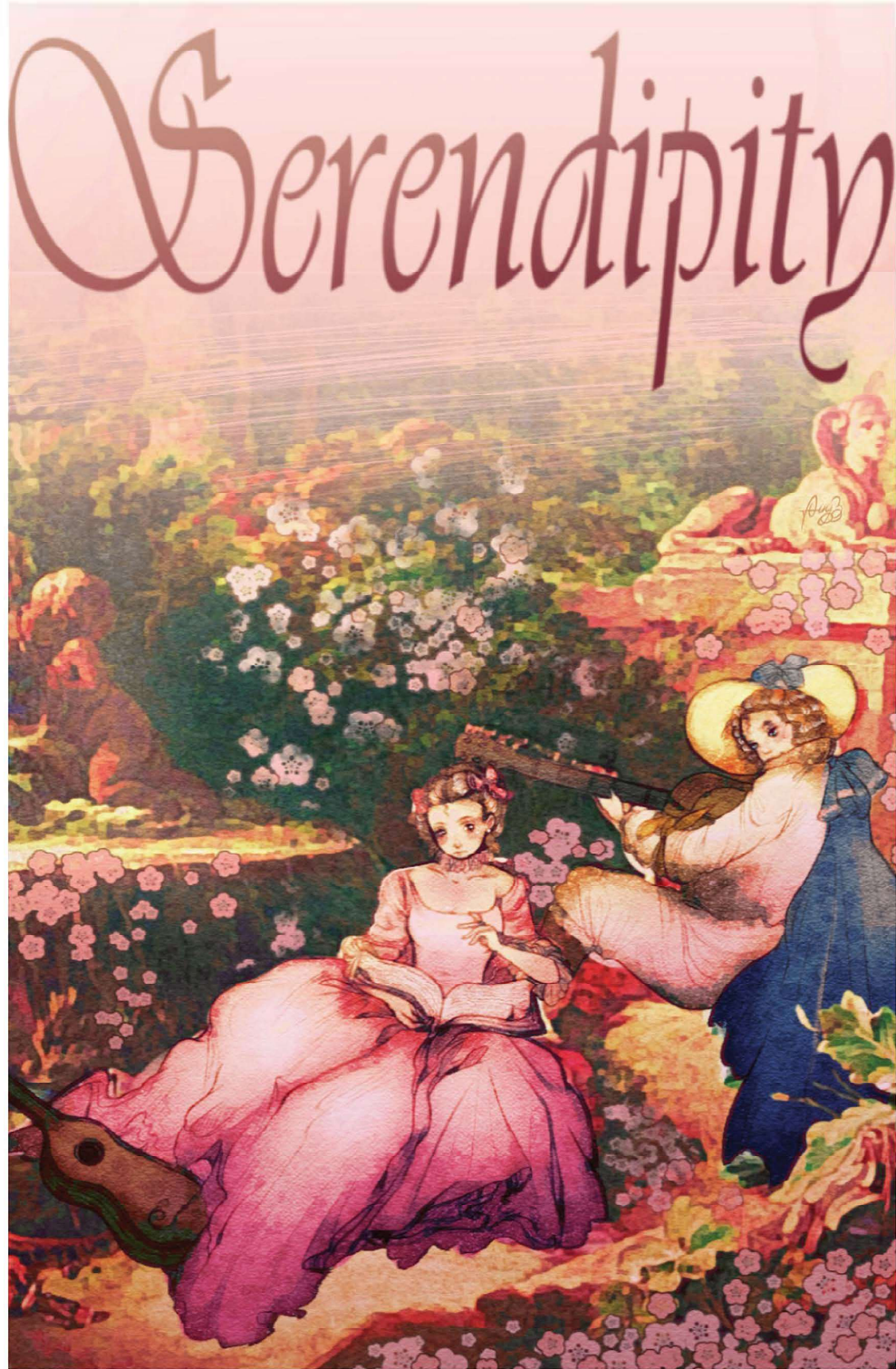


OLEAN HIGH SCHOOL | LITERARY JOURNAL



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Note: Zaiden Huy Thach was inspired by and created the artwork for this journal based on François Boucher's "The Music Lesson" and Jean Honoré Fragonard's "Young Girl Reading."

