



sparrow

SUNY ULSTER'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 SPRING 2025



Bryce Casamento



SPARROW STATEMENT

Small but strong, sparrows have a unique voice and thrive in their environment.

MISSION STATEMENT

Sparrow showcases the best creative efforts our students have to offer, featuring poetry, essays, fiction, fine art, graphic design, photography, sculpture, fashion design, and more. The publication strives to reflect the diversity and talent of the SUNY Ulster student community.

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VOLUME 2

I Wish

I wish I could explain to you all that is me
All that the world has made me out to be

I wish you knew me before I learned to flinch at every touch
I wish you knew me before the internal weight of the world began to be too much
Before I became so quiet and reserved
Back to when I hadn't ever purged

I wish you knew me when I went up to make new friends in school
I wish you knew me before skinny was all that was considered cool
Before I woke up early just to do my makeup
Back to when I felt okay picking a cookie or even a piece of cake up

I wish you knew the me whose eyes twinkled in the light of day
As now I tend to simply look away
I wish you knew the girl with big dreams
The little girl whose smile always beamed

I am a mere shadow of her now
Gosh I am so different somehow

Lillian Carey

1.

Grieving remembrance

Sometimes all i wish to do is hold you
but then I remember
all that is left is ashes of what once was
and a headstone above
with my battered flowers lying beside it all
So all I can do is close my eyes and try
Try to remember your embrace
even if I'm left holding onto fleeting air
I will keep trying
until my end is timed.

2.

The universe must be falling apart
having pieces of itself landing on earth
because when I look in you,
I see the universe

3.

Why must you rip me away?
as if I was nothing but dust against the shelf
am I not enough?
but,
how can i not be.
even though i do not fit inside
the tattered box you created as my image
does not mean I am meant for some box.
many become blind to such expectations
but i will not fall under such false pretensions
my soul was never meant to fit inside a box
with a gaudy bow placed effortlessly on top
but to be laid across the stars
So do not rip at my own heart, when you realize you were blind for centuries
My soul does not deserve such damnation
Just because your world is crashing does not mean mine has to.

Allea Brim



Deli Smith



Gabriella Sorbara



Calico Withall



Haley Sioleski

Resonance, My Dark Beach

I am falling deep within.
 What makes me sad, I cannot live within.
 This deep blue, I think it makes me feel like you.
 All the pain I feel builds inside me like rage.
 Resonance, resonance,
 Do you hear my plea?
 Calling out to you in this deep blue sea.
 Finally, I can hear your call.
 Knowing you, You wouldn't make me fall.
 Resonance, resonance,
 Do you hear my cry?
 Crying out to you makes me feel like I could die.
 Resonance, resonance,
 Can you hear this cry?
 Without you I will surely fly.
 Resonance, I am calling out to you.
 You don't hear me and I am feeling blue.
 Resonance, resonance,
 I am falling deep within.
 The blue sea can take me but it will never make me thin.
 Resonance, resonance,
 Please God hear my cry.
 Without you or him, I know it's my time to die.
 Resonance, resonance, resonance,
 Please listen to me.
 Are you there?
 No. I guess not because you're already within the deep blue sea.
 Resonance, my pure dark beach.
 Why have you gone?
 It's because of me.
 Shereene Baptiste

AHO!

We dance and give reverence, Aho!
Smudge the circle-

Sing to the creator-
Aho! Aho! Aho!

Stolen land, the trail of tears
Yet the ancestors persevered.
The rhythm of the drums connects heartbeat to feet.
As our ancestors' resilience pulses on.
Aho! Aho! Aho!

Each dance, prayer, and smudge-
A call to the spirits.
Keepers of the pass, Lenape spirit.
Aho! Aho! Aho!

With every drumbeat, we honor thy ancestors' journey,
A sacred song of remembrance.

