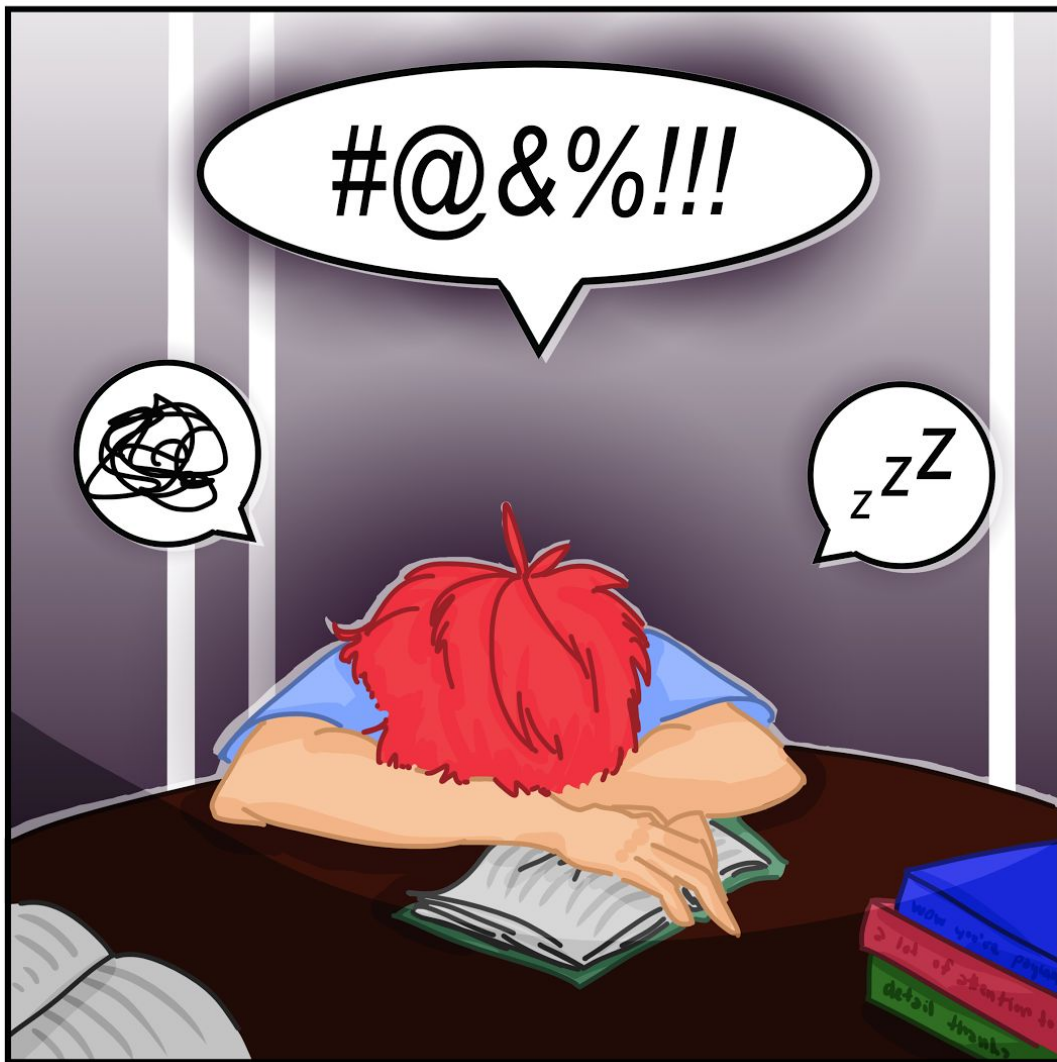


# READER'S BLOCK



THE MORGAN SCHOOL  
LITERARY MAGAZINE  
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**Untitled Document** by Caden Sorota

My fingers hover above the tools to create a world  
Proceeding forwards, bearing a message  
But it hides in a shadow of understanding  
Detailed with the guidance of my taps  
Or perhaps the scrawl of a utensil

I find myself, however, with an air of uncertainty  
And a mind of stone, with its unmoving sparks  
And so I lay in wait, the flow unmoving,  
My mind hovers above the sparks to move my fingers  
And the landscape remains an untitled document



## Farewell by Brittany Rojas

Dead autumn leaves fluttered down as soon as the crisp winter air started to kiss them goodbye. Time seemed to expire more and more as he continued to watch the death of the trees surrounding the property. He wanted to experience the life of a plant instead of a human's, because they don't experience attachment, only life and death. Despite watching the fall of plant life, the scenery outside was much better than the somber white walls encasing him inside. It was almost as if he was imprisoned, serving his life sentence. The sudden spike of beeps made him paralyzed. The boy turned around to find the once motionless body that belonged to his father, mumbling incoherent words. His body was violently shaking, and the boy dashed out of the room, desperately calling for a doctor, nurse, God. Someone that could save his father.

