

Scribe

2018
Rutherford High School's
Literary Magazine

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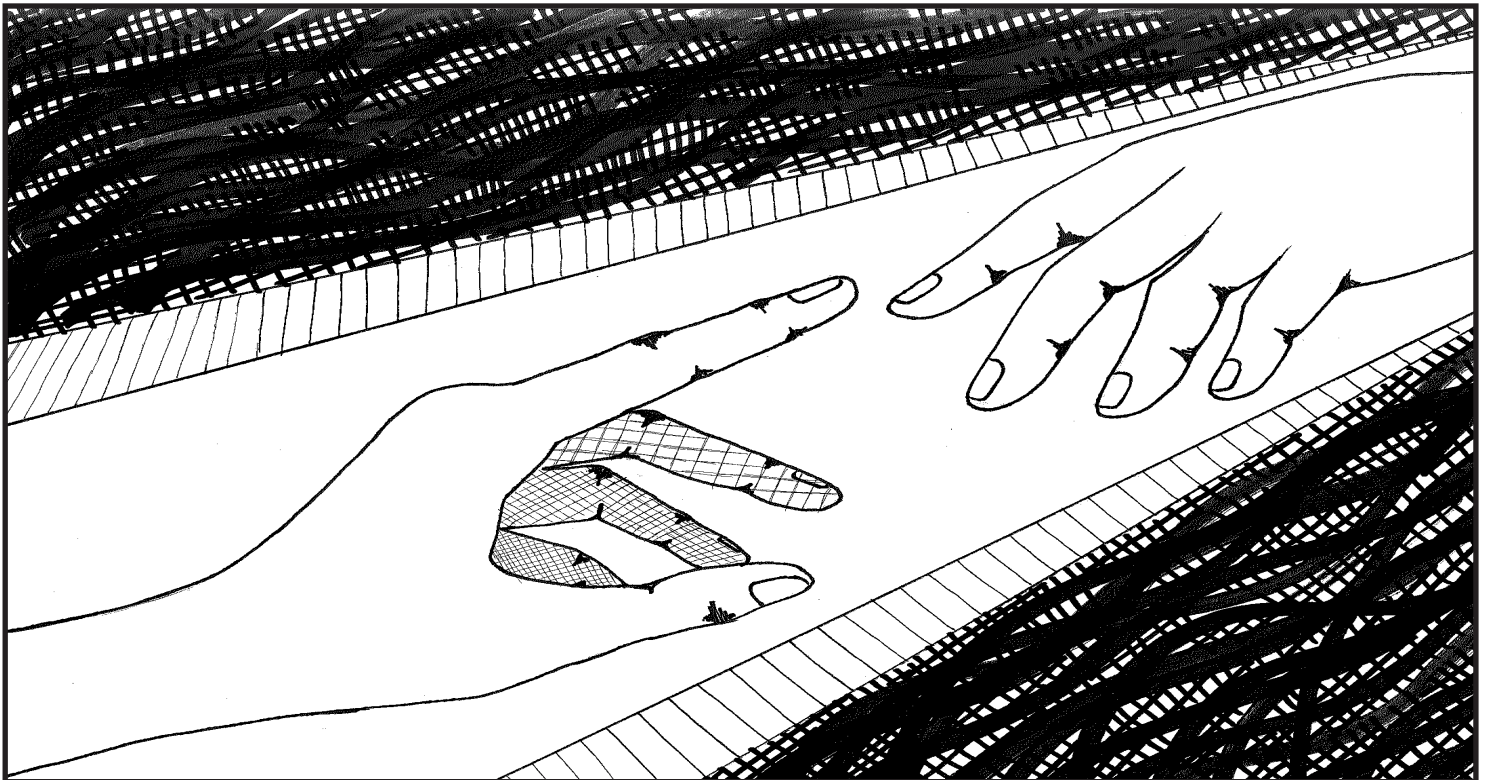
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I feel as though I have to write poetry
in this romanticized world
where we connect art to heartbreak
but the body does what it's taught
for when my heart hits the floor
its glass shards fall into
a mosaic
-Cayla D'Elia



Otherworld Confession

The dichotomy; a broken ego; a fallen hero
They can only see the sun with a distant heart
They wallow in ideas that never form a start
I've been cast upon this crowd to settle down
To be an onlooker to the stars and a model for a blank stare

