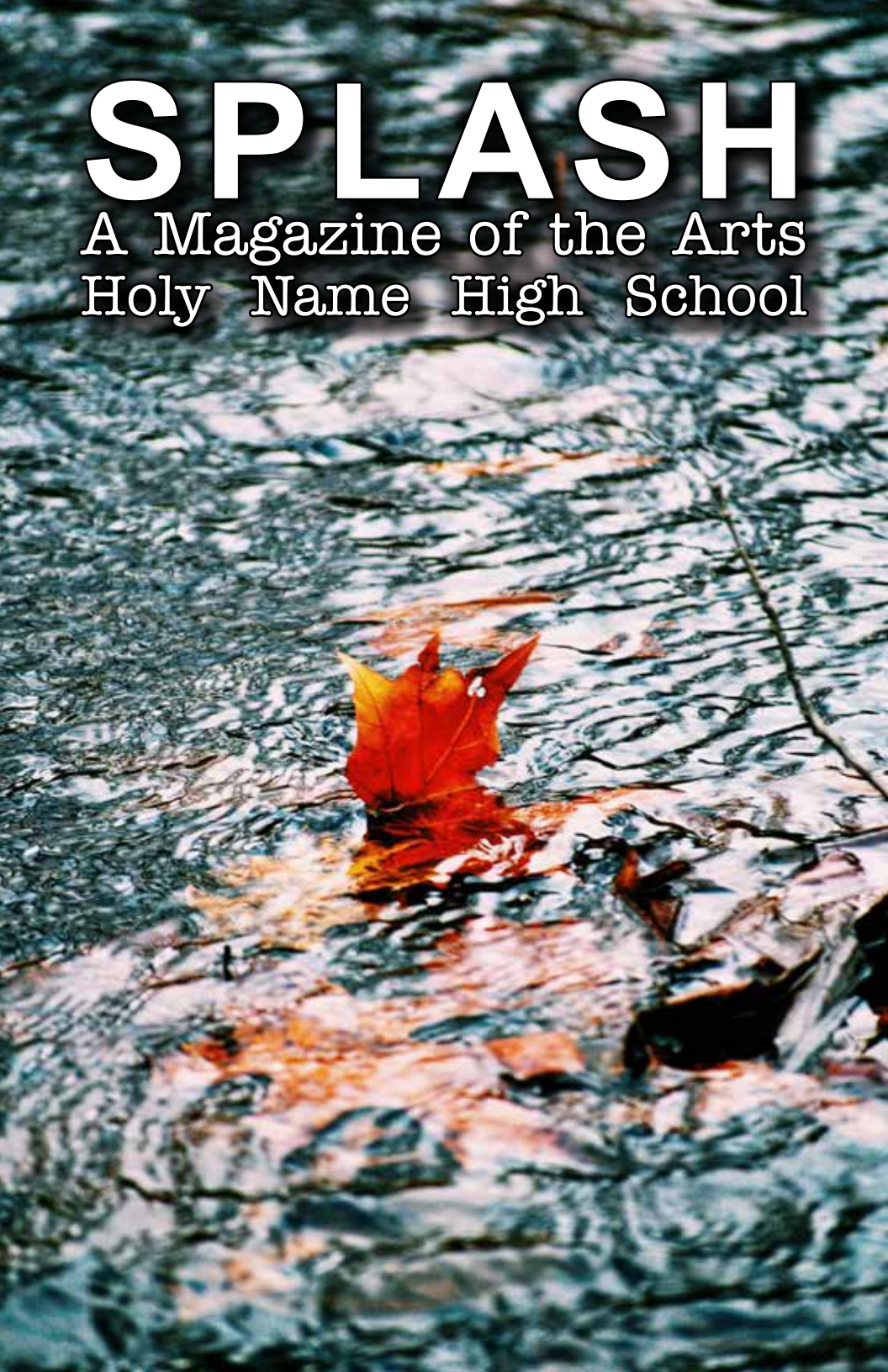


# SPLASH

A Magazine of the Arts  
Holy Name High School





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A Magazine of the Arts

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Holy Name High School  
2016

