

SPRING 2024 Diman Literary Magazine

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Adviser: *Jeffrey Wagner*

Kindness, Time, Acceptance
Photo and poem By Byrin Worin



We are like a cloud in the sky,
pouring down on life itself
Helping the plants in need to grow and sprout,
without needing any of its help.

Life is like a flower,
the more we live through life,
the more we see beauty in it,
and right when it blooms,
it is at its peak.

Inside all of us is a tree,

every leaf is a choice we make,
some fall and some trees may lose if not all of its leaves, but the tree will
always remain,
because that is what makes the leaves itself.

Joy of Spring

Poem and Photo By Paige Diogo



The essence of spring
brings with it a sweet thing;
With warm weather and sunshine
brings joy and new life
that takes form in colors and light.

As flowers bloom from the ground,
It makes its way round;
The joy that comes with spring
that will always stay year-round;
Even when winter comes and rots everything away,
the memories you make will never be astray.

Search for Love

-Anonymous



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I wonder what it is like
To fall in love and be with someone.
Is it a wonderful experience? Does it make people happy?
What makes people fall in love?
Is it one's appearance? Is it their personality?
I don't know, but I hope that I can find someone who will love me

One Strike Left to Go

-By Aaliyah Souza



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*I stand on a mound and my heart races.
My hand on the ball feeling the laces.
Staring at the nervous batter at home plate.
She doesn't know that striking out is her fate.
Getting ready to deliver the ball, my windup is the weakest of all releasing the ball, it
spins and sprints to her, a swing and a miss the ball was a blur.
Two cuts, one to go, One strike left to throw.
I mess it up, a change to ruin her flow.
Her flow messed up, she completely missed the ball.
Her team had faith in her and lost it all.
The Ump called the strike and that she was out,
I jumped off the mound and began to shout.
The thrill is like a lion upon his prey.
The team roars and the victory is on the way.*

A Sport United

By Jacob Branco

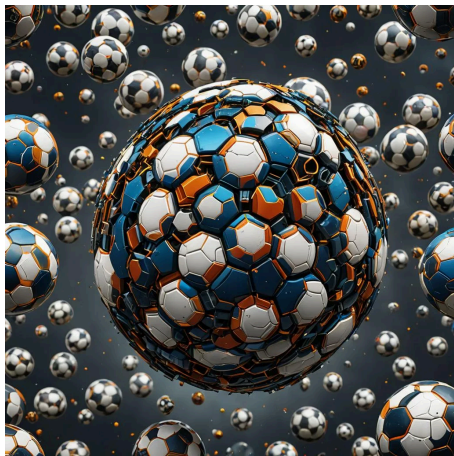


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On fields of green, where passions roar,
Where dreams take flight and spirits soar.
With every kick, a symphony,
Of feet in rhythm, wild and free.

The ball, a globe of dreams untold,
A story waiting to unfold.

In every pass, a tale is spun,
Of battles fought and victories won.'

For soccer is more than just a sport,
It's a language of the heart.
A celebration of unity,
Where the world comes together in
Harmony.

New Morning

By Jose Velazquez



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movin through the motions
cloudy day
never saw you grow up
piercing through the clouds
slight drizzle
know the storm is over
I'm still gettin older
so are you
know we're changing seasons

winters over
hope you're getting closer
grabbin' what you're reaching
you're still holding on
needing answers
just let go of reason
trees let go of leaves and
grow new ones
all your scars are healing
just know that you're
beautifully broken
perfect's never reached
and if say this
beautifully spoken
while the clouds are leavin
while i see the
smile on your face
like the sun that's beaming
orange and blue hues in the sky
we can finally see it
there is no more things to hold you down
you can finally reach it

You

By Sophie Chekares

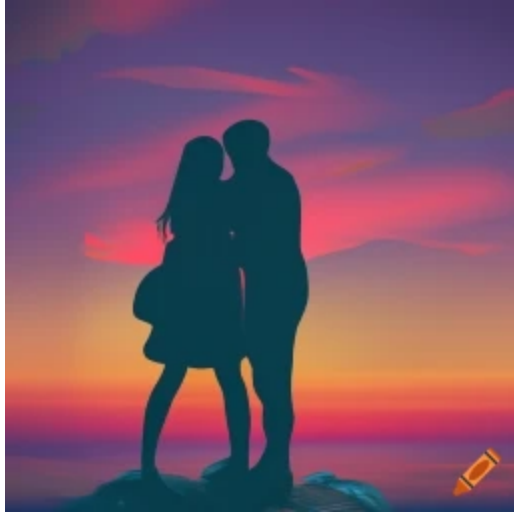


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Even when we are away
I think of you throughout the day
And when the sun sets and the day is through
My head is filled with dreams of you
Your words make my worries drift away
And you have to leave, I wish you would stay
8 billion people in the world
but when I met you, my heart swirled
On weekend nights when I am alone
I know that you will call me on the phone
And when the sky is no longer blue
My heart will always be true to you

Standing

-By Jose Velazquez



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big dreams

and even bigger pants to fill

they hand me down

a written fate

this system wants me standing still.

but I'm still standing.

no support for college,

take your diploma and work that 9-5

I'd rather find a different way of living;

I'll die trying.

