





TONY'S
MARKET

OPEN DAILY
9AM-10PM

933

JOHNSON MIRROR

2023



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Welcome to the 2023 publication of the Johnson Mirror! First, a big thank you to all those who contributed their creative work for publication. Thanks to the Arts Committee: John Boyt, Ryann Brown, Mark Fisher, Rachel Osborne, Linda Ruhberg, for their help with arts night and promotion of arts at Johnson High School. A special thanks to Principal Payton for his support and for making this year's mirror the first ever full color edition.

It has been a rough couple of years for Johnson, finally reaching some sort of normality after being thrown off course due to the pandemic. Being back has been great. Getting to see our staff and our students fighting to thrive, and being part of that fight is definitely spirit fueling material.

Going half of the year without an art teacher caused a strain in our art supply and variety, but also in the guidance students received when submitting work. Please note that the art is untitled because the majority of the art submitted was without a title.

Congratulations to this year's editor's choice Alexi Tao's "Verse to Her." We'd also like to Congratulate Taylor Vang for being the winner of the art contest held by The Johnson Mirror.

It has been an honor to assemble The Johnson Mirror, we hope you'll enjoy.

Your Mirror Editors,
Kelly & Ben

To all the Govie artists, writers, and readers.

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By The Seaside

By Angel Cervantes Galvan

Moral Examinations

Deep sparkling mystery,
Stirring for eternity,
Morning breeze along the shore,
Sunlight changing with the tide,

Wobbling vision,
Wobbling twilight,
Wobbling planet,
Wobbling in sync,

Soon a healthy dose of darkness is
upon us.

Bruise

By Ben Sheldon

Seen as a sign of past injury.
A swollen flag upon a canvas
Of a body; ready for the once flat skin
To return on the shoulder, that held
A memory of past bruises,
And a pain. Appearing as a brute
A man that can take a beating,
Tough as nails, strong and cold, seasoned with life,
But tonight under these stars, as he lays
On his stone firm mattress after work
In baggy sweatpants and an ice pack,
Pressed on his pain past and present,
He is only another man, icing his bruise
In an effort to soothe his soreness.
His shoulder now blue and purple pain.

Six Shooter

By Benito Orea

Moral Examinations

After Langston Hughes

Hold the steel to his head
fast trigger finger

to his pockets I reach. Never had
dreams of a better life.

For me he's just another mark.
If he moves, my

dreams will be engraved with his death. All this from a
die that he rolled. It just had to be a six.

Life is worth whatever
is in his pockets.

A bit of guilt creeps in like leaving a
broken winged

bird for dead.
That trigger finger of mine quivers, but I

cannot let him live. I let the bullet
fly.

Decisions! Decisions!

Moral Examinations

By CD Moua

The day before my sixteenth birthday, I called the wrong hotline. Some time before midnight, I felt the darkness creeping in again. I thought I had discarded the monsters, thrown them back to their universe and chained them to the soil from where they were born. I drew a circle around the creatures and threatened them to stay in it.

The days after were like sunshine and sure promises. There was happiness in the fields of my dreams and sobriety in reality stuck in books. I became enchanted with words and pages, thoughts of freedom and fantasy coming to life.

I believed I was okay for a while and forgot to be sad that week. Little did I know that I was neglecting the enemy and slowly they were reaching me again.

They started off like a distant storm, sprawled across the horizon. My outstretched fingers reached for them, imagining the army gone. They seemed so far away, small in perspective while all around me was light.

I was a fool to forget them.

During the day, I soared through the meadow. At night I rolled in the dirt and laughed at the sky, my smiles absorbed into the stars. I believed in happiness and was hopeful. I was free, arms open, wings fluttering—running in the wind with the setting sun when—

I reached an edge and found my feet submerged in ink.

It leaked from the other side like an oil-spill. The poisoned water lapped gently against my ankles. For a moment, I was confused. Where did it come from?

Then I looked up to find a fog approaching me and knew that war was here.

I stopped wondering and ran.

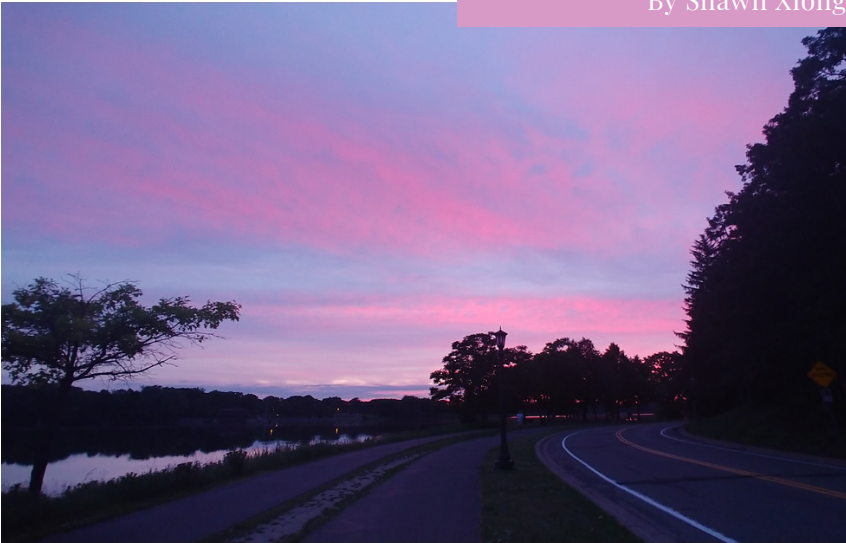
The fear that rose inside me merged forces with the dark army. Together they chased me until I was fighting both battles. The field of flowers and thoughts of joy disappeared. Before I knew it, I was cornered and surrounded.

I reached for my last hope then and called a number searched from the web. As I dialed 2, I vowed that I would not be consumed by the enemy. Before they reach me, I will destroy them first. I was not going back to that place again. When someone sweet named Carol answered the line, I told them about the fight. They said they couldn't help me, that they were SAMHSA (Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration) and did I need help geographically? I apologized. I just needed someone to talk to and was about to ask for directions—any way to escape—when the line went dead.

I dropped to my knees and sat in my stupidity.

When my foes reached me, they took pity and wrapped me in gloom. They cooed and whispered the comfort of darkness, filling me with ease. Together we searched the web again until we found the right one, laughing like friends until my cheeks were wet with tears before I turned sixteen.

