Art by: Fionn Kelly
editor's note

Welcome to the Muse, the Literary and Art Magazine of Bishop O’Dowd High School, entirely run by and featuring students! Because of the historic pandemic and subsequent school closure, we had to move the Muse online. However, we are still able to appreciate the art and poetry by O’Dowd students! Online you will see paintings, pictures, digital art, poems and more! Make sure to take a look at our featured writer, featured artists and the work done by other students! Also, because we are online, we added links to student produced music, highlighting a few seniors who create music. Make sure to take a look at that too!

I have enjoyed working on the Muse for 3 years now but I will be graduating so, this is my last edition! I am very pleased to turn it over to Fionn Kelly, an editor and this year’s cover artist! I can’t wait to see the amazing work she does in the future!

Thank you, I hope you enjoy!
Olivia Yau-Weeks ’20, Editor In Chief

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN
Madeleine Schoenthaler

You wake in the same bed and for a second or two, you forget that the world has been infected by a virus.
A pandemic of panic and pain; of isolation from your best friend, your significant other, your grandmother; of your final few months of school stolen from a bandit with no identity.
Not infected but affected for your school days now are hours of staring at a screen, and your conversations, now are lifeless words in blue text bubbles. The Friday nights you spent with your best friend when you stayed up late and listened to your favorite songs, you now spend alone in your room.
A stray balloon, you float away unable to hold on to awaited moments and the “last times”. You sail towards the open sky above, but there is nothing to hope for when everything beyond you is unknown.
Isolated but not alone, for this heartache pains many. Together we can fight it, so together we’ll remain alone.

KOBE
Alon Evron

He was like a scoring machine, But he wasn’t like that at sixteen. People cheered for him like there was no tomorrow, Now people mourn without him everyday.
When you would try to lock him down, That’s when you’d get to see his crown. He made the world a little more kind, Now the world has one less of his kind.
He had a will so strong and so giant, His name was Kobe Bryant.

THE END
Riley Erickson

Every man has yet to see, The harsh reality that’s come to be, From destroying our planet with careless intent, And leading to our extinction event.
PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE

*Eva Jones*

She was stuck inside the act
A simple gesture, a wave
But there was no use
She noticed it every time
Although no one else saw
An encompassing ring of blue

Suddenly, her vision went blue
They looked to see if someone would act
But no one helped, they all just saw
Slowly the crowd dissipated, a retreating wave
They had run out of time
Before she put her words to use

She had given him a use
A job in this world of blue
He cared and made the time
The only person who didn’t put up an act
To just smile and wave
Without seeing anything that they really saw

Their lack of action cut into him like a saw
For something with only one use
Their thoughts hit him like a wave
Rushing out of the blue

There was no space to act
There was no use
He ran out of time

They had too much time
Missing nothing, it was all they saw
It was required they not act
Their vision nothing but blue
Their bodies a blend with the wave
They stayed there, in the wave
Relaxing in all their time
Their vision nothing but blue
But so aware, still they saw
Still they put no skills to use
There was no point anymore to act
While I act I can feel the impending wave
The weight came down, and I tried to use what little time
But I saw it too late, and my world went blue

THE BLACK VELVET ROOM

*M’Kai Joseph*

She offered me a glass of red wine
 Probably to bring out the fullness of her lips.
 A little dripped off her smile like blood
 As I became awfully suspicious by the black,
 Velvety room she kept us in for what had seemed like hours.
 Such a beautiful scene killed my mind to sleep

Sleep?
Where could I have journeyed from only a sip of wine
Trapped in her trance now, I can count no more hours
For my body submits to the warmth of her lips
Enslaved by seduction I wonder if I can see euphoria before all goes black
I close my eyes and pray my sweat doesn’t turn to blood

Though I believe she isn’t out for blood
I see her insecurity through my sleep
And feel her heart isn’t nearly so black
For maybe it subsists as light as wine

And her lips,
Only but a messenger of her fears onto mine in life’s darkest hours
The longest hours
The blackness around us, influenced by the shedding of her thickest blood.
From the men who shaped her and built her image from her lips
She puts me to sleep
Only to cope with the misery poured into the bottle of wine
Stood tall in this velvet room that’s for too long been submerged in black

Though I awoke in the black,
Without daylight in sight I have no recollection of the hour
She sits beside me clearly drunk with the empty glass of wine
When three men storm into the room fists smeared with blood
Dazed from an awakened sleep,
I rip the velvet drapes down and wipe the mess from her lips
The window behind the blackness, she mutters through her lips
And I take her through in attempts to leave behind the black
She’s still fairly sleep.
Though suddenly awakens from the daylight hours
We find our way to the light, lost, and away from the men with fists of blood
The fear of shedding my blood, before my world faded to black
How her dreams became mine and counted no hours, as all worries drifted to sleep.