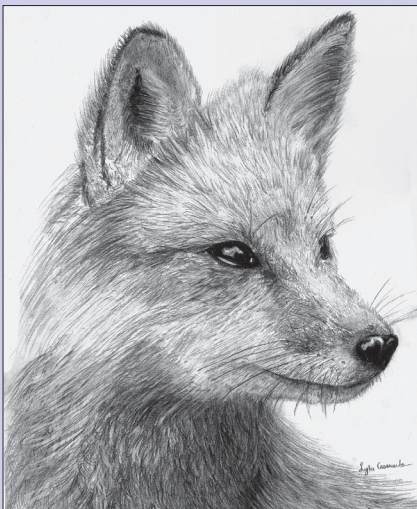
Blood-red handprint adorned to flesh,
Reminders of the sisters' lost,

My sister is gone!
Her name-
Their names-

Carried on the wind.
Spirits fighting to get home.

Dance in red as we scream their names
Justice for their silent voice-
For they shall be with us again.
AHO! AHO! AHO!

Vanessa Elliott



Lyla Casamento



Tessa Delisio



Dear Gaia,

When I have no one else, I hug the trees
When I feel my lowest, I sit near water
I talk and suddenly the ripples of the river
dilute it
I'm too stubborn to let go of it all
the birds talk to me when I have no one else
they gossip and tell me their secrets
I tell them mine
I look at the prints in my fingers and then
the tree stumps, then the veins in the fair
parts of my body and suddenly lightening
strikes
The water from my eyes that have patterns
of spider webs drops into the ocean that has
the same salty taste as the former
The wind whispers to me "I love you"
I scream back loudly, "I love you too"
Gaia

Erica Lunden



Gina Garofolo-Goodman

Promise

She's bored.
 She's not alone but the people she's with aren't talking about anything interesting.
 They're not playing any interesting games.
 They're not working on anything important.
 They're just talking about dumb stuff.
 So she's bored.
 She stands there
 And the time goes by slowly.
 She goes home.
 She's sad the event didn't work out.
 She hopes maybe the next one will go better.
 Maybe it won't be so boring.

Wendy Stewart

Autumn Ease

As we leave summer behind,
 Colorful leaves brighten the sky
 With the yellow, the red, and the orange too
 There is nothing in between to block my view
 With creaky trees and golden bloom
 Spooky souls enter the room
 As footsteps creak behind the door
 It's up to us to find what's in store
 Through the window, as clear as it can be
 The sun shines through with sudden glee
 As apples pass by continuously
 As we are pleased,
 We welcome autumn's ease.
 Chloe Canal



