



# SCRIBE

APRIL + MAY 2023 ISSUE

FRAGMENTS OF INNER THOUGHTS,  
CLOSURE, AND METAMORPHOSIS



The background is a collage featuring several butterflies in shades of blue, purple, and pink, along with dandelion seed heads. A light green banner with a wavy edge is positioned at the top, containing the word 'Staff' in a black serif font.

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The background of the entire page is a collage. It features several butterflies: a large yellow and black monarch in the top right, a purple butterfly in the upper center, a pink butterfly on the left, and an orange and black monarch in the lower center. The page is decorated with horizontal, torn-edge paper strips in shades of teal, light green, and cream, which serve as a backdrop for the text.

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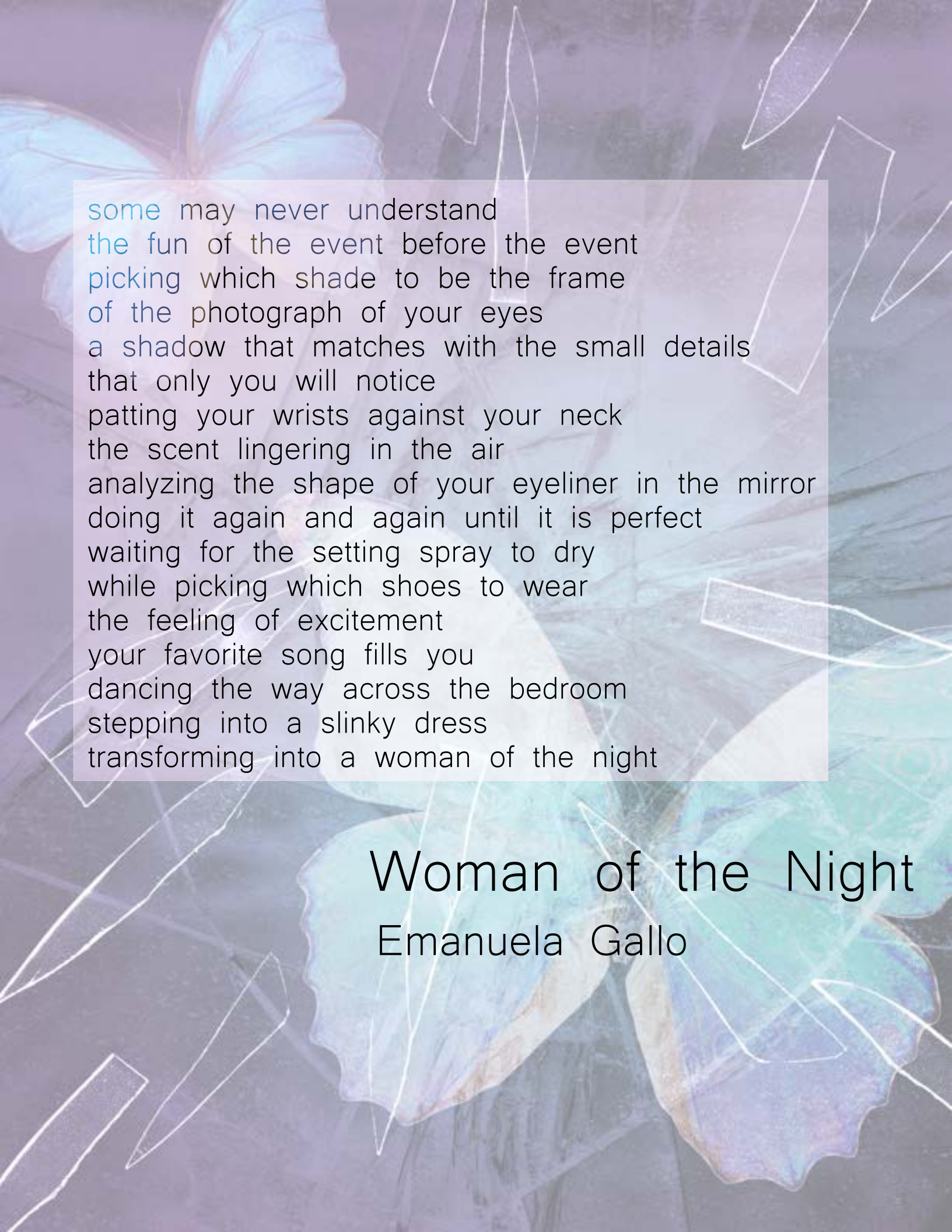
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some may never understand  
the fun of the event before the event  
picking which shade to be the frame  
of the photograph of your eyes  
a shadow that matches with the small details  
that only you will notice  
patting your wrists against your neck  
the scent lingering in the air  
analyzing the shape of your eyeliner in the mirror  
doing it again and again until it is perfect  
waiting for the setting spray to dry  
while picking which shoes to wear  
the feeling of excitement  
your favorite song fills you  
dancing the way across the bedroom  
stepping into a slinky dress  
transforming into a woman of the night

