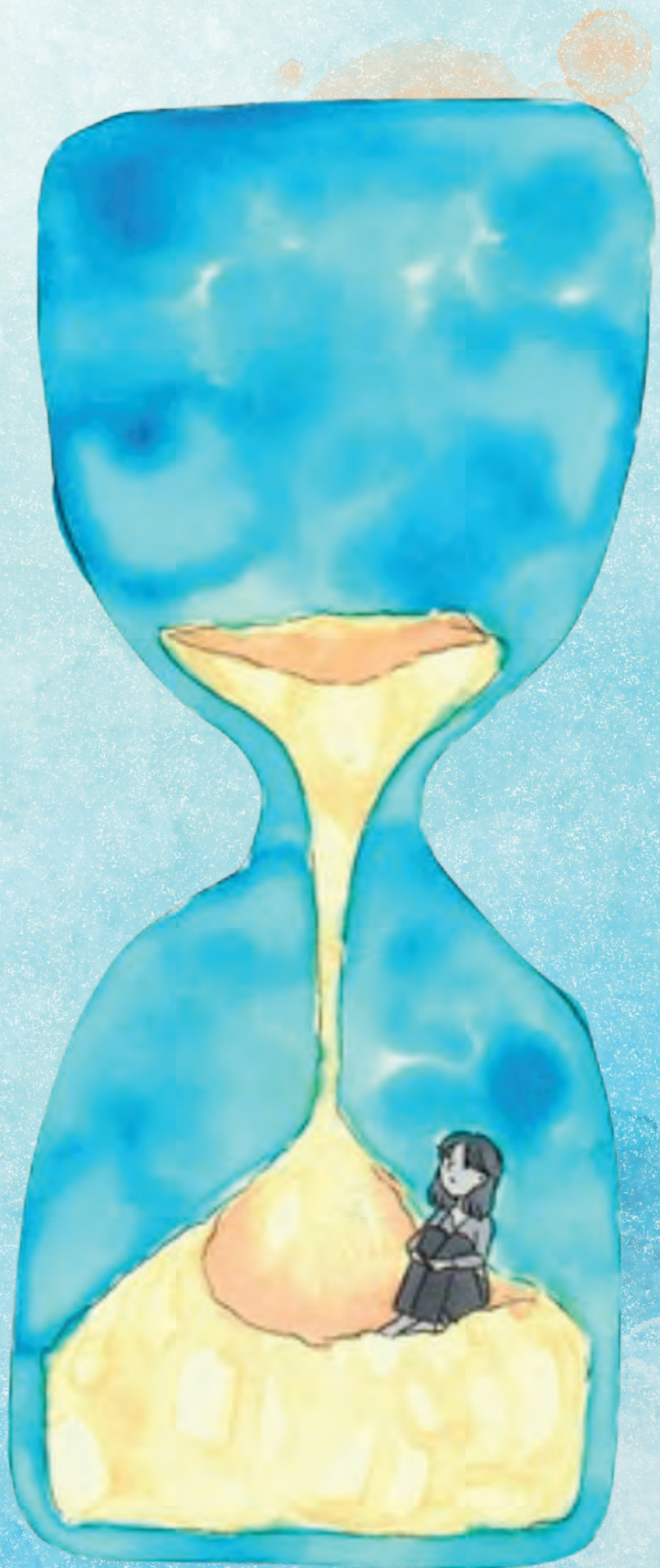


INK

ART & LITERATURE
MAGAZINE

2023-2024

**BEGINNINGS
& ENDINGS**



FRIENDS' CENTRAL SCHOOL



LETTER

FROM THE EDITORS

Hello Friends' Central!

As the editors of *Ink* we are so excited to share this year's edition with you. We are so glad we got the opportunity to put together the magazine and see such an amazing mix of art, photography, poems, and prose. Thank you to everyone who submitted their work, and we hope you enjoy!

Sincerely,
Chiara Del Testa '25
Rose Goldberg '26

FACULTY ADVISOR

Laurie Novo

FRONT COVER

Chiara Del Testa

BACK COVER

Alice Zhou

These four works are all inspired by the way the ocean looks in different states, such as the intertwining of water flow and seaweed, and the ripples produced by light and waves. I created some special effects by experimenting with different materials

Design Consultation with Mary Chawaga

Submit your work to the next edition of Ink Magazine:

INK@friendscentral.org



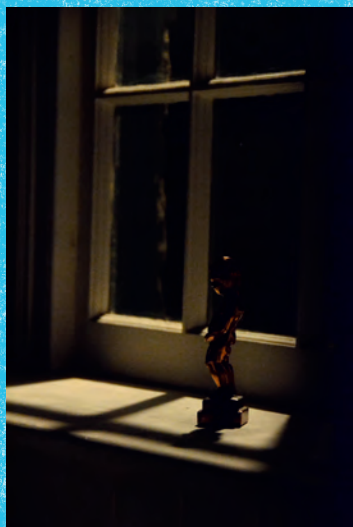
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UNTITLED

Anonymous

The smell of gasoline, the small clicking that low heels would make on pavement. The way raincoat buttons snapped or how my skirts swish when I walk. I utterly adore it. I used to think I loved these things, that these little moments were the only things I ever truly loved and ever would love because they were the things that always stayed the same. They grounded me, more so than anyone could ever ground me. And I lived with this, and I loved the things I could love. I kept a list in my agenda of the things that I loved, and whenever I got anxious, or started doubting something or someone, most often myself. I would take out the paper and read it. The graphite from the original list had faded and smeared significantly, and I had added more things with green and black pens that I had found in my bag or on the ground outside. The page was crumpled and thin, one side of it was slightly teared, typical, but still sad weathering for a piece of notebook paper.



