



2019

**FOLIO**

# Cover Art

**"Sunflower Gazing"  
by Oleksa Klymovets**

**"The writer is by nature a dreamer-  
a conscious dreamer."**

**Carson McCullers**

# **Folio 2019**

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of  
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# Grains

Beautiful are the grains that sink under your feet;  
    beautiful, too, is the horizon that stares through me.

Beautiful are the planks on the boardwalk;  
    beautiful, too, the feeling of the transition of hot sand to cold salty water.

Beautiful is the tide, pushing and pulling at the shore;  
    beautiful, too, the sandbar, diminishing as the tide rises.

Beautiful are the infants, their first touch of blue-green water;  
    beautiful, too, the smell of sunscreen, when the sun is screaming at your skin.

Beautiful is the feeling of digging your feet under the cool sand;  
    beautiful, too, the feeling of horse flies, eating away at your skin.

Beautiful is the sound of the waves, smashing against the sandbar;  
    beautiful, too, the silence of the deep ocean.

Beautiful is the sound of the snap of an open can of ice cold Sprite;  
    beautiful, too, the swishing of fish swimming by your ankles.

Beautiful is the sight of an overpowering wave, crushing the shore;  
    beautiful, too, the feeling of the breeze, that hits your cold and wet body.

Beautiful are the clouds, showing images of my future;  
    beautiful, too, the lighthouse light shining right through my soul.

Beautiful are the sand dollars, that I admire, then throw right back into the ocean;  
    beautiful, too, the smell of burgers being grilled, alongside a nice side of fries.

Beautiful is the sweat that drips down your face during a game of wiggle ball;  
    beautiful, too, the lifeguards, saving people that get knocked down by the riptide.

Beautiful are the fish that bleed colors that no one knows the names of;  
    beautiful, too, the starfish that plant themselves to a rock, that they call home.

Beautiful is the sky, that gives life to the ocean;  
    beautiful, too, the ocean that gives life to the sky.

Beautiful are the planes, that advertise through the sky;  
    beautiful, too, seeing people, enjoying life at its fullest.

Beautiful is not worrying about anything, except for not wanting to leave;  
    beautiful, too, the sleep you will get after a day at the beach.

Beautiful are the dreams I will have;  
    beautiful, too, the sights of the calm ocean waves when you're driving over a bridge.

Christian Ewing '19



# Surviving the Storm

When I couldn't breathe, I made  
precipitation my oxygen. When I couldn't see through  
the darkness, the lightning was my flashlight.

When I couldn't find shelter, I made  
the gloomy sky my roof. When I couldn't feel comfort,  
the gusts of wind wrapped around my body.

When I couldn't sleep, the whistle  
of the wind became my lullaby. When I couldn't feel love,  
the rain kissed my forehead.

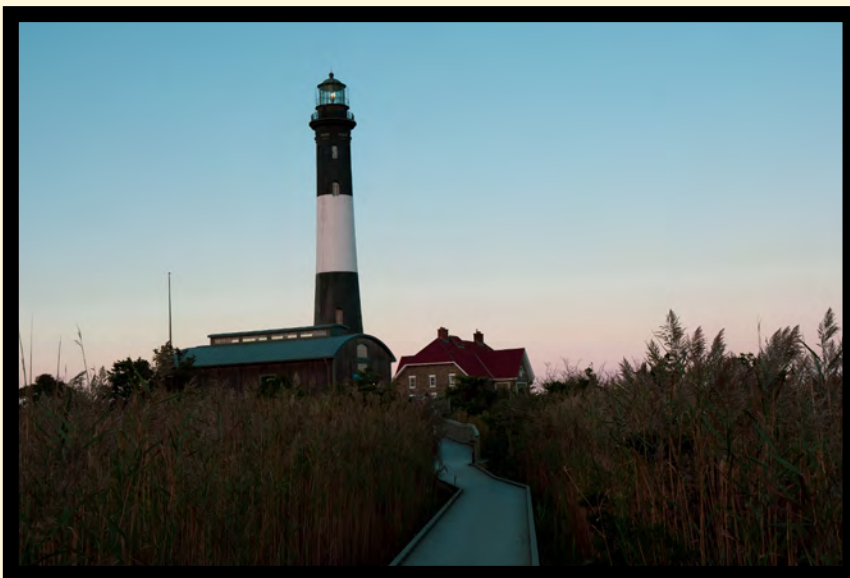
When I couldn't find the strength to talk, the rumble of thunder  
spoke for me. When I couldn't see,  
the eye of the storm became my source of sight.

When I couldn't move, the wind pushed me further.  
When I couldn't cry, the heavens cried  
more than I ever could have.

When I couldn't enjoy myself, the pitter-patter of rain became my music,  
while the shallow puddles were my dance floor.  
When I couldn't do anything, the storm took care of me.

Running, searching, wandering for an answer,  
when all I needed was  
the storm itself.

Nyree Bussie '19



## Mother of Nature

Rain drips like there is nothing to feel.  
There's pain and sorrow beneath the hills.  
She falls on the ground with her skin that peels,  
Which makes flowers reappear.  
Before the wind that crashes and steals.  
Life is going on and plans were being revealed.  
With the grass so green on the other side,  
She turns around and she has to hide,  
From the storm and thunder,  
That is eating her alive.  
She touches the ground so wet  
With drops of lies.

Bridgette Mendoza '21



# Stepping Stones

When I had no love,  
I made escape my love,  
and when I needed a path,  
I made loneliness my way.

When I had no company,  
I made pernicious thoughts my friends.  
When I had no refuge I made darkness my domicile.

When I had no fight, vacancy was the place for me.  
When I wasn't able to sprout,  
I allowed my mind to fill with doubt.

When I needed something real,  
I made pain my reality,  
but when everything became too real,  
I made death my dream.

When I had no solution, drugs were my pollution.  
When I wasn't sure, a bullet, a razor, a pill,  
seemed like my only cure.

My incapacities are the stepping stones,  
to my destruction.  
When I had no direction,  
depression is what led me.

Tatiana Henry '19

# Everyday

Laughing to distract the shaking.  
Entering the bathroom,  
My pain is awakened.  
My heart is in pain,  
I cannot fake it.  
Money distracts me,  
But will never make me happy.  
I may be heartbroken, but I'm not broke.  
Hair nappy, but I dress to impress.  
Can't do that because I'm full of stress.  
People think I'm okay.  
Fame and fortune will come my way,  
But pain knowing my one-sided love,  
Will forever be this way.

Julisa Ventura '22



## Lost Souls Wander

I left and put myself first spiritually.  
I held myself in my own arms.  
There was no God to comfort me.

I left and found myself alone.  
I figured out who I was,  
freedom at last.  
I could breathe again.

I left and felt reborn,  
my old skin laid on the floor,  
beneath me.

I left and had forgot what I was looking for.  
Now that I am on this path to discovery,  
it seems I no longer need to find myself.

I left and finally felt satisfied, content even.  
For once in this life, I didn't feel  
like a flying soul, trying to find its body.