By Shawn Xiong



Phobias

By Danilo Sim

Moral Examinations

There are Phobias around the world.
Too many to count. They make me hurl.
They control and manipulate,
But we can truly debate.
That we can't make a straight face.
As if we couldn't breathe, without enough space.
Phobias are our weakness, our fear.
Others knowing your phobia can use you for years.
Manipulating our minds and how we feel,
We hope that this can't be real.
Others know that this can't be the deal.
Phobias profuse become too extreme.
Exchange who we are, making us scream.
It makes us sweat hoping it'd be a dream.
Our adrenaline rushes through our bloodstream.
Keeps us at bay, affecting our self-esteem.
Jesus Christ, is the end near?
My fear of being weak and failing is insane.
Pushing me to be my limit and controlling me to do better.
Making me take advantage.
Using others because of this fear
Over the years
Find the fear;
It can't be that severe.
Get over it. Don't shed a tear.
Take a stand to make it clear.

Please let this be over already.
There's still the last one:
losing who I love.
I want to let go.
But this fear manifests me.
That I'll always be
Alone.

The sun was nearly hidden by the horizon. The atmosphere was eerily silent, but the lone black jackal there felt at peace. The sky darkened while the jackal kept vigilant watch over the tall grasses.

As the caracal slinked forward, the jackal's ears swiveled toward it, yet it kept still. The caracal sidled next to the jackal, before settling onto its stomach next to the jackal.

While both were watching the moon rise into the sky, their bodies changed. Their forms started glowing softly; their bodies started shifting steadily. Instead of two terrene animals with deft minds, their clever wit belonged to two ethereal beings.

The two deities stayed awake for hours, for as long as eternity; their eyes never straying away from the sky, the earth, each other. They kept a watchful eye over the ground of their domain and the creatures of their kingdom and the stars winking at their souls.

Serenely vigilant, they roamed through the tall grass. Serenely vigilant, their silent footsteps guided them past the sparse trees. Serenely vigilant, they observed the world for eons.

Their perceptive eyes kept the time for eternity. Their seeing gaze watched life start and end for eternity. They stayed together side by side for eternity.



No Bridge

By Dowon Hall

Moral Examinations

Leaves dancing on trees.
Birds singing songs.
Sun shining down on my skin.

River so big you can't cross.

I see smoke across the river.
I hear my grandpa laughing.
I smell the food cooking in the kitchen.

I know I can't cross to the other side.

Spent years looking for a bridge.
Feeling left behind.
Knowing they are having fun on the

Other side of the river.

I know they see me wanting to cross.
I know they don't want to come so soon.
But everything I love is sitting across

The River.

When fall is here, I can see them clearly.
Sitting on the bench laughing and watching.
Making me feel alone trying to cross

The River.

Roaring at Death's Door

Moral Examinations

By Elijah Layman

People scream as if they roared
Seeing the land make me sore
All the bodies washed ashore
Only if I knew whom they were for
The water stings and the air burns
And there they stood taking turns
With a machine their pain faded
Into darkness with their faces jaded
They lost the will for anything more...
More than the steps needed to get to death's door.

Called by the Morning

By Hudayfi Layli

I've been called by the morning
I jump out of bed and into the bathroom
All of this really felt boring

I sigh and look at my brush
I've run the water warm
Till my toothpaste turns to mush

As I finish and jump into the warm shower to keep me sane
BOOM I get woken up not by the warm water
But cold water this is really driving me insane

I persevere through it for lack of better word
I put on my towel and head to my room
And I hear the chirps of a morning bird

I dry up and put on my clothes
I run downstairs and see my mother
Here take this

As she mocks
I won't be called by the morning no longer as for now I have a clock



Duckling

By Jennifer Herrera-Cavazos

A mother duck constant like
Time, ticking as she sways
Slowly in the shallow waters
Ducklings lined behind

One far gone. The duckling
Waits for mother duck to notice
'Turn around, Mother, turn around'
To find I'm not too far behind.

Mother only continues.
Mother doesn't look back.
And I'm too far behind,
As they swim away.

Final Sunday

By Joaquin Ochocki

Moral Examinations

Fifty-five thousand, the crowd,
They came and they cheered oh so loud.
Title trophy lifted high,
And to Villa they waved goodbye.

Manchester city, the win.
Celebrations set to begin.
Ninety-three points on the night,
Aston Villa put up such a fight.

Pep Guardiola the coach,
His game plan was beyond reproach
Through Liverpool won their match,
City's title they could not detach.

Two go down with fifteen to go,
Ilkay Gündoğan, their hero.
To Man City's pure delight
Just five minutes changed their plight

Premier league champs back to back.
Thanks to their amazing attack,
Jesus, Mahrez, and Foden,
Top of the table once again.

Fifty-five thousand, the crowd,
They came and they cheered oh so loud.
Title trophy lifted high,
To this season they waved goodbye.

AUD

Moral Examinations

By Kelly Joachin Valdez

Everything always changes. Your eyes
Become dull. Your breath
Becomes heavy. Your reason
Becomes clouded.
You become not yourself.
That or you become more like yourself.
I watch your chest as it rises, and falls, and rises again-
Until it doesn't.
This isn't okay.
My world shatters before I look closer and notice your shallow
breaths.
For a second you look like a kid.
Perhaps it's the relaxed expression you wear:
Perhaps it's the way you're clinging to me.
I don't know.
All I know is this moment won't last forever;
Nothing ever does.

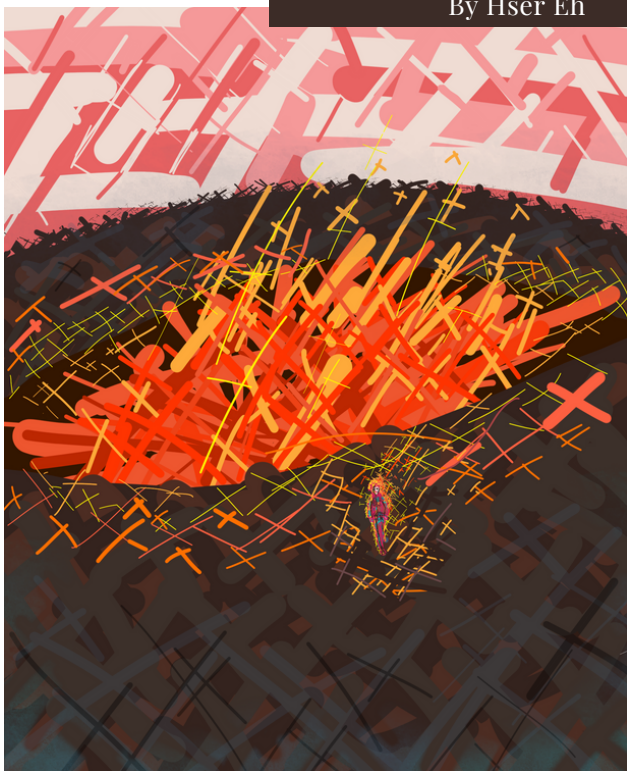
By Andy Lor



By Asia Alasow



By Hser Eh



The Castle Made from Pillows

By Keng Lor

Speaking of the castle, it's that day right?
When the stars align and the gems shine.
That's the sign of the curse, the foretold night.

