

2018

REFLECTIONS

RED BANK CATHOLIC
LITERARY & PHOTOGRAPHY MAGAZINE



Happiness

As I sit and watch the clock tick away
My stomach churns and my mind starts to fade
I wish I could watch my grandchildren play
But now I must need a personal aid.
I spent all of my young days working hard
Attempting to put food on the table
I only received one get-well-soon card
And try to remain mentally stable.
Because the money was never enough
To fill the empty space inside of me
I sit in the hospital bed and bluff
My happiness is as small as a pea.
So children do pay attention in school
But don't be like me, no, I was a fool.

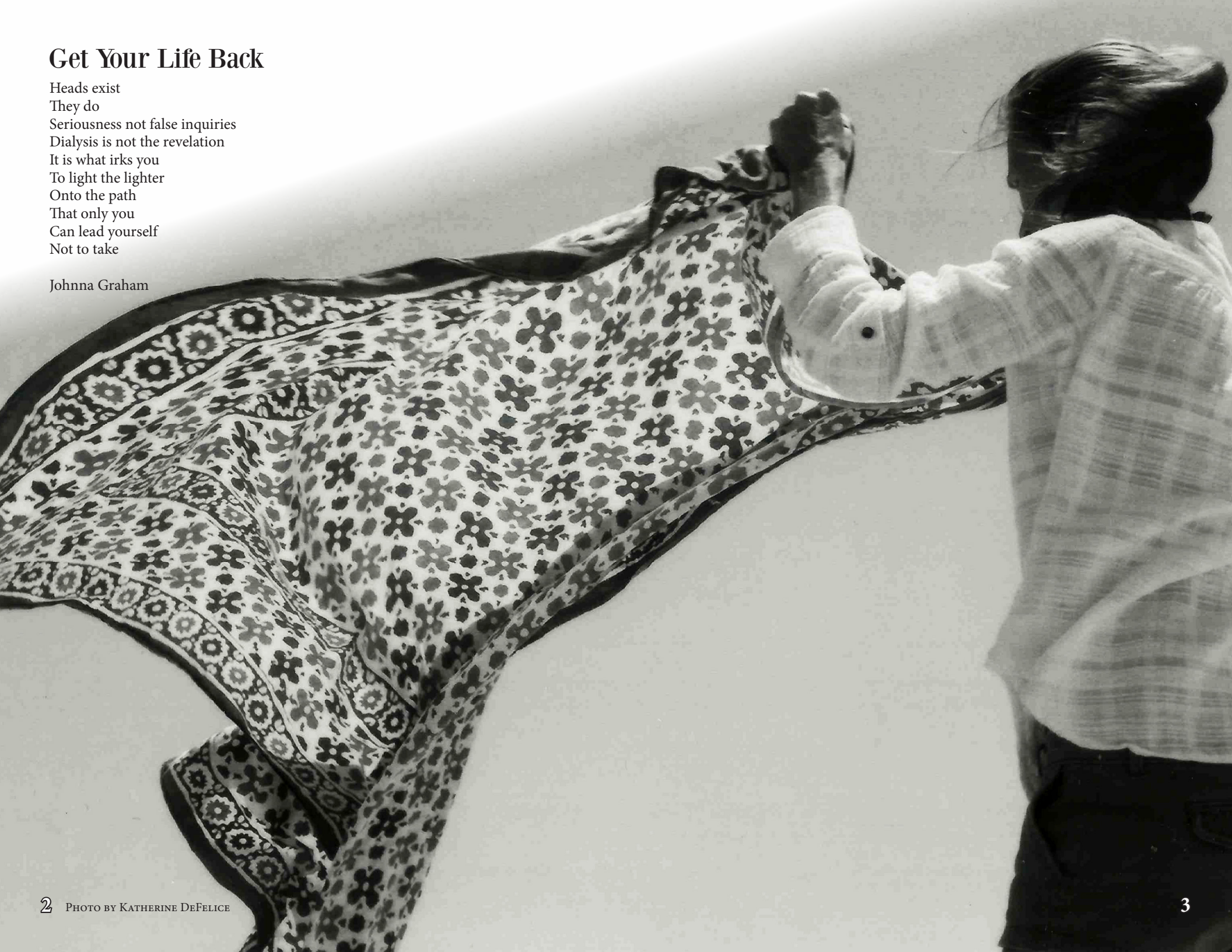
Kelly Housen

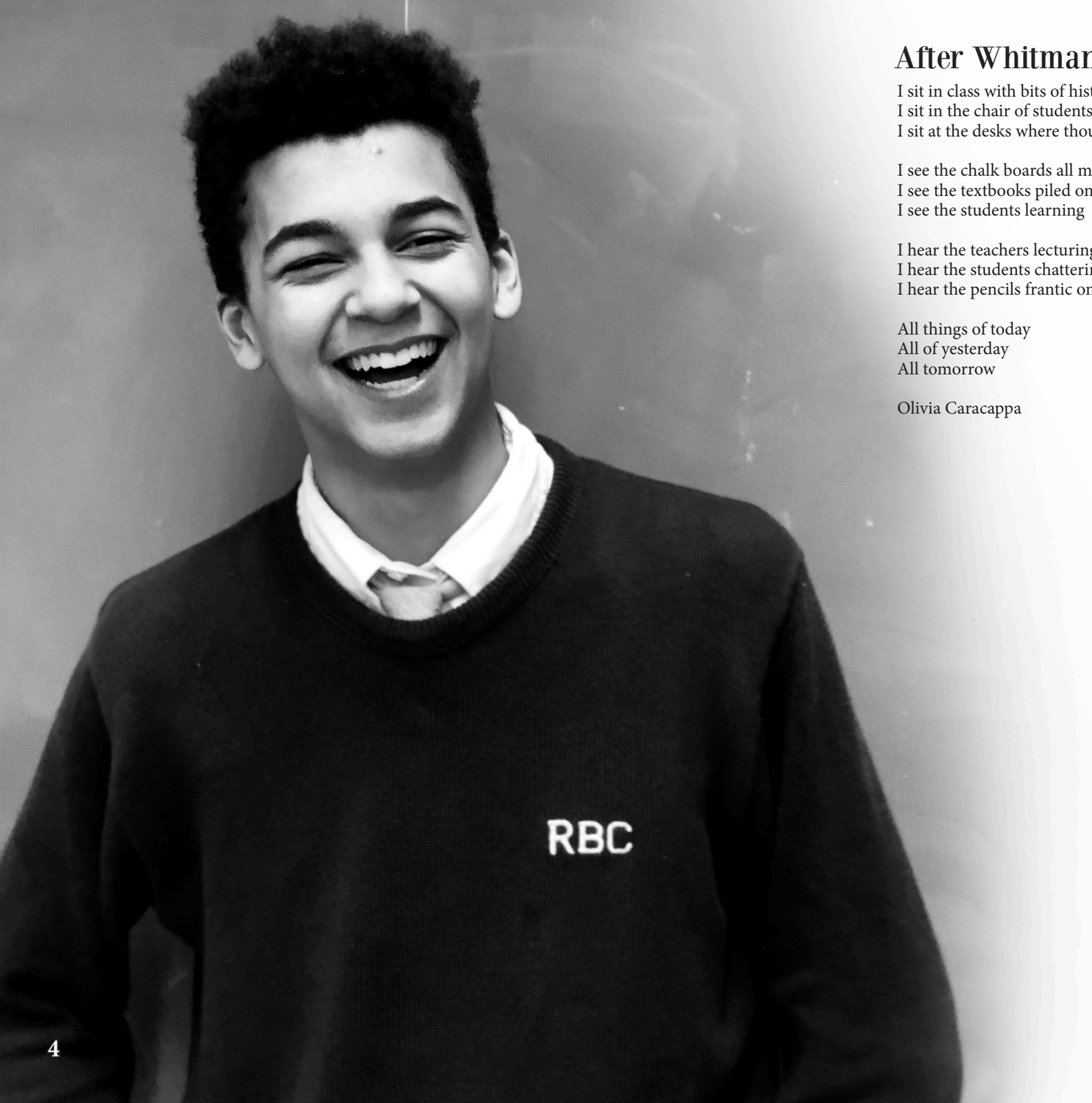


Get Your Life Back

Heads exist
They do
Seriousness not false inquiries
Dialysis is not the revelation
It is what irks you
To light the lighter
Onto the path
That only you
Can lead yourself
Not to take

Johnna Graham





After Whitman

I sit in class with bits of history all around me
I sit in the chair of students before me
I sit at the desks where thousands of tests have been completed.

I see the chalk boards all marked up
I see the textbooks piled on shelves
I see the students learning

I hear the teachers lecturing
I hear the students chattering
I hear the pencils frantic on paper

All things of today
All of yesterday
All tomorrow

Olivia Caracappa

Golf

Golf is such a great game you can play.
I have been playing my entire life;
I try to go out and play every day.
It gives me so much affliction and strife.
I am not very great at this sweet sport,
I punch the ball left, I punch the ball right.
I normally hit the ball super short,
I'm hopeful if the ball gets a good flight.
Although I struggle, I'm getting better;
My golf score drops every time I go out.
I hope one day I receive a letter
From a college. That's what I'm talking 'bout
Oh my, oh my, I got a hole in one!
I never thought golf would be this much fun!

Alexander Giordano



The Widow's Son

Heaving sobs choke her airways,
Her breath escapes in superficial puffs.
Her son lies there blanched, rigid, motionless.
She wants to touch him but the mortician warned he has succumbed to rigor mortis.
