

A black and white photograph of a city skyline, likely New York City, featuring several skyscrapers. The sun is shining from the bottom left, creating a bright flare and casting long shadows. The text 'IMPULSE' is written in a large, white, stylized font across the center of the image.

IMPULSE

2021-2022

FROM THE EDITOR

This year's edition of *Impulse* embodies the spirit of the students and their many wonderful talents. Occasionally the magazine follows a theme, but as a group we decided it would be much more special to let the creative works speak for themselves without anything overpowering it.

Impulse is not only a publication of work, but a creative space to share ideas and thoughts. The club runs year round, ending on a positive note with a new edition of our annual magazine. *Impulse* has held a special place in my heart throughout high school, and will continue to do so. There is something special to be said about literature and the arts, and I hope our readers experience this feeling, too.

Julia Zisli's

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Pencil drawing by Julia Zislis

Childhood

By Nicholas Laterza

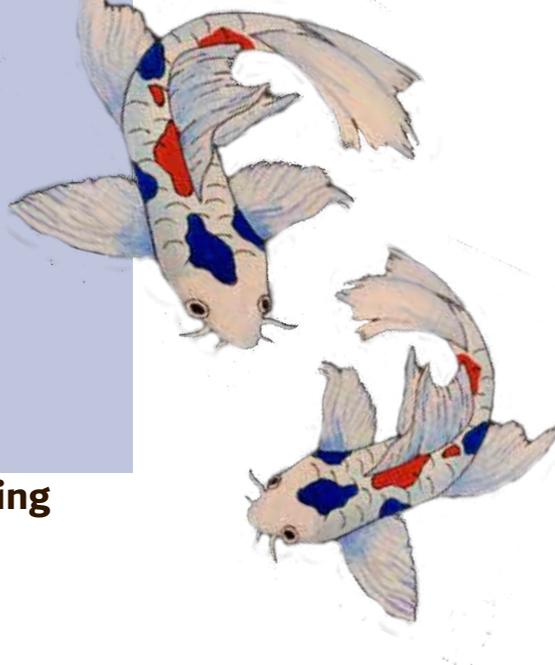
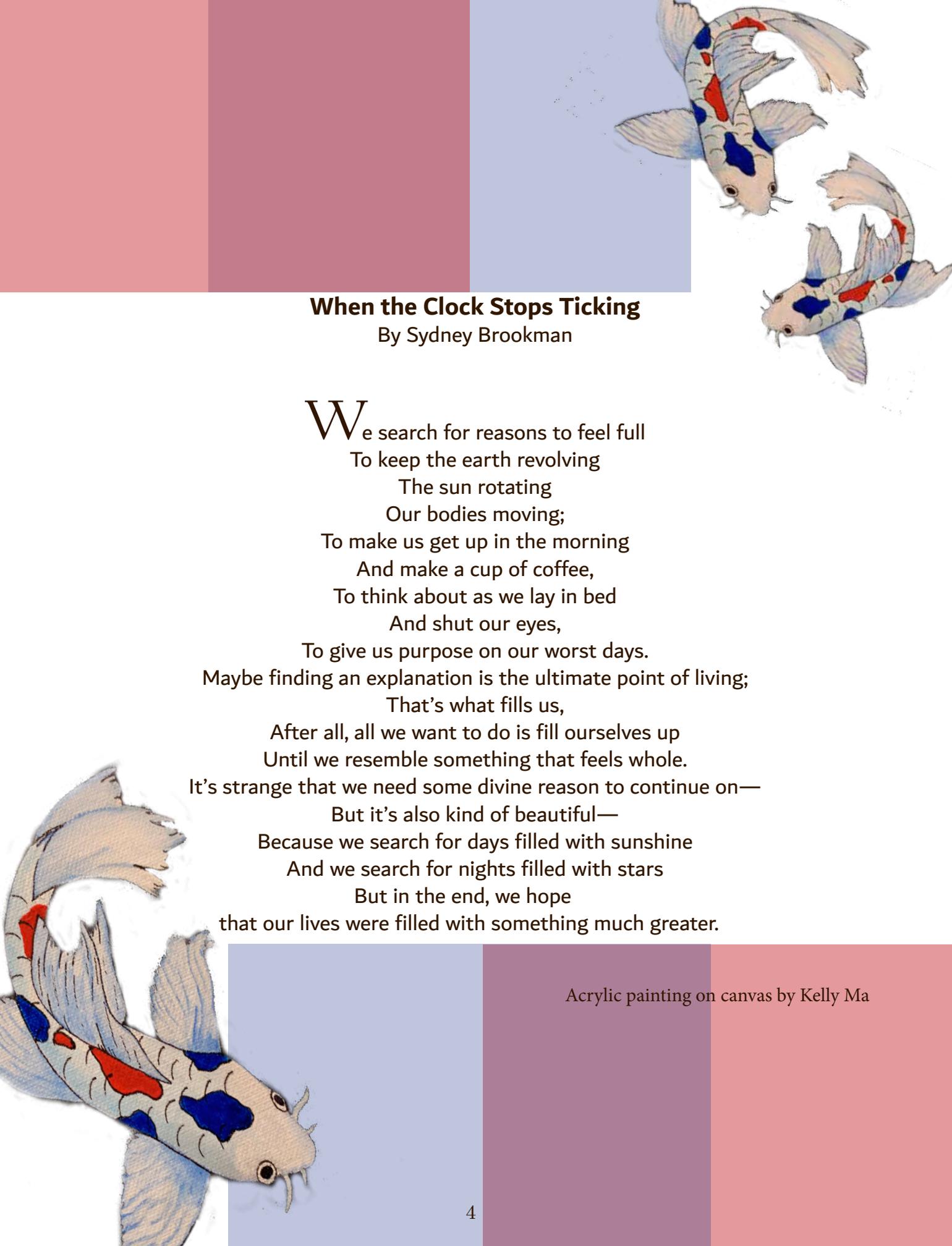
To think a day could be without worry,
Lost in your endless waters, just treading.

Air filled with innocence and no hurry,
And we didn't care where we were heading.

Spring showers came without tests to drown 'n,
Curing summer boredom—your big mission.
Colored leaves on the field to mark first down,
No snow day studies, just sled traditions.

O, take me back for a day! Glimpse, even!
No goodbye. Vanished. Left without warning.

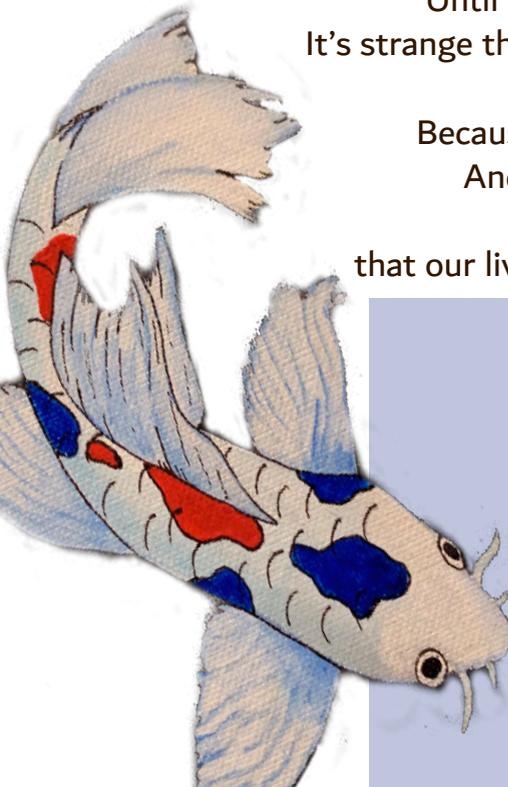
But I know your only choice is fleein'
So your departure won't leave me mourning.
You moved too fast, but I was shaped by thee
Which is why you'll always be part of me.



When the Clock Stops Ticking

By Sydney Brookman

We search for reasons to feel full
To keep the earth revolving
The sun rotating
Our bodies moving;
To make us get up in the morning
And make a cup of coffee,
To think about as we lay in bed
And shut our eyes,
To give us purpose on our worst days.
Maybe finding an explanation is the ultimate point of living;
That's what fills us,
After all, all we want to do is fill ourselves up
Until we resemble something that feels whole.
It's strange that we need some divine reason to continue on—
But it's also kind of beautiful—
Because we search for days filled with sunshine
And we search for nights filled with stars
But in the end, we hope
that our lives were filled with something much greater.



