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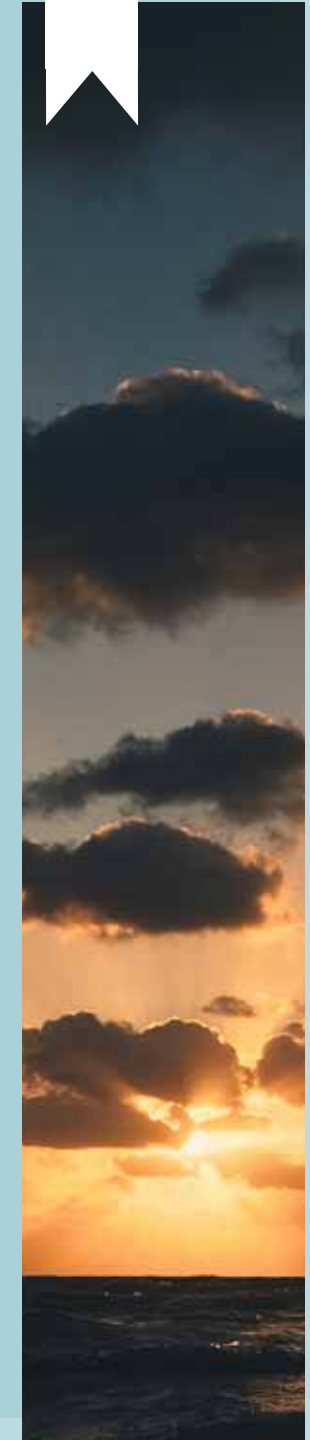
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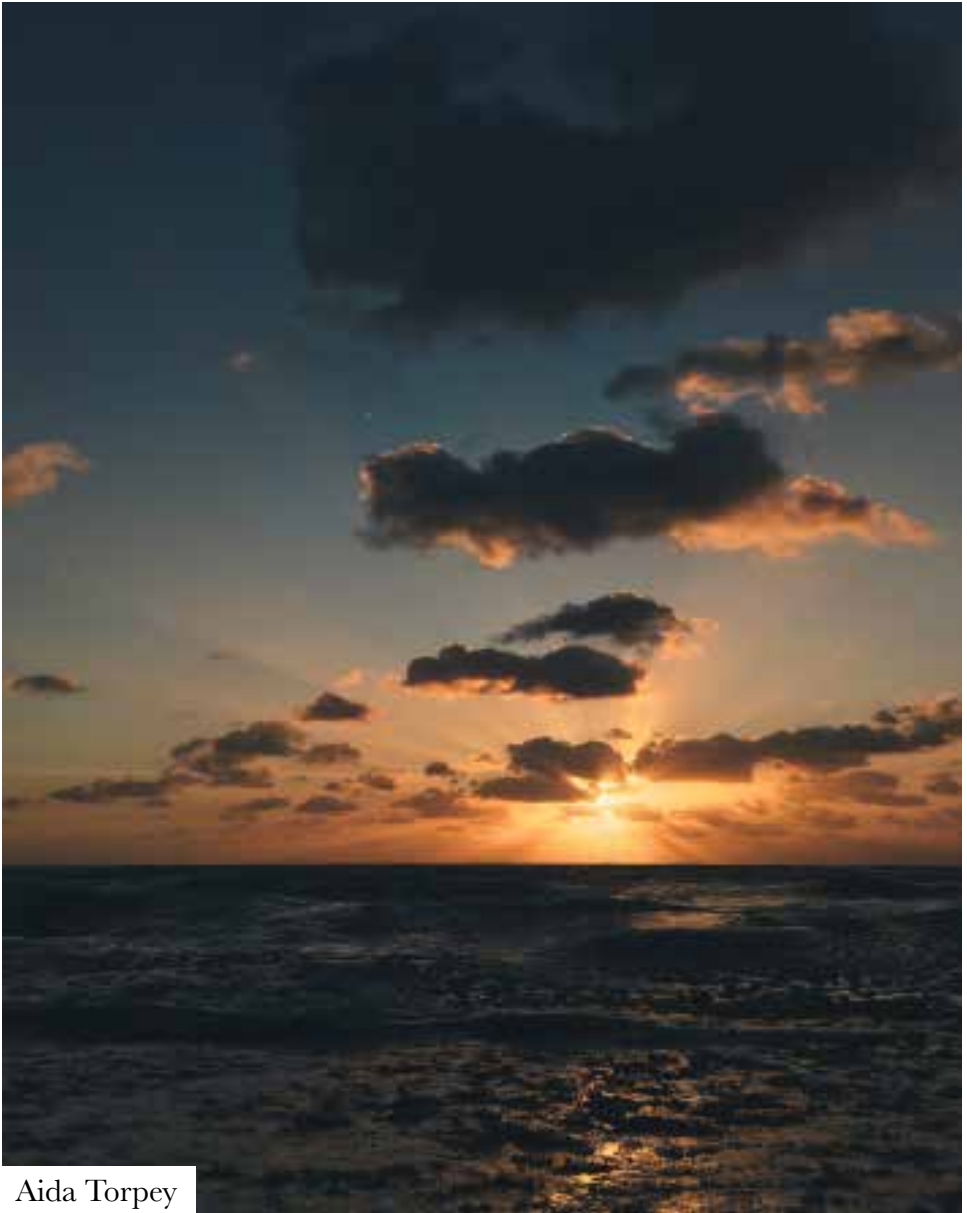


