



ELYSIUM

2015

ART & LITERARY
MAGAZINE

Validating Student Artists and Writers
At Coral Reef Senior High since 2005



OVER 150 PEOPLE ATTENDED THE 10TH ANNUAL ELYSIUM GALA AT BOOKS AND BOOKS CORAL GABLES.



JESSICA ZELEDON
JUSTIN VEIRA
NICK ADLER
NICK GUERRA

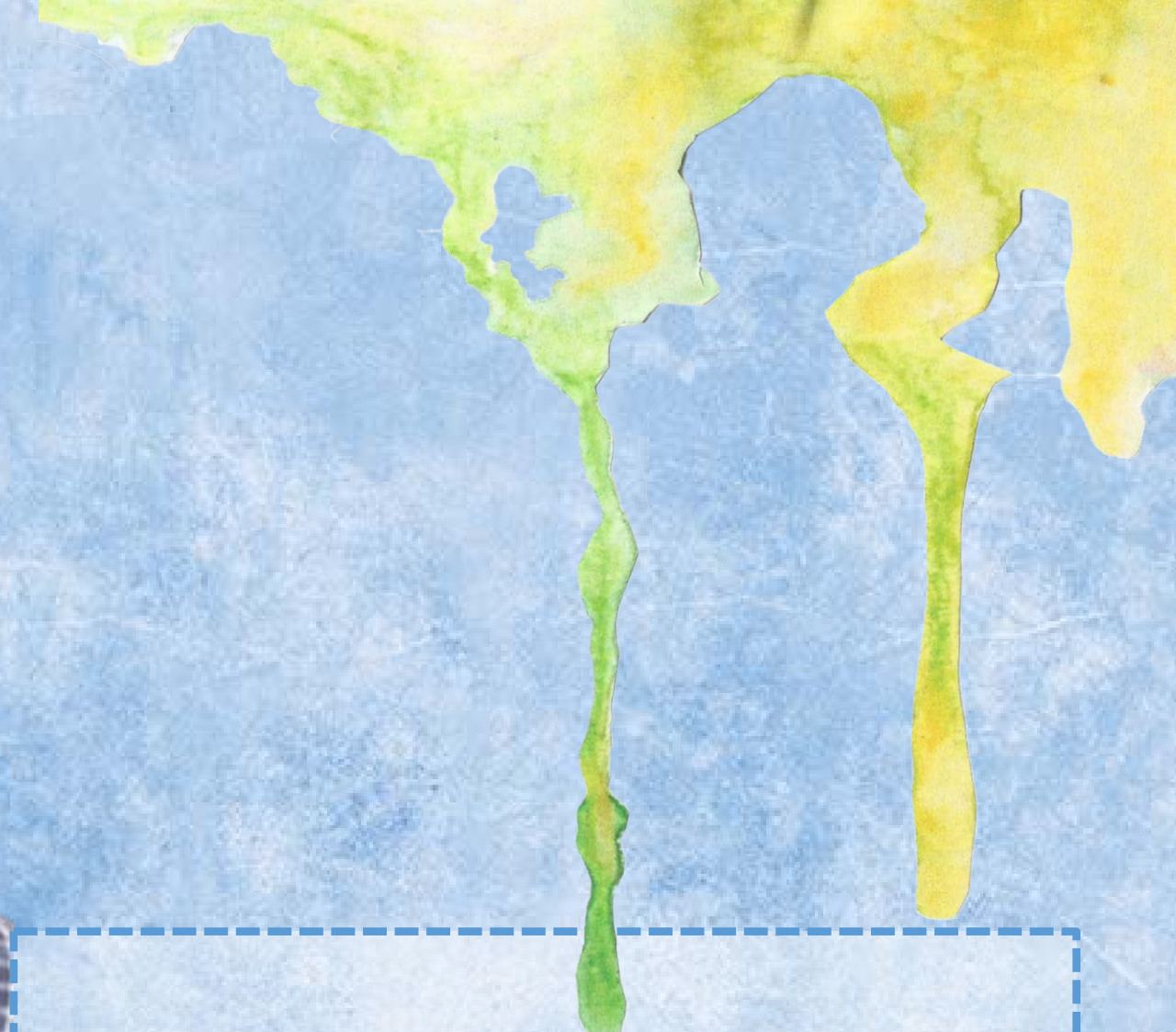
MUSICAL PRELUDE

FRANZ SCHUBERT - STRING QUARTET
IN A MINOR, D 804 "ROSAMUNDE"



2015 STAFF





THANKS TO MITCH KAPLAN ALONG WITH
THE BOOKS AND BOOKS STAFF FOR HOSTING
ELYSIUM FOR THE PAST NINE YEARS.



OUR MAGAZINE EXISTS TO VALIDATE
YOUNG ARTISTS, WRITERS, AND MUSICIANS.

32 ARTISTS, 39 WRITERS, AND 10 MUSICIANS
COMING FROM 4 SEPARATE MAGNET STRANDS
CONTRIBUTED TO THE 2015 EDITION OF ELYSIUM.

*“Yearbooks record memories; newspapers
chronicle events, but only literary/art
magazines capture a soul.”*

TO SEE COMPLETE COLOR PDF'S OF EACH MAGAZINE CLICK BELOW THE COVER PICTURE AT [HTTP://CRHS.DADESCHOOLS.NET/ELYSIUM](http://crhs.dadeschools.net/elysium)



The screenshot shows the homepage of the Elysium Literary/Art Magazine website. At the top, there is a green header with the magazine's logo and name. Below the header are navigation tabs for 'index', 'Submissions', and 'Staff Application'. A left sidebar contains a 'About Us' menu with links to 'Coral Reef High', 'Books 'n Books', 'News', 'Awards', '2015 Staff', 'Creating a Magazine 1/2 minute to load ppt', and 'Art Show Gallery'. The main content area features an 'About Us' section with a gold crown award from the 2015 CSPA and a 'PRESLM'S HIGHEST AWARD' badge. Below this is a circular logo for the magazine and a paragraph describing its mission. At the bottom, there is a group photo of the staff and a 'Download 2015 PDF' link.

Elysium Literary/Art Magazine
AN ANNUAL PUBLICATION SINCE 2005

index Submissions Staff Application

About Us

2015 CSPA Gold CROWN

PRESLM'S HIGHEST AWARD

Program To Recognize Excellence in Student Literary Magazines

Elysium, Coral Reef High School's literary/arts magazine, is designed to showcase student creativity in both writing and the visual arts.

Published continuously since 2005, the magazine seeks to establish ties with the larger community, recognize exemplary student work, & teach professional design and layout. We believe there is real value in preserving the continuation of print media.

Your books record memories. Newspapers chronicle events. Only art and literature capture a soul.

