

A close-up photograph of a red apple with water droplets on its surface and a stem. The apple is the central focus, with its vibrant red and yellow-orange skin glistening with numerous clear water droplets of various sizes. The stem is dark brown and extends upwards from the top of the apple. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

# *Folio*

2020

*Walter G. O'Connell Copiague High School*

## Cover Art:

*The Big Apple*  
by Jennifer Canales

“You are living a moment in history. This is going to be one of those moments they're going to write and they're going to talk about for generations. This is a moment that is going to change this nation. This is a moment that forges character, forges people, changes people.”

– Andrew M. Cuomo  
*Governor of New York*

*To say that this edition of Folio was created during trying times would be an understatement. Our Copiague community has been profoundly impacted by COVID-19; our everyday lives and our once-in-a-lifetime moments have been commandeered by this pandemic. Nevertheless, we persist. This is what Copiague does. After Hurricane Sandy, we reunited and rebuilt. We will do the same now, although it is hard to imagine what life will look like moving forward. But we **will** move forward. As Mr. Rogers pointed out so many years ago, "When I was a boy and would see scary things in the news, my mother would say to me 'Look for the helpers. You will always find people who are helping.'" Copiague is full of "helpers," and they are our strength as a community.*

*We dedicate this year's Folio to all "the helpers": the first responders, the medical personnel, the essential workers, and, with broken hearts, our lost helper: Board of Education Vice President Christopher Madden. Mr. Madden had a helper's heart; he loved Copiague and always strove to help the community in any way he could. We thank Mr. Madden for his service to our schools and wish his family peace through their grieving. May we all find hope, peace, and beauty through art in its many forms as we work together to reimagine and rebuild.*

### **Meredith Wanzer**

English Department Chairperson  
Walter G. O'Connell Copiague High School

## Folio 2020

The Literary Magazine  
of  
Walter G. O'Connell  
Copiague High School

1100 Dixon Avenue  
Copiague, NY 11726

Established 1961  
Volume LIX

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## Nature's Beauty Shining Over Covid

As the sun starts to rise on the east,  
On the beautiful emerald green plains,  
And the flowers start to grow and bloom,  
In the wonderful northwest, spring has begun.

As the trees gorgeous green leaves sprout  
Back up once again and the squirrels, birds, and bees,  
Start to come back, you know happiness has begun.

The warm, yet crisp weather with the scent of lavender,  
And the slow, but soothing winds remind you,  
That everything will be alright.

The beaches begin to open, and the sandals in the sand,  
Hint summer is just so close that you can almost taste it.  
That's nature's way and nature's beauty.  
Be patient, look out for the signs.

Because in reality, it's right there in front of you,  
So close you can almost touch it.

Sandra Pu'sey '21



## Enclosed

Sitting in my room,  
isolated from the world and it feels weird.  
Staying inside, doing the same thing  
gets boring real quick.  
Each day, it's the same,  
and everything feels bland.

With the virus spreading faster,  
it's scary to talk to anybody.  
It's making people go crazy  
to the point where they are buying goods  
out of fear,  
and it's rare to find things  
such as toilet paper.  
Crazy.

I barely come out of my room at this point.  
My face now glued to my phone,  
waiting for upcoming news.  
I feel trapped in my own home,  
the place where I should feel safe.  
We think not being in school is great.  
How wrong we are.  
I stay and wonder,  
will we ever escape  
from this confinement?

Genesis Canenguez '23



## I Am Alone

I am alone,  
In a crowd of people.  
Faces blend together  
To form one solid scowl  
Of disapproval.  
Blasting music,  
To block out the deafening chatter  
And the whispers.  
I am insignificant,  
Just another body,  
In the crowded hallway  
That will never be accepted.  
Shutting everyone out  
To prevent any more pain.  
I speak,  
But no one listens.  
I smile,  
And laugh,  
To cover up  
The endless trail of tears.  
I have no place.  
Nowhere that is made for me.  
Nowhere that I am supposed to be.

Trinity Roberts '21

## The Owls Outside Her Window

She had some owls.

She had owls who held the starry night in their eyes.  
She had owls who were as white as freshly fallen snow.  
She had owls who reminded her of the autumn leaves.  
She had owls who became one with the trees.  
She had owls who were changing like a storm.  
She had owls who hid in the darkness of the night.

She had some owls.

She had owls who turned on one another.  
She had owls who helped.  
She had owls who were liars.  
She had owls who always told the truth.  
She had owls who hid secrets.  
She had owls who told them all.