Chai

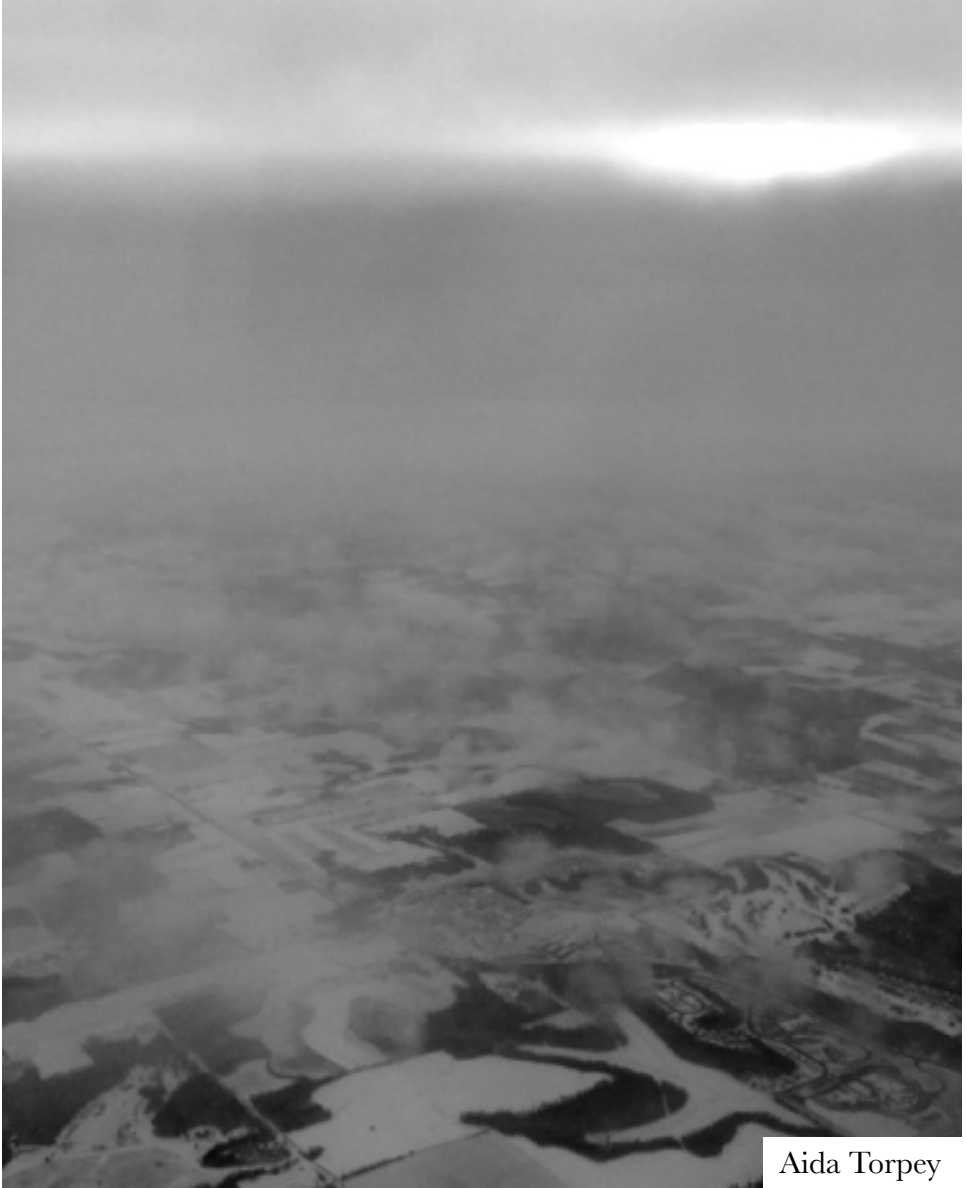
Nguyen Hoang Viet

The leaves steam in boiling water
Yellow green juice, bitter, sour
Grandma likes this, this reminder
of being orphaned at five,
cassava slices after cassava slices,
white steamy rice a luxury,
of chilly dew before sunrise,
waddling in mud, stooping,
seed after seed, row after row,
clockwork like hens plucking,
of buffaloes, cattle, neighbors
turned into red showers
carpeting bamboo and grass.

Each cup of steaming chai
a story, like woven tapestry,
like tree rings stacked on time,
carvings on cavern walls,
sprouting branches of family trees.
One day, she'll become smoke
and incense, like many before.
And I will make chai
green leaves, boiling water.
Bitter, sour, sweet.



Aida Torpey



Aida Torpey

Summer Night in the Empty House

Ethan Morel

Eyes open,
nothing around but dark

There's no modest light of the moon,
no hints of the living;

The sheets are heavy like lead,
crushing with a snap.

Arms and legs refuse to move,
locked and not listening;

There's something in the dark.
It slithers, making its move.

A touch steals life,
gaze cold. Malicious

Tears fall,
and then a gasp.

POPPY SEEDS

Melissa Mounier

Late November in a field
Tread on poppy seeds concealed
The morning chilly, dry delight
Profounds the new year muskrat's plight
Prepare the world December's snow
Not ice but heat this dirt will know
Fragile particles fly towards the sun
Back to your maker for what you've done
Accosted by the scent of ash
The pale brown weeds are fools so brash
