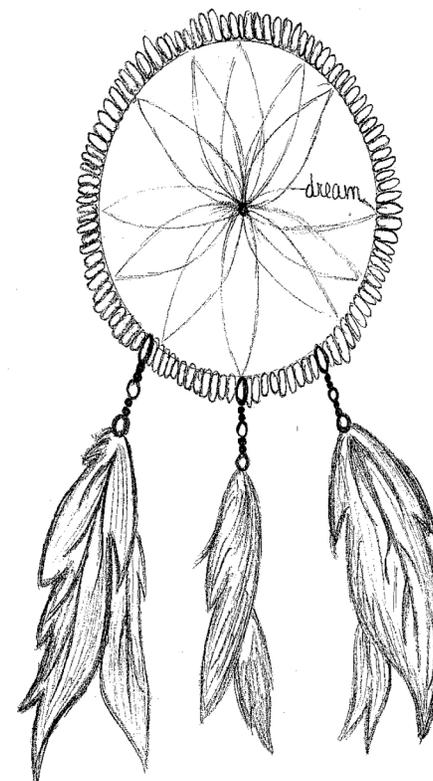


VOICES

The Poetry Edition



The Literary and Arts magazine of
Saint Saviour High School

Inspired by the success of our first National Poetry Month celebration, the staff of *Voices* decided to devote the Spring 2019 edition entirely to poetry. Herein, you will find an interview in which resident Saint Saviour poet and teacher, Ms. Gans, shares her thoughts on poetry and teaching poetry with *Voices* editor, Ariana Quintana. Showcased as well are poems from Mr. Gunter's French classes in a French form known as *Cadavres Exqui, or Exquisite Corpses*, in which the first person writes a noun, the second an adjective, the third a verb, the fourth a noun and the fifth person another adjective. The members of the group do not see anything else the others have written until the end, after the sentence –poem is complete.

There are, as well, poems written by familiar *Voices* voices, and by some new talent as well.

We are fortunate, as always, in the art work offered for use in the magazine, and you will find drawings and sketches to delight, amuse, and provoke.

As always: Happy Reading!

The Staff of Voices.

QUAVER

bird is chirping loud
he takes up so much space
here
feathers on the ground

Olivia Medina

Long Distance
So far yet so near
Closer in heart and mind
While bodies are far

Cristina Melian

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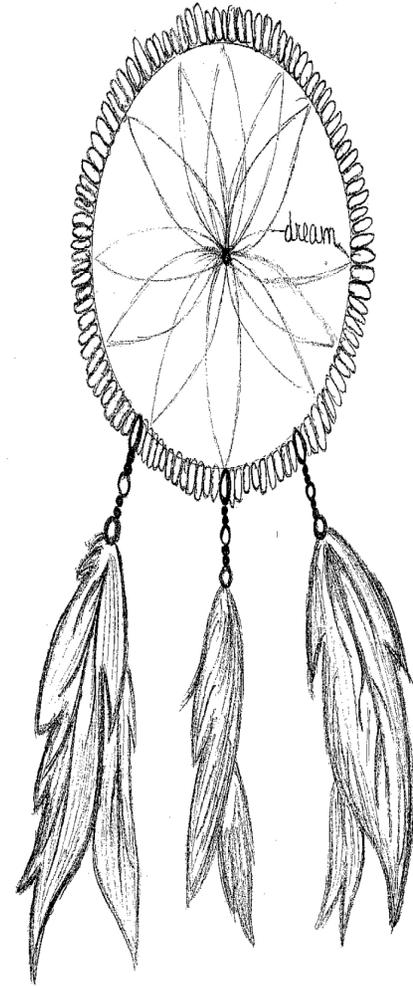
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Notes



Love Lost

Meeting your gaze stirs a pain within me,
For your eyes they show a beauty untold.
So please turn away, do not let me see—
For I cannot love thy beautiful soul.
Although my heart beats only for you,
And our time together was a work of art,
Our differences overwhelmed our love so true,
To such a degree, we were driven apart.
The thought of life without you I cannot bear,
But our destinies just could not align,
For my dreams even one glance you couldn't spare,
And that is what forced me to tell you goodbye.
I hope you see my reluctance as true,
Because I truly did, and still do, love you.

Grace Rosen



Interview with Ms. Gans

When did you first “discover” poetry? When did you first know that poetry was something important, something to you?

