



e.g.
2023

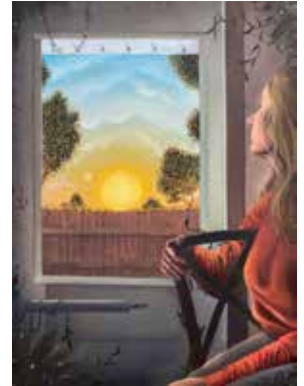
EM

2023 Senior Medallion - Art

Julia Naumowicz

Artist Statement

Nature is a large part of my work. It has such natural awe-inspiring beauty, power and mystery. I couldn't have picked a better muse. The calmness and clarity that it has given me in difficult times are another. When I have a hard time turning to others for help, a peaceful walk is medicine to me. A warm breeze on a 64-degree day and the hot sun peeking out from behind the clouds. Even a rainy day when humidity is bogging down the air and you can smell the petrichor, is welcomed. The smell of damp soil, the feeling of dirt under your nails, and the promise of new growth is healing. The constant noise of life is drowned out by the simplicity that is nature.

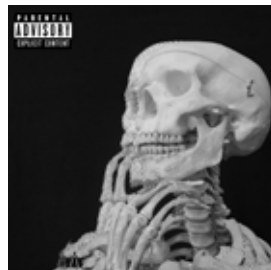


2023 Senior Medallion - Photography

Kacper Mitera

Artist Statement

Photography is life; by that I mean it captures moments and feelings often fleeting or changing. My love of photo started with film and its light sensitive nature. This led me to problem solving the inner-workings of a camera, ultimately manipulating them to create images. My love of nature propelled me to use it as the initial focus for my work. Wildlife and the various textures of nature drew my eye. From birds, lizards, and trees, my lens sought out these moments often overlooked by others. While exploring nature I am drawn to colorful and man-made objects altering the landscape. My love of music frequently inspires the mood of my work. This connection between music and photography led me to create photographs that could be used as album artwork.





*An annual
magazine
of the arts
devoted to the
publication of
the best
examples of
art, essay,
fiction,
photography
and poetry
produced by
the students
of Elk Grove
High School*

**e.g.
2023**

CONTRIBUTORS

COVER ART

Julia Naumowicz

ART EDITOR - FACULTY

Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti
Manuel Aguirre Garcia
Cindy Pacyk

ART EDITOR - STUDENT

Dana Cuellar
Doan Do
Veronica Wirth

LITERARY EDITOR - FACULTY

Mary Larson
Dawn Ferencz
Alissa Prendergast
Mecca Sadler

LITERARY EDITOR - STUDENT

Spencer Carlberg
Michael Migacz
Izabella Pawlina

SPECIAL THANKS

Elk Grove High School Art Department
Elk Grove High School English Department
Elk Grove High School Music Department
Elk Grove High School Administration
D214 Printing Services

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Kalie Art	43	Sophia Magenta	34
Ivan Bailon	19	Maggie Martin	37
Chiara Belardi	7	Kateri Martinez	34
Tyler Bobowski	back inside cover	Jovanna Mathai	26
Amanda Briggs	back inside cover	Christopher McDavid	back inside cover
Adnana Camacho	23	Axel Medina Monarrez	35
Miryam Carbajal	31	Michael Migacz	17, 36, 43
Cate Carpenter	42	Kacper Mitera	front inside cover
Anthony Cardia	6	Alexandra Montanez	21
Spencer Carlberg	10, 32	Isaiah Moon	9
Alejandro Castillo	29	Julia Naumowicz	cover, inside covers
Kori Catano	14	Maria Negrete	8, 19
Nicole Cetnar	back inside cover	Justin Novoselsky	18
Caera Crimmins	15, 39	Lake Nowack	23
Jason Colon	25	Olesia Ovsiienko	38
Dana Cuellar	37	Ami Patel	16
Abbey Davis	11, 22	Karolina Pater	14
Vincenzo DeMarre	24	Nicole Pawlik	20
Doan Do	32	Izabella Pawlina	15, 33, back inside cover
Andrew Elleson	9	Xander Pedota	13
Aidai Esenzhanova	11, 33	David Pelrine	7
Gia Faiola	17, 38	Daiana Pena	18, 41
Stephanie Flores Leyva	31	Frida Perez De La Cruz	8
Wiktoria Gladczuk	back inside cover	Gabrielle Perolino	6
Sofiya Galko	7	Valeria Pesantes	23
Patrick Games	29	Ellabel Phung	24
Dayana Garay	20, 44	Jackson Quinn	22
Denissa Garcia	28	Paige Readdy	13
Melissa Guzman	29	Roan Faith Reyes	11
Sarah Hallier	30	Jocelyn Sanchez	8
Lilly Hammang	19	Magaly Sanchez	38
Syriana Hanttula	45	Asya Seiwert	12
Kevin Hernandez	28	Benny Schlosser	45
Tyler Jackson	45	Maja Swiderska	27
Mia Jonas	21, 42	Emma Taucher	35
Anna Kartel	31	Giselle Trejo	25
Hadi Khaleel	12	Karu Tsuchiya	22
Klaudia Kubik	35	Daniel Valdes	21
Julia Kucharewicz	40	Melissa Vivas Silva	24
Jessica Langston	36	Lanna Vo	12, 16
Ash Lehning	14	Veronica Wirth	27, 41
Eduardo Lopez	27, 41	Ally Yager	9
Thomas Luptak	30		

Gabrielle Perolino

Ode to Sickness

You have taken away my whole world
Letting them wither away like some plant watered with
alcohol
Your ruthlessness unwavering

How do you do this so easily?
How quick you are to imprint on them
How detrimental you appear

O Sickness!
It's almost admirable
You show no bias on who you touch

O Sickness!
You find new ways to hunt down others
Leading them to their unwanted fates

You!
You know how to drain the ones I love
O How bitter they have become!