Andrew Yu

However, now the page was overused. The things that so typically made me feel like I belonged or that made me smile just ever so slightly no longer lifted my spirits in such a way as they had used to. I realized that I never truly loved them, or maybe I did and now I had just matured, turned into the adult that I had always so desperately tried to be. Instead I had to make a new list, sitting on my bed, candles that my mom had prohibited because of their chemical manufacturing illuminating the rest of the room and casting a warm glow and long shadows across the walls. I had balled up the previous paper and thrown it in the dumpster at the back of a Walmart, just in case if I ever had the urge to go get it and unravel it and read my small scribbling handwriting, I couldn't. The paper in front of me now was the back of a bookmark that I rarely used, it was too big and had one of those ugly tassels on the top that I hated so much. I intended for this to have a more positive impact when I read my list.

The list was simple and consisted of four brief and predictable things: the library in the cold, spring birds during summer evenings, how Donna Tartt begins her narration of *The Secret History* and how she sounds while reading it (in a sub category underneath, written in the faintest of scripts: *cubitus eamus?*), and cobblestones.

I shut the book the bookmark was in, not waiting for the ink to dry, and secretly hoping that it would leave a mark on the page it was facing. I placed it neatly in the drawer of my desk, tucked back behind everything else, hard to reach and easily forgettable. Then I blew out my candles, one by one, careful not to spray the wax onto my windowsill, or my bedside table, or my bureau. Then I left my dorm, locking it behind me, and headed off to the library, my heels clicking against the brick sidewalk.

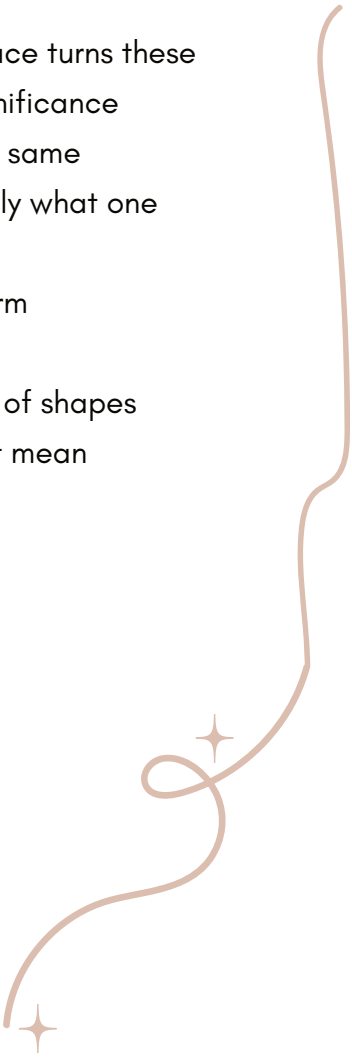


Vincent Yang

NOTHING MEANS EVERYTHING

Maya Morrison

Contraction of a diaphragm followed
by vibration of vocal chords
Hot air becomes sound waves
Or perhaps the strike of a pencil,
graphite rounding letters on paper
Clicks of a keyboard, taps of a screen
Mechanically speaking, every word is
one and the same
Strings of letters morph to create
chains of sentences
Standardized marks and buzzes are
irrational on their own
Yet somehow human race turns these
odds and ends into significance
Sequentially it is all the same
Therefore words are only what one
makes of them
Because in its truest form
"I'm sorry" is just air
"I hate you" is a jumble of shapes
and "I love you" doesn't mean
anything at all.



WHAT'S THE MOREL?

Noah Perot

o morel in the sooty earth
rejoice the coming all with mirth
who see you enter here
far more than prized truffle you
divide the parchment oft and through
till summer's warmth is near

among the arbor those who wear
a darken olive wig of hair
enshroud the daystar's rays
defiles deep with tawny tint
such beauty hurt by zestful stint
that limits fleeting days

so time asserts its ugly face
then death;
the world observes your race
and vulture cries her song
if a morel did exist
i'd pray for morels to persist
and stay forever long



HOW TO SAY GOODBYE

Anonymous

I do not have any set memory of the fairy ring that found its way into our backyard. It sat by the compost, behind the old oak tree that we used to run around, stopping out of breath and panting. I simply remember that the small ring of mushrooms was there once, and I don't remember when it left — perhaps it decided to follow me when I went away, or maybe it sank back into the ground. Or it was run over by the loud and angry engine of the lawnmower.