Cover Photography by

We are grateful to the Administration,  
Mrs. Amy Hirzel, and Mr. Daniel Humphrey '09,  
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All work is completely original. Selections are  
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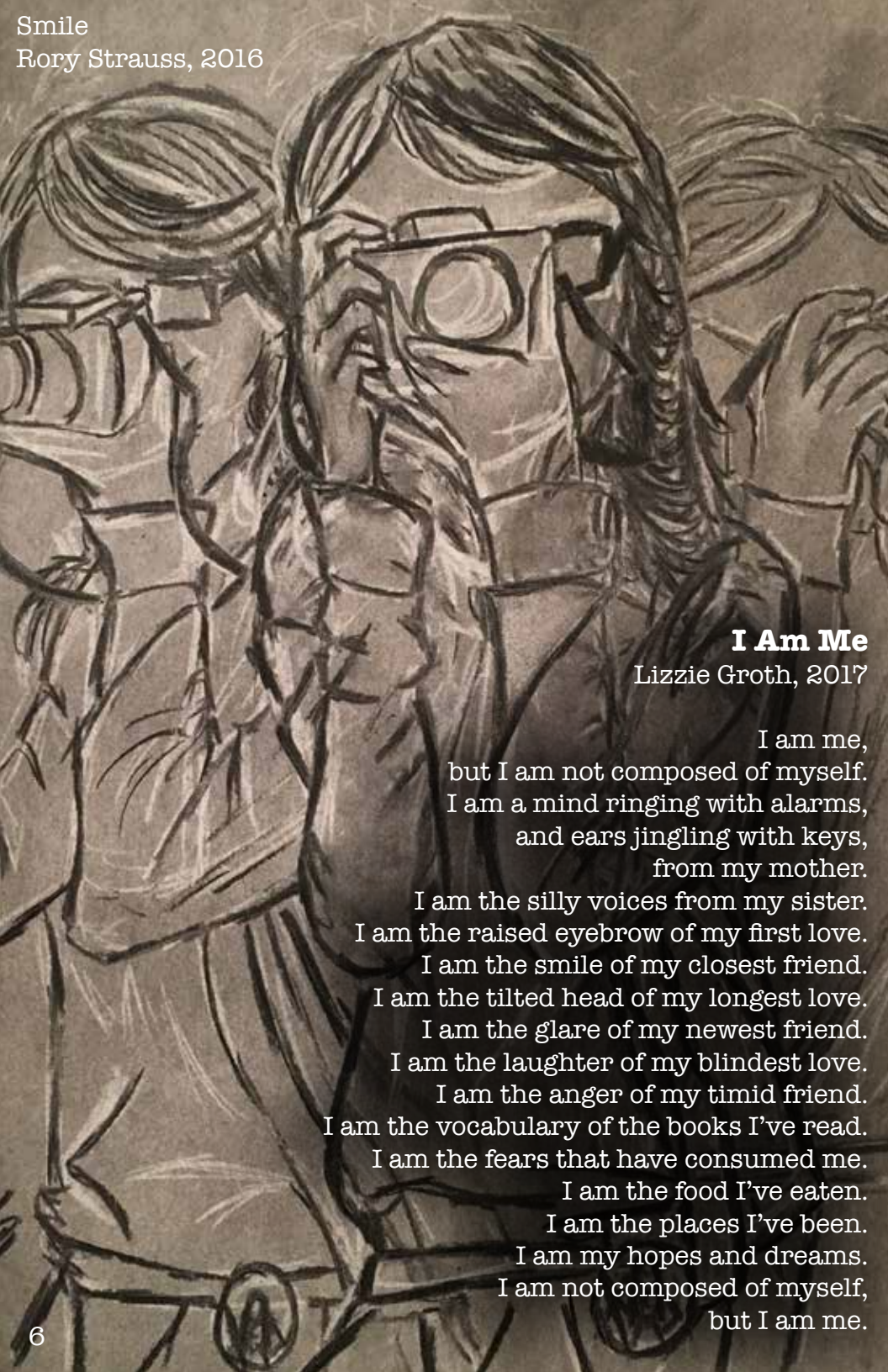
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## Artists



Smile  
Rory Strauss, 2016

**I Am Me**

Lizzie Groth, 2017

I am me,  
but I am not composed of myself.  
I am a mind ringing with alarms,  
and ears jingling with keys,  
from my mother.  
I am the silly voices from my sister.  
I am the raised eyebrow of my first love.  
I am the smile of my closest friend.  
I am the tilted head of my longest love.  
I am the glare of my newest friend.  
I am the laughter of my blindest love.  
I am the anger of my timid friend.  
I am the vocabulary of the books I've read.  
I am the fears that have consumed me.  
I am the food I've eaten.  
I am the places I've been.  
I am my hopes and dreams.  
I am not composed of myself,  
but I am me.

## The War Against Society

Marissa Reid, 2018

Our minds are trapped behind two inch thick walls  
Guarded by adults with list of Do's and Don't's.  
We are drained of our creativity and instead altered to think and act a certain way.  
It's like trying to teach an elephant how to fly  
or planting a sunflower and pulling its roots out  
when it didn't sprout into a rose.  
We are beaten down day after day.  
Kids hurting themselves because they think they are the problem.  
The can't express who they are on their papers  
So they take it out on themselves.  
Kids are teasing each other to fuel their own self hatred  
Because making him feel ugly is what's going to help you become beautiful  
Right?  
Am I right?  
Of course I'm not.  
We are surrounded by constant negativity.  
We are taught that in order to success in life you must achieve an "A".  
One simple letter determines whether I am stupid or smart.  
Whether I am worth a four year high expensive education  
or poverty.  
That "F" you received means you're not smart.  
Drop out while you have the chance  
Of course you'll never make it  
So maybe that is why society is so messed up?  
We live in a world where expressions like  
"Be yourself"  
Are trailed off by people who wear a mask every day of their pathetic lives  
To hide the fact that just like the rest of us they are hurting.  
We are taught to "brush it off"  
"There are people with worse problems"  
No wonder kids are killing themselves.  
They are so afraid to live they would rather die.  
Spending everyday alone, fighting these demons.  
And you try  
And try  
But it's a constant uphill battle and you're too tired to keep climbing.  
These kids are trapped in a society where they are told to be creative  
But don't do anything out of the ordinary.  
Our wings are clipped off us at a young age,  
Replaced with textbooks full of nonsense information.  
And you can be yourself  
But not too much of yourself  
And you can laugh  
But only when everyone else is laughing  
You do as you are told and what they say is correct.  
Day after day  
It's not living  
It's just surviving  
Everyday is a survival match  
Trying to fit into the world's definition of beauty  
But you're not a puzzle piece  
You don't fit the picture  
You are an extraordinary color living in a colorless world.  
They stripped you of your color and morfit you into ordinary.  
And our scars remain on the inside where it hurts most  
But you can't bandage a broken heart  
Or heal a sick mind  
We are a society of outcast and insecure kids  
Trying to fit into a world we weren't meant to live on.  
Day after day  
It's the same battle and eventually  
We'll run out of soldiers.

