

ANTHOLOGY ²⁰/₁₉

A collection of works by students of High School District 214



ARTS UNLIMITED

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

Ivan Flores Wheeling
Sarah Foley Prospect
Zoe Hubbard John Hersey
Henry Kim Rolling Meadows
Alex Kranz Buffalo Grove
Gianna Martire Rolling Meadows
Anna Slezak Elk Grove
Maeve Terranova Elk Grove

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ARINA GEORGIEVSKA
Red Umbrella

NOVEMBER DAY

Grace Prior

You're bent forward, slightly
A laugh, deep and booming, erupts over you
and now will remain frozen beneath a glossy forever

Your eyes are squinted, cast down
I find myself willing them to lift up to mine
to see again their wise blue

Your beard is snowy white and set ablaze
by the sunlight
swimming through
November's naked trees

It reminds me

Of my hands, locked round your neck,
the smell of a scratchy wool sweater,
a brogue
crooning a nameless tune

And of the bristles on your face
scratching me
when I study the sage etched
into the lines
of your features
and catch every word
along a chain that wraps up
your life

I want to see your eyes
open, vital, clever

I want to see your beard full
like it should be,
like it always was
I want to remember you as you really were,
not like the man on the day we finally parted ways:
Naked without the blue glint in his eyes
or a smile playing on his lips,

a stranger to me, that man,
that last moment,
of tissues and blotchy red,
a catch in the throat and
cold, pale skin

PACE

Adam Schwartz

My aunt always told me to walk with a purpose. Lose your walk, lose your purpose.

I took that to heart. Don't slow down, only speed up.

I took that to school. Don't skip assignments, don't be complacent, don't settle for passing. Do every assignment for the best grade, study for every test, push each grade to the best it can be.

I took that to sports. In baseball, it was don't settle for walks, don't settle for singles. It was become the best hitter, hit dingers, stretch for extra bases. In tennis, it was don't be complacent with your strokes, they can always have more power, more spin, more precision.

I took that to video games. Don't suck. Don't be worse than my brothers, or humiliation would ensue. Be better, be the best out of everyone you knew.

I took that to my friends. Don't take anyone for granted. Blood is thicker than water, but not when you mix the two and their viscosities become interchangeable.

I took that to my stride. Most people think I walk fast because of my long legs, but that's only part of it. When I'm going somewhere, I have a specific purpose for doing so. I am not like the slow walkers; I'm not lost in the halls, lost in life. I was given legs for a reason, might as well make the most of them.



KATE KALAFATIS

Capture

I ONLY EXPECTED A DRIZZLE

Sarah Wilch

Losing you is like a thunderstorm.

They say grief comes in seven stages,
a plan,
as one might say.

But can you ever plan the rain?

Like a storm
I knew the worst yet to come,
anticipated in retrospect.

But I only expected a drizzle.

Not this.

Maybe a few drops,
enough not for an umbrella.

But not this.

Not stuck.

Inside.
Flooded streets.
No way out.

Not hail.
Nor wind.

Closure.
Serenity at best.

Maybe this will pass?

I only expected a drizzle.

But not this.

Not any of this.

And just when I thought
that the lighting was over.

Came the thunder.



ABBY FRANKE

Human BEEing

TUBING

Holly Olson

Nothing surpasses the feeling of
Hanging over the edge
Freedom at your fingertips.
Wind in your hair and
Water splashing in your face.
The chilled bath threatening to
Drag you in.

You turn whip flip and fly
Clutching the tube and your dignity.
You're flung left right forward backward
Struggling to hold on,

But it's fun.

This is life.
This is living.
This is the lake.

WHITE FLUFF

Julia Stoia

I am perched on the narrow back of a pristine white R6 Yamaha
The sky is ink pieced with glaring headlights on all sides
My knuckles glow white in the nipping air
I cling to the bright orange jacket in front of me
Staring into a tangle of curls as I bounce and slide
The bike jolts, its engine snapping and snarling
Pungent fumes of gasoline snake into my nostrils
Mellowed when rain floats onto my bare head

The only warm part of you is your torso
Tears are wrenched from your eyes by the wind
Drying instantly as they drip

CLIFFS OF HER HOME

Claire Galloway

The cliff met the sea of the vast Irish landscape with a steep slope of soft sandstone and shale. The dark stone appeared nearly black as the sun began its descent to give way to the rising moon. She was visiting the cliffs in what is considered the off-season. Children stayed at home to complete their homework, while those fortunate enough to have mothers worked alongside them to prepare dinner. Men took the train home from work with weary, exhausted faces while they wondered if the next day would be just as tiring. The woman stood all alone on a March evening as she stared out over Galway Bay. Loneliness attempted to seep into her body, but she couldn't feel it.

She felt the breeze hit her cheeks as refreshing as air conditioning after a long run. Guillemots, razorbills, and great black-backed gulls sailed overhead, their wings still as they rode the gusts above the sea. Waves crashed into the rocks below in the water that laid out before her in the bay below. The swelling of the water wore down the land for thousands of years as the clock ticked on without pause. The sea carved the land until it determined the land resembled the shape it desired. The waves were the artist, and the coast was the canvas. She looked two hundred meters down, the view making her dizzy. The water smashed into the rocks over and over again, causing large sprays of cold water to rise a couple feet in the air but not high enough to reach her.

The forceful wind brushed her hair away from where it was tucked behind her ear. She slipped off her shoes and set her shoulder bag down beside her. The bright green grass was slightly damp from the constant changing March weather found on this large island. She curled her toes at the refreshing feeling. Having her feet on soft ground lessened the pain she endured from all of her travels that day. She walked miles alone to reach where she needed to be.