Life has a hilarious turnout, you were born into the world with every choice you make affecting not only your future, but everyone else's, and then, in a blink of an eye, you're just gone, and you no longer serve a purpose, if any. God created people because he was lonely, but what about the people in the real world? Wouldn't they feel lonely as well? Even if you die and go into the afterlife, there is still that Heaven-Hell barrier, where would their loved ones go? As much as we would like to believe someone was a saint, there is always some sort of secret being held that is entirely different from what we would expect from our precious "saint."

The boy finally returned with a two doctors and three nurses. His father was still comatosed, experiencing a seizure, and five minutes have passed. The boy knew that it should not have exceeded more than ninety seconds.

"Get the boy out of here!" One of the nurses was pushing the fourteen year old out of the room as he blankly stared at the window outside.

*Beep.*

A leaf fell.

*Beep.*

A tear slipped.

*Beep.*

They land in unison.

His sole role model was dying, and he could not do a thing about it. He felt numb. The nurse pushing him out of the room was as if he did not deserve to be with his father during his dying moments. The unfairness of the world was starting to make him turn bitter. He felt betrayed. Every Sunday he spent his time at church, and was told that if he prayed to God everyday, God would help him.

Where is the help?

The yelling inside the room brought the teary boy back to reality and he banged his hands against the door, begging for his father to not leave him.

Otherwise he would be all alone. His mother would be alone.

Oh, the poor mother, she would be a single mother taking care of a fourteen year old boy who is at the peak of his teenage angst.

Too much money to spend, too much borrowed time.

The boy stopped his thumping.

What if the father wanted to stop suffering?

Maybe keeping him alive is selfish of the boy and his mother.

In the end, who is selfish? Is it the dying man's family? Is it the doctors'? Is it God's?

The door opens and one by one, the nurses exit, then the doctors. All with blank faces.

“Until your mother is here, we will not disclose any information. Please return with your mother later.”

The boy refused to go back home, and decided to wait for his mother.

Winter, the season of mourning and death, began today, and such a beautiful time would create ugly memories for the boy who slept with eyes wide open.

*Do I need to say farewell?*

He closes his eyes, listening for the clacking of his mother's heels.

*Or can I greet you with a smile once again?*

## *The Recipe of Love – Will DeVries*

*A drop of blood*

*A trickle of sweat*

*A single tear*

*Eternal devotion*

*Permanent curiosity*

*Everlasting interest*

*This is the recipe of love.*

## Poems by Catie Duffy

### Amnesia

Never knowing who to trust  
No knowledge  
No love  
No memories  
Except for one  
Do I remember you?

### Opposite / Same

Living on opposite sides  
Of the same life.  
Hating each other,  
Secretly envying each other's glory  
Are we the same?

### It all depends on where you look

Loss of purpose  
Loss of knowledge  
Loss of original thought  
Loss of reason  
Loss of love  
A Reason to look

### The absence of love

Missing your touch  
Your warmth  
Your smile  
Your positivity  
Even your annoyances would give me a  
reason to live  
So why don't I love you anymore?

### Depression

The fade from color to grayscale  
The loss of feeling  
The loss of a reason to search  
The resurface of the happiness  
Is the emotion most longed to experience

### Anxiety

The tense feeling of worry  
The tight clenching of a stomach  
Thinking,  
"What if?" "what if?" "what if?"  
Creating the absolute worst possibility  
From the absolute best situation

## **To Those Who Turned Me Down** by Logan Cummings

To those who turned me down:  
Everybody makes mistakes

When a window of opportunity presented itself  
You slammed it shut, locked it, drew the curtains closed,  
And now you wait  
Anticipating a refreshing breeze  
To float in and cool your head  
Burning from the hot air within it  
If ignorance is bliss  
Then you're on cloud nine

And high up above that cloud is where I am  
I'm a star  
Bright and radiant  
Full of compassion and burning strong  
And even if your air-head managed to rise up to my level, you'd be no star  
You're just a black hole  
The collapsed remnants of a light I once cherished  
Devoid of my warmth  
Yet trying so hard to swallow my light because it's in your nature  
At your core, a singularity that is infinitely dense  
Every atom compacted into the smallest of volumes  
While no Big Bang will ever free them  
You will remain dense, small, and the center of nothing  
While I shine on forever

Though you're not sharp  
You're an experience that has honed my wisdom  
And taught me invaluable lessons

I learned that just because I'm broke  
I shouldn't grab some penny I find on the street  
Because even if I manage to wipe away the grime, it's still worthless  
And my pockets would be just as empty as before  
Rather than searching the surface for spare change to fill my wallet  
I could dig through the earth for riches  
And mine deep if I want diamonds

I learned that only golden people follow the golden rule  
As even with your glass emotions  
You beat mine as punching bags  
And as careless sweat gathers upon your forehead



I suffer the strain of your constant bludgeoning  
Because my pain makes you stronger  
A pebble would shatter your fragile heart  
Yet you threw me boulders from a  
mountain of hate  
And watched me collapse under the  
weight

I learned that to mend a broken heart,  
the best remedy isn't time  
The hands of the clock are those of an  
slow-sewing seamstress  
Leisurely mending the wounds  
Whereas anger is a fast-acting cure  
A fierce craftwork, stitching every little  
gash  
Before the clock strikes one

