



The Churchill

CHRONICLE

My Stars
Nola Biglin

Wistful Winds
Hiba Rauf

A Very Unique Cliché
Jihane Znaidi

ATSUSHIKU OKUSAI 1760-1849

La Poste 2015

1,90 €

Table of Contents

3

LETTER FROM THE EXEC TEAM

Designed by Ishra Islam

4

PLAYLIST OF THE MONTH

Designed by Reuben Opoku-Aniagyei

5

MY STARS BY THE CRUMBS UNDERNEATH YOUR OVEN

Designed by Mine Agbani | Edited by Adela A.

6

WISTFUL WINDS BY H. RAUF

Designed by Jasmine Su | Edited by Gorji

7

A VERY UNIQUE CLICHÉ BY J.Z

Designed by Emily Wang | Edited by Eric Zhou

8

HIGH SCHOOL THRIVAL GUIDE: ONE LAST LAP! BY ANONYMOUS

Designed by Dinuli De Silva | Edited by Eric Zhou

9

CHOOSE YOUR FLAME BY M.S

Designed by Julie Chen | Edited by Eric Zhou

10

LET GO BY MINNAH

Designed by Reuben Opoku-Aniagyei | Edited by Adela A.

11

ON THE SURFACE BY PARNIAN

Designed by Emily Wang | Edited by Adela A.

Table of Contents

12 DRAMA REVIEW: GELBOYS BY FARAH

Designed by Victoria Ho | Edited by E

13 UNDERNEATH THE TABLE BY THE CRUMBS

UNDERNEATH YOUR OVEN Designed by Anisha Arora | Edited by Adela A.

14 THE LENS WITHIN BY GORANKSHI NANDRAJOG

Designed by Noor Ahmed | Edited by Kashika Jain

15 GHOST OF AN ARTIST BY RYAN TEA

Designed by Connie Chang | Edited by Shagun Jain

16 I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK HOME BY N. ALI

Designed by Isabel Zhang | Edited by Isabelle Zhong

17 WANDERING SPIRIT BY SHALOM F.

Designed by Ishra Islam | Edited by Alexander Fu

18 TRUTHS IN PARALLEL BY AIYA KINAWI

Designed by Ishra Islam | Edited by Alexander Fu

CHIEF OF DESIGN: Ishra Islam & Abdullah Azhar

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Janice Xie and Mehwish Mohammad Syeda

JR. CHIEF OF DESIGN: Emily Wang & Reuben Opoku-Aniagyei

HUMAN RESOURCES: Binudi Patabendi

OPERATING OFFICER: Ainsley Cockbill

MARKETING OFFICER: Himanshi Choudhary



SCAN ME

Playlist for SUMMER

Dive into the season with a playlist, curated by members of the Chronicle, that captures the summer in all its dazzling hues. From the sunlit energy of beach days to the soothing calm of twilight moments, each track is a vibrant blend of the heart-pounding beats and mellow rhythms that define summer. These tunes invite you to end the school year on an upbeat note and welcome you to the break ahead!



THE CHURCHILL CHRONICLE



Lost and Found

Jeff Satur



Pocketful of Sunshine

Natasha Bedingfield



Everest

beabadoobee



Wish You the Best

Lewis Capaldi



Not My Fault

Reneé Rapp, Megan Thee Stallion



Enemy

Imagine Dragons, JID



Cornelia Street

Taylor Swift



Bathroom Light

Mt. Joy



28

Lauren Spencer Smith



XO (Only if You Say Yes)

