

CREATIVITY

Incriminating Evidence . . .





REJECTION

I'm rejected daily by those I love,
By those who's opinions I hold above
Everything else in this world so fair,
Or sometimes not so fair.

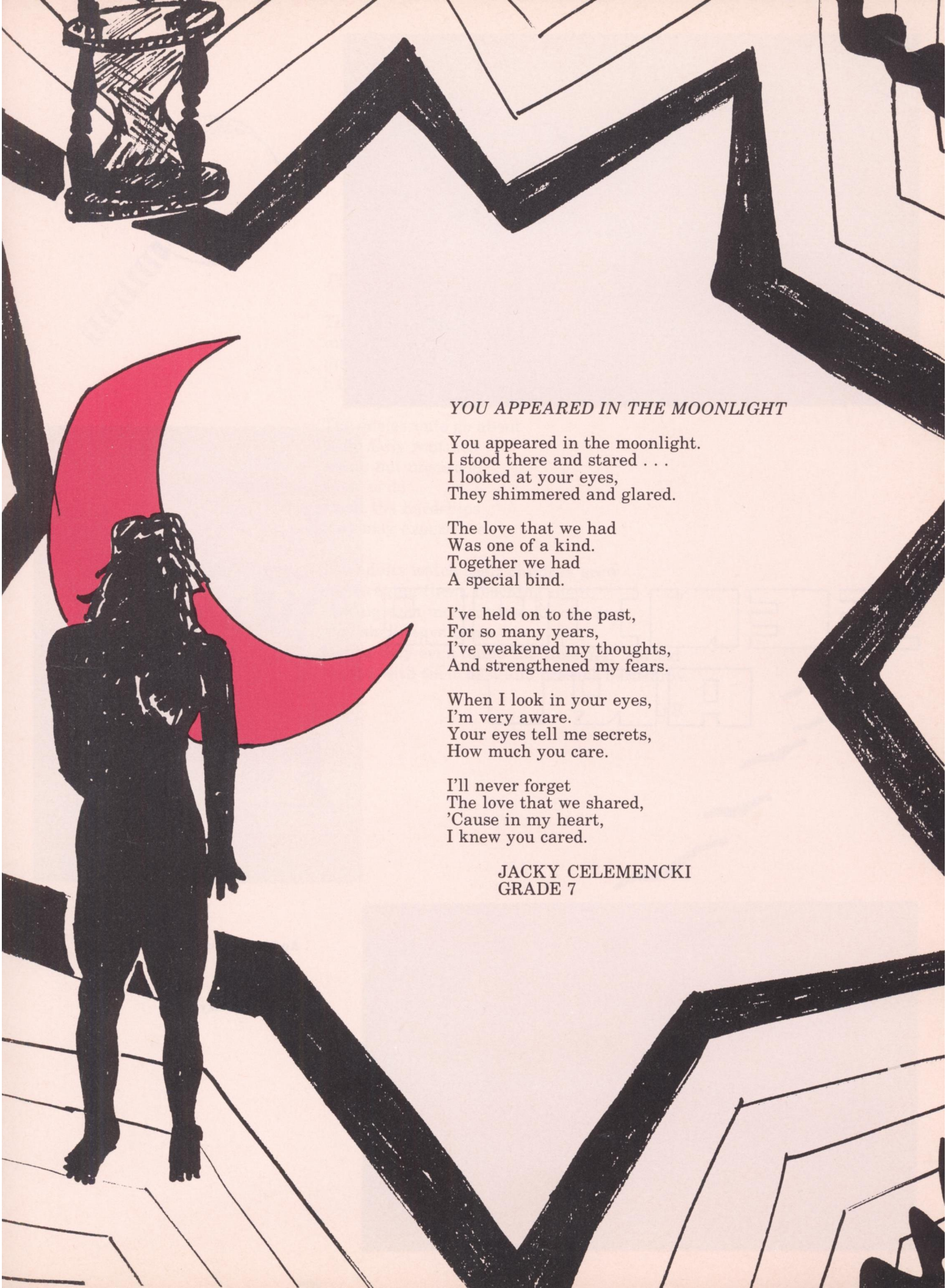
I don't understand what I did for this,
That all these parties I must miss.
To get left out of these social gatherings
When I know I haven't done a thing.

All I ever wanted was to fit in.
To be popular, pretty and thin.
One of those everyone admires,
who's energy and popularity never tires.

