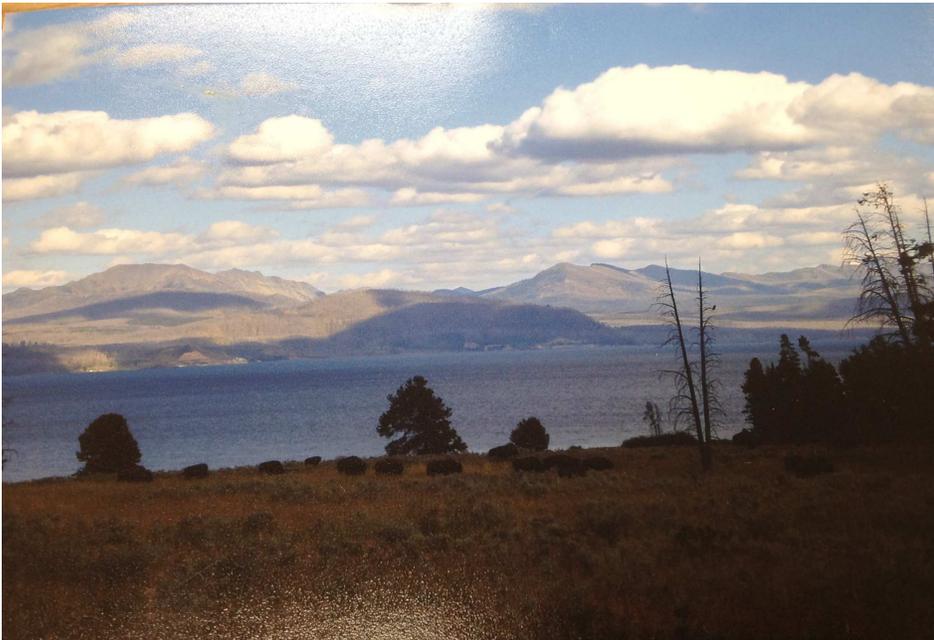


HOMMOCKS

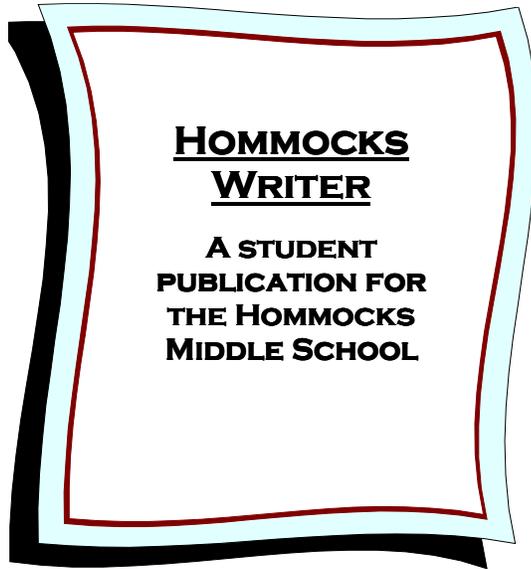


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Winter

Winter

There is only one color tonight
The beautiful white
What do you know of winter's chill?
The children they play and get their fill
Of the fluffy wonder that is snow
But the elderly are the ones who know
Winter is brutal and restless
The battle we fight is endless
With a foe who sees us as careless
But our joy is precious
It leaves us restless
In the heat of battle that is reckless
And we fight the cold to the point that we're senseless
But the winter cold is deathless
And we must fight it, until we are left breathless
Winter

Audrey Maneker

Anya
Raikhovski



Aruba's Beach
AJ Vaccaro

On Presidents Week of 2009, I went on the best vacation of my life. On a Friday morning, the third to last day of my trip to Aruba, there was a beautiful view of the sunrise from my family's hotel room. "Later, we are going to go to the beach," said my mom. My brother and I were really excited.

After a short time my family and I hit the beach. "The beach is huuuuuge," said my brother. There were people tubing and water trampolining, and the water was super clear. The beach was just amazing.

Once we set the umbrella up, my brother and I went in the water. There were little tropical fish swimming around. I never saw this in my life before. The water was so clear; it looked like Poland Spring water in the ocean.

Finally, my brother and I got asked if we wanted to do an activity. My brother wanted to go tubing, but I wanted water skiing. My brother was scared of water skiing so we went tubing. My brother told the guy, "Can we go tubing? And will there be double tubes?" The guy responded, "Yeah, also you could have triple person tubes if you want." My brother and I picked the two person tube.

Once my brother and I signed the clipboard, the guy handed us the two person tube, and he told us to walk to the

dock and there would be a person named Juan waiting there.

Immediately after my brother and I ran to the dock, Juan was sitting on a chair waiting for us. My mom and dad had to come because my brother was six and I was eight. Juan led us to a speed boat which looked like it was just bought from the store.

At last, after we all got settled in the boat, we went off. Once we were in Juan's "special spot" for tubing, Juan and my dad placed the two person tube in the water while my brother and I were putting on our life jackets. My brother and I jumped off the boat's ledge into the two person tube. My brother and I gave Juan a thumbs up and he sped away. It was so fast, I could imagine Superman flying us around in the tube.

