
HILLS AND VALLEYS
Imagine
Literary
Magazine
2024
MICHAEL BRANDT

EDITOR'S NOTE

The theme of this year's Literary Magazine was appropriately designated as hills and valleys. Many of the submissions we received this year highlighted either an experience facing adversity or something to celebrate, and with the discussion of one of those comes the other. This magazine represents a balance that can often be uncomfortable, but which is necessary for growth and success in one's life. Even though we all wish to take our time at the top of our hills, valleys are sometimes what we need to move forward. I hope you enjoy the works of our very talented peers at Harrison High School, and that you will be inspired by them when coming to your own hills and valleys in life. I would like to sincerely thank everyone who contributed to the creation of this magazine including all of the artists and writers, all members of the Imagine Literary Magazine, and our advisor Ms. Barash.

Enjoy!

-Arianna Applebaum

Imagine Literary Magazine
Harrison High School
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2024 Edition

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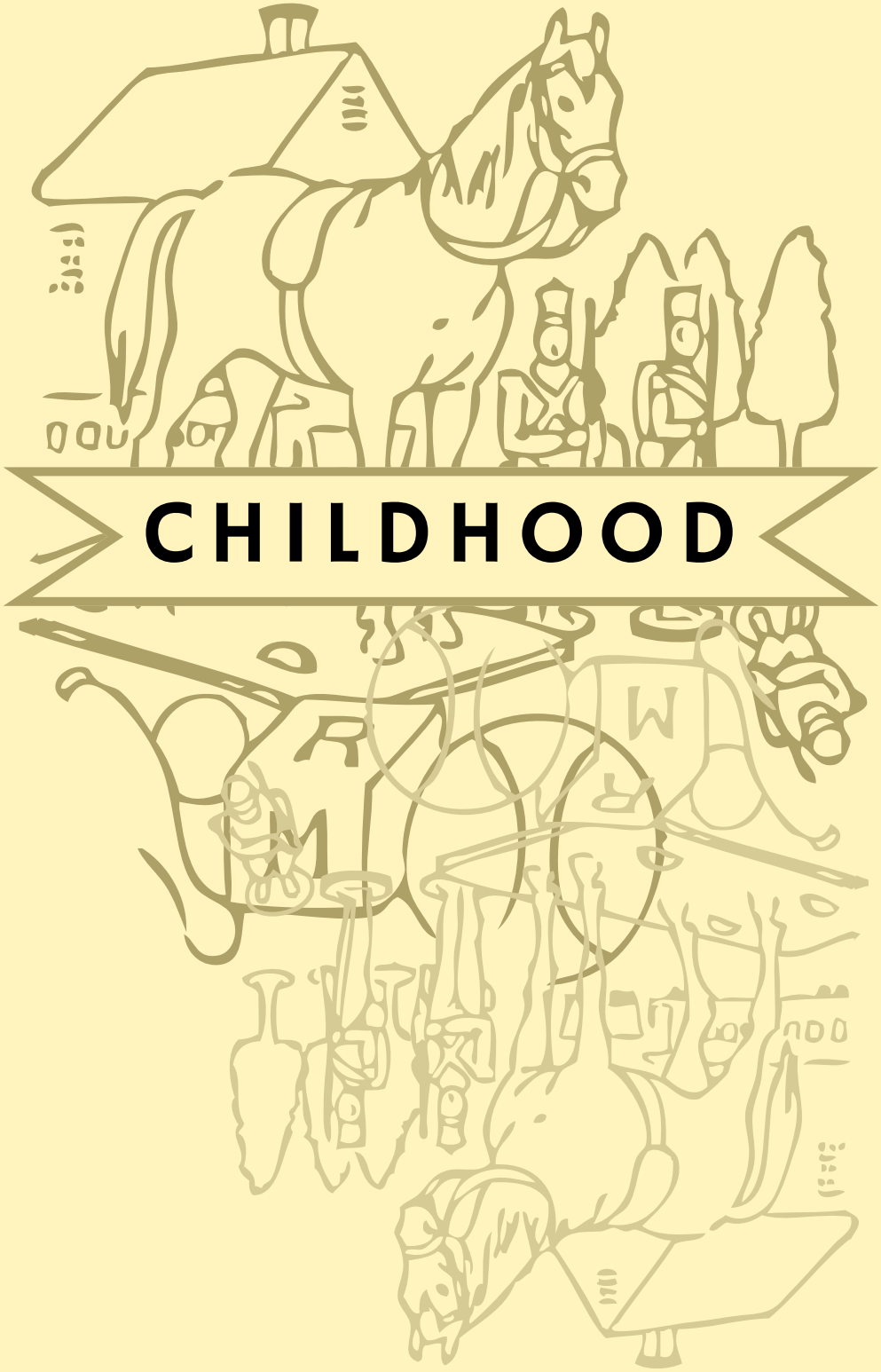
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CHILDHOOD