A fortunate child I never was,
On the subject of getting along, my head starts to fuzz.
If I could only decipher what it was I did,
What was my crime, when I was a small kid.

I always had everything a child could want.
Good clothes, a good house, though nothing I'd flaunt.
That wasn't enough for my peers,
Who forced me to listen to their taunts and jeers.

JESSIKA DIAMOND
GRADE 11

A stylized illustration on a light pink background. On the left, a black silhouette of a person with long dreadlocks stands with their back to the viewer, looking towards a large, bright red crescent moon. The scene is framed by thick, black, zig-zagging lines that create a sense of depth and perspective, resembling a stylized architectural or geometric structure. In the top left corner, there is a small, detailed drawing of an hourglass on a stand.

YOU APPEARED IN THE MOONLIGHT

You appeared in the moonlight.
I stood there and stared . . .
I looked at your eyes,
They shimmered and glared.

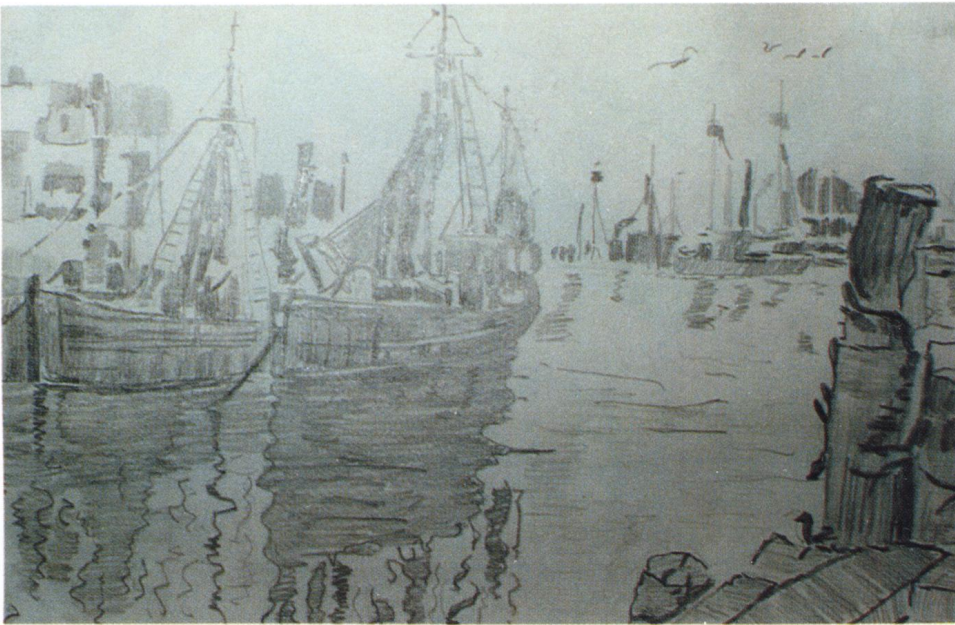
The love that we had
Was one of a kind.
Together we had
A special bind.

I've held on to the past,
For so many years,
I've weakened my thoughts,
And strengthened my fears.

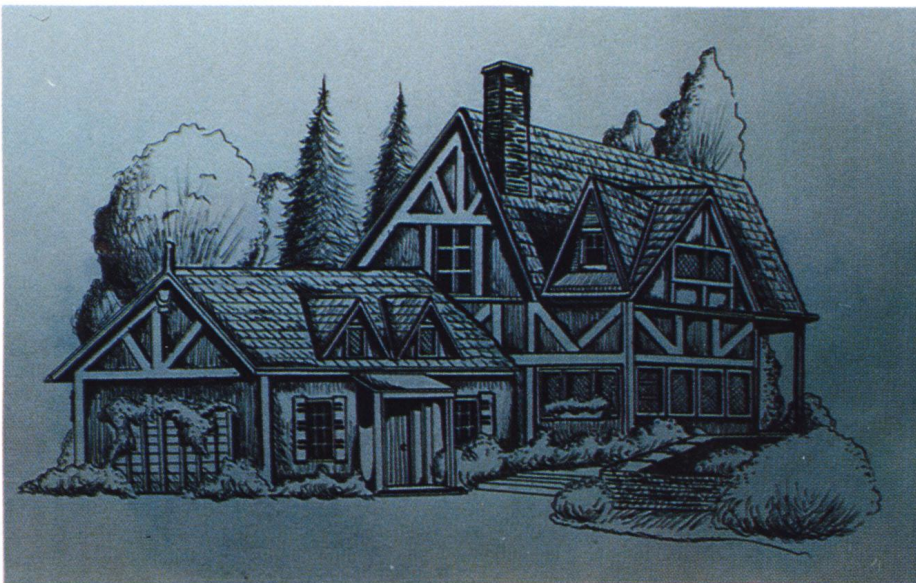
When I look in your eyes,
I'm very aware.
Your eyes tell me secrets,
How much you care.

