

2021

ANTHOLOGY

A collection of works by the students of Township High School District 214





Dr. David Schuler
Superintendent

April 2021

High School District 214 over the decades has built a phenomenal legacy of fine and performing arts excellence -- from sculpting, painting, mixed media, poetry and short stories to our performing groups such as dance, show choirs, orchestras, bands and choirs. Our student artists often have earned the opportunity to showcase their talents locally, regionally and internationally.

These achievements flow from the enthusiasm and dedication of our students and educators, supported by the leadership of our Board of Education members who are committed to offering opportunities that ensure our students find their passion and discover their future.

As we celebrate the 45th year of the Arts Unlimited Festival, these efforts and opportunities continue unabated even in the face of challenges posed by the COVID-19 pandemic.

In spite of the many adjustments required this year, D214 Arts Unlimited again sponsored and organized numerous fine and performing arts events that provide students and community members the opportunity to work with professional artists, actors, choreographers, dancers and musicians. In keeping with efforts to continue sharing student talents with the community, several of these sessions were recorded and made available to the public.

As is the case every year, District 214 will proudly share some of our students' most outstanding art and literary work through the annual Arts Unlimited Anthology. In addition, the annual Arts Unlimited reception - virtual this year - will be broadcast via the D214 Arts Unlimited website and YouTube on April 22.

I am always impressed by the level of our students' talent and the depth of their dedication, and this year I am even more awed by their innovation and creativity. It is gratifying to know they are preparing for future success through their own determination with the support of our outstanding educators, Board of Education and an Arts Unlimited team that works tirelessly to elevate and celebrate the fine and performing arts.

I am incredibly proud of the District 214 program and grateful for the value we place on the arts. I invite you to enjoy works produced by students and teachers, and join me in applauding their passion.

David R. Schuler

David R. Schuler, Ph.D.
Superintendent

2021

ANTHOLOGY

A collection of works by the students of Township High School District 214



The mission of Arts Unlimited 214 is to provide all students with exposure to process-oriented perspectives through an ongoing celebration of the fine and performing arts.

Arts Unlimited 214 strives to inspire imagination and creativity amongst the District's diverse student body and foster an awareness of the arts within our community.

COVER ART right to left

Mara Nicolaie Prospect
Benny Galicia Elk Grove
Jillian Guittar Buffalo Grove
Swun Tun Wheeling
Rachel Kearney Hersey
Audrey Yang Buffalo Grove
Brenda Perez Rolling Meadows
Kasia Derkus Elk Grove
Admarix Marquez Hersey
Sarah Ryan Prospect
Leslie Rojas Alipio Rolling Meadows
Yuliana Zavala Wheeling

ARTS UNLIMITED COMMITTEE

Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti Arts Unlimited Coordinator
Michelle Price Buffalo Grove High School
Mary Larson Elk Grove High School
Suzanne Renner John Hersey High School
Li Christoffersen Prospect High School
Martha Nava Rolling Meadows High School
Rebecca Silver Wheeling High School

FINE ARTS COORDINATOR

Jeremy Morton Prospect High School

DAILY HERALD CONTEST JUDGES

Jan Bottiglieri Poetry
Jonathan Pruc Art
William Leece Prose

SPECIAL THANKS

Dan Crane District 214 Production Services
Mark Ciske District 214 Production Services
Eileen Daday & Susan Klovstad Daily Herald
Barbara Kain District 214 Staff Support

ADMINISTRATION

Dr. David Schuler Superintendent
Ms. Cathy Johnson Associate Superintendent
Ms. Kate Kraft Associate Superintendent
Dr. Lazaro Lopez Associate Superintendent

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Mr. Dan Petro President
Mr. William J. Dussling Vice President
Mr. Mark Hineman Member
Ms. Alva Kreutzer Member
Ms. Mildred "Millie" Palmer Member
Mr. Leonard "Lenny" Walker Member
Mr. Todd Younger Member

SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

Mr. Jeff Wardle Buffalo Grove High School
Mr. Paul Kelly Elk Grove High School
Mr. Gordon Sisson John Hersey High School
Mr. Greg Minter Prospect High School
Ms. Eileen M. Hart Rolling Meadows High School
Mr. Jerry Cook Wheeling High School

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Elias Aguirre Garcia	Buffalo Grove	47	Miranda Lawson	Wheeling	51
Christine Ahlstrand	Prospect	33	Jill Lichte	Rolling Meadows	27
Kaylyn Ahn	Elk Grove	59	Ashley Lucken	Hersey	52
Fed Neydjie Alteus	Buffalo Grove	46	Adamarix Marquez	Hersey	32
Kaya Augustyn	Hersey	60-61	Gianna Martire	Rolling Meadows	26
Sophia Baldassano	Rolling Meadows	56	Shannon McGovern	Prospect	37
Melina Blank	Hersey	43	Charlie Michalski	Wheeling	9
Brayden Bobowski	Elk Grove	44	Vivian Mizano	Hersey	31
Veronika Brzosko	Hersey	45	Emily Montes	Buffalo Grove	16
Gracie Brown	Hersey	30	Mara Nicolaie	Prospect	28
Sarah Church	Hersey	50	Oreoluwa Oloro	Rolling Meadows	17
Alysa Cobb	Elk Grove	50	Manisha Panthee	Prospect	13
Jeremy Cohen	Wheeling	8-9	Brenda Pèrez	Rolling Meadows	34, 53
Samantha Cooper	Elk Grove	55	Yesenia Perez	Elk Grove	7
Katarzyna Dabrowska	Elk Grove	32	Alexis Petrielli	Rolling Meadows	48
Kasia Derkus	Elk Grove	19	Emily Popa	Hersey	38
Abigail Diaz	Wheeling	63	Emma Preissing	Prospect	40
Natalie Dimov	Elk Grove	13	Diane Rawlinson	Wheeling	65
Madeline Dracopoulos	Buffalo Grove	57	Leslie Rojas Alipio	Rolling Meadows	20
Jack Dwyer	Prospect	54	Sarah Ryan	Prospect	22
Abby Franke	Elk Grove	64	Alejandro Salgado	Wheeling	23
Benny Galicia	Elk Grove	35	Gisele Simon	Wheeling	26
Khushi Gandhi	Buffalo Grove	61	Megan Steffens	Elk Grove	58
Melissa Gibbs	Buffalo Grove	29	Emily Schuler	Buffalo Grove	42
Jillian Guittar	Buffalo Grove	6	Giahan Tran	Prospect	11
Allison Glovier	Prospect	41	Swun Tun	Wheeling	49
Magnolia Goodin	Elk Grove	18-19	Vasmathi Urs-Juffa	Rolling Meadows	20
Kaitlyn Hannon	Rolling Meadows	10	Alejo Valdez	Buffalo Grove	7
Anastasia Havryliuk	Wheeling	39	Alexander Vazquez	Wheeling	24-25
Ava Hennig	Elk Grove	21	Liliya Viytyk	Rolling Meadows	44
Ashley Hintz	Hersey	34	Natalie Von Oesen	Rolling Meadows	12
Isabella Hubrich	Prospect	33	Kamila Walus	Wheeling	62
Payne Jungblut	Prospect	47	Audrey Yang	Buffalo Grove	36
Gillian Karsten	Buffalo Grove	44	Natalie Zabielski	Wheeling	14 -15
Rachel Kearney	Hersey	15	Yuliana Zavala	Wheeling	46
Anabel Kaiser	Hersey	40	Bee Zielinski	Buffalo Grove	41
Emily Laffey	Prospect	16			



UNTITLED
Jillian Guittar

MAYBE IN ANOTHER LIFE

INSPIRED BY “MAYBE UNDER SOME OTHER SKY” BY WILLIE PERDOMO

Alejo Valdez

Ask me, young man, *Did I love her?*
Tears against the pillow, puffy eyes
I loved her the way infinity keeps us alive and away every day
I needed her so I can feel me
A love deep like the sea
You wanted to continue sleeping
Just to see her in your dreams.

Fighter and murderer in silence for love—
Impulses of blood turned into pain
And in pain the blood runs through my veins
love her, always, maybe not here,
Maybe in another life, Ask me again,

Did I love her?

With a dry mouth and an empty stomach, I say: Yes I did.

TRAPDOOR

Yesenia Perez

The trapdoor bar is famous
It is only available through a series of burrowed holes
That span across the edge of the warm forest
Nocturnal and waiting to serve
Run entirely by women, and open to all nighttime lovers
Who wander aimlessly under their haze
Like headless chickens
With no oxygen left
Stumbling erratically,
Under the blade of a sharp axe
The trapdoor closes
Leaving nothing behind
All spiders spin silk, but not all spiders spin webs.

HOW TO BRING BACK MIDWEST EMO MUSIC

Jeremy Cohen

Are you sad? It's Corona time, so of course you're sad. Do you want to become happy with your sadness? Well, emo music is the way to go! We live in an unprecedented era where everyone is sad, but there is no emo music. What's up with that? That alone is something to be sad about. There are three main scenes of emo music. The first scene is technically called Emotional Post-Hardcore Punk Music. Basically a bunch of guys from Washington D.C. in the 80's just got sad about life. So, since they were all sad with the D.C. Hardcore Punk Scene being over, they just started the same scene, but had the vocalist throw tantrums when they got to the bridge of the song. This is how emo started. The second wave is called Midwest Emo music. This kind of music is more calm, sad, indie, and jazzy. But don't worry! The tantrum style of vocals is still present! This style originated in the late 90s and early 2000s--a wonderful time to be sad, might I add. The third wave of emo is poser emo. This is because people from New Jersey (ew) took the midwest scene and fused it with pop punk, creating this eyeliner-filled mess of lyrics centered around Mom taking away their Xbox privileges. Everyone knows that real emos play Nintendo. For the sake of humanity, let's bring back the Midwest Emo Scene. But how do we become a Midwest Emo?

Step One: Be sad. I think we got that taken care of.

Step Two: Live in the midwest, more specifically go to Wheeling High School. Members of renowned emo bands, such as Cap'n Jazz, American Football, and Braid, have all gone to Wheeling High School. Which means that I've performed on the same stage as some emo legends (so I'm kinda a pro, I mean, look at my extraordinary level of ethos). Not to talk smack about our fantastic C.T.E. school or anything, but I can see why the school has created some emos here and there. (Don't worry Mrs. Wagner, your class doesn't make me emo.)