Enhypen



Hard Times

Paramore



Accutane

Malcolm Todd



eternal sunshine

Ariana Grande



Tick-Tack

ILLIT



Now That She's Gone

Destiny's Child



Dumb and Poetic

Sabrina Carpenter



Ruler Of My Heart

BL8M, Rubyeye



Jogging

LUCY



Talk

Hozier



Supersonic

fromis_9



Roses

The Chainsmokers



back to friends

sombr



Top 10 Statues That Cried Blood

Bring Me The Horizon



Emergence

Sleep Token



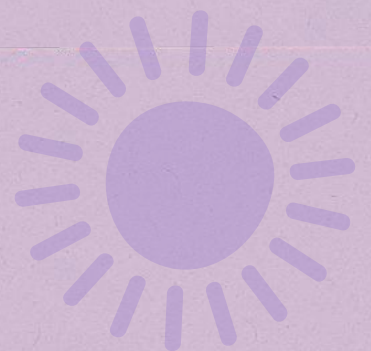
Ophelia

The Lumineers



As If It Was

Harry Styles



A Letter From The Execs

Dear Readers,

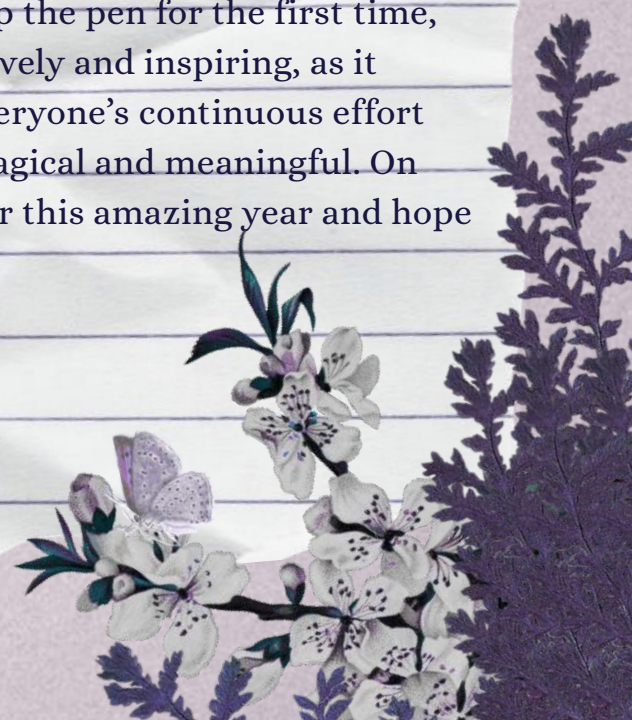
As the school year winds to a close with summer approaching, the Chronicle team is ecstatic to present everyone our final edition for this school year! Inspired by this issue's theme—The Hidden Worlds of the Human Experience—we invited our student members to voice and explore the unseen, the quiet thoughts, and the secret dreams that shape who we are.

This, paired with our designers' hauntingly beautiful fantastical scrapbook aesthetic, offers an escape to a world of layered and unspoken emotions. We hope that the evocative poetry or introspective narrations found within these pages can provide reflections of yourself, the lessons and experiences you have gathered this year and the myriad of thoughts that your mind makes up, acting as both a comfort and refuge.

However, we have many thanks for making this edition, as it would not have been possible without our outstanding and brilliantly creative team of writers, editors, designers, cartoonists and photographers, along with our guiding lights, Mrs. G and Mr. Blackburn. We would also like to wish all of our graduating members, whose voices and limitless imagination have shaped the Chronicles' identity, a warm goodbye. Your presence will be greatly missed, although we are confident in your success as you step into the next chapters of your life.

Whether you are a familiar face or are just picking up the pen for the first time, we hope your journey with us this school year was lively and inspiring, as it certainly was for us. We are endlessly grateful for everyone's continuous effort and dedication to making the Churchill Chronicle magical and meaningful. On behalf of our entire Executive team, we thank you for this amazing year and hope for the opportunity to work with you again.

Until Next Time,
The Churchill Chronicle Executive Team



My Stars

I live for the little distractions
That make me forget my melancholy,
Maybe only for a mere moment, but
They're stars that break up a dark sky.

A pitying chuckle at my bad joke,
And genuine smiles that break sad eyes;
A sunrise that made you think of me,
And blue skies with fluffy white clouds.

"I love you"s
"Thank you"s
"I'm proud of you"s
"I want you"s
"That was kind of you"s

A compliment that I didn't expect,
And cake for no special occasion;
An olive branch from an old friend,
And flowers - a grand little gesture.

