

Folio

2021



Walter G. O'Connell Copiague High School

Cover Art
by
Stephanie Aguilar

"For there is always light, if only we're brave enough
to see it, if only we're brave enough to be it."

Amanda Gorman
2021 Inaugural Poet
"The Hill We Climb"

Folio 2021

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

1100 Dixon Avenue
Copiague, NY 11726

Established 1961
Volume LX

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Time Stands Still

Think about your favorite times, with family and with friends.
If only you could go back in time with them again.
Memories will be made from childhood to adulthood.
Enjoy these times together, before the memories are gone for good.

Soak your feet at the beach, lay still in the sun.
Think about all the times that you've had all your fun.
Although you feel the moment like a warm blanket on Christmas Day,
The smallest mishap can take it all away.

Not to make you worry, party from dusk till dawn.
Don't forget that these good laughs only last so long,
So enjoy them while they're here, and embrace your inner peace,
Flood your life with abundance like a concert with full seats.

Soon enough you'll miss these times and reminisce upon the past.
They come and go with the wind, almost like they didn't last.
In the end you can't pretend you didn't have a blast.
Let your hair flow in the air like leaves falling from autumn trees.
Take on the day, step-by-step, let your mind be at ease.

Think about the times you've had that have already passed.
Fill your body with fresh air, new memories have come at last.
Embrace your inner flaws and turn them into thrills.
These times will go with the wind, yet time itself will remain standing still.

Charissa Thompson '22



If I Were in Charge of the World

If I were in charge of the world,
I'd cancel Sloppy Joe's,
Taco Tuesdays,
Wet socks,
And socks and sandals.

If I were in charge of the world,
There would be no discrimination against color.
Women wouldn't be ashamed
Of what their bodies look like, and what they wear.

If I were in charge of the world,
You wouldn't have to worry about running out of money.
You wouldn't have to go shopping every week.
You wouldn't have to put on makeup,
Or look *prettier*.
You wouldn't even have to be insecure.

If I were in charge of the world,
Nutter Butter Bites would be a vegetable.
All crime fighting movies would be rated G.
A person who sometimes forgets to shower,
And sometimes forgets to add eggs
Into the cupcake batter,
Would still be allowed to be
In charge of the world.

If I were in charge of the world,
BLM wouldn't be a movement,
It would be something that brings change,
And a moment in history,
To look back on and never forget.
You wouldn't have to worry about violence.
Everyone would be treated equally,
And you would no longer
Have to keep looking
Behind your back.

Charizma Rowe '23



Auto-Pilot

Behind closed doors,
Blue light glares back at us,
From a screen
All too familiar.

Username,
Password,
Everything, but the ongoing lectures,
Ingrained in our memories.

We log in for a full day ahead.
A day often raced through,
For the sake of perfect attendance.

For the sake of viewing passing grades,
In the classroom gradebook.
For the sake of capturing a mental picture
Of our parents' proud smiles.

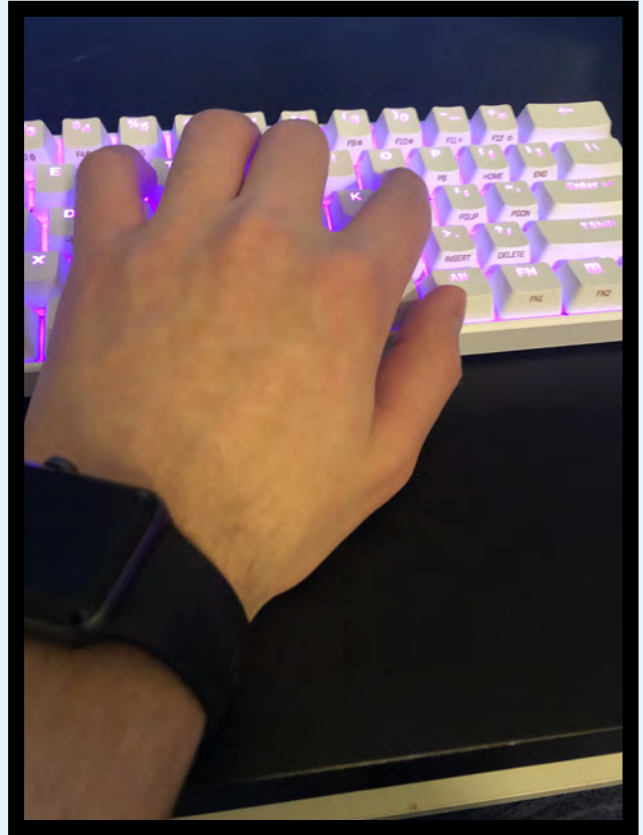
Drifting and dragging through the day,
We see our classmates reduced to names
On a screen divided in grid view.