## **Paws**

Julie Purich, '16

Tiny nose and tiny paws  
I can't spot a single flaw

Though our paws belong to different mothers  
You will always be my little brother

Being my buddy wherever we go  
It's always an adventure watching those tiny paws grow

With your dirty paws and my chewed up socks  
You will still be the pup that rocks

For many years and forevermore  
I can't wait to hear your paws at the door

## **Love Is Like the Ocean**

Rory Strauss, 2016

Love is like the ocean.  
It's waves crash harshly in a storm,  
But calm on a warm summer's day.  
In it we must swim,  
Or we will drown.  
The ocean has no end to it,  
Neither does his love for her.  
The ocean is deep and bottomless,  
And love is not shallow.  
At the bottom of the ocean is sunken ships,  
They hold beautiful treasure of silver and gold.  
At the bottom of his heart is his love for you,  
It holds love valued ten times more than the whole  
world's silver and gold.  
The ocean tides go back and forth,  
Just like his heart beat...



# Living in the Moment

Abby Kraynik, 2018

And it's beautifully tragic  
How we were always looking forward  
How we were always looking backwards  
And never living in the moment.

## [before the ice melted]

CeCe Johanni, 2018

cold lungs, warm heart  
we run;  
through crosswalks, past old road blocks  
the memories of past lives  
finally start to retire;  
your eyes,  
mine;  
wishes upon an eyelash  
and false claims of unwanted laughs  
skyline: blinking, flickering,  
as if stars are winking  
pray, settle my faltering pulse  
thoughts of beginnings and ends,  
from end to beginning.

Shining lights and glowing stars fill your eyes,  
and everything that you could dream is graciously supplied.

You think that if you are given a chance  
you will be worth more than a second glance.

You're told that what you do with your life is everything,  
but no one speaks of what happens to those who turn into nothing.

But then a day will come, after years of preparing and dreaming,  
when you are given the magical opportunity.

From here on out, you may believe that this will be your "golden ticket";  
that this moment may lead you to your chocolate factory,  
Oh Charlie, how blind you are.

They all start by treating you like you're everything,  
and maybe you'll feel like it too.

But slowly things begin to change,  
and your pedestal begins to shake.

You ignore these signs and think that when you make it, it will be worth it.  
But is it really?

The higher they go, the harder and faster they fall,  
but you'll learn this soon enough;

and that once crystal clear picture of your life seems so close,  
but then the edges begin to fade.

Maybe they'll tell you that this is what you signed up for,  
or maybe they'll convince you that this is what you wanted.

But suddenly, you realize that those once glimmering lights were purely a  
dream that became tarnished and tainted.

While you're in that false light, they pick you apart.

And though you are fragile, they will make sure you shatter.

You are no longer a human being, you are their distraction.  
Everything you thought you knew about life was, in reality, nothing at all.

Now, you pick up your pieces and try to be whole again.

All of these catastrophic memories may mask the beautiful ones  
but, they're still yours.

The grass may not always be greener on the other side,  
but what is there to lose?

Your reputation?

It's not yours.

It's never been yours.

The moment that golden ticket was handed to you, you were theirs.

But brush yourself off and try to be you again.

Then, just as a cruel and inevitable cycle begins again;  
one more child is handed a golden ticket.

Now you can warn them and become that person you ignored.

But this time, those "glorious" glimmering lights won't blind you.  
You've already been blinded.



### **The Girl with the Golden Heart**

Zion Warner, 2017

The Girl with the Golden Heart with beauty so true,  
She brings a smile to my face with her eyes, so blue.

Her smile lights the darkest corners of my heart,

I feel lost when we are apart.

Her beauty is more alluring than the stars of night,

My love for is burning bright.

I am made whole when she is with me,

To my heart, she holds the key.

To her I will always stay true,

While I gaze into those eyes so blue.

### **The Fall**

Stephanie Sawicki, 2016

He walked into my life, and then I fell  
In a swirling daze she had never felt  
She was unsure if this could all be well  
because her heart was unprepared to melt.

Her mom once said that love is hard to find  
one to take you like the wind from behind  
To sweep you off your feet if you don't mind  
And take you to a world, you will soon find

This way of love was hard to find at first  
Until he showed his kindness and his worth  
I expected to always find the worst  
Until our love bloomed like a flowers burst

Though love may seem to make you have a fear  
Love has a way of finding a new gear

### **The Sadness in Her Eyes**

Ariana McHugh, 2017

She sat outside staring at the piece of mail she had just received with her eyes widened and her hands trembling as she carefully opened it. She read the letter twice maybe even three times. She looked up into the sky, then straightforward at the valley connected to her backyard. Her eyes were now filled with tears and wider than ever. The tears started to flood out of her eyes and into her lap, the grass and onto the letter. They began to stain her face. The letter caused this new emotion she had never experienced before. She was always happy, cheerful, and joyous. She was different and kept her emotions hidden very well, but even she could not hide the sadness in her eyes.

**Free from Bond**

Emily Galla, 2016

Life continues to flourish on  
Now that I am free from the chains that held me bond  
The air smells fresher, my eyes are now open  
The glass chamber that held me has since been broken.

This newfound life of freedom  
Has grown stronger with each passing season  
Nothing can stop me in my way  
I am an elephant who gets wiser with each passing day.

Since the day I severed our ties  
I have learned not to fall for another's lies  
I did myself a favor, I should have sooner seen the clues  
And every time I think of you, I hope the next does not fall too hard for you too.

Try to build myself up  
Say I can never fall down  
I call half full the cup  
You put me in it, so I will drown.

I try to be kind  
Do onto others what I want on me too  
You invade my thoughtful mind  
And turn my warm heart to ice blue.

Maybe they are right  
I have been deceived all along  
Reality has finally hit me smite  
The life I have been living, I have been doing all wrong.

I then think to myself "this cannot be"  
Those who have tried to blind me, forgot I could see.

## With Eyes of the Sea

Kat Bliss, 2016

Society judging by Her appearance  
Through a blind set of eyes.  
Drawing shadows over Her clashing parts like curtains.  
Demanding Her to agree  
As They clip away at Her wings.  
Still, Her eyes flash with daytime dreams  
Where She settles into Her relief.

