

L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E

C r e a t i v e W r i t i n g C l u b



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I Lost My God

Written by Junior Elisheba Azarahian

I Lost My God

One day He was
In my window
The one I looked out of every day to greet Him
And the next He was gone

So I began to search

I searched in books
Thinking He had slipped between the pages
And the letters stringing together into words
And had gotten stuck

But He wasn't there

I searched in videos
Trying to find Him behind the man
In the funny black hat
looking for His shadow

But He wasn't there

I searched in the temple
Checking if I had left Him behind my chair
Along with my coat

But He wasn't there

I searched for Him in the speech
Of the teachers that had lost
Their own God once
And had later found Him

But He wasn't there

So I set out on an adventure
I looked for God in places that
I wouldn't have expected Him to be

And I found Him
Only He wasn't the God I had once remembered

God was in the number on her arm
That her shaky fingers ran over every day
Making her relive her hell

God was in the bullet that penetrated through his heart Sending him straight
to oblivion
With 16 others

God was in the hair that fell
Off of the child's head
Letting them know their life will
Be over before it can begin

God was in the drink that her father drank religiously
Even though he had never
stepped foot into a temple

God was in the red handprints that were
Embedded on that girls thighs
Mixed with her blood and tears

God was in the blanket that the man
Who lived on the corner depended on
Wrapping it tightly
around his slim body
Because it was his
lifeline

God was in the tears of the
Mother and father
That mourned their child

God was in the pills
That he took to get better
But they didn't work
So he took too many

God was in the bomb that
Destroyed
A city full of lives and memories

God was in the heart of the boy
Who hated the world

I couldn't understand how my God had gotten there
When I finally asked him He told me

He told me that I had forgotten about Him
I had stopped speaking to Him
I had grown too busy
I had let Him wander away from me
But I shouldn't feel too guilty
Because lots of people have done this

But now I have my God again
I clasped my hand tightly around His
And He pulled me closer so I wouldn't
Wander away from Him

Because you see
It turns out God wasn't lost after all
I was

"Trees of Strength"

Written by Junior Natalie Basal

Murderers live among us
They kill thousands of souls daily
And sorry to break it to you,
But you contribute to these murderers
The souls these murderers kill provide us with oxygen
And some even with food
They beautify our world
With their beautiful flowers beaming with life
And their bright colored leaves beautiful as can be
With their fresh and delicious fruits as sweet as candy
They provide homes for thousands of living species
And for us, too
But we don't allow them to live
These murderers kill hundreds of thousands of them a day
Just so we can have a chair to sit on
Or a desk to work on
With paper made by this being
And with a pencil made from the carcass of this living angel
The same living angel that allows us to breathe
The same living angel that allows us to live
The same living angel that never does anything wrong
But we don't think about that
We think about ourselves
We think about being comfortable at home
We think about our jobs and school
But never about the lives being taken away so we can do these things
These lives have been here before we even existed

They've always been good to us
But now we've overkilled and continue to strip them
Like an animal being driven to extinction
More and more of us are being brought into the world every day
That means more roads will be built
More schools will be made
More homes will be erected
And what do you think is gonna provide us with the materials to
build these things
Exactly
Some murder them with thick, sharp, painful axes
That slice their throats open
While others use ferocious chainsaws
We've taken over their homes and murdered millions
For things such as cities or factories
We clutter the air they've provided us with pollution and
Disgusting smoke from cigarettes and all sorts of trash
We keep taking from these living things
But when will we give back
When will we give thanks for all they've done for us
When will we apologize for all that have been killed
We must make a change before it's too late
And there will be no more left

"Birthdays"

Written by Junior Shira Cohen

One more loop around the sun
One more year of ups and downs
One more candle illuminating the dark
One more number to sing out loud
One more year of this precious life
One more birthday down on the ground

New set of eyes
New experiences
New friends
New life
New opportunity
New slate

Only a blink of an eye
Only a snap of a finger
Only a matter of seconds
until it's back

As babies we don't understand it
As kids we look forward to it
As adults we dread it
As elders we forget about it

Birthdays!