You just don't know how to stop
Not even looking before taking
You won't even notice the child you snatch

Your house of treachery
Filled with unending obstacles
I try my best to avoid
I've lived in it for years
Yet, I've managed to dodge you each time
Seemingly, always one step ahead
I always wonder, will you get to me too?
Before my loved ones notice?
When I'm least expecting it?

O Sickness!
You truly know what you're doing
Taking someone's dear brother

It's almost become a game
You will charge at us with great strength
But we will always find a way to hide

Anthony Cardia

I Gave You All

I gave you all I had, I did.
This sunrise concludes it all,
You turned your back to who you called your kid.

Behind the rat you hid,
Among the trees standing tall,
I gave you all I had, I did.

Your greed for more caused you to rid
Everyone who refused to fall,
You turned your back to who you called your kid.

Influenced by a snake under whose tricks you slid
Who whispered into your ear, one more haul,
I gave you all I had, I did.

A fools game, a bid,
Gambled away, a pitiful crawl
You turned your back to who you called your kid.

A redemption amid,
but not received by those who answer your call.
I gave you all I had, I did,
You turned your back to who you called your kid.



Chiara Belardi
Mixed Media



David Pelrine
Colograph



Sofiya Galko
Digital Photography



Frida Perez De La Cruz
Beautiful Ablaze

The enchanting coat in the sky
Turning everything autumnal
Immigrating slowly to the eye

Brightening even the dullest firefly
Escaping through the smallest tunnel
The enchanting coat in the sky

Making my body unify
Forgetting every crumble
Immigrating slowly to the eye

Wrapping me like a lullaby
In the delicacy of a bubble
The enchanting coat in the sky

Never leaving always with a resupply
A unique runnel
Immigrating slowly to the eye

Allowing my mind to overfly
A beautiful jumble
The enchanting coat in the sky
Immigrating slowly to the eye

Maria Negrete
Prismacolor



Jocelyn Sanchez
Lino Print and Watercolor

Isaiah Moon
Found Poetry

My poem laid there before my eyes.
Staring back at me with a familiar face.
A scent of me lingering around.
Telling truths but more lies.
A dark and uneasy feeling lies before me.
Disappointment taken with a grain of salt.
Something I can never truly avoid.
Lies upon lies upon lies screaming at me.
One swing and all shall shatter into pieces.
A window into myself.
Like water and a dark screen.
The mirror only shows hatred.

Andrew Elleson
Monsters

As night falls
The monsters call
As I try to fall asleep
I'm always afraid the monsters will creep

Tossing and turning, my eyes stay ajar
Always afraid the monsters aren't far
As the night goes on and on
I can't help but to yawn

I lay and wonder what might be there
Sometimes out of fright I recite a prayer
I can't help but notice my dog lays care free
How can he not be scared of the monster
hanging off our great tree

As nighttime closes, the monsters slip away
A monster free world sets up for an amazing
day
I lay in my bed realizing I got no sleep
Maybe I should have just thought of sheep



Ally Yager
Tempera Painting

Spencer Carlberg
My Someone

It's not fair.

The way you ignore me like a repulsive side dish.

You provide a digital game more attention than you do me.

You go online every single day.

You have a clock ticking slowly that allows you to say hello.

Where is my hello?

How long until these two weeks turn into two months.

What of two more years?

We've been stronger than titanium for two years.

Well, that's what I had foolishly thought.

For that first year we were in love, it was pure bliss

Blissful like when I'd dream of you.

This second year was despairing, though.

I feel hopeless and lost like a twisted wonderland of my own.

The grains of sand in my hourglass fall faster and faster.

My desperation bloomed into a venomous void of emotions.

When is it my turn again?

When will I earn your attention again?

"Hello"

"Good morning"

"Good night"

"I love you..."

Where are those words when I feed you so many?

I speak and listen, but you do neither.

I adore you

I trusted you

I miss you

Why did you disappear?

Vanishing from me like a rainbow once all the water is gone.

Well you won't provide that answer.

So now I shed the tears of my heart which was speared by my own rib cage that was bound to protect it.

Like you had promised to cherish me.

I'm waiting for a ding.

For your icon.

For your status to change.

But, my someone, I must say

Until you can once more reciprocate "hello",

My final thing to say to you is

"Goodbye"



Roan Faith Reyes
Mixed Media



Aidai Esenzhanova
Acrylic on Canvas



Abbey Davis
Oil on Canvas



Hadi Khaleel
Colograph



Lanna Vo
Watercolor



Asya Seiwert
Tempera Painting

Xander Pedota
Poem - Monolith

[This poem is not based on reality, but instead an attempt to build a visualizer for a theoretical world.]

Skyscrapers touch the ground,
Fusing with the earth, dirt and soil to return where it once stood high, proud.
Vines slither like snakes,
Reclaiming nature once removed from the landscape.

The siren's call of a mechanical whir makes even the most sane lose their way.

The swamplands of oil and mechanical parts pave way to a wasteland of nothing but un-lived metal to be reused, repurposed, and reattached to roaming monolith machines.

Monoliths, both living with synthetic organs yet never alive to begin with.

Monoliths, built for humanity.

To work, to help build the skyscrapers that once touched the sky, tow the dirt and soil for crops to thrive, to use that mechanical whir to adapt as hunters.

Monoliths, with their incomprehensible size, having wrought humanity's own downfall.