SOMETHING
DOWN HERE
NOTHING
NOURISH
GO BACK
MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY

LAIBA JAN

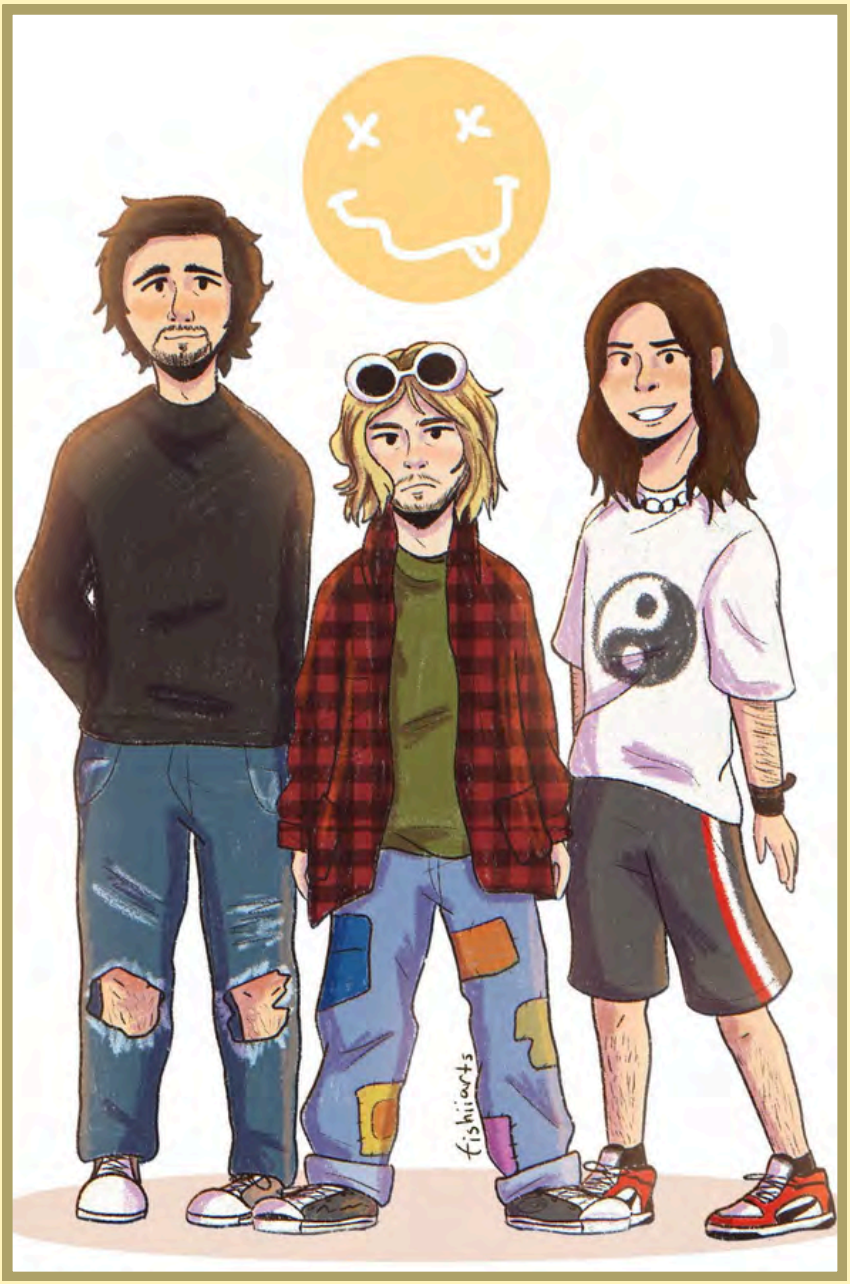
The Magic of Childhood

a simple laugh sparks the brightness of innocence,
the blissful ignorance of the wonderful, magical, young years of childhood—
like a flower, in an abundance of dirt,
the daughter of the sun
beams rays of light in an otherwise dark, lifeless world
lights up the days, with the laughter of peace, bliss, naiveness—
like a candle, burning bright, through desperate darkness, unknown to the youthful minds—
though one day, a flower will wilt its last petal, a candle will burn away its final wax,
leaving only the undesired truth of emptiness—
the years will pass, the stress will build
the magic of childhood: now a distant, magical memory

-Marissa Lusardi



MICHAEL BRANDT



ANNA FAILLACE

The Beauty of Youth:

Little children come out to play,
Embrace the world
It's the start of a new day.
Their little hearts, filled with joy,
With eyes wide open
They're counting down the days.
Imagining the day when independence will come their way.
They dream of a world where they're in control,
Where the choices are theirs and setting their goals.
We say the future isn't set in stone;
So carve out your own path, and start anew.
They wonder what the future holds,
But the key is in your hands.
Only you can unlock your door, to reveal the person you're meant to be.
But let the children dream, let their imaginations run wild
Explore the great world.
Find the pirate's treasure or choose to slay the dragon.
Save the city with your superpowers
or build massive cities with blocks and sand
Whatever it be, think big and mighty
For the world is your kingdom,
And you're simply the ruler.
Don't count the days till you're big and grown,
But cherish your youth, and enjoy your days as a child
The day you'll grow up, it'll be in the blink of an eye
But never forget child, the beauty of youth
Remember the magic, and that dreams don't die
Cherish the moments, let them shine bright in the sky.

-Laiba Jan



SOPHIE BERKOWITZ



LANA WAIGHTS

Echoes of Growth
a haibun

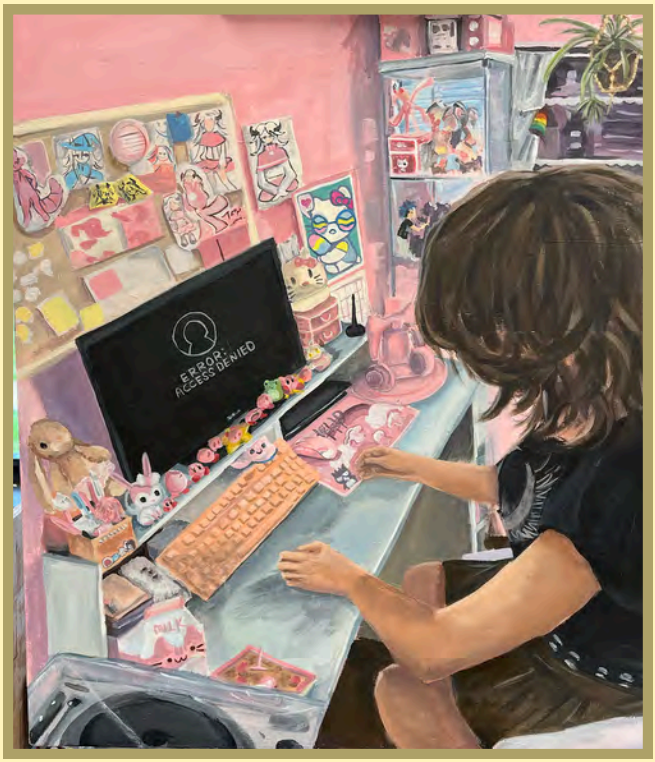
Cheers of little kids fill the field. You look out into the distance, worrying about nothing but who is the fastest. “Tag, you’re it” is how friendships start, some that will last for eternity, some that will end in an hour. When they come home, they only want to show their parents their turkey hand from arts and crafts.

The little kids aren’t so little, now in their middle years, feeling overwhelmed with work and all they are thinking about is when they will have recess. They make immature decisions, like dating off looks, or getting into fights, always trying to make a name for themselves. Trying to fit in, and stand out at the same time.

The kids are now teens, soon to be adults, now used to school but not to life. They are searching for a purpose but can't seem to find it, for they have always been given instruction. Life becomes beyond the classroom, and decisions become weightier, unlike choosing teams on the playground, yet with consequences that echo longer. Should I try it, or should I not? Should I try this sport? Should I try this drug? Should I ask her out? What if? These are the questions with answers that could've affected their whole lives.

Childhood echoes fade,
Tag to teen, choices cascade,
Life's questions, and decisions made.