Most importantly  
I learned that my hopes were in vain  
And that to wish for someone like you was unreasonable  
Because you were unreasonable  
Blind to the potential we held  
And the future we could have made  
Your crystal ball was clouded  
And you never saw the sunshine hidden within the mist  
I await your realization like mail on Sunday  
Anticipating a message that will never be delivered

Instead of dining on a free, decadent meal  
Appetizing on charm  
Then delving into the main courses of loyalty, affection, and care  
Savoring sweetness  
And finally filling up with the grand dessert of passion  
You chose to walk away hungry

To those who turned me down:  
Everybody makes mistakes  
I should know  
You were one of my worst



*Hourglass* by Lexie Arnoldi

*Eternal sand, calm  
Raw rhythmic grains crawl forward  
Haven never reached*

*Relentless Current  
Rapid grasping vague powder  
Speculate, it streams by*

*Powder almost gone  
Skitters by incessantly  
Sift into chamber*

*Fatigued pebbles trudge  
Unwilling granules shift  
Base remains vacant*

**Web** by Jensen Garcia

You fear the thought of me disappearing?  
Or is it the thought of you being forgotten,  
Overlooked?  
I almost laugh at the thought.  
It is not fear of being forgotten,  
Or having the people around you disappear,  
That has me holding in my chuckle,  
It is the two flaws in your fear.  
One, you are unforgettable.  
People are drawn to you.

You will be the hero in every story.  
Everyone will love you,  
Even if you made a thousand mistakes.  
You are too beautiful,  
And strong to ever be forgotten.  
The second flaw is your reasoning for the  
disappearance.  
No one can vanish while still haunting your  
memory.

If you still have that person on your mind,  
You can find them,  
Even if they on the other side of the world,  
In person,  
Or under the earth and stone, in a box,  
They will always be deep inside you as well.  
The only way I can possibly disappear is if  
you,  
And everyone in our big connecting web,  
Breaks the strands.  
If everyone forgets my existence,  
My family,  
My friends,  
My teachers,  
Anyone I gave a simple greeting to,  
The kid I helped reach the monkey bars,  
That man I offered an awkward smile to,  
That woman who spared me a glance as she  
drove by,  
If all people forgot my existence,  
That is the only way I could truly disappear.

If I ended up forgetting everything associated  
with you,  
I know I would end up back next to you.  
If my physical form was no longer accessible  
to you,  
I will be with you in spirit.  
No death nor fog could hide me from you.

As long as this web of connections and  
memories holds together,  
You have nothing to worry about.

If this does not calm your fear of this  
wandering thought,  
I will make you a promise.  
As long as you remember me,  
I will not disappear.  
As long as you never let the memory of me  
fade,  
I will not fade along with it.  
The promise will go both ways.  
However, if, by some mystical force,  
I am left in oblivion,  
I will wait.  
I know that somehow  
You will find a way to me,  
Even if you do not know I am your goal.  
I hope you believe that  
I would be able to do so, as well.  
I refuse to believe either of us were destined  
To live a false life,  
Before being thrown into the void.  
This, right here, is not a dream.  
It is a not a cruel fantasy,  
Made to treat your loneliness.  
I would never blame you,

For my web being ripped beneath my feet.  
There is no way you could actively forget me.  
I also doubt you have the power,  
To erase my existence from the Earth.  
So, I will wait for you to remember,

I will wait for that day,  
Where my web,  
If only from one silk string,  
Is recreated under my feet

### How to Write a Poem by Emily Burr

1. Think
2. Think more
3. Start
4. Stop
5. Think
6. Think more
7. Hate yourself
8. Hate others
9. Think
10. Think more
11. Cry
12. Stress
13. Think
14. Think more
15. Start
16. Attempt
17. Think
18. Think more
19. Finish
  
20. Maybe



## A Letter From My Anxiety by Jay Woods

Keeping keys to hearts unbound to one  
You shook the earth with your sorrows  
You let loose screams of torture  
And rose hell  
From the ground  
We all played sympathy towards you  
We put on masks of comradery  
You believe we were all your friend  
And yet you sit in the dark  
Whispering songs to yourself  
Crying out in loneliness  
You act innocent like a child  
Like you have done nothing wrong  
But you must worry day and night  
Because you are truly nothing  
But a hopeless child  
He left you for a reason  
You never showed him love  
She hates you for the opposite  
It's because you showed too much  
You will be alone one day  
Because of who you are  
These songs cannot save you  
Their lyrics are not true  
You will be your only friend

Except I will be with you  
Your enemy, your fear, the reason you  
cry  
The way you tap your leg when you feel  
tears in your eyes  
Don't kid yourself, it's all a lie  
You'll stay with me forever  
You will die in my arms  
Maybe even to my hand  
Don't place all your silly dreams on  
one little band  
Take my advice, accept your pain  
Live with it  
Deal with it  
Let it break your heart  
Just as many times as it has before  
Those who will not believe  
You have demons down your back  
Are foolish enough to believe  
That you will love them back  
Take this pain  
This anguish  
These years of slow torture  
Learn from them  
become of them  
And discover who you truly are

