

MUR MUR

FALL ISSUE
2018

This issue of *Murmur*
is dedicated to all those who aided in its production:

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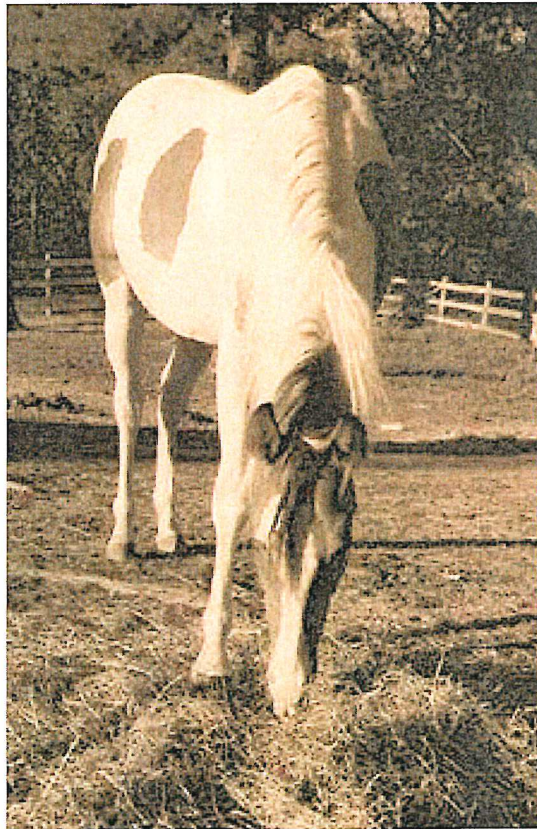
Thanks to all for sharing your work.
We can't wait for your Spring inspirations!
Submissions to the Spring Issue of *Murmur* due **May 23rd**.
Creative Writing Club meets on Thursdays in Room 105.

Come join us!

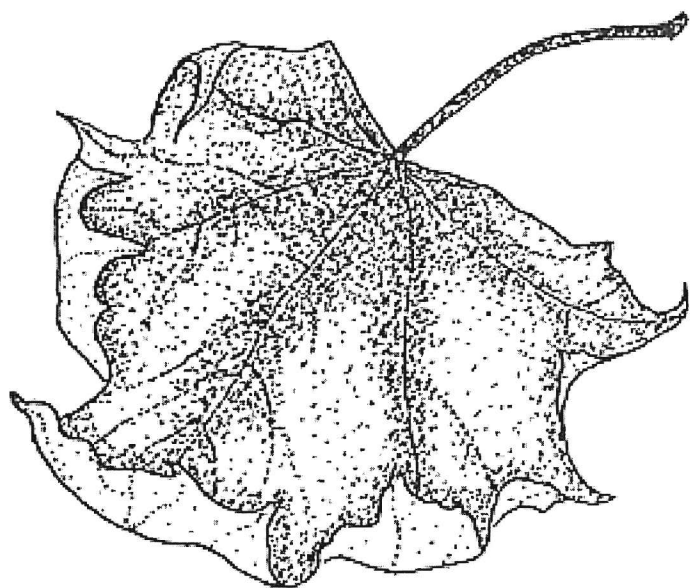
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Untitled by Keri Weingartner GRD 11

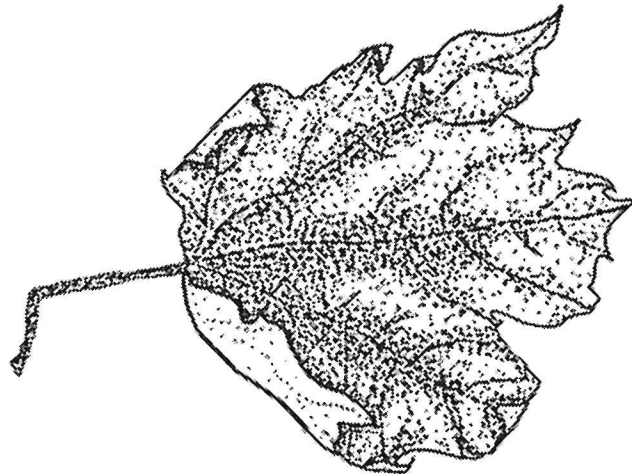


The young boy's face gleamed with satisfaction at the sight of his pile of accomplishment: a hefty mound of red, yellow, and orange leaves. Exhausted from what had felt like hours of laborious raking, his creation was complete. He threw his heavy rake on the ground and fell back into the ocean of leaves. The vibrant fiery colors danced around him as small shimmers of light kissed his youthful face. The earthy smell, the warm sunshine, and the rich colors embraced his presence.

After a long while, the colors dimmed with the setting sun. The boy arose from his pile and looked back to see a gentle breeze sweep through the waving leaves, signifying to him a gesture of goodbye. -Alexandria Szabo GRD 11

It is warm and I am a beautiful green.
But when the days get shorter,
and the weather becomes a little chilly,
I transform into a lovely orange.
I grow to enjoy my newfound identity,
but not for very long.
I become quite brittle,
I cannot feel my stem.
I have turned the color yellow.
This color is also very nice I think to myself
What will I turn next?
Purple? Blue? White?
As I ponder my near future I begin to feel unhinged
A strong breeze comes along and I begin to soar.
I see the other leaves drifting by.
I wonder what they're thinking.
Next thing I know I hit the ground
Here is where I will lie
To watch the rest of the season pass me by.