Acrylic painting on canvas by Kelly Ma



Oil pastel by Talia Ifrah

The Unexpected Feminist

By Anna Baker-Butler

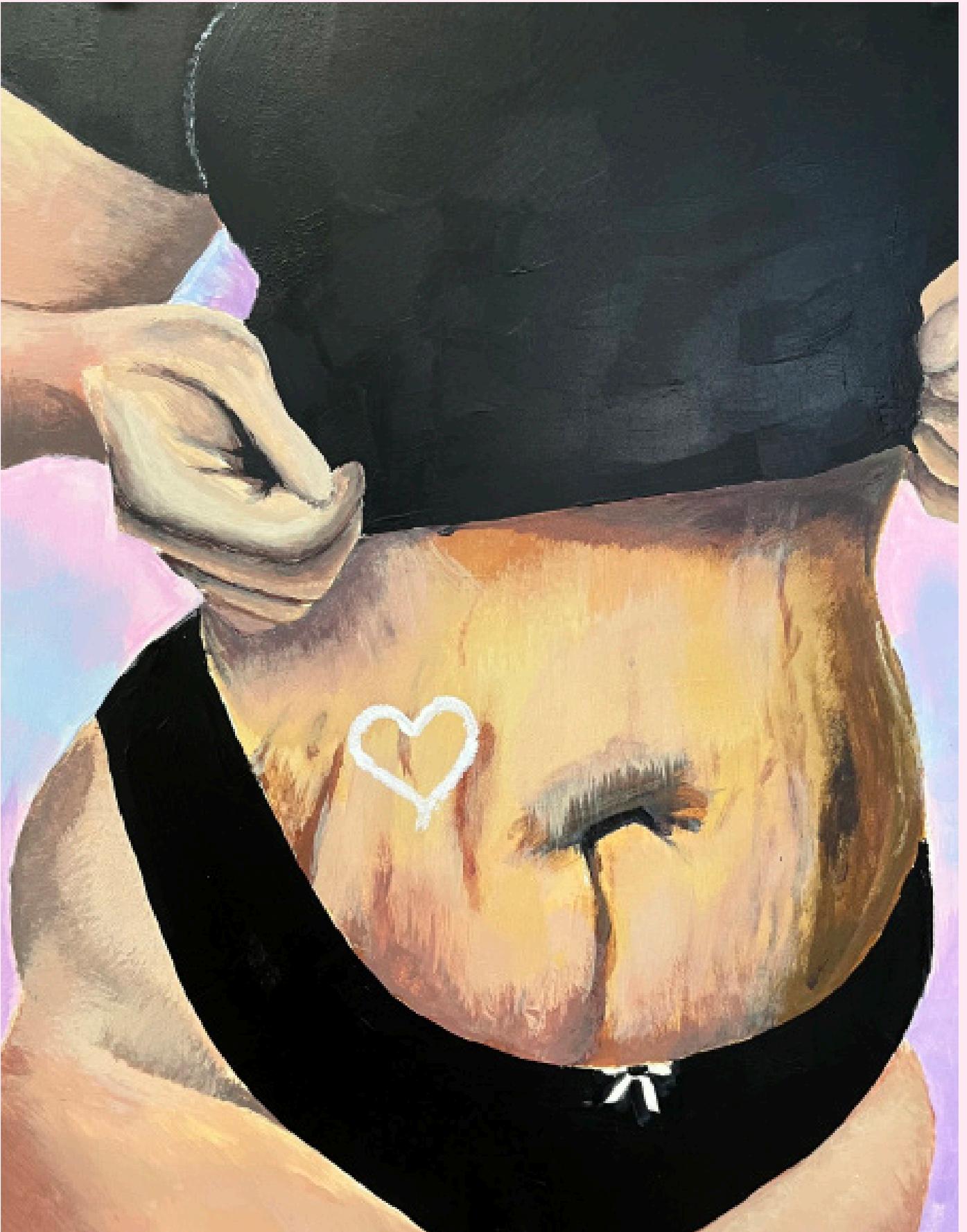
Last August, I traveled to Israel with BBYO, a Jewish youth group, for three weeks. There, I met a Bedouin woman my grandmother's age, whose story of rebellion, feminism, and hardship challenged me to look at my life, with its privileges, in a way I had never previously considered.

When she was fourteen years old, this Bedouin woman was forced into marriage. Within a handful of years, she had ten children. When she got older, she developed more "radical" views of a woman's place in the family, believing that a woman deserved education. Disgusted, her husband abandoned her. She needed to care for all ten children, alone. When I heard this, I couldn't even imagine myself living her life. Her stories helped me understand that I shouldn't take for granted the educational opportunities available to me and the unconditional support and encouragement my family provides.

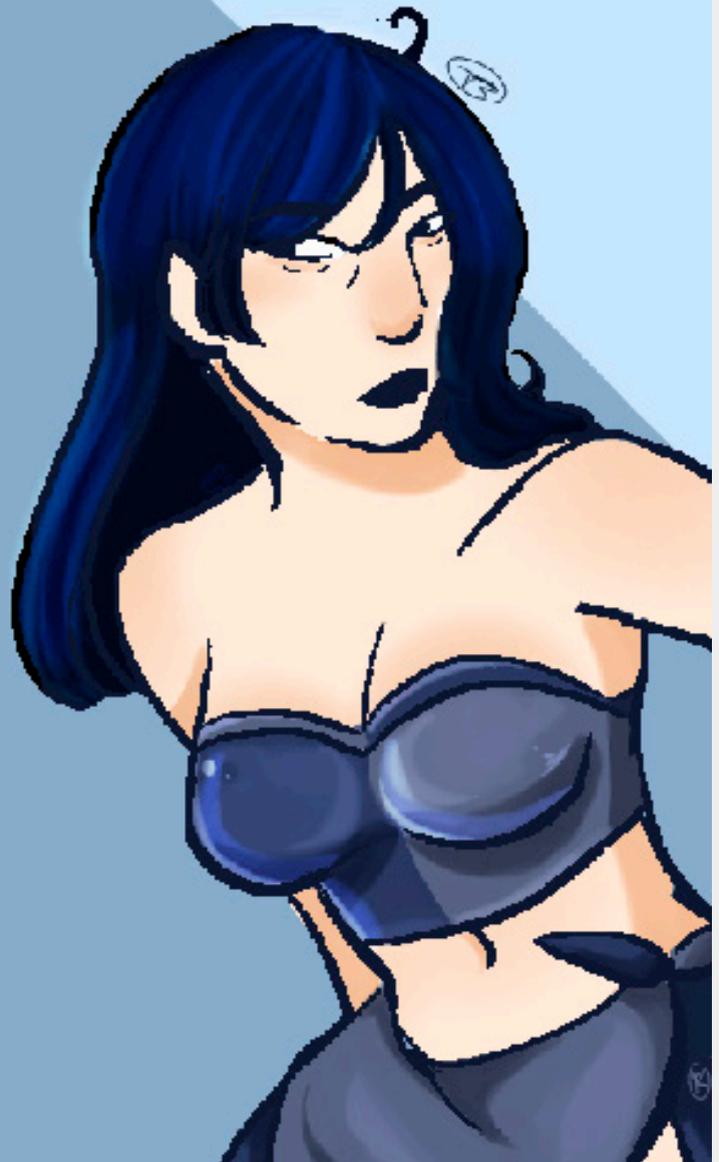
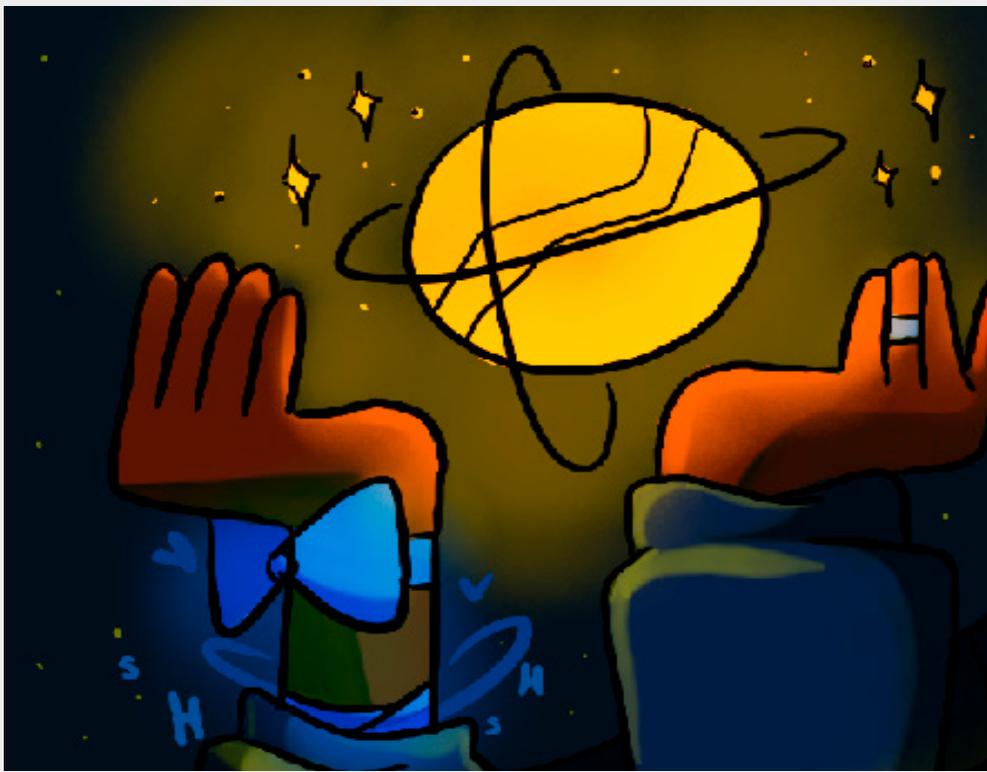
I live in a pretty homogenous area, where most every teenager I know plans to attend college and pursue some type of career. Like my contemporaries, I have access to multiple extracurricular activities and various enrichment programs and lessons. However, the Bedouin woman I met had a vastly different lifestyle than people in my Rye Brook community. She described her polygamic marriage and lamented the non-existent rights she had as a Bedouin woman. Because of her gender, she lacked access to education, which limited her future economic opportunities. This led to her complete dependence on her husband, which created a more dire situation when he left her. She described how she broke away from stereotypes, and was an early rebel and feminist in her community. Her words affected not only me, but many others on my trip who hadn't previously heard a story like hers.

