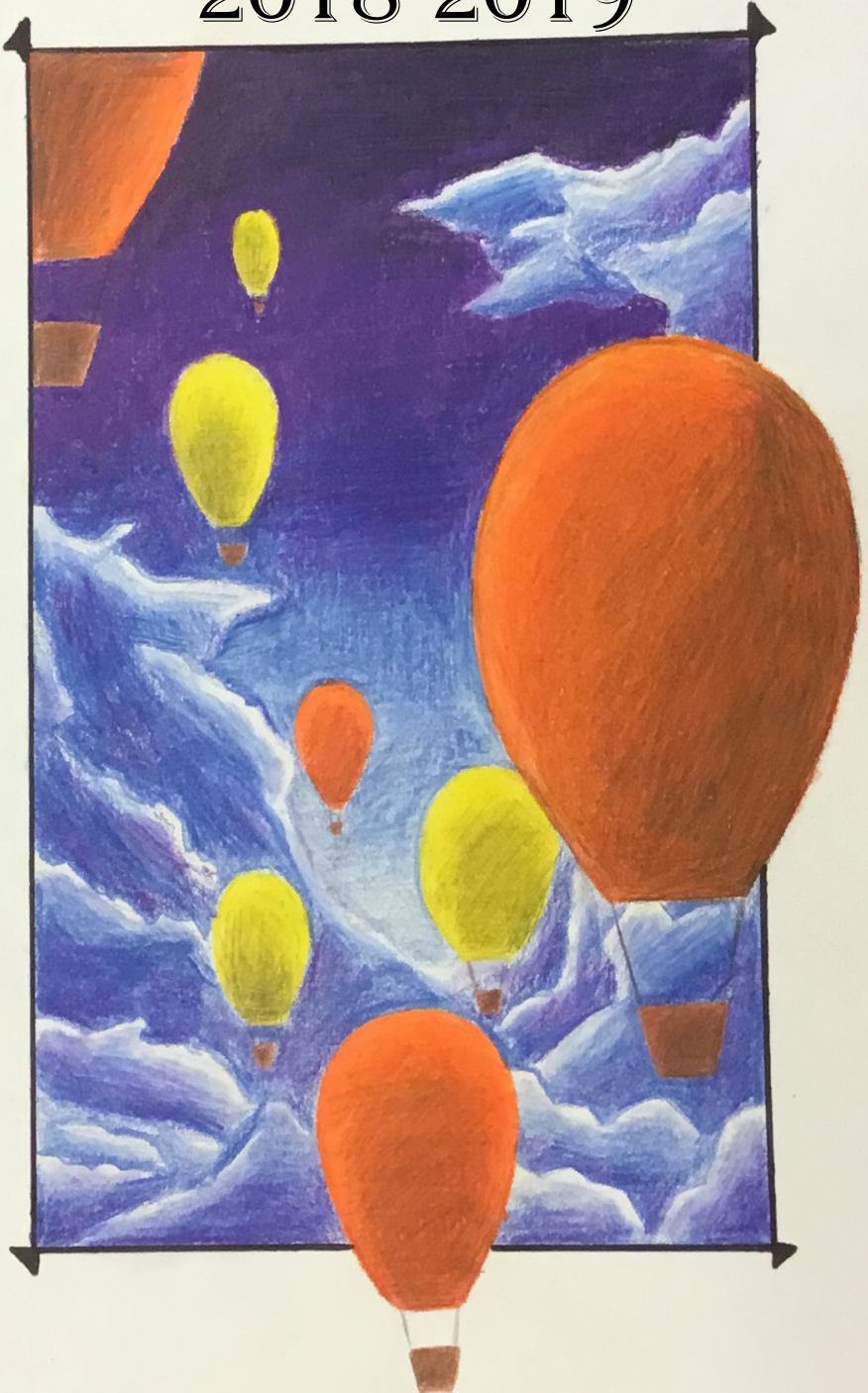


JOHNSON MIRROR

2018-2019





majestic drake
11/09/18

Johnson Mirror 2018-2019



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Preface

Welcome to the 2018-2019 publication of The Mirror! We, the editors, would like to thank the wonderful people that have helped and supported the creation of this year's edition. To Mr. Boyt, thank you for your guidance. To the students that sent in their written works and art pieces, thank you for your contributions. Please keep on writing and drawing! Thank you principal Micheal Thompson for all that you do to make The Mirror happen. To the magnificent people on the Arts Committee, thank you all very much! Without the help and support from everyone, we wouldn't have accomplished any of this.

Congratulations to the ever talented Alina Vang. She placed 2nd at the state finals for Poetry Out Loud, and we wish her all the best after graduation. Lue Yang, congratulations on winning the Editor's Choice Prize for your piece, "A Pencil's Life." It was a difficult process, one that all the editors thought about for almost an eternity, but we would like to extend our praise for your beautiful poem.

We hope that this year's Mirror reflects all that Johnson Senior High School has to offer. There is a lot of talent in this school, but we could only pick so many. We've worked long and hard to create this, so please enjoy and have a fantastic time reading!

-Editors

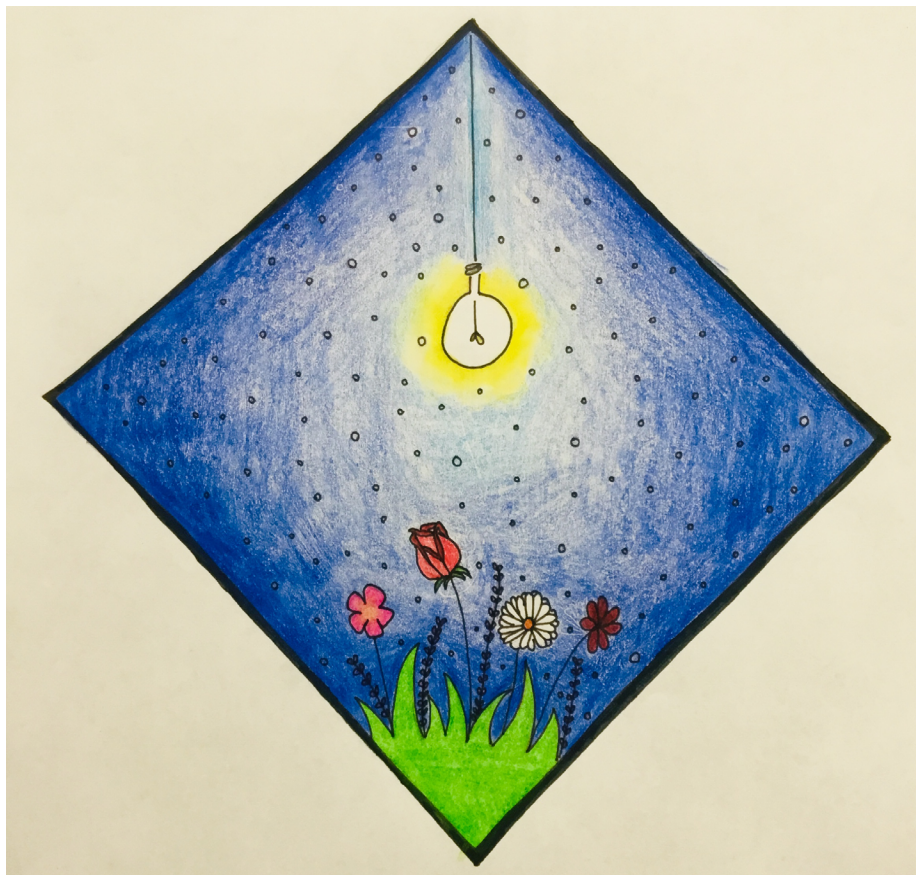
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The front cover artwork was created by Uriel Vang, grade 10. The inside front cover artwork was created by Sha Xiong, grade 12. The inside back cover artwork is by Anastasia Vang, grade 9. The back cover artwork was created by Angelina Chang, grade 11.



Pa Her

Outside My Bedroom Window

In the attic of my house I
created a bedroom for nobody
but myself.

My bed sits right in front of
a large window. It watches
the neighborhood.

All of my neighborhood is
there for me to see:

the loud neighbors who stay awake until the dark
of night,

the kind women who live on
our left with the big lab dog,
the mysterious man who lives
right across the street,

the trees that blow in
the freezing wind,

the leaves, the snow,

the garbage that people throw

In our yard sometimes,

it sounds quite bland,

But this is home.

Allison Fredericks

Going In For Surgery

I walked in the room not knowing what to expect. Everything was so similar, bed on one side of the room, chairs on the other side, computer at the far back corner, same patterned curtains, same patterned bedding and same sized room. On the bed was a green blanket with fringed edges, a pink bag, and a red pillow in the shape of a heart. I stood there nervously, then I made my way to the bed just as the nurse walked in. I was given a gown and some non-slip socks to wear. The nurse went out and I got everything on. She came back and said, "I'm going to have you pee so we can test for anything just to make sure it's safe," as she gestured me towards the bathroom. I went to the bathroom and I peed in a urine collector that was attached to the toilet. I made my way back to the room and we waited in the room, me on the bed, my mom and step dad sitting next to me.

After what felt like hours, I found my mouth forming the words, "I'm scared."

My mom looked at me and reassured me, "you'll be fine."

"I'll be back," my step dad said as he pulled himself out of the room to answer a call he had just gotten. My mom and I sat in the room for a while longer.

The nurse came back and she greeted us, then she made her way to the computer and she sat. Tests were ran and she spoke on a few things that were important for us to know. I was shown photos of other children recovering from open heart surgery. I knew it was a way to keep me positive and to feel like everything is okay when deep down I was really scared. I didn't know if I was going to be okay when I woke back up or if anything was going to be wrong with me.

I was given the blanket and the heart because after all it is an open heart surgery. The blanket was to keep me warm. I was told a little background story about the blanket and it warmed my soon to be cut open heart. I came to learn that the blankets were handmade and donated to the hospital for patients to as a gift. We eventually got to the pink bag

and that was the part that meant the most to me. The bag held charms and a piece of string. Every charm is unique and they all meant something. During my journey, I'm able to collect charms and it made me very feel so much better about all of this because I'm being somewhat rewarded to have my heart cut open.

