

LABYRINTH MAGAZINE

VOLUME 56 ISSUE 1



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SPRING 2021
“NOSTALGIA”

Dear Reader,

First and foremost, I would like to recognize last year’s editors of *Labyrinth* magazine, Claire Sharmen and Tori Waller, as their hard work was not published due to the pandemic.

This past year and a half has been different from other school years in nearly every way. From the abrupt ending of the previous school year, to beginning this new one completely virtually, we have all had to learn to adapt.

We wanted to encapsulate all of these emotions and changes into a theme that is not directly acknowledging the pandemic, but instead addresses feelings that may have surfaced as a result. The 2020-2021 issue of *Labyrinth* is dedicated to nostalgia, highlighting the memories of a time before the pandemic, whether it’s reminiscing on childhood memories, thinking of our past, or even tackling the subject of time itself.

Due to the early ending of last school year, the *Labyrinth* staff was unable to publish a 2019-2020 issue. My main goal this year was to release an issue of the magazine despite the difficulties of working over Zoom. The *Labyrinth* staff has run into a couple challenges along the way, including reshaping our staff and class structure, working against deadlines, and solving technical difficulties, but together we worked hard to make this issue become a reality.

We loved seeing all of your submissions, and are overjoyed to have created a platform to share them with the rest of the school community. We hope you love this issue as much as we do! I’d like to give a special thanks to the rest of the *Labyrinth* staff — I am honored to have worked with you as your Editor in Chief!

- *Mena Spencer*

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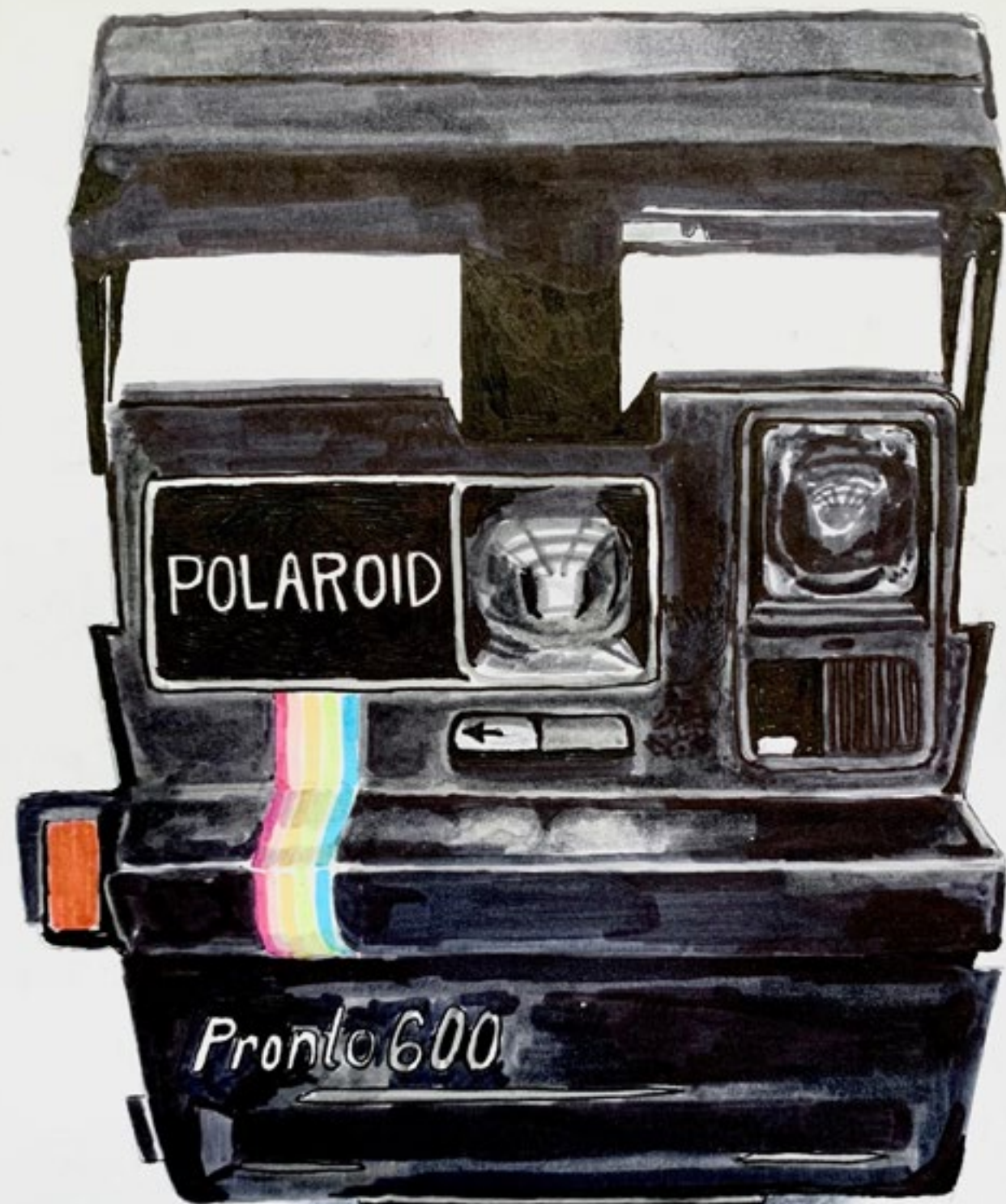
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nos·tal·gia