I do know that it isn't there anymore, and it left a long time ago. I remember my sister strictly telling me I wasn't allowed to run through it — I had to walk. This way I showed the fairies that I was thankful for them allowing me to step through. I always listened, and sometimes I would sit in the middle of the ring, feeling the damp ground through my red shorts and curling my toes around the Earth. My eyes would be closed and a sudden breeze would interrupt the sticky summer air. I would sit, hoping they were listening, and I would make a wish. It would always be the same one.

The summer we found the fairy circle was one of many summers I spent in that backyard. My time there has been filled with such peculiar wonderment that I don't think I will ever be able to place specific events in a straight and clear line. I can still recall the hole in the fence to the right. It was behind the garage and led into our neighbors' yard, then through a tunnel of holly leaves to the end of our driveway. We had to crawl on our hands and knees through it, getting mud on our clothes and scratches on our arms from the prickly bush. I still remember the kittens in the spring that we would search for in the pile of stones and planks that leaned against the chicken coop. My older brother would turn it into our clubhouse once all the chickens were gone, overrun by foxes and raccoons. I can remember every corner of the vegetable garden, and every earthworm that I held squirming in my hand, but I cannot place when I had helped my mother plant anything. I can recall the ladder swing, which hung from an old tree that I do not know the species of, but I do know the name. I would climb and twist myself over the rough bark, seeing how high I could go, fitting my body through the thinning branches. I would eat onion grass and dandelions, staying out late and catching fireflies, raising my cupped hands to my ear, trying to see if I could hear them.

I no longer can curl my toes into the ground, or tug at my tank top in the blistering heat. Now I sit on concrete steps, ants crawling around and through the crevices, observing planted roses that stare longingly at the sky. An airplane trail fading against the otherwise cloudless blue, and the thuds of a basketball across the street. Summers don't pass too quickly and I find myself ignorant to the beauty of winter — when I stay indoors doing school work and reading.

My mother speaks to me of regret, late at night when I ask her to braid my hair that I have finally grown out long enough so she can put it up again, but not long enough that I am confident wearing it to school. I sit on a stool in our kitchen as the overbearing silence of night fills the house. Her quiet words comfort me as I let her tug at my hair and weave it into a single neat line down my back. It barely reaches my shoulders, but she kisses my head and squeezes my arms when she is done.

I forget about the fairy ring unless reminded while driving by an empty field, or this year, when I was asked by one of my teachers to recall my first memory of nature. Even then, my memories are distant and almost unimportant. Now I can touch my tongue to the back of my mouth and feel my wisdom teeth coming in. At the public library, I'm able to compliment a girl's choice of book, knowing how it ends and how I read the same copy four times, my sweaty hands sticking to the plastic dust jacket, poring over the pages and smelling the fresh and somehow earthy atmosphere of the library.

Last weekend, I sat on my dad's porch, clunkily moving a rusty metal chair so I could see the backyard. In summer and the early months of fall the porch is covered in holly leaves, different ones from the tunnel, but still spiky and sharp. You have to stumble around on tiptoe in order to not get one stuck on the bottom of your bare feet, but I haven't had to do that for a while. I sat there, looking at the place I think the fairy ring was. The oak tree had fallen down two years ago, it was left there and now mosses and lichen cover the rotting trunk. A groundhog has made a home under one of the broken branches. Some of the roots stayed intact so every spring, a few smaller branches seize the chance to bud and oddly, flowers bloom and cover small patches of bark. The compost pile is gone as well, ferns and ivy have taken its place, covering the ground and creeping into the carefully groomed lawn. My lips are chapped and I taste my scarf each time I lick them. I sat there for a while and I don't know if I was overcome with nostalgia or melancholy. Perhaps it was neither and simply a sense of longing that I felt. Of wanting to be back in the undergrowth of Maine, or the naivety of childhood, or the wonderful observant state of watching my mother in admiration or seeing my sister accomplish things instead of me.

I have found similar feelings in the half abandoned home of my grandfather, and the wooden ornament of the Virgin Mary that my grandmother hung on our Christmas tree for the three years she lived with us. I visited my grandfather's house last month. Somehow, the tobacco smell was already fading from the carpeted floors, the chilly air a reminder that no one needed the house to be heated. I didn't go into his room until my mother shooed me away from her tears and photo albums. My task was to find books that I wanted to collect and take with me but when I entered his library that had turned into his bedroom in the last few months, I felt incapable. The bedsheets were creased and the clock was

still ticking, too loudly and maybe too slowly. I saw my pictures covering the bookshelves and walls. All four of us, and all of our school pictures. My crude elementary school drawings tacked to the wall next to his impressive collection of pipes. One of my too few letters sat in a too small stack of others. A book lay on the floor, knocked over and the yellow pages creased under the door. This was the first thing I touched, picking it up as hesitantly, as gingerly as I could. Unfolding the pages and tucking his bookmark and notes back into their spots, quickly glancing at his light handwriting before placing it gently on the dust covered shelves. On his desk, next to where his typewriter should have been, was a book with white pages and a clean dust jacket. The cover read: How To Say Goodbye.