Our lives were so different from this woman's that it was challenging to believe her story. Before that point, I never thought about feminism being prevalent in non-western countries. I only ever associated feminism with names like Bella Abzug and Gloria Steinem, who were both politically inclined and advocated for change regarding women's roles. Like the Bedouin woman, they were rebels in their own American context. They shared similarities with the Bedouin woman in a way I never realized until I heard her story.

Seeing the obstacles the Bedouin woman had encountered to smash stereotypes of women made me conscious of all the opportunities I have, and I felt a renewed commitment to taking advantage of them. Gaining insight on how that Bedouin woman lacked privileges challenged me to show my own feminism in a way she could not when she was my age. A few weeks ago, my friend and I attended a pro-choice rally in White Plains where we created posters and listened to captivating speakers. That day, as I appreciated utilizing my rights and opportunities to be an advocate for a feminist cause, I was advocating for the Bedouin woman as well.



Acrylic painting by Julia Zislis





Digital drawings by Tessa Bernard



The Bronx Fire
By Daniel Brodsky

It seemed like a normal day for
people in the tower.
But the day wasn't what it seemed
it turned tragic by the hour.

**The flames grew hotter and hotter,
the people need saving.
Brave firefighters brought water,
the building was caving.**

**They wondered whether today was
their last or if they would
escape death's fiery smoke-filled jaws
made of brick, glass, and wood.**

**Many people were lost that day;
they will be remembered.
Their memory won't wear away
and will burn like embers.**

**Rest in peace to those who were lost
and keep them in your hearts.**

Photographic
background
by
Samantha
Wishnow

Stand Up for What You Believe In, Even If It Means Standing Alone

By Samantha Wishnow

I was sitting in a small auditorium listening to a man welcome me to the university. On my first ever college tour, I was eager to start this new chapter in my life. His voice suddenly started to fade in the distance as I found my eyes wandering the room. I noticed a symbol etched in black ink on the wooden plank that my arm calmly rested on. Yet, this wasn't just any regular symbol; this was a symbol of hatred and despair; this was a swastika. Why here? Why would a symbol of hostility and neglect be present at a meeting for a hopeful and promising future? In complete disbelief, I pointed out the swastika to my friends. They peered at it and were alarmed for a few seconds before returning their attention to the presenter. Why do I care so much? Am I just too sensitive? These were the thoughts that encircled my mind like a tornado, and left a dark, ominous, cloud over me for the rest of the day. This emblem signifies fear, oppression, and the extermination of my Jewish ancestors, something my great aunt Nesse, one of few Holocaust survivors alive today, continues to educate others about. Nesse shared her brutal story with my Grandma, who then educated me on the horrors of the Holocaust. My grandma was taught to always stick by her morals, to stand up for herself.

Elaine Wishnow, also known as Bana, is the kindest, most selfless, and strongest woman I have ever known. As a social worker for thirty years, she dedicates her life to help underprivileged children. When a holiday or even a birthday rolls around, most people ask for gifts, but not Bana. For as long as I can remember, all she would ask for is money, not to spend, but to donate. Even when a deadly disease by name of Parkinson's was brought upon her, she never allows anything to prevent her from her number one goal. Her mantra in life is and will always be to stick up for what you believe in.

I laid in bed the night after my college visit staring at the ceiling that appeared to be blank, unlike my mind. Why did that one symbol bother me so much? I remembered the words that Bana once told me: "When I'm not here one day I know my legacy will live through you." I needed to stand up for my beliefs and always follow through with my values.

Those who forget history are condemned to repeat it, and I made a promise to my Grandma that day that I would never allow my generation to erase the Holocaust from their minds. I will pass down the stories from my Great Aunt. I will continue to educate others.

I will not allow my voice to be silenced. From this darkness, I will bring light.

Papou's Gentle Reminders

By Melina Kohilakis

I began to read the speech I had practiced repeatedly. For my graduating class at my Greek afternoon school, which I had attended for over ten years, I shared my memories and experiences. While the room full of proud adults and students were eager for summer break to begin, I slowed down to realize how fortunate I was to be immersed in the Greek language, arts, culture, and lifestyle with my Greek friends in the States.

When my mother and father were working, my grandfather, Papou, would drive my sisters and me to class. He would never miss a ride to Greek school, or really any event he ever had. While we were practicing our traditional Cretan dance in our church's social hall, he would wait patiently for us, always socializing with anyone around him. Once class ended, and we were on our drive back home, Papou would ask what we had been taught. My sisters and I would reply with the same answers: grammar, new vocabulary terms, or a new dance, but still he always asked, since asking questions is at the root of truly learning something. He never failed to stress the importance of putting education first. I had been told this from a very young age by my grandfather and was quick to learn more of his lessons.

Papou would tell us stories in the car. My favorite were those about the beginning of his career. He and his father, Manoli, who came in through Ellis Island from Greece, would take the train from Brooklyn to Westchester where the country clubs needed dishwashers. Suddenly they were in the kitchen. As the years progressed, my grandfather became the youngest general manager for over two decades at one of the best golf courses in the country. He met new people each day and was invited to various events with my grandmother, also a Greek immigrant seeking a new, better life in America. Together they attended functions where they spoke to great crowds.

Papou has taught me everything I know about public speaking. Speak slowly, clearly, and when you take a break, look up at your audience, and smile. Papou would tell me of how my grandmother was always smiling! Even though she passed away from cancer long before I was born—when my mother was only a teenager—I still felt like I knew her because of Papou. His stories keep her alive within me and my sisters.

Every person has a different story to tell and different lessons to share. Every person is worthy and deserves to have a voice to speak. Everyone is worthy of admiration, worthy of kindness and worthy of a smile. The person I will remember will be my Papou, for he helped me amplify my voice. As I concluded my speech at graduation, I looked up, smiled at my Papou, and thanked him for all he had taught me.





The Hilarity of Mistakes

By Victor Way

When my brother Orsen and I left China and arrived in New York, he brought me to a nerdy game store. We were bombarded with countless board games and saw merchandise from franchises we have never heard of, but what really caught our eyes were people huddled around a plastic table playing with cards, a game which we later found out was called Magic: the Gathering.

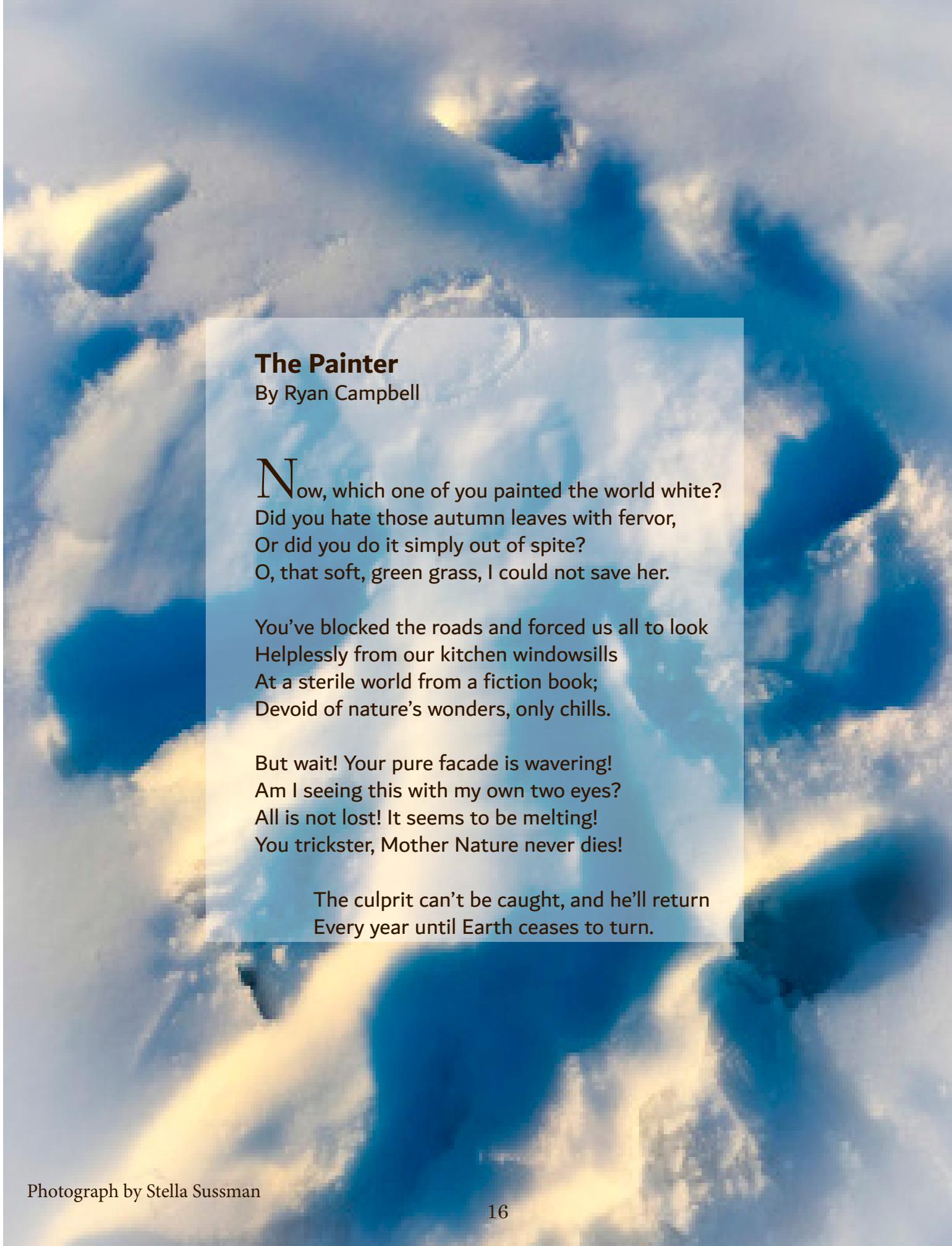
After we went home, my brother researched the game like a scientist in his laboratory. He asked me if I would like to start playing Magic with him. I was confused but very curious, and after his enthusiastic request to start playing, I thought, “Let’s give it a try!” And so I did.

