



William Li



Tabard 2019



Calixta Lehmann

The Freedom to Love

Kambili E'Denchukwu

I love the sky when it's blue and deep
sapphire sunset when they are performing. I love
when the sounds of birds ring through my ears when
I wake up. I love the thought
of white winter mornings
especially on the weekends. I love when the idea of
friendship is taken seriously and when people are
treated fairly. I love the color gold and the way it
dances in the glazing sun.
I love the sound of music
being sung by my favorite singers. I love late night car
rides on warm summer nights.
I love the taste of the mint tea that I drink every
night, but I mostly love the freedom of being able to
love whatever I want.

Water..... 4

Earth..... 22

Fire..... 32

Air..... 54

Mama

Anonymous

From her warm mugs of abuelita
hot chocolate
That warmed me up from the inside
And for a second made me feel safe
and without worry
To her steaming bowls of caldo de pollo that had the
same effect as the hot chocolate,
Only with an extra kick most likely as a result
of the Tapatio I was born loving
From her daily routine
to have me pray the rosary
And to reading me the Bible as I lay next to her
From wandering in her garden
and being in awe of the beauty of plants
The countless summer days I spent
in the living room while she stood five feet away in the
kitchen, asking me questions
that I didn't even know the answer to
My grandmother will forever be the reason
I'm the person I am today
And for the rest of my life
I will keep her with me wherever I go

Tabard Literary Magazine

2018-2019

Salesian College Preparatory

Richmond, California

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Water

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Elisa Whitmarsh

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Jasibeth Mayorga
Daniella Kerenyi
Daniel Soberano
Kylie Suarez
Elisa Whitmarsh

I remember
Life when I was young
Playing with my friends
Always doing something fun.

I remember
When I met my first best friend,
Who's there for me through everything
Each others' hearts we mend.

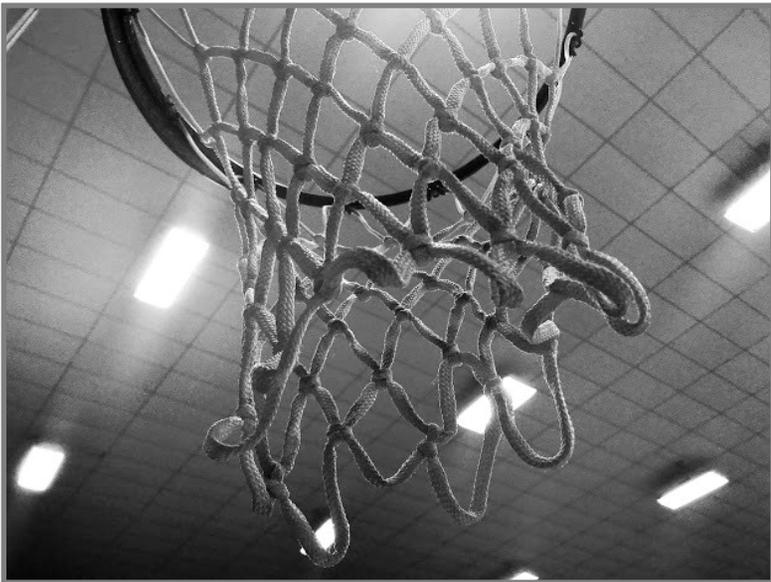
I remember
Leaving middle school, a sad day it was.
Thought I was leaving her behind.
But wow, was I wrong.

Each others' lives, we are a part of
Through the rough times and the fun.
Not another person I could think of giving
All of my time and love.

My Love, Basketball

Dominic Turqueza

You were my favorite thing to do
When I was feeling any type of way,
I would turn to you
Every weekend, everyday
I would spend my time with you
You were my happy place
My escape from doubt and fear
But as I grew older,
That love faded
I got distracted and desired other things
But I will never forget all the lessons
you taught me
Or the memories you made for me
Or the happiness you provided
To the sport of basketball,
I will love you forever



Haozhe Zeng

Anchor Jasibeth Mayorga

Like a breath of fresh air after drowning
Like a sip of water after being in a desert

But now I'm at the bottom of the ocean,
I thought he'd be my savior
I was distracted by the flowers and the lies,
Unaware of his behavior

But when I started drowning I didn't know
he was the anchor
My eyes began to unmask
the stranger I thought I knew
Attacking my heart and confusing my mind
He loves me, he loves me not

I thought we'd be everlasting,
Grasping the idea
that I need to put myself first
Fighting against the anchor,
I am saved,
Brought to shore by myself,
Like a breath of fresh air after drowning,
I am free and happy

It's All About Grey
Alexsandra Alvarado

I feel so grey
Not like the color of the sky when it cries
But the color of his grey sweats like the cement
When I walk into the corner store
And I see him at the front desk
Makes me feel as if I'm touching
the grey cloudy skies
When he smiles at me with those steel eyes

Blue World
Kian Campos

Soft shadows
And wispy clouds
Bands of color and mood
Share the sky
With small birds
And small flies
Before the dark.

Sunset

Cici Yin

The sun says it's tired,
Yawning,
Stretching,
Even doesn't want to say hello,
It is hiding in the other side mountains
You are calling,
Come back,
Come back,
You are anxious that your face is like
the sunset glow on the sky
Even if your little hand is swaying
It ignores you, just left



Fernando Ornelas

Red

Terren Mitchell

Watermelon in the summertime.
The sweet juicy flavor of red Fantas.
Strawberry scrapes are not as fun
as they sound
and getting all bloody
Watching the fiery red sunset
every evening
On the beach with raspberry
flavored lollipops

Daily Routine

Cailah Concon

Time for school.
The sound of the alarm clock.
Ring, Ring, Ring.
5 more minutes.
You wake up,
Rub your eyes
And noticed you slept for 20 minutes.
Heart is beating as fast as an alarm clock.
Mind is scattered.
Hands start sweating.
But you look at your phone and realize
It's the weekend.
Go back to bed.