They force Her into a white washed life  
And there She spends Her days.  
Wishing for satin fashions,  
Finally She breaks, hiding away  
With Eyes of the Sea.

Humanity judging from Her aesthetic  
Through unseeing eyes.  
Demanding Her to surrender  
Yet Her eyes speak still of daytime dreams.  
Constricted into an alabaster being  
Irrevocably as she shatters  
With Eyes of the Sea.

## My Angel

Rebecca Fijalkovich, 2016

I look outside and everything is clear.  
I do not have a worry in the world.  
I run away and I ignore my fear.  
Time will pass, life goes on. My mind is swirled.

Should I stay? My mind wanders with the wind.  
You were an angel, gone in an instant.  
I was not ready. My life feels thinned.  
I miss your voice, but now you are distant.

The flowers dance. The birds will sing their song.  
I feel so empty, I want you back.  
The gates of heaven are open. I long  
To see your face. I feel my heart crack.

The sky opens, the sun shines down on me.  
I feel its rays, my soul can now be free.



## Skies of White

Emanuel Miranda, '18

Skies of white,  
and the gentle touch of cold shivering down our spines to the core of our souls.

The crows are crying,

an afternoon so windless the emergence so mythical like the sinless colors  
reverting to shades of black and white.

Lives turning into inanimate sets of lost eyes.

The once brown leaves turn a sight of grey,  
and the dying trees now forget to pray; heart beats slow by the passing of death.

A minus temperature in our gasping mouths,  
this isn't a nightmare we see why lying in our beds.

Questions rising in our heads

Is life but a test?

Death waits for none,

grimacing in the shadows;

he is everywhere

even within walls so narrow.

A touch of frost from from head to toe, a still heart,  
this is the touch of death tearing you apart.

We live to reach,

to accomplish,

and to succeed in goals and ambitions.

In happiness we seek.

But we forget that even we are on a time limit  
and death shall not hesitate to inflict and finish.

As we close our eyes to meet our sleep,  
the sister of the spectrum that we fear comes to meet.

A thought of hope fading.

If we shall live to wake,

then with our gentle sleep decides our very fate.

## Stars

Lizzie Groth, 2017

We are like the stars. Sometimes we are hidden, made invisible to the world behind a cloud of solitude. Sometimes we fly across the sky because we cannot contain the excitement within us. Sometimes we are still, always present, always waiting, always watching. But not every star we see exists in the present. The light of an expired star remains in the memory of the sky for years to come. They are stagnant until they fade permanently. Some stars remain in solitude forever. Other stars are part of something greater, connected to other stars in a constellation of solidarity. But whether alone or in communion with others, we are all part of the world, just as all the stars make up a picturesque night sky. Not all stars are the same. Stars come in varied sizes, colors, and brightness. Sometimes planets have been mistaken for stars, but I say, hold fast to this truth: Venus is no more beautiful than Polaris. Whether a star exists or not, the expansive night sky disappears within the strokes of daylight. Just as the stars fade into the light of our nearest star, the sun, so we fade into the one closest to ourselves. If ever you feel insignificant, remember: You are a star.





**Star**

Em Davis, 2016

Driven, caring, athletic, loving, smart,  
all words that describe the person you are.  
You fail to see what I have from the start.  
In my eyes, you shine brighter than the stars.

The talent you possess attracts many,  
I wonder if you even know I'm here.  
With the flaws I have you don't have any,  
I fear that one day the end will be near.

I fear that one day you will leave my side,  
and I will be left here all by myself,  
Sometimes I want to runaway and hide,  
I want to keep you with me on the shelf.

No matter what you're always my best friend,  
I hope this isn't coming to an end.

## The Ghosts of Guilt

Lauren Mercurio, 2016

I thought I heard your song today  
But it was just the wind on tree.  
The ghosts bellow soft whispers  
That were only meant for me.

I thought I heard your footsteps today  
But it was just their spindly arms.  
They crawled around like strangers  
With smiles that could do no harm

I thought I heard your laugh today  
But it was just the TV's blare  
Their white faces all looked back at me  
With black eyes that could only stare.

I thought I heard you at the fridge  
For your routine nightly snack  
But it was just their thin skinned frames  
With bones protruding from their back.

I thought I heard you working  
In the basement late at night  
But it was just them playing down there  
Black eyes can do without light.

I thought I heard you coughing  
They laughed at you in joy  
With their sharp jagged teeth pointed  
At their new dying toy

I thought I heard you choking  
On the cancer that filled your lungs  
They cradled you in their arms  
In excitement and glee they sung.

I thought I heard you dying  
on the bed that December night  
but their small and eerie voices  
told me you were alright

I thought I heard the church bells  
At your funeral I stood  
They crawled upon your casket whispering  
"the man we ate for good"

I thought I heard them leaving  
on the third and final day  
But i awoke with them around me  
They were I and I were they.

A person's silhouette is visible on the left side of the page, looking out over a body of water towards a sunset or sunrise. The sky is filled with soft, warm light, and the water reflects the colors of the sky. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

## Lovely

Megan Baranuk, 2018

Isn't it lovely how fragile life is  
one thought one word one person  
can end it  
it blossoms and it rides on clouds  
and it can take you to new highs  
but when that cloud disappears  
gravity will always take over  
won't it  
and you're free falling  
and when you break  
you shatter  
the cuts splintering into a million  
tiny  
pathetic  
pieces  
no  
not lovely

## Time

Anna Regan, 2018

Time is slowly ticking forward,  
Ticking in an endless circle,  
Ticking by the second and dinging by the hour,  
It seems as if we have infinite time,  
When really you only have a few minutes,  
And then you're gone...

## You hear it, you sing it.

Sarah Reindel, 2016

You hear it, you sing it.  
Why do all songs have a limit?  
Music is everything, music saves.  
We mourn our favorites in their graves.

