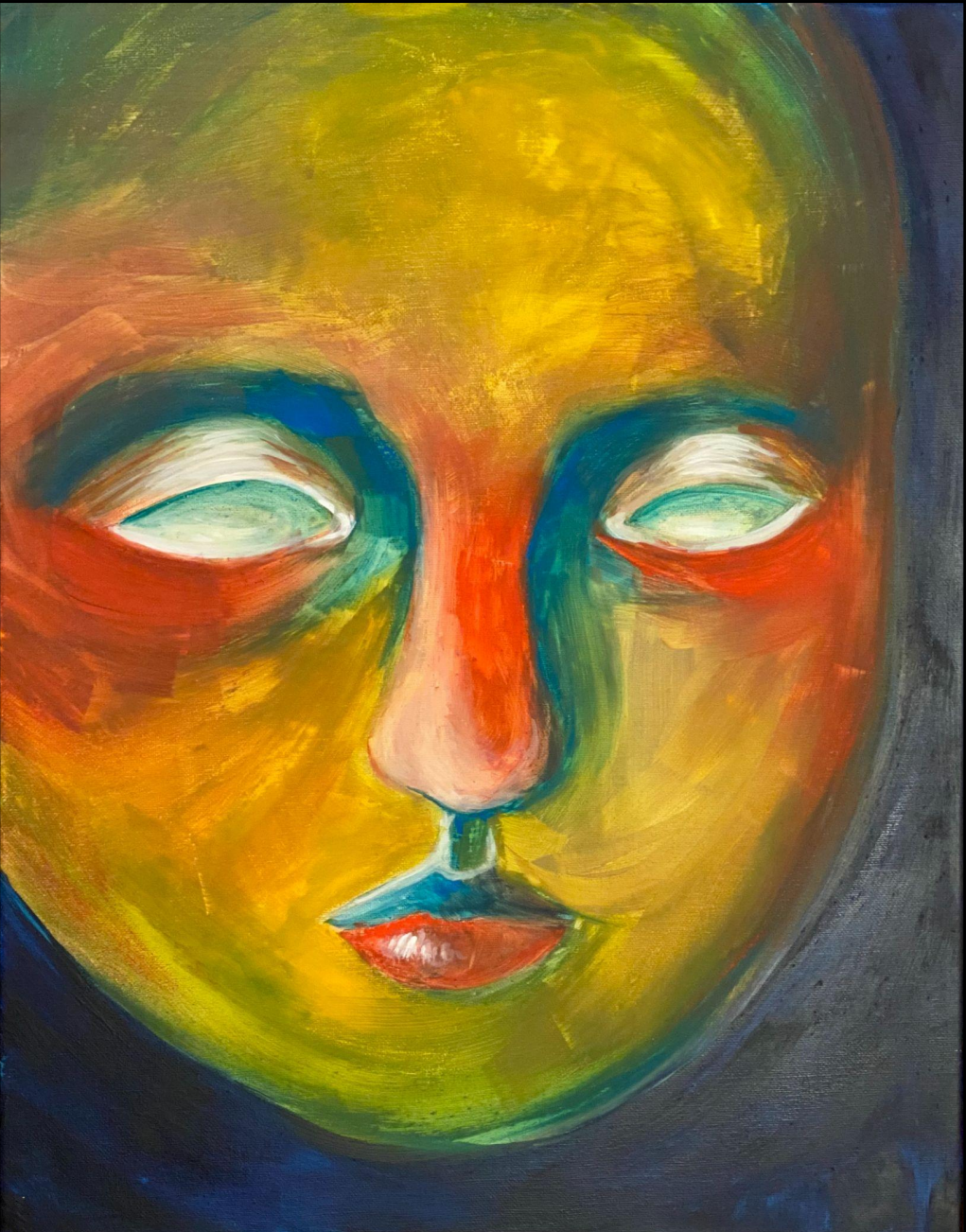


Shadow and Substance



Sleepy Hollow High School



Shadow and Substance features writing and artwork created by the students of Sleepy Hollow High School. Our student-led staff carefully selects and arranges the contents of this magazine.

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Many thanks to the Board of Education, Dr. Raymond Sanchez, Mr. Scott Dorn, Mr. Brian Fried, Dr. Felipe Orozco, Dr. Debbie Brand, Mr. Daniel Larkin, Ms. Jessica Perez and the faculty of Sleepy Hollow High School for their continued support.

A Sickly Song

Luke Weidner

This song I've heard before
Many verses of the song
Different artists sing within that song
The one I hear come anew is not well

A sickness of discrimination
A difference that makes me and you who we are
Are used to vilify each of us at every chance
And we disparage each other in spite of our individual beauty

A sickness within our justice system
A prison which enslaved those who have done wrong
And it is common to think slavery is illegal
A nation that punishes people for their worst
As opposed to helping them reach their best

A sickness of greed
A place where killing
And harming workers
Allows those in charge to grow in wealth
And power

This song I've seen around me
I've heard different verses of the same song
Every day, new artists write a line
The one I hear is not well

Start small to cure
Start with yourself, so we can heal it all

Welcome
Accept
Respect

Else we continue the conflict

We are living in a hell in real time
We must love that hell out of this world



Image by Nola Vercesi

The Baggage of Fear (Found Poem Inspired by *The Thing They Carried*)

Luke Weidner

They all carried the fear of blushing.

When a man is killed, he lies there
with one leg bent beneath him,
his jaw in his throat,
his face with one eye was shut.
He died because he feared the blush.

