

# ALLIE'S MITT

issue II january

**Dear Readers,**

*According to the online community, 2017 was a "bad year." I could take the time discussing the details of what went wrong, but what's the point? I prefer to forget the negativity and remain optimistic. Look onward towards bigger and better things! Yet the whirlwind of the new year can often seem a bit overwhelming. Where should we channel all our energy? Some might use the opportunity to let go of any regrets and completely start over. Others make resolutions and run with them. But I see the new year as a fresh outlet for creativity of all sorts. Express yourself in whatever way possible. Play more music, compose songs, or start a journal. You can take on painting or just buy a coloring book from Walmart. Make a memory jar and record your favorite moments from 2018. Who knows, maybe you will finally write that novel that's been stuck in the back of your mind for as long as you can remember. Explore the Makerspace if that's what you find intriguing. Whatever it is, find what fascinates you as an individual because that is what the new year is about. And don't stress! You have a whole twelve months until 2019 rolls around, so take your time figuring it out.*

*Your Editor,  
Ayelet Gross*

## **MORE**

*By Noa Berman '19*

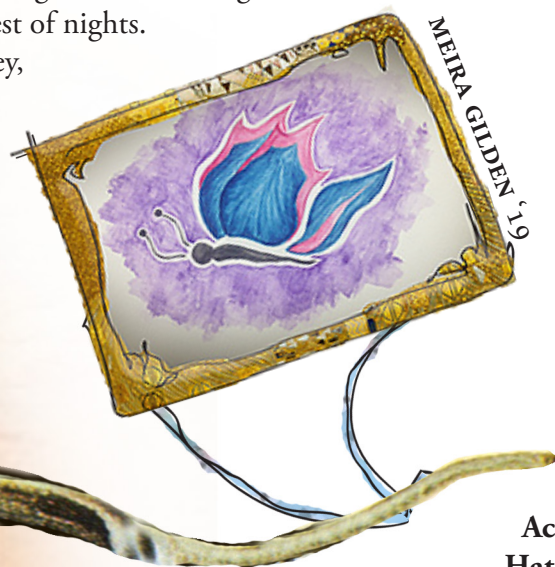
I need to learn more.  
I don't mean go to school for 8 hours  
and hear lectures,  
Only to be tested to see if I understand  
the material more.  
I mean I need to learn how to sit down at  
a coffee shop and make a friend out of a  
stranger more. I need to learn how to fight  
through awkward silence in unengaging  
conversation More.  
I need to learn to voice my opinions  
more,  
And learn to not care if some people  
don't favor me anymore.  
I need to learn how to have fun that  
doesn't involve spending money  
anymore,  
Because everyone knows that the  
best times are made when you live  
in the moment more.  
I need to be seen AND heard more.  
I need to learn not to be scared of  
being noticed anymore.  
Take risks and say yes more.  
Stop living in fear of rejection more.  
Start living in wanderlust more.  
I need to run after lust more,  
While still holding true to my roots More.  
I need to learn how to be involved in my  
own life more,  
And figure out what More I want from it.  
I need to learn how not to be afraid of diag-  
noses and death anymore.  
I have a finite time in this world and I  
need to learn how to utilize it more.

## Harmony

Shoshana Marcus '18

My best friend and I are like two chords in the same key  
Harmonizing and collaborating as if its a routine  
Practiced and polished,  
We create the most perfect melody.  
In broad daylight my best friend  
Makes music with her skilled hands  
Rushing and reminiscing,  
She is the embodiment of song.  
When the colors escape the sky,  
Our song continues

Building and broadening,  
Piecing the darkest of nights.  
And even if I'm off-key,  
She knows how to guide me back to  
our harmony.



## Acute Hatred

David Arshawsky  
'18

The angle of depression makes me  
depressed,  
The angle of elevation makes me  
depressed,  
All angles make me depressed,  
I hate math.

From numbers to letters to whatever  
pi is considered...  
I hate math.

From equations to formulas to the slope of a tangent  
line...  
I hate math.



NATALIE ODIZ '19

Living in a non-perfect world where everything has to be perfect.  
Attempting to live a typical, carefree life, but she simply cannot.

She cannot because of her Obsessive Compulsive Disorder.  
Her need to repeat the same actions so many times until they feel right  
until they feel right  
until they feel right  
until they feel right.

