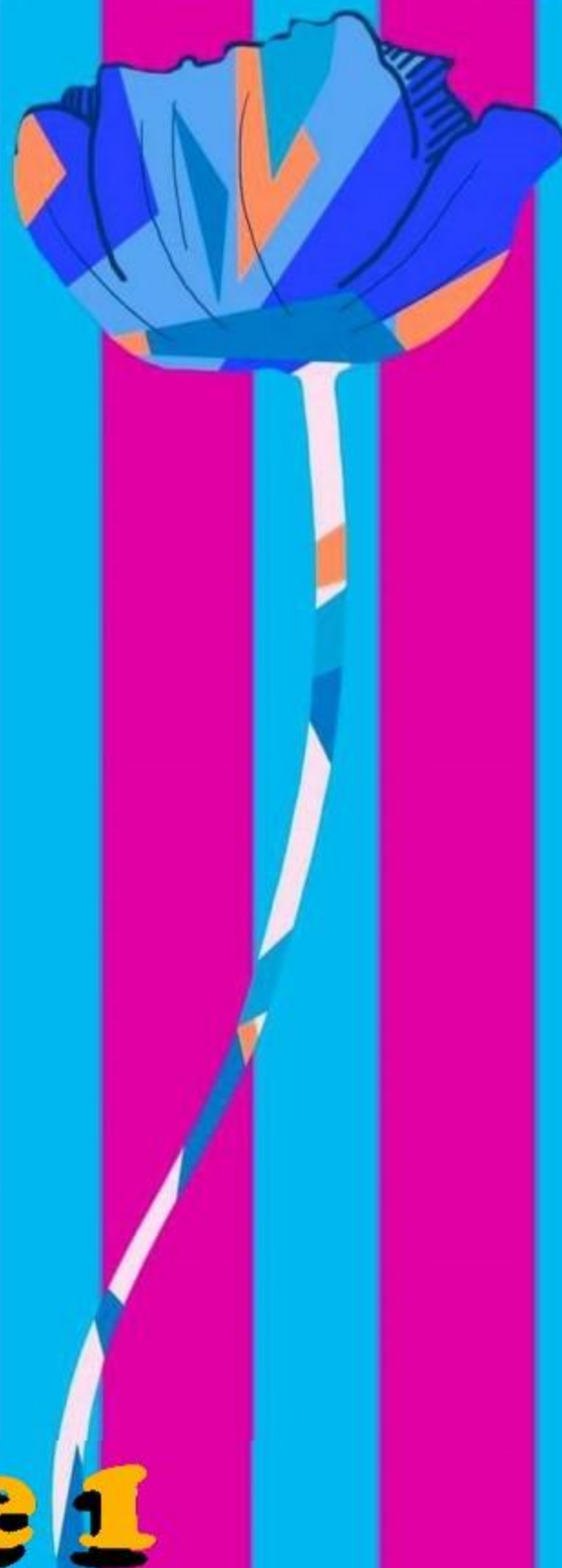


THE



Volume 1

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POPPY

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The Poppy Magazine was a project started by two RFS students who understood that the hardest thing about being an artist is being recognized. So many talents and beautiful art pieces are hidden instead of shining for the world. We made the Poppy Magazine to give students a voice. We believe that one of the most important things to do in your life is to express yourself, which is what art does. Art is more than something you can stare at, it is a conversation you had with yourself that you are showing to everybody. Medicine, engineering, management, and all things like it are all noble jobs that we need so we can live. but, art is what we live for. It is important as a community to give students the chance to express themselves and encourage them to be creative. For some people this magazine might seem as a little thing, but for others it might seem like a big step forward. After months of collecting submissions, planning, and designing the magazine, the team of the Poppy Magazine is incredibly happy that the first draft of the Poppy Magazine has been done! We hope that we can make more throughout the years. This magazine showed us how many students in this school have such great talents that we have never known were there. We hope that everyone that has participated finds great success in the future and that they will never stop making this earth more colorful.