I'll never forget
The love that we shared,
'Cause in my heart,
I knew you cared.

JACKY CELEMENCKI
GRADE 7



SENIOR ART



Andres Pelenur

Lisa Hecht

David Wolofsky

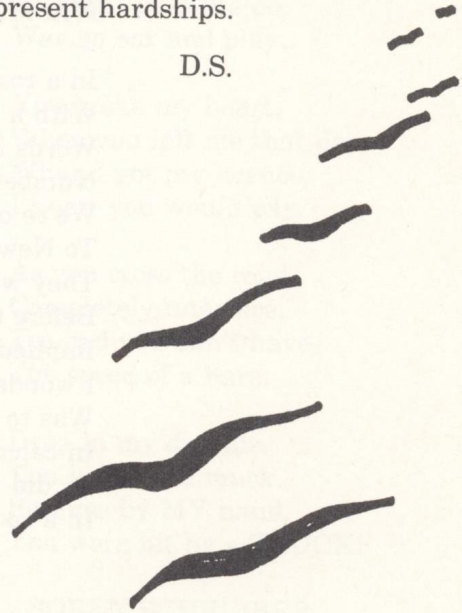
THE CHILDREN

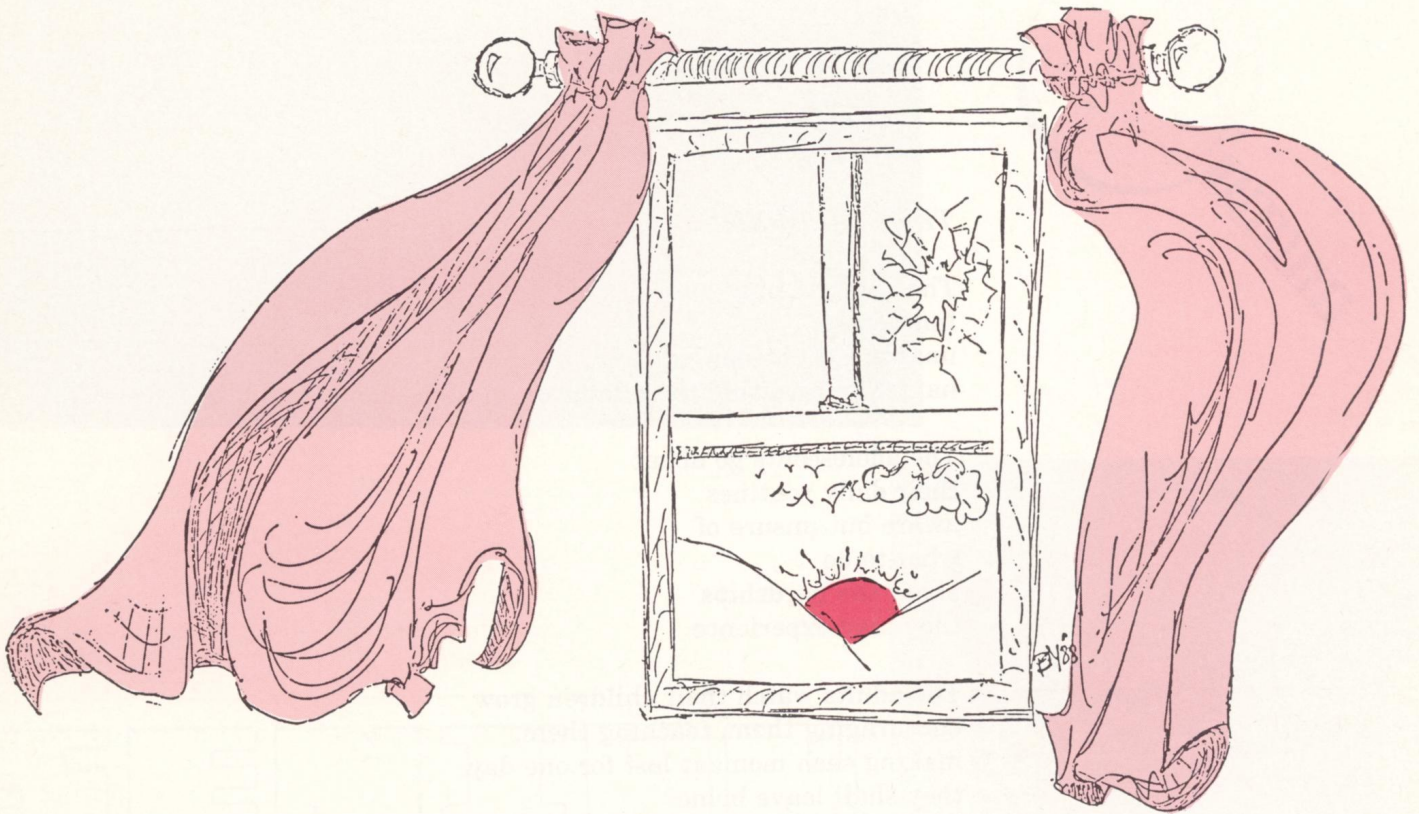
The children play
innocently
unaware of the dangers and
hardships awaiting them later on in life.

