

NO. 12

FALL ISSUE



No. 12 | Fall Issue

**THE WILDCAT
REVIEW**

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ABOUT THE PUBLICATION

The Wildcat Review is a student-run literary magazine that publishes creative writing, art, and photography by Los Gatos High School students and staff. By serving as a platform for members of the LGHS community to express their creativity, *The Wildcat Review* aims to spur the LGHS community to create more, share more, and reveal the uniqueness in them that sometimes only the creative arts can express.

The Wildcat Review aims to publish new issues twice a year: once in the fall semester and once in the spring semester. Students may submit their work online via a Google Form. Submissions are open to the entire student body and staff.

The Editorial Board reviews submissions and provides constructive feedback during weekly meetings, as well as through an online asynchronous editing process. Editors are allowed to submit their own work for others to review.

Once published, physical copies of *The Wildcat Review* issues are available at the Los Gatos Public Library, LGHS Library, and classrooms around LGHS for people to read for free. Digital copies are also available on the school website. Copies are also available for individual purchase.

Visit our website www.wildcatreviewmag.com to learn more about our publication, submit your own creative work for review, and find opportunities to support us.

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THE DREAMTEENS

Anonymous | Freshman

I hate calculus, Aaron thought as he slogged through a worksheet. He was stuck on a difficult problem, so he looked out the window. He could see the dance team practicing outside the pool gate where P.E. students splashed around haplessly. The team was doing some sort of complex routine. At the end, they all fell to the floor. It didn't seem that cool or artsy to Aaron, especially considering how they all fell in different directions. But he wasn't exactly a dance connoisseur.

Suddenly, he heard thumps around him. He looked up and saw that every student's head had fallen on their desks. A few had toppled onto the ground.

"Funny joke, guys." Mr. Jacobs said, looking exasperated. "Keep working on your tests." No one moved. Aaron got up and poked his best friend on the forehead. "Get up, Romin." Romin didn't move. He looked back out the window, past the huddled heaps of dance students, at—the *P.E. students*.

Aaron sprinted past his shocked teacher, out of the classroom, down the stairs, past the dance teacher nursing a girl bleeding from her temple (*Julia*, Aaron thought miserably; he knew her), through the gate onto the pool deck, into the water bobbing with bodies. *Too many, too late*.

He was one of those few who escaped the slumber narrowly, just a little past the period of development that had doomed everyone else in his age group. His parents had been beyond relieved that one of their children had survived.

People assumed he'd be relieved that he survived. But being the only person at your high-school graduation left an emptiness in the pit of your stomach that no condolences could heal, and certainly not constant reminders that you were lucky.

So, as soon as Aaron graduated, he came to work for the Youth Slumber Corporation, in the facility holding his old classmates. Where else to spend the rest of his life but where he was supposed to be? His job used to be difficult, coordinating the dozens of visitors that poured

in daily to visit their children. Until the number of people trickled down. Now he spent most of his time persuading the government for *more* – more spare machinery in case of damage and disrepair, more staff so the patients could be cared for better, more attempts to find a cure, more mourning and remembrance.

He heard the click of shoes walking into the room—the first visitors that month.

In Washington D.C., President Lisa Choi was holding a thick packet of paper, glaring white with bold print stretching across it, detailing a plan she hadn't thought would happen. She couldn't believe the idea had reached so far in the government, that no parent of a youth victim had forced the idea back as they had for so long. "Petition to Terminate the Life Support of the Adolescents in the YSF Facilities," the packet read.

It wasn't an unreasonable idea in theory. The government simply couldn't maintain so much life support without the consequences of accelerating climate change and screwing the earth even more than it was already screwed.

The president picked up the little clay dog on her desk. It was misshapen, one ear missing, and the eyes crudely placed on with a sharp toothpick. *How could I kill him? How could I kill them all?*

"No," she said out loud. Not to the proposal, but to the hopeful voice in her head. The children weren't going to miraculously wake up. It was impossible.

"This is the right choice," she told herself. "No matter how much it hurts. No matter how much it kills you." Charlie's face flashed through her mind one last time. She wouldn't be able to think of him without guilt from this day forward.

She lowered her pen towards the paper.

