

# JAMBANA



# **Jambalaya**

**Boulder High School  
2026**

Produced by Zoe Lloyd-Carpenter  
Cover art by Aurella Charnick



**2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner**  
**Ruby Schwartz**



Jacqueline Shires

## 3<sup>rd</sup> Place Winners



Alex Miller



## 3rd Place Winners

Lucy Weisman

# **This is Timeless**

by, Ella Rosenbaum

The idea of timeless is intriguing.

How can something be eternal when all things are destined to  
end?

If all went on forever would timeless even matter?

So, what is timeless? An

Idea of what is possible, of remembrance, of scattered  
moments

Shared throughout time? Is that it?

To become a record of history? Or, perhaps, timeless is a  
mystery;

Individuals still unknown who will create ever lasting impact.

Maybe it is simply random acts of kindness that forge a  
timeless feeling;

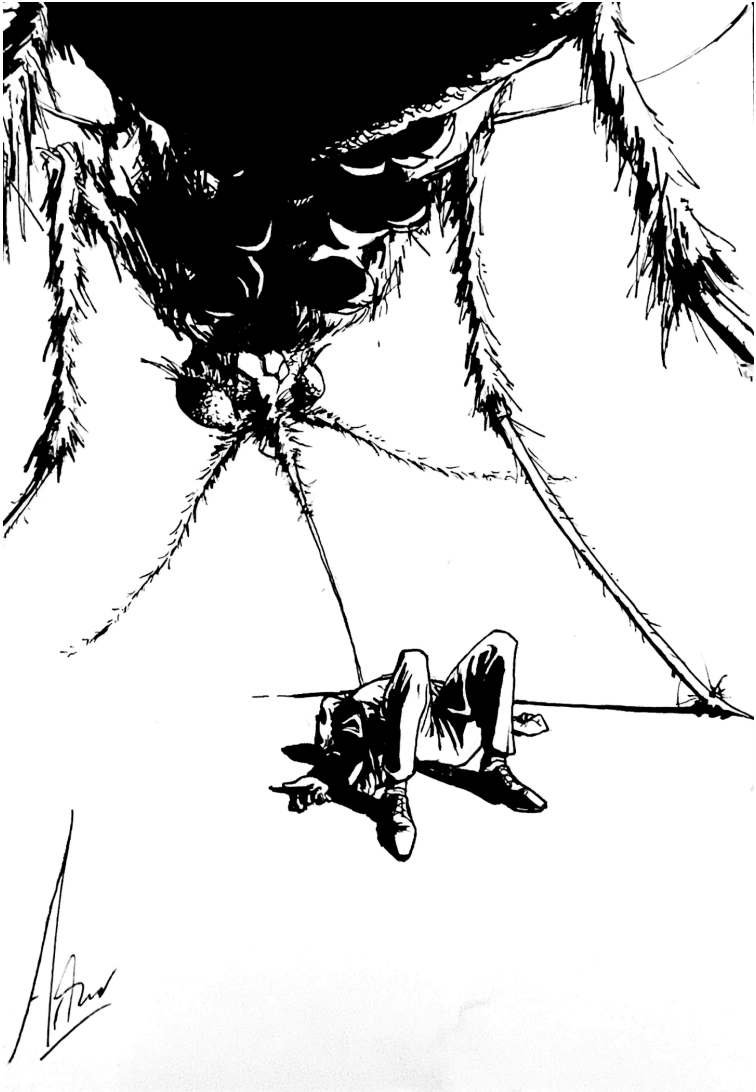
Endless like the cycle of seasons, a stretch of space, or a  
mother's

Love, never stopping, regardless of how dark the path.

Everlasting is this idea we hold dear.

So, is timeless a definite? Is it something that can truly be  
defined?

Simply put, the answer's yes. timeless is.



**Authur Perez**  
*They Sould Scare  
You More Than This*



**Evelyn Kirby**

## Riley Silver

Timelessness is the sun beaming on your skin  
while time slowly slips out of your head  
It's salt in your hair, laughter in the air,  
while were singing loud in the car  
as time feels afar.

