

INK

St. Stephen's School
arts and literary
magazine





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Mr. Schutt, Ms. Bullock, and Ms. Berman,
for inspiring and encouraging us.

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Ink

School year 2023-2024.
Collection of arts and literary
works.

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Costanza Buccella, Gr. 10



Robbie Tesfamichael Araya, Gr. 11

Driftwood

The driftwood's in disgrace, I said
He replied smug, Why would that be?
I saw it, it left its roots, it skidded away through rocks and reefs to find refuge
into your hand, soaked
in the memories of its past
And yet the tree hears it, he smiled softly, their union rings true in their fibers.
Their experiences dialogue forever
An everlasting torture, I whispered

Tiziano Pepe, Gr. 12



Irene Amendola Garcia, Gr. 9



Azzurra Grue, Gr. 9



Martina Gascon Llado, Gr. 9



Bianca Pasquini, Gr. 9



Adriano Cellini, Gr. 9

All Saints Day

My father drove me to a cemetery today
He said he wanted to see the graves
Check every one for the names of people with whom he shared blood
He said that on november first the graves
held the flowers and letters and tears of the bereaved

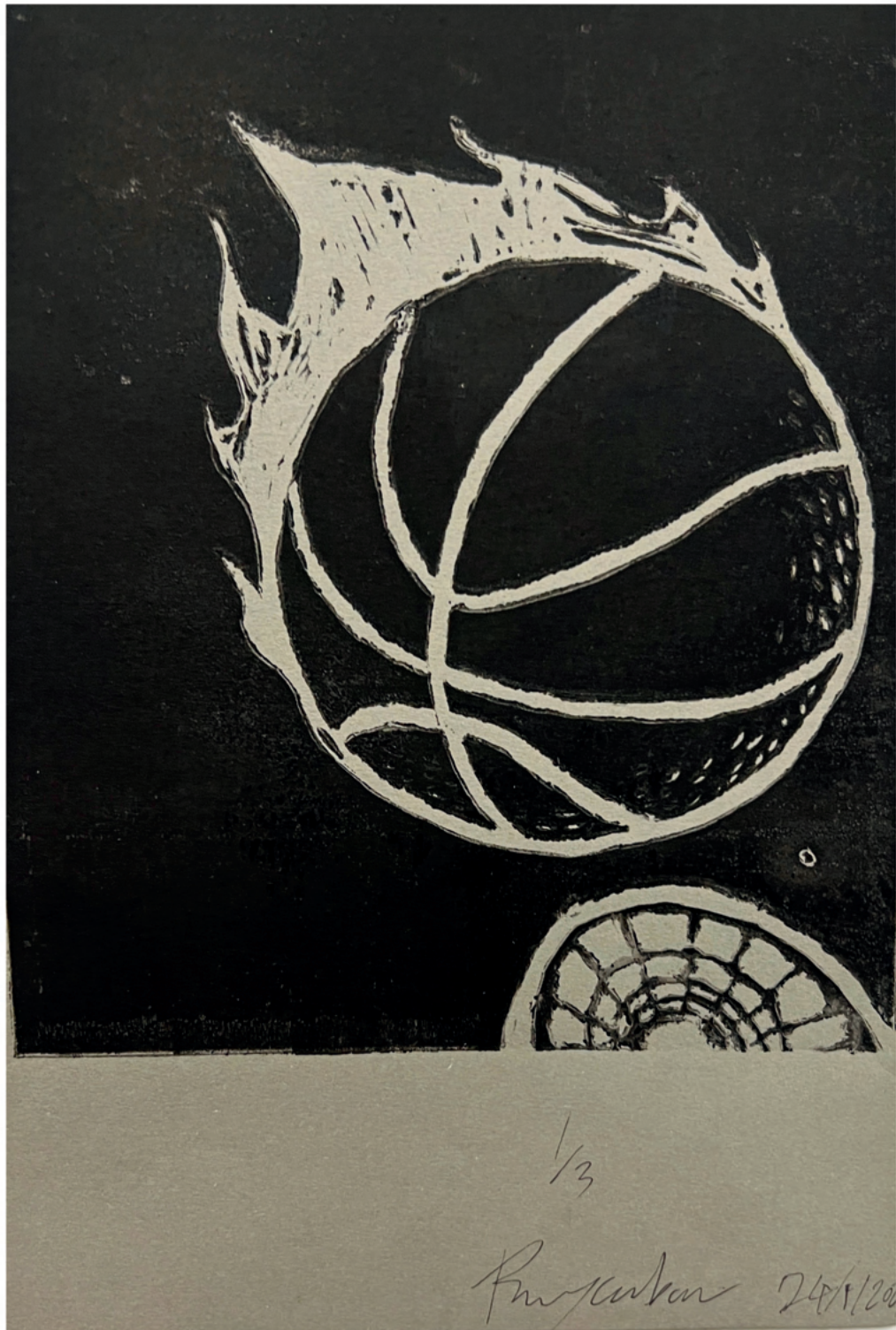
We drove in silence for a stretch
The present looming in the spaces
Where the past seemed to hold its breath
I said i didn't know all these saints existed
And he told me that every year on the first
Of november he walks to the tombs and prays to the dead
The ones with no flowers, with no letter or tears

As we leave the gates
Under the shadow of a strong oak
And the glint of a distant street light
I hear his voice catch
And the moment flickers, lost in the past
While I sit in this car and hold my fathers hand

Jenny Chamberlain, Gr. 12



Asha Roy, Gr. 11



Remy Carbon, Gr. 9.