## Disrespectful, Americanized Know-It-All by Simon Hua

“Respect your elders”

Three words I carry in my pocket like sharp keys that can open doors for me, but stab at my thighs when I sit the wrong way

You need your elders; it’s just a fact

Believe me, I've tried picking the lock with paper clips so that I didn't have to rely on them

But all I got out of that was a chipped tooth from trying to bend wire into a tension wrench

Tension

When they say “respect your elders” they should never forget to add “within reason”

When your elders aren't that much older, yet see you as an android dancing on their dinosaur bones

When your elders try to box you up and drop you off at the doorstep of the place you walked away from so proudly

When your elders suddenly become the tailors of your fate-thread, and they're making a suit you just don't fit in

This is when you forget “respect your elders”

Because sure, it's selfish, but that's exactly what you need to be

My brother says I talk back so much because I'm “Americanized”

I say, “brother, we’re half-white”

He says, “I wish we weren't”

And then I realize we are speaking two different languages

One where I say “white” with dignity and him with shame

So, Brother, when you tell me I'm “Americanized” are you telling me I'm too proud of being American?

Do you see me, a tainted mutt fresh out of obedience school?

Let me explain,

Elder,

O wise one

O epitome of respect,

If I am a dog, you're putting me down

And I'm trying to fight back

So I bark, but I don't bite

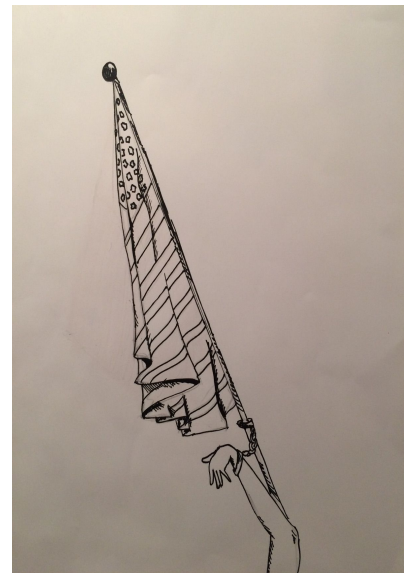
Because I still respect my elders, within reason

Why are you angry at me for surviving?

For not wanting this suit?

Brother, Father, why are you tugging at my fate-thread?

I know you want to make me a sleek, white, doctor’s coat



And someday I might want to wear it  
But now, in this moment, I can't tell you what my future wardrobe looks like  
Maybe it's a police uniform  
Maybe it's a teacher's outfit  
Maybe it's even a garbage man's suit like you joked about  
Whatever it is, I will be the tailor  
You say, "If you're not a doctor I will die disappointed in you"  
Father, how could you possibly?  
When you see me fighting crime, or feeding knowledge to the next generation, or taking out the trash, When I'm doing all that with a smile, you won't be disappointed.  
You'll be smiling too  
Brother says I have no common sense  
He says this because I ripped a page from an old book I didn't know was his and turned it into something new, something he liked, until he found out where it came from  
I say, "Brother, I have straight-A's"  
He says, "Book smarts aren't common sense" and drags my mother from the bedroom to make her say it to me  
I already apologized, but when you kept poking me I poked harder  
Mother says I can't admit when I'm wrong  
The ironic part is that if I refute this, I'm living up to that evaluation  
So even if it isn't true, I'm stuck in a glue trap of logic  
Become a pesky fly caught in the slime of your inaccuracy  
Mother, I know when I am wrong, but I also know when I am right  
I knew I was wrong when I found out it was his book  
But I knew I was right when I refused the lack of common sense  
I laughed at how wrong he was  
Became a hyena in the face of a snake  
And sometimes, I'm the snake  
Sometimes I laugh about how wrong I am  
Mother, maybe I am a know-it-all  
Father, maybe I should be a doctor  
Brother, maybe I am "Americanized"  
I'm taking it all one step at a time  
Through this endless hallway that is the future  
And I'm going, on my own, in whichever direction feels right  
But you can always  
Always  
Open the door for me



## Solitude by Catie Duffy

Recherche démarrage

Erreur: Quatre 0 quatre

Personne introuvable

Recherche d'amis

Erreur: Quatre 0 quatre

Personnes non trouvées

Recherche de famille

Erreur: Quatre 0 quatre

Famille non trouvée

Recherche de self

Erreur: quatre 0 quatre

Personne introuvable

Search for home

Error: 404

Nothing found

Search for friends

Error: 404

People not found

Search for family

Error: 404

Family not found

Search for self

Error: 404

N o b o d y f o u n d





## Lavender Nightgown by Jensen Garcia

*She was my hero in a lavender nightgown,  
The one who knew me better than anyone.*

She who held me tight,  
She who wiped the tears away,  
She who lay with me at night,  
She who would always stay.

She is my goddess,  
She is my idol,  
She is all I strive to be,  
And more.

*She was my only friend,  
The one who stayed by my side.*

She who fought my fears,  
She whose warmth burns,  
She who covered my ears,  
She who my heart yearns.

She is my hope,  
She is my dream,

She is who I am,  
And what I will be.

