

IMAGES 2015

The Art and Literary Magazine of Passaic Valley Regional Highschool



IMAGES 2025

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The Yearbook Staff



Artwork by: Youstina Hanna

1st Place: Arib Ahmed

“Bikrampur, Exactly as It Was”

The village road should still be dirt,
kicked up by barefoot kids chasing goats,
the air thick with the smell of rain and ripe
mangoes.

My grandma should still be sitting
on the wooden stool by the pond,
her sari bright against the mud walls,
her voice soft as she tells stories I only half
understand.

But she's gone now, and the stool sits empty,
the pond still ripples, but it feels quieter,
like it's missing something.

I should still be eleven years old,
squatting in the grass, trying to catch tadpoles,
but I'm not.

There should be nothing here I don't remember.

The market should still be chaos
fish flopping in buckets, spices stinging my nose,
vendors shouting over each other,
their voices blending into a song I can't forget.
My mom should still be bargaining
for a handful of green chilies,
her laughter ringing out as she waves me over
to carry the basket of eggplants and okra.
The little girl with the wide eyes
should still be asking if I'm from America,
and I should still feel that ache in my chest
when I nod yes.

There should be nothing here I don't remember.



The fields should still stretch forever,
green and gold under the sun,
workers bent low, their hands moving
like they're weaving the earth itself.
My dad should still be walking ahead of me,
pointing out the coconut trees,
telling me how they planted them when he was a
boy.

I should still be trailing behind him,
kicking up dust, pretending I'm not tired,
pretending I'm not amazed by everything.
There should be nothing here I don't remember.

But I'm not 11 anymore.
I'm standing at the edge of the village,
the wind pulling at my clothes,
the sun setting behind the rice fields.
I want to blame the new concrete houses,
the motorcycles buzzing past,
the way the pond feels smaller now.

I want to chase away the years,
turn the clock back to when everything
was exactly as it was.

I want to sit with my grandma again,
listen to her stories,
and pretend, just for a moment,
that nothing has been lost.
But she's gone, and the stool stays empty,
and all I have is this ache,
this place,
and the memory of her voice
telling me to come inside before it gets dark.

I remember the smell of my grandmother's cooking,
how it wrapped around the house like a warm embrace,
how the scent of cardamom and roasted lamb
lingered in the air long after the meal was done.

She stood by the stove, humming softly,
rolling dough between her fingers,
her hands moving like they had done a thousand times
before.

She would press a piece of warm bread into my palm,
tell me to wait, tell me to taste,
tell me that food, when made with love,
will always bring people home.

I remember the laughter of my cousins,
loud and endless, filling the halls.
We ran barefoot over cool tile,
shouting in Arabic, teasing in Arabic,
our voices bouncing off the walls like a song.
We made up games, argued over rules,
forgave and forgot in the blink of an eye,
because winning never mattered,
only the sound of our joy.

I remember the garden down below,
where the sun hung low, golden and bright,
where we played soccer, all the male boy cousins together,
dust rising with every kick,
knees scraped, shirts streaked with dirt.
The ball slammed against the stone wall,
bounced back into play, and we kept going,
chasing, yelling, laughing
until the screen door swung open above us,
and my grandmother's voice cut through the air.

"I Remember Amman"



2nd Place: Yusef Rafee

"Yalla, Yusef! Tla' fo'!"

Come up now. Come upstairs.

Her words pulled us from the game,
though we always pretended not to hear,
not at first, not until the second call,
not until we knew there was no more time to
steal.

I remember the nights on the balcony,
when the wind carried stories from the streets
below,
when the city lights flickered like stars in the
distance.

We sat with our feet dangling,
listening to the grown-ups sip tea,
their voices low, steady,
telling stories of a past we couldn't yet
understand.

I let the words wash over me,
let them sink into my bones,
let them become a part of me.
I remember the way Arabic filled my ears,
the way my name sounded softer in my
grandmother's voice,
the way the house felt full, whole, alive.
I remember even now, even though the house
has changed.

The walls are painted new, the garden silent.
People have moved on, voices have faded,
but memory does not leave so easily.
I remember my grandmother's voice.
I remember my cousins' laughter.
I remember the scent of home.
I remember, I remember, I remember.

write you a few lines to inquire
our health i hope you are in
alth i miss you very much
at i hope the time will
when you will be re
mely again for
as a friend of
er i cook
as here to
d a fine pe
ade a pr
ad cook Sp
on i was her
rapins i hope
tite for you
then like i
y be



“MEMORIES OF A BETTER TIME”

IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,
MY FAMILY’S HOME,
A SIMPLE HOUSE STANDS,
ITS WALLS WHISPERING STORIES,
OF SUNSETS DIPPED IN GOLD,
CASTING LONG SHADOWS,
WHERE LAUGHTER LINGERS,
AND LOVE GROWS—
HOW IT ONCE WAS.

THE AIR SWEET WITH MANGOES AND TANGERINES,
EACH BREAKFAST A FEAST FOR OUR SENSES,
JUICES FLOWING LIKE MEMORIES,
STICKY FINGERS AND SUGARED SMILES,
WE GATHERED, A CHORUS OF VOICES,
UNDER THE SPRAWLING SKY,
WHERE TIME DANCED SLOWLY—
HOW IT ONCE WAS.

DAYS STRETCHED LIKE SHADOWS IN THE COURTYARD,
HIDE AND SEEK, TAG,
THE THRILL OF CHILDHOOD ECHOING IN THE AIR,
COUSINS SCATTERED LIKE DREAMS,
LOST AND FOUND,
A TAPESTRY WOVEN WITH SUN AND LAUGHTER,
EVERY GAME A THREAD—
HOW IT ONCE WAS.

AND WHEN THE TWILIGHT BECKONED US TO REST,
AND THE FIREFLIES BEGAN TO TWINKLE,
WE WOULD SIT CLOSE, WRAPPED IN WARMTH,
SHARING SECRETS AND STORIES,
AS STARS TWINKLED LIKE DISTANT PROMISES,
IN THIS SANCTUARY OF MEMORIES—
MY FAMILY’S HOME, HOW IT ONCE WAS.



3rd Place:
YAREM OSCANOVA



“My Father’s House in Lancaster” Vincent Spagnola

There should be nothing here I don’t remember...
The long roads lined with cornfields,
old barns turning rusty red,
and the wooden swing on the porch
where I’d sit and wait
for fireflies to fill the night.

There should be nothing here I don’t remember...
The smell of fresh-cut grass on my shoes,
the clank of horseshoes in the yard,
and my father’s deep laugh
echoing through the air
like a song I never wanted to end.

There should be nothing here I don’t remember...
The crackling bonfire warming my face,
marshmallows melting on wire hangers,
and my father’s stories —
ones I’d heard a hundred times
but I always wanted to hear it again.

There should be nothing here I don’t remember...
But the fields seem bigger now,
the swing sways quietly,
and my father’s laugh
feels farther away.
Still, I close my eyes,
and for a moment,
there's nothing here I don’t remember.

Tied 4th Place:



“The Things I think I hate” Samantha Chen

I hate this place I call home,
I love it at the same time,
This place holds memories I pretend to hate
All this is worth only a dime
Leave or stay,
I continue to contemplate

I think I hate....

They've cooked the same thing everyday
The same things since 2016
I am tired of seeing steamed fish with scallions and soy
On the same metal dinner plate
I don't want it anymore,
until I miss it

I think I hate....

I sit by myself in the Little Room,
Bowl filled with fish and rice
I look at the door that leads out to the restaurant.
I wait for my brother to come eat with me
Though I forgot a factor,
he’s miles away

I think I hate...

Once I leave, I know I won't feel lighter
I am still here, so I guess I’ll continue to pretend,
I have already tried holding on with all my might
But life has already started searching for an end,
I say I hate this life but I know
I’ll miss it in my next one.

I thought I hate....

WRITTEN BY ALESAYRA LOPEZ

IN THE MORNING LIGHT, WE WOULD WANDER FREE...

WHEN WEEKENDS CAME, IT WOULD BE JUST YOU AND ME
WANDERING FREE HANDS LOCKED IN WHILE EVERYONE LAY ASLEEP.
HAND IN HAND, JUST YOU AND ME, OUR LAUGHTER ECHOED THROUGH
THE TREES.
YOUR SMILE, A WARMTH, LIKE A SUMMER DAY BREEZE.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT, WE WOULD WANDER FREE...

