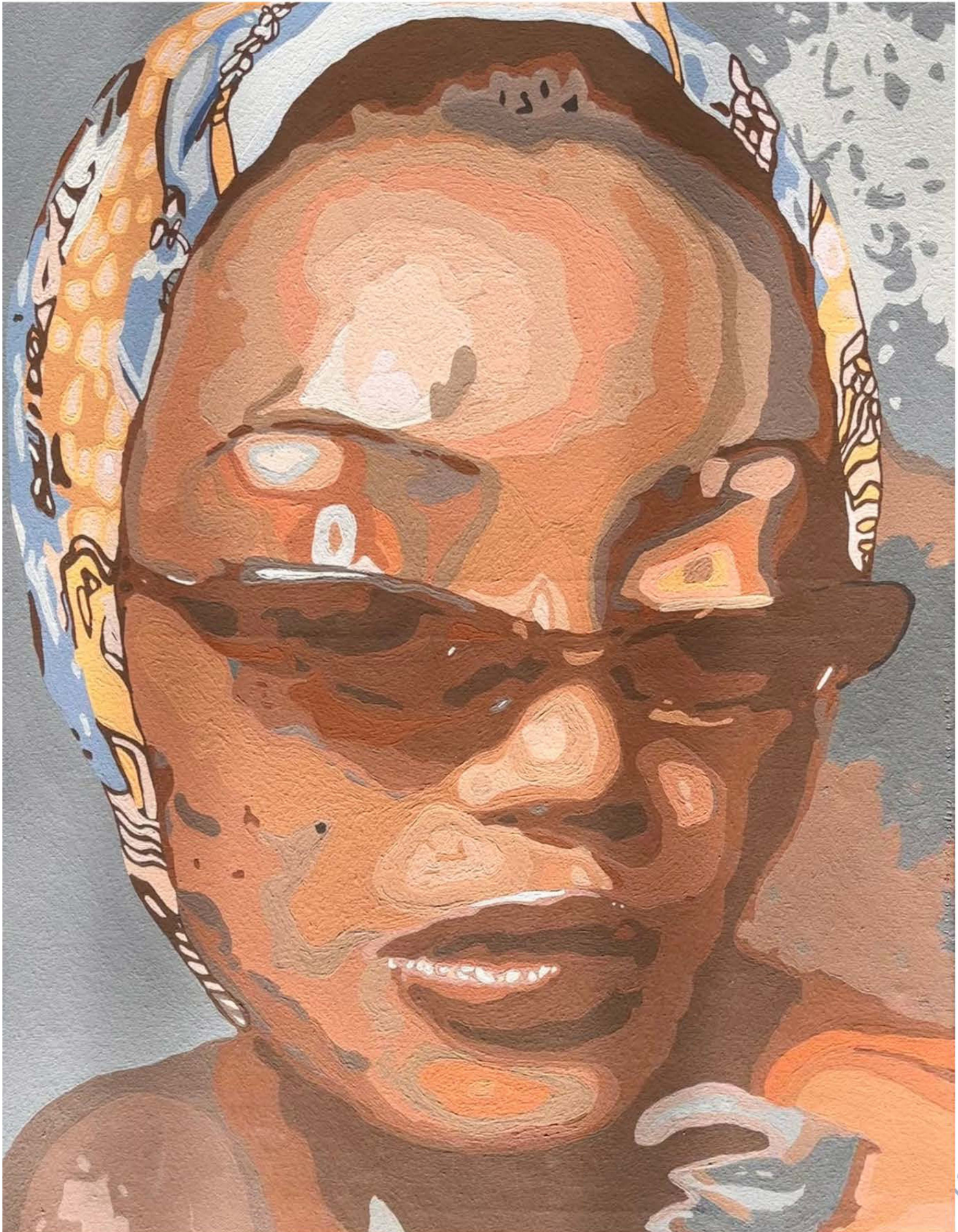


BULLIS SCHOOL



LITERARY ART MAGAZINE

2022 - 2023

10905





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10601 Falls Road  
Potomac, MD 20854

LOGOS

2022-2023

# CONTRIBUTORS



Toby Altman '26  
Simon Ashkin '26  
Sarah Ashkin '23  
Christina Akpan '25  
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Mason Charkatz '26  
Zaynah Crawley '26  
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Elizabeth Lai '24  
Gabby Langdon '26  
Abigail Lombardo '26  
Oliver Hammer '23  
Giselle Hughes '25  
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Leelas Minkara '24  
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# LOGOS

λόγος



AN ANCIENT GREEK CONCEPT  
MEANING THE DIVINE REASON  
IMPLICIT IN  
THE COSMOS,  
GIVING IT ORDER, FORM, AND  
MEANING





# A c k n o w l e d g e m e n t s

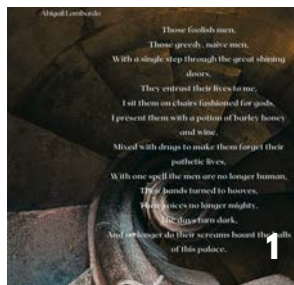
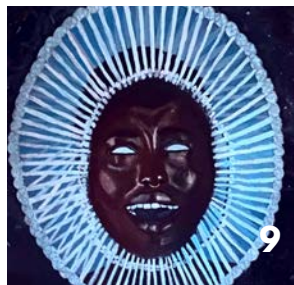
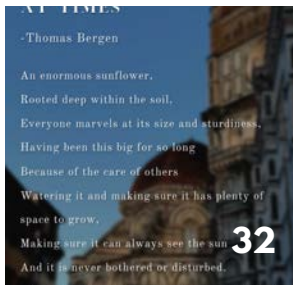
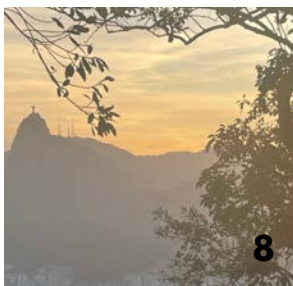
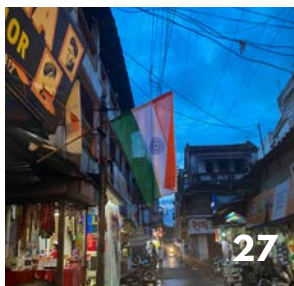
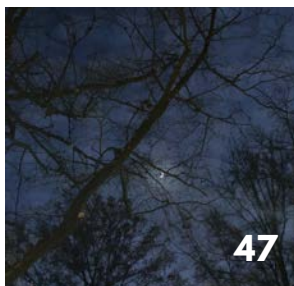
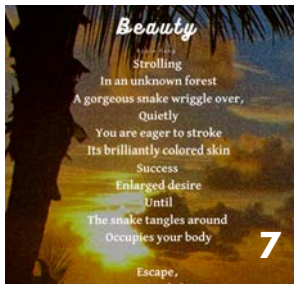
**The Logos Literary Art Magazine staff is grateful to the students of Bullis School who committed to producing a high quality literary and art publication. Logos represents the creative minds here at Bullis and we are grateful to be a part of this artistic expression of words and images. Thank you to all the readers who will enjoy this magazine.**

**We would like to thank the staff of the English and Art Departments for their tireless energy and dedication. We would also like to thank Mr. Bailey and Ms. Orr for consistently steering us in the right direction.**

**And lastly but not least, we would like to thank Mrs. Arphelia Cabell for her guidance, her tenacity, and most importantly, thank you for guiding us toward becoming professionals!**



# CONTENTS





# CIRCE

Abigail Lombardo

Those foolish men,  
Those greedy, naive men,  
With a single step through the great shining  
doors,  
They entrust their lives to me,  
I sit them on chairs fashioned for gods,  
I present them with a potion of barley honey  
and wine,  
Mixed with drugs to make them forget their  
pathetic lives,  
With one spell the men are no longer human,  
Their hands turned to hooves,  
Their voices no longer mighty,  
The days turn dark,  
And no longer do their screams haunt the halls  
of this palace.