*She was the one to give me advice,  
The one who always lit up my path.*

She who is truth and false,  
She who is perfectly imperfect,  
She who is my pulse,  
She who is worth it.

*She was the big sister I never had,  
The one who comforted me at night.*

She is my thought,  
She is my imagination,  
She is what I created,  
And never existed.

That is alright.  
I will become her with every action and word.  
And when I am in trouble,  
She is always right inside.

## Decapitated by Max Hurtubise

Enough  
Desist  
The oblivion you contain within your soul  
does not begin to match the size of the  
piece of me I gave to you

The accidental large ration given to the  
lucky soldier  
I ripped it off, ignoring the pain, praying  
you'd like to be a friend  
But I got nothing back, like wasting a  
quarter on an arcade game

I requested love but it only made me  
crazier  
That “love” is spiraling down a piano,  
except hitting every key at once  
Pitches attempting to sound beautiful,  
but instead causing dissidence between us  
I held down the keys, trying to resolve it,  
but the piano was never tuned in the first  
place  
Every piece of me has been cooking in a  
cauldron of emptiness  
The disparity between my head and feet  
was not perfect, I know  
But neither were your actions  
I have learned too many life lessons from  
this experience  
So many that my head sustains a  
constant migraine  
And I’m scared that without my head,  
my feet would continue walking  
Walking back to you and your delusions  
To your house  
To the hospital bed that you were born  
on  
To your mother’s womb

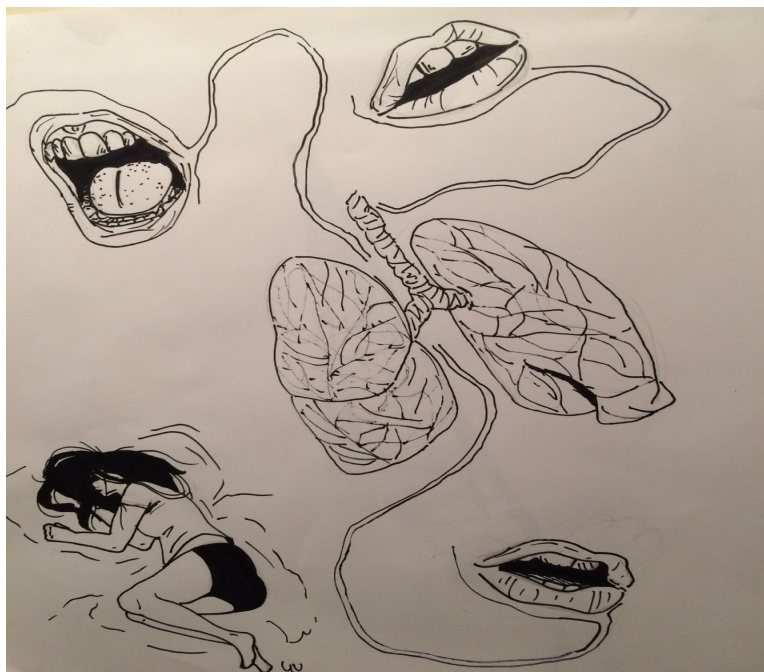
My style was corrupted  
Breaking shields that can only bear so  
much damage before shattering into a  
million pieces  
Leaving molecules to biodegrade into the  
earth’s crust  
Becoming not part of a person’s life

But rather life itself  
I am left vulnerable to not only direct  
pain  
But I have the plague  
Time is what’s causing the suffering to  
accumulate  
And you were supposed to be the remedy  
People should learn from their  
experiences  
Because you obliterate  
Again and again  
Prior to me  
You’re constantly terrorizing  
Causing pain and torture  
Our minds are set in retrograde, just as a  
writer’s mind would go after they receive  
inspiration  
Inspiration to change what they’ve  
written  
Erase all that is on the page  
Gone  
Into nothingness  
There are little pieces of blame scattered  
throughout the field like spores  
emanating from ferns on a warm summer  
day entering our respiratory systems and  
triggering a cough of more blame  
But all blame would not exist if it weren’t  
for you  
The death penalty is a last resort, but  
you deserve it  
Though we might not be dead  
It sure feels like it

## Restless by Caitlin Jenkins

Whispers radiate from above,  
As oxygen flows into my lungs  
I try to  
Breathe in,  
Breathe out,  
But it's. Not. WORKING.  
There are plans  
That paranoia finds worthy of slaving for:  
the Opposition  
Egged on by the sugar  
Stimulating the cells  
Blood races through my arms where I  
Commanded the oxygen to go  
Yet it refuses to give in to my desperate calls  
To shut up, to go static, to for a moment not  
exist at all  
But the tree limbs  
Sway as if pulled  
By strings, from above  
I can pick up screeches, the scattered screams  
of

Freedom in this plane emanating  
From outside  
Yet my mind never knew the value  
Of not seeing this world before and  
While I am alive  
My eyes are falling, the brain showing signs of  
suicide  
Since my body leads a useless revolution  
Blissfully ignoring my warnings that  
I have so much to do that  
My mind spun plans together  
For a world that hasn't happened yet  
But somehow no matter how hard  
I breathe,  
How silently  
I breathe,  
At 12:34 in the morning  
The wind is still blowing  
And I'm trying to figure out  
Why I am still stuck here  
Waiting

