



East Brunswick Magnet School's Literary Arts Magazine

Spring 2024





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Spring 2024

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

June, 2024

DEAR READERS:

Welcome to *STRIPES* Literary Magazine: Spring 2024 Edition. We are so excited to have been able to bring you this magazine and share the work of all the talented artists, photographers, and writers here at East Brunswick Magnet School!

The theme for this edition is *Daybreak: A New Light*. Just as the sun casts its light upon the world every morning, we find ourselves immersed in a world painted in a new light and the promise of a new beginning. In this magazine, you will discover the myriad of unique and reflective voices that shine amongst our school community. Like those first rays of light that break through the horizon, our magazine aims to illuminate these talented artists and celebrate their creativity through the strength of self-expression that unites us all.

At the beginning of this school year, I was fortunate enough to watch a performance of “Hair” at the Two River Theater in Red Bank. The title of the musical’s anthem song, “Let the Sunshine In” was a huge inspiration for me in choosing this theme. These words inspire us to embrace each new day and all the obstacles that come at us with renewed optimism and a sense of wonder.

I am so excited to present these works, each selected and crafted by students who dream to share their light with the world. May these pieces immerse you in the dawn of a new chapter, where possibilities are endless and the future is as bright as the morning sun.

Sincerely,

Katelen Estrada

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Are you a poet, writer, artist, or photographer?

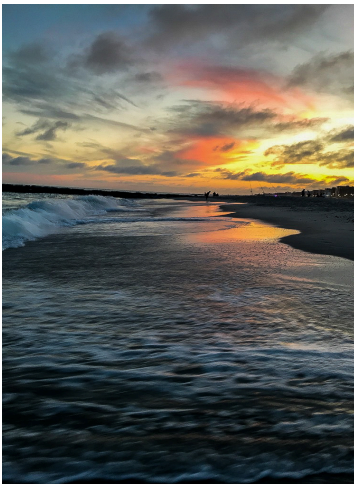
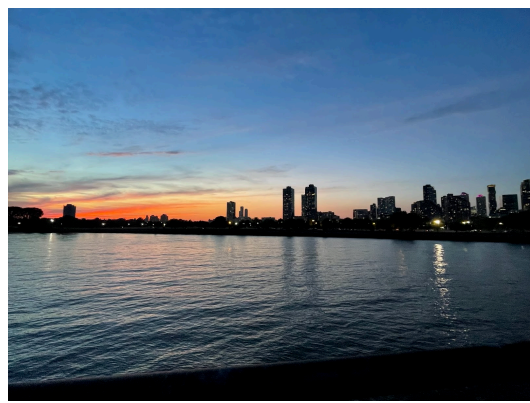
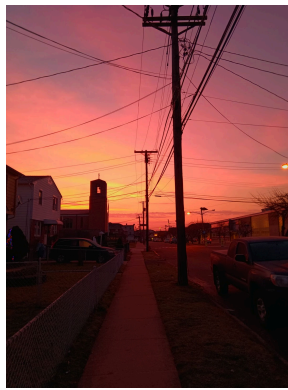
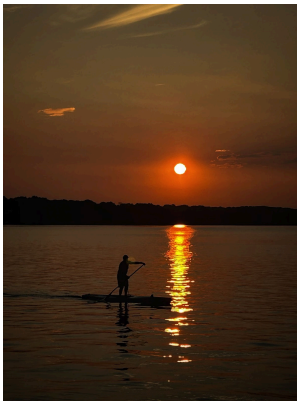
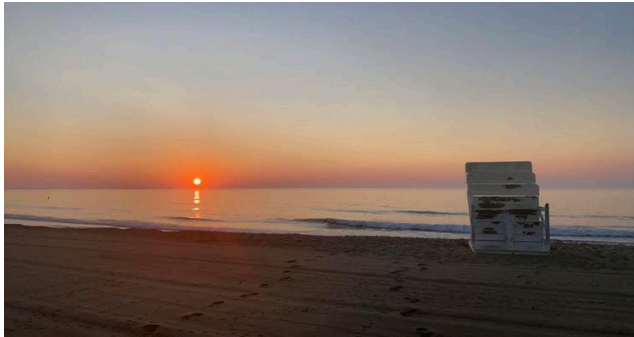