"Text me when you're home"s
And "Drive safe"s
"Don't forget your sunscreen!"s
And cut fruit while I'm studying.

Because if you care about me,
Maybe I can care about me.
Show me what you see
That makes you think I deserve

The bigger half of your cookie,
A wave in the hallway,
A soft word,
A hug.

Please let these moments be stars
And not angler fish in the deep dark sea
Lights meant to lure and ruin me,
Because I live for the little distractions;
I need you all, my stars.

5

mola Big Lin



MIKAYLA GIRARD

Wistful Winds

A locker slam, a hallway glance,
A seat assigned by absolute chance.
Jokes, tears, shared regret,
All succumb to the start of stories we won't forget.

An assignment turned in late,
A mere word that shifted fate.
A dreadful speech, a devilish dare,
All were quiet ways to show our care.

A companion made on a lonely day,
A stranger who chose to stay.
Snatched all the stars from the sky,
And rearranged them for the eye.

They brought back the twinkle,
To a sky once dim.
Restored the bleak light,
When all hope grew thin.

From tiny acts, the days were spun,
Until we reached the setting sun.
Even when nights ran cold,
You were there, ready to hold.

And now,
Tassels turn and curtains fall.
We walk the stage when we've heard our call.
Stitched in our gowns are not the threads,
But the bittersweet memories we hold in our heads.

And when the final name is called,
And we're asked to depart, without time stalled.
I'll look to you and see,
The very eyes that brought my light,
Drowning in reflections of our departed flight.

But worry not,
For though we've gone our separate ways,
Our hearts will hum the golden days.

And if we cross again someday,
I'll smile and know, with contented delight,
That you were my past, my guiding light.

ter at your childhood
you'll become
to learn. My

to be
view



Khushi Grewal



A very unique cliche

It is a striking realization that something I have poured almost all of my being into is fading even as I am experiencing it, that the sunlight sinking into my skin and caressing my bones with content and consistency since I was a child is leaving me to fend for myself. No more routine, no more structure, only me with my fully fledged... persona. Did you think I was going to say wings? Although it is fitting to use animal metaphors to explain this transition, I would rather leap to new seasons.

I was planted in September, with leaves turning, notebooks fresh, and pencils sharp like frost in the morning air. I bloomed in June, a different version of myself each year—some petals soft, some falling early. And now it's summer again, and everything is loud with heat and bees and goodbyes. It's strange how, after twelve years, the memories that shimmer the most are not the dances or the diplomas, but the quiet weight of sitting in class beside someone who doesn't even know they made your day bearable.

I didn't think I would still be making friends, and yet here we are—gathering new people like seashells right before the tide takes us all somewhere else. How can I feel so full of love so late? I got close to people I never expected, grew roots in places I thought I was just passing through. And I want—no, ache—to hold onto them all, to keep every late-night laugh, every look across the room, as if the memory were strong enough to replace presence. But connections fray like spider silk when stretched too far across time zones and time.

This is the cliché they warned us about. The end-of-the-movie montage, the speech on the football field, the tears in a parking lot, the yearbook page scribbled with hearts. I thought it was all melodrama. I used to scoff. Now I am the one clinging to the final bell like it's music. Curse you for being so emotional, I say to myself in the mirror. Dang it for being so real.

And yet—it is ours. It's mine. Everyone says their experience is unique, and they're right. But we are all pressed under the same sky, caught in the same wind, turning slowly like leaves until we fall, not with fear, but with grace.

Because even in falling, there is beauty. There is hope stitched into the edges of every tear-streaked goodbye, every group photo that took too long to take. We are leaving this place not as the same people who entered it, but as people who now understand how deep something can run without us even noticing. And isn't that a kind of magic? The kind you only find once, when you're both ending and beginning at the same time.

The lockers are just metal, the hallways just floors and lights and echoes—but somehow, they feel like chapters, like little pieces of home. I'll miss the things I once rolled my eyes at. The class presentations, the fluorescent lights, and the routine. I'll miss walking past the same people every day, even the ones I never spoke to because we were part of each other's scenery. Familiar strangers. And that matters too.