She opened the worn brown leather bag with a sigh. Her eyebrows furrowed with a frustration she had been carrying on her shoulders for weeks. Her long slender fingers reached for a mason jar she had been unable to look at since they had given it to her. The cold glass only brought back memories of the black dress she wore and the smell of the flowers. Her stomach knotted with anxiety as she stood up with the jar in her hand. The cry of the birds led her out of her thoughts like a mother hearing her infant daughter cry. She looked up just as a seagull dove straight down into the sea below. She rushed forward to the edge of the bluff just in time to witness the seagull swooping low enough to hit the water. An off-guard fish was seized as the gull placed either side of its beak around the small bass. The bird caught the wind beneath its wings before it sank too low to lift off again. The woman appeared to have finally found a moment of serenity after watching the circle of life below her.

The smell of salt from the sea rose from the bottom of the cliff along with the distinct tangy scent of the ocean. The whiff she caught felt stronger than the aroma of the candle in her bedroom her mother had given her before everything happened. A butterfly who wandered a bit far from home landed on the mason jar in her hand. The gold of the painted lady butterfly was the exact shade of her mom's favorite color. As the butterfly left the girl alone, she came to peace with everything that had happened. She unscrewed the metal lid hesitantly. With a sigh that relieved her of the stress she held for weeks, she let the ashes fly with the birds and butterflies as her mother returned back to her home.



HENRY KIM
Head Space



MATTHEW CHLUDZINSKI

Teeth

COLD WATER

Alexis Alvarez

From your treehouse perch, I see a fallen pine cone.
An uneven dirt trail leads up to a cove.
Dancing dandelion puffs and a lake that has yet to be tainted,
trees swaying to the rhythm of harsh winds, pushing the weakling leaves to the ground,
the smell of mint greenery,
birds chirp from their nests in unison of squirrels scratching their way up pine trees.

You sit in the mud and examine the still lake,
contemplating whether to jump in or float away into the blank horizon.
You doze off to the orange light highlighting your face,
as the picturesque warm sunset blinds you.

He's yearning for you while she looks for your dreamy smile.
She waits at her bay window, scanning the timberland for your appearance.
He shadows himself from you in the forest, veiling under the emerald pine.

I know you're thinking about running away,
throwing away your misery into the vines and weeds,
crushing it until it's just a pile of dust swirling in the wind,
so you can embark on a new path, towards a better decision, a happier way of living,
but the thought of buying your life away is like wiping the dust clean.

A LIFE LIVED

Sarah Foley

Everyone has their own definition of success
Based on their own visions of what they want life to be
For some it may be to find love or worry less
But right now, this is what success means to me:

When the last grains of sand pass
Through my hourglass
I want to be able to say
That I am ready to end my stay

I want to be able to say
That my life positively impacted others in some way
That I made even just one person smile
For at least a short while

That I helped to make someone's day
Or was there to listen to the words they had to say
That I was someone who was kind
And had a strong mind

I would like to have done my part
And created all kinds of art
That other people can still enjoy after I'm gone
So I could still live on for a short while through a painting or a song
Like footprints in the sand that have been there for too long

And when the memory of my life fades away
I want to be able to say
That the world was better because of something I did
And that my life was a life worth being lived

POETRY

Elisheva Allan

I could write you a poem that everyone would think was for
them,
But only you would know when you saw my name at the top
That it is about you
I'd use words like
Dancing in the kitchen at 2 am

Or late night phone calls
And falling asleep on FaceTime

I'd talk about happier times and
Laying in the grass watching the world go by
We sat outside in the backyard late one night
And poured fire starter on a log
In the back corner of the yard
I sat on your lap under a flannel blanket
And fell asleep in your arms

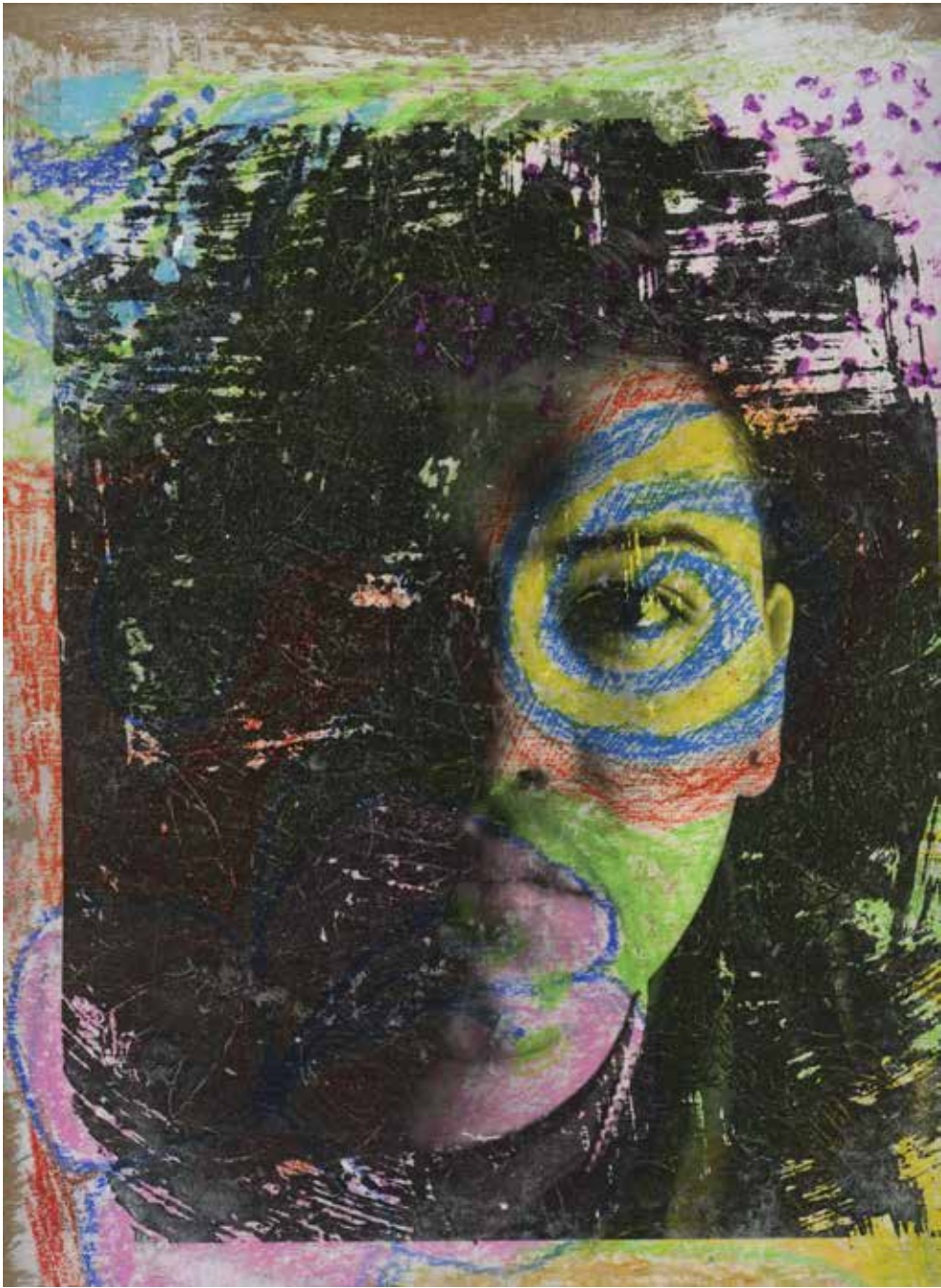
You can see us in your head
Dancing around the kitchen island
Your phone is connected to the speaker
Sitting on the counter next to the oven
Where the vegan cookies I taught you to make
Sit baking
The speaker blasts Sam Hunt's album Montevallo

