

Scribe

2019
Rutherford High School's
Literary Magazine

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Table of Contents

Title	Author	Page
Auburn	Madison Fahmy	5
The Line	Caroline McCarthy	7
Was I Dreaming?	Rachel Wronko	9
A New Path	Abigail Oliveros	10
Not Forever	Seo Young Jang	11
When the Sun Fails to Set	Tierra Sherlock	13
The Type of Scent	Ciara Kelly	14
Running on Empty	Madison Fahmy	15
Moon Phases	Dana Serea	16-17
Pureness Beneath the Petals	Desiree Rivera	19
A Sister	Ciara Kelly	21
Flight	Meghan Lichtenberger	23
Sonnet	Gabriela Jimenez	24
Snow	Chloe Cornacchiulo	25
When Inertia Runs Away	Tierra Sherlock	26-27
To Heal	Kyra Cioffi	28
Love	Morgan Baumann	29
Armageddon	Tierra Sherlock	31
Primitive Instincts	Meghan Lichtenberger	32

Table of Contents

Artist	Page
Ariel Ingram	Front Cover
Theresa FitzSimons	4
Brandon Fried	5
Ariel Ingram	6
Emily Weber	8
Ashley Hazekamp	11
Jaiden Gonzalez	12
Jenna Severino	15
Desiree Rivera	18
Chris Arce	20
Ariel Ingram	22
Shalini Rana	24
Chris Arce	28
Ariel Ingram	30
Cristina Aguasviva	33
Joanna Calvo	Back Cover



Auburn
—Madison Fahmy

The autumnal shades painted my heart in the warmest hue
One which lasted through the chill of December's kiss,
Through the frost of February's touch
One which kept me dry in the downpours of April,
In the mist carried through the May breeze
When summer came around,
The sun painted its own bright yellow streak
Across the auburn canvas
It grabbed my hands and turned my face towards the sky,
It taught my heart to beat with the ebb and flow of the tide
So that when the yellow paint,
Weathered by June and July's jubilant waters,
Had all chipped away
The warmth of the sunshine could still be felt upon my cheeks
Until autumn was ready to create a masterpiece once more





The Line
—Caroline McCarthy

There's a line
Between her heart
And her mind -
And it's him

Funny it's on her neck
'Cause he's her source of oxygen

When he leaves
You can see
She's gasping for air

But when he's here
It's as if
She's begging to care

Because there's a line
Between right, and wrong
And he walks it

And if there's a talk
I promise
He talks it

I remember, thinking,
How crazy it was
That she'd let him change
Her perspective on love

