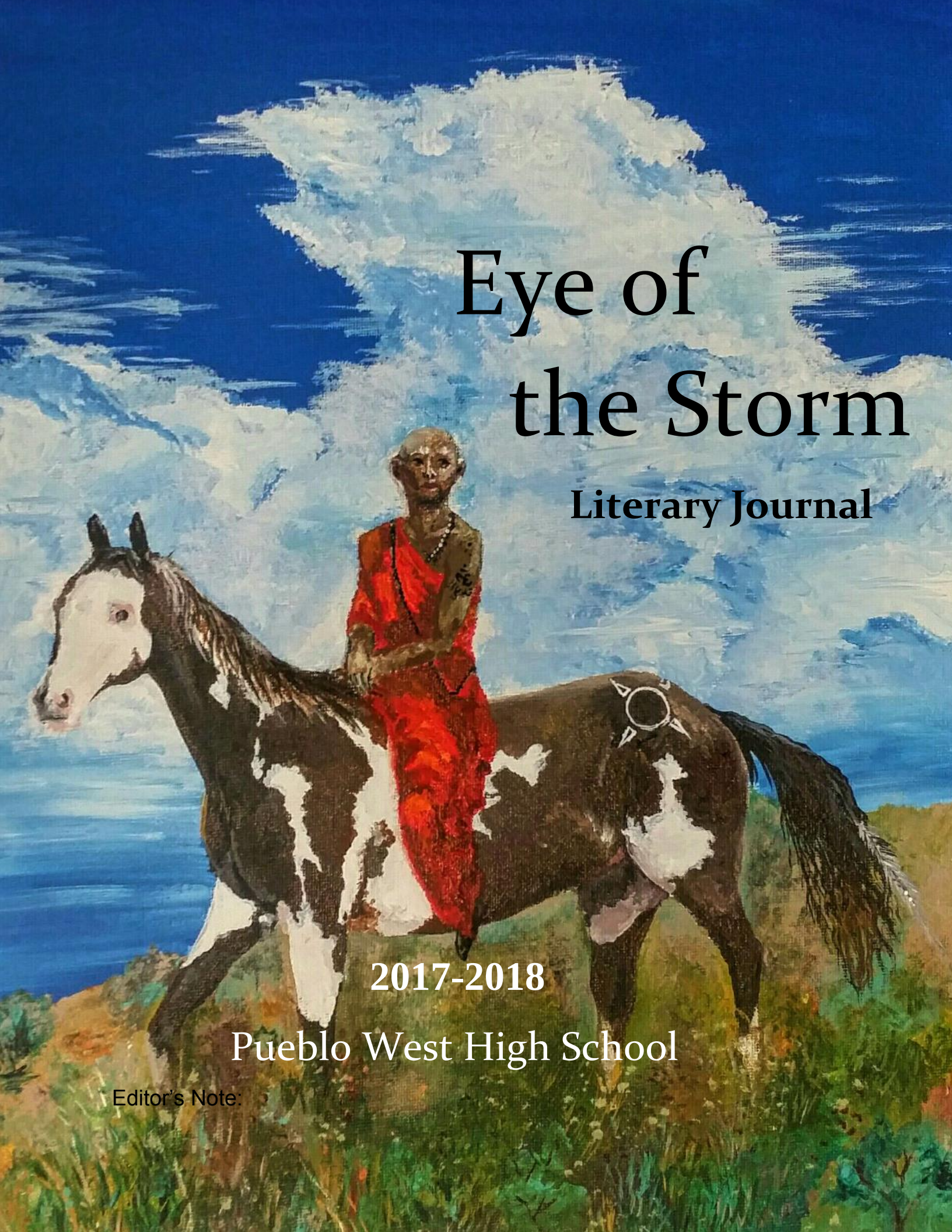


Eye of the Storm

Literary Journal

2017-2018

Pueblo West High School

Editor's Note:

Ohayō gozaimasu! Buenas tardes! Bon soir! Hello! Welcome to the 2018 edition of Pueblo West High School's literary journal. This publication is entirely student-run. Students created these pieces of art, wrote these stories and poems, edited these works, and put them together to create the journal you are about to see. Thanks to the artistic talents and editing abilities of the student body along with the support and guidance of our sponsor, Ms. Woelfel, the editing staff gladly presents to you *The Eye of the Storm*.

Brianne Hasui
Senior Editor, Class of 2018

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Want to submit work for the next publication of *The Eye of the Storm*? Email a digital copy of your work to Ms. Woelfel at jwoelfel@district70.org. Visit her in room B-224 with any questions pertaining to the literary journal.

Table of Contents

1. “Hyacinthus” by Elizabeth Hight 5
2. Untitled by Jazmyn Sievers 6
3. “Laila” by Regan Headrick 7-9
4. “Freckles” by Ben Pascoe 10
5. “Flowers are Steel” by Brianne Hasui 11
6. “The Flower Boy” by Madison Bradfield 12
7. “Stuck Underneath” by Jaryd Walker 13
8. Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia 13
9. “Fear” by Regan Headrick 14-15
10. Untitled by Brilane Manchego 16
11. Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia 17
12. “Young Love” by Regan Headrick 18
13. Untitled by Javon Martinez 19
14. Untitled by Luke Lempuhi 20
15. “Angels on Earth” by Mariah Keener 21
16. Untitled by Brilane Manchego 22
17. “Jodie the Dolphin” by Azzayah Wall 23-24
18. Untitled by Ariana Deleon 25
19. “Love Live ASAP Yams” by Jazmyn Garcia 26
20. Untitled by Javon Martinez 27
21. “Broken” by Mariah Keener 28
22. “Divided” by Sierra Eastep 29
23. “stars are the windows to the soul” by Hannah M. Hasui 30

24. Untitled by Sierra Garcia 31
25. Untitled by Javon Martinez 32
26. “Monsters Under the Bed” by Shae Wheeler 33
27. Untitled by Jazmyn Sievers 34
28. Untitled by Riley McAndrews 35
29. “Fatally Fallen Fries” by Brianne Hasui 35
30. “Passing Time” by Riley McAndrews 36
31. Untitled by Ariana Deleon 36
32. “Wealthy” by Anonymous 37
33. Untitled by Sierra Eastep 38
34. Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia 39
35. “Hope~~ful~~(less)ness” by Mariah Keener and Destine Treptau 40-41
36. “Fear in Color” by Jazmyn Garcia 42
37. “The Tunnelers” by Riley McAndrews 43
38. Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia 44
39. “Wish You Were Mine” by Isaiah Donofrio 45
40. “Jewel of the Sea” by Riley McAndrews 46
41. “The Outside” by ANJA 47
42. “Sail On” by Mitchell Hausman 48

“Hyacinthus” by Elizabeth Hight

When Lord Apollo with his golden locks
Emerald eyes, and caramel skin stalks
Across the field to his lover's strong arms
Many people can understand the charms

That are a direct result of shared love
Between two people who regardless of
Gender or sexuality still love
One another and themselves are proud of.
Hyacinthus, belovèd by the gods,
Doth without fear defy the treach'rous odds
And to himself remains true by keeping
Alive his love for the god of singing.
But lo, the tragic lovers could not last
For when the jealous Zephyr happened past,
And saw the beauty of the mortal boy
He resented Apollo for his joy.
Determined to ensure his victory,
Making use of the discus he did see
The wind god with a mighty gust did blow
The discus that he watched Apollo throw.
Zephyr's aim was true, he hit the boy's head.
A flower sprang from the blood of the dead,
A hyacinth, dark purple in the red.
After that, the sky went black, so it's said.



Untitled by Jazmyn Sievers

“Laila” by Regan Headricks

Laila’s eyes squinted as she looked around her room*. Was that just another dream?* she wondered. Someone knocked on her door and her head turned towards the piece of wood.

“Laila, it’s time to get up!” she heard someone call.

She groaned and put a pillow over her face. *Right. Lake Sun High. I start today. Ugh, why can’t I just stay homeschooled?*

“Alright. I’m getting ready,” she said.

The brunette picked herself up out of bed and trudged to the bathroom to wash her face and teeth and tie her hair up. The cool water soothed her cheeks and woke her up, and her skin glowed when she dried it. Laila walked back into her room and looked in her closet for her school uniform. It was a white button up shirt that was tucked into a gray skirt. The skirt ended a couple inches above her knees and it had two navy blue stripes on it. Over her shirt, she had to put on a pastel yellow vest. Her knee socks ended a couple centimeters below her knee and she put on her black slip-on shoes. Laila also received a crimson red jacket to put on over her uniform, but decided to leave it considering it was supposed to be warm that day. She grabbed her light blue bag off of her desk and looked in the mirror one more time. Because of all the pastel colors her pale skin adorned, her chocolate brown eyes had seemed brighter and wider. Her hazel-brown hair was pulled out of its hair tie, and it cascaded down her shoulders in soft curls, barely ending below her shoulders. With one last check of her uniform, she headed out of her room and out of the orphanage.

-x-

In hindsight, it probably would’ve been a good idea to grab that jacket.
20 minutes into her walk, it had started to downpour and Laila got soaked. She went under the awnings that were lining the street as much as she could, but was unable to avoid the bone chilling raindrops. Laila clutched her bag tightly to her chest, hoping that maybe her body would warm it up and it could reflect the heat back to her, but sadly, this was not the case. The girl continued down the road near frozen and her teeth chattering. She heard a car coming and tried to duck in cover under an awning so she wouldn’t get splashed, but she heard it slow down and a voice called out to her.
Laila turned to find a black Ferrari 458 with red racing stripes on the curb next to her. She glanced up at the driver and the first thing she saw was black slicked-back locks. Her eyes looked down at the face and she found that concerned blue eyes were locked with her brown ones. His eyes were a bit pointed, and his skin was tan. She could see he was wearing a pair of dog tags around his neck, and a white button up shirt that was similar to hers.