So now we carry it all. The soft pain, the loud joy, the inside jokes that won't make sense in a year but still make us laugh. We carry the lessons that weren't in the curriculum. And we walk forward—not as birds, or flowers, or metaphors—but as people who have felt something real.

From Jihane Znaidi



Khushi Grewal

High School Thrival Guide: One Last Lap!

By Anonymous

It's the home stretch, seniors! One more term of crammed hallways, smelly staircases, and late-night study sessions. The finish line is so close you can taste it. But as we edge the end, we brim up with nostalgia. After all, our senior year isn't just about surviving, it's about how you finish the race. I mean after that, we're hurled into the real world. So how do you make your last lap count?

Well, lucky for you, in this edition of the high school thrival guide, we will be going in depth of some of the best ways to make the most out of your last year, including some advice from seniors and alumni!

Pedal to the Metal!

Yes, I know senioritis has kicked in a long time ago, but don't let burn-out get the best of you! Here's the truth: how you finish still matters. You don't want to remember your senior year as having lackluster grades or mediocre attendance. Put your all into your classwork and come out with results you will be happy with.

It's never too late to get back on track. Try planning study dates with your friends to help motivate each other. Make sure you are attending tutorials to stay up to date. Don't let senioritis sabotage your momentum. You got this!

Cherish the Moment!

That being said, make sure your academics don't come in the way of having fun and enjoying your youth! Try things you would not typically do, such as going to a sports game and joining a club. Get involved! You won't know if you like it if you don't try, but you will regret never trying. That's the great thing about high school, there's so many opportunities with everyone trying to navigate their identity. There's no harm in making mistakes, that's how you grow.

Additionally, Alumni Cory Law says to "Make friends and try to make lots of memories." In fact, this piece of advice has been so effective that he is "still super close with a lot of [his] high school friends because of that!" The sad truth is that a lot of friendships fall apart after high school, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't put in effort. Relationships are like plants, you need to water them! Value the connections you have now and how you've supported one another.

Immortalize your experiences by journaling, or taking pictures, or try writing a letter to your future self! These are the memories you will look back fondly, or cringe at. Either way it's growth, and that's worth commemorating!

Be authentic!

But most important of all, don't spend too much time perfecting and idealizing your senior year, because the truth is our high school years are messy and emotional and go by way too fast - that's what makes them beautiful. Commemorate the authenticity of both yourself, and, as an extension, your last year. As soon-to-be graduating Frederick B. says: "Do what you love and do it to the best of your ability: strive for excellence!"

You don't have to be anyone else. Nor do you have to replicate your senior year to match those in the movies. Just be there, open to it, and brave enough to live it as you.

Overall, our senior year is packed with lasts: last classes, last dances, last time seeing some faces every day. But it's also full of firsts; the first time you start imagining your life beyond these walls, the first taste of independence, the first glimpse of who you're becoming. Senior year isn't about doing everything, it's about doing what matters. Show up for your friends. Try something new. Take care of your future self, but don't forget to live the moment you're in. It won't be perfect. But if you stay present, stay open, and stay true to yourself, it'll be unforgettable!

Choose Your Flame

By Mehwish M.S.

A smile passed in fleeting grace,
A door held open so you don't slow your pace.
It's easy to believe these are small and unseen,
But they mould our worlds in ways undreamed.

A kind smile could be a life vest,
For someone struggling in life's test.
A quick "How are you?" out of the blue.
Might be a rope that pulls them through.

You don't think it mattered much,
But our hearts remember even the gentlest touch.
We forget this also goes the other way—
You turn away, but you can't take back what you say.

A heated argument, sharp and fierce,
Might become the cause of someone's tears.
A whisper behind their back, a subtle attack,
Can twist into a monster you can't reign back.