# Woman of the Night

Emanuela Gallo



# Who Can Dim Your Light?

Who can dim your light?  
The light you have inside you.  
Who can put you down  
When they've got something odd too?

Who can discourage you  
And keep you from painting the world?  
In the midst of its grayness,  
Such rain at you they hurled.

Who can dim your light  
If it's what you want to show?  
If you want to be free,  
And insecurity is all you know.

Who can help you now?  
Help you wipe your tears,  
Keep you from worrying,  
And put away your fears?

Who can dim your light  
And go by what you seem?  
I don't like to judge.  
I prefer to dream.

by Angelina Lambros



# By The Seaside by Haya Alkiswani

The seagulls shrieked, hovering above  
And pushing down the sultry spring air  
With their angel wings.

I looked at the horizon and  
Blinked as the sun's sharp light  
Burned my eyes and consumed me  
In a whirl of dizziness.

I ran back to the picnic blanket  
That my aunt had set up just moments earlier  
And sat with my sister, my mom, and my aunt;  
I crossed my legs and poured myself  
A cup of warm mint tea like an adult.  
I felt it sting my throat as it slid down  
With specks of sand and dust.  
"Yum," I murmured.

I attentively watched the waves  
Chase one another —  
Climbing,

Collapsing,

And Crushing

Each other with vigor  
That contrasted the serenity  
Of the wind hissing gently,  
My family chattering, and  
My cousin screaming gleefully,  
Chasing the seagulls that  
Pranced by the shoreline;

"What a cute little —"

I walked towards the  
Midland Beach water  
And lost balance  
As my tiny toes  
Sunk into the soft sand.

For the first time,  
I felt myself drift  
And let go~





# The Transformation

by Angelina Lambros

Ordinary as I may seem,  
Some have looked at me with horror;  
Others have seen me as irrelevant and diminutive.  
Yet somehow I always knew  
I was destined for something greater.  
It is a bright and colorful future  
That I prepare for each day.

The nobility, dressed in their radiant robes,  
Would ask why I prefer the leaves,  
Which can seem quite dull and uninteresting.  
At least that is what the nobility now believes,  
As they suck on the most luxurious nectar.  
Yet I remind them that they were once like me  
Before I depart, never again for them to see.

Soon the stars will be gleaming  
And you will be dreaming;  
Butterflies will be flying about you as you sleep,  
Making you laugh or weep.

Find me in the garden,  
Dwelling near the tree:  
That is where I find myself a place to be.  
There under the glowing moon,  
I will spin myself a cocoon.

I will wait through the uneventful times,  
Preparing to emerge more divine.  
It all comes with patience and effort.  
I have faith in myself, to be something more,  
To be the kind of creature that knows how to soar.

Then you will be shocked, eyes wide,  
For I have now emerged and joined the butterflies.  
My former identity is somewhere in that tree;  
The cocoon is a grave marker stating "Here Lies..."

