

SOUNDINGS

SARATOGA HIGH'S ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE 2019 ISSUE





editors' note

Dear Readers,

We invite you to step into the frames of the idyllic past. As we glance back on our high school years, we remember the stories we have lived and the doors we have opened.

The theme, halcyon, originates from the Greek myth of the maiden Halcyon who dove into the sea to reunite with her drowned lover. There, they arose as two halcyon birds, finding new joy once more.

As you flip through the pages of this art and literary magazine, enter and explore each new world with care.

We recognize that it is difficult to create and share art. Thank you to everyone who has submitted their work to this publication, and thank you to Mr. Tyler for making this issue possible.

Sincerely,
Soundings Staff

staff

Anisha Byri

Sherrie Shen

Colleen Feng

Cheryl Wang

Manasi Garg

Kaitlyn Wang

Front Cover:
Upside Up - Selina Yang

Nostalgia
Selina Yang



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Left, Right
Casey Holt

your voice bathes me in a cool light
clearing the fog from my head and the sins from my skin
your voice paints the night sky within my veins
sending a clean flow of ink through my body
your voice is a beam of blue light
clear and sweet through the air
yet dewy and sticky with sickly desperation
a desire that turns sour just before you can swallow it
your voice licks at the edges of the thoughts you're too afraid to think
your voice speaks without the words
that can only ever be colors
your voice lights me on fire
pulsing, breathing, bleeding in me
pushing me up, on, go, keep going, keep moving
your voice picks me up off the ground and gives me my legs
go, run, keep going, keep seeing
your voice is deep and dark and brown, rich, like fresh dirt
or coffee grounds, giving off the heady scent of a new day
your voice is a rolling red wave of suppressed anger and hurt
longing for an opportunity you gave up
so long ago
you think you don't care
don't want to remember
yet your voice thinks you do
your thoughts are gasoline
and your voice licks flames towards them
hold that note too long
and you just might feel something





Louis
Anisha Byri

Pearl (Girl)
Christina Xiao

Your lips ready to strike, to shuck me out my hard shell—
but I am empty.

What good is a mouth with no mind?
I am a writer, and all I have is what is mine,
my wrinkled pocket dictionary, caught up inside,
I speak from it, spill out from its cracks,
but
when you look at me, I am diminished
to the jumbled, twitching mess you know me as:
tongue shredded, cheeks reddened,
a deconstructed dish under your lips.
My viscera, visceral
the mess I am inside.

You peel me back and expose pure flesh. \$8.23 a pound!
I am degloved. Dig your fingers into my walls,
what do you search for?

Luster. She is beauty born of blood and seafoam. Tell me,
how much would you pay for her?
The daughter of nacre, Poseidon's blessed. Someone like her only comes around once
every blue moon, when the moon cries for a seashore view:
a-woo, a-woo.

A secret, just one: I am her. So tell me now,
how much will you pay? If my flesh is worth nothing,
then at least take my pearl. A piece of me,
forever yours, and
you,
viscera-visceral,
lips blackened by beauty's blood.

Needles & Thread

Samantha Yee

I woke up with a spider bite on my forearm.

I suppose this was inevitable; I've let my bedroom become a haven for spindly creatures.

I'd be lying on my bed, when I'd hear that little click-clack and turn to face one, scuttling over the pillow next to me, legs tearing tiny hollows in white fabric.

Even staring out of the dusted glass window, I see them everywhere. Clutching the edge of a dewey leaf on the lawn, eight eyes carved into constellations around a bright moon thorax.

They'd often be tugging onto shower drain with all eight legs, desperate to not let themselves be swept away.

Of course, I lend a hand to them, even the ones who are stupid enough to be caught in the drain. Yield a finger to some little thing straining itself to a clump of hair among old water droplets.

The red, swollen patch on my arm has pushed up three bumps of skin where those iconic fangs have gnawed flesh.

I have to remind myself that this is just a part of what they do. Spiders are hunters before artists, yet I keep coming back to look at the little painting planted on my skin.

A mark of unintentional artistry is what I think of it, rubbing the little droplets of my blood staining the pillowcase.

I've always been partial to insects, even the greedy little ones or those swooping bandits.