My introduction to the game was rocky and ridiculous. In fact, I now find it impressive that everything we did was wrong. We bought a single deck designed to be played by one, and shared it between two. With a half-completed deck and a fully confused mind, I battled against my brother in pandemonium on a battlefield neither knew. Every card I needed was in his deck, and every card he needed was in mine. Like Yin and Yang, what we needed was from each other.

Moving to America was like the confusing beginning of Magic. I made countless mistakes in culture, language, and societal norms, and every mistake forced me to improvise, adapt, and overcome. I remember in second grade when I burst out the answer to my teacher's question in Chinese. Although my response was correct, she had no clue what I said, and that afternoon I shed tears from a mix of frustration and being misunderstood.

Like a game of Magic, everything I needed was slightly out of my grasp just ahead of me. But as time went on and the deep yearning to improve grew, the transition from amateur to expert flowed. Looking back, I am glad of the blunders I made because the brotherhood that blossomed was far greater than any tears shed. Even though it was an error-filled introduction, it was a magical accident!





The Painter

By Ryan Campbell

Now, which one of you painted the world white?
Did you hate those autumn leaves with fervor,
Or did you do it simply out of spite?
O, that soft, green grass, I could not save her.

You've blocked the roads and forced us all to look
Helplessly from our kitchen windowsills
At a sterile world from a fiction book;
Devoid of nature's wonders, only chills.

But wait! Your pure facade is wavering!
Am I seeing this with my own two eyes?
All is not lost! It seems to be melting!
You trickster, Mother Nature never dies!

The culprit can't be caught, and he'll return
Every year until Earth ceases to turn.

Winter Everlasting

by Anna Bouadze

Windows are enveloped in white clear plush,
The sun peeks quietly out of this home.
Winter's time clock ticks down to a low hush,
We escape outside to brush snow with combs.
Children escape out into the crisp air,
Running around like there is no time left.
Looking for amusement in friendly pairs,
The skilled winners now get to show their deft.
But the breeze arrives with later evening,
The children run in with colds and shivering.
The air grasps the great fun and light feeling,
Turning night enters world through slivering.
The cold ghosts come out of their good hiding,
To show everyone that they are bidding.



The History of Our Future

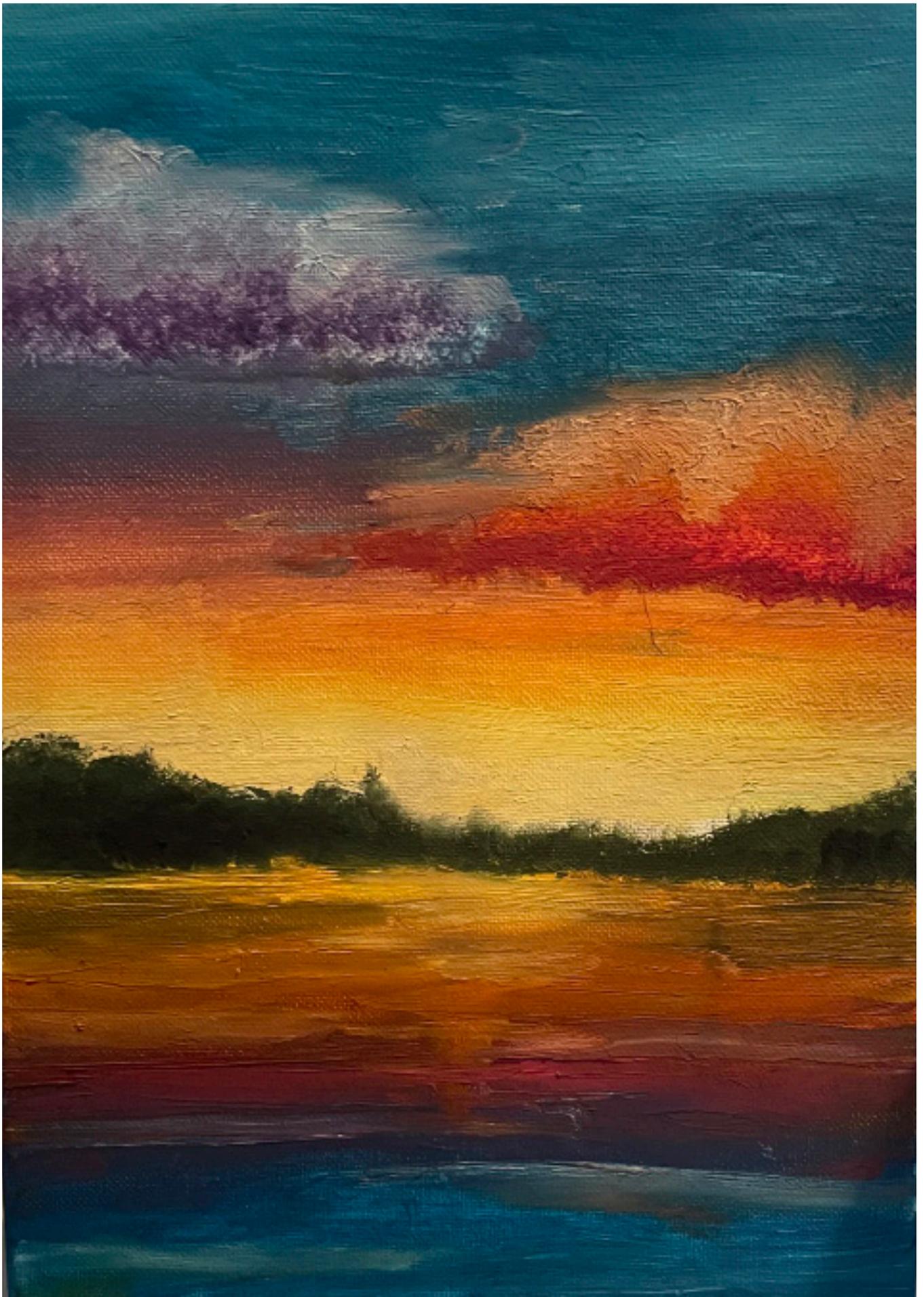
By Jackson Weinstein

History is far more important than most people give it credit for. Many assume we share nothing with people of the past, but that is wildly untrue. History repeats itself. It is a cycle of nation-building, tyranny, and revolution; Alexander and Napoleon are one in the same; so are Stalin and Mao. Teachers spend countless hours instructing students to connect events through common themes. Yet, the power of history is lost when we are not encouraged to look for these themes in our own, modern society. Therefore, we must look inside ourselves.

We—yes, you and I—are artifacts. We are artifacts of our ancestors. I've always been one to jump at any opportunity to learn of my roots. I have proudly taken on heirlooms like the fireman's badge of my great-grandfather, who emigrated from Austria at a young age and came to love his country so as to commit his life to public service, or a Russian ruble from my grandfather's grandfather, whose family settled in the United States in search of freedom from the pogroms of the old country. My sister, by contrast, would be at a loss if asked from where our family comes, or even the names of any of our great-grandparents for that matter. We bicker often over the significance of synagogue. Though I am not one of faith, I value the connections I make through religion to my ancestors. I recognize the anti-Semitism they endured for my sake. I learn from the tyranny they faced—the pogroms, the Holocaust—to alert myself to changes in our own society which might bring us to a similar fate.

Recently, I registered to vote, a rite of passage to which we as Americans are entitled. I recall thinking: do my peers truly understand the signs of tyranny, or the importance of our freedoms? Sometimes I worry they don't. We've been spoiled by liberty. It is only with knowledge of the past that we can be grateful for the present. History connects us, whether by blood or beliefs, to all of the figures who resisted oppression for their posterity. For some, it's Gandhi; for others, Jesus; for me, the Founding Fathers. Although I am Ashkenazi, I consider myself to be more of an American than I am a Jew. Just as my ancestors picked up everything and crossed the ocean for their family, the Founders, with ink and blood, sacrificed everything for the freedoms Americans enjoy today. Are the people responsible for inventing, leading, liberating, or changing the world not deserving of recognition? Gratefulness—for advancements of the past—is the backbone of history; it teaches some, and inspires the rest to do great things.

