

# The Nest Review

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# Volume 4 Issue 1 – Spring 2018

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## **My head rests in my hands**

My head rests in my hands and I complain about the trivial events of a day wasted  
My Monday slugs along  
My fingers snap against the keys and my mind fails to be entertained  
by the loosely enforced curriculum.

I complain about the vacancy in my stomach and daydream  
*I wish I had a fat chocolate chip cookie*

The boy next to me, normally overly enthused by army-gear and capitalism  
His political arms obsession deactivates,  
in his outstretched hand lies my greatest wishes: melted chocolate dripping  
Maybe his heart hasn't been completely frozen over.  
His morals may be intact, his brain  
though heavily distracted  
may not be entirely focused on the negativity and diplomacy  
Has he reserved storage for philanthropic gestures such as these?

This cannot be the case,  
such a small act of kindness cannot speak  
for a lifetime of causing destruction for feeling desolation.  
A vacancy still lies within.

## **My worksheet is a banner**

My worksheet is a banner blowing in the air conditioner's cool breeze  
The information I've been brainwashed is arbitrarily flung across the room  
It whispers in the wind to the sound of my classmates,  
in unison  
mumbling the pledge of allegiance  
In its *laissez faire* flight pattern, it gently returns to its landing strip in my mind  
The bleached banner cuts me clean and the red and blue blood attempt to  
escape my veins.

## **My feet tread in the grass**

My feet tread in the grass leaving imprints

When my bare foot lifts two ants crawl out of the blades and scurry off  
The sun is a distant balloon bobbing across the sky  
The blue blanket clothes my skin  
I'm warm to the touch  
My toes curl to grip the ground beneath  
The smooth green trampoline

catch me

Diving into my lavender bag  
I pull out a bright orange peach  
She's smooth and my finger caresses the fuzz  
She's warm to my touch  
My teeth sink into it  
and a drop of juice spills down my chin  
races to my neck  
The back of my hand pushes it back up  
and the sun quickly it into a stain on my hand

My head tilts back  
and the sun coats my cheeks  
In my left hand lies the peach  
and in the right my fingers slide between the blades of grass  
I fall back allowing the grass to  
catch me

My eyes fixated on the cumulus clouds overhead

**It's a Wonderful Life**

My cell phone, something I can't go five minutes without;  
Hiking trips with my friends and family;  
My favorite Broadway musical *Wicked*;  
And *Spartan Races*  
Starbucks lattes, that I treat myself with every once in awhile;  
My bedroom, my sanctuary;  
School, even though I complain going everyday;  
And music  
Going shopping with my mom, she always buys;  
PJs, I wish I could stay in them all day;  
My California trip this July;  
And Kombucha;  
Boxing because it helps take my anger out and prevents me from punching people in the face;  
My cats who make me happy, when they aren't annoying;  
My job, my friends at work, my customers;  
And summer  
My mom's cooking, she makes the best black bean soup;  
My car that takes me everywhere, and that my dad pays for;  
5:30am workouts  
And the people I do them with;  
Getting into college, nursing school even;  
Chloe, who is there for me in the best of time but who is also there for me in the worst of times;  
My family who loves me and spoils me to death;  
And yoga.

## Storm That Won't Change

The sky suddenly darkens  
dark misty clouds replace the bright blue,  
Very different from yesterday

The air gets heavy  
I can't breathe,

Raindrops begin to hit the ground,  
They hit harder  
puddles form,

Thunder roars  
lightning strikes  
winds blow  
trees fall,

As time passes  
the clouds start to fade,  
The rain ceases

Sun peaks out  
skies become brighter  
air gets light  
rainbows form,

All of its vibrant colors stand out  
like yesterday

I won't change  
I will stay just the way I am



## **“So-Called” Friendship**

We were friends, best friends  
then she met him. His name is David  
The hurricane that destroyed our friendship

She used to text me all of the time.  
Tell me about her day was and what she was doing after school. I text her “hey” but no reply.

She used to ask me if I wanted to hang out  
on the weekends. We would go the mall and devour food court chinese food.  
I ask her if she is up for Vineyard Vines and a sesame chicken but  
she is busy.