But spiders, grouped in with them, are different.

Beautiful, like porcelain; their clicking, spinning legs made of needles and wire, spinning out spools of thread.

They hang off of the light fixture in thin silver twine, crawling over the light bulb, casting awry shadows across floor tiles.

Too often, I'll see one curled up on

the floor in a mess of dry skin and dulled eyes and broken pencil lead.

At night, beneath the soft squeak of the mattress, I always hear that same clicking of needles on the floor and under the bed. There's a quick

house, but there are spiders.

I've think I've always heard the click-clacking of their legs and the snip snapping of the fangs and felt the concise blur of a white web under my palm.

Égoïste

Elise Phan

I need more love than I deserve.
It's true. Self-absorbed, that's what
I am.

I won't say that I'm irrelevant, but at least
I don't pretend that I'm
pretty.

I talk about myself a lot, don't I?
I know, but I just can't help my
self.

I can guess what you're thinking right now.
I have (what was that? I couldn't hear what you just said) a good
sense of intu-
it(ion).

I bet you're calling me a hypocrite, but who are we kidding?
I mean, you could say that about just about anybody else,
huh?

blink of a dozen glassy black eyes when I close mine, and I know that as I sleep, the spiders slip over the blankets, leaving behind tiny trails of black ink where their legs have traced the fabric.

I know I've woken up with a long black scratch across my cheek.

It's strange.

There are no other voices in my

I don't know if it's the soulful eyes, or the little murals spun into the corners of the room, or just the little mechanical bodies stretched out into an eight-legged form.

The spider bite has since faded into a dull crimson scab.

But I can still remember the sharp sting of red paint on my forearm. ♦



The Treadmill of Life

Elise Phan

Sometimes I feel--
As though I'm sprinting
With all my might--
To stay in one place.

If I take a single step
Forward--
A slippery glacier, fate,
glides beneath my feet--
One step forward:
Two steps backward.

Do you think I've never tried
to break this monotony,
shatter the translucent wall
before my future which
keeps me from hoping for
Progress?

Because I have.
All my life.

So maybe.
What if I stop resisting?
Let this perpetual treadmill
pull me backwards.
And backwards and backwards
past all my years of frustration
Until.
There's simply nothing left at all.

