

5-1-2004

Elements

NSU University School

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NSU University School (2004) "Elements," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 11 , Article 129.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol11/iss1/129

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DISCARD

Elements



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ELEMENTS

Spring 2004

Volume XI

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To those devoted writers and artists who helped shape this edition of the literary magazine into an adventurous journey through the creative and talented mind, I say thank you. Your passion has created the lens through which *Elements* is to be viewed and appreciated. I am equally grateful to those who participated in this year's Foreign Language section, helping to establish it as a staple in future editions. I would also like to thank Mrs. Simco for her availability, wisdom, and kindness, to Madame Ellsley, Mrs. Morris, Mr. Colby, and Mrs. Zoppi for their cooperation, and to Mrs. Linda Winrow, whose unwavering motivation, all too unforgettable manner, and pleasantly-scented room, bolstered the staff in times of chaos and proved essential to the successful publication of *Elements*. Enjoy!

Natalia Martínez, Editor 2004

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Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33314-7796

The literary magazine will consider for publication all original works submitted by current University School high school students. Entries are read anonymously and scored by the magazine staff. Pieces are selected for publication by considering score, variety, and space. Because of these constraints, not every outstanding piece can be published. All opinions and ideas expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine staff, faculty, or administration of the University School.

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Knowing Upward

Danielle La Rocco

It wasn't drizzling when you came to me. I didn't know what to do, not because you were an unwelcome task, no, but because I was unprepared. I didn't think I had done anything to warrant it, to deserve it, and so I collapsed into awkwardness, into building dewpoints by degrees, into manufactured weather. I looked over. You were just standing there, arms crossed, looking up at the sky, patiently waiting. Well, no, you weren't waiting; you weren't expecting anything from me. But somehow you knew. Maybe I can describe it this way: you stood there, patiently knowing upward, if that's possible. So I concentrated a little harder.

A resonant thundercloud boomed overhead. Lightning shattered the air. I saw a smile cross your face. You knew. I didn't, but somehow you did. I didn't think it was enough. Clouds conversed in their liquidy language, swirled around, rearranged, conglomerated, but still no rain. You laughed. I thought I held the weather's reins in my hands. And then I realized: that was the problem. And so I let go. The clouds, my clouds, tore themselves open, as if they had been waiting right along with you. First one drop. Then another, and another, and soon it was all rain, all water, all hurricane. I ran for shelter in fear of myself (I had lost control, it had been too much) and called out to you. But there you were, still looking up, arms outstretched, catching raindrops on your tongue. "I told you I meant it when I said I loved you," you said.

Wordless Counsel

Elana Fishman

Though many years have passed
You visit me each night.
A specter of the silence
A demon of the dark.

*Can you hear them?
Flitting about in the moonlit murk
Listen to them weave
Their unintelligible song.*

Guilt runs through my veins
Tuning red blood into black.
I can no longer glance in the mirror
For the lucid depths tell all.

*Yellow-and-black-striped messengers
Angels of the summer's eve
Beat their wings in urgency
But you cannot know their secrets.*

I swear my undying innocence
I beg her to forgive.
The devil in the door crows,
"She never loved you anyway."

*Continuing their dutiful work
They begin their song once more.
A chorus of hope, a symphony of strength
Bzzzzzz...*

A Mystery

Jorah Stern

The days go by
And you name rings through my mind.
Support is all you can give me,
But why does that have to be?
Obstacles seldom stare me in the face,
Yet I miss your warm embrace.
Strangers pass me on the sidewalk,
Leaving me wondering.
Your voice still lingering.
I shall never know who you are,
As I continue to ask how far to your arms.



Home Remedy

[Replaces St. Ives Apricot Scrub and similar products]

Natalia Martínez

100% Pure Cotton. *Premium*
cotton. Liars!

Iodized salt. Good for the
gullible

mind, if for anything.

Instructions – guides for
the few, or the many, who are
strangers
within themselves,
diluted beings.

1: Dip the “triple size balls,” go
ahead: wet, soak,
drown. 2: Sprinkle
the overpriced,
ionized,
pasteurized
salt crystals. (Liars,
you don’t pasteurize ocean
water!)

3: Now ready? (echoes)
Proceed, carefully,
meticulously,
to scrub your face.
And over every curve,
down every angle you go...
to Grandma’s house?

Tingle?
Sting?
Pasteurized salt, what
else. Old
atoms –
cells – dirty from the
streets you walked
today,
and the bar you
slept
in yesterday,
peel off with our instant
Home
Remedy,
and are forgotten.

Too busy, too
late,
and a tad too simple.
1: Erase the bothers,
2: Turn down the inner static,
3: Fade from life.
Why fret about a
clear
conscience, when you can have
clear skin?

* Placing large salt crystals on wet cotton balls is a documented home remedy for zits.

THE
BEST
IN THE
WORLD

The most alluring

IS

the difference

WHAT IF

You

refuse to be ordinary.

take on magical powers

BE

Beautiful

BEYOND
MEASURE

Smile!

with

serenity

AND

Remember when your sole purpose in life was having fun

The thrill

I

Get:

*When I'm
With You*

YOU'

HAVE

Capabilities beyond any

you're.

breath taking

Sometimes words can be
hopelessly inadequate.

BREAK THROUGH

go ahead.

live a little

Knowledge

Beth Singer

A controversial matter,
One of life's many.

While furthering wisdom,
It brings possible destruction.

While improving technology,
It suggests grave danger.

While easing lives,
It creates room for careless error.

The gift of knowledge,
One of God's many.

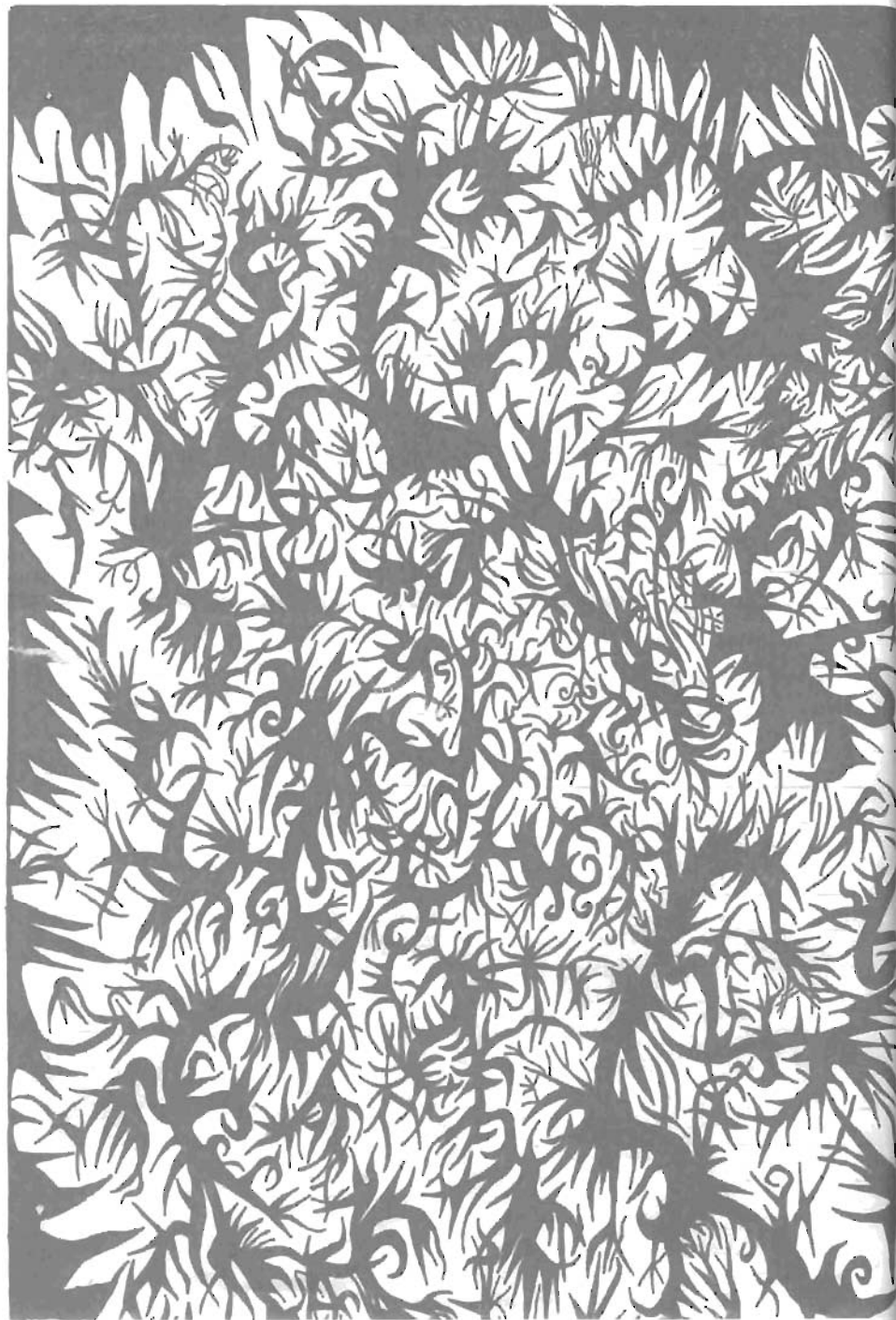


Victoria Perdomo

Do you remember that there once was a pretty little house
And this pretty little house sat on a pretty little hill
In the pretty little house on the pretty little hill lived a family
A June and a Ward Cleaver and a little girl,
But the little girl had a deep dark secret
There were voices, voices that drove her crazy
But she never told anyone
She tied her blond hair back
Bounced up and down
and was the all-American icon cheerleader girl
Then the summer wind blew in
The voices got lower and you got weirder
You came back gothic, a different little girl
Your friends were rougher, they drank and smoked
Drugs took the place of dolls
But I stood by you
Helped you when you needed it
I tried to believe you were still the same Kris
But the friends got rougher
And you sank farther
I prayed you wouldn't turn out like Nancy
Dead in a Manhattan apartment
Stab wound in your stomach
Ecstasy in your hands
And a rock 'n' roll god turned boyfriend
Crying why my baby, why?
Dear Kris what happened to you?
Do you remember the days
When all you cared about was how your hair looked?

I do
Do you remember the sixth grade dance?
You were the prettiest girl there
I remember
The summer wind blew in
And we parted our ways
You went to Plantation High
And I to University School
Kris tell me you didn't fade away
Kris tell me you're not dead!
Do you remember that there
Was a little house
And it sat on a little hill
And you were a happy little girl
That little hill is still there
And the little house sits there still
And your ghost runs and plays
Laughs all day
A trace of long blond hair
A trace of sparkly blue eyes
They're all still there
And June sits in the window
Looking for her happy little girl.





Untitled

Mallory Hellman

He boards the T at Central. He's relieved to have made it onto this train; he must be, he made it by an inch. A thin layer of oil, oil that in this sweltering capsule is nothing more than a prefix to perspiration, forms a film on his rich, coffee-colored face. He walks with an air of dignity down the aisle until he finds a seat next to a blatantly drunk gentleman in a dirty tee shirt that says, "Fishing is life," and a baseball cap. His own bright red beret is slightly disturbed by another passenger's sweaty arm as he takes his seat, and he now cautiously lifts a veiny hand to correct this. The gray tee shirt that he's using as an undergarment is visible through the unfastened upper two buttons of his canary yellow Oxford shirt. The shirt is thin anyway. The underthing's bold gray hue is too dark for such a light shirt, and even if the buttons were closed, its presence would be distracting. Both the exceedingly gray tee shirt and its worn, Easter-colored companion are tucked into a pair of khakis, fastened at the slightly protruding waist by a brown leather belt. Reebok sneakers, probably from 1989 or so, complement the outfit, as a teasing glimpse of white athletic socks fills the gap between the shoes' tops and the pants' legs.

"See, you can't trust ennyone. No one's yer frien in this goddamn city." The drunken man is slurring words of wisdom in Red Beret's general direction. "Can't even spare money for a sandwich, goddamn it."

The oil covering Red Beret's face is well on its way to becoming sweat now, and he tightly clutches

the leather dossier in his lap, somewhat insecure.

“It’s a problem with our whole nation, really”

Red Beret closes his eyes, his short-lashed lids seeming just barely to cover the parabola of his salient brown corneas. He nods, hoping this gesture of agreement will silence his inebriated new companion. It seems to have the opposite effect.

“You know what I’m sayin’, man? These, days, it’s all about the money. Nobody gives a crap about the real stuff anymore...”

I’m afraid that Drunken Crackpot will burst into tears in a minute, but Red Beret keeps right on nodding, even inserting an “uh-huh” every so often for emphasis. It’s clear, though, that his mind is elsewhere. He’s thinking about his children. He’s thinking about what they would do, what his wife would do, if he were just some boozed-up ex-auto mechanic or whatever preaching “revolutionary” gospel to an 87-degree, 60-mile-per-hour congregation. No. He’s thinking about his job. He’s thinking that he’s forty-five years old and still hasn’t climbed to a preferred rung of the “corporate ladder.” He’s thinking about his alcoholic Puerto Rican boss who threatens to fire him because, after all, “blacks are the ‘chosen’ minority in this country.” He’s thinking about his milquetoast career as an investment banker, an assistant manager at Wal-Mart, a member of a cult, a subsistence farmer.

He nervously toys with the zipper of the dossier, pulling it back and forth a fraction of an inch, giving himself a little peep show of its contents each time. Every few seconds, he reveals a minute region of a stack of financial reports, floorplans of the Smithsonian, instructions for shipping contraband items across the Hungarian border. Tiring of this soon after he starts, he adjusts his

sock and leans back in the chair with a nearly inaudible sigh of relief. He can't be comfortable; these seats are by no means comfortable. He has just loosened his grip on the dossier, and, soaking up the pungent liquid narcotic of his still-rambling busmate, has acquiesced into his own mind.