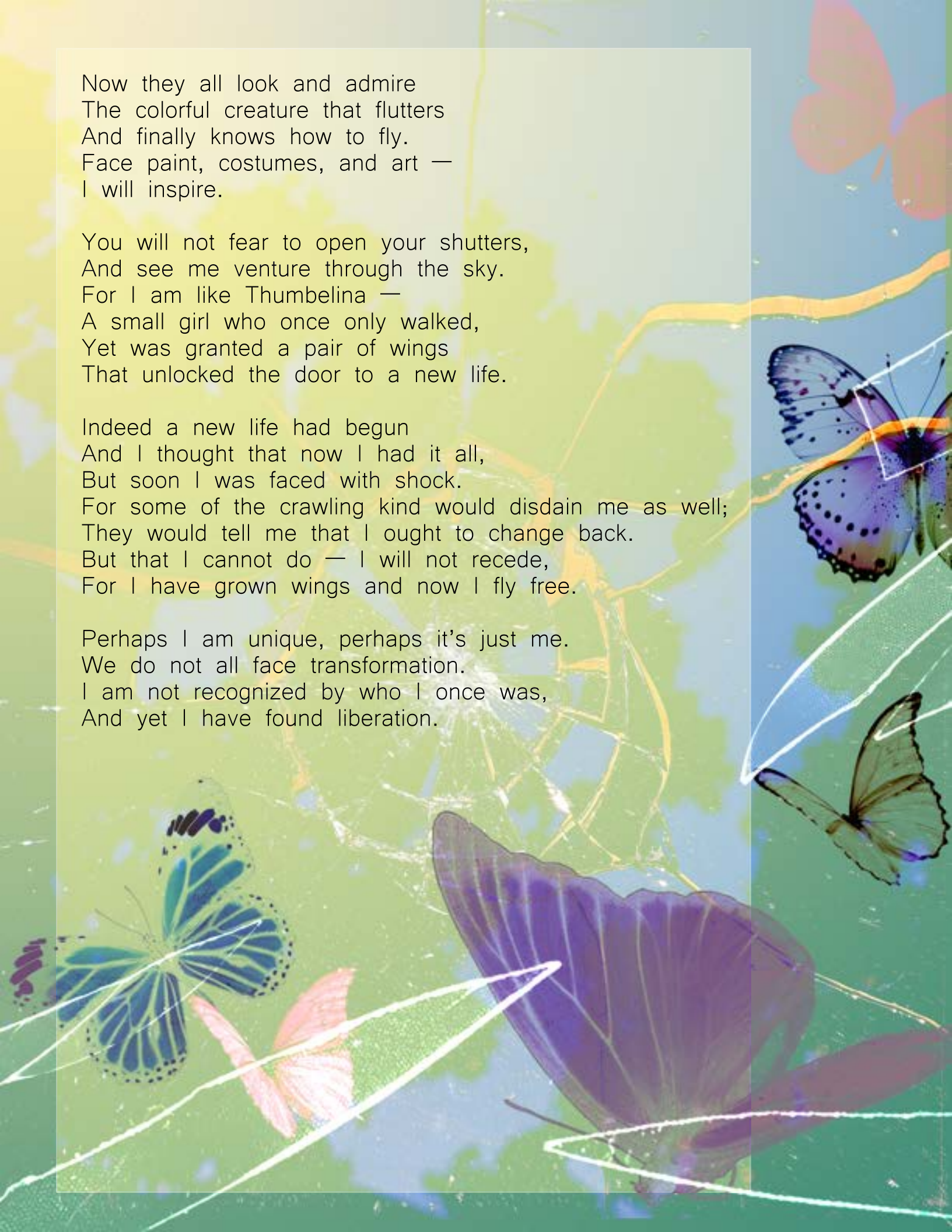


Now they all look and admire  
The colorful creature that flutters  
And finally knows how to fly.  
Face paint, costumes, and art —  
I will inspire.

You will not fear to open your shutters,  
And see me venture through the sky.  
For I am like Thumbelina —  
A small girl who once only walked,  
Yet was granted a pair of wings  
That unlocked the door to a new life.

Indeed a new life had begun  
And I thought that now I had it all,  
But soon I was faced with shock.  
For some of the crawling kind would disdain me as well;  
They would tell me that I ought to change back.  
But that I cannot do — I will not recede,  
For I have grown wings and now I fly free.

Perhaps I am unique, perhaps it's just me.  
We do not all face transformation.  
I am not recognized by who I once was,  
And yet I have found liberation.





