



# SAMBATYON

## 2020

MA'AYANOT  
YESHIVA HIGH  
SCHOOL FOR  
GIRLS

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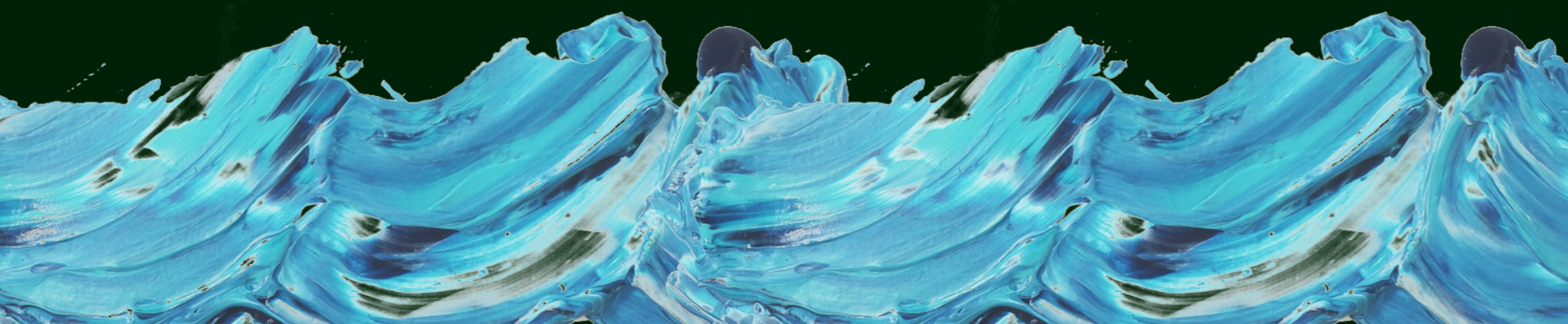
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# The Sambatyon

From the first issue of Sambatyon, 1998

The Legend of the Sambatyon is an ancient story of a river like no other: a river that protected the ten lost tribes in their hidden land. While it protected them, however, it also prevented them from leaving the place of their exile. Because of the river's rapid and violent movement, it was not navigable for six days a week. On the seventh day, Shabbat, the river rested. Although the tribes could physically cross the river on the seventh day, they were not permitted to do so because of Shabbat regulations. Therefore, in effect, the river separated the lost tribes physically as well as spiritually from the rest of the nation and the rest of the world.

By calling Ma'ayanot's student magazine The Sambatyon, its founding editors hoped to evoke the struggle between the hidden land of legend and real world of experience—the difficulty of bridging the divide between existing in one's dreams and facing reality. The Sambatyon is meant to be a symbol of this struggle. It is meant to be a reminder that in order to lead full lives, we must never forget our most elusive selves on the other side of the river.

# Concept

Over the course of this past year, we have seen reality transform into what can only be called dystopia. One lone bat wreaked havoc, unleashing a pandemic which forced billions back into their homes, away from work and pleasure, friends and family. Masks flew off shelves and doctors performed triage with limited ventilators. The world was forced to relearn how to live in light of everything that took place. Special occasions and activities meant to be celebrated together were commemorated individually, alone. However, as small communities began to play the roles of their missing larger counterparts, many families have come together to form close-knit units, demonstrating the human ability to persevere and make the most of an inopportune time.

Essentially, this year has become unlike any other; the world is distorted and norms have been flipped. This edition of Sambatyon seeks to convey the contrasts between expectations and reality and between light and dark. From our family to yours, we hope you enjoy this collection of self-expression from Ma'ayanot students.

# DEDICATION

This issue of Sambatyon is dedicated to Toni Morrison and Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm. An eloquent and accomplished author, Toni Morrison, winner of both the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes, inspired many with her beautiful prose and exploration of identity. Rabbi Dr. Norman Lamm, President Emeritus of Yeshiva University and founder of *Tradition* magazine for Modern Orthodox academics, was known for his gift of speech through his powerful sermons and his writing prowess in his many literary works. We hope to honor their memories by embodying the innovative contrasts they were in their respective literary fields.