Just then, her vice president burst into the room, half of the cup of coffee he loosely held spilling over his suit jacket, and more dripping onto the expensive rug beneath his feet.

"The Dreamteens," he gasped.

Lisa frowned. "If you're here to argue with me about signing the bill, I—"

"A Dreamteen has woken up."

Raine had been doodling on her math notebook when she fell asleep. She remembered hearing people fall before her, remembered catching her geometry teacher's shocked eyes, remembered her head hitting the wall next to her. She remembered her eyes fluttering shut.

And then her eyes opened. She was back in her geometry classroom. *Was I so tired that I fell asleep?* she wondered, rubbing her eyes. *Where is everyone? Is school over? Did Mr. Santos seriously not wake me up?* Everyone's backpacks and notebooks lay abandoned on and beside rows of desks.

Raine put her stuff in her backpack and got up uncertainly, slinging her bag over her shoulder. She stepped outside and listened. Even when everyone was in class, middle school was never silent. There was always some noise. At least some birds. A class yelling about something or another. But the school was dead silent. *How odd.*

She walked down the hall, then towards the Quad. No students walking to the office or the bathroom. No squeaks and shrieks coming from the band classroom. She stuck her head inside a sixth-grade science classroom, and it was as empty as hers, bags abandoned beside desks.

I must be dreaming, Raine realized. *Cool. I've never had a dream where I realized I was dreaming.* Raine glanced at the sky. *I wonder...* she stuck one fist in the air and thought really hard about flying. Nothing happened. *Worth a try.*

With nothing better to do, Raine decided to go home. She could have stolen a car and driven, but she decided it would be pretty dumb to die in a dream. Instead, she stole her friend's bike.

The next morning, Raine was still in the dream world. *Pretty long dream*, she thought. *But I guess time passes differently in dreams.* It wasn't like it was a bad dream. Just kind of boring. This mindset continued for a week, after two days of which Raine started biking back to school to read books in the library and play instruments in the band room. *Who would have thought I'd voluntarily go to school?*

After the week had passed, Raine realized that something was up. *I must be in a coma in the real world.* Raine started counting the days. She walked around downtown, stole food that somehow stayed fresh from whatever shops she wanted, wrote poetry sitting in the park, swam in the lake that had rules against swimming, spent an entire day curled up in bed.

As much as it guilted her, Raine didn't miss the real world that much, not yet at least. She missed her family and friends, of course. And it was boring to be alone all the time. But it was also nice to be able to never worry what people thought of you.

Raine had begun to think that she would never wake up when everything started to go fuzzy. Suddenly, a stabbing light hit her eyes. She could hear ringing in her ears - or was it screaming? Then the world came into focus, and she could see her parents' faces loomed over her.

"Raine's awake!" they screamed. "Raine's awake!" Her mom threw her arms around her shoulders. Her dad sobbed. Raine felt tears filling her eyes as she hugged her parents. She could hear footsteps pounding up the hall.

"I'm awake," she whispered, her voice rough from months of disuse. She had forgotten how it felt.

The Dreamteens were waking up. Aaron watched as teenagers milled around the room, waiting for their parents to arrive. Most parents had arrived in a blink, quick with tears and proclamations of how much they had missed their children. *Like you visited them.*

But some kids were still here. Some kids hadn't woken up. Scientists said these leftover kids were most likely not going to wake up and instead reach brain death. Among them was Charlie Choi, the son of the president. She hadn't issued a statement about his impending death. Yet.

And some kids didn't have parents. Of course, some kids were orphans before their comas. But there were also kids whose parents died while they slept. There were some kids whose parents killed themselves.

Romin, his old friend from high school, came over. He was legally an adult now and looked supremely tired and stressed. "Aaron... uh, do you remember me!"

Aaron forced a smile, something that had become harder after the comas. "Of course I do. What do you need?"

"Remember my old girlfriend, Julia? Do you know what facility she's at?"

Aaron gritted his teeth, forcing back the truth. "I'm not sure, Romin."

Raine had her hospital checkup, and she was formally released from the medical system, after an interview with a vaguely pushy CNN reporter. And now she was going home, *real* home. She could see her dog again. And her friends from school, many of whom must have woken up by then.

