

The image features a close-up photograph of several lilies with pink and yellow petals, speckled with red spots. The flowers are set against a dark, blurred background. A semi-transparent purple horizontal band is overlaid across the top third of the image, containing the word "WATERMARK" in a large, black, serif font. The letter 'E' in "WATERMARK" is stylized with a small star and a crescent moon above it.

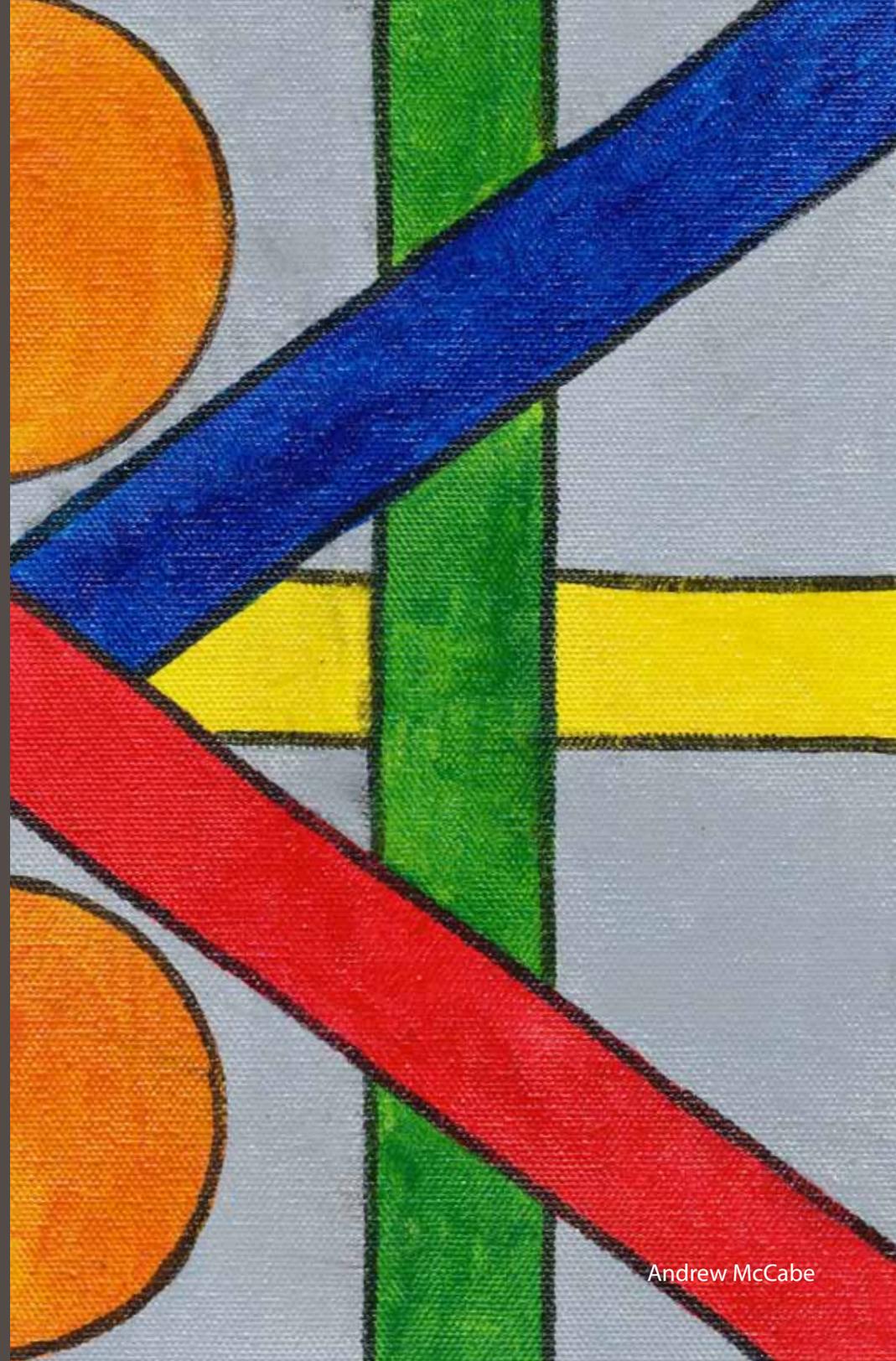
WATERMARK

Pope John Paul II High School June 2010

LIVING

*Structure standing firm,
As it lives throughout its life,
Reaching the end of its term
As it begins to die with strife.*

