



The Phoenix Egg 2018

Preface

In just one year we have turned 360 degrees to meet the familiar spring that heralds in the coming of another summer. We are not, however, the same as we once were. Older, wiser, one step closer to car insurance and college applications. Looking back now at each degree we've turned in this ever growing spiral, we gaze at the art we've made, the writing written, and poems unfolded onto paper. Let these be a reflection for us, to be reminded of the struggles and triumphs we endured and pride ourselves for. Let it be a window to our dreams of the past, and our ambitions for the future, because no matter which way you turn next, and no matter where your journey takes you, it is important to remember that the journey is what makes you who you are and not the destination.

Ursen Black

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Chief Editor



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Heart

By Ben Atkinson

When the heart is in turmoil
Life can seem pointless,
But that's nothing
Compared to when
the heart thrums in beat with another.
To live for,
With,
In the heart of
Someone else
Swells the joy of laughing and indulging
In saccharine strawberry cheesecake shakes
On a Monday afternoon.
Being new to love
Is something
No one can
Ever prepare you for
It's thirst
It's longing
It's tolerance and patience
It's deafening noise in a silent room
It's simple joy in another's presence
It's being at the edge of a cliff
It's knowing you will be caught if you fall
It's work and commitment most of all,
But that's not quite it either.
It's passion
It's connectedness
It's poetry
It's resilience
It's strength to get out of bed in the morning,
Or perhaps it's a reason to stay in bed.



Audrey Hepburn: Tajia Roberts



"Andromeda" by Gorillaz: Leia Millard

How we feel about life at the end
of the semester
By Odyssey Creative Writing Club



F'in Life
By Elian Estrada

There are several things we hate.
Possibly from the age of eight.
Now people who don't carry their weight might be in a mood.
Or maybe they lack common courtesy and are just rude.
Now things we hate might give us a headache,
So just take a break and look at the sunlight reflecting off the lake.
Since we are going to be here a while, we gotta go the extra mile for the things
we love.
Maybe they are as small as a dove.
We love when people go beyond and above. Sometimes, we like to listen to a
nice tune about love.
Life is full of treats, things such as sweets.
Maybe you enjoy chocolate or the warm summer heat.
Now, all bad things might occur on repeat
But everything is fixed with a good night sleep.

Life
By Hannah Wortman

I hate when I'm doing a group project
and I do most of the work
But chocolate makes it better.
I hate headaches and assumptions,
But sleep makes it better.
I hate lack of common courtesies
and the sound of people chewing
but music makes it better.
I hate being woken up
But looking at the sunlight
bounce off the water makes it better.
I hate things and I love things
But I guess that's life.



Dreamcatcher: Sadany Velazquez

Poems by Nate Reberterano:

Found Poem

Think you are not creative?
With an iron, you can create a new look instantly.
Set your hand iron at
The hottest setting.
DO NOT USE STEAM.
Press the iron straight down for
35-40 seconds with as much
Constant pressure as possible.
NO BACK AND FORTH.

Picture Poem

My Love
shall not be
toyed with
by
u.



"It's a Living Thing" by Electric Light Orchestra: Tajia Roberts

LINK

By the Link Crew

Leaders are outgoing,
they are straight-flowing;
honest and loyal,
helpful and kind,
they are passionate about our minds.
Confident and caring,
positive and respectful,
compassionate and enthusiastic,
focused on their purpose:
energetic about their job.