White

Kylie Suarez

What's behind the door
That shines bright white
A blank canvas
In a white room with white flowers
The white iris of a painter
The white bucket of pain in their hand

As they pick the white thorns
It dropped thick red
As it mixed with the paint
They took their brush
And threw themselves
Into the walls, the flowers and canvas
They take apart of themselves to make color
The painter's life is no longer dull



Nailea Tejada

Back Home

Carlos Cruz

I remember the roosters in the mornings
I remember the outdoor breakfasts
I remember the rides in the afternoon
I remember the long nights
staring at the sky
I remember the long talks we had
I remember the crackling fire
and chirping crickets
I remember laughing and enjoying nature
I remember gazing at the stars
until we fell asleep.

The Old House

Russ Li

I remember the old house I used to live in
memories of the old days are like a symphony
My grandfather was always near me
He picked me up and cooked for me
I remember the smell of dinner
we used to play chess before we ate
I remember we watched the show
that we both enjoyed
And I turned off the television
after he was asleep
All the memories in that old house
will always be the best part of my memory.

Yellow

Samiyah Alberto

The shades of yellow,
Made me, me
A crash course into the world with
A bright blinding Tuscan sun
The honey shaded days of summer,
Filled with my earliest memories of
Winnie the Pooh's bright yellow fur,
And the happiness that came along with it,
The lemonade stands,
The butter spread across a grilled cheese
sandwich
The days filled
with beautiful bright sunflowers,
The curiosity that came
with witnessing my first
Little yellow bumblebee
The summer of a yellow child

Blue Skies

J'ell Flowers

Clear blue skies
Plastered across the windows
Parents pack their car
Packing blue coolers and sunscreen
Kids grab their blue sand shovels
Ice cream drips off their faces
Grandparents gaze into the deep blue sky
Remembering their youth

Safe From the Storm

Rene Barba Lopez

The whistling screams of the wind
gushing viscously through the air.
Drops of rain pounding
on my bedroom window, one by one.
Ripples of water dancing on the pools of rain.
The cold waits beneath me,
ready to crawl up my bare feet.
I rest comfortably surrounded by blankets,
Safe from the storm.



Julianne Alcantara



Zhu Xureng

Clockwork

Carlos Martin

Time crashed,
Over,
And over,
And over again
Then crashed again,
A bit more

These tiny tunnels,
These tiny tunnels,
Cannot stand it

The damage,
Looking like the making of the man
But these cuts,
Deep,
Long,
And festered
What a pity,
But not to them
Omnipotence is painful,
But through it,
Comes bliss

How will you live now?

*Inspired by Bhanu Kapil
Carenina Magsano*

I closed my eyes, falling asleep under the bleak night sky. The dream was a sign, and oh, how the stars have aligned. He looked at me, so handsome and refined. I felt inside of me an aching desire. So I walked up to him. I usually come up short of a complete question, or even a complete sentence. But this time was different. Words rolled off my tongue without hesitation. He responded with a soft touch on my skin and his lips caressing mine. With closed eyes.

I opened my eyes. I looked at the ceiling. I laid there on the bed with empty hands. And empty feelings. I wanted to feel what I felt with my eyes closed. So I took my keys, left the house, stood on his porch, and knocked on his door. He opened the door and we looked into each others' eyes. It was like I saw the stars for the first time. And so, I've been stargazing for 3 years and counting.

Without a sign, the night sky would just be empty, for all of eternity. But it wasn't just the stars aligning. It was me aligning them.

Sky
Amy Chen

The sun shone into my room.
I woke up and walked to the desk.
I open my book,
And started reading.
I looked out the window,
there were many clouds in the sky.
Different kinds of shapes.
I was fascinated
I was like a bird.
Traveling in the sky.

Owl
Jaden Hong

The sun goes down
Then you fly around
In the quiet and dark night
Your eyes light up with green light
An eye is closed
Waiting for hunting shows

An eye is open
Looking at the one that is chosen
You are the farmer's hero
As fast as an arrow
The bell of night rings
When you spread your wings



Will They Notice

Maya Wright

Should I get contacts?
Should I cut my hair?
Do I need to buy new shoes?
I don't know, maybe

Should I go to the party?
What should I wear?
Will I even like what I wear?
I don't know maybe
I just won't go

Should I do a sport?
It will look good on paper
Will it be too much to handle?
Will I even be good at it?
Will the team accept me?
I don't know maybe
I just won't play

Will they notice that I got contacts?
Will they notice my hair?
Will they notice my shoes?
Will they notice me?

Will they care if I went to the party?
Will they notice what I wear?
Will they like what I wear?
Will they notice me?



Justin Ngo

Yellow

Lola Gonzalez

The color of happiness
Of childhood
Of beautiful summer days
Of the white yellow of the bright sun
The yellow of pineapples
Of mango and lemon
The yellow of popsicles melting
Feelings of yellow
Pure joy

A Perfect Day
Elisa Whitmarsh

The rain
Pounds on the house
The earth
Slightly begins to flood
The animals
Have gone away
To stay warm
And dry
The humans
Do the same
The sky is dark
Ominous
Sad
Creating a gloomy silence
Over us all

The Mandela Effect

Lexi Cañas

You remember something a certain way
It goes by a certain name
And everyone remembers it that way
One day the name changed
And I didn't feel the same anymore
It was like doing open heart surgery
To a whole city

What are the Consequences of Silence?