—Joseph Stickney



A LITTLE LAUGHTER, A LITTLE PAIN

The whisper of a secret
In my ear
I fake a laugh
And shed a tear.

It's only funny, when not explained. They say you can't grow, when nothing is gained.
A little laughter... a little pain.

Hearts are hurt
On a cloudy day
I say what I mean
And I mean what I say.

It's only funny, when not explained. They say you can't grow, when nothing is gained.
A little laughter... a little pain.

We sing along to the beats of our hearts. We dance around and we fall apart.

Mistakes seem to happen
That are hard to mend
I cover my heart...
...And start again.

It's only funny, when not explained. They say you can't grow, when nothing is gained.
A little laughter... a little pain.

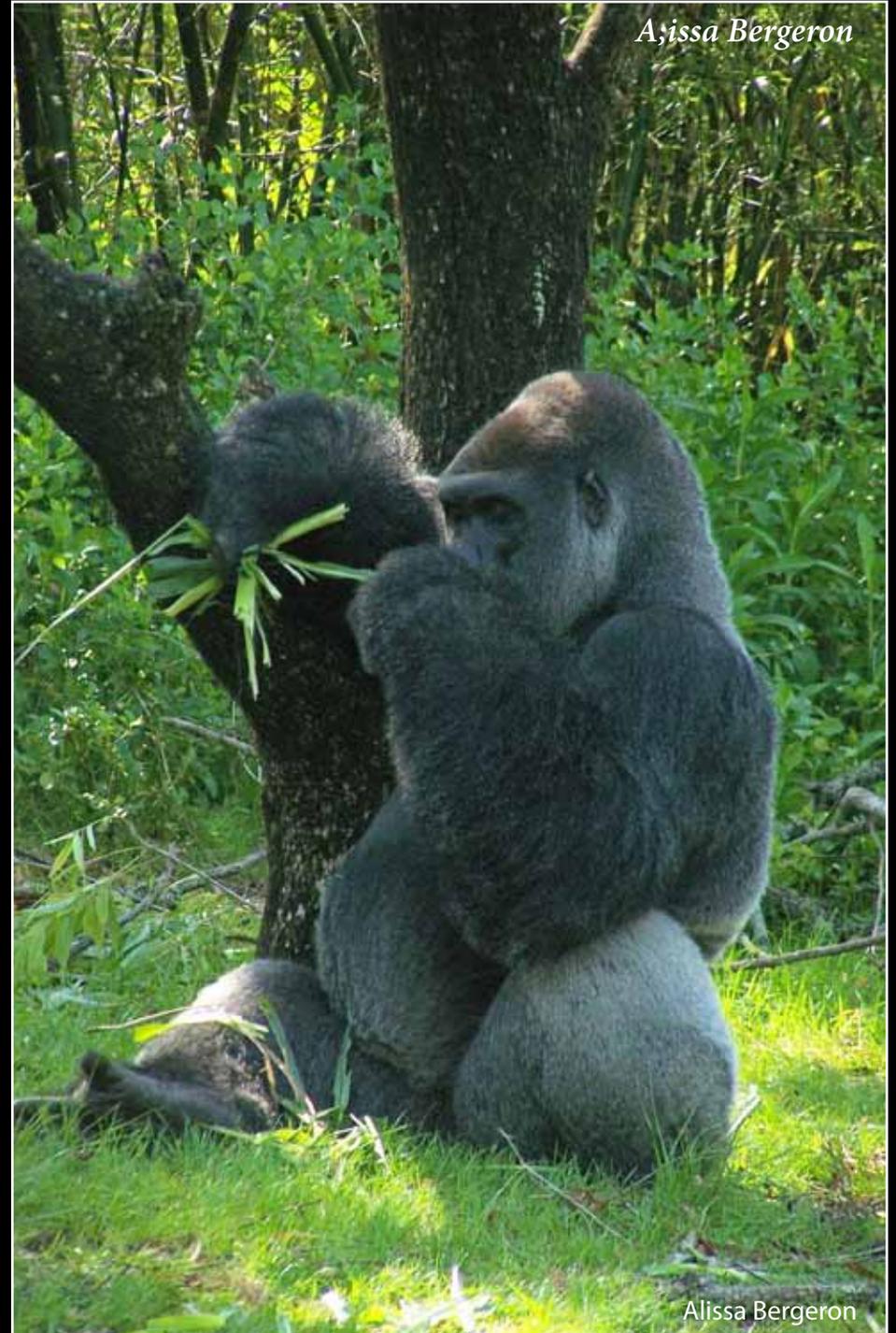
-Emily Fenuccio

THE PRISONER

(FOUND POEM FROM “ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT”)

I am frightened.
I see the dark forms, they are so feeble.
Most of them are silent, and that is exactly what troubles me.
I know nothing of them except that they are prisoners.
My heart beats fast, for these men are the men who
we aimed to kill on the front.
They are silent figures we call, The Enemy.
I perceive behind them only the suffering of the creature.
They have childlike faces and they stare blankly behind the wire fence.
They are the Russians, The Enemy, the prisoners.
They comfort me.

-Nathan Lynch



Alissa Bergeron

Alissa Bergeron

FRIDAY

Freedom, warmth, and happiness blows sweetly through the soft, quiet air at the beginning of the last long, continuous repetition.

Rich sunshine beating down on your vibrant face while you go from class to class edging closer and closer to the final product.

Illuminating smiles plastered on every person's face as they go down to the place of social interaction, lunch.

