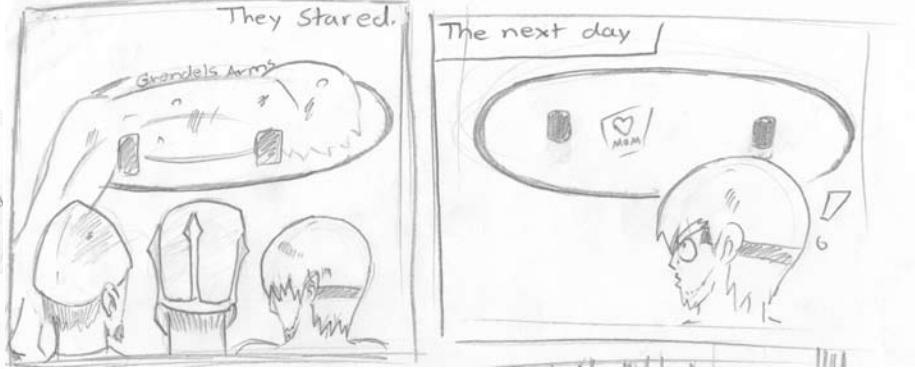
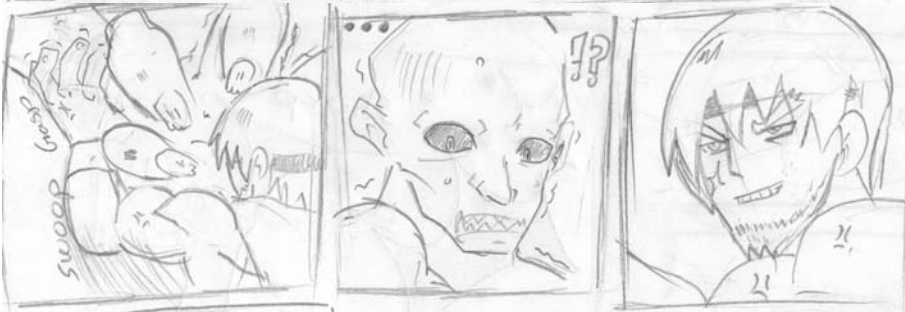
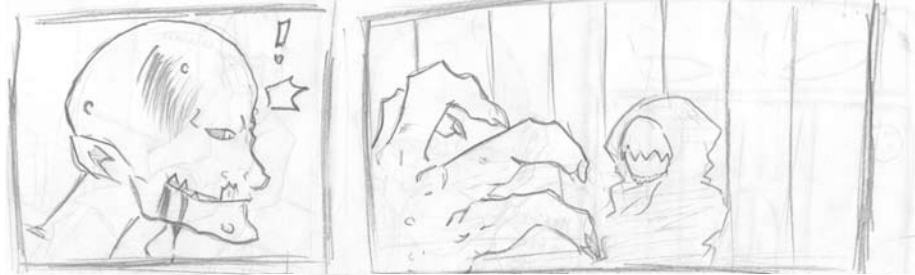


Battle with Grendel



# Beowulf



By: Enoch Evelyn

## The Beginning of the End

As the school year drew open, the  
summer drew closed,  
The summer before our "easy" senior  
year,  
Carefree living, bare feet.  
We were sad to see it go.  
We are now busy, busy, busy,  
Schoolwork, sports, college  
applications,  
Early Action or Regular Decision,  
How can we choose?  
Although we want to go to college, it will  
be sad to leave.  
Taylor Swift said it best.  
But it's no longer freshman year,  
And we've already spent the past four  
years in this town.  
Senior year has just begun,  
And yet, already, it is so close to  
The End.

