

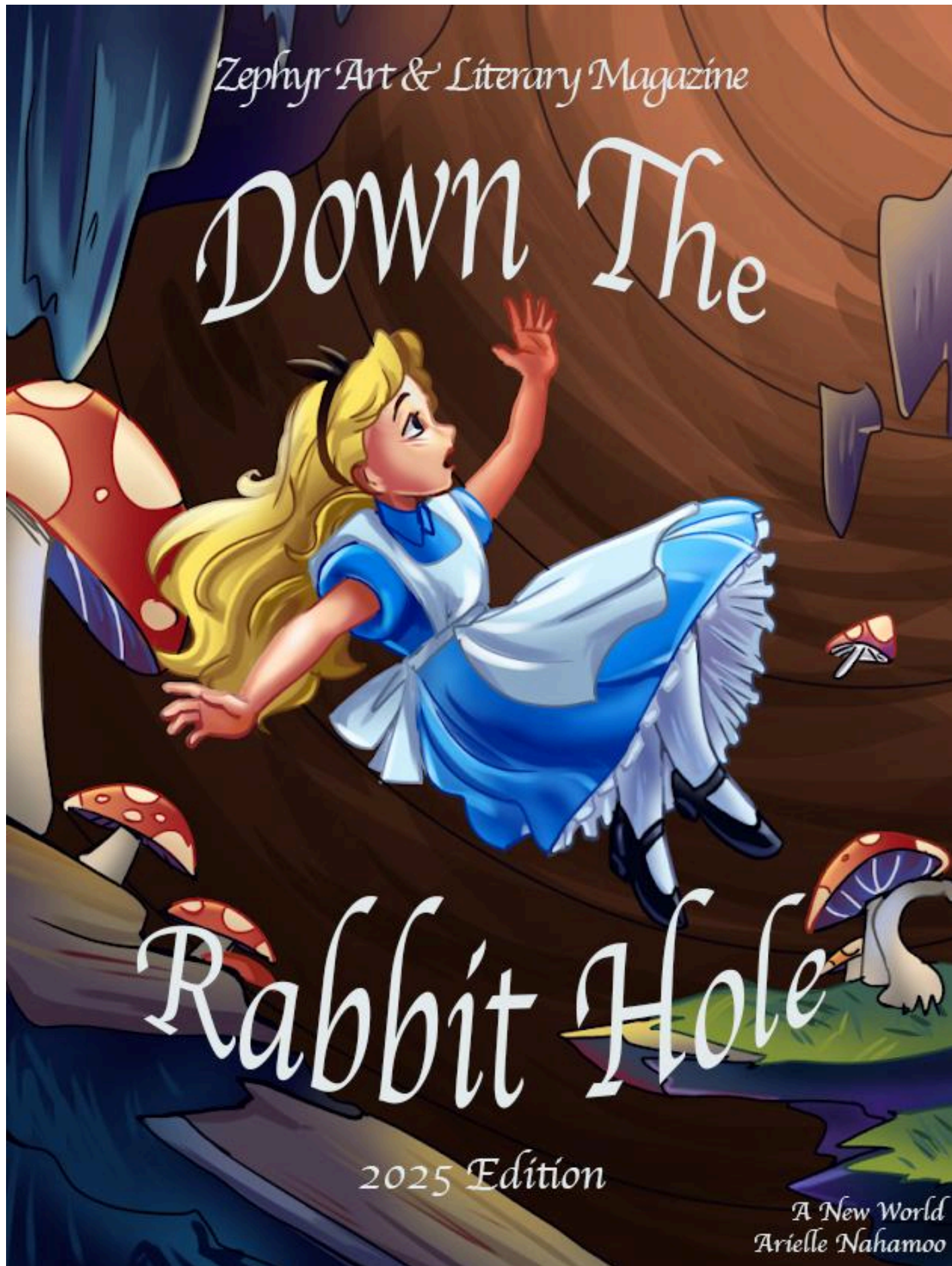
Zephyr Art & Literary Magazine

Down The

Rabbit Hole

2025 Edition

*A New World
Arielle Nahamoo*



ZEPHYR LITERARY MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Art and Literature
2024-2025 Edition

Richard S. Sherman
Great Neck North Middle School
77 Polo Road
Great Neck, New York 11023

Board of Education

Grant Toch, President
Donna Peirez, Vice President
Joanne Chan, Trustee
Steve Chen, Trustee
Rebecca Sassouni, Trustee

District Administration

Kenneth R. Bossert, Ed.D., Superintendent of Schools
John J. O'Keefe, Deputy Superintendent
Diana M. Haanraads, Assistant Superintendent for Elementary Education
Daniel J. Holtzman, Ed.D., Assistant Superintendent for Secondary Education
Joseph G. Hickey, Ed.D., Assistant Superintendent for Special Education
Jennifer F. Kirby, Director of Human Resources

Building Administration

Brendan Nelson, Principal
Nancy Gunning, Assistant Principal
Jennifer Booth, Assistant Principal

ZEPHYR LITERARY MAGAZINE

ADVISER

Marissa Dove

CONTRIBUTORS

Jordana Ahdoot	David Ijadi	Hailey Peykarian
Ethan Ashir	Lauren Joo	Priel Rahmanan
Noah Bassaly	Aaron Kashi	Rex Rastegar
Heather Beerman	Ethan Kashi	Camila Reyes
Chloe Chan	Danielle Katz	Noah Shilian
Madisyn Chan	Emerson Kermanian	Haley Szeto
Scarlett Chan	Peilin Li	Sophia Tabari
Jane Chang	Justin Livian	Ethan Trokel
Haoyu Chen	Liev Mazloumi	Jayden Wen
Hanlei Chen	Lyla Mehdyzadeh	Taji Ryuu Wilson
Karen Chen	Arielle Nahamoo	Shirel Wonboy
Ryan Cheng	Roe Nakar	Sabrina Wu-Hu
Raquella Faraz	Ellen Ng	Victor Yang
Kaitlyn Feng	George Ning	Melody Xiao
Julia Franklin	Joshua Niu	Aaron Xu
Orielle Hakimian	Jackie Noghreh	Vincent Yu
Raquel Hakimian	Leon Noor	Aaron Zaboulani
Maya Halpert	Tal Ohebshalom	Fiona Zhang
Isaac Harouny	Evelyn Pae	Sarah Zhang

SPECIAL THANKS

Kristin Kirleis, Art Chairperson

Keith Grier, Central Print Shop Operator

Zephyr's Philosophy

Great Neck North Middle School's literary magazine, *Zephyr*, provides students with the opportunity to share their poems, short stories, and graphic artwork with the school community. *Zephyr* is a unique way for students to express themselves, to demonstrate their talents, and to articulate their feelings through a creative outlet. This school-based publication is a student-run activity where students are encouraged to contribute not only as writers and artists, but as members of the editorial staff.

Explanation of Theme

"Down the Rabbit Hole" was envisioned by the students of the *Zephyr* club. This famous metaphorical expression is generally associated with becoming deeply engrossed in something. It can also refer to strange, confusing, or complex situations. The phrase originates from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, written by Lewis Carroll.

Our members wanted to highlight the concept that not everything is always as it first seems. The poems and short stories found in this year's magazine incorporate fallen utopias, reimagined fairy tales, unexpected distractions, and lots and lots of RABBITS!

We hope that you enjoy plunging down the Rabbit Hole with us!

Some works in this magazine explore complex feelings and challenging moments through metaphor, fantasy, and creative storytelling. They reflect the real emotional landscape of our students and are presented with care and sensitivity. Where necessary, editorial adjustments were made to ensure that all pieces are appropriate for a middle school audience.

Table of Contents

Title of Piece:	Author/Artist:	Page Number:
A New World	Arielle Nahamoo	Front Cover
Falling	Maya Halpert	Poem, 8
Into the Abyss	Jackie Noghreh	Poem, 9
Down, Down, Down	Noah Shilian	Poem, 9
Rabbit Hole	Haoyu Chen	Illustration, 10
The Rabbit's Riddle	Leon Noor	Poem, 11
Follow the Rabbit	Raquel Hakimian	Poem, 11
Fated	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 12
Echoes of the Exalted	Jayden Wen	Poem, 13
The Falling Girl	Lauren Joo	Illustration, 14
Brainstorming	Danielle Katz	Short Story, 15
Garden Rabbits	Scarlett Chan	Poem, 16
Hop Hop!	Scarlett Chan	Poem, 16
The Tale of Pedro Rabbit	Vincent Yu	Short Story, 17
Entangled in Madness	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Illustration, 18
ABC Story	Maya Halpert	Prose Poem, 19
From Joy to Shadows	Lyla Mehdyzadeh	Poem, 20
The Dream City	Shirel Wonboy	Poem, 20
Pick a Dandelion	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 21
Buried Under the Work	Kaitlyn Feng	Illustration, 22
Letters	Heather Beerman	Short Story, 23

Table of Contents

Title of Piece:	Author/Artist:	Page Number:
Light to Dark	Ethan Trokel	Poem, 24
Rain Down, Rain Up	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 25
Into the Abyss	Aaron Xu	Illustration, 26
Unseen Wounds	Roe Nakar	Poem, 27
Goodbye Rabbit	Chloe Chan	Poem, 27
Steps Beyond Reality	Camila Reyes	Illustration, 28
How Fascinating	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Prose Poem, 29
Competition	Heather Beerman	Poem, 30
A Utopian Loss	Priel Rahmanan	Poem, 31
The Hop Down to Darkness	Ryan Cheng	Poem, 31
A Hypnotizing Gaze	Sarah Zhang	Illustration, 32
When the Rabbit Hole Falls	Hanlei Chen	Poem, 33
Rabbit	Peilin Li	Poem, 33
Watered Down Words	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Prose Poem, 34
Hare and Tortoise	Victor Yang	Poem, 35
All the Pieces	Madisyn Chan	Illustration, 36
The Real Disgraceful Fairytale	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 37
A Dark Hole of Blue Light	Emerson Kermanian	Poem, 38
Doom Scrolling	Raquella Faraz	Poem, 38

