

Imaginary  
Gardens



*Photo by Sage Chircu*



*Photo by Bianca Burke*



*Photo by Gabrielle Fernandes*

**Imaginary Gardens**  
Arlington Catholic's Art and Literary Magazine

The Spring 2018 edition includes work by:

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## **“Social Glasses”**

by Suzy Duong

Today I read Martin Luther King Jr.'s speech but I was not really reading because I lost my glasses.

The thing with having my weird eyesight is that

I have to search for my glasses every morning and perhaps be late to school,

I can not wear those trendy mirrored sunglasses,

I can not do #OOTD and be stylish,

I can not see a single word on the board if I am at the back of the class,

I can not see if I wrote poetry or equations

I can not fight

The worst of all,

I can not see people

I can not see their skin color

I can not see their eye color

I can not see if it's a man or a woman

The only thing I can see is the sun shining above their head.

## **“Love”**

by Lexi Morris

My love you were the bright rainbow that comes out after a rain shower

We shared our ups and downs

I still think about our beautiful wedding flowers

And best of all I remember the fantastic night in my wedding gown

I have tried to keep us together for as long as I could

I planned vacations for us around the globe

You were my everything, we shared each other's love through childhood

You bought my whole wardrobe

We became rich in money but poor in spirit

We experienced the miracle of childbirth three times

We even bought a pet parrot named Harriet

Our love had been on an emotional climb.

Tears streaming down my ex lover's face

How did our marriage go all over the place?

**“In the Moment”**

by Julia Hourihan

It was a day in June, all lawn and sky  
When we processed across that stage,  
Adorned with a royal blue cap and gown.

We march from the east to the west,  
Just as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west.

We receive a piece of paper  
And a handshake  
And that’s it.

Countless hours of studying,  
Writing,  
Revising

Just for a piece of paper.

Thirteen years behind a desk.  
Six at the little schoolhouse across from the church.  
Three at the building next to the fire station.  
Four more at the school off of Mass Ave.

2,340 days,  
14,040 hours  
842,400 minutes,  
And 50,544,000 seconds.

Our entire childhoods summed up by a piece of paper  
And a giant robe with a matching hat.

**“AP Lang”**

by Michaela Bialock

*The following is inspired by “Drawing Class” by Billy Collins.*

If you ever asked me  
how my English class is going,

I would tell you that I enjoy  
adhering to the outline of an essay,

to follow the frame of a thesis  
or the order of an analytical paragraph.

And I love forcing my mind  
to be more creative,

the strict guidelines of writing  
being bent to fit the shape I want

while the main principles of grammar still prevail  
like never forgetting how to ride a bike.

I would add that I can get lost  
reading this book of poems

or writing and rewriting  
the revisions of my work.

We all started with “Huck Finn,”  
then moved on to “In Cold Blood,”

“The Trouble with Poetry,” “The Things They Carried.”  
But I want to graduate to “The Great Gatsby”

and learn how to write for myself  
rather than for a grade.

I want to write  
pages that will connect me  
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to the various sides of my personality,  
to the different aspects of my education,

the people I can relate to,  
the people who can relate to me.

One day I want to write in one sitting  
a novel

that will begin with me  
when the black ink touches the paper

and end with you when it is triumphantly closed  
and slowly set down beside a warm cup of coffee.

**“Wall Flower”**

by Anonymous

About the dream I had last night  
You were in it.  
And she was there too.

We watched the others  
as they danced,

But we stood.  
Pressed up against the wall.  
A sparkling glass of soda  
pressed between our sweaty hands.

I, then, realized this must be a sign,  
that we were no more.

Just strangers,  
awkwardly pushed up against the wall.

Suffocating on the silence.

