



**Literature by and for Students at
Thomas A. Edison Career and
Technical Academy**

Issue 1 April 2020
A View from the Window

Message

Since so many of us have been limited to what we can see because we must stay in and can only see outside from the window, the theme of this issue is "A View from the Window." Students were asked to write about what they or some other character (real or fictional) were currently experiencing, but were not limited to this. They could write about anything that was related to this idea and could submit a poem, a song, a story, an essay or art work that had something to do with this idea.

These pieces were submitted by members of Thomas A. Edison Career and Technical Academy.

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Having been indoors for nearly four weeks now, I feel like a peaceful prisoner in my own home; content with my imprisonment while also begging for my release. My only escape from my room is my window, a three-by-five-foot opening to the outdoors with our only separation being a pane of glass. As I look out my window, I see crystal clear blue skies. It's been a while since I've seen that crisp, bright shade of blue; I've almost forgotten it's blinding beauty. It is almost as if the clouds decided to take their own quarantine, letting the sky take center stage. Opening my window, my nose takes in the fresh outdoor air, my lungs expanding with joy and my chest puffing with excitement. I sit on my bed a look out to my backyard, where my dog runs around and plays with his toys. I also see birds land on our grass, pecking at seeds and other findings on the ground. Looking up, I see other birds fly around the sky in their intricate formations, flying back home after their escape from the winter. The trees begin to bloom their flowers in shades of pink and white, petals slowly floating to the ground. The others, while not having any blooms, wait for their leaves to eventually make the skies into a sea of green. This abundance of nature makes me realize that the Earth is a wonderful place, where creatures and humans can coexist. The interactions between animals and plants is a beautiful thing, which I can witness from my room. The world has become a massive exhibit which I view from my bed. I hope to one day leave this room and witness the nature for myself, but until then, I am content with my little private zoo.

Veronica Davila



Through my window

Life is all but normal at this time,
Ignorance and fake news are suffocating the masses,
All the while, they come wait for their savior to come and bring on the end,
Hope is low and there is no individual to put hope in,
When I can't look to anyone for hope, I look to my window,

The simple pane of glass that gives a view to the dangerous outdoors,
The hope is that the view given will soon be heard and felt,
The desolate world will mourn its losses and rejoice its gains,
While the day of freedom is still undetermined, we turn to each other for sanity,
My window's view may be limited,
But it embraces me through this hard time,
It shows empathy and solace through its April rain,
It shows warmth and hope through a sunny day,
And when hope is lost, a sun peeking through the clouds raises spirits to fight on.

This quarantine is a reminder that anything can be taken away,
It reminds us that we can all be turned into onlookers and watch the world go on,
A window can be a grave meant to show the public a distraught, lost person,
Or it can be used for inspiration when the doors are opened and the winds can come
refresh life.

Though there have been countless sacrifices, my window is there for me,
My window knows of my losses and gives me a view to look upon,
As well as hope for the Sun to shine upon us and our brothers or sisters.

Bryan Alvarez



With nothing to do but stare out the window
With this pandemic escalating
I see empty streets
Quiet blue skies with the sun shining brighter than ever
Only thing catching my eye on the street is a tree
A tree that seemed to be bursting with pink flowers
The only beauty during this time

Manuel Castro

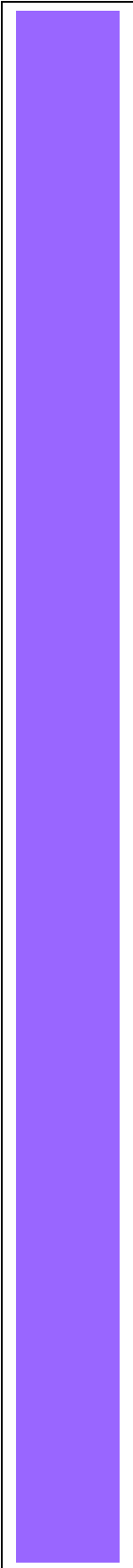


Illustration by Ashley M. Garcia

Sitting here mesmerized by the sunshine,
Winter's now gone, and flowers are starting to bloom.
Imagining me having brunch outside sipping wine,
When in reality I'm stuck in this room,
Just staring at the birds through glass,
Watching them spread their wings and fly,
Wishing this quarantine goes by fast.
The time is going slowly by,
We're trapped in this house because of a virus,
Can't go anywhere, not even school,
Leaving me feeling empty and lifeless,
How can something be so cruel?
Even though I feel like were screwed,
I'm still trying to keep a positive attitude.