“What are you doing out here without a jacket?” he asked.

His voice was deep, but at the same time childish; it was one she couldn't help but trust. "H-heading to L-Lake Sun H-igh," she explained. After, she mentally chuckled at the weather.

"Seriously? I can give you a ride if you want. You're gonna catch a cold out there," he said.

"B-but I don't ev-en kn-now you!"

"I'm a junior there. Name's Nolan Drake, 17."

Laila looked in the eyes of the young man, but found nothing that suggested he was a danger.

"I-I'm a junior t-oo. M-my name's L-Laila Heins, and I'm 17," she said.

"Well than L, do you want a ride there?" Nolan asked.

"My name's not L! It's Laila!" she screamed.

"Okay okay! Do you want a ride Laila?"

She didn't hesitate in nodding her head and walking over to the passenger's side of the car. Nolan opened the door for her and she settled in, rubbing her frozen hands together.

Laila felt something warm cover the left side of her body and when she looked up she could only see out of her right eye. She took it off and looked to find it was a large letterman jacket for Lake Sun.

"Put it on. It'll warm you up faster," she heard Nolan say.

Laila did as he said and slipped her arms through the large sleeves, sighing in relief at the warmth. The black haired boy also turned on the heater before taking off.

"So L, if you're in the same grade level as me, how come I've never seen you before?" Nolan asked as they sped down the highway.

"This is my first time ever in a public school. I've been homeschooled or self-taught my whole life," Laila explained.

Nolan smiled. "Well, let me be the first to tell you, it's absolutely awful."

Laila was taken aback at that statement. She could imagine the halls being exactly like those cliché high school movies. The brainless cheerleaders, big jocks that punch the living daylights out of people, or the nerds who only debate about whether Darth Vader

is Luke's father in Star Wars, or the snotty rich girls who think they're so much better than everyone else.

"That doesn't make me feel any better," Laila frowned.

"It wasn't supposed to," Nolan chuckled. "I was just telling you the truth."

The brunette groaned and hunched over so her forehead was against her knees. *Great. Lovely* she thought.



“Freckles” by Ben Pascoe

"Flowers are Steel" by Brianne Hasui

The flower factory pollutes the air,
Molding more without a care.
Steel gardens repair the atmosphere.
Onlookers admire the metal with an upturned ear.
Machines produce uniform flowers
As steel rises from soil at all hours.
Sickly green stems and synthetic petals
Contrast harshly against naturally growing metals.
The rise of flowers bring steel near the end
For flower production is not nature's friend.
Protesters argue, adorned with steel bands,
Refusing to allow flower waste in the sands.
"Down with flowers!" they calmly shriek.
"End this flower production peak!
While steel wilts on poisoned ground,
More disadvantages of flowers are found!
If flowers prevail, all the living will suffer
With only weakened steel to act as a buffer.
Lives on the line, our message is clear:
Kill flower production; it's steel that belongs here."



“The Flower Boy” by Madison Bradfield

“Stuck Underneath” by Jaryd Walker

Stuck deep underneath the dark and unnoticed
A drip unable to release with no place that you can seep on through
So unless something can change you, move you
His is where you’ll stay for the rest of your life
No longer basking in the golden years, the rushing water
No longer is your existence as pure.



Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia
“Fear” by Regan Headrick

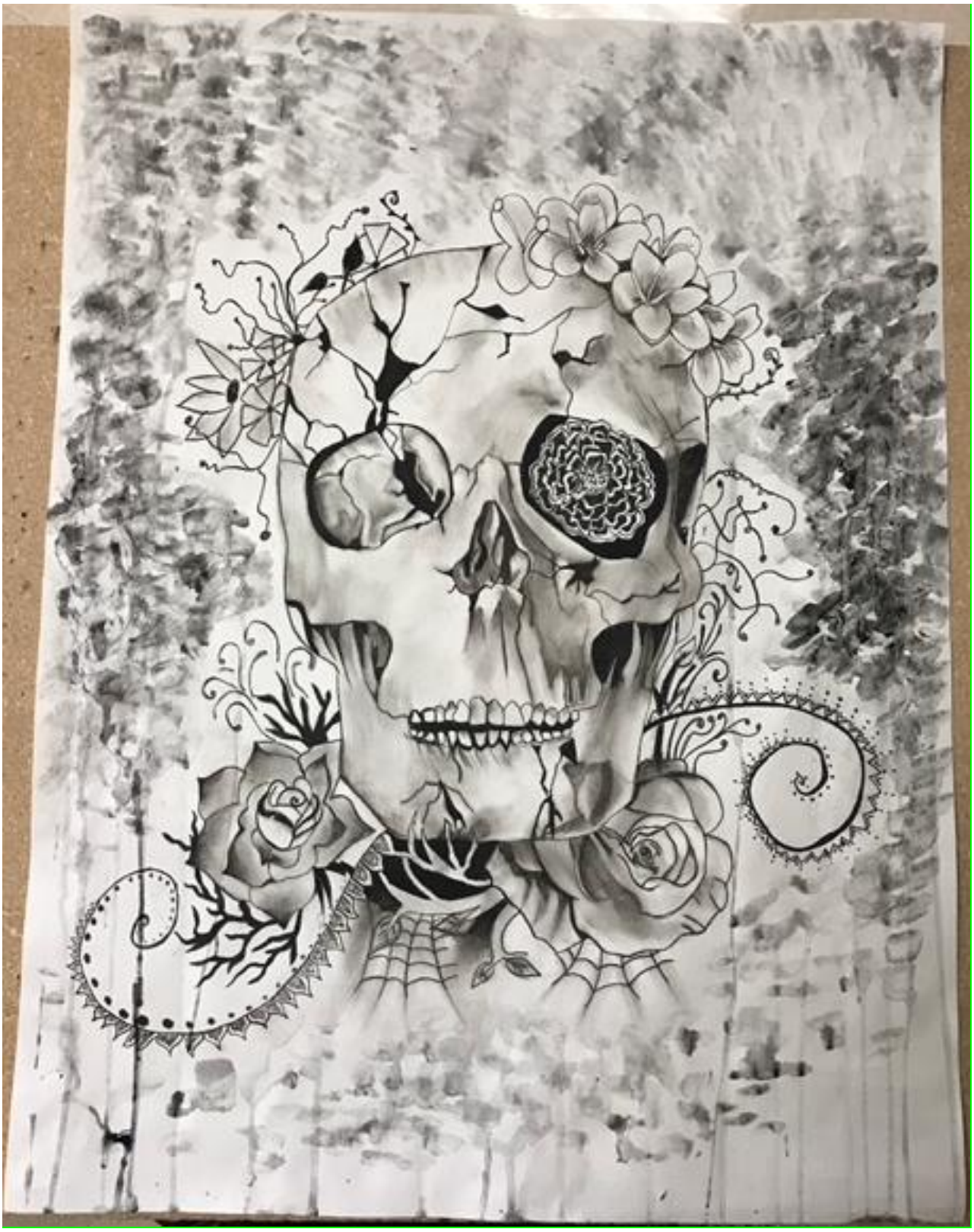
October 31, 2017.

The day that millions of children from across the globe looked forward to. A night where no one can know who you are, a night where children get free candy if they wander up to a stranger's house, a night where screams of fright are heard all night.
The night was cool, the stars lighting up the street. Little dragons, fairies, knights, and creatures alike ran through the streets excitedly. Their bags were bouncing with unopened candy. But there was one girl that didn't seem to be having very much fun at all.
Her name was Ava, and she was 17-years-old. Her long blonde hair was pulled back in a high ponytail, the ends barely reaching her shoulder blades. Red sequined devil horns sat atop her head and she had a red shirt, black leggings, and black converse. A tutu adorned her hips.
She seemed to be lost. *That's weird, everyone was just right behind me* she thought. Ava was in a group of four people (counting herself); some she knew from school, some from work. They were all planning to go to a haunted house that was famous for their jumpscares, but Ava ended up all alone.
"Guys? Where did you go?" Ava wondered aloud and walked back into the forest they just exited out of.
The excited buzz from the street quieted as she walked farther into the forestry. It was silent, and Ava felt her heart just about jump out of her chest. She felt her palms become sweaty and her breathing became heavier. Fear coursed through her veins as she looked at the dark and dead trees, her limbs becoming heavy as lead. All of them reminded her of a horror movie; her green eyes landed on a black silhouette.
It jumped down from the tree, disturbing the leaves that lay on the ground. Slowly the creature stood, big and bulky and frightening. It glided towards Ava, who was frozen in fear. She could hear her heartbeat in her ears. Her vision started blurring from the tears that threatened to fall. The creature stopped right in front of her, a tan hand reaching out to caress the side of her face. Ava sucked in a breath at how cold and clammy it was. His hand wandered up to her hair tie and pulled, allowing her hair to escape to cascade down her shoulders.
"Ah, another pretty blonde to add to my collection," the creature growled in a demonic voice as it twirled a lock of hair around it's fingers.
The girl stopped breathing (so to speak). Her eyes were so wide they were about to pop out of their sockets, stepping back and out of the reach of the creature. The tears that had threatened to fall had spilled over and were flowing freely down her pale cheeks. The streams glistened in the moonlight, and the creature seemed to visibly flinch when it saw that she was crying.
"Hey, Ava. It's just me," the creature said guiltily and took the black hood off it's head. A head of short black hair was revealed. She looked into familiar brown eyes, her legs shaking from relief.
"Hon, are you okay?" he asked and walked towards her.
He took the microphone that disguised his voice and threw it to the ground as he walked towards her; his eyes read regret and guilt. She collapsed to the ground, her anxiety getting the best of her. The boy knew that he messed up. For as long as he could remember, she had always had severe anxiety.
When he reached her, he took her into his arms and held her close. He sat Ava in his lap and gently rocked back and forth.

