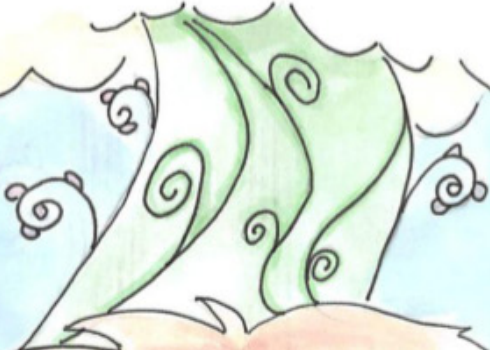


2023



RETROSPECT

Growing Through it



Original “Growing Through It” cover design concept by Henrik Barlow, Opal Leavitt, Sofia Davis, Jack Kennedy, and Juno Martin. Artwork by Henrik Barlow.

Retrospect Staff:

Head Editor: Madison Walters

Layout Editors: Madison Walters, Sofia Davis, Juno Martin

In-Design support and Creative Writing Club advisor: Brittanie Wyler

Special thanks to Marcy Matthews for the use of her computer lab and Adobe software.

Index of Author Submissions: Page Numbers:


Altman-Coe, Sam	13
Anonymous	8, 9, 10
Aronica, Magidalyn	6
Baker, Robert	4
Barlow, Henrik	3, 6
Chavez, Charley	3, 7
Dermond, Finn	9
Duncan, Hailey	17, 18, 19
Duong, Kelly	20
Dykes, Summer	12
Eason, Jaxon	16, 17
Foxley, Tarin “TJ”	11, 14, 15
Garcia, Adiyana	8, 10
Hazlett, Miles	11
Irwin, Anna	18
Kennedy, Jack	5
Lester, Grace	3, 6
Martin, Juno	4, 5
Maurer, Jenna	18
Odd, Emery	7
Stinson, Andrew	17
Teasley, Eden	5
Thomas, Jessa	11, 13, 15
Walters, Maddie	8
Williams, Hannah	19
Worley, Lauren	9



“Monsters”
Henrik Barlow - Class of 2026

Below Left: “Silica”
Charley Chavez - Class of 2026

Below: “Geometric Lion”
Grace Lester - Class of 2026



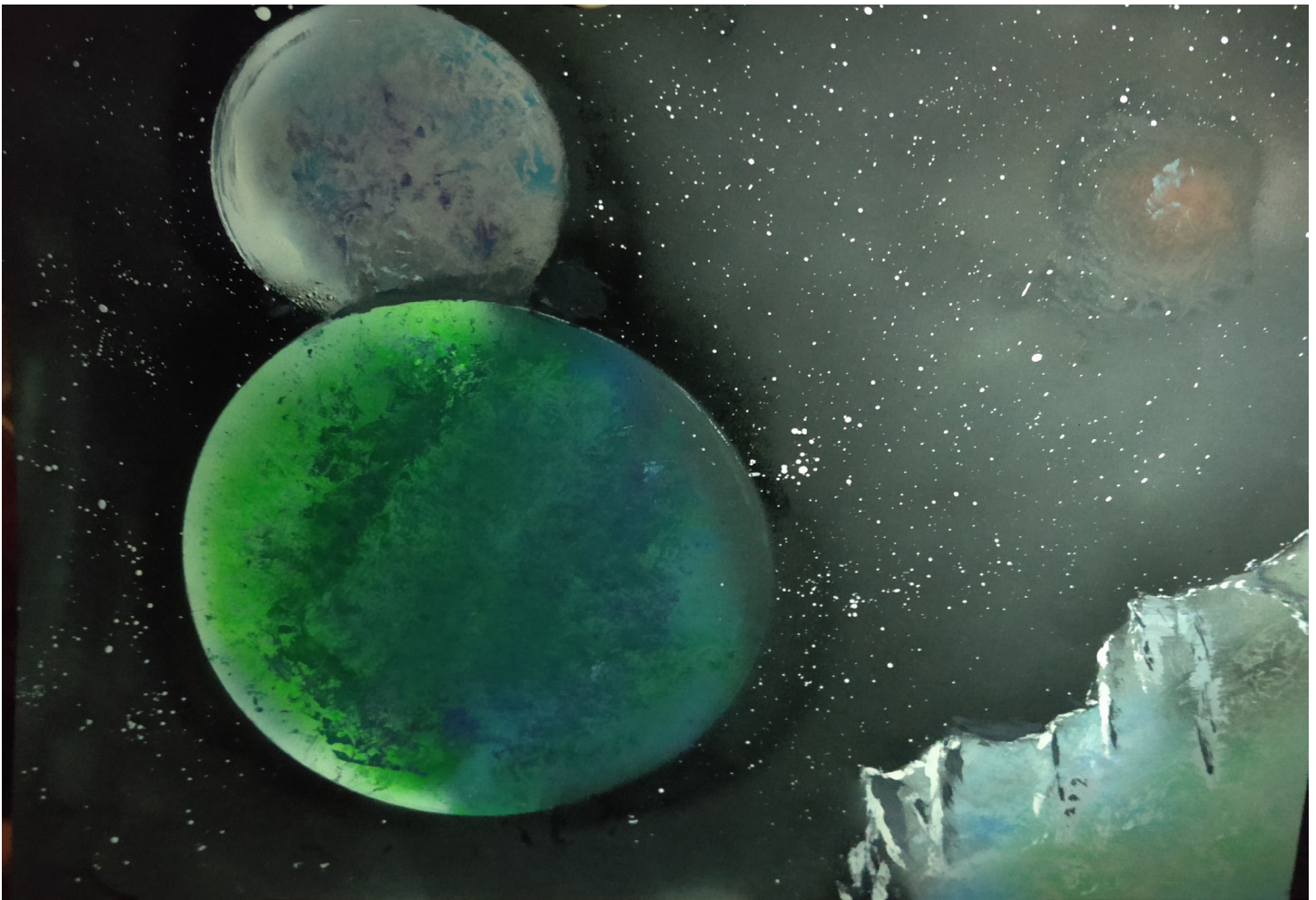
Nightmare and celestial child: silica.
Likes-fighting, Sushi, the dark, Black liquorish
Dislikes-Annoying people, arrogant kids, sweets,