/nä'staljə/

noun

[fr. nostos return home + algos pain]

an attempt to encapsulate volatile emotion using only a single word

sunday pancakes

grandma's jewelry box

cigarette smoke in your hair;

a world of bittersweet rememberings

3 syllables that steal away the magic
of an emotion undefined.

synonyms

regret, joy, shame, wonder, longing, warmth, worry, bliss,
homesickness, comfort, anguish, etc.

By Kaitlin Peters





*Foggy Thoughts
By Sarey Hayden*

*This particular stretch of sidewalk
Always takes me back in time
A quarter on the pavement*

*Three nickels and a dime
Blue jays in the branches
Leaves, rustling and red*

*You didn't sound very far away
From the phone against my head.
Put the quarter in my pocket*

*Take it to the store
My mind always lingering on
My dreams the night before.*

*The machine next to the register
A gumball just for me
Bubbles catching on my nose*

*The girl I used to be.
Oh world of blissful mysteries!
I'd trade my wicked art!*

*For the warmth of those Septembers
And that old East Nelson heart.
Or just a star that I can track again*

*A tree that I can climb
Anything to take me back
To those days when I was nine.*





Pollinators
By Kate Casper

In the spring, bees would congregate here
Like maybe they just knew
In their tiny bee brains
That we didn't use pesticides

My dad's garden was designed for bees
And now they're all gone
And now the bees don't want to come home
And you don't want to either

I guess I didn't know how much I needed you
'Till I was making gardens for you

Gardens that smelled like
Lawn clippings scattered on the field
Or the soap from elementary school bathrooms

Gardens that looked like
Turbulent brown hair
And fresh buck teeth smiles every morning

Gardens that sounded like
Rickety buses on school trips
And sniffles during class presentations

Gardens that tasted like
Nostalgia.
Like something so far-away
But I want it back.

Spring comes and spring goes
Yet the bees keep disappearing
The borage and crocus and foxglove
Replaced with plastic plants
Because at least they look pretty
...And with less upkeep.

And I guess more bees mean more stings
And more boys mean more hearts broken
But I'm still hoping just enough lavender
Can restore the population
And just enough apology
Can restore whatever it was
That we had

Pollinators.
We need you
I'm sorry we didn't tell you we loved you
When the time was right
And we favored the fauxs
Over friends

But I want you still
I want you to come back
And chill in my backyard like the bees would

I'm not saying I'd die for you
I'm just saying I'll give you some flowers
From my dad's garden
And tell you I miss you.





Photography by Yasmin Groehn



Photography by Yasmin Groehn



Hungarian Beef Stew
By Erin Burns

I think that a food that makes me think of home and my heritage is the beef stew my mother used to make. It was a specific recipe passed down to her by her mother, and her mother before her, that was carried over from Hungary. My Hungarian heritage was taken seriously by my mother, and I carried it with pride. It made me feel special. Instead of just Irish or German, like most of the white kids I knew, I was something cool.

Beef stew, although a simple dish, brings back a lot of memories, some of which I don't care to remember. I'll never forget when my dad found out that there was some kind of cream in the stew that he hated — he never knew it was an ingredient, and lost his mind over it. I mean, how could an ingredient he hated so much be in one of our family's favorite meals? And we laughed about it, just me, my dad, and my mother. A happy family.

I remember that we would sit on barstools and eat dinner at the kitchen island. I always sat on the middle barstool, my mother to my left, and my dad to my right. For eleven years, that's how it was. Manassas was the only town I ever knew, and I would always eat that stew right there in the same barstool in the same town. I don't miss the town much, but part of me can't stop clinging onto the familiarity it had.