She had some owls.

She had owls with scars that showed that they were alive.  
She had owls with scars from their past.  
She had owls with scars that were found after they died.  
She had owls with scars in their hearts.  
She had owls that caused these scars.  
She had owls that tried to forget their scars.

She had some owls.

She had owls that followed the light.  
She had owls that fell into the darkness.  
She had owls who tried to save others.  
She had owls who didn't know what to do.  
She had owls that gave up.  
She had owls that decided neither and stayed in the middle.

She had some owls.

She had owls who she needed.  
She had owls who needed her.  
She wanted to turn into an owl herself.

Gabriela Leonardo Tavarez '20

## Childhood

I miss the relaxing times I had as a kid,  
Being carefree and having no stress.  
Watching television shows like *Dora*,  
And having nap-time at school.  
As I grew older,  
I had to learn to be more independent, responsible,  
And to work harder.  
I wasn't like this before.  
I miss not worrying about what people think about me.  
I miss not caring about how I look or about grades.  
I miss not doubting myself.  
I miss my innocent self.  
I still need to find myself through this darkness.  
My childhood was a safe time.  
Though I wish this could continue,  
I know my life will only continue to get more difficult.  
I miss my childhood.  
Te extraño.

Genesis Canenguez '23



## What You Should Know to Have a Successful Future

Don't be hard on yourself take it one day at a time  
Every moment wasted is a moment wasted So each moment wasted  
degrades your clarity of purpose

LIVE.....

Crying over spilled milk won't quench your thirst

Take the L and move on Grow from it with plenty of gratitude  
Take a deep breath It'll happen when the perfect time arrives

NOT ONE MINUTE SOONER!

NOT ONE MINUTE LATER!

Be anxious for absolutely nothing wait your turn Time waits for no man or woman  
Life is too short

STOP

postponing life today and putting your life on hold for tomorrow.  
Tomorrow maybe too late

NEVER

EVER

Feed the snakes in the grass your plan for the future.

Make your goal a part time job

Which requires...

The following: Research, Mastermind, Strategize, Then Capitalize

PROPER

Preparation is the key to our success

Our acts can be

NO WISER THAN OUR THOUGHTS!

Tatiana Smith '20

## Trust

Trust is like a flower,  
once you break it,  
it's gone.  
That's the thing,  
about life,  
trust is always broken,  
and shattered around  
like pieces of glass,  
and blown away in the wind like flowers.  
It's sad actually,  
but that's how it ends.

Sandra Pu'sey '21



## Eternal Love

He fell in love with a girl, his little troubled baby.  
She was falling apart like deteriorating rain.  
No matter how many painful nights he watched her have.  
He was there. Waiting to come to her aid.  
She stared up at him with holographic eyes,  
While his began to fill with tears.  
Could he ever rescue his little troubled baby,  
From what had caused her to go down this route?  
The victorious moonlight had lit up her face once more.  
Heaven had a tiny hunger, it had been for her.  
With her final breaths she whimpered her prayers for life.  
Her torn sweater was the only thing he had left of her,  
Besides his eternal love.

Tatiana Meneses '20

## The One That Got Away

Everything seemed to stop as his holographic eyes met mine  
Our love had come to an end because of careless mistakes

The deteriorating rain continued as days turned into weeks  
He had left me empty, wondering if it was all my fault

I had no feeling in my body as the tiny hunger seemed to dissipate more and more  
Was there really a meaning to my life anymore?

A desperate prayer seemed to take over my mind as the starless night continued  
Was there really no way to go back to how we were before?

More painful nights consumed my soul away from this reality  
Sleepless nights were the only choice I gave myself

The dull moonlight entering the ajar window as I laid in bed  
My complexion had turned pale and dark circles became the norm

A wordless sweater became the only clothing that I owned  
since he left me broken and words couldn't describe what I felt at all

Gabriela Leonardo Tavarez '20



## Unmoving "Dust"

You know what you've done to me  
You are like a poison disguised as a soda  
Fun on the outside, cruel on the inside  
Riding through life like you did nothing wrong

But I remember  
Your group of friends  
Make you feel great  
You don't think of the "dust"  
You trample along the way  
"Dust" you laugh at  
Do you ever think of what they've been through  
Or how they even are

This "dust" doesn't forget though  
This "dust" won't let you push them down  
This "dust" won't bend to your torment  
This "dust" is a human being  
A human being that is stronger than you think  
And although I can never stand up to you  
It doesn't matter