History, in essence, is all that matters. One can be humble, generous, or incorruptible, but the only guarantee of one's legacy rests within that which they leave behind. To be remembered for more than a few generations is, from my perspective, the highest peak of human achievement. Most men, especially myself, want to make an impact, to become a part of history. As such, history is not just the study of the past, but equally so, a study of the future. It chronicles the people who've meant the most to humanity, and stimulates those who will continue their legacy. As much of an honour it would be to have my name in a textbook, I would settle simply for reading one, too.





Photograph by Jayce Brossman



Pencil drawing by Julia Zislis

Out-of-Body

By Elin Xie

Why is it that my body feels as if
it is not truly my own, as if
I don't control my own actions

My life spirals out of control, yet
I cannot grasp reality.
Stuck watching a horrible,
terrible movie.
I can't skip forward,
But I can't seem to rewind time either.

Oh, if only I was able to change
the plot of my story.
But my life is not my own, rather it serves
what others desire.

*Looking in the mirror, I look like
a stranger to myself.
I want to cry out, yet the thoughts are unable to form
I don't feel real.*

*Faint memories of doctors,
saying that I'm
d i s s o c i
a t i n g.*

*Yet I am unable to even remember
the real reason.
How do I crawl out of my own skin?
Why does my mind trap me inside my own
personal hell?*





“a conscious effort”

By Kelly Ma

there's a monster in my room
behind the closet door, waiting
or underneath the bed frame, anticipating
never in sight, but always in frame

i can hear its voice, whispering
what mantra will they choose for today?

(what if, what if, what if...

i know it's there
constant little scurries and scratches
how could one forget its presence?

i don't bite
it says

but i can't speak
out of fear
out of pride
or simply out of spite

a product of flawed design
stemming from a flawed vision
sometimes laying as one dead
surrounded by spoils of food
with other remains

slowly turning into the villain

an undeniable, inevitable form with delicate persistence
there's a monster in my room.



Untitled

By Allen Bao

4 3 gpa
3 4 act
ap 4 5 5
that's who i am now
portfolio of
high school senior but
that's not all i am-
 i'm a tinkerer
 i'm a composer
 i'm a team member
all packaged up in
neat little essays
as if i've undergone some PCA

but it's all worth it
college is the path
with credentials like
 B. S. in comp sci
 minor in math s
to success mine own freedom
to light at the end
of darkness and to
respectable jobs
wherein i become
a part of the well
oiled machine of our society

wherein i work for
one half of my waking hours
(and four fifths of my energy)
so that my boss, or more likely
(their boss)⁹ can have some green number
that came from their automatons' surplus value
so they can spend it on space flights to mars or something
all while mother earth simultaneously freezes and burns
and I am stuck sitting in front of a collection of lights churning out
some manipulative addictive digital surveillance technology on other people's light

: my purpose in life
to be yet another commodity
to be a cog in the well oiled machine of society

and it's not like i
can smash the machine
so what's the point this
is all distraction

i don't know that which
i am saying; the world
is better than ever.
we have literal
rectangles of light.
everyone around
sees you as more than
a commodity.
you're just some rich kid
finding an excuse
to whine

The Dangers of an Unstable Experiment in the Hands of a Perfectionist

By Estefania Carbo

It was cruel for this to be my birthday. Nevertheless, this was my life. Five years before, I left my grandparents in Costa Rica, the first place I called home; they were unfailingly present when my parents were not. And now, I faced my first day at my new school in New York.

“Happy Birthday Estefanía...” I blew out the candles pleading for perfection, stability—an unfamiliarity in my nomad-like life.

Immigrating to a school in New York, being the only Latina, was—easy! I knew my birthday wish would not be fulfilled if I was not proactive, so I conjured an infallible experiment. The controlled variables included losing my accent, watching *Friends*, and succeeding in school. I deleted my Reggaeton playlist, stopped eating Bizcochos, and disconnected from old friends.

Only acceptable result: perfection.

This formula was going precisely as planned. I assimilated quickly: I made new friends, had an impeccable accent, and had outstanding grades. But science is dangerous. “Cuidado con lo que deseas.” Be careful what you wish for, my grandfather repeated. Pressure and perfectionism were variables I forgot to control.

My grandfather, an agriculturist, cultivated unbreakable family roots. My stringy arms reached around his big belly as he gave the warmest bear hugs. He raised us through his passion for philosophy and education. He would call my cousins and me to the dining room table eager to discuss the case studies he gave his business students, even if we had no idea what the business world was. He wanted us to have a global perspective of the world. He was excited to see us develop into independent thinkers and adults. Yet, when my grandfather was diagnosed with malignant gliosarcoma, a rare type of brain cancer, my experiment for stability became unstable. I could not sleep praying for a misdiagnosis.

I visited Costa Rica frequently. To my American friends, it was a tropical vacation. To me, it was witnessing my wise, muscular grandfather wither away. “Everything’s perfect!” I smirked, swallowing back the tears incarcerated in my eyes.

I lost focus in school trying to ignore the uncertainty of his life; I tightened the lid on the pressure fulminating inside me.

“Stefi?” my teacher asked. My mind was blank. I threw on my fake smile; it had become second nature to me. I shuffled through my notes and smiled bashfully at my teacher. I wanted to speak until I realized that if I did, the only thing that would come out of my mouth would be the sobs of fear that had been growing uncontrollably in me since my grandfather’s malignant diagnosis. I stayed silent, but inevitably my emotions combusted. I sprinted, sobbing out of the classroom into the bathroom. I cried hysterically, finally liberating my tears. My shoulders loosened, a weight lifted. The pressure from masking my stress was finally liberated.

My grandfather’s gradual death was the catalyst that made me realize that I could not fixate on achieving perfection for all my life. Pretending I was perfect and in control would not yield the stability moving stole from me. My yearning for control made me overlook a good Reggaeton and a mouthwatering Bizcocho. My grandfather was not perfect; he was stubborn, had vices, and perpetually overworked himself. But I will not romanticize his flaws; I don’t need to. He taught me to think objectively and to embrace my intrinsic curiosity. He taught me to prioritize my family and passions. I wish I could thank him for his simple genius advice, for it gives me hope in the pursuit of my passion for health. I’ve learned to understand that the continuous instabilities surrounding me have helped me embrace the unpredictable experiment of natural life. My grandfather’s death taught me to be proactive and continue experimenting, to be resilient if failure arrives. I accept the imperfections in my life, the unpredictabilities. I realize now that his love was an exception—it was predictable, it was constant. I hope he knows that that goes both ways.



Wonderland

By Clara Hastings

*Whirling trees and laughing winds
Grass which waltzes and a sky that sings*

*What is above is not below
Beneath Oxfordshire lies Alice's show*

*A place where flowers speak and men will listen
Coming here is no small mission
Down and down and down you fall
Until you hear the white rabbit call*

*Follow the words, "I'm late I'm late"
Until you reach the Red Queen's gate
Put an ear up to her palace
But do not drink wine from her chalice*

*Play croquet with the court
And do make sure your balls fall short
One hit too far or one too high
Shows the Queen you don't comply*

*And if you happen to make her mad
Grab a paintbrush and please add
One white rose but paint it red and
Bring a hat to save your head*

