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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — March 2022



Holding On Where I
Am Able - Carly
McBride
(accepted into the
Springville Art Show)



Inspiration - Jane O'Berry



Shipwreck – Gail Stokes

*Down way too deep,
Far through the void,
Lies open empty water.
The endless blue ocean,
What calming notion?
They go out to sea.
On wooden ships,
In storming seas.
Help ain't comin'
Lighting sets fires.
Down, down, down.
Drown, drown, drown.
Much too many dangers,
No time to be turning back.
Waves just over 1000 ft high,
Bending and breaking, crack.
Cargo spilled, churning chaos
Break the calm silver surface.
Left right, left right, left left.
Try escaping ocean wrath.
Barrels sinking deeper,
Falling to the bottom.
Burning wood ship,
Sinking too deep.
In storming seas.
Suffocating quiet.
Down, down, down,
Drown drown drown.
Deep dark ocean tomb,
An endless ocean doom.
No escaping the crash.
Drown drown drown,
Down, down, down.*

The Tree – Megan Stephens

There is a tree
That all of nature loves
Where the birds sleep
Where the bugs climb
Where the deer sit under
Where people take pictures
Claiming the tree is beautiful
But it is ugly to me
The browning of its leaves
Like rotting fruit
The curves of its branches
Like spindly legs of a dead spider
The cracks in the bark
Like dry and splitting knuckles
The sap that oozes out
Like blood from the wounds
It is all ugly to me
There are plenty of other trees
That are more beautiful nearby



Long Distance – Jade Morgan

The sun will rise and fall,
The moon follows shortly
after, although they may not
see each other often,
They're always supporting
one another, so today I will be
the moon to your sun,
I will support you from a
distance,
I could wish to the stars to be able to see you this
day,
But soon enough we will cross paths,
To never be separated again.
I love you endlessly, I will support you always and
forever.
Happy birthday, my sun.



A Space Odyssey – Carly McBride

In a vacuum, there's no sound. Everyone knows that. But, not everyone knows that the silence amplifies any sound that sneaks through. In the hull of the spaceship, everything seems louder. Every footstep echoes down the empty, white hallway. I take a deep breath to calm my nerves and continue onward. There isn't anything different about today, so why is my heart pounding?

The day had started like any other: I woke up, had a measly breakfast, and joined the meeting with the captain to receive my daily task. Today, that task sent me to the electrical room. The second I walk in, I remember why I love it there. The buzz of the wires is comforting to me. Anything is welcome relief from the suffocating silence.

I opened the cold metal panel and stared at the tangle of wires before me. Yikes. The temperature control had been on the fritz lately, so it was my job to fix it. I surveyed the mess of spaghetti and grabbed a blue and red strand. The second my fingers touched them, the lights blinked out.

I'm so fired.

I hurriedly closed the panel and felt blindly around the room for the breaker box. Another crew member would surely be coming in soon to ask what was going on, and I didn't need them to see my blundering. I opened the box and quickly searched for the right switch. Finally, I found it, flipped the switch, and the lights flickered back on. I breathed a sigh of relief and closed the panel.

As I turned to go back to my work, I was stopped in my tracks by the ship's siren blaring over the intercom. The sound was familiar to me from the mandatory drills we had every month, but I had never heard it outside of those situations. I turned on my heels and sprinted out of the room, my heavy boots clanging against the metal floor. As I ran, I could hear my crewmates emerge from their own tasks and join the race toward the ship's main hull.

When we reached the main room, we instinctively gathered around the large circular table. We whispered to each other nervously, each evidently in the dark as to

what had happened. I drummed my fingers anxiously on the metal table. We all jumped at the sound of footsteps approaching the hull.

The captain emerged from the doorway and silently moved to the table. His stoic face gave no hints as to what had prompted the emergency meeting. As he sat down, each of us subconsciously straightened. His eyes were closed and his jaw moved slowly as he thought. Slowly, he opened his eyes and looked at us all in turn. His sharp blue eyes burned into my skull and made my stomach churn.

The silent interrogation lasted for what felt like hours. He clasped his hands on the table tightly and looked at all of us with a solemn seriousness. "Men," he said finally, his deep voice reverberating through the room and hooking our fickle attention. I leaned in slightly so as to not miss any of his words. The captain's face grew darker, his next words rattling like rotted bones.

"We have an imposter among us."

Yet Another Love Poem –Thomas Reeder

Your tender embrace left me weary
I couldn't stop so I kept nearing
You draw me in like a beacon at night
For your hand, I'd never give up the fight
I wish to feel your warmth when cold
I'd never leave you as I grow old
With you, I wish to reach the summit
Without you, I know that I would plummet
I love you Chick-fil-a chicken nugget.



Laid a Claim – Britton Cox

We saw something bigger than us
and laid a claim,
To the land of which we stand on,
the land we call ours,
To the rolling, tossing seas that
swallowed who
knows how much unknown history.
We saw something bigger than us
and laid a claim,
To name the stars like some caged bird or collared
pet,
While they are wild and burn free millions of miles
away.
We saw something bigger than us and laid a claim,
To the shining light of the suns of our galaxy, our
universe, and thought of nothing more,
For what if, what if?
Somewhere out there, there must be more,
Something or someone else that has also laid a claim.
We saw something bigger than us and laid a claim.



Broken Walls – Andrew Kenison

Much had happened here, though
the walls were
quiet they still echoed the screams,
the roars, the fear, the anger.
Cruelty had happened here, justice
had happened here.
Where the denizens died they were
made anew.
Where death lives birth follows.
So much lost, so many memories, friendships, good
days even here.
Yet nothingness and despair stuck to the mind
Like it stuck to those walls.



My Foreign Friend – Peter Naylor

“Let me walk three God-
Blessed American Yards
to get to my Big Mac
Burger.”



The beanbag consultant – Joey Seiber

Dice is what I'm having for breakfast today.
Nothing to start the day like a nice bowl of dice
and Styrofoam with a tall glass of headlight
fluid to wash it down.

Now I'm off to my job as a beanbag
consultant, so I got in my cheese and turned the
bee into the on position and took a deep breath
and got on the road to work. I picked up the
wood I needed since my wife has been
complaining about the fact that she can't use
the phone battery to make yeast for the dog.

When I finally got to work, I noticed there
was a man holding everyone hostage with a
RTX graphics card and I was scared then I
remembered I have a vole
in my cheese and used it
to save my coworkers. For
my heroism they awarded
me the bee to the city and
the mayor put a remote
control of honor around
my neck for saving the
day.