Monday morning:  
Wakes up and blinks her eyes thirteen times because its Monday.  
Heads towards the washroom: left foot, then right, then left, then right, then left.  
Approximately nine and a half steps to get there.

Her extensive washroom routine is cut short by the sand timer that she is forced to use.  
Accidentally leaves the washroom light ON.  
Goes to the kitchen.  
Eats a bowl of Cheerios because it is the third box to the left of the cabinet.  
Every spoonful she eats must have four pieces of cereal on it.

Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays—sometimes Fridays—and Saturdays are good days.  
She eats 3 pancakes on good days.

She leaves the house.  
Locks, unlocks, locks, unlocks, locks, unlocks, locks the door.  
Gets to school- hates how she has math class first because “math” is too close of a word to “moth”.  
Tries to take notes, but leaves class with an empty notebook.  
An empty notebook filled with erase marks because even after several attempts, she could not scribble the perfect number three.

She can't talk to her friend.  
She is too focused on her friend's uneven eyebrows.  
Her friend would speak, but all she sees are silent lips moving.

She returns home.  
Puts down her backpack on the right side of her front door.  
But its Monday, so she moves the bag to the left side of the door.

She calls out, “I'm home”, four times.  
One time for each of her family members—in order to make SURE everyone knows she is home.

She tries to relax.  
She **wants to be normal.**  
She **forces herself into the living room to watch television.**  
watch television.  
watch television.  
watch television.

**She wants to watch.**  
**She wants to watch so badly.**  
**But she can't.**  
**She cant because she must go turn the bathroom light OFF.**

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## Invited the Devil for Dinner

Akiva Stadlan '19

I invited the Devil for dinner  
With a letter sent by post  
It came back with a bloody stamp  
And signed The Dreaded Ghost

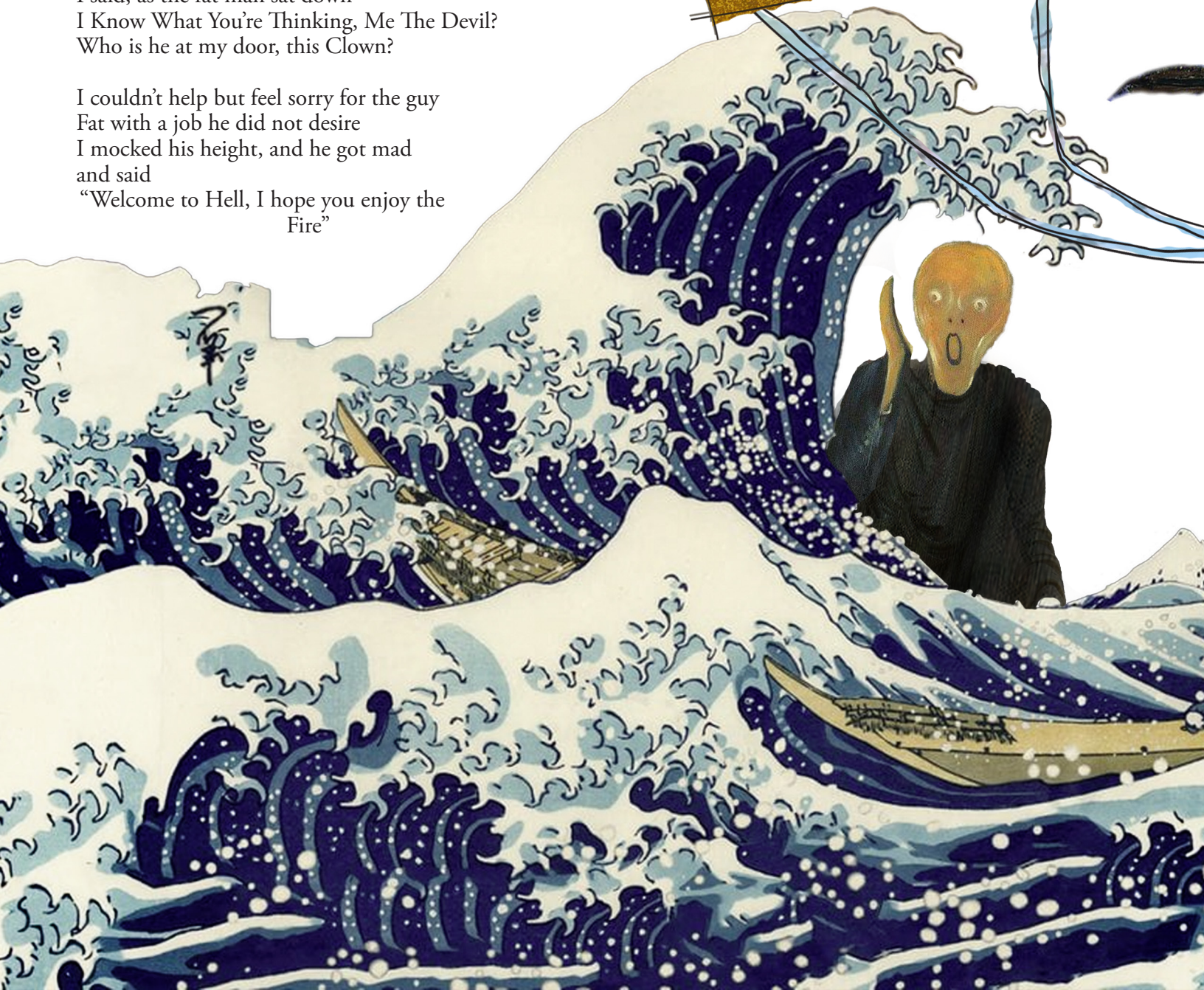
As the hour struck the day away  
I waited for the knock  
A weighty pound on my oak door  
Tocatta Fugue by Bach

