



POSSIBILITIES

the Bullis Literary-Art Magazine

'17

poetry, prose & artwork

POETRY & PROSE

Caroline Acocella.....	28
Michael Agege.....	46
Sydney Antoine-Pompey.....	54
Olivia Bartholomew.....	37
Allison Bass.....	10
Sarah Blair.....	38
Aryemis Brown.....	17
Karynton Crawford.....	23
KiAnna Dorsey.....	47
Grace Edson.....	58
Jon Glass.....	45
Sean Hopkins.....	60
Lydia Hong.....	10
Margaret Hu.....	30
Naya Hutchinson.....	8
Amanda Leder.....	33
Alexis Leder.....	14
Eric Lin.....	10
Julia Lowenthal.....	57
Kyle Mendelson.....	42
Noah Nwosu.....	4
Jocelyn Quinn.....	24
Daniel F. Ramos.....	55
Caleb Robinson.....	62
Alec Samuels.....	63
Matthew Schwartz.....	48
Rachel Sita.....	34
Langston Stephens.....	20-21
Gemma Sun.....	7
Maximillian Theo.....	53
Thomas Wang.....	10
Joanna Wang.....	10
Bryce Watson.....	26
Tyson Wiseman.....	40

ARTWORK

Scott Albertini.....	64
Sarah Blair.....	43
Jared Cohen.....	41, 61
Preston Davis.....	27
Sarah Deleonibus.....	38-39
Will Everett.....	56
Mira Fink.....	12
Joey Friedlander.....	49
Jackson Greenleaf.....	44
Coco Guo.....	36
Jalen Hill.....	2-3
Sunny Hu.....	32
Samantha Jan.....	29, 31
Petr Janda.....	5, 50-51
Alexis Leder.....	6, 18-19
Lindsay Lewis.....	9
Eric Lin.....	25, 13
Daniel F. Ramos.....	52
Dayna Siegel.....	15, 22, 59
Alex Skoufias.....	11
Darby Trimble.....	35
Mackenzie Zimbrick.....	16

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* * *

It is with great pleasure that we dedicate the 2017 edition of Logos Magazine to Ms. Lisa Vardi. Throughout her time in the Upper School, Ms. Vardi has touched the hearts of many students while fostering a love of history and culture. Ms. Vardi continues to impact the entire community of Bullis School through her diligence, warmth, and passion for education. It is with much love and admiration that we recognize Ms. Vardi's indelible mark on the artistic and linguistic legacy of Bullis.

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Anna Singh '17
Dayna Siegel '17
Maximillian Theo, '17
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FACULTY ADVISOR

Laura Heninger

Cool Kid

He walks down the hall with a pep in his step;
Carrying along his luscious swagger,
Everyone acknowledging his royal footsteps.
He is one to never stagger.

People always say he has the best personality,
And that he could always make you smile when you are feeling down.
He had this unjust rationality
That made everyone else look like a clown.

