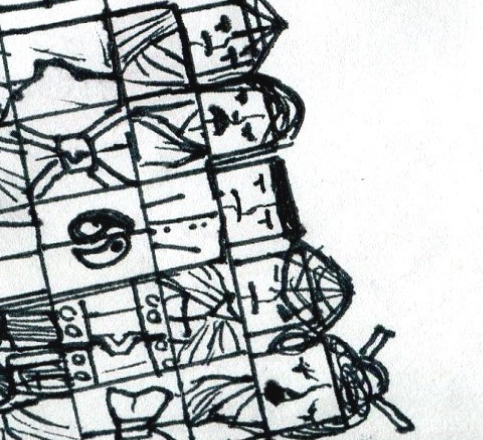
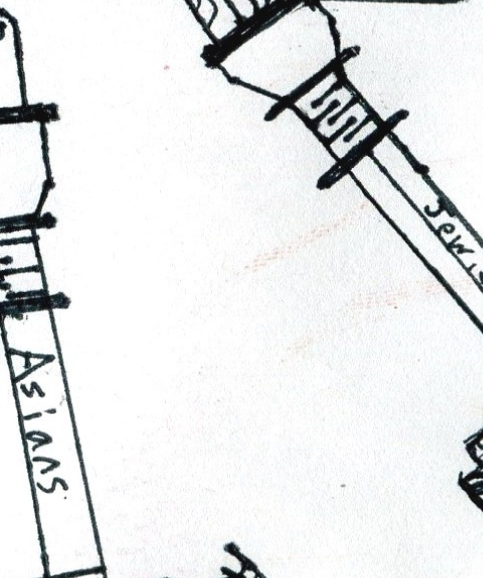
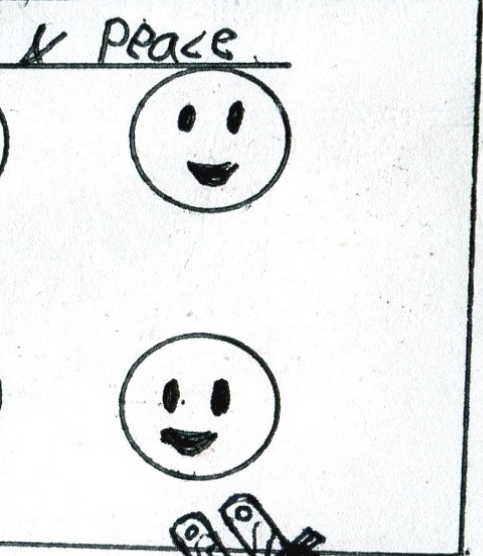
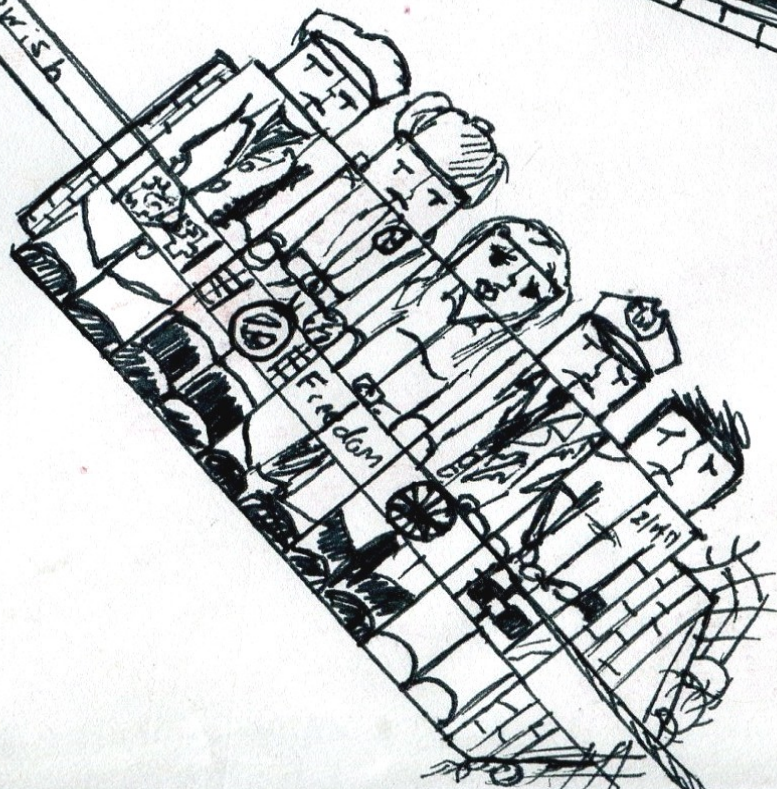
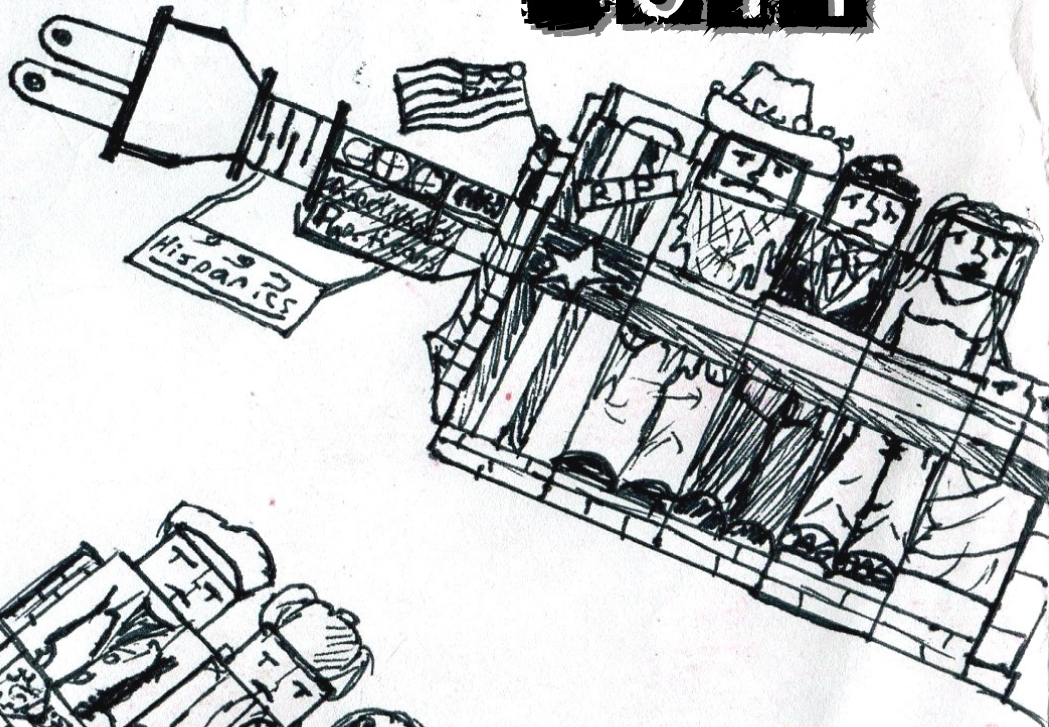


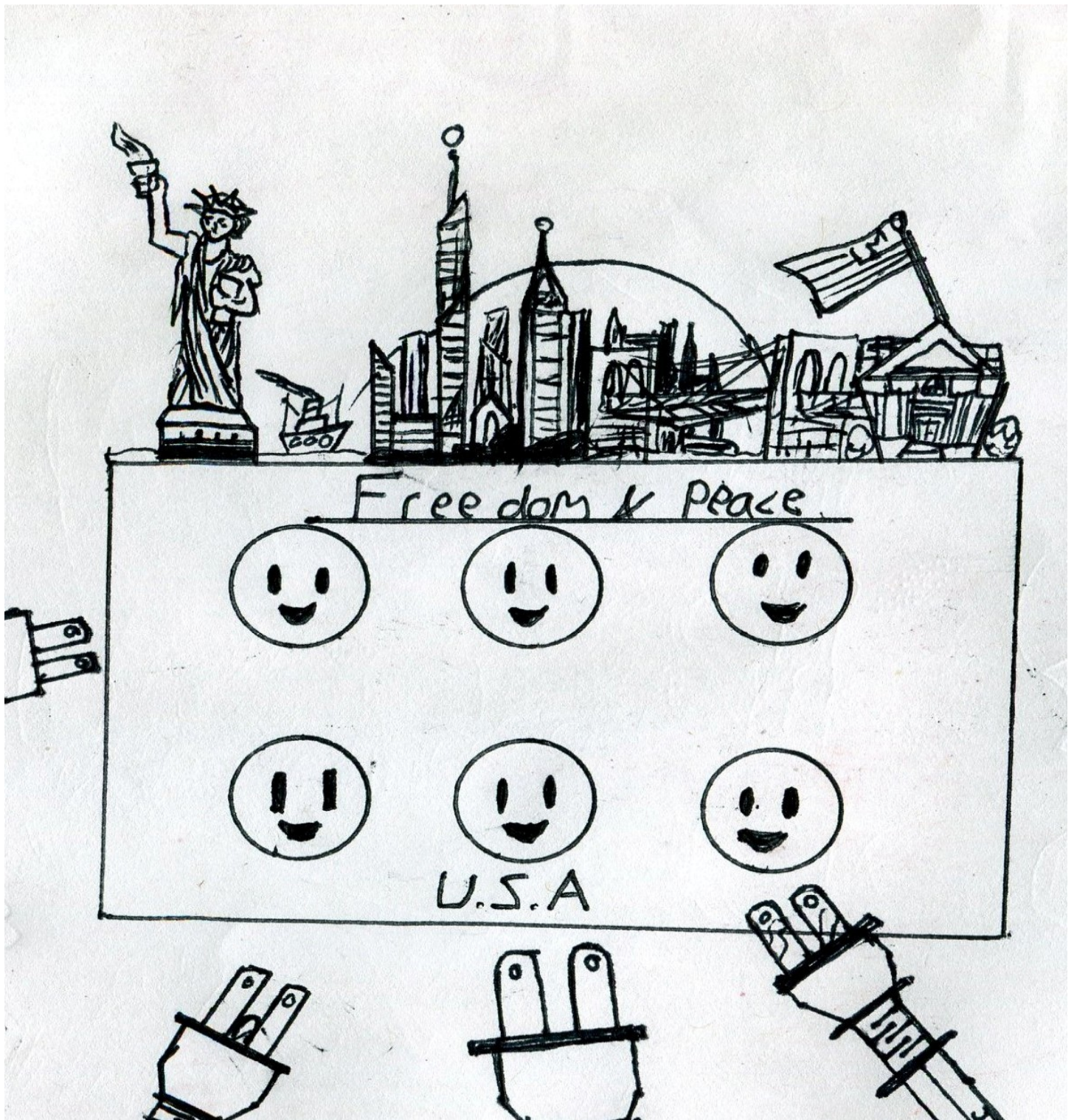
#WIRED



CANCELING
2014



VOLUME
59



Check out the *Canuckling* website:
www.nplainfield.org/hs/site/default.asp
Click Publications tab
Choose *Canuckling*



Volume 59

THE LITERARY-ART MAGAZINE
OF
NORTH PLAINFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
34 WILSON AVENUE
NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY 07060

CANUCKLING 2014

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION
Most Outstanding Award 2013

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION
Gold Medalist Award 2013



North Plainfield High School was founded in 1896. Its first graduating class boasted three students. Many residents of North Plainfield and the neighboring town of Plainfield had favored the merger of the two communities, an annexation idea paralleling United States-Canada theories in vogue at the time. With North Plainfield located just north of the brook, it was popular to refer to the community as "Little Canada." Thus, high school students became known as the Canucks and the school adopted a bearded lumberjack as its mascot.