Peter By The Sea

On summer days, I think about how much you loved the ocean. You said it was like the mother you never had. Light poured from the window onto the table. You tried to grasp it with your fingers, as if you were asking for something to love you. Then you told me about the way it felt to be underwater.

In the blue, stillness felt like a beating heart. Like your mother's womb. It was a Sunday and we were eating pancakes when you told me this. you started crying softly, like I knew you would. I held you tightly in my arms, so that the broken pieces of your body wouldn't fall apart. That's when you confessed; August was haunting your heart

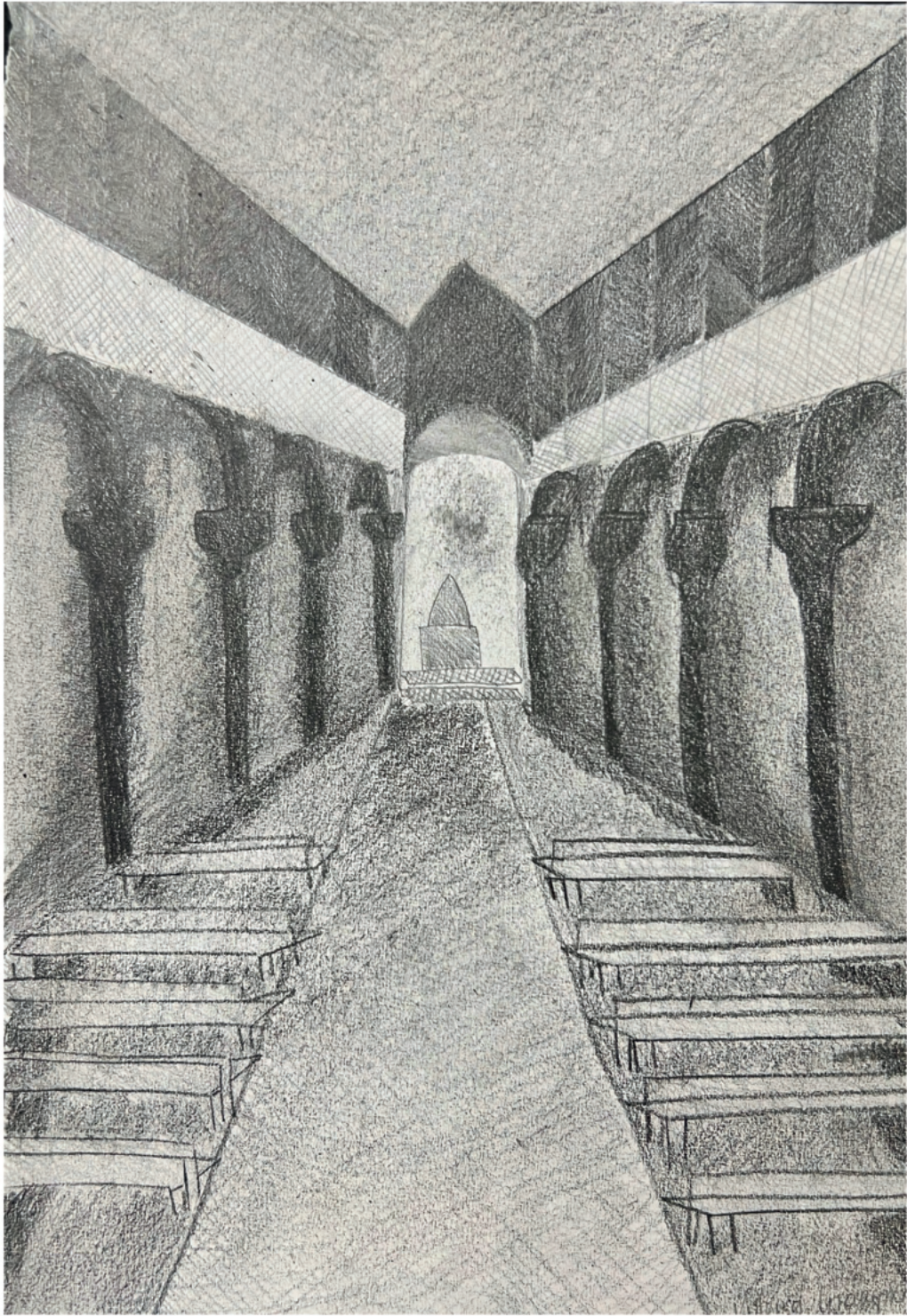
.
And now you collect carcasses because you know that memory fades. Dust settles on the flesh of your heart. The house of all the people you've loved. White sheets in every room. On the walls, pictures that remind you of the lost days of July. You made yourself a home out of a morgue.

Five years since I've seen you last, but I think of your words in the last days of August, when things are getting sad for no reason. I sit on a bench that overlooks the ocean, writing you letters but never receiving a reply. Last time we spoke you had shrunk into the arms of a quiet little bird, no teeth in your mouth.

