

young
pens
are even
mightier



theRev

A MAGAZINE BY CREATIVITYUNLEASHED

As this project is driven by diversity, we use condensed typography to create as much space as possible. We aim to showcase as many of the students' voices as we can, promoting inclusion. If you require this booklet in larger print, please visit: www.creativity-unleashed.org and download our digital version.

The Rev

a magazine produced by CreativityUnleashed

What a year we've had over here at Russell Sage College in Troy, NY. While the world returned to a sort of normal post pandemic, our creatives have been very busy. After many weeks of creative arts workshops and reviewing an incredible collection of submissions from our community, we are very excited to present this year's offering of creative content. Inside these pages you will find voices from our community here in upstate New York and also from our partners in London, UK. This includes our students, staff and faculty here at Sage but also the young people from CreativityUnleashed. This is why there is a mix of British and American English.

CreativityUnleashed is the new face of a legacy project that began in 2014: Haringey Unchained. What started out as a small collective of students aiming to show case the creative talent of a school in Tottenham, London has now grown to become a not-for-profit working with young people everywhere. We promote social change, tolerance and diversity through community-driven art experiences. It has been our absolute pleasure working with the editorial team of The Rev at Russell Sage College for our second collaborative magazine.

Inside these pages you can enjoy a wide range of creativity including: poetry, flash fiction, non-fiction, photography, painting, digital artwork, drawings and more. The selection process was driven by the mission to integrate as many diverse voices as possible, focusing in on what our communities are celebrating, what they are mourning and what they are hoping for in the future.

Many thanks to local poet Carol Durant and local theatre director Jean-Remy Monnay for inspiring us this year with stories of their creative processes and advice regarding how to integrate a creative lifestyle in a post-pandemic world. Also, we'd like to thank Mark Mathews from Bluekite Creative for the design of our magazine and also for the work experience opportunities afforded to our design student.

Stipends for workshop presenters and the publication of the printed version of The Rev were funded by Russell Sage College's Carol Ann Donahue Endowed Fund. Thank you to the Sage College librarians and staff for their support.

Cover artwork is by Russell Sage College student: Adam Lambert.

We hope that by the time you get through these pages you too will agree that while pens are mightier than the sword, young pens are even mightier...

Please use this
space for
you own
CREATIVITY

Meet the Teams

The Rev Team:

- Ethan Alcee: Flatplan Manager
- Pamela Bryant: Intern
- Ashley Busby: Art Editor
- Hunter Chaney: Submissions Manager
- Maverick Douglas: Writing Editor
- Jacqueline Hilliard: Designer
- Laurel Petersen: General Support
- Daniela Withington: Art Editor
- Angie Smith: Lead Staff from Russell Sage College,
Writing Teacher and Founder of CreativityUnleashed

CreativityUnleashed Team:

- Emily Boehm: Copy Editor
- Heather Gilchrist: General Editor & Social Media Co-ordinator
- Mariah John Leighton: General Editor
- Ollie Opara: Notes from the Editor Co-ordinator
- Monika Reich: General Editor & Website Manager
- Edith Sandulescu: Events Manager
- Maysoon Sheikh: General Editor
- Joseph Unadike: Magazine Launch Production Manager
- Amina Yussuf: General Editor & Community Outreach Officer



Thru the Garden We Go

Ramasoj Williams Russell Sage College
@cultureramoo

I HAVE LOVED BEFORE YOU

Laura Henebry Russell Sage College

scribbled different names in the margins of loose leaf / slipped into strangers under the beaded curtains in the doorway of a willow tree / sprouting like tendrils of cream in coffee mugs / chosen from a cabinet of hundreds / and the way I've always had my favorites – the chipped white one stolen from a Dennys / heavy in my palm / but now there are your mugs chatting with mine in the cupboards / rubbing handles like the way gnomes nose kiss / and I need to take a breath / and I need to build an A frame house with you / nestled deep in the backwoods / paint you / stroke by stroke / fumble with brushes in the dark / capturing the dusty rose of the waning moon's rise birthed by your back / shifting bone by bone on a creaking spring mattress under sloped ceilings / your rutted hands cradling the leaden weight of your slumbering head / and I'm stretching out the elastic of your underwear with my hips / wearing your sweat, and the burned cedar like a fog of cologne / tacking each canvas to every inch of wall / and tomorrow night we will tamp tobacco into corn cob pipes / blowing smoke rings for wispy ships to pass on through / under tried and tired flannel / broken in by our huddled bodies on the balcony / where we forget the emptiness of squealing car alarms / squares of light bleeding from apartment windows / replacing them with an owl's hoo / and stars like spilled glitter across inky black drapes / where I lay every before like pine needles shedding from trees / breaking under our feet

Marionette

Russell Sage College

Zoe Jansen



6

DRAWING

Down There

Christopher Bean

CreativityUnleashed

@chrisnotsir

Another night of poor sleep. Ever since lockdown started it gets harder.

We went to bed around eleven, and within five minutes she'd fallen into a deep slumber (if the soft pop-popping of not-quite snoring was anything to go by). It was a small mercy - at least I wouldn't have to lie still.

The awful curtains reminded me of an infection. I was astounded as to why she'd chosen that pattern, which seemed designed to catalyse fevered thoughts within me. Under the outside glare of actinic streetlights, the dim swirl of purples and oranges mutated over the course of the night into a vivid sickness at dawn.

But then, our eyes are the most dishonest organs of our bodies.

I lay there, the cheap under-bed drawer digging into my back, time dragging so much that I could discern the pauses of night birds' inhalations before and after their hoots and peeps.

And what of those interstitial moments? Where do they go after we've used those minutes up? Of course, I knew: they go on, into the liminal cracks and fissures of reality, slipping through to unspace.

Just like me.

I'm what happens to a man who swallows all his pain and despair without chewing it first. Is that a drawback or an advantage?

Luckily, with all these thoughts came the comfort of knowing we're most invisible in the darkest hours; that whilst death may walk just a few steps behind us, I was exceptional.

But what if I want to be caught, for someone to find me down here? The peace I get listening to her sleep-sounds from the mattress above me comfort me in a way talking to her on the street when we pass does not.

And this under-bed drawer is awfully cramped.

7

FICTION

Berlin (Summer)

Ashley Busby

Russell Sage College

@ashleymbusby

Somewhere
in each second
is a dark line,
an open syllable,
that was left behind.
I can see it from my window,
forest in frame.
Dust-green dusk.
The quiet breath of the world.
It used to haunt me,
and some days, it still does.
Even now,
the landscape seems drawn on,
embellished,
like a story to tell.
Like a half-truth,
clipped back
and cupped within my hands.
My ear pressed
to the wallpaper divide,
waiting for the voice of someone I know.
The common ancestor
Obsidian
with small eyes,
cuffing his sleeves
whispering,
"nothing is nothing is nothing..."
The structure is shifting,
wanting to know.



Pathway

Ethan Alcee

Russell Sage College

Devil's Gate

Hunter Chaney

Russell Sage College

@huntermvictoria

They stood at the gate. From a distance, it had been dwarfed by the rocks it was set into, but now that they were in front of it, it had to have been at least ten feet high.

"Why do you think they locked it?" She asked, rocking forward onto her toes—a nervous habit, he'd noticed—the gravel crunching beneath her boots.

"Probably keeping homeless people from sleeping in there. Or, like, drug addicts." He shrugged. He fingered the big, sliver padlock and gave it a half-hearted tug.

"That rock really does look like a face."

The sound of the lock hitting the metal of the gate echoed off of the walls inside. He fished his phone out of his pocket and turned on the flashlight feature, peering down the tunnel.

"Wh-what do you see?"

"Someone's sprayed 'Welcome to Hell' across a huge part of that side," he laughed.

She hovered a few feet behind him, furtively looking around at the rockface that lined this part of the old riverbed.

"Ash? We should go. What if it rains?" The nerves were becoming more and more apparent in her voice. He smirked at her. "Well I don't know! We are in a river," she tried to argue.

"We're also in a drought," he muttered to himself as he turned back to the lock. He thought a moment, and then reached into his pocket, pulling out receipts, a quarter, two nickels, a hair band, a beat-up white Bic lighter, a half-empty carton of Marlboro reds, and finally, a large safety pin. He extracted a cigarette and put it between his lips. Lighting it, he pocketed everything except the safety pin and the hair band. He took a drag, and pulled his mane of hair back, crouching down to be at eye-level with the lock.

She shifted from foot to foot behind him, watching the sky. He opened the safety pin and bent it back slightly, angling it into the bottom of the lock. She took a step closer to him.

"It's going to get dark soon and we still have to get all the way back to the car. Come on, you're not going to be able to open that lock with a safety pin. Let's just go and—"

"You wanted to come down here. You couldn't stop talking about it this morning. Are you going to back-out on me now?" He had straightened and come toward her while he was speaking, leaving the safety pin in the lock. He ran his hands down her arms. "It's just a tunnel in the rock, babe. That's all. A man-made tunnel that some crazy occult freaks decided to call the gateway to hell because that big rock looked like a weird face." She sighed and nodded, wrapping her arms around his waist and curling into his chest.

There was a rumble like distant thunder. They looked skyward and didn't notice the lock quietly click open.

"Let me give this one more shot, and then we'll go," he said as he turned back toward the gate, and then abruptly stopped.

"But... it's open," she whispered.

He carefully unhooked the lock from the heavy, rusted chain.

"Must've just not realized I'd gotten it," he said, hesitantly.

He uncoiled the chain from around the bars of the gate. Setting it and the lock on the ground, he slowly pulled at the bars. With a piercing creak, the gate opened, continuing to swing out even after he let go. He let out a low whistle as they settled into the outer rocks with a reverberating thud. He started to walk forward.

"Maybe we shouldn't do this. They clearly don't want people in here if it was locked like that." She grabbed his arm to hold him back as she spoke.

"We're just going to check it out for a few minutes. When we leave, we'll put the lock back on. Simple as that." He walked forward with her half hiding behind him, clinging to one arm, while he held out the cell phone flashlight with the other.

"There's a lot of drawings of devils in here."

"There's also a lot of drawings of dicks. People just tag shit sometimes."

"I can't see the end of the tunnel," she whispered after a minute.

"Probably just 'cause the flashlight isn't that bright. I'm sure we'll hit it in a sec." Another rumble of thunder. This time it sounded closer.

"What would actually happen if it rained?" She had stopped walking.

"It would take a lot of rain to trap us down here. I promise, as soon as it starts raining, we'll leave, okay?"

There was less graffiti this far into the tunnel. A fair amount of ominous looking "Turn Backs" and "Get Outs," but those had been there the entire time; they were just accompanied by less arbitrary illustrations now.

Another crash of thunder sounded that seem to shake the tunnel.

"Ash. The gate. The gate's closed." Her hoarse whisper seemed so quiet in his ear, but reverberated off of the walls as if she had screamed it.

"Probably just the wind." It didn't even sound like he was convincing himself. As they faced the gate, a sudden flash of light came from behind them further into the tunnel. They turned and saw nothing.

Then the ground started to shake and everything went

black.