Then, his thoughts suffer a dramatic change. He starts as though he has been asleep, his lips still absentmindedly concurring with Crackpot under a thin, well-kept moustache. But now he's considering something that requires a little more thought. He forgot to go to CVS. He left the stove on. It's his anniversary, dammit, and he doesn't want to come home without a gift for the third year in a row.

The T lurches to a halt at Charles/MGH. With a brief nod in the degenerate prophet's direction, Red Beret stands with the aid of a filthy metal pole and inspects his khakis for creases. Stepping briskly, he exits the train. He was on his way to see the fireworks. Pulling a tiny American flag out of the dossier, he is on his way.





Irrepressible

Shari Grunspan

The human spirit
is a remarkable thing
if allowed
to flourish.
Picture a boy
having heard nothing
but revolutionary banter
about Patriotism,
Communism,
Ideology,
and propaganda
all his life,
falling headfirst
into a story
of awakening desire,
passion,
love;
all the subjects had been restricted.
While ingeniously concealing
a forbidden treasure,
a hidden transit emerges
to worlds
which have been thought to be lost
forever.
The forbidden
tends to be
dangerously seductive;
but the human spirit
cannot
be surpassed.

Normal

Joshua Berg

I run slower than you do,
I don't drive the fastest car,
I don't have the newest clothes,
I do many things differently,
You say I'm not normal,
I'm too different,
I don't fit in
I think you're the one who's not normal,
You just mimic what everyone else does:
Newest clothes,
Fastest car,
Most jewelry.
You camouflage yourself in the crowd,
You get lost in a sea of mindless drone that is just
like you,
Put us together,
Take us apart,
But no matter what we look like,
Deep down most of us want to be different,
We want to set the trends,
We want to be known to have "started" it,
No one seems to realize,
There is no normal,
Normal is boring!



Reality

Stephanie Meyer

Reality

Painful, Honest

Hurts, cries, laughs

Always shines through disguise

Life.

Waiting in March

Stephanie Meyer

Snow covered stick snaps

Spring will soon reveal grass

A tranquil silence

Paranoia

Allison Behar

Who's whispering in the corner?
Whose eyes do I feel watching my every step?
Whose footprints are on the front porch?

What's going to happen next?
Where can I run and hide?
Whom can I call?
Who will save me?

Where is that music coming from?
Who's hiding on the other side of the room?
Am I safe all alone?

What's going to happen next?
Where can I run and hide?
Whom can I call?
Who will save me?

Whose eyes are in that painting?
Whose car is parked in the driveway across the
street?
Why is the door unlocked?

What's going to happen next?
Where can I run and hide?
Whom can I call?
Who will save me?

Coincidence?

Kai Kravit

Luck of the draw
Picked the short straw
Staring into the maw
Of eternal chance

One in a million
Two in a trillion
Can't even figure
Stuck in this trance

Meant to be?
Who knows for sure
No, it can't be,
Not a chance

One moment in time
Left forever behind
The scrape of coincidence
Trapped in a void



His Rave Song

Mariana Rittenhouse

It's my one spiritual remedy
Primal grace causes demons to flee
My tainted soul is washed and found
For every beat my enchanted feet pound
Alone I stand, in a world where I've become
Lost in my prayers of voice and body and drum

Strained muscles burn at day-built chains
Abandon to the sound and release all pains!
A remixed persona, a phoenix all along
For my resurrection begins with an empowering
song
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Beats to mixes and mixes to lust

This music shall raise the roof of this church
And industrial gospel to heal all my hurts
My personal search for a time to atone
Brings me to this crowd but keeps me alone
For my peace is not one found amongst the day
It is here in this room, for tonight God is a DJ

The Night Before

Xanquanii Lee

Oh, no! I have a big test tomorrow
Does anyone have a book I can borrow?
Too late now, I am already en mi casa
I have to use my notes to see qué pasa
Stupid me! I waited for the last minute again
I even don't know where to begin
Three chapters to be done tonight
To stay awake I'll have to fight

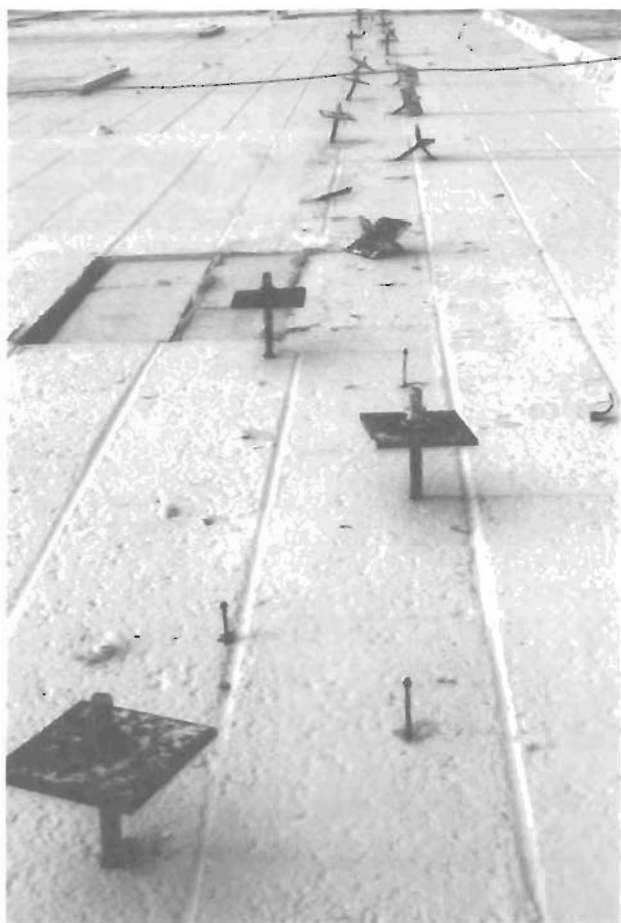
Chapters 1 and 2 are kind of completed
I'm skimming now, my alertness is depleted
All this studying is such a pain
There's too much information for me to retain
I kept trying not to doze, for I am so very close

Ah, yes! One section left!
This is the easy one I bet
All of my studying is done for the night
Just have to review later on, all right

The test is today
"I crammed all I could," I say
One quick review before class begins
If I FAIL to do well, it would be a sin

I have the test in front of me now
I have to "chill," and not have a cow
It's all multiple choice
I hope the choices are wise.
Since this one is A and that one is C,
I suppose the next one will be B,
And when it's over I'll be free

Finally I have completed this test
And I'm sure that I am the very best,
My answers must coincide with the teacher's
Or I will be caught by the Grim Reaper
And sent to my room for eternity
Next time I know I must study soon
I'll begin before I see the moon.
Even though I have said this previously,
"No more waiting until the last minute for me!"
Next time, maybe you will see



Grandfather

Fe Maldonado

White silk hair, once chocolate brown
Soft skin with wrinkles,
Ghosts of once bold expressions
Limp weak hands
Which once would grasp with strength
Unclear words and thoughts one can only guess
Opinions and wise words hang like fog
Saying good-bye in his own special way

Spring

Fe Maldonado

The snow hums a silent tune
In months the new season brings a new beginning
The trees that moped now bask in the sun
The daisies smile
The fields of grain whisper
It rains life
The animals in the forest laugh and play in the glory
of spring.



Faith

Stephanie Simon

To believe what you can't see,
To trust what you can't touch,
To know without proof,
Faith.

A blind step,
A knowing feeling of the soul,
A belief in an incorporeal force,
Faith.

The unwavering confidence of a dying man
Without miracles or physical proof
That a greater power will save him,
Faith.

The sure step of a blind man
Into the busy street, unwavering,
Accompanied by his trusty dog,
Faith.

The confident grin of a child
Arm bruised, cheek still wet with tears
When her father says everything will be fine,
Faith.

The feeling of security
Ignoring everything around her
When a woman is in her lover's arms,
Faith.

Knowing deep down inside
Despite of all the heinous things that happen
That people are good at heart,
Faith.

A uniting force
Man to man, man to G-d
Connecting all things,
Faith.

Definite Souls

Aneesh Deshpande

The room fills with the voice of a lost soul
Attending to the needs of many more.
The orchestra comes through straight to the fore,
The voice continuing forward to the goal.
The hearts beat to the rhythm of the sound
Erasing all the questions and the doubts
Room filled with souls, yet but a single bout
Clad all in white to bliss they are so bound.
Ten thousand miles away he cries and weeps
With the sounds of a sick and dying whale
Why should he keep on going in so deep?
Experience violence as a sweeping gale.
But now he cries not as he takes the leap
He knows he cannot, will not ever fail.



Tears

Rita Shankar

Lurking sorrow swims sluggishly,
Tormenting the visage of definition,
Erasing the parched nature of texture,
Lifting powder off the verisimilitude,

One hundred, two hundred, three hundred and
ninety-nine,
Endless flood inflames the vision to a sanguinary
hue,
Calamity derived from calmness,

Withholding permits the intricacies of dams to
burst,
Painful voyage leaving bodily abodes,
From surplus to sprinkle,
Brothers, sisters, and grandparents to follow,

Martyr or multiplicity,
Weeping while trudging barrier-laden paths,
Introspection's sacrifices,
Wrinkled fingers place the pristine scarf on a
youthful head,
Buttressing her elegance with years,
The ceremonial braid interwoven with a bouquet of
jasmynes,
Each weaves a remainder that a pinch now brings
wisdom later,

Frivolous, painstaking rituals proven fruitful and
precious,
Gems glittering in isolation amid simplicity,
Purity that would have flowed-is flowing.

My Garden of Eden

Skylar Shatkin

It is a clear summer day. The water of the pool glistens as it reflects the rays of the morning sun. The focus of the yard is a small fountain, sprinkling its life-giving nourishment on to the surrounding plants and arching into the majestic blue waters below. A young cherub grasps onto the spitting dolphin, which struggles under the weight of the constricting ivy. The plant climbs up the fish and slowly consumes the Old Chicago brick deck. Ripples in the pool, caused by the steady stream of water flowing from the fountain, emanate from their origin, transporting the yellow duck reading 88 degrees Fahrenheit to its final destination. Through a child's eyes, this is paradise.

The wild life seems to have awakened from their restful slumbers. The rustling of the bushes encircling the pool reveals a prehistoric-looking lizard. It practically glides over the rough, red, and rocky terrain of the bricks. A family of baby ducks led by their mother like an army marching into battle, waddles onto the patio looking for a cool, shady place to sit. After following this line of soldiers, a turtle plops himself down into the depths of the pool. Undisturbed by any of this, the elegant hummingbird looks at me through my kitchen window, waves his little tail, and zips off. From my seat, I see a pair of butterflies flutter onto the heads of gargoyle statuary, who stand guard over their kingdom.

It is a beautiful day outside. The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, and the lizards are sunbathing on the lawn. The pool calls to me. I should not be inside. But my presence would only disturb the serenity. So I stay where I am: an outsider looking in.



After School on Fridays

Ryan Sevel

I remember when
I used to go over your house
After school on Fridays.
I had been waiting the whole day,
Because I knew how much fun we would have.

We would always begin our adventure
With a homemade snack made by your mom.
As I walked into your house,
The aroma of chocolate cookies or fudge brownies
permeated the air.
A day at your home was like a year in heaven.

Our adventure continued as we put on our bathing
suits,
And jumped into the pool.
We would also set up the slip-n-side.
Down the hill we went, right into your lake.
After we dried ourselves, the fun continued in your
garage.
I remember the monkey bars you had in there.
We would climb from one end of the garage to
other,
Trying not to touch the “hot lava” floor.
Like monkeys,
We would jump, hang, swing, and laugh.

Time flew when I was with you.
Before I knew it, dinner was ready.
Because it was Friday night,
Your mom prepared a lavish dinner.

I anxiously waited as your parents said the
blessings,
Because I knew a dinner fit for a king had been
prepared.
After feasting for what seemed like days,
We would always watch a movie.
It was usually a comedy or action your brother
picked out.
You and I would snack on popcorn
As we laughed and made jokes about the past week.
It would get late and somehow we both ended up
asleep
On your family room couch.
Before I knew it, my parents were tapping me on
the shoulder.
Unfortunately, a fun-filled day was over.

This pattern of going to your house continued
steadily.
Until that one day,
When you told me you were moving to North
Carolina.
I could not believe it,
No more swinging from your garage or homemade
cookies.
I would be able to visit you only once a year,
If my parents allowed me to.

Now we are both ten years older,
And no longer swing on monkey bars or play with
the slip-n-side.
So much has changed,
Since those afternoons after school on Fridays.

Rebirth

Elana Fishman

◦ Butterfly emerges from her confining cocoon
Breaking free of all restraints, beginning anew.
Her past life, past choices, past struggles and triumphs
No longer matter, as she begins her new life.
Spreading her wings, still damp with dew,
Preparing to fly away forever, off into the morning breeze.
She is no more an earthbound weakling,
No more a mere worm to scoff at, to criticize, and to berate.
Now, she has emerged more beautiful than any other creature
No longer are their condescending gazes and harsh words justified.
For she has stripped herself not only of her cocoon
But of her old identity- she is brand new.



Knowledge

Carrie Fertig

An empty mind
No worthwhile substance implanted,
A meaningless life full of emptiness and despair

We all yearn for a sense of understanding,
a need for absolute truth and existence.
We want knowledge and wisdom to enrich our
lives,
but can knowledge be a negative thing?
Can it be the cause of hurt and harm and
destruction?