-Elias Dos Reis



ABI SPATARO



ALEXANDER ZIHENNI

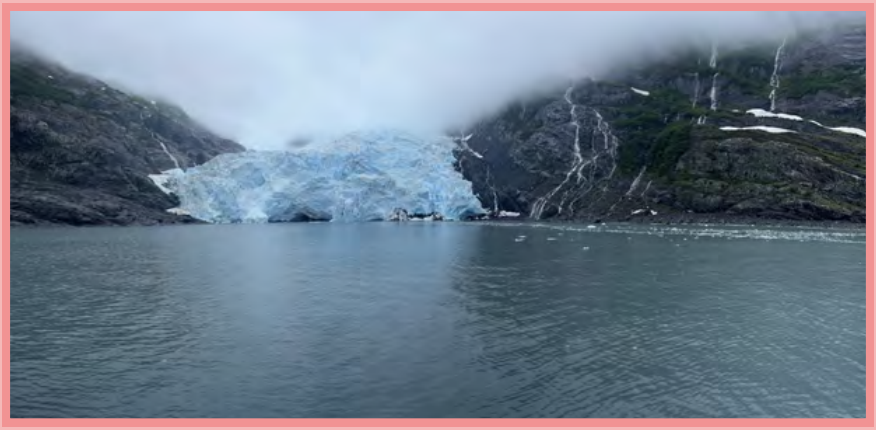
PASSAGE OF TIME



Nowhere, ME

I see my cousin standing there
A snowy leaf stuck in his hair
The wind that whips my jacket round
The chilly cold feel in the air
I hear a buzzing, whooshing sound
My frozen heart left on the ground
I wish for life to be the same
The change swirling around me; sound
Then from the sky the lightning came
Nothing would ever be the same
For she is dead
The one who holds my middle name

-Ella Mae Zamek

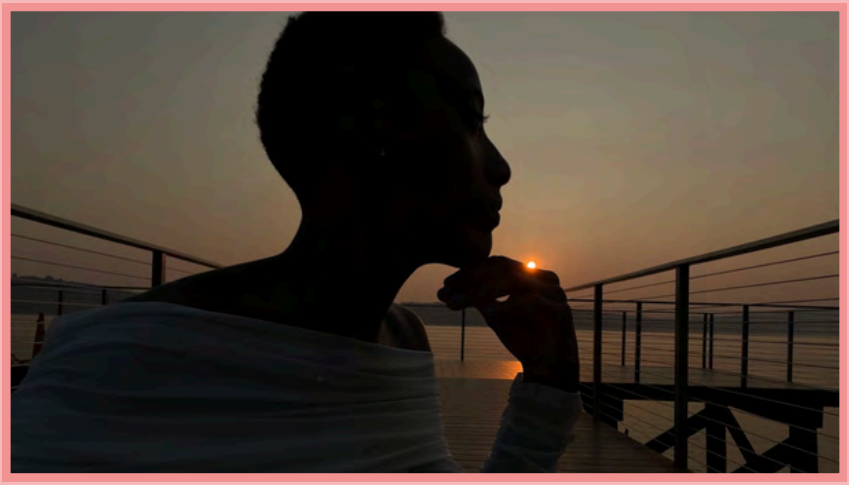


JUSTIN WIEDERKEHR

Self Portrait

I am not myself.
Truth is, there is no myself.
Just a little girl, crying on the plane;
A girl smiling, laughing;
A face, a scream, a few tears.
She is always looking ahead,
To the next step, to the next life.
And when she is asked:
Who are you?
"Stardust," she answers.
Because this girl is lost;
Drowning in a sea of
Expectations, fears, secrets.
She is a burning flame,
Bright and fierce, yet
Fragile, threatening to give out.
And I can't stop thinking about her.

–Noélie Boquet Couderc



NYLA GORDON

Sharpened Edges

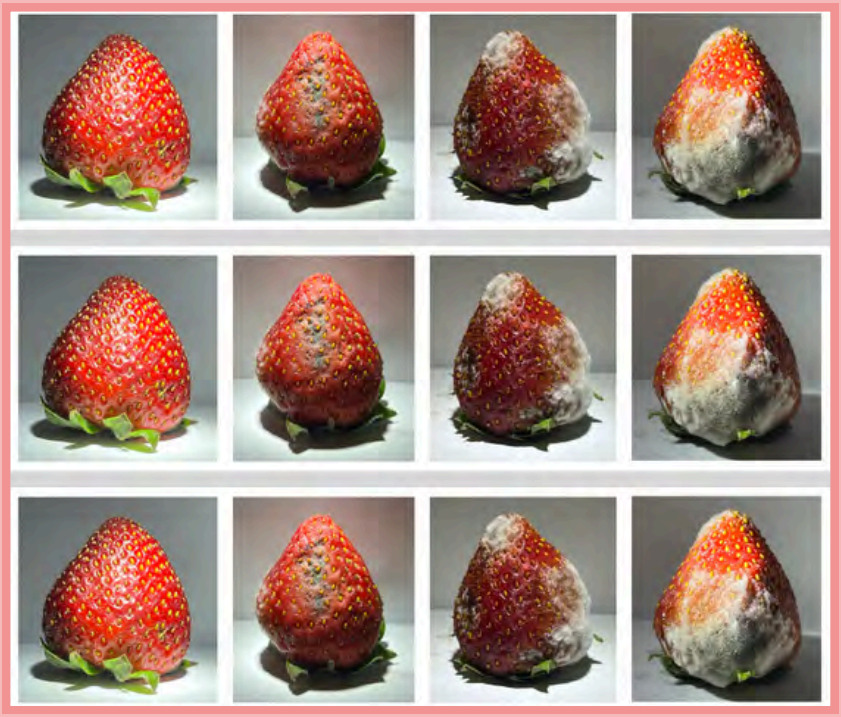
"He loves me.
He loves me not."
I am picked, trampled. And yet,
I don't dare say a word.

You strip me of all I am:
My beauty, my grace.
But I dare not show my thorns.

"He loves me!"
A shriek.
But you love me too?
Do you not?

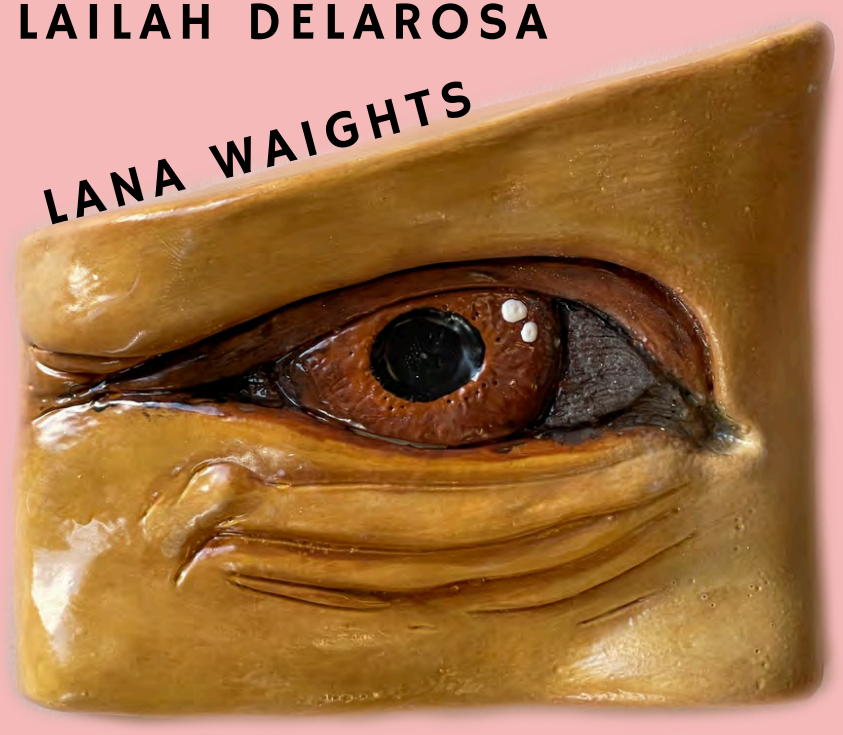
My petals have fallen,
My leaves are no more.
You have left me just with my thorns.
I have given you my everything:
my time, my leaves.
I have given you everything I am.
But why do you leave me?
You have stripped me, stranded me.
All my beauty gone, gone away.
I am nothing with my petals.
Because who would love a rose with only thorns?