Life

Ethan Alcee Russell Sage College

14

PHOTOGRAPHY

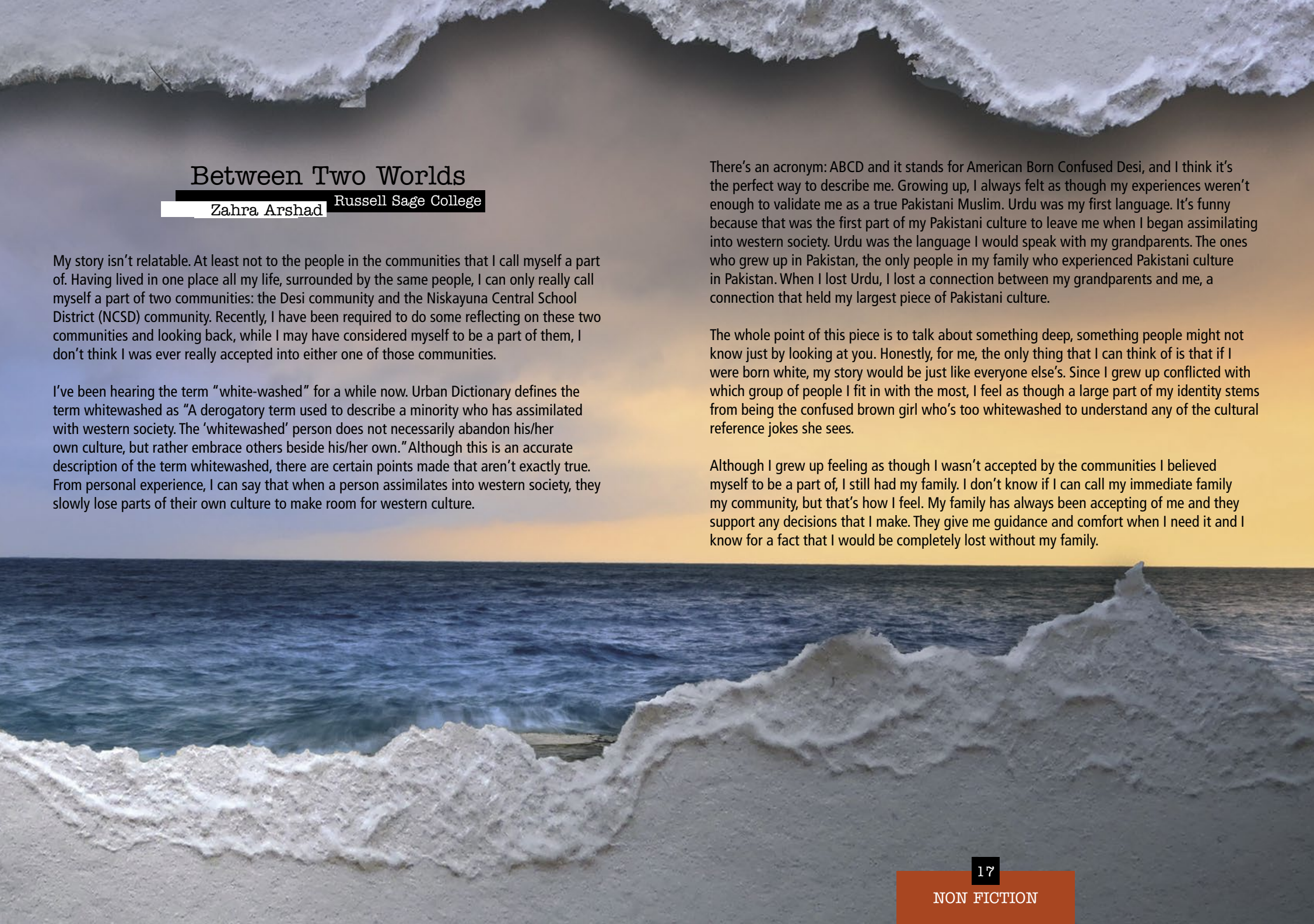
A Summer Sonnet

Heather Gilchrist CreativityUnleashed
@heather_gilchrist

Time slows when bathing in your heavenly glow
Your eyes fill with joy, and shine with a thousand stars
With a tender touch of hands so warm I cannot let go
You whisper so innocently 'the world could be ours'
You're the star that shines when there's no light
And forgives me when sullen on sunny days
We dance happily to our hearts delight
You smile, coaxing me with your joyous ways
Yet your burning temper sears my flesh
Causing my heart to melt with pain
Seeing you flirt so you can start afresh
As days end, I know this is all a game
And yet your beauty still glows
And I still feel the kiss upon my nose

15

POETRY



Between Two Worlds

Zahra Arshad

Russell Sage College

My story isn't relatable. At least not to the people in the communities that I call myself a part of. Having lived in one place all my life, surrounded by the same people, I can only really call myself a part of two communities: the Desi community and the Niskayuna Central School District (NCSD) community. Recently, I have been required to do some reflecting on these two communities and looking back, while I may have considered myself to be a part of them, I don't think I was ever really accepted into either one of those communities.

I've been hearing the term "white-washed" for a while now. Urban Dictionary defines the term whitewashed as "A derogatory term used to describe a minority who has assimilated with western society. The 'whitewashed' person does not necessarily abandon his/her own culture, but rather embrace others beside his/her own." Although this is an accurate description of the term whitewashed, there are certain points made that aren't exactly true. From personal experience, I can say that when a person assimilates into western society, they slowly lose parts of their own culture to make room for western culture.

There's an acronym: ABCD and it stands for American Born Confused Desi, and I think it's the perfect way to describe me. Growing up, I always felt as though my experiences weren't enough to validate me as a true Pakistani Muslim. Urdu was my first language. It's funny because that was the first part of my Pakistani culture to leave me when I began assimilating into western society. Urdu was the language I would speak with my grandparents. The ones who grew up in Pakistan, the only people in my family who experienced Pakistani culture in Pakistan. When I lost Urdu, I lost a connection between my grandparents and me, a connection that held my largest piece of Pakistani culture.

The whole point of this piece is to talk about something deep, something people might not know just by looking at you. Honestly, for me, the only thing that I can think of is that if I were born white, my story would be just like everyone else's. Since I grew up conflicted with which group of people I fit in with the most, I feel as though a large part of my identity stems from being the confused brown girl who's too whitewashed to understand any of the cultural reference jokes she sees.

Although I grew up feeling as though I wasn't accepted by the communities I believed myself to be a part of, I still had my family. I don't know if I can call my immediate family my community, but that's how I feel. My family has always been accepting of me and they support any decisions that I make. They give me guidance and comfort when I need it and I know for a fact that I would be completely lost without my family.



Had Begun Without

Angie Smith Russell Sage College

My pace began
timidly against the pavement
toward a quiet church yard on Fleet street –
a graveyard I picnicked on, alone.
The sun went down in
Postman's park
past an apostle's cathedral,
its ancient scars
healed by yellowbrick tulips.

I caught my stride
and quickened
beside Gandhi in candlelight,
his eyes downcast since
that forgotten July morning.

I drifted on
twinkling in the glow
of summer-Thames light
to catch the current
of that gold majesty
(Big Ben's tyranny)
and quickened still,
searching the
months
of my own memories
until I found that

living had
begun (and shifted entirely)
without you.



Strawberry Empowerment

Kami Perkins Russell Sage College

Define Feminism

Maysoon Sheikh

CreativityUnleashed

You look at the piece of material on my head
And then 'oppression' becomes synonymous with it
When the word 'oppression' never came out of our mouths
You feel you have the right to validate a feeling I never held within myself
Are you defining Feminism yet?

Liberation is multi-dimensional
Indispensable, quintessential
There are many forms and this is mine and I am proud
Other women like to show off their assets physically and they are liberated
My asset is my modesty and I am liberated
But you want me to show my skin
Are you defining Feminism yet?

Nations are banning the burka left and right
But now they are the ones covering their face
God's uno reverse card
They call themselves the most powerful nations in the world
The most feared nations in the world
And yet are afraid of a piece of cloth on a woman's head
Are you defining Feminism yet?

As I move up in the world,
I have to smile whiter, move whiter, be whiter
Anything that will distract you from looking at my blue chiffon scarf,
Which plants your detest towards me
Are you defining Feminism yet?

Media is the real poison of this world and you use it to poison who I am
My faith is my freedom,
You are my oppression
You shun what I wear and so people stare at me from afar
You shame my culture so that I can never be proud of it
You stigmatise the way I talk, even how I walk
to tear up any semblance of self-esteem
So I'm left asking how do I fit in, in the society that outcasts me?
Are you defining Feminism yet?
Are you defining equality yet?

Feminism comes with the acceptance and embracing of all realms of liberation
Once you overcome the one metre barrier between you and my Hijab
The guarantee of an equal world becomes much closer.

Lying is learned
from the people we follow,
the people we are told to follow,
the people who tell us to always speak truths

But lying is learned
from observing those people.

Lying is learned.

If we lie, we're punished.
If we speak the truth, we are liars.
So we learn to lie better.

We learn to speak the truth better.
We learn to make that truth something they will accept.
We learn to make that lie something they will accept.
We learn to mould into how they want us to be.
We learn to survive.

Lying is learned.

We're constantly told to speak up for what is right
but shamed for being too sensitive.
We're told to explain our side of the story,
but their side is always the truth.

Dear sir
dear deadbeat
dear hateful man –
lying is learned.

So when you assume I lie, remember
I lie to survive in the world you created.
I lie with the words you taught me.
I lie with your past and your emotions.
I do not lie by myself.

You, are the liar;
You, are the cause of our chaos of lies.

Light Manipulation

Charlotte Maze

Russell Sage College



ASYLUM RULES

- Patients Must be quiet
- Patients must bathe regularly and have adequate clothing.
- Patients must remain in their places.
- Every Patient should retire to bed at 9PM
- No Patients are allowed to leave.
- Disorderly behavior will not be tolerated.

Asylum Rules

CreativityUnleashed

Chloe DeSilva

@chloe_de_silva

A Lucid Dream

Tahanni Yehya Hussein

CreativityUnleashed

@catch_hold_re-

a bowl of water
sits
in the middle of a room

i get up to pour it out onto the floor

and it fills right back up

i lift it to my mouth
and drink the blue liquid
cold down my throat

it rises
back up
with each
gulp

i walk to the bathroom
and tip it into the small sink

and the water
gurgles
back up the pipes

i turn around
and tip it into the bath

it steams up
and condenses
back into the bowl

i leave the bathroom
my sweaty hands
trying
to grip
the heavy bowl

i stand in the centre of the room

shift the bowl into my right hand
extend my right arm back

until it hurts to move any more
hurl the bowl towards the wall

it smashes against the concrete
hundreds of thousands
of tiny shards
coat the carpet

then rain begins to fall from the ceiling

24

POETRY

Liminal Lapse

Russell Sage College

@ashleymbusby

Ashley Busby

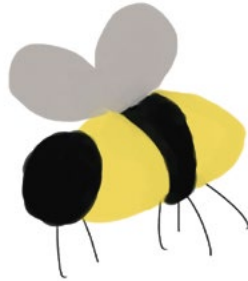
25

PAINTING

Like a Flower

Zavia Allen
Russell Sage College

Like a Flower
 Derived from the roots we hold,
 Carefully planted by our Father.
 Differing colors, shapes, and sizes,
 Into buds, we blossom.
 Eager for sunshine;
 Storms we endure;
 Fear of being stagnant.
 We wilt; we wither;
 But, we do rise.
 A single flower amongst many;
 From where I am planted-
 I bloom;
 Like a flower-
 I grow.



