

IMPRESSIONS

2021-2022



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Impressions is the LaSalle-Peru Township High School literary and arts magazine. All work included was submitted by students.

*Editorial Advisors: Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Jenkins, & Ms. West
2021-2022*

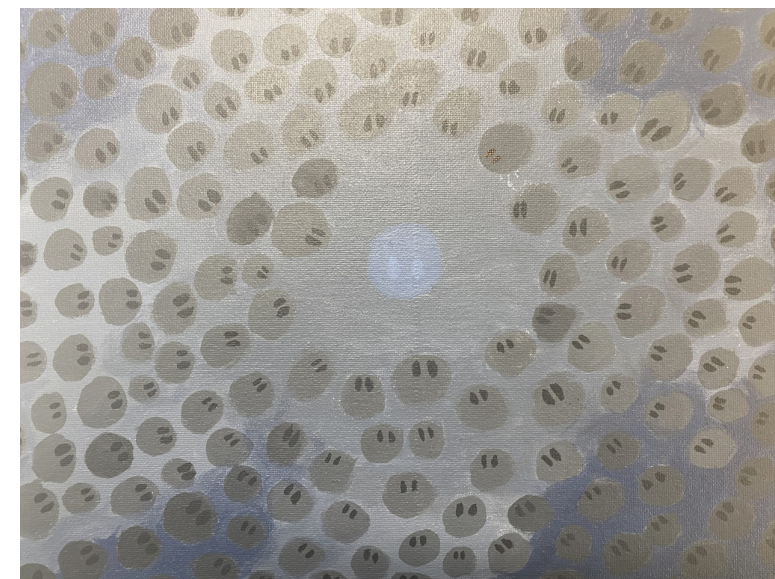
Messaging

He is typing:
 "I miss you so much,
 I'm so sorry I broke it off,
 It was so selfish of me,
 I thought it was best for us,
 My dear, I miss you so much,
 Every day,
 Every
 Single
 Day."
 "Haven't talked to you in a while, how are you?"

She is typing:
 "Not so good haha,
 I miss you so much every day,
 I wish we wouldn't have broken it off,
 I wish we would have just stayed together,
 It was stupid of me to be so impulsive,
 My love, I miss you,
 Every day
 Every
 single
 Day."
 "I'm good."

They will never know, they should have just spoken their minds...

Emma Higgins



Too Many People
 Jacey Donnell

Feet

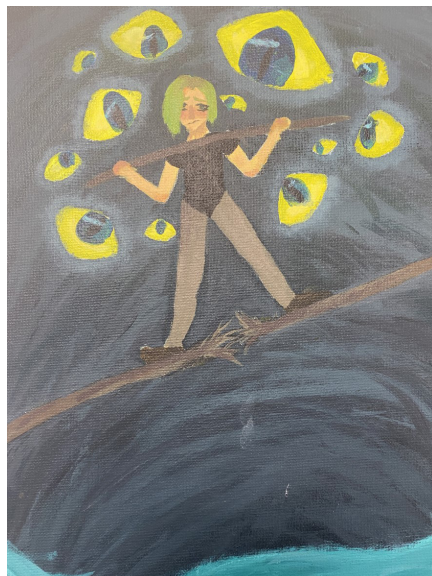
the Older Siblings of hands
the Ambassadors between the legs and the ground
the Cornerstone to one's balance
the Atlas of the human body

Why should they be condemned to a life of hiding?
Hidden under socks and shoes
Never discussed, never shared
Always humbly taking on the weight
Without even a word of complaint

The effects of their daily toil
are ever present to the masters they serve
Callused heels, blistered toes
Overgrown nails turned yellow
And arches with depressed crests
are an inevitable fate, despite any mitigations made

And yet, they have their time to shine
as the backbone of Ballet
as an important grip for the Solo Climber
or the only safeguard between a tight-rope Walker
and a free-fall into the Abyss
Only then do they receive
the Attention they've always deserved

Connor Fundell



All Eyes On Me
Ash Shevokas

21 Tiles

Someday, you may finally see me
In the form of a silhouetted girl
Pacing behind transparent curtains,
As is searching for something
In the 21 tiles she walks upon