Later that Friday afternoon when we got off the boat, we said thank you to Juan and left the dock.

I enjoyed my experience of all the clear ocean and seeing all those different tropical fish. In New York, we can't experience clear waters because people pollute our waters. It was important because if I never saw this, I would've never experienced seeing clear water. I also experienced how fun water sports could be.

Don't Get On The Train
Susanna Weber

The train pulls to a stop. The doors open, and the warm artificial lights shine into the 6 AM winter darkness.

I stand up.

I grab my suitcase.

I don't get on the train.

Instead, I look around. At the small, grimy shops that line the sides of the tracks. At the tall, imposing hotels inviting in weary travelers. At the graffiti covered row of seats behind me.

No sane person is awake yet. Everything is dark, dull and lifeless.

And yet.

Every single thing I see reminds of the life I am leaving behind.

The McDonalds where I would go with my friends after school, where we would spend the time we should be using to do homework laughing at all the stupid, d*<>! teenage guys who came in.

The same seats we would sit on, complaining together about the perpetually late trains, but still secretly glad of getting extra time together.

And even the train looked like the ones I would see every day, take every day, either home or to a friend's house or wherever we were going. Always somewhere familiar, always some place I knew and loved.

I wasn't going anywhere familiar today.

I was going to the airport. And then, you guessed it, on a plane. And then I was going 3,783 miles away from the place that had been my home for the last six years.

I don't get on the train.

Instead, I keep looking around, trying to take in everything at once. I want to remember every cobblestone, every smell, every shop window. Every memory here, every memory in the last six years. I can't let myself forget this place. I won't.

I want to forget everything, the good and the bad. I want to start on a blank piece of paper and never deal with this pain again.

I don't want to get on that train.

My dad pulls me, my mom pushes me, my little brother whines. The train whistles, as if complaining along with them.

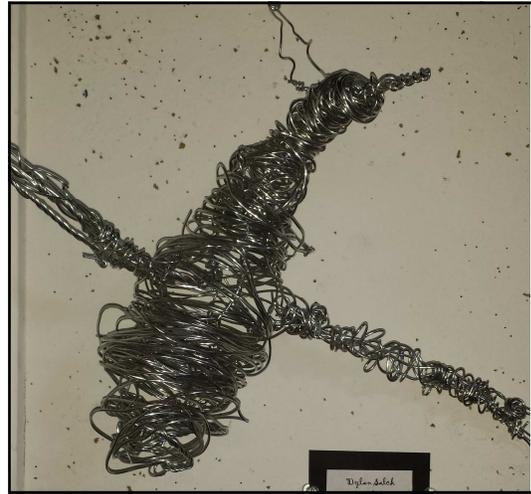
I can't take this all in. And I can't forget it. I can't run and I can't hide and I can't stay here either.

I get on the train.

And the station disappears from sight.

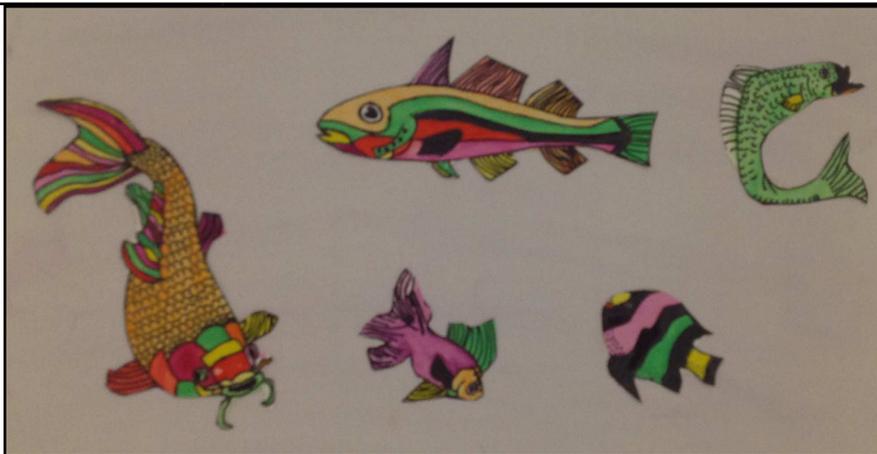
Nobody

i could be
Somebody
don't you know me?
i sit next to you in class
english
and
art
i handed you the pencil you dropped
the other day
i have brown
hair
and eyes
i'm the one the teacher never calls on
i know
that you hooked up with noel
by the trash cans just last week
and that your best friend failed her math test
and that sometimes your fifth period teacher
picks her nose when
she thinks
no one is watching
just because no one sees me
doesn't mean i'm not there
the end, fin, das ende, el fin, enda, o fim, final, koniec