Maya Farhat



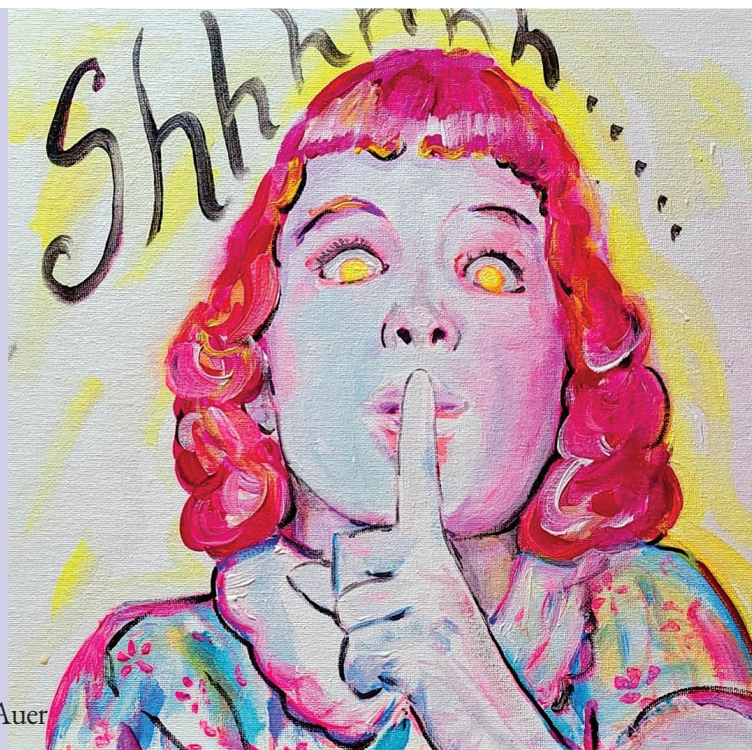
Bryce Casamento



Debbie Auer



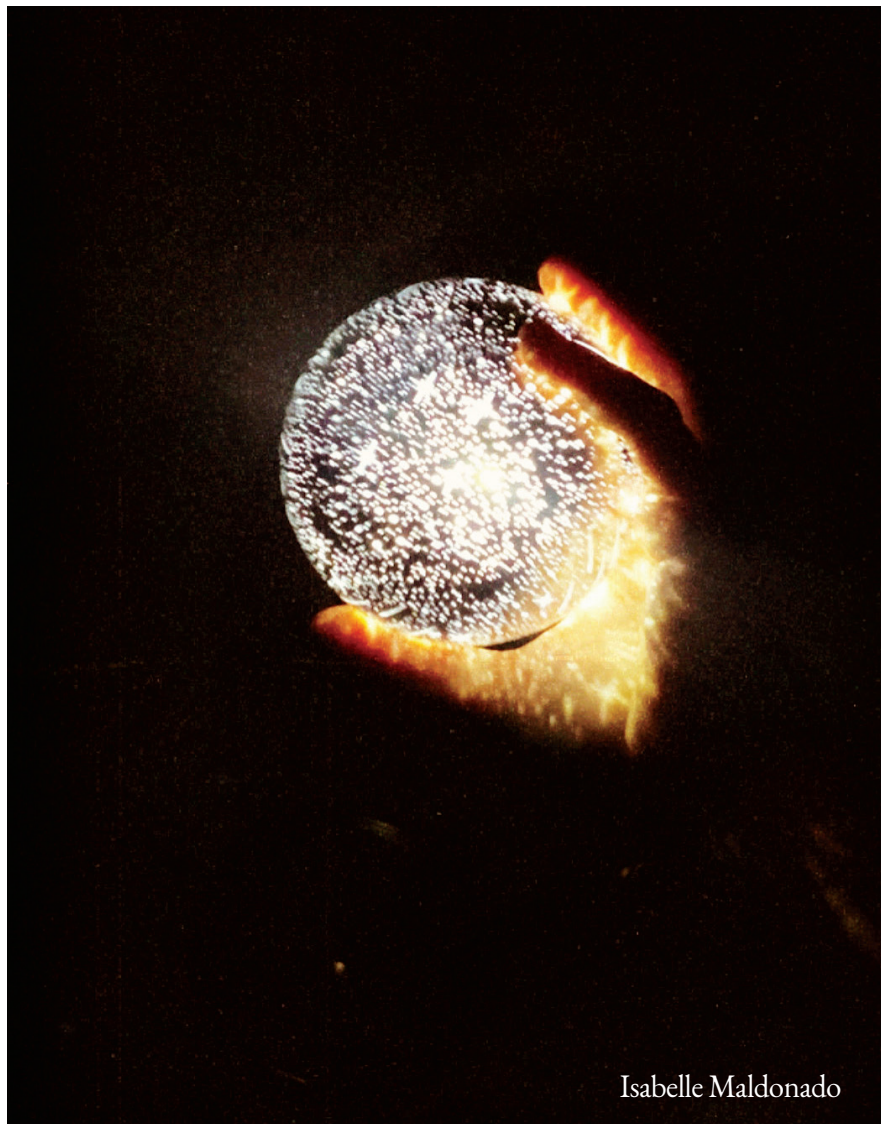
Haley Sioleski



Debbie Auer



Gabriella Sorbara



Isabelle Maldonado

To Build a Fire

Ashes, no coals from a fire burned too bright.
No sticks or stones to reclaim what could still be alive.
To build a fire you need real things, not hope, or fear of one's demise.
Even then the cold will take your spark, dampen your ambitions and
freeze through your heart.
But you can not go quietly into that long dark,
Pray for a miracle and you may see,
Plumes of smoke that welcome thee.