PLEASURES OF THE CLOTH

*Marco Cortese*

Nothing remains forever
my father would say to me.
For it is with great impulse
that death comes unto thee.
Nothing stays young for long
mother always sung.
And it showed in truth
In her bite, her gaze,
even in the way her hips hung.
In my inception I am still
of life and even yet,
I have already learned
That nothing in stone is set.
For I can look
to no one,
things and never.
Because, just as my sister would speak to me,
Nothing remains forever.

Through my experience,
the mind has made lack:
everything is changing, never constant
Except for the clothes which hug my back.
Father is my shoe, Mother my shirt
And brother the embroidered lace giggling the hem of sister’s skirt.
Eyes of mine sewn shut
Beneath the wet glaze of wool.
My, what influence I have been taken under,
the name resides to me, I am the fool.
In this closet, I sit hushed
Waiting just inside to allow time to saunter by, rushed.
And in the cold, the dark, the damp.
my discernment be such a lamp.
In the piles I lay
Discouraged by around me, thy wreck.
But then I take heart,
And smile with careless presence.
I stroke the woolen clothes which choke my neck.

Photo by: Gabriela Twitchell

Art by: Gabriela Twitchell

Photo by: Gabriela Twitchell

Art by: Jasmine Robinson
**BOUTS-RIME**

Victor Pham

I unexpectedly got tanned
By the scorching sun, so I went for a jump
Into the trees where I was fanned
And sat in the shade behind a lump.
Meanwhile, my neighbor avoided the sun, reading
An almanac while her husband mowed the lawn.
It was supposed to rain, but the almanac was misleading.
I planned to kick back inside the house and yawn
But instead, here I am in the sun with a yoyo
And facing my imminent death
From the scorching sun that was a no-no.
I am sweating and out of breath,
Just as how I would be doing a tour de France
In long, baggy pants.

**UNTITLED**

Jasmine Baldo

The days were radiant and bright
but nothing compares to villa life at night
vibrant green vines and golden sun
through the house we run
from swimming in the pool all-day
to arguing loudly the Italian way
we sing and dance until the sun has risen
and stare in awe watching the ocean glisten
I will never forget the shrill sound of my baby cousins screams
yet my days here will forever remain in my dreams

**WHAT COULD THIS MEAN**

Alexander Beckner

"What could this mean?" Said the Waves to the Earth,
"Where are the people from LA to Perth?"
The Earth did not know, so she turned to the clouds,
and asked them, "what happened to all of the crowds?"
The clouds were perplexed, for even up high,
they could not detect any people outside.
The clouds, now concerned, turned up to the sky,
and asked him, "why are there no planes passing by?"
The sky could not answer, for he did not know.
The people have gone, but where did they go?
Back down on Earth, all the people were hidden,
for leaving their houses was strictly forbidden.
They had from the Sky and the Clouds and the Waves—
only the Earth could see how they behaved.
The others told Earth, "try to peek in through their windows, maybe you could get a view"
But all she could see was old Aunt Marie Sue,
cooking a meal of Campbell's canned stew.
And down in the basement was Billy Bob Joe,
storing the stuff he had bought from Costco.
Grandpa was sawing some wood in the garage,
and Mother was making a complex collage.
Alone in his room playing games was young Jack:
the screen lit his face but the room was pitch black.
The Sky and the Clouds asked, "are they doing well?"
The Earth answered back: "I simply can't tell."
Why don't they go out? Said the Earth in her head,
living like this they'd be better off dead.