When paper becomes the master
And the strings no longer play to your laughter.
Memories turned lies, now the paper decides.

That's it. That's the sign.
The ignition goes to the end, it was
Supposed to be within. That's the smell

Of the due curse, that familiar sin.
The curse now cast onto our eyes by then.
Alas, the castle is made from pillows.

The Clockwork City

By Kong Pheng Moua

Tik goes the clockwork city.
Tok goes the clockwork city.
Father Time goes tik tok along his clockwork city.
Can you hear the clockwork city?

Do you hear the clockwork city?
If you hear the clockwork city
Of Father Time.
Then I'm afraid he's not on your side.

Can you feel it?
The calcium hands of the hooded figure?
Now do you see it?
The scythe of the hooded figure?

Too bad.
Your time
I'm afraid
Is
up.

Heartbeat

By Kong Pheng Moua

Music and life,
Have always
Been intertwined.

Isn't that the reason,
Why our hearts beat?

Roaring Thunder

By Kong Pheng Moua

Sky darkens and crackles
With unborn thunder and lightning
The animals flee
The silky grass bends the knee
The silent wind blows once more
Ocean tides slam the golden shores
The ground quivers
The Trees brace themselves
The denizens cower
But I alone stand
I stand not because I'm brave
I stand not because I'm fearless
I stand for I am witnessing true emotion
Let it all out
I say let it out

The Architect

By Kong Pheng Moua

Everyone is a designer.
Everyone is a builder.
Everyone is a creator.

So design.
So build.
So create.

What you desire.

Burden

By Kong Pheng Moua

When I was born.
Atlas was relieved
of his duty. For the
world was placed
onto my shoulders.

Madness

By Kong Pheng Moua

Moral Examinations

A god comes to me.
In my dreams it comes.
There it whispers secrets.

Its body is gelatinous.
Covered with mouths that whisper.
eyes that pierce my soul.

Its tendrils hold me tight, embracing me.
Such divinity.
Is a blessing.

It calls me its prophet.
It calls me messenger.
It calls me its envoy.

To be blessed.
To be purified.
To be ascended

By its divinity. I am granted a gift.
A gift.
A gift I refuse to give to others.

There is no gift.
There is no blessing.
Better than that of my god.

The gift.
And
the blessing. Of

understanding
the unimaginable
and unthinkable.



The Trumpet

By Kong Pheng Moua

Moral Examinations

The blowing
Of the trumpet.

Differs to others
As it differs from mine

Random Memory on a Wednesday Afternoon

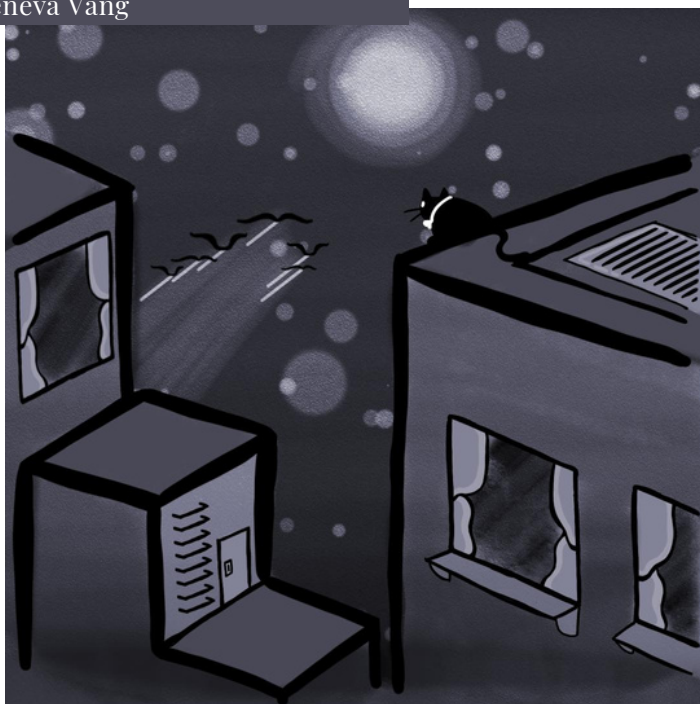
By LeShon Archie

My stepfather, John, really liked when it snowed. He would wait until it got dark and then have my sister Kelly and I dress up in all our winter gear, and he would take us out for a walk around the neighborhood while the snow fell. It was always beautiful even if it was a little cold. The snowflakes would fall around us, and the neighborhood would be so quiet. The snow on the ground and the trees would twinkle a bit from the street lights. It felt like we were the only people in the world sometimes when we crunched through the snow. We never talked much. My stepfather was a big believer in having moments where you could think quietly and work through feelings or thoughts drifting through your mind. It was a way to relax and unwind after the stress of a long day. To this day, I always enjoy stepping out into my yard during a snowstorm and tipping my head up so I can feel the snowflakes dance around me.



By Sara Tellez

By Geneva Vang



Pink Angelfish

By Megan Xiong

Moral Examinations

The Diamond that was the color of rose.
A fish encased in vain.
A pink threaded string.

In the oratory with wings
the blue and violet light
Revealed the details in sight
swinging and shattering.
The audience's applause
At the hyacinth and gauze
Swings past the audience
as something turned fraudulent.

The angelfish continued to swim,
Before shattering and flickering
And turning dim.

Art Form

Tsimmuaj Lee

What is art? People say it's this and that.
Some ask specifically only this:
Is it an oddly colored deformed hat?
Can it be as beautiful as a kiss?
A canvas on a wall that's rained with dots
Can't it be something, that's not just some paint.
Explain why it's a vase that always rots?
Art's form should freely be from all restraints.
This game should be considered beautiful.
This animation needs recognition.
What we create should be expressed - skillful
a new creation - a definition.
What we all create ought to be fine art.
So never be afraid to go and start.

My whole life is here, and here I remain,
And with every fiber of my body
Will I use whatever strength to attain
Happiness. Turn my breaths into clouds,
And the streetlights into fireflies,
Convert the pleasing colors into sounds,
But whatever starts alive always dies.
Let my ambitions disperse into clay
And so, for tomorrow and furthermore,
Close to nothingness, there did beauty lay and reached,
Waiting till death soon reaches her core.

Picnic

By Soua Xiong

Moral Examinations

It's the middle of summer,
the sun comes out without hiding behind the clouds.
My mom packs the freshly made food:
mixed-rice, well-seasoned chicken, watermelon.
We all fit in one van together.

By the river,
where we all sat,
underneath a tree where the shade was.
I remember
how my mom made my sister and I take photos together,
how my dad taught my brothers how to fish,
how my grandma sat there in silence,
eating, enjoying the moment.

The comfortable silence that was filled by my grandma has now
passed like how the days filled her hands with nurturing and
warmth.



