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DARROW SCHOOL
Literary Magazine

PLEASE

TAKE

WHAT YOU

NEED

#TAKEWHATYOU NEED

PEACE

COURAGE

UNDERSTANDING

KINDNESS

GOODNESS



Burn Ban 2017

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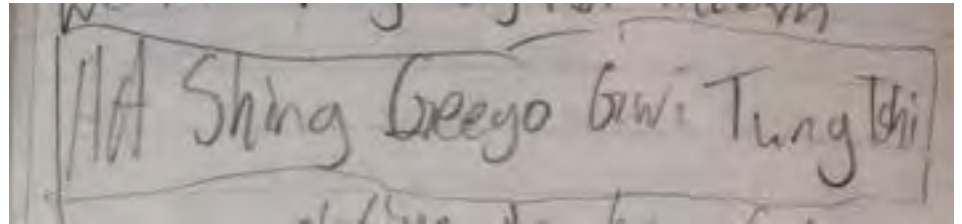
humans on a bus

by patrick toole

this is the strangest planet. i am in a bus full of young humans as the sun flickers on me through the window. thousands of well-placed tree branches pass between our bus and the sun. our sun. there are two languages being spoken on this bus—the first a rigid—consonant-filled one, where the words seem to repeat in subtly varied sounds, the tone moving up and down inside the sentence. the meaning of the speaker's intent is hard to glean without knowing the meaning of the words themselves. the other language is a lazier one, with words seeming to fall out of their speakers' mouths. the tone is obvious by the inflection, though maybe it is only obvious to me because i speak this language.

this planet seems strange in part because of the speed at which i travel. this bus is packed to every seat with young humans, and we move very fast through space relative to how fast humans are designed to move. usually about as fast as we can run.

we are (humans) a vocal species—we tend to talk to each other out loud to communicate



(diagram a: the sound of 1st language)

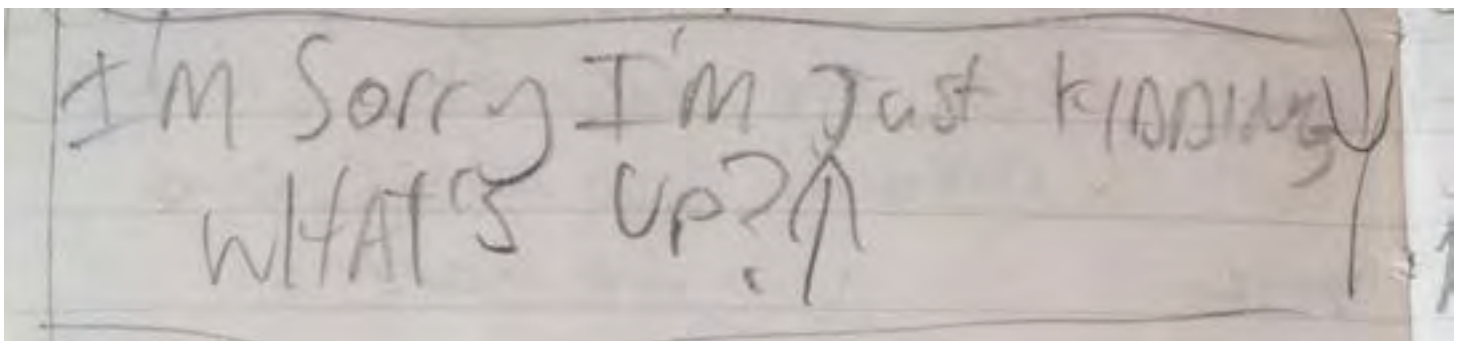
complicated ideas. for simpler ideas we can be less vocal, using body language, eye contact, and physical contact. but what is stranger still is that many of the humans on this bus are silent, secluded in their seats. many of them listen to private programming from small electronic devices—(electricity is a natural phenomenon that is happening all the time, but you can see it most when too much energy builds up in the sky and the clouds just can't take it anymore and have to get rid of some of it. it is sent back down to the ground very quickly. it is very visually dramatic. humans are interested in drama.)—and these humans create electricity by setting on fire the planet's excrement. they've done this so much

that there's no more excrement left.

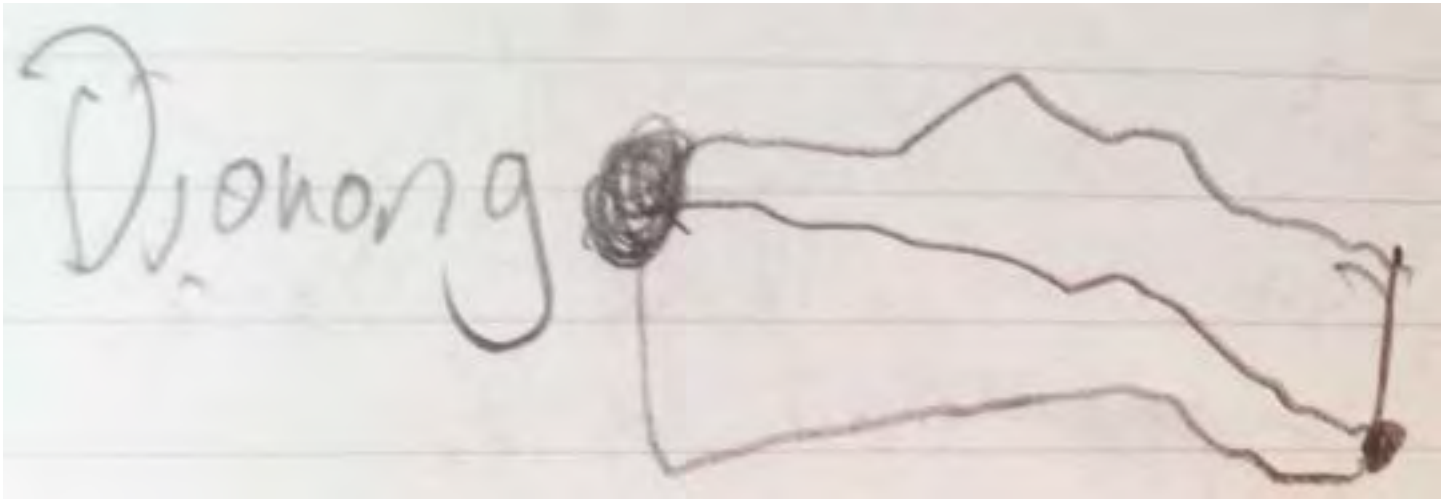
the earth has no more excrement.

the humans on the bus listen to music and watch entertainment privately made by people in other places (not this bus) in order to feel something on purpose. it's important for young humans in particular to feel like they are in control of their feelings—and this is one way they exert that control. but they do not talk to each other. because those interactions cannot be controlled and can therefore be uncomfortable—unlike the private entertainment made by people in other places.

there are times when the bus seems like it will surely crash—i see it in my internal eye—(hu-



(diagram b: the sound of 2nd language)



(diagram c: visual representation of 1st language)

mans have three eyes. two are physical and see outward, into physical space. they are made of soft membranes and are very sensitive to many things. the third eye is inside. it is not physical and it looks within.)

i can see us crashing inside and i am confronted with the reality of it, even though it is not happening currently.

there is one young human in front of me who is watching an edited representation of the real world. It is vivid and bright and beautiful. but the visuals out the window are far more beautiful, bright, and vivid.

we cannot control these visuals however. or not as easily.

“no service still” is a common phrase used on this bus. it is used to describe the situation when the invisible connections usually linking electronic devices to the human information collective (or “internet”) is not available in this location. when humans move great distances in small amounts of time (which they are not designed to do), they tend to encounter this problem. especially when far removed from physical human collectives (or “cities”).

“there is one young human in front of me who is watching an edited representation of the real world. It is vivid and bright and beautiful. but the visuals out the window are far more beautiful, bright, and vivid.”

darrow ultimate suffered a defeat at the hands of the agile marvelwood team. our team seemed stunned by the athleticism of many of their players, to the degree that our passes were dropped often. their team was simply more capable, more serious, and more interested than ours. these were tall upper-

classmen who had full control of their appendages. our team struggled to remain calm in the face of them. in the second half of the game, darrow ultimate scored a point against the odds— with our captain Biscuits executing a deft pass to jv captain Two Scoops, who secured the catch using his patented two-scoops method. soon after this, darrow ultimate appeared to have the beginnings of a comeback, with captain Biscuits delivering another choice pass to the man with the hair, the one and only Flo-Bro Cholnoky. our team did not let up even in the face of certain defeat as our unique ringer, Dr. Doom, terrified marvelwood’s star player into a submissive state with his unexpected and unpredictable defensive stances. other noteworthy smackdowns from the heretofore mentioned Biscuits, captain Choice Cuts Earley, and rising regular Ponyboy Paladino. this hard work in the face of adversity leads me to believe that next time, we will give the marvelous wood a run for its money...

