Diman Literary Magazine
Fall 2024



Photo by Eris Stets

Human Gets Food

By Theodore Kearney



Photo by Eris Stets

The human walks out of the door with a bright smile on his face,
As he skips along the shoreline with good grace.
The human ready for food to fill his belly that's hungry,
As his pockets filled with money and sundry.
The human's hair was groovy and clean thanks to his barber,
As he walks to a place that'll shelter him like a harbor.
The human walks inside and sees cashiers looking out like sentinels,
As he realized he'll have a feast that's bigger than a festival.
The human gets his food and wonders if it's a treaty,
As one gets money one gets something filling and meaty.

Iguana Abroad

By Eris Stets



Photo by Eris Stets

When I was in middle school
my family took a trip to Aruba
where we fed lettuce to a friendly iguana.

I remember him every now and then,
wondering how he's doing
and if people still feed him lettuce.

If I had taken him on the plane back home,
would he appreciate the northern weather,
or would he gradually despise me?

Iguanas live in naturally warm climates.
He would've hated Massachusetts.

I guess I consider myself to be
just like an iguana.

The cold is my weakness.

My veins freeze over into red branches
and I am involuntarily stationary
waiting for spring to melt me again.

In the warmth when I am thawed,
I am malleable.
I'm able to adapt, and to bloom.

I know why people like fall.
The leaves are full of color,
and people are tired of the summer sweat.

It's nice for big companies too.
In fact, their capital off the season
increases the adoration of their consumers.

Yet to me, nothing appeals.
I hate pumpkin spice
and the color orange.

The dying leaves may be pretty
to those with rose lenses
but I can never think of anything
Besides the soon to be dead trees,
when the world is nothing but white and black and ice.

Whispers of Autumn
By Onyx Pires



Photo by Eris Stets

I walk down a dark road
where the trees grow tall, and the pumpkins crawl
the wind tends to whisper and whistle to me
as I feel it hit my cheek
it makes a tornado of leaves
fly around me
almost as if, it’s come alive
The spirit of autumn and Halloween
shades of red
orange, yellow, and brown
paint the streets around me
those who have already fallen from the trees
The night is chilly
as I sit by the road, apple cider warming my hands
and I get lost in my thoughts
thinking about how I love the autumn season

Growing up

By Raul depina dos Santos



Photo by Eris Stets

Grow Up:

Another day has gone by

Wake up

Look around I got no one

Time flies

Im drifting

To past memories I'm clinging

Telling myself I'll be better but I keep on

Sinning

Another day has gone by

Where are you?

You grew too

We grew apart ain't no denying the truth

Another day has gone by

And I can't keep going

But I'm grown now

Keep my head up

So I can make my momma proud

Remember only time tells

And ain't no telling on what's gonna happen from now on

From Rap to Country

Editor's Note: Noah "Flaim" Davis is a senior and former SoundCloud rapper who has switched over to writing country songs



Image generated through CANVA

-By Noah Davis

Just cuz I switched country don't mean I can't rhyme like a criminal
Gotta keep it a modern day classic lever action citadel
Learned my steady hand with a Winchester
My hunter's instinct is sinister
Y'all forgot that I wrote this code like G
Would say I'm the the realest G
Gucci from head to feet
But y'all know I'm rocking this in my cowboy jeans

Grew up eating brown bread and beans
But now these working man hands
Stay stacking those working man bands
I gotta stick to my roots
That's why I wear these boots
They keep my planted
But it's hard with the ground so slanted
I'm always climbing up hill, never digress
Y'all really think I would let myself give less than the best
I'mma exit with a hat tip
Knowing y'all didn't expect this hat trick

Days Getting Colder

-Submitted anonymously from a Diman student



Photo by Eris Stets

The days are getting colder
The nights are getting longer
You made the world so big and bright
But now the world seems smaller

I know you had a month left
I still bought your gifts for Christmas
I knew that you were stronger

than the time that you were
given.