An adversary to a free entity

What can't be is already a part of me

Warring factions upon stone faces breaking

They believe in a word called love that they never held

And now, nothing is all that I can tell

And I know it's not me, not in thought of a being

So I'll collapse under that race that unleashes power in this
space

Empty space, and the case

For life lays outside the hollow hands of time

Beyond this sky, home is heard within a chime

Of faith, of a fallen fallacy

-Billy Hardt

Reprise of the Roses

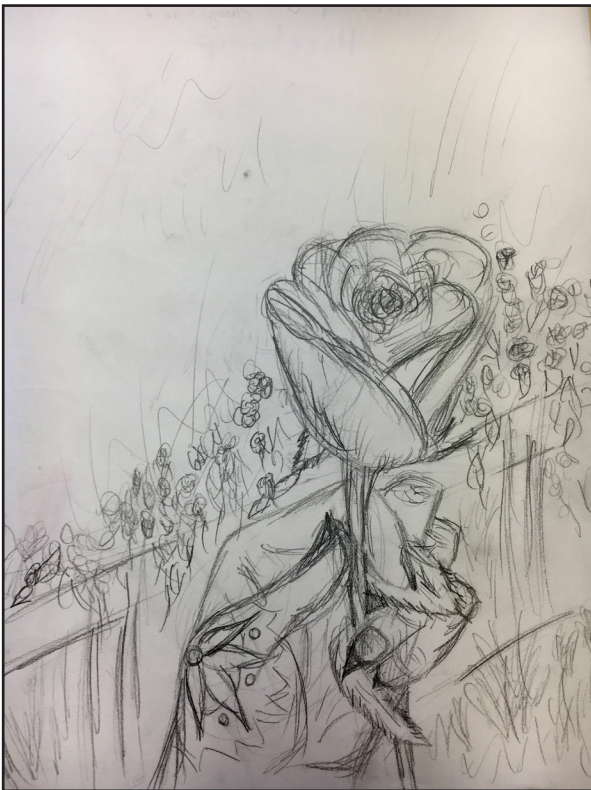
Roses bloom in the pit of your stomach
And you reach to pick them,
Stopping short.
Because even though you are enveloped in
The crimson curtains formed by their petals
Your mind pulls your arm back,
Warning it of the thorns
Because your fingertips have not forgotten the prick of pointless love
And it is likely they never will
For it is human nature to have the memories of danger at the forefront of our
thoughts
Ever present as a reminder of the pain we once endured
How it ripped us from our comfort zones and left us to rot
Yet with all of this in mind,
You still stop and outstretch your hand,
Ready to so carelessly do the same to the roses that was done unto you
Ripping them from their comfort zones, leaving them to rot
Perhaps it is for the better that your mind has halted your hands riddled with
haste
Perhaps, for now, you can put your hands at rest
And stop to smell the roses instead

—Madison Fahmy

Roses

They were so beautiful when I bought them
The cherry red and pure white roses beamed off each other
Everyone commented how well they complimented the other
They thought so too
They were as exquisite as the sweetest pink on fair Snow White's cheek
But the seasons changed
And the pleasing flowers started to shrivel
The red stabbed the white with its vicious thorns
Yet white still wasn't ready
Red continued to pain white
So white's tears fell
Everyone watched as Red ruined White with no worries
Why would they, it wasn't hurting them
But I noticed the diminish of my delicate white
Red's body had pellucid blood streaming down her swords
I took my own blades and viciously snipped red of her powers
Finally White stood there with only one last petal to fall and it did
But not before Red was cut up and left with no one to feel remorse
Once dominant Red crumbled at the feet of White
Yet White only had love for her
I threw away the dirty water and tossed the remaining petals in the trash
This time I went for a bunch of poppies

—Ciara Kelly



For You

My sadness is pouring off of me constantly,
I am becoming myself,
For you I am trying,

Tears of wishing and wanting run down my face,
I am not weak but merely aware of my own feelings,
For you I am crying,

It's not fair that we feel this way and are so far,
I am on my way,
For you I am flying,

Everything hurts when you are not around,
I am a walking form of human emotion,
For you I am yearning,

Your mind amazes me in the most complex ways,
I am a pupil of your existence,
For you I am learning,

Without you life is a bitter January night,
I am fire in your presence,
For you I am burning.