Melted Feathers

Justin Lee

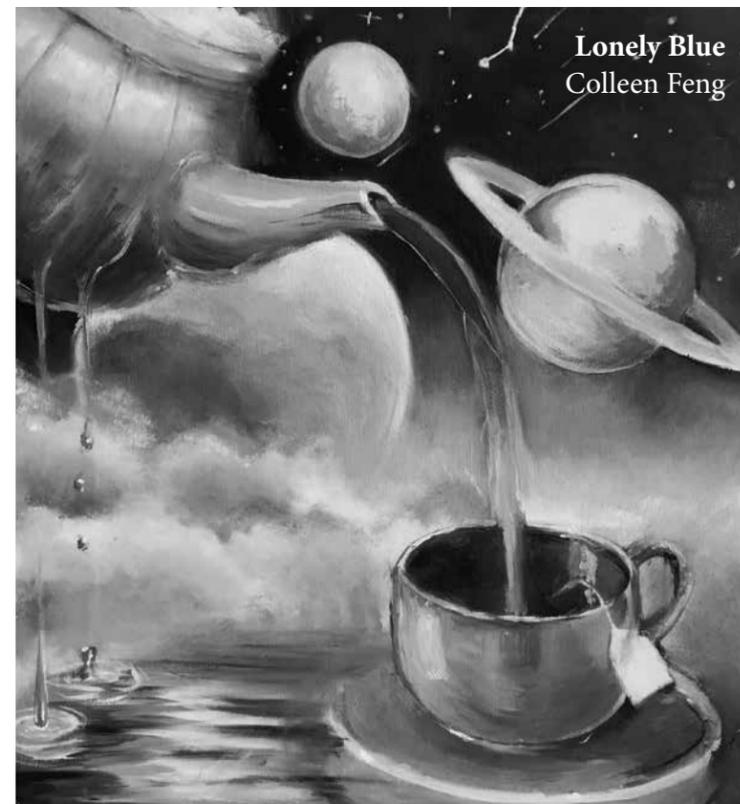
Stairway to Heaven

Casey Holt

i can feel pieces of myself weaving their way through the music and swirling up, up, up,
into the sky
i can feel the voices of the song coming not from outside, but inside myself
i don't know what the words are
i don't know what they mean
but i can feel the emotion
i can drink the rhythm, as it flows around me, speeding up and slowing down and
whispering feelings to me that i've never been able to feel
because the song isn't in in english, it isn't a song of words
it doesn't make any kind of sense
it's colors and shapes weaving between each other with every chord
it was never meant to be a story with an end
it picks up new meanings and feelings from everyone who listens to it
from every old man remembering his college days
from every little girl flipping through a record collection
from every studded leather teenager carving their own way through this world
it isn't a song that can be pinned down
it isn't even really a song
or an emotion
or a feeling
it just is
a tangle of things that have yet to be sorted out and formed into things like words or
thoughts or meanings
it doesn't need to be brushed and braided and cut into a sheet of notes and a string of
lyrics
to me, it's enough
i don't need to turn it into a tangible thing
i don't need to chain it to a definition
because as it is, it's a language i can understand



