

The Labyrinth

2016 - 2017





Mr. Dana Reed

One great school, one great man, so many memories.

Throughout the halls, for many years, his voice was heard teaching.

He gave his all to every student and affected countless lives...

His presence will never leave and all will remember his wisdom.

- Courtney Masker

Forever a Western Wayne Wildcat!



PEREGRINA

Among us was a designer living a lavish life but
The journey to get there was not without strife.
From the bottom she worked to get to the top,
Until she was satisfied she did not stop.
The center of New York City is where she called home and
She never stayed still because she loved to roam.
All you could see was her youth in her eyes, while
Her energy and high spirit were of no surprise.
The skin on her face as smooth as glass, and
Red hair covered her shoulders in the greatest mass.
Blue eyes peeked out from wispy bangs.
In the most mysterious places, did she hang.
With other artists most of her time was spent
Talking of their dreams and what those dreams meant.
The clothes that she wore were of greatest importance to her
Because she made them herself with massive allure.
It was a carefully sewed red jump-suit
And she believed this attire was her most valued loot.

BY: MOLLY BOYKO

MY SWEETEST SONG

There is a minstrel who lives across the way
From whom he developed his technique, I shall not say.
A sweet, rich Baritone was his voice
And I couldn't think of a more pleasant noise.
He's kind of heart and strong of mind
With honesty more brutal than you could find
While akin to a clumsy house cat
His sense of humor is lovely and never falls flat
He possesses an allergy to legumes
And on Friday nights, we march with those with plumes
But onto my minstrel's appearance and dress
His hair is soft chestnut and sometimes a mess
Musician's black is often his attire
A fashion choice that occasionally ISN'T so dire
Usually, he can be found in a big fluffy sweater
And many days he remarks on how he wishes the weather would be better.



BY: HALEY POST

HALLOWED

Why is it you haunt me so?
Isn't it clear that I've been through enough?
Regret and remorse are all that I know
I'm stuck living a life so coarse and rough
Still I am bound to you by hand and cuff
There is no way I'll ever be set free
A curse of all that has made this love tough
Such emotions as thee won't let me be
And surely now I have begun to see
How it is that we've, together, been paired
These feelings that dwell deep inside of me
It is only because too much I have cared
Alone and longing I'm forever more
You are forever knocking at my door

BY: MICHAEL WORMUTH



THE LOVE SONNET

My love for you is so overwhelming.
I wake up thinking of you every day.
Your sweet smile makes our love reassuring.
She is so soft and warm in every way.
For her I would surely do everything.
I hope she loves me to have and to hold.
If she asks, I will give her anything.
My heart now taking me from the cold.
Surely she becomes every part of me.
My soul mate she will be forever more.
To love her as I do has set me free.
So glad that love came knocking at my door.
She brings the best of times into my life.
Hopefully one day she will be my wife.

BY: SCOTTY WALCK





A FEELING OF LOVE

Oh, where does that feeling of love come from?
Do we just succumb to our fragile hearts,
Or are others just luckier than some?
Does love only reach out to certain parts?
Why is it that it can cause some great pain,
Yet others grow stronger in its warm arms?
Loves does not just wash away in the rain.
Love nourishes the heart, but its loss harms.
The feeling of love comes from all around.
Love does not judge on looks or who you are.
Love keeps all that embrace it safe and sound.
It keeps us together both near and far.
Love is a powerful force in the world.
It can't be stopped and it can't be unfurled.

BY: MAGGIE PODUNAJEC

AN EXTRAORDINARY HUMAN

A woman that I know so well
Her hair brown, straight and has a lovely smell
Her pretty brown eyes do compliment her hair
She doesn't look her age which is very rare
Her smile is bright but not quite straight
It brings only happiness, never hate.
Her voice is calm, soft and clear
A sound quite soothing, pleasing to the ear.
She keeps in shape and is very fit
She runs many miles and does not quit.
The clothes she wears are casual and cool
Light on top, darks on bottom seem to be her rule.
She truly loves her sneakers which she wears best
Still, she does try to put heels to the test.
The most efficient book-keeper you will ever meet
Never takes a break and keeps her office neat.
After all she does, she still makes time for me
There is no other Mom on earth, as loving as she!