YOU'D TELL ME ABOUT YOUR ADVENTUROUS STORIES, JUST YOU AND ME.
WITH EVERY TALE, A WORLD WOULD UNFOLD FILLED WITH ADVENTURES
OF WONDER.
MIXED WITH WHISPERS OF JOY, AS WE WOULD TALK ON THE SWINGS AS
YOU PUSHED ME.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT, WE WOULD WANDER FREE...

NO MATTER WHAT SEASON IT WAS WE WOULD ALWAYS GO.
THE PARK WAS OUR FAVORITE PLACE YOU WOULD TAKE ME.
THE SWINGS WOULD SWAY, THE LAUGHTER WOULD RISE.
YOUR JOY REFLECTED IN THOSE BRIGHT, BLUE, LOVING EYES.

IN THE MORNING LIGHT, WE WOULD WANDER FREE...

THOUGH NOW YOU'RE GONE ABUELITA, YOUR SPIRIT'S WITH ME.
IN EVERY PARK, IN EVERY TREE,
I FEEL YOUR LOVE SURROUNDING ME, FOREVER A PART OF ME.

artwork by

A Journey Through My Montessori Playground by Lucia Kilian

Where laughter echoes,
And the sun paints the walls,
I wander through memories,
Each corner a classroom,
Each room a lesson learned,
This is my montessori playground,
Where childhood unfolded,
Like a map of my heart.

I remember the playground,
Where innocence danced,
And a child fell,
The crack of a bone,
A gasp, a rush of emotions,
Fear and fascination intertwined,
I learned the fragility of life,
In the laughter of friends,
And the tears of a moment.

Each transfer, a new beginning,
Each state, a chapter,
Woven with threads of change,
I grew in the chaos,
Finding strength in uncertainty,
Like a flower pushing through concrete,
This place holds my secrets,
My fears and my triumphs,
As I painted my identity.

I'm reminded of the journey,
The laughter, the heartache,
I carry it all within,
The lessons learned, the love shared,
This is my sanctuary,
My montessori playground,
Where I became who I am.



The last summer by Anonymous

The summer when my cousin lived so
close,
I'd jump out of bed, and change my
clothes
We'd race outside, our laughter so
clear,
From morning til dawn, when my dad
was still here

The summer when my cousin lived so
close,
We'd laugh til our stomachs hurt, while
eating the most,
From morning to evening it went by so
fast,
I hoped and prayed that this feeling
would last.

The summer my cousin lived so close,
We played in the grass and got all gross,
As we ran and played, with 100 things to
see
That summer meant nothing but more
to me

The summer my cousin didn't live so
close
The days felt long, I missed her the
most
People move on, some even change
but the memories I spent with her, will
never go away



BACK AT THE BEACH, WRITTEN BY IZZY TISEO

Back at the beach everything was calm and carefree,
Nothing seemed to matter to my family or me
I'd wake up to fresh goods from the bakery,

Panel bread in the toaster oven that was always so crispy.
"Pack up everyone, lets get ready to go!" My aunt would yell
But no one was in a rush because we were Back at the Beach.
Jumping in the ocean all seven or nine of us.
Fighting the waves yelling, "Over!" or "Under!"

We'd trudge home sandy and burnt,
So excited to see what was going to be made for dinner.
Everyone trying to beat each other to the outdoor shower,
And those who lucked out of the shower were going to jump right in the pool.
At home there were always so many rules but Back at the Beach there were none at all.
Happy and tan, was what everyone was.
Eating and laughing, only smiles from all.

As soon as dinner was done we'd all clean up.
Then wondering who'd would be the first to ask,
"Can we get ice cream?!"
The answer was always yes,
Because Back at the Beach, ice cream was a must!
Campfire smores, with chocolate syrup and sprinkles
Or a Graham Central Station sundae!
Everyone got a large because nothing matters Back at the Beach

Now that everyone was in for the night,
We'd pull out everyone's favorite game, left right center!
"I have three singles!" or "We should play with fives!"
We'd all shout never knowing who'd be the won to win the big prize
We'd play until we were all out!
And at the end of the night when going to bed we'd say to ourselves,
"Everything is always so much better, when we are Back at the Beach."

I wish I could go back – Jake delaney

Laughter echoed through the halls,
Cousins gathered, joyous calls.
Games and secrets, nights so long,
Memories woven, forever strong.

I wish I could go back

Now the rooms are quiet, still,
Miles between us, hearts to fill.
Photos faded, voices faint,
Yet love remains without restraint.

I wish I could go back

Through we're scattered far and wide,
In our hearts, we're side by side.
Until we meet again someday,
In memories, we find our way.

I wish I could go back

Seasons change, and time moves on,
Yet our bond is never gone.
In dreams and stories we reunite,
Cousins love, a guiding light.





I wander through streets
that don't remember me—
the brick walls fading,
like old photographs
left in the sun.

I am looking for the house
where the floors creaked
with the weight of our laughter,
where we sat in the kitchen
and called it "home."

The porch is gone now,
its swing replaced by a hollow echo.

I'm still chasing shadows
of the years I lost—
the ones that slipped through my
fingers

while I searched for myself
in corners I never found.

I am looking for the house
where the walls held secrets
too quiet to tell.

Behind these fences,
the trees look different—
no longer bending
toward the window where
I used to press my hands,
watching the sky blush at dusk.

I call out,

but the silence answers
with unfamiliar faces.

I am looking for the house
where the roots ran deep
and the doors were always open.

I trace the shape of the past
with my eyes,

but the ground has forgotten its name.

No turning back now,
only a rusted key
and the ghosts of what could have been.



The Things I think I hate by Samantha Chen

The boardwalk at night, walking around having fun
Something can stop that, and make you run

The loud rowdy kids were having a blast
Beach and boardwalk and rides that went fast.
The air was muggy and the vibe was chilling
The sun was setting, no one expected tonight's attempted killing.

There was a man on the boardwalk, he had a dog
The dog was dangerous but somehow got past the guards
The owner of the dog had no to right to have it
But that didn't stop him, not for a bit.

The owner of the dog then got into a fight
His bad decision ruined everyone's night.
The man's dog was was aggressive as can be
Then everyone looked and saw what they can see

Allegedly the dog got loose and barked very loud
Next thing you see was a stampede running down the town.
People are running and screaming in fear,
The children and their parents were holding in their tears.

People jumped off the boardwalk and ran for their lives
They said the dog was attacking
and we all tried to hide,
In peoples backyards and shops and stores,
All we wanted to do was enjoy the boardwalk under the stars.

After the panic, almost everyone got out safe
Some people did get trampled and stomped on their face,
Apparently the dog never existed,
It was a rumor that left everyone running, and hiding

This time was a false alarm so don't be scared
It's not like anyone important ever cared,
Lives at risk every day,

When all we wanted to do was have fun and play

Incidents like this aren't rare
They're at schools, and clubs, almost everywhere,
No precautions to prevent this scare,
But don't be sad: you have their "thoughts and prayers"

“The ‘Dog’ on the Boardwalk”
Written by Francesco Vincenti

written by Saira Islam

The walls were green,
A soft glow, like sunlight through the trees,
Flowers bloomed in every corner,
Bright petals spilling from the air,
Their colors dance like the butterflies that line my memories.

The walls were green...

The dresser sat in the corner,
Delicate flowers painted on the wood,
Each drawer a secret, each pull a memory
Of mornings waking, with the smell of the fresh earth,
Of days spent chasing sunlight through windows.

The walls were green...

My covers with princesses on them,
A blanket of pastel dreams,
Soft and cool as the summer breeze,
I'd wrap myself in stories of faraway lands,
Where petals and wings held the key to every adventure.

The walls were green...

The closet, filled with summer dresses,
Light cotton flowing in the warm Maryland air,
Colors that whispered of picnics and laughter,
Of dancing barefoot in the grass,
Of endless afternoons without time.

The walls were green.



artwork by Rose Kim



The blue beach house. Everything is blue, but it's a color you will soon love. Many summers have been spent there and many more to come. With the beach a block away nothing is better than that.