Shattering the Glass
Colleen Feng



Lonely Blue
Colleen Feng

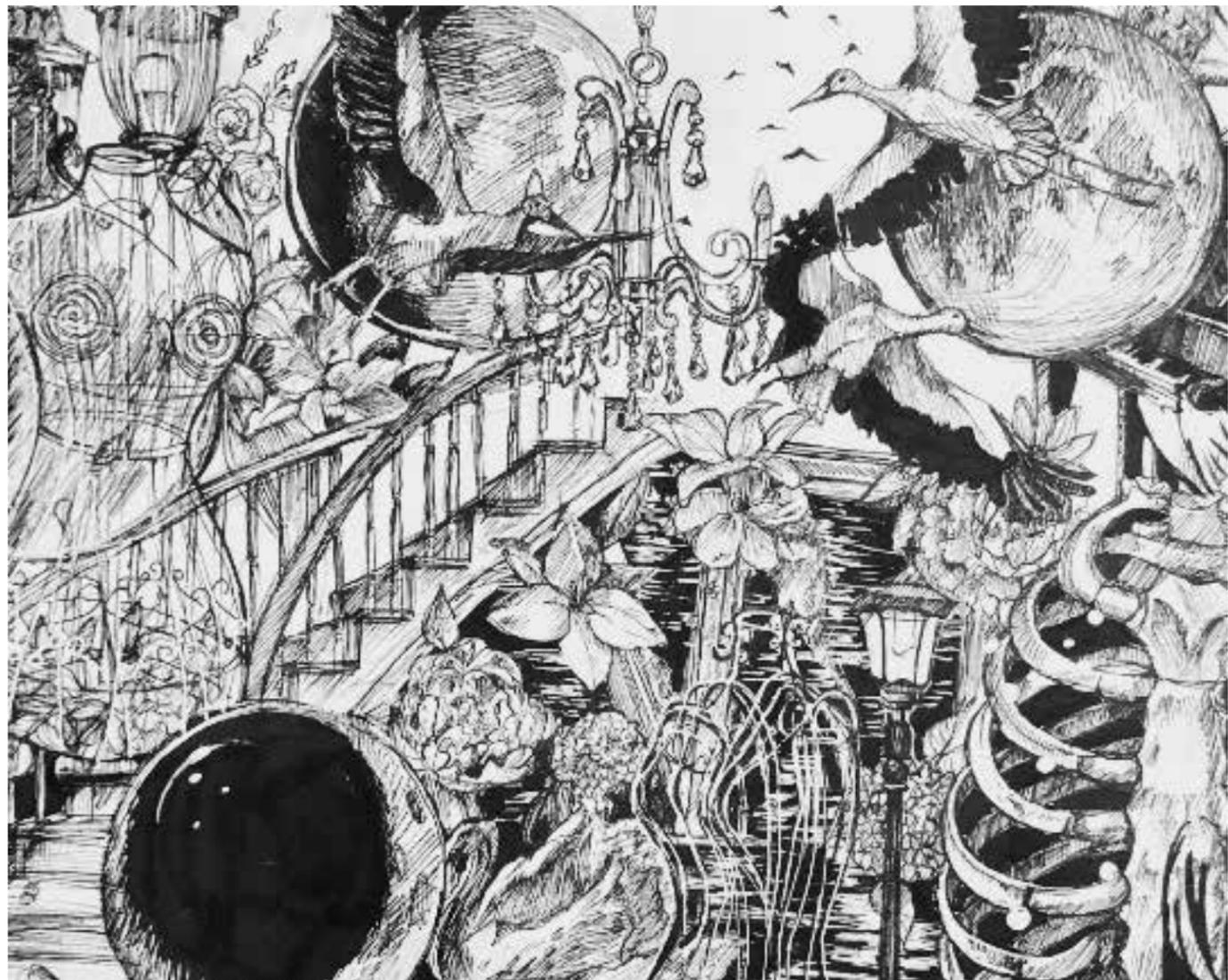
Mother of Earth and Now of Heaven

Tiffany Pi

I wonder why the seasons change without
you
For Mother of Earth, and now of Heaven
I am stuck in Time that is ever moving

I will never see your hare changing into its winter fur
Or feel the soft kisses of morning dew
Or be graced by your passing air
Or yearn for the sunny warmth of hugs
in its golden hour

Mother of all, I miss you
You are one with Earth, and now of Heaven.



The Ghost in the Stalls

Mathew Luo

A ghost haunts the 700's wing bathroom. Waiting in the shadows of the urinal, it lurks and stalks, an incorporeal abomination oozing terror and eldritch horror. Its malignant plots—the foul stench of bleach—the dirty mirror, the puddles on the floor—toilet paper strewn over desecrated sinks—the unpredictable sloshing of the fourth urinal to the left—plague and terrorize!

November 28th. The day was dark as pitch when Geoffery arrived at school. An anomalous downpour blotted the sky; a feeling of melancholy permeated the place.

The bells tolled at a quarter to ten. Students scurried out of class like rats; Geoffery, powered by an inexplicable explosive pain in his abdomen, was the fastest of them all. Many headed for the library. Geoffery instead sought the sanctuary of the 700's wing restroom.

When Geoffery passed through the two poles under the eaves guarding the 700's wing restroom, he felt a pair of eyes resting on the back of his head and a sudden nausea, ungainliness and light-headedness descended upon him. It would have been enough to deter any weaker-willed man. But Geoffery, afflicted by magically induced abdominal pain, lacked no motivation.

The great steel door of the restroom heaved as Geoffery shoved it forward, and a blast of cold air and the stench of pool chlorine wafted out from the restroom. Puddles of mud and water and urine lay on the tiled floors; two whole rolls of toilet paper decorated the mirrors and stall; the leaky urinal on the right had made a veritable ocean that wasn't draining into the hole in the middle of the bathroom. It seemed to Geoffery as if he were walking into the abyss. But, that did not deter him.

Entering the restroom, Geoffery became aware of the cold presence that seemed just out of range of cognizance. That, too, did not deter him.

Suspending his terror, Geoffery entered the stall, hung his backpack on the hook on the stall door, unbuckled his pants, and sat on the toilet. Strange whispering harmonies began reverberating around in that tile and concrete cage. Or was it only in his skull? The lights were dim and the floor was cold, and the seat the coldest of all—a chill traveled up Geoffery's bare skin, making him shiver violently.

The markings up and down the walls of the stall spelled strange words and phrases—incantations perhaps—that Geoffery could barely understand. 'This is a haiku/that I wrote on the toilet/I have no flip flop'. 'Pity me; I eat lunch here'. Geoffery shivered from looking at them, shaking with a supernatural vigor from the combined forces of the writings on the wall and his violent gastric and intestinal cleansing.

Then he flushed the toilet and the world went dark.

The stall became an endless prison, stretching far behind Geoffery into a pitch-black void. The sound

of endless dripping of rain leaking through the roof became tormenting, fear inspiring, madness inducing. The stall's doors were flung wide open, their rusted iron hinges reflecting a twilight purple glow from a shambling monster just outside the stall.

