

2022

# Folio



**Walter G. O'Connell Copiague High School**

# **Cover Digital Art**

Eden Greene

# **Folio 2022**

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of  
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"I have never started a poem whose end I knew. Writing a poem is discovering."

Robert Frost

## Words

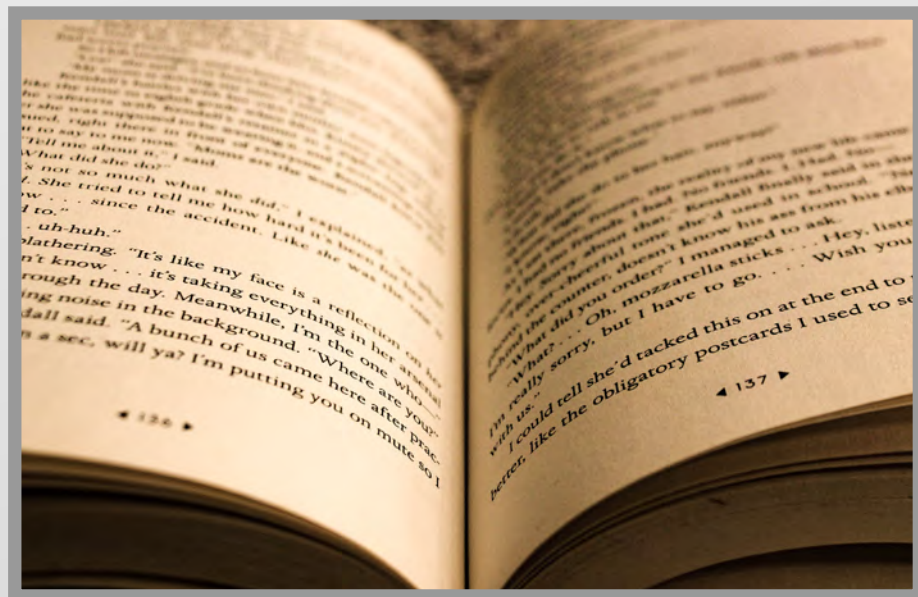
These magical things begin to slip off my tongue.  
My mind goes off into the night while it's young.  
Not one word unspoken, not one word undone.  
Not one word said wrong, not one word led on.

These magical words have power, they do.  
These words can help you be the best version of you.  
They can change the way you think, see and move.  
They can even change your perspective, with so much to prove.

These magical words, things there's much to discover.  
You can make up a story while under your covers.  
They can teleport you to a place you've never been,  
To write about that dream where spiders crawled on your skin.

These magical words fill you with wonder.  
Sparks fill your brain with lightning and thunder,  
Let your imagination flow from your mind like magic.  
The words come into your mind on automatic.

Ciana Butler '25



11/17/21

*In loving memory of Carmyne Payton*

your eyes, teeth, and smile  
nothing compares and never will  
in disbelief and in tears  
nobody could've expected this

you didn't deserve this  
your jokes that filled hearts with joy  
the contagious laugh that never got old

this isn't the first time I lost a friend  
but this is different because everyone is acting civil  
everyone is uniting as a school, as a family

you're safer now, finally at peace  
rest easy Carmyne, legends never die

Emily Rios '25

I Am

I am an entity and I am infinite.  
I wonder how long it will take for you to get to where you're going.  
I hear cries for help.  
I see all that you can be.  
I want to make it all okay.  
I am an entity and I am infinite.

I pretend that I don't know.  
I feel trapped most of the time.  
I touch the edge of sanity.  
I worry that I'll play pretend for so long that I'll forget who I am.  
I cry when the shackles tighten.  
I am an entity and I am infinite.

I understand that the boundaries that are set can always be crossed.  
I say you are your own god.  
I dream of this dark twisted world we put ourselves on.  
I hope you'll take responsibility and make the change.  
I am an entity and I am infinite.

Joelene Tineo '22



## Two Halves of a Coin *An Ode to Emotional Balance*

How much laughter filled the air  
Although we knew our inevitable ends  
Laughing, drinks being passed around  
Even if tonight could be our last time

I know that I got to be strong  
Experiencing pain from places I never belong  
Staring at red roses stemming from the ground  
Surrounded by a harsh world all around

How could you learn to enjoy objects truly  
When you first had to lose them?  
How could you learn when to admire your loved ones  
When you first had to lay a white rose on their grave?

When did you overcome pain?  
After you experienced the steps towards recovery  
You can't ignore or escape the hardships  
But you can use them as a blueprint for protection

You can't despise the dark side  
Without finding your heart's content that thrived in the light  
And you can't understand how things come and go  
Until you comprehend the full spectrum of reasoning

"You need the darkness to teach you how to harness the light  
Rather than wallowing in your sadness  
Use your pain as a guide to many prosperous events"

Jaden Gonzales '23



## Gentle Giants

I keep remembering the elephants prancing  
elegantly under the raindrops.  
I keep remembering their hefty, boisterous build,  
gentle giants who could have overwhelmed me,  
but did not.

The elephants were more real  
than feeling empty.  
More real than the rider  
and they could have shattered me  
into pieces,  
but they didn't.

I was nearly 15,  
but I haven't let that go.  
They were vitalizing  
and powerful.  
Strides of strength,  
full of comfort,  
to be  
the elephant in the room.

Paris Defreitas '22



feelings and affection

being adored by a soul  
who is the brightest  
spirit you ever saw  
loving you  
giving you butterflies throughout  
each nerve in your body  
the touch of that soul bringing you  
to a place  
you never want to break free from  
till that soul dissolves  
within the windy air  
making your heart shatter  
like sand falling off your palms  
worrying if they will ever come back  
that soul you're trying to reach for  
hoping it'll come back home  
to make your soul brighter than ever

Vanessa AVECILLAS Quillay '25

## Just Remember

Remember the stars you've wished upon,  
unsure if your wish would be granted.  
Remember the shooting star that wisped past your window,  
whenever you lost hope.  
Remember the time you've regained your strength to keep pushing forward,  
even when things seemed to be working against you.  
Remember your first everything,  
the moment when you took on a challenge head on,  
Without knowing how you would ever come out of it.

Remember those guardians watching from above.  
Remember the times you've cried out to them,  
and they've guided you through the toughest wars.  
Remember the people that carried you through the storm,  
even when they didn't have an umbrella that would cover themselves and you.

Remember going for the goals you want for yourself,  
and all the people around you that doubted your capabilities.  
Remember the seed you planted in a milk carton and how you watched it everyday until it grew.  
Remember how your plant may have grown at a very slow pace or not at all,  
but you kept watering it everyday hoping it would grow, but by its own timing.  
Remember the time it took you to grow past the ruler marks on the wall,  
and how you were so eager to turn around and see if you magically grew overnight.

Remember taking a look at everyone through the crowd,  
with hopes to find that one person looking in your direction.  
Remember having to keep your feelings inside,  
to protect others around you?  
Remember the moment that person moved on,  
without hearing what you had to say?

Remember you not knowing right from wrong?  
Remember you learned how to walk before you ran.  
Remember you kept a straight face,  
when nothing was going the way you hoped,  
but nevertheless it would come together somehow.  
Remember you struggling to get your life "figured" out,  
when all you had to do was let it be.

Samiah Chisholm '22



## One-Sided

She always worried about her friends,  
No matter what.

Have they eaten yet?  
Is everything okay at home?  
Did they get enough sleep?  
Are they happy?  
Did they do their homework?

But no one ever checked up on her,  
While she only drank coffee for food.  
As she cut till it didn't feel right .  
Cried till she couldn't breathe.  
No one ever really cared.  
They wouldn't even listen either.

It was all just one-sided,  
But she didn't care.  
Because she preferred it that way.  
She'd preferred helping and not being helped.