You'd know her feet are calloused and cracked
Fallen victim to merciless thought
You'd know her legs ached, yearning for that
Familiar sense of movement
That the act of sitting could not fulfill

You'd know that she feels like her mind leaks
Her thoughts seeping from her eyes,
Her ears, and even her silent lips
Drizzles of poetry, happiness, and melancholy
She thinks everyone can see

You'd realize that, no matter how many steps she takes-
Or how mad she drives herself thinking
A lack of stillness had planted itself deep within
And, without motion, would just shrivel her up
The way winter does a rose

Molly Just



Starved Rock
Community
Grace Newman

Violent People

Violent people have soft hands.
Hands that will caress your face,
and dry your tears.

Violent people have kind voices.
A voice that will whisper "it's okay,"
when you aren't feeling so brave.

Violent people have beautiful faces.
A face that will let you look into their eyes to see the depth of their angry soul,
but they flash you the brightest smile that says to trust them anyways--
beyond what their eyes say.

So you trust them anyway.
And their soft hands that once dried your tears,
Now whip at your face--
Causing all of your fears.

Their kind voice roaring threats and demands;
stripping away every ounce of courage their voice once gave you.
Their beautiful face with the eyes that let you look into their vengeful soul,
always told you the truth.

And the smile that appeared so trusting,
Finally let you realize:
They don't love you.

Olivia Barton



Cool-Covid-Coral
Coral Garcia

We became the flowers

Overtime we lose petals
Grow back sometimes new
Sometimes we don't grow back at all

Flower of love

Everyday my love grows
With every gift, a petal appears
With every smile, I am watered
I am watered with love when around
you
But without my water
Without my love
I wither away and die

Lauren A. Kolczaski

We are the Plants

We need care
We need water
We need sunlight
Without it, we become melancholy
We crumble, brakeoff, never to grow
back
Without that water and sunlight, We die
You can drown us
You can dry us up
You can destroy us without even
knowing
We can tell when you care and when
you don't
If you don't know how we feel, look at us
Do we look tired today?
Is our room clean today?
Have we hugged you today?
Did we even speak to you today?
If we isolate, that's when we need you
the most
Care for Us
Water Us With Love

Voice of Reason

I am the voice of reason, quiet but strong, daylight but fierce
I speak, but only some listen
I am in your ears, buzzing sound
I come in different forms, but provide the same to everyone
I speak, sing, read, and whisper, but only in your ears
I am turned down when too loud, and turned up when too quiet
But I'm never loud enough for you
I will never be loud enough to drown out your life
With every push of a button, I grow louder in sound
I stop when I can't go anymore
But you pushed my buttons for the last time, so now, I die
Leaving you without your sound, without music, without your steady podcast,
without the calming sound of a book
I left you because you pushed me to far
This is your punishment

Hands

Hands
Fingers moving,
Shaping
Creating.

The baker's hands,
Working bread dough
Caked in flour and stained with frosting
To build a sweet treat
So grand
Those hands are working as hard
As the cellist's,
Whose fingers are chapped and
Cut from strumming resonant
Chords
Unflinchingly plucking out luxurious
melodies.

Their rhythms mix with the whimsical
tunes
Of the flute
With daint, beautiful hands of its
players
Working in tandem to produce
Beautiful music.

And like the baker, floutist, and cellist,
The artist's hands wear the fruits of
their labor,
Their passion,
A second skin.
The painter's fingernails are never free
of ink or paint,
With the rainbow blood always staining
their skin.
Pencil lead dusts calloused grooves of
their
Fingers,
Matching that of the writer,
The poet,
Hands never far from

Smudged ink
Eraser shavings,
Graphite dust under the nails.
Fingertips constantly hovering over
Tapping at
Smudged, oily keyboard keys.

Hands,
not solely creating,
But feeling
With fingers tangling together on
awkward first dates
Finding a comfortable hold mere days
later
Hands that guide smaller hands,
Holding them up,
Pulling them away,
Showing them how to
Blossom.

Hands that pull people in--
Hugs,
Kisses, warm embraces.
Hands that trace the curves of the
Body;
Lines and wrinkles and imperfections,
Skin.
Desperately searching for everything
and anything they can know.

