

# *Black and Gold:* **The Highland Review**



**Cover Photo by Kelsie Murphy**

**Winter Edition 2017**

# *Black and Gold:* **The Highland Review**

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## Adviser:

Mrs. Petrosillo

After reading and viewing works by their peers, we hope students of all varying degrees of experience in the arts will be encouraged to forward their works for the chance to appear in the Spring Edition!

Any students interested in submitting their projects should see Mrs. Petrosillo in room 119.

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# Things are Blurry

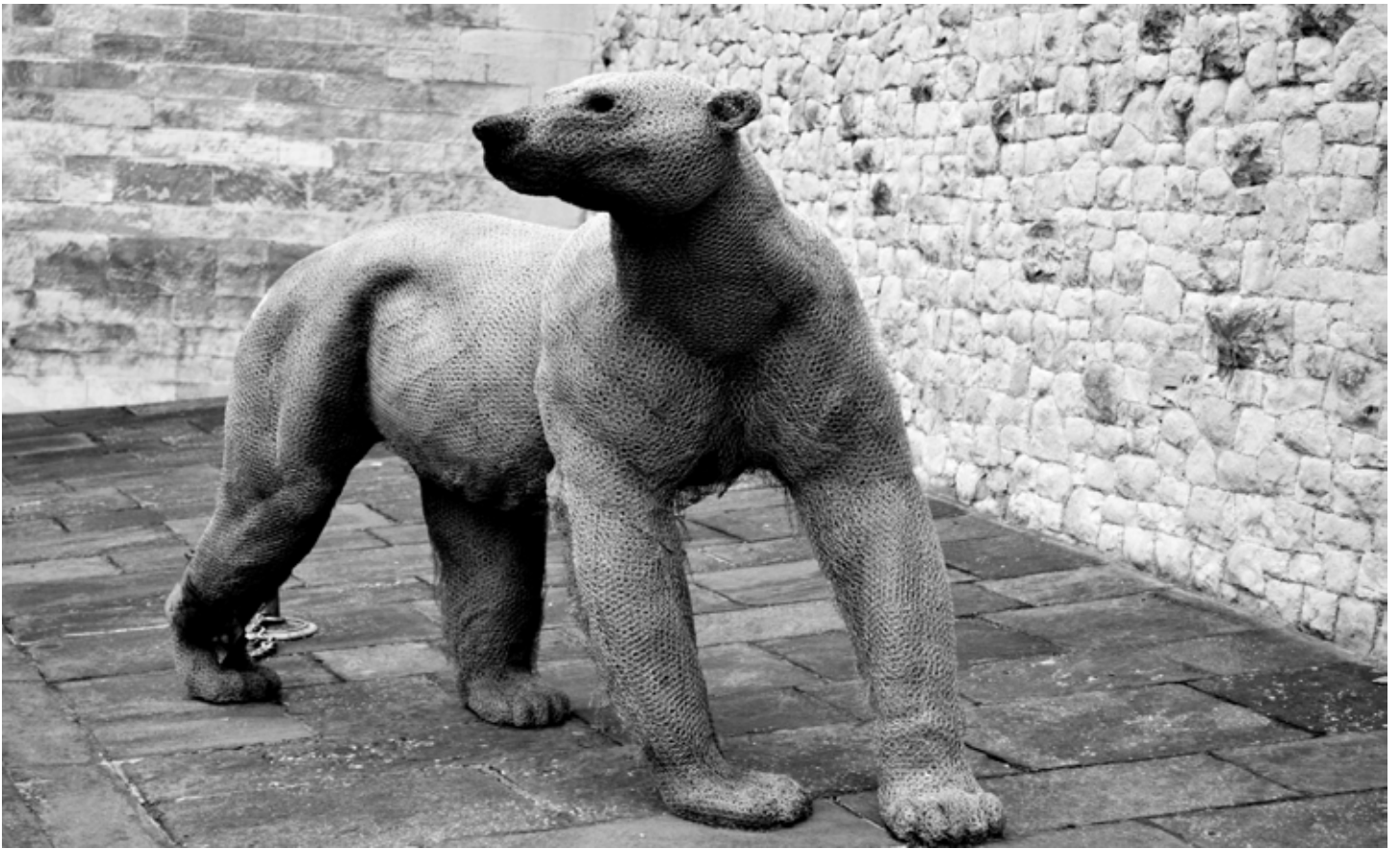
Jack McGraw

You make those fits of unpleasant laughter  
Feel like a blanket wrapped around my sore shoulders,  
And you dress the wounds that take shape  
On my skeleton hands every drunken night