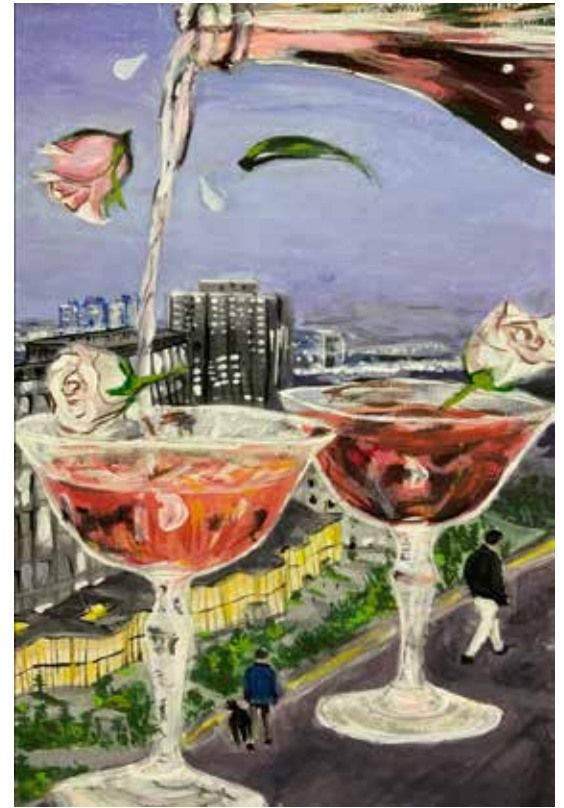
Only leaving scavengers.



Paige Readdy
Digital Photograph



Kori Catano
Prismacolor



Karolina Pater
Tempera Painting



Ash Lehning
Digital Photograph

Izabella Pawlina
Gray

In a world of gray
All I can see is red

Yellow tries to sneak in sometimes
Green and blue beats them to the finish line
Gold and purple speak to each other for a while
So much so that brown forgets how to smile
Orange and black bicker without denial
Red seems to be enjoying the trial

White looks at red
Red who has taken over gray
Only then does red realize
White has been dead for a while
Red killed white
So now, gray no longer lives
Red is the ruler of the world now
A world that will no longer exist

Green and their jealousy push Blue's sadness away
Even after they won together against yellow's joy.
Gold and purple with their wealth and dreamy arrogance
Forgot that brown can't handle their extravagant present
Orange and black show off their confidence
Something they don't want to bother to suspend
Red and their thirst for war and chaos killed white
They killed a part of what makes life alright

The world used to be gray
There was never only two ways to go
Gray took that burden for the sake of all the other colors
The colors would be able to represent something else
Something else besides balance
But with gray gone
They must take gray's place
Unless they just want to live in empty space

Some may not understand what this all means
That's okay
It's okay to want to disagree
All they have to remember is that the world will soon be red
I don't want to imagine how that would be.
I don't want a world where gray is dead

Caera Crimmins
The Act of Poetry

You can't write a poem about poetry
Poetry is used to express oneself
Although it is hard for myself
How can I express my own thoughts
If they don't even make sense in my own head
Not always in a bad way, just in a normal way
My mind constantly feels jumbled
And I am typically consumed over the small things

Maybe the reason I struggle so much with poetry
Is because I am still finding myself
Discovering new things, like the curious soul that
I am
It's hard to sit down and talk about one topic
Let alone, make it rhyme
Or make it have any sort of structure
How can one structure their thoughts
In a way so formally and beautifully
While their own thoughts are not very structured



Ami Patel
Tempera Painting



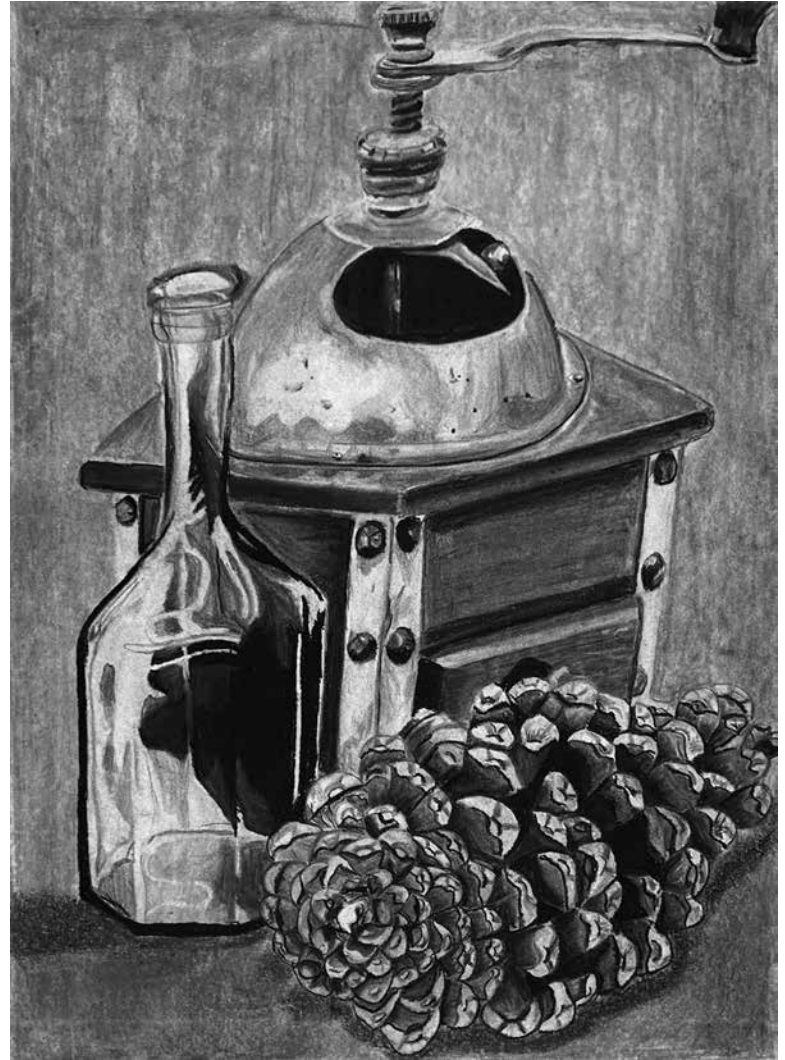
Lanna Vo
Oil on Canvas

Michael Migacz
Scream

the lights, they scream
silently
through sharp, electric teeth
that bite into my ears
and eyes
and skin
until I shudder off the metal plates
that touch the inky powder
that stick to my hands
and skin.