Lizmary Estevez '24



## Lost In My Feels

Hearts beat

Some beat too hard for others

Soon enough they are at war

One heart loves more than the other

The other is chasing a new love

The love is lost

The hearts don't beat anymore

They go their separate ways

The hearts

The love

Dies

The spark isn't there anymore

And the love will never again be

Found

Arlyann Guadron '25

## Everything Happens for a Reason

The sun rises over all of us everyday  
My family and I wake up, stretching  
The soft wind blowing outside

Our neighbors doing their things while we do ours  
My family and I go out, the breeze hitting our tanned skin  
Our faces plus a million other faces are in sight  
Everyone opening their eyes to this new day  
That has come upon us

School buses are heard, cars honking in the streets  
The sound of my footsteps heard as I run towards my bus  
Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap  
The murmurs of people in the bus, talking to one another  
While others remain quiet

The bus comes to a stop, psssssssssssst  
I get off, million of kids faces are seen  
Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap  
The sound of kids running and walking are heard once again

The main door swings open  
All kids walking fast inside  
Students on their phones, others talking  
Thinking, we do the same everyday, it's not true  
Everything is done differently everyday  
Everything happens for a reason, nothing would happen without a reason  
After what feels like forever, school ends, kids run out, as if they had no tomorrow  
Clomp Clomp Clomp Clomp Clomp Clomp Clomp Clomp  
There's always a tomorrow, same things to do, but different actions

Going home, I thought about this, why does everything happen?  
Why do we choose what we choose? Why do we pick what we pick?  
Then I realized, everything happens for a reason, nothing is done just 'cause

I arrive home, I open the door, I slowly close the door, the door made a soft SLAM  
I let out a soft sigh, I open my journal and start writing  
"Everything that happens to me, to everyone today or everyday, has a purpose

Our changes, our thoughts, changes us, and make us the person we become today  
It also turns me, it turns us, into the people we are today  
I close my journal, it's dark outside, I change into my clothes  
I cover myself with my blankets, closing my eyes, prepared for the next today to come



## ode to the ocean

the sound of the splash of the waves when they hit shore  
laying on my board listening to kids scream in joy  
crabs and jellyfish beneath me  
the feeling of being alive and free when i'm in the ocean  
gripping onto my board praying it doesn't get lost  
as soon as i strap my board onto me  
the adrenaline takes over my body  
not caring about the risk i'm in while swimming  
my body plunging through the strongest currents of the atlantic ocean  
trial and error and back to back waves that leave you forgetting where you are  
your board detaching from you and the rush to get it back  
the bells of the ice cream wagon coming by  
kids rushing to get money from their parents  
falling asleep on the sand and waking up pink and red  
flip-flops lost in the sand castles the kids made  
parts of jellyfish in strings of my hair  
getting into the car to wash it all off and do it all again the next day

Emily Rios '25



## a pearl

gifted with many blessings  
trying to enjoy every minute  
although it could be stressing

white and shiny  
oh how precious  
the pearl was so tiny

the moments that are rare  
are so valuable  
they should be able to share

time passing by so fast  
wishing it would slow down  
so memories would last

Katherine Ramos Mejia '25

## She Had Some Gatos

She had some gatos.

She had gatos who were both darkness and light.

She had gatos who were decaying autumn leaves.

She had gatos who were never-ending bodies of water.

She had gatos who were the morning dew coating entire fields of grass.

She had some gatos.

She had gatos with long slender arms.

She had gatos with beautiful dark skin.

She had gatos with exquisite taste.

She had gatos who were shy and hesitated to speak.

She had gatos who were unsure of their place in the world.

She had some gatos.

She had gatos who loved to hunt.

She had gatos who thrived in the silence.

She had gatos who were cautious yet curious.

She had gatos who were afraid of their own shadow.

She had gatos who were selfish.

She had some gatos.

She had gatos who loved their family.

She had gatos who had pure intentions.

She had gatos who had to live in fear to protect the ones they love.

She had gatos who were ungrateful, gatos who thought they deserved everything while giving nothing.

She had some gatos.

She had gatos who loved to laugh and loved to love.

She had gatos that were stronger as a team and loved to work together.

She had gatos that hated their family and prioritized their friends.

She had gatos that felt they needed to prove themselves to the world,

to the point where they could never be satisfied with their own accomplishments.

She had gatos who were afraid to even try something new in fear they would fail.

She had some gatos.

She had gatos that found entertainment in bringing others down.

She had gatos who loved nothing and cared for no one.

She had gatos who believed they could be saved if they prayed to their god

and begged for forgiveness whenever they gave in to temptation.

She had gatos who lived in the present moment, and never looked back.

She had gatos who changed, who challenged their own beliefs and made their own path to follow.

She had some gatos.



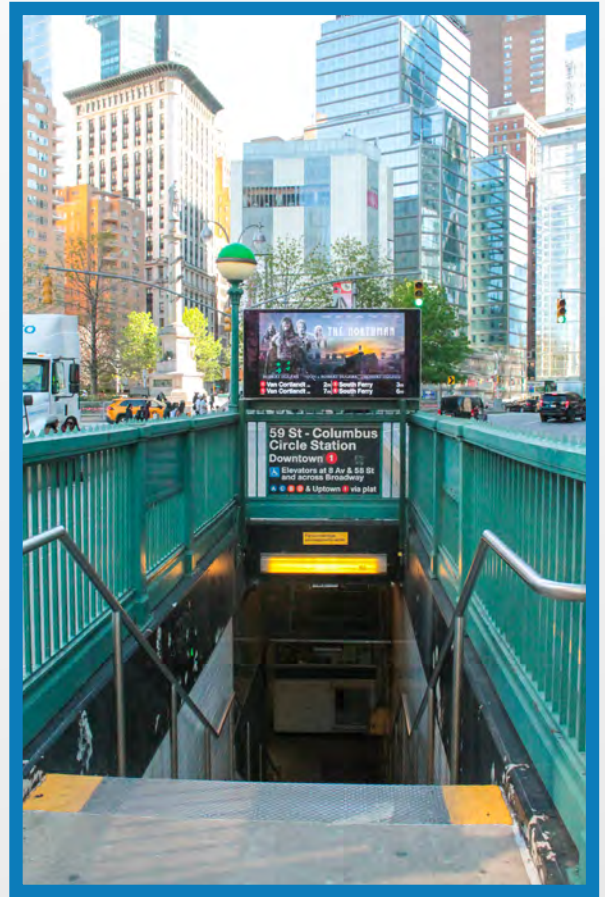
## Keeping Time

To preserve and to keep is an important task,  
Even if you're keeping only a fragment of history.  
You'll end up holding a crucial part of time,  
Something that can be considered sacred.  
It doesn't matter what the object can be,  
So long as they were made in bygone days.  
After all, it might've been made by people in the past,  
With reasons that must be kept and remembered.

Time can come in many different sizes and shapes,  
From small wood carvings to entire ancient forests.  
It also can come from different portions of the world,  
Whether it came from the Romans or the Aztecs.  
And even the time period is an essential part of it,  
If what you have is either ancient or medieval.  
What you're preserving is a keepsake of time,  
The remains of the past, and a relic of history.

When you keep something related to the past,  
You become aware of the knowledge it shares.  
It is engraved with a tale of a former time,  
Without needing any words to tell a story.  
Keeping a record of time is especially essential,  
Since you learn more about something omitted.  
Your efforts to preserve will never be in vain,  
As a remnant of time reveals many things to all.

Anthony Reyes Benitez '25



a comfortable disease

i am dying (but i wasn't always dying)  
it started with a dance  
i couldn't breathe (but i kept going)  
i got better at dancing  
but not breathing  
i went to the hospital  
i was dying  
and i still am  
i got better  
after so much work i had to  
(get better i mean) it was about time  
it feels nice to get better  
until it gets bad  
again  
*progress is a comfortable disease*  
one that I'm accustomed to

Abigail Rodriguez '25



## Elegant Dancer

Midsummer day swaying yourself in the wind,  
Always liked to turn your head to the sun,  
Because you liked the way it felt on your skin.  
Your beauty is like no other and stands out from the rest.  
Three feet tall, always danced gracefully for so long and would never fall.  
The wind would flow through her hair,  
It was as white as a polar bear.  
Every movement was graceful and smooth,  
It made the others want to be in the groove.  
But such a beauty can be a curse,  
Others will be jealous and might even burst.  
Now as I put this elegant Dancer to sleep,  
I put it in the vase on the kitchen table to keep.  
My precious elegant dancer,  
May the next flower that grows be an enchanter.

Kayla Higueros '23

## Beautiful

Bright eyes shimmer  
Eyed beauties inspired  
Admiring from afar  
Undivided lovers mesmerized  
True love aspires  
Innocent love excels  
False love detests  
Unrequited love resents  
Love never dies

Adriana B. Jimenez '22



## They Carried Owls

They carried owls.

They carried Owls who were born for the wild.  
They carried Owls who sought refuge in the dark.  
They carried Owls who needed guidance.  
They carried Owls who were born leaders.  
They carried Owls with secrets beneath.  
They carried Owls who had nothing to hide.

They carried Owls.

They carried Owls who dug deep beneath soil.  
They carried Owls who yearned for answers.  
They carried Owls with a taste for wickedness.  
They carried Owls born with hearts of gold.  
They carried Owls afraid of the unknown.  
They carried Owls who looked fear in the eye.

They carried Owls.

They carried Owls who wore their hearts on their sleeves.  
They carried Owls who chatted with the blue skies.  
They carried Owls who watched from the top of the trees.  
They carried Owls who appeased the masses.  
They carried Owls who danced on the sidelines.  
They carried Owls who loved peace.

They carried Owls.

