

Under the Same Sky

Maximi
2020

The Literary Arts Magazine of Pottsgrove High School



By Valerie Messing, Senior

MAXIMI

*Most Significant or Impressive;
The Best*

Under the Same Sky

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Maximi Welcomes You

Welcome to the 2020 edition of Maximi, "Under the Same Sky." Just what do we mean by that? Well, art of all kinds tends to reflect our passions and this year we received a wide range of photos that featured views of the sky, whether as the primary focus or as a stunning backdrop. Afterall, no matter where we are in the world, we all are indeed "Under the Same Sky." These are the images and words that spoke to the souls of our artists and writers. How often have you looked for images in the clouds? If you open our book fully so that you can see the front and back covers together, what do you see? Perhaps the wings that let us fly? Perhaps the heart that showers love on us all? Either way, we hope you enjoy the writing and art submitted by your fellow students as much as we do. We hope you enjoy the view, wherever you are under our sky.

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Content Disclaimer

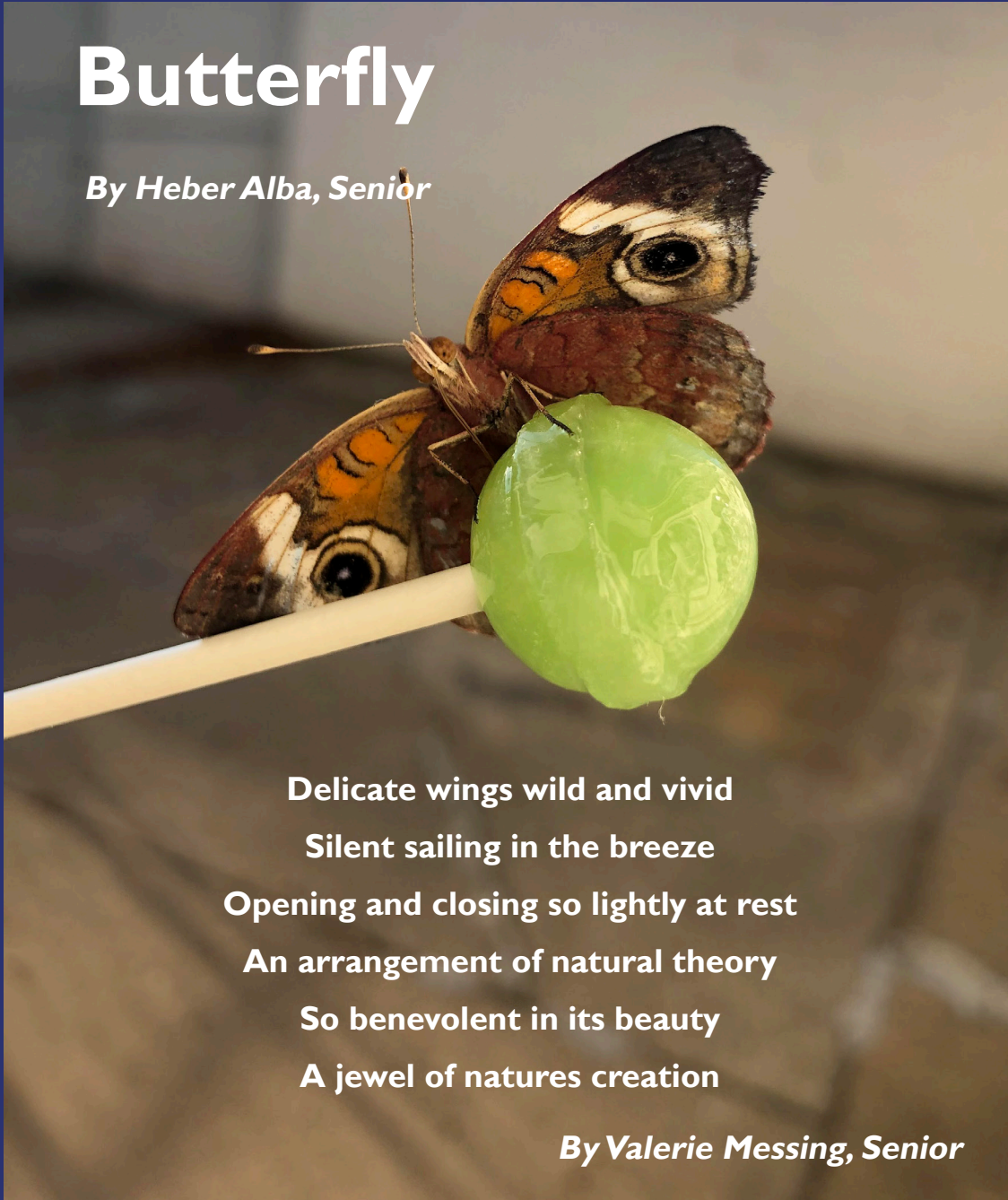
Here begins your journey into the creative minds of our classmates. The Maximi staff would like to thank you for exploring our publication, and hope that you will enjoy the multitude of perspectives and viewpoints that make this publication so diverse. However, we need to warn you that we do not advocate, encourage, nor condone any of the thoughts, messages, or interpretations you may encounter within these pages. We openingly 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.

Colophon

This year's Maximi was compiled and laid out on Macintosh laptop computers using Adobe Indesign and Microsoft Word. Additional programs and applications such as Adobe Photoshop, Waterlogue, and Paints Chainer were also used to create or edit artwork. A final publication PDF was provided for printing. The bylines used Gill Sans MT Bold, Size 14. The story body text used Adobe Gill Sans, 12 pt. 16 pt leading. Poetry body text used Gill Sans 12 pt. 18 pt leading. The titles used Gill Sans MT, 30 pt.

Butterfly

By Heber Alba, Senior



Delicate wings wild and vivid
Silent sailing in the breeze
Opening and closing so lightly at rest
An arrangement of natural theory
So benevolent in its beauty
A jewel of nature's creation

By Valerie Messing, Senior



Epitaph

By Heber Alba, Senior

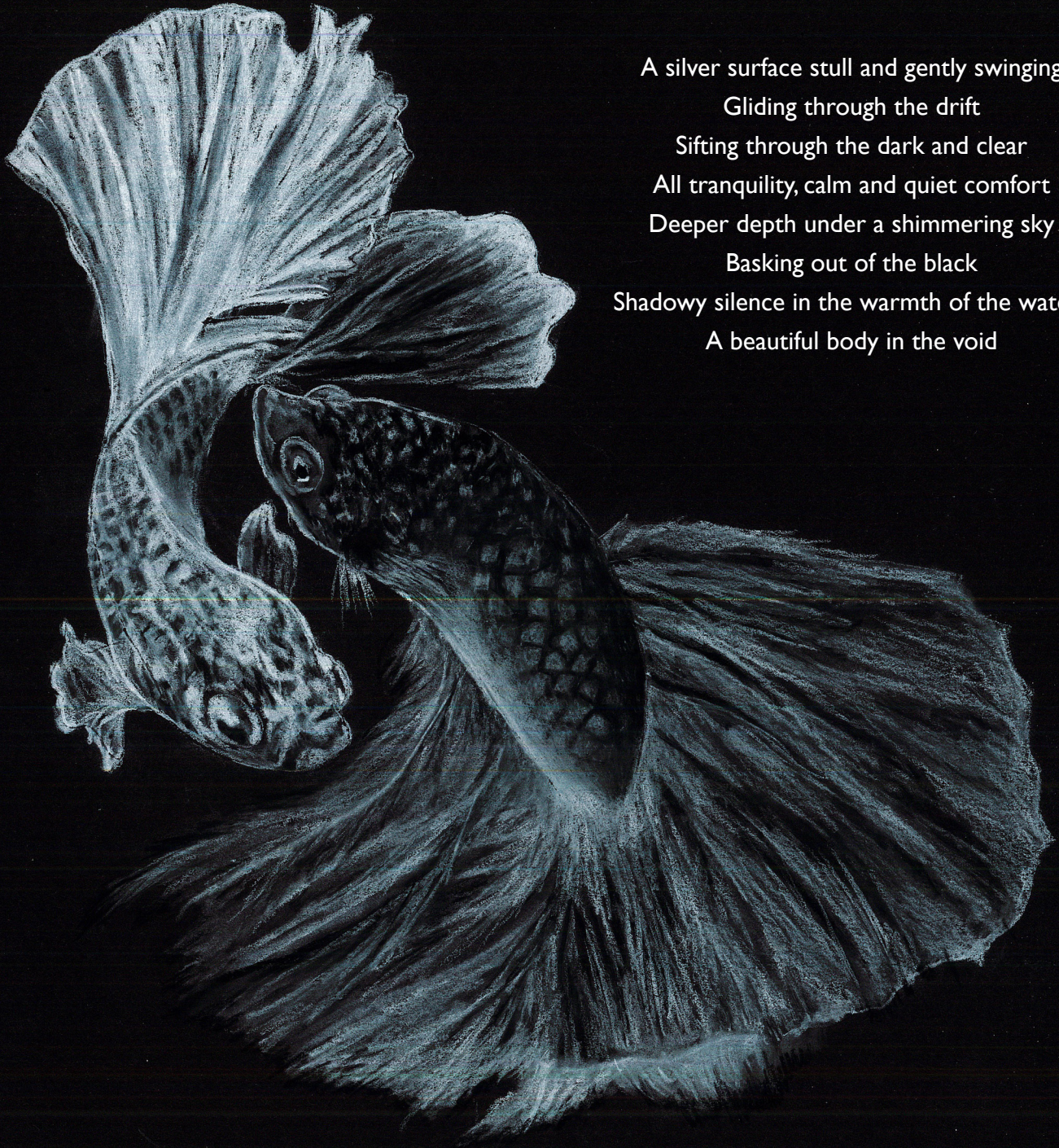
Under the evergreens where I did lay
My final place of rest
Rose grew by the grave
Light streaming from the trees
The shade dancing and swaying delicately
The streams whisper a dream
The river singing a song of a eulogy
The epitaph unwritten for no soul to see