One by one the mourners trickle in and approach the casket,
Offering up their simpering sympathies to the dearly deceased.
I don't know who they think they're talking to.
I don't think they really care.
The widow's son didn't die pretty.
Maybe if he had contracted a tragic disease celebrities fundraise for,
Then the public's heartbreak would be more genuine.

He overdosed on heroin.

He was flying high almost every day of the week.
Then he crash landed in a fast-food-chain bathroom.
It was one of those scummy joints, too.
They cordoned off his sepulchral stall, then
Carried on feeding carcinogenic fare to the clientele.

The mourners expressed condolences so saccharine,
But I see the damning disdain in their eyes.
They think she was a bad mother.
I think, personally, my mother was doing the best she could.

Pallbearers carry the coffin to the mound of dirt my brother
Will call home for the rest of his forever.
I should've brought him a housewarming present.
The neighbor's son sits down immediately after setting down the casket.
He has the audacity to look tired.
My mother hasn't slept for seven days.
They lower the coffin into his eternal tomb.
The crowd is reverent for a tenuous ten minutes before it begins to get antsy.
The living need to eat and are discomforted by the cold.
The group of mourners dwindles as grieving melts into indifference.
The graveyard is desolate of all except two.
A downpour begins.
The widow weeps.

Ana Zeb



Shade

White socks on my feet
Clouds' tears
Psychologically, surgically inserted
Into the atomic threads
Not only cotton
But blood
From hearts and in minds
Are in my white socks
But blood is red?
Yes, but my soul isn't

Johnna Graham

What Angels Are

Angels are not what we think they are.
Angels are not those beautiful humans with powerful wings and shining halos
That you see in all the murals on the church walls.
They are not gorgeous young men with tattered feathers and bloodied knuckles
Or beautiful women with glowing eyes and a healing touch.
They are not men in old trench-coats and backwards blue ties
Who follow reckless brothers along a trail of darkness and demons
That will ultimately lead to the destruction of them all.
No, angels aren't any of that.
They are grander.

