through the shadows,
I run closer to the sun,
I get closer,
I get nearer.

The sun gets brighter,
The sun gets bigger,
The sun gets warmer,
The sun gets closer...

The days get colder,

The sun gets further,
The nights get longer,
The longing for the sun grows.

The whispers get louder,
The darkness gets closer,
The wind gets colder,
The wind gets stronger.

The hope dies,
The happiness fades,
The dreams become nightmares,
The sun gets dimmer.

I hide,
I run,
I cry,
I hurt.

The whispers die down,
The wind gets warmer,
The wind disappears,
The heat returns.

The sun gets brighter,
The sun gets bigger,
The sun grows,
And grows,
And grows.

I reach my hand out,
I can feel the heat,
I can feel the warmth of the sun,
I can see the light.

In the light, I see myself.

...I am the sun.

By Gabby Palmer,
Freshman

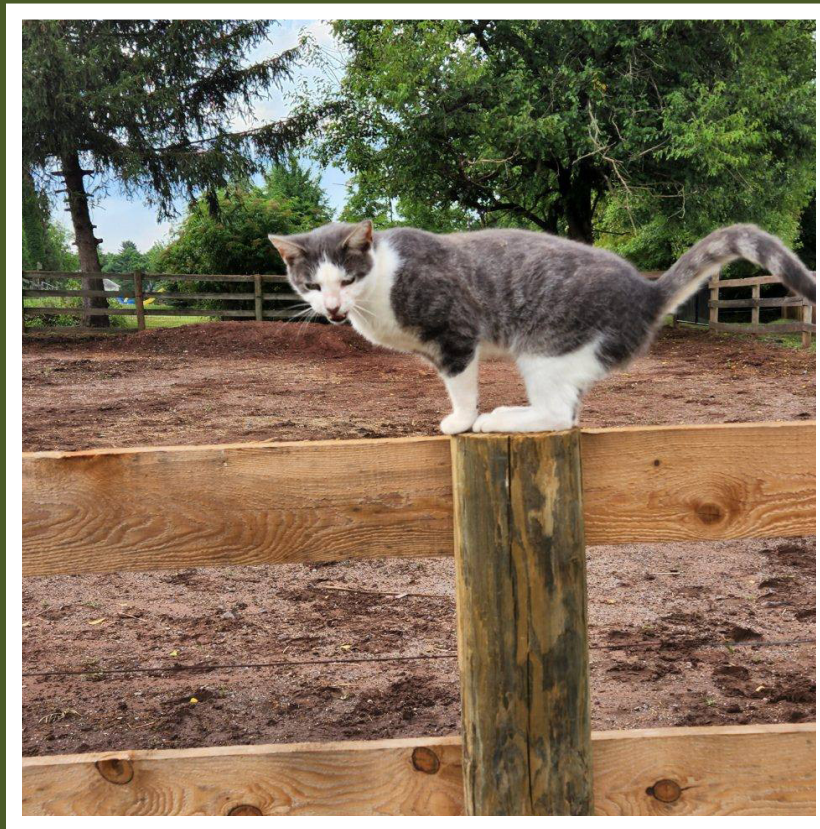
Nowhere

By Samuel Baumgardner, Senior

Now where is life but nowhere near humans.
We always want what makes us feel a hint
Of happiness, wanting what's inhuman.
They see things just in two colors, newsprint.
Our goal, as people often see, is just
To gain and build up all we want. Our greed
Is leading to an ending, just a dust.
What people think they want, they find, they need.
The things we think we leave behind are gone.
What matters most is legacy. Believe
What comes, will come, but do not play a pawn
And be yourself. We need to share, not thief.
What happens will happen, do what you can to help,
But not yourself. Humans you piece of kelp!



By Wynter Liebel, Freshman



By Sonny Marks, Freshman

Top

By Yvette Paye, Sophomore

Imagine being on the highest anything, a building, mountain and realizing you can't go nowhere other than down, forever limited to what you can endure but at the same time you're secure, you're safe.

What do you do?