—(date: the day of the walk-out, april 27th 2016)

My Place

My place
is not a room full of people
who are yelling and laughing and whining.

My place
is not the place
where the music blasts into your ears
and vibrates through the floor.

My place
is not the place
where people tell you what to wear
how to talk
who to be with.

My place
is not where the walls press in
and the strobe light flashes
light
dark
light
dark

distorting my vision,
people's movements robotic,
dreamlike.

My place is the forest.
Early in the morning
when the soft wind blows the snow off the branches
and glitters gold from the fingers of sunlight
in between the thin branches.

My place is high in a tree,
where the snow sits a foot high on every branch.

My place is where I don't have to talk
so nothing I say has to be censored, questioned, overruled
by the part of me that cares.

My place is not where I am being judged.
My place is where I only have to feel good,
not look it or sound it.

This is my place.

—Jeri '20

Goodnight, Everyone

As I lay on the soft earth,
and take my final breath,
I can't help but laugh in mirth,
At the thought of my own death.

It's not that it's funny,
yet it is also not sad,
for the night is still sunny,
and it's the loveliest one I've had.

Everything is singing this joyful one tune,
as I lay dying under the sun.
And as I stare up at the moon,
I smile and say, "Goodnight, everyone."

But inside I'm crying desperately
at the woeful injustice that I face.
No one will remember me.
No, not in this place.



Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes,
the rose has thorns just like the thistle.
See beyond what is known.
Become the seer.
But do not be deceived,
What is true isn't right.

Open your eyes,
Recollect the memories,
Forgotten long ago.
Retrace the steps,
Walked before.

Don't be fooled,
The dark is everywhere.
The brightest light,
Casts the darkest shadow.
Don't be fooled.

Open your eyes.

—Tench '20



Artwork by Max '17

If You Write Me Off

If you write me off,
I hope you write me off in proper grammar
I hope the subjects and verbs agree
I hope you sound intelligent
Like you just discovered that mc squared is E

If you write me off...
I hope that you use correct punctuation
I hope you use semicolons to introduce and relate
separations
I hope your exclamation points are flamboyant
And words jump at me like the world is fictional
And I hope that your commas pause for the
additional

If you write me off,
I hope you use pretty paper
The thick, expensive kind
Although you invest your being in nonsense
When you buy the paper,
I hope your card isn't declined

I hope you use red ink
Write my name like the paper is a death note
Encode little words of hate in the letters
That can only be enlarged by a telescope

Highlight some passages
Like you're calling me out for my mistakes
Don't highlight because it's important
Just do it to put me on display

If you write me off,
Just start it off with "to me"
Nothing about me was dear to you
Don't pretend and just let it be

I hope your pen glides across the paper
Like ice skates
And the thick ink holds down the pages
Like a paper weight
I hope that if you submitted this paper
to a contest
You would get first place
And that you'll get so proud
And party like it's your birthday

I hope that the reader's fingers
Will curl the pages in anticipation
And it musters up so much emotion
That it extracts tear duct precipitation
I hope everybody has access to it
Across the nation

Wait, let's make it international
If you writing me off could be a concept
It would be fashionable

I hope the contour game is too strong
And you write my success as tragedies
I hope the eyebrows would be on fleek
Point out my disgrace lavishly
Let your existence be the foundation
I hope everybody subscribes and likes
your creation
With eyeliner so sharp
Atheists beg for salvation
And people attempt what you do
In trepidation

--And
I'll paint your white lies in lilac
And your cover will be the sky bursting with blue
Let's make it artwork
Because writing me off
Could be the most beautiful mistake
A person could do

—Maya '17

I swear when I was birthed
I was cursed
Might end up in that hearse
Before I spit a verse
I don't wanna be done
By twenty-one,
It ain't that new
It can be over at twenty-two,
Hopefully I'll be free
At twenty-three,
Then at twenty-four
Hopefully I won't be praying for more
Minutes cause I might die
Will I be alive at twenty-five?
Then will I be missed
At twenty-six?
Cause I might be in heaven
At twenty-seven
But I gotta keep it steepin'
Hopefully as a relative I won't be late
At the age of twenty-eight
At twenty-nine will it be due time
By that nine,
Or a thirty at thirty
But I'm only 15
An I'm thinkin' bout life,
Thinkin' 'bout death,
Thinking of my future

I swear when I was birthed
I was cursed
Might end up in that hearse
Before I spit a verse.
I swear when I was birthed
I was cursed
Might end up in that hearse
Before I spit a verse.

—Jared '20

Does an artist need a subjective experience from which to create something that everyone will experience subjectively for he/she (the artist) to claim that they (everyone) failed to understand his/her (the artist) subjective experience objectively?

...Or is he/she just throwing paint at a wall?

—Katherine '17

A lady in glasses and a pantsuit once told me I was a genius
I just spent 15 minutes trying to find a “rhymes with genius”

At least my use of was was fitting.

—Katherine '17



Photograph by Mira '18

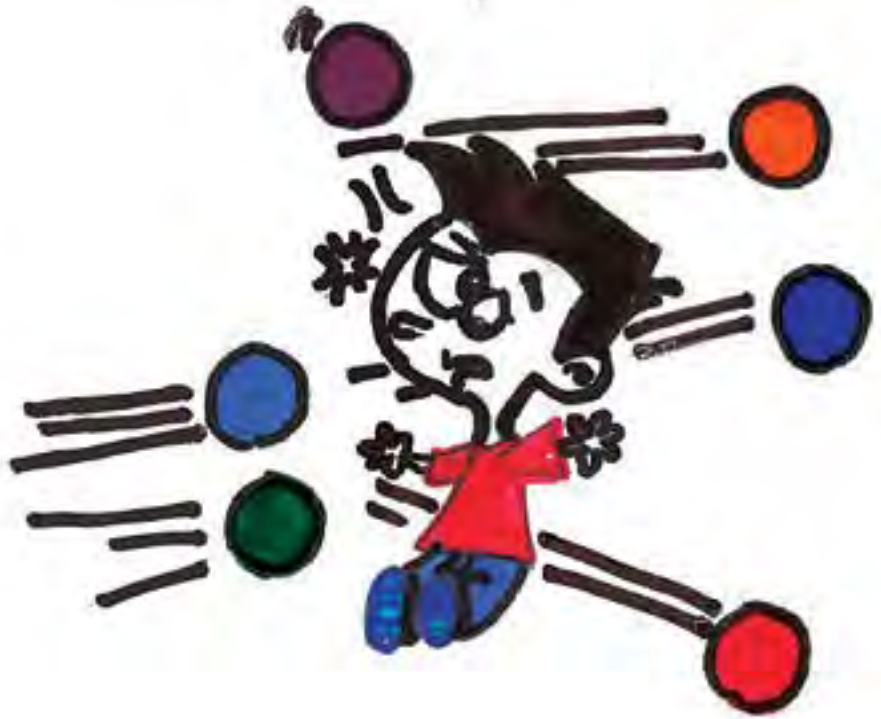
Underdogs, Long Shots, and Dodge Ball Dread

by Steve Ricci

If you attended a New York City Catholic school in the '60s, you knew one thing if you knew nothing else: teachers were scowling, hulking, choleric nuns shrouded in black and brandishing against their fleshy hips enormous rosary beads from which dangled crucifixes large enough to ferry cattle across the Hudson. They were not congenial, friendly, blond men in their late 20s. It just didn't work that way.

You can then imagine the shock of my fourth grade class on that first day of school in 1969, when a tall, slender young man named Mr. Sabitini—sporting an Ivy League suit and a winsome grin—strolled into our classroom and announced that he was not a substitute, but would actually be our teacher for the entire school year. Nine-year-old children wept the rapturous tears of prisoners unexpectedly freed from a dungeon after decades of ruthless torment. Getting a lay teacher was like winning the kids' lottery. Twice.

In 1969 Neil Armstrong toed the virgin surface of the moon, half a million lovers of music and peace flocked to Woodstock, and the fourth grade class at Our Lady of Pompeii School on Manhattan's lower West Side had an un-habited teacher who didn't scream at us in Latin or condemn our souls to the Purgatorial abyss for chewing gum in class. Surely, we thought, the year's reservoir of miraculous wonders had been thoroughly exhausted. We were wrong.



