

A photograph of a bright sun shining through autumn trees, with a wooden fence post in the foreground. The sun is positioned in the upper left quadrant, creating a strong lens flare and illuminating the scene with a warm, golden light. The trees in the background are out of focus, showing vibrant autumn colors of orange, yellow, and red. In the foreground, a wooden fence post is visible, showing its weathered texture and grain. The overall mood is peaceful and nostalgic, capturing the beauty of a crisp autumn day.

**Northern Lights  
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Magazine  
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# Table Of Contents

## Poetry

Growing to a Senior - Adriana Possumato	5
Destined - Zoe Reich	8
Amaranth and Oxford - Luka Findikli	9
Colour - Parker Fariello	10
Golden Times - Amelia Milza	12
Grey Assumptions - Zoe Reich	15
Light Vs Light - Evan Klimas	18
Seraphic - Parker Fariello	20
Black and White - Tate Hershfeld	22
Downpour - Amelia Milza	24
When is it 'Only'? - Mia Vitiello	26
Prophecy - Leah Kemp	27
Perspective Shift - Ashley Tomson	30
Jealousy - Hannah Treanor	32
Sneaking into Fisher Studio - Lauren Salemo	33
Can You See it in My Face? - Lilian Wiegand	36
Graduation - Sera Bunca	37

# Table Of Contents

## Art

Untitled - Nicola Koss	Cover
Purple Sunshine - Mia Vitiello	7
Colors of the Animal - Colby Rottner	8
Spring Sky - Parker Fariello	9
Kinetic Colors, 2019 - Luke Errickson	11
The Blue Hue Room - Sabina Hobschaidt	14
Untitled - Jonathan McCloskey	17
Untitled - George Menabdishvili	19
Mixed Emoceans - Mia Vitiello	21
High Tide - Parker Fariello	23
Keith Haring - Parker Fariello	25
The Beauty in Life - Nicola Koss	26
Violet Gravity - Sabina Hobschaidt	29
Untitled - Jessica Crivello	32
Unfinished Treasures - Lauren Salemo	34
Lone Swordsman - Ark OuYang	35
Freedom - Parker Fariello	37
Italian Pathway - Mia Vitiello	End Page

# Growing to a Senior

Adriana Possumato

we start learning the basics as young as three  
starting us on our journey of who we're meant to be

we then get wiser learning to read  
and it feels as we're growing at rapid speed

after this we go more in depth  
this is when we learn who we are and everyone we meet has  
an effect

we finally reach high school a brand new state  
and fear the future as we first enter the gate