Dashing frantically, fleeing the hallways of the tedious isolation of the school day ready to leave and go to have peace in your life and rest.

Astounding amounts of excitement flooding every corridor and are in sight once the chains are broken off and you continue by your own rules.

Yelling, yakking, and yammering is heard throughout the hallways while lockers are slammed shut and students walk away announcing their return to the beautiful loving place called home.

-Siobhan Hurley Delvecchio

IT WAS YOU

When I was in my darkest hour,
You lit a light inside of me.
Then I understood the world,
and how to truly see.
Not too later did I realize
Only You could set me free.
What joy I had been in with You,
You my only joy.
I was as the brightest candle,
burning from inside.
A tree can't bloom or even grow
While weighted by the heavy snow.
Then it was I thought You left,
leaving me all alone.
Like a candle that had
been blown out,

A sin for which I could not atone?
Until You made it clear to me,
"I was always by your side."
Over time I bloomed again,
ready for Your picking.
I only ask one thing this time,
Stop the clock from ticking!
I don't want this warmth to end,
never the sun stop shining.
You've given me the strength
although to make it through the cold.
When the snowy season comes,
I'll be confident and bold.
It was You and only
When the snowy season comes,
I'll be confident and bold.
It was You and only You my Love,
You whose name is Lord.

-Leandra Smith

I THOUGHT YOU KNEW

We came together a while ago.
Our hearts at the same goal,
We seemed to go together like salt and pepper.
And I loved you.

We sang the same songs,
And sat at the same piano bench;
There were times we harmonized.
And I loved you.

