

A Journal for Young Writers

A misty mountain landscape with a lake and trees. The scene is dominated by a thick layer of white mist or fog that fills the valley and partially obscures the mountains in the background. In the foreground, there are several trees, including a tall, thin, bare tree on the left and a cluster of green trees on the right. The overall atmosphere is serene and somewhat somber due to the muted colors and the presence of the mist.

CAESURA

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Celebrating the Second Annual Publication of *Caesura*

Greetings:

Welcome to the second volume of the annual publication of *Caesura: A Journal for Young Writers*.

Creative writing is such an important art and one that allows young authors to express their God-given talents in ways that honor their Creator and engage with the world around them. On an academic note, it allows students to play with and develop concepts explored in English classes

We were very impressed with the selections sent in to us by teachers and students. In some cases, we had very difficult decisions to make about what was in and what was not. It was a very good problem to have.

Please enjoy this journal, please celebrate the talents of these young writers, and please, please encourage every young writer you know to keep writing and writing and writing—and then submit to us next year!

We want to offer a special thank you to all the writers (both those in the journal and those who did not have work published this year)—keep going, keep writing, keep reading. We want to hold your gifts up for all to see. We also want to thank all the teachers of English Language Arts who make creative writing a part of the curriculum. There are few better ways for students to invest in themselves and build confidence and stretch imagination than by writing a poem, story, essay, or play. Thank you for encouraging them.

This first journal is arriving a touch later than we had intended, but we are going to humbly suggest that it will be a good addition to your “Summer Reading.”

God Bless your summer and your writing,

The Editors of *Caesura*



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The Cozy Feeling

Arian Gomez of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

5th Grade Submissions

I sit in my
bed
I shrink,
I look at my
blanket all
cozy and
warm, I
see out my
window,
see the
sun set
close my
eyes, then
It's the next
day.

The Cozy Feeling II

Arian Gomez of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I lay down, I sink, I lay my head
down, I feel like the sea. I look at my
blanket, all cozy and warm. I look out
my window, the set falls, I look at my
clock 8:30 begins, it's time to go to bed
for you and for all.

Animals

Abigail Pilny of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Animals are so beloved to our world,
When you hunt them,
They stay curled up hidden,
In their den.
Please don't hurt them,
They didn't do anything.
If they were gone,
It would feel like we have nothing.
I want to snuggle all animals,
But some are poisonous or harmful
Please take this serious
It isn't funny.
We love our animals,
And if you don't,
The world would not be the same.

The Story of Cat and Mouse

Abigail Pilny of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

NARRATOR: This is the story about a cat and a mouse that were playing a little game of chase. And, it gets intense.

CAT: Meow!!

NARRATOR: This is cat. He loves to eat mice.

MOUSE: Like ME!?!?!

CAT starts chasing MOUSE around the living room.

CAT: Why are you so stubborn? I thought all mice were easy to eat!

MOUSE: Hehehehehehehehehe!

NARRATOR: Well, while they are...

CAT breaks something while chasing MOUSE

MOM: OH MY GOODNESS! CAT YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN!

MOUSE hides under a chair while CAT is getting in trouble.

MOM: I am VERY mad at you! You broke my lamp!

DAUGHTER: Mom!

MOM: What do you want?

DAUGHTER: What happened?

MOM: We had a little incident.

DAUGHTER: What happened? I wanna know, I wanna know!

MOM: *(sighs)* This stupid cat of ours is running around acting like a little kid and he broke the lamp!

MOM gives a mad face.

DAUGHTER: Oh no. How can I help?

MOM: GET RID OF THIS STUPID CAT!

DAUGHTER starts crying.

CAT: Where are you mouse!?

MOUSE stays silent.

MOM: UGHH. Fine, help me clean it up. That's how you can help me.

MOM leaves and DAUGHTER goes along and they grab things to clean up. CAT sees them leave and looks for MOUSE. CAT finds MOUSE.

CAT: This is no game. Well, I guess it is, but I'm going to win anyway.

MOUSE: Oh you're on. If you eat me before the hoomans get back you win, but if you don't, then I win.

Cat: Okay, challenge accepted!