Asia Magrone, Gr. 12



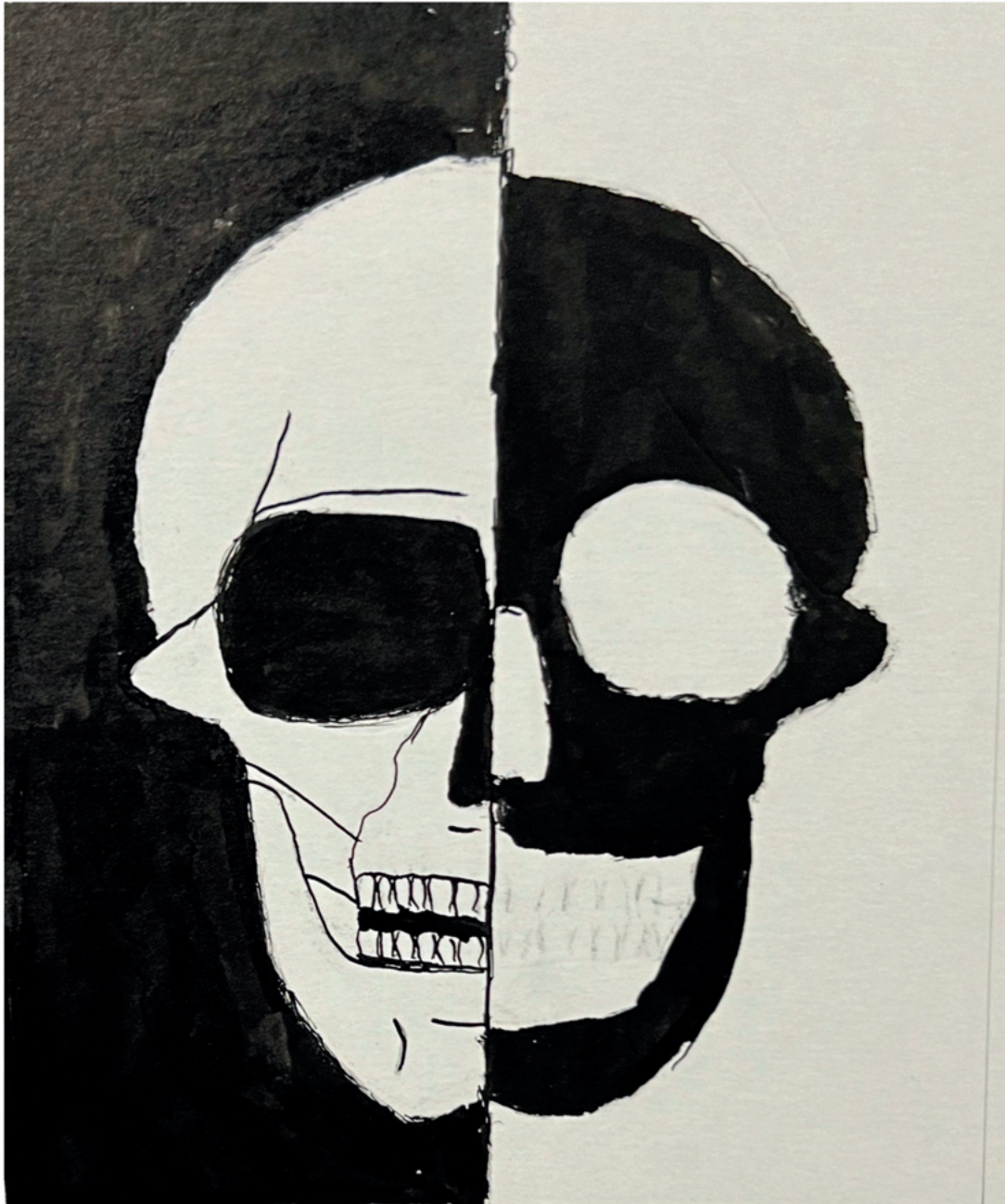
Astrid Jean van Ham, Gr. 10



Vittoria Giampieri, Gr. 10



Selina Zhou, Gr. 9



Andriy Yatsenyuk, Gr. 10

Hate Prior To

On the first of a fiery February, funnily not a Friday,
I saw a daffodil, next to two great Danes
Made me want a dan
- Ish

In Thursday we trust I said to Tim,
Tim not Tom last time I talked to Tom,
He rhymed with flan,
I guess.

And yet, all I crave is a guy named Dave,
Or Gabe or those yummy kraves.

Two times I mentioned the timely Tim and Tom
Yet who is Tom or Tim?

What if I tiptoed to Tim while talking to Tom about
Tim? Welcome to the hate for T...

Ameli De Schepper, Gr. 12



Jesse Treherne, Gr. 10



Steven Xie, Gr. 9

I'm not worried, I'm terrified.

You're wondering if I'm worried.
Ok then, yes, I am worried.
As a bird, newborn and small,
Rapidly flapping the weakened wings,
Gazing at the big flock ahead,
Distant, merging in the red of the sky.

You want to ask, am I worried?
Well, of course I am.
I chirped your name once, twice,
Five times, and I know you'd
Still ask me whether I screamed your
Name loud enough.

If I'm worried now,
It must be because i feared
My wings were too weak,
And I'd fall behind you,
And die,
Stabbed by millions of trees,
That seemed so beautiful from up there.

If I'm worried,
It's because the truth is that your arms
Were those branches,
Your claws were those thorns
That painted me as red as the sky,
Gross as the masterpiece
Of a butchered animal.

You dug holes in my wings,
I thought I dug myself.
I slaughtered my chords
Calling for your name.
Yet you had no voice,
To speak our promise,
At my grave.

Angelica Borgogna, Gr. 9
2nd Place Winner for INK Contest, Creative Writing



Adriano Cellini, Gr. 9

Delulu

I stick my head out of the window,
car-sick
I think, or just reluctant to get
therapy.
As I find my entrance, I step out of
that dark
Taxi stuck in a horrible traffic jam.
I check the watch on my arm.
9 pm it reads, It's time to ring

the doorbell. Love and logic on a
boxing ring
As confusion makes me sick
In the stomach, I pinch my arm.
"That's why you need therapy"
I swallow my saliva like sweet jam,
Grasping for some comfort in the
dark.