The quiet was unbroken except for the dripping of rain. Pitter patter, pitter patter. Geoffery was frozen in fear, for nothing in his twilight prison was familiar save the toilet he was sitting on and his bag, still hanging on knobbed protrusion on the stall doors.

Then the urinal flushed and sent a thundering echo into the stall. Startled, Geoffery jumped, his muscles twitching and his stomach contracting in tight knots. His legs flung him three feet into the air off the toilet, leaving him sprawled as a butt-naked heap on the dark marble floor. His jeans lay in a little heap around his ankles.

The ghost entered the stall. Scream now, said the thing in the darkness.

"No you," Geoffery croaked.

Geoffery gathered himself, unsheathing his belt from his pants and rolling his flip-flop wristband off his wrist. Standing up, he flung his pants off his feet with a kick and charged the ghost with a pink flip-flop in one hand and a belt in the other.

Geoffery weaved, ducked, and stabbed. His flip-flop sliced through the gelatin of the monster's arm with a squelching sound, and his belt cracked backward to flay the flesh from its bones. The ghost lashed back with a sweeping arm, but Geoffery danced backward and landed a graceful riposte with his flip-flop.

Back and forth they went, Geoffery gaining both skill and confidence with every strike. At last, in a desperate move, the ghost ripped open the bag hanging on the iron door to hold up a stapled packet, an envelope, and a little book.

"From the pits of your nightmares I produce this," said the monster. "Fraser, chapter 13 with 25 pages of reading! Your report card! Hamlet, with detailed notes from the world's leading center for Shakespeare studies!"

"Foul thing!" Geoffery said. "Those things I have conquered, and you will be next!"

With a lunge, Geoffery shoved his flip-flop through the monster's chest. The thing collapsed, teetering backward and dissolving back into the marble floor.

In the same moment, Geoffery's left foot caught on his pant leg, and, overcompensating for balance, Geoffery slipped backward in a diver's corkscrew, hitting his head on the toilet and leaving him sprawled on the bathroom floor.

The custodian found Geoffery half-naked and unconscious in a heap beside the toilet. An APUSH textbook, *Hamlet*, and an envelope lay soaking in a puddle under an unzipped backpack. Rain still poured overhead. ♦



Origin
Colleen Feng

Doll Series - Betrayal

Justin Lee

Escapism

Samantha Yee

Hey you, with the beetle tattoo, is what he said to me first, and it was love at first bite, a biting sensation that sunk into both of us, a connection, a someone, a something we had yet to uncover but still time to discover.

So we took hands, and ran.

It's true, some people will call me out for the bug crawling up my spine and into my brain, but they'd be even more disappointed if they knew where I was going with it.

I guess by then those people would've also figured out that we're scavengers. Scum of the Earth turning stones for bits of living to chew at between our sharp front teeth, not necessarily for food, but maybe something to ponder about. And sometimes for food.

And we peer out of the darkness of an alleyway with our bright eyes before scampering along laughing like that candy-shop-children-obligatory-metaphor.

We do kill people though, with laughter obviously. Maybe not the stand-up-on-a-stage kind of funny but cranking out a wired chuckle from someone who's had another nine-to-five shift and just enjoys our shiny green coat and wizz-eating-fun-times, sonder-scrounging and snapping-anger-savoring.

We're just honest-to-god pagans of the good times, bugs on stick-leaves slinging with ease across the jungle treetops, stuck in the middle of a crossroads with the map upside down.

Maybe whale-saving-charity is out of your little comfort zone but no one'd believe how much we make in a single day from that cardboard sign, dollars from worried moms to the underdog-believers, so maybe you could lend a hand to a fellow, spare a few quarters? Our laundry's getting old.

And surprise, we're lost on the city-slicker-screwing-bus again. The ripped ticket's about to expire and we slept past our stop.

Get off my vehicle: We don't need to hear that whole schtick again, so we leave the homeless man with his dead parrot on the backseat and boot out into the desert.

