



NORTHERN LIGHTS

Art and Literary Magazine 2015

Northern Lights Art and Literary Magazine



North Hunterdon High School
1445 Route 31 South
Annandale NJ, 08801

Advisors

Suanne Fetherolf

Lauren Young

Artwork

Front Cover: Sam Palahniuk

This page: Bethany Bonacorsi

Editors

Grace Clifford

Rebecca Patuto

Siena Dante

Julia Staszak

Veronica Bober

Rachel Wang

Haley Marra

Ally DeAngelis

Ianto Porter

Sara Tumulty-Ollemar

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poetry & Prose

Unwelcomed Solitude, Cortney Schwar	5
What Thing?, Alex Woods	6
Nightmare, Abigail VanEsselstyn	7
Georgiana Reborn, Theresa Vitovitch	8
Glory of the Night, Gera Adomako	10
Oh Flame, Alex Woods	11
Caught in the Fragments, Courtney Tampone	13
Subway, Siena Dante	14
Excerpt from The Proclamation, Sarah Jennison	16
Auburn Autumn, Katherine Teipel	17
Take Your Time, Elizabeth Miglis	19
Leaving, Sarah Okner	20
The Attack, Theresa Vitovitch	21
Space Travel, Siena Dante	22
True Colors, Gera Adomako	24
4 o'clock Sunlight, Theresa Vitovitch	25
Trying to Avoid the Norm, Jack Kennedy	27-28
The Step, Olivia Adams	29
Bastogne, Elliot Schneier	30
Tangible Torture, Nicholas LaBelle	32
The Village of Princesses, Theresa Vitovitch	33-35
Those Were the Days, Sara Tumulty-Ollemar	37
A Dream, Nichole Bataille	38
Excerpt from I Heard, Nichole Bataille	39
Moon, Eve Glasergreen	40
A Snake of Sicily, Paul Sendro	41
Lunar Eclipse, Courtney Voorhees	42
George Blake, 93, Eve Glasergreen	43
Crying Haiku, Fiona Duckworth	44
Weeping and Damning, Grace Clifford	47-28
Ringin' Rock, Eve Glasergreen	49
Addiction, Paul Sendro	50
My Shadow Won't Come Out From Under, my Bed, Fiona Duckworth	51

Caught in the Fragments, Courtney Tampone	53
Riddle, Fiona Duckworth	55
Storm Pantoum, David Fierst	56
The Oak, Courney Tampone	57
Oceans Crash, David Fierst	58
The Stage at the Delacorte, David Fierst	60
I've Tried Everything, Maddy King	61
Life has the Name of Life, Courtney Voorhees	62
Night, Siena Dante	62
Maturity, Theresa Vitovitch	63
Color, Rebecca Patuo	64
Excerpt from Winter Woes, Patrick Brinker	65

Art

Robot, Sam Vallay	9
Hand, Michaela Gardiner	12
Sunset, Ben Sosidka	15
Clay Octopus, Sam Vallay	18
Psychedelic Owl, Sam Vallay	20
Space Man, Richard Bruton	23
The Girl, Benjamin Sharp	24
Dance, Richard Bruton	26
Three in the Afternoon, Benjamin Sharp	28
Bleeding Heels, Krista Wilp	31
Mirror, Grace Clifford	36
Shell, Amy Ketelsen	40
Silhouette, Amy Wain	42
Karson, Benjamin Zinevich	44
Lake, Olivia Brand	45
Knees, Rachael Throckmorton	46
Abandoned, Olivia Ripke	46
Ties, Jillian Reedy	49
Coffee, Bronwyn Woolhouse	52
Windows , Alex Innella	54
Self Portrait, Michaela Gardiner	59

Unwelcomed Solitude

Cortney Schwar

Shattered windows,
all boarded up,
a home entangled in vines

there you can hear
the wailing cries
of a child left behind.

Covered in torn up rags,
body camouflaged in dirt
tears rolling down his cheeks

a life with no one,
pure solitude,
an orphan for eternity.

There he sits,
in the corner of the dusty room,
sorrow echoing throughout the walls

like a lost boy
lonely and parentless,
no place to call home.

What Thing?

Alex Woods

What thing? What thing?

A clash of swords.

What thing? What thing?

I block, I attack, I block, I attack.

Clang, clunk, clang, clunk.

Why do I fight?

Clang, clunk, clang, clunk.

This war is useless like a boat on land.

What reasoning do I have,

To rid more families of their men?

Bash, crash, smash.

Shattering of shields and helms.

Bash, crash, smash.

I do not wish to fight anymore.

Crunch, crank, crack.

Dull skulls and feeble bones break.

Crunch, crank, crack.

What is the thing,

That drives these men to continue fighting?

What thing? What thing?

I pause to ponder what,

However my chainmail jingles

Then the slicing of my flesh.

What thing? What thing?

Whatever drives these people does not matter.

All I know is,

My wish is granted.

What thing? What thing?

Nightmare

Abigail VanEsselstyn

Wind howls through the air
Voices call out in the dark
Cheering, leering, jeering
The door creaks open

Voices call out in the dark
I hear them coming for me
The door creaks open
A burst of cold air hits me

I hear them coming for me
Laughs of children are filling the air
A burst of cold air hits me
I fall over, giggling as I hit the snow

Laughs of children are filling the air
A loud *bang* rips through the night
I fall over, giggling as I hit the snow
The snow turns red with blood

A loud *bang* rips through the night
Silence
The snow turns red with blood
A coyote has been shot

Silence
No one speaks, moves, or coughs
A coyote has been shot
Death is upon us all

No one speaks, moves, or coughs
Cheering, leering, jeering
Death is upon us all
Wind howls through the air