Personality
Mean/grumpy and takes care of her twine brother and younger sister when parents are at work

Job
N/A but is training to be a fighter

Sexuality:aroace
Powers:Mothers copy power in eyes but needs to take breaks





Untitled
Robert Baker - Class of 2026

Lace design
Hannah Williams - Class of 2026

Peom
Juno Martin - Class of 2026

Moon lit by the sun,
Thriving off the light of he,
because without him, she means
nothing.
Dear Artemis, are you more than the
songs Apollo sings?

Man was made in the image of God
himself,
and I was made in the image of God.
Rips ripped from dear Adam,
this marrow is not my own.



“Lakeside Moon”

Jack Kennedy - Class of 2026

Passed glance tell all
From locale at music mantled dock
To time at moons rise
when watching eyes fall
they are drawn by loves squall

Where waves crest meets blue moonlight
And tramples on lake green eyes
There my sight meets demise
Step closer
Shroud her face
Remove from thought
Tear from page

It is not reminiscent
But retrospective
Find new perspective
Not to change
To vent
Not to rearrange
To be bent

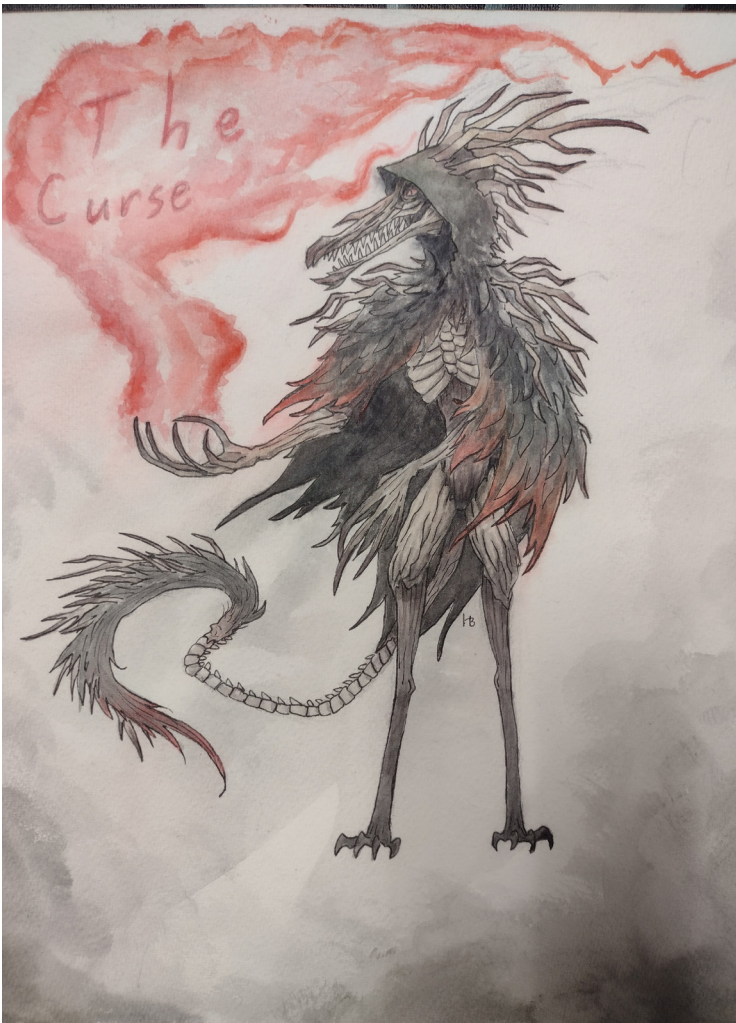
Still I peer
To her shadow shroud

If only I knew
The lakeside moon



“A Night on the Pier” by Eden Teasley - Class of 2026
Below: untitled by Juno Martin - Class of 2026





“The Curse”

Henrik Barlow- Class of 2026

Bottom: “Phone Background” Right: “Shape Background”

Grace Lester - Class of 2026

“A Flower Always Alone”

Magidalyn Aronica

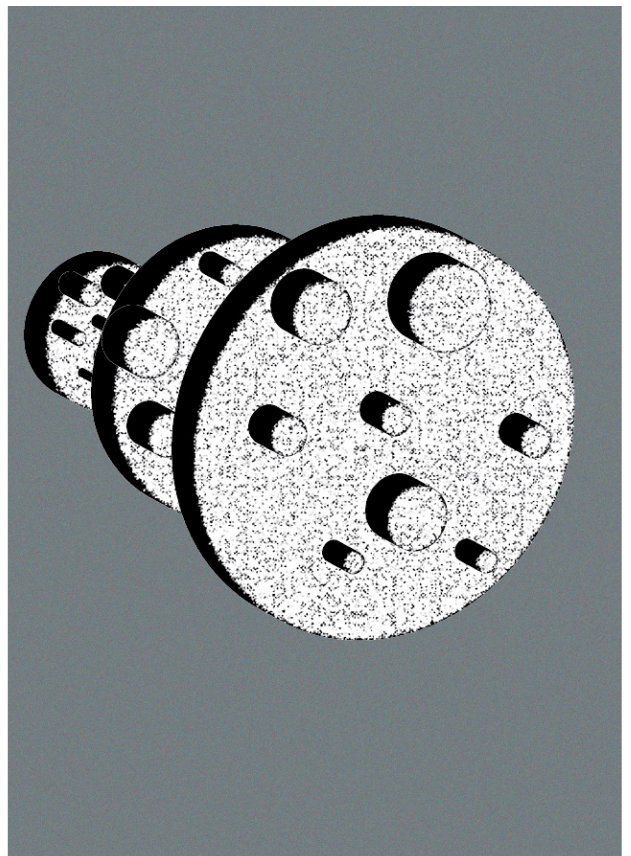
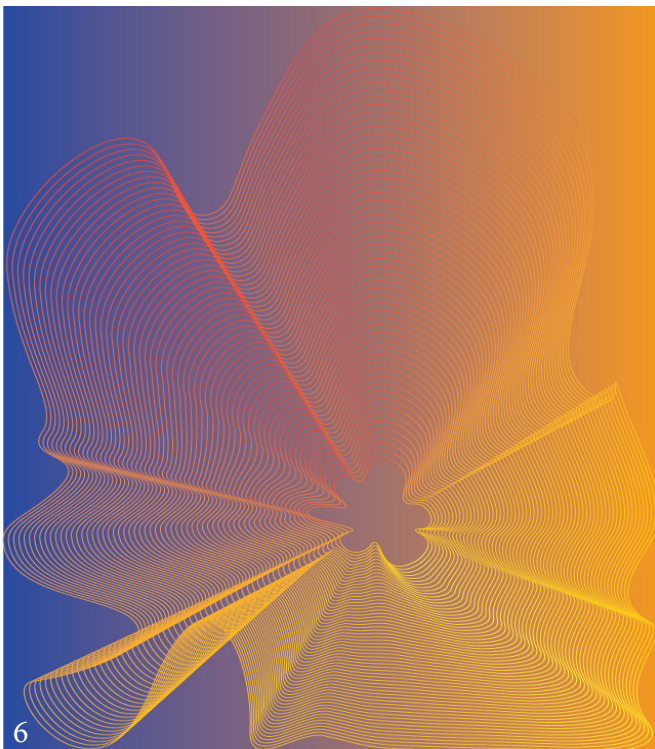
A flower always alone
 Until a lost soul
 Chooses it.....
 And never lets go