This human can move on  
From the times you laughed in their face  
And grow from the torture  
Of their past

This dust won't move to you

Joseph Falco Jr. '22



## Mirror

I am a reflective surface,  
A reflector of beauty.  
I've seen secrets,  
I've seen celebrations.  
I've seen tears and regrets,  
But I've seen it all from one girl.  
I would like to explore the world,  
But first I would like to see her get old.  
I've seen her birthdays,  
And her first days of school.  
I've seen it all.  
I hold her secrets hostage  
Because I owe her that,  
For knowing them in the first place.  
She stares at me everyday,  
Trying to find herself within me.  
Defining herself by her scars within herself,  
But this war called life has her sometimes.  
She's strong and filled with love.  
I know she will get through it all.

Halia Latimore '21



## Behind the Curtain

The feet of some of the women are resting on their friend as she lays on the floor.  
The bread she chews, as if it's the best thing in the world.

The warmth from the picture is comforting.  
The timeless peace sign being displayed across their fingers.

The dancing of sounds surrounding the big ballroom,  
The sense of formality and sophistication can never be matched.

Though some are laughing, others chewing, smiles are still formed on their faces.  
Three of the girls wear darker colored dresses, similar to black and green.

Other girls wear brighter colors, like yellow, blue, and red that can easily be seen.  
Their shoes, tripping over themselves and others as well.

The unity as their short arms support each other.  
All in all, the blue tint from the light ties the other colors together in harmony.

Ladrea Buffaloe '21





## I Care

My thoughts consist of you 99.9% of the time. I wonder if you got enough sleep or if you even went to sleep at all. I wonder if you had a good morning or if I even made it better somehow? I try to because I smile when people ask me these questions, whether or not they care or just trying to make conversation. When I miss you throughout the day, I tell you. I make sure you know because there are some days where I needed to know if someone missed me. I make sure you're good before anyone else because you matter more than anyone else, I even put you before me. It's not healthy for me, but caring for you distracts me. Worrying about your problems instead of my own, caring for you in a way that I've dreamed someone would do for me. This is not love, love never works out for me. I've despised that word for as long as I can remember because when I use it with people, they hurt me. I give them my love, they take it with them leaving me filled with anger and heartbreak, and sometimes I think that's all that's left of me. I do not see you as a friend because friends leave, friends can lie just like everyone else. They're human beings and lie, but with you, I care about you, your well being. I care about your feelings. I ask you these questions because I wish someone would've done the same with me. You may never ask me these questions. You may even ask someone else these questions with the same intentions as me. You may never even comprehend the amount of trust I have put into you, but in this moment, I do not feel this way about anyone other than you, I care about you.

Halia Latimore '21

## Spanish Poetry in Translation

### Todo Está en Tu Manos

En este mundo la gente no se puede a confiar.  
Adonde se mueren de tristeza y la pobreza.  
Se crían como somos hermanos pero mañana es un pecado.  
No somos nosotros" dicen mientras siguen a volverse en una cobija,  
Tan peligros y edificante adonde los pulmones se llenan con odio.  
No hay un dia de pas y cariño si no hay dinero.  
No hay tranquilidad si no hay envido de las que tu dices son "hermanos".  
Por Dios cuando va haber claridad, ya levantalos de este oscuridad.  
La pobreza es real, la malda es real.  
Despierta Cen del pasado y comienzan el camino que tú escoges.

### Everything is in Your Hands

In this world people cannot be trusted.  
Where they die of sadness and poverty.  
They are raised as brothers, but tomorrow it's a sin.  
"It's not us" they say, as they continue to turn into a blanket,  
So uplifting and dangerous where the lungs fill with hatred.  
There is not a day in the country, and love, if there is no money.  
There is no tranquility if there is no envy of what you call "brothers".  
By God, when there will be clarity, lift them from this darkness.  
Poverty is real, evil is real.  
Wake up from the past and begin the path you choose.

Bridgette Mendoza '21

## Paradise

A place of bewitching land,  
where you can sink in the sand like marshmallows,  
and the sun creeps into your eyes to say *hi*,  
but your paradise is not the same as mine.

For mine is a feeling,  
not a place or a thing.  
The feeling of peace and being wanted  
could send me into the most beautiful land of all.