Artwork by Nyaiah '17

One month later, New York's "Miracle Mets" found themselves in the World Series. By way of perspective, this was a team whose play, only a few years earlier, was so legendarily incompetent it was not unusual to see players being carted off the field having been struck in the head by the fly balls they were trying to catch. We immediately abandoned our compulsory prayers for petty nonsense like eternal salvation and world harmony and instead beseeched the deity of the diamond to lead our hapless Mets to victory. After defeat in Game One, despite having their ace Tom Seaver on the mound, the underdog Mets then stunned the world by taking the next four straight from the powerhouse Baltimore Orioles.

Once again our class danced with unrestrained jubilation, as people flooded the streets of the Village, honking horns and shaking hands. We had all learned a lesson about the power of underdogs and long shots.

Later that year, Mr. Sabitini would teach me an equally indelible lesson about the power of underdogs and long shots. For those were not only days of historic technological accomplishments, revolutionary social upheaval, and brilliant victories on the playing fields, they were also the dark, dire, dreaded days of dodge ball.

I can't imagine there exists on Earth more than a handful of people who have neither seen the movie nor felt the blistering friction burn that a thick rubber ball can inflict when it impacts

one's face with sufficient velocity to eject one's thyroid gland out one's ear. So I won't dwell on the detailed mechanics, other than to say that dodge ball is a war-of-attrition game in which teams hurl a ball at opponents in an attempt to hit them and get them out of the game, or catch an opponent's throw to accomplish the same. This goes on until one player is left standing to claim the win for his team, or the city runs out of ambulances.

As with most competitive sports, dodge ball was hardly configured for the child of lesser stature; the harder you can throw the ball the more difficult it is for your opponent to catch or dodge it, leaving you the winner and the naturally selected representative to propagate your species. In fourth grade, I was at least a head shorter than any kid in my class and several heads shorter than the Enzo brothers, the identical twins who were the largest kids in my class. At age nine, the Enzo brothers were already in need of a shave, were routinely pummeling eighth-graders, and delighted in their after-school hobby of tipping over the neighborhood ice cream truck.

Finding yourself on the dodge ball team that opposed the Enzo brothers was about as comforting as hearing your dentist tell his assistant, "No, I said hand me the BIG needle." Their singular strategy was to ensure that each of their throws lifted its intended victim off the floor and carried him at least four rows into the bleachers, where he would lie flailing spastically as an angry purple hematoma spelling the word "Voit" formed across his rapidly swelling forehead.

“Finding yourself on the dodge ball team that opposed the Enzo brothers was about as comforting as hearing your dentist tell his assistant, ‘No, I said hand me the BIG needle.’ ”

As they stared you down from the other side of the court, menacing ropes of slobber swaying from their bared incisors, it was clear that they would settle for nothing less than seeing your skull pop open like a champagne bottle in a paint shaker.

Through an instinctive effort to avoid the inexorable cerebral hemorrhage headed my way, I had devised and mastered a crafty technique I called “participatory nonparticipation,” in which I would hide behind the largest teammate I could find and wait until the ball was thrown at him. Then, I would let the ball deflect off him and hit me, so that I could get out of the game and still avoid the sting of a direct hit.

Yes, I know what you're thinking; I could have taken the easy way out and thrown a soft, loopy little toss to the other side, where it would be easily caught and I'd be free to leave the game. Clearly you never attended a New York City school

because such a gutless conciliation would have been viewed by my streetwise classmates as cowardice, and as a result I would have later found myself in a Bleecker Street back alley, my head wedged firmly in one Enzo brother's armpit, while the other applied to my head a choice medley selected from their extensive menu of patented power noogies. I promise you, that was a fate far worse than having a dodge ball shear an ear off the side of your head. (And if you're Googling “noogie” right now, you definitely never attended a New York City school.)

Participatory nonparticipation served me well until one day when Mr. Sabitini, who had grown bored with merely supervising our gym classes, challenged all the boys in our class to a game of dodge ball. Him vs. us. This horrified even the Enzo brothers because, to our knowledge, no adult had ever played dodge ball against children. The girls immediately stopped their gymnastic and rope-jumping activities on the other side of the gym and ran over to watch, adding even more heat to a pre-adolescent peer pressure stew that was about to splatter humiliation and pulverized cranial tissue all over Greenwich Village.

As the ball started flying, I immediately dropped in behind the most capacious kid I could find. One by one they fell. Mr. Sabitini was flawless, dodging so quickly that no one could hit him and, almost without effort, catching every ball thrown at him. He threw hard enough so that we had no time to escape, yet never so hard that getting hit would hurt.

About 10 minutes into the game, the Enzo Brothers, our only hope for victory, lunged at the mid-line and each launched his best shot, only to see them caught and dodged easily by our chuckling teacher. In the face of such herculean aptitude I concluded that participatory nonparticipation was a wretched strategy, born of an absurd notion that I might actually reach high school without having my head wrenched open like a Pez dispenser. My only hope was to let the ball hit me and get out of the game before I was one of the only targets left.

I began hurling myself into the path of Mr. Sabitini's throws. It didn't work.

I stood there alone on my side of the court, the last delegate of my dejected class having somehow failed at both cowardice and suicide, and now mulling the social consequences of a public excretory system malfunction. Opposite me, my smirking teacher tossed the ball from hand to hand and acquired his trembling target. Then he reared his arm back and let loose a red rubber laser beam that passed only inches over the part in my hair. I crumpled to the floor, listening for even the merest suggestion of a pulse. But all I could hear were the sounds of my classmates cheering and applauding. Not only had I dodged the ball, it had not bounced off the bleachers behind me and rolled back to Mr. Sabitini, which would have entitled him to another throw. Instead, the ball sat motionless only inches away from me. Now it was my turn.

Trying to affect the demeanor of a confident professional ath-

**“Opposite me,
my smirking
teacher tossed
the ball from
hand to hand
and acquired his
trembling target.
Then he reared
his arm back and
let loose a red
rubber laser beam
that passed only
inches over the
part in my hair.”**

lete, rather than the demeanor of a nine-year-old on the verge of a grand mal seizure, I picked up the ball and did my best impersonation of Tom Seaver winding up to fire a blazing split-fingered fastball.

Mr. Sabitini didn't flinch. He just crouched directly in front of me, waiting to effortlessly snag my pitiful throw and condemn me to the shame of my classmates and the wrath of the Enzo brothers (who were now having a rancorous argument over whether to consummate my after-school execution with the noogie *du jour* or to advance to a cauterization noogie, or perhaps the terrifying coma noogie).

I closed my eyes and let it fly, staring in disbelief as the ball struck Mr. Sabitini right in the hands; the worst possible throw I could make. Time stopped and

I envisioned my concussed self being carried out of Shea Stadium on a stretcher, the imprint of a routine pop-up stamped on my throbbing forehead.

Then the ball bounced off the tips of Mr. Sabitini's outstretched fingers and hit the floor. He had dropped my throw. He was out. I was in. Our class had won.

Within seconds I was riding a raft of my classmates' shoulders across the gym, triumphantly accepting their back slaps and shoulder chucks as they chanted my name. I spent the rest of the day beaming with newfound self-esteem, recanting the play-by-play to anyone who hadn't already heard it six times. (I may have overstepped when I offered to sell autographed dodge balls in the cafeteria, but, hey, I had won my own World Series against impossible, Mets-like odds.)

Recalling that day many years later as an adult, I realized Mr. Sabitini could have caught my throw while blindfolded and hanging upside down in a wind tunnel. He had dropped the ball and thrown the game purposely, and done it so convincingly that none of my classmates suspected a fix; so realistically, in fact, that it took me about 25 years to realize what he had done.

For a long time after that day, I was one of the first kids selected when sides were chosen for dodge ball. My diminutive size and bizarre throwing style now were cherished attributes instead of liabilities. My days of cowering behind the gigantic were over. I charged the line, fired by my first taste of glory, and a chivalrous lesson taught by a compassionate teacher.

Sometimes, even the Mets win.



Photograph by Mira '18

Can we talk about this later?

I don't want to spill the rocks and snow in my shoes onto your living room carpet, I don't want to bore you
I'm sorry I'm saying it again

You're the only one who talks to me but I promise I'd be listening anyway

I'm the only one who talks to you, otherwise you wouldn't want me. I don't think you're as violent as I am.
We haven't even met yet, I don't retain your answers to my incessant inquiries of mundane classics: who
do you love more? and what is your favorite flavor of gum? and which is your good side? and would you
rather live here or with me?