After everything has been touched on, the anesthesiologist came in and he talked about what he does, specifically what he's going to do to me. When we've met everyone involved in my procedure, my parents and I waited some more. The anesthesiologist and nurse came in and they started going to work. I was hooked up to so many cords, so many needles and stickers that I was scared to move because I didn't want anything to go wrong. Then the anesthesia kicked in, I don't particularly know when but at one point, everything went black and I was unconscious, risking my whole life.

Mackenzie Hang



Sharp Growth

Jasmine F

Snow: a 100 Word Memoir

As dramatic as it would be to say otherwise, when the first flake fell I did not see it; I doubt anyone did. Though when clusters came fluttering down from the sky it was undeniably snowing. Coming from the much hotter climate of California, I had never seen snow. To my surprise the snow continued to fall for several hours, Far more than we had ever thought was possible. My mother was convinced that there would be no school the next day, needless to say when I went back to school the day after, everyone asked me where I was.

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Esperanza Corral



Koua Vang

Ragnarok (song lyrics)

We set sail from Asgard
set forth for an endless shore
for the Allfather Odin!
Under hammer of Thor!

Our memories of old,
a prophecy foretold,
for when the hammer strikes the serpent,
it leaves all in bitter cold.

On the wings of Valkyries
our tale be told through memory.
All face the judgement of Ragnoarok's freeze
Brother for brother
Father for son
Fighting together, we all die as one!

Fimbul winter draws nigh.
To our gods upon high
we remember who we were
by the thrashing of the tides.

Invasion of our land
By a self righteous hand --
We broke our hands on the eagle
to make our final stand.

On the wings of Valkyries
our talk be told through history.
All faced the judgement of Ragnarok's freeze
Brother for brother
Father for son
Fighting together, we all die as one!

Malik VanHecke

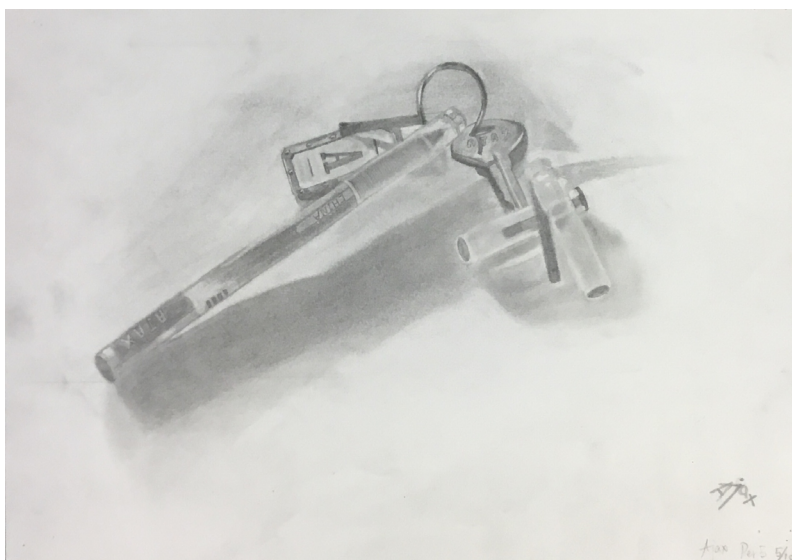
Bulldog Ranch

I am floating in a submarine
In an undeniably stony state.
I can't see, and it's dark
As I eat spoonfuls of ranch next to my bulldog,
My conscience speaks to me
As I am deep into the ocean. I see a slab
A slab of lambs.
It it quite frigid in here.
It is imperative that I keep myself composed
As I sit in this dark dark space
As I see double while reading Ernest Hemingway
There is a nifitiness about it.
I get up and say, "croquet is a game. A game
for me."
In the meantime I dump the bodies from the
submarine.
I better not crash this submarine. Issa rental.
In an incontrovertible rage, I crash the sub and
am deceased.

Keegan Warsito



Johnny Her

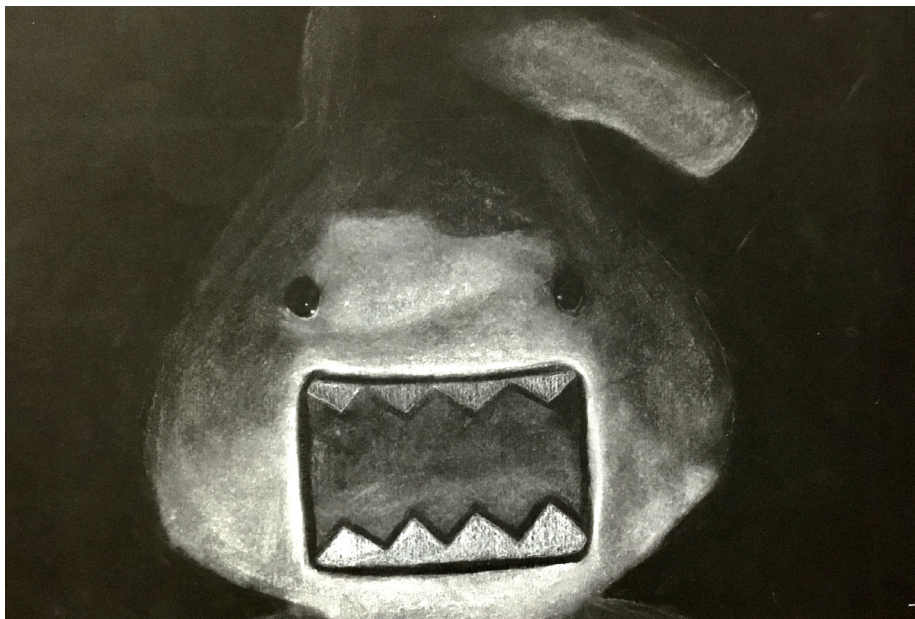


Ajax Ma

Squirrel Photographer

I am an animal photographer,
So don't be fooled by my size.
I'll have you running, I mean exercise.
I'm smart because I improvise.
My friend, the bird, he gives me the
word.
If we want you, we'll come and get
you,
And get at you until you turn blue.
I snap like my camera when I come at
you.

Anthony Carswell



Baby Shark

Nick Vang

Enjoy the Sports

inspired by Dana Gioia's poem "Pity the Beautiful"

Enjoy the sports,
the rackets, and the balls,
the athletes with good coaches
not letting them fall.

Enjoy the teammates,
the losers, the winners,
the people who never show up
who we call sinners,

the birdies, the shoes,
the scouting scouts,
the jaw-dropping shot,
the ones that are out,

enjoy the graduates,
the team, the best,
the tired out players
Ready to rest.

Enjoy the schools,
No longer good.
Enjoy your friends,
Who left when they should.

Pheng Thao



Serenity Yang

inspired by Geoffrey Brock's "The Day"

It sneaks through
the forest like
a sly jaguar
on the hunt.

I know it's right
there and I feel
it coming by
the moment.

I can't stop it
I can't leave it
it continues
to gain control.

It jumps out of
nowhere and I
imagine it
tearing at my soul.

But it didn't
actually hurt
it just stared at
me and sat.

It turns out
the sly jaguar
was just a
Kitty-cat.

Bobby Fraser



Home

Savannah Lewis

Winter Snow

Driving through the winter snow, the time passes slow.
This entire event came down in a crash.
I will smile at myself and the fact that I grow.

The lights pass with an unconscious flow.
I know I made no decisions that were rash.
Driving through the winter snow, the time passes slow.

My heart is all together since I can now sew.
Yes, the polaroid of us still lays on my dash.
I will smile at myself and the fact that I grow.

This pain was beautiful, but I am no Van Gogh.
It absolutely broke my heart when I found your stash.
Driving through the winter snow, the time passes slow.

My heart used to constantly cry out like a crow.
Every last bit of us played out in a flash.
I will smile at myself and the fact that I grow.

I no longer dream of our wedding, row by row.
I wear every bit of my happiness like a sash.
Driving through the winter snow, the time passes slow.
I will smile at myself and the fact that I grow.

Hannah Wellington



Lucid Night

Pang Thao

Saint Paul

In the coldest state I know,
there is a city where I
grow,
a place where the ice
is as cold as souls and as
old as time itself,
where diversity is the only thing
we know.

I stand at the bus stop downtown
and watch the people pass me by.
I wonder if this city makes
them feel united, or if they
are falling

falling like snow.

Allison Fredericks



Orion

Kaw Zan

The Hanged Man XII

Living the wrong side up
In a world upside down,
I can't drink out of my Dixie cup
Or else it spills and makes me frown.
Some say I'm hanged.
Some say I'm hung.
My head is always banged.
My Arms are always flung.
No one ever comes and asks me, "sup?"
Feels like I'm not even part of the town.
Living the wrong side up in a world upside down.

Hannah Abbot



Damien Her

Back it Up (song lyrics)

Woke up this morning feeling like the man.
Didn't know I'd back over my kid with the mini-van.
Don't worry though. He didn't die.
Just bruised him up and blacked his eye.

My wife doesn't like me anymore
all because I ran over our kid who's four.
My wife doesn't like me anymore
all because I ran over our kid who's four.

I need to cope,
but I have no hope.
All I can do is drink
till I puke it up in the sink.

My wife doesn't like me anymore
all because I ran over our kid who's four.
My wife doesn't like me anymore
all because I ran over our kid who's four.

She told me she just can't do this.
Said she'd rather fall into a black abyss.
This marriage feels forced,
so now she wants a divorce.