Knowledge can cause sane people to become mad,
Can cause love to turn into bitter hatred and
jealousy,
Can twist positive emotions into anger and
resentment

But, knowledge also leads to a complete
understanding,
A discerning and grasping of information

Maybe knowledge is kept hidden for a reason,
Maybe we are never supposed to find it,
Maybe it lurks in the shadows because acquiring it
leads to devastation...

The question still exists
We may never know
If knowledge is the key to a better and more
promising future,
Or if it will eventually lead to utter ruin.



Mallory Hellman

“Isn't that hysterical?!” She widens her eyes to an almost comical degree.

“I know! I can't believe she walked that far just to go to the bathroom. I mean, that's a long way to walk.”

And now the third woman chimes in. She, unlike the others, seems not to think that Bathroom Girl's exploits are “hysterical.”

“I walked into CVS yesterday, and they didn't let *me* into the bathroom,” she says.

“Then you must not have looked too desperate. She did.” Woman 1 again. “When she told me about it, her eyebrows were, like, all furled and stuff. I can just picture her walking around the neighborhood looking for a bathroom.” She tenderly rubs a very pregnant abdomen housed in a clingy lycra pullover. “I mean, she left her house, her knitting, her journal, just to freakin' pee.” Laughter.

“That was like the time I had that party and people were in all the bathrooms in my house and for some reason I walked to the park,” says Younger Blonde Woman with Tattoo on Calf. “Maybe I was drunk, or –”

Pregnant Woman interjects, emphatically slamming her petite teacup on the unsteady little table. “You know, I'd like to give you the key to my house so you can just come in any time – sit down, use the couch. It'll be quiet; the cat'll be asleep. I wish more people used my house. There's actually this place right near the Y that makes keys. I'll get two copies of mine the next time I go.”

The woman with the calf tattoo thanks Pregnant

and asks if there is another “key place” in the area, but pays no attention to the response. She instead busies herself suggestively sipping her chilled, fruity tea beverage in the direction of the pierced college student behind the counter.

“My legs are feeling better. You know, the most random things get sore when you're pregnant.” More laughter. This time, even the reticent Woman 3 joins the festivities.

“My friend's nephew works in this place called Waterworks on Newbury Street,” she says, peering timidly from behind an enormous cup (more like a bowl) of steaming Earl Gray. “It was really an experience going there because there was this woman in capris and knee-highs. Anyway, they have, like, top-of-the-line bathroom tiles and stuff... typical Newbury Street, right? But the woman's shoes reminded me of this place around here where you can buy boots with fire on them and stuff.”

This prompts Calf Tattoo nearly to choke on her swig of tea in what turns out to be an incongruous recollection of a place called Victor Hugo's. “It reminds me of, did you guys ever read *The Mixed Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* when you were a kid? It was about kids who lived in a library or whatever and they took money out of the fountain at night to use on the vending machines but this Hugo's place is, like, an old book store.”

Evidently, there are three stories, indicated by increasingly frantic hand gestures at progressively higher levels.

“...and it goes on forever and they have, like, every category.”

Pregnant acknowledges the waitress, who has come by with a swanky chrome teapot.

“I don't think we ordered that.”

A fat woman in spectacles two tables away raises her hand, revealing herself the guilty party.

“Oh, pardon me.” The waitress is gone.

“How is your tea?” Pregnant is again addressing the small town of Audience, population: 2.

“It’s amazing.”

“Mine is awesome.”

There is some confusion as to what the sign on the door says, and its message reminds Calf Tattoo (who has proven to have truly bizarre concept association) of Eric.

“I just can’t believe you two know him. I have pictures of him with, like, my grandmother.”

Pregnant slowly gathers a disgusted smirk. The quiet third woman, up to this point still worn out from her story about Waterworks, now braces herself for the impending diatribe.

“Eric is one of the most aloof people I know. He’s so into being a musician. He’s so, like, deep. I mean, I can respect him, but – like, okay, he had my friend Layla for a while and she was really a catch (but then again, so was he...)”

Apparently, as understanding as Layla was of Eric’s need to be a musician and be on the road and write songs, she was not considerate of his creative need to sleep with other women. Shortly after they broke up, she began getting these horrible migraines and her doctors were forced to put her on steroids.

“...and now she TOTALLY looks like a man. I mean, she’s still pretty hot and everything, if you ignore the whole man thing.” Quiet Woman is suddenly curious. “Now she’s with Peter Searcy?”

Pregnant: “Do you recognize that name? He’s kinda famous, like a lesser-known Bono type. I don’t know him as well as my sister’s husband does, but anyway, he’s so sweet and they both love

basketball. I saw Layla at this awesome outdoor bar recently.”

Tattoo is ecstatic. God knows what she just remembered. “Like the Tattered Cover?!”

“Oh! The Tattered Cover! I remember that place!”

All: “SUNDAY BRUNCH!”

Pregnant woman snorts. “Yes. I went to that. And of all things I ate a *liver sandwich*.”

“Remember the guy who used to own that place? The cute little blonde guy?”

Quiet peers at her watch. “Well, I really should go, or I'll be late to pick up my cute little blonde guy from preschool.”

With a Herculean effort, Pregnant is out of her chair. Calf Tattoo takes one last sip (the way she does it, it looks more like a drag) of her cool fruitiness and is up. Quiet is nearly at the doorframe already, heading out toward the greenish Nissan fortuitously parked right in front of the building. Pregnant follows after taking a flyer about an upcoming tea bar-related event for those whose social calendars are filled with community luaus and singles' nights at local delis or whatever. Calf Tattoo lingers at the counter, asking utterly useless questions about tea and its capacity to be smoked (“I mean, it looks like you could. It's just dried leaves and stuff. Have you tried?”). Upon closer inspection, the student behind the counter is probably half a decade younger than she is, but she has stopped caring. She wants to know if a job at a tea place allows him to meet girls. For the first time, the exact design of the tattoo is revealed, as Calf lifts the leg of her capris slightly. It is a hugely gaudy heart, wreathed in roses. Under its pointed bottom is a tiny, cursive inscription: “Eric.”



My Loss

Erika Shuminer

In my cot
I dream about her.

Her thick black hair
Waving in the summer breeze.
Her hand caressing
My back as she pushes
The wooden swing
Back and forth.
Her eyes staring at me
Filled with love and care.
I say, "Mom."
But she only smiles at me.
She leans towards me
To kiss me.
Her soft lips tickle
My forehead.
She begins to walk slowly
Towards the peach orchard.
I call out,
"Don't leave me alone.
I didn't mean to hurt you.
It was an accident."
She continues to walk on
Looking unmoved by my declaration.
Eventually,
She is fully devoured
By the orchard's thick mist.
Gone.
I wake up and realize
I have lost her forever
And it's my fault.

It's a War of Man

Yvonne DeMarino

Entangled in the web of convenience,
At the mercy of spray bottles,
Begging for no pests,
It's a war of man.

Got bugs?
Spray 'em!
Got weeds?
Spray 'em too!
Want better crops?
You know what to do!
It's a war of man.

Man has befouled the water,
Where have the mammals gone?
The birds have disappeared,
The plants are mute witnesses
To the poisoning of you and me.
It's a war of man.

Poison for fewer mosquitoes,
Cancer for fewer beetles,
Impaired vision to achieve a juicier pear;
No one wins.
It's a war of man.

100% of Life

Natalia Martínez

Here lies the tile,
the blue & white
arrangement
of symmetrical plates that
you walked on. And, when
you started
balding,
(aging),
hair, and not just
footsteps
descended on the
Sky & Cloud design.

Here stands the tub my
friend, yours truly.
It's still so clean –
you were so afraid of
Germs. [Sigh] Killed 99% of them
too;
99% of the soil, and dirt, and grime
of life you
washed away, mopped
gone. And
even the laughter –
the ringin' and refreshin'
merry-makin'
of our lives –
you
Boiled and filtered before taking...
“Too much of a good thing...,” you used to say as
you wiped *that* table clean
too.

But there remained, as well you
knew, a worm, a residue...

Dear 1%,

Clear 1%.

And then your broom stood silent,
the bleach bubbled only slightly,
and the fight was over –

Fate and hygiene collided!

*And the core rotted, the
flesh blackened, the eyes
glazed over...*

You couldn't scrub out
Death,
could you? It is
essential, inescapable,
perennial even:
so full of life in
that
it is perpetual and dual.



Venezuela

Fe Maldonado

et

in a country where the sun SHINES bright
where the water FLOWS cool and FREE
where the TREES grow TALL and green
where the wind blows CLEAN and FRESH
where the people LAUGH and SMILE

MoNEy
pOwER
HaTe

men TAKE
men STEAL
GrEeD

people STARVE
people HATE
people DIE

the land cries
the people cry
the country cries

VENEZUELA

Am I Beautiful?

Katie Packer

A little girl stares in the mirror,
Examining herself,
Every scar and cut-
Am I beautiful?

Each freckle she called ugly,
Every hair seems out of place,
Her nose a bit too pointy-
Am I beautiful?

Her stomach a little too plump,
Two eyes a tad too round,
Ears that seem misaligned-
Am I beautiful?

Tears drop from big blue eyes;
They are wiped away with gentle hands
And finally through blurred vision she can see-
Yes I beautiful.

My Little Sister

Dara Gurman

As we sit talking on the floor of our shared bathroom, candles and incense burning, music softly playing in the background, I stare at her face. How could this tall, skinny girl with long, jet black hair be my baby sister? A girl I hated when she was born because her birth prevented me from seeing my mommy. A girl who, despite three years my junior, managed to scratch me every single day during our elementary school years. My little sister. Suddenly, she's all grown up.

Where did the past fourteen years go? What happened to the double stroller we used to share or the dolls we played house with? When did she stop annoying the c**p out of me and start becoming my best friend. She is no longer a child. She is her own person, yet, I see so much of myself within her. Aside from the obvious – our high, apple-like cheekbones, the big, toothy smile, we have so much in common. She has soaked up pieces of me. My taste in music, my sense of humor, my quiriness – she adapted them, shaped them to fit her personality. I, too, have absorbed much of her; the nonchalance and ease with which she handles situations I would find stressful or difficult, her audacity in dealing with parents. And then, there are things that we have created together, almost a symbol of the relationship we've built. Our laugh. Our distinct, ridiculously loud laugh. When we laugh together, we become twins; our eyes squint s**t with tears of happiness, our smiles, wide as oceans, simultaneously emit the strange, gulping noise that is our laughter. As similar as we are, there

still exist glaring differences between us, but that is what makes our relationship much better. As alike as we are, we are two different people; there is a clear distinction between her and me. Every day I am surprised by her. Every day I feel as if it is my first time seeing her this way, this old.

Now, we are laughing at our impressions of the movies we obsess over. She always loves when I do my Parker Posey character from *Waiting for Guffman*; she responds with a line from *We Hot American Summer* and then, we've worn ourselves out, tired with joy. We blow the candles and go to our rooms. A few minutes later I realize I forgot to say goodnight, but when I peek my head in, she is already asleep. No matter, I still say, "Goodnight Sami, I love you."



Diminutive Dispositions

Ross Karp

At first, the Ladybug may seem harmless,
Like a little, round, old lady wrapped in a spotted
shawl.

But for all of her maternal features, do not trust her:
Nothing is more important to her
(Not even a caring for a child)
Than a new red dress.

The Cricket seems
(To the uneducated)
The picture of a bold, elegant gentleman
But even his thick, glossy coattails can't disguise
this musician as a fraud:
At the first hint of confrontation,
He leaps away to greener ground.

And don't be fooled by the delicate little Mosquito.
She might have thin, waiflike limbs and baleful
eyes,
But if you come close to comfort her,
(She cries far too often)
This lecherous one is sure to get under your skin,
And bleed you dry.

But comic Daddy Longlegs is not like those three.
Like a minute jester, his bandy legs wobble and
jerk, and his shoulderless arms sway.
But if you are having trouble with another,
He will defend you from harm,
(He stays forever loyal)
No matter what.

The tiny Ant may seem useless in his minuscule size,
But his stature does not compare to his work ethic at all:
He hauls and carries objects
(Many are three times his size)
For hours on end,
And never complains about a single pained appendage.

And the poor Silkworm always hides his homely face.
This short, stocky artist lacks self-confidence and feels he knows only the unlovely.
But get to know him,
(This takes some gentle reassuring)
And discover that he sits
Upon long threads of beautiful workmanship.

But none can fool you like the beautiful Spider.
Her entrancing hourglass figure and her deep, mystifying eyes
(She has eight)
Lure you and hold you and you cannot resist her.
But her kiss is a treacherous one.
One lovely bite and her poison takes hold, and you are gone.