I won't break this tired shape we make, I won't leave you, I won't move, I'll let you talk forever

This is the most holy I have been since I decided every breath I took was a sacrilege

I believe everything but I also can tell that you plan yourself and structure your sentences to tip my chin

You will never convince me to believe in whatever end you predict, who are you?

Please, I am sure I am impeccable, rigid, protected.

You are exactly what I always wanted for myself, you are exactly what I always cursed and prodded
myself for lacking, you are exactly what I will follow and crave until I learn better.

I need new ways.

—Naomi '19

Confusión

En el laberinto del miente
Se tiene que escoger
Quizás derecho
Quizás izquierda
Con cualquiera se va a perder

Se lo hace mas y mas
Y la música se puede oír
Tan disonante
Que ruidoso
El caos se puede sentir

En las manos hay un bramante
Que se intenta de enderezar
Cambia en hiedra
Con tantos espinos
Y esto se hace gritar

La hiedra crece mas y mas larga
Con su fuerza se enreda
Hasta todo el piso
Es cubierto
Con un red de la gran hiedra

Una sopa de romanescu
Se trata de cocinar
Pero cuando se mezcla
Los ingredientes
A si mismo se comienza dudar

Caminando en círculos grandes
El camino un espiral
¿Estoy más perdido?
¿O sea paranoia?
Siempre se la preguntará

Con el red de hiedra llena,
El cielo comienza nublar
Todo es gris
No hay claridad
Por fin, hay oscuridad

In the labyrinth of the mind
You have to choose
Maybe right
Maybe left
With whichever yourself you will lose

It is done more and more
And you can hear the music
So dissonant
How loud
You can feel the chaos

In hands there is twine
That you try to untangle
It changes into ivy
With so many spines
And this makes you scream

The ivy grows longer and longer
With its strength it creates a web
Until all the floor
Is covered
With a web of the great ivy

A soup of romanesco
You try to cook
But when you mix
The ingredients
To yourself you begin to doubt

Walking in large circles
The path a spiral
Am I more lost?
Or be it paranoia?
You will always ask yourself this

Full of the web of ivy
The sky begins to cloud
All is grey
There is no clarity
Finally there is darkness

—Ewan '18

Talkin' 'Bout a Revolution: An Essay/Open Letter/Word Piece

by Brian Granger

Dear Reader,

A good year before one of the most important presidential elections this nation has ever held had occurred, I was already full of dread. Now that the election has happened, I remain in dread, and the source of my dread isn't which flavor-of-the-month is holding office. I know I am not the only one mourning something greater than party politics. Something Orwellian, something dystopian and so screwed it would take a science fiction writer to imagine it, seems to be creeping over the planet, and this country in particular. Call it a thick boot of incivility. Call it a tightening noose of meanness and self-interest. Call it what you want, but recognize that something is making things here feel less familiar, and doing this in a world that happens to have more information and surveillance than we've seen in human history. Something is making people around the world feel more frantic and endangered, but doing this in a world with more tools that shape, navigate, control, and protect our fragile bodies from the environment than we have ever seen in human history. And in this country, notable in human history for the sheer openness of our governing process, we see more citizens less inter-

ested than possibly ever before in actually participating in that shared process. Isn't it odd that there is so much disagreement about what is oppressing us, yet uniformly, people are saying they feel oppressed? Under attack? Something should, and must, change.

Studies and polls are harmonious in their observation that too many of the citizens in this country don't vote or participate fully in the political process. A young woman, a neighbor, told me—when I asked her why she hadn't voted in the last city election—that, “It doesn't mean anything. It never goes the way you want it.” I honestly can't say I believed this recent election would be any different for her, or for me. So what are we to hope for? Well, I'm not sure how we'll get to it, but I have a hunch about what this nation needs.

What America needs is a revolution—an end to the freeze that has buried love, tolerance and freedom under an icy hand. A real revolution. Not with guns and murder, and not with Hollywood celebrities portraying prettier versions of the citizens leading the way. We need revolutionary leaders—people to bring warmth in, heat the waters of the political process, so that they entice us all to dip ourselves back into them. We need revolutionary women and

men who'll love America as any good person will love an abused child—to clean us up and get us out of the cold, to do for us until we trust again.

I wish there was an easy way to find such revolutionaries. If I could conduct a search myself, and run a classified ad in every paper in the United States, it would probably read something like this:

WANTED : REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS

Full-time positions available immediately. Seeking candidates with vision, inspirational public speaking skills, a keen sense of moral justice, and abundant passion for social change. It's okay if your detractors call you insane. However, you shouldn't actually be insane. Anyone calling themselves or their party the Messiah or Saviour or Only Choice (bizarre as that contradiction is) will be immediately disqualified. Anyone calling for war, or using any kind of physical weapon, and invoking God in the same breath, will be immediately disqualified. Anyone not able to say, without a second thought, that postures of supremacy and discrimination are wrong, that labels are harmful, that demonizing human diversity and difference is, well, demonic, will be immediately disqualified. Anyone who be-

haves as though their money is more important than someone else's human child won't get their name on a ballot. Duties will include, but not be limited to: "telling it like it is"; making and giving impressive speeches; recruiting for your cause (no telemarketing, though); mobilizing the masses and freeing the oppressed in your own country. Must be willing to die, though. Candidates may encounter phone taps, mail bombs and attempts to destroy character or public standing. Great benefits include: a sense of goodwill gained through your own sacrifice; righteousness; fame and a permanent place in history, which might lead to a possible holiday or stamp created in your honor, years after your horrific death. This is potentially a non-paying position—all candidates must be willing to work for free if it comes to that. America is proud to be an Equal Opportunity Employer. Members of all cultures, religions, creeds, races, ethnicities, genders, sexual orientations, body types and classes encouraged to apply.

I will admit this is a hard position to fill...not as easily attractive as, say, a modeling job. But it must be filled. The need is urgent.

As the weather cools (politically and calendrically), I think more and more about a vivid memory from the preceding winter. I'm heading back to school near the end of my winter break. In this memory I am sitting in the Columbus International Airport,

“Duties will include, but not be limited to: “telling it like it is”; making and giving impressive speeches; recruiting for your cause (no telemarketing, though); mobilizing the masses and freeing the oppressed in your own country. Must be willing to die, though.”

waiting for my flight to come in. The plane is late. I'm passing some time by sitting in the lobby, my back against a wall, watching the other travelers pass.

A guy approaches. He's sort of looking around, perplexed. Is he mentally impaired? I can't tell yet. He's older than me—mid-40's? Kind of a short guy. His wavy, light brown hair stops just above his shoulders. It's thinning in all kinds of interesting places. He has a thick, brown mustache. He looks like the laid-back type—he's got this tee-shirt on with some sort of psychedelic design, shorts (keep in mind it is winter) and sandals, open-toed. He obviously didn't come to the airport from Columbus dressed this way—maybe he just got off a plane from some warmer climate? Florida? California?

He notices me staring. Now he walks over to speak.

“Is there any place in this airport I can possibly go to have an f-ing drink and a cigarette?”

I don't smoke, but I've noticed a lot more restaurants and bars are putting up “no smoking” signs around town. I think about this and his question, and smile. I'm not sure what to say. I shake my head “no.”

“Yeah,” he says, smiling back, “I guess not in this f-ed up society.”

He sets the huge bag he's carrying down by my own.

“You from around here?”

I'm hoping he's not trying to pick me up.

“Yeah,” I say.

“I'm originally from here—I was raised here. Then I moved to California for 21 years.”

See? California. I was right. The guy goes on.

“People in California think they're so liberal, but I'll tell you—it's an f-ing police state.”

He's looking around again.

“I'm waiting for my sister. She hasn't shown up yet. The whore probably overslept.”

I don't know how to respond to this sudden, misogynist remark. I begin to wonder if this man is crazy...he had seemed so pleasantly frustrating a minute ago.

He shrugs, apparently not too angry. “It happens to all of us.”

I suddenly want to help him, be his therapist or something.

“Did you call her?”

He shakes his head, like a child.

“Nah. She'll be here, though.”

He looks around the lobby, smiling, then turns to me again.

“I've hitchhiked and walked

all over this country, and I'll tell you one thing—and I don't mean to sound patronizing—but the white man sucks."