Digital barriers to the everlasting
Disconnection among people,
Who we now recognize ourselves as strangers.

We are desperate.
Desperate to get out
From behind the screens.

Desperate for the commute
To and from school.
Desperate for the short,
But meaningful interactions with friends,
As we pass by them in the school's hallway.

Asiatul Hoque '22



Acrostic Poetry

The Blind Battle of a Perfect Brain

Perhaps it's the way the mind runs.
Having no sense of normalcy and
Obsessively trying to make
Everything sound perfect.
But on the contrary, it is only failure
Echoing in that dark abyss. Where
Monsters reside, feeding
On thoughts that were once
Dignified. Overtaken by
Eerie compulsive urges.
Saying you have no worth.
Tentative goals erased by
Irate feelings targeted inward.
Losing touch with the only one that understood.

Me.

Phoebe Modestil '22



Hooked

At times I find that we put too much
into something so little.
It traps us inside with its twist and turns,
as we try to find our escape, things collide.

Pounding thoughts consume our mind,
taking up so much time.
Dreams, aspirations and even denial.

We focus on the little things
because that's what we feel matters most.
We don't look at the bigger picture
because it hasn't had time to fully unfold.

Like pages of a book,
you never know the outcome,
unless you are intrigued by the hook.

Do we take those little things,
and put them together like puzzle pieces,
or let them combine when the time comes?

Do we wait around for the right time
or do we take a chance at anytime?
What are you really trying to deny?

Amani Hodge '23



Tanka Poetry

Safe Place

You found a safe place
But it can fool you sometimes
Don't fall too quickly
It could be stolen from you
Now it's all dark once again

My Friend

I cannot find tears
My friend comes to the rescue
So I let her in
She can only handle rain
And I am a hurricane

Nicole Rodriguez Tejada '22

Out of Sorts

I'm drifting away.
Nobody to care or feel,
This melancholy.
The oceans collide, I sink.
Not a soul will pull me up.

Weakness

Is it worth it all?
The love and the time I spent,
Pulling you closer.
A crime I always commit,
Like a rope around my neck.

Laniyah Reynolds '22

Racism

God made men in many races.
Why can't people see the beauty in all their faces?

People come in various shapes, colors, and sizes.
So why are people so cruel to others?
For this is what the world comprises.

Variety adds to the spice of life,
So why are people quick to kill
Others with a gun or knife?

Think about how long it takes,
To grow up and make your mark in this place.

Racism robs us from the love of each other.
It's stops you from seeing your sisters and brothers.

Yes, God put us all on the face of this earth.
To see his love for all, in heaven and on earth.

So next time you feel hateful thoughts crouching,
Remember, it's from the Devil if you go acting,
So love those you see, and love your enemies more.

For God promises a paradise,
Forever more.
Yes, right here on earth,
When pain, death and racism will be no more.

Brianna Wall '22



The Modern Sonnet

When It is Dark, Where is Our Source of Light?

When it is dark, where is our source of light?
Lurking creatures roaming around the earth.
Everyone hoping for a peaceful night.
This plays a part of Mother Nature's worth.
The moon shines, it's the sun for our nighttime.
Stars evenly fit, they can be aligned.
In the dark, no light where there is no crime.
A peaceful place to be is what you'll find.
The universe is so mysterious.
What do we really know, what's out afar?
The thought of space makes me so curious.
We don't even understand who we are.
At nighttime be sure to hold on to faith,
That when you will wake up you will be safe.

Taylor Johnson '24



Such a Beautiful Sight When You Were Born

Such a beautiful sight when you were born,
Chubbiest, cutest baby of them all.
I wanted you to be healthy and adored.
Before you have to walk you have to crawl.
We have to be careful not to harm you.
Mom is always worried about us.
She said we should always enjoy life, too.
She said "I love you both, my sons I trust".
Mom's life is not complete without her boys.
Without further questions it all makes sense.
Family is all that matters, it's my joy.
What makes us complete is what depends.
Nothing without you my handsome brother,
And I love you always and forever.