Her dad was driving. Her mom was fast asleep, overwhelmed by the day's events. Raine had gotten to choose the music. The comfortable tunes were more bitter now. No new music had come out during her coma, and she'd heard every song way too many times. *I should probably listen to the new stuff that came out while I was asleep. I bet Taylor released another album!*

"By the way, Dad," Raine said. Her dad turned the music volume down. "I was counting the days while I was in the coma. It was three months, right? I asked a nurse but she wouldn't tell me." Her dad didn't turn around. "Dad?" She leaned around the back of his seat and saw his knuckles were clenched around the wheel, stained white and red from the pressure.

He pulled over into a parking lot beside 7-11. They were near the house since Raine could recognize the road, though Raine hadn't remembered this 7-11 being there. Weird. Her dad turned around, and the look in his eyes confused Raine. He took a deep breath, opened his mouth, paused, and then closed it, looking at her with that odd look.

"What is it, Dad?"

"Raine... It's been four and a half years."

One second.

Two seconds.

Raine squeezed her eyes shut, wishing she was still dreaming.

Wishing she could fall asleep.

ARTIST STATEMENT:

This story is based off a dream I had. I added a lot of new scenes to it, and I removed a few scenes in the dream that felt too personal, but I tried to capture the feeling of hopelessness and despair that the dream gave me. The concept of it is "a reality so terrifying that one wishes they could stay asleep". The feeling of peacefulness and satisfaction we have while sleeping can't be replicated when awake, and I can't imagine how hard it would be to let that go after so much time.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ari Goldberg | Sophomore



WILLOW THE CAT

ARTIST STATEMENT: I took this picture a while ago, but it still remains one of my favorites I've taken ever! This photo is of my beloved cat, Willow, whom I've had since I was 11. She means so much to me, so this photograph is really special to me.





RADIANT FIELD
Mark Tostado | Junior

ART

Luca Wade | Senior



CONFESSION

ARTIST STATEMENT: This painting is a play on the idea of “sinning”. Many queer people, myself included, feel a sort of guilt for being the way that they are. I wanted to portray this using a common object, hence the Christian confessional. I don’t believe anyone should be ashamed of themselves.

SHOES

Cleoko Chan | Freshman

Some believe the eyes are the windows to the soul. While that may be true, there are also shoes. Shoes tell stories. Perhaps they're so worn out, the soles are falling off and there are large holes, perhaps they've walked miles through forests and mountains and cliffsides, hiked with their owners through houses and schools. They could have sat in the closet for years, pulled out only for the occasional party or fancy event. They could have high heels, sparkles, worn out laces, bright neon accents, smudges of mud, or crisp clean white leather. Perhaps they're combat boots, trainers, high heels, or sandals. Maybe they look brand new, with not a speck of dirt, but maybe they've been sitting in the display case for a month. Maybe they are a little boy's velcro strapped sneakers, having seen little more than black asphalt and tanbark. Maybe they are a child's first ever pair of shoes, kept on the shelf next to baby pictures. Maybe they are someone's last ever pair of shoes, a sentimental comfort as they are laid to rest surrounded by lilies, daffodils, orchids. But all shoes tell a story.

HERE BE DRAGONS

Anonymous | Freshman

High on misty mountain peaks
Deep in stony caves
Hidden in deadly jungles
And under ocean waves

Talons sharp as iron swords
Scales as hard as rock
Demons of the land and sky
Cause earthquakes when they walk

“Here be dragons,” the old man said
“Fear them,” said the dame
If you seek to hunt one down
Go back from whence you came
Fear their teeth and claws and flame
Teeth and claws and flame

The foolish one picked up her sword
And shined her armor bright
She rode her steed towards her greed
All through the velvet night

The fool believed in wealth and fame
But little did she know
The treasures that awaited her
Were nothing more than woe

“Here be dragons,” the old man said
“Fear them,” said the dame
If you seek to hunt one down,
Go back from whence you came
There is nothing you will gain
Nothing you will gain

The talons fell like shooting stars
Down from the darkened sky
Grabbed the fool in a wretched grip
And no one heard her cries

The horse returned to a village that night
And just as the fool had been warned
There was no one to cry her name
And not one person mourned

“Here be dragons,” the old man said
“Fear them,” said the dame
If you seek to hunt one down,
Go back from whence you came
Each immortal hero dies the same
Each hero dies the same

And when people wandered past they saw
A sign was placed at that spot
The sign was stained, but not with tears
And three grim words it said

“Here be dragons.”