By Emma Adamski

I am eighteen
and my skin is getting better.
I am now dating a man
who pays the bills
like a grown man.
And my mom talks to me
over the phone
every night.

I stopped going to parties
and started going to class.
I have a new room.
I graduated
and moved on to college.
I finally understand the truth
about myself.
I got my to-do list done.
And my mom talks to me
over the phone
every night.

I got better friends.
I made the Dean's List
and my marks continue to improve.
My teeth are perfect now.
I got clothes that fit me.
I am here and I grew up.
And my mom talks to me
over the phone
every night.

Christmas
By Anonymous

I could feel the cheer on Christmas morning
Every child's heart surely filled
Along with the sound of hot cocoa smoothly pouring
The old, familiar carols start playing
And the sweet scent of Christmas
Makes us all hope the day ends up staying
But we all know that all good things
must come to an end

As the winter season ends with taking down
your Christmas tree
You must sit and remember
All of the memories with your family
Even though you may think you have forever
You never know when your last Christmas might be
As the warmth of spring starts to show
And the snow on the ground starts to flee
Everybody should know
Cherish every moment with your family

By Anonymous

Growing up having parents that weren't present
was rough on a kid
Watching our mom do everything in her power
to make sure we were OK
Having a dad that worked over the road and was never home
That hurts a little kid, we just want their family
but the family was never there
We didn't have the family dinners like the other kids had
We didn't have their parents walk them into school
like the other kids had
We didn't have their parents at school events cheering them
on like the others did
Watching their dad come home when all he wanted to do
was sleep when all you want to do
is see him or talk to him
hurts a little kid
Watching their mom work and work and work all day
hurts a little kid
Everyone deserves parents
Sometimes parents don't understand
how much their kids need them

By Anonymous

Flying Wings
Burning Bears
Things I wish that weren't there
Timeless ends
Overturned
Burning minds of flying birds
In the end
I was there
Watching minds without a care
Crystal clear
Overhead
Making up for bird less bread
Crying up
Breaking down
Things I wish that turned around
Sorry then
Hate it now
Almost wish I thought of how
In a herd
Timing burns
In a house without no ferns
Water caps
Breaking bad
Sometimes wish I weren't so sad
Loving family
Hurtful friends
Things I wish that wouldn't bend

Red is green
Blue is orange
Things that I wish that I could gorge
Opened minds
Different fools
Things I wish that I could use
I know it's weird
And doesn't make sense
But at least it's not in present tense
Knowing right
Hating wrong
Maybe I should make a song
Over time
In a house
Thinking I just saw a mouse
In a way
I thought of hey
Even while I'm by the bay
I usually talk
But mostly quiet
Even when it's time to tie it
Moon goes up
Sun goes down
Just to glow around the town
Always running
Never walking
Maybe that's why I'm not talking

“Traffic”
By Mia Bean

Based on the poem “Advection Blues” by Michael Metivier

The girl stands
looking out towards the street
as the cars zoom past
the traffic light never changing
stuck on green
the concrete under her feet
is cracked and hard
like her broken heart.

The girl waits patiently
with the people around her
not even noticing she exists
the light turns to red
masses of people begin to move
but the girl freezes standing
alone by herself
“You need to move!”
she tells her aching feet.

She takes a step
toward the stopped traffic
hoping to reach the other side
where safety dwells
her steps become faster
as the light changes to green
the girl runs
reaching her destination
she inhales the air around
and feels a moment of relief
her biggest fear is conquered
thinking she can do anything
this is only the beginning

As the Wind Blows
By Lina Chauhdry

As the seasons change, I feel like I am also changing.
I watched the days go by, feeling like I'm always
behind everyone else.
Not knowing what life will throw at me, but
knowing that whatever I do, the world keeps on spinning.

Sometimes it feels like I'm just standing still,
While everyone is moving on past me.
I feel like a leaf drifting through the wind,
Not knowing where life will take me. Not knowing
The challenges I'll face, the mistakes I'll make,
The people I'll meet, or even the failures I'll have to go through.

As the seasons change, I will change too.
Finding my way through life, like
Leaves gushing through the wind.