No bear nor buck in outskirts comply
With late November's chaotic tide--

Ablaze! Ablaze! The hare slips and burns.



Ariel Cangialosi

Reflect

Brandon Cook

Between a rush, a flock of people
A man, concave cheeks, white sand stipple, hook nose, camo'
hat
Azure linen drenches him, sleek ebony coats him
Little sock monsters are limp on his feet, calamities with mouths

Scathing breezes, cold, absent silhouettes
The alacrity of the wind yanks his marked cardboard
And he watches it, slumped against a brick pattern, unlit alley
Ragged tree, rough bark, frosty branches, a pillar, unmoving

Some pane is beside him, a tilted sheet of teal glass
Veins rupture through a meager reflection
Rivulets, dozens of midribs, it looks like
A bloody leaf frozen in time

He reaches behind, and shears cardboard anew
He reaches in a pocket, a sharpie scribbles, zips of letters
He reaches in front, his simple sign
He reaches out, like a ghoul. Take a look.

His sign is black loops and veers, his eyes are slung open
Cheap thuds approach the breach-filled glass, bloodshot
The reflection: a war of tessellations, ruminations
This is not life.

Self-hate

Nguyen Hoang Viet

How many hours has it been? The dark silence you wrapped yourself in feels deafening. Your hand moves to the writhing pixels, their beating flesh drums rhythmic engorgement of the veins and the arteries running around your pulsating member. As the sensation gathers itself around the base, preparing to propel itself upwards, you pick up your pace. And the pixels began to fade.