-Jessica Skinner

Between the Lines

You see the world in black and white.
Right/wrong, yes/no, bad/good.
I ponder how our brains are wired,

Because I've never seen a true black-
Or a pure white.

I see it all as gray.
the wrongs with right intentions,
the agreements with guilty conscious,
the "evil" with no guidance.
So why someone like you,

Who sees fine lines and sharp edges-
Wants someone like me-
Who sees lines blurred and dull contours-
Makes me question your judgement.

You speak of building a foundation
On such rocky shores.
I watch with nervous eyes
as you build a teetering bridge
Between my fluidity, and your ridge.
I grab your hand as you reach for mine,
As we take a leap off our shifty framework.
No harm will come; we are making us wiser.
Because now you see the world in its shades of gray

And I am starting to see the lines.

-Caroline McCarthy

Frozen Still

I fell in love with the way the birds flew south
In search of a mild refuge, of a new home
How the trees shivered without leaves to cradle them
Holding only promise in their fantastic mess of arms
I bathed in the bleak wash of an overcast sky
Inundated in the unremitting mist

I fell in love with the way the frost crawled over my skin
The piercing numb and the dull chill
How the river turned to glass during the winter
A starless sky capsized in the reflection of the ice
I needed to see my own breath caught in the frigid air
Needed to witness wisps of life frozen for just a moment

—Tierra Sherlock

Snowfall

The inches are tall
A white sheet of snow
That will eventually turn into
rainwater
We see the snowflakes
Floating down toward the lakes
Water turns into ice
The fire will suffice
A blizzard covers the ground
Walking in the snow makes a
sound
The cold makes it clear
For us to create a white sphere
And throw it at our friends
And continue to the end
Snowfall
So tall
The snowflakes were never small

– Chloe Cornacchiulo

A Fairy Loses Her Wings

Kindergarten days when life is only a happy daze
Life was everywhere
In between each crack of the earth was a kingdom
We've all seen the green moss between broken sidewalks
Everyone sees them but only the young understand them

At five I saw a Queen and her people
A life of flying fairies that enchant the day
At night they heal the troubles brought
But what troubles?

The troubles of leaving my mother in the morning or having to go to bed at eight
In the day they conceal the fear of falling off the monkey bars at what seemed a total of one hundred feet above
ground

Don't step on the crack for not only will you break your mother's back,
You will kill the fairies!
Wings that push the air around them to fly higher than twenty foot giants
Safety from all the creatures around
Tell them your problems and the next day fear will disappear

At ten I glanced at the ground, still seeing the crown
I didn't stop to stay
My mind switched from child play to homework
I heard the magic but didn't listen
In bed I still whispered my worries and fears
But I was soon realizing they could no longer just swiftly disappear

Now I'm older, the castle is just moss
The grass is just tall
The only way to fight my fears is to face them on
The only time I look down is to tie my shoe
And I no longer worry about stepping on a crack

Because now I'm in high school and if life was a daze
I'd like to live my days
And if fear could just disappear
I'd never have a nightmare
Because the naive child that believed in fairies died when the times table came

-Ciara Kelly

Freedom In the Air

Dark clouds are history,
Bright skies are future,
The D.C. air breathes freedom,
Trees swaying to the chants of our ancestors,
Fighting for unalienable equality,
Human rights,
Hardships,
Heroes,
All within the stones beneath my feet,
Monuments of patriotism
In honor of courageous souls.

Blacks walk freely,
Without believing separate but equal,
Protesters scream disapproval,
With no sedition limitations,
Women work in corporate offices,

While fathers take care of the children,
Persistence,
Peace,
Patriotism,
Flow endlessly through the fountains,
That trickle tears of those sacrificed,
Sacrificed so that you and I can be free,
So that you and I can be faithful without intolerance,
So that you and I can protest the leadership of this nation,
So that you and I can love whoever we desire,
Freedom is everywhere.

-Adriana Cammarano

The Heart of a Seed

People are like flowers,
Embarking from the unknown depths of Earth,
Innocently waking up to an unfamiliar universe,
Living life-
In a serendipity dream.

As time continues to wait for no one,
You shatter out of your illusional shell,
And find yourself trapped in an inescapable reality,
Where we all are vulnerable to this injurious world,
Exposed to a garden maze of individuals.

Entangled in vines of hostile thorns,
The prick of your finger-
And the sea of crimson red,
The words piercing you,
An envious bully taking form in a hibiscus flower.