-Penelope Paldino GRD 11



AUTUMN MISTRESS

The warmth of her touch
steps into our souls, as
The days of summer
saunter away. Her curvy
hillsides are draped in
a tapestry of golden hues.
The allure of her aroma
beckons us to greet her.
we succumb to her earthy
perfume, and take pleasure
in her seductive
transformations.

The harvest moon's
heavenly glow draws us
to gather, in celebration
of her majestic abundance
We slumber in her crisp
cool nights. We awake
to her frosty morning
meadows, quilted with
intricate dewy webs,
peeking out from the
covers of fog, dancing
at her feet.



Hunters and gatherers
take warning. Her vibrant
wardrobe signals us to
hurry, yet her stunning
beauty stops us in our
tracks. We are enthralled
by her striptease performance,
the tossing of one leaf
at a time.

Her colorful acts of
drama a beautiful
story told. When the
night chorus goes
silent her last leaves
fall. Her naked arms bow
with the graceful truth,
this Autumn Mistress
has given us her all.

-Beth Heady

COVERED

IN FALL

Winter is for snow

Spring is for soil

Summer is for water

Fall is for blood

During the snow season we play

We play with the snow and on the ice

During the soil season we farm

We farm in the ground and grow plants

During the water season we swim

We swim in the pond and in the ocean where we also sail and paddle

And, during the blood season we hunt

Squirrels, pheasants, ducks and deer hit the ground

Hot blood spilled on cold earth as we ready for winter

Les arbres pendent ses feuilles.
Tous oranges comme le soleil.
L'air sent fraîche chaque jour.

Par Louise Hutchings

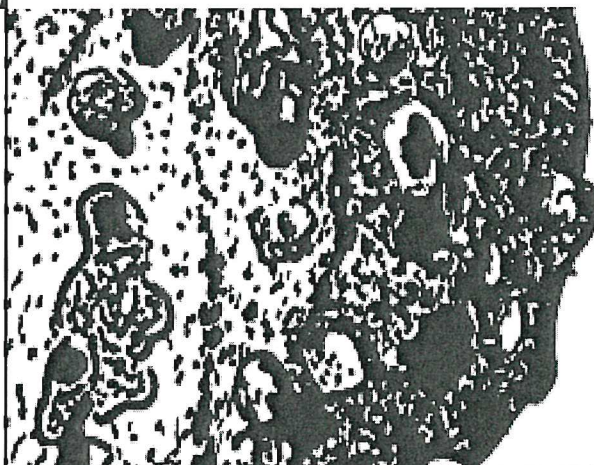


Journée, pluvieuse
Pas malheureuse parce que vous
Aimez sombre rouge

Par Océane

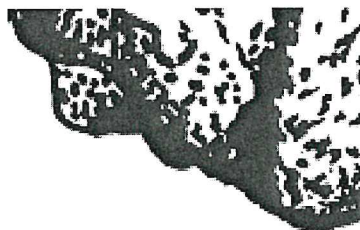
Automne est ici
Les feuilles sont vertes et oranges
Bientôt elles tombent.

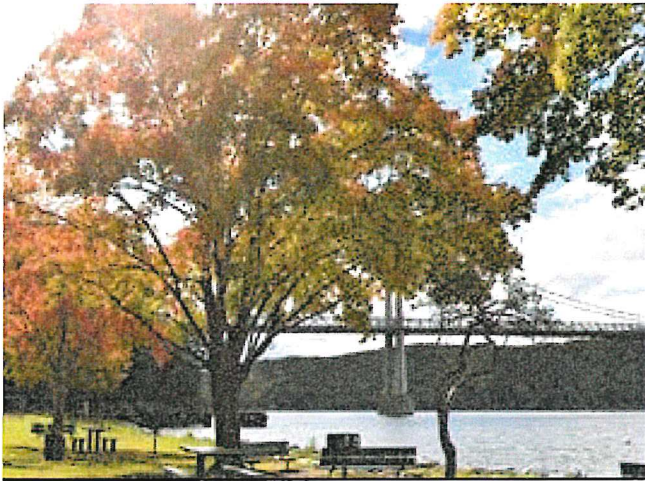
Par Christophe



Les écureuils courent
Et les feuilles tombent silencieux
Automne est ici

Par Antoniette Tumolo





Les feuilles oranges tombent
Je ne sais pas ce qu'ils disent
Mais ils me chuchotent

Par Geneviève Ellis

En automne les rouges
Me plaisent et me rendent craintif
Est la neige très loin?

