

Revelation

2021 Volume 52

SURELY SOME REVELATION IS AT HAND...



Catherine Fan

Lia Grammer

Nicole Hammond

Nickolas Carroll

Art and literature have always been a way for students to freely express themselves and their creativity. As the world slowly heals from the experiences from the past year, we hope that through the various creative piece's from students, *Revelation* will serve not only as a memento of our trials and tribulations, but also of our joys and accomplishments.

Working on *Revelation* this year has proved to be a unique experience from the beginning. For the entire year, our team never got the chance to meet in person, and all our meetings were done through Google Meet. From this came many unexpected challenges, but we are glad to say we overcame them and are able to continue to share our work with our community.

We would like to thank our advisors, Mrs. Morris and Ms. Bonacic, for working alongside of us and helping us figure out how to put this magazine together remotely. Thank you to the local businesses who supported us, all the students who submitted their work, and to everyone who has helped create the magazine. It is because of your support that we are still able to publish this magazine year after year.

Since we are all graduating this year, it has been a bittersweet experience to finish our last magazine. We will always look back on this year with fond memories, and we wish the best of luck to the upcoming editors as they work to uphold our traditions. We hope everyone continues to express their creativity and share their art and literature with the world.

With love,

The Editors

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& Catherine Fan (Inside back)

Mocha and Astronauts

sitting here
in this coffee shop
i wonder if i am good enough

i wonder if i can reach the skies and above
like an astronaut blasting into the air

do you know they travel twenty times the
speed of sound

i feel like i'm in that rocket

i am going 17,600 miles per hour

to reach my dreams
and i don't know how to slow down

i travel into the darkness and
there's nothing but space
around me

space

i see
nothing
you are enough

for years i see nothing
i am alone
but a speck in this galaxy

and all i can see

is space

i am a star
a ball of hot air in the middle of nowhere
the poster child for good and happy things
scared and extravagant
large and alone

i am a star
i am an astronaut

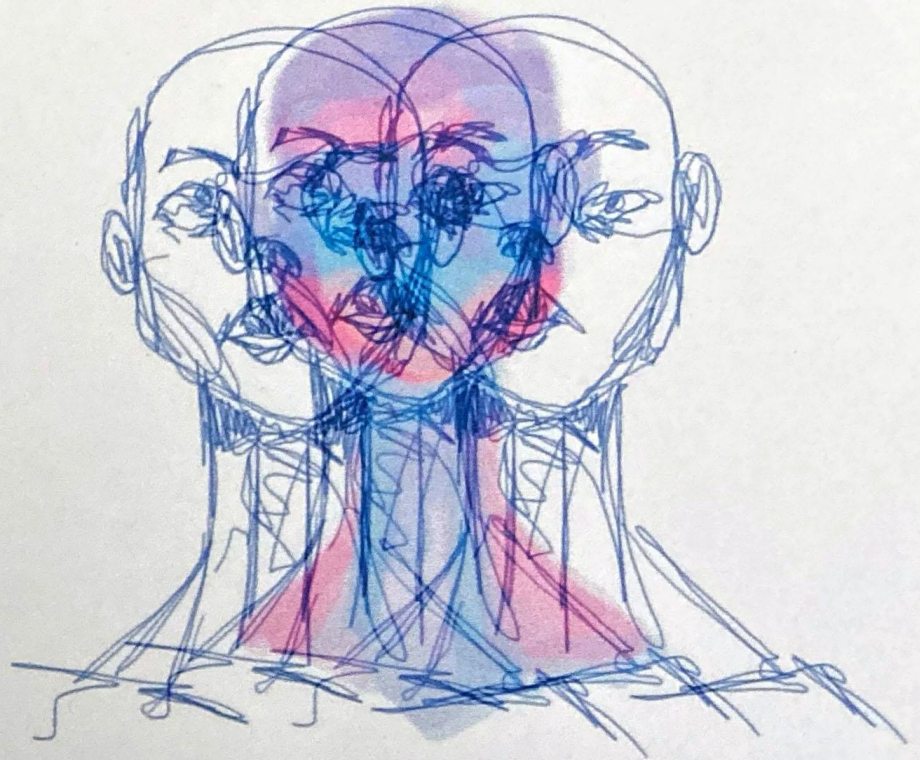
i am
sitting in a coffee shop
reflecting
and

you are enough

~ i am enough

- Ariana Laurie





Kacie Faulkner

Love

Love is important in the world
It is like its own language
Complex and painful
Many things go into love
Care, compassion, compromise
Many forms of love
Including platonic and romantic
Are needed to make this world a better
place
Love could change the world