Step Three: Tune your guitar to obscure tunings or just don't tune your guitar at all. Having your guitar tuned to standard tuning is just too normal. And that's not the point. To be emo, you gotta rebel against the norms of society to prove how sad you are. Plus, if your guitar is not tuned, that means your music is so emo even your guitar is crying.

Step Four: REAL EMOS DON'T WEAR EYELINER OR LEATHER JOCK STRAPS! Real emos wear Urban Outfitter sweater vests and flannels. Be a real emo, and bring back sweater vests. But don't let anyone know it's from a mainstream clothing brand. Buying mainstream clothes is sad in a non-emo way. If anyone asks, you made it yourself. That way people think each thread is made from authentic emo tears.

Step Five: Have a jazz background (or don't learn any music theory so it inadvertently sounds like jazz). Midwest Emo music is actually very jazzy. Jazz music has a lot of dissonance and very unstable sounding intervals. Which means just like your emo self, jazz music is crying in pain too!

Let's review these steps. Be sad, go to Wheeling High school, don't tune your guitar, wear sweater vests not eyeliner, be jazzy. Since we now know how to be a Midwest Emo, let's talk about how to bring back Midwest Emo. Just make the music. It's not hard. Don't worry about the quality. The worse it sounds, the better. I know it's 2021, but that's no excuse to not record your albums on a Walkman. Like your vocals and guitar, the quality of the album has to sound like it is crying as well.

Something important we haven't got a chance to talk about is lyrics. It is important to talk about your past experiences without getting too cheesy. For example, don't talk about your ex-girlfriend that cheated on you with your girl best friend in junior year of high school. That's too third wave emo, and that makes me cry more than that one time when I jabbed my eye with eyeliner. I mean when I jabbed my eye with a sewing needle for my sweater, not eyeliner. Real emos don't use eyeliner--can't say that enough. Instead, wail about how your sixth grade kiss felt weird cause you both had braces. And how they may or may not have gotten stuck to one another. You want your lyrics to be poetic. But not like real poetry, more like it comes off as poetic, but it really isn't. This provides a dramatic sounding tune. But you're still being emo by not completely obeying the system.

I'm now going to write an emo song about how sad I am that you have completed your training. I'm really going to miss you, but I have faith in your sadness. I really hope to see your band on a news report about parents trying to ban your music. Stay sad, start dedicating your whole closet to sweater vests, and make sure to stay jazzy and snazzy.



SHADOW WORK

Charlie Michalski

HIGH SCHOOL

Kaitlyn Hannon

I don't know how to budget my money
But I know Andrew Jackson was the 7th president of the United States

What's a mortgage or a tax form?
Beats me.

But I could sing you the ABC's in English, Spanish, and French

How do I build strong relationships and strong connections in life? No clue.
But did you know the mitochondria is the powerhouse of the cell?

I'm drowning
Drowning in knowledge
I can't swim up because I wasn't taught how

The rain clouds full of things I've learned are pouring down on me Each useless fact hits me like a
shard of glass

I can't open my umbrella because I wasn't taught how

The capital of Canada is Ottawa $Y=Mx+b$
Osteo means bone in Latin

What I've learned can't help me.

So what is it for?

My job interviewers won't ask me what the powerhouse of the cell is Or who the seventh president
of the United States was

My tax forms won't ask me to find x Or ask me how to say hello in French

The knowledge I have is a futile weapon The bow without the arrow
The sword made of foam

So what is it for, high school?
That's a question you didn't teach me the answer to.



FLEETING MOMENT
Giahan Tran



REFLECTING MOTHER NATURE

Natalie Von Oesen

FRIENDSHIP

Manisha Panthee

You can't write a poem about friendship,
Knowing you've never made a true friend in your life.
The flimsy connections you've made,
So easy to slash without a knife.

You've never held a friend in your arms,
As they cry their tears away,
As your own tears threaten to cloud your sight,
Eyebrows furrowed with dismay.

Could you ever understand
The comfortable silence?
No.
You've only ever reacted with violence.

You've never made eye contact
While laughing so hard,
Looking like fools
In your backyard.

Friendship.
What a heavy word,
Tied up all pretty and nice.

Or maybe it's me.
I can't write a poem about friendship,
Knowing I've never made a true friend in my life.

On second thought,
It's probably you.

ELEMENTARY

Natalie Dimov

Morning
Small children shake
While breakfast is burning
Kids running late, buses to take
Let's wake

Midday
Time for lunch break
School parks ready for games
Jungle gyms echoing loud names
Partake

Good Night
Ready for bed
Books laying out of sight
Parents rush to turn off the light
Play dead

HOW TO AVOID WORKING AT A BANQUET HALL

Natalie Zabielski

When you walk into a banquet hall, you are stunned by the enchanting crystal chandeliers, grand château staircase, and reflective mirrors covering all the walls. In the ballroom, tables are draped in long white tablecloths and surrounded by gold shivaree chairs, and centered gold vases are topped with pearl white flowers. On the right side of the ballroom, you see the sweets table filled with moist, chocolate raspberry brownies, the sweetest macaroons, and the cutest little cakes. Whether it be a wedding, a birthday, or a first communion, everyone that comes to a banquet hall is dressed to impress. On the outside, banquet halls are all about the glitz and the glamour, but believe me, life behind the scenes isn't so glamorous.

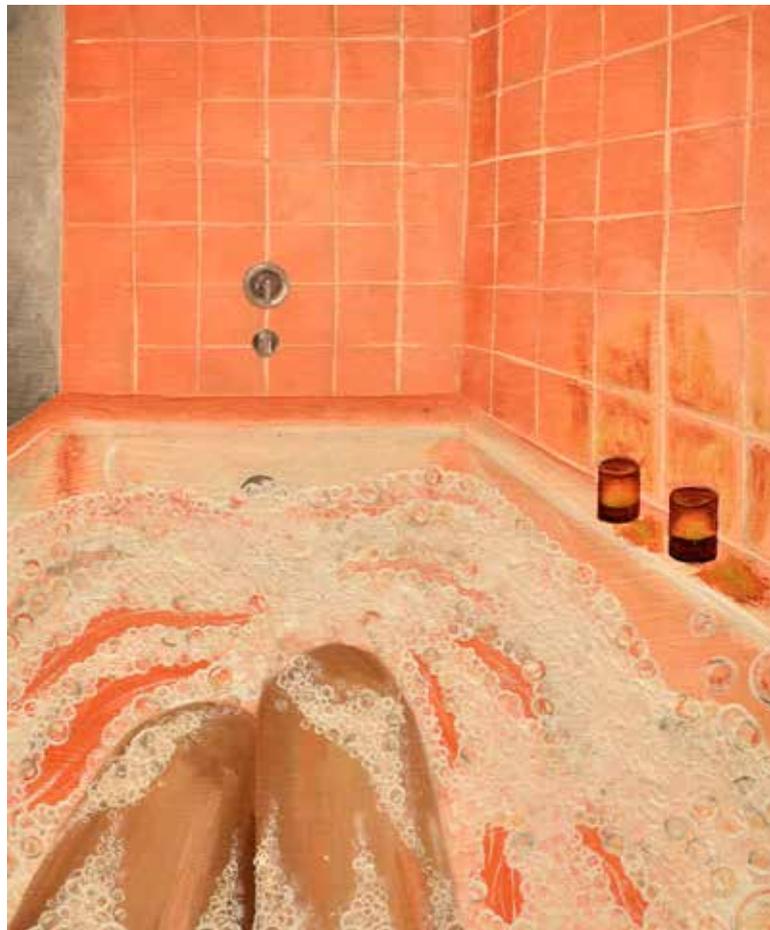
There is only one word you could use to describe my job as a banquet hall waitress: chaotic. From the minute you arrive to the minute you leave, you are constantly running from kitchen to table to ballroom. Before guests arrive, all the workers grab their uniforms and change wherever they can. Whether that be the bathroom, the closet, or the middle of the kitchen--it doesn't matter. When the guests arrive, you better be dressed in your strangely fitted black trousers, your itchy white-collared shirt, the black vest paired with the black tie, and of course you can't forget about your toe-blistering flats that scrape at the back of your heels every second of your endless shift. While all the guests are dressed in their most elegant dresses and suits, you basically look like an awkward freshman boy at his first school dance.

The uniforms are one bad piece to the puzzle, but when the guests begin to arrive, that's when all hell breaks loose. We all put on our handy dandy white gloves and begin to plate our appetizers, trying extremely hard to not snag a cheesy mozzarella stick as our stomachs rumble loudly. You walk around and ask, "Excuse me, would you like an appetizer?" and whenever someone says, "No, thank you," you want to take that silver platter and smash it across their face because you would do anything to take a bite out of those juicy mini meatballs. But of course you keep a smile on your face and politely walk away (cursing at them inside your head).

After having to bite down your tongue whilst serving appetizers, it's time for every worker's least favorite part, the soup. You're probably thinking right now, "What's so bad about soup?" Oh, so many things. First of all, our soup, just like the kind your mom makes on those cold winter days, is piping hot. When I say piping hot, I mean straight off the stove, like a car seatbelt in the summer type of hot. Even your handy dandy white glove can't protect you from the heat of the soup. Not only is the soup boiling hot, but the bowl's also filled to the rim. So one little missed step and that soup will end up giving you third-degree burns. When bringing out the soup, we have to carry not two, not five, but ten or more bowls at a time! Do you really think that my little noodle-armed, clumsy self should have the responsibility of holding thirty pounds worth of Leonardo DiCaprio on a tray? I can barely hold my own bowl of soup at home, let alone ten. And even after all the food is out, people will not stop bothering you. All you hear is "Can you get us some more water?", "Can we have some more bread?", "Can you bring us an extra fork?" How about "Can you shut up!" As my mom always says, "You have two hands and two feet. Go get it yourself."



BACK IN TIME
Emily Montes



SERENITY
Emily Laffey

MY SKIN IS BROWN

Oreoluwa Oloro

My skin is brown.

Or no, no, it's black.

The musty yet wholesome smell of earth,
warm and open-armed?

Or wait no, it's the color owing to the absence of light.

The darkness that threatens every time I step out from under a roof,
Wary, empty, hated?

I guess they get to decide.

My skin a disgrace?

One that identifies me as undeserving, a criminal, stupid?

A backpack to lug upon a back, upon a face, upon hands, upon a body,
a burden to look at in mirrors to convince it's meant to be here?

No. But it hurts.

