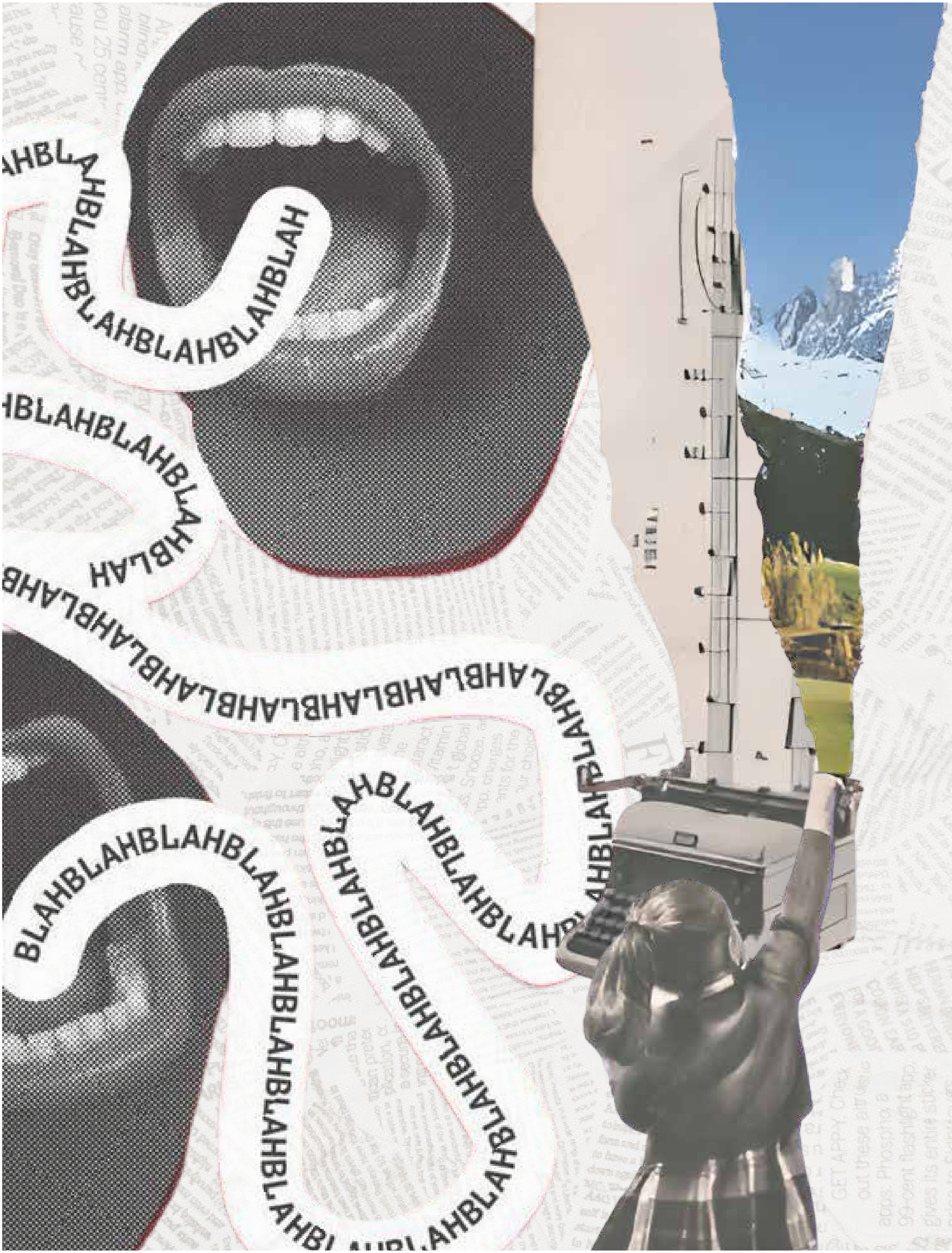
Art & Literary 2025 Magazine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Poetry

The City That Never Sleeps

Steel towers blaze with an electric haze,
Their silhouettes cut clean through this urban maze.
Glass panes refract the sirens blinking glow,
While traffic draws its lines in stop-and-go.
Billboards flicker like a false sunrise,
Projecting visions ten stories high.
The avenues hold memories through and through,
With the streets gathered with people, the sky blue.
Bridges stretch like chords across the ocean,
Their arches tense and full of devotion.
A thousand eyes, a pulse that beats,
This is the city that never sleeps.

