



REFLECTIONS

NEW PALTZ MIDDLE SCHOOL'S LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

VOLUME 25 - JUNE 2012

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I would like to dedicate this edition of Reflections to our retirees. First, to Fran Lamb for all of her computer expertise and patience over the years. Her help has been invaluable. Also, a salute to Charlie Seymour as a co-conspirator in the creative realm of art, writing, and, of course, music. You will both be sorely missed, but enjoy this time!

Thank you to all of the teachers who inspired, cajoled, and twisted the arms of students to submit their work. Great job, everyone!

COVER ART BY CINTHIA NAVARRO

Winter Arrives

By Edward Cai

When the trees stop crying their leaves

when the fall breeze turns

to a stormy blizzard,

the trees sucked of color

bare and abandoned

until the next season

the birds bring news of winter

a messenger of seasons

they chirp their news to others

to prepare for snow

the once green forest wears a cloak of white,

the water being forged to crystals

snow will come one day, sealing shut the color

the winter sends this envelope,

miles and miles away,

to a foreign land of exotic life

taking the trees and plants with it

but snow shifting to us, slowly, yet surely

NATURE

By Bailey DeFino

The verdure is filled with intoxicating beauty.

The lush vernal ponds reflect the blue sky as the birds fly by.

The ocean splashes against the gaping mouth of the cave.

The salty air is fresh and crisp.

The Spoonbills roost while gracefully preening their feathers.

The Mallards paddle toward their island paradise.

The tropical coast is radiant from the sand's heat.

The air is so clear with a sky so blue, so pale, so free.

Sonnet

By Sarah Rubin

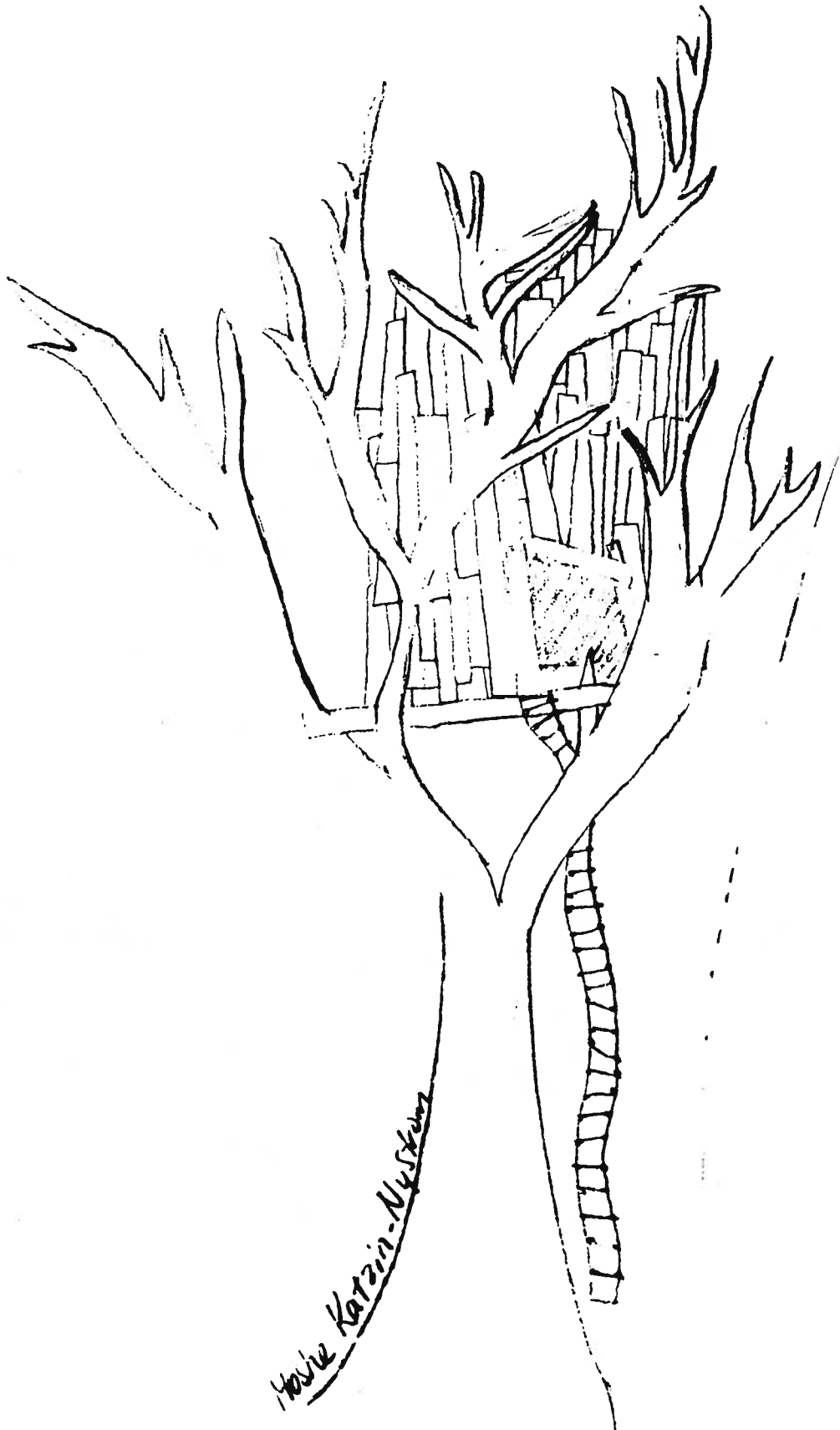
Now that the flowers have flourished and bloomed
It's time to gaze at the sunsets anew
Doves peacefully rest and enjoy the view
Such resting in peace is what I will do

My life is complete, my story is said
Now I may happily drift to sleep
Asleep on a bed of silk-woven thread
I may dream of things so perfectly sweet

Sweet roses and carnations placed on top
On top of my granite plate of offerings
From those who loved me and I loved a lot
Now I just wait for the church bells to ring

But I will miss those that I cannot see
Is death happy or a tragedy?





Hohe Katzin-Nystrum

Untitled

By Parker Stahl

The peregrine falcon soared through the air in the warm summer day. Looking below, it could easily make out the abandoned farm. Its emerald green eyes swiveled as it looked at everything from a great height. The falcon could easily make out the main building, which had long since become a home for small mammals. Flexing its large powerful wings, it neared the farm. A sudden updraft of warm air pushed the falcon higher. Using its wide tail like a rudder, it easily navigated the updrafts. It flapped its wings, climbing higher. Then pulling its wings in, it dropped like stone to the ground.

Just before it hit the ground, the falcon pulled out its wings and alighted on an old gatepost. Looking like a stone sentry, the falcon surveyed the scene, easily picking out a tree full of twittering songbirds. It hesitated, and then decided against going after them. Today he wanted an easy meal. Turning his attention to the main building, he watched a couple of small voles scurry to and fro across the field. He gently lifted off and glided towards them. The falcon hovered for a moment, and then struck! Easily dispatching one, he hunched over it and began to eat. Soon after, it flew off to its nest. Another life was taken; another easy meal.



Racing in the Rain

(Golden Retriever)

By Sarah Rubin

I am agile, and swift

hasty, and expeditious.

And now when it patters and pours,

I am at my finest hours of gambols.

Due to the adrenalizing amble, I cannot help,

but to wag my tail, protrude my tongue and yelp.

"Ruff, ruff, and bow-wow," I arf in my most gaudy tone.

I want everyone to know how rapid

I've run, and how fast I've flown.

My gold, luscious exterior salutes in the wind,

and I become a race-car once again.

On the track, I master every turn,

and flow like waves in the sea,

I bring home the gold,

Which becomes a part of me.



America

By Remy Naumann

We all stand hand in hand
With her majesty so tall
Although things will crumble she will never fall
Above and beyond her eternal flame fires
With all those opportunistic people waiting to be hired
And the cool rippling waves they all sail by
Let them know this is a place where dreams are left to fly
Beautiful, bustling, hustling, freedom
America the golden land

Diamante Poem

By Hlaire Branche

PEACE

Glorious, calm

Giving, Relaxing, Smiling

Americans, Hippies, Nazis, the Great Depression

Disturbing, Fighting, Killing

Conflict, Pain

WAR

Untitled

By Christopher Bravo

We the people
who comprehend so little,
our money doesn't make us
or break us;
it simply makes us comfortable
...or not
it's short and simply
not about the money, money, money
money isn't everything
your bank account
ain't the accountant for who you are

She says as calmly withdraws 10 G's

The Titan of Rage



Alan McAllister

Statue Of Liberty Haiku

By Emily Denno

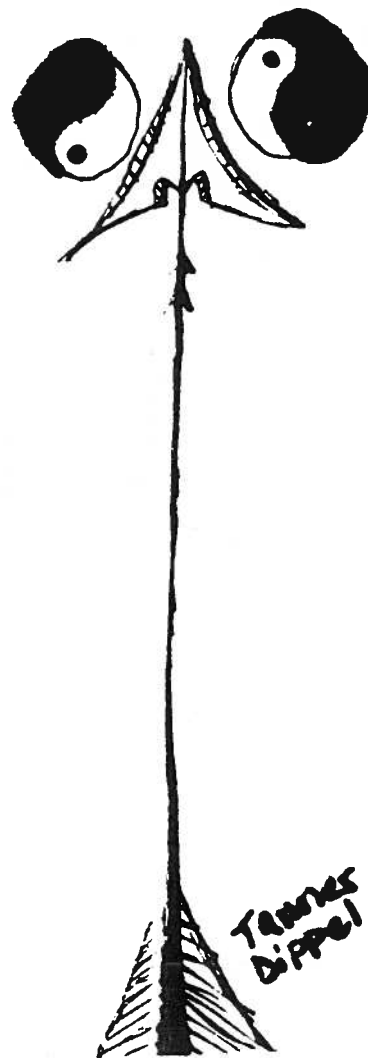
My freedom is yours
Nothing else will rise above
Stands proud, not to budge

Free Statue

By Emily Denno

You've reached it
It's yours
The symbol stands tall
It's here to show you
That freedom deserved for all

Welcoming, hopeful
And allies with you
You're safe now
Your freedom is yours not to lose



The Pandas

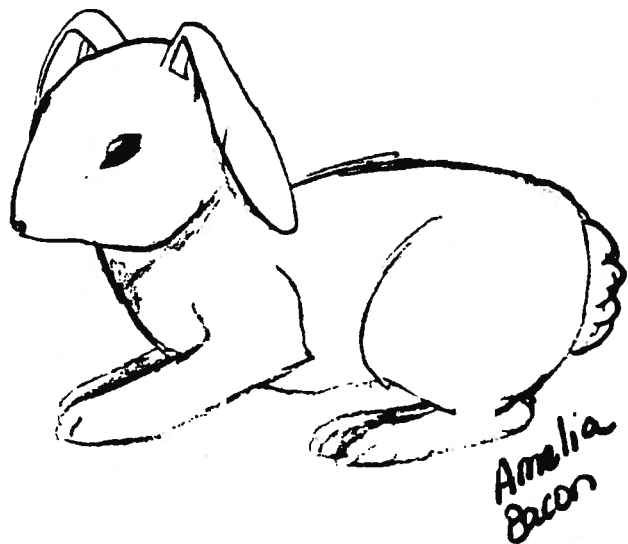
By Elizabeth Liggera

Veering off the wheel-beaten path, the sun bathes green vegetation. Wind rustles the leaves, as a parent lovingly strokes a sleeping child's hair. Bamboo stalks give birth to long, narrow shadows. Small eyes, as kind, calm, and deep as a mill pond peer from the maze of stalks, 'till CRACK! The felled stalk breaks a calm melody, and content grunts and purrs erupt around crunching and munching. Flabby arms with comically large paws bat and wrap around their treat, and wide noses sniff the air. Leaning back against a bed of fluffy grass, black feet curl in calm meditation, and tufts of fur and ears twitch happily. Grumbles and purrs can be heard as the peaceful pandas flop onto the ground, and their eyes droop drowsily. They drift softly to sleep, the light of the sun turning soft reds, and rest, guarded by the bamboo forest. They smile in the embrace of the sweet sent of their home.

Freedom

By Emily Denne

I'm around you, in you
Always at your side
No matter who says no
You can't stop me
Just take me in
'Cause I promise you
I'm not ever leaving
Just search
Freedom



Keep Trying!