Sing 'em to sleep because  
I feel at peace but  
So overwhelmed



Artwork by Diana Novachevska



Photos by Emily Post



# Untitled

Stockholm syndrome,  
Induced by the manicured lawns,  
Convinced me once and fooled me twice  
Into thinking I was doing things more than  
right.

I was making the most of it,  
Having my go of it,  
Was only trapped when I really thought of it.

Trapped by their evergreens,  
Sliced and diced into varying shapes,  
And seduced by the rose bushes  
Which would no doubt wither  
Come frost and winter cold.

But the grass which seemed then so green,  
Was in reality pierced throughout by weeds.

The cars that drove,  
And the houses all the same,  
Would soon be the death of my will,  
My dream.

Matthew VanAlstyne

# Juliet Syndrome

I had a dream, my love.  
That fate took, you from me.  
And I stood in stupor,  
Over broken heart and mind.  
I breathed my last breath.  
To meet you on the other side.  
Of the river styx.  
To meet you,  
in the halls of Valhalla.  
To find you,  
In hades.  
To hear your voice.  
Kiss your face  
And hold you in eternity.

Hana Salvación

## 2 for 99¢

You made me a promise  
That you never let me down  
That the strings of my guitar  
Were going to be what held me up  
When the floor sank beneath me,  
And be what brought us to shelter  
In storms of our unsatisfied hearts.

You are me and I am you,  
And you can put up with me,  
So I must be able to do it  
When all I've got left is catharsis.

Those 2 for 99¢ cigarillos  
From Lukoil across the street  
From the old memories  
Of naivety and booze-driven intimacy

And we smoke them in the wake of  
New memories of apartment dreams  
And booze-driven, cathartic genius.

To brawls.

## Untitled

Sitting in the stairwell  
Patiently waiting  
Staring at the door  
Patiently waiting  
Waiting for them to come  
Something that never will  
The rooms dead silent  
More waiting  
All for the arrival