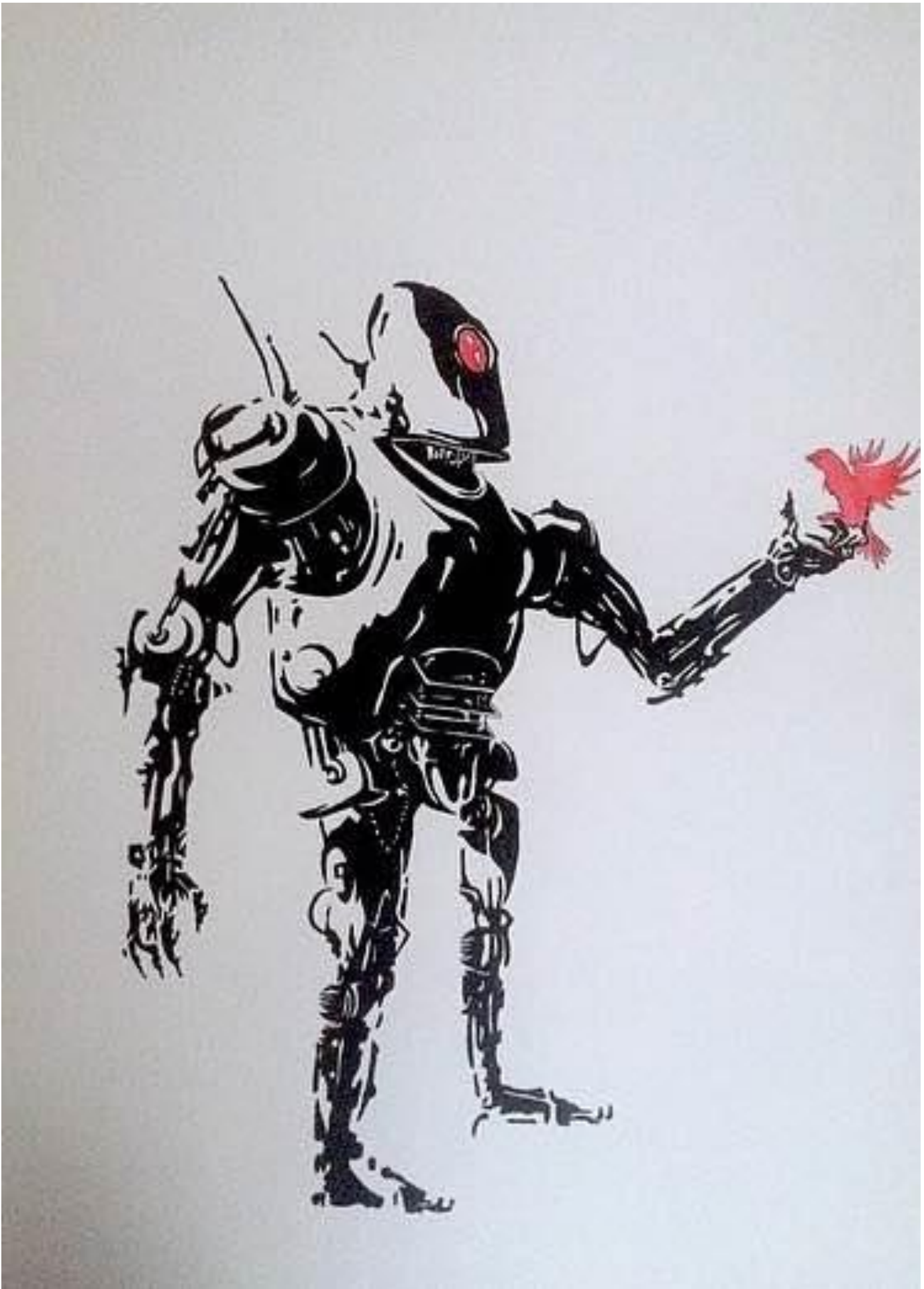
Georgiana Reborn

Theresa Vitovitch

For I am yet so young,
Of long hair and
Golden curls that bounce
With each measured step
Across the gilded hall.

Born as marble,
Unblemished and smooth, until
Expert hands carved their statue
And placed it in a secret garden.
With walls, vast and tall,
Built so high that even
the lightest bird
cannot scale them.

My heart is high like my walls,
and my garden
You shall not enter.



Robot Sam Vallay

Glory of the Night

Gera Adomako

Footsteps click, clack
They're all tapdancers at heart.
Engines roar, come to life.
Angry horns screech like noisy children.
A scream here, a shout there,
Echoing off the bright, silent buildings.
Cameras flashing fast, youth basking in the
Glory of the night. People crowing,
Laughing, croaking. Crafting new paths,
Strolling through flickering lights.
High heels, lost words, brewing fears, fly birds,
Masses churn drinks, yearn time,
Hold hands, learn life.
Difficult decisions don't clutter their minds, the
Power within them coming alive.
Long lives the excitement.
Long lives the twinkling of the stars.
Long lives the streetlights, headlights, bustling cars.
Short lives the day,
Long lives the delight.
And so,
Long lives the Glory of the Night.

Oh Flame

Alex Woods

Oh flame of beauty,
watching you dance
is always a delight
when nothing is around.

Oh flame of light,
guide us through the path,
and deliver us from the darkness,
keep us safe.

Oh flame of chaos,
watch as you incinerate everything,
melt, burn, destroy,
nothing shall stand in your way.

Oh flame of the heart,
burn brighter than any sun,
show your true colors
for the one you truly love.

Oh flame of life,
never leave us alone,
stay with us forever,
we love you, we need you.

Oh Flame. Oh Flame.



Hand Michaela Gardiner

Caught in the Fragments

Courtney Tampone

An emerald eye in the mirror,
Its chilling stare haunts me
like a ghost,
It frightens me
It reminds me of its owner.
The longer I look,
The more the glass cracks.
The body to which this envy-dipped marble belongs,
She moves when I move,
But distorted by the fractures.
The body I see through the mirror,
Frizzed fiery hair, freckled face, fatty forearms,
She can't find refuge in this rigid frame.
I cannot look for long,
I am trapped in this body,
Consumed by the flaws.
If only the broken pieces of the mirror were patched,
I would be able to put myself together.

Subway

Siena Dante

In this underground maze
I am lost
Lost in the sounds
and the oppressive air
Adrift in the throng
of rushing people,
pushing me against cool white tiles
their square bodies
having never seen the light of day

Formal business shoes click down tiled stairs
and overheard phone conversations in serious voices
bounce off arched walls
While sweaty bodies
wait
in hungry anticipation
under humidity's heavy blanket
as the familiar cry of the underground world
signifies an approaching train.
Rushing wind whips long hair
and screeching brakes
penetrate soft ears
Eager people file into closing doors,
their grasping hands
sliding on chilled metal

Sounds of the morning traffic fade
as a metropolitan roller coaster
is pulled through long tubes of concrete darkness,
ready to traverse the well worn path that lays ahead.