“Hey, it’s okay baby. I’m right here. I’m sorry, it was just supposed to be a prank,” he whispered, pressing his lips to the top of her head protectively.
“Liam,” she whispered.
“Guys, that’s enough. She’s too freaked out to do anything else,” Liam shouted.
Two more teenagers came out from behind the trees. Mason, Liam’s best friend, was the first to approach the couple. His orange hair was gelled up into spikes that were similar to an anime character’s, and he was wearing a suit and tie with gold rings on his hands.
“Hey A, you alright?” he said quietly.
Ava looked at him when he used her nickname. She gave him a weak smile, but put her head back against Liam’s shoulder and closed her eyes.
“I think we should take her home,” her best friend, Isabella, commented.
Ava felt her small hand rest on her back, and then she was floating. Liam had lifted her in a princess carry.
“I’m sorry you guys,” Ava apologized.
“Hey, don’t apologize. We should’ve remembered your anxiety,” Isabella said quietly.
Ava looked at her sleepily. They exchanged a smile; one sleepy and the other guilty.
Then everything went dark for Ava.

-x-

A few hours later, the teen found herself tucked away in her bed. She was no longer in her devil’s costume, but in her sleeping shirt and a pair of shorts. Her face was clear of makeup, and her hair was sitting in a bun atop her head as it was every night. There was only one person who knew how she slept, and that was because this person practically lived at her house.
Ava looked over to the desk that sat next to her bed and pulled her phone off of it’s charger. She went to Isabella’s contact and messaged her.
The text read, “Hey, thanks for changing me and getting me into bed.”
She stretched and sat up, rubbing her eyes and looking at her digital alarm clock. It read 2:05 a.m, so she laid back down in her soft mattress. Her eyelids had slowly grown heavy and within a few minutes, she had drifted off to sleep once more.
This time, with a smile on her face.



Untitled by Brilane Manchego





Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia

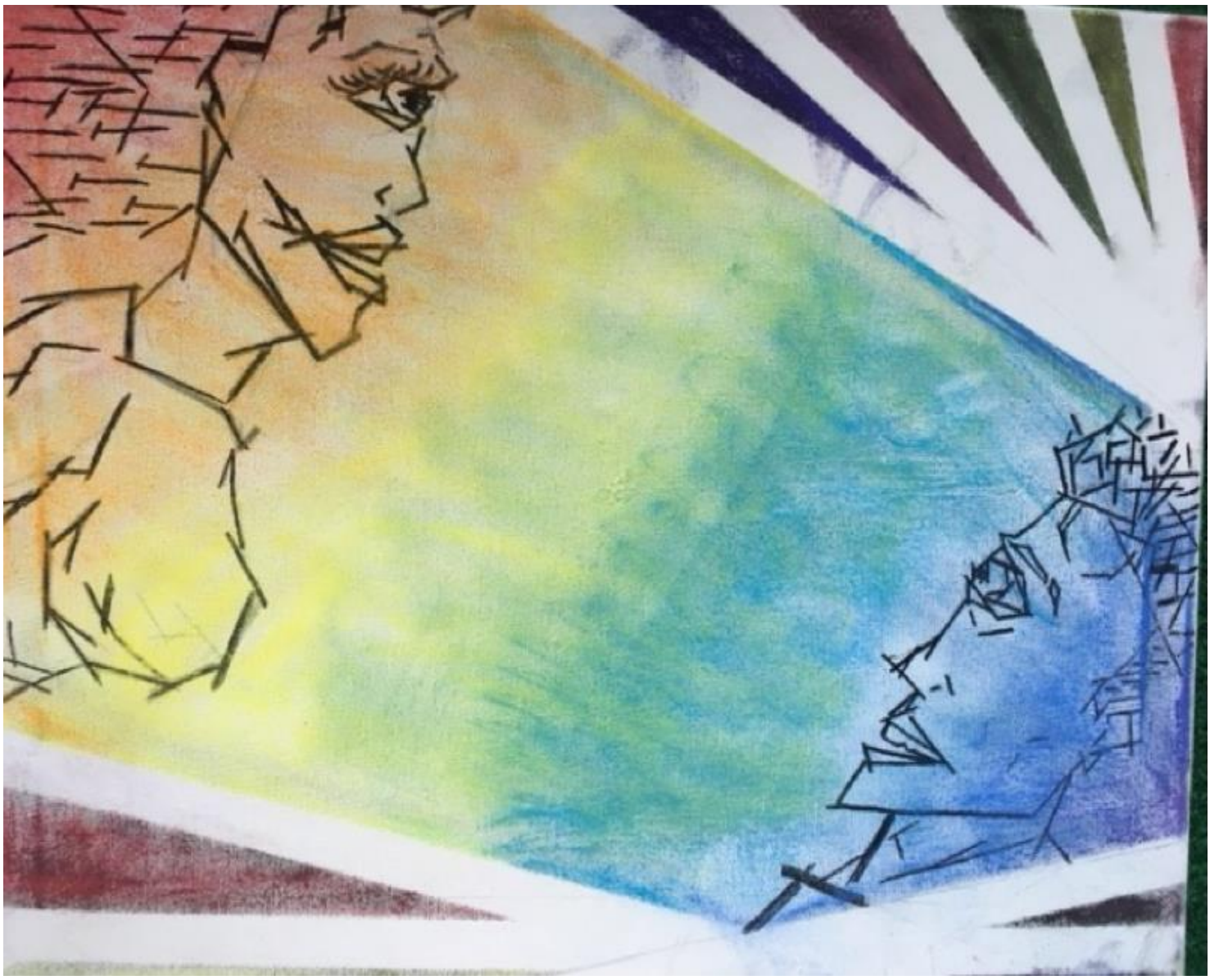
“Young Love” by Regan Headrick

Today, tomorrow, or yesterday. No one will ever know when the time is right to confess their love. Sometimes it just has to come out. Plans never go right, and no one can predict what will happen in the near future. But the moment the words come out of his mouth, everything is okay. There are no wars, no conflict, and you just lose yourself to those beautiful brown eyes.

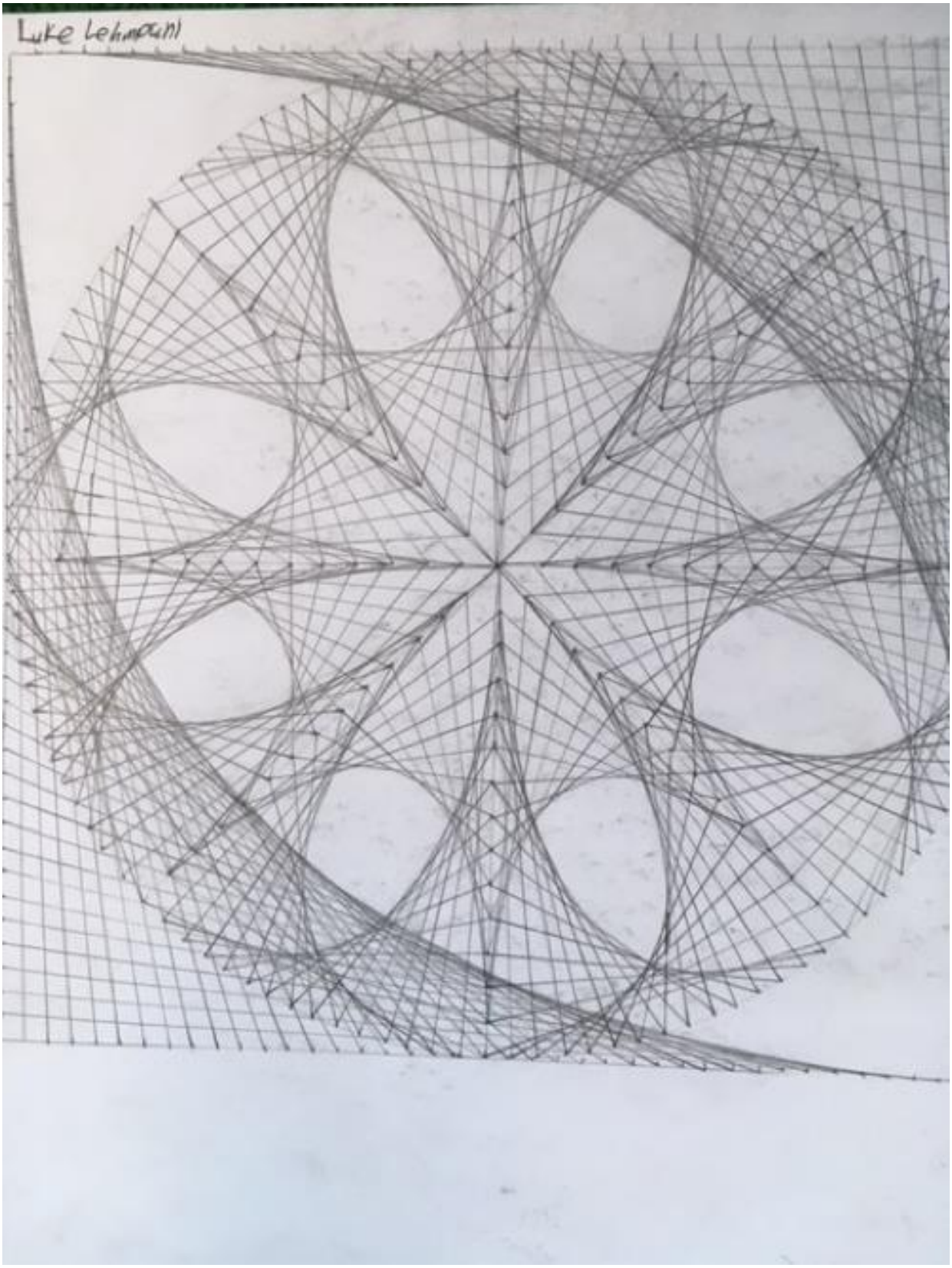
Months pass. You were talking to both your parents about the relationship, and the next thing you know, you’re walking down the aisle with everyone’s eyes on you; but you don’t notice them. You notice him. The dashing tuxedo, the fresh tears twinkling in his eyes, and the pride in his stance. You feel your throat constrict and grasp your father’s sleeve tighter, but blink back the tears as you come face to face with the love of your life.