As you unawarely pluck out the most beautiful flowers,
You wonder why the best people in our lives die,
Or when we bloom to our fullest,
And how we start to wither from this single transformation,
Our petals falling one by one.

The end of one's lifetime,
Memories-
Experiences-
All to be cycled again,
From just the heart of a seed.

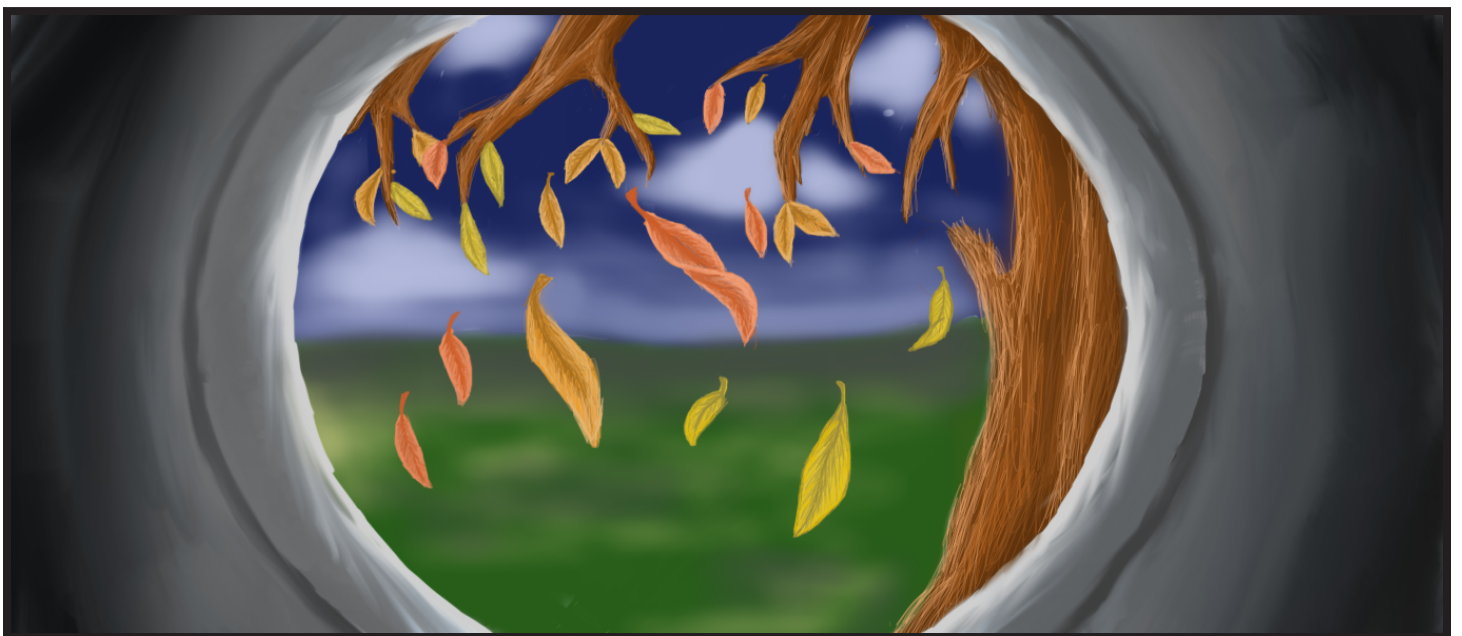
-Kayla Chiu

Zoomed In

Adjusting the lens
Fixing the focus
Zoomed into each,
Individual leaf
Snapping from the branch
Breaking from the stem
Floating to the ground
Crunched under footsteps
Swept in the wind
Pushed further into the Earth

Altering the lens
Pulling the focus outwards
Zoomed out
To the towering collection of stature
Standing together
The single leaves now joined in unity
To an overwhelmingly beautiful formation of color
The familiarity not eliminating
The allure of home

—Emma Gilhawley



My World

I view my world as a movie
Directed by whoever it may be.

I hate that director,
Whoever it may be.

Didn't make me beautiful,
Didn't make me look like those models,
Made me afraid to fail.

I'm the main character.
My life is planned out like a script,
My body controlled by my fate.

But maybe I'm the director.
Controlling the bright lights,
Controlling the magnificent camera,
Controlling what comes into my world,
Controlling how people see me.
But who am I supposed to be?
My world is a movie.