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Meital Hirsch Korn '22



Leora Tiger '22



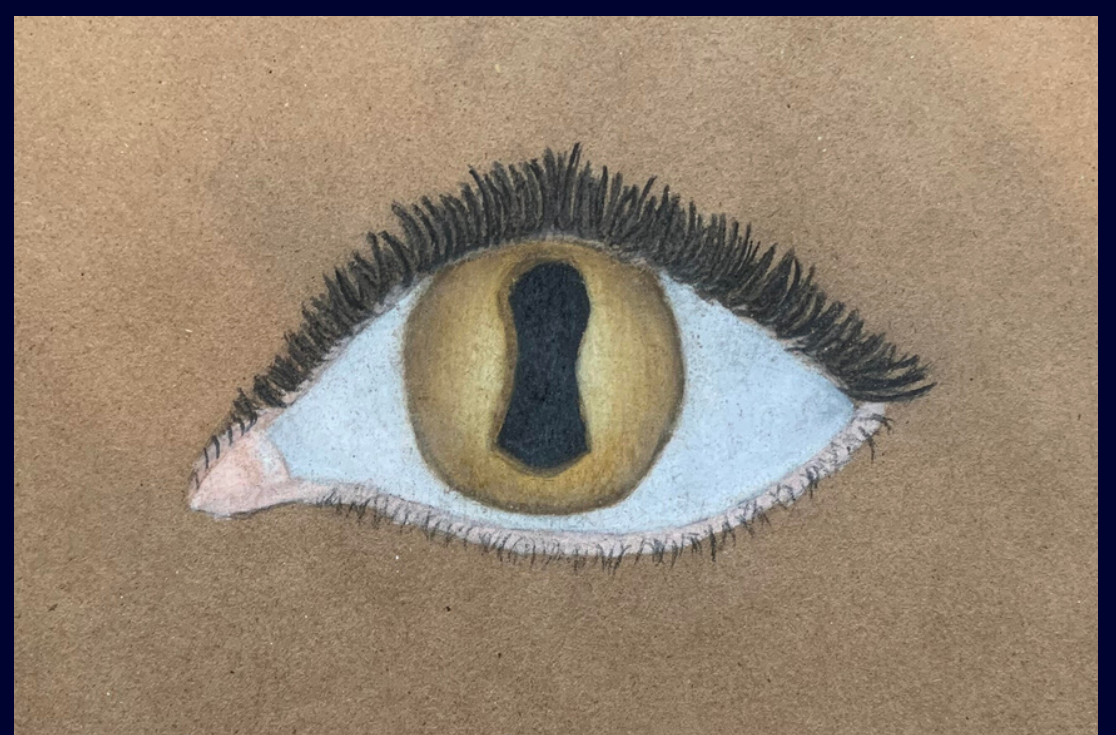
Hannah Munk '22



Leora Tiger '22

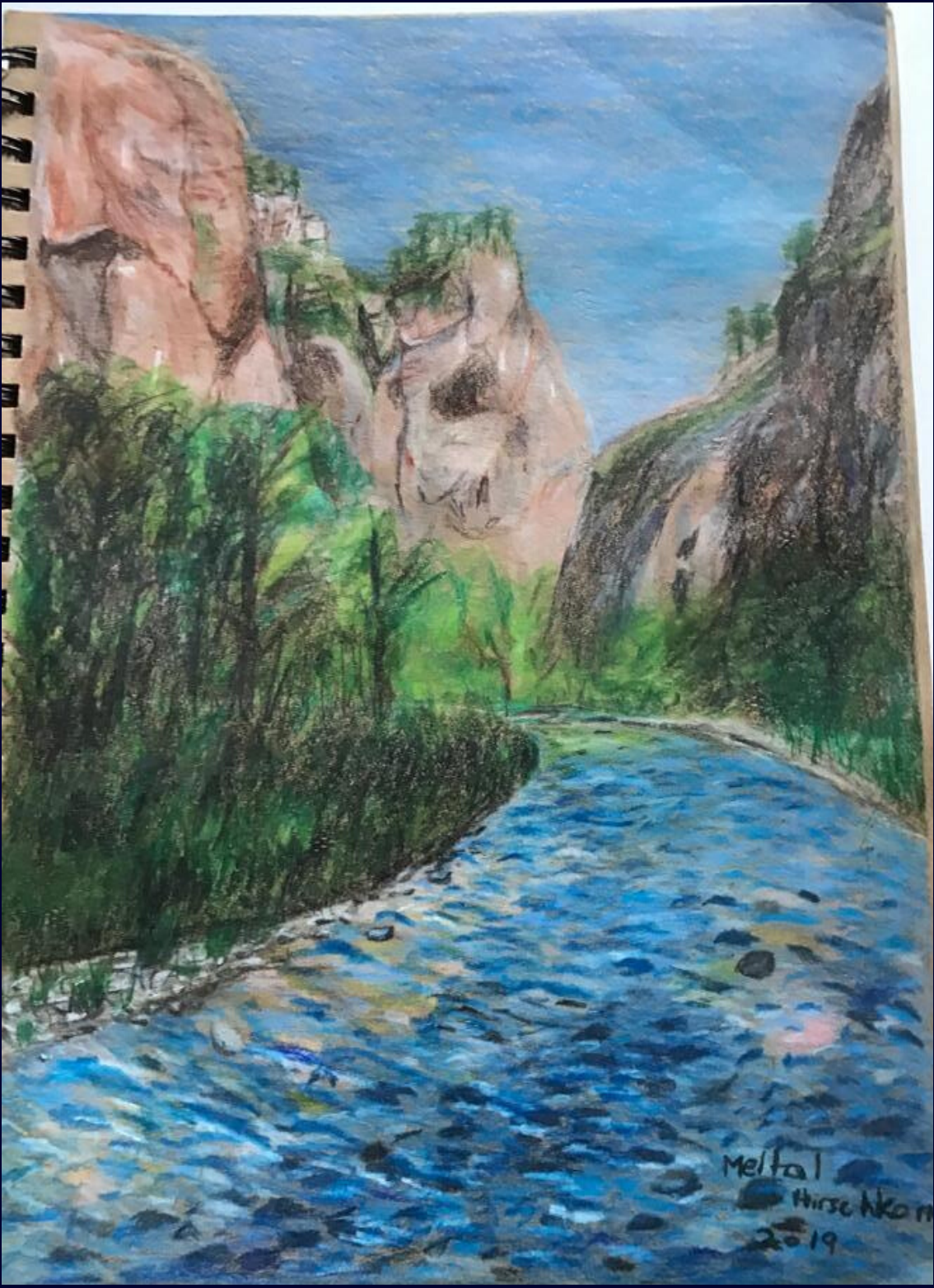


Meital Hirsch Korn '22



Aliza Berlinger '22





Meital Hirsch Korn '22



Aliza Berlinger '22



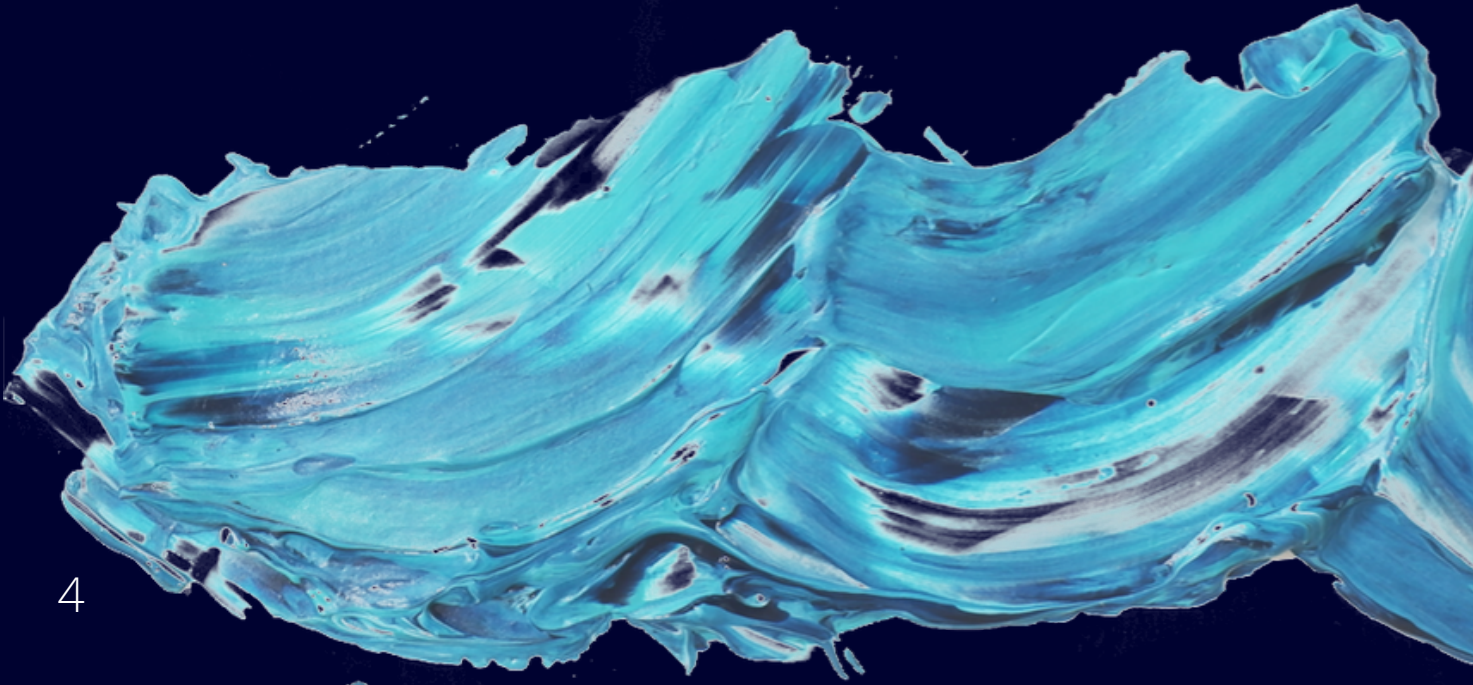
Meital Hirsch Korn '22



Hannah Munk '22



Anonymous





# Inhuman

Anonymous

When it cuts, it bleeds  
But not to you  
When it cuts, it mends  
But not for me  
No matter the stories told  
Or the battles lost  
To you, I am a star  
I can never burn out  
The bruises are buried deep  
Far enough that I can forget  
And you as well  
But what if I was the cause?  
Then would you remember?



# Across the Bridge

Rivka Yellin '21

It's ten o'clock and the cars are rushing  
The streets, people, and sky are humming  
I feel the independence and freedom buzzing  
I go outside and suddenly I'm running  
The intense rap music is thundering  
The fierce hip-hop dancers are fluttering  
The hectic subways are bustling  
People from around the world are shuffling  
Smells from taco vendors are flooding  
Drummers with dreads are drumming  
The blood in my veins is pumping  
The heart of New York City is thumping

I cross the bridge and all falls silent  
There are no more trains, everything is quiet  
The lights are no longer flashing loud  
The dancers are no longer twirling proud  
Drummers are no longer amongst the crowd  
The music is dull and the food is bland  
All the clothes are the same color, type and brand  
It's like the pulse has flatlined  
Everyone is walking in one straight line  
The vibrant colors have all turned grey  
I guess that life is gone for the day  
I'm across the bridge

Yet so far away



# It

Tova Kaplan '20

Clown morphs into terror  
red balloons pop and plastic litters the grass  
I step quietly. The fear is choking and  
palpable in the still air.

I await the evil laugh that reverberates  
in my nightmares and haunts my days  
only insanity comes from ever-present horror  
I wonder if I am there yet.

It follows and It hears and It sees  
and I feel blind and deaf when accompanied by It's  
presence  
we anticipate the arrival of fear and the death to  
come soon after  
It knows I am here.

Now we wait.



# Blind Faith

Michal Eckman '20

The world we live in is full of color,  
With life and movement everywhere you look,  
That many of us are able to see  
But not everyone is so fortunate.

When we look around, we see many things,  
Like the leaves changing different colors,  
And children running around and playing,  
The circle of life being completed.

But not everyone can see this wonder.  
Some cannot see people hurrying home.  
Only hear the chaos surrounding them,  
Unable to see it first hand themselves.

Imagine not being able to see,  
Waking up each morning seeing nothing,  
Only to see darkness surrounding you,  
Always having to feel your way through life.

Most of us are very lucky to see.  
We can view the world which we live in,  
Believing in what we identify,  
Convinced it is fake if we can't see it.

But this can not always be our belief,  
Since seeing is not always believing.  
We are not always able to explain  
What we believe, relying only on what we see.

Sometimes it is better to just believe.  
To believe there is a greater being  
That there is a greater being present,  
Than to not believe in anything at all.

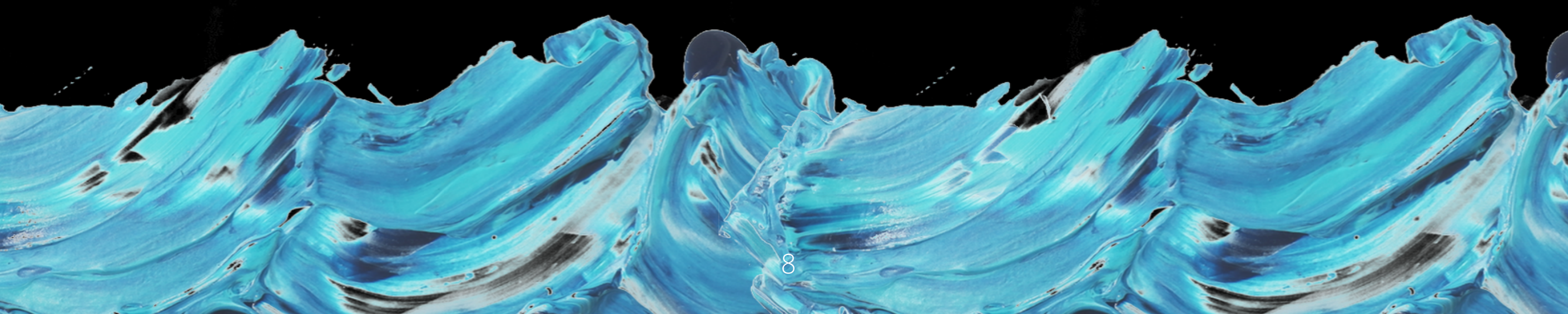
But believing is not always easy.  
However, life is full of challenges  
That make logic appear impossible,  
And prove reasoning is not an option.

The world is an extremely complex place.  
Everyone will agree with this matter.  
There is no real proof for either way.  
There is a reason it is called blind faith.

Try to go see the other perspective.  
Maybe there is reason for their belief.  
Or perhaps you have been right all along,  
And it is better to believe than not.

That there is a God watching from above,  
Challenging us in ways we do not get.  
Satisfied that you are not in control,  
Since you blindly believe there is a God.

For Faith is something we can't ever see  
It's why we refer to it as blind faith.  
We believe in it simply to believe,  
Though it's not the logical assumption.





# Butterfly Garden

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

Do you believe in rebirth?

Perhaps in the next life we can be born as the opposite of humanity,  
winged beings without grounded nature.

Let's fly with purpose then,  
over the coast and into ends and beginnings.

I hoped survival would mean healthy bones and unsharpened teeth.  
I'm all edges.

Today, they will dream up the stuff of tomorrow.  
Tomorrow, they will laugh at the thought of our existence,  
like snow we will melt away.  
The only tracks we left  
were on superficial mounds of ice dust.

We are real today in orchids and roses and weeds and tomorrow too,  
glossy waters and impossibilities soaring amok.

Destiny says,  
expand over the rotting cliff sides with no hesitation.  
Land masses guide you to discovered creations,  
the sky and sea lead you to build.

Destiny says,  
I long for the days when I was wielded with butterfly-delicate fingers  
and soft intentions.

I'm missing you now.  
Larvae clings with untied strings.  
I keep saying I miss you and keep drawing you  
into the picture of a reincarnated future.







Tilly Chamberlain '20



Tamar Waltuch '20



Yael Mermelstein '20



Anonymous



Gabriella Bak '21



Tilly Chamberlain '20





Tilly Chamberlain '20



Alexa Lukyanov '20



Anonymous



Sara Tehilla Cohen '20



Tilly Chamberlain '20



Gabriella Bak '21



# Forgotten: Thoughts from a Shul in New Orleans, Louisiana

Keren Glicksman '22

Unity lies here.  
If one were to have eyes keen enough to see it  
Hidden in the carpeting,  
Tucked away behind every door,  
Living inside indentations in the  
wood,  
Then, perhaps, they might also see  
The incomprehensible vastness within the narrow halls and cramped rooms,  
Amber lights and empty seats.  
Perhaps they'd see the bars in the windows  
Which keep this place imprisoned in time  
And eyes of that depth  
Might also hold the capacity to see the silence,  
A thick and perpetual fabric  
Draped over every surface,  
Every crevice, every crack in the walls.

Eyes like these might see the ruin  
Though no flame was spread,  
No sword raised,  
No shot fired.  
It was the stillness, the sheer state of being  
Untouched  
That dragged this place to destruction.

But soon, eyes like these might see the voices,  
Small at first, but voices nonetheless  
Voices rising at an agonizingly gradual pace until  
At last  
They are soaring,  
Blades slowly sawing,  
Hacking at the fabric  
Until it can no longer bear to exist.  
The voices are all that hangs in the air now.  
They stain it with a heavy smoke that slowly  
Seeps

Into the tiniest cracks and awakens something,  
No – hundreds, maybe thousands of somethings  
A symphony of spirits.  
They are singing from within the walls  
They are leaping from their homes inside the cracks and  
Like feathers, they fall,  
Swaying,  
Swerving this way and that  
So that perchance  
They might land in the cradled embrace  
Of whatever radiant being or divine presence, it was  
That lifted them from their slumber.

Every heart is shattered as one  
chorus vibrates in the air,  
Destroys all notion of thought, except the thought of  
Beauty, of  
Infinity, and of  
God.

