



Limits?

THEY'RE
EXACTLY



What
you
make them.

Pi

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Piece Aaron Crespo '16

*She holds a piece of me,
Wears it like a badge,
right over her heart.
She keeps a piece of me,
Displays it like a trophy,
on her highest shelf.
She owns a piece of me,
Nurtures it like a child,
for the day we can be together.*

Picture by Amanda Rutkowski '16

A-Ok

Vasiliki Dinailis '15

Even though it heavily rains,

And the old houses on Mulberry Lane rust,

And the roads crack and collapse,

And beautiful dreams must,

And happiness simply fades,

And ugly failures occur every day,

And evil happens to reign,

And love unexpectedly ends,

And the people you love leave without a simple why,

And the sun takes a blow and suddenly dies,

I know a secret,

That'll help you through.

Are you listening?

Lean in close,

Because the truth is this,

And this alone,

Even if the world around you is burning,

And you feel like today is the last day,

Just remember these words,

Everything's gonna be a-ok.

stormy beach

Amanda Rutkowski '16

At night, you became the ocean. I was oblivious to your riptide eyes. They pulled me in along with the sand and shells that scraped my feet. You left in me out in your endless waves, a bottomless pit beneath me. So I drowned under your water.

“Lullaby for little criminals

You think all in this world unknown is cynical
Do you imagine it as you used to
Or look with new worn eyes?
Was I ever worth the fight
Or just enough to keep you alive
I can't question why you do or do not
All I know is you were friendly before
That smile of yours was no more
I walked out the door
As you lie on the floor
When I return there was an uproar “

Justine Wilson '15

5 years

you're a 17 year old boy
but all I can see is a
scared 12 year old kid
with his fingers pointing and teasing
himself incapable to handle a real relationship
so he runs away
pretends his big
and prances around like he's 17
look in the mirror, boy
you know who you are
the person you were once
proud of
he's still there
he's just waiting in those 5 years

16

*september 22 2014 is my last day of 16
yet within a year
I've come together;
and fallen apart
I've fallen in love;
ending with a broken heart
I've become so happy;
yet so numb
16 was different
16 is done*

Drawing by: Bayley Hart '16



Half-sentences of a half life

"The smoke screen hides you

You're trying your best

Passive aggressive attacks

Extracting the truth from the marrow

Your mind so narrow

Until you experience

We're all like children

The gleam in our eyes

Where does our anxiety hide?"

*-Justine Wilson Class of
2015*

Photo by
Julia Cassel
'17



The Sunrise

It's 6:41 a.m.

And it's your face that paints my mind

It's your voice I hear echo in my ears

It's your lips I feel on my cheek

And I miss you

I'm Sorry

Amanda Rutkowski '16

Sometimes people do things and you wish it would riddle them with such guilt that you hope they forget what it is to feel normal.

But we don't always get those satisfactions.

No one ever realizes how much they love someone until they go away, and eventually the pain does too, until you stumble across them again.

But you don't have the choice to tumble back into love.

Friends don't understand the hurt of seeing them, and having them ignore you like you aren't even there.

But they tell you he's staring.

When you finally do it, talk to him, it's like the world you know is collapsing around you; you're gasping for breath in between words.

But you're still alive.

He can't stop you; the words are flying out of your mouth like knives, and you know he takes each stab, right in the chest.

But you're both still standing still.

Even though the world beneath you seems to be spinning, you don't move, you can't, and he's talking now.

But this isn't what you expected.

The words you thought you would hear are nowhere to be found, all that's happening is sorry, he says sorry.

But you don't know.

His words are pulling the tears out of your eyes and you have to hold your hand to your mouth to hold back a choke.

But he doesn't stop.

He's telling you that he's sorry, that he was stupid and he was wrong, he's telling you he wants to start over.

But he's not joking.

Before you can process anything he's hugging you and you're crying into his shoulder, he smells like the same cologne that he did you last saw him.

But you shouldn't.

Still you aren't letting go and you realize the more you see him the more you fall in love and the more it hurts when you have to walk away.

We have to cope with the fact that we are more in love with the person we knew than the one standing in front of us.

But you still love them.

Alaina Pomykacz '18

Untitled I

Your name is burned on the back of my
throat

With every breath

My wounds slash open

Your name steals a bit of my oxygen

Breaking me down

I will die with your name on the back of
my throat

Poetry by Amanda Rutkowski '16
Photography by Julia Cassel '17

Hell's Rain

Amanda Rutkowski '16

you once were able to stop the demons in my head
but now you're dancing in their rain



Illustration by Joe Cella '17

Serenity

BOOKS TO HER WERE LIKE A BLIND MAN SEEING THE WORLD FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.