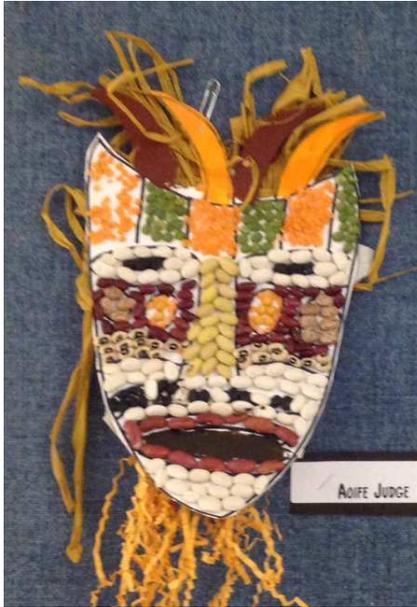


Dylan Salch

Tónlist



Omar
Hernandez

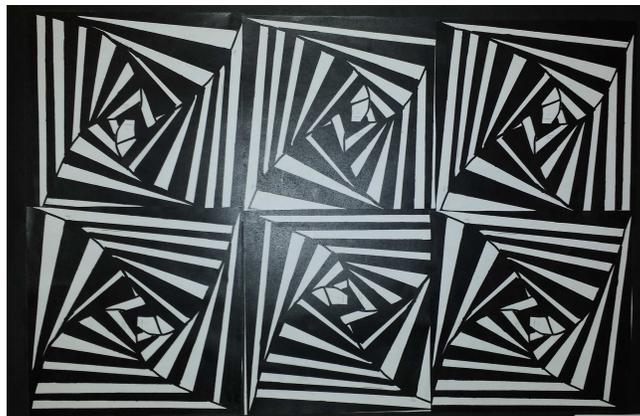


Aoife Judge

The Vat

Dawn
The Factory
Time to Work
Brother Javek follows me
We work with meat today
We are told to shove parts
Shove parts into a giant vat below
The grate is all that keeps us up
We must not trip
We march on, our faces wooden. Like sweaty logs
in summer.
By afternoon there has been an accident. I care
not, but I find out who is hurt.
Father Bjesvskvorn
His legs burned off in the acid. Now he cannot
walk to me.
Acid from a vat
Me and Javek cry a little then move on
The day is ending
Only ten more minutes
We are hauling our last piece when I shove it off the edge
Javek goes with it

Anonymous



Hanna
Young



Ariana Scheuer

The Truth

The dangers of the world are numerous,
They're numerous alright,
But don't you fear, young child,
I don't wish to give you a fright.

Sure, there are monsters, demons, spirits
That can come at you by surprise,
But you'll be fine, my child,
As long as you close your eyes.

You'll fall into a deep sleep,
Unaware of impending doom,

You won't even awaken
To find the figure in your room.

Shadowy, dark, and ominous,
The figure will take you away
To its very eerie fortress
Far from the light of day.

Oh, the dangers of the world are numerous,
They're numerous alright,
But slumber on, dear child,
I beg you to sleep tight.

Rachel Barry

Nature's Wrath
Griffin Boyle

The air was still except for a cool breeze; the atmosphere felt heavy and carried a metallic stench with it. There were no cars in the street, no laughter could be heard, only the worried whispers of the small Fernwood Road community. Children whimpered—they wished to go outside and play—and their parents hushed them and told them of the terrible things that would happen. Birds could be heard warning others, they warbled and cawed high pitched, almost spooked, noises.

Then it began. The sky turned as black as a lead mine; all at once came a big 'boom'. Sheets of rain pelted the roof and ground violently, creating craters the size of softballs. My parents, siblings, and I all inched nearer with each lightning flash and a foot for each colossal clap of thunder. A sound high enough to break glass could be heard over the storm: our dog Slapshot was whining in the corner hugging his toy duck to death.

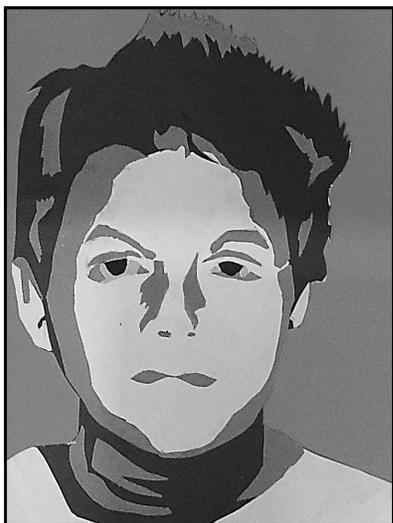
A flash, the terrible bloodcurdling sound of splintering metal, light flickers, the television newscasters' abruptly cut-off voice, and, for a moment everyone was silent, and only the harsh *pitter patter* of rain falling on the windows was heard. The floor creaked as

my father walked to the cabinet and tucked six flashlights under his arm, one for each of us, and while doing so, he explained the do's and don'ts.

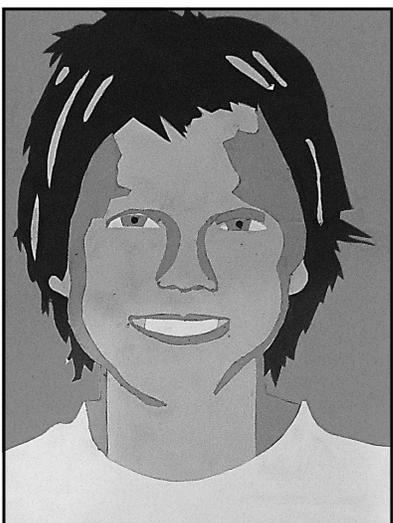
Mid-sentence, a large crash echoed throughout the house. Dad stifled. Abruptly, we creaked up the stairs. Halfway up, I felt my footfalls get heavier and my feet turn cold. The second floor was a puddle of icy water slowly rising, and my eyes tracked the freezing cold stream of water to my sister's bedroom door. Father slowly opened the door and we all gasped in unison. Leaves scattered on the wood paneled floor and floated in small lakes of water throughout the room. Water streaked through a gaping hole in the wall. A tree I recognized to be our neighbors' had plunged into the side of the house.