Kathleen Ackert  
Grade 12

## Strength

Through the fires and flames, we take  
the fall.  
For this, we risk it all.  
We were once afraid to fly,  
But watch us now as we take the sky.  
Not aware of the power inside,  
We now see the potential we hide.  
It is time to let it shine.  
We shall rise from the ashes that we  
once were,  
Now stronger than we ever have been  
before.  
We will make our names known,  
For this is our moment; this is our  
chance  
To be the best and nothing less.  
I know that we can pass this test.  
We can make it through anything  
As long as we trust ourselves.  
Believe in everything we are!  
This is it, our chance, to be all we can  
be.

Melissa Walsh  
Grade 11

## The Mirror of Seeing

When times get hard, and I'm losing  
myself,  
You sing the song my heart needs to  
remember itself.  
Because through the chaos you're all I  
hear.  
Even when the darkness scared my love  
away,  
You gave me yours and promised it will  
always stay.  
Thank you for always believing in me.  
You were the one to set this caged bird  
free.

Megan O'Keefe  
Grade 12

I've seen  
Confessions.  
I've seen  
Tears.  
I've seen  
Prayers.  
And I've seen  
Fears.  
  
I've seen  
Fears.  
I've seen  
Revenge.  
I've seen  
Beginnings,  
And I've seen  
The End.

Dennis Valent  
Grade 7

## What You Are to Me

There are lessons I should have learned,  
But instead there are just more bridges I burned.  
So now there's a heavy weight on my chest,  
But I keep telling myself this is for the best  
Because I have a jar filled to the brim with hope.  
But I'm losing my balance walking on life's tightrope;  
But every time I fall,  
It's you who carries me through it all.

Life didn't turn out the way I planned,  
But because of you is how I still stand.  
You're the solid ground beneath my feet  
Because you stand strong even when I accept defeat.  
When my heart grew too tired,  
You were the beauty that kept me inspired.  
It feels like mountains I'm trying to get through;  
I would have given up by now if it weren't for you.

The world tried to tell me I wasn't good enough,  
But you were always there when the waters got too rough.  
So I'm holding on to you with all that's within me  
Because you are the anchor that keeps me still when at sea.  
And when my world is dark,  
It is you that's the spark.  
I didn't think I could take it any longer,  
But because of you I am stronger.

## Remember

Remember when we were young, and  
the world was so big?  
When we thought we'd get to the other  
side of the earth if we had a shovel  
and the will to dig?  
Getting high enough on a swing that all  
you saw was an endless blue sky?  
Sitting in the backseat and staring out  
the window, watching the scenery fly  
by?  
Watching snow make a new canvas  
through the barrier of a window pane?  
Cloud watching and stargazing, wondering  
if you could be seen by the people up in a  
plane?

Remember when we took our first steps  
into the outside world?  
The roar of an airplane as you prepare to  
take off and travel the globe?  
Your first bike ride, the feel of the wind  
putting up a fight against you?  
The first day of school, from ABCs and  
123s to snacktime, naptime, and  
learning to tie a shoe?  
The world seemed to get smaller, we too  
big to fit this place,  
We yearned for greater freedoms; we  
were told the sky is the limit when we  
said to ourselves,

"Okay, but what about outer space?"

Remember as we grew older, and adults  
started to trod on our dreams?  
"No, that's not a high-paying job." "I had  
better hopes for you." "No, by no  
means!"  
We had to assimilate to the grown-up  
world.  
Consequently, our perceptions of life  
became increasingly swirled.  
We were told to fit in, be part of the black  
and white.  
Eventually, we lost the childhood rainbow,  
and our past took a farewell flight.

So now we spend day after day in a  
repetitive routine,  
Forgetting the thrill of adventure, just  
worried about being lean.  
We may feel lonely sometimes, like we're  
the only ones left on earth,  
Stuck in a corner, unrecognizable among  
the others, trying to look for any kind of  
mirth.  
We blend in too much, our colorful world  
becoming a bland and uninviting gray,  
We spend too much time working that we  
forgot to stop, smile, and enjoy this

gift of day.  
Whenever you stand alone, remember  
the child inside of you,  
Summer miles, rosy smiles, grass so  
green and ocean so blue.  
Don't let go of your wild spirit, use it to  
let yourself beam,  
Don't be afraid to be unique, because at  
the root of it all, you're you, and I'm  
me.  
Don't stay in the boring black and white.