Sunset Ben Sosidka

Excerpt from “The Proclamation”

Sarah Jennison

Nothing could ever make me feel this way,
the way it looks, the way it seems, the way it is;
never another moment like this.

This time bringing joy,
the joy of blooming flowers
among the white-washed, snow covered mountaintops;
better than that.

Next time bringing sadness,
the grief of senselessly spilling ice cream
while the sun smiles down in summer;
worse than that.

But in this moment, this moment of delightful dejection,
A feeling more than any ever felt, holding all the emotions in one;
the feeling of love.

Auburn Autumn

Katherine Teipel

A season that consists of sweet fruitfulness
where the meek sun surrenders to sleep
earlier and earlier, day after day.

There is fruit the vial vines keeps
a perfect lot, left to rot
going to ground to be gone.

Each leaf clings
as if hanging from a cliff
one by one making the plunge.

Each and every breath
rustles and rouses the earth
like a lion on the prowl

O Autumn, you turn the land
different shades of scarlet
producing a powerful,

Prominent
subtle smile
for those keen enough to witness



Octopus Sam Vallay

Take Your Time

Elizabeth Miglis

As the snow falls gently
I watch out the window like a
lion stalking its prey.
Waiting for the snow to stop
I dream about the distant days of
spring soon to come.
Waiting to see the bees flying in the breeze,
hearing the buzz of their
wings fly past your ear.
Remembering the first days of spring last year,
becoming exhilarated with the thought,
but then I remember how quickly time goes.
not wanting to rush because
Time is a robber.
It takes from you, and you never get it back.
Take your time.

Leaving

Sarah Okner

the dove
with feathers as
white as angel's wings
freely floats down
from the high bright sky
with feathers falling
touching the ground with a soft pitter-patter
leaving the dove like
the past leaving people
memories fading from the mind
a chance for a new start
and just like that everything is
different



Psychedelic Owl Sam Vallay

The Attack

Theresa Vitovitch

Anxiety curls
in treacherous coils,
a burning snake
in a churning stomach.
Swallowed butterflies
leave it restless
in growling hunger,
fairy wings of
air and protein
a cheated feast.
The snake strikes,
flinging acid
into scabbed wounds
and parched throats,
never ceasing
in its venomous
attack until
the deed is done,
the quest completed
and our hero
can retreat
to the safety
of sound sleep
and warm comforters,
until the snake
wakes once more.

Space Travel

Siena Dante

Like a journey in itself,
a capsule
drifting through time and space.
And like a vacuum,
the world inside
is completely separate.
An ever-present hum,
gently filling the plane,
makes for an unusual lullaby.
Thick and finger-smearred,
the glass in the tiny oval window
separates travelers from the universe beyond.
A huge expanse of farmland
becomes nothing more than a quilted blanket
keeping the earth beneath it warm.
Seats recline into makeshift beds,
and sleeping children are hushed.
The occasional reaching arm
turns on an overhead light,
softly illuminating
a book or magazine.

A soft conversation
is heard from the back of the plane.
A woman's smooth butter voice
contrasts her husband's,
rough like the stubble on his chin.
They talk about his mother,
and the weight of the world.
His voice cracks, ever so slightly
tears try to escape tired eyes
His blood is running thick,
like hot stew through a straw.
The quiet plane is so unlike his state of mind,
as he remembers his mother's illness.
Her decaying body nearing its end,
her soft balloon lungs barely able to inflate.
A part of him hopes
for the plane to never land.



Space Man Richard Bruton

True Colors

Gera Adomako

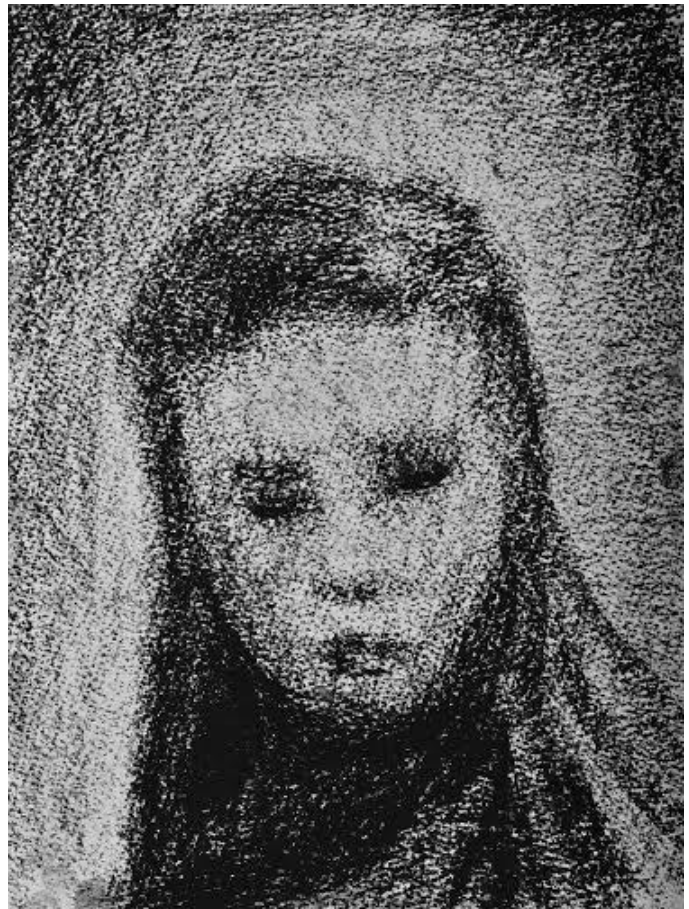
I don't like the way
She wavers her hips,
Or the way she throws
Her mane about her head.
Her petals for hands, teacups
For feet, lipsticks for fingers,
Lollipops for toes.

I don't like the way
She licks her lips
Or the way she smiles
Like she's won the world.
Her eyes are stone, a pebble
For a nose, sandpaper for skin
Eating through her bones.

Even mountains jump to avoid
Her gaze. Witty is she,
Comical not so.
Minty is her hair cascading
Down her back, like leaves
Rustling in the swift winds.
Her aura discomforts me...