By Valerie Messing, Senior

The Water

By Heber Alba, Senior

A silver surface stull and gently swinging
Gliding through the drift
Sifting through the dark and clear
All tranquility, calm and quiet comfort
Deeper depth under a shimmering sky
Basking out of the black
Shadowy silence in the warmth of the waters
A beautiful body in the void



By Michaela Brennan, Senior

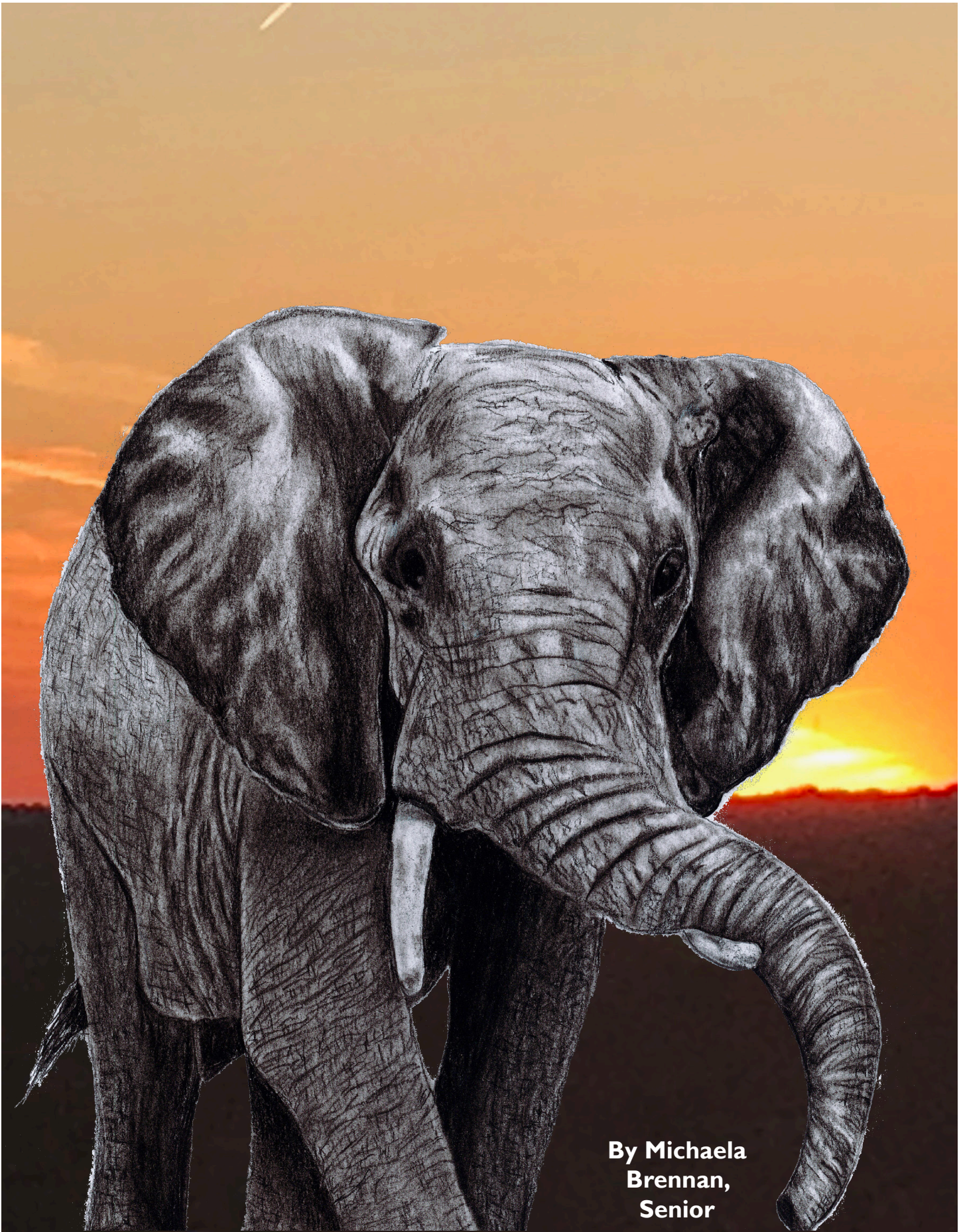
Amongst The Thorns

By Herber Alba, Senior

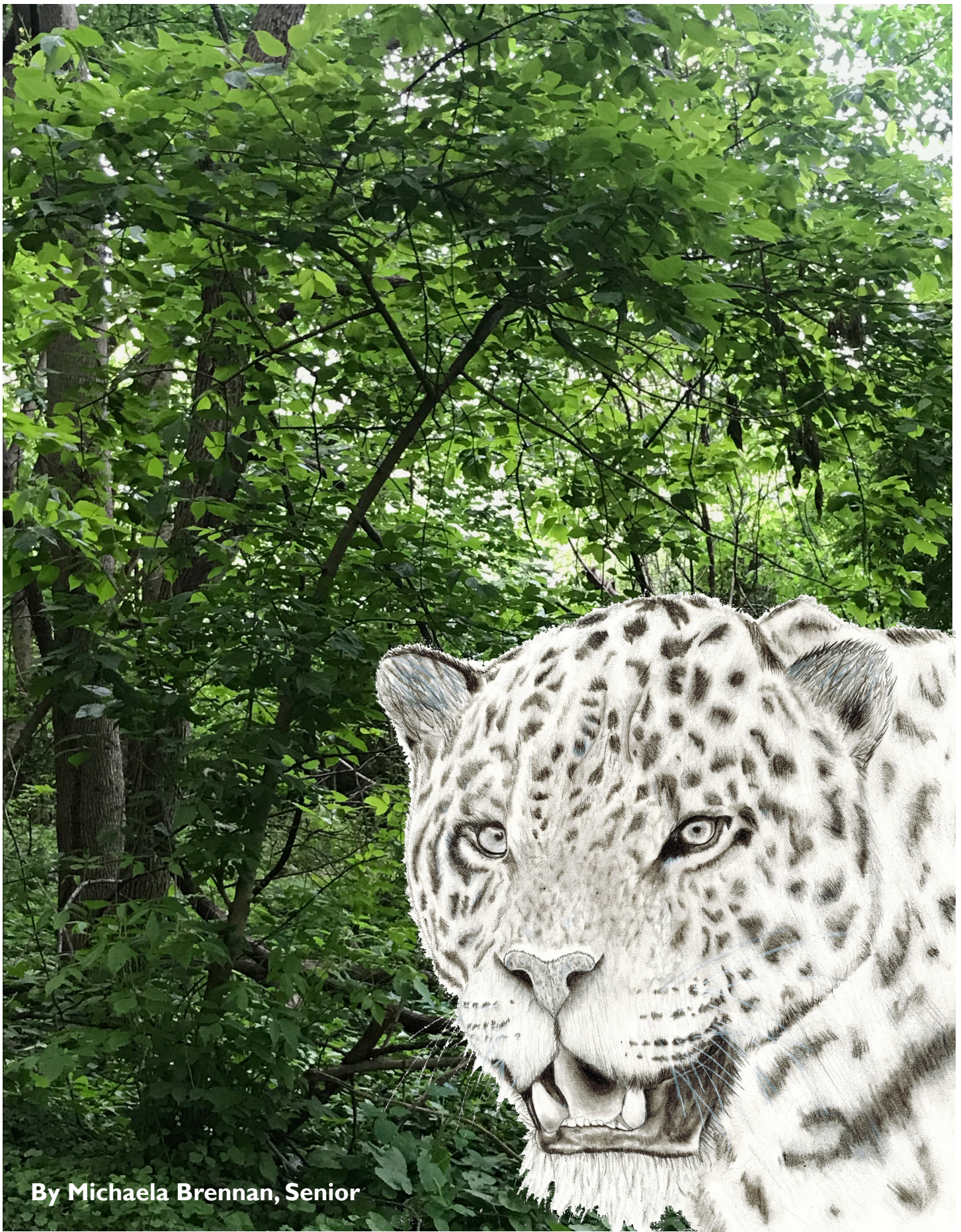
Can't quote your silence
Can't speak your thoughts
Scared of what you might say
Scared that you could be indifferent
Don't know when to be careless
Don't know to sympathize
Not sure when to have depth
or to be shallow
Thoughts burning through my skull
Can't remember to forget
the happiness I once had
Tired out the reasons to hope
Pushed away the tears and people
that I thought mattered
Won't say the truth
so I can live another lie
No new rose for me to hold
So I laid amongst the thorns



