

Limits?

THEY'RE
EXACTLY



What
you
make them.

Pi

E

C

es

Polaroid

Anonymous '19

You've told me stories and I stay silent,
I only watch,
my eyes a camera,
my brain an engine to feed and provide,
my world a canvas to paint upon,
my ground a freshened field to plow,
my sky a vast forgotten spy,
my god a man who doesn't exist,
my food an animal to crave,
my family a horde of compassion,
my lesson is one to behave,
my style isn't a fashion,
my passion a fruit that isn't sweet,
my talent an object that nobody knows,
my art a ghost alone,
my keys are only mine to keep,
my lock inside my chest,
my head a bowl of missing maps,
my neck a rope of tarps,
my face is molded of clay that's soft,
my body sculpted of hearts,
my feet are nails on chalkboards found,
my voice a smiling sound,
my hands a raw, enticing grasp,
my fear implied, not said,
my hate a feeling of love,
my sleep adrift on nobody's bed,
my lung a punctured sack of gold,
my bones a jumbled mess of growth,
my meaning a firework about to explode,
my life-
my life a photo to be my own.

*Photo by Jessica
Santilli '17*

addiction

get you come and intoxicate me with
your *eyes*

And I do not poison you

not like you do

not like you do



compass

she was lost at sea
he was the only compass she needed
but he was stepped on and broken
he offered no salvation
from the storm that was brewing
but she clasped onto him so tightly
she drowned that night
with him in her hands

Poetry by: Amanda Rutkowski '16

Photography by: Jessica Santilli '17

moonlight

moonlight

star bright

you're the one

who lights up

my night

My name is the Reaper. I have been in existence for as long as man could think of the concept of death.

I have escorted countless souls to the Beyond, and I have brought countless souls back into life. I do not know what comes after, my job ends when their souls enter the Beyond. I live off of the memories of the dead.

I have also spared souls from death, but only if they still have fight in them. It's a hobby of mine, or maybe I'm just selfish and want to enjoy their memories. I do not know, and truthfully, I do not care.

Until, at least, Elisa. She was nineteen when I first met her. She had been crossing the street when a car hit her out of nowhere. She was sprawled out across the street, broken and bleeding, but her soul was so bright, shaped like a hummingbird. It flew into my hands, dragging her spirit with her, but I couldn't take her. I slipped into the body of a paramedic and revived her.

Elisa made a "miraculous recovery." She graduated college and became a dancer – with a degree in astrophysics.

When she was twenty-six, I met her again. The end of her life was coming – a door slammed, her beloved was in a rage. I knew how this would end. He came at her with a knife, but he just so happened to trip. I think she saw me then, but I'll never know exactly what she saw in me. Everyone sees me differently; after all, I'm just a concept.

She got away from him, and called the police. She lived happily by herself for several years, but while dancing on a world tour, she fell in love. She quit the troupe, and Elisa married him. She pursued astrophysics, and they eventually had two children.

It was while she was pregnant with twins that I met her again. I had shifted fate for her, and I could do it again. Her beauty grew, and her soul was even brighter than it had been when she was younger. The lives inside of her would rip her apart when they came into this world. With some regret, I snipped the threads, and the lives were no more. She cried and I hated myself for it, but the twins would have died eventually. At least her children still had a mother, and her husband still had a wife.

That was the last time I saw Elisa, at least until she died at age seventy-three; peacefully, and in her sleep. I saw her then, and held her hand, lifting soul out of her body. The hummingbird flew from her chest again, and landed on my shoulder.

"Tell me, what do I look like?"

"You're beautiful."

My name is the Reaper, and I've been in existence for as long as man knew the concept of death.

And I have seen the Beyond.

Art by Aaron Crespo '16
Story by Julia Cassel '17

SCARS

By Aaron Crespo '16

cuts will heal
and scabs will peel
but scars are
constant reminders
of nights you
wish to forget

Photo by
Jessica Santilli '17

him

and he was drawn so close to me that I forgot that there were other fishes in the sea. the world was us vs them. when everyone turned against me I ran to the only thing I knew that could hold me so dearly. and my god, it was always you. so before you think I feel otherwise. just know baby, you were my finish line in all the races I’ve ran.



