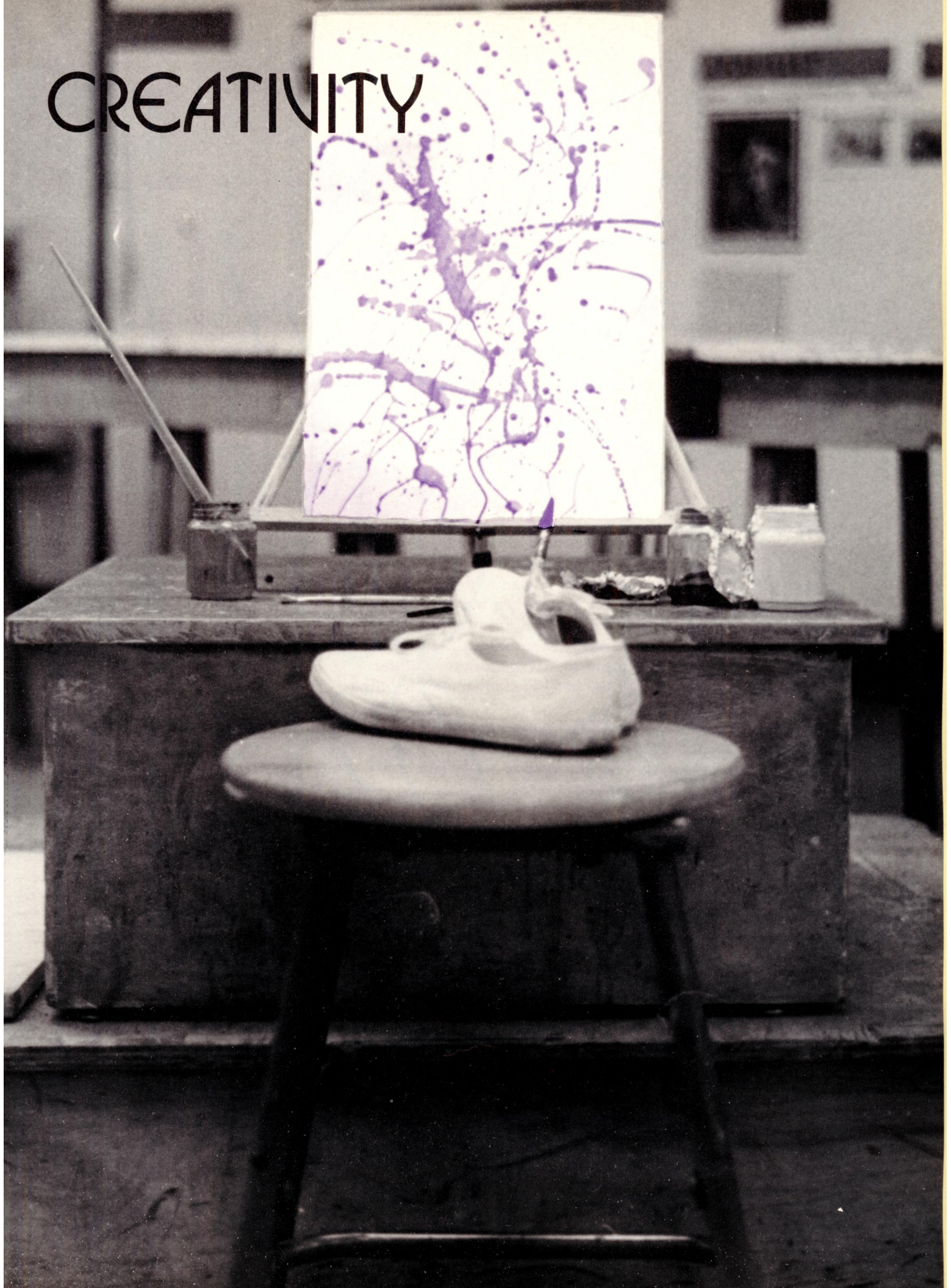



CREATIVITY





Autumn Leaves

I run blindly
So far, so fast (so free?)
Away from all the pain that your love stood for
I have to close my eyes
For if I look behind me
I'll see the autumn leaves
Whose colours remind me so much of you
And if I look in front of me
I'll see your smile in the setting sun
To the right I hear your laughter
To the left I feel your hand on mine

So I must look towards the sky
And hope for the day
When I can open my eyes
Without bumping into you
At every turn

Mara Goldstein



The Way It Was

Do you remember when
we were in elementary
school?

