



F B L A M P X N I * A G A T F C T R H T N N P Y M Y
Vikings Runes
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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — March 2023 — Issue XXIV

I KNOW you – Angela Salas

Oh my danged ways
 She looks so happy, I shouldn't stick
 my nose into this
 A few minutes at her side and I'm an
 expert
 We share a gaze and I feel like I know
 her
 The desire to hug her grows more than it should
 I see you, I swear
 Does she even like hugs?
 I'm sorry, but I need to know if you are okay,
 but *truly* ok, not that "I'm fine" and change the
 conversation
 How rude, what right do I have to ask
 I only have what I assumed
 But her moves felt familiar
 The smile that doesn't die betrays her
 Those compliments saving others
 The way she scans me, watches everything
 Those freaking danged cuts in her beautiful skin, they
 take me back there
 When I did not care either
 Oh damn it, I hope you are ok



As he approached the front door, he slowly pulled out his keys, turned the lock, and walked in. He crawled up the stairs and went straight to his room, where he curled up into a ball on his bed and just laid there for the rest of the night.

In the morning, he didn't do anything but crawl across the bed to silence his alarm. With an uncomfortable look on his face, he stared at the wall, not thinking about anything.

After an hour or so, he heard a faint scratching at the front door. He thought nothing of it until *BARK*! His face lit up and he leapt out of bed. It had to be her. He rushed so fast he began tumbling down the stairs, but it didn't matter. He opened the door as a big fluffy beast jumped at him.

"Roxy!" Matt exclaimed. Roxy began licking and sniffing every inch of Matt's body as he closed the door and hugged her for dear life. "Oh, don't you ever leave me again! You had me so worried."

Hands (OR, evolution bathes us in beauty) – Izzy Snyder

Uncited – Zach Clayton

Matt had tried everything. *Why is nothing working?* he thought to himself. He sat down on the curb and buried his head in his arms. Tears began rolling down his face as he thought about her. No matter what, she was gone, lost.

Matt sat there helplessly for hours. Onlookers drove by and could feel nothing but pain for him. When it started to get dark, Matt finally stood up and dragged himself home.



Did you know that when we hold something--
 Be it a tool, a pencil, a sponge--
 It becomes apart of us? Our hands, our fingers,
 Perceive this item as an extension of our hands.
 When we hold something, it is not just an object.



When you hold something, you become it, as it becomes you.
 And this simple, yet almost unnoticeable change, is wonderful.
 How humans have evolved, have changed, have lived,
 To hold, and to feel.

Teach me, teach me, teach me. — Izzy Snyder

can you teach me to read the tender signs that the world gives,
the sign of the morning come, birds wailing in the morning;
can you teach me to read these tender signs of life flourishing, burning, blooming in peace, in cacophonous symphony?
can you teach me to read? can you teach me?

Death; the cessation of all functions — Izzy Snyder

I am not afraid of dying--
To be embraced by the cessation
Of all functions.
Nor am I afraid of being
Forgotten, lost to time--
No, what I am most afraid of
Is the stories I carry being
Forgotten; eaten away by
Time. I am most afraid of
The people I love being
Forgotten. I am most afraid
That the anecdotes, mistakes,
Heartbreak, loss, death and all
Will be erased by the sea.

It's never going to end, is it? — Tavi Engberson

It's never going to end, is it?
Me and You, whatever we are, it is
never going to end.
The endless cycle of
I need you.
I don't need you.
I love you.
I hate you.
Come back to me.
Never come back.
Back and forth never ending, Like an addiction.
Like we are addicted to this, The feeling of us.
The once a year, every fall, every kiss, every touch.
Because it's never going to end, is it?



Is it because we make each other feel a way that's different?
Easy?
Peaceful?
There won't ever be an end.
Because it's never going to end, is it?

I am — Gail Stokes

I am a writer, constantly pulled to create.
I wonder how to unlock the secrets of the stars and universe.
I hear the rhythm and flow of a thought in movement.
I see relationships and patterns in a person's mind.
I want to find my own little universe to sculpt lives.
I am a writer, constantly pulled to create.
I pretend to be everything and write the stories that form.
I feel freedom in thought and comfort in writing away pain.
I touch the farthest corners of existence and mold reality.
I worry no one will listen to my stories, and I will be forgotten.
I cry at the thought of oblivion with no one to remember me.
I am a writer, constantly pulled to create.
I understand the depth of trauma and void of loneliness.
I say my past does not define me and I am not my pain.
I dream of freedom from the bond that holds me back.
I try my best to speak my mind through the stories I tell.
I hope to impact someone's life in the best possible way.
I am a writer, constantly pulled to create.



