Dedicated in loving memory to York Prep’s school nurse

Richard Loo

A kind and gentle soul

who helped guide us through the challenges of Covid-19

all the time remaining steadfast and sweet

and offering us a safe haven.

We will never forget you!

May you rest in peace.
Welcome

Welcome to *Genesis*, York Preparatory School’s literary magazine! We are honored to share the spectacular abilities and hard work of our peers. We know it takes a great deal of courage to submit creative pieces and we congratulate you all. We’ve taken great joy in putting final touches on this year’s issue despite the disruptions caused by COVID-19. We take comfort in your thoughtful words and art. This year we have a collection of pieces that touch on a variety of topics. From “California Fires” (Louise Wade, 11th grade) which discusses the tragic events that devastated California earlier this year, to “Self-Portrait as a Pizza Slice” (Jack Zaretsky, 6th grade), which makes us all hungry for a slice of pizza, this year’s issue is more eclectic than ever. It presents the mature, worldly, and intelligent minds of York Prep students.

Not only does *Genesis* offer an astounding selection of literary pieces, it also showcases some magnificent and unique art. Artworks such as “Surreal Escape” (Chase Heijtmanek, 9th grade) have brought us into a world which we believe reflects all of Genesis. This piece symbolizes the literary aspect of *Genesis* through a portrayal of a desk, books, and loose papers, as well as the artistic side through paints and a portrait. The beautiful photograph “Mindfulness and the Unknown” (William Van Der Rhoer, 10th grade) is a tremendous example of the introspective nature of the art in this issue. The photograph itself is simple, yet there are a million possible stories behind it, each one more intriguing than the last.

Both the literary and artistic pieces included in this year’s issue are thoughtful and well crafted, so we hope you enjoy them as much as we did.

**The Genesis Staff are delighted to announce this year’s winning pieces:**

- **Best Poem:** “i miss you ocean” by Leila Robb, 11th grade
- **Best Studio/Digital Art:** “Trip's Expressions” by Ming Robinson, 11th grade
- **Best Photograph:** “Mindfulness and the Unknown” by William Van Der Rhoer, 10th grade

We hope you enjoy this year’s issue of *Genesis* and we hope to inspire you to submit your own work next year!
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COVER ART

by Chase Heijtmanek, 9th Grade

Artist Process: This art, made in class, is depicting a mess of abstract lines radiating around one point. To make the piece I used pastel, a magazine, and raffia in order to create the illusion that the lines were coming out of the page. With this piece I’m trying to say that you can make art out of anything, it won’t always be good, but it will be art.

My inspiration for this art was within the style of the original magazine but with my focus on the tension of the strings and lines. My process included finding an image from a magazine, taping it to the back of a frame, painting the frame, then adding the string to make my work look 3D. In either to create the slivers of color in the frame, I drew, using pastels, on the bare frame and painted over it in black, then, with a needle, I scratched the black paint off to reveal the colorful pastel below.
Fabricated Sea
Lorriene Stoller, 12th Grade

Media: Mixed Media

This art piece consists of acrylic paint, white lace, cotton balls, and strips of fabric on a wooden block. Usually with my art, I tend to stick to one medium per piece, but with this I wanted to experiment with a multi-media piece. I chose the types of fabric based on their similarities to the parts of a real ocean. For instance, I used cotton to create a soft feeling for the fluffy clouds and lace to illustrate the irregular sea-foam.

Artist Process: The reason I chose to use fabric in the image is because of a picture I found. From the photograph of an ocean, I noted that the foam reminded me a lot of lace. As a result, this sparked my interest to use lace in order to recreate the foam from the ocean. I started the artwork by painting the wood with acrylics, and from there I glued all the fabric materials to the board. I layered them, and then painted more on top to make it blend and to prevent it from looking too “arts and crafts-y”.
i miss you ocean
pull me under if you’d like
you are brutality
as you kiss the shore
i miss your smell
my is breath as
i can’t get
leaning over
i won’t care if
if you call
take me
take me

your gravity reaches
tear me apart
you are the mother
hold me and let me
be a part of you
i press my face to my palm
ceaseless as your
enough of you
i reach
I find myself
i will follow
take me
crowned or crucified

and pulls every day
rip my hair out
kiss me again
and i miss the sublime
kisses to the shore
i run my fingers through you
if i fall you’ll catch me

by Leila Robb, 11th Grade
My Dream of my Dreams
by Erika Lampe, 9th Grade

Since I was young, I’ve wanted the world
I’ve wanted a mansion encrusted with platinum and gold
Since I was young, I’ve dreamed of being rich
I’ve dreamed of a gleaming Bentley and private jets

Now that I’m older, I also know reality
I know that not everyone gets their dream
And even though I still have hope for the future
I’ve realized it’s not as easy as I wished

When I was young, I wanted to be a poet
I thought I could write up millions of dollars
I wrote day-by-day about how I would have everything
Handed to me on a silver platter

*

Now that I’m older, I don’t write much
I’ve realized not everything will go my way
Most of my dreams are shattered or gone
My poetry no longer speaks words, but lines

Now, my life is just a routine
I’m living a script, not my dream
Although I know poetry should be music
Every single line sounds strained and forced

Sometimes I still remember my dreams
My life, my childhood, I miss you dearly
Perhaps someday, I’ll write a masterpiece
Or maybe I’ll forget my dreams of that, too
Jeyjey’s Palette
Sariah Johnson, 12th Grade

The painting is made using watercolors and depicts a colorful, bright boy looking into his camera. The piece is meant to depict the boy in his true element, a place full of colors and expression.

Artist Process: I found a picture of a boy on his Instagram looking unhappy so I wanted to paint over it in bright colors. The painting is meant to convey that even in darkness there is still happiness and expression. I first sketched the piece, then overlined it with a black pen, then painted over it with watercolors.
Everywhere I’ve been it’s been a series of closed doors:

Want to live somewhere nice?

Want to live your life the way other people can?

Want to feel normal without worrying every time you step out of the door?

Want to feel like it’s going to be ok?
That once things get better, they won’t get even worse the next day?
The door gets slammed in my face.