How many months has it been? Pinned down on the mattress, you watch as she comes crashing down like a waterfall, flooding the basin of your abdomen, covering you in her scorching stream. You cannot see her face, and you feel her with yours, brushing through her feral hair. And she collapses, her burning body going right through your cold one.

You pull out the napkins and wipe the slimy goops of your memories off you, your table, your laptop. You close the tabs as quickly as you can. The pixels, you hate them now.



Ariel Cangialosi

SUMMER NIGHT

Melissa Mounier

The current of my fan gusts through an open window
frantically pushing humid air out.
I lay atop a barren mattress, sprawled,
watching the fan flutter. Like wings of cicadas
that chirp steady outside my windowsill. Dizzying.
Singing with a dry throat.
My lungs feel heavy. Cough twice.
Somewhere else, the sun begins to rise
as another bead of sweat drips down my back.

Mementos

Brandon Cook

My cousin sips his own bottle of Thanksgiving wine
And then the next three that aren't his
Need a straw?
Mom asks him

He talks to our cousin, she's 17
About avoiding guys, the kinds that play with girls
With voices that vibrate with phlegm
I'm one of those guys is what he says

Talking to his toddler nieces
Familiarizing them with ugly gangster words
And his love for that tipsy feeling
After the sixth shot of whatever Mom bought

Ode to the Compute Mouse

Nguyen Hoang Viet

The mouse clicks deep
into the night, relentless
like gecko's chuckles on
ceilings, like crickets
chirping in late summer.
The mouse cuts long lines
on blue light, opens up
blurred pictures, faint whispers,
writhing flesh that cuts deep
into the heart, into the groin,
pour overflowing white
onto red.

The mouse wipes
again and again the stained
table, the cold blue
glass and the fire that burns.
It leaves cold, soggy flesh
inside soiled fabric.

ODE TO A RED SPIDER

Melissa Mounier

Drops of sky dew
Make concave pools
The wind-cast shadows
Of your silky web
Span of my car window
In direct sunlight
A breeze blows through your
Microscopic tresses
Your sinew legs
Your round body
The sun shows you are empty
Clear blood
Exoskeleton and muscle
Food doesn't grow
On a car hood
This one web
Will catch like a net
The light-spun thread
Of your labor
Is still for the night
But for low vibrations
Of a cannibal
Your home reeks of death.

Alleycat

Brandon Cook

Rain is all right
Wet junkyard band
And the tree-climbing cat
With its pen-and-ink coat

The sapphire in its eyes becomes real
When it sidles from the tree
Like some little ember
To the cage of bones on the bench

I'm not food, you can't eat me
I don't know what you want
Is what I'd say
If my finger would stop scratching this cat

Butcher Shop on Westchester

Sabrina Calderón

I wait for the bus with my foot
against the railway column.

I watch trucks pull up and men jump out
to empty hundreds of plastic crates
full of chickens.

The cluck clucking,
insistent,
as they chuck yellow and red and white crates
from one pair of gloved hands to the other and
onto the wet pavement.

The truck leaves behind
a trail of feathers
on the street.
The feathers dance in the exhaust.

Unlike when the truck came,
it left quiet
and without burden.
His job completed.

The bus arrives and I climb on.
I leave quiet
but not without burden.
On the bus I think about
when I was 10
and I first went into the butcher shop
with my mother.

The first time I went in
I saw a sheep get its head cut off.
I remember it
like I remember the chickens.

The sheep's baahs
as they hoisted it up,
hung it by its feet.

Its honey eyes
that screamed.

I turn my face.

The thud of its wooly head
and the splash of a faucet
bounced off the peeling walls.

The man tossed his machete
and picked up
the red push broom
and pushed
the sea of sheep's blood
to the drain.

I remember the two others in stained waders
they untied the sheep's hooves,
let it's corpse splash heavy
onto the cement
and dragged it past me
to the back.