Grant
Tucker



Decker
Lankler



Jacob Tucker

Gone

She is gone,
We are gone,
Our sandy footprints are gone,

Her world is gone,
Our world is gone,
Everything is gone.

Nothing remains
Of the planet
We used to think
Would thrive for an eternity
But scattered souls
And confusion.

It is now a grave
To all who once lived
All who once loved
All who once hoped
All who once strived
For a better future.

She is gone,
We are gone,
Our sandy footprints are gone.

Her world is gone
Our world is gone
Everything is lost
In the bleary eyes
Of our innocent children.

Rachel Barry

Speak Up
Lucas Lee

It was a fine Saturday morning. Although it was sunny out and the clouds were nowhere in sight, I still ran as far as my legs could carry me. There were four of them behind me. Just like at school. Four of them stalking me, mocking me. I stopped at the park so I could catch my breath. They just wouldn't stop following me. Every day, whether I was at school or if I was in the town, they would still follow me. And somehow they had gotten my address.

The only reason that they bully me is because they think it's funny. They think that they can do it whenever they like and always feel good about themselves. They don't think straight. And the only thing that helps them with bullying is ignorance and evilness. They don't care for others. Just for themselves.

It all started on the first day of school. Although it was peaceful and quiet outside, it was not the same inside. Students rushing to their next classes, getting lost and failing to put in their locker combinations. It was chaos. And there was one person who stood out the most. Or *people*. He and his gang didn't seem like the nicest bunch around. They shoved kids aside, tripping them and making their way through. To me. I didn't know why at the time they were coming towards me.

"Probably just going to walk past me, just to their next class," I thought.

Little did I know that they were headed straight for me like a stampede of bulls ready to stalk their next prey. If they could stalk their prey, that is. Instead of standing there like I was hopeless (which I was) I turned and walked to my next classroom. I thought they were gone, and when I was almost safely away from them, it all happened at once. I didn't know what happened first. It was either that I dropped my stuff first after being tripped by someone or I was shoved to the floor. All those things are not on the to-do beginner school list.

Anyway, I thought it was all unreal. But the shove and trip and fall was all too real. I looked up and saw them. It was the kid and his gang. He looked down to me and said, "Watch where you fall, kid, you might hurt yourself." His friends started to chuckle, and then that chuckle became a laugh. I was too outraged and shocked to say something back. Instead I grabbed my things, stood up and walked away.

And the routine kept on happening. I go to class, get shoved, fall on the floor, and gather my things back and head off to class. I could have gone to tell someone, but of course I didn't. I didn't want to make my problem a bigger problem. They always keep it up outside of school, too,

when no one else is around. Even if I tell a friend of mine it could endanger them in being bullied as well. So I just let it happen. After the first few days of trying to fend myself from the fiends, I realized that it just wouldn't work. So I let them do what they wanted and stopped fighting the inevitable.

And then it happened.

It was a regular Monday on the bus. Well, a regular school day to me means something very different to everyone else. My weekend was horrible. I could hardly get out of my own house without them chasing me around, taunting me and saying horrible things I couldn't even imagine. I learned their names faster than I would have on a daily basis. If you know what I mean, that is. I sat in the front of the bus. It had a much better view. You could see from a different perspective. Not like in the middle or the back where all the kids there make so much noise and throw paper airplanes at you. I could have gone to a private school. You wouldn't have to ride on buses full of screaming lunatics and flying paper airplane wars. My parents had wanted me to. They said that I should try something new. They knew I had never been inside a private school. I was just a regular, everyday kid who did well in school. They knew that. They urged me on, though, said it would be beneficial to my education, said I could get a great job later on in life. Instead, I hadn't listened to them. I just wanted to be like every other kid.

The bus had stopped. I looked out-

side and I saw that it was their stop. The bullies' stop. They walked onto the bus like it was their royal carriage and sat down behind me. I noticed that there were only two of the four that got onto the bus. The bus started to move at a brisk pace, then at a normal speed of 40 MPH.

"Hey look everyone!" Carter exclaimed, the one who had tripped me. "It's that dork!"

Those words were heard all over the bus. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at us.

"That's right," said Keith. Keith was Carter's right hand man. "This loser right here shouldn't be riding on a bus. He should be on a tricycle. That would suit him perfectly!"

Carter's friends laughed and pointed at me, calling me all the dirty names they could think of.

I looked around for the bus driver or someone to help me out of this situation. All I found was blank faces and a busy bus driver. I couldn't really blame them, though. They didn't want to get in Carter and his gang's way. Carter would beat a person up without hesitating a single second.

"Yeah, that's right," Carter exclaimed, "No one is going to save you this time. Just like all those other times." It was almost like he could read my mind. And it was pretty obvious too.