Okay. Here is a white guy. He wants me to have a conversation with him, I'm assuming, about how bad white guys are. Why? I very quickly get the sense that he is assuming, since I am a brown-skinned person of color, that I would automatically hate most white people. Very odd but, I suppose, not uncommon. I smile, amused by the unexpectedness of this encounter more than anything.

"Well," I began, "that is a big generalization. But I know what you mean."

"I'm less afraid of someone black who is in a gang than I am of the white gang members who wear the badges. This whole 'war on drugs' thing is a joke."

He's speaking very passionately now.

'Prohibition showed that the only effective way to deal with drugs is to make them legal. What's your name?' he says, extending his hand.

"Brian."

"I'm Travis."

He looks up suddenly as a short, curly-blond woman, very tanned (the contrast between her bright orange-brown skin and yellow hair is hard to ignore), strides up the aisle to where we are. He turns to her.

"There you are, you little whore!" he yells, laughing.

I'm bracing for some sort of reality-daytime-trash-TV type of reaction, but the woman just chuckles, accepting the insult,

and gives him a hug. I decide to let that little mystery go.

"270 was closed," she says.

"They're doing construction, so I had to drive all the way around the city."

Travis turns to me.

"Hey, this is my sister, Kelly."

We shake hands. "It's nice to meet you," I say.

Travis grabs his bag. He looks at me with a seriousness that feels intimate.

"Let's hope the revolution you and I were talking about comes around, and not the one the right wing wants. Have a good life."

He turns, and leaves with his sister Kelly. The encounter ends.

Okay, so maybe that wasn't the greatest, most perfect example. But there were some good things in there. I mean, I didn't have the heart to tell him that legalizing marijuana just wasn't first on my list of important social changes for America—but there are many people, who I know personally and care for, who do feel that issue is very important. So I was glad he took the time to speak to me, to share his opinion, to vent some of the tension he deals with daily in his quirky life.

That he considered our brief trading of words a talk about "revolution," points first to the depth of passion he feels about the issue, suggests the sort of tension he feels; and perhaps it suggests, too, the amount of passion and tension that exists around the issue for other people—strangers, like me, whom he has met and talked to on his

hitchhikes around America. Yet the drug issue is just one issue among many. For another, more popular cause—ending racism, homophobia, environmental destruction, etc.—there will no doubt be greater passions, a more widespread need to vent.

That he considered me safe to talk to in the first place, to share a talk about "revolution," points secondly to the great and surprising fact of this country: that we are more alike, all of us, than we are different. As human mammals we are infinitely interested in each other and as citizens we could enjoy each other much more if we took the time to talk with each other. Talking with each other won't erase our differences, just as my talk with Travis did not erase mine or his. But I am grateful for the sheer humanness of the moment he, his sister, and I shared in the airport terminal.

Thirdly, and lastly, the fact that our brief trading of words was deemed a talk about "revolution" also, and perhaps most importantly, points to the way true revolution builds. It begins in quiet, in the silent eyes of witness, in the gradual sharing of stories and experiences, and in the solidifying of feeling and need. When I am most antsy to "get things crackin'" with revolutionary intent, I must remember that Revolution does not immediately stomp the snow-pummeled yard. First it sits down, weary but determined, and slips on its heavy wool socks. It breathes, it considers the tools available and the work to be done, then pulls on its boots.

Singer-songwriter Tracy Chapman wrote a song in the 1980s called “Talkin’ ’Bout a Revolution.” She is a native of the state of Ohio, like me (she’s from Cleveland, land of my father and some of my wilder cousins), and she was building a career as a singer-songwriter before the idea even occurred to me that you could do that for a living. She’s been a huge influence. Her song, in some ways, an influence more huge. The song spoke of social inequality and the dissatisfaction of the people who were, very quietly, discussing change. The song was a specific address on the state of the poor and economically oppressed; but, as we often do with great works of art, I extended the message, made it a metaphor for my own suffering, my own particular political concerns. I was a student in public high school when I first heard the song... my high school was not an easy place. Her song became a message of hope. She’d sing:

*And finally the tables are
starting to turn
Talkin’ bout a revolution
Yes, finally the tables are
starting to turn*

I felt she was speaking to me and all the other bullied nerds at my school. The tables would turn. Change would come. By listening to her song over and over again, reflecting on its message, and by my silent agreement I was, in fact, talking with Tracy Chapman about

revolution, just as much as the poor within her song lyrics were talking with each other—though barely audible. The sound of talkin’ ’bout a revolution, Chapman says, is “like a whisper.”

I remember looking through one of the national music magazines at the time, and reading a negative review of the album, wherein a critic balked at Chapman’s undiluted idealism, her dream-like grasp at sentiments that died in most people with the 1960s and its youthful optimism. I remember being so angry at that critic. What in the world is wrong with optimism, anyway? Isn’t idealism always necessary? Isn’t human existence a great long-shot against the incredibly brutal tendencies of nature and the universe? That was how I felt at the time. But as I think about it now, perhaps my hope for revolution, for the emergence of great leaders soon, was and still is just that—a grasp, a wishful thinking born of hungry, shivering need.

So be it. When the time comes again I will vote, and despite my doubts about the outcome, I will continue to be wishful, and will step up to vote when that time comes around again. And I will continue to be a minister of joy, a nurse of possibility, a coach of openness, maker of change. I will burrow into my wishes for this country, along with Tracy Chapman and so many marginalized others beneath the surface of the ice. We will talk—in voices barely audible, or in the briefest of encounters, almost in code—about the climate change, about the revolution that must and will come.

PS – For more information, further details about the source mentioned here, or just for some first-rate musical meditation, go find and listen to the album *Tracy Chapman* (1988). The self-titled and largely acoustic guitar-and-vocals debut album by this singer-songwriter was first introduced to the public through her first Top-40 single from the album, a song called *Fast Car*. Chapman won the Grammy Award for Best New Artist (beating out Rick Astley and Vanessa Williams in the same category!) and Best Folk Recording, and her performance on *Fast Car* earned her the Grammy for Best Female Pop Vocal Performance (even beating out Whitney Houston’s anthem, “One Moment in Time”). *Fast Car* is a beautiful lyric poem about youth, the working class, and possibility. The symbol of the car as a vehicle for change is both poignant and inherently North American. The second single released from her debut album was the song I have described here—the politically charged *Talkin’ ’Bout a Revolution*. It will not surprise you that the song, with its heavy Marxist lyrical edges, did not do as well on the charts in the U.S. as it did internationally. It might surprise you that the song was an important artifact during the Tunisian revolution in 2011, and that the song was prominently used during the 2016 Bernie Sanders U.S. presidential campaign. Some folks still talkin’ ’bout it.

Navigating the Jet Stream

The westerly wind of my core meanders,
you are my east.

We start and stop, merge, split in two,
Like the jet stream—

We, the intensified atmospheric heat
between currents.

In opposite directions we converge.
Steering the storms above, we discover the
elevation and depth,
delighting in this river of air.

Flowing rapidly—
Breathing is effortless.
The intoxication is our solace,
our temperate zone.

It is our individual planets that keep us
in rotation.

Firmly we are rooted, each contently linked
to a separate axis, held in place by
a gravitational force beyond control.

As with everything, there is the risk of clear air
turbulence.

There is danger as we pull further from
the equator.

Where we discover we have always been
the same stream.

—Joelle Russo



Photograph by Jeri '20



Artwork by Mira '18 and Anonymous

Ready to See the Rabbit

We see the man on the moon
At night in the clear, black sky.

But go away. Far away to an island
where everything is lost
and small.

Where they follow you, giggling in the aisles,
And they stare, sweating in the onsen.

There, they say there's a rabbit on the moon
pounding mochi. There. They point. Can you see it?

I cannot, though I strain my bloodshot eyes.

Here's what I see when I stop craning my neck ..
Garbage bags burning, hitching acrid smoke
to the breeze,
Akitas relentlessly tugging on their backyard
shackles and chains,
Strip upon strip of paper tied like ribbons
on branches,
A Shinto wishing well.
A line of identical shoes inside the door and the
hole in my stocking..

I cannot see the rabbit
When I am choking on my loneliness
Or when the trains wrench to a stop after this
week's earthquake.

But come home and strain to return to
the fold of life.

Try to rekindle the fires and the friendships,
and eventually pretend to forget what they had
been.

Years pass at home. and one night, look to the
full moon and see it...
the rabbit, the mochi, and remember it all better
than it was

And wonder why we can't see the rabbit until
we are ready
And already home.