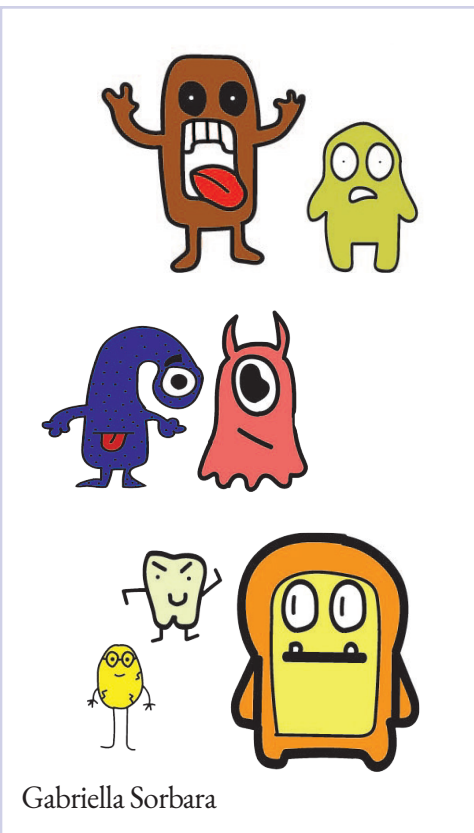
Gil Hartrum



Tafari The Artist



Alivia Dyke



Gabriella Sorbara

L-o-v-e

They say u have to find love why can't it just find me
 Through trial and error I've found the part of myself I lost by the sea
 Through heart break I've found the person who holds my heart's key
 Though pain I've found the person who's like pain relief
 You said love is weird but how complicated can it truly be
 If I add you and me and subtracted bs wouldn't u be happy?
 I have many reasons why I can love you
 Let me explain
 One..... you're outgoing and with that time wit you should neva be plain
 Two.... I've taken many pictures but the ones wit you and me I envision around a frame
 Three... around you I lose my mind I'm neva the same around you it's ok to be insane
 Four..... you're not a magical healer but your touch heals me of pain
 Five.... Between the thoughts of my love and
 My love for u is immortal like the stars in the sky as long as we're alive it shall neva die

Jeremiah McKinney

Harvest

In this beautiful season, leaves fall gracefully to the ground, creating a playful atmosphere for children. As the months change, so do the colors around us. A family sets up the table for Thanksgiving, gathering food to share with loved ones and expressing their gratitude to God for the blessings in their lives. It's important for everyone to have enough to eat, so that no one goes hungry and all are welcomed into a stranger's home. We are grateful for the kindness and care shown by others, as we come together to celebrate around the globe. This season, let's show compassion for those experiencing homelessness by providing a warm gathering place and meals, helping to ease their hunger and struggles.

Gabrielle Coghlan

Disperse

The tighter they held, the further I reached the edge of dispersal.
It was then I realized, I was a seed.
Blinded by their woes, unwitting of the fruit they'd embellished
As ballistic as the environment of the plant itself
The nature those before me have developed.
It was then I'd come one with dormancy.
You mustn't let your seed remain dormant too long,
They'll transpire disharmony burdening others they're surrounded by.
Condensing the chaos,
Once capable of blossoming with such beauty
Instead, it wilts
Instead, it fends for oneself
Instead, it dances with misery
Instead, It seeks comfort in capricious environments
So, please, don't be afraid to let nature take its course
When your seeds are ready for dispersal,
Refrain from salting away such attainment.
Let their pappus take them to new heights
Let gravity's trials be grounding
Let water's journies show them the
Let them germinate.
Let them disperse.

Isabelle Maldonado



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DDC

Deli Smith



Meghan Stone-Wardynski



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SUNY ULSTER'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE

*A voice to the talented writers and visual artists of all
kinds within our SUNY Ulster student community.*

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Start Here. Go Far.
SUNY Ulster

PO BOX 557
STONE RIDGE, NEW YORK

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VOLUME 2 SPRING 2025

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