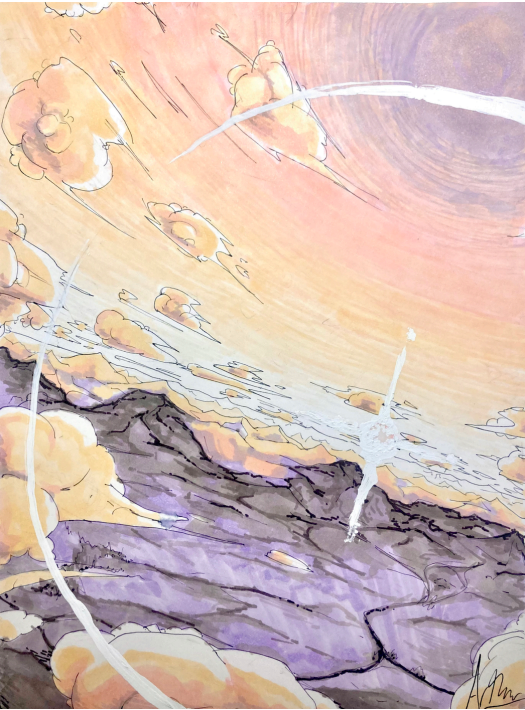
Timelessness is jumping on the trampoline,  
backhandsprings and routines at six years old,  
your sister's laugh ringing louder than your parents rules,  
the sky a bright blue above you two.

Timelessness is being surrounded by people you love,  
voices flow into your ears creating something safe and warm,  
the moments that make you feel whole.

It's waking up on a summer morning,  
light beaming through the window,  
unsure of the day but certain you've been sleeping for hours.

Timelessness is a memory you can step back into,  
a feeling of happiness  
where time quietly flows out our minds.

**Arthur Perez**  
*Neopolitan*  
*Sunset*



**Anonymous**



## The Doll

### PK Alamilla

A clock read the time 7:40 A.M. as a doll was laid down on a white futon. She was beautiful. She had medium-length black hair, small black eyes with rosy cheeks, which was a contrast to her pale, shiny skin. She held a red bow in her hair that looked as if a child had put dull scissors to their mother's kimono to make the bow just for this doll. It was the same shade of red as the bow, a white belt wrapped around the doll's waist to keep it from falling off. The kimono was so long that it covered her feet.

A piece of torn up paper was surrounded by the small family that lived in the house. The piece of worn out paper had the bold markings of a foreign language. "A single one of our newly developed atomic bombs is actually the equivalent in explosive power to what 2000 of our giant B-29s can carry on a single mission. EVACUATE YOUR CITIES. ATTENTION JAPANESE PEOPLE. EVACUATE YOUR CITIES." The rooms were so quiet, the drop of a pin could be heard. Sobs erupted throughout the room which the family was gathered in. The house was now a sponge for all negative energy that lay dormant for years, waiting for the perfect moment to erupt, corrupting the air around Hiroshima.

The clock chimed at 8:00 A.M. The doll continued to lay on the white futon as light bled into the room. Only the echoes of the now faded laughter that once filled the district sank into the stone streets. The doll's rosy porcelain cheeks sparkled as the sun peeked out through the clouds and into the window, curious of the new face laying on the futon. The doll kept still like all of the other toys in the quiet white room.

The arms on the clock pointed to 8:10 A.M. Screams could be heard throughout the district as panic rose through even the planks of the homes. The sun hid behind the clouds once again as if it were also terrified of the impending doom of the country. The doll still stayed on the futon, now shadowed in the dark clouds.

The burnt numbers of the clock read 8:15 A.M. The sky. It was too bright for anyone's eyes. Soon, the screams turned silent, everything turned silent. Only the shadows remained, stained in the stones in the place the people used to be. A wave of extreme heat washed over the city. But the doll continued to lay on the white futon, waiting for the little girl to come back.

A ticking sound could be heard at 8:18 A.M. Fires scattered the city, water drowning the holes in the ground. Underneath the rubble were the burnt remains of children and adults, anything that the explosion only grazed its atomic blast against. The stone that had surrounded the house that was now gone were etched in the shadows of those who couldn't escape the blast. In the hole where the house used to be, was a little hand poking out. The beautiful doll, not as beautiful as before. Hairline cracks bisected the glossy, pale face. The bow had been torn to shreds, while the kimono held on by a thread. Right next to the once beloved doll were the words covered in rust, Little Boy.

