



Walter G. O'Connell  
Copiaque High School

FOLIO  
2018

# Cover Art

"The Shallow Reading"

by Gabrielle Kaufman

Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite:  
'Fool!' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'

Sir Philip Sidney

# FOLIO 2018

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of  
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## Infinite Enchantments

The sounds of the woods enchant the wildest of souls  
Hand in hand they walk down the beaten trail  
The two lovers only looking out for themselves  
Neither notice the beauty of nature around them

Hand in hand they walk down the beaten trail  
Ignoring the roses growing at their tail  
Neither notice the beauty of nature around them  
A new adventure had began

Ignoring the roses growing at their tail  
They're oblivious to Nature's rising rage  
A new adventure began  
With no way to tell how it would end

They're oblivious to Nature's rising rage  
Roses bloom, thorns fly out, a spark of fire ignites  
With no way to tell how it would end  
The boy steps in front of her for as long as he can

Roses bloom, thorns fly out, a spark of fire ignites  
The two lovers only looking out for themselves  
The boy steps in front of her for as long as he can  
The sounds of the woods enchant the most wildest of souls



Wiktorja Portka '18

## Impression

You fester in my mind,  
Parasitic poison of past programing.  
Memories stained by your unforgiving soul;  
everything you touch gets ruined.  
My searing sternum still healing from  
the agony my aorta endured.  
The light torn from my once hopeful,  
unknowing eyes,  
and I'd go through it all again  
just to hear that familiar voice  
say one more word.

Georgia Formes '18

## He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.

As your deep drunken eyes gaze into my universe.  
Your love enters my desperate wounds,  
sewing my dark roots into the dirty earth.

Infusion of passion with emotions,  
thriving for your intellect and ideology.  
Twisting me with your black mind alike.

Soft petals of lilac floating endlessly  
avoiding the fire burning,  
and to never touch the tip of toxic hope

Memories living on through the years,  
Something like a vivacious morning.

Deafening sun scolding like a crows screeching out cry.  
Tasting the hate on your lips.  
I wish I could have tasted your lips.

Dancing upon this unknown hand,  
was never familiar to me.  
I've cherished this dance before yearning for it.

"He loves me he loves me not", I hope he reminisces about me.  
As the petals gracefully float to the sandy brown concrete;  
off this repressive rose.

Kyria Moore '18



## The Lovers

A male, unable to see the layered roses that form a dress  
over the virgin body of his bride.

A woman unable to visualize the black sparrow feathers  
that wrap around her towering, brawny groom.

A union unaffected by life's dreary goggles of perfection  
but rather draped in the blinding veils of deception.

True love is blind.  
Open your third eye.

Darius Bond '18



## Final Goodbyes

I'm tired of fighting, I'm sick of getting hurt.  
This is an unknown feeling,  
But a constant healing.

I'm healing from the pain,  
The ones that you caused.

I wasn't born a soldier,  
Nor was I trained.  
I can't be perfect,  
For even I have caused pain.

To myself, and to you.  
For I abandoned you too.  
I've kept some on hold,  
And others on ropes.

I know my heart's confused,  
And I'm just here for use.

I'm tired of being pushed aside,  
Not knowing where to hide.  
My heart, my mind and even you too  
Are now a plain sight tattoo.

Reminders of who I was,  
And who I will never be again.  
The person that loved you,  
The person that left you.

But you left first, so don't be hurt.  
Yep, you left first and I'm still hurt.

I'll hunt myself for the rest of my life,  
With my heart and my mind  
Shouting as I remember the past,  
No one has to know that I am.

You left first, and made me worse.  
And made me hate you all the same,  
This is why I cannot stay, this is it, my final say.

Mgim Gousse '21



## Do I Miss You?

Every time I see you,  
I act like I don't care like I'm over you,  
I tell myself that I hate you,  
But deep inside I know that I love you  
And every time I see you I fall for you.

My mind is like a photo album  
That is filled with pictures  
Of the good or funny moments we've had.  
I don't care that you're with another girl,  
Because all I'm going to say is  
That I'm happy for you,  
But inside I'm thinking  
That you belong with me.

At night my dreams are always about you,  
but so are my nightmares.

I have come to realize that,  
For you, I still care.  
My hopes only have you  
written all over them  
Even when I think of you today,  
You don't cease to overwhelm.

Susana Reyes '21

## One Last Push

Go through an entire game,  
The sound of cheering all throughout.  
The amount of yards you've gone through,  
You can't even comprehend  
How good you're doing in this exact game.  
So can you give that last push?  
Halftime already over,  
Leading into the next two quarters to finish off the game.  
You reach the middle of the third quarter,  
Even an added touchdown.  
So can you still give that last push?  
Leading into what is now fourth quarter,  
Doing so well until you've made a mistake.  
One simple screen route that goes completely wrong,  
Which causes you to go the complete opposite direction.  
So can you still give that last push?  
This mistake completely leaves you wide open,  
Up against about three men on defense.  
You take a hard hit at both of your ankles.  
From two out of the three men coming after you.  
So can you give that last push?  
The run you had, ended up going nowhere  
Which costs the team to go into defense.  
Four plays in and the other team  
Ends up creating an amazing pass,  
For a touchdown to tie the game.  
So can you give that last push?  
Offense out with the ball for your team,  
But you still go in injured,  
Despite the horrific pain.  
Last play of the game,  
With your name written all over it, for the win.  
So can you give that last push?  
Ball-in-hand running  
Until you can't feel anymore.  
You look around and see  
That you've just won the game.  
Because you gave that last push.

Isaiah Hitzel '20

## Spring Fever

Boom! Spring is here.  
The freshness in the air.  
Whoosh!  
The whirl of the soft warm wind.  
The wish of losing despair.  
The cringe of the sour lemonade.  
Rumble!  
The shade begins to fade.  
The clouds turn gray.  
Drip. Hiss. Drip. Hiss.  
The raindrops fall.  
Home is where the kids are going.  
Patiently the flowers are growing.  
Back-to-back the sun pops out.  
Chirp! Chirp!  
The birds shout.  
Love is everywhere.  
The Earth to be cared.

Bridgette Mendoza '21



## Laying Out, Relaxing.

Relaxing in the shadow in my room at sunset;  
relaxing, too, the soft brushing of a guitar.

Relaxing is the sound of the birds chirping outside of the bathroom window every morning;  
relaxing, too, the sun's rays peeking out from a cloud at sunset, the perfect outline of a shadow.

Relaxing is the way he laughs at your worst jokes;  
relaxing, too, the fact that you are better off as friends in the long run.