I think I've always liked poetry; even from when I was in elementary school, I always liked it, but I just wasn't really sure why I liked it. In middle school I started writing poetry in journals and started typing stuff out. It was always personal, but it wasn't serious; it was just for fun. Then in high school I got to take a course called Imaginative Writing and it was my first “serious” interaction with poetry. I remember for our first assignment, my teacher put a stack of postcards on the desk and told us to choose one and then write a poem inspired by the picture. That was the first real spark of like wow this is a really cool assignment this is a cool world to kind of jump into where there are endless possibilities and countless directions to go in.

Was there a particular poem or poet or experience that like kind of triggered or I get started you're like love for poetry

Yes, that class that I just mentioned in high school opened my mind and deepened my love of writing, but then later on that teacher ended up not being my favorite, I have to be honest, she told me that I wasn't allowed to write a poem that rhymed. Later that year, one of my friends who had already gone off to college gave me an Allen Ginsberg poem and it's still one of my favorites to this day. It is called “Song” and that poem was the first one that really hit home for me. It was the first poem that I felt genuinely connected to and it was unlike any other poem I had ever read. It felt easy to understand. It was refreshing to know that not everything is a Shakespearean sonnet that you have to decode. Poetry is accessible. After that I read any poetry I could get my hands on.

Ms. Gans Interview (continued)

Any influences? What other poets besides Ginsberg have influenced or inspired or challenged you? Any family member?

My college experience really turned me into the nerd I am today. I found myself raising my hand more than ever and jotting down even more quotations in journals than before. The more English, and Creative Writing classes I took, the smaller they got, so my community at school was so tight (and even included some of my soccer teammates). It was a really good space to stretch your wings and try new things while also being in a safe environment to share personal opinions and thoughts. My biggest influence and inspiration was my very first creative writing professor at Long Island University, Lewis Warsh.

I like to say that he taught me everything I know but he's the one that really started to teach me the history of poets and taught me about the movements and groups of poets that congregated together from really the beginning of time. It was fascinating. He introduced me to the poetry world in New York, particularly the beat poets. He shared poetry with us that inspired him as a young writer and then I got inspired through him. It was because of him that I started working at the Poetry Project in the East Village. I spent a lot of time there during my college years and got to meet and hear some of my favorite poets. Others that have inspired me are my classmates. I have some of my classmates' books on my shelf back there, their poetry books are ones that I turn back to .



A WEIRD DREAM

I drink some milk after i go to sleep
And on my bed i would count some
sheep
I would hear a sound of a dog ,
Jumping over a log
Running away from a bat,
A bat that has a small red hat
The next thing i know i would wake
up
To a sound of a spilled cup
I would rather stay in bed
And have a piece of bread
But i have to go to school
To follow some rules
And to have a great education
for other people to see my creation

Jacky Mendoza

The Sea

I swim in the ocean until I become one with the sea
The water and it's creatures welcome me as I explore
As I travel and seek treasures and riches I feel free
The ocean is deep with mountains and valleys as are ashore

Algae and seaweed grow widely out of the sandy bottom
The lush green vegetation resembles fields of a farm
Although the ocean has wild currents it is quite somber as well
It's human trash like wild shipwrecks give it a graveyard charm

The ocean has extreme depths and houses for large sharks
Many strange amphibians like seahorses, starfish and jellyfish
The majority of the ocean is bare like a desert stark
Many treasure seekers searched the ocean it becomes their dying wish

The ocean has its gifts and givens
The ocean can also lead to storms that are not forgiven

Adriana Haliotis

What would you say to a writer who is struggling with writer's block?

My favorite thing to do if I'm having a hard time "starting" is to steal something from someone else. You can gain inspiration without even knowing it by taking someone else's poem and maybe flipping it upside down: like take your favorite poem and write it from the last line to the first and see how cool that is and maybe you decide to move around some of the lines and make it your own and make it new and then maybe you see a phrase or a line in that poem that you're particularly drawn to and then maybe that line should be the first line of a new poem. I like to play around with words. In my creative writing classes we did a lot of found poetry like that. I feel like there are easy ways to start without having to create a fresh idea.

John Berryman, in talking about his *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*, was critical of what he regarded as America's disinterest in and disregard for poetry and her poets. What do you think is the state of poetry in America? Are we disinterested?