# Through the Gray

by Tzippi Applebaum

Audrey woke up to the smell of burnt chicken that had been left out from last night's dinner. She could smell the faint hint of garlic and onion powder that had spilled on the kitchen counter too. Audrey sighed, pulling the covers over her head. She played with the threads that were coming loose from the blanket, wishing to close out this dreary morning, but she knew she had to get up and clean the mess downstairs before school. She had to because if she didn't, no one else would.

Ever since Dad died last spring, Mom had retreated into her own world, into her own personal depression. The mother that Audrey had known before was not the same anymore. She used to be lively, punctual, and quite overprotective. She used to be the one to wake Audrey up for school each morning, but now Audrey was the one waking Mom up in the morning. However, Mom usually refused to get out of bed, so Audrey often returned home from school to find her still in pajamas in bed with a tired look on her face.

Rolling out of bed and heading downstairs, her eyes still crusty from sleep, Audrey cleaned up the mess in the kitchen: cleaning pots, pans, and the dishes. It wasn't fair, she thought, she wasn't an adult— she was only 16 years old— yet she was the one who had to care for the full-grown adult who was still lying in bed asleep.

After organizing the kitchen, Audrey ate the now-usual quick breakfast of cereal and milk. Mom used to make her and Dad a hot breakfast of waffles, scrambled eggs, and even fresh blueberry muffins each morning, but now those days felt like it was part of another person's life. When she looked at older photos of her family, it felt like she was looking at people she had never known.

On her way out, Audrey noticed paint had spilled on the floor in Dad's old study room. She hadn't been in there since Dad had died and didn't recall him ever painting before, but maybe he was beginning to learn before the disease took his life. She shrugged, noting that she'd clean it later after school.

Audrey closed the front door, locking it behind her. She knew she would come home to the same dark house after school. Mom would most likely still be in bed and ask Audrey to make dinner, which she would. Once dinner was ready, Mom would finally leave her room, join her at the dinner table, eat a few bites, and head back into bed.



Sure enough, that's what happened when Audrey came home. The house was dark and everything was in the exact same place as she had left it. The dishes were still drying in the drainboard and the cereal was still out from breakfast. Judging by how things looked, no one would guess that another person lived there. Sitting down at the kitchen table, Audrey began her homework, but out of the corner of her eye, she saw the spilled paint in the study room. She tried to ignore it, not wanting to enter the room that reminded her so much of Dad. The musty smell of books lining the walls, his chair, and his desk were too hard to face. When he was alive, Dad would usually help her with homework there and would talk to her endlessly about almost everything. Usually, they would talk about small things like her day at school and the sports she played, but sometimes a far-off look would enter his eye and he would tell her about his childhood, his past, and even how he met her mother. Whenever he did this, she always felt closest to him. Like there was someone in the world who would always be there for her and look out for her. Someone she could always rely on. She used to feel that way about Mom, but now she felt more alone than ever.

All of Audrey's memories of her dad flooded her mind, but Audrey repressed them, knowing it was too hard to let her feelings get in the way. It had almost been a year since he died and she would not allow grief to interrupt her everyday life. If she did, she might end up like Mom. Standing up, she pushed open the heavy study door. The room was the same as Dad left it, except for a canvas with splotches of brown and blue paint standing in the corner with spilled paint surrounding it on the floor.

"What are you doing?" a soft voice came from behind. Audrey slowly turned around to see her mother standing in the doorway with her usual bathrobe on, except there were some blue streaks down the front of it.

"What, what is this?" Audrey mumbled, pointing at the painting.

"It's just some work I do when I have the strength," her Mom answered in a tired voice.

Audrey peered at her mother and then at the painting. Upon looking closer, she realized that the blue and brown splotches roughly resembled her father. His dark brown hair and the blue suit he would often wear.

"It's Dad," she whispered, placing one finger on the wet paint.

"It's cathartic for me," her Mom whispered back with a strange sadness in her voice.