That night...
You wore the blue and black flannel I love
And your khaki pants
I wore the hoodie you gave me
With your last name on the back
And it was so big on me that it went down to the middle of my
thighs
And you looked at me
With those crystal blue eyes
And that blonde hair

And you know now
That this poem
Is about you.



LISANDRA VAZQUEZ
Mysteries in the Deep Sea



IVAN FLORES
Lucha Libre

A BATTLE AGAINST HUMANITY

Stephanie James

A crime against humanity;
A country fighting its own people, definition of insanity.
Ammunitions piercing through hearts of innocent souls.
Simultaneous rape, simultaneous killings, simultaneous danger:

Tears streaming down the faces of people both young and old.
No justice for the innocent.
A country faced to rot in exile.
Don't forget the displaced people of Darfur:

A war against humanity;
Tutsi against Hutu.
Battle against dehumanization.
Segregated against their own will.
A beautiful country turned graveyard.
Abuse firing from left, right, up, down, and center.
Gray clouds fill every inch of the air.
No one is safe.
The scent of the oozing, decaying corpses is all that is left.
Don't forget the repressed people of Rwanda.

VICTIM /// SURVIVOR

Kate Schauble

I can't survive this
You will never hear me say
I am a survivor
I deserve what has happened to me
I would be lying if i said
I'm stronger than the pains I've faced
I am a victim
There is nothing you could say to make me believe
The light within me has not been extinguished
So I tell myself
I am damaged and unworthy of love
I am in no position to think that
Strength and beauty exist within me
I cannot overcome what has happened to me
You will never hear me say
I am a survivor.

(Now read from the bottom up.)



ALEJANDRA ROMERO
Color in Life

ARTUR JANUSZ DUDEK

Nicole Dudek

Eighteen years old
desiring a better life.
Saving up money and making preparations.
Traveling solo,
head held high,
Polish soles meeting American soil.

Chicago construction worker,
a personal business
built up from the ground.
Sweat and long hours,
vigorous work.
Construction worker-turned-truck driver,
a second personal business success.
Money in the bank,
life can truly begin.

First a car,
then an apartment..
A marriage and pregnancy,
yipee!
First home purchase, a second car,
life is being sweet.

Nicole Elżbieta Dudek.
First born daughter.
Going to the Polish store together
every Saturday morning.

Making Polish food.
The laughing... the talking...

The Polish scarf and hat hang high, in remembrance.

It's me.
I have your eye color.
I have your cheekbones.
I act like you.

Arthur Janusz Dudek.



NOAH NORTHROP
Aquatic Ensemble

LEGACIES

Leah George

I will never taste bananas
without tasting the scorching Indian sun,
the blaring bus horns, and my grandpa's
worn out, wooden chair.

Every day, you pulled back the peel
ever so delicately, despite your shaky hands.
He sat waiting patiently at the head of the table
with his walker not too far away.
He loved bananas,
and so did you.

Now with his clothes and walker all packed
away,
have you lost your love for bananas?
Now that you don't have anyone
to peel them for?

My dear grandma,
you need not worry.
Your days of standing strong for him,
even with the burning pain traveling
through your legs, are over.
I love bananas too,
and I will peel them for you.

CLEAN AND GREEN

Annalise Meyer

When I was a child, my mother would
gather the family into the living room
whenever a thunderstorm struck.
My sister and I would look upon the spectacle
with wonder instead of fear
as lightning danced across the dark green sky.

My mother ensured that my sister and I
would never fear storms.
When it rained, she would say
"It makes everything clean and green!"

On one of these days,
I would gaze out of the car window
and see
luscious green lawns, radiating freshness and vitality.
I would see
soft green weeping willows,
their branches coolly swaying in the wind
like the emerald sea grass in the turquoise ocean's
verdant underwater meadows.
I would see
richly green ivy renewing
drab office buildings as it climbed up their
ugly, brown surfaces.