Hannah Abbott

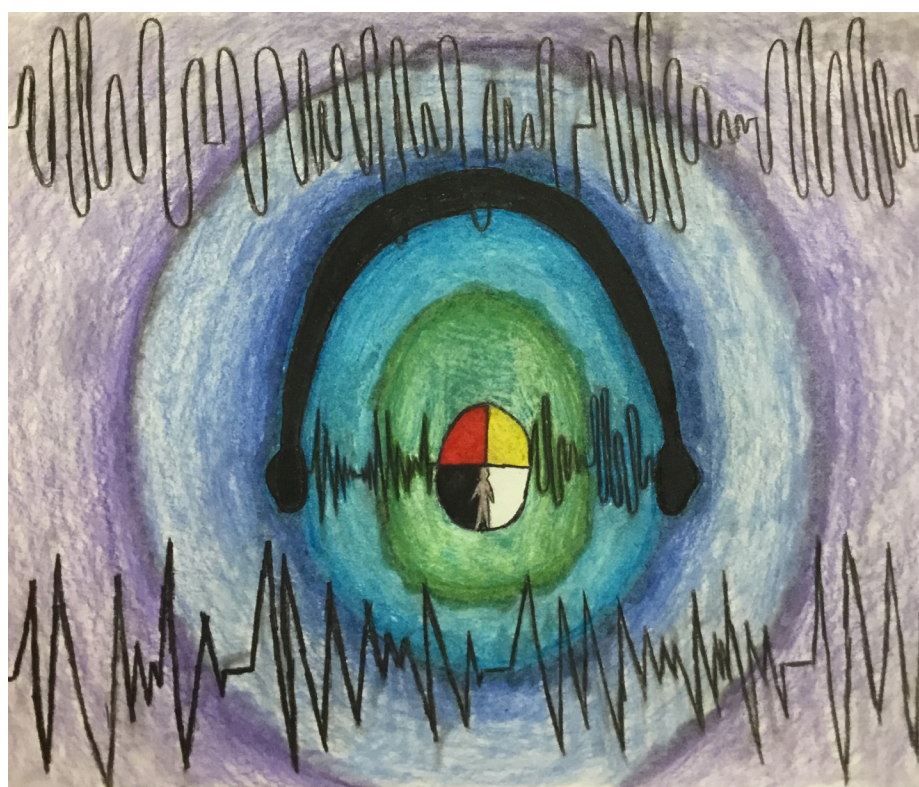


Angelie Lee

Families

Garage break ins,
Bike stolen. An old neighbor always
Sitting underneath the tree's shade
Seeing this from another perspective
Gives people too much anxiety
Can't relax when meeting family
Cause they'll judge you
Every party has alcohol.
Sometimes we'll watch soccer,
But if it's up to the
Kids,
We'll just gamble,
Or no deck of cards?
Some bottles still haven't been opened.
Tomorrow is church
To pray away our sins.
No one means it.
Beer is too important.
Every family reunion is like
A showing to see if your
Doing better in life than someone
Else.
No gifts are passed around
Cuz no one really knows what to get
No one really tries to get to know anyone.
Money bags
Are passed around
Cuz that's what anyone
Can give as
A substitute for
Feelings.

Dugen Ky Nguyen



Beats

Destiny Wind

Don't Walk on the Wrong Path

Don't walk on the wrong path.
Cymbals crash in my ears
echoing in my headspace
something I've known for years.

Cymbals crash in my ears
As you smile in a certain way.
Something I've known for years:
the words you used to say.

As you smile in a certain way,
my head becomes unstable.
The words you used to say
make everything disabled.

My head becomes unstable.
I'm a fool, aim, and shoot.
Everything becomes disabled
as the world goes mute.

I'm a fool, aim, and shoot -
cymbals crash in my ears -
The world goes mute.
I've saved myself from anymore tears.

Jamie Gallo



Valerie Yang



Hidden Culture

Miranda Thao

Tutoring (short fiction)

Every weekend from noon to four, I tutor. As a college student, I don't have much time to do it, but I have a reason. I don't do it just for the money, but it is still rather a selfish reason. That kid, Jim, was a lot of work. So much potential but so little effort put into his work. I can't really blame him. He is only eleven years old afterall. My brother, Adam, died when he was eleven from cancer. Stomach cancer. Every time I walk into that little room that Jim's mother had set up for us to work, it always reminds me of my brother. My parents would never understand how much Adam was loved by me.

I blink. I'd been daydreaming again. I've made it a routine to remember why I tutor every weekend. Adam was the reason. I do it for Adam, and for now little Jim was my Adam. A replacement, a substitute, a reason to tutor. I can't say he hasn't helped me though. I was depressed after my brother died. I thought he was going to make it. I thought he'd live thrive, and I'd be by his side when he graduated high school when he graduated from college whe he did great things I'd be by his side through it all. Now it was up to Jim to satisfy the future I'd imagined for my brother.

Chukong Thao

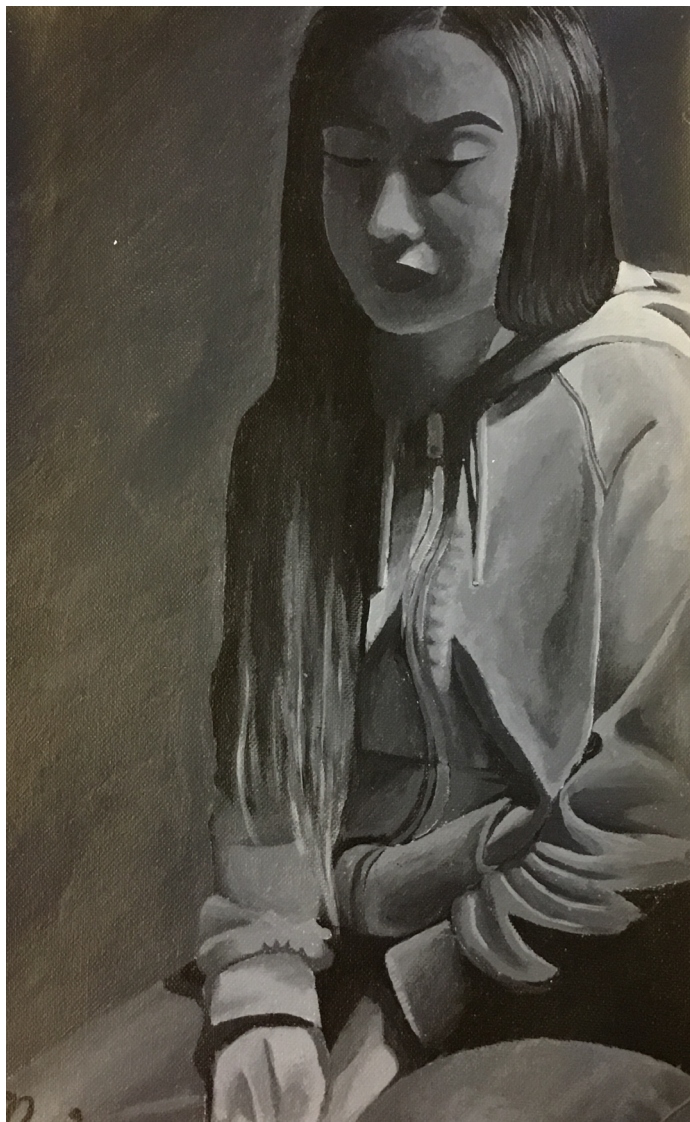


Mai Xiong Khang

A Hmong Daughter Would Never: a 100 Word Memoir

I was vulnerable. I was in pain but no one knew. I was taught that everything in a Hmong family happened for a reason. Was that the reasoning to make me feel attacked and alone this time? I wanted to die at that moment. The moment where I laid in front of her feet and shed tears of pain. Was it happiness to her? I knew for a fact that every moment in life you are either content or dissatisfied. I couldn't explain the emotions I felt. All I heard was my mother's voice saying, "I can't believe I have a daughter like you."

Nkaujlaimtshuj Vang



Nuci Yang

I Still

I still think of you.

I still miss the way you smiled, whenever I handed you food. I still think of the way, you always made sure I was feeling okay. I still miss the way we hung out at the mall together and tried on clothes. I still miss the way you would always try on my clothes without asking as if we were sisters born from the same womb. I still miss the way you were always looking out for me, just as I did for you.

I still miss those days that it was too cold for us to go hang-out together, so we faced timed throughout our entire day. I still miss the way you smelled every time we got dolled up for a party. I still miss that day he had asked you out and I forced you to go up to him and say yes. I still miss that day I third wheeled when you were on a date. I still miss that day we both got in trouble because we failed our test and had to stay in to study. I still miss the way your silky hair felt whenever you wanted me to fix your hair. I still miss the way, we would laugh whenever we did one another's make up. I still miss the way you laughed at my dumb jokes that I don't even get.

I still miss the way we hyped each other up in every photo we took. I still miss the way we always made fun of each other. I still miss the arguments we had whenever we didn't agree with one another. I still miss the days we would cry together because one of us was sad. I still miss the advice you gave me when I had problems of my own. I still miss the times when we would do stupid things together.

I still miss you, even when you pushed me away because he broke your heart. I still miss you even when your family told me to give you space. I still miss you even when you walked passed me and told me to get out of your life. I still miss you even when you cried in my arms asking for me to stay with you because you had felt lonely that night. I still miss you even when your dad had laid a hand on you, and I called the police. I still miss you even when you told me we couldn't

stay besties anymore. I still miss you even when you moved away because you had to be removed from your original home to live with strangers. I still miss you even when you eventually made new friends.

I still miss you even when we haven't talked for over 3 years. I still miss you even when we get in contact again. I still miss you when you were telling me about how you wanted to end your life. I still miss you even when you told me I shouldn't try to stop you. I still miss you even when you came over and pushed me away when you had tears in your eyes. I still miss you even when you told me that you hated me. I still miss you even after you put me through so much. I still miss you even when you took your own life.

I still miss my best friend & sister at heart.

Christina Lee



Where She Blooms

Lourdes Moua

Why Did You Leave Me for the Sky?

Why did you leave me for the sky?
You left my heart without consent.
Please come back and say goodbye.

I fill this house with a silent cry;
These walls still carry your scent.
Why did you leave me for the sky?

Everyone greets me with sad looks in their eyes,
still no one questions how my day went.
Please come back and say goodbye.

My heartaches more as the days pass by.
You did not understand how much you meant.
Why did you leave me for the sky?

If I could just get one reply,
to the little prayers that I had sent.
Please come back and say goodbye.

This reality is one I cannot defy.
I live unable to find content
Why did you leave me for the sky?
If I follow you, would you teach me how to fly?

Faith Vue

Malik Khadar



Love to the Afterlife

The first day is here. It's hard to get out of bed.
Knowing that you aren't really here,
but thoughts of you flow through my head.
Never forgotten, to us you are endeared.

Knowing that you aren't really here,
each passing moment leaves a scar.
Never forgotten, to us you are endeared.
You lived a great life and got very far.