Ambition can make you shine.  
Remember when we were young, and  
we said to ourselves, "The world is  
all mine?"

They say wisdom comes with age, but  
we forget all that stuff when we get  
older,  
No time for caring or company, our  
hearts sadly becoming colder.  
For it's a continuous cycle, yes, it's true.  
So, forgive anyone who trampled over  
you,  
For they just wanted revenge for the  
exact same things their adolescent  
selves had to go through.

There's a hope to ending this cycle if we  
all just act together.  
Start with this,  
Remember when we were young, and  
the world so big?

Kayla Fernando  
Grade 10



## The Key Conflict

Though she knew her parents knew what was best,  
She seemed to ignore and tune it all out,  
Until she had enough and put the keys to rest.  
Years went by, and her love became profound,  
When she started to forget, she realized  
She could not resist the melodic sound.  
Determination was the secret key;  
She strived to be as she was and more.  
Pursuits were the notes to the harmony.  
Through many obstacles and strife,  
Here in this corner, a box, black and white  
That caused this dismay she would surpass.  
She figured out why she loved this art  
Because it brought joy to her family's heart.

Danielle Cafiero  
Grade 11

## Christmas: A Sonnet

Every year surrounding our Christmas  
tree,  
With presents, hot cocoa, and mistletoe,  
I have my family alongside of me.  
We sing carols and never want to go.  
Christmas is my favorite time of year,  
Filled with hope, faith, laughter, and  
happiness.  
It brings everyone so much joy and  
cheer.  
I wish the Christmas season were  
endless!  
Mass on Christmas Eve fills me with  
reverence,  
In celebration of Jesus Christ's birthday.  
It is important to keep the essence,  
In every single way on this special day.  
During this special time let us find  
love,  
And let kindness be all that we speak  
of.

Rebecca Hernandez  
Grade 11

## Untitled XVI

Join a broken Charade and fight the  
internal Crusade.  
Face your Demons down for Fears only  
vanish  
Once they've been Conquered.  
So fight for Love if your Heart is broken,  
And for Peace if you're at the brink of  
Destruction.  
Pray for Rain so no one can tell if you  
cry—  
Hope they can decipher the Truth from  
the Lie...  
Now there may be some deeper  
meaning found  
Within the lines of this Dogmatic  
Doggerel-  
But it's only there if you want it to be.  
Look closely and view the Gossamer  
weaving  
Of Words that become an Ethereal  
skeleton  
Holding as the foundation of Smoke  
And of Mirrors.  
Look past that and see  
The Artifice is Me.

Maiya Kasprzyk  
Grade 11

## Lost in Paradise

Eyes are open. Stormy gray, fringed by long black lashes, belong to a pale, delicate face. Chapped, windblown ruby lips rest above a pointed chin, completing a heart-shaped face. Long, thick raven hair falls below her slender waist. Porcelain skin stretches over a lithe figure. She rises. Her movements are purposeful yet graceful. Bare silver trees lightly illuminate the blanket of darkness. Brick of spun silver lead a winding path through the ethereal forest. Bare feet ever so gently brush the endless brick path. She steps out of the darkness to find a choice lying before her: dwell in the darkness or embrace the path of light. A single sensation burns brightly in her veins, her very soul: fear. It washes away her numbing calm. A single tear breaks the silent spell. A gentle calm washes over her as she begins to walk the new path through the darkness. As her delicate steps echo in a silent world, she fades. Becoming more and more transparent, she will soon cease to exist in the very world from which she was formed.