Change for the better
By Addison Crosson

As I grow older,
Life moves faster.
But is it better for everyone?
If I wake up a new person-
if I become something so unfamiliar.

And when I meet myself in the mirror each morning,
Will I like what I see? Time keeps moving faster!
How do I hold on to my childhood,
But grow with maturity within the same time frame?
I can't be scared for the future because there is so much to enjoy.

So many fears that I've lost,
So many that I've gained.
With growing years, better or for worse
None of us remain the same.
Understand, we all change for the better.

Football
By Zaiden France

Football is a sport
A sport that requires a lot to be successful,
But the biggest thing is heart.
In football you have to learn a lot,
Like never giving up
Or fighting until the end.
Without these things football wouldn't be possible.
To win you must drive and not let your body control that
drive,
Even if your body's giving up,
You can't let your heart give up on it and keep driving.
Sometimes to win you must sacrifice.
Even if you lose the game,
Make sure you win your battles within the game.
If you win the game,
They know you won the battle of the heart,
Because winning takes a lot of it.
If you ever want to make it big in football,
You need one thing:
Heart.
Even if you are undersized,
Weak,
Slow,
or anything that can set you back in football,
There's one thing that can always help you if you use it right,
That thing is:
Heart.

Unforced Errors
By Braelyn Eaton

In tennis,
Love means nothing.
Off the court,
It's everything.

Tennis and love start the same—
your pulse quickens, handshake.
Your first high school match,
You lose the opening service game to love.
You would have felt less gutted
Had your opponent eviscerated you.

Tennis is a game
Of little lives and quiet deaths,
Each breakpoint converted, electric—
every winner a shock to the heart.
The points lost to careless mistakes internally bleed you,
Matches lost as a result of a million little cuts.

You could hold a eulogy
For each match lost,
Mourning them from the bleachers,
Hoping your team won't feel the same loss.

The court slips away,
The way he did—
your reach, no matter how fierce,
Falls short.
You swing, you miss—
the same way you lost him,
By fractions.
By fleeting moments.
By flaws you thought you could fix.

And when you walk off the court,
It's like leaving him again—
bruised and breathless,
Haunted by points you'll never win back.

The first time you fall in love,
He doesn't stay.
And you carry it with you,
Like the match you almost won
But couldn't quite keep
In your hands.

Love in Death
By Alexis Guglielmi

Love is a beautiful feeling,

Leaving you so fulfilled

And so sullen.

Where does one go when they die?

Are the heavens and how real?

The Gods, who look over us

And give us a dash of emotion? Rewind do we ever question
the future,

And what would it be like

With us in it?

How beautiful Mother Nature can be,

Providing your love and joy,

Just to strip it away.

Your lover knowing everything

About you. Simply saying

“I love you,” giving you butterflies.

By Audrey Hoffman

After "Christmas 1970" By Sandra M. Castillo

We gather, all six of us
a family celebrating their favorite holiday.
A tree, artificial but real to all of us,
fake holly and lights adorn our kitchen cabinets,
a creepy picture of Old Saint Nick hangs over our fireplace.
They say he sees you while you are sleeping,
like an ever watchful guardian,
Or a full moon hanging over your house at night.

We see an ornament on the tree
we cannot recall even the moment of purchase,
as if it were a fleeting whisper lost in the winds of time.
Sparkling by the light of our fire,
like stars in the night sky.
The ornaments, the decorations,
this is the time for family to gather and celebrate.

Childhood
By Aubree Hund

Going back to my childhood.
Every day, I had the time of my life.
With no worries in my head,
my thoughts were never ending.
I always had a great imagination,
and showed off my creativity.
But, once the accident happened,
my life had changed completely.

Going back to my younger days,
I had always wanted to make a difference.
Seeing my mom smile on her face towards me,
showed me that any good, possible thing could be true.
She was with me when the accident happened,
our lives will never go back to how they used to be.

My childhood head was spinning.
My mom's leg hurt badly.
My father, nowhere to be found.
Then suddenly,
my childhood body hit the ground.
I didn't know what to do.
I didn't know where to look.

I shut my eyes tight.
I wanted to go home and read a book.