Photo by: Apple Fang



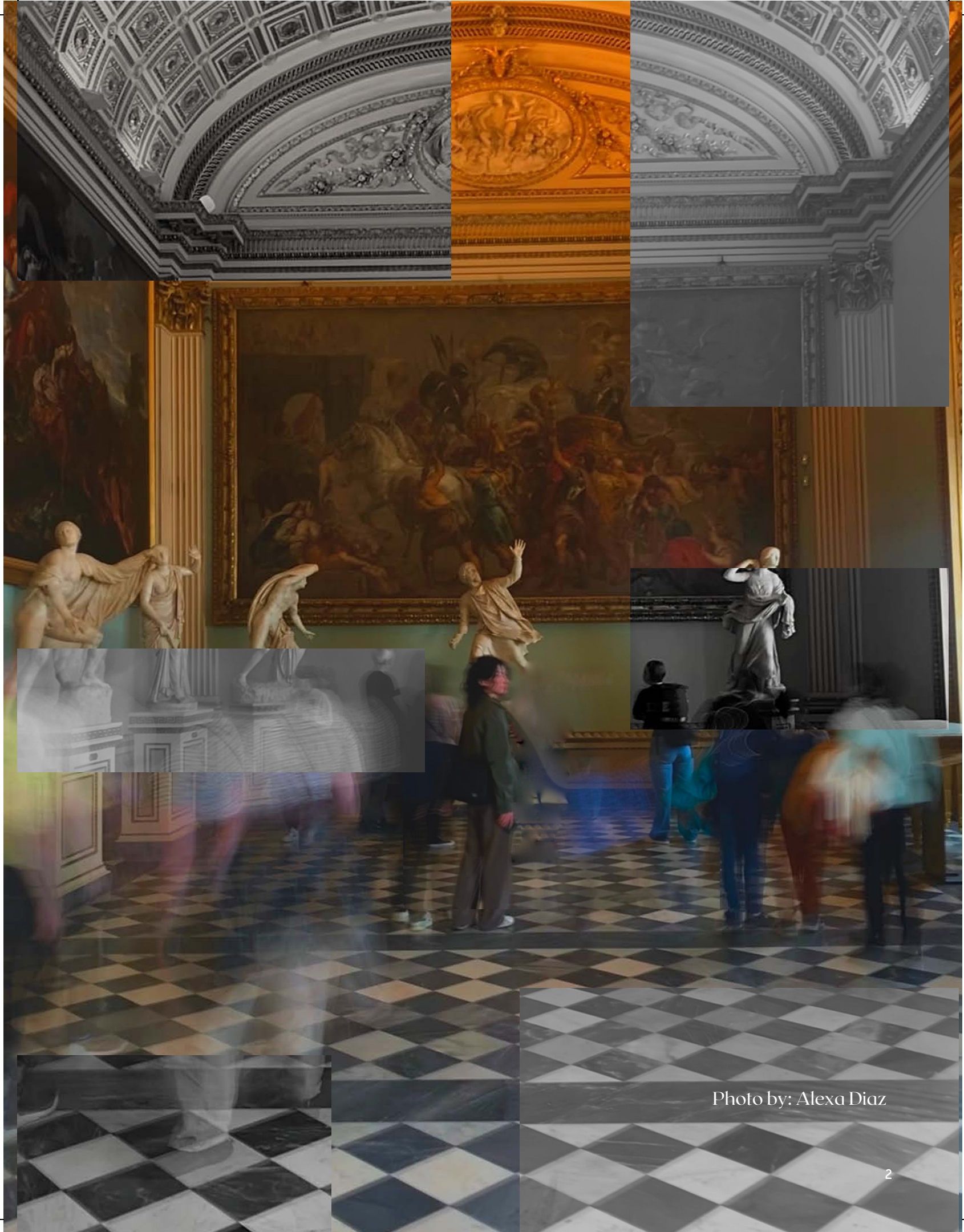


Photo by: Alexa Diaz

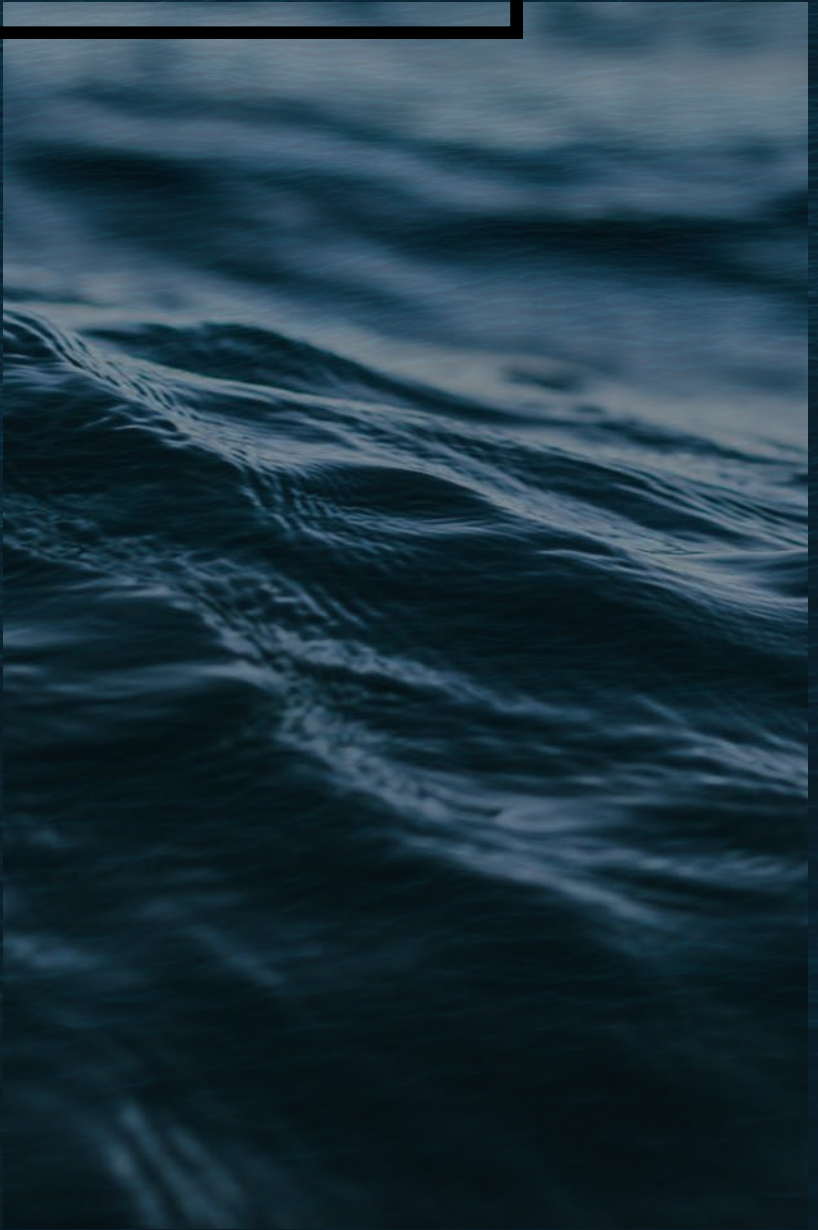


# MERMAIDS

## GISELLE HUGHES

If I could  
I'd be one with the sea,  
Swim to the bone-filled  
sandy, dark depths,  
And hug my ancestors.  
They knew a lot about  
trying to breathe  
Underwater.

I wonder...  
if I held a shell to my  
ear,  
Would I hear their  
screams?





time

Hope

the soul

poet.

Fix Itself

Artistry

TAIPEI, Taiwan

... enough,  
... reason to fight

author and food historian And  
Koerner. "I also only showed  
in Hungarian cookbooks in  
1930s," he added. "Today it's im-  
pensable to the Hungarian rep-  
ertoire." It's among the top 10 sig-  
nure Hungarian dishes, Maut  
said, "but it's not an ancient re-  
pe."

At his Hungarian-accent-  
Brooklyn restaurant Agi's Cor-  
ter, chef Jeremy Salamon ser-  
viced what he calls a "second-  
order" Hungarian cuisine. Agi's Cor-  
ter, a Hungarian-accent-  
be-  
sant, "but it's not an ancient re-  
sant Hungarian dishes. Many  
times, it's more the job to give  
Hungarian to the Hungarian rep-  
ertoire, but it's not a job. It's me-  
in Hungarian cookbooks in  
Koerner. "I also only showed  
author and food historian and

Linus Mekhaya

... reason to fight  
... caution





Lula 1



# TURBULENT STORM

Brooke Talbott

THE STREAM OF LIFE, EVER DIFFERENT YET NEVER-  
CHANGING

AT TIMES A TURBULENT STORM,  
AT TIMES A BABBLING BROOK

WITH LIVELY SEASONS OF CRYSTAL BLUE WATERS AND  
MURKY BROWN  
THE HUES OF GREEN, VIOLET AND MOMENTS OF  
STILLNESS  
ARE APPARENT IN THE EVER-PRESENT CURRENT OF IRIS'S  
SHADES  
THE GENTLE HUM OF THE WATER  
SINGS OF JOY, CHANGE, LOVE AND HOPE

DESTROYED BY DROUGHT BUT ONLY FOR A SEASON  
UNTIL THE BREATH OF FRESH RAIN BRINGS RENEWAL



Alexa Diaz



The background of the entire page is a photograph of a tropical sunset. On the left, the dark silhouette of a palm tree trunk and fronds is visible. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue, with a bright light source on the horizon. The water in the foreground reflects the colors of the sky.