- Nicole Hammond



Mary Jane Baselice

HeartAche

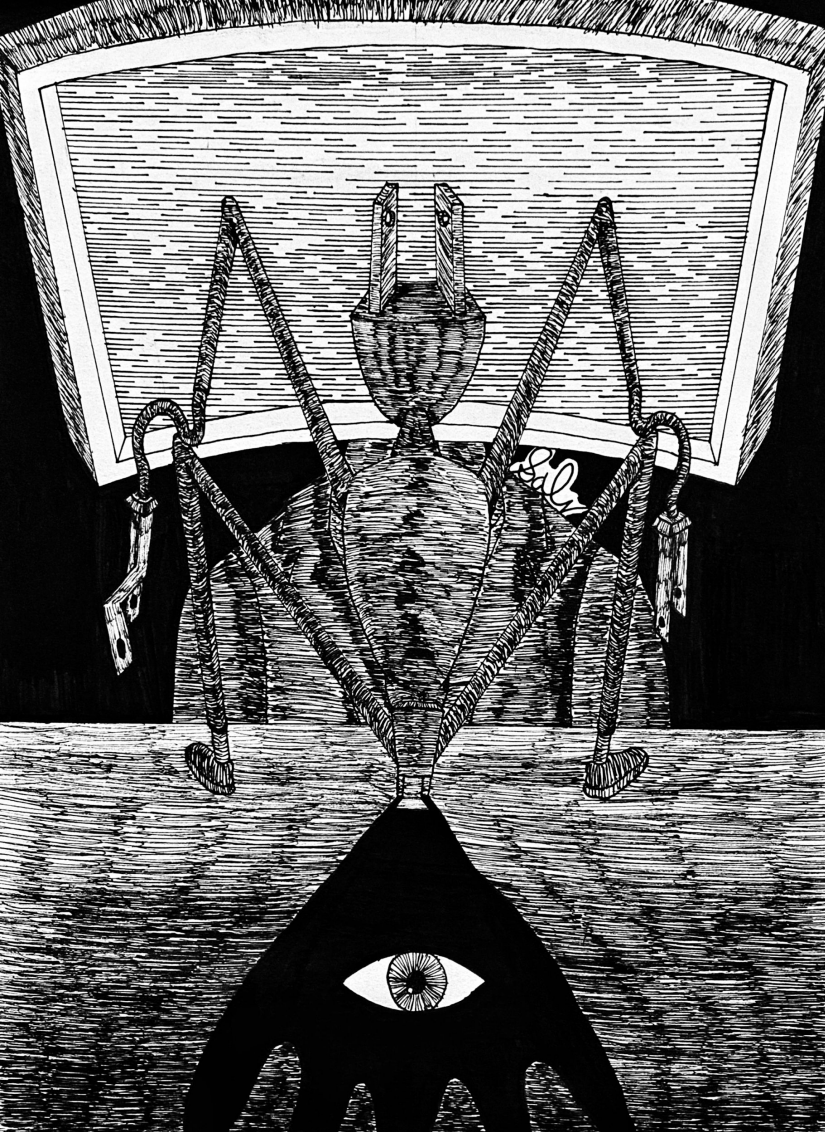
I can see the anger in his eyes
And the steam from his brain
As the alcohol pumps through his broken veins
I can see the beat of his heart
As it fills with pain

I can see his body going cold and his mind going insane

I can see the tears on his face
As they fall slowly like rain

I can see he is lost
And forever that will always remain

- Falon Smith



Salvatore Zeffiro



There is a million mile journey
Between me
And the stars
That makes my
Problems
Worries
Mistakes
Regrets
A little
Less
Significant

- O'Malley Murphy

Lia Grammer





Rylee Storti



Julia McKenna



Katherine Ronsini

When You Lose Someone

You know that one person that you have had all your life up until about two years ago
when like a knife the pain of his illness strikes you
and now his face is turning blue
tears are trembling, hearts are breaking

Now just getting one more day, one more hour
just to find the superpower
so you can undo all the hours
that you spent, instead of pulling him close, you pushed him away
but now you are standing over his grave crying

Or you know that great uncle that you would see
at your grandparents' house over a holiday
and how he would brighten your day
but now you're standing out of the hospital window pane
just praying to keep him out of pain
not to have his hair falling, his brain closing, or his heart stopping