Phoebe Bonin



Stella Ruggiero



Mico
Carpiniello

THE END OF THE TUNNEL

Jack Weinberg

A sunny day,
Ambling along the trail
Well worn and often walked,
Many people have come before.
Many will walk these same steps after me.
The dappled sunlight,
The tall, reaching maples,
touching branches gently,
far above our heads.
The staccato bursts of a woodpecker,
burrowing his beak deep into a tree
A groundhog, quickly wobbling past
On her way to a river.
How many have come before, enjoying nature?
And how many will come after, unable to see past their own problems?
This I wonder, fully absorbed in the beauty of this moment.
The harsh winter has ended,
Replaced by the long awaited gentle spring.



Rose Goldberg



Anika
Weedon-Miller

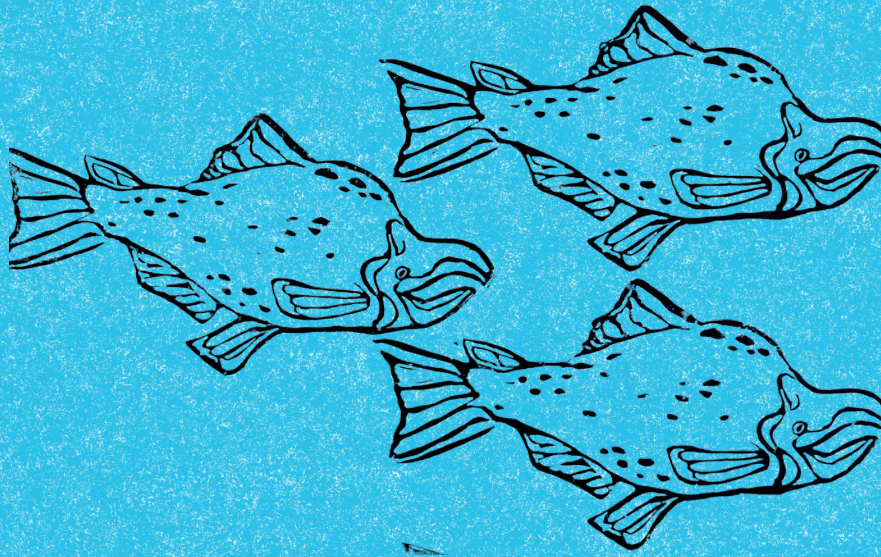
SPRING

Rose Goldberg

Spring is starting. I know everyone's excited.
To be done with winter, ready for the warmer weather.
For blooming buds, birds chirping, bright sun,
Birthdays, beginnings.

Sometimes it feels like that's all we celebrate.
Counting down the days til something exciting starts,
Then once it does,
Moving on to waiting for the next.
Whether celebrated or dreaded, only beginnings and endings
Haunt the calendar like empty brackets,
Becoming ghosts when the moment passes.

I know it's a cliché to say,
"Live in the moment!"
"Give time to reflect!"
And other things to that effect
So I won't, but I guess I'll say
Try to fill those empty squares
Before life flips to the next page



Ira
Zuckman

WOODPECKER

Chloe English

Why do you drill, Woodpecker?
What have I done
To make you this way?
Was my bark too rough for you?
Too smooth?
Were my leaves too sharp or circular?
Did I drop them when you wanted me to hold on?
Maybe you'd prefer a conifer for company.
Or maybe just another woodpecker.
I may not add much to the conversation between fowl,
But I have a purpose all my own.
I give others a place to rest their talons
And provide breath to the world.
My branches are comfort on an August afternoon
And my leaves are the enticement of October.
So I ask you again, Woodpecker
Why do you drill?
Why do you put holes in my flesh and steal from my insides?
Though I am not like you, I still deserve peace.
Do I not?

