


Poetry in Bloom

Seasons of Poetry



Photo by Alex Moik

2024-2025



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Jennifer Sotomayor*, Lily Chabot, Lisa Keller,
Matthew Smith, Mugdha Karnik*



*Senior Spotlight



A Note From The Editor

Hello readers! Thank you for taking the time to read this year's edition of Poetry in Bloom! In order to explore the different facets of poetry, this year's theme is The Seasons of Poetry. To bloom, to fade, to decay, to shine — but most of all to discover — our poets wrote with Earth's changing in mind. This year's edition has four sections, or seasons:

- Spring - Appreciating the potential and the prosperity of oneself.
- Summer - Recognizing the beauty, passion, and abundance of the world.
- Fall - Acknowledging fluidity, impermanence, and imperfections.
- Winter - Reflecting on the trials and tribulations of the world.

I hope you enjoy Seasons of Poetry!

Alexa Espiritu



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Spring

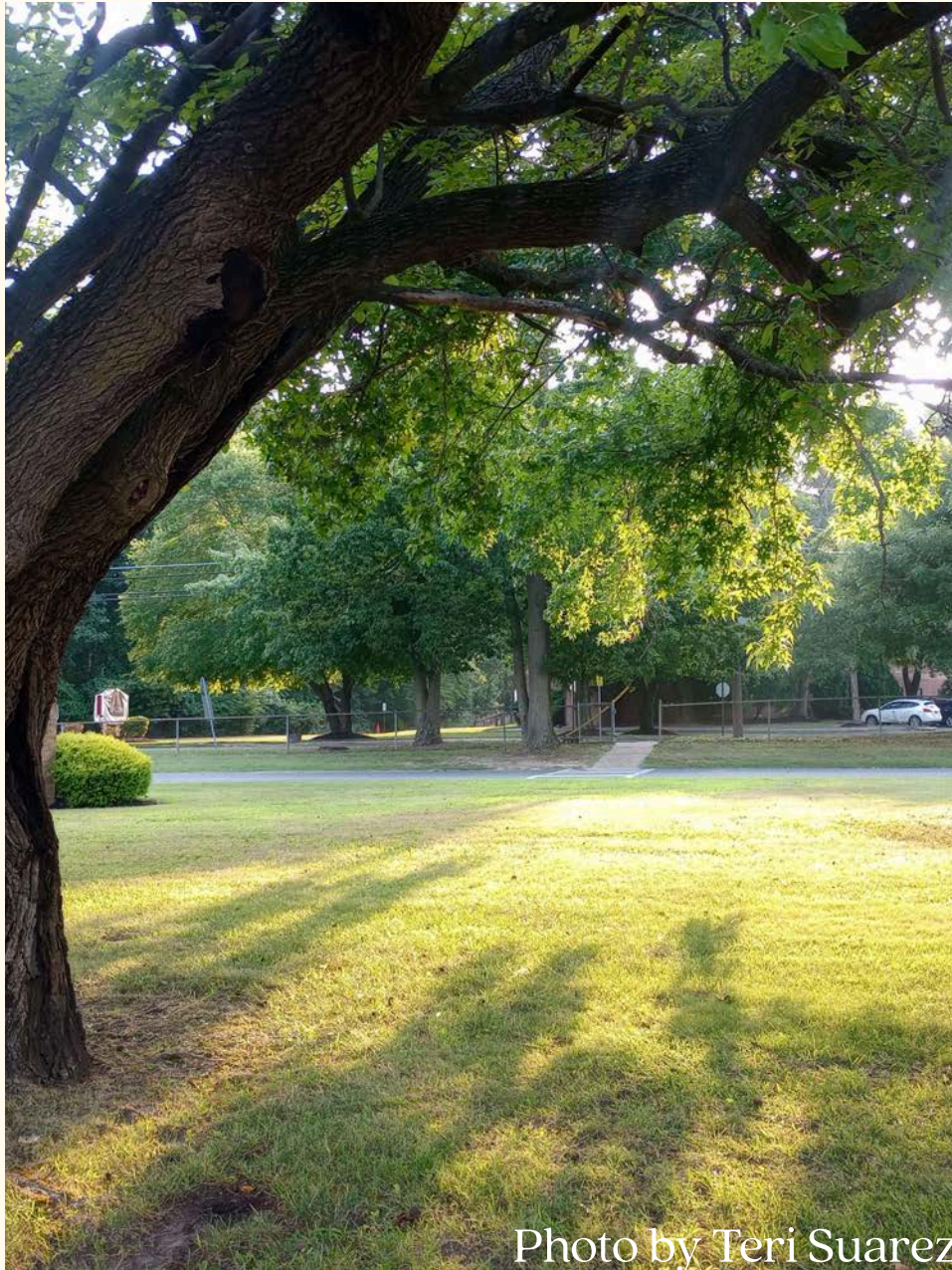


Photo by Teri Suarez

Abecedarian

*Dilsad Ozkan, Senior**

About the sunrise, have you ever
Been on a walk at the
Crack of dawn? Soaked in the
Dew, taking a deep breath noticing
Every little thing around you—
From the leaves to the seed filled
Ground— an echo of the worlds blissful
Halo. The chirping of the
Inca dove breaking the morning void.
Jerking you to move, jump, be alive.
Killing your soul is not the way to go,
Languishing for your end hoping for a
Mighty force to take the reins.
Never before have I seen such greed.
Only you shall carry the weight of your life.
The journey to find the
Purpose of life does not end, but the
Quiet is not so bad after all. A
Respite once in a while
Spurts the fire in your heart. If there is one
thing you
Take away, it should be that to diverge from a
path is not
Usurping, it is simply removing the
Vail that blinds you from the sun.
When in doubt, play a little
Xylophone and
Zoom away