I knew what would happen next. They would grab my backpack, empty everything inside of it, and kick it around the

bus. I couldn't hold onto my stuff. There were four of them and only one of me. I was as good as doomed.

Then a voice piped up.

"What is your problem?" It was someone from the back of the bus. All eyes turned to see who this mysterious figure was. What I saw shocked me.

It was a kid from my class who hardly spoke. She had something in her hand that sort of resembled a book and had a stern face. I think her name was Emily. I didn't pay much attention to the other kids. Except for the bullies.

"On and on, every day, you go on insulting one of our school mates and yet you never think twice about it. I bet you have never felt what it's like being bullied."

"Standing up for the wimp, huh? Well, since you like to talk then I guess we better show you how disrespectful you have been to us," Carter said.

Carter and his group advanced toward the girl. I panicked at what they would do to her. I didn't want to bring other people into my problems. So I spoke up.

"Stop," I said.

Carter and his friends turned to my direction.

"What do you want, kid?" Carter asked.

"Don't touch her. Don't even think of hurting her." The words just came out of my mouth. I didn't know where they had come from.

"So you think you're a tough guy,

huh? Well, let's just see how much of a tough guy you are now." Carter and his group advanced toward me.

Just then the bus halted to a stop. I looked outside and saw that we were at the school building. The doors of the bus opened up and kids started pouring outside. Carter walked over to me and poked me in the chest.

"You are dead at lunch," he told me.

Carter filed outside just like everyone else was. His friends followed him. I stepped out of my trance about what would happen to me at lunch. Just as I was stepping off the bus, I heard a familiar voice.

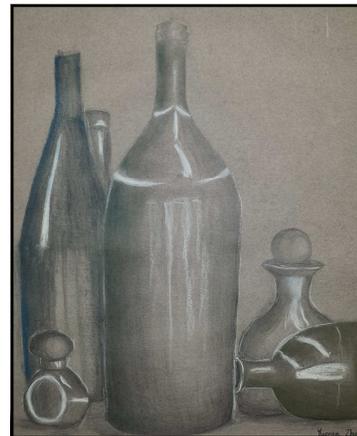
"Thanks for stepping up for me earlier." It was the girl from the bus who had spoken up to Carter and his gang.

"No problem," I replied back.

"My name's Emily. What's yours?" she asked.

"My name's Jason," I answered.

And that was the beginning of a new friendship.



Yueran
Zhu



Avani
Bhalla

Why?

Susanna Weber

They're everywhere. Literally everywhere, taking over every phone, every computer, the entire Internet. Wherever you go, you see poor brain-washed fools, excited, *eager* to be part of this dark revolution that is slowly but surely taking over our entire planet. You can't hide from them, can't run, and can't even shield yourself. There is simply no escape from this army of darkness. And eventually, you will become part of them.

I am talking, of course, about the selfie.

Instagram, Twitter, Tumblr,

even Facebook - that old, shriveled corpse of a website- is bursting with them. From the left angle, the right, with different hair or makeup, in a mirror, somewhere "artsy", or even-in some more dramatic occurrences- right before someone fell off a cliff trying to get that perfect angle. Yes, that really happened. People have actually died trying to take selfies. Which is exactly my point: how important is that selfie to you? And why, for God's sakes, *why*, are you doing this to yourself?

We are the most intelligent species on this planet, evolved beyond

comprehension, capable of an infinite array of incredibly complex thoughts. Our minds are filled with dreams, and ideas, and plans of untold beauty, just waiting to be fulfilled. The human race *alone* is able to find the cures for diseases, preserve the environment, go to space, to develop real intelligence.

And yet, here you are, doing something that a chimpanzee of average intelligence could probably figure out.

You are taking a picture of your own face, filtering it until you look just barely human, and then posting it on some overused website because you actually believe that people want to see your duck face on their feed. (Please note that taking a black and white selfie and putting Taylor Swift lyrics in the descrip-

tion does not make you deep or philosophical in any way.)

What exactly are you trying to achieve here?

Do you honestly want attention and approval so badly that you *need* to have complete strangers double tap a picture of your fairly average looking face? Is this what you want to be remembered by? Is there a point to this?

Please, love yourself. Don't join the dark side. Put down that iPhone your parents paid way too much for. You get closer to dying every second. Make something of the time you have.

Please. Stop taking selfies.

(Unless you've actually taken a duck face selfie. In that case, there's really no hope for you. Just give up now.)

The Atypical Russians

Anya Raikhovski

My family is not exactly the typical Russian family. We don't have bears in our backyard, down five bottles of vodka a day just for pleasure, or have thousands of nesting dolls tucked into every square inch of available space. We don't harbor illegal KGB agents in our basement or even thrive in cold weather. In fact, I despise the cold and can't stand outside in 40 degree weather without my nose turning beet red. Suf-

fice to say, we're pretty normal.

My dad came over from Russia right after the communist government was overthrown. He flew into New York City, met my mom, got married, and now here I am. I have a full family back in the motherland, but I haven't met most of them. I have met my grandma, grandfather, and aunt who is my dad's sister. They are all sweet, welcoming people who defy Russian stereotypes, especially my aunt. Her name is Sasha. She's young, pretty, and

still in college. She is the only member of my Russian family that I have seen in person in the last eight years of my life. But whenever she comes, she brings a bounty of Russian culture with her. She always greets us with a warm smile and some Russian candy or chocolate. We usually catch up with her about her life in Russia for the first day, and then the second day, the fun begins.