Table of Contents

Title of Piece:	Author/Artist:	Page Number:
Being Ungrateful of the Best Gift	Liev Mazloumi	Poem, 39
Caught in the Dark	George Ning	Illustration, 40
A Blessing	Isaac Harouny	Poem, 41
Online Chaos	Haley Szeto	Illustration, 42
Why?	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 43
Spiraling Books	Ellen Ng	Illustration, 44
The Underground Rabbit Hole	Ethan Kashi	Short Story, 45
Jason and the Killing Storm	Ethan Ashir	Poem, 46
A Day in the Garden	Haley Szeto	Poem, 47
Charlie the Rabbit Becomes Sad	Aaron Kashi	Poem, 47
Losing Track of Time	Evelyn Pae	Illustration, 48
Oblivion	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 49
Tortoise and Hare	Victor Yang	Short Story, 51
Fall Down the Rabbit Hole	Fiona Zhang	Illustration, 52
Down the Rabbit Hole, I Saw	Madisyn Chan	Poem, 53
Where's the Rabbit?	Scarlett Chan	Poem, 54
The One	Jane Chang	Poem, 55
A Rabbit Hill	Karen Chen	Illustration, 56

Table of Contents

Title of Piece:	Author/Artist:	Page Number:
Spring	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 57
Birthday Boom!	Jordana Ahdoot	Poem, 58
Veggies	Aaron Zaboulani	Poem, 59
Chasing the White Rabbit	Orielle Hakimian	Poem, 59
The Clock is Ticking	Melody Xiao	Illustration, 60
Timeless	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 61
Down, Down, Down	Joshua Niu	Poem, 62
Down the Drain	Rex Rastegar	Poem, 63
Meow	Scarlett Chan	Poem, 63
Runaway	Justin Livian	Illustration, 64
Only Downhill From Here	Tal Ohebshalom	Poem, 65
Carrot	Taji Ryuu Wilson	Illustration, 66
Cooking With Nonna	David Ijadi	Poem, 67
Home Away From Home	Sophia Tabari	Poem, 68
A Day in the Field	Hailey Peykarian	Poem, 69
Rabbit Hill	Scarlett Chan	Poem, 69
Sodbusting	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 70
Down Goes Michael	Noah Bassaly	Poem, 71
The Grayness of Winter	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 72
Where Is My Path?	Sabrina Wu-Hu	Poem, 73
Time Sucked Away	Julia Franklin	Back Cover

“Falling”
by Maya Halpert

You are falling.
That much is obvious.
Unsure as to how long you’ve been doing so,
You feverishly claw at the air,
Grasping for something
—Anything—
To hold onto,
To stop your fall.
And yet — there is absolutely nothing.
No walls that you can make out, either.
The darkness simply spirals into oblivion.
You continue to fall deeper,
Into the endless tunnel.

Your body faces upward,
Which prevents you from seeing beneath you.
You can almost make out a tiny dot of light above you,
A hole that you fell through?
Could just be your imagination, though,
Desperate for a shred of hope upon which to cling.
You are oblivious as to whether
There is a ground underneath you
Or whether you might just continue falling

Forever.

by Jackie Noghreh

I fell down a rabbit hole
I spiraled and tumbled down into the darkness
Waiting for someone to catch me
Or for when I hit the ground

I reached out to hold onto something, anything
Hoping maybe for a helping hand
But there's nothing in this abyss
Except darkness

I finally reached the bottom
I tried to climb out
I scream and shout
Somebody, anybody, help!
My voice bounced through the air

As I sat there
Drowning in my thoughts
I wondered
Why is falling into this trap
So simple
But climbing out is
So hard

“Down, Down, Down” by Noah Shilian

I tripped and fell,
falling fast,
the world spun,
the air whooshed past.
The ground was gone,
but I didn't land.
Just flying, falling,
legs kicking, and hands up.
A rabbit looked with big round eyes,
its nose twitching.
"Where am I?" I asked,
but my words spun away like the flash.
Down, down, down,
but where does it end?
I don't know, I'm only 10.



“The Rabbit's Riddle”

by Leon Noor

Down the rabbit hole, I fall through and turn
Into a place where the real world is missed
Fluffy clouds say things in dreams
While rivers reflect the starlight flowing in streams

A rabbit with glasses, with lots of smartness
Is the center of attention for the creatures of this strange land
"Look out for the shadows," he warns everyone
"This place like heaven has bad and good things"

With the sky bright, the bunnies bounce around
In gardens of wonder, where even more marvels appear
But as I go deeper, the colors get grayer
And the laughter of rabbits begins to cease

What started as good, now gives fear
Because in the rabbit hole, the truth isn't so clear

“Follow the Rabbit”

by Raquel Hakimian

Thrashing and swirling down the burrow
Hurling to the bottom of bright colors
Estranged bunny, with Alice in tow

Regal teapots and teaspoons in the air
Around, around, around Alice goes
Bouncing left,
Bouncing right
Intriguing objects flying like birds
Twisting, turning down she goes,
Spiraling down the burrow to the bottom of Wonderland

“Fated”
by Sabrina Wu-Hu

The lights in the dark,
they’re flickering bright lanterns and guiding ropes and hopes
ropes turned into a thin line ‘tween yin and yang,
yin and yang, these spirits meant to clash and attach,
for it was fated.

Now in this dark
mixed with bright hearts,
parched
from the very start
all can see it was fated.

For, even in the dark,
lights were
too stark,
too disparate and seen
and so it was fated.

As there was a compass, a gradient of gray in the dark,
it was always to point north,
point right,
but it was on the line,
fated to tick like a clock and tilt.

And so this world,
it was fated to wilt.

“Echoes of the Exalted”

by Jayden Wen

I once dreamed of a land,
Where I was the exalted,
The seas were grand,
And the land never faltered.

Upon my head I wore the crown,
Exuding the aura of royals.
Wherever I went, all would bow,
My subjects were ever so loyal.

But this peace could not last,
It was utterly forsaken.
And before I could savor,
My world had been taken.

Wake up, they said,
And so I arose.
Yet when I awoke,
I found not friends, but foes.

I once thought I was august,
With soldiers that followed,
But now I stand a barren tree,
Forgotten and hollowed.

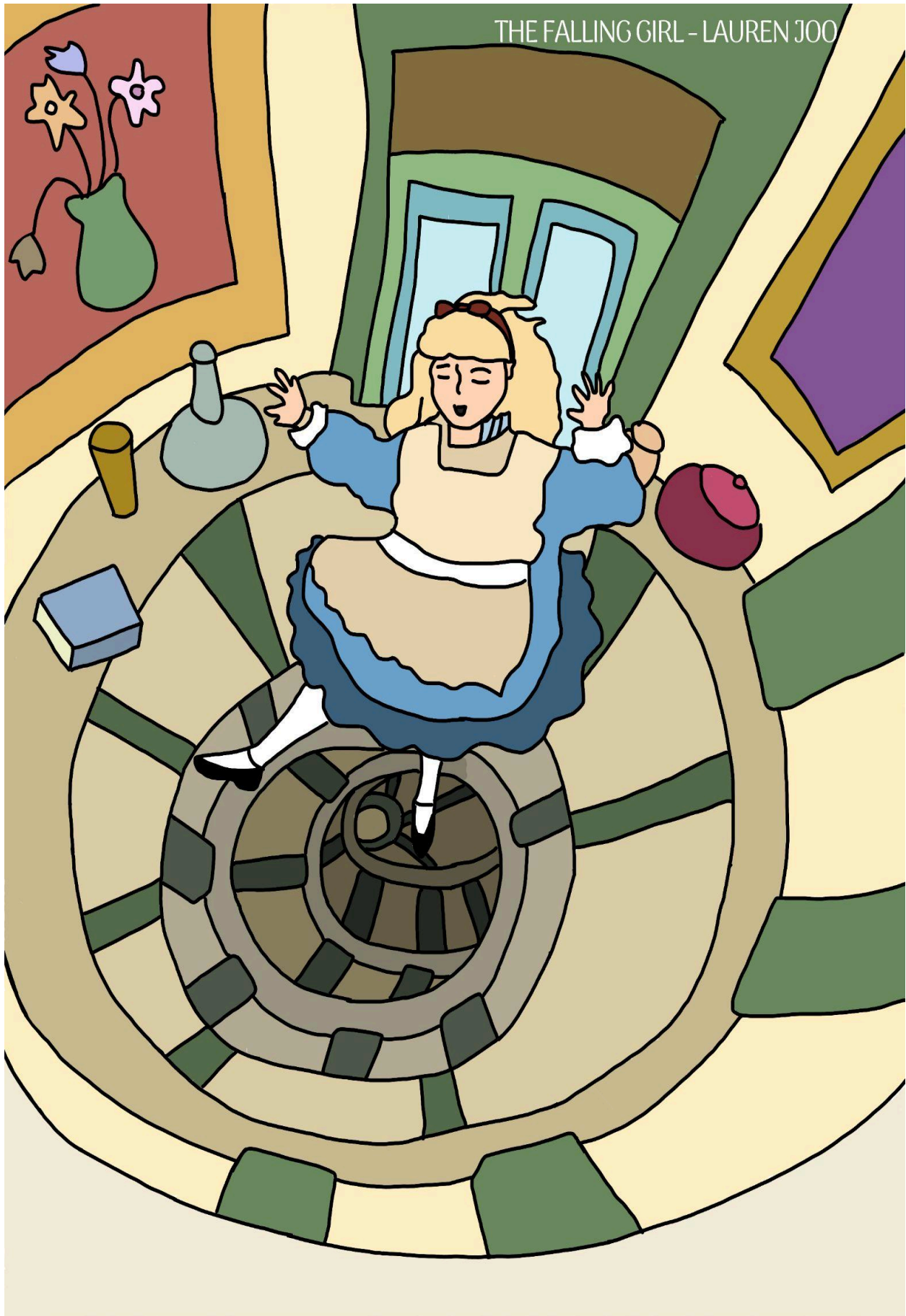
The crown I once wore, now cracked and dull,
A mind once sharp, now lost and full.
Of whispered doubts that creep and crawl—
The rabbit hole claims me after all.

Alas, they would not understand,
So down the rabbit hole I go.
Destined to burn bright,
Yet cursed to never glow.

I warn you now,
An old man's plea,
Do not trust the lie,
'Twas but a fallacy.