—Lisa Jennison

La Luna

The revelations which we hold dearly
In our most conscious moments,
Are those that arise as the night
traipses softly across the somber sky.

The sun sets heavily yet,
Produces but an eerie silence
As it drops from above.

It is here where the absence of light
And the comfort of isolation
Fall in love.

Unleashed in these dark hours,
Is fragmented emotion, raw truth, and all that is to be held by outstretched
and aching hands.

Oh the joy!

Tranquility is discovered in the most unsettled minds, contentment lingers
tamely,

Satisfaction and delight of
A lunatic, who is far from crazy:
They simply find solace in moonlight.

—Morgan Sherlock

In the Morning

A waxing crescent in the sky,
The morning snow falling,
A warm breath in a rush of wind,
A new baby bawling.

God wanted to give you new life,
Light stars twinkle bright
His love and blessings are His word,
Who brought all to light

–Katrina Binder



Empire

Just across the bridge
the metal
the cables
the water
is a gray place
an intimidating place
an unknown place

The Big Apple-
certainly is big
the City of Dreams-
most of which don't come true
the City that Never Sleeps-
because the people in it never do

From outside the Empire
it's easy to believe
all the myths and stories
told about this majestic place
but honestly
it's not all that
beneath the fame and the riches
behind the shadows of the skyscrapers
and the masks of Broadway
it's a place that tears people apart
towers over your life
forces you to blend in

You become the city
leading a gray life
addicted to work
never seeing the light of day
and forgetting
the color green
the outside world
and the possibilities of a different life

Don't get me wrong
I love the city
it's mesmerizing
beautiful in its own way
full of so many possibilities
but just across the bridge
the metal
the cables
the water
is a place where people are brought together
where flowers bloom
and greener grass grows
where white picket fences stand
and the sun shines
And so
I'd rather live in a garden
Than be lost in an empire

-Brighid Boylan

Glue Trap

Sticky and stuck, overflowing into your crevices
You're not picky, now don't you duck
Take a peek, at those eyes, wide n' warm leaving your throat in ties
Dark skies as crystals fly
softly kissing frost bitten fingers
laced together while your innards are beginning to melt
Something new something never felt
With a mind that makes your heart grind; all the veins backed up like traffic as the
Tidal wave consumes
The deeper you mine into a creature so fine
Your bones begin to whine..like the creaking of old wooden boards
It's dark where the glue pulls you towards.
It's just your luck getting stuck in this beautiful muck
A savage deed to let you sprout like a weed
It's contagious you see
As you lay there you'll plead
Reaching and screeching
years of lust
The gentle embrace, a soft encounter
So many sparks; a town it could power
But a snap brings you back as the time moves onwards
The ticking of the arms creates a chime as you move backwards
The farther he walks from the sugary dish
Your brain calls out for one final wish.

-Virginia Luna

Sonnet: Let Me Remember

Let me remember back to the heartbreaks
The entrapment that you put upon me
Yet every bone in my body still aches
Prayed every night to be set free
The kisses that we shared had no meaning
You played me as if I were the game
Yet up in my head I am still cleaning
Within this flame I was always to blame
But within myself I have learned to trust
I learned that you were a want not a need
That you my dear are no longer a must
My garden of beauty you were the weed
Now in the future it's you who's chasing
Sucks to be you cause my heart's not racing