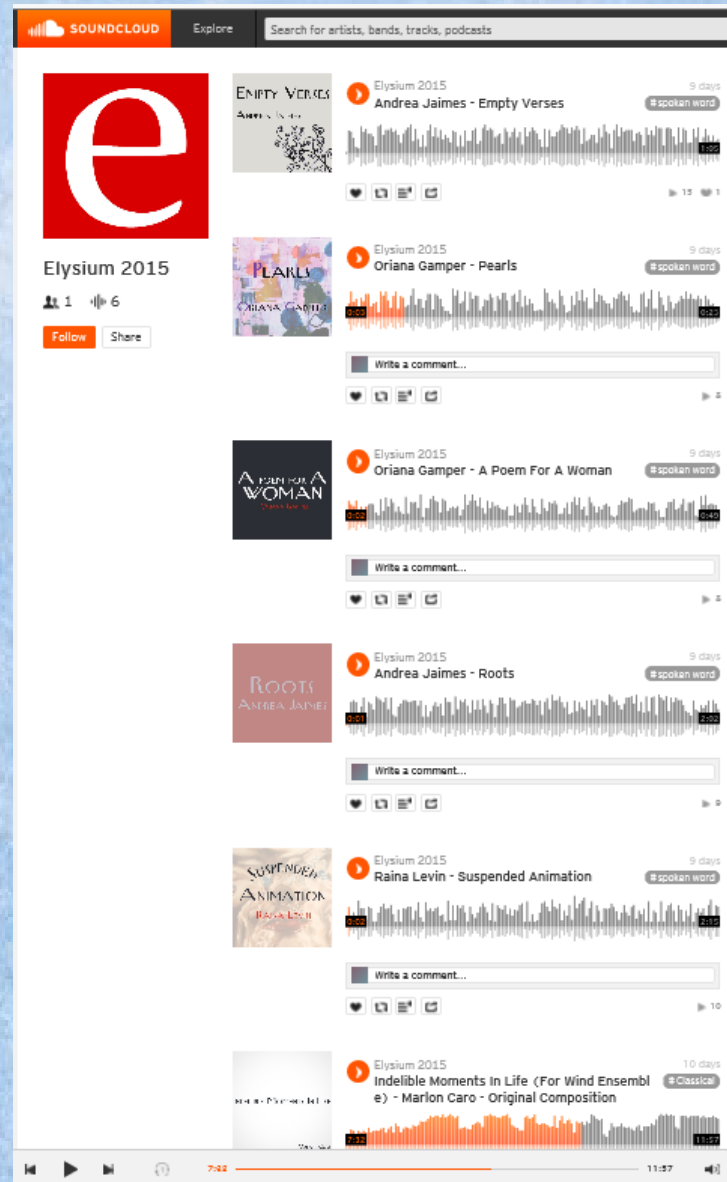
View the full archived magazines as PDF Booklets by clicking the link below each cover.

Click the down arrow to move through the pages. Select the + or - sign to enlarge or reduce view for easier reading.

Download 2015 PDF

2015 Editor In Chief Amy Meltzer

Get Program Here



The screenshot shows a SoundCloud player interface for the Elysium 2015 album. The album cover features a large red 'e' logo. The player displays a list of tracks with their titles, artists, and durations. The first track is 'Empty Verses' by Andrea Jaimes, followed by 'Pearls' by Oriana Gamper, 'A Poem For A Woman' by Oriana Gamper, 'Roots' by Andrea Jaimes, 'Suspended Animation' by Raina Levin, and 'Indelible Moments In Life (For Wind Ensemble)' by Marlon Caro.

SOUNDCLLOUD Explore Search for artists, bands, tracks, podcasts

Elysium 2015

1 6 Follow Share

Empty Verses Elysium 2015 Andrea Jaimes - Empty Verses 9 days #spoken word

Pearls Elysium 2015 Oriana Gamper - Pearls 9 days #spoken word

A Poem For A Woman Elysium 2015 Oriana Gamper - A Poem For A Woman 9 days #spoken word

Roots Elysium 2015 Andrea Jaimes - Roots 9 days #spoken word

Suspended Animation Elysium 2015 Raina Levin - Suspended Animation 9 days #spoken word

Indelible Moments In Life (For Wind Ensemble) Elysium 2015 Marlon Caro - Original Composition 10 days #Classical

To listen to poetry, prose, and music, scan the QR code found at the back of the 2015 edition of the magazine. You may also scan the code from the online PDF. Use a qr code reader which may be downloaded as a free app on your smart phone.



ELYSIUM
LITERARY/ART MAGAZINE
VOLUME 14
2015

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We only ever experience now.

The past echoes in our hearts and minds, the future lingers just beyond our fingertips, but each can only be seen through the lens of the present.

There are moments when our lenses get obscured by the grime of existence, be it fear or sorrow, frustration or desperation.


That's when Hope emerges.

Hope is the first star spotted in the night sky.
It's a lighthouse lantern glimpsed through pounding waves.
It's a stifled laugh uttered from underneath tears.

Hope's truest companions are a writer's pen and an artist's brush.
Together, they brighten our days, one syllable and one stroke at a time.

Amy Meltzer
Amy Meltzer
Editor-in-Chief

Pictured: *Crysalized Stains*, Daniel Ochoa, Mixed Media
Front Cover: *Looking Towards the Future*, Taylor Davis, Watercolor Pencil



VALERIA PERALTA

CYNICISM

I believed when I was little
That by climbing out my window
And reaching out just a little bit further,
I would touch the moon.

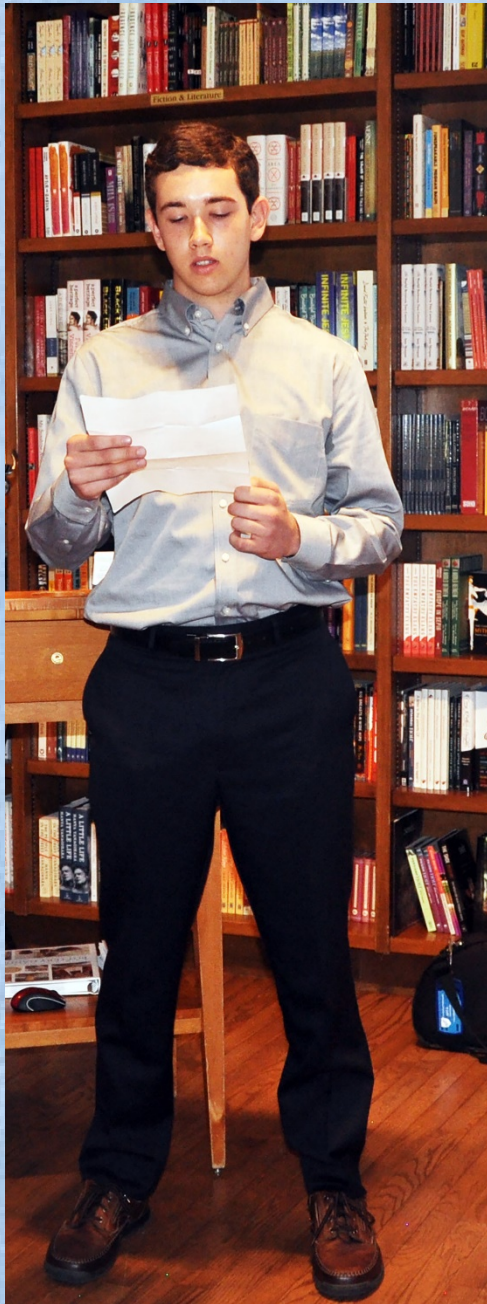
Maybe take a star as a souvenir
Of my fearless escapade,
Wear it around my neck,
And make the dull world shine.