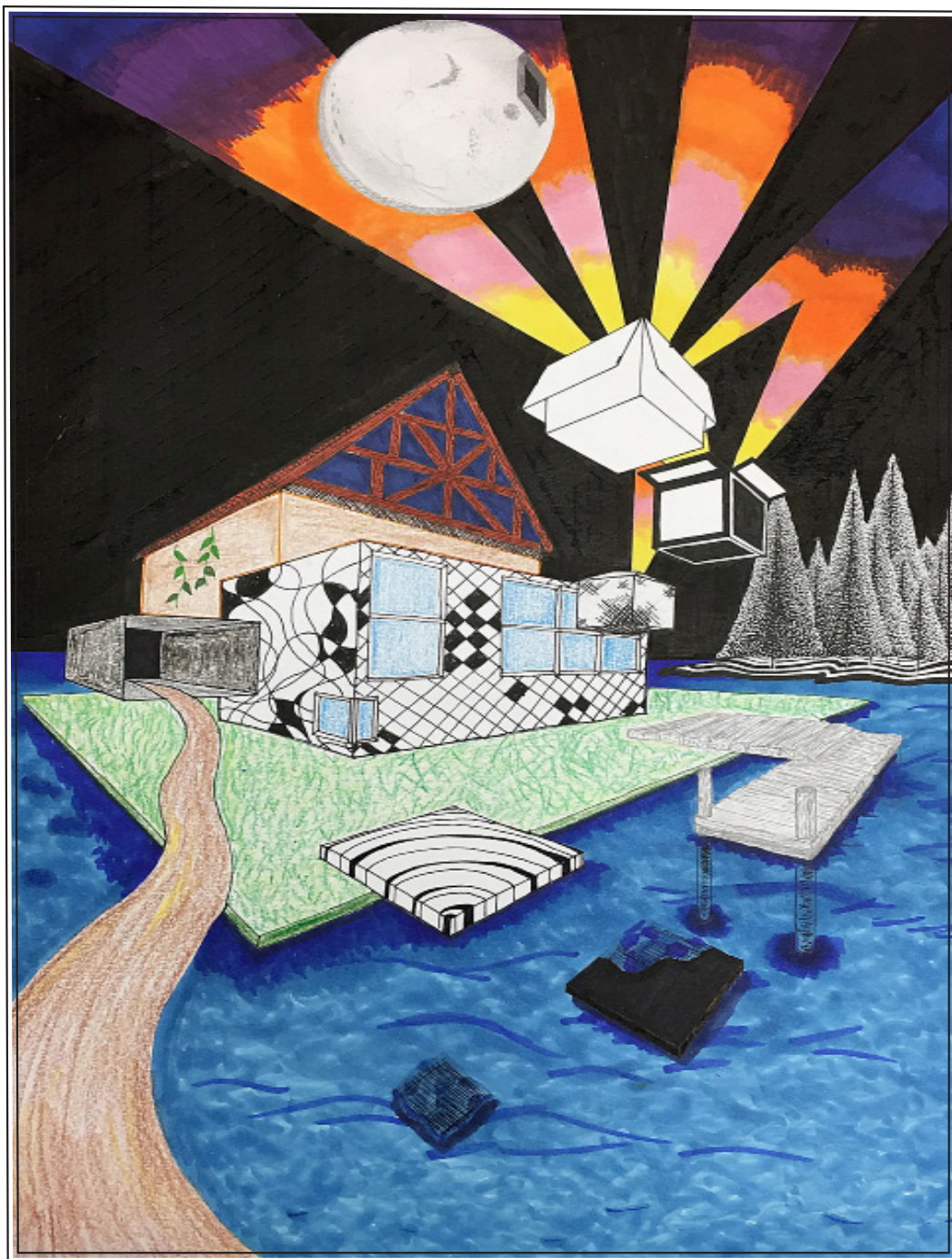
I remember, wondering,
Why she'd rely
On anyone else's air
To keep her alive

But there's a line
Between heart and mind

And I lost it
Everytime you lean in
For one last goodbye kiss

I remember, thinking,
How easy it was
To let you change
My perspective on love

I remember, deciding,
It was time to rely
On my own breath
To keep me alive.



Was I Dreaming?
—Rachel Wronko

Standing in an open field
The slight breeze of air hitting my cheek;
Complete silence and calmness,
Was I dreaming?

Birds were singing songs
As trees danced along.
I've never felt so relaxed before,
Was I dreaming?

The sun was shining on my face
Feeling the warmth and happiness;
I finally felt happy and complete,
Was I dreaming?

Laying down in the tall grass
Flowers surround all of me;
Dandelions, sunflowers, roses
Was I dreaming?

I pinched myself,
Nothing had seemed to change.
Being in such a beautiful place,
I knew I was not dreaming.

A New Path
—Abigail Oliveros

I once hiked along a wretched path,
one littered with brown and yellow leaves
each ripped to shreds, with no sign of life

What an unbearable place it was,
dragging my feet along the crooked stone,
surrounded by negativity and hate.

Deeper and deeper the darkness went on,
paranoia
anxiety
depression

When will it end?
What did I do to deserve this?

Losing Hope,
and then there it was
a vibrant, golden butterfly
lighting up the world around me.

Following it,
I end up in a new path,
painted with fluorescent colors
and flowers speckled with morning dew.
Vivacious trees gathered around,
letting their lively emerald leaves shine the way.

Here I am now,
on a new path.

Not Forever
—Seo Young Jang

Goodbyes are hard to say
As the end draws near
Yet, I will be thinking of you each day
With memories still fresh and clear

A new chapter has started
But I know goodbyes are

Not Forever





When the Sun Fails to Set
—Tierra Sherlock

I piled our past until we were stories high,
the skyline stained with memories.
I read blueprints as bedtime stories—
Working on the edifice of us.

And I lay in the hollowed out glow
of the waning quarter moon,
The crescent impression of your cheek
sharing the sky dimpled with starlight.