Hands that communicate--
Speak!
Speak louder than verbal
Spoken
Words.
The hands' voice shouts out in sign
language,
Using an entirely new language
To converse
To speak.
The voice, louder without

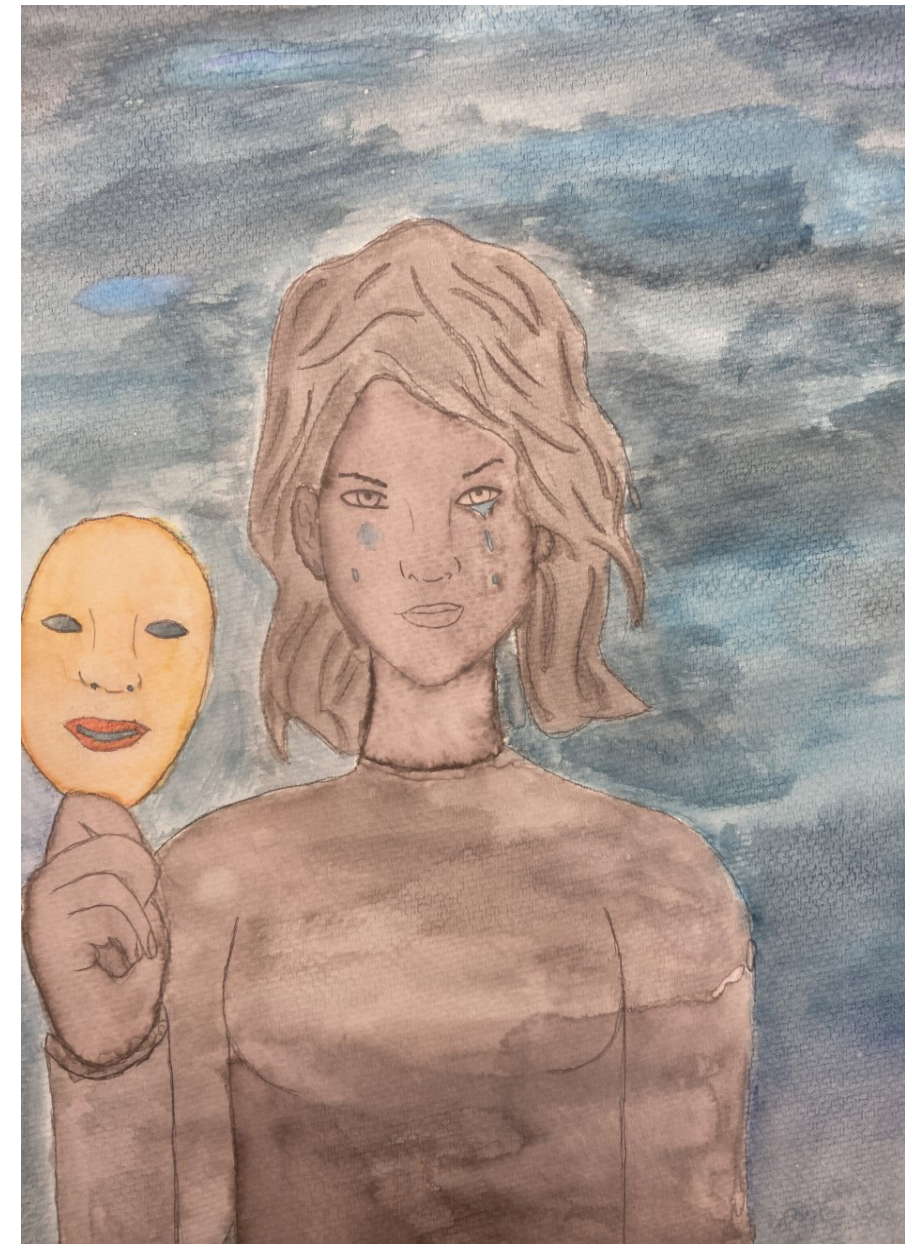
Hands (continued)

Words
Without language.
Gestures alone make it
Bolder,
Stronger, more.

Hands
Unique in every way

Scarred, small,
Large, calloused
Made and designed
To hurt
To love
To make.