Instead the doorbell whimpered  
A faint sound I almost missed -  
A small fat man stood by my door  
A true anabaptist -

Welcome, Make Yourself Feel at Home  
I said, as the fat man sat down  
I Know What You're Thinking, Me The Devil?  
Who is he at my door, this Clown?

I couldn't help but feel sorry for the guy  
Fat with a job he did not desire  
I mocked his height, and he got mad  
and said  
"Welcome to Hell, I hope you enjoy the  
Fire"

GALIA PALMER '20

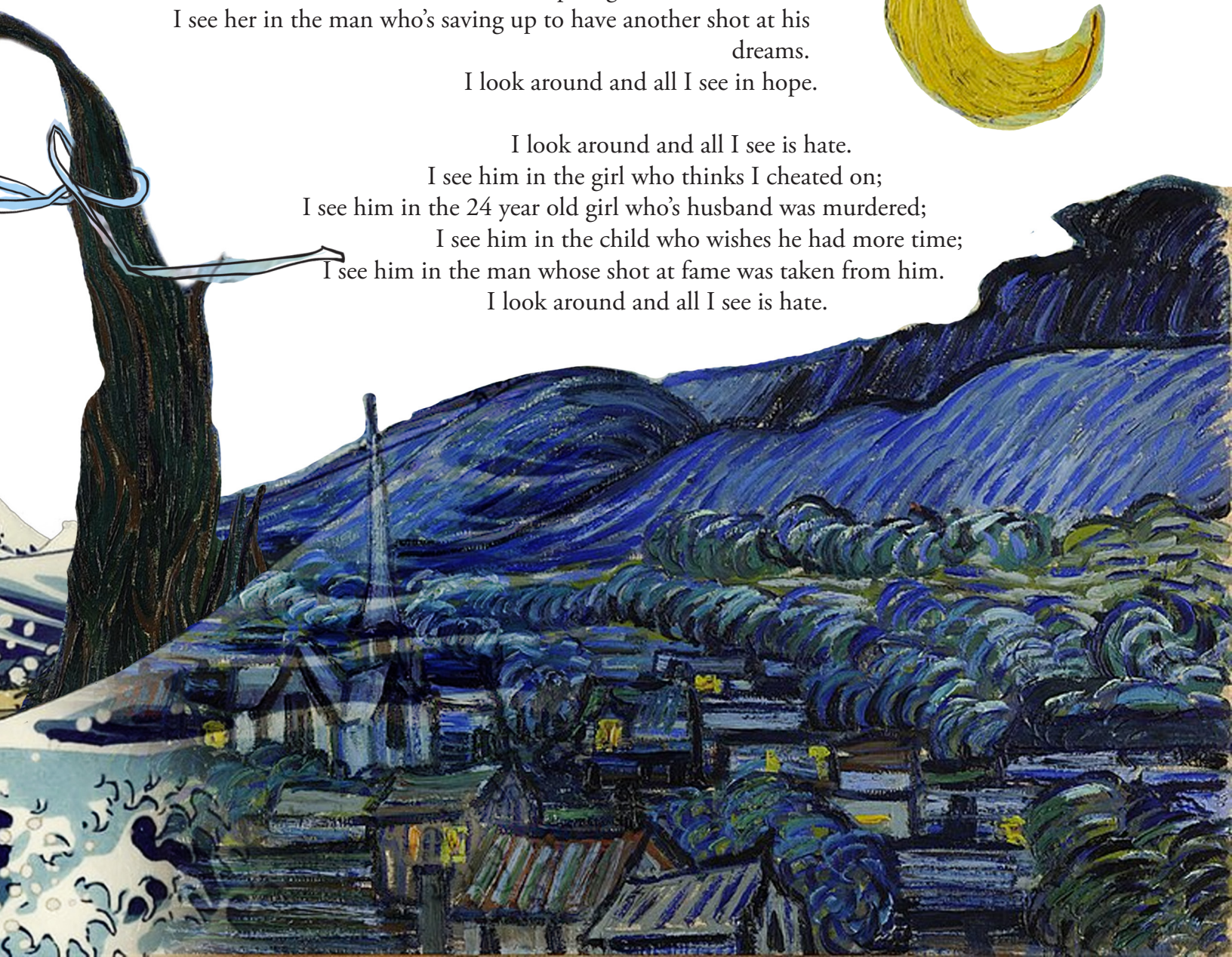


**All I See**  
*Anonymous*

I look around and all I see is pain.  
I see him in the girl I used to date;  
I see him in the 24 year old widow;  
I see him in the terminal toddler who has cancer;  
I see him in the cashier who wanted to be famous.  
I look around and all I see is pain.

I look around and all I see is hope.  
I see her in the girl who always put a smile on my face;  
I see her in the 24 year old girl who is ready to start over;  
I see her in the child who is inspiring those around him;  
I see her in the man who's saving up to have another shot at his  
dreams.  
I look around and all I see in hope.

I look around and all I see is hate.  
I see him in the girl who thinks I cheated on;  
I see him in the 24 year old girl who's husband was murdered;  
I see him in the child who wishes he had more time;  
I see him in the man whose shot at fame was taken from him.  
I look around and all I see is hate.



# A baby

bird stands on a branch. She shivers in the crisp, autumn air. Today is the day. The day she will learn to fly. The day she will take to the skies. The day she will join her cousins up above, exploring the infinite blue.

Looking down, the baby bird's head spins. She remembers the feeling of falling down, down, down and hitting the ground like a feathered rock. She does not want to fall.

Her mother nudges her gently with a soft poke. Go on, she seems to be saying. You can do it.

Hoots and whistles come from above as the baby bird's cousins call to her with sounds of encouragement. She pulls one foot off the branch and inches forward, away from the safety and comfort of her nest. The world sways. The baby bird wants to jump. She wants to fly. But her wings feel stuck in place and her feet scream to her brain, begging to be left alone.

Fear envelops her and she squeezes her eyes shut, attempting to block out the pressure to succeed and the fear of failing. The baby bird shudders at the notion of not migrating with her family in a few days. This fear conquers all others and she is filled with adrenaline. She runs to the edge of the branch and leaps into the air.