Though they say, "one nation, under god, indivisible with liberty and justice for all" right?
What am I talking about?

What does racism have to do with anything?

What do the judging stereotypes have to do with anything?

Black Lives Matter, police brutality,

Malcolm X, Stephon Clark, Martin Luther King, George Floyd, Ida B. Wells.

What do those names have to do with anything? What do they show?

My skin is a crime.

My skin is a fruit loop in a world of cheerios.

A kind of difference that frightens some.

To be made into the face of a clown,

large lips, a large nose, a large afro...a joke?

Well no, actually my skin is not a crime, not a disgrace, not a difference, but bronze and beauty,
intelligence and talent, worthy of life and—

...you know what? How would I know?

You are the ones that see my skin.

The skin isn't meant for me, but for you to interpret.

You get to decide what it means, right?

A CLASSIC SUBURBAN BACKYARD FUNERAL

Magnolia Goodin

Take your damn hat off.
I don't want to sleep
On this
All the way until Christmas.
My real life problems,
Do they
Really
Outweigh the fictional ones?

Somebody, please
Give me a reason not to
Cut
Them all off.
It hurts more when it's all pouring out of my
Ears than my
Eyes
But I can't seem to cry.
Sometimes I pray that I get so dizzy my vision goes
Black
So that I can truly appreciate the
Colors
I inherited from my
Father.

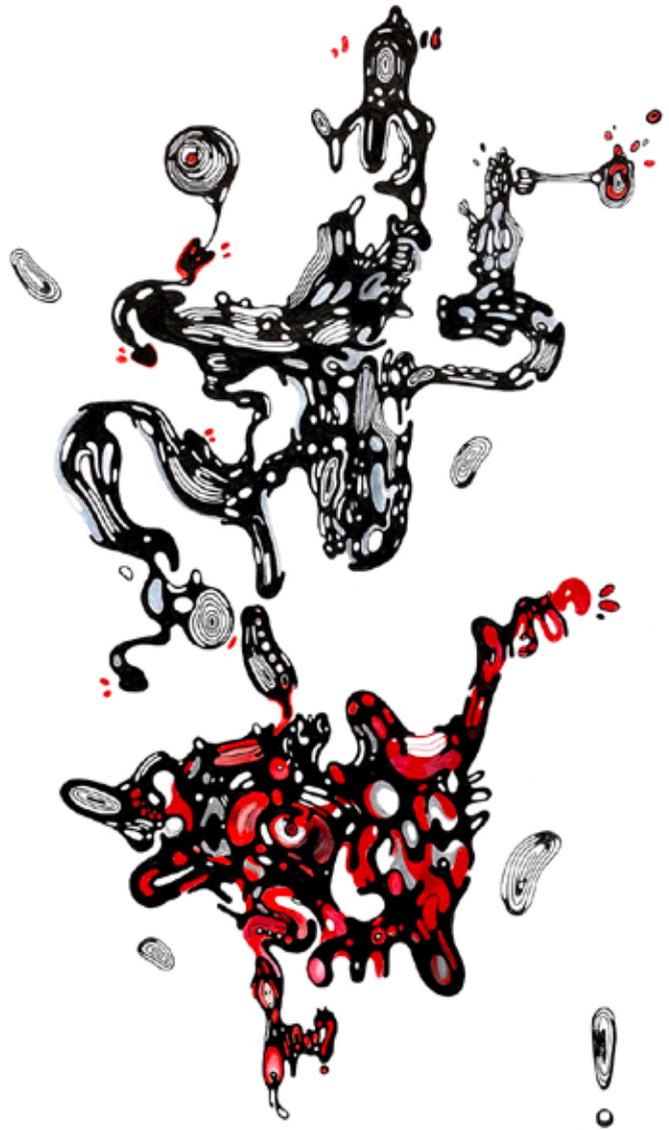
Why the hell didn't you just talk to me?
Why didn't you tell us?
Did she tell you?
Do you know?
I was waiting up for you.
You saw me.
You didn't say anything because you didn't care
Or
Because you cared so much you couldn't?
Who is she?
Who are they?
This is how it began and I'm not going to lose you,

But I shouldn't have said anything.
I lied. I was telling the truth.
It's because you saw all of me and you hated me.
I want to run away.
I want to push myself to the brink of death
And let you drink the adrenaline from my veins.
Afterwards, we can walk back together
So you can shoot the gun in the air
Again.
I'll comply
I'll follow like a dog.
You're so complicated
And I guess I am too,
But you can see
The exit
To my maze from
The start.
Always.
I can't trust anyone else,
But I won't believe you.
I have to have proof.
I'm hiding behind a
Very
Thin veil.
Please lift it for me
Before
I forget how to look people in the eye.

I've seen how it looks in the movies.
I'd love to feel the beauty.
With you.
I want to see how good fake feels.
Fake must feel good if she
Left.
Or because we were that
Bad

But we were bad together, right?
You don't blame me for this, right?
You don't think I made her leave you?
I'd never.
Though,
It's all my fault I didn't watch her.
You can't bear to look at me.
Why didn't she say anything?
Screw me,
She did,
I chose not to hear it.
I was an idiot.
I knew.
I knew but I didn't
Understand.
I didn't want to be miserable.
I didn't want to miss out, either.

I just want
To eat cheese fries
In the
Parking
Lot
With you,
And talk about how we used to
Dream
Of days
Similar in
Likeliness,
In the
Rain
With soggy fries and
Blue
Ice cream.



