

# SPRING 2024 Diman Literary Magazine

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**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



Image artificially generated

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

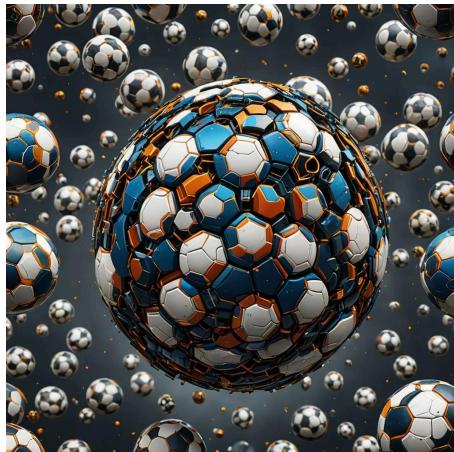


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*I stand on a mound and my heart races.  
My hand on the ball feeling the laces.  
Staring at the nervous batter at home plate.  
She doesn't know that striking out is her fate.  
Getting ready to deliver the ball, my windup is the weakest of all releasing 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



**Image artificially generated**

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 Chekare



**Image artificially generated**

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



**Image artificially generated**

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**



### **Image artificially generated**

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***



*-Image artificially generated*

*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



**Image artificially generated**

All of this will be  
A sign that there  
Are  
Champions of Every Sort

## Lakers Versus Bulls

By Christian Medeiros



**Image artificially generated**

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**



**Image artificially generated**

By Marquell Massie

His screaming

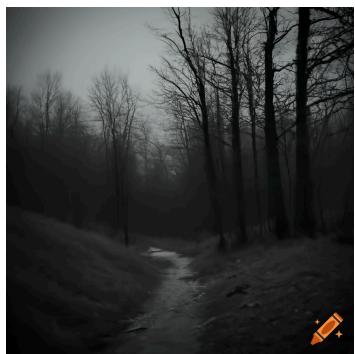
Immediately

Sweeps pass

Into open water

**Eerily Quiet**

By Cam Dutra



**-Image artificially generated**

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



**-Image artificially generated**

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