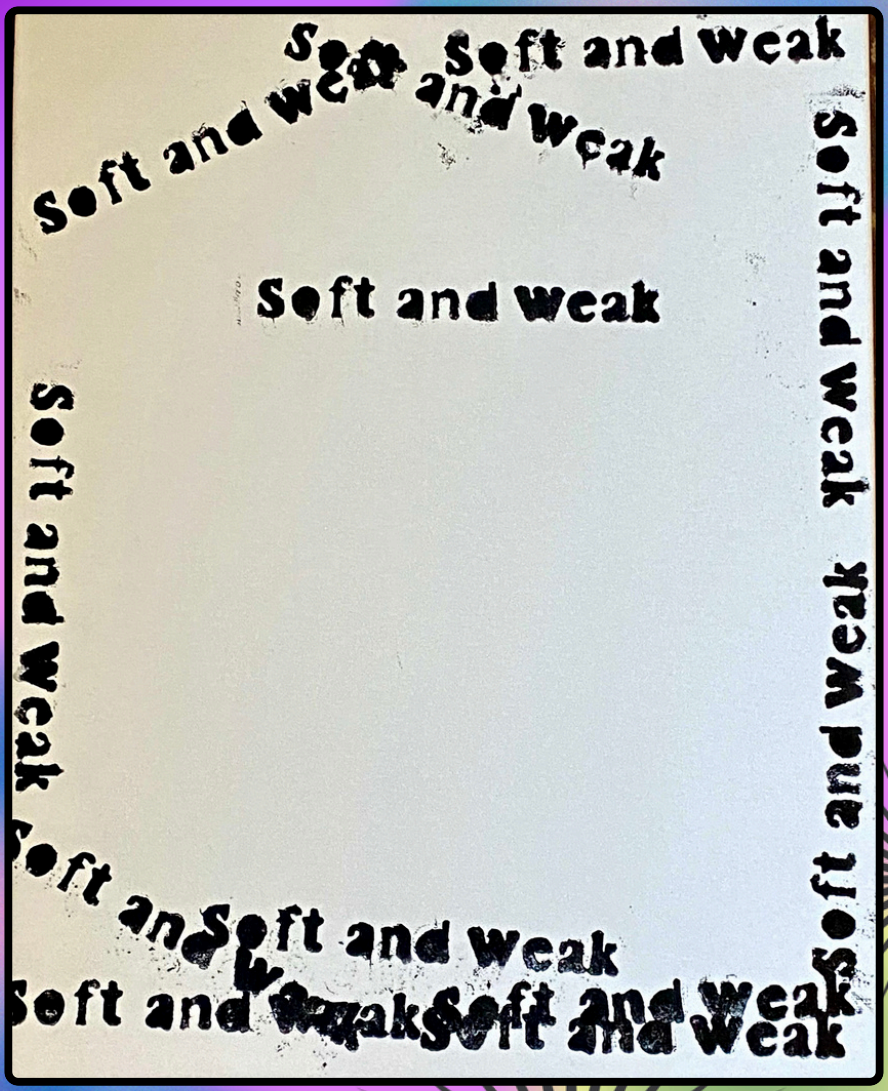

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE
SLEEPY HOLLOW HIGH SCHOOL
2024 2025


Soft and weak
Soft and weak
Soft and weak
Soft and weak
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Soft and weak
Soft and weak
Soft and weak

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

We gratefully acknowledge the following people:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF & LEAD DESIGNER
Ivy Burk