* 

But then I looked and saw that one sliver of light coming out of the door. A door had been opened.

Next thing I knew more doors were opened.

* 

You want to live somewhere nice?

You want to live your life the way other people can?
You want to feel normal like the people who roam the streets without a
worry in their life?

Do you want to feel like it’s going to be ok, that once things get better they won’t get even worse the next day?

You have to open the door.

These doors aren’t closed unless you leave them closed. If you see a closed door don’t turn around and stay stuck. Open that door. There’s more to life than closed doors.
This photo of a girl posing behind a blue metal gate can be interpreted in many ways. Rather than tell people how to view my photo, as though there is only one way of viewing a piece of art, I’d like people to interpret it for themselves. My interpretation is that a mysterious girl is being held back by someone or something behind the gate that we don’t see that is impeding her ability to open the gate or move forward. Her eye draws me in to want to help her, yet at the same time it makes me feel like she’s strong and independent so there is no need to rescue her.

Artist Process: I happened to see my friend behind this door and I liked the picture I saw. I mainly wanted to capture her eye in between one of the diamonds for this picture. In addition, I loved her pink hair, her blue eyes, and vibrant blue nail.
Dear Cor Meum
by Nicole Rashkover, 11th Grade

I remember when you were first born
You were so small, and yet already so strong
You looked like you could stare down the world a hundred times over
And still be home for dessert
Like you could pick up a rotting soul and make them whole again
I would put my hand against you and feel your never-ending presence

You were my beautiful lullaby who sang to me everyday and every night
I believed that we would always be together; standing strong

So why do you leave me now
Why do you force my lips to quiver and my eyes to swell
And my tears to form a flood that drowns me
Why do you cause my breath to catch
And my throat to close like a clogged sewage line
You made me form this habit of when I feel like each breath is a lie
I manually push at the walls of my trachea and throw fistfuls of air into myself
In hopes of inflating a broken balloon
Sometimes I have to just sit there, holding you, close, breathing in

1

2

1

2

3

I miss you
I miss feeling like no matter where I went
You would always be supporting me, cheering me on
I miss your lullabies. I miss your need to memorize all of the lyrics to
every song
I miss those times when you used to sing opera and
Convince yourself that you weren’t bursting the ear drums of everyone
waround you
I miss your confident voice that made everyone sit up and pay attention
You always loved that attention
Now I only ever hear the croaking of a helpless frog
Or your screams, like the quiet whispers of the wind

I want to help you
I want to be with you, breathing

1  2

1  2  3

I know that you tried to stare down the world
But it only left you choking on your own rotting soul-
Let alone fixing other’s
How can I help when I can’t even inflate a balloon?
1-2,
1-2-3
You grow quieter everyday
1 - 2, 1 - 2 - 3
We grow weaker everyday
1-2, 1-2-3
Teach me how to breath again
1-2
Adam; First Man
by Rehannah Baksh, 11th Grade

I

Adam,
First son born,
first child home,
first love in my life.
My first words were of you,
unintelligible but,
with every intention to have you understand me.
I miss you understanding me.

II

I miss us in the garden.
Before you huffed every plant in sight and trampled
and trotted over the flowers we planted together.
Huffing through asthma, puffing out smoke.

III

Don’t you remember, you were the first man to teach me
the delight of little rebellions, the trust in companionship,
the heartbreak of uncontrollable situations.
Laying next to you all night long in the hospital,

you were the first person whoever made me understand
how important it is to take care of others.
I lay underneath your arms all night long,
the first person I ever watched so peacefully sleep,
afraid that if I closed my eyes, you’d go away.

IV

What happened Adam?
Where did you go? I can’t find you anymore and you never respond. I hope Eve treats you well and doesn’t lead you astray. Please do all the work to sustain a new garden. I was the rib given to you at the start of your life, only wanting to be apart of all of it.

V

Adam,
First man in my heart,
I hope you still want all the ribs on your side.
Mindfulness and the Unknown
William Van Der Rhoer, 10th Grade

My photo depicts a young figure facing an endless pit of whiteness that represents the unknown future and the choices we have to make to move forward in life. We cannot know what was in this particular boy’s mind at precisely that moment, but adolescence is a challenging time for all of us and when you’re in the middle of it, sometimes it feels like you’ll never make it past the whiteness.

Artist Process: I was initially drawn to the scene because the back of the boy’s head contrasted so well with the foreground. Once I noticed how the whiteboard could be used as a backdrop for the student’s head, I was inspired. As a photographer, I always look at what is surrounding me and how the colors can be used to magnify a specific physical characteristic. In this case, I wanted to capture the details of the student’s unique hairstyle and the reflections projected by the sweater he was wearing. I asked the student not to move and instead I moved my phone closer in order to capture the shot in the moment.
They Fall
by Kaia Seldman, 10th Grade

They Fall
They all fall down
Until there is only one
Left

Just watching
From the sidelines
Alone
I can’t help them

They feel so alone.
But they aren’t
I’ve been there
the whole time

Didn’t see,
But I was there
Am there

I’ve been there before,
“Let me help”
Does nothing

So they fall….
They all fall
Trip’s Expressions  
Ming Robinson, 11th Grade

This piece was created using oil paints based on André Derain who is an expressionist painter. My art teacher in the art elective, Pre-Portfolio Painting and Drawing, had students pick a painter’s artistic style to paint another student within the class. I chose to paint my friend Trip. With this piece, I am trying to show how I can broaden my artistic and creative skills.

Artistic Process: I painted my friend using a similar style to some paintings I found inspiration from. I wanted to recreate my friend in a semi-realistic way using expressionism. To get my desired result, I kept painting different sections. When dry I was able to go over my mistakes which is why painting with acrylics is a fun medium. From a reference photo I was using, I saw colors like purple and pink and I tried using those colors in areas of his face and in his shirt.
Sometimes I just look up at the sun, at the light. Its heat beats
down on my face, and its rays give life to the tulips by the river.
A boy walks atop the dirt, his face slick with sweat and his ribs
all-too apparent. The boy walks barefoot, and bathes in the river.