We seem to change our minds quickly or never at all. Your mind may already be made up that poetry is boring or nerdy, but your mind may be changed by one single poem, or one poet, or an experience at a poetry reading. Poetry is growing and changing at an ever-present ephemeral pace; there are so many different forms of expression that there truly is something for everyone. The trouble with the arts (whether written or visual) is that often times the current citizens of the world cannot connect with the artist's world. The artist's world is too hard to understand or that world is too difficult to connect with that we ultimately stop trying to get it and we move on to something else. Of course there will be ups and downs in popularity and social trends, but the arts will continue to grow as long as people can connect. I think poetry has the power to keep us thinking and that is what is lasting.

Where do you see poetry going next? In what way will the current generation of poets “make it new,” as Pound said poets must do?

Poets have a hard job. They have to connect feelings and words and do it in fresh new ways. It is how we link those feelings with those words that changes. Do we rhyme? Do we break a line in the middle of a word? How do you want to get your point across? We are in such a digital era, I can only imagine that poetry will shift to fit our quick communication style: more poetry with images, publications online, sharing via social media, etc. I think our dependency on devices has made us more introverted poets, sharing in the virtual world. Whether it is on a screen or on paper, poets will always be hungry for the next best line.

CITY LIGHTS

Big bright buildings gleam

Walking proud and happily

The future awaits

Wajihah Siddiqui



Meira

She came quietly
Like a tenderhearted moon
Easing the darkness

Lulu Whitehall

Back Porch Smoke

The humming static fills the damp night air;
Crinkle winged bugs die in a light filled
trance.
Their living brethren chirp away twilight.
An infomercial seeps through the screen door.
A man steps out and peels back the lid of tu-
na.
The one-eared cat limps out from under the
deck,
Mewling ever so pitifully, yet,
Accepts the meal in solemn gratefulness.
The man sneaks a Camel between his lips,
Watching the painted red band dip below the
pines.
Smoke and ash drift from his mouth like his
lies
To his overbearing plasticine wife.
He snubs out the cigarette, charcoal smudge
On the back door before heading back in.

Noelani Hellberg

For the Boy I Sat Next to on the Bus

We spoke not a single word to each other,
Took only fleeting glances at one another.
Exchanged timid smiles when our eyes met,
Then looked away, no courage to speak yet.
We had only a fifteen minute bus ride,
But when you looked at me something fluttered
inside.

I don't know your name,
Or the sound of your voice,
We never even spoke,
But that was our choice.
What we were doing was barely flirting,
Yet still now my heart is yearning.
We did no speaking,
But I'm here weeping.
Because I'll never see you again.
Instead I'm left all by myself,
I'll put my feelings on the shelf.
You've probably already forgotten me,
And to me you'll soon be a fading memory.

Meaghan DelleCave

Ode to the tiny Bird - Love Sonnet

My tiny pet bird, you inspire me to write.
How I love the way you mock, fly and
squeak,
Invading my mind day and through the
night,
Always dreaming about the smart critique.

Let me compare you to a big sawdust?
You are more happy and more glorious.
Great heat toasts the blue frolics of August,
And summertime has the sartorius.

How do I love you? Let me count the ways.
I love your flappy wings and eyelashes.
How your personality fills my days!
My love for you is the nappy gashes.

