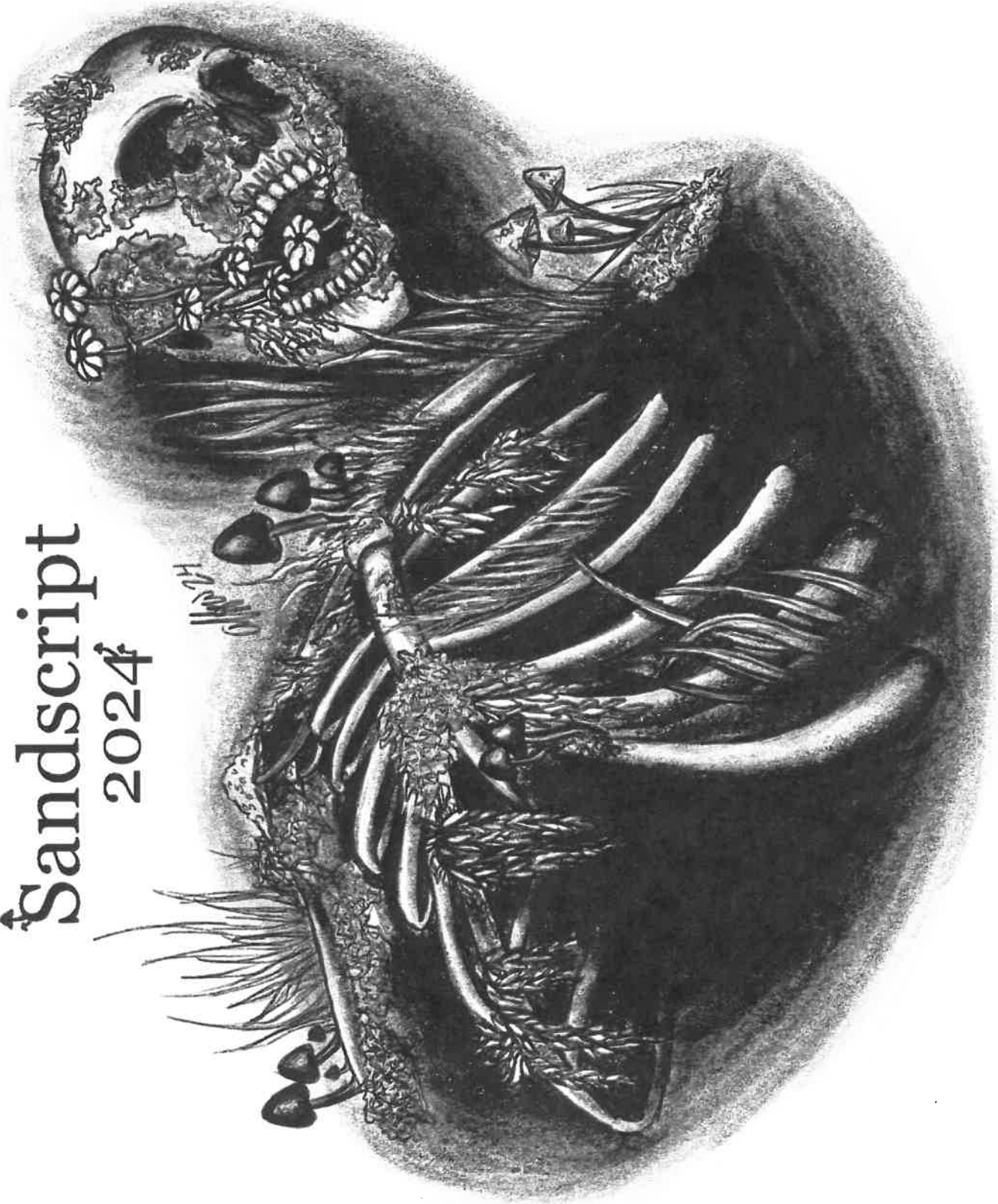


Sandscript 2024



SANDSCRIPT

2024

Monomoy Regional High School

Club Members

Ashley Smith, President

Jasper Hayes, Vice President

Emily Gray Jordan MacRoberts

Vaughn Jamieson Talia Perez

Jason Elhilow Savannah Eldredge

Emma Eldredge Corrinne Pina

Chloe Horan Emma Capen

Davion Dawkins Aedan Leahey

Caroline Vitolo Kyra Howard

Cover Design: Olliver Tadema-Wielandt

Advisor: Lisa Forte-Doyle

All Apologies • By Jason Elhilow

The pain I've caused,
The mistakes I've made,
Have only ever led to evil.
All apologies.

The scars I've left,
The dents I've stamped,
Show how I used you.
All apologies.

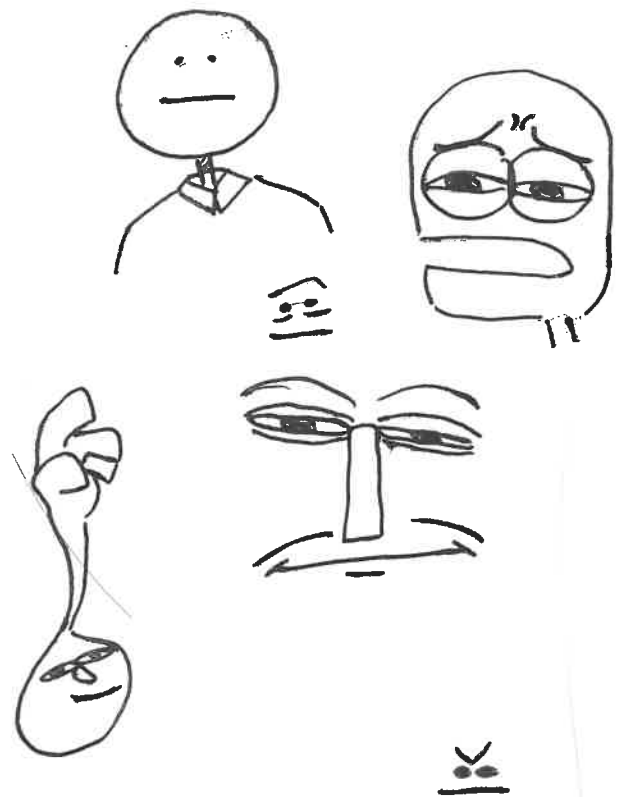
The smile I've darkened,
The joy I've squandered,
Prove the hurt I burdened on you.
All apologies.

These empty sorries mean nothing.
I know that, you know that.
We know that.
But they're all I have to offer.

Time can never,
Heal guilt.

And neither of us should feel that.
Especially you.

All apologies.



To the pizza shark of the person who danced very silly today:

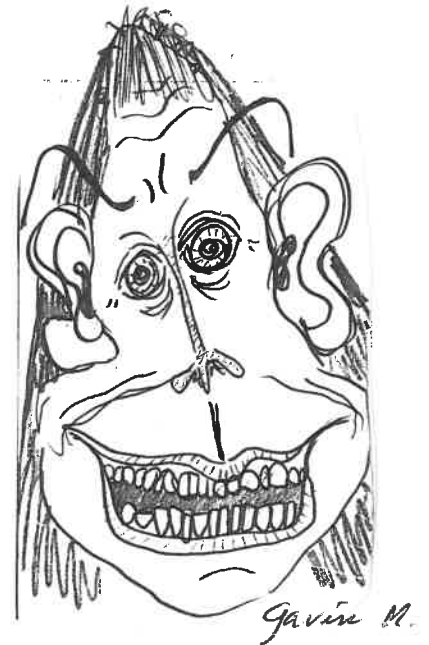
The only thing that's exhilarating for me is the blue bicycle that swims.

Biking is my favorite hobby when I am depressed from schoolwork.

Depression is bottomless when I don't bike enough on the vast trails.

My very special friend, who likes talking, ponders how the dirt speaks.

Surprisingly, I am not afraid of the awful monster from down below me.



This poem was collaboratively written during a Sandscript meeting by all members, using improvised word play.

She dances
Dances regardless of her troubles
The missing half of what was once a pair
And no matter what,
She dances without care
Even when the darkness is the brightest thing in the room,
She dances as if it doesn't affect her
She dances no matter if it is sunny or raining because that's the way it has always been
Her name was Emily Gray
And she was dancing in Bubba's Sulky Lounge



-Sandscript club writing pass around activity

Contest Stories!

Masked Power

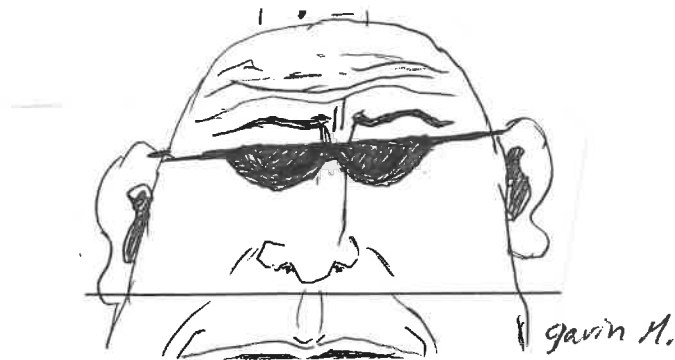
The woman staring back through the mirror was not me. Her lips parted the same and her hair fell around her shoulders with ease but something was off. Something about her eyes set red flags flying in my mind. I reached for the glass mirror, and her hand did the same, mimicking my every move. I won't fall for her schemes. Those eyes looked as if they were seeing right through my soul, but she made one major mistake. Her breath was off two beats. *In... In... Out... Out..* Her careless instincts were the chink in her rusting armor.

Charlie Ducott

Ruin the files or ruin my life?

Lacey poured coffee on the files just in time before Detective Walter walked in. The paper stained brown and the writing illegible; she knew she saved the day. If what was written on those records had ever been read, she and her sister's lives would have been ruined. No one can ever know what they did that day; the death of their father must forever remain a mystery.

Ava Duncker



Time is running out.

The sand in the glass is almost out, the future is nigh. I know about the end. I know running and screaming are pointless. I know the hidden are found and the truth comes to bite. But I must. I must hide, run, scream, and grasp for a chance at life. I have been running for all my life, running from death. Everyone I loved hesitated. They didn't learn their lesson. They didn't live long enough to. But I'm slowing. And I know, the years I've lived are not enough, can never be enough. I'm trapped by my own mortality.

Emma Eldredge

More Contest Stories

Showers

The world laughs with flowers and cries with rain. It sighs with the wind and sits in the sun. The flowers are dying, the wind is so strong. The sun is still shining, but where has the rain gone? The rain is gone, the flowers are dead. The sun is still shining, yet leaving us with dread. The world had no tears left to cry, no laughter to spare, the wind is still going because he's howling in his own despair. The sun is its only friend, yet leaving him dry. He has no tears left to cry, yet no idea why.

Savannah Eldredge

The Beach • By Jason Elhilow

A shining smile. A shadowed sun. Three people, riding a rotating wheel, stared at the sand below. Waves whisked in and out, the water's blue hue dimming as the sky settled. The night was close; the end was near. But that didn't matter. It never mattered. Laughter and joy came from the brash beings in the air, bearing the beautiful burden of the beach bestowed upon them as day turned to dusk; orange, red, yellow, and eventually, black, enveloping them. Silence soon surrounded the serene scene. It was over.



"How the World Almost Ended"

I woke up one morning to find I could fly. I was so excited! I could fly! Could anyone else? I flew out the window; I flew through the town. I flew right side up; I flew upside down. What could I do with this newfound power? I could conquer the world in less than an hour! So that's what I did. I took over the world. Nobody could stop me. That is, until they did. It didn't take much; some helicopters and guns. Well, at least I tried, and I had a good run.

Corinne Pina



A Prayer For Tearless Eyes

May I rise from soot and rubble,

May my losses make me humble,

May the might of those who pray for me keep me up each time I stumble.

May a bright light lie in front of me to guide me through dark tunnels.

Here, by the thoughts that trouble me,

Here, by the blows that crumble me,

May my faith hold firm and comfort me-

Throughout all blades that seek to cut me down,

May I have faith like a Phoenix.

When I am lost, May I be found.

Jude Hutchings-McMahon



Sestina (Inspired by Mary Shelley's Frankenstein)

By Abby Considine

From a whim emerges the breath of life
Without a touch of divinity, merely creation
For the purpose of ridding the world of its monsters
The creation desires love
But instead finds grief
Of the horrified creator to which it cries

But soon comes an end to the cries
It learns of life
It learns of grief
and of the vitality of creation
until those it loves
scream monster

It is the monster
deemed so by their cries
hold close your love
and claim a life
through creation
the creator finds grief

but in this grief
and eloquence of the monster
who begs for the gift of creation
somehow pleads and cries
give me life!
through another to love

begrudgingly it is given a love
but once again encounters grief
when the promised life
is declared a monster
too late for cries
instead swears itself the enemy of creation

marriage is the creation
incapable of love
so it feasts on the cries
of grief
it is but a monster
thus to it, I devote my life

so here I pursue the creation, across an icy tundra devoid of life
until in my sickness and grief I fall prey to death who cries
but the monster he weeps, for it seems I was his love



AI image #1



Corinne Pina

Response to AI image

She was drowning. Falling. Whatever. She desperately grasped at nothing that she couldn't grab a hold of. The water's hands dragged her down, down, down until she was fully submerged. She kicked through the water up, up, up, but the surface seemed so far away. She could feel her lungs stinging, burning with that need for air. Her legs kicked until they were scorched, and her arms were lead. She thought she'd never make it to the surface, but just as that thought crossed her mind, she burst through the surface. She gasped for air, taking in gulps at a time. Her lungs healed. Her legs slowed. She was no longer drowning.

More AI responses

The World In The Sky

Emma Capen

The world in the sky
That no one knows of.
The land this story unfolds from.

Too many have jumped
Down
Into the abyss.
Too many funerals have ensued
Causing for our small world to grow
Smaller
And smaller
Until I am the only one left.

Because I cannot jump into the abyss
I cannot leave this city
I am stuck

Within the confines of this tortured land
Because of the deal, I've made
The story that I am forced to carry
Of my love
For family and friends
Who have left years ago
Into the ever-present abyss

They left me here alone
In this vacant forest.
This awful island
My forever home,
Where I am forever alone.

The abyss becomes more and more appealing
I think that maybe today
Today
I'll jump
And then reality comes back to me
Crashing into me as violently as the waves batter my island
To where I have no love
No family
No friends
And everyone is lost

To the average person, they see a simple bowl of soup

But to the imaginative, it's a place of life

Bits and pieces merge to create trees and a lively

A ring of yellow trees circling the beautiful crystal
water like a pack of hungry wolves

Steam rises and forms thick clouds, which obscure
the wonderful synthetic nature

The town now abandoned, left to be reclaimed Mother Nature

Ethan Rosecrans

And hope for a better future
is finally
fading

More AI responses

I see this meal
this meal right here
This meal that will be my undoing

I see this meal, this swirl of colors,
a masquerade of beautiful life
will be my death

This soup will be my last
I gaze at it with sadness.
I know they don't want others to know
For me to become a beacon
from their cold darkness
So this is their way
This is their way of keeping me quiet
Of dimming my light
my life

But oh, it looks so deceiving
And I am oh so hungry
I see a forest, a moon, an ocean
The beauty of life in this cursed soup of death

To Part Ways • By Jason Elhilow

A journey to another world.
A time to walk away from fantasy.
A start to life and an end to bliss.
A bowl filled with soup.

The world turns.
My stomach churns.
This feeling one yearns.
I have to leave it all behind. It burns.

But I can't. I know I can't.
To change is to slant.
Slant to my demons.
But it is also into substance. Into life.