Par M. Welch

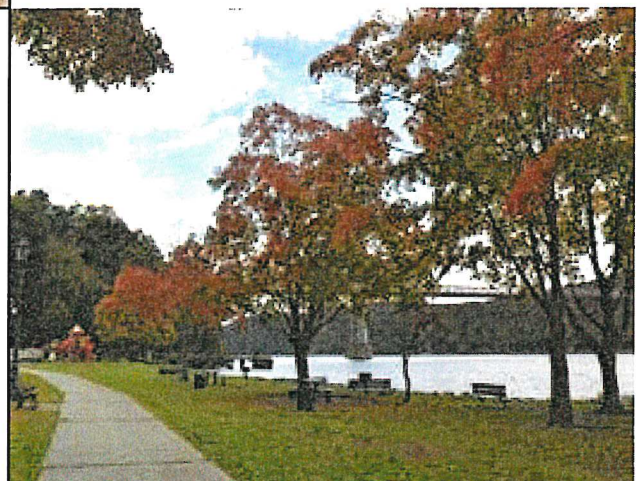


Les feuilles tombent doucement
Et voilà! L'été est mort
En orange, jaune, brun

Par Hélène

Les feuilles tombent doucement
Et voilà! L'été est mort
En orange, jaune, brun

Par Helene



The Day of the Dead,
a day of happiness and glee!
Sugar skulls family.
Dance and sing all you want
at the sound of music all day
long.
No death, no tears, no crappy
years.
They're not gone if you don't
forget.



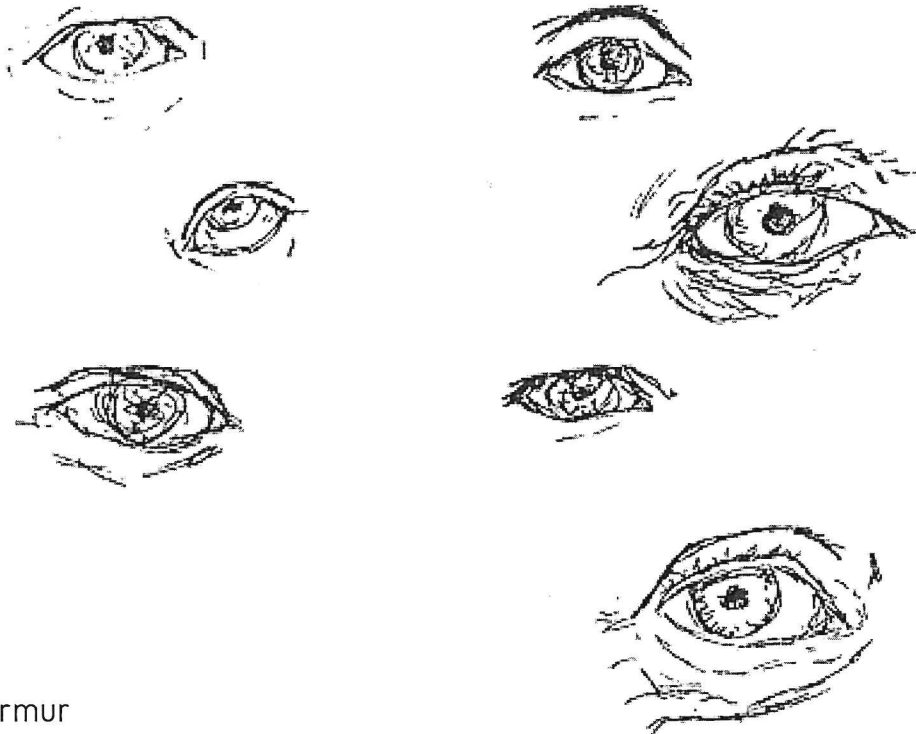
Diego



THE NIGHT OF HALLOWEEN

'Twas the night of Halloween,
When all through the streets, children were scurrying to houses
for treats
Bowls of candy were placed on the porches With care, in hopes
that children wouldn't
Take more than one if they dare
Parents were hustling, being dragged Through the streets
While hopes of sleeping left them missing their sheets

-Alexandria Szabo GRD 11



FALLING DREAMS



I enjoy the start of fall. I like to watch the leaves fall off the trees. Sometimes when I walk back home from school, I'll try to catch them. I never succeed, of course, but I still try. Some people say that catching the leaves gives you good luck. I think that chasing the leaves is like chasing your dreams. Unfortunately, when you put both concepts together, it makes a depressing statement. Once the leaves hit the ground, that's another dream you've lost. Now they're on the sidewalk and other kids that are walking by can step on that leaf and crush your dreams. You try to

catch a leaf for your loved one, as it slips between your fingers and hits the ground. You were too late, and now she loves someone else. You try to catch a leaf, dreaming about your future. You miss and watch as your company crumbles to pieces. As the winter comes, you see your dreams disintegrate in the snow. By the time spring comes around, you've lost it all. Immediately, you see the season of fall become even more depressing. New dreams grow in the spring, only to drop again in the fall. If you're not quick enough, your dreams turn brown and you lose your hopes. -Rhada Lahiri

The sun was finished torturing me. I no longer needed to search for shade or pray for a swim in the pool. I was ecstatic. It was the season of walks and the season of cool temperature. I stood on the terrace overlooking the valley. I so badly wanted to run into the trees, but instead my owner threw the stick the opposite direction, away from the cliff and inevitable danger. But I was still happy, for the opposite direction lead to piles and piles of leaves. Green leaves, orange leaves, red leaves, leaves that I could jump into. My owner looked on, probably imagining I was an astronaut, leaping from the platform of my spaceship and drifting into the unknown. Or maybe I was a motocross racer, twisting and turning as I left my jump. He possibly even mistook me for a leprechaun, racing towards a rainbow to get to my pot of gold. I retrieved my stick and brought it

back. I lied down, needing a minute to recover from my crash landing, but my owner was soon taking off down the road as if to challenge me. I couldn't let him win. The cool wind of Autumn whipped past me as I caught up, lifting the shedding hair from my back in the meantime. As the colors flew past me I caught site of the biggest bird I'd ever seen. With a drooping face and feathers spread wide it provoked me. And then I was off. Away from my owner and sliding across the leaves in search of this bird. But it was gone, I had been too late. So I ran back to my house where my owner was waiting impatiently. As I leapt through the door I caught a hint of cold that stung my nose. I looked through the glass door and witnessed a single flake of snow drift into the dirt and vanish. My walk had been longer than I thought.