Peace is a great thing if you have it,  
but without it can make you weak,  
A longing to feel wanted  
is like nails on a chalkboard that never stop.=,  
Ripping the material that is now embedded in the nails.

Paradise can take away all the ugly thoughts.  
Will they come back? Why do I look this way?  
Was I ever enough? They're so much better than me.  
Poof! It all goes away.

Maybe a house or a new state will do the trick.  
A fresh start for the worries to go away.  
and toxic relationships will be at ease.

Only the people that mean a lot to me.  
Creating a paradise,  
my paradise.

Isabella Torres '23



## A Bond in the Eyes of a Bird

The love between a mother and a child  
A bond that is unbreakable  
The mother supports the child in every way  
The mother feeds the child and comforts him  
Feeling the warmth of her child's feathers against her  
The mother teaches it to fly and cares for him  
Until the child must leave the nest  
Only to go on and support himself  
The mother is proud of what it has become  
The child now a parent himself  
And the cycle continues on  
On and on and on  
But the bond is everlasting  
The bond between a mother and her child

Aaydin Smith '21

## Jaguar in the Jungle

A fierce set of sharp claws.  
A powerful menacing jaw.  
A pelt of mustard yellow.  
As you let out a soft bellow.  
Paws so delicate and soft.  
When you lay in the trees aloft.  
You travel through the jungle following tracks.  
As you look for your next meal to attack.  
You use the leaves as cover to hide.  
As if you are putting on a disguise.  
A color beautiful like the sun.  
As the hunt for food has only begun.

Aaydin Smith '21

## My Life

All throughout my life,  
I grew up with Spanish culture surrounding me.  
Spanish spices filling my parent's house,  
as my mother was making classic Spanish foods,  
Such as pupusas, baleadas, and taquitos.  
With Hispanic families, they're usually big like mine,  
having up to five or more siblings wasn't something unusual.  
My siblings and I would run around the house,  
while my mom only endured it,  
Working up to eight hours in a factory  
only to come home to work even more.  
Cleaning and cooking for a family of five to six was hard.

It was hard on both sides.  
My parents are separated.  
They both have married other people.  
It was for the better.  
Both my parents have taught me  
and my sibling many lessons.  
We all began learning to do chores at a young age.  
Doing our own laundry, sweeping, washing dishes,  
we learned and still do these today.  
This puts less stress on our parents,  
and will help us in the future.

Coming from an immigrant family,  
it was hard to get the things everyone had.  
We had to be grateful for the things we did get.  
My parents were less fortunate than we were.  
In the future,  
I want to make enough money  
to pay back my parents,  
let them relax the rest of their lives,  
and I can help them this time.  
My time.

Genesis Canenguez '23



## The Mistreatment to Ourselves

Our earth is our friend and we mistreat it,  
And it's not fair.  
We are heating it up.  
And not giving a damn.  
Our December's are turning into June's and July's.  
Our polar bears are dying without coldness within them.  
Australia is burning into ashes.

Earth is like a Birman cat coughing up hair nowadays,  
But instead of hair it's coughing up plastic.  
Plastic is being thrown every which way.  
Like "Pay no mind, someone will pick it up",  
But then that's everyone's mindset so no one picks it up.  
We as human beings have to take care of our earth.  
Because if we don't we will end as ashes and have nothing,  
But Carbon Dioxide,  
Greenhouse gases,  
Extinct species.

Kelsey Marte '23



## Ode to Tupac Shakur

Thank you for telling your story through music,  
And letting others know what you went through.  
It taught us to never be afraid to be real.  
You taught us wisdom.

Thank you, Pac,  
For giving us courage to keep our head high,  
For letting us know through the struggle,  
We can always count on the man above

Thank you, Pac,  
For telling us through your music that we gotta do What  
we gotta do, to get up out of a situation.  
For telling us that we can do whatever we want,  
If we put our mind to it.  
Also,for always having our back.

Thank you, Pac,  
For letting us know its okay to fight for justice,  
And they're going to be haters,  
But we must work together.  
Most importantly thanks for being a real model.

Thank you, Pac.

Angel Houser '23



## Snow

The air is freezing cold. The sky is white with a shade of blue. Looking through the window while water slowly drips down, while putting your gloves on getting ready to run outside. The wind scratching the back of your neck, blowing flakes onto your face. From the playful snowball fights to the peaceful snow angels, this time of year is one of a more childlike of nature. I anticipate the white sheet that comes to cover the grass. Forever bringing the joy that comes with snow, and we welcome winter for yet another year.