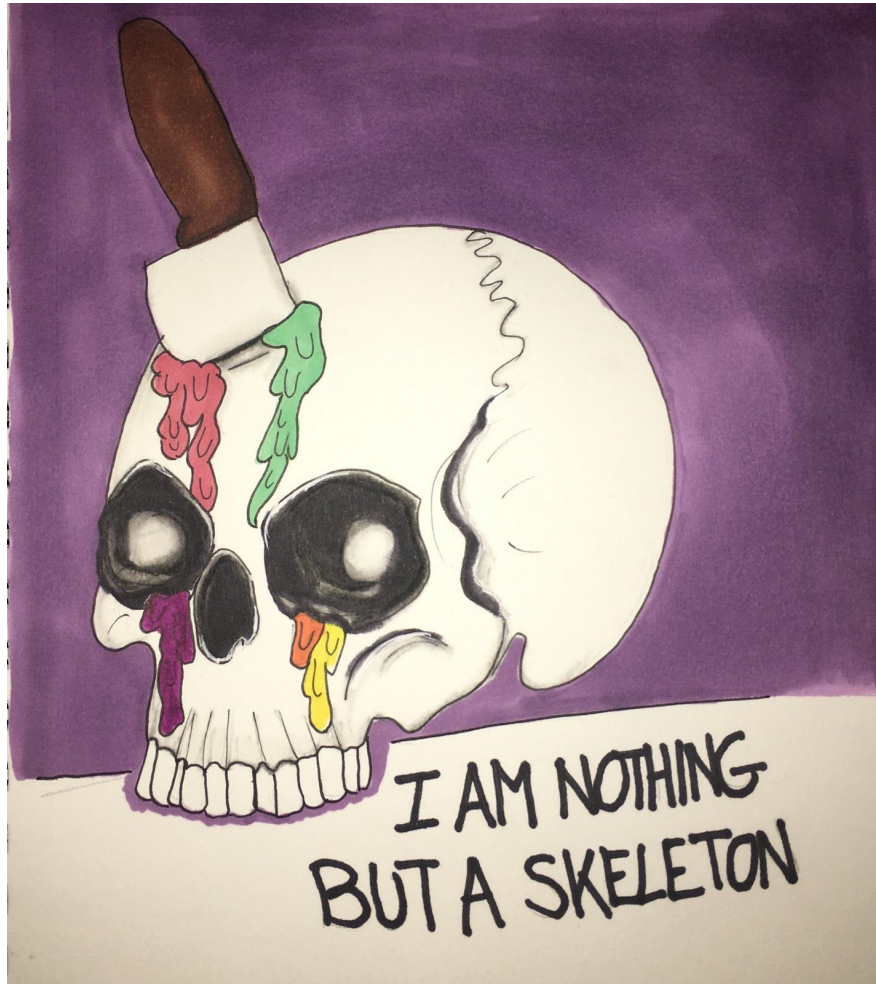


## **Nothing But A Skeleton by Jay Woods**

Inspired by *twenty one pilots: Self Titled Album*

Hello

I know it's been a while  
I've listened to the songs you said would break my heart in two  
And in spite I say they did because they reminded me of you  
I breathe in too fast  
My heart is racing in my chest  
I cannot escape the grasp  
of the demons from my past  
like you  
I've been called spineless  
pathetic  
and with a simple song it flows  
my insecurities  
your words that I never thought would hurt  
I'm terrified of what I can do  
I'm terrified of my mind and you;  
and how my brain, it bleeds like open wounds  
colors of pain and anger and the suffering you caused  
I do not know how the tears are made of rainbows  
like that album I didn't know  
I cannot breathe like normal  
my brain it crashes on the sand  
the waves of creativity come with a price of being insane  
the songs I screamed with you the night before I dyed my hair  
the sounds we screamed together in the night when I believed our  
friendship was fair  
I can't escape the thought of you and her and all I've loved  
my eyes they bleed with fire tears  
I cannot wipe away  
for they will burn my hand  
though they came from me  
and again I fall against the sand  
the piano fingers that she had and the new ones I have found  
we sing together in harmony  
As a better pair than you  
I am nothing but a skeleton



you are nothing but a broken heart  
I have lost all my organs to you  
for you needed something for you heart to make work  
the sands of time are in my hair  
They crumble down my face  
the statue of perfection that has broken and fallen out of place  
my days have turned too bright  
and I cannot make a sound  
without me fearing the waves will come crashing down  
the record that I play does not make me cry like this  
I wish that your melody would be gone from my skull  
you took it away  
you took my life but I pretend I am okay  
you dastardly fiend you took my heart and broke it in two  
I cannot believe you  
how dare you take what wasn't yours

I needed someone who I trusted  
and all I got was you  
I respect her more than you  
because all you are is a thief  
You play it off like nothing big but stealing precious jewels will  
not go unnoticed  
I've created a tsunami it's angry and it cries  
the tears of creativity dripping from my eyes  
to form this wave that will only crash on you  
through the writing you will never hear because no, this isn't about  
you  
I face a drought and cup the last bit of water in my hands  
it is beautiful and fresh like what we once had  
but then I see a plant  
a growth of something pure  
and more than what my selfish soul could ever use this for  
I pour the water out  
and with it all my hate  
thank you for the creativity  
and all the mess we've made

**Film** by Emily Burr

We're shot.  
Punctured by the bullet of a lens  
Bleeding out our feelings for others  
And thrown back by the power of our message,  
We're shot.