AIRPORT

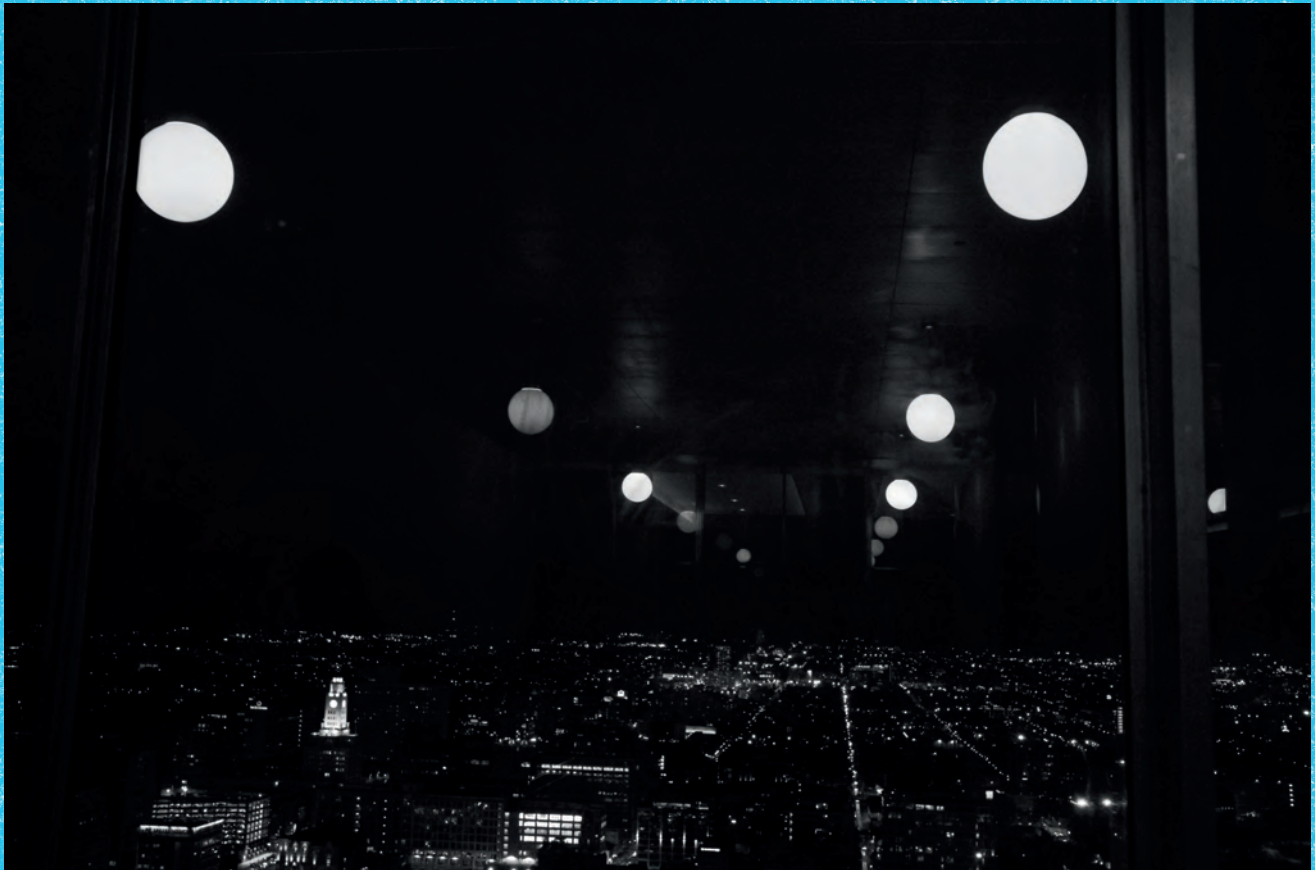
Jack Weinberg

Hummm... The constant whir of the HVAC runs, almost unnoticed. The bubbly sounds of conversation flow throughout the terminal. Click-clack. The tapping of dress shoes on the linoleum floor surrounds everything. Ding! The elevator arrives, again. The shrill sound of the poorly oiled mechanism signals the opening of the doors. The dress shoes file in, a small bang is audible when someone's heel hits the closing doors. Creak, screech. The ancient elevator slowly climbs the shaft. After what feels like hours of standing in the cramped metal box, ding! Once again, the doors open, and the clicking dress shoes quickly file out in a neat line. Tap-tap. Tap-tap, tap-tap, tap-tap. Outside of the elevator, row after row of people sit in chairs, the features of their sharp and gaunted faces illuminated by the clustered pixels they keep clutched to their faces. Whoosh! Ping! Messages are being sent and received. Humanity presses forward, the internet bearing the weight of their progress on its shoulders.

My mother takes my hand as we walk into the lounge. I feel too old for this, but do not mind it. I watch everyone, staring blankly at their devices. I think of my own tablet, buried somewhere, deep in my backpack. I remember my grandfather's exact words when I got it. He thought that seven was too young for such a device, but he grew up in the '60s, and his opinions are therefore outdated in the eyes of most. "Happy new year!" a screen reads. The display quickly shifts to a festive advertisement for some car. January 1st, 2025. As we walk, my mother mentions that I am smart for my age, that I learn from my surroundings. I know my grandfather would disagree. I know plenty of things, he would say, but none of them are helpful. I can draw well, my friends often exclaim, but my grandfather would point out that I am a year behind in math. It may seem like I have a loving family, save for my grandfather, but he is my favorite, because it seems that more often than not, the rest forget to criticize anything I do. The sour old man knows more than anyone in my family, from earned life experience, life experience that many of my generation have lost. An easy way to think of my family is a simple analogy. If my family was in this lounge, my grandfather would be the only one living. The rest? They are the gaunt figures, easily mistaken for corpses, that haunt the rows of seats.

I sit in the terminal, the cold breeze from a vent above my head has me shivering. After waiting for a bit, I decided to get some food. I ask my mom if it is ok, and she grunts a "yes" and absentmindedly digs around in her purse for a few seconds before handing me a few crumpled bills, all the while glued to her computer, the clacking of her keys a constant. I walk through the airport, playing a sort of game as I leap from tile to tile, all while dodging the busy commuters, some in such a rush that they can't be bothered to see me six inches in front of their feet. Others are so absorbed in their phones, music, or whatever else they might have. Only one person notices me, when they walk right into me and say that I should watch where I'm going. That really bugs me, but I keep going, and eventually make it to a news stand. It really is a special experience, my grandfather has told me. Not the news stand, but to be alone, and yet simultaneously packed in with thousands of people. He likened it to a single drop of water on a pane of glass. Isolated, but at the same time surrounded by the rain. The truth is, there is no metaphor that fits the experience. I've never felt anything else, but it is easy to tell that is not right. Nature is not supposed to be like this; separated in such a strange fashion.

