

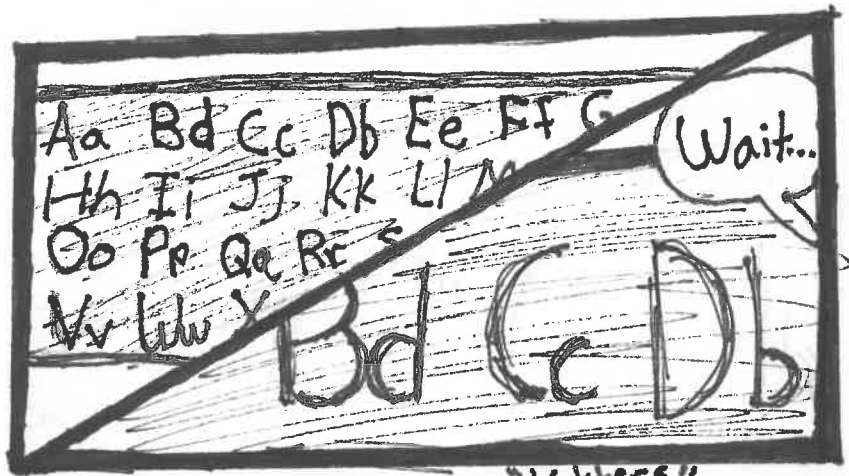
MRHS

SANDSCRIPT

WRITING CLUB!
2022



"Printer: Part 1"



"letters"



"Printer: Part 2"



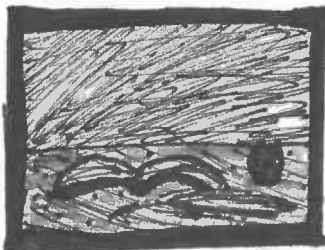
"Landscape, I think"



"pencil"



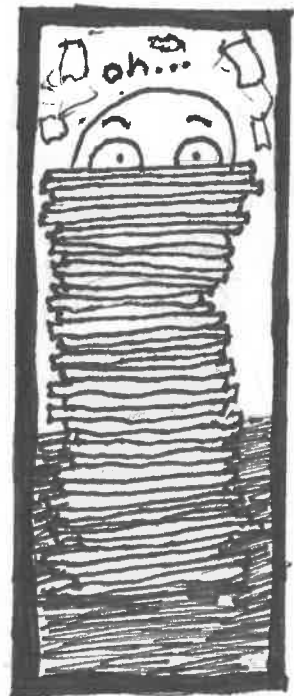
"Duck"



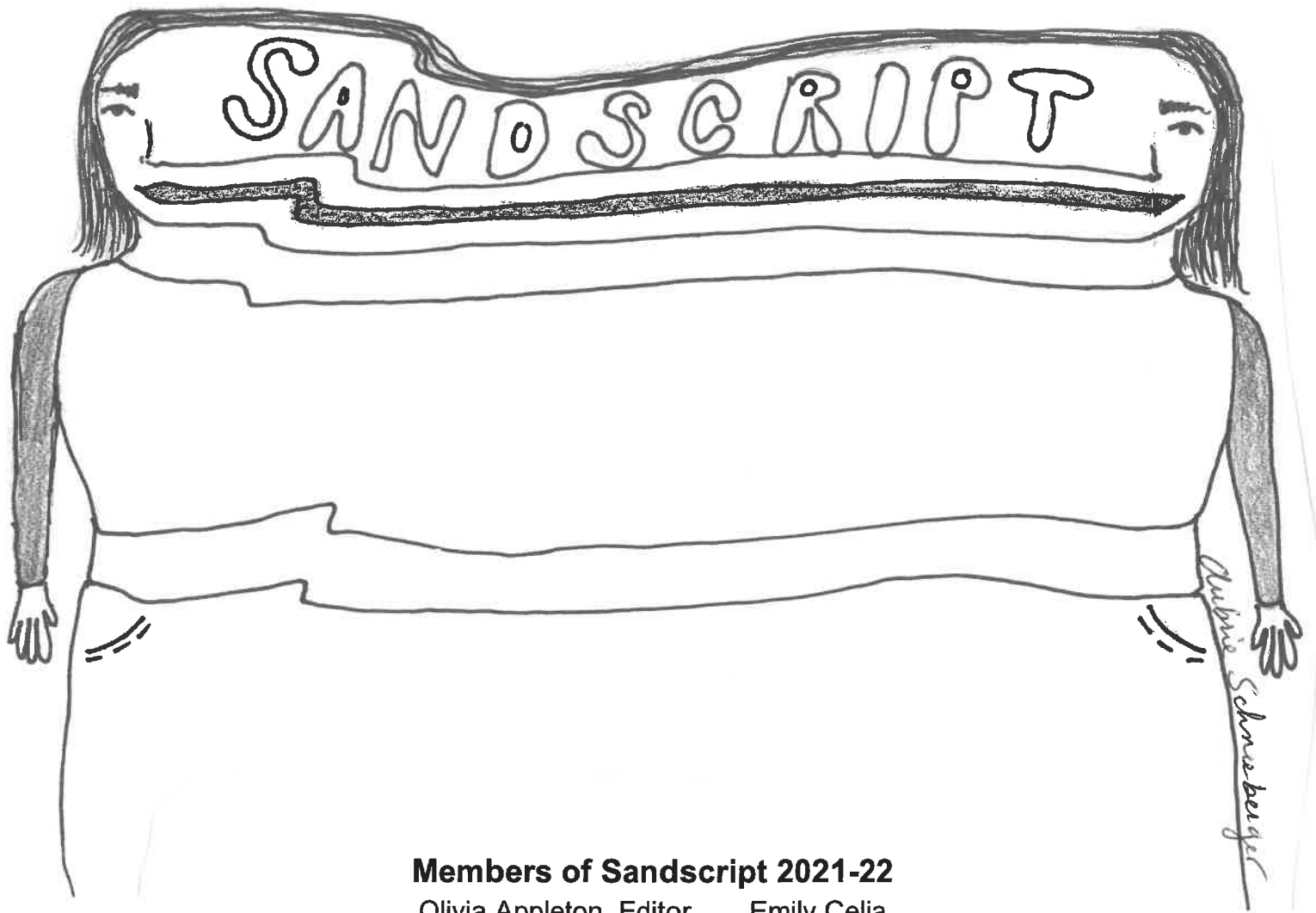
"Book and Quill"



"If dog, If cat"



"square"



Members of Sandscript 2021-22

Olivia Appleton, Editor	Emily Celia	
Ashley Smith	Jasper Hayes	
Emersin Adamsons	Via Ferer	
Vaughn Jamieson	Erin DeSouza	Jordan MacRoberts
Talia Perez	Anna Borzielli	Grace Latta
Kaelyn Mayo	Emily Fratus	Emily Gray
Reece Simmons	Isadora Alexis	Jesse Santoro
Bridget Brochu	Ayah Wilson	Leyla Holmes

Advisor
Lisa Forte-Doyle

Front Cover Design
Leyla Holmes

Back Cover Design
Emily Gray

Special thank you to Art Teacher, Bernadette Waystack

Our World by Via Ferer

I am thirteen years old.

Thirteen.

I have seen more cruelty in the world than you could imagine.

I'm sure others have seen worse.

Why is that?

Why is the world like this..?

I was writing a civics paper on racism.

We had to pick a topic and find 5 examples from

Cape Cod.

I found six...

Why did I find six?

At least six racist and vulgar incidents have happened within the past two years on

Cape Cod.

I found six within twenty minutes of looking.

Why is the world like this..?

I walk around school every day and hear words I wish did not exist,

words that have been normalized even when they shouldn't be.

Teens walk around calling each other these vulgar names.

People stand around and tolerate every single thing that comes out of others' mouths.

I pretend not to hear, hiding behind my mask in fear of being an outcast.

Why is the world like this..?

People say everyone is unique and amazing.

I'm sure you've been told that.

If being unique is a good thing, why is it something we hear in rumors?

Terrible lies and embarrassing truths being spread in secret.

We put people down to be at the top.

Why is the world like this..?

The GSA club at my school put information on the school news.

As I watch it each morning, I can't help but hear remarks.

They sink into my mind and try to control me.

Even though they are just whispers in the hallway,

they sound like screams and feel like smothering smoke.

Why is the world like this..?

Why is the world like this?

Our world.

Our society.

Our home.

The place we wake up in each day.

Why is this the life we live?



Cassidi Hancock

1

Silver dagger high above her back
She recoils, twisting,
Away from fleur de Lis
Ao da in simple tattered coils
Needle in smooth Siena skin

2

Mothers dottle under umbrellas
The sun scorching their toes
Faces covered
Laughing, smiling, cursing
Cafe sua da, iced and sweet
Numbing their fingers with deliciously cold
Ice needles.

3

Needle through needle through
Silk thread and silver needle
Acid rains on finished bowls
Lacour red turned yellow.

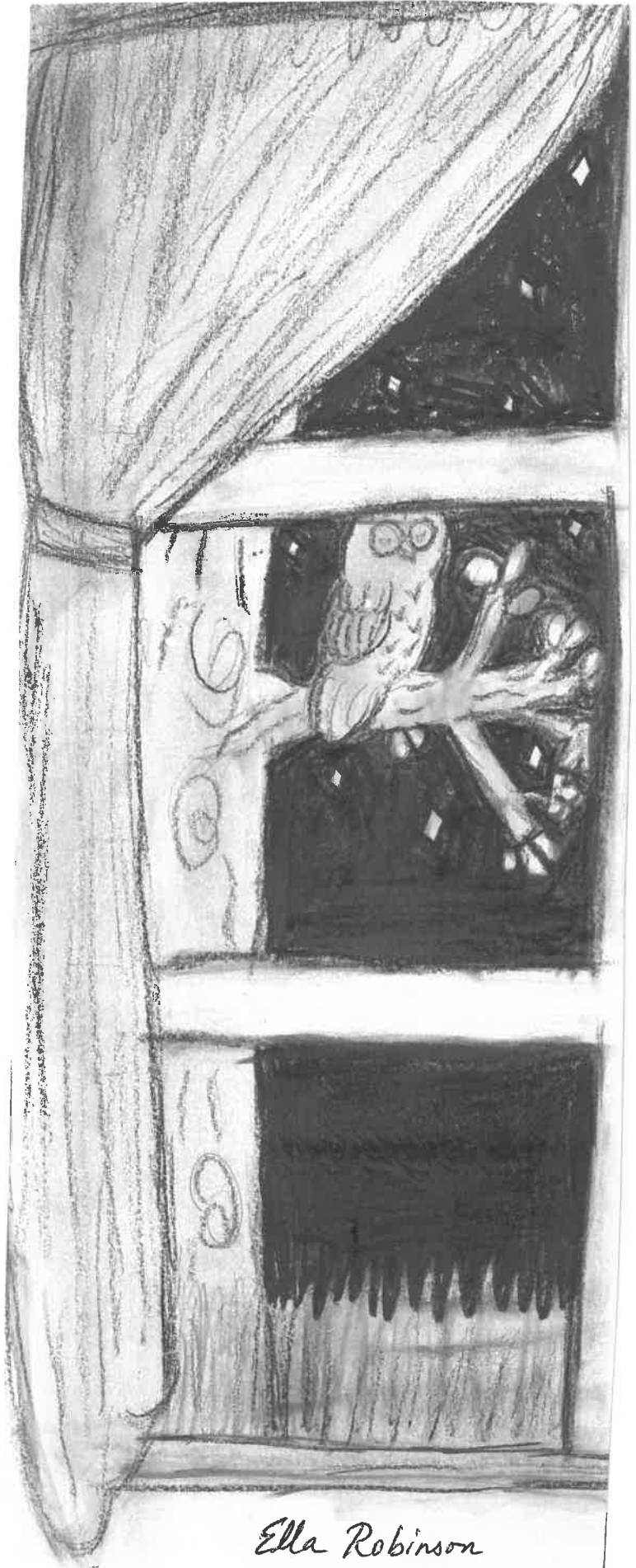
4

He crosses quickly
Dodging skillfully the bikes that speed by
Over open hills at the edge of great untamed jungle
A friend wrapped around his back
Arms so tight
His lungs fill with tiny needles
As they cross, breathe releasing
Into what is left of Saigon
And what remains of a home

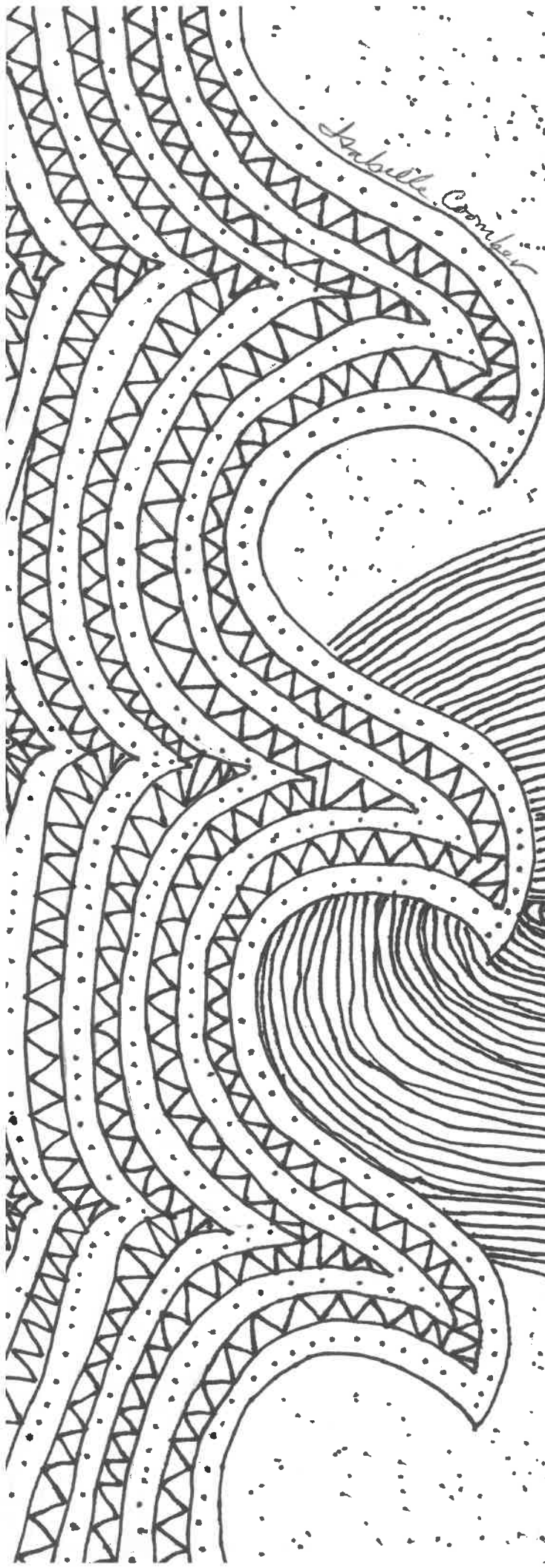
5

The shots of their guns
A needle to the back
Their burning rain
Rain needles into their eyes
Their flags
A silver tiny needle
A small thing left to time to heal and unbind
Through the center of their hearts
Sewing their future
And sealing their coffin
For another oppressor,
Made by their enemies.

Kristina Tamasco



Ella Robinson



Isabelle Comber



Peggy

I see you,
In every bright and bold sunset,
The ripples of water left after I jump into the cold ocean water,
The smiles of my family,
Whenever I drive past a small cape cottage.

I hear you,
In the roaring waves during a storm,
The cheers of Red Sox fans after a home run,
The morning doves outside my window,
Whenever Sweet Caroline is played.

I feel you,
In my clogs as warm beach sand,
The hard rocks of the jetty under my feet,
The cold, refreshing happiness in every Klondike bar I eat,
Whenever I'm driving alone in my car.

Bridget Brochu



MICHELANGELO SPEAKS

I'm so glad you thought of me to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, but I'm not sure if that's possible. How am I supposed to-- yes, I know you'll pay very well, but it seems a bit dangerous. Also, wouldn't you prefer to give the job to a more skilled painter? My real talent is sculpting. Perhaps, maybe, Raphael would be better suited for the-- no, I'm not questioning your orders I'm just confused on why you would choose me over a more skilled artist. Bramante suggested that I paint the Sistine Chapel? Well, your Holiness, Bramante merely suggested this because he is jealous that I am receiving a large commission for your tomb project. He hopes to see me fail. No-- I won't fail, but--no, no, I'll take the job. However, I wish you would not spring this upon me when I'm in the middle of sculpting your tomb. I don't like to start new projects in the middle of a previous project. Of course, yes. I'm extremely honored that you deem me worthy enough to see this project through. What would you like me to paint? *The twelve apostles*? No, no, I like that idea, I think it's great. However, might I suggest something even mightier and grander? What if I were to paint individual frescoes of scenes from the Old Testament? Do you like that idea? Like, I've always said. Go big or go bold. Of course, with my inexperience, I will require help and further training. Why? Well, your Holiness! Surely you don't want a subpar finished product! This needs to be the best. What do I need to prepare, you ask? Well, first I must hone my drawing skills in Ghirlandaio's workshop, and then secondly I must have a few of Florence's best artists to assist me. No, I'm not sure how much they will need to be paid, but I'm sure it's not tha-- yes, your Holiness. I see their payment as a future and much smaller obstacle. The bigger question is: *By what means will I be able to paint that high*? No Your Holiness! I can not simply use a ladder, are you asking for my death? No, this project requires much more support. It is apparent to me that this project will require scaffolding. I suppose I could make it, but I really must prepare for this daunting task. Might I suggest Bramante and his assistants. I'm sure they will do a splendid job. I mean, it's the least I could do after he so generously suggested that I do this job. You know Pope Julius-- well I thought that we were on such close terms that I could simply refer to you as Pope Julius instead of Your Holiness, but of course, I wouldn't want to offend. It's okay? Splendid. As I was saying, I believe this project will be quite the success. I can already see my rivals, most notably Raphael, seething with jealousy as everybody adorns me with congratulations with the Sistine Chapel. They will say "There goes Michelangelo, the greatest artist Italy has to offer!" And they would be correct.

Talia Tambolleo Perez

Victory

Hockey is War

Sides taken banners waved
The people for their country awaken
Bloody screams recoil off the field
Men on the ground
Some get up; their bodies a shield
Despite their size, the underdogs seize
Their hands come together in offense
The comfort of each other strengthens with ease
The commoner becomes commander
The weak become world-known
Ten become ten thousand
Their motives a clone
On the sidelines are the dead, forgotten, bruised
The battlefield is for those to be remembered
On the sidelines are those who came to be amused
Each player becomes something greater
The enemy hold their own
The champions hold more
To the point of victory
Hockey is a cold war

Grace Ventura

Victory
Is not granted to those who accept
Second best
Those who can't dig deep within themselves
And pull out their 100%
For victory
Push everything behind
Let all your setbacks
Turn to dust in your heart
Leave only your best thoughts and best effort
Only then can you taste
Victory.

Jayson Gomes



Why my brain can't make certain chemical amounts
I am not crazy
I am not controlling
I am not who you make me out to be
I am a good person
I am strong and brave
I am resilient
You can shoot your arrows at me all you want
You can sharpen your fiery dagger
You can't hurt me
I control myself
I don't let the demon inside me win
I am who I am
I am good
I am brave
I am alive
And I am strong
I am better than this

Grace Elizabeth

Siren Sleeps

The Chimes whisper in her wavy hair
Silence sweeps swiftly under her fins.

Twinkles of her scales soundly
motion glass taps.

She Sleeps away in the blues
by the lullaby of the waves....

Emily Celia

Little Sparrow

By

Anonymous

Go to school every day
Pay the bills
It's hell to pay
Up until 2
Wake up at 5
My mind is leaving my mind
Shovel through my clothes
Wear the same flannel shirt
Skin tight jeans
That fit me fine
Mama hates them
So I take them off at night
School is a home without any walls
There's always someone there if I fall apart
Read books upon books in the library
Write and write in my precious diary
Jesus Christ over the phone
Mama leave me goddamn alone
I don't need you
You don't need me
Cut the cord
Release me
Smoke in my room
Smoke at the beach
Hide cigarettes in the sock drawer
That way I know you won't see
Dream of kissing boys
Jumping off of the bridge
But I'm not brave enough
To do any of those things
I'm a worm
As you call me
I'm a filthy rag of trash
My mouth is garbage
My body tainted

It's a holy temple of the Lord
Marks and bruises are my truths
Cuts and welts are my pain
Kicking and loathing because I hate
Pound my head into this wall
Taking doses of tylenol
There for them
They're not there for me
God, this is a hell
I don't want to be

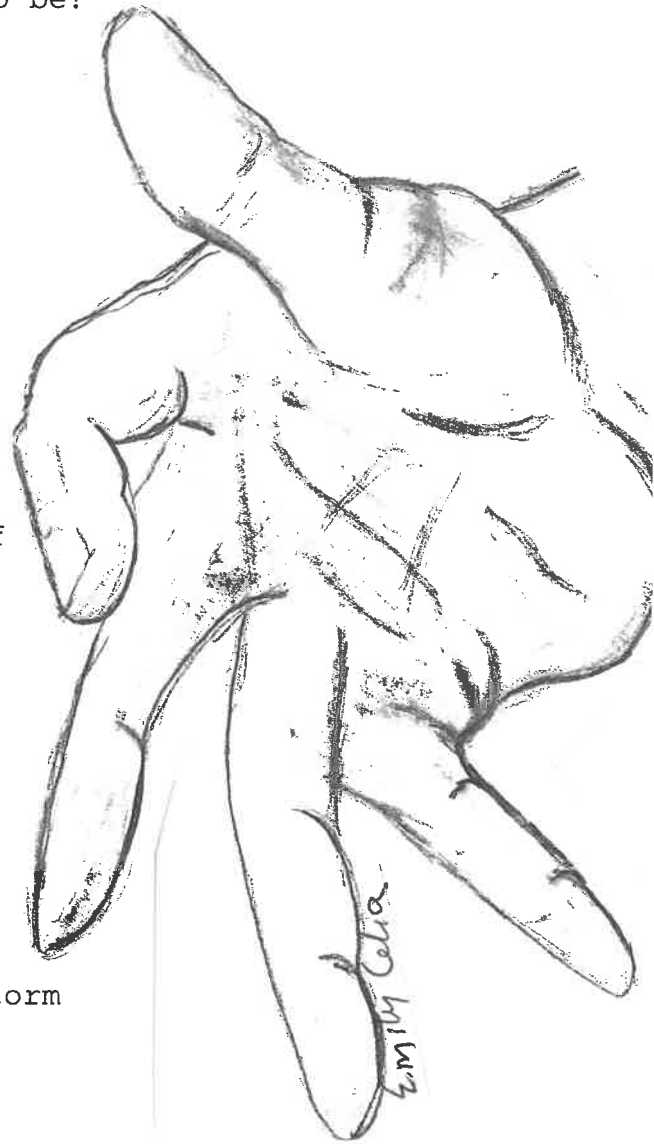


Heavy eyelids
Unlaced shoes
Brush my teeth
Wishing I was 18
To be 18 means I can go
Drive, drive, going nowhere slow
California is my dream
Walking on the sandy beach
Surfing the foamy green blue waves
Skating the roads
Feeling the breeze

Isn't that where every teenager wants to be?
Instead I'm in a little house
With walls so thin
You can hear everything
No time to sleep
Some time to play
Cooking dinners because Mama's out late
I love you Mama
But this is not your life
I want to live
And feel the sun
Not wanting to take a gun to this head
In actuality, I don't want to be dead
You push me off so I'm on the tightrope
The tightrope stretched across the cliff
I don't look down, I look ahead
Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom
Face the monster in the face
Step by step filling in my place
I do this for my sisters
I do this for you
I don't do this for me
I'm selfish to you
I'm arrogant
And self-centered
I'm a wicked girl
Troubled, ruffled like a sparrow in a storm
A tiny sparrow who has clipped wings
Tucked away in a songbird cage
Innocent, pure

Chaste and right
This little sparrow has never taken flight
To fly far above
Above in the sky
Chirping and swooping
Singing tears of joy
Release this bird
Don't you know it's me?
Mama, it's alright
I don't want to fight
Just listen to me
Listen to what I said
This isn't your life
You have yours to live
I'll make my mistakes
I'll grow up and date
I'll travel and have friends
I won't lose my religion
This sparrow of yours isn't meant to be cooped

It's made to glide
Glide and soar
Test it's wings
Cut the string
Please set me free
This is not who I was made to be...

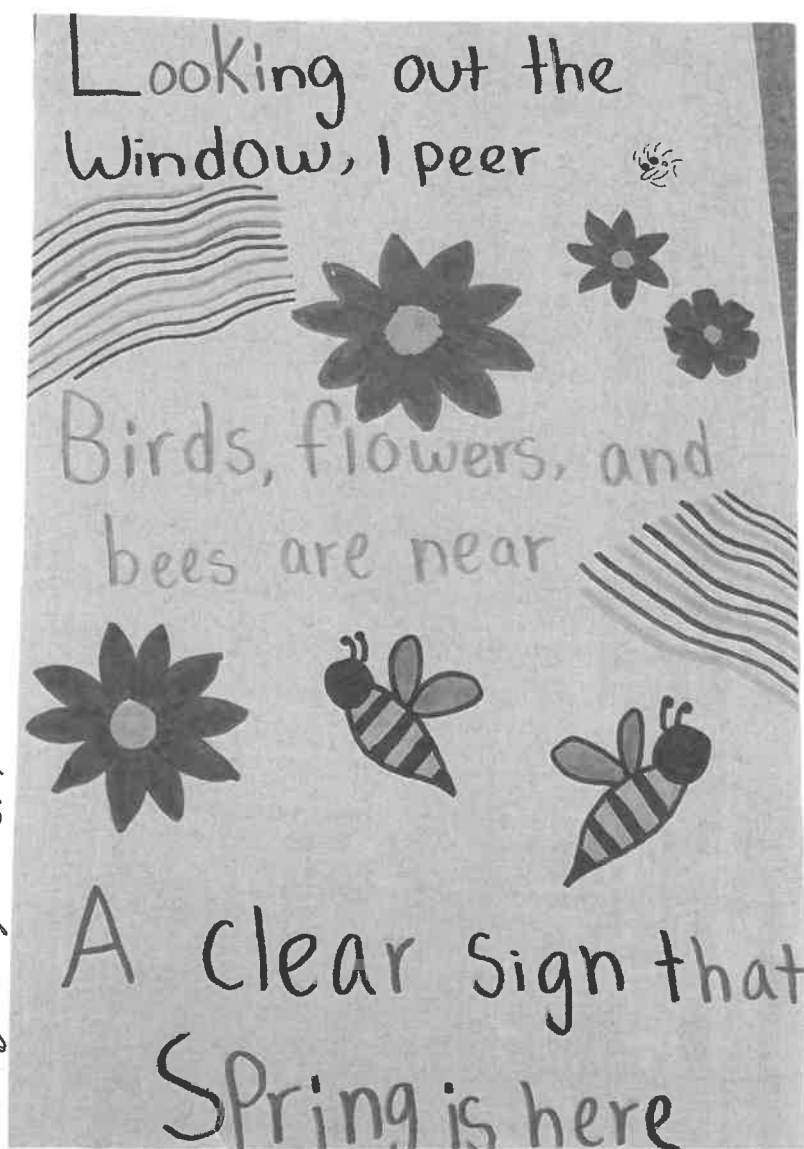


Summer Hummingbirds

Summer hummingbirds rest under the fullest tree and finally relax.
We silent our wings and drink from feeders tucked under vines,
wrapped like arms embracing.
Our song grows and builds into breaths and gasps
Taking in all the sweet air our tiny hearts can hold.
Flowers are especially sweet, giving and giving and giving for us.
It's quiet in the garden, in the trees, and the fields.
Yet. sometimes, when the wind is still and the sun warms my back,
I imagine my wings cutting through crisp currents of air in winter.
A world of white.
I perch on sugar-dusted birdhouses and watch the world with new eyes.
Snow creates a different type of quiet, a different type of stillness.
In yearning and restlessness, I realize my heart would stop and my wings would
buckle.
My eyes would glaze over in frost.
My humming heart would never see
The innocence of frost.

Kristina Tamasco

Vaughn Jamison





When the sun breaks through its clouded skies,
its light will serenely illuminate your darkness.

Emily Gray

-Anna Boziller-

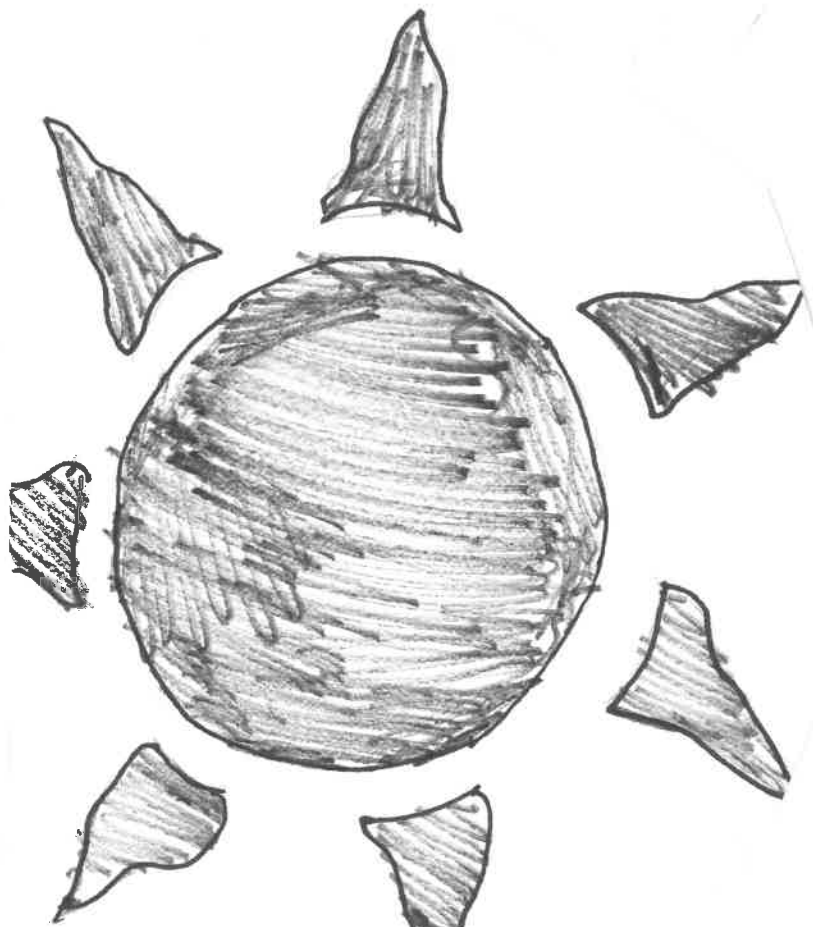
I feel alone because I am in a place where I feel I do not belong
I am not part of this place.
I feel that I am the different one
in a place full of normal people.
One day
I met a place so relaxed I could feel the air moving my hair.
I could hear the waves.
The most beautiful color I had ever seen on a beach
at the shore was crystal clear.
In the middle it was green and at the end it was dark blue.
The birds in the sea were being moved by the waves,
and at that moment I forgot how alone I felt.

Keitty Pena Moncion

Sick.
Everyone around is sick.
A hazard to be around.
Sick.
The planet is sick.
Slowly getting sicker with toxic fuels.
Sick.
The internet is sick.
Showing inappropriate things to innocent beings.
Sick.
Society is sick.
Expecting more and more from adolescents.
Sick.

Everything is sick in some way.