Grace Scaletta

Waking Up

Meum Decus

We sit opposite one another.
We are two men, two minute sparks of life.
Formerly we should not have had a single thought in common
Now we sit and feel in unison.
So intimate that we do not even speak.
With a goose between us
The glow of the fire lights up our faces
I love him, his shoulders, his angular, stooping figure
and at the same time I see behind him woods and stars
Beyond the sky-line past a country with flowers
And to the scorched, blackened woods, where the wounded trees wait
The front is a mysterious whirlpool.
Though I am in still water far away from its centre
Is my face wet, and where am I?
There is one greatest joy I shall not know
For all I've seen has changed my mind
But still, the wars go on, as the years go by
his gigantic, stooping shadow falls upon me, like home.
He says: "It's done."
"Yes, Kat."
I raise my eyes
All that floods over me are but feelings
Greed of life, love of home.

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Scales

Lark Gorham

A Heart of a Summer's Day

The salty air, a vibrant, fresh perfume,
From dancing waves that chase away the gloom.
A sweet note drifts, a melody so light,
Two-dollar chocolate, a sweet treasure and delight,

Salty air where waves in sunlight gleam,
Fresh coconut water, day's thirst now gone,
Soft waves sing sweetly, as the sun shines on,
Beneath him, they rise and fall again.

Salty and sweet a memory takes hold,
Lika pina coladas, stories to be told.
The tiny grains, a soft and warm embrace,
Interlinked with skin, upon this tranquil place.

My feet sink deep, a comforting delight,
The warm sand yielding to the fading light.

Fresh, cold, clear touch, where sun's leaves its trace
Her soft sun-kissed curls move with the wind's gentle murmuring tune.

A California Palm Tree

Linus Chang

Meena Lisa

07 Elle Morawski

A Ray Of Sunshine

Samantha Valencia

The Quiet Between Heartbeats

The quiet between heartbeats tells you more about a person than anything else
It holds records of all they are
Pride and hidden sadness
Hold a stethoscope to their chest
Listen to the echoes of fracture and arrogance
Sunlight and darkness
If their heart is cold and black you'll hear it in the silence
Never say there were no signs, because they're always apparent to the one that listens
Moments of accomplishment and times that were joyous
Whispers of unspoken dreams on their path through the left and right ventricles
Chambers that hold regrets, secrets and all things metaphysical
You'll see what the septum divides
Bitter molasses and redwood trees
A heart
The center of one's entire being
Listen to the stories it tells
Their odyssey and their conquered seas
Valves may pump blood but in their wake one sees
What the heart was, what it is, and all it will be

Kaz Kasozi

Lara Silva

Cocoa

Benjamin Champagne

Water Plant

Jacob Trevisone

Butcher

I am the people's butcher.

Legs, arms, sides.

The pig always tender as I soften its skin with scars

My blade cutting through the layers as the years pass.

Minced, diced, thinly sliced,

The cold precision of my mind and knife.

My work reeks of iron,

For every night I salt pig skin with my tears.