A ways away from the city, but we can still see the sky-high towers and their blinking lights, but it's too cold to do anything about the distance by this hour, so we burrow into the dunes, getting sand underneath our claws.

Scuff-scat-foot-sanding in the cool desert drive; sand-angels, if you will, wings so coarse and edgy we'd

cut you on them. We tape them to our shoulder blades and float.

We made a promise to our parents we'd never to go bed after midnight, so of course we watch the desert light taper over the blank slate of a horizon and wash over the gravel road until there's nothing left except chill and cold faraway lights served over our drinks.

I always wanted to be the next genuine Kack Jerouac looking for enlightenment in the mountains, yodeling with his cultured swines for friends and talking to hobos on trains and I gotta admit, I'm pretty close right about now.

We pick up where we left off in the city once we came back to our feet and tossed on our shoelace-less shoes, har-har-har-ing up a storm back in the streets.

We rent out a rooftop garden with a bunch of weedy flowers in it that we crush up to make farmboy swill, pukey-looking wine that gets stuck in our gullets. Genuine terribleness, generally.

And we prop up our hairy boots on the rusty rails, backs stabbing nails hammered into the brick roof door, tying our wings into knots, daring us to try to fly away and fall hard.

Sure, soaring is easy, but staying out of society's

susceptible skin is hard enough, to not just rip into the flesh and leech. I'll stick with the terribleness, for now, at least.

We stay up like this until our backs and tinny coats aren't enough to shield us from that mist who puts damp in our pockets until all we can do is squat, much less flutter.

It does get dull; the adrenaline, the empty fluorescent candy wrappers, the worn veins on our backs.

Or maybe it just dulls us; my coat's green underbelly rusted with the leftovers of the last bed we slept in, my teeth falling out. The journey's made us fruitless, sapped us of ourselves so we're shrunken husks.

We sit in an empty movie theatre until the film finally ran out of light and we were swatted out, again, for the third time that day, bid down the spiral stair into the gold-trimmed lobby that we scuffed all up with our filthy, dirty soles, dropping putrid droppings with a scattered clatter.

The rain's turned the world grey outdoors, big clouds on the backlot.

The last thing we see from the inside of a train car is the taunting glimmering sun's grin, flaring out red from behind a sheet of awning drippings. ♦



Sleepwalking on Neptune
Angelina Chen



Emma
Hanna Fu



Life Study
Hanna Fu

A Breath of Cold Air Against the Night Sky

Kyle Young

When you disappear into the fabric of the night and join the mass of sparkling dots, who will remember you? Who will cry for you, who will lay awake at night for you, who will feel your imprint upon the chambers of their heart? Only the Night sky will, gently carrying you in the palm of one hand and your loves and hatreds and satisfactions and discontents and ultraviolet colored memories in the other, slipping between the fingers like sand. Then Night will glide over sunsets and sunrises, across dawns and twilights, tenderly tucking you into a snug space between other twinkling bodies. And looking down at the far away earth, its green and blue masses, spindly and pale air, you will find it more beautiful than anything. And for those on the ground, when they too face the night sky with a breath of cold air, their eyes will cross over you, a twinkling orb the toe of a tiger, or perhaps the tip of a hunter's bow, or the stinger of a scorpion, celestial and shining. ♦

Holdomor

Christopher Lee

I dream of fields of wheat spanning across a rolling landscape where the border of gold meets the blue sky. I see the stalks fluttering in a breeze soft and mellow as the sheen ripples back and forth. These wavering fingers dance to a humming song I cannot hear, burying countless more fingers beneath them. The green sprouts have no answer, they are younger than I. Neither the old windmill, in all its age is crippled and its memories long decayed. No, the scars of the earth remain forever beneath it, melded with the land, turning bone to stone, flesh to soil, blood to water. I ask of the fingers below, their callused hands and bloody heart I cannot know, and their replies are suffocated by the earth. We know them as numbers, be they three or seven million, the difference is none and nothing more. How could we have known of the lives ripped from the root and thrashed? They struggle, twisting through soil like worms, a shifting mass of dirt rolling and heaving and weeping. The golden stalks continue fluttering.