I check my vibrating phone in dark
mode, as it rings.
I am to choose between a sexy man
and a jamming
Room, that should cure me. But I'm
too lovesick,
To desire healing, too cocky for
therapy
And too weak to sustain an armor.
I try to reach the doorbell but my
arm
Slips and I answer the phone. I can
see his dark
Eyes as he speaks, and maybe, I
don't need therapy
Than the times he loved, but I can

be as brainsick
As to think that out of all the fruits,
I'm the sweetest jam.

Truth is, I don't even know whether
he likes jam,
But when he brushes his lips against
my arm,
And he looks at me with an
expression of a sick
Man, and I feel my hands on his
chest, and it's dark,
When he whispers on my neck, and
I'm ringed
By his warmth, I don't even know
why I would need therapy

Anymore. So I ignore the text from
"therapist"
Which reads "It's almost half past 9,
is it the traffic jam?"
And instead, I answer the rings
With an "I'll be there in minutes". I
depose my arm
And abandon myself in the dark
Streets, as a woman sick

For the most powerful addictive.
Sick of something as serious as
therapy,
Wanting to darken my mind and be
jammed
by his powerful arms, waiting for a
reused ring.

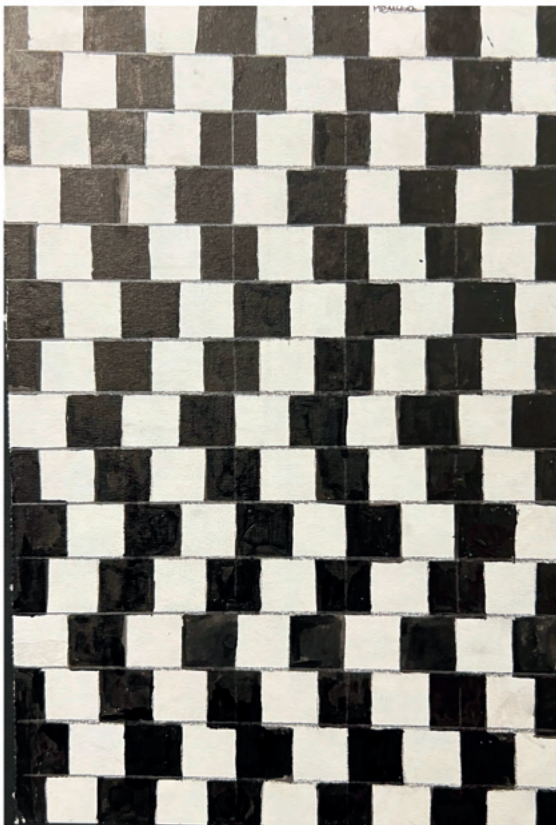
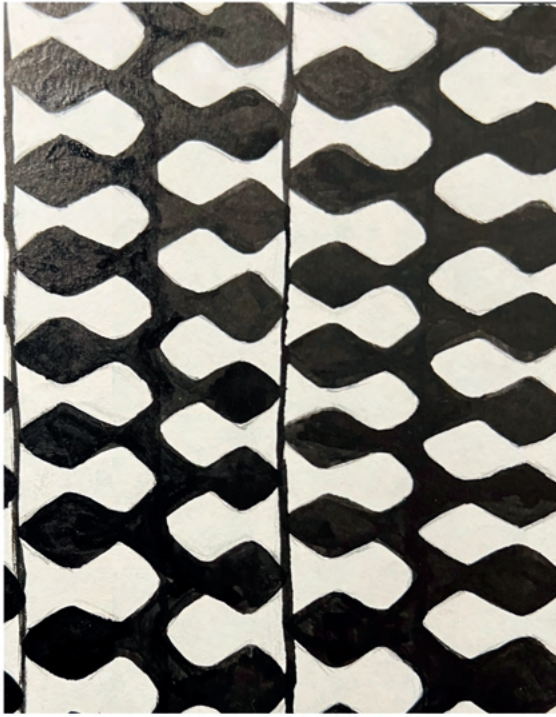


Carlota Corominas, Gr. 10

Patience and Resilience

As Penelope awaits or his return,
She remains loyal to her love
And weaves her loom in a pattern
Although the suitor's actions were quite rough.
Their mischievous and dominant energy fill the room That she
unfortunately cannot compete Telemachus' wrath begins to
fume
And his mothers loom remains incomplete
Penelope had enough of the disrespect But even then she does
not give in
As they know she'd feel repent
Of committing a grave a grave sin.

Veronica Luciani, Gr. 9



From left to right, top to bottom: Kitty Lin, Gr. 9; Matteo Mucciaccia, Gr. 9; Melissa Ye, Gr. 9; Rosa Bah, Gr. 9.



Gabriele Marija Kreivyte, Gr. 10

Love personified

On an armchair of flowers, grown from seeds
Of every fruit that I've brought you.
In my youth, you seemed sad when the winter was cold. But now I grow
old enough to know that,
Though spring brings much joy and much beauty,
My hate for the winter was immature.
And I begin to realise
If I wished for the end of all winters
When would the bears find time to rest?
When would I make my pots of jam and my pies?
When would I read under blankets by the fireplace?
365 days to a year
And I want to enjoy each and every one
With you, and our dog,
Lying under the tree barks.