We race all around the house playing without cushions and neighboring kids. Wiffle ball, kick, or throwing a football Is all fun and games. Then the beach sand castles, deep holes and the water.

But in the end the hardest part is cleaning everything up packing the bags. Saying goodbye to family and friends. Then into the car for the ride back north Jersey.

Written by Sean Puglise

Artwork by Talia Torres

written by Elif Sozer

You're not real.
You're an idea inside my head,
That i have continued wanting even long after it was dead.
These things that i like about you
Came first from me
And you took the opportunity
To show me how stupid I can be—
Because my intentions were pure
Honestly for you I would have waited
and now you made me, the girl crying over someone she never really dated.
What a situation we find ourselves both in,
And I'll never let someone manipulate me again to win—
To let me be underappreciated.
I'm just another name on your roster?
You've gotta be absolutely kidding me
Goodbye mr imposter.
the things that i like about you—
You've proved every single one of them wrong,
You're singing my melody as a completely different song
It fooled me for a while
Even seemed like a more perfect fit
Until it started burning because of a fire you gas lit.
And i've been thru this
So i know the story
I “deserve better”
And “only time will tell”
But you can't be with me,
so please just leave.
Cut out these false apologies you have hidden within your sleeves
It's over, it's done.
Nothing you say can make it change
Loving someone to you feels a little to strange
But that's not how i live
There's love in everything i do,
Even up to this last conversation
I really do wish the best for you.



artwork by audrey dreitlein



Artwork by Alexa Viola

ALLURED BY STELLA OSTROWSKI

I couldn't stop staring
I've never seen such a creature
Her hair, legs, nose, my, what unique features!
Clouds stormed in her eyes
Lightning crackled in my mind
Locks of inky springs bounced off her chest
She had to be something out of a dream I must
confess

The odor of acidic fruits hit my lungs
Does this aroma taste as good on my tongue?
She was sculpted by Venus herself by the same foam
she was created

Or maybe by Van Gogh, meticulously painted
Whatever spell was cast upon me, I knew she had to be
mine

Though I was a fool for thinking I had a chance the
least I could do was try

That was some many years ago
You would think that I would have let her go
But alas, I succeeded! I won her over
Kisses and prayers and a four leaf clover

Her clouded eyes still as sharp
Her locks of springs still as dark
Picture perfect, made from clay
She was mine and I had her! I made her stay
I didn't let anyone stand in my way
Especially when I saw her on display
No one could stop me, I wouldn't accept defeat
It's just too bad her heart no longer beat

“im looking for Albania”
written by Klea Gerollar

I’m looking for Albania,
the way it lingers in my mind,
a place both gone and always here,
a home I leave, yet always find.

The sea still hums in silver waves,
Like whispers from my mother’s hands,
The mountains rise in quiet pride,
Like elders standing where they stand.

I’m looking for Albania,
In crowded rooms where voices blend,
Where tables stretch beyond their length,
And meals begin but never end.

The roads still curve through olive trees,
The market shouts in colors bright,
Yet something tugs a space between
A past that flickers in the light.

I’m looking for Albania,
In laughter loud and tears held back,
In songs that call from long ago,
But never beg for what they lack.
The air is thick with roasted lamb,
The scent of salt, of dust, of home,
Of all that’s lost yet never gone,
Of all that’s mine yet not my own.

The past still breathes in mountain winds,
it sings in every street I roam,
it calls me back, again, and again
I’m looking for Albania. I’m home.



artwork by anonymous

Grandmas House by Gianna Morel

It’s Sunday morning. I’m five years old.
Getting ready to go to grandma’s house.
The house is clean and toys are put away.
Walking to the car with my favorite toy.
Hair in a pony tail wagging back and forth.

Every sunday at grandma’s house.

It’s Sunday morning. I’m seven years old.
Dora the Explorer is on the tv.
My favorite doll is ready to go.
My pink outfit with glitter all over.
We packed the car and loaded the dogs.
Every Sunday at grandma’s house.

It’s Sunday morning and I’m ten years old.

The sun is beaming and the wind is blowing.

I’m going to meet up with my cousins today.

The swings at the park are waiting for us.

The birds are singing and flowers are blooming.

Every Sunday at grandma’s house.

It’s Sunday morning. I’m thirteen years old.

We’re getting ready for her funeral.
The laughter ceased and the joy went away.

We all hugged as we mourned the loss of
an unforgettable woman.
Memories that we hold in our hearts forever.

Every Sunday at grandma’s house.

Here I lie within the Dark
The Creature comes to make its mark
Yelling and screaming, making me choose
Should I give in, shall I lose?

I walk every day and see a gray shadow
No food on the table, we feasted although
A candle burns since years ago's dark October
Why should I try? No need to be sober

Tonight with bottles stacked all over the room
They're all broken, tears spent on an empty womb
A regretful crib stays untouched, collecting dust
What do I have to lose? I gave in to Mistrust

My Angel, I know, flying high up there
Where the doves sing, people laugh, and a trumpet fanfare
Although I've always liked the flute
Why is there nothing for me in this world? He took all the loot

Crows come here often and they squawk
A star-shaped key opens a door, but it has a lock
Far too many for me
I will stand here firmly like a lost Autumn tree

Perpetually stuck where the sun doesn't shine
He took everything I loved, You, and what was mine
I hear it, the clouds pour
Will the rain end? It feels forevermore

I step outside and amidst the showers, there was a light
A tiny one at that, like a halo shape in sight
Warmth like tiny, soft hands reaching out to me
Is this real life? Like a fresh breeze of the sea

A tree dances with cheer and life as the Snake slithers away
Fluffy, white marshmallows at the campfire part, and I see the day
Robins chirp, an iris blooms, a hint of green and it was true
Have I arrived? Come what May, my walls are no longer blue

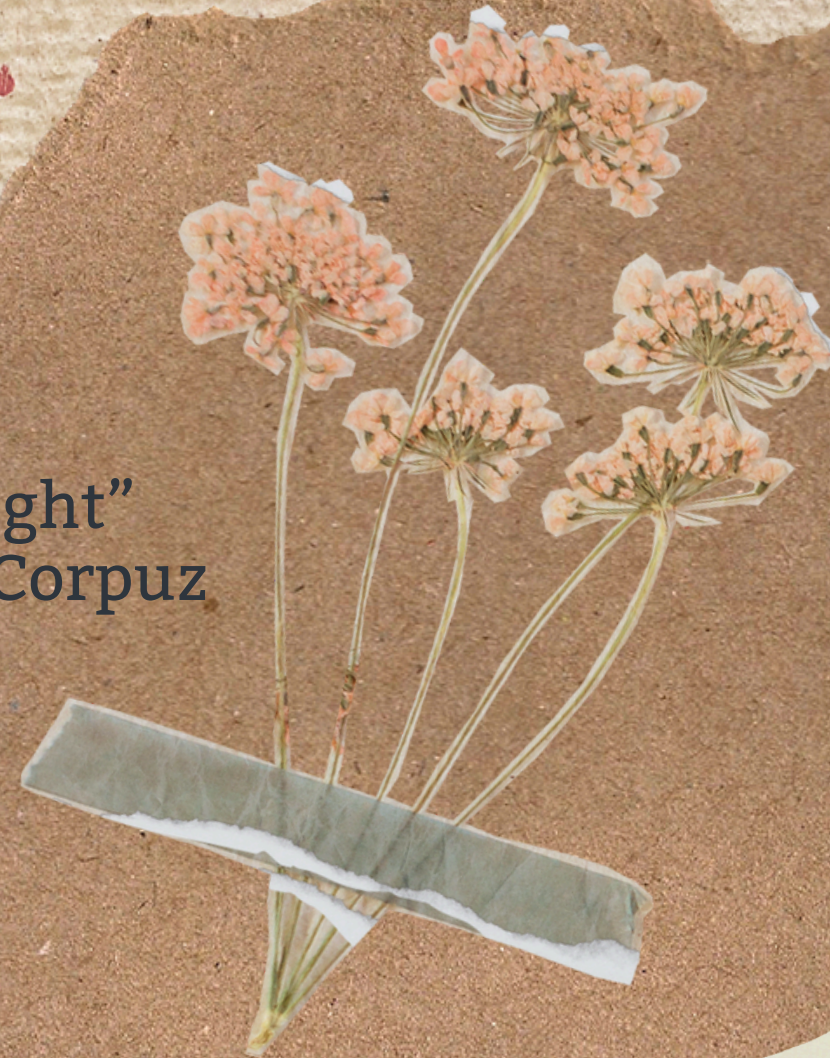
Like Persephone has come after a trial
My young one, A precious, warm smile
I take a deep breath and a sigh of relief
Is it over? A caterpillar crawls on a bright, green leaf