She used to join me at the gym so we could  
Talk about people on the treadmills and reward ourselves with peanut butter protein smoothies.  
“I have to tell you about the fight in History class today,”  
I told her, but David is taking her to Smoothie King.

She used to drive us to the drive-in at Burger King  
and then to the drive-in movie theatre afterwards  
to watch new Disney Movies.

I asked her if she was up to see *Incredibles 2*  
but she made plans already  
to watch Black Panther.

Our friendship used to be strong  
something I thought would last forever  
Now it’s drowning, and she is the only lifeguard  
who can save it.  
But at this point is it really worth saving?

## **Mother**

I thought I was rich in life  
I had an education, friends, and (some kind of) family  
(In a way) you were rich in life too  
Asking "Can you do this?" or "Can you do that?"  
You get what you want, and only then do your eyes light up  
My father was forced to leave  
You kicked him from his children  
He laid his paycheck on the table for you every week  
While you laid yourself in a bed with another man  
And as he breaks down and the dialysis circulates his blood slowly  
Your blood is iron, and your heart is stone

Mother

Your mother never cared about you either  
And In a world full of people you still feel alone  
And maybe that's why you don't know who you are  
Why I don't either  
I thought I was rich in life  
And now you are selling everything I thought I had  
Grow old  
Break down  
Collapse your walls of iron  
And when your time comes, fade into the inevitable dust

Alone

## **Rebellion**

Wield a fist of iron  
Not bound by the thorns of life  
Gold has never let the flowers bloom  
Society has changed us  
Chained us to this monotonous life  
That is run by the runners  
The soles of my shoes are worn out  
But today I will not fall to my knees  
Let the stars shine  
On the flag that I wave so proudly

## Eyes

The clouds flooded the now dirt-soaked pavement  
as I jogged back to my house      without my jacket

The soles of my shoes feel frictionless  
as raindrops turn my clothes just like my day    heavy

Puddles wash over my jeans, rendering them a deeper blue  
A sense of ease sweeps the air

The wind dries the stains on my jeans  
Storms can be unexpected, but today      I saw the eye

I saw your eyes  
*You are real, and you make me happy*

**THERE**

His luck seems to have uprooted from his life and run away.  
Of all days that he needed to buy groceries  
today's the day it has to rain, same as last month's  
complete torrential downpour.  
*Life is gonna be like this for a while*  
He still hasn't mustered up enough  
money to replace the car.

On his walk home, his leg starts acting up again.  
The calf throbs like the heart of a man  
who has run a marathon. The pain  
drains his strength, keeps him from moving on.  
When he finally continues on his walk home, he had to go  
past *there*, adding more despair to the dreary day.

He finally reaches home, but his appetite is long gone, his stomach still  
empty, just like his house  
empty, just like his wallet  
empty, just like his driveway  
empty, just like her side of the bed  
If only he could have paid more attention to the road.

## The Storm

The rain just won't stop.  
It rockets down  
on all the fleeing men.

Then the trees and shrubs ran home,  
leaving just water behind.  
We don't even get a say weather  
or not we get to leave.

There were just puddles  
not long ago, now the puddles  
have merged to drown  
all in the way.

The sound of panicked whimpers grows  
as the lights flicker and fade.  
The power cowers and hides.

Half of the residents wait, until  
the nightmare washes away.  
The rest of us dart around  
searching for our edge,

something that will let us  
outlast the storm,  
food, batteries,  
we were gonna need more to take care of everyone.

Soon we all huddle with blankets  
we scavenged from an old box.  
We decide that our grandparents  
Should get what they needed first.

They told us not to but we don't mind  
being cold so long as they are alright.  
There comfortability matters more to us than our own does.  
And that's when our grandma turned  
to us and said, we do more for her than we know.

## The House

The moment it came  
into view the house glowed  
and shimmered in the sun.  
The thought of living here  
was now etched into my head.

Its bleach walls and empty rooms  
canvases  
Where our personalities would call home.

to the biggest house  
I'd ever lived in.

Unloading was a hassle  
Long hard hours and days spent  
moving all we cared to bring

Rooms all to ourselves.  
This place could almost  
be called perfect.

Despite the horrid hill of the yard.

The days of swimming  
replaced by scraping away mud.  
Friends a walk away  
Reduced to a phone call at best.