## **“Indecisive”**

by Jack Connaughton

*The following is inspired by “The Surprising Habits of Original Thinkers,” a TED Talk given by Adam Grant, and “Clocks” by Coldplay.*

“Am I part of the cure  
Or am I part of the disease?”  
Never in a poem have I quoted a song.  
I am both of two different persons, you see. Two traits that I learned  
about subside in me.  
When I am energized and happy,  
I plan ahead and get work done in advance.  
When I am tired and overwhelmed and defeated and beat up I procrastinate strongly  
And stay up until 3 AM studying  
When I could have been studying Manifest Destiny at 9 PM Instead of  
watching a show about it—  
Frontier , that is, in case you were wondering.  
I believe moderate procrastinators to be original thinkers. I work best  
under a deadline, and so does MLK.  
He is part of the cure.  
I believe procrastinators (it is a term, look it up) To be robotic pests  
Who uphold unoriginal, predetermined thinking. They are part of the  
disease.  
Both traits live in me.  
“Too much confusion, I cannot be sure So I beg, I beg and plead  
Am I part of the cure?  
Or am I part of the disease?”



## “I AM NOT AN ARTIST”

by Samantha Klein

Yes, that is an abstract landscape.  
Sure, it's a creative depiction  
between light and darkness,  
but that's all I understand.

How can you manage to turn work that simple  
into a metaphor for life itself?

How can an apple, red and bright,  
showcase your passion and burning desire?  
It's an apple.

That's why it's hard comparing you to art,  
because I'm rational and unoriginal.

But if you were a painting,  
you'd be a mosaic—  
because every little piece of you  
collects on the surface

and you turn into an angelic creature  
when I look at the bigger picture.

A series of emotions and talents,  
a spiral of imagination,  
a quaint, gentle personality  
all combine quite nicely,

as do the red, green, purple dots  
on the mosaic  
when I step back.

Suddenly, you helped me to understand  
that I am an artist  
because now I can recognize  
the true beauty in you.

**“Ambition is my Folly”**

by Kathryn Libertini

I never used to be like this.  
Whispers from my widow drew the blood,  
And covered me in guilt.

My ears were poisoned with her venom,  
My eyes were seduced by her nature,  
My heart was severed by a stake.

The witches and their words like daggers,  
And the man I saw as no threat,  
Approach me with the note of death.

I can see my body lying,  
And no one seems to care.  
All my lies and murders,  
Simply turn to air.

**“Imaginary Friendship”**

by Sophie Pratt

In kindergarten we bonded over  
Five simple words  
“Will you be my friend,”  
Propelling us into a life-long friendship.

In third grade we bonded over  
kid TV shows  
And expanded our two person show,  
Letting others take time from our friendship.

In sixth grade we bonded over  
The few classes we had together,  
But only spoke during those short minutes before class began,  
Becoming acquaintances who occasionally spoke to each other.

Now in high school there is nothing between us  
Except the occasional  
Split-second lock of the pupils,  
Like catching the eye of a stranger on a passing train.

I often think of our friendship  
And question what happened.  
Some would say we grew apart;  
Followed our own paths,  
But I don't believe that.  
I think we used each other to get to where we are.  
A mutual understanding that our friendship  
Was just so no one thought we were alone.

You were always destined to be popular,  
To have friends and love from everyone you crossed paths with.  
And then there is me,  
Who lost while you gained  
And who is now just a passing breeze in the hall  
That catches your attention for a quick moment,  
And then is gone.



*Photo by Sage Chircu*

**“Thinking about The Trouble with Poetry”**

by Christina Dolan

My trouble with poetry  
is that it fills my mind with pounds of frustration.  
The similes and metaphors I erase frantically create clouds of doubt,  
and squander my creativity, making me believe I have none.  
My trouble with poetry  
is that I am no Billy Collins, Robert Frost, or Emily Dickinson.  
I fail to encapture the quality they all share to someone ignite flames in  
my readers minds.  
All I seem to do is jumble my readers with confusion.  
But maybe, poetry has some trouble with me as well.  
Perhaps poetry resents my self-doubt, and purposely doesn't allow my  
thoughts to ever touch the page.  
Poetry could be shaking its head at my hesitation, and mocking my  
struggle.  
Maybe one day poetry and I should meet at a coffee shop one brisk  
December day, and discuss our issues with each other over some hot  
chocolate and scones.