Singing loud, singing proud,  
is this abundance of happiness purely allowed?  
Music is the most addictive drug,  
the more we embrace it,  
the more we want that band member's hug.

The mind is a cloud of gray.  
What did that line just say?  
Music is important,  
no, it's more, it's vital.

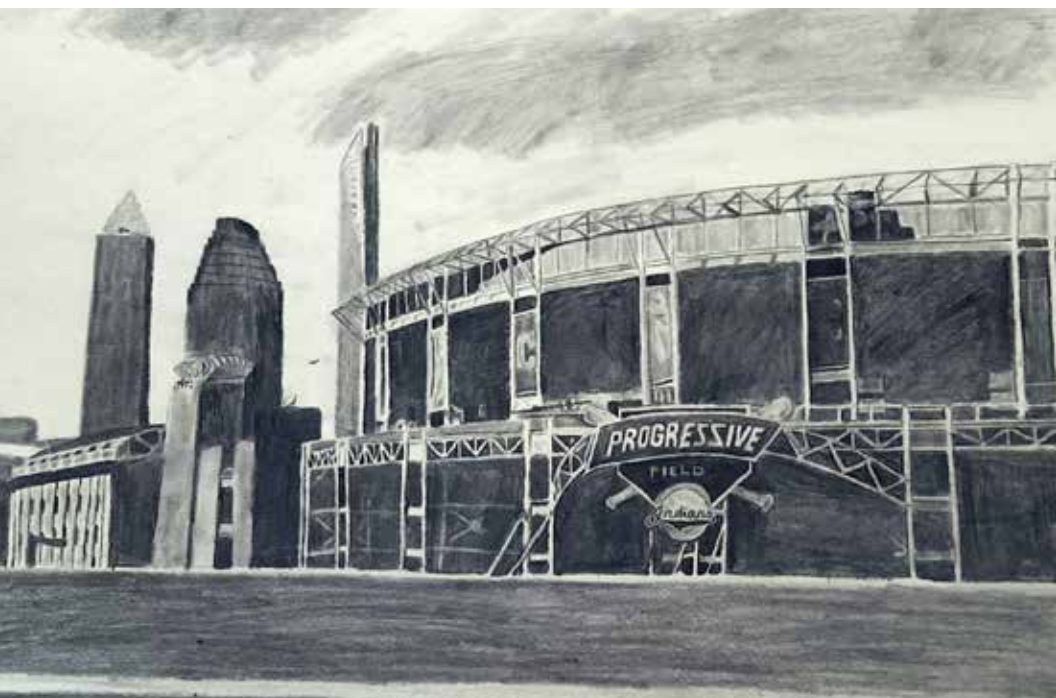
Each rhythm from the chorus has a heartbeat.  
Won't you come listen? Take a seat.  
The mantle gives the message of life,  
"Everything will be okay, have no fear in putting down the knife."

Music is different to everyone,  
but we are all the same under the sun.  
We will all carry on,  
where we will see each other in the neon.

## The Bright Lights

Brian Feitl, 2016

As the Earth Revolves in the universe  
Miniscule beings living unaware  
Time it seems is less a gift more a curse  
Bones grow bitter and muscles sometimes tear  
Dreams fade into an abyss of despair  
The milk goes sour, white bread molds over  
No more need for beautiful clothes to wear  
Memories fade such as the Mars Rover  
Although time may be very cruel at heart  
It also gave us something beautiful  
Time gives us the chance to see earth's great art  
The small beings need not see the world dull  
One day we will see while we were dreaming  
That we missed the pretty lights gleaming.





## Dear Grandma

Shakif Seymour, 2016

Oh how I miss you, thou left without words  
Your smile so bright yet still so far from me  
I miss your voice so sweet like rare baby birds  
Your face so bright but still so hard to see.

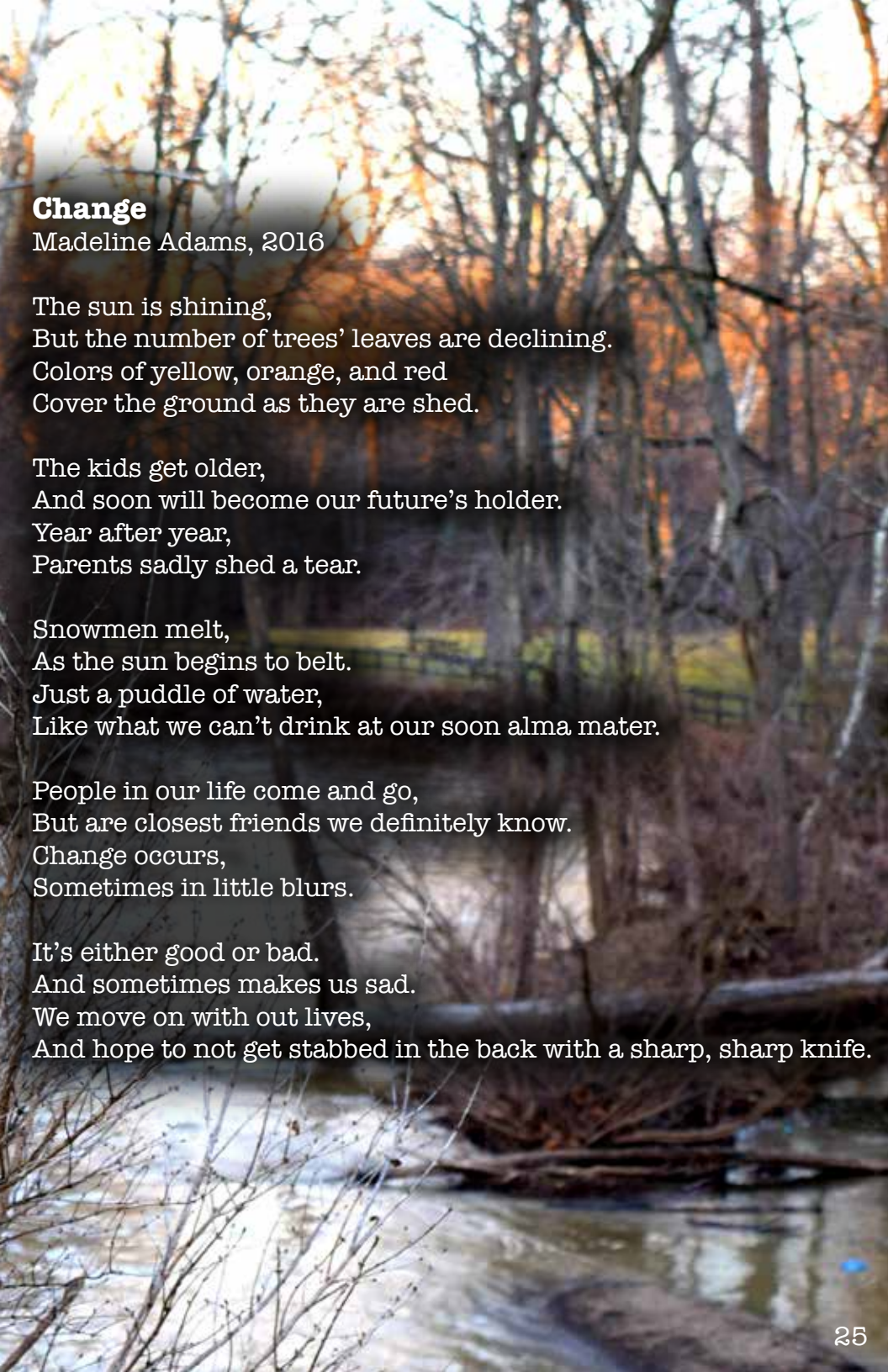
The days are cold here on earth stock to mourn  
I saw your face so gone but filled with peace  
The day you left so lost my heart was torn  
I miss the day we set and had a feast.