The smoke in the air makes it hard to breathe. Trash bins on
street corners overflow, and this sick world blackens the river.

A man shouts and sobs in the town square, protesting injustice
and tyranny. He is executed and his body is thrown into the river.
The devil calls my name and asks, “Will you stop their bleeding,
or will you cut them? Will you be lost in the current of the river?”
This ceramic bowl depicts a woman’s face. Mr. Schwartz’s 11th grade Ceramics class assignment was to make a dish look like a face by adding human features. The face of a woman with beautiful features on a magazine inspired me to create this piece.

Artistic Process: My process was to shape the bowl and face, let it air-dry, glaze it, then fire it in the kiln. To get my desired result, I went over the glaze three times to give it a more intense color.
Dearest Alessandra
by Leila Robb, 11th Grade

My heart is not mine
It belongs to you, my sister
And your barely earthbound soul

You bloom and fade
Without reason or rhyme
You come and go

When you split your skin open
Knocking on death’s door
My heart and your soul, nearly gone

I prayed for you and by grace was answered
But in my chest, I forever nurse a tender gaping wound

Please
My sister
My dearest friend
Take care of my heart
The medium I used was pencil. The drawing is of a girl who’s looking straight forward with sad eyes. I played around with different shading until I got my desired look. This shows a girl’s face and nothing else as if she is surrounded by darkness.

Artistic Process: I wanted to practice drawing faces. I wanted to focus on her eyes and make them express sadness. I sketched the face and then made deep shadows that covered the whole paper. I kept shading in layers until I got my desired outcome.
Mother
by Kaia Seldman, 10th Grade

Speechless
You give me words

Falling
You catch me every time

Held
A crying baby
Now a crying teenager

Fighting
Many fights to protect me

Seen
I see you
I see the warmth of the sun
The glow of the moon
The strength of a tiger
The wisdom of an owl
But most of all
I see your Humanity
And it is beautiful
A girl is putting blush on. I used pencil and water color. I wanted the varying colors in the water color. A girl is putting make up on her face and she looks distorted.

Artistic Process: I copied a picture in a magazine but used different colors and distorted her facial features. I wanted to capture society’s various perceptions of beauty and its connection to make up. I copied the face from the magazine with pencil and painted over it with water color. I had to distort the facial features.
Three Bears
by Mark Tillinghast, 10th Grade

Some days, I step back from taking risks. This is when I feel down and guilty about not getting things right. In times like these, I let too many obstacles get to my head.

I hide from the bear.

Other days, I feel free to take an extra step, go the extra mile. These are the times when I take risks and discover unfamiliar territory. When I don’t look back at my mistakes with guilt, but learn from them. In times like these,

I wrestle the bear.

But today isn’t like other days. Today, I’m taking the extra step and bringing my companions along with me. I’m standing up for those who are in need. I’m going out of my way to help others; forgiving others if they seek forgiveness.

Today, I’m taming the bear!
Self-Portrait As A Tree
by Cameron Chinquee, 7th Grade

I stand my ground; I don’t hide.
Follow me up.

I will carry you above the ground.

You can hit me; you can attack my spirit.
But I won’t move an inch.
The Shape of Water
William Van Der Rhoer, 10th Grade

This is a picture of water that takes the shape of a human figure in the air. I was intrigued by the scene because the shape of water is fluid and therefore unpredictable: unique, bold, and very symbolic. With this photo, I am trying to say that humans can be viewed in many different ways and the different shapes of the water figure can represent all sorts of human emotions.

Artistic Process: When I take a photo, I try to find the story behind it, which then leads me to the desired perspective of the shot. When I viewed the water fountain, the unique shapes that the water made attracted my attention. I wanted to capture what water would look like in a single position, while it is in the air. I began to zoom in closer to the water, which allowed me to get a clearer picture and taking multiple shots allowed me to get my desired result.
Self-Portrait as Legos
by Emily Singh, 8th Grade

Built up slowly,
only to be broken down again.

A complex structure,
built of many pieces and colors.

 Pieces stepped on by loved ones,
that gives them so much pain.

That was the last time that happened;
playtime’s over.

Now, there’s only one thing left to do:
take a last fall and be boxed up again.

Awaiting the next time to be scattered on the floor;
the next time to be so beautifully broken.

My artwork depicts a watering can, a used napkin, and some old artwork from different views and angles. I drew an original version on a canvas, went over them with sharpie, and painted the parts in between the sharpie with acrylic paint. This was made in the art room with no intended deeper meaning, but I bet you could find one if you wanted too.

Artistic Process: The artwork was made with the intention to have fun. Everyone else used cool colors so I decided to make mine with primarily warm colors. I wanted to capture the realism of the objects while simultaneously adding splashes of color. The project took almost a month to complete and I think it turned out well.
It’s messy.
It can have
different toppings.
Underneath the cheese layer, there is a thick layer
of sauce,
And below that
is the crust.
As you get deeper
more steam comes out.

You can eat it with anything else, and it will still taste good.
Although sometimes
it falls apart,
And other times,
it will be stiff and cold.
But at the end of the day,
it’s still pizza.
Let me tell you a story
About New York City streets
Certain things that only happen in New York City
People going from point A to point B
Diversity is key here
From Hispanics to Asians
From Africans to Europeans
Each with their own story
Our streets
Are popular all around the world
From Italy to China
Also all over the country
From Mississippi to California
Our streets
Filled with beautiful, silky snow in the winter
Pretty flowers in the spring and summer
And colorful leaves in the fall
Our streets
Have the night life that you’ll never see anywhere else
From lights on the skyscrapers at 11pm
To taxis and Ubers patrolling the avenues at 2am
Our streets stand alone
That was my story about our streets
The New York City streets
My piece depicts the Brooklyn Bridge at sunset. I painted it in Photoshop during the digital art class as part of an assignment to make an emoji. However, as the project continued, I added more details and giving it a more painted look.