The *Canuckling* magazine, though not quite as ancient as the school, was first published in 1955 in hardcover with Ms. Marie O'Brien as the General Adviser and Ms. Frieda T. Bockius as the Art Director. We are proud to be a part of this tradition, now in its 59th year, as we graduate a class of approximately 200 bright, shining students. (Photo by Kristyn Rosen)

2014 CANUCKLING STAFF

Literary and Technical Advisers

Mr. John DeLaurentis
English and Creative
Writing Teacher

Ms. Chelsea Howson
English Teacher

Milena Contreras, Editor-in-Chief
Kaitlin Rink, Editor-in-Chief
Jason Le, Literary Editor
Brian Ngobidi, Literary Editor
Brenda Okereke, Photographic/Art Editor

Staff:

Kevin Aldana
Molly Appezzato
Veronica Attis
Victoria Attis
Kayla Celleri
Arassely Chipa
Ayanna Lawson
Shatori Morgan
Helen Pazmino
Caitlin Samayoa
Robert Sullivan, Jr.
Anne Tang
Lauren Ventriglia
Yvette Way
Lena Zhu

Special Thanks to the English and Art Departments

Policy

Canuckling invites all North Plainfield High School students to submit original works of literature and art. Students may submit work to the English and Art teachers, or directly to the advisers throughout the school year. All submissions are catalogued and subsequently judged for content and form on an anonymous basis by the editorial staff. The staff meets on Tuesdays to read and select submissions. Every effort has been made to ensure originality. Each student may submit as many pieces as he or she wishes. We ask that students place their name and grade on the back. Submissions may not be returned. It is the hope of the staff that the magazine is representative of the creative talent of North Plainfield.

Colophon

Canuckling 2014, the literary and art magazine of North Plainfield High School, was printed with a press run of 100 copies on 28# laser stock and bound by GMPC Printing of Clifton, NJ. The software used for the layout of the *Canuckling* is Microsoft Publisher. The font type used throughout this issue is CF Anarchy and Courier New.

Cover

Eliezel Castro, a sophomore, drew the illustration on the cover with ink pen.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS IN CHIEF

As Editors of this year's edition of the *Canuckling*, we are proud to display the theme of *#Wired* in our literary-art magazine of 2014. Our theme of *#Wired* depicts our generation's immersion in technology, as well as social media.

Throughout the year, the *Canuckling* staff has put a tremendous amount of time and effort into creating *Canuckling 2014*. We are extremely proud of their hard work and we are forever thankful for them. Without the help of our dedicated staff, it would be difficult to create our visionary display of our high school's talented students. The contributors of poetry, artwork, photography, and much more have all spent countless hours working on their pieces that have made *Canuckling 2014* possible.

Our advisers, Mr. John DeLaurentis and Mrs. Chelsea Howson, have unselfishly donated their time in guiding and providing us the necessary knowledge and tools needed to create *Canuckling 2014*. As you read this year's issue, we hope you become plugged in to our showcase of literary and artistic talents from North Plainfield High School's talented students.

Milena Contreras

Kaitlin Rink

Editors-in-Chief

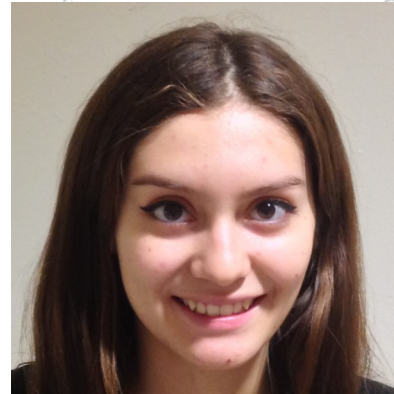
STAFF

Name: **Milena Contreras**, Editor-in-Chief

Grade: 12

Favorite Quote: "Everyday is a fashion show and the world is your runway."

-Coco Chanel



Name: **Kaitlin Rink**, Editor-in-Chief

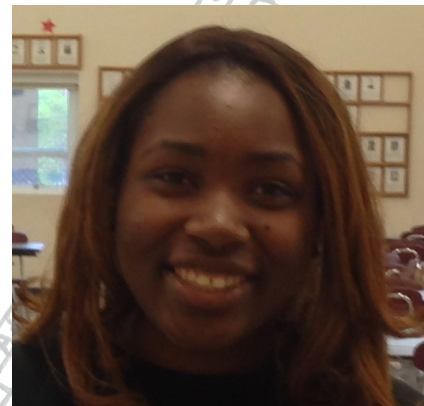
Grade: 12



Name: **Brenda Okereke**,
Photographic /Art Editor

Grade: 10

Favorite Quote: "We are each gifted in a unique and important way. It is our privilege to discover our own special light." -Mary Dunbar



Name: **Jason Le**, Literary Editor

Grade: 10

Favorite Quote: "Be the change you want to see in the world." -Gandhi
"I just love to be happy, and I love seeing everyone happy." -Jason Le



STAFF

Name: **Brian Ngobidi**, Literary Editor

Grade: 12

Favorite Quote: "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free." -Johann von Goethe



OUR ADVISERS



Chelsea Howson



John DeLaurentis

STAFF PICTURE



BLAST FROM THE PAST

From *Canuckling* 1987

Down the Road

Caroline Dill

Sometimes I wonder what the future will bring,
Where will we be years from now?
When we go our separate ways,
Will we look back on these "good ole" days?
As our roads part, will we remember
Those who are now special in our hearts?
I know we've promised to stay in touch,
But as we develop new friendships
And meet new loves, we realize that
Those special times will live forever in our hearts.
Some friendships will last through all changes,
Most will fade as time goes by.
We will not forget the pleasant times we've had,
But we will never look at them quite the same again.
These times may not seem all that important now.
Some can't wait to move on with their lives.
But growing up too fast,
We will look back at the past
And cherish all the memories
That will not perish in our hearts
So don't rush on with life,
Instead take it day by day.

BLAST FROM THE PAST

Years from now we'll look back,
And we'll realize how lucky
We were to have lived this part of our lives.
So there is no reason for goodbyes,
For in our hearts will remain the memories
Of the happiest times of our lives.

From *Canuckling* 1987

Drawing by Chris Wade

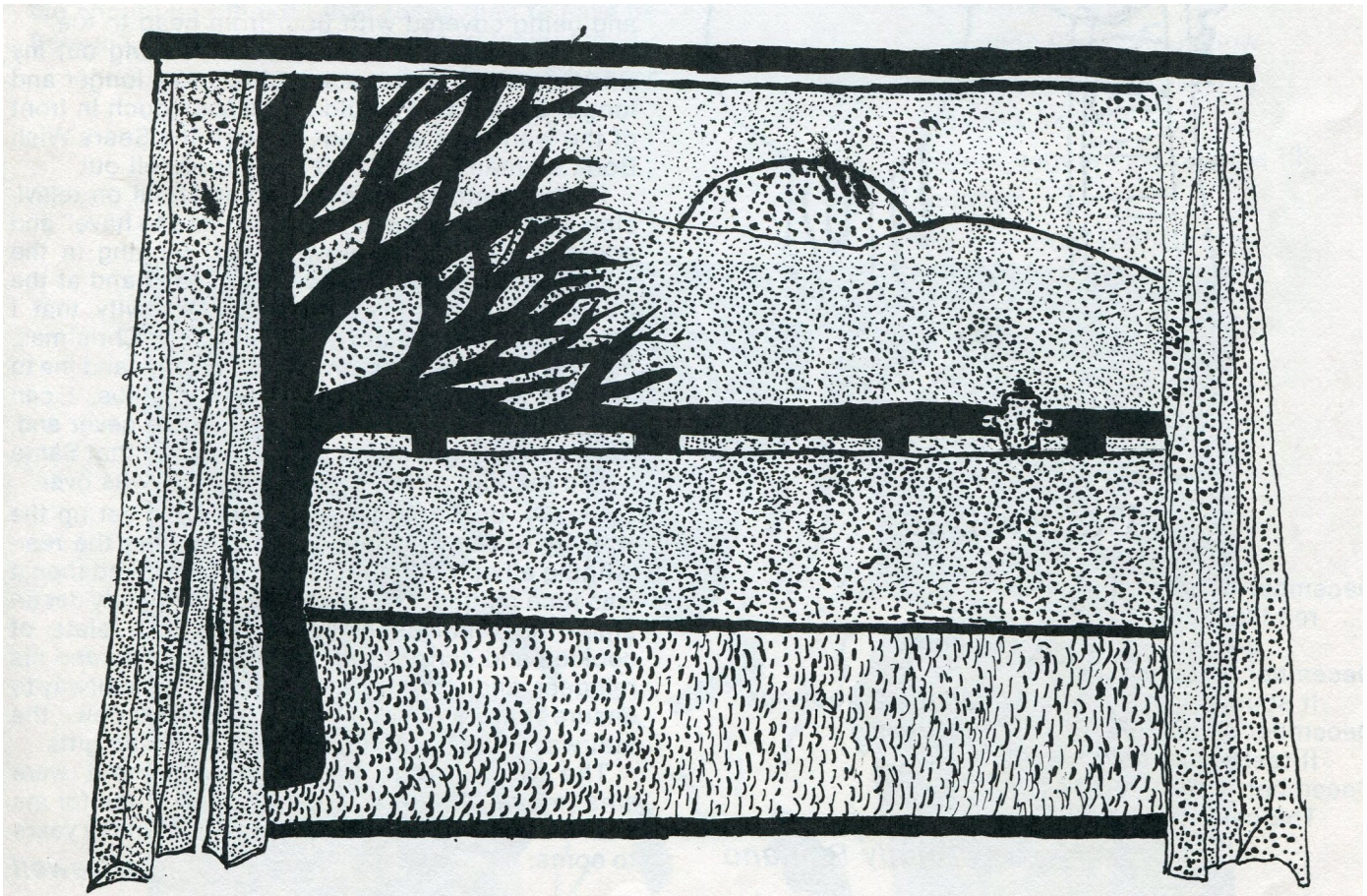




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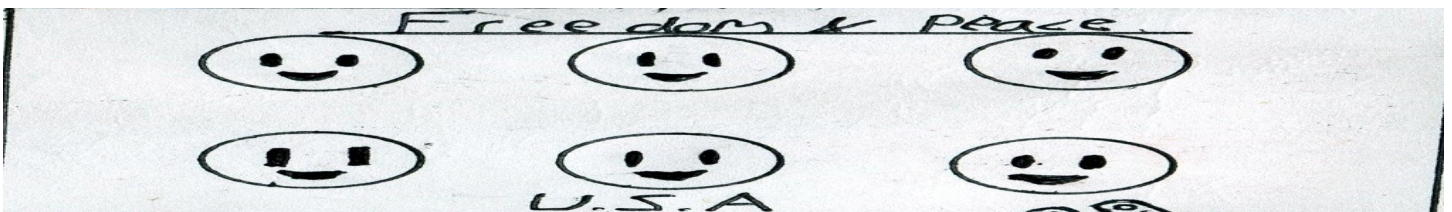




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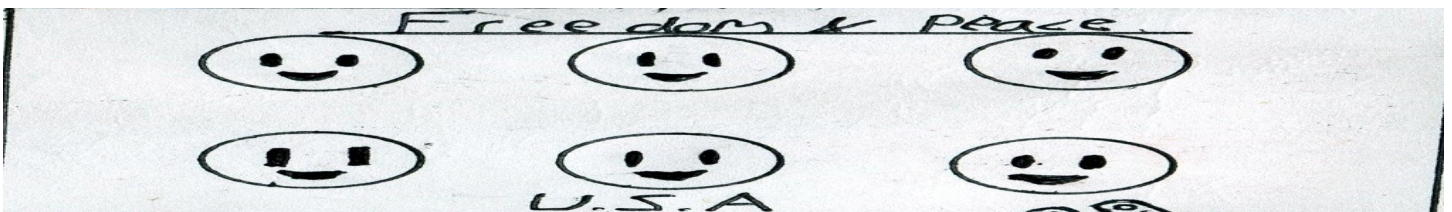
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#REVOLUTION



"Razed to the Ground #1" by Arassely Chipa (Oil Pastel)



To Dream or Not to Dream

Daniel Argueta

To dream or not to dream
That is the question
Thus they say life is a lesson
The world a chapter, one after the next
It's up to thee to see what happens next
If only the growing of age weren't so complex
I would follow my dreams as if they were footsteps
I would climb the steps of a mountain just to
reach my success
But that would mean that I would have to
overcome the best
It would seem that the reality of that
would be to dream
The simplicity of the words are as calm as a
stream
But the act to act the will would take the
will of a team
To dream or not to dream
A goal set to rise out of the bottom of a bottomless
hole
Would take a toll on your life when your life is
not in control
The choice is mine
But I'm undecided like a dime
Should I choose heads or tails?
The human desire prevails
I'll do what I want, I choose to dream
and it'll be one hell of a story to tell.