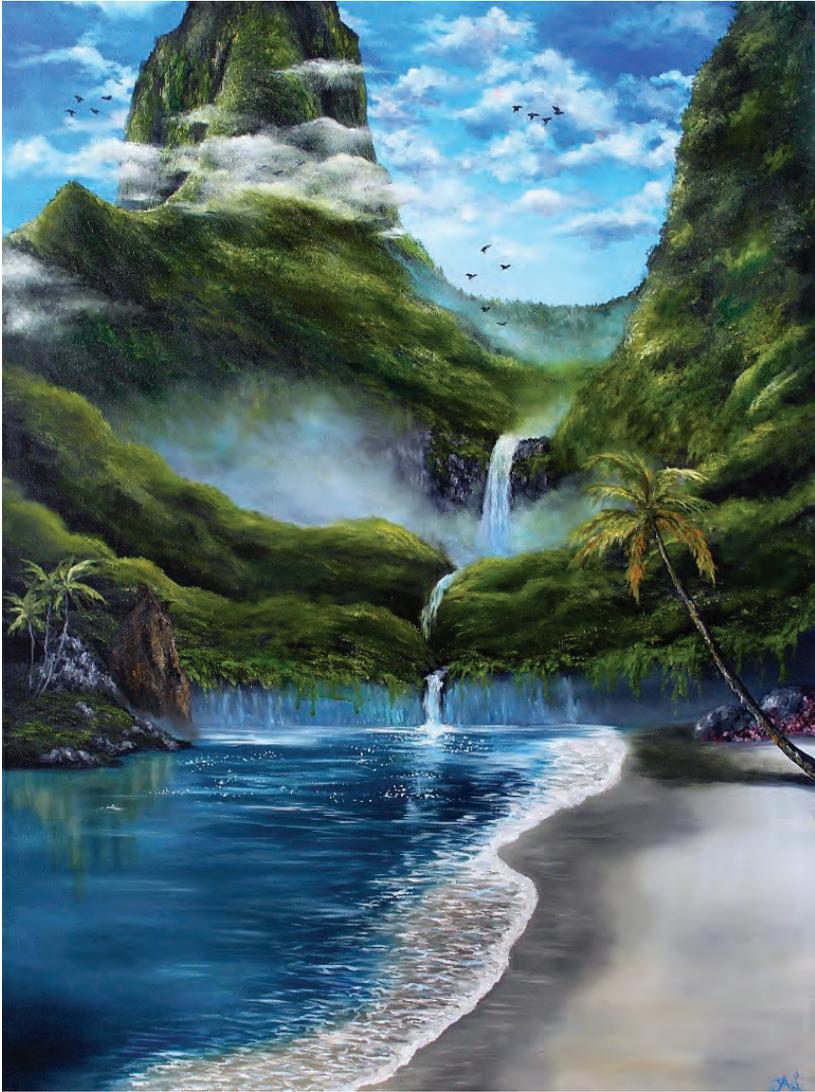
His clothes are constructed of only the best fashion.
His shirts are made of gold,
As if he is ready to cash in
And speak the language of the bold.

As he travels people stare.
Looking slick, he turns.
His eyes are red and look to tear.
He smiles and says, "You have a lot to learn."

Noah Nwosu '18



Petr Janda '17



Alexis Leder '19

风

The Wind

我奔跑着
在梦中寻找着芬芳

I run
In the dream of looking for fragrance

那一股无形的清风
将我吹回那残忍的现实

That invisible breeze
Blows me back to the cruel reality

冥冥之中
我与你相见

Somewhere
I meet you

萍水相逢
迎来的是日日夜夜的孤独
山谷间沧哑回音萦绕至你我心间
手指间敲打键盘的速度快于
我灵魂的衰老

Meet by chance
Ushered in the days and nights lonely
The valley between the mantle sound lingers in my heart
The speed of typing is faster than the beat
of my aging soul

可是
我是有多么思念
墨水与钢笔的天合之作
邮箱与信件的满满思念

But
How much I do miss,
Ink and pen for the days of cooperation
Mailbox and letter for the full of thoughts

Gemma Sun '19

What does dancing mean to me?
Dancing is what I breathe.

My thoughts, My joy, My sadness
All of my emotions can be expressed
And I don't have to speak a word out of my mouth

Dancing is a universal language
Anyone can speak it
Anyone can feel it

What does dancing mean to me?
It means equality

Naya Hutchinson '17



Lindsay Lewis '17

The uncertainty
A fierce pounding in my chest
What will be, will be

Allison Bass '17

Flying

Icarus, listen to the sun
It's gentle whisper buzzes around your ear
I will burn you out

Lydia Hong '18

The Journey

The immense wasteland,
daunting, unconquerable.
The Knight traverses the unfriendly field,
eyes shine, shield unbreakable.
The Grail calls afar,
He hastens.

Thomas Wang '17

Night sky
Eternal mysterious
Seeking, pondering, dreaming
Our destiny shall uncover
One-day

Joanna Wang '18

Homesickness is love
Hug of family, joy of old friend, familiarity of city
Homesickness is burden
Worry of parents, missing of old house, forgetting of name
Homesickness is me
Pressure of study, pain of old school, yet happiness of life

Eric Lin '17



Alex Skoufias '20



Mira Fink '19



Eric Lin '17

Every morning, the white-haired woman sits at her table.

She holds her needles in hand, looking over a pattern.

At the twine, she stares.

Out the window, she watches.

Her husband is sitting, watching an old program.

He holds his mug in his hand, looking over the controls.

At the coffee, he stares.

Out the window, he watches.

Behind the house is where their children used to play.

They dug for treasure in the mud, looking for gold.

The two of them had four kids together, but now they are all grown and away.

The woman had a husband, but he too has gone to leave life.

She had a dog as well, but no longer is it hers.

It seems that everything and everyone has moved past her, but she still waits.

Staring out the window, needle in hand.

