The Eagle’s Quill
Vol. 3
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“As the number of studies increased, it became clear that writing was a far more powerful tool for healing that anyone had ever imagined.”

- James W. Pennebaker
Love’s Remains

I slowly open my eyes
To stare at the ceiling above me.

Shaken from a dream so strong,
It caused a pain in my chest.

I felt as though my world came burning down.
I desired the warmth of the flames,
But the blaze tore through my heart.

The burn is always intense,
Like the feeling that rises in my heart,
When I think of you.

I miss when I could fall asleep,
To the sweetest scenarios of you and I.

Now all I’m left with is bits and pieces.
The only evidence of you in my life,
Remains locked away in my mind.

I look for you everywhere I go,
Somehow I find you in everything I see.

- L.N.B.M.
Disguise

I need sleep but sleep does not need me.
I require focus but I cannot even get attention.
I yearn for peace but I get a raging storm.
I seek silence but continuously hear the cries for sanity.
I wish for peace but I cannot find the eye.
So still I lie,
Waiting for my time to be me once more.

- Lauren Moses
Love Not Returned

I will never be your first thought in the morning,
Nor your last thought at night.

Though I continue to make the mistake of thinking,
This one is just for me.

First I’ll fall for you,
Then you’ll see me as a saint,
Only to leave me stranded.

I no longer mind the hurt,
As it seems the universe
Is sending me a message:
This is your purpose.

I know I will never be loved,
The way I love you.

- L.N.B.M.
Words fly across the page.

I long to catch them and put them in a BOX.

- Anonymous
If I Had the Chance to Start Again…

I WILL WIN!
Because when I lean just a little,
I survive.
When I power through
I realize
That I am someone,
And I am someone great
And this precious moment will be mine today.
When I turned,
I saw my faith
And when I moved,
I saw my place
From my source-
To give me hope.
I remained
Promised to my case!

Scorn.
to see the lights dim away.

Hate.
To all the kindness and sacrifice you have made.

I leaped into a moment of fresh air
Where I forgave-
If I had the chance
I would stand tall.
Because I fell over and over again-

I WILL WIN!
Because this will be my precious moment,
Where I will try to never lean down with my chin
EVER AGAIN!

- Naz
Restless

11:07

Swirling silk strands

11:08

Is it warm in here?

11:09

125 beats per minute

11:10

I think I’m sweating

11:11

Please relax, it is okay

11:12

Breathe, please

11:13

In for 4, hold for 4, out for 6

11:14

Repeat, repeat, repeat

11:15

Silk strands still swirling

11:16

Yes, very warm in here

2:06

Good night.

- Lauren Moses
What I Shall See

I seek for answers inside a place called home.
   Who am I?
   And where do I belong?

   I want to find myself
   And have the courage to change
      Difficult times.
   I hope not to fall in my own rain.

   Where my feet may fall
   I shall stand.
   I have always been a little afraid
      Of helping hands.

   For once I meet
   The person I will be
   I will live for this moment once again.

   - Naz
If Only the Earth Could Hug Me Back

To me he was a fresh, white coat of paint,
Restoring and blanketing my chipped exterior.
My feet sauntered on a ground shrouded with pearly clouds.

He made me beautiful again.

Because of him, my soul ascended, inhabiting the galaxy.
Hugged the Earth in its entirety—laid it on my chest,
And stroked its hair, as I’d done him so many nights ago.

He would place his lips on my nose, his calloused palms
Brushed the delicate skin of my elbows, the bristle of
His beard sheltered me as I sighed, “I love you”

Our love aged the same as a tarnished soup spoon.
The bright silver dulled, brown specs blemishing its handle,
Brown like the coffee I’d make him every morning.
Dark. A half teaspoon of sugar, no cream.

Years passed as rose petals fell.
Surrounded by the smell of withered Autumn leaves
And stale rain, I gazed out of the half-open casement
Of our bedroom and queried. Was I his white paint or silken lips?

Could he too hug the Earth?

- M
Rise of Beauty

Deep dreams remembered often,
Where beauty rose from the body that was left forgotten.

Deep, dark, memorable ones that help us digest the reality of life.
But what happens when beauty not only can give us light,
But allows us to see the shadows that creep within?

Like a breath of DEAD air-
He has resurfaced upon our senses,
As live gives us time to gather our reminiscing.

But why shall beauty not stay with me?
But beauty go with them.

Them who tremble around me,
Looking for my faith and apology.

Rise of Beauty.
Oh! Rise to the Sun.
Unpredictable, known moment,
Has been done-

- Naz
Something Ominous

Like a pebble skipping across a peaceful lake
I tremble from a buildup of smaller mistakes.
Not the kind you read on a scale
But ones you’ll find when your heart gets impaled,
Struck with the strength of a thousand men
I suffer the loss of a forgotten friend
Seconds feel like minutes as I try to reverse.
I wish I could predict or try to rehearse
For what I should do to escape this curse
But it's now set in stone and that stone has some girth.

Now I'm in a state of feeling like death
A mixture of hyperventilating and holding my breath
Burning from inside and drenched in cold sweat,
I forget how to swim as I sink to the depths.

- Jacob Y.
One More Breath

I'm left gasping for breath,
My airways constricted.