**THE PAST**

Sarah Tracey-Cook

The past, the past,
Life was once so simple,
No worries at all
There was not a single pimple.
The main concern was if I could catch the ball.
Everyone played together,
No fear and pressure of the future.
The only thing stopping us from having fun was the weather.
As we grow up and our faces get covered in makeup,
A teen is more concerned with hooking up than washing up.
Life is changing and we will all mess up at some point.
WE ARE FROM
Leila Ismail

We are from the beginning of everything. A new life blossoming into a plethora of history.
A history that pre-dates with different colors and different meanings, all layered on top of each other to make a complex flower. We are from Ullmann and Mitchell and Ismail and Rhoads.
Our leaves have managed to brush against each other, coming together in the sunshine.

We are from places that have caused our flower to be choked in red and blue, trying to grow in the trenches of World War II. Finding only misery where there should be sunshine. Is it really our time?
Our dying flowers are thrown from its home, forced to flee to achieve a dream we have never known. We are trying to care for our flower, find the right place for it to grow, but we miss our home.

We are from a search for our home, our flowers thorns have grown, defending us from something unknown. Before June 25, 1950 our home was great, now yet again it is changing at a drastic rate. The threat has made itself clear. Our situation is dear. Our flower is fighting itself, unsure what to do. For it has grown from a search for our home, find the right place for it to grow, to just knowing it will go back to what we used to know.

Our flower has begun to overgrow. Is it possible in the 1990s we will ever last?
There was a boom now a crash. Is this not going to put us on a low? Unless you have the dollars. The distance is being squandered, as our roots grow longer.

We are from the connections of a new world. After all brown is the color of the ground.

Our flower finds the decision to be profound. The two colors can come together in a holy match. Now 1967 changed all of that. The separation of the two colors was decreed. The rest of the garden seems to disagree. Well no, not really to our flower. Does the difference between the colors really matter? Black and white.

Is it time to find our place in a county new? Our flower is fighting itself, unsure what to do. Our situation is dear. The threat has made itself clear.

Before June 25, 1950 our flower was great, defending us from something unknown. Before June 25, 1950 our home was great, now yet again it is changing at a drastic rate.

Our flower is fighting itself, unsure what to do. Our situation is dear. Our flower has begun to overgrow.

We are from our flower. We are from our home, our flowers thorns have grown, defending us from something unknown. Before June 25, 1950 our home was great, now yet again it is changing at a drastic rate.

Letters to the Town

510: 1-106
Xiomara Rodriguez

I was made for the charts, but not the top 10 billboards like the artists on TV screens. But I was made for the charts. The ones people use to see the rates of suicide, depression, discrimination, and deportation. The list goes on and on. They say we can do anything in this land of the free, but the only thing people seem to be doing is dropping like flies, despite our efforts to go out and try. Our people getting shot, stabbed, murdered, and we overdoing on the drugs we buy, because people here sell it as a side hustle. Where we from this happens on the daily. So young but we've grown up too fast because of it. As much as we want it, we don't stand a chance against the people in chair who just don't need anymore mothers and fathers crying over the dead children they worked so hard to raise. To us this is an outrage, but then again we don't have the advantage. We've tried to make a change. But how can we when the minimum wage is barely enough for us to survive. We're begging for a change. But before we change the laws we need to change ourselves and our community. What can I say after years of trying, there hasn't been much change. People like us are still being betrayed by the government. They don't care. They got all the money in the world. They don't need anymore mothers and fathers crying over the dead children they worked so hard to raise. To us this is an outrage, but then again we don't have the advantage. We've tried to make a change. But how can we when the minimum wage is barely enough for us to survive. We're begging for a change. But before we change the laws we need to change ourselves and our community. What can I say after years of trying, there hasn't been much change. People like us are still being betrayed by the government. They don't care. They got all the money in the world. They don't understand the struggles people like us go through. We mean nothing to them. Because to them, we are just another number on the charts they've created.
Peter Adranly

SHADOW MAN

The way mirrors reflect things in our world always makes me somewhat unnerved. It might be the idea of a world reflecting our own, mirroring it like a pristine pond. I find mirrors wherever I go, from the darkest windows of a car to the blissful ice coating a lake. I don't have a problem with mirrors per se, it was more that you can't study them without them studying you. They look you up and down, scan every inch of you for weakness and imperfection. When things are reflected they feel artificial, as if reflections duplicate an object in a parallel world. A world contained in glass and water, which I cannot travel to, or even see the full extent of, for that matter. I am trapped to the point where I wish to rid myself of all the reflections I could see. Those things that look back at me somehow made their way into the shadows of my slumber.

