



I Feel the Shadows of Your Hands

The urge to hold someone else
The need for human contact
The shadow of your hands

People right now
Are cleaved apart
Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers

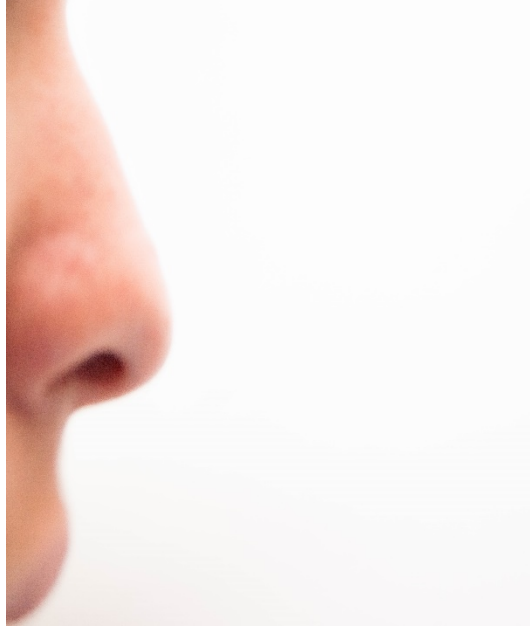
All of us are sequestered
In our little spaces
Shadow hands are our company

The lights of screens
They create darkness around our faces
But that contact is our only light

Staying up till 3:00 am
Talking just talking
Always craving more than
Your Shadow Hands

Poem: Molly M. '22, Westridge, inspired by

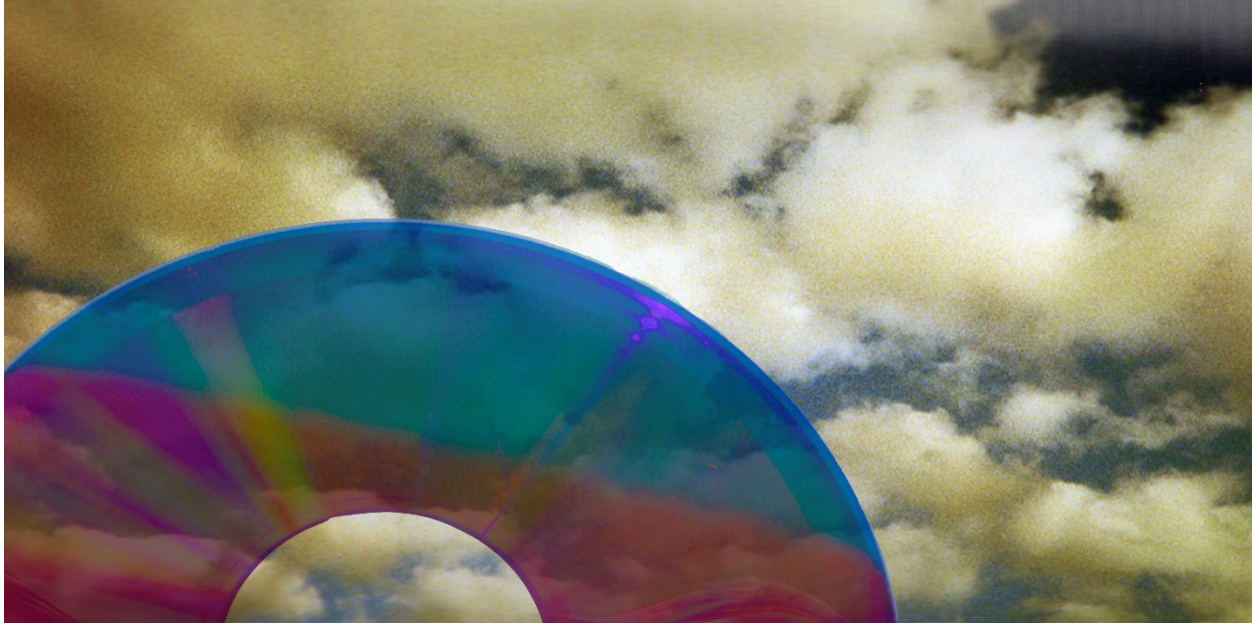
Photo: "Grid" by Emma, Crossroads



This is a Metaphor for the Abuse of Power

Once upon a time there was a pretty young prince
Whose juvenile temper made everyone wince.
But the one thing that sated his ungodly rage
Was fresh buttery bread with some basil and sage.
So alone in his bedroom he'd eat and eat
With the windows shut tight to be nice and discreet.
His lovely lips part like the maws of death
And he'd devour the gluten in one big breath.
But one day a servant made the biggest mistake Of
leaving his blinds and windows agape.
And the peasants below smelled the buttery scent
While the waning economy made its descent.
"The system has failed us!" someone shouted below,
"They just watch us die like it's some sort of show!
The rich and the powerful have reigned for too long
It's time to revolt— play that one Les Mis song!" Like
a wretched god-king overthrown by a coup The
pretty young prince was overthrown by a coup.

*Poem: Isabel C. '23, Westridge, inspired by
Photo: "On the Nose" by Leo, Crossroads*



How to Describe a Rainbow

It's an interesting thing to be asked to describe a rainbow. I mean how can you describe color. A name isn't really a description is it? I mean lots of things have names. If I was to say a word you had never heard before you wouldn't know what it looked like. You wouldn't know what it was. If you had never seen a rainbow I couldn't describe it. I would not be able to do it.

*Photo: by Natsumi, Crossroads, inspired by
Poem: "How to Describe a Rainbow" by Jazz D. '23, Westridge*



Nightmares

Everyday they visit me,
Sometimes in my dreams,
And sometimes in my nightmares

Trapped in my thoughts

For hours, every day, I watch my little orange fish swim in circles,
Its shiny scales reflect my thoughts back at me
And the bubbles spilling from it's mouth tease me as they slowly float to the surface
I watch it bump into the clear glass, not once, not twice, but three times
Hitting the glass harder each time
It turns, and swims into the glass on the other side confused by why it cannot escape the tank
It looked desperate, can fish look desperate? I don't know
Well after it launched its tiny floppy body out of the pool of water, it looked pretty excited
Before it can realize what it has done to itself... splat
Well my fish is gone
At least it isn't still trapped in its small tank the same way I am stuck in my mind

*Photo: by Birdie, Crossroads, inspired by
Poem: "Nightmares" by Kaavya V. '23, Westridge*