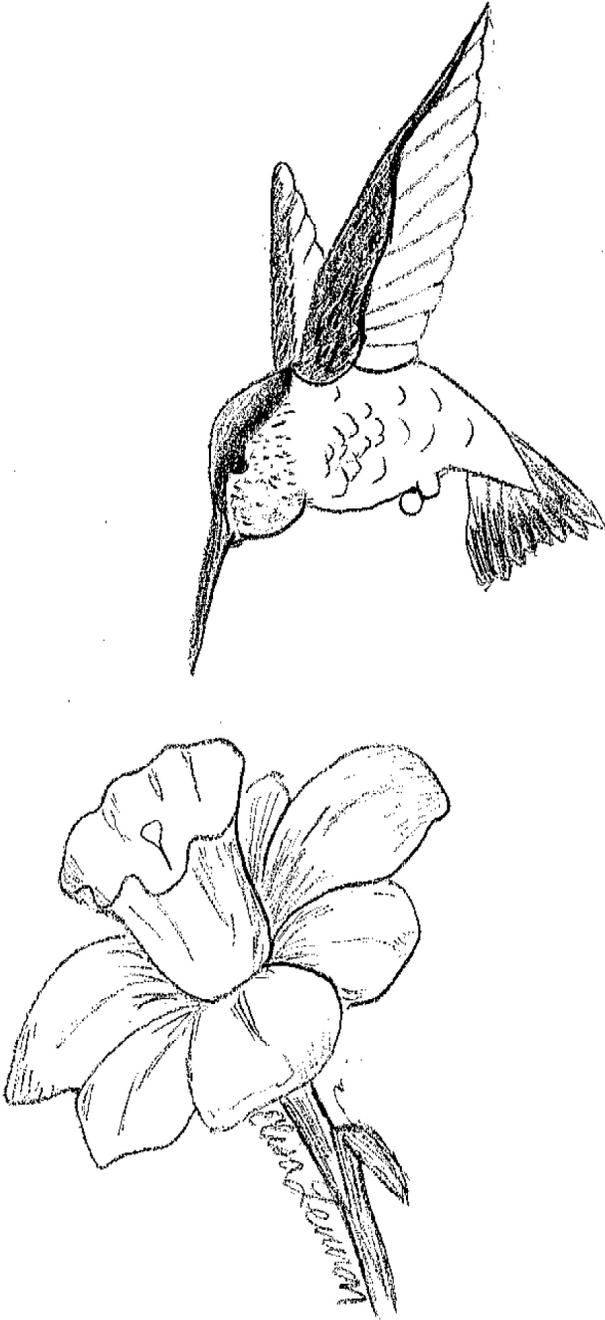
Now I must away with a sappy heart,
Remember my bright words whilst we're
apart.

Abigail Spencer

Another, For the Boy on the Bus

Ever so slowly I'm beginning to forget you,
Even though I'd do anything in my power not to.
The way you smiled when our eyes met
Is not a memory I want to forget.
I sat on the bus and wondered 'what are the chances'
As we stood next to each other trying to steal glances.
The temptation I fought to "accidentally" brush your
hand with mine,
Wishing fate would step in and give me some kind of
sign.
Hoping maybe our paths would soon cross again.
But it was not to be; that wasn't fate's plan.
Your name is still a mystery to me
And I'll have to except that's how it always will be.
I can no longer picture your face in my head,
And because I cannot my heart's filled with dread.
I remember how you looked as you were walking away,
As we looked at each other, taking one final gaze.
I peered over my shoulder wanting one final look,
I saw you looking too, my heart you had took.
I stopped in my tracks paralyzed by grief,
Realizing then you were not someone I could keep.
I thought for minute you attempted to wave,
But when I went to wave back you were already on
your way.

Meaghan DelleCave



We don't make mistakes,

Only happy accidents.

