



Stand For Me

Antonio Starks // senior

free-verse poem

I know you probably don't know I exist, but if you did, would you reach out?

I know I'm not a mistake, but would you redo that night if you could?

I know you're Jamaican, do my grandparents live in Jamaica?

Are they even alive?

Are you alive?

I know that your name is Anthony, do you know my name is Antonio?

I know you can't see in my head, but do you know that I dream about you?

You look different every time I dream about you.

Do you know it hurts, not knowing this side of me.

What makes my face like yours.

Some see the love of their parents in their eyes.

I see the absence of a stranger.

I see the foreign soil of my iris.



pen

Sofia Morales // sophomore

The Ocean Sinks as the Fish Fly