

11815

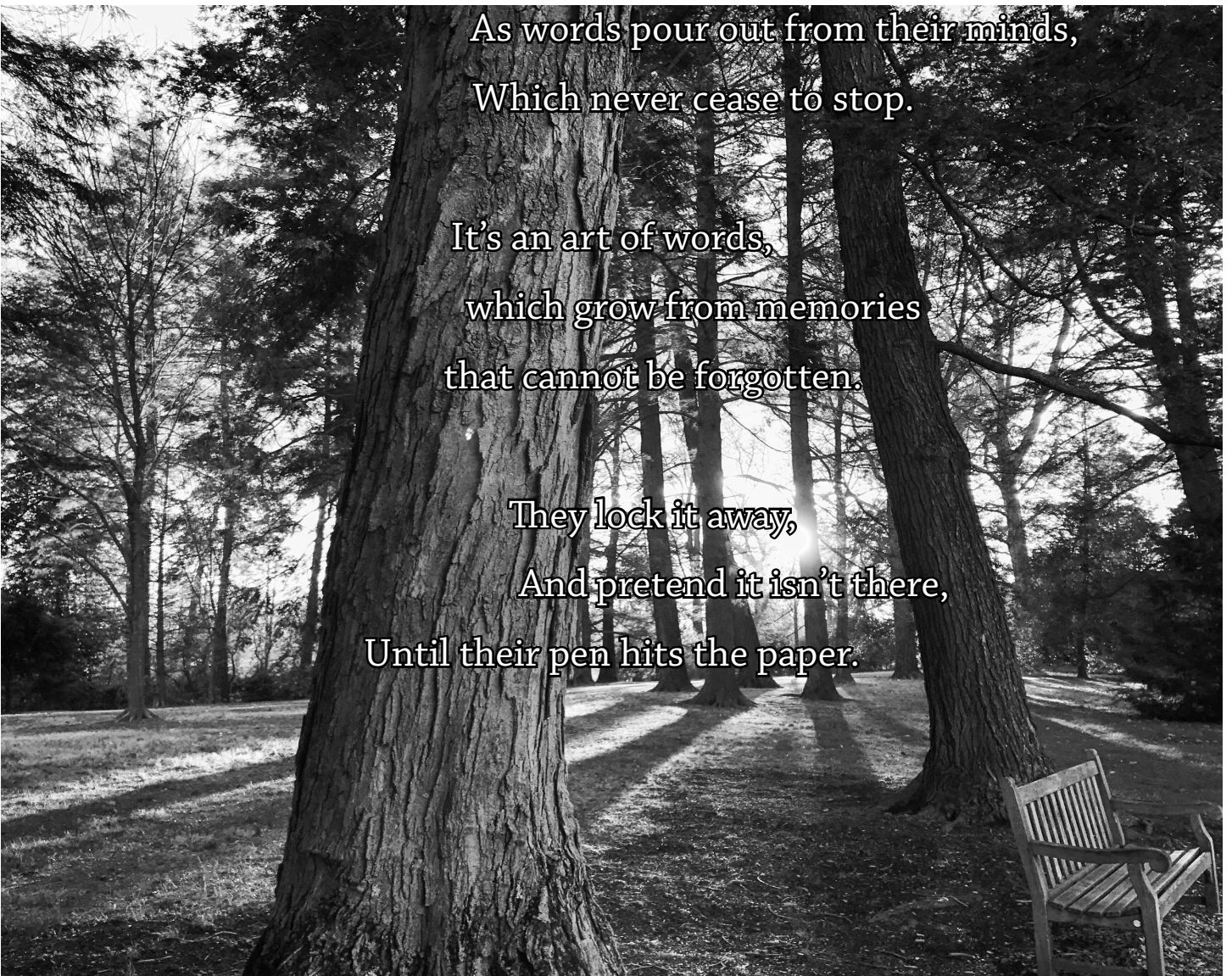
Poetry is written by the survivors
Trying to mend themselves
Without speaking a word to another.