The wisdom of the broken
 The innocence of the new
 The tears of the lost
 The hearts of the found
 It's all the same story

The sun stays dark
 Your voice disappears
 Nothing left except the memory of you
 The memory of you saying goodbye
 Goodbye sweet love
 I'll see you tomorrow

The truth hurts and can scar
 Hearing your name is the worst
 Knowing you're gone won't leave my mind
 And the happiness that i once knew
 Left with you
 And so did my heart

Eyes like a soft song
 Lips like clouds
 And a heart that can't help
 But fall in love,
 With the lady in the moon





“Team Alpha”
Charley Chavez - 2026



“Siblings”
Emery Odd - Class of 2026

“He Was a Punk, She Did Ballet”
Emery Odd - 2026



“Juan”

Adiyana L. Garcia-Class of 2025

He said “bye”
Like a ‘see you soon’
A “love you”
Like ‘i’ll miss you too’

A dreadful knock
On the front door,
I open it, only seeing
my mother’s tears hit the floor

My eyes water,
My heart stops.
What was left of my brother
Is now left in a box

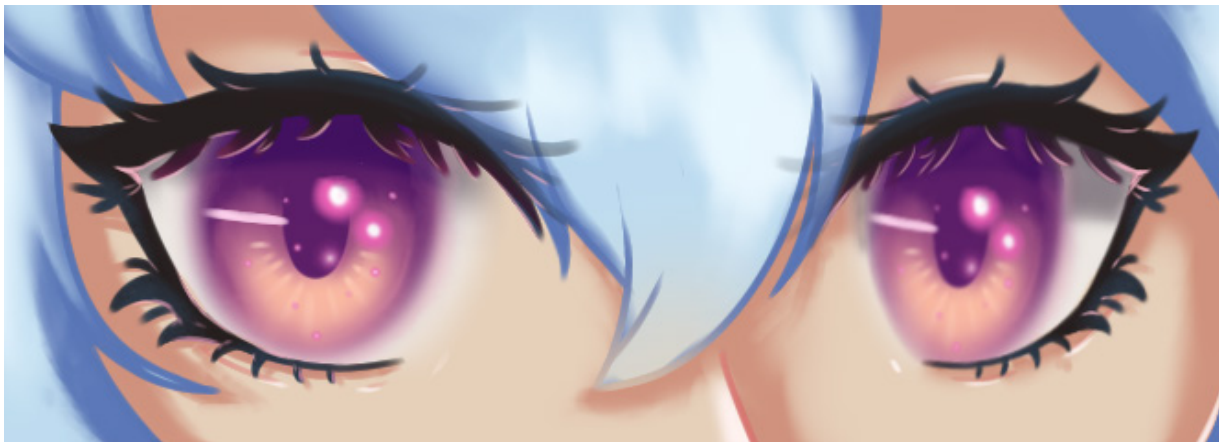
That “bye”
Was a “see you soon”
And that “love you”
Was an “I’ll miss you too.”

What the cops said,
We know was not true.
I miss you.
I miss you!
... I love you, too.



“Sidney Ellwood”

Maddie Walters-Class of 2025



“Eyes of the Divine”

Anonymous - Class of 2025

“A Hearty Meal”

Lauren Worley-Class of 2025

My heart lies on a platter, everyone takes a bite
A classic tale of fight or flight

I held my heart tight only to be pried away with
absolute
Delight.

My plate is bare, nothing left to give,
You flood my brain with lies that I won't forgive

This deception is heartless, though you have mine
You have taken away everything. What's next, my
spine?