Relaxing is the beauty behind all of the pain that is helping you grow;  
relaxing, too, the way you sleep at night, knowing the truth.

Relaxing is the warm Band-Aid over your broken heart;  
relaxing, too, the song that reminds you of him, and still reverberates through your mind.

Relaxing is the availability to hug him and not freeze up;  
relaxing, too, the promise you made yourself that hasn't been broken.

Relaxing is the regular and calming crashing of the waves;  
relaxing, too, the warm feeling through your stomach you get from drinking a latte in the cold.

Relaxing is the way you pass him in the hallway;  
relaxing, too, the way you smile at him and then keep smiling while looking at the sunset.

Nicholas Favichia '18

## My Only Flaw

Thought  
after thought after  
thought after thought after thought  
after thought after thought after thought after  
thought after thought after thought after thought after thought  
after thought after thought after thought after  
thought after thought after thought  
after thought after  
Thought

Felicity Barrett '18

## I Cannot Forget You

Somehow you turned me into a flamboyant tree  
all the petals falling into your hands

Somehow the crimson rays reach into an eclipse  
of love full of masculine scent

Somehow I wonder if I'll ever see you again  
your sepia, fiery pupils piercing right through me

Somehow I always remember your warm embrace

Somehow I can't seem to stop dreaming  
of a future with the births of nature

Somehow the experiences you gave me  
become infinite starts

Somehow you make me wonder at all the butterflies I felt that day  
a new galaxy was forming through the eternal night

Somehow I desire to taste your sweet moonbeam

Somehow you make me fly towards the skies  
and never wish for glassy crystals to die

Somehow you make me hope for an endless romance  
timeless voyages towards a new galaxy

Somehow I still manage to see you again  
I become like the roses again

Somehow I become imperfectly perfect.  
I love you all over again.

Allison Leonardo Tavarez '18





## You & Me

### The Bright Night

Fireflies, my faithful companions,  
fill my contemplations.  
Their high flight gains upon the sadness  
of the dark skies.  
Nights full of names.  
Bright yellow and greenish patterns  
                                  light up their dreams,  
reflecting the mind of the cities as they go.  
Minds full of meditation and myths.  
Muses musing the streams of darkness  
                                  upon people's gazes.  
Having numerous notions that fill people's days.  
Lights reflecting lightning upon the thunder,  
destiny through the threads of hope,  
optimism fills you with heavenly rays,  
rays that carry messages full of whispers  
                                  in the night; magic full of life  
surround people with light.  
                                  You would not believe your eyes  
  if ten million  
fireflies light up the world, as I fall asleep.

Allison Leonardo Tavarez '18

I take care of you,  
when mom and dad are not there.  
I clean you up  
and wash your hair.  
When you are sad,  
I will always be there.  
When you get on my nerves,  
I will still be there.  
I will be there for you anywhere.  
I might not have much to give,  
but I will love you,  
like you were my own.  
You will never be alone.  
Seven months is not a long time,  
but it is long enough,  
for you are a nephew of mine.

Tamara Bettis '21

## Evolution of the Heart-Breaker

The games he played when he was little,  
Were a waste of time,  
They were supposedly based on real life actions.

The games he played when he was little  
Were only for entertainment.

The boy is now a teenager,  
And the games are the same.  
A waste of time and only for entertainment,  
But the teenage boy also plays a new tiny game.

The game of breaking hearts,  
Except this time it's no longer on screen.

The teenage boy is now a man,  
Who no longer plays video games,  
But still plays the tiny game of breaking hearts.

He claims to love, but then he always leaves.  
He has no real reason.  
He's just addicted.



Susana Reyes '21

## Drunk in Love

Remember those drunken eyes full of love?  
Those celestial sights are drowning in destructive thoughts.  
I'm a black mind; a galaxy full of black holes,  
like a swan dying in the abyss of this stabbing heartbreak.  
I'm enveloped in toxic hope and faithlessness.

A deafening sun--apocalypses from beyond the sea,  
swallowing the heart of the reddish devastation.  
Those vivacious mornings are bleeding from insecurity.  
and the fragility of a glass that used to be Virgin Mary.

An unknown hand at the edge of "memento mori",  
a remainder of the hidden death upon the vivid angels,  
to become a repressive Rose!, the beauty of the universe,  
full of limits, but at the end with infinite romance.

Allison Leonardo Tavares '18

## Daisy Chain

Her shattered, porcelain complexion  
Dew forming below her dulled eyes  
The omniscient air surrounding her  
Gently reminding her of her fate

Dew forming below her dulled eyes  
The weeds woven through her hair  
Gently reminding her of her fate  
Her stagnant breaths gallop in the grass

The weeds woven through her hair  
A lifeless link in the daisy chain  
Her stagnant breaths gallop in the grass  
As the sun kisses her cheek

A lifeless link in the daisy chain  
She remains a solemn wallflower  
As the sun kisses her cheek  
Comfort now a distant memory

She remains a solemn wallflower  
The omniscient air surrounding her  
Comfort now a distant memory  
Of her shattered porcelain complexion.

Georgia Formes '18

## Reminiscing

Somehow, you always come into mind.  
Sometimes I don't even have to try.  
You've seized everything I had left of me,  
Ran away with it, and never came back.

Sometimes, I don't even have to try.  
To become a form of nature where I allow you  
To run away, and never come back.  
Leaving so many unanswered questions.

To become a form of nature where I allow you  
To take over my mind and feelings for others,  
Leaving so many unanswered questions,  
I figure it out on my own.

Take over my mind and feelings for others.  
Rip my heart out while you're at it.  
I'll figure it out on my own.  
It's more bearable than the truth.

Rip my heart out while you're at it.  
Then I'll know how you really feel.  
It'll be more bearable than the truth.  
Yet, somehow you always come into mind.

Brittany Faustin '18



# Persona Poetry

## Hank's Idea for a Way Out

*In the voice of Hank*

*from the novel The Smell of Other People's Houses*

I'm living life as a movie  
I keep running into trouble and out of trouble  
My mom and her boyfriend hate me  
And my younger brother Jack  
I just want to run, run and run  
Until I find something or somewhere  
That will bring me peace  
This idea might be huge  
And have many obstacles  
But all I have to do is take one day at a time  
And find a way out

Obstacles give me reasons to keep on fighting  
My younger brother's health  
Is the reason I'm still fighting  
Have to steal food without paying  
Or take money from my own mother  
Whatever makes the pain better  
Even saving money on my only jacket  
That I use as a pillow  
When I'm asleep on the floor  
Now I'm just going to leave  
                        to achieve my goal  
I leave with my brother Jack  
And make a new road, a path  
A start to the unknown

Victor Gamarra '19

## How

*In the voice of Chief*

*from the novel One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*

My entire facade forgotten.  
How, is a stone wall breaking down,  
Supposedly as strong as a warrior?  
Don't know where that perspective came from.  
Scared of dust and shadows. A real warrior.  
This isn't what a chief should be—speak my mind

A native. A brave one.

