

# *Serendipity*



*A Creation Untamed*

Attention writers and artists! Those who want work submitted into this magazine can do so by giving it to Miss Ferraiuolo in Room 202 or by emailing it to [mferraiuolo@ridgefieldschools.com](mailto:mferraiuolo@ridgefieldschools.com)  
Anyone is still welcome to join!

**\*\*Please state if you want your work to be submitted anonymously.**

**\*\*If submitting poetry, state if you allow the format to be manipulated.**

THANK YOU to all the members of Serendipity who submitted fantastic poems, short stories, and artwork and who attended meetings and critiqued magazine submissions. A special thanks to those who worked tirelessly in creating such a wonderful book for everyone to enjoy.

Miss Ferraiuolo

This Spring-Summer issue of Serendipity is dedicated to Mr. Jacob Yang, an extraordinary Mathematics teacher at Ridgefield Memorial High School. Mr. Yang was not only an amazing educator, but he was a wonderful colleague, mentor, and friend to many. He leaves behind a loving wife and son. We would love to honor him through this issue because he meant a lot to us at Ridgefield Memorial High School and we miss him dearly.



Mr. Jacob Yang

(drawing by Ashley Sorto)

## **In Memory of Mr. Yang**

### **Irene Voight**

Teachers are like sun filled days:  
Under their bright smile's children bloom.  
No one can remove, in just the ways that teachers  
do, mid-morning gloom.  
So when children need some extra love,  
Teachers are there to fit the bill.  
No faucet need be opened, a teacher's experience,  
smiles and pleasure always bubble over.

Mr. Yang to some, Jacob to some and daddy, son,  
brother or husband to others, you will be sorely  
missed.

We will remember the way you laughed, the  
stories you told, the guidance you gave and the  
math you were able to instill.  
We will remember the friendship we shared, the  
sacrifices you made for friends and family.  
We will always remember your love, your caring,  
your gentle ways. We will remember you in our  
thoughts and in our hearts.  
With love and caring, rest in peace.

## **She is My Songbird**

**Mario Giordano**

Twilight bears down unto our lives  
Walks in the elder world can cure the young  
When one looks up, one tends to surmise  
That perhaps there shouldn't be so many songs  
unsung

The barrows of lovely wights are cast in gray  
But a pale sword slices through the misty fray  
She opens the curtain, and cuts away the veil  
And the dusk is born to die

She is my songbird in every sense of the word  
She is never somber for she sings beyond the  
chamber

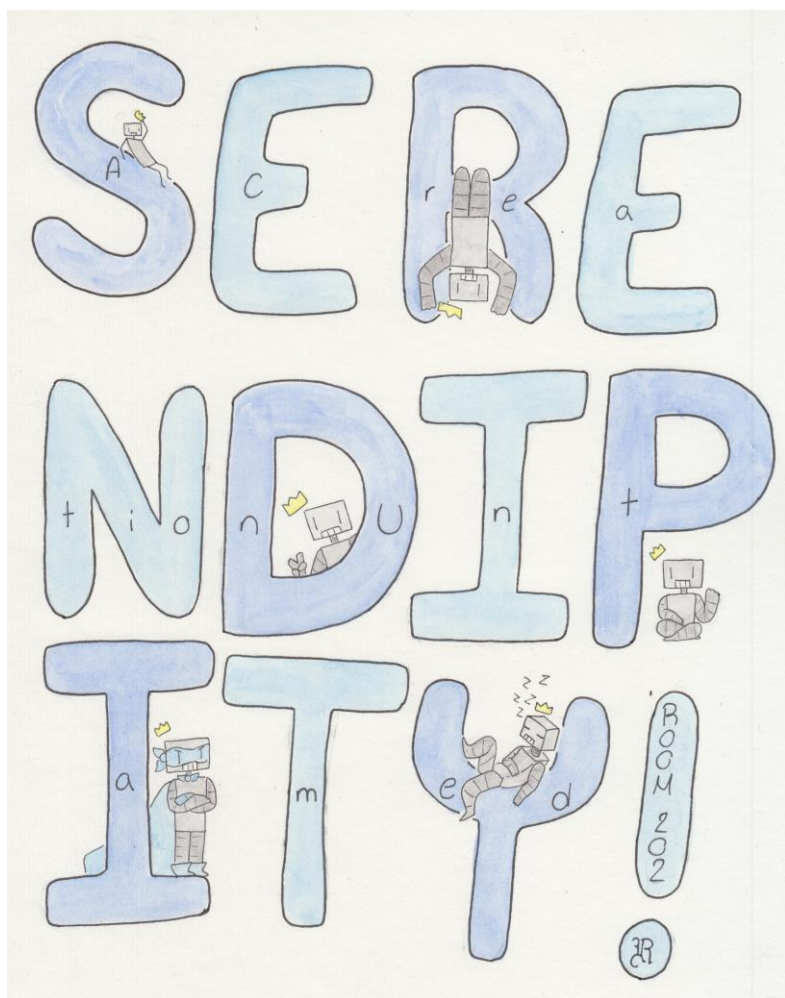
Now I need my songbird to hum through the night  
I wake with my songbird in the gold morning light  
Leftover moon cringes into the blue

A new dawn brings a passionate sun  
My robin chirps among the morning dew  
In the foreground of a peach horizon

Sound waves ripple, sky begins to curl  
For she likes to sing in blue and white  
And I'm in love with the way she sees the world

Nothing more to say I know she's right  
She is my songbird in every sense of the word  
She is never somber for she sings beyond the  
chamber

Now I need my songbird to hum through the night  
I wake with my songbird in the gold morning light



**Alaida Barreiro**





**Lilly Watson**



## **Woof**

**Andrea Kitchener**

My life is the easiest thing in the world  
But I don't quite believe that  
I am technically a slave  
I am held here against my will  
I have no say in what happens to me  
No matter what I say, no one listens or understands  
My owners think I love them back  
They think I call this place home  
They think I have no where better to be  
But I have no way to disagree  
I can only sit at this window and wait  
Wait for them to come home from school and work  
Wait for them to look down at me  
Wait for them to remember to feed me  
Sometimes they scratch or pet me  
They give me treats when I'm good  
But I want more out of life than to just sit and wait  
As a human myself,  
Then again, who am I to say what my puppy wants?



**Suleina  
Houston**

**The King**  
**Mia Cruz**

He is the king  
He sees it all  
He knows everything  
He sees through our façade

He will make us die  
He will make us cry  
He will make us live  
He will make us survive

He goes unnoticed  
Everyday he's here

I have never seen him  
Sadly I never will

There are people who say he's man-made  
In many ways he confuses us  
Many things aside, he controls us  
Everything happens because of him



**Seoyeon Wendy Kim**



**Anthony Villanella**

## **Old House**

**Sofia Narvaez**

To the house with the white exterior and red doors,  
Goodbye beautiful,  
I've known you all my life,  
It is with a heavy heart that I say farewell,  
Goodbye to all the doors that creek and the  
wooden floorboards,  
The colorful walls with a personality of their own,  
The rooms that were cleaner than a Victorian  
palace,  
The serene cool of the basement,  
The warm comfort of the attic,  
The giant windows in the gallery for the plants to  
grow,  
The backyard with memories of barbecues,  
birthdays, and parties,  
This is the house I love,  
This is the home I grew up in,  
Now I must say my farewell,  
Goodbye to the house with the white exterior and  
red doors



**Hector Mota**



**Izzy Shehigian**



**Tadpole**  
**Haris Sujak**

Small and Brown  
Squirming, swimming and growing  
Starting to grow arms and legs  
Frog

**Seed**  
**Gabby Murtagh**

Smooth and small  
Planting, watering, and growing  
Starting to sprout  
Flower



**Lilly Watson**

## **Opposites**

**Joshua White**

I am peaceful and hostile  
Hostile to those who disturb my peace  
Leeches eating all the energy from my life  
Sucking all the happiness from my life  
I fear everyone will become a leech  
Almost like a zombie apocalypse  
One taking all the life from another  
Jealous because they can't find the life in  
themselves  
I beg we don't let that happen  
Find yourself get to know the life within yourself  
Can you remember who you were before society  
told you who to be?