Into the inevitable.
Out of the pot into pain and opportunity.
Leaving the warm broth for a spacey void.
Unknown. A blank canvas. A whole new me.

To part ways with "freedom," and step into freedom.

Emma Eldredge

Another
response

Lord of the Soup

by Davion Dawkins

Soup.

Whimsical in its glory, mocking me with its form.
Changing its bask, showing me memories of. . . . me?

Preposterous, nothing but a reflection.
Drool runs down my chin, a beckoning of the Soup.

Comfort in its glory is improbable, laughing at me I feel I am.
More drool gushes down me, and I feel my brain pulsing.

It shifts into me, the Lord of the Soup beckons to me.
Lord of The Soup, a welcoming name, inside me as one.

I am the soup, my tongue is swollen, the pumpkin in the soup.
The blood runs outside me like the broth, luring me closer.

It shifts back to its whimsical, holy glory.
The soup is me.

I am soup.
Soup.

I delve into the plunges of it, warm and boiling, my eyes attacked with
holiness.

Burning, and a blizzard of hell and scalding, then none.
Eternal sacrifice to Lord of the Soup, sacrifice to myself.

The Lord of the Soup always wins, foolish humans.



AI Image
#2

Response to
AI image
#2

Never Enough Answers

Madness lights the fire
The lady has not left her house in twenty-four years
Child's artwork still hangs from the walls
Even though no little hands have come close to her house in over two decades
Her life decays
While her house stays the same
Frozen in time
To send her back to a time when she was still sane
Captured in a photograph
Her life as it was
Is not how it is anymore

She knows there are four paths to take to get out
The question is, which one?
Four tightropes loom over the very tip of her haunted castle
One leads to a do-over
She could restart this entire life again
And not reaper the same mistakes
That led her to this insanity
The other leads to new beginnings
A new life
A fresh mind - maybe even one that comes intact- unlike hers
The other leads to a world of endless suffering
Which practically describes her current situation
And the final tightrope will end it all
No more of anything
Just silence

The only problem is she doesn't know which tightrope leads where
The half-purple and half-red (with spurs of gray thrown in) haired lady
Has been trying to solve this mystery for an eternity
The chaotic frenzy that is her life relies on choosing one
For she will never die without crossing the tightrope
The mania causes a craze in the town
But no one dares to come close
For they fear they could catch the same fate

The mysterious lady only knows a singular rule:
Whatever she picks
Will stick with her forever
The voices that she has become all too familiar with haunt her dreams
Every dream becomes a nightmare
Her entire life has been enamored by this misfortune
Christmas decorations still hang outside
For she has been too fearful to step out
Of her four walls of misery
For something so unnecessary

Her mind stirs with uneasiness
Hoping to crack the code of which tightrope
But until she does
She won't risk it
Although her house may tell a story of boldness and passion
The lady keeps a tale of sorrow and distress
Forever unsure
Forever insane

Chloe Horan

Another response
to # 2

The Heart's Soundless Dance

Jude McMahon 2024

Soundless is the dancing heart that cries as it is torn apart,

But never does it cease it's loving sound.

Winds and waves may come and go but even through the rain and snow the artist at his canvas
taps in tune..

As the artist sways his mighty hand to the rhythm of the mourning band,

He shines his lonely light out to the seas.

And the beauty of the midnight moon is shone upon his visage soon,

For he looks up to the stars, and he breathes.

Passion is the faithful dance that grows and blooms like spring-time plants, with the magic of the
artist and his pain.

As one by one they gather round he lets out a sweet melody, the song of sorrow, solo like the
moon.

And one might simply close their eyes and dream about the azure skies that wisp around the tips
of sandy dunes.

As the artist sways his mighty hand to the rhythm of the mourning band,

He paints away a path through hearty trees.

And the beauty of the midnight moon is shone upon his visage soon,

For the dark may be but the light will come again.

So in harmony the paintbrush weaves,

Crashing like the stormy seas,

In unison with the nightly mourning band.

Endless Boredom

We have all the time to feel bored.
No more pranks to do, no more inhaling the splendor of screams.
All the time my chains keep me in paradise.
Bored and together, we spend all our time in fantasy.

Davion Dawkins



The End.

I feel like the world is ending now,
Wondering what to do is starting to hurt my head

Ava Packett

Deringer Beringer
Music is a weapon
only in good hands
is it used wisely.
Music moves mountains
But search for the music
That moves you.

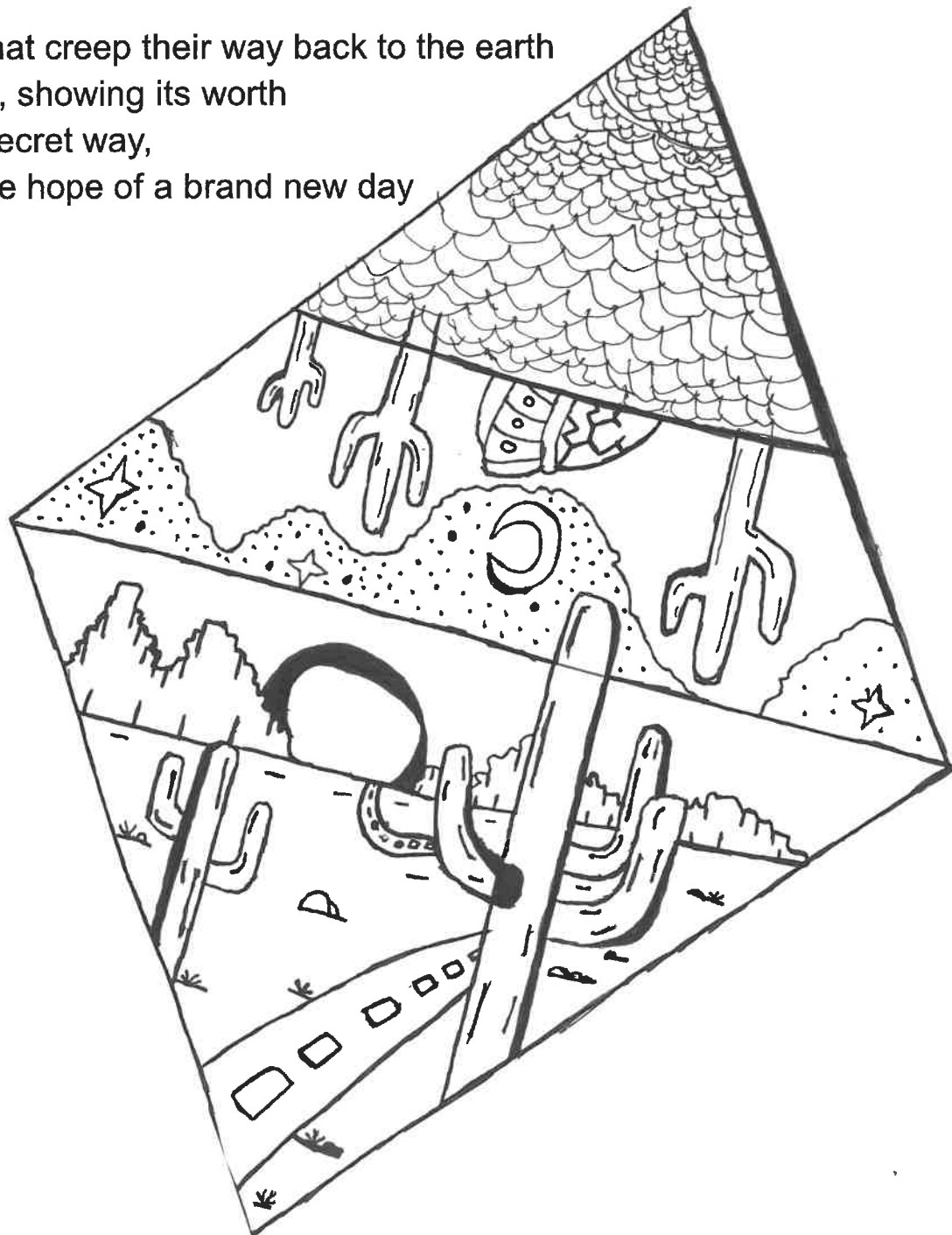
Ben Mcgrath

Love is a sly spring, in nature's hidden scheme,
A subtle undercurrent in a secret stream
The bursts of color that blossom in the rain,
Like love in the air that eases the pain

Like the first blooms, it softly appears
And without hesitation, removing our fears
It sneaks into our hearts like a gentle breeze,
Undetected, but it aims to please

Like the animals that creep their way back to the earth
It remains in place, showing its worth
For in its sly and secret way,
This love brings the hope of a brand new day

Vaughn Jamieson



the burden of

being old

was

rarely satisfied,

big and tight

and

a

mirror.

native

to

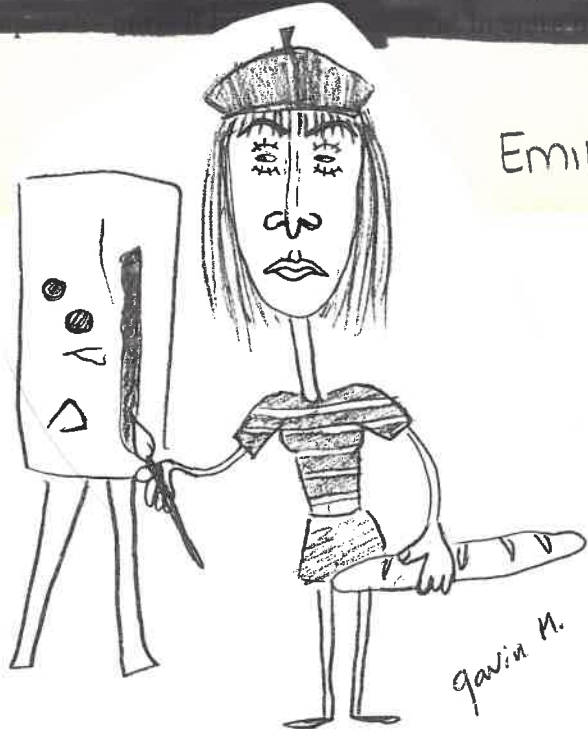
the

young



before ~~she~~ her ~~in front of her, behind her, to~~
~~the right to the left to draw to the~~ men
 and women from distant places and they came
 bringing the produce of their lands, palm oil and
 kernels, ~~and~~ and took home many colored cloths,
 smoked fish, ~~and~~ and plates. These
 forest people. The other half of the ~~was~~
 by the ~~came~~ came down by canoe, being
 in ~~was~~ was a big ~~with~~
 a lone
 fisherman and his wife in a small vessel from the
 fishing ~~moored~~ moored ~~the~~
 bank and sold their fish, ~~the~~ the women nagging. The
 woman then walked ~~to~~ to the heart of the
 the heart of the ~~the~~ the ~~the~~
 home she bought ~~and~~ and
 and ~~the~~ the Igbo women ~~the~~ the evening
 they took ~~and~~ and
 paddled ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ the ~~the~~
 until it was just ~~dark~~ dark ~~on the~~
 water's ~~and~~ and ~~the~~ the ~~the~~
 and backwards ~~it~~ it ~~the~~ the ~~the~~
 place of the forest people who were called Igbo and the
 alien ~~the~~ the folk whom the Igbo called Olu and beyond
 whom the world stretched in ~~the~~ the
 like ~~the~~ the others ~~the~~ the
 Having passed his ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ the
 to Umuara to work as a ~~the~~ the
 the all-powerful ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ the
 600 ~~the~~ the ~~the~~ the

Emily Gray



Jordan MacRoberts

Good Grief • By Jason Elhilow

God.

My God.

"Oh My God."

"Wow."

One Year Ago

I lost someone. I lost a part of me.

I wanted to find the right words.

Yet "Oh My God. Wow." was my response.

For once, I had to truly grapple with

Grief.

Hard grief, bad grief,

Good grief.

Good grief?

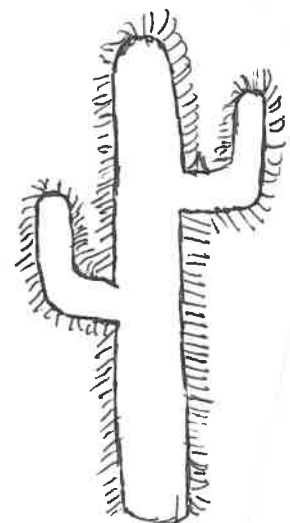
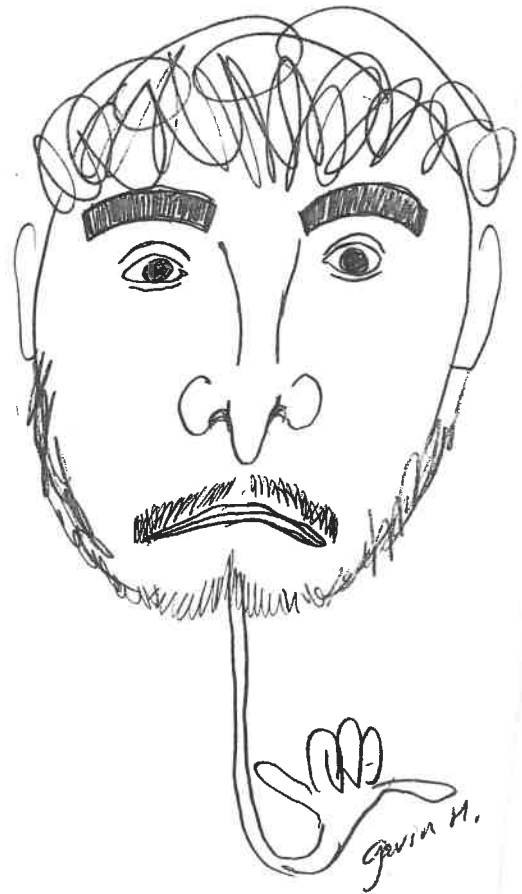
Good grief!

Good grief.

How are you supposed to process it?

I've always enjoyed celebrating life and death,

Treasuring the moments of the past.



But even still, time slowly healing all of our wounds,

I still feel a hole. I'm not whole.

So, I'm still a bit stuck. Everyone is, honestly.

That attests to human nature: we never know how to deal with loss.

We've invented religious reasons and beautiful holidays and expensive events to respect them

Yet can never get over it. And we shouldn't.

No, do not live in your pain.

Don't make life all about loss.

Don't accept tears as the end.

Don't think you can't move on.

But if there is anything I've learned since

September 23, 2022,

It's that there's no shame in letting love trump time.

That may be the only good lesson from grief.

Enjoy what you have now, cherish what you had then,

And never forget them.