I prefer music that screams
loudly
through cracked lips, sharp teeth,
they bite not into my ears
but into my core of metal and clockwork
that requires to routinely move my
rusted gears
and routinely pick
the moss off
my skin

my voice box has been damaged, I scream
incoherently
back at the silent loud lights
back at the music that screams with me
back at the eyes that watch and
demand
my scratched glass eyes
to look back
and
scream
silently



Gia Faiola
Charcoal

Justin Novoselsky
Just Do It

You could just sit this one out
No one would judge you, no one would care
The rest of your life will be full of doubt

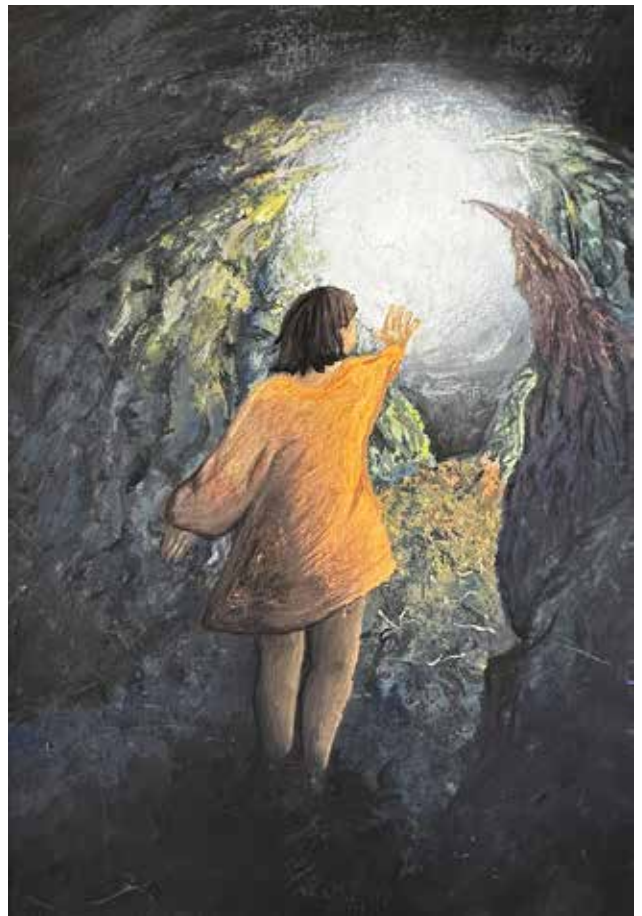
“I could have done it!” You would pout
“They just didn’t need me!” You would declare
You could just sit this one out

Am I truly better without?
How do I compare?
The rest of your life will be full of doubt

You notice how much others have gained throughout
You would rant about how “It’s not fair!”
You could just sit this one out

“Why didn’t anyone tell me to join?” You would shout
In your lack of progress you would despair
The rest of your life will be full of doubt

In the end you’ll realize there’s nothing to complain about
Now you’ve become aware
You could just sit this one out
The rest of your life will be full of doubt