I cried so hard my face it felt so blank  
I slept all night wishing everything was fake  
My tears so strong my eyes could fill a tank  
I stayed for days wishing you would awake.

Now I know you're really gone, miss you dear.  
I know you're safe not on earth I see clear.







## Change

Madeline Adams, 2016

The sun is shining,  
But the number of trees' leaves are declining.  
Colors of yellow, orange, and red  
Cover the ground as they are shed.

The kids get older,  
And soon will become our future's holder.  
Year after year,  
Parents sadly shed a tear.

Snowmen melt,  
As the sun begins to belt.  
Just a puddle of water,  
Like what we can't drink at our soon alma mater.

People in our life come and go,  
But are closest friends we definitely know.  
Change occurs,  
Sometimes in little blurs.

It's either good or bad.  
And sometimes makes us sad.  
We move on with out lives,  
And hope to not get stabbed in the back with a sharp, sharp knife.

## Peak

Brooke Lyman, 2016

Adventure is here  
under this cloak of trees  
The mountains call my name  
“Come closer” whisper the leaves

My adventure awaits,  
“Here I come,” I respond  
Through the wicker I go,  
to infinity and beyond.

My breaths become heavy,  
My legs begin to shake.  
This journey that I’ve made  
is surely no mistake

My body is now weak,  
but higher I continue.  
Oh, the things I would do,  
just to be with you.

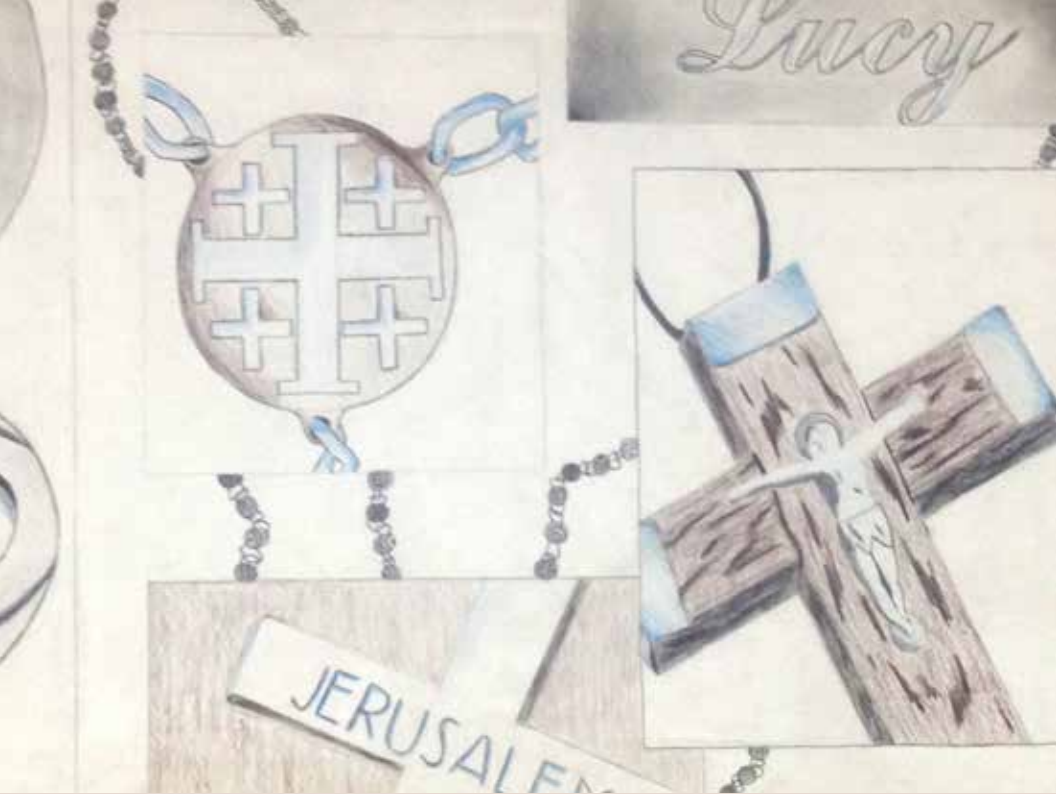
A mere crawl to the peak  
and I’ve made it at last.  
The pain I’ve endured for you  
is now in the past.