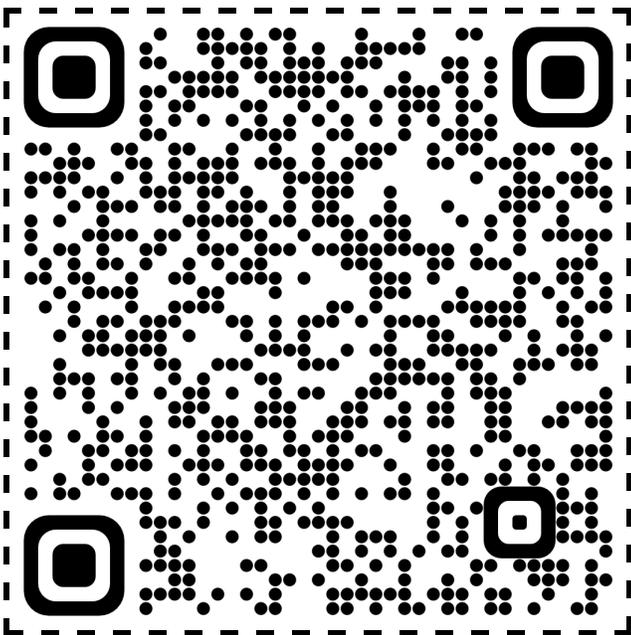
Paper Crown — Gail Stokes

In a castle of ash, I walk alone.
Though my kingdom is in flames,
I still sit on my throne of thought.
The paper crown burnt up,
I built my walls too high.
I've trapped myself inside.

Circle of Life – Gail Stokes

What happens to thoughts? Once they're gone?
All the forgotten ideas and hopeless dreams
Left abandoned, never brought to light
Science say everything comes from something
It says everything always exists.
Are those lost thoughts recycled?
Turned into the new ones, used like Legos
Built, forgotten, turned into something new
All the things I never wrote,
Am I writing it now?
Same words, but new meaning?
All the things I never said, did, created
Is it all done now?
Same ingredients, new name.
Are missed opportunities just found again?
Is every moment recycled into the future?
History says there's cycles, systems, patterns.
Empires rise only to fall, a fresh start.
Governments are corrupted and overthrown
The new one just as easily corrupted.
Everything comes from something.
Old is recycled to build the new.
If so, what is there to regret?
And what happens to thoughts?
Once they're gone?

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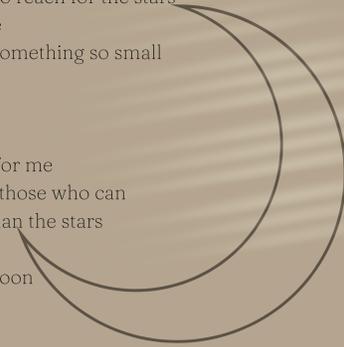


Sophia Preston



everyone says to reach for the stars
but why not me
why reach for something so small
so many
so easy

why not reach for me
a challenge for those who can
reach farther than the stars
reach for me
reach for the moon



I am

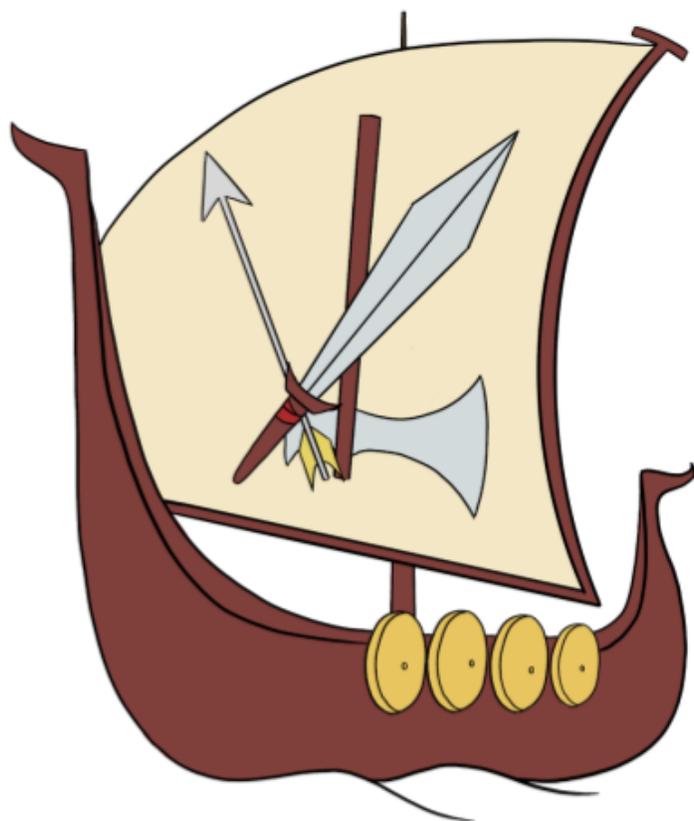
I am art and beauty
yet I wonder if patience brings creativity
I hear communications
I see beauty
I want connections
I am art and beauty



I pretend to love and hate
I feel the love and hatred
I touch a soul
I worry the mind
I cry for those
I am art and beauty

I understand the phases
I say "reach for the moon and maybe touch a star"
I dream of seeing the world
I try to hear and understand
yet I hope for love and war
I am art and beauty

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Viking Legends is Viewmont's annual literary and artistic journal. It is a real, physical book printed in full color and distributed to the community by the Viewmont English Department.

We are accepting submissions now until April 21. The book will be printed in May.