By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Freshman



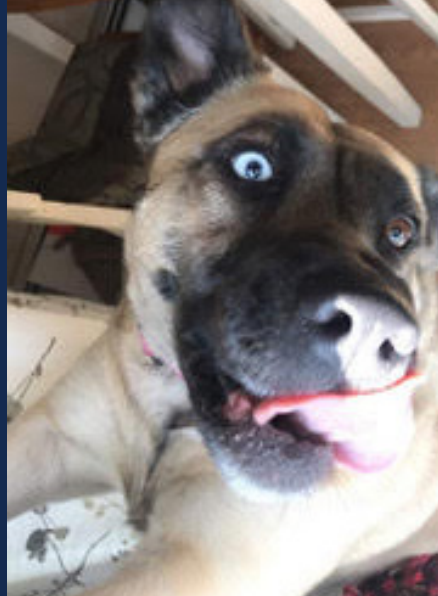
**By Michaela
Brennan,
Senior**



By Michaela Brennan, Senior

Nova

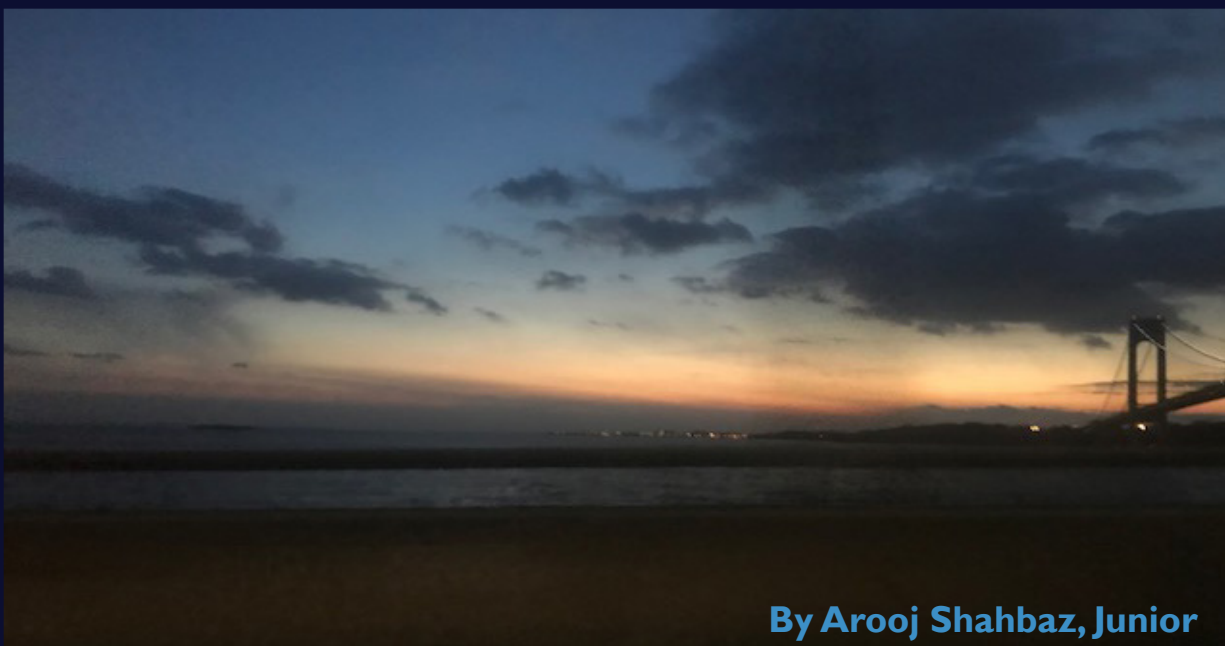
By Eliana Paez, Junior



The blue eye shines in the sunlight,
while the brown eye sparkles.
A husky mixed with an English Mastiff.
She's the center of home to the family.
The name is Nova.
Meaning full of great energy.
You can be upset and she will bring you up.
You can be happy and she will still bring you up.
I go home and Nova is there.
Records say we saved her,
but she really saved us.



By Valerie Messing, Senior



By Arooj Shahbaz, Junior

this right here

By Kydira Garfield, Junior

this right here is a necessity
like the food that you eat
leading more to the connection
not just from your head to your toes
but from the heart to mind
cause you gotta think of the
higher levels of self sufficiency
and if you get the dedication
from all mankind we could maybe
build up high on an individualized
rocket taken us from a
one idea one pocket society
to a one adaptation to

no free loaders privacy
but to lead to a conclusion
where everyone has equal ideas
and there's less confusion
of whose ideas mean more
and if republican should lean more
and what's left in the past always
brought to the present
and gifts left unopened can't
be any better than
a poor gift that means nothing
to your present

Wise Path

By Eliana Paez, Junior

When life knocks you down,
what do you do?

Get back up right away.

No.

You go through the process whether it takes 1 second to 1 day
to 1 week to 1 month to 1 year to many more.

Paths have a process of being developed.

Everyone has their own path.

Whether you take the “perfect path” or the “trial path”,
nobody should judge others for choosing different than them.

The most important thing is that they are on a path.

Their path will lead them to where they need to be.

They don't have to stick to that path,
but it will always be an option.

Paths are clocks with hands going around and around.

Decisions are never-ending just like time.

Use it wisely.

I believe wisdom is in you.

By Valerie Messing, Senior

Time Spotted

By Eliana Paez, Junior

It wasn't about being close to the person.
It was about the memories you embraced together.
I spotted the picture from a mile away.
I knew exactly what it was.
It was us with our family and friends.
I can hear the laughter and see the smiles coming to life.
Then, time decided to press pause for a moment as the hands were exhausted.
But, time wants you to know that they are okay.
Time will eventually press play when the hands are ready.
Oh wait, look!!
The hands are ready in three, two...
Time paused once again.
That is okay.
The memory is already captured in the picture where time is spotted.

By Eliana Paez, Junior



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore

Dreary Decay

By Heber Alba, Senior

Oh dreary, dreary, dream
Wilted over like a dying blossom
Revitalize under moonlight and stars
Shimmering shadows
Dancing graves
Delicate petals, razor thorns
To pick such a gloomy beauty would be a sin written in tears
Nourishing this blossom forever
With years of my life and pieces of my soul
Standing forever in care of this blighted bouquet of decay

Caffeine

By Herber Alba, Senior

Reflection in my coffee
Black and bitter like my thoughts
Looking at myself and not understanding
I don't know who this face is
I don't know who I am going to be
There could imperfections
I can't fix them all
There could be in a room with myself
But I could live with myself anyway

I could believe in the better things in life
Simply to be called childish
I could be a realist and surrender
Simply to be called grim
Personality to none
Let my silence be anger
And every word my notch in society
I'll decay on the inside
to shine on the surface



