



2013-2014



**VISUAL &**

**LITERARY  
ARTS**

**MAGAZINE**

**FRIENDS' CENTRAL SCHOOL**



# *Take the pen, take the initiative!*



*We hope you enjoy the 2013-14 edition of INK! We hope this issue will give you a new appreciation of the creative talents of those in our Friends' Central community as well as inspire you to create yourself.*

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Thank you to Mr. Mac and Ms Novo for being our faculty advisors.

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# Spoken Word

It seems nowadays you have to have a beautiful voice to write a poem  
because nobody reads anymore.

Your carefully arranged lines, your metrics, that one word indented four spaces instead of three because  
you wanted to visually represent metaphorical distance  
doesn't matter

because nobody sees it anymore.

Leave space, they told you, don't crowd the page and don't overwhelm it  
but YouTube has unlimited space  
Facebook is free and it always will be.

Write it, they tell you, write it down and then read it and we'll listen.

We'll love it, we promise, you'll soon read it in front of thousands and meet the First Lady;  
you'll be famous, they tell you  
but you won't be published in the paper

and sophomores in high school won't read your sonnet in books used four times over  
and write in the margin that your four little spaces mean capital-S something  
because they'll watch it on YouTube or BuzzFeed or on the next big thing.

Alone in their bedrooms on Saturday nights they'll watch it on laptops more expensive than your first  
apartment.

They won't know that you wrote the poem in that little place.

They'll assume you wrote it on a laptop

and even though they're right and it was the Tab key that indented your spaces  
you'll wish they were wrong, because

nowadays you have to memorize your poem.

The experts, the TED talkers do, they recite their words in front of thousands  
they have no cheat sheet

they memorize their pauses instead of looking for line breaks.

Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Langston Hughes, Shakespeare

they were all annotated, they were hated, loved only when an extra-special English teacher explained the  
meaning behind the scattered words.

No one will annotate my poem.

Instead my eyes will light up and my arms will whirl and my feet will stomp and this to them will solve  
the mystery of what they will never see on a page;

they will know me, they will "get" me without ever seeing my indents.

I will no longer hide behind words, I will be words.

Maybe I already am.

And maybe my voice isn't beautiful, maybe I can't pronounce children without trying extra-hard be-  
cause my voice gets caught on the thick division between the l and the d  
it caught just now, didn't it?

But I am still a poet.

Youtube has made me no less of a poet.

This line was indented two tab keys.

Which is 22 spaces.

A sixth of a line on a page that still has lines.

**Julia Weiss**



# Memories

If only every tear I shed  
Was a memory of us  
I wished would fade away  
And disappear