**“Eye Contact”**

by Mia McWethy

My eyes are brown.  
So rich in color that you'd never imagine the emptiness they're linked to—  
The ones that will always grasp onto yours when we speak, silently voicing  
that I am being attentive  
The ones that never roll back  
And always understand.

Your eyes no longer twinkle with the gaze that mine still do for you. Their  
interest has moved on to the next sight to see,  
But mine are still locked and not ready to leave.

I look into the swirling galaxies beheld in the depths of your iris And  
can't help but realize it is the only way I truly know you.

The eyes, master of all emotion  
The eyes, a pathway to knowing  
The eyes, the only thing left to bring us together

But their contact slowly breaking.

**“The Loudest Drums”**

by Erin Donlan

For years I have been victim  
To your stupid games.  
Day in and day out, you tell me you love me.  
You tell me I'm beautiful and you love me.  
Then you get mad  
And you plays the drums-  
Boom, boom, boom.  
The music hurts my ears, hurts my face.  
The harsh beats you make  
Leave dark blue bruises all over  
Then you tell me you're sorry-  
That it will never happen again.  
You tell me I'm beautiful and you love me.  
But it does happen again  
And again...and again.  
I would have run away,  
But I was too weak, a trick you taught me.  
So here I stay  
With my face covered in makeup  
And some dark sunglasses.

**“Carry Me”**

by Rachel Yore

The roaring wind on this beach  
Whipping hair in their faces  
And blowing the tiny sunglasses  
Off the eyes of their beloved children  
Makes them scoff as they pack up  
Their coolers and their beach bags and their anger  
But to me,  
This gentle breeze is my only calmness on this crowded beach  
And, I swear,  
It is whispering your name ever so softly,  
Too quiet for anyone else to hear but the perfect volume for my own ears,  
And carrying it miles and miles over  
The roaring ocean waves,  
All the way to my lonely beach chair.  
And I want to carry you  
When you are too tired and too weak,  
Through your sadness and your pain  
And your numbness.  
And I want you to carry me  
The way your voice carries over.



*Photo by Jenna Noonan*

## “Stuck”

by Andra Preda

I read today that a week  
is an unnatural, man-made construction  
that we insist on centering our lives around.  
The rotation of the earth  
and the orbit of the sun  
help us form days and years,  
and our months are the children  
of the moon's rotation.  
But weeks—  
weeks are determined by human beings,  
are forced structures to which we must adhere,  
are opposed to the freedom of nature.

And I can only imagine  
the sense of peace  
I would finally have  
if I didn't have to rush from  
Monday to Tuesday  
and to every single day that followed.  
I want to stand still for a moment  
and admire the sunset,  
or sunrise, or stars in the midnight sky,  
but I am stuck in between pages of a calendar,  
boxed within the lines of one day  
and one number at a time.

## “Forgive Me”

by Sara Pizzarello

I drove through a stop sign today,  
bright as can be.

I missed it, I didn't see it.  
Won't you please forgive me?

Now, I look across the room,  
lit by translucent light,  
I see the bodies laying  
in beds this night.

Lives forever ruined,  
scars will never heal.  
I really shouldn't have drank,  
behind that car wheel.

How many cars was it?

Two, three, or four?  
God knows I won't be  
out driving anymore.

I close my eyes  
and pray to God.  
How did I become  
so very flawed?

I pray to never wake,  
to never see the sun.  
I cannot face the people I've hurt,  
and the things that I have done.



*Photo by Sage Chircu*



## “Untitled”

by Sage Chircu

Pride is a double-edged sword  
Lifting you up at times, yet also weighing you down at others.  
Will you keep building up your pride  
Until it surrounds your person like a safe and sturdy shell,  
A tough exterior which protects your fragile ego,  
Closing you off from a world of benevolence and compassion  
As an old oak door closes to trap out gentle rays of sunshine?  
Or will you have the audacity to end this bitter fight?  
To sacrifice your own pride,  
To break down that tough shell  
And permit forgiveness to permeate your skin,  
And course through your veins  
Like the sweet ambrosia that nourishes goodwill.