I close my eyes and cup her face
And I feel so much lighter with the embrace
Flourishes of beaming, sparkling colors glow ever so bright
Is this happiness? Spring shined itself on me after my fight

Forgive never forget
Even with roaring waves, the sand will set
My hope is that nothing ever stays the same
A baby candle can still grow into a saving flame

So whichever way the wind blows
I will always remember my biggest highs and deepest lows

"a Tiny Halo of Light"
written by Mariela Corpuz



Written by Genesis Ostolaza

SILENCE. IT'S DEAFENING,
IT'S PULLING THE OXYGEN OUT OF MY LUNGS,
IT'S SEIZING EVERY THOUGHT IN MY MIND. SILENCE.
I CAN'T BREATHE,
I CAN'T THINK,
I'M SCARED

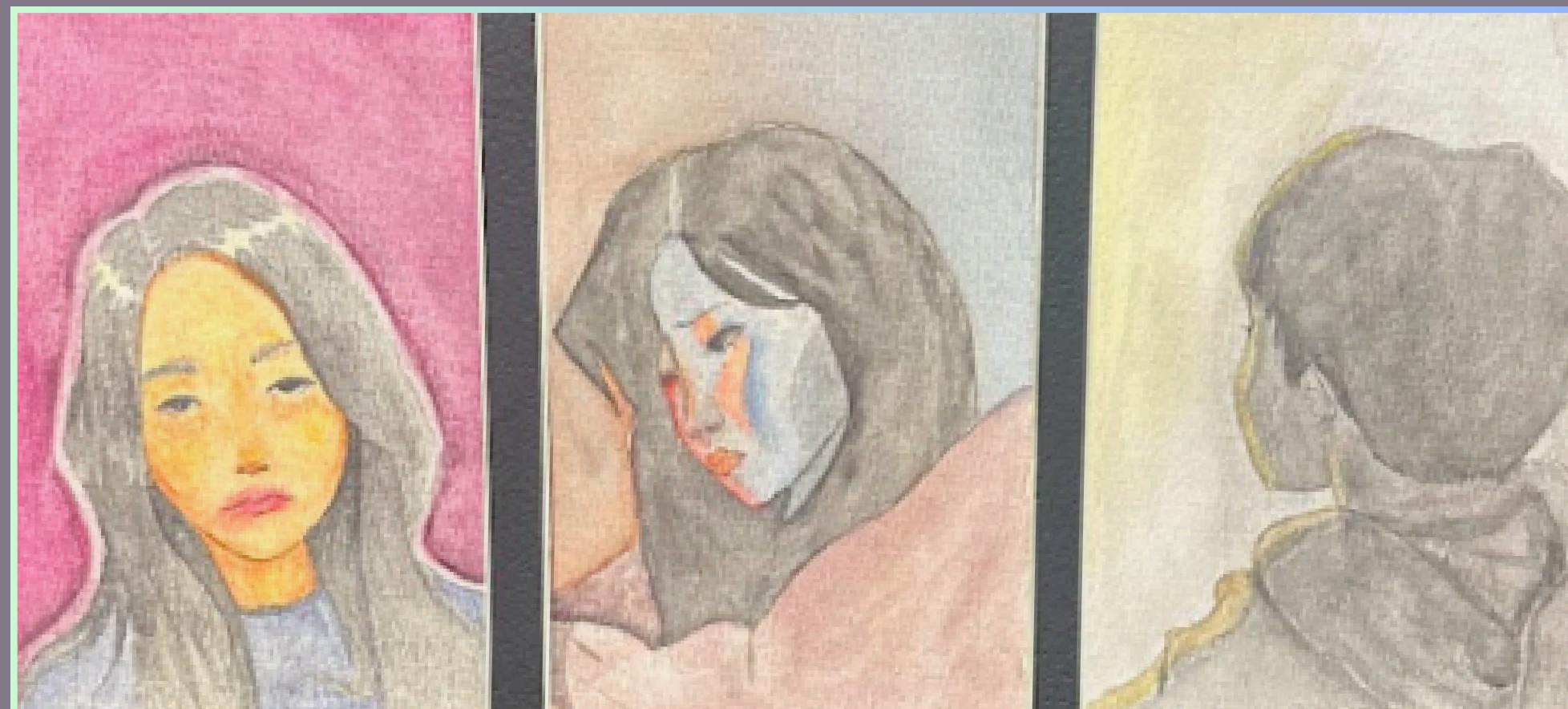
MEMORIES REPLAY IN MY MIND FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE HOURS
MY BREATHING—IT'S LABORED
MY FRIENDS ARE LOOKING AT ME
MY HANDS RAISED
AS IF COMPELLED TO SPEAK.
I ASK TO GO TO THE BATHROOM
I DON'T LISTEN FOR THE ANSWER I JUST GO

AS ALL OUR MEMORIES FLOOD TOGETHER,
I REALIZE JUST HOW LITTLE TIME I REALLY HAD WITH YOU
ALL THE LOVE SLOBBER WHENEVER I'D COME OVER,
FOLLOWING ME WHEREVER I WENT—
THE BATHROOM, THE KITCHEN LIVING ROOM,
MY LITTLE SHADOW

WHEN WE SLEPT ON UR BED TOGETHER,
IF I HAD I KNOWN THAT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME,
I WOULD'VE STAYED LONGER, I WOULD'VE HELD YOU TIGHTER,
GIVEN YOU 1000 MORE KISSES

MY MIND STILL SCREAMING AT ME
I CAN'T BREATHE, I CAN'T THINK,
I'M SCARED
MY HANDS CONVULSING AS I GRIP MY PHONE
I RE-READ THE MESSAGE AGAIN:
"JUST PUT DOWN MOSELY"
I LET THE TEARS STREAM DOWN LIKE A WATERFALL
I SIT THERE FROZEN,
UNABLE TO STOP HYPERVENTILATING,
HANDS SHAKING, TRYING TO QUIET MY SOBS
SILENCE. IT DEAFENS ME.

EVERY SINGLE THOUGHT
DROWNING ME
MY LEGS MANAGE TO GET TO THE
BATHROOM
I RUSH IN, FIND A STALL AND FALL
TO THE GROUND
SOBBING



Artwork by Rose K1m

artwork by Audrey Dreitlein

Love never fails
written by Isabella Nunez

Love never fails,
If you work on the details.