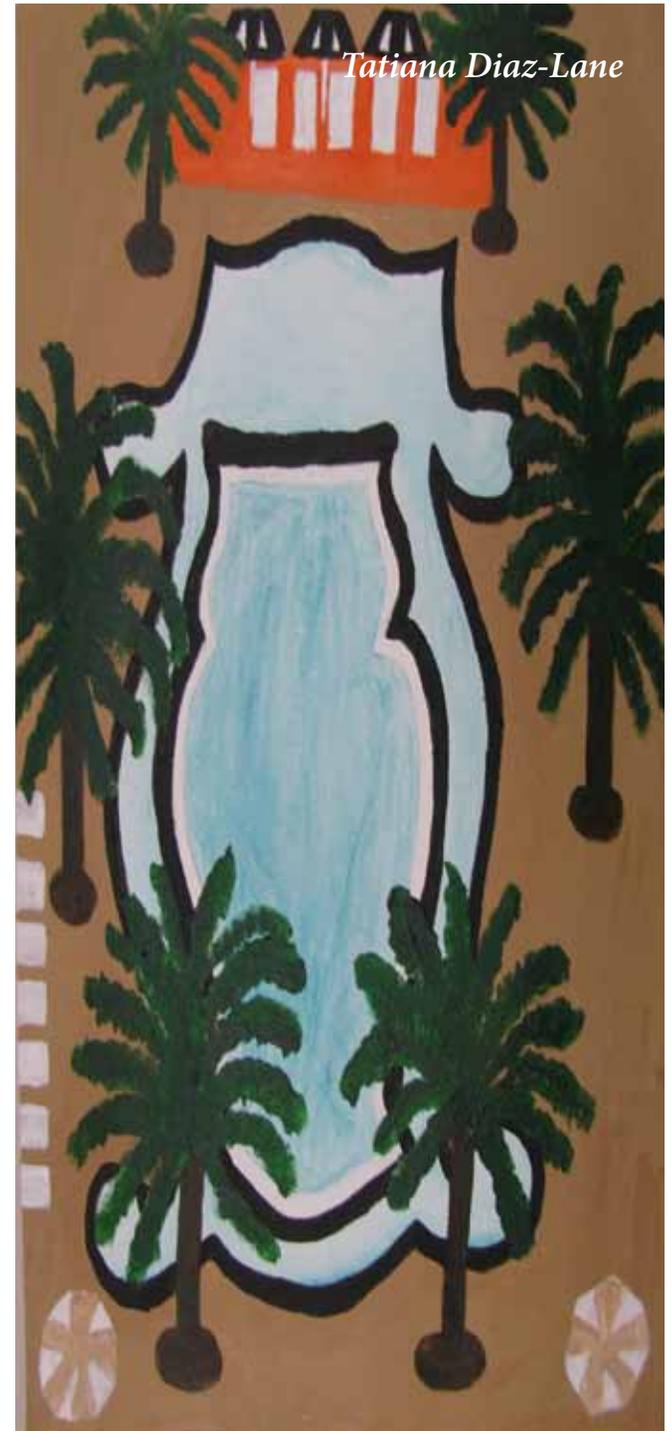
As times progressed,
Things got hard.
We held each other and survived.
And I loved you still.

Time went on.
We grew up.
We changed.
People stopped treating us like a pair.
And I tried to hold onto loving you.

Maybe there were times I messed up.
And hurt you by mistake.
If I did, I'm sorry, my friend.
I just thought you knew,
That I loved you.