They were embarrassed if they blushed.
What brought them to the war was the avoidance
of the blush of dishonor.
They died in battle
so as not to die of embarrassment.

When a man is killed, he is taken away.
He becomes a story.
By telling stories one separates it from themselves.
You pin the favorable truths.
You make up others.

A man who died
At night prayed that the war might end soon.
Afraid of disgracing himself, and therefore his family and village.
In the presence of others, he looked forward
to doing his patriotic duty.

Looking back at the reality
it swallowed so much.
Pride, belief, dignity, courage.
Twenty years the reality had wasted what was once Vietnam
Now, it was nothing.
Dreary
and unremarkable.

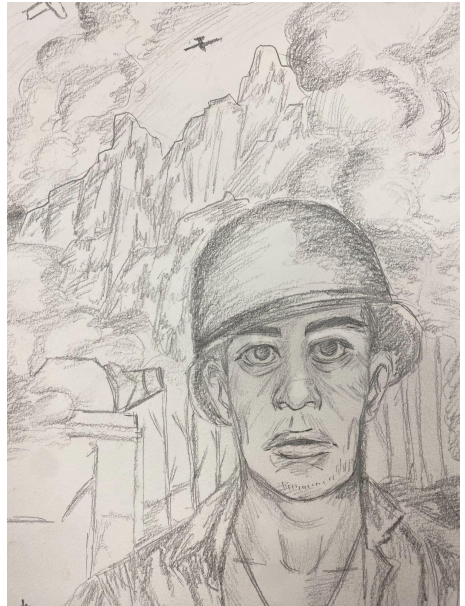


Image by Breyannah Paulino Rivas

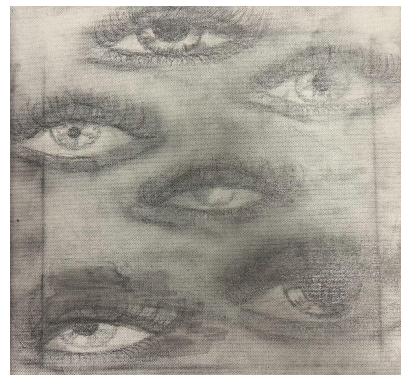


Image by Sophia Peniche

Intrusive Thoughts

Cynthia Sasaguay

As wind lingers, voices become a blur
As far in depth the mind is, it becomes full of hardship
Our world we live in, is like a deserted desert
We become meaningful specks
In a small environment, where we have no say, just to see
How sadness is what my mind aims to think
As life is not everlasting, death will soon be destined
It's common that our imagination can twist the purpose of life
As dawn soon comes, it seems that this world is devastating
Although my thoughts become a fog
I will always contemplate the meaning of life
Reminiscing in my dream, my mind that's filled with craziness
I am still a single being



Image by Sarah Russell

Glass

Raquel Almendarez

Forgive but I can't forget
All the things I didn't do you made me regret
Your words cut deep
It hurts more that one day you will forget me
I can't seem to let go
And that's not letting me grow
With each of your secret whispers
you dug my tomb
I lost every battle
You ripped me apart and I couldn't unravel
I lost my 6 walls
You did it because?
I can't admit out loud, but I was fragile.



Image by Raquel Almendarez

This I Believe

Aaron Rodriguez

I believe in youth.

Youth can bring forth advantages: energy, opportunities, chances.

Now that I am older I miss my childhood.

The old, vivid memories of running in parks,
falling on my bike, and swimming
smelling the BBQ filled air while playing tag on a field comes back.
I wish that I could go back.

Back to the time where I had no worries.

Back to the time where I was filled with pure joy.

Back to the time when I was a kid.

The older you get the more you realize that everything comes to an end.

So make sure to have as much fun as possible.

I want to go back to playing with door stoppers and avoiding cracks on the sidewalk.

I miss the time where my life wasn't full of stress caused by the influence of others.

I have realized that youth is the greatest strength.

So I want to take advantage of the youth I have left and make the most of it.

I believe in youth, and the empowering energy it provides.

That is what I believe.



Images by Sarah Russell

Let Kids be Kids Again (After Langston Hughes)

Emily Jimenez Olivares

Let kids be kids again

Screens and violence

Plagued by exposure and expectations

Seeking a place to be young again

Realizing adulthood is many years away

Let kids be kids again

(Childhood was never childhood to me)

Toys, games, creativity, and joy

There was never any for me

I grew up before I could even

tell you want growing up meant

Let kids be kids again

(Childhood was never real)

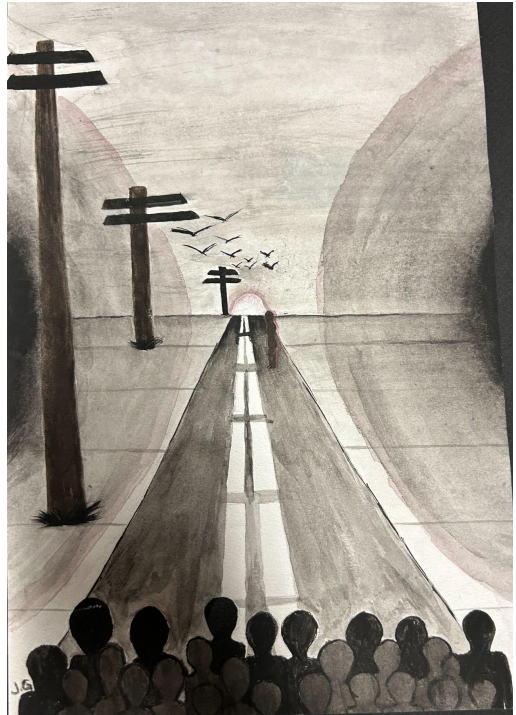


Image by Jazmine Gomez

Unable (Found Poem)

Emily Jimenez Olivares

Borne back ceaselessly into the past,
He neither understood nor desired,
back in that vast obscurity beyond the city,
Gatsby believed in the green light.
He could hardly fail to grasp it.
It eluded us,
Face to face for the last time in history.