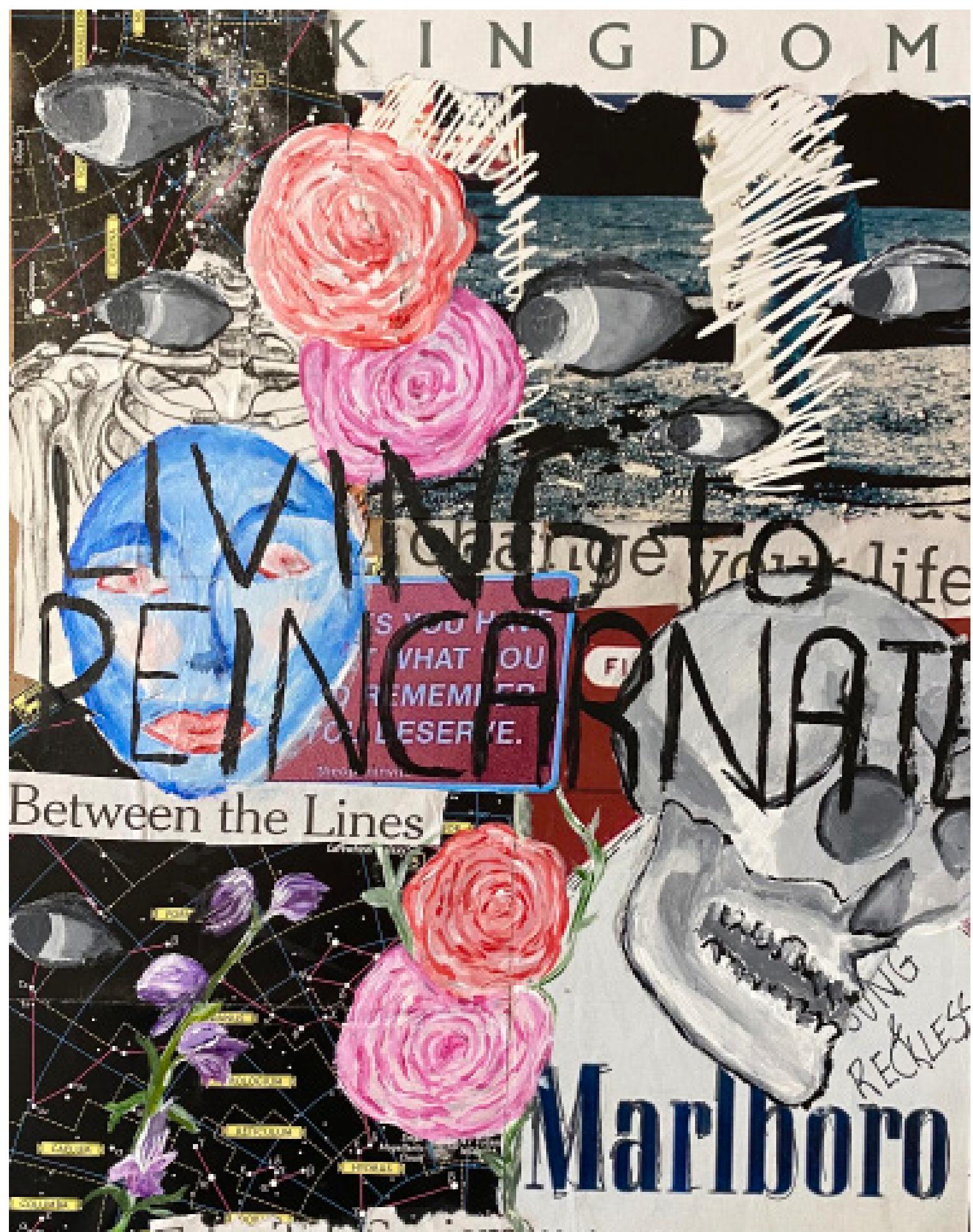
*And do not eat within palace gates
For poison lines the dinner plates
A mushroom here will grow you tall
But eat too much and you'll grow small*

*And if your hunger drives you mad
Visit the Hatter for he'll be glad
But if the sky grows dark too soon
Avoid what looks like a blue moon*

*Springing blues of hues of light
Reflect the jabberwock at night
Beware this beast, he is strong
But slay him fast and you'll belong*

*And when night rises and sun falls
A yearning forms for one's home walls*

*Back down the rabbit hole you'll slide
A secret only you abide.*



Collage by Natalie Steinberg

Secret Scripts

By Natalia Terentiev

The paper vault to her mind,
holding poetry,
confessions
beneath it's pale pink cover
all writings of a teenage girls pulse
and flow like blood.
all because of one.

just as the writings were buried
within the flesh of the book,
the book was coveted,
guarded by the girl,
whose purest form it spoke of.

above it she slept,
the writings placed under her mattress,
ever so carefully concealed,
shielding with her body,
anything that could truly allow her to be seen,
understood.

so she slept,
her identity, right below her.
alone in recluse, safety,
in the solitude of her dark bedroom.

inside she wrote recipes,
bottles, toxins, promises.
love potions,
a drink for two.

so she sat alone,
wrote, fantasized, loved.

and he sat alone,

It feels much too familiar

By Raghav Joshi

I am a stranger to this land,
But it feels much too familiar.
What I tried to leave behind,
I see in front of me.

The same man,
Who says:
'Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses
Yearning to be free'
Cannot agree whether to help the tired?
Feed their own poor?
And let those yearning to be free from their power,
Be Free?

I have seen that before.
It feels much too familiar.

The same man,
Who studies about my people in history books,
Sees my people's contributions in museums,
And shares posts online about the atrocities that occur in my land,
And tweets out hashtags and black squares,
Forgets that I am standing right in front of him
Able to provide more than any book or stolen artifact.

I have seen that before.
It feels much too familiar.

The same man,
Who stole the land I stand on
From those that lived here peacefully,
Took mine hundreds of years ago.

I am not the first to come here,
Many have before.
However, those that came before say to me:
"This is my land, go back to yours"

Is it really yours?

As hordes come in, escaping the chaos He caused,
You seek an escape from your own.
As the sick, scared, and scarred
Rest their hopes and future on the light across the barbed wire wall,
You waste your own on the lighted screens in front of you
In the house provided for you,
With heating, clothes, and food handed to you
Screaming bloody murder and hate into devices provided to you,
Telling them that they are not welcome.

They cannot respond back.

I have seen that before.
It feels much too familiar.

The same man,
Who says that all men are created equal,
Considered another to be worth 3/5ths of them?
And calls me an Alien?
Is my planet all that different from yours?

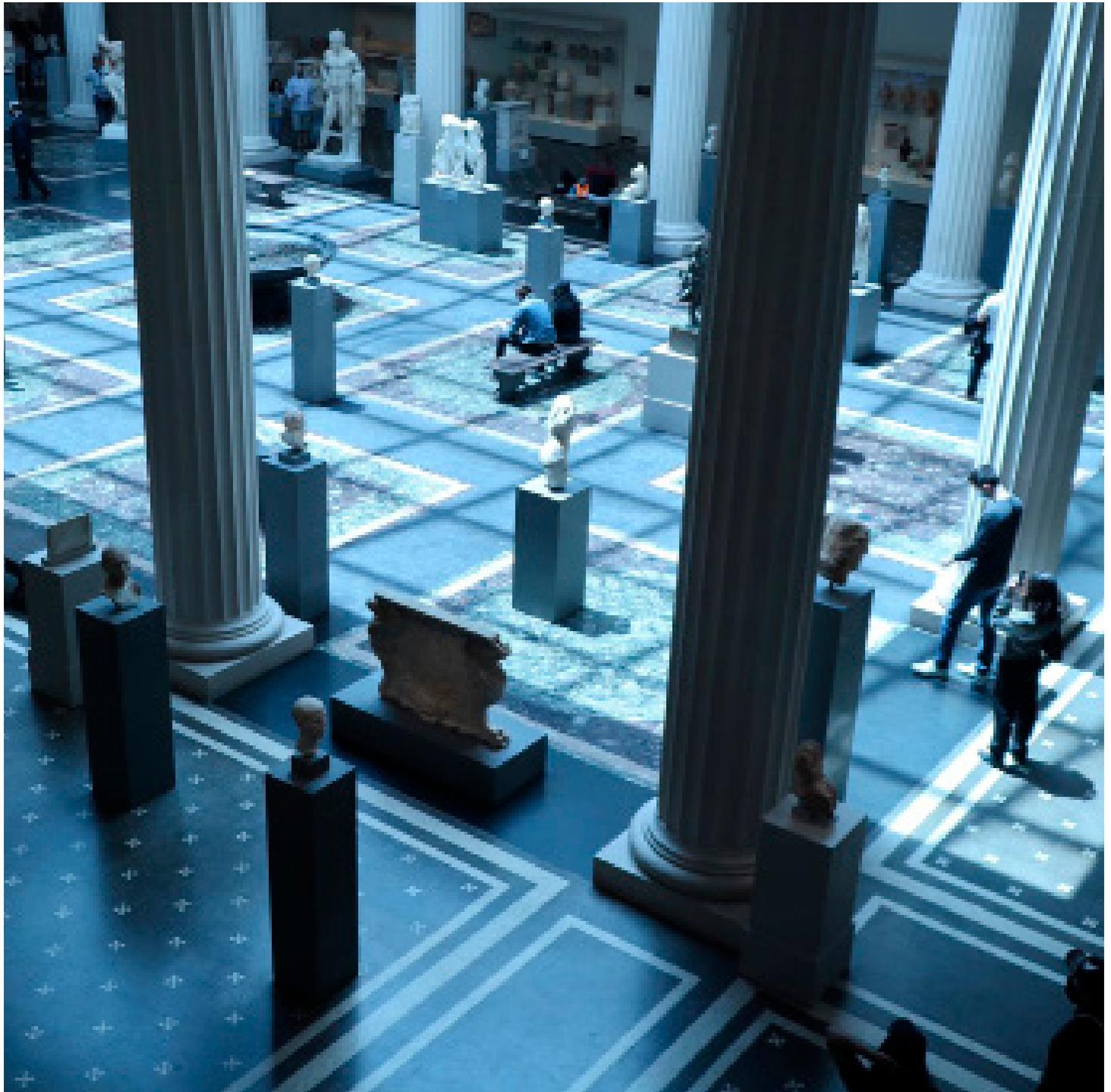
I have seen that before.
It feels much too familiar.

I thought this land was different.
A place of stability.
A place to escape.
Buy a house, get married, get a good job.