it's taught us so much in four short years  
not the classes but the peers

the people we've met along the way  
have formed and shaped who we are today

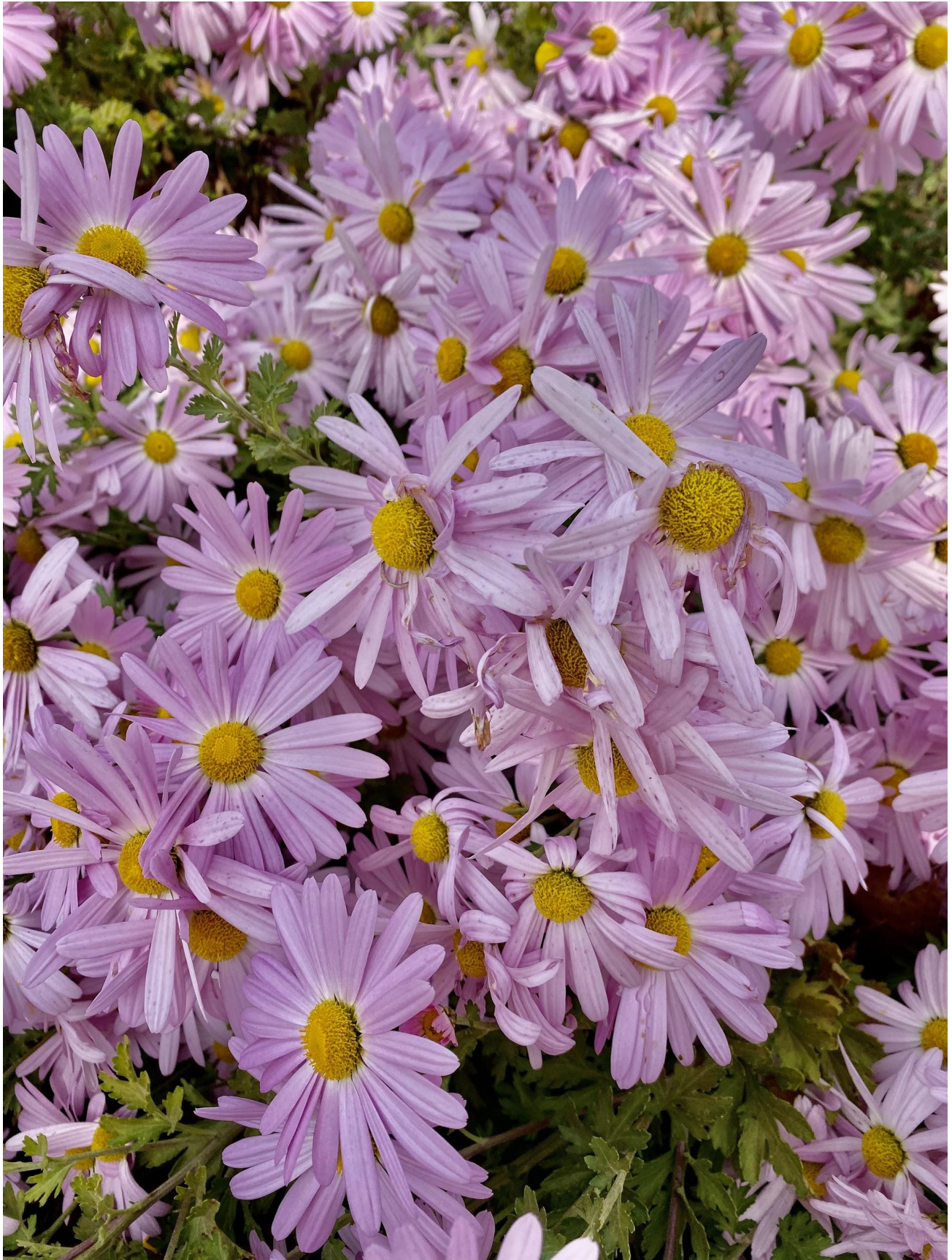
cont'd

all the ups and the downs we wouldn't trade for anything  
for it has been an experience that has given us wings

our next chapter is about to begin  
which brings us excitement yet nervousness within

hard goodbyes to new hellos  
wherever we end up next is a new place to grow

in the end that's what it's all about  
growing into a beautiful person starting from a little sprout



Purple Sunshine  
Mia Vitiello

Destined

Zoe Reich

Cherish this moment

Make it your own world

Your fate rests within living.



Colors of the Animal

Colby Rottner



# Amaranth and Oxford

Luka Findikli

Sighing poppy fields and glowing sunsets  
Gently flickering fires under the dawn sky  
The whispering fall of autumn leaves

Black thunderclouds on turbulent seas  
Shattered glass on moonlit linoleum  
The jagged shriek of a dying blue jay

Spring Sky  
Parker Fariello



# Colour

Parker Fariello

Last night the sky turned the colour

Of my grandmother's lipstick.

When the light was peach and bleeding through

The blue and the clouds were lines from a brush

I thought of her.

If she could have painted this sky she would have.

The chipped paint on the walls of this room

And match the colour of

My grandmother's carpet.

As I sit here, tired from lack of sleep

My mind wanders back to laying on that carpet

Watching the fan spin around and

Around on the ceiling casting grey showers.

# Kinetic Colors, 2019

Luke Errickson



# Golden Times

Amelia Milza

The songs take me back to the long road trips down the East Coast  
The old CDs crackling as they play and the sound of the car's tires  
against the open roads

The music stirs up old smells and old air, conjures up colors and  
images that are as vivid as fresh dreams

I close my eyes and I see the memories

They traipse down the same road in a little parade

So I let the music take me away

Guiding me to the sunshine and laughter

To blue skies and soft clouds

To budding flowers and patches of grass and  
maple trees to read under

To long walks and big hills

To bike rides and tumbles

To the ocean in mid-August

And the snowfall in late winter

cont'd

And the memories unfold like crinkled paper in the palms of  
my hands

The images play in my head like old home videos

And I want to go back in time

I want to be that little girl again

But I know I can't turn back the clocks

I can only look back at the memories with a smile and a tear

So I watch from afar as the memories come alive

in the distance

And I spend some time in the sunshine, picking flowers and  
climbing trees

I ride on my bike down my street once again

As I try to relive those little moments

As I try to forget that I am growing up

# The Blue Hue Room

Sabina Hobschaidt



# Grey Assumptions

Zoe Reich

My mom used to say

Grey is a sad color

Don't wear it today

I would respond

No siento cualquier dolor

Happiness I feel, nothing beyond

Even in pouring rain

Shadowed by grey skies

I feel no numbing pain

Kissed by water drops

My heart begins to rise

Watching as each droplet hops

Soaking wet with a joy filled face

Puddles expand forming rivers

I smile, eyes on the water race

cont'd

Uniquely, I meditate  
A place of peace it delivers  
Living now without wait

Cold permeates skin  
A sweet hug bursting with comfort  
Surrounded by molecules a million, I call that a win