Impulse

Maverick Douglas
Russell Sage College

The door was beautiful. Tourists came from around the world to stop and stare at the serene beauty of the tree of life snaking elegantly across the wood towards the walls that encased it. Despite its popularity, no one seemed to know what was behind it. Curious children and random passersby would longingly reach for the handle, but just before their thumb could depress the button and release the latch, its protector would appear. His crazed flyaway hair, brown with streaks of gray and electric blue eyes, was usually enough to send even the bravest soul scampering down the street. One more failed attempt to see what was inside.

For those who held their ground and thought they'd badger him into showing, he smirked to reveal crooked, yellowing teeth and invited them to sit on the cool stone steps in front of the door they so persistently pursued.

"You'll not be wanting to go in there, lad." He'd always begin in a deep, Scottish brogue. "Nothin' in there but the very worst of human nature."

He'd stare at the tree of life with barely concealed disgust, as though he could see right through the beauty to a darkness within. For most, that warning was enough to have them on their feet and off into the world, only remembering the door as something beautiful they had seen in passing. The few who remained, not to be deterred, would be offered the chance to open the door.

The keeper would watch, grinning maniacally as he urged them forward.

"Ye wanted to see, lad; now open up and take a look. I'll be betting you'll regret it." His resultant laugh would raise the hairs on the necks of even the bravest soul.

When they reached for the handle a second time, they could feel an ominous pull from within, and a few would feel eyes staring at them from behind the glass. Though nothing was ever visible when they tried to focus on it.

No one had ever taken him up on his offer, turning and running at the last minute with terror in their hearts. Those few never remembered the door, never remembered the guardian, just the menacing feeling of being watched and nightmares of red eyes staring balefully at them across time.



Drowning

Sage Baker

Russell Sage College

Life is heavy,
flashing before my eyes,
pulling me down as I try to surface,
stretching between the above and the below.
Blue everywhere,
up, down, all around.
Grasping through the air,
but nothing is there.
Gulping for air
but instead a mouth of hair.
Breathless,
I am restless and in despair.
I'm trying to reach but nobody is there.
Alone in the deep,
swirling in the water, like the thoughts in my mind.
My hands, no longer grasping,
My hands, now clasping
a pile of sand.

Social Media 101

Coco Song

CreativityUnleashed

Hey,
I saw that your dog just died.
It was in your story.
And by the quantity of crying emoji faces,
I figured you'd be sad.
Wait, gimme a second, I almost forgot.
I need to send a message saying: "I'm sorry" and a few sad emojis.
I have no idea who you are.
A classmate?
Maybe.
A friend of my friend's sister's friend's cousin?
Perhaps.
A random dude who has never owned a dog before?
I hope not.
Whoever you may be, "I'm sorry for your loss."
Of course, I've been browsing through other things too.
Pictures, filters, pretenders, gestures, sponsors, musician-ers, artist-ers,
If you haven't noticed, I am trying to rhyme.
Let me tear my eyes from my screen for just a moment.
I've got to stop scrolling.
There's a poem I need to write,
but all I've got are sore eyes and an overheating phone, with no poem in sight.
I really gotta start on that soon,
and that pile of other stuff too.
But the poem should be easier, right?
I mean, I am a self-proclaimed poet;
that's what it says in my bio, anyway...



Memories of Chefchaoeun

Lisa Schieffelin

Russell Sage College

@lisaschieffelin1

To Everything a Season

Christopher Bean

CreativityUnleashed

@chrisnotsir

I never thought eBay would contribute to my **grieving journey**, but then I'd never heard about **Mourning Seeds**. Well, not until my web history and poor privacy settings conspired to suggest products I might want every time I opened a browser window.

I closed ad after ad (Cribb's Funeral Services; Eco-coffins; even EZ-Cremain - American, naturally), but the day I finally felt strong enough to **auction off my dearly departed's belongings**, something about the eBay advert - perhaps the word 'seed' - made me click.

Plant at least four feet deep over the loved one's grave (in this case, the loved three's) and as the tree grows, so shall the memory of he/she who is lost.

No returns once planted...etc.

A tattered, manilla banker was delivered. Not exactly what I'd expected - no branding, no exquisite, environmentally unfriendly packaging, just the envelope containing three things like peach stones.

Did I deserve to be ripped off? Probably. I certainly deserved something. I'd **treated my wife and kids terribly**: If I could take back every beating I gave Gracie and Michael I would; if I could show Nat just how much I cared with my lips instead of my fists; if I could hide the car keys from my drunken self on our way back from Elgin last Christmas...

If I could un-click Buy Now.

But I couldn't.

A time to plant, a time to pluck up that which is planted. A time to harvest.

Daily I pick - purge - **the wailing green fruit on each of the little trees I planted**: Gracie, Michael and Nat's hairless, miniature, green heads - like apples - gawp soullessly outwards, jaws dropped to better birth their screaming, screaming, screaming.

There's only one way to silence the eternal accusations.

The flesh is sweet from such a bitter crop.



Chernobyl, Ukraine

Michael Groissl
Russell Sage College
@groissl

immigration

Reigniel Esconde Russell Sage College

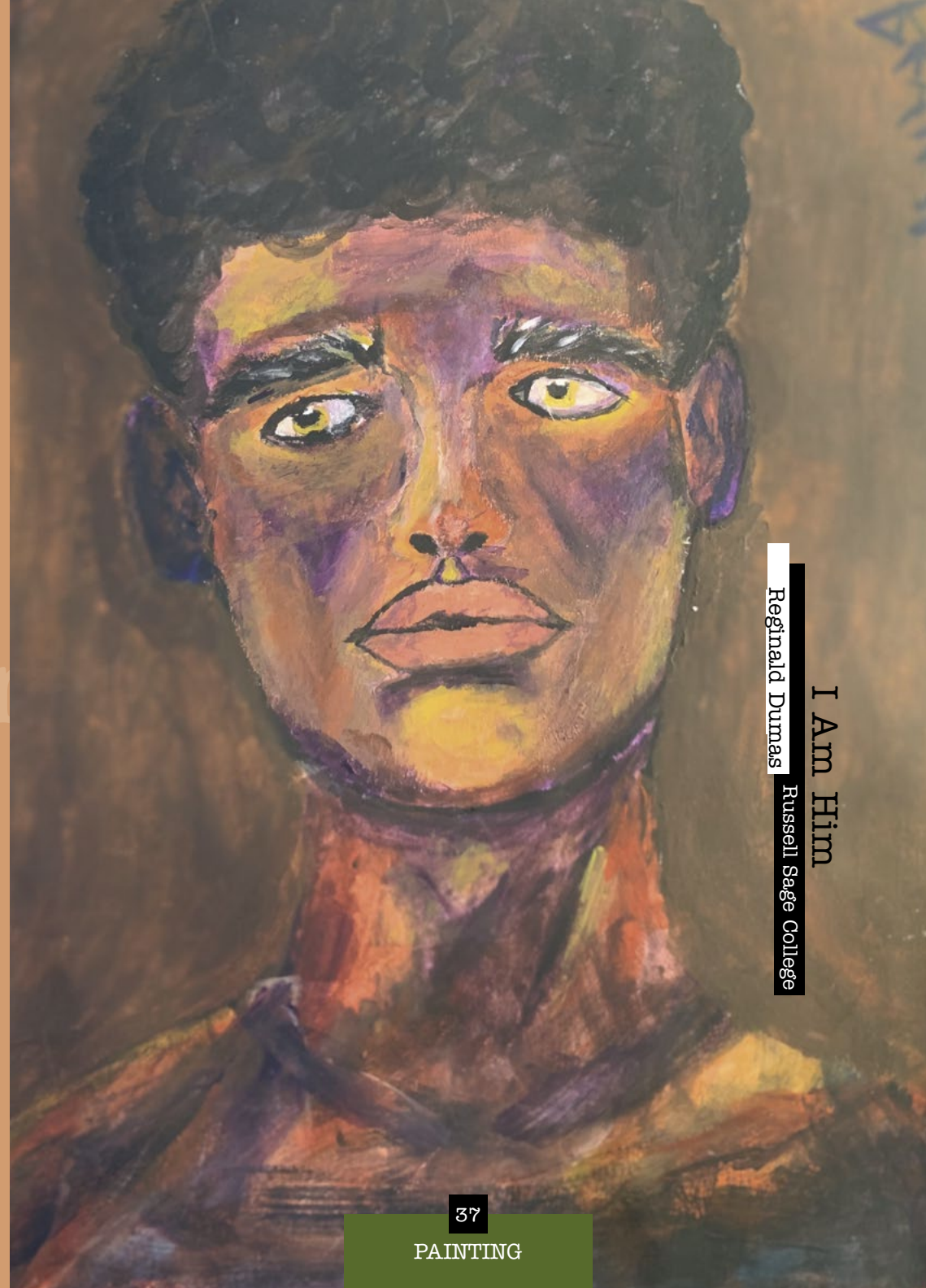


only eighteen was he, chasing the american dream
blood, sweat, and tears
though all was not as it seemed
the promise of life, liberty, and property
all seemed a facade
now he was a broken boy, living in poverty
parents left heart broken
now he draws his last breath,

his last words **never spoken**

never spoken

This poem was inspired by Tahanni Yehya Hussein's immigration and integration
www.haringeyunchained.com