Daiana Pena
Tempera Painting



Lilly Hammang
Prismacolor



Maria Negrete
Oil on Paper

2023 DENISE REINKING AWARD RECIPIENT - IVAN BAILON



Ivan Bailon
Oil on Canvas



Ivan Bailon
Oil on Canvas



Ivan Bailon
Oil on Canvas

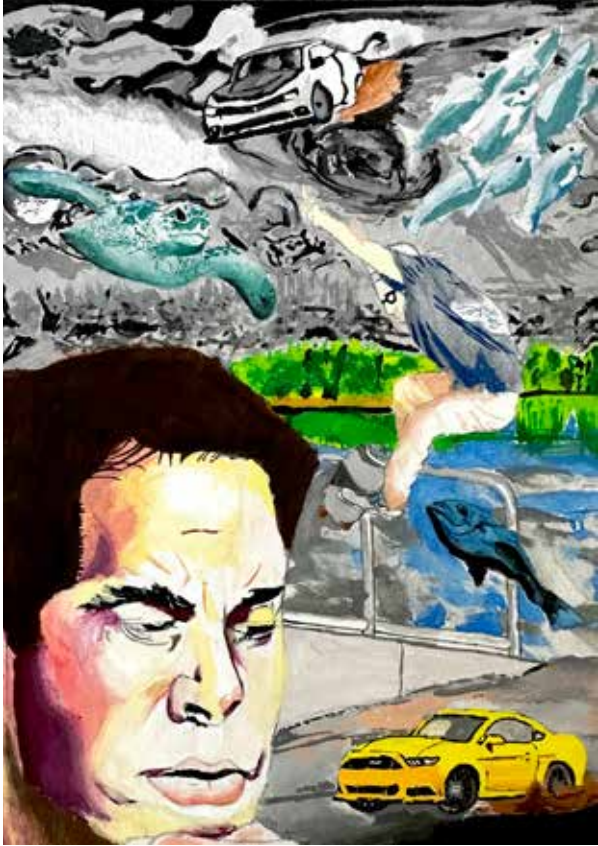
Dayana Garay

Us

I would go to the beach
Not to swim or dive,
But to sit and contrive all that surrounded me
Thinking about the sea that swallows us
Chastises us and comprises of the melancholy that utterly
Destroys, Us
What have we done?
What have we made, Us?
We can neither sink nor swim but just stay still
Until the spill erupts and the tide overflows
Overtaking our being, our whole Us,
We float atop our destruction, neither fearful or waning
Of our resolution what has overtakes our bodies, Us
This sea is how we've made the bed we laid
The movements and clock ticking,
Proves nothing, no progress being made
The things we have and adorn our being
Are sunken by the sea and forevermore perish
Us, we are nothing, no one
To the sea who is our punisher, its weapon of time
Let's give in Us, to stop the agonizing push and pull
Of what vastly is drowning us slowly and surely
The sea fully seeps into our lungs, and we start to move
Downwards and without words
Looking up at the clear sky that has forsaken us
Us, we no longer have to worry now
How we fought against the sea, all of it fruitless as we were clueless
We deluded ourselves into believing we could win
Us, against the tide
The sea, now there is no us
Thus we are free



Nicole Pawlik
Digital Photograph



Daniel Valdes
Tempera Painting



Mia Jonas
Lino Print and Watercolor



Alexandra Montanez
Digital Photograph



Karu Tsuchiya
Tempera Painting



Abbey Davis
Watercolor

Jackson Quinn
Untitled

Aspirations, expectations, the ingrained need to succeed
Creates an invisible and unrelenting pressure
The infinite and incalculable baggage we carry, day to day
Weighing so much you are stunned the floor doesn't falter
The prospect of failure is inconceivable
While the path to success bearing insurmountable obstacles
Some sit idly, attempting to wish them away
Others settle for mediocrity
Few take a look around, seeing the path off on the side
Tunnel vision; The death of success.



Valeria Pesantes
Tempera Painting

Lake Nowack
Candle Burning

You just had to go
and leave the candle burning.
I trusted you to blow it out,
but of course you forgot.
Now our bridge is on fire,
reduced to nothing but ashes.

Maybe it was my fault,
Maybe I shouldn't have left
the candle out in the first place.
Or maybe it was your fault,
you should've known
not to light it so early on.

Now I can't even go near the bridge.
Didn't you know that it was my favorite?
You just had to go
and leave the candle burning.



Adnana Camacho
Digital Photograph



Vincenzo DeMarre
Ink



Ellabel Phung
Tempera Painting



Melissa Vivas Silva
Oil on Paper

Jason Colon
Paintball

I like to paint
But not on a canvas
I don't do murals, I'm no Monet
The field needs a team of five
With our blood going on the rise
We lock and load up all our paint into a hopper
wearing armbands of blue
We put our masks on then get ready for a fight
Then get in line
When we hear the whistles of war
We start to fight
We see the explosions of paint
We know we have sealed our fate
Looks almost like water hitting the ground when it's raining
But not quite
When our numbers go down to one
We all knew that we were done
We've painted without a brush.



Giselle Trejo
Digital Photograph

Jovanna Mathai
Gold Standard

My first day on this Earth was the start of my downfall
Adorned with gold, I was paraded
My debut was my first success
What else could I do but labor in the mines
Sweat, blood, and burning tears fall
Yet I bring home gold
Its value is equated to negate my pain
My worth is measured by carats and cash
Feeding the fire by building a pillar of medals and trophies that glimmer at the entrance
It stands proud at the entrance of my once safe space
Put on display like me, a glorified show pony
While I cower before it and its gleam
It taunts me and provokes me to keep feeding it
To grow it, to worship it
Will my pillar grow or has the shiny exterior faded?
The reflection catches and burns my eyes and mind
It attempts to keep me blind from my own inner fading
Is my value diminished?
Is my job finished or shall I push?
When will Midas come and touch this heart that's faded
For I am not gold, I'm simply gold-plated



Moja Swiderska
Tempera Painting



Eduardo Lopez
Darkroom Photograph



Veronica Wirth
Prismacolor

Kevin Hernandez
Ode To A Lost Pencil

Oh wooden base,
Oh graphite tip,
Oh number two pencil.
How inconsiderate of that student to
drop you onto the cold, crowded hallway.
You are a very very important tool for creativity,
yet here you are lying next to all of the literature classes.
Teachers would love to have you in their hands.
Students would love to draw onto their papers.
Everyone would love to take notes with you.

Oh pink rubber,
Oh silver ferrule,
Oh yellow pencil.
You are a tool that everyone desires,
yet you are constantly being kicked around the
floor from students passing by for eternity.
In the worst case scenario,
you will probably be picked up by a janitor,
never to be seen again.

If only one person could understand your importance.
If only someone would pick you up from the ground
and put you into their pencil case along with the others.
You would travel to new destinations, new hallways, new classrooms.
You are a really really special tool for every subject.
Science, technology, engineering, math, and much more.
You were abandoned by the student who dropped you,
but one man's trash is another man's treasure,
and you will become someone's treasure soon.

Denissa Garcia
Mexico Lindo

Life is better over there
Over there I can roam freely
Over there life is relaxing
Over there music fills the streets with joy
Over there family means everything
Over there is where my family is from

Although, I wasn't born over there
It will always be my home
It welcomes me with open arms and I am honored
to accept them

Everywhere I go I carry a piece of you with me
From my native tongue, Spanish
To the bright and loud culture always making their
presence known
Thank you México



Melissa Guzman
Digital Photograph



Patrick Games
Prismacolor



Alejandro Castillo
Prismacolor



Sarah Hallier
Tempera Painting

Thomas Luptak
Orbit

High above the earth, they float and spin,
In a world of weightlessness, where time begins.
In a suit of white, they move with ease,
A true testament to human's capabilities.