Nature Is

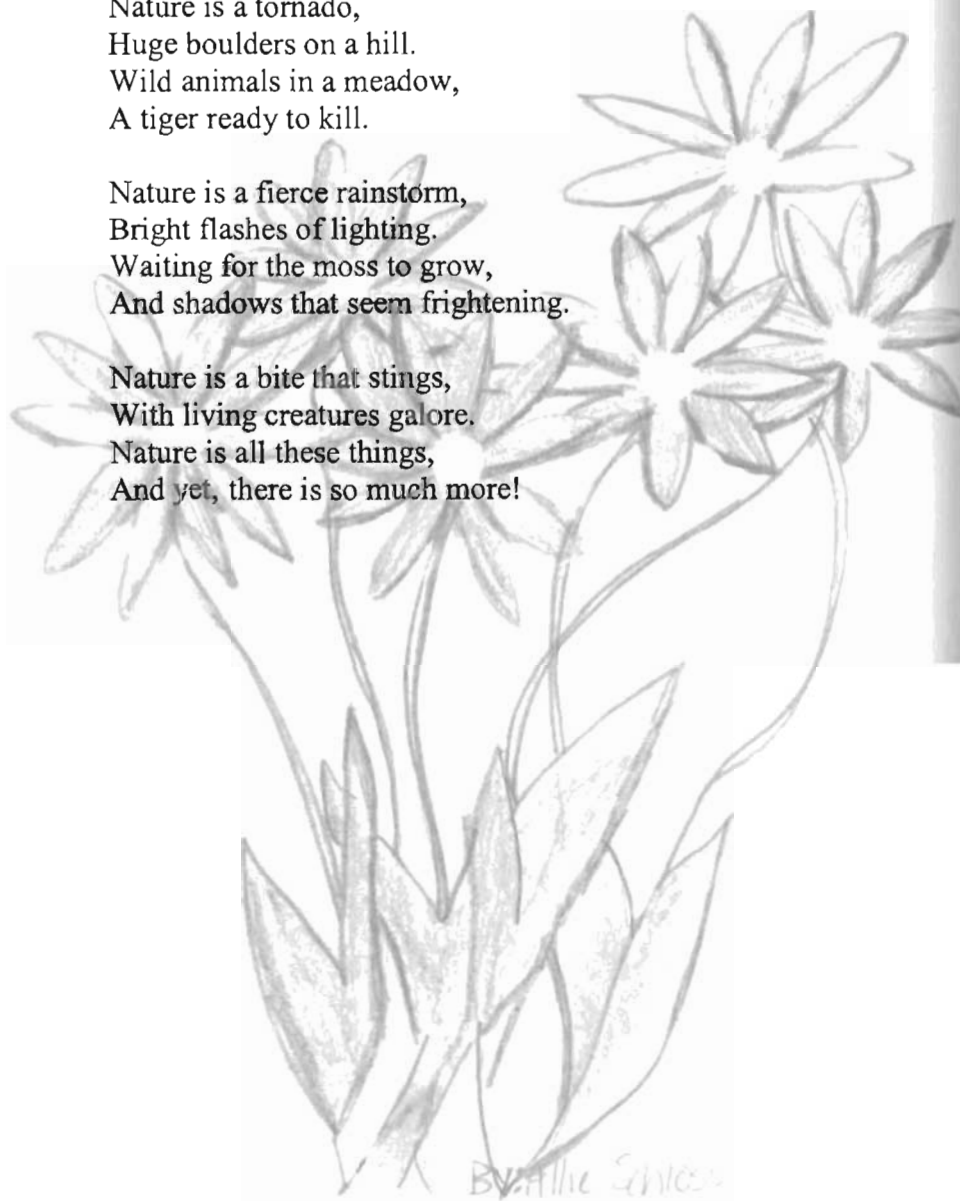
Carly Cowan

Nature is a puddle of mud,
An endless, dirty pit,
A stream that will surely flood,
With sweat, and dirt, and grit.

Nature is a tornado,
Huge boulders on a hill.
Wild animals in a meadow,
A tiger ready to kill.

Nature is a fierce rainstorm,
Bright flashes of lighting,
Waiting for the moss to grow,
And shadows that seem frightening.

Nature is a bite that stings,
With living creatures galore.
Nature is all these things,
And yet, there is so much more!



BV: The Artist

Mistletoe

Stephanie Strauss

In the great triumvirate of holiday greenery
Mistletoe,
The wild child,
Symbol of everlasting life,
Evokes holiday spirit.
Only mistletoe elicits a kiss,
Regarded as magic,
To ward off illness,
Treat ailments
Plants mystique inspired by its growth
Winter celebrations are classic
Pluck a berry from a tree and give it to a lady
After each kiss
When berries are gone
Mistletoe's kiss-prompting power is done
For momentary respite for romance
Mistletoe's magic.

Love

Chelsea Fuller

Love is the basic patchwork of life.
Love is all you need.
The smallest details make the difference.
Stitch by stitch, the world is precious.
Believe me, love is treasure.
Remember, everyday should be loved.
Love is not forgetting.

The Road of Life

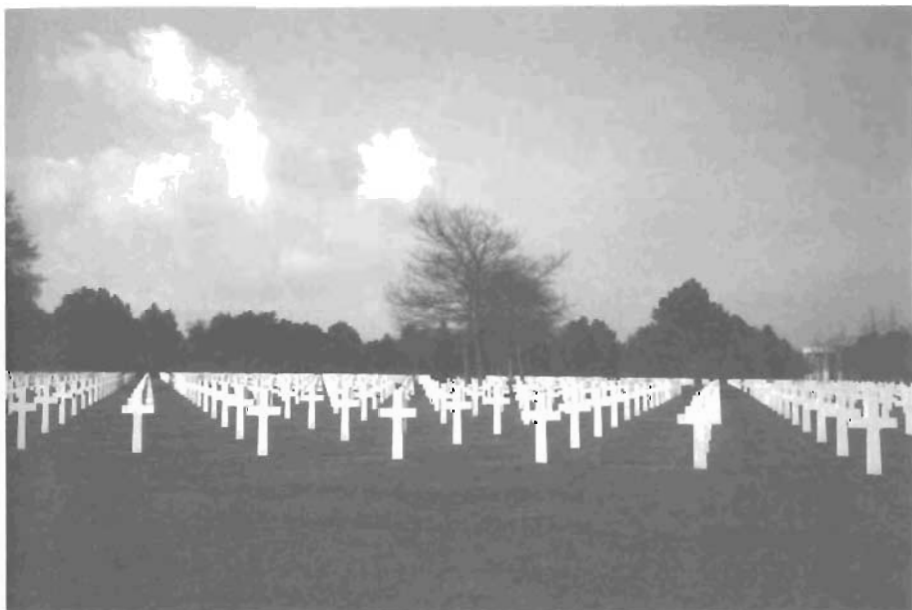
Chelsea Fuller

At last, it's a day for test drives; a day to blast off.
Why don't you...enjoy the view!
Experience the scenic road of life.
Have a ball moving right along the wild side.
Stop to live for the moments.
Make it good x365!

Alter Destiny

Peter Rigopoulos

It is all written,
Destiny exists,
Created before time,
God made it all,
But this fate has a twist.
Man has freedom of choice.
The ability to alter what is written.
Never give u,
For when man changes his destiny,
He changes himself
And grows closer to God.



The Secret Service

David Schwimmer

Training, study,
Coordination, skill.
Words that have meaning to
Someone in the Secret Service

Protect and serve,
Taking one's life in one's hands
Not simply slogans to
Someone in the Secret Service

To defend another over oneself;
A seemingly impossible task.
Self preservation is an instinct suppressed,
Comes naturally to someone in the Secret Service.

Split second choices without room for error,
No second chances, no going back.
Important lives are always at risk.
A burden accepted by the Secret Service.

A subtle hesitation,
Poor coordination, or just a mistake,
May be all that it takes to end the career or the life of
Someone in the Secret Service

Or worse, the lives of the persons in their trust.
Those men and women who define their existence.
The persons who depend entirely on the
Success of the Secret Service

Where survival can mean failure
And success can lead to death,
Life has no relevance to
Someone in the Secret Service

Do your job right, you may die.
Do your job wrong, you may die.
Your charge is all that matters.
This is the creed of the Secret Service.



Before a Dream

Danielle La Rocco

◊ These thoughts astir disturb the gentle night.
Afloat on wings of gossamer I dream
Of crashing tides, of breezes, wintry light,
But like the snow, my thoughts obscure the gleam.

And why, I think, must logic bar the way
To fairytales hung misty in the skies?
To ponder is to hasten up the day
And ruin all escape to pleasant lies.

To plan a dream removes all youthfulness
From twilight leading minds astray from life,
To dream a plan will render purposeless
The one release a person has from strife.

A dream, ephemeral, elusive, rare,
Should be embraced with only utmost care.



Spent

Natalia Martínez

Often, in tangled dreams,
barricaded against Hope,
solemnly sworn to Inferno,
We glide away.

And the pressured beating of our hearts –
thunder of a questioning soul –
covers our sins
with the gossamer tint of pity, of sighs,
but only slightly.

And we awaken, full of the spit and blood
of our own Shadow.

Condemned by instability, shaken by the broken
beliefs
of our communal conscience.

Forgotten is the ineffable treasure of Hope –
the twisted logic of darkness bursting from
a much paler coffin –
Forgotten to all.

Torn is the lace, the *red* lace, of my gift:
the fraud of Truth has come undone.

Surprise

Elana Schulman

Eyes closed
Don't know what t think.
Heart pumping,
Nervously awaiting fate.
Hands sweating,
Not sure what will come.
Breath staggered,
Hard to remain calm.
Silently praying,
To understand what will be.
The wait lasts forever;
Unsure when he will become free.
Finally it has arrived;
Open your eyes and SURPRISE!



Someday

Diane Agapito

I remember
The worst night, with drunken fights,
Too blind too see, too loud to hear
Too intoxicated to think

Sitting there in the corner
He watches, he knows
Seeking out his prey
As though he'd starving for days

Awakened in dark surroundings
Unsheathed, bruised, tears flowing,
Knowing exactly what happened
Yet, it couldn't have happened
Could it? Not me

He is always with me
In dreams, in mirages, when alone
I fear, he's there
With eyes so sickening, so clear

When will it stop?
I won't forget, I can't forget
It will remain there,
I know I'm never alone

I'm not ready
To share it with the world,
Within my own household,
I dare not, maybe
Someday

Welcome

Mariana Rittenhouse

Welcome aboard Nowhere Airlines flight NA-666 nonstop from wherever you are in life to the inevitable end that ceases you the minute you board this aircraft. Afraid you've gotten on the wrong flight? Don't worry; we all end up in the same place anyway. You'll find blankets of fraud-crusted happiness and compartments. Most of you will experience nausea in the beginning of our flight. Please do not hesitate to vomit every ounce of your morals and ethics into the sanitary bags provided.

Tasteless meals of cupidity will be served **WHENEVER** you want! After all, customer degradation is our first priority. No one leaves *our* flights an individual! Our in-flight entertainment will include "We Are Drones," and "Flight Free-Minded Independent Thought."

Got an extra dollar? Spend your dream-wasted money on duty free novelty materialism, only available on this flight!

In the oh-so-rare event of an emergency, please sit calmly in you seats and wait for the plane to bring us to our fiery deaths. Most of you will adapt well to hell, but for those of you who would like a head start, feel free to cause explosives and other dangerous items under your seat. Enjoy the ride; it'll be your last.

Look into the Mirror

Shelly Miller

Regard the image with dignity and pride,
For you were designed to play that part,
Cherish the character you seek to hide.

Embrace the being shamefully eyed,
From the countenance and through to the heart,
Regard the image with dignity and pride.

No connection will be formed where shame doth
reside,
One left lonely will solitarily depart,
Cherish the character you seek to hide.

All idiosyncrasies must perpetually collide,
Making one balanced, his own work of art,
Regard the image with dignity and pride.

Pick up the pieces cast aside,
Recreate what you were at the start,
Cherish the character you seek to hide.

With the conviction of the rising tide,
And the strength of mind and heart,
Regard the image with dignity and pride,
Cherish the character you seek to hide.

Get Out

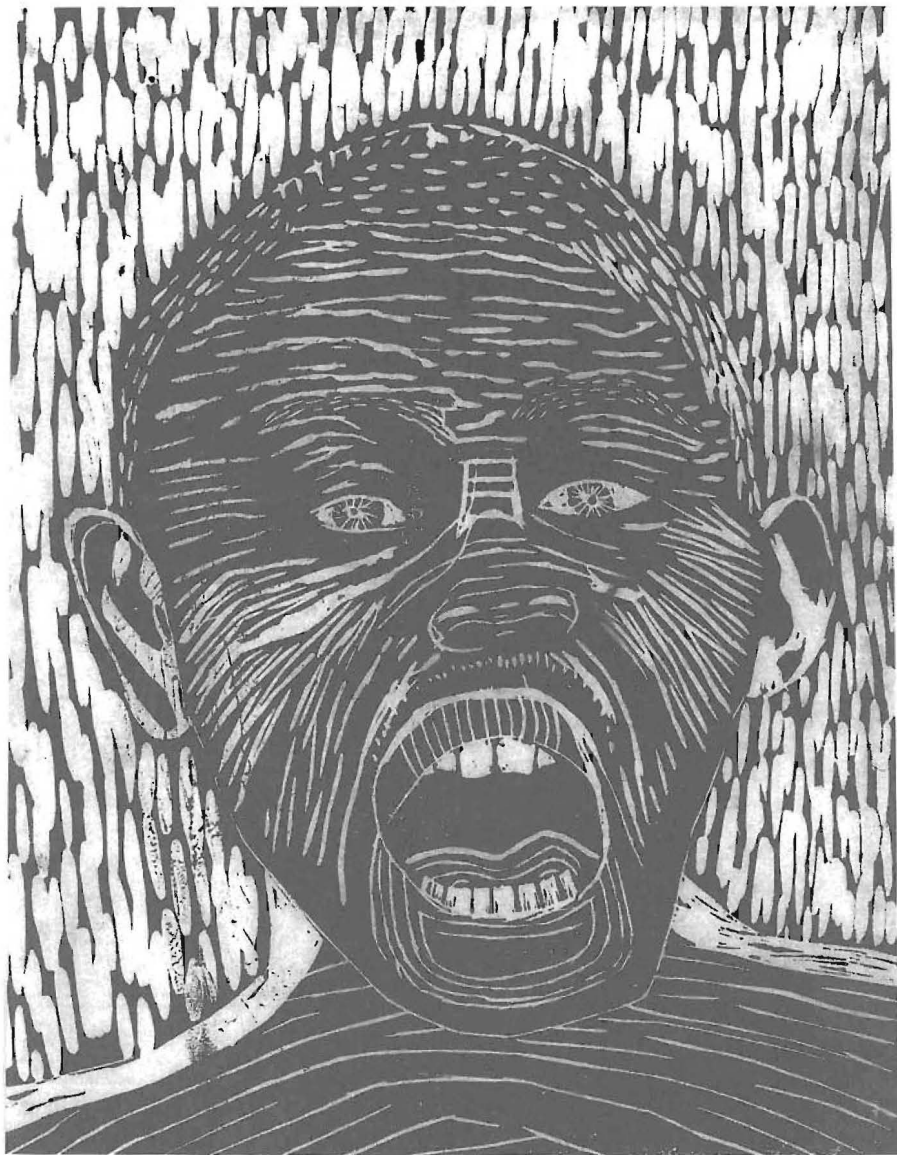
André Bostwick

◁ You came to this land
And took it by force
You tore down homes
Then built a golf course
You wasted all the water
The greatest resource
So just leave
Be gone
And get out

The time has come
For you to depart
Take your condominiums
And your deco art
Begin your journey
It's never too late to start
Just leave
Be gone
Get out

Your lives are empty,
The meaning is gone
A continued thorn
In the leg of a fawn
You've hindered its growth
It's perpetually dawn
Leave
Be gone
Get out

Go away from this place
You don't belong
Just pack your things
And run along
You think you're welcome
But you think wrong
So please leave
Be gone
Get out



Prejudice

Renee Goldman

Whenever she was spotted in town
Mothers rushed their babies out of her sight.
Born as innocent as their own sweet babes,
With but one small change – she was not their
shade.