PHOTOGRAPHY

Naitik Gupta | Sophomore



RED PATHWAY



THE CENTER LIGHTHOUSE

ARTIST STATEMENT: The Center Lighthouse and Red Pathway were both shot on an iPhone. Each picture depicts a different emotion.

ART

Emily Smith | Freshman



AND THERE'S SO MUCH LEFT TO SAY

ARTIST STATEMENT: When I was younger, I would watch the deer at my grandma's house eat the lilies outside of her window. The deer moves forward, looking back just for a moment. The title is from the first lyric of beabadoobee's song, "the way things go."

OUR LIVING ROOM

Jack Thomson | Freshman

There is a white couch in the corner with cushions littered all over it and hanging off its side. TV remote controls are jammed between two big couch cushions creating wrinkles across the white flannel. A blanket lies unfolded with its white cotton side up on the ground. Next to it is an open board game called Rummikub with small beige numbered tiles scattered around on the carpet, partially hidden under the colorful plaid leg rest. The light from an overhanging lamp throws its shadow across the couch. Its lampshade is tilted at a precarious angle. A foam roller provides a brilliant tripping hazard as it lays across the edge of the carpet. Next to it is a Bosu ball, a rubber half dome and a perfect obstacle to break a toe while walking into it. Several wrinkled, musty science books are spread across the wood floor next to a science homework worksheet and a shiny reflective pink glitter binder. A side table has multiple faded books with torn covers on its lower shelf. There is a sweaty black baseball cap upside down on the top shelf of the side table right next to a stack of old but never read architecture magazines. In the center of the living room, a young girl's running shoes are flung across the floor. A slightly stinky smell resonates from the black Asics sneakers. In the corner are tightly stacked pillows that are trying to be out of sight yet are still easily noticeable until they go back out for summer time. On the mantle over the fireplace, overseeing the catastrophe in this room, is a clutter of photo memorabilia from the family's adventures protecting what the family calls home. As messy as the room is, it is still the place of rest when the day is over and where the most treasured family memories are made.

ARTIST STATEMENT:

The living room is always a special place to any family and this is a description of our living room when a long day is over.

ART

Jaz Charnaw | Junior



LOS GATOS POOL

ARTIST STATEMENT: I play waterpolo, and the pool is my home for two hours a day. I used watercolor to really show the great colors in the pool.

ANGEL

Matilda Luton | Junior

I hate lovesickness
I can't get you out of my head
English tastes like choked back tears now
You make me feel sick to my stomach
With the knowledge that I can't have you
I can't keep you this close I fear I might burst
I feel like my heart will beat out of my chest
I want to tear it out
Your compassion rots me
Consumes me like a parasite
But I love you too much to cut you out of me
I know I can't stay like this
I do
I'm paranoid
Like a wanted man looking for the worst in everyone
I look for the best of you
Goading myself into believing that you could like me back
I wish I met that song before I met you
I can't listen to it without thinking of you, my dear
Like a sinner chasing after god's light I follow you
Eaten away by what I can't have