Ashley M. Garcia






As I look out my window, I miss every part of the outside world. I regret not making the best out of the last day I went out. Ever since I was little girl I have been used to going outside, just going out with my dad to run some errands makes me happy. And now that we have been in quarantine for four weeks, it's sad to be home and only see a part of the world from the window. All I get to see from my window are houses and some cars driving by. I enjoy going out instead of being home. I don't understand how there are people that love being inside their houses instead of enjoying the loveliness of nature.

There is nothing else to do at home, I have watched everything on my Netflix. I just can't wait to go back to normal and enjoy every little bit from the outside. I have come to a point where I even hate looking at my phone or laptop, I have gotten bored of them. Now we see how our lives really depend on the outside world, not only on our phones.

Even though it had seemed like interacting with others wasn't necessary, now I see how important it is. We have all gone crazy due to this lock up. In my house the younger ones and older one have fought with one another. It has gotten to the point where we can't stand the presence of each other. It's difficult having a big family. My five-year-old sister and I have fought at least three times a day over the simplest thing ever. We have fought for the remote control and for the hammock.

My thirteen-year-old brother has been kicking me out of the house every time we argue. Now that I have turned eighteen, he wants me out of the house. All these things are happening inside the window. Outside the window there is more silence now that everyone is inside their houses due to the quarantine. Now all I can hear are the chipper of the birds that come by my window every morning. Nature is now recovering since there aren't people littering. I can't wait to go outside and look at nature's beauty.

Madelyn Reyes



A view from the window is where I am safe
Safe from me coughing and losing my breath
Safe from diseases avoiding a case
Avoiding the number one reason which is death

I sit down and think, wondering why
Wondering how, when can we go back
Wondering if everyone will survive
Please stay inside, we're under attack

A window is perfect when feeling alone
Watching the rain fall down like tears
Knowing that you have some tears of your own
Feeling depressed like the ending is near

A view from the window drives me insane
Just like a bird I just want to fly
Fly to the sky and look at the pain
To know I'm not crazy and losing my mind

Travis Paul



A View from the Window

After being inside for about a month and a half due to the virus that has spread throughout the nation, I have noticed how cold everything has gotten around me. People are dying, stores are going out of business, and food is becoming a limitation. It's sad to live in the middle of this chaos, when we have no control of what is going on around us.

Being inside has shown me, how it feels to be isolated. It's like one day our freedom was just taken away from us. This virus has affected us making money, graduating, and preparing ourselves for our next step. The virus has caused us to lose many of our loved ones. Looking out from the inside, I've noticed how much we've taken most of our lives for granted.

Though this virus has disrupted my life entirely, the pros of this situation are that I have gotten time to enjoy being inside with my family, we've been begun to bond better and eat better as well. Being inside has allowed us to strengthen our immune systems and focus on the positive things in our lives. Looking out from the inside I see a silent street, where about only one car passes through, I hear birds chirping some days, and I hear nothing but wind most days. I sometimes try to think about the positives, that rule out the negatives, but it almost seems as if the world is reluctantly crumbling down all around us. This is my last year of high school and I find myself questioning if I'll get to graduate, go to prom, or even enjoy my last year of going to school. It honestly is devastating that this year might not be my or anyone else's graduating golden year after all.

Looking out from the inside, I see the world slowly falling apart, the days are getting longer, and lives are getting shorter. I thought this year would start off great, but it's been nothing but a whole lot of disappointments. I pray everything falls into place, this pandemic has been a real eye opener.

Emany Paul

Window

An opening
Admitting light or air
A lens through which we can see
A crack through which we can feel
A space through which we can breathe

Windows of the mind
Sometimes small or narrow
Sometimes vast or wide
Sometimes transparent and obvious
Other times scratched, fogged, shattered

One can be opened
 Flung wide
 Ajar
Stuck
Broken
Nailed shut
Closed

Framed
 Windows of time
 Windows of opportunity
Sometimes refracting
 Letting people see out
 Windows of the world
 Sometimes reflecting
Letting people see in
The windows of the mind
The windows of the soul

Laura Lynne Mucci