Via Ferer



Hula Hoop Girl

By Jack Raye

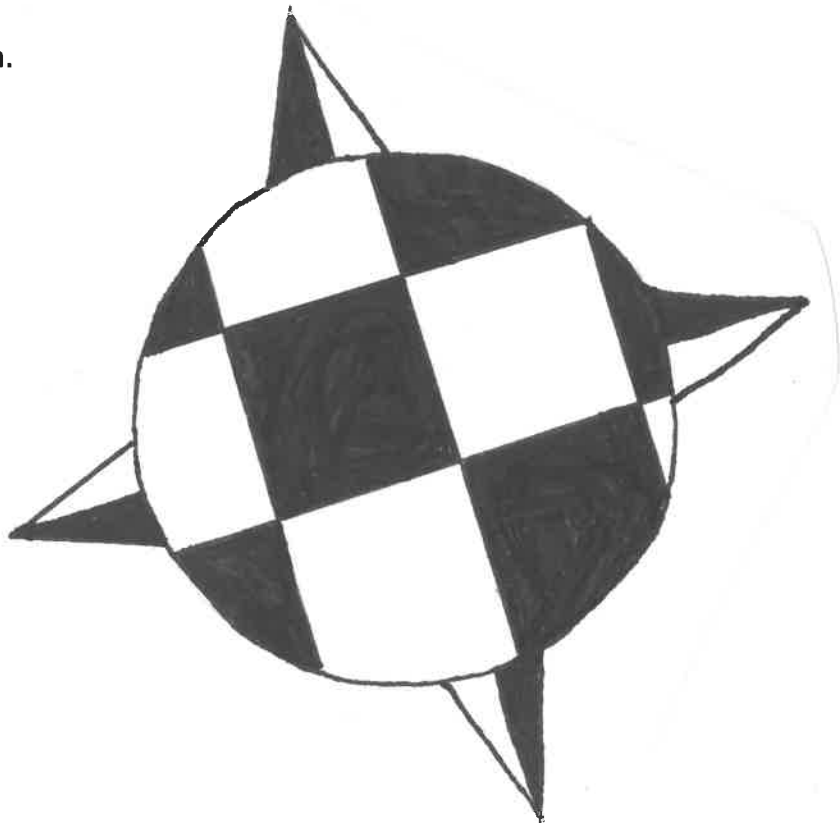
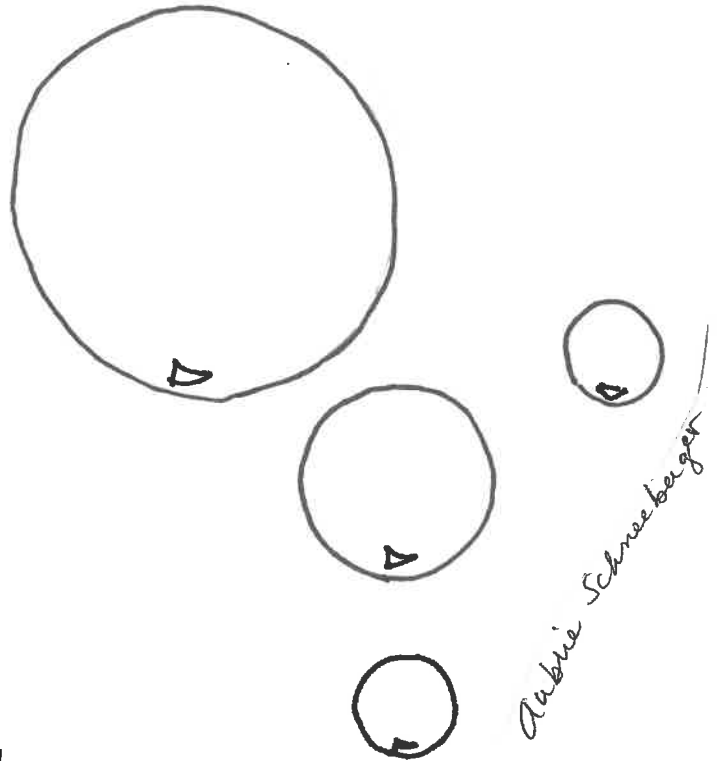
40,000 children
Touched, hurt, raped
Tortured, beat, burned
Hula Hoop
Goes round and round
Dancing, Dancing.
Until a tall shadow hangs over the child.

Climb!

(The dark side of Thai Coconut Milk)

By Jack Raye

Climb! Climb, monkey! Climb!
Grip the trunk of the tree with your strong hands!
Climb, Climb, Faster!
Twist the strong shell of the coconut!
Twist, Twist, Twist!
Pop!
The coconut falls.
The worker yanks the leash
And the monkey's dragged down.



Playing for Ukraine

The day was beautiful, and greeted me kindly when I first arose. One more day for my piano recital. I was both excited, for I love playing the piano, but I was also a bundle of nerves. So many people were going to be there. What if I made a mistake? My piano recital was my only upcoming worry, I never thought anything worse could happen. I was deeply mistaken.

I wake in fear. I wake in fear of the unknown. Will I survive? Will my father survive? Or my three cousins? I'm the only girl in my family. My mother reassures me that everything will be alright. Yet at night I hear her trembling voice and the whispers that she believes only God can hear. I know she's afraid. Russia has invaded Ukraine, my home. My only consuming fear is what comes next. To think that I was worried over such small things like my piano recital. What I would give to play the piano again, to graze the keys of my closest friend. But I know it will be a long time to come before I can even hope to see a piano again.

We walk, and walk. Refugees. That's what they call us. I don't care what they call us, I just want to sleep. Sunken in cheeks, aged fifty years in five days. I look much older than my age. I feel much older than my age. My classmates must fight. Sixteen-year old boys. They can't even be trusted in a classroom alone, and now they must defend our country. To pass my time I play the piano in my head. My only form of consolation. How I miss my home. I cry while remembering the past, and I cry for the future I will never experience.

My mother and I entered Poland. I can hardly believe it. A sea of people being ushered. Their faces say that we are safe, their actions provide comfort, but I can not focus on anything else. In the distance I hear faint music. My ears recognize that sound anywhere, but it can't be. My ears surely must be mistaken. Do I really hear a piano? I scan the surrounding area, and see him there in the center. He's greeting us refugees with the piano. I must play. I never thought that I would ever play a piano again, or even see one. The presence of my old friend provides immeasurable comfort. I am okay. I long for the ease of my past, but that doesn't mean that things won't get better. I play for today, I play for tomorrow, and I play for Ukraine.

By: Talia Tambolleo Perez

Perspective by Tian Jamieson

She came from a country of hunger
and cried when she walked
into her first American supermarket
and saw thirty different types of cereal

She came from a town of thirst
and stared in undisguised horror
at the waterslides and pools
waterparks had to offer

She came from a community of poverty
and felt disgust when other girls
complained that their Patagonia
fleece jackets were a season too old.

She came from a neighborhood of rape
and hid her anger when she overheard
a group of girls complaining
about their chipped manicures

She came from a one-room house
and looked in confusion
at the six different rooms
her new home had to offer

She came from a neighborhood of illiteracy
and stared in awe at the large buildings
filled with college students
because education meant opportunity

She came from a community of subordination
and looked astonished when
a boy listened to her opinion
making her his equal

She came from a town of suspicion
and was full of joy
when she saw dozens of innocent
children playing in a park

She came from a country of oppression
and felt a thrill of wonder realizing
she was free to pursue her dreams
and speak her mind without fear



Gabe Kennedy

The Ad Lucem Curse

Every Friday
It rings through the halls
Infecting everyone

The leader, Mr. Smeltzer
Delivers bracelets to every child
To be sown into their hearts and brains
Recalibrating their actions
Changing their lives

The haunting poorly edited balloons Google Slide repeats throughout the halls
A mob of Latin students preach Ad Lucem to anyone and everyone who will listen

No one is safe
Too much Ad Lucem changes a person
But some of us (Latin students)
Are immune
We can survive

Even though we might seem like we love Ad Lucem Friday,
We don't do this for ourselves
Or even for Mr. Smeltzer
We do this to warn everyone

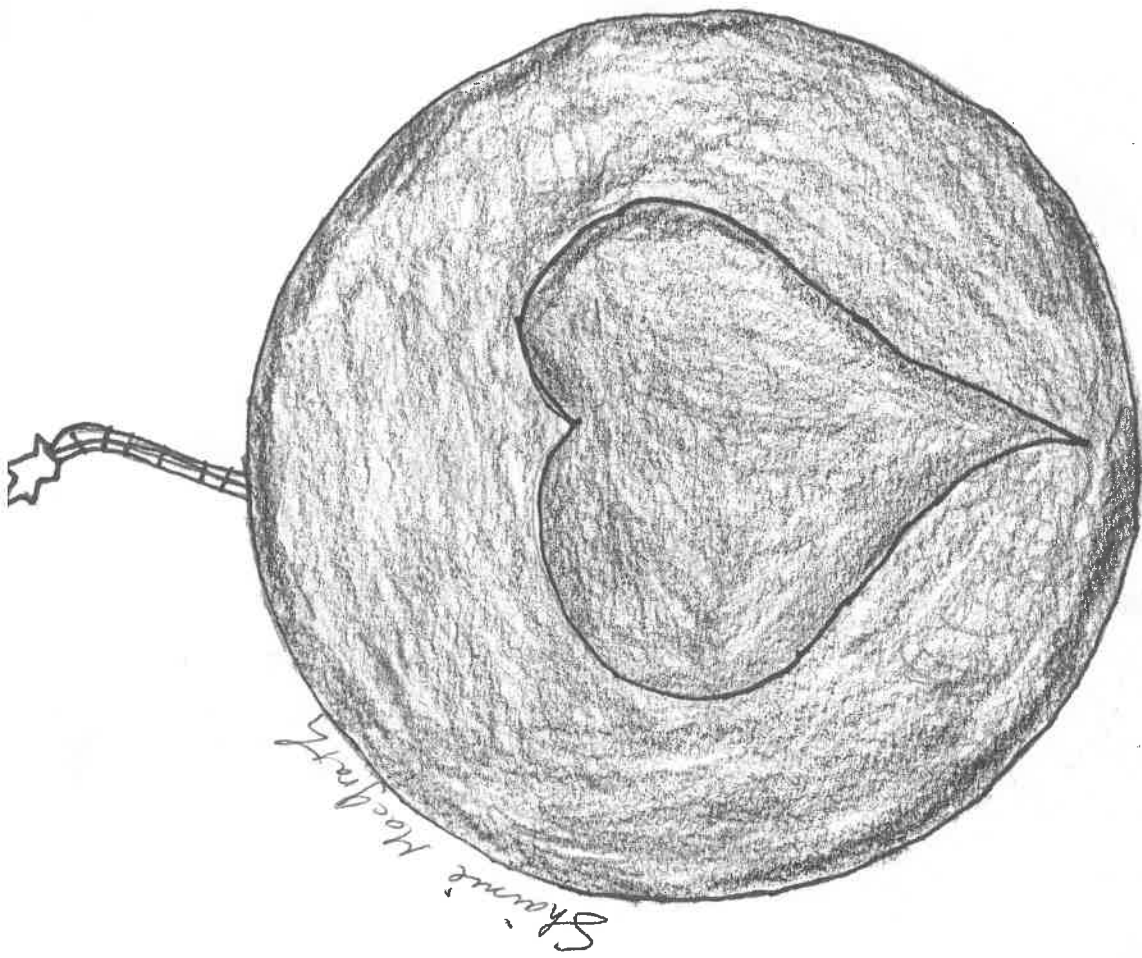
Every Friday
We put ourselves in danger
To contain the Ad Lucem from taking over the world
Becoming a plague

Wearing the Ad Lucem bracelet
As soon as it turns 12:00 AM
And until it turns 11:59 PM,

No one sleeps until Ad Lucem Friday is over
Or else every day will become Ad Lucem Friday
Hopefully, that day will never come,
But if it does,
No one will be safe

Jasper Hayes

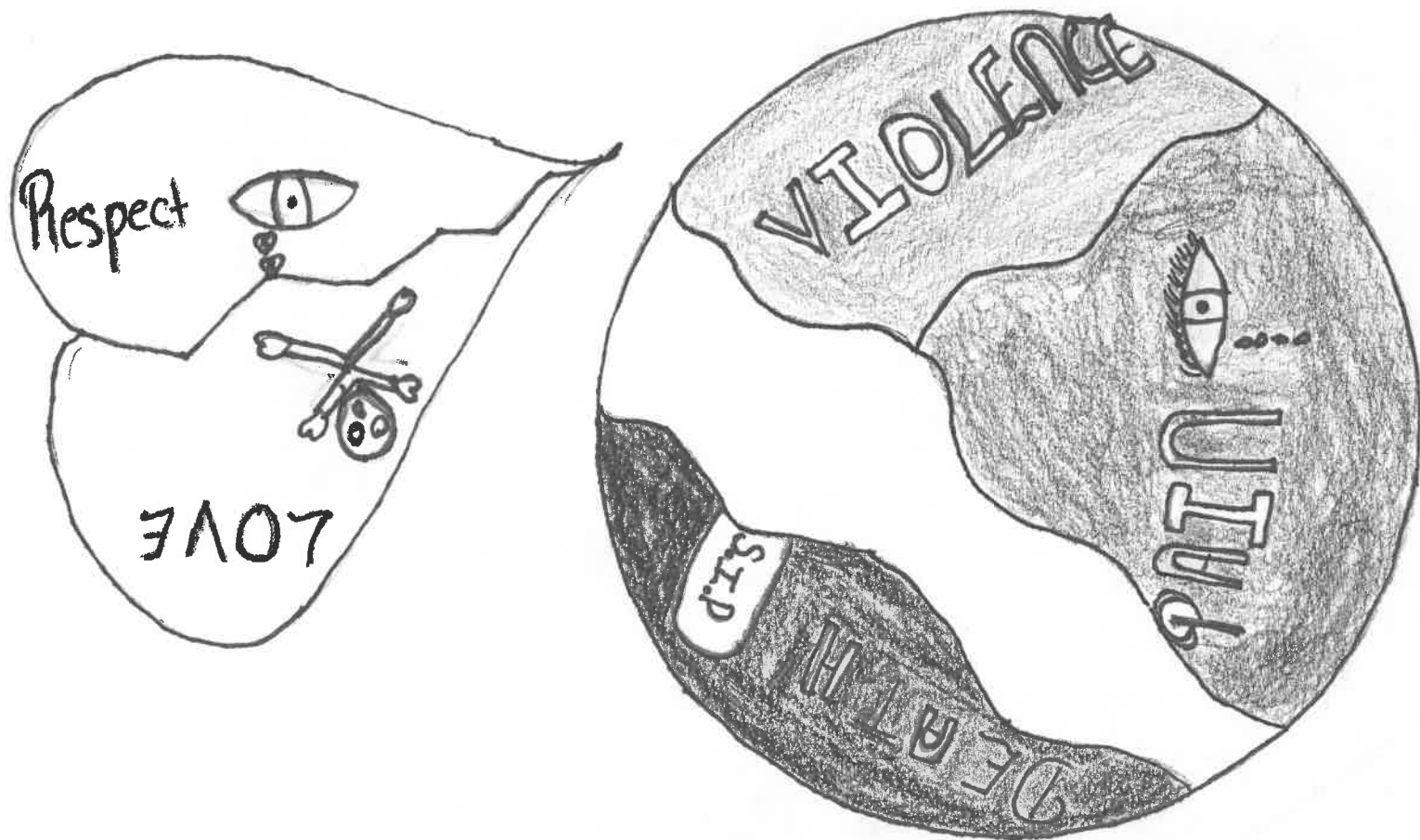




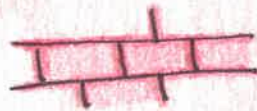
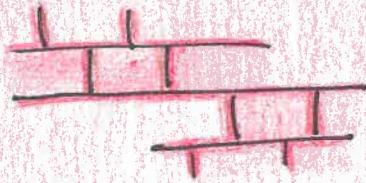
Sharon McGarity

Why are you like this
Anger is like a bomb in my heart
I feel you don't love or respect me and it's killed me

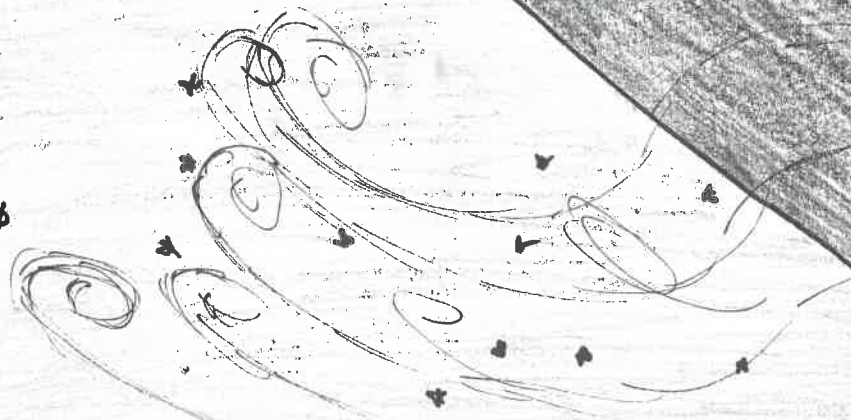
Jayson Gomes



THE COLD ALLEY WAY



Cyrus Baker



A Cold Alley

By Cyrus Baker

The dog flew across the room. "NO BEGGING!" His gray haired owner shouted at him. The man was drunk again. It was the third time this week. The dog had finally had enough; he got up weak but looked up strong, hatred in his dark eyes. He sprang off his hind legs and bit the wretched old man on the arm, making him drop his whiskey bottle. It shattered on the floor and the man yelled simultaneously. The bloodhound, startled and overstimulated by the noises, ran over to the screen door and broke straight through to the other side. He was free. But he was free in a small town in Louisiana, where dogs are treated like shit by just about everyone. Everyone except one boy, who would come to find him curled up, hungry and cold, in a ball alley several days later.

The boy began walking toward him, seeing only a friendly animal in distress. But his father saw a foul beast, who would hurt his son without a second thought to sustain himself. As the boy started to approach the bloodhound, his dad saw and ran to the boy, grabbing him and pulling him away. His mother scolded him heavily about going near dogs, especially street dogs, all the way home.

They lived in a small house, just up the road from the general store on the edge of downtown. It was a humble home, a home where the boy's father would often stress about having enough money to pay for dinner every night or keeping the lights on. They had even had to get rid of cable and their TV last month. The boy would wear the same ripped jeans and worn out shirt everyday.

That same night, the boy couldn't sleep and was thinking about the poor bloodhound he had seen in the alley earlier. His dad was asleep on the couch, watching the same western he always watched on the weekends. The boy creaked open his parents' bedroom door where his mother was sound asleep. He knew this was his chance to sneak out and find the dog.

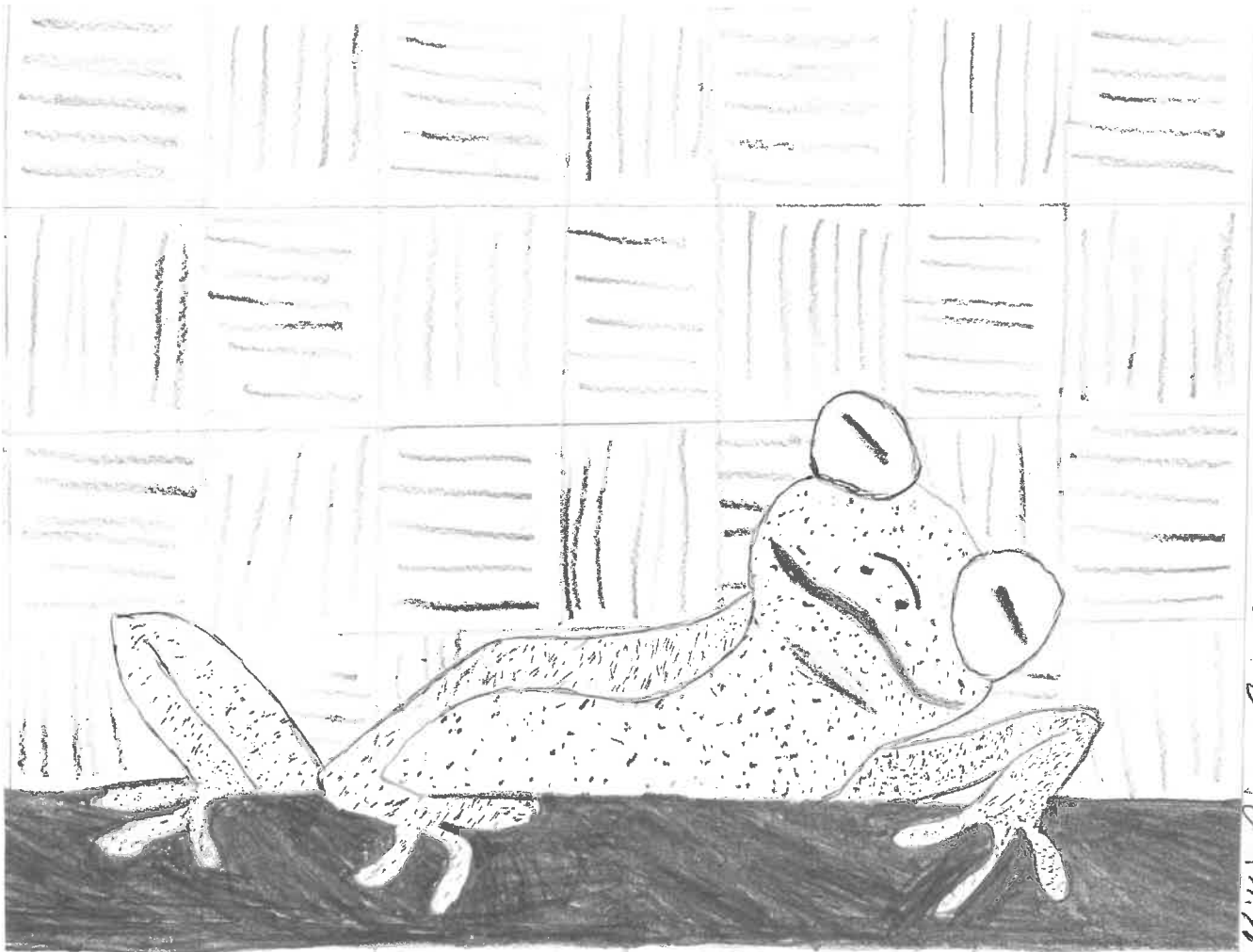
He found the dog alone, fur covered in snow. When he saw him, the dog started to run away, but the boy got down on a knee and started to pull something out of his pocket. The dog, intrigued, raised his ears and began sniffing the frigid air. The boy pulled a small dinner roll out of the pocket of his puffy jacket. The dog's eyes widened and met with the boy's. The boy smiled at him, and the dog crept toward him then carefully picked up the roll out of the boy's hand. He devoured it in one bite and satisfied with finally having some food in his stomach, walked over and sat on the boy's lap. He heated the bloodhound up as much as he could and tried to shield him from the cold, but he couldn't stay long, as it was getting too cold for someone with no fur.

These interactions continued for several weeks, and the boy continued to give the dog, who he had named Max, as much of his dinner as he could muster. But his parents had grown suspicious when the boy ate less and less of his dinner every night. He had gotten skinnier as the weeks passed, and his parents couldn't figure out why he was doing that to himself. They had begun watching the boy much closer and he hadn't had a chance to see Max in two days, but he still had all of his dinner leftovers saved up in a plastic bag.

One night, even though his parents were still awake and in the living room, the boy decided he needed to go feed Max to ensure he didn't go hungry. He grabbed his plastic bag and quietly opened his bedroom door. He saw his parents on the couch and ducked behind it, making his way toward the front door. But on his way out, he knocked over a side table and a stack of books fell on the ground. His dad stood up and hovered over the couch, scaring the boy and making him tell his parents everything.

After a substantial amount of begging and pleading, his parents agreed to let the boy visit the dog, if they brought him there. When they got there, Max was so happy to see the boy that he jumped on him and licked his face. The boy's father pulled Max away from the boy and was about to kick him hard. But the boy jumped in front of Max to protect his best friend. The dad saw the fear in the dog's eyes and the same fear on the boy's face. He and his wife realized

how much their son loved Max and allowed him to keep the dog, even though it would be tough to have a dog in their town. Max and his boy lived happily in the little town, even with all of the hate from the townspeople.



Kiki Pigo - Cronin



On Top of the World

This was it,
This was where they stood on top of the world,
The water below and the blue sky floating just above their heads.

It wasn't a first time experience,
And they knew it wouldn't be the last,
But this was still a special moment for both of them.

They could see the future,
The place they would be happy and safe,
Surrounded by friends and laughter that no one could drown out no matter how hard they tried.

They wanted to scream to the void,
To tell it to hurry up and arrive already,
But they knew it would still be some time before their wishes would come true.

They would have to wait for more months to pass,
They would have to stress about the upcoming tests and responsibilities,
They would come back to this place and say "thank you, for giving us hope".

By E.F



Oh, Pachamama,

Your rainforests

Your deserts

Your coasts

thrives and flourishes

Up to the highest peak of Huascaran.

And your people immortal.

Immortal brides in Jobonas

Immortal fathers in fishing

Immortal daughters on their quinceaneras

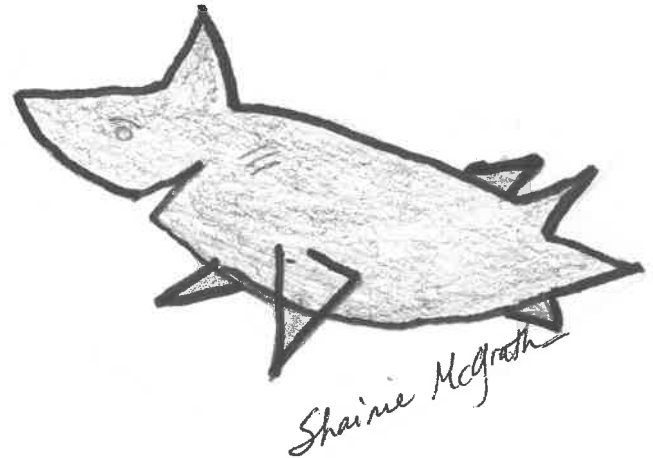
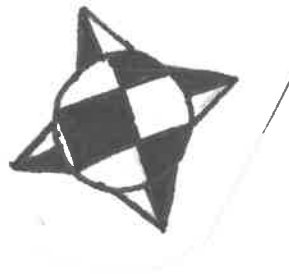
Immortal language Quechuan

Immortal city of lima

All of it is yours.

All of it theirs.

Kristina Tamasco



Two sides opposing,
one family complete.
Pieces pushed into place,
never ending up neat.

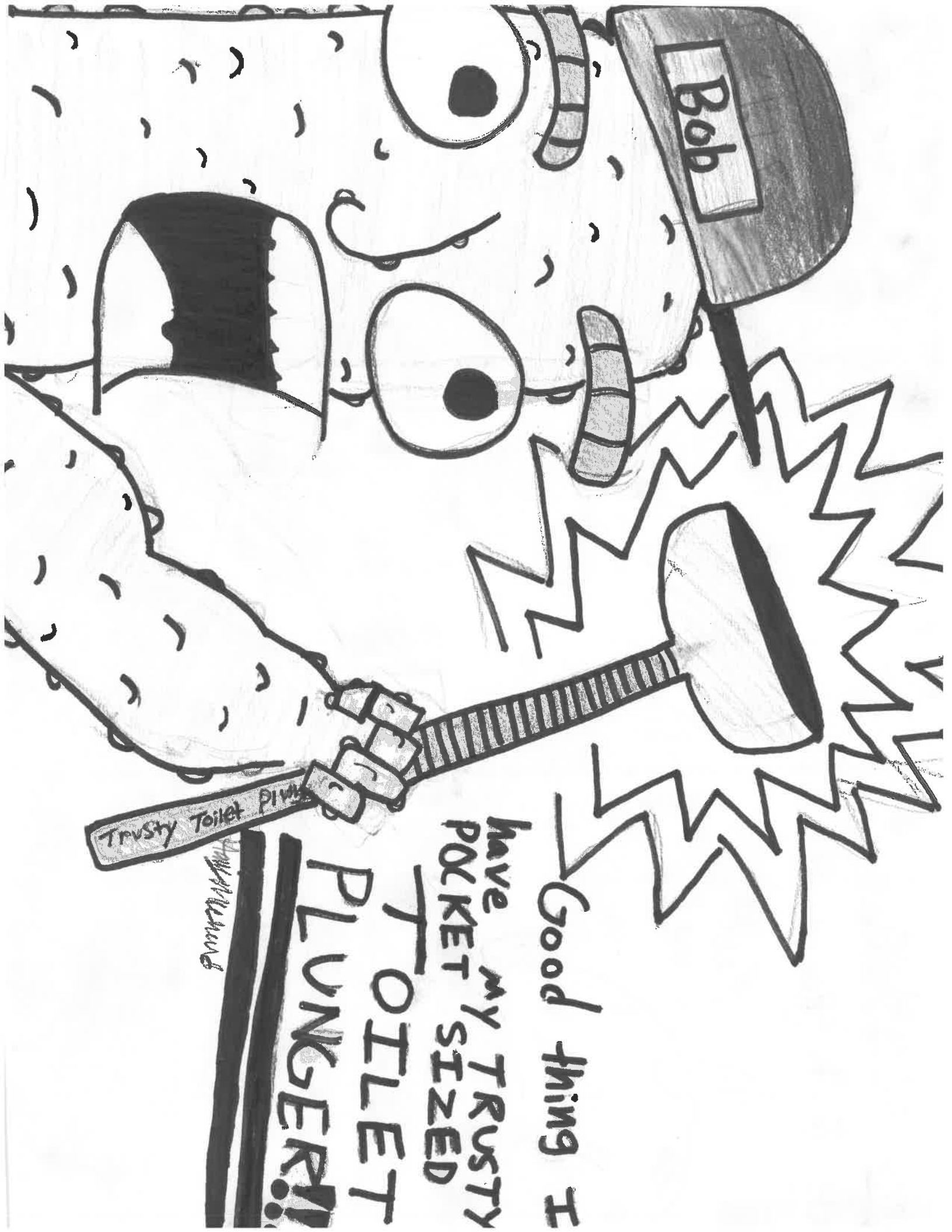
For what is warmth without
having felt the cold,
or health without once being sick?
Same as a family's love for each other,
always running out quickly.

Though life will eventually lead us apart,
and bring us back together in odd times,
I do mourn the day when I'll no longer be in the next room.
Nobody to nag or annoy.
No shoulder to cry on when I need it most.

What to make of it,
I'm not sure.
Bonded by the blood in our veins,
and the four walls that enclose us,
we may not know anything,
but then again,
at least we have that in common.

Ashley Smith





Good thing I
have my TRUSTY
POCKET SIZED
TOILET
PLUNKER!!

Lifeless

By Jack Raye

I walk down the empty sidewalk as gray clouds eat away at the sky. I stare down at my feet as I walk hopelessly and slowly. I try to avoid the cracks in the sidewalk, for it feels like every time I step on a crack, another Ukrainian loses their life. I look up to see a towering building being consumed by aggressive flames, and I see bits and pieces of the building falling off. My heart weakens as I see nobody doing anything about it. But can anybody do anything about this? All of this constant violence tearing away at our once beautiful country? My hope for safety, as much as I hate to say it, withers away day by day. I try to see myself as well as other citizens of this country in the future, and I can't say that I see anything good happening soon. My feet begin to drag on the sidewalk. Why am I not running from this fire? The old me would have run away in an instant in hopes of finding safety. These days, I feel like safety is nowhere to be found. There is nowhere to run to. I can't find help, I can't run home, and there is nowhere to hide. I walk past the building, not taking another glance. I feel the heat creeping up my back, and it slowly goes away as I keep walking. Women and their young children stand quietly against the walls with no one but themselves. Others fight to get on trains and try to leave others behind. At this point, nobody cares for each other, and it is basically every man for themselves. I sit patiently, knowing that I will not be able to get on a train. All I can do is wait for the next one. I push through hundreds of people to get to some place where I can just sit down. Guards try to contain the angry, desperate people as they push through each other, trying to get on a train. As I find a place to sit, I step on a crack near the wall. All of a sudden I hear gunshots from the guards and immediate screams. I stand up so that I don't get trampled in this huge herd of people, but I still hug the wall. I just look around as all these people run for their lives, but don't they realize that there is nowhere to run?

The War
Talia Perez

I
Running from the past
but you can't outrun napalm
with the scars left to remind you
of your haunted past
and that you'll never run fast enough

II
The rain finally comes!
Rejoice!
Children jump up and down
to greet their long-awaited friend
but are instead stung by the words of
Napalm

III
They're expendable resources.
An infinite amount of boys to spare
"You're doing the right thing" they're told
And like napalm clinging onto the flesh
they cling on to the fleeting hope
that they're fighting for the greater good

IV
The soldiers are coming home!
Surely the people will celebrate.
But they don't
Words hurt more than their fresh napalm wounds
And the soldiers are left confused
On what they did wrong.

V
We must stop the undying fire of communism
But after watching the destruction
of the undying fires by the napalm bombs
Leave many wondering
About what's worse

Butterflies

I want it back.
Not the little white lies,
Or the fake smile when I talked to you.
Not the endless empty gestures,
Or the most untruthful I love yous I have ever heard.
I want the piece of my soul you took,
When you betrayed me.
When you took my heart out of my chest,
And ripped it apart with your heartless words.
The part of me that could feel love,
Empathy, joy.
The part of me that created butterflies.