OVERWHELMING,

HEART NUMBING,

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.

I REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST MET HER. SHE WAS SITTING ON THE FRONT STEPS OF HER HOUSE WHICH CONVENIENTLY AND THANKFULLY WERE NEXT TO MINE. A BOOK I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE WAS IN HER HANDS. NOW I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT MY ORIGINAL INTENTION OF SAYING 'HI' WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE EAR-SPLITTING SOUND OF MY OWN HEARTBEAT. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND THERE SHE WAS ABLE TO STOP ME IN MY TRACKS AND MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A COMPLETE IDIOT, STARING FROM MY PORCH, ALL WITHOUT HAVING TO DO A SINGLE THING.

THAT NIGHT, I SAT IN MY ROOM AND PONDERED THE REASON FOR MY EARLIER, PETRIFIED SELF. COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE EXPRESSION SHE WORE AS SHE READ? ANXIETY, FEAR, EXCITEMENT, AND UTTER CONTENTMENT WRAPPED UP IN ONE HUGE EMOTION? COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE SPEED OF HER TURNING PAGES, LIKE THE BOOK WAS A RACE AND SHE WAS FALLING BEHIND? THE WORLD MAY NEVER KNOW, I TOLD MYSELF.

LOOKING BACK ON THAT NOW, IT'S INSANE TO SEE THAT NOT A SINGLE THING HAS CHANGED. I STILL SEE HER OFTEN AND WHEN I DO, ANYONE CAN GUESS HOW SHE'S PASSING THE TIME. I NEVER WAS A BIG READER. I JUST THOUGHT THAT BOOKS WERE KIND OF INSIGNIFICANT. SEEING HER; SEEING HER DROWN HERSELF IN LITERATURE, I DECIDED TO GIVE THEM ANOTHER TRY OR AT LEAST CONSIDER THEM.

MANY WOULD THINK OF ME AS A FREAK IF THEY KNEW THESE THOUGHTS, AND MAYBE THAT'S OKAY. HOWEVER, THE THOUGHTS THEY POSSESS MEAN NOTHING. I'VE COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT THEY HAVE NEVER HAD THE LUXURY OF SEEING THIS GIRL DO WHAT SHE ABSOLUTELY LOVES.

NOT THE PASSION THAT COMES IN HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT FORMS AS HER EYES READ EVERY WORD. NOT THE MOODS SHE STAYS IN FOR DAYS AFTER READING A PARTICULARLY GOOD, BAD, OR SAD NOVEL. NOT EVEN THE STACKS OF BOOKS SHE CARRIES AROUND THAT MOST LIKELY ARE GOING TO BE READ FOR THE THIRD OR FOURTH TIME IN A MATTER OF DAYS.

IF BOOKS WERE LIVING, I WONDER HOW THEY'D FEEL BEING CRADLED IN HER HANDS.

FLATTERED?

EXCITED TO KNOW THAT AT LEAST ONE PERSON IN THIS WORLD WILL FLIP THROUGH THEIR PAGES AND FOLLOW THEIR JOURNEY UNTIL THE END?

I ENVY BOOKS. I ENVY THEM BECAUSE THEY ARE THE REASON WHY SHE GETS UP IN THE MORNING; THE REASON WHY SHE GETS THROUGH EACH BORING, ORDINARY DAY.

SOMEDAY, SOMEWAY, I'LL HAVE THE COURAGE TO APPROACH HER. TRY AND BE, IF NOT THE ONLY, BUT YET ANOTHER THING THAT SHE LOOKS FORWARD TO.

SOMEWHERE DEEP DOWN, I KNOW THAT TO HER, NO ONE CAN REPLACE BOOKS, BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME FROM CHERISHING THESE PRIVATE MOMENTS OF MINE. EVEN IF I CAN ONLY WATCH FROM A DISTANCE AND SEE WORDS WASH OVER HER LIKE THE STRONGEST RAIN FROM A THUNDERSTORM, ALL WILL BE RIGHT IN THE WORLD.

SO ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS THIS:

THANK YOU BOOKS FROM HER, FOR BEING THE LIGHT IN HER LIFE.

THANK YOU FROM ME, FOR LETTING ME SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCES AND YOUR PURPOSES IN ONE OF THE GREATEST WAYS.

THANK YOU.

THANK YOU...

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