*My ability to judge her so sends
Daggers in my direction.
For the only thing that trembles,
That threatens to split apart
And leap from my grasp
When crumbling the edges of
Her identity, is my own identity.*

Equals are we.



The Girl Benjamin Sharp

4 o'clock Sunlight

By Theresa Vitovitch

There's a quartet of deer on my lawn today;
young ones, who don't run,
tails high and white, toward the woods
when wilted lettuce leaves
are tossed out our door.

Bare trees flex
sinewy brown limbs
against blue skies,
clutching at clouds
as they are pursued
by a confident wind.

The front porch, all wood and brick,
absorbs April's glancing sunlight
to pass on to lounging spring beetles,
and a certain sleepy white dog;
it's wind chimes sporting glancing blows
that result in soft and musical sighs.

Beds of compacted debris
uncoil with soft crackles
as temperatures don't dip down
so far as to imprison them.

Daffodils, whose heads emerged in early February,
and have since weathered two snowfalls and an icy rain,
release their restrained greenery
until they resemble something more than
sickly green blades of grass.

Sun-stained rushes reside
in the tiny wetland across the drive,
shriveled husks a shelter to their descendants,
and the deer.

The peeping frogs sing from the neighboring pond,
where the Canadian geese that landed
on our lawn last month
have gone and nested,

The peeping frogs sing from the neighboring pond,
where the Canadian geese that landed
on our lawn last month
have gone and nested,
much to the relief of our deadened ears
and dirtied shoes.

The warming earth
furnishes the smells of farm manure
and sweet dirt, even as cars scream past,
windows up and music blaring,
five miles over the speed limit.

And thus, the mood is broken.
much to the relief of our deadened ears
and dirtied shoes.



Dance Richard Bruton

Trying to Avoid the Norm

Jack Kennedy

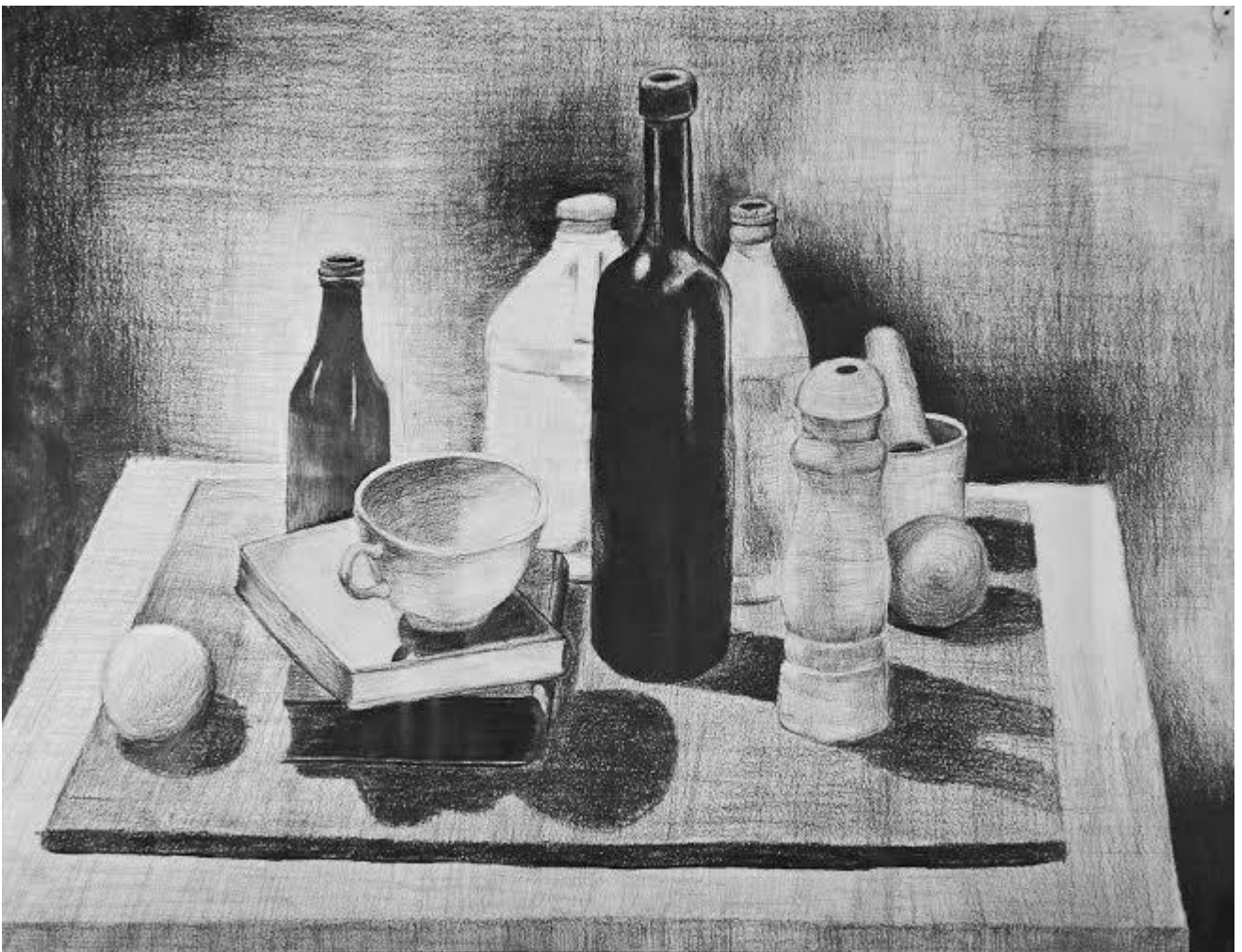
It all happened so quick, I barely had time to take my first breath.
I was put on a path, their own yellow brick road.
It wasn't mine, though someone else's created it just for me.
I was told what to do and what to think.
My life was already formed like clay.
What I would be and where I would go.
Of course they blamed me.
Their plan was perfect,
but I was the variable that they didn't think of about.
Me, not their me that they perceived me to be.
Assumed I would be something i'm not.
They just assumed that I would go along with their plan.
Follow their norm, not to find my own path.
Not let me break out like my own forest fire.
I might make a few mistakes,
but at least I would learn from them.