And a few years later, you’re screaming at him in a hospital room.
“I can’t do it anymore. It hurts too much.”
But as soon as your sweet baby girl’s cries reach your ears, you know that you will be okay. And when her tiny head lands on your heaving chest, you know love at first sight exists. You want to protect her, love her, teach her. And knowing that you have the opportunity to do that exists, you can’t help the sob that escapes your lips. Her eyes open and look at you, and you receive a toothless smile. Tears flow over your cheeks as the nurse takes her away, and you and your husband share a kiss.

Now you’re in a bed. Your grown daughter is standing at your side with tears in her eyes, your grandchildren just outside the room. The door opens and your son comes in, dashing at 25. Both your children take your hands, both whispering sweet nothings.
“You get to join dad now mom.”
“We love you, say hi to him for us.”
Your eyes close, and you’re stuck in the darkness.
But then you turn your head, your gray hair flowing behind you. And there stands the man you met when you were young. He was wearing his Army blues, holding his hand out to you with a smile. You take it and suddenly you’re 16 again, laughing and running into the light.



Untitled by Javon Martinez



Untitled by Luke Lempuhi

"Angels on Earth" by Mariah Keener

You were there for me from the very beginning.
Every time I saw you I kept on grinning.

We could talk for hours on end;
You would listen; just like any other good friend.

You have watched over me as I cried.
You have embraced my everything.
You were always by my side.
You were there when my heart would sting.

What will I do without you?
Can't you see what I am going through!?
No! I refuse! This isn't real!
How could you just simply give in!?

If you are gone,
How will I move on?
I don't want to get out of bed.
I am no longer eating; my belly full of dread.

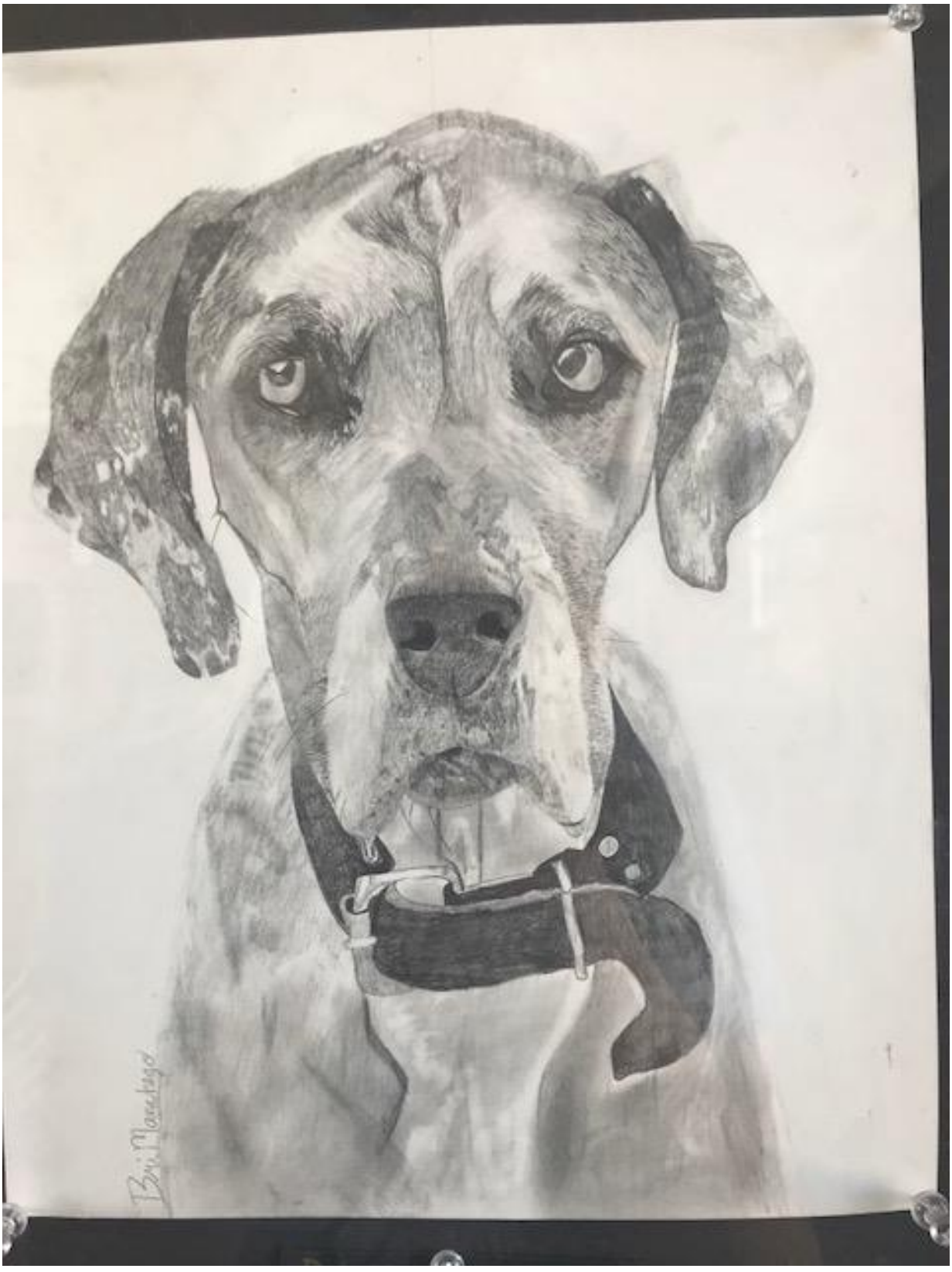
Please, if you stay I will try harder.
Please...I promise I will never do wrong.
Please…….. I will do anything you want.
Please…….. just don't leave my side.

We are in a white room now.
You softly grace me with a gentle meow.
I pet you softly and gaze into your eyes.
All I could see is what lies.

The man comes with an instrument to the end.
The colors in my vision begin to blend.
You purr one last time.
The silence that follows can't help but be a crime.

I know this was for the best.
It is better for you to be at rest.

You will be with me until the end.
I love you, my best friend.



Untitled by Brilane Manchego

“Jodie the Dolphin” by Azzayah Wall

Jodie is a young dolphin who is hot pink. She always thought of the world as a wonderful place, that was, until, she went on a trip that changed her life forever.

“Come on mom,” Jodie hurried as she swam ahead, eager for her first day of school, “we don’t want to be late!”

“We have plenty of time.” Her mom said finally catching up.

They made it to the school where Jodie would spend the next 12 years of her life learning about the ocean around here

“This is it,” Jodie sighed, “the moment my life changes.”

“Hello class, my name is Mrs. Beluga,” the beluga chirped, “and we are going to have a lot of fun this year.”

Soon, it was time for Ocean Time.

“Hello,” came a small voice from behind her, “what’s your name?”

Jodie turned around and saw an octopus, a goldfish, and a starfish. “Oh… hi. My name is Jodie.” she said nervously.

“That is pretty,” the goldfish said, “my name is Phil, and the octopus, that’s Roy, and the starfish, we call him Marley, but his real name is Richard. He doesn’t like Richard as a name.”

“Oh, hi everyone.” They talked and talked all the time, except in class of course. During their 11th grade year, during Ocean Time, Phil asked Jodie, “Do you want to go on a swim with Marley, Roy, and I this weekend around the coast?”

“I would really enjoy that!” Jodie exclaimed. So, the weekend came and they all swam to the coast together But Jodie was becoming uneasy. There were fewer and fewer signs of fish around, and Jodie was becoming hungry. “I really should’ve packed snacks,” Jodie said to herself. She went this long without eating Phil and she didn’t want to start then and she could hear something that she hadn’t heard before. Kaboom! Bang! (Onomatopoeia). The ocean suddenly felt, … warm and… other senses that ridiculed Jodie’s mind. She especially got troubled when Phil, Roy, and Marley started steadily, shievously, slowing down (Alliteration).

“What is going on?” whispered Roy.

“I have no idea,” whispered Marley, “Phil, swim up there and look what’s going on.”

“No! I am not doing that!” Phil yelled

“Shhhh.” Everyone hushed.

“I’ll do it.” Jodie said heroically. She crept up to the surface and glanced up. The vision scared her brain. It is full of fire, blood, bombs, and agony. She raced down scared to death (hyperbole).

“What’s going on? What did you see? What were the sounds?” Everyone was yelling.

“Fire, planes, bombs.” Jodie muttered, then she passed out.

When she woke up, she was in her bed. She sat up as well as a dolphin could, to recap what she had just beheld. Her parents were right by her side.

“Mom, dad,” she said on the verge of tears, “I feel like I just got hit by a rock (simile).”

“Why?” her parents asked in unison.

She told them about what she had seen and asked them what it all had meant. She figured out there was a war that was going on and there must have been some sort of a bombing. It was scary for her to think about. Especially when she learned there were these things, called ashes, were raining down into the sea making it harder to breath. She did notice that swimming over to the coast but she thought it was just adjusting to the environment.

“Some of your friends are here.” Her parents said.

“Really?”

“Yeah. Come in guys.” Her mother called

“How are you felling?” Phil and Roy swam in.

“A little dazed but okay.”

“We’re sorry we did that to you. We shouldn’t have done that.” Phil said.

“It’s fine.” Jodie said

They just looked at each other for a long time. “So…” Phil said nervously.

“I will let you two have some privacy.” Roy said as he swam out

“…” They just sat there for a long time not saying a word.

“I feel like I should do something.” Phil said looking around.

“Like maybe you should ask me out?” Jodie asked

“Yeah.” Phil said.

“Well then, I’d be happy to.”

“Great.” He said

“Yep.” Jodie said. Awkward silence again.