Anonymous

Aphantasia is a pretty word

Close your eyes
And imagine a place
A beautiful place
A peaceful place
Let your mind
Bring you there

Maybe my mind is broken
because I see nothing

Aphantasia
What a pretty word
A pretty word
That took my imagination
And never gave it back

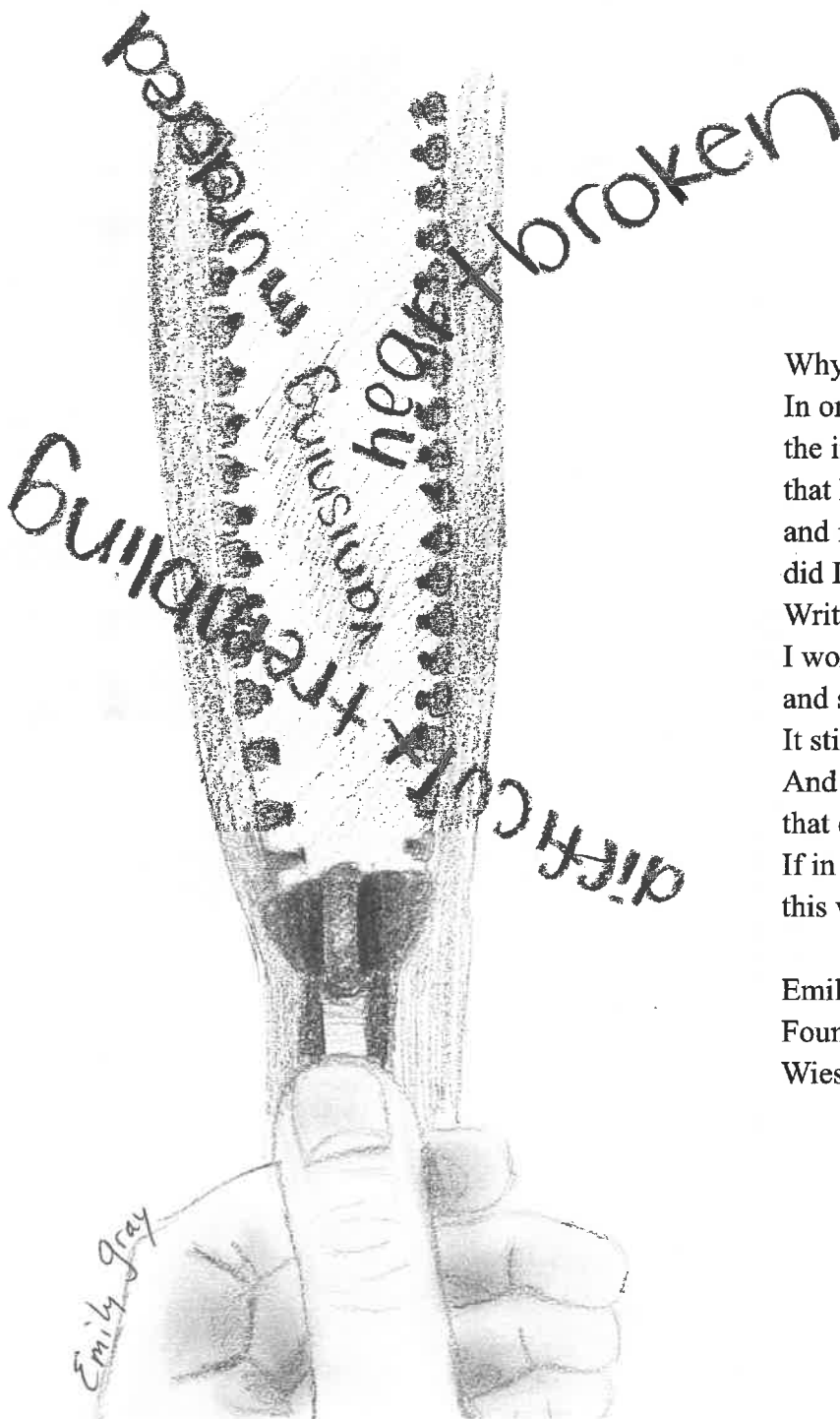
Ayah Wilson

Jayson Gomes

Beautiful Afghanistan

The angelic drums show me beauty

The world around me shows violence loss pain and death



Why did I write it?

In order to understand the nature of madness,
the immense, terrifying madness
that had erupted in history
and in the conscience of mankind,
did I write it?

Writing in my mother tongue—
I would pause at every sentence,
and start over and over again.

It still was not right.

And yet, I trusted the silence
that envelops and transcends words.

If in my lifetime I was to write only one book,
this would be the one.

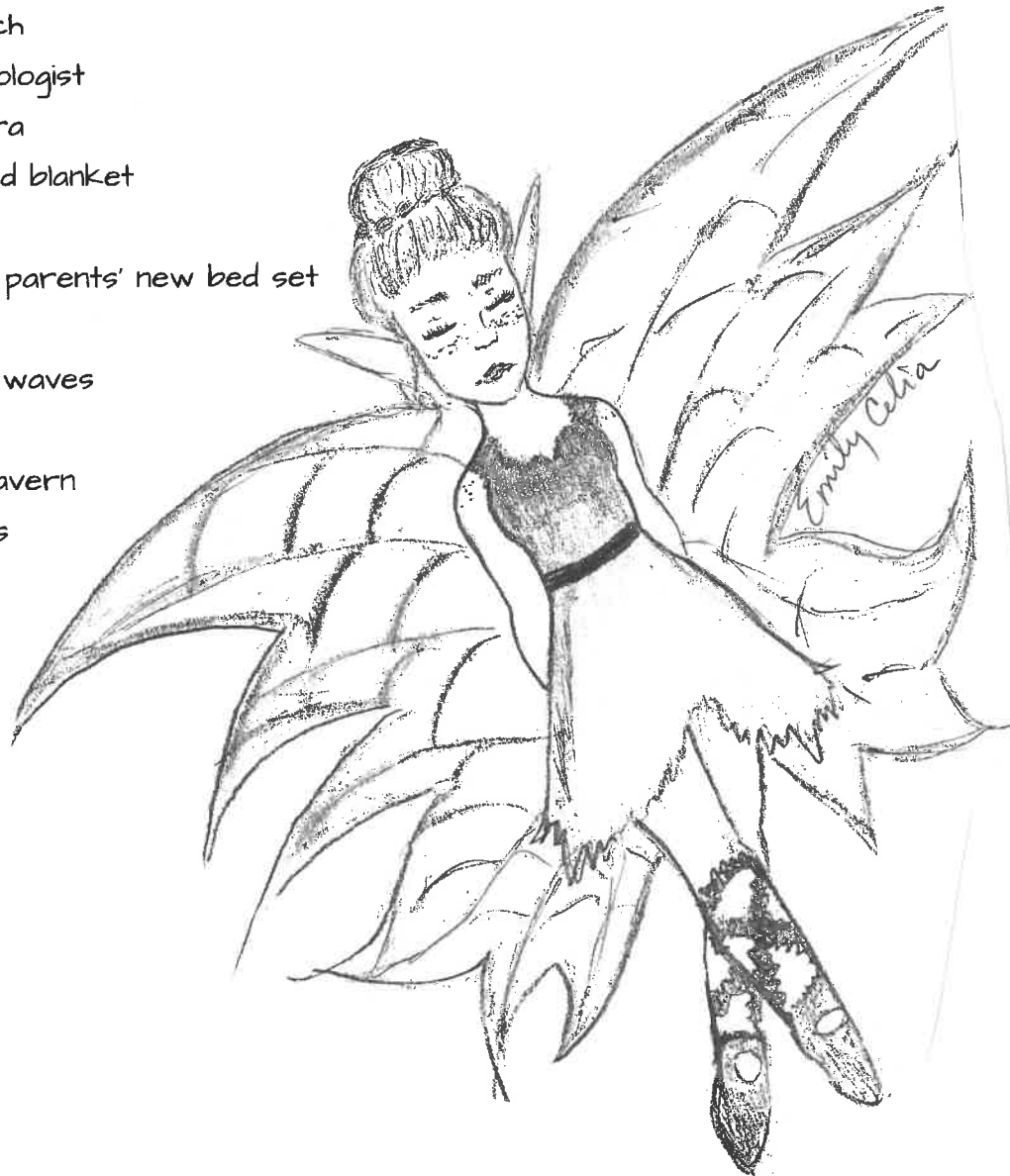
Emily Gray

Found poem from the Preface to
Wiesel's NIGHT

Things I Love- A List Poem

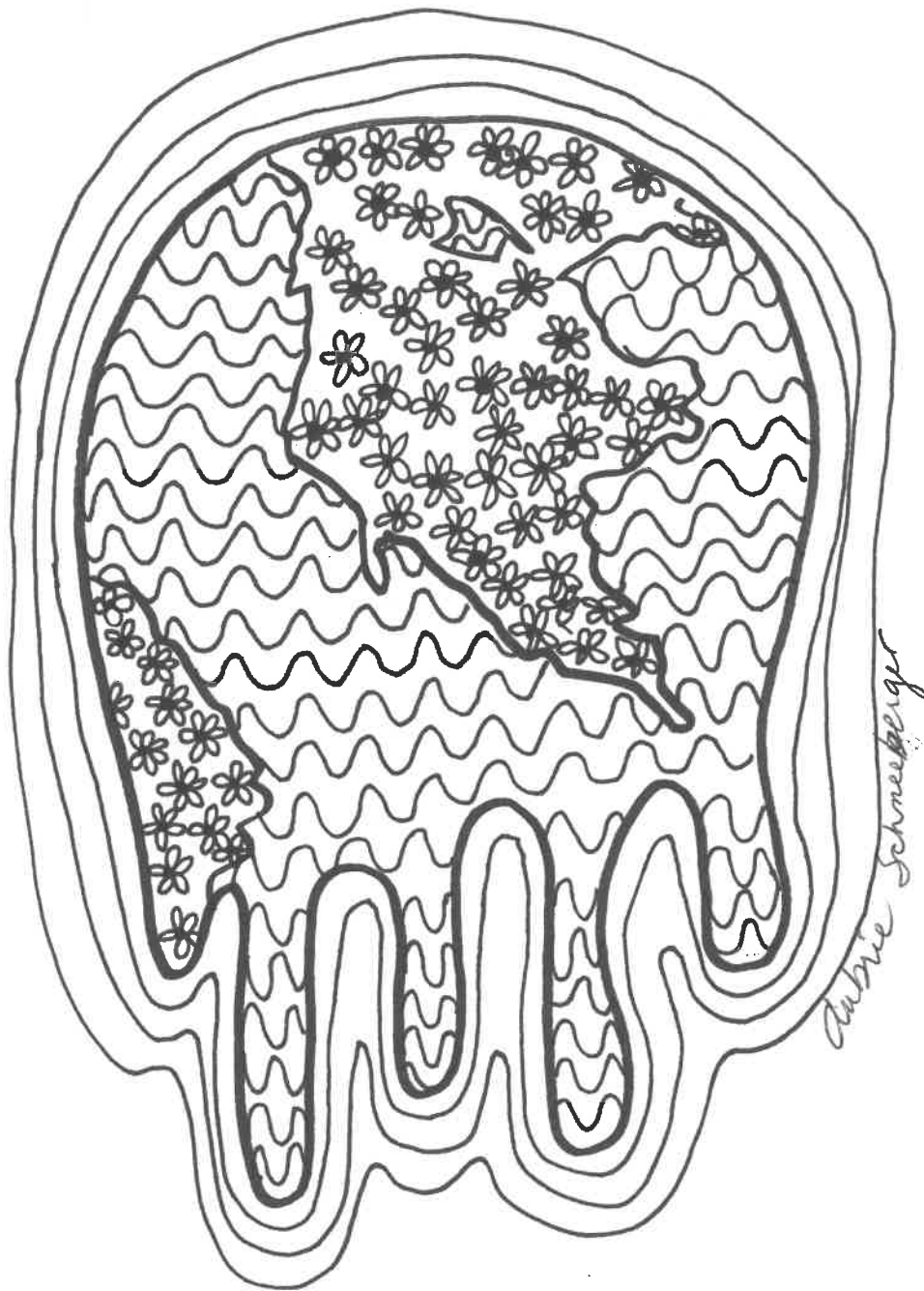
My mom and her confidently persistent attitude
My dad and his amazing growing Pickleball skills
My brother and his bubbly personality
My dog and her curly tail
East sandwich beach
My friends and their constant love
My bullet journal
My summer camp
My childhood with a large extended family
Rocks and their different textures
My new slippers I got for Christmas
My ever growing collection of pillow pets
My aunt's farm in Sandwich
My future as a Marine Biologist
Ayah and her beautiful aura
My white and brown quilted blanket
My ceramic creatures
My pillow I stole from my parents' new bed set
My childlike spirit
The beach and its calming waves
Pickles
Brownies from Jason's Tavern
Sledding at Dennis Highlands
Myself?

Bridget Brochu



The earth below us is crumbling
Yet we stay and fight, struggling, barely functioning

Jade Kennedy



Insistent little bird

If I were an animal I would be a hummingbird

The hummingbird would bounce around and mutter, never truly quiet.

"First tea and then you write, next to a meal and a song, maybe a book or so.." she warbles, not exactly here or there in thought.

Check, check, check-it check.

She would stop for a drink and then have a few. With the beat of her wings, she speaks,

Thank you for coming, I was nervous, you know how I get when I'm nervous, oh, well maybe you don't..." she trails.

She clears her throat and recuperates.

"Here," she starts " we love noise."

Ever since sitting with the creature, you have heard the insistent beat of the music, never a set genre or tone. Just music.

She doesn't let you think any more than that though. "We people, birds, are fickle things. We must be drawing in song and we must be on high alert. Much like how you wipe your feet at the door, we search for doors. We have silly customs like that.

We must use numerology because it makes the most sense and we have to have soda with a fancy dinner. Dinner at 6 and coffee at nine, in the sun and by the window when cold. They add up and up but it makes sense nonetheless. Once you are with us you slide into our rhythm, fast and constant.. I swear it be"

When you are with us, if you stay, your cup full will be I promise thee." she ends in steady even words, honey-coated and true.

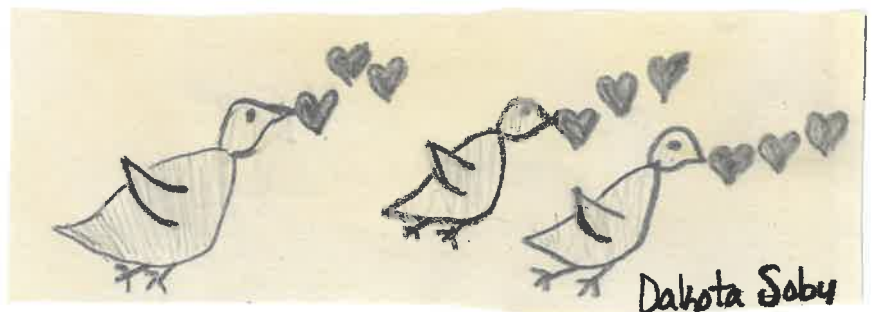
You set your tea on a woven saucer, taking in her quick speech.

The music fades from the ear, the thump of wings in tune with you.

"Yes," you sigh.

"Just only for a little while."

Kristina Tamasco



Based off of *Valentine for Ernest Mann* by Naomi Shihab Nye

Dear Naomi Shihab Nye,
I took your poem as a challenge.
I checked my garage,
the odd sock in my drawer,
and the person I almost like, but not quite.

The person I almost like, but not quite, is quite a funny person.
She says she hates me, but enjoys my company.
I say I hate her,
but I cannot imagine life without her.

The person I almost like, but not quite, isn't very pretty.
But she isn't ugly, like everyone else said.
"Nothing was ugly just because the world said so."
She's not pretty on the outside, but the inside is different.

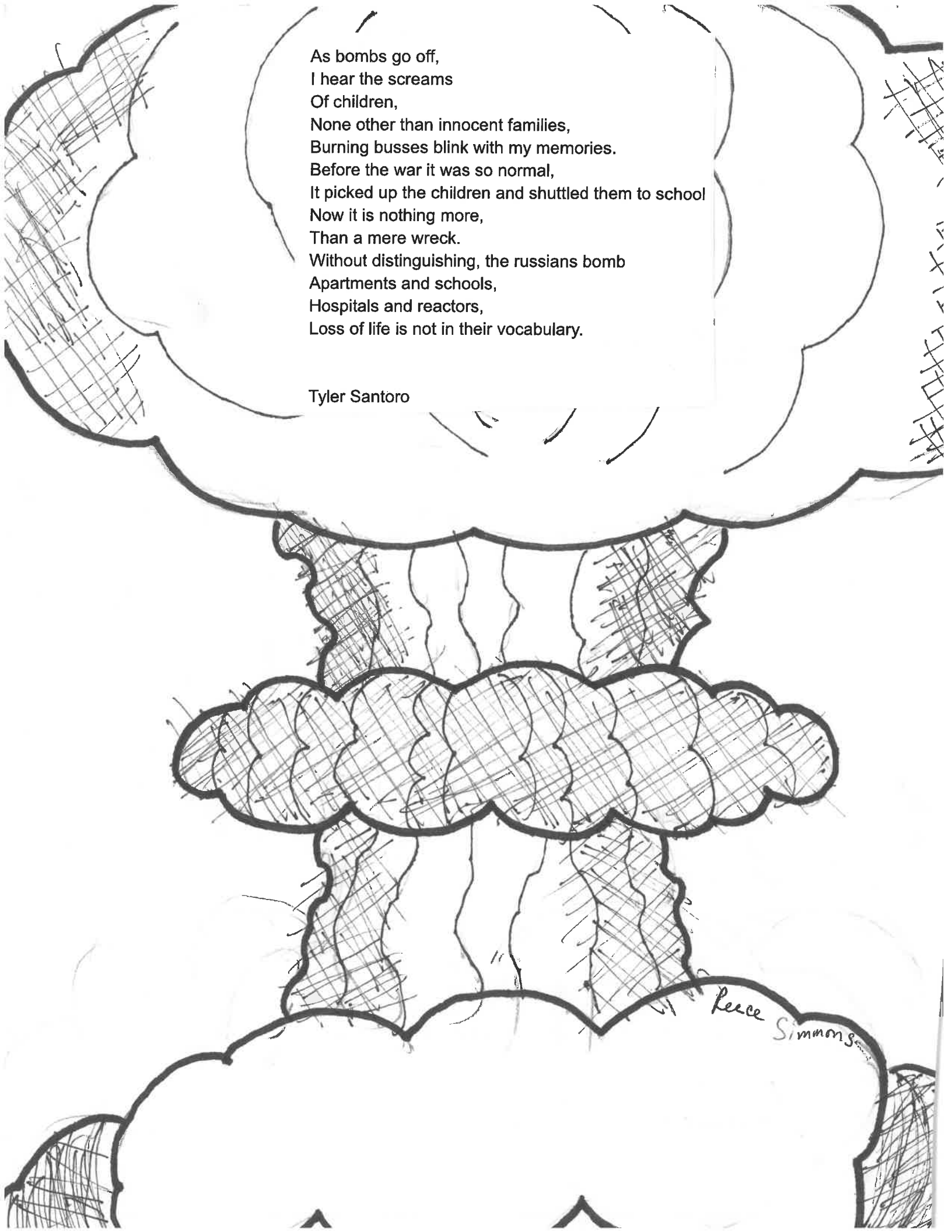
The person I almost like, but not quite, has a beautiful personality.
Or so people have said.

The person I almost like, but not quite, is stronger than I could ever be.

Because, Miss, this person has been called many names, and is still standing.
I never thought she would get this far.
And neither did she.

This person that I almost like, but not quite, is me.
I am the person that I almost like, but not quite.
And as far as I'm aware, I'm still standing, and that is my valentine to myself.
And that is beautiful.
At least, to me.

-Savannah Eldredge



As bombs go off,
I hear the screams
Of children,
None other than innocent families,
Burning busses blink with my memories.
Before the war it was so normal,
It picked up the children and shuttled them to school
Now it is nothing more,
Than a mere wreck.
Without distinguishing, the russians bomb
Apartments and schools,
Hospitals and reactors,
Loss of life is not in their vocabulary.

Tyler Santoro

Reece
Simmons

Rudolph's Fall



The snow was like clumped ash falling after an eruption, beautiful yet foreboding. Tough enough on a clear night, the journey from chimney to chimney became nearly impossible. Insistent upon continuing, they pushed their luck too far. In an effort to fly at higher altitudes, the leader of the pack exerted too much force on the reins. The snap that reverberated throughout the group chilled each of them to their bones, resulting in an unforgettable tragedy. They watched on in horror as the leader plummeted below the clouds and into the portrait of falling snow.

It was a Christmas never to be forgotten. The North Pole's gorgeous white scenery was splattered with the black clothing and tears of reindeer and elves alike. Forever gone down in history was the tragic event that took place the night before. For many years to come, it would put a damper on the after-Christmas festivities, lowering the spirits of all who were aware of its significance. To acknowledge the event, it was ordered that a gingerbread house be crafted, portraying the persona of the deceased.

Everyone gathered at the house made of cookies and looked on in respect. Santa Claus approached the house with big golden scissors. The ribbon was as bright as the red that once illuminated from the victim's nose. "This is for you, Rudolph" he whispered with a succinct snip of the scissors. Santa's tears fell into the snow with a plop, mixing with the flakes. He turned to the crowd. "We will never forget the bravery, innovation, and honor of our fallen reindeer. May he live forevermore in the presence of this memorial."

Brown were the antlers, beige were the walls, clear were the windows, and red was the nose. The marshmallow eyes belonging to the house peered down at the crowd before it, not realizing why it was there or what happened. For, there was no life behind those eyes, just sugar and icing. Clarisse, Rudolph's newly widowed wife,

looked on in emotion, wiping away the wetness with her hooves. Everyone nodded their heads solemnly with the utmost respect. Eventually after carrots, candies, and other refreshments, along with an emotional speech from Clarisse, the ceremony ended. With Santa's words, however, something enchanting had only just begun.

With his statement, a deep, ancient magic had been awakened. The crowd left the memorial, but the magic remained, frantically at work - pumping this, plucking that. It was as if invisible hands made of glitter were spinning together a web of sugary consciousness.

By nightfall, everything was in order. The red nose made of candy sniffed, the windows made of icing creaked, and the roof of gumdrops heaved in and out as if breathing. Suddenly, the eyes worked, and the gingerbread house gained full awareness.

A flash of black, and he could see the world around him again. Memories of his past life erupted like water from a broken dam into his mind. He remembered his name, his language, his love, and his tragic death. The spirit of Rudolph had come back to life in the form of a giant gingerbread house.

His wife, Clarisse moved into the home with their two reindeer children. In the North pole, almost everyone lived in gingerbread houses, so this was not uncommon.

Although Rudolph could not speak, he watched over his wife and children, seeing inside the house, feeling their emotions. During the blizzards and high winds, Rudolph's spirit warmed the house, and he was sure to stand strong, protecting the family inside. He could feel the happiness and love within him but also felt a deep longing for the past. More than anything he wanted to be alive again. He wanted to leap through the white field of snowflakes. He wanted to fly with the other reindeer again, leading Santa on Christmas Eve. He wanted to feel the wind on his face and joke around with his friend, Dasher like he used to. He wanted to stretch and run and prance. But, most of all, he wanted to embrace his wife and be a good father.

Ignoring the feeling of despair tugging at his heartstrings, Rudolph came to life through the perspective of the gingerbread house each day, satisfied with watching over his loved ones however distant he may have felt. One windy night Rudolph felt a shiver ripple across his gingerbread body. All merriment drained from his thoughts, and a sudden sensation of fear overtook him. He felt that something was very wrong.

He peered inside the house and saw his wife and children happily eating carrots at the dinner trough. But when he scanned the horizon, he noticed a dark figure stomping across the snow, making a beeline directly towards the home. As it

approached, he realized that it was a looming polar bear, twice the size of Santa. From its mouth hung large fangs and drool. Its eyes had a wildly ferocious gleam that told the tale of its presence. Rudolph could tell that it was hungry and had arrived for its own personal meal.

A million thoughts raced through Rudolph's mind. He locked the doors of the house and tried to stand securely to shield his wife and kids from being eaten. More than ever he wished he could communicate with his family and warn them of the impending danger.

All the frustration building up from the past few weeks began thundering through the house and reverberating through his gingerbread body. The mere thought of harm coming to his wife and children sparked a deep rage within Rudolph. If only he could tell them. If only he could be there. If only he could come back to true life. If only – His thoughts were interrupted by the cracking noise of one of his antlers disconnecting from the roof. He felt no pain, just the remnants of his rage. The antler crashed to the ground with a roar. Rudolph's vision suddenly stopped working. He could no longer feel the presence of his wife and kids.

The snow surrounding the fallen antler began wisping off the ground and twirled into a funnel of fluffy fragments. Those beautifully magical hands were crafting their magic once again. A silhouette began forming amid the snownado. There were hooves, four legs, strong antlers, and a vibrant red light glowing with determination. Striding out from the funnel was Rudolph himself, resurrected from the dead.

He galloped into the home, taking Clarisse and the kids by surprise. With no time to spare, he scooped them up and soared into the air, away from the empty shell of a gingerbread house and the doom from the rabid beast. They could hear the bear demolishing the gingerbread house bite after bite. Into the night sky, Rudolph flew higher and higher until the happy family blurred into the moonlit mural of falling snow. This time, however, the snowflakes were peaceful and soft, signifying a new beginning.

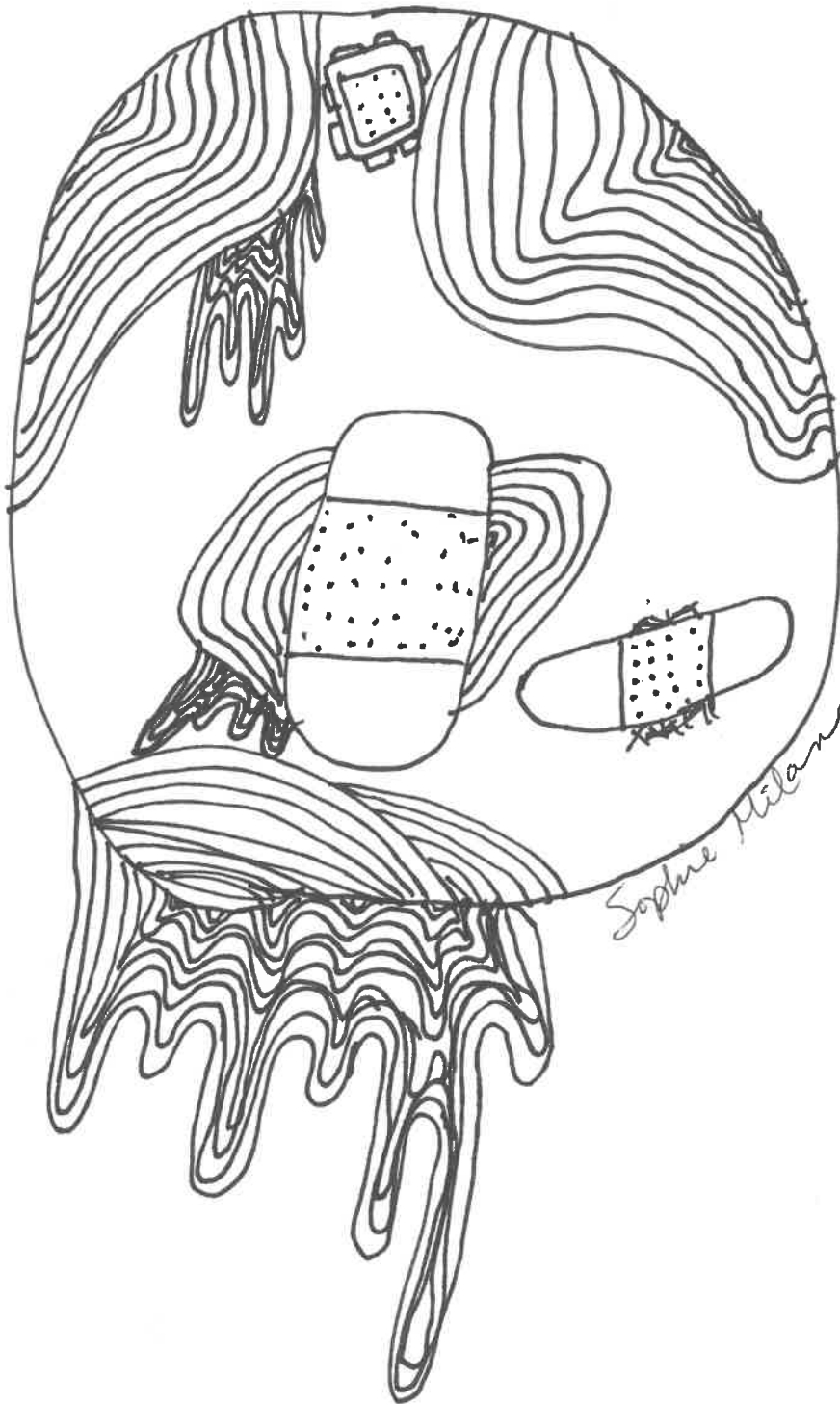
By Christie Beckley

Beautiful Afghanistan

The angelic drums show me beauty

The world around me shows violence, loss, pain, and death

Jayson Gomes



Concave

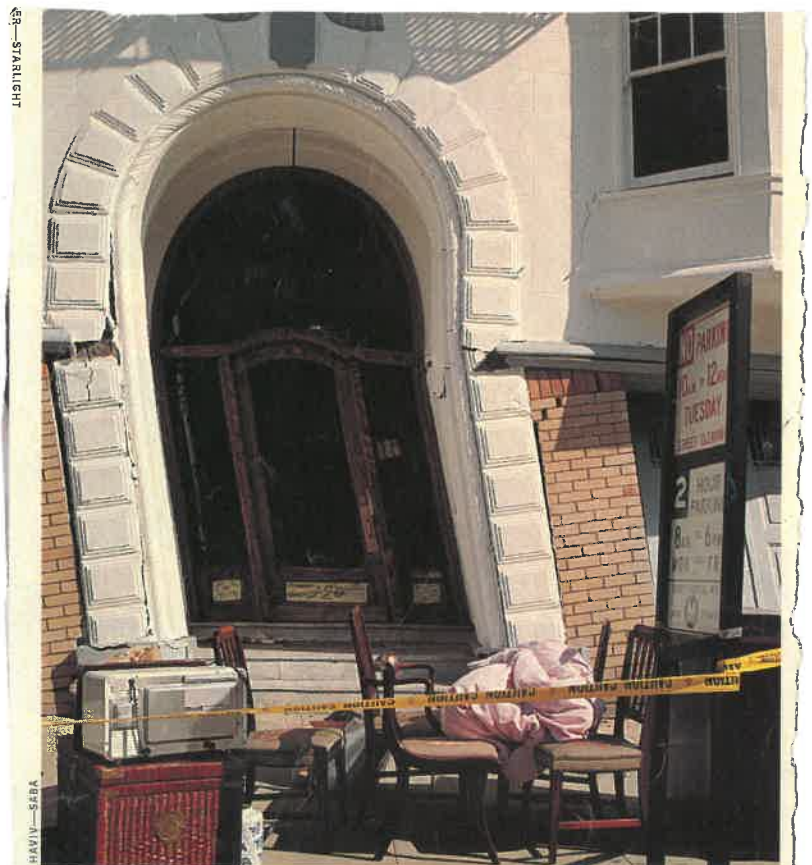
This is my home; my things scattered about, my hair in the comb, my dishes in the sink. It was all mine. We worked for this, we passionately fought back the leaks and the mice. I put out buckets under the sinks and placed traps under the stove. It was all mine, my children, ours.

Over the years, the strain on the ceiling and the beams and concrete measured with age. It surmounted the inner stress the building felt as we slept, cooked, and bathed. This silent strain on the window, bending and faulting until spider web cracks appeared like morning dew. And we knew and we saw it all start to pile up around us like snowdrifts, suffocating but pleasant. Because white snow is so innocent, so clean, like a cracked wall in a century-seen house. No one wanted to cause an avalanche.

And then it came down with a beautiful roar. The kind of avalanche that no one hears is what we heard in our home, our safe haven sang as she bent in the middle, popping out panes of glass in water droplet bursts and jarring doors forever. The sky came down and struck the hearth and suddenly it was rubble around the mantle.

But there was a poignant release to it, the avalanche, the popping, and the headache finally and deafeningly stopped. The windows no longer spattered rainbows on the floor but welcomed them in with fresh cool air, arms open ready to bend over and embrace them, one with the wind and leaves again, level with the mountains and hills, and finally free of pain.

Kristina Tamasco



Good Morning

The bright light of the sun shines through the curtains,
Compelling me to open my eyes.

As I begin to make sense of what's around me,
My ears are filled with the clamor coming from just the other side of the door.

Sleepily making my way towards the source of the noise,
The image of my family enjoying a morning meal enters my vision.