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Kirsten Bautista

I walked in the room and the hushed whispers came to a halt. How are you?, they ask. Their wide smiles are betrayed by their glossy eyes. I'm good, thank you for asking. I give them the best smile I could manage before exiting the room. One foot after another. And that's when I heard it, the silent sobs, the quick sniffles, and the sound of a dying heart.

It All Started In July

Michaela Woldeselasié

July 22, 2002, I took the day off to be born
I started my life five minutes late
Making myself comfortable
after my sister was born
She says she had five minutes of silence
before I came along
But I didn't get the memo, I was supposed to breathe
But instead I turned blue

I am unique on the inside but on the outside
I have a double
Girly vs tomboy from the start
Comparisons never ending,
favorites being chosen
Fighting against each other
like the world depended on it

Unique in my own ways, crazy
and weird but proud of it
Shy on one hand but MOST DEFINITELY OUTGOING
on the other
Extrovert vs introvert
Different in so many ways
yet similar in the ways that count

What are the Consequences of Silence?

*Inspired by Bhanu Kapil
Daniella Kerenyi*

The energy from all the students fills the classroom
and collides with the thoughts in her head. Everyone
is talking and laughing. At the back is where she's
sitting talking to her few friends. The teacher asks the
class a question. Calls on her. She knows the answer.
But something happens. She can't speak. Everyone's
looking and waiting for her response but nothing
happens. The teacher calls on someone else.



Yifan Gao

A Happy Persona
Kambili E'Denchukwu

Everything occurred perfectly fine to me
She jumped, she ran, but most of all she lived
The energy carried every single nerve in her body

Her increasing desire of happiness
It was all she needed
She gave it to her herself
Dressed in long overalls and feeling free in the
summer breeze
She knew what to do, she knew her desires
She did what she knew, what she loved

Just a happy person you don't see everyday
rolling down nature's finest, a green bed.
A green bed in her eyes, a girl from a small town
Doesn't she inspire you?
I will get stronger because of her.



Consequences vs. Silence

Avyannah Washington

We never think of consequences.
We take action without thinking.
Most are rested in quietude. Have never heard the
word "social" before.
Nothing is serene without quiet.
You won't know consequences until you
succumb to tranquility.
It could make or break you. Limb from limb. Bone to
bone. Mind to mind. Heart. To. Heart.
Until, you come back to reality.
There is no such thing as consequences.
Silence is a figment of imagination.

The Moon

Lexi Cañas

Love made her shine bright,
Just as the moon does at night.
The moon has a dark side,
And so did she.
His love for her was great,
But it couldn't stop
the moon from turning.

The Mosaic of Color

Kirsten Bautista

As the campfire shined a burning red,
And the waves crashed into a swirling pit of blue,
I looked up to see the grey clouds
And felt a sense of home

Yellow flashed in my mind
As I thought of the memories we made,
And a soft purple entered my heart
When I thought of the bittersweet end

But no matter how colorful the sky may be,
There's no escaping the pitch black that follows.
My mind filled with a bit of uncertainty
As my dark fear slowly snaked its way into view

But when it's all said and done,
I felt a bit of orange
Melancholy and fragile, but wholesome
and complete to say the least.



Anisa Rillo

Blue

Taylor Robinson

Blue

A color of many shades that hold many feelings
and nostalgic vibes
From the age of five my first bright blue tap
dancing costume to the age of fifteen in my first navy
blue sparkly top homecoming dress
From my sapphire sixth grade graduation dress to me
getting to throw my cap in the air at my high school
graduation, ready to take the next step in my life
From the clear blue sky
to the clear blue water of the ocean
Blue is a color that will never go away
You can feel blue as the tears roll down your face
Your tongue can turn a dark blue as you laugh
with your friends while eating a Fun Dip packet
You dream of being the baby blue
sparkly dressed princess, Cinderella
Or you sit on the edge of your seat as the neon blue
Riverdale title comes on the screen,
wondering who was murdered next
Reading and laughing at the true blue graphic novel,
which is the second part of a series about a middle
school boy writing in his diary
Reading and feeling many emotions as you turn the
pages of the turquoise chapter book, which is the
third and final book to a series about a girl that lives
in a district, plays a deadly game,
and carries a bow and arrow
We grow up with the color blue
It becomes a part of our memories we remember and
memories have yet to discover

Hotel Adventures

Carenina Magsano

Kids in the hotel room,
Playing basketball,
Jumping on the bed like a trampoline,
Magic shows and TV,
12th birthday parties,
No rules for me

Adults gambling in the arcade,
Throwing up,
Turning the bed into a painting,
Stripper shows,
21st birthday parties,
No rules for me



Anjel Galbraith

The Starry Night

Daniel Soberano

How does it feel?
To have all the streetlights
in your life go away
And the sky stops being so gray
So when you go and stare
Outside the asylum window
You see that starry night lay low
The rich purple sky
That make the mountains and meadow
Look so empty.
You see a town full of people
But the view makes you feel
That there is more life in the starry sky
Than the town nearby

Silence

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Kharí Alvarez

Silence is a brutal tool. It is viciously precise, yet as ruthlessly blunt as a hammer. It breaks open and shatters conversations with its uncomfortable nothingness. Accompanied with great meaning, it is a mighty weapon. It pierces the other person, but there is no blood. The pain leaves no visible bruises or markings. The cut runs deep, but is completely beneath the skin. The suffering is seen only in the eyes, not anywhere else on the body. It can cause a person to crumble. It brings devastating ruin. It shows no mercy or remorse. Silence is the deadliest weapon that does not kill.

looking forward to life as less man and more animal. Nasir threw away his old life and was reborn a savage. He saw this as the only way to live, liberated from all responsibility and finally able to achieve true happiness.