Emily Matassa

Grade 9

## Call for Good Samaritans

I am traveling, walking.  
The road is dirty, and  
A stench fills the air  
Where it winds and deviates.  
Seconds in the path,  
Ticking fast, loud, merciless  
And yet no one listens, hears.  
Everyone is out of time.  
He was innocent.  
She was too young.  
I was robbed.  
You were abused.  
We were neglected.  
And the rush!  
I must succeed.  
I must win.  
You must work harder,  
Look younger,  
Be courageous,  
Be on time—  
But everyone is out of time!  
I am no nihilist!  
All is not lost!  
Phenomena is loud,  
You can hear even if your ears are  
broken;  
Now command your hands and feet to  
listen.

Saruhya Gay

Grade 11

## Sunrise Sonnet

How glorious her reds and yellows are!  
So colorful and so joyful they seem.  
Shades so vibrant, yet the horizon so far  
I must remind myself "it's not a dream."  
A perfect way to begin a Monday:  
To look out your window and see the  
sight.  
I hate to think there is a better way  
Than to be dazzled by the morning's  
early light.  
'Tis certainly horrible to awake,  
Yet her ribbons of light I long to see.  
Even for only the glance I may take  
It is worth it to feel her greeting me.  
She is the Dawn's most radiant  
sunrise;  
A blessing her beauty is on my eyes.

Marc Lee

Grade 11

## A Work of Art

Living is a talent.  
It is a skill, to the artist.  
It is a brush, to the painting.  
It is a color, to the paint.

You perfect your skill.  
You choose your brush.  
You pick your color.

It takes practice.  
It takes patience.  
It takes forgiveness and mistakes.

Some are better than others,  
But no one is the best.  
Only God.

Life is what you make of it:  
A result of your own decisions,  
Your own outcome.

So try your hardest,  
Do your ultimate best.  
In the end, your painting  
Will be as good as you make it to be!

Capri Pappalardo  
Grade 11

## Picture of Words

I'm an artist who paints with words,  
A hopeful sculptor of phrases.  
A simple black pen is my brush  
With no eraser but a line,  
The mark of rejection through words,  
Indelible nevertheless.  
Murals written with just one brush  
Seen in more than a single glance.  
Look too fast, the picture is lost  
To eyes of those who cannot see.  
From heart to mind, pen to paper—  
A timeless image of my thoughts.

Amanda Duncklee  
Grade 10



## Nullified Treaties

The trenches on the Western Front  
Are a ghastly, chilling, far cry  
From the lifestyle I've been bred to hunt  
On this autumn night in Versailles.

"Are you not aware, my friend?  
Of our country's desperate and noble try?  
For I was sick with dread and fear,  
Hence, our dinner in Versailles."

"I respect you much and sense your angst,  
But what truth would be if I lie.  
Seldom I come to cross your ranks,  
Save tonight, here in Versailles."

"Are you ignorant of your servants' sons?  
And, the luxuries they deny  
In war, for us, the weaker ones."  
Alas, the city of Versailles?"

"Do not think you are 'holier than thou'  
With someone as equivalent to you as I,  
For mirrors cannot help you now  
As you weep alone, here in Versailles."

Ryan Bannon

Grade 11

## A New Beginning

It's hard to start fresh after ten years have passed.  
Things change; people change; not much lasts.  
It's difficult when the one thing we thought we'd have forever  
Gets taken away, to be returned never.  
A constant sign of innocence and childhood  
Has ended for eternity although we've wished it never would.  
It's time to learn to accept the ending,  
And try to start a new beginning.

It will always be there if only in the background.  
For the friends we've made will always be found  
With us; till death do we part,  
A permanent scar on our lonely hearts.  
The tears have flowed and shall never end.  
The longing for it, we shall never fully comprehend.  
But it's time to learn to accept the ending  
And try to start a new beginning.

What will happen next, we can never tell.  
But in the end, we hope that all is well.  
But for now we will just take it as it comes,  
Never letting go of our loved ones.  
Because as hard as it may seem,  
We must let go of the dream  
By learning to accept the ending  
And trying to start a new beginning.