- Mia Flores



Fallen

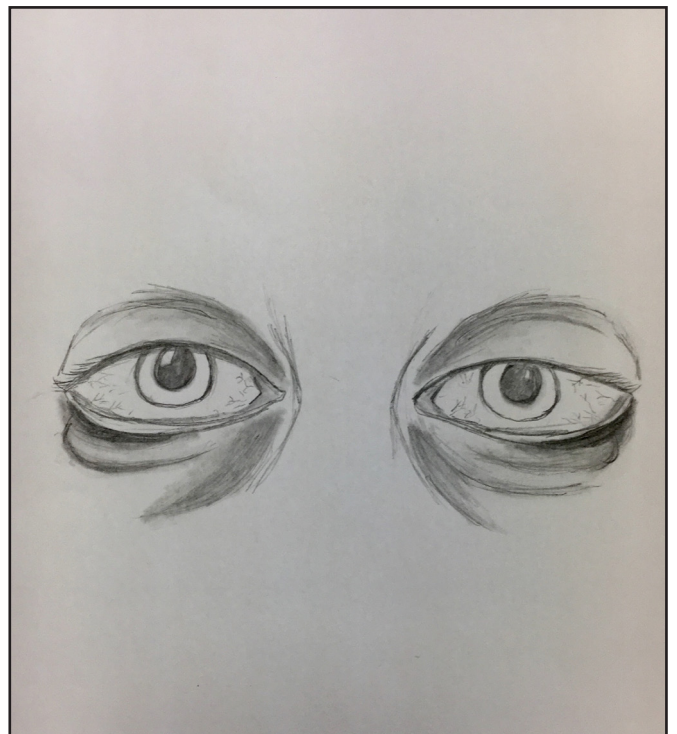
We see their faces drain of pigmentation.
Palms turned upwards to the skies,
unfurled fists placing faith in prayers proven to be in vain.
Veins running dry, cracked, bruised
The leaves concede to the encroaching winter, willing rainwater to pour
while choking on the flood of doubts which accompany times of drought.
White sheets spread over stubborn limbs, amputating excess weight.
Hands and hearts tangle with the frail foliage,
dead leaves quick to come undone from the branches.
They fall in growing heaps: a bouquet of burdens sprawled on the ground beneath,
stripped from the boughs bragging with their new build.
Bare boned arms branch off from the weather beaten trunk,
an existence warped by harsh winds.
Every onset of winter chill triggers a cleanse of all dead weight,
but nature seems to have another plan in store.
Working the other way to spur regrowth,
the branches bend from the heaviness returning with twice the speed.
Ground once teeming with nutrients designed to feed this machine,
the trees foster manifestations through abundances of green.
Dropping fragments of themselves which show the most decay,
although it seems to have few effects.
For every splintered stem there are two sprouts of fixed faults,
too familiar to feel like new life.
The breaks in the bark can be traced back to seeds planted in childhood.
Answers pushed farther below the surface
as each season recycles dropped matter into a new layer of earth.
Littering the scene, dirt which has not seen daylight for years is upturned,
cutting down on the unknowns.
Without the comfort of firmly packed soil,
further digging risks completely uprooting years of history.
Flailing to find solid ground to sink their fingers into,
an existence rooted in nothing leads to inevitable lost grip on reality.

-Tierra Sherlock

In the Heat of Heartbreak

Your hands, unblistered, are callously trained in the art of ignorant bliss
You have placed a wool over my eyes for so long
That I've forgotten what it's like to see without obstruction
And as the wool begins to slip down my face, so do the tears down my cheeks
And as I see the rubble of empty words and hollow promises,
I try so desperately to put the wool back where it was
And deceive my eyes into forgetting the gutting reality they've just seen
Such things cannot be forgotten by a girl who puts her heart in your hands
Hoping you'll know it is not a toy you can play with until all its tricks are exhausted
And then toss aside as if nothing
It is then you'll realize you've mistaken a forest fire for a feeble flame
Sparked each time it is broken,
Blazing lesions upon my heart and your skin
But your skin will grow anew,
And I will be left coughing up smoke.

—Madison Fahmy



It Powers On

Who ever said it was okay to live in eternal panic?
The death machine is on its run, and it's being pushed on
And its followers are in the path, they think we are manic
But we can see that the end was lost and crushed with a blind eye

The loopholes are open, all machine players crawl through
These small steps towards greatness end in a fall
A higher age? Not all of this carnage is new
They're pushing it into the dirt, but it will grab you

It's been shown by numbers, by crying innocence
These blank precautions never work
Throwing a fortified trap onto the educators is insolence
And the blooming sprouts will be drowned by a storm

Others have learned, and have given up the power
Saying they can aid the mind, while to it, giving no time
They can't see other gardens until their little flower
Sinks in a pool, the result of a turned cheek.

-Billy Hardt

Life on The Other Side

Thoughts continuously race around a circle in my head through all hours of the day

No reason why

No way out

They are all the same

Containing complete complexity

Dominates my existence

I am trapped in my own mind and I cannot discover a way to escape

My life is the same day in and day out, never capable of seeing what truly remains in the world.

As my years age, I find myself eye to eye with the barrier that contains my happiness

As I build up the courage to break free from these chains to discover what is on the other side

Splash!