Go down and hope for a painless demise,

A certainty

Or stay there,

Knowing your fate is forever protected

Now what if I say you're alone at the top,

Unable to seek a human connection ever again,

And at the bottom, other souls who were given the same choice,

lay there in comfort with each other, what is ur decision now,

is solitude more important than solidarity?

Unappreciated

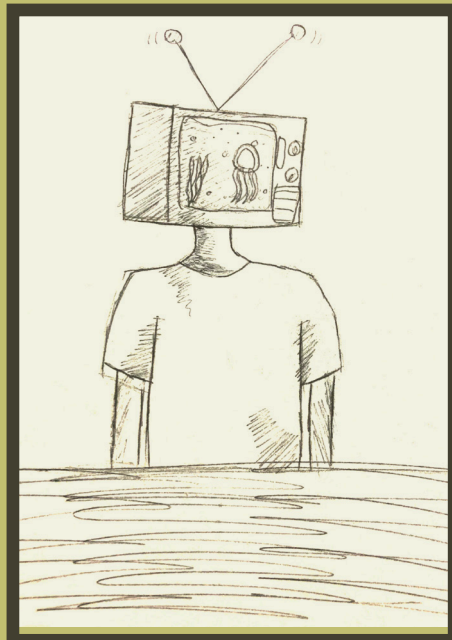
By Yvette Paye, Sophomore

"Not valued or appreciated highly"

Ways you can be of use and disregarded simultaneously
that type of scare, left with no regard, no care in the world
but somehow able to go on with little sorrow and despair.

A never ending cycle of
"will you..."
"can you...",
"I need..."
always picked for the lead
and ultimately I succeed
just to be left there
Alone and not home

Home is said to be a place to be safe and valued
but that's not in the definition is it?
Asked for permission with knowing
involuntary submission isn't safe, is it?
Words hit us and all we want is a hand
but when that hand signals a command,
Do you deny?



By Danielle Clement, Sophomore

The Role

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

My dream	How am I,
The way I want to hit the stage	Why am I sacrificing to be here?
The way I will never be able to	Why might I "put myself through this?"
Why should the color of my skin stop me	Because this is my passion
Why doesn't my talent shine through theirs?	And I don't think you understand
I have been on the scene for just as long	You think that I am not serious about things
I've been working on myself	because of "nerves"
Yet when I audition all I see is some person	Why don't you understand?
I am not the progress	The sharp words that I hold back are still here,
I have tried to make,	I still think of them,
I am not the range I create,	The anger I want to spew at you,
I am not even the person I want to be	The emotions that I have are not invalid
I am here	As much as you want to pretend they are.
I am dedicated	I hope it hurts,
Yet all you see is my color	I hope you read and see
You don't see the hours I've sacrificed	I hope you will understand that I am a person
You don't see the "Me Inside of Me"	I deserve kindness and opportunity,
You want to judge me on things	I deserve what others
you don't understand	didn't have to work on to gain,
You want to look through me and stare	I worked,
You don't give me anything,	Just because you don't see it
	doesn't mean it didn't happen.



By Evan Baird, Senior



By Sara Yost, Sophomore

Corrupt

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

I dont like words
Because words are powerful
And one thing stuff from social studies
Power is corrupt
And i use this corrupt thing to make more corruption
Im sorry
I say this a million times but this time i mean it
No buts, when, what
Im sorry
Power fell into my hands and i became corrupt

Cor·rupt /kə-rəpt/

Adjective

1. **having or showing a willingness to act dishonestly
in return for money or personal gain**
-

I used words for my own personal gain.
I have been dishonest with most people i meet
“Im ok”
“Im fine”
“That’s ok”
Will someone please just ask me if i’m ok when you can tell
And if i say yes can you tell me no.
Tell me cause i want to tell you
I am corrupt
And i am sorry for being so corrupt



By
Wynter
Liebel,
Freshman

I thought

By Deserae Merriwether, Sophomore

I thought...
I was scared to let my guard down and love you
In my head it was good idea
But deep down I was scared too
In my head
I thought you were different,
Reality is you were bad, but in my eyes
You were magnificent,
I thought you were one of the good ones
But when you said that sentence
I felt the pain in my lungs
I thought i wasn't gonna get hurt again
I trusted you,
But you broke me in the end
I thought I could trust you with my heart
But when I gave you it
You ripped it apart
Why did my stupid heart trust you?