NARRATOR: Okay, so the cat chased the mouse and the mouse ran away. They ran for a couple of minutes, and the humans came back and found mouse, dead, and cat sitting there proudly looking at what he did.

CAT: LOOK, LOOK! I KILLED HIM!

NARRATOR: But all the humans heard was “meow!”

MOM: Oh my goodness! What did you do!?

Cat: I killed it!

NARRATOR: But again, all they heard was meow. Then the daughter came in.

DAUGHTER: Oh my. Cat! I saw that mouse in my room the other day! And I tried to catch it but I couldn't. You are a lifesaver!

MOM: Why didn't you tell me earlier?

DAUGHTER: Uhmmm..

MOM: It's okay, this cat got it. And guess what?

DAUGHTER: What!?

MOM: We don't have to give cat away!

DAUGHTER: YAY!

NARRATOR: So they never gave cat away to ANYONE and they all celebrated by eating the mice. Well ew no, cat celebrated by eating mouse and the humans were just going to give cat EXTRA snuggles and hugs and kisses and playtime and toys and beds and food and treats and fish, well let's not get too dramatic, just all of that kinds of stuff

6th Grade Submissions

Spooky Specter

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

A creepy presence is in the room, it gives me the coldest fright
I hear it dance I hear it prance that spooky, spooky phantom
It fill the room with shivers so cold I think I'm a block of ice
It spooks me so that spooky ghost, I don't know what it wants from me
I think it's tapping the wall but very lightly so
Almost invisible to hear with the wind oversinging the ghost
I run so fast like I'm gonna race in an olympic medal chase
Toward the light I see it now, I flick it back to place
The light turns on I see it now
There was never any spooky specter,
The things I heard, the things I saw had just been explained
The window was open, the chilly breeze
The tree blowing into the house was the ghost signaling its presence
I finally turn the lights back off and see a scary shadow
I sprint again back to my bed and hide away and sleep

My First Day

Ava Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

The feeling in my gut
My head is spinning so
My first day in high school
My nervousness is growing
In my stomach the butterflies will flutter
But only for the hour
My brain with rapid thoughts
Of scary frightening sites
The time has come for me to leave
I head out the door
My head full of dreadful dreams
My legs are numb with fear
I make it to my school
My dread has gone away
My mixed emotions are feeling high
But high school was a dream

Hurry Up, Rain!

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I close my eyes as I see...rain?
It is audible
The last page of the rain's travelog.
This is,
That the Earth
It is festering.
As if they have a feeling of being green,
In this rain,
Red lights, too.
Lights in the rain,
The rain was an excuse.
The rain that falls,
The songs are slow,
Lives,
And the smell of the rain
Don't embarrass me!
Rain, oh rain,
I am thirsty for these flowers.
I have promised you,
Hurry up, Rain!

Welcome Spring!

Ariana Mehrazar of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Winter is gone, and now spring has come!

Happy spring, everyone!

Be a... spring...?

I prayed to be young,

To be a spring...

As well,

Stay with and without sadness.

Make a flower wreath!

Spring has come, spring is here,

Put on your velvet dress with violets.

Being in love...

Resurrected.

Wow, what a happy sound, what a song!

The sound of rushing water from the gutter,

The sound of the moon,

When touching the darkness of the nights,

The sound of sunrise.

Lilies and narcissus grow from the roof, and from the ground,

Under the cherry blossom trees,

My heart is full of new, spring, clouds!

Eclipse

Addison Meredith of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Sitting on the rough rigid pavement looking toward the sky

Sight so beautiful I could cry

Then the sorrow of it all overflowed

The last time I would see this

This beautiful sight

One so beautiful it becomes hard not to cry

Christmas Mourning Music

Addison Meredith of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

*From the comfort of the living room I look out the window and see morning gray fog
It brings me to ease and a feeling of peace, I feel like this is a dream
I see the white blankets of snow over my town, a feeling of peaceful doom
Even my dog feels the chill of the winter wind that washes over my house
The only thing I have to do is listen to my music
It shuts out the sounds of the icy breeze and people sledding by
The only warmth that keeps me sane is the warmth of the Christmas tree
The light so bright it's shining star that sits on the very top
It watches over me day and night, I never have a fright
The crisp winter air spills into the house
My family has come back so I look away from the lights I so adore
My family is back but my music is gone
Goodbye peace goodbye music goodbye star that gives me hope
Now I am cold but I am warmed by my families calming presence
But still goodbye music that gives me warmth
Goodbye sweet Christmas morning music*