By Maya Gold

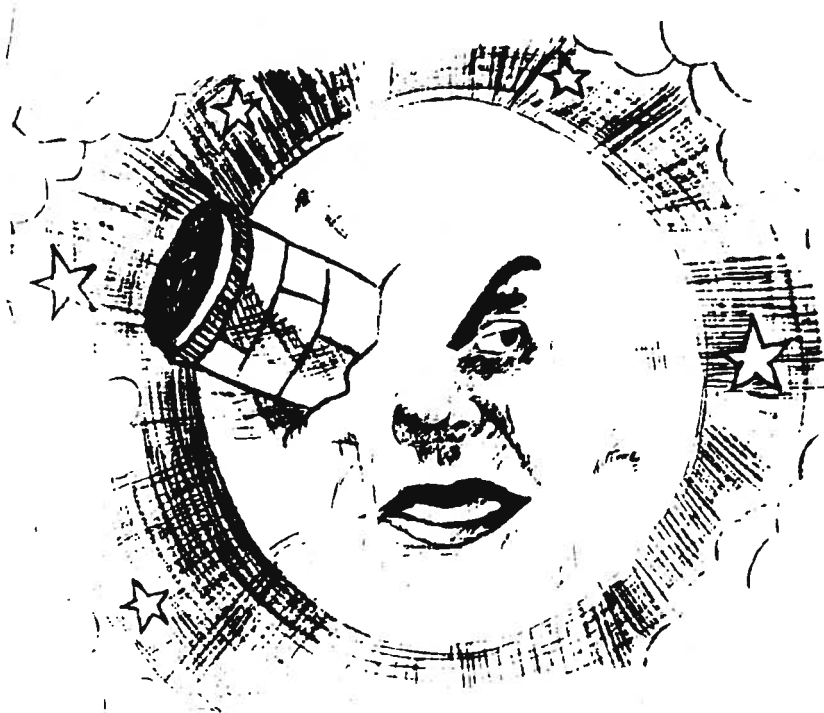
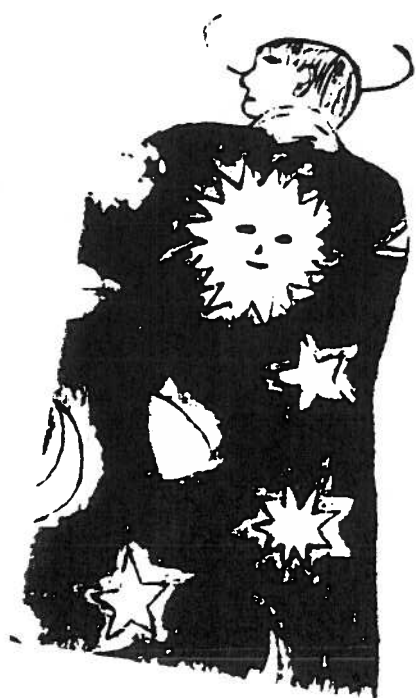
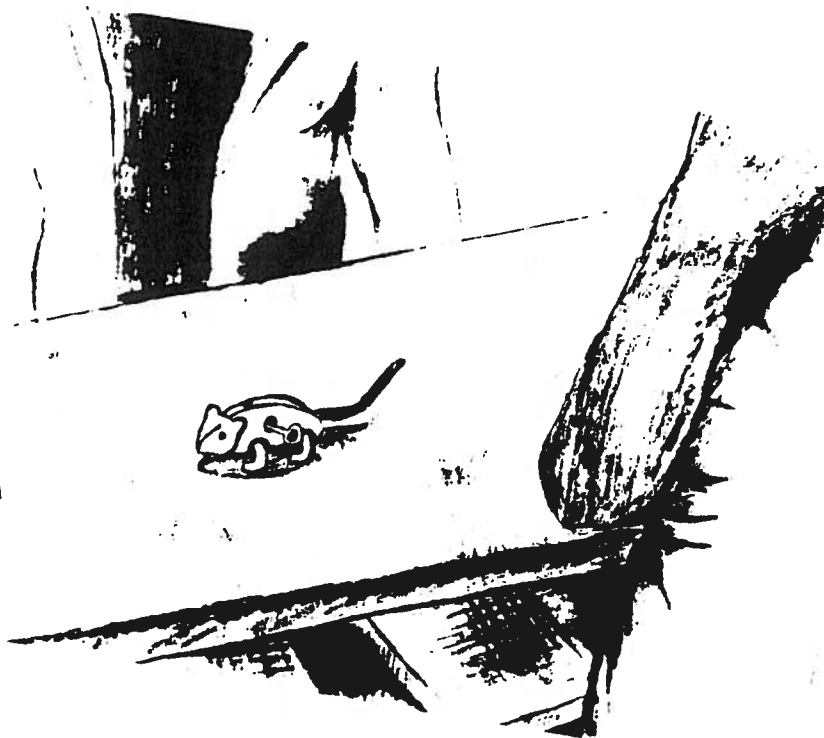
If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. It was about five weeks ago, after my birthday came. I had been wanting it for ages, and it had finally arrived in the mail at my house. At this point, you're probably wondering what it is. I'll keep you from waiting. "It" is a UNICYLCE! I've wanted one ever since I went to a circus camp.

When I opened the box to see what was addressed to my name, I beamed like the sun. I was so thrilled that my parents had gotten it for my birthday present! They also grinned, seeing how I loved it so much. I was pulled into a hug, and then told to go outside and test it out. I zipped to our garage, where my dad had set up poles I could hold onto. I grasped the pole with one hand while with the other, I mounted the unicycle. The pole was ice cold. I processed the thought that I was going to ride a unicycle. I felt excitement bursting inside of me. Almost immediately, I fell off, hitting the ground hard. Eventually, I was able to get about five feet, stop, regain my balance, and start again. Around three days later, I decided to speed it up a little bit. My senses came alive. I could smell the sweat forming on my upper lip. As I got on, I had full confidence and was sure I could do it. Then, slowly, I let go. I went faster than I had before. I could do it! I ran inside to tell my family, and show them what I had accomplished.

I rode again and I felt the wind against my face. As I finished, they applauded and laughed. I was so proud of myself. Now, I'm really good at unicycling, and have full confidence in doing it. This just goes to show, that if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.



Drawings by Dylan Scribani,
inspired by *The Invention of Hugo Cabret* by Brian Selznick



Freedom Poems

By Vincent Barossi

Freedom is a little school of fish swimming
freely through the dangerous waters filled with
predators .

Freedom is the Statue of liberty, standing
tall and proud with her flaming torch just
like her heart.

Freedom is dad and I at the baseball game
devouring hotdogs and hamburgers and drinking
soda, having a pleasant, great experience.

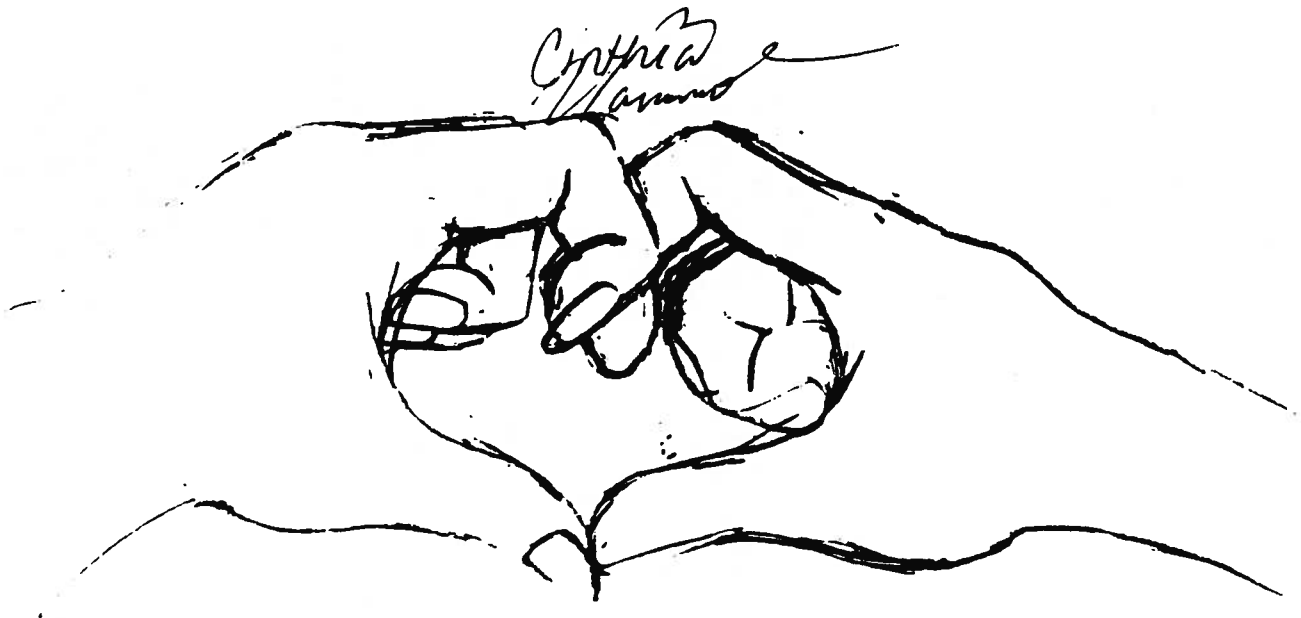
That's what freedom is.



Random Poem # 1

By Eric Lasko

As if a broken heart was not enough,
They sent me off to war.
They didn't bother to teach me to fight,
Before we charged against the hordes.
My friends I slew,
To serve my king.
But all of it in vain.
As if a broken heart was not enough,
I am now sadness and pain.



The New Alcatraz

By Eric Lasko

Alcatraz, the inescapable prison
That prison has been escaped
A new and true inescapable prison has emerged
That of the human mind
It keeps you safe and lets you think
But it will never let you escape
The human mind is marvelous
But a prison just the same
It locks us up and throws away the key, it is our brain.

Heart Breaker **By Yuvelca M. Laughman**

I wait as the wind blows
through my hair. I trudge throw the snow
to his house, just to find misery.
The next day he won't talk to me.
I wonder if it was something I did.
What am I talking about he did it.....
He did it all.
To be continued.....

We Will Never Know

By Baily Defino

Based on novel *Ivan Ilyich* by Leo Tolstoy

We will never know.
When you are born,
Your mind begins to grow,
To wonder,
To show.

It pictures life.
It tries to understand it.
Even Einstein couldn't plan it.
We will never know.

From life comes life,
But also
Comes death.
We will never know.

If light emerges from darkness,
It only brings hope
But without light, comes darkness
And without darkness, comes
darkness.
We will never know.

No one can contemplate life's plight.
When the trees begin to wither,
It sheds its spores to grow.
We will never know.

Why are we
So unconscious?
So uncaring?
We will never know.



Erase

By Anonymous

People who live in once upon a time
Coulda been, woulda done, wish they had
People who danced when the sun shined down
Crying now, all alone, in the dark
People who lost it all
Just wanna
Erase

People who fought through adolescence
They were brave, frightened now, all alone
People without a trophy to their name
Track it back, build it up, fall again
People who lost it all
Just wanna
Erase

People who cheated life away
Snuck around, double cross, hiding out
People that gambled all the hope
Played the cards, begged it then, now it's gone
Need to
Erase

Watch your step, keep your cool
Won't need to
Erase

Untitled

By Oliver Goland

“Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience.” (Ralph Waldo Emerson) A sanctuary is a unique place in nature where one may feel secure, calm and at peace. My sanctuary is hidden behind a vast forest of oaks and maples, where a majestic lake rests. It is here where I can slow down my pace from life’s hassles to align with the pace of nature.

There is life and magnificence everywhere, whether it be in the depths of a lake, the outskirts of the land or the branches of the trees. The iridescent scales of rainbow trout can be seen every now and then as they leap. I envision what it would be like to be a fish; feeling the murky water soak through my gills with every inhalation. Then my eyes catch sight of a falcon perching on a maple’s limb scanning the forest for its next meal. If a falcon could have broad shoulders, then this one did. A frog squats on a lily pad. It generates a quiet croak every now and then, until finally he leaps out into the water and produces a muddy cloud. This is the only sign of where it may be. The trees create their own artwork. Oaks and maples of every size cast their shadows into the water forming a pastel smudge. The lake is a magnificent and wondrous beauty. It sparkles as a precious gem stone would. The only thing disturbing this tranquil scene is a quiet splash as a great blue heron catches a fish. Colorful mountains watch over this serene sanctuary. The mountains are covered with various species of trees cloaked in autumn leaves. The exquisiteness of nature helps to make this place like a sanctuary.

I have a sense that time slows down in this peaceful solitude. A true heightening of the senses occurs here; the sound of birds chirping, the feel of plush moist moss and sticky sap, and the smell of fresh dirt. Everyone should have a sanctuary. They are all unique! It is here in this sanctuary, when I am all alone, that I am able to sit back, relax and enjoy the wonders of nature.

My Sanctuary

By Elizabeth Liggera

“Adopt the pace of nature, her secret is patience.”- Ralph Waldo Emerson

My muse is crying today. His voice wouldn't stop resounding in the nook of my head. So I escaped to my sanctuary, my place of peace, my pouch of nature. My uncle's forest is large and serene, and I find myself wandering there to relieve myself of worries. This place is important because sometimes I need just that. A walk to let myself breathe in pine-freshened air, and just let everything at hand stop for a moment. But maybe letting things pile up would have done the same. Insanity is a funny thing; a release of pressure, or a pit of it? There is no way for me to know. Everyone should have a sanctuary. We all should just calm down, sometimes.

It is strangely lonely without my muse. I fix my eyes upon towering trees. The leaves have an old, musty, antique smell about them. They are shades of grotesque brownish reds, and the soggy grey clouds are highly reminiscent of wet lint balls from an old sweater. The clouds drag themselves above the trees. Trees and I have a bitter relationship. Sometimes I admire them. Today, I am filled with bitter amusement and grudging hints of pity at their antics. They seem to have turned their backs to heaven, yet hypocritically stretch toward the ever-changing skies, begging for forgiveness for a sin they know full well they will commit again. Are they selfish or arrogant? I sneer and ask them just that. They begin to shake, and they are, for a moment, jars of sand poured onto beaches of velvet. But soon the chattering is overwhelming. I wondered, were they cocking their heads in confusion, or laughing sanctimoniously for deceiving people for centuries? Whatever way, I leave them be. Sheets of ice have been layered meticulously upon marshes, fading the greens of algae. More rust-leaves float on pooling indents, or are trapped just below the surface. Again, I feel a sense of pity. The poor things nearly made it.

I am unaware of where my feet take me. Maybe in the direction of the pumpkin patch, where lobster traps are towering high around the bend? But no, I have stridden past my uncle's apple trees. My feet are slamming against our gravelly driveway, then soft grass, then dirt, asphalt, and finally a strange mix of the four. The path is jagged and short, and I recall the seasons as I twist my way around pesky branches. Biking in summer, spring's sweltering embrace, and trudging in snowshoes and skis in winter. The pit is filled with rocks and scraps

from old projects. The stones are a steely, dusted gray, and not inviting in the least. I take a sharp right turn, climbing a steep escarpment patch. My stomach begins to flip. This escarpment, unfortunately, was not hardened by this chilly, frost November. It was the type of pass that felt as if it would give way at any moment. But it is only a few feet long and presently I have reached a flat of land that resides beside our soft lawn. It serves as a make-shift driveway for my uncle's barn. His carefully polished tractor sits just outside the large red doors, his steel frame hauling device attached by a chain to the back of it. Maybe he has come back from hauling wood, or has shot or trapped something for us to eat later. Speaking of that, it should nearly be dinner. My aunt will ring her baritone brass bell. I wet my lips. I whisper what I would call in response. "Coming." I am startled by my own voice. I feel bad for leaving my muse behind. His company would have made me a little calmer, and that is very precious to me. I am wondering again, an act that usually leads to trouble. Is this really my sanctuary? Or is my muse and company what keeps me calm? I dismiss this thought, but not completely. I should have stayed inside. I have been selfish, and have not acknowledged the people around me.

The reason I need peace is because things are piling up, and I am certain that I am going insane. But we all seem to be, bit by bit. Insanity is a funny thing. Too much of it is risky, I suppose. We all should have a sanctuary. Whether it is a person, place, sound, or a sight, no one should have to bear the weight of the day by itself. I ought to come out here more.

Freedom and Liberty

By Halley Lawrence

Freedom

Peace hope

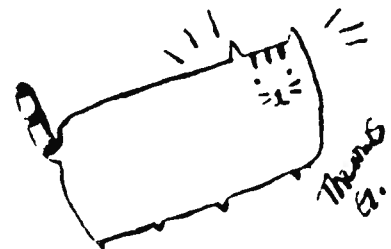
Flying, fleeing, freeing

Love can turn right into hate

Killing, crying, dying

Pain, loss

Holocaust





Untitled

By Kate Fishman

Expecting gold

There is a tiny golden bird

That bats its wing against a ribcage

A frightened, battered thing

Rocking in my winds of fear and doubt.