What once was lost was now found.  
The new soul in my body thrives  
off of the flesh that is now me.

Briana Batista '19

## There to Fear

Death stares in my direction,  
But I give no reaction.  
Most would be troubled by this, but not me.  
See, I fear no man, animal or machine,  
Not even a great entity, deity, or higher being.  
I'm not afraid to die,  
Because I know everything can be gone,  
In the blink of an eye.

Justin Wright '20



## Me

Emotions, thoughts, people, scenery,  
all of that is temporary.  
Accepting that concept,  
that everything is out of my hands is what helps me.  
It gets me over the things that happened to me.  
It makes my life easier.  
I've seen the worst things life has to offer at a young age.  
I learned to depend on myself and only trust myself.  
People around me, friends or family,  
didn't have my best interest at heart.  
I've learned that I have to be all about myself,  
and no longer become attached to anyone or anything.  
I'll just go with the flow,  
and enjoy the good times while they last.  
I have so much wisdom in me.  
I'm going to start living my life and not worry,  
about what I can't control,  
because life doesn't stop.

Julisa Ventura '22

# Stoicism

On this angelic night, I thought my soul  
would forever be mended by his love.

His psychotic hands wrapped around my heart,  
to the point of no return.

Tighter and tighter, until my scarlet blood  
dripped into the creamy jar.

The insatiable murmur of his deepest thoughts,  
lingered around my aura.

The last piece of red thread, that is my patience,  
unwinds.

Delicate roses, scattered on the bedroom floor,  
trying to forget what happened the night before.

A blue sun has set on an old day,  
whisking the pain away.

Noria Grayson '19

# Empty Soul

The soul that was once your friend,  
Is no longer the same, it's been beaten.  
It's been stepped on and hated.  
It's all bruised up,  
Yet it has had little effect on the outcome.  
Devastation appears,  
And all she says is, *another ear*.  
Those harsh words on her mind,  
Leaving from the tip of her tongue.  
*Give me hope*, she says.  
She's running out of patience.  
What was once done,  
Could be done again.  
Letting the anger diminish her soul.  
Gone goes another happy girl.

Bridgette Mendoza '21

# Winter's Nightmare

10:21 P.M. on a cold night.  
The wind dances across the sky,  
as the owls sing and wolves converse.  
We walk through the streets of Copiague,  
as litter sways across the street into sewers.  
As we look down the street,  
the road gets longer and longer.  
It's as cold as a room full of icy snow.  
Chills sweep down my skin,  
as spiders lay their webs down to rest,  
and feast on flies.  
People are jumping out,  
and chasing us down the road.  
When spirits whisper in my ear,  
horror movies play back in my head.  
Blood and gore fill the room,  
and I wake up from my nightmare.

Jameer Waterton '22



# The Boy

The boy I want has a million dollar smile  
He doesn't know it yet but we'll be walking down the aisle  
He's got dark brown hair and slim physique  
Whenever I see him it makes me geek

Everyone's walking around with their boo on their arm  
I don't know if I have that kind of charm  
Your heart can't be bought, you say money can't buy love  
But I know we'd fit together like a glove

I'm determined to get what is mine  
I really don't want to spend my youth wasting my time  
Gonna steal your heart before the sun shine  
Take you out to fine-dine

I'd do anything for your heart really  
Just don't want to come off too creepy  
But I'll do what I have to, even if others have to suffer  
Call me what you want but I'm not a bluffer

Noria Grayson '19



## i thought we were the perfect match

i thought we were the perfect match.  
everything seemed right and meant to be.  
i thought our characters harmonized,  
creating a beautiful and flawless chord.  
our personalities appeared to click,  
as if they were the last two pieces left in a puzzle.

as time went on, the harmonies transformed,  
into a dissonance,  
with sounds too similar to create beauty.  
and the last two puzzle pieces, i realized,  
did not fit together,  
because the shapes were too similar to connect.

it was then, i recognized,  
a harmony cannot exist without difference,  
and a puzzle will not finish with identical pieces,  
and you and i cannot be,  
because our differences are outweighed,  
by our similarities.

## Umbrella

In the Voice of the Victim from the Novel *Hater*

I didn't know who he was.  
He glanced at me like he knew me.  
There was something different about that man,  
Something alarming about him, he was tall,  
And looked like a regular business man,  
But there was something dismaying about him.

I couldn't put my finger on it.  
In a split second he was gone.  
Gone like a chilling ghost.  
My heart stopped beating.  
Silence.

I felt something taking my life away,  
Something sharp.  
I fell on the concrete ground, red.  
All I saw was red.  
It was that man,  
And it was getting blurry.  
All I saw was his yellow umbrella,  
Sharper than a kitchen knife.  
He kept taking my life away,  
With every stab.

Adriana Jimenez '22

## What I Already Know

I know that I am 15 and will be turning 16  
In a matter of 197 days  
9 hours 55 minutes and 8 seconds  
I know that my favorite color is yellow  
Because it reminds me of the good things in life  
I know that my mom is one of the hardest workers  
I will probably ever meet  
I know my dad might be  
The least hardest worker I'll ever meet  
I know that my grandpa's favorite hobby  
Is talking and it might be mine too  
I know my grandma has worked  
Right next door from her house  
Since my mom has been in kindergarten  
I know that I have the best friends you can ask for  
But sometimes I feel like I don't belong  
I don't know who I am  
I don't know why I am the way I am  
I don't get how I can be so emotional  
Over the littlest things  
I don't why I am so scared to take a risk  
And I don't know if I ever will be  
I just hope one day I'll know

Nia Blackmon '21



# Happiness. Loneliness. Love.

Happiness is the feeling I get when you arrive; Happiness too,  
when you wrap your arms around me.

Loneliness is the feeling when you leave; Loneliness too,  
when lying in my bed at night.

Love is the feeling of your warm kisses on my cheek; Love too,  
my fingers brushing your soft skin.

Happiness is the feeling that surrounds your presence; Happiness too,  
the feeling your smile brings me.

Loneliness is the feeling when you're not around; Loneliness too,  
even when my thoughts crowd me.