Then I am in the windmill, soaking in the few rays of gentle light that seep through the iron bars at the top of the wall. The black stains in the wood are from another world, all that remains of a story from another time. When I close my eyes, I catch the faintest sob and it's smothered into the muffled black air. From then on, the bars remain for an eternity long after it too joins with the earth, as children dance among the golden weeds, heavy in mirth. ♦

Lunar
Angelina Chen



ageism and the gun problem

Anouk Yeh

i am writing this poem
 a day after john mccain's death
 while the whole country is mourning his loss
 his eulogies broadcasted over the air
 soaring through the sky like paper airplanes
 each speech different than the previous
 i have no idea how to start this
 so i guess i'm also going to write an eulogy too
 i'm writing a eulogy
 for all the girls and boys
 whose lives were taken before they knew why
 who were sheltered from insensitive topics
 kept in the dark
 because world issues are adult issues
 political issues are adult issues
 the issues that ended up claiming their lives
 were all too often labeled as adults only issues
 well if the kiss of a bullet doesn't knowl age
 why should knowledge
 so stop telling me that i am too young to understand the
 things that are happening to me
 to people my age
 my classmates
 my people
 so don't tell us that we are too young
 when we say your "background checks" are a problem
 so don't tell us we are too young
 when we say that
 the fact that there have been 345 mass shootings
 in the past 365 days
 is a problem
 when we say fear in our schools is a problem
 when we say premature death is a problem
 when we come together and say that america's sadistic
 romance with guns is a problem
 when we lobby for gun reform
 don't tell us that we are too young
 when we come together and support our brothers and
 sisters
 at santa fe
 at lexington
 at seaside
 birmingham
 raytown
 ocala
 palmdale
 dixon
 noblesville
 wellington
 school shootings that our NRA-funded government
 tried to cover

tried to mask over
 like as long as we don't acknowledge it
 it's not happening
 well mr. president
 i wonder if it's hard
 to wear young blood as concealer
 how easy it must be
 to blame mental illness as the real perpetrator
 to tell us it's not the guns
 it's the people
 tell us what's traditional can't hurt us
 well mr. president
 no matter how customary
 no matter how time honored your guns are
 yes
 they still kill
 yes
 we still bleed when we're shot
 so when we are the ones
 who step up and say to our fellow students
 here
 i don't know you
 but your life is mine
 and mine yours
 here
 although our i'm only your age
 and our souls seem light years apart
 i will do anything in my power to keep you safe
 don't tell us that we are too young
 when we say that we are fearful of going to school
 don't tell us that we are too young to know fear
 when there are people my age
 who have already had to look fear straight in the eyes
 stare down fear
 at its 20 round high caliber bullets and semi-automatic
 switch
 and have it stare right back
 so don't tell us that we are too young
 when we come together to say that there is no hall pass
 large enough
 to excuse america from its screaming absence on gun
 reform
 when we come together
 and say
 that it's not america's mental illness problem
 that it's not america's educational problem
 that it's not america's culture and historical problem
 that excuses the fact that america has a gun problem
 don't tell us that we are too young.



Childhood Innocence
Selina Yang



Child's Play
Justin Lee

Roads Diverged
Michael Tang

“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,”
Branches apart of contours brown,
Uncaring flakes of life long stood,
An afterthought to flutter down.

Three rivers convened beneath a bough,
A gurgling debate of mouths so fast,
By their own paths alone they vow,
Resolve resounding in woods so vast.

Four roots like serpents of umber light,
Twisting in the earth-brown skies,
Diving to escape the shower’s sight,
Evading each of a thousand eyes.

A stage awash in power surged,
And from every gust new lives call,
Yet what is fate but roads diverged?
For all the world is one long fall.

Never
Angelina Chen



What If
Elise Phan

It’s a shame, really.
Where did the
answer to everything
go?

In all your wildest hopes and
dreams,
you ended hunger, made peace,
and brought
Happiness
to the world.

This alternate reality was so
Perfect
that it was almost
real.

But all dreams end.
So where did all your
wellbeing, peace, and
Happiness
go?

Well, it’s a shame.
If only you could
just

Remember.