Then the voices are gone.

Still, the window bars keep the memory contained,  
Keep the feeling from slipping away  
As a new fabric settles on the empty seats,  
On the wood, on the carpets  
On the cracks in the walls.  
But this fabric rings with the energy  
Of voices and of spirits awake and alive.

Unity lies in this fabric.  
And eyes that see it might also see a whisper of something  
lost  
Something lost, but never truly forgotten.

# Renewed

Mya Baitz '22

"All right, I'm taking Mary to the doctor now," Lilliane informs Connie in a hurry. After forcing a kicking and fussing Mary into an outfit with many ruffles and putting on both of their coats, Lilliane turns to Connie one last time. "Connie, darling, are you sure... I mean, is it too much trouble?"

"Don't worry about it. I can look after Phillip for a while-- I did finally graduate high school last year, after all!" Connie says proudly as if she were a child showing a good grade to her mother.

Lilliane smiles and laughs softly. "Yes, which means it might be time to think about a husband, you know..."

"Lilly!" Connie exclaims, but giggles at the same time.

As she leaves, Lilliane gives a knowing smile to Connie. "Honestly, sweetie, you can't hide things from me. I see how you look at Vince--"

"Now, really? You know it was just some small school thing," Connie states defiantly.

"Besides, we don't really have much time together. He and Nat have the business and, well, I suppose things are a bit complicated."

"Ah, well, I'm just saying," Lilliane gives in somewhat reluctantly. "I mean, look at me. When I graduated five years ago I got married right away. I'm already on my third baby here!" Suddenly, lost in her own thoughts, Lilliane rubs her round belly until a tugging Mary snaps her out of the daze.

"Mommaaaaaaaaa! Let's go, let's go! I want to go fastly so we can have a tea party with Piano Pete the Duck when we come home!" Mary complains.

"Yes, all right, sweetie." Lilliane sighs as she is tugged out of the door. "Be good for Connie, all right, Phillip?"

Phillip beams a giant smile at his mother as he jumps up and down and says, "Okay Mommy! Bye-bye!"

For a minute or two, Connie stands in the family room with her best friend's son, not really sure of what to do. "So, Phillip. Have you... learned anything new at school that you would like to share?" Connie asks, trying to warm up to the kid in front of her.

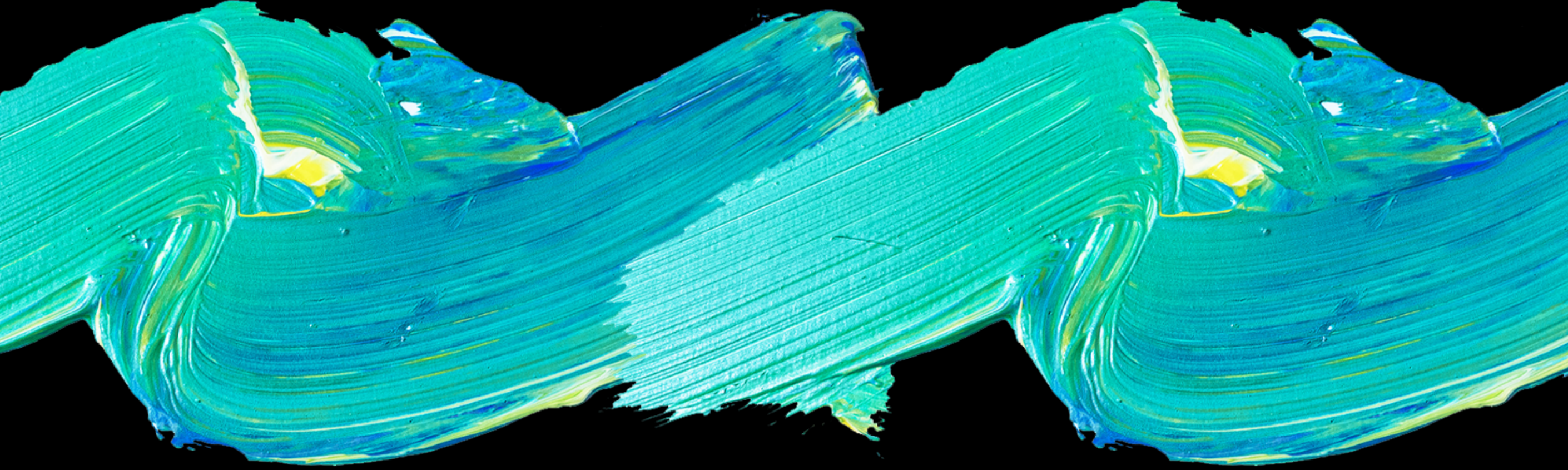
"Sure I did!" Phillip exclaims. "I learn lots of things, you know? Like A-B-Cs and 1-2-3s and, and... isn't that a Mommy question?"

Connie blushes in embarrassment at Phillip's bluntness. "Oh, excuse me. We don't have to talk about that if you don't want... Well, how about we play a game?"

At this suggestion, Phillip begins to dance around in circles as if there is no limit to the energy he has. "Yes, yes! Oh, I know! We could jump from couch to couch, or, or jump on Mommy and Daddy's bed, or, or run around everywhere, or, or--"

"Maybe, something that... doesn't have to do with jumping?" Connie offers hesitantly.





Phillip's wide smile falters, if only for a minute, before his mouth stretches out again as he gives another suggestion. "How about hide and seek?"

Connie smiles at how cute the little boy is. Oh, how much she wants a son as soon as she marries. "Yes, that sounds like loads of fun! Now, how high would you like me to count--" "But what about me?!" Phillip interrupts without care for his manners. "What if I want to count?"

Connie stares, shocked for a moment. Phillip was certainly an interesting child. Any kid that she had ever played hide-and-seek with before was excited to hide.

"It's okay! I know how to count-- I learned my 1-2-3s in school!" Phillip insists.

Connie shakes her head as she realizes that she has been silent the entire time. "No-- yes-- I mean, of course! How would you like to decide who counts and who hides?"

Phillip's eyes light up with even more excitement. "We can do a game of rock-paper-scissors!" He proclaims. "I can show you how to do it-- it's a cool new game that we play in school!"

Bewildered once again by the little ball of energy bouncing before her, Connie nods as Phillip shows her how to play the game. Apparently, both players shake their fists as they recite "Rock, paper, scissors," and then shape their hand in one of the aforementioned forms as they both shout in unison "SHOOT!" So, at Phillip's request, they play the game and, when they construct their hands into their weapon of choice, Connie chooses paper while Phillip chooses scissors.

"Yay! I win! So I get to count!" Phillip declares. "I'm going to count all the way until twenty!"

"Very impressive," Connie compliments, amused at how accomplished Phillip sounds.

"He is only five years old, after all. That probably seems like a big number, to him," Connie reminds herself.

Phillip gives a small push to get Connie started on hiding. "Okay, go, go, go!"

"All right, all right, I'm on my way!" Connie chuckles as she moves on to another room.

"I'm closing my eyes now!" Phillip shouts to the air. "Okay, I'm starting to count! ONE... TWO..."

Where to hide, where to hide. Connie starts to look around the room, trying to find a spot that's not too obvious but where Phillip can still find her easily. While scanning the room, Connie spots the couch to the side of the room and starts heading towards it. She had always been criticized in school for how petite and small she was, but this meant she could fit between the couch and the cabinet in front of her, leaving her hard to find with a first glance, but easy to spot if you look a while longer.

"FIFTEEN... SIXTEEN..." Comes Phillip's loud counting from the other room.

Quickly, Connie squeezes herself into the small spot. And just in time, because Phillip shouts, "READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!" right before he runs into the room, searching and searching for his babysitter.



“Hm, where are you?” Phillip wonders aloud. “You definitely can hide better than Mommy-- I can always find her in the first minute!”

Phillip continues to talk to himself until a creaking sound comes from the front door, signaling someone’s entry into the apartment.

Connie tenses up, scared that it’s an intruder. “Phillip! Sweetie, come here!” Connie whisper-shouts with urgency in her voice.

Unfortunately, the little rascal pays no attention to her as he skips over to the source of the sound. As quick as she can, Connie tries to free herself from the tight spot she squeezed herself into, hoping and praying that nothing happens to Phillip. In the end, she only manages to further entangle herself in the uncomfortable predicament. What if the person has come to rob the house? What if they hurt Phillip? What if--

“Hi, Uncle Vincent!” Comes Phillip’s sweet little voice.

“Hello, Phillip! Is anyone else home with you? Your mother didn’t leave you here alone, did she?”

Now Connie freezes in her spot, trapped, relieved, and hurrying all at once. Vincent is here, which means that nothing bad would happen to Phillip, but also that Connie wants to go and talk to him as quickly as possible. While what she told Lilliane earlier about her and Vincent was true, that doesn’t mean she didn’t still have some feelings. But before she can escape the state that she’s in, Phillip leads his and Vincent’s conversation to the room where she is stuck. Connie continues trying to get out of the corner she’s trapped in, hoping that Vincent will just pass through, get lunch for him and Nat like he was telling Phillip he had come to do, and leave. Sadly, Vincent’s eyes trail to the couch and Connie knows that he has seen her. His eyebrows shoot up in confusion at the same time that his mouth tries to form words.

“C-Connie? What are you, um, doing in there?” Vincent questions.

Connie blushes, ready to give her answer. However, Phillip, ever the boy for perfect timing, beats her to it.

“We were playing hide and seek and I did the counting!” Phillip announces loudly. “I went ALL THE WAY until twenty! Wanna hear? ONE... TWO--”

“No, Phillip, it’s really quite all right. Why don’t you... go and get the bags in the fridge with my and your father’s lunches in them?” Vincent offers, clearly not in the mood for some scream-counting.

Even though the suggestion was clearly to get rid of him, Phillip eagerly agrees to do as Vincent says. Once Phillip skips out of the room and into the kitchen, Vincent walks over to Connie and helps her come out of the tight spot she seems to have gotten herself stuck in even more. Once Vincent pulls her up and out, they stare at each other for a fair amount of time.

“So you just happened to be watching Phillip for Lilliane on this day?” Vincent starts with a teasing tone to his voice.

“Well, yes, Lilly needed to take Mary to the doctor, and no one else was available, so I just offered to--”





"Relax, all right?" Vincent interrupts, laughing. "It was only a tease! I'm... happy. I haven't seen you in a week or so."

So he had been thinking about her. It wasn't just Connie who still thought about what they had had at some point, before Tara...

"I know what you're thinking about, Connie," Vincent says, lifting her face so their eyes meet once again.

Connie sighs as she musters up the courage to say what she had bottled up for such a long time. "Vincent, please excuse my bluntness, but why can't any of this happen?"

Connie challenges timidly. "I'm not in school anymore. Lilly married Nat at only eighteen years of age! I'm nineteen now. And you have a business so you can make money. And..."

Connie starts to trail off as she sees that Vincent has started leaning in closer and moving his hand up to her face. Although she fails, Connie tries to continue reciting her list of reasons. "And I... just... don't know... why..."