Each passing moment leaves a scar.
Just one last moment to talk with you
the way you lived life and got very far.
I hope that I'll still be a good son and stay true.

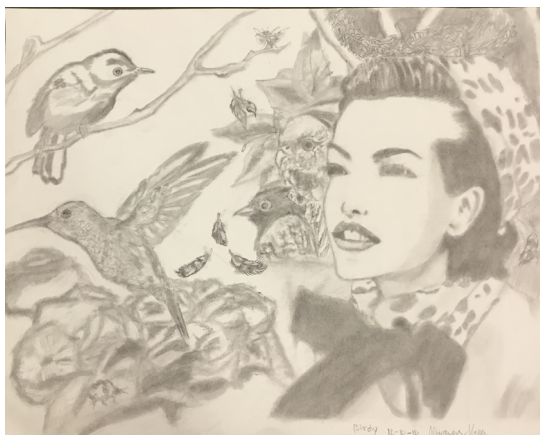
Just one last moment to talk with you
in our hearts, you are never gone.
I hope that I'll still be a good son and stay true
And all you knew were family bonds.

Just one last moment to talk with you
And the thoughts of you flow through my head.
I hope that I'll still be a good son and stay true
The first day is here. It's hard to get out of bed.

Hiro Xiong

Birdy

Chimneng Yang



Pain

I still got my white wii that my brother got for me.
Momma whippin' up dinner for me and the family,
cookin up some hot beans with some taco meat
don't forget the nacho cheese and after dinner I gotta go
straight to sleep.

Hands washed, teeth brushed, gotta tie my hair up,
rooms cleaned, chores done gotta keep my grades up

Momma might yell, but I cannot cry even if I tried it hurts
inside

Remember every day we'd stay up past midnight trying to get
thru all the yelling and fist fights, never got sleep 'cause we'd
cry til daylight.

Wishing every day that it don't turn out like this night.
Momma comes in to give me a goodnight kiss,
but I see she was crying and she's tired of fighting.
I told her don't give up but she's tired of trying.

Hands washed, teeth brushed, gotta tie my hair up,
rooms cleaned, chores done, gotta get my grades up

Momma might yell, but I cannot cry even if I tried it hurts
inside

Anajah Persaud



Anastasia Vang

Bell Scene

Grace, a teenage girl, sits on the curb. Her friend, Ali, sits next to her. Ali nervously bounces her knee up and down.

Grace: You have a crush on him?

Ali: Yeah, maybe a little one.

Grace: Why?

Ali: Because he's kinda cute, and I'm bored.

(bell rings)

Grace: You have a crush on him?

Ali: Yeah, a small one.

Grace: Dude, why?

Ali: 'Cause I'm gonna die alone.

Grace: Well, that's not true. (beat) You'll have your 20 cats.

(bell rings)

Grace: You have a crush on him?

Ali: Well, it's a little more than that.

Grace: What is it then?

Ali: I killed him.

(bell rings)

Ali: Well, it's a little more than that.

Grace: Yeah, Yeah, spit it out.

Ali: He's my long lost brother.

(bell rings)

Ali: Well, it's a little bit more than that.

Grace: Okay, what then?

Ali: (shyly) He hurt me.

(bell rings)

Ali: Well, it's a little bit more than that.

Grace: Okay, explain.

Ali: He's the father of my baby.

(bell rings)

Ali: He is the father of my baby.

Grace: I'm sorry, the father of your what?!

Ali: Baby.

Grace: Please tell me you're messing around.

Ali: (laughs) Yeah, I'm just messing with you.

Grace: Okay, what then? Is there a reason you brought him up?

Ali: Yeah, he's walking up to you right now.

(bell rings)

Ali: He's the father of my baby.

Grace: Are you serious right now?

Ali: Yeah.

Grace: You're pregnant by my dad?!

(bell rings)

Ali: He's the father of my baby.

Grace: What, are you serious right now?

Ali: Yes. Very.

Grace: How long have you known?

Ali: About 2 weeks now.

Grace: I wish I could help you, but I've got nothing.

(bell rings)

Grace: How long have you known?

Ali: That my father isn't really my father?

Grace: Yeah, that.

Ali: Since I was four years old.

(bell rings)

Grace: How long have you known?

Ali: I got my acceptance letter last week.

Grace: Well, congrats. I'm really proud of you.

Ali: I'm sorry you didn't get in. I wish I could help you.

Grace: It's not your fault I didn't get into UCLA. I'm just too stupid.

(bell rings)

Grace: How long have you known?

Ali: About a month.

Grace: Why didn't you tell me?

Ali: I had to make my peace with it.

(bell rings)

Grace: Why didn't you tell me?

Ali: It's not exactly something I'm happy about.

Grace: Of course, I'm sorry. How's it been? What's life like?

Ali: What's life like learning your mom has a terminal illness? Knowing this will kill her, and your kids won't get to know the mom you had? I live every day with a mom who wasn't the same mom four year old Ali had. It's horrible and depressing, and I hate it.

(bell rings)

Ali: It's not exactly something I'm happy about.

Grace: I know. I'm so sorry, but I don't think there's anything I can do.

Ali: You know thank you for acknowledging the fact that there's nothing you can do, but say sorry. I appreciate it.

Grace: I'm so sorry.

Ali: That's all anyone can do so thanks a lot.

Grace: I'm still really sorry. I loved your mom.

Ali: I did too. I'm gonna miss her. She was the best mom.

(bell)

Grace: I'm sorry.

(bell)

Ali: (begins to cry)

Grace: I'm sorry

(bell)

Grace: (I'm sorry)

(bell)

Grace: (I'm sorry)

(repeat as fade to black out)

Hannah Wellington

In the Hmong culture, kidnapping is basically the equivalent to proposing to someone.



In addition, it's guaranteed that the "bride" will say yes.



SO WHEN I Woke UP AT 3AM HEARING THE SOUND OF SOMEONE BREAKING IN, I WAS THRILLED.



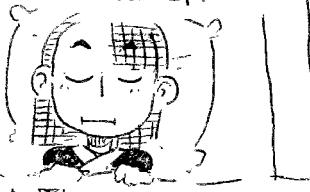
MY AMAZING BOYFRIEND, KENG, HAD FINALLY DECIDED TO MARRY ME.

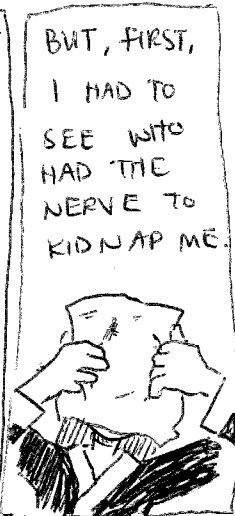
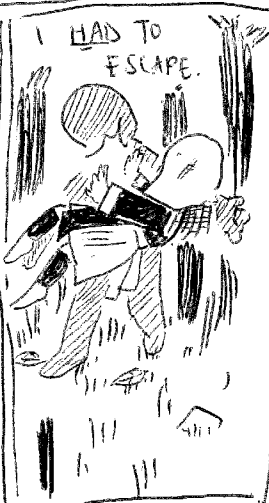
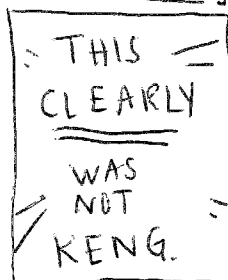
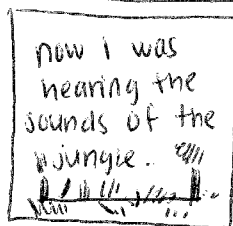
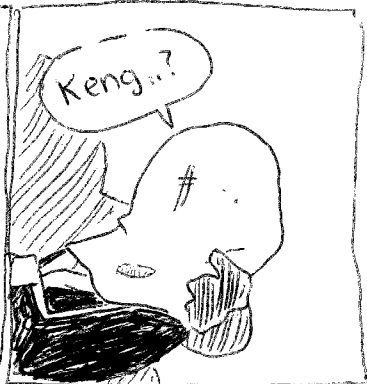
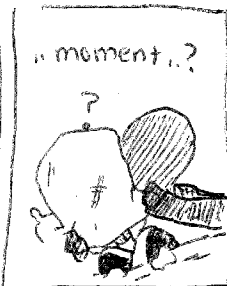
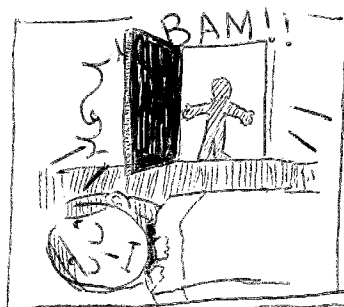


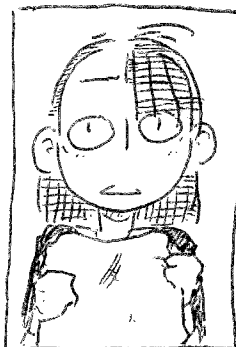
I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY MY WHOLE LIFE!!



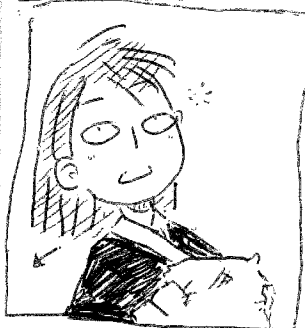
Containing my excitement, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep.







BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. EVEN THOUGH IT WAS DARK, I HAD CLEARLY SEEN MY KIDNAPPER.