With each orbit, they see the earth anew,
A blue and white marble, shining bright and true.
They witness sunrises and sunsets at once,
And the beauty of our planet, they cannot renounce.

They're the chosen few, who've ventured forth,
To explore the vastness of space, of that they are
worth.
They've left behind the world they know,
To push the boundaries, and make the impossible, grow.

They're heroes in every sense,
For the risks they take, and the work they do, immense.
They're a symbol of our curiosity and desire,
To discover the secrets of the universe, that never tire.

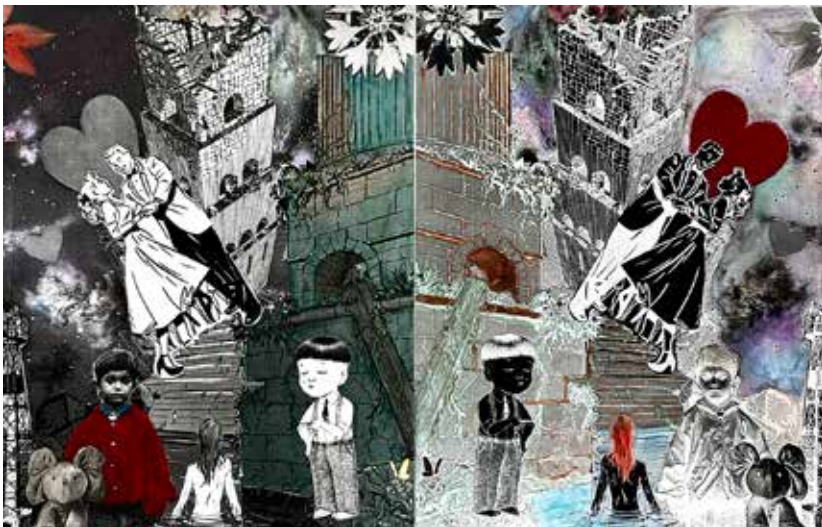
So let us honor these brave souls,
Who've ventured forth, to reach new goals.
For they've given us a new perspective.



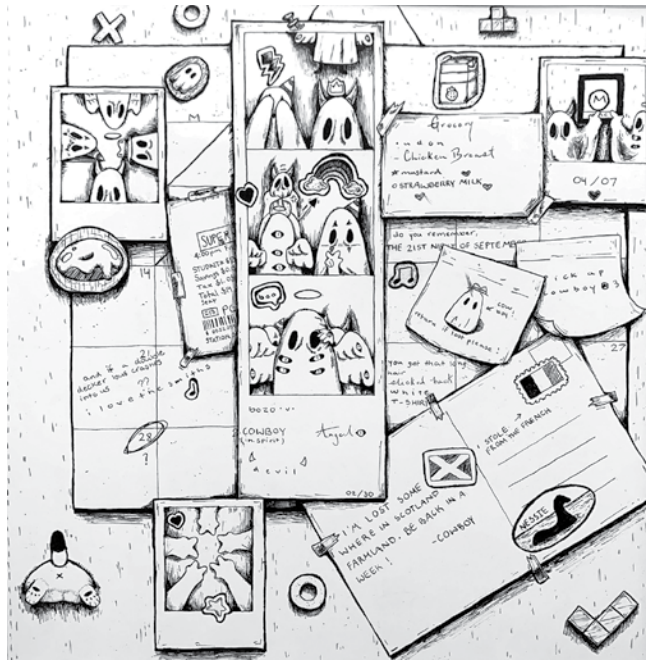
Stephanie Flores Leyva
Watercolor



Anna Kartel
Tempera Painting



Miryam Carbajal
Handcolored Photograph



Doan Do
Ink on Bristol



Spencer Carlberg
Digital Drawings

Izabella Pawlina
All Over

It's almost over
Listen quick
Don't let it slip from your grasp
Time is something you must not waste

Listen quick
There is much to say to you
Time is something you must not waste
Please take my words in full

There is much to say to you
Seeing as your time is coming to an end
Please take my words in full
"I don't understand why you must go"

Seeing as your time is coming to an end
I will say it all over again
I don't understand why you must go
There's only hope left for us

I will say it all over again
One could only wish to hear you speak once more
There's only hope left for us
The bitterness we both taste is not the same
One could only wish to hear you speak once more
The medicine must have made you too sore
The bitterness we both taste is not the same
Now we can only talk in silence and dismay

The medicine must have made you too sore
You can't even cry on your own
Now we can only talk in silence and dismay
Because we both know it's over soon anyway

You can't even cry on your own
It will betray and trap you in a choke hold
Because we both know it's over soon anyway
Maybe the world will spare you once again

It will betray and trap you in a choke hold
Life can truly be dangerous and unjust
Maybe the world will spare you once again
It's almost over

It's all over



Aidai Esenzhanova
Ink on Mylar

Sophia Magenta

Snow

The snow falls gently from the sky
Blanketing everything in white
It is like a giant
Sifting powdered sugar on our town

The snowflakes swirl softly though the air
Covering the grass in papery flakes
Though the snow seems fierce, it is actually gentle,
A gift from god

The snowy slush falls in thick, wet clumps
Then formed into spheres, perfectly aerodynamic

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!
The snowballs, one after another, come at me in quick succession
They pound my sled,
An improvised shield