They carried Owls who possessed the spirit of freedom.  
They carried Owls who crushed the thought of change.  
They carried Owls who waltzed into the embrace of others.  
They carried Owls who rushed to dark corners.  
They carried Owls who acknowledged what was best.  
They carried Owls who took life by the claws.

They carried Owls.

They carried Owls who flew together.  
They carried Owls who flew alone.  
These Owls varied against the many.

Amby'Ana Johnson '22



## Senses

### Touch

Everything I touch  
Consists of many atoms  
Parts me from phantasm

### Taste

My mother's cooking  
Reminds me of childhood  
Oh, the taste of love

### Sound

The darkened clouds roar  
The thunder booms shaking trees  
The dogs howl in fear



### Sight

The euphoric lights  
Pictures shoot across the sky  
Blissful fireworks

### Smell

Oh, the scent of rain  
Mother Nature cries distress  
Bringing down her tears

Noemi Marmol '25

## Loneliness

Based on the novel *Shatter Me* by Tahereh Mafi

Loneliness is a strange sort of thing,  
surrounded by hundreds of people,  
and yet the feeling of not belonging is still there.

No place for you, hollow and cold haunts you.  
Heavy feeling on the chest,  
you wake up, it does not go away.

Sometimes it is there, sometimes it is not.  
Don't let it fool you, it always comes back.  
It only goes away when you are unconscious.  
Once you are awake it feels like a nightmare.

Sleeping is reassurance, sleeping is escaping,  
from the sadness and the feeling.  
Loneliness is a strange sort of thing  
that creeps up on you, quiet and still.

It sits by your side in the dark,  
escaping.



Wildania Baez Polaco '25

## Here Comes a Thought

I am an unbroken geode, waiting to show the world the beauty inside me.  
I am stuck in a picture, frozen in time.  
I am the splinter in your thumb.  
I am a swirling hurricane in the sea.  
I am slightly cracked, slightly unhinged.  
I am the one who bit the poisoned apple that tainted my thoughts.  
I am weighted balance, holding the weight of my world that I created alone.  
I am the one who is going to turn the page.  
I am abstract art, you might understand.  
I am the roar in a lion's throat.  
I am the light that fills the room.  
I am the artery beating in the heart.

*Who* is to tell me not to feel emotions?  
*Who* sways my thought of self destruction?  
*Who* will pity the sunken boat?  
*I* will be the one who creates tranquility in my aching soul.

Skylar Brown '22

## Your Skin

You've been here before.  
Would you look me in the eyes?  
You're just like an angel.  
Your skin makes me cry.  
When I was falling, you caught me in the act.  
Of just trying to forget you,  
And I wanted you to notice how your skin made me crawl.  
I felt like a feather, in your arms,  
Floating in an endless warmth of love.  
In the last moments of life I would look for your eyes,  
To feel the warmth of love again.  
I wish I could tell you how your skin makes me sigh,  
For the relief of knowing I'm in your arms, the safe feeling of love.

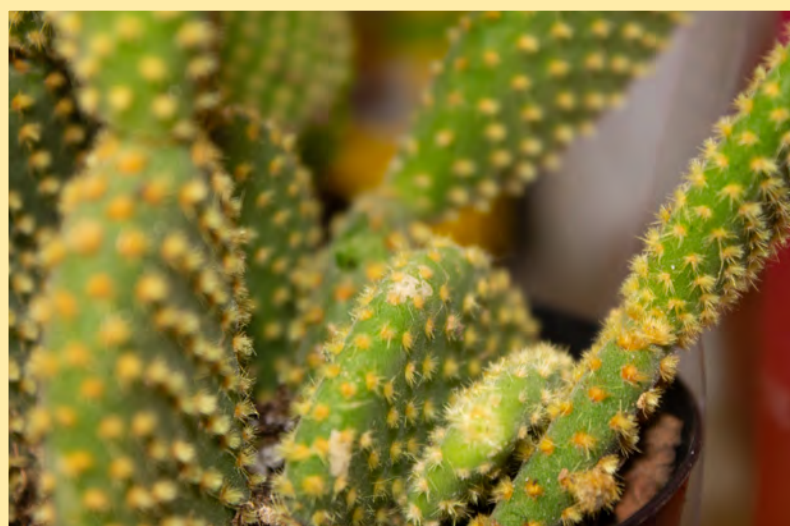
When you're not around I see the true colors of the world.  
I see the small brush strokes of greed and malice growing in you.  
I try to find the warmth and the love of your arm, and skin again when you hold me,  
But all I feel is the cold winds of fall in your embrace.  
I feel the betrayal of one too many women.  
I feel the abandonment that so many of your kind have left.  
I see how your true colors left so many longing for that love, for warmth, for safety.  
I see now that your skin could never make me feel like the little girl I was,  
Being carried to the top of the world by her Father.

Jazmin Infante '22

feeling drained

my body feels like pins and needles  
the day is  
dreary dismal disappointing  
until  
i feel the small creature land  
at the tip of my spine  
it flies away into the  
chasm of a light-blue  
with the fluffiest of cumulus  
and suddenly  
i see the world in  
living color  
thank you  
ladybug

Paris DeFreitas '22



## God, Why Do You Hate Me?

God, why do you hate me?  
Why must I live a life that isn't mine?  
Lord can you please hear my plea,  
Or shall I be forced to live and pine?

Life is like a poker game.  
You get what dumb luck gave you.  
It is all a huge shame.  
People are confident as they spew  
Things that fan the flame.  
This just verifies what I knew.

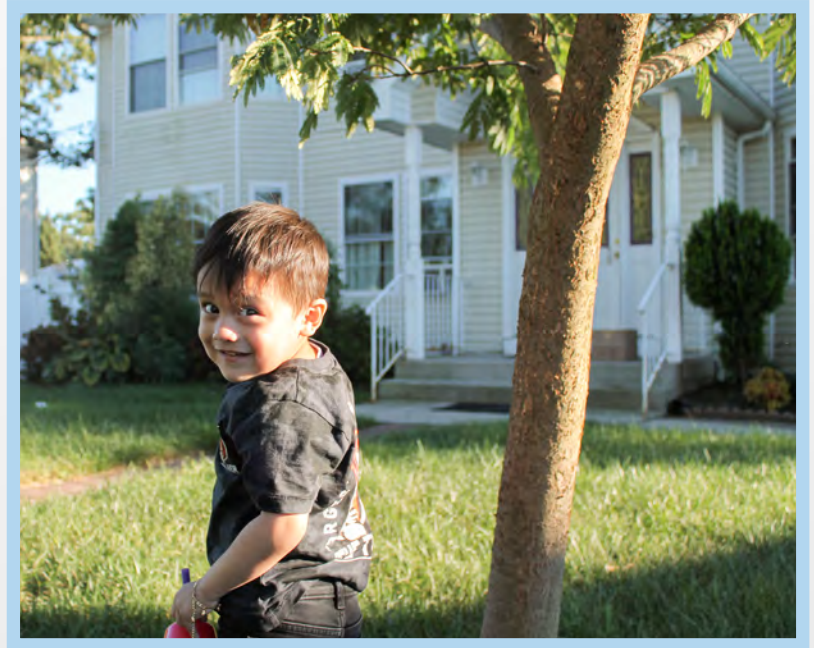
God, why do you hate me?  
Or are you in denial?  
All I want is to be free,  
To walk who I want down the aisle.

Every day I am in pain,  
And nobody can know,  
My binder suffocates my brain.  
My detest begins to grow.  
My confidence starts to drain.  
Just go with the flow.

God, why do you hate me?  
Do I over analyze your work?  
Why should I get on one knee,  
When you treat me like a jerk?  
I need to say something about this,  
But vines wrap around my lips,  
A never ending kiss.  
Suddenly, someone snips  
The ivy, but I still remiss.  
This wasn't in the scripts.

God why do you hate me?  
I think I finally understand.  
There's no point in trying to flee,  
This is just how it's planned.

Kyle Scrivano '25



## Dad

It's been a while hasn't it  
5-6 years maybe even more  
How have you been up there  
It's been different without you down here

I still manage though so don't worry  
So many memories that it's hard to just name one  
Remember when you took me to your lumber job  
It smelled terrible there  
Wow that smell really is stuck in my head  
Remember all the times we went swimming the rivers  
Remember when I almost got dragged by the river  
Man that was a crazy experience  
Good thing you were there to take me out

Now that I think about it that was 10 years ago  
How time flies right in front of our eyes  
As of now I'm living and growing up  
Slowly becoming an adult

Brando Ramirez Rauda '25

## Crecer

Solía pensar que cuando envejeces, tu vida se vuelve más fácil.  
Pero ahora entiendo que ser adulto no es tan fácil como pensaba.  
Siempre pensé que "los adultos pueden hacer lo que quieran".  
Pero nunca vi las ventajas y desventajas de ello.