In the pitch-black night, I see a strange figure. His eyes are glowing and his skin is grey. We share the same clothes and manners, but he feels completely foreign to me. I could hear his thoughts and see his actions even though I couldn't interact with him. His thoughts were even similar in the pit, but the actions he took when I was in his head were wrong and immoral. It was as if I was backseated to his joy ride. He would try and fight everyone on every issue because his stance differed from theirs. He's abandoned those who loved him because he views them as a weak point in his life. He loves watching the fury build in others because he provides his own twisted sense of justice into any given situation. At one point he exposed a side affair his father had with a neighborhood hooligan and mother's gambling addiction and watched as their anger and desperation flared and cracked upon one another like a mirrored lion tamer. But there he lay, on their living room couch, thrilled at the sight of despair. One night, as my bedroom crossed into the shadows and I fell into a slumber in my bed, I only saw his face through the void of darkness. He was staring back at me. His silver lips curled into a malicious smile, one lifting slightly to reveal sour, pointed fangs. He spoke to me directly, his voice scored down my soul like acid rain upon a marble monument. It was eerily similar to mine, however, I could hear the Loku-ek tones folding through his speech.

"So! You're the one in my head?"

"It's fine you don't need to answer. I already know it's you. I finally got a hold of you after so long. How's it been?"

"You're gonna have to talk to me eventually. Can't keep hiding from me forever."

"Fine be that way. I'll just talk about what I know about you and maybe you'll jump in when you stop acting all high and mighty like an apostle. Alright, I'll get started then. Drake Omiyagye, son of who knows, born in who cares, and most importantly, you don't matter. You were put in a house when you were young and they taught you how to think. You don't care about the life you could have lived. You white wooled sheep, believe everything you hear don't you? I bet you've never thought of an original idea in your wasted life, have you?"

"The more the he spoke the more I understood about him. As he revealed information about me, I began learning information about him."

"Answer me! egayi0O ekard0"

"He let out a wild, howling laugh."

"It's fine you don't need to answer. I already know it's you. I finally got a hold of you after so long. How's it been?"

"You are the shadows in which people can fall, Yin. You are the darkest place in the human mind and I love you."

He sits there smiling, but I feel no malice with his stretched lips. You are the half of me I never wanted to accept, as I am the half of you who you never wanted to hear. He sits there smiling, but I feel no malice with his stretched lips.

"So, what am I?"

"You are the shadows in which people can fall. Yin. You are the darkest place in the human mind and I love you."

"Ah, you finally figured out who I am. Yes, I am the shadow man to the light you cast. You give and I take. But there is one thing you got wrong. I am egayi0O ekard0 and Drake Omiyagye are one and the same."

From there he turned around and smiled as he slowly clapped into the distance. Each of his steps moves towards a visible horizon now, where the shadowed earth meets the glistening sky. "Ah the horizon," he finally said, "where two become one."

A FALL FROM GRACE

Peter Adranly

Under the dancing sun drips the chocolate. Letting it tango down a line of silk. The chef grins upon luscious pie. Local bricklayer laid to rest his trusted spade. Which drowned deep within the mud. As the coca finds the store and turns to ash.

Around the block, a building swarmed with ash And no thought towards sugar or chocolate, Poor ole Johnson watches his house sink to mud. His widened lenses now scored with singed silk. He built a realm with his own spade; Apex of which with his wife's berry pie. He could waft a taste of their luscious pie Three chimneys over, coated in ash. In his hand clutched a spade: A ghost taste the bitter-sweet chocolate And feel her soft lips like silk. His feet could float untouched by mud. But for poor ole Johnson, his house became the mud. No longer could he taste the pie Or feel her lips like silk. For in his house's ash; Were the last of coffee and chocolate, With his hardened spade Poor ole Johnson's spade, Which built him out of the mud, To taste the wealth of chocolate And smell the luscious scent of the pie. Now it's torched to ash And it lays amongst the burnt silk. Poor ole Johnson never again could touch silk. His hands could no longer work a spade. His arms of charred blood, blazed by burns and ash. Laying there in the mud, He remembers the scent of luscious pie And the sweet taste of chocolate.