“Blossoming Taste”

Anonymous-Class of 2025

“Storm Over a Castle”

Finn Dermond-Class of 2025

A castle on a hill, deep in her sorrow it stands
And a storm is brewing over the land
Though the sky's unending tears may fall
Through time, her figure still stays tall

With glossy eyes they do look upon her might
And with a sudden boom, the birds do take flight
The clouds open up and they see her glory
A million cobbles to tell her story

Flashes of pain in the sky turn the sorrow to fear
The evil intentions are perfectly clear
A stone dislodges and tumbles down the tower
While the storm above looks on with an menacing
glower

A booming laugh, a victorious growl
As the castle groans a painful howl
The clouds move on, they start to fade
They make their way on their grizzly parade

One may think the tower tumble
The vicious storm was meant to humble
But that is wrong, the castle has not a spill
Her bones are thick, she will stand strong still

And for those who wish for the right to stand
To put our voices back in our hands
Our collective mind lasts far longer than our bodies do
So stand up and sing your steadfast coo

This poem is for those who want to fight
Who agree that this treatment is not right
I hear your strife, your unending toil
With our will and our pride, our rights we will despoil

Author bio

My name is Finn Dermond and I use he/they pronouns. I am an artist, writer, and poet with no particular idea of what my style is, but I focus mainly on bringing light to social and economic issues, as well as themes of creepy or unsettling things. I use most mediums, including pen and paper, digital art, clay, paint, and even random items that I find around my house. I hope you enjoy my work. :)



“Sunflower” and “Maria”
Adiyana Garcia - Class of 2025



“Grand Party”
Anonymous-Class of 2025



Above: Untitled digital piece, TJ Foxley - 2024

Below: Untitled digital piece, Jessa Thomas
untitled photo of cows, Jessa Thomas



Above: “A Teapot with Blue Undertones” Miles Hazlett - 2024

“April 14 Day of Silence Statement”
Miles Hazlett

We break our silence by saying that we are here
We are here because we have been silenced
We have been silenced by homophobia,
by transphobia
Terms that our administrators don't acknowl-
edge
Not really
We experience this hate as microaggressions
As bullying and harassment
As discrimination
We stayed silent because we feel silent
We feel silent at Ellensburg High School
But we are here,
And we will not be silent anymore
We are in your hallways
We are in your classrooms
We are in your bathrooms
And we belong here
We belong at Ellensburg High school
Regardless of your indifference
Regardless of your hostility
Regardless of your hate
LGBT+ students belong
We belong.



“Yet Another South Park”
Summer Dykes - Class of 2024



Cookie Designs
Jessa Thomas



“Dead Hope” Jessa Thomas

1. Dead Hope

I seek for hope. But it died long, long ago. I should know I killed it. Murdered it, dragged it's lifeless soul out of my life. I buried it under the mountain of dirt I call life. But for some reason I still search for it.

I can't bring it back. The lies I tell myself in an attempt to hide. From the past that I tried so hard to leave behind and forget. But the past will always hurt me, the present will always disappoint me, and the future will always taunt me with what could be, should be, would be, and can be. Even though sometime soon, my future will become my present and my present becomes my past.

Nothing is ever fixed once broken. Hope is dead, so what now? I lie to myself; create false hope and faith to take the place of the one I killed. I pray that things get better –not bitter, and that good things will always avoid separation despite pressure to do so.

Even though it makes no sense to hope that things stay together when they've already fallen apart. It makes no sense to pray for something to get better when I made it bitter in the first place. The extinction of hope, what a high demand and low distribution, it's way too universally ripped from me.

Taken by force. So I simply steal my hope with a smile, but it never mends one's soul.

It leaves you empty and begging and gasping for relief. In this miserable life, I am completely one hundred and ten present alone.

I am not at all surprised, the throbbing pain and the traumatizing soul-killing ache that takes over when it does.

I fake hope and when I hit the ground I cry and bleed the loss of hope.