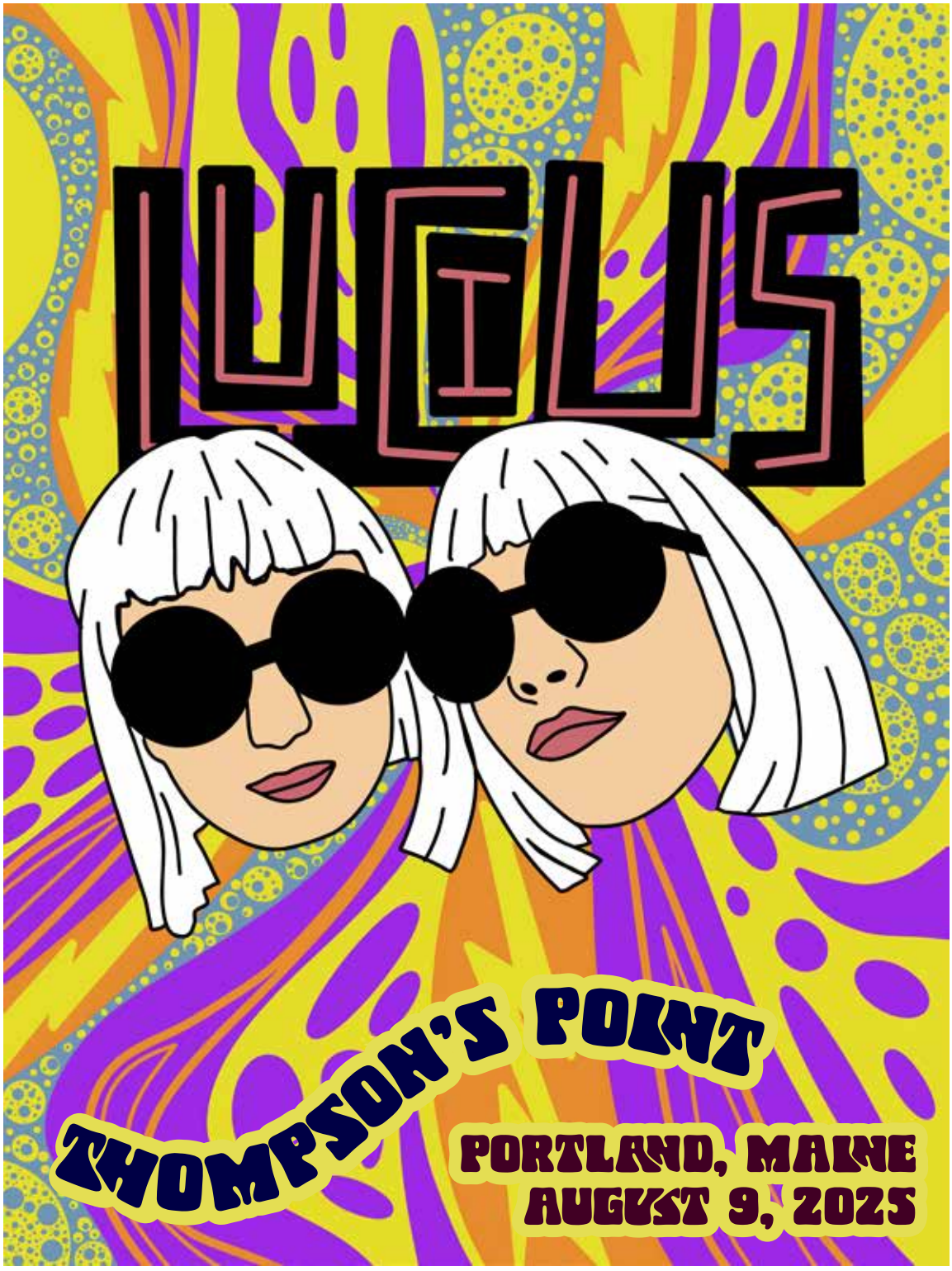
My hands forever stained by crimson.

I am the people's butcher;

Yet, my body calls me the pig.