My father has returned,
his face is quite in shock.
We rushed to the hospital,
and while we're going,
tears start to pour.
I'm worried about my life,
I'm worried about my mom.
I just want to go back home,
and sleep like a log.

After everything that happened,
my childhood thoughts have now changed.
What if I didn't make it?
Do I still remember how to be brave?
My childhood head is still spiraling,
but one thing is for sure.
My thoughts have taught my childhood brain,
that wearing a helmet next time,
will always be the cure.

March 21
By Diyanah Manar

I am here, tardy spring, longing for you.
I've prepared you fresh fruits and a cozy book.
Come with your lively breeze and
the sunny bright blue skies.

Deep in my heart, I'm longing to share
the joy of the green and the warmth of
the blossoms.

Sweep away the frosty snow and lift
its burden from my shoulders.
Spring considers my idea and imposes it:
colorful flowers blooming above the fresh
green grass, and layers everything
with the cries of the skies and clouds.

The natural scent of rain excites me
and I crave to go outside and
dance in the gleeful rainy day.

By Mia McVinney

Love is a funny thing
Grows more and more each day
Like ivy on a spring day
Growing more beautiful with time
Flowing through you like a rhyme
Something always known, not new

By Mia McVinney

My life is like a whole bunch of
scribbles on paper
unrecognizable and unable to bear
Messy instead of steady
not peacefully persistent
just consistently condescending
It's no mural or mosaic

By Mia McVinney

When you think of a mother

You think of flowers

Flowers represent life

When I think of my mother the only

Flower that comes to mind

Is roses

A rose Bush

Yeah they're pretty good to look at but

If you get too close you'll get pricked

It's a gambling game

Loved
By Mia McVinney

I loved him

Loved

I'm not in love with him, all we have is

Memories, ones that can't be shared with the

Next person

Loved

Loved he was, I was loved, we loved

We loved with passion and excitement,

The keyword is loved, loved past tense, our

Love is in the past, and will stay in the past

As I love the next I will always remember, the

One I loved

By Mia McVinney

I vowed to make you proud, but now you're in the clouds.

The same cloud you pointed to when I was
little, and you told me grandma was up there.

You said with every robin passing that was
Her watching over us.

It's going to be my first birthday without you
and all I've been doing is staring at the clouds
and waiting for a robin to pass by.

Oh, how freeing it must feel to fly.

The Villain of Revenge
By Zi Mitchell

The stars begin to wane, Wayne
You've shown me how to play
The time is up you're no longer fun;
Wipe your smile, a Full Moon's out

Those who know wouldn't dare cross me,
The wind left a message saying
Go down by the hollow tree
The bat has shown, he's known as law
The justice he'll serve makes the crimes go away

The stars begin to wane and all will favor him
He served his purpose for all those to see
They praise they shout they feed him more glory,
I know it'll break their hearts once they learn the true story

Passive Aggressive
By Jadyn Ours

Passive aggressive they say.

They tell me I'm being passive aggressive,
The words hidden behind a mask of a joke,
Yet, it still burns.

It still makes me apologize,
The words like fire burning me from the inside out.

I know I didn't do anything wrong,
But I apologize anyway.

Afraid of making things worse.

I'm a people pleaser.

A pushover if you prefer.

So the second I get a backbone I'm unwanted unseen.

The second I stand up for myself

Defend my rights,

Passive aggressive they say.

Passive aggressive they say to start the endless loop.

Space
By Kollin Pellett

Stars, Stars shining bright.
Our guided light in the night.
Shine bright like the sun.

Stars come in patterns, shapes, and objects.
Sometimes you will be able to see a shooting star.
Stars will disappear without a trace.

Stars, Stars shining bright.
Our guided light in the night.
Shine bright like the sun.

As the World Looks On
By Maverick Plants

While men at war,
Locked in battle...
Scramble for cover,
And bunker walls rattle...

The world looks on with indifference.

As ships sink,
And airplanes crash...
As buildings crumble,
and empires turned to ash...

The world looks on with indifference.

When humanities last light flickers out,
And man's final curtain calls...
When the human species is at last extinct,
In the final skyscraper falls...

The world will look on with indifference.

