

SANDSCRIPT MRHS 2020-21

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The Things I Carry

By Olivia Appleton

I carry my phone. For what I consider to be an extension of myself, I feel more or less addicted to it. Without access to my phone, I feel empty and blank. I feel like it's a requirement to be addicted to your phone if you're part of Gen Z. So many talking stages I've been through to people miles away and hours spent scrolling through 3 A.M. Tiktoks; I could never give up my phone.

I carry my medical bag. Inside, its contents include my inhaler and two epi-pens. Falling victim to weak lungs and a nut allergy, my body really said "natural selection." Although I rarely use these items on a daily, the idea that without them I could die really scares me. Imagine being killed by a peanut. I don't wanna go out that way. So I carry two epi-pens just in case.

I carry my clothes on my body. Baggy, tight, small or huge, I wear what makes me feel good about myself. This can include but not limited to the jeans with a thousand holes that make boomers go "Did you pay for the holes?" or crop tops, having fathers question where the rest of my shirt is. The ability to dress however I want empowers me. I never take that privilege for granted.

I carry my childhood memories. Being woken up at three years old to Bob Marley songs, clamming at dawn with my father at the beach, warm hugs from my mother when the tears are flowing, playing trucks in the front lawn with my brother, and so many more. I cherish those simpler times. The times where I wasn't afraid of falling behind or being not enough. But I was afraid of the shark from *Finding Nemo*. And men in Santa costumes. And men in general.

I carry my open-mindedness. Growing up in the twenty-first century, I've definitely seen unusual things from unusual people. As a person who's been judged a lot, I know how it feels to be alone. It's isolating. Judging people for how they dress or their favorite movie seems silly. I don't have to agree with you on liking *Titanic*, but I can respect it. Being open-minded has allowed me to gain a lot of different perspectives from a lot of different people. And it's amazing.

I carry my determination. Ever since I can remember, I've always strived for college and the future beyond secondary education. I take my work seriously and do the best I can for now. But I find myself pondering where I will be in the next five years. Most likely it's been moved into a dorm or city somewhere not on Cape. Having lived here for my whole life, I can say it gets boring fast. With the same old beaches and the same old summer tourists, I want to experience more. I'm determined to get my education somewhere where I can meet new people and start a new page. Anywhere else but here.

I carry a lot with me. Some things that are not mentioned but still equally important I carry. Some a burden but some a blessing. But most importantly, I carry myself. I carry myself through thick and thin through whatever life throws at me. You never know when you're going to die. Hopefully not by a peanut. So why not live life to the fullest? I know, cheesy right?



Olivia Appleton

The Essence of Familiarity

Ashley Smith

Water.

A word rolling off our tongue, easy as a salty droplet falling from the tip of your nose, as you break the surface of the sea on a hot summer day.

When the word is spoken,
my mind fills with pictures
of kids splashing in the low puddles
in the shallow ocean tide.
They sing and dance,
not a worry in the world.
Their eyes sparkle,
only pure joy can be seen

I think of the scene feeling routinely like a movie to me, where I lay on a towel with patterns of bright colors beneath me.

I walk with a slow pace down to the blue sea, with so many memories hidden beneath its surface. The bottoms of my feet burn from the sand cooking in the sun.

My pace quickens as the dull pain heightens.

Finally, I reach the relieving cold of the waves. My whole body molds to the familiar feeling, I throw my arms up to the sky and plunge, fingertips first, into the world below me.

My eyes open to be greeted by the swarms of tiny fish, who scatter around me, afraid of what horror I may bring.

Although my purpose is to exist rather than to harm.

For I am like them,

just as vulnerable to the harsh predators trying to dampen my existence

Below my feet is the same brown sand, with sparks of green floating freely. Shallow breaths escape my lips, and the bubbles that coincide frantically rise above my face.

My mind can't help but think of years past, spent on the same beach, doing childish things while I waste the time away. On summer days when everything was oh so simple. My only worries being how to spend my free time.

I feel at peace, knowing that under the whitecaps crashing above, I exist in unison with all the creatures of the world below my feet. The sounds of chatter that fill my ears everyday can't be heard from here.

The only sound being the swells crashing overhead, and if I listen closely

I can't help but feel
like my existence has led to this moment.
The sheer tranquility that surrounds me
will live on in my heart
as my days wear on and my soul grows older.
But this moment can only last so long,
as my lungs crave that familiar feeling.

my heart thudding inside my chest.

I kick my legs and am met with the sounds of everyday lives being led around me. I felt so far from this world just a second ago, yet it wasn't even a meter away.

I'm glad that I spend my days here,
Listening to the useless chatter of mundane faces,
and running across the scolding sand.
For I know that my heart will always belong to the world
that lies just below the surface.

And my mind will always wander to this moment in time When all I could feel was water.

Love

By Ana Aquino Nunez

We are all the same; the race or the color doesn't matter. We're created of love.

Our hearts should be full of love. If there is a lot of love in our hearts,

Why can't we spread that love to the people around us?

We're all brothers and sisters. Our color can't make us apart.

We're all created with love, so why must there be a difference AND cruelty in the world? We all came to this life with a purpose, to enjoy ourselves, to be loved, and to love. There should not be hate in our hearts. We all have red blood in our veins and our hearts. Why don't we nicely use THAT heart? Love, be kind, and more RESPECTFUL.

Wouldn't it be nice to live inside a world that isn't black and white?

A place where there are just people loving people, think about that.

I wonder when the color will not be significant for the people, but we can stop that.

We can put a stop to all the hate that exists. We can create a better world, can't we?

The only thing that we have to do is love more, spread love and respect to the people around us.

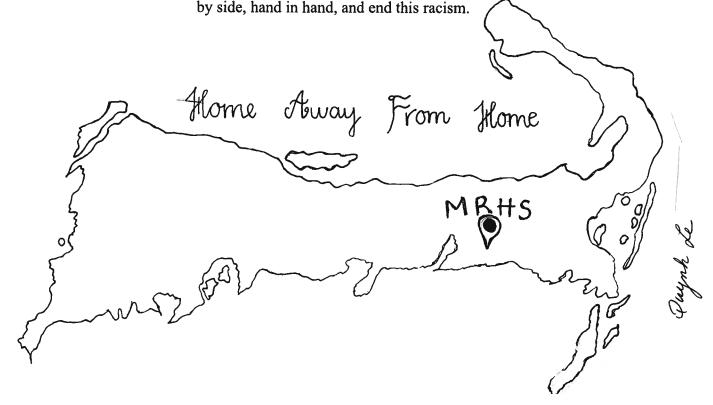
Is it difficult to see everyone as equal and as a valued person like you?

We are all valued, loved, and appreciated. WE ARE ALL HUMANS.

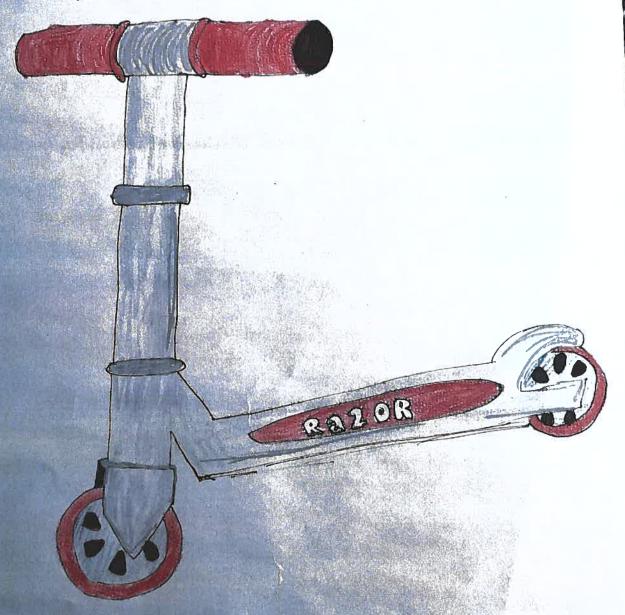
We need to help our brothers and sisters that are in danger just for their color.

They're incredible, and they want to show that to the world. So let's create peace.

Then, let's live in peace, and the world will be prettier. Let's look at each other in the eyes, side



Zooming around the block,
Zipping around the corner,
Faster, Faster,
Feel the burn.
Razor scooter.



Bridget Brochu

Brianna Spence

Being black out here, damn it ain't easy
Y'all white folks look and be like aye breezy
Walking around without thoughts in the sky
Never knowing where we finna die
It's like losing a pin or thumbtack
They've lost us and they can't have us back
It's like our lives have no meaning
No one ever cares or thinks what we're feeling
We've learned to adapt
But the past months have been nothing but attacks
Many innocent ones we've lost and will never get back
I swear it's time for us to react
I don't know if I'm gonna live to see a change
But so it was in the beginning and so it is in the end.

Nathan Whitfield
The world around us is a crazy place
With issues approaching left and right
Unfortunately with them surrounding race
It is an everlasting painful fight

Protests appear in the hope of change Many leaders urging us to vote Our feelings are something we must exchange It is time to listen, it is time to take note

Reason with each other, eliminate the tension Voice your opinion, do not be scared Equality amongst us is something to mention Peace and harmony will be declared

Be optimistic for the future These sad times won't last Take this as a mood booster Live in the now, leave the past



A hand Thin Skin and bone A hand in a hand In a hand Healthy Flesh and blood A drop of water A crumb of food A spec of hope A hand in a hand In a hand in a hand A contrast A new friendship A new hope Blooming in the heart All from a hand In a hand

Emersin Adamsons



Summertime

Hope by definition is a feeling of expectation and desire for a certain thing to happen, Thing are happening, right now,

The world is opening up to warmer weather, things are getting so much better, Better by definition is a more excellent or effective type or quality,

But skip the definitions, because everybody's got ambitions, Ambitions for the end of the school year, the next month and a half, the summer, Summer.

There is no better feeling than summer,

I'm ready for summer, the joys of summer, the hopes of summer,

The feeling when you step out onto the beach, just smiles and no speech, When you laugh with your co-workers at that local shop,
The tourists asking you how much are these flip-flops,
The fish you just caught, that cute bikini you bought,
The sitting on the tailgate, playing Kenny Chesney, kind of Nauset rides,
The way your hair feels in the salt.

The way your heart feels after a swim, the sunset blending in the sky behind you,

Hoping this summer will be filled with laughter and fun, Spending all day in the sun, Freaking out when that boy texted you back, he's picking you up tonight, by the way, Hoping those bonfires never end.

Waiting for the wave to crash over your head,

Every country song, laugh, swim, sunset, boat ride, cookout, no trespass sign, sleepover,

I hope it is going to be worth it.

Emma Burnie

Death's Instrument

It is not the art of war,
It is not a victorious scene.
It's what summons the grim reaper,
To come do his scheme.
The very last survivor
officially stands alone.
You can still hear him,
playing his deep dark tone.