I believed that talking to the dandelions
Would keep them company,
And I left the park everyday
Feeling like we parted as unlikely friends.

Maybe I'd become so popular by word of wind
They'd make me their queen.
It was so exciting I forgot
That most considered dandelions weeds.

I believed rocks were creatures
Who through misery decided to build
A tougher shell than ever seen before,
And I looked at them with pity when I skipped by.

Maybe it was inevitable or a sick twist of fate,
But as my steps became heavier,
My breaths longer, mind larger, and youth so far away,
Thoughts turned to praise for the
ones who decided to hide away.



WHERE TO GO FROM HERE

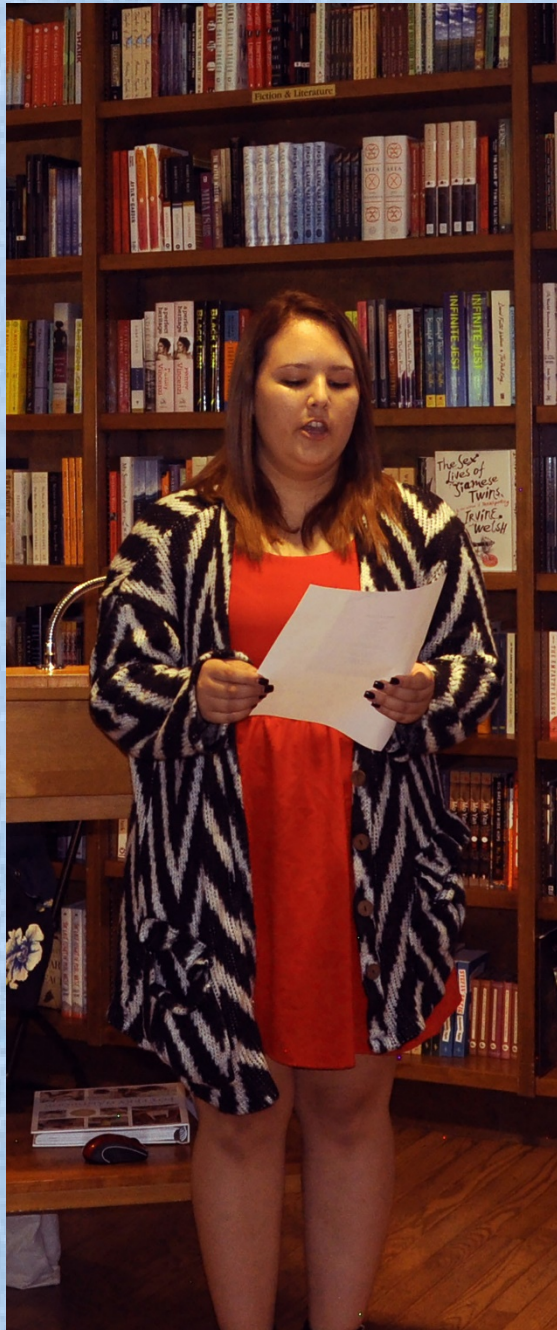
BRIAN RANSOM

The dark, clear night air stretches itself out through my mind;
Where trees and train tracks meet;
Where the sky burns green and purple,
The Northern lights and sunset and the dead of night exist all at once,
And rocks and grass splash under my feet;
Where the air is sometimes running water
and Life bends across the unlit horizon –

Sometimes I wonder,
Is there another person in this Forest?
She sometimes flashes her face across the sky
And the highest tree I can climb doesn't take me any closer to her than the ground;
But she paints the midnight such a beautiful color.

In the place where I don't sleep or I only sleep,
My footprints leave tracks as to where I've been
And I cross them,
Over brooks and through streams,
Through trees and mountains and caves,
And feel anxious and excited and scared but certain
Of the steps to come where there are none.

Where calm and quiet midnight reigns,
At the center of movement there is still,
And a beating heart at the prospect
Of where to go from here.

A decorative graphic of a gnarled, light-colored branch or root system extending from the top right corner of the page.

SHAPING

GISSELLE LANKENAU

The sculptor sought a paragon.
Yet the clay resisted.
It was a battle of
a thousand hands against kaolin.
As knuckles crashed upon its exterior,
it softened,
gradually changing color.

Curious as to how
the pale surface transformed
under his force,
He began to mold his masterpiece.

It was now splattered with
darker hues of red merging into yellow,
each time he threw the clay against the wall in frustration,
He suddenly became delighted with its altered state.

However, with time the color faded.
He had to be consistent.
For years the battle between the artist,
and his medium continued,
until she tried to leave.

So the sculptor baked her at 350 degrees
And waited for her to harden, to throw her
one last time.
His perfect china doll. Broken.

VOCAL DUET BY SISSY RENGIFRO & GENESIS BARRIOS

“MAMA SAYS”

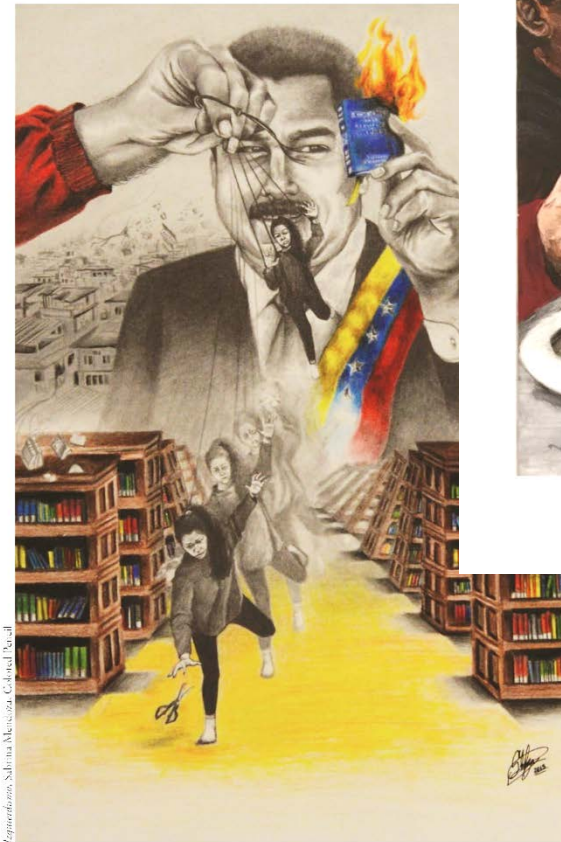
“I WILL WAIT FOR YOU”