So young and innocent,
We were clean slates to
work upon.

No one cared who was who,
just that we were friends.
Clothes, looks and money,
didn't matter to us,
but we still got along.
It's hard to believe,
isn't it?


Then something happened
We lost each other in
the rush-
somewhere along the line.
Things changed quickly
after that.

Now as I see you,
I don't know you and you
don't know me.
Why?
Why do we have to hide from
the truth?
We were friends.

No matter what I say
No matter what I do,
nothing will change.
We will never know each
other the way we did.

We were young,
we were innocent,
we were children;
and we didn't know the
difference.

Christine Mathieu



Dreamscape

To be lost in your mind
In a hole of your own
To be kept forever, one
lasting kind

With strangers of love,
evil and adventure
To a non-realistic moment,
lost forever

To awake unknown, wanting
to keep it-
Within your mind
Go back to sleep and just
fake it.

Mark Silverstone

Choices

Confused of life,
Decisions are their hardest

As I grow older
In age and in mind,
I feel my thoughts are too
thrown behind

I look beyond my dreams,
and cast a spell

It's a choice to make,
Or is it HELL!

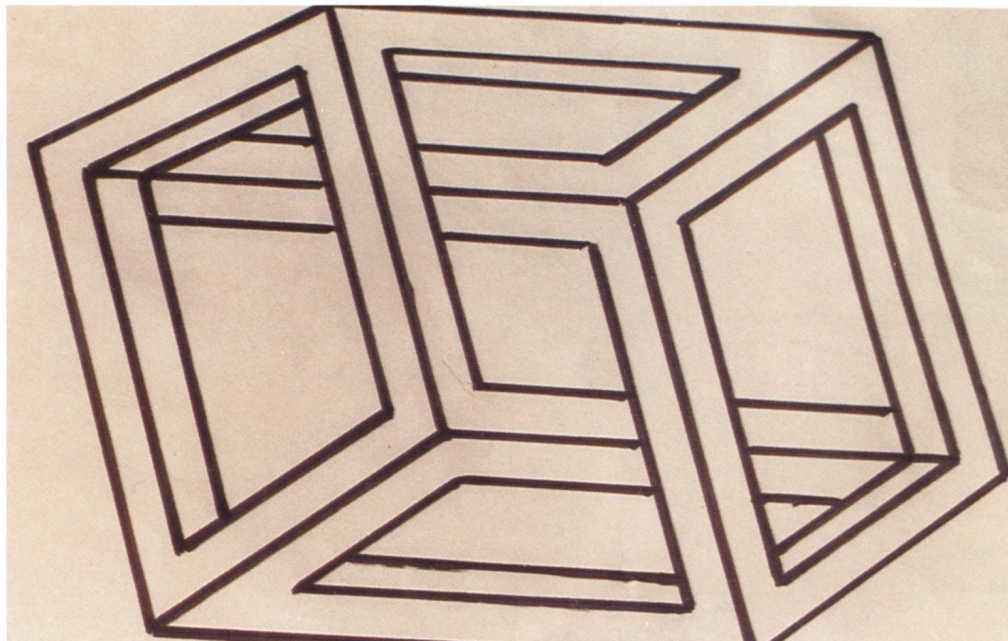
Mark Silverstone

JUNIOR ART



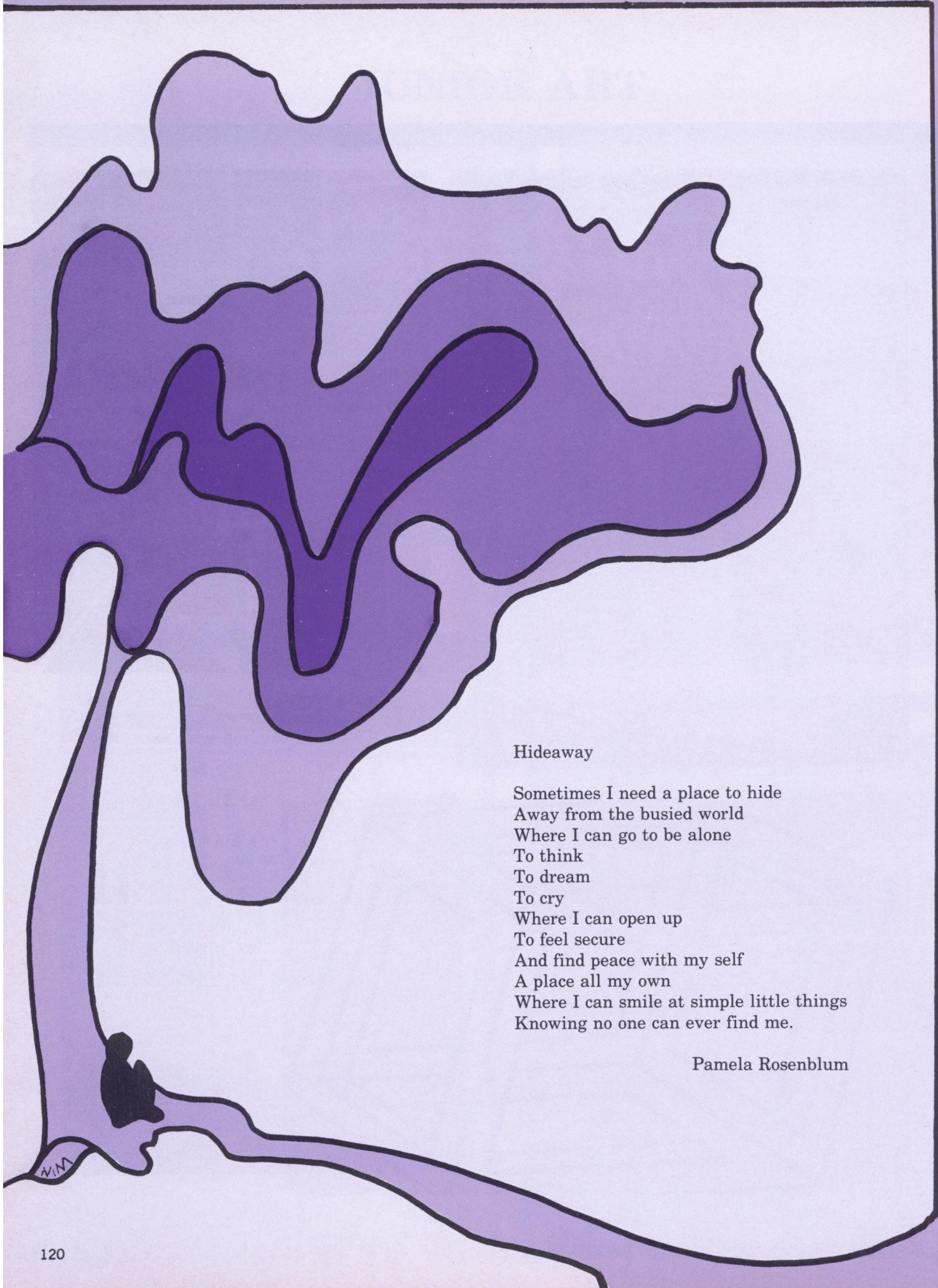
MASS MEDIA





ARTISTS:

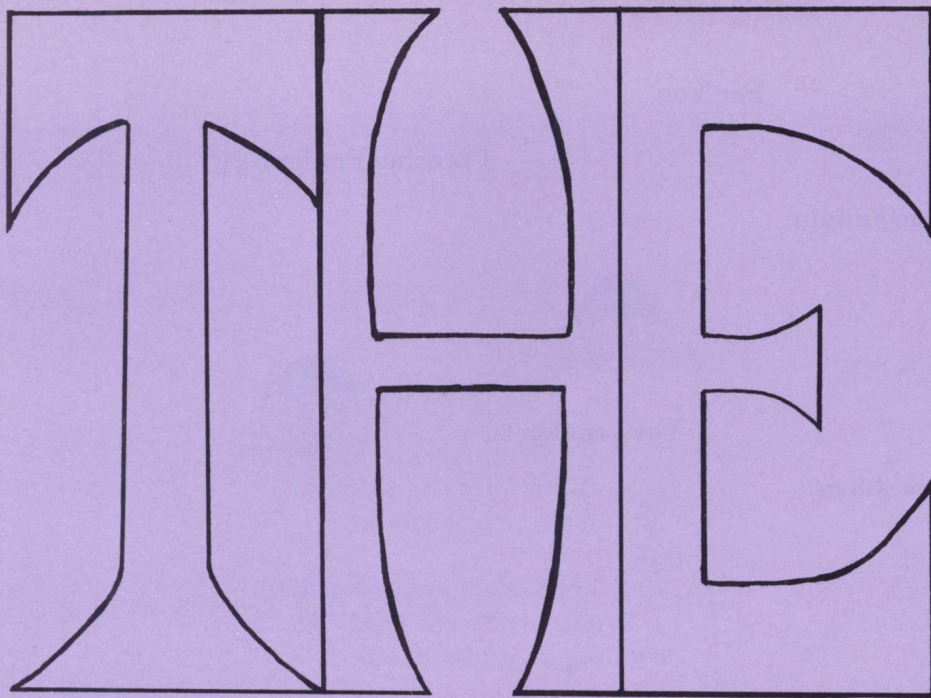
- Susan Shragge
- Stacy Lallouz
- Wendy Steckler
- Shari David
- Evan Savelson
- Ira Salsberg