Her words fade to nothing as she leans in, sharing something with Vincent that she had waited for day and night since the first and only time that it had happened. As they embrace, completely unaware of their surroundings, Connie goes back to a time not so long ago, though it feels like ages...

There is the sun. There is shared ice cream. There is laughter. There is bliss. And there is a five-years-younger Vincent. It's a perfect summer day, with a clear and bright blue sky. The day moves slowly, but all too fast at the same time. The sun starts to set, signaling the end of living as if nothing else exists. The departure between boy and girl seems too sudden, so, at the girl's doorway, the boy holds on a while longer. Neither knows what is happening until it all ends. A simple, beautiful, meaningful gesture. Right before Tara came.

Suddenly, Connie and Vincent both snap out of their own mini fairy tale world. "No. We can't. I shouldn't have." Vincent struggles to get the words out but then thinks better of what he says. "You know what, maybe we do need a change. Clearly, there is something we have... something that could be. How about we meet at the park?"

Connie looks at him with an incredulous look. Had she really convinced him? After all of this time, would all of the pieces finally fall in place and play themselves out?

"But, which..." Connie begins to ask, even though she knows very well which park Vincent refers to.

Vincent can see this and replies with a simple, "You know which."

When the two finally leave their shared universe entirely, they realize that Phillip has witnessed the entire thing.

"Phillip, you cannot tell anyone about this," Vincent says in confirmation. "We... aren't ready to tell people about all of this."

"But Mommy and Daddy always talk about how you are 'holding back' and 'scared things will end like school' but 'shouldn't be afraid of starting over.'" Phillip babbles on and on and finishes with a passionate, "But I don't get it!"



Stunned to silence by this revelation, Vincent walks over to Phillip, reminds him not to say anything, takes the lunches, and walks out of the apartment with a quick goodbye to Connie. For a while, things are silent in the room. That is, until Phillip pipes up, of course. "Why don't you and Uncle Vincent have a baby together?" Phillip blurts out, quite to the point.

Connie feels her face heat up, sure that it's completely tomato-red. "Oh, um, Phillip, it's-- it's more complicated than you think."

Phillip's face twists into a frown. "You don't want me to have a cousin? Why not?! All Mary ever wants to do is have tea parties and I want to run at the park! So when you both have a baby you should have a boy. And he should look just like me! With a lot of the boingy things that I have on my head!"

Connie looks at Phillip with pity in her eyes. He's still just a little kid in a big man's world, unaware of how hard things can be. He only longs for the simple pleasures, like a playmate with hair as curly as his own. Phillip goes on, talking about how the baby should look, and even what his name should be.

"I think he should have my name! Then we can basically be the same!" Phillip remarks as he adds to his ever-growing lists of do's and don'ts.

Connie crouches down to be Phillip's height as she asks him, "Come on, Phillip. What would you like for lunch? We can have fun with that!"

Phillip speeds into the kitchen, drags a chair over, and throws open the refrigerator. Quickly, Connie rushes over, scared that something has broken. But when she inspects the refrigerator and area around it, all looks well. Before Connie can offer anything, Phillip has taken out a bag of bread, along with a jar of honey and some peanut-free sun butter. He was always a unique child, eating a combination of honey and sun-butter. Then, after placing all of this on the kitchen table, Phillip goes over to the utensil drawers to grab—"Wait, no, Phillip!" Connie hastily rushes over to stop Phillip from getting his hands on a knife. "Here, let me get it for you."

She picks up one of the silver knives, the material cold in her hand, and brings it over to the table. Then, she begins to make Phillip a sun butter and honey sandwich, and he watches with the wonderment of a child. They both smile as she makes a smiley face out of the spreads on his bread.

"Don't forget to cut the crusties off to make it a triangle!" Phillip pipes up.

Connie smiles to herself because she was already planning on doing that very thing. Her future child will only be treated like the finest and most pampered prince or princess.

"There. Two perfect triangles for a perfect little boy."

Phillip grabs the plate in delight and starts to take big bites of his meal. "Do you know that I'm going to be the fastestest runner in all of the world?!" Phillip proclaims. "And I'll let you come to all of my races for free-- because you're Mommy and Daddy's friend AND you make the bestest sandwiches ever!"

The sound of that was like music to Connie's ears. She loved little kids and she treasured these pure moments with them.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head, Phillip," Connie starts softly. "Someday I will have a baby, and whether they are boy or girl, I'm sure they'll love to play with their older 'cousin,' as you say."



# Amber Desires

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

A man is weakest when he wants something, you say.  
He kneels at the altar and bleeds for it.  
A man is strongest when he wants something, I counter.  
He wields his vulnerability like a sword.

This amber light will fade.  
I don't know what comes after it, only that there is an after.  
My hand is pinned to you like a medal.  
It bleeds. Are you an altar, I want to ask?

Hark, the angels sing.  
Girl who I hold close to me,  
you reach for nothing beyond your grasp.  
Take, take!  
Your hymns are real, I say.

I'm not wrong enough to need forgiveness, only wrong  
enough to know I'm not right.  
There's a difference.  
Stagnant light.  
Why isn't it leaving yet?

Maybe it is unbreakable, a never ending dusk that mounts  
itself on your chest and demands to be held.  
I want to be held too.

Surrender, you demand, but I'm already kneeling.

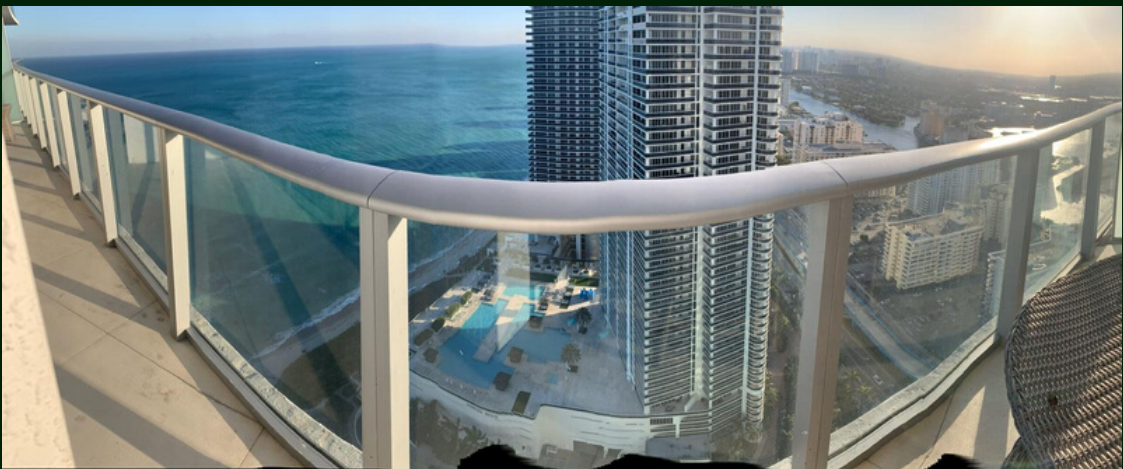




Tilly Chamberlain '20



Shoshana Weinstein '20



Anonymous



Gabriella Bak '21



Gabriella Bak '21



Tilly Chamberlain '20





Anonymous



Gabriella Bak '21



Sara Tehilla Cohen '20



Shoshana Weinstein '20



Tilly Chamberlain '20



Tamar Waltuch '20





Tilly Chamberlain '20



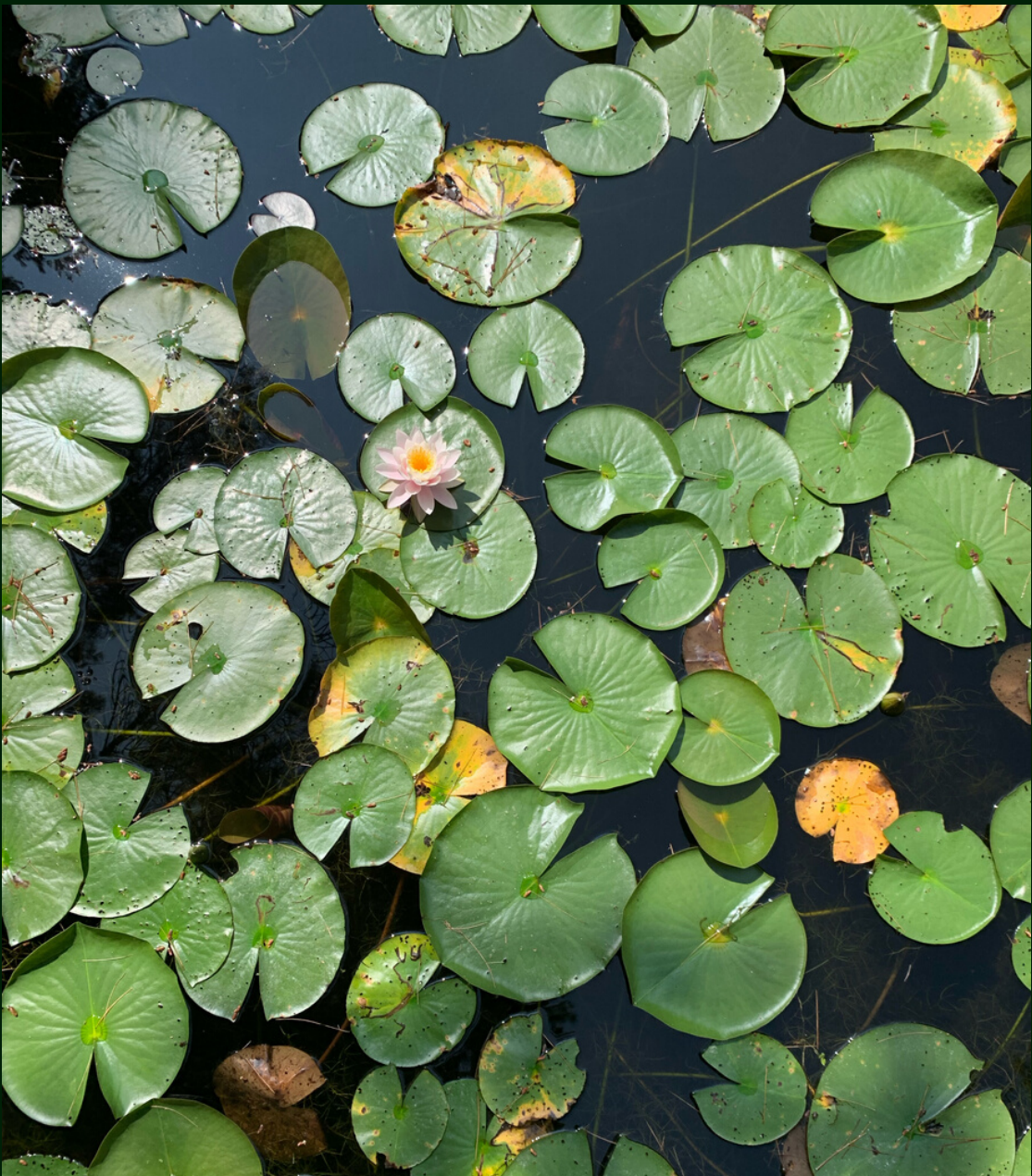
Tilly Chamberlain '20



Gabriella Bak '21



Anonymous



Tilly Chamberlain '20



Gabriella Bak '21



# The Little Boy and the Balloon

Rivka Yellin '21

Tied to his wrist  
He whistled a tune

He swam in hurricanes  
And he surfed on typhoons

A little boy  
And his big red balloon

Nothing kept this little boy  
Away from his big red balloon

It carried him over treetops  
It carried him into caves

But the years went on  
And the days became longer

On top of rivers  
He floated on waves

The boy became a young man  
Older and stronger

He splashed in the sun  
And he walked on the moon

The string on his wrist became looser  
He cut it off and looked towards the future