Yellow

By Nico Marchionne, Senior

Yellow flowers in her curly blonde hair
The rivers echo in her sapphire eyes
Eyes so troubled
Eyes cried out
Eyes that become blind
Scars in her mind bleed through the cracks in her smile
Her past is a force
That denies her the happiness she deserved
The past hawks over her shoulder with every step she takes
The talon drives deeper
Impulsive thoughts, impulsive decisions
The influence from the voice in her mind
Muffled, scratchy voice
An enemy to mankind
The sapphire cries, drops in the sand by her feet
After the years of isolation and loneliness
She's finally found a bond
She admires it
She climbs the tree by the water
Her bond puts arms around her head
She squeezes its torso
She jumps down from the tree
The only thing to hit the ground
Is a Yellow Flower flowing down the river.

Beyond the Well

By Kamal Curry, Sophomore

Years ago there was a world underneath the well. There were all types of animals, bugs, and fruit in this mysterious world. There's a saying that if you drink the water from inside the waterfall you will live forever and take care of the world underneath the well.

"Grandpa who told you this story." said Gabe (His second grandchild)

"Your grandma told me this story." (Grandpa blushes)

"Well it sounds fake. How would it be a whole other world when a well is just somewhere where we get water and a lot of dirty bugs live." (Haven his first grandchild speaks.)

"Well Haven there are things that you can't believe in the world and this might be one of them."

"Well I think this is a lot of crap!!" (He leaves the room very angry.)

"Grandpa?" (Said Gabe)
"Do you think grandma might have gone there to follow her dream?"

"That's what I want to believe." (He gives a sad look and they go to their rooms and sleep the night away.)

The next morning everything seemed to calm down and grandpa had made breakfast for everybody to enjoy. Gabe has already come down for breakfast with Grandpa. Haven is just now coming downstairs and is about to

eat but everybody could tell that he's still a little mad about the story from last night.)



By Wynter Liebel, Freshman

"Good morning!" say Grandpa and Gabe

"Good morning." says Haven tiredly

"I have made your dad's favorite dish. Pancakes, sausages, and some homemade yogurt!!
"Don't forget the apple sauce, it is the best." (Gabe says with a lot of passion.)

"Thank you Grandpa, but it is funny how whenever my dad makes it, it never tastes as good as yours. You really make the best food. Who taught you how to cook?"

"When your Grandma went missing she had a lot of recipes left over. I just copied and just cooked it with a lot of love."

"OOOOO so she was a good cook"

"No, she was a great one!"

Later on that day the kids go outside and play with their friends and Grandpa goes to the store and gets more groceries so the kids can have dinner later that day. During the trip to the store people on the street see Grandpa going into the store and as Grandpa is walking they all say hey Grandpa as he walks past.

Grandpa waves at the people saying hi to him. As grandpa is in the store, somebody Grandpa knew goes up to Grandpa and asks him a question.

"Hey old buddy, how's it going?"
"Is it going well?"

(Said Grandpa)

"Well Gramps I really don't want to bother you but I was just wondering cuz it was a long time ago when you told me but how was it that everybody calls you Grandpa instead of your real name?"

"Well not that many people know my real name. I usually was called Mal but I don't like people knowing that because that's what my wife called me. But after she went missing I just went as Grandpa because she's the only person that call me by my real name and the only person that could ever got

my attention” (Grandpa smiles and grins as he thinks about his wife he tries not to get emotional but deep down he is a very sad.)

“Oh my oh I’m sorry grandpa I didn’t know that would have brought some emotion out of you or not I was just curious welp I hope you enjoy shopping get home safe Grandpa see you later.” (He leaves the store shocked and a little upset that he asks a serious question such as that)

Grandpa continues shopping at the store, gets what he needs, buys it and leaves the store and makes his way back home. When he gets home he sees his grandkids playing in the backyard with some of their friends.