Soft taps bounced off the rocks at 9:09 A.M. Rain softly dripped onto the grounds of the broken city. Raindrops hit the doll as if she had started to cry, but the rain seemed off. The rain was black, soaked with the burnt flesh of those who were immediately killed off during the bombing. They destroyed everything. Everything. All the sorrow that had

blossomed from the impact was beginning to settle in the forest and began to sink into the rocks, trees, and corpses of Hiroshima. The sorrow permeated into the stratosphere. The world crumbled as only a doll was left of the big city of Hiroshima. 20 months after the tragedy, the Earth had replaced the ugly scars and burns of the doll with beautiful flowers with moss under which had grown between the cracks. The doll was now whole again. Chrysanthemum morifoliums hugged the doll's smooth yet soiled porcelain skin, the kimono now engulfed in wisteria petals. Safe at last. Safe from the violence, the horror, the disaster that impacted this town. Safe from them. Engulfed in the light of the sun, who had now come out from hiding in the clouds to play. The war is finally over. The artificial powers have corroded away, subsumed by the forces of nature. It is time to dance with the sun.

# Brenna Dye



# Timeless

## Harper Hammer-Cadora

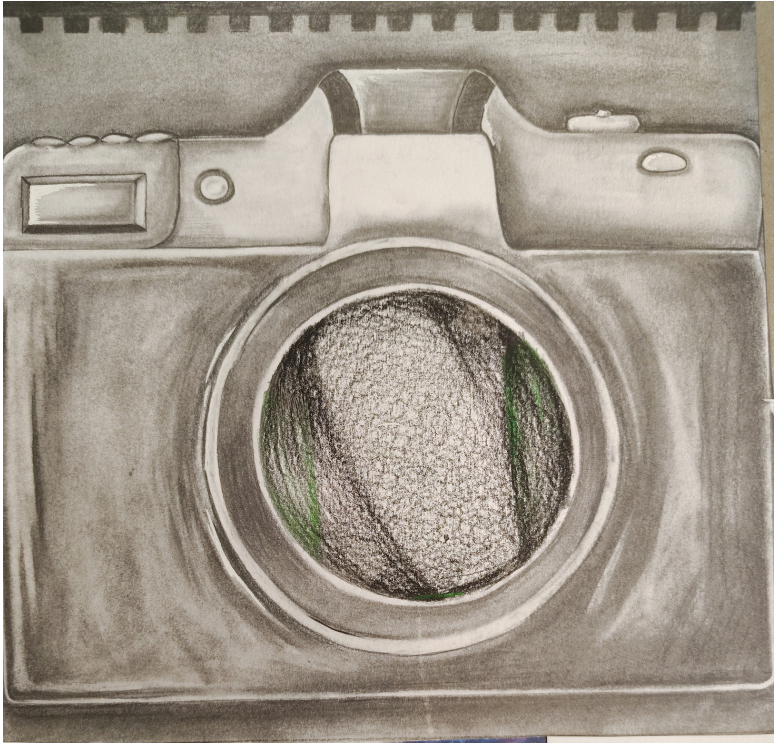
The river wears no watch  
It carries the sky  
And keeps moving

Stones interfere with it  
Branches reach like hands  
Yet still it slips past  
Silver and steady

I used to think time was a barrier,  
I counted grades  
Counted seconds  
Felt stitch like a rock in a current

But now sitting by the bank  
I watched the water  
Hold me and the clouds alike without breaking

It does not wear a watch  
It keeps moving  
And nothing is lost



**Fanny Lopez Hernandez**



**Josette Doyle**



# Ceaseless Whispers

By: Taylor Walsh

Heed to the endless stories of the world,  
For you may hear its whispers.

The ocean that carries a humpback's song,  
The bird who whistles past pines,  
The mountains that converse amongst clouds,  
The prairie dog who calls his colony home,  
The wind that whooshes through the branches, eavesdropping on  
its secrets—

Gaze to the endless stories of the world,  
Look above the trees past our universe,  
Written tales of mythology above the earth,  
An everlasting body of stories, murmurs in the sky,  
And call to the grasp of the earthly planes resonance.  
Tell me your dreams,  
Tell me your secrets,  
That one day I may understand your stories.

Bare your heart to the endless stories of the world,  
For the earth may tell you its torments—  
Let us swallow it's salty oceans tears  
Push against its boundless breaths,  
For my ears and eyes are open—  
Show me your beauties.

Open your dreams to the endless stories of the world,  
Make me a bird so I may fly to horizons,  
Make me a constellation to admire in the sky,  
Make me a tree to hold life,  
Make me the sun so I may provide light.

If we heed to the endless stories of the world.

Listen under its breath, in its breezes.

In the roots of the willow trees.

Listen to the bird's song through the catkin leaves.

Until someone may sit against its trunk and hear her ceaseless  
whispers.



