

Limits?

THEY'RE
EXACTLY

What
you
make them.

Pi

E

C

es

Eyes

Hana Kerchner '19

Magical
Blinding
Lights.

Stars. That is what I see
when I look at you.

My face burns

like an exploding red giant
when your eyes meet mine.

I try to stare
but feel myself falter
and look down before you
can glance
my way.

Sight.

It seemed so easy before

I met you.

Though
It really can't be "met"
for we haven't even spoken a

word to each other

Just a single shared subject
and two common languages

plus

Our forever communicating eyes

Photo by Adrienne Brookstein '18

The Little Bathroom Stepping Stool

By: Jessica Santilli

The little bathroom stepping stool,

With stickers and smiling faces,

Painted and decorated,

With yellows, blues, and golds

A little boy used this stepping stool, to reach the counter top

To brush his teeth and messy hair belonging to only a tot,

He'd smile as he'd watch himself grow taller in the mirror

While the little bathroom stepping stool,

Saw its fate come nearer

The little bathroom stepping stool,

Was discarded two years later,

Its stickers peeling from its skin, and the smiling faces faded.

The yellows, blues and golds, had soon turned to grey,

And the little boy who needed it, didn't want it to stay,

You see, this little boy grew tall enough to reach the counter by himself,

To brush his teeth and his greasy hair

And make his mother shout

So the little bathroom stepping stool was kicked away to the side,

And oh that little stepping stool was happy to have survived,

It felt its legs begin to snap after two years of use,

And cried inside every time it felt the abuse,

The little bathroom stepping stool could finally let its tears subside.

The gray faces on its front had sparkles in their eyes.

But so it be, the boy wasn't done yet,

Because every once in a while he would use it again,

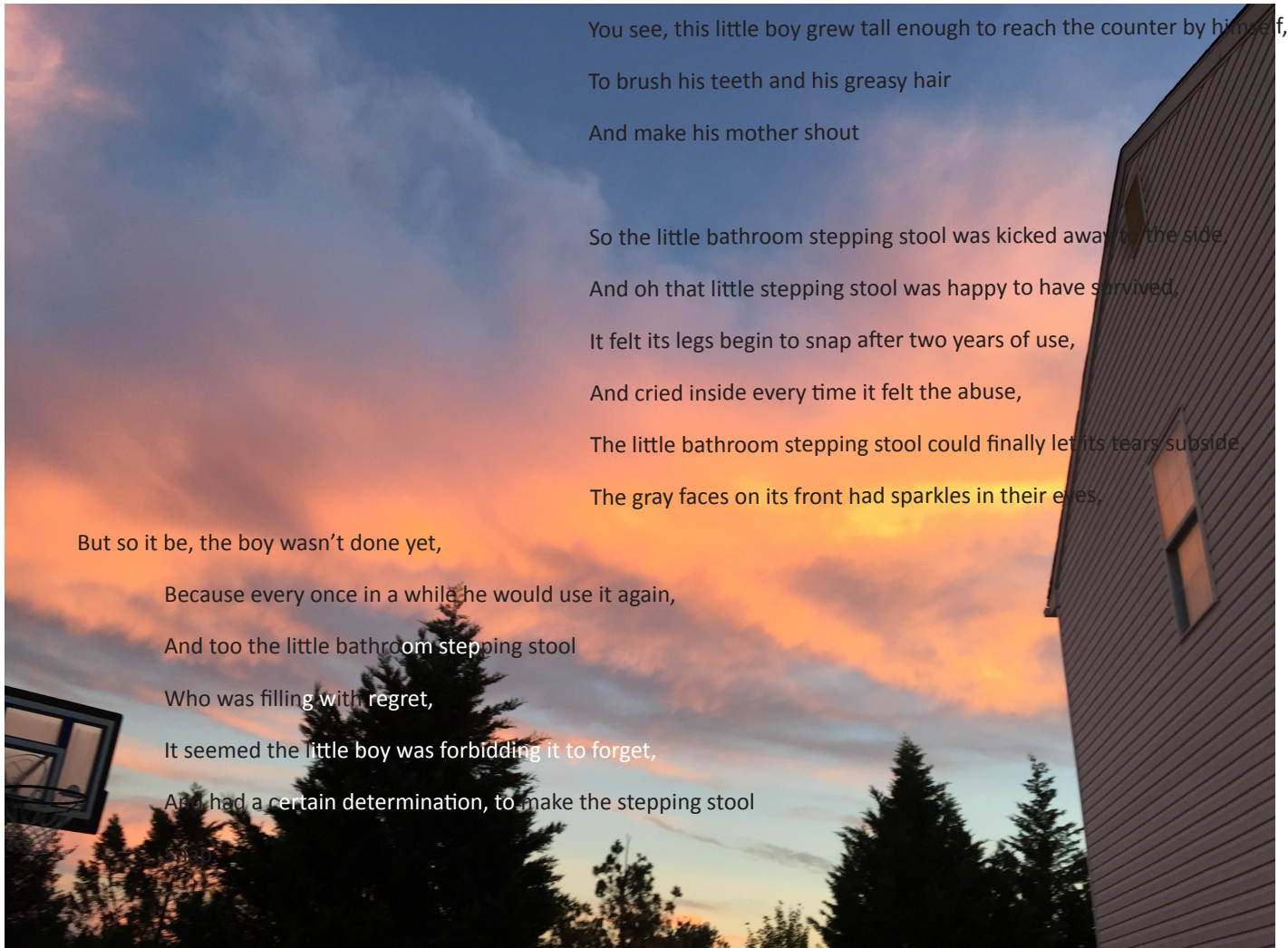
And too the little bathroom stepping stool

Who was filling with regret,

It seemed the little boy was forbidding it to forget,

And had a certain determination, to make the stepping stool

Picture by Adrienne Brookstein '18



Some Things by Anonymous

some things aren't meant to live for long
some things aren't meant to bloom into
pretty flowers
punching firm rubbery stem through carefully cultivated soil
cautious little leaves greening and unfurling
the more attention it gets
tiny pink bud, blushing in the sunlight that loves it so dearly
like a mother loves her child
petals opening up like curtains on a stage
ready to face the world and showcase its story
and everyone comes running to gawk and admire,
"how lovely"
"how beautiful"
"how hopeful"
"how hopeful"
"how hopeful"
some stems come in crawling
through dry and dulling dirt
cautious little leaves not cautious enough,
browning and wrinkling as they unfurl
infantile bud, shying away from the sunlight that can't be
bothered
like a mother tolerates her child
petals never opening up, a play cancelled due to lack of audience
and everyone trudges away saying,
"how dreadful"
"how sad"
"maybe next time"
"maybe next time"
maybe next time.
some things are meant to live
but not beautifully

Adrienne Brookstien '18





Adrienne Brookstein '18

*gentle days
without too fast beating heart and
too fast moving blood
without soft brittle bones quivering into
a crumbled heap of white and marrow
shards poking and prodding
from the inside
gentle days without
wavering voice heaving out sorry
words and too late
breaths and
too late friends and
gentle days
without fear and without
fear and without
fear and
without bedlam*

Gentle Days

by Anonymous

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