Imagining the streets

Pared bright with shining gold

Imagining a hope and promise

My little bird has never seen or known.

Staring out round, wooden windows

At a green tinted lady tall and strong

But seeing only streets of cobble stone.

for her bare feet to walk.

Diamante Poem

By Nicholas Zaccheo

Freedom

peace, calm

fulfilling, relaxing, pleasing

Birds, Doves, Cages, Jails

unfulfilling, working, uncaring,

conflict, pain

Slavery

Finally Free

By Elizabeth Eriole

Walking through a broken home,
So many rooms,
Dark and alone,
But a light calls us from within,
Waiting to be embraced
And let everyone in.
At first the light is intimidating,
But follow it and see, what soon might overwhelm us,
Will make us not think twice to leave.
Nothing now can stop us,
From seeing the glowing torch
The dark rooms will be behind us, as we pull to shore!



Diamante Poem

By Halley Lawrence

LIBERTY

Fly, dream

Smiling, laughing, playing

Love is liberty

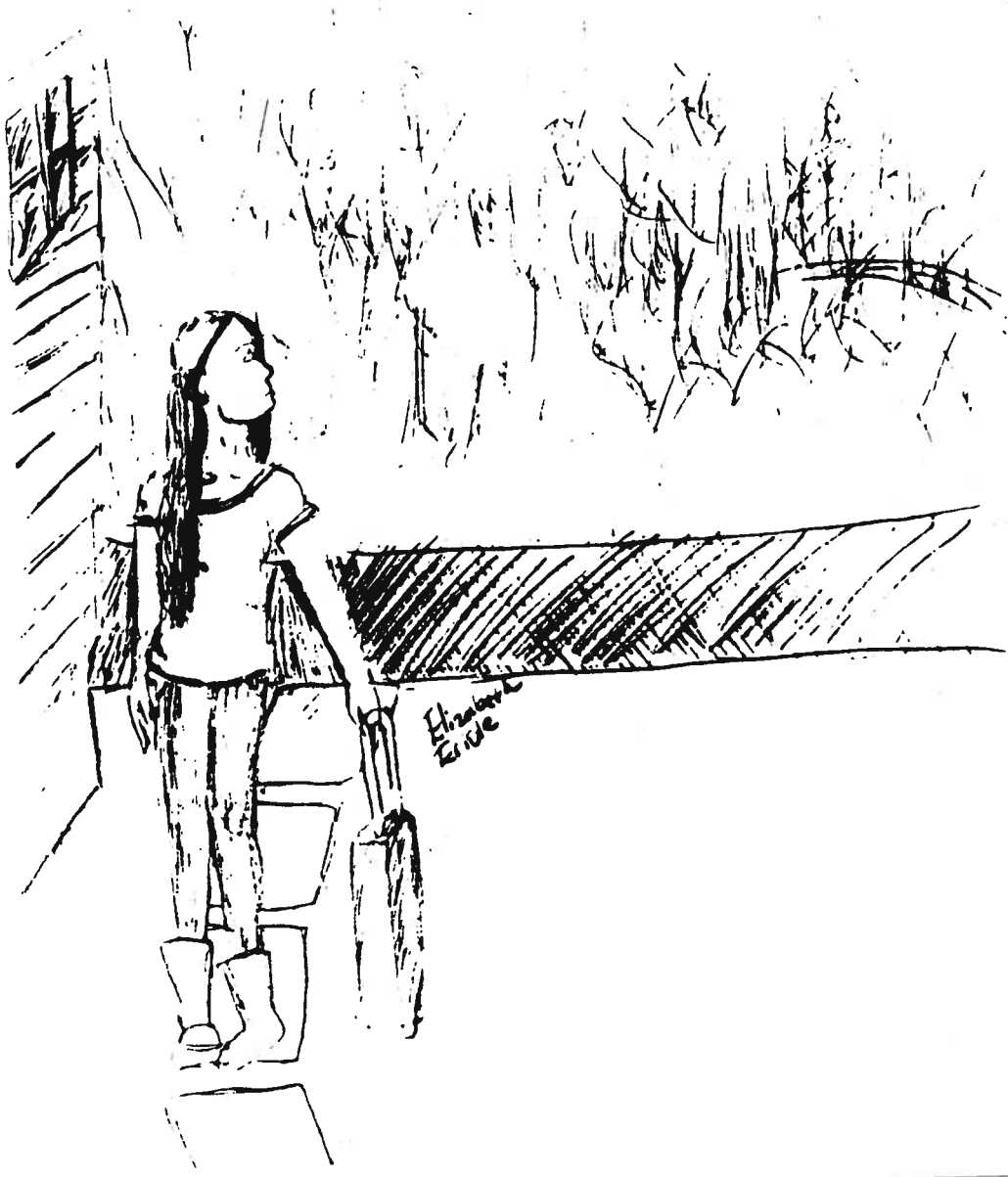
Hoping, dancing, running

Peace, freedom

JUSTICE



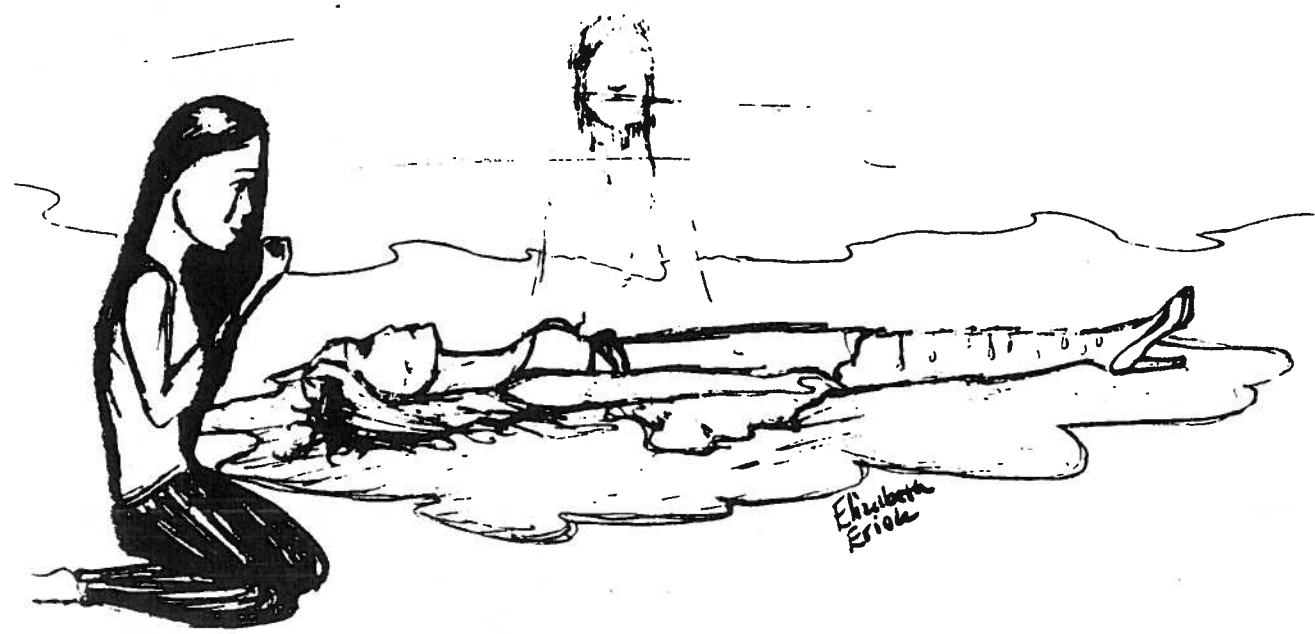
Prada
style



Prada
style



Elizabeth
Erick



Elizabeth
Erick

We Always Come Back

By Eric Lasko

I am not a human
I have not been for years
I fling flames from my hand
And make all the children spill their tears

In search of revenge
I came back from the dead, despite my usual pride
And as we fought I looked all around
All of the pirates they cried
And one last thing I heard
Right before I died,
My love held onto my hand
As I felt into my arm a sword's THWACK
She whispered one thing right into my ear
She said: We always come back.



Sanctuary Essay

By Katie Brooks

“Climb up on some hill at sunrise. Everybody needs perspective once in a while, and you will find it there.” (Robb Sagendorph) A sanctuary is a place in nature where you can feel safe and peaceful. My sanctuary is in my thirteen acres backyard. My special sanctuary is a place where I can unwind from the day and all my stresses drift away.

My sanctuary allows me to think after a hectic day. I run and run as fast as I can. My long blond hair whips behind me and my legs gain momentum like a cartoon. I race to the one place where my worries are whisked away by the gentle breezes. When I finally arrive, I dash to a patch of sweet, lime green grass. A smile runs across my face as the flawless blades tickle my pale, bare feet. Fluffy, snow white figures of my imagination dance in the smudged, drooping sky. But then the blanket of dark blue is defeated by the sharp painful rays of sun that shatter and penetrate my eyes. The melodies of the rose red cardinals are joined with the orchestra of stridulating crickets. Light smoke drifts down from a petite chestnut brown log cabin to my chilled nose. I suddenly perk up. It's then that I realize that all the stress of the day has been carried away with the gushing river nearby. As I look around, the hovering trees catch my attention. The leaves grasp to one another as a delicate stream of vibrant color trickles down the ultimate masterpiece. I sprint over and cling tightly to a branch. I'm cautious of the crinkled moss that creeps up the damp, flimsy twigs and lurks in crevices. The rapidly flowing river makes my mouth ache for some ice cold water. I can almost taste it refreshing me. My eyes become heavy so I rest on the fence that has vines curling around its checkered wire pattern. I lay my head down on the soggy, dented log that sits lifeless beside me. My eyes reluctantly snap shut.

My sanctuary is the only place where my stress is relieved and I'm free to be me. My sanctuary is very special to me and I can always feel safe there. It is always easy to unwind in my backyard.

Untitled

By Liam Quinlan

To me a lush carpet of pine needles or spongy grass is more welcome than the most luxurious Persian rug. -Helen Keller. My sanctuary is a maple tree standing like a lone giant, located in my semi-suburban back yard. A sanctuary is a personal place. My sanctuary is a place to relax, observe nature, and learn from it.

Many aspects of nature surround my sanctuary, despite its location. Ascending up my tree, I can feel the abrasive bark scratch my hands. As I climb, I have to use every handhold possible, knowing that one little slip could be disastrous. Going to my sanctuary always helps me to understand life. Up in my sanctuary, I can observe many things. I can see birds soar, squirrels leap around, and cars roar by in blurs of color. A rabbit shoots across the lawn, chased by my cat. Two chipmunks look for food. My cat diverts her course, heading for the chipmunks. One ran, but the other only managed a half turn before my cat hit it. Her claws sank into its throat, bleeding it out slowly. I feel for the chipmunk's death, but know this is life's path. Life is only precious because it ends. A squirrel scurries onto a dead branch. The branch snaps, sending the squirrel into a bush. Another squirrel stops foraging, assessing me for danger.

At the top I can smell sap from holes in the tree. I can see for miles. I can see the highway, the church, and the river. The mountains rise above the treetops like teeth biting the clouds. As I glance at my watch, I see it is time to go. Climbing down, a branch snaps with a sound like a gunshot. I taste frozen ground as I land. Lying winded for a moment, I get up with a snarl, and run to my house, my other sanctuary.

Everyone needs a sanctuary. A sanctuary should be a place where one can seek and receive peace. All stress needs relieving, and a sanctuary should do that. Perhaps that tree will survive to see other kids climb on it.



Kate
Finnan

Ankh Poem

By Anonymous

Seasons fade and arise anew
Summer to autumn
The moon slowly waxes and wanes
The clock gives a sinister smile
Time is ticking by
Hear the steady beat of your life
Like a metronome
The fresh smell of an evergreen
A chorus of birds
There are many doorways in life
So choose the right one



Meldies
Estrella

Freedom

By Carla Nazaire

Freedom from hunger and freedom from pain.
Freedom from loss and so freedom from gain.
Freedom to give and freedom to share.
Freedom to want and that of despair.
Freedom from space and also of time.
Freedom of attachment and freedom of crime.
Freedom to work and freedom to play.
Freedom to believe and freedom to pray.
Freedom to experience a rebirth someday.

Laskonian Sonnet I

By Eric Lasko

Know me not, for I am fear

Hold yourself to pain.

Throw away what you hold dear,

If you would like to stay sane.

This world is but chaos and death

There is no order to be found

This world is but the serpent's breath

It's atoms, everything around.

Come, my dear boy to shadow's bat,

So I can show you the truth of the earth.

If you can find some light today,

I will help start the light's rebirth.

Today is a day of joy, for light shall be reborn

But so we can win this fight, a child shall be torn.

Forever Longing

By Collin Sherow

Shadows are just a warning.

A light is just a shadow caster.

I fear darkness for it bears no warning.

A thief, stepping lighter than a feather, stalks a forgotten man.

Without a light to cast his shadow, the thief is not.

The thief never was.

The man is not aware of darkness.

His wallet caught by the wind.

He believes the wind is a thief

He bears no light.

I walk with such caution; I bear light with such awareness.

I forever long for day and forever fear the night.

I never sleep and always watch.

I'll always fear.

My family fear.

They fear I'm ill.

They fear for me.

I'm not paranoid, I'm aware and those who aren't are fools.

As they fear for me I fear for them.

I long rest.

I long rest.

Freedom Poems & Haikus

By Sam Nidorf

Freedom has choices
Choose your opportunities
Make happy choices
Your decision.

I am so lucky
Freedom equals happiness
I'm free and happy.

Freedom is living
Live your life to the fullest
Freedom is breathing
Breathe in your freedom.

Freedom everywhere
Freedom is a bird singing
A baby playing

Freedom has a cost
Make freedom happen for all
Freedom should be shared.



Freedom

by Kate Fishman

Freedom,
is running across swishing golden
sands
Into cool lightly tempting foamy
fringe
Farther into lovely waters
More wonderfully turquoise
Pooling in relaxation about bare knees
Going forward
Letting gentle azure current roll you
Into its soothing rhythm.
Soon you must kick hard to move
Splash and propel
On and on

Till there is no stirring sand
For leverage beneath your feet
Till your breath is short and gasping
Till fatigue is a difficult work
Swoop in a seabird's dive
Before the colossal rolling wave
Swim deeper
To enjoy a reef's bright, enticing
colors
Avoid sharks with their silvery bodies
Travel quickly past
Shoot to the surface once more
Head breaking the water
Shaking dripping hair
Gaze at a skyline
Now move to endless possibility
Freedom is your choice

Beauty or Beast?