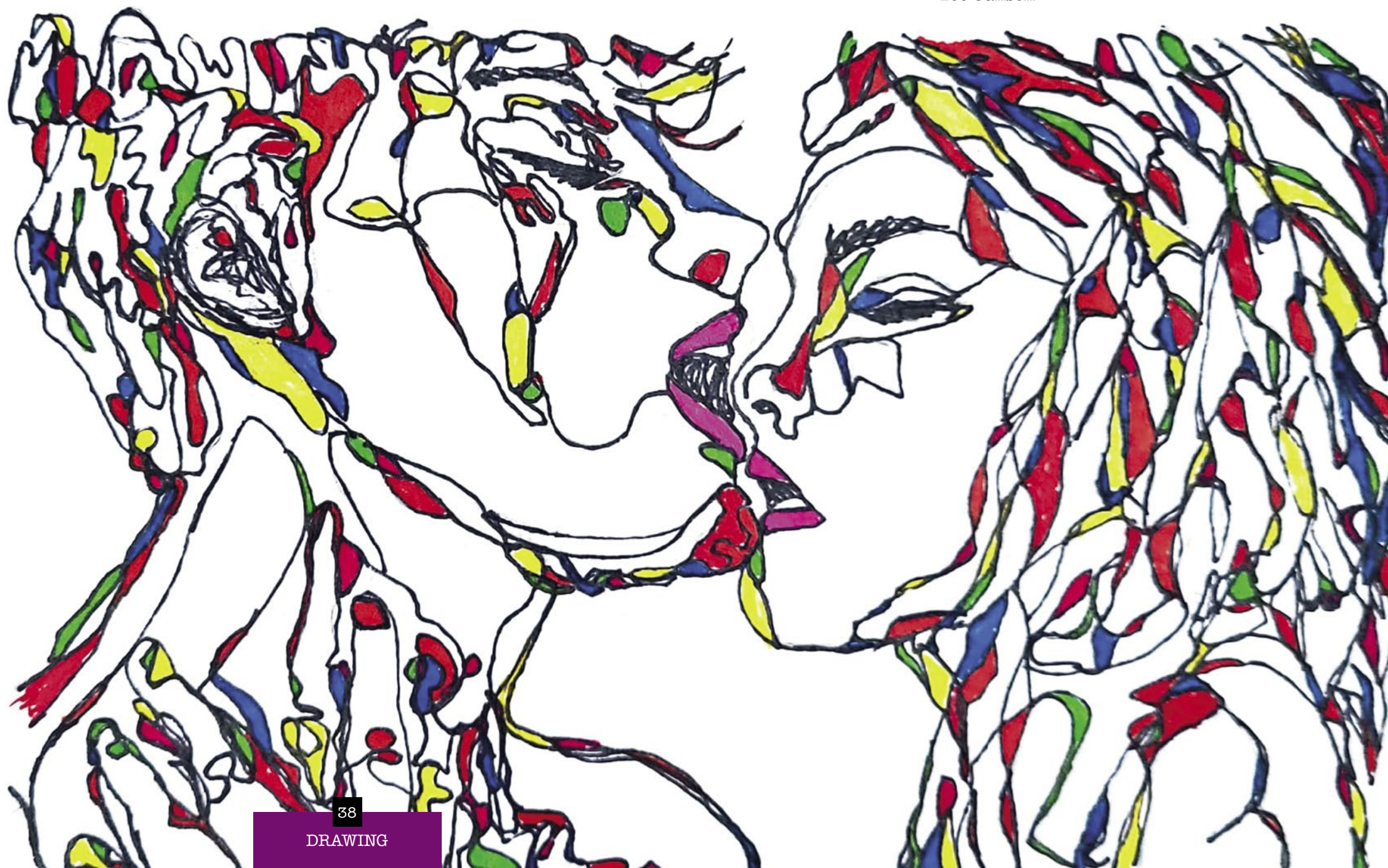
Reginald Dumas

I Am Him

Russell Sage College

Tangled Love

Zoe Jansen Russell Sage College



A Woman's First Lesson

Raylynne Kuhn Russell Sage College

How did we end up like this

How did we become so involved with picking at our fragmental mistakes?

The fragments of our body that we trace with one finger,

Over and over again.

The small parts that we squeeze as we are unhappy with the pinch of fat left on our stomachs,

Why did we get put into this societal norm?

The expectation of porcelain skin and straight blonde hair,

Why do we fall into this trap

This trap that is never ending

A constant cycle of poisonous words put into our brains because we are not good enough,

Or beautiful enough, or sexy enough, or smart enough.

Why is this the first lesson women learn, especially since

We did not ask to learn it ...

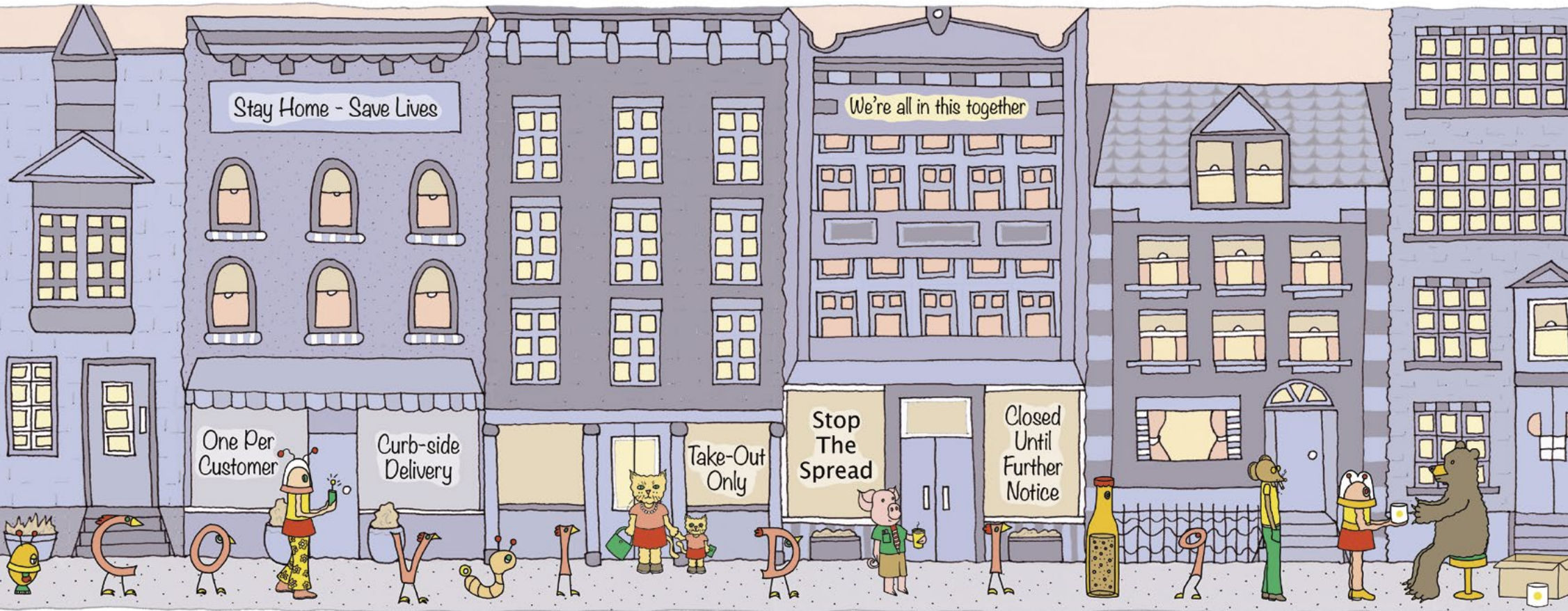


Emotional Numbness

Kami Perkins Russell Sage College

Toilet Paper Crisis

Laurel Petersen Russell Sage College



Our House

Denique Bennett Russell Sage College

No matter how many years go by, I can't forget the day when "our house" was no longer our house.

On graduation day we decided to drive by, hoping inside that nothing had changed. As we drove that all-too-familiar path, I remembered how abruptly the end had come. Before that day I never could have imagined the place that stored our youth and memories like a keepsake box would no longer belong to us.

How could I?

It was the only place I had known for most of my life-- the only place familiar enough to call home. We had no choice but to leave the house an empty shell, while secretly hoping no one else would come and fill it.

As fate would have it, after all these years, our house had become someone else's. Our signs of wear-and-tear were ruthlessly painted over to disguise the house as brand new.

The grape juice stain on the carpet: gone.

The missing handrail railing: restored.

The nail polish splatter on the bathroom wall: covered.

Our memories were replaced by their memories.

Still, I found a sense of peace knowing that one day, just like our house is no longer ours, their house will be someone else's. A cycle of families finding solace in this shell.

I watched the new children play in what was once our yard, carefree and clueless about the only house they have known.



Dragon Dreams

Chloe DeSilva CreativityUnleashed
@chloe_de_silva



Behind My Mask

Mackenzie Fido

Russell Sage College

Behind my mask

I am more than this piece of fabric;
it does not define who I am or what I do.
No one will ever know the real me;
I am hidden due to this disease.

Behind my mask

I know it is for the best,
to protect myself and the ones I love.
But it hurts,
in more ways than I can describe.

Behind My Mask

Two full years of my life that will never come back.
Living in constant fear, caution, and worry.
I keep away from others to stay safe.
Unfortunately, I feel safer surrounded by others.

Behind my mask

I have a beautiful smile.
My cheeks are always naturally flushed.
My happiness shines through my facial expressions,
but I can not look happy only through the squint of my eyes.

Behind my mask

No one will ever know
who I truly am under my protective fabric.
I do it to stay healthy and keep others healthy.
I wonder when my fears will stop.
I hope that one day others will know,
that there is much more of who I am behind my mask.

Watcher

Ethan Alcee

Russell Sage College



Tomorrow, We'll Be Free

Maysoon Sheikh **CreativityUnleashed**

When you are shown the numbers,
The statistics screaming for the last semblance of your rationality,
The ratio of murders 270:1,
You turn away to hold onto your precepts
Whilst they hold onto their children's corpses.

But it's fake news.

So they record their subjection to inhumanity, for some humanity.
Then you watch the bodies covered in blood and black soot,
Their limbs dangling, their lives mangled.
Because it's the only way to prove their reality against your lies.
But you have the audacity to tweet
"Why wasn't there any trigger warning?"

Where was their trigger warning?

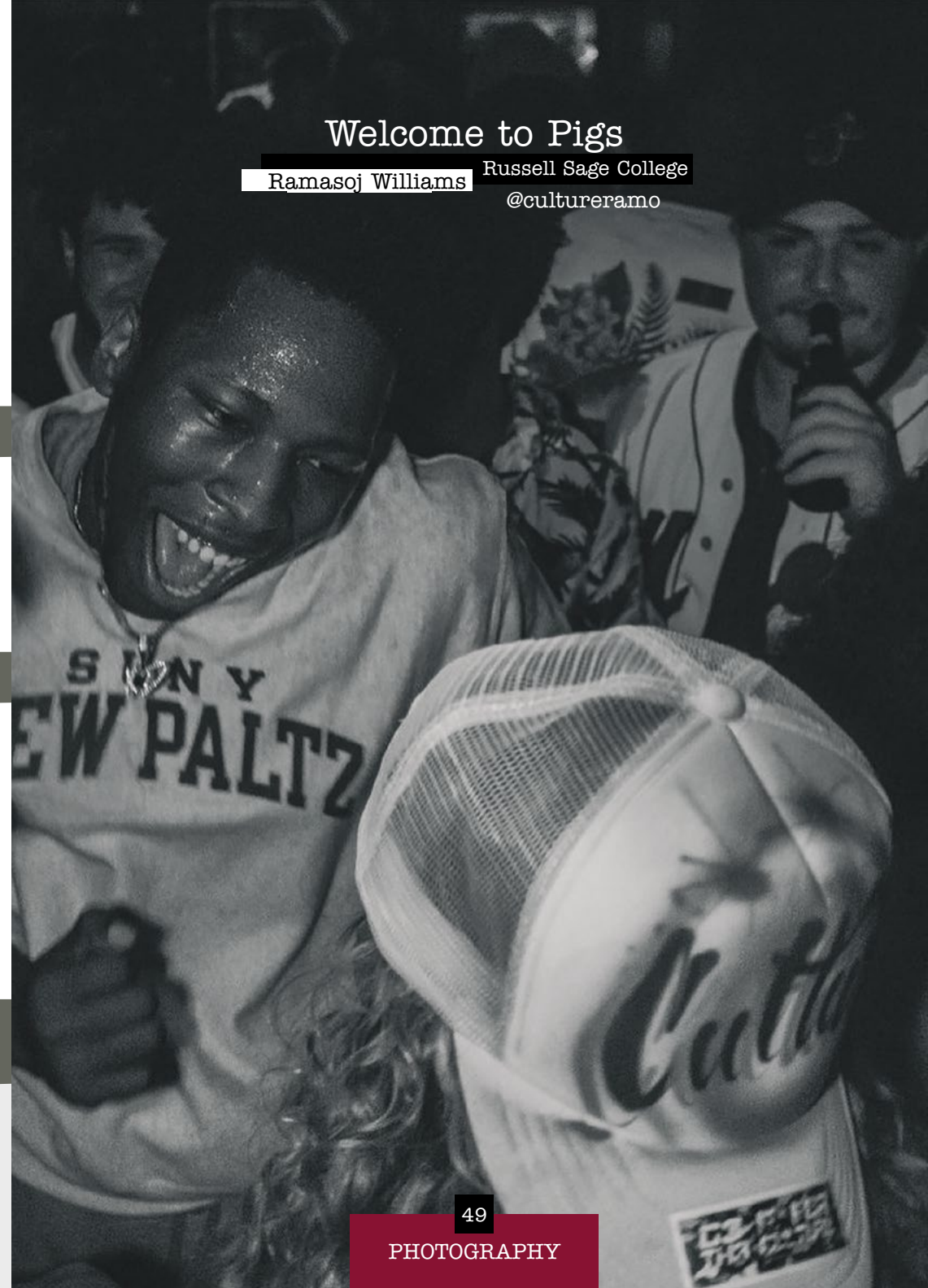
The day of Eid was hopeful,
As the hopeful youth sang out blessings and brighter days ahead.
To only be sent back fire that burnt out the sun.
On the day of Eid, hope bled.