The drips of chocolate still tango down a line of silk; The baker bakes luscious pies, the builder drops a builder's spade. No thought to the mud, no mind to the ash.

My Old Friend

Peter Adranly

Against the bright mantel, my face tanned As the flames sprint and jump Boiled oolong fanned Not a single sugar lump No page in turn, no books for reading As the wind graces the outside lawn My content look misleading Inside boils a wistful yawn My chest rises and falls like a yawn Awaiting my old friend, Death When last we spoke it said "No-no. You still have more than a breath." He's followed me everywhere, right from the start As my old friend hand stalls my rhythmic heart.
The valley glistened in a melancholy red. Attempts to crack the painted mask, Leaves tears flowing fear and blood dripped dreadful. Who makes the mask? While you may ask why streaks of white and gold? With my own brush, in my own hand Yet my own will, controlled At no demand, unto disbanded Must keep the ink within. To show my own invisible ink Is to commit a sin. And so I smile, and so I drink The streaks of gold and white But here I yearn to crack the mask and let the ink see light

LETTER TO REGGIN'A 6: 14-16
Xiomara Rodriguez

You were up on 13th street but was only sixteen. Ain't no telling what you could've been. How we done lost another life at their funeral? So many little kids that done lost their lives, call that numeral. You were just teaching us: "Clap, up, fold, down, meet, fasho". Now you six feet under and all done had to watch you go. We screaming Nayworld. With our fists curled. How you done lost your life at Vonn funeral? Almost four years, Regina's please let us know you up there dancing. Crazy how even up to your last twenty minutes you were entrancing. What happened to you ain't right. I still be thinking about it some nights. You were only sixteen. You shouldn't have been laid out on that scene. But best believe I'm forever screaming Nayworld, With my fist curled

INVISIBLE INK
Peter Adranly

The streaks of gold and white But here I yearn to crack the mask and let the ink see light

This is the end of the document.

Photo by: Noelia McKillop
**WORDS ON THE WALL**

*Jack Ponting*

Til the train shows me
I just can't rest
Where my heart should be,
A hole in my chest
That nobody knows
There's words on the wall
Screaming "Go home!"
There's words on the wall
I pray for a storm
As life gets old
And the nights seem warm,
The days are colder
That nobody knows
There's words on the wall
Screaming "Go home!"
There's words on the wall
Can't ne'er go back
Bottles strewn round
to the railroad tracks,
Take a trip 'cross town

*Alon Evron*

I woke up to the sound of drums,
Outside there is a parade.
The soldiers march, Rehearsing their drums,
Making a sound that can be heard through the town.
I watch through my window,
I see a balloon of a hippo.
My imagination racés,
The soldiers that marched with a hippo.
Good enough to make headlines I say,
Even the whole newspaper if I may.
I see dancers now,
Creating culture and feeling with just a few steps;
Their movements inspire me.
Now I hear the trumpets roar,
They give me wings to soar;
Their sound is magical.
I wonder what the occasion is today?
I wish that this could last everyday;
For generations of ruined history.
Float the shadow did
Through a slim, jagged gate.
The sun threw careless gravities upon a floating shadow
Unscathed and unbled,
By all human ears and tongues.
Suspended in the atmosphere, it floated on tides unseen and unheard
In a room filled with nothing
The shadow remained, in the room filled with nothing.
The corpse lay
Suspended.
In the middle of the room, for the spectators in the wall to watch.
Some flies, some girls (on porch swings that is), some rams and others rabbits.
Secluded behind the restriction of the wall's papery film.
Not even them allowed to touch the corpse.
In a room filled with nothing.
the days passed and hours cried
With whispers thrown around within the papery film, out of jealous malediction.
then
A day came, the spectators watching the corpse.
The beautiful shadow lying supine upon the ground.
And it was only when the figures in the papery film began to crawl,
That the whispers ceased, only one to make a sound.
Jealous rage, a swinging girl muttered,
"The ungrateful daughter left her doll."