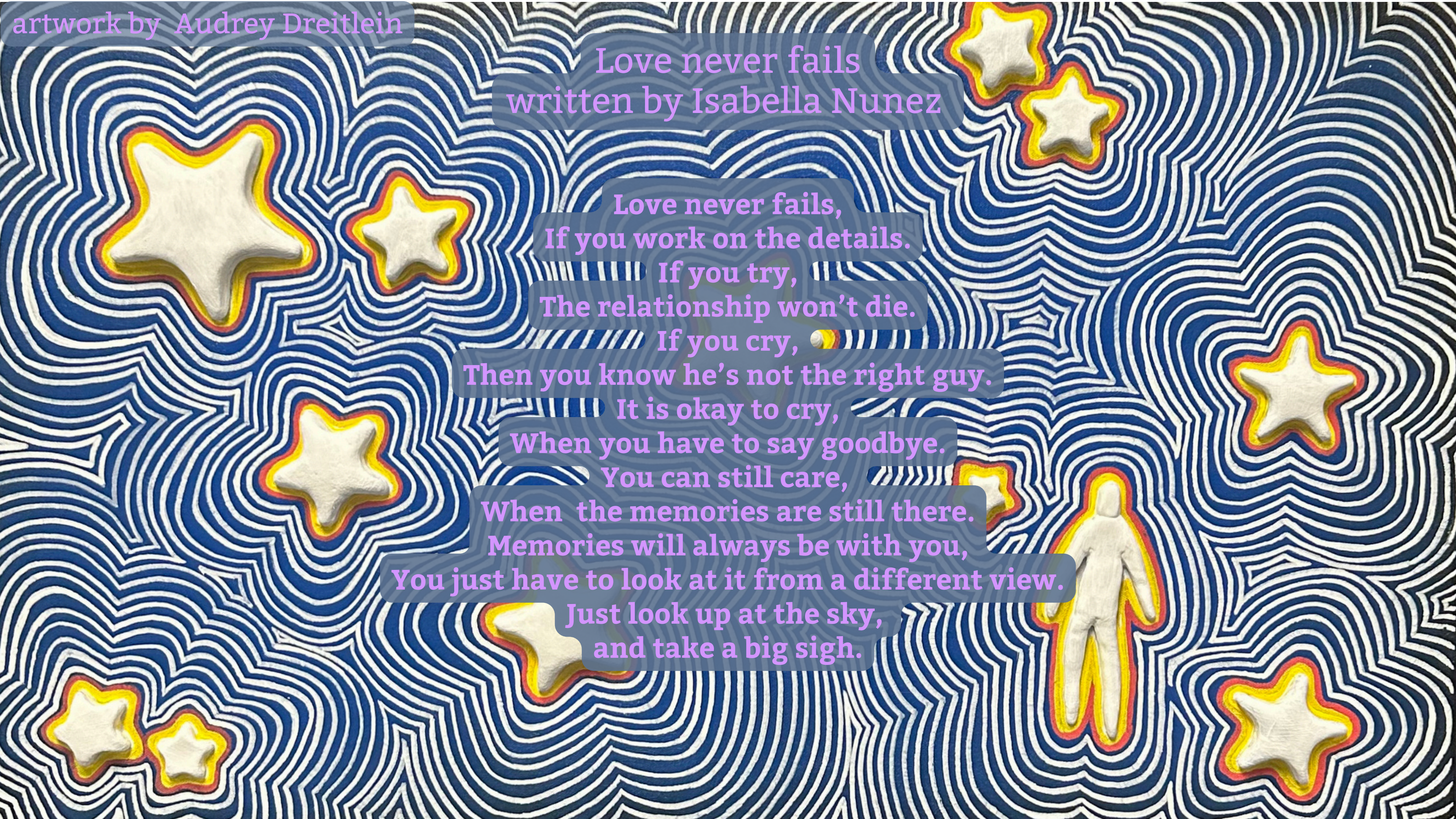
If you try,
The relationship won't die.

If you cry,
Then you know he's not the right guy.

It is okay to cry,
When you have to say goodbye.

You can still care,
When the memories are still there.
Memories will always be with you,
You just have to look at it from a different view.

Just look up at the sky,
and take a big sigh.



WRITTEN BY JORDAN CAMPBELL

You were my treasure
You were my delight
You were the feelings that hold me tight
You were my everything

But you were gone
And grief became so prolonged
That I no longer felt completely strong
But if I had a single song
It would be a "One Love" sing along

To be honest
I feel lost
Almost as though I died on a cross
My soul is intertwined with yours
Lost in a pool of endless thoughts
And fading into one single spot

But I know you miss me
And I miss you too
I hope my dear
That we will meet again soon

But I hold you tight
Hold you strong
And I know your memory
Will live forever on

I won't be sad
I won't be angry
I won't be mad
I won't be upset

But I know that i will be floating
In a world of grief-stricken thoughts

Because you were my treasure
My dear Mama



ARTWORK BY
GIANNA GAROFALO

"THE INEVITABLE WHISPER"
BY GERARDO SANCHEZ

"O Death, how oft thou whisper'st
me thy call,
like wind that strips the trees of
autumn's gold?
How oft thou dancest where no
light may fall,
a starving beast with prey within
its hold?

Thou art the unseen blade that
drinks the breath,
the echo lost where none dare
speak or tell,
a raven perched upon the spine of
death,
a hush where hollow, endless
shadows swell.

Life is a stream that longs to greet
the sea,
and thou, the tide that pulls with
silent grace.
Thou writ'st in ink that none but
thee may see,
a book unwrit, yet none may flee
its trace.

O Death, dost thou bring sorrow
or release?
A fleeting sigh—or hands that
grant us peace?"

Frustrations, griefs, complaints, and
critiques,

All are met with lips on the cheek.

He swore your secrets not to tell,

For a minimal price, he would sell.

In the arms of a “confidant”, the fangs of
the serpent.

He may act as though he is your servant.

It is important though, not to be
deceived.

His oath of loyalty cannot be believed.

Tempting it may be, the status quo,

Begging the question, “if not here, where
to go?”

Still, connection with others you may
lack.

It is better to be alone than with a knife
in your back.



Iscariot
by Charles Freidrich

ARTWORK BY BRANDON PHAN



The thought that stays won't go away.
It wakes with me in the morning light,
Follows my footsteps through the day.
The thought that stays won't go away.

It whispers soft but always clear,
A quiet hum behind my mind.
It pulls me back, it keeps me near
The thought that stays won't go away.

It rises up when I feel calm,
And lingers long when I feel low.
It waits in moments still and warm
The thought that stays won't go away.

But sometimes laughter breaks its hold,
And sunlight melts it into the air.
For a while, my heart feels bold
Yet still, the thought that stays won't go
away.

The Thought That Stays
by Samiya Bhuiyan



Artwork by: Valeria Gomez



Artworl by: Angel Gonzalez

Unfortunate
By: Patricia Szemes

I want to float as the wind blows,
Not be held down by the chains of my mind.
Always thought to live was to walk on shattered glass,
Whole time the glass was eggshells.

Say you're depressed, as you run away from gratitude,
While they say you're a mess, who can't lose that attitude.
The monster under the bed was the monster in your head,
The noise you heard was you knowing you're scared.

Why move gingerly to leave the same way you came?
What tree doesn't want to bloom and change colors in the
spring?

Compare yourself? Honey don't you know,
The sun and moon are different but both glow?
They're keeping you back? No, it's not them.
You don't dare take the training wheels off, how would you
advance?

Always think of the worst, why not the best?
Stop using your head, use what's in your chest.
They have it worse, never forget,
You could have been way less fortunate.

Don't find a scapegoat to blame for your faults,
But don't beat yourself up, it's how you grew up.
No one around to teach you right from wrong,
Now you don't have an excuse, go and evolve.

Syria is the land of peace and beautiful landscapes.

I've built such nice memories there the one summer I went for vacation.

Where I would go with my cousins late at night to get food and to get some sweets. Miss the times where I would see new beautiful landscapes and see all the nice lights Shine bright in the nighttime.

Where the stores stay open till late midnight and you are able to buy food that has so Much flavor that makes you crave more.

Syria is known for its famous landscapes and amazing places. It's a blessing to be Syrian But unfortunately the cruel world leaves you.

artwork by Nicole Contreras-Castaneda



Stranded away from your beautiful loving home.

I remember how the family would gather and bring food and spend late nights laughing together till the sun went up.

All there is left at times is memories and having faith to be able to go back this summer. With the situation of how Syria is and how there is somewhat war. Knowing the answer might not be what I hope for it to be. I can only cherish the moments and time spent in Syria.

Hoping one day Syria will finally be back to it's own self and have many more new memories. With new people and new places to visit in the upcoming summers.

written by Sedra Karmeh

The Crimson Noir, reels me in once
more
Her blue eyed gaze, punctures deep in
my soul
With Angel's fangs that make true
Lust's kiss dole
Like icy talons, piercing through my
Cor
Unbounded, she haunts my thoughts
evermore
Her voice shackles me to the mystic
bole
Where soon I shall hear the Requiem's
toll
She hopes to bring me past the mortal
door
But that is my heart's greatest desire
For the gift of death shall end my
despair
And leave the strings of existence
unwound
I beg for her to extinguish life's fire
To cease my being and dispel my cares
Crimson Noir, I long for thee, profound

The Crimson Noir
by Ivan Petrusevski

Artwork By:
May Suppatra



In the corner, where the dust
falls like forgotten thoughts,
the air is stale with the smell
of yellowed pages,
while the hum of silence
may leave one sullen.