My dad still sometimes talks about my mother's beef stew. It was his favorite dish as well. My mother's a great cook; everything she makes is amazing. When I go to visit her now, she barely cooks. Her apartment has a small galley kitchen that she hates cooking in, so instead, we go out to eat. Even if she were to cook the beef stew, it wouldn't be the same.

Sometimes I want to go back to the time when the beef stew was a common thing we ate, but times have changed. My parents couldn't fix their marriage no matter how hard they tried.

I don't eat meat anymore, and even if I did, I'm sure the calorie count in the stew would terrify me. Beef stew is a symbol of a simpler time in my life. I don't think my mother made it once after my dad moved out.

I never learned the recipe for my mother's Hungarian beef stew. There was beef, some cream my dad hated, beef broth (I think), maybe some carrot, and some other vegetables. I didn't ask questions. I just ate. There would be some weird cabbage-like stuff in there, but I would try and hide it under the brown broth so that I didn't have to eat it. I don't remember if my parents ever caught me hiding the odd vegetable. I don't really remember a lot of my childhood anymore. But I'll always remember the beef stew and the memories my family shared over it.



"Nostalgia"
By Isabel Blackburn

*There comes a pause that makes one slack
A little moment where we are taken back*

*The smell of Clorox wipes or maybe a phrase
A small trigger that sends us into a daze*

*Our greatest fears-- the monster under our bed
The weight of the world-- not on our heads*

*An era where a bubble encompassed our minds
A protective barrier that trouble could not find*

*Where our biggest worry was the next test
And that we needed to fit in with all the rest*

*The comfort, a parent's embrace
The solitude, the still of the night
The safety, being caught when we fell*

*The silence from all the noise
It makes us forget we have to stand with poise*

*But alas like oil, the moment slips away
Fleeting into the past of our disarray*

*We claw at the ropes of time
Crying out, "Give me back what was mine!"*

*Tears of sadness and regret start to build
We question if our bucket list is really fulfilled*

*A feeling so bittersweet
A feeling that we long to meet*

*A Polaroid from a camera
It hits us like a freight train:
Nostalgia*





Back Then
By Lauren Maho

Back then,
I was a kid with some big dreams,
Filling the pages to their seams,
And now I look back and wonder where all the
time went.

Colored pencils meet the paper,
Sun is beating down like a steady drum,
I got everything figured out.
But time passes with the sun,
The moon comes up, the moment gone,
I thought I had everything figured out back
then.

I don't remember one cloudy day passing by,
Running through the grass under a clear sky,
Maybe I thought if I ran fast enough,
I'd outrun the fears and I'd have everything fig-
ured out.