By Eric Lasko

Awhile ago I saw a fine beauty
The most beautiful creature I've ever
seen
She pulled me in with her spell, the
spell of a welcoming smile
She then turned mean and it was
unseen
By my foolish eyes for a while
She tore me apart
And ripped out my heart
And that was the start of her feast of
souls
Now I'm a hermit by the sea,
There is no happiness for me
I took its toll, the damage is done
The damage done by the beautiful
beast

She took from me my love and my
life

But her love is just like a knife

Since she took it all away

My troubles all are here to stay

While once I sat upon a throne

Now my only chair is sand

The only sound I make is a moan

And I am the most lovesick in the
land

Her fangs they bite and tear

Through the heart I once held dear

While once I only wanted to kiss her
hair

By her I can no longer stand near



Freedom Poem

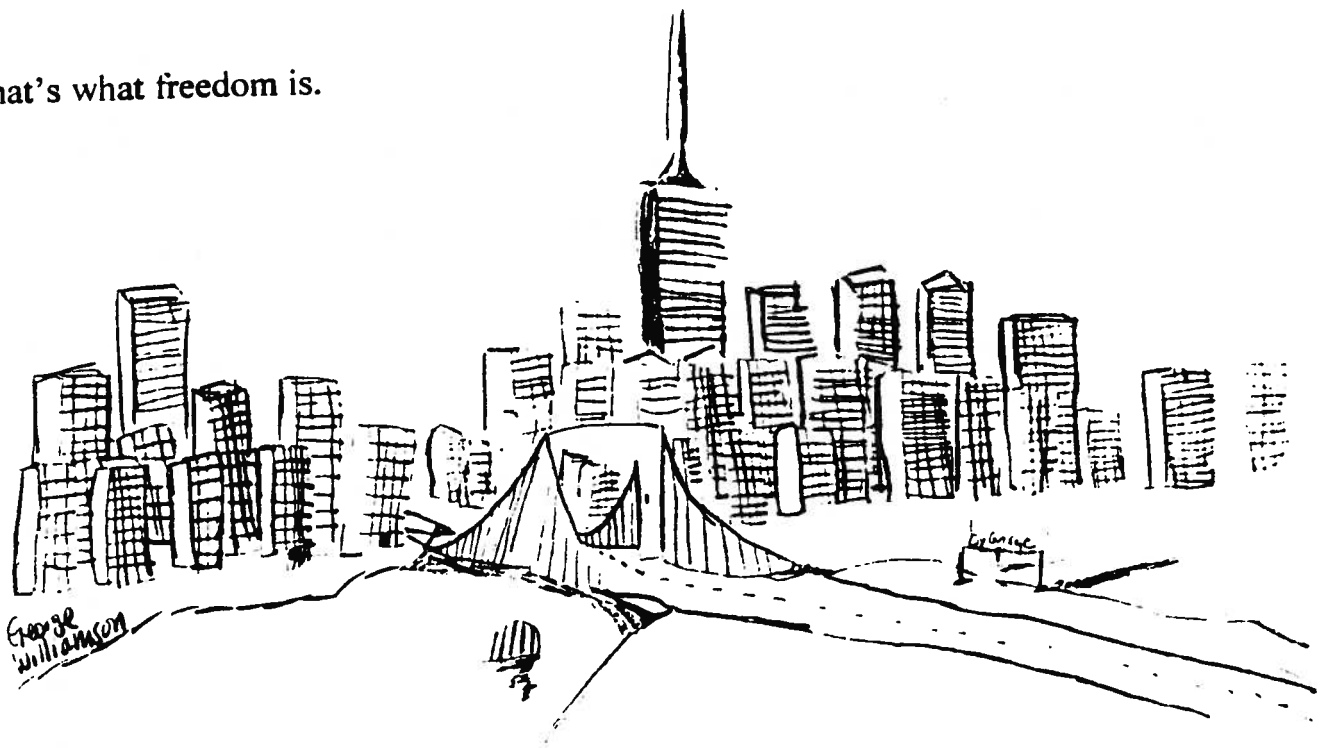
by Vincent Barresi

Freedom is a little school of fish swimming
freely through the dangerous waters filled with predators .

Freedom is the statue of liberty, standing
tall and proud with her flaming torch just
like her heart.

Freedom is dad and I at the baseball game
devouring hotdogs and hamburgers and drinking
soda, having a pleasant, great experience.

That's what freedom is.



America

By Remy Naumann

We all stand hand in hand
With her majesty so tall
Although things will crumble she will never fall
Above and beyond her eternal flame fires
With all those opportunistic people waiting to be hired
And the cool rippling waves they all sail by
Let them know this is a place where dreams are let to fly
Beautiful, bustling, hustling, freedom
America the golden land

Hobo Holiday

by Kate

Robert sat, surrounded by family, at the dinner table. The light was warm, filtering from the table. The roast turkey was dressed finely, a deep golden brown color as it simmered on a platter of gravy. There was salad and dinner rolls in abundance. Robert felt his stomach growl as he stared at the resplendent finery. People around him laughed and talked. It was wonderful, almost too good to be true. Then he felt the light dimming, everything growing colder. Everything was vanishing, so quickly... The snow was bitterly cold swirling down about Robert as he jolted awake. It was stuck to his stubble, his eyelashes, his hair. Hunger stabbed at him and his eyes filled with tears. His only companions, a brick wall and smelly blanket, were no help on this miserable hobo holiday. Robert fell forward with his face in the snow. In the morning, he lay in the crematorium, smiling as though lost in a dream.

Freedom is the Night Sky

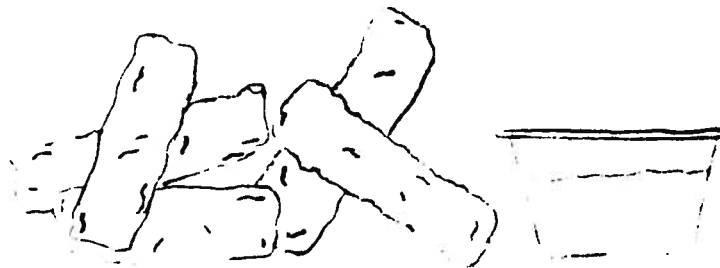
By Caroline Schroer

Freedom is the night sky
deep blue, endless
stars spread apart, forming constellations
making me feel small and insignificant
because I am
alone with the sky; nothing can stop me
nothing can slow me down
opportunity is everywhere,
flying high away from everyone else
the stars wink at me warmly
glowing
beauty is all around me

Diamante Poem

Julie DeArce

Free
Light, easy
Laughing, light hearted, joyful
One will make you feel amazed,
one will make you feel shut down
Behind bars, closed up, depressed
Cold, sad
Locked



Will the 'sausages' squiggle away
off your tray!!??!!

-Paino

Untitled

Anonymous

I am a land mine.

Sometimes I break down so hard you can hear it,

And when I stand to come near it with means to repair, the chances of walking out unscathed are slim to none.

I know because I' m one: a victim of second-hand breakdowns and bad impressions, made under intoxicated conditions with poorly lit expressions.

And I regret not going back, I regret not missing flights, I regret not asking for more and taking chances that I can only hope will not be forgotten.

My fingers are crossed.

I-O-U

Now that my telephone's dead and I can't stand to hold out like this, but I'm constantly checking myself so as not to be a burden.

Anything too heavy eventually gets dropped, no matter the cost.

Let me be light as a feather, but valued enough so as to remain in a back pocket, until those jeans need washing and I find a place on a bedside table, to be read aloud on nights when memories and prying needs return to haunt the foundations of this room.

Pick me up.

Read me every now and then, I won't disappoint.

I am* witty and engaging so bless me with attention, because I'm* dying* for attention without any means of telling* you*

Untitled

By Dongwook Kim

I am liberty

I am hope

I am the gateway to the land

When they come from their old homes

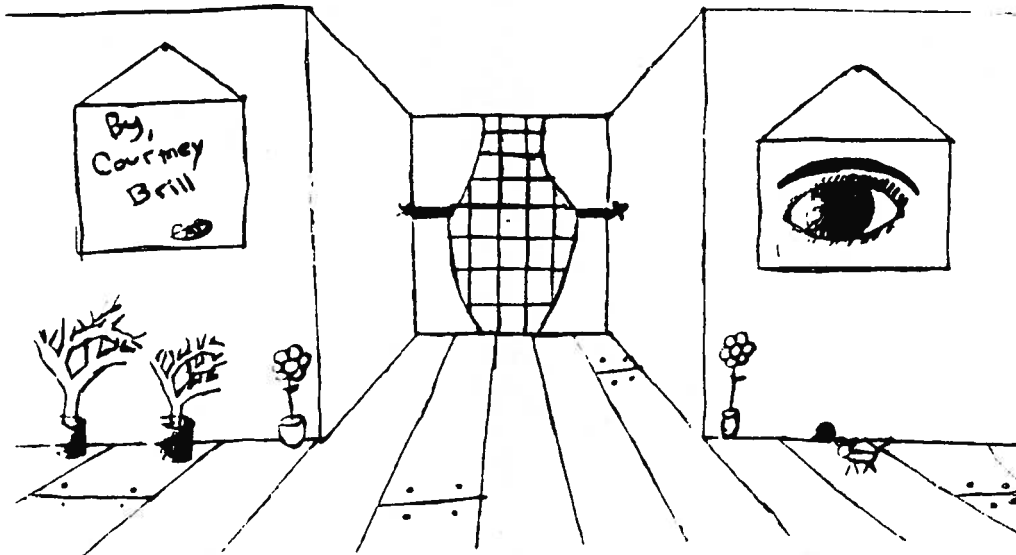
And arrive at my side,

By my feet,

They stare in awe,

At my beauty

I am the Lady of Liberty



Imaginary friends

By Luke McConnell

Oh, I'm in a real bad state.
All loaded words and bad aim.
So we're free but tell me, do you miss the birdcage?
Just keep those lashes dry with tinted windows.
I've heard that road to hell in a limousine's alright.

Just slow my chest, to a pace I can count with.

We're terribly charmed but –
I was born a shade-off.
Put a circle pit in my chest now.
I was born burn out.

“Oh now, now don't let death be a pacenote* on life.”
If I go mad, will you rope me down tight?
I ain't nomadic, just found a bedroom I can call home yet.
But I could be your disaster.

Turn my ins out.
With all the glory and style od Sinatra's "This Town".

So joke it up.
I'm two to one against my inner wreck most of the time.
I' been legendarily invisible.
My head's pitch black but on this stage tonight it's torchlit

*Footnote

Are you
a Robot?
(Well, are you?)



Helena Estrella

The Infamy of Dellis Hall

By Meaghan McElroy

It was a dark and eerily still night as my carriage pulled up to Dellis Hall. The pale full moon overhead gave the horses a fright as they made their way to the drive. I, Miss Ellis Jones, of sound body and mind, had been hired as Sir Wellington's new housekeeper. The locals had been telling me strange rumors as I made my way to Dellis Hall, rumors that Sir Wellington was a demonic shape shifter of sorts. I had ignored their foolish gossip, but now it seemed that these rumors may in fact be true.

Dellis Hall might have once been a sound, lavish building, only now did it look like a war-strewn fortress. The ramparts had crumbled and were resting across the lawn, the once-polished stone now covered in soot and grime.

As I marveled at the atrocity, the carriage came to an abrupt halt, breaking my reverie. A moment later, the chauffeur collected me from the carriage, announcing, "We're 'ere, ma'am."

I exited the carriage and collected my things. I expected the chauffeur to escort me to the door, but he was off in a flash. The chestnut horses and the simple black carriage became one with the night in the distance.

No sooner had I raised my fist to knock on the great doors did a solitary, disheveled man answer. He wore the butler's uniform and simple white gloves upon his hands, and his raven hair was gray at the temples.

"Miss Jones, I presume?" He asked in a low, monotonous voice.

Dumbstruck, I nodded.

He took my bags and nodded solemnly. "This way, Miss," he called as he led me down a lavish hallway. Portraits of grave and handsome men seemed to watch us as he showed me to a small, simple room in the servant's quarters.

"Supper will be at eight o'clock in the dining room," he stated, and began to leave. I couldn't help but notice a jagged, angry red scar running down the center of his head and down his neck.

"I don't believe I caught your name," I said, stopping him.

He turned, giving me an amused smile that seemed out of place on his grim face. "That's because I didn't give it," he replied. "Mister Dunn, at your service, Miss Jones." He bowed ever so slightly.

At that moment, a hellish woman's scream, rang out from the far end of Dellis Hall.

"My God!" I exclaimed. "What *is* that?"

Mister Dunn, however, looked unphased. "Miss, I assure you there is nothing to fear. It is merely coming from the East End."

"Mister Dunn," I said, surprised, "It sounds as if someone is being tortured! We must do something!"

Mister Dunn ignored my statement and turned. "Call for Mary if you need anything further."

He left the room, leaving me to listen to the woman's screams. It was not yet eight, so I went about to unpacking in hopes that it might take my mind off of the East End. It was a hopeless attempt, and nonetheless I found myself standing by the door. I did not dare to exit in fear of having the same fate of the poor woman thrown upon me.

Just as I thought that the woman could not scream any longer, she stopped. The silence frightened me. I opened my door and called out softly, "Mister Dunn?...Mary?"

No one replied. I found a lit candle by my bedside, and I brought it with me as I ventured out. The small flame quivered as I walked and casted no light, providing me little comfort. As I reached the main foyer of Dellis Hall, I once again called out, "Mister Dunn? Mary? Are you there?"

A man's cries of pain came as a response. Never before had I heard such a bone-chilling sound. I couldn't help but think that the screams belonged to Mister Dunn, but I ignored the thoughts, gathered my courage, and made my way up the stairs to the East End.

The farther down the hall I walked, the more dingy and neglected the place became. The wallpaper was torn in almost long claw marks, and great portraits were ripped and tossed carelessly on the floor. The man's cries grew louder as I went, until they made my ears ache. A grand door was at the end of the hall, and I felt my palms turn icy as I approached. Just as I raised my fist to knock, the cries ceased. I heard rustling from the other side. Swallowing a lump in my throat, I knocked and said, "Mister Dunn, are you there?"

The door flew open, and I beheld my employer. He was a tall man with long, muscular limbs, a wide chest, and dark hair covering his entire body. A crazed look filled his dark, piercing eyes, and the most bizarre bit, I must say, were his teeth. They were too sharp and too long to belong to an average man, and it seemed that blood glistened from his canines.