Cabin
Mookopaw Kasuh



press to listen



I Wanna Tell You
Mookopaw Kasuh



press to listen



The Truth

By Benito Orea

Pursuit of Justice

We are statistics.

Born in a world made up of
Premade choices
Before we were born
Our
color
Our
fate

We
are berries getting
Picked

The system eating us
Alive

Our
children taken away
Our
brothers dead on the street

Browned
by the sun
Downed
by a gun

The Amazon Rainforest is at risk of collapsing due to many factors as well as climate change. The Authors identified that the greatest risk factor is the deforestation that has more or less been condoned by the Brazilian policies and government's agenda. The tipping of climate change's effect on the rain forest was described as "Even in a 2°C global warming scenario, more than one-third of the Amazon's wildlife would potentially be at risk of extinction, critically affecting ecosystem functioning" exhaling just how close it is to catastrophe. The danger climate change confronts the Amazon should be taken very seriously, but now and in the future deforestation is the biggest threat causing a global climate catastrophe and the most serious threat to the forest.

The current research being done on the Amazon should focus more on Brazilian policy and policy makers on the Amazon. Past governing parties have prioritized economics over environmentalism and has led to major deterioration in the Amazon. Agribusinesses have been of great political focus; They have fostered very damaging policies and leniency involving the protections for the Amazon. Cargill is a Minnesota based agribusiness that has been linked to farms that have cleared 800 square Km of protected forest in the Amazon. The authors believe the key to saving the amazon is through "the employment of strategic foresight methods [29] that help researchers better anticipate and communicate the future consequences of present and alternative policies, a necessary condition for averting catastrophic risks like CCC that allow little or no opportunity for learning from experience and revising political strategies." This reinforces the need for hope and that the root of the problem is the government's lack of care for the forest and the future.

The Negro Speaks of Emotion

By Dowon Hall

Pursuit of Justice

I've known emotions: I've known emotions as sad as 9/11, as angry as George Floyd and as happy as birth.

My soul has grown tired from emotions.

Drowning in emotions I've never felt before. Taking it all in like I'm breathing air.

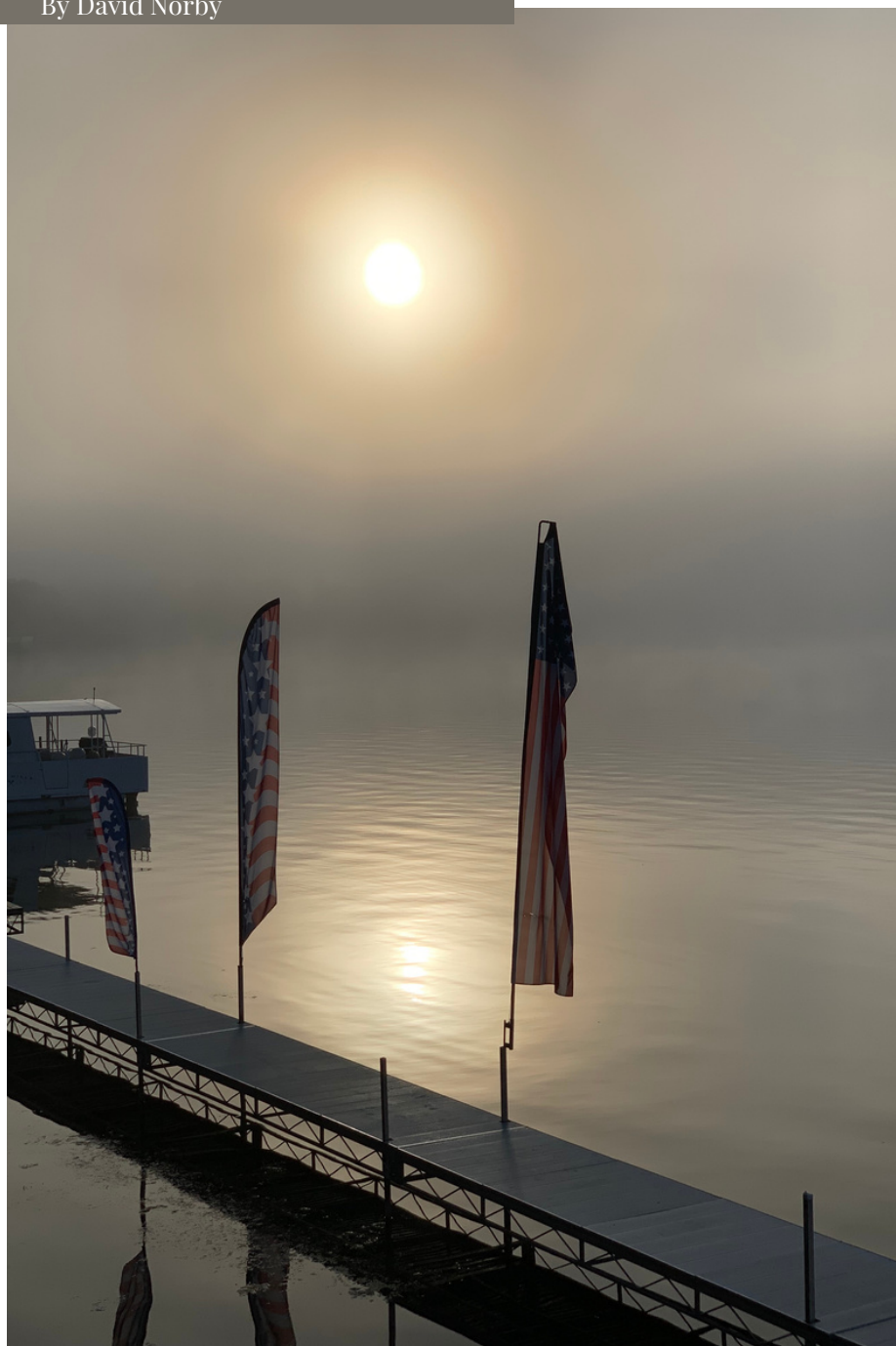
I built relationships like a hay stack.

I looked at everyone like glass.

I heard everything you had to say. It made no difference. You just gave me your emotions. Adoption.

I've known emotions: I've known emotions as sad as 9/11, as angry as George Floyd and as happy as birth.

My soul has grown tired from emotions.



A Man's World

By Jolie Davis

Pursuit of Justice

An empty mind.
Perfectly susceptible to drinking
Like a fish in the sea,
except the sea is a hundred dollars.
Men are not human.
Their habits don't stop in time.
Looking at a glass half-full, saying nothing,
eating our words,
playing us like fools,
It's their human nature.

So I gave him a pack of cigarettes and a get-well-soon card,
a gift to him before he died.