You go to church to try and find the answer
of why he gave your great uncle cancer
you go back to the hospital with the window pane
to find out his heart is struggling to attain nurses running, doctors calling

your prayer has been answered, you have to get him out of this pain

So what can you say when you're standing on a boat saying goodbye
your heart is crushing, tears are flowing, you drop the vessel and like a bomb butterflies explode
from the middle of the ocean with this you know he is free

and now your grandfather comes and visits
he sits in his chair and does nothing but listen
and he tries to take away the pain
and your great uncle comes and walks you to the bus with his beautiful bright wings saying
goodbye

- Kylie Butcher

Cabin

It's a slow ascend on the unsteady lift
In the snow that falls from an invisible void.
Big snowflakes that mesmerize and cause you to drift
You welcome the silence that once left you paranoid.

The impact of the skis on the unforgiving ground
Fills your mind with a second guess
One thing about a mountain is you can't just turn around
So you push yourself forward and let your heart transgress.

It's different at the top when so much lies ahead
So apparent is how fragile your bones really are
But over bumps and ice patches, around corners you sped
Look back up the slope, you've made it this far.

Millions of different trails and signs on the way
Each tweaks your journey with its different curves
Lost at a fork you tumble, on the ground your poles lay
Knee deep not in snow, but choked by your nerves.

Overwhelmed by your thoughts and what ifs and what nots
You wait for someone to come for you, but they're on their own path
It's time for you to take the risk, on the moguls take your shot
What's important is not your choice but your own footpath.

The journey is different but all the trails lead together
At the end of the slope is the cabin
The warmth in a snowglobe of weather
And something else you once couldn't fathom.

In a lodge you'll find a real kind of love,
Not just an idea of love from stories or tall tale
A home that remains through the falls and weather above
One that warms your heart without fail.

In its eyes you will find something new every time
And an overwhelming feeling of relief
You know why you went through the sleet and the grime:
For a safety that will never leave.

- Caroline Hargrove



Kimberly Toledo



Alone With You

I love the time I spend with you,
We are inseparable, like laces to a shoe.
We could live like this forever,
I love it when we're together.

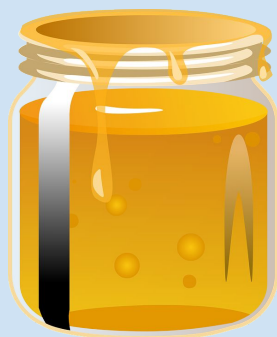
Do you have the same feelings?
I think our limits are higher than the ceiling.
The future seems so bright,
I hope it goes right.

I know you love me, you say it every day.
I just hope that feeling never goes away.
I will never leave you alone,
I'm here for you through thick and thin, let
that be known.

Let this never end,
I know we are more than just friends.
Things are going swell,
I hope they stay like this,
like hair soaked in gel.

- Matthew Cione





Natalie Viviano

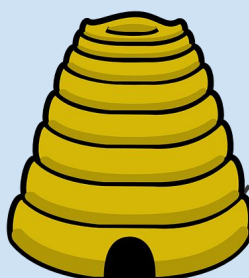


Sarah Shipley

Past Tense

I loved you
Notice the past tense
I loved you
But it's been years since

- Sierra Devito





Arianna Castro

My Brain Hurts

I hate to complain,
but I believe there's something wrong with my brain.
My mind won't stop thinking,
And my sanity is ceasing,
I think there's something wrong with my brain.

All things considered I am doing okay,
My bones don't creak and my hair isn't going grey
Though, I do feel this pain.
There must be something wrong with my brain.

Unless I am wrong,
And my brain just isn't strong.
Not strong enough to explain
what's going on with my brain.

- Haven Partington





Ghost Boy

There was a boy only I could see and he would beckon me to dance
He would come real close and tell me to join him only by looking at a glance
No music in the air nor people dancing about
But that wasn't something to fuss over now
People would be staring
But I wouldn't really be caring
Cause I would follow my little ghost boy just about anywhere
Whether physical or not
Or if he would tear my heart apart
I would still follow my little ghost boy just about anywhere

- Nickolas Carroll





The Lotus Fox

The boy sits under the willow tree beside the riverbank, watching the small ripples flow. Thinking of his past choices and present, he begins to hum a warm tune. He listens to the birds singing along, the trees dancing and the vivid moving waters.