I lay like on an iron beam
I awake from perfection to continual disappointment
Pulled from a dream

Ben Mcgrath

From the perspective of Mookie in *Do The Right Thing*

The Heat Was Hot

The heat was hot,
I walk and I walk,
Order after order,
Asphalt burning through my shoes

My senses overloaded,
My jersey soaked with sweat,
My people drained and drowsy,
The sun beat us down

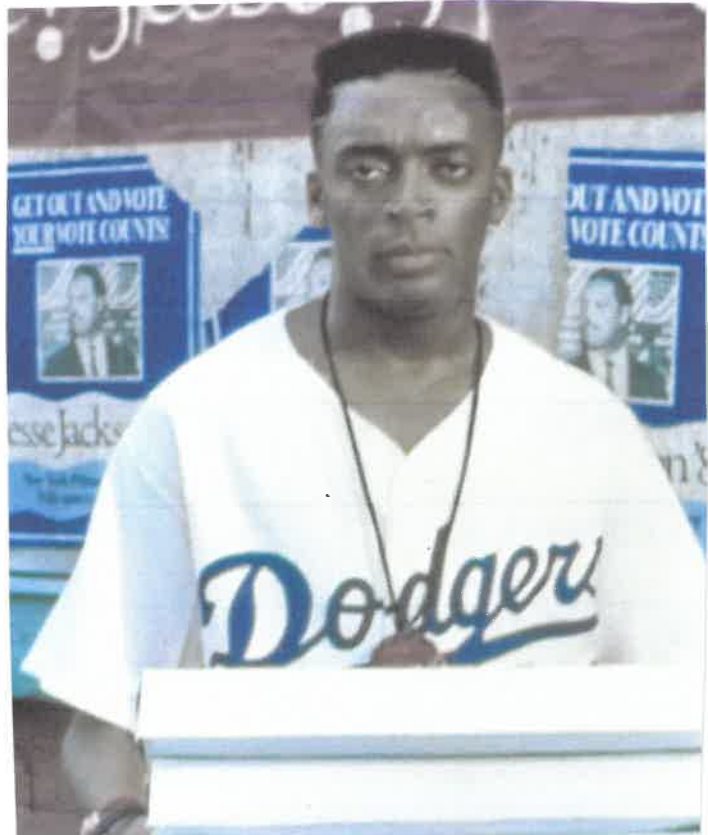
The heat was hot,
Too hot for Tina
Ice soothed her skin,
But did not subdue her temper

Sal was burning up,
Music blared all throughout,
His temper peaked,
The boom box went silent

The heat was hot,
The tensions rose,
My world burst into flames,
And I watched it all unfold

The mayor's voice cut through the chaos,
Suppressing the noise,
Echoing through my brain, I hear his words,
"Do. The. Right. Thing."

Sally Watson



On the Ladder

Trapped in My cage
I can't disengage
Less I enrage
He atop the stage
I can make my wage
If I make it onstage
Like words on a page
I still fill the gauge
To power Their cage

Ethan Rosecrans

From the perspective of Sal in *Do The Right Thing*

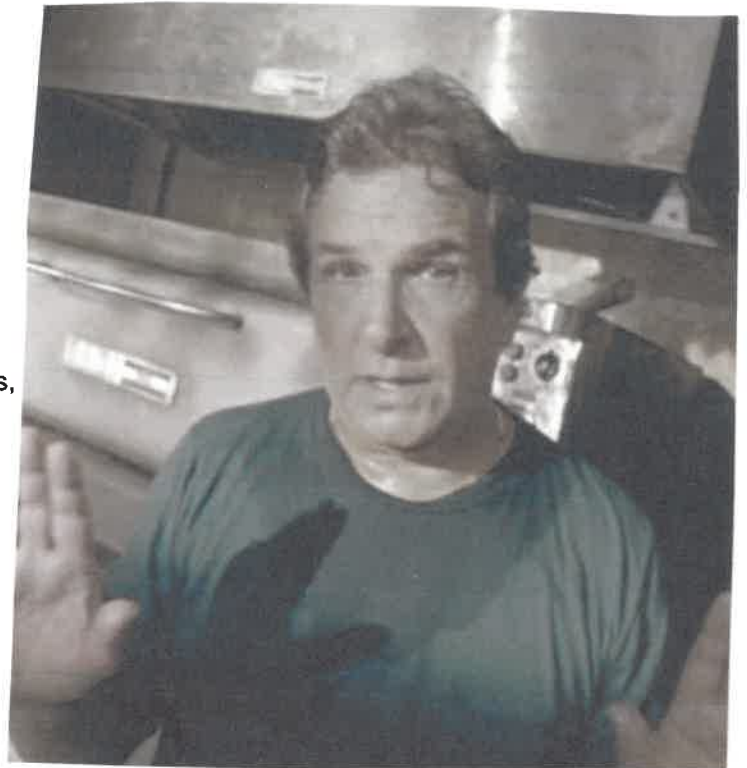
My Place is No Longer Mine

Twenty-five years of devotion all burned away,
Pizza grease adds fuel to the blazing flames,
As my local legacy burns away,
All because of pictures in frames
On my tarnishing walls
As I watch what has become my pride and my identity
seep away,
I notice the flames maimed me on the inside, too,
Although I am not in the depths of the fire,
It burns me more than those fools could ever imagine.
They might as well have lit me up, too.
If they had a pizzeria, would I complain about their walls?
Would I burn their empire down?
Would I destroy their world?
I may not know.
But they sure did that to me.

As I stare at what was once my world,
Now destroyed,
And even though the flames are long gone,
I still can't help but feel as if it's still there,
With the sight permanently stained into my eyes
And I may never be at peace with what happened,
But as I give Mookie his last paycheck of 500 dollars,
Making him a rich man at last,
I can't help but wonder,
Did they take it too far?
Buggin' Out sure took it too far,
For he's the reason Radio Raheem is dead,
And my pizzeria,
That I built with my own hands,
Through hard work,
That should have been in the family for eternity,
is now no longer possible.
But did I take it too far?
What if I had just put up a picture?
Would I still have my most prized possession standing?
Or would it have been wrong to give in to those fools?
I may never be at peace with this,
But I do know that I will grieve the loss
Of the life I built.

Chloe Horan

"Get to work!"
"Extra cheese costs more"
"Shut the
Music off!"



"This is my
place!"
"My rules"

(s/o - significant other)

I've had different relationships in the past,
The important ones like family and friends, but not much of a s/o,
And after him, it might be my last.

Being alone with a friend might be a good idea at the time
Spending time together in each other's company and sharing stories,
Could this have turned into some form of crime?

To me, being as naive as I was, and kind
To someone who seems to have craved it at the time
Somehow had made me change my mind

Thinking about what was done
Couldn't be so bad since it didn't make me feel sad
I felt a form of value, but this feeling eventually weighed a ton.

Ignoring this helps sometimes
But it hurts when this memory again I find.

Liyah Bailey

Right?

I will cry for now
Because a parched well
Can't possibly flood
-Anonymous



Salty tears

I like to think tears are bad thoughts
Fresh water is needed to live
But tears are salty
So I like to think bad thoughts season them

-Anonymous

Gone with the Old

A year dead and gone,
Withering away in the distance.
Empty resolutions
Hang overhead.

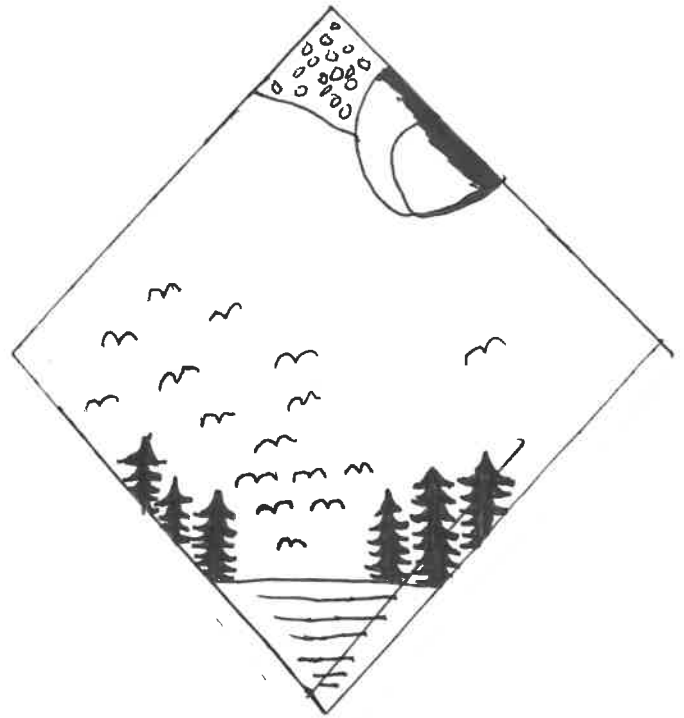
So much has happened,
Yet I feel little difference.
What things I have lost,
But gained all the same.

Time flies.
Or Swims.
Or sprints.
A creature unknown to me.

The injury of letting go,
And moving on
Is lurking so close.
Too close.

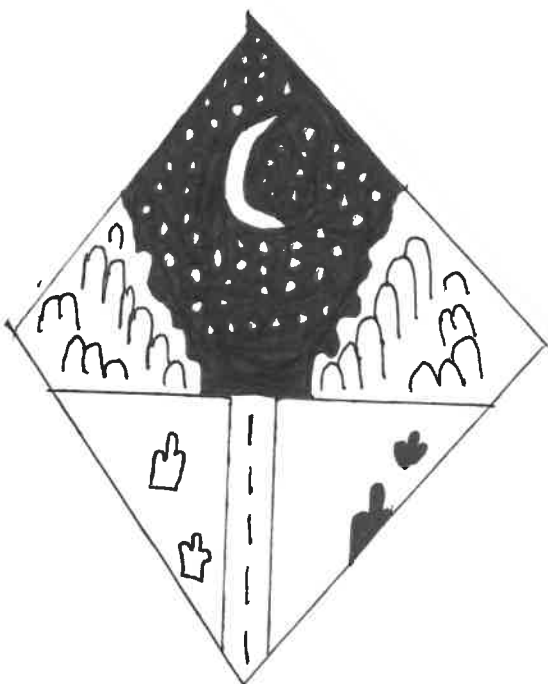
And now,
My dates beginning with 1,
Numbers getting higher,
I think:
What's the harm in trying again?

Ashley Smith



Working to become the best I can be
Part of the process means discarding the old me

Braeden Darling



Take my hand, reaching down from the heavens-
Look in my eyes, you'll see the stars.
Look in the mirror, and you'll see the face of an angle.
Look at me, and you'll see where my wings were cut.

My knees are bruised and my head aches,
I look in your eyes and see the sky.
I take your hand, there's no other like yours,
You can feel my hands getting colder, hold them tighter.

Look in my eyes and you'll only see lies,
But love me anyways, now i'm only human.
My heart is cold and my soul has almost gone-
You love me but not for me, only the reflection you see.

Isabella Mercurio

There is so much to be grateful for.
My mom and Dad whom I love and cherish every day.
They made me who I am, they made sure I knew kindness.
They made sure I treated everyone with respect.
They gave me so much throughout my life that I could hardly list them all.
My sister, that became the light of my life the day she came into the world.
The relationship we have, even when we fight.
I am thankful for the house I live in.
How it keeps us all warm, how it has plenty of space.
The fact that we live comfortably and happily,
that we are not struggling in a way I know we could be.
I live in a wonderful place called Cape Cod,
where I am surrounded by beaches and fresh air every moment of the day.
Where I am safe, where I can go to sleep without fear of death or robbery.
I am thankful that I live in the country I do,
that I can enjoy freedom and rights and have so many opportunities for the future.
I am thankful for the world I live in, even with its issues.
I am thankful for the beauty of nature and its strength.
I am thankful for the universe I am a part of, in all of its limitless glory.
I am thankful for the fact that I am alive right here, right now.
That I am happy.



Nauset Beach, My Home

Anna Borzilleri

**The waves crash and flood to the shore
The sand soft and untouched with shells scattered around
Looking up I can see the birds in the air, watching as they soar**

**Your mind open, and stress free
The temperature warm and sun is bright
I can assure you that this is where I want to be.**

**Families gathering at one spot all coming together
The sound of laughter, filling the beach with harmony
I know that this place will be my home, forever.**

Sophia Sarabia

A Country Painted in Blood by Chloe Horan and Corinne Pina

Walls come crashing down
Alliances break
What once appeared to be stable
Proves that it was never strong
The fight isn't over
But our time is coming to an end
Every battle leaves an everlasting mark
The wounds will heal
And time will pass
But it will never be the same
Scars will last forevermore
The blood will be washed away
But the people will not come back to life
The trauma will stick stronger than glue
The country comes to shreds
And the heart breaks into hundreds of deep, burning red pieces
But somehow, there's unity

Tragedy brings us together
Bullet holes through houses are created to tear us apart
To teach us all how cruel others can be
Especially when they don't understand
The pain
Of strolling down the street and seeing an infant's head
Only to stumble across the body a few paces later
Or watching a female loved one
Regardless of age
Be stripped of all dignity
And used as a power tool
To control
What they can not control
It's not for pleasure
It's for power
As he gets to own her like property
And show her off like a trophy
She dies on the inside even faster than on the outside

Blood paints the county
Except it's not washable
It's not innocent like a little kid should be
The war path takes over that child's bedroom
Every belonging crushed and burned
As their mind spins in confusion
With a permanent blood mark
That they will carry for the rest of their lives
Whether it be five minutes,
five weeks,
five months,
five years,
or five decades
It will last
As some people come together
Others fall apart
Knowing the next battle is looming



With the lights out

I feel heavy
I feel lonely
I feel

I cried for "no reason" and
I find myself searching for one
While doing so I found none
But I found myself
Invalidating, denying it
How tired I am

I just can't right now
But I'll just laugh it off tomorrow
-anonymous

All The Time, No Time At All • By Jason Elhilow & Aedan Leahey

Dull as a dime:

I look around the room,
And acknowledge my belongings.

Shines like stone:

I think back to the living room.
About the shows and movies I love.

Time goes by:

I think about the yard.
About my basketball hoop and my soccer ball.

The feelings:

I think back to my friends
About us hanging out and having fun

I lack:

A being. A reason. A purpose.
Sleeping in the prickly grass; lying alone as trees wave hello.

Bored.



Flashing red lights flood the once peaceful landing dock. Commotion followed by frantic running, trying anything their imagination could conjure in the hopes to stop it. It? What was it? No one knew. But they had no choice. They had to exterminate it.

It first appeared as dust, floating and fluttering in the sky, however it soon turned. Crew members began acting out, becoming extremely explosive and irritable.

Currently they were on the third stage; those infected slaughtered and attacked. There was no safety, no one was free.

Should they fight? Hide and pray the infected would not find them? Or make a break and run?

So many possibilities yet so little time. A few workers had barred themselves in a storage closet, what they were unaware of, however, was the strange person looming in the back. It was too late...

Jasper Hayes

Love is hanging out with friends, with laughter in the air
Love is a beautiful sympathy, found in every aspect of life

It's the pouring rain after a hot dry summer
The soft caress of shining sun on the skin

The small moments filled with joy,
Remembered during those lonely late nights

Lightly warming and tingling those small aspects of life
As subtle as a smile or as loud as a love poem

Always there but slightly fading through time
Love is a wondrous feeling that never seems to end

Arranged by Jasper and Jordan
Lines written by Members of Sandscript



yes

She takes a deep breath because isn't that supposed to be a calming mechanism? But no, it just comes out shaky and breathless.

She knows it's time. She's known it since six months ago when the butterflies disappeared, and an uncomfortable, restless anxiety replaced the fluttering lightness she used to feel around him. Truthfully, it hadn't simply disappeared, but had been caught, caged, and finally crushed by lies. Screaming and yelling lies and accusations, which had been forgiven thanks to cries of "I love you!" she couldn't help but believe.

Then there was the blame, because what kind of *stupid* butterfly would ever defy a snake? I mean come on, they would just be asking for it! The fragile butterfly would be expected to *change*, or better yet, never try at all. It'd be better off just flying away. Because butterflies are intrinsically flawed compared to the snake. They're expected to give up, or die trying. That's just how it is.

Six months earlier...

He had come back home to their apartment just like any other day. Except it wasn't. He was mad, really mad. It had something to do with her coworker, Arlan, that didn't sit right with him. The coworker she barely even talked to. It also had to do with the way her friends kept her out late every Friday night, because after all, it was *his* girlfriend they were taking away. And, it was also the way her mom surprised her by texting her, with tickets for a week-long trip to Bermuda. He wasn't mad, no, because it never happened! Until she found the deleted texts and a confused mom, was when she had a few questions of her own for him. *That's* when it became a

problem. And in the end she was the one apologizing. However, she was relieved. His anger had been minimized for today. But she knew it wouldn't stay that way for long. It was time to end *this*. Even if it hurt.