Hideaway

Sometimes I need a place to hide
Away from the busied world
Where I can go to be alone
To think
To dream
To cry
Where I can open up
To feel secure
And find peace with my self
A place all my own
Where I can smile at simple little things
Knowing no one can ever find me.

Pamela Rosenblum



The Tree

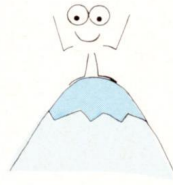
The tree,
Stands alone.
The tree stands alone.
Why?
"Why not," says God.
The bird nests,
The bug eats,
Grover climbs,
The tree.

Anonymous

For You

Francine Frydenberg

I said for you I'd climb the highest mountain,



but I couldn't.



I said for you I'd solve the hardest problem,



but I can't.



I said for you I'd reveal lifelong secrets,



but I shouldn't.



I said for you I'd always be strong,



but I'm not.



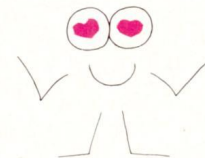
And I said for you I'd keep all my promises,



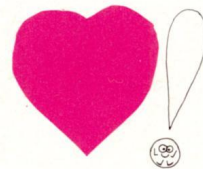
but I haven't.

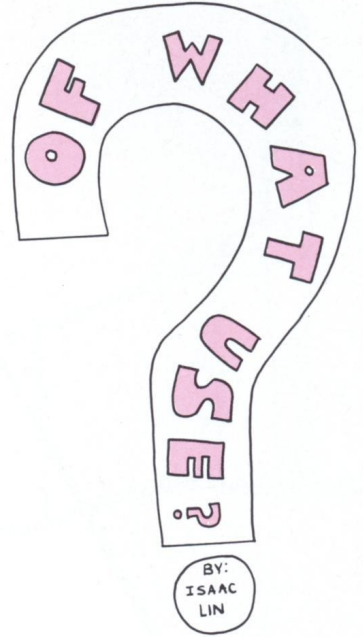


But when I say to you, I will always love you,
please know,



I will.





Of What Use?

Of what use is a seed?
It is simply a little thing
As insignificant as a weed.

Of what use is a cocoon?
It only consists of tiny fibres
Which are as white as the moon.

Of what use is a newborn baby?
It cries, it wails, it kicks and screams
It only causes trouble to some man and lady.

Of what use are poems?
Are they not only words written by poets
That make sense only to them?

From a seed, a flower blooms
A beautiful sight that eliminates gloom

From a cocoon emerges a butterfly
A splendid addition to the sky

A newborn baby is the birth
Of our future leaders for the Earth

A poem is a method of expressing oneself
To make one's feelings known to everyone else

So before saying "Of what use" think carefully
Because you might be acting quite foolishly.