For I was a king in a dream,
A pawn in the light.
Now I vanish in echoes,
Swallowed by the night.

A dreamer I was,
A ghost I remain,
Bound to the whisper
Of a shattered reign.



“Brainstorming”

by Danielle Katz

Title?

Theme:

Down the Rabbit Hole

Structure/Genre:

short story/fantasy

Character Name(s):

Evelyn - main character

Alice - supporting character

Brainstorming Ideas:

- A girl gets stuck in a toilet bowl while going to the bathroom. She is then transported into a different dimension from the speed of the suction. She ends up traveling with Alice in Wonderland.
- Maybe there is a fake Alice to further confuse the storyline.
- Maybe the entire story is just a dream.

Rough Draft:

There once was a girl named Evelyn who loved to read. Her favorite books were fantasy novels and classic fairy tales like the Brothers Grimm. She was currently reading a book called *Alice in Wonderland*, by Lewis Carroll, and she just couldn't put it down. She carried it everywhere with her, even when she was walking between classes at school and when she went to the bathroom at home.

One evening, she carried the large hardcover novel with her into the bathroom. When she sat down on the toilet, it grabbed her and sucked her in. Soon, she was falling! She was spiraling downwards into a deep, dark hole!

Evelyn looked to her left. She looked to her right. She looked up, as well as down. That is when she saw a pretty blonde-haired girl with blue eyes that looked about her age. This young girl was also falling right next to her. She wore a beautiful powder-blue dress with a white apron on top of it, and a black headband with a perfect bow sat upon her beautiful blonde hair.

The blonde-haired girl turned and asked, “Did you also follow the weird white rabbit?”

As they continued to fall, Evelyn told the pretty girl that she had not. Evelyn had not actually seen a rabbit. The girl then introduced herself as Alice.

Alice? Evelyn thought that her name was a bit suspicious.

As Evelyn was about to faint, Alice asked her, “What is your name, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I’m Evelyn,” she answered, hesitantly.

Evelyn quickly realized that she had no clue what was going on. She did not know what was happening to her, nor did she know where she was.

Suddenly, Evelyn’s thoughts were put to a halt, as she hit the ground with great force. Both Evelyn and Alice fell backwards from the impact.

Soon, the two girls spotted the white rabbit! He had come into view with his little red and white suit, wearing a black tie with red hearts on it. He had an adorable button tail and long ears that Evelyn thought were just the cutest thing.

But within a split second, the rabbit was gone as quickly as he had appeared.

Where did he go?

Where am I?

What will happen next?

Evelyn had so many questions swimming through her mind, but all she could focus on was the fact that she still had to go to the bathroom!

“Garden Rabbits”

by Scarlett Chan

so much depends
upon
a wide rabbit
hole
surrounded by standing rabbits
beside a magical
garden

“Hop Hop!”

by Scarlett Chan

hop hop
rabbit
hop hop

“The Tale of Pedro Rabbit”

by Vincent Yu

One day, Pedro and his three siblings, Peter, Parker, and Plink, were in their tree hollow playing. Their mom announced that she would be bringing home lots of carrots from her friend’s garden, which would be enough to last a full week. She told her kits to behave, and reminded them to never go near the two-legged farm.

Their mom left, and the kits kept playing inside. Eventually Pedro got very bored, and told Parker to come outside and play with him for a bit. Parker agreed, and the other two kits went outside, as well. They decided to play hide and seek for a bit. As Plink was counting down from 60, Pedro and the others ran to hide.

Pedro decided that he wanted to find a really good hiding spot. He discovered one where he was sure that he wasn’t going to be found by the other kits. He was happy for a while. But when Pedro looked around, he realized that he had crossed the border into the two-legged garden.

Pedro began panicking. He remembered that his father had been eaten by the two-legged creatures when he’d voyaged into the two-legged garden. Peter calmed himself down, and decided to wait out the whole thing. Unfortunately, he wasn’t able to do so for long.

Disaster struck almost immediately, as a snake popped its head right next to him. Pedro yelled loudly, which caught the attention of a two-legged creature. Suddenly, Pedro was being chased by both the two-legged creature and the snake.

Pedro ran faster, until he tripped and fell in some mud. The two-legged creature caught up, and Pedro looked up in fear. Just then, he heard a sound. Then everything went dark.

The two-legged creature wasn’t hungry, so he just walked away without caring. Soon after, Pedro’s siblings and mom found him. They were incredibly bereaved.

Eventually, after a long time, Pedro opened his eyes again, but he didn’t find himself lying on the grass.

“Where am I?” he questioned.

Shockingly, he saw the glaring eyes of his father above him.

“Uh-oh...”



“ABC Story”

by Maya Halpert

A - At first glance, the trees may have looked like monsters.

B - But you would see that they were only trees.

C - Curiously, you examine a strange looking mushroom.

D - “Don’t get too close!”

E - Eventually, you realize those words are about the mushroom, so you step back.

F - For a while, it would seem as though there was no way out of the forest.

G - *Great!* You think, sarcastically.

H - Happily, you stumble upon a scrumptious looking cookie with a tag reading, ‘*Eat me,*’ and take a bite.

I - Immediately, you begin to grow in size.

J - Just when you thought things were getting better, they had to get worse, especially now that there is a fork in the road.

K - Knowingly, a large caterpillar puffing out smoke starts speaking to you.

L - “Look,” you say, “I just want a way out.”

M - “My, my, my,” the caterpillar says. “Left is right, and right is not right.”

N - Now he chuckles at his own little riddle.

O - Outwardly, you frown.

P - Pursing your lips, you begin to make sense of what the caterpillar has said.

Q - “Quite interesting,” you ponder, “you mean to say that the left is the *right* direction, and the right is *not* the right direction?”

R - “Right!” the caterpillar confirms.

S - So, you go left.

T - The path becomes brighter, more joyful.

U - Under a log, you find another ‘*Eat me*’ cookie, and take a bite.

V - Very quickly, you grow smaller and smaller, shrinking to your original size.

W - “Well, what a nice surprise!” you declare, and notice something else on the tag of the cookie.

X - “XOXO, The Queen of Hearts,” you read.

Y - You are confused, as you always believed the Queen of Hearts to be evil.

Z - “Zany,” you utter, shaking your head. “This place is really zany.”

“From Joy to Shadows”

by Lyla Mehdyzadeh

In a land where rabbits dance and played,
With colors bright, in the sun’s warm shade.
Others chirping and roaming without a care,
Magic in the air, joy everywhere.

The trees whispered secrets, the flowers would sing,
Everything was light, like a butterfly’s wing.
But shadows came in, with whispers of fear,
The laughter grew quiet, the end felt near.

Once a bright kingdom, now lost with scare,
The rabbits now hide no joy to share.
All of the animals, trapped in a cage,
A story of two worlds, from peace to rage.

“The Dream City”

by Shirel Wonboy

The city was luminous and smelled like sweets
The city was filled with people
Everyone was happy and cheerful
There were lots of animals and plants
The city was like a dream world
But now the city is colorless and smells of rotten eggs
Most people have left
Everyone is sad and grumpy
All the animals and plants are gone
The dream city is no more

“Pick a Dandelion”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

The stars at night,
they beckon for my plight
through my flight,
as it's too close,
'cuz I won't see stars,
just planets twinkling,
pretending to be stars drawn 'round these scars—

But, the true stars, flickering
pretending to be a planet, twinkling
running from reality, trickling
it's light out in the world
as it wants to fade
away
and it's power, it wants to trade—

Yet, as they explode to novas, shooting stars falling,
and my wish calling,
but sometimes it's just a comet, drawling
lingering,
just orbiting, never coming true,
so I take my dandelions by the fistful
and watch as the seeds flew—
wishes, my wishes,
I hope so clearly
in lieu
of the dark blue
void of a sky—

And so I pick a dandelion
and watch my wish fly



Buried Under the Work
By Kaitlyn Feng

“Letters”

by Heather Beerman

Clara sat by the bed, her fingers stained with ink, writing whatever the boy said, whatever words slipped out of his mouth. His stomach was torn open, a jagged line of flesh peeled back. Not deep enough to kill him quickly, just enough to draw it out. She stared at the wound—raw, red, the skin pulled like the strings of a broken violin. He wouldn’t die fast; it would take hours. A faster death would have been kinder, she thought, but the thought evaporated before it finished forming, replaced by the sound of his raspy breath.

“Thank you, ma’am,” he whispered. “I’m no good at writing, but now...now they’ll know I died proud.”

Clara’s hand paused. He believed her. Believed his family would read this letter. He didn’t know it would end up in her drawer, with the hundreds of others, the ink bleeding into each sheet like the wounds they described. She nodded. He didn’t see her mouth tighten, didn’t see the guilt that flashed across her face and was then gone, drowned out by the next moment.

He was just a boy, barely nineteen. She brought the letter to its conclusion: ‘*With love, John.*’ The name struck her as so ordinary, so innocent. What might he have become if this war hadn’t ripped the future from his hands? A teacher, a carpenter, a musician? Possibilities now sealed behind a closed door. But it was useless to dwell on it. War didn’t care about what could have been.

The next day, Clara chewed slowly on her sandwich, the taste turning to ash in her mouth, when a shadow loomed over her. A man in uniform, sharp and crisp, his boots clicking against the floor. She looked up, meeting the steely eyes of a sergeant. He didn’t waste time on pleasantries; his voice came like a shot.

“Afternoon, ma’am. I have a request. One of my men can’t write. Needs someone to take down his words.”

He didn’t ask if she wanted the job; his tone made it clear there was no choice, just duty. Clara blinked, setting her sandwich aside, feeling the crumbs scatter across her lap like dust from old letters.

“I’ll do it,” she said, the words automatic, as if someone else had spoken for her. She stood up, brushing her skirt, and followed him without another word.

She met Donovan an hour later, a young man with calloused hands and sunburnt cheeks, the kind of face shaped by years in the field. He fumbled over his words, his sentences broken and tangled. He spoke of home—the cows he milked at dawn, the way his youngest sister giggled when he carried her on his back. Clara's pen scratched the paper, keeping pace with his halting rhythm, the ink bleeding into the page like the memories he spilled.