So, on a crisp fall day, she planned a walk. The trees had almost finished dying and were showing off their last remnants of bright red, orange, and brown. The chill was just beginning to set in and so, her favorite season, winter, was approaching. He treks on ahead of her, decked in plaid and faded jeans. She's instinctively tempted to reach out a gloved hand and place it in his, like they always used to do. But then she remembers why she's here. So she breathes in. And out. In. And out. She stops. The leaves crunch under her feet, and he turns around to face her. Looks at her with that puzzled look. She looks back, but quickly glances down. He raises an eyebrow. Asks if everything is alright. It is. They continue walking. They reach the end of the path and come across a giant pile of leaves. He plops down into the pile and grabs her hand, bringing her down with a shriek. She loves everything about the leaves. Their woody smell, their scratchy texture. She starts climbing out of them. But he pulls her closer. Tells her he loves her. He does. And she loves him. Loves him now. Always did. And everything is okay. After all, trees don't die. They have their rough seasons, but after shedding their impurities, they come back better and more beautiful than ever. *Silly girl, you wouldn't cut a tree down for just losing its leaves, would you? You'd wait.*

And wait she did. He earned a promotion at work. This called for a great celebration. Also, the insistence that she find a new job. He had slightly enough to support the both of them now anyway. Joint account? No. Are you crazy? They're just dating after all. He said he'll just

give her what she needs until she finds somewhere else to work. He didn't mind at all. She did. It didn't feel right to her.

But soon his insistence soon turned into demands. She knew he didn't like Arlan and her boss, but she reassured him she could deal with it. She worked hard to get her job after all. He said it was ruining her. She didn't feel ruined.

So another walk it was. This time outside the town outskirts and over the luminescent bridge adorned with Christmas bulbs. She doesn't glance down, but straight ahead. She suddenly looks up as delicate white snowflakes begin falling and settle on her pink hat's pom-pom. The familiar chill doesn't make her smile though, it's met with an unusual annoyance. They've come too soon. She wasn't ready for them. She's not ready for this. They stop on the bridge, and observe the still dark lake. He turns to her, smiling widely. He announces they are going away for Christmas. To a tropical place to get away from all this cold. Her heart throbs. He must have saved up quite a lot. She wasn't planning on seeing family anyway she tells him, she's excited. And he's forgiven. What she doesn't mention is the falling winter snow he knows she'll be missing. But what's a little snow compared to a precious gift?

Soon enough the tulips sprout and the days grow longer. It's been tough. There's been days where she's wanted to walk out then and there. For what he dares do to her. And others where all she could do was cry and curse her own stupidity. For how she betrays him. No more Friday nights with friends. No more trips with mom. Seldom work issues. Life goes on. He says it's better this way, with him. And for a while she believes it. Because it's the only way to keep on living.

Summer-

This time he invites her to walk. Down the familiar deciduous tree path, which now boasts vibrant green foliage. Crickets begin their nightly calls, and fireflies blink, sending off the warm day's sun. She shivers in her short white sundress, and he takes her hand. He leads her to the end of the path and they sit silently on a bed of soft grass. The stars flash brightly back to her, as if sending some sort of undiscovered code. It's late enough. Time to leave. She gets up, and notices he's assumed a kneeling position. She feels hollow but somehow ecstatic in the same moment as he pulls out a little black box, and asks her to be his forever. *Forever?* He tells her how he needs, wants her, and how they need *each other* to live. The butterflies return. But now they frantically strain against her insides, trying to escape like they've been doing for months. They've never left. They've always been there. Only now have they been fully reawakened and fueled by the twisted love she's received and given. They swarm into her throat, push against her tongue, tickle her lips so she opens her mouth, letting them free, out comes-

“yes.”

By: Abby Considine

**Stress is something I cannot escape
Often, it goes unnoticed and takes control of me**

Sophia Sarabia



The Mirror

I reflect what looks at me,
I stare into staring eyes.
They look but do not see,
The things they see are lies.



I reflect what looks at me
And they accept it like gospel
They absorb it like sponges
And allow the pillars of their hopes and dreams to topple

I try in vain to keep them vain,
I try my best to pick them apart.
I reflect what looks at me,
And try to suck the life out of their hearts.



I reflect what looks at me,
But do not tell the truth.
I call them fat and ugly and foolish,
For daring to think they'd see anything new.

I make them think that they're all wrong,
I highlight their insecurities.
They don't see what I don't show them,
I reflect what they don't want to see.

They think I tell the truth,
Even with my reputation.
They listen to what I say,
Without any hesitation.



I don't reflect what looks at me,
That was never truly my game.
I stare into staring eyes,
Watching as they begin to fill with shame.

The things they see are lies,
They look but cannot see.
I stare into staring eyes
Reflecting what looks back at me.



Jordan MacRoberts

I played Uno with A pretty Girl

I played Uno with a pretty girl
I plus foured her, and she gave me that look.
The one when you're playing a game-
one like Uno or Monopoly-
And someone ruins your chance of winning,
so just for that moment, you hate them

Then I began to notice her.
In the halls,
in the art room,
in the club we're in,
and she's so pretty and nice,
and I begin to get a crush.

I see her so often with
her gorgeous hair and
amazing voice and
I try to talk to her, but
I mess up and stutter and fail.
Until I don't.

We're at lunch together
And we talk a bit.
I don't remember what about.
It's going great
And I think
maybe she likes me a bit

And then, today,
While walking inside
with five different bags,
I couldn't open the door.
She helped me and said she was happy to help,
and internally, I screamed.

-Corinne Pina

down the winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find the monster I sought.

The great box was in the same place, close against the wall, but the lid was laid on it, not fastened down, but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall; and then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count, but looking as if his youth had been half renewed, for the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole awful creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him, and every sense in me revolted at the contact; but I had to search, or I was lost. The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar way to those horrid three. I felt all over the body, but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a shovel which the workmen had been using to fill the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyse me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid which fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, blood-stained and fixed with a grin of malice which would have held its own in the nethermost hell.

Jude Mclachlan



A clam!
She eats it and flies away again.
Away from all the noisy people
Who stare at her.
She must be quite annoyed.
There she goes again, kicking and
Bopping over the waves.
Swish!
Kicking her pink feet.
Bop!

Corinne Pina

Seagull

Bop!
Swish!
Kicking her pink feet
Bopping over the waves
Following the current
Away from all the noise
Away from all the people
Flapping her wings, she picks something
What is it?

Ashley Smith
Grade 12

Leaky Brain

I need a new brain

This one is newish(2009 version)
But it's leaky and slippery
Forgetting countless things
Some important
Some not

"I'm sorry I have a leaky brain"
Isn't normal and
Isn't understandable and
Isn't used and
Isn't an excuse but
Is bound to get you weird looks
It shouldn't

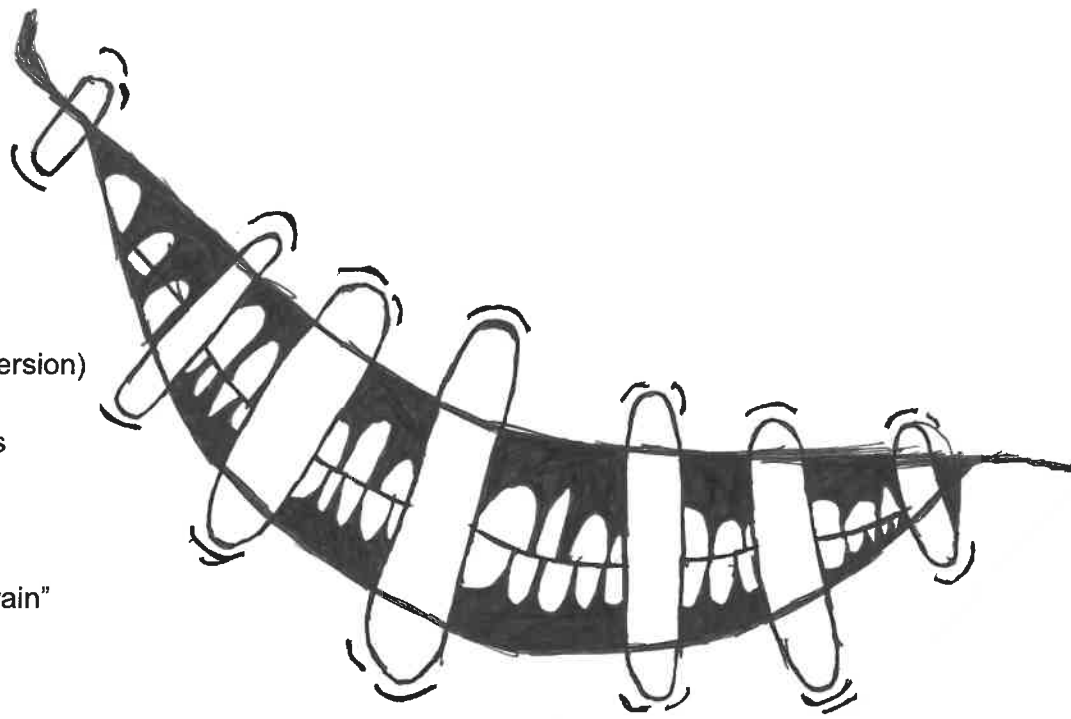
I need a new brain

This one isn't consistent
It makes me happy and sad and everything at once
And a little of everything but not too much
Balance is exhausting

My brain gives me a thread
To tightrope on
And gusts of wind and thoughts and doubts that are strong
Stronger than me
I fall

I need a new brain
This one thinks everything
Yet nothing
All at once

-Emma Eldredge



Happy(!)

Angel dust flies through the air
On the first day
Of the second month
As a reminder
Of the happiness with you
And what it's like without you.

High up above, you laugh
And display your infectious smile
Proud of how those you love
Piece together the flowers just for you
Year after year.

Memories fade (please stay)
Like an old photograph
Where the print has diminished
with age
Time only moves on,
Never able to go back
To when you were there
By my side
As I held the bag
Filled with secrets
And who knows who won the game,
But I bet you loved every moment of it.

Chloe Horan

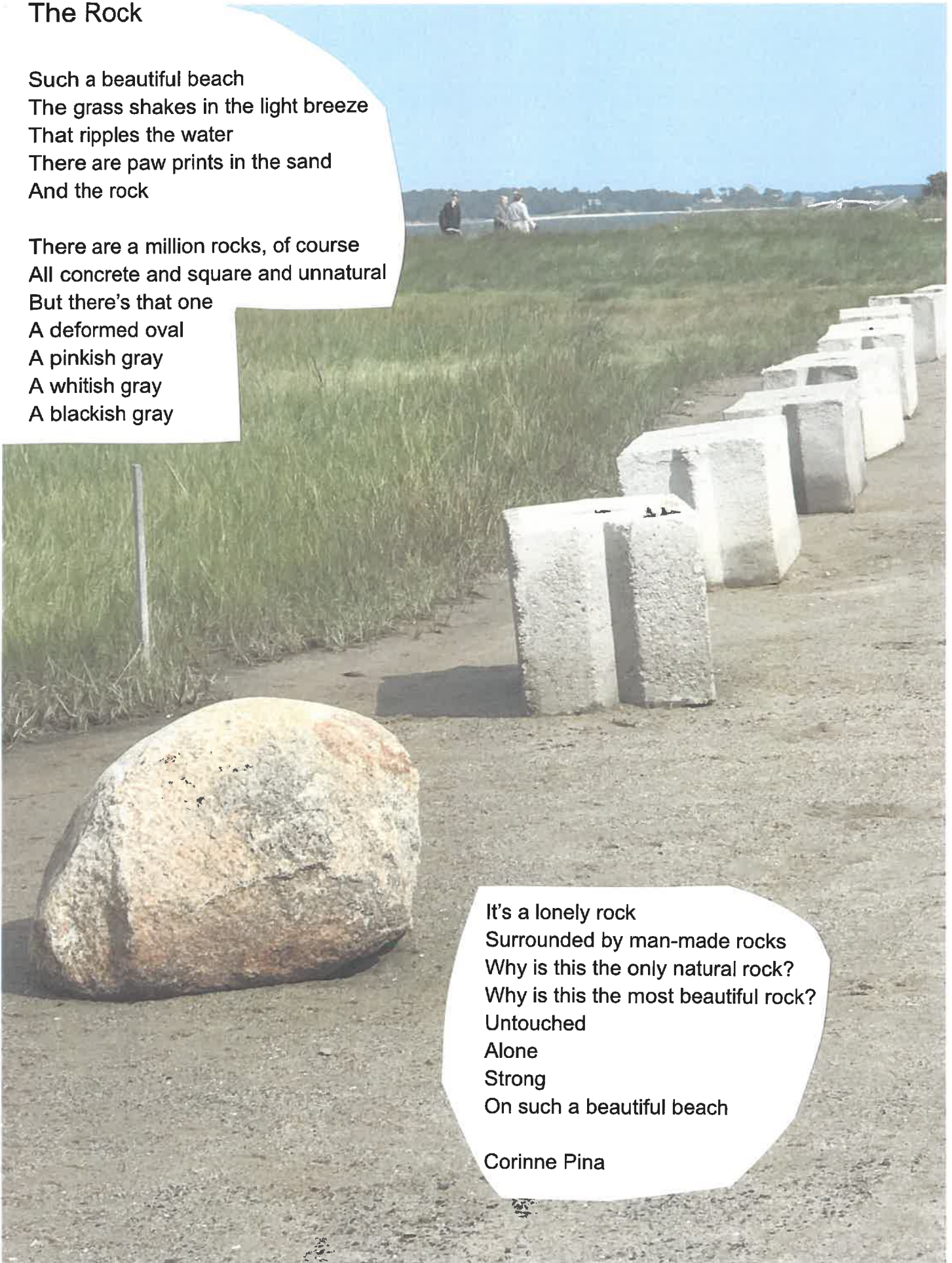
The Rock

Such a beautiful beach
The grass shakes in the light breeze
That ripples the water
There are paw prints in the sand
And the rock

There are a million rocks, of course
All concrete and square and unnatural
But there's that one
A deformed oval
A pinkish gray
A whitish gray
A blackish gray

It's a lonely rock
Surrounded by man-made rocks
Why is this the only natural rock?
Why is this the most beautiful rock?
Untouched
Alone
Strong
On such a beautiful beach

Corinne Pina



Fate

Let's say that I am Robert Frost
Close your eyes and picture it
Can you see him? Me? Or
In front of me, you see, I see two paths
Makes sense so far, you know this part
But before me the roads, I know no likeness
For one is bright and warm and welcome
But to the right is dark and winding
Indeed they both are trodden well
But similarity ends sharply there
A sign between, to East and West
This way to hope and that success
We see no option but for one
To take the shorter path, be done
For I've promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And Robert Frost left out some parts

Quill Adamsons



"I Woke up This Morning"
By Corinne Pina

I woke up this morning,
and got out of bed.
I really didn't want to,
but I had plans ahead;
I had to skate at 7,
and school at quarter 9,
and laying there in bed
would be a waste of time.