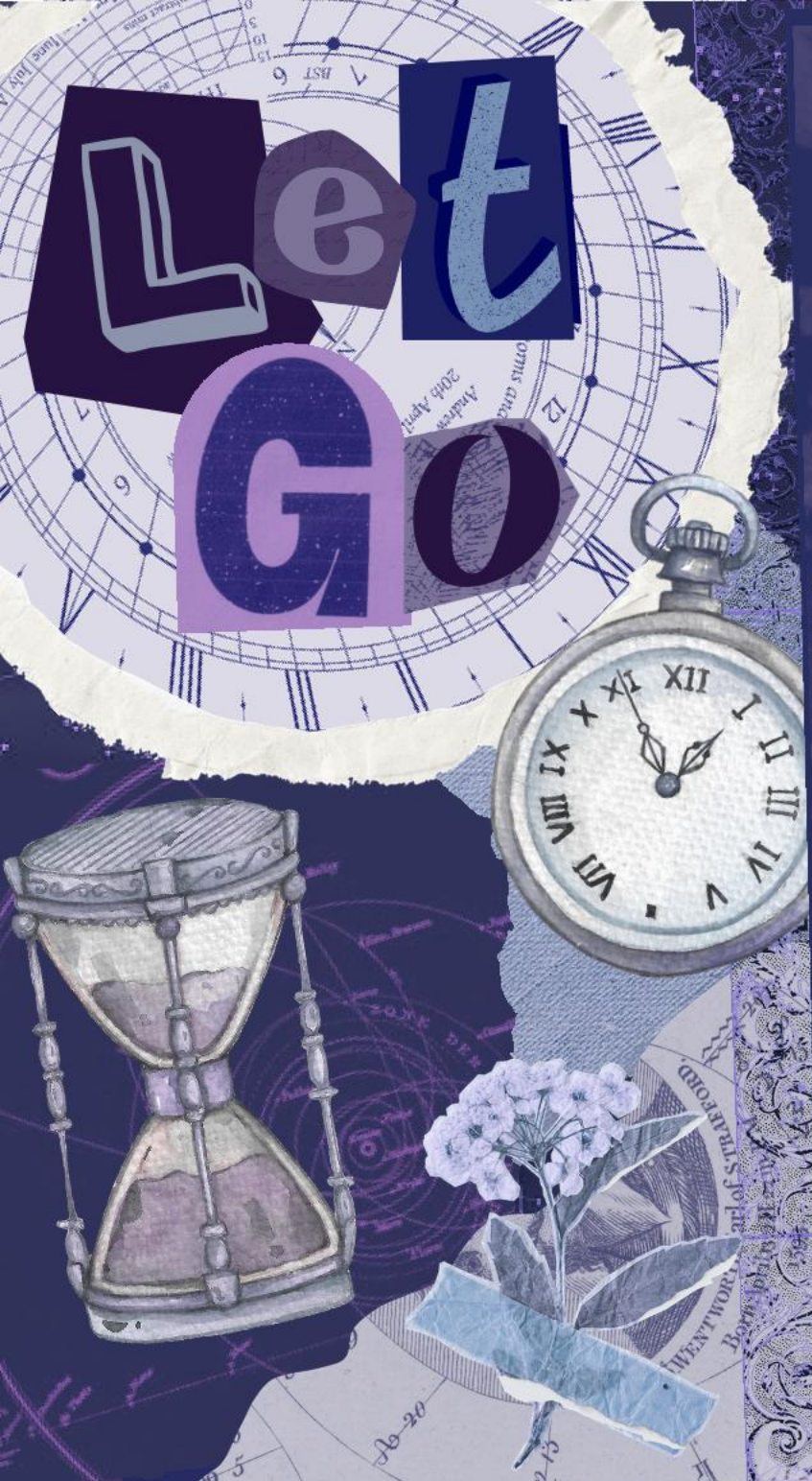
You hold the power in your heart:
It's yours to decide—be sweet or tart.
A spark can comfort or it can scar.
It's up to you to choose what kind of flame you are.