Emly Celia



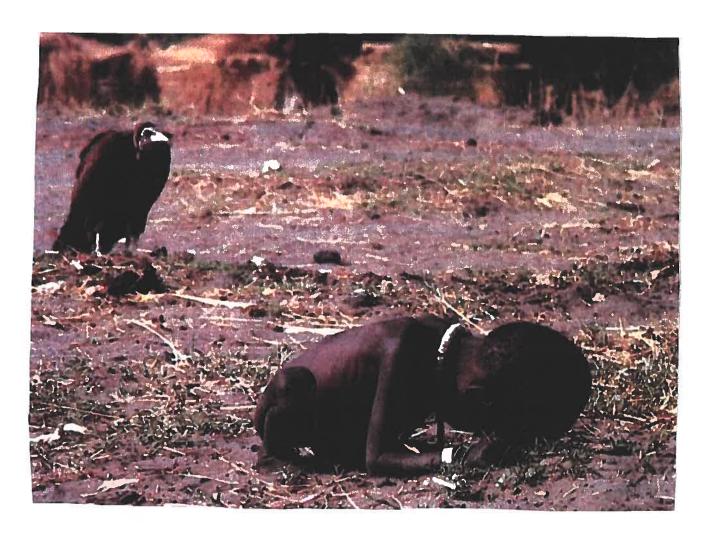
Hungry By Olivia Appleton

I awake to a deep grumble Shaking my stomach, The morning sun Welcoming me

Laying on the dry dirt Home to the bugs and worms Feeling the chasm Start to take form

Vultures take long stares at me As I slowly trudge into the desert Its heat consuming me Into dust

The weaker I feel myself get
The harder it is to swallow
The emptiness I have inside
While the sun above welcomes me



Nightwatcher Halladay Perry

The air is cold as it travels on the wind. It rushes up among the stars and moon and dances circles in the nightime. The trees hold it hand in hand, and together they sway like old lovers. I sit above the treeline, eyes resting above my arms with my face buried in the crook of my elbow. My toes curl in the passing breeze, and in the light of the moon I can see them peak out of my blanket. I imagine my eyes are bright in this moonlight, fiery and red like the mouth of a furnace. They burn into the abyss of the night, full of pain and rage. They crackle with the treelimbs in the dark.

There is something loud about the silence around me. I can't hear the sounds of sobs and screams but I can hear wind and air. The owls call to each other in the nightime, and their voices carry many miles. It is here among the noise I sit, brooding with furnace eyes in the darkness. My face is wet with tears, some nights tears and rain. The wind is cold but there is something warm about my eyes that makes me sweat. My body was a furnace, he would say, I was warm to the touch.

And I am still warm now. My blanket is thick but not in the comforting way, more heavy and strong. It feels like a weight holding me to this roof, without it the wind might carry me away like the song of the owls. I might fly through the night like the stars, and I might come to a drift to your back door. The light from your windom burns bright like a furnace. And what would I do then?

I would be safer inside. The roof is not large and the fall is high. In the rain the shingles become slippery, and in the wind your balance tetters. But inside it is quiet, and in the dark and the quiet I can almost hear the sound of your voice. You are a memory now, but in the quiet you feel so real. Your voice can almost come alive then, and i'm afraid of what will happen if your memory grows eyes and lips and fingers. Your eyes are a cold blue in memory, and I dont want to see them in the dark.

In the moonlight I can feel you, though. This air is the same air you used to walk, sometimes hand in hand. Sometimes dressed in your clothes. Sometimes swaying like the trees. The cold feels like your fingers, feels like your hands. In the darker nights it feels like your words and your smile. The darkest nights it feels like the way you pulled me by the waist and laughed, the smell of your breath. On those nights I dont even feel you at all, I feel me. How you make me feel. Your breath smells like fear.

I close my eyes. I am done feeling you for tonight. I would be safer inside, there is no difference from there and here anymore. I remember to breathe, which is something I often forget to do, and the air fills my lungs with pins and needles. You are like a haze of which everything touches, it is a haze made of my own mind and body. I cannot travel to any end of the earth, I could not touch the moon, without you seeing with my eyes and touching with my hands. I cannot cry your memory away. I cannot drink your memory away. I cannot forget your memory away. It is not even the memory anymore, it is a furnace-eyed monster you've made me become. I cannot walk without her.

I rise with the wind, from the roof to the window. Inside it is warm, with one heavy hand I cut the wind like a knife and the window is closed.



Olivia Appleton

Emily Gray Poem

As the aureate sun rises over the lake
And a mourning dove coos its melancholy song,
I sit upright in my bed with my two favorite things:
My cat and my laptop.

My fingers are slamming at the keys Typing every detail To what I would like to think Could become a bestselling book.

I gaze upon the stack of books on my desk
And daydream of what it would be like
To live in some of their stories:
To wake up in a world that isn't strung with hatred
Or laced with oppression
Or dotted with discrimination.

Then I snap back to reality,

For the world we already live in may be bad but it's overflowing with opportunities:

Opportunities to make a change,

Opportunities to walk into a classroom

And teach the next generation

About how to love each other

Instead of filtering people by color.

As the sun continues to rise

And the inky shadows in my room tiptoe to another spot,

My fingers go back to slamming the keyboard

And all the bad thoughts of this world's brutality

Are replaced with the hope of my daydream becoming a reality.

Bridget Brochu

I am a white girl.

I am heterosexual.

I know I have it better than others.

I have friends of different races, sexualities, and religions.

I see no difference between us.

They are my friends,

Personalities all different,

But all human beings.

I don't see why people are still racist and homophobic.

Why can't we all live in peace?

No judgement,

Kindness for all,

Freedom and justice for all.

I walk down a street with my friend,

And she wears a gay flag on her shirt,

And rainbow socks.

She is expressing herself and her sexuality.

Someone gives us the stink eye.

Another yells homophobic slurs out his window.

Nothing is said to me.

Why are we different?

Two teenage girls,

Having a fun day together.

My blood is boiling.

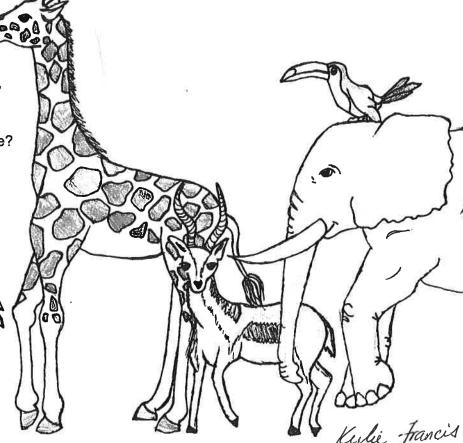
All I can do is flip him off.

Why can't everyone just be accepted,

Be appreciated,

Be kind and just.

Why is the world such a harmful place?



Feeling either euphoric or miserable No real in between

I like to keep my issues personal so they go unseen

I'm sorry, I don't want to sound cynical, pessimistic
Or mean

When it looks like you have it made, nobody wants to hear you complain

But looking like you have it all is an appearance that's hard to maintain

All this running and fighting ain't good for my brain

Hate talking to people but need to stay sane

From getting all worked up, I need to refrain, 'cause feeling sorry for yourself doesn't help with the pain

I wonder why the more money I gain, the harder my sanity is to sustain.

My greatest fear is her biggest dream
I'm shocked, to this day we're still on the same team
She's all about mass recognition I'm not
Why am I doing this, man I forgot
No don't go save him I want him to rot
And I don't mean in a cell on a cot

Stop tugging I don't want to mess up this shot yeah like the cornballer man it's too hot

Hands hold like fates
The world at our fingertips
Comes down to our (hoice

ashley Smith

Wasting Away

I feel like it's still the beginning of the year. I've been trying to track it
But the months slip out of my grasp.

The days blend And a Tuesday is no different from a Friday Like the stars in "Starry Night" When Van Gogh's colors blended on a canvas

Sitting in front of a screen everyday
The pictures play games in my dreams filled with
Computer screens
Movie scenes
Electric dreams
Life is wired
Life is no longer live

The weather warms
But the days still seem the same
Summer tempts me
But I'm still inside wasting away
Like my teen years.

By members of Sandscript



Lauren Morris

Falling

We're always falling, falling through a cycle, Stuck in a constant state of denial, We wake up and go, we go home and sleep, We ignore our issues that are too steep.

We walk through life saying everything's fine, We wear masks, and guard the true reasons why, The weight on our shoulders, holding us down, Always being told that we're safe and sound.

But when the world ends, the sky starts to fall, It begins to feel like the end of it all, Everything stops, and you feel like you're crushed, And then it restarts, and then you are rushed.

Too much change can be too overwhelming, Getting normalcy, but needing helping, We're falling through a never ending pit, Feeling like we never truly exist.

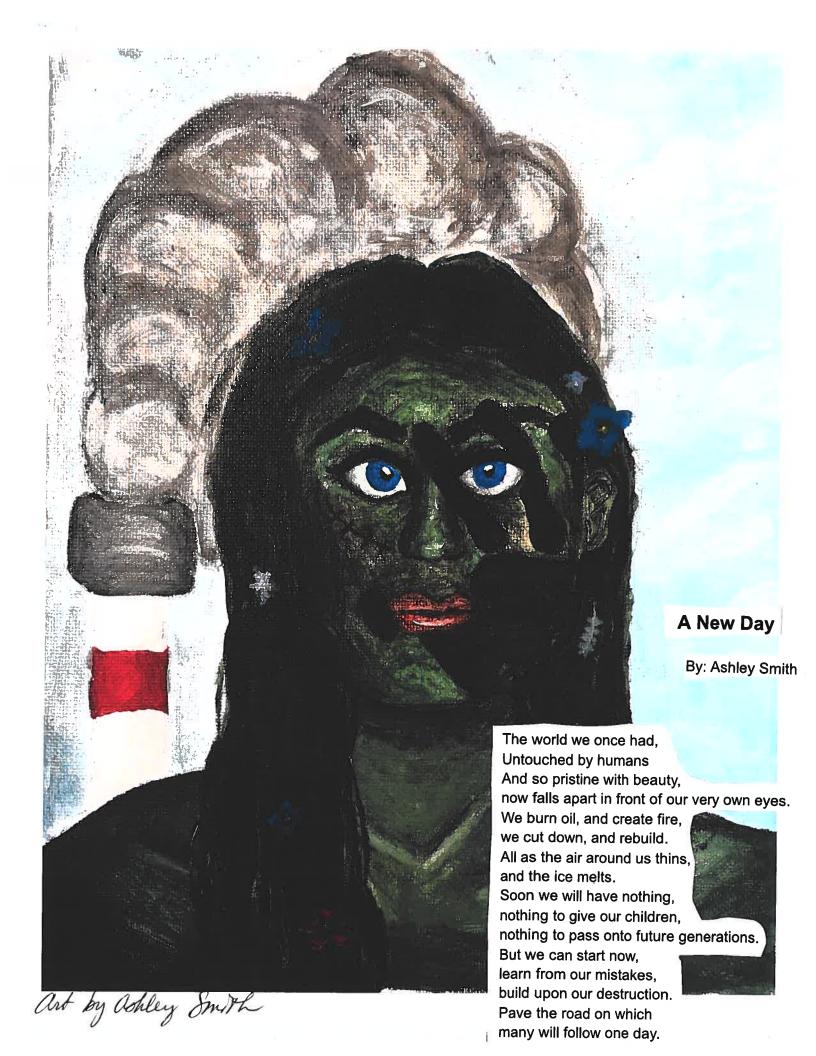
Watching life pass by, almost through a screen, The lack of decision making us scream, Detached from it all, just wanting to live, Avoiding all conflict, quick to forgive,

Our time here is short, it flies by too fast, Wanting to do so much, make the time last, Our hopes and our dreams just out of reach, Anxiety making it hard to be seech,

You must take your time, don't go too quick, Don't make the awful moments make you sick, We may be falling, through the waves of time, Focus on saying, "this moment is mine".