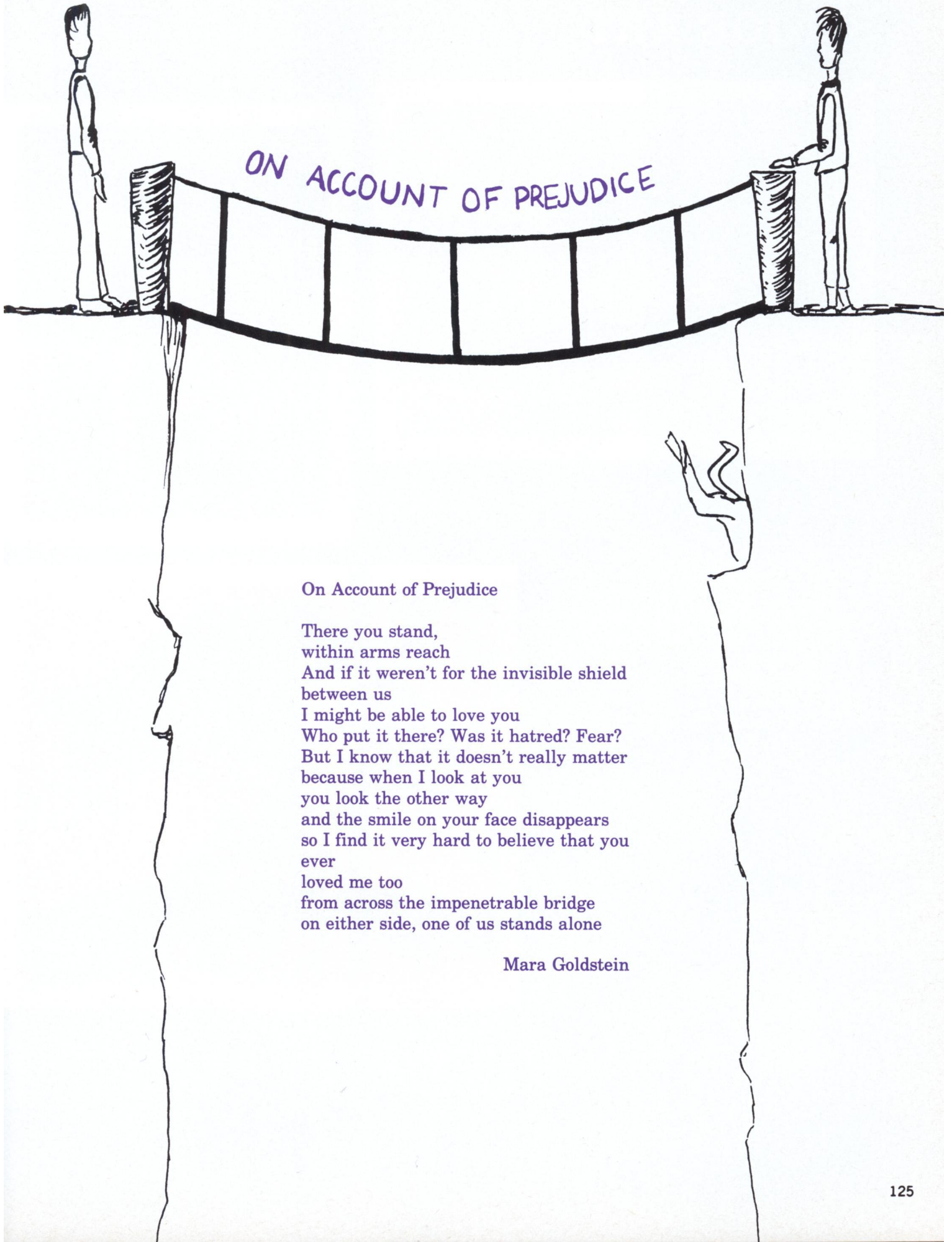
Isaac Lin



Now and Then

Look at me, I'm down again
I get this way, now and then
It's not that I have a reason to cry
I'm just not happy I don't know why
I just can't look forward to anything new
It seems like life is old and used
My problems are old, from the past
My sometimes happy moods don't last
I guess it's time to change scenes once more
Throw all those depressions out the door
Pick up my life, start over again
I get this way, now and then.