They told their children to stay far away.
All the others laughed harshly in her face.
For just a moment 'til she turned to naught,
Just as water left to boil gives off steam.

Their young minds were taught so early to hate,
To see a face and judge a person thus:
Evil is not etched in each foreign face,
But thrives on the hatred of naïve youth.

And even if we see beyond one's race,
Can we learn to love rather than to hate?
Or is the seed of evils sown in so deep
That man must find one more kind to detest?

I Am

Amie Baumwell

I am proficient and curious
I wonder why people pretend to be someone they
aren't.

I hear flowers blowing in the wind.

I see roses blooming on the table.

I want to see the world.

I am proficient and curious.

I pretend that I have no troubles.

I feel that peace is imaginary.

I regret not telling people how I feel.

I worry that there will never be peace and
tranquility in the world.

I cry because I don't want to see more innocent
lives lost.

I am proficient and curious.

I understand that life isn't perfect.

I say that we can make it almost perfect if we try.

I dream that the war will end.

I try to be optimistic.

I hope that everything gets better.

I am proficient and curious.

Watching Me

Ilana Pregon

I wash my face, I comb my hair
And I can feel you. In the cold water, in the tough
bristles

And I know you're up there watching me

I go to school, I do my work
And I can hear you. In the meaningless chatter, in
the quiet pencils

And I know you're up there watching me

I walk home, I eat my dinner
And I can taste you. In the polluted air, in the bland
food

And I know you're up there watching me

I go to sleep, I dream,

And I see you

And I know you're right down here with me.

Some Genius

Mallory Hellman

Disheartened child, alone in your sorrow.
Serpentine son, strangled by your won mind.
Embittered old man, yearn for tomorrow,
And curse the morbid confusion you find.
Soft subtleties seek to soothe the bruised soul
But yours they lacerate, sparing no space
For the tenderness enlightenment stole –
For the heart once occupied this place.
Casting aside visions you once thought dear,
Ablaze with passion you did proclaim right.
Replaced flame with haze, with darkness and fear
Of colorless and indelible night.
The fruit is rotten: discard it with haste.
Regain your senses a moment too late.



TAKE FIVE.

BIG Performance.

Wearing four

When you wake up, CONSIDER YOURSELVES important and Intriguing.

Inspiring. Surprising. really take to heart

all that molds lucky people can feel like

MILLIONAIRES

on the inside—and can tell that shows on the outside" ONE day CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

Everything you Savor could GO missing? FEELING a little quality time

for once, agreeing the value of talks with mom, freshman experience, losing, parents, good Memory

PARTY TOWN fun faith ACTUALLY ENJOYING SOMETHING, Tears.

The Last SECOND. IT'S ALMOST SURREAL.

Up on the Rooftop

Dara Gurman

Up on the rooftop, we let ourselves go wild
We do not care about the world below us
We let the mood consume us, placid, mild

Up on the rooftop, we let ourselves be free
We do not judge, we do not critique
We simply...be

Up on the rooftop, we jam to our tunes
We let our minds take us away
We move to the groove till we see the moon

Up on the rooftop, we let time fly by
We do not notice the change of day
We see the clock with blind eyes

Up on the rooftop, we are content
We never lose sight of happiness
We often reek of pleasure's scent

Up on the rooftop...we see the truth.

Their Thoughts Will Last

Karin Freed

I'm just rambling on like my soul's on fire
My voice and spirit just keep getting higher
Try to tell me I can't spit out emotion?
You're a liar
Walking on thin wire
'Cause the ice would otherwise be too smooth
To soften the fall and your ignorant attitude:

That the perfectly normal
Irresistibly plain
Can't hear all your insults
Can't feel any pain
That they roam through this planet without leaving
any tracks
But they just swallow your ignorance and merely
relax
At the idea that they are the ones
Who are better than you
Because behind your selfish skin
You are beaten black and blue

You just know that
Relentless
Repentless
Mindlessly reckless
Tactics that you use are
Useless
Pointless
Irrelevant thoughts
That will, like their despair,
Disappear in the midst of thin air
When one day you vanish
To a place of nowhere
And others you'll see there

Will have that same stare
That you, all too often,
Gave to those you thought less back then
Don't you wish you would have learned your
lesson?
And quit messin'
With the best in
The world

'Cause it's those very people
Whom you spat on in the past
That will one day succeed
And *their* thoughts will last.



Suffocating

JaJo Osceola

She's running in circles.
She's suffocating
There is nowhere to hide
Everyone is watching her every move
Waiting for her to break.
They treat her delicately
As if she were the victim.

She must stay because it's the right thing to do
Be loving and supportive
Be comfortable and accepting
Weep silent tears yet smile as if nothing is wrong
But she cannot
Sometimes it is easier to run away from it all.

She returns
She can finally breathe
She is ready to be the person she needs to be
Her head is clear
But is it too late?
Has the last stone been cast?

They turn away
Disgusted with her selfishness
Not impressed with her newfound strength.

But now she is stronger
She can carry the onus
And has awakened from the fairy tale
That did not exist.

Nostalgia

Benjamin Morrison

Not so long ago,
We ran fast as we could.
Not for the competition,
But for the fun.

Not so long ago,
We feared many things.
Not death or being alone,
But the dark.

Not so long ago,
We screamed at the top of our lungs.
Not out of anger for another,
But to be heard.

Not so long ago,
We spent every dime we had.
Not to pay the bills,
But for pleasure.

Not so long ago,
We searched for love.
Not out of companionship,
But for the thrill.

Not so long ago,
Or so we thought.

Ms. Lonely

Yvonne DeMarino

Ms. Lonely
Wanders the world
With her soul in a designer bag
Azure chiffon dress
Clinging like a lover
If only it were
Alligator pumps
Sex on her feet
Love in her mind
Who will notice her
Flicking her French cigarette
She stops
The world won't
Not for Ms. Lonely



Toxic

Rena Behar

Think, as it seeps through your veins
'What do they have that I don't?'
'Why can't that be me?'

You're turning green, darling
Any minute now you're going to be eaten up from
inside
Can you hear them whispering yet?

Pretty baby, they've got nothing on you
Or at least that's what you tell yourself
When the voices in the back of your mind won't go
away

Don't listen to the devil in your ear
The one that says they're better, prettier
That he loves her more than he loves you

Come now, don't be silly
Of course you aren't unloved, unwanted,
unappreciated
Just because no one's fawning over you

You'll start to dissolve any minute now
As soon as the venom start to take effect
And no one is going to mourn your death, you silly,
pretty child

Cynthia Rabinovitz

One morning she work up desperate,
Desperate for a smile.
Went to her favorite store
And tried to buy happiness with a new wardrobe.
Silly girl.
Doesn't she know.
That smiles are not for sale?

She woke up as empty
As an empty cookie jar
That only brings disappointment to those searching
for a sweet escape.
Put on her fancy clothes
And bribed her way into some impressive job.
What a shallow girl.
She'll find out soon enough.
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up lonely.
Just wanted some company – someone to love her.
Purchased some expensive gifts
And bought herself a boyfriend.
She doesn't know it yet,
But she's still a lonely girl.
Someone should really tell her
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up next to him.
But his superficial smile made her sick.
He was cold company.
Didn't love her – loved only what she could give
him.

Poor girl.
She's starting to realize
That smiles are not for sale.

She woke up
But wished she hadn't.
Her clothes were out of style and her job was
boring.
Her guy was gone.
Finally saw she'd been fooling herself.
It was all a big lie.
Now she knows
That smiles are not for sale.

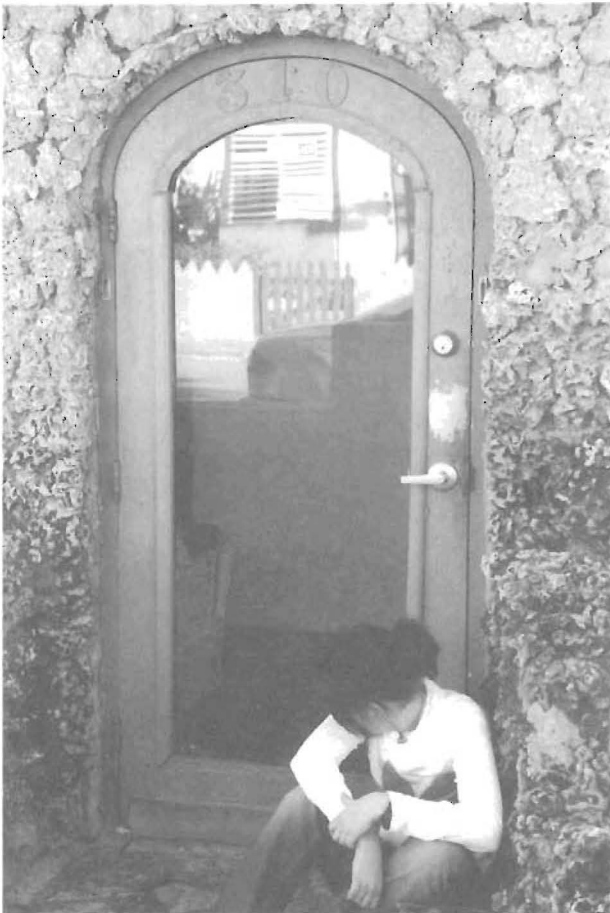


The Watcher

Stephanie Meyer

She sits and watches all the people pass
She knows their ways and everything they do
To most they seem just like ordinary men
But no one takes a breath and stops to watch
Their hearts are filled with hopes, and dreams, and
love

But masked by suits, cell phones, and leather gloves
Determined they all seem to get away
But she just sits, so happy and content
And no one seems to care about her there
Or maybe they just don't see her at all



Flawed

Michelle Fox

The greatest weapon of all cannot be touched;
It can be neither seen nor heard.
Then what is it?
It is the most destructive of all things –
We all contain it.

It is humanity.
It is the simple fact of being what we are.
We are eternally flawed,
Plagued by impenetrable stupidity and ignorance.
It cannot be stopped.

A weapon is not a threat,
That is, unless we are here to use it.
But we regard these creations as science,
Not as destroyers of life.
It is the flaw of humanity.

History is a valuable tool.
We must learn from our past mistakes.
But we do not, so it is useless.
Why do we continue down the path of destruction?
It is the flaw of humanity.

Letter to a Lost Friend

Andrew Harbaugh

◦ I remember when we were best friends
You, my brother and I
Together every day.

Waiting for the bus to school,
Then always sitting together
Three to a row
With you always in the middle.

At recess we would spend our time
Playing basketball or soccer.
I remember our team was always winning.
You were always the star player.

In the woods beside my house
We made our tree fort.
Working on it every day,
Even in the freezing snow.

A few years later, I moved away
To sunny Florida.
It seemed as though you'd disappeared
Along with the snow and the fort.

But soon my new school started
And I was making many friends.
I may have stopped thinking about you.
But I will never forget.

It's been nearly twenty years
Since I have seen your face.
I heard you're quite successful now,
With a wife and family.

I hope this letter finds you.
I hope it finds you well.
I hope you have missed me
As I have missed you.

If not then don't feel sorry,
Don't give me another thought.
But if you have, then I'll talk to you soon.
My phone number is on the back.





Moving On

Ekta Nagar

The grass thrives in the yards of many.
It grows, dancing to the movement of the sun.
Children run through the yard and men cut its hair.
Yet it continues to grow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The river streams through the meadow.
It flows to the music of the wind
Pebbles sit at the bottom and salient rocks rest on
the bank.
Yet, it continues to flow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The sun floats through the mighty heavens.
It glows effortlessly, showering its radiant beams.
Planets spin around and, once in a while, block it.
Yet it continues to glow without hesitation,
Without stopping.

The life given to a human jumps with joy and
sorrow.
It grows like the grass but when killed stops
growing.
It flows like the river but when blocked stops
flowing.
It glows like the river but when darkened stops
glowing.
A lesson to be learned, a lesson of moving on.

What Is Good?

Alexander Weisman

What is good?

Appearances can be deceiving

To others, to ourselves.

How often does the physicality of a personality
prevent originality from becoming reality?

How often do girls starve themselves, tickle the
backs of their throats?

How often boys pop pills and keep their minds
numb?

What is good?