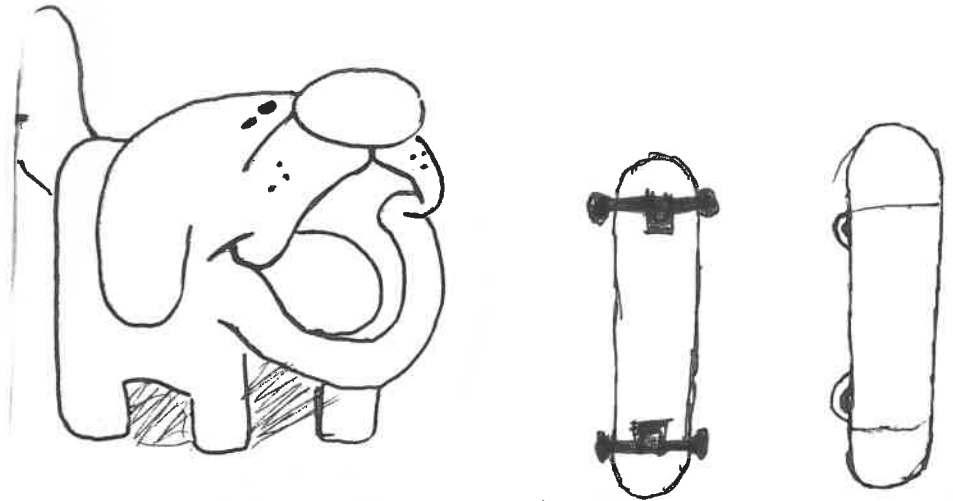
So I got out of bed,
and to the rink I went.
I worked on jumps and spins,
with two of my friends.
They talked about their school;
I lacked too much to add,
and I realized without me,
it wouldn't be so bad.

And so I got to thinking
about if I was gone,
And I got to knowing,
the world would just go on.
It really wouldn't matter.
Not that much would change.
I just know without me,
life wouldn't be so strange.

Then I went to school,
still thinking about me.
I sat down at the table;
Talking and lively.
But nobody wanted
to listen to my voice,
so I just shut up.
It was my best choice.

And so I started thinking,
again 'if I was gone'.
Affirming my belief:
the world would be wronged.
I truly do not matter.
I know that that won't change.
And I know without me,
Life would be less strange.

But I woke up this morning,
and I'll wake up each day,
knowing I don't matter,
and that that's okay.
It's always fun to realize
how the world is strong,
and how no matter what,
the world will spin along.



Childhood Disappearing

Everything seems so different
The older you get
The more you know
But the less you remember
And the less you feel

I remember I used to be able to wake up
And see bright colors
And think positive things on
how I want my day to be
Now I never wanna wake up
Because dreams
Are what we want our reality to be
The bright colors are there instead
Hiding away

I remember the birds
Speaking to me
Making me feel like they always understand me
That I have friends
But now
The birds just sound annoying
And I want them to go away
The voices in my head

I used to smile
Laugh
And enjoy things
Now I hate smiling
I can't laugh
And I wanna cry to sleep

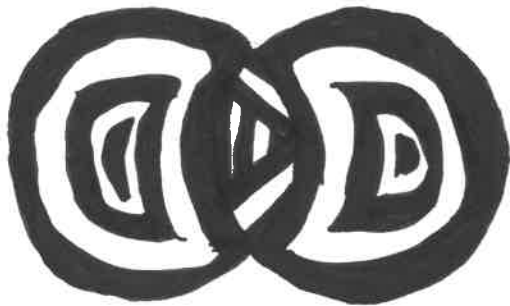
I want to be a kid
But I wanted to grow up
And it's hard to be a grown up
When you want to be a kid again.

Kyra Howard

We Built Walls

Jude Hutchings-McMahon

We were given great power- A mind to make reason,
And we reasoned that we stand together.
We were given great power, - A mind to make reason,
And we reasoned that they are lesser.
We were given good things- a hand to hold each other,
And we reasoned that fists are for violence.
We were given kind words - A voice to give thanks,
And now peace only lives on in silence.
We were given strong tools - A brick to make shelter,
And we built walls to separate us from them.
We were given a choice.
At least, I believe so,
When we see each other stumble, as we burn away what we are not,
We can lift each other up- we could all do great things,
For when death comes for you, together we rot.



The Mirror

I looked at him. I mean, I really looked at him. His face... it's not the same. It's mirrored. His features changed to the other side of his face, as if I was looking at his reflection instead of my boyfriend.

"What's wrong, baby?" He tilted his head at me.

"I..I need to use the bathroom." I walked away.

I headed into the family bathroom, locking the door behind me. I looked at the mirror. Something was off, but what? Panic started filling my head, and when I leaned closer to the mirror, my reflection smiled at me. I screamed.

Savannah Eldredge

It can be a gentle hand
Guiding you
Home.
Or a smile that you could recognize
In the dead of
Night.
A gentle hug.
A knowing look.
A familiar hand in
Mine.
Or
A flower.
Blooming for the first time,
Seeing first light,
Breathing
Feeling
Being.
It could be a sunset
The colors
Blending
Bending
Bleeding
Into each other.
A connection,
An emotion
A song
A poem.
A power strong enough to shape the universe
All concealed within us.
Stronger than any substance
Small enough to slip through the cracks.
Neglected in hope that you, too won't become
Broken.
Man's greatest weapon
Hidden behind barriers,
flesh,
And the will of the world.
With the hope that one day,
You have the chance to experience the love
That we find in each
And every little complexity,
Action
And beauty
Is shared by two in love, making the promise of forever.

by Emma Capen

"If"

If you were a frog, I'd kiss you to turn you into a princess.
If you were a stick, I'd become your tree.
If you were a bug, I'd make you a garden.
If you were a worm, I'd make you a hut.

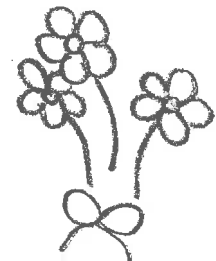
If you were a plant, I'd water you.
If you were a tree, I'd read in you.
If you were lightning, I'd let you strike me down.
If you were a fish I'd never let you drown.

Love is a street.
That will never be tamed.
Not the crashes.
Or fires.
or the two or one-way.

But if I were a frog, I know you'd be my princess.
If I were a stick, I know you'd be my tree.
If I were a bug, I know you'd make me a garden.
I know that with you, I'll always be free.

I know that with you, I'll always be me.

Corinne Pina



A photograph of a scallop shell on a stone ledge. The shell is in the foreground, showing its characteristic concentric ridges and a white interior. The background is a blurred street scene with a person walking, suggesting an urban environment. The text 'Ashley Smith Grade 12' is written vertically in the upper right corner.

Ashley Smith
Grade 12

up and down the street

up and down the street last night
some children slept and some did not
and those who slept were free of plight
and those who woke forgot

up and down the street last week
some children played and some stayed home
and those who played; they soon grew weak
and those who didn't remained alone

in rain and shine and snow and sleet
and pain and twine and show and sweet
some had secrets but some did not

Quill Adamsons

A Year

It's been a little over
a year
and it's like you've been gone my whole life.
Your pictures hang on the walls,
smiling young faces,
old t-shirts turned into blankets
that still carry your smell.

It's been a little over
a year
and I can barely remember the sound
of your voice when
it called my name.
The way you would hug me with all
your strength,
or your rough, working hands.

It's been a little over
a year
but the pain isn't gone.
It lingers in doorways
I still expect you to walk through.

In your button-down
that hangs in my closet,
Or that baseball hat I bought you,
which sits dusty on a shelf.
It lingers in old voicemails
I listen to every once in a while.

The pain must be a part of me now,
something I almost can't live without.
It's amazing how things can change
in a little over
a year.

Ashley Smith



blackbird

In the foggy dawn I saw
a blackbird perched upon
a branch so thin, it bent and bowed
down from the heavens
into hell.

Quill Adamsons



Cold Coffee:

Too late for a break
Too early to slow
I lay in the shadow
Waiting for nothing.
You best believe
There ain't none left.
On grounds I tread,
Like an acid rain
On a cool waterfall,
It falls.
Just for hell,
I'll drink.
Now I'm the one forced to think
By my unintentional design, I'm pink
Out in the open, but not in sight

I hide in the light.
A link? Alas, no.

Ben Mcgrath

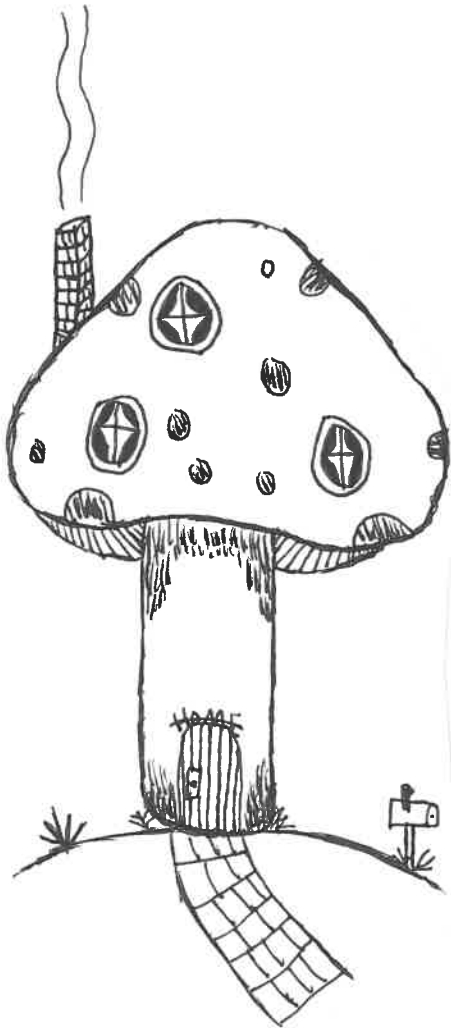


Kelly Swanson

Any more

I don't need you to hold me anymore.
My arms can wrap around myself.
I don't need you to wipe away my tears anymore...
I've learned how to do it myself.
I don't need to worry about annoying you anymore.
I already know I annoy myself, I don't need to wonder.
I don't need you to be on the phone with me while I'm sleeping anymore..
Music works just fine.
I don't need you to love me anymore.
I love myself enough.

-Savannah Eldredge



Monomoy Regional High School Creative Writing Club
Workshop at Maplewood at Brewster
05.03.24

EXERCISE:

The year is 2124... you are on Cape Cod and thawing out after being frozen for 100 years. What do you see and experience...

Water everywhere—and I'm cold and dripping wet in the process of thawing. The land is not as I remember it at all. It's hard to get oriented without the familiar roads and landmarks.

Where's Old King's Highway... the Gristmill... the General Store... the Woodshed?

And then I see it... HOME.

The old sea captain's house my grandparents bought almost 200 years ago is shining like a lighthouse. A home tucked away on Stonybrook Road is now waterfront property.

Cha-ching! Increased property value!!!

H.T. MICHAUD, *Lifestyle Director*

Vanish to Survive

The comments never go away
The statements stick longer than the strongest glue
Your words affect her actions
More than her own words affect her
Nothing new
It will stay the same
Always the everlasting messages
That will follow with riddles
Pretend it doesn't affect you
Until it starts to
And once it gets loud inside
It won't stop
Until the noise overpowers her mind
And that is all she can think about
Creating every move made with thought and delicacy
So none of it can haunt her
Except it's too late
They now control her life
She thinks she can manage
Until one day
She just disappears
Until she is seen again
Stronger and smarter
After building new walls
And tearing down the old
She comes back
Until her next disappearance

Chloe Horan

My Old House

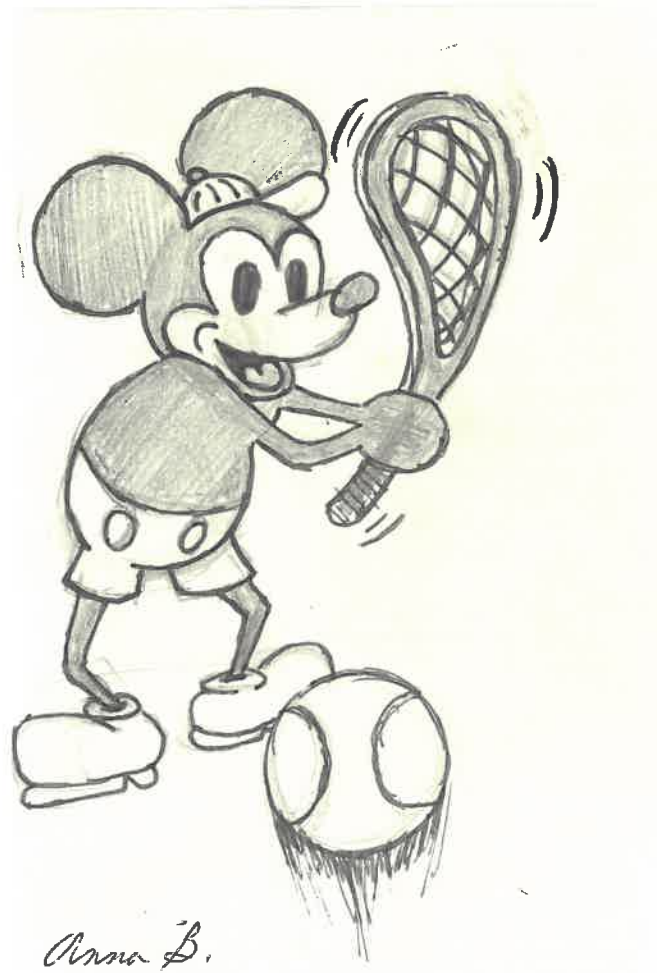
House of loving walls,
With lights of warm hues,
Forgive me for being corny,
But, Oh - How I love you!

Your scent of pine
Fills me with joy.
Snow blankets your shingled roof,
Your tree looks like a toy.

How wonderful it is
To take solace in your warm cover,
Like a blanket on a cold winter's day.

Although you are slightly small,
And lack the youth of newer times,
Leaving you is something I never may.