Pamela Rosenblum



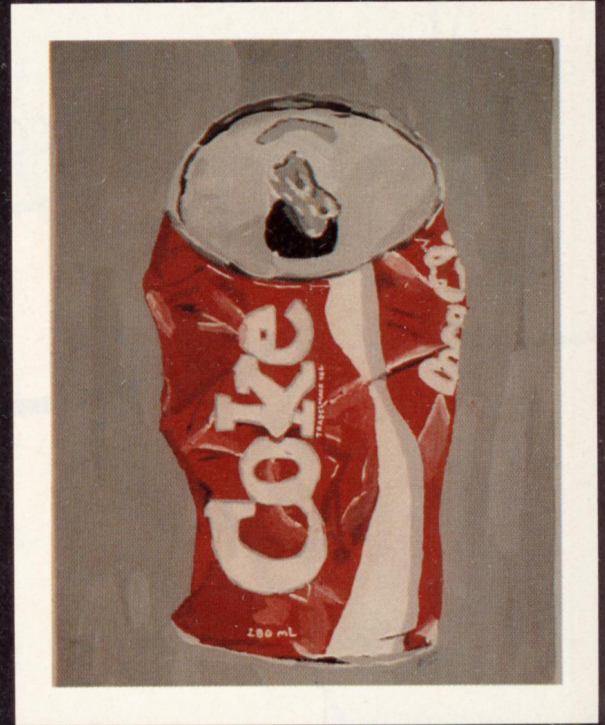
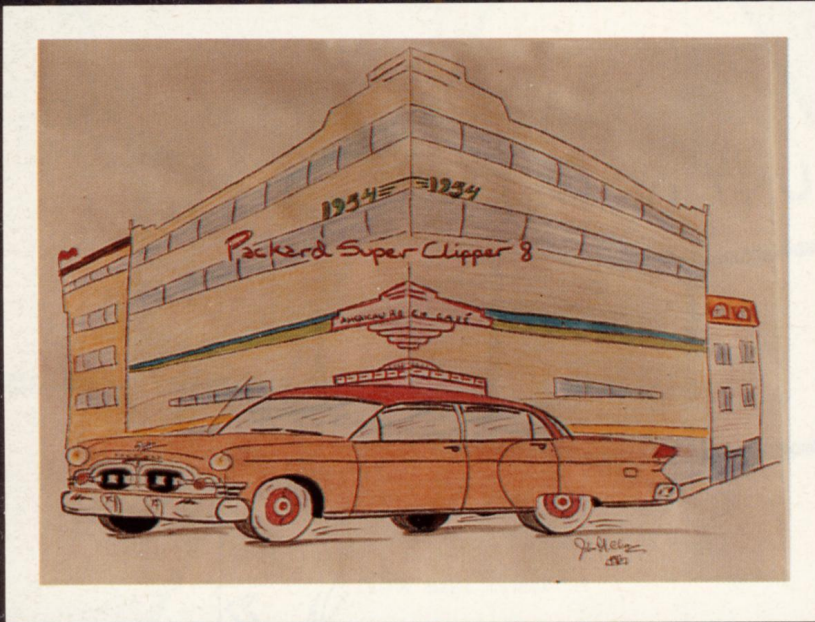
ON ACCOUNT OF PREJUDICE

On Account of Prejudice

There you stand,
within arms reach
And if it weren't for the invisible shield
between us
I might be able to love you
Who put it there? Was it hatred? Fear?
But I know that it doesn't really matter
because when I look at you
you look the other way
and the smile on your face disappears
so I find it very hard to believe that you
ever
loved me too
from across the impenetrable bridge
on either side, one of us stands alone