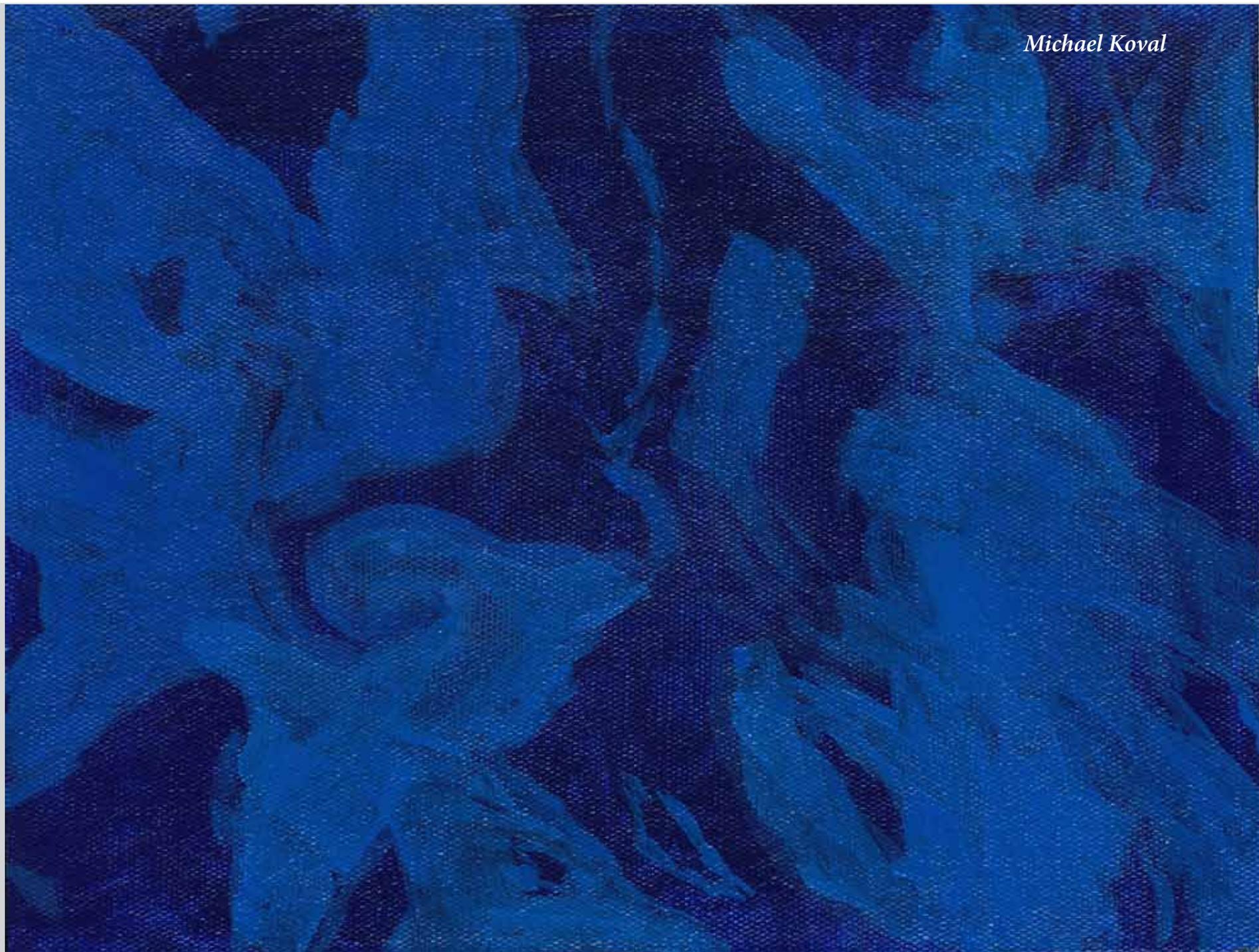
Now we go our separate ways,
Where communications are few,
And goals seem at opposite ends.
If we never see each other again,
I want you to know,
That I will always love you.

-Liz Rossi



Tatiana Diaz-Lane

Michael Koval



UNTITLED

Solitude permeates glistening air
Hues of saffron split
Everpresent green
Softly accentuating that unseen

—*Greta Bieg*

SEASONS OF LOVE

True love that blossoms
From the withered tree of Autumn
Made glorious by the Rays of the Red Sun
Its fruit dies by the hand of the jealous
Branches cut by the blade of misunderstanding
Sap trickles like the tears of my heartache
Leaves drop as my will to love dies
Our love withers into winter.

-*Theo Florio*

DOWN BY THE LAKE

The troubles of my life
Don't bring me down.
I bring them to the place
The place down by the lake.

All the troubles in school
Got me putting on a frown.
I bring them to the dock,
The dock hanging down by the lake.

I can't see through the darkness of life,
The light of love and life lights goodness' crown.
When I bring them down to the beach
The beach situated down by the lake.

When I don't know what to do
I take it on my own
And I go down the path
The path that leads down by the lake.

After I am finished, I hang around,
And I thank the nature,
The nature down by the lake.