The shelves bear the weight of worlds,
waiting for human eyes to gaze once more.
Each book a story yet told,
a quite echo of lives lived
oin ink and paper,
waiting to be discovered.

I walk the aisles,
steps muffled on old carpet,
passing titles that once whispered
promises of action and adventure,
the light shoots through the windows
casting shadows that reach far.

Searching for the quiet shelf,
where words come to life.
Where nothing speaks louder
Than the gentle turn of a page.

Searching for the Quiet Shelf
By Jonathan Garcia



The girl that hangs on
To everything, for too long.
That grips on to a snapping tree
branch
Even though she knows there's no
chance.

The girl that stares at the wall
Thinking thoughts that she wants to
tell all

Yet holds herself back
For fear that it may land her in
another attack.

Pondering about what could have
been

After the branch had already
snapped, and there was no way to
win.

Dwelling on the happy past,
Thinking how she got so low so fast
The girl that yearns to be loved

Not for petty reasons
But because she was the one was
who always made others feel
beloved.

To be closely knit, so tightly, for it to
all unravel randomly
That, she thinks, is a tragic anomaly.

By Emily Tucci

I would always go to Costco with my Grammy,
I would shout, “I want that!”
It would be a bright pink electric car with Disney princesses on it.
But, everytime it would always be,
“You are never going to use that.”

When my Grammy used to babysit me,
I always saw a commercial for Snackeez.
I begged and begged for this cup and snack holder in one.
But, everytime it would always be,
“You are never going to use that.”

This time it was, “I NEED THAT GRAMMY”
A Wubble Bubble, that I could use to sit on,
or play dodgeball with my brother.
Grammy knew the type of kid I was... a reckless one,
and still everytime it would always be,
“You are never going to use that and you’re going to break something”

IKEA is the store that Grammy would always take me to,
Whenever we would go we would call it our “date day”.
I would always want everything in the store,
I learned not to even ask anymore because I already knew the answer.
But, when I laid my eyes on a fluffy, white polar bear, I knew I needed it.
So, I asked, not thinking anything would be different, but this time it was,
“Yes, but you better actually use it”
And to this day I still can’t sleep without it.

“You are never going to use that”
Written by Liliana Kalokitis



Artwork by Tatyana Corprew

Friend Group Chaos

In the friend group where laughter is the key.

We share all our dreams, we keep our secrets.

We laugh, we're free, we are free like a bee.

Through ups and downs we all have our regrets.

She whispers each day, her words filled with spite

"Those girls are fake, they pretend to be nice."

Behind all the smiles there's flickers of light.

But trust me I know it's just a thin ice.

They came together their faces were tense.

"Enough of the blab we're done with the lies"

Your words cut deep, we don't like the suspense

"We're good without you, it's time to say bye"

In the spot we shared, there's space where you stood.

But thinking of past, wishing you all good.

By Alyssa Calvano

Illustrated by Alexa Viola



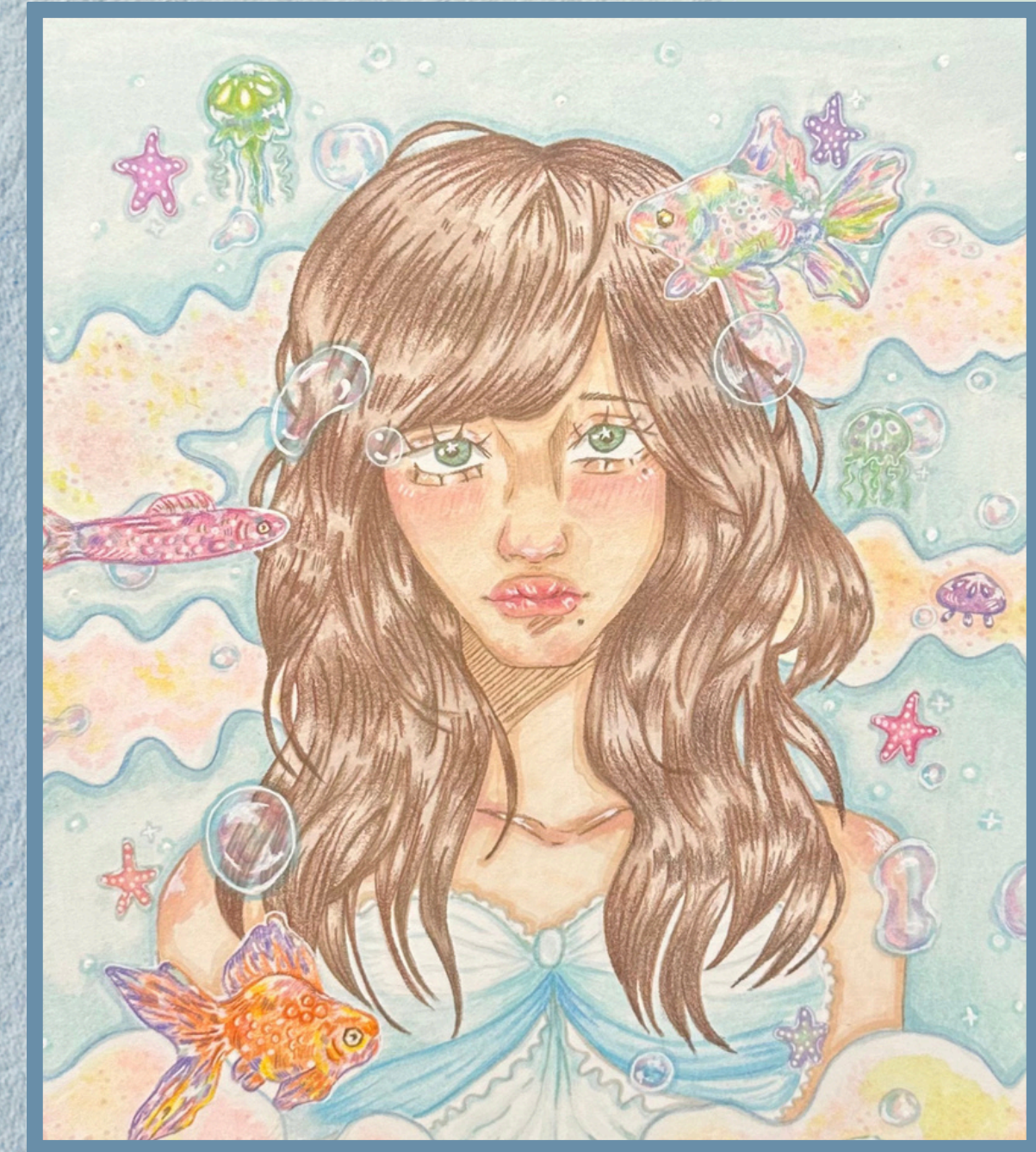
Eternal Recollection written By Nicole Diaz

I remember when the cold air once
tightened our lungs,
And the snowflakes that fell on our
tongues.
The mourning doves and the sudden
smell of the humid air
Remind me of the spring days with
you.
I should still be in the back of your car
Singing our favorite songs on our way
to the park
Watching as the pink emerges from
the buds of our trees
Your presence gave me so much peace.

I should still be your little girl

We should still be pushing our big red
sled up the hill
Racing up the slippery white sheet of
snow
Seeping through our boots
But without a care because we were
together
And later, when the night fell early,
We collapsed in the snow
Which hugged us softly.
And there—an imprint of our
memory

I should still be your little girl
The bright August sun felt so yellow
Under the shade of the big trees
Accompanied by a warm summer
breeze
As the sun kissed our skin and
bronzed us both
Swinging in our hammock
Blowing the dandelions we picked.
I never knew how temporary this
moment would be
Walking through the grass that was
once home to me
I should still be your little girl
The different shades of red emerge
from our trees
Coloring leaves under pages with our
favorite hues
The cold air grew crisp in my lungs
again
And your love grew cold too...
But our memories reside within the
rocks we climbed
And the grass we walked
And the trees we engraved.



Artwork by
Maryam Elsamny

Grandma's House

By Franco Alvarez

I wish I could go back..

The Argentine sun bathes the house in amber glow,
A treasure-filled haven where our dreams would grow
Yaya sold sweets, bargaining with whoever was closest
While chocolate scents swirled under our noses.

I wish I could go back..