Alexis Leder '19



Dayna Siegel '17



Mackenzie Zimbrick '17

I'm stronger than Hercules.
I can lift the sky.
I can push the world three times over.
I am man's greatest muscle.
I am the epitome of strength.
I'm faster than the speed of light.
Sound and light are no match for me.
I split the wind with my blazing speed.
I race the lightning -- and I win.
I am a runner at heart...
So fast that no one can see me.

I'm smarter than the world's greatest mind.
If this was a movie, I'd be an Erudite.
A prodigy at heart, and swordsman with mind.
I am a scholarly vanguard with pen and brain.

I'm more vast than the earth and stars put into one.
There are no limits to my capability.
The world is my art - a sea of infinite possibility.

A believer, perhaps?
But, my world, my eyes, my imagination -- my rules.
I live a life of wonder where I aspire to achieve.
Strength, speed, intelligence, and vastness are my idyll.
I can choose to indulge in them because I can believe.

A world through my eyes can be painted by my mind.

Aryemis Brown '17





Alexis Leder '19

Black Turned Into Burgundy

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
A torn apart society
It's time for us to get worried
Our lives do not have much value it seems

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
By shots to the chest, shots to the head
From the guns of the ones who are supposed to be protecting us
And I wake up to see that Alton Sterling's dead

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
Pain felt throughout the community
We're out here screaming R.I.P
To Tamir Rice, Michael Brown, Trayvon Martin, Timothy Stansbury
To Freddie Gray, Oscar Grant, Walter Scott, Mr. I Can't Breathe
To Sean Bell, John Crawford, Dontre Hamilton, and Akai Gurley

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
We're out here screaming R.I.P
To the victims whose stories weren't seen on TV
We're out here screaming justice ain't free

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
Part of America's identity
Seen throughout its history
A shameful reality

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
There's a big case every year it seems
Burning inside, it's fiery
The answer found through rioting

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
Because the policeman thinks he saw me on TV
As that gangster he saw on season 3
Or that drug dealer he saw in one of those movies

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
Because the policeman thinks he heard a description of me
In the lyrics of one of his children's favorite rappers
You know the one that's talking bout killing and getting that money

I'm seeing black turned into burgundy
To see it stop is what I desire
Can't see another video online
The frustration is making me tired

Tired of the blood, tired of these police "slips"
Tired of the never ending cycle of unloading clips
Tired of these bodies that I see always going limp
Tired of this non trusting, abusive, bad relationship

Tired of the sight of hashtag "all lives matter"
Because it only comes to surface when black ones go splatter
Because when immigrant or refugee lives are being shattered
I look around, the hashtag's not there, it's silent, quiet, no chatter

Tired of the bias, tired of the fear
Of the image of our race that's been severely smeared
Of the racist mentality, the lack of morality
Of shooting for fatality and aiming for finality

I'm tired because there isn't a way to take it back
I'm tired because there are lives some police are fine to snatch
I'm tired of bloody pictures and videos and posts online
I'm tired of feeling like one those deaths could have been me
I'm tired of my calls for justice being declined
I'm tired of seeing black being turned to burgundy

Langston Stephens '17



Dayna Siegel '17

Humanity itself crumbles like delicate ruins
People kill one another over differing conviction
Religion
“The belief in and worship of a superhuman being”
Race
“A group of humans that are divided based on shared distinctive physical traits”
Sexuality
“A person’s sexual orientation or preference”
We put each other in a box
And lock it with a hatch
Permanent classification.
But how do we organize one another when we are the same?
Strip our skin
Show our bones
We are all the same on the inside
So why do we group one another based on ideology, the color of our skin,
and who we love?
Yes, groups bring community
Affiliation, attachment, and association
But when persecution, oppression, and discrimination occur,
Hurt, doubt, pain, and death is present in our world
So I ask,
Hold fast for acceptance will flower on Earth
Hold fast for better times will come
Hold fast for one day we will all understand
That our differences are not meant to tear us apart
Not to cause wars
Not to discriminate against
Not to make us hate one another
But they make us who we are
Humanity
“The human race”

Karynton Crawford '19

What to Remember

Remember what I've told you
About the people who act that way?