Artistic Process: I decided to make this because Brooklyn is my home, and the Brooklyn bridge is its most prominent landmark. I wanted to capture the beauty of the Brooklyn Bridge at night with the reflections in the water. As my project to create an emoji of the Bridge continued, I added more details, giving it a painted look, then later adding in the background.
Jackie dropped into the only free seat on the surprisingly empty 7 train. It was Friday, which meant the school week was over and Jackie couldn’t be happier. The packed week left her exhausted, and she was happy to have the weekend to herself. As she was recollecting the past 5 days she felt her stomach grumble and remembered that she hadn’t eaten since this morning. Jackie reached into her pocket and pulled out her wallet. She carefully counted her money as the conductor announced,”this is 69th street! Stay clear of the closing doors please.”

“Yes!” Jackie thought, counting the last of her coins. She had just enough money to buy a pizza pie. She laid her head back and closed her eyes and as she did, she noticed that the train car had a ghastly smell. Jackie opened her eyes and saw a man dressed in torn black clothing, standing barefoot on the other side of the train. His face and legs were grimy and he was holding a small, ripped cap with a few cents in it. She knew it wasn’t his fault that he was homeless but she couldn’t help but wonder ‘why is he homeless?’ ‘Did he do something bad?’ ‘Is he crazy or even violent?’ She knew it was bad but she couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable around people like him. “Please..anything helps,” he said in a tired voice as he walked around shaking his cap. “Food, water..
anything.” A few people dropped in a few coins. But most people shook their heads or even backed away in disgust. Jackie tried to stay calm as she saw the man getting closer and closer to where she sat. Jackie looked up. He had an unhealthy, sallow complexion, and there were bags under his frowning eyes. She felt bad, but she also really wanted to eat.

“Do you have anything?” the man asked, tentatively. Jackie’s mind raced and before she could even come up with a decision she blurted out “no! Sorry! Nothing!” The man made a face, slightly startled by her answer, but he nodded and walked away with his head down, stepping into the other train car. Jackie sat there in complete silence and looked around. Nobody else seemed to be shaken about what had happened but her. “It’s just one man. You can help plenty of other homeless people.” She tried shaking away the feeling of guilt. Jackie repeated this phrase in her head over and over until she really started to believe herself. The thought of eating and enjoying herself made her feel content and she walked out of the train, into the chilly October air.

The pizza was delicious. Fresh out of the oven. The warmth and cheesiness of the pizza filled her up and made her forget about the events
that took place in the train. Jackie finally closed the pizza box after eating three whole slices and decided that she would save the remaining pizza slice for another day. She was just about to walk around the corner when she saw another homeless man lying against the back of a large brick building, sleeping. He looked even worse than the guy on the train. His face, hands, and feet were basically black with dirt and his clothes looked like they hadn’t been washed in years. Propped up next to him was a sign that read “Homeless. Lost my job. Anything helps. God be with you.” Jackie felt another cold shiver down her spine. She stood there not knowing what to do when suddenly there was a strong gust of wind and the lid of the pizza box flew off. The cardboard sign fell and hit the homeless man’s knee, startling him. Just then, Jackie felt a sudden rush of discomfort, remembering what had happened with the other man. It was as if somehow, suddenly all the pizza she had eaten left her stomach emptier. Before she knew it, she was bending down right next to the man, holding the pizza in front of him, trying not to inhale the smell. He looked up at her. Still looking at her, he took the pizza from her and said “Thank you.” in a deep voice.

“You’re welcome,” Jackie replied. She was still a little hungry, but she felt fuller than ever as she walked home.
Chayim
by Jenna Saevitzon, 11th Grade

The synagogue was where we heard prayers sung in Hebrew, a language that I stopped learning in fifth grade, yet somehow still have a connection to. I have heard the same lyrics sung each year, so the sweet melody is a familiar tune. The voices carry a soothing, ambient noise throughout the room that makes it come alive and illuminates the stained glass.

The red stained glass is engraved with symbols of Judaism. From menorahs, to the Torah, to a burning bush, these symbols attach us to the history of our past. Three magnificent chandeliers hang from the ceiling, with branches that have 15 lights on each. I know the exact number because when I was little, I used to count them when I was bored.

I never realized how much detail I could describe about the precious synagogue until it was almost taken away from me. By one single person who felt that Jews didn’t deserve the same opportunity to celebrate their religion as others. Who could have ended all of the traditions that are held inside and outside of that holy place. Where my family would come together to worship God.

But now that I think about it, should we really have been praising God if he would let something like this happen?
“There is no flag large enough to cover the shame of killing innocent people.”
— Howard Zinn

I. IPLEDGEALLEGIANCETO

Strangers in a land they never asked to visit. Under the slave master’s whip, all hope is lost. Humanity is seen as beasthood. Life is spent for another’s earning. The song becomes a primal scream. Forced to build her, yet never to enjoy her. The officer tames his fear with 6 shots. The master fears what he has created and cracks the whip once more.

II. THEFLAGOFTHEUNITEDSTATESOFAMERICA,

On the Upper East Side, the mirrors reflect no faces. Bezos stands smiling for the cameras atop a mountain of human corpses. On Wall Street, when your parents lost their house, I swear I could hear singing. The socialite practices meditation as the hands of her cleaning lady bleed.

III. ANDTOTHEREPUBLICFORWHICHITSTANDS,

Work and work and work and work. It’s never enough to feed their appetites. Those who tell you the virtue of hard work have taken all you have made. You are nothing. And you have nothing. The color from your face is taken, injected into theirs with surgical needles. They despise you, but you are still so useful. You will not be discarded until they have taken their last mouthful.
IV. ONE NATION UNDER GOD,

The Mississippi runs red. And the names of the shades of crimson are Creek, Mohawk, Lenape, Iroquois, Navajo. The bones become islands, and on the islands are cities. New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, St. Louis.
The child is ripped from the arms of her parents. She will never know why her blood feels wrong. Christian love is beaten into the schoolchildren so that they may earn their whiteness. All hope dies at Wounded Knee.

V. INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.

The neutered pig squeals with delight watching Iraqi blood sports. In Northwestern Pakistan the children are scared of clear skies. The blood from Fallujah evaporates to drown the eastern seaboard in torrential rain. Dick Cheney dances to the sweet music coming from the cells in Abu Ghraib. The Libyan slavers proudly proclaim, “I’m With Her.” The mother thanks us for her liberation as our bullets tear her to shreds.

Epilogue

Oh, my country.

Goddamn you.

Goddamn you.

Goddamn you.
California Fires
by Louise Wade, 11th Grade

They came to you in wagons covered
Across the Sierras
To a golden land of prosperity
Through your years you delivered gold and opportunity
Your cities bare the names of angels and explorers
Your rich fertile land has provided the nation with fruits, vegetables, and wines

In recent years you have been plagued with drought
Your once, green rolling hills are now a golden brown
Your fear has always been the earth caving in
Raging fire now disables you from north to south

The winds spread the flames through valleys and vistas
People watch T.V. wondering if they will be next.
The flames envelope not just tiny grapes but sprawling hills and vineyards
It’s like you’re looking through a blanket of smoke
The fire has become your news, your day, your world
I took this photo when I went to the climate change march earlier this year. It shows people young and old protesting together for climate change. The vibe during the march was very energetic and there was a real connection between everyone there. We were all fighting for the same thing: a change in how our world works. I did not go to the march that day thinking I would find a photo like this, but when I turned around and saw a young girl holding her sign up confidently, it was incredibly inspiring.

Artistic Process: I took this photo with my iPhoneX in lower Manhattan at the climate change march this past fall when Greta Thunberg spoke. When I saw the young girl holding up her sign, I wanted to include some of the other people near her to show that she was not alone in her wish to change the world. My photo captures the possibility of a future in which the younger generation will lead the way. When I look at it, it brings me back to that moment in time, listening to everyone chanting, hoping for our voices to be heard.
My inspiration for this art was my belief that making something unexpected is always best. I wanted to capture a place where reality is changing and expanding in a way in which is difficult to understand. In order to do this, I taped down the original artwork, outlined, then blended with pastel.
Artistic Statement: This piece is an expansion of Van Gogh’s “The Room.” This piece depicts numerous objects floating in a surrealistic landscape. The idea was to seamlessly surround Van Gogh’s original artwork with a dreamlike background. My art class required me to use pastel. With this piece, I’m trying to encourage the viewer to think outside the room and take a more unexpected approach to making art.
Parody & Pastiche of The Catcher in the Rye
by Barrett Reese, 11th Grade

It was way TOO EARLY to get up and go on this goddamn hike. I was already sore from yesterday’s 24 miles, and today we are planning on summiting Mt. Washington. I was laying all cozy in my sleeping bag when Lilia screamed my name for breakfast. “Barrett get your damn ass up. We need to get out of this campsite by 9:30.” I sort of enjoyed being out in the wilderness. The cold made me appreciate that I was in a warm sleeping bag surrounded by a thin orange tent. A tiny bit of light came through the small hole in the tent, but it was still pretty dark. I got up and stepped on somebody’s flashlight and damn near fell on my head. I rolled out of the stupid tent, stretched every part of my sore body, and finally joined everyone for breakfast. Ugh, they made eggs. I hate eggs.

I was with ten other girls. We were all in a pretty bad state. Not showering for a few days gets to you. My heels were covered with huge blisters. For chrissake, how much more hiking can I do until my feet fall off? I only have half of a roll of tape left. How am I supposed to last the whole goddamn day? The past few days of hiking were fun but challenging. I don’t feel like going into it if you want to know the truth. The view was beautiful, I guess. I ended up skipping eggs. I just snacked on my nasty peanut butter chocolate protein bar. I mean, how do people enjoy protein bars? I feel like I am eating goddamn chalk. But I know I had to eat something before this goddamn hike.

We all finished eating and packed everything up into our backpacks. I am the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. It is awful. We have to pack up every single thing we brought to the campsite, including the massive tents and pots and pans. Lily asked me to hold one of the heavy tents in my backpack. I made up a stupid lie that I had horrible back pains, and I could not carry any of the group equipment. So Ally took two tents in her bag while I took none. We left the campsite and continued up Mt. Washington. I was already tired of packing my bag. I hate this goddamn mountain and this goddamn hike.
I didn’t have anything fun to do while walking for hours, so I thought about all the things that made me somewhat happy on this trip. Like the group of hikers, we crossed on a path. They were a group of about 15 boys from a boys camp in New Hampshire. I mean, boys kill me. And this was a group of really attractive teenage boys, but all us girls have not showered for a couple of days only dips in rivers and ponds we find. I felt so damn self-conscious around them. Did they realize how bad we probably have smelt? I guess not. It turns out they were also planning on submitting Mt. Washington and they also were out here for days with no shower. I guess you can say no one could smell each other because we all smelt so damn bad. We ended up stopping to the side of the trail and having lunch with them. I was talking to a boy that looked around my age. He told me his name was Spencer Campbell. What a lovely name. He had a funny smile. He asked me many questions about why I was here, hiking Mt. Washington. Not corny, he was just nice and all. We talked for a while and ended up exchanging Snapchats, and that was the last time I saw his face before we parted ways and continued our hike.

I was so goddamn sick of walking when we finally could see the top of Mt. Washington. We only had about 15 mins more of walking until we reached the very top. I was so sick of eating protein bars and drinking river water with iodine tablets. I just wanted to take a goddamn shower more than anything. I mean, who would ever not want to shower more than i day? I could not handle the awful stench that came from my body. Those 15 minutes to the top were the hardest 15 minutes of my life because we had to climb up steep wobbly rocks practically. I thought I was going to die. We finally made it up to the top, and I collapsed on the dirt with exhaustion. I told myself, “You did that, you goddamn beast” while panting for air. Yes, the experience was kind of great, but I would not hike Mt. Washington again for all the money in the world, even if I were desperate.
It’s just another quiet, peaceful day at the office. I don’t really want to go up the stairs, so I’ll just take the elevator.