*Photo by Sage Chircu*

## “Thy Holy Tree”

by Rose Luo

Fabricate me, O Lord, thy Growing Tree complete.  
Thy Holy Word my Mud create for me.  
Fabricate mine Passions thy Clear Water moist  
And make my Soul thy holy Air to be.  
My Conversation make to be thy Leaves  
Thy leaves and branches’ thereon grow thy Tree.

Thy tree grows, needs more sunlight.  
For Thy branches to extend, and  
make shade for tired passers-by.  
Thy leaves green,  
spread a clean smell over me.

Then grant Thy Wisdom, Understanding,  
Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and Fear of the Lord  
To my Words, and Actions, that their shine may fill  
My fibers with glory and thee glorify.  
Then mine fruits shall be holy  
And ready to harvest.



*Photo by Michaela Bialock*

## **“Wife and Life Both Move On”**

by Luca Picariello

How is it that life goes on while another ends?  
Why is it with flowers, do people try to mend?  
Why is it that life spirals and spikes?  
Which often gives us darkening light.  
A life with lies so deceiving, and so hurtful.  
It will make your head spin in circles.

I am here now, thinking about life,  
And what it must be like to lose your wife.  
But I know now what it is like,  
For someone to lose that very wife.  
So as the days go on since the passing,  
What sort of things are still lasting?

Does your love still last even though she has passed?  
Does this love continue to constrict your body like a cast?  
This cast was something once to me, but now that I can see,  
How really important, she must not be to me.

Now that I can sing, laugh, love and learn,  
I've forget what it was like to yearn.  
And with that I am free,  
She allows me to be who I always wanted to be,  
And that is very important to me.

So I am sitting here pondering this paper,  
Thinking about how much I must have hated her,  
In order for me to complete this final paper.  
And with this poem you can see,  
This is my essay for Honors English B.

## “Constellations”

by Christina Coukos

“And if you turn around you can see Gemini, very visible tonight”  
gleaming above the mountainous shadow. A bright moon shines through  
the sky’s canvas. Stars pile onto one another- each eager to join the  
picture, eager to be seen by the world. And there are the young bursting  
spheres of plasma, rushing through time, rushing to join the others.

I rest back into the deep green lawn chair. I tilt my head back, staring  
up into the stars’ hemisphere. My vision becomes blurry as my eyes lose  
focus. I stretch my arm towards the ever growing blackness, a finger  
pointed out, recognizing the great compilation of Orion.

This summer night’s dazzling scene will be forever ingrained into my  
mind’s memory, never forgetting the way of earth’s work.



*Photo by Katherine O'Donovan*

## “Losing My Childhood”

by Caroline Whitney

I don't remember the first time I met Margie. All I know is that she delivered my mail everyday at 4 P.M. Our relationship wasn't exactly what one would call, “strong” but it was of a special type.

My fondest memories of her are those when I was but 8 or 9 years old. Young me was on the town cheer team, and she was my biggest supporter. In the summer, I would be out in my yard; shoeless, sweaty, and full of energy. Margie would get to my house and stop, patiently waiting for me to show her my latest routine. My small, grass-stained feet would march around the yard; prancing from corner to corner. She would applaud and call me over to grab my mail, then she would hand me a treat and I'd begin to practice my routine for the next day.

As I got older, I learned more and more about the mysterious mail woman who visited me. My mother and father explained to me that Margie didn't have any children of her own. That only pushed me to spend more time with her, making her laugh and smile was now my daily duty.

When I was about 11, Margie didn't come for a whole month. My mind went everywhere, wondering what could've possibly happened to her. My parents were short on answers, so leaving it to me, I sent her a letter. Margie's husband had passed away.

Margie stopped delivering mail for 2 more years after that. By that time I had quit cheering, I was too old to be jumping around carelessly. I no longer played in my front yard during the summer, I mostly hung out inside or went out with my friends. Margie's absence set stage for the period of time where I grew up.