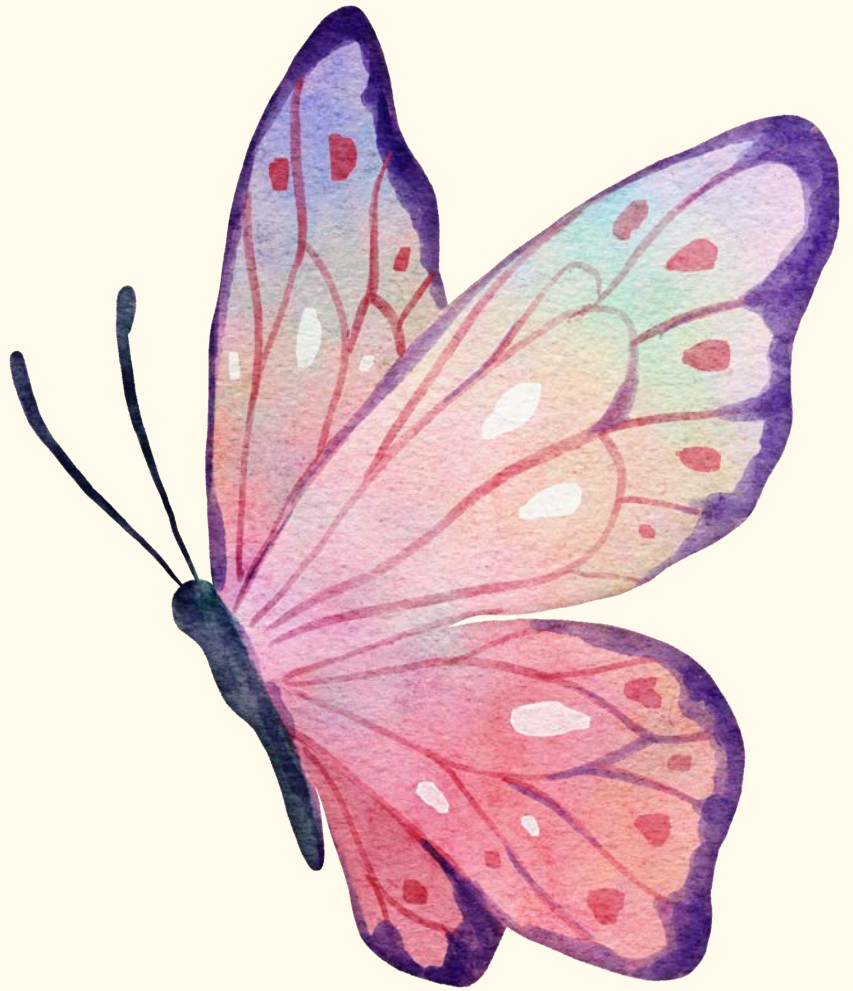


Butterfly

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

A technicolor specter,
Wondrous and woeful
Such a charming young spirit,
turned spirit, so soon.

Flee between the passages,
through the creases of a rose—
The wind beneath your wing,
Your life as your prose.



I Want To

*Dilsad Ozkan, Senior**

I want to be alive
I want to live, to breathe, to exhale
I want to live my own life—
Away from the fog, the mist, the noise

I want to ride my bicycle and go to my favorite
cafe
I want to ride a horse and feel the wind as I
ride down the hill
I want to tend to my own garden with rose
bushes,
roses with thorns that prick

I want to play violin, piano, guitar, bass, drums
I want to learn ballet
I want to dance

I want to embroider
Carry around my own etched handkerchief
and cover the holes in my shirts with flowers
I want to knit my own plushies and gift them as
birthday presents

I want to go on walks, look around, pick a
flower— maybe a few
I want to adorn my house with my very own
bouquets

I want to learn French, whisper the language
of the romantics



I want to read
I want to live stories
I want to live in a library with the smell of
books suffocating me,
and the smell of coffee keeping me awake

I want to learn
I want to learn astronomy, about the other side
of life
I want to learn psychology, look deep into the
soul
I want to learn about the eyes that look beyond
the light
I want to be the photographer that captures
the light in the eyes

I want to listen to music,
and drift away with the sounds that carry me
across the river to the other side
I want to write poems that resonate with your
soul, that wake you up

Take a look around

I want you to look
I want you to live
I want you to breathe
I want you to exhale

I want you to love the silence



Nature's Echo

Mugdha Karnik, Senior*

There are many things in this world
like the sound of the wind's swirls
sound is nature's tool
Like the anger of a whirlpool
in the deep ocean, he belongs
humming a deep whale song
but nature's touch also reaches land
a dominating force in the sand
by hearing nature's voice
they have no choice
but to build something spirited
a grand, mystery like the pyramids
Nature flows through our fingertips



Senior Spotlight

Poem Chip

*Dilsad Ozkan, Senior**

The sky lacquered with stain,
leaving the darkness of the night to guide the
soul

Fear not for the light comes from the heart
Look upon the Sahara road and trust your
echoing voice

The end of road shall bless your faith with
gratitude.