The elegant crystal clear waves that remained on the other side brush up against my legs

The air is free of thought and curiosity, and I am no longer struggling to breathe

The purity, the simplistic feel that is given off from the extravagant buildings makes me feel

whole.

This is the truest form of life.

Refreshing winds and sparkling waters

A feeling I was yet to perceive.

Nothing to question, nothing like my life back home.

I finally got the opportunity to visit peace, and find that peace within myself I never would have found anywhere else.

My life is no longer just a boring complexity.

Holding my head high, now with inner peace.

There may have been a barrier between me and true self, but now no one will keep me from feeling that sense of steadiness.

– Gianna Suriano

Trust Within The World

Holding on for dear life
Both physically and mentally—
Suffocating within my own thoughts
Am I going to make it?
The sun is showering down on me,
But that one dark cloud fully takes over
Feeling like I am trapped
And there is no way out.
I am holding on as tight as I can
In fear of disappearing
Step by step,
I grow a little stronger
The world talks to me
—telling me not to give up—
Taking deep breaths,
The air refreshes me
Giving me the power to keep me going
Though, a tear drips down my cheek
Am I happy or am I sad?
I do not think I will ever know
Slowly and slowly, I lose myself
I might seem the same to everyone else,
Yet, I am just another girl hiding in society
Wanting to be alone—
Wanting to be stress free—
And wanting everything to be at peace—
I am holding on for dear life
Wondering where the world is going to take me
Slightly confused and extremely afraid,
Am I going to make it?

– Rachel Wronko

The Less Fortunate

I twirled in the meadow with triumph
As you submerged to the depths of the sea
Did you yearn to kiss the surface
Or did your body simply sink?

I'm sorry please don't let this be the last time we say goodbye
I see your malnourished children
And the dark misery beneath your eyes
You may not be strong,
But I will hold you in my burly arms

I will take care of you now,
No more penniless charm
I wish I could take your pain away and make it my own
All this negligence and suffering just aches my bones

- Scarlet Castilla

Sunflower Girl

Her face is always into sunshine;
It gives hope and a clear aura to everyone.
The way her eyes are greeting whenever she smiles
It lessens up a bad vibe not just for awhile.

She is clothed with strength and dignity.
And she laughs without fearing the future and reality.
In the darkest days of her life;
She stands tall to find the sunlight.

She won't bloom to only where she's planted.
She will explore more to get started.
It's her goal for a better life to get;
Pursuing to reach her dreams and to be content.

She is a flower that will not wither.
It's because she knows how to get herself watered.
Even in cloudy days turned rainy.
she still knows how to make herself shiny.

Her influence is like spreading seeds;
Planting good vibes to the ones who are in need.
She is a ray of sunshine that lightens up a day.
A sunflower that smiles, feeling like summer.

She is that girl that's standing on the street corner
minding her own business
and as people walk by,
they look at her and think
"wow.
she's beautiful."

but they keep going
they don't stop to examine the way her eyes glisten in the sun
you can see gold flecks if you really look
or the way her hair falls softly on her shoulder

or the way her legs are a golden tan.

similar to the way you examine flowers,
you just pass them by.
you don't really notice their features.
but you do notice how beautiful they are.

-Tori Marino



An Unhealthy Relationship

Life is a hypnotic enigma
Whose trance begins when one is young

I became hopelessly intoxicated with her luxuries
Delicate orbs of light that grace the morning grass
Fluttering butterflies with blank canvasses for wings
Colorful background characters that do no more than entertain

I was overwhelmed by her intangible beauty
Her eyes contain the seas, pools of drowning waves
Her hair is all the jungles, each kink a different creature
Her lips taste like thunderstorms, the scent of her breath petrichor

The beginning is always so halcyon
But as I mature, my eyes grow wider
I realize how many times she makes me cry
How she lays herself across my shoulders
And refuses to get off when my back begins to break
Rejection and Failure are her comrades
She disregards my detestation towards the two

But her betrayals are my lessons
She teaches me every day
and I'm yearning to be homeschooled
Every heartbreak she's thrown my way
Every sharp turn she's placed on my path
Every time I really needed to sneeze but then couldn't
They're all a part of a dark side to her
That comforts me in the same way I can't sleep in a lit room

Like all long term relationships
Life and I face complications
But she's the only one I have

- Cayla D'Elia