Upstairs, the concrete floor stayed cool and still,
But my room buzzed with joy, memories to fill.
Stuffed animals all over, waiting for their turn
To fly through the room as the fan would churn.

I wish I could go back..

The fan spun fast, wobbling wildly with each flight,
Launching Oso, the bear, and E.T. into the night.
We'd toss them high, watching them glide
A simple moment, pure and sanctified

Now the house belongs to someone new
But Oso remains, his scars in view
A token of laughter, of moments so rare,
A childhood treasure beyond compare.

I can't go back..



**Artwork By
Isabella Castillo**



artwork done by

At Daniels Top-of-the-Poconos, with my family
all around
100 people strong, our laughter was the best
sound
Cousins, aunts, and uncles our hearts are all
there

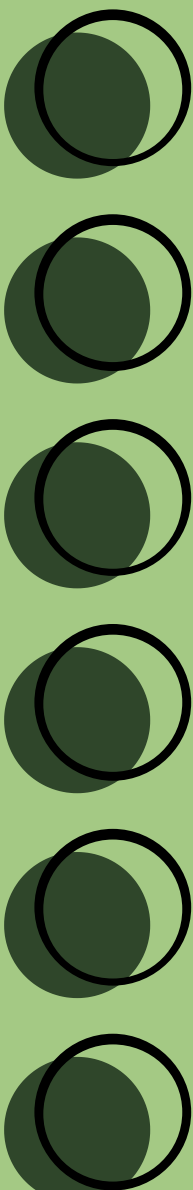
The garbage bags of claw machine winnings, my
favorite was the stuffed bear

At Blackthorne, the goats chasing the child
The rope swings out in the middle of the wild
The bull riding night where everyone got thrown
The chicken fights in the pool, it's what was best
known

At Baumanns Brookside, family bocci take over
The kids scattered around, they found a four-
leaf clover
The late night walks and talks, the best memories
are formed
Always outside playing manhunt or infected,
even if it stormed

All the weeks filled with family in the Poconos or
Catskills
The drive back home is sad, remembering all the
thrills

It will be another year before we are all back
But before we know it a year has gone by and it's
time to pack



The summer when my cousin
lived so close,
I'd jump out of bed, and change
my clothes
We'd race outside, our laughter so
clear,
From morning til dawn, when my
dad was still here

The summer when my cousin
lived so close,
We'd laugh til our stomachs hurt,
while eating the most,
From morning to evening it went
by so fast,
I hoped and prayed that this
feeling would last.

The summer my cousin lived so
close,
We played in the grass and got all
gross,
As we ran and played, with 100
things to see
That summer meant nothing but
more to me

The summer my cousin didn't live
so close
The days felt long, I missed her
the most
People move on, some even
change
but the memories I spent with
her, will never go away



Memories by Omar
Qureshi

Two twin sized beds against the
wall,
Lego towers standing tall.
Late night battles side by side,
Button mashing, full of pride.

Grounded once, but not for
long.
Snuck the Wii back, it felt so
wrong.
Laughed beneath the blankets,
Under the forts we built.

College came up, you packed up
and left.
Leaving behind, what was once
ours.
Still, the walls hold the
memories of what we had.
Every game and scheme we
planned.

Fast forward I'm 18, and now
it's my turn to go.
To leave behind what we both
know.
An empty room, but not erased.
It holds the past we can't
replace.

Illustrated by Baylee Mugleston

"My Love To Your Eyes" by Samuel Sanjuanelo

My whole life is about you,
But just when you smile at me.
Maybe I don't want to know the truth,
But I need to live my dream with you.

I'm still in a trapeze staring at you
But you think we are just talking.
Im drowning in my ocean of thoughts,
But you don't even know.

Maybe that light in your eyes
Is nothing but my wish.

I don't think about my lines,
Words spread by themselves.
The best? you got everything I said.

I always take It as a sign, but
You don't see it?
We can speak together in any language,
We'll understand everything perfectly fine.

And I love it, but that's my pain,

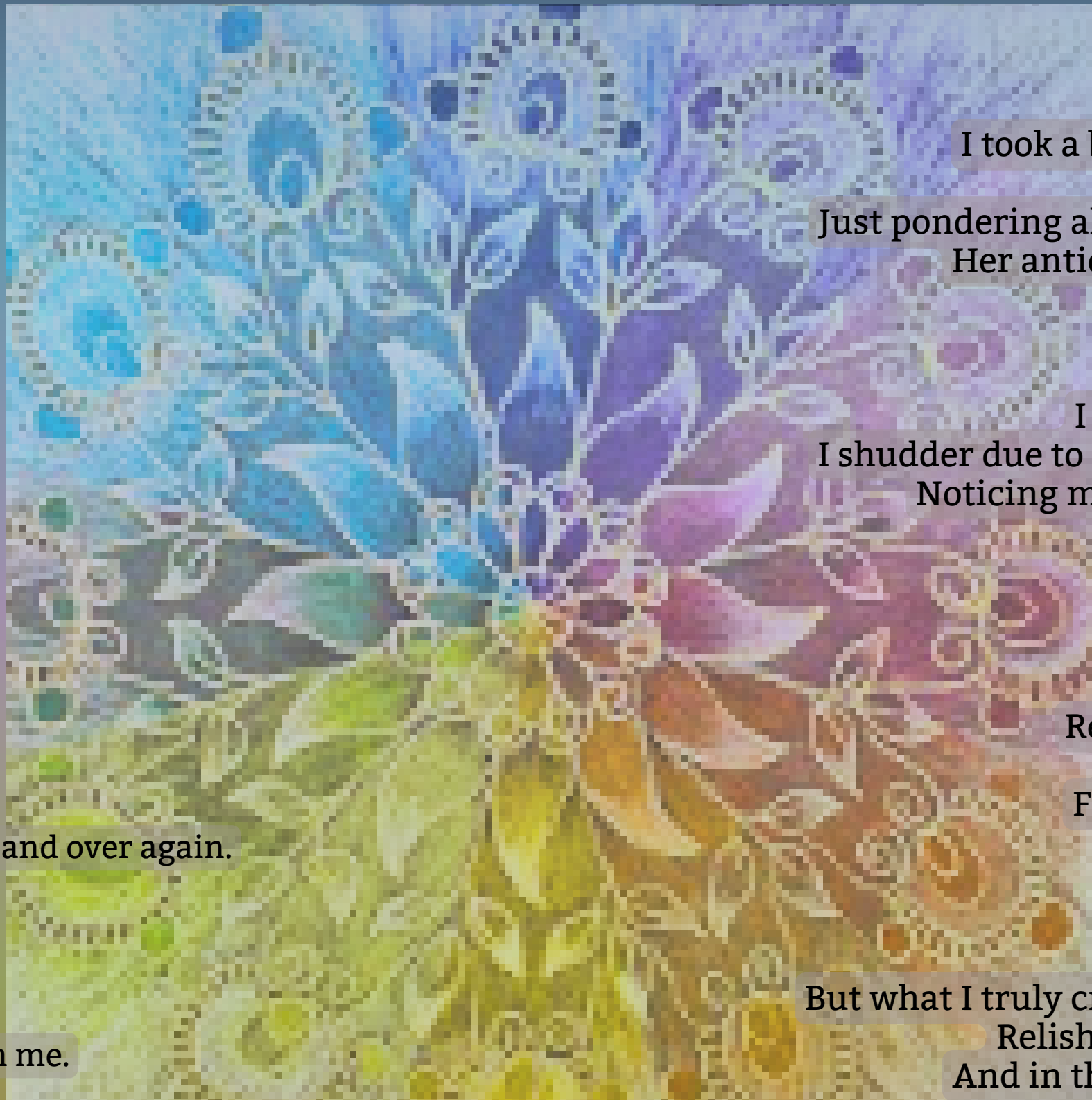
That your pretty smile makes me fall and fall, Over and over again.
And even though it's not your sharpest tool,
It kills me again, over and over again.

Afterwards, I always feel like a fool while
I'm Trying to clean my stains of love from you.
But I can't get away from someone already far from me.

Just save me or let me die.
I'll be waiting for what happens first while I repeat In my mind
staring at your beautiful eyes:

"Notice my love to your sight".

It never works.