STAFF MEMBERS
Joe Kelly

FRONT COVER DESIGN
Ivy Burk

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Ruby Kezur

FACULTY ADVISOR
Ms. Katherine Donahue

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Found Poem

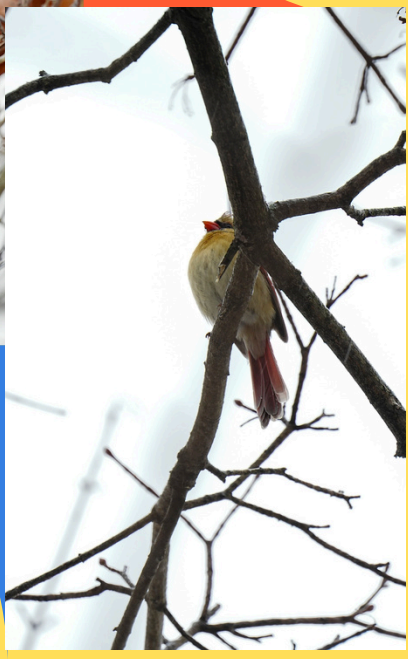
Gabriella Morel



BY GABRIELLA EADDY



PHOTOS BY DANIEL ANDERSON



ICE AND FLESH

CHRISTOPHER CESARANO

DROPLETS OF ICE BLANKET
THE THIN BARK
TURNING ITS EMACIATED FIGURE
TO A PEARLY SKELETON
ANIMALS PICKING AT THE
MARROW CARELESSLY
UNAWARE OF THEIR
DESTRUCTION
UNAWARE THAT THEIR SHELL
WILL ONE DAY BECOME THE
CATALYST
FOR ANOTHER BEING'S
ENJOYMENT

Excerpt from “The Many are Any”
Anonymous

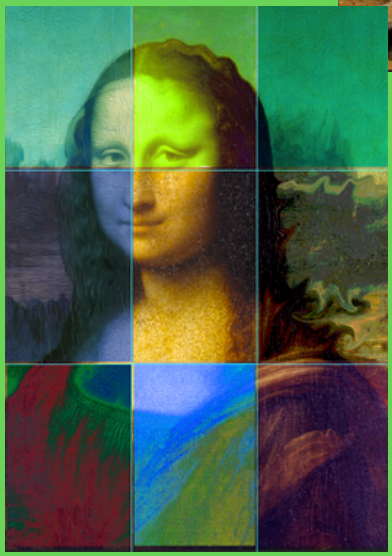
There are rules. Rules about love. Rules about life. You need rules.
Why?
You just do. One of them is not to ask why. You need them. You need them to learn. You need to learn what I want. You need to learn how to live. To live you need money. For money you need a job. You need to be good at something to get a job.
I’m not good at anything.
Learn. Be good at as many things as possible.
I’m only decent at all of them now.
Try harder. Again. Again Again! Why can’t you do this?
I don’t know, you tell me.
Why do I have to be good at this?
I told you why.
Why?
To get a job.
Why do I need a job?
To make money.
Why do I need money?
To live.
What if I chose not to live?
Too late. You already are.

Full Writing Here









Cristaly Rodriguez

Leaning

Ines McCoy

Inspired by *Girl* by Jamaica Kincaid

This is how you part your hair to the side. This is how you brush your hair properly, starting at the ends so you don't tear your hair out like you always do. This is how you wear a barrette so your bangs don't fall into your face like they always do. This is how you smile politely. This is how you pull your shoulders back and straighten your spine. This is how you do your hair for ballet so your master can see your neck and shoulders. This is how you hold your hands at the ballet bar so your arms look like they're holding a basket. This is how you hold a fork. "*Why do I need to know how to hold a fork?*" "*Because it shows a good upbringing, which is what you have.*" This is how you know what a serving spoon looks like. This is how you sit in a chair with a back. This is how you sit in a chair without a back. This is how you ask for something to be handed to you at the dining room table. This is how you excuse your reach. This is how you excuse yourself from the table so you may touch up your look in the powder room. It is bad manners for a lady to touch up at the dinner table. This is how you know when to excuse yourself from the table. This is how you excuse yourself from the table. "*That sounds the same, Mama.*" This is how to address a letter. This is how you ask for a letter to be sent. "*Can't I just use the mail slot outside on the street?*" "*You won't always have that mail slot, you must learn to speak with people.*" This is how you know when a pear is ripe but be careful not to press too hard as you'll bruise the pear. This is how you know when a cantaloupe is ripe. This is how you know what corn to buy.

This is how you set a table with spoons, forks, and knives. The knife always goes on the inside. This is how you set a table with only forks and knives. This is how you set a table with your Great Nonna's china. This is how you put a candle in its holder. This is how you use a table runner. This is how you wash your Great Nonna's china. This is how you wash astier. "*I thought you didn't want me to touch your astier.*" "*One day it'll be yours.*" This is how you wash cutlery. This is how you wash things that don't belong in the dishwasher. This is how you hand wash clothes. This is how you wash clothes with stains. This is how you wash colors. This is how you wash whites. Never mix the whites and the colors. This is how you hang clothes up to dry. This is how you know how much white vinegar to use when you wash clothes. This is how you wash your hairbrush so it doesn't get full of dust and hair. This is how you vacuum the floor. This is how you vacuum the carpet "*There's a difference between those two?*" "*It all depends on what vacuum.*" "*I'll just get one that works for all.*" This is how you vacuum surfaces. This is how you clean a record. This is how you clean a record player. This is how you tuck a fitted sheet around a mattress. This is how you fold a fitted sheet neatly so it doesn't bulge out oddly and take up space in the closet. This is how you properly rake leaves in the grass. This is how you properly sweep the porch. This is how you know how far apart to plant seeds. This is how you know which seeds are which. This is how you take the seeds from a Dahlia flower. This is how you know how deep to plant which seed.