Passing Time

Caitlin Gugliotta

As the setting sun drips light on the ground
Time passes without even one look back,
And the day ends while a new life is found.

Everything is quiet, there is no sound
The only thing that is heard is a crack.
As the setting sun drips light on the ground.

The ground starts to shake as unchecked paws pound,
It's the sound of the wild in a pack.
And the day ends while a new life is found.

They come to a stop atop a large mound
A darkness starts to fall and things go black,
As the setting sun drips light on the ground.

The fun is over and they are homebound.
The wandering herd goes on the attack
And the day ends while a new life is found.

But nothing in this world is ironbound
So, maybe now life can get back on track.
As the setting sun drips light on the ground
And the day ends while a new life is found.

Salvation Come

Anihya Gaddis

I am weak, you say.
Trembling and young.
But I shall reach that day.
My salvation shall come.

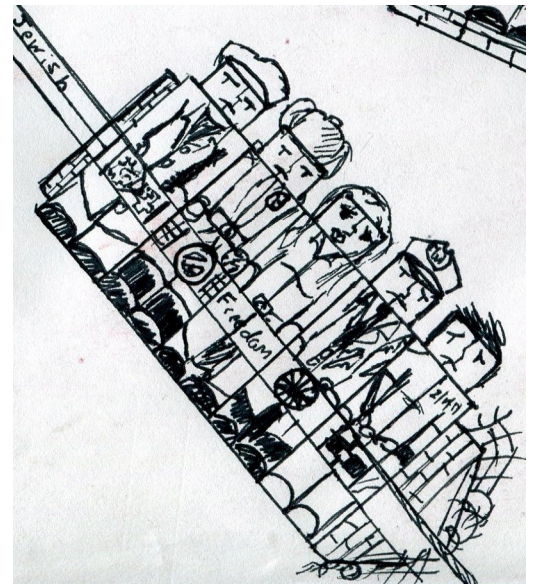
Must I be your perfect?
Short wit and no tongue?
I rather wait a little longer
Till my salvation comes.

Must you be so critical?
So close minded and glum?
I'll pray that He leads you,
And that your salvation shall come.

Must I sit and shut down?
And forever be shunned?
I rather believe in the better.
Believe we can be one.

Must I look like your magazine,
Of false beauty and expectations?
Drowned in unlasting trends,
And stacked with limitations?

I rather fight harder.
This war shall be won.
My lord shall take me.
And my salvation shall come.





What Awakes the Soldier

Joselynn Castellanos

The phone rings,
And within those seconds of
answering,
Worlds have already collapsed.
Her world,
The dove above her.
My world,
The one under the dove.

At this time, everything was
destroyed.
Nothing can be put back together.
Dreams, shattered and crushed,
But there is still one soldier left.

The eye is the starting line,
And the floor is the finish.
The racers rush down not giving up.
There is no competition, however,
Everyone is a winner.
The crowd cheers
In silence.

At this time, the soldier is being
beaten.
Up, down, left, right.
Someone must help!
Until it...

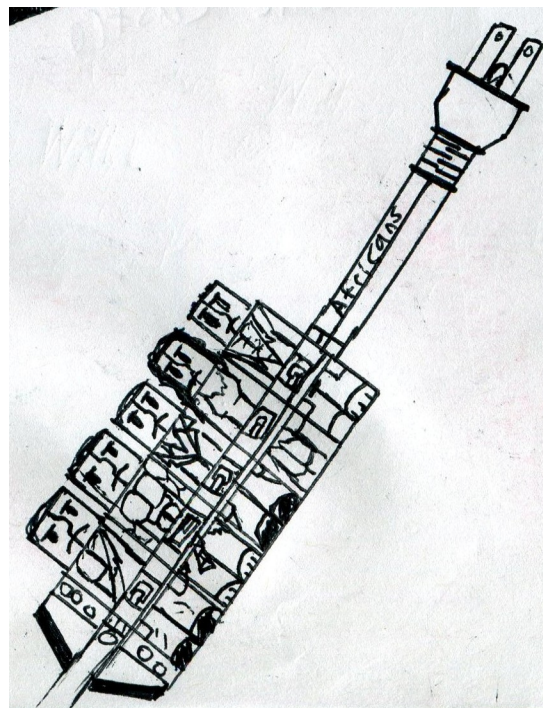
Slowly,
Falls,
Down.

Black and darkness fills the air.
The knees follow the wind
With their swaying,
Being drenched in a light
thunderstorm.
The cracks whisper,
Mother?
Mother...
Why?

At this time the soldier lays.
Wounded but alive.
The cuts become scars.
Scars of depression and death,
That awake the soldier.

One foot, then the other.
Head no longer down,
But lifted up
From the power of the dove.
Eyes glistening and glowing,
Next to the spread wings of the
dove.

At this time the soldier reunites.
No longer in nostalgic pain.
The soldiers pump
To the sound of the army's march.
Now, stronger,
Than ever before.





"Branching into My Heart" by Sindy Garcia (Painting)

Ode to Books

Yvette Way

Traveling the world without a plane
No boat or train
An imaginary portal
Step inside and go far
Escape into the past
Or fast-forward to the future
Stay where you are
This trip requires no ticket
See things you could never
Imagine
Like
Monster hunters or
Star-crossed lovers
Demi-gods
A distraction from
This mundane life
You could
Disappear
From this world
And never return
Until the end
Of your adventure
Just make sure you're
Back in time to catch
The sequel



Ode to the Pen

George Garcia

Oh dear pen with ink
that flows like a river
You are so mighty, sir
All the world bows down
to the fact that you
are superior to all living
organisms known to all men
Do you understand? Mr. Pen
you are mightier than swords
Make sure that your user
has a sharp tongue too
This makes you even better
I can paint worlds with
you, you have made me
into something called the artist
Your energy spreads just like
wildfire, it burns down forests
And leaves, the masses breathless
When I hold you, Boom!
The whole world must surrender
to our unstoppable tag team
We are the yin yang
We are the push and pull
We can rule the world
As well as change it

Education

Daniel Argueta

Education is key but will we learn?
Character foil and snakes still coil
Oh how I wonder when the world will burn

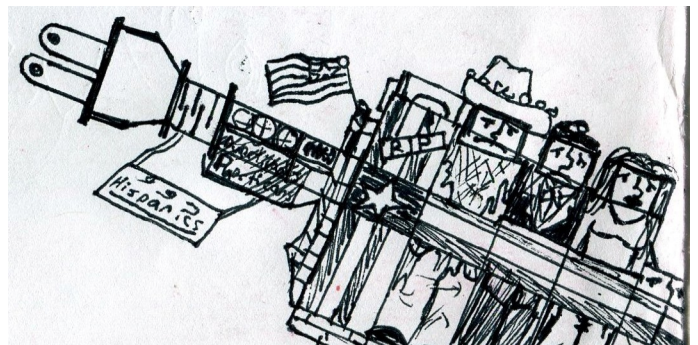
Wars uproar, oh when will the tables turn?
Justice is loyal, money destroys all
Education is key but will we learn?

Justice is bribed but with the poor they're stern
Feeding their greed like a car needs oil
Oh how I wonder when the world will burn

Better learn what type of butter they churn
Money, power, respect makes us royal
Education is key but will we learn?

Education should be my main concern
Well life is quite simple, enjoy it all
Oh how I wonder when the world will burn

I'm stuck, no future ahead like a fern
The world burns when water is now oil
Education is key but will we learn?
Oh how I wonder when the world will burn





Humanity

Zainab Bashir

You were born with humanity, rushing
through your veins,
Beauty is carved in it like each drop of
water when it rains
Looks like a flower, born with colorful petals
Feels like a heart that can't be crushed,
not even with metals
It is so unique, sane and only strong,
So nothing can prove it wrong
Tastes like a snowflake which landed on
my tongue so softly
Even taking over a taste which is the most
delicious,
and freezing the fire in the soul which
was going to spread in a way so vicious.
Sometimes acting like a bow and arrow
Filled with hate each time it strikes,
bringing so much sorrow
That's what it means, humanity
So rude and so selfish taking away your sanity
Let it be,
Have everybody see
We were born with humanity rushing through our veins.

Moonlight

Yvette Way

The sun sets in bursts of colors
Red, orange, yellow, pink, spread across the sky
Slowly the sun sinks beneath the ground
Thus signaling the end of this day
When the moon comes out, everything is elapsed
Earlier troubles, stress, regrets, fade with the sun
The moon glows high up in the sky
Stars dance around it gleefully
Their light purges everything in sight
Past troubles, woes, and fear forgotten
Sadness, anger and hate remove
Happiness, love and care replace,
The giant reset button in the sky
Comes out once the day is over
But when the moon starts to fall
The sun starts to rise again
Red, orange, yellow, pink fill the sky
Thus signaling the beginning of the day
With all evil erased
The moon's job is done
The new day starts
New chances begin
New decisions to make
New paths to take



Through Pain

Khalil Dock

I had been sitting blankly,
but nostalgic of what I had made the past.
Punishing and dreading myself of what I couldn't make
last.
Trying to ascertain a solution of my loath.
As I drag my few steps on the converging road.

Remembering what brought me,
With no fleeting tracks.
And saddening thoughts of what might bring her back.
How quick my pain broadened and growing;
And me diminishing hardly even knowing.

It's my fragile skin,
My sensitive character.
It's a whole world
And unbreakable Barriers
Just I: no more, no merrier

Keeping all emotions aside,
And seizing from what again can be lost.
Let faith be with me when I glance at the Cross.
Please come back, I don't want to be alone.
Can't just look back and be turned to stone.

Back then, the way it used to be
Her good-byes not accepted by me.
I longed for what I had thought was right.
Happiness had not happened to be in sight.

My mind traveled far,
From lake to river, then lost at sea.
A demoted soul I could not be.
To the shortest hope, for when I cried,
And a deeper cut for every time I sighed.

Never thought you would be this gone.
I have too much on my conscience.
Through pain, there will be no tolerance.
So help me be my tolerance tutor.
I promise I'll be there in my near future.



"Flowering Hope" by Aurelia Polly



Shattered

Helen Pazmino

She smashes the door shut,
The creaking creating chaos.
This callous space of emptiness.
Mirrors cracked along the memories;
There is darkness abundant.
Where has the time vanished?
As the clock ticks.
It moves as a heart beat with a steady rhythm.
Thump, thump, thump.
Gray, peeling walls are concealed with thoughts;
Drawers rusted over soaking the dust.
Sounds of the faucet dripping with dreadful tears.
She conjoins the curtains,
Concealing the life.
While the shingles up above clattered helplessly clinging
on for life;
She fixes the covers aiming for protection.
Yet the chairs chatter and scrape leaving everlasting
marks.
Upwards the ceiling camouflaged in imperishable stains.
Tabletops with the aroma of decaying apples abundant with
the loss of temptation.
She wanders into the hall glaring at the broken mirror that
strikes back at her.
The pieces of mirror crumble carelessly, and she struggles
to grasp them.
Overtime, the rooms are purified with less pain giving a
chance of renew.
Curtains and doors open steadily allowing life to gradually
seep in.