A decorative graphic at the bottom of the page. It features stylized, layered mountains in shades of orange and brown. Above the mountains, a bright, glowing trail of light, resembling a comet or a shooting star, curves across the sky. The trail is composed of many small, golden-yellow dots and larger, star-like shapes, creating a sense of movement and light. The overall aesthetic is warm and artistic.

Senior Spotlight

Something Appeared

Matthew Smith, Sophomore

Something appeared in the wall yester—
day, living, golden and
warm to the touch, but I
never was able to
feel it until it could
reach me.

Somewhere in colorless solitude,
light was inside silk web,
boring its way to the
center of home that was
trapping me, holding me,
safely.

Somehow it made it through midnight with
out any astrolabe,
stopped by no wall or ob—
struction it faced, and now
somebody, quiet me,
can bloom.

Subway Surfers Villanelle

*Jennifer Sotomayor, Senior**

And so the chase begins, spirit flying high
Running, ducking, jumping
as a figure bounds out into the ever-
expanding track, waving goodbye

Someone lets out an outcry
Feet begin thumping
And so the chase begins, spirit flying high

Trains, barriers, and trash cans flash by
Swiping, sliding, heart pumping
as a figure bounds out into the ever-
expanding track, waving goodbye

There is an unforeseen obstacle, leading to a
death that we cannot defy
But the cycle begins anew, and once again our
fingers are drumming
And so the chase begins, spirit flying high

We continue to retry
Always going and coming
as a figure bounds out into the ever-
expanding track, waving goodbye

Go and run with purpose, onward to the
infinite possibilities that we may reach before
we die
Get ready, feet to ground, ground to feet, we
have to try outrunning
And so the chase begins, spirit flying high
as a figure bounds out into the ever-
expanding track, waving goodbye

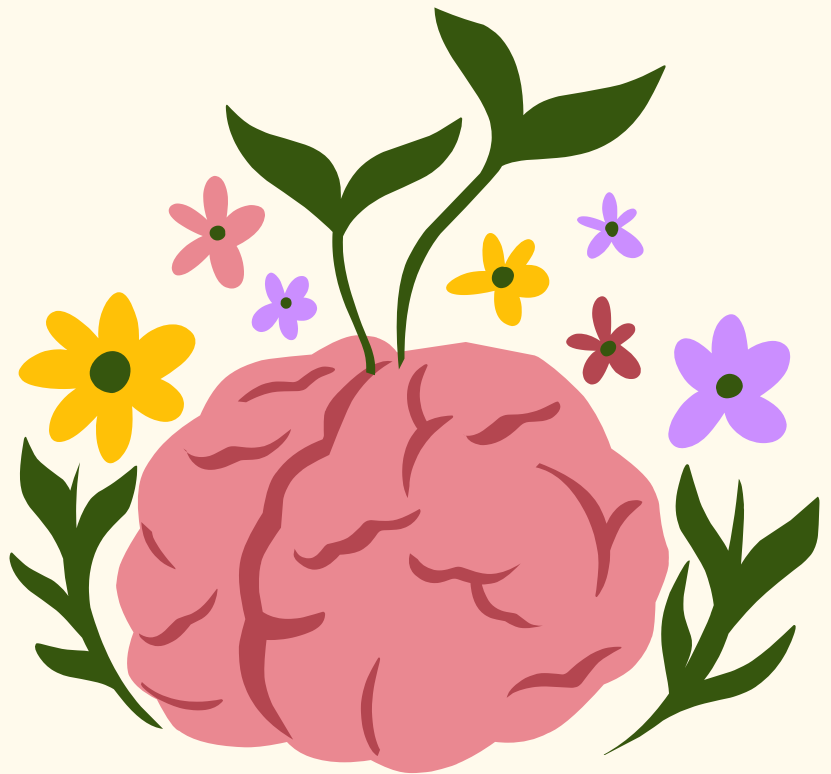


Senior Spotlight

The Funny Thing About Boredom

Lily Chabot, Sophomore

A mind so saturated
Is a mind that starts to leak
A mind that doesn't really think
And a mind that really doesn't eat
If you don't leave time for thought
The thought remains incomplete
If you're never bored, the solution you won't
seek
A starving artist works better than an artist
that's full
Cause they have to work harder if they ever
want their dreams to unfold



Senior Spotlight

Time Flies

*Hailey Kao, Senior**

Orientation complete
Four more years to go
I'll stay discreet
Now's the time to grow
Where should I eat?
To twenty cafe we row
That was a misdeed
There's so much more to know
Sophomore year will be sweet as milkweed
At cotillion, we will dance to and fro
Through the course selection, I read
Junior year cannot be thrown
Colleges are looking for the finest stead
SATs make us groan
"Officer positions are all you need"
We become volunteering clones
Now I must take the creed
NHS and SHS takeover my zone
Senior year can mislead
Applications are not to be postponed
I want to succeed
The anticipation on my face is clearly shown
CONGRATS!....you are accepted indeed
I am shocked to the bone
Too many choices, my brain begins to bleed
So much money is about to be blown
For a scholarship, I plead
Here comes the crippling student loan
May 1st, I committed and planted the seed
Excitement melts into a sullen tone
Graduation is coming at light speed
Soon we will be on our own
And the time will come when we are freed

Wish Well

Lily Chabot, Sophomore

People dreaming
Wishing on stars is what they do
Sitting in this place and saying the same,
phrases
Yeah I'm kinda bored, though it keeps one on
the move
Wishing wells
Are an easy place to store a dream
No reaping what you're not sowing, you know
it
But I've heard, tomorrows just a day away
The world is spinning lately
Or maybe it's always been this way, this place
To always be interwoven
To always be finding a way, needle and thread
Wishing on stars, will only get someone so far
But wouldn't it be nice to dream it true?