Their cheerful smiles when they see me,
Fill me with delight.

Switching my sight to the table,
I can see a plate of food set up just for me.

Pulling out a chair, now with a smile on my face too,
I'm greeted by everyone I love, "Good morning."

By Vaughn Jamieson



Christie Beckley

Bewitched by a flavorful story...

Notes full of suspenseful zest and cliffhanging allure

Afghani

Arianna Carchedi

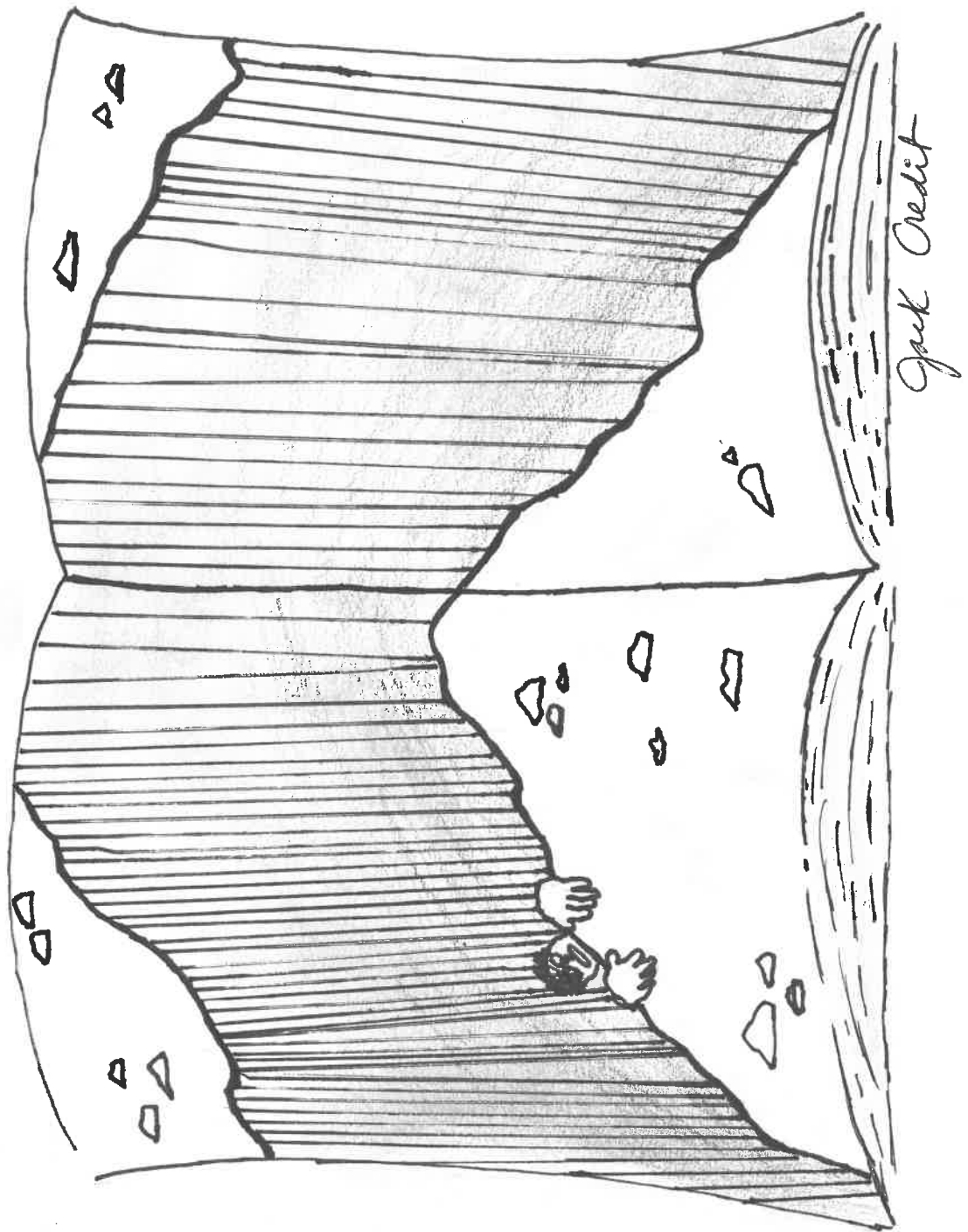
The skirt twirling as the music plays
With instruments by his side, beating as a heartbeat

They will walk away, and not look back
The last time you will hear their voice, playing like a song

Landays

Jack Credit

The music picked you up and threw you
Who knew that one singular song could hold that power



Japan

A destination for some
A home for others
The school children play, sisters and brothers
The people come and go, by riding bikes or boarding buses
The sun comes up each morning awakening all the colors
The colors of the signs, the streets, and the displays
And all the bad seem to melt away
Inside the "path to peace," kindness is the goal
But in the stadium fans fill the bleachers
Cheering very loudly they come together to make one whole
Hoping for a win, they lift their hands in union
Cheering for the Tokyo team
As if inside a dream, cherry blossoms grow
Surrounded by the sunshine, many families gather
Inside the wooden temples or golden if they rather
Japan is a place full of cultures and traditions
With making use of all the space comes stacks and stacks of shops
Even between the alleyways, people sell their art
Blue-green eyes of anime characters inside the books you read
The wise old man from Japan
tells you stories from when he was a businessman
The women gather inside, sipping their afternoon tea
The children play about, around their cherry blossom tree

Arianna Carchedi



Emily Celia

Dear Mama

Mama,
I'm in Ukraine
There is real war
raging here
I'm afraid
We are bombing cities,
even targeting
innocent civilians
We were told
that they would welcome us
They call us fascists,
but I thought I was in
military training
I got here not knowing
No information
No need to come here,
Nobody needs this war.
Here, people also live
They sent us
to our
death
I am sorry
We cannot continue
Innocent people are suffering
Mama,
this is so hard.

Talia Perez

Kiki Pigo-Cronin



Kenyatta Pigo-Cronin

*I have the most amazing boyfriend;
like we were just meant to be together forever.*

(Most Landays are about love)

Found poem from the words of Russian soldiers in Ukraine

Her Name

Honey coated heart
And chocolate hair
Her name sweet on my lips

A porcelain laugh
And voice smooth as glass
Her name shatters the silence

I see her in the summer
And miss her in the fall
Her name warms me like the sun

Hopeful eyes
And comforting smile
Her name guides me in the dark

Anna

By Emersin Adamsons



Late Night Resistance

Exhausted, he rubs his eyes
They're weights attached to his head
Head aching
Joints stiffening
Eyelids drooping
The lower they droop the closer he gets
To the lovely, relaxing heaven that is sleep
It's an ooey-gooney dessert he can see and smell
But can never have the pleasure of tasting
The "1:36" on the screen above his kitchen table
Is ticking with an urgency
Screaming at him to shut his notes and give in
He sneers at the time
The clock is teasing him
Unless he wants to fail this test he needs to stay up
He feels the nagging sensation of his guilt
He shouldn't have put the studying off
This is your fault, he thinks
Just to rub it in, the clock seems to get louder
"Tick tick tick" it says in reminder
In defiance he pick up the mug next to him
Brings it to his mouth and gulps down more of the hours-old coffee
Why is he doing this? What is it all for?
Does he give in? Give up?
Oxi

By Christie Beckley

Flavors of Home

I will be brutally honest when I say my taste is bland.

I have never tasted sushi or curry or hell, most vegetables

I am a saltine cracker, unsalted eggs type of American

though that doesn't mean I go without

the flavors of home.

On special occasions, we have steak and loaded potatoes.

That tastes like Friday evenings with my father right around the corner.

I am small, in a frail, second grade skin.

that is home

On a smattering of saturday mornings we have

corn beef hash, cooked on low until crispy and perfect

with runny eggs and buttered toast.

I am at home with my pajamas and the sound of mother's grittel

dad dozes upstairs, arms legs back sore

mother smiles in her good mornings, hair still mused.

This is home.

On a holiday we have the nicest cut of meat

on sale - though not uncared for.

the sweetest box cakes

and the blandest microwaved vegetables.

I do not mind this one bit

because when I taste **home**

I am simply there

in a flavorful embrace.

- For mother and father from Kristina Marie



A Night on the Rocks by Kaelyn Mayo

Signs plastered at the opening to the beach were consumed by the darkness of the night. Their message prohibiting climbing on the jetty was left unintelligible, meaning that the rule no longer applied to the beach. At least that's what it meant to the two friends laid out on the rocks.

They were on their backs, staring up at the night, quietly pointing out constellations to each other. The only other sounds besides their hushed voices were the wind and the waves, as they crashed against the rocks by their heads. The smell of salt hung heavy in the air, and the rocks were cool, but dry, beneath them. It was their last few hours before the two had to get on a bus and leave their small peninsula home.

"Are you nervous?"

The taller of the two turned his head to look at his friend, his blonde hair tumbled across his forehead. "Hm?" He watched his friend's face, trying to discern their expression in the dark, as they thought.

"About leaving? I guess, I don't know." They crossed their arms over their chest, eyes never straying from the stars above. "I know we always talk about leaving, and how we *want* to leave this place, but now that it's actually happening? I don't know."

The light haired boy thought about his friend's answer for a minute, propping himself up on his elbow and resting his cheek in his palm. He looked out at the coastline, easily spotting the harbor he grew up visiting. "Well," he began, trailing off as he watched the beam from the distant lighthouse go by once more. "I used to be nervous. At first, all those months ago, but as time went on? I guess I just can't see any other future path for myself at this point."

His friend sat up slowly, and he watched as they did so. They got into a cross-legged position, hunched over and looking out at the water. "I think I feel that way too. It's just weird. Maybe it's the fact that we're growing up?"

"Well, it is weird. I mean, we met freshman year, and in a few hours we're getting on a bus to go to University." The boy's face suddenly scrunched up in disgust as he let out a horrified, "Oh my god, Ezra, we're like, old now."

That had Ezra laughing, the sound seeming louder in the salty silence, almost as if the waves bounced it back at the two. "Yeah, I thought you realized that when we got our first tattoos?" They asked, smiling at the other. He just stared at them, face still disgusted as though he had been told something horribly offensive. That expression sent Ezra into another fit. "You can't tell me you're just now noticing this!"

He flopped back down on the rocks, arms spread out to either side of him as he let out a pathetic groan. "I'm old, so very very old."

"Okay, you're milking it now."

"Ancient, a dinosaur."

"Dude seriously."

"A fossil walking the Earth."

Ezra shook their head at his antics and laughed again. The action caused them to miss how the other glanced over at them, a soft smile sitting on his lips seeing Ezra laugh. He had thoroughly distracted them, exactly what he had meant to do.

"Karson, I'm older than you, if you're a fossil, what am I?"

Karson scrunched up his face at the question, hesitating only a mere second before replying with, "Dust."

The offended screech rang out across the empty beach, as did the startled yell from Karson as Ezra pushed him over. Soon after, silence settled upon the beach, only to once again be disturbed by laughter. It died down slightly as the two friends went back to their star gazing. They were leaving for University in thirty minutes, but they would spend those few minutes pretending that wasn't true. Pretending it was some random night in June, and they had all the time in the world.

Christmas, Hanukkah, supply, educate it's, cleanse yours
over, share, much as Jews give, All they do is take, No matter what hummus,
oh, Fast, Eat Sherlamma, 24 hours after fasting, Sheered lamb & we do their motto always is, death late they want death as you may cause a war
the real way you may cause a war, we went peace, death late they want death as you may cause a war

Emily Celio

VIETNAM TODAY

By Anonymous

I

It's a moving fluid city made of
Orange robed monks tending temples
Jungles dotted with farmlands
Stalking, golden-eyed tigers.

II

Money pours from wrinkled western hands
Their golden plated serpent skin
Now flecks of light on top of the water
It's copper body rusted under the currents of blue lagoons

III

bears, sun bears, and snub nose monkeys
Swing and jump from limb to limb
Of trees and wash lines
Into basins and around ankles.
The dogs' trot, empty bellied
From street corners and weaving through motorbikes
Their golden fur, dusty and shaggy



A Poem for Vietnam

Brittany Gould

5

In the classroom, the wealthy boy will call attention
To the holes and rips in my pants
To the dirt and rice stains on my shirt
Everyone will laugh and point.

4

When I make it home
I will take off my shoes
And help Mom in the kitchen.
My hands are sore, rubbed raw
But the warm rice falls right through my fingers

3

Sitting on the floor
Mom orders me to take another scoop of rice
But her plate is empty
And I cannot remember
If she has eaten anything tonight at all,
I can hear her stomach rumbling over her yelling

2

Dad is away working at the factory, I have not seen him in days
When he comes home, he will be sick
My grandfather, the rice farmer looks down on us
And our "life of shame",
He says that we are contributing to the corruption.
I can see my father's face in the factory's puff of smoke,
I know we have no choice.

1

Grandfather grew up working the rice fields
He says that I don't sweat enough
I am just like my father when he was my age.
When I visit him
He will tell me his stories of the War
And I will yawn
Until I notice the tear in his eye
And the tremor in his hand

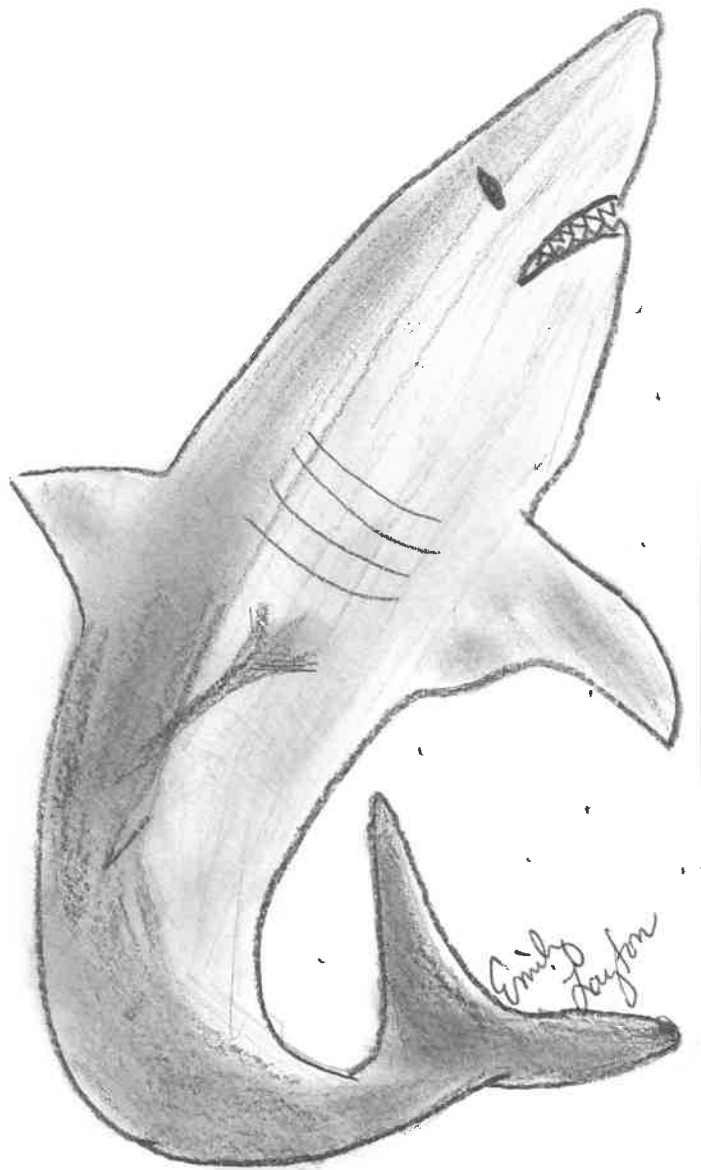
What I'm grateful for
Is the cool summer breeze
That skims across the ocean
Creating a heavenly bliss

What I'm grateful for
Are the moments when you laugh so hard
That it comes out silently
defying the laws of sound

What I'm grateful for
Are the gasps for air while sobbing
Because they remind me of my humanity

I'm grateful for all the reminders
That I am present in the world
The small realizations that I am here
And that I am okay
The little things that tell me
That not only am I living
But I am truly alive
And because of those
I couldn't be more grateful

By Talia Perez



Jack Fasano

When we sing our songs and preach his psalms
Dance until we fall, our soul's spirit will now know calm.

Our flag stands tall, flapping in the wind
Saluting our soldiers, having their backs, they will win.

2 Afghani
Landays

WHY AM I A BURDEN
TO BE SEEN



WHEN I CANT DO ANYTHING
AT ALL

If in my life I was to write only one book, this would be the one.
While I had many things to say, I did not have the words to say them.
All the dictionary had to offer seemed meager,
Pale,
Lifeless.
Was there a way to describe the last journey in sealed cattle cars?
Or the vanishing of a beautiful, well-behaved little Jewish girl,
Murdered with her mother the very night of arrival?
How was one to speak of them without trembling and a heart broken for all eternity?
And yet, having lived through this experience,
One could not keep silent no matter how difficult, if not impossible,
It was to speak.

Vaughn Jamieson

hellish sun
ghetto tears
I had no strength left + oppressors
weak
useless
expelled
German's
we cannot give up
tragically
forgetten
screaming
taken away
hatred
my mind was
empty
war
being
police
hate
chaos
lashing out
fatigue
sobbing
heavy
cry
+ water
+ light

Daddy hasn't come home yet. Mommy doesn't want to talk about it. I don't have anyone to play with because my brother had to go become a soldier. Daddy was working when we heard the first boom. Mommy shuttered. I didn't know what was going on. Daddy was at his job then. He's a baker. Mommy told me we could go there later to get scones. But after that she said no. She said we have to stay in our house and close the blinds.

We did. For a long time. But me and my sister are hungry. She's a year and a half younger than me. So mommy said I have to look out for her. She said I'm the man of the house now and I have to be a big boy...even if we are leaving soon. We don't have any more food in our fridge. All we have left is lima beans and creamed corn. Mommy says she likes to eat the can food but I don't believe her. We've been in here for weeks and daddy still hasn't come back. Mommy seems lonely. I try to cheer her up, but she only gives me a short lasting smile. We're almost out of food.

Mommy said we were leaving this morning. And we did. She told me and my sister to pack up our stuff. But she wouldn't let me bring my stuffed kitty. She said I have to only have enough to fit inside the suitcase. I had to share it with my sister. When we left our apartment, the halls seemed empty. When we went down the stairs< the stairway felt empty. When we went into the street, it felt empty. And mommy said we had to rush. It was a long walk to where we were going. Mommy said we couldn't walk in the open so we went through the skinny alleys. We saw army men through an alleyway when we were on the other side. Mommy said they were bad guys. She said we weren't allowed to talk until we were by them. We walked for a long time. I said we should look for daddy. But mommy didn't say anything back. Then my sister agreed with me and mommy still kept walking. We walked forever.

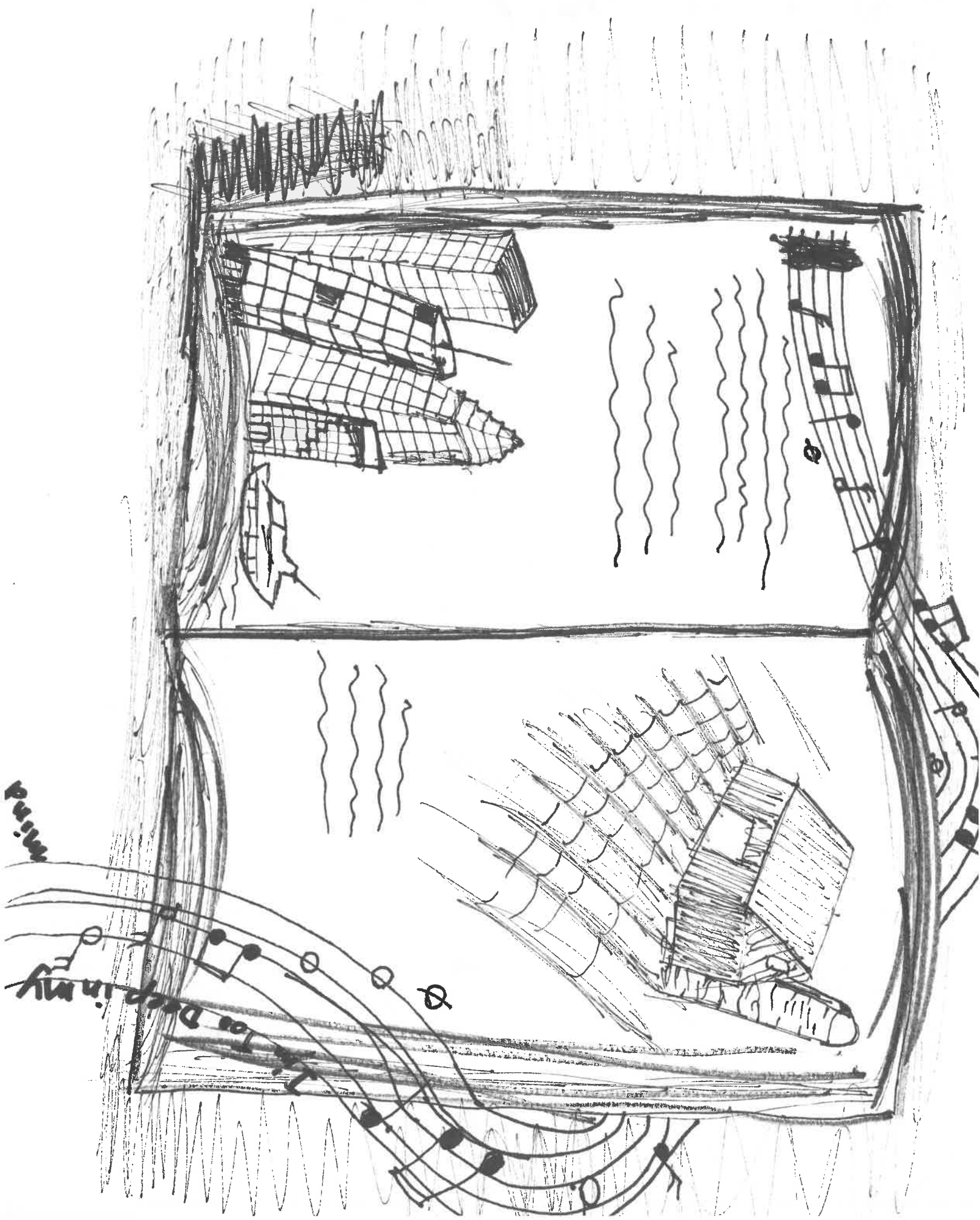
Now we're at a place with a bunch of other people. It's crowded here. We're underground in a deep, dark cave. There are no windows and we're still eating can food. We should've stayed home. Everyone here seems scared. Mommy seems scared too. She told me and my sister not to be scared. But it's hard when all the adults look at you with fear. I don't know when we'll be able to leave but I hope it's soon. Everyone here is talking about the Russians. And my sister asked me who they are. I told her they were like the Capitol in Hunger Games. She started crying. Mommy said this'll all be over soon. But I don't believe her.



Cyrus Baker

Sophia Milan

Nadine Barker!



Music

As Deep in my

Fever Dream

Eighth grader.

Fresh meat,

Told to get Dunks when you're late to school.

Mr. Walsh's English class,

My first real English essay.

Crying in the bathroom.

My first "heartbreak".

The perfect friend group,

Trips to Brooks park.

We were "Street toughs".

Freshman.

Homecoming with a boy,

That didn't last long.

The perfect friend group broke up,

Definitely not perfect for me.

My first theater production,

The coolest tech crew.

Sophomore.

Met a boy,

Flirting in biology class.

Grief,

A new experience for me.

New group of friends,

Hanging out every day.

School's closed for two weeks, "hooray!"

We never went back.

Convinced my mom to get a dog,

She probably saved our lives.

Had a great summer,

Skateboarding down Main Street in the darkness.

Junior.

I don't even think this year really happened.

It was a fever dream.

Waking up at 10:34,

Open my computer for class at 10:35.

Mr. Bowman asks if I'm taking notes,

I show him the grilled cheese I'm making.

Same cycle every day,

Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.

Senior

This year went more downhill,

Then the roller coaster at the Barnstable County Fair.

Started out great,

Boyfriend going strong on two years,

big friend group, absolutely perfect.

My license giving me freedom.

Sitting at the beach a lot.

Broke up with the boyfriend,

He wasn't for me.

First true heartbreak is hard,

Especially going through it alone.

Too much work,

Too much stress.

Learning to love myself,

Experience more independence.

Three months left,

But I'm already checked out.

On to bigger and better things,

Off to the future.

Did this even happen?

Bridget Brochu

I hurt to the bone.

I sit in the dark of a shelter, it moves under my feet. The ground is moving, twisting, cracking beneath our feet. In some aspects it really is, in others, it's just our feelings taking over our logic and spitting fear at our feet. Mother brushes the soot from my hair and pulls my scarf farther over my eyes. The gesture tries to protect me from rubble or the visions, I am not sure which.

My mother, honeyed eyes and cracked hands, would have never hid my eyes from the television, a soap opera, or even the news. She hides my eyes from the shapes in the shadow now. It doesn't surprise me. Not now at least. Her breath is steady but her eyes are glass.

My face stings as the cold crystalizes on my eyes, my cheeks, all the way down to my chin. Under my blue surgical mask, the hot air of my own breath comforts me, even with squinting eyes and mother's touch at my hair. Even though I am far from small, she cradles me for my own protection.

Another shell strikes the library's roof, sending vibrations through the walls where my head lies and knocking the wind out of the lungs of every single one of us. Fifteen or so heads duck, hunching over children and covering wives, brothers, mothers. The elderly grimace and stand, daughters and sons holding them upright. My father would have wrapped arms around my mother and me, but now she covers both of us and braces for all three of us.

My father is 43 years old, and in May he will be 44. I wonder silently if he will have to celebrate alone. A small lighter in his hand, blowing out the flame, wishing to be home with mother, our awful dancing and my terrible habit of refusing to finish dinner. He left with the other men, my cousins, and their equally strong wives and daughters. Father is as tough as they come, and aunt Anzela is probably tougher, yet I worry if they eat, where they sleep, and who will mend their clothes.

My ears ring, my lips are clapped and bloodied, and my mind is strangely quiet. The sun will rise in Ukraine, but not in the bunker, in this moment and not today. In here, in the lightless abyss of concrete and dust. Here with bodies huddled together, bracing simultaneously when light breaks the bunker walls, our time will run out.

One more minute

One more sunrise

One more day for Ukraine.



By Kristina Tamasco

-Sophia Milan

Holden's poem by Isadora Alexis

My brother D.B.
Wrote stories for young children.
Now in Hollywood.

He had this one book,
A novel of short stories;
"The Secret Goldfish."

It's about a boy
Who protected what was his
And fought others off.

D.B. dumped that book,
And he ran off to whore-ville.
Now his light had dimmed.

My old dorm roommate,
Ward Stradlater, a real stud.
Can't keep off a girl.

He'd flash 'em a smile,
Turn around, then pick his nose.
He's red in my eyes.

There was this girl, Jane,
She got straddled in the dark,
Her king knocked over.

My little sister,
Named Phoebe, bright as the sun.
I'll catch her before she falls.

I caught no one else.
Let me catch her, before
She falls forever.

The Caulfields by Isadora Alexis

My hair is half grey
Even though I'm still a teen.
It's kind of a joke.

Everybody says
That even though I look much older,
I act like I'm twelve.

My dad says this too.
Even though I am mature,
He doesn't notice.

My mother is stuck.
Y'know, I fail out of schools,
Consecutively.

What my mother does,
It's really kind of funny.
You won't laugh, though.

When I got kicked out,
She *sort of* looked at me, then
Looked away again.

Then the next morning,
I was looking at new doors
To a brand new school.

Hurricane of Lies

Verse (Am-G-C-F)

Pressure is all I take
Hoping for no mistakes
Come on, Say it straight to my face
Call me a god when I'm fake

Chorus (Am-C-G-Am)

Hold back tears now
Ur a burn out
Leave me hear to die

(Fm-C-G-Am)

Gone forever
Doesn't matter
Was pushed away
Into the hurricane of lies

Verse 2

In my own trap with no escape
Savage thoughts then say I'm ok
No one listens anyways
They say all kids are depressed theses days.

Chorus:

(Am-Em7-Fm-Em7)

Bridge:

Don't ask questions
Here my lesson
To fix the cracks in your toxic brain...

Break my heart again,
Keeping me silent,
I'll stitch mouth so you can me say...

Emily Celia



Lost

They said we would go there and come back
I did not know I was going to Ukraine
I have no desire to fight these people
Good people.
It cannot continue
Nobody wants war
What Russia wants, I cannot understand
"They sent us to our death"
A voice of 5,000 soldiers who are taken away
or already lost.

Brittany Gould

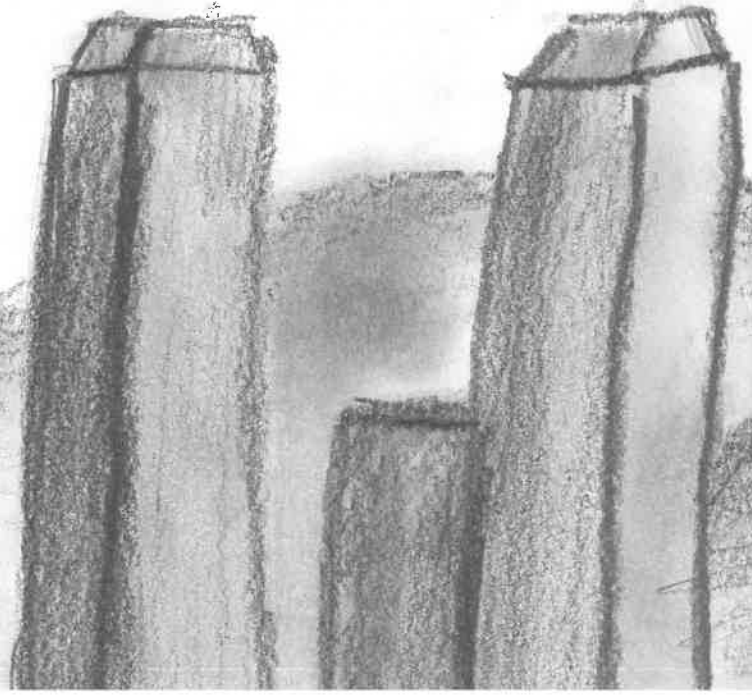
ISRAEL FROM THE SKY



Christie Beckley

か
げ
き
な
命
気
死

Beautiful Life So - Death



Nadine Barker

JAPAN

I see the language, the people, the culture,
All the different species of animals and all the new foods
It is very appealing to know there are still things like that to grow
The mechanics and machines,
the colors and the scenes
I wish I could go and meet the deer without any fear
All the clothing and cleanliness
Japan, so brilliantly adding new things
Fountains, mountains, and rivers
They are so pretty without the litter
Kimonos of new colors, dresses, and pants
I wonder what the air smells like, the aromas that linger
Sushi, for example
The Japanese made it and it's worldwide
But I wonder what they keep to themselves
Anime is also worldwide
Do they have any shows they don't share?
We have many and so should they, I wonder what they watch on TV
Their language is so different from ours
It seems so far away...