When the skin becomes like iron and entire bodies
feel like personal jail cells,

When inquisition is halted so embarrassment is
prevented,

When the heart is sacrificed for the face,

When the digits of IQ are second to the digits of
weight?

But what is good?

It's good to be popular and thin

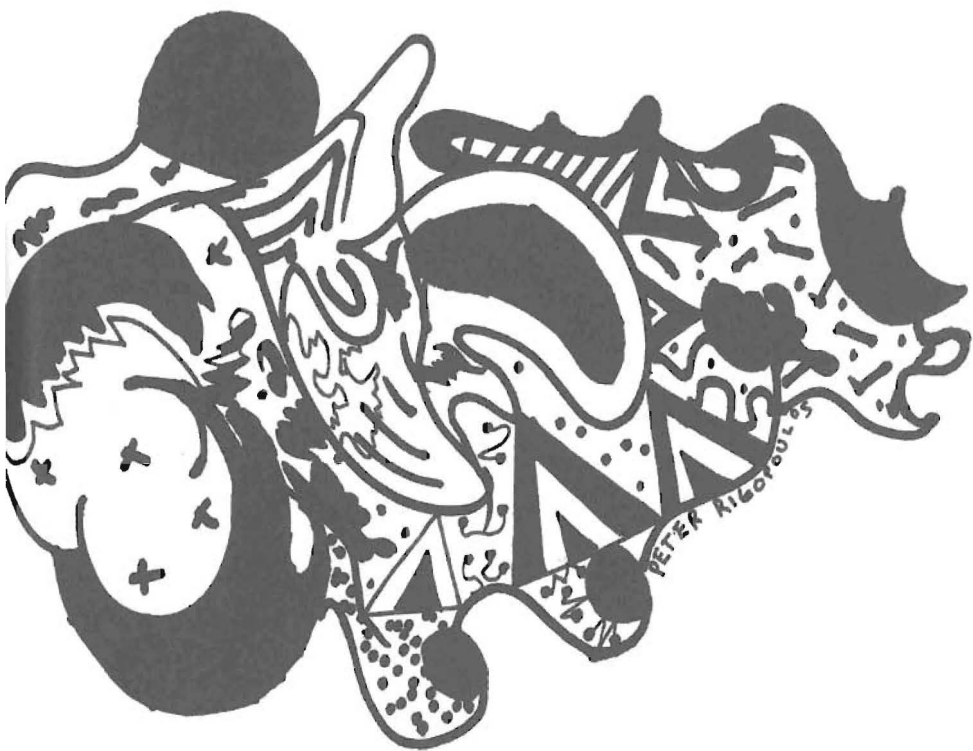
And have good looks

And earn a good living

And lead a good life.

But somewhere over the rainbow
There's a person inside aching to be free
Somewhere within childhood fantasies and adult
dreams lies truth,
Our own good.

But what is good?
Don't ask Peter Pan.
Ask Hook.



Echoes

Yvonne DeMarino

On a horse without blinders
He rides through the world
“You’re conquered,” he screams
To a desolate girl

“Aw, come on now,” she says with a shrug
“I conquered myself...you just move on!”
He spurs his horse
Like a merciless thug
And leaves the girl
As fast as he’d come

He lives for the speed
That jostles his bones
He lives for the fire
That gobbles him whole

Night after night he makes meaningless love
And conquers the damsels that let it be done
He makes up for the feeling of empty inside
With a hand on his saddle and feet on the side

He drinks the moon fairies, just gurgles them down
And tickles the mushrooms until they fall down
Still he rides on his big white carnival horse
Incapable of stopping for any recourse

Determined to live on forever and ever
He drinks from a pool- the fountain of youth
But as he bends down, still on his horse,
He sees his reflection and screams out with force,

“I am the horse man, I can’t see a thing!”
“I have on these blinders and blinded I’ll stay.”
“No one to love me, or save me,” he wails

But out of the willows comes that desolate girl
And she screams out with fervor,
“Save yourself, you damn fool!”



Living Up to My Name

Xanquanii Lee

I am not a Rockefeller, a Kennedy, or a Ford; I am just a Lee. Unlike some people who must live up to their last names, I must live up to my first. My name is Xanquanii Lee and I am Brazilian. Xanquanii (Shan-qua-nē) is a name that is “out there.” It is not like John or George, names that are quite popular and have their own rendition all around the world. With my name, I almost always feel obligated to be happy, to make everyone have a good time, and not to be a shy quiet “guy.” I love the name my father gave me. He says that everybody is special, so everybody should have his own special name.

During the first weeks of school with new teachers, I know that my name will be butchered, sliced, minced, and ground before it comes out in an the appropriate package. Each day the during the roll call, the teacher says “Chris Kentington,” and he responds “Here.” Then comes a pause, a deep breath, an “O-boy!” and then the butchering begins: “Zanqweanee Lee?” “Here!” Some people butcher my name so badly that it seems that it has been in a terrible accident. Luckily, I am the perfect doctor to fix that problem. If it were not for my surname of Lee, I would never respond to my accident-prone first name. After I make constant corrections, my name finally gets implanted into people’s brains and is remembered for years. Of course it’s not just my name that makes it hard to forget me, but the personality that goes with it!

People ask, “What was your dad thinking when he come up with that name?” In Brazil we

have a religion of African descent called Candomblé, a polytheistic religion similar to the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. In this case instead of being called gods, the key figures are called Orixás. Candomblé worships the forces of nature through dances, colors, and food. According to Candomblé, each person has a divine origin linked to a specific Orixá, each of which has special powers and responsibilities. The Orixá that I am named after is called Xangô, the god of fire thunder and lightning. At the same time he is a saint of justice and a charmer. Even though my father named me after Xangô, who commands violent natural forces, my personality closely relates me to another Orixá, Oxalá, who is benevolent, wise, patient, tolerant, faithful in love and friendship, happy, talkative, and playful. At the same time he is an idealist, defending the weak and those who need justice.

I must live up to the name that was given to me by my father. My name represents great power and charm, as well as peace. I am Xanquanii Lee. Yes, it may be difficult to learn, but it's easy to remember.

The Sword

Devin Block

A silver blade
carries not one,
but two symbols.

One is simply
the symbol of
the King:
An eagle,
a snake,
a badger.

But the other
is the symbol
of Death.
All swords are marked
by the killing
of innocent beings.
All swords are marked
by the devastation
that they can cause.

All swords are marked
by the pain and suffering
that they inflict
on the human race.

But which symbol is more important?
Does one brag about
the King
that the blade served?
Or does one brag about

the number of battles
and the number of people
slain in them?

Let the killer decide.



Paradise

Alexis Hurewitz

Burning souls run into a sparkling turquoise body,
The warm, salty liquid soothes even the tensest
tourist.

Sunshine beats down upon slick skin,
Scorching the fair and tanning the native,
While nimble toddlers squeal in delight as they
create kingdoms.

Perfection seems to seep from the very limestone
itself.

Everlasting, right?

But dark clouds rolled across the blue sky,
absorbing the warmth,
Things changed.

Corporations supported politicians and stole natural
gems.

Like powerful hurricane winds, they destroyed all;
Only the balmy palms remained.

After torrential development, the suffocating
humidity increased.

Bloodthirsty mosquitoes in power suits moved in
for the kill.

Eroded, polluted, and overcrowded.

Still in the Sunshine State?

Take 95 to Flamingo and step out of a red '97 smog
machine.

At one time there were acres of mangroves and
sawgrass,
Strip malls and crummy warehouses rule the land
now.
Is this what we wanted?

While all may seem lost, things can change.
For at the end of every canal is a ray of sunlight.



Suspense

Daniel Drew

Waiting
I want to know more.
Just give me a clue.
What happens next?
When will I know?

Waiting
So many questions.
Who is he?
What has he done?
I need to know.

Waiting
I can't put it down
What will she do?
I can't stop until I know.

No longer waiting.
The story is through.
Many questions answered,
Yet I still don't know for certain.

Blackjack

Benjamin Wald

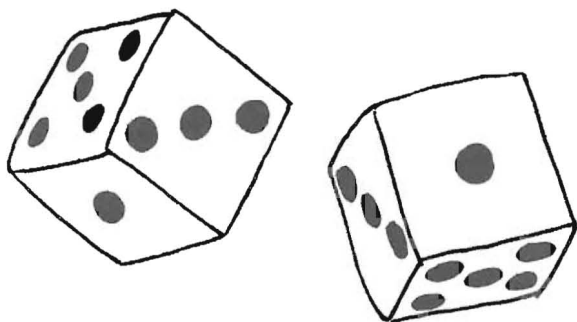
The game,
The joy of play,
The mathematical perfection,
This is blackjack.

The cards,
The instruments,
The means to an extravagant life,
This, too, is blackjack.

The thrill of victory,
The terror of discovery,
The surreal life,
Could not last forever.

The secrets,
The lies,
The double life,
All take their toll.

In the end,
We're betrayed,
Must stop the game,
This is blackjack.



Evolving Love

Jamie Greenfield

Love is like the steps to becoming a butterfly
An evolution over time and a beautiful creation in
the end.

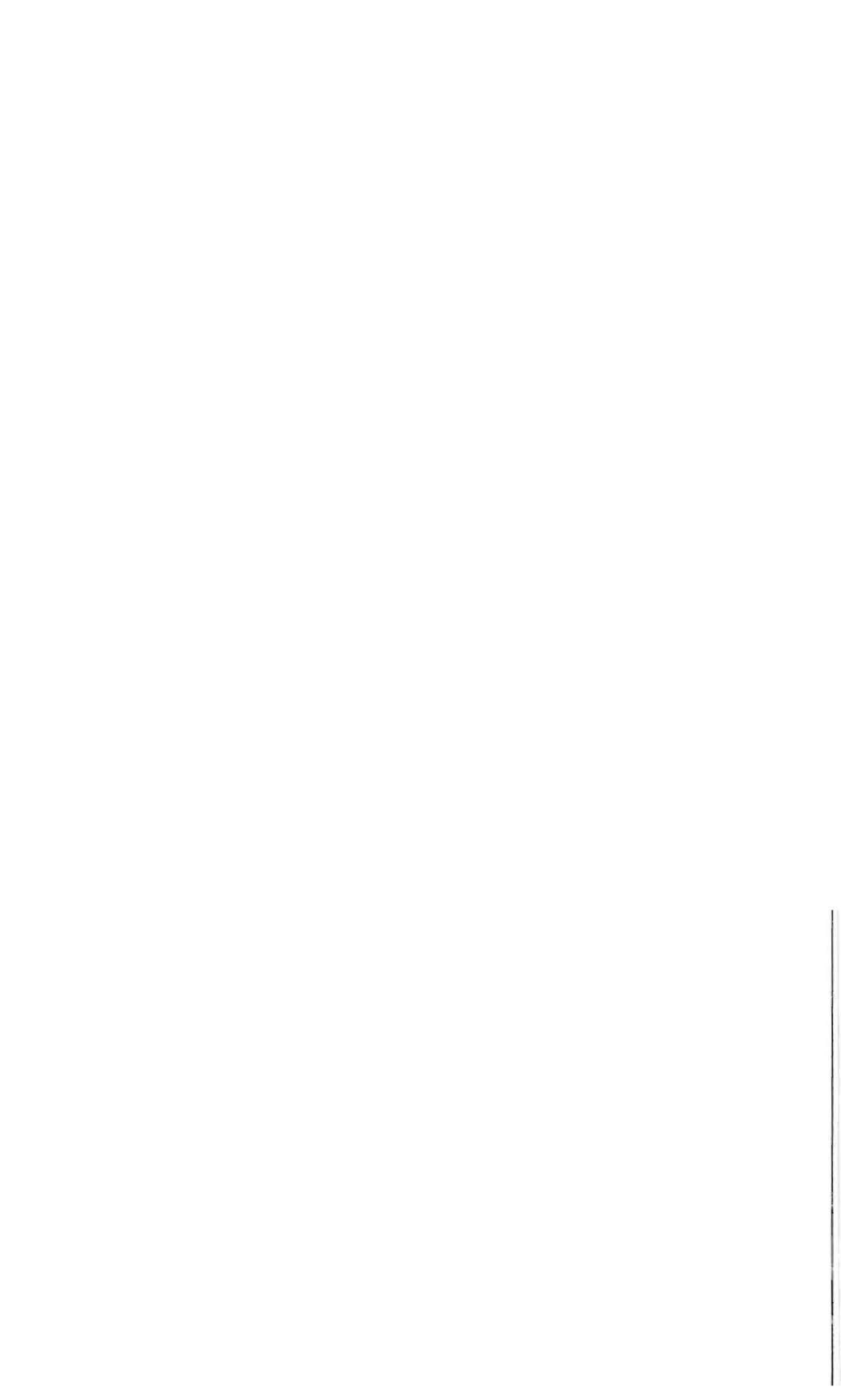
Initial stages of love are like a caterpillar's growth
Flourishing quickly at the beginning stages of
development.

The cocoon stage is similar to the metamorphosis of
love

Growing, developing, and adapting to its
environment.