When she came back to make her mail rounds, I did run into her. I was leaving my house in clothes that were no longer neon, and non matching. She looked me up and down with disbelief and said, “Got a new routine? It should be a good one you've had years.” Her witty speech sent a jolt of pain through me. She made me say goodbye to my childhood.

Now, saying goodbye to my childhood was in no way negative; it simply had to happen. Just because my childhood is gone doesn't mean I still can't be a child. However, the downfall of my childhood was how oblivious I was to the adult world beyond me.

Thinking back to the time before I knew Margie was childless, I thought her life was complete. She had a job, a family, and a smile on her

face. After learning she was without any children, I became more compassionate. It was then I was taught how to make the best of life.

Margie stayed employed throughout her grieving period. She eventually got back to work, which showed me it's okay to not be okay. However, you have to get back up eventually. Then it struck.

Margie was diagnosed with lung cancer the summer when I was 14, going to graduate 8th grade. She became a second mother to me, someone I could talk to when mine wasn't listening. I promised her she would see me graduate.

On May 5th, 2016, I graduated 8th grade. Margie was there, three rows back in her fanciest outfit. She was invited to my family party because everyone had come to know her well. She was a part of the family.

She did, in fact, get over the cancer. She made it to my first day of high school, my first basketball game in high school, and my first dance.

I was no longer a little girl. I was no longer a ball of energy with grass-stained feet. I was no longer blind to the world around me. All because of a mail woman who supported my childish dance routines. All because of Margie.



*Photo by Sage Chircu*

## “The Story He Will Tell”

by Julia Yianacopolus

The story he would've told is about how he almost overdosed. He would have said he felt lonely, isolated from his family and his friends, the ones who would have actually cared. But to fill this gap of loneliness he surrounded himself with drugs. The needles that would have pierced his once innocent skin. The scars he would have tried to hide from his family, his friends. His young sisters would have asked, “Mommy where is our brother? Why hasn't he come home?”

He would have surrounded himself with bad people. The ones who would have only cared about the drugs not the people. But he would have said he was different because deep down inside there was hope. Although, he would have kept using because at this time drugs were easier than having hope. He would said they make you lazy, careless, do things you could never imagine doing. His sisters would have asked, “Mom? Dad? Why does he take our money?”

Late one night he would have described the air as dry and cold. He would have sat in the dusty used basement of his apartment with a person he would have called his “friend.” They wouldn't have been there to talk about their feelings; they would've been there to puncture their skin with those needles once more. He would have said he fell to the raw cement floor covered in a thick coat of dirt and sorrows. He would have said he reached for help and he would watched his “friend” run in fear. He would have believed that dirty cement floor would be his deathbed and he would have said his last prayers. He would have apologized for stealing his sisters money, selling his family's most cherished items. But they would have said your life is worth much than any of that. He would have begged for his life and God must have been listening. God must have known that he was different and there was still hope. His parents would have agreed not to tell his sisters for they were too young to understand.

My brother would have said he was eternally grateful to be handed another chance. A chance that many others did not. My brother would have said he will make it his duty to live up to the gift he was bestowed and give back to the people. Today my brother would have announced he is proud to be one year sober. Today he is proud to say he will be able to tell his story.

## “The Things She Carried”

by Angela Caggiano

She carried fatigue and shortness of breath and exhaustion. She carried anxiety medication, earbuds, her phone, and her cross. At the break of dawn, she carried resentment and depression and the inability to carry on. She carried textbooks, weighing down her motivation for class. Her teachers carried enthusiasm for flooding their student’s minds with education. Her best friends carried support, but lacked the knowledge to help her. She carried eternal and unavoidable loneliness, no matter how many people had her back. She carried shaking legs, deep scars, empty eyes, lack of determination, constant hunger, anxious thoughts, lack of sleep. She carried hopelessness - a sense where one’s life will remain empty and meaningless. She carried drama within family and friends. Sinking grades, she carried them, the repetitive busywork, the projects thrown together, the messy and careless writing. She wept constantly, but the tears fell from an emotionless face, without purpose. She pushed everything meaningful away from her toxic emotions and crippling depression. She carried endless pain, physical and emotional. Her principles were nonexistent. She carried time: Time with no existing meaning. At the end of the dragging hours of the day, she would remove her mask, encasing herself in her true emotions. She had become successful in hiding her sadness. She hoped her fake appearance would void the encompassing negative emotions. She would often discard items meaningful to fellow kids her age. She would throw away memories, valuables, technology, possible experiences and chances - all of which held no importance to her. She carried all this in her mind and body. There was a known and crippling factor that she “would never be at a loss for things to carry.”