About 3 hours later at 7 o’clock Grandpa tells the kids to come in and prepare themselves for dinner. Grandpa is getting ready to make the vegetables but he needs to wash them first but he does not like washing them with sink water.

“Hey, Haven or Gabe, can one of y’all take the bucket to the well and get me some fresh water please.”

“Not it” (said Haven quickly)

“Dang it” (said Gabe) “I’ll be back in a jiffy Grandpa” Gabe grabs the bucket and starts making his way to the well.

As he makes himself to the well he starts to think about the story Grandpa told him and his brother last night. When he gets to the well he looks down and sees nothing but Darkness so he runs back home and tells his brother to come out with him because he wanted to try something.

They both make it back to well and tell him his idea.

“Okay okay okay I know this sounds dumb but I want to get in the bucket and I want you to pull me down into the well”

“HAHA YOU ARE SOOOOO FUNNY I TELL YOU

THAT!!!” (Gabe is not laughing, he is serious about his idea) “Gabe you can’t be serious now I’ll do it but I don’t want to get in trouble.”

Gabe gets into the bucket and Haven starts to pull him down into the well slowly and slowly.

Gabe says “It’s so dark down here, but I do think I see something!!!”

“Well, the rope is starting to run out, so hurry!!!” (Haven says frightened)

**“It’s so dark
down here,
but I do think
I see
something!”**

As soon as he says that Gabe’s voice suddenly fades as scared as he can be he pulls the rope up as fast as he can while using all of his strength when the hook is all the way at the top and Gabe is not there.

“NO NO NO Grandpa’s going to kill me I need to hurry up and tell him”

Very scared and frightened he runs home to his grandpa. As soon as he comes in through the door grandpa is still in the kitchen and sees the look on his face.

“Where is Gabe at” (He says confused and frightened) “You didn’t leave him at the well did you”

(Haven It’s still catching his breath) “Grandpa I’m so sorry but Gabe had an idea to get into the bucket and have me lower him into the well. I think it was the story you told us last night that gave him that idea. I tried to tell him it was a bad idea but he didn’t

listen.” (He burst into tears thinking that he lost his brother)

Grandpa gasps and says underneath his breath “Not the first time. Now listen closely. I want you to go into my room and look under my bed. It should be a box full of stuff and two book bags. I want you to bring them downstairs and we’ll get ready to go down into the well.”

Haven thinks to himself why would his grandpa ever keep stuff to go into the well.

“Has this happened before, is this not the first time this has happened to Grandpa?” He wonders

“GRANDPA!, WHERE IS IT!”

“LOOK IN THE BATHROOM AND HURRY; We can’t waste too much time.”

“Oh My Oh My, where will it be in the bathroom?” Haven Is looking for a lighter and a bottle that’s labeled B.T.W. “OH thank the world that I found the lighter now where would a bottle of B.T.W be? Is that even a real thing?”

He looked some more in every nook and cranny in the bathroom and then behind the mirror on a hidden shelf which had not one, not two, but three bottles of it there.

“What the hell is this stuff?” He takes two bottles and goes back downstairs and gives his grandpa one bottle of it.

“Thank you grandson. Now tell me what you put in your bag.”

“I put a couple pairs of clothes, your lighter, a flashlight, two knives, and I have a separate bag with food. Grandpa, don’t you have the sleeping bag or do I need to take that too?”

“I have it alright, but now it is time to go.” Grandpa turns off all the lights in the house, locks the door and puts the key in the mailbox ...