AMBER PLAKSIN



Colorful Hope, Amber Plaksin, Mixed Media



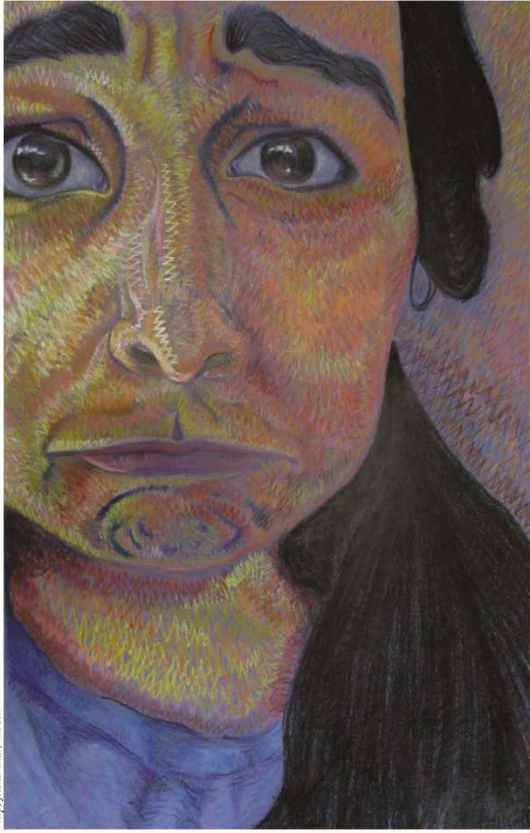
Representación: Sabrina Mendoza, Cultural Percall

SABRINA MENDOZA



Representación: Sabrina Mendoza, Acrílico

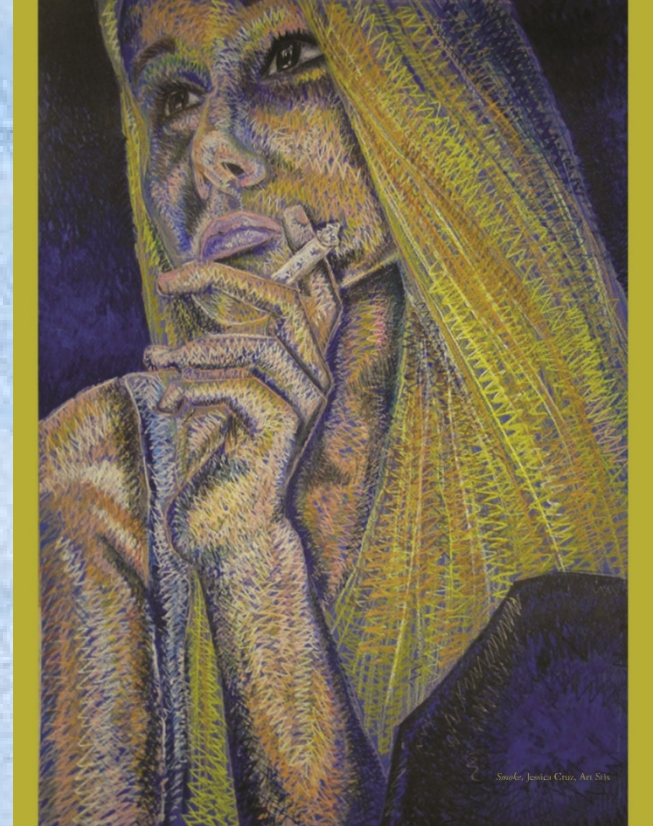
MI PAÍS EN LLAMAS



Mary, Joshua Cruz, Art 5th



JESSICA CRUZ
SCHOLASTIC GOLD
KEY WINNER 2015



Source: Jessica Cruz, Art 5th

YOUNG ARTS WINNER 2015

SOPHIA PADGETT PEREZ TERREPIC



You've Unaveled, Sophia Padgett Perez, Mixed Media

Interaction. It's one of life's greatest experiences, and one we too often take for granted. I constantly feel myself analyzing the things in front of me and creating different shots and angles in my head during any event I'm immersed in. We may never know how our interactions are going to turn out, but we almost certainly learn and grow and experience something new and beautiful everyday.

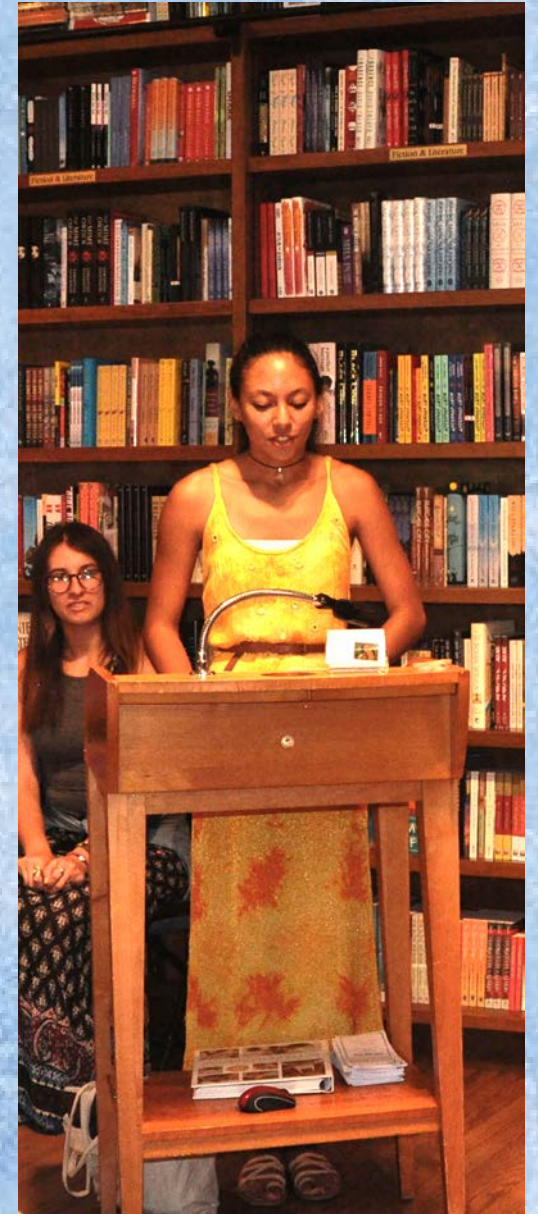
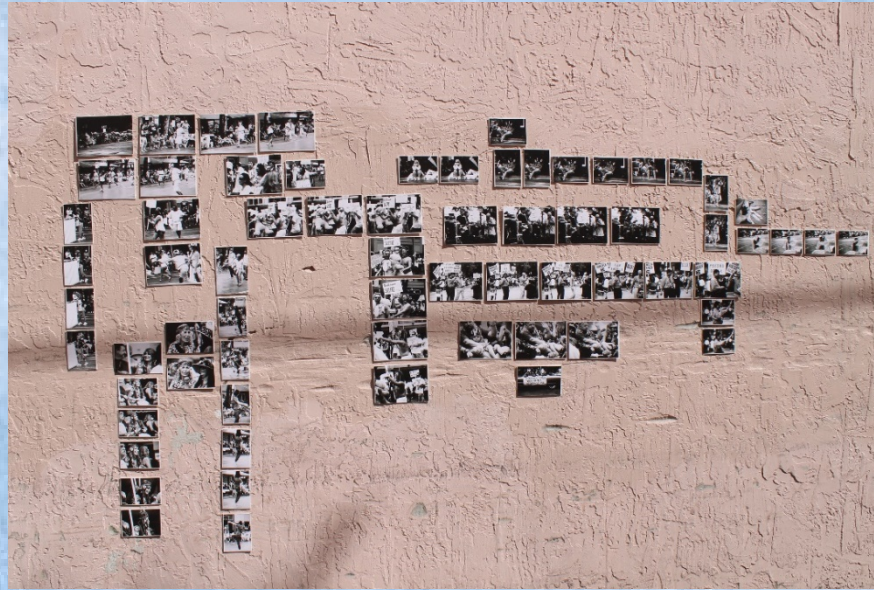
I parallel this idea with my use of film photography. I shoot my film and never know exactly how it may come out, but I still use every negative to create what I call my "Terrepics," complex photo diagrams, which translates to "Earth Story."