They learn to cope with the pain,

As words pour out from their minds,
Which never cease to stop.

It's an art of words,
which grow from memories
that cannot be forgotten.

They lock it away,
And pretend it isn't there,
Until their pen hits the paper.



Feathers

A photograph of a beach scene. A single, long, white feather with a light brown quill lies diagonally across the frame. At the base of the feather, a dark, ribbed seashell is partially visible. The background is a vast expanse of light-colored sand, scattered with small pieces of dried seaweed and other debris. The lighting is soft, suggesting an overcast day.

Quiet but for the thoughts of
the ocean

Sand, soft white hardened by
frost and yesterday's rain

Laid with sea weed carried from
that distant beyond where the sky
falls into the sea

Footprints retired, vague tracings
from the soles of boots

A white feather, speckled with dirt
sticks out from the sand

Fallen from a bird that used to fly by

At his feet sat half a black shell, exca-
vated from the sand

The outside smoothed; the inside pearles-
cent, mimicking the sky

There walked by a cat, gaunt with matted
black fur and a rotting yellow collar round her
neck

Inspecting the shell, it disappeared into her paw

A slow lap around the feather, she was sad to
see him so dirty so close to the water

Back again she trudged in retreat to the Dunes

From a balcony on the second floor I watched

With a grey cat at my ankles

Emily Faust '17

Sometimes I sit and ponder the idea of sadness.

It's usually raining outside, the drops of water hitting my roof with so much force that it's hard to hear myself think at all. I'm sitting on my bed, against the wall just staring at the opposite one thinking about sorrow and its many qualities.

The one thing that seems to invade my mind at times like this is simply the awe I feel with people who can show so much pain to another person and not even think twice about it.

How can they do that and not immediately afterward feel the embarrassment creep up on them until it consumes every thought and every action they possess?

When I'm sitting in my room while the rain pours effortlessly outside, I wonder why I shut myself off from every feeling I've ever had just to save myself from being weak.

Call me crazy, but I don't complain to my friends and family about stupid little nothings that may seem like somethings at that moment, and I certainly don't hole myself up in a dark room wherever it may be and cry until there is not one salty tear that has yet to fall from my puffy, sunken eyes.

Showing emotion, whether it be to somebody else or all on my own, I feel helpless.

Yeah, I feel helpless.

For some unexplained reason, opening up to people just seems so vulnerable and I don't do vulnerable.

I feel like once I start talking, I won't stop and that scares me the most.

For spending so much time in my head, I lose sense of what's really worth crying about and what is not.

When I'm in my head, I am safe; safe from having to express the pain that I feel. In my mind, I can just let every sadness that has ever been a part of my life go and just...

Float.

Don't get me wrong, I want to express myself outside of my mind and the tear-stained pages, but I can't bring myself to do it. What I would give to allow myself to feel a warm touch that ignites a fire in my soul, making me feel more human than alien. To hear words that I take for granted or brush off because they lead to empty promises like "let me help you" and "it's not your fault".

Who knows, maybe someday I'll be able to experience those things and be okay.

But for now?

I guess I'll just stick to my mind, my room, and the rain.