Only after cataloging all of Sir Wellington's features did I notice the rest of the room. Bodies were strewn across the floor, lying in pools of their own blood. Visible gouge marks were on their necks, arms, and bellies of most of the bodies. I looked to Sir Wellington's feet, and to my horror, saw Mister Dunn. The poor butler was still half-alive, moaning and holding his arm, which now that matched the one on his head.

I gaped in sheer terror at Sir Wellington, who began to advance towards me. "You...*monster*," I said in barely a whisper.

My employer grinned at me in a wolf-like manner, showing me his pointed teeth. "Thank you, my dear," he replied in a cool tone.

I backed away from him, only to find myself against the wall I didn't remember being there before. A scream began to bubble in my throat, but I only let out a whimper.

"Ellis," Mister Dunn moaned, turning his head to face me. Gouge marks similar to those of the discarded bodies covered his face. A scream escaped from my lips.

Sir Wellington was now an inch or so away from touching my face. His breath smelled like rancid meat and strong wine combined. I winced and turned my face away.

The last thing I saw that night was Sir Wellington's hands. They were too large even for a man of his size, and dark hair covered the fingers. As for his fingernails, they were thick, pointed weapons that were crusted with dried blood. As his nails grazed my neck and drew blood, I screamed out. I knew for certain that it was the end.

I would never leave Dellis Hall.

Life

Jennifer Kozlowski

I feel as though I'm in a maze
Wandering and Wandering
With problems along the way
I'm not resourceful nor helpful
I'm in a maze wandering and Wandering
Do I belong here

A beautiful world
And horrible
Dark cloudy nights
Yet also nice and sunny
I do not age
I do not sleep

Where am I?
Will I always wander in this world?
I do not know.

DEATH'S DOOR

By Bailey Defino

Your day is gone, for
now it is dusk.

You are questioning
the day.

Is it done?

Have I won?

Was your life too
perfect,

Too simple,

Too true?

Did it really matter,

If you were

Righteous

Or not?

When your flame

Dies out,

Will it be

Rekindled?

And

What about love?

The love

From above?

Your beloved

Are here to meet you,

To confront you,

In front of death's door

But before you get a
chance

To ring death's bell,

You snap out of

Satan's conceited spell.

For it is time

To move on now,

To begin

Life anew.

Then come

Your memories.

Are they true?

Life's last hours are
upon you.

Did you have time,

To think about your
life?

To think about life in
general, will suffice.

But, is it all true?



Untitled

By Sherap Lama

Glistening gems are sent from the heavens
To endlessly glide on the breath of the wind.
The cold moon is a beacon
in the impenetrable silence of the night.
The sweet sounds and smells of the fall
Are no more.
In the distance, a coyote lets out a long low whine,
Deprived of the warmth and abundant
Food the other seasons bring.

As the last flickering candle is blown out
The land is tucked under a blanket
Of powdered snow white winter, curls
Itself over the land
And goes to sleep for this night
This moonlit night.



Untitled

By Lauren Torres

The crash of the waves,
The sounds of the sea.
The fact they don't know where they will be.
A journey, a struggle, a dream so great.
To get to the land for their big break.
And off they go, on a journey so slow.
Just to set foot on land unknown.
And once they arrive .
For they know cause they see,
Her torch lighting the way
To the land of new dreams.

The Statue of Liberty

By Dana Ciernak

The Statue of Liberty stands tall and proud,
Looking out at the skyline, she conquers all.

Her symbol is glory and might,
And she is always up for a fight.

Lady Liberty is her name,
And she holds the torch with the eternal flame.

Giving up is the last thing she'll do,
And if she's defeated she didn't actually lose.

United she'll always stand,
Her braveness will spread across the land.

Untitled

Matthew Gattullo

What is Freedom?

Freedom, oh what word.

Freedom, the encaged bird.

Freedom, climbing a tree.

Freedom, is anyone free?

Freedom, to hope is to dream.

Freedom, what does it mean?

Freedom, oh what a word.

Freedom.

Just a Folk Tale

By Kate Fishman

I was in the kitchen cooking a meal of butterbeans on All Hallows Eve, three years ago. My older daughter, Zaida, was outside in the yard. My younger, Kaymee, was sitting on the floor, fooling with a ragdoll. They're polar opposites, my girls.

I shivered as the wind whistled eerily through the dry, brittle trees.

"Come in from there, Zaida." I called. I turned to see her, staring up at the full harvest moon. "Zaida!" She turned to me, her eyes wide.

"There were ghosts out there, Mum." She said.

I rolled my eyes. "All Hallows Eve is just a folk tale. Now shush up and eat your butter beans."

Later, I got into bed with Kaymee. Zaida curled up beside us. I caught the fear in her eyes. "Its just a folk tale, Zaida. Go to sleep."

I had a restless night. I stirred from a nightmare at the sound of a strange, ghoulish scream. Just some kids messing around, I was sure.

I woke that morning facing Zaida's empty cot. Wait... empty cot? I searched and searched with panic in my throat. No Zaida. Not here, not there.

It has been three years to the day since my girl disappeared. Each day, I miss her and wonder what could have happened. Now, tonight I curl into bed with Kaymee against my chest.

"Do you think she'll be back, Mum?" she asks. I shrug.

Late at night, I hear a scream I remember too well. I race to open the door, and stare into the eyes of my girl. She's silvery, flickering.

"You told me they didn't exist." My daughter's voice is icy." But they do. I'm one of them now." Her lips curl in a sneer. And the spirit of my dear sweet girl lunges for my throat.



Liberty Poem

By Guilliana Donato

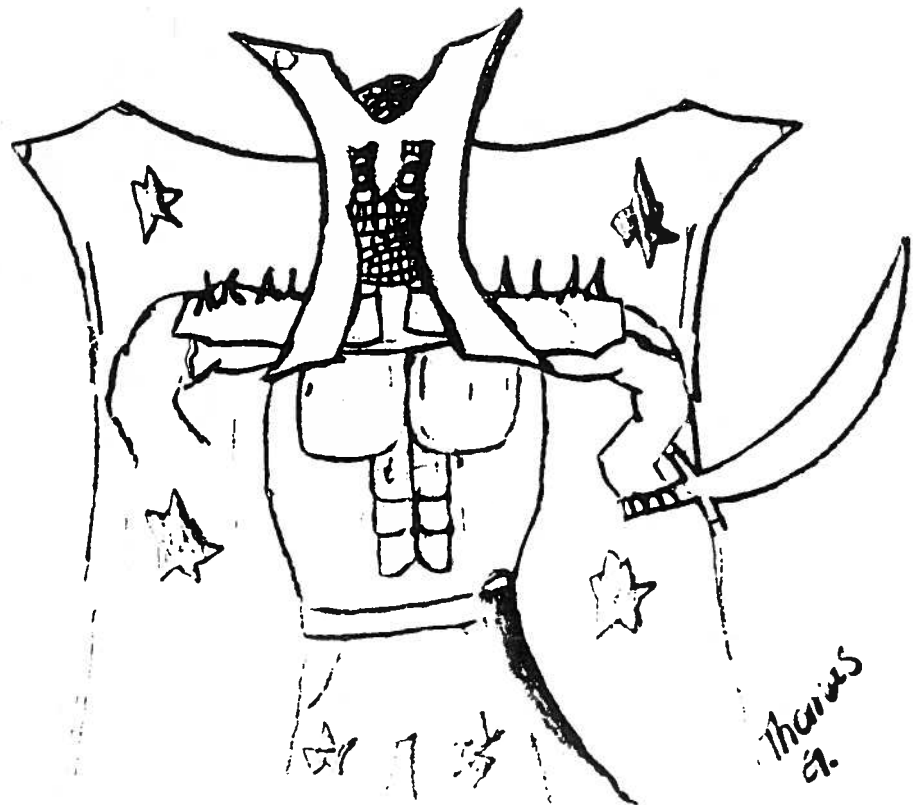
Liberty
Wonderful, Powerful,
Learning, Dancing, Driving
Statue, Lincoln, Government, Independence
Read, Play, Choose
Strong, Forceful
Freedom

Freedom Haikus

By Lia Kucera

My freedom is mine
Like a nest is to a bird
My heart is soaring

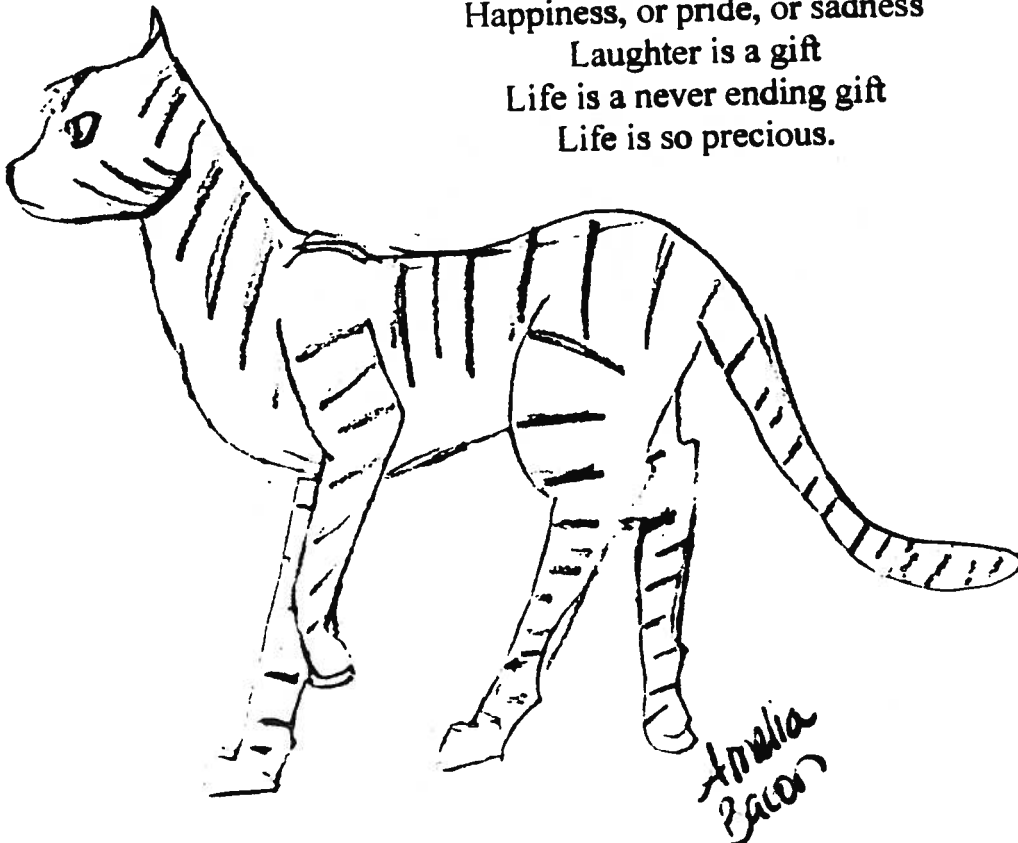
Freedom is like a strength
It is there no matter what
Its forever here



Life

By Indigo Moon Carroll

Life is the rhythm of tap shoes
Tough leather outsoles
But produce a sweet, rhythmic sound
Life is the things you do
To build up to that point in time
The tears you have cried,
The people you have remembered
(or more so, ones you have danced to)
Life is a remote
But the rewind button broke off
So all your choices
Add to who you will be inside
Nothing you will do
Will be longer than life itself
When, in any case
You feel sad or start to cry
Tears aren't threats to you
Because if you have never cried,
You have never shown
Happiness, or pride, or sadness
Laughter is a gift
Life is a never ending gift
Life is so precious.



Untitled

Luke McConnell

love is sort of like an airport terminal

people waving off

or welcoming home

stumbling on the high altitudes

or mini whiskeys or cokes

where dreams are set out on

or left on a whim

where you'll find yourself so often

filling paper bags up with sick

but every once in a while

you won't miss that flight

no baggage allowance

the weather will be nice

You'll speed down that runway

your wrist wrung on your lap

you'll lift off into the sunset

you'll never look back.

Untitled

By Yesenia Melendez

We're there. I can feel it.
To America we go.
We come forth.
From far away lands.
To seek new opportunities.
But yet some will go back.
This journey was useless.
For Me.
Well I'm scared.
I don't want to go back.
I hate having to be on this ship.
Close together.
Sleeping on hammocks.
It's worth it.
I will turn into a bird.
I see the Statue.
She's waiting for us.
Here I go.
Here we are.
The lady is watching over us throughout our new lives.
Freedom.



Eliska
Estrella★

Untitled

By Meldies Estrella

A burning passion
a fire that embraces you
this is what love is thought to be

it's not

love is respect

it's the feeling of care

you'll look at no one else

there is passion

I must admit

But the passion is different

It's the type where you could not feel the same with others

the type that would not allow you to betray your love

the type that is yours.

Those who do pursue the burning passion

when the passion is gone

so will that fake love leave

they will scream,

yell,

and hate each other

until they leave

or betray each other.

So which love do you wish to pursue.

Freedom Standing Tall

By Avery Towers

Freedom is a long corridor
Waiting to be walked into.
As you start to walk in
You smell the salt water
You hear the waves
Crashing at the shore
And you see...
The old Statue of Liberty
Standing tall
Proud of what it has done
on its old, crusty column
It stands for
Freedom
While you walk out
The smell of ocean water
Becomes stronger
And a cold wind
Blows in your face
And you see immigrants
Rushing to freedom.
The freedom that you
Already have



Untitled

By Luke McConnell

Mirrors make me nervous

I never know who's staring in.

Do you think I could disappear?

Hell, I'm halfway there.

He stood and said "If it's all a joke I want the proof before the hospital."

Don't worry for me, I'll catch on.

Pull a breath as I pass the cemetery

So I know I'm not on my own

My glory days are more like midnights

Were in and out the zone

If I rattled the cage 'till the gates swung

open, think Ms. Mockingbird would call me her own?

Don't worry for me

I'll catch on.



Wear those doomsday clocks on your wrist like a Rolex

By Luke McConnell

I've just been sitting around, daydreaming
Of sneakers into heaven on other peoples IDs.
Watching the embers dance
& cool on skin
Scoping out the ones
That dull like me
Everything I don't know, I've mouthed to everyone else
All the things I kept in, are the things that pour out
I want my eulogy proofread,
Edited,
Before it hits the print press
Oh, won't let deaf
be a footnote on life
Baby knows his bite ain't like mine
There ain't a ditch or landfill you can't crawl through
with knees black, blue and bruised
Write off my youth like a rally car
Floating back and forth
Between the bench and the bar
My head's adjourned
My heart's lawyer
Tell me, is it better to make a moment forever
or make it through without the holes

Statue of Liberty Poem

By Meshe Matzin-Nystrom

Freedom and liberty represent,
Through the door of courage they were sent.
Though the ocean wide,
They did not divide,
But into the new land they went.
No hate no misery, no evil abound,
The bell of liberty they heard resound.
And although they were free,
The worried that we
Were not as nice as we sound.
But the friendship that came,
There was no disdain,
And the statue
In the harbor
It stays.