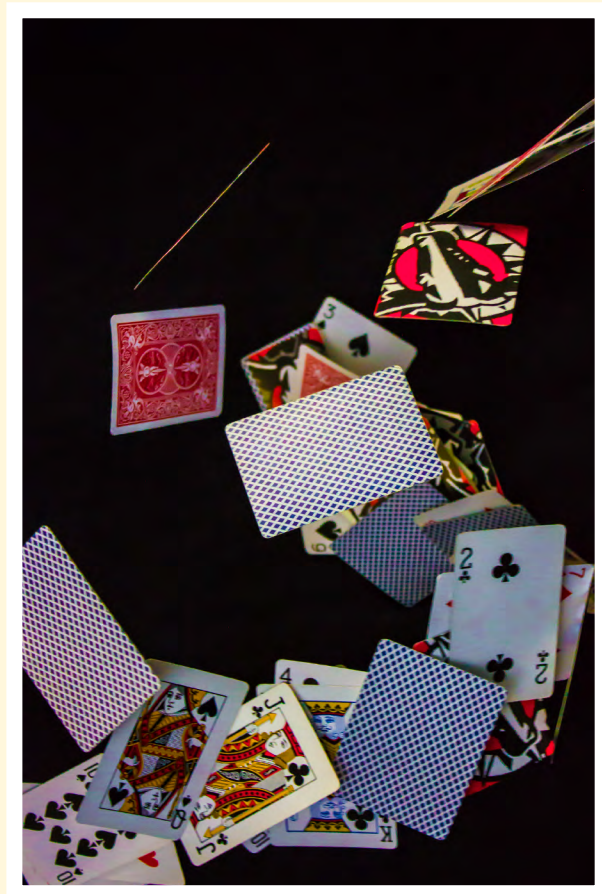
Love is the feeling of your fingers locked with mine; Love too,  
when we laugh till our stomachs hurt.

Happiness is the feeling of spending time with you; Happiness too,  
when you caress my hair behind my ear.

Loneliness is the feeling when no one responds; Loneliness too,  
sleeping the day away.

Love is the feeling when you fall asleep on me; Love too,  
feeling secure and intertwined in your arms.

Rebecca DeMonaco '19



## Betrayal

I thought I could handle the truth.  
Only to know your dark, horrible secret.  
I know I'll be O.K. eventually,  
I don't know about you,  
But I don't care anyways.  
All I wanted was to know you,  
And not the fake faces that you have,  
So stop pretending like you know it all.  
You are sick and twisted.  
Your personality is like a constant,  
Chilling, winter storm,  
In the mid of December,  
You keep your secrets like a deck of cards,  
But all the cards are Jokers.  
Every song I hear, every note that plays,  
Every word that is sung,  
Reminds me that you gave up.

Ayush Pawa '22

# Jealousy

I see him, standing there without a care,  
a chill runs down my spine, and I stare.

His presence irks my soul and fills my heart with rage,  
after I'm done with him they may consider locking me in a cage.

He sits there, laughing, but I'm not at all joking,  
watch and see a puddle of blood and in the middle lies him choking.

Jealousy fuels my anger, and supports my many cries,  
I'm the author of the story and in the end someone dies.

He doesn't care about my feelings or that she is mine,  
all he wants is to spend one night because she is so fine.

She tells me do not worry, but negative thoughts flood my mind,  
if you could look inside my head you'll be scared of what you'll find.

Just a sad kid with a bad temper and going mentally insane,  
it's time to finish my mission, and get rid of this pain.

It's disrespectful to me, to my girlfriend and to my family's name,  
and now it's my time to rise up and put this kid to shame.

Should've thought twice before crossing me, should've stayed in your own lane,  
now your six feet under and your family cries, but I feel no pain.

Alexa Heckman '21

## Him

The way he looks at me  
Makes me feel like I'm free in the sky  
The air feels cleaner and fine  
The sun shines  
And I have a good feeling about him  
His laugh is like a light bulb  
I love his smile and his style  
Everything about him  
I'm grateful for him  
He is the best thing  
That has happened to me  
His love  
Hearing him talk and the way he walks  
His features  
Nobody can have him either  
Hes all for me

Julisa Ventura '22



# I Am

I am a junior and I'm afraid of growing up.  
I wonder if the real world is what people make it seem.  
I hear that it's fun.  
I see that people fail to meet other people's standards.  
I want the real world to be easy.  
I am a junior and I am becoming wiser.  
I pretend that I don't hear anyone at all.  
I feel as though pretending has become easier for me.  
I touch many others so they understand.  
I worry that I'm not good enough.  
I cry and it brings me peace of mind.  
I am a junior and I am stronger.  
I understand people come and go.  
I say life is what you make it.  
I dream about doing things others say I can't do.  
I try to be a good role model.  
I hope others look up to me.  
I am a junior and I will succeed in life.

Tatiana Smith '20



## Sunny Days and Rainy Nights

We don't take advantage  
of what life has to offer.  
Instead we sulk over things we could've done,  
And things that we could've had.  
On bad days we think of disappointment and revenge,  
Of rainy cold nights.  
Life has a lot to offer and I think we should make  
Those things special while they last.  
We should spend our time  
With the ones we love and care for,  
And strive for those good days,  
And make them worth your while.  
In life we have good days,  
And we have bad days.  
On our good days we think of happy thoughts,  
Like valuing things we have, our achievements,  
Our victories, and our triumphs.  
We sometimes think the grass  
Is always greener on the other side,  
Of happiness and sunny, hot days.  
On our bad days we think bad thoughts.  
We think of things we want and our desires.

Jameer Waterton '22



## All I Know

I miss being able to sit outside all night  
and watch the moon move and the stars shake.  
I miss being wrapped up in a blanket on summer nights  
with the fire burning, almost as much as my heart.

For now I long just to touch you.  
The way I miss you is the way I miss breezy nights,  
and long car rides, and short summer nights,  
because all I have now are long winter days and freezing rain.

I still sit outside wrapped in my blanket  
until my feet are blue and my tears are icicles.  
You're so selfish yet I can't help but miss you,  
and love you with all my being, though I want to hate you.

God, I want to hate you.  
You're all I know.  
Your eyes are the only thing I've ever read,  
but all lies must come to an end.

Kayla Madden '19

## Lost in Lamentation

I put my mind at ease and begin to play,  
Thoughts adrift, keys softly aweigh,  
Cleaned out conscience, music sways,  
Enveloped idea, improvised ivory,  
Uncovered contemplation, keyboard stimulation,  
Emptied sense, serenading performance,  
Clear sight, quiet tones,  
Void of worry, lost in pitch,  
Internals desolate, accompanied staccato,  
Persona pianissimo, finale fortissimo,  
Recollections left, sonatas split,  
Over-thinking none, articulated song creation,  
Shirking responsibilities, musical niceties,  
Weight on my mind refined, I create familiar hymnal signs.

Sebastian Grajales '19





# Authentic Distinction

In the Voice of Henry Day's Father from the Novel *The Stolen Child*

The night was shrouded in a heavy mist. From the back door all the way to my lawn, I was guided solely by the moon's light. I stood in the middle of the lawn's wet grass with my eyes locked on the eerie woods just a few feet ahead of me. There where the branches, far above me, they would twist out like contorted limbs reaching out towards me. My mind sank in the flood of doubts surrounding the past years. Like a mechanical clock without its gears, my heart no longer functioned. However, time was never my concern. Lost within the dimensions of time, it was my son who I could not recover. I was certain my son was replaced by the impostor who currently resides with my family and me. My feet were brought back to the ground when I noticed a pair of eyes as bright as headlights. They stared at me, wide-eyed and wondering, from behind a fir tree. Once my eyes adjusted, I was able to construct a face to those staring eyes. There, staring at me, was the son I genuinely loved and longed for. My mind was now ashore. My heart was now ticking at an exceedingly fast rate. My feet were off the ground and I was walking on air. I felt I was swept up by a tornado and taken to a magical realm, one that only my son and I were aware of. There I'd meet several creatures unbeknown to man. My son was one of those creatures. His face no longer mirrored the one I remembered. His baby teeth had become almost canine like. His hair was matted like an unshaven woolly sheep. I began to call my son and took steps towards him. When I drew near, he fled into the woods up ahead. I lost stability and fell to my knees, unable to register how I lost my son again. The woods now reassured me my son's safety within them. Even though my son was once again out of my sight, he remained in my heart for the rest of my life.