“Are we supposed to do something after that?” Phil asked.

“Not sure,” Jodie said, “but I am having a strange feeling inside of me.”

“You are having it too?” Phil asked.

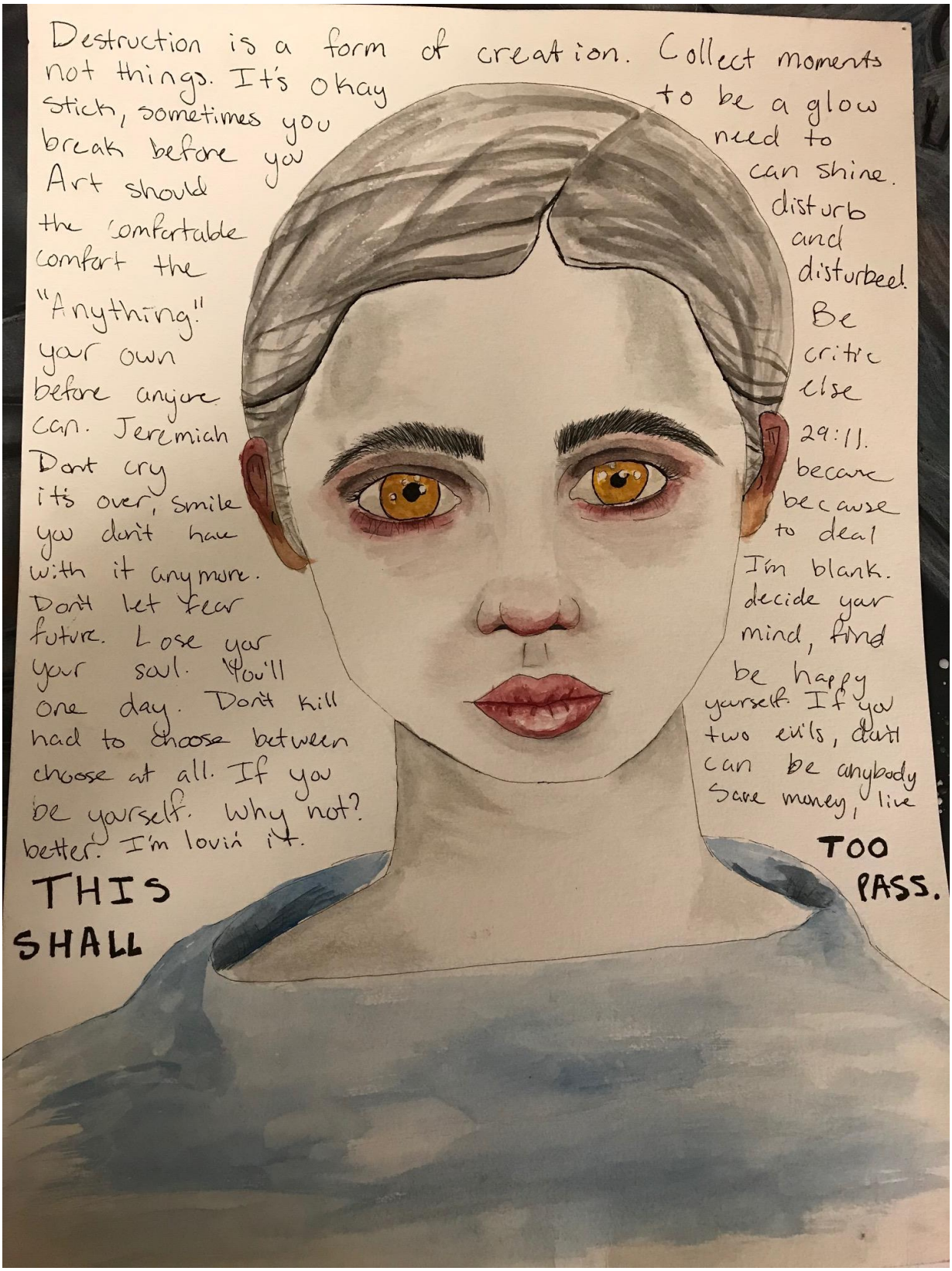
“IT’S CALLED LOVE YOU TWO!!!!” Roy screamed from the other room.

“I guess we are in love then.” Jodie whispered.

“Yeah.” Phil said.

“This is amazing.” Jodie proclaimed.

“Can’t wait to see what the future holds for us.” Phil said excitedly. They lived on getting married and getting 5 kids, 20 grandkids, and 5 great-grandkids. They always loved one another and they never forgot the day they had met.



Untitled by Ariana Deleon



“Long Live ASAP Yams” by Jazmyn Garcia



Untitled by Javon Martinez

“Broken” by Mariah Keener

So many parallels I can see,
Pain, depression, and anxiety flows deep within me.
As I go through life a year at a time,
I find that things are not always sublime.
The fighting, the anger, it is hard to bear,
As the future comes mauling, it is quite a scare.

The two of them split going their separate ways.
Lately, I have felt myself in a daze.
Years go on as my feelings fade.
My emotions, beliefs, and outlooks begin to jade.

Fast forward two years later,
A new stranger,
How could you do this! You traitor!

My reality shifts, change upon us.
My views never listened too seem superfluous.

As time continues to shift away,
I learn I do not mind for the stranger to stay.
But old habits remain, and the cycle continues.
Now I find I need some tissues.

Broken, deflated, this man’s feels;
as minds and hearts continue to seal.
Alas the fighting and tears come back again.
I watch as the future is certain.

A young boy weeps and cries;
Feeling and seeing all the lies.

So many parallels that are shown.
As the cycle continues nothing is known.

How can I stop this pain that continues to seep deep into bone?



“Divided” by Sierra Eastep

"stars are the windows to the soul" by Hannah M. Hasui

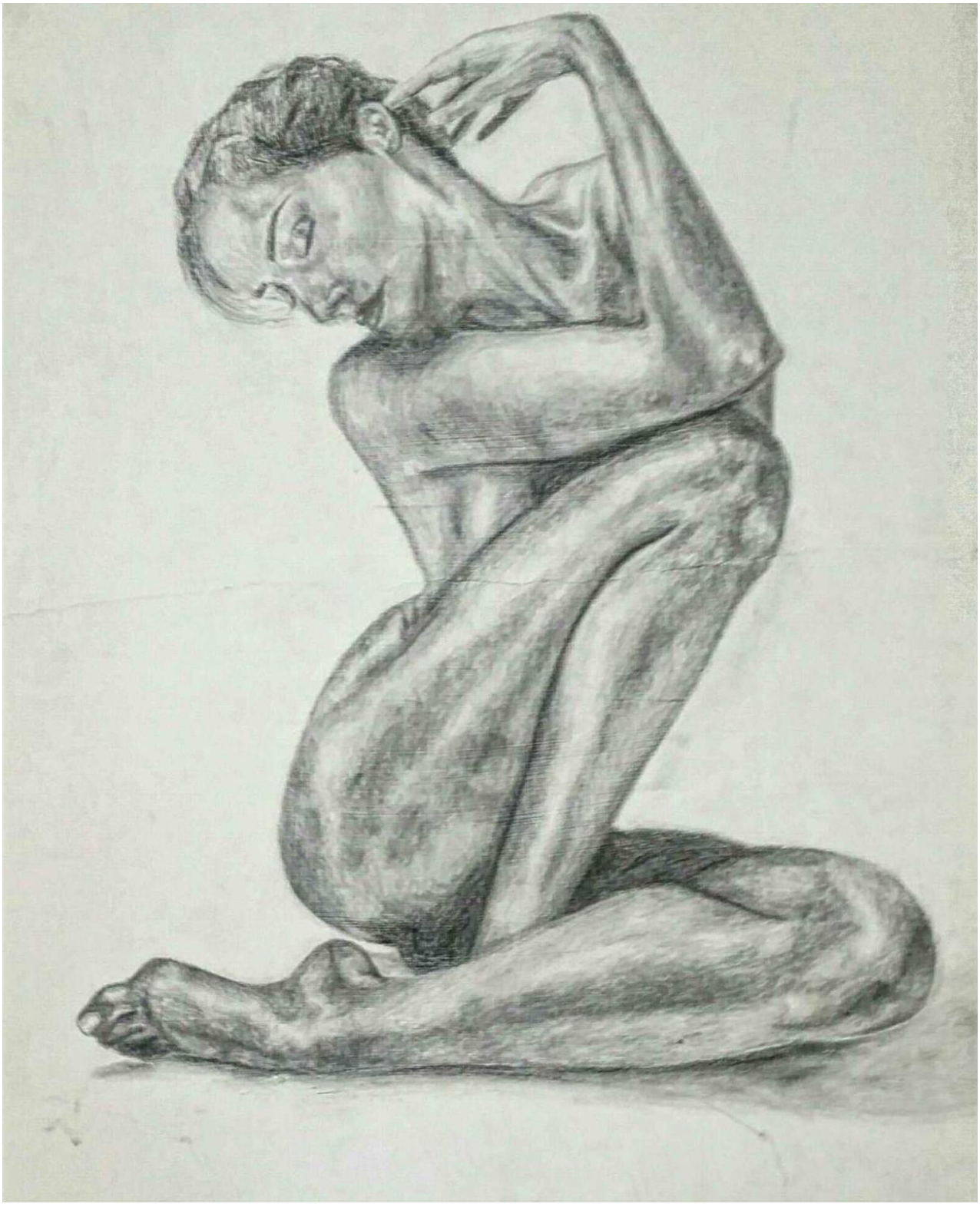
there were stars in her eyes
i noticed as soon as I met her
sparkling upon her face
holding entire galaxies
birthed from her beautiful wind

it was impossible to look away
they were like black holes
pulling me further inside
but i never resisted
drawn in by her soulful twinkling

there were thousands of stars
giving me hints to
what she was thinking
what she was feeling
i didn't notice
how could i not notice?
spending every second staring
but i didn't notice
when the stars began to die
one by one
each light blinked out
until one day

when i looked into her eyes
and saw nothing but darkness
saw how empty her soul had become
so i did the only thing i could do:
i gave her pieces of my own soul
My own twinkling stars
that became ours

and even though the numbers were smaller
the feelings were bigger
galaxies that would last forever
filled with hundreds of stars
sparkling in our eyes
staring through windows
and admiring the view