Margaret's Gift

Addison Meredith of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Long, long ago... in a far away land, Margaret and her family were in a street market shopping for a birthday present, when Margaret came across a necklace, a beautiful necklace. She wanted it more than ever, so she used all of the money she was saving up and bought the necklace (her parents bought the present for her friend). She rushed home and got ready for the party, but she did not have anything to wear without holes. She wished for a new beautiful party dress, and suddenly one appeared in her closet. The dress was beautiful and matched her necklace. She walked down stairs and went to put on her shoes. They were old, beat up, and too small. She wished for a new pair of shoes, and they appeared. Right there. Margaret was so confused. She just thought her parents gifted her a new dress, but she was sure the shoes were not there before, until she wished for them. She brushed it off, thinking it was some crazy coincidence. She went to her friend's house, but it was a long walk. She wished there was a bike that she could ride. BOOM! Right then and there, a new bike. She was so astounded. She quickly rode the bike. During the ride she thought about what had been happening. Then she thought... this had never happened before, until she got the necklace. Not like the necklace, or maybe it was a magical necklace. No, probably not, maybe a good luck charm. She decided to test it; she saw a sad looking dog. She wished it was well fed and had a good home. The dog then disappeared. Margaret looked around, then there the dog was in the house next to her happy, and no longer hungry. When she got to her friend's house, something weird happened. No one wanted to hang out with her, she looked at the gift table; there were so many huge gifts and hers was so small. Was it the side effects of the necklace, did they envy her for having the necklace? She felt terrible. She quickly put the necklace in the gift bag for her friend. All she wanted was to be a part of the celebration, and just then everyone wanted to be around her, even without the necklace on. Her dress was back to her normal clothes and the shoes back too. After the party she walked back home and saw the sad dog, but this time she took the dog home.

7th Grade Submissions

The Night Calling

Angelina Iverson of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

The sun sets in the West
The wind blowing in my hair
It's a cold night
Not just any night
The moonlight shining on my face
The trees whistling in distance
I feel something special
Like something calling, reaching out
But the night is drowned by the morning light

Prom

Lexi Palkon of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

It is not the music blaring
 Nor my friends screaming
 Nor the limo bumping
 Nor the clock ticking
 It is not the cameras clicking
 Nor the people dancing
 Nor the lights flashing
 Nor the dresses whirling

It is not the boys laughing
 Nor the girls blushing
 Nor the interest lacking
 Nor the after-party starting
 It is not the gym
 Not the entrance
 Not the streamers
 Not the dresses
 Not the shoes
 Not the costumes
 Not the music
 Not the screaming

No, it's not any of that
 It's all of that
 It's prom

Chutes

Will Stowers and Zachary Arnold of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

I stare down the chute
 My knees wobble and my breath halts
 I conquer my fear and drop

He drops in; my stomach sinks
 Rocks scatter and tree branches sway

Wishh

Wooshhh

Wishh

I toss and turn in the belly of the chute
 Screeeeeeech!
 The sound of rock scrapes against metal
 My heart skips a beat, and my knees feel like Jell-O

Screech

Screech

.....

He flies through the air as if he has wings
 His arms flail
 He attempts to regain balance
 Then I hear a

Thwack

Thud

Wizz

My heart races; my blood runs cold
The daunting entrance looms over—
Daylight fades; the pine trees sway
As an expectant audience

Shhh

Shhh

Shhh

The ground leaves my feet; I break into a cold sweat
Wind howls in my ears; I make a stand
The ground approaches; I touch down with the back of my skies
Impact!
Skies thwack the ground; I skid to a halt
I holler at my friend to hurry up

I see my friend at the bottom
I reluctantly drop in
The thick powder sprays over my body
I near the end; wind whips my face
At the end of my journey, I land with grace

Writer's Block

Sophia Garcia of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I open my mouth, nothing comes out
I look around, everything's black and white
I can't think of the right word
My brain doesn't turn on
I feel like I'm chained
I try to obtain words
But my mind is blank
I'm in shock I realize I have

Writer's block

Age

Sophia Garcia of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Age is just a number
Some might agree
But like a tree we get rings
Like a sea we dry out
Our life will time out
You always grow old
But you never get young

8th Grade Submissions

Autumn Haze

Siobhan Garcia of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

Looks like

creamy colors,
a pop of yellow and orange

Feels

warm and fluffy;
a cozy, homey feeling

Sounds like

the laughter of children returning to school,
and the calls of “trick or treat” coming from every corner

Smells like

earthy fall breezes
and sweet candy, on Halloween night.