**Hannah Wenczel**



# I'm Fine

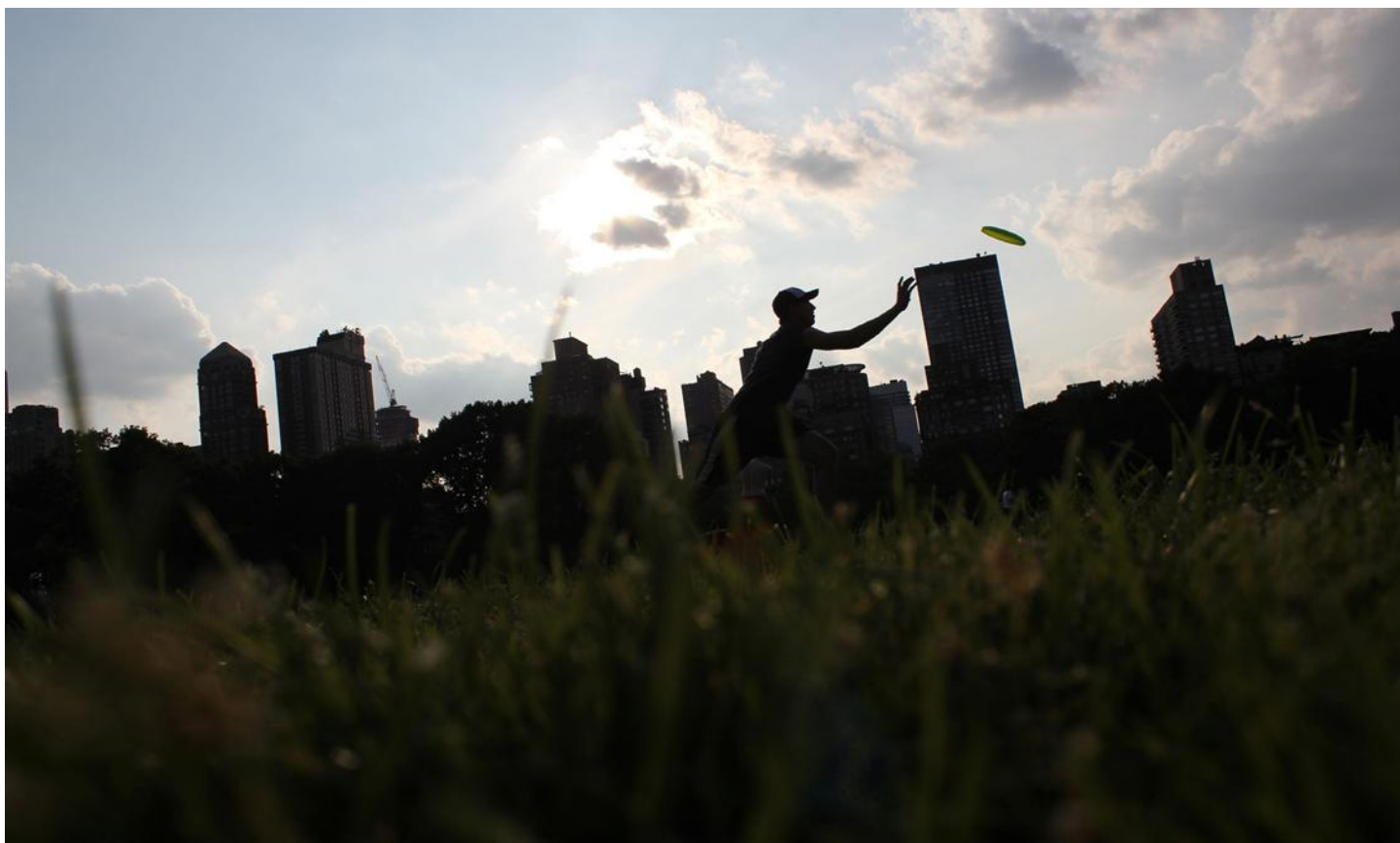
**Shira Prusky**

When will the world realize  
She's not herself  
They only see the smiles  
But they fail to notice  
All of the tears she cries  
As they roll down her reddened  
cheeks  
They don't see through those tired  
lifeless eyes  
As she hides behind her many lies  
The only words they hear  
"It's okay. I'm fine." **Hannah Wenczel**





Drew Winig



Taylor Lee



# Bartleby's Mailbox

I don't have that much going on during the day. My classes are mostly at night. I hear my roommates head out to their business classes in the morning but I roll over; my shades are down, my room is so dark I don't even know what time it is when I get up, except that it's sweet late, eleven at least, and I make myself some breakfast in my boxers. I like to cook, so it's chopping up the ham and the peppers for an omelet, my music playing. My roommate's dog is in the crate, whining. Sometimes I feel for him and I let him out, sometimes I just crank up the rap. I clean everything up before I sit down to eat, I'm tidy that way, and then I get a napkin and a knife and fork, everything set out with the toast and the eggs and a big glass of juice.

My plan is to shower, check my email, take care of business, then saunter—that's a word I like, I'm using it a lot lately—to campus. During the day the driveway is empty, all my roommates' SUVs gone to school with them. Somebody delivers a paper to our house, but we don't pay for it and we don't bring it in. They're piling up now, so we kick them off the stoop to the side but we don't put them in the trash. We're bosses like that. I'm making my bed, 'cause that's what I do, and the doorbell rings. My room is in the back, so I know nobody knows I'm home. The dog goes nuts, barking. I'm not answering, but the bell is ringing and ringing, and finally, what the hell.

It's a lady, old but not that old, and she wants to know if she can have our papers. She collects recycling and takes it to the center to get paid for it. "Sure, yes," I say. "Just help yourself."

"How about your cans and bottles?" she says. "Do you recycle those? You must have a lot of cans and bottles, young college men like yourselves."

I start to say we have a Kegerator, but I don't really want to get into it with her, so instead I say, "Sure, we put them outside in a trash can on the deck. You can just collect them when you get the papers, if you want."

"Can you move them around to the front for me? I come by on Tuesdays."

"Sure." I'm not going to do that, and it's time for her to go. I close the door, though she is still holding the screen open. Back in my room, I pack my backpack; it's good to be careful with that, make sure I have a plan and all the things I need. I keep the pens in the front pocket, and paper clips; that's how I mark the places in my books that I might want to find later.