- Colin Murray GRD 11



DOG'S DAY

THE **DARK** SIDE OF **DARK** THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

The beauty of the northern lights shined bright in the winter's night. But in all the glee there's a horror that came to be. Let them be as they sit in poverty---- the only beauty they receive is the colors dancing in the winter's glee. But on those same nights they shiver as winter's wrath gets bigger. They freeze in the nights only to be eaten alive. In the Morning some wake up if they haven't given up. The winter gets stronger and the people no longer have hopes of it ever getting warmer. But as if their wishes were coming true the spring flowers bloom. But they no longer have the power that the northern lights devoured, as it withers away in the light of day.

-Nicole Prout GRD II



Greta LeHane GRD 8

Fantastic

Amazing

Literally the best

Love it!

by Keely Torgesen.

AUTUMN'S SPARK

by Addie Tumolo GRD 11

The thoughts of snow start to dance about
Forcing the happiness and warmth of summer out
Growing stronger with each cold night,
The approaching cold comes with the fading light
The birds will leave and the sun will too
The darkness of winter is destined to ensue
People will shuffle in their scarves and down
Looking emptily at the snow covered ground
The world will turn away from warmth
The freezing winds will blow into the north
Darkness will seep into the skies too soon
Leaving only the lonely glisten of the moon
But before the whirling snow fills the skies
And the bright sun says its goodbyes
Before the ground is buried deep
And the winter frost starts to creep
The skies are engulfed in colors of flame
As if to bring summer's warmth again
Nature greets us with scarlet, tangerine and gold
Tasked with thousands of spirits to uphold
The sun casts its rays upon the falling leaves
In dancing colors we find reprieve
From thoughts of cold that weigh on our minds
Surrounded by allure, the worry unwinds
Distracted by the beauty around us
Emerges a thought that questions the fuss:
Why must we dread the approach of snow?
Especially since we all know
That though it brings the cold and dark,
It is preceded each year by autumn's spark