Renewal, freshness, coolness, and
vitality.
All elements I discovered from
emerald,
and jade,
and turquoise hues.
And to think it all started with
lightning dancing across a dark green sky.



LUCY CAO
A Stroll in the Woods



LUCY BORNHORST
Untitled

THINGS I'LL MISS WHEN I'M DEAD

Haley Dister

The sweet scent of red apple-scented candles,
The sour scent of tangy citrus fruit,
The fresh scent of the earth after it rains.

The crackling sound of leaves crunching under my feet,
The mesmerizing sound of music played by my favorite artists at Lollapalooza,
The uplifting sound of birds chirping in the morning.

The bright image of the satisfying color scheme of oranges, yellows and reds,
The thrilling image of the death-defying heights of roller coasters,
The calming image of stunning gardens complementing each other's colors.

The salty yet sweet taste of caramel apples,
The savory taste of greasy pizza on late nights,
The sugary taste of birthday cake in April.

Racing through corn mazes towards the end,
Laying out in the sun, bronzing my pale skin,
Cramming on a crowded train heading towards the city.

The smiling faces of strangers passing by at Goebbert's Pumpkin Farm,
The majestic waves crashing onto sand at Wilmette Beach,
The soaring skyscrapers towering over Chicago.

Watching our favorite movies,
Listening to our favorite songs, shopping in our favorite stores,
Doing all this and more with my favorite friends.

I will miss fall, summer, and spring when I'm dead.
However, one thing for sure I know I won't miss:
Winter.



SARAH FOLEY
Buzzing Thoughts

SWARM

Lauren Koldras

Doubt is a swarm
Of a billion small shards of darkness
That escape from distant memories
And shield your eyes
From seeing anything,
Except your haunting past.

Doubt encompasses you
And whispers
You're not good enough,
Never good enough.
Until you are repeating the chant
Like it's tattooed on your tongue.

Doubt prevents you
From leaping off
The cliff of uncertainty.
And keeps you pinned to the ground
With the weight of disappointment
Crushing your chest.
Just close enough to see what could have been,
Until the wolves of your past come
To drag you away from the opportunities,
waiting just over the edge.

JEZYK POLSKI - THE POLISH LANGUAGE

Emilia Gibes

I drown in your cacophony of sound.
Harsh and unforgiving, she is a song.
In my sheet music she will not be bound
like a melody a thousand years long.

Her words are notes, but dotted and decorated
with chaotic sweeps and swells of diacritics.
Rolls of consonants sweetly orchestrated
to conceal occasional enclitics.

Eons ago, from three Slav brethren you emerged.
In Poland's rich pages of history
you have been suppressed, but remain unpurged.
Through pain your might remains a mystery.
She will continue to persevere more
Slipping through obstacles just as before.

ROOTS

Mackenzie Folkers

i have tried so hard to forget you but you
planted roots in my rib cage that
matured into a forest with your
initials carved into every tree
flowers flourished at my
collar bone with petals
i have plucked one by
one for seventeen
years but i still
don't know if
you love
me

but
maybe
i can't forget
you and i never
will know if you love
me because when you
planted your roots inside
of me you took a piece of
yourself with you when you left



VICTOR LOPEZ

Room

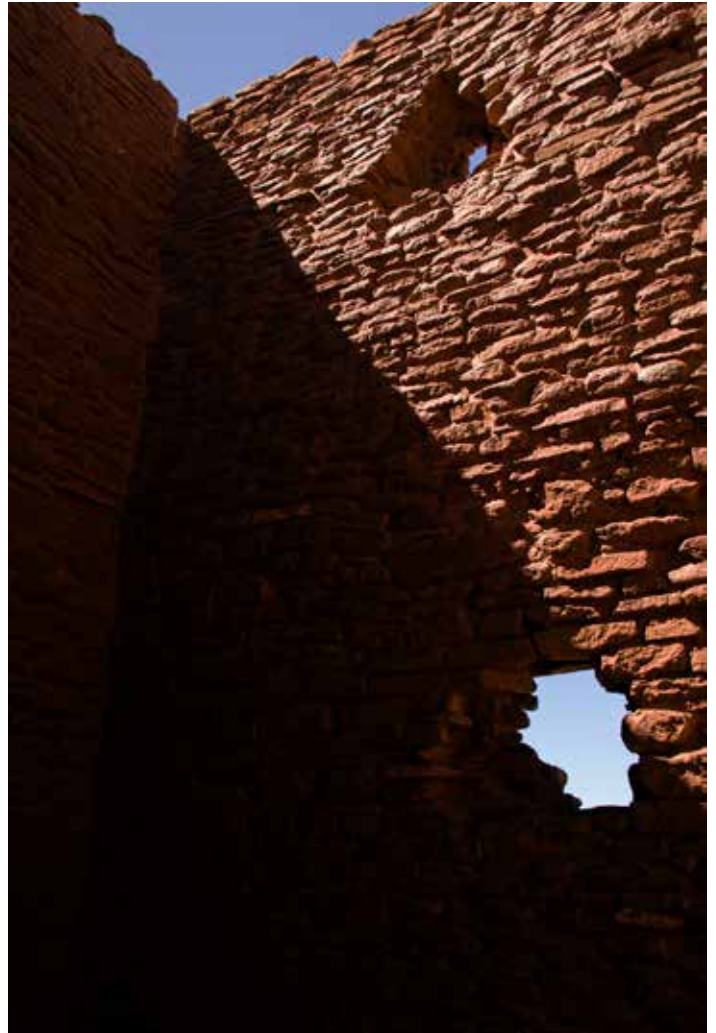
MOTHER, I'M SORRY

Jessica Jang

I strip my clothes off.
Nonchalantly.
Replacing them
With a bland green and blue gown,
Way too thin of material.
The floor is concrete and frigid
Which smells like Tums.