**Ashley Sorto**

## **Silhouettes**

### **Mario Giordano**

Down by the waterfront a bitter building stood on  
crutches,  
And I could see our silhouettes in the water.  
Or, could I?

I limped.  
White paint chips anticlimactically peeled off  
The Greek pillars  
at the entrance.  
Ivy curled around the building like a sickly green  
mullet,  
Cascading through  
rusted windows with broken  
retinal glass.  
Yet otherwise it was empty;

The entrance spoke to me saying,  
something.  
It wanted to speak.  
I could see the linguistic articulation in the bricks,  
Though erosion had worn away  
the red audacity  
in its lips.

And there again still it was,  
Among the walls of nervous moss and the  
wrinkled foundation,  
Lying in a puddle of self-pity,  
  
A silhouette.



**Anthony Villanella**



**Victor Suarez**



**Joseph Kim**



**Madelyn Suarez**





**Seoyeon  
Wendy Kim**





**Irene Shim**



## **Losing**

### **Sofia Narvaez**

For God's sake help me!  
My space is limited and suddenly I feel like the  
walls are closing in,  
There's nowhere to go but my bedroom,  
Alone away from everyone but needing to interact,  
I spend another day hiding from someone else's  
demise just to be selfless,  
Of course, this concept sounds selfish,  
But being stuck with only the people around you at  
this moment feels like a trap,  
My breathing gets heavier,  
My headache intensifies,  
And my back pain becomes increasingly worse,  
There is no reaching out to the world anymore,  
I have lost something I didn't realize I would miss  
so much,  
Still, the selfishness in my heart forbids my brain  
from enjoying the time with my family,  
Maybe there is something that will correct it or me,  
But for God's sake help me!



**Joseph Kim**

**Open Delivered and Seen: A Poem of One-Sided Love on the Internet**  
**Matthew Lema**

Open delivered and seen.  
This is getting obscene.  
When you're sad, you're calling on me. And I pick  
up the phone.  
I'm missing the sound of your tone.  
But when you feel better, you're gone,  
Leaving me sad and alone.  
I feel I have no control over how I feel about you.  
But I know how you feel about me. Cause I'm  
always on open delivered and seen.  
But sometimes there is a gleam.  
I see my favorite letters forming my favorite name,  
but I check only to see you're with another guy on  
your streaks.  
I answer back with a smile and I wait for a while to  
see another empty arrow staring at me  
But I stay by the phone hoping your name will be  
on my screen.  
I know that it won't, but one can always dream.  
For now I'll be the plan-B that's always on open  
delivered and seen.



**Ashley Sorto**

## **Walls and the Sun**

**Nicole McDermott**

For the first, 2016, 2017  
For the second, 2019, 2020  
And for the Sun,  $\infty$

Alone, I crumble before the wall  
I have spent myself trying to tear it back down,  
my hands, my heart, were calloused.  
It is fall. I am giving it up.

Darkness that enveloped the world parted  
like the Red Sea, opened like the Golden Gates, for the  
shining Sun.  
I rose with the heat that once beat my back,  
it was the warmth that guided me. I walk  
the strips of linen fell from me. They were meant for  
someone else.

Oh Sun, I peered into the darkness and  
once again, I found another wall adorned in the world.  
I fell before it, my back to you again.  
I calloused my hands to know,  
what was on the other side?

As quickly as I met the glowing eyes  
of the wall, it replaced the stones I took away.  
I tore my clothes as I threw the stones, I didn't want to be  
alone.  
There are walls that don't rebuild themselves. I walked  
tearing the strips of linen from me.

And what of the walls? There are none to guard you,  
you were on my back when I turned from you again.  
They are unpredictable, you are the same  
yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

## **Title**

**Humza Majid**

There comes a time in one's life where you consider what's expected. You try to meet goals and deadlines, some real some imaginary. Always wondering "What do I need to do?" or "What should I do?" or even "What do they want me to do?" There is a great dichotomy that exists in guidelines and expectations. A co-existence of destruction and creation. Guidelines build essays like buildings; bricks to words; lines to floors. Up to code and no more: the plan and rubric are all that matters. Perfect length and punctuation, up to code and no more. Use extra words to expand your sentence, meet the length and word count.

First, you must set aside your wants and needs and ideas. Do what is wanted and what is asked; any more than that does not matter, up to code and nothing more. Use other people's thoughts and other people's work; align your thoughts with them and cite your source. Please do use what they say but change it to your own, but not too much and not too little. Don't be off topic or plagiarize, up to code and nothing more. Speak in just the right tone, make your words not your own. Tell them what to believe and make it seem like it's shown. Your opinion and perspective don't matter, write it out as if it doesn't exist.

Second, subdue your thoughts, be more verbose,  
speak ad nauseam and speak  
no more. Up to code and nothing more. As if a  
campfire, excitement and creativity  
kindle the spark, they create a small flame, weak  
but buildable upon. As if a can of  
kerosene, rules and rubrics are dumped on the  
flame, what was meant to make roaring  
and up to standard has instead quelled the young  
flame. The fire tenderly cared for built  
stick by stick, spark by spark. When the kerosene  
is added the flame burns higher and  
faster not by choice but by force. But quickly do  
the kindling and fuel fade, the flame  
consumes more and more till nothing but cinders  
and ash remain.

Finally, say what's said again, keep speaking and  
speaking until you can no  
more. One last weak topic, a few additional floors,  
build them quick and build them right,  
up to code and no more. Why should one limit  
themselves in what they write and  
express? No word count, no rubric, no deadline. In  
fact, why stay and continue, what's  
said is said and enough is enough. Deny the code  
and much much more.