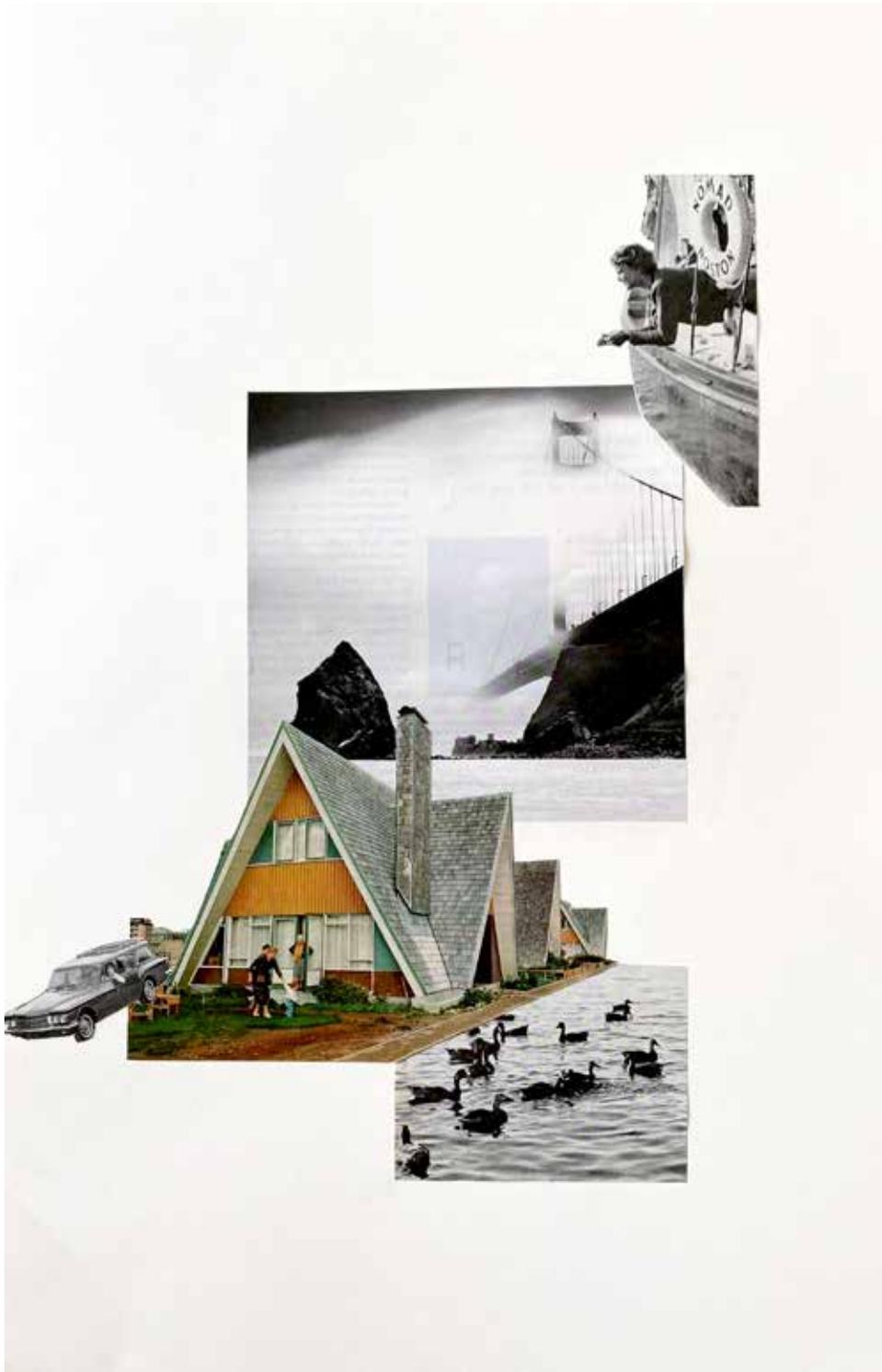
PoDRoZ
Kasia Derkus



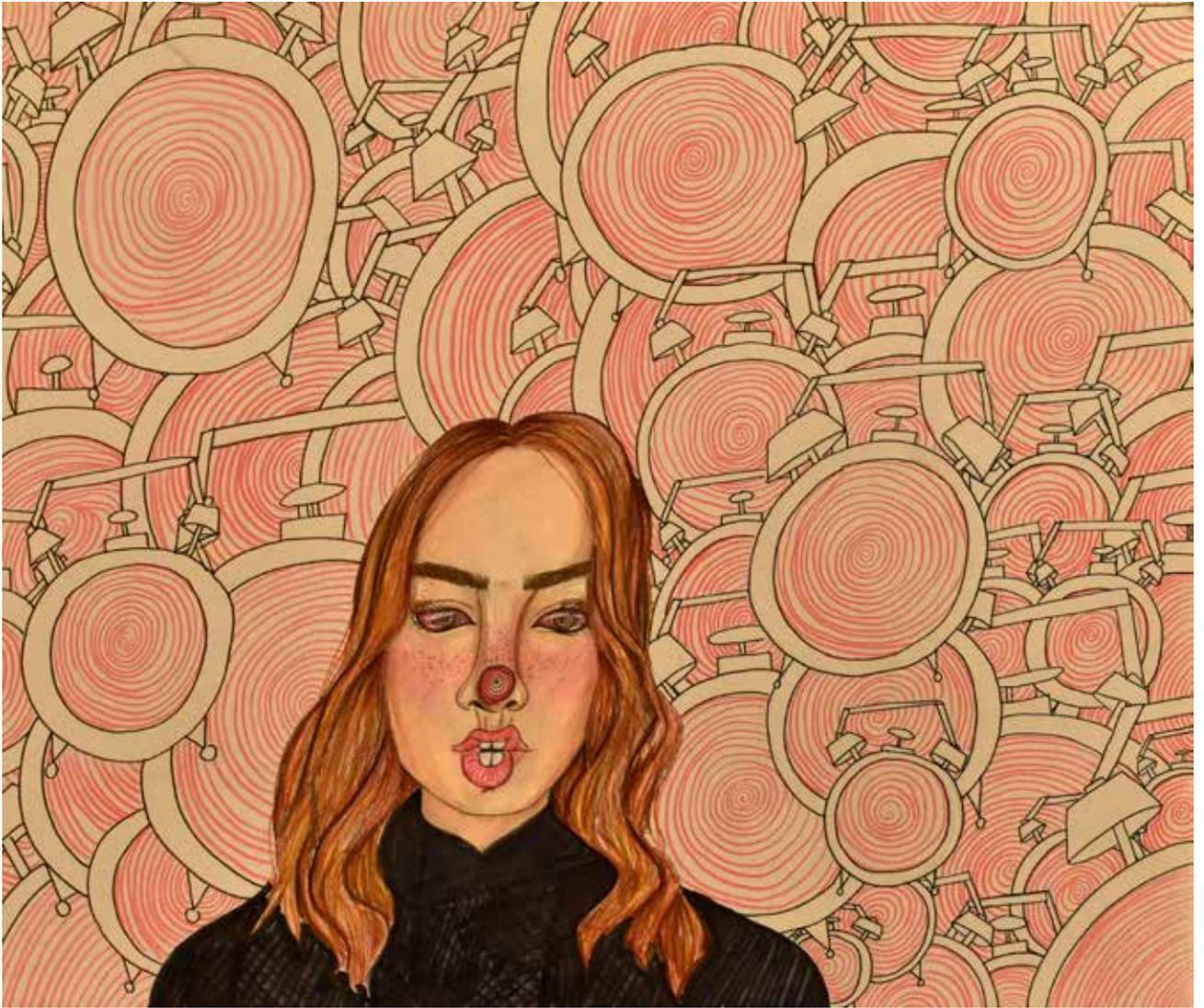
ANI
Vasumathi Urs-Juffa



MIRRORED
Leslie Rojas Alipio



A-FRAME
Ava Hennig



ALARM CLOCK

Sarah Ryan

WELCOMING YOU TO MY WORD

Alejandro Salgado

I am from sweaty controllers
on the Playstation 4 console,
from the blue box to manual book.
I am from the black desk,
(dusty, wooden, recently new).
I am from a bloomed orchid,
selections between white or purple.
I'm from celebrating Day of the Dead,
passed on curly hair members,
and bass speakers.
I'm from Maria and Jeanette,
to child support checks and no second guardian support.
I'm from the green eyes and curly hair,
from Stranger Danger and always giving back,
to get good grades, for a greater future.
I'm from forgiven sins, and the blood of Christ,
I'm from the Red Cross Lutheran,
with the blood of Aztecs,
Tortas, Tacos, Tamales,
from the breakings of my father to missing years of communication.
The father being humble to the people,
pictures framed as clean as a washed car,
gold cross pendants,
and a necklace as an heirloom.
Represent past generations of our family.

OUR LEGACY

Alexander Vazquez

The car's warm breath alleviated my skin
from the icy air surrounding our familiar hideaway.
After loading the groceries,
he pulled out the parking lot
and drove us back home.
Feeling the effects of the snow, I decided to adjust the heater.
The car responded by blowing an orange feeling toward me.
I felt comfort in the air caressing my face.
My father kept scratching his stubble.
Something was on his mind.
He kept tapping on the steering wheel
as if there were a button on it.
The tattoos on his hand made him look like a killer,
but I know better that this man,
who held two of his newborn sons,
adopted a green Quaker Parrot into his home,
peacefully signed his divorce,
and earned every merit told by the calluses on his hand,
He would never harm anyone.
After all, his tattoos are the names of his children,
each finger embracing a single letter
adding up to A L E X on the right
and D A V I D on the left.

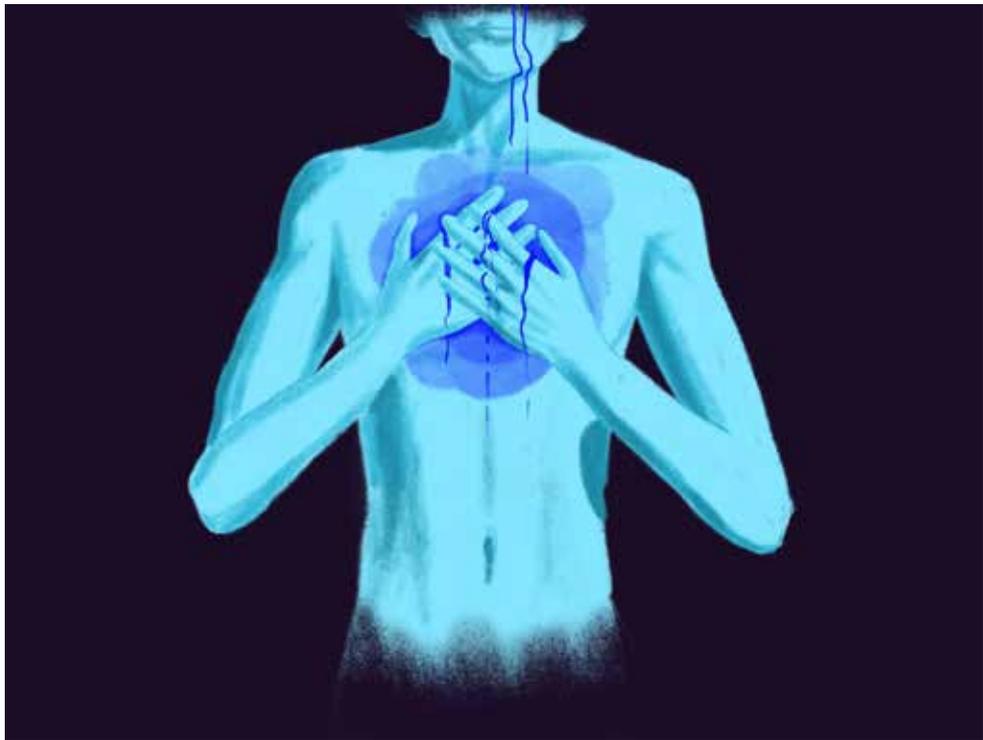
As a boy, I often parodied his outfits
by wearing shirts two sizes larger,
saying, "it's not big enough,"
to which he would let out that famous laugh--
the unrestrained, genuine, encouraging, old man laugh.
I used to workout with him at home,
where he would lift the pair of 25's and I would grab the 5's
both of us in front of the mirror,
flexing our muscles, while I compared my scrawny biceps to his.
We frequently disputed who was the strongest,
often resolved by an arm wrestle.
His hand, the part of him that always patted my head when I felt insecurity,
the part of him that showed his protection whenever we were in danger,
the part of him that helped when the world was against me,
even if momentarily, I saw those inked fingers as an object to overcome.
My competitiveness did not last, however,
since my admiration was far greater than any ambition.

He always reminded me that his life
once held empty plates and empty wallets,
a house full of only women,
restless nights surrounded by Red Bull cans,
yet he wished an easy life for us.

The car shook and snapped me back to reality.
I looked in the mirror, and saw a pothole behind us.
Before his voice broke the silence,
I felt a chill down my spine.
Inevitably, the cold found its way into our hideaway,
and began to permeate the car.
I reached out in an attempt to recreate the comforting warmth.
He took a deep breath, his voice quivering,
“Why the Marines?”
I froze and felt the weight of my choice.
My body is like a pinch cushion,
constantly being stabbed without remorse.
I feel my stomach churn.
His face said it all.
This man,
the man who has my complete admiration,
the man who has been there since the day of my birth,
the man who teaches me how to become a man,
his face was consumed with absolute uncertainty.
He began shaking and raised his shoulders upward.
He was afraid.
This fatherless father was afraid.
The cold and something else froze my body.
I could do nothing but think
and regret. Almost.
I wanted to apologize.
but there was nothing to apologize for,
since this is the path I chose for myself.
A long pause. I collected myself
and came up with an honest answer.
“I have something I want to prove.”
I reached for the knob to turn up the heat,
trying to show off the calluses on my hand
that told their own meager merits.
We both continued to ride in silence.
The heater emitted a warmth that was not the same.
He and I knew and braced ourselves for the future,
full of many hardships
and possible losses.



BREAKING APART
Gisele Simon



BLUE
Gianna Martire

SUNDAY, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY

Jill Lichte

Tuesday is dismal.
Like a perpetually damp sock.
The 24-hour span between Monday and Wednesday
Infects me with an exhausting sense of sorrow.
Sleep is interrupted by the mundane motion of school,
Which shifts to a workday longer than the sun's waking hour.
A ringing rattles my brain,
My under eyes darken,
And my posture collapses under the stress.
Tuesday is a locust
That buzzes in your ears
And blurs your vision,
Until it surrounds you in a cloud
Of fatigue and frustration.
Tuesday cripples my ability to be free;
My to-do list like a debilitating limp,
With no crutch to lean on.
The clock strikes midnight, and my mind is hushed.
The clouds have cleared.
But I know affliction awaits me just 6 days away.



EXISTING AS A ROMANIAN

Mara Nicolaie

SO YOU'VE COME FOR A VISIT

Melissa Gibbs

So you've come for a visit.
Perhaps you'll come again,
but in all likelihood,
the sound of plates clattering as your waitress unloads her tray
and the giggles of a child in the next booth over
will become background noise in your dreams.
The smell of bitter coffee brewing,
and sweetened cherry pie cooling on the counter,
will strike a memory that will place you in that corner booth,
surrounded by love
and laughter
and pancakes.
You'll remember it so strongly that you'll feel
the syrup on your fingertips and the butter that
somehow ended up on your elbow.
In fact, you'll probably remember it so often
that this place will become that story you tell your children
about the best trip you took with your girlfriends
back in the day.