Asiatul Hoque '22



# Spanish Poetry in Translation

## Vida de Una Mariposa

Acostado sobre una superficie verde,  
Picazón pero bastante calmante.  
Oliendo la comida de mi madre,  
La emoción de salir de la casa.  
Para correr y volver con rosas,  
Eso cortaría profundamente mi piel inocente.  
O incluso peor con un chorro de líquido rojo,  
Chorreando mis rodillas lastimadas.  
Solo lastima un poco sería mi excusa,  
Para que yo pudiera volver afuera al abrasadora,  
Sol que también sería amigo y brillar,  
En los oscuros días míos.  
Ejecutando energía sin parar en su totalidad,  
Y como nunca antes sin fin.  
Oh! El rugir del viento como yo,  
Estaría extendiendo mis brazos como,  
Metamorfosis en un colorido fuerte,  
Mariposa de una cosita pequeña,  
Que una vez comenzó como una oruga infantil.

## Life of a Butterfly

Laying down on a green surface,  
Itchy but quite soothing.  
Smelling the cooking of my mother,  
The excitement of stepping out of the house.  
To run around and come back with roses,  
That would cut deep through my innocent skin.  
Or even worse with a gush of red liquid,  
Dripping off my knees, hurting.  
*It's only hurting a little* would be my excuse,  
So that i could go back outside to the scorching,  
Sun that also would be a friend and shine,  
On the murky days of mine.  
Running non-stop energy on full,  
And like never before endlessly.  
Oh! The roaring of the wind,  
As I would be spreading my arms,  
Like metamorphosing into a strong colorful,  
Butterfly from a small little thing.  
That once started off as an infant caterpillar.

# Italian Poetry in Translation

## La Vita Come Personaggio Di Anime

Quando er un ragazzo

Mio padre

Mi ha portato in citta

Per vedere la parata

Ma poi sentimmo il fischietti

Lentamente diventavano piu forti

E in un'istante la citta si trasformo' in

Una nuvola di cenere



## The Back-Story of an Anime Character

When I was a young boy

My father

took me into the city

to see a parade

but then we heard a whistle

slowly getting louder

and in an instant the city transformed into

a cloud of ash

Miles Hodnett '21

# Countdown

In the Voice of Andi Hart from the Novel *Rebel, Bully, Geek, Pariah*

15, people looking  
At what was done.  
What will happen next?  
14, chased down,  
Chased down the second.  
Why did it have to go like this?  
13, The smell of salt water touched my nose,  
As if the sound was welcoming splashes.  
12, wasn't much time until it happened.  
Why even try to fight it?  
11, the moon ashamed of us,  
And about what we did,  
Hides behind the earth and weeps.  
10, haven't felt this cold in a long time.  
Felt like the Arctic Circle has curled  
Around me like a blanket.  
9, stay calm its okay 12 feet deep.  
10 meters across breathing useless  
All I thought was w are done for.  
8, back to the drawing board.  
A few of my thoughts still remain viable,  
But the same pictures pop into my mind.  
7, bouncing around in my head,  
As if someone was playing ping-pong.  
6, the distance towards the gates are here.  
What will happen?  
5, my name called with a whisper.  
Teardrops from my eyes.  
Tears hit the floor.  
4, I see he caught me.  
His hand grabbed me, click.  
That's the sound of my life gone.  
3, words were said to me over,  
And over again.  
2, feet slipped into the pajamas.  
The arms struggle to run circulation of my blood.  
1, I'm almost there, I can see and hear it.  
This is where life ends.  
0, to all my friends' parents and anyone else  
Who care about my life? I'm sorry.  
The gates finally close and my mind is at rest,  
But I'm trapped here forever.

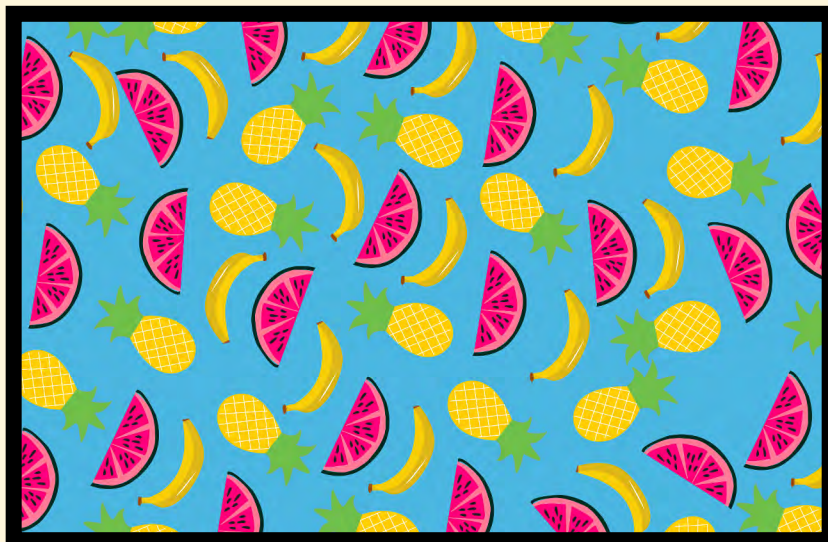
Tristan Cooper '22



# Dorothy

Beautiful is the sad lullaby leaving her lips; beautiful too  
the tall haystacks scattered around  
Beautiful are the chickens running across the grass; beautiful too  
how she waltzes around the farm  
Beautiful is her pigtails swaying in the wind; beautiful too  
the zigzags of the dead trees  
Beautiful is the hay stuck in her hair; beautiful too  
the clouds lazily dragging themselves through the sky  
Beautiful is the wag of the dog's tail as its owner sings; beautiful too  
the horses intrigued gaze upon the cow  
Beautiful is her hopeful gaze up to the gloomy day; beautiful too  
how her grip tightens as she sways  
Beautiful the constant pattern of the wooden stable; beautiful too  
the dull sky above it  
Beautiful how the whites of her eyes match her smile; beautiful too  
is the broken down wooden fence around  
Beautiful the horses long black mane sticking out of the stable; beautiful too  
how each curl rests peacefully on her chest  
Beautiful the perfect lines left in the grass; beautiful too  
how her head tilts at the sight of the sun  
Beautiful the softness of her skin; beautiful too  
the spin of her checkered dress as she turns  
Beautiful is the dogs black button nose pointed towards its owner; beautiful  
the sky's gradient of dark clouds to clear skies  
Beautiful how the birds chirp along to her song; beautiful too  
the soft, harsh graze of the wind  
Beautiful is her hand as she caresses her dogs head; beautiful too  
the way her eyes glisten  
Beautiful is the rays of light pouring through the clouds; beautiful too  
the light in her dark brown eyes  
Beautiful the sepia tones of the farm; beautiful too  
how she brings color to the world

Nyree Bussie '19



# Red Night

Her heart resembled an incendiary rose,  
contrasting red petals against the blue sun

of evening. The angelic night swims  
with hymns and symphonies.