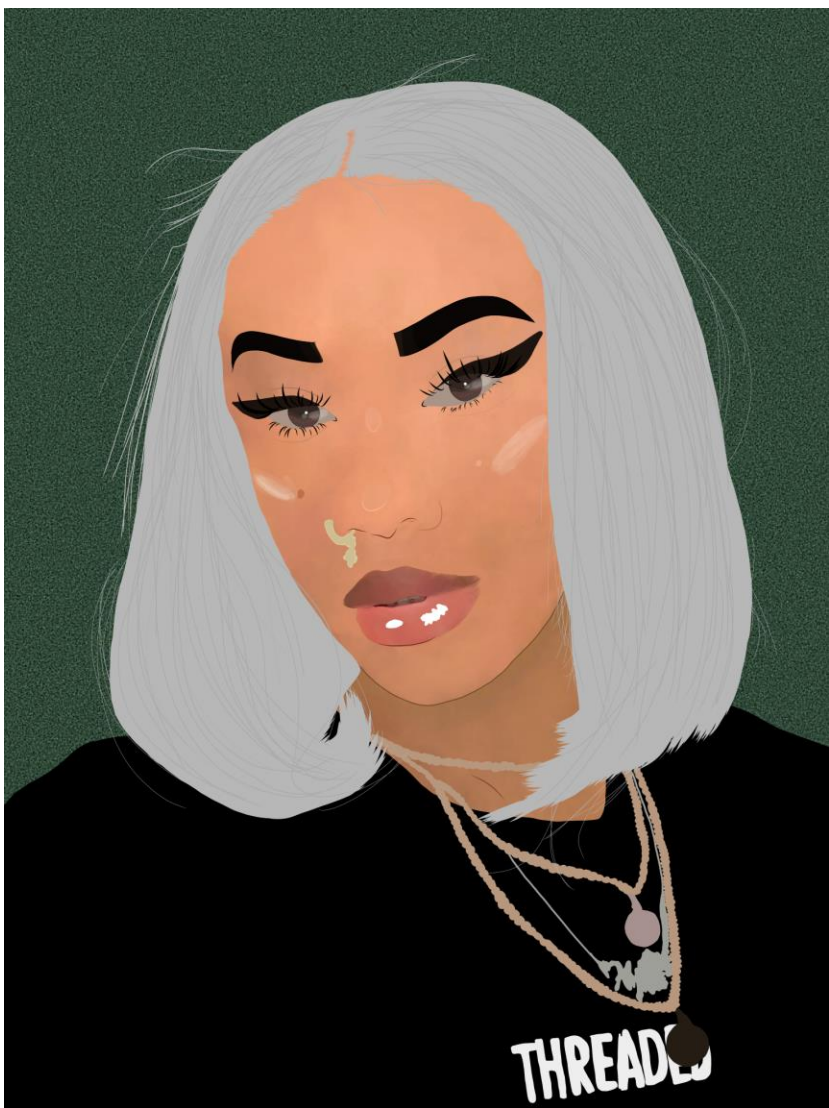


**Izzy Shehigian**



**Irene Shim**





**Gift-Danielle Essey**

## **Learning**

### **Izzy Shehigian**

I am learning. I'm hopeful.

I wonder why. Why the Earth spins, why everything happens for a reason?

I hear the heartbeats of the ones I love, the ones I surround myself with.

I see the way they laugh, familiarizing myself with the way their faces move.

I want them to never lose hope in me, in themselves, to never leave me.

I am learning.

I pretend not to see the way their eyes beg for an escape. An escape from this place I call home.

I feel guilty knowing I'm trying to preserve something artificial. It never lasts.

I touch the face gazing back at me in the mirror, knowing that I'll never see myself the same way I used to.

I worry they'll all deceive me the way I deceive them.

I cry, I cry, I let the tears fall with no clear direction.

I am learning.

I understand that I'm not doing it right. I wasn't taught.

I say it's easy. It's fun. But it's not. They never told me it was going to be hard.

I dream of an inevitable end and escape closing in on me.

I try not to rush it, but a man can hope, right?

I hope it's all over soon.

I am after all, just learning.

## **A Story**

**Liz Garcia**

With pen and paper I can write words,  
With words I can tell my story,  
With my story, I can express what I feel.  
Sitting down, looking up.  
Feeling dizzy, my head hurts.  
All I'm thinking about is that I have to go,  
If I don't hurry, I won't show up.  
This physical chaos I'm feeling inside  
Seems like a tornado crashing by.  
Then come the emotions in my mind,  
Worrying, questioning if I should even mind.

## **What Isn't**

**Humza Majid**

Oftentimes more than not, there is more  
    profoundness in what is not expressed.  
Oftentimes, there is more meaning in what is not  
    said than what is said.  
Often, there is more to what isn't than to what is.  
    Often, there is more in what is not.  
        Often more is what is not.  
            More is what is not.  
                What isn't.



Davontae Garrett

## Skies

**Lara Gandour**

Covered skies with no escape  
Show the most of what were made  
Trees and colors find their way  
Into the picture of the sky

Every so often clouds go away  
But on these cold winter nights  
The clouds like to stay  
As if they never left

As if they were never to let the colors in  
But still the bare trees stay in the picture

Covered skies seem to gloom the day

Covered skies  
Isn't this everyday  
Even the moon covered with the fog  
And the sun just gone

The only light you see  
Is the one you make  
For how long until the sky is uncovered  
And the sun to be present  
And see the moon

To see the moon crystal clear  
As if it never left

Sometimes  
Quite often it seems  
You'll learn it's best to stick to the sight of trees  
On these cold winter days

You don't really know what to expect  
Because sometimes you get what you least expect  
I know it's gonna be a while  
I know the sky was meant to be covered

It just goes back to the night fog  
But forever the moon will shine  
In the covered sky

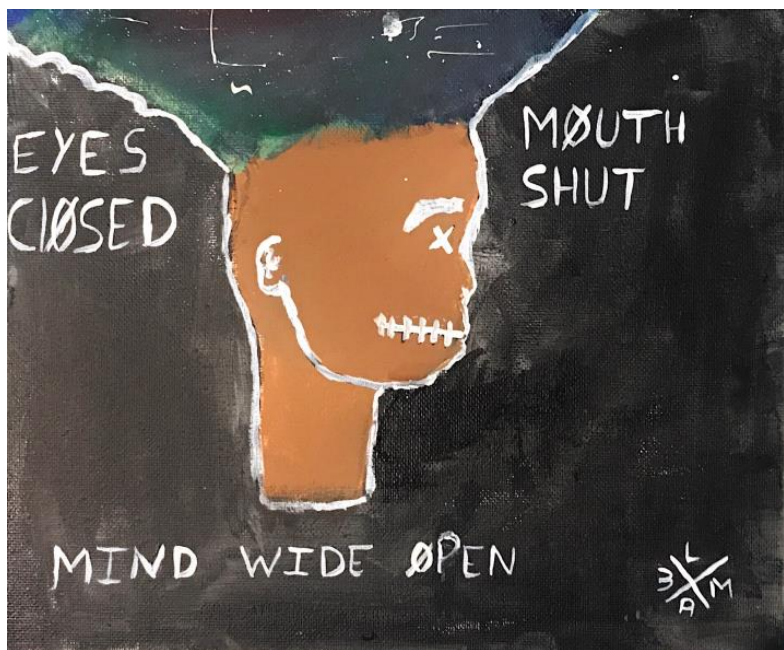


**Izzy Shehigian**





**Anthony Villanella**



**Matthew Lema**

## **Peace**

**Jose Morales**

Why can't we have happiness?

Why can't people be kind and stop laughing at each other?

Why can't we love others and not hate?

Why can't we help others and live in harmony?

Together, with our friends, we will fight for Peace



## **Just a Girl**

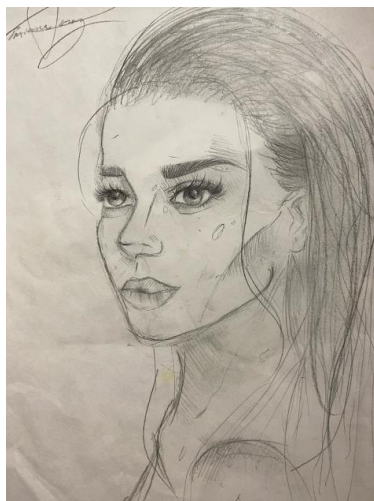
**Sofia Acevedo**

I am just a girl  
I wonder what life has in store for me  
I hear crumbling hearts  
I see tears falling  
I want to skip it all  
I am just a girl

I pretend everything is fine  
I feel empty though  
I touch the near future  
I worry I'll never be enough  
I cry about what will happen next  
I am just a girl