Mara Goldstein

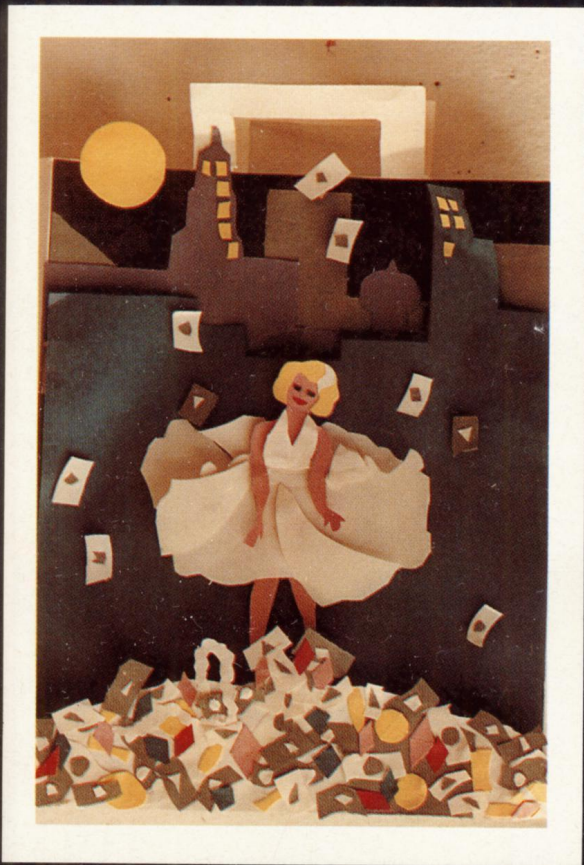
SENIOR ART

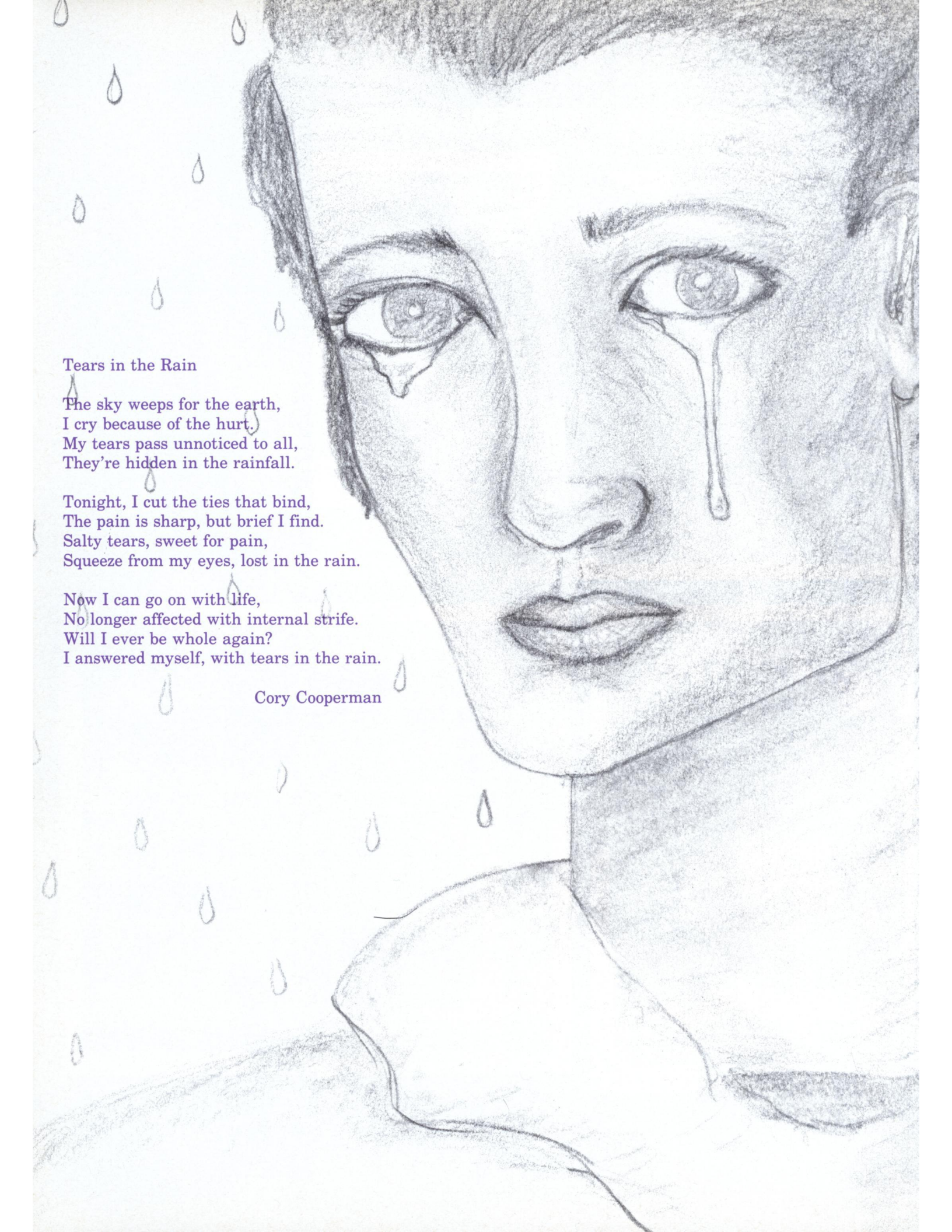


ARTISTS:

Clockwise from Top Left:
John Ming Yun Chan
Sherri Israel
Rachel Echenberg
Isidora Vuk
Christine Mathieu
Kat Baczkowski







Tears in the Rain

The sky weeps for the earth,
I cry because of the hurt,
My tears pass unnoticed to all,
They're hidden in the rainfall.

Tonight, I cut the ties that bind,
The pain is sharp, but brief I find.
Salty tears, sweet for pain,
Squeeze from my eyes, lost in the rain.

Now I can go on with life,
No longer affected with internal strife.
Will I ever be whole again?
I answered myself, with tears in the rain.

Cory Cooperman