Surreal is the word that first comes to mind when I think about it. Lost in thought, I realize I had accidentally grabbed the wrong bag of chips – the ones my mom likes. I decide to keep it and got some mentos for myself. I pay and run back to the gate, this time without any games. I get there just in time, as my mother is packing up. She closes her laptop just as I approach, and after thanking me, she takes my hand as we board the plane together, on our way to a much needed vacation.



Vincent Yang

LOVE IN A WORLD OF WATERCOLORS

Chloe English

It's hard for pencils to find love in a world of water colors. Surrounded by hues of cerulean and magenta, lime and tangerine, daffodil and ruby, it's easy for a pencil to feel dull. No one wants a shadow on a sunset or an overcast sky surrounding a rainbow. The pencils' ashen tones create an aura of drowsiness around the watercolors, who turn away. But one thing the pencils forget is that they provide the foundation for the watercolors' bright hues. Without the sketch of the pencil, the watercolors would be unable to make their beautiful scenes. So maybe the two utensils have more in common than they believed, working together to create beauty, and maybe it is possible for a pencil to find love in a world of watercolors.

LOVE IN A WORLD OF WATERCOLORS

Grace Kenworthy

My mother loved watercolors.
As a child, they were hung on every wall of our house
gentle faded colors delicately painted
onto thick white paper
They bored me.
So did men.

They were all watercolors, I thought.
Bland and pale.
Repetitive and ordinary.
Their faded colors never
caught my eye
as much as I had hoped.
Maybe I just hadn't met the right watercolor yet
my mother told me.

This woman
she dressed in bright, bold colors
unashamed.
Her curly hair was often more frizz than curl,
most of it piled on top of her head in a bun.
She spoke firmly
with confidence AND kindness
a combination
I didn't know existed.
Any man
I had ever dated
spoke with far too much confidence
condescension rooting from who knows where.
She was different somehow
her presence
like vivid acrylics coating paint brushes
stroked across canvas without apologizing.
I decided she wasn't a watercolor.

To me, finding love in a world of watercolors meant finding a woman.



WAS IT TOO LATE TO BE LOVING?

Grace Kenworthy

Was it too late to be loving?
I asked myself that question
staring into his empty brown eyes.
16 years had passed
But maybe.
Maybe it wasn't too late.
Please say
it isn't too late.

If you could go
Your entire daughter's life
without,
is 16 too late
to be loving?



Chiara Del Testa

SIXTEEN

Rose Goldberg

I'm turning sixteen soon
Middle school me would be very excited
I remember reading
every young adult dystopian fantasy book series under the sun
You know the ones
The Hunger Games, Divergent, the Cruel Prince...

And the protagonist is always sixteen
Why is she always sixteen?
It's like a magical number that authors can't resist
They need to create
a super cool badass brave special hero
and she has to be sixteen
She just has to,
I don't know what to tell you.

But here I am
Almost sixteen
wearing the same stained sweatshirt
I've had on for the past two days
and I'm not anything like those otherworldly teenagers
I'm not fighting evil monsters
or unlocking my hidden magic powers
or rebelling against a corrupted monarch
or doing any real world equivalent

It's easy to escape
to a fantasy world
and make it feel like I'm doing enough
Like I'm not worried about the future
or the present
or the past
Or how my story will go
And if I have any power to write it





Stella Ruggiero

TWO SENTENCE HORROR STORIES

Kelly McGee

The zombie apocalypse isn't at all what I imagined. It's so much easier chasing brains than trying to survive.

I love being the last person on Earth. When I post something on social media, literally everyone views it.

My toddler has a baby doll she carries around everywhere and even sleeps with. I swear I heard two small voices crying out in the middle of the night.

You're sinking in quicksand. A skeletal hand grabs yours as you take your last breath and sand fills your lungs.

I can't seem to shake this feeling I'm being watched and followed. It's weird because I'm the last woman on earth.

My wife and young daughter were kidnapped yesterday and to get them back, I have to complete the New York Times crossword. I don't have a subscription.

I've been a world-renowned ninja for seventeen long years- training, battling, and earning scars from bloody murders you can't even fathom. Unfortunately, I had to retire last month because I developed IBS.