At War with Shadows

Caitlin Gugliotta

Laying in bed, lights spin in and
Out of focus. I think
Of all of the fun times we had
That ended in a blink.

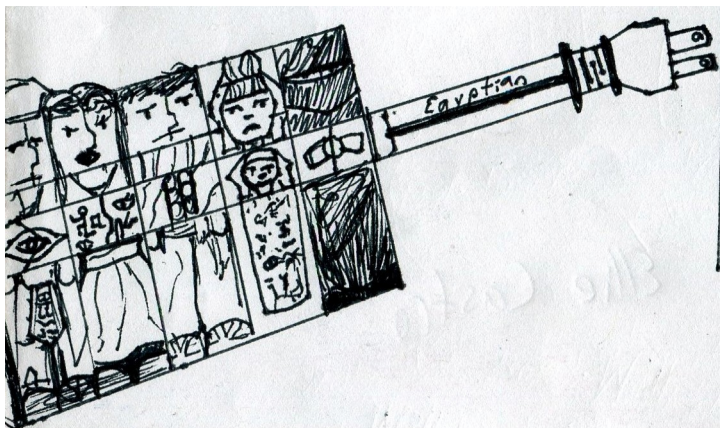
The memories come flashing back,
As if it were a dream.
But now they are all gone again,
And I have closed the seam.

But I have to go start my fight.
These shadows in my mind
Make it impossible to think
And now I'm in a bind.

The shadows begin to creep in,
Surrounding me inside.
What happened to the lights I saw?
It's as if they had died.

But the war is just beginning,
It's one I cannot lose,
If I hope to see you again
I'll have to pay my dues.

I have to get the lights back on.
Then I'll come back to you.
But for now the dark must be fought
I know what I must do.



#PLUGGEDIN



"Razed to the Ground #2" by Arassely Chipa (Oil Pastel)

A Special Bonding

Caitlin Gugliotta

Some experiences are the epitome of unforgettable; however they make for extremely monotonous, drawn out stories. This isn't just your stereotypical sports story about how we won something we weren't supposed to, because we didn't. But it's a story of how I changed as a person and became a part of something special and bigger than I could ever be alone.

The shrill trilling of a ref's whistle pulled my entire team out of their stunned staring. The game was over. We had just lost in the regional finals. The dream of nationals was crushed, doomed, gone, but not forgotten. The team that we had trashed in a previous game was on their way to Colorado. That was our spot, and the dejected faces of my teammates around me knew it. I knew my face closely mirrored theirs. The thoughts running through all of our heads simultaneously was that that had not just happened, it was impossible, because we had one foot into Colorado and we had just been punted straight back out. The good game handshake after the final whistle had never felt so long as the other team paraded around and celebrated with no thought to us losers. Lou was the first to have an outward reaction. Her legs gave out and she collapsed in a teary pile. Slowly member after member of my once strong, unshakable team joined her. Even our coach had no words to staunch the pain. What can you say to somebody whose dream has just been smashed and lies in a pile in front of them? Nothing. A dead dream for sure, but just as most things die, this was also not just forgotten.

The morning of July 8th broke like every other before it. Hot and sunny. It was a Monday, usually the worst day. But this was to be a special Monday that nobody would forget for a long period of time. At about 12:00 noon Coach Paul sent out an e-mail saying that we had been accepted as a wildcard to The National Finals in Aurora, Colorado; the one thing that had been on all our minds since the numbing loss suffered previously. My teammates created a group message that they were currently going crazy in. Jazz exclaimed how she had cried at the news. Others told their own stories. Accepted to nationals! We had about one day to confirm our availability considering departure was in eleven days. Begging and pleading had never needed to be so effective. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity that I couldn't miss out on. Thankfully, I was allowed to attend. This is where the fun really started.

The shrill shriek of my mom's phone alarm woke me up to a dark and dank motel room somewhere in Philly around 3:30 a.m. in the morning of Wednesday, July 17th. Departure was at 5:45. But everybody knows how airports are with their security and all—extremely busy. You're supposed to get there early, and we weren't even checking any bags! Everything was going to fit on the plane with me. I was going to Colorado parentless, but not alone. Three of my teammates were to fly over with me, and we were going to room together. They had all slept over at Cece's house in order to make it on time. Passing through security was fun, as it always is; my mom was allowed to accompany me because I was a minor and alone. She double



and triple checked my bags to make sure I was prepared as only a mother can. She seemed more nervous than me.

Departure time was ticking nearer, and my friends hadn't arrived yet. The loudspeaker buzzed, "Flight 449 Philadelphia to Houston is now boarding." That was me. They weren't here. An alien feeling bubbled in the pit of my empty stomach. I think it was flat out fear and desperation. Something I'd never felt before. Suddenly Christine called me and said, "Caitlin, nobody woke up, so we aren't going to make the flight. Go. We'll find another one!" She hung up. Dazedly I looked up at my mom. It was 5:40 and I had to go then or not at all.

"Mom..." my voice shook, as I was close to tears, "do I go?" She somehow managed to calm my racing pulse, and I was on the flight. Alone. For the first time ever.

The flight wasn't so bad; I had my iPod for killer company. I managed to hold back the tears every time they threatened to spill out of my overflowing eyes. The next part was going to suck though. I was to land in Houston at 8:04 and have a few hours to kill until 11:30 when my next flight left for Denver. A layover like that with friends to keep me company in an airport as huge as Houston's would be a cakewalk. But alone was a completely different story. It was a pretty uneventful layover though. I contacted my parents to let them know that I was in fact, alive. Contacted Christine and company to let them know that they suck, and that I was scared. Held back some more tears. Bought breakfast and gum. Went to the bathroom. Read some books. Listened to music. And that was that. As my next flight approached it began to thunderstorm. The feeling from before came back, sheer terror. Another announcement was coming up. It didn't say that my flight was boarding, instead it said that the plane I was to take was broken! If that doesn't scare you, what does? It's safe to say I was extremely scared yet again. However, the next plane made it there safely, and I was suddenly on my way to Denver hoping that my mom had made arrangements for me to be picked up from the airport by somebody.

Touchdown in Denver was at approximately 12:56 in the afternoon. The time zones had my head and stomach all messed up. Disembarking from the flight, I had no idea how I was getting to the hotel from the airport. Then I spotted a familiar FC Copa shirt in the crowd. Jackie was there to pick me up, thank the lord. She had even brought me a wonderful chocolate chip cookie.

The hotel was stellar. There was even a Starbuck's inside of it, white girl heaven. The balconies looked inwards, and there was a four star restaurant inside. My home for almost the next week.

My time away from my parents started off a little mundane. I had to help make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for the other team. What fun! At this point I still didn't know if Christine, Cece, and Jenna had found a flight to Colorado. It would mean disaster for us if they couldn't.

After dinner at the amazing restaurant with my "adopted" family, my roommates decided to show up! It was bedtime of night one. Four more days to go. Three soccer games. One possible final. We rose bright and early the next morning to get our terrible breakfast. At a hotel of that caliber, we expected better. The game itself was uneventful. We lost. Big whoop. It was fun. But the hotel was always more fun. There was places to explore, fun to be had, and craziness to behold. Jenna got a concussion somehow and spent the rest of the trip popping painkillers, complaining about her head, not sleeping, and telling us that she was okay. The second game and day also passed in a blur of endless fun and exhaustion. We were at Nationals. There were hot boys, beautiful weather, no parents, and soccer. We couldn't ask for more. I have never felt as close to a group of people as I did then. The third game on the second to last day was also a mess. We nearly won, if only that counted. The altitude in Denver is much different than it is in New Jersey, and it is harder to breathe. Lou has asthma, and she ended up in the hospital during that game. Not to mention that there was a freak hail storm on the drive back to the hotel! But it was that night and the next day that stick in my mind like nothing else.

It was July 20th. We hadn't made the finals, and we had no game the next day. We just had to watch the final game of the Juniors, the other Copa team to make nationals, and a flight home to look forward to. So we decided to have fun. No, we didn't turn up and party. Since my room had no parents, we were naturally the hang out place. Lights out was supposed to be at 10:30 or 11. We clearly disregarded that. As the team congregated in our hotel room for the last night in Colorado, it hit me that this was a special team and that we had something.

Then my deep thought was ruined by shouts of "Can we build a fort out of the mattresses?" and a gale of following laughter. I have never had so much fun building a failure of a fort. We dragged mattresses off the beds, and shoved the bed frames away possibly breaking some lamps in the process, but who cares about that? I didn't think I'd ever be laughing at a mattress for collapsing on my head until that night. At about 1 a.m., there were only six people left in the room, as others had been trickling out slowly being called away by their parents and their soft beds. Lauren was one of the six left. She had gotten back from the hospital late, missed dinner, and was weak from her ordeal. So we went on late night adventures to the vending machines. We bought so many bags of chips that we couldn't carry them all back to the room. We were bound together in that moment by the fact that we'd be dead if caught up at that hour. Eventually, Carly and Lauren were called back to their rooms, and it was just the four of us again. Around 3 a.m., Christine decided that she wanted a

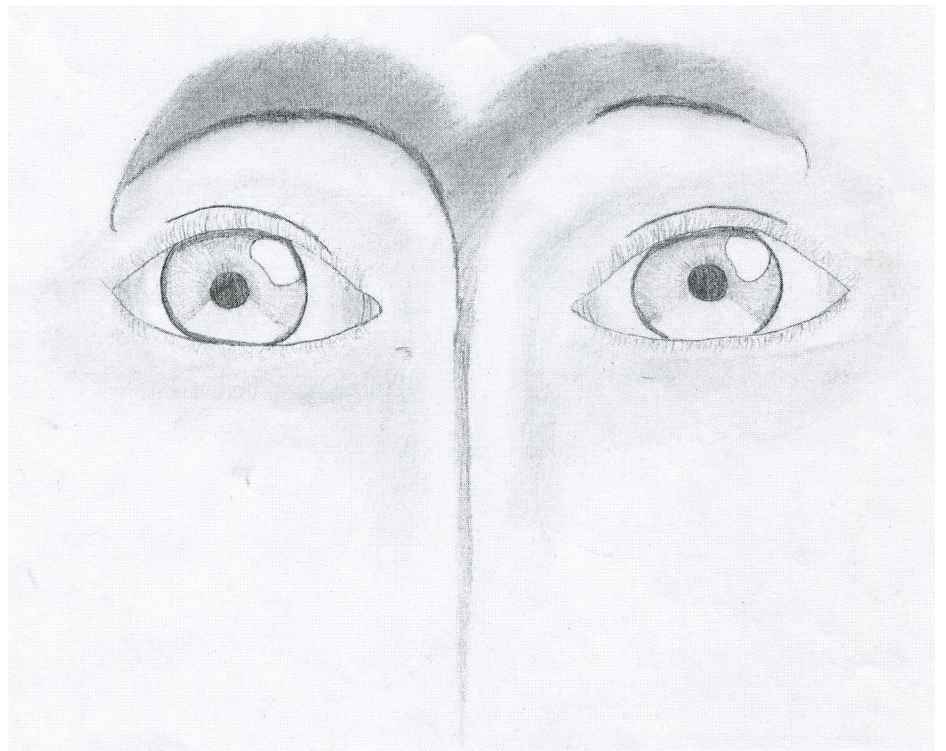


Mountain Dew. Now this hotel was seven floors, and there were two vending machines per floor. Chris and I went to every single one looking for her freaking drink. We would be kicked off Copa if caught out at that hour! But we were on top of the world, untouchable. I mean, c'mon, we were at nationals!

The next day we were to watch the finals. What a game that was. The Juniors lost on literally the last kick of the game that never even should've happened because the ninety was already up. It was a hard blow for them to swallow. I have never seen that many seventeen year old boys fall to the ground weeping.

The rest of the day was packing. Our flight left Denver at 5:10. This time my friends would have to make it because I was there and obviously I can make my flights. We made it back to Philly at 10:40 on July 21st. Sort of a weak ending to my whole adventure.