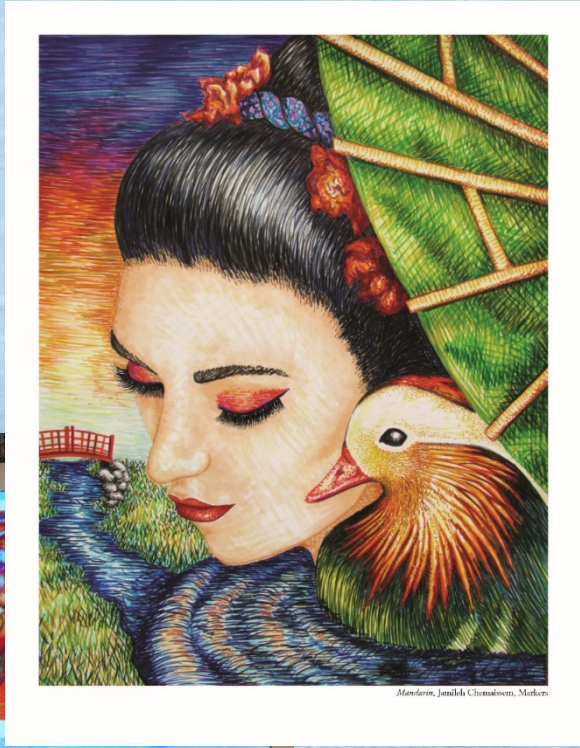
As life does, my work builds upon itself when I arrange the photographs. The collective image that is created flows from one person to the next to create a

panel of scenes that makes up the entire event.

Through this process, I also explore the idea of memory and how it affects my work. So I began to create performance pieces that utilize the sounds as well as sights of the events I've taken part in. I bring my photographs back to the places they were taken and place them up on a wall that I remember was close to the event. From a tripod, I record myself and the passerby who watch me putting up the photographs.

In my newer mixed media works, I use these patterns I create and paint them over specific photographs that were used in my "Terrepics." I have also incorporated items that specifically relate to the people in the photos, such as stuffed animal parts, to represent the interactions I have made with the people with whom I have been so interested.





Mendene, Jamileh Chemaissen,Markers



Eppany, Jamileh Chemaissen,Markers

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Majere, Jamileh Chemaissen,Markers

JAMILEH CHEMAISSEM



SUSPENDED ANIMATION

RAINA LEVIN

*Quiescence used to work for me
But it's not all it's cracked up to be*

They bombard you with their shrapnel outbursts and caustic spew,
They say the problem is not them, but you.
And you accept it.

It's no coincidence that quiescence and acquiesce sound so similar
Because when you give in, it's always a silent submission.

You didn't always feel this way.
But now you can't breach the conversation
Because you don't want to be the subject of ridicule.
Because when you're tongue tied,
Thoughts askew,
All you know is they're doubting you.

Sometimes the words are viscous and trapped in your throat
And you have no option but to swallow them back down
When you know you should just let them flow free
So you don't suffocate under their weight.

And you've grown so parched
Without the water of a willing listener
That your mouth dries up and your brain shuts down
But it doesn't really matter,
Because no one was going to care anyhow.
And there are all different kinds of silence too.



Drowning in Happiness, Maria Macias, Acrylic

Silence sprung from ignorance,
Silence that comes from bliss.
Silence born out of fear,
The silence of inadequacy come clear.
Bone-chilling silence that cuts straight to the core,
The silence that leaves you wanting much more.

Even the silence of "I can't speak your language
But you won't learn mine!"