**THE PARADE**

*Sydney Ferris*

I wanna be yellow
Van Gogh ate this acrylic for happiness
Maybe I will just do the same
I will Soak in the tones, and
Feel every red blood cell painted yellow.
The shade of bananas
Which lets me escape to childhoodness and monkey business,
Jumping off walls and swing on vines,
A sugar high but I haven't had anything but yellow.

**PAINTING**

*Alon Evron*

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Outside there is a parade.
The soldiers march, Rehearsing their drums,
Making a sound that can be heard through the town.
I watch through my window,
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Creating culture and feeling with just a few steps;
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The beautiful shadow lying supine upon the ground.
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That the whispers ceased, only one to make a sound.
Jealous rage, a swinging girl muttered,
"The ungrateful daughter left her doll."

**THE SUSPENDED FAMILY**

*Marco Cortese*

In a room filled with nothing
lay a single and weightless corpse.
Suspension in the atmosphere, it floated on tides unseen and unheared
By all human ears and tongues.
Unscathed, unbled,
the sun threw careless gravities upon a floating shadow
Through a slim, jagged gate.
Float the shadow did
For generations of ruined history:
Some persons attempting to touch it
Some indulged a taste
But all in all
The shadow remained, in the room filled with nothing.
The corpse lay
Suspension.
In the middle of the room, for the spectators in the wall to watch.
Some flies, some girls (on porch swings that is), some rams and others rabbits.
Secluded behind the restriction of the wall's papery film.
Not even them allowed to touch the corpse.
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Jealous rage, a swinging girl muttered,
"The ungrateful daughter left her doll."

**SISTERS**

*Maisie Keating*

Blonde and brown locks both clipped back with a barrette shaped like a butterfly, you can tell that they're sisters.
Both of them unique gifts to cherish.
One may be taller, and one may be smaller, but you can tell by their hands, that they're one and the same. They look to each other and share a smile, one so bright that it could scare someone passing by, such a scare
that a caterpillar may just turn into a butterfly, like the way each sister has grown. They share the same smile, the same eyes. Always a best friend, a sister who never leaves your side. It's as if they're two hands from the same person. One might think such a bond is something to cherish
but things can get in the way. Neither of them remembers to cherish their hair in the same clips or the smile they shared when one of them scares
the other over silly arguments. The tall one using her same hands
to push down the small one. She cuts the wings off the butterfly
and the best friend you thought you had, the sister you thought you had, seems to have no reason to smile
at you anymore. Each year goes by and you smile
at each other less and less. You wish so bad to cherish
one more moment with your older sister
before she leaves the nest. The thought of being without her scares
you so much you revert back into your cocoon, as the butterfly
you used to be is gone. You watch your sister's hands
swish past her legs as she walks through the airport. Hands
that used to push you on a swing in the park. You watch as she smiles
at your parents, the way she used to smile as she clipped your matching butterfly
clops in. Cherish
the sister in your own lives. Don't scare
her away. Having a sister,
a sister
of your own. To hold with your hands
and scare
off the nightmares. To smile
with when the sun is out and to cherish
on the cold nights. Help her grow into a butterfly
so that she may fly away, someday, as butterflies do. Your sister
will come back to you and cherish the hands
you held her with and the smile you gave her, she'll never be scared.

Art by: Jilian Catanzaro
FEATURED ARTIST
PORTRAITS, BY AIDAN MCMAHON

Sophia
Jutrin 23
Melvie
Ella 18

Clarizza
Bo 21
Néha
Mia

Sonia 10
Joe
Kam 24
Sophia
Hugh
When you are drifting on a boat, what do you do? Quickly, you must think, there is a storm a brew. The boat begins to rock violently, you sit there silently, thinking about your sorrow. You scream and shout, but with doubt, you know you will never be found. The boat tips, and there sits a person shrouded in light. You move towards, and get aboard, on a beautiful boat of hope. The boat rises, and there sizes a figure of large stature. A hand stretches out, and without a thought of doubt, you join the splendid figure. Filled with hope, you begin to float, up towards the light. Floating, suspended, wounds amended, Peace is found.
HAIKU
Alvon Evron
The humidity
Makes the sweat upon my cheeks
Feel unbearable.

