



The Mirror

Third Edition
Fall 2014

Foreword from the Editor-in-Chief

Colors surround us everywhere. They are seen through the eye and felt through the heart. Colors represent different emotions. Some are visible, like the red blushing of cheeks, while others not, such as the colors people can only feel. We hope this edition of the magazine will remind you of the symbolism of colors in your life.

Club Founder and President,
Brooke Aprea

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Tapestry

Sophia Ngyuen

The creaky door opens and closes, like a sigh. The tired woman hangs up her coat in a tiny closet. She would like to take a nap, but she heads to the kitchen to make dinner. The tired woman rummages through the pantry and takes the last can of Campbell's Condensed Chicken Noodle Soup. She cooks it on the rusty stove top that only seems to turn on half the time. A few minutes later, the creaky sighs once more, and a young boy with the same eyes as the tired woman comes home, running with small red sneakers. The tired woman kisses the young boy on the forehead and asks him how school was. Just fine, he answers, and he talks excitedly about what he has learned today, and what he played with his friends, and how nice the teacher was. The tired woman listens with interest and tells the young boy with her eyes that dinner is ready. As they sit quietly at the table, the tired woman breaks some bread to share with the young boy. They say their graces and eat Campbell's Condensed Chicken Noodle Soup with bread in comfortable silence.

When they have finished, the tired woman gives the young boy that has her eyes a bath and they giggle as the bubbles from the shampoo pop. Then the young boy reads to the tired woman from a book he got from the library across the street with the white lions made from stone in the front. While listening, she knits him a green sweater for the winter. Soon it is time for bed, and the tired woman, tucking in the young boy that has her eyes, hears him say, tell me a story. So she recites to him a poem, a poem that the sisters told to her when she was small, a poem

about Macavity, the ginger cat who was never there. And the sleepy young boy tells her, do you know what I want to be when I grow up? No, the tired, yet happy, woman says, what do you want to be? A doctor, says the sleepy young boy that has the tired woman's eyes. Then he falls asleep. The tired, yet happy, woman whispers to him, even though he cannot hear her, you'll make an excellent doctor, but you're always my finest treasure. My tapestry.



“Engulfed”
Maggie Anderson

Red

Frances Divinagracia

I asked him to describe
the color red. He told me,

“It’s just red.”

I was a little disappointed. I wanted him
to say

something else.

But then he looked at me, like no one
has ever looked at me before.

And he said,

“Red is when my father yells at
my mother because he
had a hard day at work.

Red is when Dylan keeps hurting
himself even when he says he won’t.

Red is when my sister comes home
crying because Matt cheated on her.

Red is a fire that cannot be put out.”

I began to say something,
but he started again.

“And then, red is when my mother wakes up
early to make my father’s breakfast.

Red is when my sister says
she’s meeting a nicer guy for lunch.

Red is when I look at you, and

I feel like nothing else matters. I feel it.

I feel the red.”

He took my hand and looked into my eyes.

“Red is a fire that cannot be put out.

That is red.”



“Reykjavik”
Bailey Jones



“Untitled”
Madeleine Roche

Blue

Rebecca Nicholes

I've fallen for your eyes,
not the boy who owns them.
That perfect blue,
that dashing hue,
flawless azure
pure and through.
I'd kiss your eyes,
love your eyes,
stay true to
that unblighted blue
stay loyal to
that lovely royal
blue, for I'm sure every time
I'd pick your eyes
over you.



“Silver Sandwich”
Lacey McCormick

A Day in the Rain

Kelly Esparza

Pitter, patter. Pitter, patter went the rain. I sighed aloud. There was no school today, and I was all alone with absolutely nothing to do. My parents were at work, and they would not be back until night. Sometimes I wished I had a sister or a brother so that I could talk or play with them.

I sighed again and looked out the window. Gloomy, grey and black clouds covered the sky like a blanket. Rain splashed onto my window. It had been raining continuously with no sign of stopping anytime soon.

I thought about what I could do. Standing up, I walked over to my book shelf. I took a book and sat back down by the window sill. I opened the book and read a page.

“No,” I said aloud. I put the book down and tapped my fingers on top of it, thinking.

“Ah! I know.” With that, I got up again and turned on the television. I flipped through the channels. There was nothing on and nothing to do. Perfect.

I sat back down, my shoulders slumped. The wind outside whistled threateningly at me. Then an idea popped into my brain. Once again, I stood up and grabbed my iPod and earphones. I listened to a couple of songs before feeling bored again. I took out my earphones and frowned.

My mood grew dark and gloomy like the weather outside. I went back to staring out the window. I felt lonely and bored.

Suddenly I heard a knock. I slowly trudged over to the front

door. Squinting my eyes to see through the peephole, I saw my friend Hannah from school. In confusion, I opened the door.