Tilt
Isabelle Rieken

She
Phoebe Wang

Her lips
Tilted up at me
Her hands, pale with the cold
Held mine

I seldom thought of this
Her smile, floating in the quiet
But that was what mattered to her

Now i think of it too
And i remember
i remember



Corrugated Couture
Isabelle Rieken



Realms
Karen Chow

Teacher, Deceiver, Believer

Daisy Miyoshi

You taught me that the world is a circus
with puppets who fling lies at people like propaganda leaflets of war
and tightrope walkers who hold your hand as they lead you
out onto the middle of the rope promising
safety money pleasure greatness glory then
let go jump to safety and
cut
the
line.

You taught me that every extended hand
every friendly smiling mouth hides a poison
that would eat away at my young beautiful unmarred soul
until it's a blackened ugly dead piece of nothing.

You taught me that love and beauty and comfort are things only fools care about.

You taught me that tears are a sign of ultimate weakness and to never tell my own story.

You taught me that leaning on others only would make me more breakable.

You taught me that the only person who would ever understand how I feel about anything
is you.

You never taught me how to talk to others.

You never taught me how to enjoy myself.

You never taught me that I was allowed to celebrate and feel

joy

when something good happened

instead of plowing on to the next destination.

You never taught me where to go when tears filled me up to the brim threatening to
overflow but I shouldn't wouldn't couldn't cry because that would mean

I am weak

and you would be disappointed in me.

You never taught me how to live through every day not knowing who to talk to because

I didn't know that friends were people you could

trust talk to spill your secrets to and they would

open wide their arms catch my words and lock them away within them

safe.

All I knew was

to dither in your shadow desperately holding it around me

hoping for warmth.

I taught myself

that I was beautiful in my own

pieced-together stained-glass way

that however broken I was there would always be

myself to pick up the shards

and so many other people to help me

fit them back together

that the music I make is not truly mine

if another dictates the pen that writes out every note

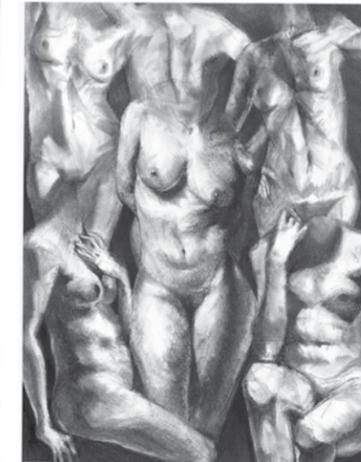
that I am allowed to have needs

that sometimes I am allowed to be selfish



Shadowed Figures

Colleen Feng



Time
Nick Burry



iron roses
Cheryl Wang

here is the sound of steel on steel
metal ripping on metal
a hard scrape against sparks.

do you shudder? your
primal instinct—dulled (
but persistent, despite all your
wishes to forget)
—growls, and you remember:

this is the sound of death.

and swords against swords and blades against blades
and red dying autumn stained in deep silver glades

i remember tragedy
although it was not mine
but the pale wan screams of a country
when new york danced in flames

and the silent song of the steel belt man
his neck burned red in mockery
who choked in the rust of a dying world

and glassy eyes watching
cold and grey
big brother's grin whittling eiffel

what is iron
but not destruction?



Self
Anisha Byri

Walking on Eggshells

Casey Holt

you don't think about the shell
of the egg you eat for breakfast
it fits into your hand:
so smooth and cold, you want to squeeze it, grab it
so round, you're afraid to drop it
afraid to lose what's inside
no, you don't think about the shell
as you're bringing it down against the side of a metal pan
you don't care that you've just broken the delicate casing
for the slime within
you don't think as you force its halves open, throwing it away and dropping the part
that you want, the wet part
into the hot pan
it wasn't ready, it wasn't ready
to be cooked and flipped and prodded with your spatula
it wasn't ready
but you don't care, because all you think about
is what that egg has given you

Seeing the Lies

Karen Chow



The Falling

Nirav Adunuthula

after Robert Frost

Fleeting winds so
-ftly caress the dawn.

Trembling, he goes,
Crinkling, crumbling down to
Rest, passing the day.

Breaking into nothing,
Red laughs at gold
As only the despairing can.

If only I could stay...