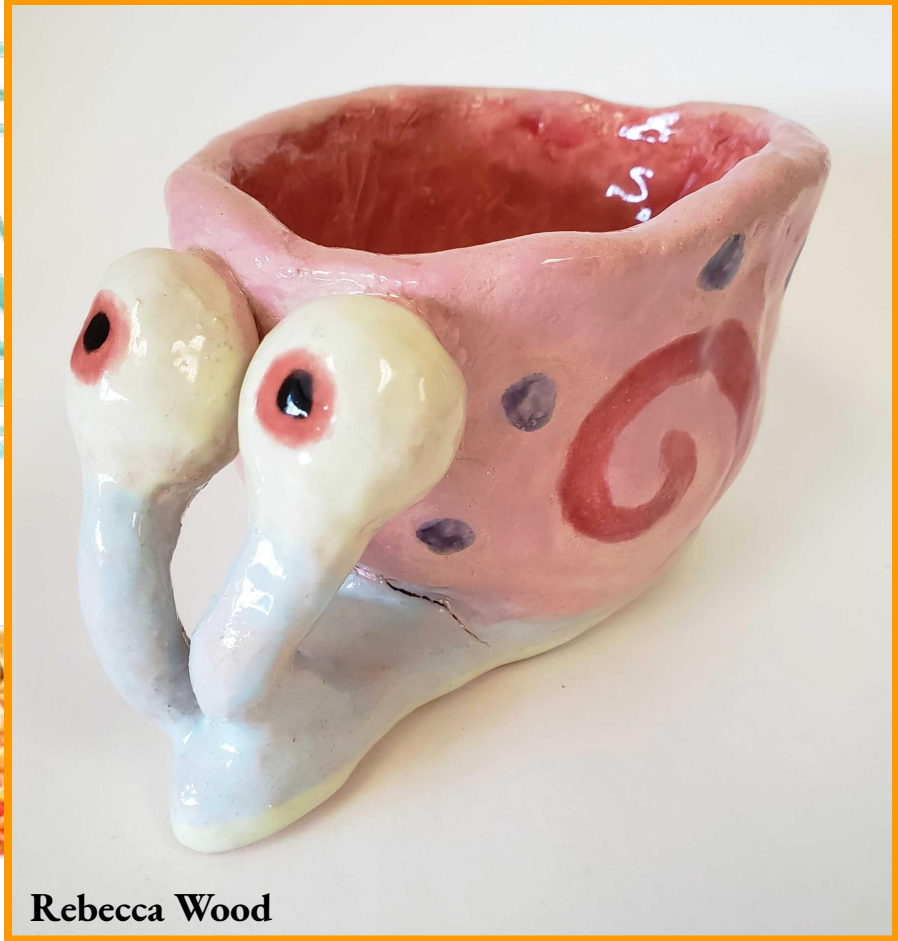
The boy continues to hum as he lies down beneath the willow that shelters him from the sun's orange glare. He twirls his fingers in the grass and fallen leaves. He then drifts off into a light slumber, continuing his tune.

The willow listens and dances about. The birds soar through the warm orange-blue sky. After a while, the boy awakens with a pale, snow-like fox. The fox then leaps onto the boy's chest and forms into a fox necklace. The boy can now hum louder, allowing the entire forest to enjoy the tune.

As the boy leaves the willow, he leaves a trail of special blue-purple lotus flowers. He still hums with the fox today, along with the singing birds and dancing trees under the same willow. All is well.



Nikki Baselice



Rebecca Wood



Rebecca Wood



Kaytlin Addington



Leah Dunham

The Confinement of Emotions

I fear I will not survive one more night
Flowers slowly blossomed from my frail spine
Tears flowed from my wounded eyes

Pink petal-like lips grazed my cheek
Your unwrinkled slender hands
turned into twine
I fear I will not survive the night

Drowning in fear as I stared at
the freak
Quickly trying to leave the
blood-filled shrine
Tears flowed from my wounded eyes

The human carcasses began to reek
Contaminating the place where
we dine
I fear I will not survive the night

Everything suddenly becomes
so bleak
I never realized it was all mine
Tears flowed from my wounded eyes

All I could do was let out a small
shriek
I never forgot how you spilled the wine
I fear I will not survive the night
Tears flowed from my wounded eyes

- Amanda Maizku



Nickolas Carroll



Isabelle Baselice

[Her]

There is no loneliness like hers,
As she walks alone along the highway.
Towards the bridge,
Towards the marsh,
Towards her willow tree.

She hears the cars whizzing past.
60mph, a minivan,
50mph, an 18-wheeler,
105mph, that idiot in a sudan.

And as she walks she pumps her fist in the air.
The first trailer honks twice,
The next follows suit,
But the third, the third points his tall finger towards the sky.