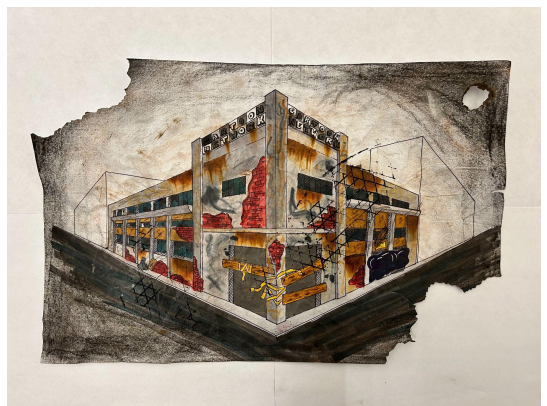


Image by Gerald Navarro

Secret Love

Raquel Almendarez

We could silence the ocean waves
Your heart is all I crave
Where water meets the land
Is where I will always hold your hand
Poets will always fantasize
But our love will never die
Humans live and cry
And sometimes even the best of us lie
They let wine age
And throw roses on every stage
Widows mourn
And towers burn
Meanwhile we look at stars in each other's eyes
Our love stays with no disguise
After an x written in sand
In a lonely man's land
is where I found you... my treasure.
Now people look at us and only see forever
No one forgets the feeling
Some have not yet found it's meaning
We keep no records of all the things we did wrong
I have found what many people long
And even when we die
The ocean will whisper our words of love
till the end of time.

Image by Sophia Peniche



Found Poem

Christopher Cesarano

Looking through the marvelous pane of glass
A fine line, a barrier pierces the street
My shoulders tensed and my stomach churned
There's enough divide to defeat

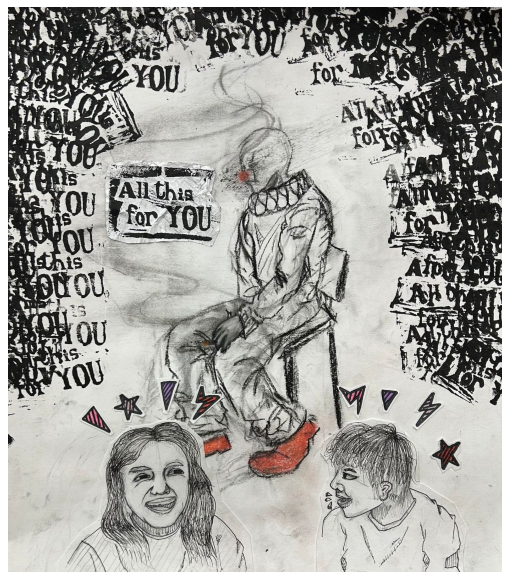


Image by Gerald Ray Navarro

Whispers of Dreams Persist
(Inspired by *The Great Gatsby*)

Prosny Louis

Shadow diminish and
The dull
Dark
Shallow daylight emerges

Memories fade away

Green light dims
A sign of unattainable longing
Yet belief lingers

The power of illusion
Dissolved in Gatsby's paradox

Among the debris of aspirations
One still stands
Dreams

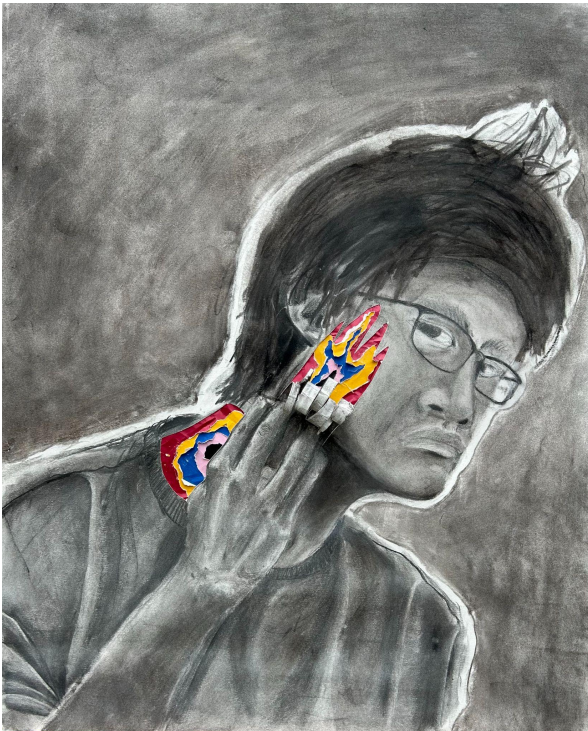


Image by Gerald Ray Navarro



Image by Raquel Almendarez

Innocent Son

Prosny Louis

As the innocent son
Child of racism
Unlike us, they are white
Their inviolable power
Sad for all the people out there
Families, infants, and
I was sad for you
I wasn't able to make it right
I wasn't able to comfort you...
They were gone
Legacy left
Couldn't see the dawn
My whole life, a constant war
In jeopardy of stopping.