-*Christian McCarthy*

PILL POLITICS

No problems can be worked out
We gotta take a pill
Silencing our thoughts
Keeping the peace still.

We've become medicated
The solution to being well-educated
There's no prescription for life
Slicing our ideals with an anarchic knife.

Nothing helps
Not amitriptyline, duloxetine or thioridazine
But we're all trying and dying.

We need help in a capsule
Experiences in prescriptions
How do we protect a nation
Suffering from our own medication?

I haven't seen an epidemic like this
Since Crayola put lead in crayons for the kids.

Scented inks and malfunctioning crips,
Looking at our country calling out "Dibs"

It's only a matter of time before we break
All these controversies give me a headache.
America should reunite for old time's sake
So let's call a "cut" and film a retake.

-Kat Kent

SEAGLASS

Beneath the rocks
and some grains of sand
a single piece of seaglass lay
deep green in color
silent in nature
on a beach
in mid May

—Hannah Dulmaine

THE ENDLESS CYCLE

Corruption is sand
Slowly contaminating.
Mildly annoying
Until the chafing starts.
The pain becomes unbearable.
A shower is needed.

Water is love.
Freezing and scalding
Constant yet far off
Healing but spiteful.
Things hide in its transparency
Things one would rather not see.

Things are things
Are things are things
That are things
Which are things
And things and things.
Things will always be things.

Things are inanimate.
They are not alive.
I am alive
You are alive
Things are not alive.
They don't feel.

They don't need.
They don't twist.
They don't strain under such twists.
I do
You do
They don't.

Corruption and Love
Create the sea.
Where things are easily changed
And things aren't what they appear.
These things continue
Forever and ever and ever

-Greta Bieg



Greta Bieg

THE CLASSROOM OF DOOM

It was a wonderful, warm day in May. The weather was warm and the sun was shining. The only not so wonderful part was that Amy felt like a hamster trapped inside the classroom. Her class was listening to a boring lecture about Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare was a poet, he was a playwright. He isn't even alive anymore. Why do we have to listen to this?" Katie thought to herself. She had a bored, blank expression on her face, her arms were crossed. She was a prisoner of the classroom. Suddenly, the classroom got cold. There was a gentle breeze that blew on the back of her neck, it felt like spiders were crawling down her back.

"Mr. Johnson, is it cold in here?"

"No, it's seventy five degrees."

"But didn't you feel that breeze?"

"It's not cold in here at all."

After class, Katie caught up with her best friend, Amy. "Amy, wasn't it cold in there?" she asked her.

"No," Amy responded. "Actually, it was warm."

"I could've sworn I felt a breeze down my neck. Isn't it strange how I'm the only one who felt it?"

"Nothing happened, Katie."

The next day, it was the same thing. It was like a meat locker, but then an echoing voice appeared out of nowhere.

"Leave now, or you will pay!" it said with a scratchy, spooky voice.

"Mr. Johnson," said Katie, "did you just hear that voice?"

"What voice?" he asked her.

"A spooky voice said to leave, or else we'll pay!"

Katie was frozen stiff by this awful chill and eerie voice.

At home, Katie frantically looked for her book about paranormal activity. A section told a story about the English classroom in her school. It was called the Classroom of Doom. Only one person can feel the signs. A teacher who used to have that classroom died there, and now he looks for souls so he won't be alone.

The next day in the Classroom of Doom, it was colder than ever before. Katie felt as if she were trapped in an ice cube. The eerie voice came back, only it was laughing. It was a loud, cackling laugh. The worst of it was that there was a shadow, and no one was there. It wasn't any of the students, and it definitely wasn't Mr. Johnson's.

"Mr. Johnson!" Katie shouted. "This is the Classroom of Doom! A former teacher died in here, and he wants our souls!"

"Katie, there is nothing strange about this classroom."

"No!!!" shouted a loud voice. It echoed off the classroom walls. The lighting turned gloomy, and a sudden gust of wind came into the room. It blew around papers, made the girls' hair blow through the air, and it even slammed the door.