BY: JESSICA BERGER

SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET

My dear old home, how we have wronged you.
So blinded by green greed, while your green turned grey.
“Their safety is sound” we spoke without woe,
Yet creatures still dying, land in decay.
Manmade soil where all your wonders once stood.
“Progress.” **Destruction.** Knew not what we had.
Mother, O’ Mother, we’ve torn down your wood;
Far too late to repent--- our fate ironclad.
Worry not, sweet Earth, for soon we’ll be gone.
Our footprint turned sinkhole wins in the end.
Rejoice! Our demise will spark your new dawn
And let walk new life again, past transcend.
My sorrow for our sins runs to your core
As final gift to you, ourselves no more.



BY: JULIANNA CRUZ

A MOM



There was a woman tall and lean,
The most hardworking I’ve ever seen.
She wore whatever she could find,
Looking fancy was the last thing on her mind.
A mother of three I do believe,
And a perfect individual I perceive.
Mentally and physically tired and weary,
Yet still wears a smile and never looks dreary.
No novice at cooking or everyday chore,
An unkept house she could not ignore.
She works nine hours a day, yet still finds a way,
To come home and work more anyway.
She loves what she does and never complains,
She enjoys helping with homework to show off her brains.
But her most precious trait that I adore the most,
Is her high standards and intelligence,
Ambition and strive for maternal excellence.

BY: MAKAYLA ROSE



DEPRESSING SONNET

Blowing trees beckon to me, so it shows
Gaze into the eyes of God, bright they glow
Warm as the sun yet cold as winter snow
Death soon comes, I feel it in my body
I grow tired of this sad life, end it
It began so full of joy; of moxie
Now underneath the trees is where I sit
I pray for the sweet release of my fate
As I think about my soul full of hate
The rattling sound of chains approaches
As I fade to dust, a feast for roaches
The vision of where I go haunts my eyes
I'm destined for deep below, not the skies
But it's what I deserve, for all the lies.

BY: BRETT HALLEY

RETIRED MAN

There lives a retired man across the street,
Who consumes only beer and meat.
His belly is round and his skin is fair.
For him to be inside is rare.
His yard is as bare as his head,
Since he cuts his grass until it's dead.
His round glasses sit upon his nose
Only the finest slippers cover his toes.
Nothing but camouflage will he wear
Perhaps so his wife won't see him there.
No one quite understands him like his Labrador,
Who rides on his quad and loves to explore.
As a young man he joined the war
In Vietnam he served his tour.
He then began driving trucks,
And that is how he made his bucks.
Now he spends most of his time with his gun,
Since hunting is what he does for fun.
If you happen to be passing by,
A certain someone might catch your eye
Waving hello at every car
He is the best neighbor by far.

BY: KAYLA DELEO



SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET

What God exists to craft such a kind man
Whose gentle, warm arms embrace all the world?
Unknown to most, he nurtures with kind hands,
While his peers name him as awkward and cold.
If only they looked, they'd know such a love
That halts terror and strife and soothes the soul.
Greed makes me glad, for he holds me above,
But their cruel blindness has taken its toll.
What God who loves, who holds all our lives,
Would bless us all for just one soul to see?
He holds worlds of love in his tender blue eyes,
Yet wastes it on someone as small as me.
I trust my God, but cannot understand,
Why I alone have been blessed by his hand.

BY: SKYLAR DUGAN



CANTERBURY

There is a man who lives in the north and gives gifts.
He has a sled with deer that lifts.
His face is decorated in wrinkles and he has a joyous look.
This man has a list of names naughty or nice in his book.
His hair is the color of freshly fallen snow.
This adds to his rosy red glow.
His eyes are the lightest shade of blue.
And he wears a suit with a red hue.
This man has a house full of elves.
They spend their time stocking his shelves.
He himself helps to fill his magic bag.
He fills it until it has no slag.
To spend his time he prepares for the big day.
The day he waits for all year to give the kids toys to play.
He makes his living off the spirit of the world.
The spirit that lives until the last fresh tree has curled.
But we can't forget the famous lines that are so.
These lines being "Ho, Ho, Ho".