# *Beauty*

Apple Fang

Strolling

In an unknown forest

A gorgeous snake wriggles over,

Quietly

You are eager to stroke

Its brilliantly colored skin

Success

Enlarged desire

Until

The snake tangles around

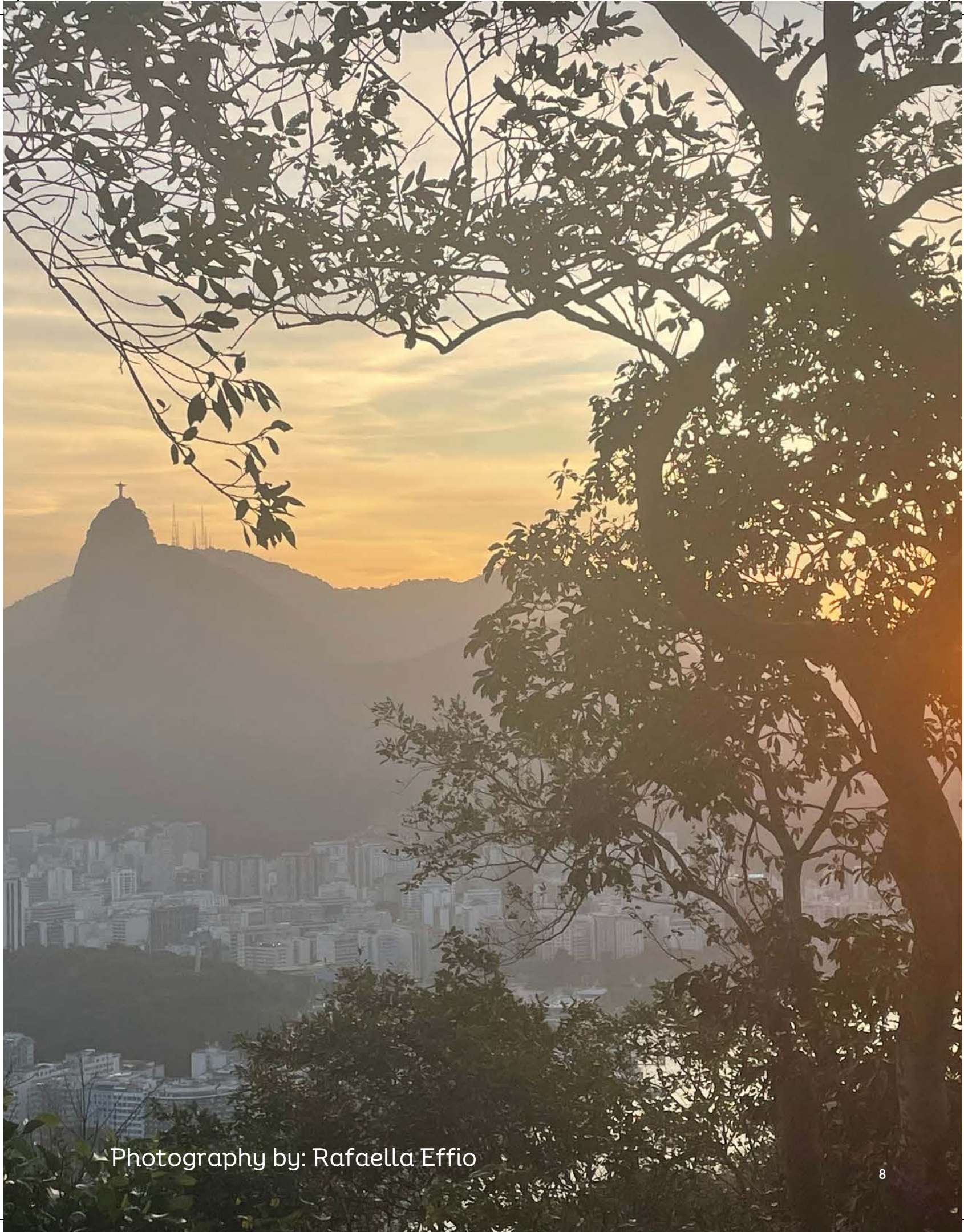
Occupies your body

Escape,

Becomes failure

Photography by: Christina Akpan





Photography by: Rafaella Effio





Donovan Simpson



# Jaws of Death

Gabby Langdon

I watch as that glimpse of hope fades away.  
I am desperate to stay alive.  
I raise my chin up high,  
Moving my arms and legs as fast as I can.  
I can only hope that I will not be the next victim of the blanket of doom.  
I look down,  
not knowing the world that lives beneath my toes.  
I am trying to gain enough breath to shout for help,  
But I am out too far.  
I am nowhere near hope,  
And hope is nowhere near me.  
I can feel my body shivering.  
I lift my head up,  
Watching as the light from the moon fades away.  
My head follows the rest of my body into the darkness.  
I am in a new world,  
Not knowing what creatures are crawling around me.  
Not knowing which one is going to choose me as their next victim.  
I only focus on that glimpse of light that the moon provides me.  
Everything is becoming a blur.  
I look down,  
And I see the jaws of death.  
Its mouth opens,  
And I see the black and red stained teeth.  
I can not control where I am going.  
I cannot stop my body from falling endlessly.  
I can only hope.  
I keep sinking and sinking,  
And those jaws of death open wider and wider.  
They approach me,  
Faster and faster.  
I look around,  
And I am surrounded by red.  
And only red.  
I look back,  
And I see the barrier closing.  
Its teeth are slowly moving down,  
Fitting together like puzzle pieces.  
The light fades away,  
And all hope is gone.  
For me,  
At least.  
Not for the giant shark I am now inside of.





By: NATHAN YANG





# TRANSIENT ECSTASY

ALEXA DIAZ

FOR YOU, I WOULD BECOME THE TIDE:  
ALWAYS COMING AND GOING,  
NO PLACE OF REFUGE,  
WASHING ONTO THE SHORE AND SEEING YOU,  
BUT BEING PULLED AWAY MOMENTS AFTER  
WITH NO GUARANTEE OF RETURN.  
GETTING THE CHANCE TO ADMIRE YOU WITH FLEETING GLANCES;  
THESE MOMENTS BECOME MY ECSTASY.

OUT IN THE UNABATING SEA,  
THE VAST REALM OF DARK BLUE PROVIDES NO COMFORT,  
THE SOLITUDE ONLY MAKING MY YEARNING FOR YOU STRONGER.  
AS TIME BLENDS FROM DAYS TO YEARS,  
MY BODY BEGINS TO ROT.  
MY BONES ONCE YOUNG AND AGILE NOW GRIND WITH EVERY MOVEMENT,  
MY ONCE LIFELIKE HANDS NOW RESEMBLE ONES OF A CORPSE,  
AND MY JAGGED BONES POKE OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION.  
MY MOVEMENTS FALTER AS MY STRENGTH DETERIORATES,  
AND MY VISION BLURS AS MY RETINAS DECAY.  
AS THE PROBABILITY OF SEEING YOU AGAIN DECLINES,  
MY HOPE DWINDLES,  
BUT THE IMAGE OF YOU IN MY MIND NEVER FADES.

IN A QUICK MOTION,  
I'M WASHING ONTO THE SHORE:  
TUMBLING OVER EDGED ROCKS,  
SHELLS STRIKING MY FACE, LEAVING DEEP GASHES,  
MY BLOOD WHIRLING INTO THE WAVE BEHIND ME.  
AND THEN I SEE YOU.  
YOUR FLEETING FIGURE REFLECTS ONTO MY EYE,  
HOPEFULLY BURNING INTO MY RETINA  
JUST SO I CAN ADMIRE YOU AFTER I LEAVE.

AGAINST MY WILL,  
I'M DRAGGED BACK INTO THE OCEAN,  
BUT, I FEEL NO DESPAIR AS I KNOW  
THE IMAGE OF YOU BRANDED ON MY EYES  
WILL PRESERVE MY LOVE UNTIL THE NEXT TIME WE MEET.