Bosco Di Leo Wickham, Gr. 12



Ziyan Li, Gr. 9
Honorable Mention in
the 2D Art Contest

Cleopatra

Above her throne, shining with a blinding glow.
On her pyramid, she glares below.
Her golden crown shone in the sun,
Watching her subjects with a gleaming eye;
her black kohl was the only thing seen in the distance.
In her grace, she connects the high to the low.
The stars in the sky,
The desert down low,
Encompassing all the known world.
On her side, her symbol, a cat, slows, Watching the world with a watchful
gaze.
Attempting to play with the grain on the floor
One
The first queen
The first power
The number one, where her power shows through

Mikhaela Deen, Gr. 12



Alberica Bianchi Franceschetti, Gr. 11



Astrid Jean van Ham, Gr. 10

pictures of me

polaroids
i found one the other day
you, preserved,
timeless
a lie, really
you are no longer
what you were the
day you smiled, and
your mother froze
time on a piece of film
because she thought
it was something worth saving
is it that i was you once?
or that you became me
i can't seem to decide
which feels more right

polaroids
there are some
on the fridge
in the kitchen
they haven't changed
I pass by them every now
and then, like a test
i show you all the different
ways in which i can change
my hair, my clothing
and you don't care, never care -
you stopped caring, didn't you,
the day you were
immortalized

polaroids
i said goodbye to
friends when i moved
i never said goodbye
to you, though
to you, i said nothing,
did nothing
and you stayed because i let you
and because it's not
in your nature
to leave me
because there is no me
without you
because we were the same branch
once, before you stopped growing
and i left you for me

i tried so hard
to sever your branch
hurl your pretentious leaves
that were supposed to die
long ago but somehow didn't
into oblivion
cut off all ties
but you hung on with
a stubbornness so fixed
that i realized
you really weren't ever
going to let me go.

Sunmin Kim, Gr. 10
1st Place Winner INK Contest, Poetry



Diego Alvarez-Hibbs, Gr. 11



Vincent Maupin, Gr. 9

The Betrayal of the Archibalds

By Annika Husain, Gr. 9

Oh my-

I have fallen. My surroundings are odd. My bodily mass has plummeted and has pierced the protectorate substance below me. Where might I be? A replication of my family crest lies facing me, carved into the wood above-
-red, what is this red that penetrates my vision? Why is that dishonorably horrid color covering the teal around me? What is this velvet red? Whom may I ask would fill a cage such as this with red, the color of blood, lust and most importantly eternal sufferance?

I can feel my muscles becoming convulsive. My head pounding almost barbarically.

A lugubrious melody is playing in the background of my thoughts as a tune that I can't recall the name of yet know almost perfectly. I know it so well, it's been following me since I was a child, when my own mother taught it to me and my brother. Alas the melancholy music has forthwith gone, so abruptly as to make a person shudder. A new noise is arising, it is like the gushing sound of rain hitting the blue stained windows of my mansion home. It is the type of noise to soothe an infant.

I want to escape the sounds. An unearthly noise is pressing against my grotesque ears, it isn't leaving . Why doesn't the noise stop?

Scan to keep reading!





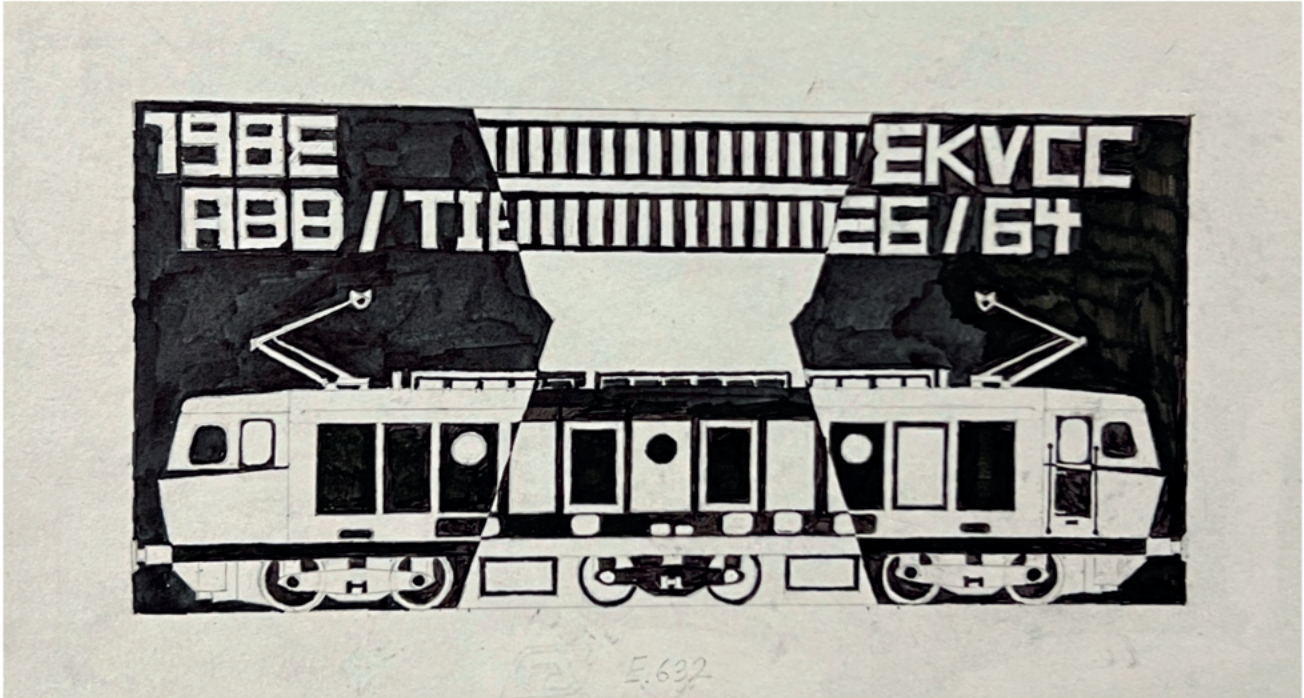
Flavie Bierau, Gr. 10



Sara Radicini, Gr. 9



Astrid Jean van Ham, Gr. 10



Ziyi Xu, Gr. 9

I See Trains

Nadia Romano, Gr. 9

THE TRAIN

A black air surrounds me, rustles and murmurs fill the camp. Silently, my campmates walk