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THE WINNERS!



MARC ZAIBAK!

HANA SHQAIRAT!

LUCA SALAMEH!

SILVANIA MARDIROSSIAN!

NOOR KAMAL!

HIGH SCHOOL WINNERS!



**THE FOUR SEASONS
BY SILVANIA MARDIROSSIAN**

TWICE A TRAP

BY NOOR KAMAL

**Rushed to me in despair
and indeed, I have healed you with grace
You desired to escape everything
and so, with devotion, I proffered you my everything
Time raced till I unraveled
my soul and thoughts that I have concealed
You provoked feelings that I have continually-
-endeavored to suppress
And so again, it flickered
the hope that I moronically possessed
Your hug became my home
I found safety within your words
But gradually, you started to fade
into a world similar to your escape
My home was left vacant
that is when I acknowledged
I have fallen into the trap once again
I was for stability, manipulated
for you to walk out and leave
But how can one be so cruel
to another who, in each step of the path
gladly waited but in vain
The trap was not once set
yet blindly, I leapt into it again**

MIDDLE SCHOOL WINNERS!



SKYLINE OF CHICAGO
BY LUCA SALAMAH

1948 DEVASTATION

BY HANA SHQAIRAT

**On that sunny May morning,
The flowers bloom,
We lived in peace,
Until it was our doom.**

**Big machines thick and thin,
Invaded our land as the bullets cut through our skin.**

**The land where we once lived,
Their brutality we couldn't avoid,
Our life was destroyed.**

**The swings in the yard are being destroyed,
We ran away as the bomb noises fled in,
Letting go of the moments I enjoyed,
The tears flooding my eyes raced to my chin.**

**My heart is pounding with fear,
When will we go home?
Mother told me to stay near,
What happens now remains unknown.**

**It's been long since 1948,
My heart is still wounded,
All of my toys left in the crate,
My return home awaits.**



SHADOW PEGASUS

BY MARC ZAIBAK

**PALESTINIAN MAP
MADE WITH ORGAMI
BY HANNA QAHOUSH**

HIGH SCHOOL CONTESTANTS!



**I have a dream... I have a dream
I want to overcome my fear, but all these rockets interfere.
How can I breathe when its smoke that I breathe?
How can I feel when its blood that is smeared?
How can I hear when shooting bombs is all that's here?
I am living my greatest fear, it's reality to me
My soul is slowly shattering because of this unfairness
The truth that is hidden behind the scenes, it is sorrow that is here
The world believes what seems to be unclear
An awful image of this place called Palestine
Freedom, we lack freedom behind these walls
When will we see our beautiful land again?
Cities, homes, houses destroyed
When we fight back, we are the ones to blame?
Why do we have to live this misery and tragedy?
Is it because we sought freedom?
When will we fulfill this dream of taking back what we had?
And make this dream come to reality...**

**TO THE PEOPLE WHO
SOUGHT FREEDOM
BY NICOLE ACKALL**

A little girl is brought into this life.
They say nothing but that she will make a great wife.
The little girl flashes a smile.
And her mom's heartbeat goes the extra mile.

Her mom was always by her side.
But she couldn't stand up to all the men, no matter how hard she tried.
She always cried and cried,
because she couldn't deny
what the men of their society thought about the little girl who smiled.
Was it because she was a girl that they assumed she was fragile?

The little girl was always spirited.
Her happiness was unlimited.
Until they shut her down because she is not a male.
But she continued to believe in her own happy tale.