Existence Comes With Many Legs

Ivy Burk

Octopuses;
often seen as monstrous
despite their exceptional ability to
connect with humans;
despite their three hearts,
capable of loving three times as much.

Their colors often shift in
correspondence
with their love, or with their fear.
Some play harder,
some work smarter.
All are capable of existing
on a plane we've yet to comprehend.

Many refuse to view these creatures
with the sonder they deserve.
Refuse to acknowledge their intelligence
and awareness.

They are proof that
meaningful connections
needn't be long-lived,
just there.



Forecast

Anonymous

I check the forecast on my mom's iPhone the night before. It was true. Snow had fallen, schools were closed, and I was free. While everyone slept in, I struggled to put on my snow boots and gazed at the ice crystals, starting to reflect the light from the sunrise. The pristine, flowing snow drifts were no match for the mind of a young boy. Within minutes a beautiful sheet of snow had turned into a patchy mess of grass, dirt, slush, and snow, my feet were cold and I was tired.



Ivy Burk

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT

RUBY KEZUR

















Untitled
Anastaisa Mentis

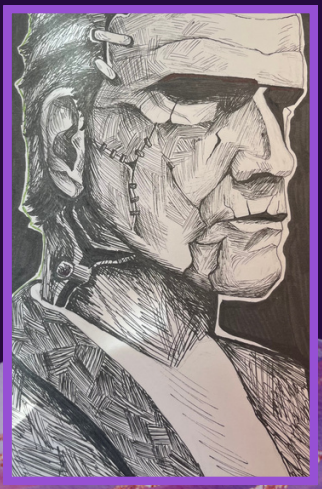
Why do I not shy away from this engagement?
The feelings that are present flutter about in disarray
For there is plenty of acknowledgment
As I'm quickly becoming something that mimics your prey.

I'm afraid to jump right in
How can I know the words you speak are true
I know people are left bare and thin
When the end is directly in view

The others around me are joyful
Your reassurances doing little
Is it because they've already been frightful?
I'm sorry that my past has left me so brittle.

But your actions justify the poetic words spoken
Leaving me to believe I'll be fulfilled, not broken.

Emily Jimenez Olivares



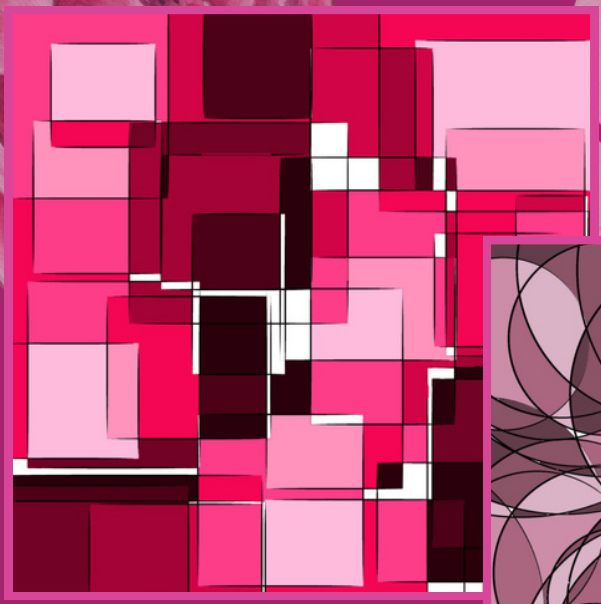
Silence

Heidy Garay

The sound of silence as I lay on my bed. A sigh of relief; a smile starts to creep in. With our
parents on vacation and their trust that my brother and I will behave, I had my first taste of
freedom. Having no piercing eyes felt like I was on top of the world, being on my own made me
realize when I leave for college, it would sadly mean I would be leaving my childhood self
behind and wouldn't be able to hear all the yelling, to have no silence whatsoever that I hated
but now will miss.