Perfect Tension

Coralie Nesman



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Sophie Palmer

Armor

Harrison Leonard

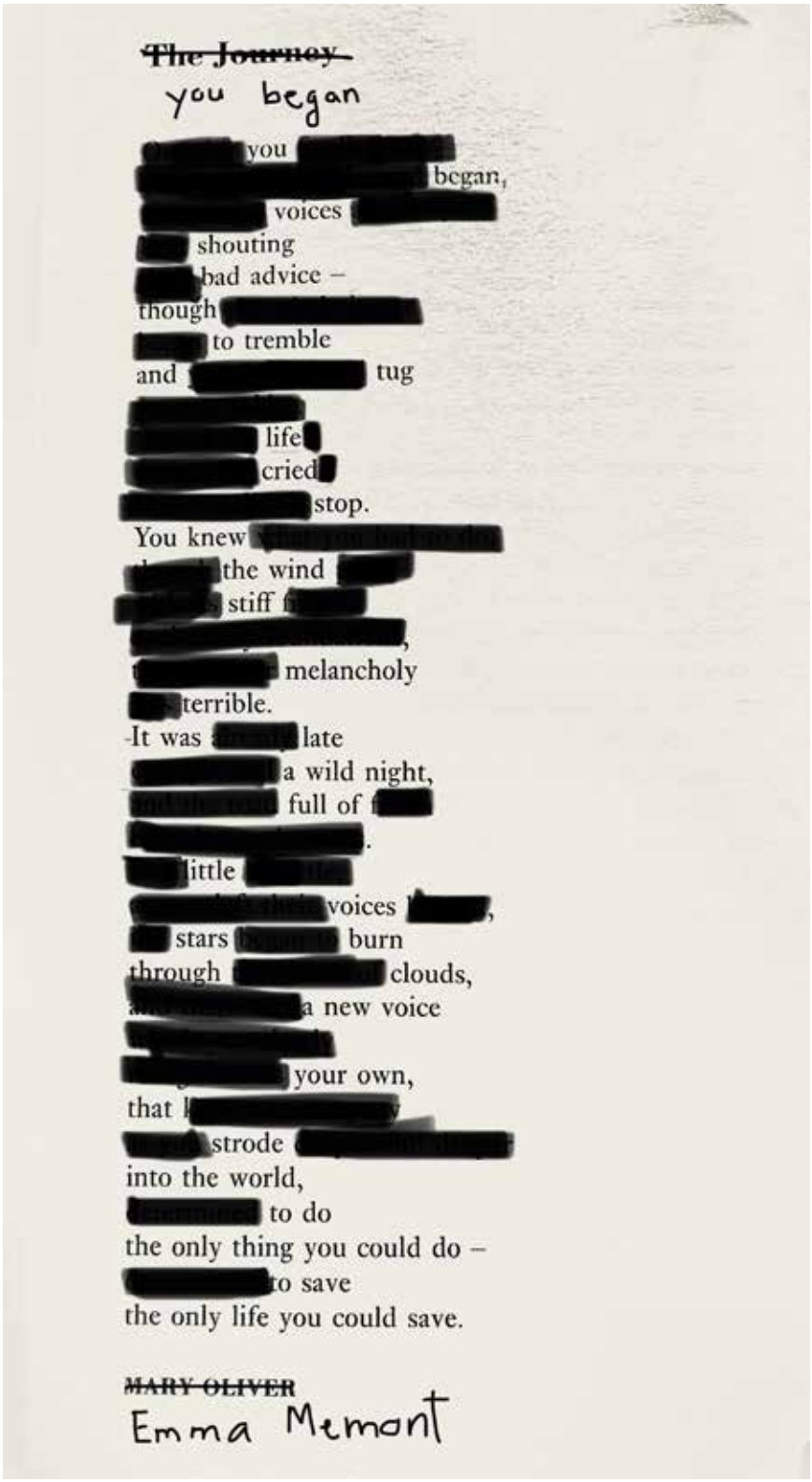
Mortality

There is a time in one's mortality,
Where by sheer eventuality,
Someone close loses their vitality.
At this moment you have to face reality:
"Life's only promise and biggest brutality,
Just took effect with such lethality!"
This can't be happening, what a travesty!
I'll swear at the heavens with great agony!
Who dares to take such an offense against humanity!
One can spend years mourning their casualty:
"How can one be gone in such finality?"
But eventually one awakens, and must deal with this cavity.
Only then can one truly embrace the truth to life's actuality.

Jasper Haas

Our Lady Hypatia

Charlotte Lobono



~~The Journey~~
you began

[redacted] you [redacted]
[redacted] began,
[redacted] voices [redacted]
[redacted] shouting
[redacted] bad advice –
though [redacted]
[redacted] to tremble
and [redacted] tug
[redacted]
[redacted] life
[redacted] cried
[redacted] stop.
You knew [redacted]
[redacted] the wind [redacted]
[redacted] stiff [redacted]
[redacted],
[redacted] melancholy
[redacted] terrible.
It was [redacted] late
[redacted] a wild night,
[redacted] full of [redacted]
[redacted].
[redacted] little [redacted]
[redacted] voices [redacted],
[redacted] stars [redacted] burn
through [redacted] clouds,
[redacted] a new voice
[redacted]
[redacted] your own,
that [redacted]
[redacted] strode [redacted]
into the world,
[redacted] to do
the only thing you could do –
[redacted] to save
the only life you could save.

~~MARY OLIVER~~
Emma Memont

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The Eyes of the Forest

Carly Saunders 20

The Worn Bedroom

My bed is my home the only place where
I do not feel alone the cold pillow colder than
My conscience.

The fan whirls all night and sometimes you hear.
The sigh she is tired and asking me why.

I told her ask the dresser that been there for
12 years because she sheds the most tears.

The walls hold secrets that I do not even know.
They protect me more than I know.

The fading smell of stale air is replaced.
by the subtle scent of fresh laundry.

I look at the dressers and she tells me.
Do not fear.

But there is a flickering dying candle.
Casting an eerie shadow.

I hide under the covers and even though
My world outside crumbled.

My bed remained a steadfast symbol of hope,
a promise of rest and renewal.

Stellar Dance

Elle Morawski

Arwen's Tapestry

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Adelaide Bippus

Colors & Feathers

Is it better to speak or to die?