— *Angel*

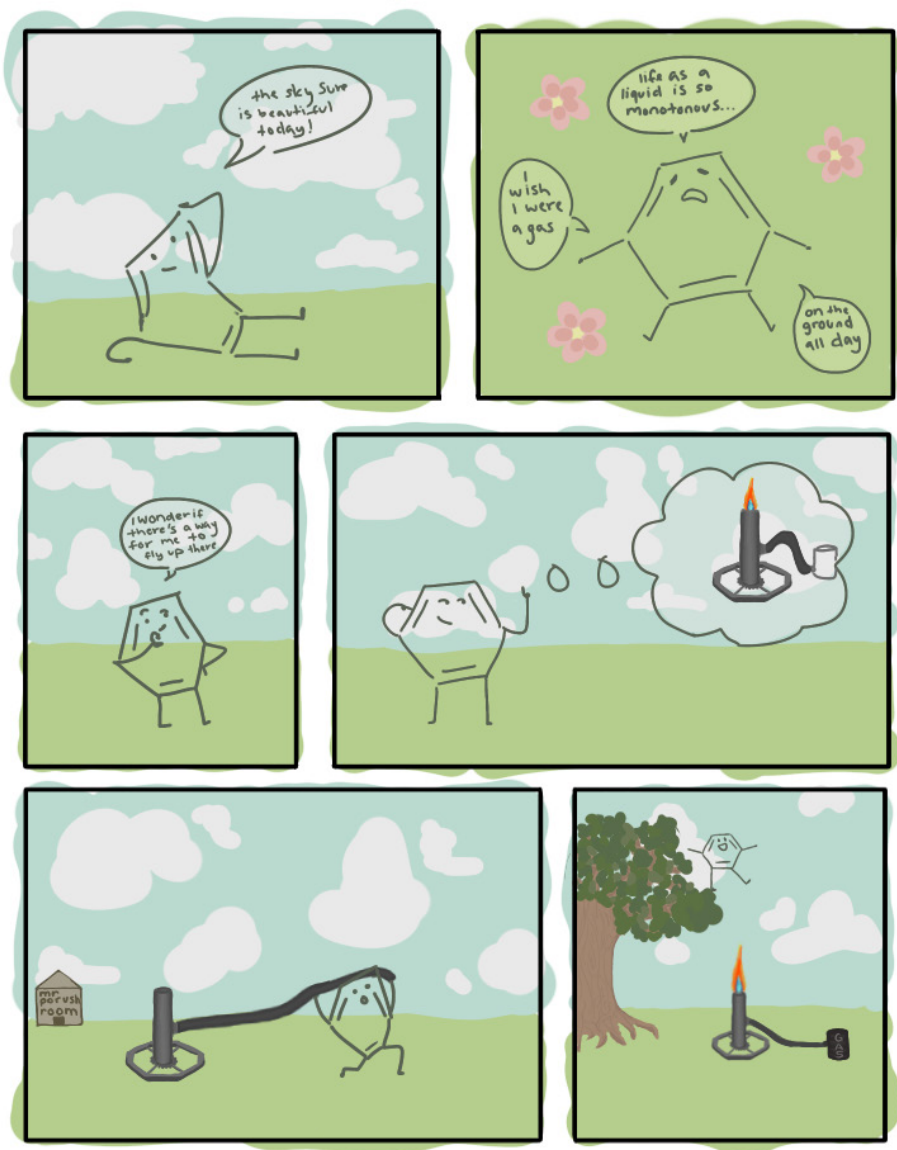
ARTIST STATEMENT:

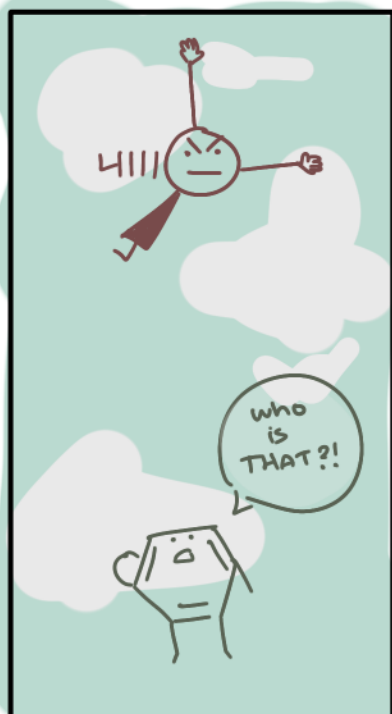
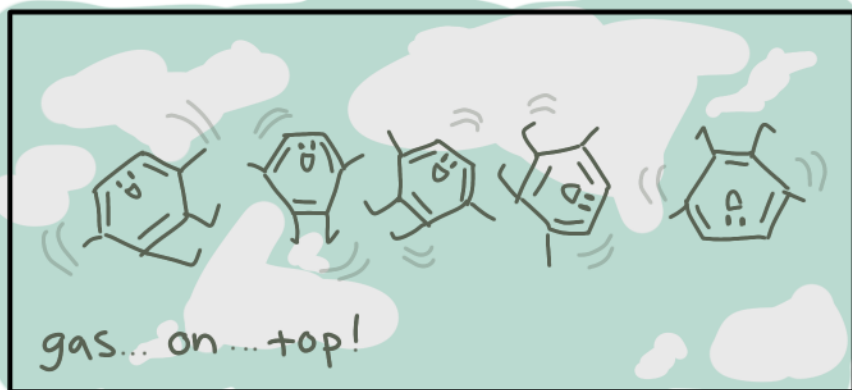
Wrote this for a crush on the way home. I like the idea that love or things that we associate positively with love can be corrupted or reworked to be negative. I like the idea of how love taken too far becomes violence and the fine line you can walk between the two.