The door to the first floor opens. Jared walks in with a big smile on his face. I just heard that he got a promotion for selling 100 stocks in one week. That’s three times any employee’s average. Though he kinda deserves it; the guy’s quite a genius.

The door to the second floor opens. Out walks Jared and in comes Maria. Maria is unlike anything I have ever seen before. Everyone at the office picks on her for her giant moustache, though she never let that get in the way of her pride; for what reason I am not sure, but I am supportive nonetheless.

The door to the third floor opens. Out steps Maria and in levitates (zha ming). Zha Ming was originally born in a den outside of a rustic village in Cheng Du. He was mentored by a giant black bear in the ways of the Naruto Art. It has proven very useful to him since he can telekinetically bring his coffee towards him without getting up. Its skills like those that I wish I had.

The door to the fourth floor opens. Out flies Zha Ming and in stomps Gina. Gina greeted everyone cheerfully when she first walked into the office. A clan of Middle Eastern sea borners found her underneath a giant rock in northwest Argentina. Obviously being a T-Rex, the rest of society did not accept her into their traditions and their rituals, which made Gina very sad, but the clan raised her to be the best T-Rex she could possibly be, and she constantly shows that in the workplace. While she may not be a fast typer, she is a good hand when it comes to negotiation and intimidation. You know, for being a T-Rex.
Secret Rules
by Isabel Veyssi, 11th Grade

Mom, they’re lying to me,
But I don’t care;
It’s a game.
Let’s play.

Keeping secrets.
Making it seem like they’re not doing anything,
But they are.
Play along.

“So which ones are you looking at?”
“Vanderbilt, Duke, and Wash U.”
“Where else?” This is the kickoff.
Play along.

You start to fish,
“So which ones are you looking at?”
They confess... though ambiguous and incomplete.
The game is on.
Eyes of the Bejeweled
Wells Labbe, 10th Grade

This piece was made on Photoshop. I used Photoshop is that it’s a rather new medium for art and I think the possibilities of it is limitless. My piece depicts an owls eye that has been transformed into a jewel. I did this because the eye is a very valuable body part, and I wanted to represent that.

Artistic Process: The process used to create a piece like this is rather simple. First, I grabbed an image of a solar eclipse online. I then replaced the eye of the animal with the solar eclipse photo. After that I cropped it so that the image fit nicely inside of the eye. I then applied the crystallize filter on the image. This filter “crystallizes” images, splitting them up into simplified colored parts. Finally, I adjusted the tones of the animal’s skin or fur to match the colors inside of the eye.
Barbarian Days
by Leila Robb, 11th Grade

I. barbarian days
nobody told me before
so far out in the cold is no place to die
time folds in on itself out here, the world collapses
my mother asked me to die somewhere where she could find my body
i pray i will
she should know i love her

II. when love is dying
it’s unbearable to cut out infected tissue
pain of organs failing is less
when it’s over
the scars hurt too
the body reminds you

III. what does this say about the life i’ve lived
pain is a side effect of love
i float aimlessly in the sea between
tossed helplessly about
the tides deciding who will embrace me

IV. we alone must tread
we’ve shackled our fates
you own my soul
pull me back
let me walk behind you
to see every step

V. find me unafraid
out here death is innate
only a part of the cycle
it moves us all
it was my honor
Ocean Life

This painting of fish and coral was made using acrylic paint on glass, and photographed on top of various blue fabrics. The mixture of paint and crumpled fabric creates a simple, yet unique background that wouldn’t have been as interesting had I simply painted it all on a canvas. Additionally, the thickness of the glass dramatizes the difference between the foreground and the background. “
Artistic Process: This art piece was half of a two part project, which together are about natural vs artificial environments. This project illustrates, on the same piece of glass along with the other half of the project, the creatures and plants put on top of a drawing of kids peering in front an aquarium. For the glass foreground of the two drawings, I first sketched the landscape on a separate sheet of paper, then taped it to the back of the glass to paint and shade the illustration. As for the fabric, I simply crumpled up a bunch of similar blue fabrics, including a sparkly tulle layer for added effect, and placed the glass on top.
Grey or Black
by Owen Barbagallo, 8th Grade

Grey or Black
Up or Down
No moon nor sun
only cloud and dirt
Vast expanse forever
In the frigid land
Beneath the aching sky
Beneath the wetting sky
That drips down to the depths
Unbroken
untouched
No longer green
No longer blue
No longer happy
Foreboding
Depressing
Lonely
Frankly
Sad
Pacing Back
by Lola Cabigeos, 11th Grade

Pacing back and forth
Without thinking about the consequences
You damage everything in your path

Not caring of how others might feel
You sit sit and watch time go by
You take people out of comfort zones
Why, why do you think that’s ok

Hold on to the pain you cause
No one needs you around
Just go and never come back
I took this photo with my iPhoneX at the window between the 3rd and 4th floors at school. The photograph depicts a girl looking into a window at her reflection. She seems to be seeing more than just her reflection, as if she were self-reflecting on her reflection. Whether we are looking at people or their reflections, there is always more than meets the eye. The image is titled “Doppelganger” which is a German word for someone who is almost a clone of another person. Every reflective surface will show the girl in the image in a different light and every person she meets will see a different person, which reflects their vision of her rather than creating hundreds of doppelganger of herself.

Artistic Process: At Photo Club one day, Ms. Tabourin asked us to wander around school to take portraits of people. While walking from the 3rd floor to the 4th, a photo flashed across my mind. I started beaming. The shot I had in my head was so creative and unique and I knew I had to create it. I put my phone on the window ledge and set it on a timer. I shot multiple photos until I had the specific photo I had in my head. I looked back at my phone and smiled, the photo reflected my vision perfectly.
Dear Thánatos,

I saw you today, but you didn’t see me. I see you more and more these days. I see you in the leaves turning orange and red, and in the increasing slowness of my dog’s gait. I see you when my family tree suddenly stops growing European branches in the 1940s. Most recently I have seen you in my dreams bearing the face of a young man I did not know. I see you in the face of my sleep-deprived cousin, and in the sound of wailing making marathons down the hallway. You seem to have come early, far too early. I wish I could escape, but I don’t think I could live without you.