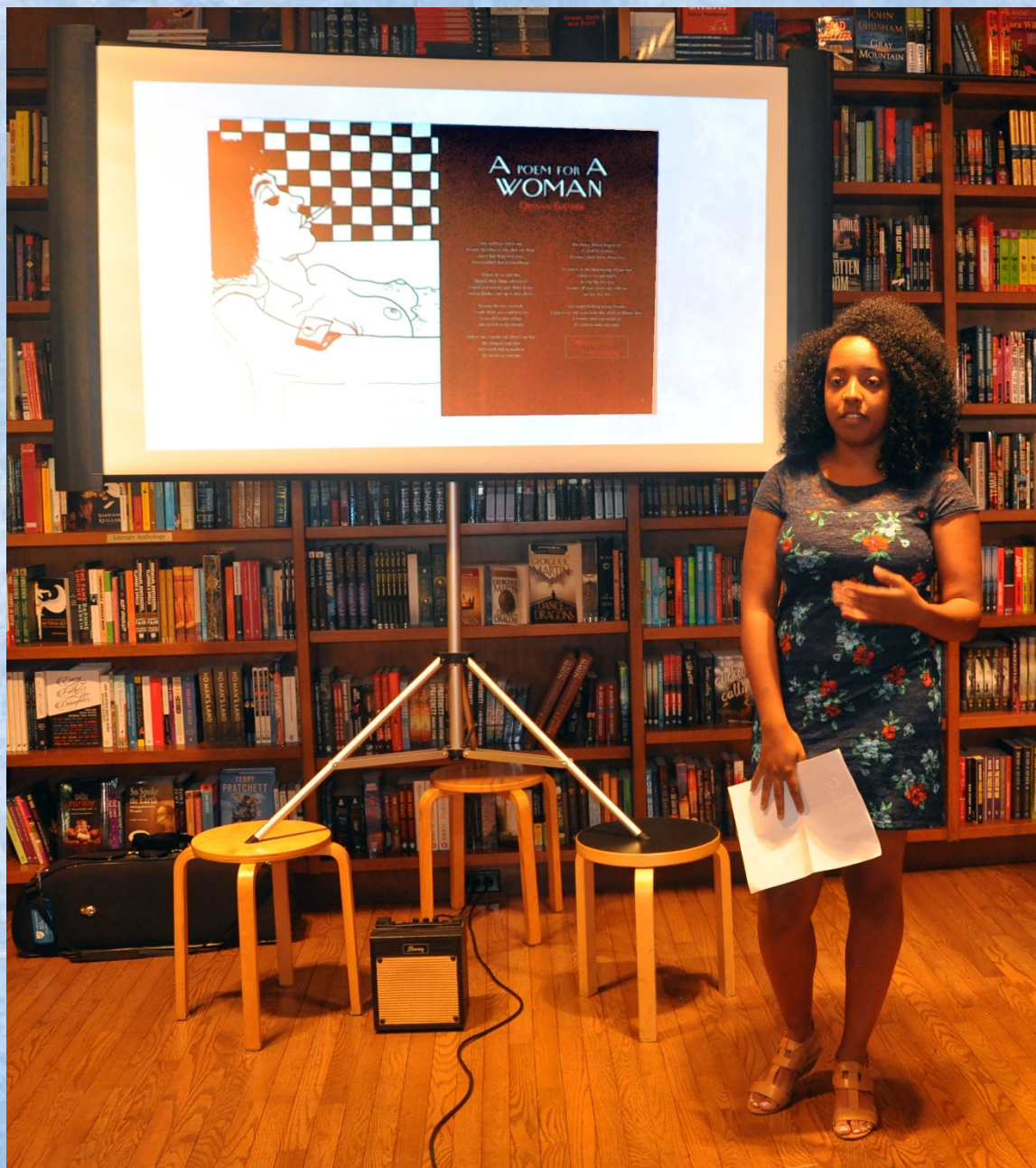
But no matter the type, there's a process.
You start out, firmly tied down,
Containing your words, containing the truth,
You think you're on solid ground.
And then the stakes get higher but you're sure that
You can keep it all inside
Because you already know that silence is a state of suspended animation.
But then it gets more and more difficult to maintain your silent balance
And the ground is unsteady beneath your uncertain feet
And all it takes is a gust of wind until—

A moment of calm before the storm.
Defiance burbles up to the surface.
It begins as a tingle but now arrives full force,
In all its glory.

And at first it may just be
Ridding yourself of all that pent up emotion,
An eruption of opinions untold;
Spewing back vitriol
Because it's all that's been hurled at you.

But then it becomes a habit; innate,
As instinctive as breathing air
And you're comfortable sharing yourself with the world.
It's empowering and overwhelming and
You begin to regain sight of your individuality.

*Quiescence used to work for me
But now I can't stand passivity
I plant my feet, resolve not to retreat
Because no longer will I be beat*



A POEM FOR A WOMAN

ORIANA GAMPER

Girls and boys watch out,
because the other is only after one thing
and if that thing were love,
Then wouldn't that be something?

Where do we find this
Slippery little thing called love?
I watch you and my gaze slides down,
and in thanks, casts up to skies above

Because the way you look,
I really think you could love me
I can tell because of legs
that stretch on for eternity

Believe me, I speak true when I say that
the swing of your hips
Isn't worth half as much as
the words on your lips

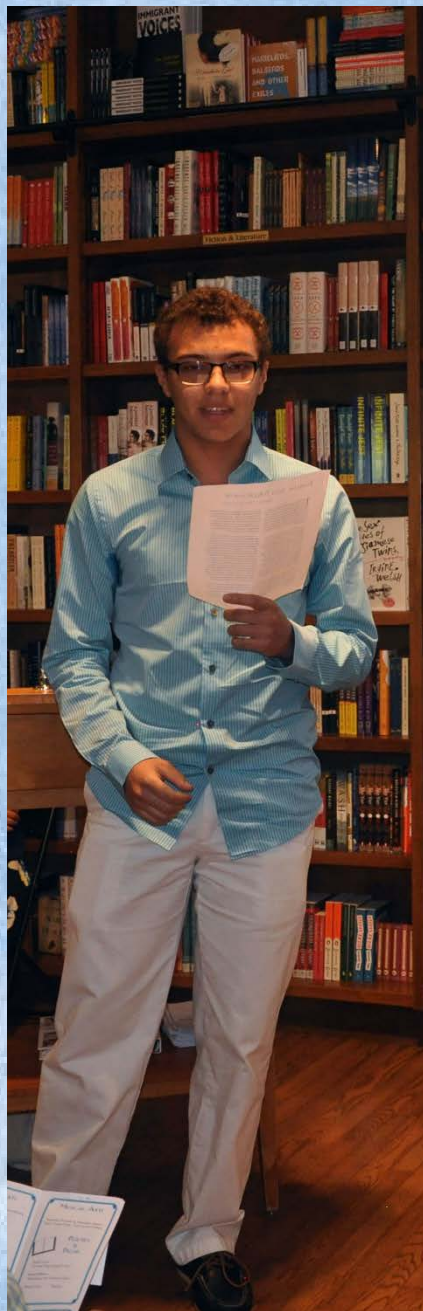
But please, please, forgive me
if I look for it there
Because I don't know where else

Or search, in the shimmering of your hair
I have to try and find it
in your big doe eyes
because all your sweet voice tells me
are lies, lies, lies

Got caught looking at your breasts-
trying to see into your heart this whole goddamn time-
I wonder what you would do
if I tried to make you mine

"Wouldn't that
be something?"

Chokers, Walter Velasquez, Digital



THALIA AND MELPOMENE

DANIEL MONTEAGUDO

I entered the subway and donned the mask that I had not worn in years. As it clicked into place, I felt my eyes droop, my mouth relax, my smile straighten. My face warped into the same grim, mourning look as the Russians beside me, and I felt the train jerk into motion, not one person making a sound. That mask was worn and weary by the time I stepped foot off of the plane in Miami, but every time I went back, it slid on just the same.

The masks I have worn in life are varied and plenty. Like the Greek actors of ancient times, I had become adept in clipping them on and off. Split between the cultures of the biggest enemies in contemporary history, my Russian heritage battled against my newfound American lifestyle, and I became used to wearing the disguises of Thalia and Melpomene, Comedy and Tragedy, being sanguine or sullen. The woman sitting next to me on the plane had only worn Thalia's for all her life; born and bred in Mississippi, her contagious smile, thick drawl, and engagement with half the plane in conversation, only confirmed my suspicions. Likewise, the faces on the subway, harsh and deadened by the cold, were wearing Melpomene's. Hopping to and fro, from America to Russia, these masks became second nature to me, smiling one second, erasing it the next.