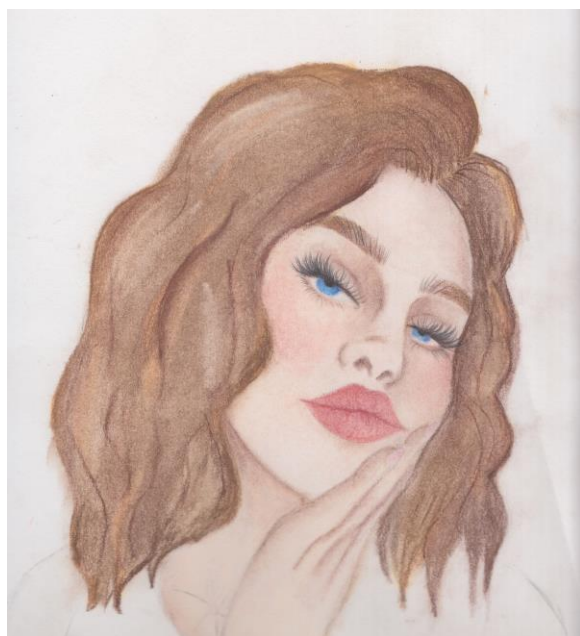
I understand happiness does not last forever  
I say screw you damned grief  
I dream of the day I'll find my worth  
I try every day to not fall apart  
I hope my wishes are answered  
I am just a girl

**Tatiana  
Perez**





**Ashley  
Sorto**



**Lilly  
Watson**

## **Feeling Horse**

### **Humza Majid**

Stepping on the stage, my legs feel heavy  
Ready to unleash jokes in a bevy  
My collar is hot and my clothes are coarse  
And I have to say my throat is just a little bit  
hoarse  
Blinding lights and deafening noise  
The challenge is to take it all with poise  
Reaching for my water  
I'm feeling thirsty  
Can it get any hotter?  
Its only 12:30  
These sides I'm about to slaughter  
With my delivery  
Ditching my long face  
Now I'm back on course  
"You guys got a pretty stable place  
Sorry I'm a little horse"

**Izzy Shehigian**



## **Garage Sale with a Story**

### **Andrea Kitchener**

Garage sales are storytellers with a price. A neighbor's home life is suddenly on sale. Small pieces of their lives are left outside, intended for a stranger to stroll away with. A collection so random yet connected through time, place, and family.

Her old clothes are on a rack, a girl whose following her dreams. Her small shirts and skirts littered with designs of a little girl. Small or not, now she'll move on and is working for her degree in nursing to show other little girls like her they do have a future, no matter what others say. A small pink first aid kit, filled with toy replicas of the usual contents inside, foreshadowing her future. Her parents look back on them with mirth and nostalgia, surely remembering her "check-ups" and doctor appointments.

An old set of tools her father and his bad back can't use anymore. He would always work on his car in the summer when the weather was nice. It was easy to see he was a man of passion and he thoroughly enjoyed the work of a mechanic. He was always fixing and adjusting his pretty Porsche that took an arm and leg to cover. He obviously loved the car, but anyone could see he was happy to look upon it in retirement, with his graying hairs and problematic joints. Still, one could see him longing to work on it, drive it, but he was happy to have lived his life full of happiness, like he did and wouldn't trade it for the world.

Under one table, countless pairs of pumps lined together, the leather happy to sit in the shade. They all have a little wear and tear, proof of just how much the mother had to work every day to go to work. The woman, tired and gray now, worked every day to give her family anything they could wish for. She put all the food on the table, from the market to the kitchen, to the dining room. She was the one to help her daughter with homework; she was the one that read to her baby every night. She had all the love in the world in her heart and was happy to deal it out to anyone in need. Her father was always worried she was too nice, but everything always worked out in the end. She was the brains of their little home, paving the path for her impressionable daughter. She taught her daughter anyone could do anything with enough hard work and her only baby took this to heart and let it guide her throughout her life.

On a table, far to the side, a single color stood out as one passed by it, a beautiful baby blue which adorned many baby decorations. A little white sign stood out, purposefully catching the eye. "Baby supplies: never used." Suddenly everything changed. A family, so happy and perfect, had now outwardly announced a soft spot that no one knew about prior. A family, not knowing the joy of a baby boy but so very prepared to raise one, had shown the town they had gone through a period of hurt and loss. This display was sad, yes, but it also was telling of their strength. Strength to move on and be happy, strength to continue raising a beautiful and smart daughter. They are a family still loved by many and pitied by no one.



**Gift-Danielle Essey**



**Panos Stavridis**

**For You**  
**Sebastian Zhao**

The time keeps flowing  
My heart never stops beating  
Our lives keep on living  
Their love never ends  
Again, they never stopped loving each other  
Their quarrels just bring them closer  
On the brink of breaking, they repair themselves  
Like how time keeps flowing  
My heart for you  
never stops beating  
For You



**Alrica Angelique Avila**





**Irene Shim**

**Gemstones**  
**Sebastian Zhao**

The sapphires in the ocean glisten  
The rubies in my heart cry  
The emeralds in my eyes dazzle  
I like how the gems don't make me bright  
They make me strong, like diamonds shining bright in the sky

## **Wolf Creek**

### **Bryan Medina**

The creek grasps to the rain,  
The shallow waters rise and fall  
Like the lungs of the wildlife it harbors

As the creek respires, I can't tell  
Whether it resembles life or pain

Stretching over 1.75 square miles,  
Creatures cling to it like parasites feed  
As the shallow waters rise and fall

Or does the creek accept its place in life,  
Being used to house the wild

Splitting the town from east and west  
Creating an obstacle for "getting over"  
As the shallow waters rise and fall

The creek flows and continues on  
Meanwhile, life around it meets an end



**Victor Suarez**

## **Fallen Angels**

**Anonymous**

I see the angels  
Not high above the sky  
Or within me in my thoughts  
Instead, they come alone,  
Or in packs of many,  
They offer no stories  
For their journeys are but secluded  
They have no pasts  
But a new life has no new mind

I see the angels  
Right here by my side  
They see my pain and remember their own  
Life was not kind to them  
The scars on their wings,  
Show their lifelong suffering  
They were given nothing,  
to make something of

I see the angels  
Coated in their pain  
Yet they hold no grudge against the world  
They give me strength  
I choose for myself  
And I choose not to give up  
The time is not right for me



**Victor  
Suarez**



**Lilly  
Watson**

## **Legacy**

**Manuel Jaramillo**

“You’ll be the man of the house one day”  
This is what my creators say,  
A pact upon which I could not deny,  
Yet I faithfully did oblige  
For what other purpose do I serve?  
If not to help the one who gave me birth!  
When I am in my twilight, I will count on you”  
Even if it comes at the cost of my youth,  
My whole life, I lived to make thee proud  
But as I grow, I have my doubts,

“What about the day when you are no longer around?”  
A lack of purpose I have now  
With idle thumbs, should I wait?  
To serve you in the next life?  
And as I near this forked path, I know what I must do  
If I shant find my happiness, then why should you?  
Forgive me my creators, But now I carve my own road  
I only hope you may forgive my soul

## **Lies Fall Apart Like a Tower of Cards**

**Anonymous**

You must not comply  
Fight the fear, or rather the fear of underperformance  
Find yourself, not who you've built  
hold on tight  
If you cannot comply with yourself  
Then you cannot comply with others  
Be it in love, hatred, or fear  
You come first  
For without you and your precious mind,  
Your own uniqueness,  
Who would be having thoughts as perfect as yours?  
You are not them. you are yourself  
Find your light, and do not follow the glare from others  
seeming successes  
For no matter how much stronger the shine,  
it will always lead you down a darker path



**Madelyn Suarez**

## **How Will I Grow?**

**Sara Siddiqui**

Summer sun that burns so bright  
Gifting us with warmth and light,  
Tell me now, before I turn the page  
How will I grow, how will I age?  
July is near, and I've said farewell,  
Retreating back to my uncracked shell,  
And now the life I left behind  
Is history to be redesigned.  
The fresh cool breeze sings a song  
Of new beginnings, and I sing along.  
September is near, all is new,  
And I've reached the beginning of chapter two.  
So Autumn leaves that fall about  
Giving color to Earth throughout,  
Tell me now, as I turn the page  
How will I grow, how will I age?

