A black and white illustration. At the top, a squirrel with a dark stripe on its back sits on a ledge, looking down. Below the ledge is a dark space containing two planets. At the bottom, two hands are raised towards the planets. Hand-drawn text is scattered throughout the scene.

Limits?

THEY'RE
EXACTLY

What
you
make them.

Pi

E

C

es

MORNING LIGHT AND COLD WEATHER

By Theresa Arocena '17

The last of the summer rays were fading
When I met you

I got lost in the warmth of your voice

The infuriating confidence

Yet it never came across as arrogance

A teasing tone

Laced with kindness

Somewhere during the bitter cold

I stop being able to tell whether my red
face

Was from the cold

Or from the frost touched by morning
light



Artist: Crystal West '18

LION AND THE SHEEP

BRANDON CROSS '17

Lion king of all

Does not acknowledge or consult their weak

The king stays classy

But its not his fault he lives so lavishly

But swerve in his lane

He's got it all under control

Don't try and wear his pelt

It will look like you stole

Lion king of all

Rules over those who are worthy

Don't quote thy

If you cant play the game

Im sorry to tell you there is no fame

See these are the rules

The rules of life

Lions make lions

And sheep make sheep

And this is exactly why

"Lions don't head to the words of a sheep"



Crystal West '18

An ocean,
Deep, dark, seemingly endless.
Waves are crashing,
falling upon the shore
Harder. Faster. Stronger.
And then you're swept away,
into that never ending blackness
of the mysterious ocean.
The water is cold.
And you go under.
Coldness envelopes you and you can't
Breathe.
Inhale, exhale.
Each breath burns with water and salt.
But you breathe.
You survive.
The burning never stops but you're
Alive.
And you're sinking.
Disappearing into the darkness.
The coldness.
And you are numb.
But you're breathing.
And you don't know how you're alive.
But you are.
The sinking continues.
The darkness is suffocating.
You want to escape.
And you try to swim,
But you sink faster.
Stop...

Stop.

Stop!

Try as you might, you're sinking.
You can't breathe now.
But you can feel.
And it's painful.
But you feel someone take you,
carry you in strong arms.
You think you're safe.
Until you realize.

You're
Still
S

i
n
k
i
n
g



Crystal West '18

OCEAN

By Aaron Crespo, '16

The Prison of the Past

Bria Riley '18

I still feel wrapped up in these chains.
Why can't I be set free?
They bring up those old pains.
How I so hardly plea
To be liberated from this prison cell.
I feel as if this air in here is causing me to choke
Its walls remind me today how badly I fell.
The writing on the wall is tearing away my last shred of sanity with its
provoke.



Crystal West '18

Since I took my first breathe, I am
writing this book of my life
Which mentions every minute flaw,
fancy, and failure of mine.
There are millions of words I wish I
could just cut out with a knife.
Flipping back the chapters and read-
ing about the person who I was yester-
day makes me feel like I am the worst
creature known to man-kind which is
far from fine.
Each time the sun rises, I realize I have
the power to break those chains
That are wrapped around me.
Moving on pushes back all those
pains
And turns them into the key
I need to thrive
Because I know that regardless of
what today and tomorrow bring, I will
continue to survive.

“War and Humanity”

By Gabrielle DiEmma ‘15

Oh, how strange – how strange it must be
To strike down the nation’s proclaimed enemy
When being a stranger who has experienced no ill,
You must kill the man you know not personally still.

“Obey! Obey!” The boss says obey!
“The man before you is the Devil today!
Strike him down, now, before he can slay
Your brothers in arms on this fateful day.”

How? How can I hurt him who has yet to hurt me?
All he has shown is blind loyalty.
Am I to commit this terrible sin?
He, too, is a person, my brother, my kin.

That man – yes, he – looks just as scared as me,
But he shot at my men so now I see,
Whether or not it’s he or I,
One of us is going to die.

But wait! I cannot leave this world just yet!
I steady my gun: get ready...get set.
One shot, Two shots, Three shots, Four.
My foe is lying on the floor.