BY: NICHOLAS ANTIDORMI





LOVES VOID

Lovingly looking in my heart for thee,
For us I see a written destiny.
The galaxy has spread its cosmic dust,
The story of us is a definite must.
Dreaming, oh dreaming of a point of glee,
Our love's true everlasting melody.
With true dedication our love is just,
An attraction that's more than merely lust.
Near to you, warmth I feel within my soul,
A charge of life that has a desire to grow.
You and I? Impossible to deny,
But if only we'd have a chance to try. . .
We, as one, can accomplish anything,
Cinderella's shoe fits you my darling.

BY: MICHAEL WASS

INNOCENCE IN THE MODERN DAY

There lived a performer, dainty and fair,
Perpetually managing locks of curly, gold hair.
Her manner of speaking was tactful and wise,
And her piccolo voice never failed to draw eyes
From many a lad who dared to draw near-
Her wit, you see, was sharp enough to fear.
She would take no false flattery, nor ill intent,
And her fine dresses seemed to float wherever she went.
She took great care to keep neat and tidy,
But do not mistake her for high and mighty.
At every show she drew impressive crowds,
Yet one could see her flush as she took her bows.
A spell would be cast with every measure.
She never fell flat- to sing was her pleasure.
Soft and lovely, her features were alluring.
Her grace was beyond evident, her beauty pouring
From every inch of her smooth, clear skin.
In a test of talent, she was sure to win.

BY: SKYLAR DUGAN



ART

Art portrays life in every perspective
Nothing possibly any more unique
Because it's internally reflective.
No one else has a say or can critique
Your deepest thoughts and your fascinations.
Express your insane creativity
Or other absolute observations
Advertising cognitive brilliancy.
No two works of art are ever the same
Everyone possesses different views
Sympathy and empathy are to blame
For what you decide on and what you choose
To create that will show the world what you
Feel and let your special story shine through.

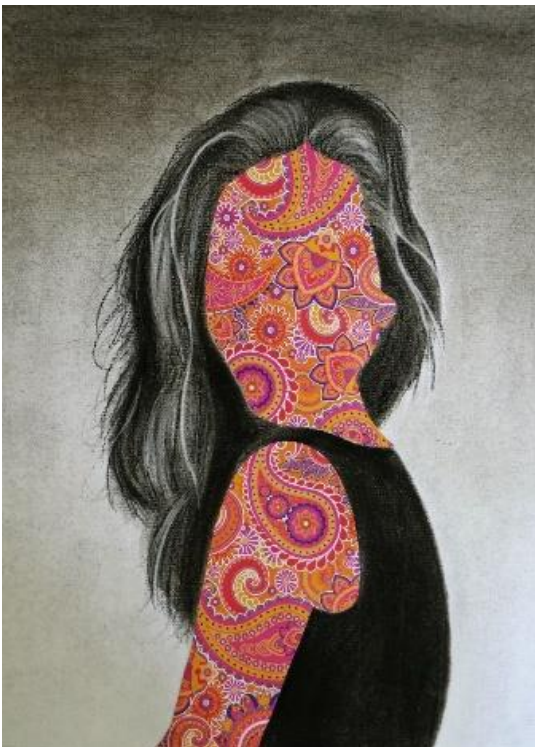
BY: MAKAYLA ROSE



MY MOTHER

This lady who lives in my house and is so sweet.
I always come to her making me a treat.
She makes my bed and picks up my clothes
When its running, she wipes my nose.
She is short and has black hair
She doesn't listen to drama because she does not care.
She is a stay at home mom and has many things to do
If you come over she will make dinner for me and you.
She wears pajama pants and a nice warm shirt
She was never one to wear a bright skirt.
If I do something bad, she will definitely scold
That's why I listen to everything I have been told.
She has been with me my entire life
To my father, she is the perfect wife.
When you look at her she always has a smile on her face
When she finishes cleaning there is never a trace.
She tells me I'm handsome and smart
This is why I love my mother with all my heart.