His remains were found in a field two weeks later, picked to the bone, 15 miles from Granada.



Nia Chinn

he went south, towards the nearest body of water, the Alboran Sea. Unsure of how long it would even take to walk there, Nasir filled his mind with optimistic thoughts of finding what he was looking for within hours. Feeding into his own delusions of an easy journey, he avoided taking any major roads because he was sure he would make it to the sea soon enough, and could afford to spend more of his time in nature. Plus, he was fearful that he may run into a brigade of catholic converters or some other imagined group that would wish to do him harm. Nasir's mind was not grounded in reality, so it was no surprise when he chose to climb hills instead of travel a well-made path.

The novelty of the situation wore off quickly, though, and as soon as he was no longer within view of the city, he had practically given up all hope. It felt like he had been walking for eons, and he had seemingly made little to no progress whatsoever. He saw no sea and therefore no new home. He was alone. His family had not believed in him. In his eyes, the world had forsaken Nasir. He fell to his knees and cried, for he knew he would never make it. Not in this form, at least. And that's when it struck him. He did not have to remain in this form at all. He had already rid himself of all obligations to society or his family. Out here, he was truly free. Civilization had made him a man, but since he was no longer a part of it, he no longer had to be a man. He had come to the conclusion that his life should be one of a beast, not of a civilized man. From here on out, he would act upon all of his animalistic desires and wishes. Nothing would stop him from living in nature, newly enlightened and



Yi Xie

Earth

Artists

Amber Holland

Anisa Rillo

Joseph Valenzuela

Vincent Yang

Writers

Trinity Anderson

Aileen Diaz

Ji'ell Flowers

Carlton Hale

Ashley Holland

Kylie Suarez

Dennis Tabora

Veronika Victor

Michaela Woldeselasia

A Fool in 1492

Khari Alvarez

It was January 2nd, and Granada had just officially been surrendered to King Ferdinand II and Queen Elizabeth I. Granada was now under Catholic rule, and Muslims like Nasir were afraid of what that meant really for them. Although Muslims were promised fair treatment by the new rulers, Nasir had always been distrusting of anyone unlike himself, and he was not able to find much to relate to in the new ruling party. Nasir reasoned that these Catholics would not entertain the idea of having Muslim citizens and would forcibly convert the entirety of Granada, one by one. He decided that it would be best for him and his family to leave before they had the chance to have their culture ripped away from them.

Nasir's plan did not go over well with his wife, who was of the uninspired opinion that Granada was their home and that their child would be raised here. So Nasir did what any man of such a strong conviction would do, and abandoned his wife and child, leaving them to fend for themselves. The heartbreak belonged solely to his wife, for their child was too young to understand, and Nasir was too heartless to care. He left his home with only what he could carry on his back, and set out to find his new home.

In fact, his plan was not very well developed, and as soon as he had snuck away from the city, he had very little idea as to what he should do. So

The Fist

Veronika Victor

When moved in

Swipe

It runs away

Click Clack

Closer and closer

Thump Thump Thump

Jumps back still compacted

Thud

Flattened out still a ball

Smack

Fluid mosaic

Swoosh

Hurt bad

Groan

Bad, real bad

Froze

Untouched

Flowers Ji'ell Flowers

Flowers are as alive as we are,
They grow and mature into larger plants,
Like kids grow into adults,
They slowly bloom into their unique selves,
Like people grow into who they are,
They die and take part in change,
Like people die and leave families
to continue on,
Flowers are as alive as we are

Beautiful Nature Dennis Tabora

The trees stood tall as they pierced the clouds.
The grass was being pushed to the left
as a strong gust of wind flew by.
The birds chirped as the sun slowly rose,
And the flowers glowed as the sun
reflected off of them.
All the beauties you notice,
When you admire nature.



Vincent Yang

The Color Green

Satchel Greene

A beautiful color is what you are
Calm & soothing by far
It's my namesake so I'm not fake
Verde will always pull rank
The color wheel goes round and round
It will stop on the best color around
Everyone knows what it is
My namesake is the biz



Maximiliano Mendoza

Life's A Lot

Valeria Hernandez

Life is like a roller coaster,
with many twists and turns.
Maybe even burns
We never know what will happen next.
All we can do is hope for the best.
Life's like a game of man players,
But somehow, more than one winner.

Memories

Gianfranco Campos

I remember when we first met.
I remember you were there,
when I took my first breath.
I remember you had left, and I was happy.
I remember you weren't there,
to see Jordan and Abby.
I remember years went by,
and we never spoke.
I remember seeing you at the mall,
and I almost choked.
I remember that you looked
exactly like all the pictures.
I remember you said
that I'd become a pitcher.
I remember seeing you for the last time,
And I remember not saying goodbye.

Woods Kylie Suarez

Mysterious and beautiful
Immovable mountainous trees
The gentle breeze
That teases the morning
The adoring rivers and greens
Almost like a distant dream
That seems luxurious
The various sights and heights
The dark nights with twinkling lights

Blue Ashley Holland

Looking up, the blue sky is there
Not only that, I see my Mom's blue eyes
With that is so much comfort
Taking a nap
I'm cuddled in my blue blanket
Hand knitted from my grandma
Forever priceless
Petting Bentley
Admiring his blue collar
My best friend

What is the Shape of Your Body?