Joe Kelly



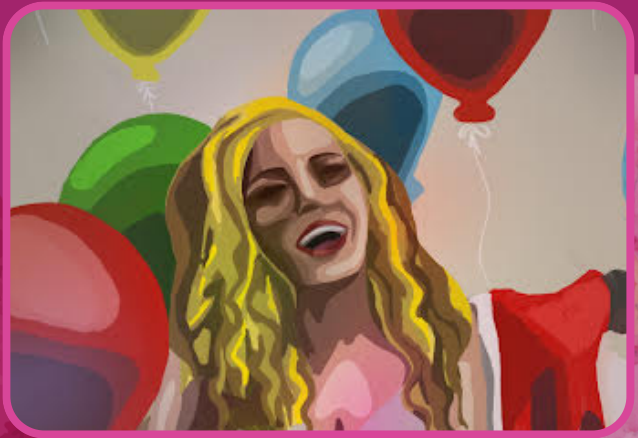


Rye Rodriguez





Emily Jimenez Olivares



MY PINTEREST BOARD
ANNABELLA LUCIANO

THE CLASSIC KNOCK ON THE DOOR WAS FOLLOWED BY THE RATTLING OF THE DOOR HANDLE. SHE WALKED IN WEARING BLUE SCRUBS, HOKA SNEAKERS, AND OBLIVIOUS TO HER IMPACT ON MY FUTURE. HER COLD HANDS BRUSHED MY SKIN AND HER SOFT VOICE ECHOED THROUGH ME. EVEN THE SIMPLICITY OF HER FIRM, YET FRAGILE GRIP ON MY WOUNDED FOOT RESONATED WITH ME. SHE ITCHED A FEELING I HAD DEEP DOWN BUT NEVER REALLY KNEW WAS THERE. MY EYES CONTINUOUSLY DARTED FROM HER HANDS TO HER LIPS AND BACK
AS I ADDED NURSING TO THE PINTEREST BOARD IN THE BACK OF MY BRAIN.

The Cost of Self

Anonymous

Some are bound by the life chosen for them
others appear to be destined for another.
It isn't fair to be confined to circumstance
especially when there's so much more one could contribute
if only it were up to them.
If only they owned their lives and their bodies like they were meant to.
Everyone who meets them can tell
they were born to be free
and live in the worst way a free person could, trapped.
This struggle can be seen in a person
both internally and externally.
They may be affected by the place they've been taken to
Forced to change, to adapt.
It may have worn down their once strong spirits.
Many dream of escape but a life of freedom is difficult to achieve compared to dreaming.
A life dominated by fear lacks the same fulfillment of true freedom
It will always risk immense consequences.
It's not fair how one person can choose how another person lives.
Life isn't fair for people who are unlucky.
It isn't fair that some people are deemed more important than others.

Artist Spotlight

Gabriella Eaddy











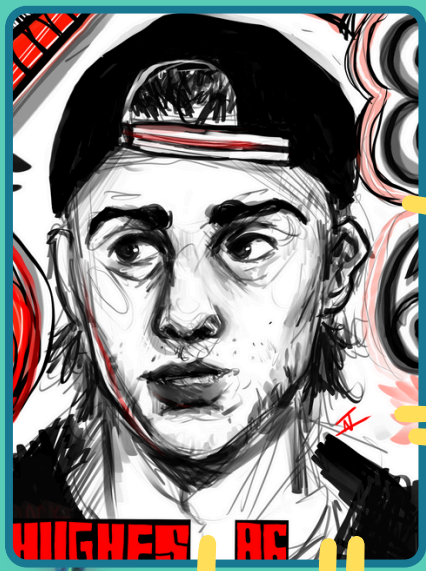
Asher Levey

Our Quarterback's precision hath much to be desired
His feeble arm, often rebuked with scorn
With injury plagued and doubt inspired
Over long wilted knees, twice torn
He hath not the rookie's youthful vigor
Nor the veteran's seasoned grace
Many a quarterback doth tower bigger
Or outmatch him with swifter pace
Whilst his comrades beneath the lights do toil
Upon the bench his talents wither
At thirty-four, hath commenced age's ruthless broil
The end of his days doth draw hither
And whilst I may hope that one day shall come a
player great to whom we will lay claim
Today, this man's our quarterback, and we love him
just the same.

Penelope McVey

Your voice, Benedick, is sharp as ice,
Each word a challenge that dares me to fight,
However something in your wit feels strangely nice,
A spark beneath the spikes that shines so bright.
Every jab is a shield for what hides inside,
You mock me, I match, neither of us yield,
But still, if we embrace the truth and put our pride aside,
I cannot help but wonder what our hearts might build.
Now I can see that your heart has chilled,
What lies underneath our battles is revealed,
A love disguised in banter's thrill,
A bond that grows which will not be concealed.
No more pretending now—no more games,
I see the truth: for all our quarrels, our love is to blame.