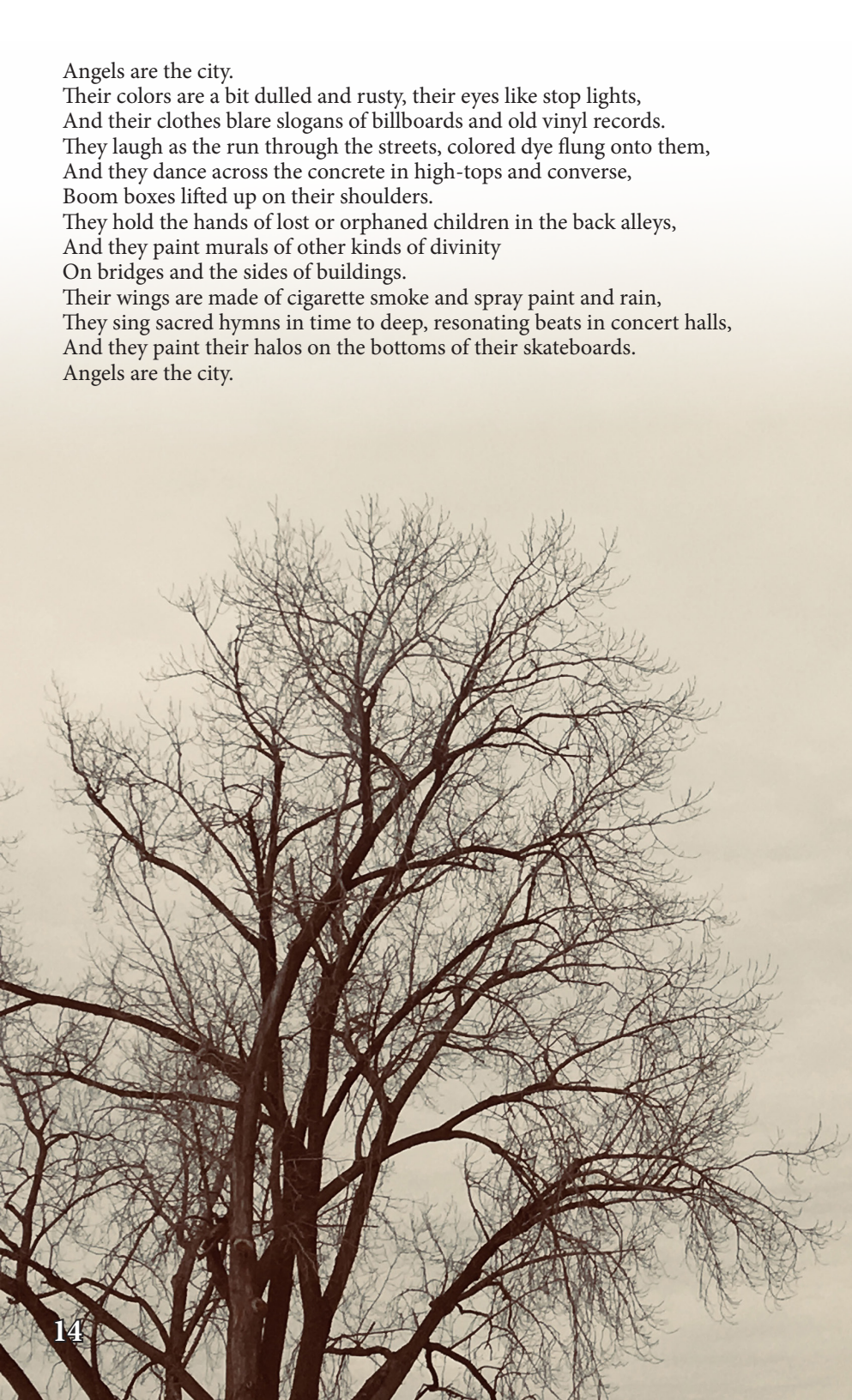
Angels are songs.
Their wings are made of the notes that carry on the wind
And their touch urges us to dance with reckless abandon.
They bring us to unconquerable joy,
Or the deepest sorrow imaginable,
Or help us understand ourselves in a whole other way with just a few words.
They are the bright twang! of a guitar,
The smooth, brassy cry of a trumpet,
And the startling crash of a cymbal.
Angels are songs.

Angels are the sea.
They are draped in kelp and coral,
And a single stroke of their wings fuels the current.
They guard the octopus and her clutch of eggs,
And they leap over waves and hunt the tuna with the dolphins.
Their cries of anger raise great storms and tidal waves,
But their wails of sorrow make all the world stop and listen.
They dive deep into the abyss, deeper than man could ever go,
If only to watch the viperfish glow and shimmer in the darkness.
Angels are the sea.

Angels are the desert.
They perch in the trees of rare oases,
Purifying the water and healing the sick and injured.
They tread across the Sahara with pilgrims,
Watching the antelope as they migrate back to their homelands.
They hunt with the lioness and chastise the lazy lion,
And they fight with bull elephants and angry rhinos for the thrill.
They deflect the bullets of big-game hunters and protect wildlife rangers,
And they cry hot tears as they hug the bodies of felled beasts,
Creating sandstorms with angry beats of their dusty wings.
Angels are the desert.