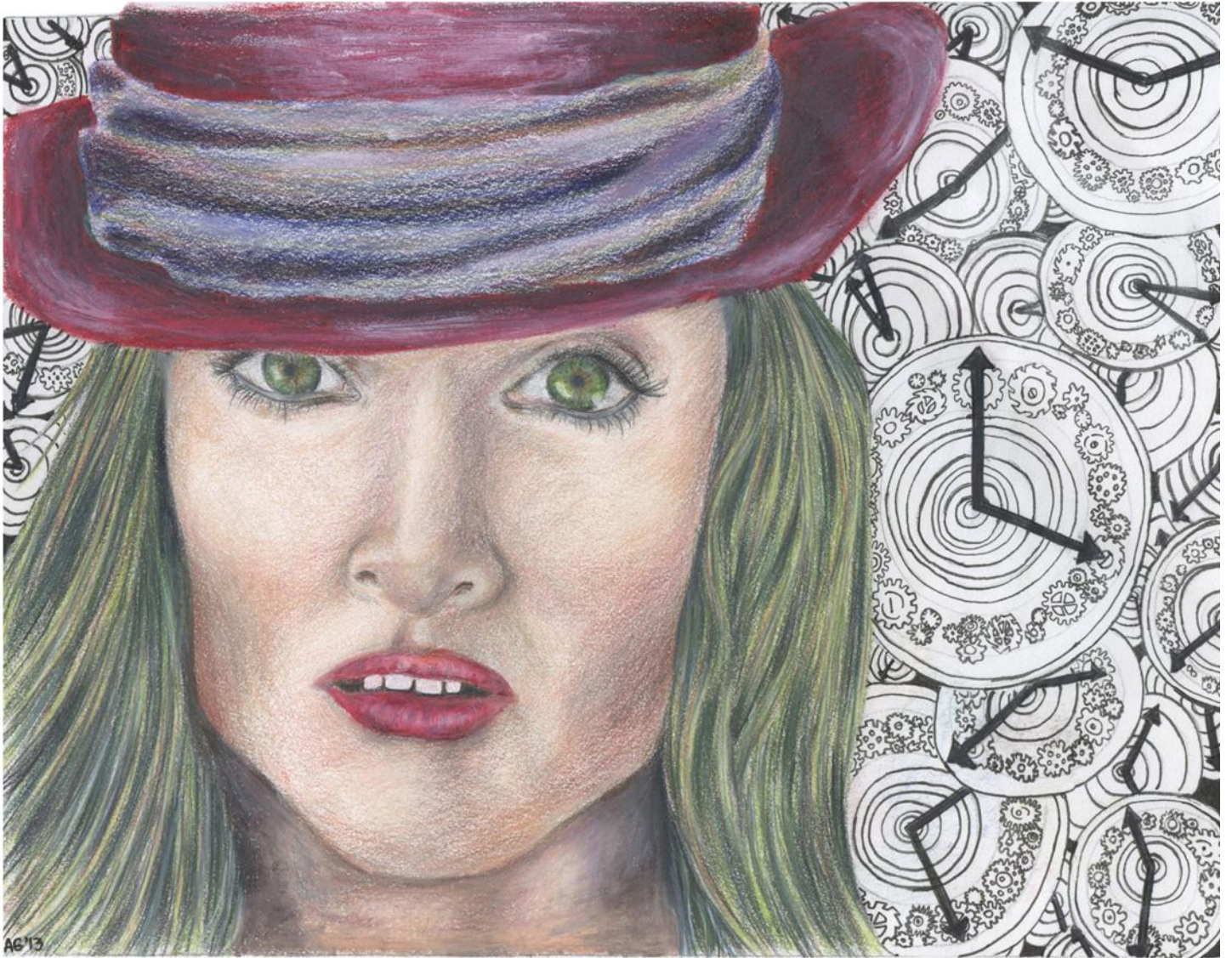
I lock the door, kick today's paper to the side, and saunter down the driveway. I cut through the apartment complex, Shady Acres. There's a lot of good recycling here for the picking, I notice, just saying. On campus I walk by the intramural field—still covered with straw—and head to the campus center to check my mail. I open the box with my key, but like usual there's nothing in there. I won't know for quite some time that it's not my mailbox any more. I live off campus now, like a boss, and my mailbox belongs to some newbie dorm-dweller. Nobody ever asked me for my key. I never wonder why nobody writes to me.

**Laurie Novo**



Shira Prusky





Amy Goldfischer

## We are by no means perfect

We are, by no means, perfect.

In fact, the world is rooting against us.

Sometimes our strings aren't always in tune

With what everyone wants to hear

But all that matters is we're in tune together.

We're a pair of mismatched socks or untied shoes.

Pink floral wallpaper against green tiled floor,

A flannel shirt against pinstriped pants.

But that's quite alright

Because you don't mind, and neither do I.

According to the books, we're a calamity.

I'm sure the great philosophers would say we're on a train

That's bound for nothing but disaster.

But it's our grooves, our curves, all of our imperfections

That make us fit together like the pieces in a puzzle.