Sasha knows how to make the most decadent Russian dishes. My personal favorite is cherry *vareniki*, which are bite-sized dumplings with cherries inside. She makes everything from scratch which is almost never done in our household anymore- we have found the glory of Ghirardelli brownie mix. She kneads the dough with strong yet gentle hands and

always offers us a turn to knead the dough. After the dough has been kneaded, we shape it into small pancakes and place a cherry and some sugar inside. She pops them in a pot for a few minutes, and behold, the glorious cherry *vareniki* are finished. First: a meal of *makaroni po-flotski*, meaning *macaroni of the sailors* since it was a popular dish in the navy, dating back to Soviet times. It's a simple dish of pasta, mainly elbows, and meat mixed into it. It's very filling and truly connects me to my Russian heritage.

So even though my family may not worship Putin or live in a log cabin in the woods, we still are Russian at heart and soul. We show it through our cooking. We embrace our heritage.



Peter Jacob Ferraro

The Genie Story
Audrey Maneker

If you could control everything about your life, would you?

Meet Ashlynn Blake. And guess what? She has the chance to control everything about her life. See, she got three wishes. Yes, the classic three wishes. Leave me alone, it's genie rules. It's not my fault society turned it into the new American fantasy.

Alright, now back to the story. Ashlynn is not a special girl. Well, technically compared to the rest of society she is, but not to me. Her bloodline gets the THREE WISHES every hundred years or so. And since Ashlynn's crazy great however many other greats grandpa tried to tie me up I can't show up to Ashlynn in real life.

But her dreams are free game. It takes a while for people to comprehend that they have three initial wishes. And guess what? They can wish for unlimited wishes. I never tell them that though. But I don't lie either. I just tell them, "The initial rules follow, I assume you know them." Then their pride and their memories of the genie rules from Disney's *Aladdin* kick in and I don't

owe them anything. I don't want to be one person's play toy forever.

Same idea went to Ashlynn. And she wished for money, beauty, and to be forever a size zero. Classic American girl. And yes I did warn about being very specific about what she wanted. She didn't listen to me. Little did she know having so much money would make her a target for constant robberies. And the money wasn't real anyway. She just said money, not REAL money. I'm sorry to do that to her, but people have to realize that getting what you want isn't what matters.

Her beauty would attract unworthy and terrifying suitors that she'd constantly be scared of. And her size zero meant she'd develop a terrible eating disorder she'd need help to conquer. Everything came with a consequence. I was sorry to be the one to do it to them, but all of it was fixed with time. Except me. I never change. I have to hurt people and be their slave. I hate it and sometimes I want to shove them away from the lamp and go back to sleep.

But of course, getting what we want isn't getting what we need. And what we need is what's most important.

Rappelling
Abby Troy

Soaring through the air, my hair flies out the bottom of my neon orange helmet. The blazing hot sun is shining through the leafy green trees of Puerto Rico. I swing my legs over my head, dangling on the zip line. I see the beautiful crystal clear stream flowing beneath me. Effortlessly I slide across the wire. I feel free; like a bird escaping from its cold cage. The view from up here is indescribable. I flip back to sitting upright and feel my smile that stretches from one sun burnt ear to the other. The luscious trees surrounding me form a canopy above my head. It is like a mystical cocoon. I lean on to my stomach like Superman and spread my arms out wide.

“Wooooooooooooooooooooo!” I scream so all the forest can hear me.

Suddenly, I spot a little wood hut through the vast amount of trees. As I rapidly approach the landing, it appears larger and larger. I spot our guide ready to catch me, while I am zooming through the air like a bullet, I fly directly into his arms. He loses his footing a bit given the abruptness of my landing but thankfully he recovers. I am unclipped from my freedom line and climb up the ladder. The rope ladder sways in the hot breeze as I climb up. Step after step, I push myself to the platform, eager

to see an even better view than before. As I reach the platform’s edge, I see that we are only a foot away from the forest’s canopy. I glance in the distance hoping to see the next long wire that I will be gliding on. But to my, surprise there isn’t! *Wait, why is there a harness over there? What are we doing up here if we’re not zip lining?* My mom and sister hop onto the platform, followed by the other instructor of our tour.

In a concerned and somewhat panicked voice I ask, “Where is the zip line? How are we going to get down?”

Our guide replies in a way too chipper of a voice, “We are going to rappel down the side of the cliff. Remember?”

Maybe that was what he was trying to tell us at the equipment shack! I guess I was too occupied eating my banana, to make out the muffled words that were spilling out of his mouth.

My mind began to fill with dread and horrific scenarios. *How long is the drop? Will I fall? Oh my goodness, I am about to die! I can’t do this. I can’t.*

“How far is the drop?” I blurt out.

“Oh, it’s only a 90 foot cliff, you will be down in a jiffy! We just have to reach the pond at the bottom to continue our tour.” He replies like it’s no big deal that we are going to jump off the side of a cliff!