Brenna Corporal

Grade 9



## An Ode to Music

A melody swirls inside of my head.  
Ear candy? I think it's food for the soul.  
"Music is essential," it has been said.  
It's true - it heals my heart and makes  
me whole.  
To perform, or listen, brings equal joy.  
The pulse of the rhythm throbs in my  
heart.  
My iPod is not some obsolete toy-  
But a treasure chest with each day I  
start.  
My mood decides what tune I desire:  
A catchy pop tune I'll freely dance to?  
A slow ballad to make me a crier?  
Taylor Swift has songs for all that you  
do!  
O Music, without you, I might not  
know,  
A wonderful cure to my deepest woe.

Annemarie Marconi  
Grade 11

## Tiny Dancer

Fluid motions like ripples on water,  
A father is dancing with his daughter.  
He has taught her right, he has taught  
her wrong,  
He has taught her to stand up and be  
strong.  
She stands on his feet as he spins her  
round,  
As they dance, there is no other sound.  
He shelters her from the evils in life;  
His pure love for her will always be rife.  
She trusts him with everything that she  
is,  
Taking to heart every word that he says.  
He looks after her like an attendant;  
Ten years, later, she's more  
independent.  
Now she is a graceful ballerina,  
But she'll always be his bambolina.

Leandra Simione  
Grade 11

## A Dwindling Pain

The pressure was building, he could hear his ears beat.  
His heart was rapidly pounding to the monotonic clammer of her feet.  
He clenched his clammy hands together, and his seat he embraced,  
Already drenched from the sweat drizzled from from his beet red face.

She steadily approached and was soon very near.  
His surroundings had now become elusive and very unclear.  
His eyes were submerged in tears, making his vision grotesque.  
It was difficult to keep the tears from coming, for he knew what to expect.

She encountered his location and set loose the paper on his desk.  
He was patient as it descended, for he knew the full force of pain  
Had not yet taken effect.

He hesitantly reached his hand out, and his trembling fingers pressed  
On the paper's rather crinkled and intimidating crest.  
His sudden gasp and face's abrupt plummet from red to pale white  
Could merely suggest the hollowness of his head and the pain in chest.

The sorrow could not be explained nor could the dread,  
As his bloated eyes stained a blood shot red,  
He caught glimpse of the numbers on his paper.

He was furious and enraged and went to tear the paper apart.  
But the moment he picked up the paper, the pain was excruciating,  
Like a bullet to the heart.

The long hours stressed on, and the tension rose  
As the day finally ended and came to a sudden close.  
But before he could go to bed that very night,  
He had only to encounter the day's biggest fright.

So, to prevent anything from getting any worse,  
He had only to say the words that would lift him from his curse—  
The words that had lingered in his mind all that day,  
And the words that were by far the most difficult to say.

So, he took a deep breath, and  
Solemnly and silently said, "Mom, I failed my math test."

Scott Kiley  
Grade 8



# **RENAISSANCE**

Kellenberg Memorial High School  
Winter 2012

## **EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**

Melissa Walsh

## **STAFF**

Kate Ackert  
Bianca Bonilla  
Rachel Buzeta  
Amanda Dunklee

Sauryha Gay  
Alexandra Hintz  
Maiya Kasprzyk

David Massa  
Amber Morris  
Francesca Novielli  
Briege Ryan

## **COVER DESIGN**

Elizabeth Mauro

## **PHOTOGRAPHY**

Kate Ackert  
Eric Rennie

## **ILLUSTRATIONS**

Rachel Buzeta  
Daniella Cafiero  
Enoch Evelyn

## **MODERATORS**

Mr. Kenneth R. Frank  
Mrs. Diane O'Neill

## **SPECIAL THANKS TO**

Bro. Roger Poletti, S.M.

## **PRINTED BY**

Digital Graphic Imagery Corp



*Renaissance*      *2012*  
*Winter*

Renaissance

Kellenberg Memorial High School  
1400 Glenn Curtiss Boulevard  
Uniondale, NY 11553

Non-Profit  
Organization  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Uniondale, NY  
Permit No. 10