But as the constellations slip beneath
the wash of a Sisyphean climbing sunrise,
Only the length of our shadows changes—
No difference in the absence of light we leave behind.

The Type of Scent
—Ciara Kelly

At the end of the hall,
I recall the deepest scent.

The way the smoothness of the fragrance filled the room,
As it lay onto the bosom of the beholder

The way it sometimes made my nose itch,
As it traveled through my senses

The way its appearance signaled a night out,
As I admired the applicant's appearance

The way the mist would float across the room,
As she waltzed around the downfall

At the end of the hall,
I recall the deepest scent.

The type of scent that could only be paired with the most
exquisite in the room.
I hope she knows that I could never forget.

The type of scent that could make my heart bust at the seams
with certain memories.
I hope she knows that my heart could be stunned with the first
release.

At the end of the hall
I called out to my mother
"Please spray it again"

running on empty
—Madison Fahmy

we were the calm before the storm
falling softly as the rain,
yet not as slowly
loving as widely as the ocean,
yet not as deeply
our love has only ever scratched the surface,
the fabric of our interwoven hearts stretched too thin
running on empty is a risk we entertain too often,
kept going only by the fumes
which are emitted when your lips touch mine



Moon Phases
—Dana Serea

I stared at the moon, and I knew that the moon stared back at me.

Cold, tired, a tiny body bundled up in the back of the car. Quiet music on the radio fails to lull me to sleep, so I stare at the silvery light, happy to feel bathed in the moon's attention. It never moves further away, and so I imagine it's following me. I am safe and protected as the moon watches me fall asleep.

I smiled at the moon and imagined that the moon was smiling with me.

Older, smarter, but still young enough to dream silly dreams. Sneaking out in the middle of the night, dancing in the backyard still wearing my pajamas. I spin around and smile up at the sky. I whisper hello and pretend I hear it whisper back. I laugh and tell jokes and hope the moon stays close. It's quite a bit later in the night when I finally crawl back in bed.

I screamed at the moon but knew the moon couldn't answer.

Too old to believe the moon could hear me, but young enough to still wish it could. Angry words, awkward feelings, with no one to talk to but the silvery globe whose light seemed to dim with sympathy. I want to stay angry, to keep venting my rage, but without a target it soon fizzles out. I finally walk back inside, slamming the door, shutting the moonlight out behind me.

I cried to the moon and dreamed it could cry with me.

Older, slower, everyday actions suddenly insurmountable tasks. I tell myself I'll get better, and those around me nod and cheer me on. But out of the corner of my eyes I see solemn faces and wet eyes. I pretend I don't see them, hiding away from the knowledge they hold of how little time I have left. I sneak out with weak, poorly balanced steps. I sit outside and look up at the moon and finally let myself cry. And in the silence of the night, frightened and alone, I believe the moon cries with me.

I smiled at the moon and knew that the moon smiled back.

Too weak to stand, a small frail body bundled up in a hospital bed. Quiet music on the radio fails to drown out the noise of the bustling hallway. I'm too scared to close my eyes. I look up out the open window, bathing in the silvery light that the moon shines down. It seems close enough to touch. I reach out and grasp empty air. I smile brightly at the sky, feeling safe, and know in my heart that the moon is smiling at me too. I am safe and protected as the moon watches me fall asleep.

I said goodbye to the moon but the moon just smiled and welcomed me back home.



Pureness Beneath the Petals

—Desiree Rivera

Something so pure can be damaged and exposed in many places

You may know it for its beauty and all it has done

But what is beneath the surface, what is underneath the exterior that all judges on?

It questions itself on what should I do with my life, should I grow as many do?

The feelings of abandonment and burden are placed on this pretty flower but still aren't acknowledged

The pure flower may ask, who will care for me if there are many identical to me, as long as I respond and say I am fine who will know how I really feel?

Why care about feelings and heartache while the one who damages you has no sorrow?

The fine lines of damage and happiness is not conveyed but the inside of me and all my glory is washed away like a tsunami to a beach

As many think where I bloom so does hope, but what hope can ultimately be destroyed by those who give it?

As the petals fall down one by one, my will to live until eternity for all those to look at me diminishes

All catch their eyes on what they see but have they ever asked what is inside?