THE

LEAF

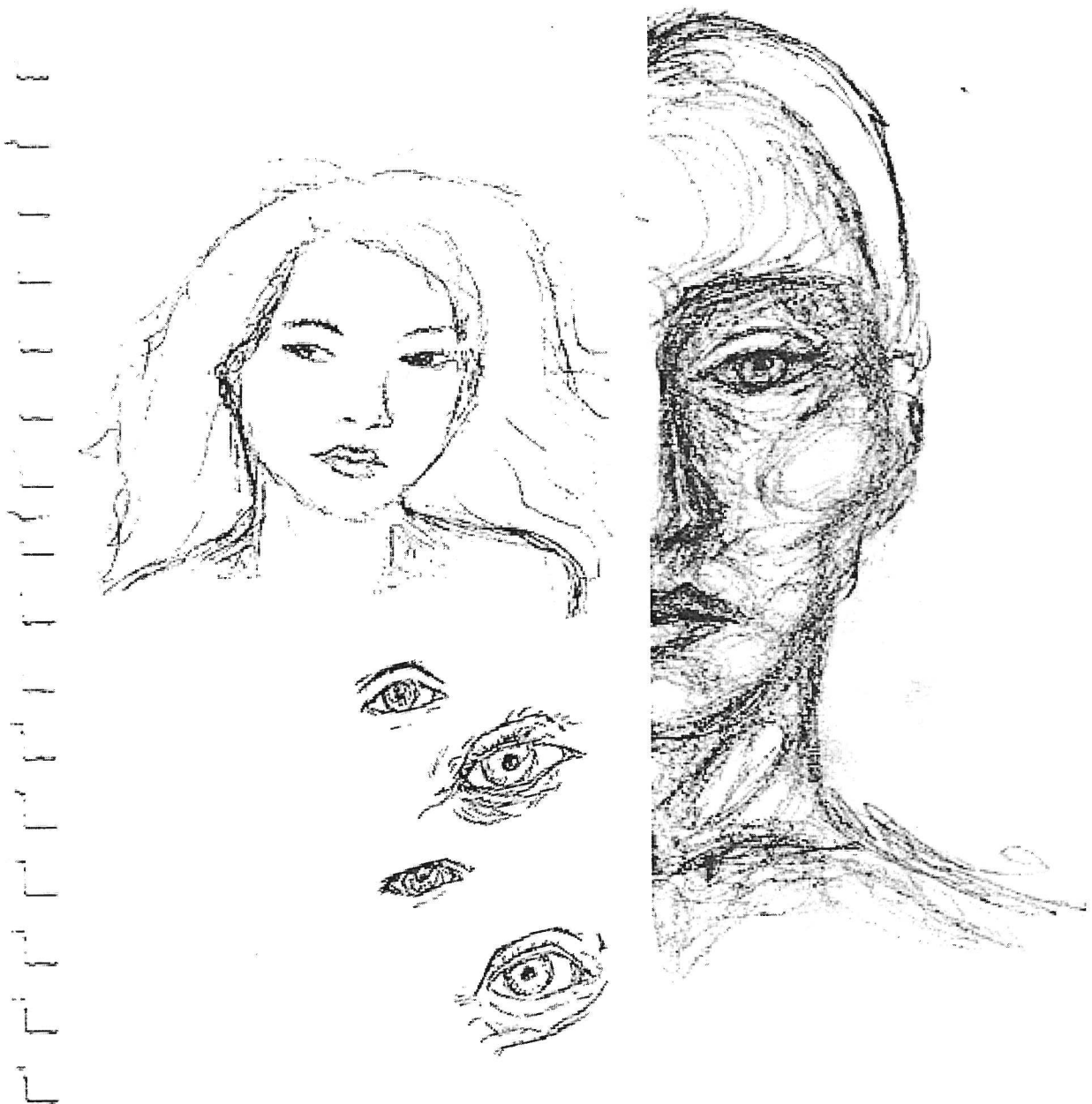
PILE

The young boy's face gleamed with satisfaction at the sight of his pile of accomplishment: a hefty mound of red, yellow, and orange leaves. Exhausted from what had felt like hours of laborious raking, his creation was complete. He threw his heavy rake on the ground and fell back into the ocean of leaves. The vibrant fiery colors danced around him as small shimmers of light kissed his youthful face. The earthy smell, the warm sunshine, and the rich colors embraced his presence.

After a long while, the colors dimmed with the setting sun. The boy arose from his pile and looked back to see a gentle breeze sweep through the waving leaves, signifying to him a gesture of goodbye.

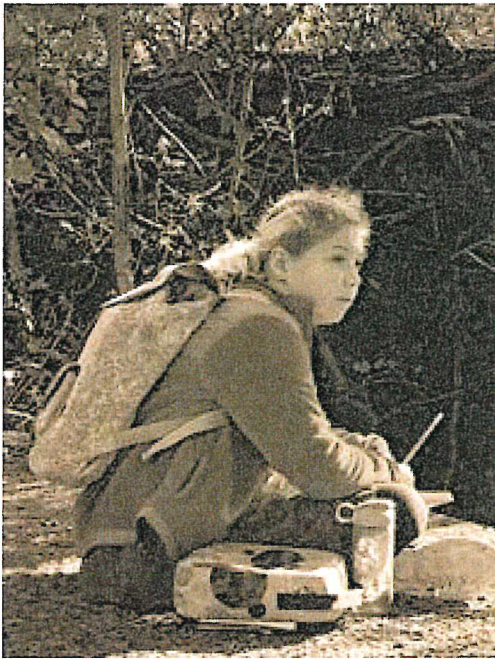
-Alexandria Szabo GRD 11

The sky is blue, the leaves change color
the air is cold and brisk, time to get gloves
out and pack away flip flops, tank tops and
shorts, more long pants, long sleeves and
jackets, soon comes winter, but it is fun
while it lasts! -Keely Torgerson GRD 6