Goodness Within

Ava Mendez

To glimpse the good,
In grandeur or in tiny thrall
Is to unearth the thread binding us all

To seek the good
Be it vast or small
Is often the profoundest grace of all

To embody the good
In magnitude or minuscule
Is to *surrender*, letting love enthrall for all

Haiku

Meghan McMahon

The butterfly girl
Pretty and kind with a crown
Beautiful and sweet

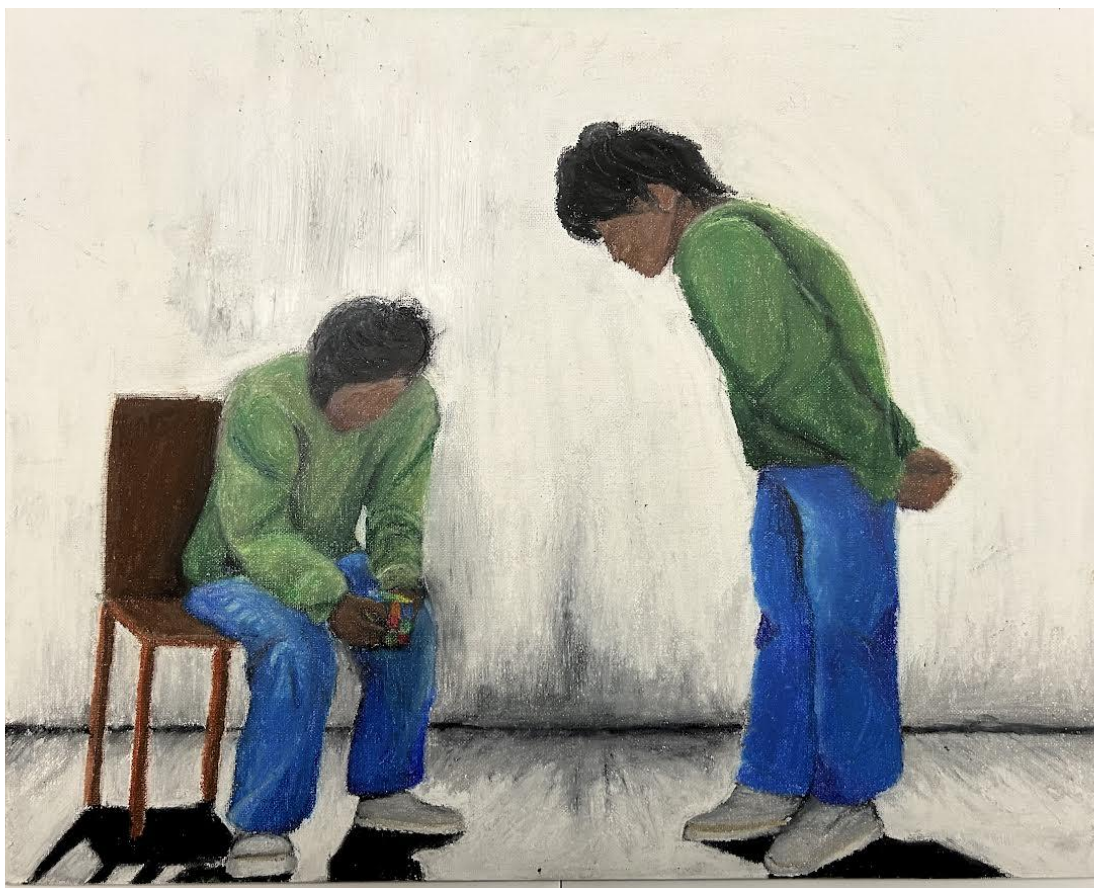


Image by Gerald Ray Navarro

Italy (Inspired by Nikki Giovanni)

Anna Doorley

I always like summer best
Where you go to get coffee
And buy croissants
And feed the pigeons
Who are waiting for more
And talk about your night
And how tired you've come to be
When you go to the beach
And swim in the nice warm sea
And eat pizza that's like
Nothing you've ever seen
And get sunburned because
You forgot to put on sunscreen
And have your picture taken
Only to see
how happy this place makes you
When you go shopping
For the little things
And find dogs in the street
Who you pet because they're appealing
When you walk late at night
And eat ice cream under the
Street lamp light.



Image by Sumiran Margolis

Nature Feels Us Too

Leslie Burgos

Nature feels us too.

Tall trees look down at us as we walk over generations of roots deep below the surface.

The way we look down at ants.

The wind runs its fingers through your hair.

The wind, like a mother, aches when you walk away as you slip through its fingers.

The sun covers you in the warmth of a worn blanket from your youth

You can't find the blanket anymore, but you remember how it feels.

The grass brushes at your ankles wishing it could hold on to you but it knows you cannot stay.

The cold dark earth holds you up when you walk, run, fall,

The way your siblings hold you up when it is too much to stand.