Shea Rathburn



*What they
can't see
Ella Raef*



Self Portrait
Samuel Dickey

The Ignorant Tidings of an Oliver Ocampo

Drew Kalsto

Author's Note: Like Oliver, having my work published in a literary magazine gives me the experience of publication and reception. I wrote this piece loosely based on my views. Yet, Oliver is much blunter and speaks of many fictional instances. It was always my intended story to tell a youthful adolescent quickly talking the audience through the highs and lows of realizing that it all ends. High school, that is. There are powerful emotions that come with this life altering change, and the ending message hopefully signals I and possibly many others are on their way to making a name for themselves in the real world.

"Dear journal..." writes Oliver Ocampo, the editor of his high school newspaper. "...it comes to that time of year when seniors alike begin slowly descending down a spiral of chaos when graduation comes knocking. Sure enough, it happened like the purge. Students vanish while still awake, and when you even dared poke them back to reality, they'd presumably bite your face off... maybe it was their consistent efforts to best the high school grade system that had caused such turmoil, considering a college essay cannot be built with bricks made of straight As. It takes passion, something many of my fellow classmate's lack. The ability to feel connected and yet newborn to the poor soul tasked with reading about high school pities and woes. And yet, each year, it all ends the same: Some manage to achieve their wildest dreams and sign onto a deal of Ivy-League education and mounting student loan debt! There's the group who decide to tone down

the theatrics and try for a four-year university closer to home--still, once again, building debt like Trump builds useless towers. And then there are the most intelligent people in the existence of Earth: People like myself who are choosing to go to community college, avoiding the debt like Indiana Jones to a boulder."

Oliver paused briefly on his keyboard. His fingers lingered over his thoughtful, following letters. It was unfair, he contemplated, to sit here and demean those for making coherent decisions. He could hardly decide whether his platform Dr. Martens was the correct choice of shoe for that day.

But who was he kidding? Oliver didn't care what some of his classmates thought of his views. Besides, it's not like they read a literary magazine to begin with. It was his chance to submit something for the world to see--to test the waters of the shark-infested writing world. Maybe there was a part inside of

him that prayed some egotistical, classical-literature tycoon would come along and read his piece, tear it to shreds, and send him off to law school to his parent's delight. Yet, there was also a part of him that knew he was capable enough to build his own path without their input either way.

"Journal," Oliver continued, "What will become of the class of 2022 when they finally exit these large oak doors for the last time—leaving behind the shard of self-respect they have to hurry into internships which include big-player objectives such as getting a rich, white man coffee. It was all so surreal, watching these students who have all, at one point or another, made borderline offensive and politically incorrect statements, prepare to enter the world of PR and Political Correctness... that is, unless they decided to stay in a small town like this: one that batted its eyes to any form of bigotry like a lover to a lover. But who was staying here? I contemplate this question deeply, journal... Am I just simply exaggerating my own hatred of this small, minuscule valley of towns, or is it a universal feeling?"

Oliver turned to the clock and saw his time slowly dwindling. Study hall would be over soon, meaning one of many classes he completely slacked off in would be cut short.

"Is it just me, or are students preparing to flutter their wings and fly any direction away from their town of origin?"

"To be honest, anywhere where my parents aren't is a heaven amongst hell..." said Rita Pinns.

"I want to live in New York and work to achieve my dreams of becoming a lead star on Broadway, and--"

Can it, Rachel Berry... Anyone who has seen GLEE knows this never works out.

"Honestly, anywhere where you aren't is great, you horrid, toxic little piece of--"

Okay, that one was plain hurtful.

"I think I just want to see the world beyond this plain civilization of corporate fast foods and fields of crops."

"Was there some truth to the only sensible answer? It had always been my own shortcomings with the town, but was the combination of modern-day Capitalism and farmland the root of this town's fleeting youth? Lots of questions, and so few Carrie Bradshaw's to figure them out within a 30-minute time slot..."

Speaking of Carrie...