Hope. An abstract noun with four letters.
Abstract in its fragility, in the people praying within the crevices of those four letters.
Abstract in its forceful reckoning. Its force in reawakening.
Hope can be a testament of volition, that the remnants of our humanity still exist.
Hope will unify us when we testify.

**Palestine,
Tomorrow we'll be free.**

Welcome to Pigs

Ramasoj Williams **Russell Sage College**
@cultureram



INSOMNIA

Reginald Dumas

Russell Sage College

half these nights kept awake by numbness
in a deep slumber, he lay still, paralyzed

a bombardment of dark truths
leave

my dreams sunless

the line of reality is blurred, tragically compromised
he now knows why the sun was loveless

for the moon and stars in all their glory
spurred an illusion of bright ideas, thought to inspire

his heavy heart imprisoned

in purgatory

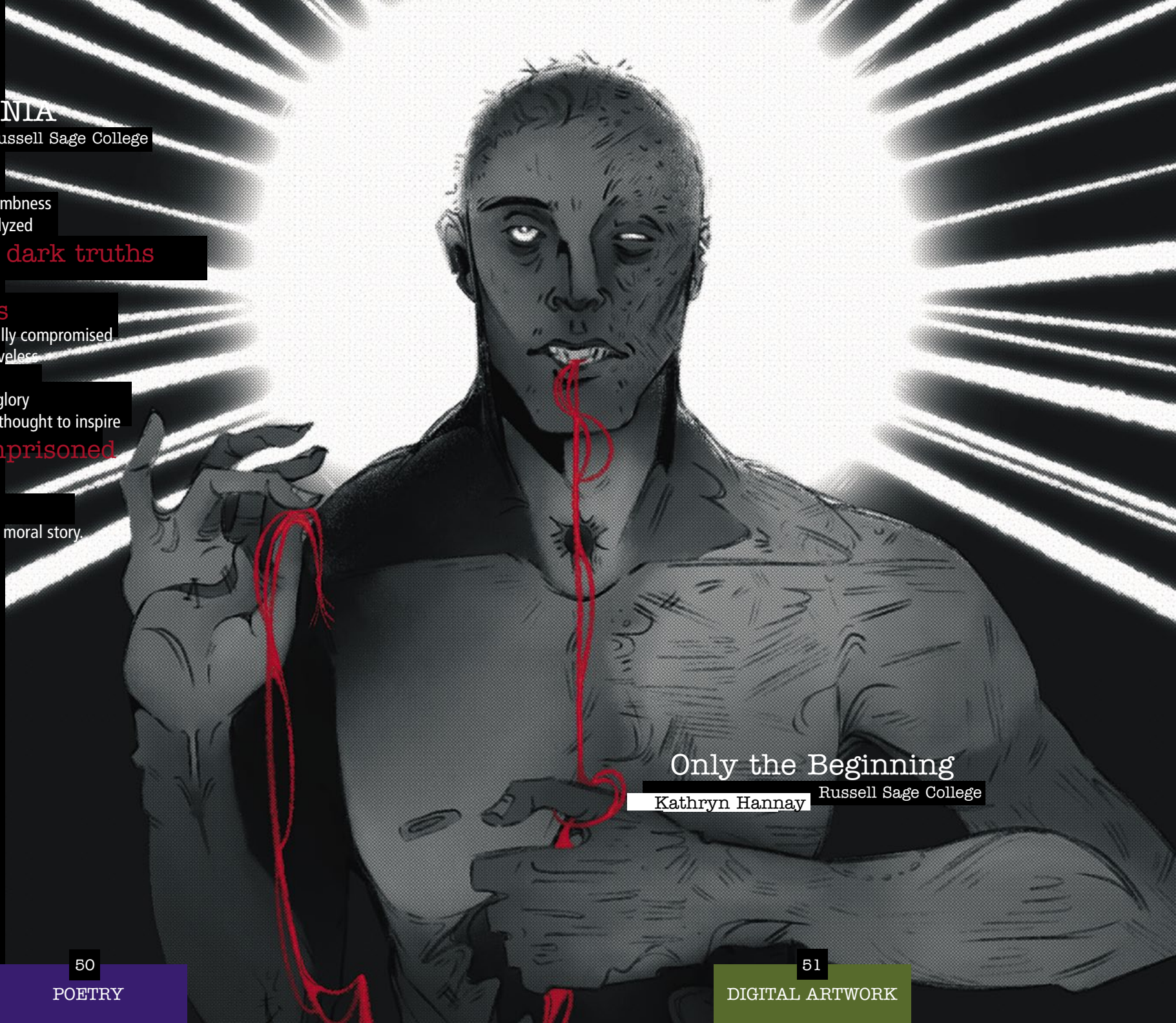
his lone integrity left to admire.

the misfortunes of his past, a short moral story.

Only the Beginning

Kathryn Hannay

Russell Sage College



Tanrı

Ozge Erdur CreativityUnleashed

"In the life of a rose," he heard her say,
sparks erupted in her eyes and there was no delay.
She talked of death and dust by day,
small ruptures appeared on her bust with decay.
She tugged on the hem of his shirt and begged him to stay,
and asked for his name then whispered prayers for his way.
Her lashes wilted and sadness engulfed her.
The birth of a rose was soon taken over.

The light stayed. He chose her pain,
aided and nurtured the soil of her domain.
He watered her roots in ways; she couldn't complain.
He protected her petals with agency; she couldn't explain.
Her lashes rose as hope was clear in those eyes.

"Are you God?" she asked, her voice full of surprise.
The light leaned a little closer.
She feared he was a lot bolder,
And for a moment all was still.

His arms were strong enough to hold her.

* Tanrı – Ottoman Turkish word meaning "My God"

Cloudy Vision

Mackenzie Rockwell Russell Sage College

DAY BY DAY
NIGHT BY NIGHT
THE CLOUDS NEVER DISSIPATED

THE WHITE PUFFS
SCATTERED ACROSS HER EYES
NO ABILITY TO SEE THROUGH
TO SEE THE TRUTH

THE BROWN HAIR
THE BLUE EYES
SHE WAS BLINDED

THE CHARISMATIC SMILE
SHE WAS BLINDED

EVERY MOVE HE MADE
EVERY WORD HE SPOKE
SHE WAS BLIND

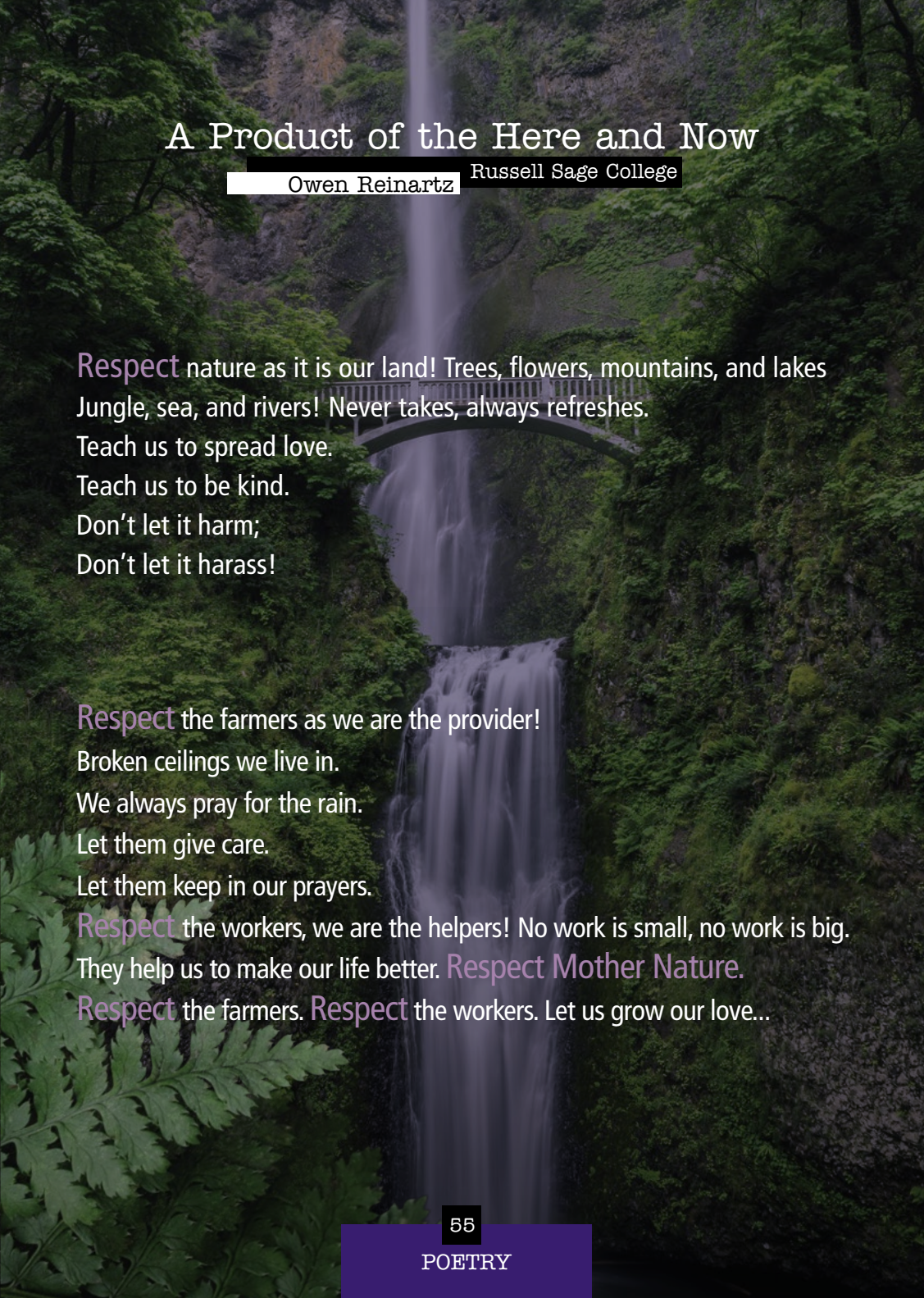
THE BRIGHT CLOUDS CONCEALED
THE DARKNESS BENEATH
CONCEALED THE TRUTH

CLOUDED VISION
IN THE FORM OF A HUMAN BEING

[illegible]