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT










CENSORED!

Tiempo Relativo

Esthefany Gonzalez Santos

Tiempo relativo.
El tiempo siempre me susurra fuerte al oído
Cada dia cada tarde cada noche
El pasado viene a mi en las oscuras horas del dia
Recordando los hechos que tal vez hubiera cambiado
Rememorando las cosas que sin duda repetiría
Y martirizando mi mente con el que hubiera sido
El futuro me acorrala en las mañanas más frías
Que pasa si no lo logro
Que me depara el destino
Y si no soy capaz de cumplir mis expectativas?
Finalmente en las tardes luminosas el presente me viene a la cabeza
Con el peso de el pasado y la incertidumbre del futuro
Con las ganas de vivir sin mortificación
Y de disfrutar el hoy.

English translations on page 42

que nos faltó?

Anonymous

Solo nos falto alcanzar la luna, o tal vez solo necesitamos valentía para quedarnos uno al lado del otro, no sé qué fue lo que pasó o si la llama se nos apagó. Según yo todo iba bien aunque algunos problemas si llegamos a tener soy muy discreta cuando se trata de acercarme a ti aun queda esa llama dentro de mi alma aún espero tu llamada con ansias pero solo el silencio me habla y las dudas de si aun me amas .

Susurro único

Te busco en los rincones de mi alma, dónde las sombras no alcanzan y halló un secreto guardado y es tu esencia que nunca se apaga. No hay libro que te nombre ni canción que te imite; Eres el poema que nadie ha escrito pero que todos quisieran leer, en mi corazón hay una huella que nadie pudo tener.

English translations on page 42

Keep Going, but Don't Forget to Breathe
Jason Chapa

This is how you keep pushing forward; this is how you finish the task even when you're tired. This is how you set the alarm, even when you don't want to wake up tomorrow. "You can sleep when you're successful," my dad always says. "No one will remember how hard it was—only that you got it done," he reminds me.

But this is also how you pause when the weight feels too heavy, when your chest feels tight, when your thoughts are racing. "Drink some water," my mom says. "Take a deep breath and focus." This is how you take a walk, step outside, and let the air clear your mind. "If you don't rest," my grandmother warns, "you'll wear yourself down to nothing."

"Don't let anyone see you break," my dad insists. And yet, my best friend whispers, "It's okay to cry sometimes. No one has to be strong all the time." This is how you ask for help when you feel like you can't go any further. "The bravest thing you can do," my mom reminds me, "is admit you need a hand."

This is how you remind yourself why you started in the first place, and this is how you allow yourself the grace to change direction. Running until you're broken doesn't mean you're strong—it means you didn't listen when your body asked you to stop.

So this is how you keep moving forward, yes, but this is also how you breathe. This is how you let yourself rest, so you can keep going when it matters most.

The Mentor-Coach-Director, & The Boy
After Jamaica Kincaid's "Girl"
By Luke Weidner

I'm playing soccer; lace your plant foot next to the ball; follow through onto your next foot after your shot, show the attacker the sideline; jockeying is about slowing down the attacker; wait for him to make a mistake; don't get angry; focus on the game, stop thinking; just play, now I'm playing hockey; tie your skates tight; keep both hands on the stick; push outward when skating, if you ain't fallin, you ain't trying, don't flick you wrist; shoot through the puck, not to it, get your butt and skates on the board for a breakout, don't be an idiot; don't get scared when he's coming to you; but I wasn't scared; yes you were, now I'm playing tennis; hold the racket here; no, here; keep your eye on the ball; swing through it; hit it with a sweep; and follow through, start at the bottom; bend your knees; then as you swing, rise up; follow through, forget the last play, next point; take a breath for the serve; when you toss, keep you hand in the air like its holding the ball; don't flick your wrist, focus in school; find something you like doing; stick to it, now I'm doing theater; open yourself up, cheat out, take a breath, say that louder; make me give you the note that you are too loud, take a beat to realize what this means, take a beat to question why that just happened, make a choice, make your choice bigger, round out your vowel make this scene playful, there's so much I want to do, how do I choose? you'll figure it out, eventually.