"It has come to my attention, via my own doing, of course, that I am approaching a time that also comes with a harsh slap to my childish antics. Many, including myself, pat ourselves on the back regarding our newfound maturity... Yet, I understand we're all just as naive as the next freshman class! Where do we find the audacity to claim we're ready to do so many things we've hardly even uttered a single word about? Like balancing a checkbook, purchasing a flat, moving processes, etc."

Oliver gandered around the room. Some students had stopped and stared at his loud keyboard clicks. He smiled gracefully and turned back to his screen.

"Better yet, I hope all of these stupid

idiots end up working a 7-11."

He straightened up.

"Where was I? Oh, yes. I mean, just look at me. I've spent my senior year more worried about clothes, writing, and social interaction than I have about my education. Did that mean I wasn't staying up all night working on finishing homework? Absolutely not; I was still very much sleep-deprived. Yet, it became evident that school had shifted from a priority to a desire—much less a need to succeed than a want. Thankfully, I really still wanted to succeed. It seems this year was a good balance for me, at least, being a time when much of my own internal frustrations became fuel to power myself through the boredom of day-to-day schooling. Whether it be the new blazer I irrationally purchased or the white cowboy boots I intend to wear in the spring."

RINGGGGGGG...

"Shoot. Well, there goes another period of failing to complete the one thing that truly matters this week. Sure, I had to retake some essays for Government and possibly finish reading my novel for English. Still, out of the three... this commentary piece on the fleeting senior year was deemed most necessary in my twisted mind." Oliver thought, "I mean, was I wrong for romanticizing life? We learned about this in sophomore year... the Transcendentalists. Often frowned upon by historians for the glamorized look on brutal adulthood—it did involve one-to-many male writers heading off to live in the forest like the strange beings they were... but were they onto something?"

Obviously not living off the grid... I'm

not Shailene Woodly—if anything, speaking of Carrie Bradshaw, I could call my life Vax in the City because I'm boosted and prepared."

He paused at his locker and contemplated while approaching the lock with numbed hands and a mind at that:

"Was the world really so bleak and beyond saving? Just look around; for years, humans have had time to prepare a solution to solve issues like hunger, famine--those are the same--war! Why is war still happening...? Economically speaking, it is so out of fashion. And yet, every year that goes by, it doesn't seem to get any better, and in fact, much worse. What, with Republicans trying to roll back on minority rights as they propel the next Mitt Romney to the primaries... where is the hope? The promise of a better tomorrow?"

And as Oliver began down the English hallway onto his next class, he seemed to have an epiphany. He rushed into the bathroom, locked himself in a stall, and yanked out his laptop.

"Journal, maybe a better life isn't necessarily a guarantee... sure, it would be great if it was, but what if the challenges we face are more or less tests to ensure we're deserving of our achievements. If one wants to become a fashion designer, they must first prove their ability to take criticism from bosses, work on the ground level, and develop their own creativity. Sure, the answer seemed obvious, but it also was hidden behind the elephant known as 'Senior-ignorance.'

Oliver heard feet shuffle from

outside of the stall.

"Once spineless and insecure, I pride myself for having control but didn't I really realize the scale of which I did. I will leave this school doing anything and everything for me--myself! Publishing the great American novel will have been done to please my goals and ambitions, not to appease some high school desire to brag amongst the fellow student body. Doing anything I can to achieve my goals and dreams will not be to satisfy my parents."

Oliver heard the bell ring, signaling his tardiness. He didn't seem to care.

"It's all so deafening: Having to grow up. It's a whirlwind and yet also a calm within the storm that expects you to enjoy that relaxing feeling--one that comes with an inherent and underlying fear of failure. Yet, growing up also teaches us balance. And that we're here for a limited amount of time. And maybe this thought process was a mess, as am I, a Senior ready to enter the real world... but it's all in

the cards for us. We must be ready. So, maybe I should be kinder to the rest of my class. Many of them may be entirely imbecilic and unaware of this epiphany in the bathroom stall, yet they're in the same boat I am. Like Zac Efron and Venessa Hudgens once said, 'together, together--everyone!'... It's a world that we must seize. Each generation has asked these very same questions and fumbled to meet the mark. So it must be our chance to succeed on the grounds they've laid for us."

The intercoms rang and announced, "Oliver Ocampo, please report to the Dean's office!"