Mother, I'm sorry.
Please don't cry.
It's only pulling me down
Deeper into sorrow.

A laminated wristband
Tight around my wrist.
Name.
Date of birth.
Unit type.
A barcode.
When they scan it I feel like nothing more
Than a library book.
Checked out
Over
And over again.



NICHOLAS CLARIZIO

Untitled

GRADES

Hailey Muro

Our value;
Our score
We mean nothing more
They say you'll forget who was best dressed
But emphasize the importance of standardized tests
As if we are solely worth our academic success

The grade book nearly our
Analects, Bible, Torah
And I don't think there's any more to me
Than these letters on sheets
That determine my productivity

Go on, make a name
For yourself
But remember to maintain
That perfect A

I used to say to live outside of the box
But I've learned that the box is much too hard to break
Our measurement of progress is something I could never shake

You are valued if you can find x or y or z
But after school,
What do these letters even mean to me?
The problems on paper
Don't measure up to real life
Most of the time

I'm just a number on a sheet
The 92% defines me
There is no such thing as an easy A
Because as teachers grade papers
We degrade ourselves

And the biggest and truest measurement of worth
Is not how we learn in class
But how we learn to love ourselves



ANNA SLEZAK
Michigan



MIA CONSTANTINE
Stanza Abbandonata

ITCH

Karyna Samitova

There are soft and warm places I go to forget about the words you threw at me.

Thrown carelessly into my existence. They embedded into my skin. Cursed to forever analyze my self worth. Looking back at memories that cease to exist.

Made up feelings and happiness. Love that was hidden. Covered by selfishness.

Love that felt like poison ivy in my mouth. Rough to spit out. A sad itch.

You plant flowers in your garden. Wash your hands without soap and the dirt falls into the food you feed me. Falls into the words you speak to me. After awhile my stomach builds castles out of dirt and makes me suffocate.

Is that love? I create the perfect days to make up for our lost time. Created a picture of you right by my side. Tried my best to spit this out. But the love was planted at the pit of my stomach.

It was beneath the noxious fertilized dirt. Smothered with rock and bits of wood chips.

It was there. But so was the poison ivy.

TORTURE TRIP

Parita Patel

The time has come to join forces: the seats are slowly filling and the small pathways seem to be closing in on me. My fellow riders, the baby on the right who won't stop crying, and you, the careless mother of this peace-disrupting child, I would throw you off if I could. The constant stares, the coughing and sneezing, and the shushing--I would not wish this torture upon my worst enemy. The flight is far from over; we're thousands of miles from our destination. I look out the frosted white windows and see the roaring waters crash below us. What will happen when we go our separate ways? Lady sitting next to me, we've been elbow wrestling for the armrest ever since the flight started; we might as well hold hands and cuddle until the pilot announces our landing. Until then, it's game on! It's unlikely that we will cross paths again. Unless we're staying at the same resort or if we're going home together. And if that's the case, then I'll jump off the plane like an adrenaline junkie who wades into Devil's Pool--without thinking twice.

THE CURE

Madeline Graf

We fill the birdbath lest the robin sully her auburn breast in the brackish margin of the sea, God forbid!
For she never fails to warn of a voice in the garden.
Whether that fickle red gossip betrays phantasmic secrets with purpose or not,
Her urgency is our favorite truth.
The ocean's afterthought, finally settling in dappling sea garden,
Extant life salt-numbed and never lingering given the ever movement of this tide.
Why the ocean surrenders both it's living and dead to us here, I don't know,
And yet,
Pockets of decay prosper on these beaches.

Allow me to describe the maiden of this shallowest hour
The second she washes up these weathered steps, (like clockwork!)
She's bound to her throne by the sacred union of her limbs,
Those wilting white ankles married by tapering coils of thorn.
A godsend for qualms so impermanent,
That enduring black promise bestowed unto her wilting frame.

Each exhale betrays thick curls of smoke from her plundered chest,
Capable now of procuring only a volatile cure.
She might even divulge her bloody blonde eyes if the sun's not too bright,
Those clandestine beacons of exhausted life
Irreparably cloven into her pearl grey skull.
If I approach her, she might lean down,
Pierce my blanch cheek with thumb and forefinger,
Feel and yearn for the quiet bloodrush beneath the pinnacle of each barbed pincer
Blooming forth to greet her, that manic, blistering, feverish blood.

She doesn't care much to remember the precise moment her hair first grazed the back of her neck,
And yet it spills down as she lifts her chin skyward,
Balancing shallow lives within her cupid's bow.
Her eyelids remain pressed to her own pallid cheeks, still searching
For a heart that beats elsewhere.



MAEVE TERRANOVA
Space Cats



CHARLES BUEHLER

Tin



RACHEL CZARNIK

I Couldn't Do It Perfect, So I Didn't

TINIKLING

Cosette Gutierrez

Tinikling is a traditional dance,
inspired by a bird trying to evade capture.
The dancers, young women with nimble feet,
hop in and out between the bamboo sticks
that click against each other, trying
to catch the dancers.

Tinikling is a dance
for us Filipino girls who don't know
who we are now.

We shed our American coats,
slick with melted snow on its sleeves
when we start to dance.

Bamboo clicks at our heels trying
to bite at our ankles.
We raise our skirts.
Quick steps
nimble.
In

and out.
No time to think about anything
but the next step.
We can't cry now, about how
we can't speak the language of our parents
how we slip in

and out of
Filipino homes
into American lives.
how in English we laugh
that we have been "white-washed".
In

and out.
Sweat on our brows.
Sweat on the boys,
who click the bamboo sticks
against the floor
and at our heels.
The song picks up
we're afraid
to be caught

up in our American lives,
bustling with noise and fast food.
No time to cook,
no time to go home,
and in

no time, our children
will watch us dance with American eyes.
caught outside the sticks,
watching, with a quick eye,
for a way to get back,

in,
without getting hurt.