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Michaela Woldeselasia

Do you ever wonder where the sun goes when its rays aren't touching your skin? How the tears of the clouds fall upon the roses? Or what happens before a bird learns how to fly? I wonder who is there to see it rain in the middle of the ocean. Free to do whatever it pleases while not under the watchful eye of others. Do you ever sit and watch a plant grow? Seems like such a childhood task, but somehow brings satisfaction nonetheless. I wonder what is going on in the depths of the night while I am fast asleep. I like to be in nature. I lay down and count the stars, getting lost, without a doubt, in the vastness of the sky. That doesn't discourage me though, in fact I see it as a challenge.



Joseph Valenzuela

Have you prepared for death?

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Kirsten Bautista

Fast forward. Young ladies should never cry in public. But she didn't care. Her grey eyes were gloomy and dark, the tears being painfully wrenched out one by one. And her cries. Louder than thunder, harsher than lightning. It ripped out of her throat like a caged animal just begging to be set free. Her body shook with so much force, she was afraid that she would shake the world along with her.

Days turned to nights, nights turned to days, until finally, all her pain washed away.

Girl with a Mandolin

Daniel Soberano

She is risen from the gray
And is here to stay
She is so invisible but so clearly there
Minding her own business
with an uninterested stare
She is her own little world
And it's just her, and her mandolin
And she doesn't care
She has what she wants
And you've had your share

Air

Artists

Nia Chinn

Anjel Galbraith

William Li

Maximiliano Mendoza

Fernando Ornelas

Yihe Qi

Zhu Xureng

Haozhe Zeng

Writers

Samiyah Alberto

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Carlos Cruz

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Valeria Hernandez

Russ Li

Carenina Magsano

Carlos Martin

Terren Mitchell

Isaias Pineda

Taylor Robinson

Daniel Soberano

Dominic Turqueza

Veronika Victor

Avyannah Washington

Elisa Whitmarsh

Michaela Woldeselasia

Maya Wright

Cici Yin

Earth Trinity Anderson

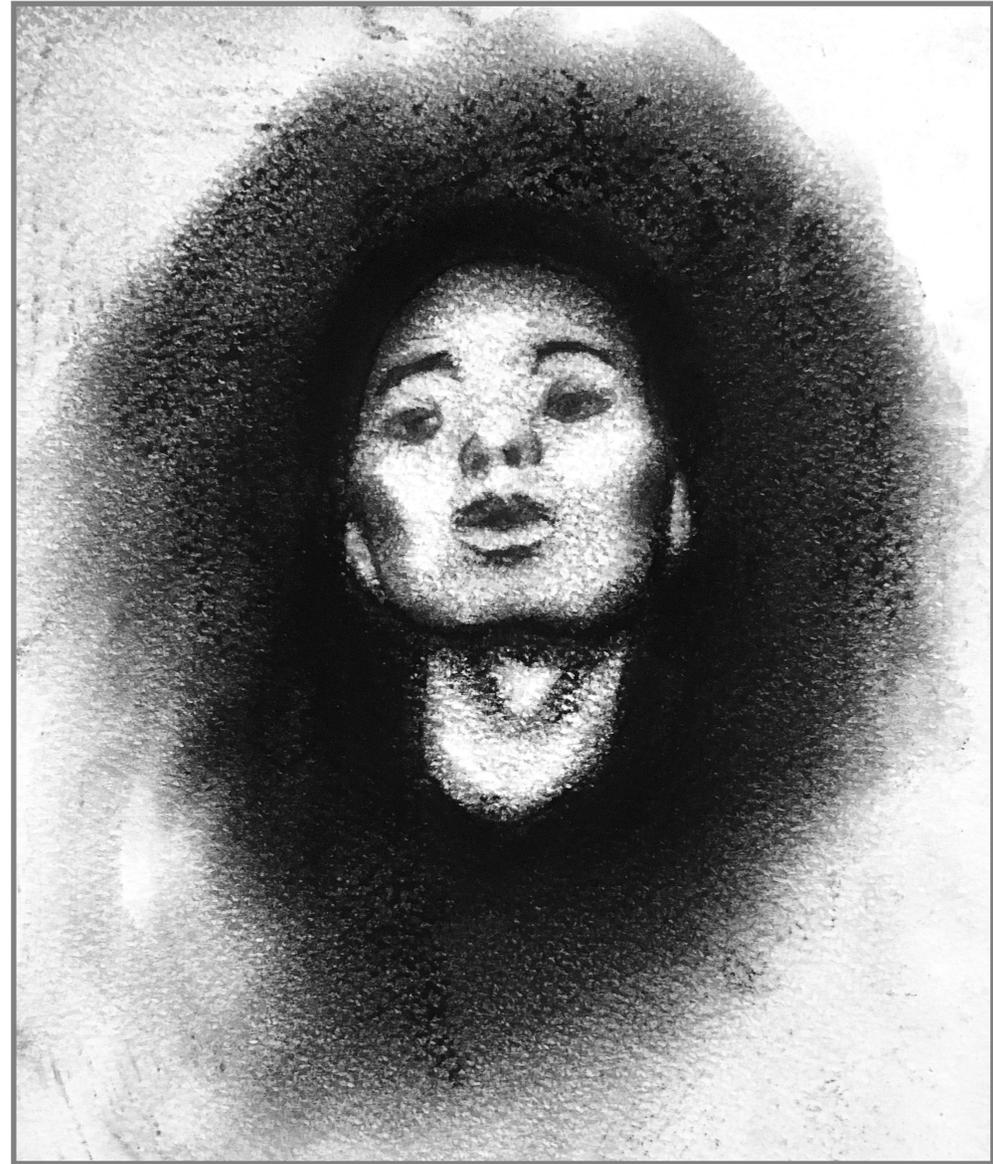
Rain droplets
pounding
knocking
on the skin of the ocean
fish swim
as if all is calm
miles away
Volcanoes erupt
spitting out lava
many spurts
further down
depression ends
rain is gone
flowers unleash
the day is not over
but more good news is to come

Yellow Kylie Suarez

Yellow, the color of happiness.
The different shades of amber and gold
Glistening honey dripping
off the beehive
Ripe lemons hanging off the tree,
Begging to be picked
The golden retriever next door
with the golden locks
Wakes you up everyday,
To the gleaming pale sun.