CREATIVE WRITING - COMIC

Cassie Wei | Junior

Benzene Boy & Methane Man





BURNING IN MONEY

Alice Girard | Freshman

Flames devour everything I've ever known.
They eat anything I have ever had.
And yet they call me lucky for having money.

And what about that blanket my grandmother made?
And what about those photos that hold anything I had of my father?
And what of every individual detail I chose about that home?

At least you had time to prepare.
All I could do was run, run far away.
And yet you call me lucky?

They won't care about my sufferings.
And they shouldn't, they should help those who really need it.
I have the money to fix them, is what they say.

I don't have the money to buy back my memories.
I don't have the money to buy back my past.
I don't have the money to buy back your suffering, either.

So, yes, I am fine because I have money.
And yes, I will dedicate it to your cause because it matters more.
I will reminisce quietly so you can have your much needed support.

ARTIST STATEMENT:

This poem is inspired by wealthier victims of the L.A. fires. It serves as a reminder that everyone has lost something and does grieve. The criticism of the media while these people make their losses apparent does not make this situation any easier. It centers around the guilt that some may have and the expectation to lend a hand even if they have also lost something dear to them.

BREAKING THE CYCLE

Arjun Bhanot | Freshman

It whispers first, then shouts aloud,
A shadow cast by every crowd.
It turns a glance into a sneer,
And feeds on ignorance, doubt, and fear.

It draws a line where none should be,
Between you and them, between us and we.
It blinds the heart, it chains the soul,
And takes a toll we can't control.

Yet prejudice is learned, not fate,
A wall we build but can uncreate.
With open minds and hands held tight,
We can reclaim what's lost to spite.

So speak with love, and act with care;
Break the cycle if you dare.
For every person deserves to see
A world of hope and equity.

ART

Connor Hines | Senior



LOST IN THE LIGHT

ARTIST STATEMENT: (30" x 44" drawing using vine and compressed charcoal)

I was inspired to create this piece after learning about Fairy Penguins' sensitivity to light, which my family and I saw last winter in Australia. I chose to portray this through the addition of sunglasses, a sleeping mask, and a fin over an eye, all things humans do to protect their eyes from light. I used these items to comically illustrate a couple of serious environmental issues: human impact and light pollution. Humans have reduced their habitat and created light pollution, which can lead the penguins off course from home. By making the image seem at first like a comedy, I hope to make people laugh and draw in the viewer to have compassion for these foot-tall Little Penguins.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Connor Hines | Senior



SYDNEY





PARTI

CRYING FOR TENNESSEE

Tonya McQuade | Staff

Crying for Tennessee,
Especially for Greene County –
A place I've never been
But which was the birthplace
Of James Calaway Hale,
With whom I have spent
So much time
These past couple years;
My great-great-great grandfather
Whose Civil War letters
Sent me on an amazing journey
Researching and writing his story,
his family's story.

Crying for Washington County,
Birthplace of his wife Elizabeth,
Where her own great grandfather –
My 6th great-grandfather –
Was buried in 1807;
My roots run deep in this
Section of Northeastern Tennessee,
An area now suffering
Under historic floods
Brought on by the raging
Hurricane Helene,
Leaving unmitigated catastrophe
In her wake.