BY: SCOTTY WALCK





THE BAKER

The baker lived down the street.
He would bake breads of rye, yeast, and wheat.
Early each morning he would rise,
To mix the dough with tired eyes.
Though that would not stop him from being a benevolent man.
He'd feed the poor with some bread in his pan.
His attire would not match, not that it mattered,
His bleached smock would be splattered in patches of different patterns.
Underneath he was rippled with muscle,
All that kneading build him up, competing with the customer hustle.
He loved what he was doing with flour dotting his rosy cheeks,
Even if he barely made much week to week.
His hard effort was well worth the time.
Everyone praised him for his pies especially the key lime.
All of his goods he must have sampled,
He was more than ample.
He made a number of tasty treats,
But he was the one that was truly sweet.

BY: SAMANTHA DAVIS



LOST

Tears, they poured down my face, onto my chest, and silently hit the floor. As I sit in the darkness of my room, I try to breathe. I sit up straight, I bend over, I stand, I pace, but nothing seems to get rid of this heavy weight on my chest. The more I cry the harder it is to breathe, so I stop. I fall to my hands and knees, but the only pain I feel is the one is in my heart. It feels like a boa constrictor is wrapping itself around my chest. I am finally able to get air in my lungs, but it burns because it only comes in with a choking sob. I lie on the floor curled in a ball, wishing that you were here. If only I could do something. If only I could bring you back, for at least one day. I could tell you everything I love about you, how great of a person you are, how important you are to me and others, how appreciated you are, how you are a blessing. I roll to my hands and knees and throw up on the floor, shaking, sweating, panting, and crying. You should be here, but life is not fair.

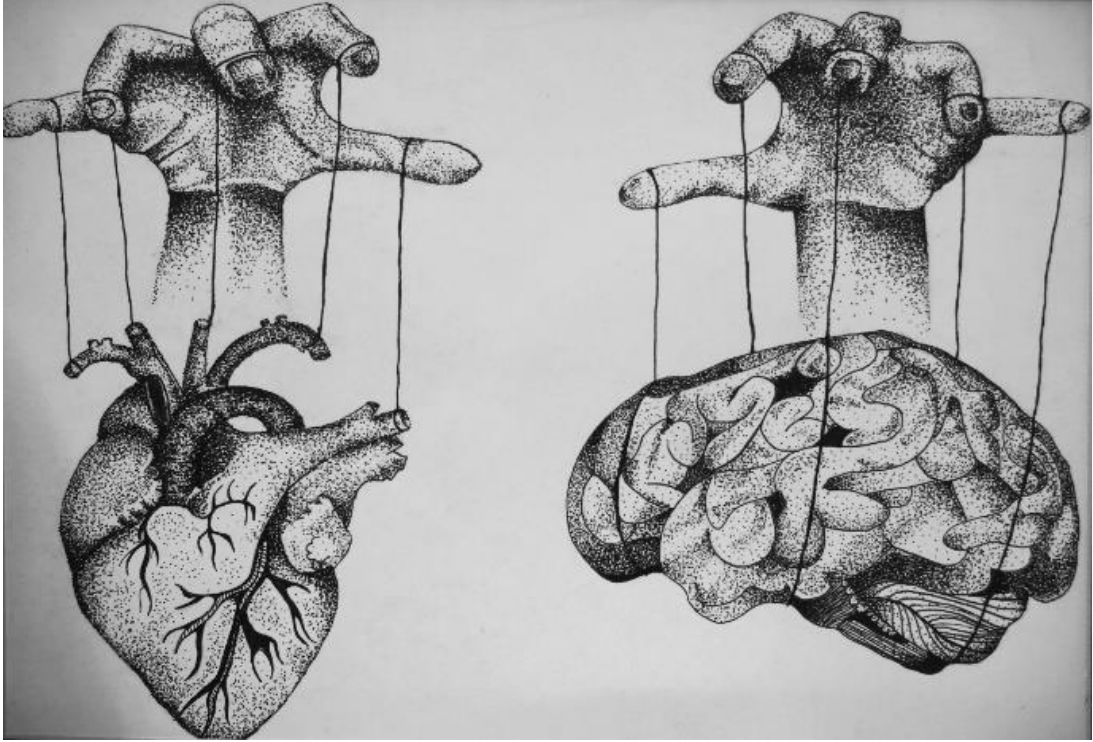
One year. The pain has not dulled a bit. Every time something reminds me of you it feels like I have thousands of needles pricking my heart, and the heavy weight on my chest has not gotten any lighter. I have been trying even harder on everything; school, sports, music, myself, life. You always told me I work hard, maybe too hard sometimes, but I need to push myself and do something, because it helps dull the aches in my heart. I remember when we would watch a sunset together, how we would just stare at it until it was gone. They are not the same without you. Nothing is. The late walks on summer nights with the crickets chirping and the warm breeze blowing on our hair, singing to our favorite songs and not messing up any words because we know them so well, watching a thunderstorm as the rain pours and the flash of lightening illuminates your face, long drives during the middle of the night where we just talk about life and what we will do with ourselves, laughing at the jokes we make with each other no matter how silly they are, and so much more. You are my best friend, my world, my inspiration, my everything. You are gone now, not a part of this cruel world. You are always going to be a part of me, in my heart, mind and soul. I think about you every day, and I am not sure how much better things will get. You told me to hold on, have faith, and to never give up. You told me that I would get better, that I would be able to feel things other than pain, that I would appreciate and love life again. I did not want to believe you. I wanted to think this pain would last forever. I did not believe you until I saw a sunset, and I smiled for the first time, in what seemed like years.