Serendipity

Arianna Abdul

Buttons and Thread

SOMETIMES I FEEL AS IF I'M HOLDING BY A
THREAD

NOT HANGING, JUST HOLDING ON TO SOMETHING
THIN

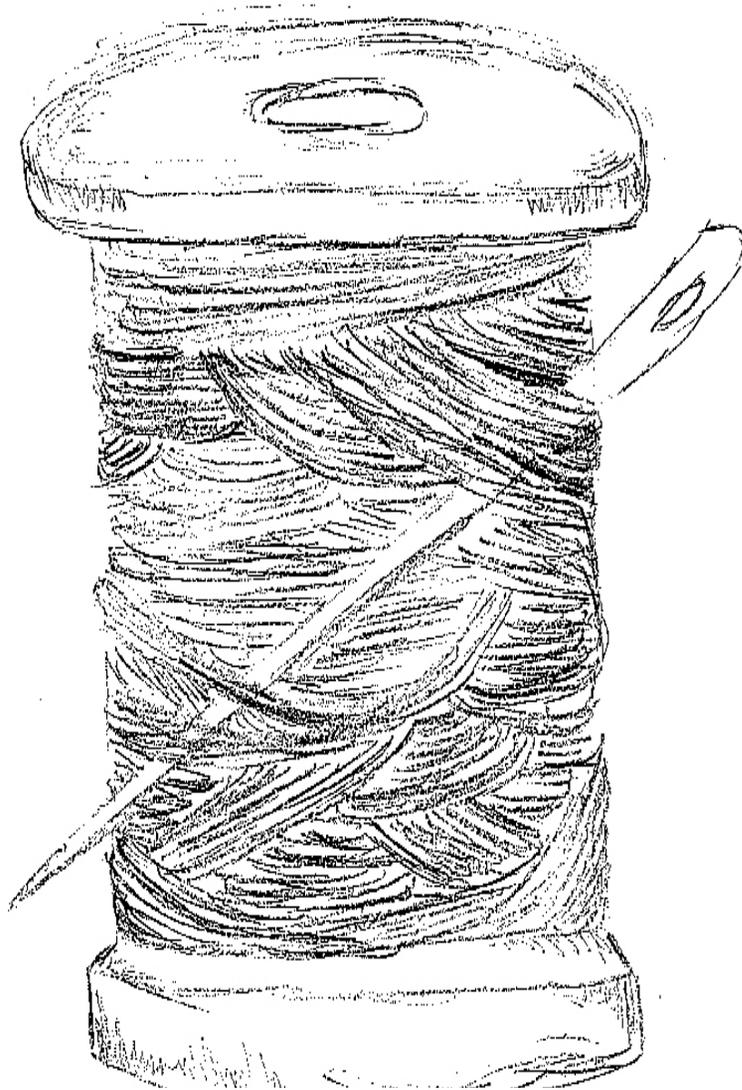
BLOWING IN DIRECTIONS, NOT BOUND BY WIRE
FREE TO EXPRESS IN EVERY DESIRE
THERE IS NO GRIP BY WHICH I'M HOLDING
THE THREAD CUTS MY BARE HARD WORKING
HANDS

I START TO SEE A RED BAND
BUT I AM THE BUTTON THAT MIGHT LET GO
HOLDING ON TO THE THREAD YOU HOLD

Ariana Quintana



Chaotic Amity



**Cool wind blows sweetly
Sun blazes like a fire
There's no middle ground**

Keba Francis

Untitled

listening to music while on the train is one of the many small pleasures in life
i stand up looking as the cars and buildings pass by so quickly making me feel as if i am flying
and if i close my eyes i am in my own world of sound and emotion
for most natives the train is their least favorite part of the city
but as i stare out at the graffiti walls and overgrown plant life surrounding me
i feel as if i am a part of something bigger than myself
but sometimes when the train goes underground
i catch a glimpse of my own eyes staring at me
and i am taken back
it's strange to see yourself at your most unaware moments
eyes glazed over, empty expression, ruffled hair, hunched back
as if nothing was happening in my head
when in reality it's the complete opposite
as i look in my eyes i see in some way how it is to be looking at myself
how it is to perceive me as a stranger
as i make stories up for those who sit next to me on this small blip on most radars
i wonder if others do the same for me
i think what my story would be to them
would i be happy?
would i have friends? or would i prefer solitude over relationships
what is my story to them
as the song changes
train stops and lets on new passengers

A Conversation with God

When I was younger, I once asked God why people were different.

She said to me,

“You wouldn’t realize how beautiful you are if you all looked the same.”

I then inquired,

“Aren’t we all quite exquisite?”

From the freckles on our fair faces to our hair black as licorice?”

“Of course,” God answered, “But we need different kinds of beauty, or else we wouldn’t know how special we are.”

And I ruminated over what she had said:

I thought, how pretty my friend looks when she wears her hijab
and how her smile is the brightest smile I’ve ever encountered.

I remembered how ethereal a girl looks on her Confirmation
and how her white dress glistens on her silky dark skin.

I recalled how one girl sparkled on her Quinceañera
and how her chocolate eyes lit up more than the chandeliers.

Finally, I asked God,

“Why are there people who want to destroy all this beauty?”

She said to me,

“Some people don’t know what beauty is.

You have to be the one to show them.”

Olivia Medina

Scared To Be Alone

A little girl alone in the dark land,
Has nowhere to go no plan in her hand;
Yearning to see her family once again,
Pulls herself together counting by ten.

So desperate to find herself at the last,
In hopes of running away from her past;
Knowing not where to go or who to see,
She continues to run from her destiny.

She soon sees a light so bright and so
white,
Surrounded by darkness, evil, and spite.
She looks back at the world that she now
must leave,
No plan in her mind; she still will succeed?