Audrey touched the painting, allowing the wet paint to cling to her fingers. Her eyes hardened and she ran out of the room, rushing past her mother without a glance. In her bedroom, she stared outside the window for an hour, maybe more, just looking at the tree in the backyard and the birds flying free. She let the tears fall from her eyes, not even bothering to wipe them from her cheeks. She cried silently alone at her desk. Her Mom, her life—it was all too much to handle. And now there was that painting. She wanted to go downstairs and break it, throw it away so she would never have to see it again. For some reason, those strange splotches of painting made every feeling that she had buried for so long spill out. With her discolored hands on her face and her knees shaking, Audrey wished every aspect of her situation away.

A soft knock suddenly tapped on the door. It was her Mom.

“Come down,” was all she said.

Audrey’s face, which was smeared with blue and brown paint from touching it with her paint-stained hands, was also flushed red from her relentless crying. Not bothering to wash her face, she followed Mom downstairs. To her surprise, dinner was set out on the table. Nothing too fancy, just some pieces of bread and cheese spread to go with it. But for Audrey, her Mom setting out bread and cheese was definitely special.

“Sit,” Mom said.

Audrey sat, blinking at the food and avoiding her mother’s gaze.

“Listen, Audrey,” her Mom said so quietly she could barely hear, “I know this past year has been rough and I wasn’t much of a help.”

Not much of a help! Mom had basically left her to care for herself: pay bills, go grocery shopping, organize the house, and prepare dinner for the two of them. Audrey wanted to answer back but bit her lip. After all, this was the first time Mom had attempted a conversation with her in months.

“I... I know I wasn’t really there for you,” Mom paused and gave a small sad laugh.

“I know I wasn’t present at all, but I want you to know I am trying. I don’t know how long it will take to become my old self. I don’t know if I’ll ever be, but I am your mother and I want to be there for you even if I can’t be everything you need.”

Mom stopped talking, picking at her food. It was a while before Audrey lifted her head to see a deeply depressed woman, just blankly staring at her dinner. That was it? That was Mom’s apology to her? After all those months when she had virtually been alone with no adult to help



her. And now Mom just said she was trying. What did that mean? Would she try to become her old self for a month? A week? And then if she failed, would she just go back into her own bubble? She wanted to shout at her Mom and tell her how hard these months had been on her, how she felt abandoned, alone, and robbed of a childhood. How Mom was to blame.

But instead of shouting, Audrey said, "What about the painting?" Mom's eyes flickered with surprise.

"It's just my way of dealing with all this, with expressing my emotions instead of burying them and crying all day. I've never painted before but it helps me. Can you understand that?"

Audrey looked at her plate. She did understand, but that didn't mean she could readily forgive her Mom for falling apart for so long. From the dining room, she could see the brown-blue painting in Dad's study. Audrey knew what Dad would want her to do and felt this could be her last gift to him. To move on, to accept Mom as she was now because even if she was angry, she was still her mother. She was the one parent Audrey had left and she couldn't lose her too. Even though Audrey felt like her mother abandoned her, she did not have to abandon her back. She could stand tall, and fight to bring back some sense of normalcy to her family.

Lifting her head, Audrey took Mom's thin hand.

"Yes, I understand," Audrey said, looking her in the eyes.

Mom gave her a sad, but reassuring smile. Raising her eyebrows ever so slightly, which gave her an almost peaceful look, she whispered "Thank you."

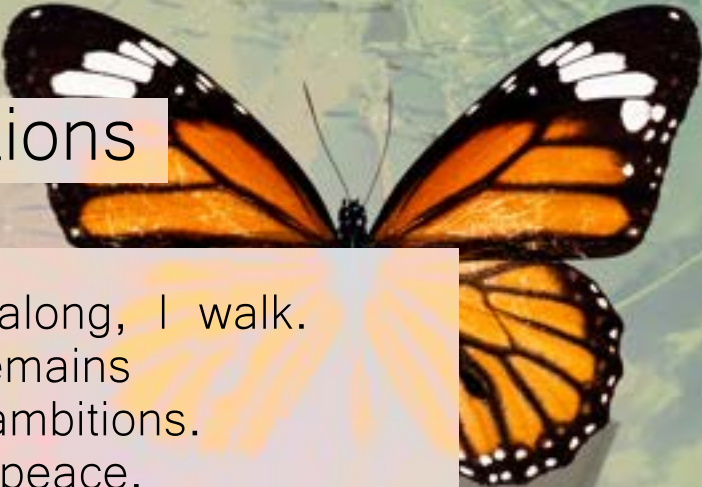
They continued to eat their dinner in silence and Mom soon retreated to her bedroom, leaving Audrey alone to clean up. But Audrey wasn't as angry as she had been before. Instead, she was somewhat hopeful.