“You think they'll read this?” he asked suddenly, his eyes wide and uncertain, like a child's.

Clara's hand paused. She nodded, forcing a smile she didn't feel. He didn't know, couldn't know, that the letter might never leave her drawer. That she'd stash it away with the others, hoping to hold onto his voice a little longer.

“Light to Dark”

by Ethan Trokel

Light to dark
No animals to be seen
Emptiness
Quiet
Only the noise of the wind
Rabbits remain in their holes
Nowhere to be found
Everyone is the same
Forced to be the same
The only thing left is to hope
That tomorrow will be different than today
But for now everyone is treated like a stray
Smiles to frowns
Laughs to tears
Will this be the end?
Help us if you hear our cries
But for now
I have to say
Goodbye.

“Rain Down, Rain Up”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

So, it always rains

Down

But you'll never find a rainbow if you're always looking

Unless it rains pigs

And they fly

Because the atmosphere drops, falls

When rain falls

As we can't keep on carrying

Can't keep chaining ourselves to our rains that will never stop falling

'Til we can let go

As rain falls because we are too heavy to lift

And the world spins round and round

Unless we're just horses on a carousel

But it never ends until we go

Up

So, it rains

Spinning as it rains,

So, it rains

Up

But it never ends 'til we go

Unless we're just horses on a carousel

And the world spins round and round

As rain falls because we are too heavy to lift

'Til we can let go

Can't keep chaining ourselves to our rains that will never stop falling

As we can't keep carrying

When rain falls

Because the atmosphere drops, falls

And they fly

Unless it rains pigs

But you'll never find a rainbow if you keep looking

Down

So, it always rains.



“Unseen Wounds”

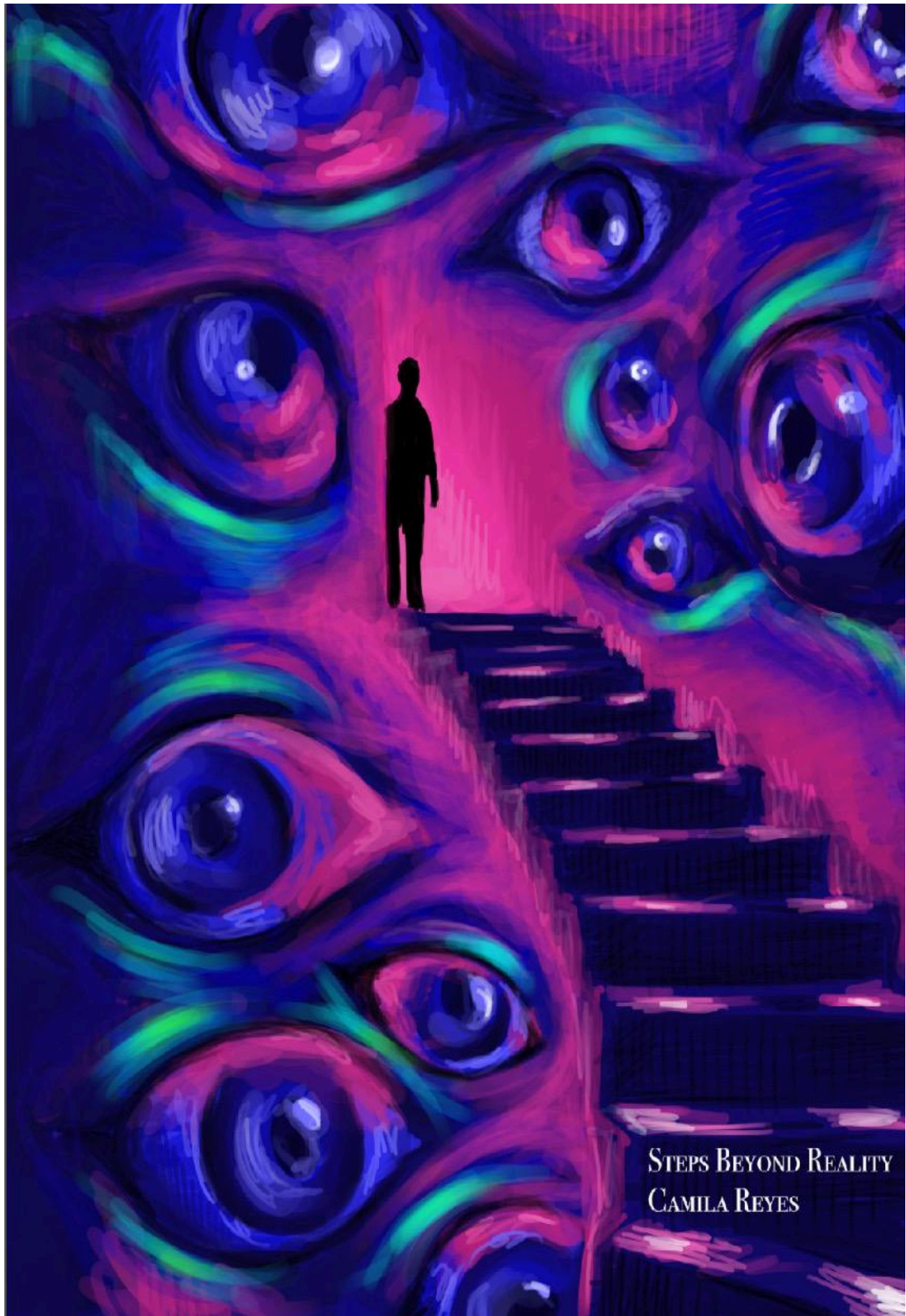
by Roe Nakar

Deep in the woods
I see a fluffy looking creature
It looks like a badger
I look closer
It's a rabbit, alone
I walk to the rabbit
But he is afraid
He runs down his rabbit hole
I look up
I see a gloomy doe, alone
Then I see a black crow, alone
I look around
I see many wonderful creatures, alone
Broken, with no trust
As they see me
They all run swiftly down THEIR rabbit holes
The doe, the crow
Everyone runs
Down their hole

“Goodbye Rabbit”

by Chloe Chan

As I skip through the woods, as happy as can be
I see a rabbit, looking almost as happy as me
I stop to stare, but he seems upset
He turns his head, and freezes in place
I think he expects me to go on and chase
Then I hear the wind howl like a wolf
But I quickly realize it is not the wind
A wolf stands near, ready to attack its prey
His arms nearly wrapped around the rabbit's small body
I jump to save the bunny, but I am too slow
It is too late to rescue the tiny creature
Goodbye, Rabbit



STEPS BEYOND REALITY
CAMILA REYES

“How Fascinating”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

A calm wind.

Hair slowly drifting, glasses slowly falling all into place.

A golden leaf.

And then it all flows into this one moment and all I remember is the color of the scarf. Orange and autumn, warmed pick and complementing blue on auburn, all woven in squares, warm reddish and orange-ish brown feeling cloth squares flitting out into petals, threads all delicately woven into strings, strings of a dandelion, seeds floating into the wind, the moment tinged with maroon—no scarlet of pink in the white white scene of blurry blurry train tracks. And that’s all I see, as I stand back close to the white worn walls, close but not against. Now I look right and left, feeling warmth wrapped around me in my white jean jacket and pants, my navy shoes and sweater, wondering if I look tacky, weird, as I stand waiting for the train.

Wind blows eastward from the west, the right of me, and I stand in waiting, wanting to capture this moment, this feeling of pure calm, pure warmth and orange or turquoise and green. Hair flowing into my face in singular strands, strayaways just flinging all about in loving curls, waves of an ocean. So, I turn to face the wind, to breathe the wind, to live the wind of scarlet tinged freedom of yellow, of gold, of me. And I stare watching others hair curl and turn and run with the waves and I see her. Auburn hair waved and curled in natural waterfalls, strayaways flowing in perfect patterns, and I see a laugh, sunglasses and the wind and autumn and all of those colors in someone. Curiosity takes me for a dance and I spin, I look and wonder and find the scarf.

And the colors all take me and I feel nothing but just a moment. But, I don’t know what this is. This fascination.

My eyes catch on turquoise wooden seats beside the wall, touching, and I feel the open air and the trees. But, it’s not autumn, it’s spring. It’s a fresh vernal moment of tranquility, of—

And the train rushes through the tracks and a jolt of fear enters me.
Now, the train has come and there is no more waiting.

Now, the wind flows westward following the train.

Now, the scarf’s a dandelion, so it flows west, following the wind.

Now, her hair’s following the wind, head following her scarf, and she looks away.

Now, another second, and I want to just hold my hand out—
Not at her, at the train, in the train's...way.
But, I don't.
There's a lot of things I don't...do.

Now, the train stops and I mind the gap, moving on. And her eyes still follow the scarf, as the train is moving on. And I wish I had said something before the train moved on, because I just let a girl miss her train, all because of the scarf. I remember the scarf.

That scarf that ran away.

That train that ran away.

And I stare puzzled at the train seats moving, 1, 2, 3 double seats to a row.

But, when I sit on the navy leather seats that feel, feel, feel uncomfortable to me, that I can't touch because I want to scratch, when I make sure the white wall beside me has no gum that will make me gag and feel uncomfortable, I look up. I see her still looking at her scarf.

Now, I look down, activating my ticket on my phone. But when I glance up, my eyes still on the same spot where she stood, I find that she is gone.

I find that she must've...moved...on...
How fascinating.

“Competition”

by Heather Beerman

Be the Best at what you're Best at.
That's what I've implanted into my head.
The clicking of the keyboard, the repeated tapping of the space bar,
Turned me into a kind of writing perfectionist.
Ever since I turned twelve.
What's the point in doing something,
When you have nothing to show for it?
That's what I thought to myself,
Every time I would submit an entry for a competition.
And with each competition I won,
The more competitive I got.
Because, if I entered a competition and got nothing,
Who would I be?

“A Utopian Loss”

by Priel Rahmanan

In a world where dreams come true
Fields of green and skies of blue
Hope and laughter fill the air
Smiles and love there's plenty to spare

But whispers brew the shadows creep
Behind the smiles the silence deep
Chains of rules over free to roam
We grieve the loss of our home

Now shadows dance where light once stayed
Utopia fades the plans betrayed
A garden lost beneath the stone
In seeking peace we stand alone

“The Hop Down to Darkness”

by Ryan Cheng

In a land where rabbits were so bright,
They danced in the fields, where everything was just right.
With carrots to eat and the sun above,
They laughed and laughed, in a world full of love.