Summer



Photo by Alex Moik

Babbling Brook

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

Follow me, fellow,
Under brightened blue skies,
Trailing gold dust,
Into valley high.

Feminine wiles,
Wherefore I'd lay,
Never quite moving,
And I'd never quite stay.

I speak into nothing,
Yet songs hit your ears,
Sweet little somethings,
Soothe trivial fears

Hot summer weather,
Against me, you sigh,
I, the Babbling Brook,
In the valley high.



Ferris Wheel

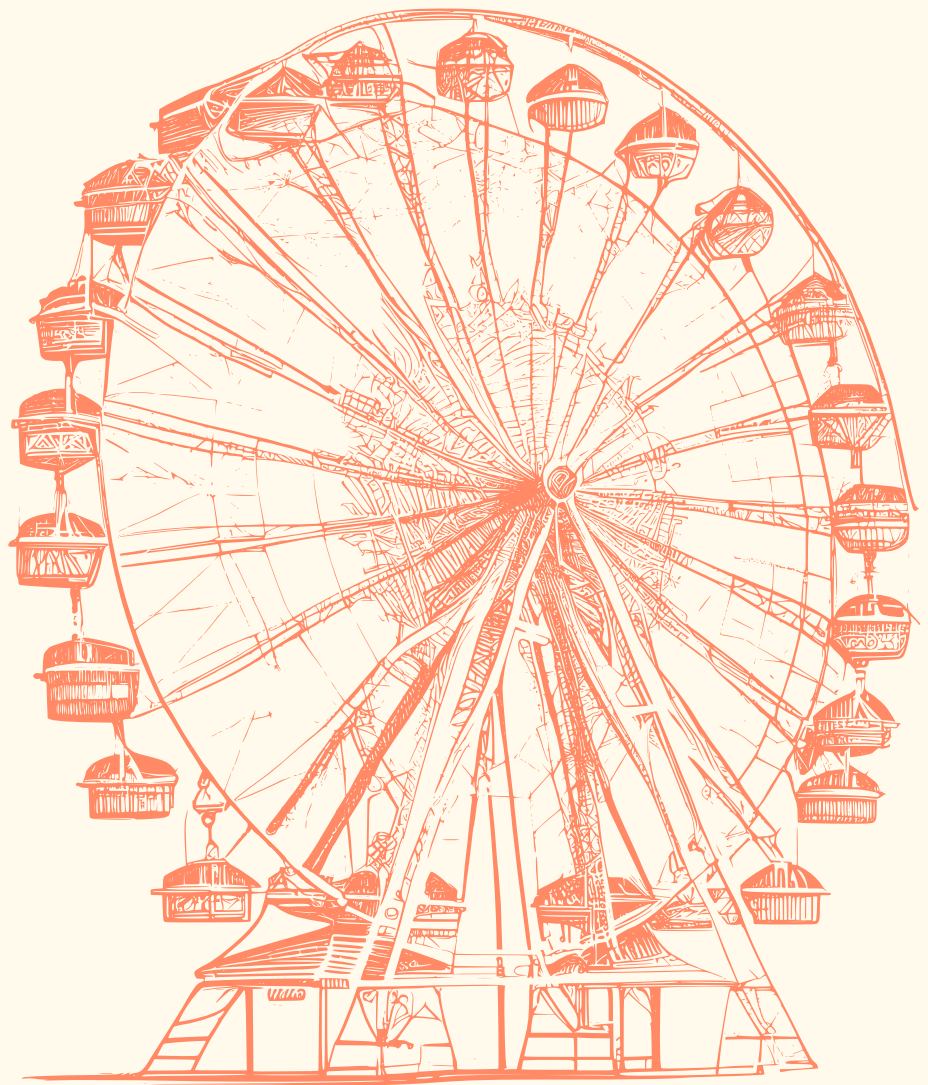
Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

in a tiny white box,
overlooking the beach,
how i twist and i turn—
at each squeak, in my seat.

suspended in glass,
against silver skies
i never quite liked
being up so high.

but there is no higher,
than my happiness when
you look with such wonder
to the world, and so then,

i suppose i will learn
to appreciate height,
when i look upon you
and my heart takes flight.



Gentle Valentine

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

Courage all, I seek thee.
None else to pursue.
In infinite solace,
I'd find only you.

Pause, and keep the moment,
Held in feather arms,
Left at our feet, my wiles and woes,
Succumbed to gentle charms.

Flowers bend their stems to you,
Apollo's light akin,
Folding golden petals,
To your sun-kissed, bronze-shone skin.

On knees, I beg you, Valentine,
With all the love I owe,
Will you be, or not be mine,
For all that man will know?



Haiku for Her

*Jennifer Sotomayor, Senior**

I see her pass by
a soft breeze as flowers bloom,
love that never wilts.