This little boy  
With his big red balloon

He started a family  
And he got a job

His feet grazed Everest  
And his hands skimmed the Dead Sea

The big red balloon was forever gone

He went to the rainforests  
He picked plums off the trees

But the years went on  
And the days became longer

And the young man got much older

He spun in large fields  
And sniffed daffodils in full bloom

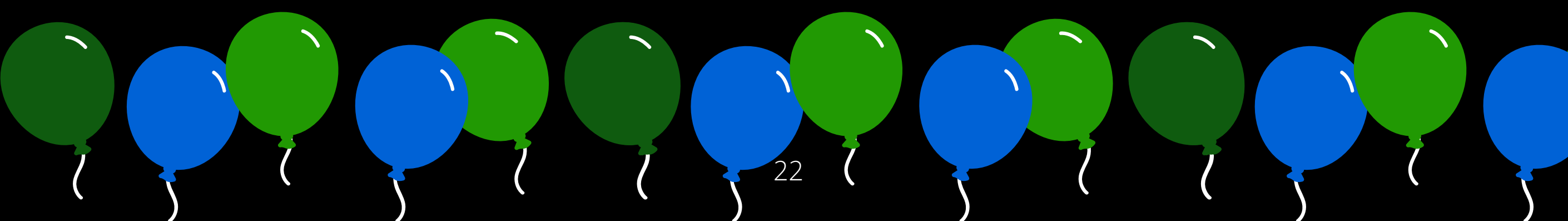
His hair turned grey and his back hunched over  
The old man looked over his shoulder

The little boy  
Carried by a big red balloon  
He flew through pink clouds  
And he splashed in low mist

In the distance far far away  
Over some mountain  
On top of some bay

He rolled with the elephants  
And the lions he kissed

The old man spotted his long-lost balloon  
He smiled and whistled a long-forgotten tune





# Spring Days

Anonymous

It is blue outside,  
And it's sunny,  
And I sit at the floor  
And smile like never before,  
I smile because I feel good.

The sun on my face  
Feels warm, feels like a nes  
A huge nes that I finally see

Although nothing has changed,  
My life truly stays the same,  
The sun makes me say,  
Today is unlike yesterday.  
Now I am perfect and healthy in every way.

The breeze on my skin  
Is a rush, is a win.  
I have won the game of life.

I smile and glow,  
I am beautiful; I am whole.  
I feel so alive, it's me  
I can finally see.

And I know the moment will pass,  
But I wish it would last  
I wish it would last for a thousand years.

For I know when it goes,  
This beauty I behold  
Will disappear in a mist.  
And here I will sit,  
Crying invisible tears,  
Wishing for another moment like this.



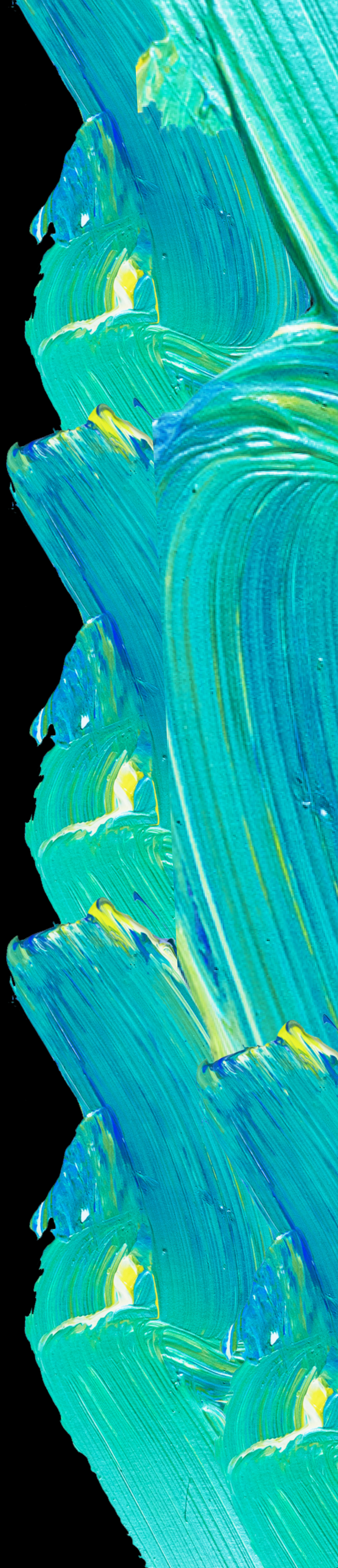
# Washed Away

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

the shore is visible  
the fog rolling in does not  
inhibit my vision and simply reminds me  
the heat is evanescent,  
the salt of the water  
greedily steals the warmth remaining within  
me yet  
my skin remains flushed and bright  
I am tethered to the land masses  
as deeply as I am tethered to myself  
the sun beating down on me warms  
the ocean's gentle waves and my rosy cheeks.

the shore is fading  
the fog is creeping closer now  
obstructing the sun's rays from caressing  
my body  
is shriveled and numbing slowly  
I am dissipating into the saltwater  
the waves sound mellifluous  
they are not bright they are not dull  
while fog hums a dangerous tune  
however  
my pink has evaporated into  
a low and sinking grayness.

the shore is but a line  
on my horizon  
my eyes are fogged up  
my breathes mingles with the gray  
warmth is a distance away  
but the frigidity feels vague—  
i do not desire to  
become wispy clouds  
of darkness,  
and  
where does the ocean end and I begin?  
liminal space is sempiternal and  
I am overcome with lassitude  
I am crashing into myself.





# Conscience

Anonymous

She remembered that ever since she had been a little girl, she had never acted like her mother or sisters or other Egyptian girls. She had a rebellious streak. She liked to flaunt her academic prowess to everybody, including high-ranking officers, and she never hid her thoughts even if they were not accepted. Growing up in patriarchal Egypt was difficult for a girl like her. A girl who yearned to be free, outspoken, and make a difference. Now, on the eve of her coming of age ceremony, she was not ecstatic as many thought she ought to be. No, Nefertiti was petrified of her future. Tomorrow, any enjoyment, any moment of fulfillment she had had in her younger days would be in the past, and her parent would no longer accept her insubordinate behavior. Not only that, tomorrow she would meet her future husband, likely a rich entitled prince or vizier in her father's court.

With all of these thoughts creeping into her head, Nefertiti could scarcely get any sleep. She climbed out of her soft bed, and decided to at least not be idle on her last night of "freedom." She changed out of her silky nightclothes and into a dark cloak she often wore to prevent herself from being exposed as the princess when she snuck out. She crept through the hallways



towards the secret exit to the palace garden that she had unexpectedly discovered as a young girl. Tiptoeing, she began to feel the rush of adrenaline she always felt while sneaking out. For a moment the feeling distracted her from the horrors she would face in the morning. She ran through the vast, lush garden, and rushed to the open palace gates, her speed never wavering. She waltzed through the gate to the promising land beyond.

When she reached the nearest city, Gershon, hours after she had left the palace, she was surprised to see most people were not asleep, or even preparing for bed. Rather hordes of slaves, Jews most likely, were still working rapidly, being closely monitored by the slave masters. She walked to the well, where the women were fetching water for their husbands and sons. They all looked so gaunt. Nefertiti had lived a life of comfort and had never seen a person so thin and tired looking. She wondered how tiny the rations they were living off of were. It was heart-wrenching to watch this merciless work go on. These people looked like cattle, working at a shepherd's whim. She realized that one good thing that would come out of her coming of age, and ultimate marriage, was that her words would have much more sway, and depending on who she was to marry, she thought she could end, or at least lessen, this cold-hearted suffering. Nefertiti couldn't believe she hadn't realized this nation's plight until now. She imagined that these people felt trapped in their destinies, the same way Nefertiti felt about her fate. She saw a young girl, around nine or ten years old, struggling to draw water, and impulsively went to



help her. The girl smiled with gratitude but then her eyes widened with the surprise of recognition as Nefertiti drew the rickety pail filled with water out of the well. "You... you are the princess," she murmured, in a squeaky, unsure voice.

"Yes, I am," Nefertiti replied, "and I promise that I will help your situation. I won't allow this to continue," she said with authority and determination. The girl looked at her with adoration shining in her eyes, as if Nefertiti had just told her Ra had come to earth.

Nefertiti snuck back into the palace with a purpose. If she had to be married and become queen, she would use it to her advantage. She would influence the higher-ups and vizier, to help this nation, and that little girl, along with any other causes she felt were important. She went to bed that night feeling relieved that at least her storm cloud had a silver lining. When she woke up the next morning and was prepared by the servants, who draped her in a silky white dress with gold sleeves and a gold collar, she had a strange sense of anticipation. As she was escorted to the temple where the ceremony was to be held, she even felt twinges of nervousness and excitement. When the crown of the two kingdoms of Egypt was placed on her head, and people chanted the names of her and her betrothed, Nefertiti realized that she could indeed make a difference and not have her might determined by others.







Sara Tehilla Cohen '20



Yael Mermelstein '20



Anonymous



Gabriella Bak '21



Gabriella Bak '21



Gabriella Bak '21





Yael Mermelstein '20



Gabriella Bak '21



Sara Tehilla Cohen '20



Sara Tehilla Cohen '20



Tilly Chamberlain '20





Gabriella Bak '21



Anonymous



Alexa Lukyanov '20



Yael Mermelstein '20



Shoshana Weinstein '20



Tilly Chamberlain '20



# 'Tis the Season

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

dear diary,  
summer is fading from my feet  
my flip flop tan is running into  
the horizon with sneakers on its trail  
and the highlights in my hair are giving away  
to darker days and a strange kind of anxiety  
is settling in my chest  
I think it's here to stay.

dear diary,  
I have just one day of freedom  
and I cannot even enjoy it fully  
the winter's coolness looms over me  
dauntingly and perhaps it's the  
placebo effect but goosebumps  
rise on my arms and shoulders  
it's the type of chill that the heat doesn't  
chase away but it sits with you  
shaking your teeth and hands and it rattles your brain.

dear diary,  
the snow is falling rapidly and I am  
being buried under a sea of white  
choking on the frost that lines my  
throat, hoarse with exertion and disuse  
the snow the snow it covers everything  
and anything in its way  
I'm not sure how to escape it  
I'm not sure if I can escape it.

dear diary,  
I don't have time to write now,  
the snow has infested me with  
cold breath and red tipped fingers.