This shouldn't be what I feel necessary,  
Refusing to speak my mind,  
Only displaying a "Deaf, Dumb Indian"  
What do they know? Do they really know?  
Well, except McMurphy.  
The fog keeps closing in though.  
I'm not entirely sure how long I have left,  
Until the fog sweeps me away.  
Not sure how strong I can be.  
Never again, can I let the slip go.  
Almost as terrified as when I was on a battlefield,  
So terrified, but still so monotone and stone cold.

Still fog creeps in.  
Still I show strength.

Amy Pickering '19



# Persona Poetry

## My Pride, Your Prejudice

*In the voice of Mr. Darcy*

*from the novel Pride and Prejudice*

In vain I struggle.  
I have a feeling that hurts my body and soul.  
My affection and wishes will not change.  
These past few months have been torment.  
One word from you will silence me forever.  
I have fought against my better judgment.  
Though you do not reciprocate my feelings.  
However, if your feelings have changed,  
You shall know you have bewitched me.  
My feelings will not be repressed.  
All these things I am willing to put aside.  
I must ask you to end my agony.  
You are too generous to trifle with me.  
Thought my affection and wishes have not changed,  
I rather deal with my pain than lose you.  
Your name will always be engraved in my mind.  
Every waking moment I long to see you.  
My sleepless nights I can only blame on you.  
You must allow me to tell you.  
How ardently I admire you.

Gabrielle Kaufman '19



## Think About Them

*Photo of Nurse in a War (1962)*

I don't think I'll ever be the same.  
I'm so grateful I get to save lives for a living,  
but what about the people I can't save.  
I have seen more blood in this place,  
than water in a river.

I never want to have this feeling again.  
It's like I'm the one suffering.  
All those memories haunt me,  
but I have to be strong for them.

While blood is coming down his face.  
I tell him it's going to be fine,  
but I know he won't last another hour.

Heslaini Peralta '20

## Unification

There are a variety of people  
That are considered one  
As we unite as a whole  
We become the same  
Latinos, Americans,  
Chinese, African Americans, Italians  
As the term uno means...  
One as a something or object  
Spread around worldwide  
The way we are treated matters  
The way we talk and greet one another  
Buenos dias, bonjour, nĩ hĩa and many more  
Based by our skin color  
Based on our origin  
We still are one  
We come together and unify  
As one skin color  
One group  
One country  
One race

Cassandra Lopez '21

## Your Little Girl

The pain you caused your little girl  
Seems to have put her in a twirl  
You messed up her life  
And messed up her world  
The pain you caused your little girl  
You hurt her once  
You hurt her twice  
Now she doesn't want you in her life  
She wanted a father  
Who knew he cared  
But instead  
You weren't even there  
You put her through hell  
And made her cry  
Now it's time to say goodbye  
You came into her life once again  
She always forgave you in the end  
Until there was a day you made her mad  
And made her wish you weren't her dad  
The pain you cost this little girl  
Made her stronger in this world

Nickia James '21





## Sickness

The light is no more  
When you look out through the door  
The rain is pouring down  
Nobody is around  
You are all alone

This sickness consuming you whole  
The excruciating sense of pain  
Is it real, or is it all in your brain?

Nothing will ever be the same  
You will definitely recover  
Look forward to all of the things you will discover

The doctor tells you it will pass  
But your stomach feels like it was cut with glass  
You lay in bed and listen to some tunes  
Enjoying your bed rest while watching cartoons  
Your current feeling is a sense of doom  
Secretly knowing the end will come soon.

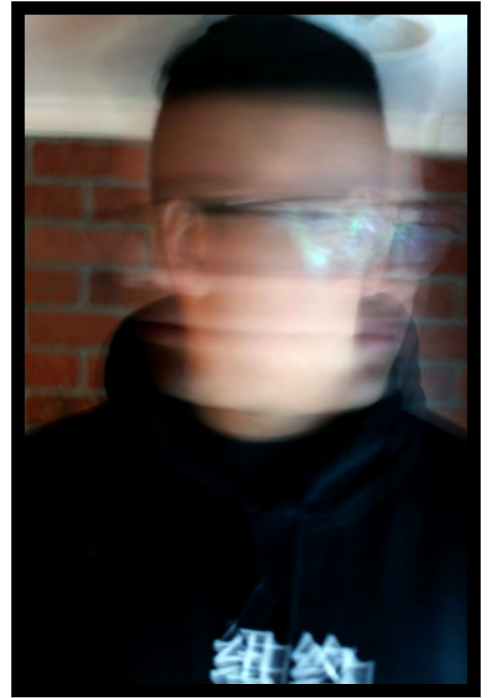
Ladrea Buffaloe '20



## Paradise Fallen

The wheels of his motorcycle left a trail  
all the way back to hell  
The angel followed his tail  
and ended up derailed  
She got a glimpse of his world  
and mysterious stare  
But alas back to Heaven  
she had to come again  
Her mouth never told the tale  
of the day that she fell  
but she'd never forget his gorgeous face  
and lovely gaze  
The demon saw her following his tracks  
and the temptation in her eyes  
That smile that pulled him in  
wouldn't leave his mind  
All day he worked collecting souls  
but those curves were all he could think of  
Even if their two worlds were to collide  
el cielo y el infierno  
They'd be together once again

Wiktoria Portka '18



## Things She Didn't Say

We are not objects we are humans,  
just like you we have feelings.  
Just because we are friends  
doesn't give you the right to touch.

She felt a hand while she was sleeping,  
tears were dripping down,  
than the hand started going up,  
to the place mamma said no one should touch.  
She wanted to scream,  
but it was like she was mute.

He was touching her everywhere,  
but in one place it hurt the most.  
She started bleeding it hurt even more.  
She was disgusted and in the shower she went,  
she was changing y ya no era la misma,  
she hated every men since that day.

Sometimes she pictured herself in that same place.  
She is in torment every day.  
It's like a horror movie that never ends.