By Cori Neiffer, Senior



By Valerie Messing, Senior

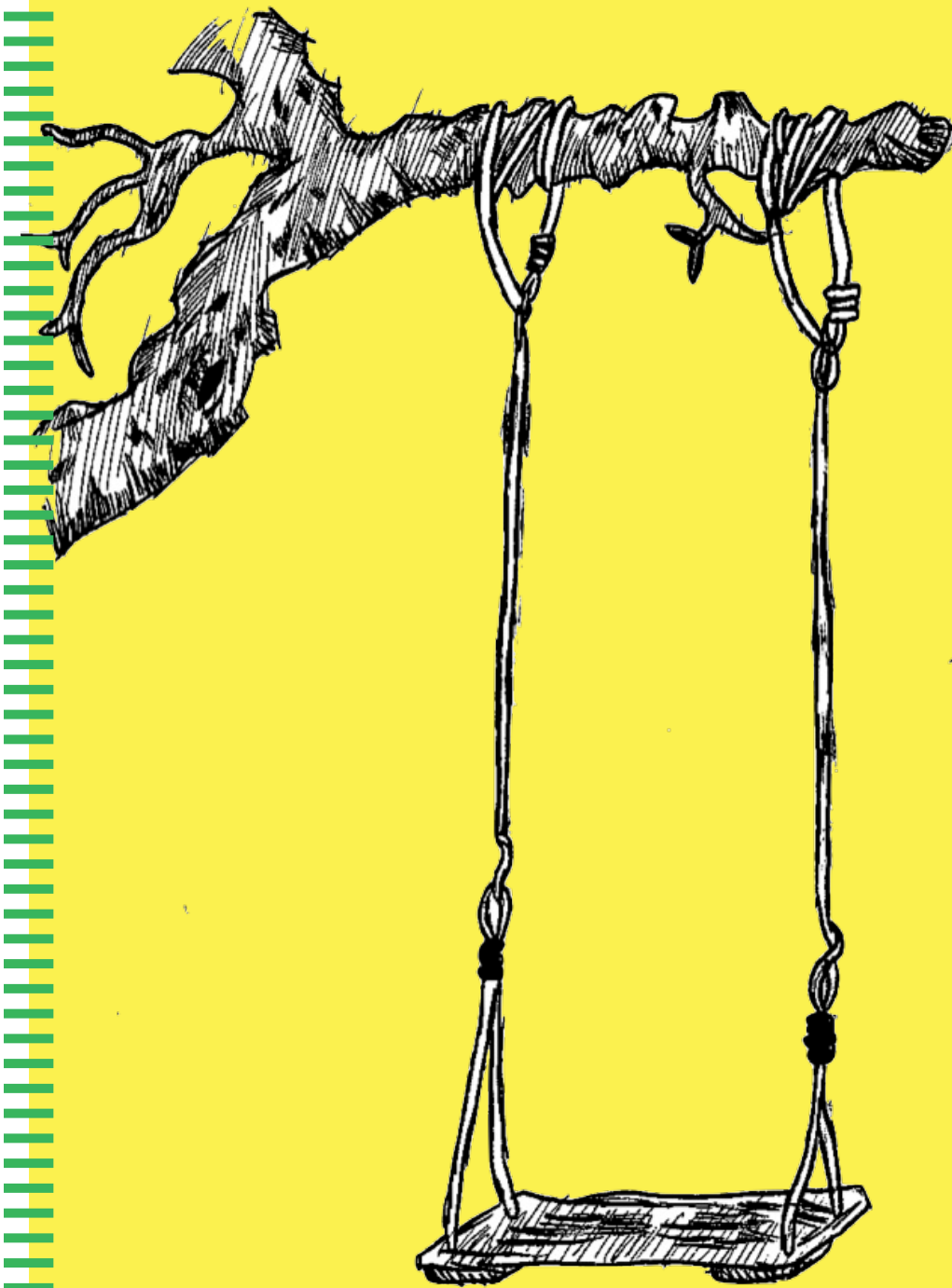
When I was Young

By Rebecca Popejoy, Freshman

Back when I was little, still playing with dolls and still afraid of the same darkness that provides me comfort now, there was a boy in my dreams. He told me everything was going to be okay, and he always managed to distract me from whatever was going on. He gave me someone to talk to about everything- someone who didn't judge me, someone who helped me quite possibly a million times more than anyone else could.

One dream I remember greatly more than the others, the day we went to the fair. We rode all the rides and laughed until sundown when we rode the ferris wheel. When we stopped at the top, he told me to look where the sky first touches the trees. He told me to look at the people below, my people. He said that no matter how far past that line I am, or how different the people are from my people, he's always watching after me- he's always there for me. He told me that no matter who doesn't care, he does.

I then awoke from my dream and realized that the boy wasn't an outcome of my imagination, but an outcome of something bigger. He was my guardian angel. Ever since that dream, I felt a love for the world stronger than any burden placed upon my younger self. I felt an overwhelming hope for myself, and that's how I knew that someone, somewhere has a plan for me... and that comforts me as the boy once did.



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore

I am

By Jessica Allmond, Junior

I am a lover falling out of love
I am a fighter giving in my gloves
I am a friend in need of you
I am a student without a clue
I am a perfectionist who sits and weeps
I am an insomniac in need of sleep
I am a story begging to be read
I am a flower, dying, but not dead
I am a sister breaking away
I am a governor getting my say
I am a spider webbing a bug
I am your best friend asking for a hug



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore



By Tarynn Noll, Junior



By Valerie Messing, Senior

Dear No One,

By Tarynn Noll, Junior

I believed I was free.
I believed you loved me.

I believed all the lies.
I believed those small cries.

I believed I could forgive in time.
I believed you would change - what a lie.

I believed the act.
I believed the smile and that's a fact.

I believed I was fine for too long.
I now believe what you did seems wrong.

By Valerie Messing, Senior

Beautiful But Dangerous

By Mercedes Maldonado, Freshman

The heart is like a drum, beating to a rythm.

The heart is like a song, beautiful with so much meaning behind every lyric.

The heart is like a wolf, protective.

The heart is like the sun, shines brightest when the storm has passed.

But the heart can also be torn like paper.

The heart can shattered into a million pieces like glass.

The heart can be an African wildcat, secretive.

The heart can also be the raging storm that destroys everything because it was pushed too far.

The heart is a mysterious and cold place, but the heart can also be beautiful
with a beautiful song you can't hear.

You can see the darkness of the heart or the beauty.

It all depends on how far you push it and which side you wish to see.



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore



By Michaela Brennan, Senior



Vertigo Mind

By Heber Alba, Senior

Built it up from the towers going down
The echos from the skies ripple
Structures conjure in every direction
Ashes on the blossoms and grass
Water flowing in reverse
Gravity forfeit
The twilight dawns from below
Rain falls with no diction or direction
The earth rolls, stretches, and morphs
No scales for the vertigo
The world travels around me
Here is everywhere
The nowhere is on the horizon.

By Cori Neiffer, Senior



By Arooj Shahbaz, Junior

Sang the Midnight Dark

By Heber Alba, Senior

We sang the midnight dark
With flowers in your hair
Across the twilight arc
Slowly turning amongst the stars
Crowning celestial bodies
The synergy of your body distant
The closing of your eyes over dawn
Open only to dream again
The dark became our refuge

Your arms a sanctuary
Your eyes a ceremony
We sang the midnight dark
With agony in my heart
Under the halo of dawn
Falling below the heavens
Overthrowing the horizon
Aura of shadows radiating
I sang the midnight dark
All that we made together

By Valerie Messing, Senior



By Arooj Shahbaz, Junior

Between the Black and gold

By Heber Alba, Senior

Between the black and gold
The darkness of what I thought would bring me life
From heart to heart, to tongue to cheek you read the sentence in my eyes

Between the black and gold
The intentions broke as the soul who carried them
Decaying touch with a gentle heart better fallen into the dark

Between the black and gold
Bitterness of just one love
A dream so pure and full of life
Between the black and gold
Hell and heaven we made
Between the two places that we gave

Imagine Your Reality

By Mercedes Maldonado, Freshman

Imagine your reality. Do people understand you? Do you feel loved or important? Are you happy? Do you wish for things that normal people have but you feel as if you don't have those things? Do you feel different or like you don't fit in?

Then imagine your imaginary world and ask yourself the same questions. In your imaginary world imagine what you think life would be like if people understood you. If you felt loved, if you were happy, if you felt as if you actually fitted in. Then think about having your wish come true.

Are you happy? Do you want this life? Do you want what you have in your imaginary world?

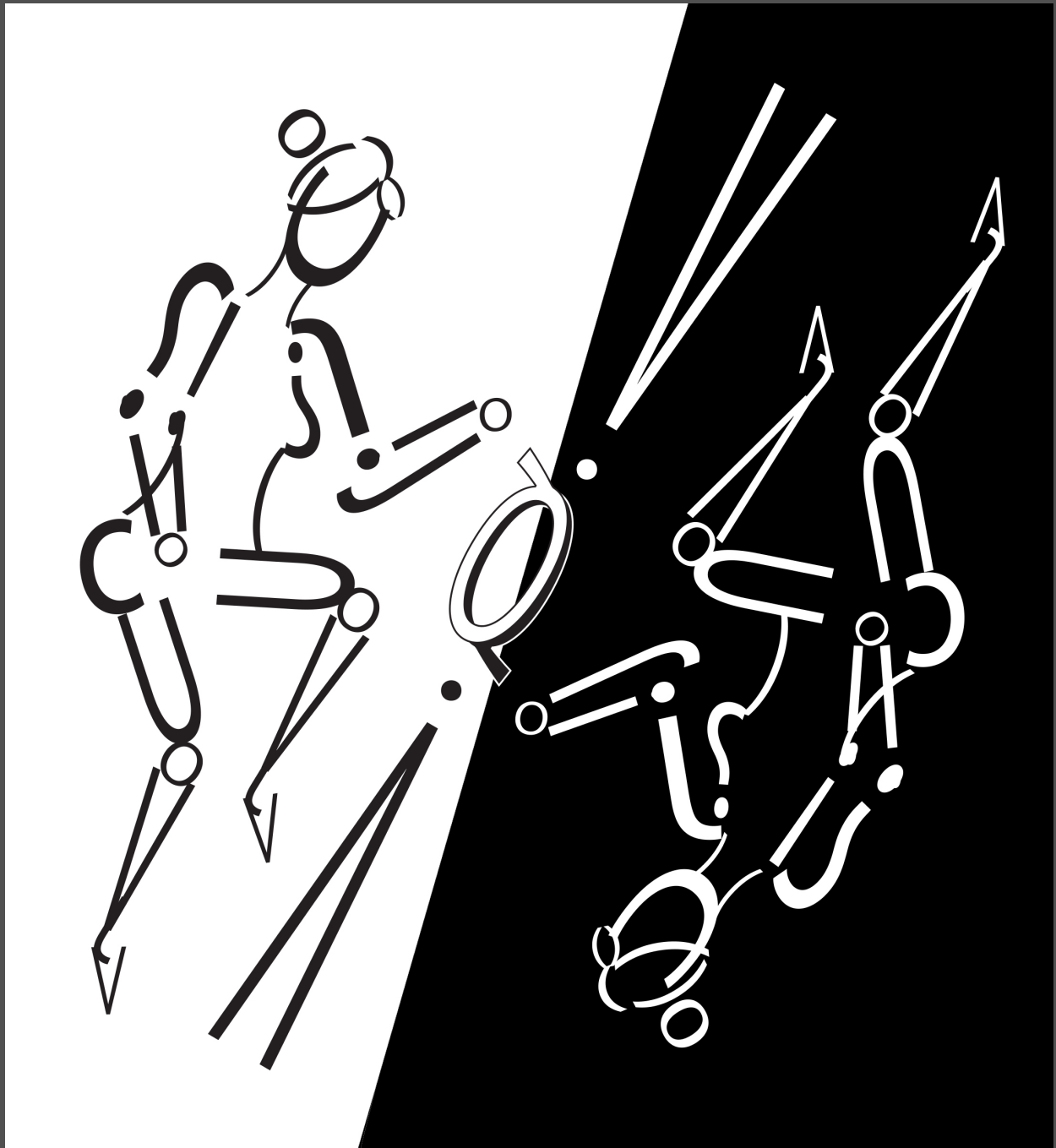
Now imagine your reality again. All the things you feel. All the things you don't have but wish you had. Imagine your reality being your imaginary world.