"Unconditional Love"

Written by Junior Shira Cohen

Taking away her beauty

Skinny figure

Pain of childbirth

Sleepless nights

All to get a screaming baby that keeps her up at night

And sickness, too, which, trust me, no one wants

Even when unappreciated she continues to love and support in all forms
and ways

She feeds you, Protects you, Talks and sings to you,

Reads to you

Hoping you'll understand the love she has

She shares her whole heart with you

Yet her heart still continues to grow just for you

Now that you're older, she's still with you

Cheering at your sports games

Attending your school plays (which can be a little boring at times)

Embarrassing you Kissing and hugging you

With your friends right beside you

Endlessly loving you

While she might occasionally yell at you, it's only for the good of you

only because she cares for you

only because she wants to teach you

only because she expects more from you

Not because she doesn't love you
Failing classes and her hope is still with you
Breaking laws, yet she continuously sees the good in you
She obviously wishes it wasn't true
But she never gives up on you
simply the unconditional love of a mother
It's the special connection
Which many can't even begin to understand
One that people yearn for
One that unfortunately not everyone gets
Getting married, she never stops calling you
She'll still be cooking for you

Having children and she'll always be visiting you
She won't leave you
She will be right there for you
And for your children it'll be the same
They might love her for her candy
But she'll love them for their personality
During the sunny days and even the rainstorms
In the dark times and in the light times
She'll only support and love you
The unconditional love of a mother
One which is unexplainable
One which we all hope to receive

“What is Life?”

Written by Senior Talia Dror

What is life?

is it a string of memories that make you who you are,
Or the people around you that influence your personality?
The definition varies for everyone.

Is life a continuous sense of happiness or sadness?
Why do we feel sad at certain points if we should be happy
that we're still alive?

Losing a job, a breakup, getting a bad grade,
All things that seem like the end of the world, but are they
really?

How can I live my life to the fullest?

Find joy in the little things.

Be happy when you wake up and thankful that you are able
to open your eyes.

Each time you turn on the water, realize that there are
some people

Who don't have the luxury of running water.

Going to school every morning or taking a test.

Next time you find yourself stuck in traffic, rather than
becoming enraged,

Be thankful that you can drive or that you have a car,

Take time to think about the people you love.

But if you're always supposed to be happy,

Then what is the sad part of life?

The only devastating part about life is when it is taken away
from the people you love,

And you realize they can't experience the little things
anymore.

"I'm Here"

Written by Junior Jasmin Edelati

What are you thinking about?

Oh right, it's me

Because I'm here

I'm always here

No matter what you do

No matter what you say

No matter what you think

I'm **always** here

When you're sitting in class

legs crossed

Pleading with your mind to not let itself find me

Trying so hard to focus on the lesson

just the lesson

I'm here

Crawling through your mind

Like a rat in a sewer

Unwanted, yet uncontrollable

When you're simply spending time with your friends

Talking

Laughing

Enjoying your life

someone cracks a joke

And You burst into laughter harder than you have in what seems like forever

Then you pause for just a moment
To think
To breathe
And you notice that
Once again
I'm here

Tumbling over you
like a thick, heavy, black cloud
Here to take the wind right out of your sails

Blinding your happiness once again
Filling that hole inside you that was filled with happiness
Just moments ago
Now with fear
Fear of me

When you're lying in bed
Tucked under the covers
Hiding all your body parts from me
Protecting your ears from letting me in
Like a bear protecting its cub from a hunter aiming straight at it.

Telling yourself that if you hide, I can't get to you
Feeding your mind constant lies
you're wrong

I control you
I control your thoughts
I control your happiness
I control your life

I slither into your body
Like an infection
Spreading inside you
Until I reach every part of you
Until I control the way you live your life

And No matter how hard you try
No matter what you tell yourself
Like a question with no answer

You're always wrong
Because I'm always here
Sitting with you in class
Hanging out with you and your friends

Lying with you in bed
I'm like a disease that you just can't cure
I'm your biggest fear

Death.