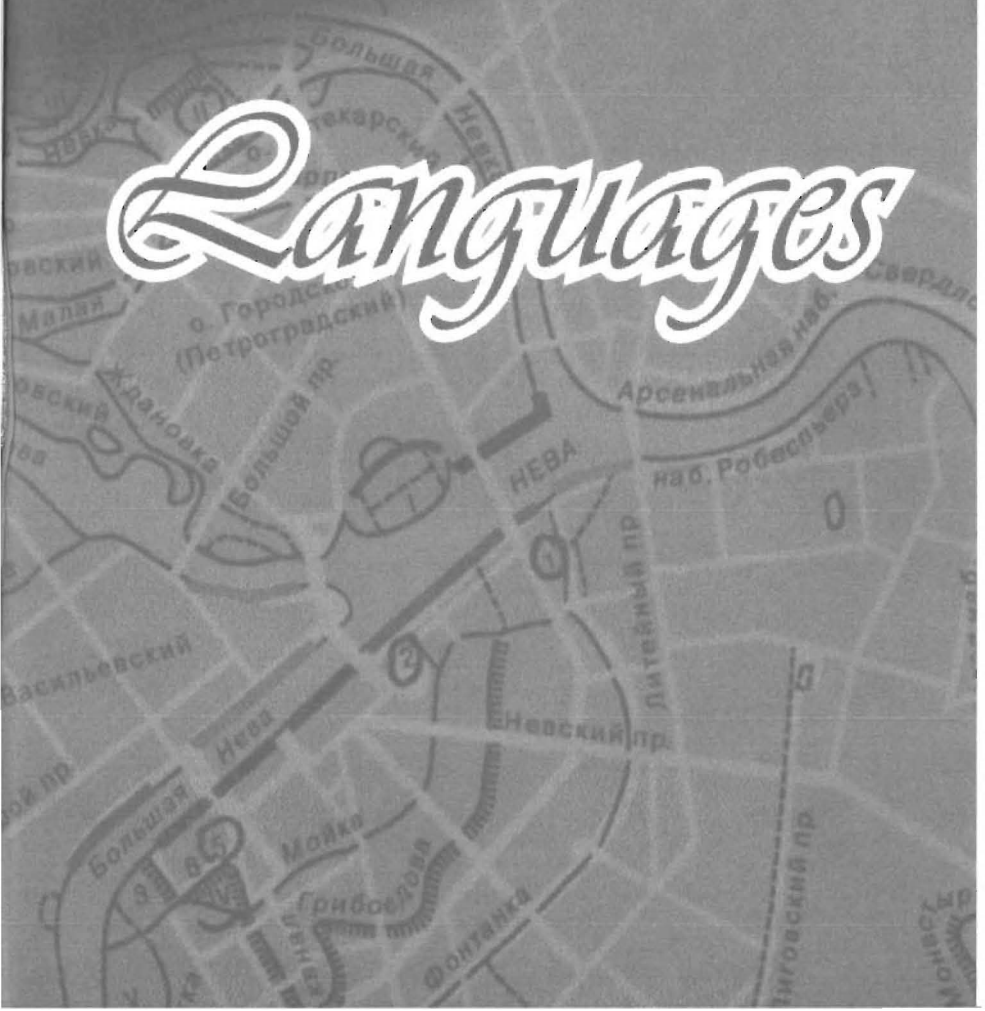
When the butterfly leaves the cocoon, it unfolds its
wings

Revealing its colors like a wonderful love.



Foreign

Languages



Determination

Matthew Kligerman

⁶ No matter my condition,
Surrender will not take me.
I will remain standing to take one last step,
And then I will take ten more.
Through the thickness of all despair,
My eyes remained fixed ahead.
My gaze will not shift.
I see what I want; what I want is my life.
I have the will to live on, the will to survive.

Determination

[Translated into Gujarati]

Nikita Maniar

ગમે તેવી સારી હાલત હોય,
પણ હું હારી નહિ જઈરા
હું છેલ્લુ પગલુ ભરવ ઉભી રટીશ,
અને પછી હું દશ પગલા વધારે લઈશ.
નિરાશના કાળા વાદળા માંથી
મારા નયનો આગળનું જોશે
મારા નયનો હલરો નહિ
જે મને જોઈએ છે એ હું જોવુ છુ,
મને મારી જિંદગી જોઈએ છે.
મારી પાસે જીવવા માટે અને
આગળ વધવા માટે મનોબળ છે.

Bliss?

Gabriela Gadia

Questions are essential
In a history inundated with mysteries.
The light of truth is blinding,
And though some know to shield their eyes,
Others look, vulnerable,
And lose their ground.
It is curious,
Why search for the absolute
When faith is more hospitable?
Darkness is pleasing, it soothes.
That way all can rest easy.

Felicitá?

[Translated into Italian]

Allison D'Achille

Le domande sono essenziali
Nella storia inondata con misteri.
La luce della verità ti cieca,
Eppure qualcuno copre gli occhi,
Altri guardano, vulnerabilmente,
E perdono l'equilibrio.
É curioso,
Perche cercare l'assoluto
Quando la fedelta é piu ospitabile?
L'oscuro é piacente, é rilassante.
Cosi tutti riposano facilmente.

SAPORI DI ROMA

5984





Квинтэссенция

Natalia Martinez

Говорят, что слепые воспринимают
сущность вещей осязанием и на вкус.
И так ли поступаем мы, зрячие,
когда внезапные перепады,
нарушающие привычное течение жизни,
вызывают у нас тошноту
и создают впечатление движения
по бесконечному, пустому коридору,
где страшный холод и с трудом
различимы краски и очертания?
Тогда наши чувства изменяют нам,
и мы выбираемся наружу с ёкающим сердцем
и с приторным ощущением,
мечтая о несуществующих поводырях,
которые поведут нас вперёд.

Quintessence

[Translated from Russian]

Natalia Martinez

They say that the blind perceive True souls with their hands and through their mouths. Is it that way too when Routine's occasional abysses nauseate us – those equipped with sight – with the smell of a long, cold, silent hallway, as much white as it is black? Our senses fail, and we are left with inner drumbeats and alkaline tastes, yearning for nonexistent guides.



Cindy Rabinowitz

Cruzando la Barrera

Nicole Dornbusch

Una barrera insuperable,
Te veo, te oigo.
Lo único que quiero
Es pasar por esa barrera,
Para tenerte en mis brazos, besarte.
Sueño de un día,
Cuando estaré a tu lado otra vez.
Pero sabiendo lo imposible que es esto,
Sueño con verte por solo
Una hora, un momento,
Solo para saber que todavía me quieres.

Falling Through

[Translation from Spanish]

Nicole Dornbusch

An unsurpassable barrier,
I can see you, hear you.
All I want now is to fall through,
To hold you, kiss you.
I dream of a day,
When I will be by your side again.
But knowing the impossibility of this,
I wish to be with you for only one hour,
even one moment,
Only to know you love me still.

Boucle d'Or et les trois ours

Steven Lechter

Une fois, une fille qui s'appelle Boucle d'Or va à la forêt. Elle voit beaucoup de fleurs de différentes couleurs. Boucle d'Or cueillit beaucoup de fleurs pour sa maman. Les fleurs sont jacinthes bleues et blanches. Malheureusement, elle se perd. Pendant le temps, la famille Ours décide d'aller ramasser des mûres. Boucle d'Or trouve une petite mais jolie maison. Elle voit, à travers la fenêtre, des bols de soupe.

Alors, Boucle d'Or, qui a très faim, entre dans la maison et goûte les soupes. D'abord elle goûte la grande soupe, mais elle est trop chaude. Puis, elle goûte la moyenne mais elle est trop salée. La petite est parfaite. Boucle d'Or a envie de se reposer un peu. Elle choisit la grande chaise, mais elle est trop grande. La moyenne est trop bancale, mais la petite est parfaite. Boucle d'Or casse la petite chaise parce qu'elle est trop lourde. Boucle d'Or est fatiguée alors elle cherche un lit pour dormir. Elle va au premier étage et trouve une chambre avec trois lits. Le grand est trop haut, et le moyen est trop dur, mais le petit est parfait et elle s'endort.

Les Ours rentrent et sont fâchés parce qu'ils voient leurs soupes mangées et leurs chaises cassées. Ils trouvent une fille dans le lit du petit Ours. Boucle d'Or se réveille et saute hors de la porte. Finalement, elle trouve sa maison.

La Fin

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

[Translated from French]

Steven Lechter

One day, a girl named Goldilocks goes to the forest. She sees many flowers of different colors. Goldilocks picks many flowers for her mother. The flowers are blue and white hyacinths. Unfortunately, she gets lost. In the meantime, the bear family decides to go collect wild berries. Goldilocks finds a small but pretty house. She sees, through the window, bowls of soup.

Then Goldilocks, who is very hungry, enters the house and tastes the soups. First she tastes the large soup; it is too hot. Then, she tastes the mid-sized soup; it is too salty. The small one is perfect. Goldilocks wants to rest a bit. She chooses the big chair; it is way too big. The middle chair is too shaky, but the small one is perfect. Goldilocks breaks the small chair because she is too heavy. Goldilocks is tired so she looks for a bed to sleep in. She goes to the second floor and finds a bedroom with three beds. The big one is too high, and the middle one is too hard, but the small one is perfect. She falls asleep in it.

The bears return and are angry because they see that their soups are eaten and their chairs are broken. They find a girl in the bed of small Bear. Goldilocks wakes up and jumps out the door. Finally, she finds her house.

The End

Wisdom Is a Willow Tree

Fe Maldonado

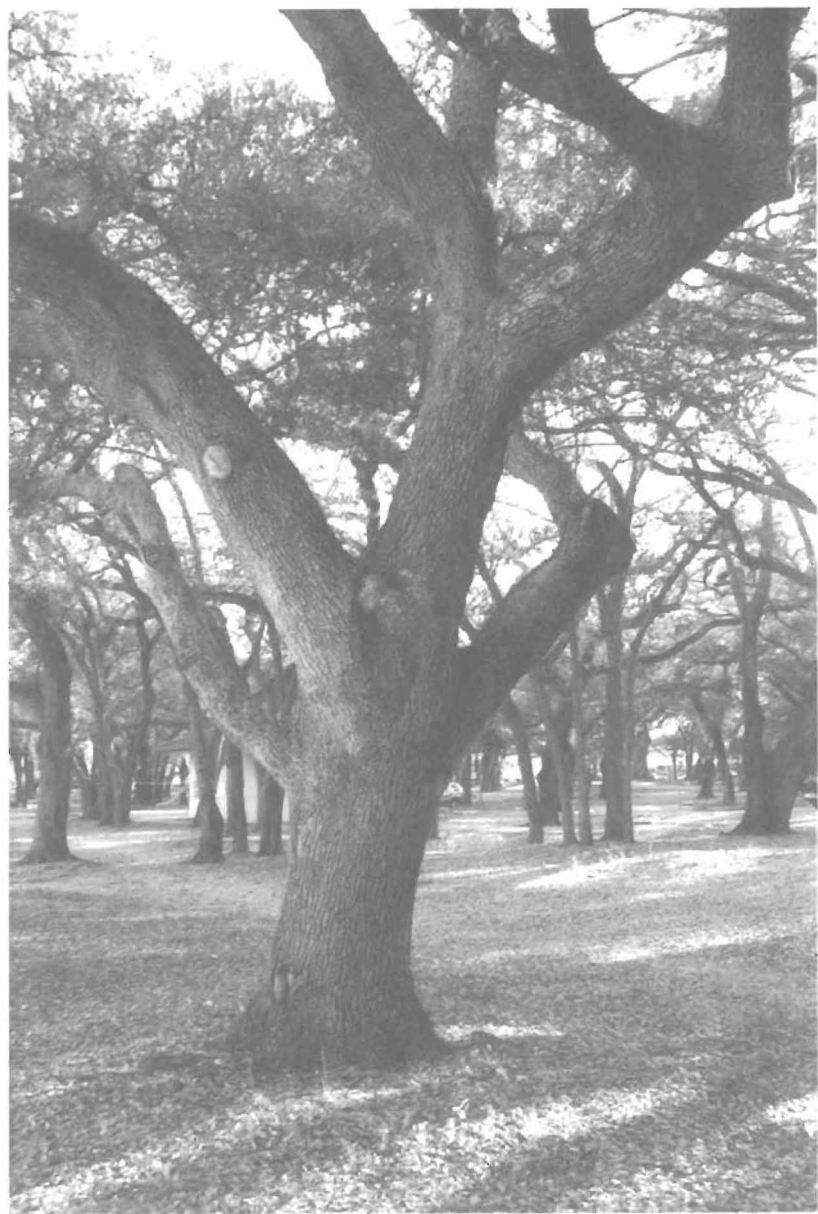
Wisdom is a willow tree.
Its branches sway in the wind of experience,
Its roots grasp the teachings of a lifetime,
Its bark is coarse from the mistreatment of a harsh
world, and
blossoms of knowledge sprout from
hanging limbs of mistakes.
Standing strong and stable, sturdy and serene.
Wisdom is a willow tree.

Η Σοφία Είναι μια Ιτση

[Translated into Greek]

Peter Rigopoulos

Η σοφία είναι μια ιτση
Τα κλαδιά της κουνιούνται με τον αέρα τις πειρ
ας
Η ρίζες του πιανούν τι διδασκαλία μιας ζωής
Ο κορμός ένα αγριόσ από την κακοκέρια από τ
ην σκληροτητα του κόσμος, και
Λουλουδιά από επιστήμη που ανθίζουν από
Κρεμασμένα κλαδιά από λάθη
Στεκοδε δινάτα και στερεία, ισχυρά και ιρέμα
Η σοφία είναι μια ιτση



Alfonso

Natalia Martínez

En la choza colgaba
el eco falso de sus lamentos sin voz,
del silencio tajante, que como una burda mentira
crecía, se multiplicaba, y se acidecía –
Ese silencio que vibraba en su sangre, y que
le hacía retroceder hacia la noche...
hasta que entre la insondable oscuridad se notaban
solo un par de ojos coléricos y cansados,
dos brazos precozmente delgados que brillaban,
mas bien resplandecían, como si estuviesen
impregnados de bronce,
y como, por el ventanuco y en la lejanía,
con una fuerza violenta y deslumbrante,
brotaba un día inflamable.