# HUMILITY

SIMON ASHKIN

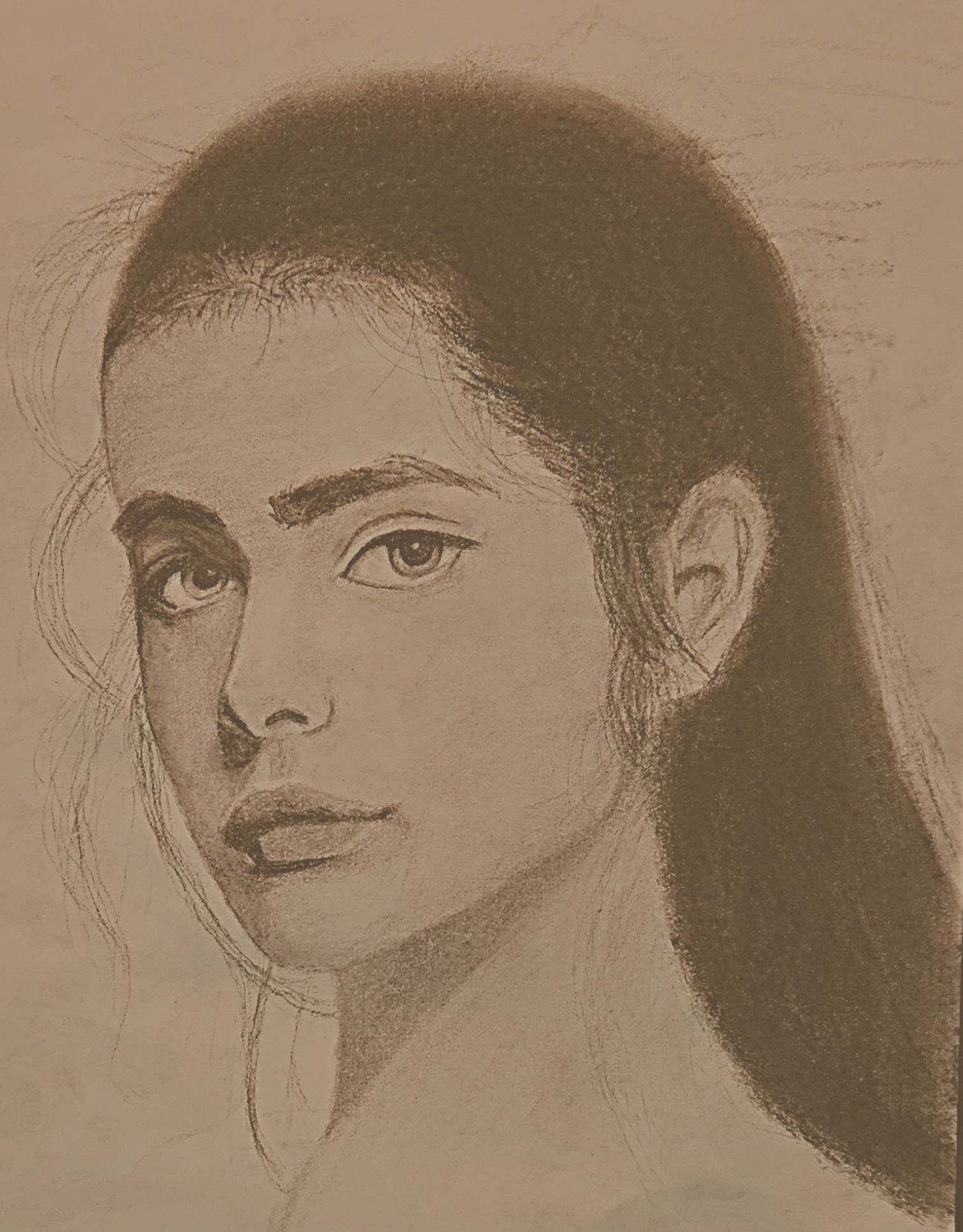
PLANTED MANY WINTERS AGO  
FIRST MY ROOTS WOULD SPREAD  
I NEVER WANTED TO BE TOO HIGH OR LOW  
BUT MERELY TO NOT BE TREAD

A TWIG SPRUNG UP, THEN TWO THEN THREE  
HOW I REJOICED AS I LEARNED  
THERE WERE OTHERS JUST LIKE ME  
WE ROSE TURN BY TURN

OH HOW MIGHTY AND HIGH MY BROTHERS ROSE  
AS I STAYED LOW TO THE FLOOR  
BUT AS THEY WERE FELLED, ONE BY ONE  
I KNEW I NEEDED NO MORE

AS THE MEN AND ANIMALS CAME AND WENT  
EONS, LIKE SECONDS, FLEW BY  
AS WHEN THE LAST MAN FELL I THEN KNEW  
THERE WAS NO ONE LEFT BUT I





*Ryan Malekzadeh*



Art by: Nathan Yang



WITH RACKET IN HAND AND HEART FULL OF GLEE,  
I STEP ONTO THE COURT AND FEEL FREE.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT AND THE WIND BLOWS FAIR,  
AS I SERVE AND RALLY, WITHOUT A CARE.

BACK AND FORTH, I GIVE IT MY ALL,  
WITH EVERY SHOT, I FEEL TEN FEET TALL.

THE THRILL OF THE GAME, I CANNOT EXPLAIN,  
IT LIFTS MY SPIRITS, EASES MY PAIN.

IN EVERY MATCH, THERES NEWFOUND JOY,  
AND I PLAY ON, I PLAY ON

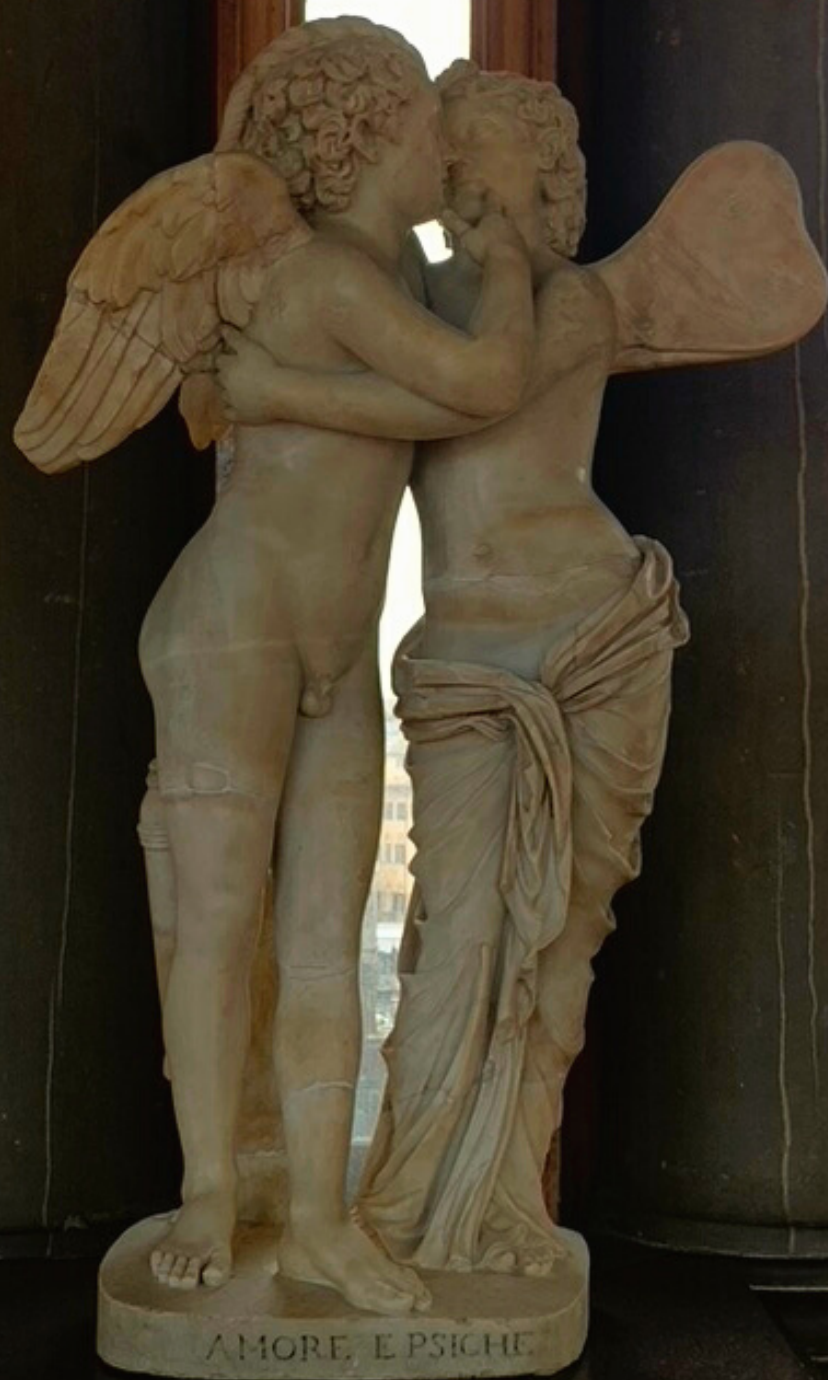
LIKE A KID WITH A TOY.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXA DIAZ







# True Beauty

by: Rafaella Effio

Everyone tests our beauty

Usually through the way we look

The way you sound

The way we handle ourselves

But in reality

That isn't all there is to beauty

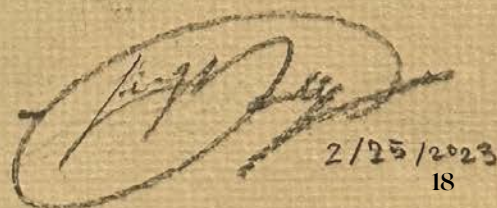
True beauty is what's within

Our past, our present, our future

Our stories & our knowledge

All that makes us, us

That's true beauty

  
2/25/2023  
18





Nothing is impossible, the word itself says  
'I'm possible'!"