Now look in the mirror and look at yourself. Are you smiling? Do you feel confident? Do you feel a sense of hope? Do you feel happy at the thought of your imaginary world becoming true?

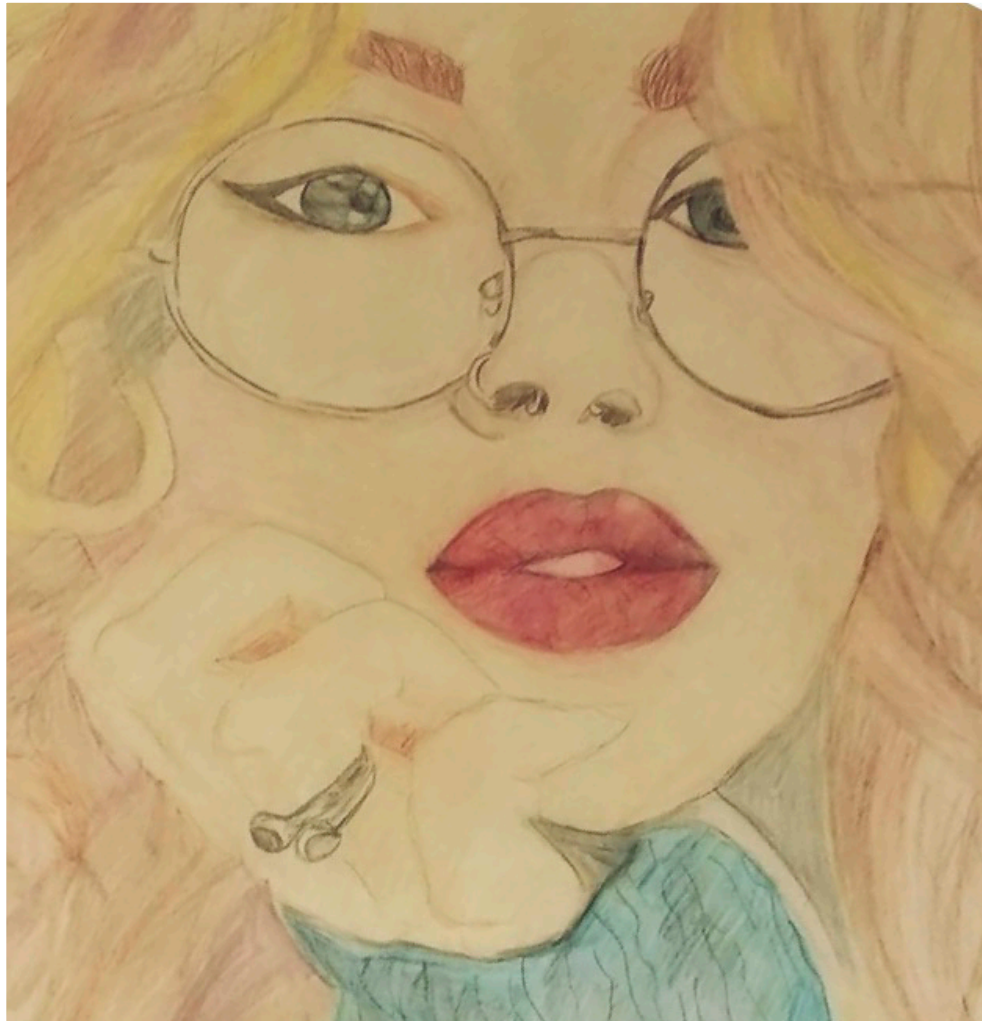
When you look in the mirror what do you see? Someone worthy of their imaginary world or someone who deserves to be stuck where they're at? Do you see someone who loves themselves enough to accept their reality and imaginary world?

As you look in the mirror just silently stare at yourself. The person in the mirror. The person who may or may not be smiling. That is you. That is your reality and imaginary you. Your imaginary world; it can become your reality.

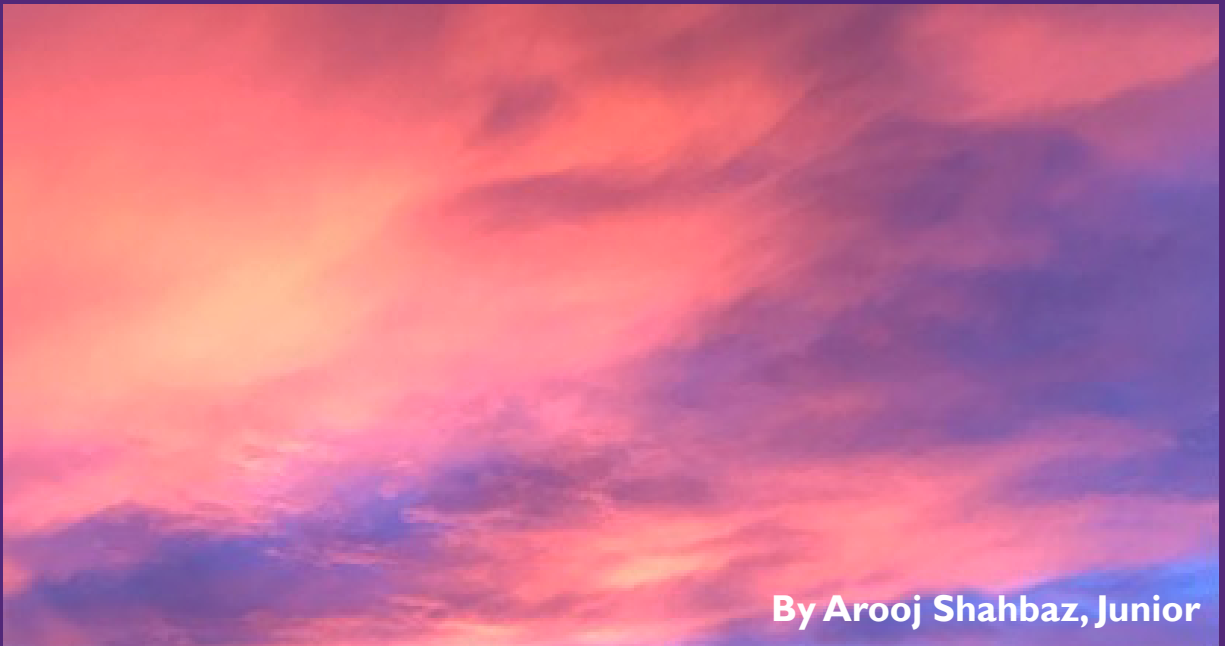
Think to yourself in the mirror and say these words to yourself. I'm strong, I'm confident, I have no need to fit in. My differences make me who I am. My differences make me not fit in because I'm not a sheep. My differences make me a lion, a leader. My differences make me the difference the world needs.



By Cori Neiffer, Senior



By Leighia Wilde-Merkel, Junior



By Arooj Shahbaz, Junior

Solace

By Heber Alba, Senior

I walked with the space of my creation
I was along the coast with the sea of stars in all their beauty
I saw the sun in its radiance and glory with all the other celestial bodies to accompany it
And I looked at the void and dark, and even this had the light to go with it
And I looked upon the earth and saw the people and animals in their pairs,
angry, happy, sad and bitter but with each other, together
So I sat in silence in all my creation
And I thought to my self how lonely it is to be a god.