Senior Spotlight

Sweet

Lily Chabot, Sophomore

You look like mercy
And you seem like you're sweet
I remember that one time you talked to me
If once again we'll ever meet
I'll try to remember not to flee
There's a soul in your eyes that I'd like to greet
Like scars and oceans and anything free
Dream and I'll like anything I see
If I don't keep walking with my tired feet
You know if you asked, you'd be my defeat
I don't know you'll ever belong to me
But I think if you would
It would be pretty sweet



To Yours

Lily Chabot, Sophomore

If I tremble like a flower in the wind
You'd bring me to your garden
If I shook from the cold
You'd give me your cardigan
I'd do the same for you
For you my heart won't darken



Fall



Photo by Alex Moik

Smallest Living Organism

Bianca Leather, Sophomore

I pray to be seen but not to strain
Grave hunger to hear your voice once more
My walk may not fit within the lane
As a means of preventing bother
My eye and lips will be avoidant
I will stumble behind and watch your tail

My questions will forever more linger
Allowing you to ponder your own thoughts
You remain settled, I hold my finger
rain drops will be wiped off, my eyes red
glossed
Your head is turned, unflinching at my gaze
Gracious I am to see you so serene



Spilling River

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

foreign fingers to worn waists,
their body is eroded where all his hands
have gripped.

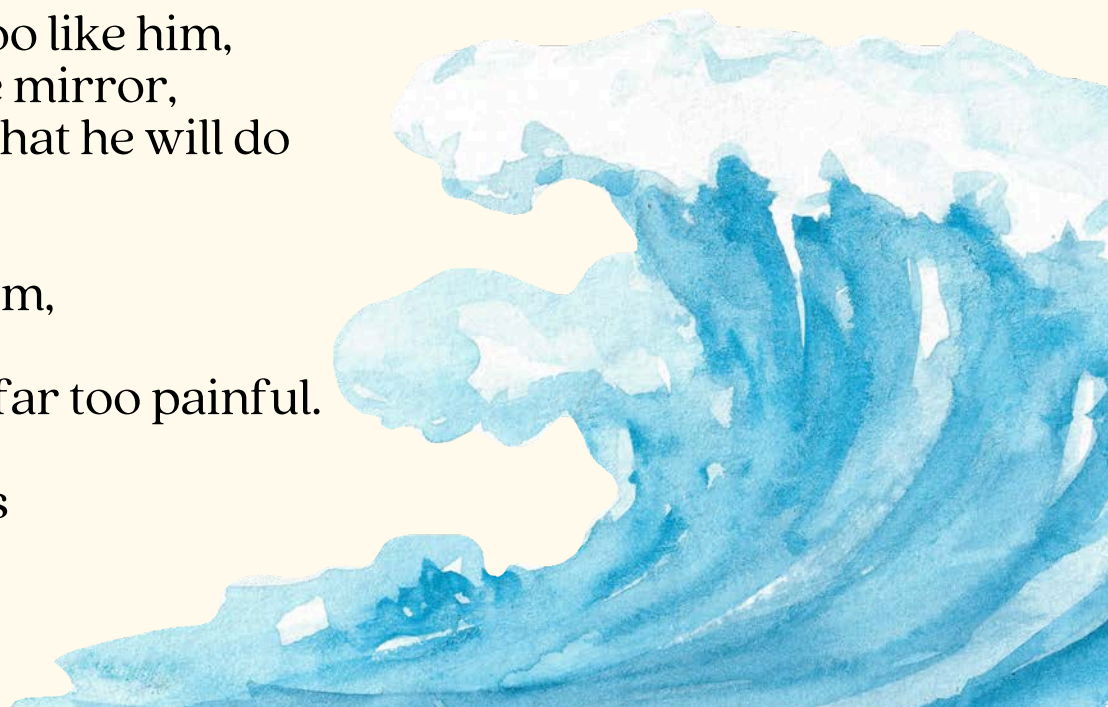
for his body is a river,
constantly flowing,
constantly rushing

midday sun
and midnight moon,
somewhere in the middle,
he appears in the slits
between vulnerable women's
eyelids.

visible in her sickness,
and gone in her health.

he cannot pick,
there are many women
with purer hearts.
he cannot love skin
his hands have touched—
now they are much too like him,
and he only trusts the mirror,
where he is certain what he will do
next.

there is no time for him,
to pause is to ponder,
and to understand is far too painful.
he is a river,
running until he spills
into the open sea.



Stay Alive

Adrienne Novak, Freshman

In the eye of a hurricane,
There is quiet.
In the midst of the night,
There is wind.
Behind me,
There are whispers.