By Sonny Marks, Freshman

Hey

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

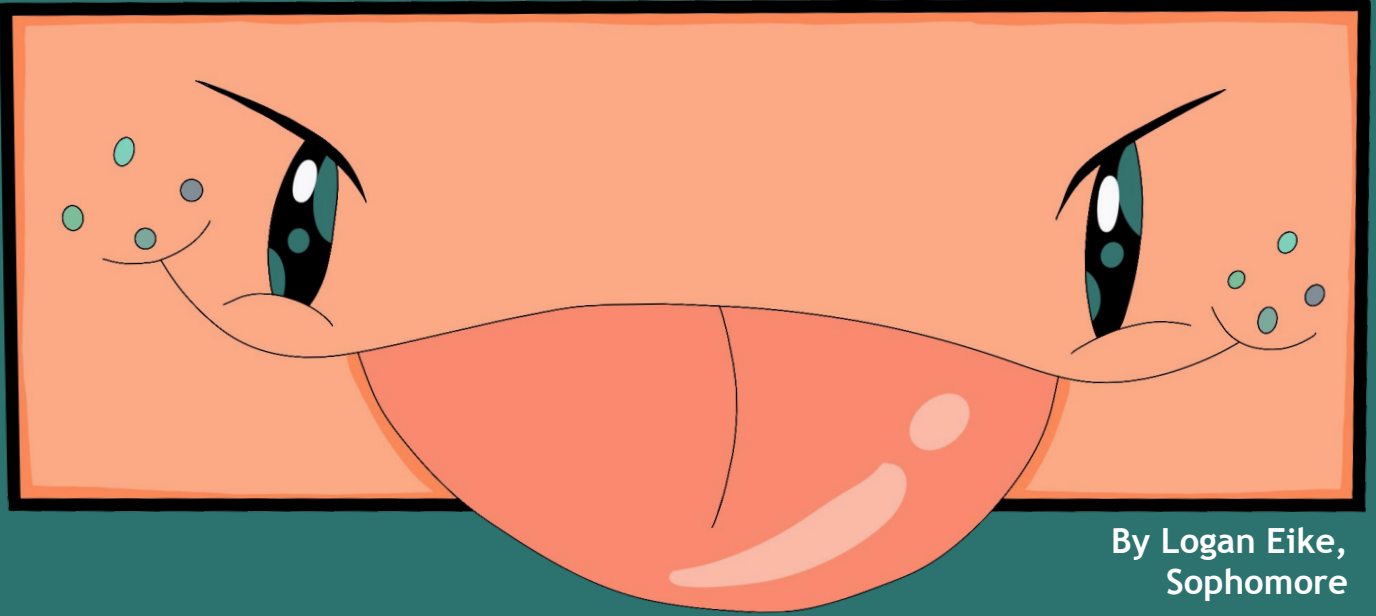
Hey
Just a word
A simple hello
A check-in
Your words reach me
They reach me in a way words
haven't in a long time

A simple act of kindness
Just a sentence
"How are you?"
That means the world

I won't say so
I'll respond
Usually saying the casual
I'm tired
I overwork myself
So when someone reaches out
It means more than I can ever
express in words

Usually, my mind is filled with
chaos
Too many ideas running wild
and free
The creativity drowned out by
my schedule

So thank you
For acknowledging me
I know it may not seem like a
lot to you
But its a lot to me
So thank you
Really



By Logan Eike,
Sophomore

Smile

By Luca Brown, Sophomore

Hey
I love you
I love when I can tell you're smiling
Even when I can't see you
The invisible smile
The invisible laughter
It makes me smile

I know many people may hurt you
They've hurt me too
I know they have damaged you
Broken you down
Made you upset
But keep that smile

There is someone
I can be that someone
I love seeing and hearing you

You are beautiful

I see you
Your struggle
Your pain
But you'll make it through
Please give the world your smile

You will live another day
You will make it through the week
The month
The year

That pretty smile
It deserves to be seen
Don't you think?

Look up

By Lucille Wilson, Freshman

Look up at the ceiling of your bedroom
Close your eyes and look up
Imagine the stars twisting into constellations
Imagine the moon dancing from star to star as it waltzes with the sun
Watch the smile stretch across the bright surface as the love for the sun expands
Every day you see the smile grow as the sun notices the moon
But one day the sun slowly stops realizing that the moon is there
The moon is in the dark
And the stars present themselves
Every star shines every night
They configure their perfect pictures and glow
The moon will be noticed and it will waltz with the sun again
Just look up
Look up and see the moon
Watch it closely
Because you may see a man waiting to see his love
Or you may see a star
Look up
And open your eyes