*Photo by Sage Chircu*



## **“By Her Side”**

by Anonymous

Everyday. Everyday. “Do you want to go to the movies?” “Do you want to come over?” “Can you go to the park?” Everyday. Normal questions. Earnest requests. Everyday the answer is the same. No. I have to take care of my mom.

As long as I can remember, I’ve been taking care of myself. As long as I can remember I’ve been taking care of her. I love her. I know she loves me.

Her smile gradually sunk back into her face... the long needle marks along her arm. I knew. She hoped I didn’t. Her drug addiction was the unspoken weight chained around all of our necks. I could’ve told someone. I could’ve told her to stop. I’m sure I did... but it didn’t help.

Then she began to grow weaker. How could she be any weaker? But the truth was worse. Aids. Now we wait. Wait for medicine. Wait for nurses. Wait for hope? Wait for death?

Can you go to Sophie’s party Friday? Come on...just for one night? Should I go? Can I go? What should I do? What if she needs me? What if she dies?

No I’ll stay. I can hold her hand. I can brush her hair. I can remind her we kids love her even though the others can’t bring themselves around any more.

The days feel like torture. Screaming for the drugs that brought her relief. Relief from the awareness that her life had become all about her needles. Now without them...withdrawal was painful. But more painful than realizing she had lost so much and now was going to lose her life?

Hey! The biology test was hard, but I know you would’ve aced it. How come you didn’t come to school? And where were you yesterday? English assigned a paper. You might want to get started on it.

Should I go to school tomorrow? I hate to miss. But I hate this more. What if she needs me? What if she dies?

Her breathing is getting worse. Sometimes I think she sounds like she's suffocating. She won't eat. Or maybe she can't. She weighs so little. She's home now, but how can this be home when you barely know who or where you are? She's not home to live... she's come home to die. I don't think anyone understands.

Come out with us. We'll see a movie. Just hang out. There's nothing you can do. Go have a little fun. Get your mind off of what's happening.

How can I stop thinking about it...about her? I may be fourteen, but when I'm fifteen I won't have a choice. I'll have to be without her. I could go out now, but so soon I'll be forever without her. That's no choice.

### **“Cotton Candy”**

by Sophia Struzziero

“What makes you happy? Why?”

The specks of sugar spinning around the circle swiftly synthesizing into a sweet, flossy confection on a stick. The white wand whirls around the whirring wheel wanting each one of the wisps to wander on. It collects a cloud. Cotton clings to cylinder cardboard. A colorful clump of carnation pink candy calls my name. Cotton candy, fluffy and forgiving, as I bite into the heavenly wad of carbohydrates.

The way my eyes would light up as a child when I found a concession stand selling the carnival treat remains the same today when I find a cotton candy flavored lollipop in the bunch. The classic treat is always a popular scent or flavor in lip balms and sweets. But the pleasure of it lies in the anomaly in finding the rare, sweet flavor amongst its admirable acquaintances of strawberry, cherry, grape, and sour apple. For me, the light and airy, rose-colored delicacy doesn't just act as my favorite prize. It serves as a reminder of all the pleasures life brings along the ride that may be overlooked. The healing powers that a cone of cotton candy can bring to a rainy, dismal day is one that will never retire. The beauty of life lies in the rarities around us and they must not be taken for granted. Especially that luscious pink lollipop treat that will randomly appear to brighten your day.