-Gabriella Febbraio



LAILAH DELAROSA

LANA WAIGHTS



A Reaper's Tea Party

How ironic it is, to knock on death's front door
To be enveloped with a pulling mesmerization
Of absurdities, and sights beyond comprehension
The cloaked figure, he'll take his seat at the most considerable chair
His spine and pelvis bones have worn out the cushions
Tonight --
He is a host without the blade of a reaper
And tonight --
I'll be a guest with oscillated nerves among dormant and frequent visitors
I wasn't warned of the
cold wafts of air
the smell of decomposition
[intermixed with the scent of jelly-filled delights]
"Have you heard?--"
"True it is, we'll be permanent guests soon"
"That's all I hope for."
They joked, laughter erupting from humanoids in fancy apparel
You are one of me, and I am one of you
Yet you do not tremble
At least, not the way I do, you still feel cold don't you?
Death does not make a good host --

-Alessandra McAuley

LUISA DE OLIVEIRA





ANNA YOUNGSTROM

Painted-Over

A painting beneath a painting
Progress atop what was once deemed perfection
Making a mistake of something purposeful
As if such a meticulous work of art
could be completely accidental

I wonder how it feels to be painted over
The cold wetness of a finely bristled brush
Burrowing into skin
Drowning, sealing pores
Filling a mouth, a nose, eyes and ears
Suffocating a face to birth another

When you're painted over
You're not completely gone
You just need a brave soul to tear the paint away
But it's possible that no one has the courage
To reveal an underside
Of a prison that's just so beautiful

Painting-over begs the question
Are we willing to take the risk?
To scrape away a layer of dedication
For a question mark wrapped in pigmented oil?
It makes one wonder what holds a more
compelling beauty
What we see

Or what's underneath?

-Joey Lipple-Smetana

A Time of Change

ÉVA PIA LACHAVANNE

Days go by
Time goes on
As much as
I want
To stay

Time goes on
People come
People go

Trees grow
for a reason
Leaves stay but
They also go

They're the fastest
To flee
But branches
Are one that are hard
To leave

They stay but at one
point
They flee as well

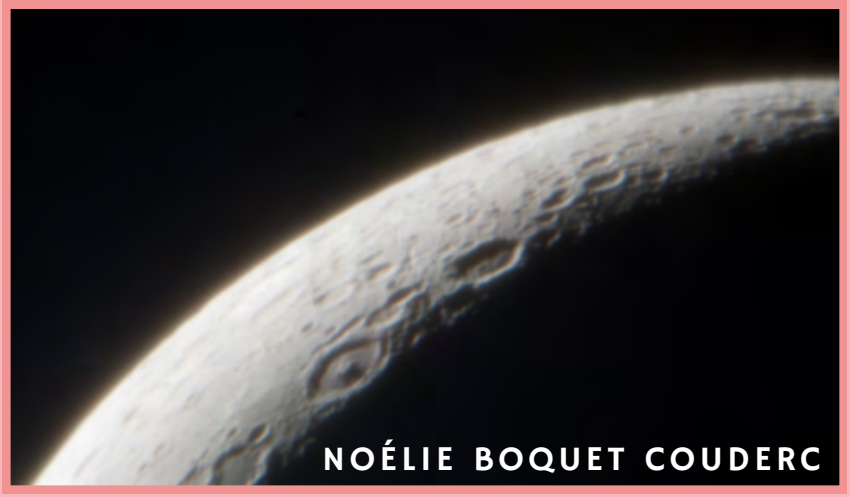
But the roots
Are the most beautiful
They really show who
They are
They also show

A family that belongs



-Isabella Roman


STEFANIA VERBITSKY


NOÉLIE BOQUET COUDERC

Excerpt from “The Music Box”

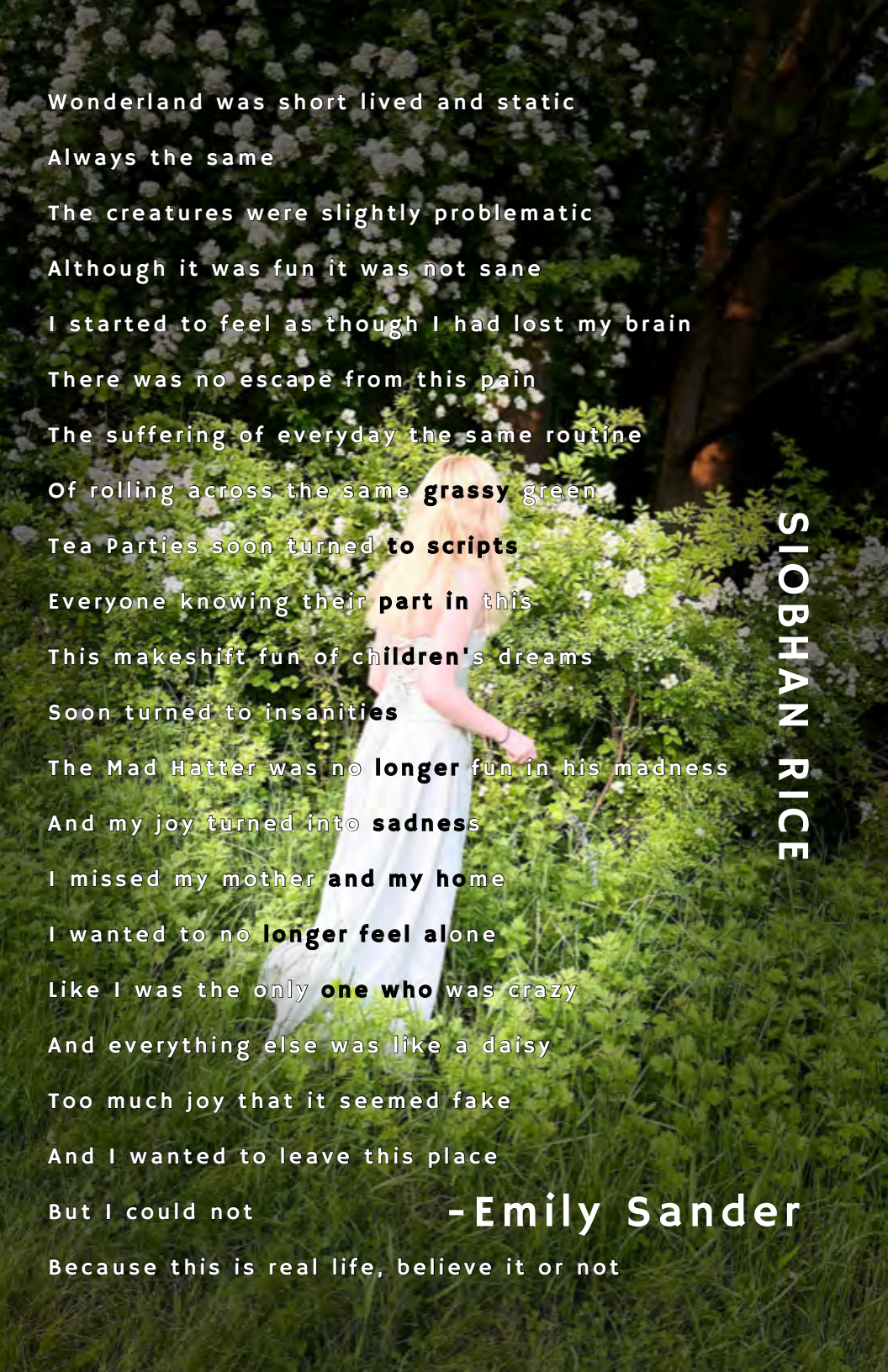
“Guòlái.” Come here, she said. I looked at her skeptically, suspicious of what she might want. Come here. She repeated, patting her lap. I went and sat on her lap, swinging my feet and scowling at the keys on the piano. She smiled at me, forming crinkles around her eyes. “I show you some-ting” She said. Gracefully, she placed her left thumb on middle C. Then grabbed my hand, and placed it two octaves above it. “Gēnsuí.” She stated firmly. “Follow my hand.” She moved her delicate fingers in a pattern over the keys, creating a flowing rhythm, slow but steady, allowing for me to follow without hesitation. Suddenly the notes became faster and lighter, quickly dancing across the octaves, jumping from one side of the piano to the other.