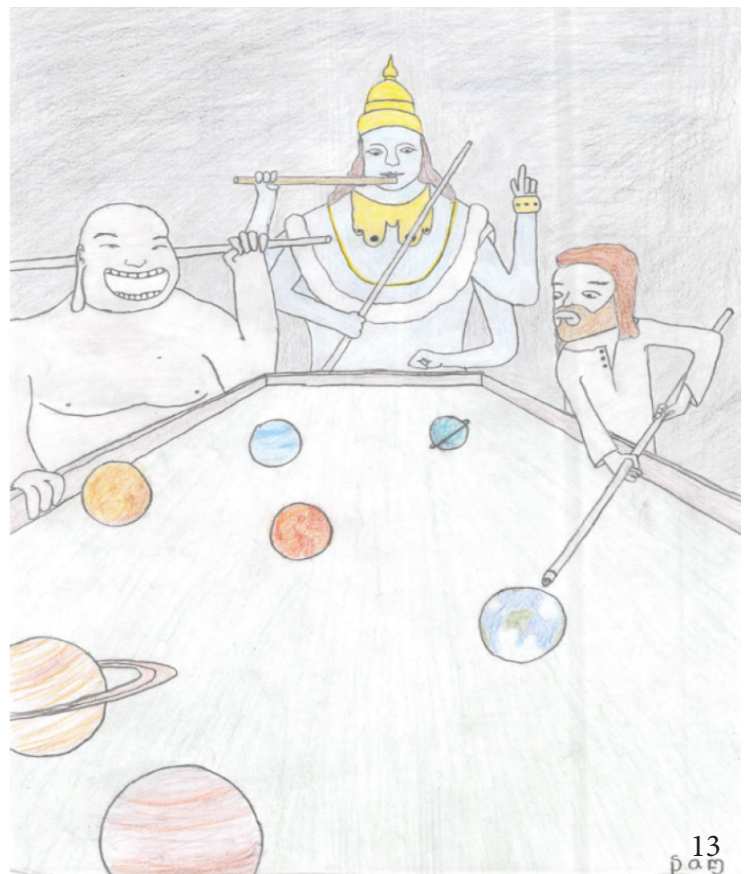
Do you feel that?

No, you don't, because I killed that.



Above: Untitled, Jessa Thomas

Below: Untitled, Sam Altman-Coe - Class of 2025





Digital artworks, both "Untitled," Tarin "TJ" Foxley - class of 2024





Above: Untitled Rapunzel horse painting, Jessa Thomas

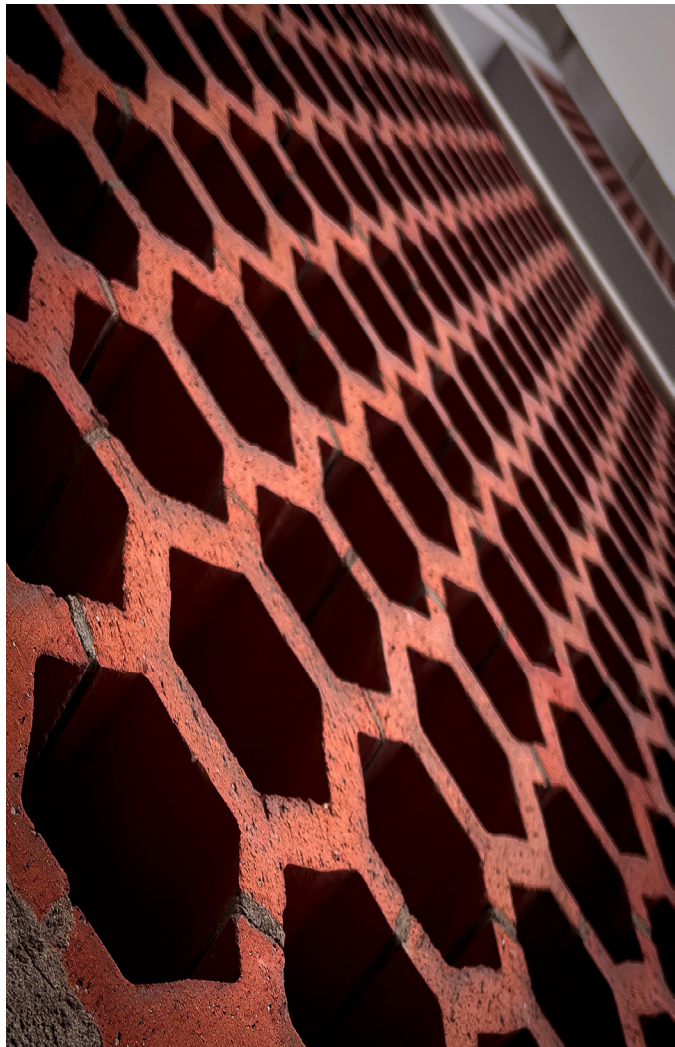
Below: EHS Fitness, digital, TJ Foxley - 2024