"High school isn't just a pregame to life. It's a warning sign. And a welcome mat. It's a rollercoaster that ends with you being launched headfirst... and let's just say, you better hope you're fearless going forward. Love, O.O."

The End.



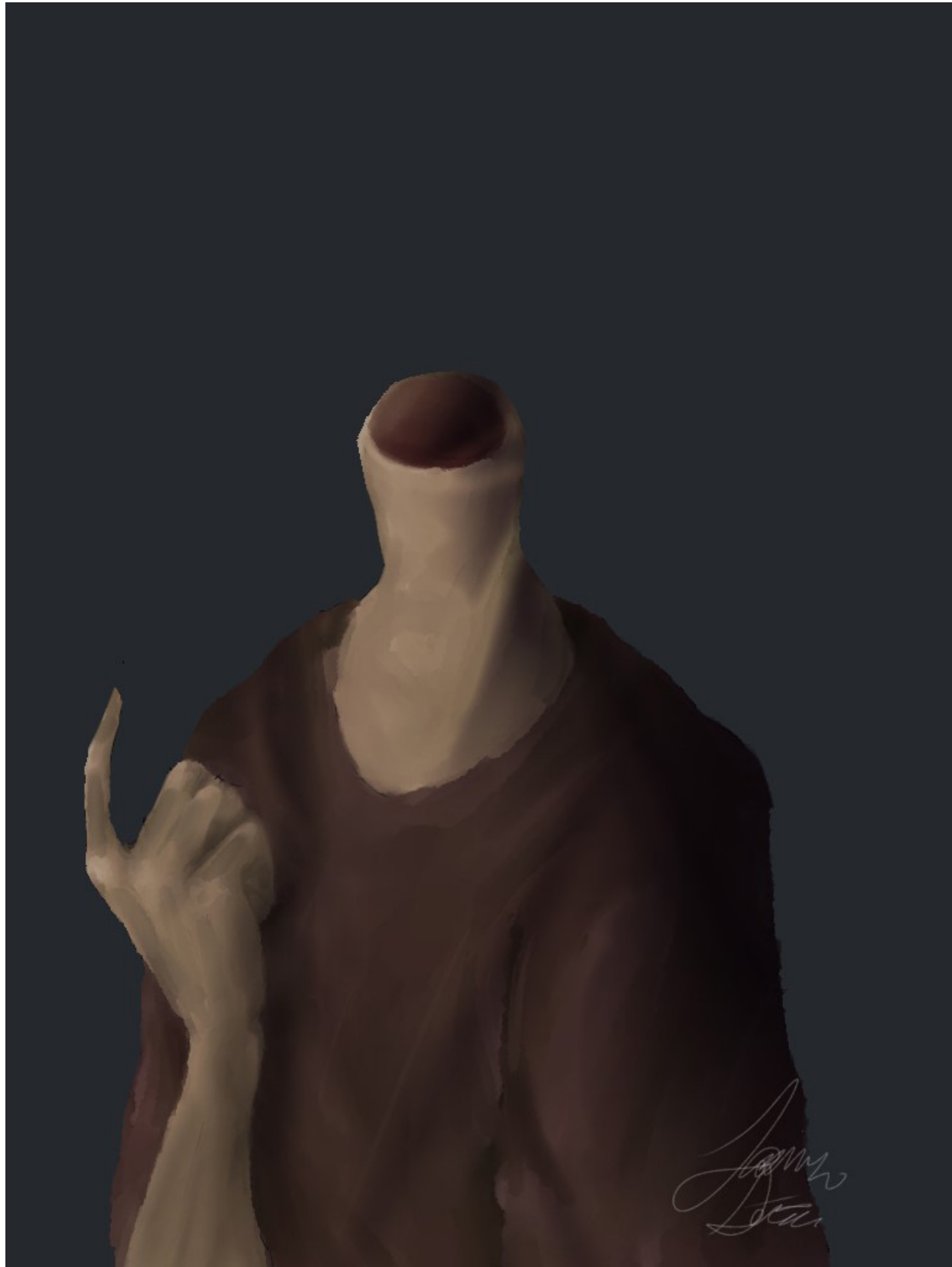