Your friend,
Jack (2003 – ?)
Winter

Cesar Sasson, 11th Grade

This is a photo of me with a forest and the city blended with a photo of my body. I find it interesting that the final product makes the ice look as if it is lodged in my forehead while I contemplate the future.

Artistic Process: In order to create this image, I chose three landscapes: the mountains, the city, and the lake/forest. I combined these three scenes, which are very different, to create the effect of background blended over my body. Then I superimposed a picture of my profile to create a unified image.
This was a project I did for Digital Art class. I used Photoshop to create the double exposure effect on the picture of myself.

Artistic Process: This piece juxtaposes the images of nature and New York City because I enjoy both an urban environment and the outdoors. Despite living in the city, I feel more at home in the wilderness.
Dear Anger
by Louise Wade, 11th Grade

You make me so mad
Your fire burns my insides
You hold on to me and never let me go
You don’t know how to stop; you just keep pushing

Even when I say to stop, you don’t
You have strangled me, keeping me from breathing
Your power grips on to me as I fight to get away from your hold
I have come to a point where I can’t hold you off anymore

All I have to do now is accept you
I have to take all of you your deepest, darkest and coldest parts
Because once I acknowledge you
You go away
The message I want to present through this piece is that there are multiple ways people depict the same thing. I was inspired to create this ghost during Halloween. I wanted to capture the different depictions that people have of ghosts. For example, you may see a kid wearing a sheet with a happy, smiley face, or you could see a very scary ghost costume that is more spooky.

Artistic Process: I first drew the ghost with a micron pen and then outlined it with a copic marker. I selected these particular pens and markers so I could capture with fine details of this ghost. I created the art at home and it took about 30 minutes to complete my final product.
I want to teach you how to love
How to love every part of me
To caress my body when it’s in pain
To hold me until I fall asleep in your arms
I want you to open your eyes
Just for one minute, and understand
Understand my value and my worth
See that I’m not any basic girl you meet
I want to teach you what love is
That sometimes the purest love may hurt
But that’s okay, it means we’re trying
Trying to strive for more, trying to expand
As far and wide as we can reach,
But there’s still something I need to teach you
Respect me at all cost, I’m not here to hurt you
So why would you turn your back
To try something that spiteful on me, huh
You think I haven’t been played
Well try again, this is the 21st century
If you haven’t been heartbroken to the point nothing matters
Then good for you, but this is real life
And real life sucks and hurts
So let me teach you one thing, listen well
Karma is a bitch so don’t play with me
Rain or Shine  
Orpheus Robb, 10th Grade

This piece of art shows one of my characters standing in a ray of light. How I depict my drawing is that she is using the ray of light to shield herself from the light, outside of the light there is darkness and rain. The medium for this piece is digital art. I was using my 19” inch Hunion tablet. The meaning of the piece is about when you are in a bad relationship, you shouldn’t accept the little bit of good there is as salvation.

Artistic Process: I created this piece of art because of some past personal problems. I wanted to capture the feeling of leaving something even though it seemed good. However it was not and I needed something different. I used the digital medium because I wanted it to be smooth and clear. I also used digital because I didn’t want any little lines or eraser marks that are somewhat common in my other art.
A Lost Soul
by Lola Cabigeos, 11th Grade

You were there most of my life
You saw my laughter, my happiness

You were a big figure to my world
You showed me the right from the wrongs

You helped out around the house
You were trusted as one of us, as family

But, you broke that on your own
You turned your back on us

You even turned your back on me
You made my laughter go away

You replaced my happiness with pain
You became the reason why I can’t trust

You became a lost soul, to everyone
A lost soul that is gone till found again
Wrinkled
Sariah Johnson, 12th Grade

The medium I used was pencil. The drawing is of a girl who’s looking straight forward with sad eyes. I played around with different shading until I got my desired look. This shows a girl’s face and nothing else as if she is surrounded by darkness.

Artistic Process: I wanted to practice drawing faces. I wanted to focus on her eyes and make them express sadness. I sketched the face and then made deep shadows that covered the whole paper. I kept shading in layers until I got my desired outcome.
Dinner on a Starry Night
Gracie Rutigliano, 11th Grade

In my 11th grade ceramics elective we were asked to create a plate depicting Starry Night by Vincent Van Gogh as the theme. My interpretation was fairly close to the original. I tried to enhance the swirling effect of the clouds by putting layers of different colored glaze on the plate. I think my interpretation was not just a copy of the original, but a homage to the creative nature of Vincent Van Gogh.

Artistic Process: When I received paper, I chose multiple colors from the options given. My idea was to use glue and scissors in order to make the papers have the effect they fit together in the puzzle.
To The One That Keeps Us Safe
by Jenna Saevitzon, 11th Grade

You have manifested so much freedom and hope
yet no one seems to have
faith left in their hearts for you
even after all you have done for us
because no matter what we do
or who we become
you will never
lose hope for the place
you have dreamt for us

I often try to figure out why
people are destroying
the beauty you have created
since you have breathed life into us
and created a world in which
we live freely and happily

but we took these privileges
and generous actions
and turned your prosperity
into an atrocious disaster

we not only destroy
your boundless land
through the destruction
of the forests or even through
the pollution of our oceans

but we also wreak havoc
among the society
you have nursed
and have been nothing
but a mother to

yet you remain
as tolerant and patient as ever
Hold me in your heart and let your
Silent tears have a voice inside of me
Though your arms may be shaking and
Your chest heaving with each retch of
Hot wind never let me go
For I will never let you

Whether you are blasting heavy beats
To hide the weight of your heart
Or screaming along to revealing notes
Until your voice resembles the croaking of
A frog and the bleating of a helpless sheep
Or if only the wind is whispering of your pain
As it drums against the window
I will always hear the cries of your heart
And soul as my ear presses against you

If everyday you come home wilting
Like a drenched flower with boots
filled like buckets weighing you down
I will be there
To dry you off bit by bit
Until you are once again a bright flower standing tall
Against the shadows of the cement all around
Until it becomes a necessary routine like breathing