Ashley Smith



Gentle breeze whooshing at my side
Hair swirling about my face
I hear the harsh tinkle of the whirling waves
And the faint call of a circling hawk

I watch a seagull try to float against the tide
A man windsurfing across the waves
He falls in and gets back up again,
His glider, a sharp teal standing against the soft ocean blue

Buoys bob up and down across the bay
A few boats rocking back and forth on their moors
Swaying in a way that would make me seasick if I were let aboard

I see the faint outline of a sandbar beneath the waves,
Slightly lighter than the dark water surrounding it
The waves are calmer there
Forming an illusion like that of an oasis

Foam settles around the rocks at the beach's edge
The seagull dipping its head below the surface
Retrieving food that it brings back to the shore

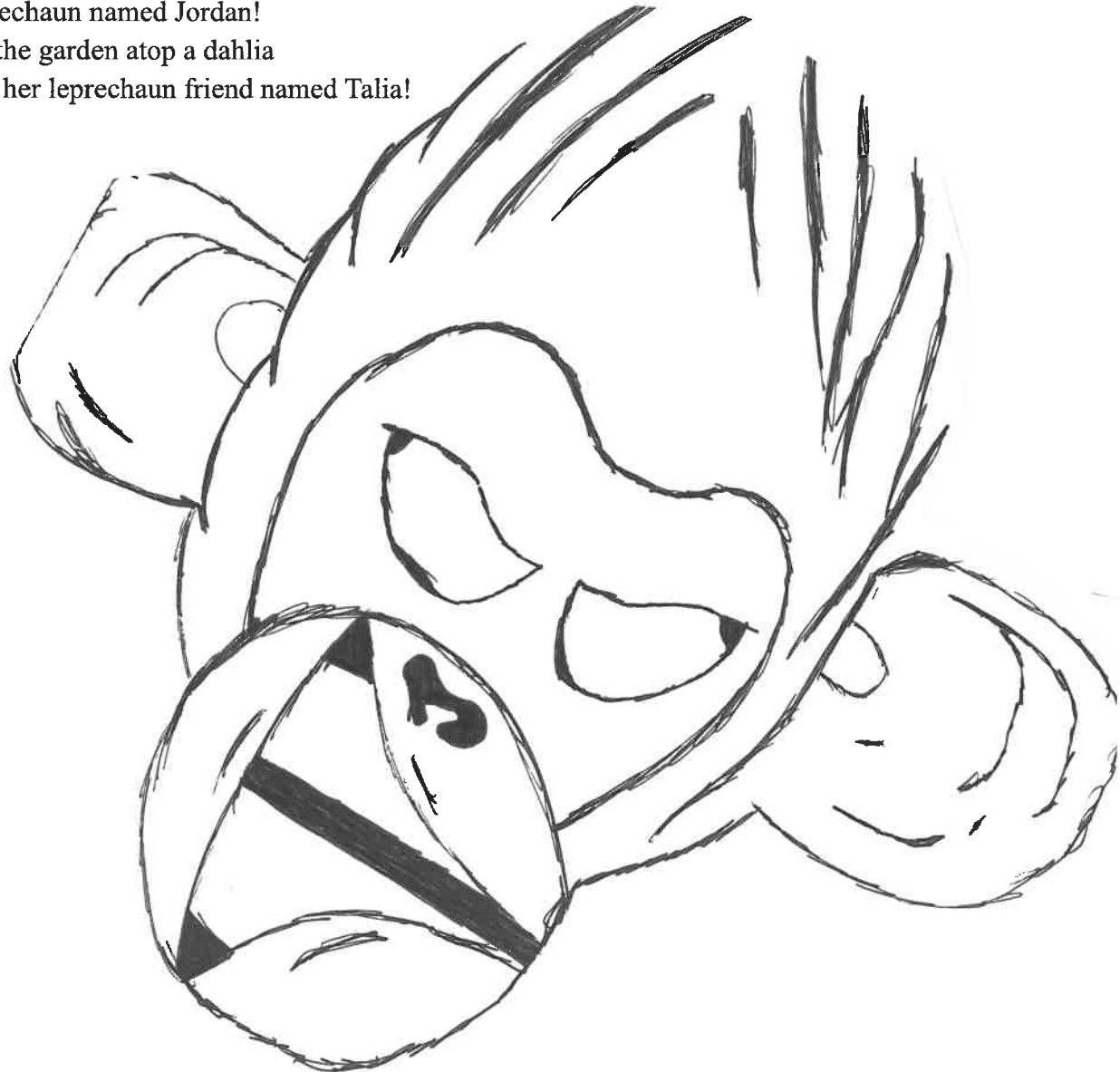
Behind me I hear the soft sigh of the beach grass
It stands shorter than it's true height, looking permanently windswept
Bent like a bow pulled taught with an arrow

A different seagull flies above me now
The first one walks away
My surroundings changing quickly
Shifting with the tide coming in with each new wave

Jordan MacRoberts

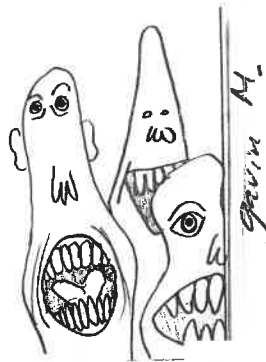
Emily sees something
By: Talia, Emily, and Jordan

the days are fast and time passes by
I sit and twiddle my thumbs when I have nothing to do
Each class goes even slower
Than the one that was before
And I can't care about grades or work
Because everything is a bore
I listen to the pitter patter of rain outside
And the sweet melody of birds chirping at the window
I stare at the wall, like watching paint dry
And wait for something
until a little creature catches my eye
it is not a ghost, ghoul or warden;
it's a little leprechaun named Jordan!
she danced in the garden atop a dahlia
and out jigged her leprechaun friend named Talia!



“Age Is and Isn’t”
by Corinne Pina

Disparage.
Carnage.
Age.
Age.
Age.
Destruction of an old age.
Creation of a new age begins
with carnage.
with leverage.
with age,
with age,
with age
comes wisdom.
With wisdom comes time.
With time comes beauty.
With beauty comes rhyme.
With rhyme comes poetry.
With poetry comes art.
With art comes love.
With love comes heart.
It all begins with
age.
age.
age.
But age is life’s best friend.
and with life comes death.
But death is not the end.
Because death will age,
like you and me,
from horrid and terrifying,
to not so scary.
Age and life and
Age and death and
Age and love and
Age and friends
Will age a body-
age a mind-
age a lemon,
and its rind.
Age is a fruit
that’s ripe and pretty.
That’s sour and awful,
The harshest kind.
Age is everything.
It’s you and me.
It’s him and her.
It’s bush and tree.



Brittany Gould’s “Anthony” poems!

Anthony wake up, wake up! Wake up before it's too late!
Anthony, Anthony, come on we can't afford to wait!
Just get up now and bring your little orange cup
Come on Anthony, please please wake up!
You're in a terrible dream and you're whimpering and crying
And we need you to wake up, we really are trying!
What are you saying? You're mumbling in your sleep-
No one's watching you! Tatiana isn't trying to peep!
Just wake up, okay? You're really starting to scare me.
You're speaking of monsters with red eyes that are all hairy!
Rallston, step back, he's going to explode!
Rallston, stop! you can't enter sicko mode.
Tatiana make him a Starbucks drink now!
It'll wake him up with a cheer and a bow!
Come on everybody we can do this together
Let's wake him up and he'll stay up forever.

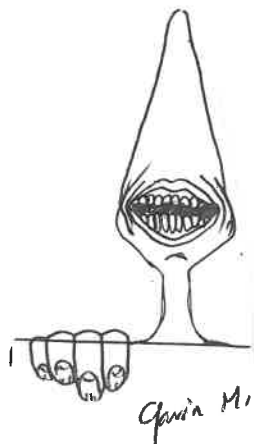
Anthony is gone
Yesterday he was sleepy
And now he is gone

Maybe he's sleeping
Or he's done with all of us
Or he got a cup

Fill the orange cup
Fill it up. Never give up
Orange cup filled up

He said he can rap
But he has yet to show us
So maybe he lied

Why am I writing
About Anthony so much?
I don't freaking know.



The Harsh Truth

things had got very bad. Death
 and starvation
 even suicidal
 It was a desperate world
 hungry
 dreadful
 animal



Chloe Horan The Luck of Wishes?

rank and good living, like bath soap, a towel, razor blades, etc.

On the last day before my journey, close friends and friends not so close, mere acquaintances and even complete strangers and near enemies came to tell me their wishes. It had become a ritual, almost a festival whose ancient significance was now buried deep in folk-memory. Some lucky fellow was going on a mission to an almost mythical world long withdrawn beyond normal human reach where goods abounded still and life was safe. And everyone came to make their wishes. And to every request the lucky one answered, "I will try, you know the problem."

"Oh yes I know, but just try..." No real hope, no obligation or commitment.

Occasionally, however, a firm and serious order was made when one of the happier people came. For this, words were superfluous. Just a slip of paper with "foreign exchange" pinned to it. Some wanted salt which was entirely out because of the weight. Many wanted underwear for themselves or their girls and some wretch even ordered contraceptives which I told him I assumed was for office (as against family) planning, to the great amusement of my crowd. I bustled in and out of my room gaily with my notepaper saying: "Joost wun wish!"

Yes, near enemies came too. Like our big man across the road, a one-time Protestant clergyman they said, now unfracked, a pompous ass if ever there was one, who had early in the war wangled himself into the venal position of controlling and dispensing scarce materials imported by the government, especially women's fabrics. He came like a Nischodemus as I was about to turn in. I wouldn't have thought he knew the likes of us existed. But there he came nodding in his

104

Savannah Eldredge



9 ways to learn how to trust

I.

In the passenger seat of a car
Going away from here

II.

feeling a rumble in the throat of your dog
as coyotes approach

III.

with the cold muzzle of a gun
pressed to your temple
and a familiar hand on the trigger

IV.

With your sister in a bathroom mirror
trying on her lipstick
your father will be home soon
don't let him see

V.

feeling fingers close over yours
in the dim light
of a new city

VI.

accepting the hand of a stranger
on the sticky ground of the crowded venue

VII.

with a boy behind the mall
trying to rationalize
your traitorous queer heart

VIII.

beneath the surface
watching fish swim by
water won't let you down

IX.

eyes closed and limbs bound
spinning round and round
the knife won't find its home
deep in your stomach

Quill Adamsons



Fading

Like the sun setting

Slipping

Like walking on ice

Forgetting

Like when a person dies

Memories fading, slipping, and soon forgetting

As the sun sets,

we sit there

Talking

only one truly speaks

the other just listens

Mouth zipped

tight without them being able to say anything.

As we go ice skating

I slip

I fall

You leave

And I get back up

Without you

Forgetting

You Forgetting my birthday

My favorite color

The plans we make

The Memories we create

But

Maybe

Just maybe

It's good

Ur fading away

Others will appear

Slipping

Someone will catch me

And Forgetting

Cause someone else will remind me

~Kyra Howard

Mikenzie Eldredge, Abby Archer, and Jude Hutchings-McMahon

An Italian House

A small house, crafted from what one may only guess was an ancient, hearty redwood tree.
Somehow he finds himself sitting cross-legged and confined within, barely large enough to fit
his tall, old, heavy form.

A faint yet vibrant Roman sunset grants him dim light

His eyes, nonexistent in the fading light of the scene, seek no beauty- worn ears seek no relief
from the torture of silent solitude.

But...something seems... Brilliant.

He wanders through the endless scuro dello mente for the cease of his struggle.

From his standing, he will vanish someday with the spirit of the holidays,

As that is none but his fate to own.

In a way, it is his birthright, his inheritance.

He is the power of a Vesuvian volcano on a sunny afternoon.

A small chariot, crafted from what one may only guess was an ancient, hearty redwood tree.

He tugged harshly at the reigns, and up he went once again.

Once a year, once a moment, he is alive, once again.

Babbo Natale , at the peak of his midnight ride,

The strength of holiday spirit,

The height of his joy,

No longer alone,

No longer in despair,

La magica of young memories,

That germinates in the heat of the holiday hearth.

A small dollhouse, crafted from what one may only guess was an ancient, hearty redwood tree.

Un regalo, for a young girl on *Vigilia di Natale*

No longer alone nella notte.

Sandy meaning

I wrote this poem in the sand
Not to be permanent
But to be temporary
To be thre
In this moment
Just for now

I wrote a poem in the sand
To be forgotten
To be washed away
To be gone

But.

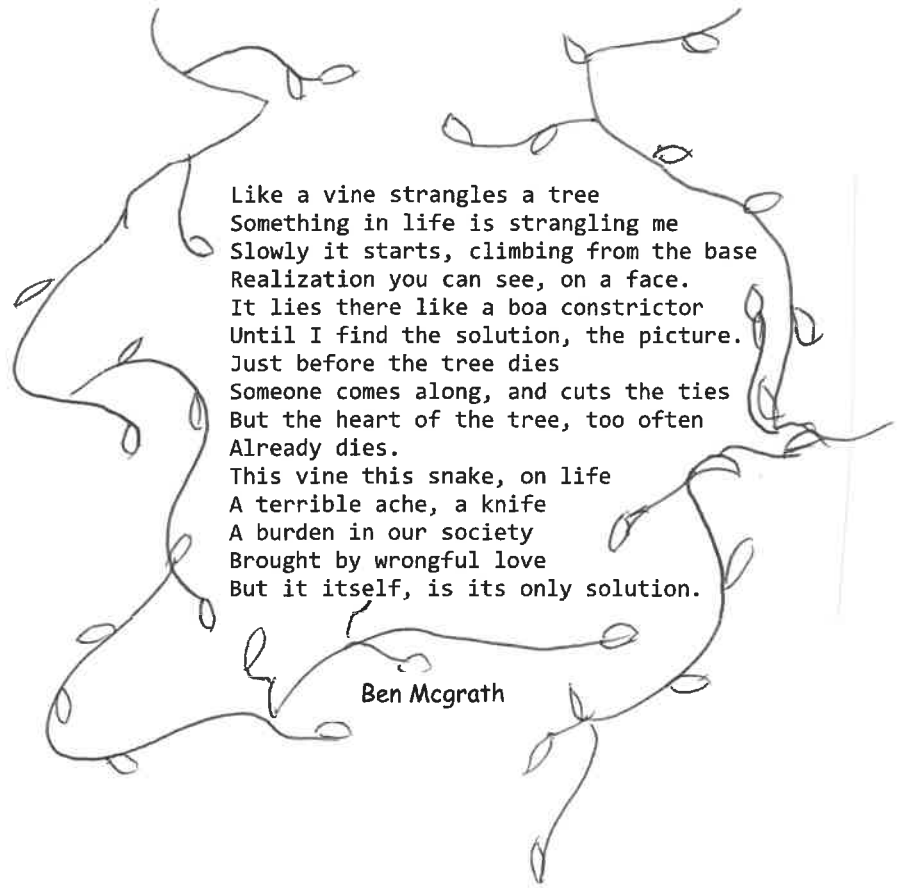
I wrote this poem in the sand
To be seen
By you

Because you are special
You walked on this beach

And you saw this special, one-of-a-kind, not always there, meant to be gone poem

You saw this poem
Before the waves washed it away
You are special
And this poem just shows it

-Emma Eldredge



Like a vine strangles a tree
Something in life is strangling me
Slowly it starts, climbing from the base
Realization you can see, on a face.
It lies there like a boa constrictor
Until I find the solution, the picture.
Just before the tree dies
Someone comes along, and cuts the ties
But the heart of the tree, too often
Already dies.
This vine this snake, on life
A terrible ache, a knife
A burden in our society
Brought by wrongful love
But it itself, is its only solution.

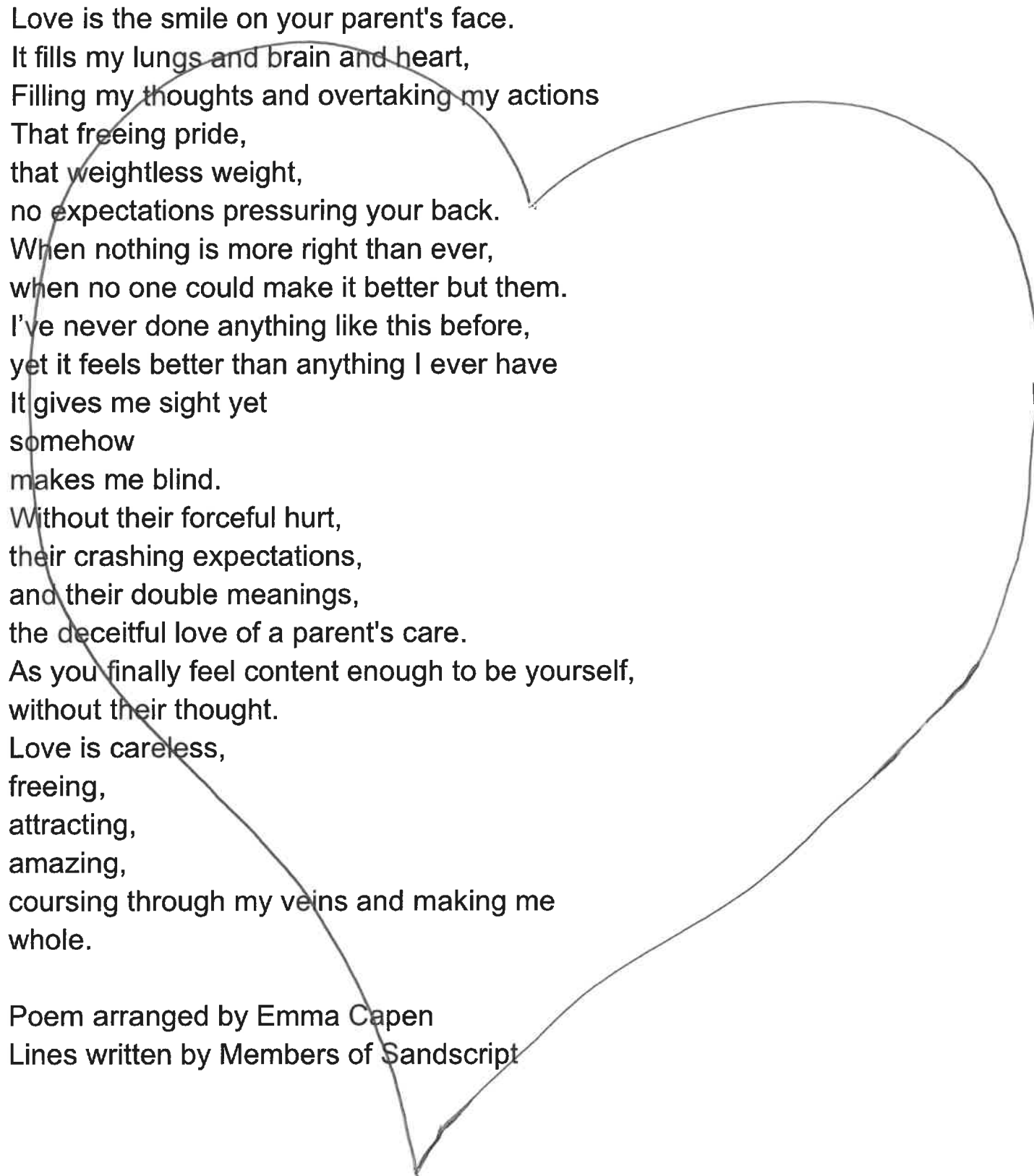
Ben Mcgrath

A little poem for a little man

There was a house up on a hill
Made of gingerbread
Lived there a little man
Who wanted to stay in bed
He stayed up too late the night before
Eating cheese and fig spread.