Olivia appleton



Devinne Wilson

Who am I? I guess I have heard that my whole life

I'm just a black girl growing up in a country run by white

Lacking understanding why hatred is so powerful

The fear of never being equal

Equality...All I see is something I have to fight ten times harder for

The younger I was the less I understood

The older I get the more I lose faith

When will it end? Or will it ever?

Everyone says they want change

But that's only when they're around us

It's the two faced people I'll never understand

honesty goes a long way

All I got to say is stay true

You'll never see me standing for something I don't believe in

Is it worth it?

That's the only way I think change will come

I guess Michael Jackson was right when he said "They don't really care about us"

The creation of laws should help but all I see is the struggle it creates

All we need is one person to change

One day at a time

One man can change the world!!

Faith I'll never have

I gotta take what I want from this world

Beat me, Hate me, but you'll never break me.



Jasmine Silva

Determined, motivated, and disciplined are all things I am These help me reach my goals, or study for the next exam I am honest, caring, and a problem solver I'll do whatever I have to do to be a great scholar Thank you America for giving me these chances To live in a society where anyone can make advances But why is there lying, scams, and faking It seems like our federal government might need some saving Put the American people first and always tell the truth Don't unnecessarily kill people or terrorize the country's youth Floyd was a criminal and a deplorable person But kneeling on his neck just made the situation worsen Breonna's killing was simply in self defense But more than one or two shots was shooting with intent So thank you America for all you do for us But there are still issues and things to be discussed

OPIA

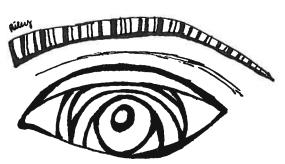
definition: opia (n.) the ambiguous intensity of looking someone in the eye-

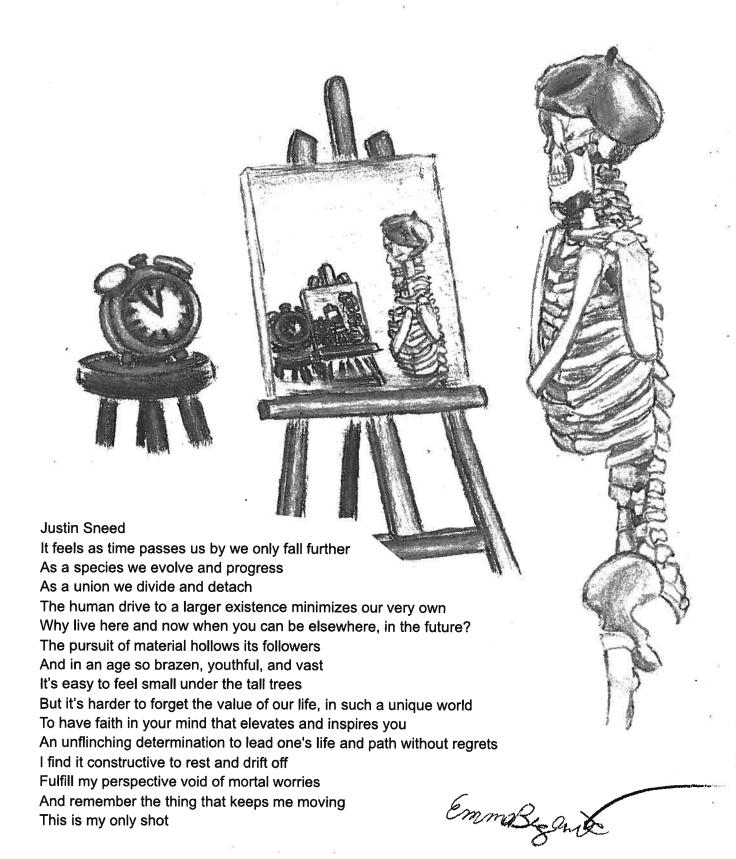
Eye contact was never my thing. I've never felt comfortable looking anyone directly in the eye. The eyes can tell stories, but to believe a story you must have trust. But for you, I don't know what it was, I could never stop looking at your eyes. Something about them was so inviting. Comforting. Trusting. It started with eye contact in the hallways, then across the classroom, eventually during our conversations. The amount of trust I poured into those eyes. It was all a lie, how could I be blinded by something so beautiful. I suppose it was because I never finished reading the definition of opia.

- which can feel simultaneously invasive and vulnerable.

You were my opia. You didn't even gain my trust, you invaded it with your eyes. Never again will I make the mistake of being blinded by opia.

Riley Jones





This is my only shot

Exposed Olivia Appleton

"You look Native American."
I watch my mom from the kitchen table
Making her homemade curry,
The sweet scent warming me

"Your skin color is beautiful."
I read another name on the list,
A list too long as protests arise
Another life is lost because of the police.

"Can you say the n-word?"
I watch and keep quiet
While the ninety-five pound white boys
Scream it like a battle cry

"You would have been a slave back then."
I walk with pride, holding my sign over my head
As hundreds walk with me
No justice, no peace





Charlotte Blute

The birds' songs are getting quieter
And the fishes' dances are getting slower
The polar bear's eyes are icier now than his home
And the monarch butterflies are lost flying all alone

But what can I do?

I look at the stars shining in the sky
And the sun through the clouds, trying to pry
The wind still feels cool at the back of my neck
But the tides are now off- oh what a wreck!

I cry to the sea, Oh what can I do!

I pick up my reusable bottle and trash on the beach And think to myself- oh there's so much to teach! I flick off the lights and put away my leftovers, And walk over to water my little plant growers

I'm too small to help, What can I do?

I throw back all the creatures left up by the tide, And research about how to help-planetwide I take out my recycled bottles, and paper, and glass And walk outside to organically feed the grass

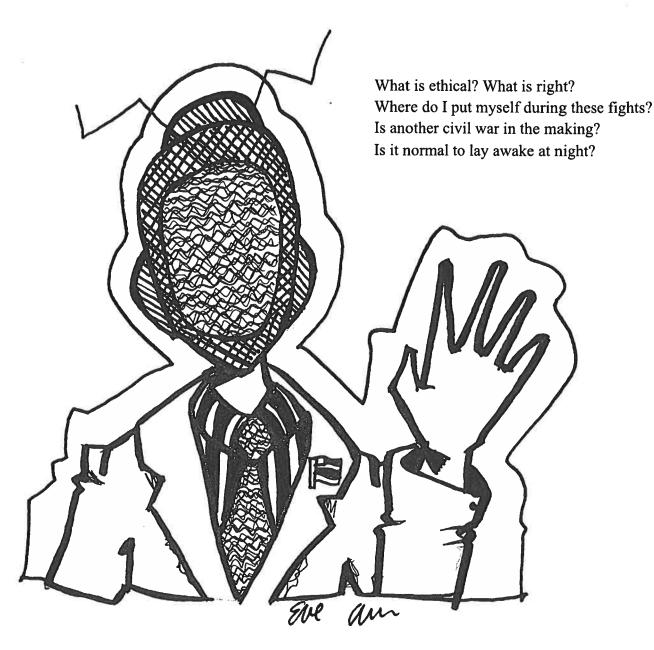
I look to the moon and cry,
Please, what can I do!
But this time the moon looks back and says,
The Earth is lucky to have people like you!



Static Walls

It is bleak, bleeding walls surrounding us It is sad, sullen flowers sprouting Below, above, behind you spiraling Below, above, behind you shouting

It is bleary-eyed, uniformed mannequins
That control our supposed autonomy
It is orange-faced, rambling baby-faced hands
That decide words to represent you and me



It's so loud, but the giants still stomp
Dreary and raging and yelling
It should be quiet, but they don't stop
Cunning and sneaky, anger never quelling

And we are just so very, very tiny
Among the giants who are so very tall
But we will continue to throw our soup cans
At the static walls

by: eve abboud

Lexi Hyora

I want a world where my kids can see snow fall

Mother Earth is dying and we are not doing enough to help her

Greed weighs too heavily on her shoulders

The atmosphere is clouded with hatred--she says "I can't breathe"

She is depending on us, and we crush her with careless ignorance

We back into crumbling dark corners and the light slips through the cracks

I am grateful for our given lives, but future generations deserve better

Everyday has a new beginning but change is still not present

What will it take for the world to realize one day you could wake up and the beauty is all gone?

The stars will not shine, oceans will not gleam,

And there will be no snow on Christmas morning.

Phoebe Gill

Things were simpler in the morning.
When the sun was low and the day was young,
The weight of the world was light,
As if Spring had sprung.

Ah - to be in the early morning again, When there were no worries of thunder And we could enjoy the fleeting moments. There was nothing to distract us From the wilderness around us.

By now we're nearing nighttime, And the clouds are casting over. But nighttime always fades to day, At least that's what I hear them say.

I often wonder how we'll cope, When the clock strikes midnight, And our time runs out, And the sun sets. UJ want a world.



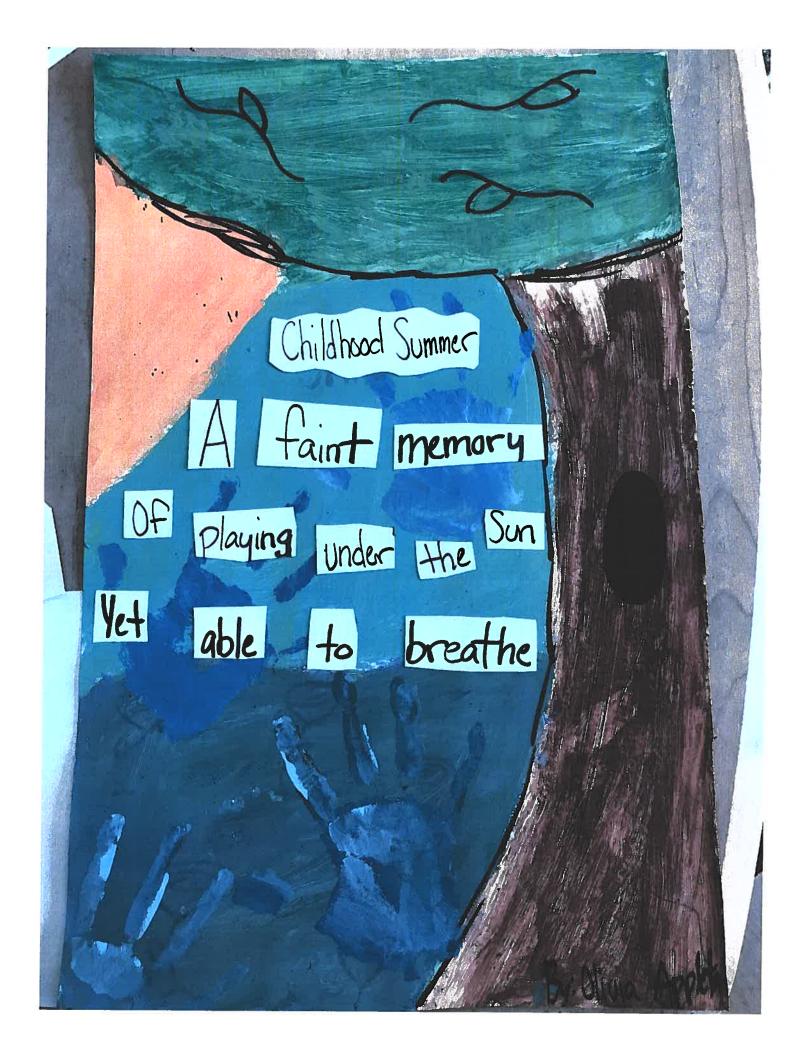
Imagine A World

Imagine we start over, the world is fresh and pure. Our imagination runs free and sober. Nature remains untouched, the trees tower high above the clouds. and creatures roam the forest grounds. You peek out your window to see a world full of possibility, free of destruction and greed, where all humans, no matter their skin, gender, religion, or sexuality have equal opportunities, because there is no reason for division. Our past, full of wars, anger, and hate. is all erased. The people of earth are one. We stand beside one another, and open our arms and minds, with love.