Say something
Because it's worth it to be confronting.
Speak up for love,
A vital item there's not enough of.
Don't be quiet, don't whisper,
Stand up and be a resistor.
Never waste what you own
It will only end up with someone feeling alone.
When it feels dark, put up a fight,
Soon enough you'll win joy and light.
Take in a breath
And let your voice do the rest.
Pour your heart out
And hope for the best.
When you're not talking then listen,
Give another person their fought for recognition.
Loneliness is an invisible trap that only you seem to see
In a world full of noise where you're asking someone "please listen to me".
Everyone's asking the same thing, but nobody's talking.
Truths remain unsaid and people just keep walking.

Sage Johnson

Untitled

Oh, how you are so sublime

My wond'rous little cone of pine

You have a little smell of sap

Which will remind

Them of a little cone of pine

You are like a little hat

For a jolly tree

In merry times

Some say that you represent life

But all I know is that your mine

Sunset On The Pond

Gemini Burianek

The Sun

Delighted by the happiness that comes with the thought of you

Like the Sun you're a warrior

My knight in shining armour coming to the rescue

Parting the gloom in and outside my mind

You never left me behind

You may not always be there but you still manage to illuminate the night sky

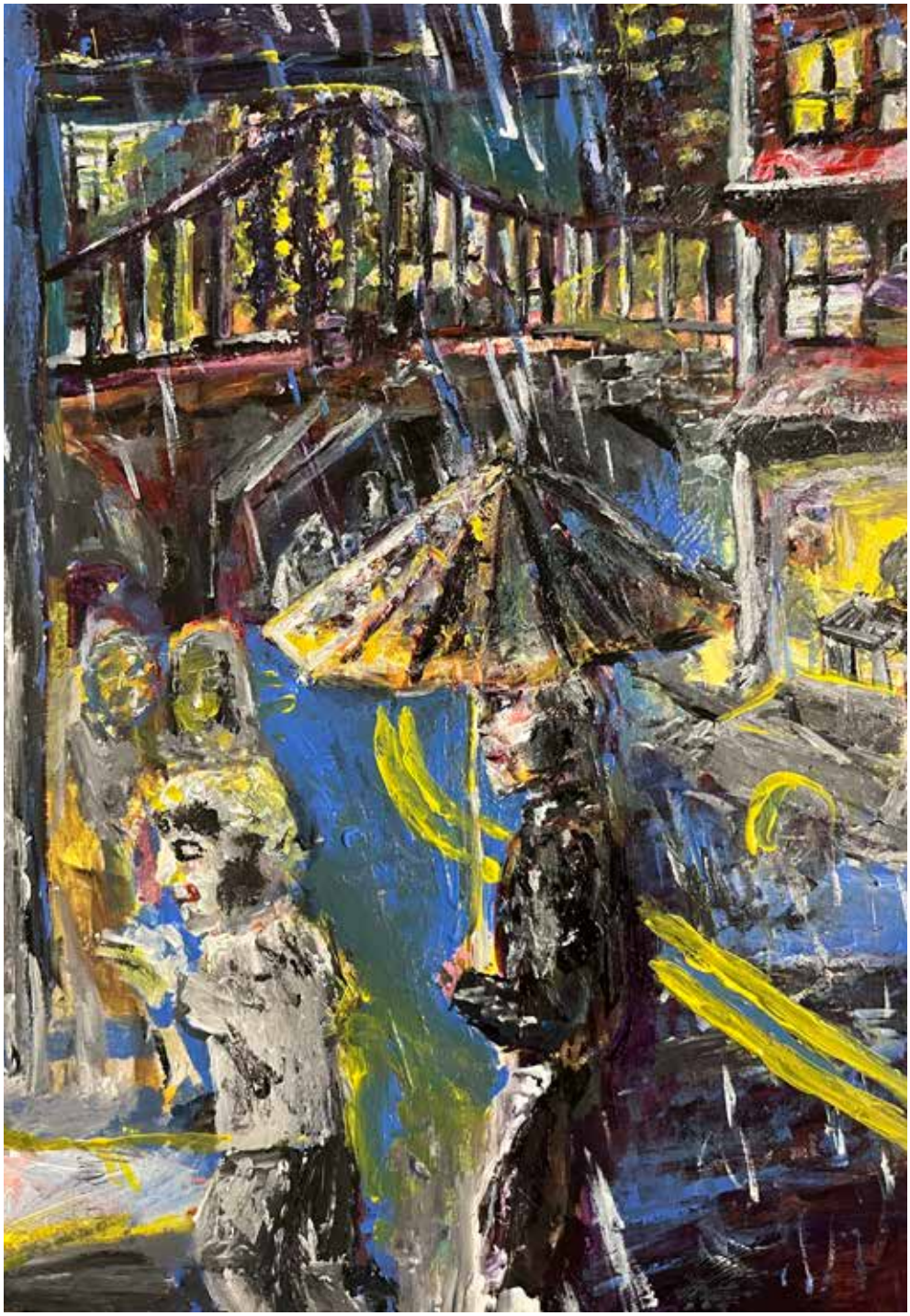
Found a way to be my light

A blazing star

Without you I'd die

False Sun

Untitled



Nate Davis

Fantastic Rejection of Self

Gavin Goff

Lines

Lines of red within the snow
Turn into lines of white
A new snow comes
Hides it all
But right back they come
The red is lighter
The white is thinner
Another snow
Another try
To hide it all inside

Stairs

My Orange Little Friend

My orange little friend my furry companion till the end.
Your comforting fur is all I see I'm so lucky to be with thee,
Your shinning eyes are like the sun so warm and kind and full of fun.
My orange little friend full of love, joy and life you'll forever be with me my morning light,