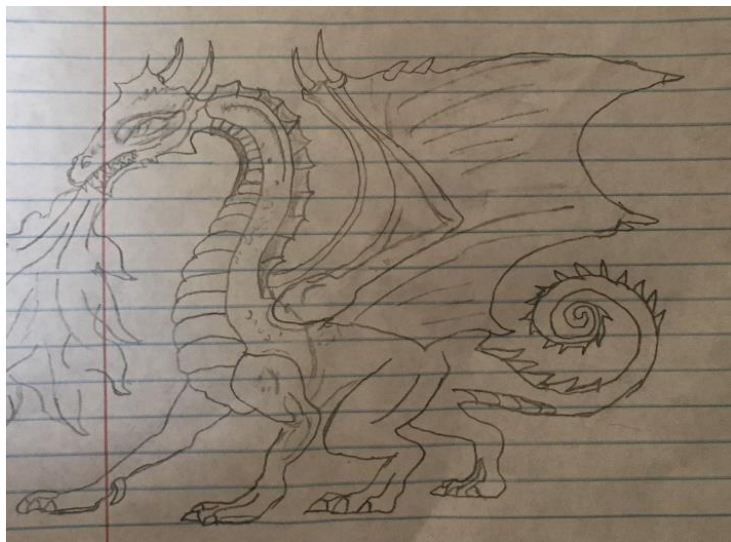


**Madelyn  
Suarez**



## **If I Were an Angel** **Alrica Angelique Avila**

If I were an angel, I'd be an angel who you'd draw your  
sword on.  
I'd say "do not be afraid" and you'd look into my eyes with  
fear, into my eyes of dawn  
If I were an angel, why would you dirty my wings?  
I'm just the messenger of truth, why should I care about  
your stupid little things?  
If I were a saint, why would I sin?  
I try bottle up my emotions to save you, and keep things in.  
If I was the cutest thing you've seen, why do I seem to feel  
ugly?  
Is self-esteem for the people who don't realize the luxury?  
The luxury of happiness and being naive?  
If you say you wanted to give me such joy, why is it that I  
still grieve?  
Living in peace, freedom and bliss,  
I cannot seem to forget the darkness and abyss



**Luke Ascione-Shusko**

## **To Cheat Death**

### **Victor Suarez**

A cold, stormy night raged on, bashing against the old cabinet I've lived in for 24 years. I'm old, but I feel so young and I hunger for peace as I'm alone. As the fire is burning in the fireplace, I pace back and forth, waiting for something or someone. Yet I'm alone in this world; no family, no friends, no money, no job, but understanding. Where I am? "I AM CONFUSED!" I shouted as loud as the thunder; bewildered I was beginning to panic. "No, no, no....no." I try to think following what I learned as a child, that sleeping shall make fear go away. As I lay on the comfort of my chair, I hear the sounds of a mother humming a tune and feel her cuddling with me. How? I was alone. The doors were locked as I lay secluded in the woods. Could this be it? Death. I hesitated as fear took over my body. I jumped and looked around where Death was supposed to be. Folktales describe Death as a skeleton figure with a scythe, but they were wrong; he was not visible. Just an imaginary being. Death uses seductive ways to capture me, to bring me to the afterlife. I say hell with that and leave my home. You are not welcome here stranger. As lightning strikes the roof of the cabinet. I came up with a plan to cheat Death. Since Death cuddles you to make you feel safe I shall equate that feeling with another object. I ran outside with nothing more than a bucket; I used it to get cold water from the river and went back. The only way to cheat Death is to touch cold or hot objects. The sense of pain or freezing will interrupt the seductive act of Death's cuddling. At last I can sleep with no fear of Death. This shall be a quick way to gain immortality for I shall not die!



**Anthony Villanella**



**Irene Shim**



**Suleina Houston**

## **Unknown Truths**

### **Anonymous**

There are many known truths:  
children cry, the old reminisce, and a pocket watch ticks.

Just as it does in my hand,  
a train rumbles, sure of its destination.

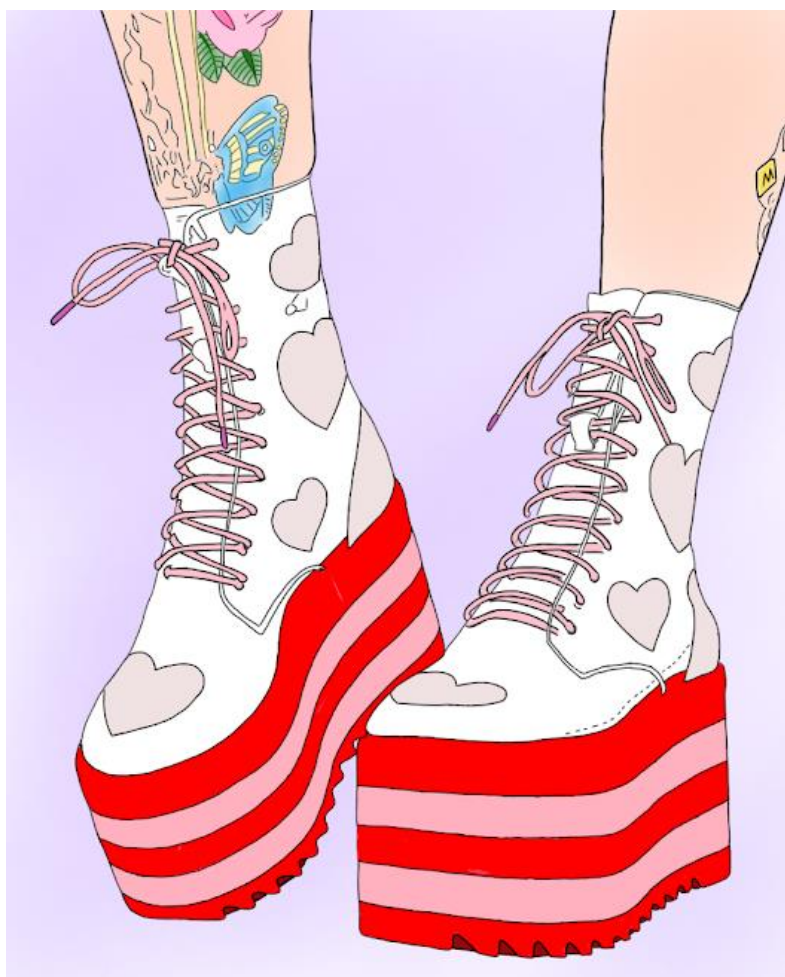
Its path is long, but guaranteed  
All passengers reach their stations eventually.

The gears are constant and unchanging  
like the steady flow of time.

The ticks are tenacious, reassuring,  
Like the heartbeat of a loved one.

Despite its fractured glass, a skewed mirror,  
carries forward, unbothered by its cracks.

Still, I see a reflection—a woman so familiar.  
She understands that every tick is a moment worth  
remembering.