## **“Ode to my English Teacher”**

by Maddie Cox

Oh English, how complex you are,  
With your nouns, adjectives, and verbs,  
Or your similes and metaphors.  
You make my life very inconvenient.

However, one factor redeems you,  
My teacher.  
Forever smiling and laughing  
With, and at us.

With an air of tranquility surrounding,  
she can calm an ocean with her hands.  
Her laughter contagious  
Until the whole class is bursting at the seams.

Her mind filled with poems and tragedies,  
Such as the Scottish play that shall not be  
named.  
Or the stories of truth and reality  
Ones that prepare us for the horrors of life.

So English, I will forever despise you,  
But my English Teacher will show me  
How you can be a weapon of mass change.  
Change in which I am armed to the teeth with.

So to my English Teacher,  
Thank You.

A special thanks to Mr. Tallon, who named the literary magazine “Imaginary Gardens” based on Marianne Moore’s poem. Shown below is an excerpt from Moore’s “Poetry.”

**“Poetry”**

Marianne Moore, 1887 - 1972

“One must make a distinction  
however: when dragged into prominence by half poets,  
the result is not poetry,  
nor till the autocrats among us can be  
“literalists of  
the imagination”—above  
insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them,  
shall we have  
it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand, in defiance  
of their opinion—  
the raw material of poetry in  
all its rawness, and  
that which is on the other hand,  
genuine, then you are interested in poetry.”

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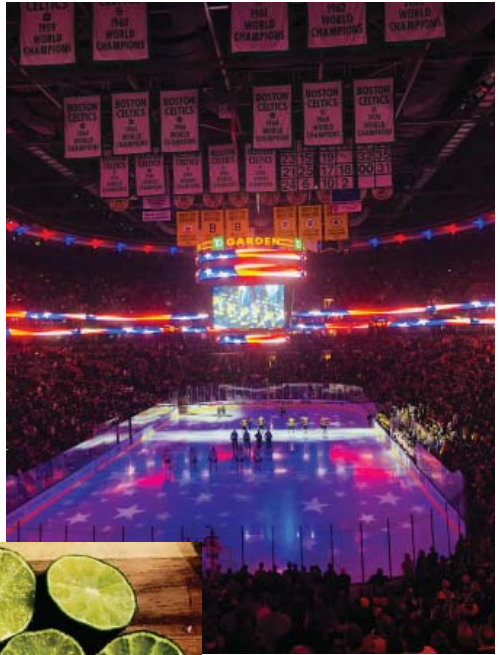
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Imaginary Gardens Staff meets every Thursday, after school, in room 313.  
New Members are always welcome; please join us!

Thanks to:  
Mrs. Butt  
Mrs. Lee-Ann Pepicelli-Murray  
The English Department Teachers  
All students who submitted their work

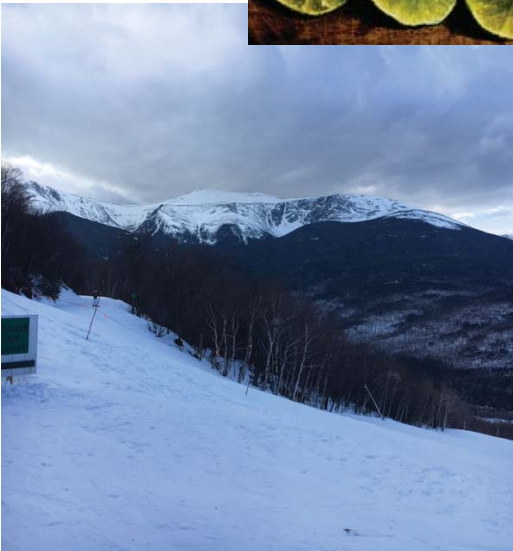
Imaginary Gardens is accepting art and writing submissions for our next issue. Please see your English teacher or any staff member listed above for details, or you may email your work to [imaginarygardens@achs.net](mailto:imaginarygardens@achs.net).



*Photo by Chris Skambas*



*Photo by Sage Chircu*



*Photo by Aidan Johnson*



Cover Art by Helen Dinh