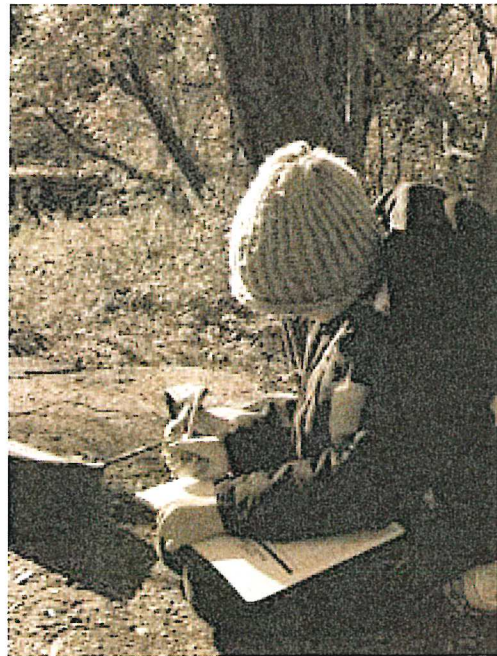


BMS STUDENTS AT WORK

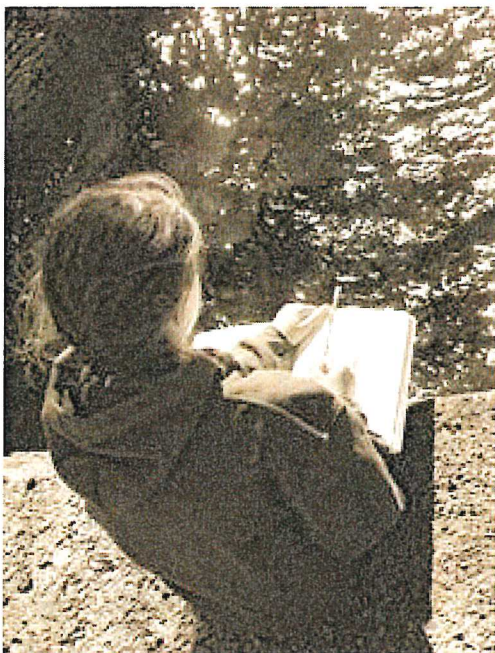
PHOTOS BY MS. KAAKE



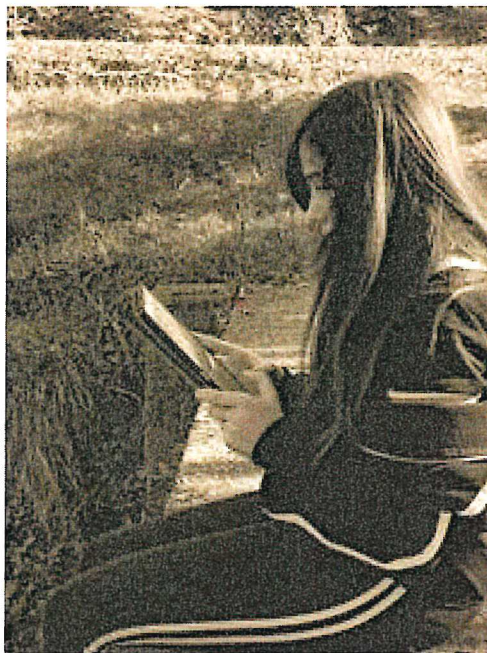
Keely Torgerson GRD 6



Hannah Sharp GRD 6



Fransisca Dickens GRD 6



Emily Jeffereys GRD 7



1923: The woman emerged from the hospital carrying her newfound bundle of joy wrapped tight in a blue blanket to protect against the cool breeze. His first sight of nature is that of the bright yellow leaves on the tree above him.

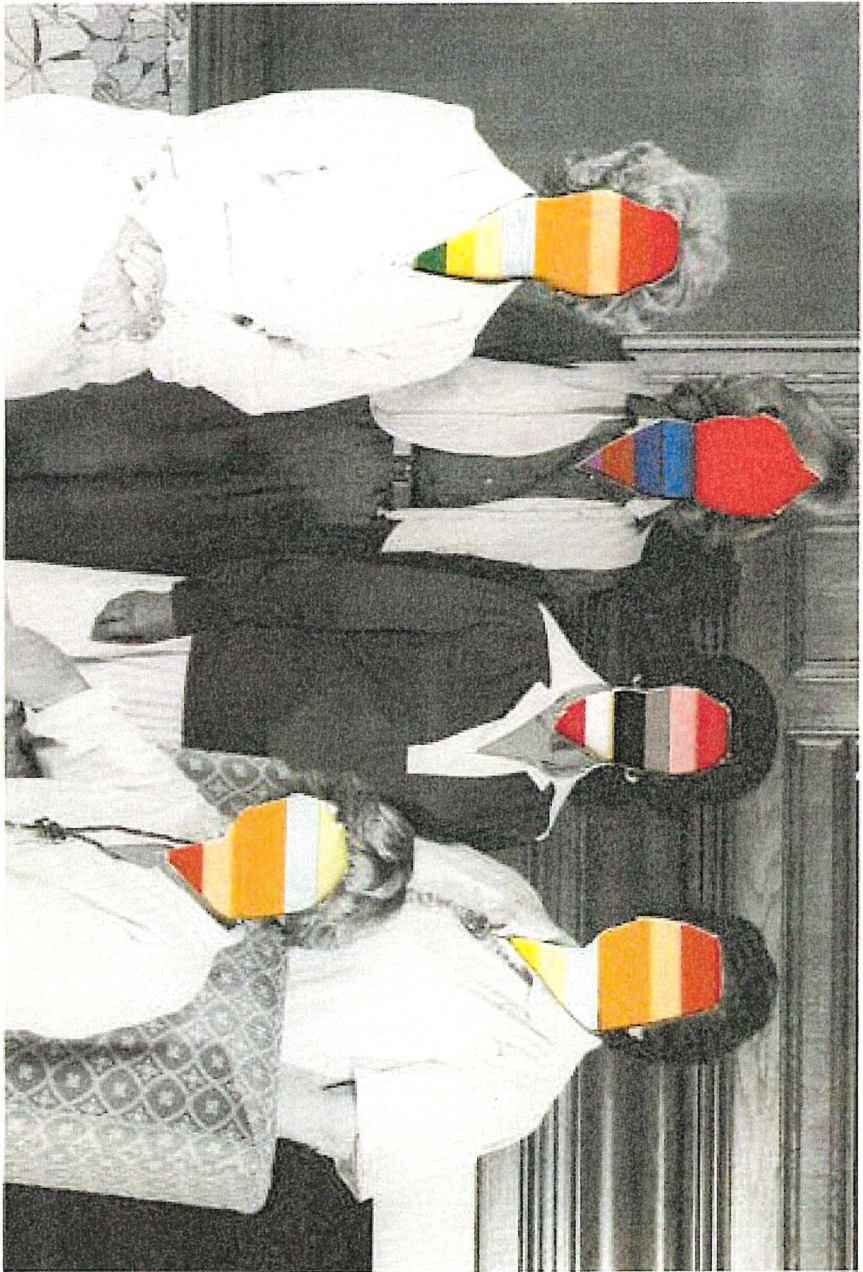
1924: The woman bursts into shouts of excitement as the young boy mutters the first word of his life: “leaf.” He was witnessing what would later become the burden of raking the yard.