The gleam of the house  
switched places with cold  
shadows of winter days

Its innards mocked  
the place  
we had once called home

When the old house comes  
To memory, it is almost  
alien.

Much like the one  
we live in now.

Familiarity left the old house  
with us, but failed to follow us

**13 Hours**

You thought you had help from your government?

No, no your government has left you here, left you in Libya.

Your government left you with us. To save their own skin. And now they say that four Americans was not worth fighting a war over. Well the war is already over.

You think you can stop the bloodshed? You will change nothing.

Your friends died in vain.

The Libyan government has denied sending you reinforcements

But they have sent us some.

How about your government?

They picking up the phone?

They told you that you will never stand alone.

You were deceived.



## Link After Link

It started when she was nine  
prancing about with her brother  
after their mother had told them to go play  
running through an old abandoned field  
with old farming equipment strewn about  
he had picked up an iron chain from the grass  
and when he turned,  
he accidentally hit her in the face  
her nose was easily broken, the cartilage snapped  
blood pouring down onto her blouse.

A bandaid on her nose,  
her classmate brought her  
a bouquet of flowers,  
but when she happily grasped the roses  
she pricked her finger on a thorn  
and the blood got on her shirt again.

Years and years later,  
at her wedding with the same classmate  
who had brought her flowers that fateful day  
she was laughing with friends, drinking  
while her newlywed husband eyeballed  
a pretty thing from across the room with a lecherous eye  
he went over to this new woman  
the ditzy maiden spilled  
a glass of red wine  
all over the bride's white dress.

## **Pitter Patter, Chitter Chatter**

Coming straight home  
straight to that room  
past piercing eyes that follow.

Beyond the door a small trickle  
seeps from the outside  
the pitter patter of rain on the sill  
develops into a loud drumming.  
Lightning shatters the sky.

The front yard is a swampy mess  
as the street transforms into a violent river  
water creeps in from the basement  
the liquid oozing out from the cracks in the floor  
faster than a pump could sputter out.  
One more thunderous roar and everything goes black.

The water soaks into your shoes --

*The cat is up on the counter, fluffed out  
you try to pick her up, but she hisses and scratches  
and the blood slowly drips down your arm.  
You grab a cage and coax her inside*

as you evacuate the house  
the cat screams out wails  
sirens sound and the rain beats down.  
Clamor into the rescue boat, the cat cries  
but you're not bleeding anymore.  
Take a deep breath as you sit down in the boat  
soggy clothes clinging to you.

The cat emerges from the cage,  
a pleading look in its eyes, pitiful sound, a whimper  
it crawls up into your lap, fluffed out afraid  
claws sinking past the fabric of your pants  
pricking your skin, a reminder  
go back. . .

You step out of your room.  
Everyone is staring at you.

Let's talk.

## Lake of Ice

When crossing  
a lake of ice  
think *be careful*,  
you don't want to hear cracking  
to plunge into the depths

your fingers scratch at the ice's underside  
a coffin's immovable lid  
as the water makes you sluggish and pulls you down

But you you won't fall  
you're light light like a half full  
beer glass cold on your lips  
through your throat into your lungs  
then your veins, like a dripping IV

the beer glass shatters  
you try to pick up the pieces  
broken pieces of your self  
cut your finger

*You're bleeding*

And the blood keeps pouring down  
your wrist turning  
black and wrapping around you  
a constricting embrace  
and it's no longer about getting across  
the thin sheet

but stuffing the arteries  
back into your arm  
with red staining the ice  
shattered

**Procrastination.**

Flip a coin near my computer desk  
as I hum to a familiar instrumental

a tear in the ceiling reveals an entrance  
for liquid to carve through

a bucket beside my bed  
catches drops in counts of four

I hear the snapping of Gaia's fingers  
against my concrete driveway

while I daydream of my passions  
and what I would like the end to be like

the laughing, the singing, the music  
oh, how glorious it would be

The drums start to pick up along with the piano  
I can see with my vision withheld

Millions of people happy and swaying to  
a rhythm I made  
sharing an emotion  
that I'm feeling  
I feel  
the shaking of the stadium  
roaring, a stampede of love  
my heart feels like it's about to burst  
out of the buttons of my show attire and

I can feel the whole world dancing

God damn it.