And when she enters her marsh,
She gets cuts on her hands from the unforgiving trees,
The deep mud looms below her,
And at night her tree gets a bit too creaky.

This is not a place for her to be,
But this is her own place.
She had a string of branches to climb,
A large root to sit on,
And a spot on the trunk to carve a heart for that perfect boy.

Until one evening, the cops arrived.
She knew this was coming.
'Please step out of the woods!'
Though their sirens silent, their lights pierced through her trees.
Scared as she was, she stepped out to face two tall men.

'What are you doing here?'
'Why are you on the highway? It's dangerous here.'
'Do your parents know where you are?'

Defiantly, she thought.
She thought about the years at home trapped with her parents
and their schoolwork,
About the countless hours trapped with her father on his farm,



Kylie Butcher
Leah Dunham
Emma Krzeminski

About her proudest achievements that her parents
never acknowledged...
There is no loneliness like hers.

Yet quietly, she spoke.
She spoke with tears in her eyes and a frog in her
throat,
'I... I had to get out of the house.'
'With covid and all... all I ever see are my parents...'
'I told them I'm here.'

'Stop crying.'
'And don't come back here again or we'll arrest you
for trespassing.'
'Give us your name, phone number, and parents'
names and phone numbers.'
'After that we'll drive you home.'

One day she'll return to her marsh and her willow
tree.
She'll follow her same path,
Pump her same arm,
And climb her same branches.
For in her loneliness, nothing will stop her.