Our days will be full of fun just you and me running through the tress
Chasing some bumblebees.
So tired but full of fun we take a nap under the sun.
When the sun goes bye and the moon says hi,
Dreams come upon us about new adventures ahead.
My orange little friend so sweet and true, I'm so lucky to have you.

Four Seasons

Winter

The winds blow whereas,
the oceans are still and calm.
The snows pile up
on top of the frozen ground.
This wonderful winter land.

Spring

The new growth peaks through
the ground which has just been thawed.
Animals return.
The sun is a welcome sight
to all of the living things.

Summer

The warm winds are here
to stay as long as they can.
Hiking in the woods
with family is torture.
The ice cream makes it worth it.

Fall

The best season yet.
The animals are drowsy
and are sleeping soon.
The leaves are changing color
and soon will fall from the trees.

Temple

Linus Chang

Tongues

Alex Austin-Marder

Bridge

Untitled

They say I shouldn't care as much
All I do is get hurt
over and over and over
but that hasn't stopped me
apparently, its made me easy
I didn't know that caring made someone easy
but I guess I see it now
easy to manipulate
easy to pretend to care for
easy to get validation from
easy to use
easy to hurt
All caring does is show you how little you are
Funny because when i was little i was told to be caring person
People will like you if your caring
People will be nicer if your caring
if they're nicer then
Why am i still getting hurt

Anonymous

The Beautiful Woman Above

Sage Johnson

Purple

You were blue
All I'd ever seen was red
Both our hearts were black and bruised
They didn't pump blood
They bled

Then we met one another
Our worlds collided
And our colors mixed like paint on a mixing palette
We ended up a deep purple
The red, blue and black, all doing their part
Our vision tinted lilac
The taste of life was not as tart
Our hearts each began a rhythm
Their wounds covered with magenta plaster
We frolicked in lavender fields
Together we dreamed of amethyst castles
Our bond helped us heal faster