Rabioso pero esperanzado
yacía el niño, raquítrico y soñoliento
sobre su cama de mimbre deshilachado,
y aunque su pequeño cuerpo ya vibraba con el
redoble desesperado de su corazón anhelante,
sus labios aún intentaban desenfrenadamente tragar
aire,
como si buscasen tomar un mordizco de la vida que
ya se nublabá.

Fué entonces, entre las santas plegarias de la madre,
los breves rezos del doctor, y los hondos suspiros de
la aldea,
que las diminutas luciérnagas encarceladas dentro
de sus ojos,
perennes y sentellantes porque brotaban de
un alma aún joven y aventurera,

se apagaron.

Quedó quebrantado, violado por la luz que
empezaba a rodearlo,
por el fino polvo que pulpaba la habitación, que
envolvía su ser junto con los resplandores rojizos
del amanecer,
enredándole en una nube asfixiante de oro...
Así, robado de toda pujanza, de su vigor todavía
verde,
quedó ciego Alfonsito,
el hijo del albañil.



Alfonso

[Translated from Spanish]

Natalia Martínez

In the small hut vibrated
the false echoes of his voiceless laments,
of the silence that like a crude and clumsy lie
was growing, multiplying, and embittering,
the silence that vibrated in his blood and that
forced him to withdraw gently into the night...
until in the fathomless darkness could be discerned
only a pair of tired eyes,
two precociously thin arms that shone –
glowed – as if they were
impregnated with bronze,
and how, through the window and in the distance,
with a violent and blinding force,
a fiery day was gushing forth.

Weak but hopeful,
the child rested, scrawny and languid,
on his bed of frayed wicker,
and though his minute body already vibrated
with the desperate pounding of his yearning heart,
his lips wildly attempted to swallow air,
as if longing to take a mouthful of the life that was
already blurring before him.

It was then, amidst the litanies of his mother,
the succinct prayers of the doctor, and the sorrowful
sighs of the village,

that the tiny fireflies trapped within his eyes,
perennial and scintillating because they burst forth
from a young and naive soul,
dimmed.

He was left broken, violated by the light that
began to engulf him,
by the ethereal dust that permeated the room, that
enveloped him in the dawn's red brilliance,
entangling him in an asphyxiating cloud of gold...
And so, robbed of all strength, of his pure and
childlike vigor,
Alfonsito, the plumber's son,
went blind.

Characteristics of a Loved One

Joshua Berg

° Your personality,
Like waters waiting to be sailed,
Your face,
Beauty like none I have ever seen
Your body,
Natural and perfect
Your eyes,
Blue like the waters of my soul and the waves
crashing in on the shores of my heart
Your soul,
Perfect and beautiful in every way
Because you are the loved one,
And loved you shall be.

Ha Ofi shel ahuva

[Translated into Hebrew]

Karen Amagi

Ha ofi shelach,
Kmo mayim she ztarich litzlol,
Ha panim,
Yafim she lo raiti af paam be chayay
Ha goof shelach,
Tivi ve yafe
Ha enayim shelach,
Kschoolim cmo ha mayim she ha neshama v ha
galim gvoyim me atchala ha chof meha lev sheli
Ha neshama shelach,
Mooshlemet v mehamemet
Lama at ha oovatit,
V ahavat chayai.

Le Temps Mauvais

Mallory Hellman

Quand j'avais douze ans, je croyais que personne ne m'aimait. Je n'avais pas beaucoup d'amis parce que j'étais tellement différente; je n'aimais pas la même musique, les mêmes styles, les mêmes garçons, que mes copines. Si j'avais su à ce temps ce que je sais maintenant, je ne me serais pas inquiétée.

Si j'avais su que les opinions des autres ne font pas grand-chose, je me serais habillée comme je voulais. J'aurais porté des vêtements comme ceux que je porte maintenant, pas les vêtements que mes amis disaient qu'ils aimaient. Je n'aurais pas été triste quand je n'étais pas invitée à une boum. A cette époque, je n'aimais personne qui ne m'aimait pas. Si j'avais su à ce temps que chaque personne est quelqu'un tellement spéciale, je ne me serais disputée avec personne. C'est pas l'effort. Si j'avais su que les gens qui me taquinaient deviendraient des personnes extraordinaires dans quelques ans, j'aurais ri. J'aurais ri parce qu'à ce temps, on était si enfantin ; on était si puéril. Tout le monde s'inquiétait des opinions des autres; s'ils avaient su que c'est pas important, ils n'auraient pas été si inquiets tout le temps.

En fait, ma vie aurait été plus facile si j'avais su quand j'avais douze ans ce que je sais maintenant, mais peut-être que c'est mieux que je ne le savais pas. C'est-à-dire, les événements de cette époque m'ont changée. J'ai appris quelques vérités de moi-même, des autres, et de la vie en général. J'avais besoin de cette époque pour apprendre que c'est pas important d'être comme tout le monde. Je

croyais que c'était mieux d'avoir des amis que d'être vraiment contente. Je m'aime, mais ce sentiment est le résultat de quelques années de réflexion. Si j'avais su ce que je sais maintenant, ma vie aurait été certainement différente, mais je ne suis pas sûre que ça soit le mieux. En effet, après la pluie, le beau temps.



Stormy Weather

[Translated from French]

Mallory Hellman

When I was twelve years old, I believed that nobody on Earth liked me. I didn't have very many friends because I was entirely different from everyone else; I didn't like the same music, the same styles, or even the same boys as any of my classmates. If I had known at that time what I know now, I would not have worried.

If I had known that the opinions of others are irrelevant, I would have dressed as I wished. I would have worn clothing like that which I wear now instead of the fashions that my friends said they liked. I would not have been upset when I was excluded from parties. At that juncture, I did not like anyone who didn't like me. If I had known then that every person is someone uniquely amazing, I would not have argued with anyone. It isn't worth the effort. If I had known that the very classmates who teased me would become extraordinary people in the following years, I would have laughed. I would have laughed because at that time we were so juvenile; we were so puerile. Everyone worried about others' opinions; if they had known the insignificance of this preoccupation, they would not have been so consistently anxious.

Generally speaking, my life would have been significantly easier had I known at the age of twelve what I know now, but perhaps it is better that I remained unaware. The events of that period substantially altered my character. I learned several truths about myself, about others, and about life in

general. I needed that era to learn that conformity is inconsequential. I had thought that it was more important to have friends than to be genuinely happy. Now, I love myself, but that sentiment is the result of several years of reflection. If I had known earlier what I know now, my life certainly would have been different, but I'm not positive that that would be best. After all, the most beautiful rainbows follow the most violent storms.

Insomne

Mariana Rittenhouse

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Enredado en el bosque
Blancas y crujientes sombras
El pelea con las sábanas dormidas
Que sigilosamente lo engañan hacia la noche
Una paz solitaria
Nutre su estado de ansiedad
La virgen de la inconsciencia
Yace despierta
Cada músculo, hueso, y molécula
Exhaustos de la tensión
Que raro que aún no haya traído
El dulce despojo del dolor
Tic y tac traen con ellos
Una creciente irritación
Las horas lo alejan de
La ampliada vocación de la cuidad
Un relámpago rojizo
Su única fuente de visión
El tiempo sirve como
Símbolo de sus plegarias
Y finalmente se da por abandonado
Con el primer chillido del pájaro
La oscuridad no le dió alivio
Ay, no está sorprendido
El brillo triste del amanecer
Cierne otra noche vacía
Sus sangrientos ojos empiezan a maldecir
La terquedad del sueño.

Insomniac

[Translated from Spanish]

Mariana Rittenhouse

Tangled in the forest
Crisp and shadows white
He wrestles with the lifeless sheets
That snare him lone tonight
A solitary troubled peace
Fuels his anxious state
The virgin of unconsciousness
Lies desperately awake
Every muscle, bone, and molecule
Exhausted with pure strain
How strange that this has no yet brought
The sweet release of pain
Ticks and tocks do bring with them
A growing irritation
Passing hours remote him from
The citywide vocation
A single flashing redness
His only source of sight
Time projects itself as the
Symbol of his plight
And finally he bids forlorn
With birds' first morning cry
Darkness triggered no relief
Alas, he's unsurprised
The soft sad glow of dawn
Sifts another barren reap
His bloodshot eyes begin to curse
The stubbornness of sleep

Destiny

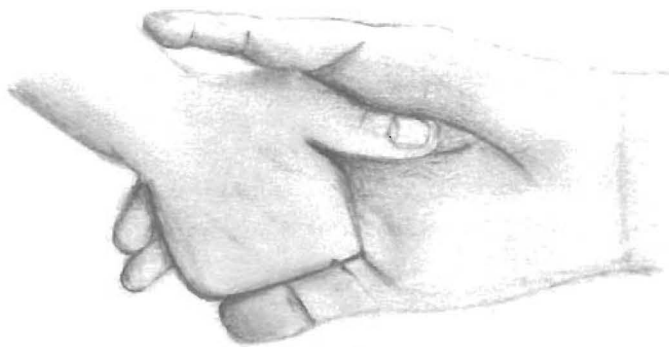
Andrea Harris

Brought into the world by an unknown force,
You must live to the best of your ability.
Life seems to have its own course,
But it is up to you to follow it.

Omens are everywhere you can see;
They are your guide to this world.
They lead the way to make you feel free,
And it is your task to observe them.

There is a journey you must explore;
It leads you to your destiny.
However, it is a challenge as none other before;
But the omens lead you through.

After many life lessons have been learned,
The adventure is finally over.
The treasure at the end has certainly been earned.
You can now be content forever.



Destino

[Translated into Portugese]

Tatiana Vassilopoulos

Trazido no mundo por uma força desconhecida,
Você deve viver o melhor da sua capacidade.
A vida parece ter seu próprio curso,
Mas é você que tem que segui-lo.

Os sinais estão em todos os lugares que você pode ver.

Eles são o seu guia e orientação nesse mundo.
Eles mostram o caminho para você se sentir livre.
E é a sua obrigação de observá-los.

Há uma viagem que você tem que explorar.
Ela te leva ao seu destino.
Entretanto, é um desafio como nenhum outro,
Mas os sinais mostram o caminho para você.

Depois que muitas lições da vida foram aprendidas,
A aventura finalmente termina.
No final o tesouro com certeza foi conquistado.
Você agora pode ser feliz para sempre.

La Physique

Allison D'Achille, Mallory Hellman, Ari Pinkas

Le chapitre que quelqu'un a lu
La leçon que quelqu'un a comprise
Les notes que quelqu'un a prises
Le devoir que quelqu'un a fait
L'explication que quelqu'un a écoutée
Le bon petit-déjeuner que quelqu'un a pris
L'examen que quelqu'un a commencé
L'information que quelqu'un oublie
Le crayon que quelqu'un retaille
Les questions que quelqu'un saute
La note que quelqu'un reçoit
Le week-end que quelqu'un a gaspillé

Physics

[Translated from French]

Allison D'Achille, Mallory Hellman, Ari Pinkas

The chapter that someone read
The lesson that someone understood
The notes that someone took
The homework that someone did
The explanation that someone listened to
The good breakfast that someone had
The test that someone started
The information that someone forgets
The pencil that someone resharpen
The questions that someone skips
The grade that someone receives
The weekend that someone wasted



La Vida

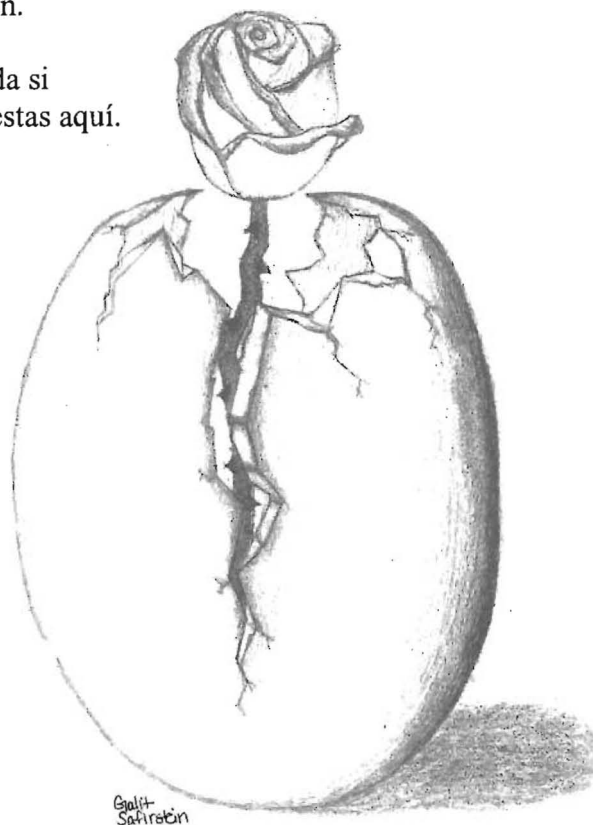
Joan Ghitis y Danielle La Rocco

- La vida trae experiencias difíciles. Parece que no dan lecciones importantes. Además, las apariencias nos engañan.

Aunque a veces problemas vendrán,
La belleza siempre vence al final.
En nuestras vidas, a los que nos aman
Necesitamos amar en total.

Vivir cada día como el último,
Amar con el alma y el corazón
Es estar completo en nuestro mundo.
No te limites a un rincón.

Amor completará tu vida si
Aprecias cada día que estas aquí.



Life

[Translated from Spanish]

Joan Ghitis and Danielle La Rocco

Life brings difficult experiences.
It seems they lack important lessons,
and their appearances lie.

Even though problems arise,
Beauty wins at the end.
In our lives, we must love those who love us
completely.

To live each day like the last,
To love with heart and soul,
Is to be complete in our world.
Don't limit yourself.

Love will complete you only
if you appreciate each day.