He goes over the rules and explains how to get down in a safe and efficient manner. And in seconds the first guide is off. Every few feet he wraps his hand around the rope slowing down his ride. He reaches the bottom, and it's my turn. *It's my turn. It's my turn!* He repeats the instructions and tells me to relax and reassuringly says, "It'll be fine!"

Too nervous to even nod my head, I blurt out, "No."

"What do you mean no?" the instructor replies in a confused voice.

"I don't want to go. I want to go back to the zip lines. I can't do this," I reply doubtfully.

"Yes, you can. You were the one who shouted 'I want to go first!' on the zip lines."

"I can't do this. I am so sorry. I have to go back."

My mom intrudes on the conversation and says, "You have to go. It's your only way down."

Wait, there has to be another way down! I can go on the zip lines back to the base. I can do that. It's easy. Then, reality comes into play and I realize I can't go back. This is my only way down.

Oh no. I am going to die. This is the end of me. Goodbye to all of my family and friends. I will miss you very much. Without question the guide starts strapping me into my harness.

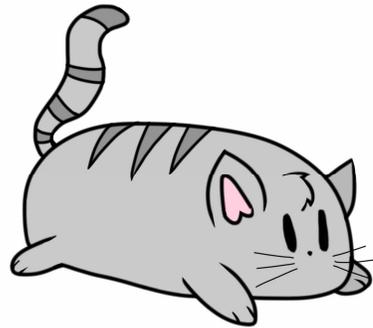
"You will be fine. Don't think about it too much; you are freaking yourself out," he says confidently.

I step to the edge of the tree platform. He clips my buckle into the wire and tells me I can go. I wait there silently—too scared to talk or flinch. We go through several rounds of him counting, "3,2,1!" before I start to think positively. *I can do this. I can do this. If the other instructor did it, so can I!* After a few deep breaths and one more round of, "3,2,1!" I am rappelling off the side of a cliff. The falling sensation wraps around my body. My stomach sinks to my toes and I tingle inside. I stop and hold myself from going down and push off the side of the cliff to give me slack. It feels like I am walking down a cliff!

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeee!" I squeal with excitement. I finally gather up the courage to look below me.

Paradise. Luscious leafy plants, and a gorgeous baby blue pond. The sun's sweet glare makes the pond shimmer. Life emerged from everywhere.

My overwhelming trepidation blurred my logic. If this was included in the tour it would have to be safe.





Zoe
Hartmann

Ocean of Life

Dark water
Cold and harsh
Unforgiving

But you can't

Falling through
The fathomless deep
Losing breath
Struggling to get
Back to the surface

You must learn to swim
Pushing away lightly
What once overwhelmed you
Making your way through
That treacherous deep
Looking down into
What could have been your last
But is now your first.

Struggle to breathe the air
You used to breathe without a thought
Fight to stay afloat
Until your very movement aches
And you just want to
Let yourself drown

Sarah Waring

Poetry Live! Winners

Spring Girl

Inspired by Mark Strand

A young being was born

She was born with eyes always searching,
buoyant and blazing with a newborn

Fire

She came into spring with a limber bounce
She bloomed like a cherry blossom, as expected, but surprised
everyone with a power of getting
pinker and pinker over time

a blink, a screech, a crawl, a beam, a word on sentence trains
she walked like a soft wind

fluttering through blue hair and green leaves

she stumbled over her parent trees' roots
with young lies and some not-so-honest mistakes
rain poured down the hollows of a rambunctious child, mistaken with
hazy adolescence

she picked up her own pieces with more time and
intensifying knowledge

a young girl was thawing from the hibernation of an isolated and
cramped-up winter

her life became a bubbling, boiling, simmering dance.

No one dared to stop the movement for no one wanted to.

She lived with the glory of a fighter

The brazen Sun

Engulfed her with sweet light

And gave her a destiny devoted to being the spring girl she was.

And as the days of a lost twenty- one year old came falling into late nights of

drunken mischief,

And snow swept away a destiny that once made her thrive,
And purpose began to fade,
And walls enclosed on her,
And parched hands wiped away a chestnut-glazed fall,

She had wished that in the last days of her glorious youth, she had used
all her strength
to keep the innocence of spring
fresh in her now senseless

mind.

Mira Goodman

Inspired by Robert Frost

Two socks diverged in a washing machine
And sorry I could not wear both
And for the pair I was keen
And I looked down, nowhere to be seen
To wear different socks I was loathe

Then took the remaining, just as fair,
And separated the worse they became,
Because I should have taken more care;
Though they will find each other, I swear
Had I kept them together, I would have no shame,

And alone somewhere they stayed apart
I view their parting with dismay
Yet somewhere in the bottom of my heart
They will find the path - now's the start
And should nothing come in their way

I shall be telling this with a sigh
It took ages and ages for them to find
Two socks diverged, oh my
I'm really here just to imply
That together they have made all the difference

22

Isabel Mikheev



Anonymous

Poetry Live! Winner

Cinderella and the Plastic Slipper

Inspired by Louise Gluck

A face as fine as porcelain
Hands as small as teacups
Skin as soft as silk
But a soul that burns from the embers
But nobody remembers

A girl stripped of loves from elders
A girl thrown into a closet for a living
A girl that is treated like an animal not a being
A girl that extends her loving arms and is always giving

But society stabs her again
Ashes spilling out her back

One wish is the only thing it would take
To become like the rest of them, all fake
Platinum
Jewels
Objects that seem more valuable than gold

Doesn't it feel great to have somebody say,
"You're the one I want, you're the most beautiful one here"?
But is it just because of the beauty?
Society just worries about the looks
But still they say don't judge the book

Darcy Tyler

Heading To Darkness

(inspired by Louise Glück)

I hear my mother's cry through the barrier between my room and hers.
The wall that caves in from one side of our house will never be seen again.
I've heard of the stories of families being sent away to homes to act as
slaves...
never coming back.
My eyes shrivel from the tears that shed from my eyes.
I weep in agony and hatred
because God rewards the devils.