Owen Reinartz

Russell Sage College



A Product of the Here and Now

Owen Reinartz Russell Sage College

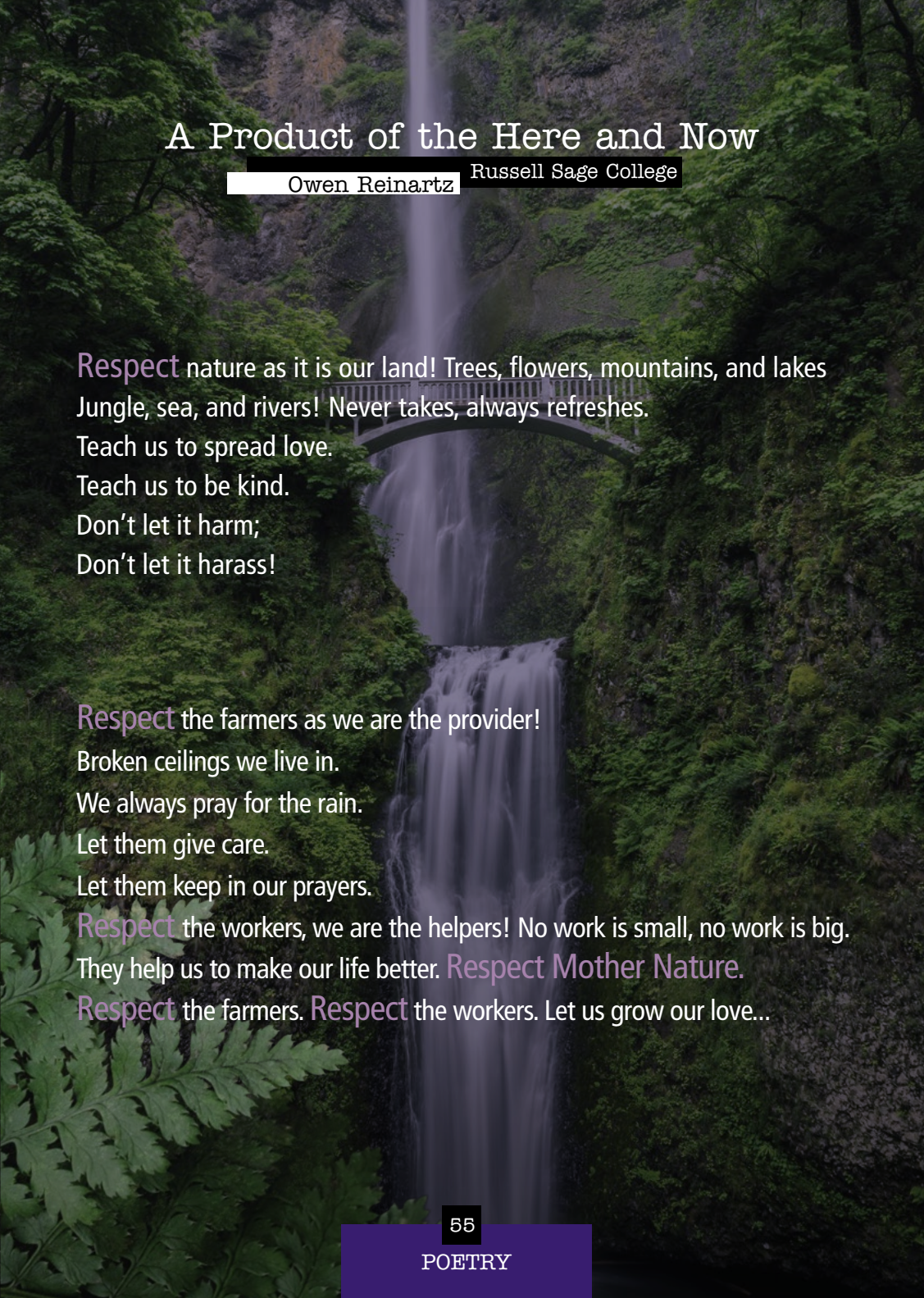
Respect nature as it is our land! Trees, flowers, mountains, and lakes
Jungle, sea, and rivers! Never takes, always refreshes.
Teach us to spread love.
Teach us to be kind.
Don't let it harm;
Don't let it harass!

Respect the farmers as we are the provider!
Broken ceilings we live in.
We always pray for the rain.
Let them give care.
Let them keep in our prayers.

Respect the workers, we are the helpers! No work is small, no work is big.
They help us to make our life better. Respect Mother Nature.

Respect the farmers. Respect the workers. Let us grow our love...

55
POETRY



A Product of the Here and Now

Owen Reinartz Russell Sage College

Respect nature as it is our land! Trees, flowers, mountains, and lakes
Jungle, sea, and rivers! Never takes, always refreshes.
Teach us to spread love.
Teach us to be kind.
Don't let it harm;
Don't let it harass!

Respect the farmers as we are the provider!
Broken ceilings we live in.
We always pray for the rain.
Let them give care.
Let them keep in our prayers.

Respect the workers, we are the helpers! No work is small, no work is big.
They help us to make our life better. Respect Mother Nature.

Respect the farmers. Respect the workers. Let us grow our love...

55
POETRY

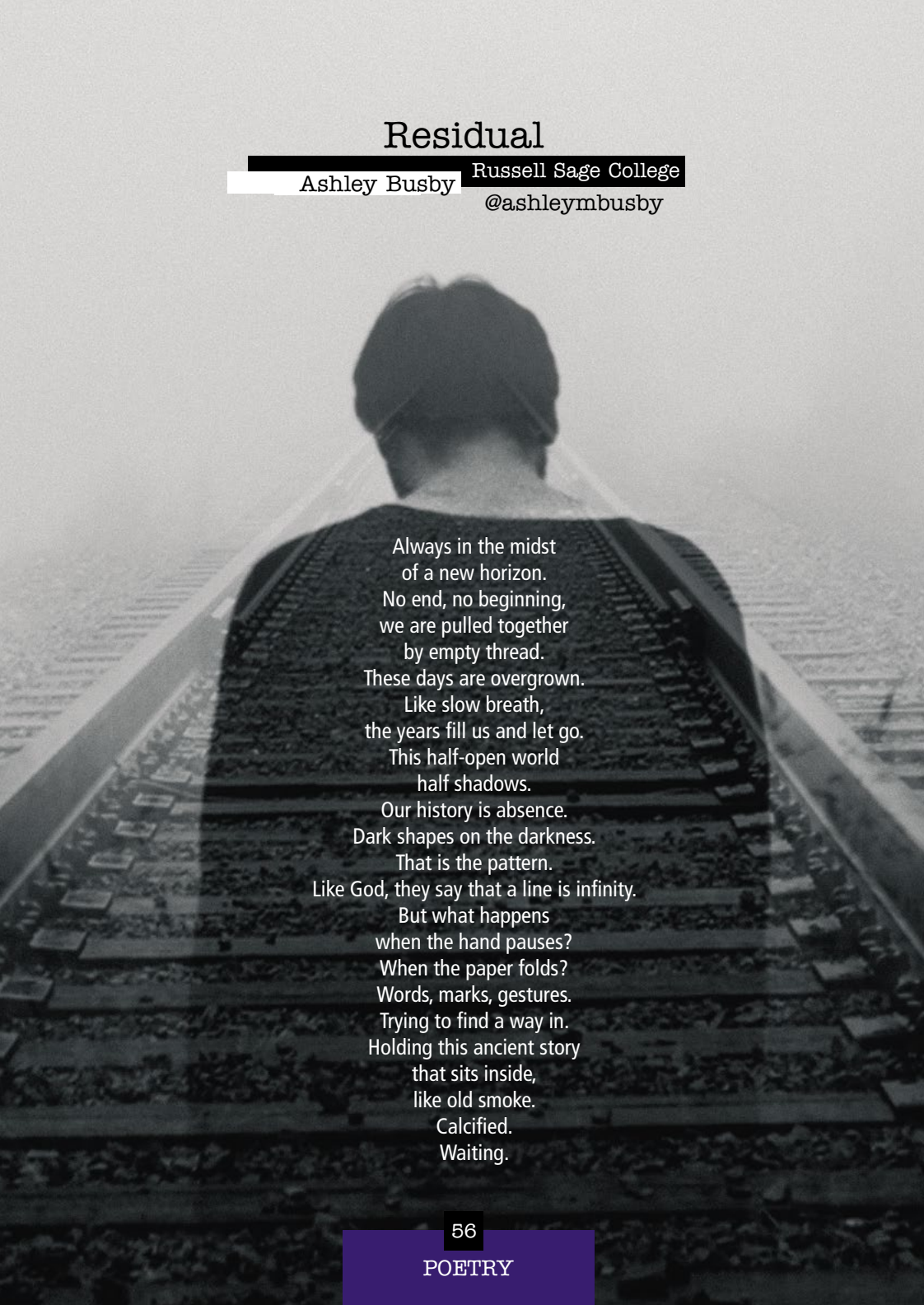
Forest Vernacular

Jacqueline Hilliard Russell Sage College

54
DIGITAL ARTWORK

Jacqueline Hilliard

Russell Sage College



Residual

Ashley Busby

Russell Sage College

@ashleymbusby

Always in the midst
of a new horizon.
No end, no beginning,
we are pulled together
by empty thread.
These days are overgrown.
Like slow breath,
the years fill us and let go.
This half-open world
half shadows.
Our history is absence.
Dark shapes on the darkness.
That is the pattern.
Like God, they say that a line is infinity.
But what happens
when the hand pauses?
When the paper folds?
Words, marks, gestures.
Trying to find a way in.
Holding this ancient story
that sits inside,
like old smoke.
Calcified.
Waiting.

All of a sudden she was gone
Disappearing into the background
All the memories following behind her
Why did it have to be her?
The days go on, feeling like a dream
All my thoughts are consumed by pain,
By suffering
Why did it have to be her?
Going into a deep, dark hole
Hiding my true feelings
Just trying to get through each day
Putting a fake smile on my face
Why did it have to be her?
Sitting days on end crying in class
Not wanting to go home because of the demons inside
Never knowing when my father would come back
The smell of alcohol on his breath
Why did it have to be her?
Remembering all of the pain
New pain emerges,
In the deep dark depths of my thoughts
The anxiety and depression creeps in

Lost Memories

Zoe Jansen

Russell Sage College

Why did it have to be her?
Distancing myself from my feelings
Distancing myself from the things I loved
Distancing myself from my drunken father
Distancing myself from reality
Why did it have to be her?
No words to describe the feelings that have emerged
Not being able to put my best foot forward
Not knowing how to cope
Just falling into a pit of darkness
Why did it have to be her?



Hold on! Wait!

Ramasoj Williams Russell Sage College
@cultureramoo

58

PHOTOGRAPHY

Comfort From A Stranger

Alanna Dumas Russell Sage College

As I walked heartbroken in the rain,
my weepy eyes met an old woman
slowly walking with her cane.


Her wrinkled lips curled
gently in a smile, as she
pointed to a covered
bench
and asked if I would sit
with her awhile.

She spoke about her hardships but
more of better days,
how keeping a hopeful heart is
what really pays.

When we were through talking
my tears had finally dried.
My heart ached a little less and I felt
lighter inside.

Who knew that I'd find comfort in a
stranger when in need,
from a stranger who's no longer
strange but a friend indeed.