The past had gone, never to be lived again, but there was still a future for both her and Mom.





# The Edge of Emotions



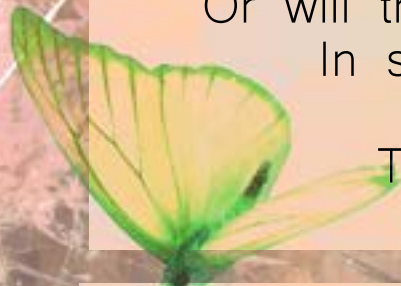
The wind pushes me along, I walk.  
Contentment remains  
As I hold on to ambitions.  
Protection and peace,  
To be free from shock.

No matter the struggles that lie far ahead,  
Seeking fulfillment prevents despair.  
The wind pushes me along, I walk.

Metamorphosis becomes the focus.  
What is it that we long for?  
Protection and peace,  
To be free from shock.

We are sentimental creatures...  
Happy, sad, on the verge of chaos.  
The wind pushes me along, I walk.

To be the princess gazing at city lights—  
Will being barred from this be my fate?  
Or will this moment be mine to hold?  
In spite of it all, I still pray:  
Protection and peace,  
To be free from shock.



by Angelina Lambros



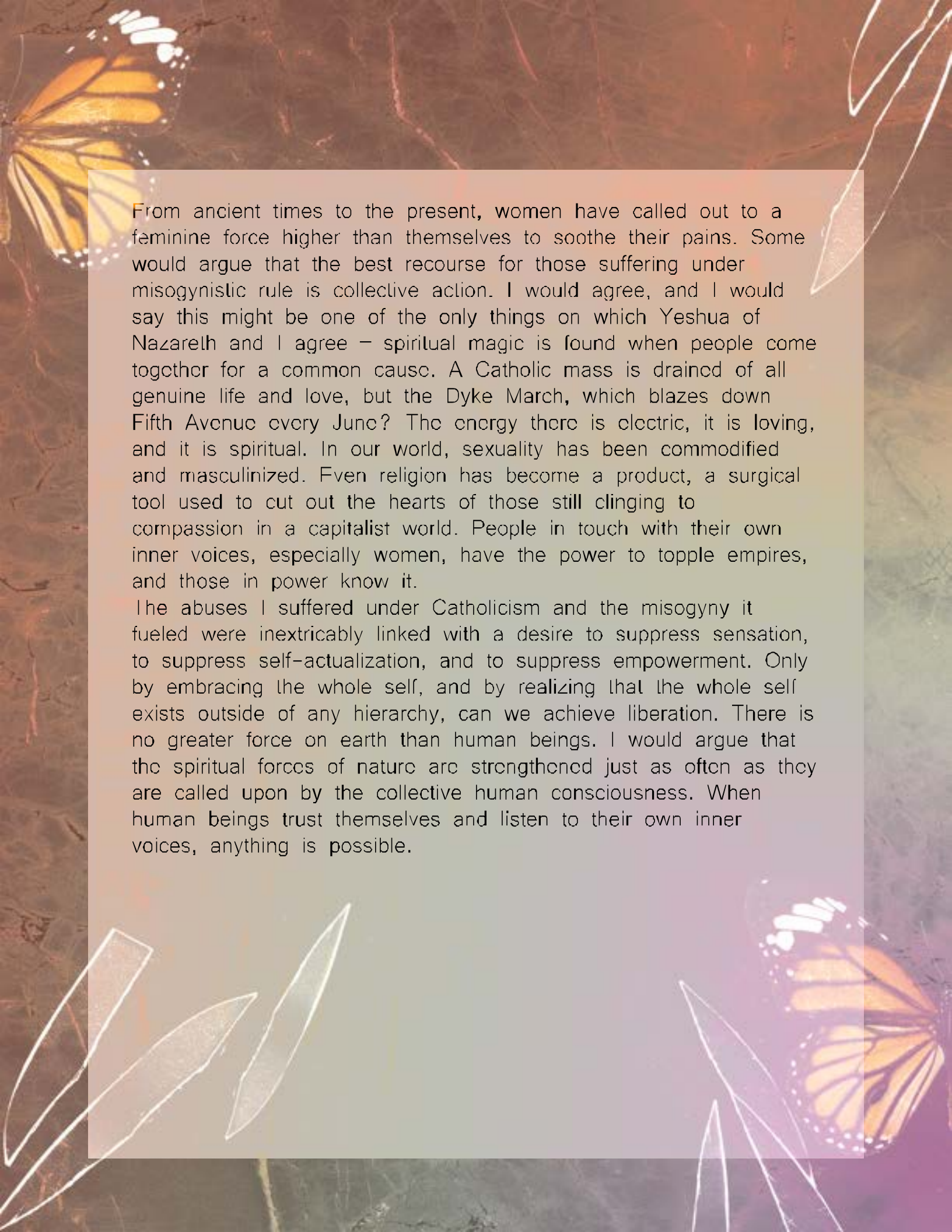
# The Old Solution

by Alaina DiSalvo

In her song *Bedroom Hymns*, Florence Welch wrote, "I'm not looking for absolution, because I've found myself an old solution." What is the old solution she had found? I would argue that Florence's old solution is what will bring about the genuine salvation of the human race. And I'm not talking about Christian religion. I'm talking about something far older, far more feminine, and far more radical. Trusting the internal voice and prioritizing it over the external is a radical act. What is the internal voice? A prayer? A wish, or perhaps a spell? Whatever it is, it is highly emotional, highly spiritual, and often questions the authority of those in power.

I was raised Catholic and attended strictly conservative Catholic schools for seven years. At the tender age of fourteen, I shed the control of my father and my Father all in one fell swoop. I was a blaze of fury – a pillar of fire – arguing with forensic psychologists, consecrated virgins, lawyers, and teachers all while exploring my identity freely for the first time in my life. After finally achieving a safe haven in my mother's house and access to all the information in the world through the internet, my entire life metamorphosed into something different. Or rather, it returned to a state it had been in only when I was very, very young. This was not just a state of unrealized potential, but a state of sensation. A