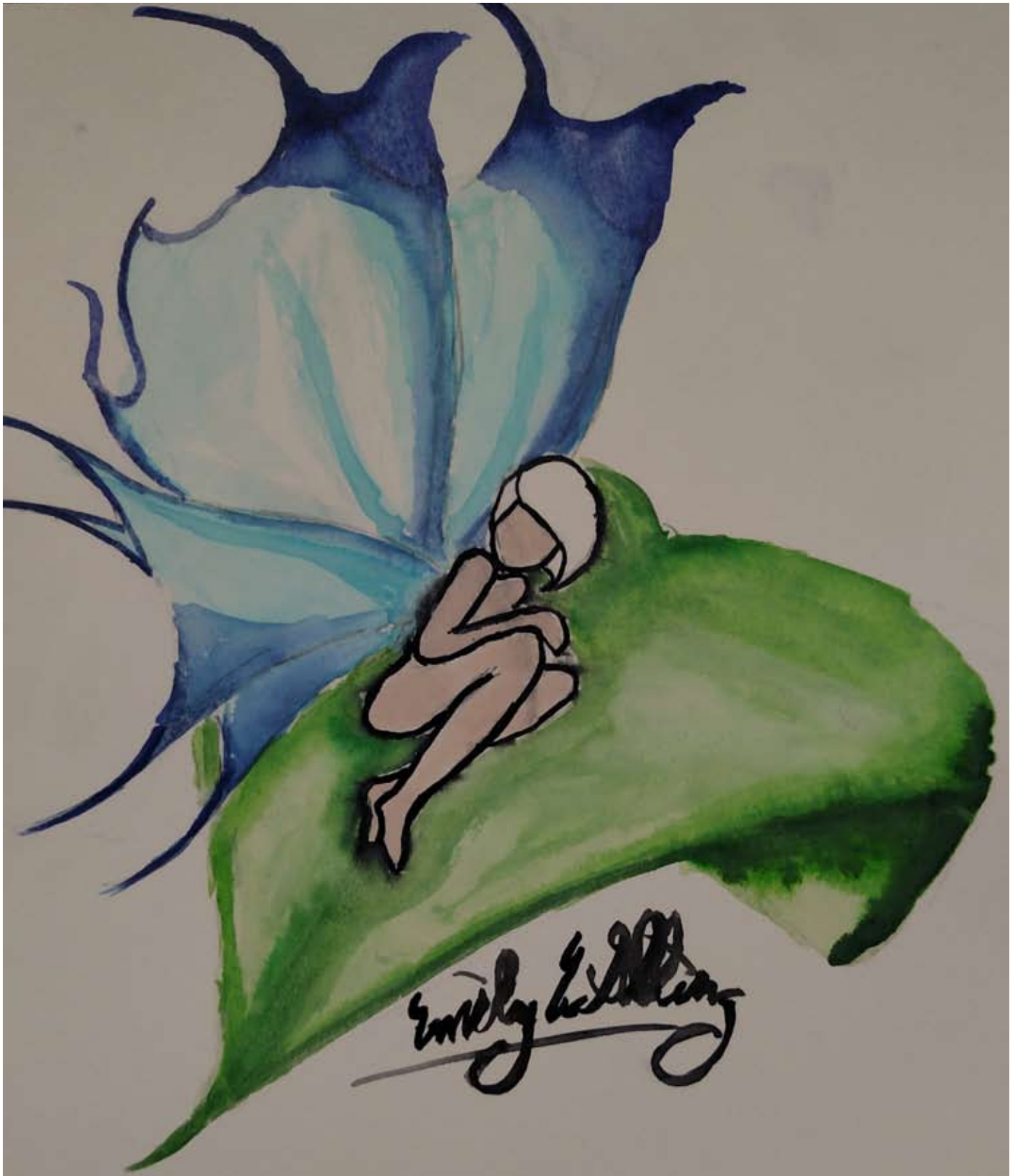
Anonymous

Jack McGraw





Photo by Emily Post



Artwork by Emily Golding



# Fall

The once healthy green leaves become crisp with yellows, orange, and reds  
The trees begin to whistle their melodic tune as the cool wind blows  
The air becomes cleaner with the fresh smell of fall,  
And the houses fill with smells of spices.  
The aroma of fall pastries fill the houses  
The strong smells of cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice consuming every inch  
Families gather for their annual traditions of apple picking,  
And the search for the perfect pumpkin.  
You can see the fathers lifting their children  
because of their persistence with the apple at the very top of the tree.  
Children scatter amongst the many different trees  
As the parents watch with joy.  
In the pumpkin patches you can find a four year old girl running to the biggest pumpkin she could  
find. her heart set on it, pointing to signal that it was the one  
In her head she's already figured out the funny face that will soon be carved on to it.  
Later that night you can find the spooky, and goofy pumpkins displayed on the stairs,  
And you can hear the laughter from family and friends nearby.  
The smell of campfire fill your nose, and you look around seeing everyone crowded around the  
fire.  
Everyone wrapped in warm sweaters, and tightly holding their warm apple cider as if it were going  
to run away at the release.  
As the night runs dark you feel the comfortable embrace enter, the embrace of fall.

Megan Lamb

# Youth

Stay there for old explanations of love and lust repeated

(Bense)-

How many souls show up in Heaven smelling of smoke? (Sasanov)

I sat and smoked too, and once in a while we looked up at the open window, and one of us spat into his empty can. We were visionaries, (Stern)

Snatched from sleep and huddled into clothes. (Tufariello)

Listening to dust- (Rosner)

One loneliness passing another. (Berke)

Jack McGraw

# Return to the Earth: New York

Labyrinth corridors,

Antiseptic cream walls,

Desperate bandaged hands clawing

At another lost Life.

Life neither moves nor stays.

Thick air and glistening needles.

Beside respirators and windowsill creatures

Hum along to static television.

The plush bear stare from across the room,

Breathless.

Sarah Jones