And maybe they'll come for a visit.
Or maybe you'll come again.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE?

Gracie Brown

It was a gloomy day for August. The clouds hung impossibly low in the sky, almost completely blocking the sun. Perfect conditions for a rainstorm, he thought. Unlike most, The Spirit of the School liked rainstorms. He felt at peace knowing the children were all safe inside, even if he himself was left out to soak.

But, the children didn't come today.

To be truthful, the children hadn't come to his school in months. One hundred and fifty seven days ago, a pandemic swept across the world. Local governments released a nationwide order to close down schools as a safety measure, but oddly enough, no one had thought to alert The School himself of the emergency.

The Spirit of the School, the breath of life in this old, cement building, had been left in the dark. Feeling completely alone and forgotten, he sat slumped on the edge of his roof, absentmindedly gazing at the barren parking lot, desperately hoping that someone, anyone, would open his doors.

The School was beside himself as he wandered the empty corridors, pressing his cheek to the chilly cinder block. In his head, memories of school years past replayed like a broken record. Wonderful, warm recollections filled his headspace.

He saw a boisterous blond boy meet his best friend on the black top. He admired the drawings of daisies a group of girls made on the pavement. He cheered on a red cheeked third grader when he finished first in the mile.

While those memories glittered a bright gold, The Spirit of the School had watched the children face hardships as well. From socializing to study skills, they had faced adversity and grown from it, learning life lessons along the way.

And although the school children couldn't necessarily see him, he knew they felt his presence. An injured first grader had stopped crying when he sat next to her in the nurse's office, and the shy girl at recess experienced a surge of confidence when he stood next to her. He was their cheerleader, their mentor, and their friend. He watched the children. He supported the children. For heaven's sake, he loved the children!

His nostalgia swirled around him in a painful hurricane. He walked into the deserted gymnasium and threw a dodgeball against the wall, just watching it roll until it stopped. A question rang continuously in his head as he leaned against the gym wall.

"Where have all the children gone?"



STORM MOUNTAIN

Vivian Mizano



THE BONDING OF PISCES

Adamarix Marquez

DETERMINATION

Katarzyna Dabrowska

Sharp pine needles
Pinching cold
He walks on
Moving forward.
The white snow
Trips him up
But boots keep stepping
Without a map.
A glowing fire
of a cabin as his mark.
He keeps going and there's nothing
for which he would make a stop.
Up the mountain
Up he climbs
Relentless
Even when his lamp runs out of gas.

THE TABLE

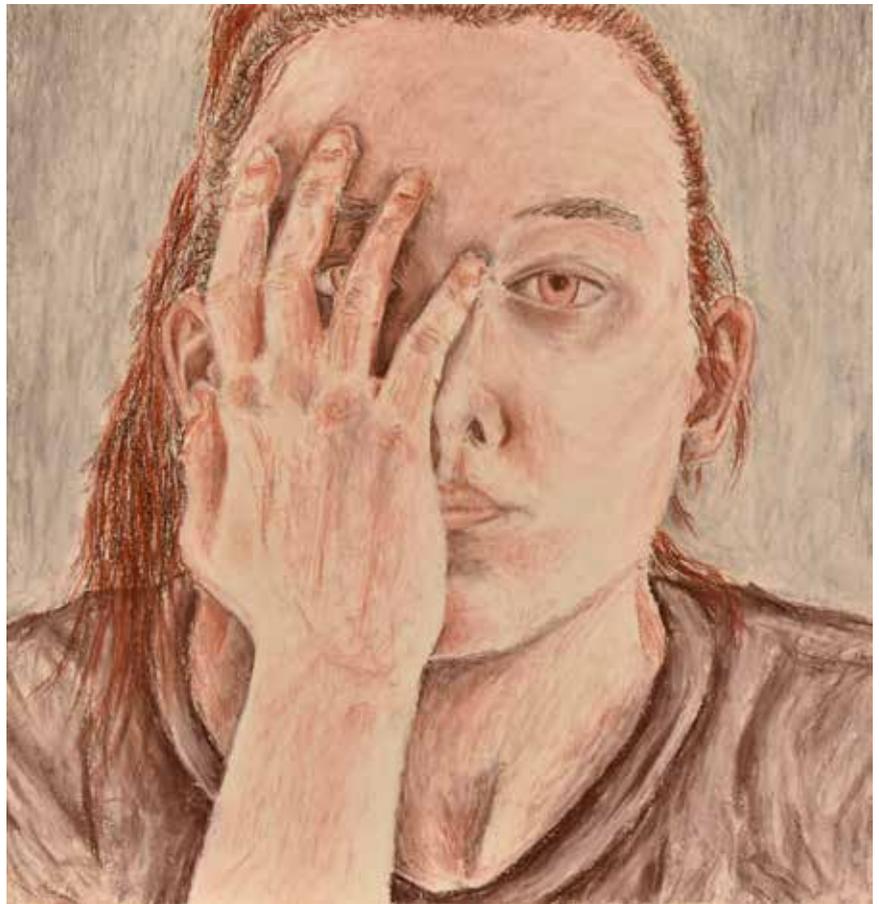
Christine Ahlstrand

The old wooden table
Tossed to the trash,
Too big to haul in the move.

Dark oak wood legs,
Curved into dragon claws
Dig into the wet grass.

It once was the center of a family,
Every meal, every page of homework,
Family game night and holidays.

Once so important,
tossed away, forgotten,
and replaced.



OVER IT

Isabella Hubrich

FRIDAY, MARCH 13TH

Ashley Hintz

From here I see anxiety filled eyes
As the name of this disease becomes common:
Shaky hands nervous for family that,
for the moment,
isn't trapped behind the border
shut, closed, constricted,
like my esophagus
that I'm currently trying to swallow down as
the monotoned PA broadcasts,
detached like a hangnail,
that school is cancelled.
And cracked, scared voices
trailing off in the hallways...

Then, later...
I see tense shoulders
in all
of my
family
members worried for
their jobs
the pantry,
the one they call Grandma.

MA

Brenda Pèrez

Our mom leaves early for
work. Never before whispering words
of affirmation in our ears.

"I love you more than anything"

Her calloused hands caress my
cheek. A pink scrunchie rests
on her bruised, cold wrist.

Her breath always smells like
mint. It creates a cool
breeze right next to my ear.

"Work hard in school today".
She tells us to give
it our all, every day.

We watch her blue minivan
as it pulls out of
the driveway in a foggy dusk.

"You can become someone in this life."

Even when she gets home.
Even when she's laughing along.
I can't help but notice; she's tired.

"Become someone in this life."
Her words ring in my ears as I watch the
purple bags under her eyes crease to create a smile.

We will all become someone...

And you won't ever have to work again...



ALWAYS FOREVER
Benny Galicia



PANDEMIC PERSONA

Audrey Yang

DEAFENING SILENCE

Shannon McGovern

Ian blinked his eyes open into the empty darkness, his shirt soaked in a cold sweat. Against the eerie silence, the sound of his own frantic heartbeat crashed in his ears. A growing sense of dread gripped him. Outside the open window, the trees clawed at the glass, fleeing the wind that howled relentlessly against the rattled foundation. Ian shuddered and watched the gooseflesh erupt across his exposed skin as the frigid air crept in and consumed him. He felt all warmth drain slowly from the room, and in its place festered an impending sense of doom. Something was horribly wrong.

Ian wrestled a sweater over his head and sprinted through the house, the stairs creaking beneath his feet and shattering the deafening silence. Where was his family? His fingers trembled as he fumbled for the light switch. A light flickered feebly through the hallway, illuminating empty chairs for a few brief seconds before its humming was extinguished and darkness swallowed up the house once again. Ian felt his way through the darkness to his parents' bedroom, yanking open the door and flinging himself onto the bed. But beneath him he felt only empty sheets pulled back against ruffled pillows, the warmth of his parents' bodies gone from the deserted bed.

He was completely and utterly alone.

The panic began to engulf him, filling his lungs until he gasped icy, shallow breaths. He fled the house chased by the shadows, but they were impossible to outstrip as they stretched down the graveled road and pooled around the paling moonlight. He tore through the streets of Painesville, reeling in the silence as he searched frantically for any signs of life. He swallowed back the growing paranoia as he felt pairs of eyes stalking him from the slinking shadows. He reeled at every wayward sound as the wind brought the inanimate to life, leaves hissing at his feet and screen doors slapping in their cracked wooden frames. As he fled through the streets, hurdling fences, an old stray nail gouged his leg. He cried out, crashing into the dust of the gravel and watching as the moonlight reflected through the blood pumping down his leg into a crimson pool. Dragging himself into an upright position, he limped through the door of a decrepit, abandoned warehouse. Collapsing against the wall, he slid to the ground, breathing heavily as his heart thumped in his chest.

Suddenly, in the frigid darkness, he knew he was not alone.

Groaning echoed up the aluminum ceiling, as he heard the sound of body parts dragging across the pavement. Ian froze motionless in terror, turning just his gaze until it locked with the blank stare of the undead.

The whites of its eyes held pupils devoid of humanity, rolling back into a decaying skull. Its rotting flesh fell from bone as it wrenched each creaking limb mechanically toward Ian. Maggots crawled from the gaps in its teeth as its bottom jaw clacked and rattled.

Every nerve in Ian's body screamed for him to run, but his feet remained cemented to the floor in terror. As the creature marched nearer, Ian ripped his rooted feet from the floor and backed frantically toward the door, his eyes still locked with the dead stare in front of him. Just as he turned to run, he felt five icy fingers clamp his shoulders one by one. A damp corpse leaned in and Ian could hear the death rattle through its exposed rib cage. The metallic smell of blood from the creature's shallow breaths flooded his senses.

Ian closed his eyes.

IT'S HOT ANGER

Emily Popa

It's hot and alive, like soft embers that awoke at dusk, it's the sea pounding without mercy against a cracked ship, a ship split right down the center and to the heart, didn't flinch when it saw the soul just carved into the heart. And just carved and carved like an arrow digging into the flesh of a mother deer while her child, her kin, hides in the underbrush unable to peel his eyes away from his dying mother.

It's unforgiving.
It's ruthless.
It's cruel.