I tried copying the notes, I tried recreating the magic, but in the end, I just listened to the music. Then, the notes became slower and heavier, moving grudgingly in an arpeggio. But to me, the sounds were majestic, creating hues and shades and tones of warmth and coldness. I sat on my rug, absentmindedly tracing the grooves of the box, reflecting back on that glimpse of a memory. The music was alive, fueled by my grandmother’s passion to play the piano. Who knew that one aging woman could possess so much poise, gentleness, grace, and beauty in her extremely arthritic fingers? The music from the box floated up into the air as the notes drifted away and the melody came to an end. The feeling of grief and nostalgia buried me like snow in a storm.

To you, my mentor, my idol, my grandmother.

-Anonymous


LOST



Wonderland was short lived and static

Always the same

The creatures were slightly problematic

Although it was fun it was not sane

I started to feel as though I had lost my brain

There was no escape from this pain

The suffering of everyday the same routine

Of rolling across the same grassy green

Tea Parties soon turned to scripts

Everyone knowing their part in this

This makeshift fun of children's dreams

Soon turned to insanities

The Mad Hatter was no longer fun in his madness

And my joy turned into sadness

I missed my mother and my home

I wanted to no longer feel alone

Like I was the only one who was crazy

And everything else was like a daisy

Too much joy that it seemed fake

And I wanted to leave this place

But I could not

Because this is real life, believe it or not

SIOBHAN RICE

-Emily Sander

Eyelids flutter open,
greeted by an odd sight. a drab, dreary world,
with spires of steel and glass dotting its skyline.
Where monsters that resemble you or I
subjugate the people with paper, rather than claws.
Quite the nightmare I have found myself in.
Isolated, on a rock in an infinite void.
Maybe I'll wake up one day from this nightmare in which I stand.
For now I'll stay here, in this frightful place, till I wind up, back in bed, back in my world.

-KC Onwusoanya



ABI SPATARO

The Rain

I despise the rain.
It was a day I'll never forget.
We were at the town square
The buildings as high as the sky,
A statue crying for for the warmth of the sun,
The concrete pummeled by the rain.
It was raining,
but I had my love with me.
Her eye glistened like the sun
A smile that made the sun jealous
She was my world, she was my light
but she was my infatuation.
As I saw my sun be smothered by the moon
The heart started to rain, thunder and drizzle.
As the rain held me in its embrace
the boom of the thunder awakened me.
As I thought, what about me
Not for me to love her
Not for me to to feel the light
Not for me to have those unforgettable moments of love
I ran fast to the car as I was sheltering from the rain
But the rain still was still pouring onto me.
The concrete dry as sand in a desert
The building looking unreachable.
The big mirror in the town square missing its big statue
and as I turned on the car the radio started playing
The Cure was on, singing *boys don't cry.*

-Eliam Hernandez



MAYA BORACZEK

In a world so vast and wide,
With space and air on every side,
A feeling creeps within my soul,
Of emptiness which takes its toll.

The lack of people, their presence gone,
Leaves a void, a lonely song,
Echoing through the barren land,
With no one there to take a hand.

The silence, oh how it screams,
Echoing through those waves,
A haunting reminder of what was,
And how I've lost what once was.

No laughter and smiles on this very night
No warmth of hugs and friendly light,
All now lost, a distant memory,
Leaving me with such melancholy.

But still I hold on to the hope,
That soon again the happiness will cope,
With people back in every place,
And filling up this empty space.

Until that day, waves will sound,
And be left for those who I have found
There are those who filled my heart with love,
And those who are not there to fulfill my sadness up above

-David Rosmarin

Empty

-Aaralyn Gravagna

What do you know when
your mind is desolate
What do you feel when
your heart heaves dry air
A betrayer amongst
muscle and might is me
What to do with this
body when it's stripped,
broken, bare
Of any sense or
conviction
Of any passion or lack
Equal to only that of a
flesh welded sack
I've tried boiling water
A back against cold stone
No methods seem to
speak to these tired
young bones
They have no reason
to falter
Nor desire to crack
But it seems everything
I try
breeds everything I lack

LAILAH DELAROSA



Little Girl



AMELIA AMARAL

Little girl, so lost in the clouds. You'd lose your head if it wasn't attached.

Little girl, so always in a hurry. Where do you run, when you know not where to go?

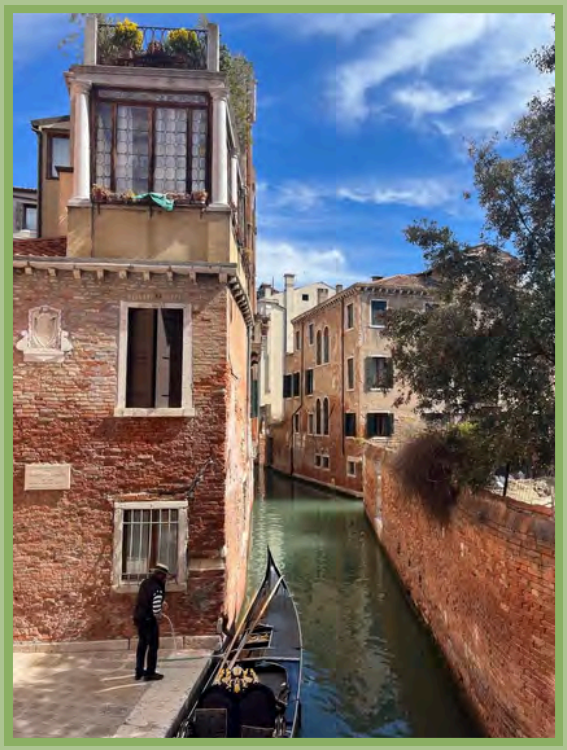
Little girl, so lost in her head.
Have you even noticed you're not home?