"She's telling the truth, I died here a century ago! I long for people to keep me company. I always felt like I was alone in this world. Now, all of you will be trapped with me for the rest of eternity!"

A huge gust of wind blew through the classroom, and everyone was gone.

—Addie-Eileen Page



Michael Koval

HE IS

He is great,
He is small.
He is quiet,
He is loud.
He is mighty,
He cries tears.
He will make you laugh,
He will make you cry.
He can give you life,
He can give you love.
He is poor,
He is a king.
He is all,
He is one.
He is "I AM."

-Leandra Smith

UNTITLED

I have a dream
Said this one little girl
I have a dream
That might change the world.

Through the woods and through the fire
Let my words for people aspire
Let my dreams light up their eyes
Let my words reach to the skies.

Violence is a thing of the past
Let each love for one another last
Where people walk hand in hand
Let war never touch the land.

I have a dream
Said one little girl
I have a dream
That just might change the world.

—*Madison Bailey-Schofield*

THANKSGIVING POEM

Thanksgiving food is so yummy
After dinner apple pie and ice cream fill up my tummy
The first thing I put on my plate is turkey
I hate it when it is overcooked because then it starts to taste like beef jerky
Then I get some mashed potatoes and a little gravy
My mom asks if I want some spinach.... Maybe
Then everyone says a prayer
To show less fortunate that we care
After dinner is over
I feel like I'm going to fall over
But it has been another good Thanksgiving
And I'm just happy to be living

—*Kyle Kapsambelis*





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GIVE ME A CHANCE

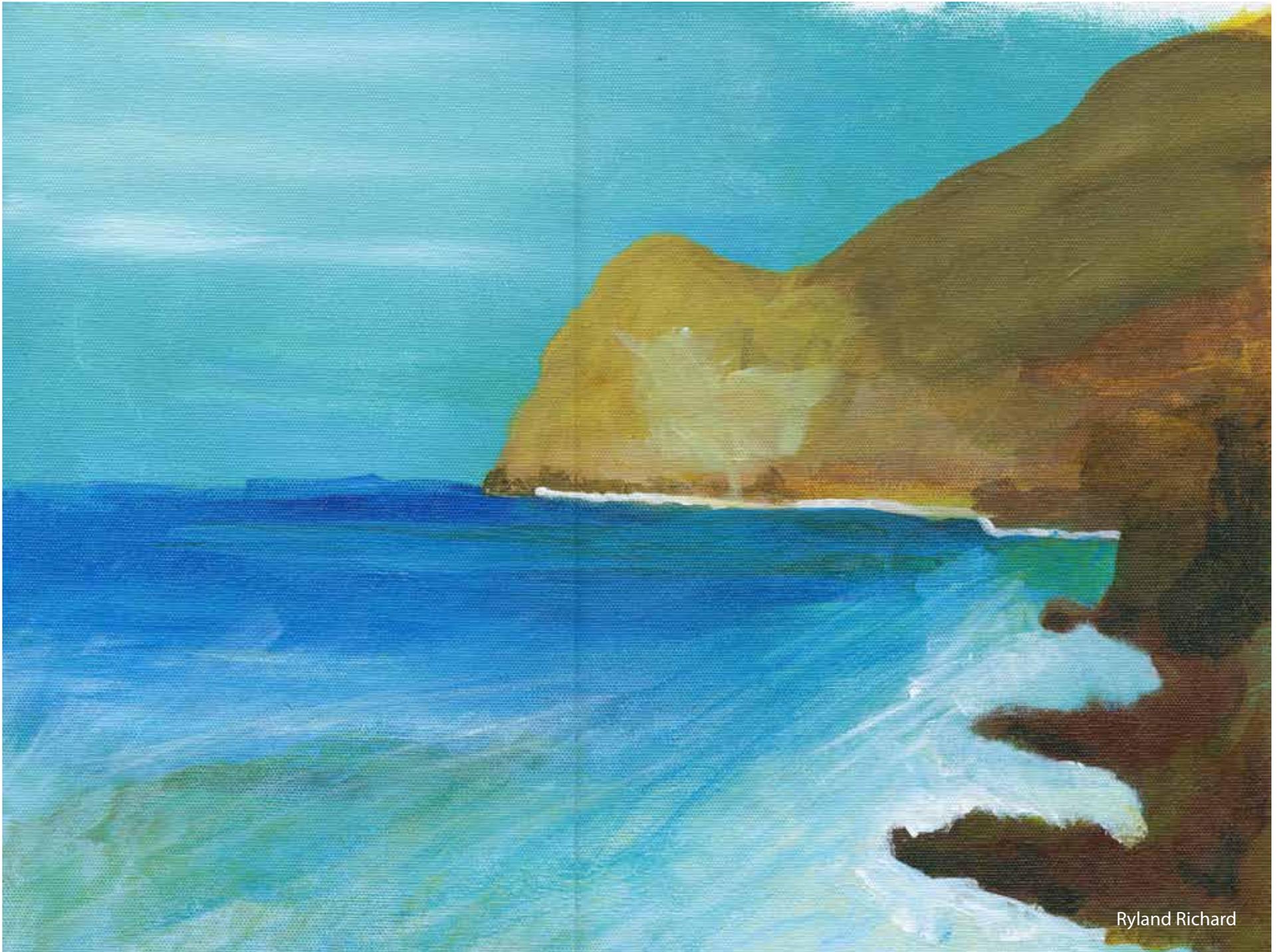
On the eve of despair
Because you don't even care
Tomorrow is the day
My fear will give way
I will tell what you already know
I think about the things I could show
No chance not even a dance but I'm not afraid anymore
I tell you these things to make sure
That there's no chance not even a little
I'm left in the middle
The way you'll say no I already know you'll look pretty
Like a gleaming city
I need rejection face to face
To get you to like me feels like a race
I started in then faded out
You say no without a doubt
You can tell me to get lost but I'll refuse
This is a marathon race that I mustn't lose
These feelings I'm not faking
I'm so angry and nervous my body's shaking
All I know is I
Can look you in the eye
And tell you that you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen
So pretty, tall and lean
A laugh and a smile so right
It's what helps me sleep at night
Don't worry you see
In a couple of weeks you'll forget about me
But I'll always remember you
How could I? It's you!