I wanted to be me.
But they said, that I would be different.
I didn't believe them, of course I didn't,
so I tried my way,
the way I ought to choose.
The way you would tell me to take.
However I was surrounded by vultures,
picking my skin off me piece by piece.
Until I had nothing left to protect me.
While really I never saw them.
Being slaughtered with their silent chatter.

Until I found a cave.
I was scared, the cave was dark,

and the cave was hollow like my pride.
Too scared to go back out on my road.
Too scared to find a way out.
Until I went back to their road.
The road that I was supposed to take.

This road was clean... paved.
It was happy, at least it looked that way.
I felt like something fake,
exposed to a new criticism.
Exposed not to others, but to myself.



Three in the Afternoon Benjamin Sharp

The Step

Olivia Adams

Standing up here all alone, with nothing but my silent thoughts.
The sun beams off the wavering glass below me as it quietly
Screams my name to whoever may look down from above.
But I don't know if I can let everything go for the few
Seconds it would take for me to fall through the air
Without control of the movements of my body.
I want to make a splash, but I also want to fly.
This is not my first time falling off this edge.
It has been the one solid thing in my life.
Until now, when everything is breaking,
Crumbling to pieces unless I become
The glue to hold them together.
I know I have to do this.
So I step off the edge,
And fall down, down,
down, down,
down.

Bastogne

Elliot Schneier

Upon the mist shrouded crest of the snow cloaked hill,
Shrouded in the shadow of death
Lie the fallen of Ardennes' fury.
We knew them once, in life
As free as birds, but children just tasting sunlight's glow.
Now it is they who fuel the scarlet tide that ebbs and flows at our feet.
The blood of the enemy mixes with the blood of our comrades,
All the same in death, all the same caked in crimson snow.

Nature knows no mercy for us,
She whips us with frigid winds and flings down heaps of snow to bury us.
We fight not just the enemy, but the cruelty of the land as well.
And in this frozen hell we fall, man after man in rapid succession.
So many of us doomed to be buried miles from home,
On this frozen field in a foreign land.
From across the seas you can hear them,
The ones they left behind,
Orphaned children and widowed wives hurting with no relief.
It is for them we fight,
We do not fight for countries or freedoms but for comrades.
To see why we die, to see why we defy the tide of German iron,
One must only look to the men we stand with,
For it is for them that we will fight
For the women and children who wait for us, we will fight
For our comrades, our brothers in arms, we will fight.
We are alone but unbroken,
Cut off but undefeated,
We will allow for surrender only after our last breath.
We are those who stand alone, with one cry definitely on our lips:
"Currahee!"



Bleeding Heels Krista Wilp

Tangible Torture

Nicholas LaBelle

Every time she comes to mind
Sweet memories bloom into fruition.
Every single strand of
Her hair is a stroke of the sun.
Shimmering, her eyes shine like the glaze on water
While they run deep and are profound as the oceans.
When she enters a room, like the sun one can look away.
Slowly though, without even looking, her presence is there, proclaimed.
Every time she passes by
Under the surface I suffer in silence
Every single moment without her,
Memories that never were, wither and die.

The Village of Princesses

Theresa Vitovitch

Once upon a time, there was a princess in a tower. A very bored princess. A very angry princess. You see, many weeks ago, her father decided that she had come of age to marry and since only the bravest, most dedicated husband would do, her husband-to-be would need to rescue her from the most distant, desolate rock to prove his worth.

"But father," the princess had protested, "Why would a man risk his life to rescue a princess he doesn't know? He would love me for my title and covet me like a prize. How could I love a man such as this?"

The king merely scoffed.

"Simple child," said he, "love does not matter in marriage! A man of such dedication would be a dependable ruler, the likes of which will be needed when I am dead and gone."

So and with little warning and much protesting, the princess was trussed up in her best garments, driven to the furthest reach of her father's kingdom, and promptly locked inside an imposing stone tower whose only other opening was a window at the very top.

And there she waited. One day, one week, an entire month passed, and there was yet to be an attempt of her rescue.

The Princess spent that free time thinking, and talking to herself.

"As I see it," mused the Princess, lounging around during her first few hours of confinement, "No one asked me if I wished to be squirreled away in such a fashion. In fact!" the Princess said, sitting up abruptly "I am simply a victim of poor logic and leadership, for after all, what King sends his only heir to an unknown, precarious fate?"

"For that matter," the princess reasoned, pacing angrily, "what father sends away his only child to be at the mercy of a stranger, whoever my rescuer might be?"

This was how the princess decided her father was crazy. It didn't take very long.

"I need to escape," thought the Princess. "This tower holds no future for me. But I have little skill in the outside world. How will I support myself?"

The Princess looked around her tiny tower for inspiration. The tower had obviously been prepared for the long haul. The kitchen was overflowing with canned goods and there was a modest library with bulging shelves with a decorative suit of armor standing guard. Armor... armor!

“By these books and this armor, I shall be my own salvation!” the Princess beamed.

And so the Princess read, and as she read, she learned. She read about perilous hunting trips and the best way to snag a wild boar. She found a botany book and could soon identify every plant outside her window. An engineering book taught her how to see and replicate nature’s designs. A knight’s training manual gave her the basics of swordplay and honor.

By the year’s end, every book was memorized and the princess had packed and repacked her bag three times. During that time, the princess' tower was approached by several princes and knights seeking a princess to wed. Not wishing to be indebted to anyone, especially a man who she did not know or love, the Princess remained silent to their solicitations. With no more to plan, the Princess felt she was prepared to face the world outside her tower. The suit of armor was decorative no more, and after months of continued wear, it fit the Princess like a second skin. Using her braided bed-sheets, the Princess lowered herself out the window, and after a short descent, touched the ground for the first time in a year.

The princess had not gone far before she came upon another tower, eerily similar to her own. She had barely taken another step before she was accosted:

“You there, sir Knight!” cried a voice. “Have you come to my rescue?”

The Princess raised her head to the sound, and soon found it’s source; a fair maiden, barely of age, leaning from the tower’s window and frantically waving a handkerchief. Annoyed, the Princess called back;

“Rescue yourself, young maiden! You need not me to save you!”