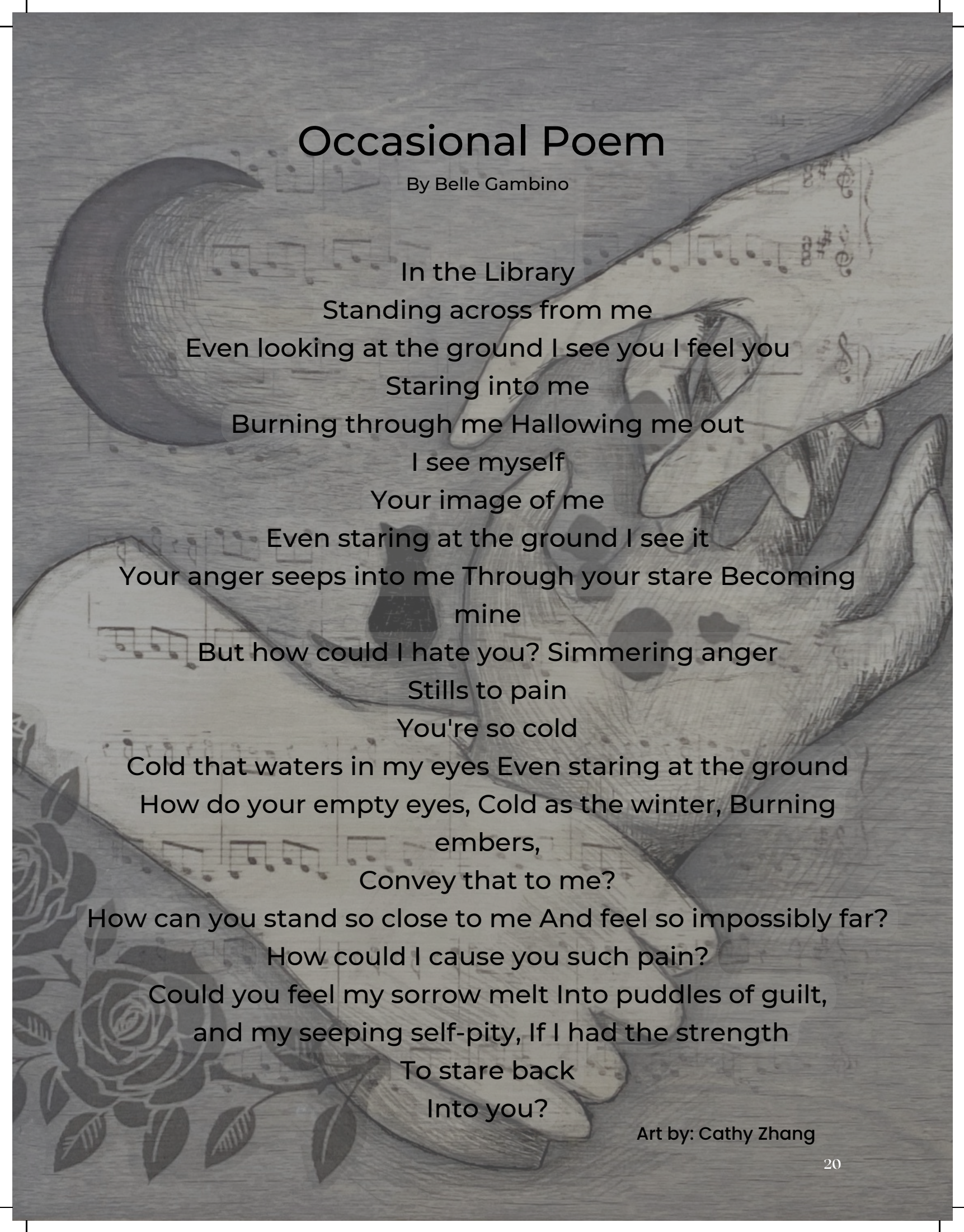
Art by Natalie Miller

Audrey Hepburn



# Occasional Poem

By Belle Gambino



In the Library  
Standing across from me  
Even looking at the ground I see you I feel you  
Staring into me  
Burning through me Hallowing me out  
I see myself  
Your image of me  
Even staring at the ground I see it  
Your anger seeps into me Through your stare Becoming  
mine  
But how could I hate you? Simmering anger  
Stills to pain  
You're so cold  
Cold that waters in my eyes Even staring at the ground  
How do your empty eyes, Cold as the winter, Burning  
embers,  
Convey that to me?  
How can you stand so close to me And feel so impossibly far?  
How could I cause you such pain?  
Could you feel my sorrow melt Into puddles of guilt,  
and my seeping self-pity, If I had the strength  
To stare back  
Into you?

Art by: Cathy Zhang

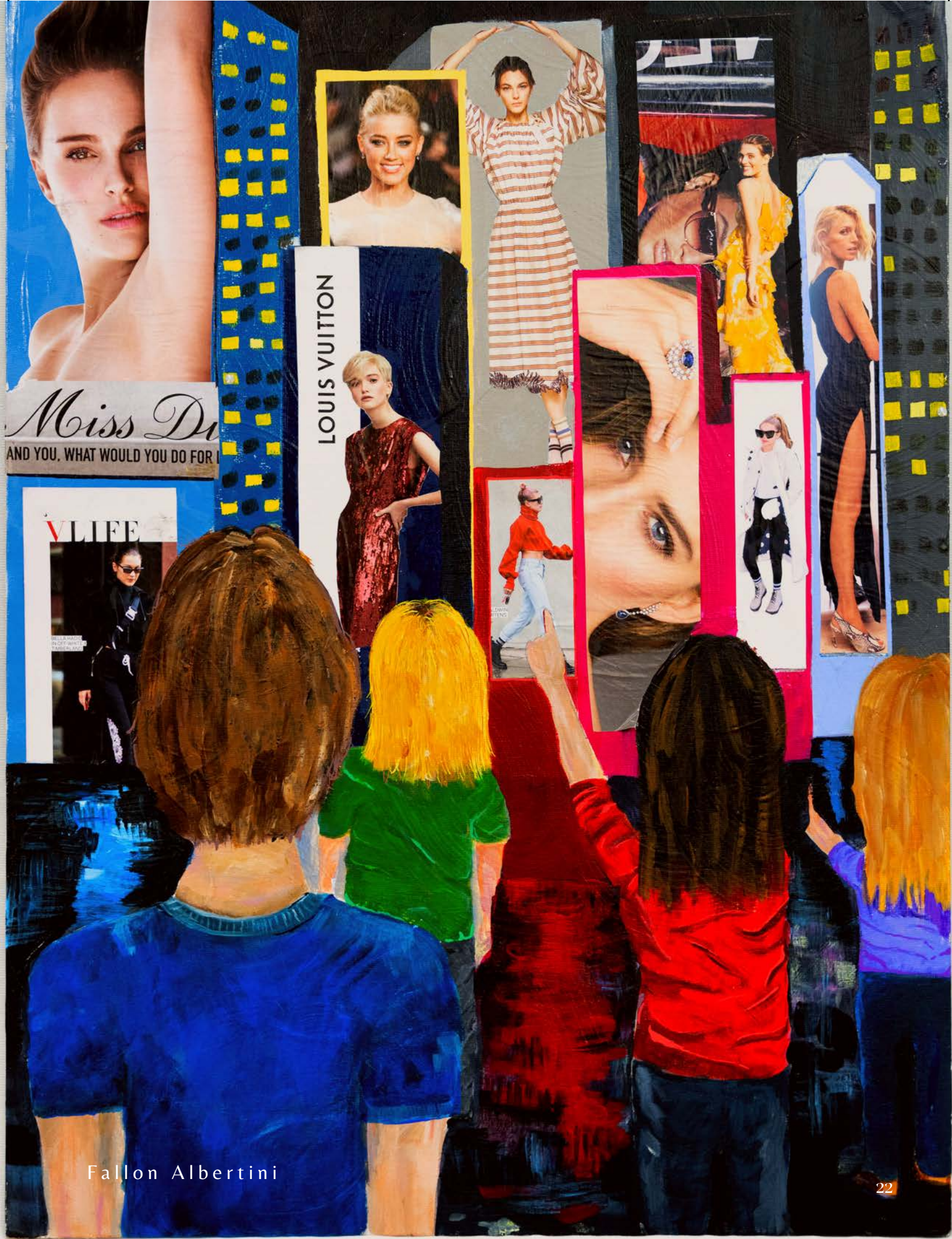




Nathan Yang

人——全职 全心全意  
Short 21 房买卖专家





*Miss Dior*  
AND YOU, WHAT WOULD YOU DO FOR I

LOUIS VUITTON

V LIFE



# Glass Flames, Purple Flowers

Giselle Hughes

*...Our beloved citadel sits in the center of Agrath. It is famously known as the Glass Cathedral, though its official and less common name is The Cathedral of Theron. It was conceptualized by the great Lester Theron, and while he did not live to see its completion, it was quickly named after him. The cathedral has stood, with its famous, beautiful glass dome for thousands upon thousands of years. Despite Agrath's architectural modernity today, the Cathedral is the one "ancient" building with many wooden structures from the aged era. It is a popular tourist attraction, and a place many families frequent, for it tells the story of our dear city.*

Excerpt from "Agrath's important features"

Dear Diary,

Today is seventh day, year 7894. I woke up at the first quarter. Mother and I decided to go shopping. She has been experiencing frequent morning sickness (due to my brother growing in her belly) but today she is well. In class, we are learning about the importance of routine. So, here is my morning routine on breakdays. First I wake up and make my bed. You need to pull back the pale sheet, fold the blue blanket and fluff my pillow. Then, I get my clothes from my desk chair. I always get my clothes out the night before, because that is a sign of a prepared person. Then I put my clothes on and go scrub my face and brush my teeth in the bathroom.