Tastes like

cinnamon sugar and pumpkin pie,
reminiscent of Thanksgiving

Testify

Nathaniel Salsedo of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

Yo!

I'm spittin' truths; no lies; let me testify!
About a man so divine—Jesus— the most high.

Born in Bethlehem: a humble manger scene,
Came to Earth to redeem, fulfilling every dream.
Miracles on the daily, walked on water with ease,
Fed the hungry with fish and loaves, brought the storm to its knees.
Turned water into wine, changed lives in the vine
Messiah in the flesh— a love so divine.

Fast-forward to the cross, where redemption was paid
Nailed to the wood, our sins washed away.
Crucified for the lost, the broken, and the bruised,
Three days later, yeah—He couldn't be accused.
From all our sins, we are excused!

Yo!

I'm spittin' truths; no lies; let me testify!
About a man so divine—Jesus— the most high.

A Day/A Life

Chris Latham of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

A day on the water
Time passes by
Sitting with my father
He is one good guy

I see a fish
So quick and sneaky
It's a sight I almost missed
Now I'm feeling sleepy

We drive back in the car
I sit in the front seat
I wonder how far
I'm feeling pretty beat

We arrive home
So late at night
I feel out of zone
I tuck in and say goodnight

I fell asleep so fast
I felt a lifetime go past:
I walked
I came in last
I talked
I laughed
I heard a crackle
I drank from a ladle
I felt sad
I got mad

I ran
I got tan
I was bold
I grew old
I watched the sun
I had fun

I felt a lifetime go past

Waiting

Aoife Hurley of St. James Lutheran School, Fremont

I tap my foot nervously
As I wait
For the doctor

Tap...tap...tap

I tap my foot
For I know soon
I will go under for surgery

Tap...tap...tap

Eyeing the chair my mom is sitting in
My stomach starts to ache
I feel nauseous and cold
I hold my stomach

Tap...Tap...Tap

My heart races;
Chemicals and cleaning products
Invade my senses

The smell makes me uncomfortable

Tap...
Tap...
Tap...

I am impatient
I wonder
 How much longer must I wait?

Tap...Tap... CREAK!!

The doctor walks in
 All my worries fade away as he says
 “Don’t worry, you’ll be just fine!”

Underwater

Tyler Zita of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

Have you ever been underwater
Have you ever wanted to fly
Well
Underwater all your problems
Are washed away
Underwater there is calm
Underwater there is silence
Underwater you can fly
Don’t stay under
For to long
Otherwise you
Will drown

Missing Home

Ellie Wrage of Zion Lutheran School, Lincoln

A handsome
Black labrador
Waits
In his kennel

He is
Striving
To be worked
And
Wanting
To please.

A lock
Clicks
And he hears
Footsteps
As the
Lights
Flicker on.

Okay, Flint
A
Deep
Masculine
Voice
Says
It's your turn.

Walking
Paw by Paw
And
Step by Step
He
And the
Trainer
Make their way
To the
Shed
And get the
Cloth
Sand-filled
Bumper.
Then walk
to the
Prairie
Where the grass
Is
Brown
Tall
And
Hard.

The
Trainer
Winds up
His arm
And throws
The bumper.
The dog
Sits,
Willing all
The strong muscles

In his body to
Stay
Until
The trainer says
The
One
Freeing
Relieving
Joy-filled
Word:
Fetch.

He runs,
Prances,
Sprints,
With all his might
To get the
Tasteless
Worn down
Toy
That many dogs
Have chewed before.
And he
Runs,
Prances,
Sprints,
Back
Remembering.

Remembering
Times
Similar,
But somehow
Different from this.

Times
He holds on to.