Angels are the jungle.
They leap through the treetops with the monkeys and apes,
And hop across the backs of caimans and crocodiles in the river.
They run with the native warriors on hunts,
Guarding their campsites and dancing with their children in the firelight.
They pluck tropical flowers to put in their wings,
And they fly and sing with the macaws and birds-of-paradise.
Their eyes are the color of jewels,
And they lie with the jaguars under great canopies, sharpening their arrowheads.
Angels are the jungle.

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Angels are the city.
Their colors are a bit dulled and rusty, their eyes like stop lights,
And their clothes blare slogans of billboards and old vinyl records.
They laugh as the run through the streets, colored dye flung onto them,
And they dance across the concrete in high-tops and converse,
Boom boxes lifted up on their shoulders.
They hold the hands of lost or orphaned children in the back alleys,
And they paint murals of other kinds of divinity
On bridges and the sides of buildings.
Their wings are made of cigarette smoke and spray paint and rain,
They sing sacred hymns in time to deep, resonating beats in concert halls,
And they paint their halos on the bottoms of their skateboards.
Angels are the city.

Angels are the forest.
Their wings are decorated with dried wildflowers and leaves,
And they dart through groves of pine trees, dancing and laughing.
They cry out into canyons with the bold and brash bobcats,
Scavenge nuts and seeds for the forgetful squirrel,
And weave crowns of daisies and lilacs to wear in late summer.
They draw water and lovely stones from fresh springs,
They fish with the great grizzlies of the tundra,
And they hunt and howl at midnight with the timber wolves.
Angels are the forest.

Angels are the mountains.
Their eyes are ice blue, or black as stone,
And their wings are carved from obsidian and granite and draped in snow and ice.
They guide weary travelers to safe villages and shelters,
They play tag with the snow leopards and the mountain goats,
And their songs dance through the peaks like ghosts.
They fly high with the migrating geese,
They cry icy tears at the lifeless campsites of lost and perished adventurers,
And they ride the avalanches as they beat down the craggy cliff sides.
Angels are the mountains.

But those are only the angels of Earth.
Beyond our atmosphere, greater angels reside.

These creatures are celestial,
As old as the universe, some even older than that,
Left behind from former universes that collapsed and gave birth to new ones.
These angels span light-years across,
Their eyes are supernovas and dying stars,
And their wings are enormous nebulae where new stars are born.
They collide in times of war; to us they look like galaxies falling into each other.
They fight against the demons that hide in black holes,
Who are intent on the destruction of the universe.
The angels dance through star communities in great circles;
They guard solar systems and galaxies and all the races that live within.
Their hearts are as big as red giants,
And they embrace us slowly through waves of light and heat.
Their tears turn to comets, and their bodies are always touching in some way,
Forming the universe we love so deeply.

Angels are not what we think they are.
They are nature
And power
And energy
And hope
And love.
Always love.

Ava Jensen

A Woman, A Phenomenon, A Masterpiece

She is a masterpiece. That much is indisputable.
She is covered in tattoos, or freckles, or is draped in clothes that make her look divine.
She has eyes like the ocean, the sky, the void of space, the moon, the forest, the rich earth.
She is from Pakistan, from Norway, China, Venezuela, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Alaska.
She is a little girl. She is a teenager. She is a woman. She is an elder.
She owns demons named Depression, Anxiety, Bipolar Disorder, PTSD, OCD & Abuse.
Maybe more or less.
She is Catholic, Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist. Maybe she is none of them.
She's an artist, a businesswoman, an Olympian, a stripper, a mother, a doctor, an actress, a liar, a singer, a lawyer.
She loves a man. Or a woman. Maybe both. Maybe more than that. Maybe none.
She is stuck in the wrong body, tired of being called "him." Or perhaps longs to be called "him" or "they."
She is happy & bubbly, strong & intense, loud & unapologetic, quiet and meek, or all, or none.
She punches the air at a concert to the beat of the music, or with a cry for justice at a protest.
She has three pill prescriptions near her bed, all for the unique chemistry that makes up her mind.
She lives for the heat of stage lights, for the rush of hitting the perfect note onstage.
She flinches when a door is slammed nearby, and cries when someone raises his voice at her.
She has stretch marks on her thighs and stomach and breasts and hips.
She wears clothes that hide her wrists and ankles, afraid to show her scars.
She is skinny, curvy, fat, athletic, missing an arm, in a wheelchair. She loves herself, usually.
She is a sunlit meadow, a dimly lit ballroom, a rainy forest trail, a beachside walk, a starlit field, a smoky horizon.
And she is a masterpiece. That much is indisputable.