I miss this escapade and freedom daily. I had the time of my life in Colorado, and this was just a condensed version of events. It is sloppy, rushed, and disorganized, but so was what occurred. Colorado changed me as a person, and I'd go back in an instant. It made me see that I really was responsible, and soccer could take me far. That has meant the world to me as time keeps going; soccer is something I want to do for the rest of my life. My team became my family there. From then on, one phrase has stuck in my head—"Being a part of something special makes you special."



"I Am Aries"

by Veronica Attis
(Pencil Drawing)

A Collection of Emotions

Patricia Abrantes

Unexplainable

The power of ambition

It runs through my veins

The nights are chilly

But all wrapped up in your arms

My soul is warmed

Jump in the puddles

As hell freezes over

Scratch the ice, metal blade

Two paths that diverge

The choice between right and wrong

Live with no regrets

Traveling the world

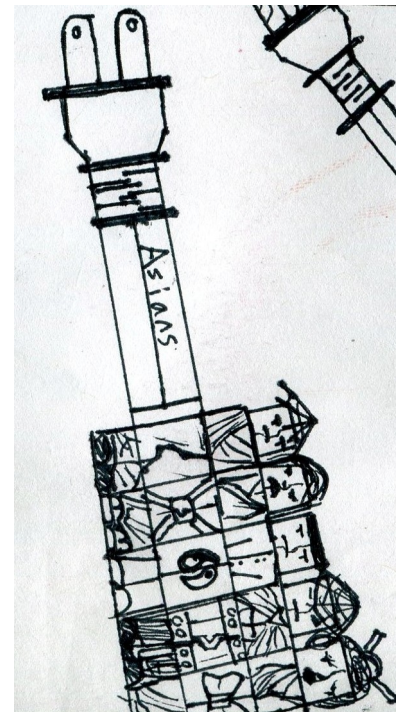
London, Paris, and Milan

Go on, find yourself

We have no limit

All the things we can do with

Imagination





The Perfect Pitch

Molly Appezzato

Staring at an empty field filled with opportunities.
The green grass inviting my vision.
A vision; a dream of familiarity and competence.
Starting with the posts, like the sturdy legs of an athlete,
that hold it up,
then gradually moving up.
Cinder blocks, one by one,
checking for preciseness.
Adjust. Exact. Precise; Exact. Precise... Adjust.

A team of plumbers, electricians, and carpenters,
calling out demands.
Depending on each other like a family.

Laying the floors, piece by piece,
putting up the walls,
unfurling the sails above our heads.
Masking the meticulous pattern,
committing the blueprint to muscle memory.

Sturdy furniture, skillful painting, and accurate clocks.
Piece by piece, it's starting to look more like home.
The curtains tied back like a young athlete's ponytail.

We're at the roof;
almost done.
It took a long time to get here.
A culmination of technique, sweat and labor.
Achievement, attainment, fulfillment.
The perfect pitch!

An Unsung Hero

Caitlin Gugliotta

Laying around
Dying,
Or possibly,
Already dead
Without your
Saving energy.

100% - joy

90% - content

80% - happy

70% - okay

60% - jittery

50% - nervous

40% - scared

30% - upset

20% - resigned

10% - sad

9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1

With seconds left

It's a race,

One I can't lose.

It's life,

Or death.

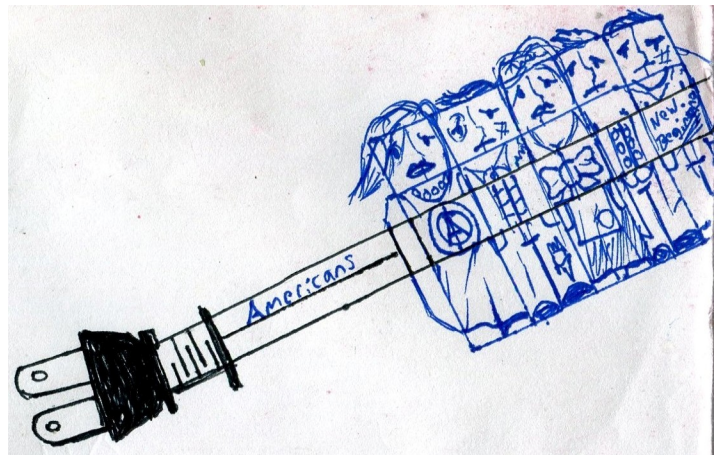
Literally.

But there you are.

The lifesaver

My salvation.

A Phone Charger.





The Strong Birds

Yanqing Liang

There are chains in life, so strong,
So heavily weighted with black,
You walk forward, dragging them along,
But they end up pulling you back.

These chains constrict and bind,
Like twisted branches below the ground
devouring a weak human mind,
a soul, never to be found.

They sing a song with darkness filling
the room that shines the most.
With metal clattering like silver shillings,
Like the chains of Marley's ghost.

The past comes back to haunt,
Piercing black thorns into the heart,
Restraining with chains that we do not want
Until a life crumbles apart.



"Portrait of Julius Caesar" by Jonelle Steward (Watercolor Painting)



It's All Gone

Emely Velastegui

I left you that clock,
Listen to it, watch it, and face it.
Look at it when you're missing me.
In the middle of the night when you can't sleep.
You can't erase my image from your head,
and you won't ever see me again,

It's all gone,

Watch the hands slowly move,
As time passes by, without me.
Listen to it closely because
That's all there's left of me

It's all gone,

When those memories of home start kicking in,
you'll stare at that clock, and think of me
I was your home, your world, your everything,
but I'm not there anymore

It's all gone,

Feel that unpleasant feeling of loneliness,
it'll kill you slowly.
Listen to it, watch it, and face it,
you lost the best thing that ever happened to you
and you cry cause you won't survive, everything you lived for;

It's all gone.



"Tears Are Falling" by Genesis Rondon (Pencil Drawing)



The Train

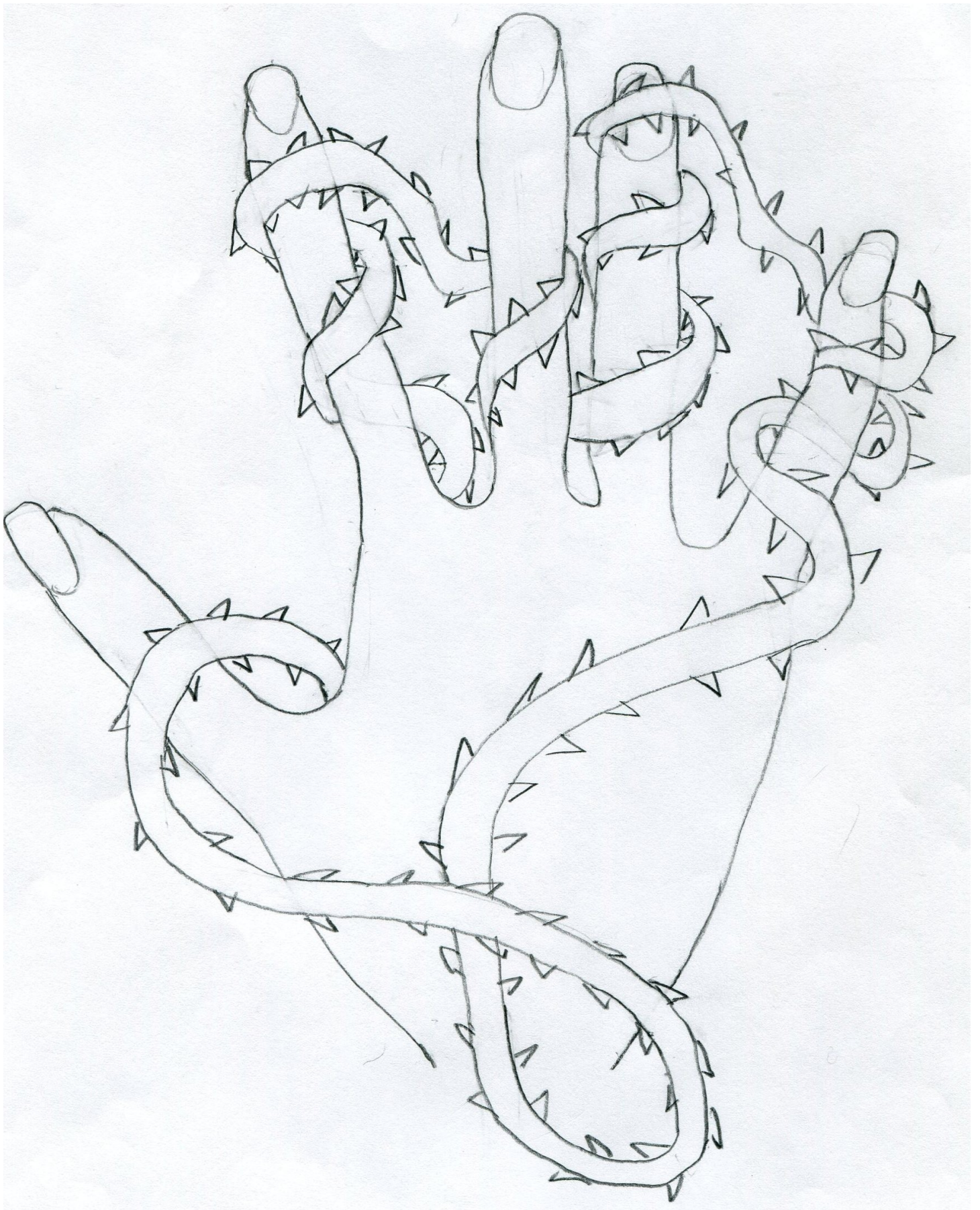
Emily McGrath

It caught me by surprise
Wheels turning,
I was on the track,
And then it hit me,
Sharp and unexpected.

I thought it would never arrive,
But it did.
One year it lurked in the shadows,
The next, it pulled up to the station.
There was no turning back.

No more fun, it seemed like.
Everything I loved came to a halt
It happened so abruptly for everyone
All aboard, it said
Choo, choo it said.

We became accustomed to it though,
It ran our lives,
So we learned to accept and deal with it.
We just gave the conductors our tickets,
It was going too fast to turn back now.



"Wrapped in Thorns" by Victoria Attis (Pencil Drawing)

#ZOOMINGIN



"Razed to the Ground #4" by Arassely Chipa (Oil Pastel)



Annika's Graveyard

Kaitlin Rink

It was May, I think, because it was relatively warm. Breezy. Sitting in some dark corner of this graveyard, because it was night, and it seemed like it was something I was supposed to do. I didn't know what I was supposed to do as a newly turned vampire.

I was attacked in the basement. Then this guy just left, leaving me with a throbbing neck and feeling not much else. It took me a while to figure out what I was. Funny how you can be surrounded by something your whole life and then know nothing about it when it is your life.

Like having children or something.

That's why research is important, I guess.

So I was sitting in the corner of a graveyard- a little freaked out because, well, it's a graveyard at night- in the middle of the night, when this girl walks in. Just like that, like she owned the place. The closer she got, the more I could see she looked like she wanted to own it. The graveyard, I mean. Long black hair, big black boots. A pout on her face and notebook in hand, classic ensemble making her way over to my corner. I tried to scoot out of the corner as inconspicuously as possible, but that backfired terribly. Naturally.

"Hey, Ivan, oh." She sounded only mildly surprised that I wasn't who she thought I was. Her voice was as bubbly as her outfit wasn't. Still, she sat down next to me, seemingly fearless, or else lacking common sense. I could have been a serial killer. Which I sort of was.

She sat down next to me and opened her notebook, and looked up at me through her bangs, an impressive feat. They were long, thick, and dark, covering most of her face.

"Did you just move here? Someone did just move into the house on Lacey's Street—"

"Yeah," I said quickly. It occurred to me I hadn't eaten in over a month- I was starving, and doubted there were any sheep or cows nearby. Deer, maybe. But all of those options turned my stomach. I wanted human blood. Nothing else would do.