One day it changed, misery crept in fast,
Joy that had begun, did not last.
Caught in greed, the bunnies didn't see,
Their perfect land was fading quickly.

One by one, they turned mean,
The happiness now unseen.
What was once a dream turned into a fright,
A utopia lost in the dead of night.



“When the Rabbit Hole Falls”

by Hanlei Chen

The rabbits down the rabbit hole,
Inside soft walls that console,
But clouds above as dark as coal,
Threaten to take away their home.

The looming depression breeds the fears,
The pattering rain is a shower of tears,
Washing away the thin veneers,
Of the comforting and silky loam.

The rabbits’ mourning turns into hate,
The other animals are enemies if they didn’t share this fate,
“The Rule of the Rabbits shall now instate,
A new order that will be for our kind.”

They conquer the sparrows, no longer their friend,
They conquer the foxes, who have done nothing to offend,
Yet the clouds dark as coal come again,
Leaving just a rabbit’s footprint behind.

“Rabbit”

by Peilin Li

Rabbit
Maybe this is a dream
A rabbit is staring at me with a smile
Carrots everywhere
I fell into a hole
I can't see through its eyes what it's thinking
But it opened its mouth
I closed my eyes
But it just says
“Don't be afraid”
You will wake up soon

“Watered Down Words”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

Raindrops,

flee from the sky, from the clouds of water vapor,
when they can't be held up in the sky.

Raindrops,

form from condensing water vapor,
and they drop when they are too heavy.

See, rain shall fall when it is too heavy to keep carrying.

See, rain?

Rain.

A raindrop falls from the sky, flees from the building humidity in the clouds, the clouds, the cloudy eye of a hurricane brewing within gray. And so, it flees, falling from its tree as an apple bonking an Isaac Newton on the head, but no, it falls to black, to an umbrella left alone in the raging winds. Pressure, high, pressure drops, drops, drops in water, water, water, tears?

And a silhouette sighs, a ghost sighs, a ghost of someone, I knew. So, she rises, not to the occasion, she never does, yet to the umbrella, she stands tall in the sky, in the one word that hits the black umbrella in the soggy streets of what once was, of what is a rural surrounding. And that one word is a raindrop, an admission of the inability of the clouds to hold in more, more, more rain...

Rain. That's what I called a ghost once. That's what a ghost once whispered. Rain. Rain falls to the earth. Rain stays on the ground, just watching, just letting her washed up words, her echo, her whisper of a soul, drop just a bit of herself on the page, on the black umbrella. So, she grabs it, she lets it cover her in a shield of darkness in this monocolored, this flavorless world. And—

Raindrops, raindrops.

Pitter patter.

Pitter patter.

Pitter patter.

She looks up to the sky watching her words slowly fall to her world, through her world, some missing, some hitting, the umbrella, the page, and they're the only things of all the rain, the water the tears in her desperate uncolored world that she can bring herself to say, to just—just be just and write for reality.

And so it rains whilst she lets the pitter patter. I let the pitter patter outside my window. And there's lightning, thunder, screaming. There's rain, tears, words. But, they're washed, washed up in the storm, in the nothing, in the silence, the calm before the hurricane, the eye for goodness' sakes—yet, there is no goodness. And I, rain, know that. So, I'll continue writing my washed out, washed up tears into words on this black umbrella, this journal—no this story?

However, there's a question, there's a drop in life, something I don't know, but can I grasp it?

But no no no, just stay here in the clouds as water, freely flowing through reality until there's just too much, too much humidity suffocating me, too many 'what ifs', too many thoughts, too many words, too many. That just all, all fall out onto umbrellas and pages and others in watered down words.

Because, rain always falls when it's too heavy to keep carrying. So, I'll continue making my lashes of ink stained with rain and tears while screaming thunder and lightning.

I'll continue writing out my watered down words.

“Hare and Tortoise”
by Victor Yang

When a swift hare
Challenges a slow tortoise
To a race, what happens?
Who wins?

If you're trying something,
Reaching at the sky
Then try your best
Even if you're as slow as a tortoise.
If you give it your all
And you don't give up
Then just like the tortoise, you'll succeed.



All The Pieces
By Madisyn Chan

“The Real Disgraceful Fairytale”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

Too hot, too cold,
Goldilocks says it needs to be perfect,
Too hard, too soft,
Goldilocks says it needs to be perfect,
Too high, too low,
Goldilocks says it needs to be perfect,

But what about them, Goldilocks?
You're in their heads shouting and screaming,
They wait for the moment in which you are beaming,
But your smile slips away like a sly little fox,
Be quiet, Goldilocks!

Perfect little princess that society demands,
You dictate life's crossways, a Janus of sorts,
They beckon to your cruelty and let you lead them off the ports,
Because they are too cowardly to fight your every command,
Yet sometimes they'll burst, thinking you'll understand,

So why are you like this?
Kicking me off the boat,
Leaving me to sink, no longer afloat,
The devil's tail curling around me like a fist,
Yet I'm still beckoning to your every wish...

What a siren!
What a monarch!
Yet, I scream this knowing you're only in my head,
I scream this knowing that Goldilocks is me,
And so as I drown in this sea,
I scream at the scary little old me...

“A Dark Hole of Blue Light”

by Emerson Kermanian

In bed I find myself engrossed in the bright light of my phone,
Down the rabbit hole I go sitting by myself all alone,
Dance videos, makeup tutorials, and Dubai chocolate galore,
Many things I adore,
My mom calls me down for dinner,
Pulling me out of the bright light glimmer,
Returning to reality,
A much better place,
I must put my phone away,
And live in grace.

“Doom Scrolling”

by Raquella Faraz

I say one more video as I look at the time
Knowing I have work I need to get done
Like
Scroll
Repeat
The cycle goes on and on
One hour later and I haven't moved
I'm sucked in I say to myself
Yet I can't look away as time passes by
Trapped like a hostage
Doom scrolling my way through the digital chains

“Being Ungrateful of the Best Gift”

by Liev Mazloui

A land that was like heaven
The amount of continents was seven
God gave us the best gift
But we let it go down drift

We received beautiful green grass
And we watched the animals pass
Having the ability to give birth
In this place we call Earth

But we threw it all away
We were ungrateful for today
He almost handed us free gold
But we treated nature like something to be sold

He made the sun shine on our universe
But people care more about a nice purse
We lost value for animals and trees
People gained enjoyment from killing bees

This land given is becoming a dump
Citizens of the world feel a big lump
Some people don't mind and say Lol
Others know, we are falling down the rabbit hole



Caught In The Dark
By George Ning

“A Blessing”
by Isaac Harouny

I got into my dream college
Living the life
Having a blast
Then suddenly
One day
It all went downhill
Started with an accident
Got kicked out of college
Had to go back home
To hear my parents voices screaming
Down the rabbit hole I went
But from this I learned
That in rough times
You must find the good
Find that positivity in yourself
I still had a roof over my head
Better yet I had my own room
Never worried about food
Finding my peace
Got me back on my feet
Back into college
Got my degree
Ended up a successful man
Throughout the rabbit hole
I stayed strong
Remained calm in hard times
So it's safe to say
The rabbit hole was a blessing



“Why?”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

Words fall short,
drinks fall flat,
ships fall off course,
off stage,
onto shore,
onto the page.

And she twists and whistles,
flits and trickles,
through the ground as water,
a stream drifting through harbors,
streaming through thoughts while a ship crashes,
even through dots and dashes,
she collapses.

And it was a simple balance,
a simple string tied ‘round a compass,
and it was hope and magnets and life gone cattywampus,
but a single rock thrown into the sea,
rippling out to a delicate stream,
a single string,
a tightrope,
a word flicked up.

Why?

Well,
because words
they will
and always have
fallen
short.



“The Underground Rabbit Hole”

by Ethan Kashi

It was a fine, sunny day in Tokyo, Japan. I was playing tennis outside in the park with my brother Aaron and my sister Megan. We were creating funny memories. Then, suddenly, the earth started to shake. The ground below us started to move. It was an earthquake. In the distance, we saw a massive building crumble to the ground. We began to run for our lives, sweating and scared.

Somehow, my family made it out of the destruction, but one sibling was missing. Aaron. The earthquake pulled him under the ground. Magically, he was able to survive. He ended up in a beautiful meadow. In this underground meadow, there was a colony of rabbits. These rabbits helped Aaron survive. These rabbits also converted Aaron. They taught him the ways to live like a rabbit. Anyone who visits this secret meadow is forced to change their identity and become a rabbit.

As the years passed, Aaron’s hair changed. He grew long, white furry ears, and he began hopping around on all fours. Aaron was being controlled by the king of the meadow, who was appropriately named King Rabbit. In this underground secret meadow, shadows dance like forgotten dreams. Aaron started to forget about his human life and all of the funny memories that he had with his family. He wondered if he would ever make it out of the deep hole alive.

But as time went on, my family continued searching for Aaron. My sister Megan kept telling my father that Aaron had been sucked down by a huge bubble of wind. My father never believed her. However, one day, he decided that we should return to the site of the earthquake and search. Miraculously, we stumbled upon the same dark hole which led to the secret meadow. Holding hands tightly, we carefully climbed inside. In front of us stood an unfamiliar figure. It was a fluffy, white rabbit with long ears. Aaron!

Suddenly, the earth began to shake and dirt started falling into the hole that led back up to the surface. It was another earthquake. All of Tokyo, Japan was shaking. Father knew that we had only a few moments to escape before we would

all be trapped under the ground. Still holding hands, he grabbed Aaron and pulled him towards the light. Just as the hole closed up, everyone took a huge sigh of relief.

I believed that we were all going to live happily ever after. I had finally been reunited with my brother, who quickly took back his human form. Then, my father turned around in disbelief and asked one question.

“Where’s Megan?”