Emmanuel Garcia '20

## Sensation

Thursday morning the angels lift my spirit as they lead my stairway to heaven. I can feel the temperature increase, accompanied with shivers that run up and down my arms. The scent of cherry blossoms linger in the air, I can feel a slight sensation in the pit of my gut, and I began to feel empowered.

Emmanuel Garcia '20



## Semi-Colon

I wear this semi-colon  
About my finger.  
It makes me not a loser,  
Yet still not yet a winner.

It reminds me of the battle I face,  
Called life,  
But that I'm still fighting every endless day,  
And dreadful night.

At this piece of worn out silver,  
I may stare intently,  
While my demons linger.

But it brings about that feeling of hope.  
That one day,  
I may not grab that rope.

The meaning behind is so simple,  
But so hard to understand.  
Why do I wear this little piece of metal,  
On my hand.

It doesn't halt those feelings inside,  
Or stop me from grabbing the knife.  
It doesn't quiet the voices in my head,  
Or the haunting thoughts while lying in bed.

But then I remember what it means once more.  
That I'm fighting a battle with myself- no, a war.  
And even though I have not won,  
It reminds me that my story isn't done.

Gianna Torres '20

## Police Brutality

It's tiring seeing  
Kids get killed  
Day after day.  
Walking out the house,  
Not knowing  
If you're going to live.  
Being cautious about  
If you should wear a certain color.  
Even if your driving  
And you get pulled over  
Even if you didn't do anything wrong.  
All because the color of your skin.  
It needs to stop.  
Because if it was a high class  
White man or women  
It Would be approached differently.  
Just because we are black,  
Doesn't mean we should be treated  
Any different.  
Yeah, you might have power over us,  
Because you are wearing a badge,  
But we are human just like the rest,  
And we should be treated as that.  
It needs to stop.  
There has been way to many shootings,  
By police in the last couple of years.  
We really have no one now, yeah  
There is a couple but not enough.  
You guys wonder why we are afraid.  
We shouldn't be afraid.  
Thanks to Tupac for telling us to fight  
For what we believe in.

Angel Houser '23

## Daemon

It all happened so fast, but it felt like it was in slow motion. The brightness, blinding her vision and the screams, piercing her eardrums. Then came the color that she dreaded, dark red. Frozen in fright, she was a witness to the scene that unfolded before her. The tragedy was ingrained in her mind. She knew the situation forwards and backwards. She could never forget that dreadful day.

The only good thing about that day was the friend that she made. He seemed too good to be true, and they got close very quickly. Months after the incident, Callista (Callie) was still having nightmares about it.

The brightness, the screams, the red... Callista jolted up from her sleep, struggling to breathe.

"Hey, I'm here. It's okay." Daemon pulled her in close to his chest and held her as comfortably tight as he could. He knew it was a bad time to bring it up, but he wanted to know where their relationship stood.

He knew Callie liked him a lot, he could feel it. He just wanted to know why she pushed him away at times. He needed her to know that he would never leave her.

Daemon spent all his time thinking about Callie. Currently though, her mind was on someone else.

She needed to go visit her former best friend, Lucy. She hadn't spoken to her in months and she truly missed her. Thinking about it, Callie realized that the only being she interacted with for months was Daemon.

It's not that she didn't basically love him. It's just that she hated to rely on anyone, because they'd disappear or they'd just let you leave their lives. Nobody ever seemed to fight for her and she hated that.

Ladrea Buffaloe '21



## Poison

The memory of those beautiful, holographic eyes capture  
My attention even though I am drenched in water.

Stuck, waiting in the deteriorating rain  
Waiting, waiting for your warmth, your love.

Didn't see you, did you not show up?  
My heart as damaged as the cracked night.

I needed you and you were nowhere to be  
Found my trippy prayer, a sliver of hope.