Now imagine a world on fire, its people riddled with immorality, and children's wandering minds confined to only a small box. Not everyone has parallel freedom. Character is determined by the color of your skin. rather than your mind. And the people slowly destroy their home with fire and greed. This is the world we live in today. Its people are neighbors, friends, family, and strangers. And most importantly you. But we can move forward. from the destruction and hate. and build upon our mistakes. We can't erase our past, we must remember it. and use it as an example of a world we don't want for our children. We can start a change. But this change starts with you.

By: Ashley Smith





COVID-19

It was supposed to be 2 weeks.

Parents could relax,

Kids would have hangouts

All-nighters and snacks

Endless talking.

How did it lead to this?

TVs blaring

People panicking.

Masks out of stock,

Limited toilet paper

Packed hospitals.

How could something so tiny,

Cause so much?

Spreading like a fly,
Endless layoffs
No playoffs,
Complicated school schedules
10 times the homework
Hazmat suits worn in TV shows
People wondering if that would be them

Depression rates increase
As extroverts decrease
Social media becomes addicting,
Staying at home is your only comfort,
Family arguments more often
As you get tired of spending all day with them
Friendships fade
The outdoors is no longer your friend.

It was declared a global pandemic,

Earth was closed.

Binge-watching TV

Playing video games 24/7

Snacking on everything

Jacked up screen time

This was the new normal.

How long would it go on?

Businesses shut down, Countless people were laid off And a stimulus check could only do so much.

Therapy sessions are booked.

Bills are off the hook

People are out of shape

Marathons are delayed.

As Karens come into play
It makes people's jobs harder
They refuse to wear masks
And use the laws as an excuse



Suicidal children
Abusive homes
Homeless people
Drug dealers
Assaults
Refuges
Pollution

Poverty BLM protests

Now we add a global pandemic to the equation. What did we do to the world to deserve this?

Anonymous

Pride and Joy

What happens to one's heart when it must choose between Pride and Joy?

Does it stretch like a rubber band?

Does it snap to one side or the other?

Or does the elastic heart stretch so thin to the breaking point?

Of which do you give in to, the Heart or the Head?

What if they are at odds with one another and at each other's throats?

Who will be victorious?

"Live sensibly! Pride, choose Pride!" says the Mind. "No! Live happily! Joy, choose Joy!" cries the Heart. The Mind wants Pride, and the Heart wants Joy.

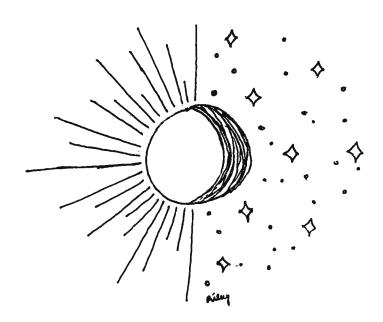
As a result, a person becomes engaged in a war with its own reflection in the mirror.

Anxiety consumes all with the thought:

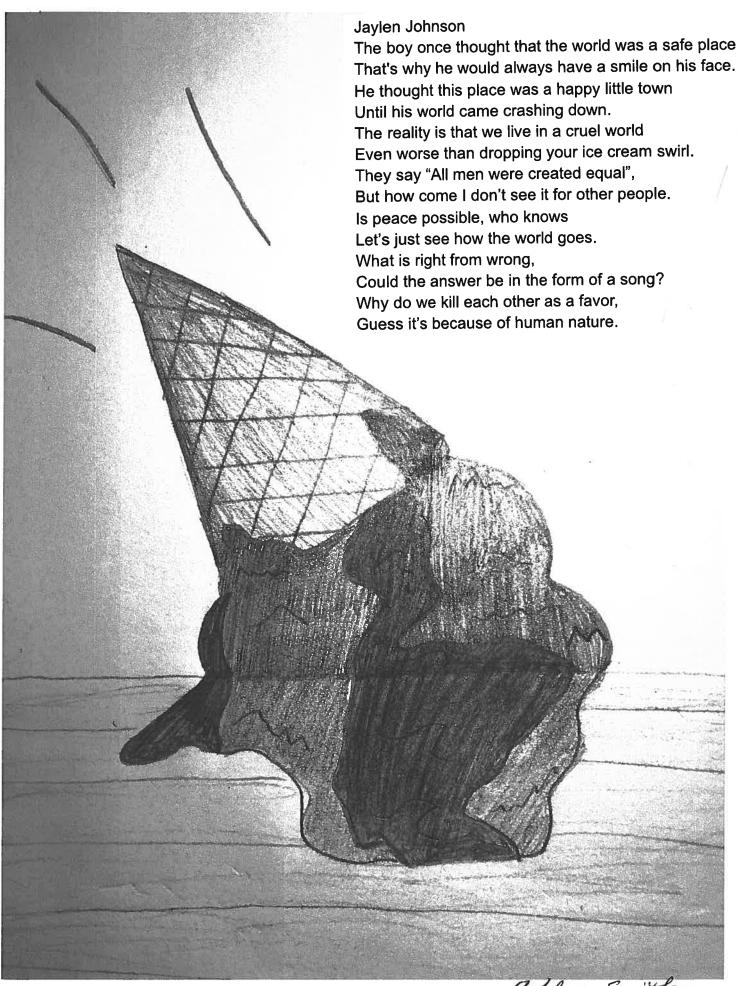
What should life look like with one or the other?

But there is something that both the person and the reflection both know: that Pride and Joy can never coexist in harmony.

Only one can succeed.





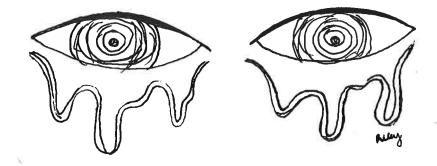


ashly Smith

More Like "The Worst of Times"

Instead of running out of time on my MCAS, We ran out of toilet paper. Instead of getting my first job, I got my first mask. Instead of going away for April Break, I went to a pond down the street for some "adventure". Instead of having my teachers sign my yearbook, I waved and signed off the google meet. Instead of celebrating my 16th birthday with friends and family, I made myself a cake and blew out the candles with my dog. Instead of watching my brother walk across the stage to graduate, He graduated inside our car with his picture on a screen. Instead of going on adventures with friends, My field trip of the week was going to empty the mailbox. Instead of going to summer camp, I lit a candle in my room as my bonfire. Instead of getting my license and gaining that freedom, I was stuck in my yard with a lawnmower. Instead of helping my brother move into college, I watched him push all his stuff through the door alone. Instead of being "the best time of our lives", It has been the worst.

Anonymous



A Sestina by Kimberley and Sydney Parker

"I remember..."

I remember the summer wind caressing the tips of the evergreen trees; scattering fresh pine needles into the ever-flowing stream.

In the dazzling summer's day, the bold but delicate eyes of the brown deer Lingered silently as they scanned the dense brush borders of the field.

They also watch as the four of us children grasp at the hundreds of luscious blueberries. That had stained our youthful hands- that are now too busy.

The feeble dew drops clung to the tall grass of the field.

I remember listening to the rhythmic dropping of the blueberries
As they hit the bottom of the metal baskets whilst we sat under the shade of the trees.
I reminisce on the purity and ease of life back then, which now can only be described as busy.
I long for the idleness of nature's purity and the angelic serenity of the deer
And the constant ebbing of water running down the stream.

Following the eldest, we would travel through the young pine and birch trees. We left footprints in the mud as we followed the steady tracks of the deer. Traveling deeper and deeper into the woods and further away from the stream. The sunlight swam through the busy tree limbs and leaves and shined upon our blueberries Sitting softly in the baskets that we brought from the field.

Secretly, as we sat amongst the moist moss, we became lost in our busy imagination. We heard our mother's call among the forest trees And followed our tracks back to the sun-setting field.

Our sudden appearance into the open land startled the sleeping deer.

We jumped back over the crystal clear water of the stream,

And with a slip of the hand, we quickly swallowed all of our blueberries.

I awoke from this dream and my eyes readjusted and transfixed to the busy screen before me. I imagined the taste of the fresh blueberries, whose juices would dribble down my chin like a stream.

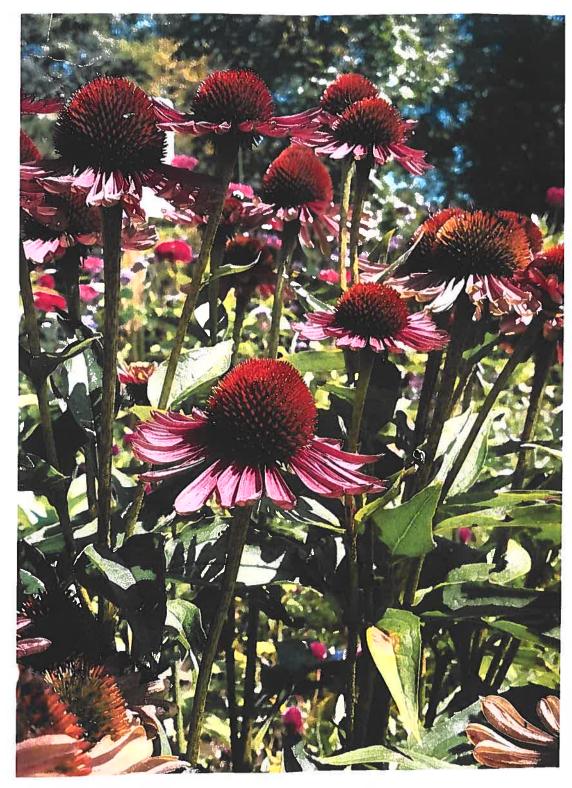
I glance away from the chaos of the workspace and look out the window to the field. The large oaks that stood against the fence couldn't compare to the beauty of the evergreen trees and the elegance of the deer.