Untitled by Sierra Eastep



Untitled by Javon Martinez

“Monsters Under the Bed” by Shae Wheeler

When we were children,
There were monsters under the bed
They were covered with fur, scales, some even gilded
As we grow up, they become dead

However, they don’t
They morph and shape
They are like us, grown
Abuse, hatred, anger, jealousy, they all stick like tape

The monsters are not under the bed anymore
They are us
Parents may love and adore
Us, but this is what we need to discuss

Some see the school halls a haven
While others view it as a battleground
We are the monsters, as some watch as ravens
And the fools wander with no sound

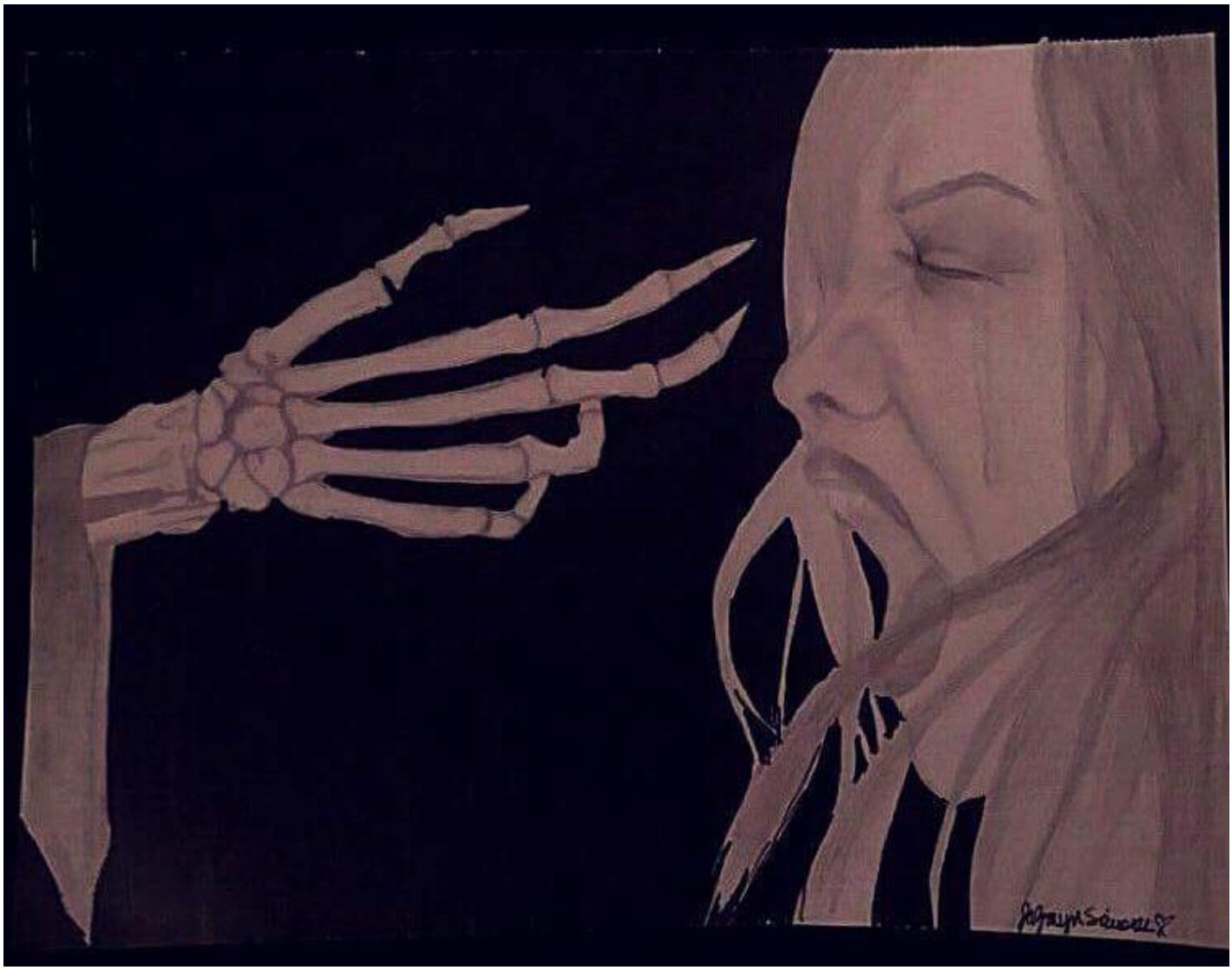
Some are crowned king and queen
As others become the workers
Then there are us, who hide in another scene
We are the urchins, lurkers

We are the forgotten,
We are the ones that see too
We see that we are all rotten
But I must say “adieu”

You cannot remain innocent in these matters
Because we are the monsters that use to hide
Instead of hiding in the dark spaces, your coverings are now shattered
And you are not blind, but at least I tried

The world is caving in
And your costumes are burning at my hand
But most of you are going to be pinned and keep up your chin
Flames are rising, but how much longer will it be fanned

Tears run, yet the flames rage on
When will you take these masks off!
When the treatments are forgone?
You could leave them behind, yet you stay until the smoke takes your cough



Untitled by Jazmyn Sievers



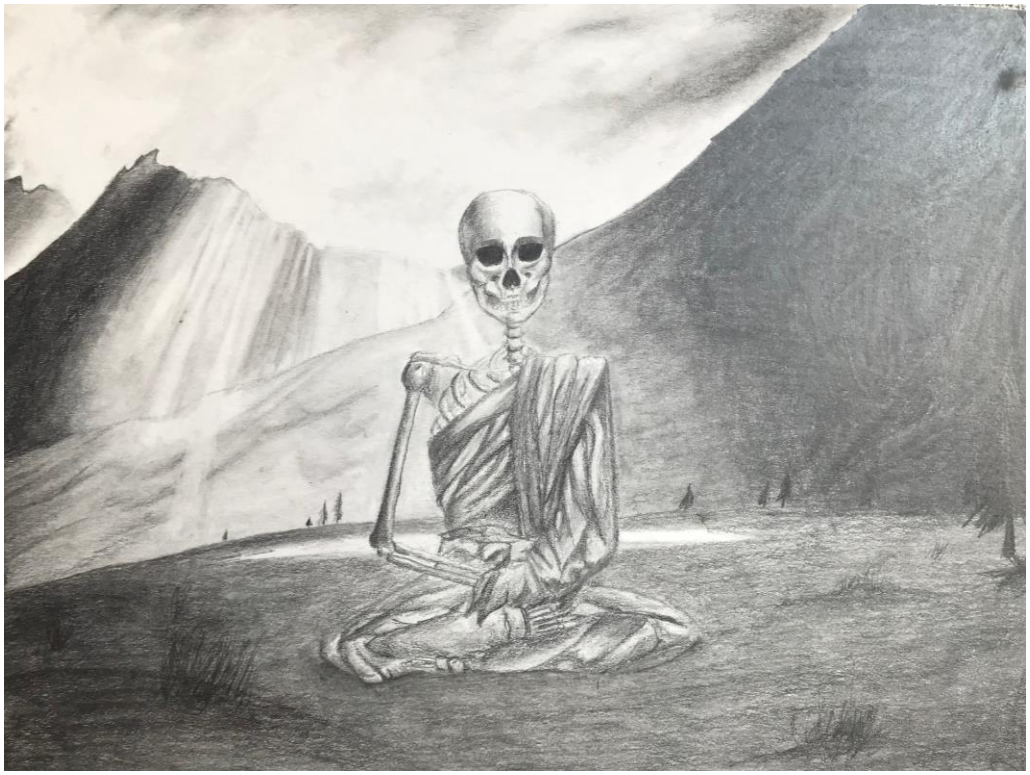
Untitled by Riley McAndrews

"Fatally Fallen Fries" by Brianne Hasui

The screams were fake
But the tears were real.
It was like living
A horror movie reel.
Over the edge
A whole carton fell
As I released
A desperate yell.
Not one fry
Survived the fall
But in salty handfuls
I still ate them all.

“Passing Time”
By Riley McAndrews





Untitled
by Ariana Deleon

“Wealthy” by anonymous

How much does it cost to obtain the luxury of ease
At the moment I’m broke and broken hearted
And I’ve started and stopped my pursuit of happiness countless times
I feel lonely around the company I keep
I feel dissatisfied with all that I’ve done
I can’t seem to find my place
It’s not on the lips of a lover
Let alone under covers
It is not on a podium
Nor a court
Nor a desk
When will my gratification come forth
-
I only feel content when I’m in contention
I seem to be so enveloped in the chase I forgot I was supposed to grasp a sense of happiness
It never came to mind that a finish line was what I was after
I’m lost on a trail of infinite starvation
And not a starvation for sustenance
Instead a starvation caused from a lack of conciliation
-
I’m broke and broken down
A rich man is defined by his riches
A wealthy man is defined by his prosperity
And I

I am yet to be defined at all



Untitled by Sierra Eastep



Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia

“Hope~~ful~~(less)ness” by Mariah Keener and Destiny Treptau

As the clouds part, sunlight peaks through.
The air still yet serene.
Her foot takes its first step upon the soft but crisp grass,
Wet still from the morning dew.
Her smile bright as her crystal-like eyes absorb the world around her.

A flurry of fresh air flows through her long ringlets of golden curls
That seem to float around her shoulders.
With a slight shiver, she reaches over her shoulder to caress
Pure white feathers, soft yet strong,
That blankets her two large wings.