I stand up on top,  
overlooking your sight  
only to realize  
the view’s anything but bright.

All this effort for you, this scenery  
I’ve worked so hard for,  
I have now noticed  
You’re nothing to adore.

With your view a disappointment,  
down your hill I climb  
only to find another mountain  
with a better view this time.





## **Although Death Is Near**

Ashley Rings, 2016

Although death is near,  
I do not fear,  
For I still have a few years.

Walking along the streets,  
Starts to hurt my old feet.

Here and there children play  
Reminding me of the good old days

As I walk,  
a bird talks -  
to me.

He says, your day has come  
but do not fear,  
For God is waiting right here.



## Fear

Nicole Yartz, 2016

Sometimes we may think of things that scare us;  
this is in not knowing what sets us free.  
That in not knowing creates a huge fuss;  
One that might control the thing that is me.

When I think upon this thing that is fear;  
something deep in my soul trembles at it.  
Holding something close and so very dear;  
I find all my strength and it starts to quit.

What scares me is not likely to the most;  
it is only the person in my mind.  
My strength is the hope one day i may boast  
though when I feel there is nothing to find.

I can owe the path of finding my way;  
to the hoping it will be one soon day.

## Temporary

Emily Farruggia, 2016

Innocence is temporary,  
unlike the pain that destroys it.  
The eyes that held such pure love,  
now look like they want to quit.  
You held my world in your hand,  
while I held your attention for a moment.  
Love is temporary,  
just like the feelings that evoke it.  
Your words are making promises that your heart has  
no intention of keeping.  
The one who cared about you the most earning her a spot on the long list  
of things you never really wanted.  
You were temporary,  
unlike what you said you'd be.  
You were permanent to me, but that wasn't enough to keep you from  
wanting to be free. Free from us, from yourself, from me. Free from  
everything temporary.



### **Stuck**

Mary Olenik, 2016

You sit there all day long  
And stare out the window at all the life  
What they're doing to you is wrong  
Feels like you're being held down with a knife

The urge to take a stand  
Is constantly itching at your spine  
This is not what they demand  
Some say you're crossing the line

"This will help you in the long run"  
Is what they always say  
You feel like your life has not begun  
You want nothing more than to get away

You dream of a place you can be free  
And explore the world all day and night  
Experience the views from the highest trees  
And enjoy in life's delight

Kid, I hate to break the news to you  
It seems you're out of luck  
Keep dreaming of the pretty views  
But for now you're simply stuck.

### **School ):**

Bailey O' Malley, 2016

Early mornings and extremely long days

I'm always up all hours of the night

I always wake up in some sort of daze

School is just something I cannot fight

Studying all night to achieve good grades

Struggling with school work every day

Into next quarter, my good work pervades

At least I hope, I can always pray

Test days are stressful, to say at the least

Cramming in the class before so I pass

Sometimes school can be such a wild beast

I'm always finding a way to avoid class

School is dumb, but close to being over with

"Best days of your life" I think that's a myth

## **Hockey**

Ryan Madden, 2016

On the ice is where I feel I belong  
I feel at home when I am in the net  
Playing for my team do I feel quite strong  
So confident I just might place a bet

I feel so good when I do make a save  
Hearing the crowd cheer and roar quite loudly  
The road to states is what I want to pave  
We have our year planned down to a T

This is the last chance I will ever get  
I will do whatever I can to win  
The other teams will no doubt always fret  
No matter what I'll always show a grin

This year is the year we go all the way  
I dream of this in the bed that I lay



**Just Like a Seed**  
Rory Strauss, 2016

Just like a seed, I was buried underground.  
Far from light, far from sound.  
Solitude, darkness, never seemed to end,  
Until water brought me a friend.

Just like a plant, I fell into the background.  
Seeing the light, hearing the sound.  
Winds blow through my thin and thick,  
Rustling through me and my sidekick.

Just like a tree, I was easily found.  
Feeling the light, embracing the sound.  
Branches filled with families of life,  
Never fearing the fatal knife.

On the 26th of May, I was a grave mound.  
Loss of light, creator of sound.  
All love scattered from the place,  
Leaving me teary eyed, and red in the face.



**[Acts I-II]** inspired by “The Wolves (Act I and II)” by Bon Iver  
CeCe Johanni, 2018

falling asleep with wet hair;  
the wolves call out to the crescent (it mimics my under eye)  
“what might’ve been lost” (don’t bother me)  
I feel it, the impending transition...  
one more, one more phase and I’m new again  
decipher my metaphors!  
spawning no more tears;  
the lucid dreamer may one day fulfill the promise  
personificate my heart!  
speaking in verse hidden from;  
the sun (one more phase and I’m new again)  
surrounding my time:  
resounding in my mind

## My Best Friend

Jordyn Kachmar, 2016

My little hand wrapped around your finger,  
It's like there's not a worry in the world.  
I don't know much but you're the best singer  
and so beautiful with your hair all curled.

Time goes on and on and I get older.  
You're not only my mom, but my best friend.  
High school brings tears that land on your shoulders.  
These moments seem like they will never end.

You're my supporter, my number one fan.  
But life is not as easy as it seems.  
You say I can do it, you know I can.  
I'll be leaving soon, to follow my dreams.

I'll think of you every step of the way.  
Know that I'm only a phone call away.