I put away the tear stain photograph depicting the alluring field of my childhood. It was hard to suppress the irresistible stream of memories that flooded back. At every glance into the woods, I could not prevent myself from looking for the deer

I long sought to see. I could never quench my insatiable desire for Maine blueberries; and with every passing of the seasons, the oaks here could never truly be compared to the evergreen trees. Sadly, the idea of returning was futile. The world is no longer as simple as it was, everything is just too busy.

Fortunately, my memories will remain of the stream and the blueberries.

I will not hesitate to recall the deer, who were silent and companions, within the forest filled with evergreen trees. No matter how chaotic and busy my life becomes, I will always be comforted by the recollection of the vast and homely field.



Oliva Gyslety

TOXIC MASCULINITY

The words echo in my head,
Words of misogyny and hatred.

You think I can't hear you from my point in the house,
but you'd be poorly mistaken.

The way the chatter rolls off your tongue, seemingly so natural to put me down.
"He will soon overpass her. Academically and successfully, as all men do. I've seen it before and I'll see it again.
Distracted by materialism and boys, she'll fall behind.
While he scurries ahead of her, full of the virility that she is lacking."

Oh how I can't wait to **prove you wrong**.
I'll steam roll ahead,
And leave you all in the dust,
Watching me with regretful eyes,
and wishing you could take back all the things you've said.

This pattern that pressures me to pursue, of women obediently following orders, and trailing behind their husbands and fathers.

Not me.

I'll be the one to break the chain.

My pride will take me farther.

My brain will not be caged like you expect.

My body won't be used to carry children that will blindly proceed on this same route.

The spite that runs through my veins will take me to places <u>you've never even dreamed of</u>. And my brain, clearly bigger than yours, will propel me far away from this town.

Far away from the world <u>you think</u> will trap me.

You will apologize like dogs at my feet,

whimpering and whining.

"We didn't mean what we said."

"You took our words the wrong way."

"Your emotions got the best of your thinking again."

I know what you said,

clear as day, it sits in my mind.

I won't accept your pity, and apologies.
I'll be too far gone to even hear them.

So, thank you.

For all the "encouraging words", because I'll use this memory as motivation to prove you wrong. And my success because of it will make up for the masculinity I so clearly lack.

Ashley Smith What think Water Emersin Adamsons

It had been a beautiful summer day, the setting sun's light echoing off the water creating a double sunset. A girl snapped a few photos before being pulled away from the pond by her friend. A fish jumped out of the water, and fell back, disrupting the lake's peaceful stillness, with its scaly side. A bird cawed from somewhere overhead. And a dark shape lurked just beneath the surface of the lake.

Wait wait, let me backup a second. To truly tell this story I have to go back a few days. Let me paint a picture for you.

I'll start with time, it's the second week of summer, some may argue the best, just far enough into summer vacation to fall into a lazy routine, but early on enough that you needn't worry about the fast approaching school year.

What next... oh! How about location, any good story has a setting! Ok, now imagine one of those mansion-y places in Boston, there's a family and friend in said house, packing for a trip (I'll get to that later) and a dog who can't seem to shut up.

This is getting fun! Ok, ok, now I get to introduce you to that family I was talking about.

"Mooooooom, I barely started packing, how are we already leaving!"

Enter our leading lady, the wonderfully ordinary Emily Briar, who spends her free time (and much of her not free time) with a camera. For those who can't read between the lines, she's a photographer, well an aspiring photographer.

"It's ok Mrs. Briar, I've already packed, I'll help Emily."

Now enter the quirky best friend Claire Jones, super-packer here to save the day.

"You're a lifesaver Claire thank you."

That would be Mrs. Briar, the mother of the Briar family and rich CEO of some business (as the narrator I get to decide what details are important, and I have deemed that one unnecessary).

"BRIAR FAMILY AND... THAT ONE... ASSEMBLE!!!"

Annoying little brother check, meet Aiden Briar, 4'3 and barely 7 years old.

"Shut up Aiden." That would be Emily.

"Be nice to your brother." A voice echoes from downstairs and through the opened door.

That voice belongs to the other mother of the house, Mrs. Briar, a banker and avid fan of the show *Supernatural*. Ok, I can see how having two Mrs. Briars might get a bit confusing so we'll just call them by their first names, Karah and May.

An insistent howling emanates from the back of the car Karah is currently packing. The howling belongs to the family Pitbull Doberman mix Scruffy. Don't worry though, Scruffy is all bark, no bite and if you give him food he will follow you to the ends of the Earth.

Anyway, I said I would get to that trip later, and now is as good a time as ever so here goes. On the second week of every summer, the Briar family takes a trip up to Concord, where they have a "cabin" right on a lake. I put "cabin" in quotes because it is bigger than Claire's house. They spend two weeks there and Emily always complains about it. And, because her family knows how stubborn she can be, they make a compromise, they let her choose a friend to bring to the lake house. This year, and almost every year before that (except when they were 10 and got into a huge fight but we're not here to talk about that), Emily has chosen her best friend and partner in crime, her ride or die, her... well you get the point and if you haven't guessed who it is yet I'll give you a hint, it starts with C and rhymes with "air".

That's enough exposition for now I think, lets fast forward. Car packed, leaving home, getting onto the highway, Emily forgot her camera, yelling, turning around, back on the highway, traffic, more yelling, at the lake house, unpacking, three fun summery days, its Tuesday. Remember that paragraph at the beginning of this? Well we're there now. More accurately a few hours later. Anyway, yay you're all caught up!

"Em are you awake? Em... Em? EMILY!" Claire said, gently hitting Emily's face in attempts to wake her up.

"I'm up, I'M UP!" Emily jerked out of a fitful sleep.

"Shhhh, you'll wake your parents."

"Why are we awake again?" Emily mumbled.

"Get into your bathing suit, we're going nightswimming!"

"Can't we do that... like... during the day?"

"Shut up and change."

"Fine, turn around." Emily waved her hand and Claire complied.

Minutes later the girls, who were now both fully awake, raced down to the lake, laughing the whole way. Emily put one foot into the lake and turned around.



"I'm not swimming in that, it's too cold."

"Baby." Claire teased before splashing into the water.

"I'll wait here on the towels." Emily called after her.

She watched her friend swim around for a while, showing off with handstands and flips, clapping whenever Claire did something particularly noteworthy. Before long, Claire had drifted out farther into the lake than Emily thought safe.

"Claire, come back closer to shore!" She warned.

Before Claire could respond, Emily saw her flail around before she started to sink. She raced into the water to her friend's aid, but it was too late, Claire had disappeared into the murky depths. She may have been going crazy (she wasn't) but she could have sworn she saw a smug face, sticking their tongue out at her, deep under the water.

Emily ran to the cabin faster than she ever had, waking up everyone there to tell them what had happened. Nobody believed her about the face of course, trauma they said, but it haunted her dreams. The official story was that the two girls had been out swimming late at night when Claire drowned, Emily hadn't been able to get to her in time and rushed back home to tell someone the news. It wasn't that far off, but it wasn't accurate either. For example, nobody mentioned the fact that Claire's body was never found, nor that when the authorities were looking, they found the body of a girl presumed missing ten years ago. A girl presumed missing ten years ago who was last seen by the lake.

Not much happens over the next few years so let's fast forward, shall we? The Briar family sold the cabin that same year, and never returned to Concord. Well everyone except Emily. Once she was old enough to go alone, she visited the lake once a year on the anniversary of Claire's death. Emily had changed as well, her pictures, once light and artful, became dark and macabre, she stopped talking to people unless absolutely necessary and when she did talk, it was to say something morbid and unbidden. The Briar family worried for their eldest daughter, and sent her to therapy, which worked to a certain extent.

By Claire's tenth anniversary, Emily had become a mostly functioning member of society, though she was never quite the same. Speaking of Claire's tenth anniversary, that is our next stop on the timeline.

Emily stood before the very lake that had changed her life, and tearfully dropped a bouquet of daisies (Claire's favorite flower) into the shallow water. To her surprise, a pale hand reached for the flowers and pulled them beneath the surface. A head and shoulders rose from the water after a moment, and a smile Emily knew and loved crossed the girl's face. It was Claire, her short blond hair was now a long murky black that fell past her waist, her skin was so

pale it was almost grey, and her perfectly manicured nails had grown long and unruly, but she was unmistakably, ineffably Claire. She held the bouquet up again and smelled it, before sinking back into the water, a hand surfacing to beckon Emily towards her. Emily followed.

Ok, I know what you're thinking, "that's not Claire," or, "don't follow her you idiot, she wants to kill you." To best explain Emily's actions, let me first say this: in Greek, there are different terms for love, each meaning a different type, familial, sexual, romantic, etc. You have to understand that Emily and Claire had a deep $\varphi_I\lambda$ (α for each other, $\varphi_I\lambda$ (α being Greek for platonic love. They were inseparable. So being apart from her best friend for ten years was beyond hard for Emily. This is why she followed her dead friend into the lake where she died. She was so blinded by finally seeing her friend that logic had no place in her mind.

Claire, who was not quite Claire, took Emily's hand and led her towards the middle of the lake. She surfaced and smiled again and Emily didn't care. She didn't care that this wasn't logical, or about the tears of relief and happiness pouring from her eyes, or that this girl barely looked like *her* Claire. All she cared about was her best friend's hand in hers and the feeling of relief spreading through her. Claire-ish wrapped her arms around Emily, hugging her tightly, and Emily, still dumbfounded by this development, hugged her back, not noticing that her friend-not-friend was dragging her to the pond floor. By the time she noticed, they had hit the ground. Eyes bulging, lungs burning, Emily struggled against her friend's grip, but Claire adjacent was too strong. Her friend had been strong, but not this strong, and it was then, far later than would permit her safety, that she realized this was not Claire. A few weeks later, Claire's decaying body was found washed up on the shore of the lake.

So, I've given you all the little details and puzzle pieces, but I haven't shown you how to put them together, so let's take a look at the big picture now. This pond is home to a parasite, who feeds on emotions. It finds a host and pulls them beneath the surface; next it shoves its host's consciousness deep into their memories, cultivating powerful emotions which it feeds on. Near the end of ten years, the parasite begins to lay a single egg, but this takes a lot of energy, so it begins to feed more vigorously. Unfortunately for the host, the parasite needs more emotions than the host can give and as a result, they quickly die. So before this happens, the parasite must find a new host for its offspring, and quickly. Once it does, it pulls them down to the bottom of the lake and transfers the egg into the new host before promptly dying, its only job, reproduce, completed. Once the parasite dies, nothing is keeping its host alive so they die as well. The egg then hatches and the cycle repeats.

The End

The Mistake She: lost everything ecause By Vina Appleton

Outside in the Community Kate Gabri

It's the year 2020
And there is a lot of hate
Outside in the community
There is a big debate
About all the things that have happened
About the things we can't take back
Outside in the community
The people are split half and half

Guns are blaring
Buildings are burning
Innocent people are dying
And cities are in chaos
I hate to see it happening
It truly breaks my heart
The horrible things happening
Are tearing us all apart
I wish things were different
We have to change our ways
Unless we want our community
To live in hate and rage

Ballet

slick tights are being put on
The tutus being pink and poofy
The sparkly shiny slippers
The neat buns with millions of bobby pins
And the stretchy hair nets.