Stoic

By Heber Alba, Senior

I tread lightly on the path where nothing grows
In the shade of decay fading and basking with shadows
Dwindling is the spirit that strides me by
So steady, so dreary like the surface of the water
Crushed by stars to remain unstifled
Unburned by the fire that I walkthrough
Witness to the horrors that men fear, and I indifferent
And there I hold the better of life and all the things we come to cherish



By Michaela Brennan, Senior



By Valerie Messing, Senior

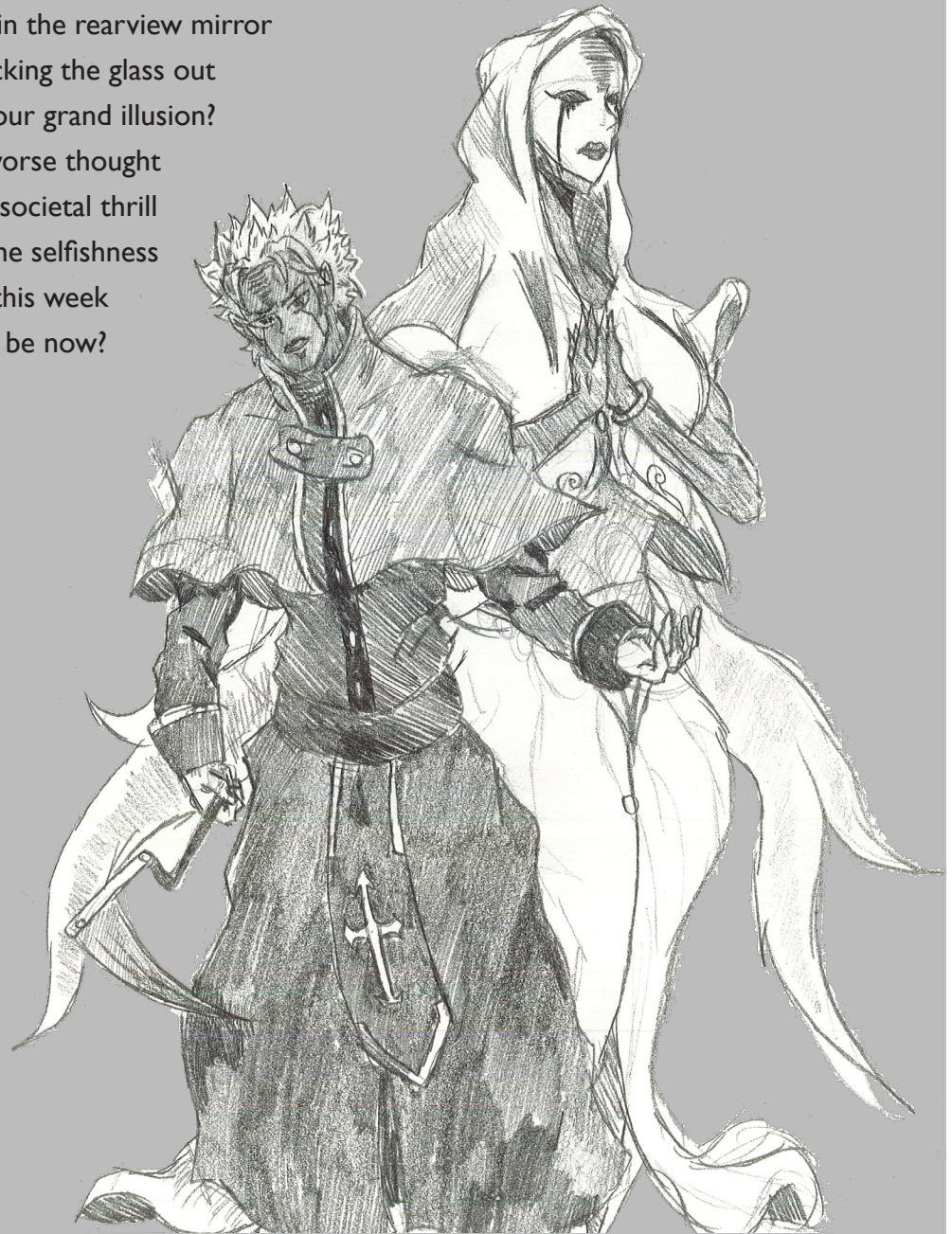


By Michaela Brennan, Senior

Reassurance

By Heber Alba, Senior

The reassurance in your smile can only last so long
Playing the role of the person people expect you to be
Faking so often forgetting the reality of things
Unsatisfied with the outcome that can't be chosen
Sinking feeling of talk for more than an hour
The shadow of the weekend in the rearview mirror
Punching mirrors and picking the glass out
Could it be that this is your grand illusion?
Better silence and worse thought
Disconnected from societal thrill
Catching up on all the selfishness
This is the you this week
Who could you be now?



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore

So Many Things

By Kydira Garfield, Junior

so many things can happen
in a short amount of time
so many people can get hurt
by just a little white lie
so many friendships can be torn
by things completely expected
so many bonds never to be restored
in attempts where pride is unbended

so many things can change
in tandem with an open mindset
so many people can grow
by leaving their promises behind them
so many friendships can blossom
by allowing pain to be forsaken
so many bonds can form and prosper
in times where happiness isn't taken

The Climb

By Eliana Paez, Junior

I was one of the few young ones playing with the big dogs.

The young had to stick with each other,
otherwise they will be lost.

If you were lost you were stuck at the bottom and had to climb to the top.

It was a lesson.

Now I am the big dog with new young ones looking up to me.

Eventually,
there were no more young and big.

It was only a term inside of your head.

We were always united as one and had each others back.

Its the climb that makes you believe and pushes you to the max.

The climb never stops



By Eliana Paez, Junior



By Valerie Messing, Senior

Friendship

By Eliana Paez, Junior

Each friendship by itself is different.
You feel the same way as if you were living in 8th
grade again.
All of the happiness and laughter you could ever
imagine.
Unfortunately when you are together without me,
it is like,
do you even know who I am?
I am not upset about it anymore.
I understand.
Maybe it is not unfortunate.
Maybe it is.
Maybe it is a sign saying you don't always have to be in
"8th grade together".
The group fades away,
but the individual bond doesn't.
Maybe that individual bond does descend.
The sign is find new friends.
Each friendship is different.
Some stay,
some go away.
I am fine either way.



By Rachel Swan, Freshman

The background of the page is a photograph of a sunset. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the right side of the horizon, casting a long, soft light across the sky. The sky is filled with scattered, light-colored clouds. Below the horizon, a body of water reflects the light from the sun. In the far distance, a city skyline is visible, with several tall buildings silhouetted against the bright sky. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Ephemeral

By Heber Alba, Senior

I know you have got the feeling
I know you lost it on me
But you know that you have no words at the moment
You say it's ephemeral
But I at least keep hoping
Everything is black and it used to be golden
I'm not complaining but you could have done more
But I'm the one whose cut up and sore
And you say it's ephemeral

You hide all the things that I've noticed
You think I have some sort of motive
I know that you've been different
Your smiles haven't been so consistent
But I know I lack your interest
And you say it's ephemeral
You feel it all grow way too heavy
But I hope that I could keep you steady
But I'm just ephemeral

By Arooj Shahbaz, Junior

Destiny

By Sydney Coxe, Freshman

Seeing the world, With a mindset clearly,
Is much better than staying home,
Doing the same which is dreary.
People follow their hopes and dreams,
In hope of seeing things they've never seen.
Unable to know where to walk,
But too unknowing to talk.
Destiny takes control,
With its foot on the gas,
Taking you places you know,
Have a connecting past.
You feel like you've been there before,
But it's Destiny who knew that for sure.
Some say it's random,
And others believe it's fact,
But the only thing I know,
That it is going by too fast.
With a blink of an eye,
I've seen it all,
Not even knowing,
I would travel at all.

By Valerie Messing, Senior

Anxiety

By Tarynn Noll, Junior

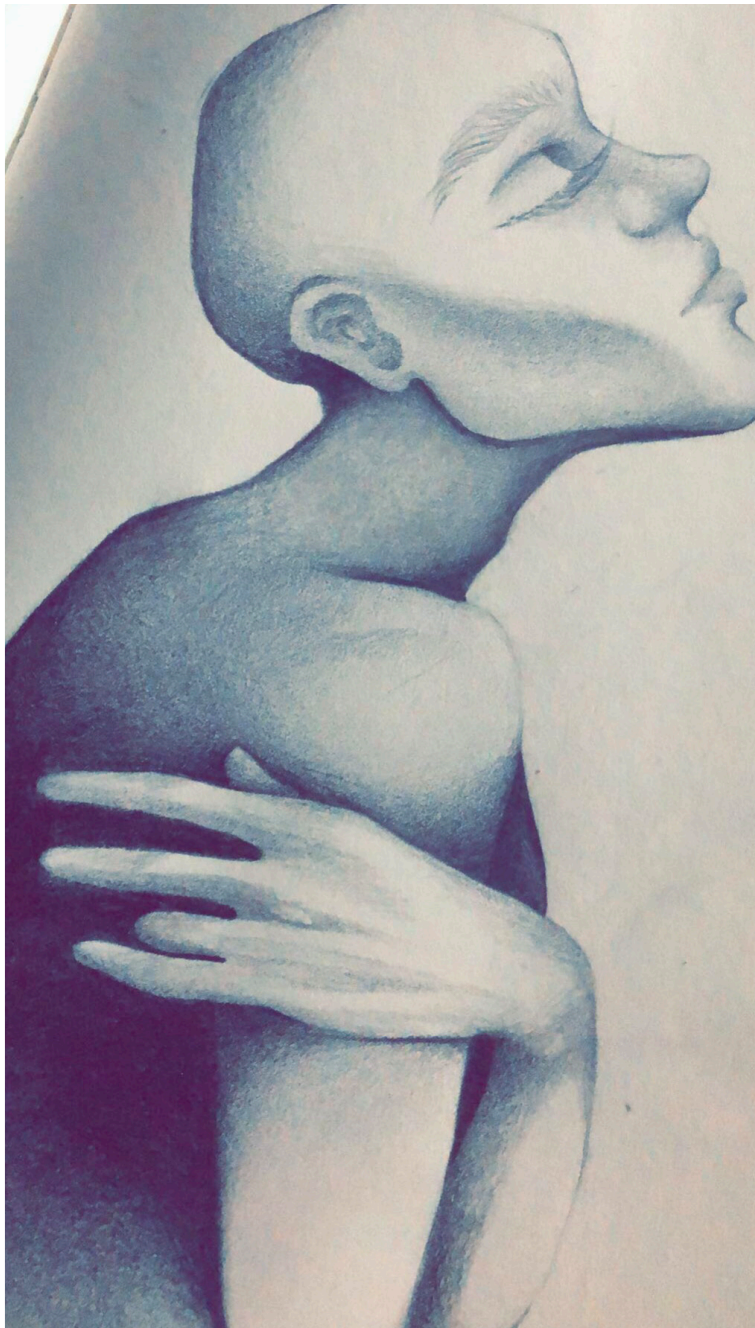
I'm just sitting there, why,
Why do people have to stare.
I feel their eyes burning a hole in me.
But all I can do is breathe.
The one thing that helps,
Is the drowning sensation of the noise
Of music filling my brain,
But why today it isn't helping me stay sane,
O Please let them look away.
I fidget and rub my small hands to distract
From this place. Why do I have to feel this way.
I was fine for long but now I feel as if I'm on stage.
So please go away, let me be alone in my cage if I can
Come out one day I will, but for now
Just look Away.