**Josette Doyle**  
**2026**

## Drinking Bloodied Water

Noemi Haas

A forgetful blink...

Brings the attention towards that

Which thou turns countenance from, yet can never  
Seem to fall out of the grasp of. A quite dull sensation: as  
breeze

Ruffles curls, water satiates thirst, land meets thy step,  
Fire tingling senses to a fervor. A pulsing second  
Passes the irises; brought to them a notion that draws  
The fingertips to ache. Grasping pure air  
Burning thine chest, looping through veins—sparking eyes.

Even a shot of cool liquid poured down  
The throat, cannot sate the dryness  
Which cakes the chambers of thy heart.

A lonely fire exposed—dancing  
Within the tender frame of the body.

(can't you feel it)

Is it strong enough to withstand the wind's power  
Sweeping through your clothes? Or will it go out  
With a simple brush?

It's warmth ostracised

As the storm comes pouring down...

Would thou want to scream in horror, doubt, frustration?  
Or will comfort be found in humming to yourself softly  
As rain pelts the pores; extinguishing

The flames of thy heart.

To die quietly, or go out with a blast—isn't that the  
question?

Do the stars feel similar as they slowly fade into history?  
As their core dreadfully cools, shrinking and shedding  
It's inner making. Shining vs. burning...  
(isn't it the same thing)

Alas! Does this feeling  
Of hopeless lethargy; ravenous tears languishing  
The senses vehement, will it ever rest? Why  
Do we find closure in such a place;  
Destroying our being  
Inwardly. The embrace craved to a hundredfold,  
That the grip drawing rotten ichor from the pores  
Goes utterly unnoticed. Venom fabricated from the mind  
Erasing the light once painted on bones; now cracked,  
Flaking between the cells; traveling cytoplasm and curves.  
We consume the hatred our brains conjure for us  
And question why the soul feels so ailing;  
Snarling down the barrel only to see it is thy own index  
On the trigger. Is it possible  
The thing we've been struggling to expel;  
Which drags us down into an ocean of demise  
And disillusionment,  
Cursing the blood we bleed, is plainly  
What we are?  
A dark silhouette following as feet carry us forward;  
Does it crawl—does it fly—does it hold  
The same structure as we with our own?  
Perhaps energy is wasted each given day,  
As we seek to prove ourselves undeserving  
Of the abhorrence acclaimed from our minds:  
Our closest ally, yet all-consuming betrayer. Although...  
Maybe all these thoughts are too defiant. Backs turned;

Ignorant to light from the sun stripping us clean;  
Scorching our skin. Drowning within an ocean  
Filled with the offerings of breathing.  
(If you'd only take a breath)

With scarred hands  
Reaching out; grasping for more,  
Which not one inherently knows the telltale of such  
(will we ever)

In grappling for more, do we fall as less?  
Does the label carved into thy chest weigh you down  
To shattered grounding that holds the feet,  
In hope of never being let go of.  
Wings limp at thy back, dragging through dust  
Abrading from your gated heart.  
(please let it go)

Desire for flight too large: crawls through nerves,  
Weaves itself into the very crimson liquid  
Thou lives off of—starvation  
On pure poison. Is all destined for the shadows  
From whence it came. Or is it possible to dance  
Within light of the moon  
(are we doomed)

Has the earth—that which we tear and destroy—  
Been damned, even as those eyes gaze upon her with love  
That could bring the world to its knees?  
Unbosoms of fidelity cascading mouths purporting,  
As vitality turns virulent beneath our soles.  
Is it too late to hope this murk—which dances within  
Our every breath—has not yet crawled  
Under the nails, oozing into cracks of knuckles,  
Sinking deeper into the crevices of joints.

This prognosticate darkness exudating henceforth;  
Clinging to skin, dancing through curséd blood,  
Curling and boiling along once open arms;  
Now held at your side,  
In the dismay of pain not belonging to thine own heart...or  
Could you hold magic at your fingertips?  
Buried behind the finger pads, pulsing...  
\*Another delible heartbeat\*  
With a heartbeat and tendons that swaddle it.

