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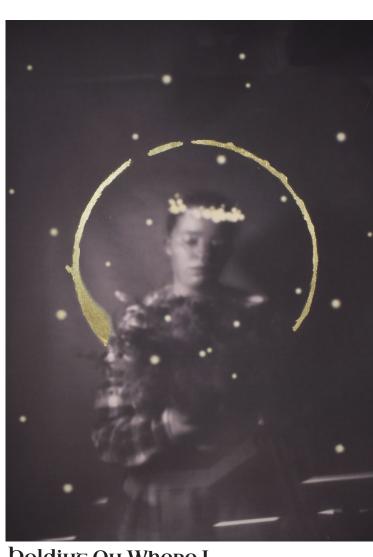


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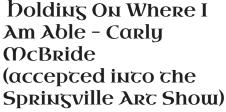
Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — March 2022







Inspiracion - Jane O'Berry







Shipwreck - Gail Scokes

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 Scephens

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

Lous discauce - Jade Morsau

The sun will rise and fall,
The moon follows shortly
after, although they may not
see eachother often,
There's a least the second secon

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 - Briccon 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 Foreizu Frieud - Decer Naylor

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



The beaubas consultant - Joey Seiber

Oice 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.