Castle Walls

broken nails

and silhouette kisses

frozen skin

and restless salt stained tears

built my guard up

but not all castles

stand tall

Our Love Was Grey

you are grey eyed

and you never lied

my hair is dyed grey

yet my words hold nothing

I would love to kiss your truth

until that is all my tongue says

you are the good in all this bad

Poetry by Amanda Rutkowski
‘16

Photography by Jessica Santilli
‘17

Day and Night

Hana Kerchner ‘19

If the day were to meet the night
Would they share
Just
A passing glance?
Or would their eyes
Be entranced at
The other’s glory?
Would the sun’s eternal flame
Burn into the night’s eyes
Causing jealousy to enflame the world, along with hatred?
Or would they see the good things:
The gorgeous pale moon light,
The warm glow of sunrise?
And could they start
To realize
That though they might be
So opposite,
To have one without the other
The world would never be the same.

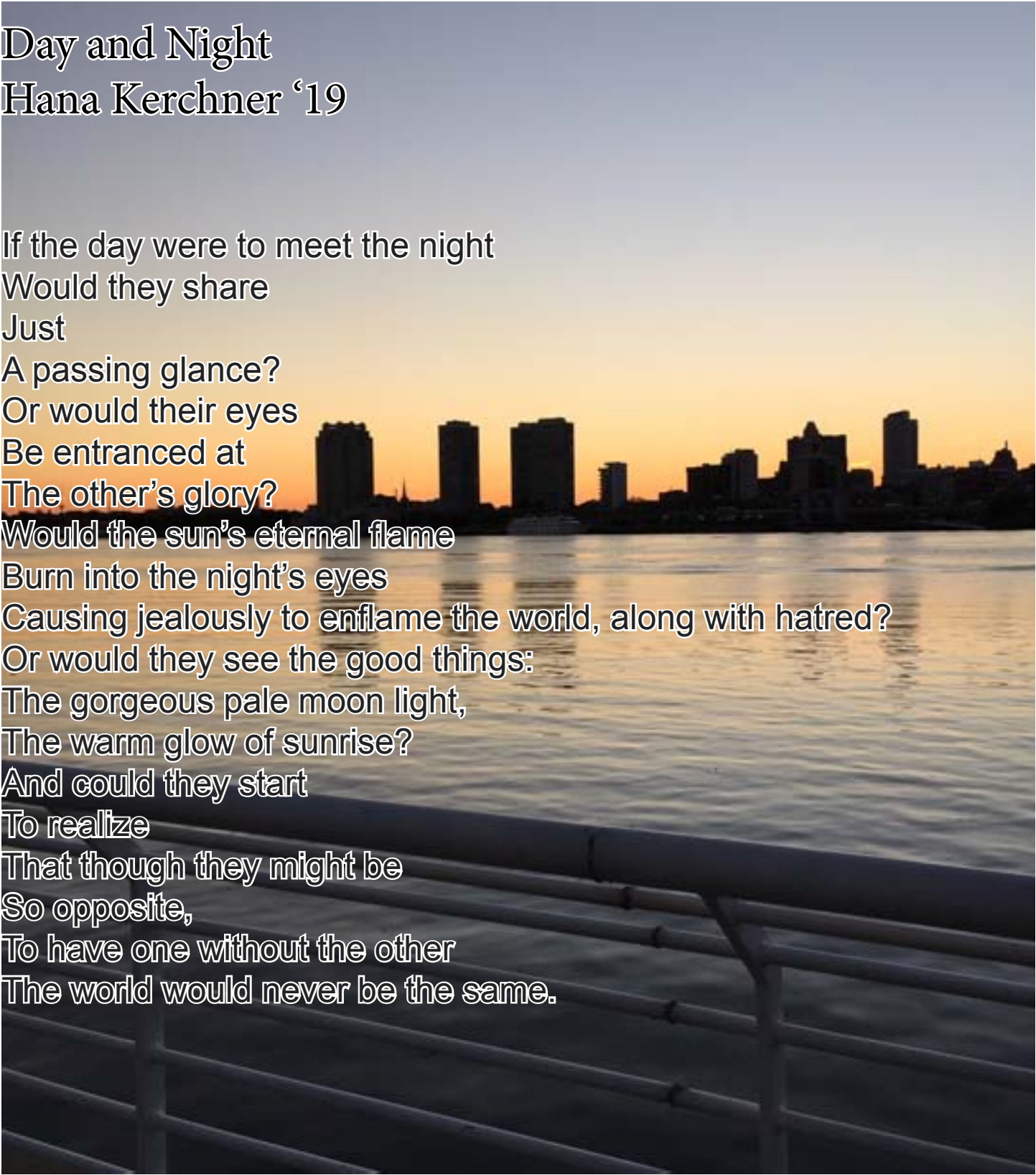


Photo by Jessica Santilli ‘17

Forget Me Now

Anonymous › 19

Have you ever done something in your past that you can't forget?
Usually these memories are bad, awful even, to the point where you could hurt yourself just by thinking about them.
There's a way to forget these memories.
It is not by any means safe, but it works.
The first step is to remember.
Remember hard and remember as much detail as you possibly can about the event in your past that troubles you.
This memory can be negative and is most of the time, but even a positive memory can be forgotten.
While doing this, take a walk. Go outside and explore streets you haven't gone to in your area. These unexplored territories are most likely to hold the Forget Me Now House.
If you hear a bell chime, consider yourself successful.
The chime will be similar to the sound of a cowbell, but very loud. There's no reason for you to miss it. Follow the sound to the house it's coming from and you'll be greeted by an elderly woman.
Before I continue, just know that this is the only turn away point. After this, trying to leave the house after you enter will result in death.
You'll see why.
This elderly woman sitting on the wooden porch of the house will not get up. She will not look at you, and she will not speak. If you do wish to turn back, please say, "Excuse me, miss," and make your way around the house before breaking out into a sprint. She'll follow you, but not for long. Run as fast as you can until you can't hear the breathing behind you anymore.
If you still want to continue, bow to the woman. Close your eyes when doing so, and do not open them until you finish the bow. When you do open your eyes after looking up, the woman will also have her eyes open.
She will be staring at you.
Resist the urge to jump. Jumping will cause the floorboards to creak and you'll anger the house and the woman. Hold back any temptation to run or flinch.
The woman will then ask you a question.
"Everyone has a memory they wish to forget, but would you relive it to clear up the debt?"
Say "yes".
Saying no will cause you to forget all memories, and you'll be left helpless.
The woman will then take you in as her own. You do not want to know what happens if she does this.
The woman will get up and walk into the house. Follow her.
The first thing you'll notice is the smell. It could be the smell of rotting corpses, but most just say it's her awful cooking. Whatever it is, she eats it.
There will be a staircase in front of you. Do not look up the staircase.