ANXIETY

Paige Napholz

I wake up at 7:45 am
Late, again
I rush to get ready
Grab my backpack and water bottle
And run out the door
And he's there
On the sunniest, brightest days
He's always there to follow me
Persistently, a shadow
He wears all black from head to toe and never leaves
Like the feeling you get when you think someone is behind you
Yet there is no one
And your heart clinches
And sets into fight or flight
And you break out into a sprint
With a bead of sweat rolling down your forehead
And the panic setting in
Yet, he follows, sprinting
He's always there
Giving you a big hug while sleeping
Or sitting right next to you in class
Because even on your brightest days
He is there to make your heart rate triple
And make it feel like you are drowning in a sea of your fears
He, anxiety, is always there
On the perfect, not a cloud in the sky, days
Just like a shadow



ELIZABETH HEDRICK
Bird Jesus



JANE EBANKS
Distorted



LUCIA SKULDT
babooshka (yeah yeah)

IF MAN IS TEETH

Olivia Bell

his face, browned in sun like a nightingale's plumage, and his voice, just as rich and sturdy as the flycatcher's song as it floats its way through shallow spring night. just as weathered, brimming; ripe words in motion like a mumble of rain across sky.

i promise you, i'll sacrifice all my vices to the river one of these days. i'll be pale neck, upturned; i'll be body pulled out of the current, gasping. i'll be soft for you. i'll be orange nectar glimmering in sunday morning light, i'll be juicer full of raw pulp. i'll be fig bare-handedly split in half & i'll be seeds enshrined in your teeth for days. i'll be sprouts growing on grit-lined roof after storm, i'll be thrush burrowing in newly fallen boxelder seeds still unpenetrated by sun, i'll be rain feeding itself through gutter, like thread through needle-eye.

my heart, lip of fire swallowing itself; my heart, round and full like wreath of laurel; my heart, performative flick of tongue during french kiss. if man is teeth then i am prey, hind leg exposed. if man is teeth then i am rabbit, pelt left above the fire – abandoned, abraded, bleeding.



LIZBETH GOMEZ
Soar



DALEONN SANTOS
T - Minus Ten ...

TINY SUN

Maggie Goodwin

twinkle
twinkle
tiny sun.
endlessly, proudly,
magnificently, blazing.
she dims her brilliance for no one,
pouring all of her effulgent energy
into the eyes of anyone who is curious enough to tilt their head. we remind our youth to reach
for her position in the sky as though she may hold their hopes and dreams at the right
height to eventually be held. impossibly hot, she tolerates no one who gets
too close. so even when she emits a constant, gaseous odor, no one is
near to complain. she is obnoxious, perpetually fuming and
sparkling along with each and every one of her
blinding brothers and sisters. Her millions
and billions and trillions of brothers and
sisters. she is white or yellow or maybe even
blue. from an incredible distance we are
hypnotized by her magical, immortal
spirit. no one glows quite like her.
even on the deepest,
darkest, most evil
of nights.

STILL LIFE WITH TYPEWRITER

Lillian Justie

Today, a lilac saved my life
pressed between the letter 'a' and the word 'umbra.'
Today, there is a word I can't speak whispering to me

the marigolds - they are the embodiment of shushing.
Stems strain toward the sky
stretching to escape the brick, each promising its petals a drop of light.

Today, I am breathing and this is a good thing-

red silk ribbons, thick wool socks.
I live in the memories and the memories live past me.
If I could write a list of each second, a single

bullet point would rest on the paper - an unwavering circle of ink.

The lilacs? They remain the same - they are hopes
and dreams, wispy clouds and sneaking sunlight.
Today, I am in love with the lilacs.

They don't care that I turn away from the unknown,
or that I sleep with blackout curtains every night.



STACY STOYCHEVA
The Radiance of Despair



GIANNA MARTIRE
Self Portrait

A LOST CULTURE

Vasyl Pavyluk

An intricate way of cooking that looks so simple
A part of her culture lost
In the sauce of Columbian and European
Traits and features rolled up together like sushi
Shyness takes over and cheeks turn pink
Like the center of narutomaki

With a personality of green tea
A flavor not everyone will be acquainted with
This is how she accepts herself
A love for the arts but can only express
Its beauty when damaged

She wonders why her family turns over
The battered questions she asks
Features visible with the perfected eyeliner
How rice is still rice
Whether it's fried brown or white
And buried beneath traditional food

Looking for answers through her reflection in soup
Lost are the ripples of her tears
The water blurry but still holds her image
When all is calm it becomes clear again
Expressing her emotions through the art of cooking
Creating beautiful dishes and divine meals
Because what is art without a little pain

SEPTEMBER

Jake Altmayer

Children splash in the pool
As the sun breaks through the clouds
The beautiful days are winding down
For the summer-loving crowd

The scent of a backyard barbecue
Lingers in the air
The girls enjoy the light breeze
As it gently ruffles their hair

September is here, the month of change
The leaves have begun to fall
Soon October will arrive
And the people will rake them all

A father and daughter stroll through the woods
Leaves crunch under their feet
They share a laugh while he splits in half
His crunchy chocolate treat

September is here, the month of change
The temperature dips down
As the sun sets on the horizon
Street lights light up the town

A lady picks one last apple
Before it's too dark to see
She takes a bite and to her delight
It's as ripe as an apple can be

September is here, the month of change
Stars illuminate the sky
A cool late-summer evening
Such a beauty to the eye.