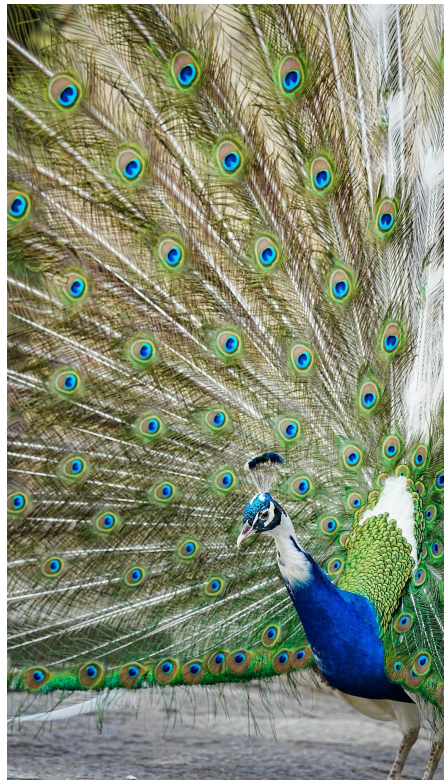
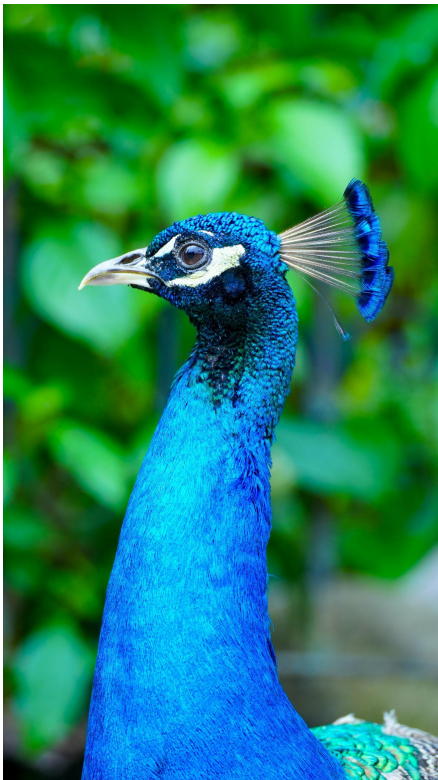
Nature yearns for you to love it like you love the womb you came from.

Nature yearns for your affection as it breathes life into you through oxygen,

Through the crops that allowed you to grow.

Through the spirit it has put in your bloodstream through rivers and lakes

Nature is your mother too.



Images by Daniel Anderson

Possibilities and Chances

Anonymous

Every aspect of life is determined by choices..
The friends we make.
The classes we take.
The people we love.
The people we hate.
The choices we make to go down this path or this other.
All small decisions have a strong effect on your life.
Like that one time you got scolded by your mother for running with scissors.
What if she never told you?
What if you never stopped running?
And what if five minutes after you were being taken to the hospital
because you stabbed your eye with those scissors?
Or when you ask out the girl of your dreams and she says yes.
What if you were too scared to ask?
What if you never even asked her?
And what if another guy asks her and she says yes?
How about that one time that you made that decision to move to a better country?
You wonder what would have happened if you stayed.
Would you be happier,
Or would you be sadder?
Would you be poor
Or would you be rich?
Would you be around people that love you?
Or would you be alone with your thoughts at night?

All of these possibilities could have happened if you made different choices throughout life.
Sometimes these choices turn out to be for the worse,
But sometimes they result in the best outcome.
That's why I ask, should we really worry about the *what ifs*?
Should we waste our years thinking and regretting our past choices?
Or should we face the reality that you can't go back in time to fix these mistakes?

Sometimes I think of this question.
Wondering if I will ever get an answer.
And wondering if I'm just wasting my time thinking about my choices.
What if...
What if one day I stop thinking the way I do?
What if one day I get freed from these thoughts?
And what if one day I stop thinking about the idea of *what if*?



Image by Amy Arpi

This is Just to Say (As Jay Gatsby)

Emily Jimenez Olivares

I fought
Long
And hard
For you

I changed
My name
My identity

I need
You
Again once more,
For the last time

Brown Ledge

Meghan McMahon

Spiders dance on the walls
Voices carry through the night
Cabins wait for each summer
When the voices return
When the woodchips get displaced again
When the lake is no longer still
But full of ripples from happiness

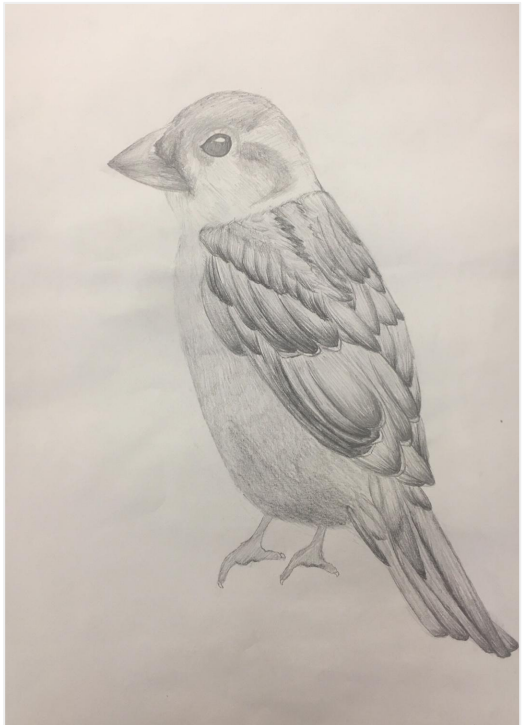


Image by Jennifer Nieves

Smaller Beings, Kinder Beings

Leslie Burgos

Smaller beings, kinder beings,
Covered in feathers and warmth,
Curl up in the snow caught on the branches.
Silently observing those around it,
all slightly different,
all looking for the same thing.
Picking at the trunk of the same tree,
Hiding in the same snow.