Ava Jensen

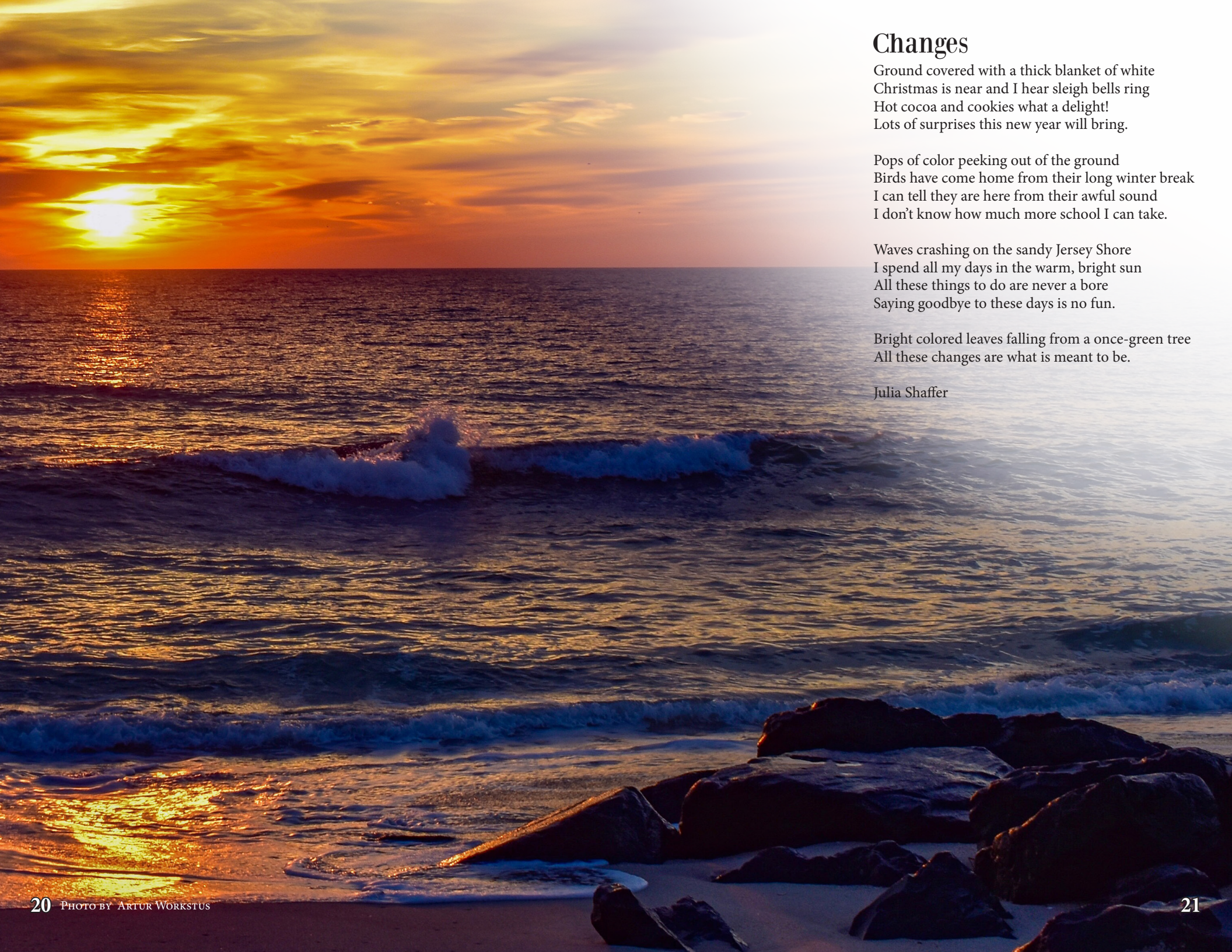




The Dispersed Atlia

Wrapped around a fort of blankets
You fell from the sky
Unto a land infinite as it is quiet
You're battered but you still feel all right
You fixed your eyes on blocky lines
Again and again until you see
The dreams and demons of humanity
The world and all its sins can be a cross to bear
But every once in a while
Enjoy what God has made clean
My dear A: the fish of the pond, the worms of the dirt,
And the blood of your veins flows lightly on their path
I am asking for you to do the same

Luis Merino



Changes

Ground covered with a thick blanket of white
Christmas is near and I hear sleigh bells ring
Hot cocoa and cookies what a delight!
Lots of surprises this new year will bring.

Pops of color peeking out of the ground
Birds have come home from their long winter break
I can tell they are here from their awful sound
I don't know how much more school I can take.

Waves crashing on the sandy Jersey Shore
I spend all my days in the warm, bright sun
All these things to do are never a bore
Saying goodbye to these days is no fun.

Bright colored leaves falling from a once-green tree
All these changes are what is meant to be.

Julia Shaffer

Drill

It was the end of my first-period class, Algebra I. I glanced at the clock impatiently. My friends and I sat on the cold metal seats, our hands grasping the hard desks in excitement. A mixture of happy and scared whispers about the drill filled the room. “Are you scared?”

“What if someone gets hurt?”

“I can’t wait!”

“What do you think guns sound like?”

“This is so cool!”

The shrill bell cut through the whispers, pushing every student to head to the next class. My friend Anna and I pushed the metal doors open into the stairwell. She paused at the top of the stairs, hugged me, and said, “Good luck Teesh.” I waved at her as she walked up the stairs.

A few days before, Mr. Heyer had pulled everyone on the second floor out into the hall. He said, “Guys, I would like to warn you ahead of time. Next week we will be hosting a fake shooter drill.” We were told one policeman would be dressed as a shooter, and a SWAT team would come in to put him down. They wanted us to be ready in case something like this ever happened. Now was the time to test this out.

I walked down the stairs and into the second-floor hall. The first thing that caught my eye was a green neon jacket. A group of men holding guns huddled in a circle near the lockers, outside of room 202. Some leaned on the wide beige lockers, while some stood rigidly. They all wore black jackets with POLICE on the front. The material looked thick and sturdy. One of the men I recognized as a teacher. Another friend caught up to me; “This is really happening,” she said. Her lips curled up as she glanced over her shoulder at the men.

I replied, “Do you think they’re gonna barge in one of our rooms? This is awesome.” We walked leisurely, taking our time so we could talk. She opened her mouth to respond, but was cut off as Anna, a girl in my next class, pushed me from behind. “Move it Teesha! I wanna be in class before anything happens.”

I could practically see the nerves and excitement rolling off her as she laughed. She clung to my backpack, pushing me on. I stepped into my second-period class and glanced at my teacher standing in the front. I dropped my bag next to my desk. The metal of the seat made a slight cling as my shoes knocked against it. I turned to look at Kelly sitting next to me. As our eyes met wide smiles spread on our faces. “Omg! I can’t believe...”