And this girl was a ridiculously easy target.

"What's your name?"

"Annika."

A heartbeat- for a second, I thought it was mine, but it was only a memory. I couldn't. I couldn't drink the girl's blood- what if I killed her? I had to leave.

"Okay, then. Nice to meet you, Annika. Um... I'm gonna go home now."

"I'll go with you," she said, getting up eagerly, tripping over herself a little in the process and knocking into me. "Oh." Her face flushed. I gently pushed her upright. I suspect she did it on purpose.

"Um, yeah. Let's go." I wasn't embarrassed like I usually would have been. The intense fear I had felt a moment before was gone. All I felt, then, was a vague annoyance. And a little nervous; I couldn't bring myself to bite her. That was something I'd only done once before.

At the gate, I took a guess at which way Lacey's Street was and turned left.

"Buchanan is this way," she laughed. "Forget already? C'mon."

She grabbed my elbow and pulled me not to the right, but ahead. Buchanan turned out to be not very far from the cemetery. The girl talked quite a bit. I know we had a conversation-an actual dialogue-but I don't remember what it was we talked about. She left me standing on the front steps of the house that wasn't mine.

It took me three weeks.

She visited me almost every night in the graveyard. I couldn't hide out in someone's home. Annika would write her poetry and make me read it, and she would talk endlessly about other people, mostly about anyone she hated. She seemed to have a problem with everyone outside her social group. I thought that was a bit shallow and unfair, to be honest. Her poems seemed to be mostly about loneliness and heartbreak, all of

them boring and repetitive.

"So..." she sat down, making me jump slightly. "You know..."

"... yeah?"

Smiling softly, she took both my hands in hers, and said, "Cold hands, warm heart." A little confused, I nodded and smiled. Was that line from one of her poems? I kissed her neck.

Three weeks. I was starving. Bit her. It wouldn't kill her, anyway—I'd be a real monster if I needed that much blood, wouldn't I?

She fainted, and I took her home. She wasn't supposed to be out this late, and always bragged about how easy sneaking out was. I hoped she wouldn't do it again. She'd get into real trouble one day.

Especially if she couldn't recognize a vampire. Research is important.



**"The Bloody Ides
of March"**

by Jordan Sample
(Painting)



Ode to the Camera

Patricia Abrantes

It seems to be just a lens and a flash
Zoom in a little further
And soon you'll see it's much more
Memories saved eternally
Where time is frozen
Remembrance of the good times and the bad
All the laughter and excitement
All the vacations and experiences
Pictures of firsts and lasts
The times where smiles were faked
Just for the sake of a picture
Click, Flash
A newborn baby
A vivacious child
A dysfunctional teenager
A high school graduate
A first car, a first job
A proud homeowner
A beautiful family
A cluster of happily ever afters
Forever preserved
Yellowing pages
A dusty box in the attic
Because memories fade
But history lasts forever

Honest Living

Shatori Morgan

I keep running but my feet are far from tired
Once lost soul for hire, I hope I can inspire
Someone looking in the same broke mirror
I once felt hate me, despise me, lied to me
Close your eyes, and try to see within

without being blind

Then see all the world for what it is, ignore society
A course of actions we need to take and survive
But that's all that we're doing
Barely living making an honest living

but not living honestly

Worried about the dividends, make the ends meet
Up until you meet the end with regrets

Let us not forget who we are

Work slaves, with cars, no I won't sugarcoat it,

diabetes on the population is over bloated

Maybe you might disagree with me, dismiss the facts

But the fact is, while you're in the factory

of bacon bits

Know this, you're unaware of the fact

that you are a slave

You save and save, but can never pave a perfect road
bridge to hold your sanity above the lake of that

misery current of no currency

Let me ask you this.

What will you think about if you didn't have to think
about money?

Such a question, questions humanity

For the man or woman who truly answers truthfully

Is the one who is living honestly



The Truth of Tears

Robert Sullivan, Jr.

A single tear.
It may consist of many things.
Whether it is pain.
Whether it is happiness.
It all creates one single tear.

A mother reunited with children.
A man who has nothing left.
Cries for their safety.
But mourns for his own death.

A soul who was forgotten.
Or for the one you once loved.
May never be found.
While he wasn't the one.

Whether good or bad.
Nothing compares
To the story.
The story behind tears.

Yes, books are filled.
Filled with many ideas.
But to me the tear shows more.
More than any idiot author
Could ever put on a page.

An author's mind is limited.
Limited only to what he knows.
A tear can give 1,000 times
more details than any author
I know.

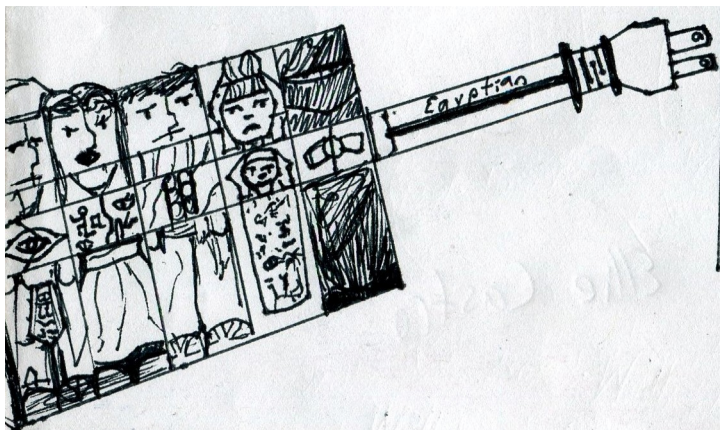
Tears can tell the story
of how two learned to love.
While it can also show
the memories of
a lover from long ago.

It tells the life of another.
From the day she opened her eyes
To the last minutes she closed them.

How a child is raised.
Beaten and tormented.
Not knowing how to live life.
No matter how hard he tries.

But tears bring a painting
with every stream made.
But the colors are hard to see.
Only because every tear
Is different from the next.

Colors of red, blue, yellow
Green, purple, orange, and pink.
Just like a rainbow.
But some are more complicated.
Mixing more colors together.



This creates colors
Colors you can't describe.
Yet you know that they're there.
But only your tears come
From your own eyes.

That's why.
That's why tears are the ultimate.
The ultimate what?
The ultimate artist!

So if a writer has never
cried he can't create a bestseller.
And if an artist
can't shed a tear
How could either one make a masterpiece?

So next time, ask yourself
Why did I cry?
But you'll have a problem
When you find
That tears can,
Tears can also lie.



"Beauty's Truth"
by Aurelia Polly

Beautiful Smile

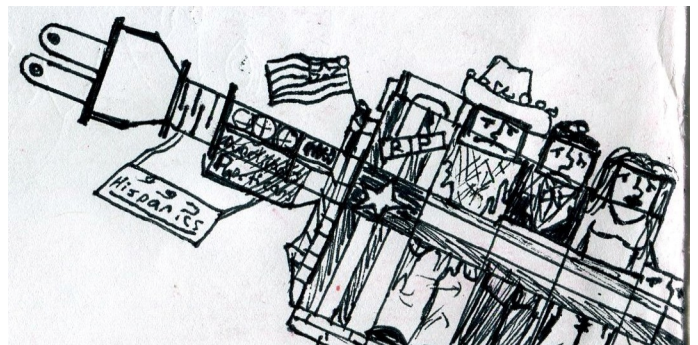
Barbara Valderrama

Everyone is blinded by her beautiful smile,
but no one sees the pain that lies
In her eyes she cries every night, she yells, wake me up from this dream
That never ends, haunting me, haunting me till my bitter end
She thinks to herself you stabbed me like a murderer

Her face became a non-stop waterfall
She cries out where is my sword, I'm starting to lose this fight
Her heart has been bleeding for so long,
when is someone going to make it stop?
She must be blind, because he was her star in this darkness
Her dark, deserted, destroyed heart was barely beating anymore
How could this be? she was like a walking zombie

But one night everything changed

She got on her knees and said without a doubt I need your help
I know you've heard me ask before
In that second she felt as if God gave her strength
Her waterfall began to slowly fade away
Her heart was repaired and beating normally again
She felt the sun rising and she became happy again
She woke up from her dream
and saw not one but millions of stars





The Death of Innocence

Caitlin Gugliotta

Sunlight drips down the sidewalk in a cheap
Imitation of wax and with that sight
My mind began to churn and ideas leap
Into the forefront and proceed to fight
For dominance. Like pack wolves over meat.
Memories of a young me burst into
Pure clarity. But thoughts turn to defeat
As all the forgotten things turn out true.
The good, yes, but mostly the bad come back.
Everything I never wanted to know.
Childhood innocence has come full track.
Never again will I be white as snow.
Memories fade to black and my thoughts turn
To dust, looking up, I see the sun burn.



"Dyscalculia" by Victoria Attis (Pencil Drawing)



Backyard

Aurelia Polly

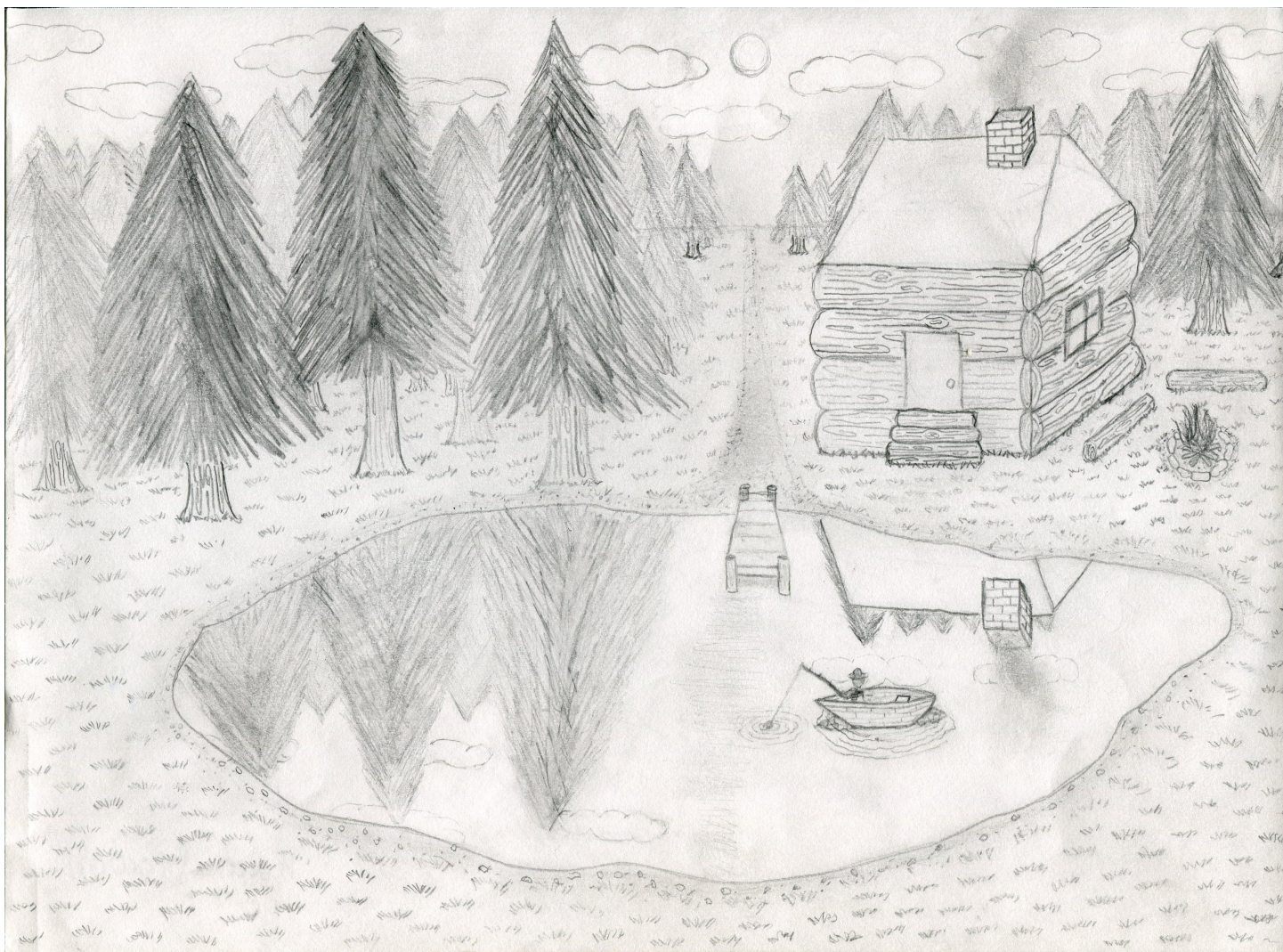
See the hammock swinging in the soft breeze
Many stories were told there,
Summers spent there
The Dagwood shades the hammock
Many summers pass
The wind whistles in the empty summer air
It's as if the world closed for a day
The sun shines bright
The pool bubbles and gurgles
The hammock sways in the wind
Life seems perfect inside that backyard