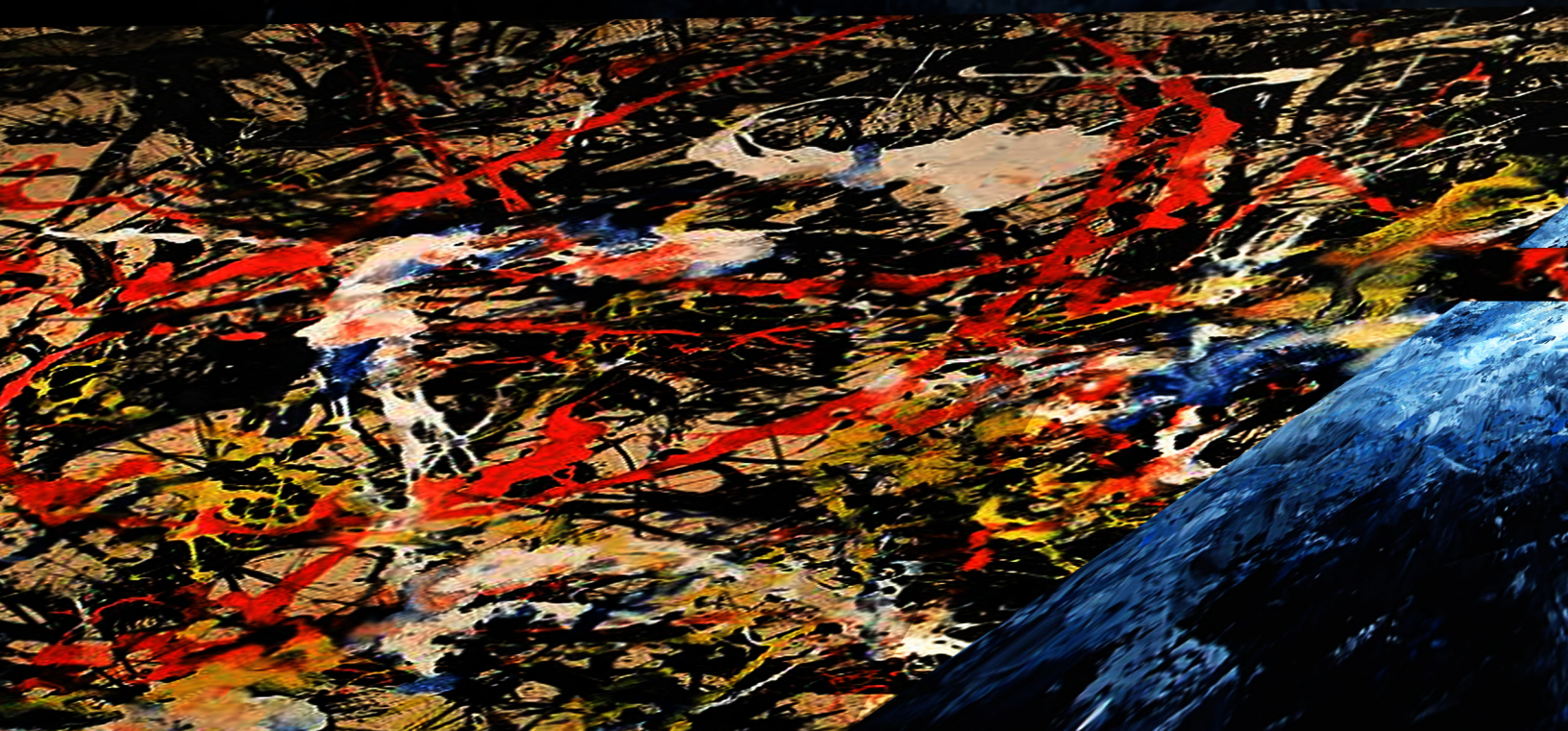
The baby bird plummets. She begins to see in slow motion as the ground grows closer and closer. Twenty feet, ten feet, five feet. Twelve inches, ten inches, seven inches. Two small wings extend and a gust of air catches them. The baby bird shoots upward towards the heavens.

The noise of the air! The rush of the wind on her feathers! The blur of the colors around her! She is the only one, and she is on top of the world. The baby bird's mother swoops down to meet her protégé but stays back, letting her offspring enjoy her newfound powers of flight.

There is so much to take in. Greens and browns sprinkled with autumn colored leaves flood the two small eyes of the baby bird. She soars above trees, below branches, and around the playground she has only ever seen from afar. It looks so much bigger up close.

The baby bird clenches her wings to her sides and zips this way and that, taking in the red, orange, and yellow of the soon-to-be naked trees around her. She dips and dives, swooping around in big circles, experimenting with speed, height, and movement. She races buses below her and whistles to the coat-clad children on the swings of her park. They look up and wave and she grins back at them. She catches up to her family, all of whom surround her and envelop her with words of praise and congratulation. She beams with pride and jubilation. She is all grown up.

In a tree in the park there is a nest. The nest is empty. 100 feet up, a flock of birds fly in formation. Not one of them is a baby.





ANDREW GALITZER '20



Got stories? Got Poems? Got Art? Send your  
work to [litmag@yeshivahs.org](mailto:litmag@yeshivahs.org)

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