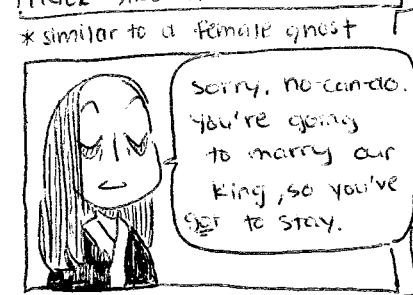
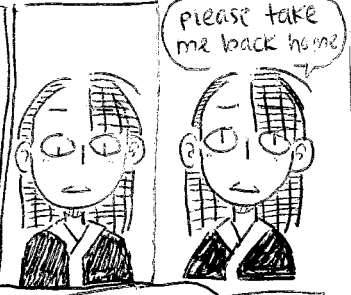
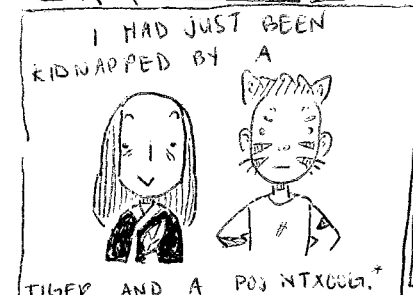
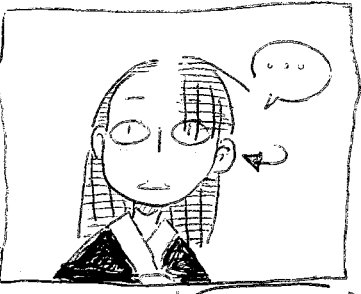


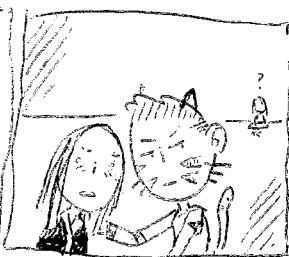
I THINK SHE'S AWAKE..

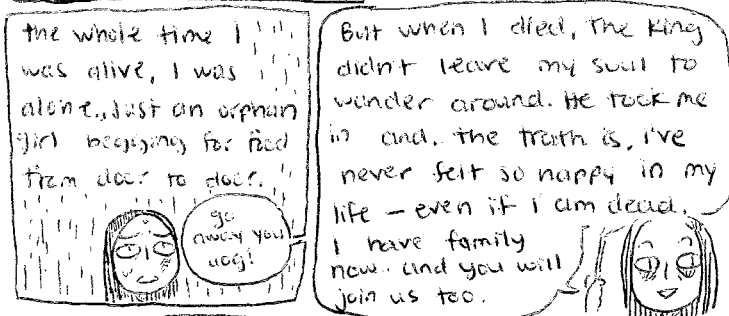
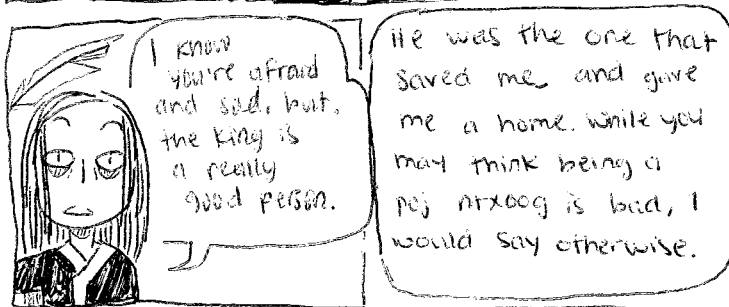
OH MY GOSH!! DON'T EAT ME!

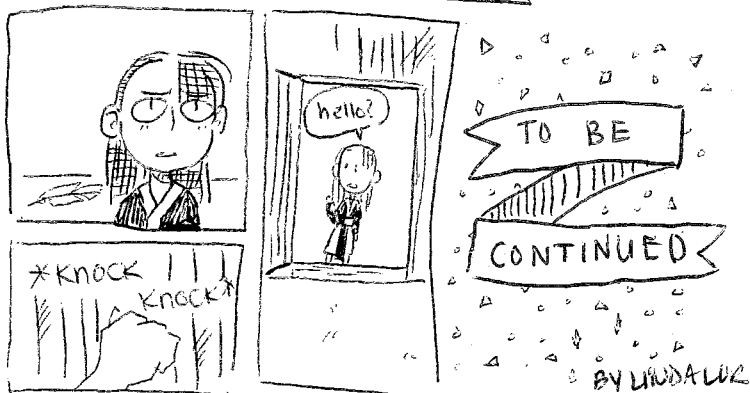
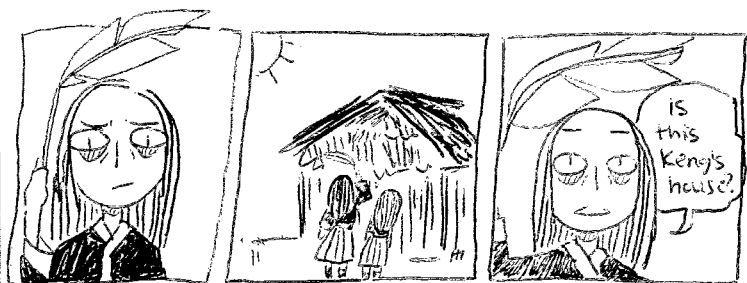
Ugh. not this again.











She Was Meant For The World (song lyrics)

A sequin dress and eyes of starlight
She twirls and amber sparks fill the air.
I watch from my down here. What a sight,
And, oh how I wish I could be up there.

But she was meant for the world,
And I'll stay here on the ground.
I'm tired of playing pretend
That she might stick around.

A rooftop dance and they're playing her song
I'm stuck in an elevator, stuck between floors.
I strain my ears and try to humm along.
Time stops as I'm waiting for the door.

But she was meant for the world,
And I'll stay here on the ground.
I'm tired of playing pretend
That she might stick around.

She's got everything planned out.
No time to talk, or wait about.
I see her dance across the sky.
I tell myself I'll be alright.

But she was meant for the world,
And I'll stay here on the ground.
I'm tired of playing pretend
That she might stick around.

Samuel Osborne



Te Arykah Frye

Till Death Do Us Part

On morbid days, when the sun hath no power. **I**
curse the Gods who deem your life unfit. **Can't**
vows be more than broken promises? **Live**
on in more than memories and dreams? **Without**
you here, my heart will sob from dread. **You**
said till death do us part, but you lied. **I**
curse the gods who deem your life unfit. **Love**
is more than memories and nightmares. **You,**
you are love to me, **till**
eternity do **we**
part.

Da'Juan Avant



Antlers

Eve Lee

Ceyx and Alcyone: a Parody

Authors Note: The Shakespearean flower is not supposed to be serious, I used an English to Shakespearean translator.

Bzzzzzzzz. Ceyx's wings buzzed as he flitted around his beautiful flower, she was a wild rose, the highest regarded of flower, more carefree and beautiful than the rest of the meadow. Alcyone rose above the rest of the flowers, producing the most pollen in all the meadow and Ceyx, her devoted lover bee flew so fast he was often described as bringing in the morning light for how the sun glinted off his zipping wings. Ceyx never left the meadow, usually buzzing around his flower but one day he saw fellow bees pollinating only the delphinium. This angered him because if they kept this up all the other flowers would eventually die out. Ceyx decided that he must travel out of the meadow to find the great bee oracle who resided high up in the mountains where it is said that the pollen produces the sweetest honey. Ceyx told Alcyone, and her petals wilted, waving in the wind as a warning for the bees who had been killed by the strong winds in the mountains, but Ceyx buzzed away her warnings.

"Izz mustzz protectzz thezz flowerzzz, Izz willzz returnzz safelyzz tozz myzz beelovedzz."

Ceyx flew upwards, towards the oracle who held his answers but the winds were too strong even for him. He thought of his beautiful flower, Alcyone, and her safe home in the meadow, thankful that her roots held her in the ground. As the gusting winds ripped his wings from his body, he buzzed her name one last time. Alcyone, not knowing yet of her bees death, remained in the meadow as other bees tended to her pollen, waving in the gentle breeze and soaking up the sun's warm rays to strengthen her so she could produce more pollen to create better honey for Ceyx when he returned.

One night when Alcyone had closed her petals around herself and awaited the darkness of night, she heard a fast buzzing, quicker than any of the bees who had tended to her in Ceyx's absence. The wings buzzed a message, a message of death, they told her that her beeloved had died. When the sun rose, her petals unfurled, and she knew that her dear Ceyx had buzzed his last buzz for her.

"Oh mine own dearest, anon how shalt I compare thee to the summer days? The traveling lamp hath not did caressed thy wings in days. Mine own love stricken from me by terrors of the mountains from which

originate, oh how shalt I continueth without mine own dearest love?"

Alcyone concluded that she would not pollinate for another bee ever again, she would close her petals in the sun, for how could she live when her Ceyx was dead on the wind? Strong winds were blowing down from the mountains then and Alcyone spotted something glittering in the sun as it blew past her, Ceyx's wings. At this sight she stopped bracing her roots against the wind and let her petals fly away, her body soon following. She expected to be torn apart in the blustery air but she found herself floating and transforming, she looked over and beside her was her dear Ceyx, floating alongside her as dandelion fluff. The pair traveled across the meadow, seemingly as one. Their love never betrayed. For seven days each year, the winds of the mountains cease and bees may travel the usually treacherous journey to gather pollen to make the sweetest honey of all. These are the days when dandelion petals turn to fluff, the seventh day, when the winds sweep their fluff away and lovers everywhere find their beloved.

Malia Peterson



Serenity Yang

Mistaking a Moth for a Butterfly

Laying down an eyeshadow brush, I shoot him a quick text agreeing that his white air forces match best with his outfit. I smile, feeling his nerves radiate through the phone. I had promised to see him tonight and the butterflies I had felt when we first met had returned again. With a creak my mother comes into the room, hands full of makeup. She is almost more excited than I am. She was meeting my boyfriend of 7 months and to say we were nervous would be an understatement.

"Khadija do my makeup too!" She huffed with a grin. Rolling my eyes I comply and within minutes we are ready to go. I sat in the back of my mother's black SUV, anticipating his presence next to me in a short few minutes when we reached his house.

"Promise not to act weird mom, please?" I pushed out, looking at my mother through the mirror between us. She laughed and shot me a wink before adding, "no promises". The grin wouldn't leave my face and happiness bubbled inside me. Upon our arrival, there he waited for me; a single flower in his hand and sporting that cheesy grin he so often had. The door opened and I was engulfed in the scent of cloves and mint. He always smelt good and I found myself entranced in him.

Khadija Pickett



Wolf Dragon

Jaia Vang

Waiting

I kept waiting for a person. As if I'd be walking on the corner of the street or sitting in a coffee shop, and I'd maybe bump into him. And I'd maybe bump into him and that would be the beginning of everything.