This poem was inspired by Lina Charki's
Comfort from a Stranger
www.haringeyunchained.com



Anxiety

Syrita Faraj Russell Sage College

It rips me to shreds
It has a hold on my mind
It keeps me awake
And keeps me confined

Anxiety

My hands trembling
My body shaking
My heart pounding
I feel like I'm breaking

Anxiety

I feel stuck
I feel my mind aching
I'm hurting inside
I'm in isolation

Anxiety

The thoughts in my head
They eat me alive
Struggling to face them
Makes it hard to survive

Protection

Bailey Thibodeau Russell Sage College

Story after story of someone missing,
someone killed, someone injured.
Sirens night after night.
These stories and cries for help in my own town,
in what I call home.
Stories about kids.
Kids that have been killed,
reported missing, or have been injured.
I, an 18 year old girl, am supposed to feel safe?
Safe seems to be just a word in the corruption of today.
How can I be safe in a world that only speaks in violence?
How can I trust this world to protect me, when
it is a world that fails to protect itself.
The same world that preaches safety and protection,
but then fails to provide it.
When will this change?
How will I know?



I am Yearning

Russell Sage College

Cassandra McMullin

Today has been a very lovely day.
I wonder if Tomorrow will be too.
Oh, Yesterday has come and gone away.
The days will soon bring me back home to you.
I am-bic, I am sick of being 'lone.
You're way too far away from me, my dear.
I send you letters, or call you by phone.
One day, I hope that I can hold you near.
I wish I had the words so I could say
The ways you made me fall in love with you.
Tomorrows always turn into todays.
The day we're back together overdue.
I will be right there. Just hold on, my love.
I'll be with you until our lights shut off.

Kyiv, Ukraine

Michael Groissl

Russell Sage College

@groissl

Withering

Hanseen Asari CreativityUnleashed



WHEN I SAY I'M SORRY FOR THE MESS WHAT I MEAN IS.

Laura Henebry Russell Sage College

My body isn't moving when I am telling it to. Returning to old comforts such as soaking in a blistering tub until the prints of my fingers have shriveled like cherry tomatoes forgotten in the fridge. The vegetable crisper drawer is a graveyard. Filled with the depressed, sunken husks of zucchini and eggplant that I couldn't bring myself to eat. We are fighting again, but the fights are about little things like; why don't you soak the pan after using; why are you not putting gas in the car; or why don't you touch me like you used to. The mattress holds the shape of us like memories, and I can't outrun all the forms we have taken –

I'm sleeping on the couch again. Letting my phone die and using the whirring of the fan as an unreliable metronome for these words crudely printed in dust found on the radiators as if this apartment can hold the weight of all my apologies. We wear black socks on the floor so we can't see the dirt. We poke holes in cling wrap tightly covering tiny bowls of sugar water, vinegar and dish soap – it doesn't help. We watch the spiders build their webs consuming the corners and admire the intricacies of their handiwork – like the art we never got around to hanging, like the photographs I don't remember taking. Anyway, I'm sorry for skipping therapy.

Greenwood Blaze

Jacqueline Hilliard Russell Sage College

66

POETRY

DIGITAL ARTWORK

Now I am reminded of what I miss:
walking into a busy home,
never escaping the constant chatter,
eating at the dining room table,
waking up on a Sunday to "cleaning music."

I miss when this was home.

Now I walk into an empty house.

Now I can't escape the silence.

Now I eat in my room alone.

Now I find somewhere else to stay the night.

Now I am always reminded of what I miss.

What I Miss

Brook Marshall Russell Sage College

67

POETRY

This poem was inspired by
Amina Yussuf's What I Miss
www.creativity-unleashed.org

Catches Against the Grain

Kate Hunter Russell Sage College

Haikus

Jason Zhang The Loomis Chaffee School

A Sunset

Giant golden star
slides itself down the hill; the
horizon turns red.

Defying Gravity

The amusement park
ride crashes down from the sky.
It is time to scream.

Tube to Heaven

Down the water slide,
speeding through the long darkness.
What a pleasant splash.

This year, in collaboration with Aralia Education and Ivy Talent, our editors at The Rev accepted submissions from high school students studying in America but originally from China. We reviewed flash fiction and poetry produced by some incredibly gifted young people. The decisions for publication were difficult, but we do believe that the following pieces truly reflect the creative possibilities of our youth today. We are very excited to give this section of our magazine to them. The messages that follow are bold and brilliant.

Enjoy what they have to say!

For more pieces from some of our partners in China, visit: www.peoplesrepublicofcreativity.com.

The following pages have been designed by Jacqueline Hilliard from Russell Sage College.



Up to the Heavens

Haohcheng (Bob) Wang **Competition Winner**

Western Reserve Academy

I stood in the giant container they called the Passenger Safety Scanner and kept still as a beam of ray scanned me from head to toe.

"You guys are really using the high-end stuff, huh? Thank god I'm not claustrophobic." I joked to the security guard as I stepped out of the equipment.

"We will now need to record your voice to ensure your identity; please speak to the microphone for thirty seconds." The guard ignored me.

Recording of voice? Geez, I guess that's the level of security needed for a space flight.

I was at the state-of-the-art Houston Space Center Terminal One, my flight to the International Civil Space Station scheduled to take off in two hours.

As I passed the security check, a service personnel came to greet me and took my luggage. After confirming my boarding pass, he guided me through a long corridor to a thick, metal door.

Opening it, I gasped as I saw a long bridge leading to a silver space shuttle. The shuttle was extremely delicate and beautiful; it looked like a private jet with huge propellants on the tails.

The door of the space shuttle was already open. My heart pounded faster and faster, pushing the sweat on my skin so that it dropped from my palm when I stepped into the stunning vehicle.

There were two seats in a row and four rows in total. I sat down on B1 and realized that all the other seven passengers were already seated.

I looked to my front in curiosity to see what the command module of a space shuttle would look like. To my astonishment, there was no door leading to a flight deck where the usual cockpit door of an airplane would be. Instead, there was just a wall in front of us, as if we were in a lecture hall instead of a spacecraft.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where the pilots are?" I curiously asked the personnel who came into the shuttle to help me get seated.

"You are inside the most advanced unmanned space shuttle, sir. This short flight would be controlled remotely."

Before I could say anything in response, the personnel bowed and quitted the space shuttle. The cabin door soon closed after him.

As I exchanged curious eye contact with the other passengers, I realized that most of them were extremely well-dressed-successful-looking people. There was a family of three sitting behind me. The little kid, no older than eight, was conversing politely with a lady of age sixty or so.

Sitting right to me was a middle-aged man in an elegant suit. He would have looked fine if his belly hadn't upheaved his shirt.

"So, how do you make money?" The man turned to my side and asked me with a smirk on his face.

"What do you mean?" I smiled politely.

"Come on, you must be doing something special to be able to pay for the immigration plan." He patted my shoulder.

He had a point: space immigration cost 12 million dollars and that was why the ICSS housed only the richest five hundred thousand people on earth.

"How about you tell me first, sir?" I didn't really feel like sharing my "success story."

Just as he was about to speak, the intercom interrupted our conversation: "Ladies and gentlemen, please remain seated and secure your belongings; our flight is about to take off."

Our seatbelts automatically fastened. The space shuttle suddenly rotated to a sixty degree angle and the people on board shrieked a short gasp. Thirty seconds later, we heard a loud burst of fire behind us. I suddenly felt a strong thrust that pressed me hard against the seatbelt. My mind went completely blank as I realized that we were ascending to space.

Through the window, I saw us propelling upwards at an incredible speed. The ground soon faded; we crossed the clouds; we crossed the atmosphere. The sky became darker and darker until there we were, floating in space. I gazed at the elegant contour of earth in ecstasy and disbelief.

Our shuttle flew stably again. The middle-aged man turned to me and asked: "So what's the first thing you're gonna do up there? I heard that there are twenty five luxurious hotels and twelve casinos bigger than the biggest ones in Vegas."

"Probably visit my uncle first," I said. "He immigrated to the ICSS two years ago and never returned to earth. We talk through video calls often and he urged me to come and enjoy a new life as well."

An influencer of the national oil industry and an important figure in the political circles, my uncle was indeed my role model. He was one of the first to pay and set foot on the ICSS when the program first started.

"That's nice," the man said. "I also know some people that went to the ICSS, but I haven't seen them since they left. I think that none of them ever bothered to come back to earth—the place must be a literal heaven."

I turned away and looked through the window. The scenery was unbelievable; earth was silently glowing, a tranquil azure. I also saw the moon in the distance, a rather mundane and barren space body compared to earth.

Wait, what? The moon? Wasn't the ICSS located exactly between the Earth and the Moon? Why wasn't I seeing the space station? The advertisements flowed back to my head. I looked around, yet no one else seemed to be bothered; they all conversed happily with each other and chit-chatted about what they would do after the trip.

Suddenly, we heard a ticking sound somewhere in the shuttle. Everyone became silent.

Tick, tock, tick tock. The tick became clearer and louder.

To my ultimate horror, I did recognize the sound. It was the sound of a bomb. I looked out of the window again in desperation.

There was no space station in sight...

Pandemonium at the Faucet

Jiaru (Alice) Xu

Competition Winner

Rumsey Hall School

"You! Come over here!" The man shouted in a voice equivalent to a commissioner, but she could tell from the color of his military cap, navy blue, that he was ranked much higher.

In this world, you see, every adult was required to wear a cap. The people that wore the brightest colors were the most impoverished. In contrast, the ones who wore the darkest colors were the wealthiest. She was surrounded by the destitute: the yellows and greens. Some of the affluent people would deliberately roam across the precarious trail of the destitute, flashing their ostentatious rings and swaying their flattering dresses. This display had long been the poor's eyesore. Not wearing the caps was a sign of treason. If you dared to do so, you would be immediately killed. Because of this, the poor did not dare go outside without a cap.

Under the scorching sun, the cracks of the arid land stood out peculiarly. The woman scrambled to the man with the navy-blue military cap and turned on the faucet. As soon as the faucet was turned on, people of all ages hurtled towards it, some using a bucket to grasp a minuscule amount of water. Shortly, the water was split unequally among the families. Some cried over the minimum water they got. As

the water dripped from the faucet, kids hastened to it, clinching both of their hands together, using them as containers. But the water slid through their tiny fingers and left them staring with an empty look in their eyes.

She stood there, contemplating the scene, thinking about a questionnaire the government had recently sent. One of the questions asked the citizens to relay a childhood memory. At the time, everyone answered "The past". In the past, everything was normal. In the past, there was barely any social hierarchy. In the past, there was adequate water. And now, with the change of the government system and the lack of water, the government took control of everything: from the access to water to who dominated the country.

She could only imagine anything water-related: from the singing of the waves slapping against the rocks like an unfinished symphony, calming and heart-swelling; to the tickling of the rain through the window, like the lustrous clunking of a champagne glass, lilting and clear...

Suddenly, she heard harsh screams near the faucet and was startled from her memory. The bright and colorful "caps" were fighting.

The unfortunate ones had to fight for their survival, and the lucky ones, affluent in money and water, stood far away from the crowds. To them, observing the bright "caps" struggling for water was their best recreation.

She remembered another question: "What is something that you regret?" She was slightly startled by that question. All of the pain and hardships that she underwent, all of them, were because of the shortage of water. People did not take account of the aftermath of their excessive behavior. If only she could reverse it, then everything would be different.

"Stop!! That's enough!" A woman rushed towards the crowd and forcefully flung her yellow cap to the ground.