Digital Illustration
Maria Iannone

Adrienne Brookstein '18

Cold Water

We were okay
Our fingers still touched
If we stretched enough

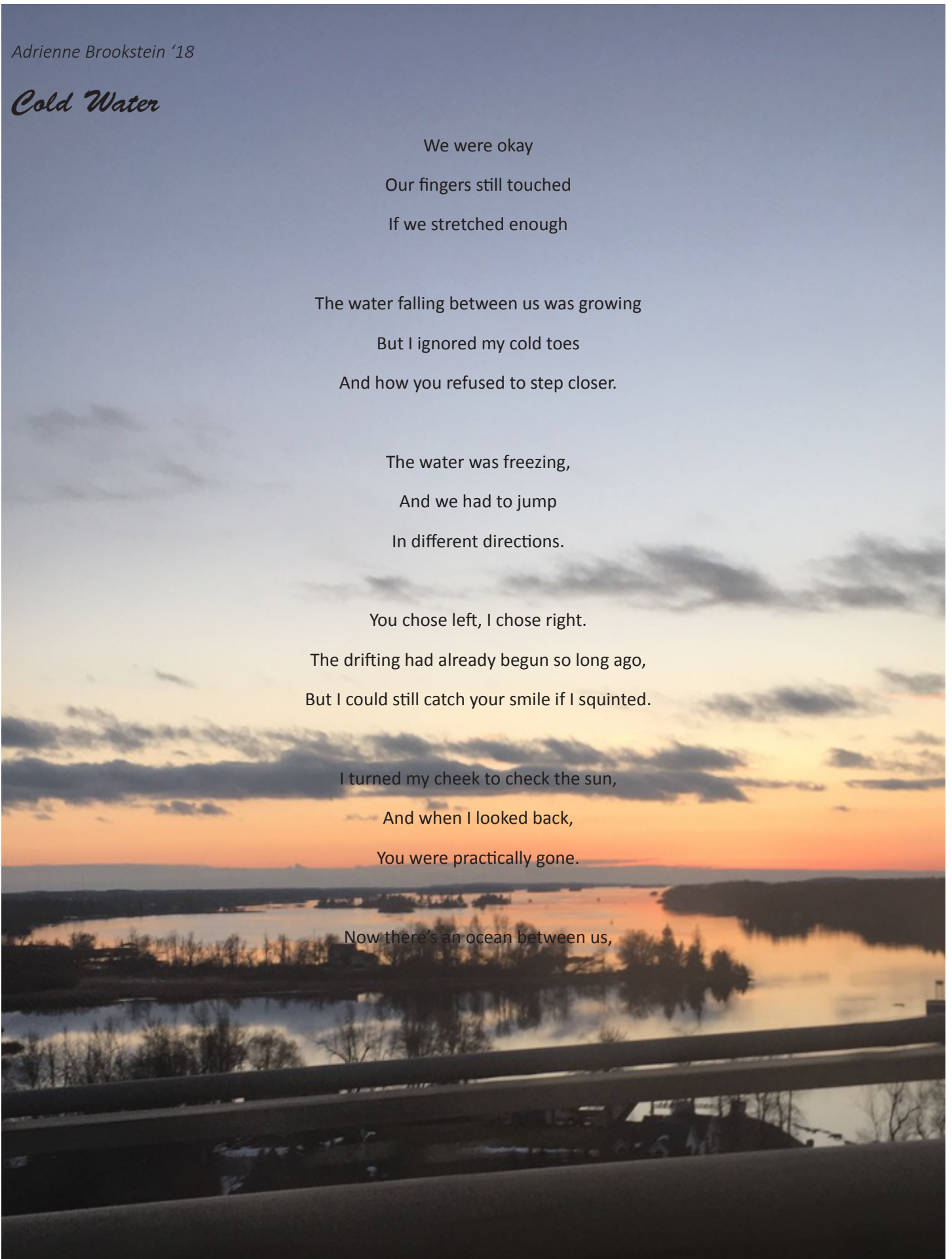
The water falling between us was growing
But I ignored my cold toes
And how you refused to step closer.


The water was freezing,
And we had to jump
In different directions.

You chose left, I chose right.
The drifting had already begun so long ago,
But I could still catch your smile if I squinted.

I turned my cheek to check the sun,
And when I looked back,
You were practically gone.

Now there's an ocean between us,





Adrienne Brookstein '18

Lost Girl

She keeps slipping away

Back into that same dark abyss.

That swallows her whole,

And grabs her wrists and forces her to stay.

I want to save her,

**But how can you save someone that doesn't
want to be saved.**

She's addicted to the whispers

Within the shadows.