Times
When the bumper
Was an
Overly fuzzy,
But loved
Just the same
Dollar store ball.

Times
When the
Person throwing
The toy
Was
One of the
Four people
He loves most.

Times
When his
Kennel
Was small
And cozy
And in the
House
That he
Knows best.

Times
When
He had
Another dog

Whom he
Could
Play with.
An
Older, Wiser
Mentor and Friend.

He sets the
Bumper down
In the trainer's hand,
Barely thinking
About it
From days
And
Days
Of working on
The same
Thing
A thing he
Already knew
How to do
But was now
Perfecting.

He knows,
He trusts,
There is a reason
Mom
Dad
Sister
And Sister
Had sent
Him here.

And he knows,
He trusts
That someday,
Someday soon
He will be back
To the place,
The people,
The creatures,
That he loves most.

That he will
Someday
Be Back
Home.

CLIMB

Ellie Wrage of Zion Lutheran School, Lincoln

Picture looking down from far above; see yourself clutching a wall high atop the world. This is the wonder of rock climbing. Sometimes, when you come to a part of the wall with limited options for progressing, it can seem best to give in. But don't! There is always, always, a way to continue, even if it requires backtracking or taking time to find the right path. Believe it or not, climbing walls have many similarities to earthly life.

In rock climbing, you wear a harness that keeps you in the air even when your arms give out or your handholds spin or fall. While we're here in this world, God is our strength when the devil bombards us with troubles. Our Father in Heaven has promised to hold us up, whether it's when we are figuring out our next move or resting our weary souls. He says in Isaiah 46:4, "I have made you and I will carry you; I will sustain you and I will rescue you!" God put us on this earth for a purpose. He will hold us when we feel like we just can't continue. He promises He will always be with us to carry, sustain, and rescue us our whole time on earth. God keeps YOU safe in His arms.

When you're on a climbing wall, it can be easy to fall into a pit of despair if you're just stuck. In a similar way, the world challenges us. Because God knows this, he has given us friends to lift us when we are ready to quit. But God does not leave His beloved children to face it alone. He has promised to fight for us and gives us other faithful Christians to encourage us. Ecclesiastes 4:9-12 says, "Two are better than one...if either of them falls, one can help the other up." God has given us the gift of friendship precisely so we can encourage each other and glorify our good Lord together. We trust we will always have an unfailing friend in the Lord, no matter what. We need not face our trials alone; our Savior will not leave us stranded.

When we reach the top of the wall, we enjoy peace and satisfaction. However, these seemingly unmatchable fruits of labor pale in comparison to the Ultimate gift - Christ's death and resurrection for us. Once we've reached the end of our climb here, we will be resurrected with Him forever. Nothing, not even the most fulfilling ascent, is better than that.

Afternoon Tea

Ellie Wrage of Zion Lutheran School, Lincoln

As you get the
Tea,
Scones,
Ice,
Sugar,
Ready

I take on
The task
Of finding
The perfect location
For our annual
You-and-Me
Tea party

We sit down royally
In the sunroom
The setting reflects
My attitude
Perfectly:
Joyful and Bright

Me in my
30 year old dress
That hasn't lost its
Charm
Even after
Sitting,
Untouched,
Unworn,

In the closet
Waiting to be found
Like buried treasure
In the sand

You in your
Fancy
Elegant
Outfit

That though it is
New, fits
Perfectly
With my ancient
“Gem”

As we take a sip
Of tea,
In a British accent
I tell you all
About how this
Sitting down,
Pretending
To be
English,
Is one of my favorite
Times
And fondest
Memories

Memories that
Are happening,
That I am sure will
Stay in my mind

Forever

Dear Poet

Aidan Harrison of Trinity Lutheran School, Lombard

I hope this letter finds you well.

I just wanted to take a moment to tell you how much your poem meant to me.
It really touched my heart and made me feel things I haven't felt in a long time.

Your words spoke to me in a way that's hard to explain.

They brought comfort when I needed it most, and for that, I am truly grateful.

Sometimes life gets tough, and it's easy to feel lost in the chaos.

But your poem reminded me that beauty and meaning can be found in the simplest of things.

Thank you for sharing your talent with the world.

Please keep writing, because your words have the power to make a difference in people's lives.



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