My escape to my snow fort,
My sled becomes the door
And I am safe
Until I venture out
Into

The snow

Kateri Martinez

Mirage

The blissful whisper from a gentle wing
Her aura glistening brighter than a sun
A radiance of which she thrives as king
Her curse, though silent, she cannot outrun

Some see this beauty and believe her vain
Whilst blind as mice to all that she achieves
One fierceful fight that soon will drive insane
This mind entrapped beneath majestic eaves

May all who feel her love, her trust, her heart
See past the guise of peace, a mere mirage
Take care, one step off path will tear apart
The face of calm, which starts a grand barrage

She screams, unheard, the struggle hers alone
How soon she'd run, escape the ghastly throne



Emma Taucher
Tempera Painting



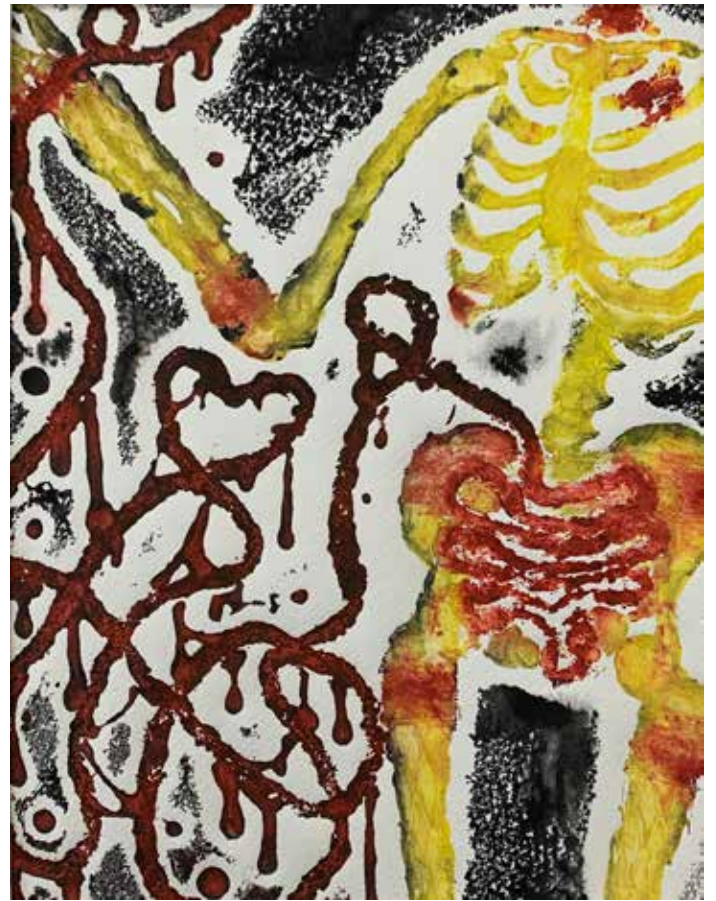
Axel Medina Monarrez
Prismacolor



Klaudia Kubik
Digital Photograph



Jessica Langston
Digital Photograph



Michael Migacz
Colograph

Maggie Martin
Our Terabithia

Michigan was our Terabithia,
Our own fantasy land we created.
Adventures filled with gators and go karts,
Tales of Bill, and the trouble he made.
Sneaking out of bed to find Papa up,
Watching the news that he switched to cartoons,
6 AM trips for doughnuts and cookies.
Chickens in the coop, and dogs on the leash,
Cows and horses at the farm down the street.
Skiing in winter, tubing in summer,
The pontoon making waves and catching rays
Nights filled with family and homemade meals,
Bonfire s'mores, and haunted stories galore.
Halloween brought haunted trails and sweets,
With ghosts in the attic and creepy squeaks.
Christmas and Thanksgiving were magical.
Snow covered trails meant sledding and such,
Making snow forts, and having snowball fights.
Fourth of July meant fireworks and fun,
Spending the day at the lake together,
Hotdogs and burgers under the sun.
Some of the best years of our lives were spent
At our Michigan Terabithia.



Dana Cuellar
Oil on Canvas



Magaly Sanchez
Digital Photograph



Olesia Ovsiienko
Lino Print & Watercolor



Gia Faiola
Colograph

Caera Crimmins
Deeper Than The Ocean

My love for you is deeper than the ocean.

12,000 feet below ground level lays the ocean floor, yet that doesn't even fully define the depth to which I feel about you.

Deeper.

Dig down deeper.

Dig a hole at the bottom of the ocean and keep digging until your shovel breaks on earth's core.

Maybe then that will be deep enough, just maybe.

Not only am I referencing the deepness of the ocean, but everything that comes along with it.

From the very top where all the humans swim, to the very bottom where all the unknown species live.

Or perhaps somewhere in the middle,

Where the great whales and killer sharks are.

The ocean is not only a measure of distance, but it is a measure of all the things within it, just like love.

Love too, has many unknowns.

Many killers.

Many wonderful things.

Sort of how we sit on the sand of the beach,

We see the ocean as nothing more than beautiful waves.

We see love as nothing more than a simple, happy, feeling.

It is not until you sit down and truly analyze the thought of the ocean, that you realize just how complex it truly is.

Julia Kucharewicz

Feathers

You pluck the bird's feather
Dip it in the oil that lead to its death
And write a poem about love
You know nothing
About the suffering you create
While you write your lover cries

And the air is filled with cries
That float down in storms of feather
Aware of the unease they create
Because they want justice for their death
There is nothing
Left for them to love

You present the poem of so-called love
She reads it and cries
Her tears are made of oil and she says nothing
In her hair there is a feather
You are unaware of the death
That your ego will create
Your poem is published in a magazine you create
Critics give it praise and love
How you see beauty in death
And life and tragedy and the way your lover cries
Your conscious is as light as a feather
Do you care for nothing?