MELODY OF SILENCE
Elena Scott
Big grey skies with clouds filled with ice
Rolling white hills that were quite nice
The deafening silence that brought serenity
A couple of bison grunting breaking the quiets
Melody Barley a tree to keep me busy
But there were rocks that spoke with great validity
Every once and a while a car drove by
Mindings its business and let its sound travel high
It was an escape from the everyday bus
Leaving me to be peaceful
Putting my life off pause
Nothing waiting to attack
It was just the glorious absence of humanity
That I could feel nature sitting beside me
The crisp cold air brushed upon my face
This is mother nature's happy place
The beautiful melody of silence
Welcomed me with great kindness
Letting me to know
The great power of Yellowstone's winter snow

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH, TWENTY-20
Marco Cartese
Nighttime was but a mode of being,
as the car spun by through the crisp, lovely air of February.
Flashing his meticulous eyes to the potholed granite of a rubber freeway.
He chuckled, shivering.
and inside, another vessel.
Sadder, darker, much less simple.
For one moment the vessel swayed along with the car in neutral understanding,
down the rubber freeway, into a certain capability of gladness.
And then,
in another moment, its mind clicked, and the glad melted into a sad.
A sumptuous world of catastrophic possibility flashed before the vessel, and the car.
All remembrance of another life, another living, a different outcome
paraded across dull, jaded corneas
in the mind of an eye.
From those corneas sprouted a wonderfully purging gift bestowed upon humanity
those horribly cleansing and cathartic streams that blossom from an iris.
But streams they did not,
fall never they did,
because the vessel instead kept them hid.
For a warm scented lifetime the tears stood, inside the iris,
ever seeping down into unadulterated skin.
But instead, a pinkish lip quivered,
and some young mouth allowed vacant passage to a fleeting noise
which was less than an animal.
And the car's simple mind propelled him down the rubber freeway,
and he chuckled in anticipation of the certain capability of gladness.

LONELY BOY
Jack Ponting
The sky was tanned,
The trees seemed to jump.
The wind fanned,
All the fears appeared to jump.
Yet, a boy reading,
Pressed against the lawn.
His age misleading,
With such a casual yawn.
Not the kind to have a toy.
His eyes screamed death.
Full of monotonous joy.
His gaze lacked breath.
He's just a lonely boy stuck in France
Who can't afford his own pants
**HONEY**

Jason Jelincic

Why hello there, my dear honey. You look like a crazy bunny. You do dress so so weird. What's that, Jupiter's beard? You look absolutely funny!

---

**DAMNED RHYMES**

Jack Ponting

Our sense of comfortable swagger makes you ill
We hurt your pride and now We've hurt your will
The image you have placed on Us is breaking
You're standing in your boots and you are shaking

We've only ever wanted to be admired,
We only know what it's like to be desired
We may seem calm but underneath We're unstable
Our thoughts, our soul, our body are all We cradle

Some call the devil evil, but I think he's sleek
I've got the devil's tattoo, does that make me a fool?
The devil's on my side, I'm too much of a freak

Days pass and nothing changes but the seasons
And everyday living has fewer reasons
As many reasons as these damned rhymes
Is it just me or is it the sign of the times?

---

**TIME**

Jason Jelincic

How bright the light, how dark the moon.
What was once empty is now full.
The darkest places have the greatest boon.
How bright the light, how dark the moon.
Good times feel like you're in a cartoon,
but dark times feel like being rubbed with steel wool.
How bright the light, how dark the moon.
What was once empty is now full.

---

**UNTITLED**

Sydney Ferris

what is love when you have never felt the sun before
When you have never walked blindly
When the mud has never kissed your cheeks
What is love when the stars don't tell you about the wishes they have caught
When the clouds forget to cry
You can't have love without crickets melodies that sing throughout the night
Or the moon who grants it's blessings for those who can see its light
See you can't have love without darkness
For the night loves to kiss
Loves to dance with those who love it back
Loves to read your memories
You can't have night without day
So the day loves you too
But in many different types of ways
It Loves to grant you colors for your paintings
Loves to give you a destination, a site to see
Loves long walks, even longer swims
An sometimes just doing nothing
So tell what is love without bruised elbows and scraped knees
Without mountains to climb
Without sunset to dye your eyes
What is love without bare feet

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Jasmine Robinson

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