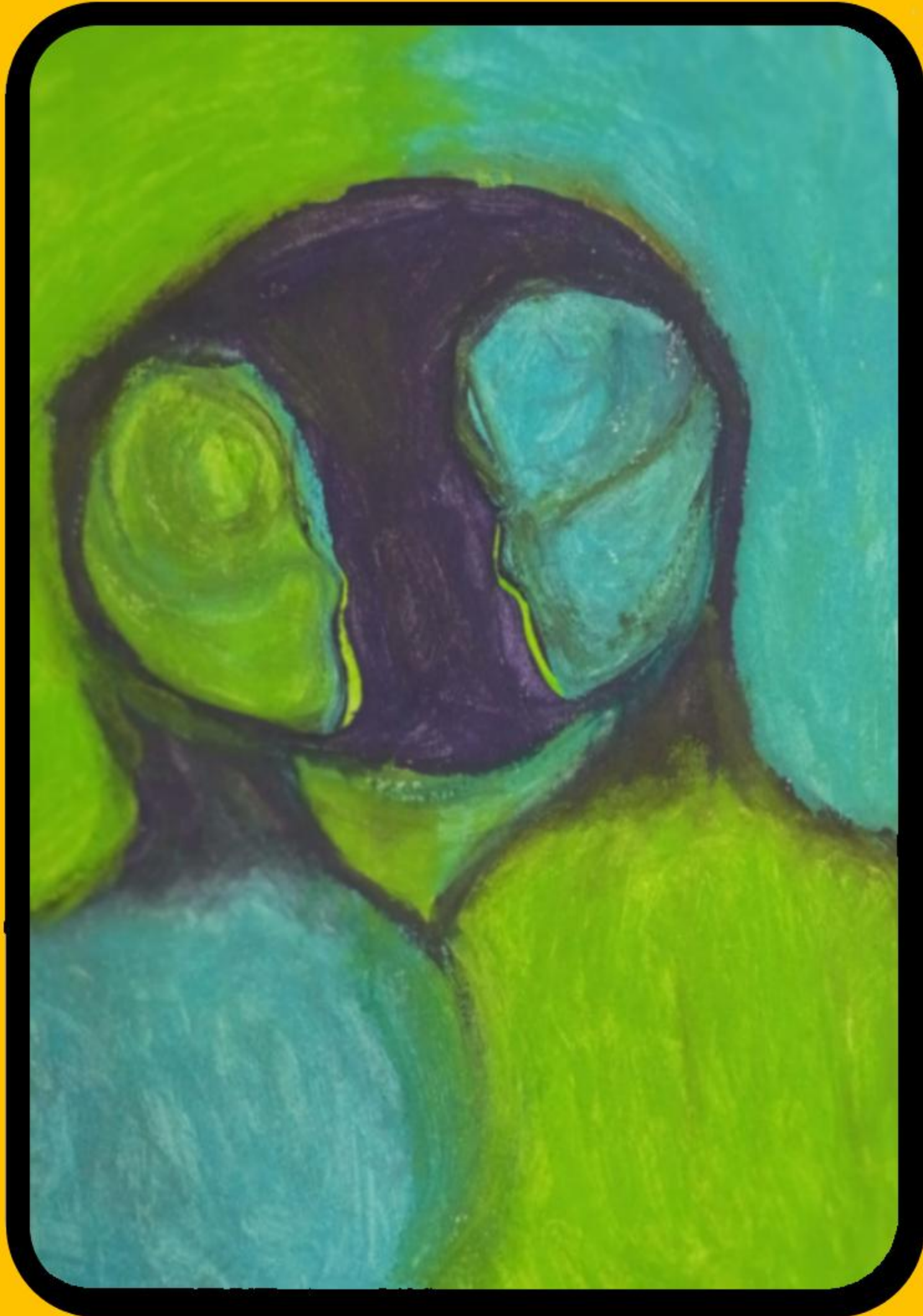
Years went by, and the little girl grew up.
They were enraged that she refused to work in a cleaning shop.
Everyone made her believe that she was less than a man could ever be.
Their words hurt more than the sting of a bee.