Outside the world is different
Inside those gates, there's another world
Unknown to the public
Friends and family gather for hot dogs and hamburgers
Games of softball and diving contests
Nothing seems to compare

In the winter everything turns grey,
but not that backyard
Snow glistens here
Untouched by cars and footprints
Once covered in tiny footprints,
the footprints have now turned large and fewer

Spring comes and everything is alive
The cold winter is gone,
and the grass goes from brown to green
The sounds of the mower float through the windows
The garden is overproducing pollen
and beautiful flowers,
Everything is getting to another stage of beautiful

School is out and suddenly we've made a full circle
The backyard has seen new colors, and felt new things
Suddenly the hammock is swinging in the wind again,
shaded by the Dagwood
The process is once more started.



"Cabin in the Woods" by Karen Gordon
(Pencil Drawing)



Sometimes You Just Don't Know

Khalil Dock

Sometimes you just don't know,
the way life passes, and then you go.
With your memory so vague, falling back to sleep,
Never waking back up, with nothing important to me.

I couldn't see death's face.
Even when in front of me blankly,
I had to accept, so no chance of escaping,
I would have stayed for longer with more elating.
Yet death still would have been there awaiting.

My journey has ended: I'm finally home,
how could you witness, before I've even known?
What it's like to die, in such a vigorous way.
In such manner that regret I may.
So much lost and left lifeless.

So when will freedom churn,
from this lifting light or this evil burn?
Don't look back, it's coming for you.
One mistake, and you'll be here too.
Oh how you just don't know.

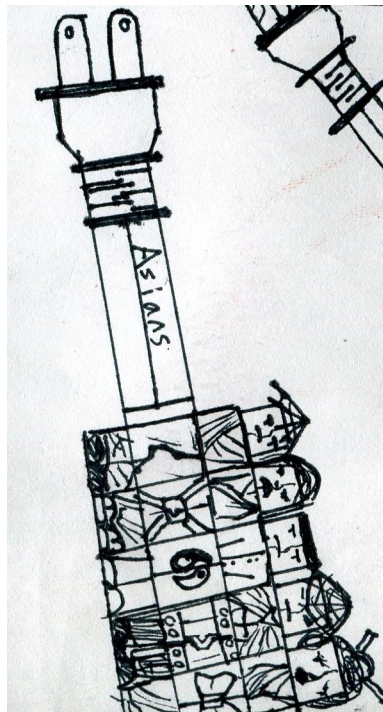
Lucid

Veronica Attis

It's deep, It's wide
It's here, it's mine
Yet still I find
I can't hold it

I breathe, I feel
It's warm, It's still
And I would kill
Just to keep it

A kingdom, it stands
A new world, its lands
I leave because I can
I am lucid





That Person in the Mirror

Victoria Attis

That person in the mirror
Is not who I want to be
Though that person in the mirror
Is all that I can see

That person in the mirror
Does not seem to care
That person in the mirror
Just stares and stares and stares

That person in the mirror
Does not care who knows
That person in the mirror
Just lets her secrets show

That person in the mirror
Only cares for what's right
That person in the mirror
Will let her future shine bright

I lied

That person in the mirror
Is who I want to be
But that person in the mirror
Is who I can barely see

That person in the mirror
May not be truly me
That person in the mirror
Will never be set free

If Walls Could Talk

Patricia Abrantes

I am not the speaker,
But I do speak of her
With her long hair blowing in the wind
The dulcet laughter that defines her,
She's unrecognizable now.
Dress hanging off her shoulder
Barely sober.
Bottled up secrets
Now out in the open.
When your worst fears come true,
Even hiding under the sheets won't help.
A twisted mess. A big mistake.
Judgmental voices circling inside her head.
Mock laughter
Tear stained face
Regrets, but no one ever forgets.
The fears she was running from are pulling at her ankles.
Weakened and alone,
People who she counted on, turned their backs
It's just easier to follow with the crowd.
Every morning she wakes up,
But it just feels like she's reliving the same nightmare.
She blames herself.
Yet no one knew this secret.
Then again, what if walls could talk?



An Old Tempest

Caitlin Gugliotta

In a neighborhood of sturdy, aged houses one stands out,
Fresh paint on the newly purchased door and its roof tiles strewn about
waiting to be used.

The foundations drying in the sweltering, simmering summer sun, yet the
builders have all

fled leaving the unfinished house open to the elements.

A stupid decision, leaving something half completed and open to violations
from the

outside.

Clouds churning in the sky like Jupiter himself has been awakened, a
tempest is brewing.

The sheet of rain strikes first...Pouring into the new house through the
unfinished roof.

Bringing complications and damage galore!

The older houses withstand the barrage, their tiled roofs patiently shed-
ding coat after coat of

falling rain.

Next the winds hit, gale force, swift and strong.

The older houses shudder under the added pressure, they bend, and hold
fast to their

foundations.

The new house isn't so lucky, its foundations lay in the ground, begun,
but left unfinished...

The gale comes whistling through swaying treetops, the leaves whispering
to each other.

Oh, how they whisper!

The mutterings of leaves are understandable to one listening closely.

They speak of the unavoidable demise that a certain new house faces.

The tempest continues.

The rain continues.

The winds continue.

As do the leaves, gloating with the knowledge that they are to witness an unpreventable

downfall.

The house shakes, quivers, trembles, flutters, rocks, roils, and finally staggers in the storm.

Beam by beam, brick by brick, wall by wall the house shudders slowly to the grassy

ground..

It's a shame, that house was to be sheer perfection. Money well spent. Luxury at its finest.

But, its fate was written already, in the quiet tittering of the birds and the bubbling in the

pond, and the wind... Whistling through the branches. Its fate was written.

The old, weathered houses watch, and creek as though they are laughing at the demise of an

outsider, not one of their own.

While the old houses look on and laugh, the new house continues to fall slowly, its final

bricks nearing the ground.

With a last moan and mighty tremble the unfinished house in all its glory, collapses.

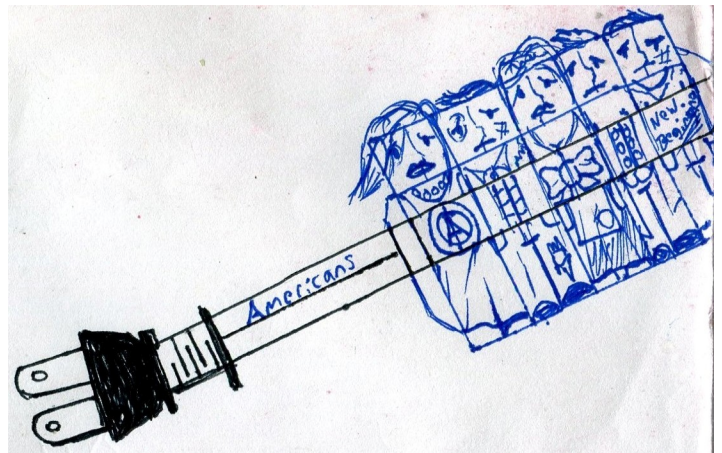
The rain continues to fall, the winds continue to blow, and the birds and trees continue to

twitter and whisper back and forth and the old houses continue to exist as though

nothing has changed.

And when all the rubble of the new, now broken house is cleared away, maybe, just maybe,

will things return to normal.





In Our Own World

Robert Sullivan, Jr.

As I sit here I look around
Recognizing every face that I see
Some are friends
Some are enemies
Some are those who don't notice me.

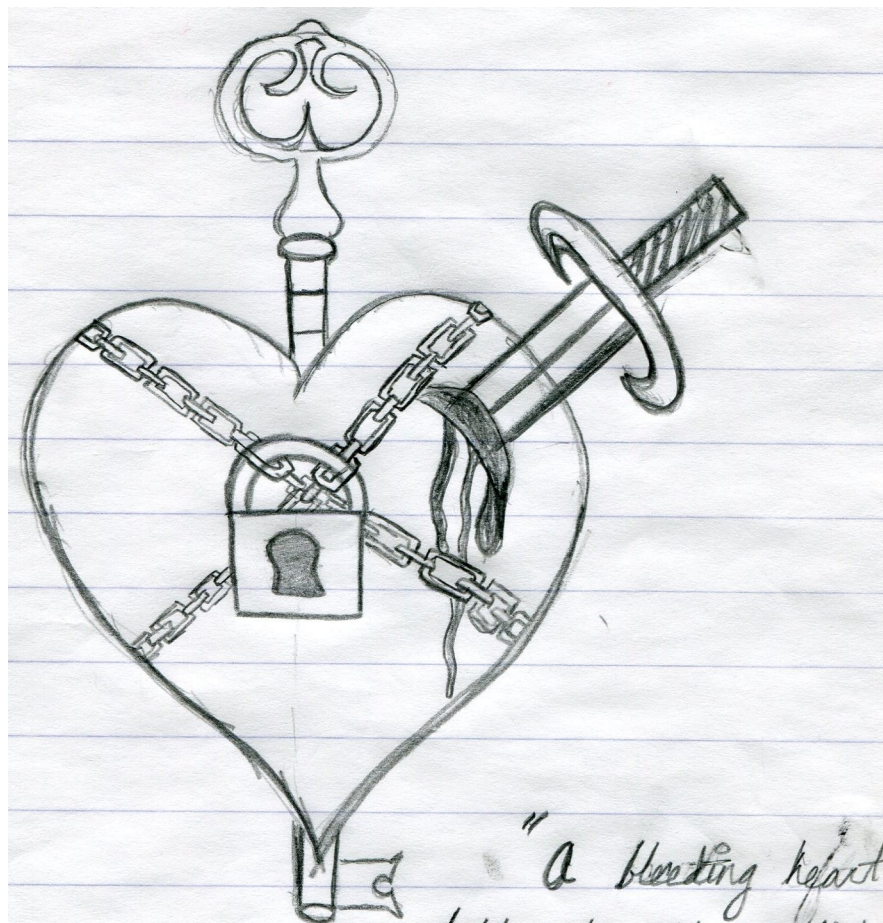
As I look I think to myself
"Our lives are a universe!"
Each individual in his or her own world.
Our worlds are automatic
No need to rehearse.

And I pride myself on how I create my world
Let me give you a program
Wake, Live life
Be respectful, Be nice
Not a lot will go on your cam.

But I'm ashamed of those
Who don't live their life as I.
Who steal, and kill
Live, or die hard
And I try not to cry.