“Jason and the Killing Storm”
by Ethan Ashir

The shining sun is blasting rays
The warmth on your skin while tanning in the bay
Jason the rabbit is sitting on the dunes
Enjoying the beautiful day since noon
The water is crystal clear
But a storm is sadly near
The passing clouds all turning gray
Unlike the typical ones in May
And just like that the sun is gone
The fun and heat is truly none
The gentle waves are growing big
Like that deep hole you were trying to dig
The rain has started and is getting heavy
But the people packing up are not ready
The waves are now loud and harsh
looking like the end of March
The sand is dark and filled with rain
Bringing the people a bitter pain
From an amazing day filled with fun
To a pouring shower and a party done
Jason the rabbit is cold and wet
He might have to go all the way to the vet

“A Day in the Garden”

by Haley Szeto

Rabbits hop together in the sunlight
Jumping together is fantastic, yes
They all hop until the end of the night
We gather together like a big fest
We munch on the fresh ripe plants at the farm
Sweet and rich, bursting with bright flavor
We hop together, right back to the barn
Smiling bright faces, we can all savor
We close our eyes and sleep in the moonlight
The very next day we are strong and healed
The eyes of the heavens, oh what a sight
We happily hop around the field
Today we shall wake up with a bright face
Right now, we shall conquer a brand new place

“Charlie the Rabbit Becomes Sad”

by Aaron Kashi

Charlie was walking down the road, on a perfect sunny day
The birds were singing, the windows were glistening
His popsicle melted so fast, it looked like a flowing waterfall
Charlie was having a great day

Then clouds started to form, and it began to drizzle
The rain became catastrophic, as it caused flooding in the roads
Big puddles formed and even lightning struck
Charlie’s perfect day became not so perfect after all

All he wanted to do was sit in the park, with his runny popsicle
And watch the trees dance and sing from afar
Instead he walked home in a downpour, soaked
Watching the other rabbits’ sad faces and disappointment



“Oblivion”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

As time falls,
Life becomes something we can never recall,
As the beginning approaches the end,
And the end approaches the beginning,
Because it's oblivion,
Oblivion that thing in which we end and start,
In a fetal sac made from the stars,
As we fly through time,
Our frames of mind,
Rewind,
But, still most people are blind,
Find,
The world's reality blurred into lines,
White lines,
Crossing boundaries of any kind,
Of the kind,
The moral,
And where the compass ticks,
But still we abhor so.

Because we're all stuck playing a game,
Some want to know why,
Fitting into social boundaries, healthy behaviors,
Until we're just all the same,
We don't even have names,
It's lame,
But still we blame,
And so it rains.

But, I want to grow,
Grow,
Grow,
Up to be a dandelion, ripped from my roots,
Pulled from the ground, torn to pieces for my seeds,
My legacies,
Yet, still we are all weeds,
And our destinies flown to pieces,
Creases in our hands, wound through reality,
Threads bent into 1d 2d 3d 4d.

We are just
Not just,
But, just
Words must,
Capture it but be simple,
Turning to rust,
As we fly,
For we are seeds,
We must cry,
We must die,
We must lie,
And sigh,
Into dots and dashes,
Red lashes,
Of hope which smashes,
Into oblivion,
Because
As time falls,
Life becomes something,
A word, a name, a game, a reason, a reality,
That we could never recall.

“Tortoise and Hare”

by Victor Yang

Once, a tortoise challenged a hare to a race through a forest.

The hare laughed and told the tortoise, “There is no way you can win, for I am so much faster than you!”

The tortoise dismissed the boasting and kept his offer. The hare thought he would win easily, but saw that the tortoise was interested in a race, so he agreed. They found a forest path and agreed on a starting point, an ending point, and an elephant as a judge. Many animals came to watch them race. Many thought the hare would beat the tortoise effortlessly, but the elephant warned them otherwise.

Soon, the elephant declared, “Ready, set, go!”

The tortoise and the hare had been at the starting line. Immediately, the hare energetically bounded into the distance, quickly leaving behind the tortoise. The hare was cheered on, while the tortoise was not. Yet the tortoise continued, unaffected.

Now, this forest path was a long, winding path that took many twists and turns. However, the hare, who had spent most of his life so far in more open grassland, did not know the forest and the path well. Hence, he neither realized that he was running for a much longer distance than he had to, nor wanted to go off the path into the forest which looked less passable.

The forest was also not very dense. So not long after, the tortoise found an opening in the forest, which he knew well. Tortoises are long-lived: most tortoises can live between 80 and 150 years. In the past, the tortoise, who was quite curious, had extensively explored the forest.

So, while the rabbit was running through the path, becoming more and more tired, the tortoise went off the path and into the forest. He saw scurrying squirrels and heard chirping birds. He walked around the towering trees and the short shrubs, above the twigs and under the canopy, forging his own shorter path.

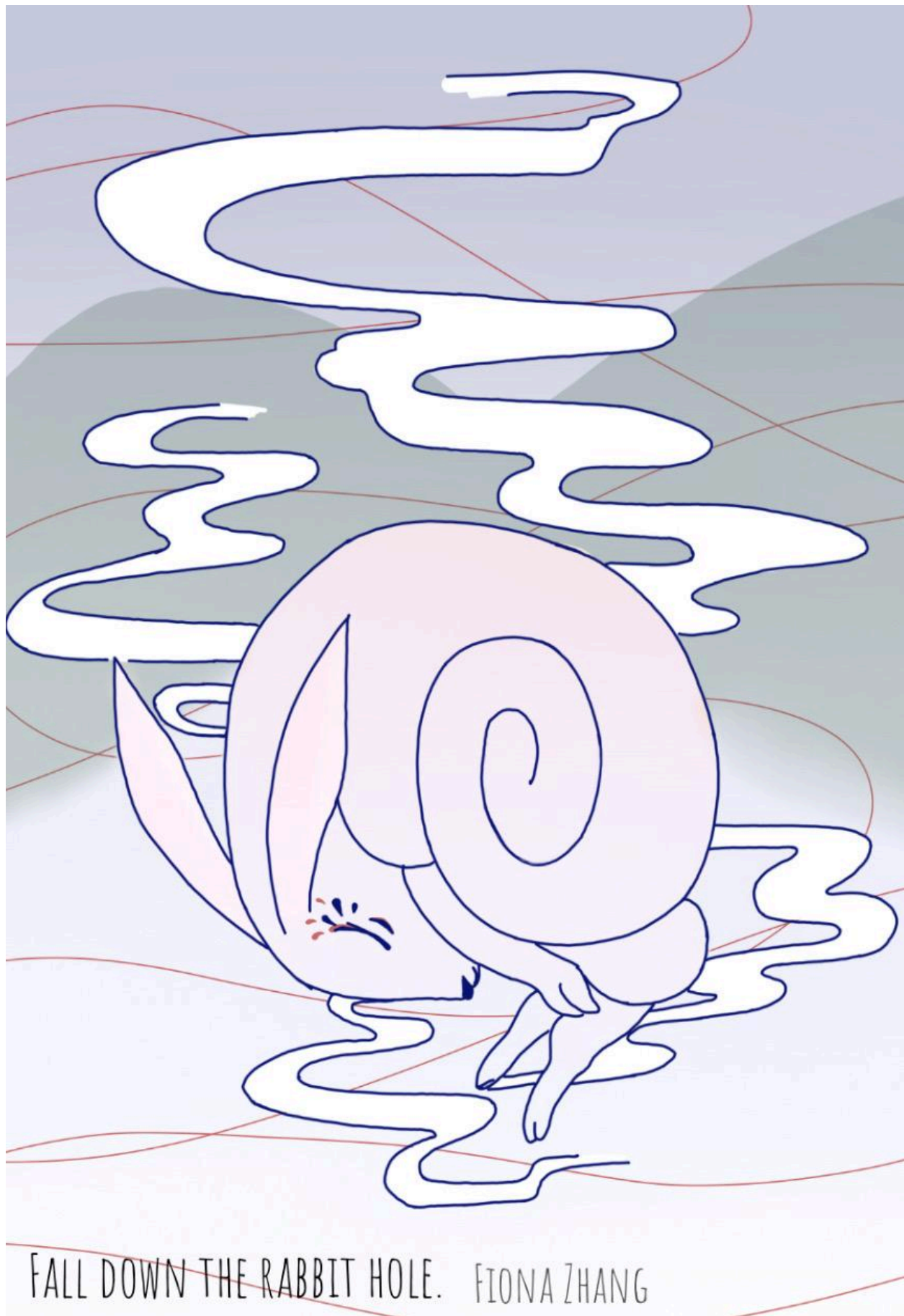
A while later, the tortoise reentered the path, except he was now much closer to the finish line, surprising several spectating animals there. Meanwhile, the hare had run most of the path, but was now behind the tortoise and quite tired.

When the hare realized this, he wondered, “How is this possible?”

Impressively, and to the cheering of many, the tortoise reached the finish line just a few seconds before the hare.

As if reading the hare’s mind, the elephant said, “Tortoise, even though you did not walk as quickly as the hare ran, you found a shorter path through the forest than the clear but much longer path that the hare took. You are the winner.”

And with that, the animals who were spectating all gave applause to the tortoise.



“Down the Rabbit Hole, I Saw”

by Madisyn Chan

I crawled,
Down the Rabbit Hole
and
I saw
a red rabbit.
He was in rage.

I saw
an orange rabbit.
He was optimistic.

I saw
a yellow rabbit.
She was cheerful.

I saw
a green rabbit.
He was harmonious.

I saw
a blue rabbit.
She was upset.

I saw
a purple rabbit.
She was royalty.

I saw
a pink rabbit.
She was loving.

The red rabbit was the most rageful,
The orange rabbit was the most optimistic,
The yellow rabbit was the most cheerful,
The green rabbit was the most harmonious,
The blue rabbit was the most upset,
The purple rabbit was the most royal,
And the pink rabbit was the most loving.

Yet-

The orange rabbit encouraged the red rabbit.
The yellow rabbit laughed along with the green rabbit.
The purple rabbit took care of the blue rabbit.
And the pink rabbit loves them all.

Each rabbit is different,
But they all care for each other.

They shine
Brighter
Together.

Down the Rabbit Hole
I crawled,
I saw.

“Where’s the Rabbit?”
by Scarlett Chan

garden beside a garden
garden beside a garden
rabbit beside a carrot
rabbit beside a carrot

hop hop
yum yum
rabbit there
carrot there

poof!
carrot where?
rabbit where?