And you did it, came into me and built a home, a small cottage in the middle of the Maple Woods, boarderlining with the vanilla river of crystal blue and topaz vines. Watching snippets of sunlight sneak in between the branches of tall oak trees. A garden as long as the eye can see, fields of sunflowers to race barefoot through, rows and rows of wild lavender to fall into, collections of differently colored roses to bleed onto the soil for. You build a hearth of feeling in this garden, nourishing each flower one by one.

Grew a sunflower of trust, tall and yellow as the sun that spins around the galaxy. Let trust spread her yellow wings and dance across the sky, intermixing with soft baby clouds as thin as silver fox fog. And you flourished a bouquet of experience, each as small and significant as early summer daisies. Each daisy a memory, small as an ice cream trips on Sunday night with chocolate kisses or as significant as weekend trips trapped in a room together. Let physical touch grow in a single rose, blooming against the winter sky in the coldness of winter's flakes of ice scattered across the lawn.

And deep inside your jean pocket a single seed of love, never meant to see the sight of sunlight or grow in the soil. It's burrowed deeply and fully, and it's almost like you've forgotten about it, but it never left your mind in reminder to hide it.

It's iron in the fire, white anger with dancers in dresses of fire. It's blue anger like hurricanes and tsunamis without a storm warning. And it takes over like an animal I feel, takes you over like drenching yourself beneath waves and letting the anchor pull you lower and lower, and you're trapped in this cave of never ending numbness. And you unleash it all at once, and it fuels the flame that danced in me, fuels it to start wildfires.

It's a broken anger. It's smashing a guitar against the concrete at night with a single stadium light at four AM, and then stopping. Stopping at the pinch of pain when the lost tension of copper painted strings snap against bare skin. Stopping. Just stopping. Stopping and falling over the cracked instrument that used to produce sounds as calming as the wind, careful and steady as small waves kissing left behind footprints engraved in the sand. A guitar that had its praise and glory in the city's opera house stage. It was beauty, a beauty with a voice that was cut off and destroyed.

It's fire red that turns to blush, hurricane rain that mended into teardrops across dry cheeks and chapped lips. It's the ash dancing in the wind after the fire breathed his last shaking sound. It's just plain, broken anger.

It's heartbreak.



LAVENDER DREAMS
Anastasia Havryliuk

SLIPPERS

Emma Preissing

I'm tired of my fuzzy old slippers,
That cushion my every step.

I'm ready to strut down a city sidewalk
In heels that pinch at my ankles.

With places I need to see,
And events I plan to attend.
Walking with a purpose as
If I'm almost going to miss the train.



MASKED

Anabel Kaiser



HALLUCINOGENICS

Allison Glovier

HOW TO TRIUMPH LIKE AN ENBY

INSPIRED BY “HOW TO TRIUMPH LIKE A GIRL” BY ADA LIMON
Bee Zielinski

I like non-binary people best,
how they make it look so easy
like presenting smoothly
is as easy as tying your shoes.
But in reality, let's be honest, I like
that they are non-binary.
How I am represented while people see
monsters, freaks, nonexistence.
Inside this delicate, anxiety ridden body,
there is a spider, fuzzy and innocent that
Many fear.
Don't you want to believe it?
Don't you want to see my innocence
With eight legs attached, keeping each part of me stable?
The spider inside thinks, no, it *knows* that
it deserves to thrive.



NEW BLOOM
Emily Schuler

BAD LUCK

Melina Blank

I am
constant heartbreak;
headstrong and irrational;
Zeus' anger
and Poseidon's storm.
Forgive me,
like I do not do for myself.
You see
my hands are molten stars
and my eyes are sticky honeycombs
and all I have to offer you is
my stubbornness—
a black cat guarding its own church—
and ask that you and I both
knock on some kind of oak furniture.
Maybe it's better if you don't.
Saves the trouble for the both of us that way.
If your heart desires it, however,
try rapping three times.
And just when my spirit floats serenely,
between mellifluous clouds of
hidden smirks,
midnight love,
thumb-against-my-shoulder,

palm-cradling-my-cheek,
the narrative ceases.
I drop the rose petals from their vines—
I love you, I love you not—
while you—
you, in all your handsome joy and Homeric spirit,
scruffy humor and angelic charisma—
grasp my hands out of
perfect kindness and
golden aid.
That is when I blow on your flame
while you overthink about what in your spark
caused me to stumble.
What made me crack?
I am
floundering heart;
open umbrella within the caverns of a home;
the ladder under which you walk.
Mind of a goddess,
heart of a griffin,
my intentions to settle lie Elsewhere.
You see when you looked in the mirror
it was already cracked.
Maybe it is better that way.

OCTOBER SNOWFALL

Gilllan Karsten

Although it is
but October, the
clouds bring snow that
drifts to the surface,
encasing everything in a
frozen shell. The white powder
glistens in the early morning sunlight,
however out of place it may seem.
icy reminders of
just how close winter looms.
Keenly aware of its strange
loveliness,
many break from their
normal routines.
October has been put on
pause. The sounds of fall
quiet. The dry leaves'
rustling falls
silent.
Today it is winter.
Unable to last, the snow is
vanquished by the autumn air.
Winter will not linger this time. Yet soon fall will
x-hale its last fighting breath. The
youthful winter months will soon be born, bringing
zen with their dark, snowy evenings.

THE ACCUMULATION OF A YEAR

Brayden Bobowski

Alone,
Yet together
In this distance living
We trade normalcy for being
Safer

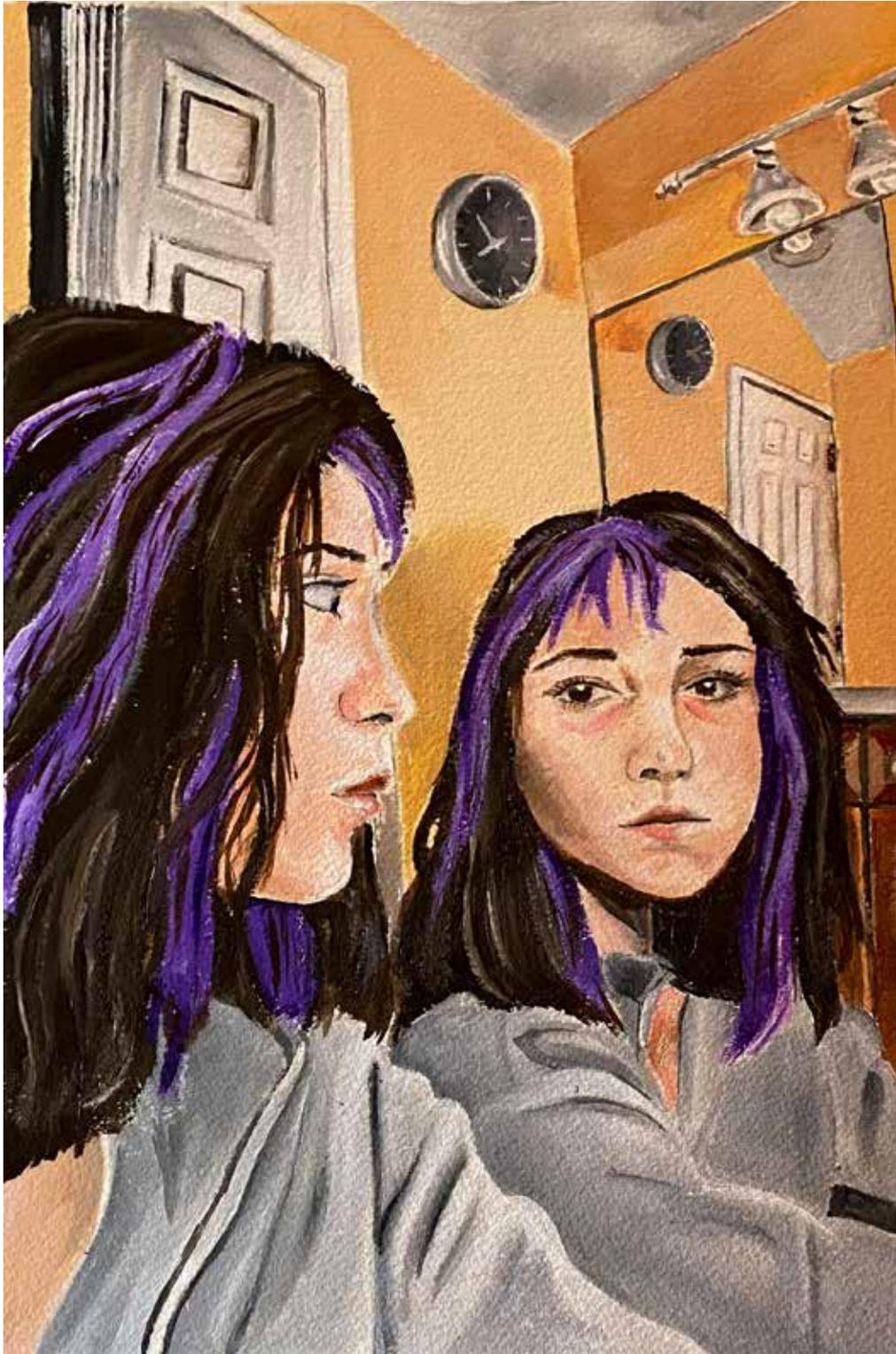
Battered
Not defeated,
We cry out for justice,
An end to hate that leaves us
Divided.

Covered,
We persevere
Through these times of sorrow
Clutching to hope for tomorrow,
No fear.

GODS ENVY US

Liliya Viytyk

The gods envy us because we can die.
We can feel the calling of death,
In meadows of tall grass,
In endless night skies,
In each other.
We lose, and we gain.
We cry and laugh.
They sit on their golden thrones,
And watch us.
The gods envy us because we can live.