You must feel nothing
No shame or guilt for the disaster you create
Now your lover is only beak and feather
You say you still love
Her but you only love the poetry you write about the way she cries
You can't wait to write a sonnet about her death

Now your world is filled with death
That you could prevent, that you don't because there is nothing
On this goddamn planet that could make you hear the cries
Of oceans and forests and birds as you create
A world without them for the sake of love
You write your poem and burn the feather

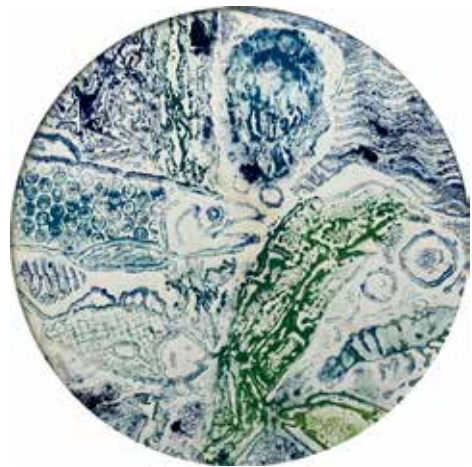
Everything you create
Is a false declaration of love
Your lover is a bird and you pluck her feather



Daiana Pena
Oil on Canvas



Eduardo Lopez
Oil on Canvas



Veronica Wirth
Colograph



Cate Carpenter
Mixed Media



Mia Jonas
Tempera Painting

Michael Migacz
I Apologize

can I apologize for how much I beg
beg for you
beg to be the first thought of the day
and the last thought of the night

can I apologize for how much I cry
for how my face melts at the slightest change
on the thermostat
because you got too cold

can I apologize for how much I hide
hide from you
hide from the startling, shining verdant light
that you bless on my unstable vermilion foundation

can I apologize for how much I care
when it doesn't matter which way the water pushes
the pine needles because the needles still poked you
and I do not have enough flowers to take that away
can I apologize for how much I crave
crave for you
crave the candy lips you place on my salty cheeks
after I beg
after I cry
after I hide
after I care

I cannot apologize for how much I love
love all of you
do not forgive me for that
I beg of you



Kalie Art
Digital Photograph

Dayana Garay
Tragedy of Mind

Let's start with me stating, I have never been free.
Not in my thoughts, not in my body
Not in the hand that leads nor in the eyes that see
Never free but clearly it's not to blame
There is a cage, laced with electric wire and fire made by a security system hijacked by a tyrant
The cage golden, reflective with its sheen,
Stares, observing me
It's hard to decipher when and where it appeared
By the time I was old enough to notice my mind was seared
The cage had been locked and guarded over my brain
I can't think under its heavy weight
There is no room and it feels faint
The darkness that envelops, I can see the tyrant
I hear its laugh of enjoyment echoing, of my suffering
It morphs into everything all at once it is but a million things
There, then it's not
A president, policemen, my mother, my father
Hundreds of faces I see flash
All bludgeoned with judgment, they show no mercy
My hand that leads wavers and my mouth trembles as I try desperately to get out,
To muster up the strength to say
How hard it is being trapped, guarded, and discarded
Down in this world I lay
Away from the clear sky and comfortable day
Six feet under my mind decays, it knows it has no place
No home for it to feel safe in, no one to embrace
It remains tight locked and is shocked whenever it breathes a sigh of relief
If maybe it's over and it can leave the stuffiness of the cage
The dirt, rubble, and debris it can feel
My five senses overtaken by what the earth wields
Where it is buried the cage shakes with those who walk atop,
Free and without struggle they remain
Forever with privilege the beings of freedom reign
However, it always ends the same
With the shame that nothing has changed
The mind that can flourish and dreams of freedom
Is doomed to scream and scheme for someone to hear the words
That these lips can't stumble out
A tragedy this is of a cage, mind, and soul
And the control of the cruel world that cannot open up
And let me disrupt



Syrjana Hanttula
Lino Print



Benny Schlosser
Digital Photograph



Tyler Jackson
Colograph

ADMINISTRATION

KENNETH ARNDT & LAZARO LOPEZ
Interim Superintendents

PAUL KELLY
Principal

QUIANA MCNEAL
Associate Principal

JACKIE RANDALL
Associate Principal

STEVE KOLODZIEJ
Associate Principal

STEVEN LESNIAK
Division Head - Student Success, Safety & Wellness

REBECCA SCHILZ
Division Head - Student Success, Safety & Wellness

KYLE BURRITT
Division Head - CTE & PE

ADAM CLAYTON
Division Head - Special Education

MARY KEMP
Division Head - Math & Science

TIM PHILIPS
Division Head - Social Studies & World Languages

MECCA SADLER
Division Head - English & EL

COLOPHON

Type set in Neon 80s designed by Essque Productions
and Thonburi designed by Chris Shuttleworth

Layout composed in Adobe InDesign CC.

Magazine designed by Jennifer Aguilar-Iannotti

Printed by District Production Services - D214
Arlington Heights, Illinois 60005

<http://www.d214.org>

2023 SENIOR MEDALLION RECIPIENTS - FINE ARTS



Tyler Bobowski
Music - Band



Nicole Cetnar
Music - Orchestra



Wiktorja Gladczuk
Dance - Orchesis



Christopher McDavid
Music - Choir



Kacper Mitera
Visual Art - Photography



Julia Naumowicz
Visual Art - Art



Izabella Pawlina
English



**2023 CALISCH AWARD
NOMINEE**

Amanda Briggs



2023
C.D.

118