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Viking Runes

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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — September 2021

The First Day of School – Savannah Hall

Jumpstarting your heart with an alarm in the dark
The fear of being late makes your mouth taste tart
Can this be real, with all the stress that you feel?
It's like you made a deal with the devil in your ear
You arrive and you're tired, and your will has been
wired

Your're jealous everyone else seems admired
Now you're alone and the weird kid sits next to your phone
Should you pick it up or go home?
You ask to go to the bathroom just to get away
And when you come back you feel just as afraid
Just pushing through and find a nobody like you
And you're content knowing someone is lonely to



Jane of Mulberry Lane – Gail Stokes

As lightning danced across the sky,
a little girl answered and started to cry.
Her name was Jane May Featherstone,
and she would spend that night alone.
Her parents were put on a plane that day,
and all her family lived many miles away.
Rain splattered the pavement of Mulberry Lane,
as she thought about two wood boxes on a plane.
Jane stepped outside, closing the door with a slam,
she wished she could be as happy as a clam.
They had said it would only be a week in Poland,
Then they would head straight home to Maryland.
There was much to do, but not by young Jane,
so she sat soaked on the porch of 584 Mulberry Lane.



Where I'm From – Isabel Snyder

I am made of music,
Old CDs played on
repeat
Till they didn't work.

I am a figure of speech,
Laughter and excitement,
Popsicles with friends
In the summer.

I am made from quilts,
Mismatch patterns and
Love,
A dedicated hand.

I am the dirt road,
That bicycle sped down,
The wind that blew through her hair,

I'm from the garden,
Freshly tilled soil and bees,
I am the sweet peas and
Gardening tools,

The hot July day,
And the ice water,
And long nights rest.

I'm from a library,
Long nights spent reading,
Craving more of that story,
Desperate to see how it ends-

And I am a letter,
Written by a mother
Who wants to see her child succeed,
And know she is loved.



I miss the rain – Ainsley Farmer

I miss the rain
The fat droplets pouring down in sheets,
The lightning dancing across the sky in bold
strokes,
The crash of thunder ringing in my ears.
I miss the smell,
The fresh scent of the world being cleansed.
I miss the sounds
Not just of the raging thunder and the crackling electricity
But the relaxing chaos of the droplets hitting the ground in soft
“plops.”
I miss the rain.
After every storm rolls beyond my reach, I curse the fact
That I live in a desert.



Where I'm From – Ryan Arason

I am from *Crack*, Homerun!
from Parent's support, and Big Chew gum.
From Diagon Alley and Tatooine.
I am from other worlds of all the sort.
From sprained wrists, and tears down faces.
From allergies and diseases every other weekend.
I am from the salty shores of the Longest Beach.
I am from a vast realm of Cougars.
and from a towering mountain of Hawks,
from the steep hills my bicycle sped down.
I am from arrows piercing straight through targets,
and friends that have yet to be made.
I'm from Ms. Rede's History class.
I'm from Seminary at six in the morning.
And even at the worst of times, some things can fall
short.
But I am from “Keep on trying,” I will never give up.



Uncicled – Shaylie Jensen

Despite what people tell
you, the opposite of
love isn't hate
The opposite of love is
indifference
It's not caring
Falling in love is easy
Feeling the butterflies
dance in your stomach
You feel like you're on top of the world
Until one day you don't
One day, there will be pain and hurt
You will feel this endless desperation,
longing for something you can't quite find
Then eventually, you feel whole again
And while the process repeats itself over
and over
You find yourself asking the question
Is it even worth it?
The sharp sting, the overthinking, and the
initial shock of it all
If the only point is to grow, why isn't
there an easier way?



Where I'm From – Sharlene Gibson

I am from purple
mountain majesties.
I am from the beehive.
I am from Early Saturday
Minecraft.
And Camping trips.
I am of sleeping outside
under the Shining stars.
I am from playing
outside in the warm summer's sunshine.
Spraying each other with the hose.
I wish I could return.



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ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com

to be featured in our next issue.

“Bye” Was all she could say before the phone call ended.

It was over, and she couldn't even control it. All she could do was watch. She had been his prey from the beginning, his conquest. He was the lion and she was the dear, lying dead, broken on the ground.

Like before she met him, her heart was once again broken like glass scattered across the floor. He had picked it up and put it back together all those months ago, but who would do so now? The friends she'd lost to be with him? The family she'd ignored? The teacher whose class she'd ditched with him?

It all came back to him.

She was the stupidest, most foolish, smart person. Top in all of her classes, probably not anymore, but she was. 2 for 2 her heart had lost.

Tears of sadness and freedom flooded from her eyes. Her heart was broken but it was free. He wasn't good for her, not in the past few months.

He had so easily become her everything, everything in her life. The only one in her life.

Unhealthily she was attached. Healthily she wept.

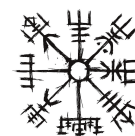
Only one person is the one, not everyone will be that one. She was learning this lesson real quick. But that's okay, kiss those frogs. I promise the pain is only temporary because one day you will find the one—your other half.

Today was just not that day for her; he was not the one.

They both knew that, so it was over.



VIKING READS



What?	Viewmont High School Reading Initiative
When?	All year—Prizes each term/semester
Where?	Viewmont High School Media Center
Who?	All Viewmont Students
Why?	Promote leisure reading because READING IS FUN
How?	Check-out books—Submit Entry Cards—Receive Tickets

**GET REWARDED
FOR READING!**

SEPTEMBER PRIZES