EHS
FITNESS





Photos by Jaxon Eason - Class of 2023





“Robotic Rex Legs” Hailey Duncan -
Class of 2023

“In the Cracks”
Andrew Sinston - Class of 2023

little flower growing in the cracks
I watched you today standing alone
your concrete jail made to a throne
upon your face you are tread
only to rise again, nothing shed
a token color in a monochrome city
despite fragility you remain gritty
little flower growing in the cracks
I saw you dance in the April rain
something walls cannot contain
a diamond in the rough
like diamonds you are tough
even in this towering gloom
I know that you will bloom
little flower growing in the cracks
you have what the world lacks

“We Still Grew” Andrew Sinston -Class of 2023

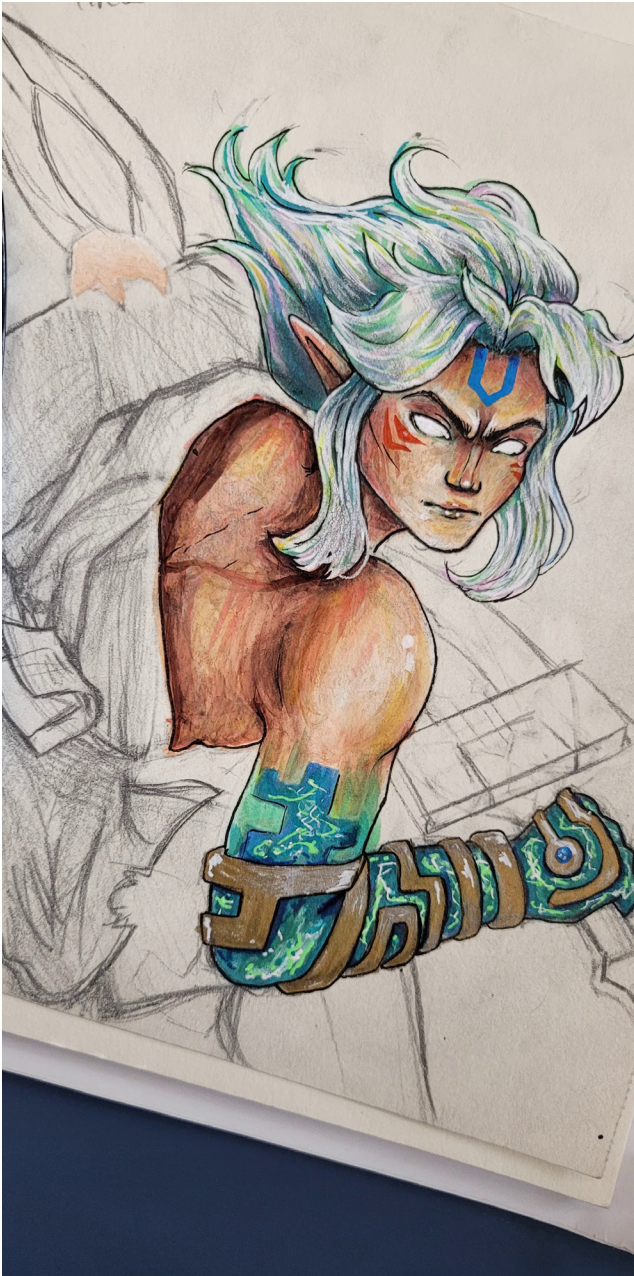
We are found amongst rolling hills
a rainbow of fluttering petals
along where the river spills
down to where the wind settles
then they came with their drills
they came, the devils

they crushed us with hate,
but like ivy we snaked through.
they burned us with their words,
but like asphodel we survived.
they pushed us into the shadows,
but like heartleaf we still grew.
they drowned us in abuse,
but like a peace lily we adapted.
they cut us down,
but like aster we rose anew.

we are a breath for the dying world
fresh air in the sea of pollution
in raindrops we are impearled
a colorful green revolution
we are the life of this world
we are the solution



Photo by Jaxon Eason - Class of 2023



Left: Zelda fan art
Jenna Maurer - Class of 2023



Above: "Cole Cassidy"
Hailey Duncan - Class of 2023



Left: Untitled Anna Irwin -
Class of 2023



“Camping Background” Hailey Duncan - Class of 2023
“Ellensburg Mural” Hannah Williams - Class of 2026