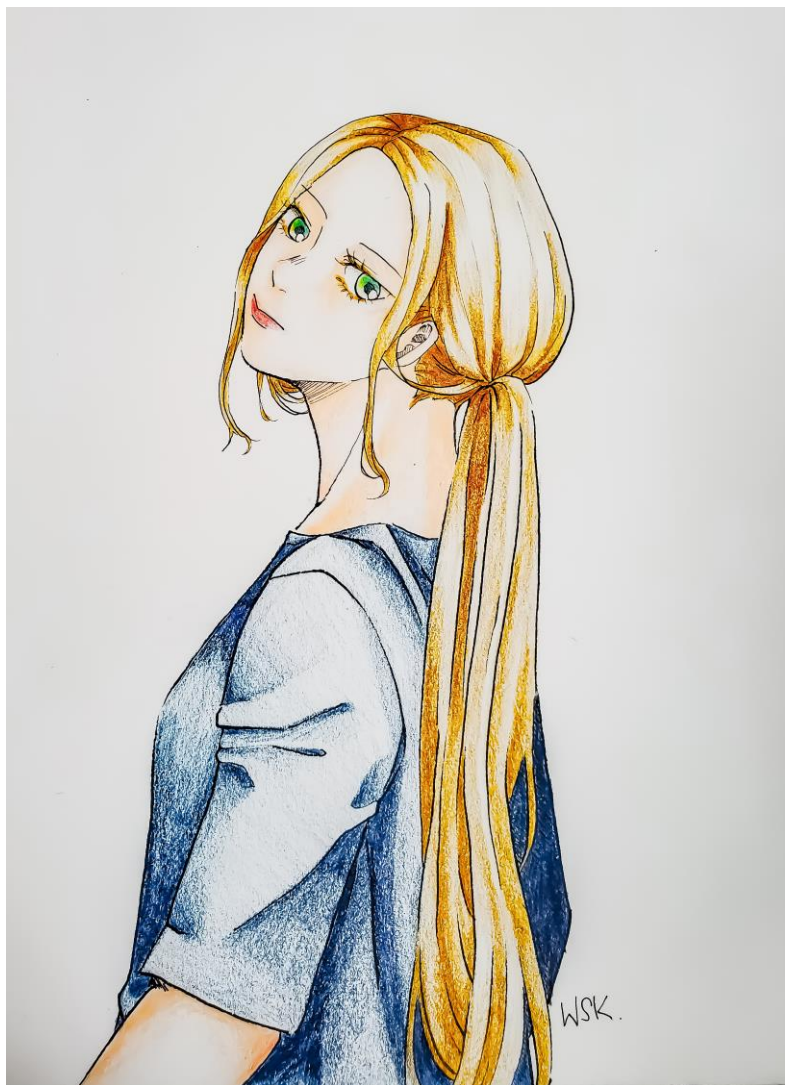


**Izzy Shehigian**

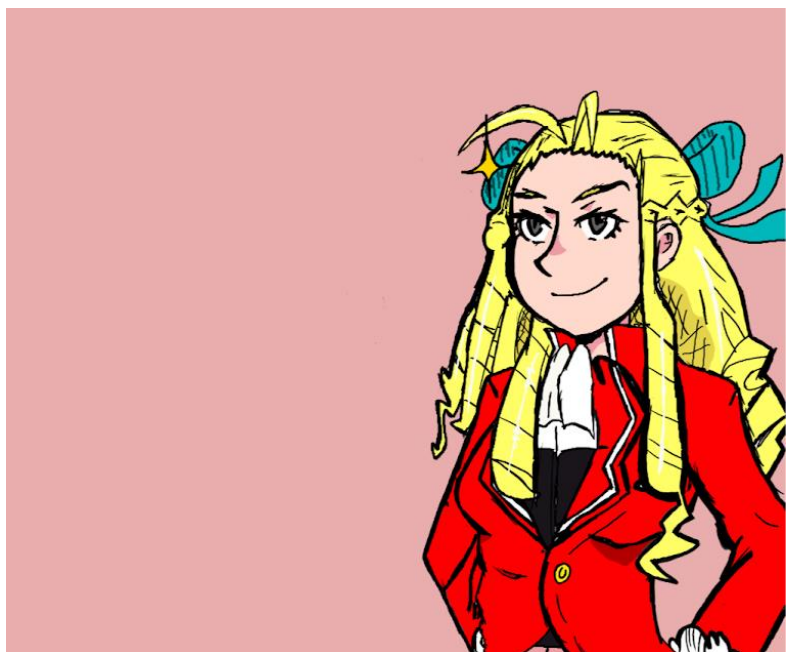




**Gift-Danielle Essey**



**Seoyeon Wendy Kim**



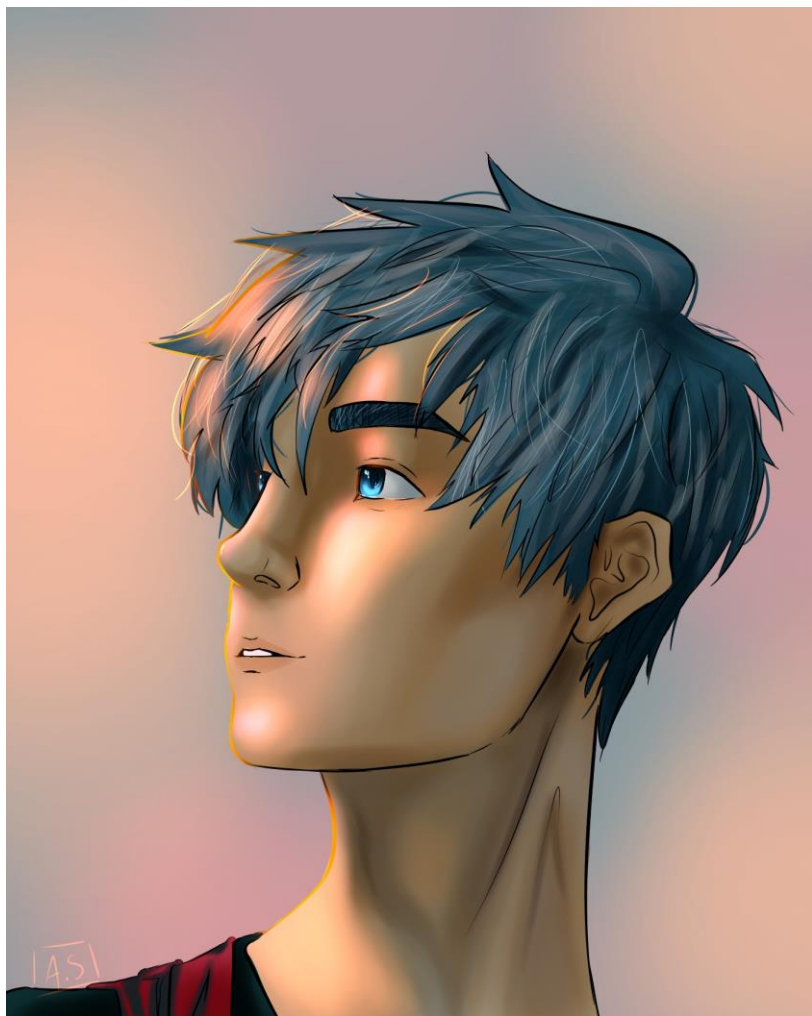
**Hector Mota**



**Davontae Garrett**



**Anthony Villanella**



**Ashley Sorto**

## **The Honored Few**

### **Katie Pfund**

Sitting Silent.  
Nine in the Hollow Classroom.