Photo by Mikayla Girard



Let Go



Your hand in mine like delicate glass
Each crevice is a story from your past
Without your guidance I'm left to roam
Desperately praying one day I can find my way home

You spoke in whispers and silent thoughts
All the things you wished you would've done,
all the missed shots

I watched from afar and hated them too
All the ghosts that would silently haunt you

The rivers that flow in you, I'll never reach
All the lessons life forgot to teach
Although I tried to understand,
Some things are incomprehensible and slip out the hand

So now I'll go, not out of spite
But with my absence your future will be bright
Letting you go means I free myself too
From fighting for what was never true

I'll miss the ringing of your voice
The one that could drown out all the noise
But sometimes, to love is to make a choice

We were once lost in the strings of time
Trapped for eternity
Although now, tears may flow
I'll embrace this love, yet let you go

Minnah Olajobi



Chelsea Li

On the Surface

The sounds of his surroundings drowned out as Ilya listened to music through his mp3 player. Even his own thoughts had gone silent as he tuned in to the sound of many classical compositions—he couldn't be bothered to remember the titles or composers, but the sound distracted him with the offer of temporary tranquility.

His momentary daze was interrupted as he caught the sound of a familiar voice, responding almost immediately to it as he searched for the source. No matter how chaotic the noise around him was, Ilya was always able to pick up the sound of Finn's voice rather instinctively.

He took one of his earplugs out and watched the boy at a distance from the bench he was sitting on. Ilya observed the artificial smile plastered on Finn's face as he spoke to his friends, his cautious composure, and his carefully crafted words. It was nothing like the boy he had known personally for some time, but it was everything he had observed from him before. Finn was good at pretending to be someone he wasn't, unauthentically adjusting his mannerism to please his peers.

Ilya began to wave but stopped his gesture halfway as he wondered if it was even a good idea to greet him in public. Finn noticed his action, though, and his eyes met Ilya's for a brief moment before he looked away, ignoring Ilya completely. Finn continued on with his conversation between his classmates, paying no attention to him.

Ilya frowned subtly to himself, caught off guard by how Finn ignored him, as if deeming his existence insignificant. He knew how horrible his reputation was, so he wasn't surprised that anyone would react to him that way, but truthfully coming from Finn it bothered him—just a little. Weren't they friends? The least Finn could do was acknowledge him, but Ilya brushed the thought aside, trying to justify where Finn was coming from. It would be better if no one ever saw them interacting in public, better for Finn at least.

He lifted the earbuds of his mp3 player back into place in an attempt to muffle out the sound of Finn's voice. An expression of disappointment grew on his face and Ilya couldn't help but feel irritated. All it took was a small gesture to sour Ilya's mood—a gesture that perhaps meant nothing at all.

By: Parnian

strongly believe this



Movie Review

By:

FARAH



Photo by Khushi Grewal

Synopsis

This seven episode Thai drama follows four teenage boys, Fourmod, Chian, Bua, and Baabin, in their high school and romantic lives. Fourmod finds himself often being invited by Chian to get their nails done together. The constant flirting from Chian makes Fourmod fall for him. However, Fourmod discovers that Chian also invites Bua to get their nails done together and is putting Fourmod on a "on hold" status. Jealous, he uses his friend Baabin to make Chian jealous and feel what it's like to also be "put on hold".

Review

This series managed to actually portray Gen-Z in a realistic way. Sure, it was cringy and hard to watch at times, but it was cringy in a way that was in character with Gen-Z. This series represented the raw and harsh realities of young, queer friendships and relationships. It's definitely one of the best coming of age stories especially with how all the characters grow so much within a span of seven episodes. All of the characters have flaws, and I honestly couldn't stand them sometimes, but that made me love this series even more. It makes them feel more human and like actual teenagers who make mistakes all the time trying to figure themselves out. My favourite part of the series is the aesthetic. The designer went for maximalism to the extreme with the bright colours and accessories, like phone charms, stickers, y2k fashion, and the signature gel nails. The use of social media is also done surprisingly well. I usually find texting or using social media on TV to be cringy and unrealistic, but Gelboys didn't do that. In fact, the use of social media developed the story and characters even more. My only complaint is the subtitles. I could tell that they weren't completely accurate, and they sounded awkward at times, likely due to the fact that the slang couldn't be translated perfectly into English. I highly recommend reading about the culture and language nuances that weren't translated, because it gives you a much better understanding of the series and makes it more enjoyable to watch.