The adolescents go about
their daily routines
aware but unsure of
what to do
about the hardships
they may experience.

The adults watch their children grow
encouraging them, teaching them,
making each moment last for one day
they shall leave home.
Maybe they even found the time and learned
to cope with their past and present hardships.

D.S.

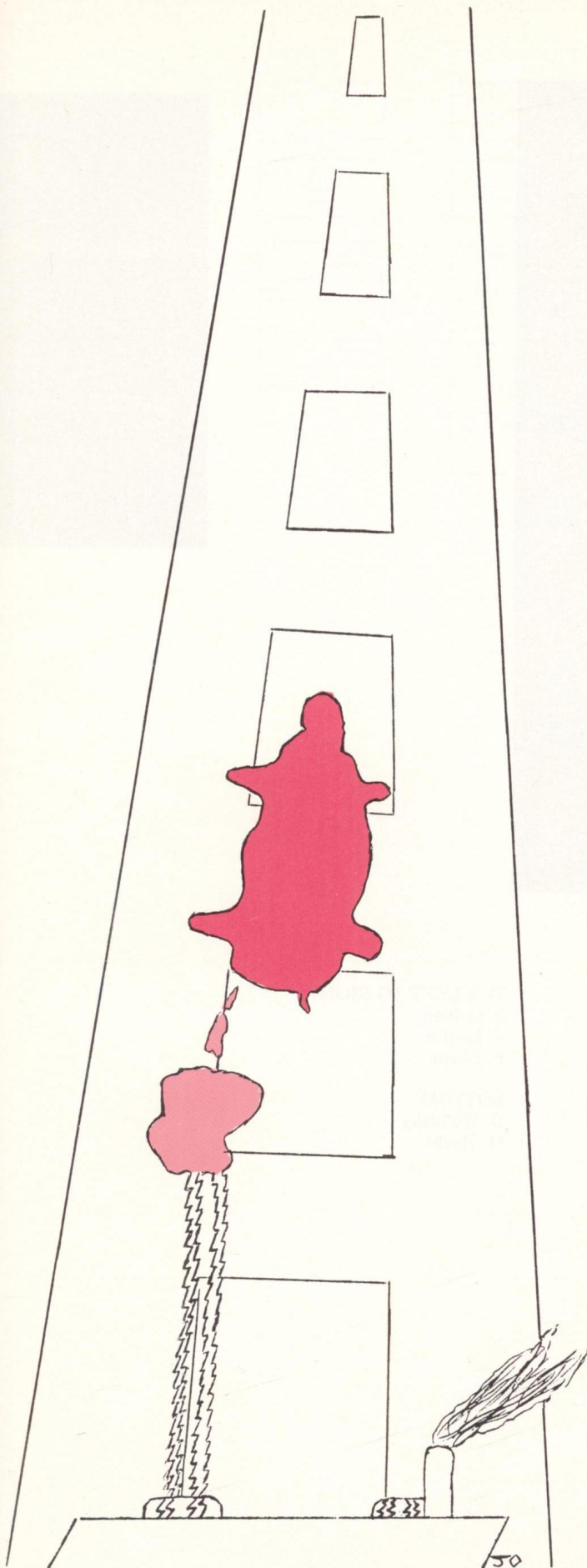




MR. MYER'S HOMEROOM

In a room
With a window
Words imply precision
Numbers and units
We're objectively subjected
To Newton, Pascal, Kelvin
They were once men
Before their names
Implied precision
I wonder if their goal
Was to find themselves immortal
In calculations and formulas
Or did they sit
In a room with a window.

MARA GOLDSTEIN
GRADE 10



TURTLE, MY DEAR.

Turtle my dear,
You've left me forever.
All our ties,
We must now sever.

As you left me,
My life drained away.
And all you could do,
Was go out and play.

You broke my heart,
When you left me that day
When I got my licence,
I knew you would pay.

As you cross the road
Completely unaware,
Too bad you don't have,
The speed of a hare.

Deep in my dreams,
You lay in the muck.
Because by MY hand,
You were hit by a TRUCK!