Her devilish demeanor  
dressed in red.

The devil himself is a woman,  
whose disembodied psychotic hands,

touched me.  
The only thing I had

left, was an insatiable murmur.  
A red thread on the floor.

It was real.  
Love jars released.

Briana Batista '19



# Whispers in the Wind

One's unconscious decision,  
inflicts psychological incisions.

“Shackles shan’t change”,  
servitude solemnly swears.

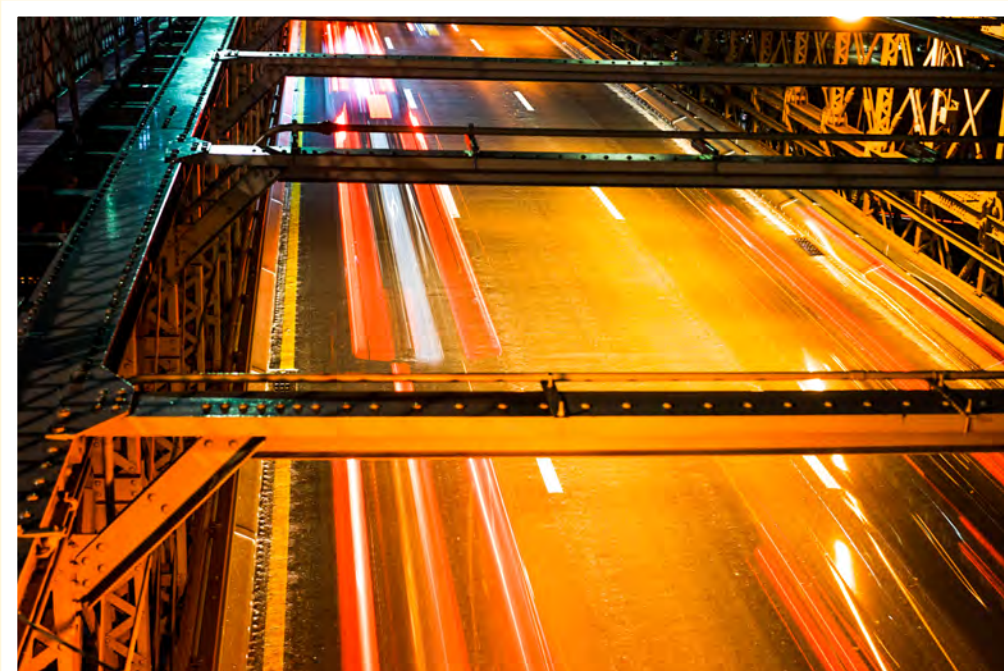
“Sacrifice the soul”,  
whispered the wind.



# City Girl

A lot happens in the city. Trust me I would know. I hop from subway to subway and see so many different types of people. I can say that I changed, but I don't believe it. I look at myself in the mirror and it's the same girl, just longer hair and nicer eyebrows. The girl you know loves the city even though she came from the countryside. She had a nice apartment with a beautiful view of an auto repair shop. Her favorite days were Saturdays, that was the busiest day at the shop in front of her apartment, and she couldn't sleep because of the noise. Her neighbors were okay. She didn't really talk to them because all they did was talk about each other, and then pretended to like each other. Just because she barely talked to them, didn't mean she didn't like their food and get-togethers. She was the first person to arrive every time she was invited over, no matter the time, day, or how she was feeling. She loved eating their food. Some barbecue wings were her favorite. She tried to visit the park everyday even though she worked, but that didn't stop her. Many wanted to be her, but couldn't. All the boys wanted her, but she didn't want them, and then complained nobody wanted her. She only loved one boy in her entire life, but he broke her heart, and then she did the exact same thing, but maybe a little harsher. She was the type of girl that worked hard, but was very lazy, one of the biggest procrastinators I know, trust me. All she asked for was to be understood, and to be great in life, but that never happened because many loved annoying her, and kept asking her the same questions which she hated.

Guadalupe Vasquez '19



# Airpods

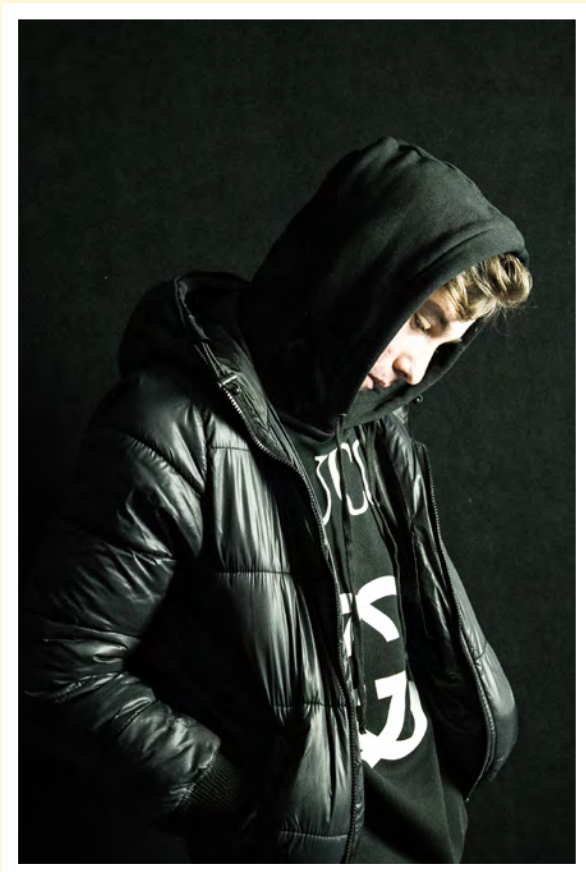
They say the most richest people got Airpods,  
Cost \$160, but what are the odds?  
I don't own 'em but I need em that aint no joke.  
People can't hear me cause they say they can't speak broke.

All these memes on twitter got me sick.  
I need some Airpods so my income look thick.  
All these people walkin around headphones all wireless.  
My hands start to shake, my body fixates, and I'm starting to stress.

Its wireless, slick hard-plastic white,  
so listening to music will be a delight.  
I'll save up my money or swindle my dad.  
I'll go on their account and press "buy" on the keypad.

I'll risk it all by using their money.  
They'll check their account and say, "What the heck, honey?!"  
It's okay I got my Airpods anyway.  
I think I want an AppleWatch, but that's for another day.