around the wire fences, staring at the endless emptiness spreading in front of their eyes. My arms hurt, my stomach rumbles; I feel sick. Today was a ‘special’ day, we were given a ‘special’ soup, one that was meant to fill us up, it did nothing of the sorts. My stomach, if you can call it that, is almost invisible. The watery soup had a slight meaty aftertaste, yet of meat there was no trace. I feel bare, my ribcage is more evident than ever. I feel sick. My back hurts, my spine is as curved as can be, standing straight feels impossible.

“Kazimierz!” I hear my campmate calling me. It's a miracle that they know my name. I, myself, am starting to forget it.

At the same time I can hear a guard shouting at me. “A-15978! Hör auf!”

My mate pushes me out of the way. A cloud of smoke, a deafening noise followed by a murder machine.

The train was filled with bodies, walking corpses. An avalanche of decomposing people fell near me. I cried out “ Pomoc! Hilfe!” I cried for help. Looking around, I noticed the annoyed looks on my mates’ faces, I saw their eyes rolling. Were they not seeing what I could see? I looked around once again. The people, like those lifeless corpses that fell on me, stand in front of me unreactive, as if they were used to the death.

“Umarli, nie widzicie? Są martwi!” They’re dead, can’t they see? I said with tears in my eyes. I took a step forward, my legs shaking from shock, another step and my heart stopped.

Scan to keep reading!

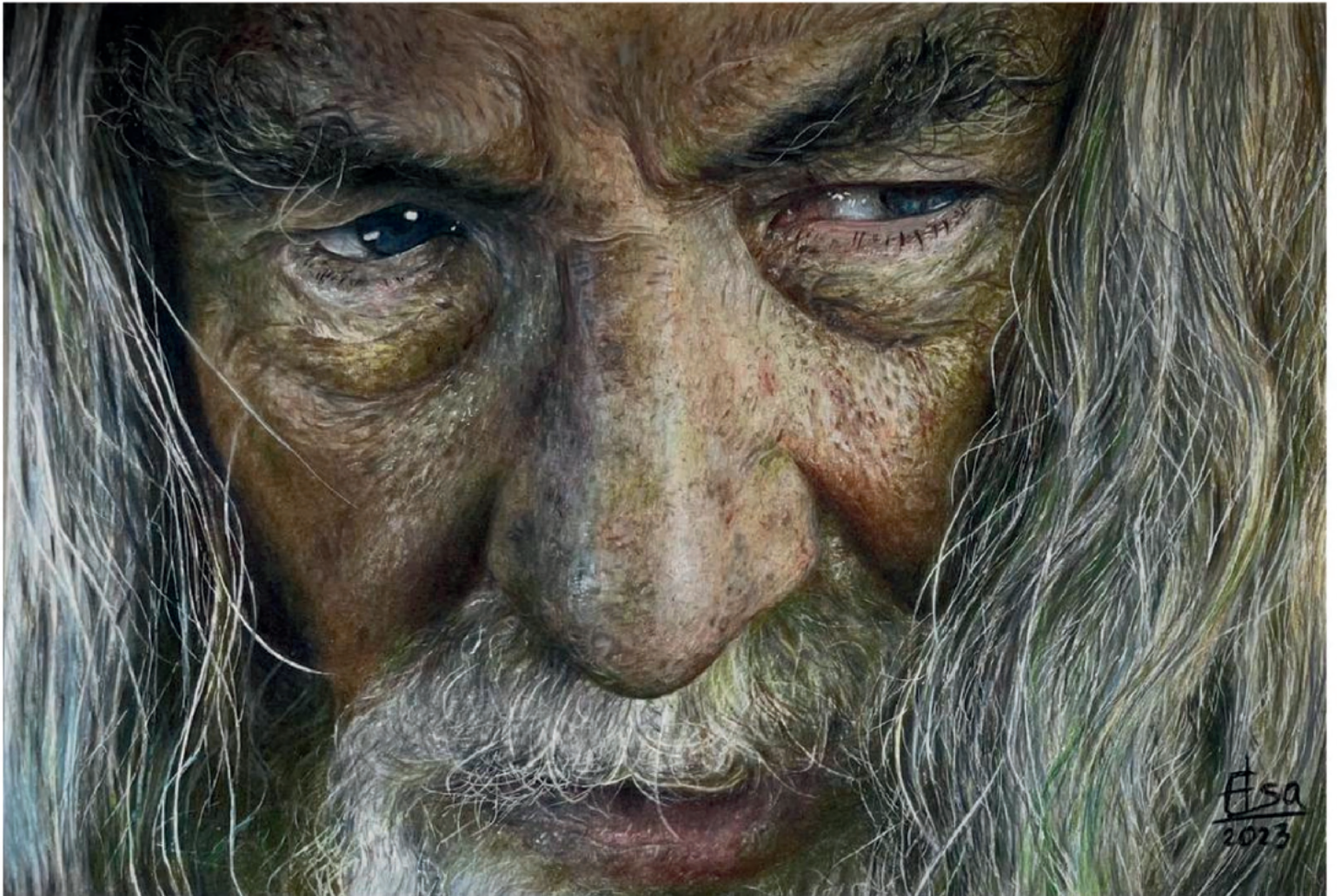




Gabriele Marija Kreivyte, Gr. 9



Angelica Borgogna, Gr. 9
2nd Place, INK Contest, 2D art



Elsa Recchioni Baiocchi, Gr. 10
Winner of the 2D art contest



Rohan Srusti, Gr. 9

Turning away

“In order to understand the world, one has to turn away from it on occasion.”