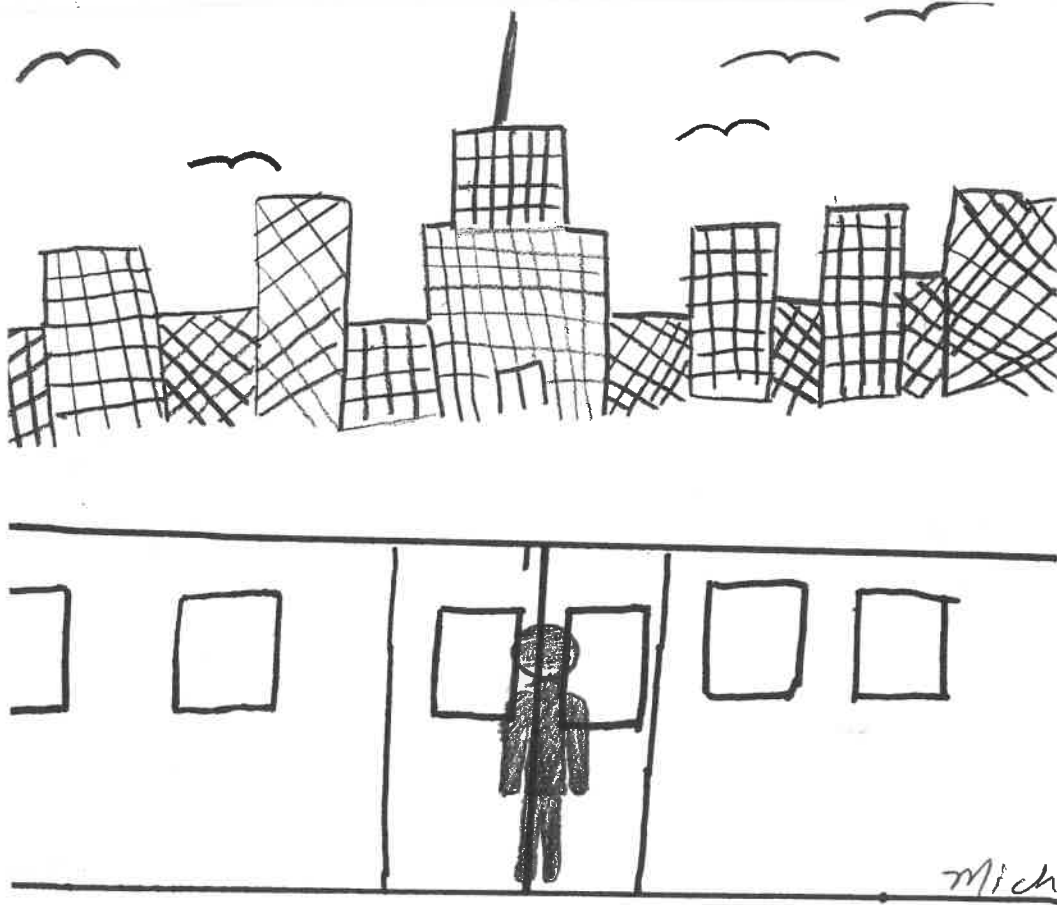
Emily Brophy

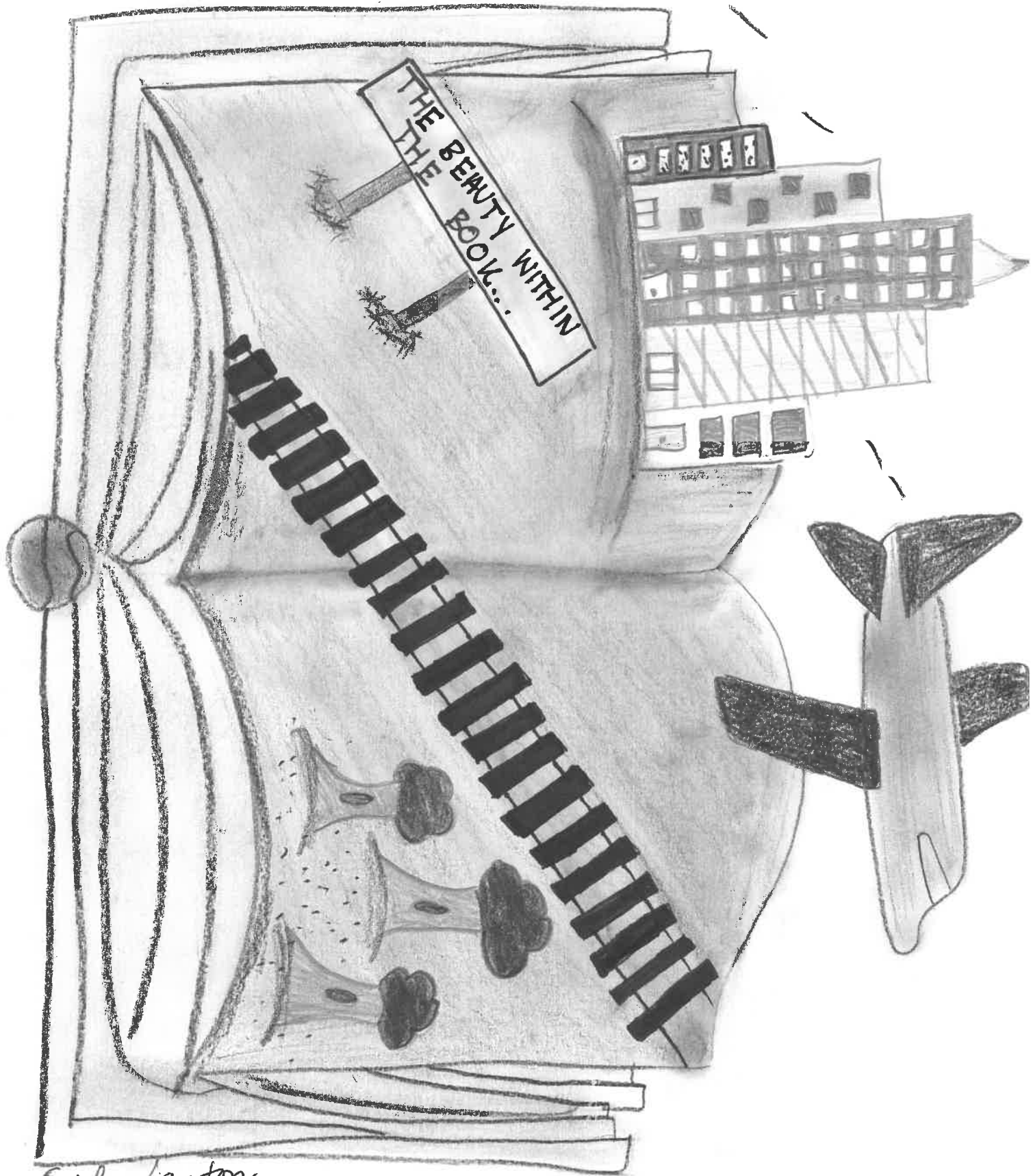
The Beauty within the Book

Jade Kennedy

Bubbly clouds with forests painted green;
New York City feeling except here is like a dream.
Shiny tiles scattered to the point of perfection
The trains so clean you can see your own reflection.
From the warped roofs that are up oh so high,
big lettered signs you can see from the highest point in the sky.
Is it too much to ask for a glimpse of this beauty?
All I know is what I've seen in your pictures and in movies.
The beautiful young girl posing with her brother,
Such a wonderful sight and an experience like no other.
I've traveled the world and have seen so many things,
never once been to a place that radiates spiritualism and spring.
How I'd love to visit and see it all with my own two eyes,

I hate how it is so far and how I'm told these glorious stories,
so my memories lie in the book that you carry;
With wooden temples encrusted with gilded gold
And trees named after cherries.





Emily Layton

Self Love

The baggy black clothes
The deep voice that I yearn for but don't have
The relative flatness and pain that comes from wearing a binder

In this body that I did not want
That I did not choose
But I am forced to deal with

If only I was a little taller
If only I was a little flatter
If only I had a deeper voice

No matter how much I wish for it
I cannot change it
Or at least not significantly

Through gender dysphoria
And gender euphoria
The ups and downs

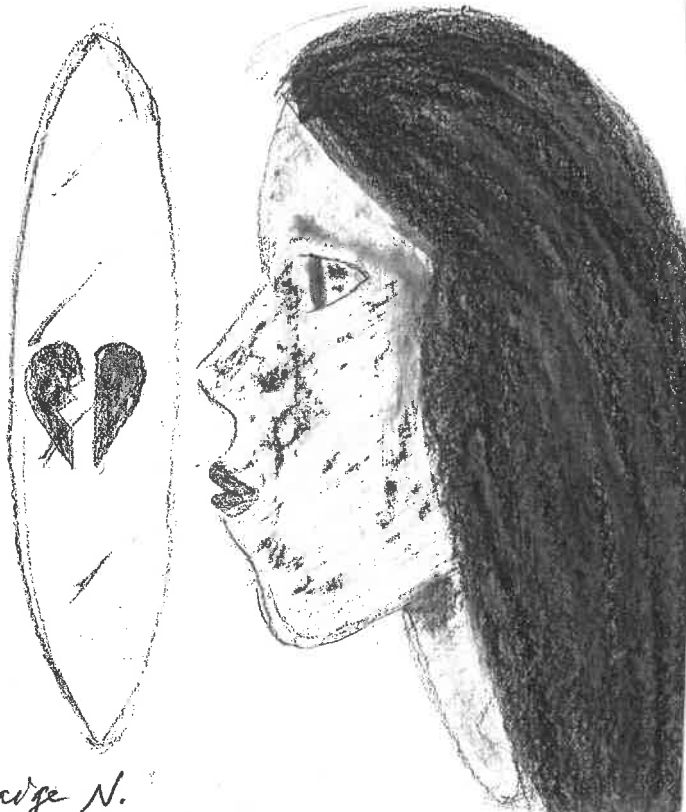
This is who I am
I must live with myself
I must love myself

By Jasper Hayes

I want to be
the boy in the dress
I want the fabric
to fall over my flat chest
I want my voice
to rumble like a
motorcycle
I want my hair to
fall short
and my eyebrows to
grow thick
and I want to be
the boy in the dress

why do these words feel familiar

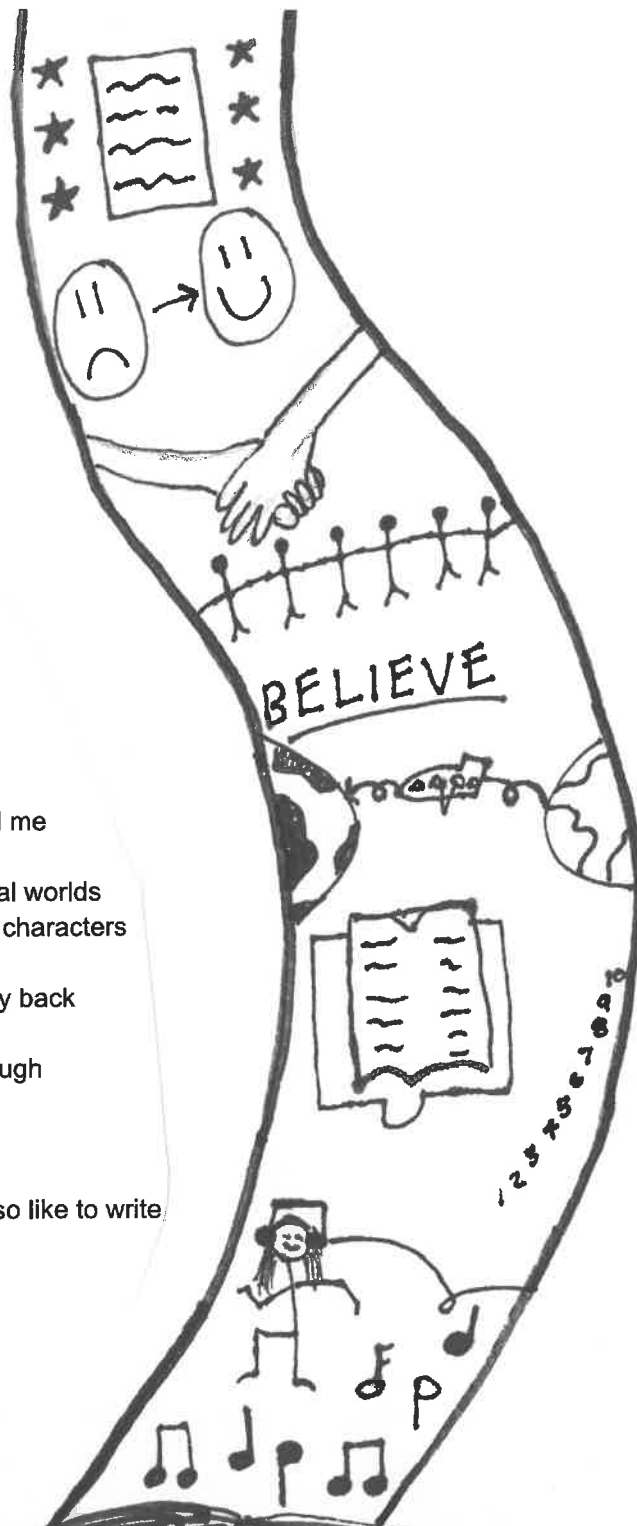
Emersin Adamsons



Things I Am Thankful For

By Erin Desouza

I am thankful for music
For letting me get lost in the lyrics
making me forget about the world around me
I am thankful for books
For letting me read about different magical worlds
helping me lose myself in the lives of the characters
I am thankful for my family
For always believing in me and having my back
I am thankful for my friends
For being there for me when times are tough
bringing me joy and comfort
And lastly, I am thankful for writing
For letting me explore worlds and minds
for helping me meet other people who also like to write
I'm thankful for the little things
even when life is hard.



Paige Nash

CAPE VERDE

The Cape Verdean culture is one of familiarity and faith
A culture and heritage born from slaves
From the food to the flag there's no doubt that it's great

While I'm not Cape Verdean, I am grateful to be a part of their culture
When my grandmother cooks I eat like a vulture
Jag, gufung, kale soup, and canja
After eating I'm so stuffed, as big as the Green Monstah

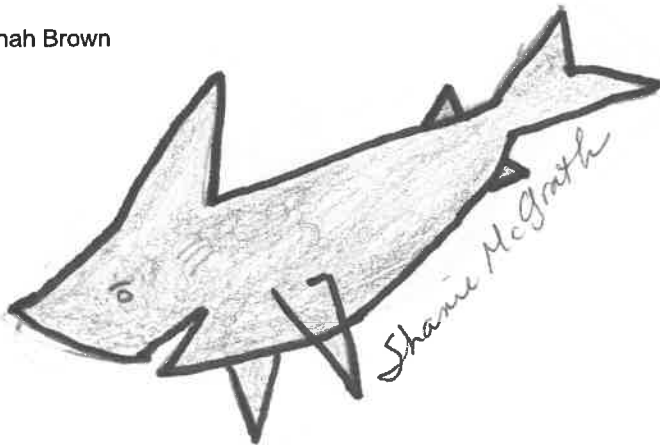
These people came over with little to none
They've embraced me in their lives like I'm second to none
Our family reunions are so much fun
We compete in a 100-yard run

Immersed in this culture all my life
It's no wonder I learned to make all these delicious bites
My grandmother's cooking is like no other
I wish to be like her, such an amazing mother

In love with the flow
Someday I hope to go
Visit the islands of Brava and Fogo

Sit out on the beach while eating a local peach
There's nowhere I'd rather be
Then being with my second family
Sitting on the beautiful beach
Of my second home, Cabo Verde

Susannah Brown



Cape Verde to Cape Cod

The capes of two superheroes
Both heroes of my past
Considerate and respectful
Like a flag at half-mast

In Cape Verde
The waters are beyond compare
Like a cerulean crystallized candy
Smooth as my dark hair

Portuguese or African
That is the debate
My piercing blue eyes
Are my ancestry's telling trait

Warm air breezes by
As I walk along the shore
A few small islands off Africa to you
But to me, so much more

It is my first home
My palace of volcanos and sand
But there is another place I'm going...
A faraway land

With choppy dark waves
Crashing with grace
Diving in you'll be greeted
By a nippy embrace

With cold winters and cranberry bogs
This second home is strange
But other Cape Verdeans are here
And I get along with change

My second home is an elbow of earth
And it is wedged in the sea
It's another "Cape"
In the land of the free

By Christie Beckley

i love you

2004

1985

i don't know the struggles
the hardships you went through
in those twenty years before
i was there proudly by your side
did you get the love you needed?
or was it lonely?
did i help you get through it sixteen years ago?
did i make it easier?
was it the new future you've created for yourself?
mom i hope you know i love you
i love everything about you
i remember three years ago
you moved out before i could
i didn't hear from you much
mom?
is it nice there?
mom i've packed everything
mom? mom? mom?
you know i love you right?
even if you're away?
i love you and i love everything about you
but dad doesn't seem to feel the same
he loved everything about you
you loved everything about him
i saw that everything fade away into nothing
i watched
mom
mom when can i move back in with you
when will the house be ready
dad hasn't been nice
his voice is always raised
every word is foul and hurts
i think he wishes he could take out on you
what he's been taking out on me
mom
mom can i please come home
mom
I love you

Ayah Wilson

Music

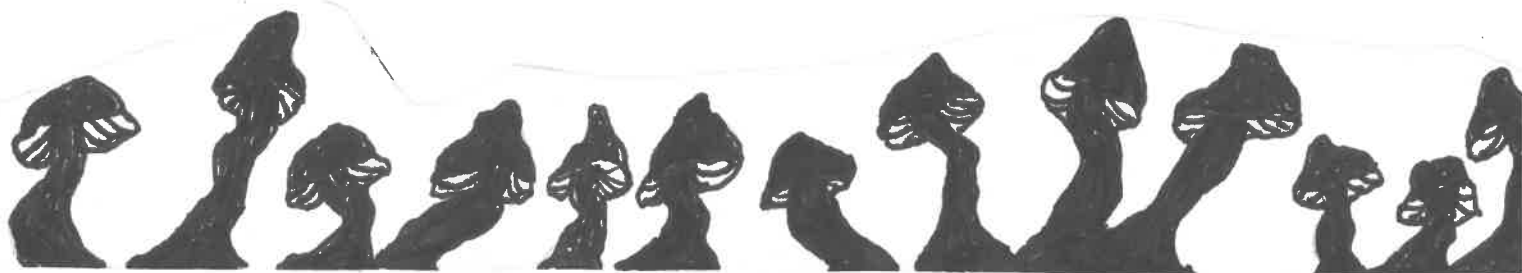
On days when my anxiety takes hold
I slip on my headphones and drown out the thoughts
On days when I feel sad and tired
I turn up the volume on the happy music
On days when I am looking to be productive
I put on the music that makes me focus
Music is the cure to all of my problems

- Erin DeSouza

Our Type of Love

The type of love I feel for you
Is one I can't describe
I think I won't to hold your hand
But at the same time I want to cry
I want so badly to dance with you
To be wild, and oh so free
But I feel like our type of love
Must be handled carefully
I don't want to mess things up
And I don't want to romanticize
A hypothetical love I feel
A love that's full of lies

Anonymous





Prom Vignette

Olivia Appleton

Going to prom must be a part of every high school experience. That's at least what everyone told me. I was planning on not attending prom because I'm not close with anyone in my class anymore. We all grew apart once I started dual enrollment and they started planning their college journeys. I've also become more independent throughout my senior year and I'm ready to graduate.

It wasn't until my friend Sam persuaded me to go with him. His main point was "You'll regret it if you don't go." He wanted to go with me so I wouldn't be alone, which made me feel 100 times better. So, I bought the tickets and a dress, and planned my hair, and just like that I was ready to go.

Doing my makeup was fairly easy. I put on a pale blue eyeshadow to match my dress, lip gloss, and eyeliner. To finish the look off, I stuck a bindi on my forehead to connect to my culture. I knew the mainly white crowd I would soon be surrounded by. I went to school with them for the majority of my life. I felt more like myself with the gems on my forehead, reminding everyone of my Indian roots.

Next was my hair appointment, done by one of my best friends. She braided it into a knot and clipped it with a crystal clip at the back of my head. I grew excited once she finished doing my hair. She reassured me that I was going to have a great time. She began to hype me up to the point where I was now looking forward to going. Even if I wasn't going to stay long, I felt good about myself, which mattered the most to me.

When I got home, I quickly put on my dress. The dress was a light blue gown with sparkles covering every inch of fabric. When I looked in the mirror, I truly felt like a princess. I remember smiling from ear to ear. My nerves disappeared because I believed that I looked beautiful.

When Sam and I got to prom, we already felt out of our element. The Wequassett Beach Club was the fanciest place I've ever been to. The ceilings were high, the landscape was gorgeous, the workers were dressed nice, and the food was pretty good. When we saw everyone dressed up, I felt like I wasn't at a school event anymore.

Still, we felt ostracized. Despite all the people I knew in my class, not many even looked my way. For those I did talk with, it was nice to see each other for probably one of the last times till graduation. Sam and I didn't stay for long. We knew deep down that this wasn't our type of thing. We ended up staying for the grand march, pictures, dinner, and one song.

I think my biggest takeaway from this experience was that I can choose my own happiness. Even though I didn't talk with people I once knew, I still felt good about myself. For once I dressed up in something that's not sweatshirt and sweatpants. Inside, I felt gorgeous and no one could bring me down.

Forgotten Dreams

What happened to our
youthful daydreams,
Where princesses and fairies
and knights and dragons
joined us in our adventures
The days that magic ran freely and
imagination came without a cost

Tian Jamieson

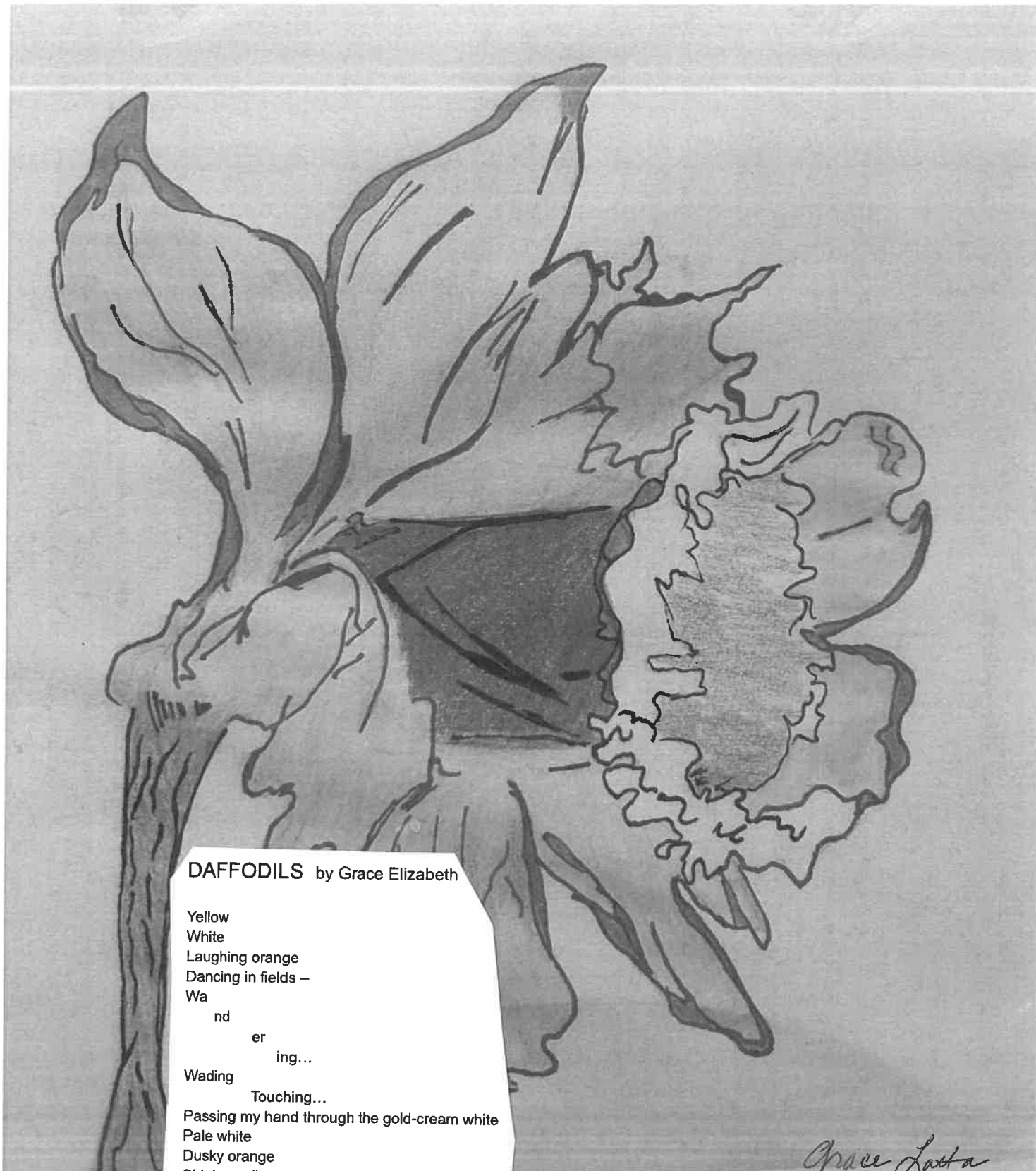


I Don't Understand

Nobody wants this,
I have no desire to fight
Kindergartens, schools, hospitals
Bombed
Nothing to gain from the fighting,
Get our guys out of here,
I don't want to fight anymore
Sent to our death without even knowing,
Training exercise,
Promised our return,
What Russia wants I do not understand.

Tyler Santoro

Found poem using the words of Russian soldiers in Ukraine



DAFFODILS by Grace Elizabeth

Yellow

White

Laughing orange

Dancing in fields –

Wa

nd

er

ing...

Wading

Touching...

Passing my hand through the gold-cream white

Pale white

Dusky orange

Shining yellow

Bright yellow

Rust orange

Vibrant hues....

And I smile with the daffodils

Whisked away by a touch of magic

Lost in a metaverse of sun and

Of colors and

Of happiness and

I sigh...

Content to stay with the daffodils...

Grace Latta

Golden Retriever Boy

One of the few perks of turning 18
Is I can now buy lottery tickets, vote,
Order on those "call now" commercials,
And get on Tinder

I'm swiping and swiping and swiping
Past kind of ugly guys and gorgeous girls
Just for the giggles
And the rush of excitement

Until I get my first match.
I'm staring at his picture
His eyes, his nose, his hair
He's a golden retriever boy if I've ever seen one

I learn how he plays hockey professionally But he hates it
I learn that he lives in a house with eight guys
I learn that he has a twin sister that goes to BU,
I also learn that he's moving away before Christmas

It wasn't long until we decided to meet
It was a dark night at the beach
The waves a subtle ambience against the rough winds
As we get toasty in his red minivan

Red minivans are meant for soccer moms
For families with lots of kids, but also for
Golden retriever boys who turn the backseats
Into a beanbag couch setup perfect for cuddling

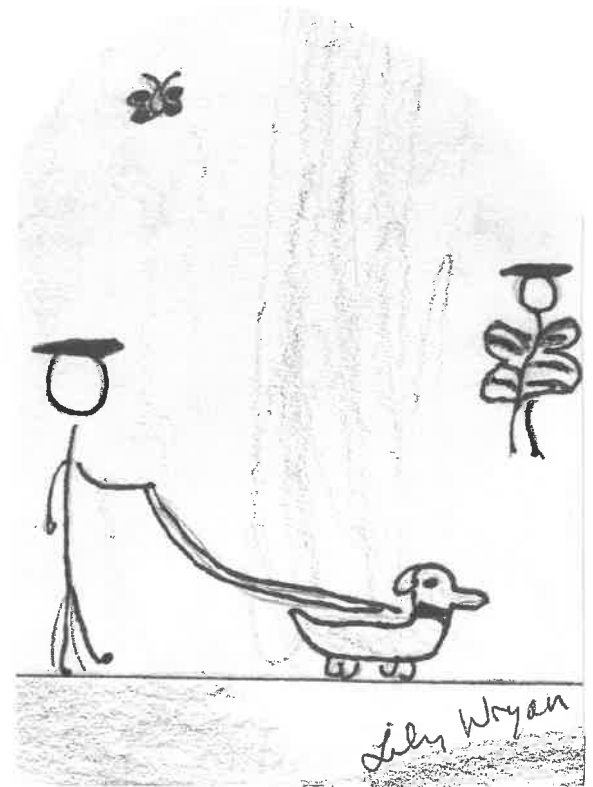
I learn he's really good at more than hockey
I learn his lips feel soft and his hands feel strong
I learn that his hair really feels like a golden retriever
I also learn that I've completely fallen for him in less than a week

We both understood we have limited time
We become completely unfiltered with each other
We agree we aren't going to talk again by 2022
No judgements. No commitment

I don't want to think about
Him moving away thousands of miles
Starting a new life without me in it
So we soak up all we have now

I've learned he blocked his ex but still loves her
I've learned he has immaculate music taste
I've learned he grew up in a rich family
I've also learned he's leaving soon to move back to Minneapolis

We exchange intimacy and vulnerability in his red minivan
As I learn what temporary loves feels like
Before it turns into permanent heartbreak
With this golden retriever boy



Anonymous

A

Crown of pearls

U

pon gold locks

B

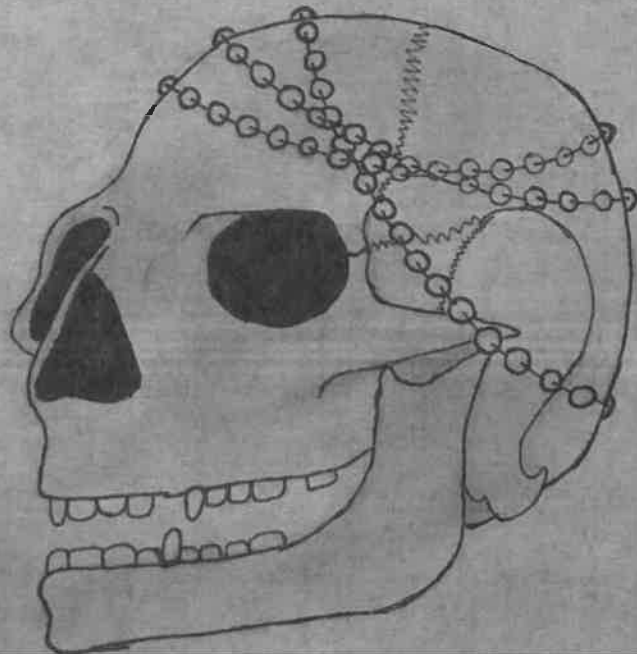
Beautiful and pure

B

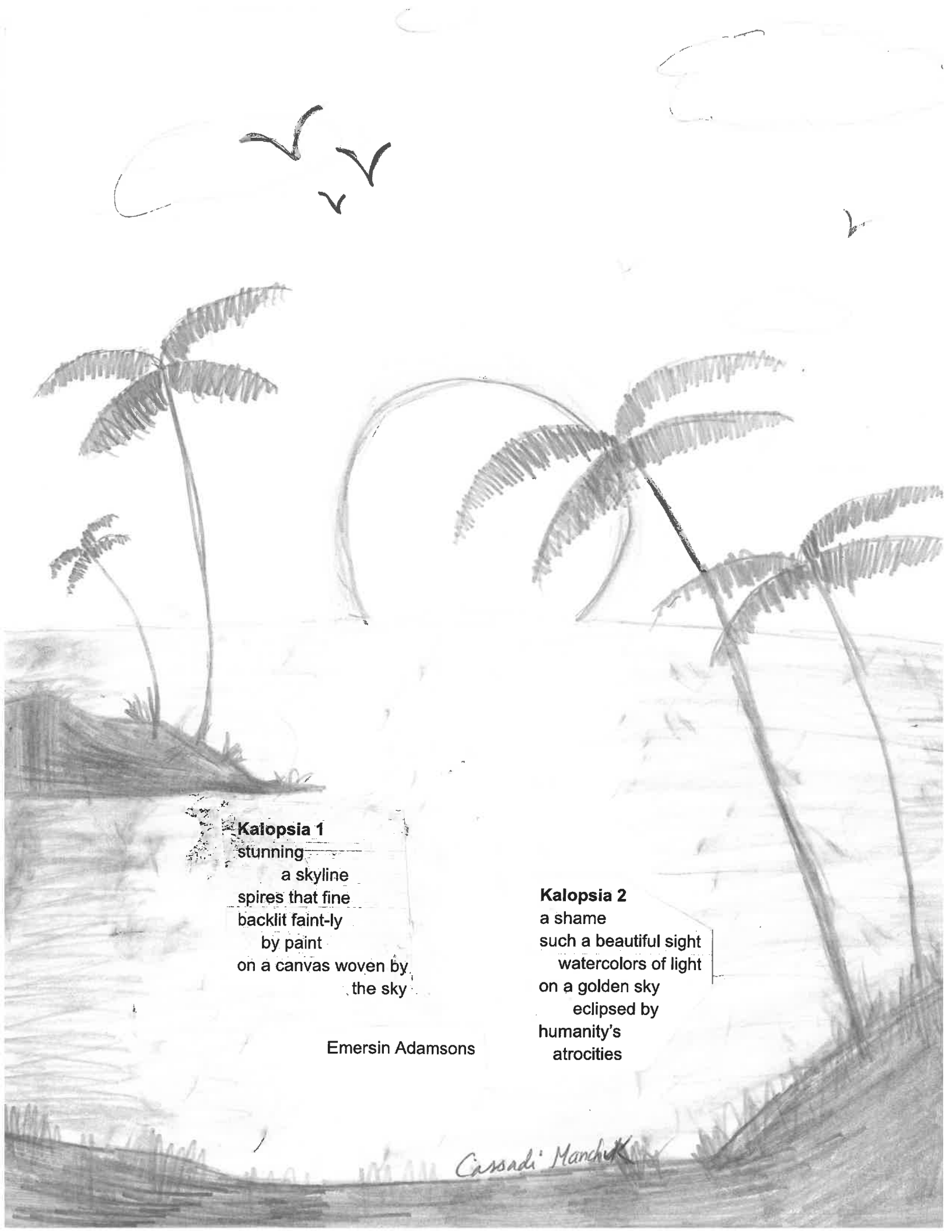
ut pearls are light

S

o why do these feel so heavy



Emerson Adamson



Kalopsia 1

stunning

a skyline
spires that fine
backlit faint-ly
by paint
on a canvas woven by
the sky

Emersin Adamsons

Kalopsia 2

a shame
such a beautiful sight
watercolors of light
on a golden sky
eclipsed by
humanity's
atrocities

Cassadi Manchik

The following are stories of suspense and mystery written in a "pass-around" writing activity during a Sandscript meeting:

1.