“The One”

by Jane Chang

“Oh, glory to our people!”

The One cries out patriotically
Followed along with cheering
And the sound of clapping
And wondrous, delightful joy

But even the most glorious eras end
Don’t worry, that didn’t happen this time
The world has evolved
Changed

For the better of everyone
So that this nation can be powerful
So that the people are free and happy
Our society will make the world a better place!

Oh, glory to our people!

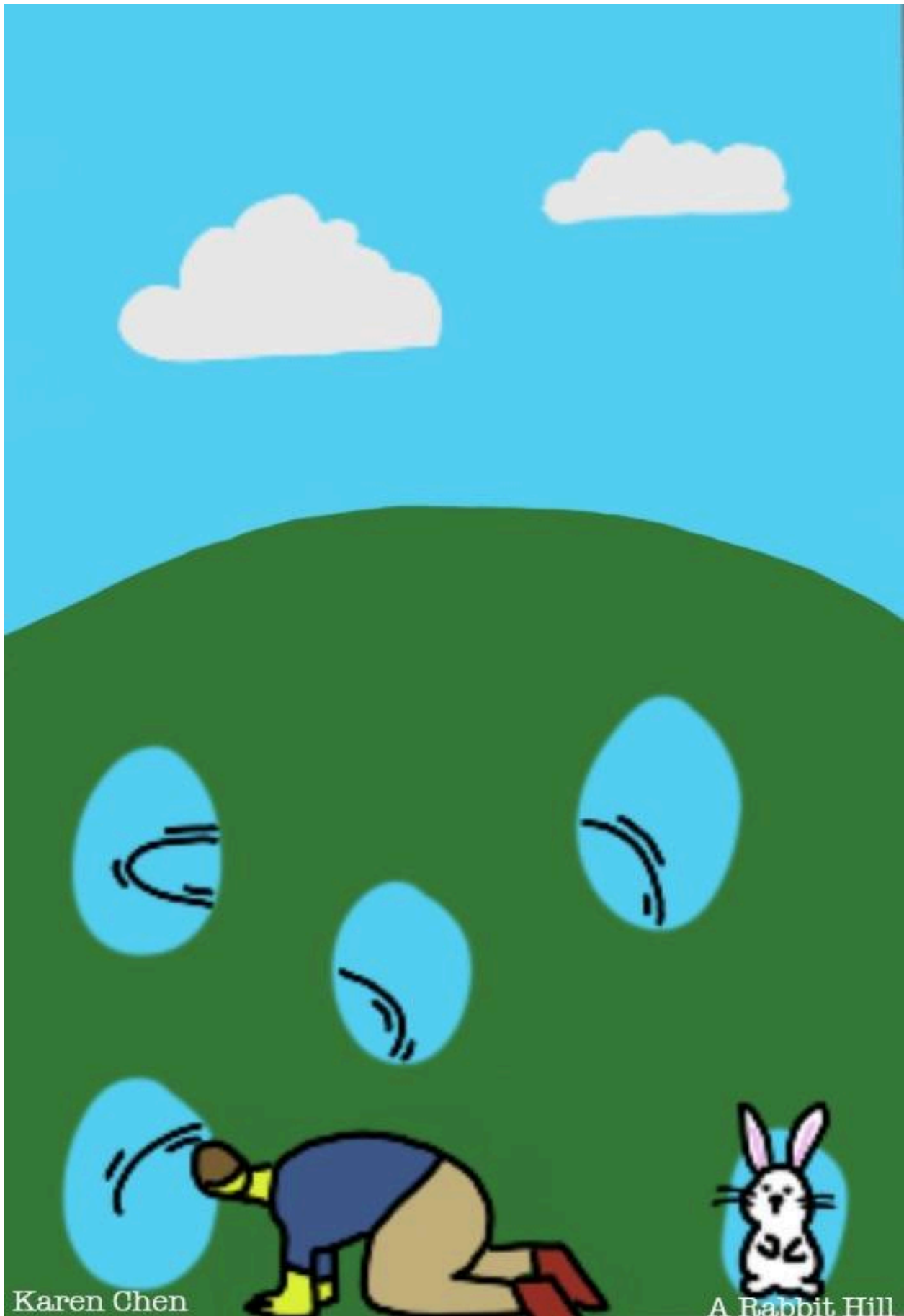
~~“Oh, glory to our people!”~~

~~The One cries out deceitfully
Followed along with cheering
And the sound of clapping
And blind, ignorant joy~~

~~But even the most glorious leaderships end
Don’t worry, that will never happen
The world has evolved
Changed~~

~~For the better of The One
So that The One can be powerful
So that the people are clueless and obedient
Our society will help empower The One!~~

~~Oh, glory to the One!~~



“Spring”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

One day,
it was spring,
I wanted to stay
inside, but I knew the rain may sing—

But it's spring,
and my rain sings,
my world sings,
my stars stings
like the tears upon my cheek as I lay—

And I stare at the ring,
on the ground, laying,
but I'm staying,
on the attic floor dotted in stars of painting,
my world dirtied and splashed in string,
and my ocean splashes 'gainst the fence, foaming from my mouth in music—

As I sing,
a single flower,
sprouting out the ground,
a single dandelion,
a single wish,
of white snow,
melted into yellow so
I sing into the air,
as I stare
at this ceiling of white,
dotted in yellow,
as dawn begins
in fuschia
in yellow,

yellow as the flower,
a dandelion dotted in flower,
as though,
the sun was stolen
and rain subsides,
the world setting,
as I stay here and cry,
but the dandelion, the flower,
my wish, it sours,
through each passing hour—

I can't help but cry.
Yet, even though summer has gone, and so has spring.
But my mouth still cracked open—

Words, ocean must flow out and so I must sing.

“Birthday Boom!”

by Jordana Ahdoot

It was a hot sunny summer day
It was so warm you could melt
The birds were chirping
There was not a cloud in the sky
Blair was celebrating her birthday
It was her annual pool party
All of the guests arrived
The backyard was getting full
Ice cream was dripping
Music was blasting
Then there was a big boom
The sky turned dark and started pouring rain
Thunder and lightning
It was very frightening
Poor Blair's birthday
This was not a good day

“Veggies”

by Aaron Zaboulani

Veggies and healthy food is all there is
I want something sugary like candy to binge
I look through the pantry to find some sugar to eat
Lo and behold, there’s candy and brownies for a treat

I start by swallowing a few donuts in moderation
It gets out of hand and I go down the rabbit hole on a sweet vacation
I eat and I eat, and then I eat some more
Until my stomach is full and falls to the floor

I realize I have to put health first and not a junk food plate
So I start doing cardio and lifting some weights
I start losing some pounds, and then lose a few more
Lo and behold, I can fit my stomach through the door

My sugar addiction made me go downhill
Changing my habits really took some will
Fixing the problem became a real fight
Now I’m back to eating veggies, with not a snack in sight

“Chasing the White Rabbit”

by Orielle Hakimian

An image in the distance
A little small rabbit
Waiting for my presence
Holding an orange carrot

As it jumped over roots, wild and free
Chasing a path next to a tree
Finding a hole, dark and gloomy
A small place not so roomy

Suddenly Alice fell
A drop in her heart
Then she heard a bell
That’s when everything stopped



The Clock is Ticking
Melody Xiao

“Timeless”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

War is love,
forever constant,
forever complicated,
the past constantly rolling forth
in endless tears,
always reaching a revolutionary resolution,
allowing pain to subside
in a single full proof solution,
or ending in animosity,
a silent grudge,
as love always turns people away eventually,
and War, at least brings them back,
still fighting for that goal, those goals
in which they still believe
with the same passion,
the same timeless love,
that is War...

But—
War is not sadness,
though they forever intertwine,
though they forever hold each other in love,
War constantly rolls forth
in endless fears,
sadness holds steady like the calm dark waters,
eventually bursting into a tidal wave
of endless tears,
War always ending in a resolution,
sadness, not always with a conclusion,
as it holds over all,
an endless fog,

a haze,
ever present,
as even though War recurs
in an endless cycle, an endless system of red canals,
War always begins with a fire,
the fire that is the ever passionate love,
ending in a timeless sadness,
that War carries, idolizes like an angel,
a timeless angel that fell from [to] that fiery grace...

“Down, Down, Down”

by Joshua Niu

Life is great
Sitting at the beach
The sun beaming like a laser
BOOM!
Clouds form and start crying like an infant
I dash to my car
Wait, where are my keys?
I run back to the shore
The keys are nowhere to be found
I’m drenched with water
I call 911 with my cell phone
911, what’s your emergen-
My phone battery dies
BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!
My car takes off screaming
I drop to the sand, defeated
I start sinking
A squeaky voice whispers to me
It is a rabbit
You're falling down the rabbit hole!

“Down the Drain”

by Rex Rastegar

The wind blows
The sun strikes my body
I wonder to myself
How did I become so lucky
I hop on my surfboard
Crash through the waves
With the blink of an eye
A giant cloud appears in the sky
Time passes
People start to realize
It is a tsunami
I run for my life
Afraid and scared
Alarms ring throughout the city
Making everyone rush
One day later
Debris lines the beach
Everyone is heartbroken
Nature cannot be controlled

“Meow”

by Scarlett Chan

Meow!

I look beside me

Only my rabbit Stevie is visible

Hmm...

I continue on my autumn crops
Bright and pastel leaves cover the
garden

All beauty as is—*meow*

Meow?