Videos keep popping up –
Devastating surges
Pouring through homes,
Raging rivers taking over
Normally quiet streets,

Dumping vehicles into rivers,
Bridges being wiped out,
Careening downstream –
Terrifying scenes of families
Driven from their homes,
Praying for deliverance,

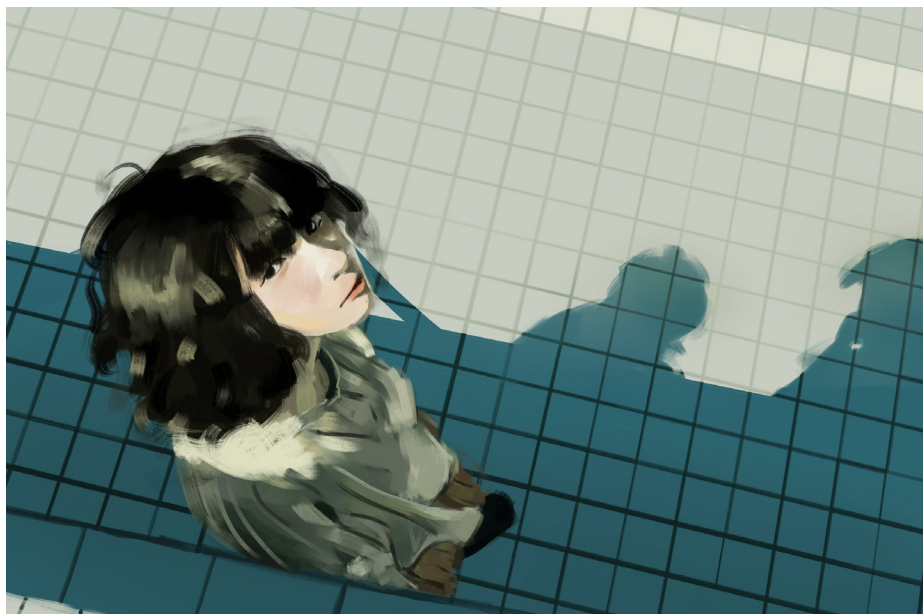
Watching lives washed away.
I watch the tragedy unfold
From the peaceful comfort
Of a quiet room on a sunny day,
But I can't help but wonder
What distant relatives I might have,
In these ancestral homelands,
Struggling to survive the day,
Suffering this moment
As they face the challenge
Of this "historic storm,"
The likes of which seems to be
Becoming all too common
In this climate-changing world.

ARTIST STATEMENT:

This piece was inspired by watching the news and too many videos of flood damage and people losing their homes and loved ones. I felt especially connected to the news about Greene County, Tennessee, since that is where my distant ancestors came from.

ART

David Wang | Senior



GIRL 32

ARTIST STATEMENT: My 32nd digital portrait study



RAIJIN

ARTIST STATEMENT: Folded from a 70cm x 70cm square, no cuts. Based on the Japanese god of lightning. The floating things behind him represent taiko drums that create the sound of thunder.

ART

Leo Dai | Senior



THE EYE

ARTIST STATEMENT: This was a fairly long piece, taking about 12 hours in total. After a long time without working with color, I wanted to transfer my newfound skills in sketching to full color compositions. I chose to pursue photorealism to really test my skills, but I just couldn't resist stylizing the colors on the eye and beak. The choice of character represents the cold beauty of life. The titular eye, soaked in color and dimension, yet emotionless, represents life's cold duality. The piercing gaze of the owl is singularly focused on dealing death. The owl's hooked blue beak juts out from the warm plumage, hinting at the true nature of the beast emerging from its feathery visage.

A NONVERBAL VOICE

Miles Singh

Tonight, there is a cobweb in the back of my throat
The television blares and my lungs won't budge
Tonight, papers scatter my floor
My heart is heavy and spiders roam my head
Tonight, my stomach sinks and I fear I may drown
But I cannot let them instill their eggs

Tonight, I take a breath and put on my coat
I hug my mom for I know she won't judge
Tonight, from my pen the ink shall pour
If we assemble the paper thick enough, they cannot shred
Tonight, I will take my food and I will scarf it down
I am still alive and on my own two legs

Tonight, I hold those I love close
I will give them a kiss and a rose

Tonight, my pen will speak for what I cannot

I do not know what tomorrow will bring,
but I know what I will say

ARTIST STATEMENT:

Although we do not have full control over politics, we shouldn't lose hope. We should continue to fight for what is right. It is important not to lose hope. Surrounding yourself with community and love is important.