I'm left fighting for the chance to inhale once more,
And I begin to feel the darkness closing in.

I'd be afraid, but I've felt this before,
The feeling of slowly drifting away.

No longer thinking.
No longer afraid of being consumed.

The constant cycle in my mind,
Leaving me run down and worn out.
Waiting to breathe again.

- L.N.B.M.
The Girl in the Looking Glass

I'm carried into consciousness by the sunlight's warm rays
I don't know where I am, I've been lost in its gaze,
now I've spent countless hours in an unfocused daze-
time passes me by, an encroaching malaise.

I finally draw the strength to rise, like the sun in the east
Circling a ceiling-less labyrinth, when my eyes find a feast
A buffet of mysticism, a bouquet of wonder.
I can't say I've comprehended, may-haps I have blundered
But I stumble upon a mirror, a looking glass of sorts
I touch it and it shifts, begins to contort.

An image reflected back to me, although to my confusion
It is not my body I see, I assume it's some sort of illusion
It's a girl about my age mimicking my movements.

I say hello,
she replies with familiarity
I ask if she knows,
Some friends or some family
Because a feeling in me grows,
Of uncanny similarities
It seems that a rose
Has bloomed in calamity
I find that her tone
Brings me out of insanity
That I'm not alone.

... I visit the glass from time to time
Each conversation I have makes it easy to find
Qualities I've amassed are now two of a kind
And when I vacation to this part of my mind

I'm hopeful.

- Jacob Y.
BLACK EYES CRY

Distance between right and wrong
Somehow connected through the magnetic fields of POWER!
In which we claim what is wrong
But continue to over do it,
Which then gives time for right to be bruised.

We compare and contrast the situation of others
Without discussing the events that may cause them to smother.
Which the dreams of my kind seem to be forgotten-
And their beautiful souls sometimes portrayed as rotten.

My name is Ja'Naz Crawley

I am a Black American!

I do and shall have a name when I am mentioned and addressed!

I carry with dignity and pride because I have seen black eyes cry!

Dreams through eyes,
Who have provided steps forward
But some gradually doubled back.
We always have heard the voices of a Dang-
Anthem that screams our deep dark cracks-

I Know-

Good character doesn’t always prove right to the world for US.
But Black eyes cry everyday and night!
And we still can’t find the time to make things right?

Promises and Promises-
In which they shall not keep.
No hate crimes passed for my people
More than 400 years deep-

- Naz
Tomorrow’s Change Today

Who do I want to be?
Will they remember me?
Does anyone care about me?
One thing I know I want to see,
Is Tomorrow’s Change Today.

No more war, no more hate,
No more shame for who I choose to date,
Is it so bad to not want to mate?
One thing I know will be great,
Is Tomorrow’s Change Today.

To the haters: So what?
To the evil: Who Cares!?
Why must you tread on others?
One thing I hope you consider,
Is Tomorrow’s Change Today.

Look inward and decide,
Is this worth the divide?
And maybe you will see,
Or even listen to me,
That you must be,
Tomorrow’s Change Today.

- Derek Hamad
Lindsay has been an editor for the Eagle’s Quill since its founding last school year. She is also a yearbook editor. Lindsay is Vice President of National Honor Society, Historian for Mu Alpha Theta and a member of Beta Club. She has been in Majorettes for four years and was Honor Guard Captain her senior year. In the fall she plans to attend Howard University as a Journalism Major.
MiAsia is a senior who has been an editor for The Eagle’s Quill for two years. She is involved in theatre as a stage manager for the fall production and lighting manager for three years. She is also a four year majorette—senior year flag captain this year—a Beta Club and National Honor Society member, and Vice President of the Interact Club. She will attend Goucher College in the fall to study Communications and Media Studies and minor in Professional Writing.
Ian Portell

Ian is a senior who has been an editor for The Eagle’s Quill for one year. He has been involved in theatre as a cast member for every production since his freshman year. He is also a four year participant in the Chorus program, including auditioning and making it to All Shore Chorus. He will attend Kutztown University in the fall and plans to major in music education.
Editor’s Remarks

The editors of the third volume of the Eagle’s Quill Literary Journal would like to give a huge thanks to Snow Hill High School and Board of Education members for their continued support of our creative endeavors. We’d like to especially thank Dr. Kimberly Purvis, Dr. Scot Tingle, and Dr. Brian Phillips, who have made this journal possible and been enthusiastic with their support and love for the creative arts.

We are extremely grateful that our journal has had three successful volumes. We’ve been impressed and touched by the amazing creations and voices that are hidden throughout our school. Students from different ages, groups, and backgrounds who allowed us to share their writing. We are honored to give them a space to express themselves, and look at this journal as a way to connect with our peers, and showcase the diversity of Snow Hill High School Students.

Thank you, to all of our contributors, for lending us your work to be shown in the spotlight.

Sincerely,

The Eagle’s Quill Student Editors

Lindsay Birckhead-Morton, senior
MiAsia Timmons, senior
Ian Portal, senior
Andrew Brown, junior

Mrs. Tarah Threadgill, Faculty Advisor
Mrs. Brittany Hulme-Tignor, Faculty Advisor