Grey is not lonely  
Not white pure or black suffer  
Relaxed in between holy

Yellow happiness can be too bright  
Sometimes grey is just right



# Untitled

Jonathan McCloskey



# Light Vs Light

Evan Klimas

Light as in bulb,  
opposite of a heavy weight;

Light as a feather,  
as bright as the sun,

Light is odd,  
both heavy yet light,  
both blinding and transparent,

Light can be warm,  
a tender hug;

or light can be nothing,

Gone,

Empty,

Done.



Untitled

George Menabdishvili

# Seraphic

Parker Fariello

I think you're an angel,

A beauty of biblical proportions

With hollow bones and a

Calloused smile.

I don't quite know what gave it away,

Maybe the embers seeping

From your eyes

Or the long forgotten latin prayer

That you whisper under your breath.

You talk to the sun as though he

Is your brother and the moon like

She is your sister.

You're some ancient, rusting thing

With a sandstorm coursing its

Way through your veins.

# Mixed Emoceans

Mia Vitiello



# Black and White

Tate Hershfeld

By the light of the torches, the black hulk floats shoreside.

Her insufferable existence casts a shadow across the horizon,  
separating bad from good, and right from wrong.

Instability within divides social classes.

Swelling with criminal activity, an old navy ship reincarnates,

A ship once out on the frontier, now anchored;

bound to the sea as the convicts who occupy her.

By the glow of the city lights, the white hull stands with pride.

Her sterile existence and simple red symbol emanate hope in time  
of distress,

beaconing protection and solidarity.

Gleaming with comfort, she settles uncertainty across a nation,  
a nation held hostage by an invisible enemy.

Infirmaries at full capacity, she harbors relief.

cont'd

By the light of the moon, two ships summoned in hopes of  
stability,

Rest tirelessly, laboring day and night,

Navigating overtaxed societies to relieve silhouetted  
pressures.

Two ships—black and white.



High Tide  
Parker Fariello <sup>23</sup>

# Downpour

Amelia Milza

The rain falls fast against the window pane

Gliding smoothly across the glass

The sky is closed and the world is ringing in my ears

The familiar sounds of the wind and trees rustle against the edge of the house

So I tuck myself away in my own little corner of the world

I close my eyes and try to listen

Try to hear the leaves curling in the wind, the birds singing in spite of the storm