- Christopher Darrigo

Brenna Connolly



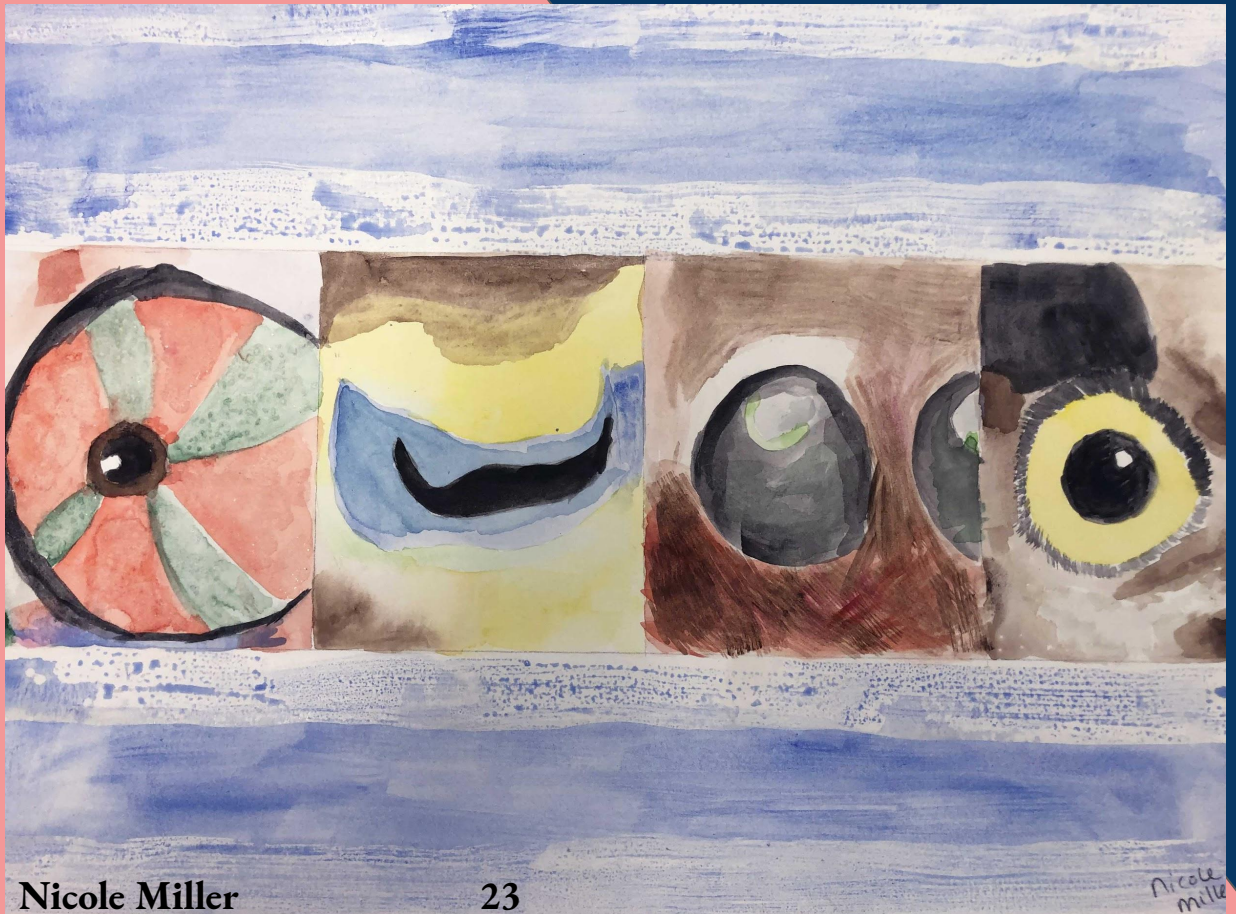
Julia Wilson



Madison Daidone

Night; and once again
The while I wait for you,
cold wind
Turns into rain

- J'Myra Hardy



Nicole Miller

There's an ocean of green, orange, purple,
Colors swirling together in the way
That old clothes in the back of the closet smell,
Like the rotting of fruit,
Like the feeling of first rejection.
The sky swirls in hues of cyan and yellow,
Like dressing too heavy for a warm day,
Like not bringing in that extra cent needed for
an energy drink.
Horses skim the surface,
The clock ticks.
(Tick tock)
Me and her sit side-by-side,
On the sand of broken glass,
Her bright eyes,
Innocent,
That betrayed her question,
Her wavering tone,
"What's the worst you've ever hurt?"
I tear my eyes away,
Like green, orange, purple,
Like a word that's unintelligibly written,
The horses draw closer.
She senses my unease,
Changes the topic.
"So... the horses."
"The horses." I echo.
She smiles and nudges my shoulder.
"You know what I mean."
I smile and shrug.
We both erupt in a silent fit of laughter.
"So... they're so--"
"Like a child's first words?"
She opens her mouth, cocks her head to the side.
"No. Not like that. More like a--"
"The abrupt spring after winter?"
She snaps her fingers, eyes bright.
"Yes, exactly!"
Her eyes bore into mine.

I can feel my pulse in my throat.
(Tick tock tick tock tick--)
She suddenly grabs my arm,
She's speaking, but nothing coherent comes out.
"What?"
"Stop trying to avoid the question!"
She smiles and looks down, eyes looking at her legs.
Her feet and ankles have already disappeared,
Her calves and knees have yet to fade completely
Into waves of stuttering during a presentation,
And speaking too loudly in a library.
Her smile gradually grows to a thin line.
Only the stuttering and boisterous laughs can be
heard
As we sit for the next few minutes.
"Why are you ashamed of me?"
It comes out quiet, yet firm,
Such a rawness of confusion,
A desperation to *knowknowknow*.
The ghost of her grip on my arm
Feels like the burning of leftover wounds
Of nails dug into my skin,
Like the taste of the Garden's forbidden fruit,
Like the pack of gum I stole from a gas station years
ago,
The colors swirl,
All dark oranges and mauves and yellow-greens,
To deep, rich crimsons and scarlets,
Maybe some peach.
I can still see the lingering shade of chartreuse.
We stare out to the ocean together,
Watching the horses disappear into the horizon.
(Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock tick tock)

- Catherine Fan



Secret Keeper

She sees him

She looks past the smile and sees his frown

He covers up the cuts but she knows what's under the sleeves

She pulls down the facade that he puts up

He puts up the act but she wrote the script

She knows this pain

She kept her own secrets

She climbed out of the grave

He needed a rope

But was too ashamed to ask for it

She reached for him

But she wasn't strong enough

She had lost him

But he had lost himself first

She read between the scars

and kept his secrets

Until it was too late

- James Reavey V





Arrived home after a long day of school,
my mind like mush, all out of fuel.

Ran to my room and fell onto the bed
to escape the feelings I wanted to shed.

Started my freedom with a nap,
my mind free of the day's crap.

A few hours later my mind has revived,
due to it no longer being sleep-deprived.

Sprang up startled in my bed
when a terrifying thought came into my head;

Freedom was no longer in sight,
for homework still had to be done tonight.

Looked across the room to see my backpack
filled with papers I wanted to smack.
Book reports, vocab, quizzes and more
ready to kill me, blood and gore.

One, two, three and four
hours gone to finish this chore.

The end was nearly in sight
before the English teacher emailed me more in spite.

Sorry mom, dinner will have to wait
I have to get this homework straight.

Finally finished, finally done
but too late at night to have any fun.