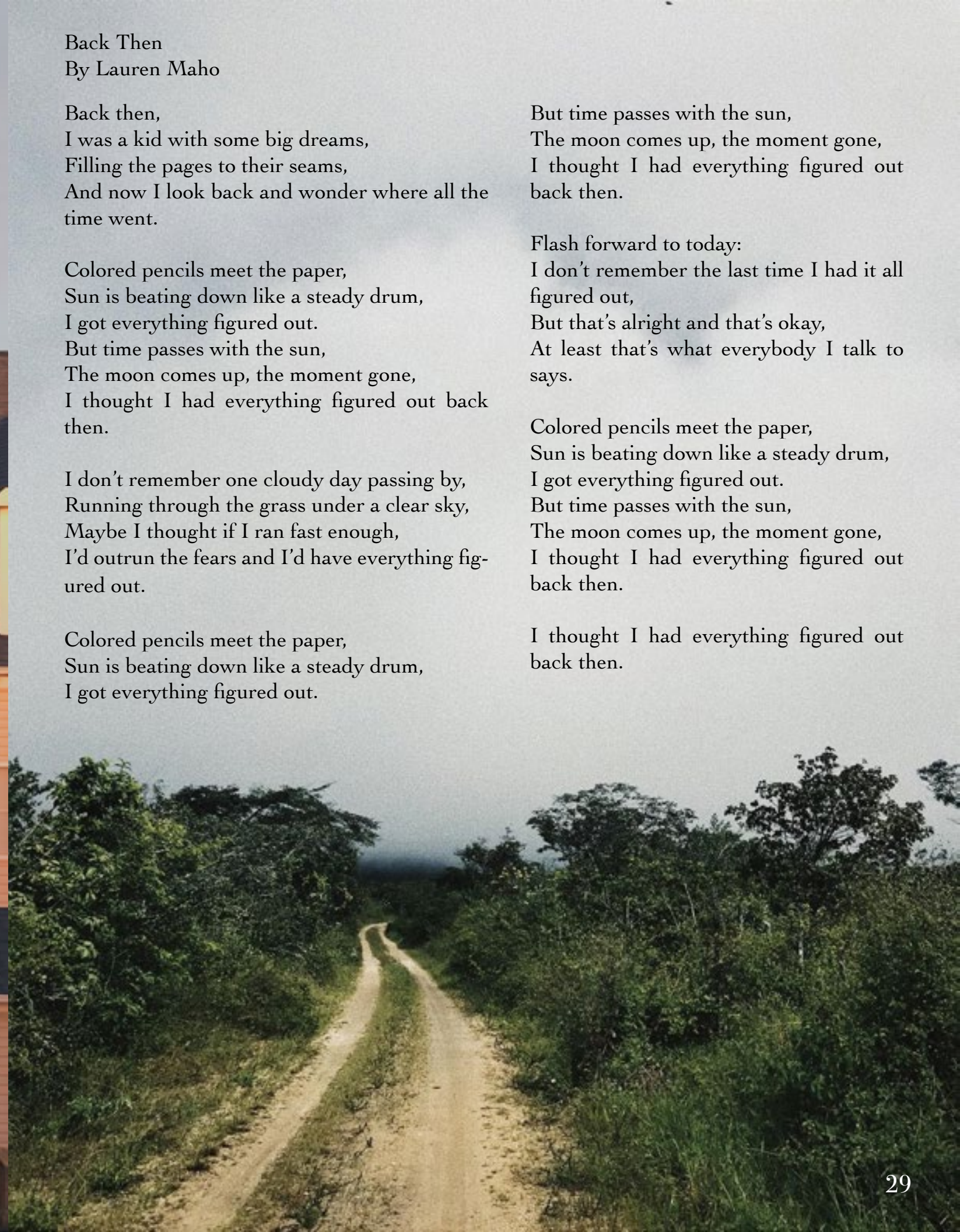
Colored pencils meet the paper,
Sun is beating down like a steady drum,
I got everything figured out.

But time passes with the sun,
The moon comes up, the moment gone,
I thought I had everything figured out
back then.

Flash forward to today:
I don't remember the last time I had it all
figured out,
But that's alright and that's okay,
At least that's what everybody I talk to
says.

Colored pencils meet the paper,
Sun is beating down like a steady drum,
I got everything figured out.
But time passes with the sun,
The moon comes up, the moment gone,
I thought I had everything figured out
back then.

I thought I had everything figured out
back then.



Light Pollution
By Kate Casper

Snatch them like the lightning bugs
At Angel Park
On a hot spring day
One by one
Little glittering orbs
And their glistening white veins
Tucked away on a mountain
Moonlight dancing in rain

We were kids!
Oh how we longed for the Shenando-
ah stars
We didn't fear the thick cloak of night
Because they only shined for us

Never had to compete
With light pollution
We could see everything
Like the back of our hands

The trees framed the skies
The laughter wafted like smoke
And we watched the earth move
So slowly...
Like maybe
Just maybe
This sad world wasn't so lonely
Because we captured sun
Like our own golden potion
Unmatched to the suns
In distant galaxies
And the more you stare
At planetarium skies
The more you rip the seam of reality
Because this is ours
And I guess magic still exists
November 16th
I can still feel the nip at my skin

The taste of fall in the air
The winter upon us
The street lamps, the glare
And the night sky was only ours
Such a quiet place
I think we saw a shooting star
Somewhere in outer space

The city lights are my stars
The apartment windows
Illuminate
It's not the same
But at least it's something
In isolation
--I'm lucky--
It's not half as lonely
As I expected

I've made some stupid wishes
On runaway stars
Because I already have some great friends
I'm not in the mountains anymore
I'm not in the middle of nowhere
I can't always get what I want
But I was lucky to be there

The right place
And the right time
Out of the corner of my eye
Some gleaming from the lens
I guess
We can see the stars again



Do you remember when we ran across that dew-dropped field in pursuit of that great blue heron? Do you remember the war against the geese? What about the October sunset filling the sky with watercolors? Do you remember vaulting over that old chain link fence? What about the tree you helped me climb up? Remember when I helped you climb up that tree?