“Hannah?” I said in disbelief. Why was she here? We would usually walk to school together, but it was a day off today.

Hannah flashed me a bright smile and replied, “Hi, Claire!” She held a bright purple umbrella in her hand.

“Hey. What are you doing here? We don’t have school today,” I told her.

“I know,” she said as if this explained everything.

“Then why are you here?” I asked.

“I wanted to know if you’d like to come over to my house and watch a movie with me,” Hannah replied, smiling at me.

“That sounds great! Yes, I’d love to,” I said. A warm smile formed on my lips. Excitedly, I ran and put on my yellow rain jacket and red rain boots.

Stepping out of my house, I quickly closed and locked the front door. Hannah and I walked down the sidewalk, making our way to her house. Suddenly, Hannah tapped my shoulder with her finger.

“Look,” she said and pointed to the sky. The depressing, grey and black clouds were moving away as a rainbow appeared. The orange, blazing sun peeked through the clouds.

“It’s beautiful,” I commented. Soon, the sun made a full appearance in the sky.

“It sure is,” Hannah agreed. We both exchanged smiles at one another.



“The Rainbow Isn’t Always After the Rain”
Madison Foote



“Orange”
Bailey Aguilar



“EMoTIOal”
Maggie Anderson

Haiku Rainbow

Rebecca Nicholes

White

Timid vacancy
Free of shadows free of depth.
You dream in color.

Red

Capricious passion
You mark all revolving doors
Restless yet filling.

Orange

Your sly smile has zest
You saunter to corners yet
dawn brilliantly east.

Yellow

Peace in all its springs
Just a whiff of daisies, and
all dreams caught and loved.

Green

You wide hip woman
Two deep breaths and you stay strong
Glinting hazel eyes.

Blue

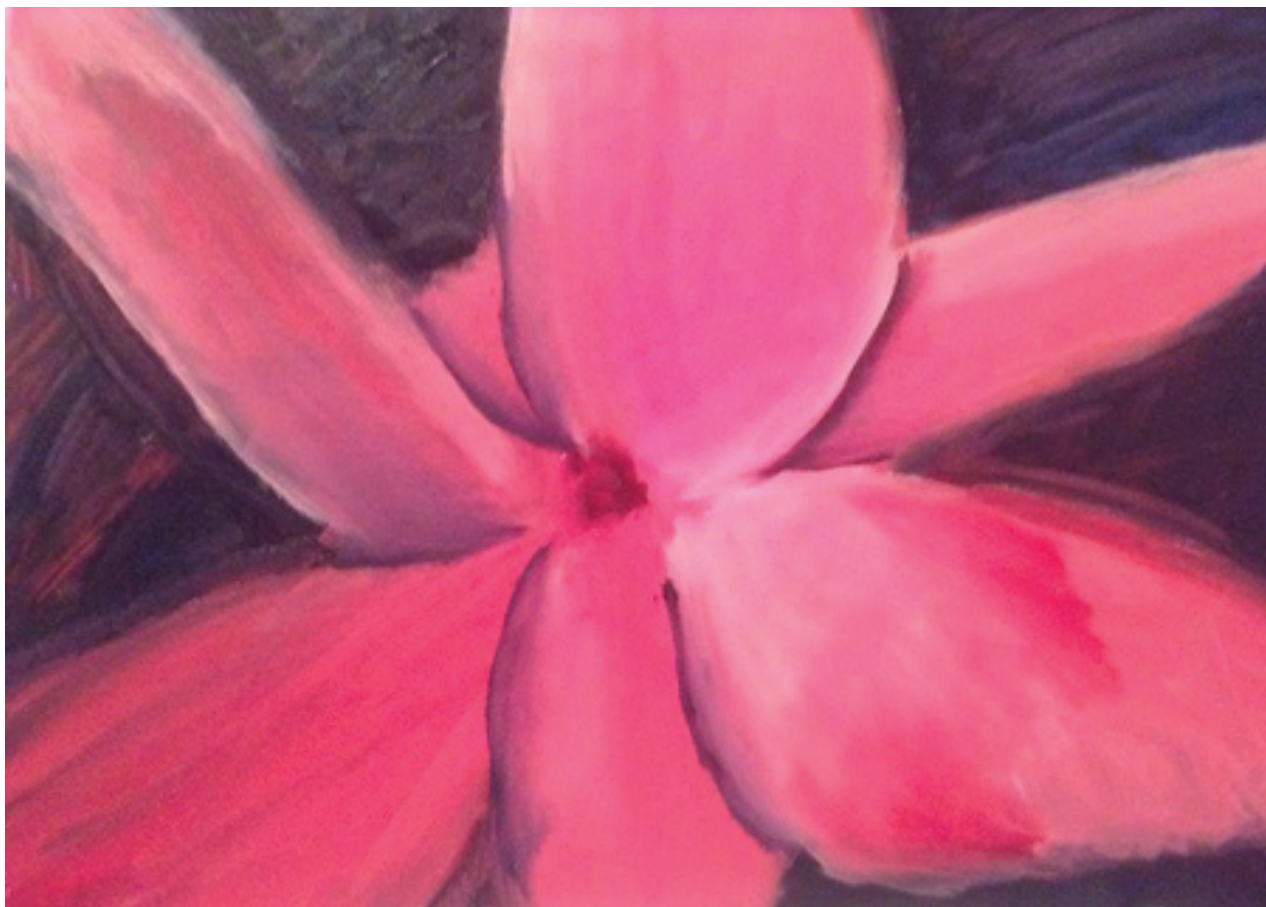
A steady leisure,
Rippling unassumingly.
Your veins course with tears.