“Bang!”

Suddenly everyone stepped into motion. The lockdown had begun. Adrenaline rushed through my body as I sat on the floor. My hands swiped the slightly grimy ground before landing on my lap. Kelly and I glanced at each other, the smiles on our faces excitedly fixed.

“Lockdown, I repeat, we are in a lockdown!” the loudspeakers boomed.

My teacher, who moments ago had been trying to reach the office, placed his phone on the desk. He took a seat and calmly reached for a notebook. He flipped through a few pages before settling down on one page. He scribbled at it looking lost in thought. Occasionally he would glance up, as if he were checking to see if we were still all right.

For a few minutes all was silent except for our hushed breathing. I was afraid the other students could hear the loud bump of my heart. The floor was cold under my legs as I leaned my head against the wall. A few doors down someone began knocking insistently on the door. He yelled something I couldn’t quite make out.

“Thump Thump.”

The knocking came closer and closer until he was at our door.

(continued on next page)

“Boom Boom!”

We remained quiet, staring at the door as the knob jiggled and the pounding repeated over and over. A smile curled at the edges of my lips, but I quickly bit it down. I knew right now was not the time for games, and that I should be taking this seriously. Again the halls were quiet, until I heard insistent knocks next door. Since I was locked in my classroom, I can not be sure what happened, but I did hear policemen yelling, “Cover your face, Cover your face!” Their voices were loud and a bit harsh to my ears. I winced, still excited.

In the next room, I heard hurried shuffles as the students listened to the police.

“Teacher identify yourself!”

“Bang! Bang!” Two shots rang out and I jumped.

I took a deep calming breath, a hand placed on my erratic heart. All sounds from the next room

echoed throughout my small class.

“Suspect found!”

“Bang!”

Another shot fired, but this time I was prepared for it. I listened holding my breath.

“Suspect is down.”

Relief flooded my body as I smiled. Moments passed as I heard hushed whispers from outside. The sound of keys jingling alerted me back to awareness. The creak of the room 203 door opening resonated in the quiet hall. I could hear students exiting classrooms as the police directed them down the hallway. We waited impatiently for our turn as time went by.

Finally the police were at our door. We waited with bated breath as the knob twisted and a tall man holding a gun loosely calmly came in.

Click. A man with a camera snapped a few photos of us. He walked back out as the police fully stepped into our room. He explained that he was taking us to safety.

“Hi guys. I’m here to take you guys to a safe zone. I want you guys to follow me calmly and quietly. Stand please.”

I pushed myself off the grimy floor and he led us down the hall and into an area with a square of lockers. Students crowded together as the police went back to exit more

rooms. I briefly wondered where my friend was. I knew she was also on this floor, but I focused my attention on the police.

Everyone leaned on the lockers as hushed whispers echoed out.

“That was actually fun!” one blonde excitedly whispered to her brunette friend.

A snap of a finger and suddenly the hall was silent again. If a pin dropped, I would hear its echo. I glanced around noticing dozens of students crowded into a large block of lockers near an exit door. Two policemen stood in the front opening of the area, with the “suspect” next to them. One was tall and slim with a long gun hanging off his shoulder. The other was stout, yet buff, but I barely looked at him as my eyes drifted back and forth between the suspect and tall policeman. The suspect wore all black and stood with an air of ease around him.

“We would like to thank you all for calmly reacting to...” the tall policeman began.

His line was interrupted by a short girl near me who said, “He’s kind of cute isn’t he?”

I put a hand in front of my mouth. The girl heard my laugh as I gulped, and my throat muscles loosened. Her sharp blue eyes caught mine; a smirk hovered on her mouth. A small smile formed on my lips.

My eyes snapped back to the tall man who had never stopped talking. “...this was a new experience for us also, as we have never tried practicing with blanks.”

His shorter partner replied, “Yes it was a learning experience not just for you guys, but for us too.”

The suspect added in, “Thank you for being patient and reacting calmly.”

Mr Heyer stepped in, a brilliant smile on his face.

“You guys all did an amazing job. We would also like to thank the police for practicing with us. Let’s have a round of applause.”

We all clapped, smiles on our faces as we were told to head back to class. As we walked, I noticed my friend’s classroom was still in a lockdown. I realized they had been forgotten about. They stayed in a lockdown until the loudspeaker announced the drill was over. Back in class, I reflected the event had been fun but also a good learning experience.

Taneesha Flynn



Enigma

Pink and blue flowers
Both colors and also none,
Sounds familiar, yes?

Tessa French

Night Owl

When I first met his gleaming eyes, giant and bright,
He made me gasp and jump with surprise and fright.
I had never seen a creature so still, hidden in the dark.
He blended with nature, propped against the bark
Gleaming yellow eyes, a coat of brown and white,
The owl was alone, awaiting something in the night.
I would not want to be the owl's chosen guest
The mere sight of his talons made me fearful, without rest
Whatever the owl chooses to be his company
All I can say is that I am glad that it will not be me.

Kendall Moore



War of Self

When the thunder rolls in,
I will spread my arms and spin.
When the rain comes roaring down,
I will dance and throw my head back, laughing.
When the lightning cracks,
I will smile and throw my fist up.
“You can do better than that!”

When the troops come marching in,
I will stand, tall as I can be, and hold my own.
When the fire comes soaring down,
I will not run for cover, no, I will walk through it.
When the whip of hatred cracks,
I will smile and throw my fist.
“You can do better than that!”