Pitter-Patter

Goes the feet as they run quietly to the stage, One by one they tiptoe in their slippers Onto the stage, they go.

Leaps and gallops
Splits and spinning
And the glimmering lights shining onto their
faces making a hint of a glow.

You can hear the faint cracks of the ballerinas breaking into their slippers As the silk lace slips down to their heels

As the final steps are finished The crowd is overwhelmed with happiness Bouquets are thrown everywhere

Red roses softly hit the floor of the stage
As the curtains draw,
They take a final bow.



Stepping outside after it rains Falling asleep mid day Watching the fireplace while it snows Listening to music to fall asleep They are all things I love Small but really wonderful I fear one day I'll take those things for granted I'll step outside after it rains and wonder when the weather will get better I'll wake up after falling asleep and stress because I wasted my day I'll wish for the snow to stop so I don't have to deal with it later The music I love will go out of style I hope I'll always love the small things that make me myself I hope I'll find new things I love along the way I hope as time goes on the music I love won't die out I hope I'll be able to let go once and a while and look back on old times With a smile

Avery Hager

And keep all the things I loved with me



Olivia appleton

Leah Nash

Fort Hill Ode

Up the winding winding road I see the meadows
Is that a toad?

Another perfect day

The sun is glistening on the ocean

As I walk down the steps leading to the path surrounded by hay

My mom and I walk through the tall grass
Chatting about life and how much we love the nature
Especially remembering the creatures my younger brothers sometimes harass

Now we've come to my favorite part

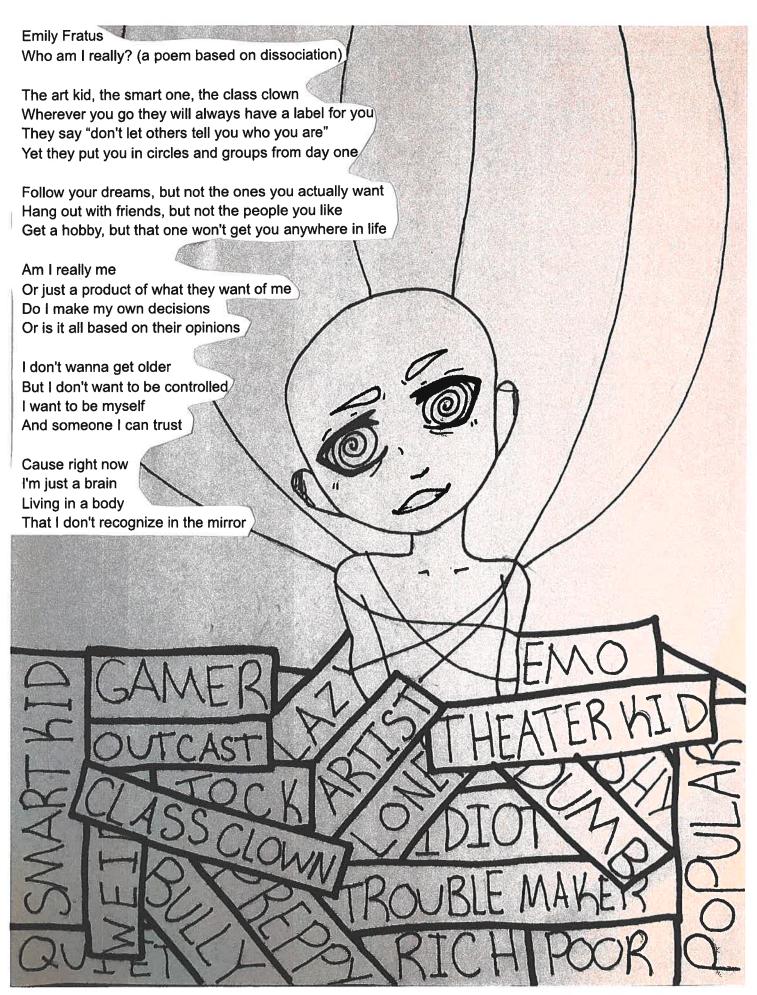
I step on the boardwalk and admire the swamp

Thinking about my brother who used to run free, my heart

The green trees sway in the gentle wind
I think to myself such a beautiful sight
How horrible it would be if the branches were ever exscind

We've made it to the halfway point
A place where we can see the boats in the calm waters
Taking our last sips of our iced teas
This special trip of ours never disappoints

Coming out of the woods we see the barn And now the walk is almost over Until next time we come, darn!



Emily Celia

A Journey Through Rejection

Jessica Brown

I tried so hard to become part of you

A fantasy that guided me through youth

I never thought my nightmares would come true

Who knew one's life could quickly turn so blue
I didn't until sitting in that booth
I tried so hard to become part of you

Mourning a dream is very hard to do

At first it feels like yanking out a tooth

I never thought my nightmares would come true

One day I found new hope and it shined through

All of the pain that hadn't yet been soothed

I tried so hard to become part of you

You made me fear that I would lose them, too
I almost drowned my sorrows in Vermouth
I never thought my nightmares would come true

This place was everything you were, but new.

I scrutinized my feelings like a sleuth

I tried so hard to become part of you

I never thought my nightmares would come true





Family Dinner

Everytime I expect normality, a relaxed meal, where everyone laughs, each separate time my hopes are squashed.

Eating pot-roast,
bland as can be,
while filling the empty air
with mundane, useless talk.
"How's school?"
and "So, how are you?"
If I answered truthfully,
what would you say?
Would you quiver with awkwardness?
Or would you truly listen?

God do I feel like screaming sometimes! But they're my family and they're so happy to see me.

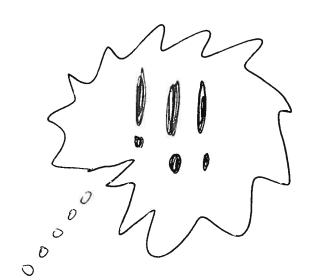
Oh how I wish
I could just pack my bags
and disappear
somewhere they can't
find me.

And I will bask in a blanket of commonality and contentment.

But I only have to suffer the aggravation a tad longer, until I can officially claim my own life. And the first thing I'll be dropping?

Family dinner.

Ashley Smith



Emily Celia I formed from the cracks of childhood. My personality swifted and shaped, itself from my creativity. My mind becomes abstract, downloading contents of ideas. Sometimes it may overflow. I paint my decisions with careful, strokes of comprehension. I make sure to check details, to find what my path is in the world. I make way for change. Its neither good nor bad. I just hope for a world, splashed in peace. I want to defuse wars and violence. Every generation depends, On the next future. I want to be one of those people

to make it better.

Jasmine Silva

Poem type: lyric/narrative

The water lily grows out of the depths of the mud, It will soon become something much more than a bud.

The sun beats down on the water from above, It will soon open its petals, white as a dove.

The animals of the pond know to let the flower be, It will soon blossom beautifully, all can agree.

The flower is a symbol of truth and peace, It will soon reach the sun and all war shall cease.

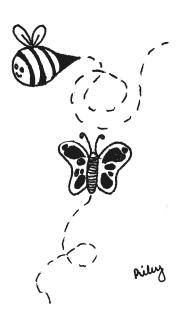
Then the day came where the bud opened to the sky, All stopped to admire it, even the little marsh fly.

The deer were silent, and the fish taken aback, All who saw the blossom stopped in their track.

The water lily taught a lesson to them all, For before one rises, one must fall.

The flower was not appreciated as it grew in the mud, But it knew it had a bright future and will not always be a bud.

The water lily had to grow before it could glow, And that is a lesson all of us should know.





Samantha Morse

An Ode to my Soul:

You are my light, You shine oh so bright. Each day is a new challenge, One we conquer together.

You fill my life, Light, joy, and advice. With this comes sacrifice, Some say it is unwise.

We have been through highs and lows, The occasional break, Coming back stronger than before. We prioritize.

You hold my heart so dear, I hold yours ever so near. For you I cheer, Partly out of fear.

Why are we so far apart
If our love is an art?
Some days we need a new start,
Others we are our counterpart.

But with this hold, We are oh so bold. What comes down Will always be intensifying.

You, my love, will hold my heart. You, my love, will hold my love. You, my love, will create a light. One that is ever so bright.

COVID

The world has always been In a jumbled chaos But who could ever predict It would become much worse

Fights break out
Now about masks, human rights
The ability to determine right over wrong
Without getting canceled on social media

Businesses shut down
The streets become empty
People lose their jobs
As we are all put on pause

The world and its people Tiptoe around the idea Of sickness Afraid of its consequences

So much noise in this silent, unfamiliar place As people quarantine And peer through their windows At a community they once walked in

Time goes by
One day at a time
Until months go by
Before our very eyes

Picking up new hobbies Soul searching for answers We soon become more personal With ourselves

Social media booms louder than ever Spending hours scrolling, commenting, Our eyes glued to the screen Until they sting

No one could predict
How society would change
Even now, a year into it all
We don't have all the answers

Aiden Melton

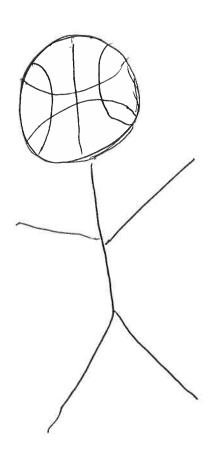
Ball Is Life
A sonnet in iambic pentameter

At birth I was already two feet tall
My fate realized the day I touched a ball
Ergo it seemed foretold that I would play
And would become a baller come what may

My younger years a blur of skills and games My teammates an unending list of names I learned to balance basketball and books To practice algebra and practice hooks

The rush, the sweat, the crowd, even the smell A win all but heaven, a loss pure hell This fueled me to give more, to level up To budget time, to focus, to grow-up