Cynthia
Navarro

Freedom Poem: If Only

By Nicole Olarsch

Walking through the streets they are filled with people as white as the clouds in the sky and as dark as the tree branch waiting ahead.

I wonder how it feels to not have the peace of mind knowing that you can be yourself, do what you want and go where you want.

That little girl walking with her mom, only dreaming about doing what we can do.

I wonder what it feels like, not being able to feel like you were a part of it all.

What it feels like not being able to make friends with that little girl on the other side of the road.

For she was only across the way, but it felt like she was on a different universe.

For she was only a different color, but completely the same on the inside.

If only people could see what I see. The fact that we are not all that different. We are all the same.

If only...

10/27/2011

By Arianna Wesdorp

Lots of writing, pencils move.

Ms. X is taking attendance in the background; otherwise, it's very quiet.

People say "here".

The silence is so strong that it feels like everyone is passed out.

Ms. X explains something that is very faint.

Moving desks and rustling papers bring me back to school.

NIGHT & DAY

Arianna Wesdorp

As the mystic
Majestic
Moon sets the mood to night,
I lie down and watch as the bright
Stars come out and draw.

As the sun disappears,
I lie and watch
While the roses in the sky go to
Rest.


It soon becomes day
And the moon goes away
So I awaken from a deep sleep.

I notice that the
Fluffy pillows
Have moved away
So I can have my day.

Liberty

By Brennan McEntee

Liberty is the clicking in a voting booth
Liberty is the shouts of protesters
Liberty is being in a church choir.
Liberty is NOT being in a church choir.
Liberty is the quick decision to travel
Liberty is seeing your sister graduate
Liberty is seeing your sister be who she wants to be
Liberty is sleeping without fear.
Liberty is wearing a burka
Liberty is NOT wearing a burka.



Arianna Wesdorp

It

By Collin Sherow

It being what it has a way of staying in the mind.

The mind is a prison to it because it is an idea.

Now knowing what it is we form the idea into

Something relatable like love, loss, longing.

Now knowing what the idea is we form love loss and longing into a feeling for another in that image, the image of love formed around another, a brother or a lover

Now knowing what love, loss, and longing is we figure why go on.

Why classify everything in life and simplify it to the best of our abilities when it is or can be just as simple as it is.

So while life is going on around you, stop and think whay if life is it, it being what it is has a way of staying in the mind.

Think About It.



The Bird of Hope

By Meshe Katzin-Nystrom

Hope is like a bird,

Willing you forever,

The strongest will you'll ever feel

To be taken down never.

It's always with you, everywhere,

Anytime at all,

Never asking for anything more,

And never letting you fall.

Untitled

By Meldies Estrella

Time is mine

You think

Time never runs out for me

But little by little

Your time slips through the cracks

And everything you've done serves no purpose

You have nothing to be known by

You are worthless

But you can't change that, can you

For your time has run out

And you're gone

You will be forgotten

No one will care that you existed

And this is because you wasted all your time

Let it slip through the cracks

And now

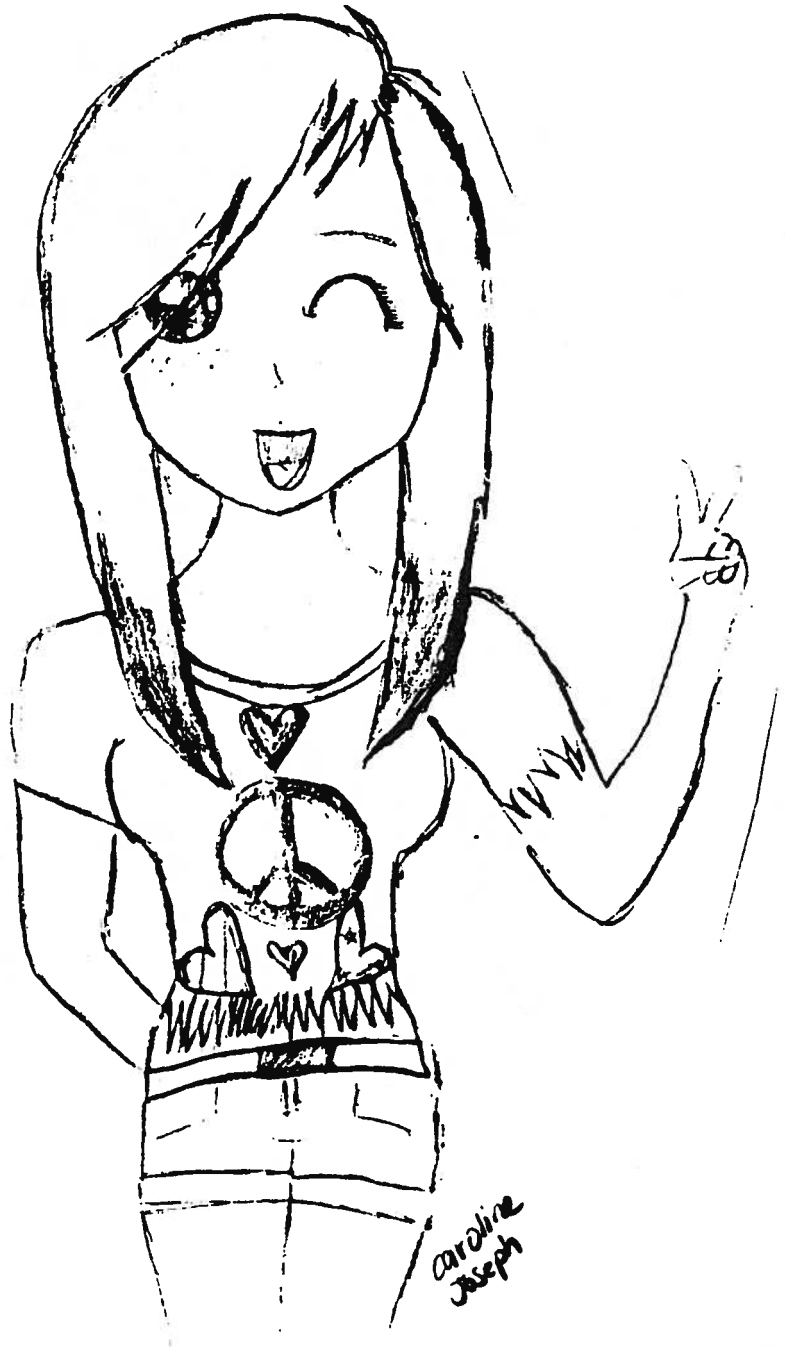
It's like you never existed

And no one will ever care

The Statue of Liberty

By Ashley Curtis

There I see the statue
so tall so strong,
the thing that gives us
freedom
stands right in front
of me.
I hear the sounds
of the harbor behind
me but all I can
focus on
is the giant Lady
Liberty standing
in front
of me. I also
see the
sky line where
New York city
is but still I can only focus
on Lady Liberty.





Untitled

By Moshe Katzin-Nystrom

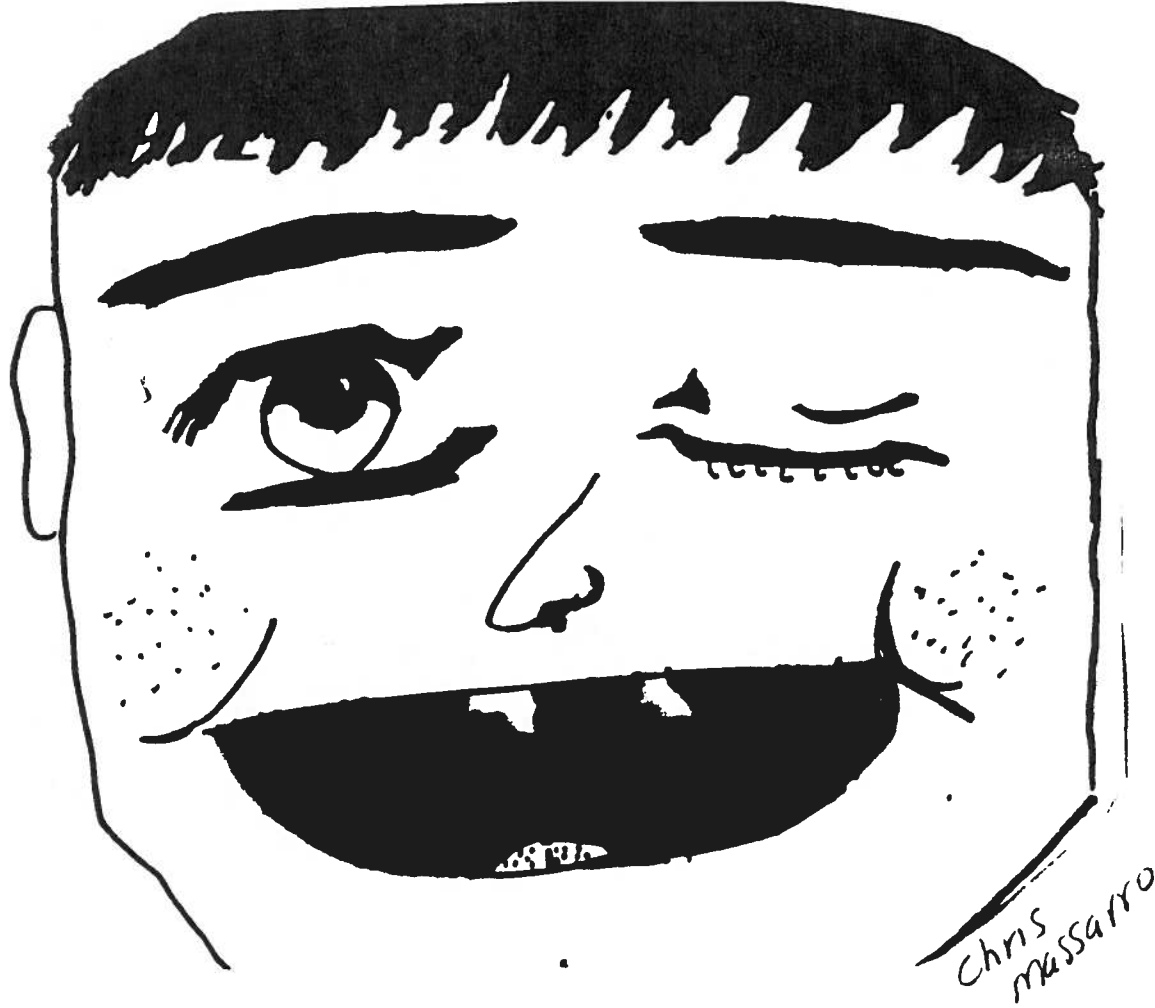
This is your singing telegram,
I hope it finds you well,
You're invited to a party
'cause we think you're really swell!

NAME is turning AGE years old.

So help us celebrate
The cake will be delicious
The festivities first-rate!

There will be games and dancing
Bob for apples, cut a rug
And when the party's over
We'll gather 'round for a group hug!

It won't be the same without you
So we hope that you say yes
So please, oh please R.S.V.P.
And come be our guest!



October

By Arianna Wesdorp

The weather is nice, not too cold.
A breeze blows in once in a while.
It's a little too quiet outside, no sing-song birds.
No squirrels running around.
Leaves everywhere.
Nice rustling noise when the wind blows across the field.
Trees are swaying.
The clouds are wonderful.
The bright blue sky looks so very pretty.
At last, the sun shines like a big, beautiful sunflower.
This is October 20th, 2011.

Untitled

By Corey Burke

Freedom
Living, awake
Amazing, open, free
Statue of Liberty, butterflies, sky, trees
Delightful, big, beautiful
Tremendous, justice
Liberty



Sonnet

By Sarah Rubin

She prances around like Queen of the World
Her gaudy-toned dress turning every head
Her red lips need not to utter a word
Her plumpness is proof for her being fed.

Her spouse is most likely King of the Sea
Her husband is Poseidon, impressive
Yet she is probably wife one of three
That's one heck of a life she gets to live

She approached me with a friendly glare
'Good day, Madame,' I blurted right away
She smiled with teeth. Started to stare.
I could see she had a problem with tooth decay

A wave appears wit Poseidon aloft
The Madame and King of the Sea took off



Our Lovely Lady

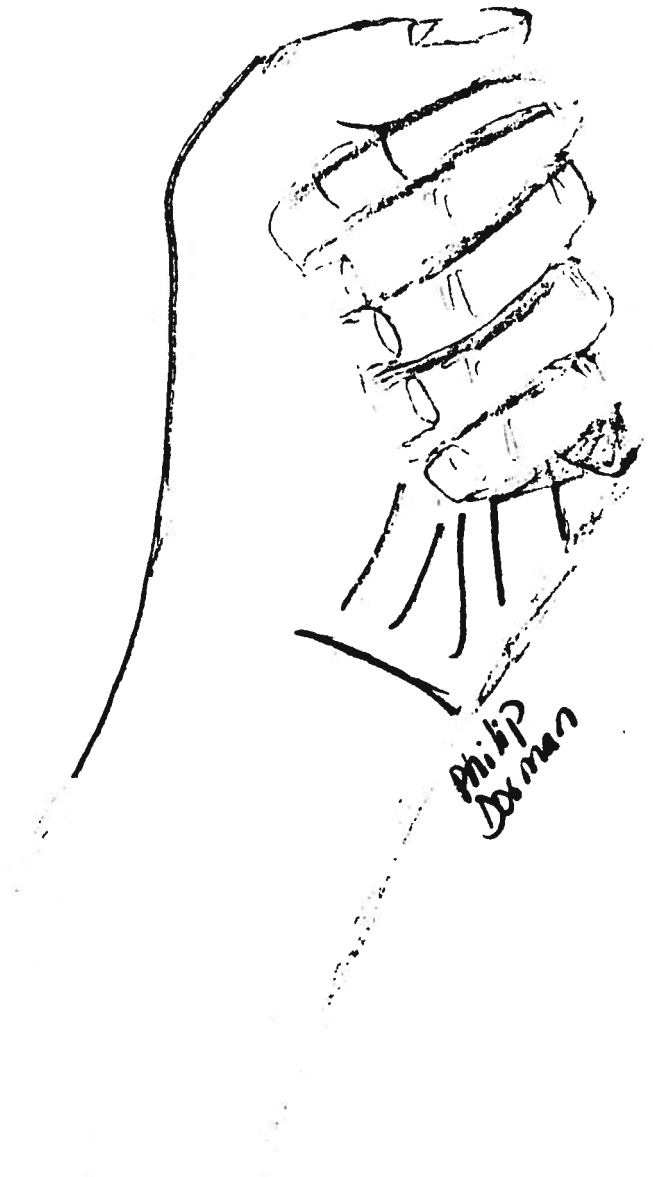
By Anonymous

Our lovely lady stands
tall and confident
she is an American
she is hope, courage, and freedom

Our lovely lady is as strong
as a bear, when her country's
Twin Towers were about to fall
she still stood strong and tall

Our lovely lady never sheds a tear,
No matter what comes to hurt her,
she never gives up, she
looks at her city with love

As the sun sets,
her torch lights up,
she hopes to, for the day
to not only be a symbol of freedom for America
But for all.