From the subway, my mother and I walked back to my uncle's apartment. As we walked, I couldn't get those sullen, emotionless faces out of my mind. I asked her why Russians do that, but all I received was a shrug and deadpan "They've always done that". As we ascended the stairs and opened the door to the apartment, an explosion of voices greeted us. With smiles bright enough to

light up the entire building, old family friends from before we had left dragged us into the apartment to celebrate our visit. Plates upon plates of bulging pierogi, ruby red borsch, and crackling roast kuryitzsa sat on the table, the smell intoxicating after a long day on our feet, but the one thing that entranced me were their smiles; their happiness, their laughter, all was like a warm summer day, melting the ice mask off my face.

Long after I came back to Miami, did I truly understand what had happened in that cramped apartment. The masks that we wear are made from the cultural fabric of our heritage, but we put them on and blind ourselves to each other. We think of each other as so different, so impossibly agreeable that we forget all notion of compromise and claw at each other's throats. What these men wearing masks of religion, yelling and arguing about Christianity or Islam, don't see is that all of them go home to their families, hang their masks up with their coat, sit down, and enjoy a dinner with their family. The true tragedy of modern times is how little we understand of our fundamental character as human beings; underneath our masks, we live, dream, and love, like every other human. Underneath a coat of emotional frostiness, the Russians on the subway smile and enjoy life; beneath their extroverted exterior, Americans keep their lives reserved.

If I were to go back to that subway now, and look at the mirror of the train window, I would see dark eyes, brown hair, and an indifferent face gazing at me. Once unmasked, however, and released from the hold of Thalia and Melpomene, America and Russia, those masks that divide us so, I could look again, and proudly see a human being staring back.



Friends, Gabriela Espejo, Acrylic



THE TIME BEFORE GREENS

IVAN LANGESFELD

In the time before greens, there were blinking reds and blinking yellows. I do not know when the greens came about, but they were nowhere to be found.

It never fails to excite. Waiting to turn onto a side street, it happens! The red light, all on its own, starts blinking. Everything changes. Slowly, the other cars disappear down smaller and still smaller streets, finally reaching their eagerly awaiting families and going to bed. I too, must go back, but it is not my time.

Deserted, the streets lay wide open. Selene, immersed in dark shadows, illuminates the sky, dragging high above the clouds, my sole companions.

How I miss its emptiness and solidarity! The clarity and memories that have been shared with it.

I do not seek out this time; it seems to find me

on its own. A restless night is enough to open the door. And once inside this time without time, I enjoy it thoroughly, yet I know I will not regret leaving it. It will always be there, waiting for me.

A winding road, an unwinding soul.

I find myself driving late at night, and nothing could feel better. Reflecting comes easy, there are no distractions. A long week's worth of thoughts come pouring in, but I am calm. Things get sorted and resolved, and I find myself feeling content.

The door creaks open, and I enter. I nudge my mom and dad, tell them I am home safe. The smooth sheets wrap around me as my pillow catches my falling head.

Au revoir, my friend with those warm, blinking eyes. I will see you soon.



Birds Eye View, Trystan Davis, Photography

BACH DOUBLE VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MINOR

ALEXANDER
ALVARADO
&
ALESSANDRO
MIOTTI



GIVE ME TIME TO SPELL IT OUT

NICOLE GARCIA

Frail. If someone were to pull me off the pillow, they'd surely crumple me in their fist, having had no intention to hurt me. Then again, that would be the only way for me to make my way off the bed. I've tried craning my neck and rolling over onto my side, but the wind has been stronger than my resolve to start the day. I don't think I have the strength, or the backbone to pull myself up.

The glow-in-the-dark sticky stars spread out on the ceiling are not glowing anymore because sunlight streams in through the window. I count them. Once, twice, three times I count to 28 stars. That's all there is to do.

13,14,15...

They disappear in a flash, like shooting stars that I can't wish upon. A gust of wind has blown me off the bed and now I'm swaying, nearing the dusty wood floor, a movement much like that of the playground swings coming to a stop. Until the flat surface beneath me flattens me out. Vibrations resonate through me in rhythmic shuffles. Someone must be approaching the door. The voice is muffled, sounding like someone trying to speak with a mouthful of paper. I'm assuming it's my dad. He doesn't hesitate to turn the door knob and push the door slightly open.

Rooms are not locked in this house. There is no privacy. "She's not here," he says. My mom is probably right by his shoulder, no surprise there. She just mumbles a few words in response, too faint to hear.

Suddenly, there's wind under me again and it's pushing me upwards. Someone's hand is clutching my side, wrinkling the edges, smudging the words written on me in ink that has not had time to dry. Her face appears. Confused. Annoyed. I can't decipher her expression. I just know it's a reaction to something on me or in me or just . . . me.

After adjusting her glasses, she leans in, making the air around me hot and stuffy, before reading aloud what seems to be staining my skin.

My dad then takes me from her grip, rather harshly. I'd resist if paper could protest. After reading me, he turns to my mom, a bewildered look on his face. I wish I could see what they're seeing, so I could somehow clear up the confusion.

Instead I panic, fluttering out of their hands and sliding under the bed, terrified they'll just pass me around like a dollar bill whose value depends on whoever holds it. I need time to learn to sound out the vowels scribbled on my chest before others have the chance to spell me out instead.





KNOCKING AT THE UNIVERSE'S DOOR

KSHITIJ KULKARNI

I've always liked exploring. My parents' go-to comment about me is, "He's too excited about things." As I grew, this extended to me simply learning. In fifth grade I marveled at solid rocket boosters and large transportation robots during a field trip to the Kennedy Space Center. I studied the assembly plant which housed shuttles before they were taken to the launch pads. I came back from the trip and told my dad, rather naively, "I'm going to take you to the moon in 10 years."

When I entered high school, my romance with exploration grew. I transitioned to the minute scale and became obsessed with the human brain. It was an elegant machine, unlike anything I could conceive. I was addicted to learning about this artistic grey matter. In class, I would doodle compressions and rarefactions entering the basilar membrane, weaving their way to the auditory cortex.

Over the summer of my junior year as part of my internship, I tinkered with a confocal microscope at my local university otolaryngology lab. The neurons lit up like fireworks. I coded in MATLAB for hours creating fluorescence diagrams. After several weeks, I was able to probe deeply into the workings of neuronal networks and calcium cycling. The petri dishes, centrifuges, and laminar flow hoods excited me. I brainstormed with graduate students. It was seamless.

That's the thing about science; it's as visceral as it's cerebral. It allows me to feel, explore, and love. It gives me a chance to free myself from worldly things and for a few seconds to bring it all back again to helping people live their lives. I, for a small amount of time, am able to knock at the universe's door and ask it for answers.