Off to bed, off to sleep
to head back to school and do this on repeat.

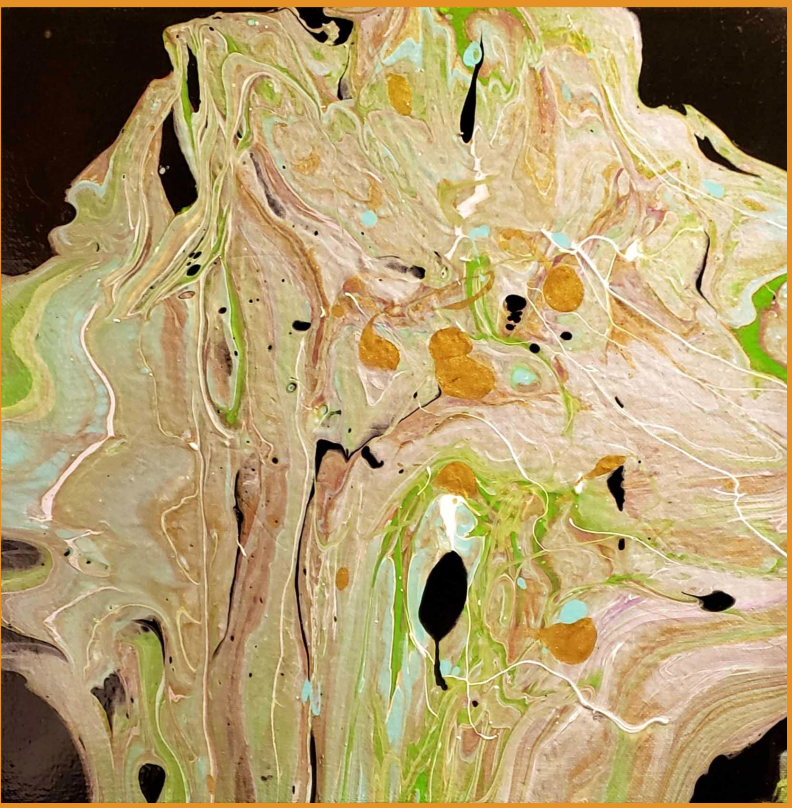
- Julia Mann



EllaJane Mahon



Catherine Fan



Lillian Pena



Rylee Storti

Once again going for the kill
It awakens something in me
It's like time tends to stand still
Making me finally free

It's in an instant when I pull the
trigger
Knowing that it had to be done
At the end of the day, I am the
winner
But have I really won?

Feeling bad is never an option
It slows me down mentally
Even though it sits on my
conscience
There is no use for having
empathy

I know it sounds like I'm the one
to blame
But please refrain for it's only a
video game

- Jayshawn Brown

Isabella Bragaglia



Love Never Fails

How does one truly find someone to love
Do some happen to stumble upon it
Could it be found in the heavens above
True love could be likened to a sonnet
Do they treat it as if they found treasure
Like gold found at the bottom of the seas
Some seek it for their own guilty pleasure
Love illustrates as one pod and two peas
Love is what makes the heart vulnerable
But it can also be very sublime
If you lose that love you feel miserable
Or it could last as long as a lifetime
Love isn't perfect it's fallible
But that's what makes it truly valuable