Little girl, little girl, so
stuck in the clouds, she knows nothing.

Little girl, little girl.
Wake up, this isn't your old life.
It's Wonderland.
A world created for your delight.

-Gabriella Febbraio

SOPHIE BERKOWITZ





MICHAEL BRANDT

ENVIRONMENT



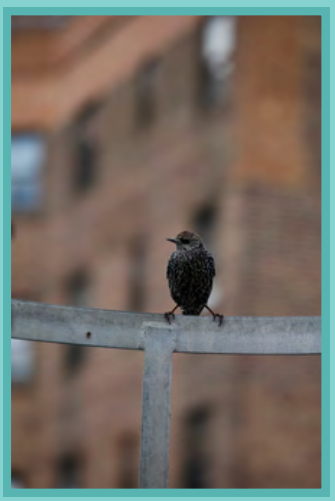
From the first human breath on this planet
Water has been there
Falling from your eyes,
As you are new and fresh out of the womb,
Resting on the shores,
Used to cleanse
A precious gift that helps us cope
Only there to help
Untainted and clean,
Only honest intentions
Yet we poison it
With
Our oil,
Our trash,
Our bad habits
And suddenly it isn't so calm and cleansing
Sickening people and animals within

RION YOSHIMURA



Water, a source of innocence,
Untainted, pure, and used to cleanse.
Flowing with grace, and only good intentions
To heal
Serve
And
Provide
Protect its pristine flow,
Ensure preservation, for all to know.
For in its conservation, we protect our youth
And keep our minds and hands clean.
And preserve the purity of others
And shield it from harm
Connected from birth, it signifies life and emotion
The first thing a human feels is the water streaming down their cheeks
Bringing them into the world
For the power of water can also be negative
As a result of
Inflictions from the external terrene above,
Our oil
Our trash
Our indulgences
Our secrets
Create a stirring below disrupting
The future ahead
Giving water enough power
To snatch a human out of the world
quickly as they were brought in

BORA KOSE



-Vanessa Currim

Eclipse

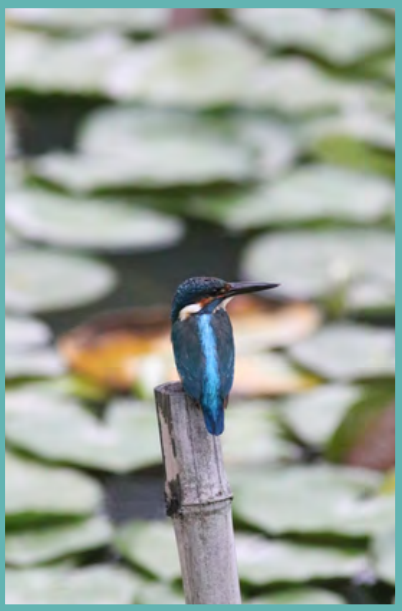
Stellar dance,
Sun disguised by Moon’s gentle surface,
Eclipse shouts of quiet.

Shadow’s intertwine,
Yet in darkness, beauty shines,
Promise of a new dawn.

Golden rays hide,
Embracing night’s sweet cool,
A mosaic spun.

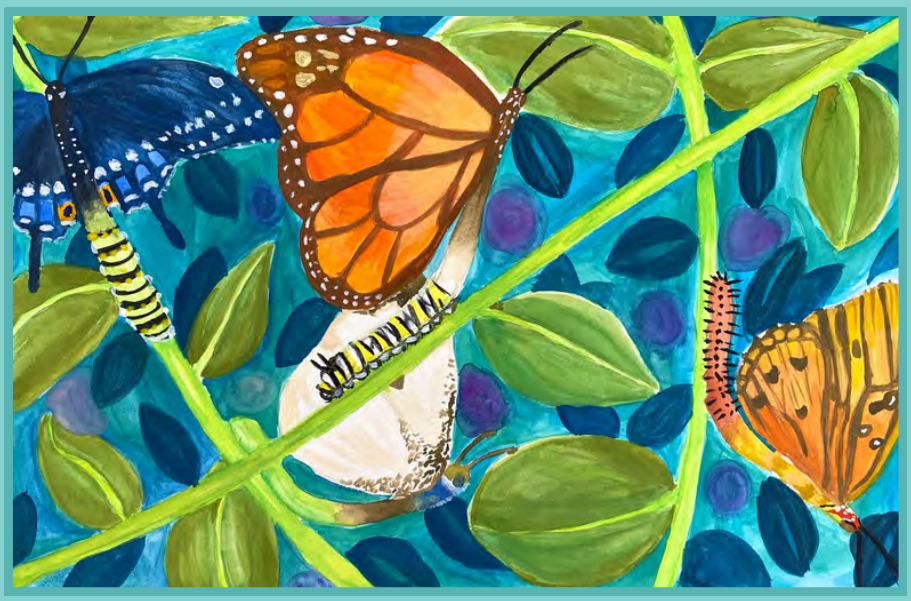
Eclipse, a canvas,
Painting skies with dim hues,
Guiding us to peace.

Moon’s silhouette gleams,
In darkness we find calm,
A symphony of light.



RION YOSHIMURA

-Danielle Topper



ANNA FAILLACE

ANNALENA KING



This is the land of the free.
But there are no green fields,
No birds humming,
No blue skies.
There is only a wall.
On one side, a gleaming fortress,
Stood proud amongst the rubble,
Like a soldier after battle
With covered windows to shield them from the outside
On the other, there is nothing.
A wasteland of stumps and stones
This is the land of the free.
Yet the free are few.
In fact, there is few of everything
Water, which can relieve the damaged earth, is put in their fountains.
Food, which could be given out, becomes dusty.
Wasted.
This is the land of the free.
Wasteland.

-John Colacioppo

Streets filled with trash and litter
The air tastes dirty and bitter
If only we would do something.

People treat the Earth like they are a visitor
Instead really making themselves a prisoner
If only we would do something.

Dust dancing in the air with every gust
People only react if they must
If only we would do something.

Vandalizing oceans like wild fugitives
Selfish think-minded beasts.
If only we would do something.

-David Rosmarin

We can't fix what we have done
We can't undo what has been done
If only we didn't do anything.