—*Ken Stanley*

HOT SUMMER DAYS

Hot summer days
swing the plastic yellow bat
whistling wiffle ball
throw it at the beach chair!
Strike three, You're out!

—*Kevin Donovan*



Ryland Richard

THOUGHTS IN WAVES *(inspired by Vernon Coleman murals)*

The salty air in the wind off the sea
sings songs of a tale so foreign to me.
Adventure lies in the words of such lore
spoken to me in the waves near the shore.
The wind at my chest, the sun in my face;
This earth turns with a magnificent grace.
The astounding noise of Poseidon's roar
and brutal shipwrecks of the days before.
The calls of the gulls, the brisk ocean spray
play those tunes of the sea for me each day.
My heart is out there, among mast and sail,
in the sunrise and the darkness and gale.
The current runs fast, coursing in my veins,
this town, I'm bound, weighted by heavy chains.

—Emily Fenuccio



Alissa Bergeron

ODE TO RASPBERRIES ODA A LAS FRAMBUESAS

Raspberries *Frambuesas*

A delectable sweet *Un dulce delicioso*

One small berry on a big bush *Una pequeña baya en un arbusto grande*

Like a star in the night sky. *Como una estrella en el cielo nocturno.*

Some are red, some are black, *Algunas son rojos, algunos son negros,*

But all are tasty. *Pero, todos son sabrosos.*

Raspberries are the best *Frambuesas son lo mejor*

When picked off the bush. *Cuando cogieron a mano del arbusto.*

You can eat them then and there. *Puedes comerlos en seguida.*

The perfect midday snack *El bocado perfecto del mediodía.*

Raspberries *Frambuesas*

-Alissa Bergeron