And soon enough, the rain and the birds sing me to sleep,

Two different melodies that happen to collide

And I think of summer skies and pink lemonade

Dream of deep blue oceans and gentle currents

The rain stops pelting along roof

And the water snakes under the cracks in the window pane

The crickets peek out from their hiding place

And the night sky opens its curtain to reveal a sea of stars

The crescent moon weaves its way between the clouds

And I nod and smile, saying hello to the night once again



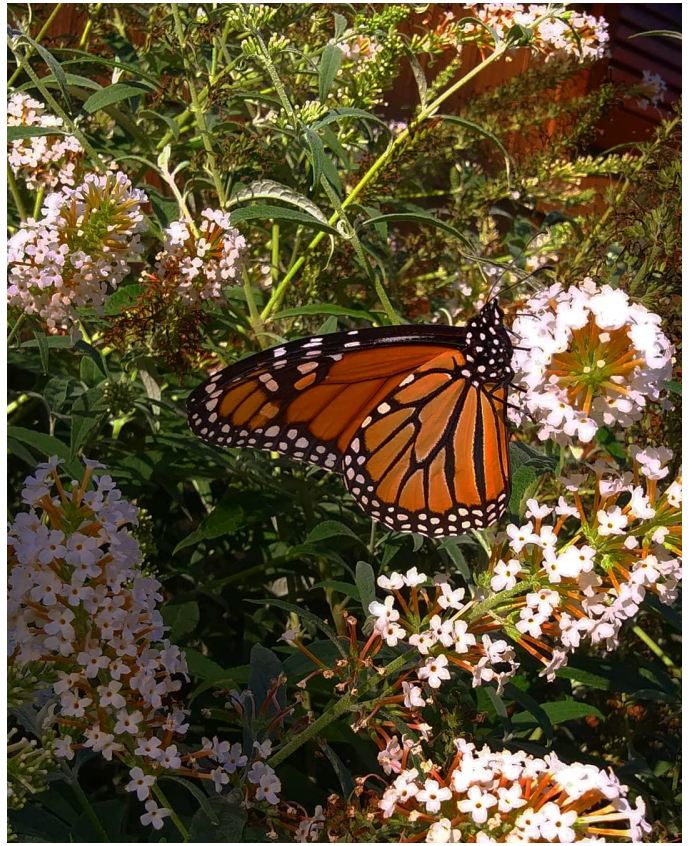
Keith Haring

Parker Fariello



# The Beauty in Life

Nicola Koss



## When is it 'Only'?

Mia Vitiello

I look at the stump of a tree and say to myself 'brown'

But is that tree really only brown?

I look at the petals of a sunflower and say 'yellow'

But is that sunflower really only yellow?

I look at a heart and say 'red'

But we all know a heart isn't just red,

so why is a tree brown and a sunflower yellow when a

heart can be whatever it wants?

# Prophecy

Leah Kemp

*Shh!* Listen!

(Listen to me)

Do you  
hear it?

(I know I was wrong when I said this before,  
but this time I swear I can sense)

The walls

(the hands of God,)

are moving, shifting closer  
together,

(poised to kill and drawing  
nearer by the second)

bit by brick by brick by  
bit by the  
time you least  
expect  
it, they will  
collide with a  
percussive  
crash, and

cont'd

(they'll crush our corpses like  
fruit flies in their insatiable wrath)

the last any  
one will ever  
hear from us  
will be a  
useless gasp  
for help, un  
answered

(He'll summon **a flood from Heaven to**  
cleanse His hands of our mutilated  
organs, listen!)

in the midst of  
a thunderstorm  
getting  
ready,  
aiming  
its assault  
rifle whilst a  
distant fire glides  
on the ocean  
towards us, listen...

(We're running out of time...) 28



# Violet Gravity

Sabina Hobschaidt

# Perspective Shift

Ashley Tomson

As I ran my hand down the side,  
of the big and broad Hulks ship,  
my mind lingered between who I was now,  
and who I was to become.

My mind retraced every poor decision I had ever chosen,  
every bad intention I acted upon.

In the pit of my stomach,  
all the butterflies lay dead.

The jokes about the people on these ships  
weren't so funny anymore,  
when it was myself in the irons.

I woke up in cloud of white,  
white ceilings and walls,  
white bedsheets and pillows,  
so much white that could drive a person insane.

cont'd

But I figured complaining would not fly,  
as white was better than red.

I wondered to myself,  
what I had done to deserve this?

My entire family was separated,  
afraid to touch my body.

Only nurses covered in plastic,  
from head to toe,  
would even think about coming close to me.

How did this happen to me?

It was only yesterday that,  
my friends and I laughed about social distancing,  
but now my wrist tags weren't so hysterical anymore.

# Jealousy

Hannah Treanor

Glass as sharp as her mind,  
Rarely had ever been found,  
Even though she was bright,  
Egos were always in the way,  
No one ever trusts a woman.



Untitled

Jessica Crivello



# Sneaking into Fisher Studio

Lauren Salemo

our curiosity  
pulled the glass door open.  
I looked back over my shoulder,  
just in case.