TIGER SAYS: Join *Stripes!* 🐾

Google Classroom Code: [bt4dfwq](#)

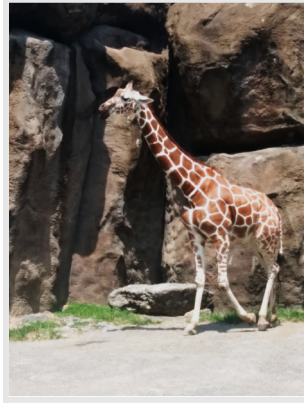
Questions? Email Mrs. Solomon at SolomonL@mcmsnj.net

Daybreak: A Photo Essay



Photographers (left to right from top to bottom): Addison Calabrese; Cassidy Douglas; Miguel Garcia; Hailey Toth; Jaskirat Singh; Jose Yanes; Ashley Singh; Sophia Fishman

New Perspectives



Photographers: Miguel Garcia; Ella O'Brien

NOWHERE TO GO

by Jose Yanes

I got disturbed by your
commotion
I only wanted to take a walk

I crawl around the walls
and wait for you to be gone

Am I not part of nature?
That you so easily tried to kill
me

Am I not part of life?
That you so easily try to get
rid of me

I know I'm just a roach
But I've got a life of my own
I'm sorry if I invaded your
home
But there is nowhere else to
go

PUPPY DOG EYES

by Shelby Scranton

Hi! Hi! You're home!
I love you, I love you!
Mommy! Daddy! Sissy!
I'll kiss you, pet me!

What's for dinner?
Come on, I'm hungry!
Cheese? Meat? Banana?
I'm waiting, Mom!

Woof! Grr! Go away!
Who's that dog on the TV?
My parents say "Shut up!"
No, sorry, not today!

KING OF THE JUNGLE

by Jaskirat Singh

Ruler of the jungle
No one else on top
All the animals under my paw

Six wives for my tribe
The only man that can't fail
Their protector and
commander

But soon I'll age
And others will invade
Leaving my tribe to fade

But it's time for my cubs
They will grow as strong
The next commander will
soon rise

Poetic Ponderings



Photographer: Lamont Harris

LOVE

by Megan Wagerik

What does it mean?
It is the desire
To be heard or seen
By a person
You so desperately need
But what for?
Why do you choose to adore
Someone who has no care
For you?
What is Love?
I have yet to know
I guess I'll just have to let it go.

YOUR GIRL

by Ari Ortiz Luna

it feels like one thousand and one nights
have gone by, and I look at the stars,
always wondering how you could be so far
away but even so, your light is so bright

it reaches and taunts me with all of its
might,
almost like a drug something Escobar
gave me to be addicted to you, my star,
and I can't stand another day another night
without you here, without seeing your smile
your eyes, your lips, and your skin so
sun-kissed
I'll never forget the way each curl

falls so perfect on your face, always in style
I can't deny, never to be dismissed
how desperately I wish to be your girl.

THE CROSSROAD

by Ezekiel Gonzalez

When I walk down Sinner's road
Grief and pain is all I know
Past haunts you like a trail of blood
Hard to keep white clothes clean in the Mud
They crucified the carpenter on a tree
Imagine what they'll do to me
They crucified the carpenter on a tree
Imagine what they'll do to me

Gotta keep moving I hear the Hell hounds
barking
Gotta keep moving I hear the devil scream Hell
bounds calling
I would love to stay and chat but I can't stick
around
Can't really, Gotta talk? Can't really, can't really
talk right now
Paid a toll cost 'bout a Pound yeah, 'bout a
pound yeah
I could hear in the distance the frightening
Sound
The pitter-patter across the, across the ground

Oh I see Lady Wisdom at the crossroad
She said which way will you ride
Said will you pick your way and choose
your demise
Or will you walk in wisdom and see through the
lies
Oh daily I question which way will I go
Oh lately I've been lost with no place to call
home

I won't go back to the rising sun
My days in that house are done
No I won't backtrack, no I won't settle
Keep moving forward pedal to the metal
If I get there does it matter if I'm late?
Lady Wisdom, please guide me straight
I want to see the day of my father's gate
I wonder if this was me or if this was fate