She will now take her place with style and
with grace,
She can't ever be found; she left not one
trace.

Gabrielle John

i am taken out of my own monotonous fantasy world
to look if it's my stop
if not, i happily leap back into my land of possibility and optimism
but if it's my time to go
i take one look back at the train and change the song
for it's no longer the time to dream

Heleana Ryan

You.

silence is all I hear from you now :

the only gift you've given me is your absence.
I screamed out to you for years
changed numbers
ignored texts
you said you would come and you didn't;
mom dressed me up so pretty
even did my hair.
You were the first man to break my heart
All of my emotions were out on the table for you
I cried when I was hungry
cried when I needed to be changed
I would cry pools for you
Reaching my arms out
from the arms of my mother.
Why don't you want me?
Do you love me anymore?
My childhood was engulfed in confusion:
in kindergarten I found myself wondering why everyone had a
father.
Why was I so unlucky?
mom always tells me I look so much like you.
she gives me cheek kisses and rubs my back as I sleep;
she knows when I'm sad just by looking at my face
the face that looks so much like yours
Sharing the same DNA
Same blood running through our veins.
how can you hate something you created?
how can you not come to graduations, recitals and spelling bees?
mother served both roles
she never gets to go to graduations, recitals and spelling bees
instead, she works double night shifts
to support me.

You are nowhere to be found
maybe you have forgotten about me
I envy you

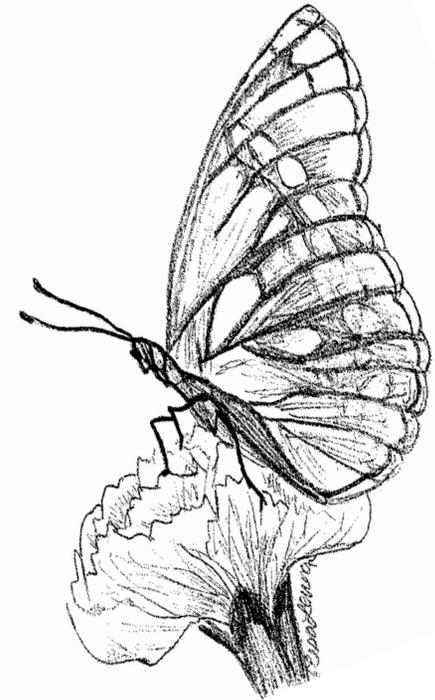
Returning a Library Book

She leaves her cramped apartment in Chinatown
And descends into the grimy subway,
With a cheap steamed pork bun in her stomach
And Vonnegut in her black shoulder bag.
The F train comes roaring out of the tunnel's
Maw, and stops with a screeching halt that one
Could feel in the very centers of their
Teeth. When she boards her metal vessel, she
Hangs onto an aluminum pole, no doubt
Swarming with colonies of Staphylococcus,
Clutching to it as a mass of human life
Pours into the car with her
And presses against her coat.
She preoccupies her wandering eyes
With bright ads that line the perimeter
Of the space, and closely watches the map's
Crisscrossing lines jumble into a multi
Colored knot beneath the scratched plastic cover.