The little girl is now a grown lady, who fights for other women.
She and all the outstanding other women are working on a mission.
The men are probably going to give in they are going to call it wrong.
They are going to underestimate women, and play along.
But that's the whole reason for the mission.
To show everyone that women are ambitious.
And they are out of the transparent prison that the patriarchy created.
The mindsets of some individuals in our society need to be updated.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SMILED BY YOUNMNA ABU AWAD

TWO OF US

BY AMAR NOUR



EMANCIPATION BY JANA BASSALAT



I reached for my keys and unlocked the door-
Two steps forward and I was finally home.
I headed for my room, but on the way there-
Brown eyes pierced at me with a glare.
Right there, through the light of the moon-
A curious new face gloomed.
Maybe a house invader or a robber it could be-
But they stared at me so desperately.
They looked pained with the blood of their own killings-
Like in this story they were painted as villains.
Unable to stop myself I branched out a hand as far as I could reach-
For maybe I could help this poor soul, if they weren't drowning too deep.
I closed my eyes afraid of what might happen next-
Maybe this decision wasn't the best.
I couldn't tell what it was, but I only feared-
If I managed to run fast enough maybe, it'll disappear.
I scurried back, not daring to open my eyes-
Only now were they able to grasp onto these lies.
How could it be-
This must be a dream.
There is no way-
This ought to be a play.
It was all too hard to perceive-
Too hard to believe.
All these years I've been the victim-
But it seems that all these crimes, I committed them.
The blood beneath my fingernails was drying-
My own blood on my hand was crying.
Shrieking for help, for a hand to hold-
Like a little kid lost in a store.
I finally opened my eyes but I couldn't comprehend what I saw-
It felt like I was stuck in a dark, dim and a never-ending hall.
There I was standing in the room-
Staring at my reflection in the light of the moon.

BROKEN MIRRORS

BY MILAR ZAGHAL

The judge bangs his gavel
Against the wood
Against the swarthy victim's hammering heart
Because now
He has lost everything
And for what
The color of his skin?
"Ding!"
With one chime his world has been set on fire
Shrouded with ashes
Burned till it has become nothing
The victim begs with his eyes
But the universe offers nothing
So the begs become growls
"The court has been adjourned!"
Embers flame within the prey's silent shrieks
He has been wronged
Ones of different colors are still one
Yet they are divided as if different
And so the only savior is more silence
Silence that echoes cowardice
Such a massive burden and fault
But the harm has been done
The gavel bangs
The chime sounds
Injustice resurrects
Hope demolishes
And inequality conquers all
But
If such as this victim breathes his last
Does this cowardice follow?
Haunting every footstep
Impelling him to feel death alive?

That is when I emerge from the boiling shade
And be that as it may
I come with the unwelcome uninvited colors
Red
For the blood of those who likewise have been wronged and oppressed
Blue

Then above them all
Purple
A consequence of what both red and blue
have accomplished
Alas,
Death
And yet on the contrary
The color I carry with me is superior
It comes above all
It builds up nations
It unites those slandered
It grants strength and fortitude
It offers life to every wrecked chance
It improves our discords and disharmonies
And lifts the lives of all of us
The victims
The colors
Me
The color is white
All of its shades, really
That of iridescent pearls
And that of crisp morning skies
I bring it with me to save us
All of us
My future
Your future
The victims' futures
And the community we bear
I strive to become a lawyer
One day
Someday
Whatever day
Whatever hour
It remains always and forever my-
-greatest desire

THE COLOR OF JUSTICE BY MEERAH AKER

**“The court has been adjourned,”-
-the judge had said
But I wouldn't allow it
I won't allow it
Neither will the color white that I carry
For I bring white,
The color of angels and hope,
To help me efface darkness
To help me vanquish evil
From where my future self stands
I am in a suit
Rigidly grasping a gavel
With the color of hope
The color of justice
Beside me
Within me
Brightly leading the way
I am in charge of orders
I promote justice for my people
For foreigners
Even outcasts
No prejudice held
White effaces blue and red with its
neutral shade
And hence
Purple never comes to be;
And likewise
Neither does death
Together
The color I carry and I
We construct justice
Build it piece by piece again
Until it strengthens immorality
Until it rids deception and prejudice
Until injustice dies
And only unity stands
Where the future awaits
That objective humane community will be built
It will revive
It won't be for money**