"Equality?"

Written by Sophomore Chloe Ganjian

The murder of George Floyd,
Is not something that we can avoid.

It has occurred far too many times,
And has taken far too many innocent lives.

He could not breathe,
And unfortunately he will not be here to see
The stand that we will take to fight
Because what happened was not right,
And no one deserves to have to fight for their life.

We may not understand,
But we will definitely take a stand,
Because the murder of Black lives is something that we can not
stand.

Because I am white and he is Black,
Does that mean that they will only have my back
But not his,
Because of the pigment of his skin?

They say everyone is equal,
But do they really mean it?
Why can I freely roam the streets,
But he fears to face the police?

Is that what equality really means?

Faith

Written by Sophomore Nina Ghaytanchi

Changes happen as they do

For good or not is of your own virtue

Embrace the new comings

They will mold your surroundings

Have faith in the one who bestows

Remember he is the one who endows

Allow him to make you ONE

Complete the journey

The path he has put you on

It's all In the name of fate

Just open the gate and begin to elate

"George Floyd"

Written by Sophomore Julia Hajibay

George Floyd was an innocent man
He was just like us
He thought he would wake up and have another day
The only difference is that he was a man of color
Because of this, he was killed
George Floyd was brutally murdered because of the color of
his skin
And that's where the word racism is used
People have the audacity to judge one another because of the
color of their skin
People are not born racist
People learn to hate
If they learn to hate
They can learn to love
They can learn that we are all equal
They can learn that we are all human
They can learn that what the officer did to George Floyd was a
disgrace to our humanity
And because of that we will fight until racism is a word we no
longer use
Silence means betrayal
It is time to fight for equality
I understand that I will never understand
But that doesn't mean I will not stand
I will stand for what is right
I will never understand the pain and suffering they endured
for having colored skin
But I know my voice matters
I will spread my voice to those whose voices have been
covered up for too long
I will spread my voice to honor the life of George Floyd

"Never Enough"

Written by Junior Leanna Hakakian

Only studying, no creativity
You can't do art, only science
No risks, be stable
Or as I know it,
Be Boring
Stick by the books, not by your heart
Want to be creative? Weird.
Can't study? Lazy.
Study a lot? Try hard.
They say be sly like a fox
Never as dumb as a doorknob
They say they'll love you no matter what
But do they?
You're a disappointment? Disappointed.
Want to understand? Annoying.
Persistent? Agitating.
They never want to hear you
They only want to tell you
Don't listen? Lost.
Independent? rebellious.
You'll never be enough
Always compared to the best
Do your best, but will you ever be the best?
Always struggling, but they never seem to care
At this point you, won't even dare
Dare to think and dare to share
Dare to live and dare to play
Dare to imagine

You won't even want to think anymore
The thought in your head
That gives you hope
Tells you they are wrong
Well
Your voice is not heard
It can't speak and you're too scared
Don't hope. Strive to accomplish YOUR goal
You have thoughts? Stupid.
You have dreams? Hippie.
Your passion? Irrelevant.
Your life? No one cares.

"A Beautiful World "

Written by Junior Rachel Hanan

A beautiful autumn day
Colorful leaves following the brisk morning wind
Morning sun shining its bright yellow color
And birds singing their song
A beautiful day in a beautiful world
Ferry boat crossing the big blue bay
To work in the towers they all go
The twins straight ahead standing tall, side by side
And in an instant my beautiful world has changed
Changed into something unexplainable, unthinkable
Planes coming from nowhere and yet coming from everywhere
Crash, a shake one can never forget
Ferry boat just short of sinking
Water fills to dark, cold ash
Terror-filled eyes gazing forward
Planes crash into the bright tall twins
Twins hiding behind a wall of smoke
Smoke surrounds us like a warm blanket on a cold winter day
Silence and Shock fills the ferry boat
Eyes attached to the scene unfolding
What to do no one knows
This can't be happening
2,996 killed and more injured