Rebecca Demonaco '19



# My Beats

My beats headphones cost three hundred with tax  
The music is so clear and loud when I play my tracks  
Each song is intensified when in my ear  
It's the only sound I ever want to hear

All my friends look so cool with their music blasting  
Beats can stay around their necks hanging  
They never have to worry about wires  
I can't afford them, lost my job because I was fired

But that won't stop me because what I want I get it  
There's nothing that will make me quit  
I need a new job to pay for my beats  
I'm not the one to steal can't handle the heat

There's no more time left to stall  
Gonna have my beats once and for all  
It feels much better knowing I got them the right way  
I love listening to music on my beats every single day

Kaitlyn Besse '19

# Bittersweet

Bittersweet, the way I feel when your presence leaves me;  
    bittersweet still, the way I feel knowing that this time you won't return.

Bittersweet, the time I set aside to think to myself;  
    bittersweet still, the dark direction these memories lead as I think of how we used to be.

Bittersweet, the way the moonlight seeps into the bedroom where you once laid;  
    bittersweet still; when I wake and notice your side of the bed vacant.

Bittersweet, the way I have to lie to friends and tell them I've moved on from you;  
    bittersweet still, the way they joke and tell me rumors of you.

Bittersweet, how I cannot separate you from my morning routine;  
    bittersweet still, the countless nights I stay up, trying to think of something to say to you.

Bittersweet, all the habits you had, quirks you dealt with, and the way you carried yourself;  
    bittersweet still, how I have to learn to forget them all again.

Bittersweet, when I close my eyes and try to wash the memories away;  
    bittersweet still, how every little thing I experience reminds me of you somehow.

Bittersweet, how I imagine going back and talking it out in a way that doesn't leave us in shambles;  
    bittersweet still, knowing it was probably for the best.

Bittersweet, the lack of your voice in my vicinity;  
    bittersweet still, the void I struggle to fill, so emptily.

Bittersweet, how I feared this day would come;  
    bittersweet still, how it still hurts just the same.

Bittersweet, the constant waiting for you to come home;  
    bittersweet still, the cold silence that creeps in as you realize you never will.

Bittersweet, how I know that I must move on;  
    bittersweet still, knowing one day I will forget you, just as you have forgotten me.

Sebastian Grajales '19



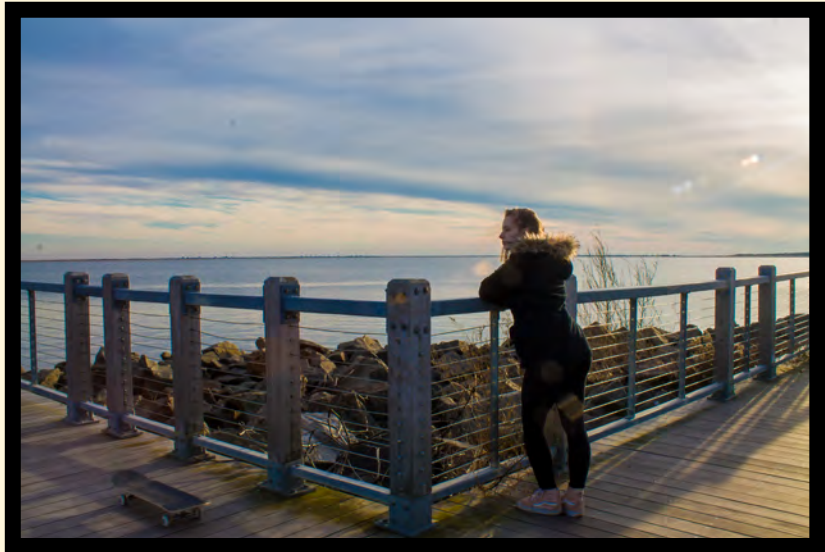
# Cinquains

## Sleep

good day  
sunshine is great  
on my way back to bed  
to do what i am best at, and  
goodnight.

## Dreams

slumber  
thoughts every night  
thinking about my fears  
always falling until i wake  
good morning



## Restless

you  
awake, working  
concentrating on what  
will be done after  
deceased

## Summer

Sunglasses  
Sandy sandals  
Slipping into swimsuits  
Swimming in salty seas  
Sunshine

## Bag

inside  
deep inside  
Lies my heart  
and within the heart  
clueless

## Belle

Lip Gloss  
Black mascara  
Long beautiful brown hair  
Eyes glistening in the moonlight  
Beauty

Christian Ewing '19

Nyree Bussie '19

# She Had Some Emus

She had some emus

She had emus who were daring  
She had emus who shared secrets that weren't theirs to tell  
She had emus who stabbed her in the back time and time again  
She had emus who sung in the sun and weeped in the dark  
She had emus who fell but never caught  
She had emus who were losing control

She had some emus

She had emus with nothing to show for  
She had emus with sude attitudes  
She had emus who danced with the devil  
She had emus who wouldn't pick up  
She had emus who pretended they didn't need love  
She had emus who stifled who they really were

She had some emus

She had emus who were open for suggestions  
She had emus who held back the tears  
She had emus who waited for hell to break loose  
She had emus who couldn't help but watch  
She had emus who catered to her every need  
She had emus that played with her heart once again

She had some emus

She had emus who should've ended it before it started  
She had emus who felt haunted  
She had emus who had baggage on their shoulders  
She had emus who fell in love with the truth  
She had emus who came from a hurt place  
She had emus who redefined what love was

Noria Grayson '19



# Delicate

Delicate is his personality on a Monday morning; delicate, too,  
the golden sun that radiates down on his skin.

Delicate is the tender way he caresses you when it's time for bed; delicate, too,  
the way he falls in love with you.

Delicate the way he tells you the truth; delicate, too,  
when he moves your hair behind your ear and tells you, "it's alright".

Delicate when he says you're nothing like the last one; delicate, too,  
how he catches you when you fall.

Delicate how he gets to know you slow and easily; delicate, too,  
the way he shows class.

Delicate the conversation's good vibrations; delicate, too,  
the infinitesimal things he appreciates about you.

Delicate is shaking your bodies to the music; delicate, too,  
When he's in sync with you.

Delicate is he's got needs just like you; delicate, too,  
we don't have to take our clothes off to have a good time.

Delicate he knows you're special; delicate, too,  
what would he do without you?

Delicate watching you sleep knowing you're at peace; delicate, too,  
he's not perfect but he's close.

Delicate is he knows you don't need a man for nothing; delicate, too,  
when he twirls you into the sunset.

Delicate is backing you up no matter what; delicate, too,  
not questioning your intentions.

Delicate is your pain is his pain; delicate, too,  
future tears running down his face when you walk down the aisle.

Delicate is that teenage fever; delicate, too,  
he doesn't know how handsome he is.

Delicate is he keeps it real with you; delicate, too,  
the night is young and so are we.

Delicate is hope he's waiting for me; delicate, too,  
he's ready to fix anything for you.

Noria Grayson '19





# America

The sound of a rooster crowing early in the morning,  
an alarm clock for my parents.  
They would work way too much, in and out of our home,  
to afford food, clothes, and anything else we needed, or even wanted.