# Face

## Maytal Kessler '21

I pick up a book  
And she does too  
Mine is fantasy  
Hers is Hebrew

She is the stereotypical Jew  
She might look similar to you  
She wears a long skirt  
She has a button-down shirt  
I'm wearing jeans  
And a t-shirt of some band that I've seen  
Because of the American culture all around  
I've absorbed this way because it's what I've found

Her hair is brown  
And mine is pink  
But the color of my hair  
Doesn't tell me how to think.

I had a friend in twelfth grade  
Who helped shape the decision I made  
But just because my hair is pink  
Doesn't mean my brain has some kink  
I have the same thoughts as you  
That tell me what to do  
The culture around  
Like the people on the ground  
Have an impact on me  
And help shape who I want to be

The books  
Clockwork Princess  
Queen of Air and Darkness  
The Giver  
The City of Heavenly Fire

The music  
Bohemian Rhapsody  
Paradise City  
Fortunate Sons  
We Are the Champions

Face to face we are as different as can be  
But inside she may be the same as me.  
I'm not just the stereotypes people see  
Because stereotypes are not what define me.  
But my outsides can sometimes be mistaken  
We are all just identities waiting to be shapen



# The Culture of Technology

## Anonymous

Click Tap Swipe left	Scroll. Heart Comment Repeat	Scroll Heart Comment Repeat
Ding Swipe Repeat	Instagram. Snapchat.	I couldn't sit there any longer I just had this beaming question popping up in my head repeatedly Like one of those carnival games, where no matter how hard you try those smiley bowling pins will not fall down no matter how many bean bags you throw. So I gathered up some courage and asked.
I see how it affects me, It affects me every day Like I'm tied down and I'm told I have to stay.	Like eating an orange without a peel, You only get the good stuff.  It must be that EVERYONE in the entire world is Prettier More fun AND more talented Than you will ever be	What did I ask? What was this golden question This question always shoved right into the box That cardboard where you just put all that junk that you just don't know what to do with You say, "I'll deal with it later"
Lol that rhymes! Jk it was intentional		I asked "Why do you like to post?" Silence Silence Silence
Wait what was I saying? Oh right affects us every day.	Ok. so we might as well give up and accept it right? But instead we will just try and make it seem as if our life is perfect Not just for our friends Not just for reputation But to improve our own self worth	Maybe there was silence because she didn't know It sat it in that cardboard box because she honestly didn't know what to do with it Or maybe she hid it away in that box because she was ashamed But no I won't do that I won't put words in her mouth. I will tell you what she said
Technology. A force to be reckoned with Changed the way I write Speak and think	So it's a culture I've mentioned that, right? It affects me every day. In the way I speak Write, think AND perceive myself	
It's a culture, A mindset, A way of life.	Never had social media Never will But that doesn't mean I'm not immersed in it In its perpetual need to document my every move My every step	She finally had some courage to take that cardboard box out of the closet and tried to organize it She said, "Because it is fun?" "But why is it fun?" I asked. She finally took it out of that cardboard box and placed it on her shelf. She uttered out, "because people compliment me, and I don't know. It makes me feel good?"
My patience It's gone How could this be? As I type this right now Wifi's down seriously!		
If even ONE time I have to click twice It bothers me. Because it's instant Everything around us Practically immediate	Oh wait. If it is a continuous cycle If it is all a fake It is still a culture?	
It is the way we've grown up Technology, you see It's ..... It's a..... It's almost like a ..... Ugh what's the word Hold on a sec	Click Swipe Type	
	Culture. "The set of shared attitudes, characteristic features of everyday existence and material traits that can be determined by a place or time." The fact that I just looked up the word culture Expresses the culture in it of itself.	I asked her. Face to face But not eye to eye
Swipe Type Click		Not eye to eye You know why? Not only because we have contradicting ideals, do we not see eye to eye But do you know why? While we were talking, DO you know why we didn't see eye to eye? Because she was looking at her phone.
Oh right it's a Culture.	There is set of shared attitudes There must be shared material traits. It is just whatever people are wearing on Instagram isn't it? It looks as if there is a dress code A series of clones all copying the next	My intent was in no way to embarrass Not at all. I'm not some full fledged luddite who goes around smashing computers I just couldn't grasp why people, especially teenagers, seek an endless amount of validation. But I get it now. Just a difference of culture.
But there is a part of this culture I make sure to keep out. It lies behind the glass door, Seen but locked out.		
It's Social Media So social right? Sitting in a circle, all staring down That is a great way 2 make new friends!	There was a time. One time as I sat at a table with a few friends We sat in silence	



# Midsummer's Daydream

Ora Gutfreund '22

The smell of fresh grass and the sound of children playing is a welcome change from our quiet household. Everything is familiar. Our muscle memory kicks in and we race to the swings. Alice, ahead, flings her seat high above the playground. Jane and I follow. Gripping the sides of the swings, we stretch and bend our knees to reach the sky. We fly like birds, the wind blowing wildly through our clothing and swishing the hair into our eyes. The wind drowns out the children playing below. The pitying faces blur and all is good again.

The sunshine bright, we glance at each other, and Jane is the first to smile. The corners of her mouth slide upwards, her eyes on mine. She waits for one in return, but I glance down at my feet. The world spins below and I think to myself. This is how it should be.

On this side of the world, Jane's smile remains even after we've left the park. On this side of the world we don't need a nanny. On this side of the world Papa comes home every day. He swoops up all three of us girls and his laugh fills the room. Soon Mama tells us to stop pestering Papa with our stories from the day. He is tired, she says. But he doesn't mind. On this side of the world, Papa never gets tired. He never went to sleep.

But soon I become dizzy and I am forced to look up. Jane's smile is still there, waiting, and I am almost inclined to believe it. But Pauline's cry pulls us down. I kick the ground and a storm of dirt clouds my shoes, the nanny's annoyance clear in her creasing face. The wind quiets down and the world comes back into focus. The sound of children playing taunts us as we drag our feet back to her. This is how it is, I remember.



# Out of Class

Hannah Munk '22

Please let me out  
Don't make me stay  
I'm super done  
With this long day

The clock is slow  
My brain is fried  
I answered wrong  
I want to hide

Just five minutes  
Left of class  
"I don't know"  
I think I'll pass

I'm pretty bored  
Nothing to do  
Wait- that's the bell  
I'm free, who-hoo!





# Into the Woods

Tova Kaplan '20

no no no no  
we do not go there  
the woods in the morning are full of  
dangerous things  
the bones have too many stories  
to tell you  
and— -no! these stories are evil ones and  
the flowers will eat a young one  
like you  
and the trees are always whispering.

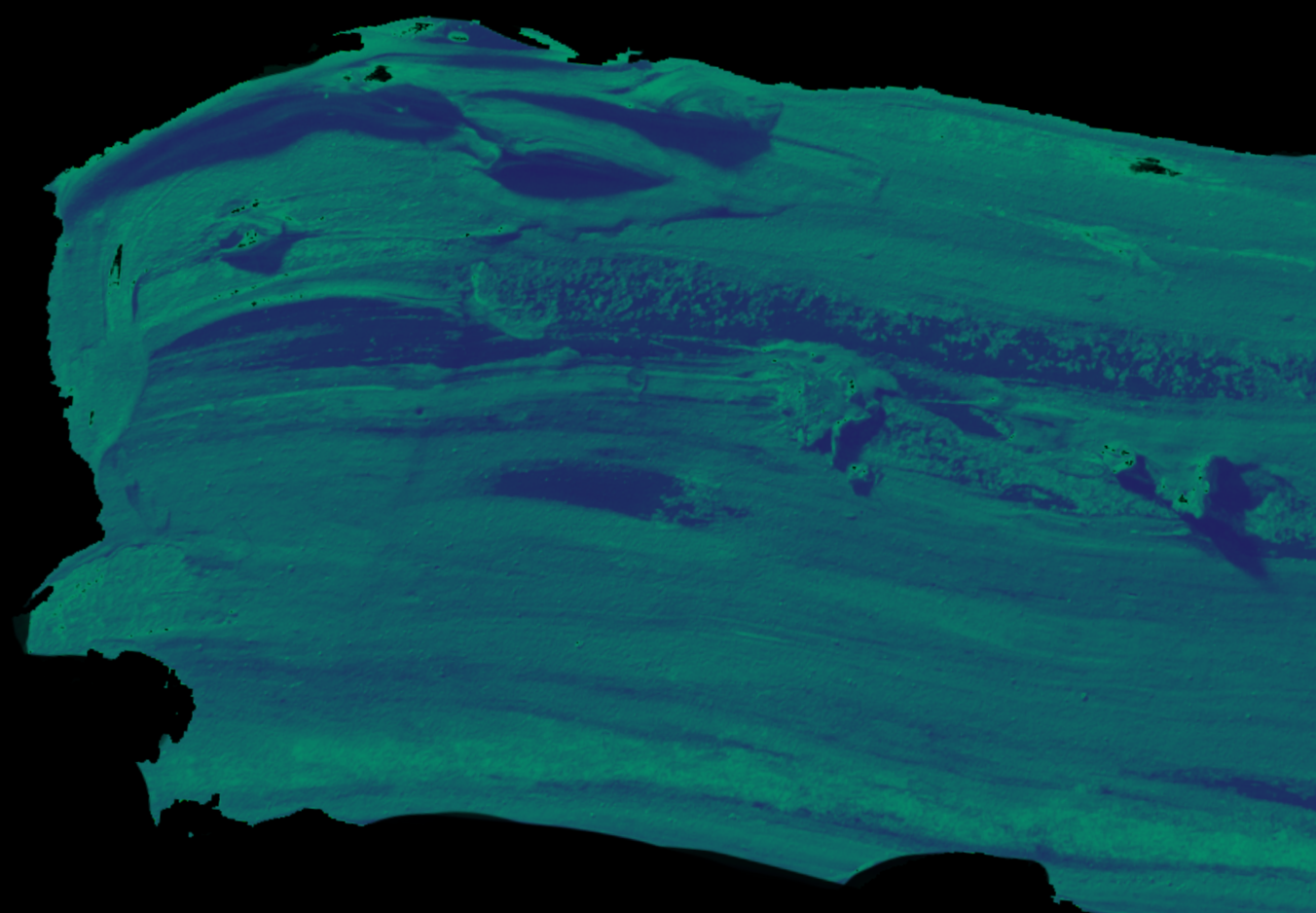
no no no  
in the afternoon  
you will get lost on the path  
the cobblestones deceive you  
and the weeds will tug you  
down into the river  
and— -yes! yes the river  
is bad  
so bad  
it is filled  
with secrets,  
your secrets and mine too  
how else would it mold the rocks?

no no  
at the night  
there is a bitter silence  
that hangs over the woods  
like a funeral hymn  
and the moonlight dances temptingly  
I hear it takes you  
far away and  
no! no that is not a good thing  
we are happy here  
content here  
living here.  
oh, yes, easy here too.

no  
at dawn there is  
only a little light peeking through  
the foliage  
and with the right amount  
you will see far too much  
and dawn is a dangerous time,  
you see, at dawn you are at an in-between  
at a crossroads  
and crossroads are,  
well, yes! yes choices are good but  
crossroads make you tangled up like  
curling vines.

without me? surely you  
are mad to think I would  
allow you to venture into  
the woods alone let us  
breathe and bathe in secrets  
and I will listen to the bones—  
your bones— and the trees will whisper  
while we kiss softly among hungry flowers  
and dance with the moonlight  
you can pull me into you among weeds  
and get lost on a cobblestone path

and when we reach the crossroads:  
it's you  
it has always been you.