When morning comes, I am swept away from my mother's arms so we can be
sold.
We will soon work for a master.
In the midst of the chaos
I am overwhelmed with men pushing and shoving me like I am nothing to
them.
Will things ever be normal again?
At sunset, my brother, Gretel, and I sit restless on the ground full of ash
and I cannot erase the image of my mother's face when we being pulled apart.
Although I try to.

Years pass
And I try to grip the memories that were once so vivid to me.
I ache for the desire to be free so I can live my life independently.
My brother is miles away from me, but every night, I urge to see him again.
Everyday I think this will all be over
but it never is.

When I work, the scorching sun is like an oven on my skin when I am outside
I want to see my family again
but for now
I have to live for the present and hope for the best.

Erin Meador

Poetry Live! Winner

I Don't Want To Grow Up

Inspired by Louise Gluck

This is the world I never wanted.
The hands that I had always used to play with my favorite doll are now on the cot-
ton gin
They're slowly aging
I hear my scream break in the darkness through a sheet of sweat
My arm is taken away from the power of the machine

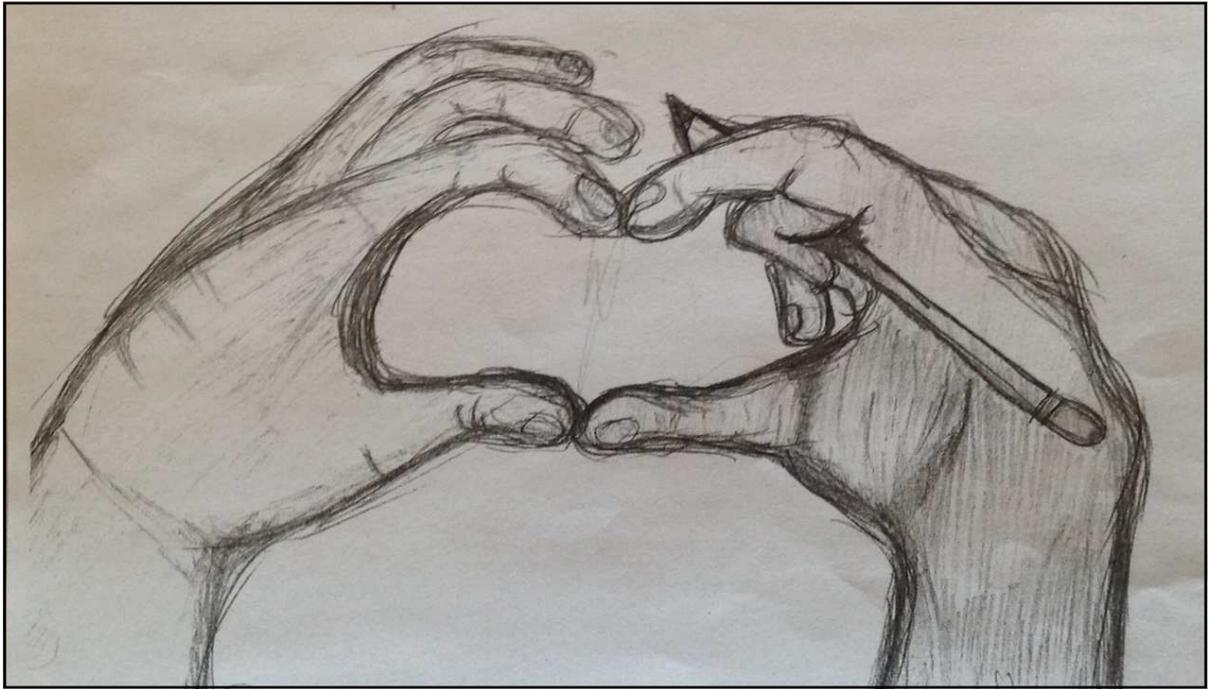
Now far from hope
I work, am never hungry
But in my dreams
I see a tiny boy dressed in green from head to toe
He takes me away, takes fear away from my life for so many years.

I hope he remember me
All those days
Where I thought that I would never grow up
And I played with Tinker Bell and cared for the lost boys
You killed for me, I see the glow of a machine and a life is taken away

Nights I look to you and wonder if you are out there
you took me to a place where I could never be
Where I lived like a normal kid
And a child immortality

But it's not real and I could never truly live that way
Still, I see and remember
Both Neverland and the fear that haunts me in the factories.

Grace Meador



Shannon Purcell