I share a bathroom with my mother, father, Lida, and grandmother now, but soon I'll have my own. We are moving when the new baby comes. I will be a big sister! This morning I took it upon myself to wipe the dusty mirror, and then make funny faces. If you hold another mirror up to the mirror, then it makes this infinite image, where you see your reflection staring back at you hundreds of times. It was warm out today so mother and I walked to the market. We first stopped to get fish for dinner, the fish part of the market always smells of guts, and then we headed to the fruit section. Along the way, sly vendors lined the cobbled path offering me trinkets: A green bracelet for protection, some hair oil for beauty, and a peach that grants eternal life. My mother denies all of this and says "Bashke!" which means go away. I repeat her when she does this, she smiles and so I know I make her proud. We bought five pluqa today, one for each of us. The prices have raised drastically, father mentioned something about the new government, and some of the ports have closed. It is not often we get fresh fruit, so we jumped at the opportunity.



Father, Lida, and grandmother met us after our shopping so we could all go to the Glass Cathedral. Mother said it was important we visited once a week, as the baby's due date approached. She did this for Lida and me and "*kunkali ga jungoo*", it will bring good health. It got hot around midday so I indulged in my pluqa. I had to eat it with both of my hands, and I slurped loudly to stop the bright purple juice from running down my brown chin. Lida and I stood outside of the cathedral so the father could take our picture. Our shadows fell behind us, and I laughed because it appeared as if I was taller than Lida. She did not hesitate to mention she was still three years older. After that, we headed inside. I had to place my diary in the small cubbies up front. It is disrespectful to hold onto things of that nature inside. I will write about what happens.

-Ziza

#### POLICE REPORT

Case#: 178280    Date: Seventh-day, 7894

Reporting Officer: Carmyn Savoy

Incident: Destruction of the Glass Cathedral

-----  
---  
Detail of Event: Shortly after midday, I was making my morning rounds. There had been frequent disturbances at the pub, the same vendor coming in to offer his unwanted wears, drinking too much, and then causing trouble. This was the third day the pub had called about him, so I marched in today with a warrant for his arrest. The pub, Irish Curse, is on the corner of Ember Ln. and Devil's Rd. I was walking up the front steps when all of a sudden I heard something between a boom and a bang. It is by far the loudest sound I have ever heard, and that we now know has ever been recorded. I turned quickly and found myself looking at the Glass Cathedral. The top, the famous dome, was surrounded by a ring of smoke...before I watched the whole thing implode. The dome caved in on itself, and screams could be heard for miles. I did not hear what was said on the radio but immediately took off toward the cathedral. I was only a block away at the time. I arrived at a harrowing sight. All but one were dead. In the center of the bottom floor, a girl who was later identified as Aziza Hunter stood surrounded by large glass shards. They were tightly packed around her and it took a while to get her free. Besides the emotional trauma, she suffered only a cut on her wrist.


Read the rest of the story at

<https://www.bullis.org/student-life/student-publications#logos>







A woman with reddish-brown hair in a ponytail, wearing a dark blue, sleeveless, pleated dress, is captured in a dance pose. She is barefoot and looking down. The background is a solid purple wall, and the floor is dark. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong purple hue.

*IN RELEASE I FIND  
DESTRUCTION,  
IN CONTRACTION I OPEN,  
WHEN I WRITE OUT MY MIND I  
GET IT WRONG,  
AND I SIT AND STARE AT MY  
REFLECTION,  
CAREFUL OF WHO I CHOOSE TO  
SEE,  
I FIND DIFFERENCES IN THE  
MEANING OF EXISTING AND  
LIVING,  
AM I DOING ONE OR THE  
OTHER,  
I AM IN WHAT ONE WOULD CALL  
A TRANSITION PERIOD*

*SARAH ASHKIN*





Photography by Noor Khandpur



GIEFANG RHBAO

# 解放日報

本市版

大前門香煙

# 新青年

半月刊  
第一卷 第一期

朝鮮前線輝煌勝利  
大軍疾進收復平壤  
朝軍與我志願部隊昨午入城  
美李匪軍殘部狼狽向南潰退



毛主席  
萬歲



中國人民再接再厲圍攻戰門

上海畫報

進步日報

李承晚匪幫發動內戰  
越三八線攻擊北朝鮮  
朝鮮共和國陸海軍抵抗展開激戰  
內務部警告偽政府連日停止進攻



東北工人、農民、學生  
紛紛表示志願赴朝參戰

談欽差大臣的演出

朝鮮人民在我們人民志願部隊  
在溫井雲山一帶  
擊潰李匪軍四個師  
敵傷亡慘重四散潰退

Nathan Yang







# Marine Pollution...

Two words...

Two words make all of the difference...

Two different outcomes...

One that could preserve the beauty and mysticality of the ocean...

And one that could be devastating for all.

No more sushi.

Birds who eat fish get full of plastic and die of starvation.

Humans drink plastic that messes with our immune systems.

Is this the world that we really want to live in?

If we do not do anything  
this will soon be the world that we live and die in.

Will our children be able to clean up the mess that we have  
made?

Right now we are the kids.  
The kids who are still in high school.  
The kids that are still in college.  
We cannot wait.

The corrupt will be dead before there are consequences  
As we suffer because of the mistakes of past generations.

By Mason Charkatz



via  
**G. Pascoli**



# **Everyone Needs Help At Times**

*-Thomas Bergen*

*An enormous sunflower,  
Rooted deep within the soil,  
Everyone marvels at its size and sturdiness,  
Having been this big for so long  
Because of the care of others  
Watering it and making sure it has plenty of  
space to grow,  
Making sure it can always see the sun  
And it is never bothered or disturbed.  
But the moment people start thinking it  
doesn't need help,  
It dies.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXA DIAZ



# THE SUN

The sun,  
courageously providing light  
to planets big and small

A beacon of hope and positivity  
for the lush and vast lifeforms  
below

giving life and energy so  
they can live another day

Free to shine its rays  
where it pleases  
illuminating the solar  
system





**DONOVAN OZUNA SIMPSON**





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXA DIAZ



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXA DIAZ



# "EGO DEATH"

BY OLIVER HAMMER



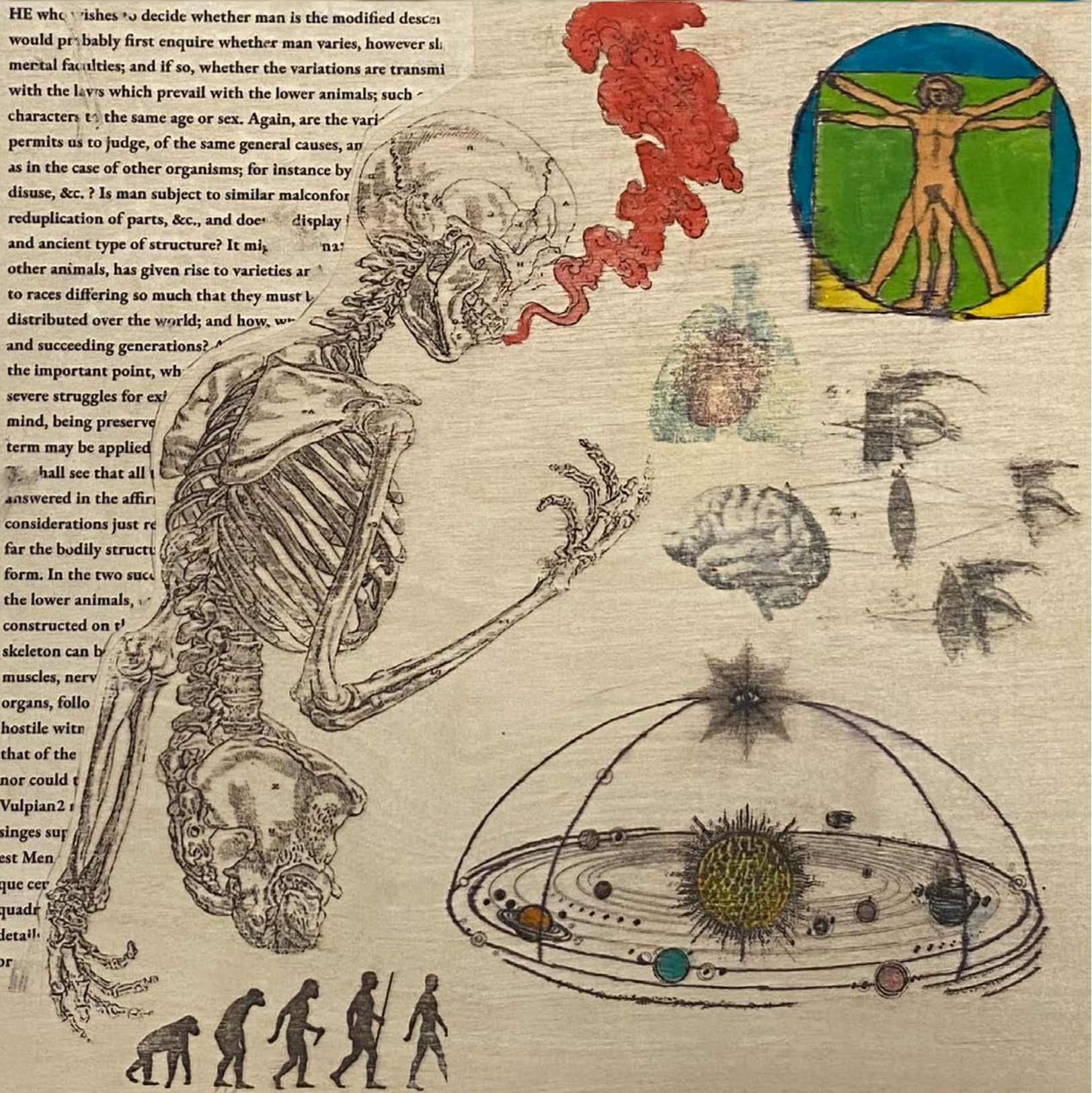
THE EGO IS STRIPPED AWAY,  
I AM COSMICALLY INSIGNIFICANT,  
"I" IS A FOREIGN CONCEPT NOW  
THIS BODY WAS BUILT FROM RANDOMNESS AND  
CHAOS,  
THIS MIND FUNCTIONS ON ELECTRICAL SIGNALS,  
FABRICATING AN ILLUSION OF SELF,  
I DON'T MATTER,  
YOU DON'T MATTER,  
AND THAT IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL THING