Pain, Love 2018

By Zeke Carpenter

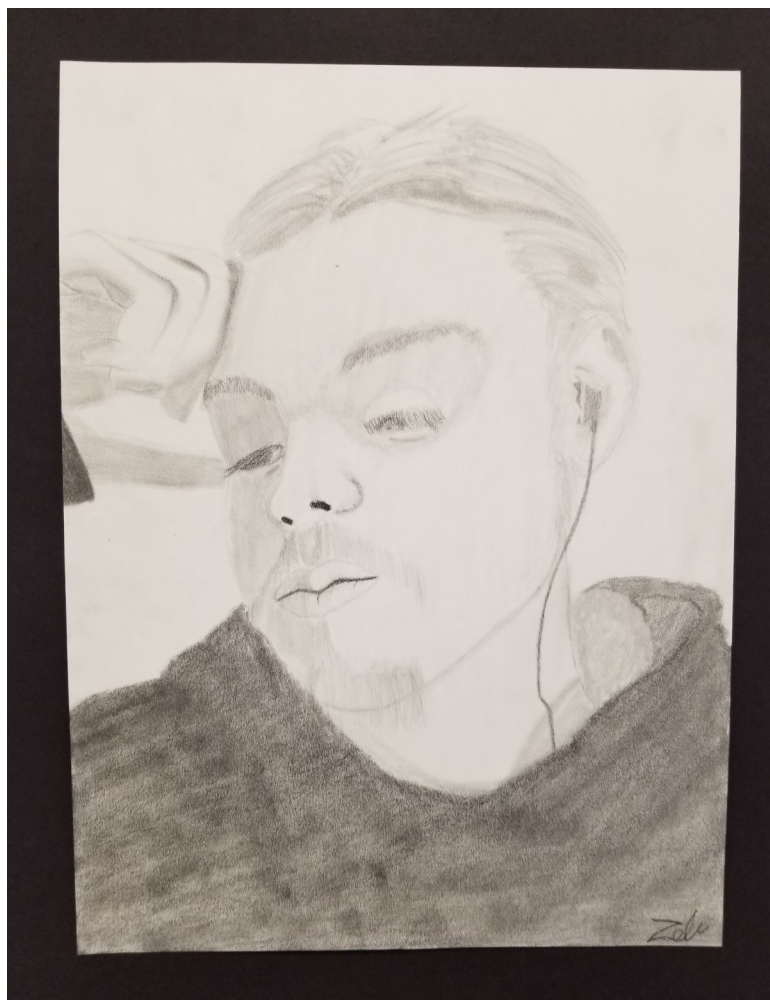
In this world, we see disaster,
we look in peoples eyes and see pain.
Disaster is like a fantasy,
like a dragon waiting to be slain.

Day to day, I walk around,
my heart hurts to see decay.
But I say we fight this dragon,
I will take this battle, come what may.

How do I fight this dragon?
Is this all in my mind?

In this world I see beauty,
I look in your eyes and see a spark.
Love is like a fantasy,
Like light overthrowing dark.

Day to day, I walk around,
my hearts good, It'll be okay.
I say I'll keep your light,
Because I will love you, come what may



Self-portrait: Zeb Matteson

Allure

By Anonymous Odyssey Student

I opened my eyes, smiling at the beauty of the park. The trees flourished, even in the dark they seemed to glow. The fireflies only known to linger around this park flew around me, lighting up the lake as they danced in the sky. I felt as if I could float, I chased them twisting and turning. Violins soothing the animals in their burrows, this is the symphony of nature, a soft quartet, a melody so bright the stars could see it. I danced to the soft songs of water, every drop told a story, how it got there, where it came from. We could be one.



Dandelion: Cecelia Bentley



La Perspective d'un Danseur: Sarah Banfield



Flower still life: Hannah Lyman

Math...

By Colton Malloy

Test, Test, Test!
Its all about these stupid tests,
they do not give you any rest
because they are just stupid tests.

Math to me is like the sea,
so deep and blue it startles you,
and the deeper you know the less you know.

Math to me isn't fun,
its almost like a loaded gun.
The hammer clicks, and the question hits,
the answers next it follows through,
but rather it be the end you see,
more questions were fired,
against my desire.