To the You I Left Behind by Mahima Salam

Wisping through the passage of time

I took a breath and prepared to converse with “little me”,
She meets my gaze, alight with glee
Just pondering all the desires she would've wanted me to achieve,
Her anticipation for this moment will finally be relieved,

Wisping through the passage of time

I sat myself down, becoming eye level in her view,
I shudder due to reflecting on my life, as misfortune fell through,
Noticing my vexation, little me muses, “Where did you go?”
I respond, “My eyes, they will show”

Wisping through the passage of time

She pauses, bewildered by my look,
Reassuring herself that many wishes were caught.
But in that quiet, I saw her sorrow take a hook—
For the time she missed, the life she never sought.

Wisping through the passage of time... I spoke.

“I may live the life you once longed for,
But what I truly crave, is to never let anyone control what is yours:
Relish each moment, dear, as you have nothing to lose,
And in the silence, you'll ache for what was lost too soon”

After conveying my truth,
I embraced my younger self,
vowing to let her light shine
better than I had ever imagined.

Got my License by Aiymann Shana

Time's up. I never learned a thing
Except how to be the same
Goodbye. to all my fake friends
All you ever did was play pretend

Got my license
Off to college
Will i miss this
Cliche BS

Maybe. It's not so bad
That everyone in town knows my name
I know. i could lose a lot
But if I stay, what will I gain?

Got my license
Off to college
I won't miss this
Cliche BS

Can I. Just move on
Without feeling the guilt
Butterflies. filled my gut
Am I ready to move on



The apartment was old with a red rooftop,
Further down the street from the small bus stop.
It had a small gate with some space in the front.
The gate was old, the spikes on top were blunt.
There was a large door next to a porcelain chair
And another to the side with leaves everywhere.
The building had 3 floors. A basement and 2
above,
With the top floor needing a bit of love.

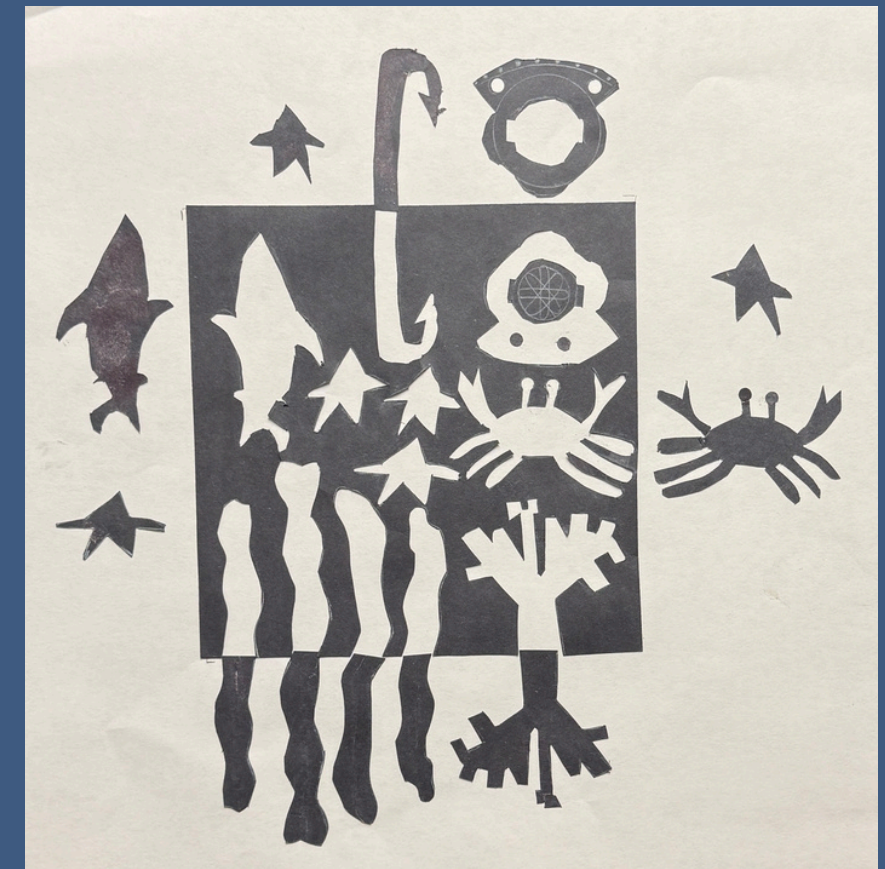
The basement was ours. Me, mom, and my brother
And the floor on top had our grandfather and grandmother.
The basement was finished, living room and all.
But the stairs up were steep, so it was easy to fall.
Me and my brother shared a room, the door had no knob.
Whenever it closed, the door always locked
The kitchen was big, big for my size.
There was a table to the side, stacked with supplies.

The backyard was nice,
Enough to suffice.
I grew cucumbers, sunflowers too.
Unfortunately, I didn't see them grow their roots
There was a path of colored rocks
I liked to draw on them with all my chalks.
There was a large pine tree in the corner of the
yard,
Tucked behind it, a bench. Treated with some
regard
There were snails back there
Not just there, but everywhere
There was a red porch connected to my
grandparent's place
It had hidden splinters with a white doorcase.
We had barbecues, parties, and more.
And grandpa's friends would come when they are
bored.

The block was colorful and full of life
One decorated on holidays by my neighbor and his wife
There was a old lady down the street,
who had sunflowers large and sweet.
I grew my own, so there would be seeds to eat
For me, sunflower seeds were always a treat
She used to say I'm growing fast
But wasn't around to see all of that
Down the street, a lady made sowce
And many more had items they announced.
I don't see that lady anymore on the street.
Everyone wonders where she can be.
There was an old man who lived around the corner from us
He always waved at us and never started a fuss.

It's been more than 10 years since I lived in the place
Everything seemed to change so fast in my face.
The streets are dead, they now lack color.
The new buildings on the block made it look duller.
And there it was, the place I called home
The place where I played and used to roam.
Is being torn apart, bit, by bit,
Once colorful it turned grey, and made my teeth start to grit.
The same thing happened to the house next door
Sooner or later, there will be more.
I don't see snails anymore
I don't see chalks on the floor
I miss that place, the place where life was bliss
It almost felt like a stolen kiss.
I didn't get to see my sunflowers grow
They didn't even sprout, didn't get to take a photo.
The old lady with the flowers and the man around the corner are dead
I sometimes think of them in my head.
The sowce lady doesn't sell anymore
But now, I don't blame her. Working could be a bore.
The house is gone, completely defaced.
It honestly feels like it was done a disgrace
The street fairs don't happen anymore.
The children don't play on the streets no more.
Whenever I pass there, there tends to be garbage on the ground.
The place is no longer safe and sound.
I miss when life wasn't sloppy, where I didn't have to care
Sometimes I wish that I was elsewhere.
I wish that I didn't have to worry about college and work.
I wish I didn't worry about money or a bunch of classwork.
Everyone says not to worry and leave it to them
But how can I believe that when life feels a bit like mayhem?
I was always told not to rush my life.
I was always told to embrace my youth.
I didn't listen, for once, I wanted control.
But now I understand... I understand what I was told
I'll never forget that place on Lincoln Road

The Red Roofed Apartment on Lincoln Road by Gabriella Byles



Artwork by: Brendon Lozano

The Family Reunion

Every good thing must come to an end.

In a house where laughter fills the crisp NY
mountain air

Memories and stories we all share.

In a circle of love, our hearts unfold

Little did we know that it would be our last
time together.

Every good thing must come to an end.

The beautiful mountains took our breath
away,

And every home cooked meal made our
stomachs grumble with joy.

Children's giggles once filled the air,

Now whispers of memories linger there.

The table once brimming with feast and
delight,

Now holds empty plates in the dimming light.

The fire flickers as twilight descends,

Marking the moment when the reunion ends.

Hugs and farewells, bittersweet and
warm,

Hold promises of future gatherings
born.

Walking up the mountains, hunting for
newts,

Not seeing anybody for miles like it was
our own world.

The scent of the barbecue still hangs in
the breeze,

As the family departs, hearts are full
and at ease.

Every good thing must come to an end.

Cars pull away, engines softly hum,

Leaving behind the Vickerilla Fire
Party.

Yet in each heart, a spark will remain,

Until we gather together again.

Written by
Jesse Santos