My mother tells me it's time to go
and hands me
a warm plastic bag
filled with raw chicken;
chicken I never ate.

And I think about the chicken's clucks
and I think about the sheep's bahs
my whole bus ride to school.

Impression

Angelica Cortez

Purple coconut water
drained down the sink
as he preferred coffee.
'The coffee is like
gasoline to my soul,'
He says.

I sit back in my chair,
Listening.
And the clock chimed
as the sun hid beneath
stormy clouds.

In a stolen glance I see
the darkening sky with its
deep blue tint
mixing within the
gray stormy clouds,
disappearing.

In memory, the blue remains
illuminated.

Costa Verde

Brandon Cook

Este niño no puede entrar
A guard barks, baton in-hand
He looks at me, face, white and pink blots
Tiene piel demasiado blanco

No, señor, puse mucho bloqueador
Mom responds, her yellow-brown palm sands my cheeks
Pushes sunscreen into a glint, a sheen, against a rampant sun
Es mi hijo

Y es un privilegio de ser mamá
His fingers slide around firm
And the sun sinks behind his baton
No quiero quitarlo

Bloodlust

From Everdark

Angelica Cortez

The word monster means something a little different for everyone. I guess, but let me tell ya- to me, it defines every vile, fanatic, horrific dark evil you could possibly conjure up. It's the thing that wrecks your body with unstoppable quivers, terrors so mind-numbing you pee your pants just thinking about it. That's him - the monster whose feeds I've been witnessing. I haven't peed my pants yet, but I damn sure almost did. Never has something petrified me so badly. I'm now not only hesitant to fall asleep but do not fall asleep because that bastard shows up at any given time, day or night. It's dragged bad memories of my past out of the dusty recesses of my once-juvenile mind and pushed them to the surface. I'm seeing my mother's death all over again; feeling her lifeless body limp in my arms, her wide dull stare fixed but not seeing. I'm scared I'm losing my friggin' mind, and to top it off, I'm faced with fighting a fuck-load of newlings in some sadistic fight club. Bullshit, man. Simply put, bullshit.

Tarrytown's Belvedere

Brandon Cook

Mom wanted to come here
Always invited, never attending

Quieres ir conmigo, hijito

Me puedes manejar?

Here is your nametag

the brown lady recites

Behind the walls of

I'm a photographer, I own a theatre, You want my card?

A blonde greets us, insurance agent on her nametag

She hands my mom a red raffle ticket

We should go greet the owner

He's in the library with the chinese books and salmon

You want some salmon?

My mom and I eat in the corner, next to a glass door

Giving it compliments, that it's well designed

But the salmon tasted like snow

Where's the owner?

Some lady answers me

Her husband is elsewhere, he's big

He likes to call his grey hair blond

Vamos en como diez minutos, ya hijito?

My mom hands me the ticket

While she talks to some TED representative

She asks if my mom is a glass artist

On our way out, a photographer gives my mom his card

And he inspects hers, front and back, like a thick block

So he asks if my mom does blown glass, if she's an artist

That's not what it says on the card

My mother repeats to me, the lectures of customers in mind

Down the hill, lit by nothing but the glowing mansion

We drive away

No creen que una mujer puede trabajar en construcción

What I Learned

Kathryn Cambrea

You don't realize the significance of a moment
Until you analyze it in hindsight.
This memory leaves you aching for it
You dream every night
And you may not always remember your fantasies.
Yet, this event replays in your mind
To the extent where it feels so damn real
You are taken aback by the emotions that come with it all.
Your heart becomes a valve flooding with love.
You are in a movie.
You are in a book.
You are in a song.
You lead the dance and he follows.
Your feelings are emulated by the serene scenery
And all of your requests for that perfect moment are granted.
It is when you open your eyes that you become aware.
This time, the moment was a dream.
But not too long ago, it wasn't.
The person who starred in your flashback
Who brought tears to your eyes
A smile to your lips
And a song to your heart,
Is still there.
The moment may have passed,
But in that moment, that person had such a profound impact on you.
And that impact will never die.