Make No  
Mistake we stay up late. No  
Choices our decisions made. No  
Way to achieve what we Believe. No  
Freedom

Rounded to perfection No  
Harsh edges. No  
Denying the way they're shaped No  
Escape. Don't make kNo  
wn the pain bastone.  
For those who break the mold  
Are not the stories you are told.

**Ashley Sorto**



**Regret**  
**Jinhyeok Kim**

Regret is the thing with tiny wings  
That buzzes in the soul,  
And with its fiendish needle draws our blood,  
And leaves a lingering scar,  
And all this unseen;  
And time is the only spell  
That could repel the tiny mosquito,  
That kept so many awake,  
With hopeless desires  
To fix what transpired.  
I've seen the scars heal,  
And it bothers no longer,  
And fades into the abyss;  
Yet, when the season comes,  
It returns for its meal.

**Liz Garcia**







**Hector Mota**





**Ticking**  
**Mario Giordano**

But to us, time does not unfold ascetically,  
It pauses  
and ponders,

Occasionally races through forest trees to approach  
a clearing. Felt, not understood.

We stare at sunrises and sunsets,  
The moon glances at earth and ducks away,  
And thus we see time unfold.  
Yet within the reddish hum of the sun or the  
angelic nature of the moon  
We do not see the illusion.

That time holds the threads of our existence,  
And chooses to pave or to  
paralyze.

**Irene Shim**

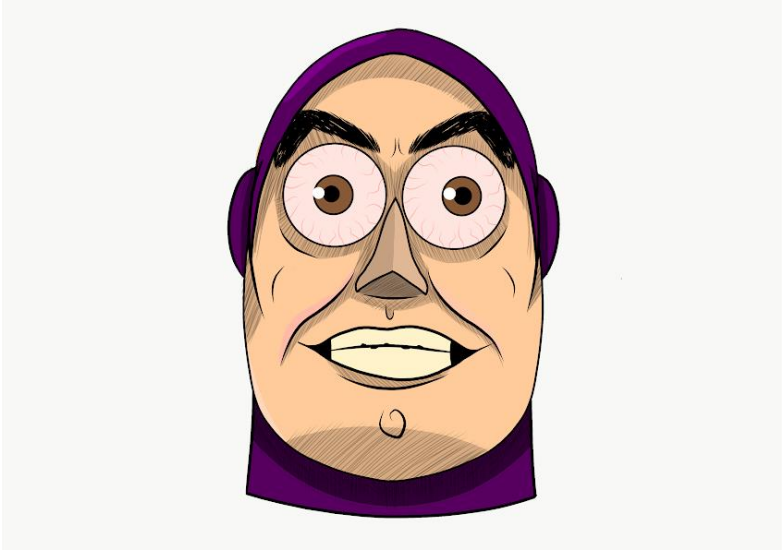


**Dream Song ∞**  
**Anonymous**

Never in our lives would we think that  
this “great society” would be toppled  
by a horseman with a wicked crown.  
This crown of ruin, of sorrow,  
of fear haunts both our dreams  
and our realities. We are kept in prisons,

so comforting yet so distressing;  
home is where the heart is both nurtured and kept  
from its true desires. We disregard others and hoard;  
What have we come to, brothers?  
To turn on our elderly,  
our impoverished, just to have more toilet paper,

more hand sanitizer, and to feed the same evil  
that we as a country were founded against.  
But, friends, it’s every man for himself,  
isn’t it? And the horseman will continue  
to run free and invite his brothers  
to bring about our demise.



**Anthony Villanella**



**Davontae Garrett**



**Irene  
Shim**



**Liz  
Garcia**



**Here with the Rain**  
**Victor Suarez**

I'm here with the rain  
The chitter chatter like a chain  
As houses are divided  
We are misguided  
For how long or short  
We shall also thwart  
From hills to seas  
Like the cold wind breeze  
I'm here with the rain  
With no more pain.

**Victor Suarez**

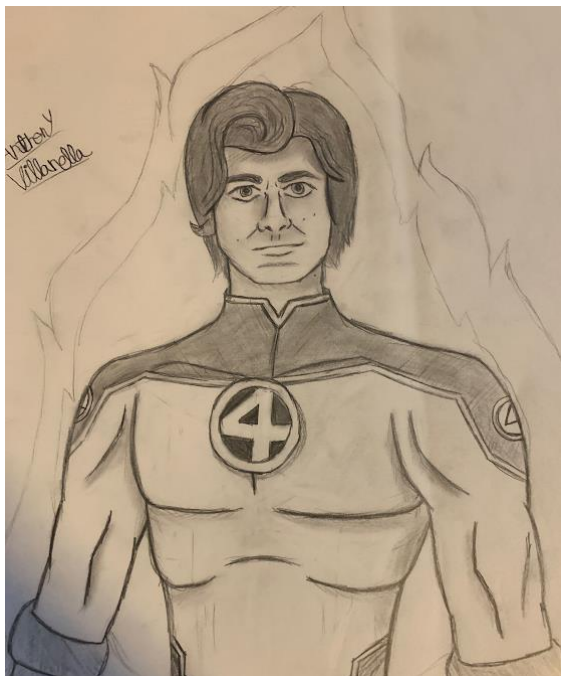




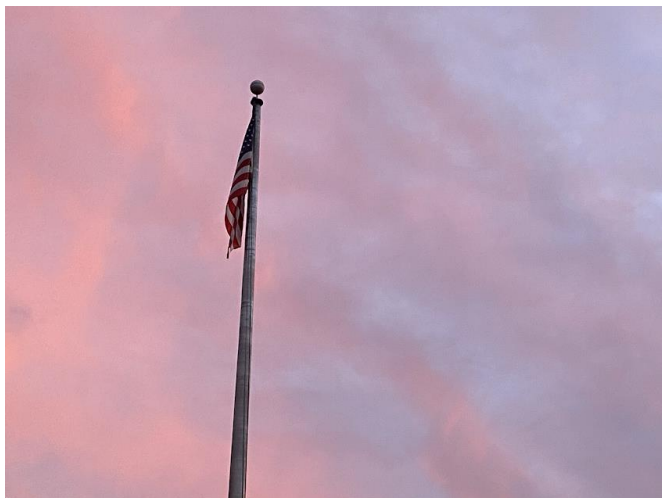
**Suleina Houston**



**Stephen Park**



**Anthony Villanella**



**Izzy Shehigian**

**Peace**  
**Kristina Hong**

Can peace be as innocent  
As she seems?  
Is she as simple as others may deem?  
She is indeed found nestled in the bright toothy  
smiles  
Of the two sniffing, sheepish boys who decided to  
share  
Their toys  
Found in the firm handshakes and endearing hugs  
of  
Our compromise towards each other,  
Holding the responsibility to ourselves

But once in a while, she finds herself in chains  
Made into a slave  
In the name of love, order, discipline, control  
Those who are blind use her as a shield for their  
costly actions  
The white cosmos can be stained red  
If the path is not clear

Once again, is she so innocent as she seems?  
Is she so simple as others may deem?  
Or can she be capable of unintended destruction  
Of creativity and life?