KASEY METZGER

MOSS PAVON



The Eulogy of an Evergreen

-Joey Lipple-Smetana

He stood tall.
No, not just tall
Of course, he loomed over the world
With branches sweeping, swaying
And needles tossed gently over the grass
Cast as if they were a sheet
Or a shadow
Over his domain
His eutopia
His home.

But he wasn't just tall.
He was sweet, sickly so
With sap seeping from the pores
Of his pinecones
And birds nesting in his arms
Squirrels burrowed in his trunk
He was happy
He was strong
But not strong enough.

All it took was a match.
It was his match
A weapon of mass destruction
built of his own flesh
And if the blaze hadn't killed him
The irony wood
It would
So here lies our evergreen
Green never again
With his trunk left trunkless
His hope left hopeless
His sap seared
His domain devastated
And his arms
Empty.

But no one can ever say
He didn't stand tall.



CONNOR RIVERA

The ocean stared at me.

Its glistering, yet shattered face

reminded me of who we are.

The creatures who destroy, break, torture, the weak.

The creatures who act like it's fixed

when it's only more broken.

KASEY METZGER



But these bottles, bags, straws,

The stringy, white plastic,

the real damage.

The damage hardly anyone notices.

The damage we run past.

Yet it's them whom we impact.

The helpless and hopeful pack.

Sectioned off by a piece of us,

which cracks their bodies.

The ocean stared at me.

Its shattered, yet soon to be glistering face

reminded me of who we can be.

-Matthew Harfenist


DIVERSITY

THE SAME DIFFERENCES

We are all the same,
Organs and all,
Joined together from the start,
We evolve the same,
Beginning to the end,
Born into the same mother,

People fall in love,
People fall apart,
Yet we are similar,
Looking into the same broken world,
The same tears,
The same pair of eyes,

Different lives,
Yet living the same,
Changing with the seasons,
Unchanged by time,
Surrounding by a surplus of colors,
Joined together by the arm,

Yet arms are ripped apart,
Colors separated,
Living in fear and favor,
Trying to get by,
Murder for who you are,
Hate for who you want to be,

Together is what is meant,
Sharing lives and plans,
Exploring the differences together,
Finding safety in one another,
In harmony like the colors in a rainbow,
We are all the same.

MIKAELA PAGAN



-Paula Barbosa

ANNALENA KING



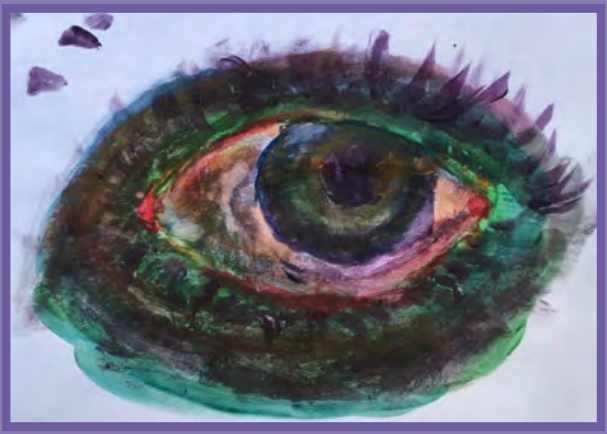
The Unspoken

We are all the same.
But what is it that makes us so different?
They call us names, slurs, and insults
But what can we do?
Avoidance.

Awareness all around me,
But why still viewed as taboo?
The constant frustration
The constant irritation
The constant devastation
But are these the only emotions we will ever feel?
Harsh reality.

The sound of loud thoughts
The tears of silent cries
As the little girl sighs saying
We are all the same.

- Aisha Kapadia



LIPPLE-SMETANA JOEY

Monsters

The new exhibit, as I walk by,
Turns to look me in the eye.
He's big and green with fur all over
Growling like a broken motor.
I wonder what his name might be?
But on I go, there's more to see.
There are bare ones, fair ones, all the sort.
And this one could not be more short.
This winged one here, she looks quite sad,
This four-armed one looks mighty glad.
And this one has not one not two,
But three large heads of reddish hue!
And here's the worst one of them all,
Claws and teeth that could surely maul.
It really is immense in size,
With great sharp horns and yellow eyes.
As I look closer it gets nearer!
Wait a second, that's a mirror.

-Luke Castellano



MAYA BORACZEK

I've tried to organize my careless mistakes
alphabetizing homemade faults like flavored jam in a pantry
I take no enjoyment in reaching out for fulfillment
Not when tantalizing productivity hand- feeds everyone but me
I have to run on the pathway that everyone walks
And I do not know someone in their right mind who chooses to torture themselves

Patchwork your disappointment onto me
For there is no justifying reason for my disobedience
There is no promise I can keep
When there is no promise I can remember

This is a war against myself, and I can only hope for peace
When I let my eyes wander, I dream in the light of day
Of open pastures
Open pastures that shelter my mind from daily stresses
I am rendered senseless when I crave stimulation
When you tread the open fields of avoidance
Don't fall captive
For I am shackled by my own negligence
And there is no cure for procrastination

- Alessandra McAuley

Autorretrato

(Self Portrait)

Your skin is tan in July, but pale during the winter.
Just like the trees that shed their shades.
Here it's snowing and there the sun beams on everything green.
Naturally, your insides urge you to be somewhere else.
There, not here.
So, while your lips speak their language, your head is still in that beautiful landscape, soaring with the quetzals and growing white orchids.
You melted and molded into their image.
However, you defy them
because you're anchored with an everlasting spring.
You were born to fly, born to aim for the stars and land on the sun.
But you live in this winter.
You are told "you are" but you only understand "yo soy".
That's just the way things are, that's just the way they'll be.
The bird will always seek to find its nest, longing for belonging.

- Gisel Lopez

ISABELLA PALATUCCI



My Mind Has No Off-Switch

For most
Normal
People, that's a good thing:
New Ideas,
Life changing ideas,
Special ideas!

Oh boy,
My mind is special.

Seven thousand voices
Scream out the worst things
You can think of
And that's what I think of
On a Wednesday morning.

Seven thousand voices
Scream that six million
Never screamt,
And it was only a thought,
And that's what I'll think
On a Thursday night,

I'm reading to myself
And the voices fire away,
I'm talking to another,
They draw blanks.

I'll never understand
Everything above my shoulders
And the slimy chandelier that hangs
From the inside
Of my expressive ceiling.

At least I know
That if I I go
And if I give it a knock
I won't hear
My
Own rapping.

-Harison Fliegenspan

REFLECTIONS



Self Portrait

The world is cruel, therefore I won't be.
I refuse to fit between the lines or be the prettiest font on paper.
I deny the need to be one version of myself; the version that pleases others and neglects all other aspects of who I am meant to be.
I strive to be creative, my own creation.
I am full of light.
Despite the scribbles and erasing you may find on my portrait, I praise the beauty I bring to my canvas.