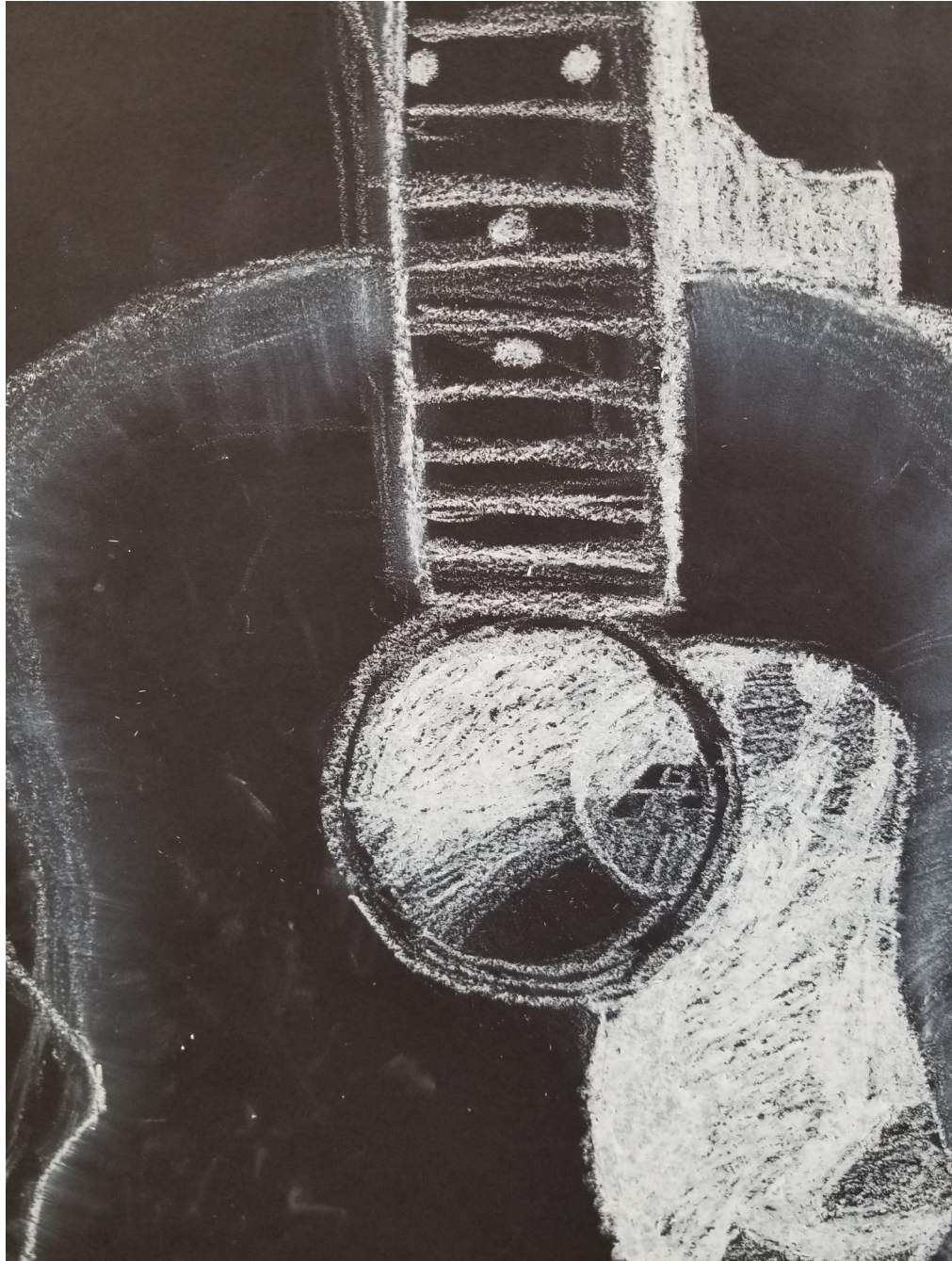
Math is like a hearse.
It really is the worst,
it drives your body, old and rotting,
to lay you down on a bed of tests
and piles questions over you
to seal you in a lifeless tomb.

P.S. This was written in math

a tribute to e e cummings

by lottie fairbanks

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Dark Guitar: Zeb Matteson



Cat: Leia Millard



Snake: Tajia Roberts

Untitled

By Anonymous Odyssey Student

The dog is in the trash again
on the ground
outside
playing with some
cartons
of yogurt
I had eaten
yesterday.



Self-portrait with Headphones: Jameson DeSmidt



Northern Star: Sharon Smith



Founder of MCM, Karl Marx:
Dominic Makinano



Superdinklage: Ian Simmons

It

By Sarah Banfield

It's not my fault.

I didn't ask to be this way

Horns and scales

A monster

I was born like this

A Curse placed on me

From birth

I can never be loved

Because I have a scar

Half of my face

My eye underneath is pure black

White speckled Iris

My teeth, Sharpened to a point

Claws attached to my hands with scales

Rough scales frame the lower part of my left cheek

A ghastly scar flows from my ear to my nose

Ears pointed like a goblin

Pupil made to resemble a dragon's eye, in
the grotesque color of slime green

The bones of my spine to create scaly mounds
from the top of my neck to the base

I didn't ask for this

My Mother Sinned

I want to be normal

I don't want to be cast aside

I want to be Normal

Human.