She gets lost in there,

And she doesn't want to find a way out.

Adrienne Brookstein '18

Untitled

The barrier I built was so strong that sometimes I struggled to get into myself

Anonymous

“Boy in the Black Aerosmith Muscle Tee”

He takes my hand, smiling, “You can trust me, it’s okay.” That is exactly what he said to me earlier that day.
And, I decided to take his word for it because I fell in love with the boy in the black Aerosmith muscle tee

Adrienne Brookstein '18

Tongue Tied

He asked her what her pretty little mind was thinking
As the storm within her continued to rage.
Her doubt, her pain, her voice-
Tied up and drowned
In the depths of her soul.
His manipulative eyes twisted her into a docile being,
Who hid her wounds because he was tired of seeing them.
Her fire continued to burn without his recognition,
And she simply smiled and said nothing, nothing at all.

Adrienne Brookstein '18

Over and Over and Over Again

Somedays I wish we could just start over.

I wish our history wasn’t vandalized with sadness and confusion.

I wish we never broke each other’s hearts, and I’m sorry that we did.

I wish we never let it happen.

Jared Krause '17

The Woman with Wings

This world is rotten

It should all be forgotten

I hate these things, except for the woman with wings

When she fell from the sky I loved her

Little did I know of the hell that was going to happen

My love for her drove me to madness

I didn't know madness had so much sadness

I drove away my friends

They all met their ends

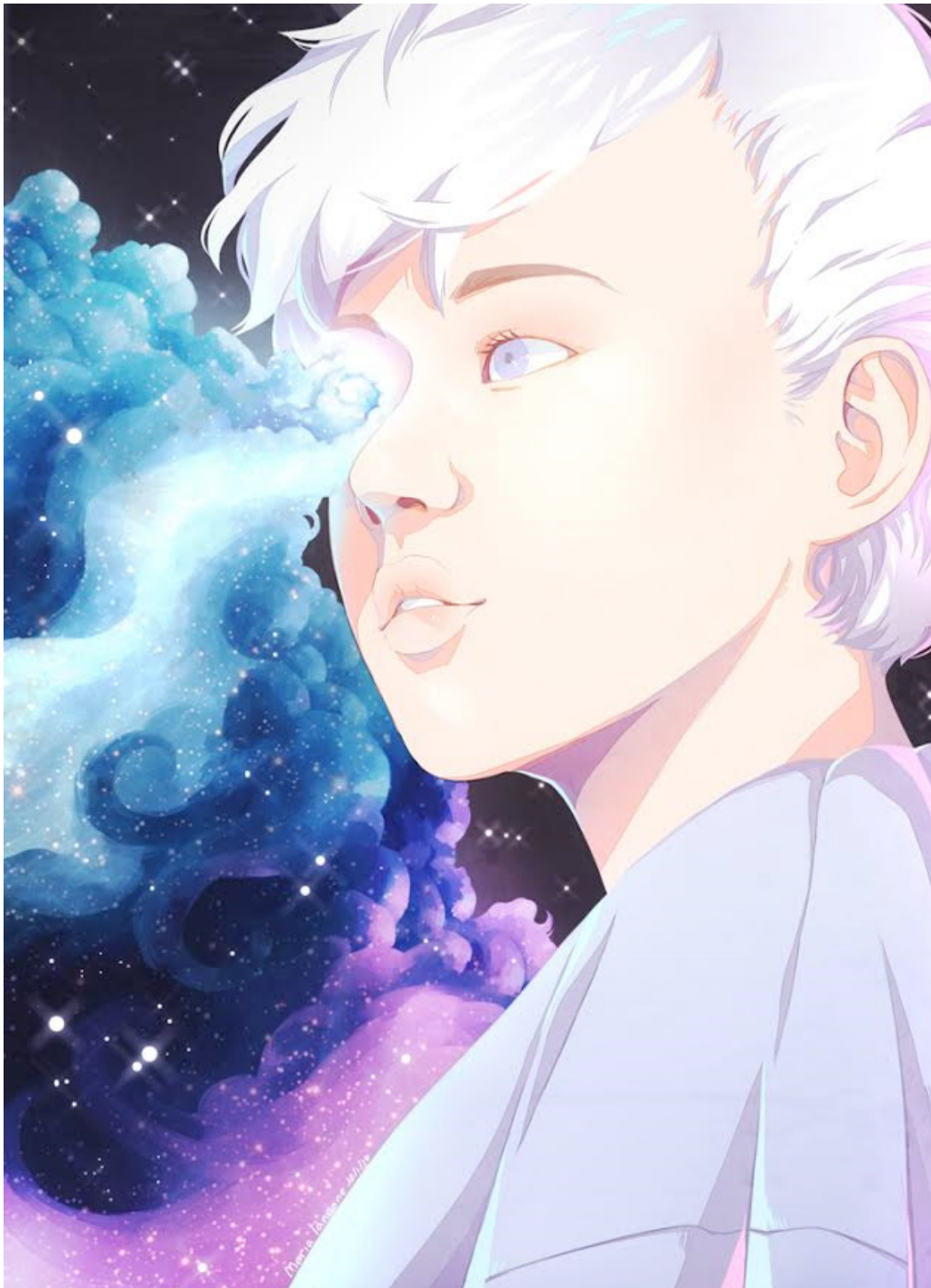
My obsession with her drove her away

I felt so much pain in only one day

If only I were more sane

Then she might feel the same





Digital Illustration
Maria Iannone

Love in the Stars

He's like the sun ,
Loved by everyone , held by none.

He shines bright for the world to see ,
Yet he'll burn you when you hang around too long.

He's toxic to the touch ,
But he'll keep you close enough to watch the flames.



I was like the moon .
Disappearing within the stars ,
And finding comfort in the quiet.

I watch everything from a far ,
And I see things
For how they really are.

I'm cold to the touch ,
Yet I glow
When I'm with you.