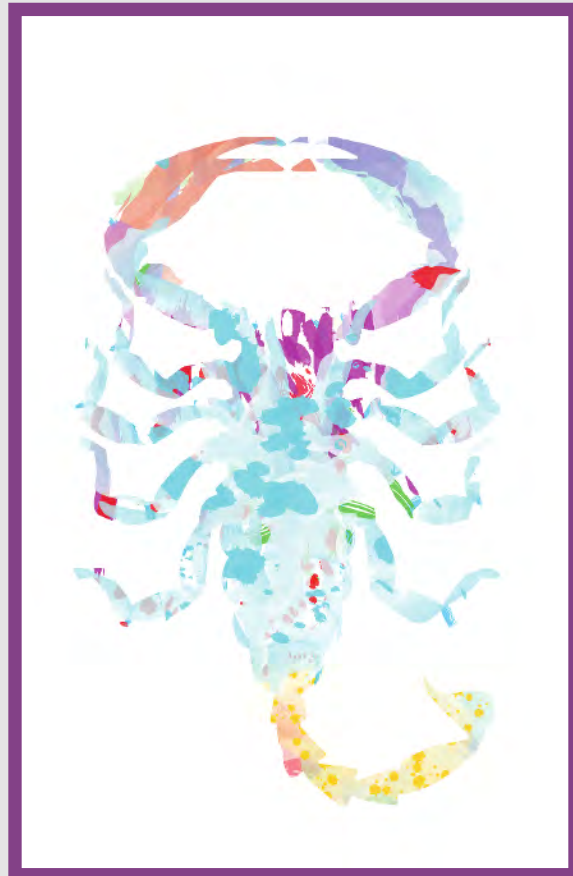
The rain finally stopped, the moon shining an  
Ominous moonlight upon the sulking silhouette

Of my exhausted body. The wordless sweater  
Sucking the warmth from me instead of providing it,

I yearn to fulfill my tiny hunger for you  
To be enveloped in the warmth of your hugs

But you, are my poison.

Ladrea Buffaloe '20



## Born to See Purity In Honor of Black History Month

I was born to see purity,  
Everyone was pure.  
I was born to see you and me.  
My eyes were never sore.  
As time went on,  
We sang our song,  
Nothing was ever wrong.  
We lifted each other up so high,  
Learning to love every color.  
I grew up with purity in my eyes,  
From my best friend to a lover.  
As time went on,  
When we sang our song,  
They told us we were wrong.  
Don't laugh or play,  
You're not her color.  
They'd say,  
You can't love one another,  
So I used my eyes,  
And I saw that inside,  
Their purity has died.  
Now I have a task,  
To use my privilege for you,  
So don't use a mask,  
Let your colors shine through.

Mackenzie Scotti '21

## Beauty

Beauty isn't just on the outside.  
Under the surface, deep down within, it lays.  
They tell us how we should look,  
But they can't see what's inside.  
Everyone has their own feelings,  
But we should realize that.  
Reflections don't define us.  
Forget how they see you,  
Because only you have to love who you are.  
You are beautiful.

Gianna Torres '20



## Haiku's

The yellow sun awakes  
Sleepy moon saying goodbye  
Gentle morning breeze

Dazzling warm water  
Different unique fishes  
Joyfully swimming

The two bright, red birds  
Standing on the leafless tree  
Singing to the world

Colorful flowers  
Gentle breeze and shiny sun  
Spring is arriving

Francheska Guzman Guittierrez '23

## Ode to a Figure

It is a dull, early morning,  
When everyone is asleep.  
A girl wakes up, and gets up from her bed,  
And walks to her closet to get dressed.  
She gets a book from her draw,  
And sits on her chair near the window.

Before she reads, she looks out the window,  
And sees a figure in black looking towards her,  
With smokey dark dust coming from the sides of it.  
She opens her window,  
And asks, "Who are you?" and "What are you doing here?"  
The figure in black doesn't answer,  
But continues to stare at her.  
The figure then starts walking to the front door.  
It knocks on the door loudly,  
Five times; Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

She rushes to her parents room,  
And tells them "A person in black is banging on the door!"  
Her parents get up from bed,  
And they both grab a weapon,  
They go outside, while the girl stays in.  
She sees the dark figure again through her window,  
And yells to her parents that the figure  
Is in the front of the house,  
Staring at her through the window.  
The parents run to the front and see no one.  
The girl still sees him,  
And the figure walks towards the front door,  
And goes in the house.