I wish that you were here right now
I'd wish a thousand wishes
You didn't want to hurt me
So you tried to keep me distant

You thought that you could fight alone
The Doctor visits
Slowly tore away at what you tried to hold
You couldn't keep it in

I wish you'd told me sooner I'm your lover and your friend I'd reverse the spinning world we're on And do it all again. From the moment that I saw you Till the moment that you passed I'd make summer last forever I'd make every second last.

The trees are letting go of leaves I know that I should follow I still fall for you everyday. But everyday is hollow.

The days are getting colder
The nights are getting longer
The things I'd do to start again
I only sit and ponder.

Creation of the Bearded Dragon

By Hannah Raposo

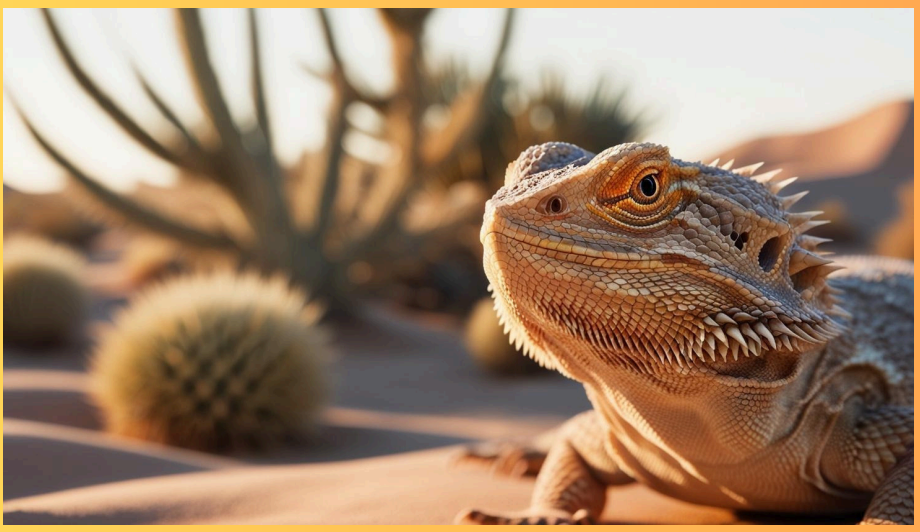


Image generated through CANVA

Once upon a time, many years ago dragons existed, along with men. All of the animals

and the men were friends. They evolved together and got along well. Until, one day the dragons overheard some of the men talking about them.

They said that the dragons were the weakest animals of all and that they have no purpose

in this very earth. The dragons that heard this were very angry and upset. They felt betrayed that their best friends would say these things about them. They huffed and puffed out fire and flew away.

All of the dragons went to the cave to converse and plan what they were going to do to

get revenge on the men. Finally they made a decision. The dragons all flew to the men and confronted them and threatened their lives. The men were unresponsive to their threat because they didn't believe they would do anything to them.

The dragons got so angry that the men weren’t scared of them and they ate the men. A

couple of days later the dragons noticed something growing on their face. They realized that they were beards, the beards the men had. Because they ate the men who had beards they are growing beards. These creatures evolved and were later called the bearded dragons.

Maidens or Witches

-By Josh Viveiros

Editor's Note: The following are black-out poems written last spring. In black out poetry, students take words from scrap papers or old novels and try to turn it into a short poem. All words but the poetry are blacked out with a marker.



Image generated through CANVA

The voices of maidens singing will be sweeter than memories
Their wits will be scattered
These maidens are a band of witches – steer clear
They each wore a cloak of blood

Idea

By Jared Rego



Image generated through CANVA

Time wasting
But – an IDEA
That looked by far
The best I ever had

Sister at Party

By Brian Kilby



Photo by Eris Stets

I cannot imagine –
God, I have to pick my sister up from
A party

Spirits

By David Lockhart



Image generated through CANVA

All of you
Calling on spirits to punish only me
Avoiding was easy
Being free was impossible
They did everything
I was able to hide
Let them bring whatever spirits they want to send us
They need you to look after them

Guy Next Door

By Joleah Rivera

Editor's Note: The following is a black-out poem



Image generated through CANVA

Why doesn't she leave
She must have the heart to know –
You always fall for the guy next door