A small breakfast to eat,  
before leaving early in the morning to work.  
Mother worked in a factory.

I remember well that my father worked at a sugar factory.  
They worked from 5 in the morning until late into the night.  
My parents never finished high school,  
their lifestyle was much too difficult and tiring for themselves to handle,  
and they didn't want that to be their children's future.

When they left Puebla, they gave their parents one last kiss goodbye,  
both of them filled with fear as they started their journey  
toward the land of immigrants, America.

When my parents met,  
they fell in love and married.  
They lived in California before moving to New York City.  
It wasn't long until my mother got pregnant.  
My mother got pregnant with my eldest brother.  
then, my second brother was born in 2001,  
lastly, I was born in 2004.

All three have citizenship,  
all three have a right to an education,  
and rights to others, but not for my parents.

I am in fear that he will one day deport all immigrants,  
and he will take away my parents residency,  
then send them back to their first home.  
I am in fear that I will wake up and be told  
my parents have been brought back,  
and they will be treated  
as if they're some sort of shipment.

Astrid Gales '22





# Trenches

It's cold,  
Rainy and windy.

We just want to see our homes.  
I look around me,

At scared and tired faces,  
And a couple broken bones.

We are stuck here in the trenches,  
Trying to hold the front line of war.

It's been over three days,  
I can't take this anymore.

The firing has stopped for now,  
That's why I'm writing this.

It will resume when day breaks,  
Our families oh do we miss

The sun just started rising,  
I hope I will survive again.

I need to make it home,  
My son just turned ten.

Yelling and guns firing have just started,  
As the new day begins.

Bombs and explosions go off,  
We look at God full of sins.

I must go now and fight,  
For my country and for my kids.

This is me signing off,  
I'm closing all the lids.

Alexa Heckman '21

# Origin

It's really a shame  
We are so disconnected from our heritage  
Since we have been brought to  
*The home of the free and land of the brave*  
We have truly forgotten about the land  
We once claimed  
Most us are calm about it  
But others, like me, it drives us insane  
We have forgotten about tradition  
And lost our ways  
Maybe one day we will go back  
To the country we once claimed

Justin Wright '20



# What You Should Know to be a Music Nerd

use your senses

see the story a song tells

hear those instruments

feel every drum pocket

## EXPLORE

appreciate **musicianship** even *country*

YOU choose what you like

YOU do not choose what others like

instrumentals are still beautiful

still music

still sung

composers and producers **deserve** kudos

compositions can make you cry

can make you dance

can make feel

Never stop looking for new music

look for music in the past

**Music never dies.**

It is not a guilty pleasure if it makes you happy

Do not feel guilty about what you listen to

It invalidates the artist's **musicianship**

Music Nerds

never stop wanting music

never stop learning music

never stop needing music



Taylor Sharpe '19

# The Damaged Girl

Listen,  
Can you hear her silent scream?  
Her childhood dream, ripped apart at the seams.  
Contained.  
This is how she will feel, because her creativity is trapped, for real.  
Pain.  
Unbearably strong, not physically, but emotionally wrong.  
Him.  
He did this to her, he silenced her voice to never be heard.  
Useless.  
This is what they told her she was, because she never passed their quiz.  
Happy.  
That is how she was seen, always nice, never rude or mean.  
Disappear.  
That is what she wants the pain to do, if only her parents or her friends knew.  
Determination.  
That is what she lacked, but she moved, started anew, and never looked back.

Ladrea Buffaloe '21



## When I'm Around You

My brain starts controlling my heart and my thoughts.  
Things that you say make me feel some type of way,  
and when you are around other girls,  
I feel like I'm getting played.  
When I'm around you I get a tingly feeling,  
as butterflies in my stomach start appearing.  
When we're in class I don't talk as much,  
because I feel that I might say something dumb.  
I always wonder If you like me,  
but I know it's not true.  
I wish I could just wake up from this dream,  
that I know isn't going to come true.  
In my dream, it's just me and you.  
The one thing that I love most about you,  
is when you send me *good morning*  
and *good night* messages out of the blue.  
When I'm around you I get all shy,  
and when I'm around you I hate to say goodbye.

Nikia James '20

## Memories of Us

Loneliness is your smell on my pillow;  
Loneliness, too, the empty house.  
Loneliness is my longing hands;  
Loneliness, too, the creaks of floorboards.  
Loneliness calls for us;  
Loneliness, too, the sound of silence.  
Loneliness shatters the stars;  
Loneliness, too, the memory.  
Loneliness may be our only shelter;  
Loneliness, too, all your fake smiles.  
Loneliness keeps me close;  
Loneliness, too, the faint sobs.  
Loneliness tears us apart;  
Loneliness, too, is indecisive.  
Loneliness is the void heart;  
Loneliness, too, takes but doesn't give.  
Loneliness strikes when least expected;  
Loneliness, too, music that speaks.  
Loneliness hurts;  
Loneliness, too, almost lover.  
Loneliness is salty tears;  
Loneliness, too, the blank stares.  
Loneliness is the thought of you;  
Loneliness, too, the memories of us.



Kayla Maddan '19

## The Boy on My Block

He has always been my favorite  
It didn't matter if he shouldn't have been  
Or if he was someone else's favorite  
He was all mine  
He wasn't the greatest looking back  
He didn't always answer  
He wasn't always there  
He wasn't the best at picking up signals  
But who cares  
He'll always be my favorite  
I wasn't his favorite  
But I never was anyone's favorite  
So what's wrong with him being mine

Nia Backmon '21

## She's All That

My hair was my favorite thing about myself.

She was thick with love and long with strength.  
She brought confidence I had never felt before.  
She was with coiled curls and edges laid  
with the best tropical edge control,  
I could ever find.

Going to look for the best products  
in the hair aisle,  
was my favorite hobby,  
but one day I lost the love,  
and the strength and the confidence.

It became a dead thing that stayed on my head,  
so with that, I said good-bye to the old her,  
and started over hoping to feel the spark again.

Nia Blackmon '21

## Romeo

My handsome love, you inspire me to write.  
How I love the way you smile and stare,  
Invading my mind through the day and night,  
Always dreaming about what's there.

You make me happier day-by-day.  
In your eyes, I love the glare.  
You melt my heart with every word you say.  
I stay up sometimes thinking about your flare.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways.  
I love your eyes and your amazing hair.  
Thinking of your laugh, fills my days.  
I'm giving you my heart, don't let it tear.

Now I must go with my loving heart,  
Remember my fine words when we're apart.

Alexa Heckman '21



# Winter

Footprints in the snow.  
Slippery ice below my feet.  
Snow angels hold hands and dance.  
It's got to be 1000 degrees outside.  
Big fire trucks with a big fat man,  
With a long gray beard on top.  
Big trees wearing ornaments and lights.  
It's the time of year for snowball fights.  
The time of year for North Face, gloves, and hats.  
Icicles on houses and slush outside.  
It's time to get your heaters on and go inside!