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Science Quilt, Ms. Camille's Science Classes, Mixed Media

MS. CAMILLE'S STORY

ISABELLE CAMILLE

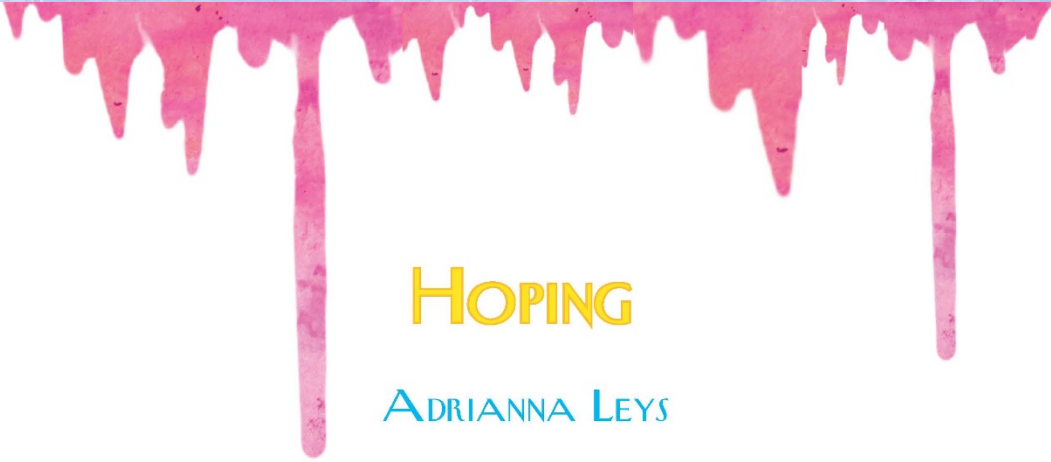
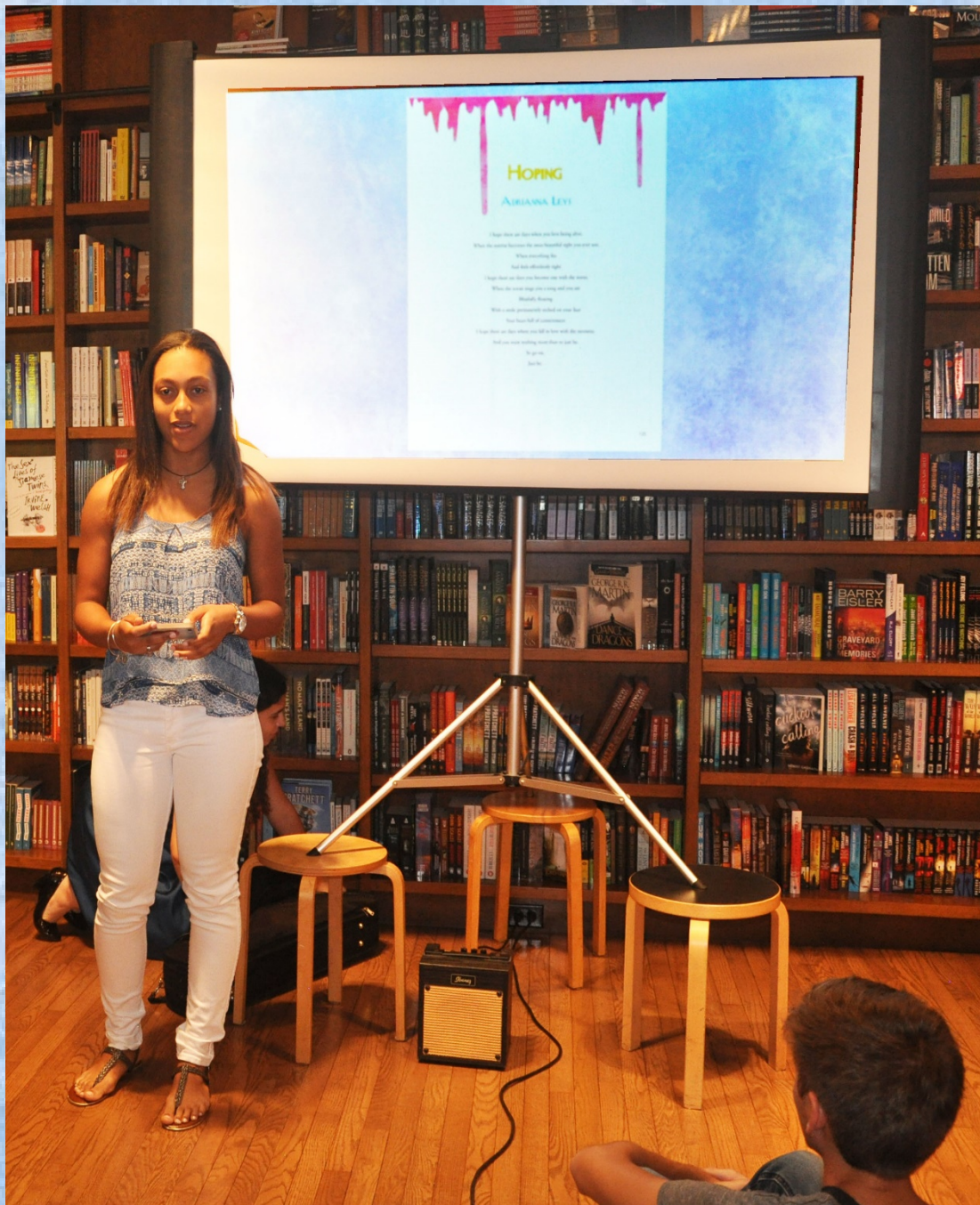
About 1×10^5 years ago, my high school physics teacher gave us an assignment that sparked a question that ignited a passion in me. He asked us to go home, and by experimenting, find three objects: one that would float in water, one that would stay in the middle, and one that would sink. With this very simple exercise, I understood that we could manipulate the objects around us to understand the world. I practically had our whole house floating. If it were not for my siblings, I might not be here today, because I wanted to test my

father's brand new transistor radio! We are talking late 60's, in Haiti where our radio was the first of its kind on the whole island! My density lab started the flame in me to be a scientist and a teacher.

Art and science can be paired. I always like to include different disciplines in my course. Every quarter, my students have to do a project that incorporates the arts, engineering, or technology. In celebration of African American History Month this year, I assigned each student a scientist, engineer,

or inventor of African descent who has contributed to the development of America. To accompany their presentation they must demonstrate the person's endeavor on a 9" by 12" felt without using their name, hence the peanut for George W. Carver, the Siamese twins for Dr. Ben Carson, and the street light for G.A. Morgan. Then over December break we met at my house to put the felts together in a quilt to be ready for our celebration in February.





HOPING

ADRIANNA LEYS

I hope there are days when you love being alive.
When the sunrise becomes the most beautiful sight you ever saw.
When everything fits
And feels effortlessly right
I hope there are days you become one with the waves
When the ocean sings you a song and you are
Blissfully floating
With a smile permanently etched on your face
Your heart full of contentment
I hope there are days where you fall in love with the moment.
And you want nothing more than to just be.
So go on,
Just be.

MUSICAL CONCLUSION

VIOLIN SOLO
KATERINA RANCANO

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
PARTITA IN E MAJOR