Her bright blue eyes reflect like a mirror of a child.
Ruffling as she runs across the meadow, her simple baby blue dress
Flows as free as her wings would.
Full of excitement and wonder she spreads her wings
And wastes no time as she takes off into flight.

Floating high above the ground, her eyes fall upon the human realm
She gazes upon a child, crying with pain
A gasp could be heard, as a woman ran to the child.
The woman kneels beside the child and kisses his wounded knee.
A kiss full of love and comfort.

Across the street laughter could be heard
A man and a woman walking hand-in-hand, eyes full of affection
Her heart skips a beat as they turn to embrace
And she smiles with glee at the blissful sight.

With pleasure still coursing through her, she lands upon a field of green.
Surrounding her is nature’s playground.
Full of happiness and children’s laughter as they run about.
She feels a small hand tug at her dress and turns to see a small child
With a light pink flower in hand, he reaches up to place it in her golden hair.

Warmth rushing through her, she sprints off to find what new adventures await her.
Following her instincts, she stumbles upon a poverty-stricken house.
As she wanders inside, she hears the sound of broken glass.
Curiosity besting her, she finds a weathered open wooden door.

Inside the smell of the devil’s drink looms in the air.

As a man stood yelling at a small figure on the ground.
She discovers the figure, a young child sobbing at the man's feet
Skinny and covered in scars, the child shrinks in fear
A mixture of concern, turmoil, and dark emotions she has never felt before fills her.

Denying the sight, she runs wanting to return to hope.
A couple in conversation catches her eye causing her to sigh with relief.
The glimmer of hope, turns sour when she hears a cry.
She watches in dread as the woman fell to her knees.
The man uncaring, did nothing but glare.

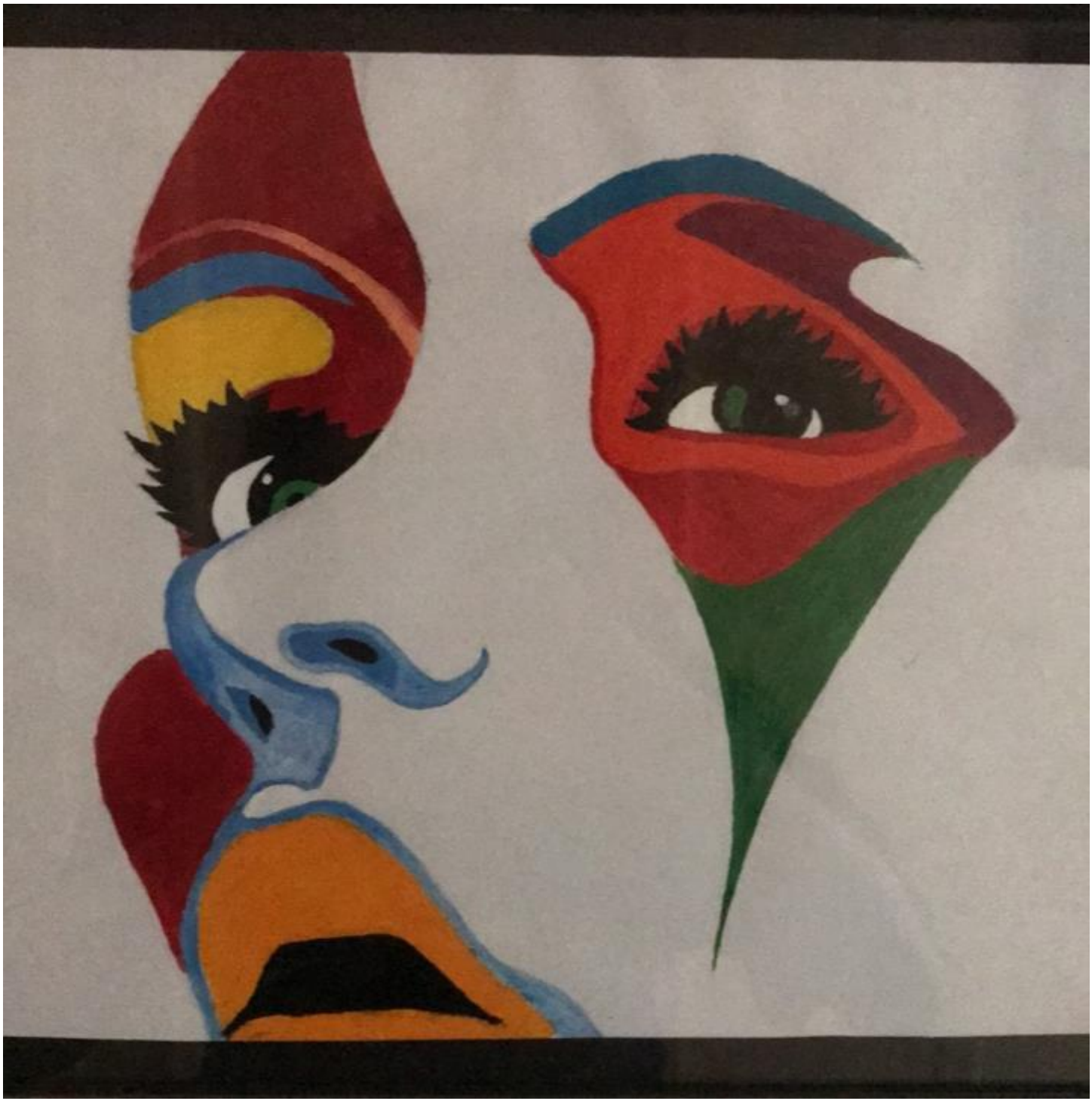
Taking flight, she travels as far as her wings would take her.
Hoping to escape her ultimate nightmare.
She stops to rest in a barren landscape
Desolate. Empty. Dark.
Where only silence remained.

Suddenly a loud sound was heard across the land.
Following it she discovered with horror, a malicious sight.
Soulless bodies still fresh with blood lined the ground.
Moaning. Groaning. Screaming.
Once brothers, now enemies.

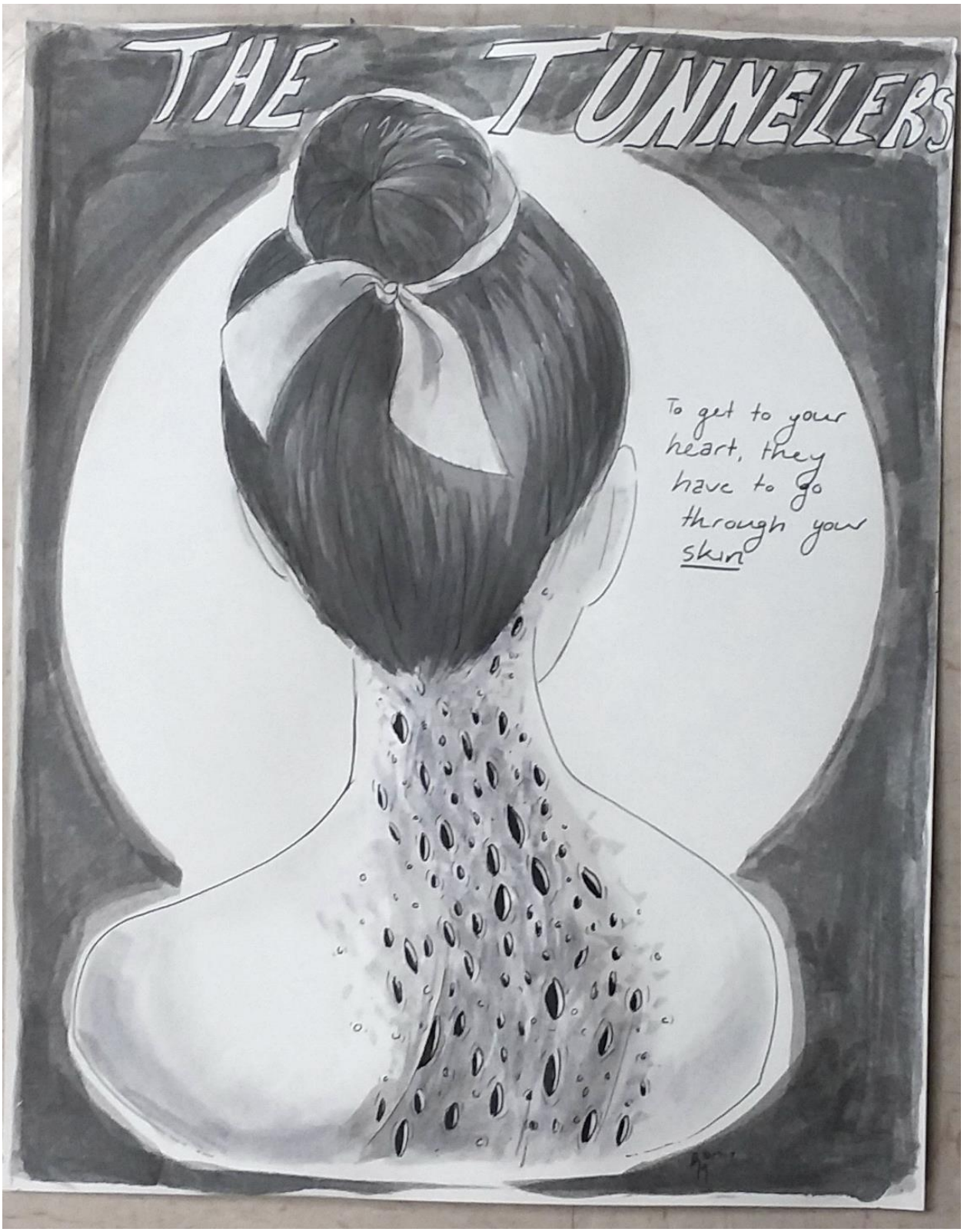
Afraid of this distorted lullaby, she tried to run.
Once again she felt, a small hand tug her dress.
Her last hope destroyed as she glanced down
To find the boy with the flower
As the little light left finally flickered out of his eyes.