TIME TO SOAR

Sean Scott

Why is it time always seems to fly
Like we're standing still for life to pass us by
A year starts and in the blink of an eye it's gone
Leaving us reeling like what is going on

Looking back we don't want to have regrets
Of not living to the fullest so don't forget
Reach for the stars and go for the gold
There's no limit to the greatness that will unfold

Throw off the chains of doubt that hold you down
Leave the weight of worry there on the ground
Cut off the iron anchor of fear and sail free
Only you decide who you're going to be

You'll never fly until you spread your wings
Embrace the thrill that possibility brings
Be empowered to live like never before
Take to the sky because it's time to soar



Chiara Del Testa

ODE TO THE CAFETERIA QUESADILLA

Grace Kenworthy

Burnt on the outside
Raw chicken on the inside
How does one even do that?
Apparently the women in the aprons
Stamped "KITCHEN STAFF"
know.
No Taco Bell
Or Chipotle
Or Qdoba
Or even an authentic Mexican restaurant
Could achieve the delicacy of the near inedible meal.
The most gourmet dishes
are nearly inedible.
Mushrooms
Caviar
Sushi
Blue cheese
Escargot
Cafeteria Quesadilla
Stale tortillas
And expired sour cream
Salmonella
And food poisoning
Scrumptious.
When my grandparents ask me
"What will you miss most about high school once you graduate?"
I cannot help
But to respond
With two words.
Cafeteria quesadilla.

the box

Maya Brothers

if somebody offered you a box with everything you've ever lost
what would be the first thing you'd look for?
would it be the strands of fabric left from your baby blanket
or the heart stuffed into a build-a-bear with blue overalls
that once laid on your mother's rocking chair
maybe it would be the tom ford eyeshadow that disappeared from your
purse
or your virginity

maybe it would be the retainer that held your top teeth after your braces
came off
or your ipod 5th gen that somehow ran away from you
it had your favorite playlist on it
maybe the ring you found at goodwill when you were seven
that you tossed under your bed because it no longer fit your pinky
would be sitting gracefully on top
you could've sworn you packed it when you moved out of the old house
it could be the broken camcorder that stored videos of your grandmother
maybe you'd look for her instead

would it be the tank top you wore that one summer night
or your temper
you could search for the lily pulitzer coin purse that vanished from your
backpack
it had seventeen dollars and fifty cents in it
you spent the missing part of the twenty buying ice cream for your
childhood best friend
maybe in the box, you'd find your innocence

you could find the boy you never got over
who you spent the harsh winter with
he told you he loved you to the moon and back
or maybe after a little digging, you'd be holding your own hand
which once had your curiosity wrapped in embroidery thread
hugged with the soft touch of purity
in the box, you'd find things you forgot slipped away from you
as you allowed yourself to unravel into humanity
and sitting on top of the box, you'd see your reflection



Vincent Yang



Daphne
Yorks



Stella
Ruggiero

the great oak

Maya Brothers

under the great oak, there are girls like me
beautiful in their decomposition, waiting to either be chosen or to rot
who wilt for the sun and blossom for the moon
who feel everything there is to feel so deeply
who taste my words on the tip of their tongue and
feel my breath at the depths of their lungs
whose faces span far beyond their age
but hearts stay forever young
under the great oak, they sit and ponder
the matrices of reality - contemplative and meditative
who, in their whimsy stay firmly planted
getting high off the smell of freshly cooked dinner
and drunk off of sunshine and ice-cold lemonade
lament on my sweetness until it makes their teeth rot
make my words jumble and poise exhaust
they compel the tides to harness their power and wade in and out
as tears stream down their rosy cheeks
whose sickly smiles could still cure illness
souls a mesmerizing disaster
flowers wilt as they curl up
shielded from the sun
they pry its petals from its life-giving stem
and toss them onto the earthen roots beneath them
he loves me, he loves me not



Sean Scott

THE ADMISSION DOOR

Poyraz Ozer

A Screenplay inspired by "Exit West" by Mohsin Hamid and by the parable "Before the Law" by Franz Kafka

"The gatekeeper sees that the man is already dying and, in order to reach his diminishing sense of hearing, he shouts at him, 'Here no one else can gain entry, since this entrance was assigned only to you. I am going now to close it.'"

From parable Before the Law by Franz Kafka

Scene 1: The scene starts in front of a heavy iron gate. It is closed. There is nothing to be seen around. It may be in the middle of a city or similar. The boy knocks the gate. The knocking sound is deep. A heavy built, tall man in an old fashioned suit emerges, he stands between the boy and the gate.

The man: "Yes, what do you want?"

The boy: "I want to be admitted to your university."

The man: The man looks down at the boy, he observes the boy without curiosity. "You know it is not easy to go through this door. Thousands, not only thousands, hundreds of thousands tried to go through, but only a few succeeded."

The boy: In a very low voice, "Yes, I know, but I want to try."

The man: He observes the boy for a while. "Did you bring your paperwork with you?"

The boy: He has a big file folder, hands it to the man. The man refuses to take it and points out a box next to the gate.

The man: "Put it there. Somebody will look at it later. I will take it to the second admission officer when I have time. I am a busy man, you know. I am an important admission officer. Next admission officer will take your file to the next one, and the next one, and so on."

The boy: "Thank you, sir." He hesitates. "May I have a look through the gate? I want to see if your university is how I imagined it is. Is it like the pictures I saw before? Highest clock tower, most picturesque gardens, most clever people?"

The man: He opens the door slightly after thinking a while. "Just a glimpse. We are the best university in the country, you know? Best of the best. Maybe more than that."

The boy: He has a quick look, gets very excited. The admission officer closes the door.