REFLECTION
Veronika Brzosko

LITTLE THINGS

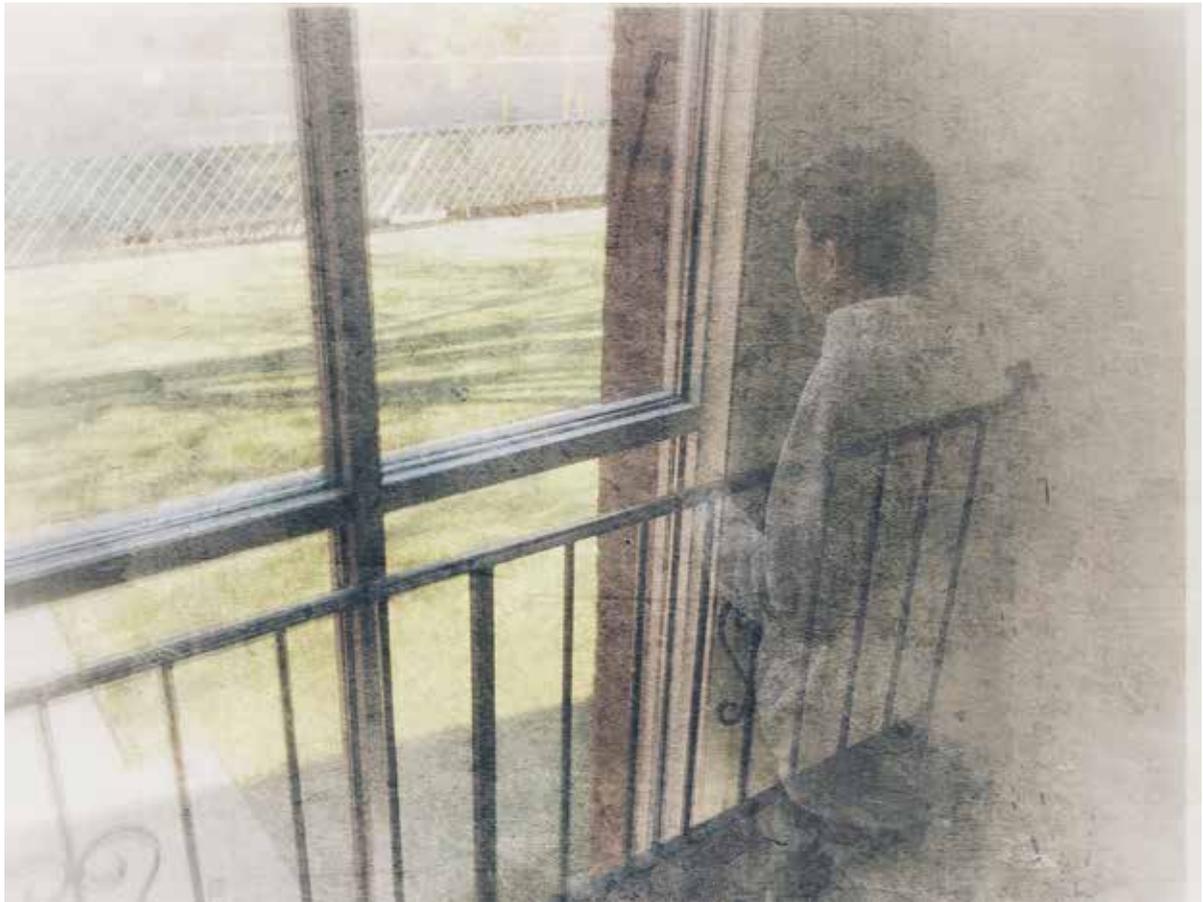
Fed Neydjie Alteus

I could write a poem that no one could say was for you.
It would be about this sheet metal barrier,
The faulty sound of the car engine
Passing on this rocky road
Carved by erosion
These stairs made of chipboard
This blue chair on our balcony,
Where the view of plains and mountains spread out
It will only be about the heavy smell
Of this immoderate perfume
Left behind.



OVERWORLD ODYSSEY

Yuliana Zavala



GHOSTLY PRESENCE

Elias Aguirre Garcia

CHARTREUSE

Payne Jungblut

Chartreuse should smell like fresh homemade bread,
And feel like being wrapped up in a fuzzy red blanket on an overstuffed couch.
It should sound like my stepfather's worn jazz vinyls,
And taste like mom's beef bourguignon soup.

Instead, Chartreuse is a sleety, sludgy day in spring,
The miserable feeling of being sick over the toilet at 2 A.M.
Chartreuse is a single, soggy, unseasoned stalk of asparagus,
Bitten once, and discarded into an empty trash can, cold and limp.

HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT

Alexis Petrielli

The swirling and twirling steam streaming
Out of freshly brewed coffee
With intentionally fashioned little foam hearts
In sturdy pink and red cups
Is the state of the art
That nearly singes my nose hairs
Out of pure disgust
As I try to digest
The sickly-sweet scene around me.

Twizzlers twisted beyond flexibility,
Out of range of their mobility,
Chocolates molded into the obvious,
Giving me a stomachache
As if boasting their cockiness.
Spelling out love letters in sweethearts,
They are everywhere; even in Walmarts!
Since when are Sour Patch Kids shaped like
hearts?

Why does the heart represent love
When it all comes from the brain?
Shaky nerves have you sweating
As your crush walks near you
And you're still waiting in agonizing pain.

Does he love me?
Or love me not?

Guess that's why it's called a crush.
Because it crushes you,
Crushing your hope
Like
A
Pile
Of
Tumbling
Rocks.

Among all this overripe, overhyped nonsense,
My empty coffee mug sits alone on the counter
With no steam swiveling,
No indented little heart made of foam;
Waiting for the day,
The day I dream about
Where that coffee cup is filled.
Filled to the rim
But not spilling over.

All I've dreamed of:
True love.



SELF ABSTRACT

Swun Tun



DROWNING IN DEPRESSION

Alysa Cobb



WITHIN THE GARDEN

Sarah Church

SCULPTURES

Miranda Lawson

We always drive in the in-between hours,
Watercolor sky on a paper-pale horizon,
Diluted sunlight stretching across cornfields.
My mother's hands flutter on the wheel,
The dull hum of air conditioning a curtain
between us. It's so quiet
And so, so loud.

My vision floats between layers of sleep,
But I know each crease of my mother's face.
The blond wisps drifting like ghosts from her ponytail,
The dark circles barely masked by gleaming lenses.
Every feature returns to her eyes,
Always her eyes.
Right now they're fixed on the road,
But the look she gives that asphalt
Is meant for me.
Searching. Calculating. Wondering.
Logic upon chaos, a cement worker
Smoothing out my potholes.

Most drives we fill the gaps with words.
Question and answer, each of us molding
Clay into the right sticky shape
Until it fits.
There's one pothole, though,
Smudged in mud and paint upon my heart;
I stripped it bare for her alone.
It's a curious hole carved of boys and girls
And love for both.
She's still tossing the clay in her head, my mother.
Her own heart has never taken such a shape.

I squeeze her tanned shoulder
Where her sleeve has fallen down.
*Someday, my fingers say, I'll find the right words
To teach you what and how and why I feel.
And we'll build a beautiful sculpture together.*
My mother's eyes mirror the watercolor sky.
We drive on.

THE EMPRESS

Ashley Lucken

They say I am easy to talk to
That talking to me is
Like the way an infant knows nothing else
but to cry their needs to their mother

They say I am easy to get along with
That coexisting with me is the way a honey bee
can take pollen from a flower and both
Are happy

They say I am easy to confide in,
And I agree
Everywhere I go people spill words into me,
a powerful magnet attracting paper clips,
And those bits and pieces
embed themselves inside of me

The haunted state of my body is a gift;
I carry the lives and memories
and sufferings and joys
of the souls I comfort

I let them reside in my velvet hallways,
Roaming as phantoms in the night with
Footsteps echoing in my ears
When I can't dream

I let them sleep in the bedrooms of my mind,
my head wrapped in a pillowcase
cushioning their fall
As they drift off

But if the eyes are windows to the soul,
Then who do you see when you look in mine?

You may think you see me
And think that I am a
gestalt puzzle glued together, greater
than my pieces,
but I am oh so easy to take apart

You may think you see a whole, a girl
Who carries herself like a woman
Carries herself like an imperishable good
Carries herself
Like stainless steel that never
rusts no matter the weather
Like an evergreen tree that never
withers no matter the season

But I am not steel and
I am not an evergreen
I'm a flower
I am a sprig of lavender and
I despise my own scent and
rely on others to love me
though I wonder if they've ever truly
breathed me in raw

Or maybe I'm not a single blossom
depending on the wild around me
To hide my scent,
I'm a garden

I am a garden but the flowers
that grow
inside of me are not
Of me



MADRES
Brenda Pèrez

THE STAR OF SAUGATUCK

Jack Dwyer

I wish I could go back in time.
Take that old, hulking boat,
sail it up the Kalamazoo,
and return to the old Saugatuck.
The one of my childhood.

I wish I could stop the lake.
Build a sea wall, a sand bank,
anything to keep the rising waters back.
I could take those relentless waves
eating the shore like a fire,
and turn them back.
Defend those sands like a shepherd guards his flock.

I wish I could save the forest,
the cottonwood trees, guardians of the dunes.
They hold the shifting white sand in peace,
an endless struggle for stability against the chaos of the wind.
But the brave guardians cannot fight two primordial foes,
so the lake and wind heave the forest into the waves' clammy embrace.
I could save them.
I'd stick my hands into the dunes, grab the roots of the old cottonwoods,
and hold on as long I could,
like Atlas holding up the world.

I wish I could save my old vacation home.
It lies on an old no outlet road,
the scent of sand and lake etched into its walls.
It's my paradise, an old friend that takes me in to escape the world,
if just for a week.
I know it will be gone like the rest of the houses soon.
But for my friend I will fight.
I'll lower the tides, battle the gods of the lake if I have to,
anything to hold back the waves from consuming the town.

But I still can't keep the magic of Saugatuck alive forever.
Even if I could fix the tides, guarantee a millennium of safety,
the shops would disappear, the vacation house renovated and changed,
beaches crowded and covered by plastic.
So I take the Star of Saugatuck, the living history of the town,
I sail on the streams of time, searching.



CULT PLAYTIME
Samantha Cooper



PRODUCT
Sophia Baldassano

LISTEN

Madeline Dracopoulos

This is the year you crawled underneath fur blankets
and cradled a steaming mug of coffee to your chest.
You reached over for the book nestled between the cushions,
treasuring the feeling of crisp white paper.
You ousted the sunlight with tightly-woven curtains.
It stayed that way for hours, then days, then weeks.
When will it end? they asked. Did you want it to?

This is the year silence reigned.
For some, it was a tyrant roaring in their ears.
But for you, it decreed freedom.
The world had stopped spinning and
you could finally catch your breath.
You could dream without anyone pushing you down.

This is the year you paused to listen to the soft rain.
To the wind rolling through sprouting grass.
To the laughter you seldom heard.
To your heartbeat, the drum you march to.