By Geneva Vang



Dystopia

By Sincere Carter

Pursuit of Justice

While marching, I see many different races,
Revolutions that have yet to fall,
Masks covering everyone's faces,
Masks of fear, masks of the appalled.

In every emotion of every human,
In every weep of every joy,
In every bullet of every gun,
Our society has failed every boy. I listen

To the loud sirens built on the corners of the street.
Everyone is running as the sky turns black
And the survivors stay discreet
With bloodshed at their back.

Every day I wake up and listen
To the innocent kids playing in the street,
Playing through the sounds of despair,
And a curse destroying everything.

Verse to Her

By Alexi Tao

Editor's Choice

for pride month

my dear eros,
what have you done?

i'm wounded with desire
so foreign so exotic so stubborn
persistent and glittering
like a single hyacinth flower in
an orchard void of vitality.

an enormous orchard
that curves in and beyond
and slowly you forget
where you're settled
in a maze absent of sound.

my dear eros,
what do i do?
the fluttering hyacinth
perched on the topmost hill
so exquisite enticing me
enchancing me silently
casting her spell.

this full orchard
once dead to me
blossoms with hyacinth
as she kisses me
leaving a substance akin to
stardust.

forgive me eros,
for i love hyacinth.

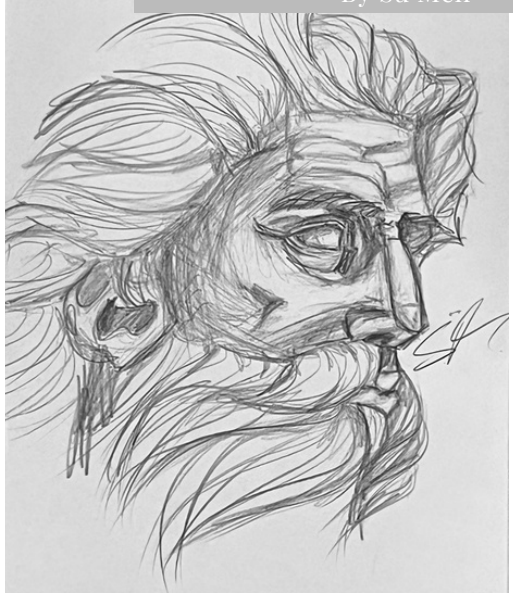
Man and woman, the beginning of god's story, who
are nobodies yet are the foundations of the world
dictating the way that we love, who we are supposed to
love, that any other would cause god to be disturbed

and laughter would fill the room, filling also my ears,
setting the pace of my racing heart, which
races faster as you curl your feminine hand in mine
they laugh at us but still, I'm speechless

and my mouth is like metal, tongue tasting like gin
but still my body craves more and I grip you tighter,
because if loving you is supposed to feel like sin,
Why do you make my heavy heart feel so much lighter?

and as for death, who cares? I'll burn
in whatever afterworld comes after my turn
at a joyful life, surrounded by pink and orange hues
with you.

By Su Meh



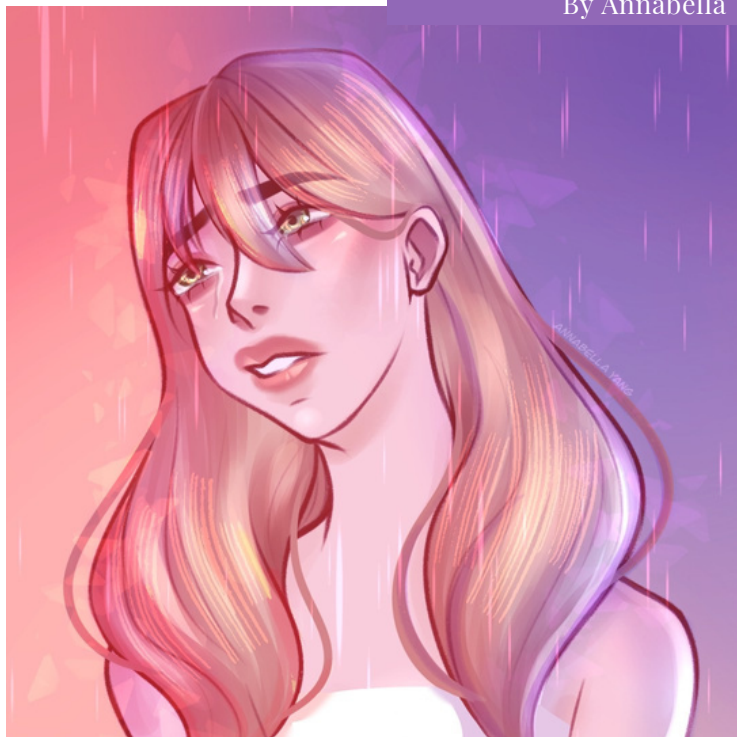
Perfect

By Amaya Vang

Mystique

Maybe now that everything I am has collapsed,
and a dark nothingness engulfs me;
maybe now that I have starved myself day after day
and stared long to see how much I'll weigh;
maybe now that I have killed my hair
to be more like her;
maybe now that I've watched the brightness of my eyes
overflow with tears;
maybe now that I have changed everything about me
and I can't remember who I used to be;
maybe now that my head yearns to be set free
crying out with a silent plea;
maybe now, you will let me love you;
I say to the mirror.

By Annabella Yang



Before The Disaster

By Angel Cervantes Galvan

Mystique

One night, not long before the disaster,
As the train was passing through town,
The train arrived at the station.
A bunch of people flooded in.
A girl stood out among the crowd,
But not because she was special,
but because she wasn't.
She looked like the average girl:
Short brown hair,
Brown eyes,
All signs pointed to her being normal,
but she wasn't.
There was something off about her,
but I couldn't quite make it out.
She squeezed past a bunch of people
Not saying a word.
Suddenly, she took my hand.
Then it happened,
The disaster

The Summer Sand

By Anna Jones-West

Affection Mystique

The summer sand.

You sit in the sun, and the soft streams you wish to hear are waves crashing.

The blue sky, filled entirely with clouds resembling blankets you wish to hide under.

A slight meditative state with a splash of overthinking, you question life to reveal yourself.