Gotta keep moving I hear the Hell hounds
barking
Gotta keep moving I hear the devil scream Hell
bounds calling
I would love to stay and chat but I can't stick
around
Can't really, Gotta talk? Can't really, can't really
talk right now
Paid a toll cost 'bout a Pound yeah, 'bout a
pound yeah
I could hear in the distance the frightening
Sound
The pitter-patter across the, across the ground

Oh I meet the devil at the crossroad
he said which way will you ride
Mischievous grin, one filled with sin
One Crooked smile that stretched for a mile
He said you oughta come with me
I said no thank you, walked back slowly
He started to pursue so I booked gunning
Oh daily I question which way I will go
Oh lately I've been lost with no place to call
home

Gotta keep moving I hear the Hell hounds
barking
Gotta keep moving I hear the devil scream
Hellbound's calling
I would love to stay and chat but I can't stick
around
Can't really, Gotta talk? Can't really, can't really
talk right now
Paid a toll cost about Pound yeah, 'bout a pound
yeah
I could hear in the distance the frightening
Sound
The pitter patter across the, across the ground

You're the streetlight when the day turns night
You're the lamp to my feet so I have sight
No U-turns now, no turning back
Change of shoes to get my devil off my track



Artist: Jenna Majeski

EMBRACING CHANGE

by Rocco Navarria

In the depths of my heart, a realization grew,
This friendship's toxic, it's time to bid adieu.
Thoughts and feelings swirling, hard to
comprehend,
But I know deep down, it's time for this to end.
We shared laughs and good times, memories so
sweet,

But beneath the surface, something felt
incomplete.
You brushed off my feelings, your problems took
the stage,
Leaving me longing for a friendship that's
engaged.
I thought it was normal, to be there when you'd
call,
But now I see clearly, it's not healthy at all.
No hate resides within me, that's true,
A special place in my heart, forever for you.
But it's time to move on, find a new place to be,
To set myself free, and let my heart roam free.
Our love and memories, they'll never fade,
But it's time to part ways, for our own barricade.
I once dreamt of forever, of growing old
together,
But jokes that hurt, they severed our tether.
I deserve a best friend, who values my heart,
Not one who tears it apart, right from the start.
It's okay to outgrow people, to find your own
space,
To choose yourself, and embrace your own grace.
So, farewell, my dear friend, our chapter is done,
May we both find happiness, and heal, one by
one.

VICIOUS CIRCLE (REVISED)

by Tesia Yachimovicz

Actuality:

As humans, we tend to stay loyal to the past,
In which objectivity remains a non-existent
concept.

Chemicals in the mind override the inhibition
To fill the void, the delusion of the human
condition.

Identity:

Do I write about the past to remember?
Is it for those of the future to understand the
past
In which those of the future contemplate the
future
To understand the paradigm of existence?
How did we come to have

Terrenity:

Our connection
To this life,
For our life,
In order to experience life.
This is known as

Cecity:

Where you cannot see to future days,
Nor return to long ago.
The distance is coated in a thick layer of haze
On a perceivably unidirectional road.
And so we run

Desperately:

Bound to this vicious circle—
A homesick state of mind—
An infinite amount of hurdles,
As these muddled tears run dry.
This is such a

Fantasy:

Where I'll be remembered,
With my life in the books.
Quasi-reality, self-centered,
"By hook or by crook."
How did we come to have

Serenity:

We want to go back
To the way it was before.
This isn't so easy
When your legs are through the floor.
Why?

As humans,
We tend to stay loyal to
The past, in which
Objectivity is
A non existent
Concept.
Chemicals in
The mind override
The inhibition,
In which we
Fill the void,
The delusion of the
Human condition.



Artist: Peyton Seow

HELEN KELLER

by Tesia Yachimovicz

Helen Keller,
She was not your average bookseller.
Helen Keller,
Sickness befell her.
She was blinded and deafened
At nineteen months young
And yet this propelled her.

She was taught to read and write
By Anne Sullivan's sight.
She felt her words on cardboard,
And soared to new heights.

Helen Keller
Earned her Bachelor of Arts.
Helen Keller,
A Radcliffe graduate with smarts.
Her determination as fierce as a tiger,
She campaigned for those who were like her.