Purple

Your perfume is a
drowsy purr, sultry backdrop
To those helpless stars.

Black

You have tasted night
Rich darkness with a bitter
Aftertaste of hope.



“Pink”

Kendall Cecchetti



“Orange Explosion”
Jana Reyes

Black & White

Kelly Esparza

Black and white is all you see,
Rating individuals by their color,
And judging before you even know them.
Why must you do that?

Making racist jokes that diminish,
Not caring about the other person's feelings;
Yet when the situation is reversed, I know you care.
Why don't you think before you act?

The world is black and white to you,
And every situation is one extreme or the other.
Your heart turns black, becoming rotten with prejudice.
Why are you filled with such hate?

The world is black and white to you,
And every situation is one extreme or the other.
Your heart turns black, becoming rotten with prejudice.
Why are you filled with such hate?

Instead of a world filled with hatred, war, and isolation,
We can live as one
And embrace our diversity.
Why can't we all be equals?

If we become one community, we will have red hearts of love,
The world will be a better place,
We will create a rainbow of beauty,
And the breathtaking hues of humanity will shine through.

Black & White

Frances Divinagracia

At first, it was easy to think
in black and white.

Right, left — up, down —
good, bad.

Everything had place in
the universe.

But then I saw the good
in the bad, and
the bad in the good.

One could not live
without the other.

Suddenly, the
black and the white
mixed; no longer
separate hues, but
a single shade of
gray.

You think only good
people do good things,
and bad people do
bad things, when,
in reality,
we are people who
do things.

It is life.

Landing

Sophia Nguyen

Slowly, gently, carefully as possible,
but it happens all in a blur,
I jump off from the blue swing from midair
and like a black cat,
I land on the two feet
that I happen to call my own.
Was I daring? Or did I cave in from pressure?
One thing is certain:
I'm alive!



“Finding Self”
Brooke Aprea



“Rainbow Hunting”
Lacey McCormick

Joy

Catherine Dugoni

I frolicked through a field of daisies,
Laughing at the color of the sky.
I released my feet and tumbled forward.
Down,
Down,
Down a hill I went,
Over the red roses and through the garden of lilies.
Light bounced off of every piece of matter
And the world was brighter.
And the colors were vibrant.
And my laughter rang through the hills.
Higher and higher I raised my arms
Until the blue sky was within my grasp.
The light penetrated my soul
And basked me in yellow light.
Light and life.
Colors and care.
And I was on air,
Joyful and jolly.

Double Rainbow

Nora Fluetsch

I saw it while driving home one day
One bright spot after the rain
Not the sun
But light in a special way

The colors were bright
Pink, red, orange
Yellow, green, blue
Purple and white

It danced through the sky
Lighting the way
Divulging the path
A smile after its cry

I saw them through my window
Two bright spots after the rain
not the sun nor the stars
a double rainbow

Perhaps the one
Was lonely
Shining all by herself
Shyly watching the sun

Perhaps she was about to cry
Perhaps that is why
A second arch appeared
To dance with first across the sky

But why do their colors shine only now?
Why do they come after the rain leaves?
Why does the sun stay hidden while they play?
Are they scared and lonely somehow?



“Millennium Park, Chicago”
Sophia Fox



“Nina’s Flowers”
Bailey Jones



“Sky Falls in Burnt Colors”
Brooke Aprea

Grey

Catherine Dugoni

I have been consumed by grey—the color, the feeling, the fear.
It swallows the sky, it covers my skin, it exhausts my heart.
When thrown in its shade, the sky loses all other hues
But grey.

Grey is the indecisiveness, the between, the blurred boundaries.
It descends like a cloud upon my frame,
Hiding me in its smoky fog.
In various shades and intensities,
It ever devours my once colorful aura.
And I cannot escape it.



“Springtime”
Lacey McCormick