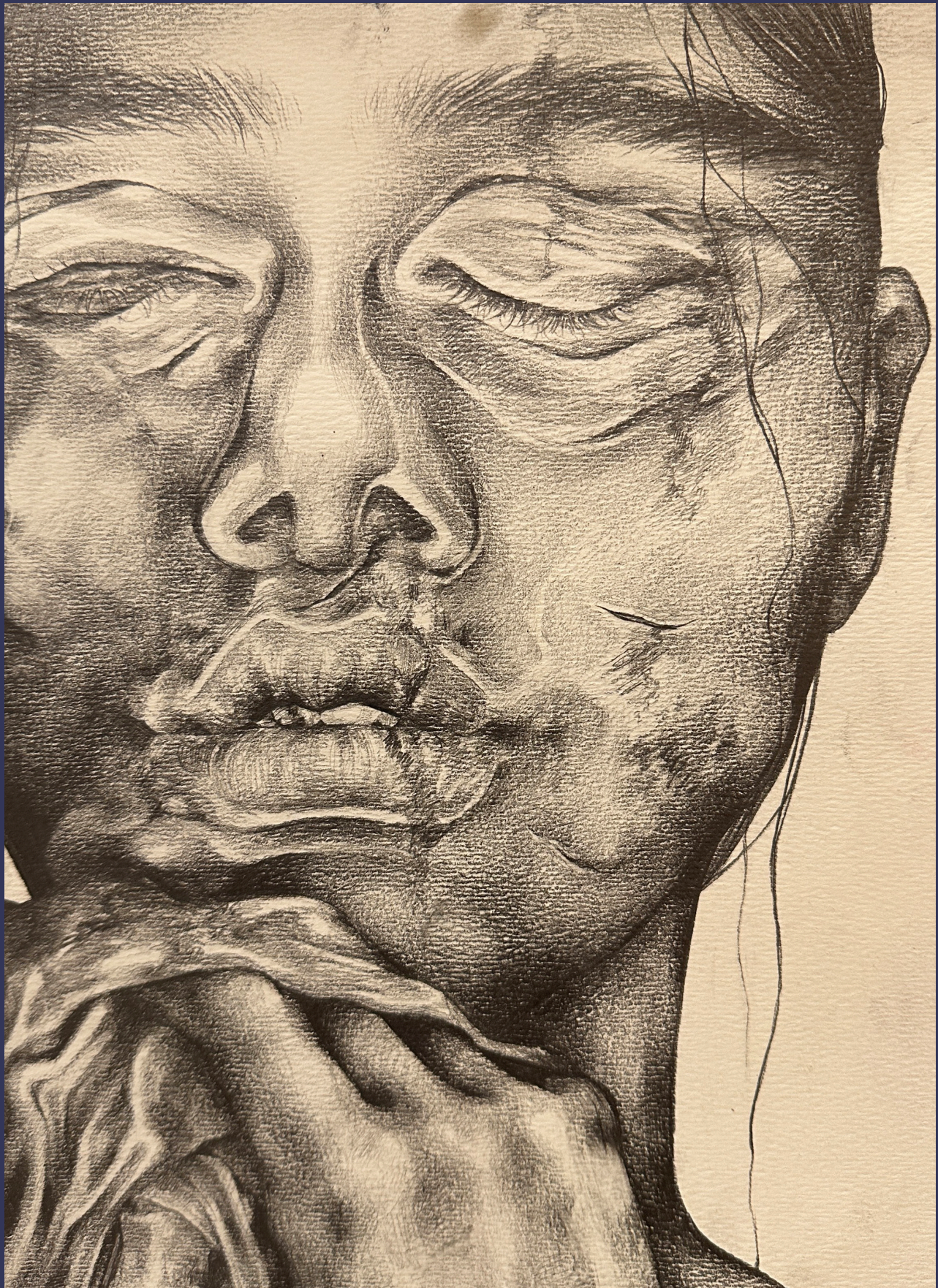
By Wynter Liebel, Freshman

Before I Go

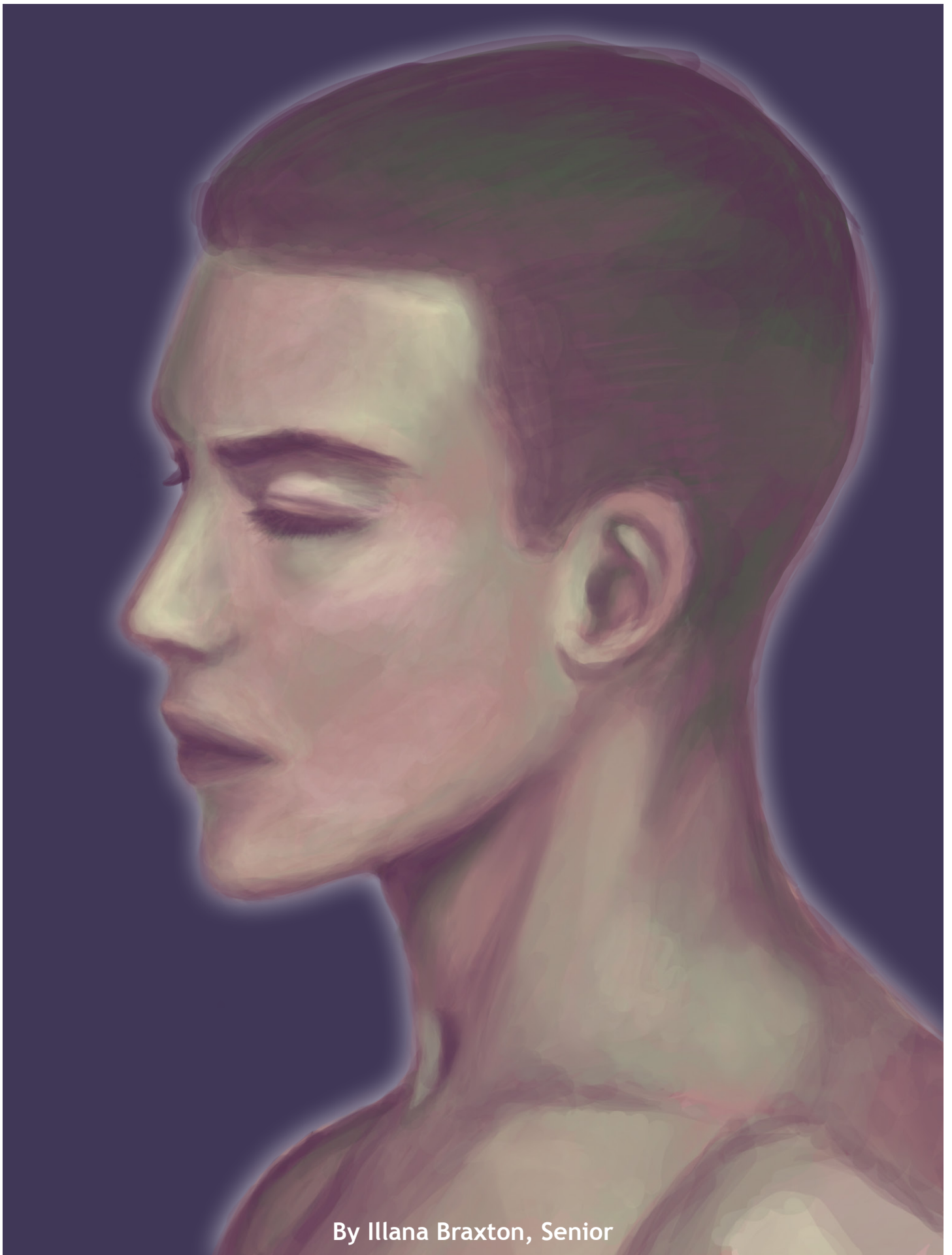
By Gabby Palmer, Freshman

Trickling down my face
Entering my mouth, tasting salt
Arrrg, why can't they stop running like I stopped feeling emotion
Realize there's no point
Slowly drying up

By Evan Baird, Senior



By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Senior



By Illana Braxton, Senior



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