Ava Jensen

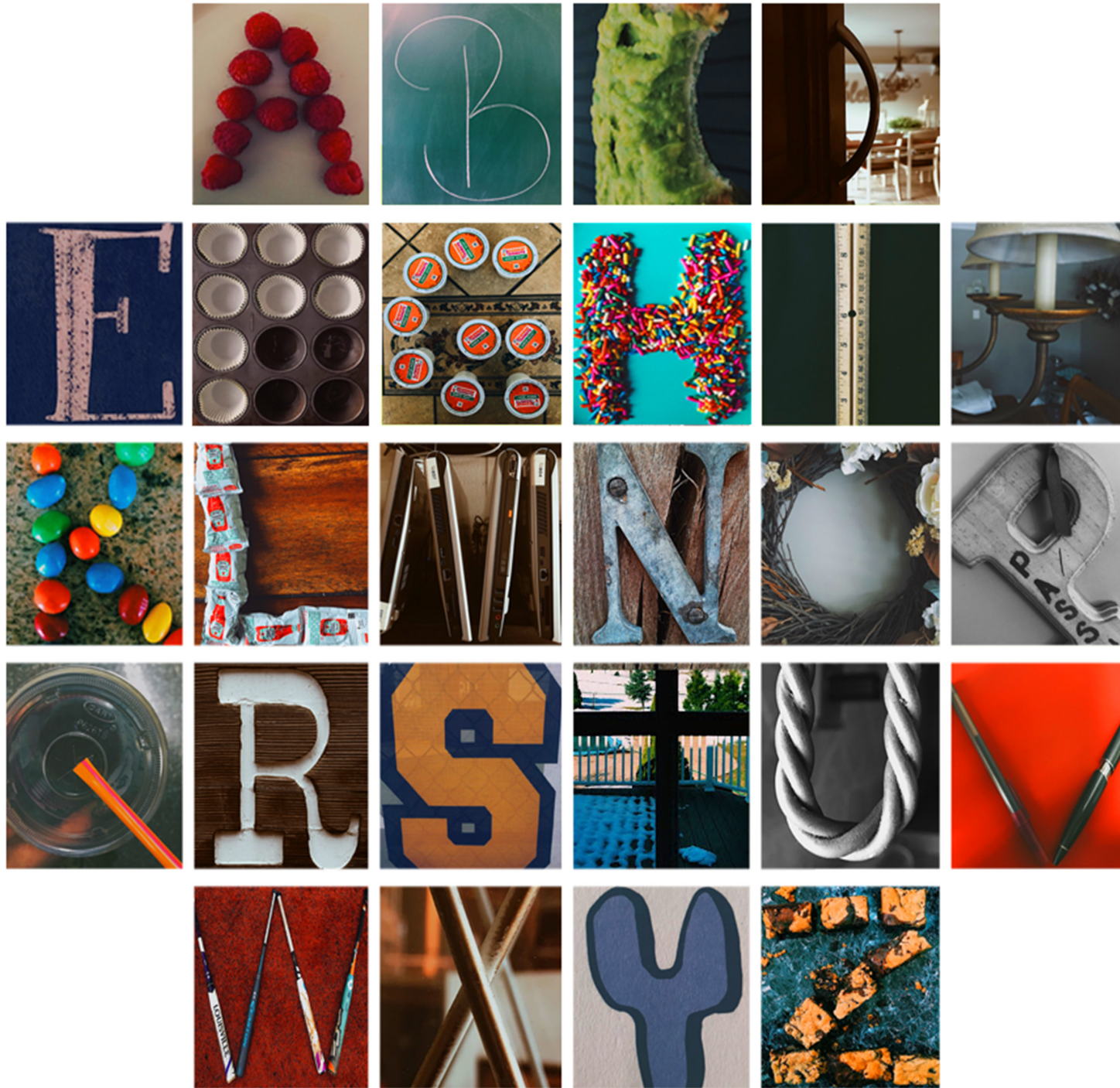




RBC High

I smell Red Bank cooking
I see lots of people working
Little children looking
Up to the sky
At the birds flying high
Finals making students cry
Red Bank Catholic High...

Victoria Rapisarda



Word List

I have a list of words being thrown together
 As I struggle to make a single sentence
 Come to life. The overcoming of this challenge
 Has been one of many that every student here
 Must experience.

However, difficulty can lead to opportunity.
 In this school, these incredible tasks
 Are directly proportional to the opportunity
 That they present. Overcoming the challenges
 Is a reward in itself but opportunity has a special
 Reward that is rare to find.

The possibility of passion. Passion for work.
 Passion for fun. Passion for entertainment.
 Or even the passion for the formation of words
 To create a beautiful pattern of ink on paper
 To open a door to imaginativity.

Michael Zylka

Football

The game starts with the ball kicked in the air
As the players watch it go through the sky
Right after they say a last-minute prayer
When the team is at its natural high
The coach and quarterback make the play call
While the heat waves stretch across the field
As everyone loves the season of fall
The offensive linemen are the team shield
At halftime the band puts on a great show
With bleachers that shake along with the ground
They run a trick play that makes the crowd "Whoa"
It is so loud you cannot hear a sound
All are happy they won the game
Sadly the away team goes home in shame.

Anthony Borriello



Bad Dream

At school we play in the gymnasium
Once playing dodgeball with a big red ball
I got knocked by a ball of titanium
All was quiet as I blacked out to fall.
Baffled I woke up with ice on my head
Comfortable I started to relax
Then it all came back to me while in bed
Embarrassed that my agility lacks
Nurses came and tried to calm my nerves down
They tried to make me happy and smile
But I could not help but only to frown
It felt as if I had run a mile.
All of a sudden I woke up to scream
Only to find out it was a bad dream.