HE who wishes to decide whether man is the modified descendant would probably first enquire whether man varies, however slightly, in mental faculties; and if so, whether the variations are transmitted with the laws which prevail with the lower animals; such characters to the same age or sex. Again, are the variations permitted to us to judge, of the same general causes, as in the case of other organisms; for instance by disuse, &c. ? Is man subject to similar malconformations, reduplication of parts, &c., and does he display the same ancient type of structure? It might be said, that, like other animals, man has given rise to varieties adapted to races differing so much that they must be distributed over the world; and how, we ask, have they arisen, and succeeding generations?

At the important point, where the struggle for existence is severe, the struggle for existence, mind, being preserved, the term may be applied. We shall see that all the answers in the affirmative. The considerations just referred to, far the bodily structure, form. In the two succeeding the lower animals, constructed on the skeleton can be muscles, nervous organs, follow hostile with that of the nor could the Vulpian2 singes support est Men que cer quadr detail. br







RAFAELLA EFFIO




# LOVE?



AUTUMN,  
HAVING LOVE WITH WINTER,  
OFFERING HER ENDEARMENT:  
TAKING THE SCARLET OFF,  
BLOWING UP THE NAKED ICINESS,  
INNOCENCE,  
IS WHAT OTHERS TOLD HER,  
WIZEN LEAVES,  
IS HER RESPONSE,  
BUT  
THE BLEACHED COLOSSUS REVIVES,  
GUSHING THE TRUTH  
SHE DISCARDS ALL HER PRECIOUS  
ONLY FOR  
THE COMING BLIZZARD  
HIS LAST RESPONSE,  
IS THE COVERED WORLD





# THE MISEDUCATION OF LAURYN HILL



DONOVAN OZUNA SIMPSON





# MISEDUCATION

BY: RAFAELLA EFFIO

PEOPLE TRY TO MAKE ME WHAT THEY WANT

THEY TRY TO MAKE UP MY MIND

THEY TAKE CHARGE

THEY MAKE THE CHOICES

BUT NO

I MAKE UP MY OWN MIND

I TAKE CHARGE

I MAKE THE CHOICES

NOW I DEFINE ME

MY OWN LIFE

MY OWN DESTINY



# 7-day cycle

Naila Younes

Monday feels like driving to school in the rain

Tuesday, there must be another hurricane

Wednesday most of the water luckily drained

It is Thursday when I finally feel less numb in my brain

But it is too late, as it is already Friday, no need to complain

Saturday, nothing to do, nothing to gain

I do wonder on and on about the feeling I have to maintain,

But before I know it, it's already Sunday, and this constant

loop drives me insane





Photography by Audree Zulf



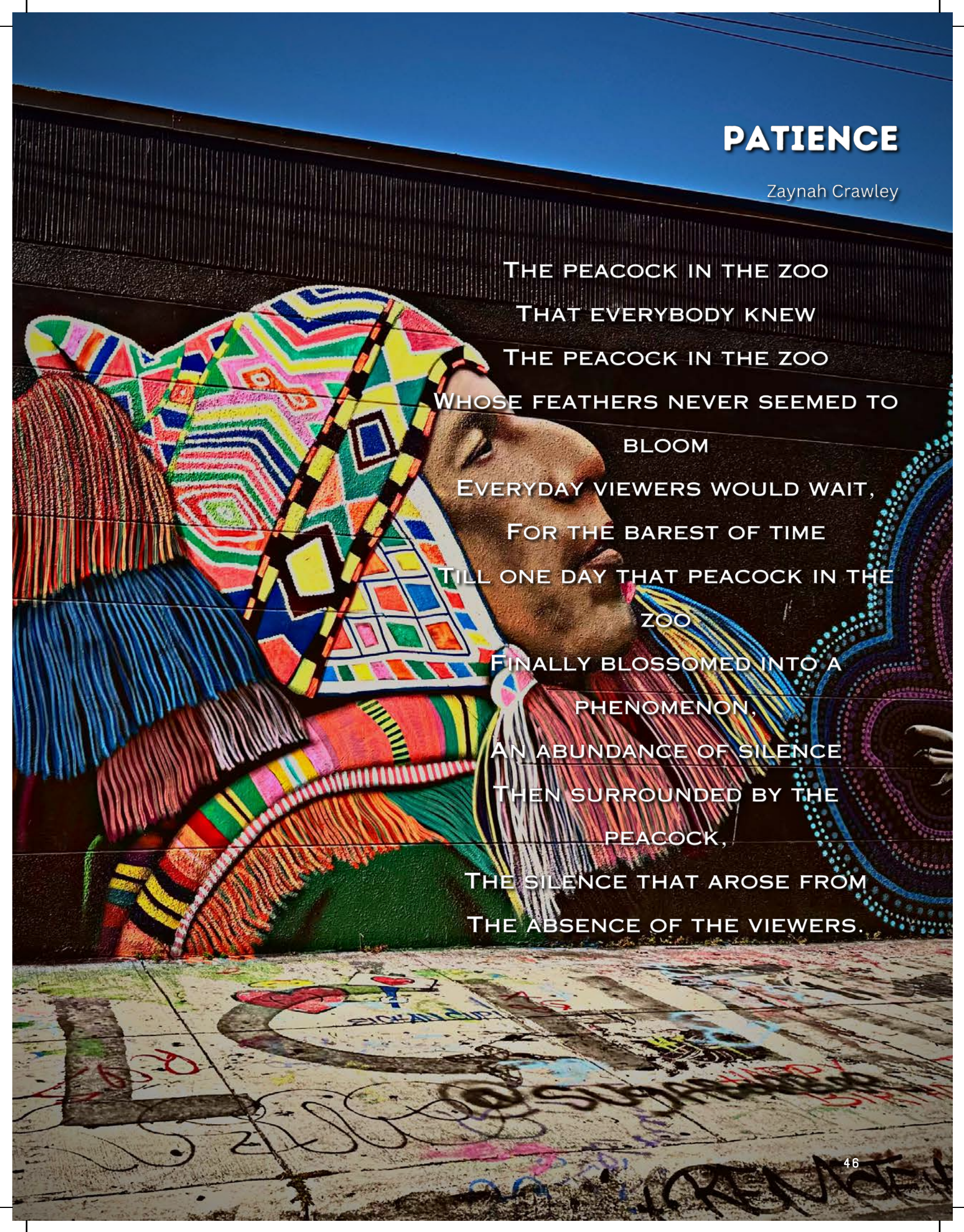


RAFAELLA EFFIO



# PATIENCE

Zaynah Crawley



THE PEACOCK IN THE ZOO  
THAT EVERYBODY KNEW  
THE PEACOCK IN THE ZOO  
WHOSE FEATHERS NEVER SEEMED TO  
BLOOM  
EVERYDAY VIEWERS WOULD WAIT,  
FOR THE BAREST OF TIME  
TILL ONE DAY THAT PEACOCK IN THE  
ZOO  
FINALLY BLOSSOMED INTO A  
PHENOMENON,  
AN ABUNDANCE OF SILENCE  
THEN SURROUNDED BY THE  
PEACOCK,  
THE SILENCE THAT AROSE FROM  
THE ABSENCE OF THE VIEWERS.