1928: While learning to write in his kindergarten class, one of the questions on the paper reads, “What is your favorite season?” He carefully printed in “fall,” the season which seemed to be the most beautiful of all.

1941: At the front of the line full of other young men, he handed his paperwork to the officer wearing a drab grey-green uniform. The officer glanced at the paper and offhandedly said, “oh, fall birthday huh? Me too.”

1945: As he lied there, covered in blood and dirt, listening to the sounds of roaring machines and yells of his brothers, the young man rested his final gaze upon the yellows of the leaves in the trees.

-John Jackson GRD 11



ROY ROBERTS GRD 12

Rain sprinkled
an overgrown bed
of rose and sedum and grass,
bejeweling a spider's latticework
with ringlets of liquid mercury
light enough to sit atop
an invisible thread.



If water can be this weightless,
Then what cut a chasm right through the grey gravel road
alongside the grass?

Torrents of the stuff carved deep into rock and stone,
pushed pebbles and silt through new rivulets
to bring mountains of mud and dirt
right to our door
for the soles of our shoes to carry inside.

- Sarah Wheeler

WALK IN THE LEAVES

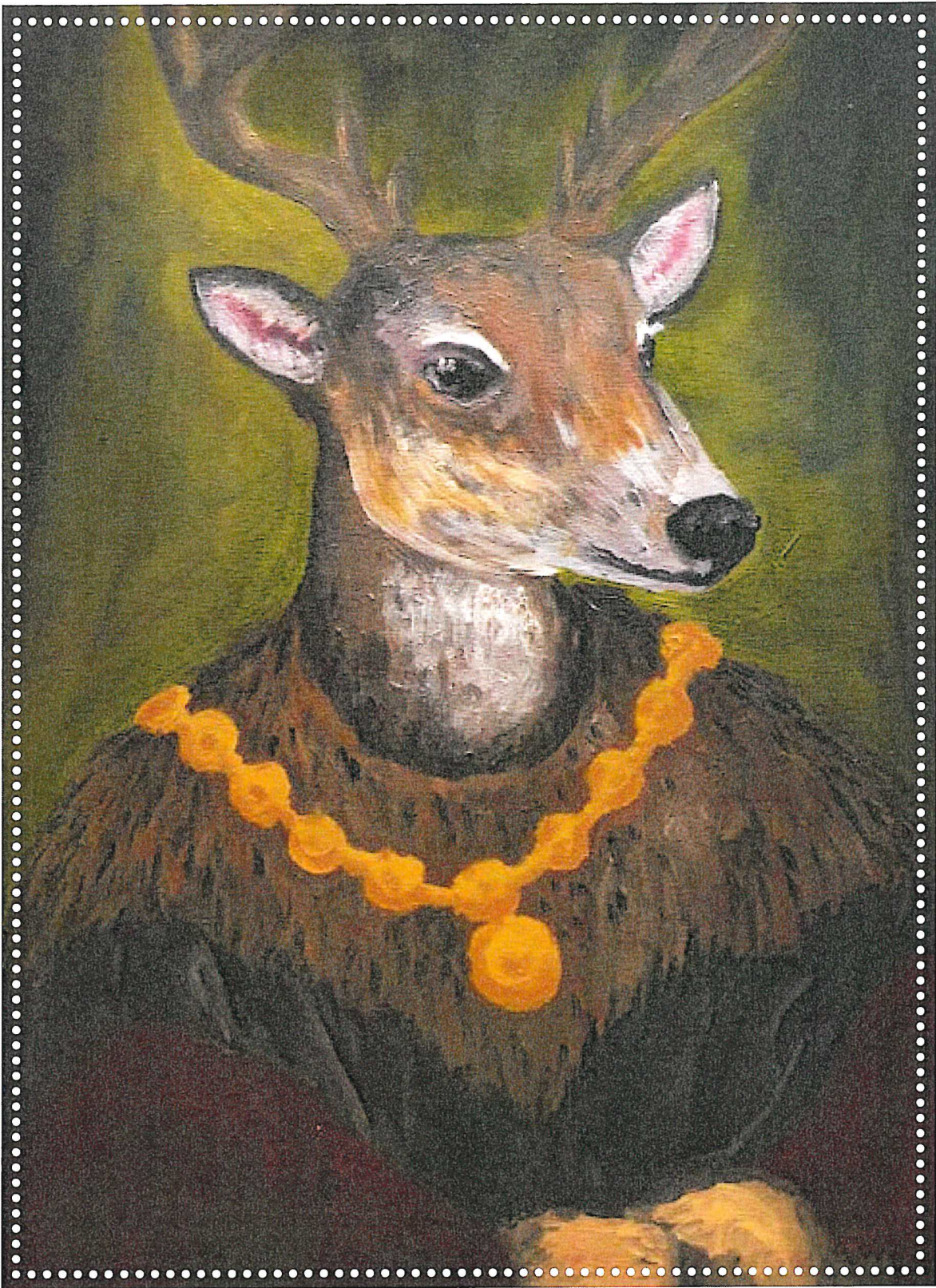
by Grace Ellis

Half
-way hollow,
maple sweet,
a
n
d
bitter after.
Sting and crunch,
crisp orange,
y
e
l
l
o
w
- too clear for
clarity, still
leaves turn broken
lyrics, assemble against
the Vermont blue.
T
w
i
r
l
Fall
to
Dust
Around m
e and
y
o
u.