I couldn't hear anything besides the rining in my ears as the attack from our former allies raged around me. It was so sudden; they all just turned on us in unison. Our escape pods were already starting to depart; however, I wasn't one. The airway started to grow cold, *and* I wanted to grasp onto the only air I had left. Grapes fell from thin air, sloshing around and blinding me. I hate grapes; I'm allergic. I started oozing grape juice until I was a grape. Too focused on the illusion, I didn't realize the towering figure was standing right behind me.

2.

The cool autumn breeze caressed my back as I walked through the remote forest. The moon provided only a sliver of light, which proved useless against the thick darkness of the night. Luckily, I had my phone on me, which allowed me to see the wilderness around me. I didn't really know where I was going. I just keep walking until I found something. There was a huge tree, but there was something lying at the top. "What in the world," I yelled as I peered up. Shielding my eyes from the sun, I couldn't believe what I saw. Crouching at the top of the tree were Chip and Joanna Gaines.

3.

Once there was a spooky tree named Spooky Tree. Spooky Tree lived at the very end of a dead-end road. Behind Spooky Tree, there was a hole which seemingly had no end. It was All Hallows Eve when a group of reckless teens had decided to explore the hole. It was a last minute decision, so their only supplies were a weak flashlight, an almost empty pack of gum, and a large supply of candy, which they stole from a group of 5-year-olds. There had been many myths and rumors about this hole, many frightened by the stories, but these stories just made the teens more curious. They walked to the edge of the hole, inspecting it. Then, they all carefully made their way into the hole. Once inside, they heard a loud, high-pitched, singing-like sound. They all looked behind them and saw Spooky Tree. Spooky Tree was having a discoball dance party!



Christie Beckley

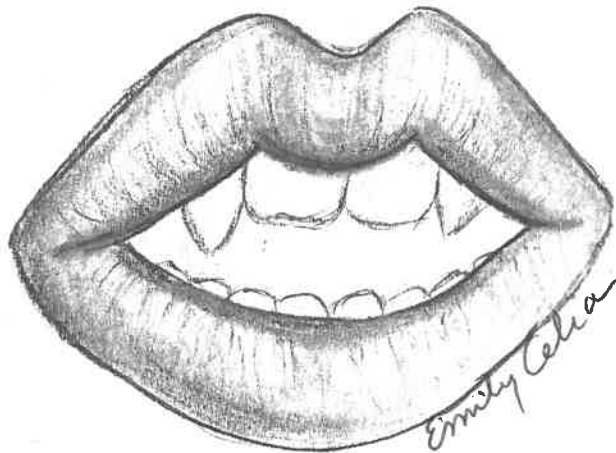
With the cold weather, people tend to change. Once upon a time, cheery residents of a small town became recluses, staying in their homes and looking out into the street with trepidation. It was more than the weather that caused this. There was something else lurking that turned people inwards. The air was always bitter at that time of year; however, now it seemed to sting the skin differently, like a thousand needles puncturing whoever dared to face its chill. It was a quiet October morning when Mr. Green decided to leave his house. He didn't usually like to leave this time of year. It was much too cold for an old man. Out of the corner of his eye something moved quickly. It was big, much too big to be normal. It was like a skyscraper, taller than the Empire State! It was— Mr. Green was halted in his thoughts when a great looming presence hovered above him. And then, SPLAT!

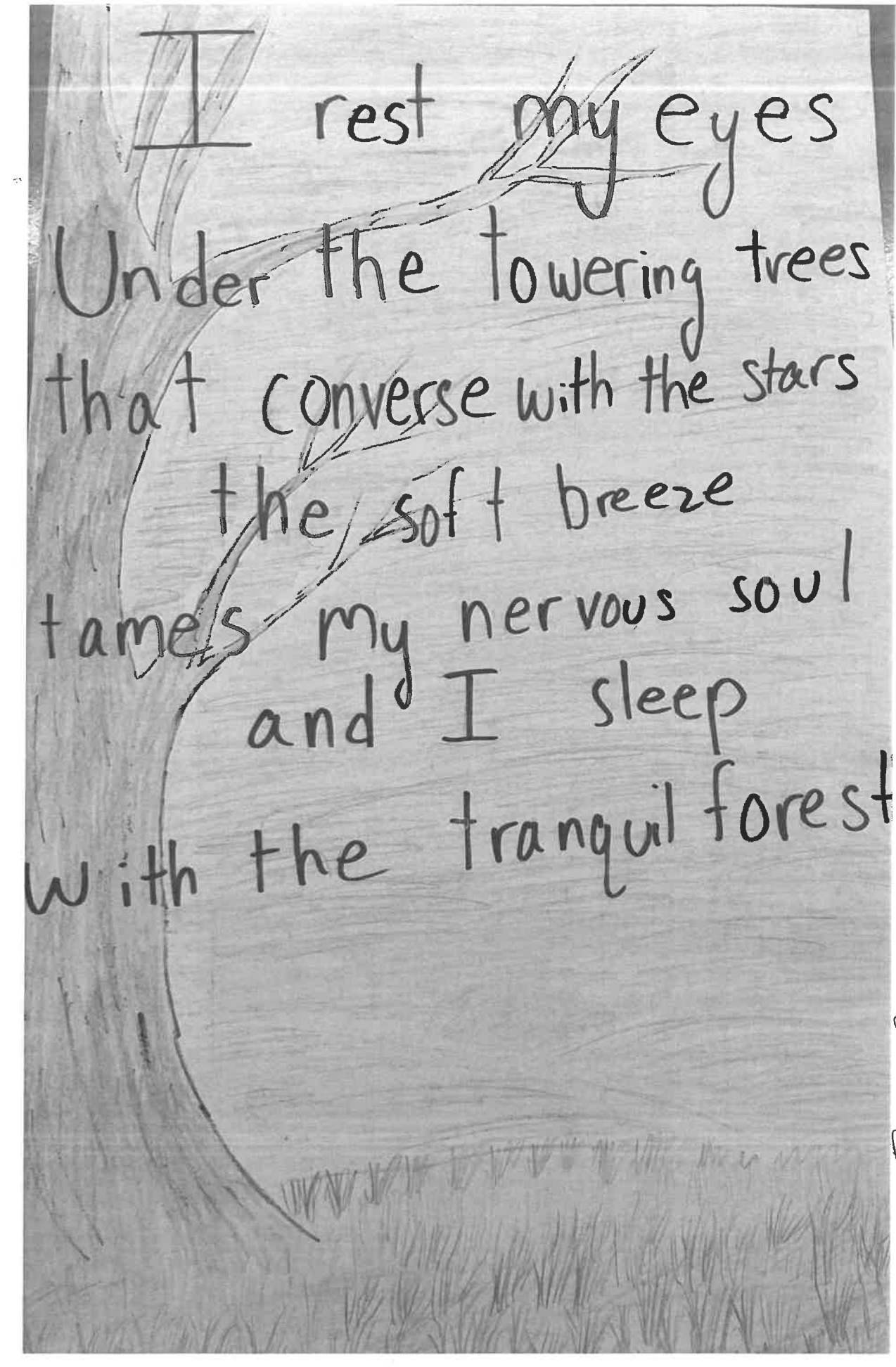
Holy Ground

My heels clacked on the concrete as I made my way to my favorite coffee shop. The basic coffee shop might not be important to most, but to me it was home. I knew I could always go there no matter what and enjoy something to drink.

At last I arrived, rushing to the counter, ordering my oh-so-desired cup of coffee. My heart felt warm at the sight of the glorified beverage. I smiled as I picked it up and made my way to a table. I looked around as I sipped. Is that Jake Gyllenhall?

I got up from my seat, fists cracked and chin up, and I approached him. He looked at me, and I then realized what I needed to do.





I rest my eyes
Under the towering trees
that converse with the stars
the soft breeze
tames my nervous soul
and I sleep
with the tranquil forest

Talia Perez

A reflective night

I sit idly by
as the minutes tick away,
thoughts of rogue conversations
and stories of laughter,
as I reflect on my day

What is the passing of time?
The space between when the sun rises
to the time when it sinks,
weary from its travels
across the sky

So much of it is wasted.
Am I really enjoying myself?
Is this my full potential?

Each night
as I lay awake,
my gaze travels to the window.
If it's a clear night,
I can see the stars.
It comforts me to think of them
as souls.
All with a different story.
Some brighter than others,
but no more important.

Their tales all string together
to form one beautiful song.
Of heroes immortalized by
the connection of faint dots
above our heads.

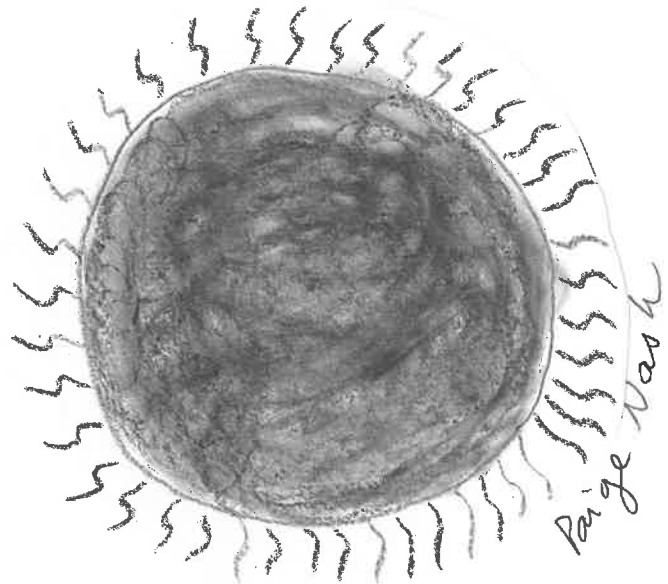
They sing this lullaby to me
as I drift off to sleep.
They come to me in dreams
to plant seeds and whisperings,
for they only have the night to speak.

Ashley Smith

The World in which I live

I look at the sky
It's vibrant blue
With pale clouds
The wind kisses my flushed cheeks
I am thankful
For the cold air that fills my lungs
I am thankful
For the Autumn
That I can experience its beauty
I shift my toes in the ocean's sand
It shimmers green
With laughing blue
The waves spill over the talus of my foot
I am thankful
For the infinite horizon of the sea
I am thankful
For the beach
That I can be free here
I pray to God
I know He is there
I feel His hand in mine
And I am thankful
For the love He has for me
I am thankful
That He has saved me
That He has created this world in which I live...

-Anonymous



Cultural Cape Cod by Emily Gray

At Monomoy Regional High School, Danny helped his mother to prepare
for today there was a special event: the Monomoy Cultural Fair!

People from all around the world are gathered here today
to put food and clothes and traditions from their cultures on display.

Danny put out the *cachupa*, a Cape Verdean stew.
He put out the Cape Verdean flag that he drew.

The fair was getting busy as he set down a book;
his eyes scanned the room to take a good look.

There were meals and songs and so much more,
Danny's mother said, "Why don't you explore?"

And so from his table, he began to stray
until he found the table for China where he saw his friend Jay.

"Hi Danny!" called Jay, with a smile so wide,
"If you want to learn about my culture, I'll be your guide."

"Yes please!" exclaimed Danny, and his excitement grew.
Soon, Jay was holding a painting of bamboo.

Jay said, "Painting with ink is a wonderful thing.
It's a traditional style of art called *dangqing*."

Jay's mom was the artist, and just then she entered.
Her art was at the Harwich Cultural Center!

Jay then reached into his bag and began to unpack;
he pulled out a paper with animals labeled "zodiac".

Danny looked at the animals, some small and some big.
There was a dragon, a dog, and even a pig!

Jay said, "Every year for twelve years, the animal is new.
The tiger is the zodiac for 2022!"

"Thank you," said Danny, "there was so much to show me!"
Then Jamaica's flag caught his eye and he saw his friend Chloe.

"Hi Danny!" she yelled, waving the flag.
"Come see the table I set up with my dad!"

Danny asked, "Chloe, what snack did you bring?"
She replied, "A Jamaican soda called Ting!"

She offered him some, so he took a cup.
She even taught him a greeting: "Wah gwaan" means "What's up?"

Chloe's dad did a performance when he had the chance.
Chloe said, "That's *brukins*, a traditional dance."

Danny loved learning about cultures, it was such a thrill!
Then he saw his friend Lucas by the table for Brazil!

His table was decked out in yellow and green;
Danny said bye to Chloe to check out the scene.

"Danny!" Lucas cried. "Come here if you will!
I'd love to teach you all about Brazil!"

"Please do," replied Danny, "tell me what this picture shows."
He pointed to a photo of people wearing sparkly clothes.

"Carnival is amazing, oh, I wish you went!
It's a celebration that marks the beginning of Lent!"

"What's Lent?" Danny asked, with curious eyes.
"It's a long preparation for Easter," Lucas said with pride.

“And if we need a place to practice religion, there is no need to search.
In Hyannis, there is a Brazilian church.”

“Nice!” smiled Danny. “What you taught me was neat.
But now, there are other cultures I need to meet!”

Danny walked by games and even stopped for some trivia,
until he saw his friend Mina by the table for India.

“Mina!” Danny called, and Mina turned her head.
“Come look at my table, Danny!” she said.

Danny was so excited to see another friend, he couldn’t be calm.
He ran to where Mina stood with her mom.

Mina’s mom pulled out a dress; the pattern was starry.
She said, “This is a traditional dress called a sari.”

“They come in many colors, often striking and bold.
Indian girls wear them as young as 16 years old.”

“That’s fascinating,” said Danny, “please teach me more.
There’s so much about Indian culture to adore.”

“I’m so glad you’re interested!” Mina said,
“Try some *chapati*, traditional Indian bread.”

Danny had some *chapati*, and when he was just about through,
Mina brought him some henna designs to view.

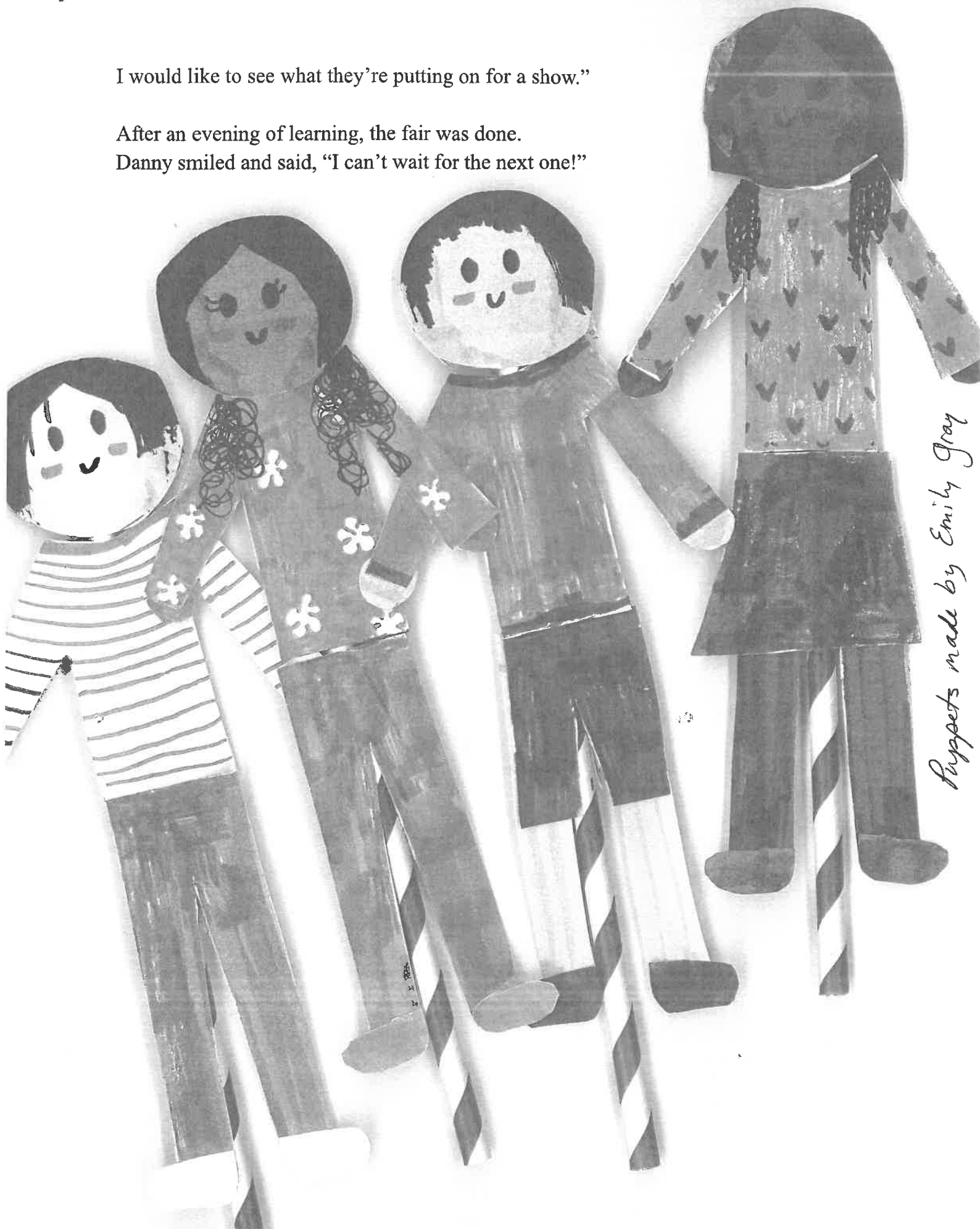
“Henna is body art, it’s like a paste.
Hands are where henna is typically placed.”

“There is no specific occasion for when henna is meant.
It’s worn at weddings and birthdays and other special events.”

A song from the table next door started; Danny said, “I must go.

I would like to see what they're putting on for a show."

After an evening of learning, the fair was done.
Danny smiled and said, "I can't wait for the next one!"



Puppets made by Emily Gray

Tokyo

Nagasaki

Landscape of Skyscrapers

By Christie Beckley

Osaka

I feel like a bird
Perched on the top of the ferris wheel
Overlooking the harsh landscape of skyscrapers.

Kyoto

The people below are ants
Marching through this field of steel.
Parks are dispersed here and there
Like patches of green sewn onto grey fabric.

Nara

It's almost as if a rainbow burst
And its colors are scattered.
Scattered in alleyways
On signs, on billboards, on lanterns
In shops, in stands, in cartoons.

Kobe

OKinawa

Far, far below
I can see a wooden temple
It stands in all its grandeur.
Strokes of gilded gold wisping their way along the roof
Intricate designs exuding symmetry
Juxtaposing the coarseness of the urban buildings.

Ginza

Walking through the temple's gates
Is walking the line of time and space.
Into the period of emperors

Shobuya

Of spirits
Of legends
Of glory.

Hiroshima

In Japan, the beauty and industry combine
In a perfect balance.
You see, beauty or industry by itself is flimsy.

Sapporo

But once in a group
They're like a strong stack of papers
In this lovely landscape of skyscrapers.

Yokohama

I love when it rains.

A sweet symphony on the ceiling
Puddles pooling near my feet
Sometimes windy, sometimes light
Each drop different, like day and night

Cars create waves out of puddles on the road
Droplets of water tap on my glasses
A cool drizzle hitting my face,
Raindrops fall to the grass with a unique kind of grace

Dripping off trees,
Pooling in leaves,
Watering the plants
It's own water-filled dance

I love when it rains.

By Jordan MacRoberts

How do you describe love?
It is not something you can touch,
nor see with your eyes.
You feel it in your heart.

When the birds chirp in the morning sun,
and you wake to their song.

When you see your friend in the hallway,
or you laugh till you can't breathe.

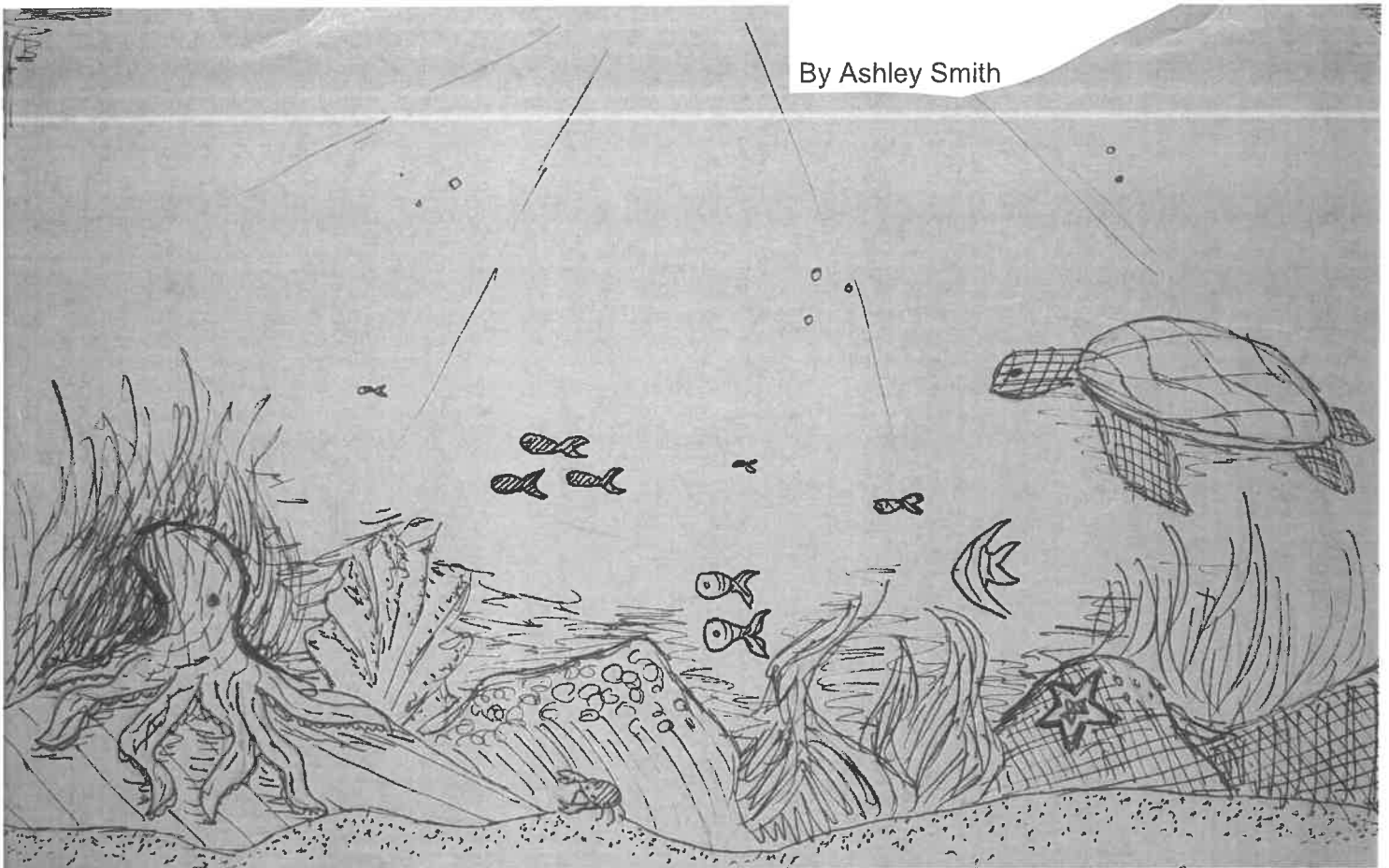
When your dog greets you at the door,
licking your hand and wagging their tail.

Love is in the Spring and the Summer,
when children laugh and flowers bloom.

It's in Autumn and Winter,
when leaves fall from their places
or snow blankets the ground in white flakes.

Love can be in a lot of different forms
but I can assure you;
you have felt it.

By Ashley Smith

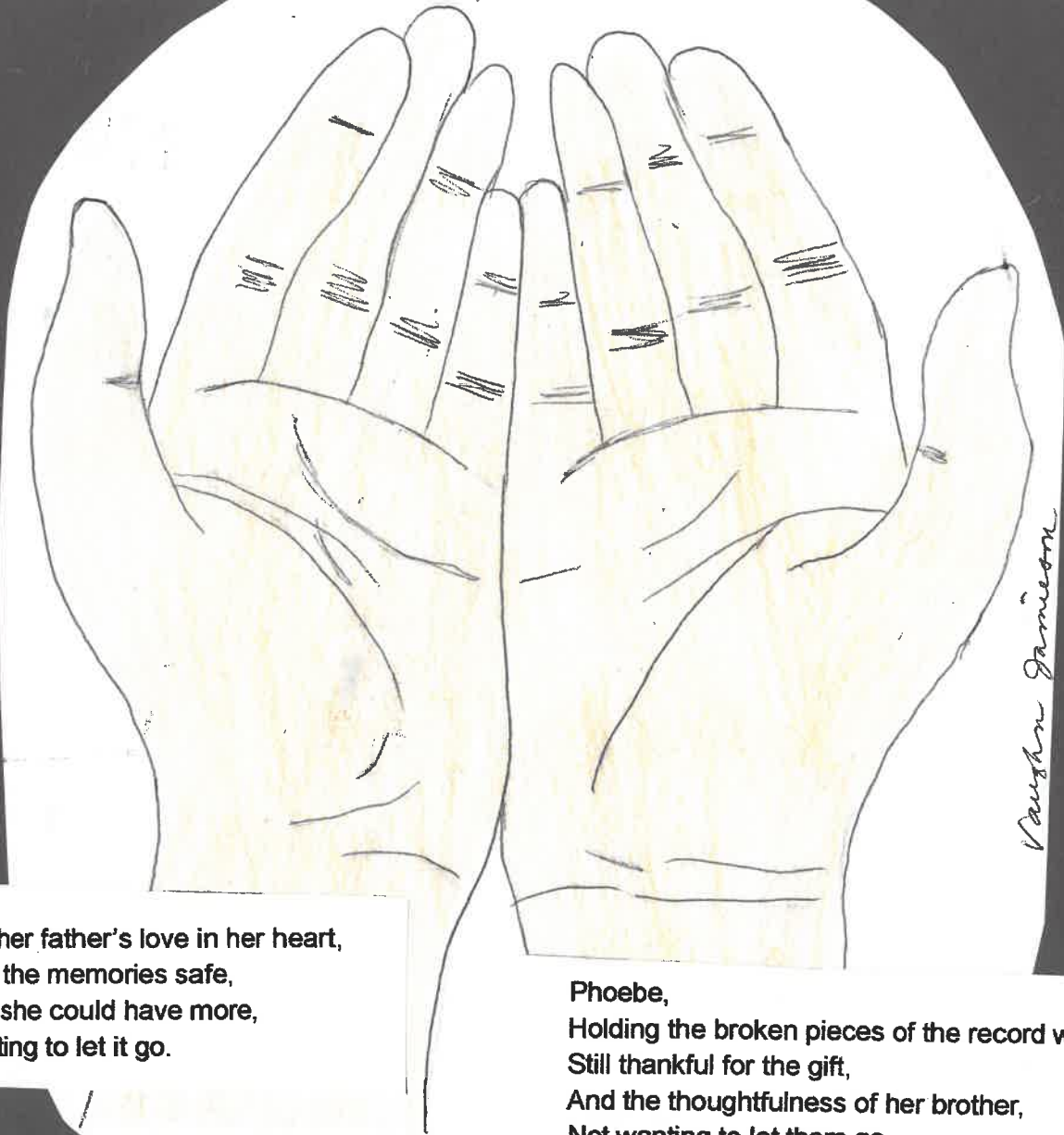


Jordan MacRoberts

Don't Want To Let Go

Holden,
Holding the snowball he created in his hand,
So white,
And so pure,
Not wanting to let it go.

Plato,
Holding the gun in his hand,
Using it to keep him safe,
To protect him,
Not wanting to let it go.

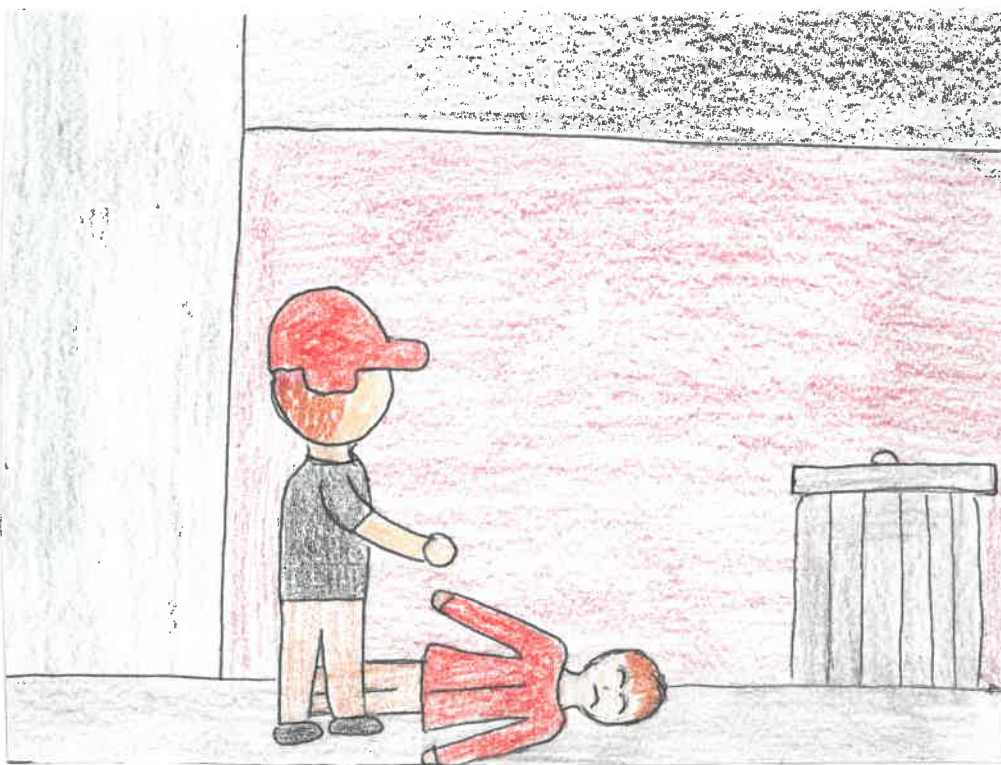


Judy,
Holding her father's love in her heart,
Keeping the memories safe,
Wishing she could have more,
Not wanting to let it go.

Phoebe,
Holding the broken pieces of the record with her,
Still thankful for the gift,
And the thoughtfulness of her brother,
Not wanting to let them go.

Jim,
Holding the memories of Plato with him,
The boy who was a loyal friend to him,
Who had a good heart,
Not wanting to let them go.

Vaughn Jamieson



Vaughn Jamieson

Catching You From The Cold

The night-time air carries the cold through a breeze,
A night as cold as this is enough to make you freeze.

You feel small chunks in your hair, ice beginning to form,
You need some sort of protection, a way to keep warm.

You grab your hunting hat, standing out in red,
Lifting it up and placing on your head.

And the jacket around you, bright with the same color,
You zip all the way up to the collar.

Not knowing where to go next, your mind begins to sway,
It's too cold to be out, you need to find somewhere to stay.

Making your way through the city,
You see something, and you fill with pity.

A boy, sleeping on the ground,
Not a single person besides them around.

Surely he'll freeze, if not, fall ill,
You can't let him suffer from the midnight chill.

Your jacket is off in an instant, held in your hands in a tight hold,
You place it over the boy, and attempt to protect him from the cold.



The Below of Unknown

The sun is brighter than any other day,
Shining down on the field of grain where the children play.
Their innocent giggles fill the air
As small breezes blow through their hair.
And the rye, standing in its place, so tall,
Makes it seem as if there's nothing worth being scared of at all.
But far ahead, beyond the rye,
Lies the abyss, unreachable from the child's eye.
Moving closer, the image is now clear,
And the dark drop before her has her frozen in fear.
She stands there for a moment, on the edge of the stone,
Her gaze never leaving the below of unknown.
When her attention is switched by the feeling of warmth in her hand,
She turns around to see a boy, arm outstretched where he stands.
She can't grow yet, for now, she needs to stay,
And so, hand-in-hand, he leads her away.