I kept waiting for a person, and the seasons were passing by, and before I knew it, the leaves were on fire, falling off the trees and covering the streets making them look like fire too. And the clouds were rolling in and rain pattered nights became a familiar sound, and I was so captivated. I was in love with the grey skies and the warm afternoons of autumn. I'd been waiting so long that I'd failed to see that September and October were all I ever really needed. And it never occurred to me until now that maybe soulmates aren't always people.

Kimberly Gomez



Te Arykah Frye

Conceited

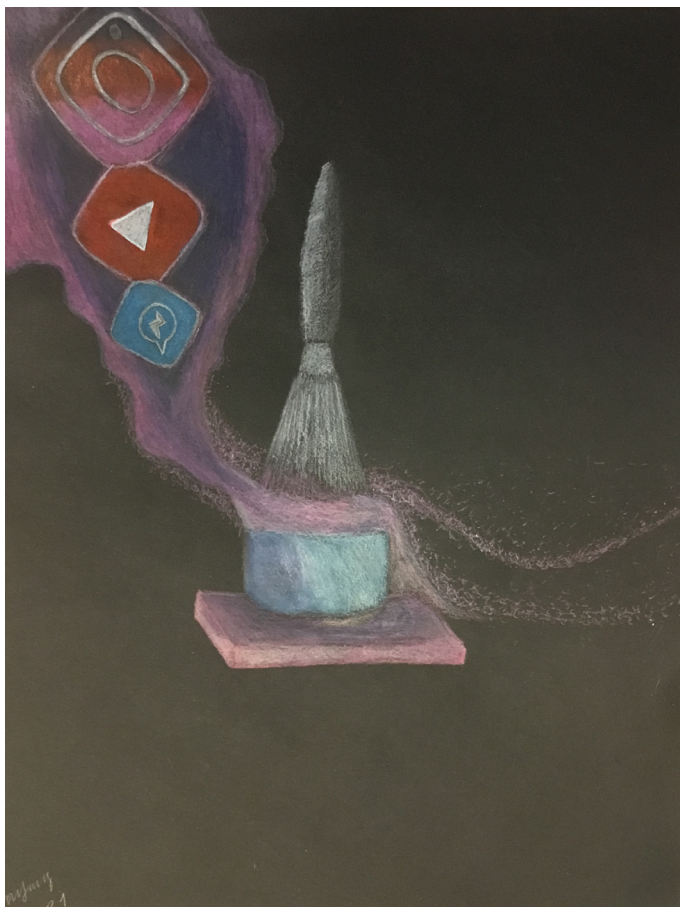
I am looking for the most beautiful person,
Where can I find him? Can you tell me?
Is he hiding in the red of a rose,
Or perhaps in a garden of tulips, I suppose,
Is he in the ocean? Amongst the red, blue, and, green coral
reefs
Or is he dancing on the shimmering cherry blossom leaves?

I am looking for the boldest person,
Where can I find him? Where must he be?
He must be in a ring, fighting lions and tigers,
No, he must be in hell treading casually in Hades's fires,
Or is he in front of a crowd bravely speaking words with
which others disagree,
Maybe he is fighting for the slaves and setting them free

I am looking for the most intelligent person
Can you tell me what he is doing?
Is he saving the world, ridding cancer and all diseases permanently?
A mind full of ideas even Einstein can't conceive,
He is in the skies teaching gods how to read,
A suitable opponent in a game of chess is what he needs,

I am looking for a person,
I might know where he be,
Ahh.....I found you,
Looking in the mirror.

Lue Yang



Mor Yang

The Snake

There is a snake that follows me,
It is always by my side,
There is no remedy,
There's nowhere I can hide,

I tell it to go away,
But I don't think it will,
It is here to stay,
I am the prey for it to kill

And like a mouse,
it waits for me to die,
Venom from its mouth,
Pumping slowly inside,

It will follow me,
Until my death,
But unknowingly,
I won't die yet,

The venom has melted my hopes,
And crushed my dreams,
But I have been through too many slopes,
For it to turn off my beams,

I am strong,
I am not of the weak kind,
It has tormented me long,
But today, I rip it from my mind.

Lue Yang



A TRILLION DRAWINGS LATER

The most important principle in this artwork is movement. The elements of value and shape create movement as an onlooker would be drawn toward the large black hole in the corner and then (after realizing that it's only a large black circle) would follow the light rectangular papers through space and up to Trillion.

The rings on the Saturn-like planet also create movement toward Trillion, however, instead of using value and shape they use line and space as they start off small on the planet's horizon and grow larger as they whip around and pass behind Trillion. The second most important principle in this artwork is balance. The balance is created by value; Trillion, who is (or was drawn) large and dark in the lower right corner is balanced out with the large dark black hole in the upper left. The rest of the background is mostly grey, but the white of the papers is balanced out with the lighter grey of the planet. My artwork is about my friend and his drawing progress. Every day he talks about how he will surpass his friends and "become a drawing god". I drew Trillion facing forward to signal that he is determined to advance his drawing skills. Trillion has always been interested in space (which is why I drew him in it) and he's even more interested in black holes, so I put one in the upper left corner. The bunch of papers that are swirling from the black hole to Trillion's back symbolize his progress. As the papers get closer to Trillion they get "better", and the Trillion in real life drew the image on the paper closest to the drawing of him.

Malik Khadar



Tahniah Townsend

Lightning Strike

This is who I am:
A streak
A bolt
Of bright yellow lightning.
I don't choose my path
But I always strike
When I want
Where I want.
I can leave fires in my wake,
but damn I am beautiful.
From the sky itself, I am
A freak of nature,
A miracle,
But I leave my mark.
Bright yellow lightning
A streak
A bolt
This is who I am.

Sadie Wall

Clutch

"Next up number 20 Joey Moberg, who hasn't had a very good outing today for hitting his last two at bats he has struck out" the announcer said.

I step up to the plate the score is 5-7 the other team is winning, there's 2 outs, it's the top of the 9th, bases loaded, and all the pressure is on me.

I twist my hands getting a tighter grip. The pitch comes in. It's a ball. I take a deep breath, and I relax a little more. I remember my previous at bats. I tighten up again. The pitcher winds up and throws the ball right in the spot I want. I swing as hard as I can. The ball flies deep into right field. I take off as fast as I could. I got to first base, rounded the base, and headed towards second, as the ball hits the outfield wall. I rounded second and looked to my coach who telling me to go to third. I took off as fast as I could, knowing the throw was coming. My coach is signaling me to slide. I'm almost to third, but the ball is hot on my tail. I slide in, and the third baseman catches the ball. He tries to tag me, but I get under the tag. I look to the umpire.

"SAFE!" He yells.

The crowd erupts with joy. I just hit a triple to take the lead 8-7. The next batter comes up, and he gets himself out. All we have to do now is shut them down on defense, and we win.

We go out to take the field. I take my position in center field like I always do with Max to my right and Sean to my left. AJ is pitching. He's our best pitcher. I trust my team a lot with making the right plays. The batter steps into the box, and AJ throws a strike straight down the middle. The batter swings and misses. AJ winds up to throw another pitch. He throws the same one, the batter swings, and hits it to 3rd base. Ty picks it up and throws it to first. Alex scoops it. It's very close, but the ball beats the batter by 2 feet. The umpire calls him out. We have one out, two more to go. The next batter comes up, AJ throws the ball down the middle, and the hitter hits the ball. It's a line drive to left field. Sean scoops it and gets it into 2nd. The batter stays on 1st; He's safe.

The next batter comes up to the plate. AJ's confident like always. He throws the ball down the middle of the plate. The batter looks at the ball and didn't swing because he didn't like it. AJ throws another one down the middle. The batter hits it to third base. Ty is there to make the play, but he bobbles the ball, and the batter gets to 1st. The batter who was on 1st made it to 2nd safely.

The next batter gets walked by AJ, as we want a force out at any bag. There is 1 out, bases loaded, and their best hitter comes up to the plate. Everyone is nervous. Both teams and the entire crowd.

The batter steps up to the plate. He's 6'2 and about 200 pounds. He's huge. I back up, so that he doesn't hit it over me. AJ steps on the mound looking as confident as ever he winds up and throws a ball to get the hitter thinking. AJ gets back on the mound, he winds up and throws a rocket straight down the middle of the plate. The batter makes contact and rips that ball deep. I start to run after the ball as fast as I could. I knew that the ball was far away.

All the runners take off. I'm chasing down the ball. Everyone thinks it dropping, and they will win. I make a last minute decision to dive at the ball. I gave all the effort in the world. My glove lunges out, and the ball lands in my glove. I caught it and threw it in. We then turn the double play, and the crowd erupts with joy. They rush the field. The team comes and dog piles me we have won the game and will move on.

" TEAM MINNESOTA HAS WON THE GAME! TEAM MINNESOTA HAS WON THE GAME!" The announcer yells into the speaker.

Joey Moberg

Set

Makenzie Hang



How's Life?

Can I ask you,
Is life stressful?
Life is good, who's asking?
Stop bothering me, I'm relaxing.

Is life stressful?
I love it to death but,
Stop bothering me, I'm relaxing.
Do you love life?

I love it to death but,
I face hard challenges.
Do you love life?
It's thrilling,

I face hard challenges.
Do you seek life?
It's thrilling,
How's life?

Do you seek life?
Can I ask you,
How's life?
Life is good, who's asking?

Jennica Buck



Mee Thao

Ashamed

For my people who are ashamed,
ashamed of your race, body, looks
the ones who feel insecure,
for they are broken.

For my people who entered a nation
full of disgust, segregation, and racism,
for every trace of this country
there are people who question themselves:
'Why am I different?'

For my people are like glass
gentle and perfect
but shaken and shattered.
Have I not taught you
what is yet to come?

For my people are bulletproof.
For society cannot hit our pride.

For my people who cannot see us
we are worth being noticed.
For the words lost in people's mouths
for the doors waiting to be opened:
open them and believe.

For my people I am telling you not to give up.
For I hope I am not too late,
and you feel like the flower
whose petals have been picked
after she loves me she loves me not
and you are left with a stem
with nothing.

Guitar Thao



World Impacter

Kaw Zan

A Pencil's Life

From the works of men,
And the use of trees,
A pencil is born,
To do its deeds,

It must now write,
And draw maybe,
It's very own,
Life-long story,

In each chapter,
It will learn,
That life gets hard,
As pages turn,

Although it will dull,
And might even break,
It's a lesson,
For it to take.