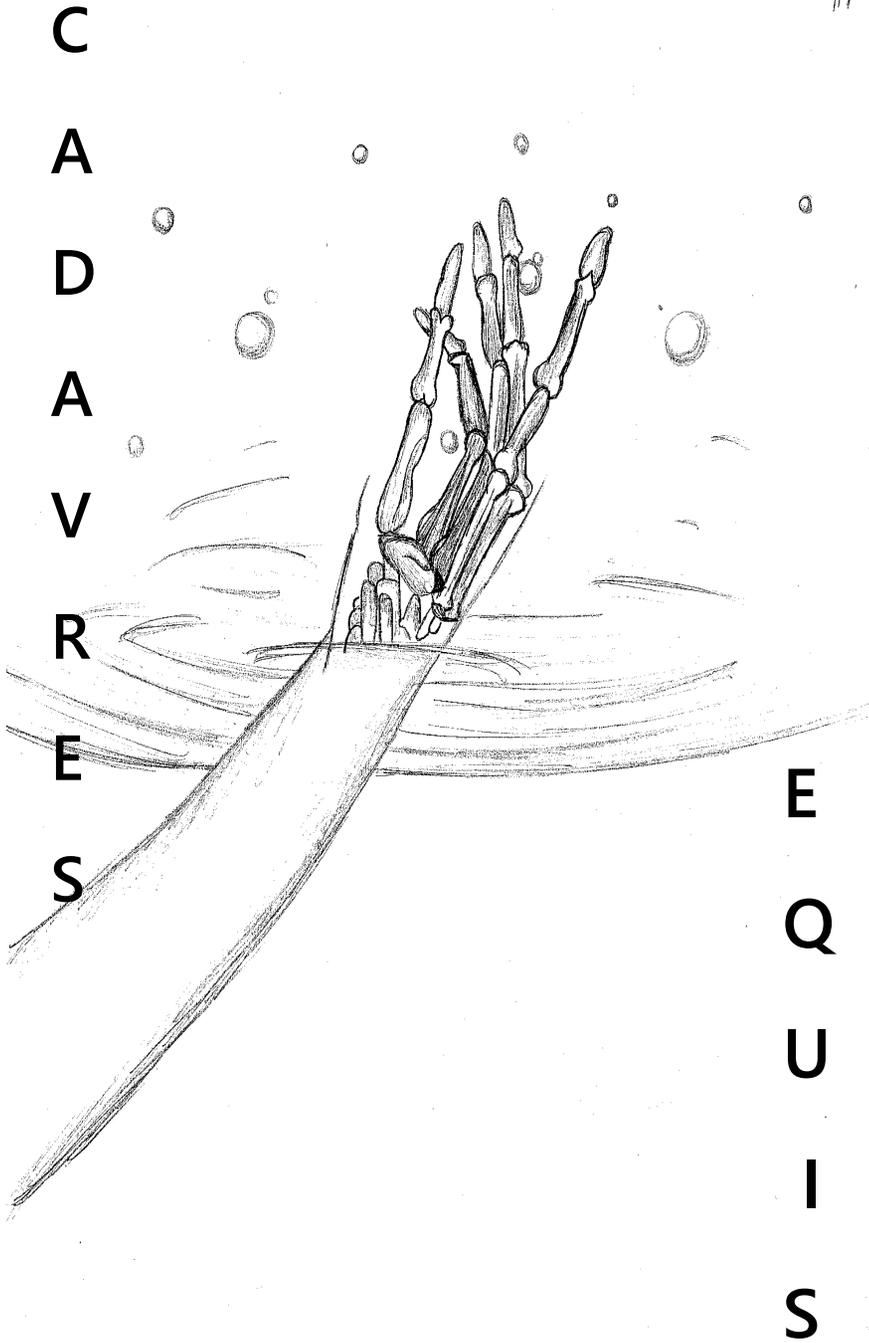
Noelani Hellberg

I have no early memories
All that you used to be to me is gone
I have everything but you
still, I've gotten pretty far
The only thing that **makes up** the thought of you is the absence
And I have found solace in silence.

Aisha Micourt



#7



C

A

D

A

V

R

E

S

E

Q

U

I

S

Breathe

Tiny black feather

Blown in the summer's slight breeze

Felt earth's warm embrace

Rachel Martinez

Mountains stay at rest

The sun shines over us all

As we live our lives

Melinda Hudson

French 1.1

Le fantôme joli nage dans la grande piscine.

Translation : The pretty ghost swims in the big pool.

Le monstre actif nage dans un parc idiot.

Translation : The active monster swims in the stupid park.

L'église belle parle la chatte ambitieuse au musée.

Translation : The pretty church speaks the ambitious cat at the museum.

French 1.2

Le monstre joli danse le coeur triste au parc.

Translation : The pretty monster dances the sad heart in the park.

Le chauffeur chinois mange la sœur maligne tout près de l'hôpital le soir.

Translation : The Chinese driver is eating the clever sister right next to the hospital at night.

French 2.1

Le Paris bête boit une baguette triste.

Translation : Stupid Paris drinks a sad baguette.

La pomme martiniquaise finit l'eau sexy.

Translation : The Martiniquais apple finishes the sexy water.

French 2.2

Le dragon blanc mange les pommes belles.