**Passing?**  
**Sofia Narvaez**

My melanin and lineage are at war  
I'm not sure what to say or what to do  
It's true I'm white-passing but I'm Hispanic and  
black, too  
You see on my father's side I've always felt like  
the black sheep  
No! The white sheep  
I don't ask for sympathy because I know my skin  
says "I'm not oppressed"  
But it's hard being a person of color with white  
privilege  
Again I ask for no sympathy  
I just want to know my place in all of this talk,  
It's hard growing up and seeing people with a  
similar heritage but different  
skin tone get harmed just because I'm light skinned  
and their dark skinned,  
That's why I'm lost  
Because I know the privileges I have that my  
ancestors didn't,  
Perhaps I've always been lost,  
I mean it's hard to realize that  $\frac{1}{3}$  of your ancestors  
exterminated, enslaved,  
and discriminated against the other  $\frac{2}{3}$ ,  
I assume that's why I'm torn  
Because I'm angry about something that happened  
600 years ago  
But those 600 years have poured into the past 400  
that African Americans  
and dark-skinned people were and still are  
discriminated against  
I just don't understand why it had to get to this  
point

The point where people are risking their lives not  
only from a global  
pandemic but from the authorities harming them  
And that's why I'm torn  
Why my melanin and lineage are at war



**Izzy Shehigian**

# Staff Corner

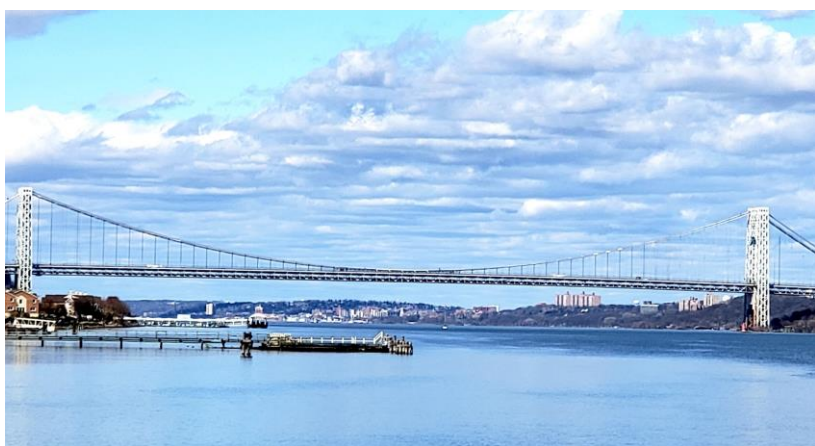
## Quarantine

**Marilena Ferraiuolo**

our hands are in quarantine  
hidden in shirt sleeves, in restless  
pockets, we dare not touch  
our faces rest behind homemade  
masks, wintered scarves striving  
for spring  
the distance is too deep to rest  
in isolation we make our homes  
building walls six feet apart  
we hope for the light, strive  
for the spring  
the shade is too much to carry  
we find our reliquaries in the  
tunes of others, hand drawn  
art sketched lyricism in the air  
their voices can touch our faces  
when humanity can't  
we still listen  
maybe that still voice within us  
is worth listening to  
maybe it's telling us we're not  
alone in our brokenness  
maybe the filters keeping us apart  
from others are helping us  
put ourselves back together.



**Janet Seabold**





**Virginia Cubillan**



**Virginia Cubillan**





**Cynthia Reardon**

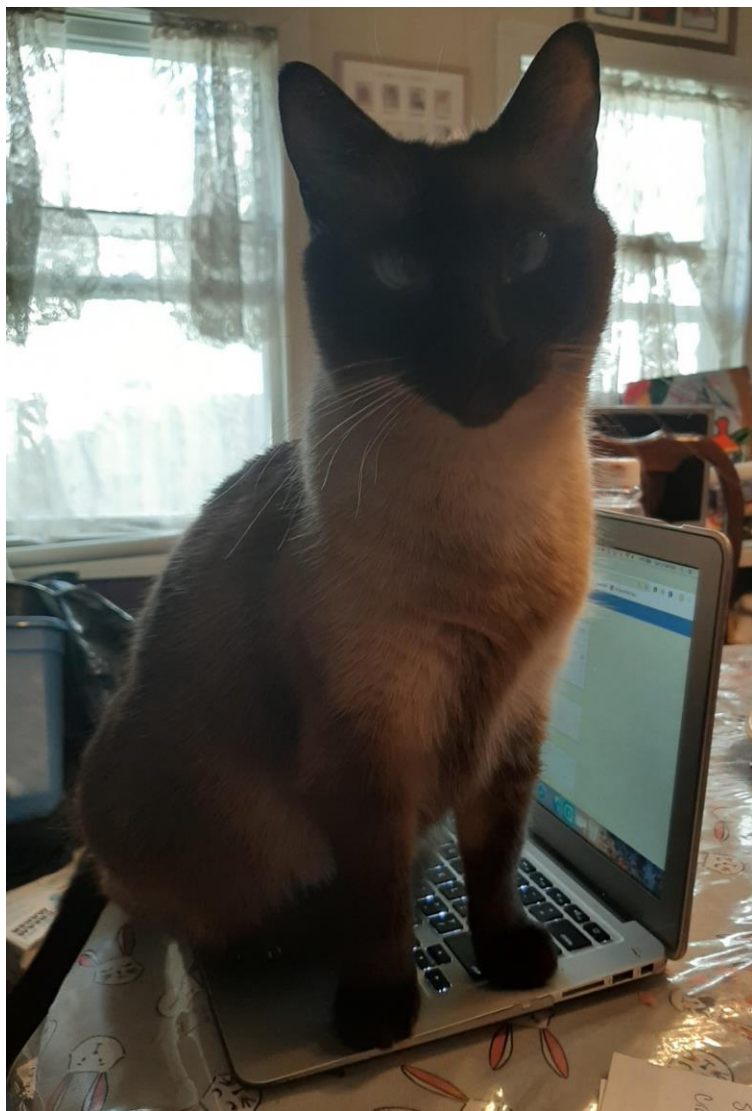




**Marilena  
Ferraiuolo**







**Jennifer Rupprecht**



**Marilena Ferraiuolo**



**SERENDIPITY MEMBERS:**

ALRICA ANGELIQUE AVILA  
ALAIDA BARREIRO  
WOOREEN CHOY  
MIA CRUZ  
LARA GANDOUR  
MARIO GIORDANO  
JOSHUA HAN  
SULEINA HOUSTON  
YAEUN JUNG  
JOSEPH KIM  
ANDREA KITCHENER  
HUMZA MAJID  
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IRENE SHIM  
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VICTOR SUAREZ  
ANTHONY VILLANELLA  
KELLY WANG  
LILLY WATSON  
ANDREW YASTANGACAL  
YU-NA YI  
YOSEP YUN  
SEBASTIAN ZHAO

**LAYOUT/EDITORS:**

ASHLEY SORTO, EDITOR  
GABRIEL GENAO, LAYOUT

SEOYEON WENDY KIM,  
LAYOUT

**STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS**

SOFIA ACEVEDO  
LUKE ASCIONE-SHUSKO  
GIFT-DANIELLE ESSEYA  
DAVONTAE GARRETT  
KRISTINA HONG  
MANUEL JARAMILLO  
JINHYEOK KIM  
MATTHEW LEMA  
NICOLE MCDERMOTT  
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KATIE PFUND  
TATIANA PEREZ

SARA SIDDIQUI  
PANOS STAVRIDIS  
HARIS SUJAK  
JOSHUA WHITE

**STAFF CONTRIBUTORS:**

VIRGINIA CUBILLAN  
MARILENA FERRAIUOLO  
CYNTHIA REARDON  
JENNIFER RUPPRECHT  
JANET SEABOLD  
IRENE VOIGHT

**CLUB ADVISOR:**

MISS FERRAIUOLO



Front Cover Design: Lilly Watson  
Back Cover Design: Stephen Park  
Spring/Summer 2019-2020