My true love lives forever on the court My devotion- and never just a sport

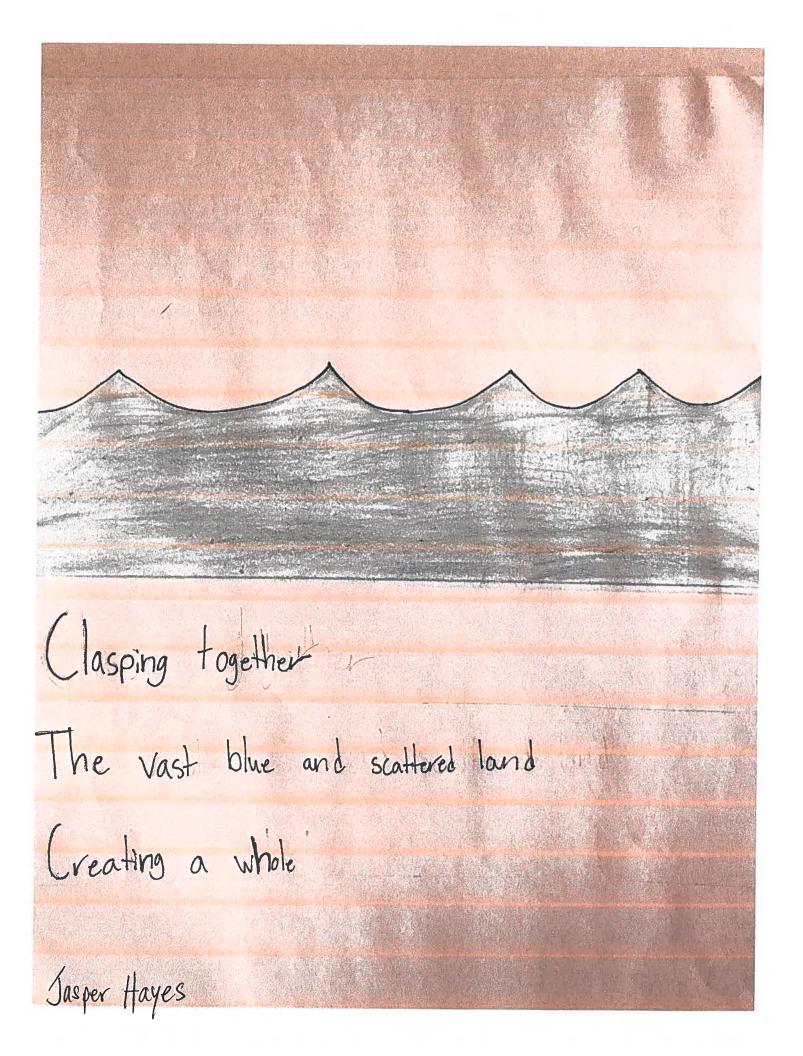


Summertime blues

Oh the warm summer air, how salty sweet,
So far away, yet how nearby it seems,
I dream of the clear waves, the summer heat,
The gulls aren't quiet, by any means
Morning comes now, along with the bright sun,
I hear a rooster call into the day,
Alas! It's too early for summer fun!
I'd much rather sleep later, if I may
I'll rise when the sun is tall in the sky,
and throw on my shorts and suit for the beach,
The lovely sand dunes standing oh so high
Kids wear floats, their mothers trying to teach
How I can't wait to be free of worry,
The warm days passing by in a flurry



Ashley Smith

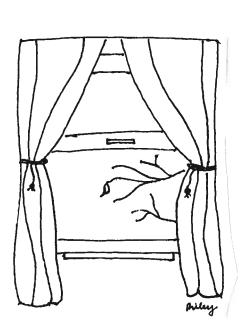


I don't wanna feel like this - b. cohrs

I couldn't help but look at him Again and again. This isn't fair. I'm smarter than this. To wanna keep looking. Over and over. Why now, do I want him? Why can't I keep my mind straight? And he looked away. Please, keep looking away. Make me not want you. Why was the heat so much? So much, too much. Please stop talking. I don't wanna feel like this. Not anymore.

PETRICHOR

When I woke up
from the night I thought would never end
I gazed out my window, just barely awake,
and I was met with a morning mist.
How coincidental on the day after you left
I'd wake up to something like this.
The smell of a fresh rain
after a dry summer. Just like the day we met.
It's somehow the only way
to describe the feeling
of you. Petrichor.



Riley Jones

Deep water

The pool glistens in the hot summer sun Our clothes stay on Too sweaty to peel off before we jump

Ashley Smith



Francesca the doll woke up one morning and decided to run away. She was tired of her human playing with her. *My hair has taken enough abuse for a lifetime*, she thought. So she got up out of her little plastic bed and got dressed, putting on a poofy red choker, a purple dress, and taking her purse just in case. She ran out of her dollhouse, paying no mind to the little girl who screamed at her sentience. She jumped out of the window, barely feeling when her arm bent at an unnatural angle. She was used to it, as her human did it to her all the time. She popped it back into place and began on her way when a bird scooped her up and began to bring her somewhere. She screamed with her little plastic lungs and punched with her little plastic fists, causing the bird to drop her. She fell many feet in the air, landing hard on a branch. By the time she figured out how to get down, it was nighttime and she decided to go to sleep. She would do it tomorrow. She woke up the next morning, tethered to a tree, the laughing of a little girl disappearing into the dim morning light. She starved to death there on the branch. Not from a lack of food, dolls don't need food, but the lack of attention one experiences when tied to a tree.

By Emersin Adamsons



Angelina Ballerina was taking a walk in the forest when she saw a jacked-off-brand "Barbie" doll hanging on a branch.

And this thing was UGLY ugky. If she was walking in a park and passed by this thing, she would've 1v1 it and had a 100% win rate. This thing was so ugly that all of those yo mama jokes would've been absolute garbage next to it simply because it would've been impossible to describe such an ugly, offensive, probably-cancelable-on-twitter object.

The more she looked at it, the more she wanted to either kick it or say offensive stuff online about it. That thing was crawling into the deepest parts of her mind and making them ugly, too. Her ears started going colorblind and she felt like a snail. A sexy snail.

Suddenly, she realized she was no longer in the same place she stood just a moment before, and when she looked up, she saw herself.

She was the barbie.

[THIS IS NOT INSPIRED BY FNAF, OKAY? MAYBE A LITTLE BIT AND ALSO SOME THINGS TOMMY IN IT SAID SHHHH]

By Leyla Holmes

A Girl's World

The wind runs its fingers
Through my tangled rats nest
Jostling the branch which I'm tied to

A squirrel prances under my feet Looking for the nut It buried earlier

I want to prance
I want to move,
I want to dance
Just like that squirrel

But I can't For I am still tied To this lone tree branch

By Olivia Appleton

All alone Traumatized What lay in front of my eyes

By Jasper Hayes

How did this Barbie get here? What is the story?

Well, nobody seems to know these days. This mystery remains unsolved. One day she appeared on a branch deep in the woods. A man was walking his dog, when it started barking at a branch on the ground. The man was too far away to see the mysterious toy, so he kept on walking down the trail. Later that night, when he was getting ready for bed, he went into his kitchen to make a cup of tea. When he went to reach for the kettle, he saw a tiny plastic hand sticking out of the pot. The man froze in fear. What was hiding in his tea pot?

Slowly, he uncovered the pot only to find the barbie his dog spotted on the walk. He screamed and ran, for his biggest fear was plastic dolls.

The man and his dog were never heard from again...

-Ashley Smith

Emily Blake

In my times of strife in days like these I often t think about one pleasant thing A happy childhood memory I can still feel vividly

Corn stocks rising far above my head

They're large green leaves partly blocking my view of the dancing clouds overhead in the afternoon sky

I run further, deeper and deeper into the corn, trying to avoid my sister
I run, tearing through the corn until I taste copper in my throat and run out of breath
Ducking into a large clump of corn and holding my breath

Excitement, adrenaline, rushing through my blood as I wait with baited breath After a minute, I anxiously peer around the corner, making sure the coast is clear for my daring escape

Slowly I creep farther into the field

Then I hear it

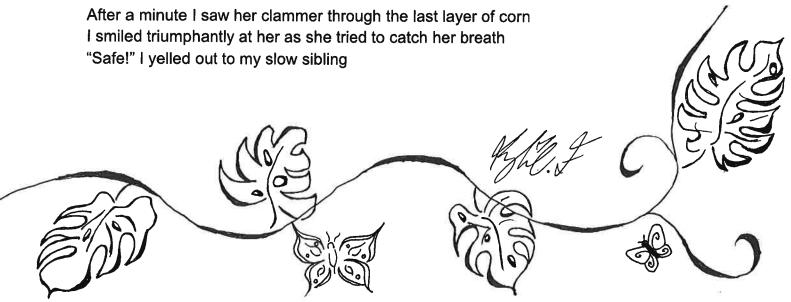
Corn stocks begin to shift from only a little bit behind me

I scramble quickly and quietly

The farther I go the more evident the dense smell of cow manure from the farms next door fills my nose

The loud sound of corn stocks crashing behind me give me a boost of adrenaline Suddenly, I crash through the last layer of corn and back to the large orange house I had lived in all my life

Winded, I took a few deep breaths and peered back into the corn to see where my sister was



Aliza Pillsbury

Mirror

A mirror is a girls worst enemy A monster of deception She looks at her reflection, And this is what she is to see:

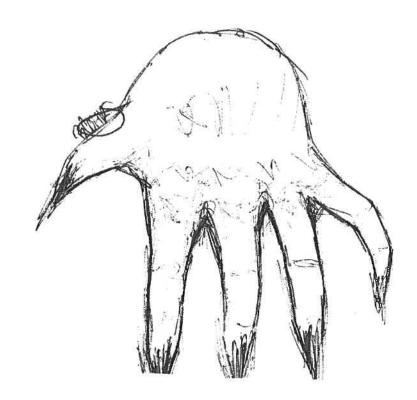
What she sees is not true, Hips too boney, waist too wide, Stomach too plump when she turns to the side, All of these bad thoughts she must run through.

When she grows into a woman she will realize, It's not about perfection, It's all in your perception, The perfect body is not one to idealize.

But the mirror is a monster, master of disguise, In her heart and her head true beauty there lies.

eczema - b. cohrs

Eczema develops in early childhood, but can also be found in those with those who have a family history. The more you pretend you're okay, the more it shows that you're not. You say you're fine, drowning, buried, suffocating.
You say you're fine, but your skin knows you're not.

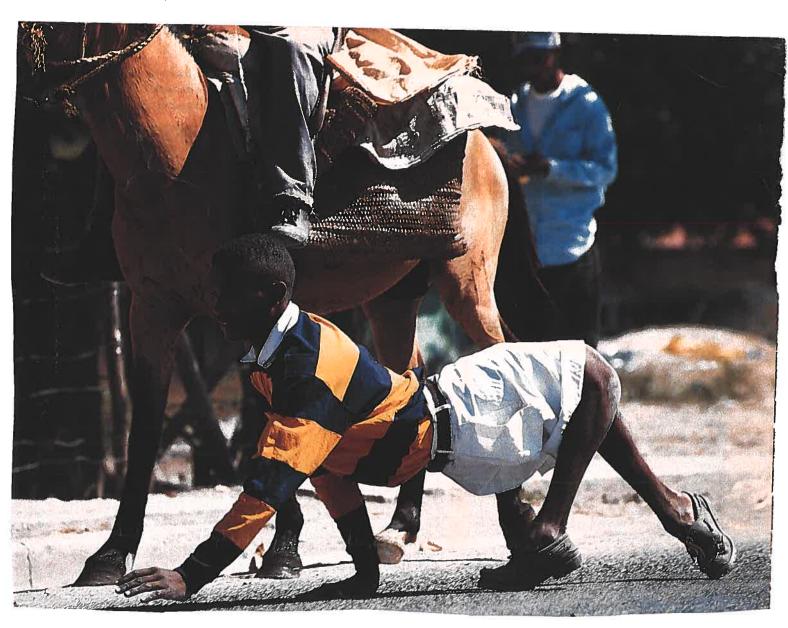


The Sun falls again,
Days stipping through
My fix gers,

ashley Smith

Olivia Appleton

They fly up In the depths of the sky While I crawl In the scraps of the earth



Justin Sneed Ode to Winter

Water freezes and cracks
Air feels bitter to the lungs
Grey and white clouds eat the sun
While night falls fast and unexpectedly

Ice glazes roadways and coats signs
Light becomes permanent
In cities beams of colorful light burn through the smog
Cars crush and melt the ice, pushing brown slush to the sides of the road

Grass in the yard stiffens and breaks
Trees and brush buckle and bend with the breeze
The sun blares through layers of leaves and branches
It pours onto the snow

Every week brutal weather returns Brilliant gusts and awesome storms Fight nature to stay current In the remains of a dying season

The earth continues to spin
And as days pass
The Finches return in the trees
And the rain falls over a warm forest



Flow+n

The same crow every morning.