ALEX KRANZ
Peeking Glass

BONITO FLAKES

Tomoko Sakurayama

On rice
Fair-skinned dancers
sway—Elegant ballet
In the tranquility of steam
They rise



JANET PAK
Co Co



ERIN MCHUGH
A Walk Through Rosewood

NORTH

William Ruppert

Nothing will ever again

Be my late uncle's lake house in the far north

The old cabin, log cabin exterior, with a stone chimney poking out

Perched over a lake dwarfed by her sister next door

A bear cub totem peaks out of the snow, greeting us

We yank the rip cord as our iron horses churn to life

two-stroke engine smoke fills the air, with the smell of burning oil,

clouding the once clear sky

We set off, screaming engines shooting across the iced lake

Wind lacerates our once thought impregnable coats, helmets, and balaclavas

Crimson, sapphire, and olive Yamahas follow close behind one another

We rest at bar, cabin style walls surround me

The stained wood choking the light

A cup of soup appears in front of me

Barely able to see over the bar, the wood stool made for adults

I stare at the creamy white soup, with pieces of chicken floating in the thick sauce

the snow melts over my coats, soaking me to the core.

I scarf down the soup to regain some semblance of warmth

I am pulled out of the bar

Apparently we were leaving

Not that I could tell

We start up the machines once more and

we return home, and the machines wait for the next winter that never comes



KATIE OWEN
Untitled



PAULINA SEGOVIA

Corinth

BLUE PLASTIC GOWN

Shannon Hall

Clutching
my 6th grade shoulders,
I shuffled to Aunt Suzie,
her spirit splintered
from the cancer in her cells.

Salty rivulets stained my skin
air stale with disinfectant
breathing oxygen through thin tubes
veins jutting against translucent skin
I squeezed her blue fingertips.

Aunt Suzie's eyes remained closed,
worn smile and raspy laugh
etched into my brain.
Did she even know I was there?

Stale air seized my throat
and salty warped ovals littered my sleeve.
Croaking out a few soft words,
I squeezed her hand for the last time.
Letting go, I took my mom's arm
and we walked back to the waiting room,
the ovals forming a dark splotch
over her heart.



ADRIANA RODRIGUEZ
Lots of Birds



SAMANTHA MICKLEWRIGHT
Shoe-Tu

THE NEWSPAPERMAN

Veronika Jedras

I drive past this house every day, maybe even twice a day. I should mention that he was my across-the-street-neighbor. Most of the homes are the same style and build. However, his house was not the typical 2-story-red-colored-brick-Georgian-Style-home. His house was made up of red cedar paneling from the '60s with awful window placements. His driveway sat bare, cracked, overgrown with weeds. The flowers, mostly weeds, took over the front lawn, while a huge Oak Tree towered slightly near the second story solar panel. The garage was open to the public, displaying the mess that was inside it, like an episode of TLC's Hoarding: Buried Alive.

I came to the discovery that the newspaperman not only read newspapers but also hoarded them. Every Tuesday, right before the trash was collected, newspaperman would get up out of his chair, waddle into the abyss of his garage, and wheel out a red cart. The cart, overflowed with week-old newspapers, would let out a squeal, like Ariana Grande trying to reach a high pitched note, every time the wheels moved. Slowly but surely, this man would make it to the bottom of his sloped driveway just in time for the garbage collectors to recycle his week-old treasures.

Walking out of my car, I could smell the old newspapers, mildew, and mold that diffused from the garage out toward the sidewalk. Every day, I would look at the house and notice that he sat in the middle of this mess, a short man in a tall mahogany executive chair. His makeshift living room consisted of a small side stool that stood slightly off center to his chair. On top of that rested an old radio, and his coffee cup. I did not know this man's name, but I referred to him as the newspaperman, as did everybody on the street. His receding hairline was covered by a black newspaper cap. His only outfit consisted of old vintage basketball shorts and a yellow-stained-white-Fruit-of-the-Loom-tank top. Next to his white Nike socks and black Adidas slides sat a white mini French bulldog; it barked every time someone got too close to the house. Once in a while, he lifted his head to give an unpleasant and disgusted squint to pedestrians that walked by or drivers in their cars. Sometimes he even blasted his opera music if he got too bored of the local news. Whether it was night or day, rain or shine, cold or hot, he just sat there. I remember asking my mom why was he just sat there, and my mom replied with "He is retired, so he can do whatever pleases him." What an unproductive way to live, I thought to myself. Every time I saw him, my whole body swelled with anger; how could someone just spend the rest of their life sitting and reading?

I walked out of my car one Friday evening and glanced over at his house as I do every single day of my life. Not even a millisecond passed before I noticed the change. The garage door was closed, the grass was mowed, and the weeds were replaced with summer flowers. For the first time, I heard the stillness of the night time without opera singers in the background. And there it was, his executive chair laid flat on the ground next to the trash cans which were overfilled with newspapers, while a "For Sale" sign hung, swinging back and forth in the cool summer breeze.

TASTY DISASTER

Julia Mlynowski

I have created a fajita palace:
orange, red, and pink.

I have created a fajita palace
with streaking oil down the walls,
and smells wafting down the halls.

For nine years my empire has been growing
as my wallet has been eating green bills and silver dollars,
the meat packaged in paper, passed and plated,
with sounds of selling.

And the fajita vending rhythm was a ticking clock,
on time and precise.
Until I messed up.

Not only messed up, but screwed up.
“The department doesn’t sell fajitas.”

And just like that, my empire fell,
and my pockets grew empty
as the palace was replaced with cold, metal bars.

The department
doesn’t sell
fajitas.

RACHEL

Rachel Schless

She was the first choice but the second wife,
Her sister hiding behind the veil,
Jacob
Thinking it was
Rachel,
When they said their vows,
When he leaned in to kiss her,
When he was taken aback because it was
Leah,
It was not
Rachel,
When he continued to lean forward anyways,
When he placed the ring on her finger.
Rachel
Watched from her seat at the wedding that was supposed to be hers.
Rachel,
The first choice, but the second wife.