Firefighters, paramedics, workers in the twins all injured in a way
Scarred for every moment of their lives
For every second of their short, yet meaningful lives
All those people and for what?
We may never know why
This act has hurt us as one

Twins come down crashing next to each other
Seconds feel like hours, going by slowly
Smoke and ash coming up
My beautiful autumn day
Gone up in smoke
As gone as the twins

My World goes black as the ash around me
Goodbye to my beautiful autumn day
Goodbye to the colored leaves and the songs of the birds
Goodbye to the two tall twins
Who would stand tall and peer over my head
Goodbye to my beautiful World and all it contains
Here I leave my mark
That nothing like this should ever occur on the face of this earth
And that eyes should not gaze in terror once again
But to beauty and nature
Admiring my big, beautiful world

"False Reality"

Written by Sophomore Gabriella Kahen

I used to feel like everyone was perfect except for me
Then I noticed the actual reality

Crying
Breaking apart
And feeling alone

None of that happens to people except me?
Or is that just what I'm supposed to believe?

Staring at my screen seeing what everyone shows
But that's all they really want you to know

They don't show the bad things in their life
It's all just the sparks of lights in their darkness

We never see the real picture of it
Just the best bits and pieces

We lose contact with reality
When likes and comments define people, there's never any clarity

But there's a part that people don't see behind their screens
We don't see the bad parts behind the scenes

And its intentional,
No one wants to highlight their bad days
But after a while, it becomes accustomed and reality fades

We don't know, and people don't want us to know
And that's normal.
I don't want to share my bad days with the world

But one thing we have to realize is,
Everyone has bad days

Everyone cries
What we see through our screens are all lies

No one's life is perfect
And that's something we all have to accept

“The City That Never Sleeps”

Written by Sophomore Chloe Mastour

The Big Apple, a melting pot of all ethnicities,

The brightest and greatest of all the cities.

Hot dog vendors found within every few paces,

The streets are always so busy there are no parking spaces.

See a Broadway show if you like singing and dancing,

Or go to Central Park to see a horse and buggy prancing.

Visit China and Italy in under an hour,

Then in one short subway ride, you can see the Freedom Tower.

Times Square is always bright,

Millions of people passing through day and night.

New trends make their debut

In the high-end shops on Fifth Avenue.

Towering buildings reaching astonishing heights, Filling the city with

Glimmering lights.

"Reverse Poem"

Written by Sophomore Chloe Mastour

People are inherently evil

It is a mistake to believe that

People are truly good at heart

Hold grudges

Don't

Give everyone a second chance

And

Have faith in mankind

People are permanently stuck in their ways

It is not true that

Anyone can be redeemed from the acts they have committed

It seems

People have no moral conscience

When there are tragedies occurring so often in your neighborhood

Hate crimes, discrimination, and intolerance

Do otherwise

As it is not worth it to

Live your life with a positive and optimistic frame of mind

**Read poem from the bottom up

"What if?"

Written by Senior Hannah Mordekhai

There was once a boy who lived in fear
He never went to play in the lake with his friends

Because

What if he drowns?

There was once a boy who lived in fear

He never went away on vacation

Because

What if the plane crashed?

There was once a boy who lived in fear

He would never eat any food that wasn't vegetables

Because

What if those foods gave him diseases?

There was once a species that lived in fear

They would never see one another

Because

What if they gave each other a virus?