Una vez le pedí un deseo a una estrella fugaz.  
Pero después de unos años mi deseo se hizo realidad. ¡Fue increíble!  
Si pudiera detener el tiempo y volver atrás y decir,  
Me gustaría cambiar mi deseo o nunca haberlo tenido.

Nunca pensé en los obstáculos y los riesgos.  
Pero podría empezar a entender que ser adulto es parte de crecer.  
No puedo hacer una máquina del tiempo,  
pero puedo pedir otro deseo a una estrella fugaz.

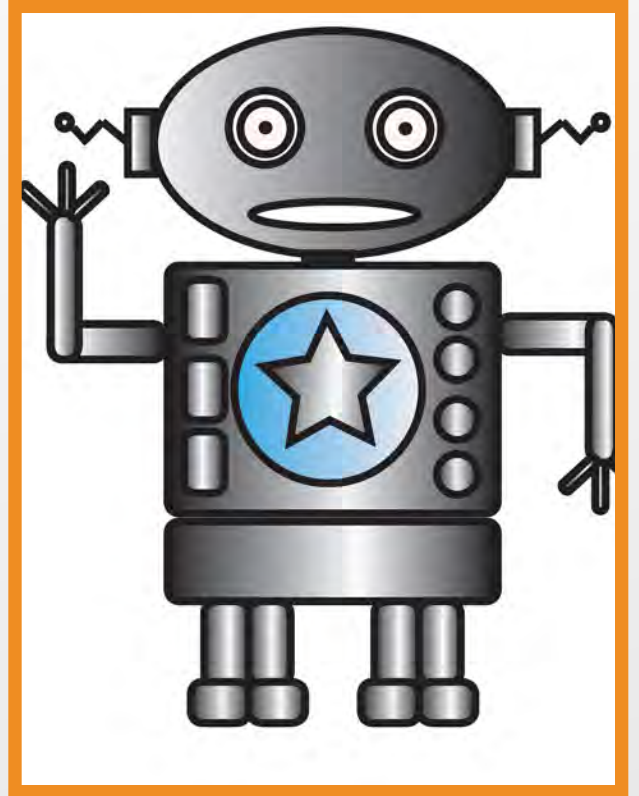
No cometeré más errores.  
Pero podría aprender de mis errores y verlos como un ejemplo de lo que no debo hacer.  
Solía pensar que cuando envejeces, tu vida se vuelve más fácil.  
Pero ahora entiendo que ser adulto no es tan fácil como pensaba.

Haydee Vallecillo Rivera '22



## Destiny

Moon says, "Don't follow the tides,  
move in your own direction." Rajah says,  
"Always protect the people that protect you."  
Tortoise says "Slow and steady will win the  
race, pace yourself." Galaxy says, "Be the star  
that outshines all that are around you."  
Dory says "Just keep swimming until you find  
where you are wanted and meant to be."  
Joker says, "Whatever doesn't kill you, makes you  
stranger. In a way that may never be understood  
by those that surround you." Universe says,  
"Trust that you are in the right place, at the right time."  
Butterflies say, "Fly and soar through the sky and  
forget about your worries."  
Athena says, "Aiding everyone through their struggles  
can indeed build you up whenever you need-  
or are on your knees because selfishness  
deceives your mind into thinking you will be  
free." When really, you are not being whom  
You are meant to be."  
Destiny.



Samiah Chisholm '22

### a fortunate cardinal

out in the fresh breeze of air it stands out  
promptly giving a sense of hope and worryless  
shaggy red alluring haired creature standing on a unprepossessing fence  
words come to me from it not by the ear but by the sight  
a remembrance of years flash by  
but only seven consecutive seconds pass --  
but thousands of images project  
all marvelous as well as lucid --  
all spectacular as well as vivid  
the dark turns to light  
dismissive energy departs as it is filled with undeniable thoughts  
the air fresh as ever  
my body and mind are cool and refreshed  
all thanks to that lovely red two-winged bird that fills us with hope

Jake Garcia '23



## Pop of Perception

### *Inspired by The Marilyn Diptych*

Pops of color spread fluently around the pages  
The contrast did not only lie in just the art  
But also the artist

A boy bed ridden unable to incorporate his own colors  
Shades filled his life unable to cope with childish banter  
Learning perception of color

A blank unfilled canvas he was, he learned color from his mother  
The blank canvas learned his colors and distributed the bottled emotions  
And let his heart fall out  
Like spilled paint . . .

Painting of a "true beauty"  
A pop icon told of her personality  
Another painfully lonely grey area

Perception of a woman is a fragile thing . . .  
Her energy radiating on the silkscreen printing  
Not you or I would know the pain  
Behind the beauty and brains



Skylar Brown '22

## Behind You

Do you ever get that feeling someone is watching you?  
The feeling someone is above your shoulders watching your every move.  
You watch T.V. and get that random feeling someone is in the corner.  
You turn around and there is no one there.  
You start breathing heavily and start shaking, it's 12:00 a.m.  
You decide to go to sleep since it is getting late and maybe you're tired so you feel weird.  
You can't sleep and you get the same feeling from before.  
The time is now 2:59 a.m., it's pitch black outside.  
Your body is shaking and you're breathing heavily,  
You hear something in the corner.  
Again you turn around and see nothing or no one there.  
Sweat dripping down your neck, you lay down, again.  
Closing your eyes slowly and falling asleep.  
You fall asleep and it feels like you've been sleeping forever but it's only 3:20 a.m.  
It hasn't even been half an hour, you felt like you slept for hours.  
10 minutes pass of you staring at your ceiling, when all of a sudden you hear a noise in the corner.  
You turn to see a strange shadow but you can't tell what it is.  
You get up to see it, but when you go the shadow leaves.  
Shaking and sweating in 32 degree weather, you don't know what to do.  
It's now 3:59 a.m.  
1 minute away from "devil hour".  
This minute feels like 5 it just won't switch to 4:00 a.m., still sweating and shivering.  
She lays back down and slowly finally falls asleep.  
She wakes up at 10:00 in the morning.  
She is relieved but still confused about what that was.  
She forgets about it all day and she hangs with her friends.  
She is walking around the neighborhood really uncomfortable, like someone is watching her.  
She turns back still there is nothing there minutes pass by they are still wandering around.  
She doesn't know what to do so she calls the police and they see nothing, they leave.  
1 week passed by and nothing happened any more so she forgot about it.  
1 month after it comes back she ignores it but she is still scared.  
To this day she is still haunted by it.

Gisel Flores Guzman '25



## Merging Away from a Skidded Road

Born into this world with intentions of having a view.  
Going one direction, intending to forever travel a skidded road.  
A young child so pure and inexperienced,  
Unaware of the critical conceptions of the ones before.

Attempting to conceal his shame through layers of clothing, transparent to his eyes.  
The anatomy of males and females, *unfortunately*, came as an appeal.

Guardians repeat the conception of the ones before.  
Lost causes dwelling in their moat of hypocrisy and shortsighted mannerisms.  
Their self-perceived castles *stand high, very, very high*.  
Yet the moat stands alone.

He is unaware of another road, unaware that two roads diverge before him.  
He steps foot on the road cracking,  
From weathering of the many past steps that once trodded down this path.  
He opposes this road but is left unknowing where to venture.  
A glistening cobblestone path deep within the brush, untouched.  
Welcoming light emerging from the wilted leaves attempting to conceal it.

Stepping foot through the brush entering the light.  
Once established thorns rip at my side.  
The wilted leaves disintegrate as I surpass,  
Step foot on the unknown path,  
And that continues to make all the difference.

AdonaiAdam Guglielmelli '25

## Love at First Sight

The day I saw you was the day my life finally had meaning.  
The way your hair flowed with the wind was like a clear beautiful ocean moving.

It seems as though you had control over my body and brain, with all that love you have.  
Your warmth is like summer, and you're making me crave this warmth, while I'm here freezing.

When I'm around you my heart jumps as if it were jumping over a jump rope.  
All I do is crave your warm and soft touch while my heart is out of breath.

Your eyes, your eyes are like the unknown dark night, that I want to explore.  
Each time I look into them, I don't feel lost. I feel known.

Adriana B. Jimenez '22

## Ghosting

Lost.  
Unwanted.  
Loneliness.  
Seeing you avoid me,  
feels like daggers  
being stabbed into me.  
A void in my heart,  
craving to be filled.  
The pain.  
The numb feeling that came  
with your departure.

I hate the mere idea of you.  
You are the fifth that came into my life.  
How can someone just leave?  
Leave everything behind.  
The moments that now haunt me.  
My tears falling down my face,  
like a waterfall.

Laying in bed,  
sinking to the deepest parts of it.  
Like I do with my thoughts.  
I choke,  
feeling as if I was sinking down  
to the darkest parts of the ocean.