# To the Times the World Was Small

Sara Tehilla Cohen '20

I met you when I was eleven years old;  
I remember that first autumn we spent laughing in my backyard,  
chasing after each other in a game  
Sitting on the furniture in your room,  
Thinking we knew everything.

Those warm summers we spent laughing around the dining room table,  
And aimlessly walking around,  
How we reminisced and thought it was long ago,  
While it had only been a year.

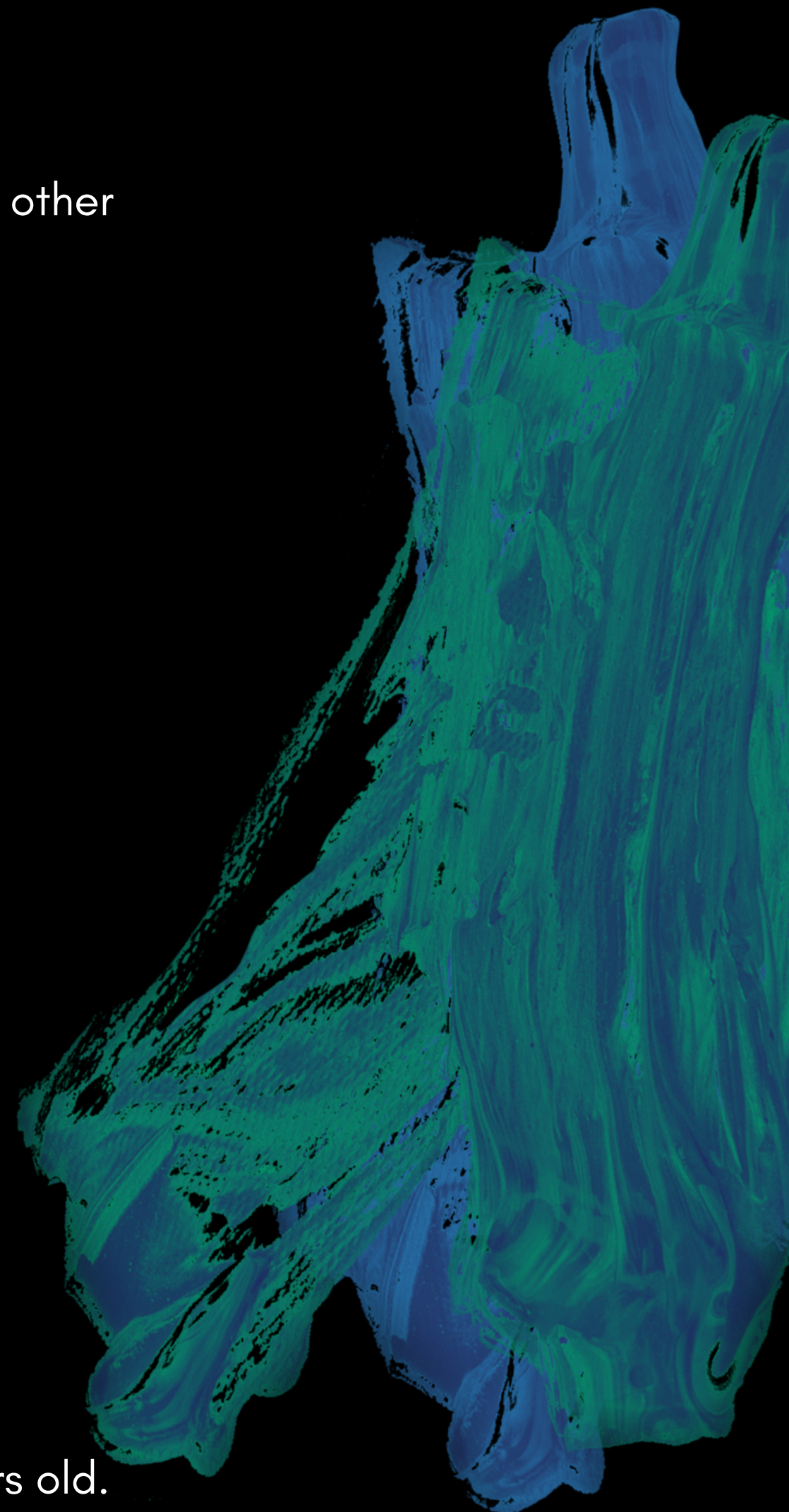
We mentioned the names of people we hadn't seen in a while and wondered what  
happened to them,  
And thought about the people we had known forever and noticed how little they changed.

We knew each other's families and stories well,  
About our other friends and what happened in school,  
And no matter how long it had been since we saw each other  
We always picked up right where we left off.

We each evolved as people  
Growing up and finding ourselves,  
But we never lost each other  
Holding onto our friendship,  
through the tumultuous waves of the life we knew.

Somehow the world changed around us,  
As people passed through our lives,  
But one thing we could rely on  
was our friendship remaining the same.

Now they say we grew up and are ready  
To go off and conquer the world.  
But I don't see that.  
When I look at all of us,  
I see the same people that I met when I was eleven years old.







Alexa Lukyanov '20



Gabriella Bak '21



Gabriella Bak '21



Alexa Lukyanov '20



Tamar Waltuch '20



Miriam Fisch '20



Yael Mermelstein '20





Eliana Oshinsky '20



Eliana Oshinsky '20



Keren Raskin '20



Kira Cantor '20



Eliana Oshinsky '20





Eliana Oshinsky '20



Kira Cantor '20



Eliana Oshinsky '20



Miriam Fisch '20



Miriam Fisch '20



Keren Raskin '20



# The Great Gatsby

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

gardens blossoming  
barren land that was once pregnant  
with lilacs and April dew has emptied  
her lot and left desolation  
forget snow has faded like bruises  
wet patches dried up and left wrinkled  
shadows of green.

when we danced to the garden  
we picked yellow flowers from the sprouting ground  
and you called me sunshine girl  
we stumbled home after dark with a stem tucked  
behind my ear (I ignored the scratches it left and the bits of dried blood)  
my arms were full of roses and my eyes were dull bronze pennies.

my torso aches from being pulled between life and death  
I am an elongated creature  
and stretched thin over dust rising into watering eyes  
(water water they cry, but the salt is bitter and deathly)  
hanging over the precipice  
am I holding on or slowly letting go?

death can erase even the most terrible of sins,  
I sing to the river  
the river murmurs back to me: death also erases the deepest of loves  
but shallow river, what do you know of depth? I cry  
I see pools in his eyes and I float in them at will  
the river laughed, child, do you understand I flow from the ocean?

I wonder if frost will encase the infertile ground  
and render her useless  
can budding blooms overcome winter's soft beckonings  
my pine trees are evergreens and my peonies become pansies  
I plant gardens in my bones and sell them my sunshine  
you called me yellow then but my frost is creeping and covering  
April is over now.



Money is the biggest  
Liar you will ever meet.  
Walk and keep walking  
Walk and revel in the here and now  
My pockets are empty and my heart is full  
She will try and make you look back  
Longingly but nothing is as good  
As you remember it to be  
Those who are stagnant, recede.  
I knew not of genuity in life  
only in death I am stripped of superficiality.

I bought you glittering trinkets  
That you stuffed into drawers  
How different this is in the sunlight  
With the bearings of reality  
Pulling me away  
Slowly then suddenly it's all fading.

I feel the pull too sometimes  
It's tempting to dream of what can be  
The green light beckons me from beyond the harbor  
And awaits my answer  
It coats life with a sweetness nonexistent in reality  
She only shows what you want to see  
And I know you're seeing green now  
And I know it seems brighter there  
But keep walking.

Expect death from standing water  
One sip and you are ruined  
One glance at the light and life becomes a shriveled creature  
Endings can erase even the most terrible of sins  
Yet the future is waiting for you if you  
Choose to embrace it with openness  
The past is a shut door,  
Only madness is beyond its threshold.

My garden is fallen, I weep,  
The trees that grew from collarbones  
Have been swept away as ash  
And my precious daisies; trampled  
I have lost the old world  
My greenery has disappeared and rivers evaporated  
I'm drowning in the shallow end and choking on clean air.



# I Am Sorry

Esther Ginzberg '23

I am sorry that they never appreciated all the gifts you bring to the world.  
I am sorry that they corrupted your innocence, like crumpling a brilliant white sheet of paper.  
I am sorry that they made you so bitter that sometimes even the sweetest pleasures of life taste like metal now.  
I am sorry that you had to face every battle yourself because they would not fight for you.  
I am sorry that they left you in quicksand to sink when you deserved to fly.  
I am sorry that they muted you when you begged for just one fair chance.  
I am sorry that they always had daggers of envy plunged into your back.  
I am sorry that they never gave you the shot you deserved.

But you will get that shot, and it will ring a beautiful tune, for it will be entirely your own.  
The shackles on your heart will break and release all of the glorious,  
beautiful colors onto the canvas of boundless opportunity,  
and your hard work will not be fogged by their wrongs.

Our ancestors knew hardship, too.  
They were strangers in a strange land.  
They were beaten down, refused, and used.  
They wandered for years,  
but sometimes you must wander to find freedom.

You will see what freedom is  
when those who matter appreciate your gifts,  
your innocent, trusting soul, and your iron strength.  
Those who matter will support you with wings  
as you soar to new heights.

When you take flight,  
you will remember what it is to breathe, to be unforgivably yourself.  
And they will be sorry,  
for it will be you who leaves them behind.



# An Unfinished Story

Anonymous

Today I am a blank, clean page.  
The world is my oyster,  
I have escaped my self-made cage.

Yesterday I was ablaze,  
With frustration, anger, and rage  
That trapped me in a blind haze.

Tomorrow is unknown,  
With many paths  
That I could choose to roam.

But today I can decide,  
I will start tomorrow  
The same way I started today.

I will start each day with GOALS.  
I will grow each day,  
And I will mature each step of the way.  
I will value honesty,  
And respect those who love me.  
I will look out the window  
And see a life filled with choices, beauty, and opportunity.

Opportunities that I will embrace  
With open arms  
And a positive attitude.

I know the past cannot define me,  
But there are mistakes I won't forget  
My pages are still unwritten,  
My life isn't over yet.





# Cage

Meital Fuksbrumer '20

I see a bone-deep exhaustion in you and  
I'm painting purple under my eyes in cool hues to match  
does it ever tire you to act so tired? I want to ask but don't  
I grip your hand tighter instead as if to say I understand  
those days I get a rare smile from you and my heart goes haywire  
I think you know that, too.