SOREN SCHREIBER
JESSIKA DIAMOND
BETSY LIPES
GRADE 11



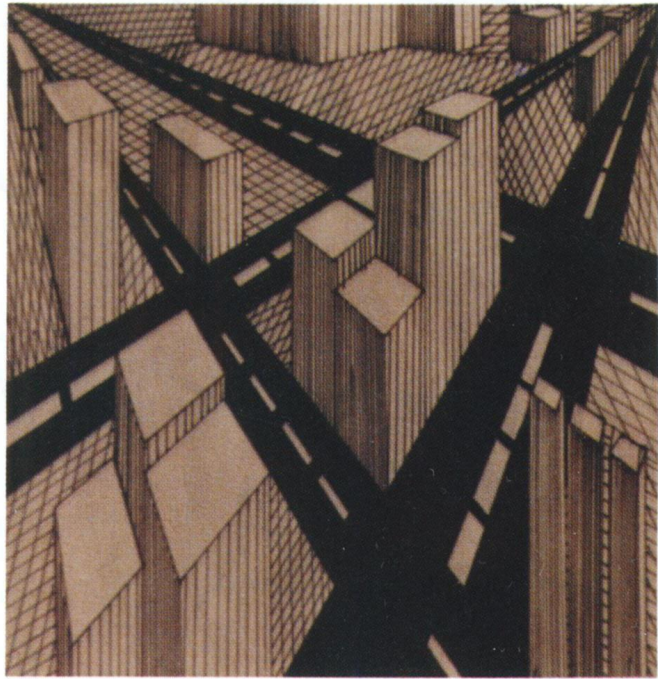
TOP LEFT TO RIGHT

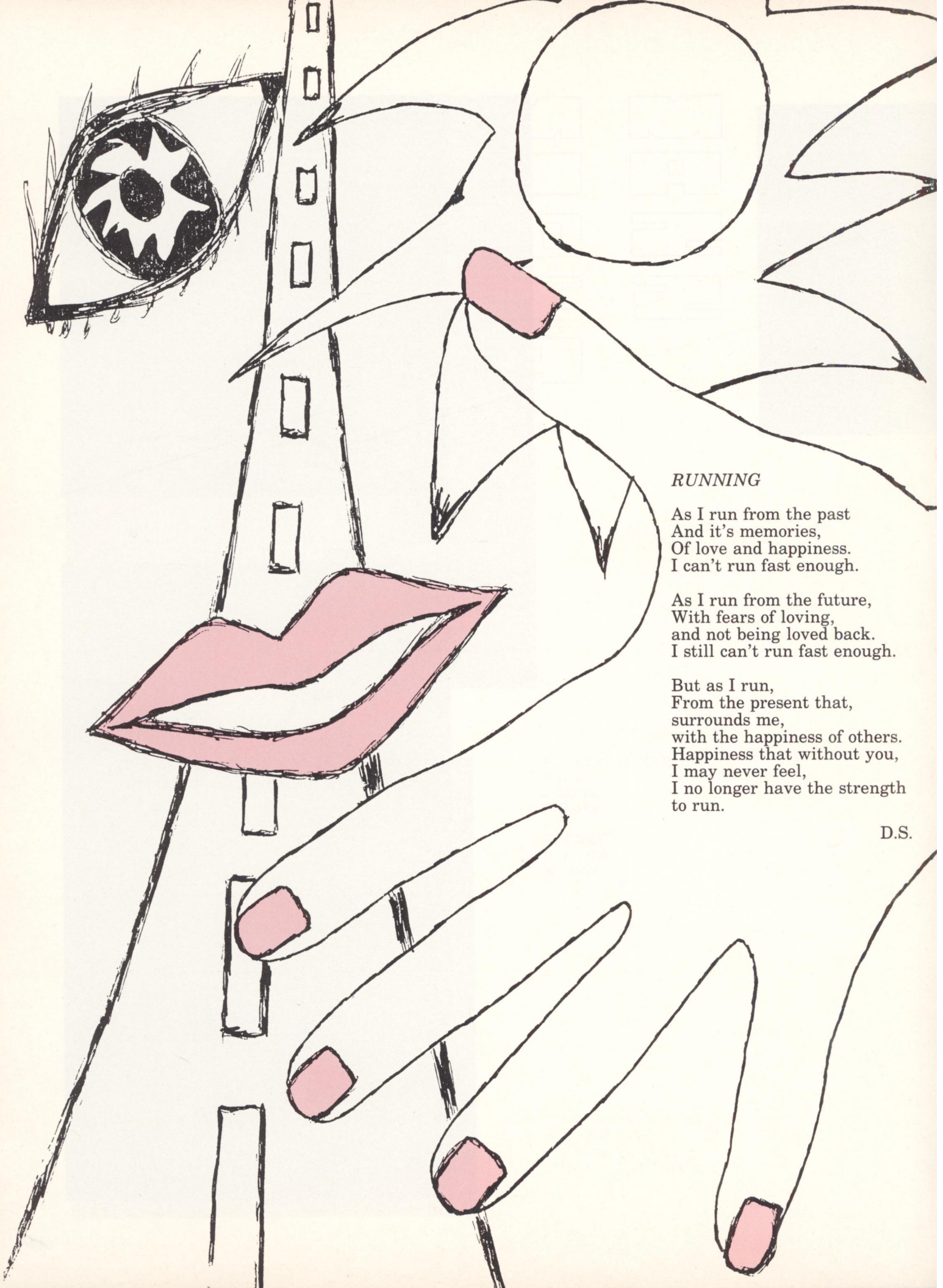
S. Golden
J. Matlin
P. Bloom

BOTTOM
D. Wolofsky
M. Hecht

MAN
S
S

MAN
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D
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A





RUNNING

As I run from the past
And it's memories,
Of love and happiness.
I can't run fast enough.

As I run from the future,
With fears of loving,
and not being loved back.
I still can't run fast enough.

But as I run,
From the present that,
surrounds me,
with the happiness of others.
Happiness that without you,
I may never feel,
I no longer have the strength
to run.

D.S.

I WAKE UP AND DREAM

I wake up in the morning and dream of you.
My vision so pure, reality so untrue.
I see that you need something more than me,
But if I let you go, will I ever be free?
Free from pain, from doubt, from frustration.
Released from guilt, the alienation?

I'm a coward because fear controls my decisions,
Logic's too cold and my heart's been imprisoned.
I must set a course for myself in my life.
But first walk the edge of necessities knife.
All I want is one more kiss to tide me through.
Because in my dreams all I've got are memories of you . . .

I hope you'll forgive my seeming rude . . .
But this is more for love . . . than the Prelude!

CORY COOPERMAN
GRADE 11





MAKE LOVE NOT WAR

When Left and Right meet,
Some will disagree.
Few will survive,
Many will fight.