HOLDING HOPE

Sierra Hood | Freshman

Hold my hand while I tell you I am dying
Flinching from the touch,
I'm sorry, I believe to be a star I need to burn.
You don't know how much the metaphor means to me.

Look me in the eyes while I say I'm abandoning you.
Tears bleed through the charcoal,
Instead of burning myself in my name,
I put it away in yours.

Hold my soul between your fingers so I won't collapse.
Let parts of her drip out from my sorrow
and feel the dying energy wilt as it falls.

Look at my scars and tell me I am safe.
Creases in paper swans,
tell me I am no pawn.
Watch me remove the sheath of my shelter
and trust you with my sadness.
Let me believe I am still who I was
even if she has been slaughtered at the grave of the knife.

Hold my hope like she is dying, too.
Because without the faith of a good tomorrow,
there won't be a tomorrow.
Believe in me. Believe in her. Believe in the soul that wishes it were soil.
Believe in the hope you hold in me.

ARTIST STATEMENT:

I write for you, the reader or the writer. I write so my thoughts can be put on paper; I write for the page. I write for the children of a god they don't believe in. I write for the assaulters. I write for both the survivors and the victims. I write for the women killed in the name of feminism and sexism. I write for the big-hearted; the full-lunged. I write for those who showed me art and I write for those who showed me how to put it on paper. I write for me. I write for the voice it will create.

TRAGEDY IN SALVATION

Sierra Hood | Freshman

I have been told my voice is a gift,
one people wished they had,
one I was told I was born with.
But I did not come out of the womb yelling and angry;
in fact, I did not even cry.
I was raised in a house of silence and symmetry,
a home where you are taught that to scream is to shatter.
And I refuse to be held by the belief my own blood could turn my
words against me.
I have fought through wrath and woes,
I have lived through conclusions and cessations;
Cut by the closure is a truth hard to swallow.
A verdict against yourself in a courtroom built for you,
I was told a massacre will strike if I protest for my name.
I wish my statements were out of love,
but Serenity leaves the room when I walk in.
Hope beats me to the ground
and I refuse to yell in fear of solitude becoming suffering.
Tranquility disguises as recovery and drowns me in my scarring skin.
I have never been at peace with my silence
because of how much isolation it has brought to my broken body.
I have lived and died; a killing process to find comfort in the slaughter,
but any ease at all will be appreciated.
My mind will always be scattered across tables,
for I will never be haven with heartstrings.
All I want to make clear
is my voice was not gifted,
my voice was made.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Hayley Strahs | Junior



BLOSSOMING

ARTIST STATEMENT: I tried to capture the feeling of seeing something simple for the first time, before it becomes mundane. I like messing with the focus on my iPhone camera to draw attention to beauty hiding in plain sight.



EVERYTHING IS HAZY

MORE THAN YOUR MYTH

Mirabelle Tai | Freshman

They see us as numbers,
another perfect score,
an answer to a question
we never asked,
our worth weighted in grades,
our identities shaped
by calculations.

Your praise is a trap,
your expectations a cage,
and we fall every time.

Do you see the artist in us?
The perfect melodies we play?
Or is that too far
from the script you've written?

We go far beyond formulas.
We are more than your myth.
We are not here to prove
what you assume we already are.

A SHADOW DRAWN SO DEEP

Sonia Agrawal | Freshman

Prejudice: a shadow drawn so deep,
A heavy cast where hope retreats;
It covers the eyes, it hides truth,
A withered garden, bereft of youth.

Born of fear and words so cold,
A story told, yet used and old;
It builds its walls on shaky ground,
Where kindness's voice is rarely found.

It sees no heart, just skin or fame,
And burns with silence, guilt, and blame;
But like the day that breaks the night,
Truth rises, spreading light.

For walls can fall, and wounds can mend,
When love and courage choose to bend;
A world unchained, prejudice shed,
Where hope and justice soar instead.