What's really going on with them?
They're scared
They're scared, of something
Only reason people act that way
In whatever form it takes
It's that they're scared

If you don't let yourself get dragged down
You will get through this
No doubt about it

You're gonna have ups and downs in this
In the next minute
In the next hour
In the next day, week, month
You're gonna have ups and downs

You're gonna be scared, you're gonna be angry
You're gonna have your feelings hurt
You're gonna want to cry

You're gonna cry

Everybody gets a chance to screw up
David Ortiz strikes out in a key moment
Loses the ball game
An ace pitcher throws a pitch at the wrong time
Just in the wrong part of the play
It gets knocked out of the park, and he loses the game
He's still an ace pitcher

What sets people apart is how they handle these things
People don't get this stuff outta nowhere
There's just something in us
It's in our nature as humans
Causes us sometimes to put people down to make ourselves feel bigger
Some just listen to the wrong voices

You'll be alright

Jocelyn Quinn '19



Eric Lin '17

Power

When you hear the word POWER

Are you scared for what someone else might become

Knowing that you don't have enough of it

Is it the thing that keeps you motivated every hour, day by day

Realizing that you are at the top of the world, untouchable

Does it bring fear, destruction, and betrayal around others

Always running away from problems instead of fixing them, just like a coward

What do you think of when you hear the word POWER

Is it a word for hope, hard work, and dedication

Believing that there are people with power that help rather than hurt

Being as calm and collected as ever, never too alert

Doesn't knowledge come with power

Rather than devour we as people rise up

As if the sun is giving life to a flower

What do you think of when you hear the word POWER

Bryce Watson '18



Preston Davis '19

Rising from the Bottom

The people who have done you wrong,
the ones that tore you down,
beat you like a piñata until all the candy was gone,
now they want forgiveness.
Ironic, isn't it?
Their words stabbed you like a knife into the stomach,
with no clue in the world as to the damage they have created.
Where were they when you needed help getting up?
Blind to your cry for help, like the scream of someone in need
you were essentially invisible.
You speak, no one answers.
You fall, no one notices.
Now you are on the rise, and people now seem to recognize you.
Well guess what?
You don't need them. Never have and never will.

Caroline Acocella '18



Samantha Jan '19

Dancing With You

Daylight passes with a mild breeze,
And the lady with veil of blueness arrives in the fragrance of rose;
Neither cuckoo nor hummingbird art chanting, and
Cello's vibrating strings regress in silence.
In my garden only thy shadow exists with stars in the darkness.
Nocturnes remain reverberating in the unseen cloud, but
Glass is fragmentary and cuts my vein.

Waltz is suspended when time is stopped.
Ink-like sky drops her scarlet tears,
Thorns art wet like my pallid cheeks, and
Hallucinations of thy smile dims in the ripple of dark blue lake,

Yellow leaves of maple art perishing in the spring wind.
Only the memories will live in the wrinkle of time, and
Under the dust my heart is buried.

Margaret Hu '19



Samantha Jan '19



Sunny Hu '20

The Ocean

Look up to see the sun hit the water

Creating different patterns, colors and sheens

Everything is so blue, purple, and green

In the vast, mysterious ocean

Waves rhythmically crash onto the shore

Hitting the sand, creating seafoam

Many animals refer to it as home

In the vast, mysterious ocean

$\frac{3}{4}$ of our world

Overflowing with marine life

turtles, seaweed, corals, fish

All of which coexist

In the vast, mysterious ocean

Amanda Leder '19

Introvert

Inside is a person whose true ideas and personality will never find their way to the surface

Never seeing the light of day and forced to keep quiet

Tension from the outside world is enough pressure to create strong inner conflict

Rising feelings that you are alone with no one to guide you

Over analyzing every situation like the next thing said will have a negative impact