I fling open the French doors to the balcony at dawn  
and sit with a coffee and sip slowly  
you sleep, tangled in the covers and snoring softly  
I don't disturb you until light shines through the gossamer curtains  
I watch, entranced, as you enter the space  
between sleeping and awake—I would call you angel  
with the halo of sunshine scattered on the pillow (your hair)  
but I see your reaction: a grimace and distance  
I'm falling already and don't think you can, will catch me.

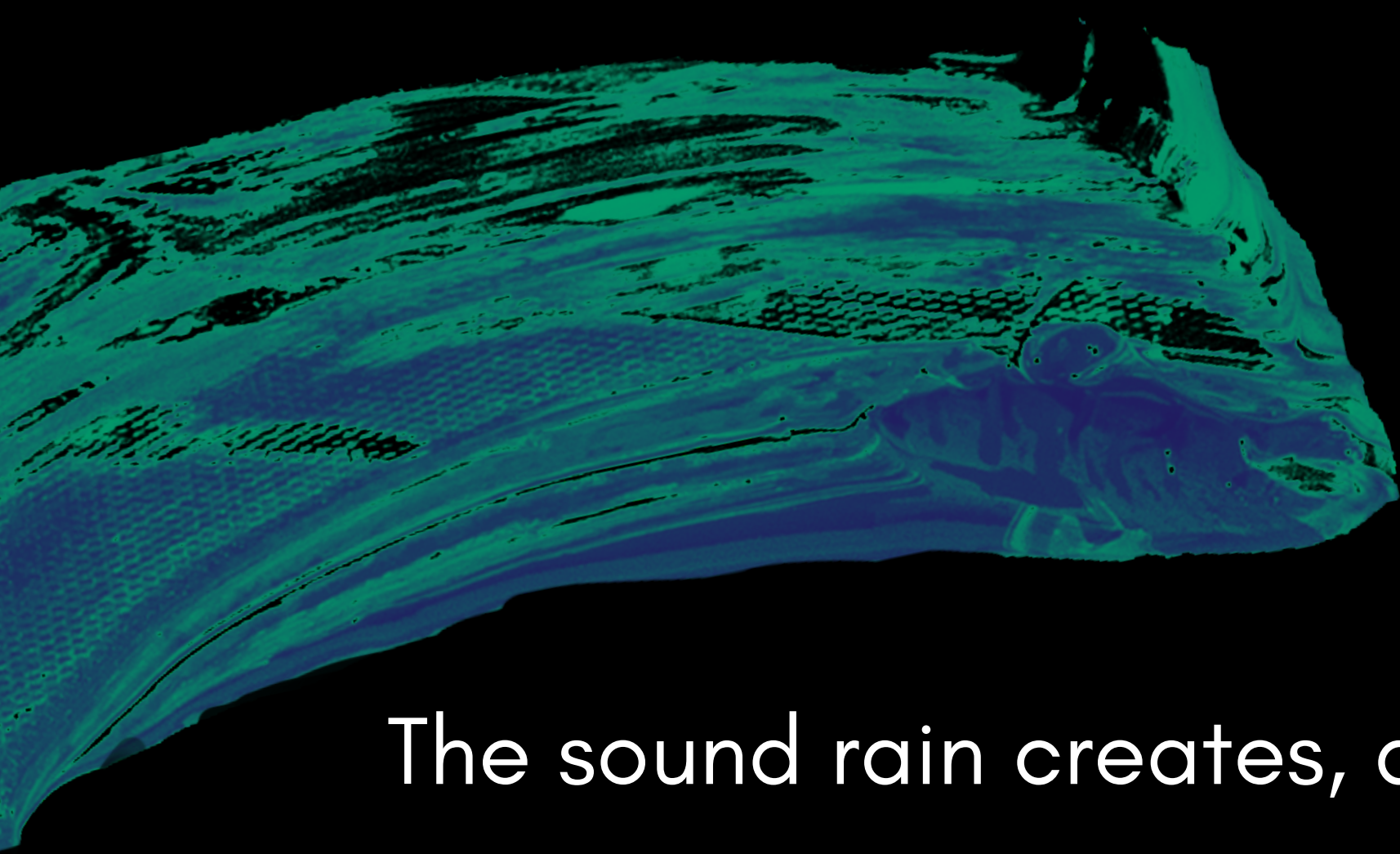
I wonder why you got an apartment overlooking the city  
if you despise the incessant noise and buzz and rush  
you tell me it's because you feel lonely and my heart clenches  
in agony for your pain or Jealousy that I cannot appease it?  
i ask you to come to the beach with me instead  
and you grin,  
I can see you running on the beach, hair flowing  
and feet bare.

In my dreams, we walk in sync  
In my dreams, we meet and do not separate  
I see you fluttering away and I let you leave  
I keep the doors flung open though,  
just in case



# Outside

Tova Kaplan '20



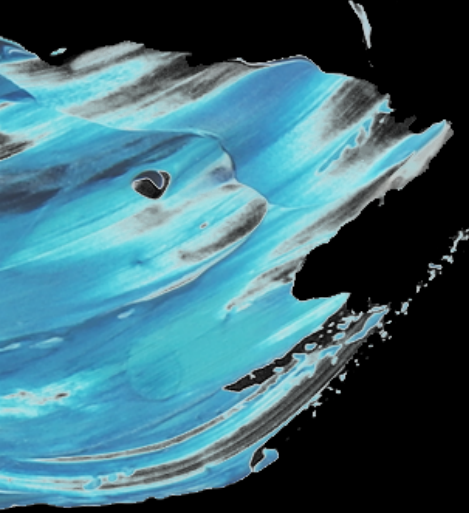
The sound rain creates, a gentle hum  
pattering outside  
cold wind seeps in through the windows  
and the drafty air swirls about.

Lumber and shipbuilding  
my hands callus under the wood  
and grooves of the axe etched into my palms  
the past and present are at once in the woods.

Humid summers when cicadas chirp  
an endless buzzing during the long nighttimes  
waking me up and lulling me back to sleep.

Muted sunshine reflects on the garden  
And  
I bask in the feeling of home.





# The Moment it was Over

Sara Tehilla Cohen '20

September 1944

Fanny Leucove could not believe it.

France was free.

The past few years had changed them more than they could imagine. When the Germans invaded France, everyone tried to escape any way they could. With bicycles, motorcycles, or on foot. Luckily for Fanny, her husband owned a van, a rare treasure. Because they had a car, she, her husband, and her two teenage children drove from Metz to the south of France, to as far as they could run.

When they reached the area near the Spanish border, they were conflicted about whether to escape to neutral Spain or to remain in France. Each decision posed its own risks. Crossing the border required them to climb the threatening Pyrenees mountains with a guide, who could possibly give them over to the Nazis. That is why they chose to stay and hide in France, specifically in Pau, a small town near the French-Spanish border, located in the “Free Zone,” ruled by the Vichy government. However, it was not long after the Nazis’ invasion that Fanny realized she was pregnant. She was shocked. She was forty years old and did not expect to raise any more children. She had two adolescents, and a third had died in childhood. She was Jewish, pregnant, and trying to escape the Nazis in southern France. A less than ideal situation.

Although the Occupation was not as strong in Pau as it was further north, Fanny and her family were forced to hide in the homes of anyone who would take them in. Her daughter, Esther, with her blonde hair and blue eyes, worked in a factory, while her son, Henri, took refuge in a farmer’s home. The Nazis searched for her husband, Itzik, and even imprisoned him. Miraculously, he was able to escape and the family reunited once again.

Meanwhile, Fanny was several months pregnant and extremely malnourished, as the French were subjected to rationing, and her family was being hidden by the kindness of French families. Besides lacking nutrition, Fanny faced another problem. No doctor was allowed to deliver a Jewish baby. By sheer miracle, Fanny found a doctor who was willing to deliver the baby in secret.

However, childbirth was the least of the problems Fanny faced as a Jewish mother, even one with Aryan features, with a newborn in occupied France. Because of the increasing danger, people told her to give the child to the nuns, but Fanny said, “Either we die together or not at all.” And that is exactly what happened.

“Danielle,” Fanny whispered to her three-year-old, “We did it. We survived.”



# Soldier, Survivor

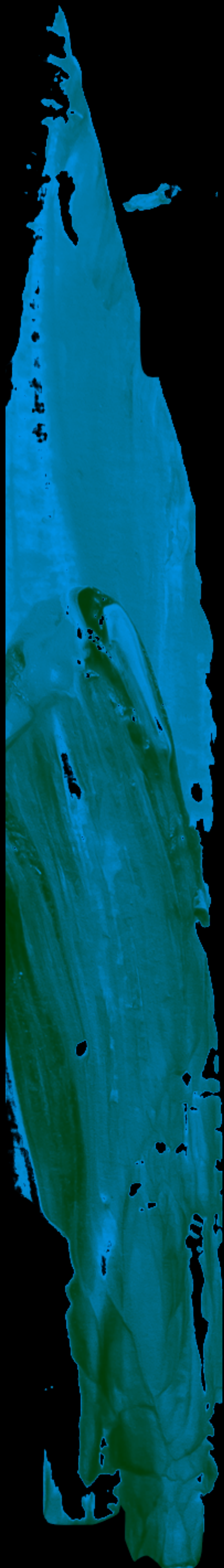
Keren Glicksman '22

What has become of this place?  
Plants of green but I am blank  
Flames of gentle gold but I am blank.  
Blank.  
A borrowed soul,  
Borrowed mind on borrowed time,  
Breathing borrowed air  
What has become of me?  
Still, I know this melody belongs to no one else,  
And so it is the sole barricade that will fend off the high tide,  
One solitary possession of my own.  
It must be lonesome.  
But then it must feel victorious,  
Ascending beyond the reach  
Of minds and souls,  
And don't I, too, feel victorious?

Victory.  
No word tastes bolder on my lips.

I am awake now.  
I have risen from the dirt and I will slumber no more.  
Like a wild beast I roam untethered, unshackled  
With blood in my veins and caked on my skin  
I am a scattered, scathed and contused proof of liberty in its  
essence,  
Immunity not born but forged from a solid will.  
It is not sweet, it is not pleasant  
It is raw and ugly.  
But it is beautiful.

Then this must be something bigger than words on a page  
This must be a testimony,  
The testimony of a voice that is deserving of consideration.  
The testimony, in fact, of you who are reading these words,  
And of me, writing them,  
And of the creatures of our Earth, friends and foes alike.  
Behind masks of white and purple,  
Turquoise, grey and brown  
Lie the spirits of survivors.  
Look.  
I beg you, look around you.  
Do you see it, too?





# My Day

Hannah Munk '22

I took a step  
And then I fell  
I looked around  
And said, “Oh, well”

But then it happened  
Three more times  
Not so cool  
I brushed off grime

I still didn't think  
My day was bad  
Oh shoot, a test!  
Boy, was I mad

I want my lunch  
But then I find  
That I forgot it  
Never mind.

The bell rang loud  
I went to class  
Oh Yay! A free!  
I'm free at last

I go out for lunch  
And eat with a friend  
And I get the message  
God was trying to send

My day itself  
Was not so bad  
It only looked it  
Because I was mad

Once I smiled  
And saw the good  
My day looked exactly  
Like it should