We're captured.  
Trapped by the fictitiousness of our lives  
But somehow saved by it too  
And covered, blindfolded from reality,  
We're captured.

We're watched.  
Prying eyes analyzing not just who we are  
But why we're us and what makes us special  
Because it's not out there for everyone to see,  
We're watched.

We're controlled.  
With words on a page we're told to obey  
They tell us to "Move here" and "Say this"  
And we do because by doing so we alter the outlooks of others  
We're controlled.

We're shot, we're captured, we're watched, we're controlled  
But for good reason.  
Because without us, there is no film,  
And without film, there is a limit to world's art.

### **Artificial** by Max Hurtubise

Unbelievable destruction  
An atomic bomb of violence rained down  
We tried running  
But our feet take us only so far before we need to breathe, drowning us in the swimming  
pool of sorrow  
This wreaks havoc  
It's like a hydraulic press slowly caving in and there's a million layers of tape making sure we  
stick around for death  
They came for gold  
And they only deserve pyrite  
So we crawled back into the mine, whacking away at the granite only to find dust and  
remnants of what we thought was utopian  
But there's no such thing as a perfect world  
That's as fake as a plastic bottle  
And peace is the cap  
And when the bottle is opened all the innards flow out like the blood of these poor, poor  
citizens  
That seeps into the earth, running deeper and deeper  
Like tears  
Tears that were shed for hope  
They are prayers that we put forth for these gods  
But they were really just scraps of what we thought was a juicy plate of meat

All that is left are bones to throw  
Bones to throw right through their eyes  
That blind them to our serenity  
The plague that wiped us out was not really Typhus  
But rather our fears  
Fears that the future would never come  
And that we'd suffer for the actions we never took  
167 may sound like a lot  
But like soldiers, that's how much hope was left  
167 out of infinity  
They might've taken risks but the only thing they were wagering was their sanities  
We could have lived in harmony  
But that's a word that isn't in their vocabulary  
So they took everything and conquered  
But we know the sweet, invigorating truth  
All the money they took  
Would in the end prove to be fake  
As fake as the smiles they had on their faces upon arrival  
Next time, invade yourselves and see how you like it  
You'll easily puncture your artificial hearts

**A Love Letter to My Body** by Rebecca Cockley

It's only been sixteen years and yet  
you have already been through so much.  
You have kept my blood pumping through my veins,  
My lungs filling with air,  
Your thoughts and decisions  
make me who I am as a person today,

And I must say  
I'm a pretty damn good person.

You've done all these things and so much more,  
for that I cannot thank you enough.



Yet I haven't done anything good enough to show you  
my gratitude  
I stray from mirrors and cameras,  
I shame you for things you have no control over,  
I have not shown love towards all the amazing things you are capable of

Because of this  
I have pledged that from here on out I will try my hardest  
To love you.

### **Please, Have a Pinch of Patience** by Jordan Ledyard

A pinch of salt, a pinch of pepper, a pinch of parmesan, these are things that people tend to have a pinch of when they go out to a restaurant. The one thing that customers do not have a pinch of, however, is patience.

Who ever said you get what you give? Let me take a minute to tell you how mistaken you are. My job as a hostess at a restaurant is to seat customers. I stand at my podium all night, taking names, estimating wait times, asking questions, being as friendly as humanly possible. I smile at people; I act polite, and I speak in an appropriate manner. And yet when people come up and tell me how many they have in their party, as soon as I tell them how long they have to wait, they start the watch. If one stroke of a second passes the time I estimate, the world ends, and it's my fault.

"Where's my table?" "Are you ready for us yet?" "We have waited way too long!" and "Learn how to do your job!" These are just a few of the many things I am told when people have to wait longer than they anticipated. On one occasion, an old, rich man walked up to me, trying to show his money off to his way-too-young girlfriend. He offered me fifty bucks to be seated immediately. To my despair, I could not do that. If I'd dared to, the other customers would have had a fit. And oh, believe me, securing a table isn't the end of it. Once I get them a table, it's a whole new spiel: "We wanted a high top table," or "Can we have that table over there instead?" and "It's way too hot over here!" And so it goes.

From my standpoint, people go mad over the littlest things, just because they do not have any patience whatsoever. From their standpoint, I'm ridiculous to think that waiting five minutes is even remotely reasonable. I will not lie; I typically give nicer people the better table: the one on the water, the one outside, the one with a nice view. It's all theirs. People who are rude, on the other hand, who use degrading comments, or yap on about how I should be better at my job, they get the little table in the back with just a view of the wall. It's all up to me, the hostess. So please, have a pinch of patience. For my sake— and for yours.