It is quite boring.

It's the same everyday.

They won't stand for any delay.

It's the same routine.

But I could really go for some poutine.

Or maybe some Haggis too.

Would it really be that bad if I just had flown.

To somewhere new to pursue.

And when I return I won't have just grown.

It's only the beginning.

It's much more than just grinning.

I don't want to be here anymore, I want to be there.

But I was born in America to my despair.

It's not that it's that bad here, it's a good place to grow.

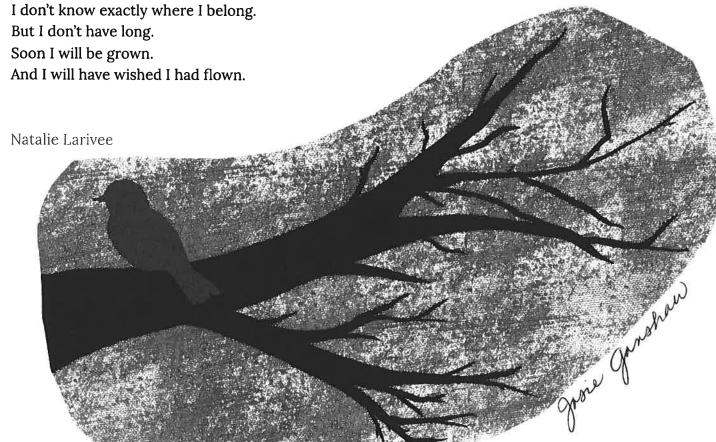
But I just know.

That I belong on the other side of the Atlantic.

Maybe somewhere Germanic?

Who knows, But I can't deny what's calling.

There's so much in America that I just find appalling.



I ran down the steps. My breath was stolen from my lungs as I sprinted away.

They have been hunting me down. What did I do to deserve this?

Suddenly, I felt a hand grab my wrist, and I was dragged back up.

I saw a flash of orange hair, and I was pushed to the ground. I tried with all my strength to get up, but I couldn't.

Suddenly, I'm met with the face from my nightmares.

"I told you to pick the blue for the accent wall!" screams Joanna Gains, with Chip beside her. A fist swings.

Blackness.

By Ashley Smith

spring will be here soon - b. cohrs

She is the yellow I've been missing.

The cherry blossom tree across the street, her petals in full bloom once again.

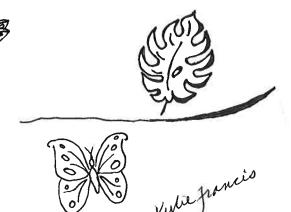
I took my head out from the sand, to see her eyes staring into mine.

Her smile, so soft and genuine, it took the memories, the ones that hurt, and treated them with kindness.

It was almost as if she knew, she knew who and where and what I was.

She saw me for what I was, but did not care.

And I knew, spring and the cherry blossom tree would be here soon.







Hi Mrs. Doyle, Here are the lyrics to one of my favorite songs I've written,

The rain is gone, the storm has passed, the only thing I'd ever ask, the night is breaking but I'm still awaking trying to find why my mind is still racing. I went on a trip a bit ago I went to places I'd never though I'd go

But times are changing, and things are aging, bridges are burning and I'm still learning. And with this space I've leaned to pace and I'm, never going back. No I'm, never going back

Time is passing, and nothing's lasting, like I thought it would, people are asking and I'm not lasting, like they think I should, the waves are crashing and I am asking why? Looking for the eye. The seas are raging and I am waiting for my boat to right.

But time are changing and things are aging, bridges are burning and I'm still learning, and with this space I've learned to pace and I'm, never going back, no I'm never going back,

We're all still learning, We're all still learning, We're all still learning.

Emily Blake



Many things have brought me hope and joy this year One being, the end of school is near I have the whole summer ahead Where I hope to read a good book or two Sitting lazily on the sand Lulled by the soothing crashing of waves I dismiss any fears And focus on the total relaxation of summer I don't want to do much I don't hope to get away Here at home, I just want to stay Another cause for joy is music My fingers gracefully gliding, barely grazing the grand piano keys Losing myself in the melody, rhythm, and harmony Sitting at the piano feels right In the world of Covid that just feels wrong I play, and I feel, the passion of the song Pushing myself along At the piano I consider my hopes and dreams And for now I decide I don't want to do much, I don't hope to get away Here, at home, I just want to stay

Talia Perez

LEMONGRASS

Bittersweet, something you can't get enough of.

A memory she constantly thinks of.

She woke up at 6:00 AM, got ready for a day at the beach.

The ride there was an eternity, her hand out the window,

listening to Sunday Mornings by Maroon 5.

She jumped right into the water, didn't even apply sunscreen,

only got out for lunch.

She went home and took a nap, the warmth of the sun burned tan

was enough, she didn't even need a blanket.

She got ready for a family cookout and her only concern was

when she'd be able to have that lemongrass cupcake.

It's not a complex flavor, lemongrass.

It's simple and sweet just like that memory.

Riley Jones

I never thought things would change, but last year....

my life turned upside down. It was the morning of March 13th, 2020. I woke up as I usually do, and I went to check on my worms outside. I opened up the composting bin and couldn't believe my eyes. They had become giant and were bursting out the sides of the barrel. I let a scream slip from my mouth and ran back into my house.

"What's wrong?" my mom asked.

"The worms...they... outside." I was so out of breath, I couldn't even speak.

Suddenly, the sliding glass door squeaks open. I turn my head and see a sight I never thought I would lay my eyes upon.

"Don't be scared. We just want to sit down and have a cup of tea with you. Do you like cream or sugar?" The enormous, long worm asks in a British accent. He squeezes through the door, and close behind is another one with a tray full of fancy, expensive looking china.

"Why are you so alarmed?" I hear him ask as he squirms over to me.

Ashley Smith





Olivia appleton

Ciara Farris

You do not know me yet.
But I know you.
I know that your world feels on fire,
Burning to the ground, a west coast flame.

I know your mind is clouded And your feet are tired, Your shoulders ache, Weighed down by all the things you cannot seem to escape.

> You look around, at yourself, at your friends And you wonder how you all got so jaded. Each one of you so alone, Despite the struggles you share.

I know it looks a mess.

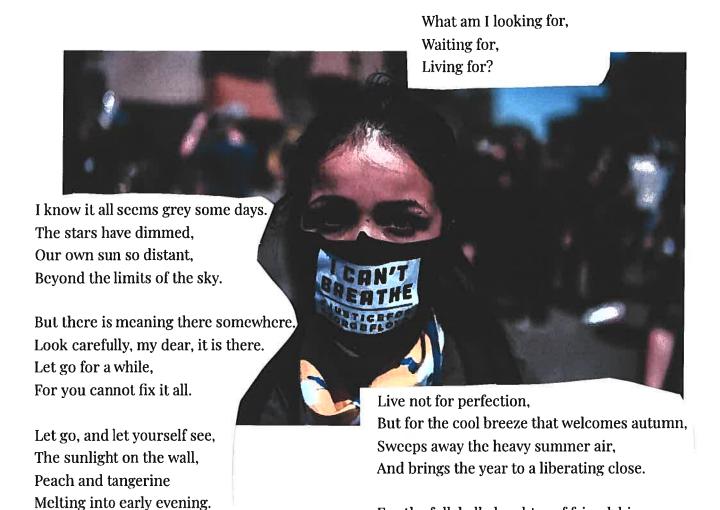
People shouting in the streets with voices raw,

Pleading for just a bit of empathy,

A glimmer of compassion.

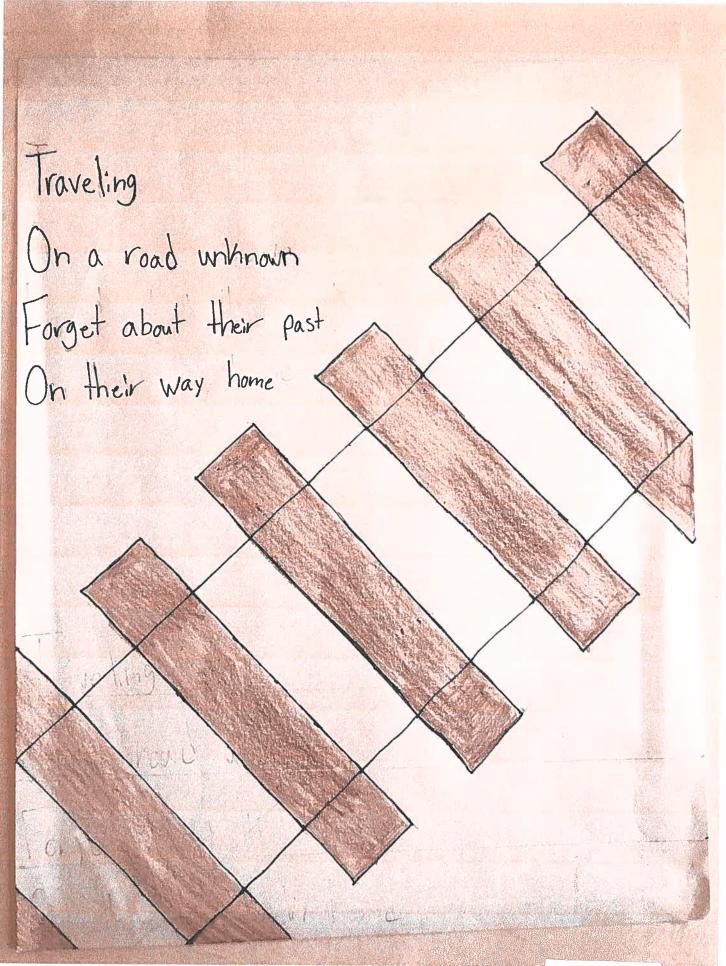
Your face is masked, yet it is plain for all to see, Right past your eyes, a fog has settled. It fogs your vision, Concealing all that once felt bright.

The drum beats on, the future bearing down.
One that used to feel so far away, is now so near.
And you wonder
Who will I become? Who have I been this whole time?



For the full-belly laughter of friendship, And for the healing rain as it washes away, All of the soot, If only for this one moment.

Fear not the approaching dark,
Nor her unknown bounds.
She does not bring monsters, only the pale moonlight,
And the hope of better days to come.





notice the shadows writhing as if alive, ominous noises leak from every unseen crevasse, voices whisper at Scary stories and dark shadows have never bothered me that much, I know the only thing that's lurking just and woman from the nice place are coming to take me away tomorrow so I have to make this night, my last around the corner is myths and tall tales so why waste my energy being scared. But recently I've begun to me when I'm alone, and I'm sure my reflection winked at me... even if nobody believes me. The nice men night, count.