- John Gonzalez

Riley Cavalluzzo

Zachary Wood



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Marra, Amanda, 14

Baselice, Isabelle, 20

McKenna, Julia, 8

Black, Erin, 25

Miller, Nicole, 23

Bragaglia, Isabella, 16, 29

Pena, Lillian, 28

Butcher, Kylie, 21

Revella, James, 24

Caroll, Nickolas, 19

Ronsini, Katherine, 8

Castro, Arianna, 13

Shipley, Sarah, 12

Cavalluzzo, Riley, 30

Stevens, Katherine, 5

Connolly, Brenna, 22

Storti, Rylee, 8, 28

Cruz, Yolanni, 11

Toledo, Kimberly, 10

Daidone, Madison, 23

Treiland, Jeremy, 4

Diaz del Valle, Karlie, 26

Viviano, Natalie, 12

Dunham, Leah, 18, 21

Wilson, Julia, 22

Fan, Catherine, 28

Wood, Rebecca, 17

Faulkner, Kacie, 5

Wood, Zachary, 30

Grammer, Lia, 7, 15

Zeffiro, Salvatore, 7

Krzeminski, Emma, 21

AUTHORS

Brown, Jayshawn, 29

Butcher, Kylie, 9

Carroll, Nickolas, 14

Cione, Matthew, 11

Darrigo, Christopher, 21

Devito, Sierra, 12

Fan, Catherine, 24

Gonzalez, John, 30

Hammond, Nicole, 5

Hardy, J'Myra, 23

Hargrove, Caroline, 10

Laurie, Ariana, 4

Maizku, Amanda, 19

Mann, Julia, 27

Marrero, Evan, 16

Murphy, O'Malley, 7

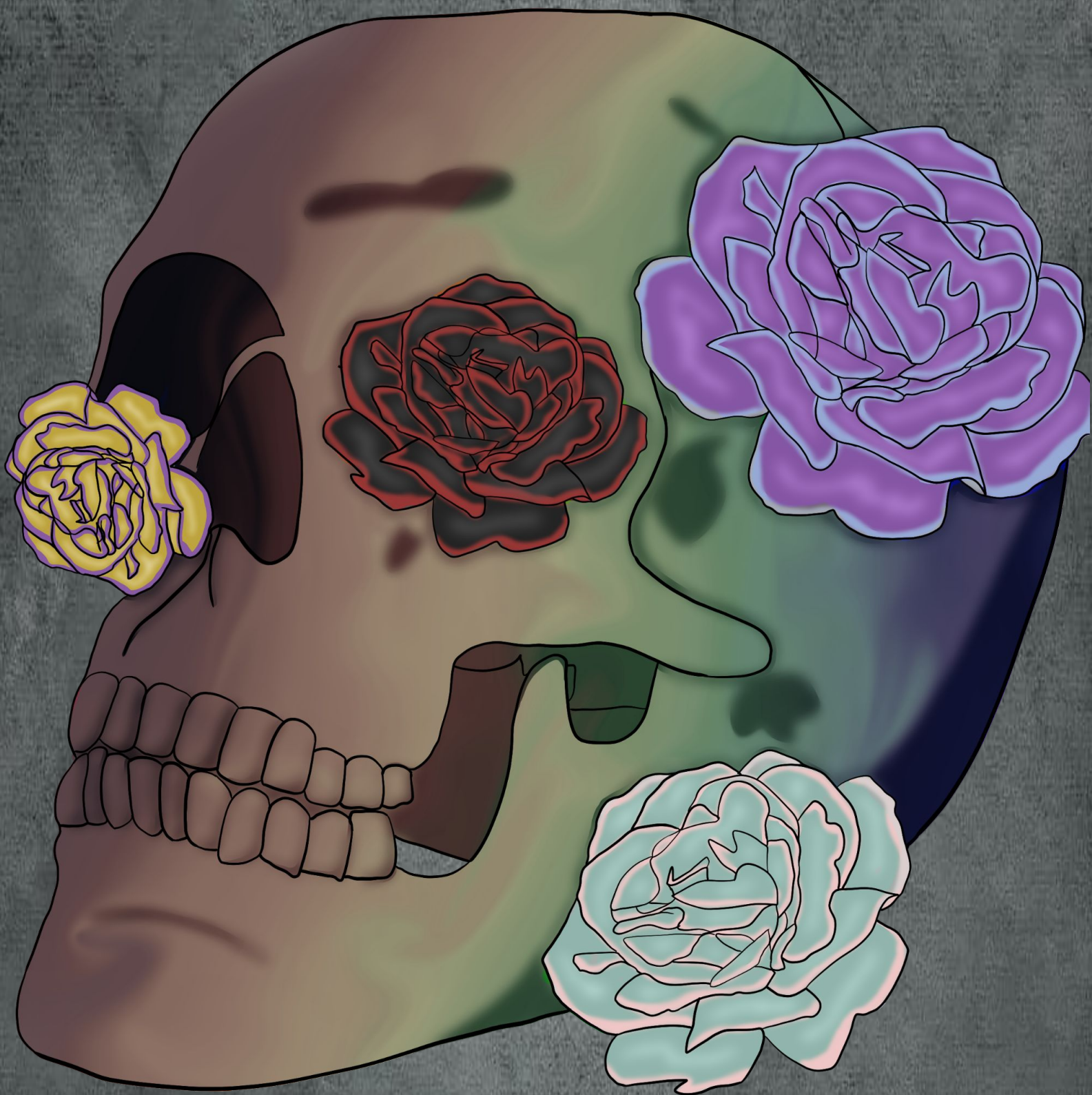
Partington, Haven, 13

Reavey V, James, 26

Smith, Falon, 6



From the beginning of the old...



To the end of a new

Revelation 2021