The man: "If you want, you can wait here as long as you want, but be aware, thousands, no not thousands, hundreds of thousands waited. " He goes through the door and closes it behind him.

Scene 2: Many years passed. The boy is an adult now. He is thinner, smaller.

The boy: He knocks the door. His voice is lower, lost excitement, more submissive. "Sir, sir, may I go through the door? Am I accepted?"

The man: The door becomes ajar. We can't see the man, but hear his voice. "No, not yet. If you want, you can wait here as long as you want, but be aware, thousands, no not thousands, hundreds of thousands waited."

The gate closes one more time, maybe for the last time.





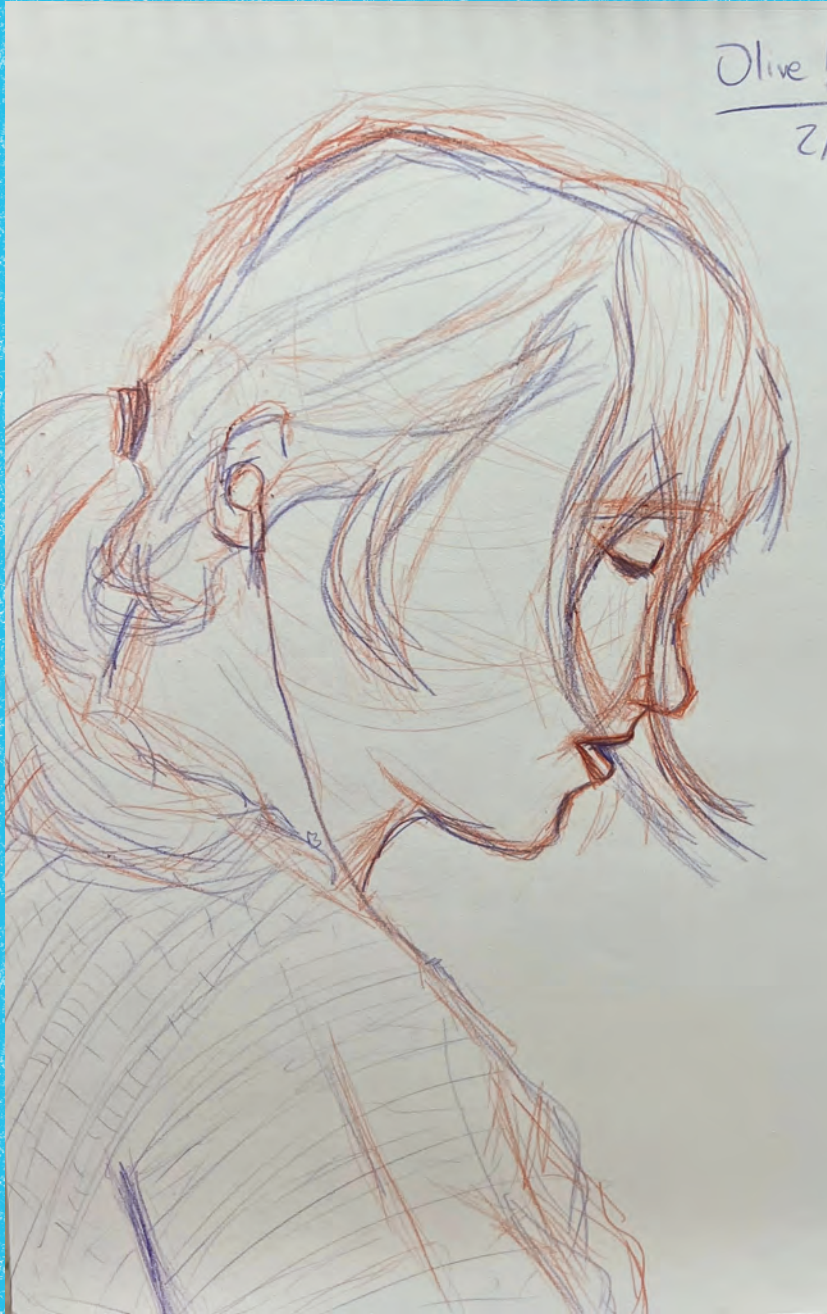
Sasha Giuntoli



Sasha Giuntoli



Chiara Del Testa



Stella Ruggiero

ECLIPSE

Sean Scott

The afternoon sun illuminates the sky,
Sending its light and warmth
Millions of miles to reach us.
We watch the sky anticipating
An event staged in the cosmos,
Forecasted for years.
An eclipse.
We suit up with our glasses,
Their shades blocking the sun's rays
From our eyes as we crane our necks
And join the excitement.
The moon appears and we cheer
As it begins to cover the sun,
Slowly but surely
Making its presence known.
The rare sight of a crescent sun
Captured by countless cameras,
Glowing its brilliant yellow,
Defiant.
During totality the moon relishes
Its precious moments of victory.
At last the mighty sun is humbled!
The crowd stands in awe.
Satisfied, the moon moves away.
It is content with the night sky
But every so often likes to show up
To photobomb the sun.



Vincent Yang