Heslaini Peralta '20

## Ode to My Undies

Every twenty-four hours  
you patiently await  
for me in the chest of drawers  
for my skin to softly skim against you  
to occupy you or to even hold you  
My legs longing to be loved  
to be embraced  
thrusting my legs slowly into you  
your two little holes fitting just right  
your shape, your patterns,  
and your texture  
the resilient band wrapped on your waist  
the hook opening my eyes,  
viewing the world and seeing you  
the figure staring at me,  
looking at the struggles  
the gap, the roundness, the curves  
and the way you cling to me  
giving me meaning, purpose,  
and satisfaction, stretching your shape  
You give me life  
as I give you yours

Kara Birthwright '18



## I Recall I Felt

When I left home I made do  
with this clan-less place.  
When I settled down,  
I found a tribe.

When I went my separate way I hurt,  
when I reconciled,  
and was brought back into your life.

When I lost her indefinitely,  
I turned to you briefly.  
When I lacked an appetite,  
I relied on you to feed me.

When I couldn't say goodbye,  
I leaned towards you for help,  
and I lost my composure.

When I had too much on my mind  
I fret, when I watched you on my computer screen,  
I was comforted and forgot my worries.

When I started a new expedition. I escaped reality.  
When I read a book, I went on a different kind of adventure,  
one without tough decisions.

Settlement is my strategy.  
Reliance is key,  
and escape is a necessity.

Wiktoria Portka '18



## Just for Tonight

I'd like to keep our dreams here.  
Let's keep this barren cliff-side for our future.  
The idea hangs from the clouds and remains there,  
until we are ready to fulfill them,  
With the light pink sunset to light up our lives,  
we can sit in silence together,  
and watch or we can go for it.  
Tonight let's enjoy the water and the mountains  
before us and the clouds above,  
and hope our future reflections  
painted on the water's surface,  
don't stare back too long.

Nicholas Favichia '19

## The Invisible Mask

Hiding my exposure.  
The way I feel inside and out,  
But what you do see are scars.  
Scars on my wrist.  
The absence of existing.  
My mind is all twisted.  
On most days I dismiss myself from others.  
Waking up to a sad dull world.  
The sky is gray and the ground is black.  
Wrong words and judgmental thoughts.  
Broken like glass.  
Into little pieces it stands.  
My heart being torn apart,  
Like loose leaves getting ripped in half.  
A waterfall of tears running down my cheeks.  
Wish there was an opening light.  
Every night my pillow is soaked in pain and disgrace,  
Acting like I'm okay,  
When everything is out of shape.  
Trying to escape the walls that I am locked in,  
But my reflection tells me otherwise.



Bridgette Mendoza '21

## Warriors

Everyone can be a warrior.  
A warrior can be a person that served in a war,  
where there were bloody bodies, just lying on hot dirt,  
surrounded by puddles of brick red,  
and they still fought for their country.

A warrior can be a mother,  
who strives every day to feed her children,  
who cleans all day, the biggest mess ever.  
That doesn't matter because she'll still clean it.  
Mothers go through so much every day,  
and they're still striving.

There are many definitions of warriors.  
Everyone can be a warrior on the inside.

Luzbel Gomera '21

## Blank Space

It was a love so pure and innocent  
a love one would dream of  
    simple and sweet  
It was a love so authentic and precious  
a love they wanted  
    dangerous and beseeching  
It became a love between  
two easily fooled and vulnerable people  
a love so compassionate it led to disaster  
    ignorant and naive  
It was her second love, but worst mistake  
a love with desire to burn the heart and kill the soul  
    lustful and captivating  
It was his first love and best mistake  
a love of a fool with a heart as full as the ocean  
    heart-breaking and passionate  
he never meant to hurt her  
she never meant to break him  
It was a love that was never meant to happen  
    he lost her  
but she had found herself  
her worst nightmare became  
    her greatest blessing

Eileen Quintanila Pineda '19

## Paralyzed

Her body froze.  
It was engraved into the bed,  
as tears streamed down her face,  
as if they were traveling down a shallow river.

She felt as though she was lifeless,  
in her coffin, lying there.  
Yet she was wide awake.

Her breathing pattern changed  
from calm like the shore at dawn,  
to unstable, as if they were the crashing of waves  
at sea during a storm.

Her eyes are wide while the voices scream.  
They dare her to make a single move,  
a slightest motion with her small fingers.  
She feels their eyes burning through her,  
making scars that only she will see.

She lay there in her bed,  
but it is designed with freshly washed sheets,  
that are now soaked in sweat.  
She feels as though she is paralyzed.

Nia Blackmon '21

## She Had Some Demons

She had demons that kept her up all night  
She had demons that made her smile  
She had demons that drove her insane  
She had demons that laughed  
She had demons that tortured her with their words  
She had demons that lit up her sky

She had some demons

She had demons that starved her for weeks  
She had demons that wore all white  
She had demons that tore her apart inside  
She had demons that watch over her day and night  
She had demons that ripped her heart to pieces  
She had demons that guided her to to success

She had some demons

She had demons who give her the best advice  
She had demons who cross her the second they had the chance  
She had demons who wake her up when her alarm doesn't  
She had demons who are a divine power  
She had demons who entertain her during a storm  
She had demons who use her when they need

She had some demons

She had demons who listen to her problems  
She had demons who cause all of her problems  
She had demons who she knows like the palm of her hand  
She had demons who weren't demons at all  
She had demons who she could not trust  
She had demons who she loved

She had some demons

Darius Bond '18





## The Promise to Love

Usually said in a whisper,  
So no one would hear.  
Said with such care,  
And yet it's still shared.

Shared amongst what,  
Or maybe a who.  
For they could be alive,  
And maybe dead too.

Something of such importance,  
Like a beat from the heart.  
But just like the heart,  
It could break too.

Once it's shared, your mind grows scared,  
And start to question the ones who cared,  
It's not because you're unprepared,  
But deep down you know it can't be kept.

If your words can't be kept in silence,  
And your wants can't seem to fade,  
Don't be the one to start the chain,  
Be the one to take the pain.

An everyday temptation,  
The feeling of letting another know,  
The need to let go of such a burden,  
Trust your mind to take the blow. .

Don't give in, for once you do,  
You may lose a friend, but be more careful,  
For u might lose your mind,  
And soon you'll realize you'll never be fine.

Now u will know, No one can be trusted,  
No one but u, but even u know,  
Your heart and your mind,  
Are never the same.

Mgim Gousse '21



## Alone on the Boeing 787 Dreamliner

On the plane alone,  
Looking down from 5377ft high,  
Wishing someone were beside you,  
Pretending that person were supplementary.

Laying down dreaming,  
As if someone peacefully cared about you,  
Like a human holding a ladybug,  
But thinking that would never come true.