By Darius Maldonado, Freshman



By Michaela Brennan, Senior



By Angellyna Leibensperger, Freshman

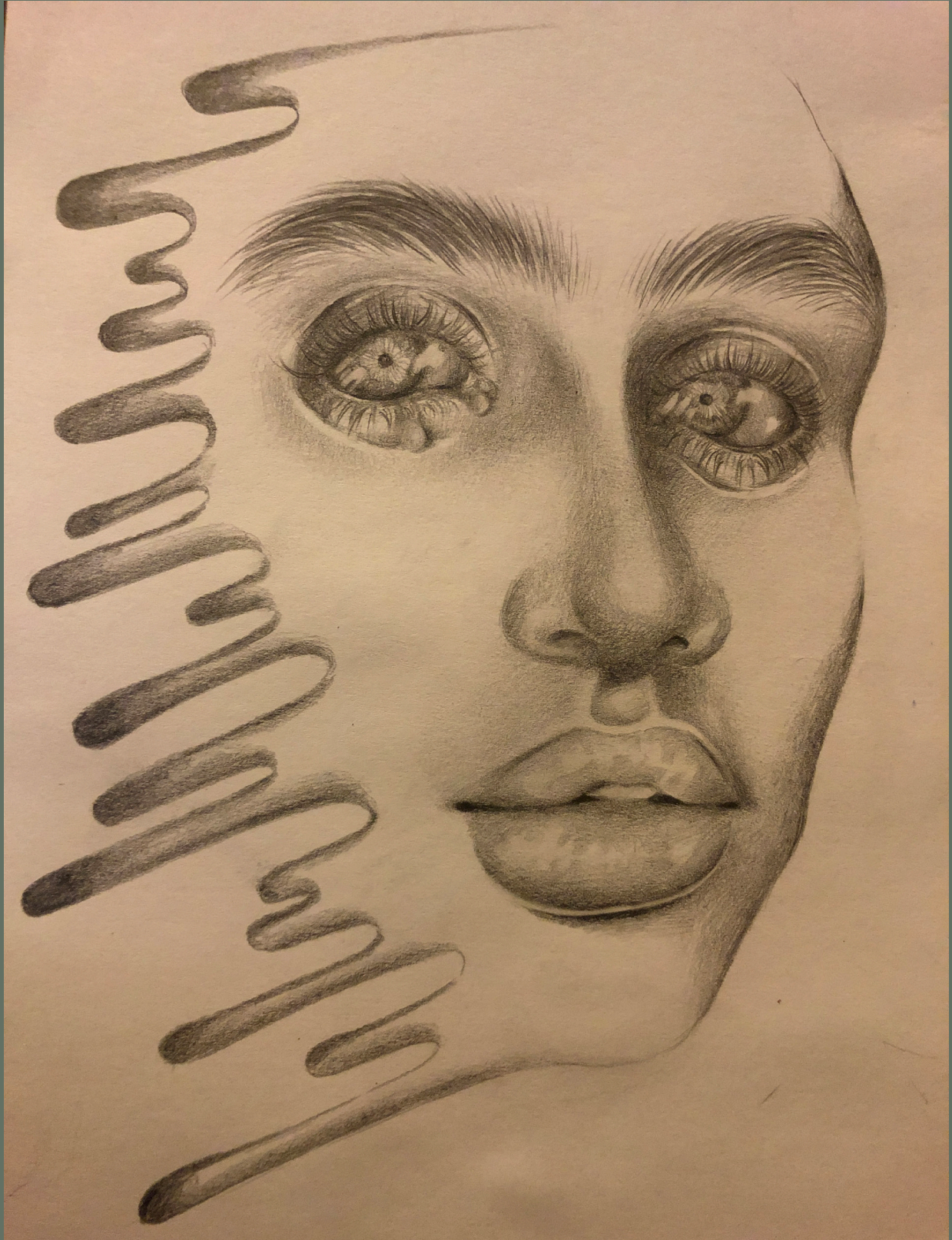
Person

By Jessica Allmond, Junior

They're the kind of person you'd climb mountains for
But they're also the kind of person
Who would not meet you halfway
The kind of person who says they would die for you
But has never been in harm's way
The kind of person who says they'll never lie to you
But also would say you never asked
They think it's funny when you fall
But if they do, you cannot laugh
The kind of person who likes to win
But if they lose they get mad
The kind of person who expects a gift
When they'll never get you something back
These kinds of people wonder
Why others stay away
If only they knew how hard it was



By Ellen Welty, Sophomore

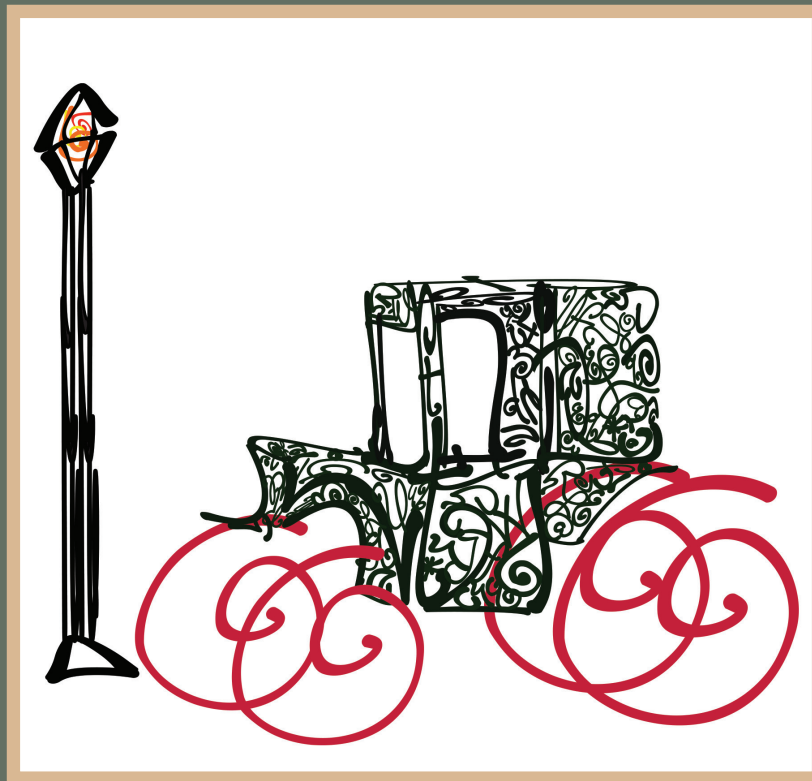


By Angellyna Leibensperger, Freshman

Time

By Ellen Welty, Sophomore

We walked along the board walk
Feeling nothing.
We didn't feel the air getting colder,
The sounds of the fair ending.
Not the steady rhythm of us walking
Not even our breath leaving us.
Slowly we started noticing
The sounds of children screaming gone
The steady rhythm of our feet
Our breath leaving
And most of all we felt
The time pass as we took our last breath.