Not the Truth

I wonder how many people really stop and think about the hardships many just like you and I go through.

Times when all we feel inside are total **destruction**.

I don't mean hardships as in moving away from friends and family or forgetting your project on a presentation day. I mean the hardships no one understands because they have never really been *that* unlucky.

I hate people like that.

Granted, for those that have gone through something terrible like me, they shouldn't dump all over the lucky ones. We should all just smile and go on with our miserable lives just to save ourselves and others from having to pity us and say those dreaded and frankly overused words "**I'm sorry**". If anyone came up to me and asked if I'd pardon the people who don't fathom real **pain**; real **agony**...I'd say yes in a heartbeat.

But if I'm to be completely honest?

It's just not the truth.



The Universe

I wish astral travel was for two – I'd kill for the chance to take you to my favorite places in my head. Trees taller than you can see, older than the dirt and the grass beneath your feet, soft and littered with pine needles that break just so under foot and fill the air with evergreen. There is a river that runs through the forest and a clearing dead and center with a freshwater pool that I can't quite describe, but the water is sweet and clear and cold. The trodden paths lead to hidden places, different each time, and eventually to a misty sea just beyond the forest. There is an embankment just beyond the river that is filled with strange and lovely things, like the lights and the pavilion in another clearing wrought by fairies. Tread lightly here and the water in the air will assemble into clouds, allow them to carry you high into the sky and then higher still, into space. Breathe deeply – I swear there's oxygen here inside our bubble, watch the supernovae explode and sit in silence, marvel at the celestial bodies and the stars surround you.

Julia Cassel 17'

Staff:

Colin Lambe '17

Adrienne Brookstein '18

Emily Faust '17

Jared Krause '17

Charlotte Steinman '18

Benjamin Leusner '17

Grace Carey '20

Joley Raposas '20

Julia Cassel '17

Jesse Cummins '19