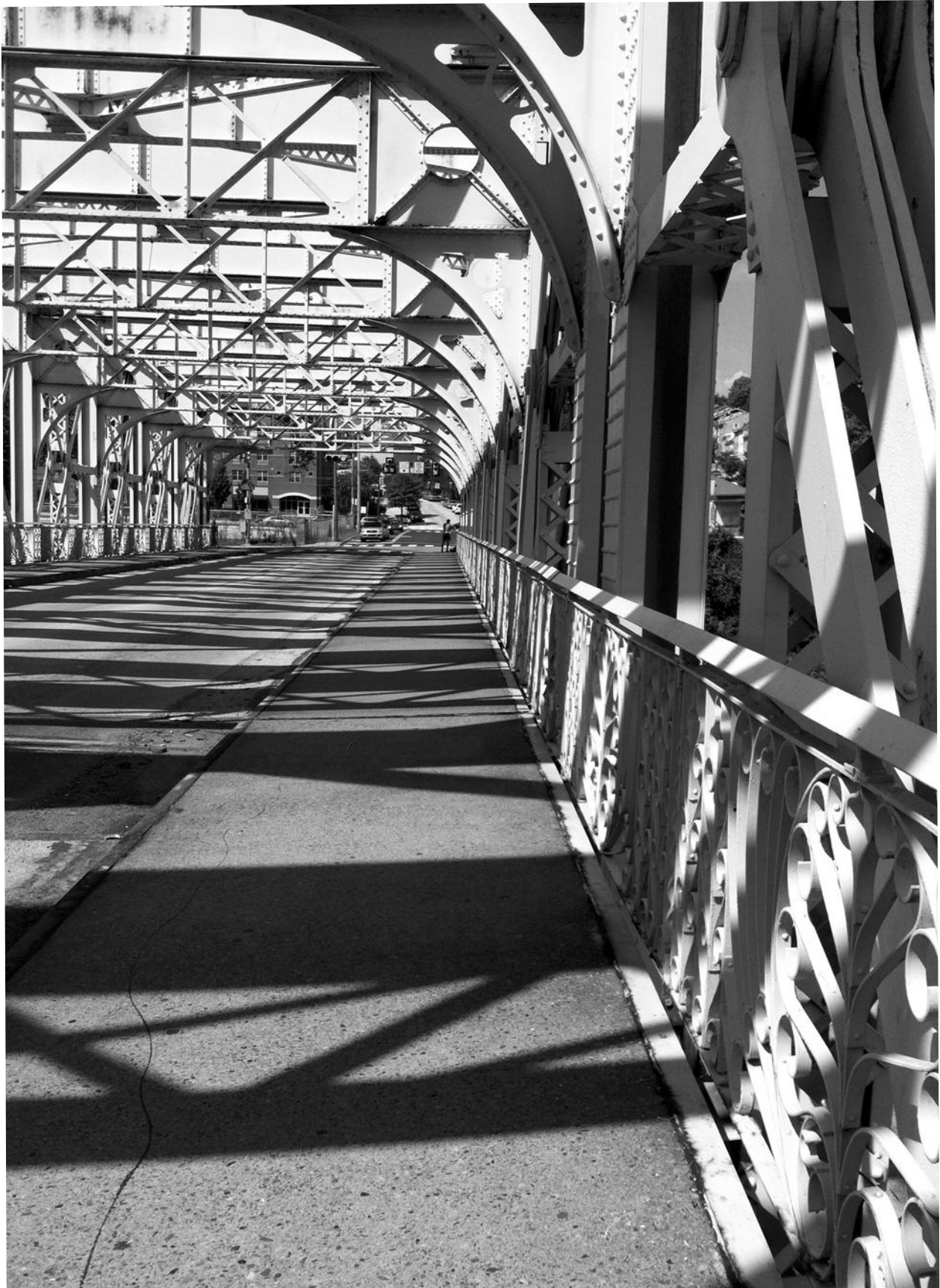
And that is perfection enough for me.

**Caroline Bartholomew**



**Anne Pizzini**





Taylor Lee

## Meditation

The coldest I have ever been was sitting warmly in a train  
As I looked outside my window, upon an urchin with disdain  
The penniless youth, with tattered clothes, with his tiny feet so bare  
Imploring me that please, noble sir, would it hurt so much to share?  
A gentleman, dressed in plain clothing, the kind you get cheap, walked by  
A coarse woolen coat, showing years of wear, the sort poor folks will buy  
He wore upon his chest with pride, but as he passed the mournful tyke,  
He took it off and gave it to the boy, a gesture near godlike.  
He shivered as he hurried away, but I know beyond all doubt  
That the warmth within this stranger had surely tamed the cold without.