You taught others to listen to the murmurings of their heart.
Now they too could see the thread of light in the shadows.
Why can't you see it? you had asked so many times before.

For a moment they did,
and you smiled thinking you had changed the world.
At least a few besides your own.
Then the world whirred to life again.
This is what they call living?

The coffee went cold.
Skin was stripped bare.
You were left with nothing to carry.
They took it away from you.
So now you're fighting to get it back.



SCREAM
Megan Steffens

ALTERNATE UNIVERSE IN WHICH I AM UNAFRAID OF MEN

Kaylyn Ahn

When I'm at a protest and a reporter older than my father remarks that my outfit is "stringy"
I do not smile
Instead,
I grew my hair to my ankles
Said a prayer
Hardened my skin into glass
And blocked him so that he may never comment on my body again

When a boy tells me that girls who wear bikinis are "sluts"

I earned the other 50 points I missed on my SAT
and took a bike ride across town during sunset
And decided that was not enough so i
Grew wings and joined the birds
All while wearing a green bikini

When a drunk man chases me down the street shouting "ling ling"
I do not flinch
Instead, my wings propelled me all the way to vietnam
I went to the park alone and watched the stars
And decided that was not enough so i
Became a rocket ship and flew to neptune
I took a walk
And grew muscles stronger and deeper than God herself
I read every book in North America

I knitted sweaters for every child in America
And then gave every one of them a kiss on the forehead
Because i still had leftover love to pass around

My skin grew warm under the sun
I lifted neptune and put it on the moon and walked back to earth
I grew 6 feet tall
I loved myself so much that i had a solar meal
I ate the sun for an appetizer and finished it with caramelized venus
I met aphrodite and she quit her job on the spot
I met zeus and he gave me a cup of all the world's water

I met you and decided to leave
I noticed that when you looked at me, all you saw was what I could give you
I noticed that my entire body began to shake and did not ignore anxiety rippling through me
I noticed that I said yes not because I wanted to, but because I wanted to get it over with
I realized that I did not owe you anything and opened the back door
I left to saturn
I turned my body inside out and back again
I kissed my own heart goodnight

NIGHT GLOW

Kaya Augustyn

I am partial to poems

In dark settings and quiet ambiances

Black, blue, and breathtaking shadows

Cast by the cold, crater filled moon

Stars hung heavy by the sky

And the wind acting as a calming tune.

How rare to catch a shooting star

Streaming across your gaze

Powered by particles at unpicturable speeds

Vaporized meteors we call shooting stars

The country folk who are accustomed to the stellar structures

Are loathed by city goers who see a black night

Touched only by old street lamps and headlights

To lie in long grass looking out to the reflection

The sun casts on the moon

A crescent of light that shines down on the sleeping cities

Stars held steady by the stable atmosphere

Soothing the high strung humans at bedtime.

A bed of grass cradling her head

And a blade laced between her fingers.

The gray fades to green

As the sun peaks up from the horizon.

Searing sun energizing each stem,
And sheets of rain feeding the soil,
With bugs pollinating each blade
The chaotic return of the daytime leaves
Longing to return to a once held state of peace:
Fields of grass swaying to the wind at night.



RHYTHM
Khushi Gandhi

VIRGO MOTHER

Kamila Walus

The woman who carried me for 9 months
was born on the 9th day of the 9th month.
The sun set her up for a lifetime of practicality,
overthinking, and preciseness.

Her blue eyes sit behind glass,
and plastic sits on the bridge of her nose
as an assistant to perception from afar.
However, she'll notice every
speck, smudge, and streak.

My virgo mother has the nose of a bloodhound,
ears of a bat,
and the sixth sense of a shark.
My senses aren't as heightened as hers,
not until I see her walk around the corner.

We could wear the same shirt,
but her collarbones would look better.
We could cook the same pasta carbonara,
but her peas would be softer.
We could clean the same room,
use the same paintbrush on our canvases,
hit the same notes when singing Adele in the living room,
but she would do it better.

Her petite shape doesn't match my bigger figure.
Her blue eyes don't match my brown eyes.
Her height doesn't match mine either.
I tower over her like the Empire State.
"You're not my child," she jokes.

But I don't think she notices what I do.
My moves are calculated to mirror hers.
Her vacuum may overshadow my dust pan,
her use of blue may dominate my teal,
And her C sharp might intimidate my F sharp,
but I strive to look in the mirror and see my mother's face,
not mine.



LOOKING UP
Abigail Diaz

ELK GROVE SENIOR RECEIVES PRESTIGIOUS CALISCH AWARD FOR THE ARTS



Abby Franke

Abigail “Abby” Franke, a 2020 Elk Grove High School graduate and resident of Elk Grove, received the 2019-2020 Richard W. Calisch Arts Unlimited Award. She was chosen from a field of six exceptional District 214 nominees from each of our six high schools.

This prestigious award was established more than 20 years ago in honor of Richard Calisch, a former English teacher and Arts Unlimited program coordinator. The annual award is given to one District 214 student who best exemplifies creative excellence in the arts—drama, speech, music, visual art, dance and creative writing.

Over her four years at Elk Grove, Abby developed into an influential force in the Fine Arts program. Starting as a trumpet player in the marching band as a freshman, Abby graduated with an impressive list of skills and awards in instrumental music, speech, visual arts and writing.

Transitioning from trumpet to mellophone as a sophomore, Abby was named mellophone section leader of the marching band for her junior and senior years. She also maintained her trumpet skills, joining the Symphony Orchestra as a sophomore; in her senior year, she was selected to be the concertmaster.

She tried out for the speech team as a freshman and competed in public speaking events for three years before moving to Prose and Dramatic Interpretation as a senior — a risk that paid off when she advanced to the state speech finals.

But her favorite art form is visual art, using painting and drawing to tell stories. Her work appeared in district shows, where she won two honorable mentions, and the Harper Art Show. After submitting her portfolio to the Illinois High School Art Exhibition’s Senior Scholarship Exhibition, six art colleges and universities collectively offered her more than \$200,000 in scholarships. She capped her senior year by winning first place in the annual Arts Unlimited District 214/Daily Herald Community Arts and Writing Contest for her visual art piece “Brooklyn (Colored Lights).”

Abby also tackled the practical side of visual art through graphic arts classes and designed logos for various clubs, teams and companies. The result? One of her designs won first place and Best in Show for Adobe Illustrator at the Harper Graphics Show.

The other five District 214 candidates also are exceedingly talented in the performing arts and academics and share their time and talents with their communities. They received honorable mention recognition at a Board of Education meeting and at their school: Buffalo Grove’s **Laurynas Zavistanavicius**, Hersey’s **Anna Gorrill**, Prospect’s **Michael Fergus**, Rolling Meadows’ **Joseph “Harry” Heck** and Wheeling’s **Veronica Camargo**.

2021 FRIEND OF THE ARTS RECIPIENT

Diane Rawlinson



Diane Rawlinson's dance classroom provides a haven for any student who needs one: the student who is new to the school, who is going through a rough patch, who loves dance, who hasn't had a chance to try dance yet. If you walk by her classroom, you will see students of every ethnicity, gender, ability-level, body type. She lives her teaching philosophy: dance is for everyone. Her classroom embodies the message that movement is an act of communication and a fundamental human right.

Even if you are a staff member at Wheeling High School, Diane has invited you to attend a dance, yoga, or Interplay workshop. Diane is a recognized leader of Interplay, an "active, creative way to unlock the wisdom of the body." No matter your age, experience, or ability, she empowers you to feel comfortable in your skin.

Even if your kids don't attend WHS, Diane has invited them to the WHS Kid's Dance workshop. Her own students plan and lead workshops for children ages 4-13 to perform in the theater for a live audience. By the way, this all happens in one afternoon. Always looking for interdisciplinary opportunities, Diane expanded the program to include art and drama workshops.

If a student is afraid to audition or has no theater experience, no worries! Diane co-founded Fusion, an interdisciplinary theater group with no auditions and where students create the script from scratch in two months. For 25 years, students have worked collaboratively and surprised themselves with newfound abilities to act, sing, draw, dance, design the set, work the lights-- create something spectacular out of nothing. Each cast member has the opportunity to showcase their unique voice and interests.

If you were to play Six Degrees of Diane Rawlinson, you will connect with guest artists and guest choreographers (often WHS alumni). These sources of inspiration keep student dancers invested in the artistic process. If you ever had your breath taken away at a WHS student dance performance, you know that Diane was integral in encouraging student leadership and guiding the ensemble to fully realize their artistic vision.

Even remote learning cannot stop Diane. This year, she organized monthly panels to showcase alumni who are full-time working artists. They shared their expertise, demystifying a career pathway in the arts for our students.

Diane inspires her students to pay it forward. For 26 years, WHS has hosted the Dance for Life's Next Generation program, where student and professional dancers collaborate in a concert that raises money for The Dancers Fund and The Children's Place Association.

If you wish to see an unflagging advocate of the arts, look no further than Diane Rawlinson. She is a force, and she will be missed tremendously by all. Arts Unlimited could not be prouder to announce that Diane Rawlinson is the 2021 recipient of the Friend of the Arts.

The annual Arts Unlimited Anthology collects poetry, prose and visual artwork created by District 214 students. English and art teachers from across the district submit work for consideration. Each school is invited to submit six pieces of writing and six works of art. Submissions are reviewed by the Arts Unlimited Committee which is comprised of seven teachers and one administrator. In reviewing the works, the goal of the committee is to ensure that the pieces selected for publication represent the excellence and diversity that is associated with the district's art and writing programs. Also, every effort is made to provide an authentic public forum for student expression. Finally, since this is a community publication, committee members also consider appropriateness of subject, style and length. Arts Unlimited publication will not distribute material that is obscene, libelous or will cause material and substantial disruption of school activities.

COLOPHON

Type set in Playfair Display designed by Claus Eggert Sorensen and Open Sans designed by Steve Matteson

Layout composed in Adobe InDesign CC.

Magazine designed by Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti

Printed by District Production Services - D214
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60005

<http://www.d214.org>.



ARTS UNLIMITED





BUFFALO GROVE HIGH SCHOOL
ELK GROVE HIGH SCHOOL
JOHN HERSEY HIGH SCHOOL
PROSPECT HIGH SCHOOL
ROLLING MEADOWS HIGH SCHOOL
WHEELING HIGH SCHOOL