To your right will be the living room. An old television set will be playing static, and a man will be sitting on the couch across from it.
Do not look at the man. He will be staring at you with a smile if you do, and he will make you see his memories.
You do not want to see his memories.
Do not look at the television, either. You'll think it's just playing static by the strange noise coming from it.
It's not playing static.
Resist looking right.
Feel free to look to your left at the dining area. There aren't any repercussions from looking at the room in general, so enjoy the only peaceful sight in the house.
The woman will lead you to the door beneath the stairs. Through this door will be the basement. Follow her there.
The basement is going to be pitch black. There will be no windows, no lights, and no lamps of any kind. This doesn't matter as you won't need the light.
Unless you wish to die, close your eyes as you walk down the stairs leading to the basement and keep them closed.
What lies in the basement can be considered Hell.
Now, in this supposed Hell, all five senses will be tested.
First, the whispers will start. They will grow louder as you walk further down the stairs. Listening to the whispers will result in you submitting to a state of utter insanity. Block them out.
Your throat will burn from the fires. This searing pain is worse than the hottest food known to man. That food hasn't even been tasted by a human yet. Endure this pain.
The smell of the scorched corpses will grow incredibly strong. If possible, hold your nose. This may be difficult with the sense of touch being tested.
Your skin will burn. You'll want to scratch every part of your body to the bone. Resist this urge. This isn't the worst of it all, though.
The worst of it all is the test of sight.
Do not open your eyes.
After closing them at the top of the stairs, do not open them. Do not let the hands pulling at your eyelids reach your eyes. Keep them closed.
This pain will not cease until you answer the woman's question again with a rhyme. She will not ask you again, so just say it out loud. Say this:
"I want to forget the pain that I felt
by enduring the pain that I'm being dealt.
To wash away the sins and all of my crime,
I wish to end that by turning back time."
You will feel as if you're spinning. Keep your balance and continue to endure the test of the senses for another thirty seconds.
Your brain will flicker back to those moments in time that you want to forget. Find every detail of that moment: the time, the setting, the people near you.
Put most of your focus towards the senses you felt. Remember it all. You will need to remember to forget.
The amount of time needed to do this varies depending on the person and their will. For some, it may take a minute. For others, it could take years. Some never manage to escape the basement. Those hands pulling at your eyes are the hands of the people who failed the tests.
After you do this and you do it correctly, you will black out.
You'll wake up on the side of the road on the street where the house was. You won't remember anything about the house, why you're on the street, or what you were doing before you blacked out.
You will feel a sense of loss, like you've forgotten something, and will most likely go on with your day from there. You can try to remember, but you won't be able to.
If something happens that you would like to forget, however, there is a house where an old woman lives called Forget Me Now House...

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