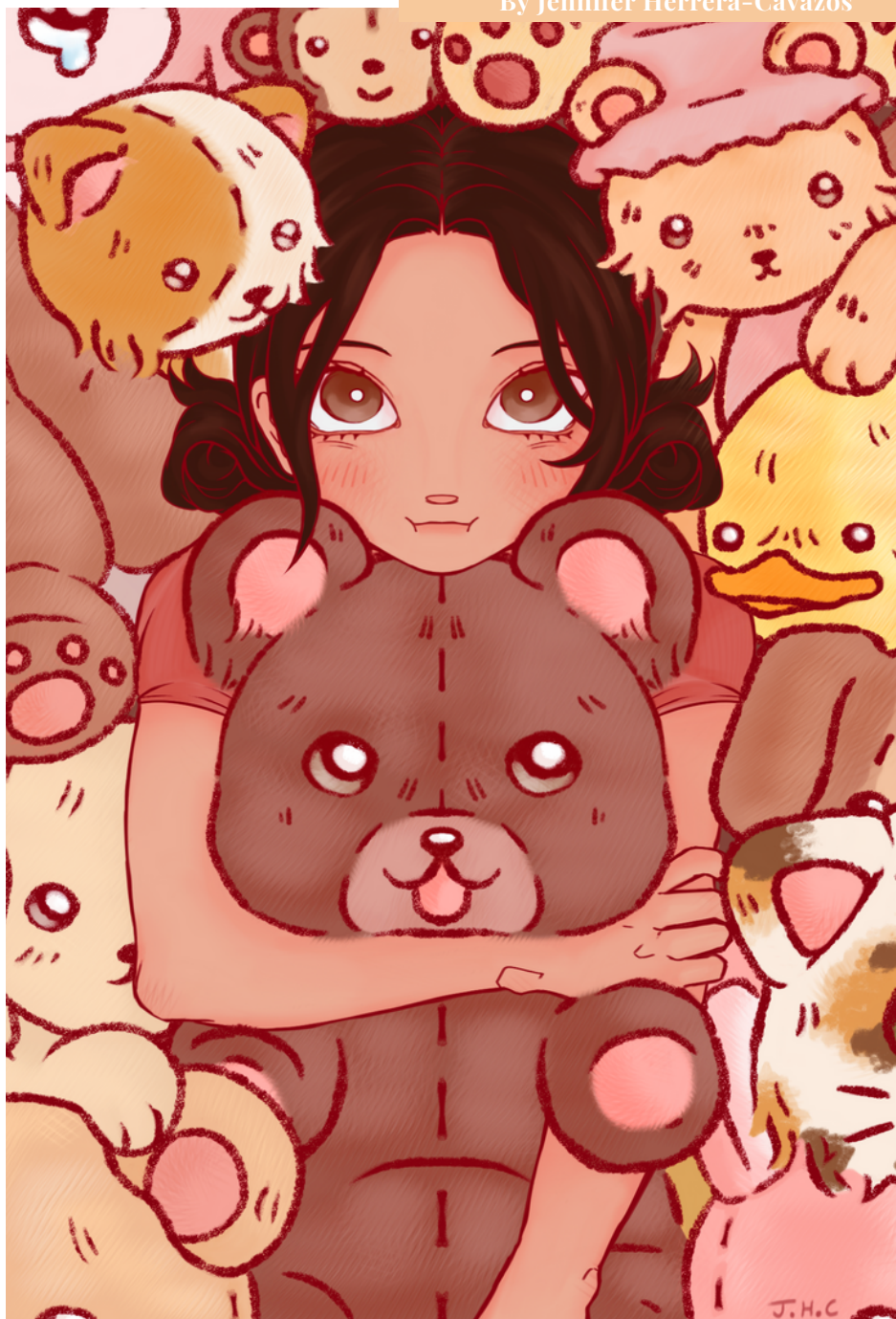
A peek into the other dimension, you see happiness you once felt.

She opened her eyes to look at her spirit sitting in front of her, the melody playing in her mind keeps her sane.

She sweetly tried to think of a better and worse her, maybe they're already combined?

Could there maybe be something wrong?

A sweet song keeps her sane while the soft streams guide her.



Love Is.

By Bobby Arnold

Mystique

Love is
Hard,
But it's easy.
Quiet.
But also loud.
Blind,
But very clear.

Love is the whisper in your ear
That's so loud,
No one else can hear.

Love is love.

Love can hurt.
Love gonna make you sometimes feel overworked
And sometimes overwhelmed.

Love only gonna work, when you both understand.

Love is accepting someone for who,
They are and what they bring.

Love is that feeling of when you're both mad,
But you can't help but care, and it stings.

You can't hide from love
Can't disguise love
Can't waste any amount of time with love

Cause
Love teaches
Love's a lesson
Love's every word they say leaves an impression.

Love is when you look into their eyes and can't help but wonder.
Why every word you speak starts to blunder,
And your smile comes from under your cheeks.

Revealing your perfectly imperfect teeth.

That my friends is what love is.

To Hold Your Hand

By Cashlyn Xiong

To hold your hand
Is a privilege I forever celebrate,
I wish they would understand,
Our love is not up for debate.

If our love is unlawful,
And our love is grim,
I don't want this god-awful,
World of "Proper and Prim".

I will fight for this right,
And here I stand,
Putting up a fight,
To finally be able to hold your hand.

YOU

By Ethan Price

Mystique

I sat on the front steps wondering
about you, and where you were,
but you didn't care. You were
with him at the arcade playing Pac-Man.
I sat on the street on my skateboard,
and listened to the chirping birds
feeling kinda blue. Across the street,
a toddler ran to his mom. In the distance,
his dad waved. I wondered how they were
so happy together, seemingly problemless.
Deep inside, I couldn't understand:
Happy thoughts;
they disappear
When you're gone.

Dreaming Peaches

By Gao Hua Cua Moua

The summer July sky long falls.
The sweet sun
touched your skin,
drifting into midnight.

The sunny golden sight,
peaches breaking,
Sweet sugary taste of blossoms
Drifting you to wonderland.

Dreaming you is
Peace.
The longing bitterness breaks
as love fights the pain.

Was It Worth It?

By Kalina Lor

Mystique

Slowly disappearing from the light
He's disappearing from me
He's leaving...
Day by day, he gets more quiet
Everyone said give it time, but as time went by, the more he forgot
about her. He slowly disappeared from the light in her life.
Bit by bit.
Little by little.
The more time she gave him, the more he disappeared.
As things got complicated, he found more ways,
more excuses, more reasons to hurt her.
Hurting her hurts him, he said.
Seeing her cry breaks his heart, he said,
But he did the worst. His lies are what killed her.
He left when promises were made to stay, he left so soon
as fast as the wind,
a snap of the fingers, he was gone..
She wondered where they'd gone wrong,
Her silence was her pain, the only pain, so hurtful not even a
sound. Time, they said, give it time,
But as time went by, she only lost herself in the delusion of his love.
The love, laughter, tears,
nothing was worth it. It never was.
To love who you are and will be is worth the tears, the pain of
silence. For such a person it wasn't ever worth it.
Was it ever worth it?