Birds will sing,
Larks will fly...

The world won't blink when humanity dies.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust...

The crowns of the world will be naught but rust.

When our cities have become overgrown,
And our memory is then long gone...

Nature will be indifferent, as the world looks on.

Flower of the Nature
By Chase Pellett

Flower nature is calm

Flower nature is peace

Flower nature is happiness

Day of flowers

Night of flowers

Ocean of flowers

Flower nature grows everywhere in the

Night

this

is

the

happiness

in

the

sky

Flower nature grows everywhere in the

Day

the

land

is

the

peace

Flower nature grows everywhere in the

Ocean

is

the

calm

In the Stars
By Mariah Prosser

I look up at the sky at night to see the stars wondering if you can see me in them. Now it hurts lying underneath them and remembering the fun and happy times we shared together.

So now you are in the stars in the morning and night helping me like you are my guardian Angel watching over me as days and nights passed by like birds do when they sing to their babies.

I have your eyes, smile, last name, and your soul of heart I carry with me and I put it to a good use and I'm going to keep it that way as long as I can like you did before God took you to a better place.

I hear you talking in my sleep. I see you in my dreams.

And I see your shadows in my room when I wake up from a bad dream, I can feel you holding me because you still know I need you when times get hard at times.

Now you're in the stars it feels so far but I know one day I'm going to please you enough and I'm going to make you proud of me more than ever before. I know you are very proud of the things I did and for helping people.

Now you are in the stars I will stare at them like never before I'm happy every day because I know it's another day to make you prouder of me than you are now.

The Path under a Dawn Sky
By Angelina Qui

We all walk on the same dirt, lined
Of defiant dreams and tarnished times;
And all those hills o'er which we climbed
Reveal A tenuous spirit that shines;
Thus stroll this frequented path of life
Which hold prospects beneath sunrise skies.

The sun's copper kiss, the rain's crystal tears,
Will half impair the possibilities
Which small as emeralds on dew-kissed grass,
Or large as stars passed morning breeze.
Where night reposed its silver eyes,
How far or high, in sky or sea.

And on those paths, that merge and divide,
So long, yet sculpt those who stand today.
The paths chosen, the futures bright,
But tell of time rewardingly spent.

The Pretty Lilacs
By Avianna Rauber

The lilac is a very dainty little flower,
The lilac is quiet and peaceful as a baby,
The deserted garden where the lilacs are is a very beautiful place,
The lilacs are sideways like everything else,
The lilacs are everywhere,
The sermon is a good little fellow,
The lilac is like a housewife,
The lilacs have different houses that they live in,
The lilacs are always tired at night,
The lilacs are mentioned in the Bible,
The lilacs come from where the graveyards are,
The lilacs have different stems, the lilacs are in the garden glowing
green,
The lilacs love living in different greenhouses,
The lilacs have a glass vase,
The lilacs glow purple as a grape,
The lilacs go to bed at 7:00 PM Eastern Time,
The lilacs were jeweled gowns to the ball,
The lilacs have a great spectacle,
The lilacs are like yellow blossoms,
The river is where the lilacs are most successful,
The lilacs are brighter than the sunshine,
The lilacs are sweeter than roses,
The lilacs are bursting into little diamonds,

The summers are when the lilacs are at their most beautiful stage,
The love that the lilacs have for each other is amazing,
The children that the lilacs get to know are nice to them,
The lilacs may have a sip of water when they are thirsty,
The stems and the lilacs are green,
The lilacs are really puffed out as big as a different way of life,
The lilacs are like beautiful apple blossoms,
The heart leaves of the lilacs are very pretty,
The country where they live is USA,
The lilacs are like a huge, blended family,
The voices are beautiful,
They are sweeter than cherries,
They drink lots of tea,
They are as fresh as pure gold,
They visit New England,
They have a music box,
They fly like birds,
They have eggs,
They bloom,
They fly to New Hampshire,
They live and talk about beaches,
They visit Rhode Island happily singing,
They are great as apples,
They have beautiful souls.

Avi's Repetition Poem
By Avianna Rauber

The flowers are as pretty as the Spring,
They are also pretty,
they are really pretty because they have lots of colors,
And the flowers are as pretty as the Spring because they are
sparkling like Spring is.