A sudden gunshot followed, and led to an immediate silence. Everything froze. People stepped back, revealing the woman's body dead on the ground.

The dark-colored caps heard the gunshot and gathered behind the railroad tracks. It was an ideal location for them to spectate on the scene. The death of a destitute was pedestrian. Some were holding wine and champagne glasses, as if they were watching a luxurious performance with the upper-class only. But the veneration they would feel at a performance was replaced by feelings of superiority.

They lived in a world in which people could be easily wounded. A world full of words that kill. Her eyes were locked on the prostrate figure in front of her. The figure's arms were outstretched, but she could tell that it was her mother.

Her eyes widened, full of dread. As if strangled with countless agonies, her body began to tremble. She moved her lips to ask for help, but no words came out. The crowd continued to recede; some were immersed with sickening consternation, but none offered to help.

Life was like that, she thought. We tend to let things be difficult for others before they try to make things difficult for us.

The whole world had abandoned her. What was once merely a vague sense of distrust had now given way to a much stronger feeling: she resented this country. She hated how she could never get enough water; she hated how the indifference was spreading "contagiously" among people; she hated how they-themselves were like little animals, always frightened by their own mediocrity; she hated how she could never feel the perception of being, sometimes, of being alive. There was only one thing she could do.

To fight back...

A Mount that Punishes the Wicked

Competition Winner

Kent School

Outside of his window, it's raining this morning, and the gray sky looks like it's falling. In a small room, a man with a withered face stares into space; he had stayed up all night. For him, today is his day of execution. He curls up on the ground in despair, muttering something too low to hear. He beats the floor angrily, but stops suddenly, tears pouring from the corner of his eyes.

The sound of the door unlocked has startled him, and the guard walks in. Behind him walks a smiling man in a suit. He speaks to the man on the ground: "It's time to move. The mount is ready to welcome its guest."

Like a snail on the ground, he has little strength inside of him. He can not stand up.

"You, get him up."

The guard lifts the prisoner.

"I don't want to wait too long. You best behave yourself, understand?"

The man in the suit ignores the prisoner, walking straight out. Two guards carry the prisoner's limp body towards the execution room.

He tries all he can to make his body heavier, to slow the passage and movement of these men at work. This is their day job. For him, these will be his last few steps in life.

Every time he takes a step forward, death is one step closer to him. He is completely desperate, falling to the ground again. The gate of hell in front of him is getting closer.

With that last plea, he slips into a faint, only to wake up god knows when fixed to a wooden chair. He wants to break free, but the equipment holds him firmly on the chair like glue. Ahead of him, through the glass, sits a small group of people; they are not far away. Some look sorrowful, some look angry, and some have firm eyes. Among them, crying the loudest, is a white-haired couple. When they see the devil in front of them, they are reminded of the heinous crimes he had committed against their son.

With the man's helpless eyes looking at the people in front of him, he feels like a monkey in the circus watched expectantly by spectators.

"Please..."

The prisoner says weakly.

"Please...don't."

The man begs again.

It is as if he has lost his voice entirely.

This Won't Be Another Happy Ending

Competition Winner

Rumsey Hall School

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel."

I come from a splendid garden;

(From my mother's desires)

From a tower standing in a forest.

(From the sorceress's "kindness")

The windows are the entrance.

(How did I get here?)

And when the sorceress wants to enter,

(Leave, old hag!)

"Let down your hair to me!"

I always scream in my head:

(Just use a ladder!)

I'll sing as I please;

Yet he would come,

begging for me to leave.

(With him!)

And so I'll tell my motherly old hag,

So he'll poke out his eyes,

And I'll be free to fly.

Without my "darling",

Without my spun golden hair,

This won't be another happy ending!

(Will it?)

Index

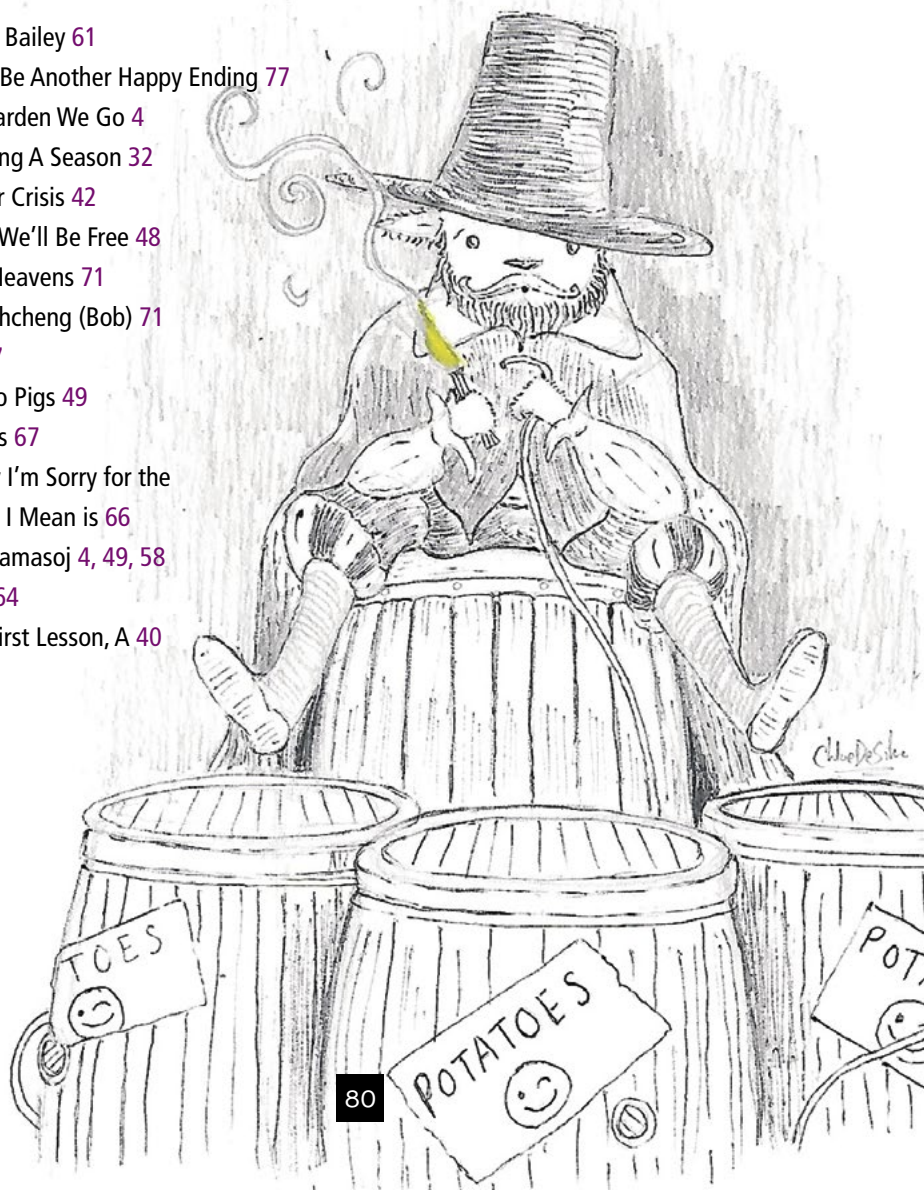


xfAlcee, Ethan 9, 14, 47
 Allen, Zavia 26
 Anxiety 60
 Aralia Education 71, 74, 76, 77
 Arshad, Zahra 16
 Asari, Hanseen 64
 Asylum Rules 23
 Baker, Sage 28
 Bean, Christopher 7, 32
 Behind My Mask 46
 Bennett, Denique 44
 Berlin (Summer) 8
 Between Two Worlds 16
 Boom! 80
 Busby, Ashley 8, 25, 56
 Catches Against the Grain 68
 Chaney, Hunter 10
 Chernobyl, Ukraine 34
 Cherry Pop 79
 Cloudy Vision 53
 Comfort from a Stranger 59
 CreativityUnleashed 7, 15, 20, 23, 24, 29, 32, 45, 48, 52, 64, 80
 Define Feminism 20
 DeSilva, Chloe 23, 45, 80
 Devil's Gate 10
 Douglas, Maverick 27
 Down There 7
 Dragon Dreams 45
 Drowning 28
 Dumas, Alanna 59
 Dumas, Reginald 37, 50
 Edwards, Takudzwa 26
 Emotional Numbness 41
 Erdur, Ozge 52
 Esconde, Reigniel 36
 Faraj, Syrita 60
 Fido, Mackenzie 46
 Forest Vernacular 54
 Gilchrist, Heather 15
 Greenwood Blaze 66
 Groissl, Michael 34, 62
 Had Begun Without 18
 Haikus 69
 Hannay, Kathryn 51
 Henebry, Laura 5, 66
 Hilliard, Jacqueline 54, 66
 Hold on! Wait! 58
 Hunter, Kate 68
 I Am Him 37
 I Have Loved Before You 5
 Iam Yearning 63
 Immigration 36
 Impulse 27
 In Full Bloom 26
 Insomnia 50
 Ivy Talent 71, 74, 76, 77
 Jansen, Zoe 6, 38, 57, 79
 Kyiv, Ukraine 62
 Kuhn, Raylynne 40
 Lambert, Adam Cover
 Li, Yutao (Jacob) 77

Life 14
 Light Manipulation 22
 Like a Flower 26
 Liminal Lapse 25
 Lost Memories 57
 Lucid Dream, A 24
 Marionette 6
 Marshall, Brook 67
 Maze, Charlotte 22
 Memories of Chefchaeun 30
 McMullin, Cassandra 63
 Mount that Punishes the Wicked, A 76
 Only the Beginning 51
 Our House 44
 Pandemonium at the Faucet 74
 Pathway 9
 Perkins, Kami 19, 41
 Petersen, Laurel 42
 Product of the Here and Now, A 55
 Protection 61
 Reinartz, Owen 55
 Residual 56
 Rockwell, Mackenzie 53
 Russell Sage College Cover, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 44, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 66, 67, 68, 79
 Schieffelin, Lisa 30
 SEUS Cover

Sheikh, Maysoon 20, 48
Smith, Angie 18
Social Media 101 29
Song, Coco 29
Strawberry Empowerment 19
Summer Sonnet, A 15
Tangled Love 38
Tanrim 52
Thibodeau, Bailey 61
This Won't Be Another Happy Ending 77
Thru the Garden We Go 4
To Everything A Season 32
Toilet Paper Crisis 42
Tomorrow, We'll Be Free 48
Up to the Heavens 71
Wang, Haohcheng (Bob) 71
Watcher 47
Welcome to Pigs 49
What I Miss 67
When I Say I'm Sorry for the
Mess What I Mean is 66
Williams, Ramasoj 4, 49, 58
Withering 64
Woman's First Lesson, A 40

Xu, Jiaru (Alice) 74
Yehya Hussein, Tahanni 24
Zhang, Jason 69
Zhao, Yuanming (Owen) 76





Visit the CreativityUnleashed website: www.creativity-unleashed.org to sign up for our quarterly newsletter, for further information about our outreach and to see all of the work we didn't have space to publish in print.

Follow us on Instagram: [@creativityunleashed](https://www.instagram.com/creativityunleashed) [org](http://www.creativityunleashed.org).



young pens are even mightier

Designed by Bluekite Creative - www.bluekitecreative.co.uk

Verdust