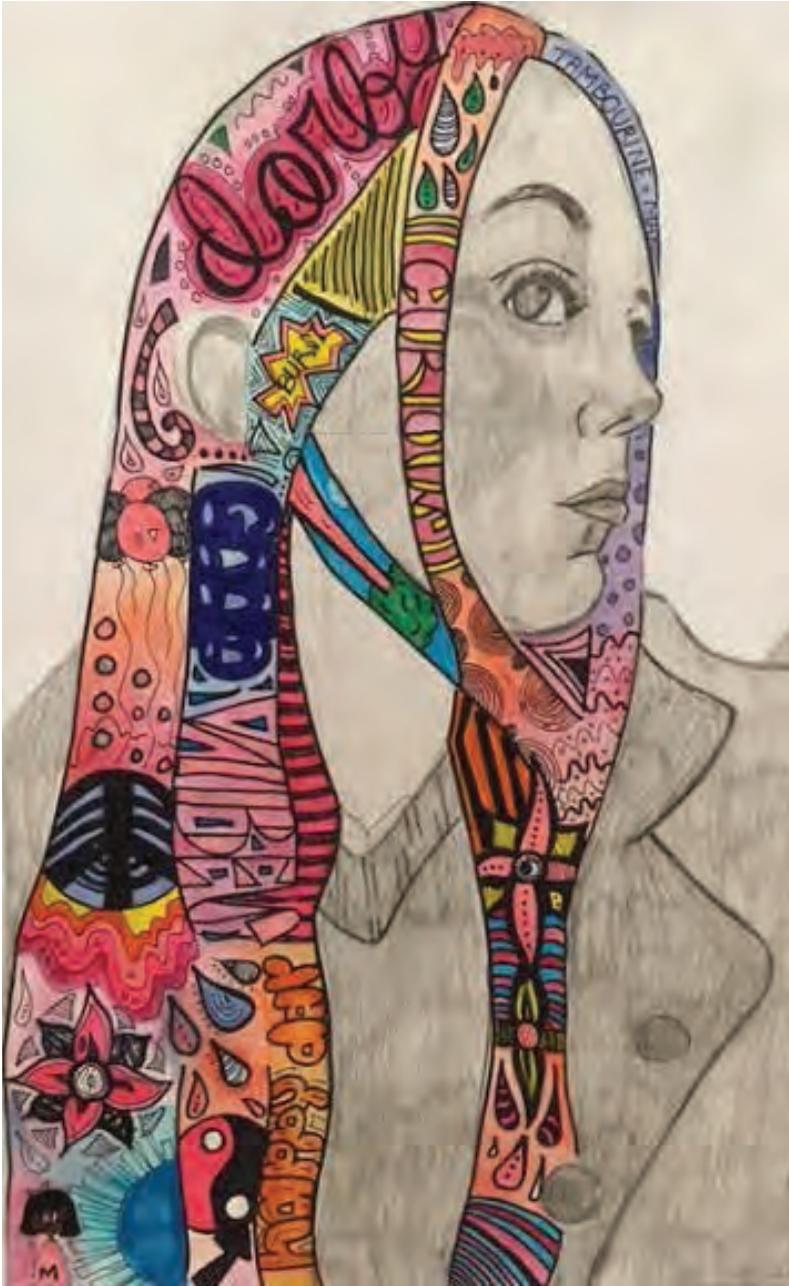
Verbalizing only what is necessary

Every word passed over your lips is waiting for judgement

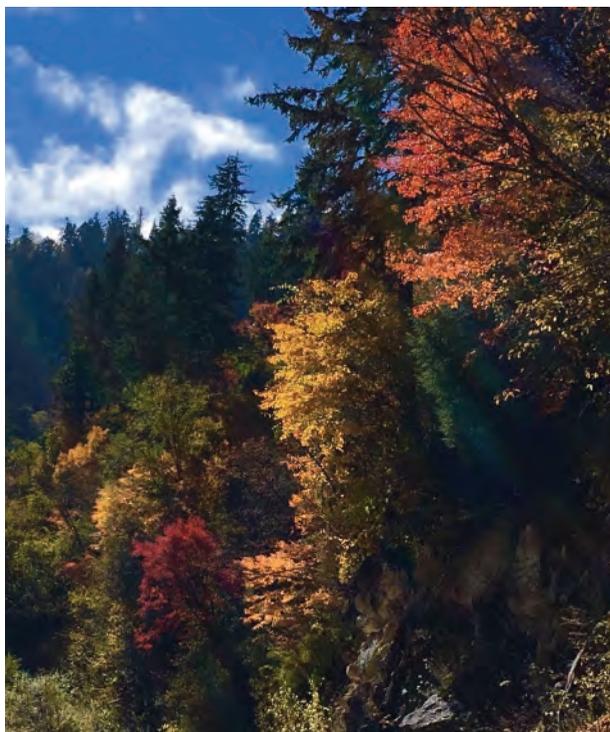
Realizing soon there is a spark of hope in the friends and family you have come to know

That the people you truly love will bring you to draw out that person you were dying to finally become

Rachel Sita '20



Darby Trimble '17



Coco Guo '20

Fall

Transition into the abyss

Summer says goodbye with a kiss

The rich green dissolves into yellows and browns

Back to school, children with frowns

The gloom of fall is here again.