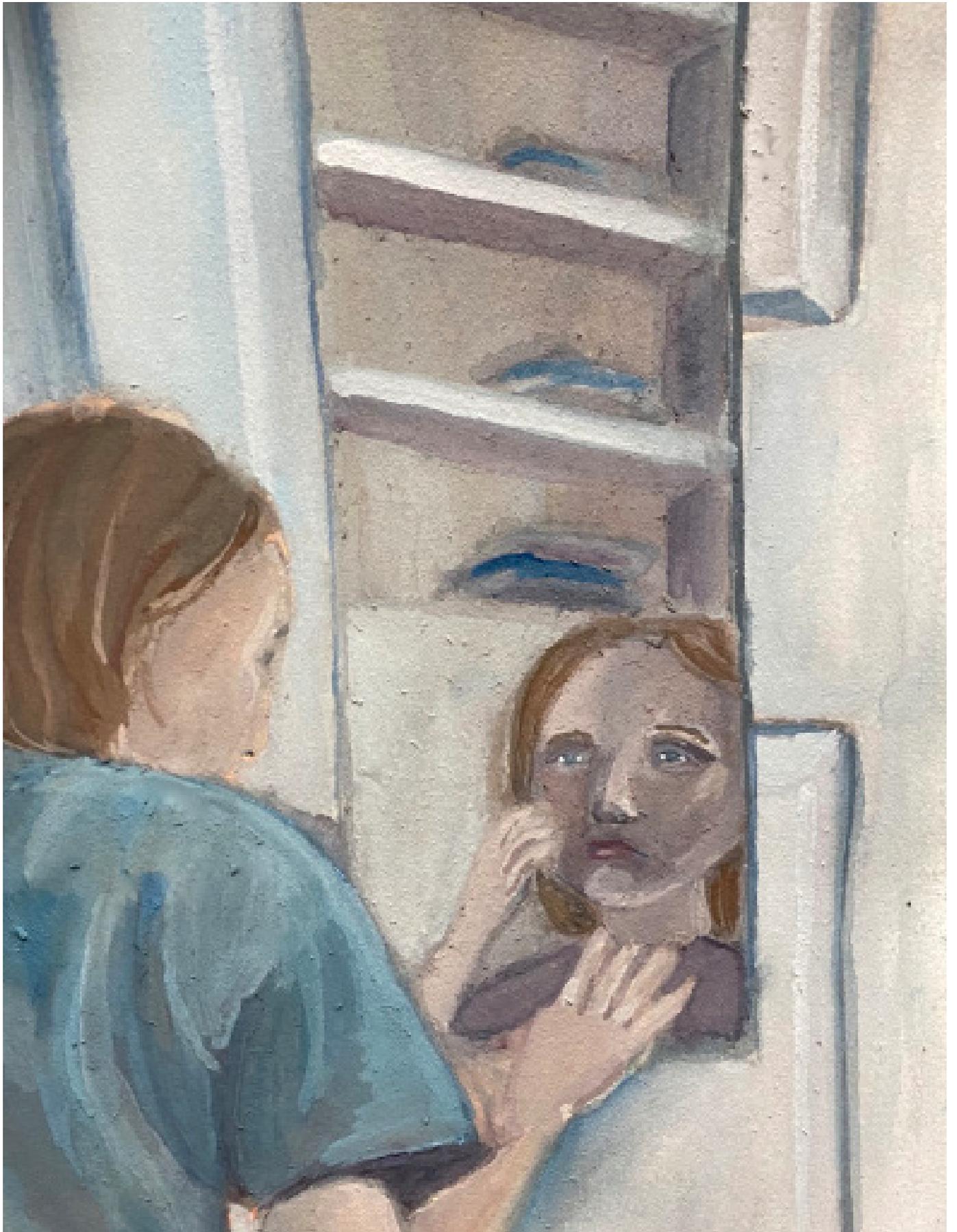
But, when I see
A government about to crumble,
A House divided,
Living conditions not worthy of the dead,
I think to myself:

I have seen that before.

I am a stranger to this land,
But it feels much too familiar.



Photograph by Victor Way





Acrylic painting by Ryan Levkoff

Escape from All My Trouble

By Carly Mallah

Escape from all my trouble I
Let sadness turn to a love
Without this I would want to cry
Game brought peace of a dove

Dedication, loyalty's unmatched
An athlete I'm at last
Yet, I had a new passion hatched
This dove it left and fast

I'm without my escape from stress
No athlete, what is left?
This all caused a bit of a mess
Loss of desire, like theft

But now, my troubles aren't this one
Future, based on a choice
Hobbies that don't involve a run
Glad, changed my mind to voice

All I care for and all I learn
Of global crises heard
Lost a passion, or so it burned
This loss guides; new doves spurred



Space Invasion

By Sydney Anmuth

Tethered to the International space station, I am orbiting earth from inside of the thermosphere, searching for someone else's voice inside of a vacuum. Floating in space fanned the flames of my senses as I discovered the greatest wavelengths of my art form. I built a wooden box, filled it with clay and added metal, aluminum, wire, and mirror to relay my interpretation of space.

Actual Sculpture: 18 in. x 32 in.

Clay filled wooden box, metal, aluminum wire, broken mirrors, full size mirror



Photograph by Victor Way



Blue Pearl

By Johnny Ramirez

O why are you hiding as a blue pearl
Enclosed within your precious oyster shell?
It's hard to find you in this large, vast world
Where gifts of yours lie in your jagged cell.

Your roughened shell protects you in the deep
From whales and sharks that strike a fear of yours.
And often do their looming shadows keep
your glowing rays from reaching the seashores.

But shine your sapphire pearl with pride and might,
A force that blinds the whales lurching the sea!
O let your luster speak to all in sight,
And let your gem break through with brightful glee!

Then only will your fear be there no more,
So go and shine your pearl just like before!

Live Today As If It Is Your Last

By Francesca Santorelli

My mother taught me from my youth that every minute we live should be considered a gift. Being taught from a young age that “tomorrow is never promised” never made much sense to me, until it hit my family directly. I was surely not thinking about that lesson during moments of tears over something simple, such as a toy or a bow for my hair. I realize now that those temporary moments of sadness had the potential for joy. While the past cannot be changed, revisions can be made for the future.

My aunt Donna left this mark of this belief in my life. She was a woman who spread love and provided constant smiles. Hours before her passing, I asked for a few minutes with her alone. Looking at the beige colored hospital door, I grabbed the recently sanitized handle and walked into a seeming dark and gloomy hole. I stepped in, ready to say exactly what had been playing in my mind ever since I found out her time was limited. I knelt down before her and reminded her of a story demonstrating this remarkable trait about her. I told her the memory of her bringing me to a toy store and purchasing every doll or stuffed animal I laid my eyes on just to make me happy, which still brings me joy to this day. Afterwards, she took me home and set up my toys to play with. She prepared a Barbie house for me that evening and taught the values of family. While bringing this up to her, she held my hand with all the might left that she possessed within her chilled palm, shed a tear, and murmured, “I love you.”

Cancer is not an easy subject for a family. It pulls a piece of the victim’s loved ones’ hearts out each day; the sickness grows vicariously through them. My aunt was given about three to six months to live. This meant that she had time to plan her final days, and finish making her mark on the world. A day later, our plans were irrelevant. The doctor called us to explain those three to six months had now turned into twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Everyone went into shock. She never had time to prepare her last day that she would be spending on Earth. While trying to make the most out of it, regret ran through not only hers, but everyone else’s minds. This taught me to never live a day being miserable, or shy down from opportunities that can change my life. From last June 21st, I now realize that tomorrow is never guaranteed to anyone. It is important to remember that lesson until my end, and show my aunt, as well as anyone surrounding me, that I lived my life to the fullest.



Photograph by Victor Way

The Mask

By Corey Schiz

Sports were never my niche. At the young age of six, I took part in a series of sports: swimming, basketball, and baseball. Even though I was not the most athletic, I would step out on a field or a deck in constant fear of disappointing my father. To him, sports were his life. While he would be screaming like a maniac watching baseball, I tended to be quieter, uninterested in the game. In all honesty, I had false hope growing up because my parents and siblings would constantly say, “When you get older you’ll learn to like sports more.” Yet, I never found that spark everyone was telling me about, and my distaste for sports grew. I felt defeated because my mind was in a constant battle between who I wanted to be and who I was expected to be. I felt as if I was putting on a mask having no sense of belonging.

For my whole life, I had heard of musical theatre, yet, it wasn’t until the age of thirteen when I realized I had a passion for performing. Sitting in the audience of the Broadway musical *The Lion King*, I was in awe. Every single musical number and scene was so uplifting that my eyes never moved from the stage. From this moment on, I realized that I wanted to be on stage with them no matter what the risk was.

Around the age of fourteen, my parents and I were discussing my transition into high school. Nervously, I mentioned my interest in musical theatre, asking them if I could perform in any local shows. They were upset at first because their “sporty son” was turning into a “theatre kid.” After hours of begging, they reluctantly enrolled me in the musical *Hair* at a local theatre spot in Mamaroneck.

Hair is such a groundbreaking show because it represented so many ideas such as the hippie movement, protests about the Vietnam war, and the sexual revolution. For me, this was such a starting point as it emphasized the fact that I was performing for the first time in such a unique show. Even though I was casted in the ensemble, every moment on stage felt like a solo. The moment the lights shone down on me, I knew I was doing everything right. I remember when I saw my parents in the audience, their smiles had never been larger. They gave me the biggest hug once the show ended, and I finally felt free. It was an unforgettable moment, and the mask that was so tightly glued onto my face fell off with ease.

For me, instead of living my life exactly how my parents envisioned it, I started living like myself. Now, I have performed in five musicals, each one a remarkable experience. Remember, the only person you have to impress is yourself.

Women of the Air

By Alexa Grossman

They say hard work can get you anywhere.
I can't say that I've been so fortunate to call this true.