Cherry Blossom Tree

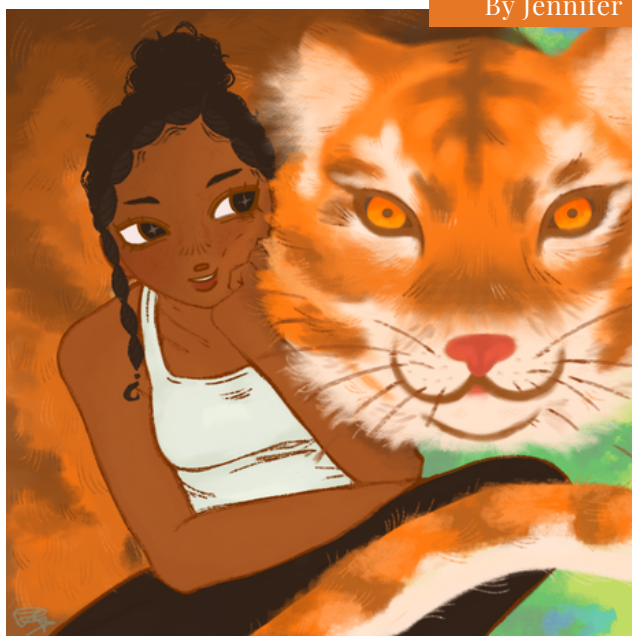
By Kalina Lor

Mystique

They call me a Japanese cherry.
My present is where I shouldn't be,
But my beauty doesn't lie with my history
Hundreds of petals, fragrant mist, Yet tears I see.
The river flows.
The sunset glows.
They call me a Japanese cherry.
This is the beauty they call cherry blossom,
Yet I still live the same life, repeating the same mistakes.
My feelings are hidden within my beauty.
My petals fall, but I've been picked up and set free along with the
breeze of the wind. They call me a Japanese cherry,
But after my blooms peak, my blossoms fall.
They call me a Japanese cherry
I've seen so many.
Lovers,
Loners,
Peace and harmony, but with that comes pain and tears.
They call me a Japanese cherry,
But my beauty will fade, one day or another.
Time doesn't wait for anyone. Minutes, seconds ticking by, when
will time stop for a bit, and just let me enjoy this beautiful view?
My petals fall,
 slowly
 and gently from my branches.
They call me a Japanese cherry.
The beauty lives and stays, but history will never be changed. My
beauty doesn't lie with my history.
They call me a Japanese cherry.



By Taylor Vang



By Jennifer Herrera-Cavazos

Breath of Ice

By Kenji Yang

Mystique

The chilled breath of ice.
She's calming but bold.
She's elegant but cold.
They all fall behind,
but I don't mind.

I continue forward.
Does that make me cold?
With only the company of my breath.
I might as well be playing with death.

I wonder why
It looks so nice.
The world is filled with ice.
So I wonder...
Is this company so bad?

Organ

By Kong Pheng Moua

The heart

Can feel

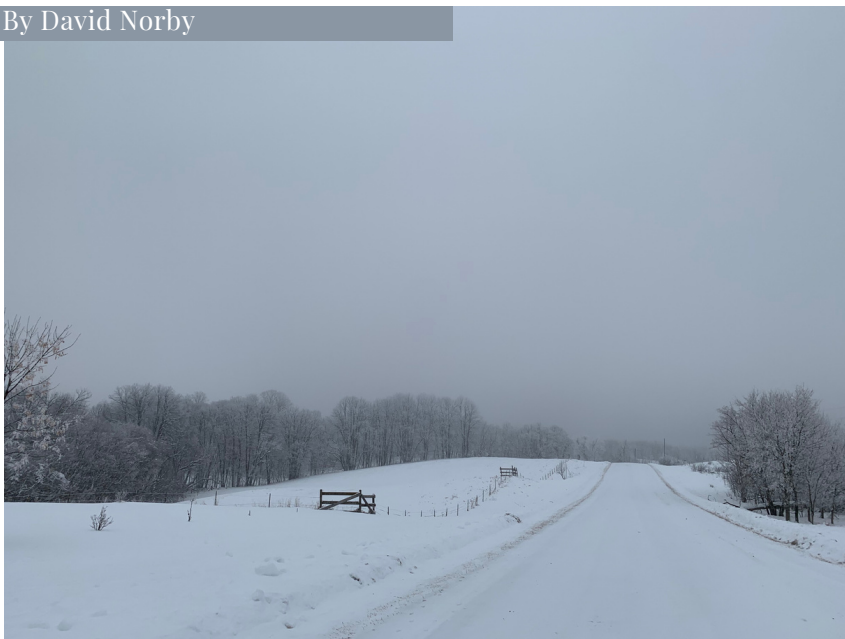
What the brain cannot.

Yet the brain can

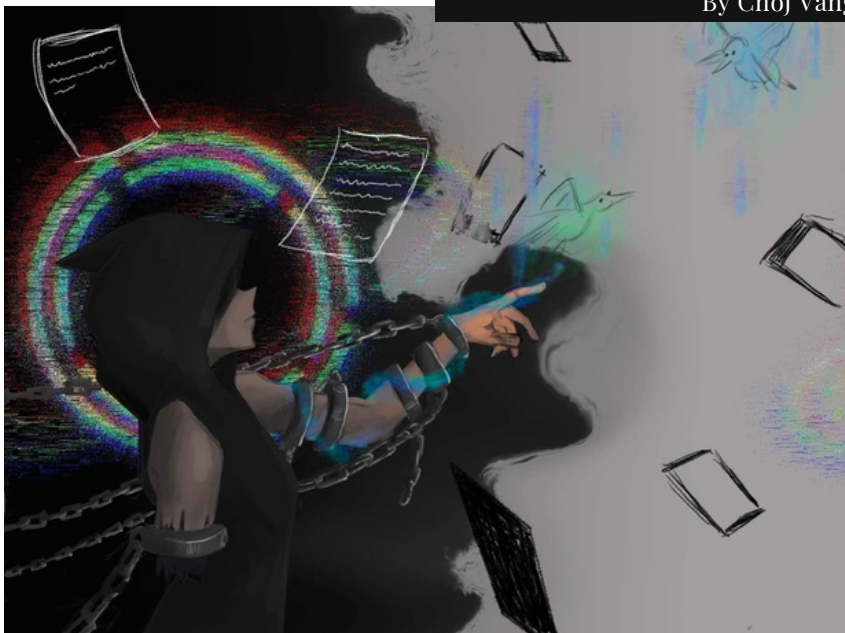
Understand what

The heart will not.

By David Norby



By Choj Vang



What Wonder

By Madalena Lor

Mystique

I, also, wonder about myself.
My life is always like a circle.
I sleep and wake up the same way
But when the sun comes up,
I stay asleep,
Always very tired,
Always very weary.
Again,
I'll continue to sleep and wake up
When the sun comes up.
I'll be more energetic
Much alive,
"Let's go outside"
Sure.
Likewise,
I'll continue to live my way
And stay humble—
I also wonder about my life.