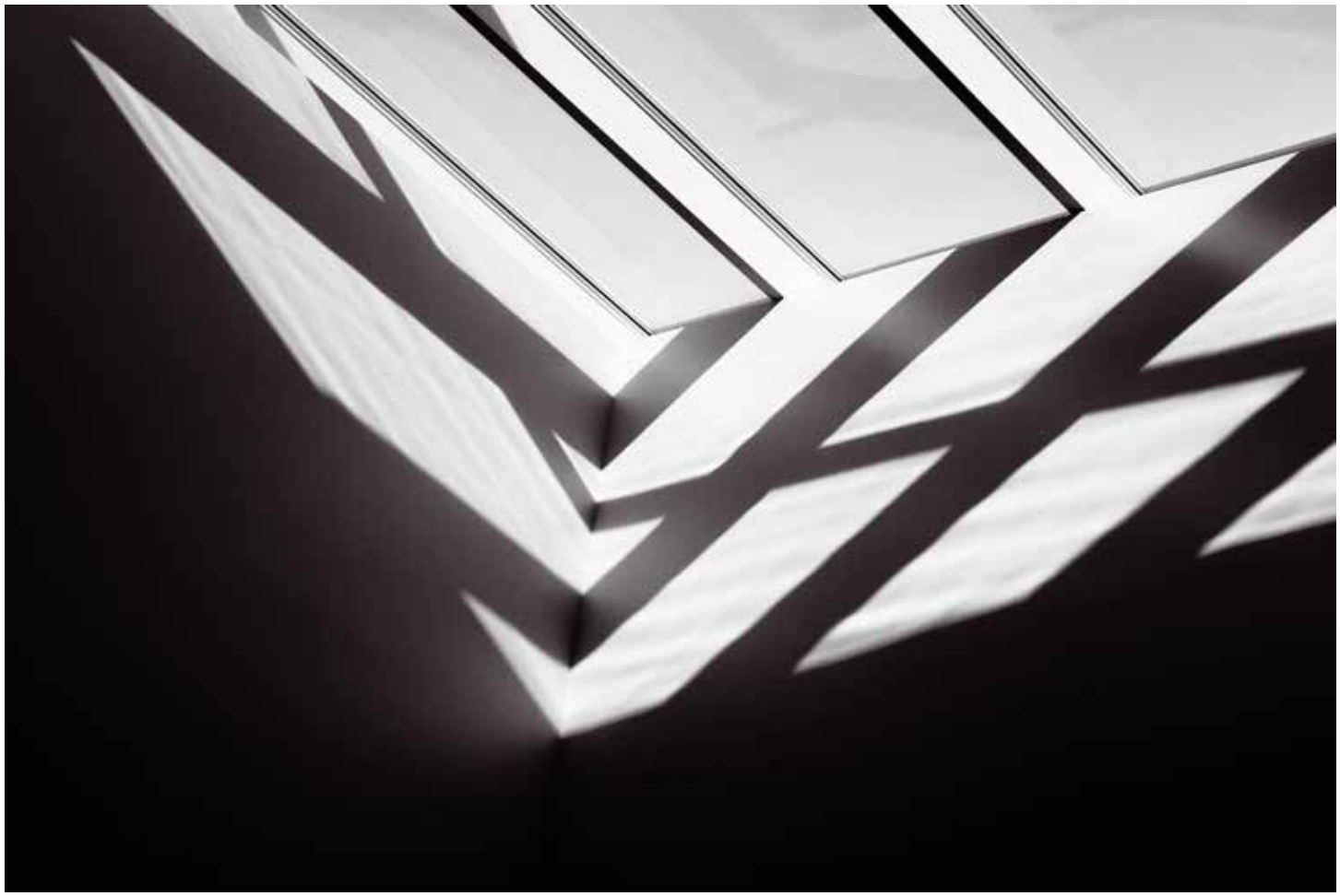
We don't know each other now
At some point I chose the lavender path
And you chose the lilac river

Our parting was kind, natural
I wished you the best
You wished me well
I still think of you sometimes
When the night is dark do you also wonder?
I may not be so now
But purple remains my favorite color

Sunset on the Pond

Gemini Burianek

Dark Light



45 Addie Conti

Teaching is Wonderful

Lumiere

Lara Silva

The Golden Gate

Linus Chang

Programmer

A man sat lonesome, staring at a computer screen,
Seeing his face, even his mother would scream,
With a neck bent so far, he looked like a giraffe,
The man was so frail, you couldn't even see his calf,
He was a stout man, short as could be,
Refusing to exercise, he resembled a bumblebee,
He spent his days typing on discord and reddit,
If you can think of a vile statement, odds are he's said it,
His personality was as wretched as one could grasp,
His face was oh so deathly pale, as the sun itself wouldn't shine on his ass,
A hard-working soul, he's employed in IT,
Only, the last answered request was from 2023,
As the network needs maintenance, his coworkers ask him to step up,
But facing his weaponized incompetence, they've now given up,
When he's hard at work, there are more important matters you see,
His simply MUST argue with 14-year-solds online, saying "Well Technically",
He refused to bathe, his stench was a propellant,
For the creation of his women-repellant,
Beware, and be afraid, for if with you he falls smitten,
For the rest of time, all you shall here is: "PLEASE!!! Will you be my discord kitten?"