Olivia Bartholomew '17

Countdown

The countdown has begun
Until we turn our backs,
And walk away from a life
We knew just couldn't last

It's a funny thing you know,
How significant things seem in this hallway
Yet as it comes to end you realize,
The only significance is in the journey

What will come of us when it's over?
Who will we become?
When we walk along our own paths
When it's all said and done

Sarah Blair '17





Sarah Deleonibus '17

The Blue Puzzle Piece

I've been around a lot of places
yet nobody seems to understand me as I do
Some just stare at me, quietly with concerned looks,
while others just label disruptive, impudent, uncanny, imbecile.

Very few ever understand my mind,
or even the developing soul hidden inside,
they all resort to mockery when they don't know what I am,
which tells me they only have half a brain to show they understand.

I've been described as broken, but I'm not that at all it seems,
my mind may be different, but I never said I was damaged,
In my own life, I'm my own person, regardless of how I think,
and as I walk through this world, I refuse to turn into ice.

As my own person, I can see the light in the darkness,
while I can travel on it, others cannot follow me towards it,
They may be left behind, even if they're not forgotten,
And those who understand my challenge, can see me as I go forward.

Along this simple path, there are many others I will meet,
some better, and some worse, but all with this simple gift,
What they have is not a curse, but rather a blessing that few understand,
And through this truth, people will understand why this is who I am.

Tyson Wiseman '18



Jared Cohen '20

Paradise

Wind blowing through my hair,
In between my fingertips,
Through my toes, my nose, my ears
Until it stops,
Everything around me just stops

I wipe off the sand
Open my eyes
Look around to see
what I'm hoping will be my happy place
But it all stops

It was all just a dream,
A figment of my imagination
In attempt to bring my heart, my mind, my soul
An abundant amount of happiness
Until everything just had to stop

I'm stuck, I'm lost
I'm losing my mind
I need to get out
I need to return
So that next time time stops,
It's in paradise

Kyle Mendelson '17



Sarah Blair '17



Jackson Greenleaf '20

Everything That Glitters Ain't Gold

Everything that glitters ain't gold
So don't be fooled by what you were sold

She wears a smile on her face every day
Yet she cries alone in her room but doesn't say

He's the man on the field for Friday night lights
but in school he's a dumb jock who can't even write

Everything that glitters ain't gold
So don't be fooled by what you were sold

She buys all of the latest fashion
Which leaves her in debt, needing to ration

He's the one that acts out in school
But it's only because his home life is the furthest from a jewel

Everything that glitters ain't gold
So don't be fooled by what you were sold

Jon Glass '17

School to Grown Up

There was a moment in time when the crayons ceased
When there were no longer boo-boos found on the knees

There were no longer periods of sleeping like a rock
No more line leaders or waiting with mommy at the bus stop

There was no longer a need to bring a lunch box
No more cleaning out your socks from the sand box

No more arts and crafts or field trips with the school staff
No more nursery rhymes that ended with laughs

There was a moment in time when school slowly shifted
People grew egos after being told they were gifted

Now there is constant stress for the next test
Getting sleep each night becomes less and less

Students struggle and try to keep their act together

School has definitely changed who knows if it's for the better

KiAnna Dorsey '19

Hope

A generation weighed down by our phones
Privileged children, comfortable homes
Millennials, a title, a sense of living
Senseless violence, suicide, killing
Opportunities pervading left and right
Confidence and aspirations power our light
Hope for the future; social media, a trap
Chains on our hands; the urge to send a snap
The power of the pen versus the power of our phones
Posting to social media, the tension in our bones
Lack of hope defines our actions
Old friends breaking up into factions
And little do they know
Millennials will build a future; a land free of woe
God's masterpiece, the world, clear water and green leaves
The feeling they get when he defies or she achieves
Snapchat, Instagram, tools for society
Manipulation, happiness, little to no variety
Ignorant, a term which describes our bain
Our tendency to ignore the glory and the pain
Too early to judge but not too late to worry
The line between right and wrong becomes blurry
So save the irreclaimable, hope for a tomorrow
A generation filled with cluelessness, love, and sorrow

Michael Agege '20

Luminescence lurks
Glistening eyes beaming down
A half crescent thrives
Pure darkness surrounds
A beacon of light survives
Sent deep below crust
Moonshine now present
Nocturnal creatures augment
The moon now morphed, bent

Matthew Schwartz '18



Joey Friedlander '20





Petr Janda '17

The Voices in Your Head

There are three main voices we use

The one we hear when we speak, the one we cringe at when we hear the
recording

And finally our reading voice the one you are using right now

You can SCREAM AND BE LOUD WHEN THE TEXT IS LARGE

Or whisper, quietly, as the text becomes smaller.