Vaughn Jamieson

Depression
Obsession
Something eating at my brain
Empty hallways
Lonely phone calls
Nobody's listening
I'm falling
I'm drowning
In a sea of black and gray
Somebody save me
Somebody see me
Before it's too late
At the bridge
At the crossroads
This is where I make my choice
I swing over the rail
It's slippery with ice
I look down at the water
Swirling blue with white
Is this the possibility?
Is this how it ends?
Irony how I fall
I didn't mean to at all
Wind peeling at my face
Its hands have a cold, harsh embrace
My cardigan billows out
My jeans cling to me
My hair whips fiercely
Can My Guardian Angel catch me?
I don't make a sound
My heart is beating fast
Maybe I don't want to be saved
Like anyone would care
No one seems to see
I cut and cut and cut
I like to see myself bleed
Smile outside
Screaming inside



Don't show emotion
Pull at my hair
Flashbacks whispering through my mind
Stuck inside
Let me out
I'm not scared
This is calming
Hit the surface
My body shatters
I don't make a sound
It doesn't matter now
I'm gone
It's gone...

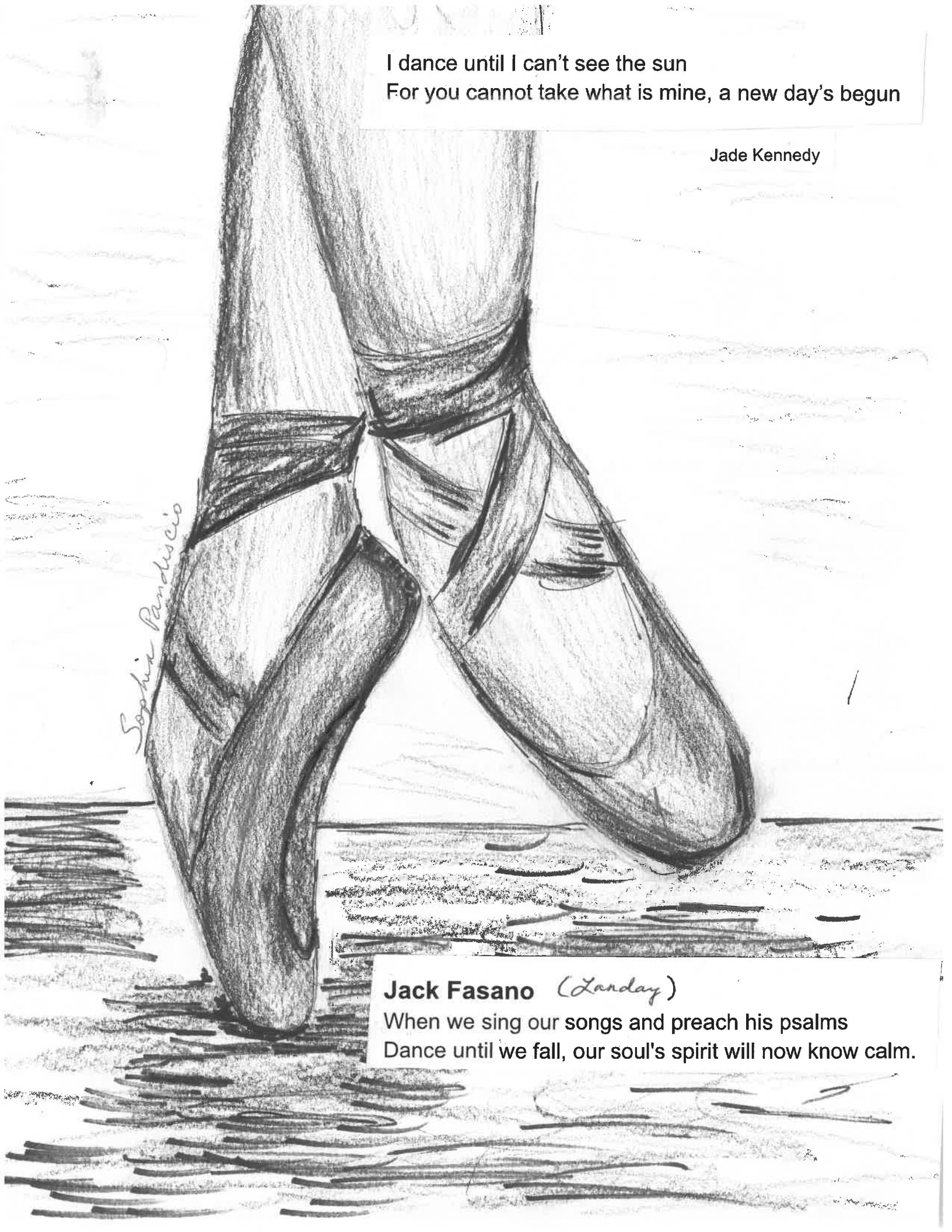
-Anonymous



This Pain

Why can't I let go?
Because I'm too good to let go.
I loved him with everything I had,
Gave him everything I had,
And did everything I ever could for him.
Love is difficult to give,
And even more difficult to let go.
These feelings,
These memories,
Become a part of us,
A piece of your heart is engraved with these memories.
And the thing is,
I cared about him more than anyone else in the world.
But it wasn't enough,
And now we are strangers
With memories.

Bridget Brochu



I dance until I can't see the sun
For you cannot take what is mine, a new day's begun

Jade Kennedy

Sophia Pandiscio

Jack Fasano (*Landay*)

When we sing our songs and preach his psalms
Dance until we fall, our soul's spirit will now know calm.

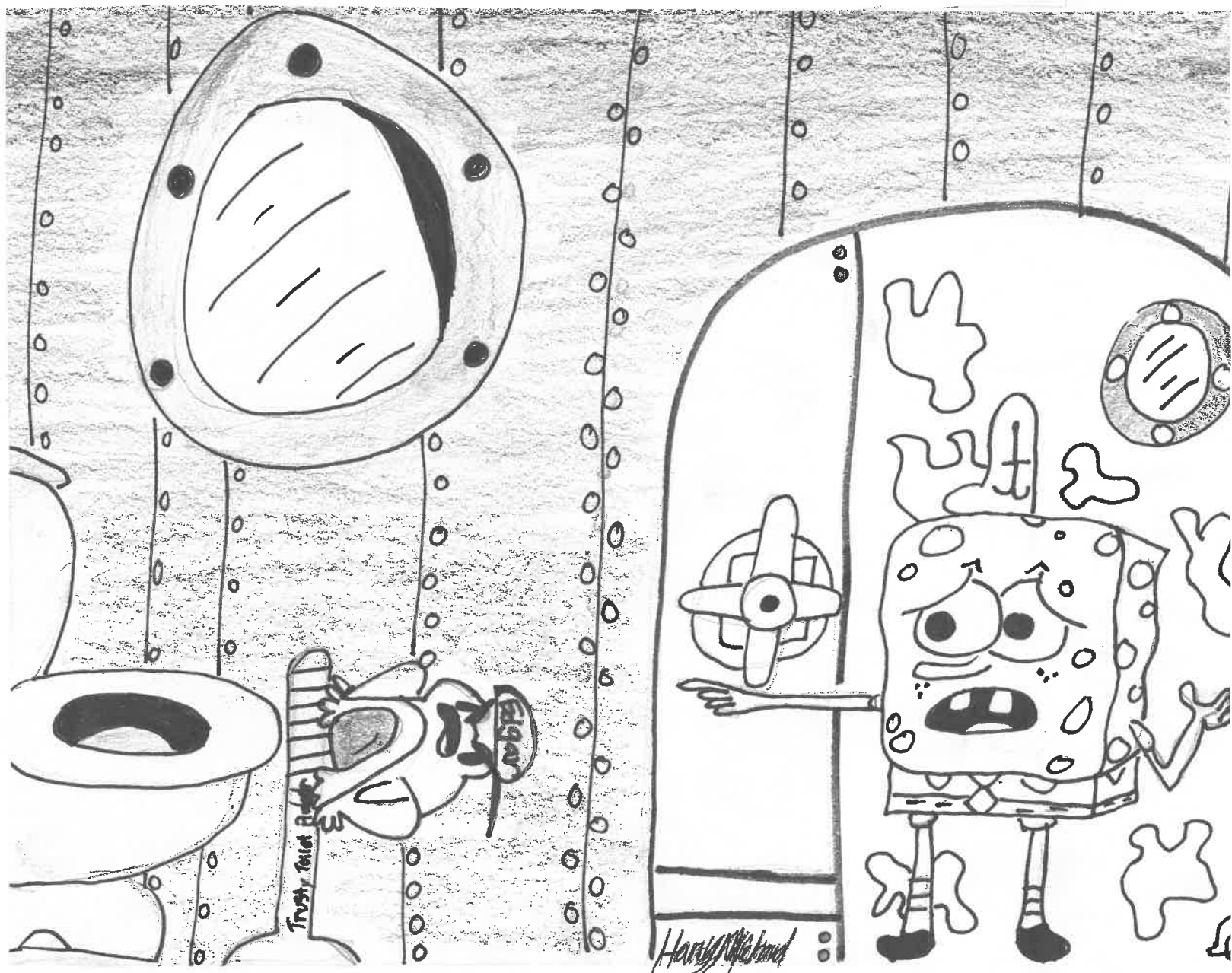
There once lived a frog. This frog was not normal, but he lived in SpongeBob's pineapple. His name was Edgar. One day, Edgar was looking for a place to rest. He normally went for twigs or long wooden poles to hang on to. Edgar was having trouble finding a new and exciting place to hang out in SpongBob'd house. He traveled across the living room wall, through the kitchen and up to the sunken bedroom.

Here was a place Edgar was rarely allowed to go. It was reserved for Gary the snail and Spongebob. Since Spongebob was at work, Edgar decided to go out on a whim and enter the bedroom. He was instantly astounded by the intelligent aesthetic of the room. As he perused the room, Edgar suddenly got the hops. He couldn't stop jumping, and his hopping spell landed him in the bathroom. Here, he saw the most magnificent wooden pole to hang on to. It was attached at the end to a red rubber dome.

Edgar spent the rest of the day clinging to his new perch. Suddenly, as he was sleeping, he heard the door close downstairs. It was Spongebob. The footsteps marched up the stairs and the door to the bathroom burst open.

"Why are you clinging to the plunger?"

Ashley Smith



Driving down Main St.

Wind flowing through our hair

Windows
down

Music
BLASTING

Spring is
finally here!



Olivia Appleton

If I Had Never Been Born

The lady sighs as she gets into her car to drive to her full-time job. On the way, she sees a little girl with a big pink bow romping along the sidewalk with a little boy. A sharp chill goes down the woman's spine and a pit forms in her stomach. Oh, how much she once yearned for that. More than anything she wanted a child. She and her husband tried to have a child for a long time. They even went as far as to try in-vitro fertilization, but to no avail, they ended up empty-handed. Had this woman had a child, however, it would have been a little girl named Christie Beckley. The woman would have devoted her life to her little girl, quitting her job and staying at home to raise her. She and her husband would have moved to Cape Cod for retirement and would have stayed there to raise the girl as she grew into a teenager. Instead, the woman continued working as an editorial director in New York City and became managing editor of an editorial magazine in northern New Jersey.

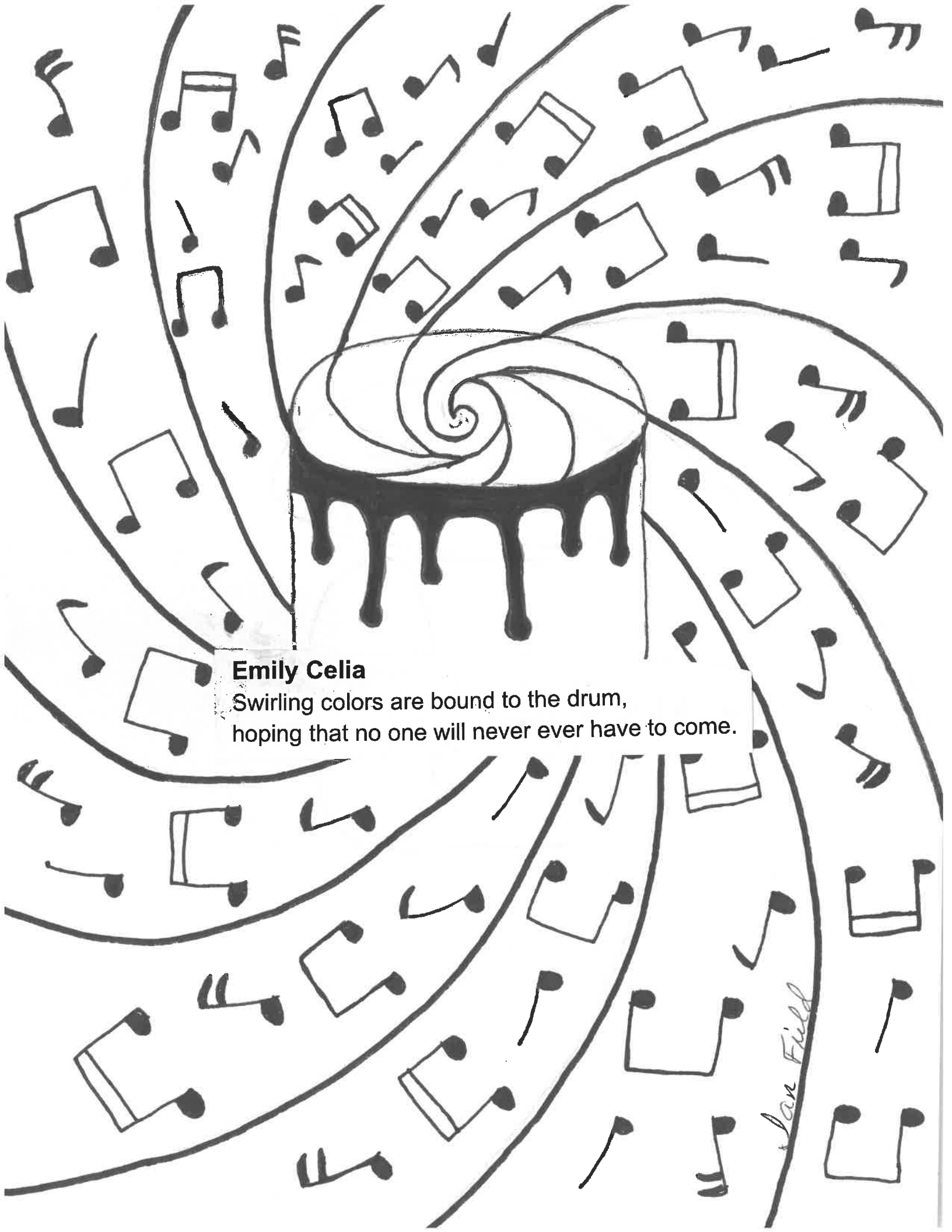
The woman's husband also dreamed of a kid. He didn't care if it was a boy or a girl. However, he, too, accepted his fate and put most of his energy into his job. He never got to do the things he could have, like teaching Christie how to play basketball, or jump rope, or ride a bike, or garden. He never got to make jokes, brush her hair, or teach her kindness. Although the couple was successful and happy, there would always be an empty hole in their hearts in the shape of a would-be daughter.

They always said in school to "look both ways" but, distracted, the little girl with the big pink bow (previously seen on the sidewalk) momentarily forgot this advice. Her name was Julianna, and she was walking from the restaurant to the ice cream shop with her little brother. In another life, Julianna's friend, Christie, would have been walking with them. Christie would have shouted and pulled her backward before she stepped onto the street, saving her from the nearby car. Eyes wide with shock, Christie, Julianna, and Julianna's brother would have laughed in relief, not truly realizing how serious the avoided tragedy would have been. They would have been extra careful while crossing the street and would have enjoyed their ice cream cones on the warm summer day, not thinking much of the incident. Sadly, since Christie was never born, it was just Julianna and her brother that day. So, there was nobody close enough to stop Julianna from walking into the road. This meant that Julianna died at the age of 9 and never got to grow up, go on vacations, or join the school newspaper at her high school. Her parents, her brother, and the rest of her family were never the same afterward.

The boy at a local Cape Cod high school never would have befriended Christie. They never would have been best friends, and he never would have fallen in love with her. A group of girls at that same high school would have also lacked a lifelong friend. They wouldn't have made all of the memories they could have or at least would not have experienced them the exact same way they were meant to. They would have had one fewer friend to talk to or get advice from - one fewer ear willing to listen. They would have had different conversations and a different influx of people entering and leaving their lives in some respects.

Everyone is connected on the planet. Like the ripple of a skipped rock, one decision an individual makes can affect a complete stranger in a completely different way. Something considered harmless like pausing a second or making a friend can change a person's entire life. So, Christie Beckley not being born would definitely change many of her close friends' and families' lives for both better *and* worse but would also change the lives of many strangers who were in some way affected by even the smallest of her actions.

By Christie Beckley



Emily Celia

Swirling colors are bound to the drum,
hoping that no one will never ever have to come.

Jan Field

Five, Four, Three, Two, One

Some say that life is an anomaly; it is irregular, *inconsistent*. You know the feeling where you're laughing so hard that you can't breathe or when you're in the car singing your favorite song at the top of your lungs? Things can be going so well one moment, and then in the next you've collapsed on your bathroom floor trying to not make a sound while the family's gathered downstairs for dinner. It sucks that all you're able to feel is sick to your stomach. If I could say no for a day, I would say no to getting out of bed and forcing a smile when I feel eyes on me.

5 things you can see.

If I could say no for a day, I would shut off my phone. Sounds simple enough, but every time I do, a new notification pops up to show that a new assignment has been posted. A constant reminder of my responsibilities, that I wish I could ignore but I can't. I mean, I spent all that energy I had left forcing myself to eat dinner. How could I possibly work up the strength to write a 2 page paper and then another 3 more assignments that are already late? But that's okay, I'll just do it...*later*.

4 things you can feel.

If I could say no, I would cut myself off from every social media platform because I just might feel whole again. I feel as though I wouldn't need to dread every single text message that pops up on my phone. I could just relax and not have to worry about the anxious feelings that everyone tells me aren't there. *Because how could someone so happy that has everything, feel like they have nothing.*

3 things you can hear.

If I could, I would stop hearing all the self-deprecating thoughts and feeling so sorry for myself. I should realize all the great things that are around me. Incredible people that want nothing more than to see me succeed, except for the one I stare at every morning when I wake up after another nightmare.

2 things you can smell.

I want to say no, when people ask if I am okay. I smell a fire melting me from the inside, but you can't even put what you feel into words so what's the point?

1 thing you can taste.

If I could say no for a day, I wouldn't be the person I am today, I would've given up. Pushing forward and saying yes may hurt, but it pushed me to find those amazing people.

Saying yes brought me on the most magical adventures I've experienced thus far. Because I said yes,

I am working towards being everything I want to be and knowing I will be okay again.

Jade Kennedy

What am I grateful for?

Long summer days and sitting under the blazing sun,
the freckles that only appear during the warm months,
Dan Brown books and sharp pencils.

I'm thankful for my lovely puppy who isn't really a puppy anymore,
and almond joys,

flowy pants,
and big shirts.

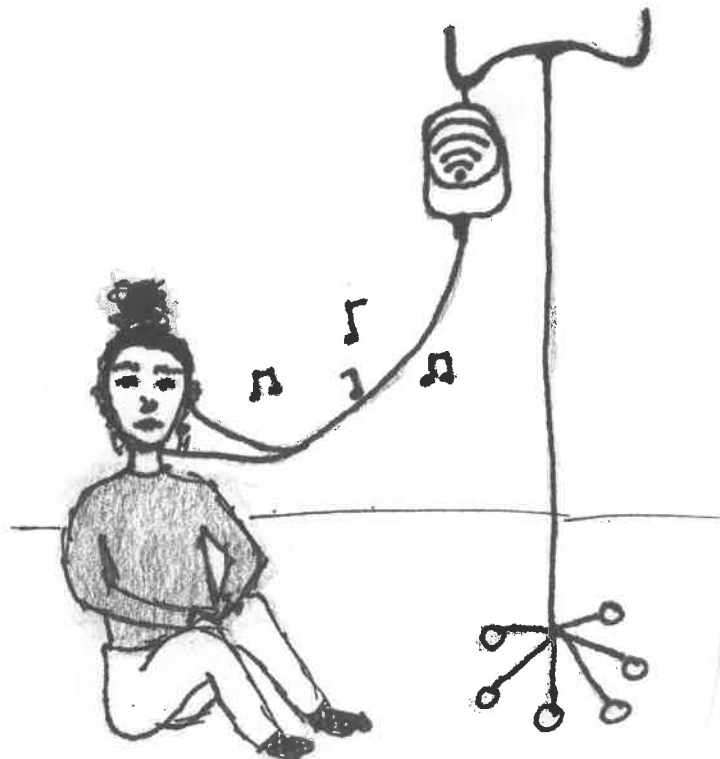
I'm grateful for black coffee and croissants
specifically together.

I thank Spotify when it recommends songs that I actually listen to.
Props to spotify.

I'm thankful for Notting Hill,
only really because of Hugh Grant,
Gilmore Girls when I'm in a bad mood,
and Harry Styles.

Lastly,
I'm grateful for poems that start out serious but end up
funny.

By: Ashley Smith



Aubrie Schneeberger

Past, Present, and Future

Anonymous

I was the girl who
ran from conflict
when others confronted her
because it was safer to
hide than argue

I was the girl who
was gullible and trusting
when others manipulated her
because it was safer to
trust than face the truth

Now...

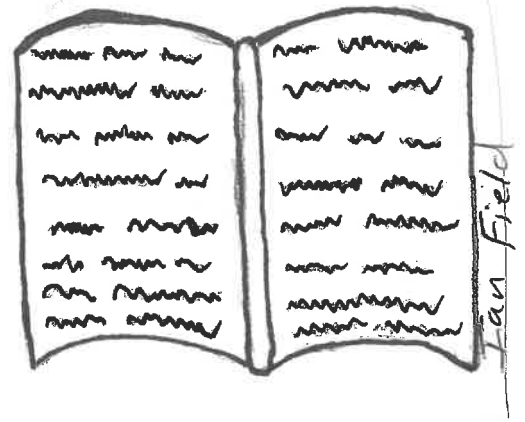
I am the girl who
pretends she's fine
when she feels like crying
because it is safer to
pretend than cry

I am the girl who
acts like an ice princess
when others come her way
because it is safer to
hurt than *be* hurt

Maybe One Day...

I will be the girl who
believes that she is enough
when lies are whispered
because it is wiser to
believe than listen to lies

I will be the girl who
is first to love and last to anger
when pain is being spread
because it is wiser to
love than be alone



Why did

I
write this?

Did I write it
so as *not* to go mad
or, on the contrary,
to *go* mad in order to understand
the nature of madness,
the immense,
terrifying
madness that had erupted in history and in
the conscience of mankind?

I must confess that
I do not know,
or no longer know,
what I wanted to achieve

how was one to
rehabilitate
and transform
words betrayed
and perverted
by the enemy?

Found poem from the Preface to
Elie Wiesel's NIGHT by
Isadora Alexis

Coasting and Driving (the thrill of it)

Ripped jeans
Bleached white
I've been everywhere by night

North and west
Coast to coast
It's a world to see

I travel alone
My boyfriend on the radio
He's a star

People ask if it's lonely
It's only lonely if you let it be
It's only lonely if you overthink

Ripped jeans
Bleached white
I've been everywhere by night

North and west
Coast to coast
It's a world to see

No strings attached
There's no looking back
You go and go and go

Adding up the sum
Would I go back home?
I'd rather stay here and be alone

I travel
I've seen
I've lived what's there to live

Green yellow red
Colors rushing through my head
Thrill of driving

Ripped jeans
Bleached white
I've been everywhere by night

North and west
Coast to coast
It's a world to see

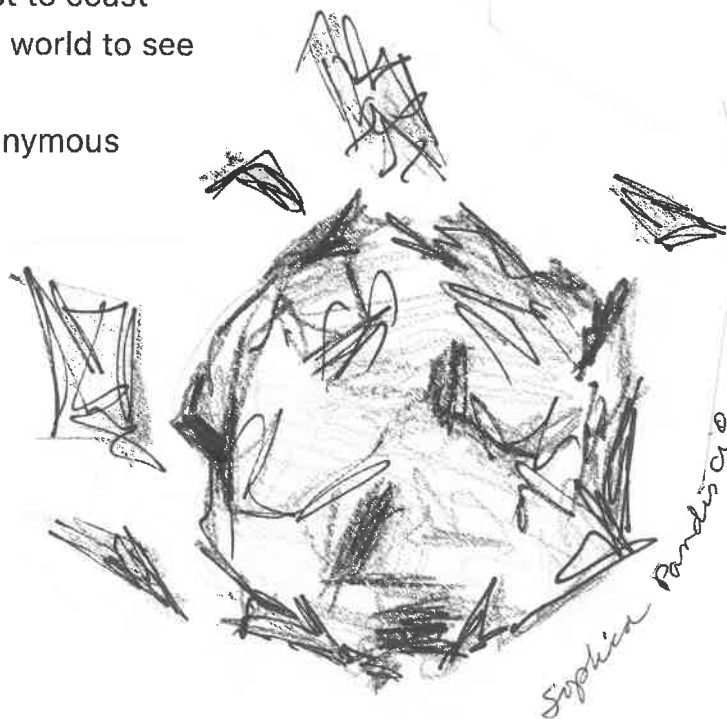
Ripped jeans
Cut hair
Breathing in ocean air

I've been everywhere by night
Bury the past
North and west
Coast to coast it's a world to see

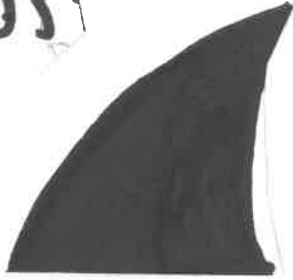
Ripped jeans
Bleached white
I've been everywhere by night

North and west
Coast to coast
It's a world to see

-Anonymous



Abby Martin



I love the ocean.

The stars have fallen into
the waves upon the gleaming sun.
The white foam smooths the sand,
looking like nothing ever corrupted it.

It carries treasures down below,
seashells, glass and beautiful minerals.

The water carries life,
in the most strangest ways.

Down from the deep burrows,
up to where the warmth stays still.
Corals reefs and ethnicity of colors,
that surround the upper world.

Aliens and Monsters that roam,
the neverending darkness of the abyss.
So much has been rarely discovered,
space has been searched more.
The unknown can be very fascinating,
mysteries are what guide adventure.

Gravity inclined makes you fly,
as you dive down the depths.

You feel light and get heavy,
the ocean goes far and wide.

Royal blue in the chill and turquoise
in the mild.

Waves are always moving,
filling my body and soul.

The sound, the appearance and everything
about it I love.

Emily Celia

Refunded Love

You handled my heart as delicate as a dove
Your beautiful words showed me your love
The perfect serenity of days that we spent
A simple smile from you, and I was content

However, the seasons started changing

And so did you

Our love was foggy from a bird's eye view

I thought we were perfect

Our love was devout

But perfect isn't worth it I've come to find out

I loved you but I know you can't say the same

So spare me your "love" and spare me your shame

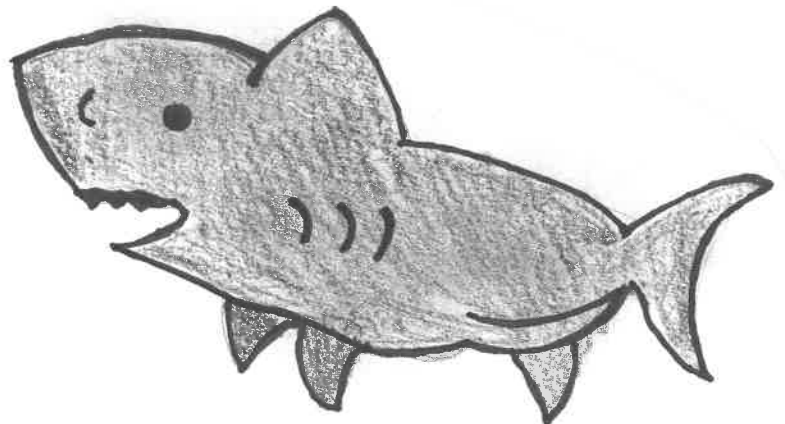
I want my love back and I want it full price

I'm no longer making this sacrifice

All in all when push comes to shove

I will always remember my refunded love

Anonymous



Lily Wrayan

Vietnam Hats

I So many people, so many people working,
So many hats, so many hats under the sun.
Old people, young people, all kinda people
wearing a culture in just one hat that looks
like a pyramid...



II So many people, so many kids, so many men,
So many hats, so many war hats
There's just people wearing camouflage clothing
Sad people, angry people wearing hats for protection
Wearing the weight of the loss of so many friends,
So many families



III The new generations,
The new style, the new fashion
Teenagers, teenagers wearing hats,
All types of hats, sooo cool, sooo new,
Sooo cleans, sooo stylish, sooo good
Accessories that make the whole outfit
So Good



By Macarena Hidalgo Alvarez

By Day and By Night

By Tian Jamieson

By day my soul hunts
for the secret of harmony
in body, mind, and spirit

By night my heart cries
shattered that harmony
could not be found

Yet each day it is built up again,
renewed by the promise Hope has
whispered in my deep slumber

But how much longer?
How many more times
must my soul be shattered
then glued back together?

Then I imagine the pain of
our soldiers as they fight in Ukraine
against immorality and injustice-
against Death itself.

And then envision the leaders
who have no idea how to react: "
Should they join in the fight?
Or protect their own country?

I can picture the desperate
Ukrainians who must battle for
every breath without a single hope

What of the orphans and elderly,
caught up in violence,
in a war they did not ask for?

Who forced the hands of
these innocent civilians
who now must have their
strength to bury their dead?

So I this ask of you:
How many more must suffer?
How many more must die?
Isn't one soul already too many?

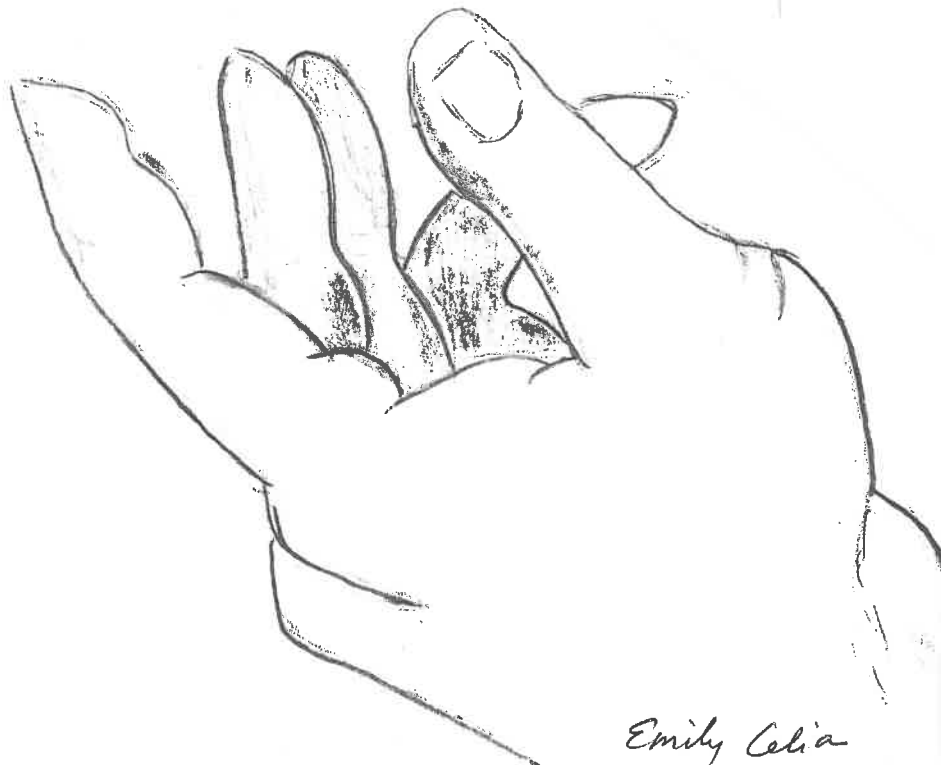
And yet thousands of
souls have suffered with
thousands more to come.

Yet the power lies
within the concept
of a single word.

A word that would unite
the body, mind, and soul of
every being on this earth

One word to transform the future.
One word to balance the present.
One word to forgive the past.

Peace



Pickel Bob loves road trips. He is on one now, sailing through the cosmos in his little saucer of travelingness. Suddenly, a jolt passes through his body. The Dairy Queen he ate earlier is not agreeing with his stomach. He quickly exits the space way and tries to find a gas station. The only store open on the road is Pet Smart. He races into the building, leaving the engine running in his rush. He runs through the aisles, then faces the bathroom in the back corner of the store. Throwing himself in front of the small child that was waiting in line, he races into the one stall bathroom. But then, just as he was feeling free from the pain, his sunglasses fall into the toilet as it's flushing. Water pours everywhere, flowing over the bathroom floor. He grabs his trusty toilet plunger out of his pocket, and starts plunging like a superhero.