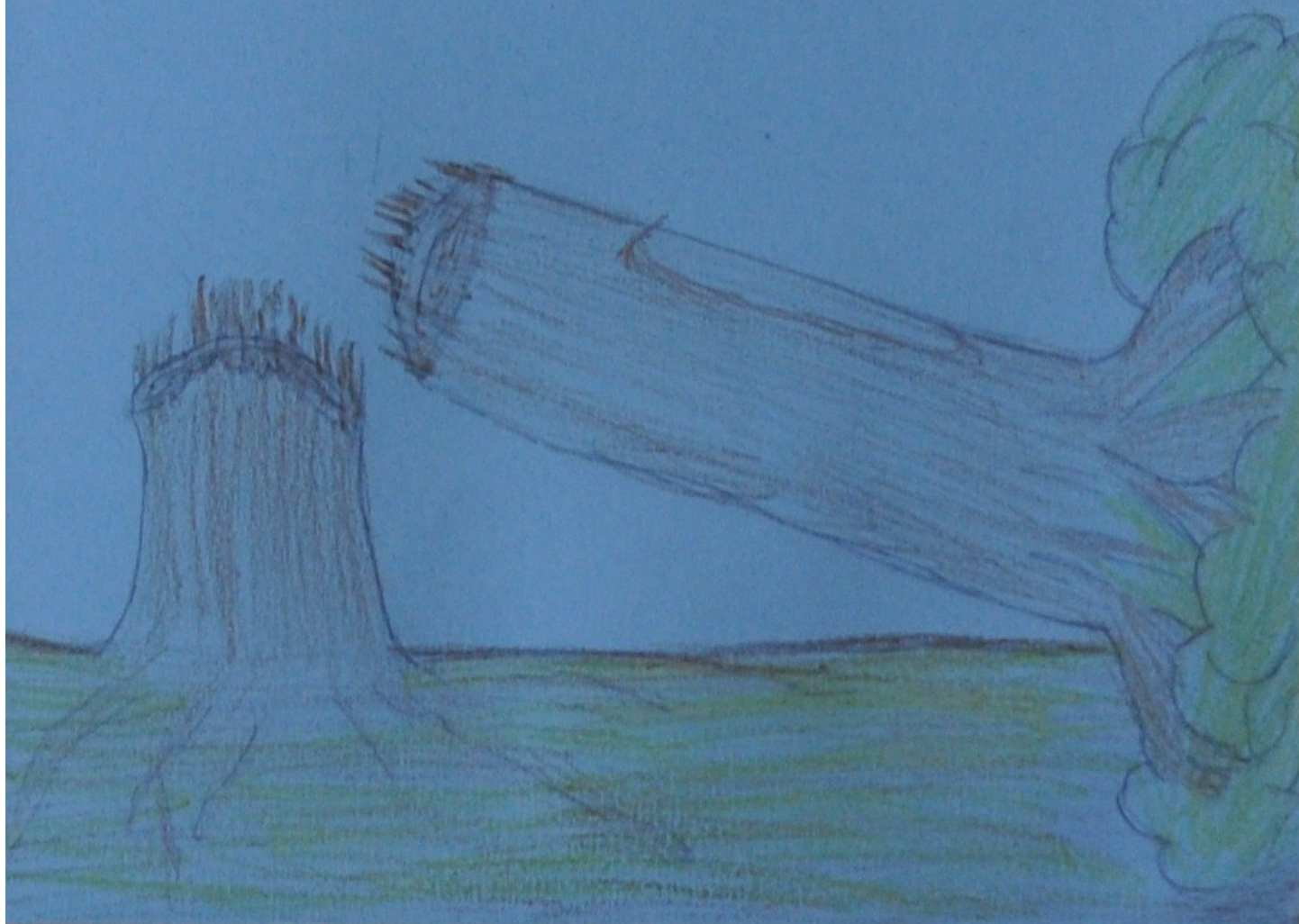
But who am I.
To say that their life should be the same as mine.
Until then I'll trust in God
Pray for their souls
And wait as time goes by.

For everyone has his or her own path.
Whether you are a man, woman.
Boy or girl
You can't change what you don't
Understand
That's everybody's world.



"A Bleeding Heart" by Robert Sullivan, Jr.
(Pencil Drawing)

#UNPLUGGED



"Razed to the Ground #6" by Arassely Chipa (Oil Pastel)

Helen

Victoria Attis

Blind
And deaf
In her
Own world
Unable
To see
To understand
How the world
Around her
Revolved around sound
Revolved around sight
And was deemed
Misbehaved
Was misunderstood
Was robbed of speech
And could not learn
Was smart
Although
No one thought so
Then Anne came along
And taught her to speak
She taught her to sign
Language was learned
And her small world grew
She finally understood
Finally knew
She could now see
That the world revolves
Around you and me
She discovered the value
Of others around her



Rising Ashes

Karen Gordon

It offered hope
That seemed to bring great light
To ignite dreams
Until it became lost
Among ashes
That brought devastation
Which put out the fire.

I was left in pain
And I was broken
In a crowded world
suddenly lonely,
Left with nothing
Except darkness
That had to be relit.

With shaking hands
I lit a small frame
That brought a light
Which grew more powerful
As the fire spread,
And finally put an end
To the evil darkness,
I have risen from the ashes.

The devastation has ended,
For the smoke has cleared,
The fire had been reignited,
The world was no longer lonely,

Although scars never fade,
And the memories remain,
Lingering through my mind,
I will continue to live

With shaking hands
I lit a small flame
That brought a light
Which grew more powerful
As the fire spread,
And finally put an end
To the evil darkness,
I have risen from the ashes.



"Orange Eyes" by Lisa Pennington (Painting)



An Ongoing Cycle

Kayla Celleri

Gold rimmed, quiet fire place,
She searches for the right logs to fill the emptiness.
She sits back and watches as she finally found sanity.
A small flame commenced, devouring the logs.
Strength built and it swayed so sweetly and smooth,
The muscular log holder guarded everything in place
so perfectly.
Moments of high points and moments of complete weakness-
But every spark of imperfection just seemed to scatter away.
The steadiness felt infinite..
Except, negligence is inevitable,
She was slowly forgotten like dust in a cold attic.
She sadly witnessed the fire dying.
The fireplace held less, now.
Nothing could revive something that was once so strong.
There was no more heat, no more fire
All that was left was left charred.
All that was left was burned.
All that was left was left as ashes.
She sat up, closed the fire place, and left.
Her temporary sanity was now gone.



"Musing on the Horizon" by Joselyne Gutierrez (Painting)



Procrastination

Tyler Rayner

I don't know what to write about
So I'm just gonna talk
About how I procrastinate
And don't look at the clock

Time flies by for me all the time
And I have no control
I always put my homework off
While eating an egg roll

But that line is a complete lie
Because I never eat
While I sit and do my homework
Or else I would get beat

Once again I just lied to you
Because I don't get beat
I just put that in because it rhymed
I thought that it was neat

So I just want to clarify
The fact that this is lame
Because it makes no sense at all
I put my name to shame

Because this ballad makes no sense
But it's completely fine
Because I'm finally finished
And gee, look at the time.

Thousand Mask Man

Jose Lopez Mendez

Some people wear masks because they have to
Other people wear masks because people make them
Have to be, what you use to be, what you want to be
Change something for something
Had worked hard to get out of this
Because it's so addicting
Mostly everybody has one
No one shows the real one
Lust is Lust
Trapped in a world of impossible illusions
Hard to find yourself, get back
Lost track of friends
Lost track of family
Lost track of life
What was real?
You have what's real in front of you but don't want to see it
People have different masks
I am an infinite mask changing who everyone really is
People who walk without a mask don't know what life is
I am a thousand mask man who you can never tell what's beneath the surface
Like you never know what is in the dark



"Pulling Down the Moon" by
Joselyne Gutierrez
(Painting)



Time

Kevin Andrade

I strolled throughout the drizzle,
Each droplet slowly patting my clothes,
The trees surrounding me with their warmth and smile.
The grass a light shade of green slowly parted as my shoes
stepped forward;
A new soul is born.

The time progresses and the heat is unbearable,
The sun blazing down on the one lighter grass,
Joy reflects off the trees as they enjoy the soft breeze,
The heat slowly disperses.

Upon looking up I view a tree,
Very dull, it hangs downwards,
Looking downwards colors dotting everywhere fill the ground,
The trees slowly begin to lose their youth
The leaves scattering in as the joy diminishes.

The cold is now bitter,
The trees barely standing now lifeless,
The ground bare and desolate,
The soul slowly deteriorates and is deceased.

Insanity

Lauren Ventriglia

I've seen people go insane.
In a blink of an eye they've gone from
Calm, Cool, Collected.
To one of the best mental patients
Antsy, Anxious, and even seeing things.
All because of what?
People have gone mental from many experiences.
Being in the army maybe?
Experiencing a loss of someone close?
What about losing a part of themselves?
Maybe.

But our generation doesn't need that kind of motivation.
You see,
I've seen people go crazy.
Not because of trauma.
Nor because of a loss.
But because of a cut off of connection.
A cut off of no phone
No computer
No social networks
No way to live, it seems.
I've seen people shut down completely.
I've seen people go insane.



"Sparkling Sky"

by Jocelyn Ramos
(Painting)

Take Me

Lauren Ventriglia

Closing my eyes, take me away.
"We want to help" is what they all say.
Lies that are told,
Simply never hold.
Take me to a place where I can get
breathing space.
I let them in, just to shut them out.
These words won't leave my mouth,
without a doubt.
Just be quiet, or I'll scream.
I'm confusing everyone else, I just don't
feel like myself.
Catch me when I fall, standing two feet tall.
In a world where nothing's the same, have
to try to stay sane.
Hold me close, but go away.
Everything around me gray.
I hate the crowds, but love the clouds.
Up in the sky flying high, nothing can pass
me by.
But reality's a knockin', back to the ground
a walkin'.
My brain is back to take me, now nothing can
save me.
I build these walls inside my mind, holding
me is what I bind.
"Take me to a place where the buffalo roam"
Take me to a place where I can call my home.
Take me to a place where I'm not alone.
I close my eyes, please take me away.

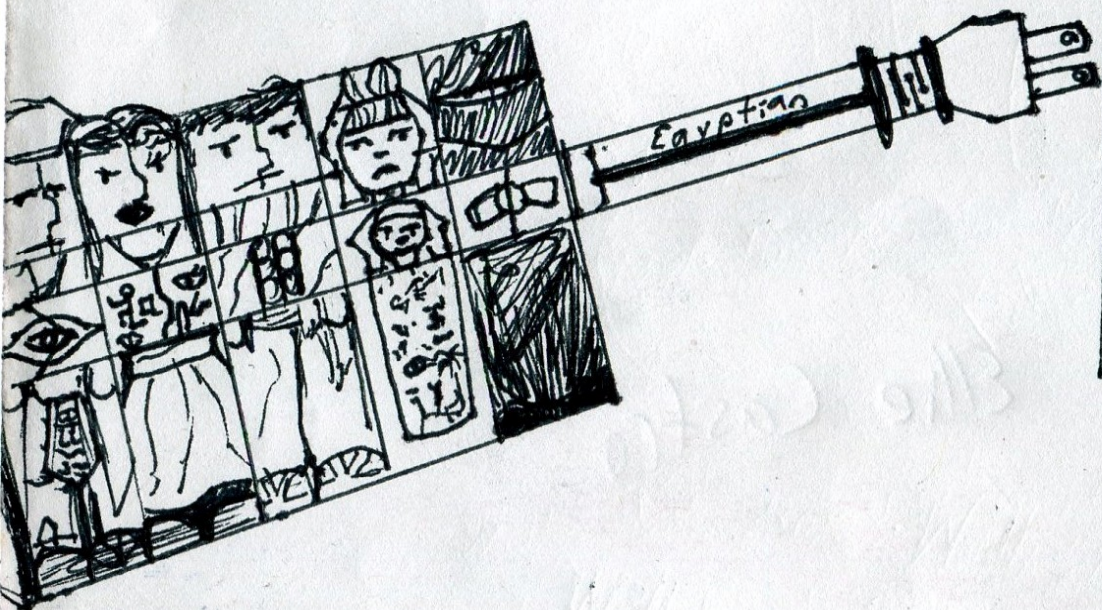


"Razed to the Ground #1-6" by Arassely Chipa (Oil Pastel)

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