She learned Braille to express herself,
And even with her challenges,
She wrote books and proved herself
To be extremely talented.

For eighty-seven years,
She achieved the impossible.
She was truly unstoppable.
She was
Helen Keller.

SUN & MOON

by Shelby Scranton

Sun shining brightly,
Earth and Sea, eternally,
Forever present.

Moon shining brightly,
Earth and Sea, eternally,
Ever shifting tides.

BIO POEM: MARY JACKSON

by Shelby Scranton

Mary Jackson, born Mary Winston on April 9th, 1921.

African-American mathematician and engineer with NASA.

Remembered as a pioneer of women and minorities in engineering.

Years at NASA (then NACA) 35, from 1950-1985.

John Glenn's mission to orbit earth in 1962, she worked on.

A data analyst turned aeronautical engineer.

Champion of equal rights for women and minorities.

Kept doing what she wanted, despite what others said.

Space race's success was insured by her calculations.

On February 11, 2005, she died.

Now she is remembered in "Hidden Figures" by Margot Lee Shetterly.



Artist: Estevan Atanacio

Prosaic Prose



Artist: Jenna Majeski

RUN ALL NIGHT

by Jett Turchiano

A dark, pitch black room. The ghost of a piano plays muffled in the background. I begin walking through the darkness, an almost consuming shadow. As I walk, I pick up my pace, noticing the tempo of the piano keys rising. Soon enough, I find myself running. As my feet hit the floor, the heavy thumping of a drum fades into my ears. The drum syncs into my steps. The melody stops as I come to a halt. Suddenly, The darkness is consumed by vibrant explosions of pinks, purples, and magentas. The hues and shapes of the colors shift to the rhythm. I can feel the beat in my chest. The music is no longer muffled. It is loud, it is heard. My breath is stolen from my lungs. It is heard.

BARCELONA

by Jett Turchiano

A steady guitar rhythm fills the air. I'm sitting on sand, surrounded by bushels of ferns. It's dusk. You sit by my side. On me, an indigo button-up, yours in deep blue. I hum as the guitar strings dance under my fingers. I hear the insects buzz and nature whirr. Your honey-dew eyes meet mine, seemingly glowing in the sun's weakening light. Your eyes reflect the cosmos. The gorgeous colors replicate Venus' beauty, making the gentlest carvings in my memory. You always told me that my eyes were "Earthy" and that they have the colors and the kind traits of mother nature. I feel you lean into my side filled with affection. I look to you with adoration. We're able to softly shut our eyes as we bask in the warm glow of the music. Our music. As I lie right by your side, in Barcelona. My dear, we are wanted on a voyage.



Artist: Madeline Russell

PROUD

by Luca Bourlotos

Once upon a time, when I was younger, I was at the doctor's office, and on these visits, I always dreaded the possibility of having to get a super scary shot!

It'll be quick, honey." My mom spoke with a serene tone in her voice.

"I don't know mom, are you sure?"

"Don't worry, I'm sure."

Filled with dread, I walked into the building and pondered every turn, squeezing my mother's hand tight. *Was I going to get a shot or not? I've been here before, and only sometimes did I get it!* We had stopped, arriving at a place flowing with murmurs and sighs. Yet, the dull depression of adult life was no matter to a child like me. I dismissed the mundaneness of my surroundings as my eyes darted to the ever-so-cool fish tank, and I bubbled with excitement and anticipation just imagining the crazy cool-looking fish in there!

"Mom! Can I go look at the fish?"

"Yeah, go ahead honey!"

"Luca?"

Before I knew it, it was my turn to go into the doctor's office, but man, those fish were cool!

Later on, the doctors talked to my mom about the rest of my visit. I overhear part of their conversation and pick up on the word '*shot*'. *I knew it! Oh no!* Soon, my mom finished conversing with the doctors and walked over to me.

"Don't look, ok? It won't be that bad." She looked me in the eyes as she spoke to me and alleviated my worries.

"Just breathe." I did as my mom said, almost lulled in her presence. I squeezed my eyes shut, still breathing as my mom told me so, and soon I felt a little prick in my arm but nothing more.

I opened my eyes and saw my mom sitting beside me with a proud look.

"See? You did it!" She said excitedly. A giddy smile formed on my face. I was proud too.