**Rebecca Buxbaum**



**Jack Correll**



## 13 Ways of Looking at a Dandelion

Butter Yellow.  
gossamer fairies  
escorted by the wind  
destined to the waiting earth

Deep in the yellow eyes  
you see yourself as one  
no judgment no fingerpointing  
but together we make one whole flower

Dandelions  
long and lean  
sway with joy, with yellow they gleam  
wishes made on a white leaf  
blow them out and wait with grief  
where oh where did my wish go  
wait and in time nothing will show  
the world may never know

The dandelions sprung  
One by one  
Spring has begun.

with its seeds blown in a million different directions  
there is no longer a use of the poor dandelion.  
It's either tossed aside and left where you've found it,  
or broken up into pieces that will be taken along  
for the rest of your journey  
until the remainder  
of the plant  
that might have made your wish come true  
is gone.

The little yellow flower,  
Pushing back the blanket of snow,  
Brightening the season in an hour  
And letting the feeling of spring flow.

Nuisances taking over my impeccable, green lawn  
In the spring.  
I see yellow everywhere.  
Not an inch of deep, kelly green.  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.  
Flowers or weeds?

A thing of beauty to some  
Yet a contrast to its true nature  
The parachutes that take a leap of faith from the stem. Brings many children to their  
neighboring den.  
The flower blooms as does the sun. And yet only serves to spread its word.  
With every season that comes and goes. The sun petals rise and fall, fly and grow.

The oven lights blazing like the sun  
The little seeds are put into the inferno  
The seeds start popping like cap guns  
The blaze withers down to a flicker  
The seeds are taken out and arranged in a neat pattern  
The smell of happiness fills the air  
You take a bite and feel bliss.

Beauty concealing motives,  
stealthily swarming in the night.  
Strength. Unsuspected.

A Dandelion is considered a weed.  
Why is it though that children amuse themselves with something  
that has such a demeaning term.  
When the seeds are blown they spread.  
The seeds spread throughout the land.  
More 'weeds' grow.  
More children are happy to come across these Dandelions.  
Think again before judging its power because of its demeaning title.

A silence stirs white-tipped seeds  
Drives the drifting tranquility  
Envelops one in far away clouds

fast or slow  
let it go naturally  
nice and slow  
blow on it  
speedy quick  
life

**Terry Guerin's Literature  
and Composition I Class**





# Wild Youth

Our youth breathes in smoke and exhales lies; they have corrupted lungs, filled with deceit and half truths and things left unsaid, turning acidic and poisonous. I stand in the rain, watching it corrode- there is nothing wild about this youth, my youth. I am watching it crawl, big boned and baby-faced, stumbling and heaving through the thick air. My youth drags itself towards the horizon, where the future lies, foreboding and unknown.

I have heard the whispers of this other youth, this wild youth, a bright spirit with eyes of fire and a voice of silk. I have glimpsed this wild youth in the corners of my vision, and I have reached out to touch it, and have felt its hot skin singe mine. I have come to desire this wild youth; her touch makes everything smolder, smoky and thick and full of life, of brightness and excitement. I would trade anything in the world for this youth, to hold onto this wild youth for longer than a fleeting moment.

My youth sits alone at a telephone booth with no one to call, and watches the wild youth escape her clutches. She shakes her head, full of phantoms, and traces patterns over her skin. She lies in a field full of daisies, wishing that her skin would absorb the fragrance of the smooth petals that tickle her flesh; she reeks of indecisiveness and regret. There resides my youth, stuck in the present and terrified of the future. She yearns for beauty to flow out through her fingertips; she stutters, she is sinking in the muddied ground. My youth, she is heavy, and she is falling, down, down, down.

Where are the parties of madness, the late nights that she will remember in gaps of euphoria and drunk giddiness? Where are the encircled arms of a lover that surround her gently in the summer rain and make a furnace in the winter cold?

There's a storm up ahead on an empty road that creeps in the darkness. Wild youth, how you promised so much, and gave nothing in return for the dreams that have faded away, and the goals that remain unreached. Wild youth, you remain unattainable; my arms are outstretched, palms open, catching smoke and vapor. From a distance I have watched you dance in the field full of flowers and soak in the rain. Your hazy outline intrigues me; I wish to smell your crown of flowers and touch your naked form, designed in day glow paint. I watch you dance, light a cigarette, and the ashes form a circle around you. The embers burn the dry grass, and flames lick your skin. Wild youth, you're singing, madly chanting in a ring of fire. Smoke rings issue through your lips, and I am in love with you, my dear. Untouchable and desirable, you're insane and you're beautiful, wild youth.