*Yet I sit here listening to music and rain.*

## Fragile Gold

I remember a time in my life

in those days, the end of that road would  
Leave me

Dragging anchored feet that refused to obey  
My muscles ache, my body's fatigued

I remember a time in my walk on this road

I saw that bed, that food, that bath  
I saw that safe full of copper and silver

In rhythm with it's mystic music  
Opening valves that released newfound vigor

A road where the sky pink and yellow and green  
A vibrant and beautiful sky

I still can't see it  
But I can hear it.

when the pathway to happiness was a paved  
black and white road of concrete and rubble

A doctor with a little white house  
I walked that path

lost in the clouds of  
shades of light blue and dark grey.

I saw that little white house in the distance,  
saw that I only needed a few more miles to go

But then I heard music  
one that made my heart sing

I beckon for the volume to increase,  
seeing a road plated in pure gold

At the time  
I could not see the end of that road

**The Best Days are Beach Days**

I roll down the car window and inhale  
the salty air mixed with boat diesel  
stones crunch under the car's tires  
and the screeching of seagulls welcome me  
    home, washed of my troubles by the tide

The beach's blistering sand welcomes my bare feet  
sunscreen and tanning oil become my second skin  
    the tanner I get, the happier I am

Paddle ball becomes an Olympic sport  
we sprint and dive like seagulls  
going after a sandwich crust  
    no one wants to ruin the volley

I'm coated in sand  
but I don't mind  
I savor every minute of sunlight, every drop  
of melting ice cream



## **A Flower for a Felon**

A single gold chair teeters in a dark room  
A scrawny man perches upon it  
He twitches, eyes darting left and right  
Iron handcuffs bind his hands and feet together  
A syringe is shoved into his bruised arm  
and is left empty on a nearby table as the government official walks out  
The man's eyes start to focus  
A vibrant flower projecting a rainbow of colors has bloomed from the marble floor  
A low rumble from deep in the earth accompanies it  
The room's white marble floors flies everywhere in great chunks  
A chain-link stem erupts from the ground, pushing the flower even higher  
Gracefully, it swirls and glides through the air  
Its vibrant petals catch the light, casting an unearthly glow  
Slipping out of his bindings, the man runs toward the flower  
Begging for help  
Whipping away from the ceiling the flower dives toward the man  
Snakes its way around his neck  
and down his body, thousands of tiny daggers thorn his skin  
The chain continues to tighten  
And the thorns pierce deeper and deeper  
A motionless body sits crumpled and handcuffed in a golden chair



## Contributors

**MICHAEL DAMION COSTA** is charming, handsome, has a jawline that can cut glass. He is a true cynic, has sinned before, and will sin again.

**LYNDSEY DORNICH** is a senior at Pompton Lakes High School and is enrolled in Mrs. Light's creative writing class. She enjoys crossfit, coffee and Bobs Burgers. She will be attending Ramapo College of New Jersey next fall as a nursing major.

**JAKE GEDDINGS** enjoys writing about what's on his mind and does his best to observe anything he can. In his last few months of his high school career, he realizes that it is important to pay attention to the little things.

**JACK LAWSON** enjoys quality stories in all forms of writing. If the story that is written is written well, it can enrapture him throughout the entire story, and being able to craft interesting stories is a whole other tier of rewarding than just reading them.

**KARMYN PASQUARIELLO** is a senior at PLHS enrolled in the Creative Writing course with Mrs. Light. Over her high school career she has participated in Z-club, track/field and tennis. Prior to this class she's had no writing experience however is especially excited for the satire unit.

**MIRANDA SMITH** has existed in many different places but the current residing place is Pompton Lakes and more importantly Pompton Lakes High school. Enjoying Mrs. Light's class and writing as a whole, she has somehow conjured decent poems and stories.

**FERIZ SULEJMANI** is a senior at Pompton Lakes High School. He loves to act, play video games, and write poetry. His favorite food is smoked meats, and he's a pretty alright guy.

**LILY TROUSE** is a junior at Pompton Lakes High School. She has participated in cross country, Z-Club, Peer Helpers, NHS, and Yearbook. She is currently enrolled in Mrs. Light's creative writing class and is learning a lot about literature.