Do you remember how the sap used to get under our fingernails? Do you remember that hole in the tree we called "the pot," just like Boo Radley's knot hole? It was our own cauldron to make potions, stews, poultices. Do you remember how we shot that tree with makeshift arrows? Walked along the quarterdeck of its roots, entertained ourselves for hours dropping its helicopter seeds? Remember how we waited under its branches for the school bus?

That old tree's dead now, churned up into a million pieces by the worst machine you could imagine. It looked like something out of The Lorax. Will you help me up the tree, or will I help you? It doesn't matter. The tree isn't there anymore. And we're too old for climbing trees, anyway.

*The Tree
By Anna Dugan*



Summer 17

By Mia Humphrey





Summer 17 Lyrics:

(1st verse)

Summertime used to make me happy
we'd run wild until we fell asleep
wait for rain to fall and then dance in the street
in April I'd start counting the days
we'd plan out weeks just to make it through May
and pick out rooftops to act like we're coming of age

And in a few months we'll all be 18
grown-up and voting but still worrying about the SAT

(Chorus)

It's the summer of our 17
And I'm inside and I'm trying
to pretend it's fine that I can't see my friends
from closer than 6 feet
I just want to live the dream in all the songs
and movie scenes
where you fall in love and get so lost
in the summer of your 17th

(2nd verse)

Now summertime has me feeling sad
too much time to think of what I've had
I wish on stars that I can't see
I just believe that we'll go back
we spend our time out in the sun
it sounds normal yeah it sounds fun
but when we're done we get in our cars and drive
away one by one

And in a few months we'll all be 18
grown-up and voting but still worrying about the ACT

(Chorus)

It's the summer of our 17
And I'm inside and I'm trying
to pretend it's fine that I can't see my friends from
closer than 6 feet
I just want to live the dream in all the songs and
movie scenes
where you fall in love and get so lost
in the summer of your 17th

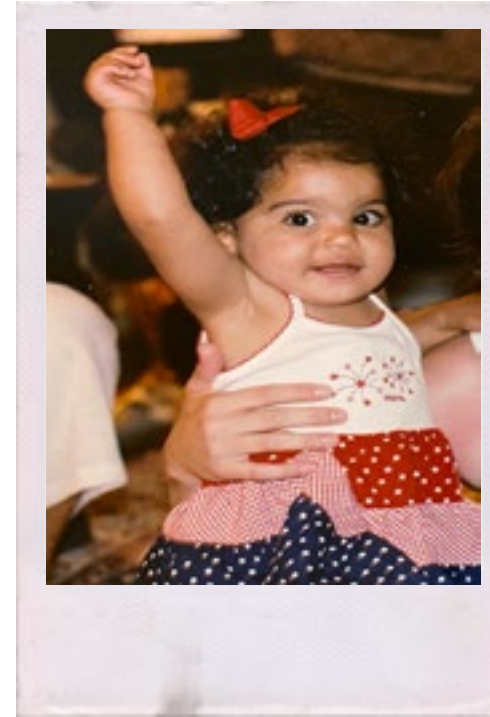
(Bridge)

And I want to do the right thing
but I want to run till I fall asleep
I wanna wake up from this bad dream
and just be 17
just be 17
it's the summer of our 17th
And I'm inside and I'm trying to pretend it's fine
I'm trying
I just want to be happy
I wanna hug my friends, dance in the street
fall in love and get so lost
because I am just 17
we're just 17
I'm just 17





Mena Spencer
Editor-In-Chief



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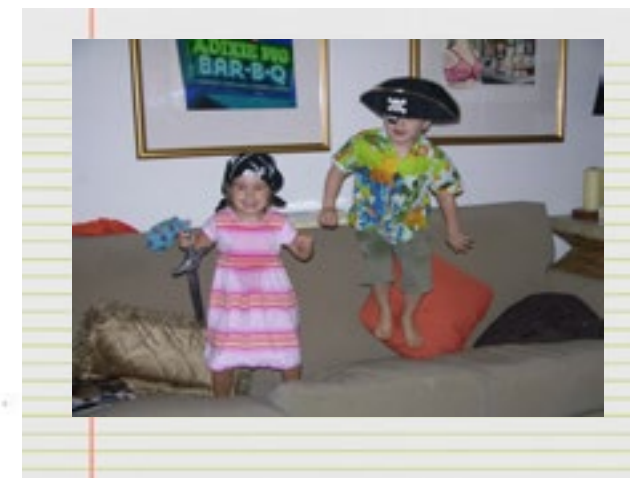


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