**Jennifer Thal**





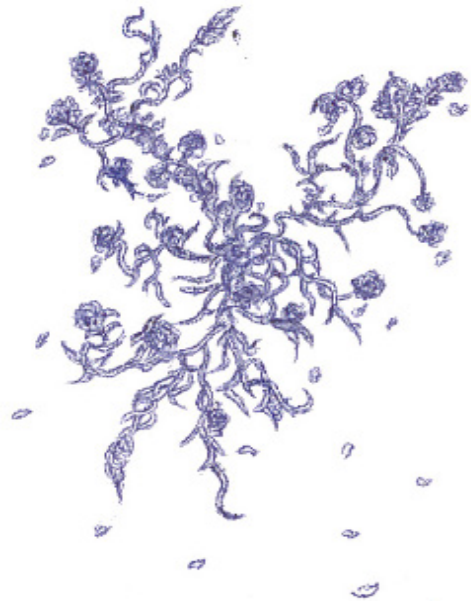
Alec Clothier



# Always Breathing

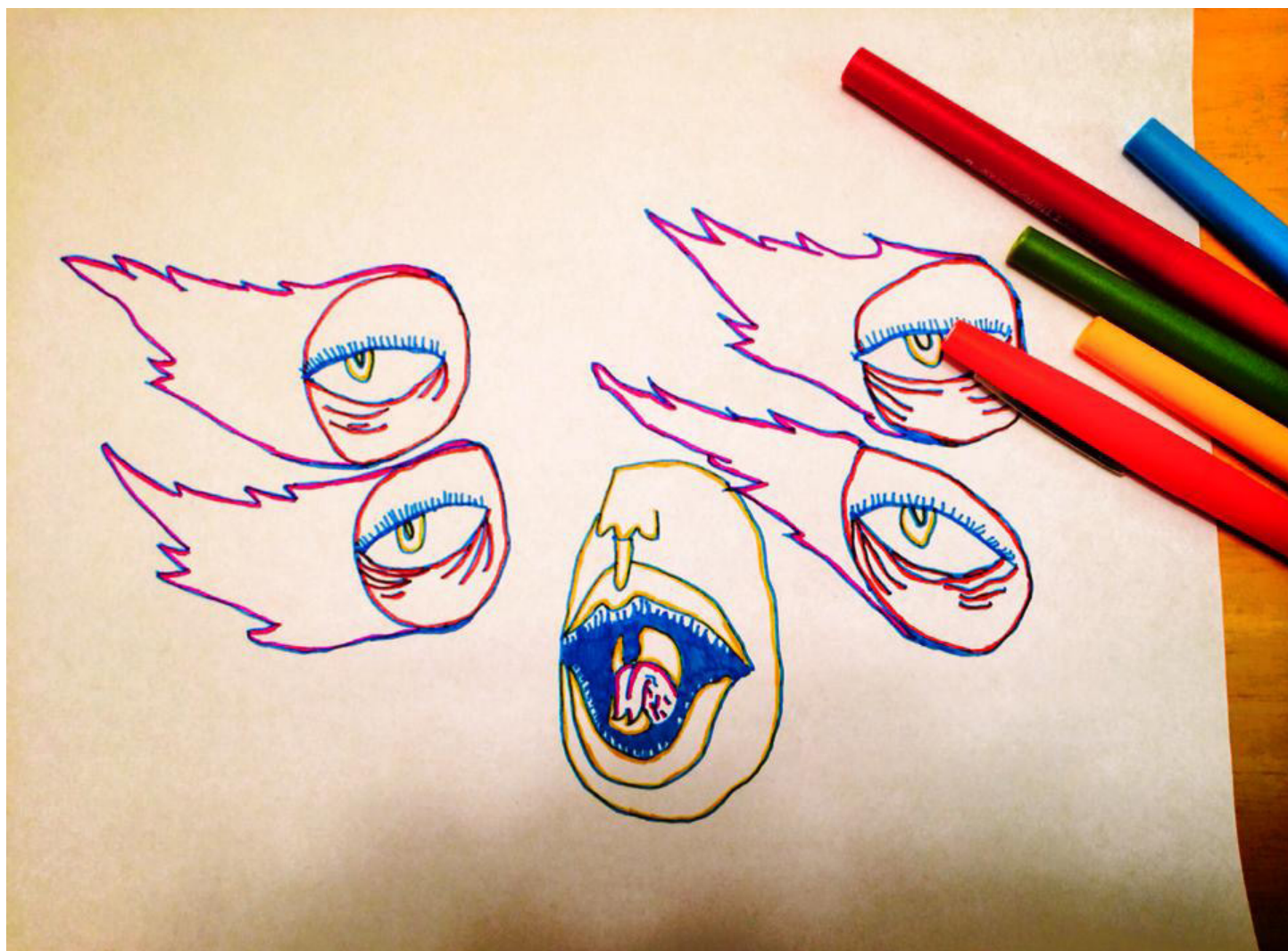
no,  
“Never have I ever been free”  
so I’ll laugh  
because I too got to keep my finger up in this round  
that somehow  
always finds its way into my  
empty  
little  
life  
filled with teenage boredom  
and friendships that need constant entertainment  
for their lives  
just as empty and useless as mine  
are constantly grasping at the air  
hoping that soon  
they’ll breathe in that perfect slice  
the one that holds the perfect amount of oxygen  
and all  
the answers  
they’ve been  
craving  
but no matter how long they may search  
no matter how  
deep the inhale may be  
they will never find the words  
that they spend all  
day and all night  
searching for

some answers can’t be pulled out of  
thin air  
a new breathing method required  
but my lungs  
have become close friends  
because just as the mother  
answers her child’s  
constant questions  
we only search  
for the answers until it becomes harder than simply  
breathing