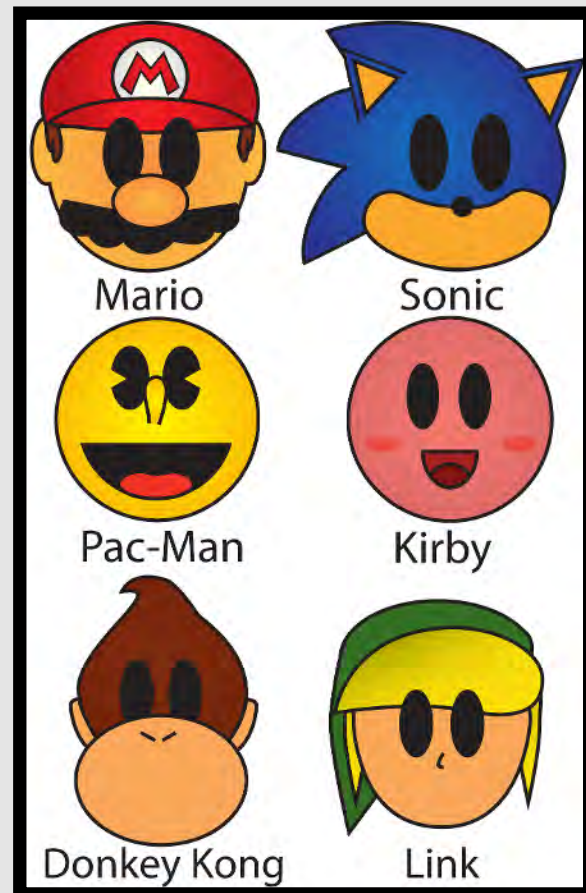
She hears the footsteps on the way up the stairs.  
She hides in her closet.  
The figure walks into her room, and finds her.  
It grabs her by the shirt.  
Death is in the air,  
And the figure looks at her with a sharp glare.  
The figure takes out a hatchet from behind it,  
And hits her in the head.  
She dies, and the figure sits on her chair,  
And watches her dead body.

Tessa Bartoli '21

## Hole

It's starting to get hard to move around my room.  
I should probably clean up soon, I haven't cleaned in weeks.  
I'll probably do it tomorrow or something.  
I just don't want to go outside to take out the trash.  
Maybe I'll order another pizza, or maybe Chinese again.  
What did I eat yesterday, was it Thai?  
All these take out bags are starting to pile up.  
I'm used to the smell already though.  
I just wish my parents would stop calling non stop.  
I'll go to work one of these days.  
They keep telling me I'm going to lose my job.  
I don't feel like it though.  
The landlord also told me to clean up because of the smell.  
I don't feel like it though.  
I've been wearing this shirt for a week now, I should probably change.  
I don't feel like it though.  
I ran out of my meds, I should probably refill my prescription.  
I don't feel like it though.  
I'm just tired all the time, I don't know why.  
Maybe I'll just lay here until I'm not tired anymore.

David Allendez '21



## I Miss You

So much that it hurts.  
You left me alone broken.  
Crying every night,  
Wishing you would come back,  
But you haven't,  
And I need you more than you know.  
The late night calls.  
The late night hugs.  
If I could tell you how much  
I miss your warm, cozy scent.  
The way my heart beats faster,  
When you tell me I'm cute,  
The loneliness that overwhelms me at night.  
The wave of emotions that hit me,  
While I'm class. I can't stop missing you,  
No matter how hard I try, no matter how,  
Many times my friends say, "forget about him",  
Because deep down inside I can't get over the fact,  
That maybe, just maybe you miss me,  
Just as much as I miss you.

Sandra Pu'sey '21

## Sinking

It hurts you know  
Hearing your heart tell your brain  
that she can't play pretend anymore  
When all the feelings  
that have been suppressed for so long  
Come flooding back  
Hitting you harder, HARDER than it did before  
It hurts trying to comfort the one that  
You love as he falls in love with someone else  
It hurts but you hide it  
You continue to put your feelings aside  
Put yourself second  
Because you would rather hide it  
Than lose him completely

Abigail Webb '21





## Aching

Mi corazon aches,  
wishing you were by my side.  
When you leave,  
I think about you,  
Everything about you.  
The feeling of my heart pounding when you're around me.  
The amount of love I feel when I'm with you.  
It's too hard to be put into words.  
Te quiero mucho.  
Muchísimo.  
I care for you.  
I love you.  
When people talk about you,  
The butterflies in my stomach,  
Flutter.  
Ellos Vuelen.  
My face turns bright red when you're around.  
I can't control how I feel.  
You make me smile with just being there,  
being in your presence.  
I love everything about you.  
I love you.  
Te amo.  
Mi corazón me duele when I'm not around you.  
My heart will continue to ache.  
Aching.