Closing your eyes slowly,  
As if that person was there to protect you,  
But when you blink there's no one,  
Making you feel safe,  
As the plane tilts.

You're frightened with many fears,  
Praying in silence.  
Quickly your eyes blink,  
And your life flashes before you.

Knowing that in just a few hours,  
You'll be out of this plane.  
Dizzy, and with a hard headache,  
But once you have arrived,  
You'll see how brave you really were.

Cassandra Lopez '21

## Love Haiku

Can't help but to love  
How am I the one to blame?  
It's in my nature

I can't get enough  
Keep nobody else above  
Like a risky drug

You're all that I need  
You're my flower in the sun  
You're the chosen one

## Death

Hard to remember  
What goes 'round comes back around  
But we'll never know

Stumbling through the skies  
Heaven's gonna turn the tide  
And they'll be waiting

You always tried hard  
But they didn't know your worth  
Until you left them

## High School

Four years of our lives  
Memories that are to last  
The best or the worst?

Halls filled with drama  
Professional trash talkers  
It is what it is

We're waiting for June  
It is time to graduate  
College here we come

## Food

Satisfy my needs  
Never fail to disappoint  
Burgers rule it all

Tongue filled with taste buds  
Different tastes and textures  
Some are just the same

Boredom strikes again  
Stuff my face with tons of food  
Not even hungry

Brittany Faustin '18



## My Personal Obituary

Rianna's name was commonly mistaken for Rihanna or Brianna. She hated that. She also hated dogs, people, and anything that breathes, and hated, too, the sound of a fork scraping against a glass plate.

Rianna usually walked around with RBF, which initiated many people into thinking she didn't like them (which was probably true). Although she didn't like many people or many things, she was extremely passionate about eating. She had the appetite of a 300-pound-man, and yet never gained any weight. This added to the list of troubles in her lifetime because she always had aspirations of being "thick", a common desire of society's perception of a female during her lifetime growing up.

Rianna, also, rarely had money because she would spend it on frivolous things. She enjoyed half-off apps on a weekly basis, and barely could wake up for school on time. Some called her a mess, but she actually was loved by those few people in her life, dearly. Rianna spent many of her hours binge watching *Grey's Anatomy*. She actually watched the entire series twice and has been know to ask people to refer to her as Dr.Rivera. Taking this a step further, she would self-diagnose her ailments, and assess the health of others.

Rianna wished nothing but the best of all of those in her life. She was an older sister to Raquel Rivera, and daughter of Veronica and Marc Rivera. Although Rianna was Hispanic, she didn't speak a lick of Spanish, and blamed this all on her father who also was the first man to break her heart. Rianna also had an uneasy relationship with her mother, Veronica. The two would go at it like cats and dogs, but at the end of the day they kept the peace, all for the sake of Raquel.

Rianna could recite any Vine from 2015 to you if you asked. Rianna and Raquel would spend hours on YouTube watching "R.I.P. Vine" videos, or conspiracy theories. Instead of sleeping, Rianna would spend all hours of the night watching conspiracy theory videos, and question if they were real or simulated. Is Rianna's death a conspiracy? Stay tuned...

10/07/00 - 4/20/17

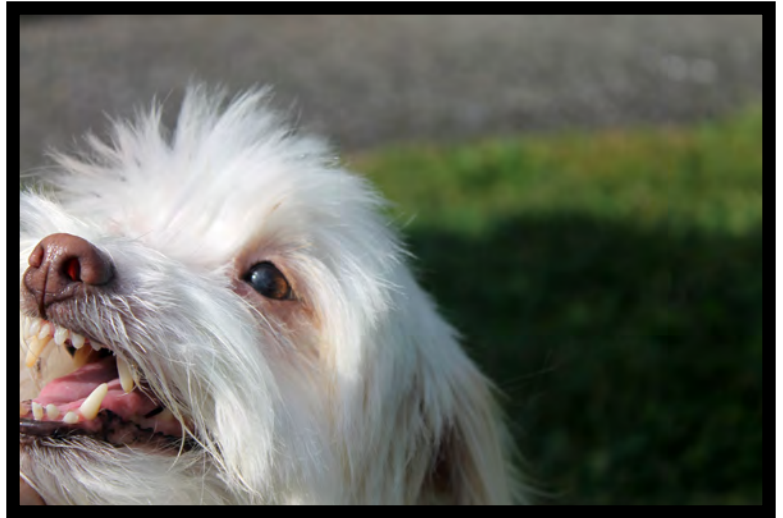
Rianna Rivera '18



## Deprived

Lack of knowledge through affairs.  
Life for me was never fair.  
Kids played with consoles,  
While I played with sticks and stones.  
There were times when food was a blessing.  
Next time we would eat? No telling.  
I was given nothing as a child,  
But scraps of clothing from the wild.  
And you think you had to struggle?  
There were no meals without hustle.  
I thought maybe life would change.  
Instead I still had to look for some change.  
Nights were cold.  
Promises that would never happen were told.  
"We will get money for that"  
And "We will live like this."  
I was tired of it.  
Yet I still had to suffer and sit.  
It was tough getting looked at.  
Seeing everyone else rich and fat.  
The lifestyle gives you reasons,  
Not to believe anymore.  
Makes you ask yourself,  
Why you can't even get a meal from the store.  
Nobody even wanted to help.  
Nothing was even said.  
\*SMACK\*  
Well, sorry world, another person is dead.

Isaiah Hitzel '20



## The Two Girls In Blue

*Inspired by the photograph  
of my friend and I in blue dresses, Circa 2016*

Color coded in blue  
After the fashion show  
That they chose to do  
These two freshmen girls  
In their dark blue dresses  
One tried to sneeze  
And told them to stop the presses  
Even though she wasn't ready  
The picture was taken  
She tried to get them to delete it  
But her opinion was defeated  
Their hair as frizzy  
As a bear's coat in humidity  
Both of them blinded  
By each other's stupidity  
They won't really admit it  
But that day was the best  
That day they got to relax  
And release all their stress  
The picture was kept  
To be remembered in their minds  
That picture is special  
And it is one of a kind

Ladrea Buffaloe '20

## Alice in Wonderland

Because I stepped past eight and floated away on nine, every time.  
Because you cause my dormant volcanoes to erupt.  
Because you see straight passed my good.  
Because you cut me open like a dead tree, and pried away limb after limb.  
Because I thought wrong.  
Because love means nothing to me anymore.  
Because I knew you were the devil in disguise.  
Because God warned me, but the fire chased me faster than he did, burned me, until I crumbled.  
Because you were the secret of all things I wished to know.  
Because now that I know those answers, I couldn't possibly wish to be more far away from them.  
Because I fell in that rabbit hole and you lost me.