Egghead Rematch

Untitled

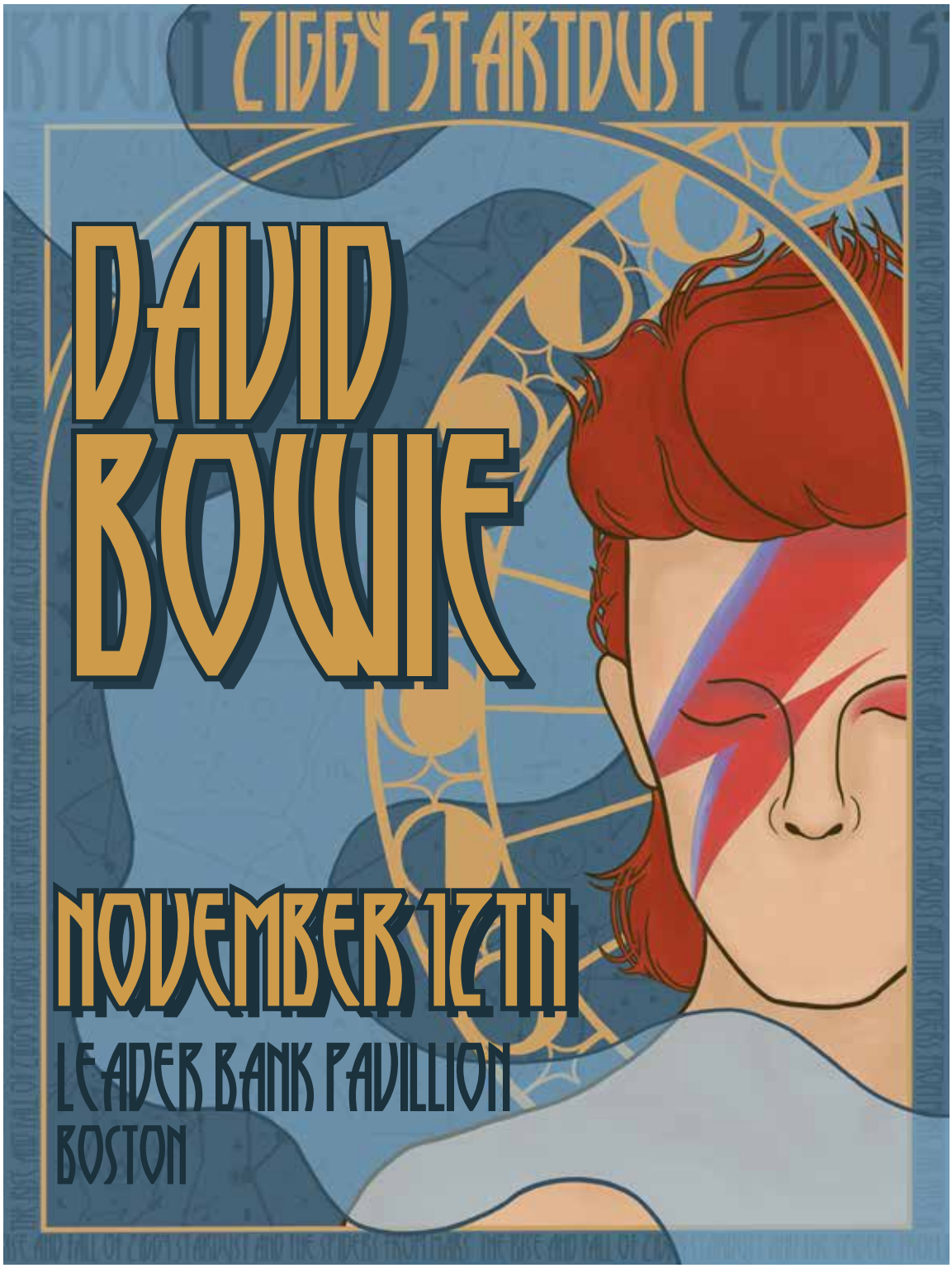
Juliet Byrne

A Moment In Time

Maura Eisenberg

Nostalgia

Oh to go back again.
To relive those few moments of joy.
I wish I could walk backwards,
But it's as if the ground is pushing me forwards,
Forcing every next step.
If I could have capture that rainbow back then, I would have.
I would have carried it around like a trophy
And worn it so casually like a piece of jewelry,
Showing it off and proudly claiming it all belongs to me.
Instead, it stays wrapped around me, tying me down.
I know ahead of me there's more rainbows and unicorns to catch,
But they don't compare to the ones I have seen.
Lately, the world has been running out of color
And I have lost my tinted glasses.
If I keep walking, maybe I can find a new pair,
But the longer I walk the more doubtful I get.
Oh to be so young and hopeful again.


ZIGGY STARTDUST
DAVID BOWIE
NOVEMBER 12TH
LEADER BANK PAVILLION
BOSTON

The Unknown

Reis Pereira

Rock and Leaf

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Madison Scaletta