Meow

We don't own a cat

I look at my rabbit

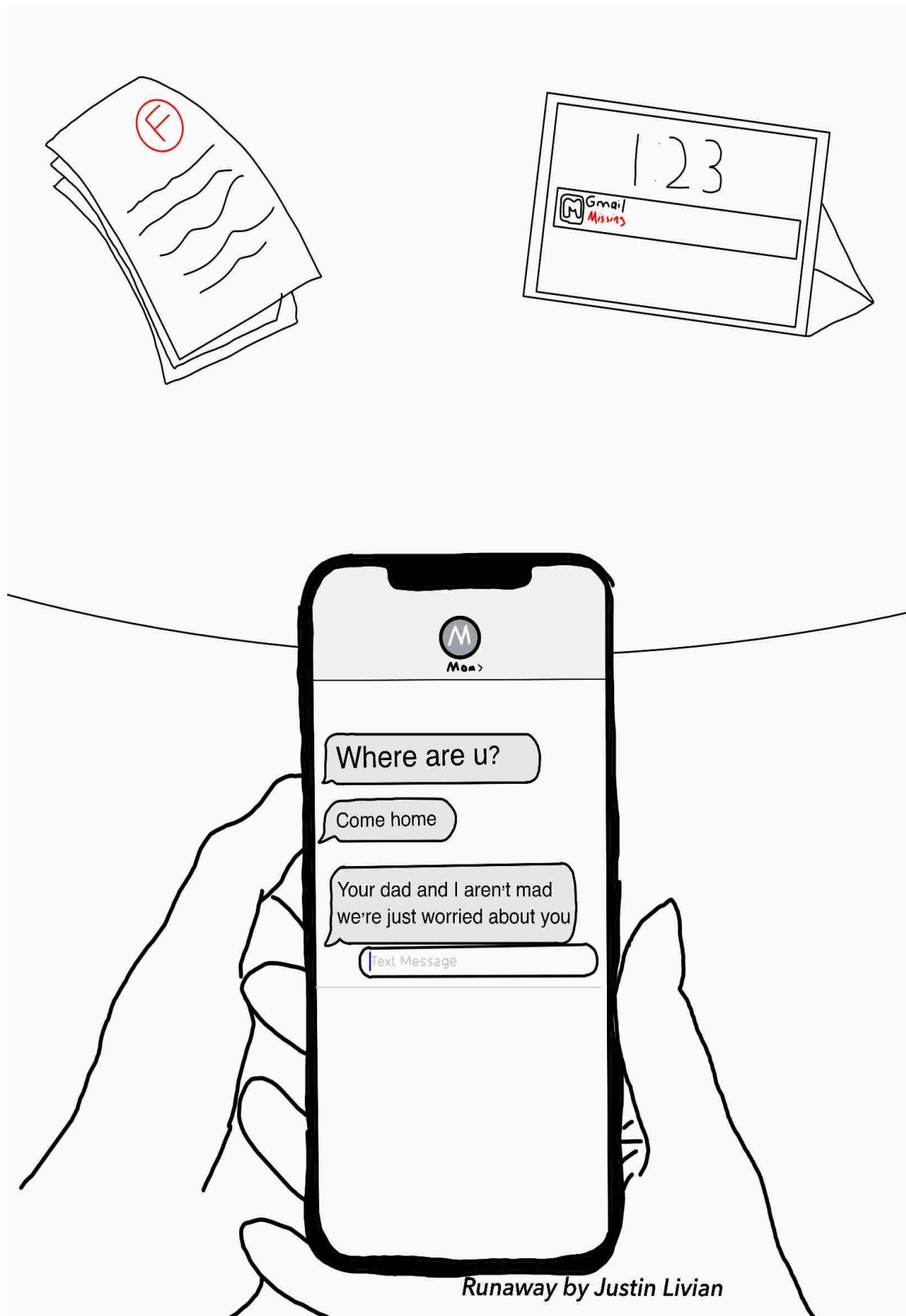
Innocent eyes

Innocent face

I give her a friendly kiss

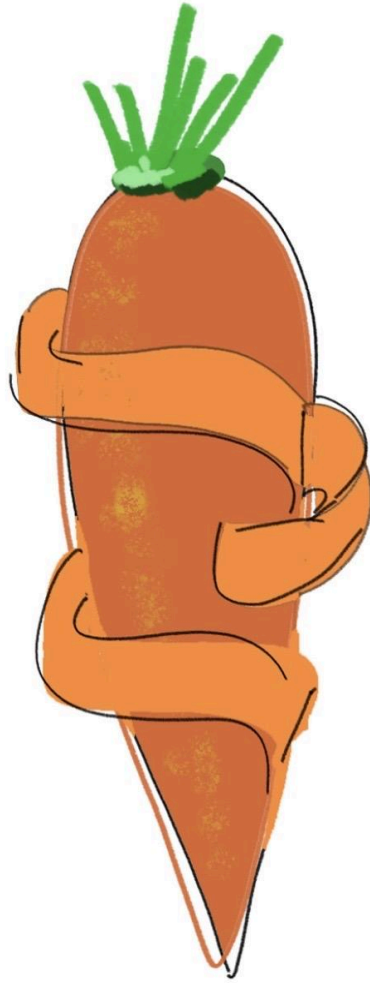
But just then

Meow!



“Only Downhill From Here”
by Tal Ohebshalom

I wake up in the morning
On the top of the hill
The sun shining on my face
Like a large flashlight
I get out of bed
A big smile on my face
Bags all packed
I'm ready for the race
Today is Moving Day
The day where the hill comes alive
The day where all people move
The day where the hill thrives
As I travel down the hill
I see familiar faces
The sun starts to fade
I know what is about to happen
I know on this day
Moving Day
It is the last time I will see brightness
As I approach the bottom of the hill
I see no more sun
Someone else will now live in the light
Until the next Moving Day
Now I have hit the bottom of the hill
Just like they will someday, too
This is now the lowest of low
Now it is time to survive



By:
Taji Ryu Wilson
Carrot

“Cooking With Nonna”

by David Ijadi

Your cooking is great
I told you once
You offered to teach me
Because you love me

I kept learning from you
As a good grandson does
You entered another world
And I tried to follow along
Because I wanted to cook like you

One day you told me
Lessons are over
Now you know all that you need to know
To cook with love and joy

Every time I cook
I'll be thinking about you
I will always remember the taste of your meals
I look into the sky and I see you still cooking
You will never stop

With love and joy,
Your Grandson

“Home Away From Home”

by Sophia Tabari

Skies are blue
And the rabbit's fur, too
As the sun shines
On the glistening blades of grass
The rabbit can prance through the sky
Because the surrounding nature
Would never lie

Now as humans come
To disturb the rabbit's peace and fun
They ignore the rabbit
And believe
That his home lies in the sky

Then the humans claim their territory
And end the rabbit's story
By dulling the sun
And shaving the grass

At last
The rabbit watches his home dissolve from afar
Way up in the sky so high
The same color as his fur

“A Day in the Field”

by Hailey Peykarian

There's a sunny field filled with bunnies jumping as if they're on a trampoline
I followed her closely
My worries flew away
We twirled and danced following the flowers

Her fluffy gray tail swayed with the wind
The flowers danced in delight
Their colors so bright
The breeze whispered soft melodies in our ears

Each moment, a treasure
A memory to cherish
Time had danced away like leaves in a breeze
I set aside my studies feeling so at ease

The clouds pink like cotton candy drifted away in the blue sky
Underneath the stars we reached for the sky
In the meadow where joy can be found high

“Rabbit Hill”

by Scarlett Chan

hop hop hop
jump stomp stomp jump
it was a rabbit
fair with red glazing eyes
staring at a hill
steep steep steep
long steep steep long
the rabbit stared while standing with intuition
the rabbit followed down the hill
walking instead of hopping
two feet instead of four
down the rabbit hill it goes

“Sodbusting”
by Sabrina Wu-Hu

Staring at the pedestal beneath me,
and all I see,
is sod, dirt,
my pointless words,
built up, piled into
a pedestal
and a pointless medal,
as it consumes me,
into the pedestal, the dirt, I see,
into this cavern,
as placing
top 1, top 3,
is my Rome,
this is all I can think about...
but if only—
I wasn't alone,
in the plains.

For, I want to break through the sod,
the pedestal,
and start anew,
but still I stew
stir up in
the plains,
hoping
one day
someday—

Someday
I'll bust through the sod
and see what's
on the other side,
because my sod is this pedestal
and my ego should be busted
as these places and plains subside.

“Down Goes Michael”

by Noah Bassaly

As the sun shines bright on the shore
The waves are looking big
Bunnies are hopping on the boardwalk
And Michael is having fun galore

Michael is playing football with his father
And the ball gets carried away
Into the choppy, intimidating water

The waves are looking as tall as skyscrapers
And Michael refuses to go deeper
But Dad pushes him in to grab the ball
And Michael is hit by a wave
SWOOSH!

Michael has been hammered by the waves so hard
That he looks like one of the rabbits
Bouncing on the boardwalk

As Michael walks back home to recover
The rabbits make fun of his disheveled look
Dad apologizes sincerely
But Michael cannot forgive him at the moment

“The Grayness of Winter”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

The gray world,
it swirled into me,
the misty rain smell of the atmosphere,
drawing me in,
pulling into me,
pulling into me in cold tuffs,
cold tuffs of gray whilst I sat in the snow,
the crystal sapphire of a snow, powdery white,
a blanket, soft and cold, clad in jewels reduced to
the flickering glints of fabric silk,
warming to the world.

And as I await,
in this simple quiet tranquility,
or perhaps even eeriness
of nothing,
of comfortable melancholy,
and I stare
down the road,
adorned in dandruff, in snow,
the path descending beneath me,
the gray world swirling out of me.

I was quiet,
it was quiet,
I was sluggish,
feeling my eyelids heavy,
the blanket light,
my beige coat falling
to its beloved ground of midnight concrete
as I rest my body,
upon the ground,

my mind running far,
and my relentless figure,
now relenting to Destiny,
falling softly like snow,
snowflakes falling in flakes of seeds of dandelions
against the damp Earth,
silent.
in grieving.

“Where Is My Path?”

by Sabrina Wu-Hu

There’s a path,
in the golden wood that will never last,
past
1000 years and fractured glass.
But, no matter, there will always still be this path.

There’s a path in the golden wood,
split to three from where I stood,
my face masked, betrayed, protected by a translucent hood.
Here, I stand in the evening rain, questioning where to go in the golden wood.

There’s a path in the golden wood, split into three,
all with marks and scars and my beloved golden trees.
Whilst I stand here with Janus, unknowing, yet knowing how, why, where, and
what is split to three.

There’s a path in the golden wood, split into three, all with marks and scars.
Each their own world of broken paths and wars and scars.

Now, see there’s this path, father, mother, sister, yet—
I don’t want to live in any of their broken worlds.