Gods above! What are we  
If not the tales we loop within our souls, scarred hands—  
Building our universe star by star—  
Which tremble as our truth is presented outwards  
Towards all those countless eyes.  
Will attendance be only of empty nothingness;  
A placeholder of all that should've been.  
(it still could be)  
If only the mind entered kickstart, pushing through  
Sanguinary led by the burned touch of existence—  
Which we only inhabit a tiny blip of  
In its entire frame. What could have happened?  
\*Another blink forgotten\*  
If only you'd release grasp on the bars of containment,  
Built by your own hand.  
Those metal poles not yet close enough to stop your body  
From slipping through.  
This whole world lies in your palm, don't you know?  
Even so, you sit,  
(why do you stay)

The dampen, freezing floor seeps  
Into your bones as you hunch in on yourself,  
Ribbs crushing lungs. Sunlight teasing  
At the corners of thy incagement. Dancing on the ground  
That whisps sweetness from thine tears.

(it's an arm's length away)

Yet, gaze never lifting, you stare into those hands:  
Shaking and trembling; itching to gain clutch on anything  
In order to lay your freedom  
Falling into that broken grasp of yours.

(yet you stay)

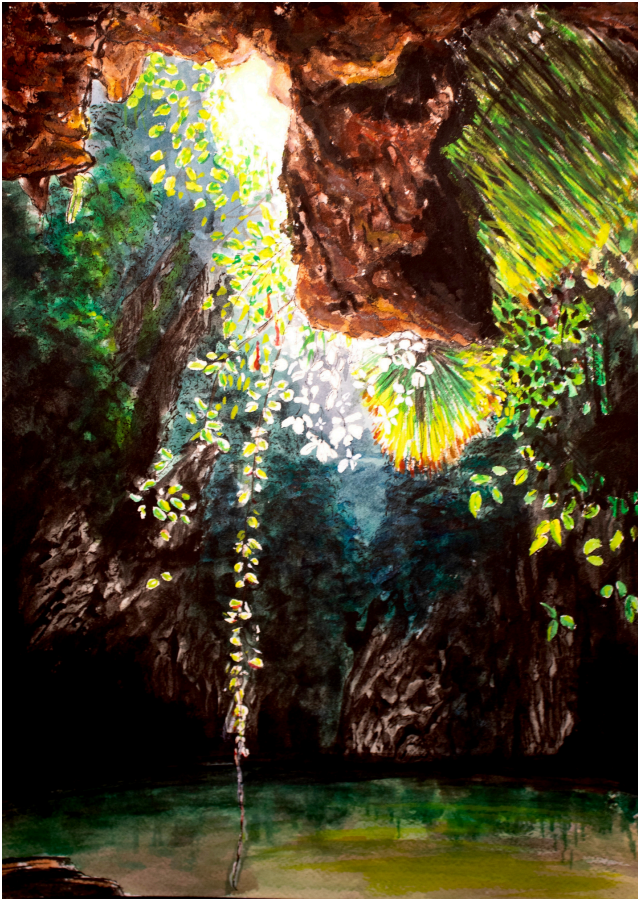
Would thou truly choose to drown on a single, lonely drop...  
Than the whole ocean?



**Josette Doyle**



**Ian Moffet**  
*Vampire*



**Serena Hunnicutt**



**Serena Hunnicutt**

## Connections through memories

Penelope Lewis

The year is 2013  
We're in our grandparents apartment  
Oakland, California  
Playing board games, watching tv, playing in the gym  
My sister and I created memories that brought us close  
together as young girl  
I would always feel happy and excited every time I was  
there

The year is 2016  
We're in Hawaii  
Mauna Kea Hotel  
The Big Island  
Being in our tubes in the kitty pool  
With our grandparents and parents  
Swimming in the ocean with our tubes riding the waves  
It felt exciting to roam around with my sister having the best  
time  
Going to dinner on the beach watching the sunset

The year is 2025  
We're in the British Virgin Islands  
Clear ocean, blue skies , nothing but boats and water  
Going on boat rides, snorkeling in the clear water  
Such an exciting moment being with my sister tanning on the  
beach  
soaking in all the sun

These places and moments  
Have brought me closer to my sister  
And show that our connection is strong  
And that these memories are timeless