I have been used for the benefit of others and still those who continue on, carrying no regret, remorse

I'm used for those in happy and memorial times and also times when my petals drift in the wind as I am laid near the stone of someone who was loved and cherished

As I bloom where I have been planted with radiant smiles and water from the purest river the outcome isn't always positive

My death places despair on only those who care, but the majority only see me as only one out of the thousand, maybe even a million who are identical to me

I guess I will never be understood because it is not difficult to find one who appears as me but it would be difficult to find one as pure as me.



A Sister
—Ciara Kelly

A shadow trailing around my younger years
A carbon copy
Mom says we are bound to get along
You bother me
You mimic me
It drives me crazy

A leech in my younger years
A bloodsucking waste of space
Mom says one day we will love each other
You rebel
You fight me
It drives me to hatred

A friend worth hanging onto in my older years
A mini me
Mom says we need to be quiet
You make me laugh
You make me smile
I love you



Flight
—Meghan Lichtenberger

1. I used to watch the hummingbirds outside my bedroom door. They battled for dominance over the small feeder I had placed outside, a natural altercation, swinging with the gentle sway of the winds. They flew around each other, attacking, destroying themselves in order to claim themselves as the dominant figure.
2. The hummingbirds reminded me of us, as we had a natural altercation, a simple sway in our words and the violence laced through every line
3. When I say us, I don't mean you and I, I mean the entire human race lashing out at one another
4. And when I say the human race I mean the good ones, too. The few of them that exist have their bad days, too.
5. Have the hummingbirds ever stopped and watched us? Entranced with our meager problems and selfish aptitude.
6. Do they like what they see? And are they able to pick out the good ones and bad ones? Or do they only see what I do?
7. Perhaps the hummingbirds remind me of the world, because their hearts beat so fast, you can hardly hear it.
8. Perhaps that is the problem with the world, all our hearts beat so fast, and look for the good in the world so much, that you can't hear it when they find it
9. I wish my heart didn't beat so fast
10. I wish I knew what caused me to fly backwards no matter how many times I tried to reach you
11. I stopped watching the hummingbirds awhile ago, because maybe they are simply just birds, maybe they aren't the answer to all my life problems
12. My heart is beating fast again

Sonnet

—Gabriela Jiménez

Although I am no king from mighty grace
I can fill thy heart with love and wonder
Yet your heart still lies in a fool's embrace
Pushing my feelings forever under
Engrossed by thee all these years, only friends
Knowing thy every thought and desires
Wanting to spend life with thee to the end
You'll never know my heart's burning fire
Time will tell when you will run to my arms
Thy love is worth a thousand years to wait
I am your knight and will keep you from harm
My true love will last until heaven's gate
But pray my love don't wait for death to start
I trust my lady with keys to my heart



Snow
—Chloe Cornacchiulo

1. Snowfall
2. So tall
3. Powdery and puffy
4. White and fluffy
5. Frozen ice turned into snow-cone mush
6. Roads and highways covered in slush
7. Snowflakes delicate and thin
8. Falling gently from the white sky
9. Frostbitten fingers swathed in warm cloth
10. Covered in purple blankets as thick as wool
11. Soft winter hats swallowing the tops of heads
12. Enormous winter jackets suffocating you like a big hug
13. Snow boots leaving intricately detailed prints on the white ground
14. A black-and-white mutt's nose burying itself as deep as it could
15. Frozen hands gripping that of a hot cocoa-filled warm blue mug
16. A single puff of breath visible even in the darkened sky
17. The sun setting so low and early, blackening the Northeast without its rays
18. Jack Frost nipping at everyone's numb noses
19. A shiver felt throughout the Eastern side of the country
20. Fireplaces stacked to the brims of chimneys with burnt planks of used and burning firewood
21. Everyone huddling into every Dunkin Donuts and Starbucks they can find, awaiting that precious cup of warm, steamy coffee
22. The possibility of frostbite keeping everyone on their toes
22. But we shall await for much sunnier, warmer days

When Inertia Runs Away
—Tierra Sherlock

My grandma used to drive me to school every morning. I wasn't even big enough to sit in the front seat, but I still reminded her to put on her seatbelt every time we got in the car. She had a tendency for forgetting, but as long as she got me from home to school in one piece, I wasn't complaining. Days at grandma's house meant her signature mac and cheese and evenings coated in sugar, replete with donuts and cookies galore. Without giving ourselves nearly enough time to digest our food, we used to play Ring Around the Rosie. I would spin in circles until I collapsed in a dizzy heap, but her hand would always be extended, waiting to lift me to my feet.