If once a year your body becomes
Filled to the brim of the poison eroding
Your insides and blinding your eyes of color
I will be there
To take that bottle and swallow the contents whole
Until the only thing left is a shining
New light and a world once again full of color
To remind you that you do not have to be alone

If you live your life like a desert
Building and destroying never settling down
And causing edges to crack under the pressure
I will be there
To evoke the feeling of hope that one day
You might realize that your sea of sand was
Built on an oasis
To remind you that you are not alone
Even if it I am only a passing glance

Whether I be soft to the touch or ragged
From old age let my cotton be a remembrance
To all things lost and all things gained
Let my colors remind you of the color found
Outside your sanctuary and my lopsided smile
Remind you to smile and my missing eye remind

You that you are only blind if you forget that
There is a sewing kit on the other side of the room
Hold me in your heart even as the future finds us
Further and further away
My goal for my art work is to make the viewer think. Through each color seen on the puzzle, it is supposed to represent a mood or an environment for the viewer. They must think hard in order to see what each color can represent to them.

Artistic Process: When I received paper, I chose multiple colors from the options given. My idea was to use glue and scissors in order to make the papers have the effect they fit together in the puzzle.
Poker Chip
by Scarlett Sinclair-Carin, 12th Grade

A gust of wind hurtles towards my shoulders and runs down my spine. The giant and heavy door on the side of the airplane is opened. Walking out and plopping down the stairs, all I see is a blank runway and many pine trees. In my own country, yet a new outlook. Buffalo.

Ferociously wrapping the wire of my earbuds around my fingers, I jump into yet another black van, and yet another long night, until we leave the next day. Arriving in the back of a stadium is interesting because there is so much meaning behind the tiny wires that carry from under your feet and intertwine around the portable coffee table in the corner that holds the one drug keeping each roadie awake.

Rushing as fast as possible, trying to keep out of the way of more wires being thrown around and placed precisely, I follow the blinding neon pink tape, shaped like an arrow, leading to the room I can isolate myself in.

“You should come out tonight. They’ve changed the visuals around a bit.”

“Yeah… maybe.”

An arena as empty as the giant pitcher that once held the coffee keeping the roadies, as well as myself, awake. Walking through the rows of seats, I create images of people and what their story is for being here tonight.

My earbuds are now plugged into my phone. I’m sitting alone with Joe Rogan’s podcast blasting at full volume. By now I should be satisfied, but I feel bored.

Not satisfied enough with my relaxing setup, I walk from underneath the stage and out into the audience, trying to blend in. It was a wakeup call. Watching the empty seats only an hour ago replaced like the empty pitcher of coffee I longed for. The seats filled, unifying the stadi-
um as a whole. These were not seats anymore. These are 25,000 human beings.

I spot an empty seat waiting to be filled on the right side of the stage, overlooking the floor, row 4.

People watching is my favorite thing to do in foreign places, as I compare my made up stories about these random people from earlier, with who they truly are. Looking to my left, I spot a girl who is not much older than me and was immediately drawn to her story. Why was she here? Most girls my age don’t come to shows like this. She was alone. How do you like the show?

Rather than receiving an answer, I receive an empty, yet astonished look in her eyes.

“It’s sick!”

“And you came alone?”

Before answering, she locks eyes with the lasers being flung around on stage.

“Yesterday was my father’s birthday. We had planned to take him to the show as a gift, but unfortunately he passed away last week. I didn’t want to sell the ticket so I decided to go by myself.”

Not a single word leaves my mouth for the minutes after hearing her speak. I think back to Joe Rogan still sitting in my earbuds on a couch waiting for me to eventually get bored again. I didn’t want to become bored again. I wanted to do something.

“Come with me”

“Sorry?”
“Follow me”

Strangely enough the girl followed a complete stranger. My goal was to give her a memorable night, as my father may not have passed away, he was being shared with the people of Buffalo tonight. The lights shut off, and intermission is announced. Never once has a laminated piece of paper resting around my neck given me so much power. I make contact with my father as he struggles to find his breath underneath all the sweat, due to the blinding lights. I explain that I now have a new friend who was supposed to share this night with her father. My father and I show her around backstage and introduce her to the other musicians. By the time intermission was over, my new friend had already made herself comfortable, finishing the Joe Rogan podcast I had started earlier. She handed me a green, white, and red poker chip with black paint hugging the rim. It was the exact size as the palm of my hand, cupping it and holding it tightly.

“Is this for gambling? We don’t really have that in the city.”

“No, its my father’s lucky poker chip that he gave to me before he passed away.”

It feels as though I have almost come full circle. I feel thankful to be bored in the first place. I feel more power within the poker chip than the laminate around my neck, or the coffee keeping the roadies awake, or the thin tiny wires powering the entire show. It’s inspiring to take a gamble and step out into the crowd for once. This poker chip gives me a feeling of comfort and purpose, as it will stay vivid in my memory. Although stepping out of your comfort zone can sound similar to some cliche life advice, it puts you in a perspective that you don’t normally look through, which feels refreshing for once.
Blueberries for the Children of Westin
by Anders Pryor, 12th Grade

One night in nowhere, over the purple skies of America, a child reaches below his knees to pick blueberries from the bushes. As he does, he gazes down into the soil of which he was birthed.
Fulcrum
by Ava Ellis, 10th Grade

I learned in physics that in a lever, a fulcrum is a pivot, balancing everything out like the center of a seesaw. I see all the fulcrums in machines, but maybe there are more. In my life, good and evil, all balance on a fulcrum.
I used the medium of watercolor to create a pattern of marbles on a white background. This piece was an assignment in my watercolor art elective. I was not only trying to reflect on the spherical shape of marbles but to also reflect on the intrinsic patterns that marbles create when placed in a linear plane.

Artistic Process: I used the medium of watercolor to create a pattern of marbles on a white background. This piece was an assignment in my watercolor art elective. I was not only trying to reflect on the spherical shape of marbles but to also reflect on the intrinsic patterns that marbles create when placed in a linear plane.
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