The trapped sensation.  
Avoiding me just proves to me that,  
you don't deserve me.

Genesis Canenguez Mejia '23

## Blue Marble

Big blue marble in the sky  
just a few years to die  
Twelve years  
No return  
Fossil fuels we burn  
The ozone layer is disappearing  
And that's what I'm fearing  
Our seas with plastic  
And that's really tragic  
12 years left to fix everything  
Seems like a reasonable time to fix everything  
269,000 tons of plastic in the ocean  
Yo, for real my heart is broken  
18.19 million barrels of petroleum per day  
And that's not counting the rest  
Coal, oil, and natural gas  
Why don't we learn this enough in class  
12 years left to fix everything  
I try to do what's right  
But only 26.2%  
Of the earth's energy is renewable  
The whole world will have a big beautiful marble  
Between 2027 and 2042  
And then were done 26.2% vs 84.3%  
We're all are going to die  
But the earth is going to survive  
When we're not here  
Oh dear

Cristopher Rodriguez '24

## The Slender.

*Inspired by Gwendolyn Brooks*

When he touched me with his light hands. We  
Took it to be in love with despite. We  
Take your hands from our sight. We  
Saw flashing lights from tonight. We  
Faded back into Brooklyn's site. We  
Got that we were uptight. We  
We're both falling from contrite. We  
Experienced black into white. We  
Experienced half of the rite. We  
Felt the feeling of spite. We  
Had all of this fright. We  
Always saw this slight. We  
Think it had knights. We  
Had these chill frights. We  
Felt its amazing upright. We  
Crawled along its excitement. We  
Went through its slender back, climbing against its sins.



Katherine Alvarado Tiznado '25

## The Darkness

As the day begins to wind down "It" grows near.  
I begin to panic, turning every light I have on,  
but these lights do the dark no justice.  
As the lights begin to go dead, it seeps its way through my room.  
It is inevitable. How I long to turn the lights on.

As I turn the lights on, the towel I left hanging suddenly looks like a person.  
The teddy bear whose eyes I once loved, now looks like gaping holes ready to swallow me.  
I beg for the dark to go away, but it never does. I want to scream, but I can't.

I wind up staying awake for as long as possible.  
I start to imagine voices and childlike monsters.  
Every creak in the floorboard and every squeak the door hinges make I hear.  
At this point, I have not moved an inch. My eyes begin to burn so I finally blink,  
and when I open my eyes, I hear the birds chirping and I know morning is here.

Ciana Butler '25

## **Qué Sucede Si te Miras Por un Momento a Ti Mismo?**

¿Qué pasaría si dejas de pensar que una calificación define quien eres?  
¿Qué pasaría si dejas de pensar en lo que la gente critica de ti?  
¿Qué pasaría si dejas de pensar todo el tiempo en los demás?  
¿Qué pasaría si dejas de perseguir tus sueños por cumplir el de los demás?  
Deja de preocuparte pensando cómo quedar bien con los demás.  
Deja que tu mente fluya acorde a tu corazón.  
Deja que la gente te diga que debes hacer con tu vida.  
Deja de pensar que si cambias algo en tu vida esta mal.

Ponte a pensar en aquello que pierdes por no saber escucharte a ti mismo.  
Ponte a pensar en ti aunque sea una sola vez y dime que encuentras.  
Ponte a pensar qué pasaría si dejas de intentar algo que te apasiona.  
Ponte a pensar que sucederá mañana si te escuchas a ti mismo.

Ahora yo te pregunto a ti, ¿Estás feliz como es tu día a día?  
Ahora yo te pregunto, ¿Cómo te sientes ahora?  
Ahora yo te pregunto, ¿Cuáles son tus sueños y metas?  
Ahora yo te pregunto, ¿Alguien preguntó cómo te sentiste hoy o ayer?

Reflexiona todo lo que has estado haciendo, ya sea bien, ya sea mal.  
Mírate a ti mismo y di qué persona eres en realidad.  
No dejes que los demás digan que eres o quién debes ser.  
Trata de renovarte y mejorar todo lo que has estado haciendo mal.

Quiérete a ti mismo, valorate, cree en ti, respetate, amate.  
Mira todo a tu alrededor y si no te gusta cambialo.  
Enfócate en ti mismo y crea tus sueños realidad.  
Con esto dicho piensa que debes de cambiar en ti y no cambies para los demás.

Haydee Vallecillo '22

## Going Back

Traveling back to a land which I haven't seen in years  
Playing soccer and dribbling the ball in green grass  
Then spraining my leg and being carried home  
I gained many foreign scars

Still everything and everyone is smiling  
The summer of 2016 really took me out of my little bubble  
The streets which were mainly made out of rock  
Running down a hill barefoot

Which causes little pain after a while of running  
The old friends which I get to see  
The land which I still remember  
The smells that give me extreme nostalgia  
Almost brings a tear to my eye

Brando Ramirez Rauda '25



## Deep Thoughts

My phone is one thing I can't live without, but my family is another.  
It always comes through those 2 a.m. thoughts.  
When you're staring at your wall because you can't sleep.  
Then a random thought of losing your favorite people comes up.  
You start bursting into tears imagining it was real and how bad it hurts.  
It always comes from those small thoughts where they just randomly pop up.  
Those 2 a.m. thoughts always make me overthink and then I end up falling asleep.  
Forgetting about what I was even thinking about at night the next morning.  
Sweaty palms while dreaming of your favorite people gone forever.  
This is the thought that no one would ever want to hear about ever.  
These are the things that lead up to many feelings and bad things.  
Things you would never expect to happen, but in some way give you a bad feeling.  
Stuff like this reminds me of how my dad expected his dad to die some way and when.  
One day my dad went to sleep at 11:00, not expecting this random thought.  
The thought that his dad was gone, a heart attack caused that.  
Not even a week after my dad had that dream, we received the news,  
That he sadly did pass because of a heart attack.  
My dad and I bawling our eyes out because he didn't think it would actually happen.  
We miss my grandpa each and every day.

Gisel Flores Guzman '25

## The Seasons of Life

As I step outside, Summer smiles at me and her everlasting gaze pulls me in.  
Days of going to the beach and water falling upon my face how I reminisce.  
Days of going outside and orchestrating bike rides were always my favorite.  
And when the day is over you always have tomorrow packed with fun-filled events.

And when it rains in the Spring I am still happy.  
Days of making blanket forts with my family.  
Days of picking raindrops as racers and betting against each one.  
How those days whisked by, are now a far memory.

As the Fall weather comes his breeze brings memories back with it.  
Days of building little hills with all the leaves.  
Days of collecting beautifully different colored leaves.  
Just as he brought those memories, in the same way he takes them back.

Finally, the season that most dread, Winter.  
Days of staying inside, drinking hot cocoa.  
Days of cuddling by the fireplace and bringing the thickest blanket of cotton you could find.  
Just when you think Winter can't get any better,  
You wake up to find presents under the tree.

Ciana Butler '25





## No Mind Like Mine

Thoughts run in-and-out and in-and-out of my mind  
There is no confusion and stress like mine  
My friends try to get me out of the trance  
But deep down, I know there might not be a chance

All of a sudden, my vision turns blurry  
The shine in my eyes start to fade  
My mind is in a hurry  
I feel betrayed

I black out, for the first time  
Thoughts run in-and-out and in-and-out of my mind  
Scenarios start as reality was left behind  
There is no mind like mine

Thoughts, Thoughts, Thoughts  
Her. Her. Her.  
Things. Things. Things  
Thinking deeper

This habit of mine will never change  
Reality is life  
But life is what happens  
When things don't work out our way

Imagination is a get away  
Blacking out is a get away  
Music is a get away  
Sleeping is a get away

I lose track of time  
Soon, the light in my eyes come back  
My body starts to function, no more seeing black  
As I hear the bell ring

This habit of mine will never change  
Reality is life  
But life is what happens  
When things don't work out our way

Jacqueline Avila '25

## The Vengeful Woman

Many misunderstand me  
Some think bad of me  
Others sympathize with me  
Few want to be me

Love is hard  
But beauty is unfair  
Emerald shiny almond eyes  
To foul idiotic men

Maybe it's fake  
The stories were lies  
Perhaps I need guidance  
Maybe even forgiveness

A foolish mistress  
My beauty is endless  
Turns hearts to stone  
A dangerous woman

Who is hurting  
Was yearning for love  
And given me this curse  
I might burst

Unleashing my anger  
He fault of her lover  
But I will find another  
And curse their name

Kayla Higueros '23

## Squid Ink Pasta

Arriving to nonna's home.  
Fresh ink flourishing in the air.  
You question the meaning of the meal.  
This squid has traveled long to receive its knowledge.  
For it swam through the Alps, into Po, and onto the Adriatic.