**Not even for the fame
I'll defend the powerless against the powerful
The outcasts and wronged against the privileged
I'll defend fire against water
For even if water beats fire
Doesn't fire deserve a chance?
A chance to inspire
A chance to unite
Inspiration and unity will build communities
stronger than before
Strength will buy power
Power will defeat wrong
Wrong will die as long as the unity lingers
Justice will become their nature
Equality will be inevitable
With not even a clue
Their lives will change for the better
My life will change for the better
For after all,
If through my work I can inspire
Justice will link us all
It will echo through eternity
So when asked how this work of mine
Offers a change
Offers unity
Offers a stronger community
Offers improvement to all of our lives
I stand with believing that we humans are the
'how'**

Self portrait

by Nadine Rukab



**Let me be free
To roam out in the world and create a sense of entrancement
Though reality and I tend to disagree
I'll take over your world the second you grant it**

**Your creativity untamed
Your thoughts freed of filtering
Whats out of the ordinary finally proclaimed
Euphonious ideas flourishing**

**Out in the wild
On your memories, I thrive
Your eyes widened, beguiled
And by conceding to me, the sound of laughter will revive**

**Speak to me I plead
Hope, wonder, curiosity, happiness, and creativity guaranteed**

**YOUR IMAGINATION
BY NOUREL FILMON**

BEYOND

BY JWANA ABUTAA



Stone stands all alone

It can't moan

When it's kicked by many a feet

It can only meet

A fellow stone.

Stone – can't endure heat, wind and rain

So someday it will be a grain

And then dust

Which is a must

For each and every stone.

STONE
BY ADAM GANGAT

STARRY NIGHT
BY NADA JAWAAN



**MIDDLE SCHOOL
CONTESTANTS!**

Innocent people are dying
Sounds of children crying
Many lives have been lost
But it wasn't even their fault
Families are torn apart
Leaving their loved ones was hard
The cities of Ukraine have been wrecked
They needed to be blessed
The world has been praying for peace
Between those two countries
The floors are covered in red
By the blood that has been shed
Noises of bombs and bullets
Terrified kids to the fullest
Running away in the rain
But they cannot complain
The people are mentally drained
By the trauma that they've sustained
The fear has been nonstop
After they heard the gunshots
What was the point of the war?
Russia took it too far
What's happening in Ukraine is insane
Words cannot explain.

RUSSIA VS. UKRAINE

BY MARISSA ACKALL

The children were running
The houses were bombing
The light at night was full of fright
Instead of being bright

Palestine my land
How much more can you withstand
Israel you irritant
Will you stop killing the innocent

Innocent people are being put in prison
But why is it they have to listen
When the Israelis are the ones giving false commissions

The sun is crying instead of shining
The land is bleeding instead of feeding
But our hearts will always have hopes

Hopes in returning
Hopes in learning
Hopes in standing
Hopes in landing

People are being forbidden from visiting their lands
But their house keys are still being held in their hands

PALESTINE MY LAND
BY SIMA DURZI

THE BLUE BLUR

BY CATHERINA STEPHAN



Wars come and go, one dies and one survives, one prays and one cries, one has hope and another is suffering. Why is the world going from one war to the other? Trying to destroy the world piece by piece. Russia and Ukraine, a very well-known complication, that is happening within us, a war that everyone is praying for, spreading opinions, helping one another to try and give a hand to the people suffering, but what about Palestine and Israel? Is the world ready to forget about us? Stop fighting with us? Is the world allowing Israelis to put us in the most miserable situations possible? "Save Palestine" is that some kind of trend or is that the truth? People are like the game chess, they are moved by social media, they follow what's happening but forget as soon as it's forgotten. Palestinians have been fighting and suffering for more than 100 years but why does the world mention it once? This essay is going to show the agony in Palestine, and show the world that Palestinians really exists.