**Cindy Phuong**

**Amelia Orzech-Boscov**



Jack Correll



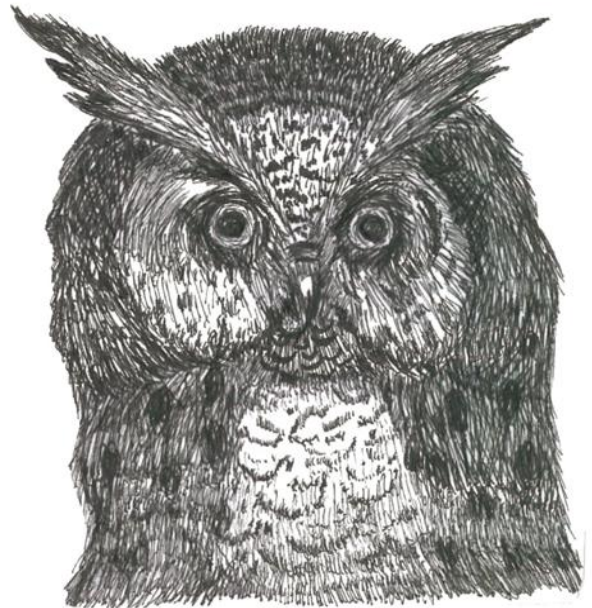
Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten 19



# Starburst

she's the kind of girl who has Harry Potter books one, two and  
five  
she's the kind of girl who keeps all of them neatly placed on a  
shelf  
in order  
first one, then two and then  
five  
she's the kind of girl who will compliment you for hours  
but then turns away any time there's a mirror  
she's the kind of girl who sees beauty in the moment  
but not in the days  
she's the kind of girl who will listen to your secrets  
and then bring them up in front of others  
simply because she didn't realize they were secrets  
"what? there's no reason to be ashamed of that!"  
she's the kind of girl who's not always thoughtful  
but is always thinking  
she's the kind of girl who loves food  
but sometimes forgets to eat  
she's the kind of girl that can be the loudest in the room  
but prefers to stay quiet  
she's the kind of girl who will always make me smile  
but that I'll never understand  
no matter how many times she tells me  
about the dark patches of her mind  
and giggles as she remarks  
"that's probably unhealthy..."  
she will hold you when you cry  
and hold your hand when you laugh  
she will sit with you in silence  
and talk with you for hours  
my words could never sum up her  
so filled with contradictions  
she even forgets to say "and"  
I'd buy her Harry Potter books three and four  
but she doesn't have any more room on her shelf  
because she's the first word  
and the last line  
she's

**Amelia Orzech-Boscov**



**Cindy Phuong**



Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten





Jack Correll

## Hero

A hero?  
 What hero?  
 Hero isn't a word by itself.  
 Cannot be on its own.  
 So who wants a hero?  
 Wants to be a hero?  
 No, because there are none  
 There is only you  
 And YOU have to become.

Emily Pillet



Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten

# Court of Ink and Paper

Young jurors and lawyers file in  
And don their wigs and gowns  
As they finish off the last bits of hurried meals

The entrance of the judge is barely noticed over  
Their chattering and rushed looking over  
Of case notes and reviews of evidence

But ambitious, ever working minds  
Are soon settled in silence as the first case is brought  
And the defendants and prosecutors file in  
And come to stand in the empty space of the court  
For all to see and nowhere to hide from prying, curious eyes

And whilst evidence is exhausted through  
Fretful searching for and examination  
Witnesses crossed examined so closely and harshly that they would be near tears  
If not for the frantic speed of case after case, thrown in and out of court so fast  
That the only feelings within grasp are of fleeting triumph, agitated defeat,  
And quiet, contemplation where silence is the best tool to comprehend these  
Time and importance sensitive complaints and accusations

But now hats and pens, weapons, scarves, family heirlooms, and odds and ends  
Have been so thoroughly dusted over or scrubbed to find or vanish incriminating evidence  
That all that remains of them are the ink and paper they and the criminals and innocents  
Are made of, in this imaginary court

Robes and wigs thrown off in the flurry of activity of rushing after the bell  
For the raised quills and unfurled parchment or laced boots and cocked muskets  
Of Soldiers and Philosophers  
For tied aprons and brushed back hair or sharpened pencils and reams of paper  
Of Scientists and Mathematicians  
Or dictionaries and charts of Translators

Perhaps even jackets, gloves, scarves, and turned up hoods and collars  
Instead are adorned as these young scholars are released to the  
Gray and Cold world of early winter, with the burning hint of the lost autumn  
Evergreens and pale buds still daring to cling to the little life offered in the frozen ground  
These tired adventures now step onto clinging as well to the warm, distant lands  
Found between cracked spines, along paths of annotations in curling script  
With invisible friends and enemies, homes and new sites tucked away with their other roles.