-Albert Camus

A cold winter air
Blankets the grey streets.
He shuffles along in silence,
Rubber soles scraping the cement,
The rolled-up newspaper
Swinging at his sides.

Observing the dull outline of the city,
He imagines himself
as the dutiful architect
Of his own solitary mind.
The newspaper falls open,
The margins are
covered with sketches.

He finds a bench
Under an old orange tree.
The dull green paint
Peels off in flakes.
The smell of oranges
Lingers in the air.

He sits, his worn hands
Folding the fabric
Of his dark overcoat.
He waits.

Silvia Solima, Gr. 11



Sam Von Hippel Gr. 11



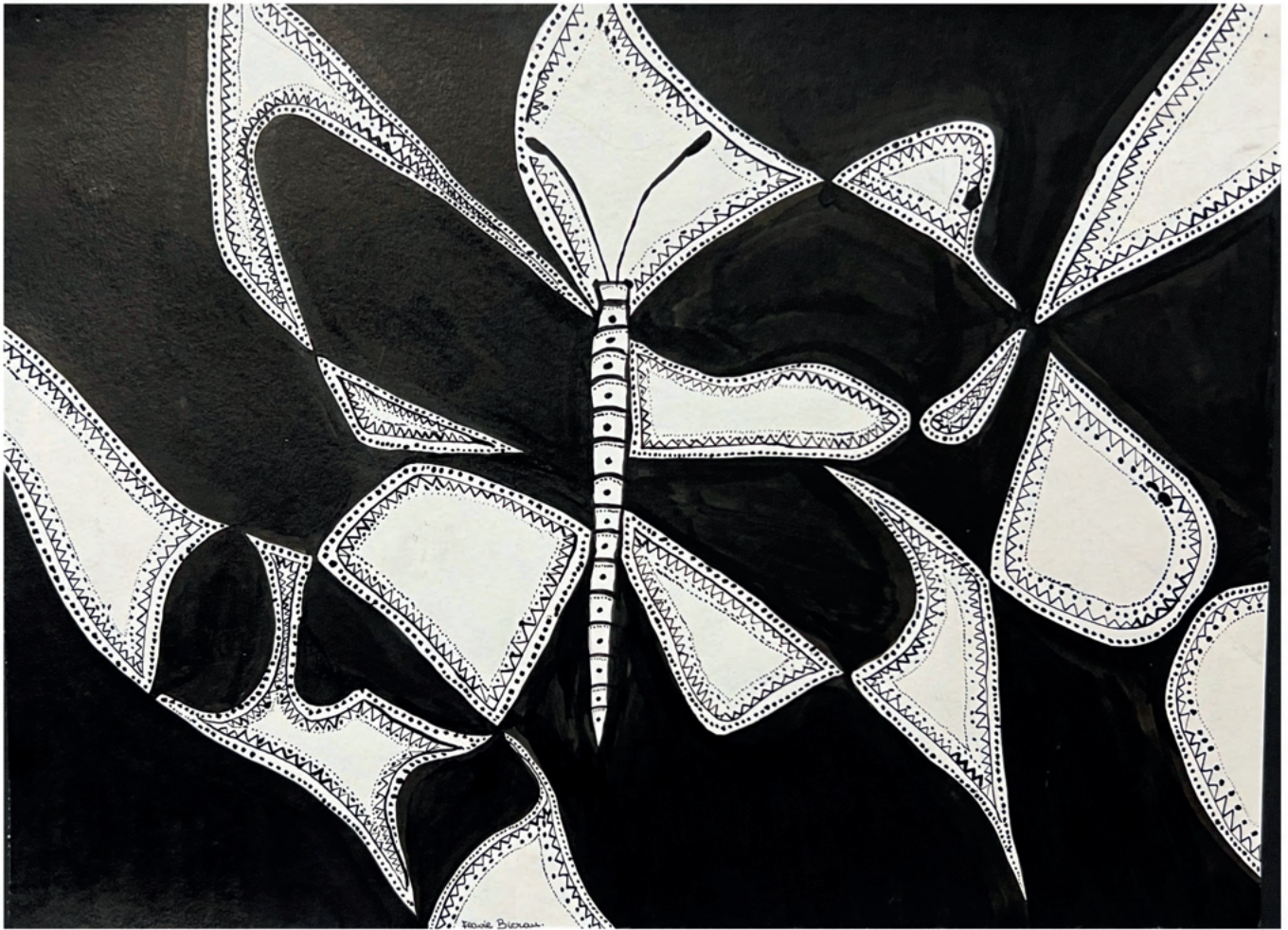
Gabriele Marija Kreivyte, Gr. 9

“Untitled”

Ms. Volcano, Above the Ocean Waves
(Based on “Lava” by Disney)

On the day I reached above the sea,
I thought you would be here with me.
Instead, I look all around,
And I see so much of nothing.
In the depths of navy, turquoise, cerulean I
imagined the grasses fringing your eyes, The
seagulls that rested in your comfort, The
warmth that rested in your heart.
20,000 years I waited
and 20,000 feet I rose.
I’ve finally reached above the sea
And I no longer hear your voice
nor see your face
nor feel you near. And how the blue waves.