—Dana Katz

Inamorata

In my bed I think about
your empty airless office
and your blue eyes swimming.
I look beyond the snowfall,
incapable of feeling, just
a closed window and the wind.
The thought of another waking year
as a devoted insomniac, shakes me.

The promise of a new spring whispers,
an echo along an alabaster corridor.
Your slim hands, folded heart shaped.
Open now to me,
and I will, as a red-breasted blackbird,
land quietly upon you.

We, this secluded garden, a meadow
in the depths of a world
that no one can fathom.

—Joelle Russo



Photograph by Tench '20



Photograph by Mira '18

Untitled

by Naomi '19

I'm sitting in the screened-in porch. It's raining again, but it feels like a rain to help the plants grow: cold, brief, nurturing. My yard looks like a jungle. Dad always mowed the lawn, so the grass is uneven and malnourished. Sometimes the grass blades stretch their deep green bodies towards the tree branches above, dripping with healthy abundances of tear-shaped leaves. The hammock is getting old. Faded and tattered, it sinks nearer the ground every summer from the combined strain of our bodies and its aging tendons. The stone paths glisten with

rain water collected in the subtle valleys of their terrain. The slow drizzle creates an ensemble of percussion instruments—the quiet ping of droplets bouncing off leaves, the soft thud of precipitation accepting its fate and sliding slowly down slim tree trunks, the steady barrage of infantry soldiers streaming in waterfalls down fence poles and smacking the stone ground. Every atom vibrating, while our yard seems encased by fence posts reaching up into the sky and forming an invisible ceiling, sealing us into our own bi-dome. All the plants flourish,

thrive, reach with eager bodies, loving the storm clouds as they fall asleep. Sunlight streams in through the tops of the dogwood trees, drying the green ropes of the hammock and the wooden porch. One owl, unseen, solemnly calling from a wet branch in the neighbor's yard. The sun settles back in the corner of the sky, letting my hair shine red and gold, the heat piercing my skull with cheerful rays of gold and yellow.

Grandmother

She is a force to be reckoned with
Not by her size or stature
It is the wrinkles around her eyes, the voluminous cackle in her laughter

Making messes while humming southern lullabies
It is in her transparency, rigor, and bluntness
That has often made me cry

“See,” she says, “Everything has a story”
Furniture, pictures, faces
But my favorites are about love that she often rehashes

“He was off to so and so and I was in trouble”
The tale would end with him, like Superman
Saving his battleaxe from her most recent fiasco

Behold this mother earth digging away
While the mutts rally around
Praising her efforts with wet tongues throughout the day

Strong she is
Willing she is not
To ever leave without, “that other thing” that she, “most definitely forgot”

By the end she curls up to coffee
Swapping medications with the aging retriever
I look at this woman, my heritage, and I still believe in her

–Catherine Stines



Photograph by
Anonymous

The Coroner

by Tench '20

I moved to Grantown about two months ago for the opening at the morgue for a coroner; the job paid decently and I needed some cash. I was fresh out of medical school and desperately needed to pay off my debt. The coroner job seemed like a perfect fit for me. I always felt calmer in the presence of a dead body. The cold nature of a human corpse staring blankly at the luminescent lights on the ceiling was serene, and the sense of tranquility in their eyes, compared to the hectic lives they once lived, was peaceful.

As part of my job whenever an unexpected or suspicious death happened, I had to determine the cause of death. I liked to think of myself as a Sherlock Holmes of sorts. I looked at bruises and cuts to say with some certainty how they died. After a month I started to get closer to the people of Grantown, learning about the intricate families and pasts of the small town. Grantown was a tight-knit community, and it held gatherings and festivals every few weeks. All of the one hundred or so people came and it was easy to get to know everybody. I was wandering around at the fair of New Summer, and I found an old man sitting away from everybody. I walked over and introduced myself. He mumbled quietly...

"Name is Earl."

"Why aren't you celebrating with the rest of the town?" I asked Earl.

"Today would've been my anniversary," he replied.

"A few nights later I saw Earl walking down the street alone, going to the cemetery to leave some flowers at Susanne's grave. I heard a whisper in the back of my head."

"Would've been?"

"My wife Susanne died three years ago, and after she left, all of our children stopped talking to me."

I felt sorry for him, so I spent the rest of the day trying to console Earl, and at the end of the night, he thanked me for helping him feel calmer.

A few nights later I saw Earl walking down the street alone, going to the cemetery to leave some flowers at Susanne's grave. I heard a whisper in the back of my head. It told me very quietly to hit him with my car. Once he dies he won't have to feel the pain of loss or the sadness of being lonely. Free him from the burden of life. The voice was so quiet I could barely make out the words, but it was like a small nagging parasite in the back of my head; I felt a desperate desire to do as it asked.

I felt him thump against the hood of my sedan. He was already dying on the road and the blood loss was severe. I glanced down at him as I drove away;

I drove through the night in silence, and after a few minutes I arrived at my house. I parked my car in the garage and got a hose from the back of the house. After washing the majority of the blood off the hood of the car, I scrubbed the rest out with a rag. A few hours later, I slid into bed. That night I slept more soundly than I had in years. I dreamed that Earl was happily spending time with his wife.

The next day I drove to work as usual. There was a fresh corpse at the morgue; it was Earl. He was killed in the middle of night. The police department wanted answers about how he died. I went to work; looking at the amount of ribs broken to the size of the gash in his chest from the impact and writing down in the coroner's report that he was hit by a truck. I whispered into Earl's ear "Bet your kids will come to the funeral; the whole family will be back together." I let out a giddy laugh of excitement to see the children he talked so highly of.

I was right, and they made a beautiful funeral, honoring Earl and the life he had lived. Later that night I saw Harry. He was a kind man whom I had talked to a few times before at various events. He approached me and said

"Who would've done this?"

"It must've been an accident; Earl wasn't hurting anyone," I responded.

"Yeah, I just wonder what I'll do without him," Harry said shaking his head.

"What do you mean?"

Earl gave me some money because I lost my job at the steel mill in the next town over.”

“Why’s that?”

“Got replaced by some machine. It can work faster for no pay, and now I’m running late on my rent for my apartment. I think I’ll have to start pawning off some of my stuff.”

Later that night I handed Harry a check for his rent. He thanked me profusely as I started to get into my car to drive home.

A few nights later I was on the way back to my house after checking in on everything at the morgue, I took a detour and found Harry walking back to the apartment complex. The voice came back, but this time, it wasn’t whispering... it was talking. It was saying, Soon Harry will be homeless, what a bad streak of luck. He just wants it to be over. With one quick press of the pedal I crushed Harry under my tires, I felt his body give way under the pressure of my car. I dashed off to my house. I took the hose out again and gave my car a wash, thoroughly cleaning the tires where the bits of Harry got caught.

The next day I heard about the tragedy of Harry getting killed in a freak car accident the night before and I saw his body. The neck was snapped and his face was pulverized. He had tire streaks running down his arms and legs. I leaned down and whispered quietly “No more problems with money huh?” and chuckled to myself. The weight that would’ve been needed to snap his neck like that must’ve come from a heavy car I reported to the police, guessing that it could’ve been the truck driver



Photograph by Steve Ricci

again. People started to get restless in town, worrying about this so called “Truck Killer.” The celebrations and festivals started to become more hostile, and people started to be suspicious of their friends and neighbors.

At Harry’s funeral, I was talking with Jason.

“Harry was always there for me,” Jason said softly.

“Me too,” I lied.

“I caught my fiancée in bed with a man I didn’t recognize a few weeks ago, Harry was the only one who had been helping me through it.”

I tried to comfort Jason and give him hope for the rest of the funeral and services. Afterwards I realized I needed some laundry detergent, so I went to the general store.

On the way back from the general store I saw Jason making

his way back to his house. End it, just like she did, he can’t live without her and you know that he’s just going to blow his brains out in a day or two anyways. The voice suddenly shrieked at me. Panicked, I slammed my foot on the gas and hit him; his bones snapping and popping under my tires. This time the voice didn’t stop talking. It insisted that I must free everybody from the curse of life, and I had to comply.

That night I drove off, never to set foot in Grantown again. I started to drive off to the East Coast, hoping that there will be enough people for the voice to stop screaming. It’s deafening now, the only thing that quiets it for a moment is the sound of another body slamming into the hood of my car.