Ten years. I smile more often now. I have been able to cope with what has happened. I go to a therapist, and he helps me think of the good things in life. I get to have a car, a family, sunsets and sunrises, thunderstorms, food, a house, a dog, gifts and talents, music, and much more. I have learned to appreciate life more since you have gone. I do not know if I should say thank you for that or not. You always told me to appreciate everything in life no matter how small because it could be gone in a heartbeat. Just like you were. If there were one thing I could have shown more appreciation to, it would have been you. I appreciated the way you held me when I was sad, how you knew how to make me smile and laugh, how you showed me the good things that life has to offer, how change isn't always a bad thing, how to keep going and never give up no matter what, to be myself, to do more. You are still my biggest motivation. I have learned to do things for myself and by myself since you have been gone. Thank you. I still wish you were here, even though I am sure, you are happy wherever you are. Wherever that is, I know you are still here in my heart and in the little things. You are in the sunsets and the clouds. You are in the raindrops crashing to the ground, and the thunder booming across the sky. You are the wind that blows on the warm days. You are the music that plays through the car speaker. You are the sun ripping through the clouds on the stormiest days. You are the air that enters my lungs. You are more than you know. You are part of me, engraved into my very essence and being. The scars from you are etched into my heart and forever will be. The words you have said will always run through my mind. Though I may feel sadness in my heart sometimes, I know you are here. You are always watching and listening, and I like to believe that when I drive home and hear our favorite song on the radio, get that pang of sadness in my heart, you decide to make the sunset a little bit brighter that day. I will never get over the fact that you are gone. I will never get over this eternal sadness I feel. I do know, however, you are with me and are supporting me through every day and standing by my side helping me fight. Thank you for that. Thank you, for you. You have helped me see the worth in myself and the worth of life. You have taught me to never take things for granted. Thank you. Thank you for helping me grow.



& FOUND

BY: DOMINIC CORMA



BY: SKYLER BOOTH



BY: MAYA BLACK

BY: JOCILYN HILL



BY: MAKAYLA ROSE



BY: OLIVIA TROIANO



Molly Nagle

Literary Magazine 2016-2017

The Labyrinth is a publication of the literary magazine staff at Western Wayne High School. In it, we acknowledge the hopes, dreams, challenges, and creative abilities of our students.

Our Staff:

Advisor- Mr. James Rebar

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**Thank you for all who helped and made this
magazine possible this year.**