Photography by Noor Khandpur



# tempestuous

*submitted anonymously*

The weather has started to turn  
The light fading from the vast sky  
Clouds racing for position over the ocean  
Who's waves have already begun to churn  
Lightning flashes the water in vain  
Knowing that it can not destroy the waves  
The sky overlooks fragments of a ship  
Barrels, chests, and masts soaked by rain

The remnants of a deceptive map floats  
With an X marking the spot of nothing  
Their demise in search of a mirage  
Unaware of the heavy danger of boats  
The wind blows, churning seas with force  
A little glass bottle riding the waves  
A message of love to back home  
A letter telling of a changed course

A yell of weather station lies  
Clouds dumping anguish on the ocean  
Rain smacks the lid of the glass  
The thunder and its echoing cries  
I blow and blow through the air  
Stoking the waves, pushing clouds  
Mangling and plowing the clear jar to shore

The clouds dissipate as they burn  
They see their end and begin to cry  
Thunder and Lightning pause their commotion  
The sun tells everyone to adjourn  
And as the bottle floats, on the calm sea  
A reminder of what the ship has overcome  
As it sits at the bottom of the ocean in pieces  
Finding the treasure was not supposed to be



# FRUIT TREES

Giselle Hughes

They say beauty is pain.

Does that mean my pain is beautiful?

Please say it's so.

Let's say this spilled blood is pretty,

And her crooked teeth are

Chique, and her bleak casket is

Gorgeous.

They opened her casket and,

Her face was stone cold.

The only way I knew she, was she,

Was because screams clawed their  
way

Up my raw throat, past my chapped  
lips.

Her, my sister.

They say that beauty blooms like a  
Flower.

My sister grew strong like a tree.

A mighty oak, with strong roots that

Stretched deep, and branches

That reached far and

I lived happily in her shadow.

I hope I too grow strong like a tree,

Let my branches stretch toward  
heaven

-I try to console my mother but she

Crumbles under the weight of

Her cries-

I hope my roots drink crisp water

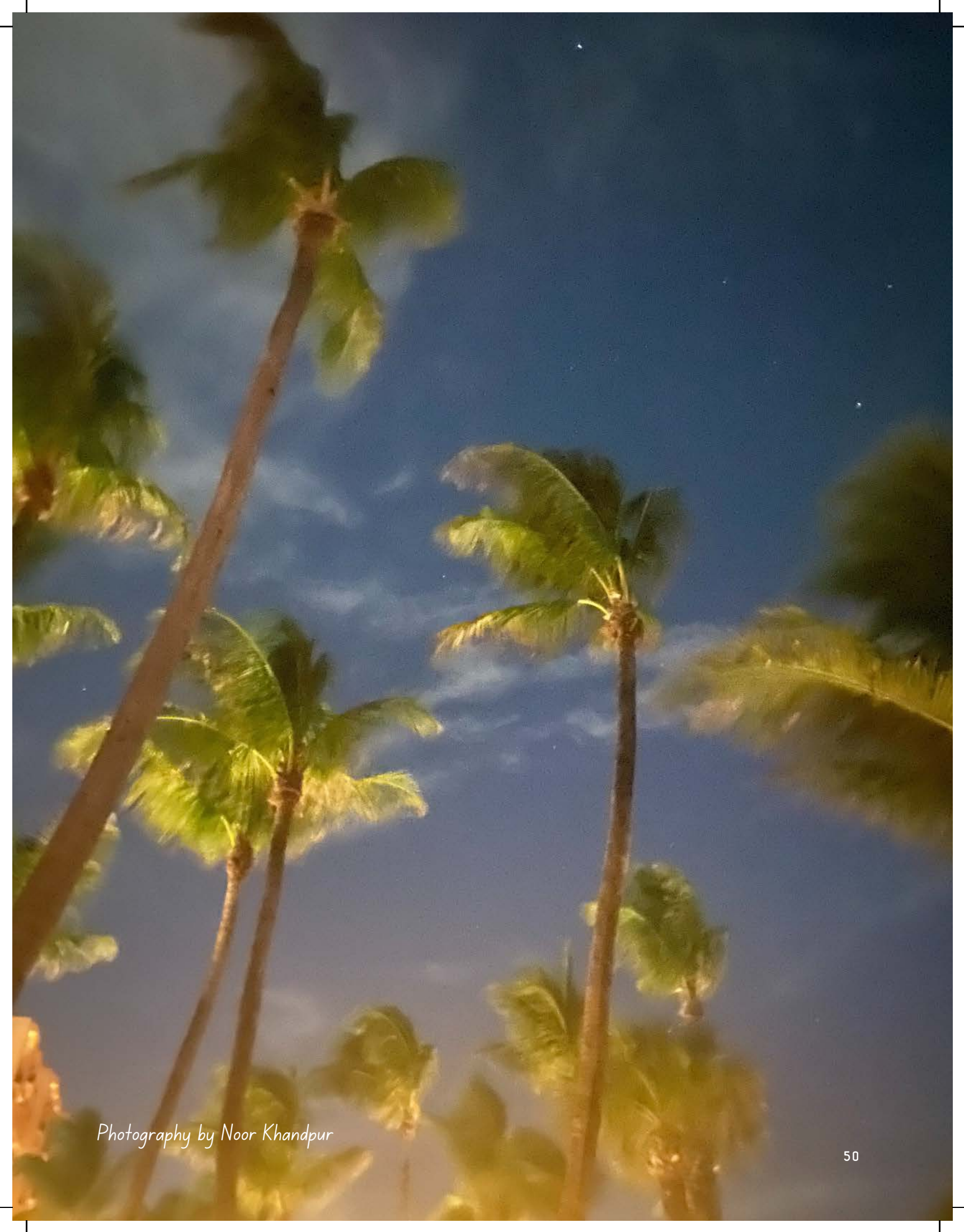
Let someone else find peace

In my shade, and I pray the fruit I bear  
Is sweet.

Amen.








*Photography by Noor Khandpur*





Photography by: Noor Khandpur



By: Saphia Moore

## I LOVE WAKING UP, KNOWING I AM LOVED

I LOVE GAINING THE ABILITY TO FIND LOVE

I LOVE SEEING PEOPLE I LOVE, LEARN TO LOVE EACH OTHER

I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE CHANGE FOR THE BETTER,

# BECAUSE OF LOVE

## I LOVED MY FIRST SIGHT OF REAL LOVE

I LOVED FEELING AS IF I WAS THE ONLY ONE BEING LOVED

# I LOVED, AND STILL LOVE, BEING LOVED

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# SLEEP

Toby Altman

Sleep,

Like a Battery, we recharge

In a dream world

Where stress and worries disappear

A heaven of peace

There are no troubles in this world

Your mind is set free

Wandering wherever it wants to be

Sleep brings stability to you

“Rinnnnnnngggg!

Your alarm chimes

Guess it's time.





By Elizabeth Lai



# AN ODE TO HOME

BY: BLAKE DWORKEN

OH, HOME SWEET HOME,  
A TRULY MAGICAL PLACE,  
WHERE YOUR FAMILY RESIDES,  
AND COUNTLESS MEMORIES ARE MADE.

HOME IS YOUR SAFE HAVEN,  
YOUR PROTECTION FROM THE OUTSIDE,  
BUT ALSO YOUR BEST FRIEND,  
A BEGINNING OF WHAT'S TO COME.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO MAKE A HOME,  
JUST A ROOF, WALLS, AND FLOOR,  
BUT THE ATMOSPHERE THAT A HOME CREATES,  
IS ONE LIKE NO OTHER.

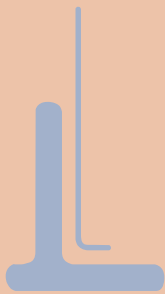
YOUR SUBTLE GREETING WHENEVER I RETURN,  
MADE UP OF SEEING YOUR WORN-OUT CINDER BRICKS,  
AND THE DISTINCT SMELL OF INSIDE,  
IS ONE THAT I KNOW WILL FOREVER BE THERE,  
TO WELCOME ME HOME.

AND WHEN IT IS FINALLY TIME TO PART WAYS,  
AND SAY YOUR FINAL GOODBYES,  
YOU WILL FEEL MELANCHOLY,  
LOOKING BACK ON ALL THE MEMORIES YOU'VE MADE  
AND GOOD TIMES YOU'VE HAD  
BUT YOU WILL ALSO BE FOREVER GRATEFUL,  
THAT YOU WERE ABLE TO CALL THIS PLACE YOUR HOME.









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