ZOE HUBBARD
Qi Qi the Coffee Witch



JACQUELINE OROZCO
Consideration



MARISSA PROVENZALE
Nonna's Pasta

BUFFALO GROVE SENIOR RECEIVES PRESTIGIOUS CALISCH AWARD FOR THE ARTS

Lucie Greene, a 2018 Buffalo Grove High School graduate and resident of Buffalo Grove, received the 2017-18 Richard W. Calisch Arts Unlimited Award. She was chosen from a field of six exceptional District 214 nominees.

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 the student who best exemplifies creative excellence in the arts—drama, speech, music, visual art, dance and creative writing.

From writing to theater to visual arts and music, Lucie demonstrated excellence, curiosity and a level of sophistication well beyond her years. She was a four-year tech crew member at Buffalo Grove, where she was a scenic charge artist, lead set painter and superior teacher of scenic art to younger students. People came to Buffalo Grove's plays just to see and touch the walls of art that Lucie created.

Lucie was the principal clarinetist in Buffalo Grove's bands and orchestras and was named the most outstanding musician in the school's band. She regularly lead sectionals with her peers and had featured solos in performances. She also was on the honor roll for eight semesters, a National Honor Society Member and placed in several art shows, including winning first place at last year's Harper College Art Show in 2-Dimensional Art.

Last year, Lucie created a beautiful and very powerful series of work based on her family's story of immigration. Lucie is modest and earnest, but her teachers agree that she was one of the most incredible artists the school ever had and that her passion should be shared and celebrated.

The other five District 214 candidates also are exceedingly talented in performing arts and academics, and share their time and talents with their communities. They received honorable mention recognition and include Elk Grove's **Claire Glennon**, Hersey's **Emmy Pascual**, Prospect's **Alyssa O'Connell**, Rolling Meadows' **Philip Heck** and Wheeling's **Victoria Guerrero**.



Lucie Greene



Sandy Beguin

2019 FRIEND OF THE ARTS RECIPIENT

Sandy Beguin

A friend of the arts is the perfect way to describe Sandy Beguin. Sandy has wholeheartedly supported the arts at Buffalo Grove High School from her first months as division head through her final year. Her devotion and passion for the fine arts rivals that of the teachers who instruct the courses. Sandy has been enriching her classroom with experiences in the arts since the early years of her career when she teamed up with her art colleague at Stagg High School to teach a combined Art and English course.

Sandy's mind is a catalogue of rich artistic pieces that she has embraced and internalized through her long career; whether it be films, poetry, music or literature her students and colleagues have benefited from her expertise. Additionally, she has fostered collaboration amongst teachers in the English/Fine Arts department, thereby enriching everyone's curriculum. Crucially, she innately understands that a strong arts program includes both the daily curriculum and after-school program, and she is eager to support staff and students in their efforts to make this marriage seamless and meaningful. These efforts are reflected in our Harlem Renaissance festival each winter and the acting classes' children's literature performances for our Little Bison. Further, her championing of the beautiful One Grove Art Gallery is the epitomal example of her enthusiasm as it is a space curated by art and photography students but opened in the theater foyer for all audiences who attend fine arts events year-round. Sandy truly views her staff as experts in the field and has encouraged them to be true leaders in the arts and humanities just as she has.

Sandy enthusiastically supports every concert, play, art show, and speech team tournament. Giving up nights and weekends is not something Sandy has viewed as a burden, but more as a delight in her opportunity to tout the members she supports on stage and in galleries. She follows up these events by reaching out to our young artists, thanking them for their efforts and encouraging them to continue following their passions.

True friends are for forever--and as a Friend of the Arts, Sandy will leave an indelible mark on the community of Buffalo Grove High School, and for that, we are eternally grateful.



Wendy Relich

2019 FRIEND OF THE ARTS RECIPIENT

Wendy Relich

Wendy Relich is deserving of the Arts Unlimited Friend of the Arts for myriad reasons. Her commitment to the arts throughout her tenure as the English & Fine Arts Division Head at Elk Grove is stellar. At a time when standardized testing is at the forefront of many conversations, Wendy has not let this focus overshadow her belief in the importance of the arts in school, and she has allowed teachers to continue infusing creativity in traditional English classes, encouraging teachers to infuse poetry and creative writing in those core courses. Wendy has supported English Professional Learning Communities as they have worked to maintain the aspects of writing and language that insight passion and interest with so many students.

Wendy has always been a strong advocate for the fine arts. Since Wendy has a background in English, she asks questions in order to understand the ways in which she can most support the fine arts teachers and students, making all teachers in her department feel like valued experts. Wendy would often recall the heartache of taking a jewelry class in high school and facing the heartache of a piece working breaking or not turn out as anticipated. Having a direct supervisor who can share these personal experiences as a creator helped her successfully lead her department. Wendy genuinely wants to learn about fine arts teaching practices and the different ways students learn in those classes. She recognizes how the arts can positively impact our students' lives.

Wendy is understanding and thoughtful, careful in guiding her team through the constantly changing demands of teaching. She never forgets what it's like to be a teacher in the trenches not only balancing the emotional need of the students, but also their educational ones. Whenever possible Wendy supports the arts by attending art shows, recognition ceremonies, exhibitions, and performances. She makes every effort to engage in conversations with fine arts students, asking about their work and providing well-deserved recognition for their accomplishments. She makes supply and equipment requests to ensure that the standards and high level of quality are maintained.

Wendy also advocates for students' extracurricular involvement in the arts. During her entire tenure at Elk Grove, she has served as a member of the e.g. magazine literary editorial board to assess poems for the e. g. magazine. She is fun, fair, and friendly even in dealing with the most difficult types of situations. She is always the consummate professional and encourages and respects students whom others may have written off.

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

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