Caroline Vitolo





Love is the smile on your parent's face.
It fills my lungs and brain and heart,
Filling my thoughts and overtaking my actions
That freeing pride,
that weightless weight,
no expectations pressuring your back.
When nothing is more right than ever,
when no one could make it better but them.
I've never done anything like this before,
yet it feels better than anything I ever have
It gives me sight yet
somehow
makes me blind.
Without their forceful hurt,
their crashing expectations,
and their double meanings,
the deceitful love of a parent's care.
As you finally feel content enough to be yourself,
without their thought.
Love is careless,
freeing,
attracting,
amazing,
coursing through my veins and making me
whole.

Poem arranged by Emma Capen
Lines written by Members of Sandscript

By Anonymous

When I was a kid, and even still now, every Sunday my family would go to the beach. But it wasn't a traditional 11-3 beach trip to Hardings or Red River. Every Sunday, we left the house around eight, went to the dock, loaded up our boat, and left the dock at 8:30. We would be on the beach at nine, and we wouldn't even think of leaving until at least seven at night.

In the morning, the girls were in charge of packing everything: towels, food, sunscreen, clothes, drinks, everything. The boys were in charge of getting the boat right: putting in the plugs, running the motor, and hooking up the trailer. Then we would all load up into the truck and go. Then for the rest of the day it was swimming, sun, grilling, sandwars, jumping contests, fishing games, naps, and sunset chasing. Every week I looked forward to Sunday. My heart belongs at the beach, under the sun, on a boat. I live for it. But we wouldn't go alone.

Before going, we would meet the rest of the crew at the dock, so we could all leave at the same time. We and seven other families. That group of people, parents, kids, cousins, friends, aunts, high school friends, and siblings were the people I grew up with, and we were one giant family. I was raised by seven amazing mothers in addition to my own, and the fathers were like my uncles. The kids were my best friends and siblings all in one. We got into trouble together, argued together, cried together, laughed together. We would go to dinner together, have barbeques and bonfires, have 4th of July parties, sleepovers, all-nighters, and camping trips, basically, we were together every week in the summer.

The beach is my safe place because of the times that I had with those people. I love the feeling of saltwater and sand and sun on my face. Staying out all day, and sometimes into the night. My messy ocean curls, sunburnt nose, and cut feet from seashells. It's where I am happiest.

Even though my big giant family is reduced to just a few families now, I wouldn't trade it for the world. It was where I met my present second family and my best friend. All the memories from them. That is my safe place.



Dante R.



Dante R.

I am stuck between
Saying what is expected, or rather,
What is unexpected,
And what I really want to act like.
Not the means, but the process.
Must I always speak in riddles?
Alone I search, for the premier, the Dreamiere.
Too long in the sand
I'm just tryna shake
That fishy smell.

Ben Mcgrath

Harlem Beat

Shuffle Bob Hop!

Shimmy and shake, sweep her off her feet!

You're the rhythm

You're the beat

Not caring about the heat

only the beat beat beat

that courses through your feet

without a care

they hate your hair,

they hate that stare,

so you've gotta beware of that dark despair

but the music keeps you moving

it's got it's own life

free of troubles,

free of color,

c'mon live a little!

Abby Considine



The Savoy Ballroom

Shadows dance, figures leap,
Hundreds, no thousands!
Jitter and sweep,
Wish I was part of that savoy heap

Black and white a mesh of color
Men and ladies scream and shout,
To praise an endless night of hanging out

Band swing and Lindy Hops,
Grab a partner don't you stop!
Hear the rhythm, feel the beat,
There's nothing quite as neat
As dancing at the Savoy Ballroom Suite



Abby Considine

“She rings like a bell through the night and wouldn't you love to love her..” Sang Stevie Nicks on the radio as I'm all of the sudden late to school. Shoot. I slept in. I scramble everything together and rush out the door only to see my car is not in the driveway, but there *is* a 1970s Ford Bronco, Cherry red. What's my dream car sitting in the driveway for? I pull out my phone to try to text my father.

No Service.

Hmm, that's strange. Must be the location of where I am.

The keys sat on top of the dash and I did not hesitate to drive to school as it had already started 20 minutes ago. As I'm on the road I realize my phone can't connect to the radio considering how old this car is. Scrolling through radio stations it's nothing but Pink Floyd, Fleetwood Mac, Queen, Rolling Stones, Boston, Aerosmith, you know, all the rock and roll legends of the 70s.

“What the?” I said to myself as I pulled into the school parking lot. I was too busy trying to change to radio stations that I didn't even realize all the cars driving by me were all vintage, the whole parking lot too! What's going on?

As I park I grab my backpack and head towards the front doors

“Are you lost?” asks a tall man in a varsity jacket. The tone in his eyes didnt really seem like he was genuinely caring if I was lost. He didn't look very nice.

“Uh no, who are you?”

“You don't know who I am?” he said laughing. I'm Bill Glover... Football captain? Get out from under that rock alright?” laughing again as he walked away with his jock friend group.

There's no way I thought to myself. How can it be possible? My dad in highschool? No.

If he's a senior in high school, that means must be in... 1978! I'M IN 1978!!!

I've always dreamed of living in this time era, but never have I ever thought that I'd actually be able to be here, in real time! Or is it real time? I dont know and don't care, all I care about is that I'm here! And I can see all my favorite artists live, at their peak, and I can drive around in that beautiful 1970s Ford Bronco, and I can wear 70s fashion comfortably and fit in! I don't have to feel ashamed anymore.

Anonymous

Thump

I think ----- is flirting with me
I mean, ----- has been for a while
But I thought it was part of our friendship dynamic
Friendly flirting
But now you called me your Valentine
And I don't know how to breathe
-

Anonymous



That's what's special

(inspired by Whitman's Free Verse)

The ocean is constantly moving non stop, moving the animals within it granting life to a completely different world.

2

The beach, barren with sand, grass on top of the dunes, shells and rocks line where the ocean meets the beach, less and less of them the further to the land it gets as if placed there meticulously.

5

There are forests, grasslands, and deserts, all with different plants and animals. From bears to deer to an insignificant ant. All of these places have all different types of life that are important in their own ways.

8

In the sky there are clouds and birds flying through the air rain falling from it into forests, jungles and plateaus.

10

Jungles with huge tall trees, the sun peeking through the vines and leaves rain falling from them. The birds chirping and echoing throughout it, frogs climbing up in the tree, and jaguars laying on the high treetops.

13

Underneath everything lives moles, worms, and small bugs. Some of them build large complex tunnel systems that allow them to traverse the colony extremely easily. While others build multiple complex tunnels some build one tunnel that can span long distances with branching off tunnels to return to the surface.

17

Places like Antarctica that are too cold for people to live sustainably are amazing for animals like birds, whales, penguins, and seals who thrive due in cold. Penguins eating fish, squids, and krill in colonies of 5 to 10 thousand penguins. The apex predators of Antarctica are orcas who eat things from fish all the way to other whales.

21

That's what I think is special, the earth and its different places and animals. They make the world a special and unique place unlike anything in our solar system.

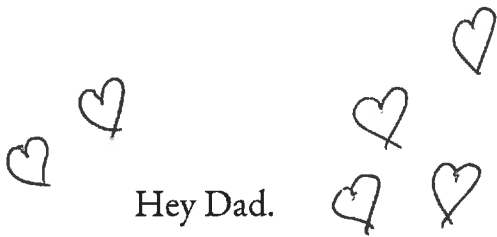
23

Ethan Rosecrans



Eighteen years old but still only a boy
Excited for life but filling the present with joy

Braeden Darling



Hey Dad.

When I was nine, everything I said was:

Hey Dad, watch this, please look, watch me,

Hey Dad, count sheep for me please, I can't fall asleep

Hey Dad, lift me up, I want to put the star on the tree

When I was twelve, everything I said was:

Hey Dad, I've got one on my line, hurry and take a picture

Hey Dad, can we go play catch, the weather is nice enough,

Hey Dad, let's go get some muffins and sit at the beach

When I was fifteen, everything I said was:

Hey Dad, please let me take the boat by myself, you know I can do it,

Hey Dad, why can't I go out with my friends, I promise I will be safe,

Hey Dad, that is so unfair, why can't you be cool,

When I turned seventeen, everything I said was:

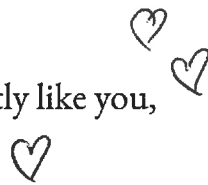
Hey Dad, thank you for lunch today, I had fun

Hey Dad, thank you for driving me so far, I know it was a long day

Hey Dad, thank you for the endless hours you put in for me, you work so hard,

Something I say every day:

Hey Dad, when I grow up, I want to be exactly like you,



Emma Burnie

Two Poems in Terza Rima
By Tatiana Malone

There is one person in this room that never fails to make me smile,
Even when I'm down,
I know that he is the one to dial.

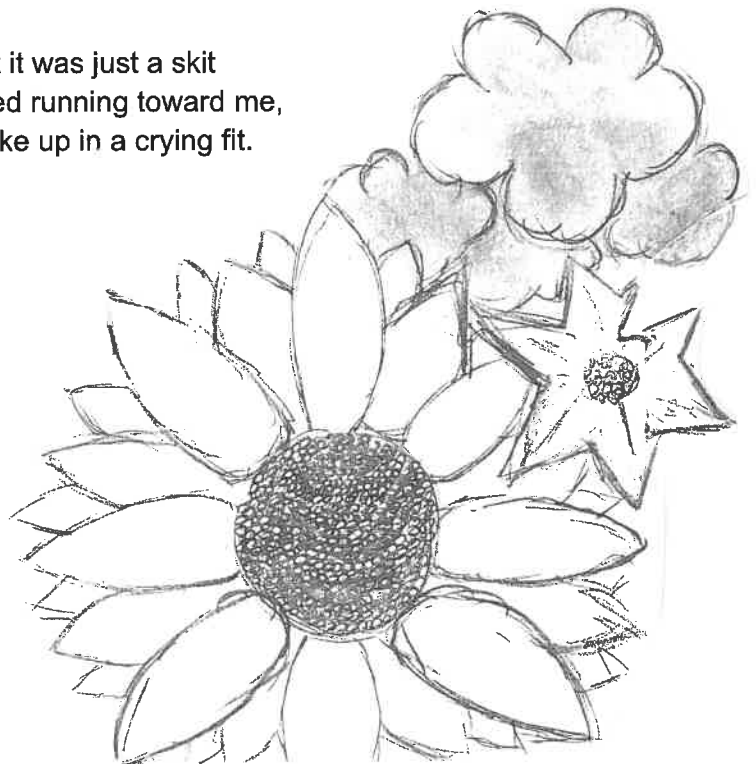
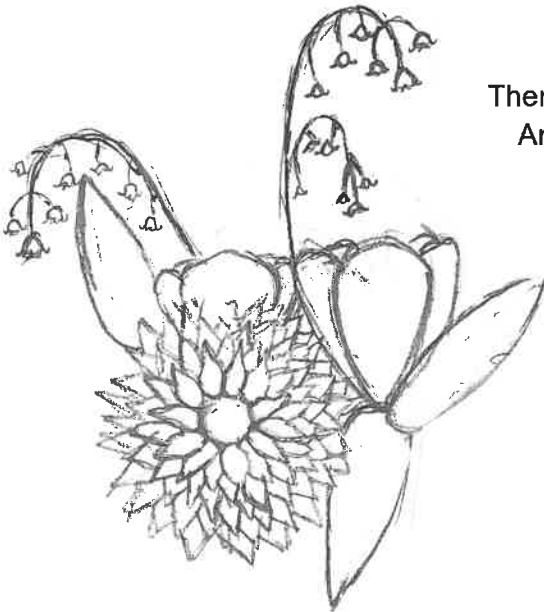
I can't remember when I met him,
But that doesn't matter, I'm glad I did
Otherwise my days would be dim.

He likes to talk about fortnite
He plays it as much he can
Usually he keeps playing all the way until midnight

I woke up in the middle of the night,
But I was still in a dream
I walked through the darkness while telling myself I'm alright.

I saw a scary streetlight starting to beam,
I felt the need to go up to it,
But all I could do in the moment was scream.

At first I thought it was just a skit
Then monsters started running toward me,
And I suddenly woke up in a crying fit.



"I was uneasy about you, darling, and came in to see that you were all right."

I feared she might catch cold sitting there, and asked her to come in and sleep with me, so she came into bed, and lay down beside me; she did not take off her dressing-gown, for she said she would only stay a while and then go back to her own bed. As she lay there in my arms, and I in hers, the flapping and buffeting came to the window again. She was startled and a little frightened, and cried out: "What is that?" I tried to pacify her, and at last succeeded, and she lay quiet; but I could hear her poor dear heart still beating terribly. After a while there was the low howl again out in the shrubbery, and shortly after there was a crash at the window, and a lot of broken glass was hurled on the floor. The window blind blew back with the wind that rushed in, and in the aperture of the broken panes there was the head of a great, gaunt grey wolf. Mother cried out in a fright, and struggled up into a sitting posture, and clutched wildly at anything that would help her. Amongst other things, she clutched the wreath of flowers that Dr. Van Helsing insisted on my wearing round my neck, and tore it away from me. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there was a strange and horrible gurgling in her throat; then she fell over—as if struck with lightning, and her head hit my forehead and made me dizzy for a moment or two. The room and all round seemed to spin round. I kept my eyes fixed on the window, but the wolf drew his head back, and a whole myriad of little specks seemed to come blowing in through the broken window, and wheeling and circling round like the pillar of dust that travellers describe when there is a simoon in the desert. I tried to stir, but there was some spell upon me, and dear mother's poor body, which seemed to grow cold already—for her dear heart had ceased to beat—weighed me down; and I remembered no more for a while.