Underneath the Table

By Nola Biglin

Underneath the table
I cried by myself
No one else was home
But the shelter of the table
Provided an odd sort of comfort
in my moment of despair
Underneath the table
we ate grapes
At midnight on New Year's
Wishing and laughing and chewing-
Almost choking. The two of us
Barely fit and our legs stuck out
Underneath the table
our feet touched;
You apologised and drew back
As if shocked or burned - a reflex
Reflecting that we weren't close enough friends
For physical contact to be felt
Underneath the table
My fingers fidgeted
I was nervous and shaking, but
Tried to put on a smile so they'd like me.
Please let them like me
Despite my anxiously fidgeting fingers
Underneath the table
Your hand was on my thigh
Somehow both calming me down
And lighting me up so I lost my thoughts
It brought me back to the now
And away from the despair I had felt
Underneath the table.

Amie Naqvi

The Lens Within

Beneath the gaze of open eyes
A world of untold truths does lie
There's beauty in what's rarely seen-
In silent grief, and thoughts between

In the minds maze, each thought is a thread
Each dream a place where fears are fed
The shadows that lamplights do cast
Conceal the verity of a suffering too vast

Perspective bends the shape of things
Gives sorrow its roots, and joy its wings
What's real to one, another doubts
The truth lives in, not just without

For every soul, a secret sea
A hidden world of 'might' and 'be'
The ones who seek to truly know
Must look deep within - not just below

Gorantshi Nandrajog

Khushi Grewal



GHOST OF AN ARTIST

Every artist wonders the same thing at some point in their life. Painters, writers, musicians—all of us wonder the same question. “What will happen to my art after I die?” we ask. Because it’s the dream, to be one of the greats etched into the permanence of the history books. Maybe it’s selfish. Maybe it’s attention-seeking and egotistical and all of those other bad things, but it’s only human nature to wonder it. I was that artist once upon a time, filled with such mirth at the thought of my songs being performed on those big, fancy stages lined with all the rich gentlemen and fair ladies. There was one night where I flopped onto the thatched bed in the attic of some family that allowed me respite for the night, the feeling of straw scratching at my neck as I strummed my dinky, old guitar. Those were the good ol’ days, roaming through the endless countryside on my trek across the country. When I was younger, my old man filled my little head with such grand ambitions, deluded me into thinking my songs could ever make it across the world.

It was quiet nights like that one in that attic where I’d sit down, pen in hand, struggling to ink the notes on the paper correctly. I never was good at writing. And still, I’d noodle away well into the dead hours of the night, strumming the aches out of my weary bones. The late summer air, newly chilled since the swelter of the day, filled with the soft, sweet scent of a song.

How could I have known what that paper would become? At no point in my entire life did I ever think that a little sheet of paper left on a small desk in a town nestled in the creases of the map, would make it so far.

It was only when I died that I realized how unprepared I was for it. No one prepared me for the simple countryside mother to stumble across that paper, nor for her to lull her children to bed with that song every night. No one prepared me for the day she would bury it with one of those she loved most, nor for the day a young child would stumble upon an old, dusty box in the dirt, and take the inconspicuous paper that was inside to school.

Who could have known the song would sweep through the town so quickly through whispers behind the schoolyard? Who could have known?

And what if by total coincidence, three generations later, a grandmother remembered a little ditty she and her friends used to sing in elementary school, and then passed it on to her grandson? And what if that grandson later grew up, wide-eyed and head filled with dreams, and turned that ditty into a full orchestral score? Who could have known?

No one, I’m sure.

But I’m still quite proud of that song, of all the meaning it’s given to people. And, yes, I’ll never truly know exactly what it meant to that simple countryside mother and her children, to that little school child and her friends, to that grandson who made my dreams come true so many years after my death. All I know is that it meant something slightly different to each of them, and that’s enough for me.

Oh, father!

Aren’t you proud how far our song has come!