Perhaps you're feeling a British accent while sipping tea and biscuits
exclaiming 'long live the queen!'

Or an old man who says 'back in my day we had we didn't have this
facegram or twittler, we got letters in the mail'

Who's voice was that, not yours

The voice in our head works in mysterious ways

Daniel F. Ramos '17

I heard of a new poem - a limerick - today,
I gave it a try but to my dismay,
More difficult than I thought, I soon found out,
Made me realize, beyond all doubt,
The last time I write one, will surely be today.

Maximillian Theo '17

The Farmer

I rose from my bed one day,
and fed my horses some hay.
I left for an hour,
to go take a shower,
and returned to a chorus of neighs!

Samuel Mininberg '17

But not a word is spoken
A quick gaze, a brief stare
Hope, maybe,
Lingers in the air
Fresh as the scent of a rose

Thoughts run wild,
Such as the water that flows through rapids
Fantasizing
What Ifs and Why Nots
A restless mind
Unaware of its surroundings

Nervousness, anxiety
Settles
Like a shell on the bottom of the ocean
Hopelessness surfaces
Bringing its friend Doubt

Dreams of what could be,
And soon Regret blossoms
Like that of a lotus flower
But not a word is spoken.

Sydney Antoine-Pompey '19



Daniel F. Ramos '17



Will Everett '19

The Night's Light

The walls are painted black by night.
It scales the room and destroys the light.
The shadows all have disappeared,
Reflections in the window, unclear.

I used to lie, awake, afraid,
The dark looming over where I laid.
But now I see into the nightfall,
And like a blanket, the darkness covers us all.

I rise and move across the floor.
In place of angst, my eyes an open door.
My hands stumble for the window pane,
Then the rusty key unlocks the chain.

The sky, a stew of different shapes,
I grab my spoon and take a taste.
At first, the stars, sweet on my lips,
The sour moon, I take more sips.

I slip and it spills on top of me.
I'm drenched and in the distance,
The sun I see.
I fall back into bed and wait,
As light pours in and cleans my slate.

Julia Lowenthal '17

Smile

Do you ever notice one's smile?

The way in which it can slowly expand from ear to ear

Or

The way in which it exposes teeth, hidden behind a set of pursed lips

Or

The way in which some use a smile to hide what lies beneath

Do you wonder why people smile?

Is it a laugh or is it just a mask?

They say that just smiling makes a person feel happier

But

Is that true?

Do you feel that way?

Or do people smile to pretend

To pretend they are okay

To pretend so they aren't taken away

But

A smile is just a smile

Right?

Grace Edson '17



Dayna Siegel '17

April In Paris

Notes are swinging through the air, bending
and distorting and transforming smoothly
like silk, instruments singing and screaming
feeling the buzz as Jazz and blues are eagerly
performed with such style, and burning passion
one's life poured into ink on paper and brass,
where sound is played bold and with compassion,
people here may not have money but class.
He turns his saxophone and basks in praise,
his song soothes the beast of humanity
as hearts beat with the rhythm and the craze
of a man filled with joy and serenity.
Jazz is the key to opening your eyes
with such a force that will cause a surprise.

Sean Hopkins '18



Jared Cohen '20

We're All the Same

We're all the same.

You and I, him and her, we're all just pawns in the big game.

Why don't people see that?

Why do we have to be white or black?

Why is the color of our skin or the texture of our hair more important than the fact that we breathe the same air?

We bleed the same blood, and we drink the same water, so why do they care?

We're born the same, we die the same, why don't we live that way?

Are we in need of some magic?

When we call for justice we're met with static and the sounds of those semi-automatics

Children are crying, people are dying, but the people in charge are sitting there smiling.

They say there isn't a problem anymore, but what do they know, have they ever seen their friend's blood spilled in the snow?

It's time to change, we've been saying this for years, but it's time to get real.

Clean up the streets,

Save our youth,

No more eye for eye or tooth for tooth.

Let's live in harmony,

A world where no one talks down to me,

No more murders, no more wars,

Just people living in peace behind open doors.

A world where no one lives in shame.

After all,

We're all the same.