# Realistic Love

He fell in love with the woman on her back- a tattoo,  
a beautiful creature designed by Alphonse Mucha.  
“Who is that?” he had to ask  
“Who I want to be” came the reply  
and he asked, “how many personas do you have?”  
from her, no answer came.

She, who was melancholy and slipped into the shadows  
and he, projected upon and cynical  
found harmony that night, when she shed her clothes  
and he saw the woman on her back  
and he heard her talk, poetry in the moonlight,  
and philosophy under the stars.  
She thinks she’s eternal, he thought,  
and was dying fast.  
She was afraid, cautious  
- and the woman on her back had seen it all.

She would tell him stories, and confessed love  
spilling through chapped lips, stumbling over the words.  
Her voice, he noted, was not light, nor lyrical- it was realistic,  
Macabre and heavy, and he loved her all the more for it.  
She sighed with the expectation of being let down,  
her eyes spoke of unfulfilled promises.

But he vowed to her that he would be realistic-  
that they would fight, cry and laugh,  
and he would cheat, and so would she,  
and they would make up and build bridges,  
and destroy them in turn,  
and she loved him all the more.  
No matter how many times he left, and she disappeared  
she would be the one he would return to,  
and she would come back from that other place,  
time and time again.



Grace Kauffman-Rosengarten

He did not promise her the moon- only moonlight,  
and not ever lasting love, for they were both dying;  
he said “time will forget us,  
so let us not waste time  
trying to etch our names into stone,  
but make a home and let it fall down  
when the rain comes”

He had an ugly laugh, and she was too big,  
but they loved each other anyway.  
For he could wrap his arms around her  
and she could make him laugh  
and she loved him all the more  
because while he could not steal her from the shadows  
he offered a light in the darkness, and a hand to hold.  
He was her realistic love, and she to him,  
and that is the only kind of love one can ask for. **Jennifer Thal**











# The White Blank Page

Dear Writer,

I am the white-blank page. That idyllic, metaphorically infused image of a crisp, white, nothingness. That thing you and I, the writer and the notebook, have been trying to capture, to control, to make into something more meaningful. That image, the untouched piece of parchment bound within a mass manufactured notebook, is tangible and real and simple, but we both know the meaning woven within the fibers of those pages is anything but tangible, far from real, and not even close to simple. You and I try to give voice to that meaning, we mix and fold the words gently together into something more than just letters and spaces. You tried to make meaning ooze out of the pages of this notebook, you pressed into your pen harder and harder, desperately trying to squeeze out some little speck of genius, some little speck of meaning, some little speck of magic.

Yet here we are, you and I, the writer and the white-blank page. We stand, facing each other in an endless stalemate. Somehow we manage to be enemies and allies at the same time. The Joker to my Batman, the Voldemort to my Harry Potter, and while “neither can live while the other survives,” we both know our story, our meaning, our entire existence, would be nothing without each other. What can the writer do without the perfect canvas of a white-blank page? What’s the point of a white-blank page without a writer threatening to mar its pristine surface with the gruesome slashes of a sharp-tipped pen?

So here I sit, the last page, patiently waiting, dreading, hoping for the sharp stroke of your pen to cut into the perfect blankness of my skin. Waiting for the chance to read your story in real time as you spill it across my surface. Dreading the possibility that while I stare back into your face, your eyes will pinch and droop at imperfect words already scarred into my skin. But mostly, hoping that in that fleeting moment where the tiniest tip of your pen kisses the top of my page, the words swimming and swirling in your head spill out across my lines in an effortless, endless wave of perfect words.

If you ever manage to somehow extract the meaning from deep within the fibers of my white-blank page, you will not find the great secret to writing. You will not find the first page of your unwritten Great American Novel. You will not find the perfect words to give voice to whatever unnamed emotion is polluting your head. You will find a thousand microscopic wood fibers held in a constant state of waiting and dreading. You will find a simple piece of paper, hoping.

Love,

The White Blank Page

**Julie Levitan**

It's Your Turn!



INK

Poetry  
Prose  
Art

2013-  
2014

Pink Pearl

VISUAL

&

LITERARY

ARTS MAGAZINE