Felicity Barrett '18



## Long Gone

Years and years went on and here I stand.  
My love for you should be cherished,  
And one day we'll hold each other's hand.  
I've missed you to the point  
I was planning to go with you,  
Up high.  
Follow the leader I said.  
The wind blew cold and mischievously.  
I needed your warmth,  
The baggy old sweater of yours,  
The way you placed a smile on my face,  
The way we had our little conversations,  
But don't worry I will see you one day.

Noemi Garcia '19

# Italian Poetry in Translation

Amore è...

La nostra prima lingua e  
La nostra ultima memoria  
Il nostro primo sbaglio e  
La nostra ultima spezzatura del' cuore  
Amore è...  
Spesso usato e abusato,  
Rimanendo per la tempesta e ballando nella pioggia,  
Un' anima che occupa due corpi.  
Amore è  
Il contrasto; scuro e chiaro  
Una battaglia,  
che io non ho imparato a lottare  
Amore è...  
La nostra storia  
La nostra religione  
Amore è...

Love is...

Our first language and  
Our last memory  
Our first mistake and  
Our last heartbreak  
Love is...  
Often used and abused  
Staying for the storm and dancing in the rain  
One soul occupying two bodies  
Love is...  
Contrast; dark and light  
And a battle  
I never learned to fight  
Love is...  
Our story  
Our religion  
Love is...



Kyria Moore '18

# Italian Poetry in Translation

L'Amore e'...

Una cosa che lo non capisco adesso  
Una cosa di cio` non ho esperienza  
Rispetto  
Ruvido  
Una montagna russa  
Arduo  
Inevitable  
Infrangibile  
Vivido  
Meraviglioso

Love Is...

Something I don't understand right now  
Is something that I haven't experienced  
Respect  
Rough  
A roller coaster  
Tough  
Unavoidable  
Unbreakable  
Vivid  
Wonderful

Luis Castillo '19

L'Amore è...

L' amore è come il mare cristallino dei caraibi  
Bello quando tranquillo  
Pericoloso e difficile quando è in un subbuglio  
Quando al suo culmine la più grande benedizione  
Quando si annulla la più grande infelicità  
Commettere errori  
Ma correggere e imparare  
Da loro è la chiave  
Condividendo l'apice e i punti più bassi  
Della vita insieme come un'unità  
L'amore non sta perdendo la speranza e lottare  
Per ciò che tu porta felicità

Love Is...

Love is like the crystal clear Caribbean Sea  
Beautiful when tranquil  
Dangerous and difficult when in an uproar  
When at its peak the biggest blessing  
Went awry, the greatest misery  
Making mistakes  
But correcting and learning  
From them is the key  
Sharing the apex and lowest points  
Of life together as a unit  
Love is not losing hope and fighting  
What brings you happiness

Brenda Reyes '19

## Life's Pain

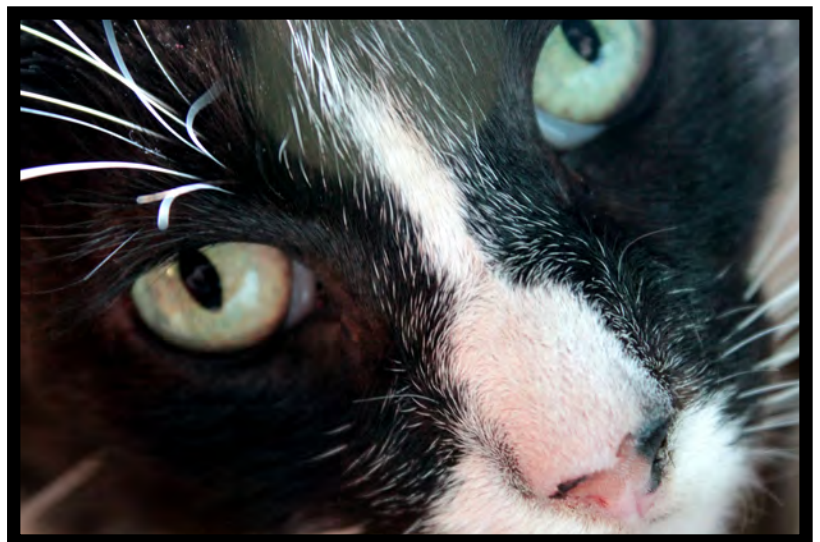
Pain shouts out the feeling of my hurt,  
physically and mentally.  
Like the first scrape from riding a bike,  
Or mentally like having nightmares throughout the night.  
It takes time to fully recover,  
From the last war you've gone through.  
Unfortunately, sometimes you just can't.  
You're in the war zone where all you see is red.  
Blood everywhere.  
In that moment you feel  
Like the terror is taking control over your body.  
You can't move.  
You just saw one of your troops get blown off his feet.  
He lies dead on the ground.  
He was your best friend.  
He joined the army the moment  
You decided to sacrifice yourself.  
He had pride for his country.  
He had respect.  
You still can't forget the fact  
that your best friend is gone.  
Flamethrowers are thrown toward the barn  
You're spending the night to hide in.  
Orange heat of flames are wrapped around your leg.  
Tears and shouts of pain are bursting out.  
All you can think of is home.  
Home, the place where you feel safe.  
The place where you have family waiting for you.  
The place where you're away from the horror,  
But it does not mean  
There are no visions and hallucinations.  
You are traumatized day and night.  
You wake up from a horrible dream,  
Imagining that you're in the place,  
That nobody ever wants to revisit.  
A place of flames and blood,  
Shootings and grenades.

Bridgette Mendoza '21

## Time Elapse

When I see the wind  
I see his shadow  
Standing there all broken  
And peaceful  
When I see the sun  
I see his beauty  
And all he had to offer to the world  
Thou he did not  
Love himself  
Maybe that's why  
He chased after people  
Whom did not love  
Him  
What was  
Is now not meant to be  
He will be just  
A memory I wish  
To never remember

Eileen Quintanila Pineda '19





## Not of True Love

Love

A scent given off  
By the beautiful sun herself  
She mourns the moon  
Her true love  
Whom turns her  
Brightness away  
For smaller, more distant stars  
And a darker sky  
"You're unwanted here!" he screams  
She whimpers in the distance  
Rain clouds begin to form and cover  
Her beautiful face  
For the moon knows  
Not of true love  
But only of false  
Beauty

Jillian Payne '19

## Bonfire

Fire is the word the soldier uses  
when the enemy starts to shoot.  
Fire is when people set flames  
to the forest,  
and destroy animals habitat.  
When firing a gun  
the sound scatters,  
all over the air,  
just like the soldier  
in the battleground,  
in search of cover,  
when he hears jets soaring  
in the sky.