Ten years later, those same hands swirl a spoon in a cup of Lipton tea, even though they can't tie shoelaces anymore. But there are times when the room won't stop spinning, as she turns over what remains of the past. With no blind hope for the future, each cataract clouded day obscures her vision and each sound grows more distant with her fading sense of hearing.

I can vividly remember the moment when she told me she knew she would soon die. I don't know why it came as such a shock, but I had never really imagined a world without her. Sometimes I think she has already moved on. But I like to think of the days my grandma spends lost in the clouds as merely her scoping out her hazy heaven, seeing where she'll get to spend her next lifetime. With no stairs to flame up her joints and no conversations to go over her head, when she joins her friends up there, no hail-mary hope will be too high for her to catch.

We brave the stormy nights together. During the sleepless hours, I face my demons and she talks to the angels, until they convince her that she'll wake in time to see another morning. But some days, even when the sky is as clear as it is blue and the sun hugs every movement with sweat, she'll shiver and ask when the rain is going to stop. Because she cannot keep her head above water these days, but she's terrified of what will fall after the last drop.

My grandma only likes to watch the news. They play the same information on a loop, but I think that after an hour she forgets that she has already heard the rundown and it all begins to surprise her again. She likes to know what's happening in Washington even though she can't name the town she has lived in for the past 20 years.

When caring meets the inescapable, there comes a point when we can't count on just a seatbelt to save our loved ones, anymore. Inertia carries time forward even as her mind remains stuck in the past, biting at the heels of but never really reaching the present. I find myself trying desperately to cling to her, when in reality, I'm collecting the fragments of a woman with whom I have barely crossed paths. When her memory was still fully intact, I was a mere child, unable to retain events and occurrences. Although I now have the mental capacity to establish a meaningful relationship, I know that each one of our conversations might just slip from her recollection.

Sometimes she doesn't remember my name, but she will always pick up those donuts that she knows I love. Even when she gets lost in the maze of hallways and can no longer recall the way to her room, she will still go looking for my dad to let him know when his favorite show is on. When the vestiges of her waterlogged being bob their heads above the surface, I cannot help but to feel connected to her as we breathe the same air and rejoice in the bond thickened by our own blood. I know that I will miss her greatly when her remnants leave, but at least I will mourn for her entirety and she will be whole again in my memory.