Caleb Robinson '20

Time

The most valuable thing in the universe

We all chase it,

Yet can't replace it.

We wish for more,

It eats us to our very core.

365 days in a year.

24 hours a day.

60 minutes in an hour.

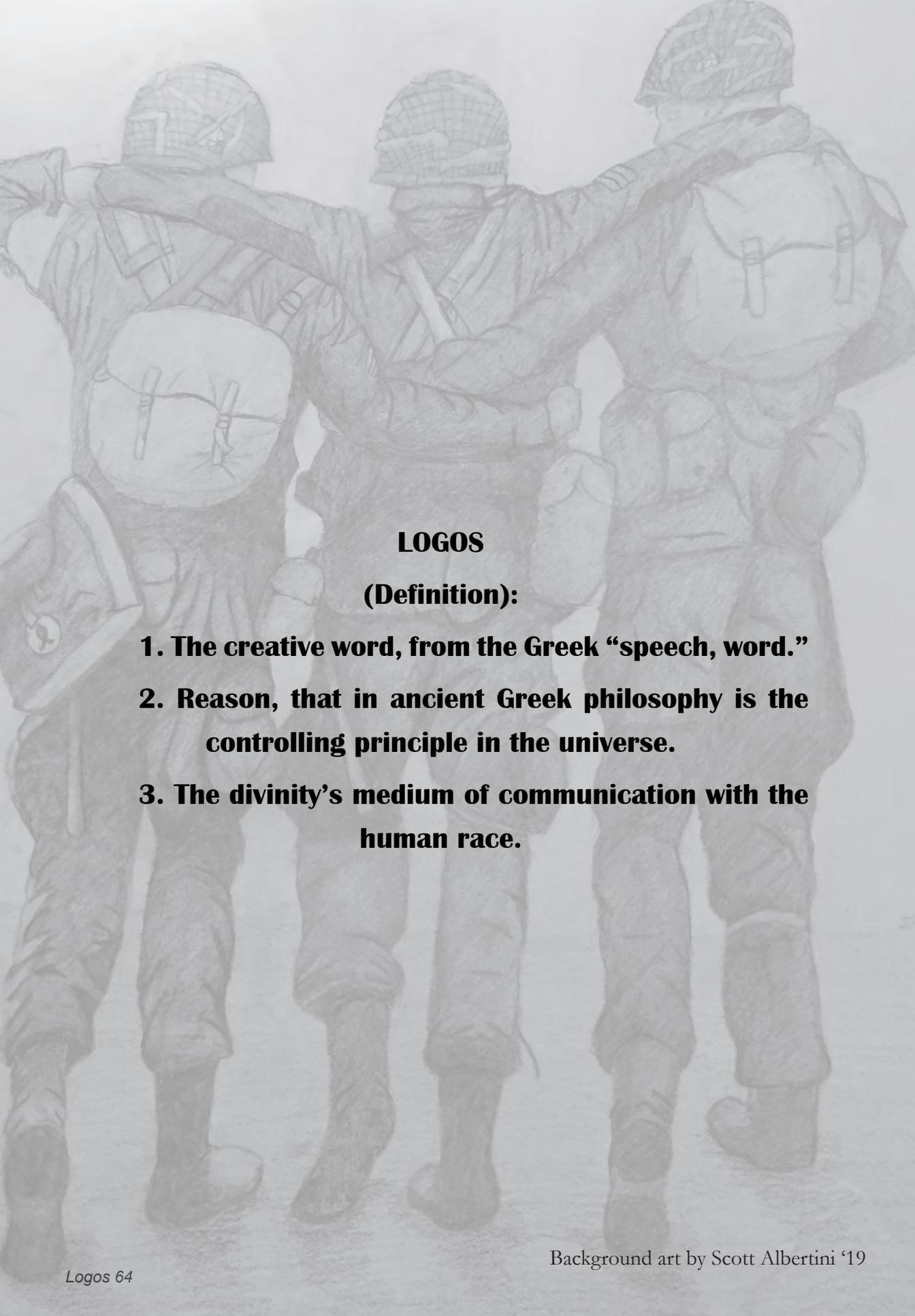
Enjoy every day,

We can't go back.

Time is of the essence,

so don't allow for slack.

Alec Samuels '17



LOGOS

(Definition):

- 1. The creative word, from the Greek “speech, word.”**
- 2. Reason, that in ancient Greek philosophy is the controlling principle in the universe.**
- 3. The divinity’s medium of communication with the human race.**