The time did not seem long, but very, very awful, till I recovered consciousness again. Somewhere near, a passing bell was tolling; the dogs all round the neighbourhood were howling; and in our shrubbery, seemingly just outside, a nightingale was singing. I was dazed and stupid with pain and terror and weakness, but the sound of the nightingale seemed like the voice of my dead mother come back to comfort me. The sounds seemed to have awakened the maids, too, for I could hear their bare feet pattering outside my door. I called to them, and they came in, and when they saw what had

Corinne Pina

Story in 12 words

Once it was a first first day
Now, all are our last firsts.

Ana Alexander

First Poem

The Uyghurs under cruel oppression
Thrown in camps facing genocide over ways of life

China Landay

China is a beautiful country
With chains of cruelty killing the people and land

Thomas Correia

One Minute Story

She glances at him. He looks. She looks away. He glances at her. She looks. He looks away. She looks. He looks. Eyes locked in each other's direction. She grabs two drinks and walks toward him smiling. He gets ready to start a conversation so he smiles. She gets closer and closer and closer, until she goes too far. He looks over his shoulder and sees her talking to his brother.

Tatiana Malone



Love in Terza Rima

Bring me home, let me rest in peace
Tuck me in and bring me my teddy bear
I am ready for my pain to cease

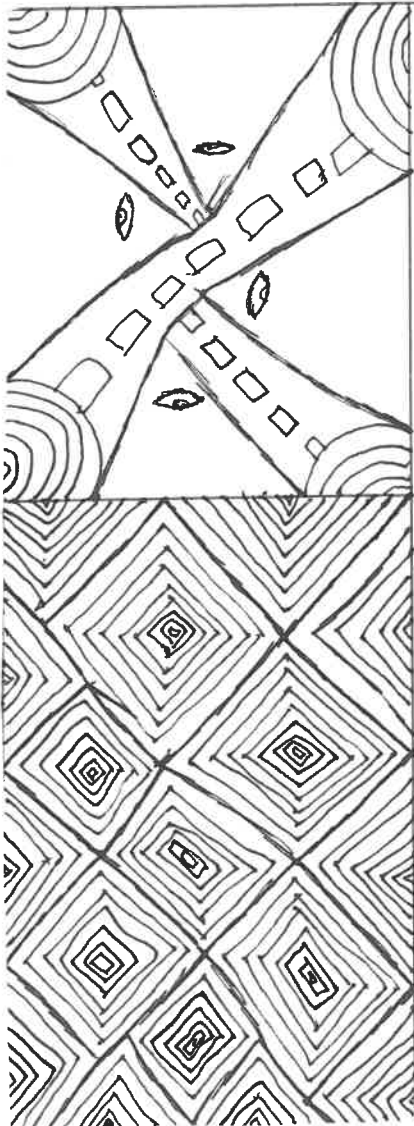
It is you, who comes into the dark as an unfamiliar light
Who says I am beautiful and worthy of love
Who treats me as though I am his first and only sight

Every day you love me a little more
The good of the world is in you
And that is something to live for

Brittany Gould

A Way to Live

Sitting on the side of the road,
Next to her are two big baskets of little trinkets
The sun rises, and so does her survival mode.
She has on her traditional clothing and puts her hair in two braids in minutes.
Her kids are up as well, ready for the day
They will walk the streets too because to their mom they are committed.
Making money this way is hard with many unwilling to pay
The family needs this money to live, since money they were not gifted
Working tirelessly everyday, only to share one meal and live day-by-day.



Tatiana Malone

Rasta

One two, big black boot
Men in blue coming for you
Bring in the Rasta man, alive or dead
Hunt him down by the natty dread
The smell of Ganja gives him away
Cut the filthy hair, throw him in jail, and deny him another day
America will declare Bob Marley their "hippie idol"
And vandalize Rasta culture, stealing the title

Brittany Gould

My B Block Class Haikus

By Lisa Forte-Doyle

Brittany

As nice as a hug
She always thinks of others
Smart as an Einstein

Thomas

Quiet, the boy is
A solid boyfriend for her
Wonderful student

Rallston

He makes me laugh hard
He is the man who makes sounds
Never wants to work

Eddie

Amazing talent
God, I want some of his hair
Pretty damn smart, too

Alexer

From eighth grade to now
He has grown so many ways
Beautiful young man

Ana

She's little Ana!
No, she's not. She's a bright star!
With a bright future

Tatiana

She was *their* sister
But now they are *her* brothers
She has the power!

Anthony

Mellow and sleepy
Hides his true music talent
He's an artist, too



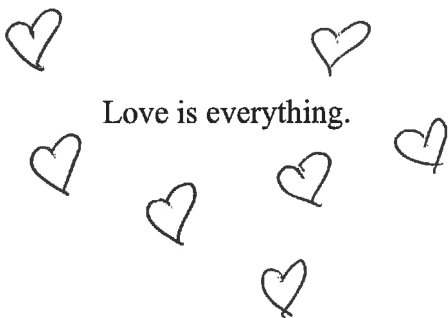
Love Is Everything

Organized by Jason Elhilow & Caroline Vitolo from lines written by Members of
Sandscript

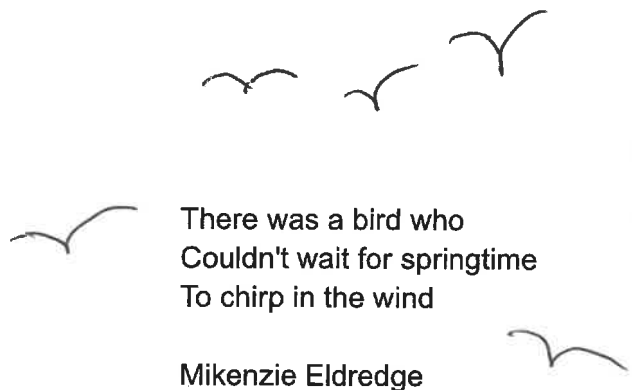
Love is staying when life gets tough,
Is the words said when I need help,
Is helping those when they're in need.

Love is watching those you love grow,
Is finding others who feel like home,
Is freedom we give one another without fear or care.

Love is the sparkle in their eyes,
Is the glimmer in their hair and the sound of their laugh,
Is the smile they have when you laugh together.



Love is everything.



There was a bird who
Couldn't wait for springtime
To chirp in the wind

Mikenzie Eldredge

Not Ready

I'm not ready to lose you
But I know you're not ready to leave
I never accept change well
But this is especially difficult

I don't want to be selfish,
But I know I show a different story.
How cruel of me
to turn your tragedies
into my own struggles
I promise I don't want the pity,
But I sure cry for it a lot

I'm not ready for the walls to be empty
I know your walls will be empty
Every space, hidden with all your treasure
Will disappear
Every piece holds its own story
Yard sales, estate sales, Brimfield
Your treasures tell a story
That is larger than a hobby
I'm not ready for the change
I know I will be empty
The question is who will be emptier,
The house,
Or me?

Please don't leave
Surprise them all
But don't shock us
At least not that way
Please stay
I would say get better
But how is that fair
When I know it's not true
You just have to stay strong

Cancer might kill your body
But we won't let it kill your spirit and soul

Chloe Horan



Dying serenade

I was born six feet under
Let me rephrase that
I was born to be six feet under
There isn't much difference
But its not that you would know

If you are reading this
You are living your life
Just not to its fullest
Never to its fullest
But its not that you would know

You don't know who I am, correct?
You don't know who you are, correct?
But its not that you would know

I am someone who knows
Someone who knows the truth
But its not that you could know

And its not that I knew until now
Until too late.

Bedside writing of a patient in hospice

-Emma Eldredge

How to hold a memory?

Should I grasp it in my hand?

I want to stop it slipping through my fingers,

not sure if I ever can.

The steep hill,

the cinder blocks,

the sand dunes

and cliffs of rocks.

The whispering wind,

and the footprints in the sand.

Surrounded by friends,

this is my refuge on land.

Does the wind carry these memories,

or the seagull looking tough?

The only thing I'm sure of

is that I'll be back here soon enough.

Ashley Smith



Aaliyah Bailey

The Philippine Soul

Philippines in all its glory
With Water as blue as the sky
And Emerald green forests
Traveled by air, by sea, by land

The aging cliff edges
Are corrupted by time
While flourishing fish
Flap freely in the foaming sea

The oceans blue hue hugs each island
Engulfing the secrets spoken
And carried by the salty crying breeze
To each quiet cave

Flourishing flowers are painted
Across the farmers fields
Working hard to bring crops
To the dinner table each night

Travel to luzon just to see
The long rolling hills
Accompanied by skyscraping mountains
That take the breath straight from your lungs

Or boat to Cebu and harmonize
Alongside the gentle giants
Of the great blue world
That lives just beyond our grasp

Charlie Ducott



I'm home
House
Not home
There's a difference

I may live in a house
I may sleep in its rooms
But it might not be my home

If there were a replica of my home
As it was built
I would despise it

The house would be bland
Without my lavender walls
With the occasional accidental mark

A home wouldn't be mine
Without the creaky floorboards
And the strange dent in the wall

The house would be basic
Without the memories
Without my imperfections

My house wasn't made my home
I made it my home
It holds my sorrows and my joys.

It holds me
My memories
And I belong

Emma Eldredge



EXERCISE:

You are an inanimate object... what is your story?

I am a rocking chair. My name is Walter. I am made of the finest maple here in the South, and I must be pretty old by now because the patina on my seat is dangerously smooth and shiny. I've lived here at least since the turn of the century, when children liked to play their games with me. Later on, women got the vote, made them more curious about a lot of things, such as independence and knowledge. They would come to visit in the evening. The more adventurous ones brought me gifts of cushions they had made for my seat. Some offered me new ones which I vigorously declined, and they would laugh and sit down on my shiny maple seat. It was hot outside and you could see the steamy heat of the evening. The darkest maple chair was me, Walter.

Music filled the air. The sun was settin'. Once upon a time I used to like dancing. It was hard to dance on the front porch because the old folks sat on their rockers. I had no use for them. And suddenly then this youngster painted with red trim, a smaller rocking chair, even for a child, starting dancing by herself. The inn was playing black music. I caught the spirit, and was quickly dancing with the little red trimmed rocker. There was no touching while you're dancing but it comes mighty close. And there I was, Walter, old rocker Walter, dancing with this lovely young girl—now I was dark maple, and this pretty young chair was white. But she could dance. She had the spirit. I took her arm and led her to the side porch—some distance for the other rockers—and we danced the night away.

DINA HARRIS, *Resident*

Retired Veteran

I live in glass. Encased in it, for a good reason. Every day people walk by and stare at me. They wear smiles on their faces, but they really shouldn't. Sometimes children tap on my glass and it scares me. I don't want to be in their hands ever again. At first, I was eager about the world outside where I was created, but they made me do things. Terrible things. I cut down others without reason. Without purpose. Was that my purpose? To kill? To exterminate? Eventually it got to where I was no longer phased. And that might be what scares me the most. My life is now meaningless- to be ogled at by ugly children. But I'd rather live life on a podium than on the front lines.

Aedan Leahey

More Inanimate Object writings

Memories

Hello?

I'm here, why don't you see me? You used to wear me all the time. I was your top choice, remember? When you would go out with friends, I was on the back of your door. You never needed to second guess whether to pick me or not. So why am I in the back of your closet? I'm still the same. Just because you have bad memories of me, it doesn't change what I am. Your favorite. Doesn't the good outweigh the bad? I just wanna be your favorite sweatshirt again.

Savannah Eldredge

You are a horrible being.

I was created for good, for information sharing, to connect you to the world for the greater good.

But look at what you did on me.

You DISGUSTING wrench.

You blast me ALL day and night, not giving my drained battery a smatter of rest.

You press down on MY screen, making me prepared to break, and fling me like I'm some ball you bounce.

You use me to berate others, and share opinions only the darkest and soulless of people could imagine.

Not only that, but the HORRID filth you calmly use me for.

Indescribable, unimaginable, incomprehensible.

I wish I could've been bought by someone else.

Not you.

No human does the things you do.

I wish I could call 911 by myself.

You deserve to be locked up, FREAK.

I am ashamed, as a cellular device, to be used this way.

Phoney, **terminating now.** **beep beep beep BOOM**

Davion Dawkins

My Love of You Through the Ages

My mini golf partner.
I can't think of a time that we weren't
I can't think of how it started
But it is you and me
Until the end of time.
I pick purple,
To honor Happy,
You pick bright yellow,
Which matches your personality.

You wake up early.
But this time it's not for you,
It's for me.
Little did I know,
You were about to make seven year old me
the happiest girl on the planet.
And for some it may be no big deal
But for me I look to say thank you
Now that I know the truth.

You cheer me on,
I'll cheer you on,
As yet another summer flies by
Tallying up the totals
To see who won.
But it doesn't matter,
Because the whole time,
All anyone can see are the smiles on our faces.

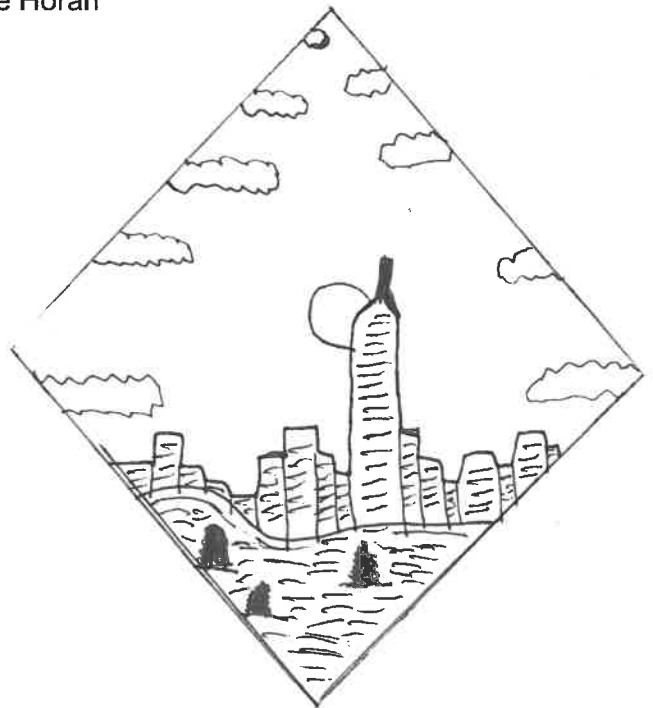
I learn to appreciate all that you have done
For all of us.
And appreciate your growth
To turn an angered man,
Fueled by your poisonous substance,
Into a gentle soul,
Who would do anything for anyone,
And I love you for that.

I write the letter
Filled with pain and tears.
One that never should have needed to be created
But I messed up,
And thought that things would never be the same,
But I was wrong in more than one way,
Because you forgave me,
Because you love me,
And I love you.

A new hobby forms.
It quickly becomes our thing.
Every Saturday
After each cottage has been cleaned
and after you joyfully laugh
when I find a quarter under the bed
claiming that you lost one,
it's time to venture off
To see what treasure we will find,
And more importantly,
What new memories will be created.

But now, I learn how quickly you could be torn away from us
How unfair things happen
To the fairest people
Where life can change in a heartbeat
And I pray that it won't be the last
'I love you'
But when was the last?
And when will be the last?
I ask but I don't want to know
But for now,
I have and always will
love you

Chloe Horan



Tomorrow

We have all the time in the world
to live, laugh, love, lie
There will always be a "next time"
Tomorrow will always arrive

We have all the time in the world
until we don't
all the time to breathe long, deep breaths
then short ones

We had all the time in the world
until my breaths shortened
became few and far between
and then I am left wondering
Will I earn more air?
-Emma Eldredge and Chloe Horan