Palestine is an endless book, full of history, information, and agony. The fact that many people don't know our history stabs us Palestinians in our hearts. Palestine has been suffering for over than 100 years, with the major wars that have been going on in 1948 and in 1967 to the small wars that still cause a lot of damage, deaths and agony. What happened? two words, but huge meanings hiding behind the curtains. Is this war a folktale or is it the truth? The truth is hard and unrealistic, Great Britain giving our land, our homes and our peace to Israelis, saying it's a "land without people, for people without a land". Handing them our lives as if we are not here. Israelis occupied us, killed us and stole our land. Ordered hundreds of thousands of refugees to leave, taking their homes, their memories, their beloved land. Ripping our roots, stealing our lands, without a sense of humiliation. Is the world covering their eyes? Are they not able to see the deaths of people trying to fight for their land, the agony that people are going through, and the fact that this war is rocks against guns, agony against bombs, and knowledge against torture? The west bank, East Jerusalem, Gaza Strip and many more cities were ripped from us. Are these cities worthless land? These cities are stolen apples.

PALESTINE

BY TALA SALAMEH

Are we supposed to stand down and give up? Or are we supposed to fight? To sum up, Palestine is a stolen land, full of agony, misery and anger towards the robbers who are still robbing us.

Palestine exists in which it is full of traditions and happiness once you forget about Israel, with our traditional clothes, food, and dance. Our traditional clothes that have been worn since the early 19th century till now a day! A thobe is a beautiful dress that women wear with outstanding designs that makes it special, a keffiyeh is a scarf that both men and women wear that represents solidarity and resistance with its black and white patterns. What about Palestine's traditional dance? What about the Dabke? Dabke was first invented when people stomped their feet on mud following the music. It was invented in 1979 where people dance following the rhythm of music. To conclude, Palestine is full of traditions including Dabke, food, clothes, marriage traditions and many more.

All in all, Palestine is a country full of tradition that proves its existence against Israel. Palestine has been fighting since 1948, trying its best to save this country that is full of religion, love, tradition and many more things. How are we supposed to fight this beast? This beast that has been throwing us out, ripping our lands, and killing us one by one to end our existence. This beast that has been trying to cover up the truth, trying to end us, and end our population. The world has to open its eyes, to see the ugly truth, to feel our agony, and to help fight our wars to help us survive and manage to achieve. Palestine will never stop fighting.

SPRING NIGHT

BY JESSICA DAR YOUSEF



To be myself or change for others? That is the question.
Weather 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer through all the terrible things
thrown at me being myself,
or fight back by changing who I am,
and if so, does it end all the pain completely?
To be myself, I would be feeling great pleasure and happiness
expressing myself for who I am,
my personality, and my hobbies.
I would be flying of joy when others enjoy themselves around me,
being personally me.
To be myself, it will help me learn new things about myself,
based on what I like, want, and how to change myself for the better.
To change myself, I would have many personalities based on the person
I am spending time with.
Making changes based on what they like, and the characteristics I
think they would want in a friend.
To change myself, I would have to put on an act all day,
smiling behind all the pain,
just to have a friend to like this version of me.
To change myself or be myself? That is a question I reflect on every day,
each morning,
in school,
in activities.
This question is stuck in my mind, like how glue sticks on a piece of paper.
This question makes me overthink my actions,
Respondings, and looks.
Actions of great urgency and importance
get thrown off course because of this sort of thinking,
and they cease to be actions at all.

MONOLOGUE

BY ZEINA BANDAK

BIRD IN THE VALLEY

BY ZIAD TESDELL



**CONGRATS TO ALL
WHO PARTICIPATED!**

رمضان كريم
RAMALLAH