"But the rent's due in a week,

Why you lookin' at the sky?"

I just need like seven days

to grow my wings so I can fly

But I'm still standing.

Standing so damn long my feet hurting
Walk a mile inside my shoes to go to work
Then keep working
Once you work that overtime,
Time to walk a mile right back home
Take off my shoes and wonder
how would you grow?
The only cycle you know.

Oh, you wanna “make it out?”
I’ll give you education first let’s learn
what’s in your bank account?
If you make over the average
middle class
then I’ll show your classes
Nobody passes with an A
living off section 8

By Argenis Torres Vazquez

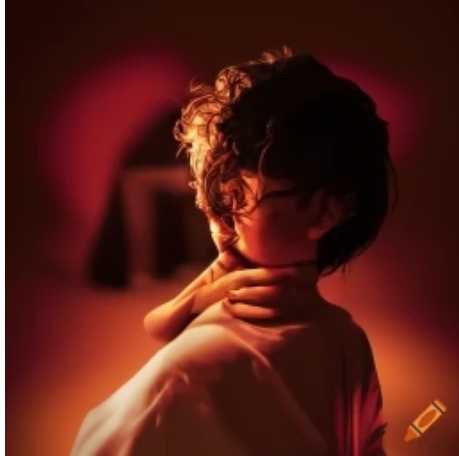


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I guess this the part where we gotta break up
The part we fall out of love
The part we don't make up
The part that comes to an end
Started as lovers and ended as friends
And i hate this something we gotta do
But i know this is for the best
So i wish the best for you
I wish you well
Say my farewells
But i can tell this what's best for you
I wish you well

Editor's Note: Noah Davis is a Soundcloud rapper and country music singer. The following are lyrics to a rap

Book of Rhymes

-By Noah Davis



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*This ain't my book of revelations, nah it's my book of rhymes
I'm just chilling and working on my grind
I'm here because I decided to do something with all this time
I don't expect anyone to help me with this dream because it's mine
I ain't expecting to become a rap god and treated like royalty
But what I really want is for these lyrics to be admired like a novelty
Like Amazon, I can rhyme any word from a to z
I don't even know what I'm saying anymore, think I'm going tone deaf
Spitting fire on the mic, got some dragon breath
Surprised you're still here because to be honest if I were you I would've already left
You can call me cocky
Yeah I know I'm still a little choppy
But I'm knocking this out like I'm Creed or Rocky
Cooking it up like teriyaki
Kicking it to oblivion like Mr.Miyagi
This is fuego like taki*

*I know what I'm doing and it's completely fair
I don't care if this flops, I ain't in despair
If it's a battle you want, then it's war I declare
I'm playing my cards right even though I'm playing alone, it's solitaire
This game is broken and I'll repair
Don't worry I'm putting in my share
This is so fire that you can't touch me without an oven mit
I'm a rhyme till I slur up spit
Even passed that because I'm a make myself fit
Then I still won't chill out because this is too lit*

Editor's Note: The following poems are blackout poems conducted during an English Class for April's poetry appreciation month

Champions

By Aydin Dibonaventura



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All of this will be

A sign that there

Are

Champions of Every Sort

Lakers Versus Bulls

By Christian Medeiros



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Jordan guarding James Worthy.

Jordan pressed Worthy means
the points that will decide the game.

No grins or hugs, not now;

This was business and life.

And to some degree

This was being a man.

Screaming



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By Marquell Massie

His screaming

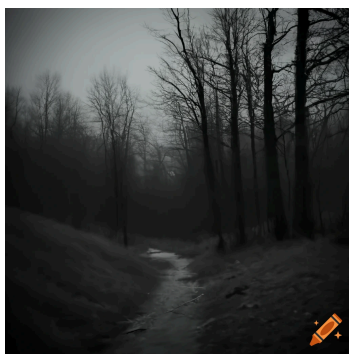
Immediately

Sweeps pass

Into open water

Eerily Quiet

By Cam Dutra



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There's an echoing,

hissing sound

Miss Cole – screeching like a girl

Blue sky overhead all flicker, then vanish into dark

It's eerily quiet, silent.

Time

By Olivia Michael



World bearing the sky

No before or after, only now

Time: It does not really exist

Before or after: your whole voyage

Heart of the fire and burn

Coffee Shops

By Cory Almeida



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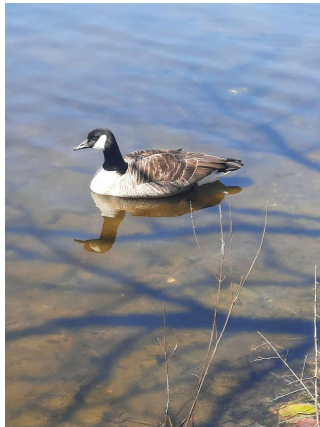
She kept saying

Coffee shops were popular

Then I was sitting alone in her basement

She asked me to pour the drinks

My Secret



-Photo by Paige Diogo

By Aidan Lambert

Painful memories passed

And only the duck

With the purple eyes

Knew my secret