**Serena Hunnicutt**

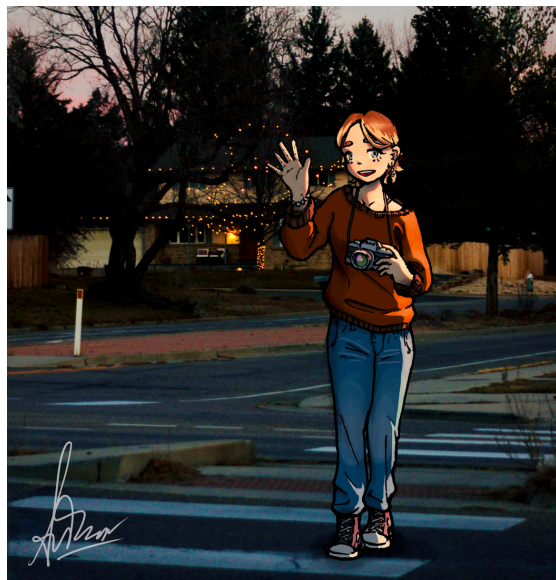


**Serena Hunnicutt**



**Arthur Perez**  
*Tyger Tyger*  
*Burning Bright*

**Authur Perez**  
*Nellie*



**Wrinkles Hung in a Row**  
**Oliver Litwin**

Wrinkles hung in a row

Wrinkles hung in a row  
Freckled, blotched, ordained by time  
Fabrics of thee? I know  
Delicate layers coated in grime.

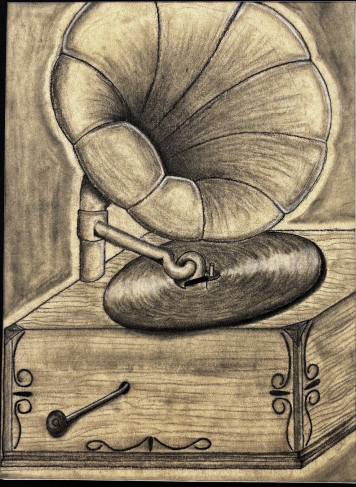
Fluorescents glow, revealing true form  
Silky strands of silver  
The breathing of life, ever warm  
Still the end near hither.

Oh how woven skins rot -  
Rot of love and of joy  
how they have fought  
Your relentless spirit I enjoy.

Hug me - wrap me in your soul  
Only then will I feel whole-



**Serena Hunnicutt**  
*Harp*



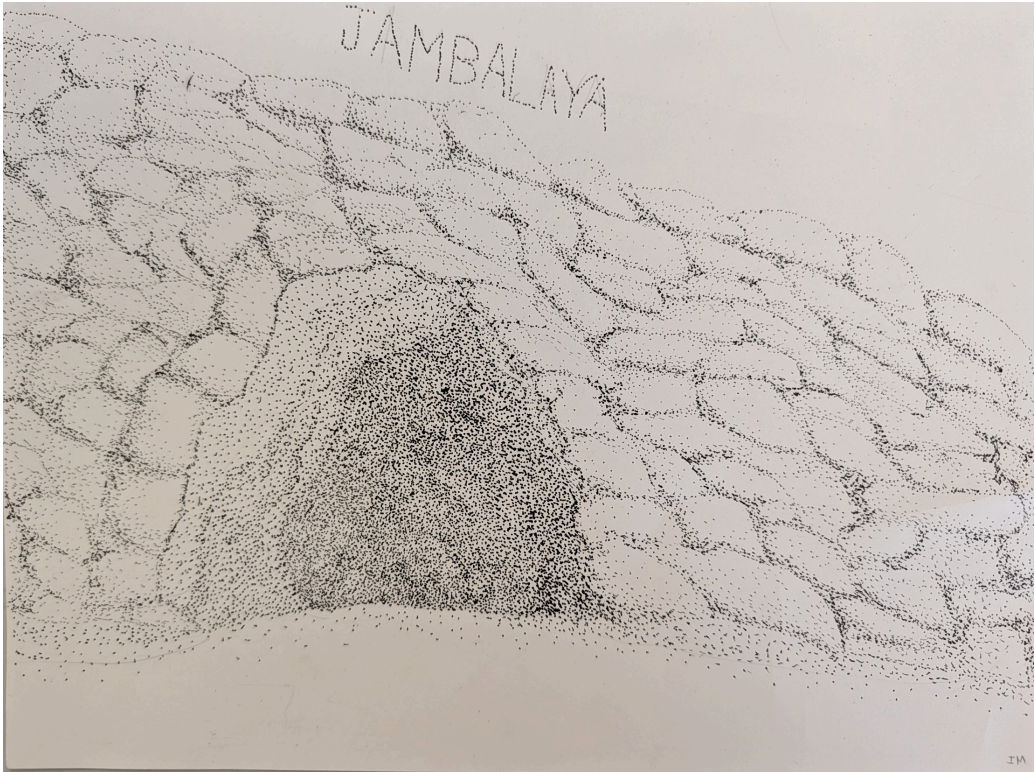
**Anonymous**





# Mark Gallegos





**Ian Moffett**



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