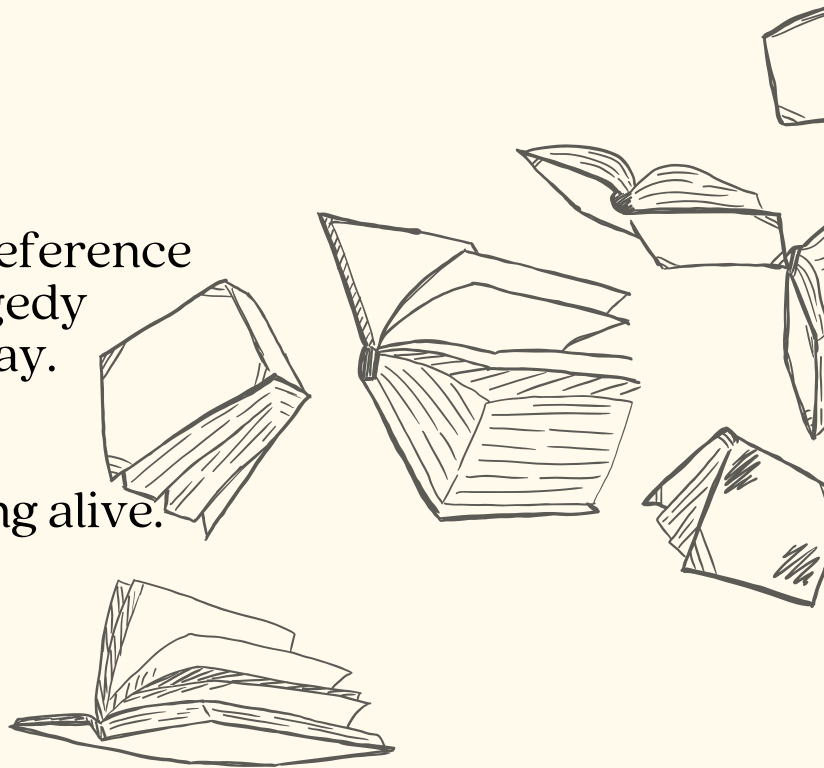
“Stay alive,” she said.
“That would be enough,” she said.
Can I open my eyes?
Can I look around?

“Look around, look around
At how lucky we are to be alive right now”
It was like she was reaching out for me.
And I listened.

Slowly, I started writing like I was
Running out of time.
It worked.
I’m doing okay.

At the end of the day,
I have myself.
And I trust you’ll understand the reference
To another historical, musical tragedy
Without me having to name the play.

Someday, I’ll blow you all away.
But in the meantime, I’m just staying alive.



Sun and Grain

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

A rose atop the windowsill,
a petal sadly adrift,
to the lonely surface of my lectern
I'll never learn to lift.

Fragile now,
and consonant,
with a blackened, dark oak frame.
Though I've long left away my desk,
To work in sun and grain.



Sunkissed

Bianca Leather, Sophomore

Scrub my back and tell me what you find
Peel the dead skin burned by the sun

Daylight scorned me
My skin is tough like leather,
flakes off so easily

Strip me of my perished self
The weight is relieved from me
A cold gust surges shivers up my spine

Tell me what you see
My back is a hard to reach space
An unseen void

Toss the full husk aside
The unforgotten moments in the sun
The freckles will remain

I will not look back



The Spider and the Web

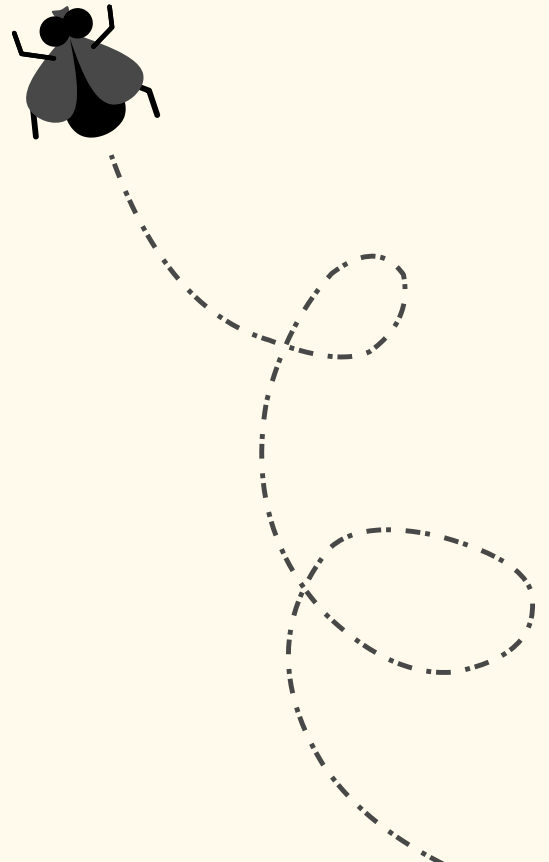
Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

the dew clings on the silky web,
before the wind the fly does ebb,
eyes of lust or grief or both,
longing for the silver rope.

his wings are torn from last night's rain,
in his sick, he feels no shame
a temporary bed of rest,
might be death, or hell, no less.

the spider calls, without refrain,
a voice the fly cannot abstain,
honey warmth or trickling blood
compensates for lack of love

one hundred eyes, not one awake,
falling fast unto its fate,
sympathy of Death to all,
seeking love only to fall.



When the Night Fell

*Alana Weil, Senior**

As I remember those fond memories
Of just you and I
I couldn't help but smile
You danced around me
And I danced around you
Then I knew it had to be true.

Is it just a friendship?
Or is it something else?
I then knew my answer

Your laughs made my day
You helped me create success
I will always be there for you
Will you be there for me?

Side by side we walk
Through the wandering lands
Hand in hand, there's nothing that can hold us
back
We will stick through it, no matter what

Then it happened, one morning
The promise you struck that intrigued me
The idea of being with multiple people
Surely there shouldn't be anything wrong?