Moral of the story: always carry a toilet plunger.

Bridget Brochu



How do you describe love?
It is not something you can touch,
nor see with your eyes.
You feel it in your heart.

When the birds chirp in the morning sun,
and you wake to their song.

When you see your friend in the hallway,
or you laugh till you can't breathe.

When your dog greets you at the door,
licking your hand and wagging their tail.

Love is in the Spring and the Summer,
when children laugh and flowers bloom.

It's in Autumn and Winter,
when leaves fall from their places
or snow blankets the ground in white flakes.

Love can be in a lot of different forms
but I can assure you;
you have felt it.

By Ashley Smith

Look there is some glass in my eye,
Pulling it out is not going to stop me crying.

Emily Celia



Sophia Sparrow

I'm grateful for lots of things
From my family and friends
To my favorite pair of earrings

I'm thankful for my dogs
And how they love to play
I'm thankful for my grandma
And how she taught me to crochet

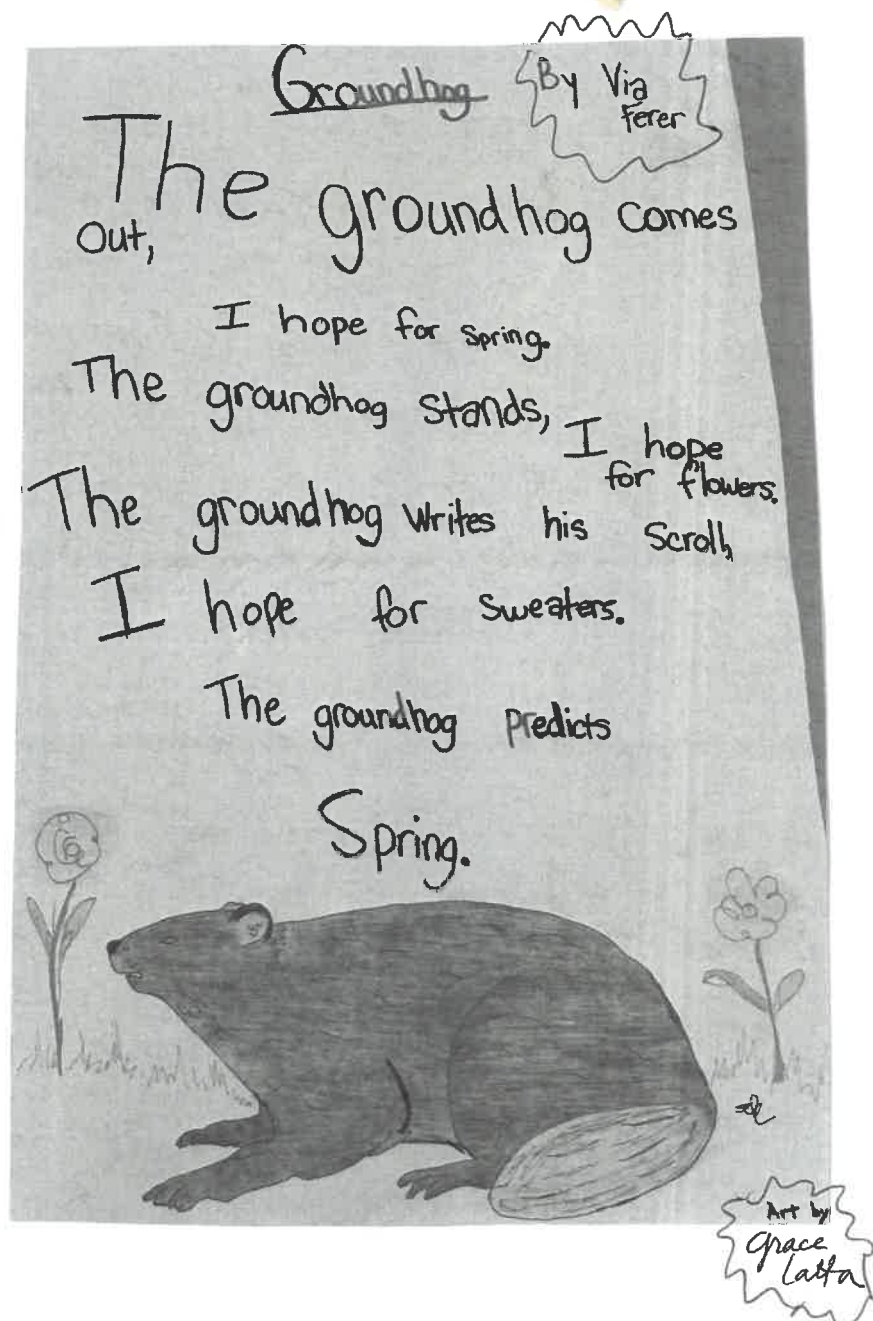
I'm grateful for my grandpa
And how he jokes a ton
I'm grateful for my aunts and uncles
And how being around them is so much fun

I'm thankful for my friends
And how they make me laugh
I'm thankful for my cousin
And how she loves to make arts and crafts

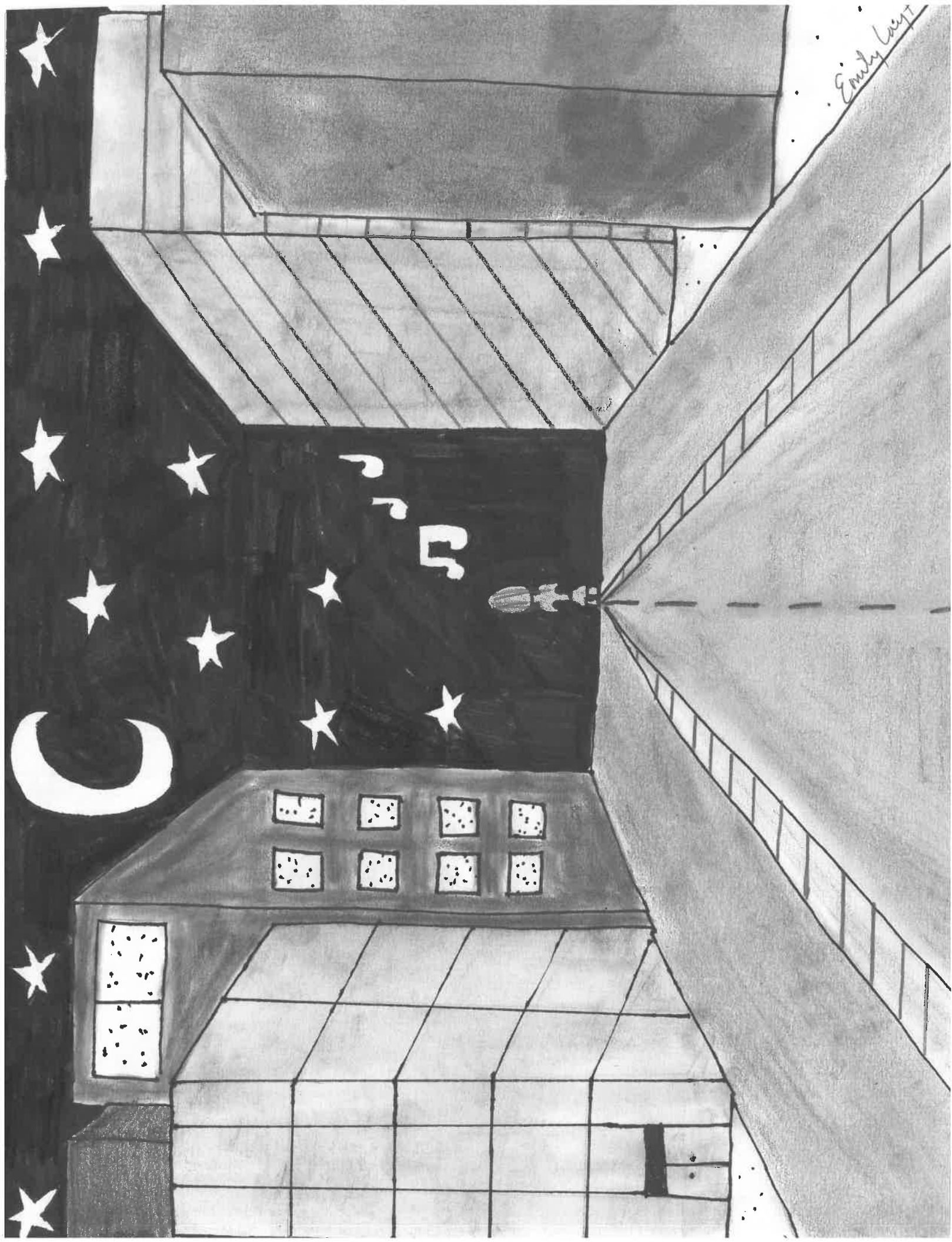
I'm grateful for my teachers
And how they help me learn
I'm grateful for my parents
And how they're grateful for me in return

I'm thankful for my little sister
And how she makes me smile
I'm thankful for many things
All of which make me feel worthwhile

By Jordan MacRoberts



Empty City





Emily Gray

The music thunders through my body;
I truly wonder how this could become illegal.

The music picked you up and threw you
Who knew that one singular song could hold that power

Jack Credit

Jack Credit

Vietnam Motorcycles

motorcycle everywhere
and a lot of gas in the air
everyone drives how he wants
and you can see lots of restaurants

While you are driving around
You will maybe have a break down
So much traffic I don't know what to do
Maybe I should get a cold brew

Now I see a woman selling fruits
And several men in black suits
I will buy a pho noodle soup
Oh boy, I got a big scoop

By Ella Reiter



The Symptom of Statistics

By Tian Jamieson and Lily Grady

11/29/21

Twelve-Twelve-Nineteen... that's the date when it all started

Three-Eleven-Twenty... that's when it officially became a pandemic

Three-Six... that's how many inches away I have to stand from my Grandmother

One-One-Four... that's how many millions of people have lost their jobs

Three-Point-Three-Three... that's how many billions of people have gotten the vaccine

Five-Seven-Point-Three... that's the percentage that still needs to be vaccinated

Seven-Point-Seven-Five... that's how many people there are in the world.

Five-Two-One-Seven-Zero-Three-Three... that's how many people have died

"What am I thankful for?"

I don't really know

I mean, I've never really thought about it

I could say the obvious

Friends

Family

Other cliché things that everyone always uses

I guess it's who I am

I've evolved so much from who I was even last year

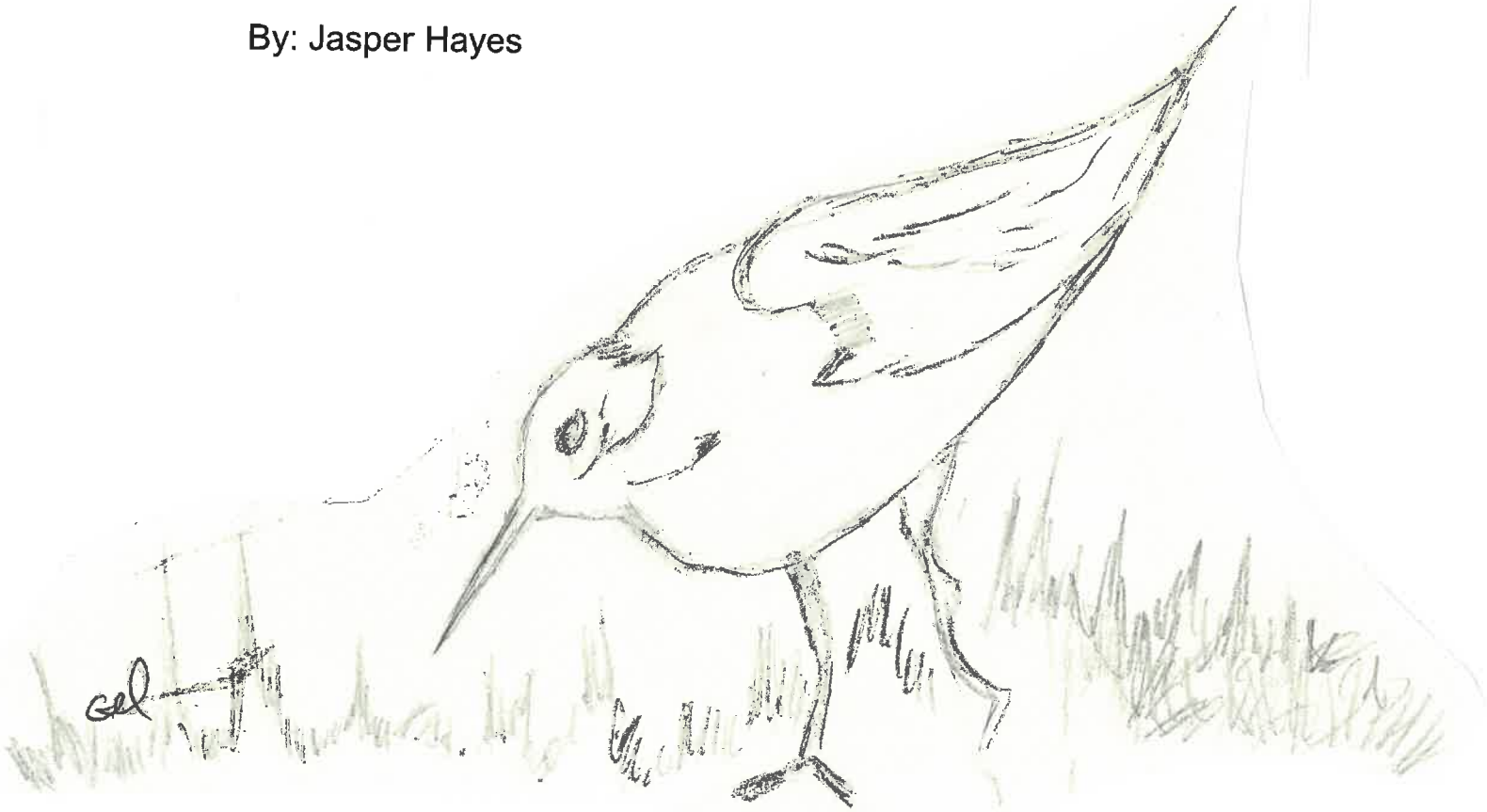
I accept myself for who I am now

I'm not afraid to stand up for myself

I'm proud of who I am

Even though I hate a lot of the things that I do and who I used to be
I'm thankful for me

By: Jasper Hayes



Bouquet of Flowers

By Tian Jamieson

A white tissue paper rose
From her adoption
Remains spotless and pure

Fistfuls of dandelions
From her backyard
Create a sea of yellow waves

The fanned out feathers of a fern
From her brother's wedding
Sways to music only it can hear

The budding pink chrysanthemum
From her eighth grade graduation
Droops with defeat

A pale purple wildflower
From her nephew
Sags from being clenched

A single red rose
From her grandfather's funeral
Defiantly stands straight

Two red chrysanthemum
From her high school performance
Interweave in a graceful dance

Each flower in her bouquet
Is like a puzzle of her soul
Fitting together to create

Her identity.



The "Cape" (found poem)

By Christie Beckley

With my hard back,
The water is my job
As are the hay and the weeding
Young hands like mine share and support
Because respect is taught.

From the cranberry bog to Harwich Center
From Spring to December,
Through snow and woods,
And through sky as blue as our flag,
I'd walk to school.

I was told
On the way,
To say "hello" and "Dom Benson"
Because when I come home
You might not be there
And they will take care of me

Cape Verdeans share
Their food
And love
And most of all family.

For it is
As hard as the bladder of a pig,
And as strong as the ten islands
Of Cape Verde

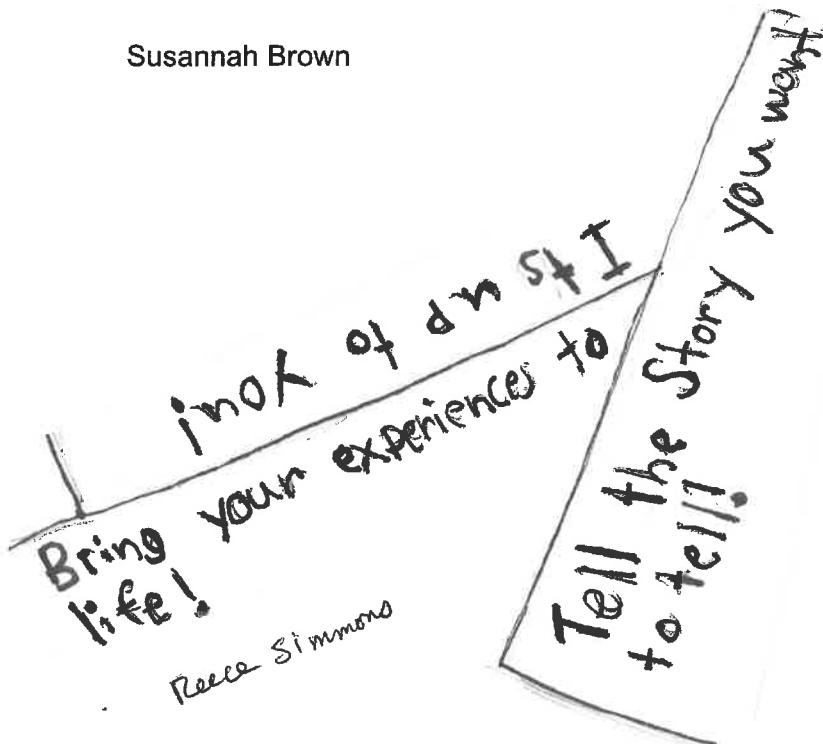
Saying no is a concept that we must share
It makes it so everything isn't fair
If I could say no just for a day
I'd make my life better in every way
I'd start with my food, saying no to what I don't like
Say no to air pollution, have people ride their bikes
A laugh and a smile can go a long way
Saying no to things when I don't know what else to say

If I could say no for an entire week
I'd make it so that I could help the weak
Giving food and praying for all to eat
Helping a few to brighten their day
For me, saying no could go a long way

If I could say no for an entire month
I'd start with those snobs who wake up and harrumph
The ones that have enough to give, but still refuse to help others live
I'd say no to homework and eating peas
I'd say no to yawning and having to sneeze
I'd say no to hate and no to long waits
I'd say no to mistakes and to belly aches

On our own Oxi Day, I think of Greece
I think of Greece, a gorgeous country at peace
Thinking of all the civilians and what they would say
What would they say no to on this Oxi Day?

Susannah Brown



Everything I really want

Go home
Stay there
Missing out on life
I wanted this
Everything on pause
My mind and body
Pause
Everything in my life
Stagnate
Days
Are all the same
I learn nothing
I don't change
My computer becomes my mind
My bed becomes my body
I start to fantasize about
When
Life finally shines
Through the blinds
I start to learn
I start to change
I really want this

Jayson Gomes

The Visitor of 2022

Strength whispers into the girl's ear
"It's time."

The girl looks down at the bed below
At all of the clothes laid out especially for her
She puts on the hat of Health
And feels a gust of courage and resilience whisp through her
A motivation to take care of herself and her body

She puts on the beautiful long jacket of Being Present
And slips her addictive phone into the jacket's pocket
Focusing her attention on her life day by day
And not on internet distractions

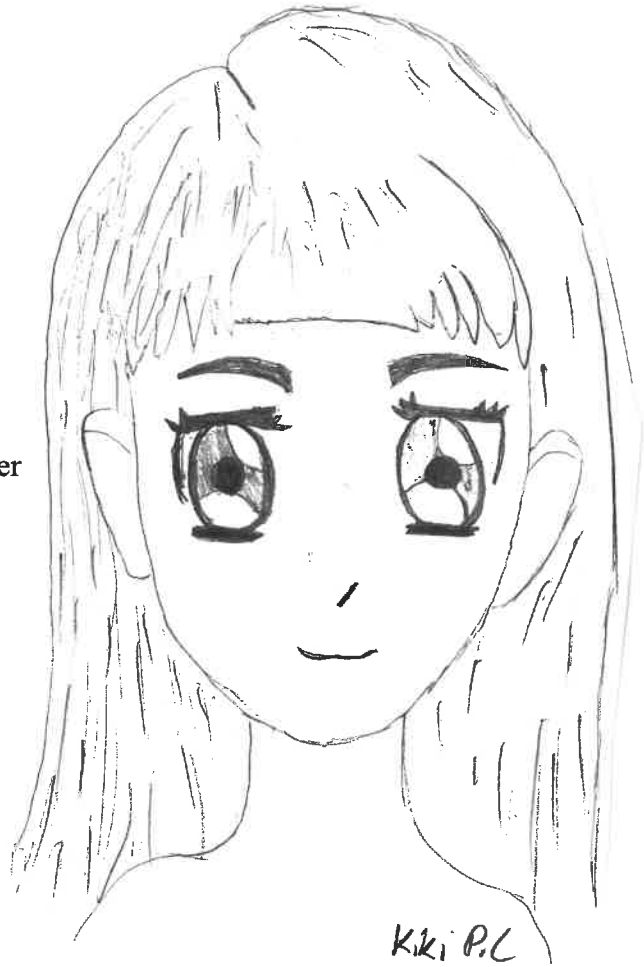
She slips on the comfortable silk slippers
One of Kindness
And one of Patience
She will work to be a better person

Finally, she puts on two sparkling earrings
One of determination
And the other of confidence

Ready to meet her visitor, the girl strides into the next room
with a gusto as bold as the music she hears.
On the door she walks through,
"2022" is written in golden with the ink of hope

Inside, she meets a forgotten friend
So long gone
who has returned for the year
The visitor's name is Happiness

By Christie Beckley



The Bear

660,000 refugees flee in five days

150,000 refugees in 24 hours

If only we helped them sooner

Yet how soon, with no heed of warnings and tanks

100 diplomats walkout, a protest

450 soldiers dead the first day

Yet we plead

It does nothing

And they plead to be saved

If only diplomacy did anything, but this

Territorial bear fights the ground beneath them,

Tearing frozen soil apart will lead to cold holes in the ground

One where the bear will stay

And drown in the frost melt

And now, we wait for our turn with threats

“Today, some French minister ...declared an economic war on Russia.”

And from the bear’s minister:

“Watch your tongue, gentlemen! And don’t forget that in human history, economic wars quite often turned into real ones”

But we wait

because this is not a war on drugs

or for oil

or for freedom.

It is just simply warring.

It is just simply a territorial bear.

By Kristina Tamasco

ВОЙНА!
БІЙНМ!

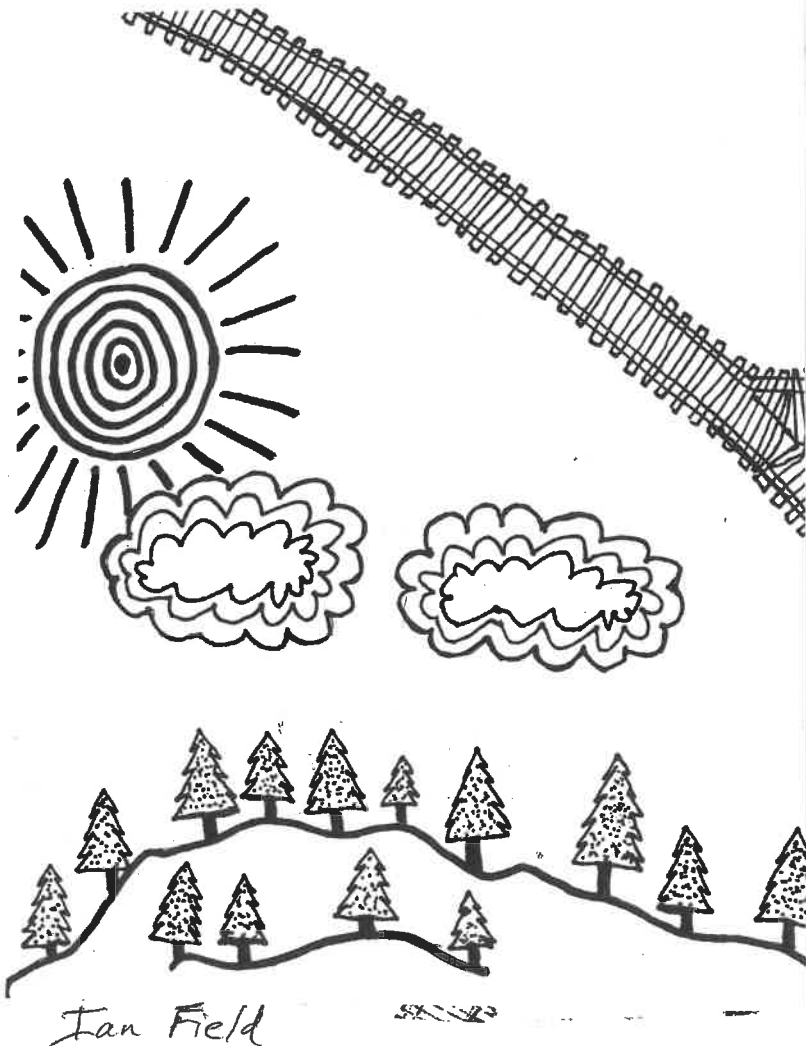
Found Poem from the Preface to NIGHT

by: Abby Considine and Erin DeSouza

To forget would be not only dangerous but offensive
To forget the dead would be akin to killing them a second time
To prevent the enemy from enjoying one last last victory by allowing his crimes to be
ERASED
from history.

If in my lifetime I was to write only one book, this would be the one.
I don't know how I survived; I was weak, rather shy; I did nothing to save myself
Why did I write it?
I had many things to say,
I did not have the words to say them.
Convinced that this period in history would be judged one day, I knew that I must bear *witness*.

For the survivor who chooses to testify,
It is clear,
His duty is to bear witness for the dead *and* for the living.



We Were Told

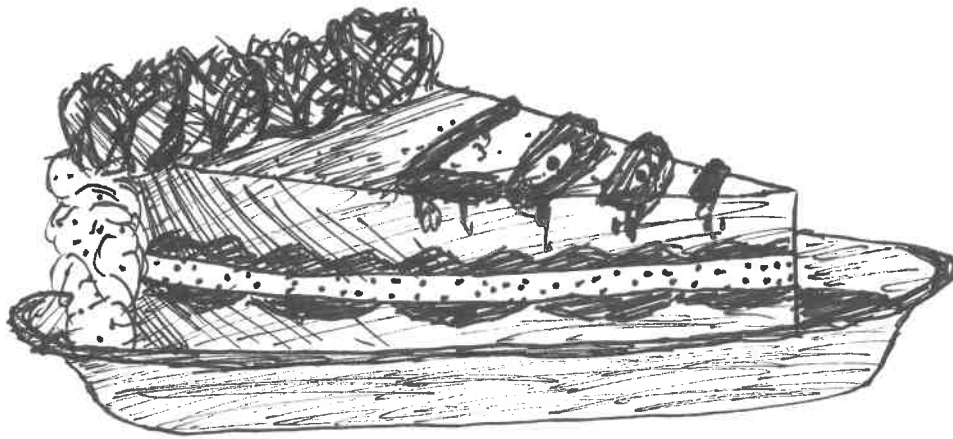
Mama
Real war raging here
Afraid
We are bombing
All of the cities
Even targeting
Civilians
We were told they would welcome us
They are falling under
Our armored vehicles
They call us fascists
Mama
This is so hard

Jack Raye

Christie Beckley

A craving that won't be satisfied
Because you are the one food that's utterly taboo

*Afghani
Landay!*



Keyla Holmes

My Final Bow

By Olivia Appleton

When I started 8th grade,
I had no idea what I was doing
Or where I would end up

I had a group of friends
That wouldn't last long
But the memories still stuck

I dressed in a questionable style
But soon evolved into what it is today
Where I am finally confident

I had teachers that came and went
Over the years
But only one really stuck

Coming to grips with my
race, sexuality, gender
All while attending a predominantly white Monomoy

Going from boys and girls
Who treated me like I was dirt
To a guy who treats me like I'm his queen

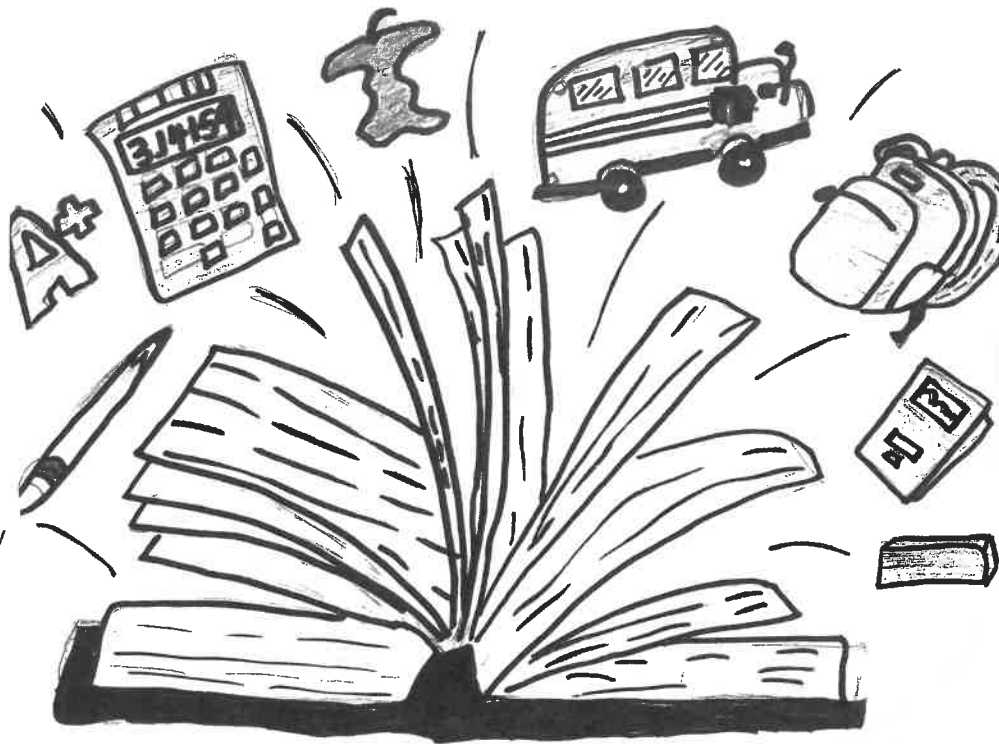
The friends I've made
All with whom I've had fantastic memories
Mostly gone behind a closed door that will never reopen

I'm thankful for the opportunity to dual enroll
4cs taught me so much more than I could have asked for
But made my senior year go by even faster

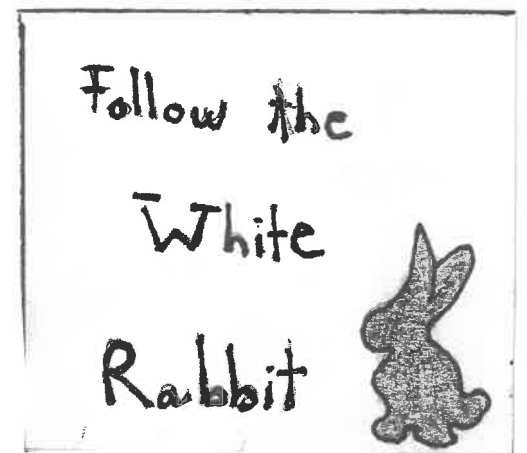
It didn't hit me until that last week of school
That this was finally it
My high school journey coming to a close
As I move onto bigger and better things

I'm proud of the young woman
I've become
Surrounded by beautiful people
Who remind me everyday that I'm worth it.

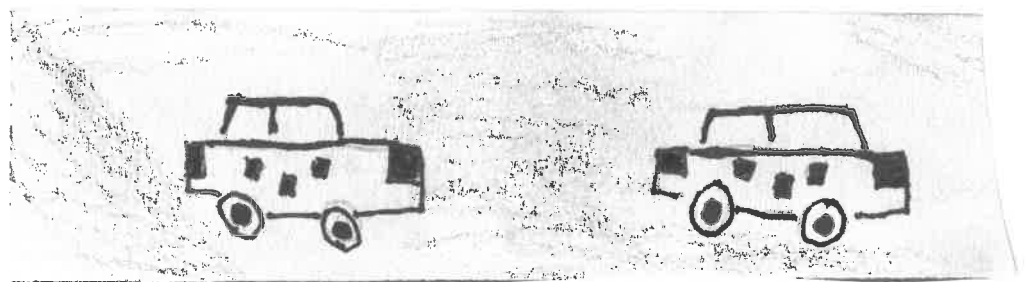
I take my final bow
In gratitude for all I've learned
Thank you Monomoy
It's been real



Harry Michaud



Lily Whyan



SANSCRIPT

2022