Untitled

By Owen Sheekey

Freedom is a bird
full of flight
flying through
a starry night

It flies and flies
without any fright
for its wings have no need
to beat with all their might

She is Beautiful

By Alex Guzman

The water splashing against the ship represents the tears of joy she brought. All of the kisses on the ground thank her. The wind is all the whispers they spoke "She is beautiful".

They have traveled hardships unknown. As they wander what will happen next, they see it, they see freedom. Her torch is lighting their way through a new life. Thousands of dreams are granted. Hopes fulfilled, freedom is born on this one beautiful statue. As you stand next to her, it is amazing. The relief you feel is unbelievable. The new life you have now, only one question is in your mind, What will happen next?

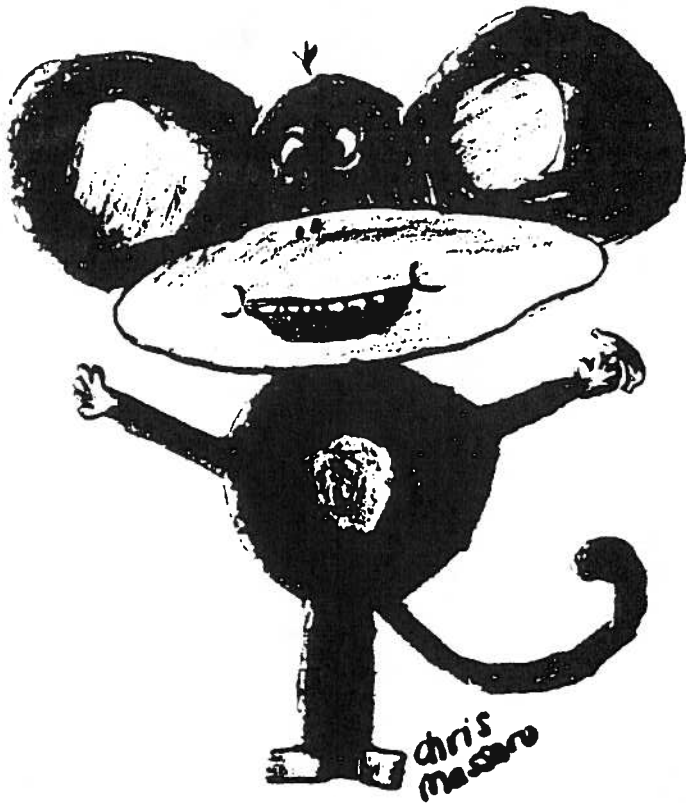
Pure Poison

By Dayna Kelly

To my lies whispered at the dead of night,
A promise made without breaking the silence.
To my tears shed from the poison in the words we speak,
To those whose hearts are darkened with revenge.
Tempted by the greed that haunts our dreams,
Darkening what was once pure.

Abandoned and unwanted
Lost in a web of lies.
Hated by those we've learned to trust,
For we can never be trusted again.
We pretended to be happy,
Many faced by the masks we wear.
Yet few are as lucky as I,
For the friends I'm blessed
Do not know me. I'm a flawed design,
Destined to fight alone.

Unwanted by the strangers that surround me,
Untouched by the known.
I've lost myself in the nothing I am today,
I've lost my pure heart and loving soul.
I must find her,
For it's the only truth I've ever known.
The only hopeful light in my darkened world.



The Rock

By Jacob Sirof

Have you ever stepped out your back door to find yourself in an entirely new and mystical place? Not a hundred steps from my back deck lay woods teeming with wildlife just waiting to be explored. The woods are alive with the ebb and flow of nature.

At the edge of a creek a looming rock seems to pulse with the energy of the wild. This weathered titan stands alone in the woods behind my house. Its old Quartz Conglomerate surface has seen many storms in its time. It has emerged as a smooth and intricately designed patchwork quilt. Around the rock, bluebirds, swallows, and robins weave through the woods sweetly singing...an orchestra of sweet song floating through the air. Deer roam around, without destination, eating the berries from thorn bushes and the leaves on the lower branches of the oaks. A rush of crisp, clean air sweeps over the rock and gently rustles the dried leaves. Skeletal limbs wave in the wind as the brown barked sentinels bow down to the sun. In the center of it all, a bubbly stream winds its careless way through the vivid sunlit forest.

The rock is a tranquil retreat. The birds, deer, and other wildlife have really affected me. I hope that this unique place will always be pristine and amazing. I want it to remain through the generations so that everyone can see how utterly breathtaking it is to sit and become part of nature itself. The birds singing and making their cheerful tweets united with the reassuring chortle of the brook that winds like a ribbon through the forest take all of your nagging thoughts away.

Summers in Ukraine (2010 and 2011)

By Lexi Hamilton

PART 1

I am a part of a Ukrainian folk band, Korinya (meaning roots-in honor of our ancestors). In the summer of 2010, we went on a charity tour to Ukraine.

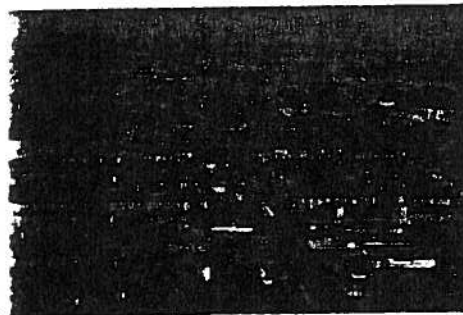
First we went to Kyiv and played at the Krayina Mrij (Country of Dreams) festival. The festival was huge and it was REALLY hot there. Near the festival location, we played at the Ivan Honchar museum, with Nina Matvienko (a famous

Ukrainian singer) in the audience. Both performances were outdoors. We also went to a Waldorf school in the country of Kyiv. (Below is a picture of Kyiv, taken on the plane.)

Then we went to L'viv and played at the Krayina Mrij festival there and a street festival, too. Then we made our way to the Ivano-Frankivsk oblast to play at an assisted living home.

Our last stop was in the Rivne Oblast ("rivne" means straight and "oblast" means state), and we played music for children ages 2-6 in an orphanage. The kids were very outgoing and eager to discover the world. They were very playful, too. We started sending them packages of clothing and other things, such as toys and toothbrushes. We continue to collect donations to send to them to help out. ☺

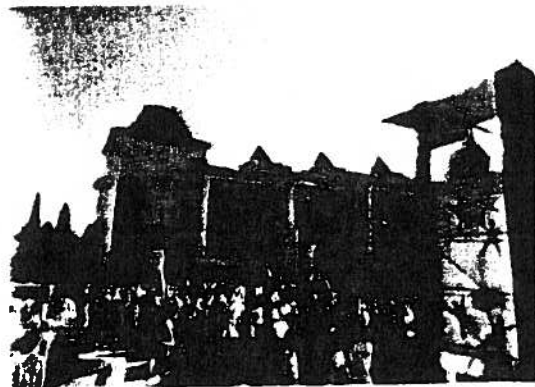
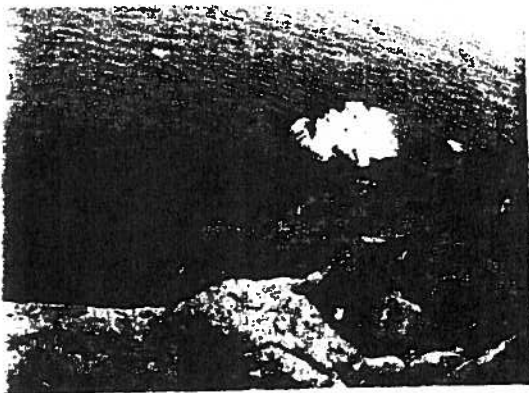
We also went to the Carpathian Mountains to a well-known Ukrainian folk musician, Mykhailo Tafychuk. Mr. Tafychuk makes his own traditional Ukrainian instruments, such as the hurdy-gurdy ("lira" in Ukrainian), the Sopilka (which is basically like a wooden recorder type instrument). One of the most interesting things about going to visit him was watching him start to make a Sopilka. The mountains themselves were very beautiful scenery, and they were very vast in all directions



PART 2

This summer, I went to the 10th International Children's Festival at the ARTEK children's center near Crimea and right on the coast of the Black Sea. I was a delegate of the U.S. along with nine other kids. Everyday of the first week, five countries would have their flags raised (there were 54 countries at the festival

so it took a while). Then later that day those countries would each have a tent in the ethno-fair, giving the other countries a chance to learn about their country. Each night, there would be a dance party, similar to the co-recs our school has, because you could dance, talk with people from other countries, play soccer or basketball, or go to the Internet room to use the Internet. (Let me tell you, that was the place to be...) All over the campgrounds they had little museums featuring different things, kind of like super little Smithsonian museums. There was a space museum, a prehistoric museum, a nature museum, an ARTEK museum, and a general mid 1900s of Europe museum. The best aspects of the festival were meeting people from all over the world, and going swimming in the Black Sea. The beach was all stones, no sand, and the water was full of no-sting jellyfish. The best memory I have is of meeting people from all over, and I now have friends in Ukraine, Romania, Georgia, Estonia, etc. (Below is a picture of the official opening of the festival. That is not all the kids that were there. Below is also shown a picture of the Black Sea.)



The Life of an Immigrant

By Nicholas Thompson

I awake from a dark sleep

My heart is pounding with excitement against my chest

As I and my immigrants enter Ellis Island

I see a goddess of freedom on

Her pedestal with a torch in one hand and a

Tablet on the other.

I see her standing Tall and Proud watching over New York City

As I step onto the island the Statue greets me saying

“Welcome to Freedom”

Untitled

By Ann Khan

Freedom

independence, liberty

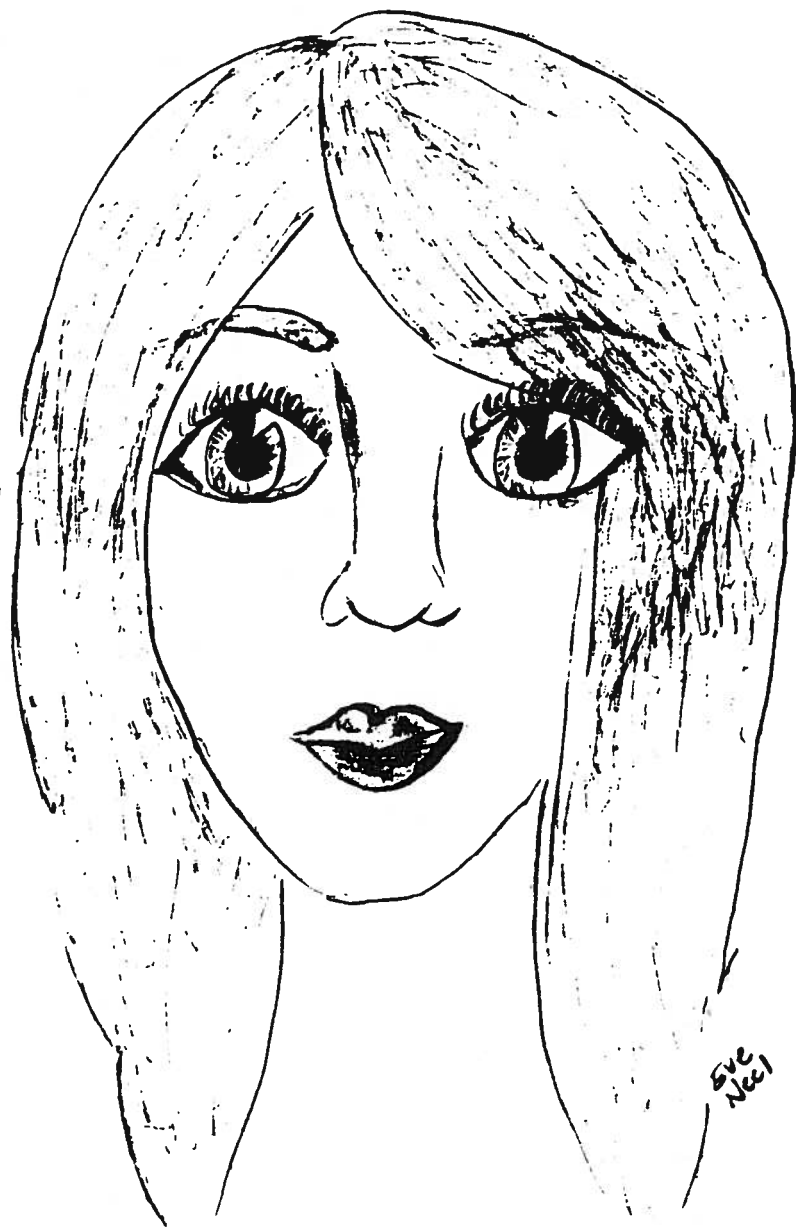
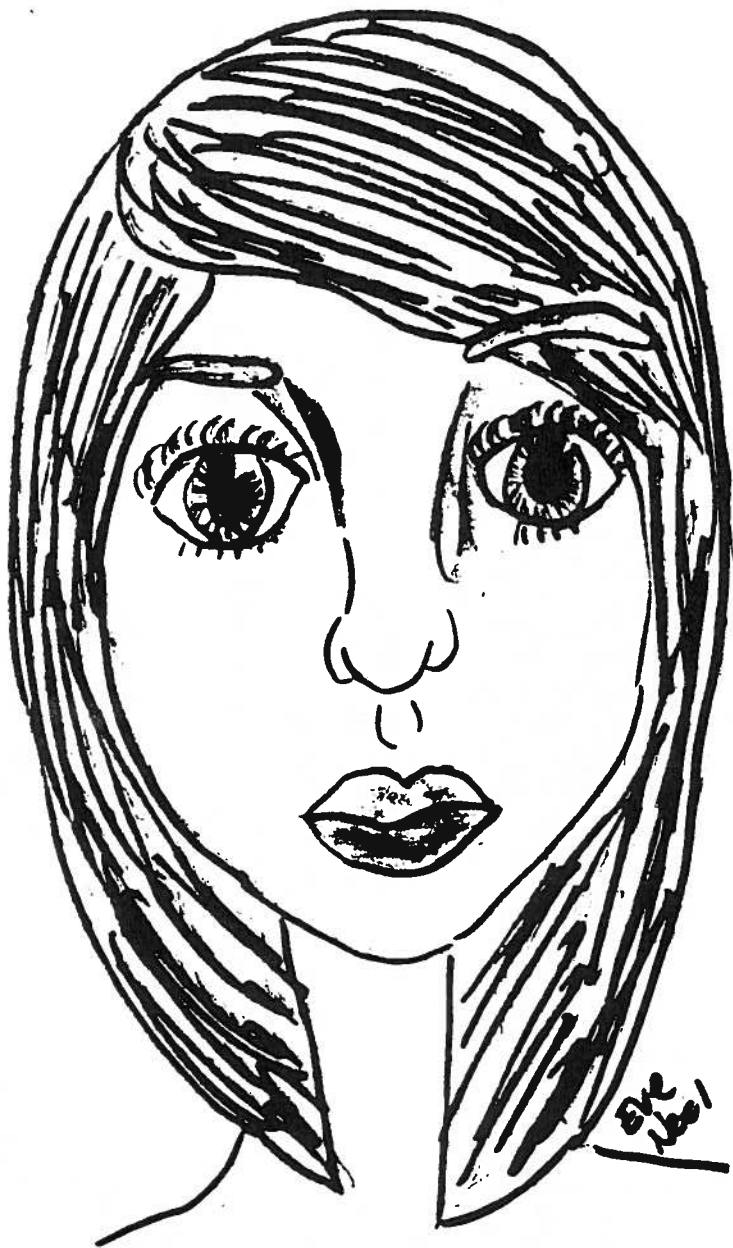
willing, freeing, flying,

butterfly, thoughts, maidservant

laboring, hardworking, never-ending,

imprisoned, trapped,

Slave.