Then I see you
Dancing with someone else
Then there's this strange feeling inside
It hurts, but then I see you
Your everlasting smile
I walk away



Senior Spotlight

You are my light that I can't forget
You are my newfound friend
Now I must depart

Day after day
You share everything with them
I see you less and less
But I'm happy for you

Soon night falls
The stars dance in the sky
My dear, I found myself
I finally understand love
But then I see you
Your loving smile disappears
And with this a heavy cloud appears over you

Is this the right thing to do?
Why do I feel pain?
I had so much fun with you
I never wanted to hurt you
But now with our lives bound to love
I was hoping to stay in the shadows
Now I must say
It is time for us to depart



“This poem was inspired by the very talented voice actors, Michael Kovach and Ashley Nichols. It is inspired by the 6-year polyamorous relationship the two voice actors had that was loved by both of their fan bases. However, love can take a turn for the worst and the two announced on February 10th that they are no longer together. As a fan of their relationship, I wanted to create this mainly to help myself cope with the situation that left me heartbroken.” -Alana

Yes You Change

Lisa Keller, Administrative Assisstant

When grief calls your name
No longer who you were
Will never be again
Yes you change
What is gone is no longer
But I still call your name

They don't want to hear it
Just want to bring you pain
Living in glass houses
Wanting to see you fall
Now asking questions
And wanting answers
After you have gone.

Yes you change
When grief calls your name
Yes you change

You "Let Them"
You let them call you names
You let them throw their stones
You let them ignore you
Just let them
You let them believe who they think you are
And NEVER look back again
Your silence remains

Yes you change
When grief calls your name
No longer who you were
Will never be again
Yes you change



What is gone is no longer
But I still call your name.

Yes you change
When grief calls your name
Yes you change.
I will forever call your name



Winter



Photo by Teri Suarez

All My Fault (A Doey Tribute)

Alana Weil, Senior*

Walking through this path of darkness
In a cold, abandoned factory
I see fond memories of what they did to us
They were the cause of our demise
But don't worry little one, I'll protect you
Then it makes me wonder
Was this all my fault?
I'm supposed to be your protector
Your guardian
Kids like us, we were never meant to be
broken
It's time to fight back
But what will be the consequences?
Mommy, Daddy I just want to go home!
I don't want to be here anymore!
Looking at the fire that now burns you
I wish I could save them
After all, I was supposed to protect you
They must pay!
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT
I'm sorry!
For hurting you
i'm sorry.

“One of my many character-driven poems, this is shown in the perspective of Doey the Doughman from the indie horror game, Poppy Playtime. Doey is “different” from the other experiments in Playtime Co. as he is made up of three different people: Kevin Barnes, Jack Ayers, and Matthew Hallard. This poem mainly focuses on the three different people that make up Doey and his thoughts about the incident.” - Alana

Senior Spotlight

Alone

Cienna Bright, Junior

Alone. "I've never felt so alone" people say
until they don't wake up one day

I feel alone my body shivering all of my bones
aching my heart breaking I sit alone in my
room and cry screaming my oh my why do I
feel this way why oh why

I sit in class and I think I deeply think about
how my life flashes before my eyes in one
blink I zone out and drown in what I think
about what are they laughing at are they
laughing at me but then again that's just the
price of social anxiety

I get sad sometimes for no reason as I deepen
into this pile of depression as I lean in to who I
really am you'd bet but the truth is I don't
know who that is yet

I feel hurt when I have to bury my feels in a
deep hole it makes it harder to reach my
mental health goals the truth is I hide who I am
when slowly dying inside.