The girl in the tower was astonished, and thoroughly confused.

"How am I to rescue myself? Am I not to await a rescue from a brave knight such as yourself? Is that not the duty of a princess?"

The Princess shook her head, and removed the metal helmet hiding her features.

“No. A princess’ duty is to her people, and to herself. She can not serve either of them if she is locked away in such a manner as I was, and you are.”

The Princess smiled at her companion’s surprise, then replaced her helmet.

“When you have discovered your means of liberation, find me. I have a feeling we are not as alone in this forest as we previously believed.”

It was in this manner that the Princess gained a following. Every mile or so, another tower emerged with another captive princess. It would appear that imprisoning of princesses was a bustling business. Some, like herself, were outraged with the relative ease at which their parents locked them away. Others had eagerly awaited rescue by their brave knight, and were somewhat offended being rescued by their peers. Those

where they soon created a bustling village. Over the years, Knights and Princes of varying age and status ventured into the Village to claim a princess. But more often than not, they were laughed away, for there were no princesses in need of rescuing. A curious result of their independence was that all of the kingdoms from which the princesses did not return became bankrupt. Apparently, the lack of an heir and a royal marriage was enough to break several kingdoms.

But the village of princesses remained prosperous, and eventually reintegrated men in their society, once it was made clear that any marriage had to be willing and wanted by both parties. As for the Princess, she did return to her people, but not in the way expected of her. She came to buy her home out of hands of debtors and relieved her father of his royal duties soon after.

To this day, Princesses travel to the Village to learn from the descendants of the original founders. Every princess told this tale is given the option to stay or to return home to rule their kingdoms. Whether they stay or go is their decision, but that's the best part; it's THEIR decision.



Mirror Grace Clifford

Those Were The Days

Sara Tumulty-Ollemar

I would say I hadn't thought about it in a while
but that would be a lie.
I think about that sticky lunch table,
constantly clinging onto my brown paper bag
I can see the gleam of those white helmets,
held up by brute shoulder pads and that ecstasy of just one more championship win
I think about her frilly prom dress
and the milky way her skin looked when she took it off
just for that one night after the dance
I try to number the red cups littering the front lawn
or the way the sofa rested on the bottom of the swimming pool
like a sleeping giant
I remember the constellations of royal blue graduation caps,
falling stars, raining down on my classmates
I recall wanting my own shooting star more than anything.
I can still picture the suitcases,
piled up in the back of crappy Honda Civics,
everyone moving on,
everyone
except
me

A Dream

Nichole Bataille

A dream—

Perhaps it was nothing but a dream, though how real.

How real the gardens of childhood seemed

As they appeared to me, in a sea of flowers:

Rubies and emeralds, with black leaves.

And beyond the gates I saw you, ethereal arms outstretched,

As if to embrace me,

So full of life, it was difficult, though I remembered—

I remembered you were no longer that glittering garden.

Your leaves and petals were cold and black.

A vessel for forbidden memories.

I Heard (excerpt)

Nichole Bataille

I heard the birds in the morning, singing to me as a child. They were my life.
There was nothing that mattered. There was only a song, and that was all.
I heard them as noise, and nothing more.

I heard him in the morning, singing to me as a child. He was my life.
I didn't know what he meant, but he was there, all glass and nothing.
I heard without hearing, saw without seeing, knew but did not know him. He
was just there.

I heard the music at noon, telling rhymes to me as a child. It was my joy.
It was something—great sound and little meaning. I was a tunnel of ears.
A hollow recorder, whose purpose was playback, though it did not know it.
I heard him at noon, telling rhymes to me as a child. He was my joy.
I saw him, embraced him with empty arms, and kept walking.
He stood, a ghost to my mind, and watched.

I heard the voices in the evening, shouting at me as a girl. They were my anger.
They were all-consuming, flooding my consciousness with fire.
The smoke clouded my memories, and I heard no birds...no music. It was all
gone.

I heard him in the evening, shouting at me as a girl. He was my anger.
I heard each syllable, stinging through me, throwing grease into the fire. Wings
clenched in rage.
I did not embrace him. I kept walking, and he watched me go.

I heard the sobs at night, weeping with me as a girl. They were my world.
They were endless—on and on, like waves. They quenched the fire's thirst.
The air was pulled from its lungs, and it was everything—a pile of ash.
I heard him that night, weeping with me as a girl. He was my world.
His hand opened to me, and I took it. He clutched to mine—a lifeline.
His memories were clouded, and he heard no birds...no music. It was all gone.



Shell Amy Ketelsen

Moon

Eve Glasergreen

Porcelain bowl upside down

Upturned her starry soup

Polished pebble in a milky river

Smile on the cusp of night

Pendulum that pulls depths to shore

Benign face awakens the vespertine

To unfurl, to prowl

Beckons the cunning canine's howl

Mirror of the maiden, Day

A Snake of Sicily

Paul Sendro

All summer I saw it
Slithering at night
Outracing pursuers from block
To block in the city
A whisper amongst men
A flustered
My heart swooned
In the city
Now that I have gone
And left behind so much
I should have thought it gone
In a spray of blood
Slipped into the heavens
After I had shot
I was wrong. As if in dreams
That spoiled another night
It appears on show
Through cloudy sight
Entangled on a heart
Within my chest
I grab it, to try and pull it off
Its skin feeling much like yours
I cant
I can't forget you in this land
I can't forget my loathsome jealousy
As fright causes
Me to rise, I sit
Crying



Silhouette Amy Wain

Lunar Eclipse

Courtney Voorhees

Celestial dance
Blaze fills the once twilight sky
When light block the dark

George Blake, 93

Eve Glasergreen

In the Hawaiian haze
I thrived by immaculate waters
Roaming like a sleek fox, whiskers glistening
I remember the impassioned intensity
Of life
Hot humid spring
As many roses for her as our years together
When love was unforgettable
When violence was reprehensible
But they do not fight true wars
Anymore
When the Pearl was ablaze
And men, flying into the void of night
Sundered from their proper forms
I shuddered
But now seventy roses on her grave
There are sparse waters here
The Colorado sun is dry
Baking roads cool under the milky way
And the past
Unremarkable

Crying Haiku

Fiona Duckworth

Wash out the heartache
A cat purring in the mist
How exposed I am



Karson Benjamin Zinevich



Lake Olivia Brand



Knees Rachael Throckmorton



Abandoned Olivia Ripke

Weeping and Damning

Grace Clifford

Ai, Father Zeus. Would that another life be mine, whether taken or exchanged. Too long have I suffered, and for what? The solitude has reduced me to less than I am, less than I should be. I can hardly draw breath without it catching in my throat, tearing up my lungs, reaching deeper to squeeze my heart and wring it dry. Little does the insidious air know that my heart is a shriveled husk, already wrung out. It sits in my chest, hardened into a heavy lump that weighs me down. Some days I am weighted to the point where I cannot even rise.