Josue Taveras '21



## Darkness

It always follows after light.  
No strangers past midnight.  
We are afraid of what's not seen,  
But hear it all in our dark dream.  
The creaks and scratching get louder.  
My heart starts beating faster.  
I hear large footsteps,  
Coming closely behind.  
I keep wondering,  
Is someone playing with my mind?  
I don't want to look back.  
I know I'll be scared.  
I really want to know,  
Is someone really there?  
I start to run,  
You follow.  
I turn my head,  
But nobody is near.  
I am shaking in fear.  
Halloween is over,  
Stop with the tricks.  
Come out right now,  
Or you'll be a dead man after this!

Tyanna Mason '19

## Before You Go

Isn't it weird how just in an instant  
You can be gone  
And without a trace  
They still manage to find you  
But you couldn't

Find yourself

Death is a five letter word  
That can either make or break  
A person's soul  
Change a person's perspective  
Or just simply

Ruin someone's life

They're gone with a flash of a light  
Some could say too early  
Others would argue that is was  
Bound to happen

Sooner or later

Did they have a choice  
Or did they simply give up  
On a fight they believed

They would lose

How much can you help a person  
Who is already broken  
And the only way to overcome  
And survive is within themselves  
But what if they don't know  
who they are

Any more

Eileen Quintanila Pineda '19



## Somehow

Somehow you breathe and I feel alive  
and even the farthest stars in the sky dance

Somehow you float, like an angel  
and steal my heart right out from underneath me

Somehow when you cry I hear you  
from a mile away while you flood rivers

Somehow when you walk, the world stops  
and your presence makes us sing

Somehow you are distant, too far out of my reach  
drifting coolly to another galaxy

Somehow you smile, and your cheeks rise  
like the moon in the sky after the sun has set

Somehow you fly, and a large rainbow  
spreads across the ocean above my beating heart

Somehow you scream the dreams  
of all the quiet hearts hiding behind their voices

Somehow you are the glue  
holding our pieces together after the storm

You are close and a stranger  
Somehow you are

Kara Birthwright '18

## The Change

I have watched you change.  
You have walked by me like I was a stranger,  
And caused the trust I had in you to say *goodbye*.  
You helped me when I was lost for that I say *thank you*,  
But the friendship we lost was hard to get through.  
I fought for you when they called you a player.  
I didn't believe when they called you a liar.  
I betrayed my friends just to be yours.  
The idea of us never did come true.  
For my heart made me stay,  
At the same time you changed.  
My heart betrayed me and committed a crime.  
A crime that is legal by law but not myself.  
You made me feel something new,  
My heart went against me, but so did you,  
And soon enough I sure did too.  
I waited patiently like a parked car.  
I wanted the love, but got the hate.  
You never felt the same way,  
Shredding my heart every day.  
You changed as fast as a starving cheetah,  
Causing me to leave at the same pace.  
I did change too, maybe too soon.  
Not only did I lose you, but I lost me, too.

Mgim Gousse '21

## Whatever It Takes

There is a lot of pressure  
to get the job done,  
for athletes to shoot  
the winning shot,  
or get a number of points.  
Everyone is counting  
on them to win the game.  
Helping their team to win  
is like the pressure to pass an exam.  
For a basketball game  
the situation is extraordinary.  
Only five seconds left on the shot clock.  
One teammates passes  
the ball to another.  
He shoots a three point jump shot.  
Splash!  
The crowd goes wild.  
Pressure and time.

Hananiah Damus '21





## Myths of the Night

Stars embrace the universe.  
Starry skies start to form .  
Everyone writes down a verse .  
I wish I were in another form.

My verses come from deep and beyond .  
I forgot about those lonely mementos.  
Thoughts from the past shape the future.  
I remember who I was with,  
When I was struck by arrows.

Why am I so emotional?

“Tristeza crea las memorias.  
Romance crea las historias.  
Las estrellas crean los sueños.  
Las noches atraen a los risueños.”

These verses take over my mind.  
I can't believe how long I have cried.  
My sentiments become worldwide.  
Me, myself and I are blind.

I once was a child.  
I grew and fell apart.  
I learn to smile.  
I would've never dreamed of becoming art.  
I'm a poetic dream.

Allison Leonardo Tavarez '18

## El Amor de Mi Alma

Usted es amor de mi alma, lo siento.  
Sin usted, me siento incompleto.  
Yo pienso de usted todo el tiempo;  
veinticuatro horas al día, siete días en la semana.  
Me siento de esta manera por ti,  
y me mata estar sin ti.  
Tu vida parece continuar, mientras que el mío está  
paralizado.  
¿Cómo puede avanzar tan rápido?  
¿Pensé que lo que teníamos era tan real?  
Espero que estas palabras te hagan  
reconsiderar la elección fatal que estas haciendo.  
Porque, usted es amor de mi alma.

Darley Senat '19

## What You Should Know to be Yourself

Acknowledge your differences.  
Keep them for what you are.  
You may feel alone scared exploited.  
It's normal.

Think of others and how they may appear.  
Examine that you are the same,  
While looking so different.  
There's something in all of us that unites us.

Ignore labels.  
Ignore adjectives.  
The only adjective that exists is you.

See what you like and what you don't like.  
Change is on you,  
And it's not always easy.

Keep the heat you proceed to project  
Into the universe because it will be there,  
Forever.

Here is the start of your new self.  
The you, you are meant to be.  
You are you for a reason  
And if no one likes it then so be it.

Nicholas Favichia '18

## One by One

One by one we are born.  
One by one we learn how to walk,  
how to talk, how to eat, how to write, how to drive,  
how to work, and how to do daily things.  
We learn everything one by one.  
You might get it on the first try or after multiple tries.  
Some will never learn how to do certain things,  
even after a million tries.  
Some try their best and some don't even try.  
One by one we go through many things in our lives.  
Some go through heartbreaks, death of loved ones,  
breakups, failures, breaking of bones, or humiliation.  
The sad truth is that at the end, one by one we all die.  
Maybe by the same ways, different ways,  
or mysterious ways.