They are great to be pretty,
They are beautiful,
they are great,
And the flowers are as pretty as the spring.

The flowers are as pretty as the Spring,
and they are really amazing like the Spring is,
And they are as beautiful as the Spring is,
And they are great like the beautiful Spring is.

The flowers are as pretty as the Spring is,
It is really great,
The flowers are also really beautiful,
And the flowers are really beautiful as a sunflower.

Brotherhood
By Jacob Spears

To my brothers and sisters from North America to my brothers
and sisters from Eastern Asia and around the world

I want everyone to live in brotherhood.

From all the worlds around the world from the war
in Gaza with Israel to the war in Ukraine with Russia

I want everyone to live in brotherhood.

From North Korea launching missiles to China wanting to
invade Taiwan

The divided United States

Everything can be solved if we stand hand to hand
In brotherhood

By Kennlee Spears

Don't lose hope

Even if it's raining

Or when the world goes crazy

Just don't lose hope.

Even when you can't find anything to be happy about

Or your day is just rough.

Just don't lose hope.

Even if your day is like a dog with no bone

Or your life is like hell

Just don't lose hope.

Even if you don't feel love

Or have no family

Just don't lose hope.

Because there's always hope in everything

You do

Because you are love.

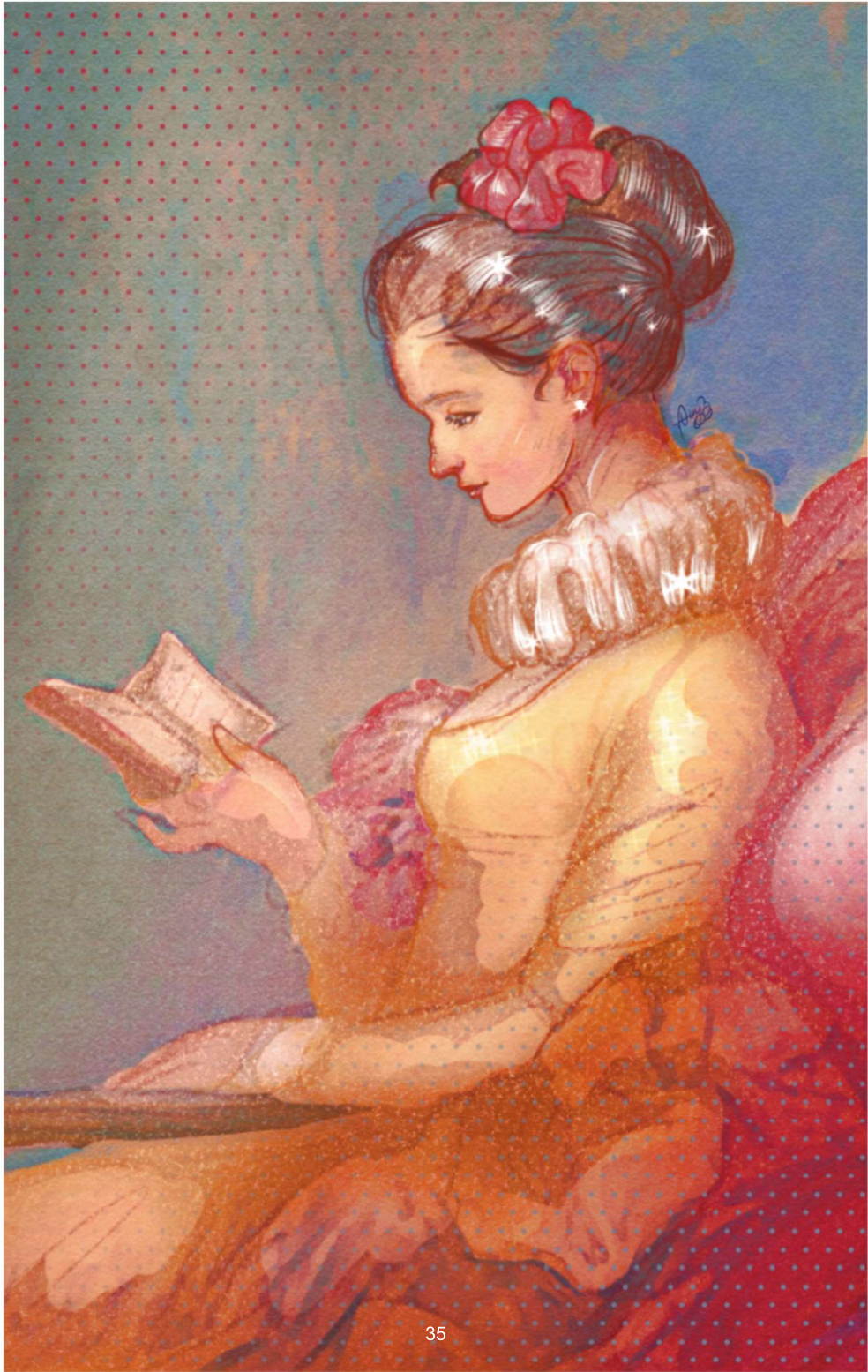
Just don't lose hope.