Genesis Canenguez '23

## Dreamland

The ragged wood that would lead me to a path of wonder  
My father takes me to the place where I feel the magic  
That you can't put into words

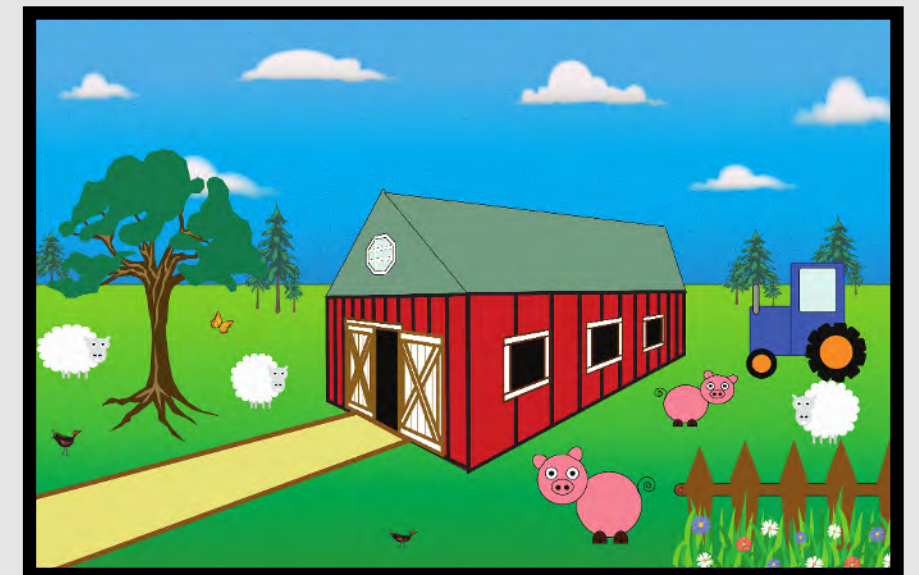
As we lay on the crowded beach  
That is filled with families of four  
Young women and men playing volleyball  
While listening to their radio  
As we lay on the sand and watch the ocean  
Wave to us and welcome us in

Nathans Famous Hot Dogs that I will savor the salt of  
Cooled down with a lemonade that had been freshly squeezed  
And had just enough sugar to keep me moving  
Through the hot summer day

The Cyclone revives my energy  
While putting a sudden fear in my heart that I might fall  
Safely making it to the steaming cement floor  
Makes me miss the thrill the wind in my hair gave me  
But it doesn't matter because dad brings a sack of nickels  
To make sure the fun never ended and it never will

The sun would set and the only thing  
That lights up the sky with bright glassy color  
Is the Wonder Wheel and right then  
It feels like that moment can last forever

Nia Blackmon '21



Joy?

A meadow springing with life,  
With flowers of all shapes and colors.  
The wind is blowing heavily,  
Creating a sea of the tall grass,  
Going as far as the eye can see.  
The bright blue sky with clouds that look like little shapes.  
Birds flying overhead, singing their own melodies.  
Trees in the distance dancing to their tune.  
The ambrosial smell of nature surrounding me.  
I've never felt anything like this before.  
I could lay here forever, and never think twice about it.  
There's a tightness in my chest.  
My hands are shaky.  
I feel tears streaming down my face.  
What's this feeling?  
This feeling of overwhelming emotions.  
This feeling that I want today to go on forever.  
This feeling of warmth lingering throughout my body.  
This feeling of  
Joy?

David Allendez '21



Love

Life is hard but you  
Just have  
To have someone  
To love. The good  
Thing about our  
World is  
That we  
Are all  
allowed  
To love  
who we  
want and don't  
want. so  
At the end  
Of the day love  
Who you  
Want to  
Love, and  
don't pay no  
Mind to  
anyone.

Kelsey Marte '23



Raindrop

A drop of rain is like a sudden knock at the door.  
Unexpected, yet often welcomed with a smile.  
It can brighten your day or ruin your plans.  
It can make you laugh or make you sad.  
A raindrop contains many secrets.  
It is a bubble of anticipation and surprise.  
A raindrop is never silent.

Sanahyah Byrd '23

## What's 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 could be gone,  
In the blink of an eye.

Justin Wright '20



## During This Time

As I am home,  
I feel better.  
Sometimes it gets boring,  
But I'm with my family.  
I'm growing my relationships,  
With friends and God.  
I'm writing music,  
And working out.  
I'm taking care of my skin.  
When I come out of this,  
I will be better than ever,  
And feel better than before.  
We were in lock down,  
And I'm happier.

#god  
#positivity

Angel Houser '23

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