Truly, all I desire, all I have ever desired, is for my heart to be full again, expanding with love like water soaking into a sponge. The sea circumscribes my home, yet from it, I draw no moisture of the kind I need.

I recall the night he washed to shore, the clear-eyed adventurer Odysseus. Half-conscious was he, and half-dressed as well. He clung to a plank of wood as if it would evanesce, a vestigial reaction to his long time at sea. I moved forward, wondering if he still lived. I crouched down and beheld his shallow breathing. Tentatively, almost in fright, I extended a hand to touch his hair, which was sleek with water. His icy eyes snapped open as I did, and I jerked my hand back as if they had frozen me.

“Who are you?” he asked, wary as a cornered beast. “Where am I?”

“I am Calypso,” I replied. “And as for our location, you know as well as I. This island is my prison.”

“Will I be able to leave?” he asked. “I must return to my family.”

“Probably not,” I said. “In nearly 3,000 years, I have not found a way.” What I did not say was that there were ways I was not allowed to use. He looked so dejected that I was half-tempted to tell him that he could go whenever he pleased. I opened my mouth, but the air that dried my heart caught in my throat. I expelled it with a small cough, but I could not bring myself to speak the words.

I would not let him go.

I remember the first night, how he shivered in the dark by the light of the dying fire. I invited him to come to my bed to warm himself. That was but the first night he spent in my room, but I’ll admit it was the only one fully enjoyable. I lost myself in him that night, but I was jarred back to my own body when, just as I was falling asleep, he spoke in my ear.

He breathed just one word: “Penelope.”

The next day, I kept my distance, hurt. Who was Penelope? Did this man,

this Odysseus, love her? I knew it was foolish to think he could love me after one night--yet I did not think I could bear if he loved another. Day after day I let him explore the island, and night after night, he would come back to me, with reddened eyes full of desire. It was in this way that I deluded myself of his happiness for countless nights.

Ah, Father Zeus, when you sent your messenger, fleet-footed Hermes, my heart hung heavy with sorrow. Yet I fear and respect you, and I let him go. I helped him cut down the wood he needed for his raft, and I showed him long, strong vines to lash the logs together. He sailed away and he wrung my heart once again.

Ai, Father Zeus, how cruel you were to give me the one thing I wanted, then snatch him from me, just when I began to believe my hurt had been assuaged forever. I fault you for driving me to take those same vines and tie them around my own throat. I fault you for making me endure days of terrible pressure on my throat before realizing that there would not be in end this way. You drove me to tie weights to my limbs and throw myself off the cliff I lived by, wind whipping in my hair, trying to push me back to safety. Weeks have I now spent at the bottom of the sea, to no avail. I bear no apparent signs of my struggle. Tonight I cut myself free, weeping and damning his Penelope. Weeping and damning him. An eternity longer I will spend in my infernal solitude, weeping and damning you.

Ringing Rock

Eve Glasergreen

Echo echo echo
Resonating vibration
Rounding and expanding
The hammer strike releases
A trembling call
High, low, a warbling swallow as she dives
Down to imprint a ripple on the river edge
Rounding and expanding
The hammer strike frees an impatient arrow
High, low, the sure shot stings the toughest skin
And penetrates the organ of emotion
Do they ring in the dark of dusk?
When the hammer is still
Do they sing in the sunset's recesses?
Always
In the recesses of memory



Ties Jillian Reedy

Addiction

Paul Sendro

I was the captain of my fate
The master of my soul
I did what I wanted
I was free

The master of my soul
Tricked me when I was young
I was free
Now I am a slave

Tricked me when I was young
Oh how could I have been so blind?
Now I am a slave
No will of my own

Oh how could I have been so blind?
I do what it wants
No will of my own
I cannot escape

I do what it wants
Things that I cannot live with
I cannot escape
I have tried

Things that I cannot live with
I've robbed, I've killed, I haven't stopped
I have tried
To stop

I've robbed, I've killed, I haven't stopped
She was so beautiful, she tried
To stop
Oh god, what have I done

She was so beautiful, she tried
I did what I wanted
Oh god what have I done
I was the captain of my fate

My Shadow Won't Come Out From Under My Bed

Fiona Duckworth

My shadow won't come out from under my bed
People ask where It has been
Like I have lost it
I don't miss it

People ask where It has been
Am I not enough alone?
I don't miss it
But do they?

Am I not enough alone?
I wanted to be myself
But do they?
Are they satisfied with this?

I wanted to be myself
Relieved of the manacles
Are they satisfied with this?
Lying with their teeth until rotten

Relieved of the manacles
Spring is only a leaf fall away
Lying with their teeth until rotten
Is identical to how you used to be

Spring is only a leaf fall away
Plants awakening from slumber
Is identical to how you used to be
Was it at this point you lost your shadow too?

Plants awakening from slumber
Still unable to grasp at the sunlight
Was it at this point you lost your shadow too?
Still I hear the echoes of it calling my name

Still unable to grasp at the sunlight
Like I have lost it
Still I hear the echoes of it calling my name
My shadow won't come out from under my bed



Coffee Bronwyn Woolhouse

Caught in the Fragments

Courtney Tampone

An emerald eye in the mirror,
Its chilling stare haunts me
like a ghost,
It frightens me
It reminds me of its owner.
The longer I look,
The more the glass cracks.
The body to which this envy-dipped marble belongs,
She moves when I move,
But distorted by the fractures.
The body I see through the mirror,
Frizzed fiery hair, freckled face, fatty forearms,
She can't find refuge in this rigid frame.
I cannot look for long,
I am trapped in this body,
Consumed by the flaws.
If only the broken pieces of the mirror were patched,
I would be able to put myself together.