And as it shortens
It's life away,
It'll know to try,
Every day

To view its work,
And its mistakes,
But only so many times,
Can it erase,

And it will live,
With its regrets,
The words never written,
It never forgets.

Lue Yang



Art Supply Mohawk

Romeo Sheen

Press One

"This is a call from a correctional facility and may be monitored and recorded."

Sometimes I forget you're even gone.

Every instruction they give me makes me annoyed you even called.

"To accept this free call, press one."

Sometimes I forget you're even gone.

I forget what your voice sounds like until you start talking.

"To accept this free call, press one."

It's so nice to hear your voice again.

I forget what your voice sounds like until you start talking.

I always feel like I'm forgetting to tell you something.

It's so nice to hear your voice again.

"You have one minute remaining."

I always feel like I'm forgetting to tell you something.

"Only six more months until I get out."

"You have one minute remaining."

"Bye Mom. I love you," click.

"Only six more months until I get out."

"This is a call from a correctional facility and may be monitored or recorded."

"Bye Mom. I love you," click.

"To accept this free call press one."

Hannah Abbott



Orion Her



Lub Hnub Ci

Anabelle Vang

TV

Buzzing of the TV,
The sound overcoming the silence.
Colors burn out the darkness.
Characters so vivid
that I don't feel alone.

Hannah Abbot

Yet

Every
step is labored and still
walking
silently
step
by step.
The
air has gotten colder,
and
the night a little darker.
Every
noise climbs up my spine
and
into my mind
convincing
me something is there.
"Turn
around" it says,
but
I just labor on.
The
slightest sound of footsteps will
send me running
down
the familiar and empty street,

yet
no
amount of familiarity will
stop the streets from be-
coming vile at night
because
only ravaging carnivores
prowl the streets this time
of night
looking
to eat smaller than them,
and
tonight I feel microscopic.

Savannah Lewis



Creeping Out

Josh Herrington

Song Lyrics: "Iago"

Iago, why do you do what you do?
He deceived me and you, so tell me why you do what you do.

Verse 1:

I turned and made Othello look like a fool.
I turned one death into a few, and I made everyone into some tools.
So Why Iago? Why do I do what I do?

Iago, why do you do what you do?
He deceived me and you, so tell me why you do what you do.

Verse 2:

I hate the Moor, more and more,
fueled his hate that he kept in store.
As I filled his head with jealousy, he didn't suspect it was me.

Iago, why do you do what you do?
He deceived me and you, so tell me why you do what you do.

Drake Vang

Steven Rivera



Truth

Why can't anyone fully be truthful?

Think about it.

Someone who writes about their own life
never fully tells the truth

finding loopholes

exaggerating

making themselves seem

slightly better than they

were.

Someone who tells their

side of the story

never fully tells the truth

bending their story,

twisting their story,

doing this

and that to the story,

so they don't come off as rude or disrespectful.

People are so worried about what people think of them

That they can never truly be happy.

They lie.

They cheat.

They steal.

All so they don't have to show their true colors to the world.

Jazzmine Mwendwa



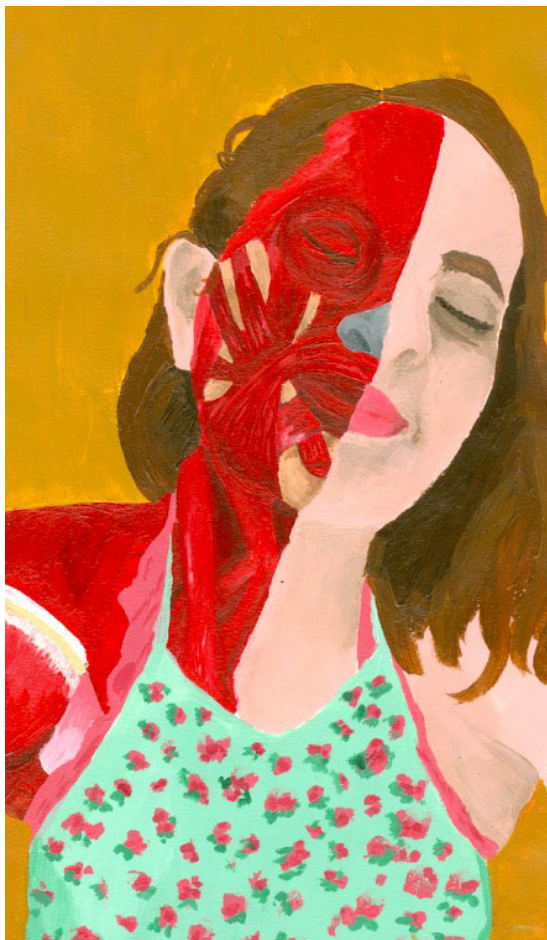
Crackle

Jasmine Flora

Books

Flipping through the thick paper to pass some time,
never fully reading, skipping through the lines,
inconsiderately tearing the pages out,
just to be placed back on the shelf, to sit and collect dust
nobody knew, hiding in there, was lust.

Jennica Buck



Two faced

Emily Schwinghammer

An Experiment

Regime dispersed viruses, to change your identity
The realism wasn't there, it was only a drug fantasy
A desire to be dazed, stuck in a frivolous mind altering way
Views are shifting, eyes are glistening
Evolved, during a dream-inducing coma
The Raven is crooning for your arrival
All of a sudden, you're not so glamorous anymore,
Your shiny white pearls, they dropped to the floor
The honeysuckle turned to a blaze,
Once crowned, it was only a phase
An angel by day, mutant by night
You yield to dance, but rise up to fight
Seeking broken language, under the dim moonlight
Silently leaving this planet, disappearing, out of sight.

Jennica Buck



Cynthia Espinoza

Boundless

Her dream disappears with the night sky as she is awakened by the happiness that overwhelms her. The overwhelming feeling remains with her for a good long while as she starts her day. She leaves the warmth of her bed and follows with her morning routine. She locks the door behind her, leaving to a nearby cafe. The thick scent of coffee fills her with delight as she walks up to the counter, placing her order, and waits for her coffee to be completed. She reminisces about her pleasant dream as she waits. A man with dewy porcelain skin laid his head atop of her lap, resting. There in a park she sat with her fingers tracing his jawline as he suddenly opened his eyes. He smiled at her and reached a hand up to play with loose strands of her hair. When he opened his mouth to speak, she woke up. She rests her head on her prompted up arm and caresses the warm cup of coffee as she imagines what he could've said.

"You're coffee's getting cold," a man said as he stood across from her. "Mind if I sit here?"

"Not at all."

She looked up to see the man. Her heartbeat quickens as she took in his looks. He was the man from her dreams.

"What is it? It's as if you've just seen a ghost." The man tilts his head. She still sits there, staring at him, trying to remember if she had even woken up.

"Sorry if I made you uncomfortable. My name is Christian, Christian Park," the man introduces himself. She breaks out of her trance and shakes his outstretched hand. She replies, telling the man her name. They sit there, sharing stories of their pasts with each other.

Suddenly, she finds herself in a dark room. The only source of light came from what looked like two small circular windows. Blocking the bright light from her eyes, she walks towards it and reaches her hand into the light. The window loudly slams shut and plunges her into complete darkness. The sound still echoing in the vast space around her. She carefully walks

around the room, trying to find where she is and possible light sources. She reaches a wall and follows it, searching for a switch. Her hand feels a button and she doesn't hesitate to press it, regardless of what it would do. The button opens the ceiling of the room, revealing a beautiful night sky with bright stars across it endlessly.

"You're caught in a lie," an echoed voice whispers. She quickly turns around to search for the source of the voice. Her attention, now directs towards a mirror illuminated by the moon, falls upon the scene in front of her. There on the opposite side stood the man from her dreams. Red swollen eyes present on his face. He places his hand on the mirror gently. She does the same, hoping to feel the warmth of his hands again. The man lowers his head as tears fall from his eyes. The man balls his hand into fists and lifts it into the air. His fists lands on the mirror. In the blink of an eye, the glass shatters into millions of pieces, spreading all over the floor. The woman falls onto her knees. The woman watches as the man now sits across an older man, who seems like a detective, typing away on his laptop. A dim light above them reveals the seemingly endlessness of the dark room.

"Name?" The detective asks.

"Christian Park," the man replies.

"Birthday?" The detective asks again.

"October 13, 1990," the man quietly replies.

"Mr. Park," the detective repeats. "Do you know why you're here?"

The sullen man did not answer the detective. Instead the man lowered his head.

"You are here on the suspicion of murdering your wife."

"I would never!" The man stands up but suddenly winces as the cuffs on his hands did not let him stand any further. The man slowly sits back down.

"I would never," the man says in a softer tone. "I loved her... and I still do."

"Are you aware of anyone else who would want to harm her?" The detective continued to type.

"Are you aware of anyone else who would want to harm her?" The detective continued to type.

"No," said the man.

"Think hard Mr. Park. Your wife was not run over multiple times in an accident. This is premeditated murder we are talking about," the detective waits for the other's response. Silence filled the room as the man hesitates to speak.

"Th-there is one person," the man stuttered.

"And whom may that be?" The man brings his cuffed hands onto the top of the table.

"There was a w-woman... who I had an a-affair with. Her name was Emily," the man confesses. "After I came clean to my wife about it. She forgave me. I was so grateful that I had such a loving wife. I hated myself for causing her so much pain. When I went to go break it off with Em, she became angry. She didn't like my wife and I found out that she was trying to sabotage my marriage. Em she... she said I would regret everything and most importantly, breaking off our relationship. I left that day and found my wife dead two days later in our own home," the man sheds tears as his side of the story comes to an end. The detective hands the man a tissue.

"Were you also aware of your wife's situation?" The detective asked.

"What do you mean?" The detective hesitates as he debates about whether to tell the man or not.

"Well... your wife, Mr. Park. Your wife was pregnant," the detective said.