The hopeless angel fell to her knees and sobbed.
In the span of a single day, she discovered hope, love, and beauty
As well as pain, suffering, and death.
Beside her a box held a single match.
A devastating change formed inside her.

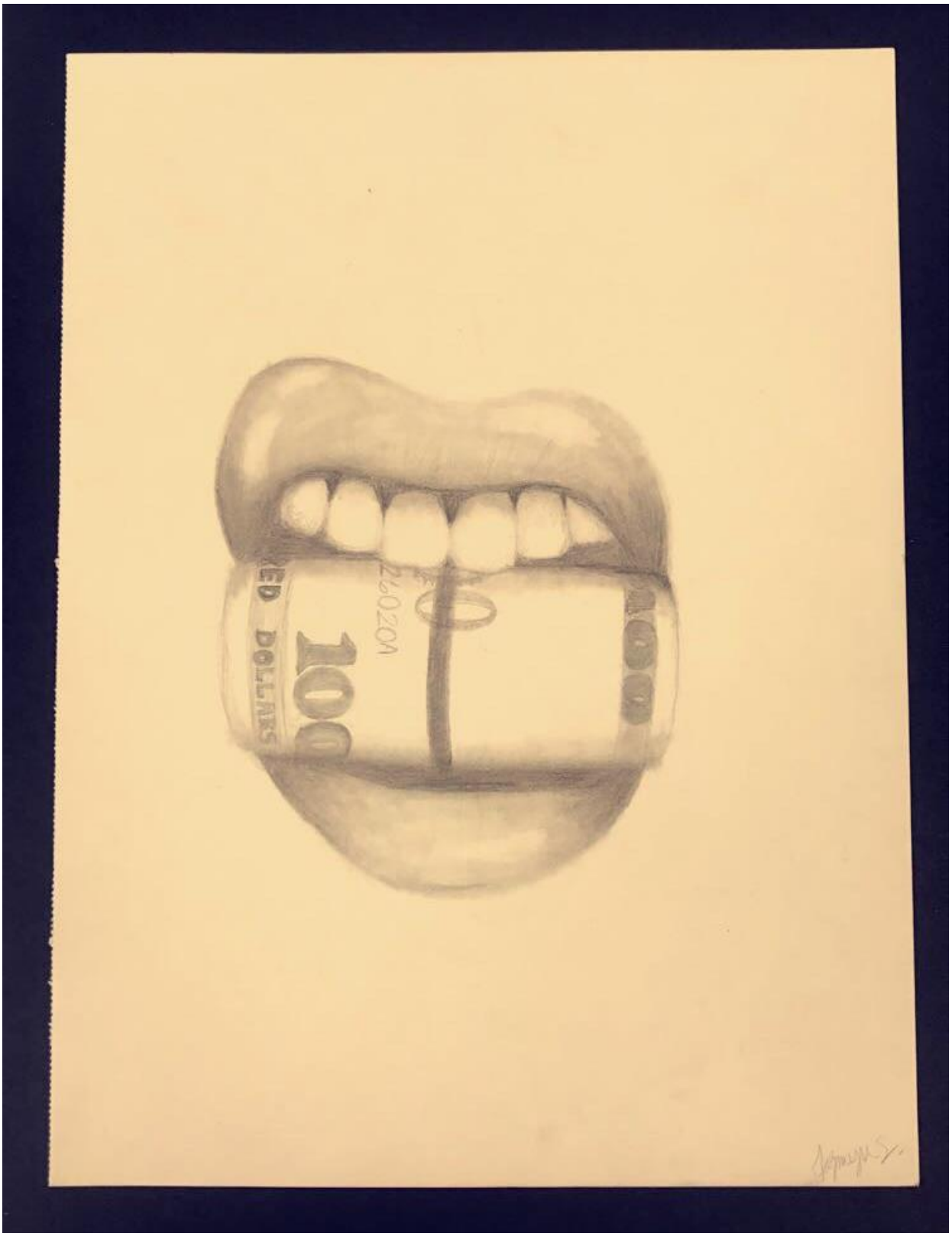
The angel lit the match and stared into the bright flame.
As she felt the last stream of innocence leave her.
Her eyes shifted from crystal to ember and her hair became a pitch black
With cold eyes the angel dropped all she yearned
And now her wings have burned.



“Fear in Color” by Jazmyn Garcia



"The Tunnelers" by Riley McAndrews



Untitled by Jazmyn Garcia

“Wish You Were Mine” by Isaiah Donofrio

Your skin as soft
As the sunset, For once I’m not lost
But in the moment, I wish to be in your embrace,
To wake up to your face,
Every morning
And be happy
Like a fable or a story,
And gladly
Buy you anything if I can afford it
Because with your love,
I’d need no money
With your touch
As sweet as honey,
And Your beauty,
Visually stunning
I’d be with you when it's cloudy
Or sunny,
And I wanted to show it
With this poem
Yes we might be unknown
But I believe destiny is sewn...
If we’re chosen,
When you’re walking in the hall It puts me to a stall
And I can’t find the words
When we see each other
At all,
But inside I’m
Wishing and hoping we could be together
What's wrong with me having these feelings
When you’re with another
This is torture
Of the worst kind
Before my departure I need to tell you
I wish you were mine



“Jewel of the Sea” by Riley McAndrews

"The Outside" by ANJA

the outside

by Astali Nicole Jana acacio
A.N.J.A

I sat near a windowsill
looking out at the steep yet steady hill
I'm on the inside looking out
I saw a shooting star and gave a surprised shout

a glowing orb floated down to me
an orb I could keep.
I put my hand on it and I was outside
I held onto the glowing orb with all my might

In awe I found myself among the stars
I glowed so brightly you could tell me apart
I floated among the stars glowing very bright
this all felt just right.

I looked down and saw my body sprawled on the ground
my heart started to pound
I had died of a broken heart
and I got torn apart.

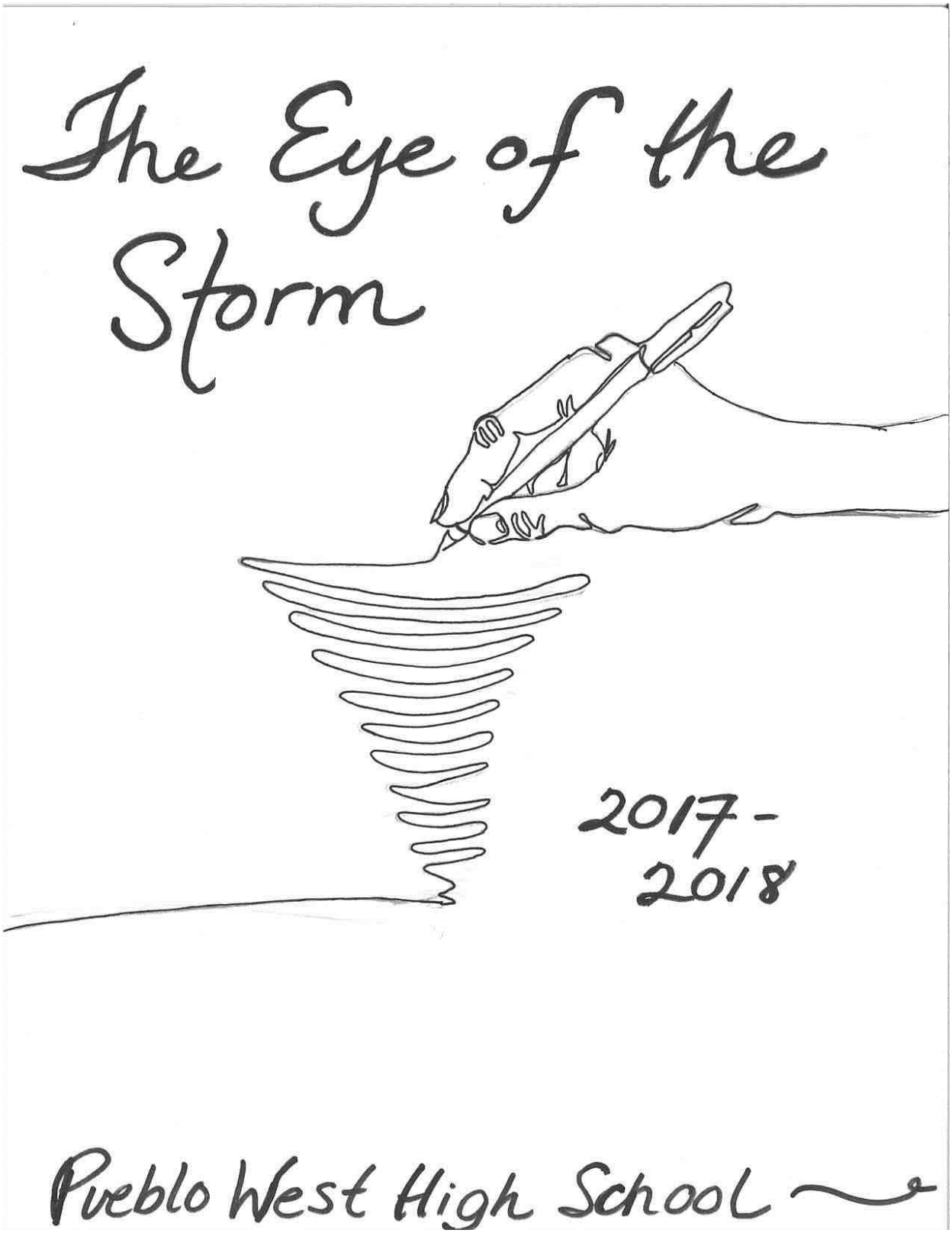
Dont bully people
it hurts couples
it causes death to most
Don't bully or the victims host

give them a smile and stand up for victims
you just might save her or him.
you'd make someones day
and its way better then being payed





“Sail On” by Mitchel Hausman



Javon Martinez