Train Windows Alex Innella

Riddle

Fiona Duckworth

I teeter from dusk to dawn
I have emerged like a phoenix from a feather
Corruption and cleanliness all the same
My purpose is to deliver your vision, be it fact or fiction
My blunders can never be left undone
Only sunlight and time can shackle my expression
Even so, I will linger through history
The tooth of my home sometimes coarse like an abrasion, sometimes gentle
like a breath
My being is absorbed like a sponge for a lifetime
To me you are as gluttonous as a leech
And yet I am void without your essence

Storm Pantoum

David Fierst

A blizzard rolls outside
and I listen through my window
as the snow roars
like a lion song

and I listen through my window
as a tree is pushed down by windy growls
like a lion song
Rushing by like spectral horses

As a tree is pushed down by windy growls
I hear my dog's dreams in her breaths
rushing by like spectral horses
pursuing some rabbit or other

I hear my dog's dreams in her breaths
mocking the calm storms outside
pursuing some rabbit or other
storms mean nothing when you sleep

Mocking the storms outside
I lay awake in bed
storms mean nothing when you sleep
but I can't sleep

I lay awake in bed
trying to settle and unbend for the night
but I can't sleep
I think too much

Trying to settle and unbend for the night
as the snow roars
I think too much
A blizzard rolls outside.

The Oak

Courtney Tampone

I will never forget when we sat beneath the tree.
The breeze was so steady, so sure of itself.
I only needed his thumb to hold for happiness.
Could he too hear the oak whisper to me?

The breeze was so steady, so sure of itself.
His wedding ring bound to his skin, a symbol of my creation
Could he too hear the oak whisper to me?
The whispers fill my head, I feel them crawl beneath my skin.

His wedding ring bound to his skin, a symbol of my creation
Its gold shine now only a faint, soft memory.
The whispers fill my head, I feel them crawl beneath my skin.
How much longer until they consume me?

Its gold shine now only a faint, soft memory.
The youth in my irises fading away.
How much longer will they consume me?
The ring no longer fits his arachnoid fingers.

The ring no longer fits his arachnoid fingers.
His body no longer his own.
The youth in my irises fading away.
The oak now bellows, the call undeniable.

His body no longer his own,
His mind is still with me.
The oak now bellows, the call undeniable.
My eyes grow dark, I can't remember the breeze.

His mind is still with me,
I only need his thumb to hold for happiness.
My eyes grow dark, I can't remember the breeze.
I will never forget when we sat beneath the tree.

Oceans Crash

David Fierst

Through the curtains
I hear the waves of the ocean
swelling and surging into the little streams
that surround the ocean banks
The tides are rising up
to crash and smash against the rocks that line the shore
like great white clouds that break and melt
into the crags and the pebbles of the coast
I think about what it would be like
inside those high tides
I'm splintering on the rocks
seeing through the foam of the surf



Self Portrait Michaela Gardiner

The Stage at the Delacorte

David Fierst

At the Delacorte
I've lain since 1962
I've felt every season of the past 53 years
I've seen storms and tempests of all kinds
and I understand that this summer
I'll see "The Tempest" for the fourth time

each summer they build upon and reform me
like a ball of clay I am reshaped
to fit each Shakespearean production
and on occasion some other show
that has earned enough respect to perform on me

I am a lacquered stump
chopped down in the middle of Central Park
from may to july
you can hear the click clack of performers
walking along my face

I've Tried Everything

Maddy King

When the student is ready, the master appears ~ Buddhist Proverb

I've tried everything.

I've tried being mean
Power is gained, yes
But so is fear

I've tried being kind
Friends are better
But it is too easy to be manipulated

I've tried being careless
Freedom of mind
But respect is gone

I've tried being orderly
Time is well used
But also wasted

I've tried being strong
To rise above is to be safe
But others are simply pushed away

I've tried being weak
Clear as glass
But no one protects me
and said

All these things
Are useless
When apart

But be both sides of the coin
And master your own heart.

Life Has the Name of Life

Courtney Voorhees

The soul takes shape through the day
Sun is our spirit, our soul
Light is welcoming
It warms our minds and hearts
We look to it as hope
A beacon to guide us through

The somberness of twilight repels the soul
Darkness brings fear
We fear the unknown
Yet while the moon seems foreboding
It is still a reflection of the sun
Of our life, of ourselves

Light, dark, yin, yang
Reflections of one another
One seems open and clear
though it is still clouded in mystery
The other is feared because of the dark
When in reality it is just a reflection

Night

Siena Dante

Tossed laughter becomes
the night's rhythmical breathing,
surrendered to sleep.

Maturity

Theresa Vitovitch

I own not a single original thought.
Blame whomever you want,
the all-encompassing 'society',
the government, my school, my parents.
Blame me for being the product
of a well greased machine,
oiled by the sweat of thinkers
and the blood of its caretakers.
They've died or grown or flown and
my soft spine can not take on
a proper share of leftover burden.

I have broken,
gears and springs sent flying,
and none are left to
tinker with the pieces.

Color

Rebecca Patuto

Like blood seeping all around
Like apples bouncing off the ground
Like autumn leaves in the sky,
Like a pumpkin baked into a pie
Like a bumblebee going buzz buzz buzz
Like a dandelion in a frame just because
Like grass that grow high to get cut down
Like a huge praying mantis with a frown
Like oceans with their waves lapping on the beach
Like little forget-me-nots, with a few petals each
Like juicy grapes, crushed to make drinks
Like that glittering amethyst, that will wink.

Excerpt from Winter Woes

Patrick Brinker

Was not too long ago when things were different,
People laughing, dancing, playing.
Back when Apollo and the Horae ruled the skies,
Until Khione ventured into these lands,
Conducting her duties against our sincerest wishes.

Slosh! More snow continues to fly itself onto our paths.
Falling like leaves off of trees,
Dropping like bombs on a battlefield.

The once noble deer huddled together in search of heat,
Like kiln resting in a fireplace, using one another for warmth.
Their terrific trembling illustrating their turmoil.
One by one they streak their weak physique across the ashen terrain.

Searching for something they'll never find.
The warmth they knew just months ago.