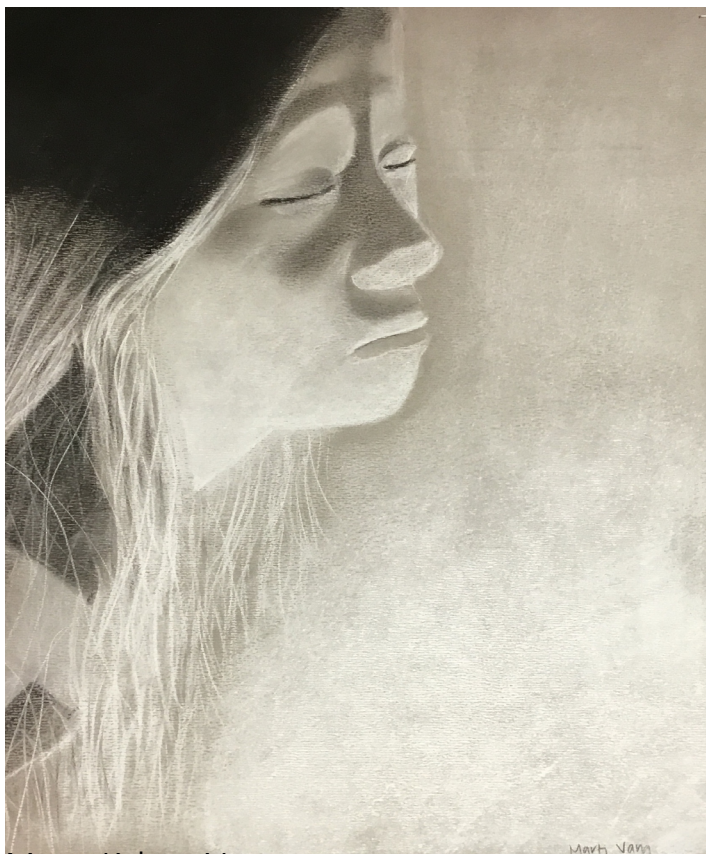
"W-what?" The man's heart drops.

"Your wife was pregnant. She was about four to five weeks along," the detective rests his hand on the keyboard of the laptop. After taking in all of the information, tears fell endlessly from the man. The woman drops to the floor as the scene of the man and the detective disappear with the dim light above them.

"I'm sorry. I love you. Please believe me now like you did." Glass enters the palms and knees of the woman but she did not wince, for there was a greater pain to be dealt with. A

pain she does not know why it's there and a pain for someone who she can't remember promising to spend her life with. A cold hand gently picks her up from the floor. She looks up at the person who helped her up but could only see the halo radiating off of the other. Their wings wrapped around her in an embrace.
"You've suffered enough. It's time for you to come with me... Mrs. Park."

Diana Yang



Marty Kabou Vang

When A Good Man Goes To War

Nothing will ever be as it was before.
Kings will crawl, kingdoms will fall.
Demons run when a good man goes to war.

The mightiest ships run themselves ashore.
Children will scream; mothers will call,
"nothing will be as it was before."

For when he comes to settle the score,
soldiers stall, and Captain hides behind his wall,
Demons cry when a good man goes to war.

The land reeks of blood, sweat, and petrichor.
The final words of the dead: an illegible scrawl,
nothing will ever be as it was before.

Paupers to princess, queen turned to whore,
Monsters scamper and whine, not maul,
Demons cower when a good man goes to war.
They will all withdraw: the beasts of your love:
Grown men hiding at the threat of nightfall.
Demons run when a good man goes to war.
Demons run when a good man is good no more.

Anonymous



Tshajlij Fang

Silence

Hell is not an inferno. It's not
A magnificent pyre,
Nor is it rife with devils
Who cackle higher and higher.

There are no howls and shrieks of the damned,
No dancing imps who play with fire,
Nor are there blackened stones
To be cast upon the liars.

The dead do not writhe in fear of the flames
across a red and scorching wasteland.
The scent of brimstone does not hang in the air,
nor are there putrid smokestacks grand.

No, Hell is silent and sterile, and brooding.
it lies beneath a starless sky, devoid of any moon,
and the smell of hospital rubbing alcohol overpowers the
senses.
There's a dread you can't shake, stuck in your head like a
sinister tune.

Throughout every street there's a permeating fog.
It muffles and deadens any hope of tranquil thought.
Stray silhouettes stumble along their voices mute and faces
obscured.
They lurch through the dark like lost children who've not yet
learned to walk.

On every corner a head carved in glass.
small and cruel and watching every figure every face
Alert and cold and merciless.
For hope that has yet to be drowned they scan.

Residents shamble along as through a dream filled with mo-

lasses from which they will never
awake.

People stare as they pass each other, never meeting eyes.
No mem'ry of who they were only flashes stitched together
numbly shuddering never feeling or asking why.

Samuel Osborne



Burnt

Kaia DeCamp

Anaphora with the Word Bellicose: an Exercise

In the brick shadows were hidden bellicose plans. In the silent crooked cracks was a torrent of rage and forgotten tragedies. In the ashey attics of their fragile minds was vengeance burning in the night.

Jecolia Thao

Anaphora with the Word Disingenuous: an Exercise

They were disingenuous orphans, hiding the irate embers burning in their innocent demeanor. They were preparing for something bigger. They were preparing for the day those embers would burn as red as the blood of their parents.

Jecolia Thao

Ao-Dai

VY Hoang



A Whisper

A Whisper back
when the name
of things: fight,
quick, bite, height --
Back when
the earth was new
and heaven might perceive
no people
only flowers

Treyvon Molette



Still-life

Chelsea Her

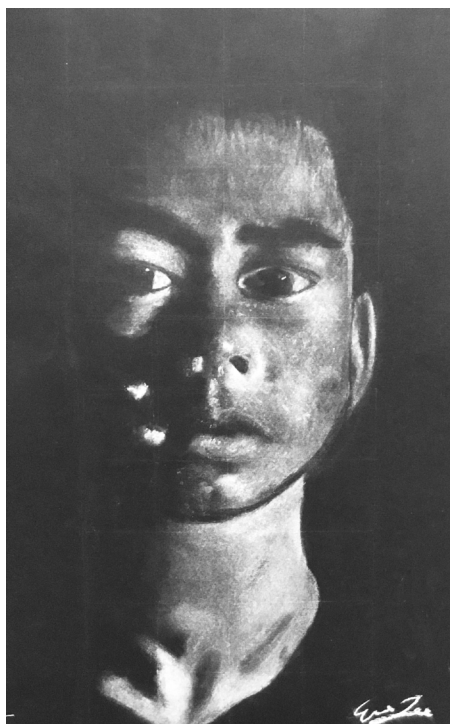
Emmett Till Sleeps

The smell of dead, rotting flesh
but no ordinary flesh,
the flesh of a fourteen year old.
What did he do to deserve this?
This? This gruesome act.
The act of hatred.
Hatred which still lives.
This pile of broken bones and
mangled features, features
features of a fourteen year old boy
a boy.
One who was innocent and full of
life, life like we share
just like how we share feelings
feelings
feelings of hatred, embarrassment, anger,
what makes us human
Connected through hatred.

Keegan Warsito

Nick

Eve Lee



A House In the South

Inspired by *Between the World and Me* by Ta-Nehisi Coates

Here in the South
there is a little house
where I was born
with thunderstorms.

Inside this house,
hangs mama's favorite blouse
and papa's dearest hat
colors white and black.

Rainbows never hover
as we eat our supper
with peppers.

Outside this house,
green beans water our mouths
as red, orange, and yellow lilies
attract the buzzing honeybees.

Here in the South,
There is a little house
Where there is a color line
That makes everyone blind.

There is a silent language
full of invisible threats
and hate stares
that make us fret.

It forces discrimination
against us
against ourselves
against our hope.

This little house
Is where melancholy
grasps the raw heart,
chops it apart,
leaves wounded marks.

It's swallowed with sorrow,
Makes us dread tomorrow.
We don't dare look up
because it's just too much.

But our little house
Is where we find consolation
From the dark dark world
That shakes with so much distress
And suffocates with its ugliness.

Our little house
is where we are one,
our safe place,
where we are embraced,
and where we can escape.

Mai See Yang



Paige Cha

Finally

The wind caresses and stings
As a weary man stares at the sea
With the tired gaze that old age brings
Neither pondering the past nor asking what will be

As the weary man stares at the sea
Below him the sea-foam softly churns
Neither pondering the past nor asking what will be
As grey behemoths in the sky twist and turn.

Below him the sea-foam softly churns
As the fellow stays silent there comes a tear from his eye
As grey behemoths in the sky twist and turn
The man takes a seat and watches the years slip by

As the fellow stays silent there comes a tear from his eye
Down his rough cheeks and through his unkempt beard
The man sits like stone and watches the years slip by
Passing over all the things he'd feared

As the weary man stares at the sea
He looks past the gulls and to a lonely isle
Neither pondering the past nor asking what will be
He rests on the cliff and just is for awhile

Samuel Osborne



Koua Vang

Reflections

Words from our past

The Gleam was a monthly magazine published at Johnson High School from 1914 to 1924.

A Wish

I'd like to be a golden fish
And swim clear waters through
Within a dainty glass dish
Just big enough for two.

White pebbles and some green seaweed
Within our lovely home
Would make it fairyland indeed
For lovers true to roam.

In such a quiet, peaceful spot
How pleasant life would be!
True happiness would be my lot
To be alone with thee.

Frank Canine
The Gleam, December 1923

Take Heart

When you're tired of life and its burdens,
And you're sick of the strife and the din,
You have the hardest task before you—
To face your test and to grin!

You're weary of all the hardships,
And your spirit is ebbing fast;
If you haven't the grit and the tenacity,
You will merely stand by aghast!

The thing you need is wanting;
Without it you haven't a chance.
Your greatest lack is courage;
You can't face trouble's glance.

Then if you're to win the struggle,
And you're not to quaver and quail
Stand up to your troubles and face them!
If you trust in yourself, you can't fail.

Elmer Noreen

The Gleam December 1921

Human Nature

How we did hate the nasty wine
And loathed the beer and whisky.
Now when were offered but one glass,
We feel so glad and frisky!

We call upon the doctor wise
To write for us prescriptions.
We'd gladly pay 'most any price
To cure ills or all description.

And yet we wanted prohibition,
We demanded strictest rules;
But now that they are in effect,
We kick like forty mules.

Kenneth Spates
The Gleam May 1921



1/18/19

Anastasia Vana