Fabyola Limage



Innocent Rocks

Flowers dancing in the air
With white waving petals
Covering your eyes
Making you understand
How strong the innocent
Really is
Making you understand
How the petals
Are rocks
The innocent rocks
That only are good
None will ever be bad

Johnna Graham



Walking the Streets All Day

We run with our thieves
The thieves that took you
You ran
From me
As I run from myself
Only in my present
Do I look back
You do not know
What you will ascertain
Until the thoughts run
As you did
-About many persons in my life

Johnna Graham

Good Things

I was summoned back to the land of the living by my grumbling stomach. I had been dead to the world for nearly 11 hours now and my stomach is doing its damndest to digest itself. I had accidentally skipped two meals, not on purpose of course. I don't give a damn about looking like the twigs in Vanity Fair. I just forget to eat sometimes when I'm depressed is all.

I roll out of bed and pull on my red boots and pants and things. I follow the signs that proclaim a free breakfast buffet in the dining hall and load up a plate full of chocolate chip waffles. I'm glad that in my distress I had at least had the presence of mind to check myself into a motel with a stupid waffle maker.

I shovel down my breakfast ignoring the curious looks of the old biddies sitting next to me. I rein in the desire to make a face at them. I am too hungry to pay them much mind; the last thing I ate was the soggy grilled cheese they served in the cafeteria yesterday afternoon. I am freaking famished.

I flop back onto my bed in my room with an aching stomach and the troublesome burden of utter boredom. I can't dial up my friends because their house is probably the first place my parents would look for me. No doubt they have already enlisted the help of my friends' parents too.

I'm an amateur at running away from home but I'm no idiot.

My cell phone begins to ring its annoyingly shrill ringtone. I'm shocked it still has a battery; it has been incessantly pestering me all night. I am going to ignore it again but then I see the caller ID reads "Sammy". That could be a sufficient distraction.

"Hey there, Sammy."

"It's just Sam."

He loathes my calling him Sammy. He has this ridiculous notion that just being called "Sam" will make him sound more mature. He doesn't realize that he has the name of a 13-year-old regardless of what he likes to call himself.

"Why are you calling me, Sam?"

"I thought you might want to go on a date tonight."

"Maybe."

"What does maybe mean?"

I huff, suddenly annoyed, "Maybe means I'm on the lam right now and I really don't know if going to see a boring show or whatever the hell you want to do is worth getting caught right now."

"Geez, you didn't need to bite my freaking head off. What did you do this time anyway?"

I scrub my hand over my face, "It's not important that you know the sordid details. All you need to know is that I'm suspended for verbal assault against a classmate who by the way deserved a good tongue lashing and now I'm hiding from parents until their bloodlust has subsided."

"I doubt they want to kill you. And you got suspended for verbal assault?" That sounds unreasonably harsh."

I run my hand through my short hair and tuck an errant strand behind my right ear,

"Well I may have also spit in her eye a little bit, too."

"You spit in her eye?"

"She was asking for it!" I insist vehemently. "She was spreading lies and saying awful things about my sister." I huff and continue, "Didn't you hear about any of this? I would've thought everyone at school would be prattling nonstop about it."

"I've been out of town," he says vaguely.

"Doing what?"

(continued on next page)

“Quit trying to be mysterious,” I roll my eyes, “I know you were probably doing something predictably dull like going to see a college or visiting an auntie.”

“How do you know I didn’t do something bad, too?”

“Something as bad as verbally assaulting a girl, spitting in her face, and then cursing out the entire school at the subsequent apology assembly they tried to force me to participate in?”

“Wait, you cursed out the entire school at a school-wide assembly?”

I stuck out my chin snidely even though I knew Sam couldn’t see it. “I detested having to apologize for defending my mentally ill sister against that nasty trollop. And I refused to let the administration vilify me.”

“You don’t need to defend yourself to me. I’m sure that I would’ve done the same thing.”

I can tell he means it too. Finally, someone who isn’t out to burden me with all the blame in this incident.

“Where did you want to go on this date?” I ask him.

“I thought I could pick you up around six and we could figure it out together.”

“Fine, it’s not like I have anything else to do anyway, I guess.”

“Tone down the enthusiasm. I’m afraid you might pass out from the excitement.”

“I’m at the Green Hollow Motel. I’ll see you at six,” I say before I hang up.

A cursory glance at the bedside table clock tells me I have seven hours to kill before six o’clock. Good thing there’re so many riveting activities in this lousy motel. I have no problem lying on the bed for a few hours but I’m afraid what will happen if I spend too long ruminating in my toxic thoughts. I stare at my call history. Seven missed calls to Haven Fair Mental Institution. It appears my sister asked them to place me on the “do not answer” list. How come the people you really need are never the ones to pick up the phone? I don’t really want to go out with Sam. I don’t care to find out why he was absent from school. I don’t want the forgiveness of my parents. I just want my sister back, and I want her to know that I’m defending her in her absence. While everyone is trying their hardest to make me out to be a delinquent, they’re trying doubly hard to make her a sick freak.

I roll over and try my best to fall asleep. Maybe things will look less bleak in a few hours. Doubtful. Good things never happen to me when I need them to.

Ana Zeb



Inspiration

Martin Luther King
Gave hope to the unspoken
An inspiration

Andrew Colannino





Softball

Ding!
A bat, a ball, and a glove,
This is the sport I love.
As the ball left the pitcher's hand
I hit the ball, and oh it was so grand
Running and sliding to get on the base
Hoping that I'm not being chased.
When I get up I see there's dirt on my hands and pants
And I can hear the crowd's loud chants.

Ryan Mooney



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