The beautiful leaf
Wisk around in the breeze
falling slightly down



By Hannah Sharp



INTANGIBLE MEMORIES

Theodora Hirmes GRD 8

Running with sunshine
So light your feet dream,
Soft wind
Gently pushes your hair behind your ear.
That one touch, that small, simple touch explodes
 inside you.
A leaf falls down,
Down from the trees,
The trees,
Now bare and cold,
Lonely, with their color slowly fading,
Go,
Go hug them. Go,
Be a treehugger,
And I'll come with you,
Let's,
Let's
Forget society for a second,
Let's run after that leaf,
Not a quick utilitarian jog,
But a little kid,
Arms flying in all directions run.
Take my hand.
Let's jump,
Jump
Into that stupid leaf pile,

And be kids again.
Why do we leave out so many important facts of
 things?
Like I didn't tell you the color of her eyes,
So blue, crystallized with curiosity,
Or that Queen Elizabeth II is trained mechanic,
Or that space has a distinct smell;
A smell of diesel fumes, gunpowder and barbecue.
And why is it that it is
So beautiful out here?
And if you, yes you,
If you saw the Buddha in a supermarket,
Would you recognize him?
And why,
Why do we glorify the human condition so much?
We are theys, and animals,
Animals are merely things?
The pigeon's god is a pigeon, just as
The squirrel's god, a squirrel.
And your god, well,
I know nothing of your god.
We try so hard to find meaning in things,
When in fact this rock, right here,
In your small cracked hand,
Had just as much power to change your life
As thousands of motivational youtube videos.

WINDING TRAIL

The winding trail down the way
is strewn with leaves
More, more, and more every day
falls down onto that pathway
Each leaf has such stark, beautiful colors.
Red, yellow, orange, and brown
Mix and blend under the brothers
As they wander up and down
That curving, twisting trail framed
By skeleton-like branches that reach down.

-Kathleen Hall GRD 11

September:

The warm, bright colors of autumn begin to show at the end of green branches like sunlight dancing along the leaves.

October:

The streets are littered with mounds of brown and red debris. Each mound so tall and ready to be scattered by the little monsters on All Hallows Eve.

November:

The air at night tastes of ozone, stealing the moisture from each and every lung. The clear, sweet smell is reminiscent of winters past and fortells the winter soon in the future.





FALL

Ms. Kaake

Amber, yellow leaves
Swirling, twisting as they fall
Crunching under foot

Brisk breezes; eyes water
Smell cold... and faint chimney smoke
Nostrils flare, fresh air

Hibernation time
Chilly air signals time for
A warm snuggly nap

LEAF IN FALL

It is warm and I am a beautiful green.
But when the days get shorter,
and the weather becomes a little chilly,
I transform into a lovely orange.
I grow to enjoy my newfound identity,
but not for very long.
I become quite brittle,
I cannot feel my stem.
I have turned the color yellow.
This color is also very nice I think to myself
What will I turn next?
Purple? Blue? White?
As I ponder my near future I begin to feel unhinged
A strong breeze comes along and I begin to soar.
I see the other leaves drifting by.
I wonder what they're thinking.
Next thing I know I hit the ground
Here is where I will lie
To watch the rest of the season pass me by.

-Penelope Paldino GRD 11

Etta and Me

Katelin Grande

I think I understand the look on my father's face
the first time my daughter said it so plainly:

“Ummmm, I think you're going to die, Pop-pop.”

She's not wrong.

The drooping cornstalks,
The shriveled worms,
The desiccated leaves.

We talk about dying as change:
Returning to the earth
Feeding new growth
Cycling through the seasons.

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love.

It is hard to think myself a gift to the ground
when my feet still feel so firm upon it.

I know my love for my daughter feels infinite
and I am not.

My skin sags, wrinkles, dries.

Our relationship will change.
I will not be here to witness her reimagining of me
To bear her upon my lap
To ground her under her boot-soles.

All the same, and entirely different.

THANKSGIVING

by Jonah Carleton

Wish that I was the wish bone snapping in half
The mashed potatoes drowned in thick suffocating gravy
That I was eaten alive and didn't have to endure my family any longer
I have more in common with the turkey than I do with them

We are both unintelligent, clumsy creatures
That try to fly but can't get our useless bodies off the ground
Neither of us are free range
And we both hate Thanksgiving

It reminds me how powerfully I crave
But how I can't seem to bring myself to do anything
Except sit silently at a table, pretend to be interested in my aunts and uncles
And wish like a turkey, that I could fly.

MURMUR

Fall 2018

Creative
Writing Club

Rhinebeck High
School

Bulkeley Middle
School