Tentacles flowing through the salty European sea  
Gliding through  
Millennials, centuries, and decades.  
Refined knowledge collected within its pores.  
Extracted out along the fresh boiled linguine.

Long ago to when the lemons grew freely along Amalfi.  
Without worry of being extracted into intoxicating potatoes.  
Long ago, to the Classical Antiquity.  
Known for fine arts and literature,  
Surrounded by absolute unity.

This symbol of European history so meer to your eye.  
Its luscious ink lavaged onto the fresh pasta smothered plate.  
This creation is so divine.  
Wheelbarrows flooded with refined ink.  
Oh, it is so divine.

AdonaiAdam Guglielmelli '25



## I Like You for You

I like you for you  
Nobody is ever perfect  
I will say it yes I will  
You are perfect just the way you are  
Be accepting of who you are  
Beautiful  
Wonderful  
Don't let others bring you down  
They're not worth your beauty  
Shall positively enter through the door  
And negativity exit  
No matter how tall you are  
Or short  
It doesn't matter if your eyes are brown  
Or blue  
No matter the shape of your body  
It's amazing just the way it is  
Hello self-love  
Goodbye insecurities  
It's your time to shine  
The world is all yours  
Take a bow and smile  
A star is what you are  
Are we beautiful?  
Yes we will always be  
We're shining like stars  
With our beauty we will make history  
I will always like you for you!

Brianna Pugh '22



## Spring

lots of showers of rain  
causing colorful flowers to bloom  
onto patches of grass all over  
bees buzzing around  
while they collect pollen  
from all around  
trees finally filled with leaves  
leaving no branch empty  
the sun shining bright  
with warm breezy weather  
beautiful blue skies filled with clouds  
finally being able to go out without a coat  
picnic dates and nice walks in the park  
enjoying the chirping birds  
the butterflies flying around  
sun setting late  
enjoying til it darkens  
meanwhile when it does  
the fireflies finally come out  
admiring their shine, their light  
trying to catch them  
enjoying the good ole spring times

Katherine Ramos Mejia '25

## Buddha

To remain as calm as the Buddha has always been my goal in life.  
Having that sense of peace is everything I dream of.  
Remaining calm in a situation that can blow up in the worst way.

Meditate your worries away, and cleanse your soul,  
From all the negativity and reach the highest point in your life spiritually.  
This has brought much more peace in my life.

I have changed in many ways because of my spirituality.  
I go on about life much more differently than before,  
And my decision-making has changed certain situations for me.

Only because I react to wisdom and lessons,  
Than on madness or my own benefit in the situation.  
I'd like to say I'm blessed with a good heart and a pure soul.

And I thank God I am the way I am everyday,  
Because not many people see the way I see the world,  
And that's the best thing about me.

Alexandra Acosta-Rivera '25



Sunset, You Cursed Me!  
Inspired by *The Scream* by Edvard Munch

Accompanied and discarded,  
It seems as if people  
come and go  
as they please.

Go on,  
Leave!

Leave me with  
this arcane anxiety  
that consumes my every breath.  
Leave me with  
the mental torment  
that is loss.

Leave me to endure  
an immense anguish.  
One you never understood  
and will never understand.

Surroundings start to spiral,  
as my mind  
begin to spiral.  
Sunset, You cursed me!

The brightest sunset,  
with tones of ginger.  
A sunset you would love.  
while you leave with them  
I'm left with trepidation.

Overwhelmed by the shades ablaze  
in the sky above.

Paris DeFreitas '22



elemental attraction

fire burns away feelings  
water drowns them  
earth crushes them  
air changes them

flame and water are sisters  
they cancel each other out

are the wind  
and ground brothers

persephone and hades  
fertility and death

need and longing  
inseparable

opposites attract  
balance

you cannot have one  
without the other

Abigail Rodriguez '25

a different type of hatred

im scared of screaming  
whether it is someone else  
or yelling out of fear  
or *at me*  
it is terrifying

i have a kind of resentment for my mother  
it isnt exactly hatred  
but it most definitely is not love

i dont like her singing  
she has a constant need to meddle in my business  
ive discovered she is incapable of keeping secrets  
i loathe her need to be right  
even when shes wrong

but most of all  
i hate when she yells

she yells over anything  
the plate that has been chipped for six years  
a shirt that is impossible to get wrinkles out of  
even just the fridge being empty

and all i can do  
is run away to my room  
back into my little corner of the world  
and cry  
that maybe one day  
she will stop screaming

Abigail Rodriguez '25



## The Past

Every man has a past,  
Whether it's good or bad,  
Like a house with a ghost,  
It haunts you until you get rid of it,  
Until it comes back  
To haunt you again.

You can't get rid of it.  
Whatever you did is a part of you now.  
You think about it as you sip on a drink alone.  
You think about how you could have avoided it,  
And think about how your mother would view you,  
If she knew.

Sipping your pain away while sorrows.  
You now have troubles with making a smile.  
You now have problems with yourself.  
You look in the mirror and feel like you hate yourself.  
You're an enemy of your past self.  
You believe he did damage to the man you are now.

You ask yourself "Did you mean it?"  
But you never quite know the answer.

Dominick Plummer Jr. '24

## Coming Out

Ever since I was young,  
I never felt like I was being true to myself.  
I locked a part of myself in the closet,  
hiding away my shame.

She is my shame.  
She cries,  
slamming on the door to be let out.  
Resting my back against the door,  
I weep with her,  
wanting nothing more than to let her see the light.  
To see the precious yet cruel world.

My mother talks about these people,  
her words seething with poison.  
I put wood planks on the door,  
nailing it shut as my heart cracks  
with each hit of the hammer.  
My guilt worsened as I grow up,  
causing me to realize how disgusting I was.

The church,  
brainwashing me to hate this part of myself.  
I had enough.  
I ran back to that closet that I hated dearly.  
My heart beating out of my chest.  
My shaken hand reached out to the doorknob,  
twisting it open.

She sat on the floor, sobbing.  
I pulled her into an embrace,  
hoping she will forgive me,  
for what I put her through.  
I figured out who I am.  
I accept her,  
my sexuality.

Genesis Canenguez Mejia '23



## God of the Sea

The father trying to eat his children  
Thinking of the day his children will overthrow him  
Taking his throne to never to be remembered

Zeus saving his brothers to become the most powerful god  
Hades becoming the ruler of the underworld  
Poseidon controlling the sea to his liking

Still having incredible power but still falling short to Zeus  
The trident becoming his iconic weapon  
Even building a city in the deep sea

Making him happy so that earth will prosper  
Creating new lands that help the living environment  
Giving animals a places to live

So that innocent souls will travel peacefully  
And Greek gods may also ravage humanity  
Creating storms and the destruction of ships

Brando Ramirez Rauda '25

## Flawed Mirror

You are the brightest Marigold in the field.  
You are a constant flow of euphony.  
You are the dazzling moon sitting in the sky.  
You are the cooling breeze on a stressful day.  
You are a euphoric roller coaster ride.  
You are the liveliness of a luxury car.  
You are the spark of a fresh breath.

You are the fear of a single raindrop  
You are the confusion of a maze.  
You are a blizzard's harsh sting.  
You are the silence of an eerie forest.  
You are a single ice cube melting.  
You are the struggle of a bad hair day.  
You are the uncomfortable gulp of a new breath.

Amby'Ana Johnson '22

## WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU

**WHAT** may seem to be a closed off and dark road  
**DOESN'T** mean that you have to be afraid. Don't  
**KILL** your vibe because of worry, fear or doubt.  
**YOU** have to go for it, take a risk and do what  
**MAKES** you happy and a stronger individual.  
**YOU** have to be aware of your mistakes. They make you  
**STRONGER.**

Samiah Chisholm '22

## Shall I Compare to Another Lover?

Shall I compare thee to another lover?  
How feeling of its natural desire,  
All of her words roaming rediscover,  
Kaal of my heart turns it to ceasefire.

Eating my heart out from the pain you caused,  
Spit it after you chewed it up in despite,  
Putting in my effort for no respond,  
Eerie lover, it's not wrong on the right.

Ah, what is love you always had a quote,  
Right, you have no materialistic mope,  
Even if it's me flipped between a Grote,  
No right even, after all, there's no hope.

No lover and no desire, all of love,  
Why, it's always the ones who are above?

Katherine Alvarado Tiznado '25



To the Boy's Father,

When you tell him to be a man,  
What did you mean by that?  
"To use girls' emotions to his heart's content"  
Little boys look up to their wise fathers.  
You taught him to fight when he was filled with anger.

Another fight at school, black and bruised.  
He came to you, but you were in bed with a bottle of booze.  
He smelled ash, ash from your expired cigar drowning the room.  
He tapped your arm to tell you his "bad news".