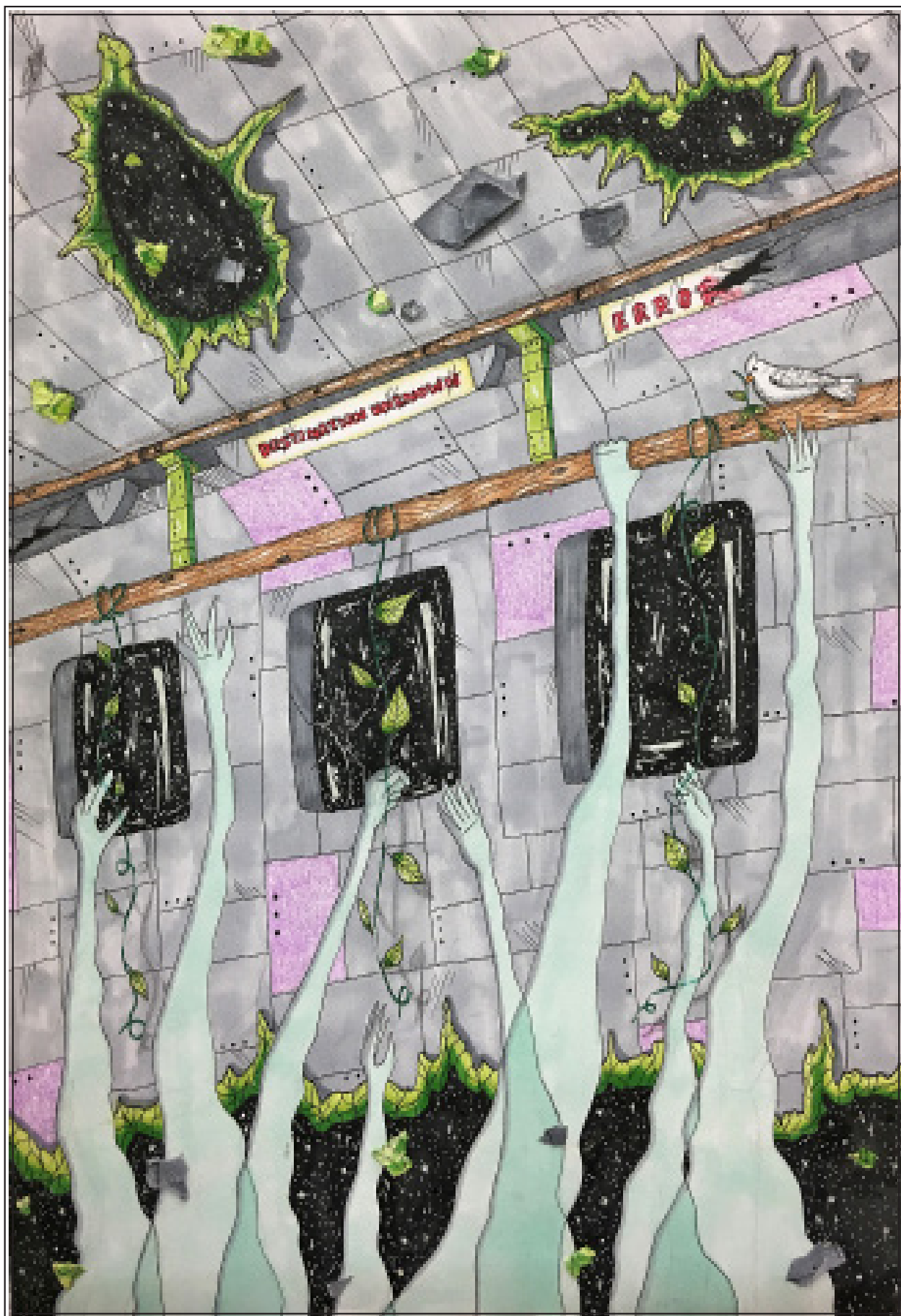
To Heal
—Kyra Cioffi

I am the fragile lines that bend and break around me
Replenishing in a fluttering syncopation, yet crumbling in a single breath
I pick up the fragmented lines, one by one
And dance with the broken bits
For though I have reshaped my mind, allowing for the curious remnants to wander
I breathe the same air as my former self
Still just as whole as the day I set out on my own
My eyes, still rippling
My arms, still reaching
Yet a newfound strength in
The Weight of my Walk



Love
—Morgan Baumann

The most mighty four letter word
Love
The beauty that everyone wants to feel
Initiating the importance in someone's life
A word that can change a person's whole outlook on life
For the better
Such a powerful meaning for such a small word
There are always two sides to everything
The four letter word that makes a person weak
Hate
The word that will flip a person's life into a forever darkness
Causing the beauty to diminish into dust
Differing from love
For the worse
Both mighty four letter words.



Armageddon
—Tierra Sherlock

Standing barefoot on concrete
Makes the earth take a different shape
And suddenly the ten minute walk between our homes
Feels like a pilgrimage to the rubble remains of a hollowed faith
I wasn't prepared to scrape the soles of my feet raw
Just to keep up with the pace of our footprints

Primitive Instincts
—Meghan Lichtenberger

What makes a warrior?
What allows a person to stand
in the line of fire,
and not cower away?

What makes a soldier,
a fighter?
Is there a bootcamp we must
complete?
Is there a prerequisite testing
we must pass?

What is the difference between
Life and War?
What makes the two stand apart
from one another?

The answer?
Everything
Life is full everything,
We build our shields through
our words.
Our defenses crack,
and love creeps in.
There is no difference between
Life and War

There are hard battles,
And good battles.
Times of peace,
and times of hate.
But there is always
Light
Once the dust settles from the storm
And understanding when not to strike back
Makes you the
warrior,
soldier,
fighter,
human,
we were all destined to be.