## Where Does It Go?

Erika Stopper, 2016

One day I wake up in my mother's arms,  
The smell of her sweet perfume fills my nose  
Suddenly I am free of all bad harms  
In that moment, I am safe, I suppose

One day I wake up in my queen-sized bed,  
Anticipating my first day of school,  
Will I fit in? The thoughts run through my head  
I can't wait to be a senior and rule

Now here I am, I'm a senior at last,  
But I find myself more sad than happy  
These four years of high school have gone by fast  
I miss my youth, I know it is sappy

So I ask myself, where does the time go?  
I guess that's something we will never know



## **Alongside the Men**

Lizzy Springer, 2016

How long does it take to be far apart?  
A day, a month, a year, no doubt it's long.  
To get back together after depart,  
I guess I will just have to be so strong.

Today is harder knowing you are gone,  
Away to serve with guns and hope and love,  
It hurts more than I'm willing to let on.  
I look up to the stars and moon above.

I cannot help but hope you'll be home soon.  
I can no longer wait to see you back  
From fighting with your tenacious platoon,  
I soon begin to dress up all in black.

I'm heading out to join you in front lines,  
The first woman to fight here in all times.



## The Train

Tess Smith, 2019

I grab my bags, not looking back  
and board the train alone.  
How could I stay, when all of this pain  
is stuck in my bones and soul?

Inside the train, I see the face  
of those with heavy loads.  
They smile and hide the tears in their eyes  
and silently look down the road.

A man with grey skin and eyes sunken in,  
he holds a case that's just paper thin;  
but the weight inside cannot be disguised,  
for the pain is clearly foretold in his eyes.

Now the doors close, careful and slow,  
and my body grows weak with fear.  
But oh! Now I see that eternity  
is too long for the tracks to bear.

## What Is Happening?

Nicole Ferraro, 2016

Please Danny you are scaring me. Listen  
just listen to me I'm here can't you see.  
Now you look mad, when you used to glisten.  
I miss you Dan the way we used to be.

He said "Did you ever wake up screaming?"  
Only to find out it's all in your head?  
You never even know you are dreaming.  
The only thing there for you is the bed.

But soon those thoughts are dancing in your head.  
Not knowing what is real and what is fake.  
But nightmares you would have to end up dead.  
The nightmares are fake but will always ache.

But can you promise me that you will trust?  
I promise you that it will be a must.

## Keep Turning Pages

Nick Tober, 2016

Finally, the last letter  
It cannot be put down now  
It will answer why and how  
It will only get better

Not sure what will happen next  
The answer is set in stone  
I will find out on my own  
When I go over the text

I will not give a reply  
Because that is not my task  
Only myself I will ask  
Because it is only I

Yes, I am all by myself  
With great curiosity  
I am in my own city  
Under the rule of a shelf

You see, I am trapped inside  
But this jail is paradise  
Not a single place twice  
Billions of places to hide

Every genre, language, age  
With an original look  
I want to read every book  
But first I will turn the page



Loving something that is not yours  
is being trapped in a small clear glass box,  
unable to escape out of two doors  
that only you or your true love unlocks.

You pound and pound but you cannot escape;  
for the truest love is unbreakable.  
Thoughts of breaking breaks your heart out of shape,  
the long for freedom, unmistakable.

You cling on to what is left of your hope,  
smallest string in a knot emotions.  
Entangled in with love which is a rope  
that's long enough to cross the oceans.

We are the answer, love is the question,  
Loving you is like it's my profession





## **Tears**

Mason Kuhr, 2016

Tears are always clear  
Once they appear, they tell the world of our emotions  
Our emotions most sincere  
They tell tales of joy  
Or riddles of sorrow  
In joy we wish time may freeze  
In sadness we may fear tomorrow  
The tear can beg forgiveness  
The tear can harm its victim  
The tears I have watched in my time  
And the tears I have made  
Yet not all are mine  
Motives remain unclear  
As a single drop concocts then plops from the corner of the eye  
Rolls down the cheek, straight as a spear  
Making a sound only the heart can hear  
Tears are but half of our laugh, and/or our cry  
Yet always give us answers  
For the tear can seldom ever lie



### **Full Moon**

Julie Purich, '16

### **Somewhere New**

Abbey Kraynik, '18

If the moon was ever hungry, what  
would it eat?  
There would be no more stars left to  
greet

Cosmos for coffee  
Galaxies for brunch  
It would already be half full by lunch

Some say the moon is made of cheese  
Most likely because it ate it all  
Even in the end, it is still pretty small

While we are fast asleep  
It decides to take a sneak  
Into the big refrigerator called the sky

Buildings are growing taller  
As this ride gets longer  
And now you know

I think this sky is bluer  
I think these trees are greener  
But I'm not sure

Cars are flying past us  
As we go slower  
And now we're here

I liked the sound of music  
But I cannot hear it  
Anymore

And now I'm left thinking of the  
song  
That played when you were here  
But now it's gone  
Just like me





## Stain Glass

Kat Bliss, '16

Colors from something unseen  
Emotions, actions bursting out  
Producing it's scene  
Connected together without doubt

Important regardless of knowledge  
Scenes into words, words into stories  
Filled with unknown edge  
Separate, not categories

Dark, blank and numb between  
That forces others to agree  
Lights brighter than then seen  
As important as the colors be

Shaping, forming every moment  
Capturing form the colors revolve  
Then breaking, changing to compliment  
Existing, being, nothing to solve

Daring, blaring to be known  
Colors speaking brass  
Eyes pick up what is shown  
Colors connected to black, easily stain glass

Under, over and in the line  
Sight deceives the mind  
Stories into lives so fine  
Open the heart and see behind

Happiness is colors, shining scene  
Stories that need compromise  
Pain is black keeping colors from convene  
Likeness to the mind now arise

Still the meaning will bypass  
Happiness, pain, stories, scenes into stain glass

# ZMO









夢  
夕  
心  
旅