Ariel Cangialosi

The AC Hangs

Brandon Cook

Boiling seeds of air are sucked in,
morphed into quality, distributed by the millions.

Rooms inflate with comfort, gentle fairies
smooth my skin with clear waves, the cool linen of control.

Their wings blot my temples with flutters -
playful, like they live here, those energetic pixies.

Purrs, deep, constant, fluid, eternal
all through the night, beside me,

they pet the air with their zesty whirs,
the only lull they go by.

All it takes for them to return,
is two turns to the left, a local knob,

just past 'Lo Fan,'
you will see 'Lo Cool.'

Status Update:

Tylor Saraiva

“My recent picture got 500 likes!!!”

Meanwhile global temperature has taken massive spikes.

“Kylie Jenner ate milk and cereal!”

Meanwhile the planet is depleted of organic material.

“Do it for the vine”

Meanwhile species are on their last lifeline.

“Just swallowed a tide pod”

Meanwhile all glaciers are becoming thawed.

“Netflix and Chill guys”

Meanwhile ocean levels are on the rise.

“I can chug it faster”

Meanwhile there goes another natural disaster

“Is the dress blue or white?”

Are my future children going to be alright?

“I think I had too much to drink”

Serious though, were on the brink...



Ariel Cangialosi

Still Me Without You

Jennyfer Huerta

Who knew that months after
I'd still look back at it
It rips me to pieces
and forces me to drown
in my own sorrows.

You are no longer my life line.
You are not my reason
You are not my beginning or end
Only my past.

And if one day you decide to come back
keep in mind that you are just a visitor
You are not allowed
to bring your baggage into my space
and simply leave it

Palisades State Line Lookout

Sabrina Calderón

Curdled milk clouds
spread down
the hillside brush

It washes down
through the northern red oaks
through the maples

Hummingbirds retire to their
winter paradises down south
Their ruby throats absent

from this sober September
The mourning doves pick through the gravel
Their coo poignant as ever

Garden

Brandon Cook

My sister has dark hazel skin, constantly cracked, unwashed
So I shower her outside until she is soft, marshy
A glitter, a brown-and-green waterpark

Sparkles, the sun peeks from behind a squirrel-tail cloud
Stares at her, her leafy lashes, her armpit weeds,
bushy, chartreuse brows, slim stem fingers

My sister smells of lemon, smooth, creamy
Sharp citronella, clean citronella,
Too much for bloodsucker jets

Her sunny tomato eyes, her blood pepper ears
Zesty slice, crunches ring like bells within her lobes
Vegetable cartilage cracks between seeded bread and teeth

An Ode to Running

Jennyfer Huerta

You're there in the ups and the downs
You're there for speed, on days I want to go fast
You're there for unhurried, on days I want to relax
You're there waiting for me at the top of the mountains
You're there waiting for me at the bottom of the valleys
You're there with me on the flats, where I feel the pounds on my shoes
You're there to offer me beautiful views

You're there after an essential break after a long, exhausting day
You're there with open arms ready to give me an escape



Aida Torpey

Blueberry Jam

Sabrina Calderón

The knife spreads the jam
Back and *forth*

Blueberry skins stick out of
flaky fields wet with purple blue
small seeds
whole plump berries

Plump berry-casings with juice for insides
Flesh boiled and simmered for hours
Flesh boiled like when I was seven and
I yanked a pot of hot water off the stove

My small body dripped steam but
my mother slathered butter onto my skin
as if I were a biscuit
and she sliced potatoes onto every inch
of my body until
I was nothing more
than potato salad

Sarah Kinsey

I. Daisy Asleep on the Deck in Summer

body of a seal, head of a cow
a round belly faces the sun
the dog sleeps soundly

II. Bruno Basking

an legend foretold
that dogs with two colored eyes
could see both

heaven and earth

your eyes had four
it must be true
you weren't part of this world

dirt of the land
water of the sea
tell me

what do you see?

III. Eddie's Joys

caramel dog
melts on the gray wood

he sings
in cacophony

to the birds
in melody

he leaps to the sun
giving it praise
he smiles
all day