Sofia Taguchi Slettehaugh, Gr. 12



Flavie Bierau, Gr. 10



Jun Rosa Bah, Gr. 9

“Untitled”

Poetry is
A bridge
Between age, gender, Race, time, space
A river
Fluid, free and flexible
A staircase
Winding upward, downward To you, to me
Poetry is
A rocket
Reaching the limit, And going beyond it
A leaf
Weaved, fragile and beautiful
A door
Begging to be walked through, Beckoning
Poetry is
A parachute
On days when I want to Fly, or stay alive
A story
Of my scars and victories
An invitation
To rest, to feel,
To be more than just an existence.

Sofia Taguchi Slettehaugh, Gr. 12



Lenaig Miranda, Gr. 9



Sebastian Silver, Gr. 10



Taylor Walters Vogt, Gr. 9

peach

the nectar of the largest, most fragrant peach drips down the trunk

attracting ants and locusts with its lure

they come to try its juice

taking a piece for themselves

leaving a bruised skeleton to rot in the moss

other fruit above laugh while they polish their fuchsia fuzz

they don't know any better

and the nectar that was once so sweet

turns sour and inedible as the rest fall

no trace is left of the body

and the trees run bare

as jack frost dusts the valley with pristine pricks of white

tickling the backs of even the prettiest peaches

justice is served

Viola Maskell-Key, Gr. 11



Ape Tesauro, Gr. 9



Ludovica Ambrosino, Gr. 9



Elsa Recchioni Baiocchi, Gr. 10

yin yang

come over here, buddy
look at this shape.

Round
and boundless,
among realness and fake.

On the right you have clowns, jestering dumb acts and fun.

White and lamped to your left, inquisitorials of truth.

Buddy look at each side, Neither are real.

There's fun in the light and light in the dark. Together they sit,
in this one round table, bordering in differences 'n connecting
in spark.

They mask in the other
to fit an unfit appeal,
you can't yin without yang, no matter how you conceal. You
look in my eye,
may be a bit high,

But believe when i say tension/pressure makes break. Buddy
boy ask me once, where do me and you belong? don't repeat
and don't stutter but in the middle we go
since the middle is fine
and won't ever be wrong.

Elisa He, Gr. 10



Ludovica Ambrosino, Gr. 9



Sam Von Hipple, Gr. 11



Elsa Recchioni Baiocchi, Gr. 10

Celebrity

Linh Halewood, Gr. 12

Long red carpet
Bright flashing lights
Screams from the left
Shouts from the right
My name being called all around

Smile
Pose
Hand on hip
Enjoy the attention
Before the next person comes
And every camera turns away

Forgotten
For the moment
Until we are all seated
Awaiting for the host
To declare a winner

Clapping
Whistling
In a daze
I kiss those around me
Stumble to the stage

Scan to keep reading!





Gaia Giacchetti, Gr. 10



Flavie Bierau, Gr. 10



Isabel Rametsteiner, Gr. 10



Kiara McCormick, Gr. 9

Just a pink shirt

By Angelica Borgogna

Note from the author

“I’ll embrace my individuality and accept the occasional bumps and bruises that come with it, rather than conform to society’s expectations and hide my unique qualities.”

----- March 27th, 1973

Ouch.

I pricked my finger with a needle for the third time today.

A tiny droplet of blood trickles down my finger and disappears in my newly made shirt. I examine the cloth, searching for the invisible stain while sucking on my finger.

“Who took the pink fabric?”

I hand it to her, even though reluctantly, as I would’ve added more pink to my artwork.

Blood stops running, I take the shirt away from the sewing machine and hang it on a metal bar.

“William, you did a great job.”

As I look at her and take in my surroundings, I see that everyone is fully engrossed in their own tasks, whether cutting, sewing, or painting.

The room is adorned with an array of colorful fabrics and threads, including a stunning white and black skirt that is longer in the back and more disheveled in the front, with gray waves that outline its unique structure. I stare at a dark blue jacket with a glistening fabric that catches the light and draws anyone’s attention, as well as a bold red dress that is adorned with shades of orange and black leather underneath, making it look as if it was crafted from fire, seeming to glare at the white shirt I’m wearing, which seems quite lackluster in comparison.

“Meh. Everyone is doing a great job.” I answer, admiring this freeing little room. I’m so grateful to be here, surrounded by art and people who share my passion, where I can create something that represents me. I love this environment, and I bet everyone does, even if not as much as we do. ----- April 15th, 1973, 7:30 pm It’s late, I should hurry back home.

Scan to keep reading!





Ella Robnet, Gr. 12



Taylor Walters Vogt, Gr. 9



Balthazar Wissman Gr. 10

Robbie Tesfamichael Araya, Gr. 11

Fantasy

I waited too long
for the sun to come out
and with my finger I drew
on the wet fogged window
which hid the outside world

I drew myself sitting
on a tall cherry tree
and a lion sitting with me
I drew a fat monkey
with a fancy iPhone

I drew a lighthouse
and the monkey I put
with a cat in the house
while the light was free
to shine on the tree

With time I realized
the sun was concealed
until the fog disappeared a
nd with it my drawing
faded away

Elsa Recchioni Baiocchi, Gr. 10



Aurora Chen, Gr. 9



Thank you to our head of school, Jill Muti,
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endeavors at St. Stephen's!