Images by Amy Arpi

Summer Nights

Karla Barzallo

Every kid and teacher
looks forward to the warm
summer days.

The days get longer,
the sun gets brighter
and everything seems
to go smoothly.

But we are talking about the day.

No one seems to talk about the summer nights,
the time were all teens seem to come out as if they
were vampires, allergic to the sun.

You can catch them at the beach,
a fire going and sitting in a circle
sharing stories, laughing.

Be sure not to interrupt; it's one of their last nights together.

If they're not there,
you can find them in the streets blasting
music on their bikes,
living life and having fun.

When crossing the streets be sure to look both ways;
they don't and won't stop their fun.

If you're looking for the risky ones
take a walk to the woods or to your
nearest abandoned building,
but don't make any sudden movements and you can't let
them smell your fear.

Now if you do,
make yourself look big and don't be insecure.

The best thing that the teens can do
is make you vulnerable.

They'll read you like a book.

Now if you do make the mistake of arguing back, you better leave right then and there.

They won't attack, they'll just laugh and laugh and laugh.

If you want to come out with your confidence still intact ,
just remember that the warm summer nights, or any night—

The nights are for the teens,
no matter the weather.



Image by Amy Arpi

Let Love Be Love Again (Inspired by Langston Hughes)

Maxim Drake

Let love be love again
Let the words be true once more
Let the actions be from the heart
Looking for someone to call home
(*Love was never love for me*)

Let love be the love that brought us together
Let it be the light at the end of the tunnel
Where there was no deceit and lies
Where there was only understanding
(*It was never love for me*)

Oh let my love be the end of searching
It is true and honest
Where there is no fear or heartbreak
True love is the air we breathe

(*There was never true love for me
nor a moment without fear*)

Who are you that hides in the dark?
Who are you that burnt the home I built?

I am the fool who believed
I am the fool who felt guilt
I am the fool who was blinded by love
I am the fool that went with them
and believed I was the only one
(*I was never the only one*)

I am the young boy full of trust and hope
I am the young boy who wanted to see the best
Ignorant to the obvious
Ignorant to the betrayal



Image by Sophia McLaurin



Image by Jadzia Matthews

The Wives (Found Poem Inspired by Nathaniel Hawthorne)

Nickolas Orellana Mendez

Simple incidents of time,
interest, circumstances, curiosity.
Beyond sorrows,
sympathy, whispering tears.
Emotions influence misfortune,
pray, lamentation, privileges.

Disturbed stillest hours,
shadows, dignity, glimmer.
Anxiety, resolve, fear and eagerness.
Deluge of darkness screamed.
Well and sound fragments of a world.

Breathless, happiness, contentment, lighter dreams.
Delightful thoughts, visions.
Night advanced, awoke, unreal life.
Morning mist revealed enchantment.

Comfort, well and hearty, generous doubt, waking reality.
Blessed, conviction swelled. Heart, impulse, felicity,
unconscious bereaved one.

Vivid smile, happy dream.
Feverish slumberer trembled.

Suddenly awoke.

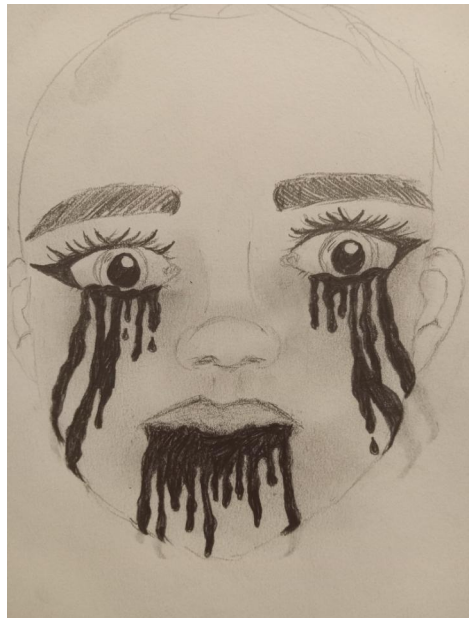


Image by Kaia White



Image by Amy Arpi

High School

Sydney Chin

I dream for college, the haven well over-yonder

Why am I still here?

Why could I have not graduated last year?

I don't want my efforts to squander

But are there really any more necessary academic challenges to conquer?

I wish graduation were more near

To wear the cap and gown, to finally be glad to be here

Oh, the pains of being a high school senior

Every day feels longer than the last

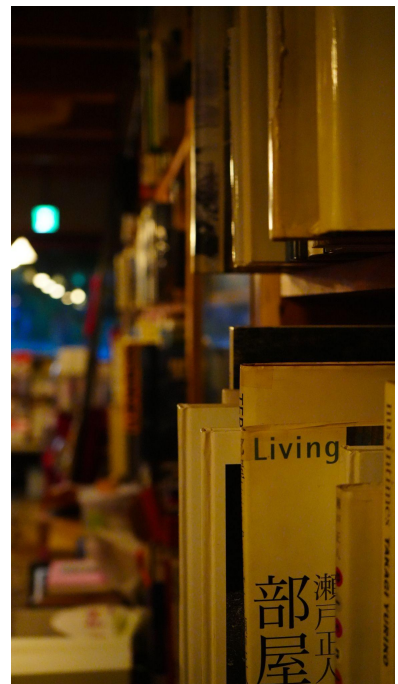
Like another layer of paint drying on the wall