Oh, my God! What have I done?
I run to his side but he is gone.
I collapse in shock; the man is dead,
My bullet shot straight through his head.

Back in the states, I am called a hero,
But I made a man’s heart flat-line to zero.
This is not glory – this is not honor.
The man that I killed, his son’s name was Connor.

Artist: Crystal West ‘18



Ever Love Someone You Shouldn’t?

Theresa Arocena
2017

Ever love someone you shouldn’t?

Painful and terrible

Tearing you to pieces
But it’s alright

It’s a good hurt
Addictive and exhilarating
*That kind of pain that tells you
You’re alive*

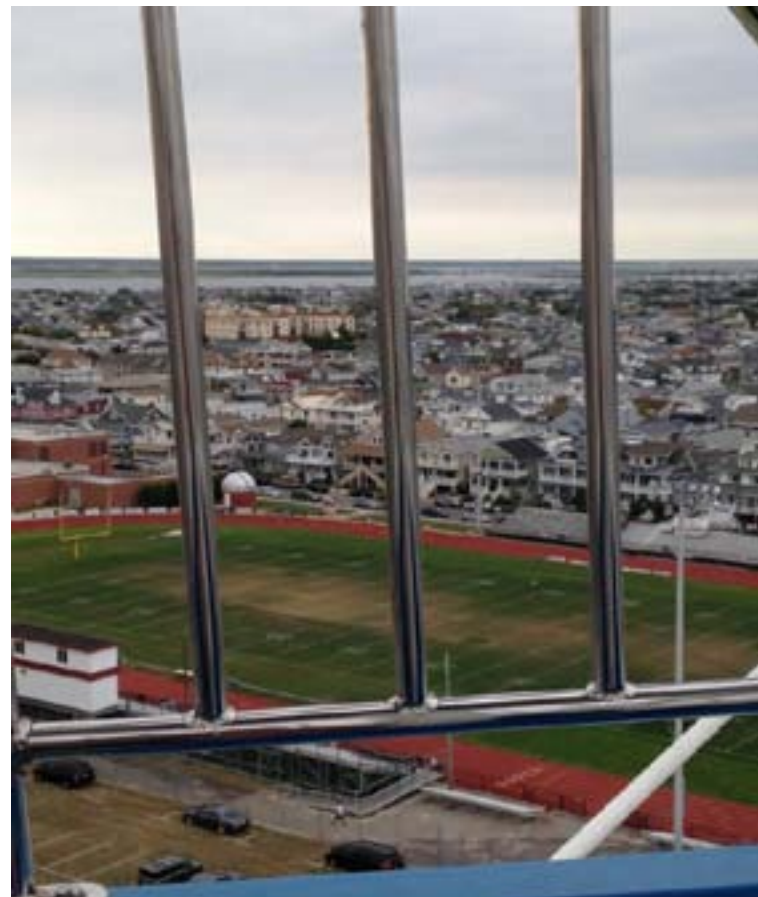


art by Crystal West
2018

Sunset by the Sea

Both poem and artwork by: Bria Riely '18

Looking out at sea
As the red-orange sun submerges below the horizon to go to sleep bringing the coolness of night.
The summer dusk heavens are a beautiful orange-pink.
Waves jumping, crashing, and subverting into the Atlantic.
The salty-smelling ocean air feels cool against my face and appeals to my nostrils.
My long, curly chestnut hair flows about the wind behind me.
Meanwhile, I'm just staring out as far as the eye can see
Savoring the beauty and peace this place has to offer,
Reminiscing the days behind me,
Reflecting on the ultimate story I have written, the story of my life.
As the moon rises over the horizon reflecting its pale, yellow light on the ocean,
I feel blessed and a fulfillment deep within my heart that I am standing here tall, wholesome,
and happy
Knowing that living well is the best revenge
And knowing now that though it hasn't always been easy, it was all worth it.
It's the things like these that reveal the gift life truly is.



Pieces Staff:

Amanda Rutkowski

Ashley Schwartz

Aaron Crespo

Mia Charalabidis

Corrine DiStefano

Julia Cassel

Adrienne Brooksten