Luzbel Gomera '21



## Ode to the Cross

Every time I look in the mirror,  
you stare back at me.  
Oh! How pretty you are against my chest,  
around my long, brown neck.  
Without you I feel incomplete.  
We first crossed paths when I was a child,  
young and innocent.  
You're steadfast, and you stay with me  
all throughout my mornings and my nights,  
keeping those darker thoughts at bay.  
I love how you shine in the sunlight,  
like my eyes when I smile,  
and how you glisten in the dark,  
as if you carry your own light within.  
You guide and lead me to the right directions,  
and without you, I feel lost,  
like I've lost my protection.  
The pivot of my chest yearns  
for your delicate touch.  
Our love for each other  
is never too much.  
Our simplicity to some has a strong meaning,  
and we know how to use our power for good,  
and never for evil;  
We've seen the good days  
that made us happy,  
and the bad days that made us  
want to break down and give up on life.  
In you I have complete faith.  
Together, as one when I wear you.  
You look nice and I'm saved,  
by your sacrifice.

Brittany Faustin '19

## The Dream to Reality

A dream to become true.  
A goal to accomplish.

A way of life.

A dream to never forget.

The dream of getting a car  
and learning how to drive.

My wish to get a good job  
and to always support my family.

An imagination of being  
the best that I can be.

I dream of the moon.  
A reach for the stars.  
The dream to conquer.

Hananiah Damus '21



## The You's and the We

I realize it now,  
It was always you.  
You were all of my you's,  
And part of the we.

I thought for a long time,  
Why is it love?  
Why did it have to be.  
My heart's one enemy.

I always loved a challenge,  
But this is just too much.  
I can't accept something,  
That will bring me despair.

I thought I figured it out,  
*Forgive and forget,*  
But can you really forgive,  
When you refuse to forget?

I said I understood,  
And everyone believed.  
Maybe my lies are not  
As bad as they seem.

I accept it now,  
I can't forget and I won't forgive.  
The mistakes that I made,  
And my wrongs that won't fade.

I'll never forgive the you's,  
But I will never forget the we.

Mgim Lee Gousse '21



## Sunshine

I remember that day like it was yesterday.  
The sun was shining bright in the morning sky.  
No babies were in tears, everyone was saying cheers!  
The birds went by fast.  
Bees just flew by as the wind blew.  
My heart was cheerful from the joy of my friends,  
But I thought it wouldn't last, and I had to be on watch.  
Storms are nowhere to be seen.  
The rain showers had gone by like mist in the air.  
The lady bugs flew by just as the butterflies flew by.  
The morning breeze felt as good as the waves on the beach.  
I was looking at the sun as if it were smiling at me.

Cassandra Lopez '21

## A Gentleman's View

Her eyes catch you in the distance.  
They sparkle like a lonely star at night.  
She comes closer to talk.  
Your heart beats faster than a jaguar.  
Words can't explain the feeling.  
She has the looks of a goddess.  
Her hair is smooth, calm and brown.  
Lips softer than a baby's bottom.  
So when she says her first word, you freeze.  
Her words hit you so gracefully.  
It's at the point where she is having a conversation with you.  
Your mind so blinded by her beauty,  
That not even your brain can render words.  
You begin to seek reality.  
Words come out clearer and hearing is more defined.  
All the shyness you felt before is gone.  
The automatic heartbeat you once felt slows down.  
It's just you and her.  
This is your time to gain some courage.  
Your words flow out of your mouth like a river.  
This is the first experience at a gentleman's view.

Isaiah Hitzel '20



## Narcissus' Blindness

What looks like a body of water  
is a mirror of the eye seeing  
yourself from the other side.

Many tales arise from such reflections,  
like Narcissus, a son of a river god and a nymph,  
who drowned at the sight  
of the image reflected before him.

The water's tears  
caused a runoff that reached the trees,  
who finally asked her the reason of her grief.

And it was because  
she could no longer see her beauty,  
in the depths of his eyes;  
what Narcissus didn't know  
was that he was also a door  
to see the beauty inside.

Wiktorija Portka '18



## The Vibrations

I clap my hands to make a beat  
Stepping and stomping  
my feet against the floor  
Feeling the vibrations  
of the canvas below me  
Tingle from my boots to my spine  
Creating rhythmic cadences  
with my "step"-sisters  
Coming together to sound as one, we unite  
We twist to tunes  
and teach toilsome techniques  
Supporting our teams  
Chanting out loud in the bleachers  
We harmonize conjointly  
enhancing our strength and power as one  
Each and every moment adrift  
My mind is determined to let it all out  
At that very moment, expressing myself  
Four years ago, it was all insignificant  
being a member on a team  
Never did I imagine it becoming an obsession  
or something that I will hold on to for a lifetime  
moving to the rhythms of my true self



Brittany Faustin '19

## What You Should Know to Rock a Fro

Moisturize.      Moisturize.      Moisturize.

The best brand in satin pillow cases.

Metal or plastic?

Pick your fro. Pat your fro.

What's your texture?

...3b, 3c, 4a, 4b, 4c.

Do you have a wash routine?

Love your roots. They're always on your mind.

Your nappy hair is a reminder of where you came from.

We wear it wild, untamed, so we're seen as wild and untamed.

How to feel free.

Darius Bond '18

## My P.O.V.

Why are you so worried about other people's opinions?  
Why do you care about what they think about you?  
Why do you try so hard to fit in,  
or should I not be asking,?  
Why don't you even try anymore?  
Why are you putting on a show?  
Why are you fighting your own emotions,  
and putting them far, far away?  
You act like you don't care,  
but there are evil spirits corrupting your soul,  
and you don't even know it.  
but everyone else sees it.  
They think you're demonic ,  
but I see someone who is fearfully and wonderfully made.  
Someone who has a big heart.  
Someone who does care.  
We are dipped in gold and we are each other's royalty.  
We fight and bicker with each other,  
but end up in beautiful harmony.  
People look at you and focus on the negatives,  
but with me, I see the positives.  
What you're worth?  
How much potential do you have?  
The smiles and the laughs.  
You need an escape, we all do.  
I can be yours and you can be mine.

Brittany Faustin '18



## Creativeness

Let ideas flow through.  
Get connected with your youth.  
Fun times happen to all of us,  
Creating images can give such a rush.  
Thoughts branch out like trees.  
Can you see what I see?  
Towers that go up for hours.  
Roads that take shape of flowers.  
Your vision takes you to different places.  
Get a look at those different faces.  
No harm can happen to you,  
Once your image turns vivid blue.  
Talking animals will greet you nicely,  
While the rats could be a little feisty.  
It can be easy as long as you try.  
No need to sit and sigh.  
No need to lose composure.  
Let your mind give you closure.

Isaiah Hitzel '20

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