### **All at Once** by Emily Burr

I am a flower.  
emerging out of water  
Out of the liquid that holds me still  
That limits me  
and is my kryptonite  
and amphetamine  
All at once

I am a flower  
Engulfing the world with my petals  
Taking up space with my beauty,  
And burdening the eye with my colors  
I am confined  
And I am my own

All at once  
I am a flower  
Yet not,  
I am she  
I am engulfing the world with my arms,  
And emerging out of who I once was  
For I am real  
And I am floral

I am everything and more  
All at once



## **My Story** by Rebecca Cockley

So, what is my story?  
Well, I can't really answer that myself yet because  
My story isn't over yet.

I still have plenty of seasons to go through.  
I still have plenty of summers filled with friends and laughter  
Those days on the beach basking in the warmth,  
And then regretting it later that day as  
A sunburn stares back at me from the mirror.  
The nights sitting by a fire surrounded by friends,  
Where you share experiences and learn more about  
Other people's stories.  
I still have plenty of falls filled with pumpkins and  
Corn mazes, along with haunted houses.  
Lots of winters filled with guzzling down hot chocolates  
And sledding down hills hitting bumps along the way.  
Many springs filled to the brim with picking flowers  
And watching the plants thaw out from the frigid winter.

Along with the good, I also have plenty of bad to experience.  
But I do not dread when the bad comes,  
Actually I accept it,  
Because without the bad I would never learn to cherish the good.  
Without the bad I would take so many things for granted.  
Along the years I still have plenty of things to conquer and overcome.  
High school itself is one of them.  
And many will say it's the education that's a struggle  
But I think it's more the social aspect.  
High school is where you go through the  
Awkward and lanky stage,  
Or the acne prone stage,  
Or maybe you're one of the lucky ones who skips it all together.  
I still have plenty of embarrassing and humiliating moments to go through  
And trust me,  
There will be plenty of them.  
With all of these bad moments though,  
I have to learn to rise from them.

Look at all my scars and bruises,  
And use them to motivate me.  
Even on the days where I don't want to get out of bed,  
Or where I feel like I'm under water and  
No matter how hard I try  
I can't find the surface.  
I have to keep going, or else my story would never be finished.

And even though I may not be able to tell you one specific thing  
As my story,  
I can tell you how my life will shape my story.  
Along the way, my story will include  
Me succeeding and helping people.  
My story will include me overcoming many mountains and hills,  
Looking on the bright side even on the darkest of days.  
Hopefully my story will include me finding myself along the way.  
Becoming more comfortable in my skin,  
Accepting myself.  
Hopefully my story will have plenty of crazy experiences to share  
With my children in the future.  
Like that one time I threw myself out of a plane,  
Or that time that I traveled across the world,  
Or maybe that one time I backpacked across the U.S.  
My story will include love,  
Whether that be self love or love for someone else.  
Having that connection with someone and having trust in one another,  
Letting myself fall and see what happens along the way,  
Accepting the bumps and bruises as it comes.

My story may not be over yet,  
But I sure am looking forward to see how it will end up,  
How I'll look back on everything and not  
Regret a single thing.  
I'll look back and have an extraordinary story,  
One filled with adventure and chaos,  
One filled with friends and family.

*T h i s        i s        a        P o e m        o f        M y        T h o u g h t s*  
m e g h a n   d e n i s o n

...This is a poem of my thoughts and I'm sorry they don't rhyme...

I'm bursting at the seams with things that don't seem to be a problem to you  
I don't know what's the matter anymore  
I'm not alright  
I'm all wrong

Have you ever tried to hold in a mental breakdown?  
It's like concealing hunger growls  
Or trying to encage an angry dinosaur  
Almost like an attempt to stop a tsunami with an umbrella

Which is pretty much impossible.  
But oh so completely necessary in certain unfortunate times.  
And I find myself in those times more often than mentally healthy...

...This is a poem of my thoughts and I'm sorry they don't rhyme...

Those hunger growls grow deafening when I won't listen to them  
Taunting me with the words of others while I try to tune them out  
But even with my self-built walls, they seep in through the mistakes I have subconsciously left during depression's late night construction  
Oops?

Sometimes that angry dinosaur I try to encage eats me alive,  
But in my mind of course  
And yet sometimes I wish it weren't in there but out here, so people could see my suffering  
But sadly, dinosaurs are extinct.

And that tsunami?

Yeah, those are the tears you have caused  
And that umbrella is my eyelids, trying to keep them inside  
As you could probably see it does not work well

...This is a poem of my thoughts and I'm sorry they don't  
rhyme...

And sadly those hunger growls are heard loud and clear  
That enraged dinosaur has stomped me down flat  
And the tsunami flows over me and my feeble umbrella as if I  
were never there to begin with

Leaving me and my mental breakdown at the most unfortunate time

I'm sorry I can't smother my feelings

...But this was a poem of my thoughts and I'm- oh just deal with  
it.

Now I lay on my bed, too scared to cry, too scared to die  
And I guess you've gotten a rhyme after all  
You have what you wanted so just turn away and let me fall  
My tears I mean

And to death do they surely part.



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