"MASK ON"

Written by Sophomore John Shtyfman

In front of a group of women
A couple of adults or a teacher
That's where it all has begun
For this act is a shame

You are deepening your voice
You think that you have no choice
Here comes this feeling
My disease is never healing

Time for me to put on the mask
For this isn't me
I do not act like this
I should have been pissed

Time for me to put on my mask
For this isn't me
I'm tired of this act
It feels like a pact

It's getting harder to breath
Things I don't usually see
It's my colored glasses
They go away when I leave

Things are different in third person
This could have gotten worse
I quickly steep away
To this I say no way

Time for me to put on some clothes
This isn't meant to be
This is strange behavior
Faking is my savior

Time to put on my cloak
This is a huge disguise
Soon I'll burst in flames
And I will feel ashamed

Finally you get the courage
To take off your garments
You hang with people you love
They won't give you a shove

Masks are for pandemics
Not for showing off
Time to make amends
For your own true friends

Finally everything
Seems to make much sense
Even though I'm human
I try to be true man

Letting go of the masks was hard
I got used to wearing them
All I needed in the end
Was a good best friend

"Here I Am"

Written by Sophomore Galit Silverman

In quarantine.

This simple virus ruined my high school experience.

Masks became part of our facial features.

Hand sanitizer and disinfectant wipes became part of our daily routine.

People begging and cheating their ways to get a vaccine that still doesn't even work.

All caused by this virus who done the unimaginable.

Thousands of people dying a day.

Nobody knows what to do anyway

Time passes and I just can't stop thinking that

Maybe we only have hope left

Maybe there is no solution to the virus

Maybe this virus took over the whole world and we can never fix it again.

But all I know is that we need to get through this.

We will get through this

I would say together but we all know we will get through this,

Alone

"Breaking Down a Breakdown"

Written by Junior Hannah Swartz

Instructions for having an emotional breakdown:

Step 1: Find something that bothers you

Not just rubs you the wrong way

I'm talking about something that is engraved in your bones

But you want to bottle it up and let it float away to sea

Yet the current keeps pulling it in

Step 2: Now that something is bothering you

Ignore it.

Convince yourself that it in fact is no big deal

Maybe if you don't acknowledge it is there

It will disappear

Seems flawless to me

Step 3: Find something that makes you want to scream

Of course you never will actually scream

That would be counterproductive

No, you want to suppress that anger

Get back to it later, but never forget about it

It's a crucial ingredient

Step 4: Stop sleeping

Crave nothing more than the thought of your head hitting the
pillow

But when it does

Have your mind run a marathon and back

Repeat daily for maximum results

Step 5: Pour the first four ingredients into your heart

Now stir it all together until your heart starts beating at record
pace

This is good

Keep going

You are almost at breaking point!

Step 6: Speak to someone

Have them agitate you

This could simply be by breathing wrong

Now take all of the emotions from that bottle in step one

The suppressed feelings in step two

Scream you never let out in step three

Sleepless nights in step four

And project it all onto that poor sucker that just had to breathe
wrong

Warning: may result in loss of self worth, feelings of depression,
severe anxiety, difficulty concentrating, emotional outbursts, and
mood swings

"I Wish..."

Written by Freshman Orelle Zuri-Shaday

I wish to fly, but instead I cry
I wish to cheer, but instead I fear
I wish to smile, but I haven't in a while
I wish sing, but people tell me that it's not my "thing"
I wish to be successful, but I feel like it'll be too stressful
I wish to set myself a goal, but I have no heart nor soul
I wish to eat, but I'm afraid I'll get beat
I wish to run, but I can't with anyone
I wish to be happy, but people call me fatty
I wish life, but I can't live
I wish change the way I look, so people won't see me as
a crook
I wish to learn, but what's the point, I'm just gonna have
to pay what I earn
I wish to scream and shout what I want to say, to all the
people that hurt me, it is my dream, but I'm too scared
to
I wish to break free, but you will need to make me
I wish to know what love is, but I don't deserve to
I wish to feel good, but it seems impossible
I wish to be involved, but people say that I'm too anti-
social
I wish to not be insecure, but people point it out too
much
I wish to see a baby in my arms, but I'll never get married
because why would someone marry such a pig
I don't like who I am, I don't think it should be ok, I feel
like I should be locked up, yet I'm still out in the wild