The Loss You Gained

By Ruth Thaw Gyi

Mystique

The choices I had
were none.

The law.

No empathy
in sight. It was all

judgment, or neglect.

I hope the child is enough
for you. Your

selfish desire has
left you all

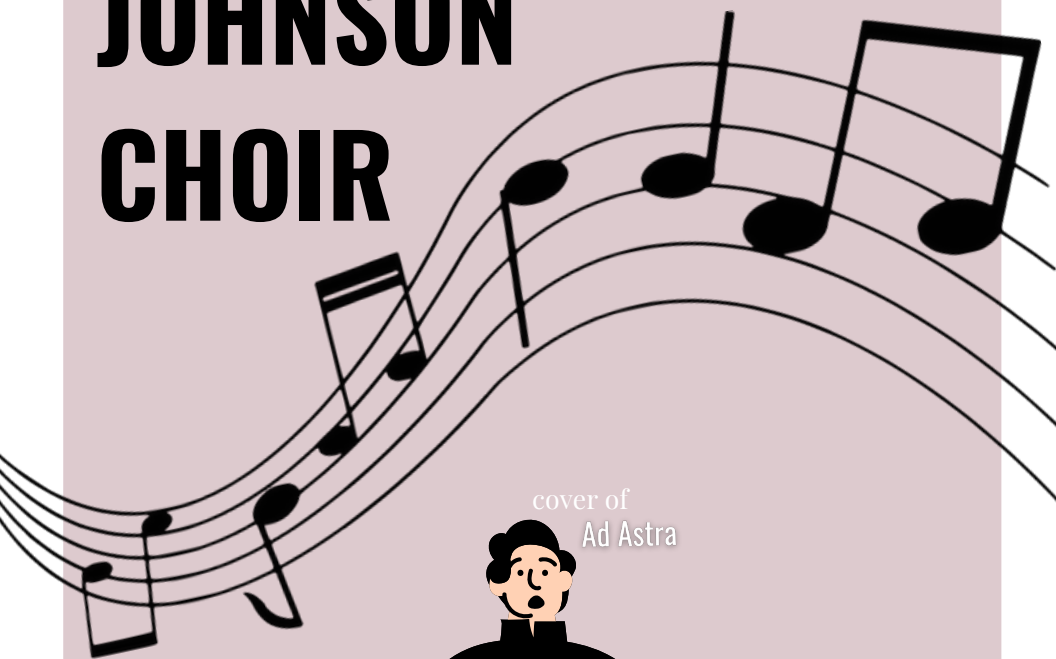
alone. All those months I
waited for my

chance to escape from your clutch
on my life

had not gone by
fast enough. And so,

do not come
looking. Too late.

JOHNSON CHOIR



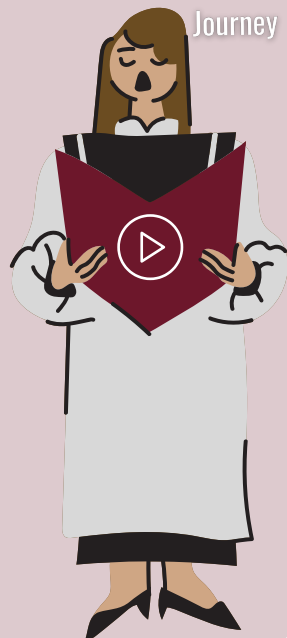
cover of
In Time of
Silver Rain



cover of
Ad Astra



cover of
Journey



Her Fruits

By Sarah Wang

Mystique

For years she wore her fragile,
mended heart
In the roots of her lush tree.
Bore her fruit openly
For their joy.

A child asked, "Why do you
Allow this when it wilts your lush tree?"
"They are my sun."
"They keep me alive,"
She replied.

By Leo Yang



Cotton Candy Cloud

By Stacy Her

Mystique

To taste a cotton candy cloud
You first must figure out which seems
Like the fluffiest, fullest, most yummy one
To take a bite out of.

Take a telescope to see which seems delectable
To savor the sweet flavor
From your tongue, down your throat.

As your cotton candy cloud forms
From water vapor and mist,

Down to Earth we go!

Sugar goes in a machine
As it slowly twirls faster and faster,

Being wrapped around this stick,
Being able to shape it in different, interesting things
Or staying fluffy and soft.

Cotton candy will dissolve
In your mouth, leaving its color.
As the cotton candy clouds
Can turn into raging tornadoes.

Whisper of the Heart

By Titus Yang

Mystique

From flowers coming into blossom
Joy slowly losing its meaning
Watching
Shooting stars in the night sky alone,
like a married couple
That failed.
Shocked from life,
Sipping something strong,
Strong to make up for lost love.
Death whispered until dust
Forgets about your passing.
It's killed your hope for the future
Lowers you for some who don't look
your way.
You took your shot but missed,
and all we can do now
is carry on with life
Stay in the shade
And live.

Flamin' Hot

By Isaiah Henderson

Comical Banter

Crispy.
Cheesy.
Spicy.

Your dust is better than crust.
Your flavor is something to savor.
You straight make me salivate.

To make your memory last longer,
I lick you off my fingers.

You crinkle and crunch
While I open you for lunch.

But when I eat too much,
Your spice isn't very nice.

Orchestral Paradise

By Isiah Jones

Comical Banter

As you lather your instrument
Valves together with oil

To play your music piece,
I recall the day that you

Realized that your passion was to
Blow into an instrument,

hearing the beauty of a piece
is one of

the things that makes
our day while listening to you.

The fact that you get to
play along with them

in the concert with the
other men even though

they are repulsive
to sit with and be around,

and even though
I look up at you, I can tell

they hate to play with you
heaving those heavy instruments

while you suit up to
carry a small flute & folder.

You beat them to a game that
they have done for years.

Comical Banter

To tongue the instrument better
while I look with pride

and others look with
bitterness,

and the audience looks on sweetly.
Those who like applause

And those who don't simply don't,
and a flower is given to you

With one note on it saying
"I whisper an eerie storm."

Opinions

By Zong Thao

I prefer game
I prefer fame
I prefer not to blame
I prefer game over fame that comes with blame leading to shame
I prefer vantage
I prefer advantage
I prefer damage
I prefer playing vantage to get the advantage to deal the most
damage
I prefer apex
I prefer a rolex
I prefer a T-Rex
I prefer an apex T-Rex with a Rolex
I prefer to cook a steak
I prefer to eat cheese cake
I prefer to be next to a lake.





PRIDE OF THE EAST SIDE
ALCONQUAN NORTH EAST PHALEN CLARENCE
FOREST
HARLINGTON
Maryland Ave
ARCADIA PHALEN
CLARK HAZE
Dieter
SUBURBAN
MOVADA
LIQUOR
boost mobile
WE ARE OPEN!
OPEN SAT
UNTIL
10 PM
CROWN