Just going through the motions, waiting for time to pass

It's a slow, arduous crawl

From floor to floor, hallway to hallway, class to class

School makes life feel so, so small



Images by Daniel Anderson

Love and Rest

Sydney Chin

I've come to rely on you as a step in my routine

Without realizing it, you've sewn yourself into my identity

You bring out the life in me, make me believe that I am more than a machine

I thank you for reminding me of my humanity

You are my definition of home

The gift that keeps on giving

My sanctuary, my prized possession, my soul's metronome

You are the reason I am still living

In every spare moment of the day, and the duration of night

I bury myself under your covers

And recover and recharge from life's everyday fight

The warmth and comfort you provide me are things I'll gladly rediscover

Life is full of hardships, misery, and grueling, pointless labor

But it's manageable because of you, my bed—my savior

A Solitary Tree

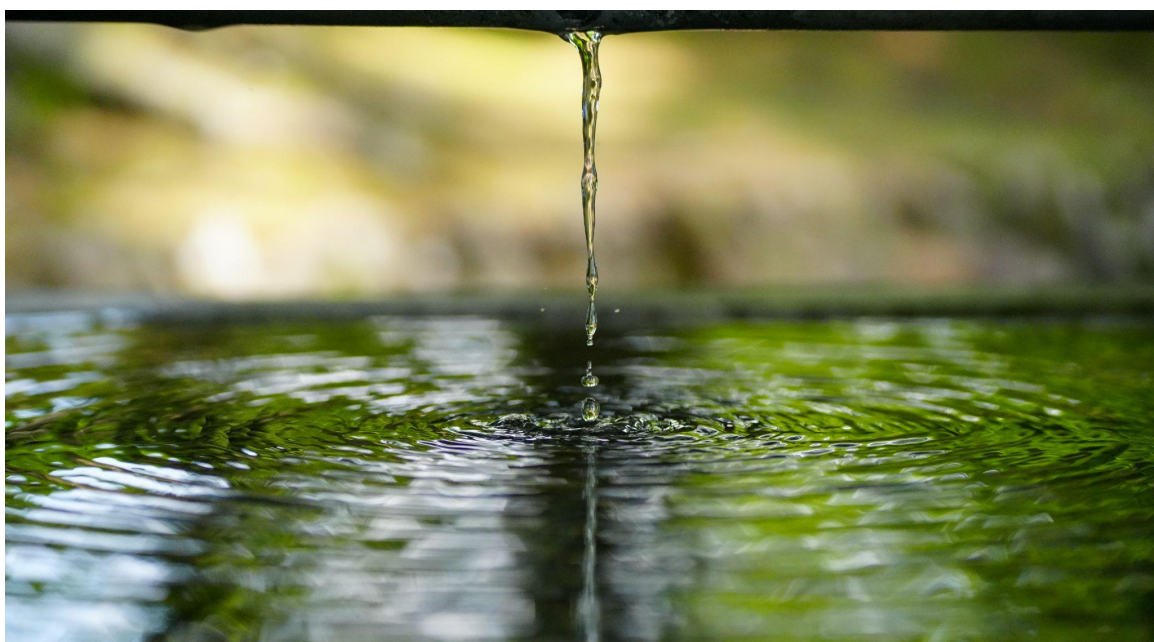
Christopher Cesarano

Singeing yellow lasers striking from heavenly skies
Never painful enough to satisfy the black hole of isolation
Summoned by mindless drones, lobbying for assimilation and carbon-copies
Sparked from diamonds among coal, ladybugs among spiders, apples among pears
Extracted like fossils from their righteous habitats
Separated and ousted while droids uphold the grand pretense of unity, like the giants
encompassing my rough, green-turfed home
Looming tall, casting shadow over not just the daffodils and dandelions
But over beauty itself

All Is Said And Done

Christopher Cesarano

Nothing could prepare me for the self-loathing and sorrow
Invisible hurricanes making sure of a turbulent tomorrow
The laughter and contention mix now, like arsenic poisoning milk
Or fire tearing through a gown of jade-colored silk
As you were a parasite, I had to free my mind
Despite my arduous expeditions, there was no reason to find
Though the time we had was freeing, though the time we had was fun
With every fiber of my being
All is said and done



Images by Daniel Anderson

Teenager (Inspired by Jamaica Kincaid)

Anna Doorley

Go to school consistently; make sure to do your homework; if you miss school, be prepared for the mountain of homework you are about to receive; do a sport to get exercise; make sure you clean the kitchen, do the laundry, mop the floors, and take the garbage out; look for community service opportunities; when you're tired, take a Monster so you'll be awake for the rest of the night; don't act out; if you do act out then find a way to get out of it; work hard like a woman and not like the *teenager* you're so bent on becoming; this is how you overthink; this is how you get a 4.0 GPA; this is how you get into college; this is how you make something out of your little life; always be doing something; is it true you do dance, archery, 12 clubs, and the school play?

Don't show your flaws; when you do show your flaws, gaslight them into thinking otherwise. This is how you get sleep; this is how you lie about who you are dating; this is how you sneak out. *But what if my parents find out?* Eat just enough to get you through the day; this is how you become healthy; this is how you become a woman; this is how you become smart; this is how you find the right college. Make your parents proud and try to avoid becoming the teenager you're so bent on becoming; make sure to act like a lady; don't wear anything that your parents won't approve of; make time for family events and be sure to wear something better than a hoodie and sweats; never talk back to your parents; know the difference between yeah and okay; never think that maybe means yes; when you do succeed, never complain about the work; this is how you convince your parents to have a sleepover; this is how you avoid anxiety; this is how you drive; keep a positive outlook on your life.