They say if you love what you do, you never work a day in your life.
But what about the work it takes to do what you love?

Everyday I do what I love.
I fly and I fly and I fly

And still everyday feels like a chore
Yet the burden lies not in the flying

It lies in proving that I can
In the people pleasing, the public critique, the stereotypes

In the feeling that no matter how good of a pilot I may be,
No matter how good we may all be in the cockpit

We all bear the same curse
In the flying world, we all face the same restraint

The unfortunate reality that we are 'she' and not 'he'
The constant questioning of our ability to control the plane

Everyday we face the same opinions
The doubt in our place in the flying world

And everyday use that doubt to fuel us
We continue to fly, to reach new heights and set new records

We continue to defy the expectations
To show the men that we can fly right up there with them

The obstacles have not stopped us yet and they will not stop us now
The mountain gets steeper, but we get stronger

We continue to climb
We are the women of the air.



Photograph by Samantha Wishnow



Painting by Sophie Possick

Moonlit Stage

By Danielle Cappelli

When I turn and leap, the moon comes to mind:
For when I dance, my heart is filled with light.
So precise, the jumps must be so refined:
Just as how the moon looks crisp in the night;
Each phase continues the rhythm of life,
And the piece is driven by this tempo:
My moves have to be sharper than a knife.
Our femininity brings power and flow.
But the waning crescent comes upon me,
The night sky gets dark as the new moon starts.
Competition is cutthroat; I'm not free.
It seems that there is less light in this art.
 Each time I perform, I do feel the joy
 But with the moon comes darkness, glee destroyed.

Remember Me

By Lindsey Rosenberg

At the age of seven, my brother and I were pulled aside by our father who told us that Pop would no longer be remembering things as well as he used to. I remember not knowing what to do with this information other than to act as though nothing had changed. As I got older I realized it was more than a lack of memory; my grandfather had Alzheimer's.

Progressively, over the eight years up until his death, the Pop I once knew vanished. By the end, he was nothing but a skeleton of his old self. My joke telling, loud talking, food loving Pop was bed ridden and incapable of forming sentences. Where did he go?

This horrible disease that kidnaps people's memories is terrifying, but with it I found an appreciation for what I am able to remember. I remember his passion for swimming, his love for going to temple, and his excitement for teaching me the Hebrew language. I remember how his walking into the kitchen for midday snacks in Long Johns and a robe became his new norm. I remember the time he decided to mix orange juice with mint chocolate chip ice cream and cookies and then proceeded to microwave it all together. I remember the way his face lit up every single time he saw me. I remember his hand grasping mine as I told him I loved him. I remember giving him a kiss on the top of his nearly bald head, unaware this would be the last goodbye.

Almost a year has passed since my grandfather died and I am still bewildered by the idea of memory. Why does it get harder for me to remember the way he could convince me that everything was, simply, "a piece of cake"? I can't help but think that one day I may end up like Pop, but for now I relish all the birthday cakes, holiday dinners, and trips to Florida we shared. I cherish the fact that I am capable of remembering my childhood with my Pop. I may not be able to remember what I had for breakfast this morning or what the peroxisome in a cell does, but I can proudly say that Pop's legacy is forever in my memories.



Photograph by Alexa Hoberman

Erasure

By Archana Kumaran

1600 4.0 neat and clean!
As long as you stay within the lines,
volunteer,
play music,
lead a club,
win awards,
stay within the lines,
We'll consider your application!

(16,750,000 results generated within 0.03 seconds)
Why am I not neat and clean?
Why can't I stay between the lines?
Best planner to use 2022?
How to keep a routine that is neat and clean?
"It helps to check off boxes to feel complete!"
why am i not being seen?

1/12/~~21~~ 22 1/12/22 Archana Kumaran
Neat and clean, the way it's supposed to be.
It had to be fixed.
Erase it more.
1/12/~~21~~ 22
Fix the Problem.
why isn't it going away?

~~1000's~~ Thousands of workers have gone on strike this year alone.
There have been two recessions in the past 15 years;
Is it job security if it can't even be secured?
Are the applications worth it?
We're living in a new era;
Sure we can do all of that, but at what cost?

Do I want to be considered?
Is it worth it to stay
within
the
lines?

How are we supposed to stand out?
Well how could you be neat and clean while standing out?
That seems unreasonable.



How Do We Know

By Shira Mallah

How do we know where we're destined to be
when we are blind to who we truly are?
We burst our bubble of reality,
and we won't be united; we'll be far.

The love we have for one another stays,
but distance between us will only grow.
Like flowers we will sprout and bloom like rays,
but over time our vase will overflow.

But I know I will find myself a new
far from the people that I know and love.
A part of me will always stay with you
and no one else will ever come above.

As I find who I aspire to be
I won't forget the people who shaped me.





Photograph by Stella Sussman

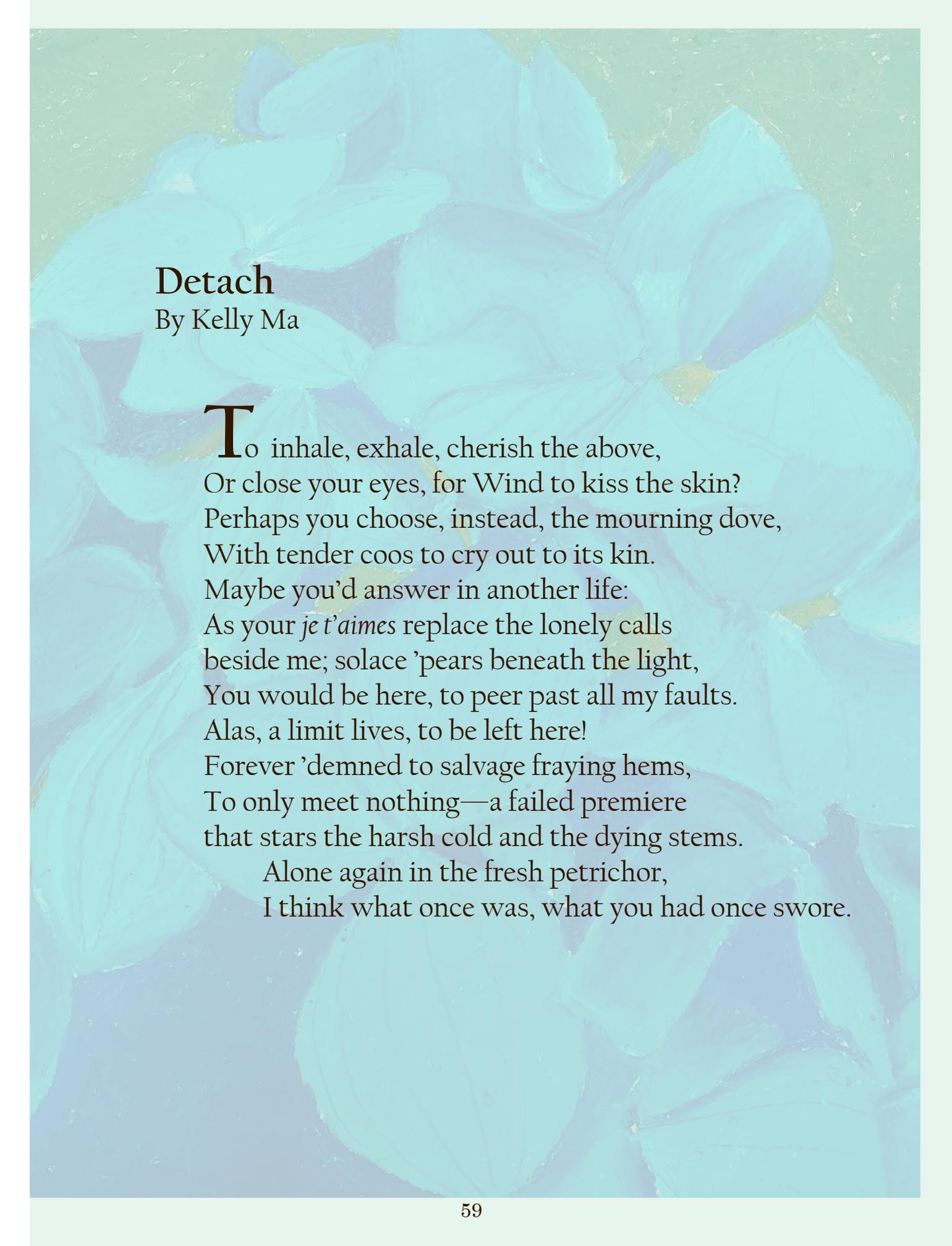


Photograph by Anna Bouadze



Photograph by Stella Sussman





Detach

By Kelly Ma

To inhale, exhale, cherish the above,
Or close your eyes, for Wind to kiss the skin?
Perhaps you choose, instead, the mourning dove,
With tender coos to cry out to its kin.
Maybe you'd answer in another life:
As your *je t'aimes* replace the lonely calls
beside me; solace 'pears beneath the light,
You would be here, to peer past all my faults.
Alas, a limit lives, to be left here!
Forever 'demned to salvage fraying hems,
To only meet nothing—a failed premiere
that stars the harsh cold and the dying stems.
Alone again in the fresh petrichor,
I think what once was, what you had once swore.



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