Mitchell Tesalona '24



Strong Independence

I am a strong and independent person
I wonder if I will ever feel the need to need someone
I see people striving to be independent
I want to join them
I am a strong independent person

I pretend I am strong all the time
I feel hurt most of the time
I touch the lives of those who give up
I worry if I will ever fail
I cry because I need someone to talk to
I feel there's nobody to talk to
I am a strong independent person

I understand that it's okay to ask for help
I say, I'll be okay
I dream that I'll always be successful
I try to make others around me happy
I hope I can inspire others to become the best they can be
I am a strong independent person

Charizma Rowe '23

Bathroom Sink

I remember the days we shared,
When I would laugh and stare in awe.
You showed me how much you cared,
It was clear from the actions that I saw.
You stood over the bathroom sink,
Talking as you shaved your beard,
And I recall that all I could think,
Was, *Wow*, we'll keep this picture well saved.
I can still hear your laughter,
See your joy, and feel your kind smile.
I will never forget how long and hard you fought.
Oh, Grandpa, it's been a while.

Amy Videz '22

Hold On, Betty.

Hold on Betty
Hold on to all the good memories you had
Even if it hurts to look back
Hold on to all the good things you've done
Even if you think it was wrong.
Hold on to hope
Even if it feels worthless
Hold on to emotions
Even if they feel better gone
Hold on to the people you love
Even if it hurts you knowing
Even if they know how hurt you are

Charizma Rowe '23

Colors

Red is the color of anger and love.

Orange is a bright tropical color.

Yellow is very warm and bright like gloves.

Green is nature, it is like no other.

Blue is like the calmness of the ocean.

Purple shows luxury and power.

White is the color of white clouds floating.

Black is the evil guy with superpowers.

Grey is colorless, emotionless and dull.

All colors are beautiful in their way.

Cayden Pierre '24



Hope Can Be Flawed

Based on the novel, The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Hope is so essential that you have to keep it beating.
Seeking, believing, and acceding just to keep it from fleeing.

Don't be misled, it can be terrifying that you'll lose your mind.
Believing and having unstable thinking about reversing time.

Only to reach out to a light that's meant to be left behind.
Hope isn't hope when it becomes something that is misapplied.

Hope should be exciting, enticing, and be something worth fighting.
Not a mere existence or commodity that induces your lying.

Lying to yourself, not your loved ones, or those who pass you by.
Your hope is what's impossible, not what you do to make your hope apply.

Phoebe Modestil '22



Spanish Poetry

Este es Mi Origen y De Aquí Soy Yo

Soy de un país de la belleza y desgracia,
que de cara es uno de los más bellos lugares del mundo,
pero de espalda oculta su lado oscuro,
su lado malo entristece la mirada de cualquiera
con solo verlo.

Su corazón está lleno de personas puras
nobles por su patria, que salen a defender
con garra y corazón a donde sea
estén con quien estén, poniendo así en lo más alto
el amor y cariño que le tienen.

A pesar de las debilidades y las tormentas que
golpean nuestra cara, los puñales que
atraviesan nuestro pecho, nuestra alma hecha pedazos,
seguimos aquí luchando por
defender lo que más amamos, lo que más anhelamos.

Sus ojos color azul rey alumbran el amanecer
de aquel campesino que sale a labrar la
tierra, para darle de comer a los sentimientos
del hambriento manteniéndola en pie
venciendo la adversidad y la desgracia.

Su carita se mantiene bella sin importar todo lo que está
sufre en el camino, esto es lo que hace hermosa
la forma en que sale a relucir sus cicatrices
y esa sonrisa coqueta la hace muy tierna
y traviesa.

Esta pequeña es un ejemplo de que nunca hay que
darse por vencido y salir adelante
y no perder nuestras raíces, con esta niña me identifico
y digo que este es mi origen y de aquí soy.

Haydee Vallecillo Rivera '22

Haiku Poetry

Being Reserved

The pain of silence.
Quietness is violence.
Tears are set aside.

Anxiety

Butterflies inside.
Scared to go outside, just hide.
Thoughts inside your mind.

Anger

Thinking of raging.
Knock at the door, who is it?
Anger, how are you?

Sleep

Sun goes down, night time.
Can I get some sleep tonight?
Just try, try and try.

Taylor Johnson '24



Don't Bee Stung

People always say life is a book with many pages.
Every book has an ending whether happy or sad,
but where does that book tell
your deepest darkest secrets?

The moments that you gasp.
The moments that you cry.
The moments you are happy.
Behind the cover of a book is much more
than what the title may say,
just like our lives and our complicated day-by-day.

Don't judge a book by its cover,
because you don't know what is under.
Money doesn't mean happiness neither does sadness.
Many cover up their emotions not because they choose,
but they have learned a book is judged by its cover,
And not on whether or not the page is truly understood.

The wind blows and so should you,
just as the moon outshines the refulgent sun.
Watch out, don't be stung by the vexing bee.