Homage to My Eyes
Veronika Victor

Wide and bright, they twinkle
in the dark of night
The sight and might to see the future
To look beyond the surface
These eyes hold power
A dark oasis of flowy tears
The water of a golden fall shoots
from within them
These eyes hold experience
The fight, The scar, The hit, The beat
down, The celebration, The unionization
These eyes are lost
These eyes find the found who once were lost
They search the depths of your soul burning into
the very heart you say is
the reason you love me
These eyes live. These eyes win. These eyes are.
These eyes can.
These eyes.



Monica Cruz

Love is Art
Samiyah Alberto

Love is art,
Sculptures of two bodies,
Connected with stone,
A paintbrush dipping into paint,
Being covered with something so beautiful,
A blank canvas,
Waiting for that beloved paintbrush,
ready to become what it is has always dreamed of

Love is art,
No limitations
Everything is within its grasp
Love is art,
So beautiful it will leave you with a gasp

What I Love
Carlton Hale

I love my mama, my grandmama's foods and their love. I love my brotha who gives me pain sometimes I love the feeling of when I look fly. I love making people smile and laugh. I love understanding things, work, literature and object. I love my name because I do, and also all the people's lives I've turned around. Not to mention all the people I've taught life lessons to help them live better lives.



Amber Holland

What is the Shape of Your Body?

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Veronika Victor

A forest densely packed. Not a crevice left untouched. The curve of every leaf fit into its brother or sister almost like a puzzle. Life touching every corner. When they hit the forest floor not a sound is made. Or maybe it is. But who is there to hear it? Perfection in every way possible. The epitome of beauty. In its shadow is where I stand.

Growing Tree

Aileen Diaz

A life is a growing tree,
The roots extend,
Leaves fall,
It changes its theme,
Humans are growing trees.

Red

Yeshua Campos

From the first blood cell to
Old age rage.
Red is everywhere.
Red is the first color we see,
And is color that attracts us.
Red shoes, logos, toys, and clothing.
All of red attracts us.
From purple, scarlet, pink, and orange.
Many colors are born from red.
Like if you add yellow,
And get the fiery sun.
Or you add black and get the Jordan 1s.
Red is something we need,
Red is fire, which we use to feed.
Red is warmth, comfort,
Red are roses that make you smile.
Red is R E D.
R is romantic.
E is energetic.
D is dynamic.
RED is a plethora of beautiful things.