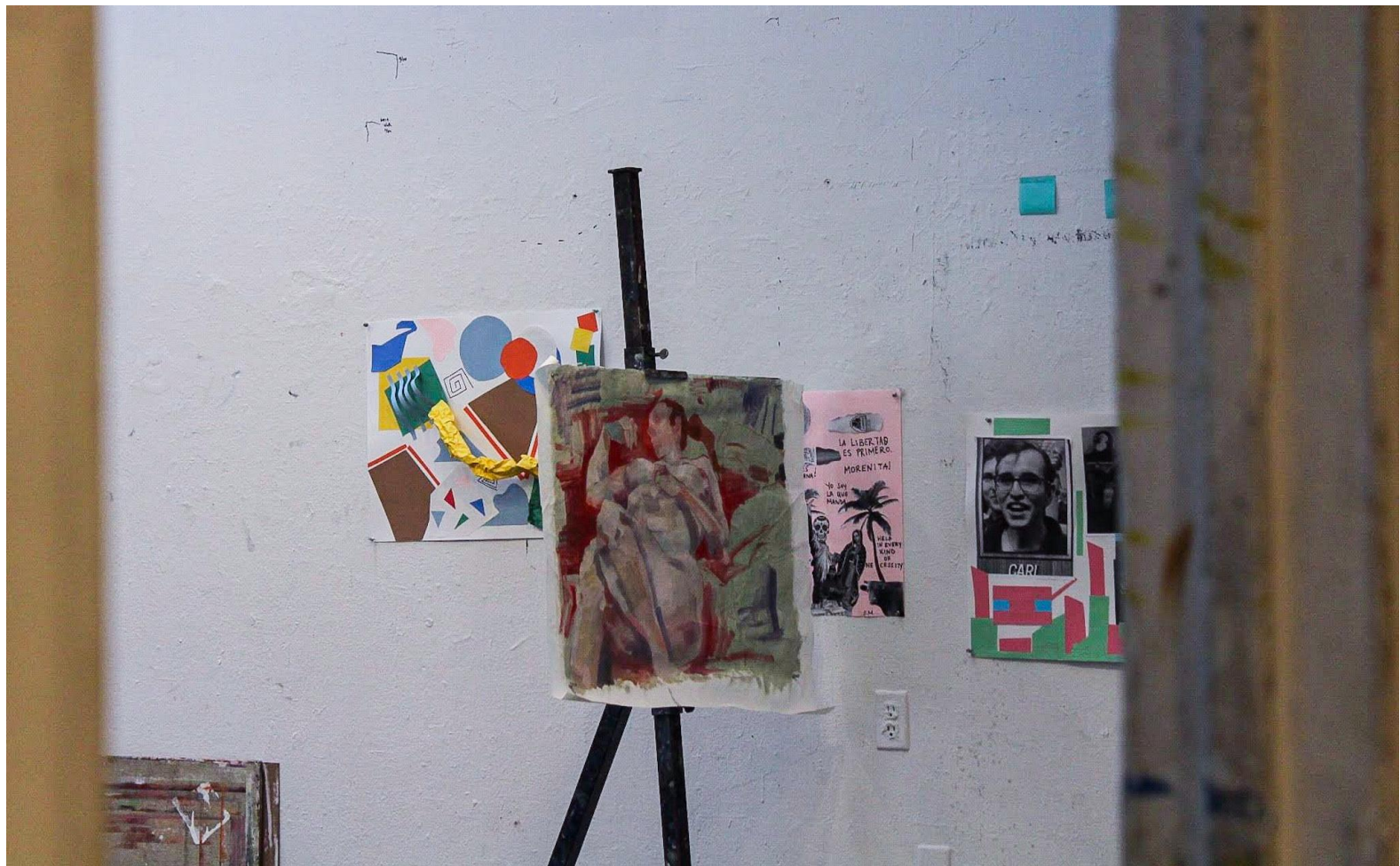
stepping in, I took a breath.  
it smelled like  
pages of an old book,  
aging in the sunlight  
in a quiet store.

we whispered our thoughts,  
in fear of the colors  
on the walls  
that stood over us.

the creak of the wooden floor  
echoed back the rhythm  
of our dance  
on our tiptoes.

our eyes  
stealing glances at  
unfinished treasures.

we were thieves.



# Unfinished Treasures

Lauren Salemo

# Lone Swordsman

Ark OuYang



# Can You See it in My Face?

Lilian Wiegand

Can you see it in my face that I have changed  
Can you see my eyelids staying a little lower,  
The soft edge gone and my breath a little slower?

Have you noticed my expressions standing still,  
My thoughts not easily read and my emotions locked inside my head  
My lips lighter in shade,  
The colored cheeks beginning to fade?

Can you see it in my face that I have changed?

Is it different that I have to blink more often to soothe my dry eyes,  
That I no longer have to look twice for I have seen it all before?

You can sigh aloud, but know that I won't,  
Your teeth chatter, but mine don't

I can laugh at the hard times, my failings, my misfortune;  
Fresh apathy grants that wonderful skill  
It's nearly an inhuman condition,  
The strength of my unwavering disposition

I have been running for a long time now,  
And the pain gets sweeter still  
Under all this hard-bent stoicism  
My intensifying passion is a thrill

# Graduation

Sera Bunca

Four years of many highs and lows

Moving the tassel from right to left

Getting ready to say goodbye in June



Freedom  
Parker Fariello



PUNTERIA  
RISTORANTE

Gluten free  
Veggie Options

MACCARIZZI