Jameer Waterton '22

# Imagination

Involves creativity,  
Adding up all the thoughts in your mind  
Into one big thing,  
Like I imagine getting married,  
And receiving my wedding ring,  
Or owning a big mansion and a chain  
Filled with bling.  
You basically can imagine anything,  
But then you get those negative thoughts  
In your head.  
For example, imagining there was a creature  
Under my bed.  
Imagination comes from deep inside your mind,  
Involving many crazy ideas,  
You don't expect to occur,  
And it's unsure,  
If it's actually going to come through  
Your imagination.

Joshua Bellanton '22



# A Ghost Story

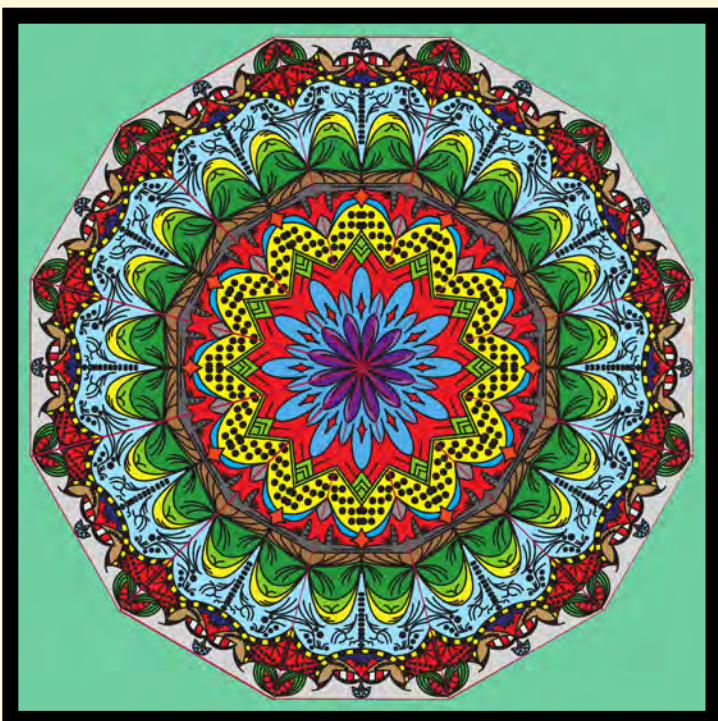
As I rest my head on a pillow this night,  
I hear creaking in what should be an empty house.  
My heart starts to beat faster as it gets louder.  
Then the emerald green light slowly starts to illuminate my room.  
I finally see a shadowy figure, then darkness.

I feel the blood leaving my body,  
And needles in my head.  
I can finally see, and I see a goat head.  
Is this a pentagram made of blood, as red as a rose?

As the blood runs down my face they come in.  
These two demons need to die.  
I plead for freedom as they chant something.  
A light blinds me as a tentraled monster appears,  
And it starts to rip me apart.

As I lye ripped in half, a clone of myself appears.  
I realize that I'm still alive.  
*How am I still alive?* I asked myself.  
Then I see everything from above.  
I am here, but without my body.

Miles Hodnett '21



## Art

I am an artist,  
finally free.  
Feeling like I should be,  
feeling like me,  
with all of this liberty.  
No struggling,  
just the blank paper and my creativity.  
I begin to write.  
I write words that describe how I feel.  
I feel open, not invaded.  
I feel willing, not forced.  
A young woman who can see the person,  
I choose to be.  
Reaching out through my art,  
not drawings, but songs and raps.  
No illustrations,  
except the ones that my performance creates.  
The art that makes you connect to my feelings  
like a little bird soaring freely,  
through the night sky,  
like a cheetah, racing through the Savanna.  
The feeling is leaving for now.  
I am going back to reality.  
It isn't bad, but it doesn't exactly fit me,  
because I am an artist.

Ladrea Buffaloe '20

## A Lost Story

Imagine the first page in a book.  
Let creativity run around your head.  
Imagine, but then stop and think,  
Question the purpose, the phrase,  
That you seem to be stuck on.  
The truth that is held in that single word.  
Maybe even a sentence or an image.  
The image of someone you admire so much,  
Their smile, their scent, their distractions.

My loving God, who knows a beautiful,  
Human being, with an ordinary story.

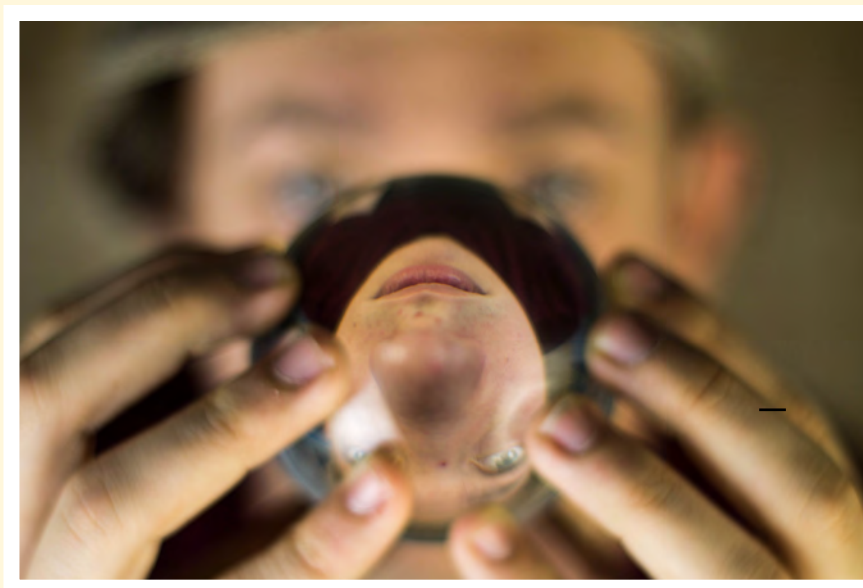
A book is meant to be comprehended.  
Sometimes solved on your terms.  
You examine the meanings and signs,  
Even the endings, maybe a clue.  
Does it end with a happily ever after,  
Or a *to be continued*,  
Pain and identity may be the case,  
For a getaway journey possibly,  
To hide or reveal inner peace.

Bridgette Mendoza '21

## On Writing

The words don't flow out of my mouth,  
As easily as they once did,  
Like a waterfall.  
They would crash onto the keyboard,  
And into my teachers well polished hands.  
Now they trickle slowly and not so surely.  
I miss the feeling of being proud of my work.  
I miss my teacher putting a red inked 95,  
On the top of my thoughtful and expressive work.  
I don't have much to write about anymore.  
I used to feel sad, what seemed like all the time,  
So I would type it all out,  
And pour my tears onto the keyboard,  
But then I decided,  
It was time to get back up,  
And instead of write about it,  
To just let it go.

Nia Blackmon '21





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**Joseph M. Agosta, Principal  
Jonathan Cutolo, Assistant Principal  
Tamika Eason, Assistant Principal  
Bradley Reminick, Assistant Principal  
Jonathan Krawchuk, Assistant Principal**