Red

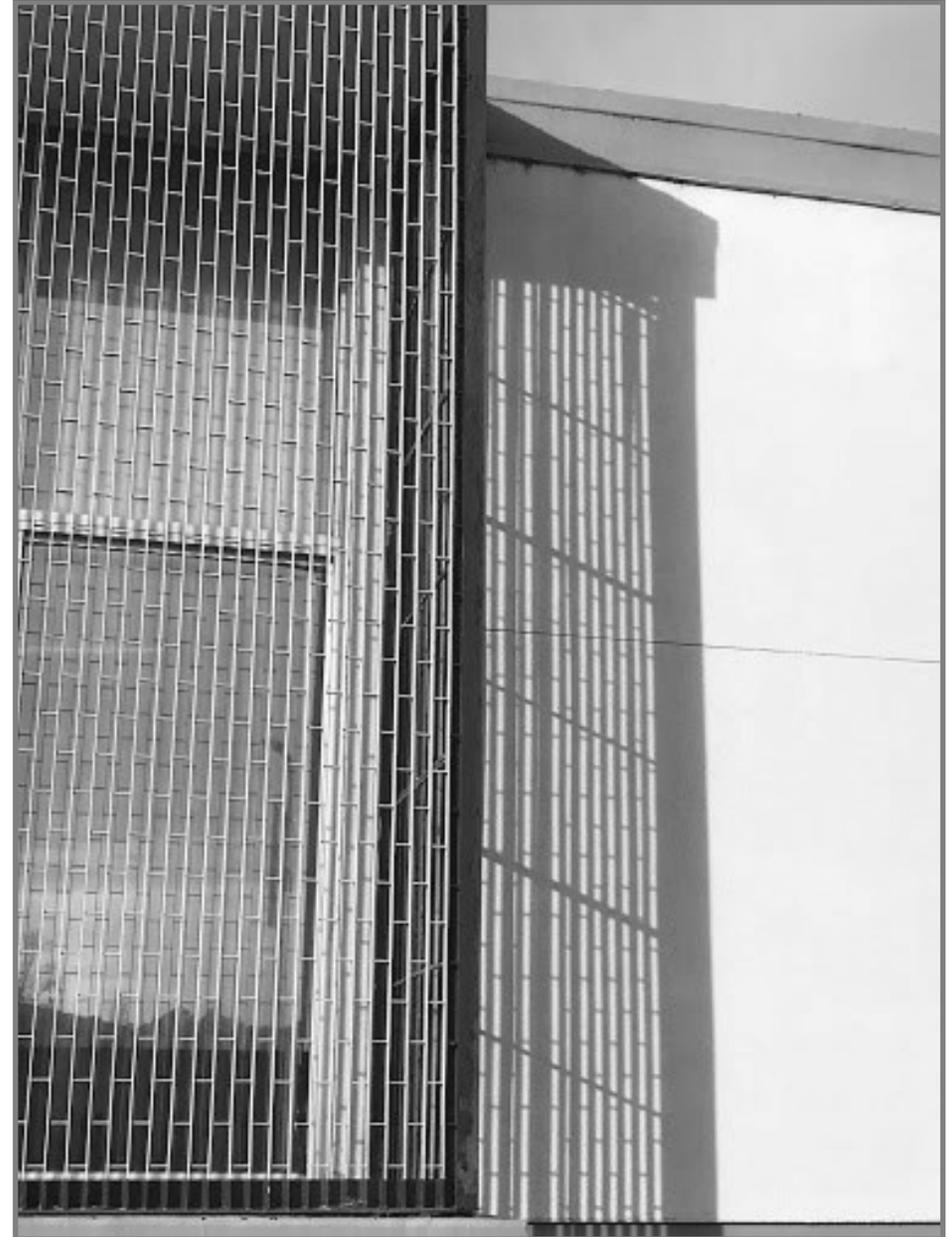
Joseph Hernandez

Shades of roses and brick
The sun is bright,
But it burns hot red when the fires burn
The lights of the room turn dark red
My knife in my game turns into ruby red
Bright and shining
It turns into a crimson web red
My head hurts
My eyes turn into candy apple red
Lying on my bed,
It turns to maroon

Life's A Struggle

Jackey Yin

Walking on roses
The spikes hurt
Drain the blood from the wound
Keep walking and walking
There shall be the light and hope
Waiting
By the end of the road



Anisa Rillo

Fire

Artists

Monica Cruz
Kylie Suarez
Yi Xie

Writers

Samiyah Alberto
Kirsten Bautista
Jamie Bernabe
Lexi Cañas
Sara Cushing
Aileen Díaz
Chase Durkee
Kambili E'Denchukwu
Daniella Kerenyi
Carenina Magsano
Tiffany Mangle
Piera Miller
Taylor Robinson
Logan Silva
Dennis Tabora

This Was the Storm

Samiyah Alberto

Mother Nature had a plan
The creatures would run,
Fly,
And swim freely
The plants would always grow
to full bloom,
The rivers,
Lakes,
And oceans,
Would fill up more of the earth

Everything would be peaceful
and beautiful,
But then the storms rolled in with
Hammers,
Nails,
And guns

Homes begin to take their land,
Creatures began to hide,
No longer able to be free,
This was no storm with rain,
Clouds,
And thunder
This was the storm of the humans

An Endless Dark Void

Anonymous

Why do I feel stones at my feet?
Why can't I free myself?
I want to run, but I can't.
I only feel pain.
Why is that?
What if all I wanted was to be free?
Would anyone even notice?
Would anyone even care?
The fresh air I've always desired,
Is simply one arm's length away from me.
Why don't I reach for it?
Am I too scared?
Why does my chest feel heavy?
Is it from the water's pressure?
Or is it the lies filling up inside me?
My body is a cup.
It's being poured with my problems.
What will happen when the cup overflows?
An abundance of emotions.
I don't want others to clean up my mess.
What if my problems affect those I care about?
Is this why I feel so lonely?
I've sewn my own mouth shut.
How can I be helped if I don't know how
to ask for it?
How can anyone save me?
If I just let myself go,
Into an endless dark void.

Silence is Why We Hear Breathing

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Kambili E'Denchukwu

Hush, Shh, don't say a word
Wait, stop, it's a no
Tomorrow, next week, next month
By then they won't be on earth
I hate you, I'm angry, I'm leaving
Two hours, two months I don't see you
Two years, two cars come with hazard
When will I see you again
Silence, it's dangerous, it's wasteful
Fill it with truth and reason
Silence is why we hear breathing
So don't make it the reason for death

Who are you and whom do you love?

Inspired by Bhanu Kapil

Kirsten Bautista

They told me we were playing a game. I was the
grandma, and Nana was the little girl. In this game I
had to give her food and water every two hours. Who
knew Nana had such a love of tic-tacs?

Expectations

Tiffany Mangle

Expectations shall be the death of me
I've set them much too high.
They're much too far out of reach,
Yet if I fail to meet them now, it will be known.
She used to be so good at this.
For her this used to be so effortless.
None of this has ever been an effortless task,
And anyone who thinks that is foolish indeed.
Anxiety took control
It made me one of the best
Made them think I was better than the rest.
It created these expectations to which I cling
For when I fall below them
I might not survive the fall.

The Art of Procrastination

Tiffany Mangle

Procrastination is an art my dear,
And it is one that I have mastered.
Those who look upon me and think
It is merely due to distraction,
Well in reality, they haven't got a clue.
For if you take all of these distractions from me
My brain will simply search for more.
Take anything, all my entertainment if you must
The tick-tock that is screamed by the clock
Suddenly becomes much too loud to ignore.
Take away all the sounds, all the light,
All of the distractions by day or by night,
Lock me in a blank room with nothing,
Nothing but my project to do.
My brain will take off on an adventure,
Though the wall is what my eyes will see,
My head will be in another galaxy.
My dear, distractions do not cause procrastination.
Rather, it is lack of motivation.
Try to trick yourself into focusing all you like,
Without motivation, you won't last through the night.