Artwork by Eileen Ordu

The Timeless Pottery Sherd

Smooth
Chipped
Broken
Used
Abandon
A traveler
A miraculous piece of art

Dirty
A story
Loved
Lost
Named
Marveled
Cherished
Useful
Strong
Knowledge
Power
Old
New

From wealth
From poverty
Used by all of you
From the present
From the past
From the ground
From your hands
Your creation
A reflection of time

I am a timeless Pottery Sherd

—Catt '17



Photograph by Steve Ricci



Photograph byAnonymous

The Blue Light

The blue light emanates across the room
As a child rests his head
For the day has worn thin
And his eyes are drawing shut

Yet he will always awake
A tear falling from his face

He looks to the light
Shining radiantly down on his pale face
Assuring him that he may soon sleep

For if it weren't for the blue light
He would not sleep at all
For if the darkness comes
It may take them all

–Griffin '17

Grey

Fear is an infinite number of points.

Frozen in place moments.
Inverse, yelling get off your ass do something moments.

Fear locks doors, slams shutters.
But fear of losing out slides open bolts, propels outside again.

Fear is crucial — a primordial function.

Fear is an infinite number of points.

Hold-your-breath-no-words-come-out-when-you-try-to-speak fear
Also push-yourself-pumped-full-of-adrenaline-so-thankful-you-did-what-you-did fear.

Fear holds back
Yet motivates to go further.

More often than fear binds us, it frees us.

—Michael Glovsky



Photograph by
Edwin Hirschfeld

I am from...

I come from peacocks, seahorses, and Hummel figurines covering every surface
(and one real peacock in the “jungle” lot next door)
I come from a pile of stuffed animals snug under the covers, partners in imaginary adventures
We rode the top bunk with little bro below
I come from plastic dinosaur backyard “swamplands”
I come from four square and kickball games, when recess was a thing...
I come from all day street ball with blacktop skinned knees
I come from little league drama, and no rain outs ever!
I come from hot saliva, pounding heart and dusty eucalyptus trees of glorious high school striving
I come from jazz records and Mom singing “Summertime” and (Dad’s rich manly bass, heard only in church).
I come from Sunday German pancakes, their smell wafting through Dad’s cigarette cloud,
From endless bologna and pb and j sandwiches, sometimes crunchy with beach sand...
I come from canned soup and white bread, giving way to wheat bread and granola...
I come from simple spaghetti and tacos with green olives
I come from Fiddlesticks the cat and Skipper the dog
From tanks full of fish always dying...
I come from alligator lizards, “bluebellies,” and horny toads
I come from starfish and sea anemones, teeming tide pools now off limits
Mom teaching Gandhi and Martin Luther King Jr.
I come from Dad talking politics and sports
Epic father-son chess games ’til I beat him too much
I come from birds of paradise, and Mom’s thorny roses, from ice plant hills, fending off the brush fires
Thirsty drives to Bakersfield to see our beloved Camacho cousins (Three Musketeers forever!)
I come from cross country, car sick pilgrimages “Back East” to honor Midwestern roots, with no air conditioning
I come from sibling squabbles, angry shouts and loving coos, but always, always love.

—Tom Tift

I am from the smell of coffee in the morning
From 10am Sunday Mass & long cookouts underneath the hot July sun
I am from the loud music and the Apartment with the small annoying dog who barks way too much
I am from the mango trees & the cool shade. From the sweet sugar canes whose long gone limbs
I remember as if they were my own
I am from the big curly hair and the “yese pajon” comments when I wash my hair and don’t straighten it
I am from Lilliam, Jose, Jerlin, and Neyla, from the Mangu and salami on the weekends and the pressure
to know how to cook by age 13
I am from the “You’re too young,” and “You don’t need that,” from learning that you can’t always get what
you want
I am from Brooklyn, New York and Dominican Republic
From Flan and New York style cheesecake
I am from the time my sister threw me into the water at the beach and I got lost because I wanted to
change out of my wet clothes
From the time I had to babysit my one year old cousin because I am 16 and don’t know how to be an adult
I am from home

—Jayme '18

I am from a 12-string guitar,
From aprons on Grandma and nothing going to waste.
I am from balls, bikes, and a rusty old can for kicking, 4 bedrooms, 9 people, and something always on
the stove.
I am from barn cats and vegetable gardens.
The twin peach trees in the side yard for whose fruit I always yearned.
I'm from Church and hard work.
From Delia, Hillaire, and Holmes, Aloysius, Mantlebert, Sinclair.
I am from watching deer at dusk, walking to school.
From saying Grace before meals and from generations helping anyone in need.
I'm from "Please keep an eye on your brothers" and "Be home before dark," and John Denver, The Car-
penters and Teaching The Word to Sing
I'm from nightly blessings before bed.
I'm from the small city and the farm, and Scotland, Ireland and who knows where?
Boiled meats and vegetables and Shortbread and Jam.
From pond skating, snow forts, and neighborhood games.
From eating dog biscuits in the back of the station wagon on a dare from big brother.
From where every photograph equals a good memory.
From where every day is a gift.

-Lisa Leary



Photograph by Jess '17

I am from...

I am from classical record albums and sheet music, messy closets and NPR.

I'm from irises, gladioli, dahlias and tomatoes. A late summer cookout of grilled salmon and corn. I'm from carcasses of birds and moles, gifts from our cats... run over one by one and lost to us.

I'm from a treasure trove of ticky tacky littered with skateboards and roller skates, of streets named for deceased and defunct Indian tribes. I'm from the Horrible Honda with one mismatched door, complaining neighbors, the dog named "Hitler" barking as we passed, its owners, active members of the KKK. And we, unapologetic and Jewish.

I'm from Dani and Bushka, Helen and Charlie, Evelyn and Ruthie. And I'm from Yeno whom I never knew. I'm from Hungarian, Yiddish, and Hebrew, from accents and errors and the older folks inevitably mixing up "chicken" and "kitchen" time and time again.

I'm from "People change, Mommy." And "Let's have a new discussion.." From "I am not against," and memorized curses in other languages that I learned (the hard way) never to say in public.

I'm from bagels and kugel, chicken soup and latkes, krumpli paprikash, and galushka. I'm from coffee toffee bars and lemon squares and palachinta. Peanut butter turkey sandwiches, served with tart cherry soda made by my saba's own quivering hands. I'm from epic battles and ugly fights (but never grudges), from a Bat Mitzvah celebration spoiled by Great Aunt Bella who held Savta hostage at the kitchen sink until she hand washed all the paper plates.

I'm from Diamond and Ridgeview and Seneca Valley. From Mosh, and "The Kibbutz."

I'm from Chagall's windows in Jerusalem- slipping from my mother's belly straight into the belly of the beast.

-Dana Katz

I am from messy shoes by the front door, from cracking doors to broken floors
I am from a brown stone with wooden doors that no one ever thought we could afford
I am from dirt in my yard to the rose bush growing very
Large whose long limbs I remember as if they were mine.

I'm from family dinners and having arm from Grandpa and Mom
I'm from Mom yelling and always laughing and from constant dancing.

I'm from kids are to be seen and not heard and from music all around the world.
I'm from family potlucks

I'm from Brooklyn and Guyana curry and pepper pot
From stories about my mom and her siblings
I'm from a loving family that will never give up!

-Solana '18



Photograph by Jess '17

i am from the record player
from coffee and paper towels
i am from the overgrown tree house
where you cannot overstep your bounds
i am from the waterfall
the bare plum tree whose long gone limbs i remember as if they were my own

im from sensitive and brave
from the young blond mother whom i've never spoken to
and from the older brunette mother who says good morning everyday.
im from over analyzing everything and asking questions and from biting my nails

im from your grades dont reflect
you and wasted potential
and everybody must get stoned
im from listening to Bob Dylan
im from Shreveport L.A. and no
one knows where else

im from salmon and scrambled eggs
from the once college English professor
turned psychoanalyst by
her genuine interest in others' emotions

from the smiling parents kneeling
down next to their toddler
i am from the plush photo album
looking out of place
on the sleek marble shelves

—Jess '17

I am from...

I'm from books, from chopsticks, and eyeglasses
I'm from the living room whose sunlight shines through the window
The smell of my mom's cooking
From fish that my father fed every week
The apple tree whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own

I'm from the rules of my family and the reunions during the festival
From my little sister and my parents
From plants that my dad watered everyday
And the early morning that my mom made breakfast for us
And from toys that my little sister threw everywhere.