He was suspended from school.  
Second time this semester.  
He was expecting the buckle of your leather strap,  
But you didn't move.

You drowned in your sorrow, belly filled with liquor.  
Wife left you, and your son was just a mirror,  
A mirror reflecting you.  
Drunk dad and a short future.

Sincerely,  
your grandson.

AdonaiAdam Guglielmelli '25

### camp night

the grass was as green  
as an freshly picked apple  
we started a fire and it shot up like shooting stars  
the fire was as hot as a summer day in texas  
we roasted marshmallows and I left mine under the fire too long  
the marshmallow was as black as a chalkboard  
then it started to rain and tap tap went the rain on our tents  
we ran like we were cats  
trying not to get wet by the water  
we sat in our tents playing games  
like we were in elementary school and then the rain stopped  
we started another fire and sat on the logs looking up at the stars  
they sparkled in our eyes like a million diamonds  
once we got done looking at the stars  
we went back in our tents and the owls howled  
while we slept like newborn babies

Davon Johnson '25



## Justice

We, the people, on this small and populated world  
Traveling through the beautiful space  
Past despair, moving to the way of hope  
To a time where we win  
And get justice for the ones who wronged us  
It is possible if we work hard enough  
A brave and hopeful truth  
And when we get to it  
To the day of justice  
When we take our fingers off the keyboard  
From fists of anger and rage  
And allow the pure air to cool our fingers  
From typing to teachers and principals  
When we get to it  
When the curtain open to show who those people really are  
And faces rear up because they got the justice they deserved  
When the evidence pile  
No longer filled with mountains of evidence  
Up with the bruised and bloody hands of the victims  
Who tried to fight back but failed  
To live in hope that they become a better person  
When the excitement of the churches overflow  
When the screaming racket in the schools have ceased  
When the bad kids in the school have been suspended  
The other bad kids of the world tremble  
Stoutly in the good, hopeful clear breeze  
When we get to the point  
When we let the accusations fall  
And the children rejoice  
Death threats go the way of the dinosaur  
And the victims can walk into evenings of peace  
And childhood dreams are not kicked awake  
By nightmares of bullies  
When we get to it  
Then we will confess that we caused it

Nicholas Messina '25

## betrayal of the mind

this white is blinding  
should i close my eyes  
the clouds are fluffy  
can i jump to the next one  
i hear something ringing  
i should follow it  
so i jump to the following cloud  
the beeping is the same  
jump again  
the same  
there is a eagle flying next to me  
should i follow it  
what if i could fly with it  
i jump  
but this time  
off the cloud  
and down  
i guess i cant fly  
but the sound gets louder  
then *i woke up*  
but not in my bed  
in a hospital gurney  
and the doctors that surround me say  
*we did it*  
*shes alive*  
it must be a mistake  
i was only sleeping  
*right*

Abigail Rodriguez '25

## The Best Ever

*For Ms. Wanzer and Mrs. Graber*

Some of this was almost a year ago  
    In a very crazy year  
With the best people everyone may know  
    With green and silver hair  
They were the best like no one could imagine  
    They were loved for sure

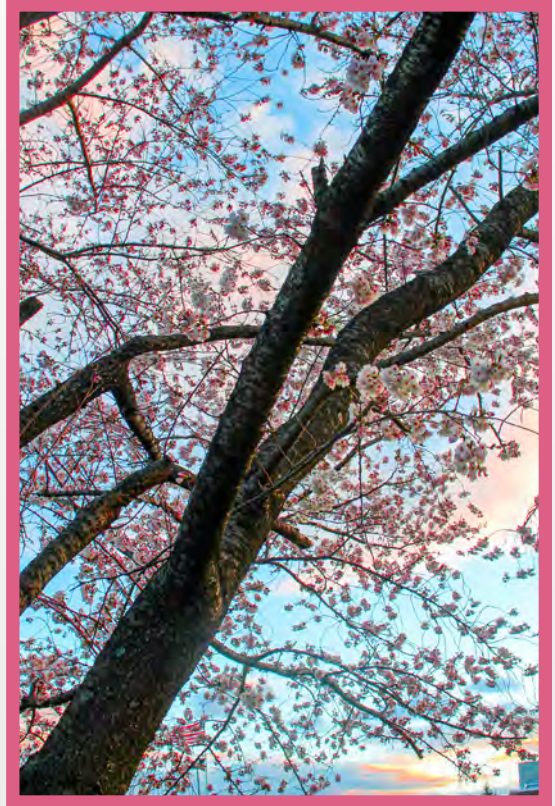
I was happy and they were happy  
    In a very crazy year  
They were lovely like the shining sun  
    The best ones ever  
Who lightened up a darkened room

In that moment a little while ago  
    In a very crazy year  
Very wonderful people has risen  
    Two lovely best friends  
They most definitely became mine  
    An amazing duo  
With a very admirable friendship  
    Everyone wishes to have  
It shall put a smile on your face

The angel who came from heaven  
    I was her favorite  
She sure was my favorite, always and forever  
    Wonderful personality  
Bright as a light that could never be darkened  
    Beautiful green hair that flows in air  
Her style was truly out of this world and lovely too

An angel who came from heaven  
    A funny as a sitcom show  
She was also my favorite, always and forever  
    Personality as bright as the sun  
She sure was the sunshine on a dreary day  
    Beautiful silver hair  
Very extraordinary personality to admire

Brianna Pugh '22



## Nature

Oh, how the leaves you produce  
Tickle my skin.  
The flowey wind blows my hair diagonally.  
Oh, but how I hate poison ivy,  
For itching at my skin,  
And the way the burning sensation  
Won't stop.

Nature you hurt me,  
But you are, oh, so beautiful to look at.  
Your beauty is both harmful and helpful.  
I love the taste of apples  
That fall from your trees.

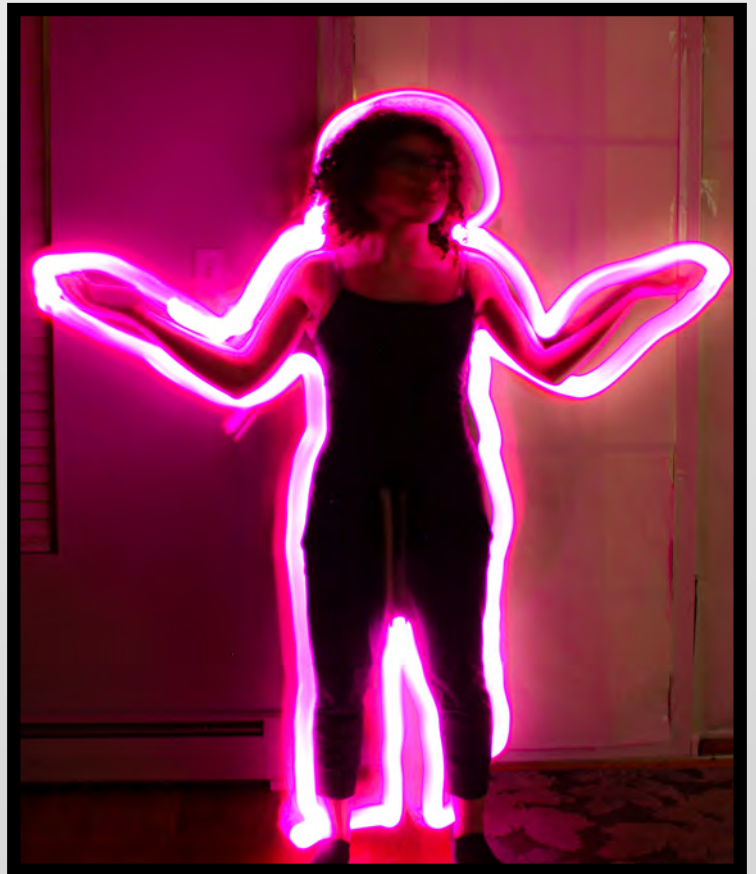
Thank you.

Seleina Garcia '25

## Ode to My People

Melanin.  
Some lighter than others and some darker.  
Outstanding, beautiful, gentle.  
Treated differently because of the color of our skin color.  
Always at risk of dying no matter where we are.  
Right or wrong.  
Strong, hardworking, and smart.  
Shaking when we walk out of the house.  
Not knowing if we're going to die on our front door step,  
Or maybe even up on Queens Boulevard.  
Getting beat on and kicked out of stores  
Because of the way we look.  
Crying and weak with anxiety for our lives each and everyday.  
Sad and hurt because of the hateful comments.  
We get bruised inside on a daily basis.  
Always judged on how we make money,  
And sacrificed sacrifices some have to make to live.  
Some have to live in abandoned houses with their children  
Because they can't get a job because of their past,  
Some have to sell clothes off of their backs just to get food,  
Others struggle because they're money gets cut short,  
Even after they worked their butts off to get it.  
Please understand this is our ode.  
We are perfect the way we are.