Amani Hodge '23



Disloyalty

Since she was a little girl she wanted to experience love.
She loved love and didn't know why,
everyone around her didn't feel like her.

As she asked for reassurance about her obsession,
she sat filled with hope, as others raised her spirits,
knowing love was a cursed and dangerous game.

She would wait for the perfect feeling.
She did and later found her heart broken.

Her cries got louder as his words fell to the floor,
like the autumn leaves surrounding them,
as he explained his wrong doings.

She knew and she fell through her skin,
with this ultimate realization.
It would never be the same. She was changed.

Kristal Arias '22

My Ode to Lemons

Lemons so unsweet.
The juices are sour beyond belief.
Yet it feels like a relief!
Yellow and bright,

I can use them without a fight.
The colors are quite a sight,
And the tartness bleeds in every bite.
I relish the freshness
Of the succulent and tart lemon.

Lemons and limes, a fruit in their prime.
A sign of mother nature's shine.
The thickness and graininess of the rind,
It's all so fine.
The bumpy and smooth glossy texture,
It fills me with pleasure.
So sour, they burn to the core,
But if I eat too much I might get a canker sore!

Alexander Baires '24
Certified Lemon Enthusiast





Ode to New York City

New York City is one of the biggest cities in the world.
The train doors open and you close your eyes,
Feeling the breeze of the other trains passing by.
Walking out of Penn Station is an unbearable feeling of excitement,
While walking down the streets, you lift your nose up smelling fresh baked pie.
New York City is a great place but there is still some incitement.
You look up and the beaming sky that is so bright and blue.
You see everyone is rushing to see lady liberty,
So you decided to join them and it was a dream come true.
New York City is a great place especially around Christmas time,
You can hear the bells and wind chimes.
When watching the Christmas trees lighting, you get such a warm feeling inside.
Christmas isn't the only holiday or event you should spend in New York City,
There's New Year's and Pride.
You should consider visiting New York City when you have the chance,
But make sure you buy your train tickets in advance!

Christa Fanizza '24

Italian Poetry in Translation

Rimani

Rimani! Riposati accanto a me.
Non te ne andare.
Io ti veglierò. Io ti proteggerò.
Ti pentirai di tutto fuorchè d'essere venuto a me, liberamente, fieramente.
Ti amo. Non ho nessun pensiero che non sia tuo;
non ho nel sangue nessun desiderio che non sia per te.
Lo sai. Non vedo nella mia vita altro compagno, non vedo altra gioia.
Rimani.
Riposati. Non temere di nulla.
Dormi stanotte sul mio cuore.

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Stay

Stay! Sit next to me.
Don't go away.
I will watch over you. I will protect you.
You will regret this unless you freely come back to me.
I love you, there is no thought that isn't you.
I don't have a lineage, I have no desire that isn't for you.
I know I don't see my life with someone else.
I don't see another joy that will last.
Rest. Don't fear anything.
Sleep tonight in my heart.

Aldred Collado '24



As Time Goes By

A child wishes nothing more than to be an adult,
As Time goes by an adult wishes nothing more than to be a child.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock... says Time, and enjoy every little moment.
As the Time goes gently by.

As a child, minutes seem like years.
As an adult, minutes seem like seconds.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock... says Time,
Understand we cannot save Time.
We can just try to use it wisely.

The road was sometimes rocky,
And perhaps not everything was made of gold.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock... says Time.
Make every little moment full of memories,
And stories to be told.

Time does not heal you and may never be the same,
But each day that passes by, means you are surviving despite the pain.
Time moves fast like a rolling coaster.
Whether you want to ride or not, Time will play his part.

Take Time for now.
This is the only moment you are sure of.
It won't be perfect but you are aware of it.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock... says Time,
It would bring joy and music to your heart,
As the Time goes gently by.

Nicole Rodriguez Tejada '22



Tempering

The sky was clear, you could see for miles.
One mile, two miles, three miles of only baby blue.
The cool breeze made the white puffs dance through the air,
Putting on an amazing show, people would die to see.
The curtains began to close, and the sky began to speak.
Powerful ominous noises thundered through the puffs,
And caused them to scatter and split away.

Behind the powerful noises came a puff,
Who looked like the others.
A puff who was carefree like a flower.
Then why did the puff bring darkness?
The sky was no longer clear.
Instead in the distance, the darkness,
Began to engulf the baby blue sky.

One mile, two miles, three miles of only growing darkness.
The show was over, and the people were gone.
There only stood the lone puff, dancing alone,
Among the withering darkness.

Michelle Seizeme '22



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