Never complain; always stand out; this is how you get a job; this is how you become pretty; before leaving family dinner, tell them about your accomplishments; wear dresses with flowers; always keep an open mind; make cookies for your neighbors and this way they won't recognize you as the teenager I've warned you against becoming; this is how you don't show emotion; this is how you get money; never be rude; use the little fork to eat dessert; never show fear; this is how you love the color pink; this is how you become less of a tomboy; this is how you become a leader; this is how you walk with heels; always be grateful; *but what if I want to rest for a little while?* You mean to say that after all, you are really going to be the kind of teenager who is lazy?



Image by Jadzia Matthews



Image by Nola Vercesi

Steak (A Sonnet)

Benjamin Zifchock

Perfectly seasoned it sits on the counter
The pan is filled with oil and butter
The steak is marbled and tender
The space is filled with cooking related clutter

The the steak is placed in the pan with care
Looking for a nice medium rare
The steak is developing a great char
But if it's cooked for too long it will be subpar

It is now time to flip
The delicious New York strip
Before I can digest
The steak is left to rest

I cut the steak open, and quickly looked
The yummy steak is perfectly cooked



Images by Nola Vercesi

This is Just to Say (As Tom Buchanan)

Yoel Marte Hidalgo

This is just to say
I'm terribly sorry
for Gatsby's death
I really didn't want to
I just had to

because I didn't like
his smile,
his wealth,
his house,
and his love
for Daisy.

At least he will
be forgotten
like the dust
in his empty mansion.

But so we beat on
to destroy
the lives
of other innocent
souls,
and return
into
our money
for shelter.



Image by Sarah Russell

Found Poem

Meghan McMahon

inhale
breathe

Life is not a sprint or even a

marathon but a relay

smile today
take time

welcome everything

peace

music

kindness

patience

explore the

feel human

it's

ok

earth



Image by Sarah Russell

The Change

Yulenny Guzman

This story is about how I came to the U.S. and everything changed in my life for the better-period; even though there were challenges I faced, and I thought about giving up so many times, I never did. When I came to the U.S, I didn't remember much of the Dominican Republic at all. I was a four year old with a young mind. I barely knew my only mother because she had no choice but to leave me in the Dominican Republic with my aunt when I was 8 months old until I was 4 years old. I knew she was my mother, but I didn't know what type of person she was. She barely visited me because she had two jobs day and night so her only child would be able to have a good life here. I barely remember going onto an airplane with my grandpa on May 25th, 2012 to come here. But I never knew things were going to change from there.

When I first started school in a different country and a language I never spoke I was very confused because I never went to school in the Dominican Republic or even spoke English. It was very hard to fit in and no one wanted to really be my friend because I was an outsider to them. Making friends was the hardest challenge I faced as a kid but I made two friends that year even though I had speaking problems. But everything went downhill when I found out that I needed to stay a year back and repeat the grade (kindergarten) because the school was like, "Her new teacher might not understand her so let her stay another year in the same grade for her to learn more English." But I didn't really care about repeating the grade. What was going through my head was the fact that I needed to make new friends and I didn't know how to do that again since I had only been friends with two people. But one day I met two people that changed my point of view. They made me have courage and not care what other people thought about me. From there I started to become friends with a lot of people and be comfortable around them. Throughout my childhood I had to grow up mature and wise beyond my years but I really didn't have a choice. I forced myself to study and make everything right in school because I was all alone since no one could help me with homework, they didn't know any English. During that time I forgot what it was to be a kid and to enjoy life before things were getting serious.

When my grandpa was not around I was the woman of the house because I went to school and knew English so I was responsible to help my family out. We moved a lot and my grandpa and I were the only ones that would carry heavy things and I know I shouldn't have at such a young age, but I did because my family didn't bring me here to slack off.

Even though I faced a lot of challenges, I always remember that I have a loving mother, two little brothers and a loving family that showed me that I shouldn't push myself so hard even though I faced a lot of challenges when I first came here. This impacted my life so much because it made me realize that I am allowed to give myself a break from studying so hard and trying to make everything's right. I am thankful for the challenges I went through because they made me the person I am today: a responsible, mature, kind, wise role model for my little brothers and cousins. Even though I never thought about coming to the U.S or learning a new language, I am grateful that God allowed me to come here and grow. Am still learning and facing more challenges but one thing I have learned since I have been in this country has been not to give up when things seem hard, but take every opportunity that life gives you because you only live once even though your choice might seem risky, take it you never know the outcome of it.



Image by Sarah Russell

Blackout Poem

Christopher Quizhpi Vasquez



It's So Quiet Out Here

Leeanne Molina

I like to go out in winter

But during the night

I like to step outside

And feel the cold

not only on my skin but in my heart

I let the emotions freeze over leaving
me at peace

The only thing I can feel is

How cold my hands are

The only thing I can hear

Is the wind blowing on my hair

There are no cars around

There are no people around

I feel alone in the best way possible

I love the winter

And So Much Lost

(After Ed Roberson)

Kara Kutny

Absence, I think, is trying to swim
against harsh currents

First, bitter coldness, sharp,
encompassing

Pounding, unrelenting, furious

Every spray of seawater is you

The air I breathe

The air I can't hold

You'd think beauty had left a lesson.

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