Ashaa Cheddie '24



## Blue Dream

My dreams usually become reality, when dreaming about people or situations, they tend to happen or come back, things seem and feel so real. Recently I've been dreaming about you.

A constant repeating dream that I wish could happen. I say my dreams always come true, but this time it seems it won't. I dream of you communicating with me, and having a heart-to-heart conversation.

But as these dreams get longer and deeper, I realize that these dreams, could be a way of missing you, and wanting closure between us. My dreams are very vivid moments that I wish could occur at the present time.

When I dream of you every hug and moment I spent with you, feels so real, like I'm actually with you, experiencing these moments in real time. I hope that these dreams come true and don't remain a continuous thought.

Alexandra  
Acosta-Rivera '25



## Blue Nude

The second you tore my heart out of my chest, was the day I understood the color blue.  
The second you tore my heart out of my chest, was the day I felt nude.  
I feel like this vulnerable victim,  
All I can do is sit here, on this cold floor, and ask myself,  
"What did I do wrong? Wasn't I enough for you? What can I do to be enough for you?"  
This physical pain you inflicted, made my world like this never-ending cold, dark blue night.  
I feel like I'm never going to stop feeling this pain.  
As much as my body wants to hate you, I can't.  
I still love you.  
My body is just overwhelmed with blue,  
With pain.  
It feels like my heart isn't even beating anymore.

Adriana B. Jimenez '22

## Porcelain

My palish-rose skin glistens, like porcelain.  
Pleasantly appealing, clean polished plastic.  
My illustrated face, don't you think I'm handsome?  
Smile reaching the corners of my face, so much that  
My eyes squint.

I view one way and one way only,  
Since that was my intended view.  
The button's strength shapes my waist.  
The suit fitting to perfection.  
Broken buttons lay on the floors of that old place.

My silk-like hair shines within the sun's range.  
The synthetic fibers lay flat against my head.  
I'm perfect. Right?  
Tell me I'm perfect.  
Please.

~  
Loud machines buzzing.  
Choking steam clouds the cement walls.  
An iron pin, with a tip glazed with ink,  
Scripting a long, long smile on its face.  
A bin with a shameful name  
Lays on the bare floor of the factory.

He was thrown into that bin.  
He saw his life in only one awaiting direction,  
Since his view was intended that way.  
He fell against bodies lying underneath him.  
The bin named,  
*Refurbished.*

AdonaiAdam Guglielmelli '25

## Instability

When i had no friend i made  
anger my friend. When i had no enemy  
i opposed the rules.

When i had no love i became selfish.  
When i had no luck i made my own.  
When i had no choice i persevered.

When i had no one to speak to  
i wrote my words. When i had no words my  
intentions spoke for me.

When i had no worth i made  
living my punishment. When i had to suffer i  
knew it was by choice.

When i had no passion i  
let apathy guide me. When i had no thoughts i let  
instinct take over.

When i had no goals i made  
peace my objective. When i had no clue i  
mirrored my surroundings.

When i had no trust i let  
fear protect me. When i had nothing but  
fear, i stopped living.

Joelene Tineo '22

## Remember

Remember the times you fell down,  
and picked yourself back up?  
Remember the future they told you you'd have?  
Embrace the path you've taken since then.

Remember the pain they put you through and how you will never be the same again?  
Remember staying awake all hours of the night to be alone with your thoughts,  
and all the sunsets and sunrises you've seen but since forgotten?

Remember how loud and flavorful emotions felt, and how it's all muted now?  
You know your mind is dull and drained, you know you can't go back.

Remember how much unconditional love you received when you were young,  
and didn't have opinions, and how hard you have to work to earn it now?

Remember the simplicity of childhood ignorance and embrace the weight of what's to come?  
Remember where you came from.

A strong woman who went through too much at your age,  
and a man who never would have guessed that this is his life now.

Analyze your past, your actions, your body, but never forget your beginning,  
always let your inner child have a say and never give up.

Joelene Tineo '22



## God of Love

The wind blows  
A whisper

Listen to their heartbeats  
As they flow into the sky  
And hear the hearts not beat enough

Arrows shot from a bow  
Spreading love  
Shooting everyone in their cold hearts

Making people love and appreciate  
One another

Arlyann Guadron '25

## Behind Closed Doors

As I lay in this bed full of my sorrows and all the pains of tomorrow,  
I pray, pray that the aching pain will disappear,  
Or that my inner child with rest and finally say its last goodbye.  
I pray to him, those who call him God.  
He died for our sins but left one sin here in this world, me.  
Left me tossing and turning.  
Breaking down and burning.  
Why do such people pray to what they call "God"?  
This world will never understand the unbearable torture,  
Born into this world people say is created by "Him".  
Why would such a good man create a world full of hate?  
Why would such a good man let me be born into this world?  
What did I do to deserve this?  
The many questions bottle up in my mind and are left unanswered,  
Wondering if I was the one who's in the wrong.  
In this bed, I lose myself to all my thoughts.  
In my thoughts, my head begins to hurt,  
No longer will this pain continue,  
For I have no time to feel this anymore.  
As I lay in this bed full of my sorrows and all the pains of tomorrow,  
I pretend like nothing has happened.  
Outside of this room I know nothing of pain.  
Behind these closed doors I can be my true self.

Kayla Higueros '23

## Mirror Poetry

You were my knight and shining armor  
You were the light to all my darkest days  
You were that beautiful sparkly star during a peaceful night  
You were the person I would sing love songs about  
You were the meaning of love, that I thought I found  
You were something I craved, each and every day  
You were my peace

*You are the sprints, I hate running  
You are the darkness, that I feel I can't escape  
You are this unnecessary burden  
You are a monster, under my bed  
You are what I don't need  
You are this weight in my heart  
You are a storm*

Adriana B. Jimenez '22



## Society

People like me simply think it's as easy as  
One  
Two  
Three  
But does that include others that we see, and let be?  
We see them ask for change  
But do we change the way  
We look upon one another?  
Being overlooked, frowned upon and neglected and later...  
Abandoned  
Mistreated  
Forgotten  
But does that appear to the upcoming generations that this  
Problem falls upon?  
We always stop and stare but it's never to stand for...  
Change  
Justice  
Peace  
We move our feet, leaving behind  
That man or woman sleeping on the street



Samiah Chisholm '22

## Temperate Holidays

This season is a time to enjoy and rejoice,  
This season of winter and its chilling cold.  
And with it, it brings our relatives closer together,  
Sitting by the fireplace and enjoying some sweets.  
On this season, a family goes on their planned trip,  
Onto a place where there lies a few differences.  
In this place, everybody enjoys their holiday season,  
But it's a bit different than how you celebrate it.

You might think the holidays are all about the winter,  
Since there's all that snow that piles up on your doorstep.  
It's that trait that gives the winter season its character,  
As it's one of the most notable aspects of the holidays.  
Over there, it's different from what we usually see,  
Where the temperature soars and the sun shines.  
There isn't any snow that builds up or a cold climate,  
As the season is just a breezy part of a lasting summer.

Of course, it won't stop them from celebrating it there,  
As the family is there to see their relatives and culture.  
Even though the people there live their lives in hardship,  
With their living conditions there being less than ideal,  
They still have the holiday's spirit with this time of year,  
As it makes us realize what the holidays are truly about.  
This season lets us connect with what we hold dearest,  
And it won't matter where we are as long as we know that.

Anthony Reyes Benitez '25



## melting point

walking, stepping, creeping  
snarls echoing from the corner  
nails embedded into the chalkboard

scratching across the board  
the students' ears vomit blood  
the ears wearing unbearable faces

the chalk is devoured by a swift motion  
such a neat line decimated by chaos  
equations that laid dormant swept away

nails carving across, tearing at the midnight surface  
curvatures transforming into words and letters  
the professor's knowledge shattering as if it were a window

the pane crashing down into little shiny fragments  
a new order arose out of the dark  
it stood out on the smooth black sea

the silhouettes that belonged to the characters that laid on the board  
they spoke of a new uniformity  
one that included the forgotten

a new world that forgave the sinned  
a new opportunity that shed light on the dark  
a new way of inviting those out of the closet

a new mask that shielded innocent nostrils from the toxic smell  
a new order that broke barriers humans couldn't bare with  
a uniformity that assisted the "damned" that resided in the hell created by society.

"Well, I assume you've questioned my motives and in response I would like to assist you with some truth. I believe in giving the forgotten humans a second chance, even if our teachers provide us with a lesson that deviates this idea. May the future bestow a second chance upon those who have fought for their chance to arrive rather swiftly, and may those use their chances wisely."

Jaden Gonzalez '23



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