I'm from the candy I can't eat too much of
And from saying hello to everyone I meet and trying my best to do everything
I'm from dumplings my mom made for me before I left home

I'm from Yantai, a beautiful city with sea, and China seafood and noodles
From my dad who was an entrepreneur when he was only twenty years old
Who worked hard and supported our family

-Angel '18

I am from different spices from ice cream and home cooked meals
I am from my warm bed that makes me feel safe
I am from dandelions
The pine tree whose long gone limbs I remember
As if they were my own.

I am from Christmas parties and honesty
From Uncle Phillips and Uncle Alex
I'm from saying grace and sitting at big tables and from serving the elders first.

I am from never giving up and always trying your best and Lady in Red.
I'm from family reunions
I'm from Queens and the West Indies
Jerk chicken and beef patties
From Uncle Philip losing his leg when he meant to brag.
From pictures of my late grandma in my mom's room.

-Desmond '17

I am from a fancy new television, from fish tanks and doggie bowls
I am from the dysfunctional “Evans” household that never seemed to settle in one place
The smell of the salty ocean that always lingered
I am from the hibiscus flower, the palm trees, whose long limbs I remember as if they were my own

I’m from constant laughing and bickering, from Houston and Meredith
I’m from moving from house to house and never truly knowing where to call home and from my siblings
yelling at me so much. I hated more than anything being the baby.

I’m from “Hunter, if you don’t get your ass up and go to school...” and my dad’s constant reminders that
nothing good happens after midnight, or how bad it sucks having diabetes so I should probably watch my
sugar intake.

I’m from family vacation after family vacation and none of them ever going down without a fight.

I’m from St. Thomas, USVI, and anywhere with a beach.

From spaghetti bolognese and whatever other Italian recipes my mom had up her sleeve.
From missing my 4th grade orientation because my “up to no good” brother had once again been arrested.

-Hunter '17



Photograph by Hokuto '19



Artwork by Olivia '18

Darrow at a Glance

Look at all these Ducks flying down from the hill,
after we prepare them for the world that is real,
they're never going hungry always gonna get a meal,
cooked by Chef Josh in the new kitchen made of steel.

Now I have to tell you 'bout this place that's in my
heart, so much love I don't even know where to start,
can't begin with me even though I play a part
the students are the life force and they blow us off
the charts.

Young, bright and bold they keep on breaking all the
molds, individuality from the youngest to the old,
students great, a safe bet like the winter getting cold.

Darrow is a school on the lands of the Shakers,
PBL helping kids transform into some makers,
PAC and Joline discovering creators, while Melissa
and her crew handle all the business papers.

Beauty found from the Tannery up to Ann Lee actual-
ly this school creates a family-tree, living so our gifts
are given sim-p-ily, is it Lily dancing round so nimbly
or is Alpine rippin' up at Jiminy?

You're kidding me if you think I'm nearly done,
academic building by the name of Wickersham,
Johnny V and Tommy T was that another pun?
Breathless up at Ministry from the setting of the sun.

Dutts and Sutts have Maple Sug collecting all the sap,
if you're in morning meet then you're taking off your
cap, super weekend duty has me ready for a nap,
SEC living machine sorting all the...

Waste not want not sustainability, Jim Bennett
heading up facilities, we don't give invincibility we're
teaching them humility.
Wait a minute now, is there any more? Donny B and

athletics are evening the score, Herbology is out
collecting all the spores, and if they end up broken
Chip is fixing all the doors.

While Grumpy Bear is setting all the precedents,
Pytleski and the Theater crew enriching all the
residents, is that Zion over there, Mr. President
what you doing for the students? Meet at lunch with
Simon H steady talking 'bout improvements.

Or you meet with Westy try to lower our pollutants? I
know we need some careful planning better use some
prudence when you're thinking for the school, now
you see what thought goes into the tiniest of rules.

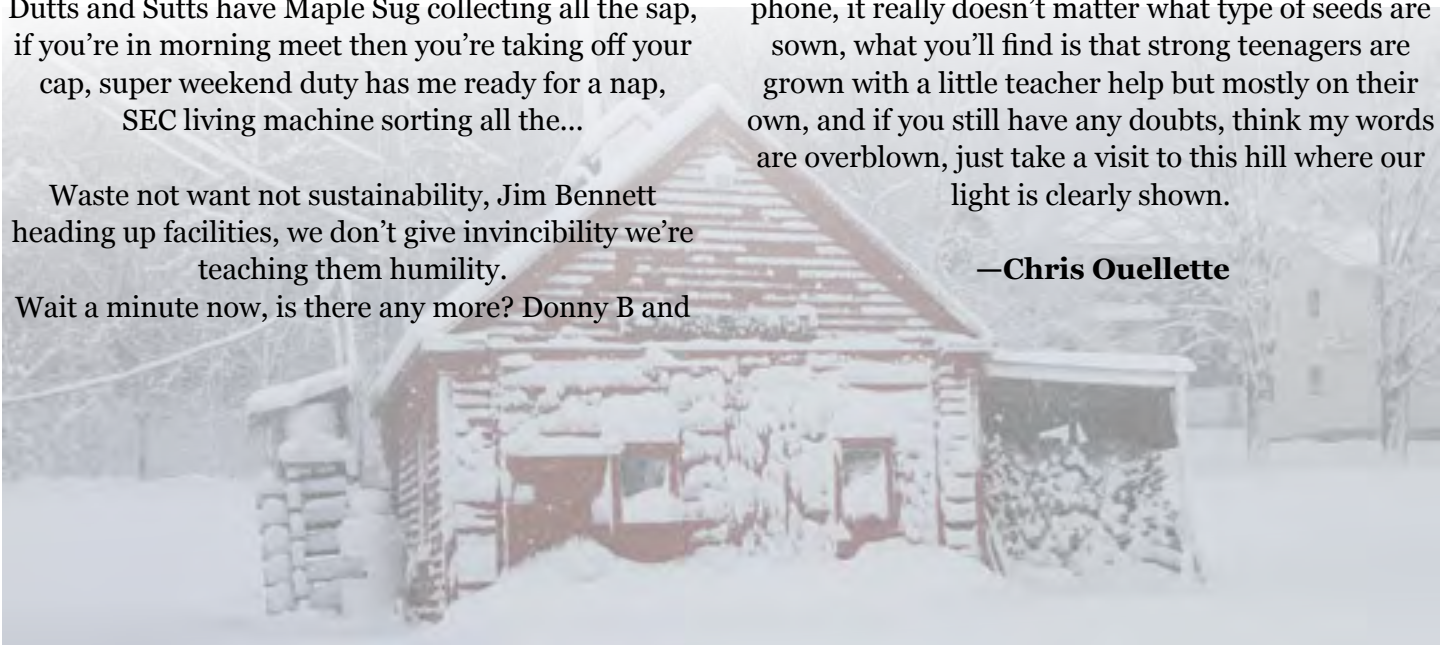
Burning Midnight was the film that showed us
Shaker ghouls, what's that in your speaker are you
playing Run the Jewels?

No it's Andy Wrba with his bass so nice and tall, that
was something scary when it took a mighty fall, if you
go to D's house you'll find out life is ball, I hope you
see the picture now it's written on the wall.

So if it isn't loud enough our voice gets amplified,
I hope my words did more to certify and magnify that
Darrow is bona fide magic on the Mountainside.

And if you don't believe me come and see it for your
own, feeling it in person is much better than the
phone, it really doesn't matter what type of seeds are
sown, what you'll find is that strong teenagers are
grown with a little teacher help but mostly on their
own, and if you still have any doubts, think my words
are overblown, just take a visit to this hill where our
light is clearly shown.

—Chris Ouellette



Photograph by Mike Glovsky

Creation Story

She was born in the breath of song—powerful beyond measure. Her mocha skin made of milk, honey, and brown sugar. Her body slender, yet sturdy. Her hair was her crown—coiled and thick.

She was a force to be reckoned with.

Her legs resembled tree trunks and her feet were the roots of the plants. Every curve of her body with purpose—

Her laughter was like thunder, booming with every cackle. Mountains rose beneath her feet. With every stride, with every toe that touched the soil there was gold. She was the divine. The divine she was.

Her lips tasted of a honeysuckle rose. With every kiss she gave life.

Her eyes were the color of earth kissed by spring water. They were sweet like chocolate. The kind that melted at the slightest bit of heat from kindness.

With every look—you fell in love.

Her hips when she danced created the running waters. So elegant, so swift, so beautiful. Her spine was a drum—rhythm to her every move.

Her imperfections were perfect. Nothing she created was incorrect.

She was born in the breath of song—powerful beyond measure.

—Nyaiah '17



Photograph by Mira '18