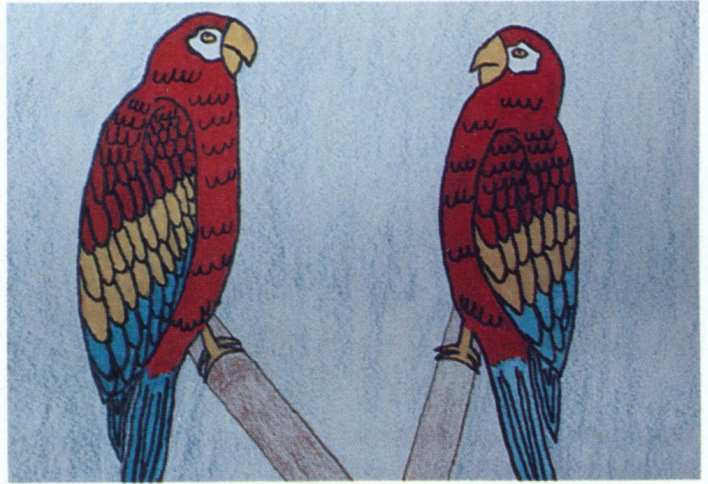
When Left stays alone,
Some will feel sad.
Few will feel happy,
Many will be lonely.

When Right stays alone,
Some will get desperate.
Few will be satisfied,
Many will long togetherness.

When Left and Right meet again,
Some will remember.
Few will forget,
Many will have died.

CYNDI CORNBLIT
GRADE 11

JUNIOR ART



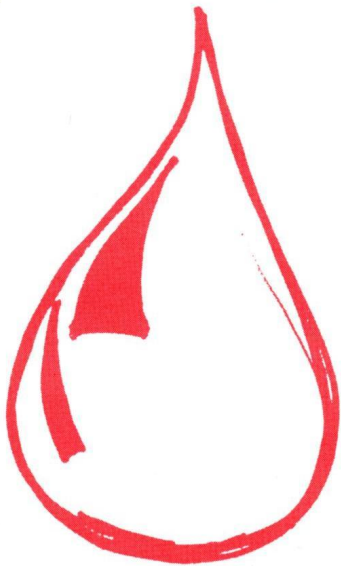
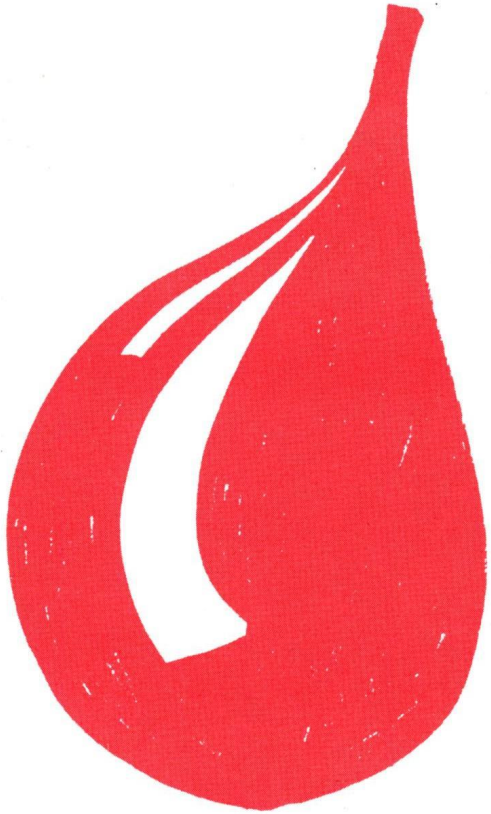
BOWL OF CONFUSION

Under,
under I fall
drowning
in an ocean of
deceit.
Those who could
once
be trusted are now
strangers.

When
I was younger
I trusted him
like no one else.
He failed me.

Now
I flounder
wondering
when another will
come along.

Until
then he shall
haunt
my thoughts, my dreams
and hopes.
It is him
who I think of as I
drown
in this
Bowl of Confusion.



I WAKE UP AND DREAM II

I wake to the fleeting feel of your lips,
Another day begins anew.
My skin tingles from the touch of fingertips,
Their loving caress a miracle of you.

These are the memories I hold dear,
With their private places in my heart.
Not the ones filled with our doubts and fear,
Those are the shades with which I easily part.

So our troubles may seem neverending,
Yet I can see the smile through the tears.
While now there may be no use pretending,
I can wait a few more years . . .

- Cory Cooperman
- Sec V/HR 203

FOR YOU . . .

I'll clear the pain from your eyes
And fill you with laughter.
Hold your hand through darkness,
To guide you into the light.
I'll fill myself with your passion,
And realize your dreams.
Shield you from the cold,
And warm you with my heat.
I'll be your sun in the morning,
Your moon at dusk.
Together we'll find the path
To lead us home.
But don't walk away,
To see if I'll follow.
You'll be travelling that road alone.

JULIE MAITLIN
GRADE 11