Dislocation of the Heart

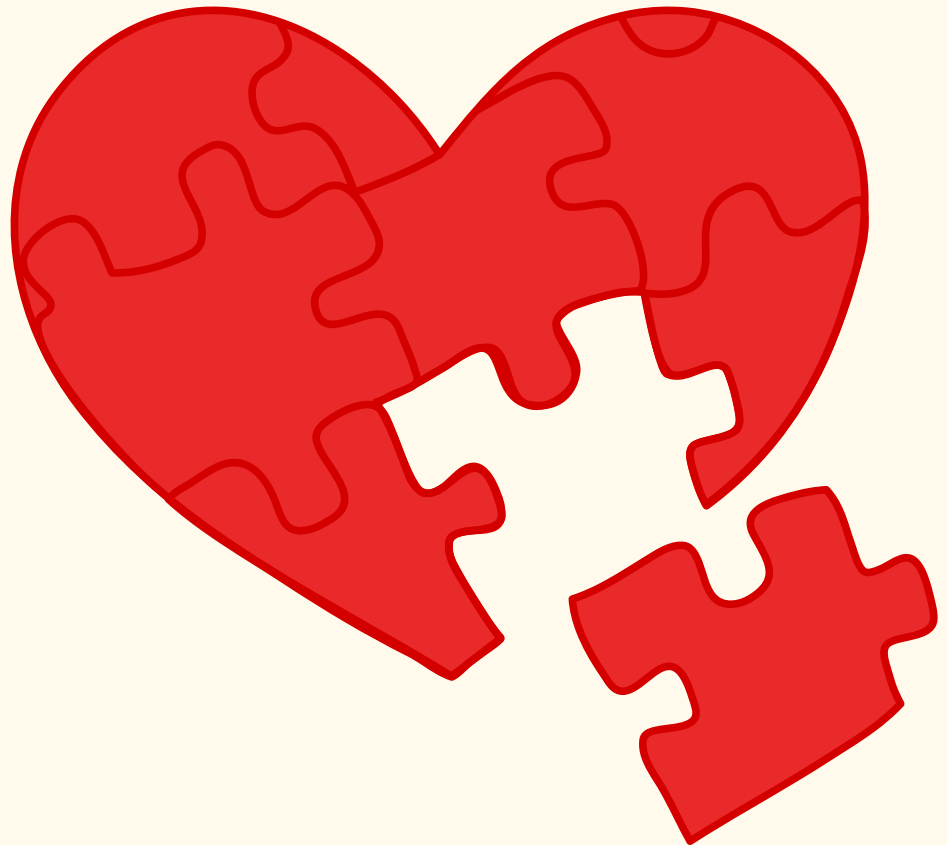
Lily Chabot, Sophomore

Dislocation of the heart

If I found you my forever would fall apart
But I think there's a dislocation of the heart
Cause I don't know what I want
And I just don't know where to start

Dislocation of the heart

Can't just go along and play the wrong part
But I think there's a dislocation of the heart
Cause I may know what I want
But I can't bring myself to start



Laika

*Jennifer Sotomayor, Senior**

All there is in this metal hold
Is an animal
That has only ever wanted to be consoled.

The darkness is all consuming,
feeding only fear into the animal,
As the inevitable is looming.

There was once a chance,
To stop the cold growing within the animal
When the scientists gave it a glance.

They took it away from the unwelcoming
streets
And their love gave light to the animal,
Thawing the frozen heart with treats.

But the desire for discovery,
Overrode the comfort of an animal,
And man's best friend was sent off as a
delivery

To the vacant abyss.

The cold within her returns,
The abandonment freezes her heart once
again,
While the chamber that holds her burns.

The only light left
Comes from a window that shows a glance of
a home that has been stolen,
her family guilty of theft.

As she lays still,
The scientists down below observe their
findings
To see if a form of life can survive a journey
through the black chill.

She faces the unknown,
Unaware that she is braver than any human,
And that she will one day return home by
stone.

They will one day tell tales of who lies in this
metal hold,
The beloved Laika,
A dog who has only ever wanted to be
consoled.



Senior Spotlight

Love

Cienna Bright, Junior

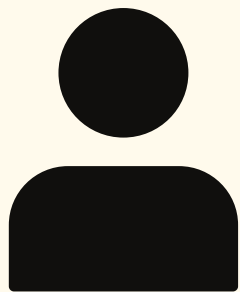
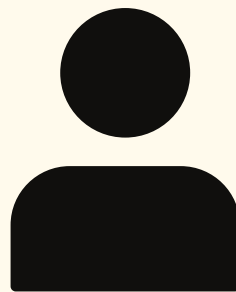
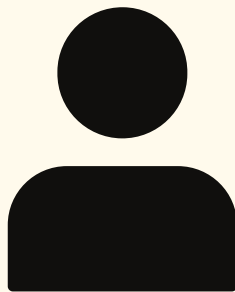
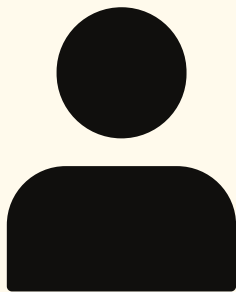
Love is a game that can never be explained
Love has a lot of loss and a lot of pain
Love is an awful emotion to feel
With love you cry, stress, and spiel
With love comes Heartbreak
Most people you trust can turn out to be fake
I don't believe in love anymore
Love is just not what I'm meant for



That Gut Feeling

Cienna Bright, Junior

Sometimes I get this feeling it's not sudden nor
soothing
it's sort of a funny feeling
I feel something I think I wonder off my chest
starts to feel heavy my heart starts to
race
It feels like my pulse is moving at a slow pace
That gut feeling, the sort of feeling
that is unknown
The sort of feeling that rattles my bones the
gut feeling I get when I feel alone
the kind of feeling I get when I stand with my
friends
the way my schedule bends
I feel left out when I'm around them they're a
team
I'm just me
I'm like an extra on the sidelines
the gut feeling I get when it's time to climb my
way out of this hole
that gut feeling when my own love pulls away
it kills my soul



The Owl

Bianca Leather, Sophomore

The owl glides through the wind's breath
Sharp currents pierce through his feathers
From a distance the owl watches beneath,

The white rabbits burrow to escape death
Squirrels chase waveringly through the
thicket
The deer gather in herds in the hills

The owl yearns for touch
Frost seeps beneath his wings
Only a cry escapes:

“Who?”



The Rabbit in The Nightshade

Alexa Espiritu, Sophomore

*Dodge the hound,
I was raised.
Fear the beast,
I was taught.*

To run, to hop,
Legs kicking into the open field.

Find solace in the scavenge,
Feeble foraging
Feed the mouth, fill the belly.
Appease the fat of your body,
Survive, but above all, live.

*Dodge the hound, and I do,
Ears flopping against my head,
Shivers narrowly dodging ivory teeth.*

My belly starves,
Empty from effort—
And the nightshade hangs above me
tormentingly.

Live in fear and you will dive into comfort
with self-broken limbs and
a belly you starved.

With smog grey ears and ivory teeth,
The rabbit eats the nightshade.