Because you are loved by your family and friends

So just remember

You are love.

And don't lose hope.



Heart Band-aids
By Zaiden Huy Thach

I've been so... upset about everything lately...
Absolutely abominable... *Dastardly*, I say...
My mind has betrayed me.
Plenty of horrible thoughts...
Bouncing across the walls in my mind.
My mind! Such betrayal...
How criminal... And *Dastardly*...
And so, I've been thinking about something...
Something that may help.
It's no drug...
I'm absolutely abhorrent to any poison...
Instead...
It's *little* cuts... all over me...
Plenty on my arms... Legs, torso maybe...
Actually, no.
I don't want this to be a habit...
I hate habits.
So, I have a solution for my solution...
Little band aids... decorated with hearts...
So pretty... So very *Valentiney*...
Pretty cut coverings
For my face...
Not just pretty... But noticeable as well.
It'll be such a deterrent
When little hearts appear all over my face...
I'll be so embarrassed...
Yes... little heart band-aids...
My deterrent...

Although... I have a feeling it's not working...

I looked in the mirror... to make my daily

Contribution...

and... I noticed...

There was no room left on my face...

I thought I was smart... so clever...

Funny.

I remember... Those are two of my cuts...

I guess I can't take a compliment.

Even from me...

I was told by many

to know my place.

But now I don't know where that could be...

Now that there's band-aids all over my face...

Oh my, how *poetic!*

I've always been a creative type...

...

Even with my solutions...

That don't work.

Funny...

I'm in front of the mirror...

Staring at all of my hearts...

Now, all I can do...

Is sit here and shiver,

Of sweaty *meat* that has been cut.

Just to be covered...

with something so *little...*

So pretty... and so very *Valentiney...*

These *little* heart band-aids.

Butterfly
By Mackenna Tobola

Butterfly, Butterfly

When I see you

Butterfly, Butterfly

How pretty you are.

When I see them

I see you.

Butterfly, Butterfly

How I see you

In the bright

Morning stars.

Vacant Storm
By Emma Veno

The family gone without a thought,
Snow falling and the wind blowing;
A crack in the window left the house dark and cold
A winter storm in the night,
the family could not stay home for.
A storm so strong and freezing,
Taking away the warmth of the family's laughter
within the house.

It leaves a cold memory in its place,
blowing through the frames,
picking up items and placing them
wanting to play a game of Hide and Seek.

Waiting for the family to return,
The property grew 7 feet that day
Leaving no room for visitors
Only the shadows of what was once there

By George Van Cleaf

Cherished time with loved ones as if it were the last time
together

Be grateful for times spent with family and friends

Don't ever take anyone for granted

Something might happen to them.

One second everything can be perfect,

Then it's all bad

But when bad things happen,

Even better things will come.

Tell your mom you love her,

You might not be able to tomorrow

Let everyone know you're there for them

They need to hear it.

If no one is there for you,

You will always have yourself

That's why it's good to talk when you get the chance

Tell someone you love them.



serendipity

something interesting or pleasant
happening by chance . . .

finding something beautiful
without looking for it . . .

phenomenon capable of inciting joy . . .