Sonnet

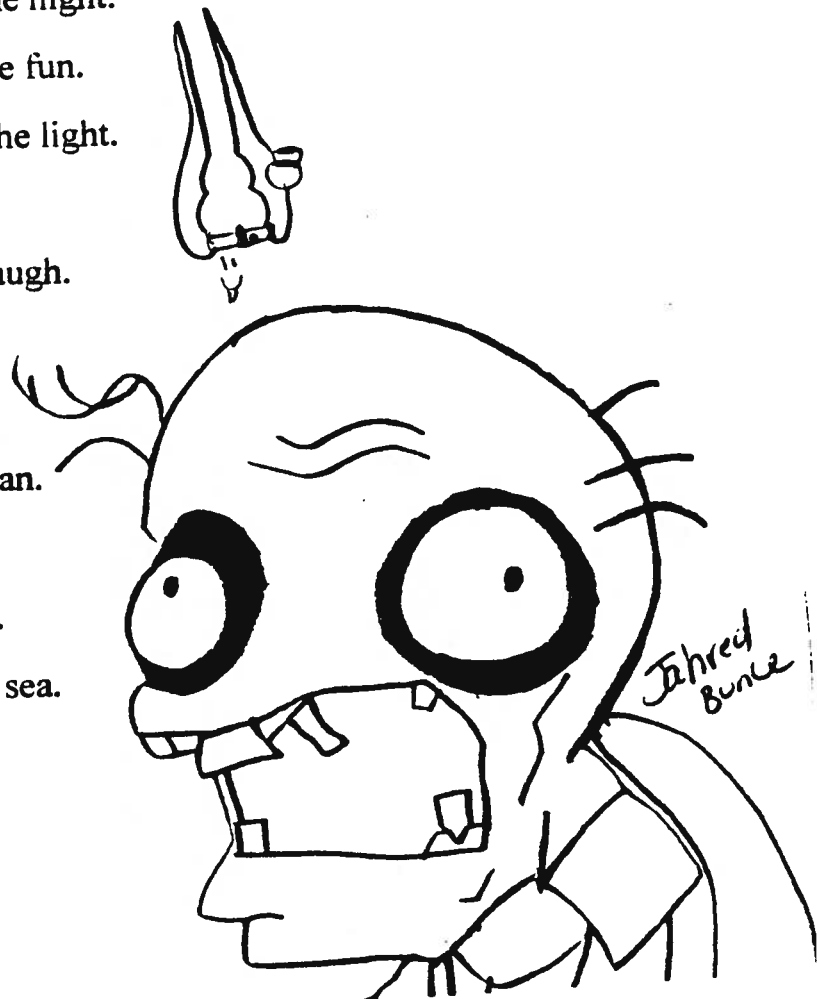
By Olivia Profaci

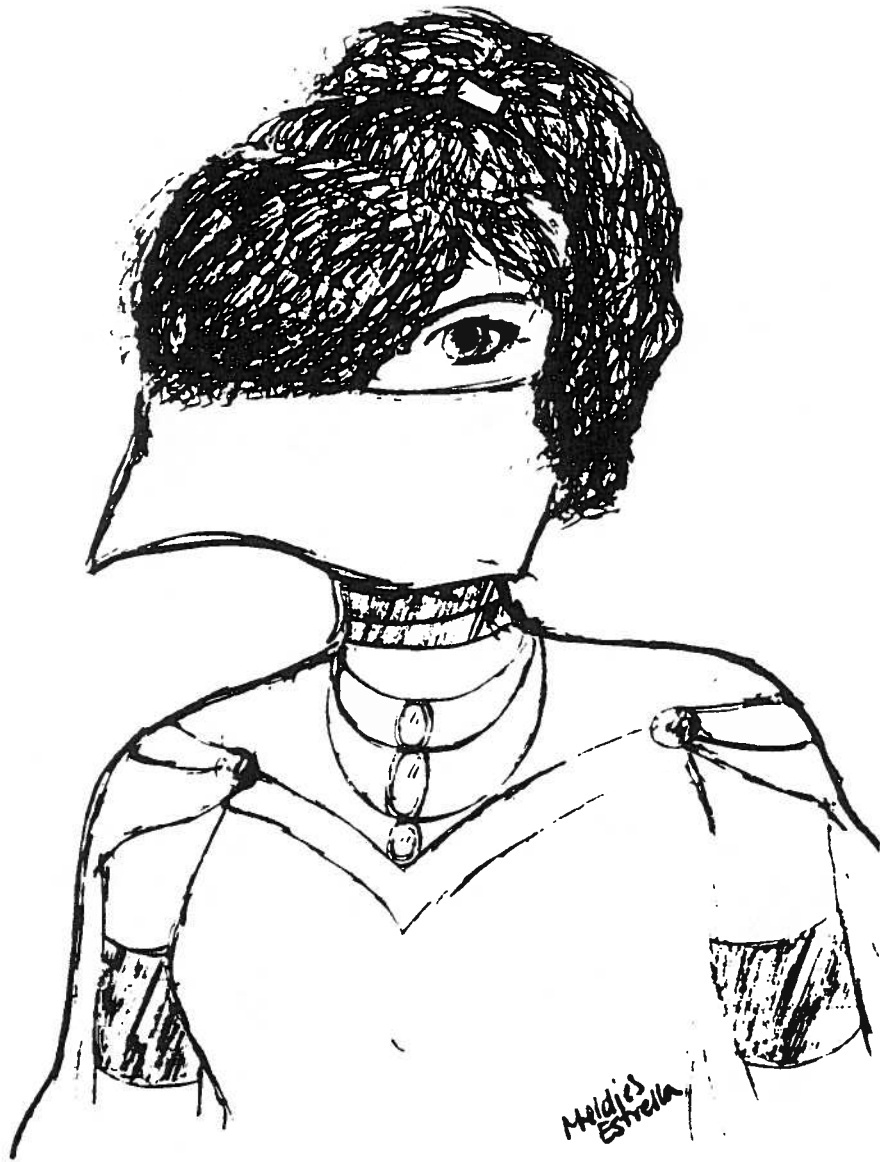
Love is a blessing that cannot be lost.
It's a gift that can be given to all.
When one loves another, there is no cost.
Many women try not to, but then they fail.

As hard as she tried, she fell for one.
He had black hair that was as black as the night.
He always showed her how to have some fun.
When things got tough, he showed her the light.

And when she left down, he made her laugh.
She was so lucky to have such a man.
He was always the type to have a blast.
And then, one day, people said he had ran.

One person told her that he did not flee.
They told her he was swallowed by the sea.





The Statue of Liberty

By Joshua Berry

The visitors look up at the huge, majestic sight.

It stands tall in the harbor, not budging.

It stares out at the city; guarding it strong.

One can imagine what immigrants thought, as they gazed at the statue, standing tall.

With its torch lit up and its back ramrod straight.

It's a formable sight.

It gives hope to the weary and strength to all.

It's the first thing you see as you enter the harbor.

And now as I gaze up, I can only imagine, what those first immigrants thought as they entered the new land.

ANKH POEM

By Oliver Goland

Seasons fade and rise anew
Summer to autumn
The moon slowly waxes and wanes
The clock gives a sinister smile
Time is ticking by
Hear the steady beat of your life
Like a metronome
The fresh smell of an evergreen
A chorus of birds
There are many doorways in life
So choose the right one.

Animal Sanctuary

By Evan Abrams Gruskiewicz

Some say that the previous owner of my dad's property in Gardiner got his tractor stuck in the ever-deepening mud of the aftermath of a rainfall, so he had to call a tow truck to get his tractor out, but in the end the previous owner never saw his tractor in use again. I love my dad's property because I always get to observe and examine the ever changing outdoors. My dad's property is a sanctuary for animals to relax and rejuvenate.

As I stand at the end of the trail that goes throughout the property I stare into the deep forest and see all of the amazing forest dwelling creatures. The electric neon azure blue-jays let out their alarm that people are here, so all of the small critters run around on the forest floor. The squirrels clamber up the trees in an awkward fashion, leaving their half-buried nuts on the ground. At one point on the trail there is a row of all (or should I say, some because the deer always consume them because they are so small) of our past Christmas trees. The ones that the deer have not eaten are now about six to seven feet tall. When the falling leaves are on the ground it is so stunning. It is as if we walk on a carpet of fire. We have a stream that is strewn throughout the pathway; sometimes we see slick bullfrogs that jump off of corrugated and sometimes prickly rocks. The ripples from their landing reverberate throughout the water. In the winter the brisk air is cold and brings the smell of winter that is somewhat indescribable. Sometimes, the arctic air will wake me up like a splash of water to the face. All of the animals that exist in my dad's property are so amazing and intriguing. When I first step out of my car all I smell are the ever-growing pines.

Overall, my dad's property is a very immaculate and tranquil place. As I said before, all of the animals are amazing, like the squirrels, blue jays, and the giant bullfrogs. I enjoy my dad's property a lot and I wish that it will always stay very tranquil and pristine. My dad bought the property right before I was born, and someday when the property is mine, I hope I will keep it the same way that it already is, a sanctuary!

Run

By Joshua Berry

Run, run; away from this land.

They do not want you for you are so different.

Run faster! Run Faster!

They're trying to catch you!

Don't stop, don't look back, don't listen to their empty promises.

Run! The opening is closing. You have your chance! Go now, go quickly, you
mustn't be tardy!

For the times are getting darker. You can feel it all around you. Leave all the
people who are blocking the light.

Don't listen to anyone! Don't stop for directions!

Run, run; away from this land.

Freedom Poem

By Aaron Murphy

Freedom is an eagle

soaring through the sky

not caring or knowing where to land,

with no home or anywhere to be

no worries about anything or anyone,

Freedom is a bird

Untitled

By Collin Sherow

Every somber frown she flashes makes me pity her less. Her feeble words pierce my ears like an arrow to the throat. I feel a discrete form of sadness then the one she wants. My sadness only forms when she tries or succeeds to make others feel sorry for her.

That's the sad part.

She tries to make everyone around her feel that her life is worse than kids stricken with poverty, starving on the streets, dying and tortured and... On and on.

It makes me sick in any literal sense you can think of.

And the nerve, the audacity she has to put others down and gripe on how she feels abandoned by all others in her presence.

And people fall.

They get caught in the bear traps called sorrow or the trip wires called lies that were only created by their gullible thoughts and their vulnerable hearts.

She would cry on and on about her so called "heartless break ups" and how they eat her alive knowing that there are "criminals" out there just waiting to steal your heart and break it like an ice sculpture on a summer day.

"Soon my heart will become a puzzle and I'd wait patiently for the right one to solve it"

She'd cry out.

I would sooner laugh at that statement 'til my insides collapsed

I just find it sad.

It's as if all others in her presence are inferior and she is all mighty.

That's the fantasy she would create for herself.

Sometimes she would cry excessively for minutes on end and peek out to see if others care or even watch as she sobs.

They would raise their eyebrows in disgust knowing that she faked it all.

Everyone around her would start to lose trust in her and possibly shun her like she has the plague.

And she does.

She sets an example for all others around her.

Following in her foot steps we start to observe more and more of mini she, some even boys.

And the plague would spread.

Fortunately for me I'm immune and to some, I'm the vaccine but it will always be a disease that's hard not to be infected with when exposed.

This infectious plague started with one but destroyed many.

So when I go home at night I'll make a grave yard in my head for all those who have caught this plague and lay my former friends to rest.

There is one girl who will never have a proper grave in my head, that's she.



A BOAT FOR MY THOUGHTS

By Collin Sherow

There's a boat.

I can't describe it in words, but it's my boat.

All my thoughts, all the ideas I have ever had is stored in this boat.

This boat holds everything I know and everything I will know forever.

I was scheduled to direct this boat to everyone who cares about what I have to say.

I missed the boat.

It crashed and I realized when I felt a down pour of loneliness.

Friends, Family, Creativity, Personality, Identity, and Intelligence all survived.

I felt a part missing of me even though all parts were there.

No.

Someone died and the only reason I cared was out of curiosity

I searched.

I searched for it everywhere but it was not there.

Maybe it was never there.

Or maybe it was always there.

Maybe I shouldn't care bit it hurts when a chunk of you is missing.

I no longer have a boat, so maybe if I build a new boat I can build up a new emotion.

I talked to Family and Friends and they brought nails.

Creativity and Personality said they'd bring paint.

Intelligence brought the structure plan and Identity brought the wood.

I no longer had a gap in my mind.

We all worked together and built this boat that was beautifully crafted.

I can't describe it in words but it's... our boat.