return to the feeling a toddler has when stumbling through a creek, when staring into the eyes of a cat, when listening to birds converse in the early hours of the morning. A state of sensation is a state of power, a state of wonder, a state of humility, and a state of pride. I would argue that there are two types of religion: institutional and instinctual. Institutional religion has caused unimaginable suffering throughout the earth. Instinctual religion, however – those in power have always tried to suppress it, and they have very nearly succeeded. There are many different names for instinctual religion: spirituality, instinct, witchcraft. But in order for oppressed groups to achieve empowerment and equity, I believe with all my heart that this kind of religion must be spread among the people.





From ancient times to the present, women have called out to a feminine force higher than themselves to soothe their pains. Some would argue that the best recourse for those suffering under misogynistic rule is collective action. I would agree, and I would say this might be one of the only things on which Yeshua of Nazareth and I agree – spiritual magic is found when people come together for a common cause. A Catholic mass is drained of all genuine life and love, but the Dyke March, which blazes down Fifth Avenue every June? The energy there is electric, it is loving, and it is spiritual. In our world, sexuality has been commodified and masculinized. Even religion has become a product, a surgical tool used to cut out the hearts of those still clinging to compassion in a capitalist world. People in touch with their own inner voices, especially women, have the power to topple empires, and those in power know it.

The abuses I suffered under Catholicism and the misogyny it fueled were inextricably linked with a desire to suppress sensation, to suppress self-actualization, and to suppress empowerment. Only by embracing the whole self, and by realizing that the whole self exists outside of any hierarchy, can we achieve liberation. There is no greater force on earth than human beings. I would argue that the spiritual forces of nature are strengthened just as often as they are called upon by the collective human consciousness. When human beings trust themselves and listen to their own inner voices, anything is possible.