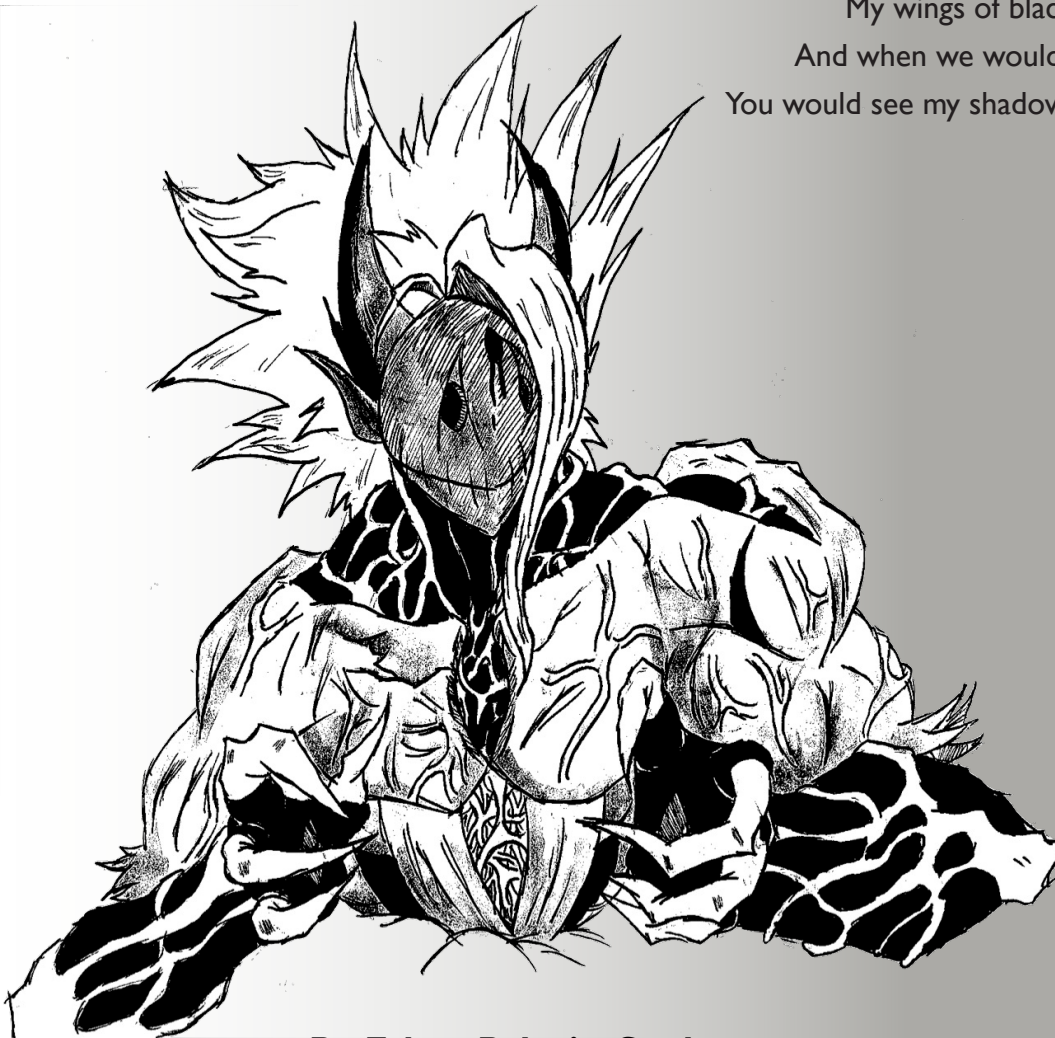


By Cori Neiffer, Senior

Purgatory

By Heber Alba, Senior

I would grow a set of horns,
And you would be an angel in my eyes
and I would be a devil,
And you would be the one to save my soul
You with a crown of light and stars
And I with a crown of fangs and thorns
Your wings of white and alabaster
My wings of black and obsidian
And when we would meet at the gates
You would see my shadows that your light makes.



By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore

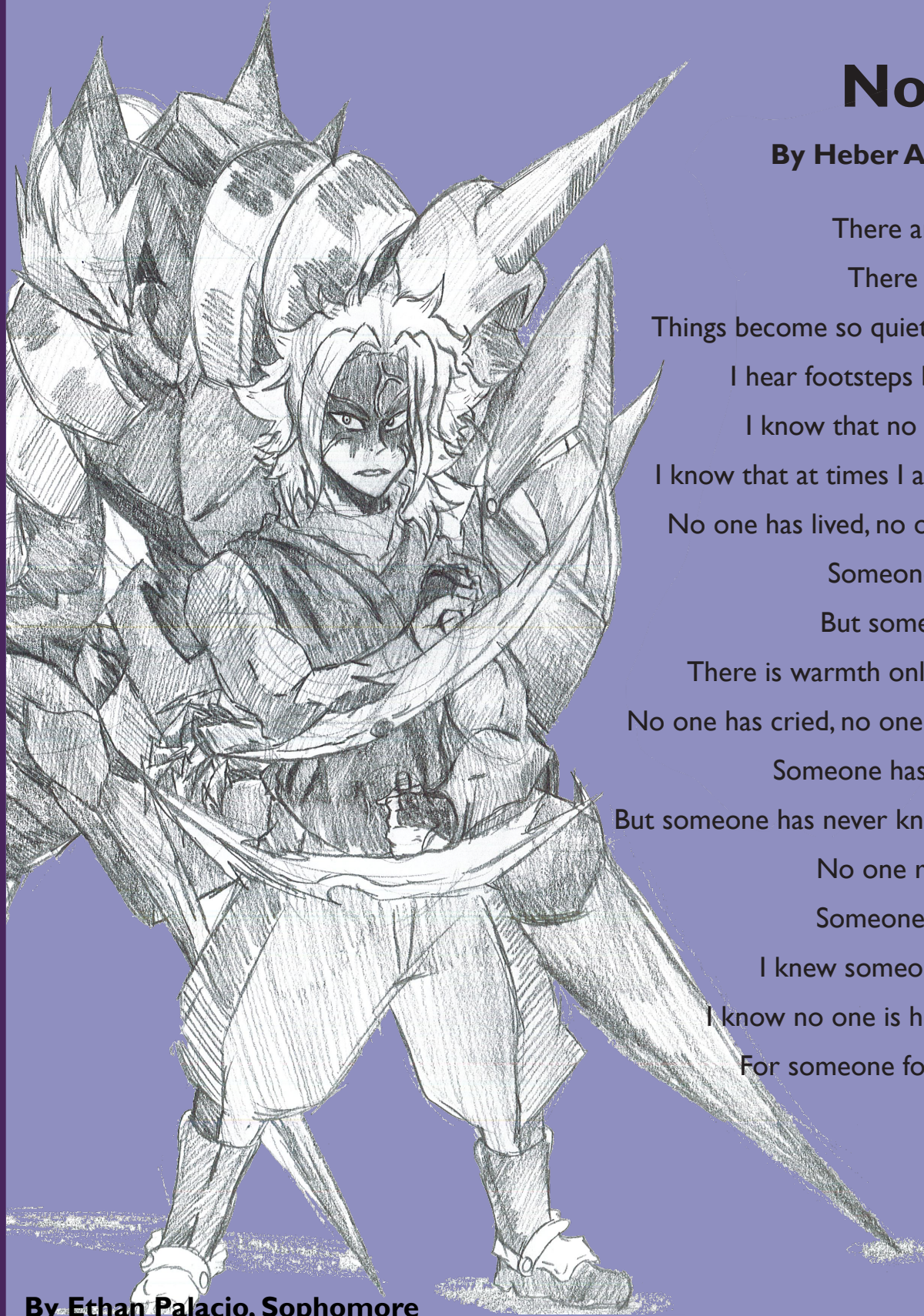
Devil Smile

By Heber Alba, Senior

You read the sentence in my eyes
You see the devil in my smile
Yet you call me kind
How stupid could you be to be so careless
All the dream and glamour for one last caress
Just the sweet lovely lips of death
You are lost on me as soon as I have given my last breath.



By Michaela Brennan, Senior

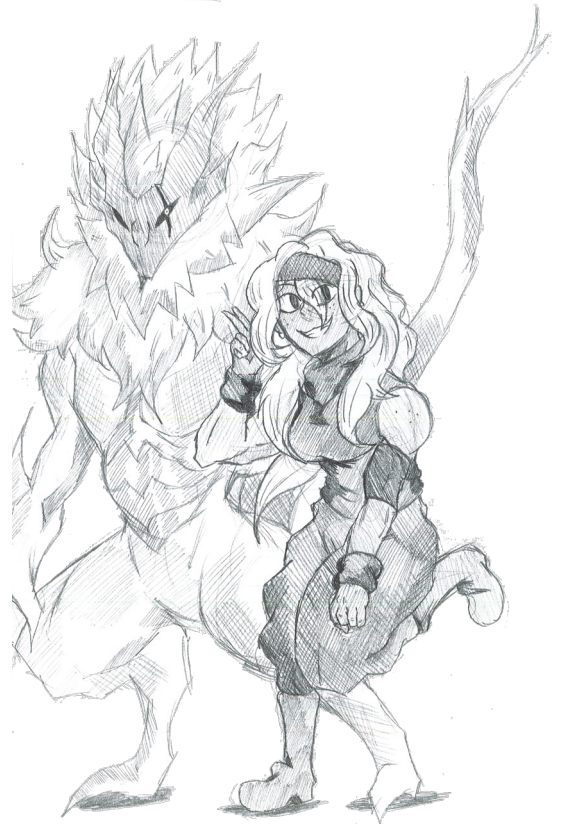


No One

By Heber Alba, Senior

There are no voices
There is only mine
Things become so quiet in my mind
I hear footsteps but I am still
I know that no one is there
I know that at times I am not there
No one has lived, no one had died
Someone was happy,
But someone is gone
There is warmth only in thought
No one has cried, no one has laughed
Someone has been silent,
But someone has never known no one
No one remembered
Someone many times
I knew someone very well
I know no one is here with me
For someone forgot no one

By Ethan Palacio, Sophomore





By Angelleyna Leibensperger, Freshman



By Valerie Messing, Senior

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