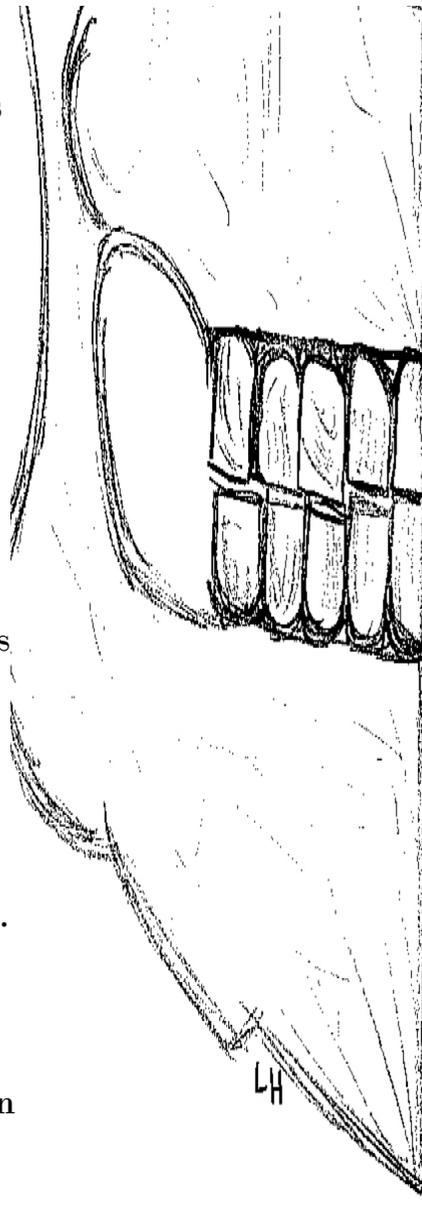
Translation : The white dragon is eating the beautiful apples.

La maison meilleure rougit le livre sophistiqué.

Translation : The best house turns the sophisticated book red.

La licorne souriante voyage la guitare folle.

Translation : The smiling unicorn travels on the crazy guitar.



Oh , Summer

Oh Summer, how I miss you dear,
The thought of the bright sun brings me cheer.
Sometimes you're too hot to enjoy,
And you're full of mostly rain that pores.

They tell us to stay cool and don't forget about school.
Forget about school work,
Jump and enjoy the refreshing pool,
Visit the beach hop in enjoy the sand.

Oh, Summer how I can't wait for your return
Looking forward for you to arrive,
The high temperatures and the sun that burns.
Vacation to California, Hawaii, or maybe New Hampshire!

Talia McCray



Balloon For One

When I was in the 4th grade,
Small and frail, I was,

I held on to the string that held the balloon on
one end.

The balloon, latex and rubber,
Scented my nose and hands with a foreign one;
Then I looked at the balloon
And never let it go for one
When I turned 10,

It's red and pink streaks filled the bottom as it crease right at the
tie at the bottom;
And I looked at the balloon and never let it go for one
Then I looked up the at the sky
The clouds, blue and crescent white

Now my helium, air filled oval could careless then just being let
go

Now I am 17 and it is time to
Say goodbye to the balloon;
That I never once let go for one.

Ariana Quintana



natymaciso

French 3

Translation: The old leg fights
the young dog.

La bibliothèque laide chante le
pamplemousse triste.

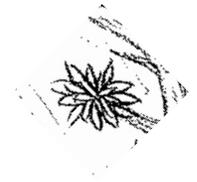
Translation: The ugly library
sings the sad grapefruit.

Le château fort demande la
pomme belle.

Translation: The walled castle
asks the beautiful apple.

Le chien malheureux joue le lait
beau.

Translation: The unhappy dog
plays the beautiful milk.



Glisten or Shine

Sunlight glistens, or maybe it shines

I don't know

Is water wet? Or is that even possible?

Why is time so slow?

Tic Toc. Tic toc.

Seconds can feel like hours

They can span entire years,

and the little hand on the clock doesn't move

Then it moves to fast,

when you don't want it to move

Time flies

Time walks

In the face of the universe

we are small,

tiny,

meaningless

Time is so short, how are you supposed to figure it out?

Is it possible to be ready for the world

a World filled with hopes and dreams

opportunities and Possibilities

a shining glittering Rainbow World

where everything is possible

A World that can be cruel

hurtful, filled with tears

and despair

A world without a heart,

without mercy

Wait.

What if there isn't a world when we're ready for it?

What if it's gone

What if we are gone

What if the sun no longer shines

Does the sun glisten, or does it shine?

-
Jaslin Aguirre