Seven Fractures
Catherine
Znaniacki

2-point
Perspective
Westclox Building
Mya Rodriguez

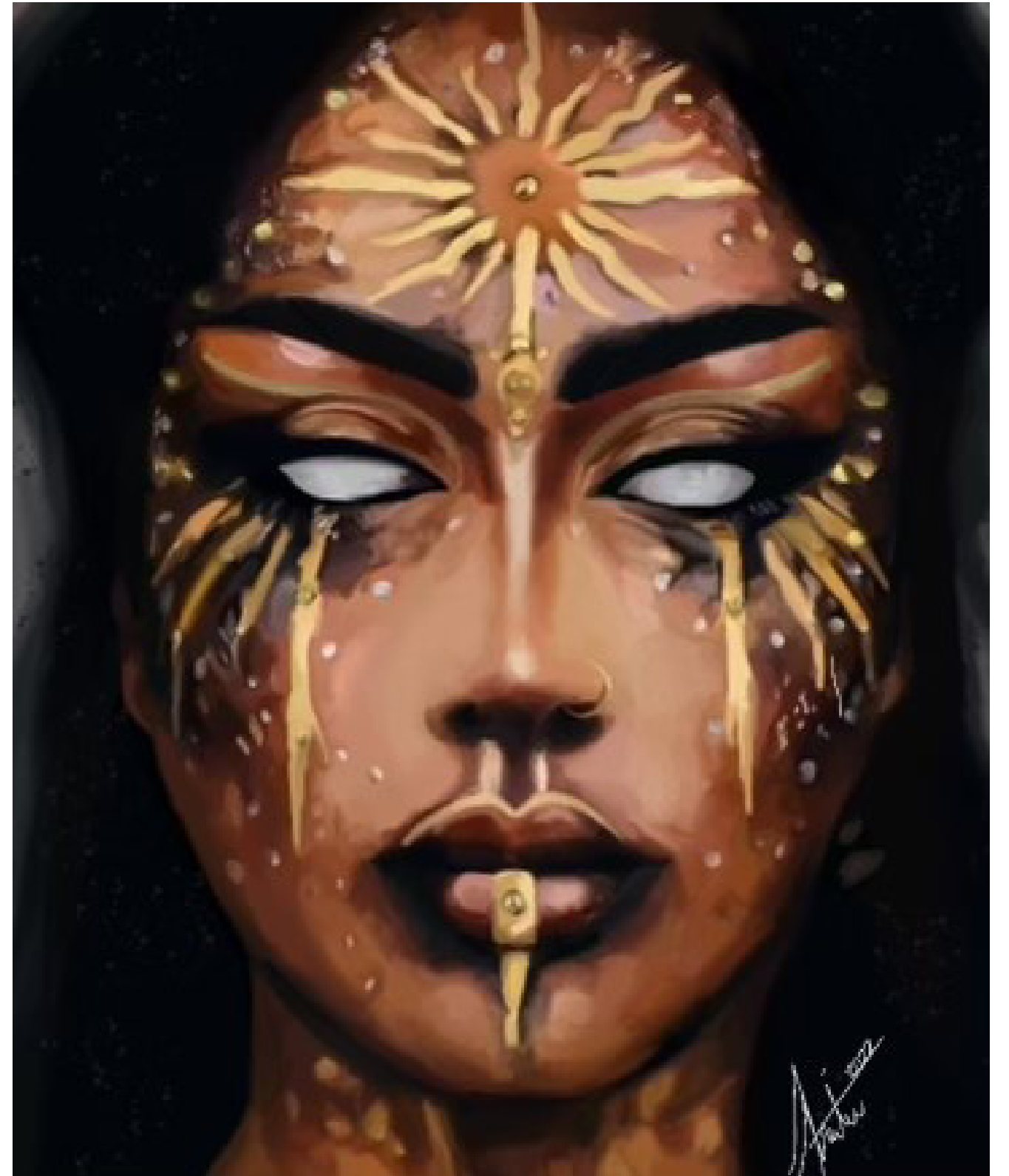


No Space
Isabelle Andrews





Lost
Jasmine Arce



Untitled
Stephanie Znaniecki



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