Ryan Tea

I Don't Want to Go Back Home

The park by my grandmother's house is surrounded by plants on all sides. Tall fruit trees, sprawling bushes, and vines that cling to whatever they can find. In the thickness of the windless air, they blossom so brightly green that it is almost obscene to look at: the complete dominance of a place by something without even a will of its own.



Photo by Mikayla Girard

Between the park and the plants, there is a tall wall of brick which separates the ever-growing and untameable jungle from the innocent eyes of the children, who dance enclosed in a forever mowed, heartless, metal park. It is almost as if time's advance stops there; as if the small confines of a community park could, within themselves, be an entire world: a bubble undisturbed in a world of dizzying tornadic winds. We act as if we are children who will never grow up, who will forever be able to hold hands and smile unabashedly at one another, without reserve for status nor identity, even as they creep up from the edges of our vision and colour the background with their malevolence.

Of course, the true attraction of any park is that which is within: for this park, that was a merry-go-round, brightly painted red, blue, and yellow, a set of sleek and handsome monkey bars, and two twin swings. When I came as a child, it was the inner beauty here that dazzled me, and the children running around, the joy—sticky, ripe, and infectious in the air. The metal jungle that would forever remain unchanged, despite the unending tumult of the real jungle outside. Like a vaccine, the bacteria have all their innards scooped out and laid on trays for us children to dissect, then piece together before we are forced to confront the infinitely different, forever unbuildable, disease.

Time has sunk its teeth into my home—the merry-go-round's edge tilted into the ground, the monkey bars missing their teeth. Yet, though no one will any longer use them, they sit forlornly, the only ones not aware of a fault that is clear to even the greying and blinded youth. Though her skirt trails through the mud, the merry-go-round wonders why the wind is the only one swinging her around anymore. The monkey bars hum with an energy suppressed, as if unaware that no amount of passion can regrow that which is vital to him. The swings' chains are imbalanced, as if whispering into the world the storms and childish calamities these playground attractions have been through. They still hold on with steadfast pride that they will once again be looked at in that same, joyous way as they were in their prime.

Those glowing children melted like metal into husks of what they were—becoming nothing but loveless laughs and nostalgic sighs in the haze of the late afternoon. Yet those cherished few who looked out over the park's walls have walked deep and far back into that jungle, and no matter the pull in their heart—they don't turn back.

N. Ali

WANDERING SPIRIT

BY SHALOM F.

A spirit.
That I am.
I wait patiently to enter a body that seamlessly melds with mine.
I know I won't find it.

I have been in countless bodies.
A depressed painter who screams for help through every stroke of his brush.
His mixing palette, a reflection of his mind
Always morphing into a new color that presents a different emotion

His soul rejected mine immediately
A clear sign that our passions would never align.

Soon after was a girl whose essence reeked of privilege
Completely oblivious to the status that she held among the living.

Born into power, her golden scepter was inherited -
Her life perfectly choreographed to secure her already bright future
She made me sick
So instead, I rejected her.

Then there was a boy.
His soul was pure with fragile innocence.
He was everything I wished for in a vessel,
But his body was already a warzone
Every cell caught up in conflict
Illness nested in his bones
Disease clung onto him like a lingering shadow
But I knew that my presence would only tighten the noose
So I stood by him waiting till he succumbed to his illness.

Through multiple lives,
I have realized that I am a piece of a puzzle
Trying to fit into an image that was never meant for me
My shape, size, and color
A representation of my unique perspective,
One that could never fuse with another soul.



Truths in Parallel

By Aiya Kinawi

A child sees a playground, wide and bright,
A refuge of wonder, pure delight.
A painter sees a canvas, endless and vast,
A cosmos at his hands, at last.

A traveler sees a packed street,
A myriad of life and laughter.
A resident sees the crowded street below,
A loud, relentless, daily show.

A lover sees the pouring rain,
As music soft against the pane.
A stranger sees a storm ahead,
And hurries home with thoughts of dread.

One world, but visions far and wide,
Each shaped by what we hold inside.
No single truth, no single way—
Colors bleeding into a muddled gray.