DANIEL ANDERSON

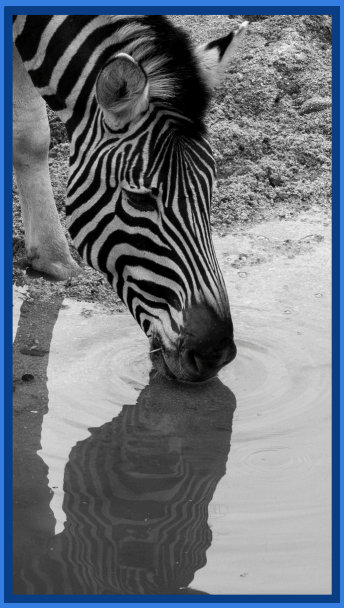




ARTIST SPOTLIGHT







Untitled

Megan McMahon

Friends are like flowers
Pretty and delicate
Sweet and simple
But only for a short time
You have to water them with love and attention
You can't leave them to their own devices
If you stop giving them attention, the relationship will wither and die
And now you've lost a friend
You've grown apart

But good friends
Good friends are like weeds
They won't leave you
No matter how little attention you may give them
No matter the distance
No matter the business
No matter what happens
No matter how long it's been
They don't need to be watered or cared for
They'll keep coming back no matter what
They're multicolored and unpredictable

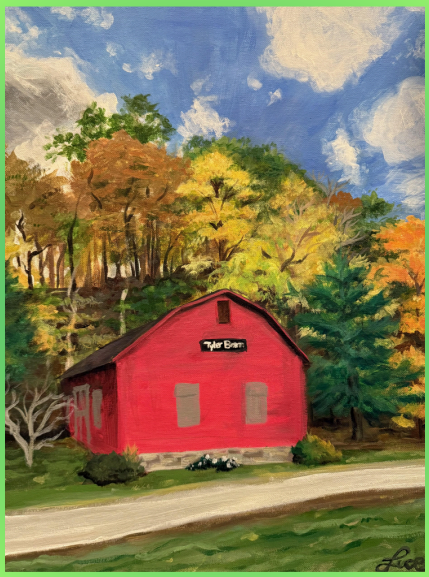
They're beautiful and rough
They're different

Weeds can be daisies
Weeds can be clovers
Weeds can also just be grasses
Weeds can be of many varieties

Don't be a flower
Be a weed
Don't let your busy schedules
Make your friendship wither and die
Don't let the distance
Cause you to distance from each other
Don't let your friendship die
Stick together
Through thick and thin
Be a weed
Not a flower

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT









LUCY



BLACK

Tik Tok

Anonymous

Time is running out,
Hear the clock going tik tok,
Questions fall on deaf ears

Hypocritical,
Silence those meant to be
heard,
Forget the past vows

When do lessons die,
When will our laws lie to bed,
Nothing stays true long

Set the people free,
Stop, don't listen to their lies,
Begin to start anew

The young who fight back,
As they always have before,
Make our voice heard.



Joe Kelly



Abigail Ruiz

Terminal

Bridget Doherty

My oldest sister is going to college. As we arrive at her terminal, I squeeze her goodbye. "See you at Christmas" I mumble. Four becomes three.

My brother is next, My dad took him to the airport, while the rest of us failed to roll out of bed to send him off. I woke up to only a sister left.

The day I have dreaded since eleven. My sister stands in the doorway, waiting for a goodbye. I give her a quick hug wondering if I should be used to this yet.

Is this what it means to grow up, constantly saying goodbye?





ARTIST SPOTLIGHT RONIE BLOOM







"Tiempo Relativo"
Relative time.
Time always whispers loudly in my ear
Every day every afternoon every night
The past comes to me in the dark hours of the day
Remembering the facts that maybe I would have changed
Remembering the things that I would undoubtedly repeat
And tormenting my mind with what would have been
The future corners me on the coldest mornings
What happens if I don't make it?
What does destiny have in store for me?
And if I am not able to meet my expectations
Finally on bright afternoons the present comes to my mind
With the weight of the past and the uncertainty of the future
With the desire to live without mortification
And just enjoy the day.

"Susurro único"
(Single Whisper)
I search for you in the corners of my soul, where the shadows can't reach, and I find a hidden secret, and it is your essence that never goes out. There is no book that names you, nor song that imitates you; you are the poem that no one has written but that everyone would like to read. In my heart, there is a mark that no one could have.

"que nos falto"
(What We Lack)
All we needed was to reach the moon, or maybe we just needed the courage to stay by each other's side. I don't know what happened or if the flame went out. I think everything was going well, although we did have some problems. I'm very discreet when it comes to getting close to you. That flame still lingers inside my soul. I still eagerly await your call, but only the silence speaks to me, and the doubts of whether you still love me.




2025