–Annelise Serpa

I am sorry.
That my path reigns bullets
enemies dropping like leaves, rage has me in its clutches
Mothers and fathers attend the funeral of their hubris offspring.
I understand that I stain this earth
but my goal is honest.
As the oppressed continue to be treated like rats
I will continue to walk this path
You have no right to judge me
As you just watch. The innocent. Get massacred

- Eliam Hernandez

From "Lilly"

Maybe I would also paint all her beautiful and colorful flowers black. which might match the color of my own heart. I have no idea where all this eagerness for vengeance is coming from. but it gives me power. Bye-bye to a shy. irrelevant. and manipulable little girl. welcome a powerful. independent. and badass woman. I hit the door behind me when I entered my house.
The monster is here.

-Laura Novak



OLIVIA FOKUSORGBOR

LILY SEIBEL



Alice's Amendment

I am far too tall
Towering above the little house
I should never have eaten the cake
the consequence of my insecurities

Towering above the little house
My head is too large
The consequence of my insecurities
Weighing me down

My head is too large
I tried every solution I could find
Weighing me down
Becoming worse with each consumed

I tried every solution I could find
Testing each on myself like a science project
Becoming worse with each consumed
My body just a tangle of mismatched limbs

Testing each on myself like a science project
My arms are too long, my legs too short
My body just a tangle of mismatched limbs
Straying further from perfection

My arms are too long, my legs too short
I do not recognize myself anymore
Straying further from perfection
I am far too tall

-Amalia Proctor

ILL

Life will take you through experiences
you cannot forget.
I'm ill, I'm scared, I'm worried.
Some days are bright, some days are pain.
Waking up to my right abdomen throbbing,
my heart is out of my chest
my hands are clammy
my head is pounding.

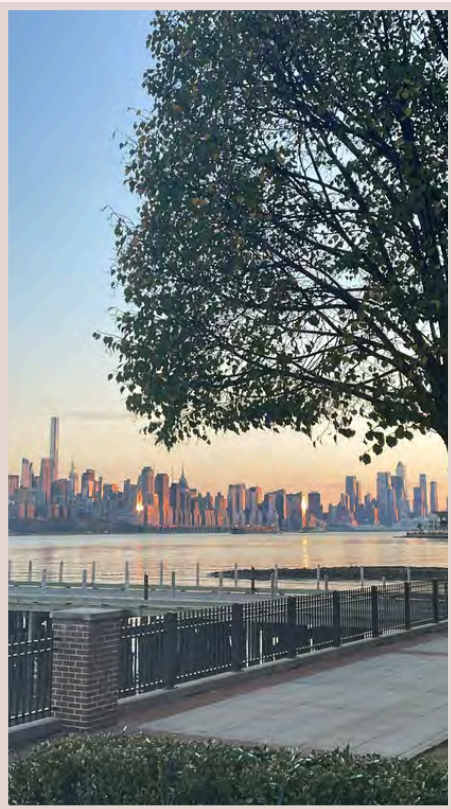
In the hospital,
where life meets death
where love meets sorrow
where painless meets painful.
Floor 9 filled with kids, coloring books, nurses,
games, IVs, doctors, bandages
The days last forever, the nights last seconds.

Growing up living a normal life,
Then your life is steered into a different direction,
Changing the way I live my life
Having to adjust my life for this?

-Anonymous

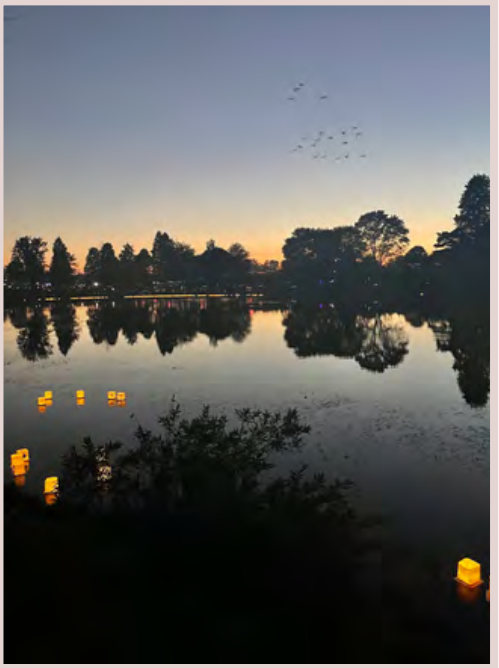
ÉVA PIA LACHAVANNE



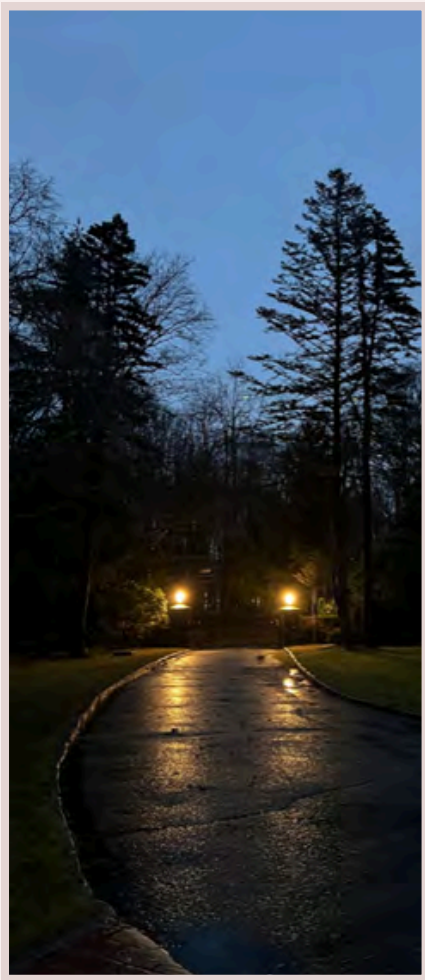


AISHA KAPADIA

TYLER CUNNINGHAM



What the Children See



LAIBA JAN

BOOM
The sound of claps never fails
to scare my sister
Her face as she
yells-
cries-
dashing to my mom

The sounds flows as
dust falls from the ceiling.
Hearts are racing.
Cries from outside.

The rumble of buildings falling
Someone is dead.
Another family is gone.
Tears fall from another mother

Hospitals rise in flames
Children suffer in pain
Children questioning their life

When will it end
when will we see the sun
when will the sorrows become smiles

What I am here for
if I am here to die?

Am I used for fun?
I must be.
Why is no one doing anything?

People see but
don't take action

Do people really care?
As they say through the news
Are we really humans or

Are we just
pawns for history?

-Isabella Roman

Handwriting is beautiful
Each letter telling a story
Injury, sadness, age
The shaky cursive of my grandfather,
Showing his unsteady hand
The same shake passed down to my brother
Yet under it a delicate sweeping script
The handwriting of the girl in class
The small arches and lines perfect
Almost sad, there is no variation
My own uneven choppy mess,
A way of holding the pen that's imperfect
A reminder of dumb mistakes I've made
And the rushed manner in which I write

-Anonymous





ANNALENA KING