Kylie Suarez

A Glorious Fall

Logan Silva

I'm the best and worst I've ever been

It must have been a dismal spark

My mind is in the dark but I've never been so hopeful

I feel a storm approaching

But it's bringing nothing but greatness

I have a fire that rests at the back of my throat that
reached down my spine

But I'm not sick, I want this

Every choice and chapter led up to this,

I will not back down

I am ready for the lightning and thunder

No man, woman or anyone or thing can stop me now

I'm burning,

Turning a new page,

I catch fire and tear a hole through my expectations,

All the way to the ground.



Yi Xie

Ice Cream

Aileen Diaz

I enjoy you
Your coldness
Just like a goddess
From love to hate
Every flavor is okay
The sadness that I have
Of you melting in half
Sorry for making you wait
It won't happen
Again.

Red

Chase Durkee

I can now slam dunk/jam like throwing
red strawberry jam on two slices of toast
My jump shot is wet like
a fresh red watermelon,
as my teammates and I move on the court
We look good and professional,
I like red glistening cherries.
Most of my shoes are red,
like fresh ripe red strawberries
As I'm here on Earth till the rest of my days,
I'll have a bright red blood
in my body and veins.

My Love
Taylor Robinson

My love for you grows stronger and stronger
You're always there for me whenever I need you
 You comfort me
 You never let me down
You welcome me with open arms
 and know how to love me
Whenever I'm with you, I become full of joy
and I forget everything going on around me
When we're away from each other too long,
 I can't stand it
I need you now and forever
 food
 Oh, how I love you so
 food
 I'll never let you go
You don't have to tell me,
I know you feel the same too

A Neon Sky
Carenina Magsano

An endless sky of neon lights
Through bustling streets I'm walking by
Blazing hot and awfully muggy
Where dreams arise in smoke and sweat

An endless sky of neon lights
Through bustling streets I'm walking by
I'm blinded by multitudes of colors
Hectic streets and glitzy hotels
But the vibrancy is so serene

An endless sky of neon lights
More luminous than the sun
Breathing in the musty air
But the nicotine tastes so sweet

An endless sky of neon lights
Monumental sights of opulence
Never touching the ornate sheets
The moon doesn't wait for me

1991

Jamie Bernabe

Waking up to Full House every
chilly morning, hoping for rain
feeling nothing but the warmth that be-
gan to hit at noon
but soon everything changed.
From watching The Fresh Prince of Bel
Air on a Saturday afternoon
to **BREAKING NEWS**

March 3, 1991

Rodney King

SAY HIS NAME an African- Amer-
ican who
suffered a brutal beating
from **FOUR** police officers

March 16, 1991

Latasha Harlins a 16 year old African
American

that was shot and killed in a corner
store

because she was accused of
“stealing” a bottle of juice

NO JUSTICE WAS SERVED.

Riots began to break out in South Central
my home,

hundreds in grief and **anger**
after losing many of their own

My Life

Daniella Kerenyi

You wouldn't have known me a year ago
We were complete and total strangers
But now, you're the person who ruined my life
I know you can't hear me

Of course you can't, you're in a coma
I just got out of surgery
A broken rib and leg
Not too bad

I want to come and talk to you
Let you know that I forgive you
I forgive you for driving drunk,
I forgive you killing my parents,
I forgive you for killing my brother,

I forgive you for all the pain
I know when you wake up,
You won't remember this,
But know that I forgive you

Once Broken

Lexi Cañas

You finally got over it
All of it
At once it felt as if your world was over
But now it all feels perfect

It was hard to let go
I know because I am hurting
Now that I see you
It all feels so silly

At times you wanted to leave the Earth
Only to see that now it is so beautiful
You've met all your goals
And have an amazing family

Now that I see you
I have hope
I want to live to see it all
I want to be as happy as you

You thought there was one for you
But there he is, your soulmate
You walked down the aisle not nervous at all
Because he is the one

Everyone goes through those tough times
It only makes you stronger
Now that I see you
I know I can do it

November of '91

There was a major change in music,
the people now had a voice.

Tupac Shakur

my favorite artist,
an upcoming legend

had recently dropped one of his greatest hits
“*2Pacalypse Now*”

soon to release his hit single

“**Keep Ya Head Up**”

and **Ice Cube** a rapper from N.W.A & actor
& songwriter

known for his storytelling about the lives of
P.O.C

released “**Black Korea**”

Both songs were dedicated in memory of
Latasha Harlins.

High-waisted denim jeans
cropped Fila and Champion shirts
from the 90's, yet still in style

Love
Piera Miller

It has never been an infatuation,
L- O- V- E, love is an action.
It is never just referred to your partner,
And you aren't bound to love the ones who share the
blood under your skin.
It is deeper than liking,
More responsible than caring.

It is you wanting to put your life
on the line for them,
When you would fight their battles for them,
Love was never meant to be an emotion.
It's when you never want to see them cry,
be sad, or angry,
It's when you want to make sure they smile everyday,
that they're happy.
Love was never meant to be about you,
It's meant to focus on the person, the people
who surround you.
Love was never meant for personal gain,
LOVE is meant to be used more than once
so the people around you never feel the same.

What I Love About You
Dennis Tabora

I love how you keep me company when I'm bored.
I love how you always do everything right.
When I'm with you I feel full of joy.
When I'm with you all of my worries
disappear in an instant
And I don't know how to make it up to you,
But maybe this poem will do.
Many people say you'll make me dumb.
What they don't know is that you make me feel
less lonely

Love Poem
Sara Cushing

Love is forgiveness
Love is happiness
Love is hurt
Why did I do this to myself
You hurt me in so many ways
All I want to know is why
I can't even hold your hand
But I love you with a love
No one understands